

# How Fishpond went dry

*Electoral Commission drowns unconventional party's hopes*



Had there ever been a more qualified candidate for ASUN?

He is in his fourth year as a member and is currently vice president of the Lincoln Fantasy and Science Fiction Club. He is the secretary for the UNL Anime Club, which now has 15 or so regulars. Most importantly, he has earned his white belt in the Shotokan Karate Club. He would've been a candidate who literally could've kicked ass.

His name is Josh Hesse, and he is a senior electrical engineering major. He was the executive director and would-be presidential candidate of the now-defunct Fishpond party, and it will be a much duller campaign without his participating in it. Impact, Empower, Focus, Vision, blah, blah, blah. Fishpond was memorable.

I wasn't sure how serious Josh and Fishpond were about the election until I spoke to Josh on the phone just after the party had bowed out. He was a bitter man, left with a bad taste in his mouth from how the Electoral Commission had treated him. We'll get to the injustice later, but for now, let's think about what could've been.

When you're a serious journalist like myself, you are hungry to talk about issues. When I got Josh on the phone I was eager to ask him the question that had the campus holding its breath: What kind of fish was he planning on putting into Broyhill Fountain should he be elected?

The answer he gave was that this was a technical aspect that UNL groundskeepers would know best. He would leave that to them, but as an

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executive officer, he would prefer to see some species of goldfish.

"How refreshing," I thought. Finally there was a candidate who would delegate authority to those who knew best, but who wasn't afraid to share his opinions on the hot issues of the day.

So what went wrong? It's simply stated on page 15 of the 27-page "Rules of the ASUN Electoral Commission" handbook:

"All electioneering fliers, T-

shirts and all materials posted or displayed in connection with this election must indicate that they relate to the ASUN Student Government Elections."

Fishpond made the fatal mistake of putting "ASUN Elections" instead of the redundant

"ASUN Student Government Elections" on its posters. Because this error would obviously damage the integrity of the election, the Electoral Commission, on a 3-2 vote each time, voted to raise the fine to \$20 and then voted to fine Fishpond.

Fishpond had invested \$1.36 into the campaign so far, so the fine was 15 times more than it had spent on the whole election. Meanwhile, one of the "generic," as Hesse calls them, parties named Impact had been fined \$20 for leaving the date off its campaign material.

Impact spent \$90 originally on the material, paid the fine and spent another \$90 to replace the illegal material.

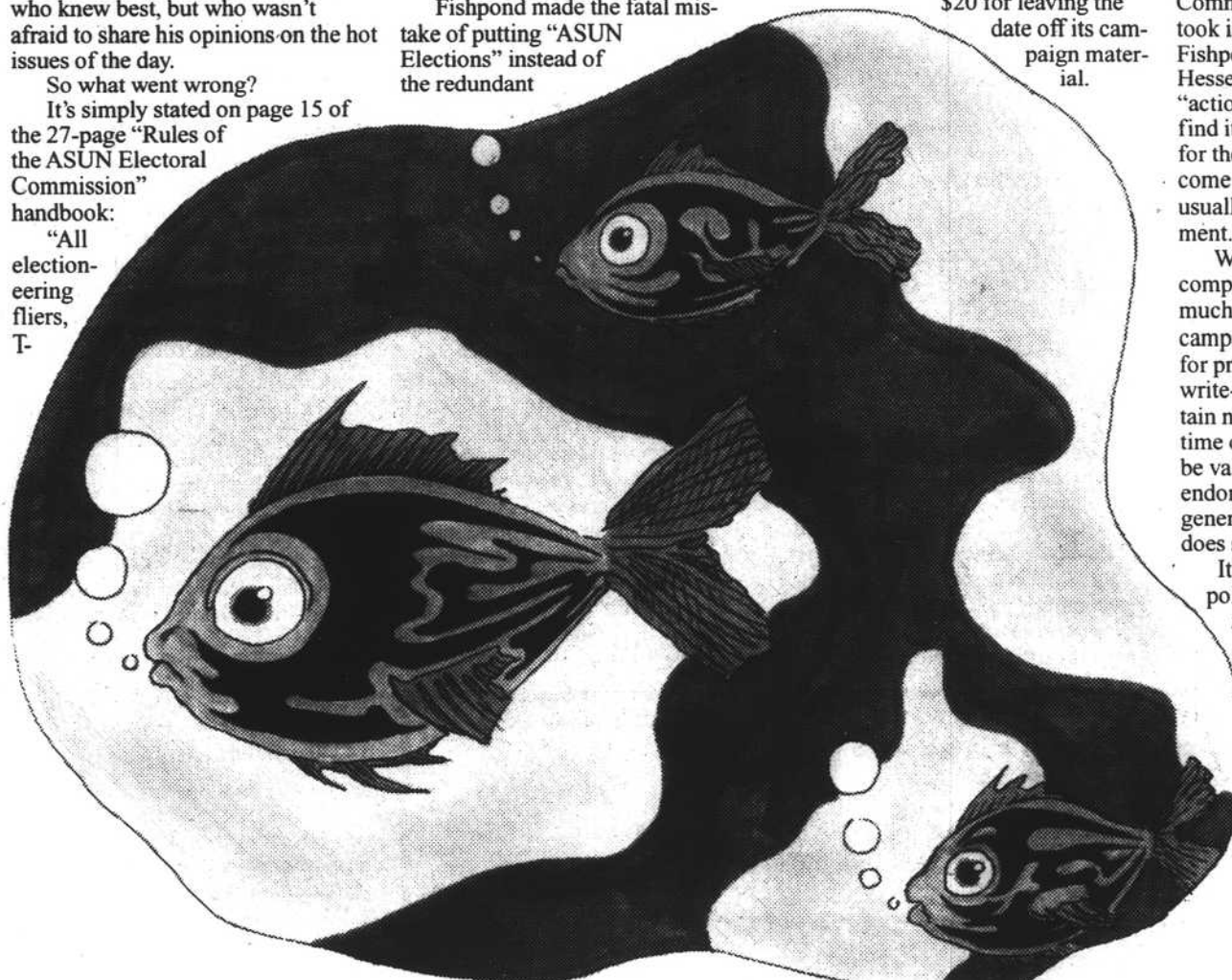
Hesse can't understand how a party that would most likely spend more than \$1,000 that had about 30 members could be fined the same amount as a party with 3 members intending to spend no more than \$15.

According to Hesse, Empower presidential candidate Heath Mello turned Fishpond in to the Commission for the violations and took issue with the wording on the Fishpond material at the hearing. Hesse wanted Mello to know that "actions speak louder than words." I find it ironic that a candidate running for the Empower party wouldn't welcome the input of students who don't usually participate in student government.

With the appeals process too complicated, and the \$20 fine too much to handle, Fishpond ended its campaign. Don't write in Josh Hesse for president either: if he gets enough write-in votes he has to fill out a certain number of forms by a certain time on election day for the vote to be valid. While he hasn't formally endorsed either of the two "non-generic" parties, A-Team or Duff, he does support their missions.

It's discouraging to me that a political outsider met with such resistance when he tried to take a grassroots approach to the campaign. After hearing of the trouble Fishpond had trying to participate in student government, I was inspired to get my own referendum on the ballot in March.

I propose the student government name be changed to the Association of Nebraska University Students, or ANUS.



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# Food, folks and fun

*Centrally-located student hangout gives sweet little taste of the night life*



*I know I enjoy eating a burger and listening to Lana speak of how her cat got a hold of her eight ball of crack, ate the contents and didn't sleep for five days.*

I have often imagined a home away from home (home being a place where my lovely parents dwell), in which I can live a life of comfort and peace, a place that provides food, shelter, a bathroom and a disco ball.

I have been searching for this oasis in the desert of loneliness for four years, and I think I've finally found it.

At this ethereal joint I slurp the sacred drink and inhale the divine bread.

I do not gorge myself, as gorging tends to produce indigestion.

I sit at the mighty pew and read the holy word till I can't see anymore, as reading the holy words can lead to blindness.

If you don't catch my hidden meaning in all these religious metaphors, I'm merely talking about the best restaurant in Lincoln, which I now call home.

Folks, this place is the Village Inn on 29th and O streets.

The VI, as it is commonly referred to by cool people, con-

tains all the necessities of life - with the exception of ladies of the night and liquor.

The VI has a certain dingy charm I have not found anywhere else, except on my toilet. It is not only a joint to watch the crazies roam on a Sunday afternoon, but it's a place for families to dine at one o'clock in the morning if they would like and often do.

I have grown attached to the friendly faces of the people who work there, and I delight in seeing the patrons with day-to-day regularity.

Wendy the waitress and John the manager are as close to parental perfection as I could ever conjure up in my feeble imagination, and Gaila follows close behind as the really cool aunt.

These folks let me rent out space in the restaurant in one of the booths (fairly cheap), and I get to roam around my new home as long as I have something covering my nakedness when I wake in the mornings.

How can I protest at such a setup? Not only is it the center of Lincoln, but the VI offers the best coffee in this hemisphere.

No foolin'.

The VI's coffee's richness is unsurpassed, even by any supreme coffee shop that claims to slow roast its hand-picked espresso beans after hours of percolation in rain water until the thick, brown liquid intrudes your every pore after consumption.

The VI's coffee-making plan is far more simple.

They just rip open a bag of their finest instant coffee, put the filter in the ancient coffee holder and let it drizzle into the pot, and one is never quite sure if that pot is clean. It doesn't matter if it's clean, because it's good, and we don't ask questions if everything tastes fine.

And do you want to know another obvious perk to this new-found heaven on earth?

The VI pie princess.

If she doesn't ask you for a

delicious slice of goodness when you order, then you get it for free. The only time I've tricked (drugged) the waitress into forgetting to offer me a slice, I was too full from the coffee to partake in the free food op.

Perhaps the most delightful time for any college student who needs to cram like a clam and be easily distracted by the patrons' shenanigans is in the evening after 11.

I have heard a great many conversations in that joint. Many of the patrons mistake the VI for a bar and act in the appropriately inappropriate manner.

For instance, there was a booth occupied with three voluptuous women. A man from across the restaurant yelled out in a loud cry, "Hey, ladies! Can I come over and have a menage a trois with you?"

Yes, he had tact, but no, he had no math skills. There were four people present, not three.

My roommate, Naomi, and I noticed this indecent conversation but took it with an air of normality.

The next conversation I heard was one concerning the removal of body parts. To paraphrase this lady, she said she was going to the doctor to "have my thumbs removed. (pause) I mean my thumbnails."

Thank the lord.

If you don't think I'm serious

about my affinity for the VI, then you are not a student, but an evil Russian alien.

If you are student, the VI is a great place to go and get your stuff done, and you can stay as long as you'd like. (Until 2 a.m. - then you're forced to pay rent.)

The beauty of the VI is in the eye of the beholder, and I behold that the people who frequent the joint live their lives to the fullest and smoke like chimneys doing it.

You will not deal with snotty waitresses or bad service. These things simply don't exist at the VI, where your every wish is someone else's command.

I know I enjoy eating a burger and listening to Lana speak of how her cat got a hold of her eight ball of crack, ate the contents and didn't sleep for five days.

Or, I rather enjoy slurping on a milkshake and watching Lester's Dancing Santa toy that he just had to bring into the restaurant and play for the customers. He was overjoyed that his purchase cost him "only one dollar," and it was worth every penny.

If any of you would like to join me as a roommate at the VI, there are plenty of booths available. It gets a little old having to bathe in the sink, but being able to raid a fridge that has nothing but whip cream and cheesecake ain't all that bad.

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