

Daily Nebraskan
University of Nebraska-Lincoln

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Quibbles & bits

Student creates new KFRX call letters

University of Nebraska-Lincoln student Thomas A. O'Hara III thought 7:30 a.m. was too early to get up and listen to KFRX-FM's format change Wednesday.

And he's letting everyone know it.

Because of the hype surrounding the station's "last song scam," O'Hara, a junior in engineering, assembled a top 10 list of new call letters for the station:

10. KNOB -- Station for nerds.
9. KLAN -- White supremacist station.
8. KRAP -- Broadcast of all announcements and decisions by the Association of Students of the University of Nebraska.
7. KASH -- Give out money instead of worthless Gold's Gym memberships.
6. KLAS -- Don't play that stupid Hinky Dinky/Sarah Thompson commercial.
5. KOCK -- Up-and-coming station.
4. KLIT -- The station that goes off the air one time a month.
3. KRAC -- Miami-based affiliate.
2. KORR -- The station that ignores the university.
1. KROC -- The station that plays nothing but commercials about some last-song scam.

A gay/lesbian "kiss-in" was the event last month at a Columbia University dining hall, according to National On-Campus Report.

The campus gay and lesbian alliance staged the event as a protest against homophobia and actions of members of the school's football team in particular.

The alliance claims an assistant football coach harassed a gay dining hall employee after the coach saw the employee kiss a male friend in the dining hall. The team's reaction to the kiss-in? Reserved.

"I know they're just trying to get a rise out of us," said one player.

-- Mike Reilly
for the Daily Nebraskan

Students 'don't appreciate' suicide editorial

We have a few questions for you to think about in relation to your editorial (DN, Dec. 13) concerning suicide. Have any of your friends committed suicide? Have any of you thought about suicide? Would you appreciate some stranger categorizing the death of one of your friends in such a heartless fashion? Would any of you want everyone to read a truly tactless account of your demise?

For whatever reasons that may have existed at the time, a friend of ours committed suicide. But he's not just someone else to add to a list or use as an example to everyone else in the world. He is someone who touched our lives while he was here and will remain a part of our lives forever.

We think that everyone should be more informed and more aware of the many stressful events that we all find in our daily lives. However, we do not

think that it was necessary to treat the death of a single student with so little tact and consideration. Those of us who may count ourselves among Roger Dartmann's friends, acquaintances and neighbors on his residence hall floor do not appreciate the manner in which the DN chose to handle the situation. You could have printed the editorial without mentioning Dartmann or at least without categorizing, dehumanizing and disgracing him.

We are probably not alone in our view of your column and we would urge everyone else who feels as we do let their voices be heard.

Ryan Seacrest Malcolm Miles
senior senior

English criminal justice
and 26 other
Mark McElligott friends
sophomore mechanical engineering

AIDS reporting showed 'rare sensitivity'

In recent weeks, the Daily Nebraskan staff has shown a rare sensitivity and skill in reporting on the important issues of anti-gay violence and AIDS. One can't help but admire the courage shown by "Adam" (DN, Dec. 5) and others in the University of Nebraska-Lincoln gay community facing the combined devastation of stigma, homophobia and catastrophic disease.

In contrast, we are appalled by the prejudice displayed by some students in opposing the allocation of funding to the Gay/Lesbian Programming Council. The need for student support for GLPC is based soundly on a fundamental educational tradition of this campus: That of challenging pervasive and entrenched bigotry with fact-based discussion.

The arguments against funding

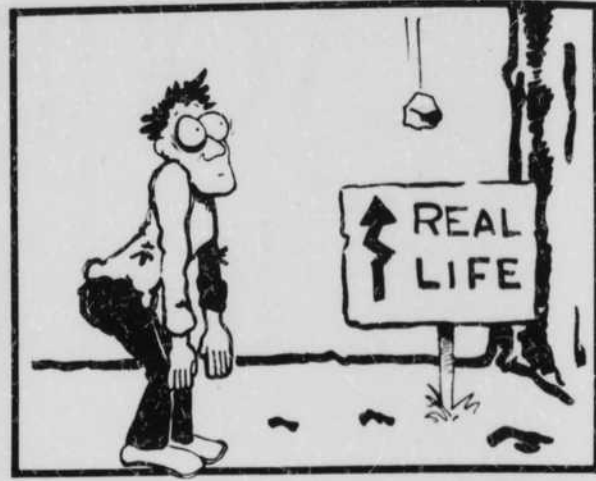
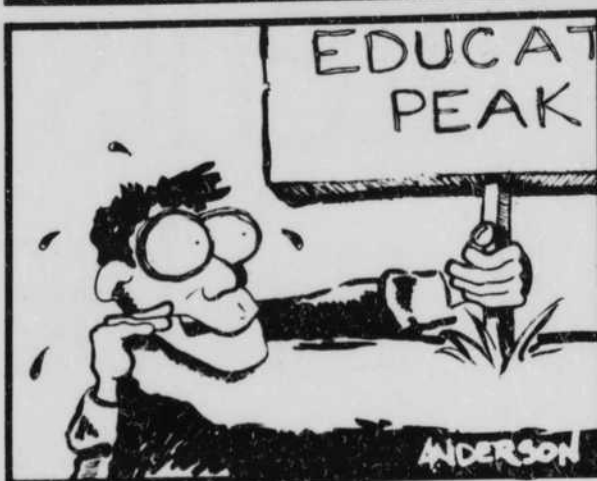
amount to this:
We have a history of insensitivity to the problems faced by gay people on this campus, combined with a lack of appreciation for what gay people have contributed to this university.

Most of us are ignorant about these problems and contributions.
We intend to remain so as long as possible.

This line of reasoning demeans us all. Let's be glad we have people willing to help us confront our ignorance and get on with the work of learning to live with one another.

Joel Brodsky
Ph.D. candidate
sociology

Louis Crompton
Gay/Lesbian Student Association
faculty adviser



Columnist reflects on education

'Real world' looms disjointed over graduating senior

My last column, my last week at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln, my last laugh as an undergraduate.

What do I have to say for myself, about myself after four years and a semester as a college student?

Memories. We all have them; some entertain, but most bore those who did not share them.

Thoughts. Yes, thoughts we all have too, but it is not the fault of their creator if they do not entertain. Perhaps they were not created for such purposes.

In this last column I'll share some of the thoughts I've had as graduation approaches. Hopefully, these thoughts will reflect what I've learned throughout my college life and education.

One thing that's finally hit me is that if I can't think, I should read, and if I can't read, I should think. If I'm doing neither, during my waking hours, I'm wasting my time. I wish I would have known this when I arrived here.

When I came to college, I had this idea that somehow I should "gain knowledge." Well, now I think that to simply know something is to sit idle. Knowledge is learned by seeking it and understood by thinking about it. It is passed from generation to generation by communicating it. The relationship between professors and students is an example of this passing.

I've learned from college (but not necessarily from any professor) that knowledge is a seed, belittled by what can grow from it. But knowledge is squelched and laid to rot when one refuses to nourish it and encourage it to grow into individual thoughts and ideas. Knowledge can become smothered by itself, even if continuously replenished. I think this is one problem with the generation ruling our country today.

A friend of mine, although I know he does not know me, told this young listener that his age was retrospective. And -- as I'm sure he believed --

so were those to follow. I only hope that our generation will not be also.

Our elders, who believe so much in the past, have always told us that we "are the future." But I wonder if they have not just been implying that soon it will be our turn to clean up after them.

What a messy world we're stepping into. We trudge through the toxic mud ooze and cough on the "narcotic tobacco haze" that our parents have happily belched in our faces. No, our world's not clean, nor are its streets, nor its people.

From our past we can not alienate ourselves. But why are we so relieved and satisfied to alienate ourselves from ourselves in the future? To me, it really does not seem fair.

I've been told that our generation is apprehensive, and, if what I've said is any indication, it appears so. But it's hard not to be when we are taught that patience is the only way. "Don't worry, be happy," patience will make the shadow go away.

We know these lessons are not right, but the reins gripped by those who preach them turn our heads. No, we are not the creators of our apprehensions.

Generations do not exist in a vacuum, completely developing their own attitudes, vices and ways. The "me generation" was only the revelation of me value inherent in the mind's of our country. The value lives today and will live tomorrow and will continue to cloud the reality that, in order to solve our problems, we all must work together and give just a little bit.

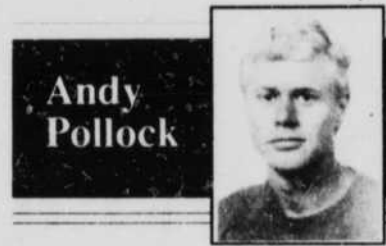
All this may seem disjointed, but isn't the whole world in which I'm about to leap. I'm looking forward, now, after some serious and depressing contemplation, to jumping into the mess.

Who knows, maybe we will straighten it out. Maybe we will see the day when the sick are healed because of the value in their life and not in their pocket. Maybe we'll see the day when success and the American Dream aren't fulfilled by spitting on others.

Maybe we'll see the day when black and white are a description for an outdated television and not the way we see the world. Maybe we'll see the day when reform is preferred to letting things fall to revolution. Maybe we'll see the day when happiness is really facing the world.

We can only try.

Pollock is a senior news-editorial major and is a Daily Nebraskan editorial columnist.



Andy Pollock

When our bankers tell me that they don't see the day where we won't be brought to our knees and forced to begin again, when biologists laugh, because it hurts too much to cry, I feel the fear spin in my mind. The feeling tempts me to understand it and tortures me when I do. Sometimes -- far too often -- I'm forced to say "I don't give a damn." I look the other way.

I look away and realize that behind me looms incomprehensibly a monster of our creation, but which grows out of our control. Its shadow stretches too long for me to ignore its present reality, and I admit that I'm scared when I think about it.

As it grows, all we do is shake our heads and hope that it will disappear magically, but we should be wondering when it will pounce upon us. Then, we won't be able to turn our heads. Generations before have turned their heads and blinded themselves with happiness, many in our generation seem to be enjoying the same attitude, but generations to follow will not be so fortunate. Their check will be scarred when they turn it.

letter POLICY

The Daily Nebraskan welcomes brief letters to the editor from all readers and interested others.

Letters will be selected for publication on the basis of clarity, originality, timeliness and space available. The Daily Nebraskan retains the right to edit all material submitted.

Readers also are welcome to submit material as guest opinions. Whether material should run as a letter or guest opinion, or not to run, is left to the editor's discretion.

Letters and guest opinions sent to the newspaper become the property of the Daily Nebraskan and cannot be returned.

Anonymous submissions will not be considered for publication. Letters should include the author's name, year in school, major and group affiliation, if any. Requests to withhold names will not be granted.

Submit material to the Daily Nebraskan, 34 Nebraska Union, 1400 R St., Lincoln, Neb. 68588-0448.