

Daily Nebraskan
University of Nebraska-Lincoln

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Homophobia thrives

Newsletter proves need for education

The audacity of the "Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Avocados (sic)" to circulate the COLAGE college newsletter may have done some good.

The mock COLAGE college was supposedly envisioned by this group as an idea to educate homosexuals and heterosexuals alike about the homosexual life, even if it was to be in a demeaning way.

The newsletter succeeded in demeaning the existence of COLAGE, but anyone with any common sense should be able to discriminate between the joke letter and the real proposals of COLAGE.

The mini-college created by the Avocado group was based on an assumed appropriation of \$746 to COLAGE, which has not yet been decided upon by UNL Chancellor Martin Massengale and James Griesen, vice chancellor for student affairs.

The appropriation decision may be influenced by the production and circulation of the newsletter.

Griesen was quoted by the Daily Nebraskan as saying the newsletter "frankly is an indication that people on the campus aren't respectful of the rights of gays" and that it proves a need for education in the rights of individuals on campus.

If the intent of the newsletter was an attempt at humor demeaning homosexuals, it may have backfired on its creators. That would be ironically humorous.

Such a blatant display of homophobia should be rewarded by education being made available to those who are afflicted with it.

Maybe the UNL Affirmative Action office cannot prosecute groups for discrimination against homosexuals according to state or university regulations, but this group can definitely get what they don't want -- funding for COLAGE and its homosexual awareness programs.

In the long run, the members of this group may appreciate this homosexual awareness when they are forced to deal with homosexuals in their occupations, homes, schools or churches.

Remember, as is seen by the number of required general education courses in any program at UNL, people who know about all facets of life are the ones who go far.

--Deanne Nelson
for the Daily Nebraskan

Student upset with so-called 'newsletter';

In response to the COLAGE College "newsletter" (Daily Nebraskan, March 6): I am disgusted. This form of protest is in very poor taste and is pointless and confusing. If anyone knows who did this please tell them that their little joke got them nowhere while upsetting many people on both sides of the issue.

Many people, like myself, who are for the Committee Offering Lesbian and Gay Events funding are obviously offended. Homosexuals are people, give them some respect. They only wish to be accepted and given the chance to show others how wrong the stereotypes are. If you can't feel for others then you belong in a group that really needs help.

There are also people, like yourself, who are against COLAGE fund-

ing. These people are not amused by your humor either, since your close-mindedness has severely handicapped their credibility. There are a few points against COLAGE that make sense, such as a lack of student body participation in COLAGE programming. But if all you can do is point limp-wristedly and laugh then you are too immature to do those against COLAGE any good.

If you want to do something, I suggest you meet a few homosexuals, talk to them a while, listen and then form an opinion. If you are still against COLAGE, fine, but be mature about it. Until then nobody is going to pay attention to you.

Randy Schuster
senior
natural science/secondary education

Editorialist blasted by RHA senator

Amy Edwards, who made you God? I am in disbelief that you denounced the Residence Hall Association for discussing "inside politics" such as "spending \$13.05 at Burger King" (DN, March 6).

The reason that expenditure was brought up at the meeting was to discuss the misuse of committee funds, not the Burger King incident in particular. It was used as an example. Besides, if you would have done some quick calculations, \$13.05 is approximately 26 percent of the Review and Recommendation Committee's budget. I, as a residence hall student, whose student housing fees help to fund RHA, as well as a RHA senator, would like to know if one-fourth of a committee's budget is

being spent on Whoppers.

As for your sarcastic and insightful discussion, like spending \$13.05 at Burger King, that discussion on misuse of funds took 45 minutes. The meeting lasted 4 1/2 hours. RHA discussed matters such as inviting International House to be a voting member of RHA on financial matters, Residence Hall complex activities, the Cather/Pound Residence Hall Association Constitution and the election of a new Speaker of the Senate, to name a few of the topics addressed on the agenda. Obviously you were not at the meeting, otherwise you wouldn't have made such an idiotic statement.

Tami Terryberry
RHA senator



Stephanie Cannon/Daily Nebraskan

Columnist grapples with the law

Justice won't be bought-even with a broken leg of balsa wood

You don't understand, Mr. Prosecutor, I'm a student, I can't afford a \$73 speeding ticket."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Nelson, the ticket stands at 45 mph in a 25."

"But that's three points off my drivers license. That's going to kill my insurance payments."

"I'm sorry, but you were speeding. Now, if you would like, you can pay the fine before you leave."

"But you don't understand, I really couldn't have been going 45 miles per hour. I just wouldn't drive that fast on 17th street, by Abel. There's always a cop there."

"Mr. Nelson, you've been here for over an hour. Would you please leave?" "Oh, for God's sake, I can't pay this piece of . . . I'm sorry Mr. Prosecutor. Sometimes I just get a little carried away. I know how busy your schedule is. I really didn't mean to bug you. I'll leave. Thanks for spending the time to listen to me. Gosh, I sure wish I could shake your hand."

"Go ahead, shake my hand."

"Well, I can't."

"Why?"

"Because it would hurt too much."

"Why would it hurt too much?"

"Oh, it's a long story . . . well, I guess it's not that long. You see, I hurt my shoulder in Northern Rhodesia when I was five."

"All right, Mr. Nelson. Why were you in Rhodesia when you were five?"

"Funny you would ask. See, my father thought his eight boys should experience combat like he did in World War II. My dad was real big on combat. Anyway, one day some of the Nationals were coming down on us real hard. All of a sudden, eight grenades flew into our camp. Our father always told us that diving on grenades to save someone's life was heroic. So, my brothers and I started jumping on the incoming grenades."

"I suppose the grenade didn't kill you?"

"How did you guess? Yeah, the one I dove on only partially exploded. The rebels did a real nice job of sewing my arms back on before they tortured me. They couldn't do much with my right leg, though."

"All right, Mr. Nelson, what happened to your right leg?"

"Well, I think it landed in some tree. I would have asked them to get it down but I couldn't speak Rhodesian. It wasn't that big of a deal. They gave me a real nice fake. At least a lot nicer than the balsa wood right leg I have now. Balsa's all I can afford."



Bob Nelson

"What's your point, Mr. Nelson?"

"You see, Mr. Prosecutor, I couldn't have been going 45 miles per hour. Balsa wood breaks real easy. If I had been pressing the accelerator that hard, I would have broken my leg."

"Are you going to pay the \$73 now or by mail, Mr. Nelson?"

"Oh, I'll pay it by mail . . . don't worry about me paying my fine, either. I still have a lot of organs in my body. Did you know I could sell my spleen for \$60 and not even die? Sixty dollars would cover the cost of the ticket, wouldn't it?"

"No it wouldn't, Mr. Nelson. Why don't you sell your heart instead? Now would you please leave?"

"Oh heck, Mr. Prosecutor, I probably couldn't get 50 cents for my heart."

"I suppose there's something wrong with it."

"Oh, not really. It just likes to stop

beating. If I can afford medicine, I don't have to hit my chest every few seconds."

"That's a terribly sad story, Mr. Nelson. Would you please leave now?"

"I'd love to leave, Mr. Prosecutor, but I can't walk across town in the rain."

"The sun's shining and you have a car, Mr. Nelson."

"Oh no, I don't . . . I had to sell my car to get money for starving children in Zambia. I got \$85 for the old thing. That should feed a bunch of starving children. Of course, I would have gotten a lot more for my car if I hadn't already sold the tires and engine. I sold those about three weeks before I got this ticket. My car still ran pretty good once I rigged up an old 10-speed sprocket to the drivetrain. Yeah . . . I could reach speeds of about 25 mph in that car. I'm glad I sold it, though. I'm saving children, you know. Would you like to save children? You don't have to give as much as I did. Fifty dollars would be fine. Just give me the money and I'll send it to Zambia."

"I'm not giving you money, Mr. Nelson. You're going to give me money. You're going to give me \$73 for driving 45 mph in a 25 mph zone."

"But you know . . . my car only went 25 mph when it had tires. It only went 20 mph without tires. So actually, I was driving 5 mph under the speed limit. I guess that means I get a refund. How much do you give someone who drives 5 mph under the speed limit?"

"We usually give them a few nights in jail, Mr. Nelson."

"Well . . . I guess maybe I was going downhill. The officer was probably right about me speeding. You have a very nice day, Mr. Prosecutor."

Nelson is a junior news-editorial major and a Daily Nebraskan associate news editor and editorial columnist.

by Brian Shellito

Campus Notes

