

Daily
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Approve rec funding Stipulate students pay, let them play

Phase III of the Campus Recreation/Athletic Facility will be on the NU Board of Regents' agenda Saturday, and the regents should pass the proposal -- even if \$5 million is a lot of coin.

Phase III, the final phase of the project, is the one that will most affect University of Nebraska-Lincoln students.

Phase I of the project was the indoor practice field. Phase II and III combined include basketball courts for intramurals and women's athletic teams, classroom space and a center for healthy lifestyles, among other things.

So when the project is completed, it could be a big benefit to students -- besides, arguing the necessity of the center is a moot point.

But the regents should be careful in their support of the proposal. Student and faculty fees will help with the upkeep of the project, and they should be able to get good use out of the facilities.

When the ball really started rolling two years ago, Athletic Director Bob Devaney and football coach Tom Osborne had sent a letter to Nebraska football season-ticket holders, asking for donations for the center.

The letter said that the facility "should be designed and located so that it could be used by faculty and students as part of a newly developed campus recreation/athletic complex when not in use by the football team."

Whoops -- another mixed set of priorities. The main focus of the rec center should be student use -- not football team use.

The football team got its indoor practice field before anything else was done -- proving where university priorities lie. And what's done is done. But the regents should set a stipulation on final approval of the complex, to prioritize its use for the benefit of the students who will pay for its upkeep.

-- Amy Edwards
for the Daily Nebraskan



Sleaze is the key to success

Spring-break adventures shed some light on human nature

Studying is difficult right now. Spring break scrambled my brain and this political science book reads like a cheap pornography magazine. Good things end too easily and this book is lasting forever. My head is still in a psychedelic school bus somewhere between Tijuana and Las Vegas.

It's not easy being a bad writer and feeling like Jack Kerouac. I'm full of stale revelations about an eight-day sleaze tour on heavily traveled roads to the West Coast. Deciphering experience is the key to wisdom and I can't tell a lesson from a scorched-earth tour of Sodom and Gomorrah.

Five days ago, we were in the Vegas of Mexico. We were tourists feeding the poor of Tijuana with our ignorance and inflated dollars. Dos Equis for 50 cents, switch-blades for \$6 -- and a 400 percent mark-up were deals to those of us egocentric and arrogant enough to believe all the world lives as well as Americans.

When I was three years old, I didn't peddle Chicklets to foreigners and when I was 15, I didn't sell oral sex. Sex buys supper for some in Tijuana; morality is bought on a full stomach. The people of Revolution Street deserve respect. My homework doesn't mention that.

It also doesn't mention that in every nationality, someone is the butt of ethnic slurs. I told one young salesman that I'd give him \$3 for a knife. He said, "I look at your nose, you must be a Jew." In Tijuana, anyone who doesn't sell also doesn't hide their contempt for Americans. Rightfully so, they liked our money, but hated us.

Halfway between Tijuana and Los Angeles at a truck stop outside San Diego, a Tammy Faye-Bakker look-alike stepped into our bus as we waited for gas. She said her and her husband's truck had no gas and that she was trying to gather \$5 to get them to the next town. She said she had prayed for good Christians to

come along and help them. She said we answered her prayers. She asked me what my denomination was. I said I'm not sure. She called me a wanderer. I gave her a dollar. She said, "Praise the Lord" and called me a Godsend. I thanked her and she left the bus with a grin.

Becoming a Godsend is cheaper in Tijuana. The television church wouldn't sell in Tijuana. That merits respect. My homework doesn't mention that, either.



Bob Nelson

And of course, no West Coast vacation would be complete without participating in a studio audience. Near Graumens Chinese Theater, a man asked us if we'd like to watch the taping of the Gary Shandling show. We had had enough of Hollywood Boulevard's stars and psychos so we took his offer.

It was fun to be an active part of Hollywood sleaze. Our laughter would be piped around the nation to help viewers realize how they should react to Gary's show.

The philosophy being that as a rule, people really aren't sure what should make them laugh and what should make them cry. My friends and I helped guide the unbridled and confused emotions of a nation. We helped guide them to watch the show again and again until advertisers paid big money to pick the pockets of Gary's fans.

Before the show, a young and incredibly mediocre comedian "warmed-up" the crowd. When the show's theme song played, 32 thespians from a San Diego high school swayed and clapped their hands in

unison. The comedian called them lesbians; the thespians called him a dork and the show began with a flashing applause sign and 200 clapping head of cattle. I moored at a friend after the first scene and a thespian called me a dork. Just before the last scene, Gary said what almost appeared to be a spontaneous cuss word. The crowd got fired up. The last scene sounded funnier than it was because Gary said the f-word.

On the drive home to Nebraska, we took Interstate 15 through Nevada. Las Vegas is beautiful from 30 miles away -- a soft glow in the cold desert night. That soft glow grew claws about two miles out and lured us wide-eyed Nebraska boys. We drove down The Strip until we saw the biggest and brightest casino. Inside we played quarter slot machines and drank free drinks given to us by half-naked waitresses.

I figure that somewhere around the 13th floor of his casino, a Donald Trump clone sat fully clothed in his suite, feeding his greed by feeding on the greed of gamblers. Like a prostitute, he lives off the prurient interest of my friends and others. His half-naked waitresses give free drinks to the gamblers. The gamblers become bold and lose. I won 25 cents in Vegas. That's 75 cents short of a Godsend. I tipped the near-naked waitress 50 cents. No use upsetting nature.

And back at my desk in Nebraska, my political science book seems to miss one very important fact about why capitalism is once again so vogue an economic system. Socialism and like theories deny the innately sleazy nature of man. Capitalism exploits sleaze. America is the best at exploiting the world's overabundance of sleaze. That's why we're No. 1. Whoopee!

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

letter

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 sub-

mit 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.

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

opinion READER

Crisis needs Bush involvement

Where is George?
I'm still waiting for the president to show strong leadership in a national crisis. Now we are undergoing a big environmental mess with the big oil spill in Alaska. It makes me laugh when the president says there's no federal involvement needed, as if the situation is under control.

Certainly, it makes me cry to see all those animals dying, being massacred in cold blood by a system in which our president seems to be crippled by compromises with big interests, forgetting we are upsetting the tiny equilibrium of this planet.

Where is George, again? When

this country needs his leadership and compassion to defend our environment from the negligence and lack of serious laws to force companies to operate without exterminating the species and beauty around.

No doubt the stain and guilt of the spill goes beyond the sea of Alaska to the White House and the Congress, where we need a compromise for our environment's sake, today! Otherwise, the next victims and losers of the spills will be you and me!

Carlos M. Gonzalez
junior
electrical engineering

Group to heighten awareness

In response to an article about the environmental group Ecology Now (Daily Nebraskan, March 7), I would like to clarify some of the groups' objectives. For one, it is not my opinion that politics is "just bullshit." My intention was to emphasize that politics can often lead to bullshit, but on the other hand, it is a necessary and often useful tool in most situations.

It is an obvious fact that we have become a throw-away society, isolated from our environment, and comfortable in our isolation: "Welcome to the concrete jungle!" But, as with everything else, there is always hope, and the place to begin is somewhere that we can make a difference -- right here in our community and on our own campus. Hopefully, through

the energy and enthusiasm being generated by the development of this organization, eyes and ears will be opened, not only to the problems, but also to the potentials for action and change.

Despite the urgency for this action and change, I would also like to emphasize that the means are to be nonviolent, and that we must not aim to perpetrate personal violence toward anyone or anything. Finally, any ideas, suggestions, or expressions of interest would be greatly appreciated.

In peace.

J Burger
freshman
general studies