

Readers sound off on several issues

UNL and Reunion need to cooperate

Brian Svoboda's editorial (DN, Oct. 5) on Hunter vs. UNL was right on target. However, I don't think Brian realized there is even a larger dispute going on this very minute between the two. That dispute is what to do with the seven-foot-tall weeds growing west of the Reunion between their parking lot and the UNL commuter parking lot.

I've walked by these weeds for a few weeks wondering why nobody has removed them. UNL has a good ground crew that can be frequently seen in the area. The Reunion has always kept its property in a presentable manner. So, why are these weeds left to grow?

I figured it out this morning. The weeds grow in a narrow strip of dirt between the Reunion's parking lot and the UNL commuter lot. Obviously, these weeds must grow right

on top of the property line. The UNL grounds crew probably drives by and says the weeds are on the Reunion's property. David Hunter probably looks out the west door of the Reunion and says the weeds are on UNL property. It just becomes another standoff between Hunter and UNL.

The Reunion's business is primarily from faculty, students and employees of UNL. The Reunion provides valuable services to these people that the university doesn't provide near the northeast part of the campus. You both need each other, whether you want to admit it or not. So, why not work together in the future.

Gregg Holtmeier
graduate student
mechanical engineering

UNL has problems

The 1989 Student Health Survey found parking to be the most serious

problem at UNL? Yet sexism, racism and homophobia are alive and well on our campus, thank you. Women joggers get attacked in Antelope Park. Nancy Hoch is running amok and should be recalled. Roe vs. Wade got modified, and we all lost our constitutional right to privacy, men and women alike. Would 200 students turn out for a rally to protest the exploitation of women by Greek "contests?"

Michael Kane
sophomore
horticulture

Give band credit

This letter is in response to Mark Lage's article "Journeying Through Known City Sounds." Although the article presented some interesting points, we feel that including an unsolicited editorial comment (be it good or bad) in the middle of an

informative news article is an example of very poor journalism.

The "James Bond Show" this Saturday was one of the eight shows that the marching band has planned for the 1989 season. This is quite a goal, seeing how literally hundreds of collegiate marching bands put all of their energies into two or three shows per season. Not once during a half-time show does the band "face four general directions," and hopefully, for all of our sakes, this university wouldn't fund an organization that "sounds like little more than a toilet flushing."

Granted, our shows aren't perfect -- but in the future, please don't speak out for the other 76,000 people in the stadium.

Paul Piskorski and
Stuart O'Neil
music education

Rates 'disgraceful'

The University of Nebraska has sunk to a new low. In the Oct. 4 edition of the DN, UNL Assistant Athletic Director Al Papik bragged about UNL student athletes having a graduation rate (38.1 percent) that is comparable to all UNL students.

Never mind the fact that it is comparable to all NU students, that fact remains that it is a disgracefully low number. University officials should be frightfully worried about graduation rates among both athletes and non-athletes. Action to change would be much more admirable than excuses as to why things are as bad as they are.

Lewis Coulter
senior
finance

Reader questions parking budget problem

Once again I am writing about the parking situation, but this time in response to a Sept. 27 article by Emily Rosenbaum. I want to know where this university gets its price quotes. From the same place that the U.S. government buys their hammers and nails?

How can our parking budget be "bursting at the seams" when the

annual revenue for these so-called parking facilities is well over \$300,000? McVicker said, "The money has got to come from somewhere." How about using some of that to build the parking garage?

He said that they would have to raise parking fees to \$40 a month just to implement the funding.

Horsepuckies! Why don't they come up with an alternative method, like putting meters in these stalls too, or maybe a set fee per day. For example, a dollar a day.

Richard Allen
senior
life studies

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Rape not just a form of sex

On Oct. 5, in Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., a jury ruled a rapist not guilty because of what the victim was wearing. The jury decided that because she was wearing a mini-skirt, skimpy tank top and no underwear, the victim was "asking for sex," and therefore deserved to be raped.

I don't know the details of the case, but this points out a serious error when evaluating the crime of rape, and that is mistaking "wanting sex" and "asking for rape."

The most dangerous assumption people have is that rape is just another form of sex. This is WRONG. Rape is a violent, excruciatingly painful and often disfiguring crime. Often, a woman's sexual organs are permanently damaged. A woman who was once raped said it was like being stabbed in the most sensitive part of her body for 15 minutes. And when the physical scars have healed, the victim carries the emotional scars for life. It is simply impossible for anyone to "want" to be raped.

As distasteful as some may feel it is, going to bars or parties looking for "one-night stands" is very common everywhere -- even at this university. A woman or a man usually deliberately tries to look attractive or sexy in order to attract the person they'd be

interested in having sex with. This woman in the mini-skirt was just like any of the bar crowd here -- she wanted to look attractive. However, she ended up attracting someone she didn't want to have sex with.

Haven't most of us been in that awkward position of having someone after us when we aren't the least interested? Most women are probably familiar with the creepy feeling you get when some strange man just won't leave you alone. Usually we are able to avoid these kinds of people by sticking with people we know, but some women aren't so lucky.

Is the solution to always wear turtle-necks and never show our knees in public? Or course not. Women as well as men have the right to dress or look anyway we want without fear of our rights being violated, nor with the idea we can violate others' rights based on how they are dressed. A person's body is just that: her or his own body, and s/he has the right to control what happens to it.

When someone else infringes upon that right, it is a crime no matter how one is dressed.

Ginger Dzerk
junior
English/communications

Parking also ails bikers

I'm on East Campus. It's 8:20 a.m. when I put my tires on the road. I'm a biker. I leave a streak of fire on the pavement as I pedal with an unending will, my confederate flag flapping in the wind.

My beautiful, carefree ride is suddenly obstructed with the morning's first hazard, Harper-Schramm-Smith. I just try to forget that everyone in the world is going to their 8:30 a.m. classes, and most of them live in these dorms.

Nevertheless, reality overtakes me as I weave impatiently behind a group of 15 people who are walking so closely together you would think that they were all in the same family. I realize that their goal in life is to make my morning ride to class as unpleasant as possible, so I take a deep breath and scream "Kowabunga" and bulldoze my way through the crowd.

As I look back and see the victims rolling by the wayside I let out a victory grunt and press on to the next obstacle, the DMZ. This of course is the narrow passage separating north and south campus at the Morrill Hall

construction site. Anyone who rides knows that there is room for only two or three people abreast for at least 50 yards, with chain link on one side and bushes and cars on the other.

Luckily, there is only one person there, she's a freshman (I'm sure), and she's got a stack of books up to her chin. I ride by at a mild pace and am scared half to death as she shrieks in horror because she is daydreaming and the click-click-click of the card clothes-pinned to my front wheel startles her. I can't help but chuckle, and as I glance back all I see are books defying gravity as they fly through the air.

I am almost to my destination, but first I have to maneuver around the congestion capital of campus, not Broyhill, but CBA. I wipe the sweat from my brow and discover a mountain of mountain bikes where I am supposed to be able to park my weapon. I settle for a tree. Its no bed of roses for us either.

Keelan Kaiser
junior
architecture

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