

Free promotion

Decency police boosting 2 Live Crew

An Omaha city councilman and members of the citizens' group Omaha for Decency are trying to make their city as moral as they wanna be.

But in publicizing the material they seek to suppress, the decency police are merely helping their enemies.

Councilman Steve Exon and Omaha for Decency ran a little sting operation last weekend, sending four teen-agers into nine Omaha record stores to attempt to purchase 2 Live Crew's "Sports Weekend" recording. "Sports Weekend" carries an all-too-familiar "Parental Advisory Explicit Lyrics" industry label, which means many stores around the country won't sell it to minors under 18.



Robert Borzekowski/DN

However, six of the Omaha stores did — and Exon has called for prosecution of the owners involved.

Nebraska state law prohibits distribution of pornography to juveniles. Gary Bucchino, Omaha city prosecutor, said Wednesday he had not decided whether to press charges.

The idea of a judge — or anyone, for that matter — determining for the rest of

society whether a song is obscene goes against the supposed ideals of this nation. These arguments have been brought up time and time before.

Apparently Exon and the the decency patrol haven't been listening.

But rapper Luther Campbell of 2 Live Crew has.

Campbell announced he will visit one of Exon's targeted stores Friday as his way of opposing government controls on who can buy his albums. We're sure his Omaha stopover will sell many a 2 Live Crew recording.

With groups like Omaha for Decency working for him, Campbell doesn't need much in the way of advertising. While his group's songs are ridiculous and offensive, teen-agers have long been known to want what authorities say they can't have.

Much of Campbell's rap is not worth listening to, but he is right in asserting that parents, not the government, should determine what kids can and cannot hear. Unfortunately, some parents don't care what their children do, but strongarm alternatives rife with dangerous government intrusions are not the answer.

Maybe 2 Live Crew Director of Omaha Publicity Exon should spend more time thinking less about others' morality and spending more time just plain thinking.



WE HAPPILY PRESENT THE COMPLETE LIST OF CHECK-BOUNCERS

JANA PEDERSEN

Baseball free of time-tyranny

Another sweltering summer Saturday left a friend and I with nothing to do but sit inside and watch television over the roar of the air conditioner.

Then, just as Captain Planet was rescuing the Planetees from certain doom, the roar stopped. Our air conditioner, always on the fritz, had blown another fuse.

We were used to this routine: We'd jump in the car and putt to Russ's for a package of fuses. And if we were lucky, the replacements would keep the juice flowing until a cool evening breeze could provide natural relief.

But when we got in the car this time, the air conditioning felt good. So good, in fact, that we drove right past Russ's, right onto Highway 2 and right out of town.

After all, the Mets were playing in St. Louis, and Busch Stadium was just one wonderfully cool, 8-hour ride away.

We got to St. Louis late, and found a hotel somewhere in Illinois much later. At the stadium bright and early the next morning, we saw Doc and El Sid on the way to the locker room. We got autographs from David Cone and Keith Miller, who still was a Met then, and HoJo's sunglasses weren't enough to stop the cameras from flashing.

The Mets lost the long afternoon game, but that mattered little to a couple of fans. As my friend said, "Even the best teams lose 60 a year."

Oh, baseball. America's sport. Mom and apple pie.

A typical fan's love of the game falls somewhere between the San Diego Chicken's intra-inning fanaticism and Susan Sarandon's Bull-Durham worship.

The game's appeal should be no mystery. After all, no other sport is as timeless as baseball.

In all the years of the game, little has changed but the uniforms, and even those are regressing to the style of the old fellows.

Most bats still are wooden. Most parks still are grass. Most home runs still send a lift to the heart.

And everyone knows of Bobby Thompson's king smash that meant, "THE GIANTS WIN THE PENNANT. THE GIANTS WIN THE PENNANT."

As a 7-year-old, I made the All-Star team with the best cut in Little League. My team, the Rangers, battled all the way to the town's World Series, along with seven other teams. I think we finished somewhere in the middle, but all the certificates read, "You are a winner."



To some, the endless cap-straightening, digging-in and signal-sending make baseball tedious. But a true fan enjoys the intricacies of such moments.

While I gave up my baseball career at an early age, to this day I still love the game.

Others can cry foul over big-ticket salaries and high-priced ballpark hot dogs, but not me. I'll spend 20 bucks in an instant to hear the crack of Kirby Puckett's bat.

My brother, the world's biggest Twins fan, paid much more than that to install a satellite dish in his yard so he could track the Twins' season via Minneapolis radio.

That may seem silly to some, as would a last-minute 8-hour drive to a St. Louis game. Maybe my brother's dish and our trip were bursts of crazy spontaneity; but then, baseball does inspire such nonsense in its fans.

My brother says baseball's popularity comes from its leisurely pace.

A simple concept, really, but baseball, unlike most other sports, has no game clock.

Football allows 15 minutes a quarter. Basketball has 24 minutes a half and gives 24 seconds to shoot. Hockey players get two-minute penalties for tripping. Even gymnasts must dismount the balance beam in less than a minute and a half.

But an inning literally can last forever.

To some, the endless cap-straightening, digging-in and signal-sending make baseball tedious. But a true fan enjoys the intricacies of such moments.

A catcher may notice his pitcher's slider falling off, so he'll call a conference at the mound.

A batter may tighten his glove, knock the mud off his shoes, spit, check signs, pray and adjust his uni-

form before stepping into the box. A base runner's effort to steal could bring several throws to first base instead of home plate.

A manager might sprint from the dugout to question a close call.

Even the beleaguered umpire can stop the game, perhaps simply to check the ball for scuffs.

Fans of other sports claim there's nothing like a game-winning shot, or pass, or goal that barely beats the buzzer. But I'll take a 10th-inning pitcher's duel any day, regardless of all the cap-straightening.

In another sport, such action — or lack of it — would draw a penalty for delaying the game. But that's all part of what makes baseball perfectly American.

American culture is dominated by the wristwatch. We get our education, meals, consumer goods, working days, entertainment and even our deaths and babies by the minute.

I was born at 9:01 p.m. We put the newspaper to bed by 3 a.m. Economics class ends at 1:40 p.m. The movie starts at 9:15.

Baseball is the antithesis of American indoctrination. A game can take all day, a double-header well into the night. Baseball fans know better than to make definite plans for after the game. After all, who knows when it will end?

It is this freedom from social control that draws people of all backgrounds to baseball, regardless of the team colors each fan brings to the game.

When my friend and I made our St. Louis fun run, we felt pretty silly cheering for the visitors. Across the waving mass of Cardinal-red headgear, our little blue caps stuck out awkwardly as the score stretched to 9-0 St. Louis.

Then, a late-game rally found a Met on third, brought home by a pop fly that barely reached right field. Although the next batter struck out and the score remained 9-1, my friend and I were pleased to spot a comrade in the crowd: a lone man in a striped Mets jersey holding high a banner-blue New York pennant.

The wave of red soon swept him up, but for a moment we waved our caps in return.

The afternoon gone, we trudged to the parking ramp and turned our Escort westward again.

The eight hours ahead were sure to be just as cool, and as leisurely, as the ones we'd left behind.

Pedersen is a senior news-editorial and advertising major and editor of the Daily Nebraskan.

Condoms unsafe against AIDS

To me, it is incredible that you want to educate people about HIV and AIDS (Sower supplement, DN, April 15) and then make such an egregious error as to quote an alleged counselor, "Martha," as saying the disease is almost 100 percent preventable. Condoms, she says, "have proven to be 99.8 percent effective." This is not true.

Why don't you check out your facts? Condom failure rate is at least 10 percent. Why do surgeons now wear special Kevlar gloves when working on people with AIDS? Think! People, you accuse UNL of losing its focus and then you report as truth what we have been saying for years is a lie — that condoms are safe.

Also, confidential HIV testing is offered at the University Health Center. Our medical records are as confidential as medical records can be. We do

not offer anonymous testing. How can we help the patient with HIV when we don't know what the problem is? Records are not released to anyone outside of UHC without the patient's signed consent except as provided for by law, e.g., by subpoena.

Mr. Moore says the Gay/Lesbian/Bisexual Student Association has "more current information than the Health Center. That's very wrong." I say, "baloney" to Mr. Moore. Has he been here to see what information we have? I maintain an up-to-date file on HIV/AIDS. The University Health Center has available plenty of literature for those people who are interested.

Ralph A. Ewert, M.D.
chief of staff
University Health Center

LETTER POLICY

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

Readers also are welcome to submit material as guest opinions. Whether material should run as a letter or guest opinion 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.