

Daily
Nebraskan
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EDITORIAL

No more words

COLAGE to blame for its loss of funding

Ideals and politics aside, the ASUN senators did their job Wednesday night — and they did it pretty well.

The senators' main duty is to work in the interests of University of Nebraska-Lincoln students. And while that is a vague charge at times, it is never more clear than when the senators are examining student fees.

This year, as every year, the penny-pinching efforts of the Committee for Fees Allocation offended some students on campus. While examining UPC's budget request, CFA decided to strike, among other things, the \$1,500 request made by the Committee Offering Lesbian and Gay Events because the group's efforts this year fell far short of what should be expected of a group using student fees.

Wednesday, the senators approved the fee requests of the three Fund A recipients — including the University Program Council — as proposed by CFA.

They approved the proposals without a great deal of controversy, mainly because they didn't give representatives of UPC a chance to speak.

But Wednesday night was not the time for words, and it was too late for promises of action from COLAGE. The group had all year to prove that it deserved the money it was receiving from UNL students; it failed.

COLAGE does deserve funding; it represents students and ideas that should have a voice on this campus. But the members of COLAGE are to blame for the trouble they have found themselves in — not ASUN or CFA.

QUOTES OF THE WEEK

"After year after year of budget cuts, the students say, 'No more.' We will no longer be the chicken in the eyes of the Legislature's fox."

— Andrew Sigerson, ASUN president, protesting the proposed \$14 million cut in the university's budget.

"This is not something off the wall."

— Jack Kasher, University of Nebraska at Omaha physics professor, justifying his theories that two groups of aliens are abducting and studying humans.

"Dr. Kasher is a respectable physicist, but he is gullible in this subject."

— Edgar Pearlstein, University of Nebraska-Lincoln physics professor.

"If this package is picked apart, it will have something that will anger each of us. But if it is taken as a whole, it will help all of us."

— President Clinton, asking Americans to support the economic plan he outlined Wednesday night.

"The American people would do well to remember: When you hear a Democrat call for taxes, do not ask for whom the tax rises — it will rise for you."

— Bob Michel, House GOP leader, in the Republican response to the president's speech.

EDITORIAL POLICY

Staff editorials represent the official policy of the Fall 1992 Daily Nebraskan. Policy is set by the Daily Nebraskan Editorial Board. Editorials do not necessarily reflect the views of the university, its employees, the students or the NU Board of Regents. Editorial columns represent the opinion of the author. The regents publish the Daily Nebraskan. They establish the UNL Publications Board to supervise the daily production of the paper. According to policy set by the regents, responsibility for the editorial content of the newspaper lies solely in the hands of its students.

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 or reject all material submitted. Readers also are welcome to submit material as guest opinions. The editor decides whether material should run as a guest opinion. Letters and guest opinions sent to the newspaper become the property of the Daily Nebraskan and cannot be returned. Anonymous submissions will not be published. 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.



RAINBOW ROWELL

Not everyone gives beer a shot

Hello. My name is Rainbow, and I'm not an alcoholic. That's right — I don't drink. I can't.

In the sixth grade I was a member of a group called 4PC. That stood for Positive, Parents, Peers and something else — maybe Porcupine — Culture. The group was organized to keep youngsters like myself from drinking and drug-using.

Every year, for the giant 4PC rally, Omaha's sixth graders filled Rosenblatt Stadium to watch the Royals lose to some team from Kansas. At some point, all six million preteens stood, hand over heart, and took the 4PC pledge.

It was the spring of '86 when I stood in those bleachers. I promised not to use drugs, and I promised not to drink until I was 21.

That's that. I still have my membership card. I promised. I won't be 21 for a year and five days. Until then, and probably after that, I will remain dry. I'm under oath.

So, while my fellow students celebrate Thirsty Thursday huddled in an anonymous basement, puking on a stranger's shag carpet or happily tipping glasses at a chic pub with pals, I play board games, watch TV or go home to Omaha.

Don't get me wrong. Staying sober weekend after weekend has its drawbacks.

First and foremost, it limits your peer group. It takes a few semesters to find the 8.3 UNL students who don't recreate, beer in hand. I played a lot of solitaire my freshman year.

Once you find the few, the proud, the nondrinkers, you can't be choosy because you're kind of stuck with them. Lying, cowardice and peculiar body odors just don't seem so offensive anymore.

Sometimes staying sober on a dry campus gets me down. I feel weak. I come dangerously close to breaking my 4PC vow. The shadow falls when I'm tired of playing Candyland and

I bet drinking would open a whole new world for me. I might start understanding country music and the Beastie Boys' "License to Ill."

Trivial Pursuit, when I can't afford to rent a movie and Adam Sandler isn't on "Saturday Night Live."

I think if I drank, I'd at least have someplace to go — even if it is just somebody's cruddy basement.

I bet drinking would open a whole new world for me. I might start understanding country music and the Beastie Boys' "License to Ill." I'd pay a pretty penny to know what Brass Monkey is.

It would surely sharpen my conversation skills. When people say to me, "God, I'm so hung over," I'd have more to say than "Yeah . . . I have really bad sinuses."

I'd have something to look forward to. My 21st birthday would be more than a grim reminder that I'm one year closer to death.

Although it's true that each morning when I wake up, I can clearly remember the night before — I usually don't remember anything exciting.

Who am I fooling? I wouldn't drink anyway. There's too much risk in-

volved. I know I'd get caught. I couldn't pick my nose in an empty room without getting caught.

Many times, my drinking friends have said to me, with alcohol on their breath, "Rainbow, you should at least try it. You don't even know what you're missing. You might really like it."

That's precisely what I'm afraid of. I probably would like it — I'd probably LOVE it.

I know I have the propensity for addiction — I can never eat just one potato chip. I won't even inhale around alcohol. I'd take one sip, and pretty soon I'd be like Otis from "The Andy Griffith Show," drunk 22 hours a day, waking up in a jail cell.

ANDY — WOULD YOU PLEASE STOP WHISTLING.

I have a whole keg o' reasons not to drink.

To look really cool, you have to drink out of bottles, and I've never learned to drink out of bottles; I'm scared it will slip and I'll chip my tooth.

Usually, I create some weird vacuum between my mouth and the bottle. Because I'm suctioned to the bottle, the nonalcoholic beverage of my choice just sloshes back and forth until it spills.

I'm told that people get clumsy and stupid when they're drunk. I'm also told that I'm pretty clumsy and stupid already.

Furthermore, I don't like vomiting that much.

And I need a big old beer gut as much as I need a hole in the head.

No thank you. Looks as if I'll be getting high on life for another year — at least until my 4PC pledge expires.

It's Friday. Another weekend is here.

Bartender, another round of Pictionary! This one's on me.

Rowell is a sophomore news-editorial, advertising and English major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Choice

I am writing in response to those who believe that homosexuals should be let into the military. I am highly opposed to this. The military has every right to exclude homosexuals. For one, the military is not a democracy. It is not a citizen's right to join the military; it is a privilege.

Another thing people argue is that the military let women and African Americans in; why not let in homosexuals? You cannot put homosexuals in the same category as women and African Americans. Homosexuality is not the same, because it is a lifestyle or a choice. There is no con-

clusive evidence to prove that one is a homosexual from birth. Therefore, it is ludicrous and insulting to compare these groups to homosexuals.

Kirk Goings
freshman
computer science and math

Univision

If Kevin Ellis understood the Spanish language cable station he feels "has the effect of undermining the nation as a whole," he would realize that the "socialistic and communistic overtones" he deplores are a fiction, an all-too-common stereotype bor-

dering on the paranoid.

As far as bilingualism and language learning through the mass media are concerned, a brief glance at a few other cultures will show the results of such so-called propagandistic, cultural undermining. People in Switzerland, for example, often speak four languages, while in Germany or Japan, children study English from grade school on. The last time I checked, these countries seemed to be doing fairly well, especially in the competitive, globally oriented world economy.

David Fiero,
adviser and graduate student
modern languages and literature