

KATHY STEINAUER

Football a frightful phenomenon

I have officially run out of patience. I'm scared of what may happen over Thanksgiving Break. I'm frightened of all the football I will be forced to encounter. What if I start a turkey fight with my brothers and father because I cannot stand to hear one more football game playing in the background?



The best part was the concessions guy that sang, "7UP!" and everyone echoed him. That's about all I got from the whole experience.

I lost all my football patience last weekend. I watched the end of the Notre Dame/Boston College matchup. In all, I probably endured 10 minutes of football, but it launched me into an anti-football rage.

My boyfriend yelled and jumped up and down in celebration because Notre Dame lost. I admit, I was happy for the Boston College kicker who won the game for his team. That has to be just the coolest feeling — to know that you, individually, won the game.

Then the talk began. My boyfriend, as well as God-knows-how-many across the state, began contemplating. Where would Nebraska be ranked? What about Notre Dame? What if those stupid coaches and poll people mess up again and don't put us No. 1?

I finally lost it. Who cares? Who cares? Who cares?!!!!

I find it frightening that only a few weeks before the end of the semester, when I am drowning in scary thoughts about jobs, graduation, assignments and the fact that I have no idea where I'll be two months from now, there are thousands across this state whose most serious thoughts concern where the Cornhuskers will be in the polls.

Will anyone remember where we were ranked this week two years from now?

Wait. I don't want to know. The answer will scare me. Unfortunately, there are many who will remember in detail for years that week in November when we were finally vindicated and ranked No. 1 in two out of three polls.

It doesn't help that I work at a newspaper where the sports people

are constantly talking about football. We watch football on Sundays while we're putting together the paper, but we never get to watch TV the rest of the week.

Not to be stereotypical, but I don't know any women who are nearly as indulged in football as men. If women talked about soap operas half as much as men talk about football, we'd be told we're living in a fantasy world.

"Soap operas aren't real," they'd say. Here's some news: Neither is football. It is only a game that gives men something fantasy-like to talk about.

Football is a rough game where men emphasize their masculinity by putting on pads and helmets, then line up on the field and run into each other over and over and over again. Sometimes they throw the ball, sometimes they kick it. That's about all there is to it as far as I'm concerned.

And all that running into each other wreaks havoc on bodies, as well as dreams. Even I, one of the least educated about football in the world, can name several people who have been forced to quit playing because of injuries. They bank all their dreams on a sport that promises them ruined bodies. Some last longer than others. Some forget to get an education because it prevents them from playing the game they've been taught to love since they were dressed in their first home-team jersey when they were 2 years old.

Here's a thought that may surprise some diehard Husker fans. There are places in this very country where Nebraska football isn't even dis-

cussed, much less idolized. Some people don't know that Husker football is the pride of the state. Either that, or that's the only thing they know about Nebraska. Isn't it pathetic that all that's known about our state is that our football team chokes on the important games?

It is one thing to root for your alma mater and go to Colorado or wherever to see them play. I even went to a couple home games my freshman year. I felt I had to; I was a student here, after all. The best part was the concessions guy that sang, "7UP!" and everyone echoed him. That's about all I got from the whole experience.

But when people are injured when they storm the field and people hinge their emotional mood swings on how a team fared in a game the weekend before, that gives a new definition to the word "fanatics."

It is during the Super Bowl that most violence against women occurs. That fact alone should scare plenty of people into hating the game.

My faith in the sanity of Nebraskans was restored the other day at a restaurant. Something was said about football, and the guy serving us asked what Nebraska was rated. Then he asked who we played last weekend and who we play next. At least there are some people out there who can keep things in proper perspective.

Steinauer is a senior news-editorial major, the Daily Nebraskan editorial page editor and a columnist.

PAT HAMBRECHT

Patrick is a UNL cultural center

Stop! Before you read further, ask yourself one question: Are you biased, or are you aware of Patrick-centricity?



UNL stands alone as an institution conscious of Patrick-centricity, although Patrick Hambrechts account for only 1/25,000 of its total student population. That's certainly nothing for Graham Spanier to be proud of.

0/5,000.

This list goes on and on, to our national shame. Not one college offers Patrick scholarships, a Patrick issues class or a single workshop on Patrick awareness.

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It's no wonder that, in a recent letter I wrote to myself, I called the 20th century "The Patrick Dark Ages." Every day people criticize the columns — make that Divine Oracles — of Patrick Hambrecht, without any knowledge of Patrick's unique culture and anthropology. To enlighten the cosmos, I interviewed P.M. Hambrecht, a noted Patrick historian and author of the poetry collection, "Give Me Patrick in the Dewy Morning, Give me Patrick on a Crispy Bun."

"Patrick is more than just omnipotent," Hambrecht said. "He's also really, really, really, super cool. I don't think you understand how cool he is, so let me illustrate. In my land, we have a saying:

"Better a thimble full of Patrick than a Buick full of turkey innards, because just a little Patrick is a whole lotta fun, while a car full of bird guts is gross."

I asked Hambrecht what he thought of the unfavorable letters written about

Patrick in the Daily Nebraskan.

"Anti-Patrick letters are ignorant, hideously ignorant," Hambrecht said. "Those letter writers have no understanding of Patrick Culture."

"For instance, take the letter which calls Patrick 'wronger than monkey snot.' According to the basic tenets of the Hambrechtism, Patrick is always right. To suggest that Patrick is wrong is a basic fallacy, according to Patrick Culture."

"Every culture defines itself, and is relevant only to itself," Hambrecht continued. "One certainly shouldn't evaluate a feminist work with dated, phallogocentric methods. And one would never pronounce judgment on China's human rights policy without a Maoist perspective. It's the same with Patrick Culture."

So who is fit to judge whether Patrick's column is good or bad?

"Patrick," Hambrecht said. "Anyone else would blur his vision with his or her own ethnocentricity."

But what about Bluebeard, Fatty Arbuckle or other brave people who did things before Patrick was born?

"It was still Patrick," Hambrecht said. "Patricians believe that Patrick has always existed, roving the Earth and doing cool things. Before Patrick pretended to be born, he was just in disguise."

Hambrecht is a sophomore news-editorial major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

The Daily Nebraskan...

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