

SAM KEPFIELD

War on stupidity coming to end

The end is near. Two years — six semesters of having to think original thoughts — to present a view that no one else presents and give campus liberals the heebie-jeebies are drawing to a close.

On May 7, I receive my Master of Arts from the University of Nebraska-Lincoln, and I am outta here. Next destination — marital bliss on Aug. 13 to someone I met about 20 feet from where I am writing this. After that, it's the University of Oklahoma at Norman.

Normally, I don't talk about myself and draw attention to "me" constantly. After two years of writing about events, I figure I've earned it.

Why did I do this, week after week, month after month? It wasn't merely the rush of seeing my name, mug shot and words in print for thousands to see. That wore off after the first week. I didn't see this as a personal platform from which to talk about "me" and the things I might have done over the past week.

I came to this with a definite idea of what I wanted to do. An editorial page means issues, and to me it meant taking a viewpoint that is too often neglected or ridiculed. After seeing what the DN had to offer, I said "Hell, I can do better than this!" I applied, and to my amazement, I was selected.

Lack of a journalism background never hamstrung me. In fact, I consider it to be an asset. Look at what "news" has become — a sickening, dumbed-down mixture of splatter flick and peep show, emotional vampires with minicams zooming in for the tearful next-of-kin shot. I missed nothing.

Arriving here in the immediate wake of the Scott Baldwin affair was an eye-opener. My first column had to be rewritten, for fear of inciting further racial fear and loathing. There were just some things that you did not dare talk about. It was a rude introduction to what I had believed was a free



We said the Lord's Prayer and the Pledge of Allegiance before classes, long before we had a surgeon general who thought we should be taught what to do in the back seat of a car.

press and the pernicious effects of "sensitivity."

So began my own war on stupidity, especially the brand practiced by the compassion fascists here on campus. In return, I've been compared to Hitler and Joseph McCarthy (but not to Stalin, the tyrant of choice for the left). I've been called an insensitive white European male from a well-to-do background who can't possibly understand what it's like to be a person of color or woman in this society today. Ergo, my opinions are invalid.

I'm no jack-booted oppressor. I'm from a moderately well-to-do family living in a small town in Western Kansas (you've never heard of it, believe me). It may not have been the most diverse place, and it certainly would flunk any politically correct test for enlightenment, but it was the kind of growing up that now seems lost to America in a swirl of drugs and guns. We said the Lord's Prayer and the Pledge of Allegiance before classes, long before we had a surgeon general who thought we should be taught what to do in the back seat of a car.

For every piece of hate mail, I get perhaps a half dozen comments from people who like what I read. They're too busy with their lives to write letters to the editor every week. There are those who say, "I don't agree with everything you say, but you do make me think about things." Hearing that, I consider my time here to have been well-spent. Sometimes, these friends or strangers have been all that kept me going at this. To them, I say a heartfelt

"Thank you."

Being conservative in a predominantly liberal atmosphere has its advantages. It is easier to be noticed when you write about the joys of limited government, rather than the usual knee-jerk, feel-good, hand-wringing piece about the homeless or the environment. Such confessions of white liberal guilt do nothing but make the utterers of such pap feel better about themselves. Being guilt-free is a wondrous thing.

The philosophy that I brought here, which has only been strengthened, is best articulated by Thomas Paine. "Some writers have so confounded society with government," Paine wrote in "Common Sense," "as to leave little or no distinction between them." The two are distinct, and the blurring of that line is the direct cause of our societal collapse today.

Like Russell Kirk, I believe that parading about in a state of perpetual righteous indignation over every perceived injustice accomplishes nothing. Living today involves a certain amount of resignation to fate and God's will. Suffering and war will ever be with us.

What should I leave you with? How do I sum up two years in a sentence or two? The words Paine used to open "Common Sense" perhaps serve best. "A long habit of not thinking a thing wrong gives it a superficial appearance of being right."

So, keep questioning, keep thinking and have faith.

Kepfield is a graduate student in history and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

KIMBERLY SPURLOCK

Rage at softball field calmed

Having been an avid intramural sports athlete for the past two years, I knew long before last Monday that referees and staff assistants were hated by many other intramural teams.

But on Monday, the bomb that absorbed me and many others on my team (who had also played intramural sports before) exploded.

First, I couldn't get in touch with all of the players on my softball team until last Sunday to tell them we had a playoff game on Monday. When I did, many had time conflicts. But in the end, we had just enough players who were able to make our game.

When I got to the field, half of our team was not there. About five or so minutes before the game, we were still short one female. In a last desperate attempt to not forfeit our game, I ran to the nearest phone to call a couple of our missing players' homes.

While doing so, I was told an S.A. (who is only a student pretending to have power) gave us one minute to see if our missing player would show up. Everyone who has played intramural sports at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln knows the chance of a player showing up in one itty-bitsy minute is slim to none.

Supposedly, the S.A. (who seemed to have power at this moment) called a forfeit about 30 or so seconds before our player arrived. We asked if we could still play the game. The S.A. said no. The other team said they still wanted to play. The S.A. said no.

Very upset, team members made a few snide (I'm being generous) comments to the S.A. We were upset, and we felt rightfully so. In the past, an S.A. had delayed a previous game we'd played so that the other team could wait for its other player to arrive.

After a few minutes of voicing our opinions and sharing them with all who were nearby, my boyfriend and I ventured over to the Campus Recreation Center to turn in our softball gear.



First, two of the four games scheduled are canceled because of rain, and we are not able to make them up, and then we lose a game because of forfeit, and then we lose half of our forfeit fees.

I had already decided that my column for today was going to rip the Rec Center's intramural staff to shreds. Upon leaving the Rec Center, I let out my anger and frustration to my boyfriend. "It always happens!" I said about the intramural game. First, two of the four games scheduled are canceled because of rain, and we are not able to make them up, and then we lose a game because of forfeit, and then we lose half of our forfeit fees. "I'm going to tear them up in my column!"

My boyfriend "knocked" me to my senses by suggesting we talk with an official before writing my column. Being the kind of person I am, I knew I had to talk with an official before publicly distorting the Rec Center's image.

"But, then he might say something and I won't have a column to write," I said. But then again, who knows, I thought.

We walked back into the Rec Center just as he was leaving and asked him if we could talk with him.

We walked into his office and I, being the reporter I am, already had questions and comments prepared in my mind that I would say after this official answered questions the way I knew he would answer.

I told myself, Kim, you are not really upset — yet. Just listen to the man and see if he says what you think he's going to say.

So we tell him our story and he tells us how he trains his officials. We listen. "Uh hum," we say and nod our heads. And then an "Oh" comes out of our mouths. And we say we under-

stand. And we do.

Next question, problem or concern.

We sit there. We listen. We nod our heads. We say we understand. And we do.

He tells us there's a new policy change going into effect next year. It will be the decision of the opposing team to decide if they want to play the game or call a forfeit. We expressed our satisfaction with that.

I feel better. And because I do, I say, "Well, while we're here, what is the \$5 protest fee for?"

I knew I had him with this one. I knew that teams paid their \$5 to protest a game or play and if the officials agree that they were wrong, then that was it, they only admitted that they made a mistake.

Wrong I was.

After paying the \$5, the team is able to explain why they think an official made a wrong call. And if the protest board (or whatever it's called) agreed that an official made a wrong call, the team would receive its money back and the game would resume where the wrong call was made.

"Oh," I said.

After talking a little while longer, my boyfriend and I got up and left. We felt better, and although my column went in a totally new direction than I thought it would, I had a story after all.

Spurlock is a broadcasting, news-editorial and English major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

Stuff It! **KIMCO SELF STORAGE**
6000 S. 56th 600 N. 66th 2601 N. 27th
423-3003

NEBRASKA Softball
NU vs. Drake
WEDNESDAY
April 20
Doubleheader
3 & 5 p.m.
NU Softball Complex
14th & W
\$2 - General admission
Free - UNL students with photo I.D.
For general ticket information call 472-3111,
Monday - Friday, 8 a.m. - 5 p.m.



With good behavior, you'll be out in just 5 months.

With a 4 year college degree, you can begin your career in law as a **paralegal** in just 5 months.

- Approved by the American Bar Association
- Free lifetime national placement assistance
- Financial aid available for eligible students
- Includes a 100 hour internship

Call today for a free video "Your Career In Law"
1-800-848-0550

DENVER PARALEGAL INSTITUTE
1401 19th Street Denver, CO 80202

Please provide information on the paralegal profession. UNL
 Please send free video "Your Career In Law"

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
Phone _____ Age _____
Graduation Date _____

DENVER PARALEGAL INSTITUTE
1401 19th Street
Denver, CO 80202
1-800-848-0550

We want you back!

- Tired of high utility bills?
- Tired of a landlord who won't fix things?
- Want someone to cook your food for you?
- Tired of hunting for a parking space every time you go to class?
- Want someone to clean your bathroom?
- Not as cheap as you thought to live off-campus?
- Tired of roommates who won't pay bills?
- Would you like access to more computers?

Consider living in the halls again next year. You can receive a \$150 discount for next year. For more information, contact University Housing, 472-3561.

UNL RESIDENCE HALLS
A great place to be.