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In Monday's Daily Nebraskan I read a very disturbing letter by Thomas Hill from the University of Michigan. This man was given the chance to share his views on the national championship debate with everybody here at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln. I think this was a wonderful and unique opportunity, and by seizing it, Mr. Hill did not just express his own views, but he also represented his university.

He totally blew it.

To all of you who think I will now give you hundreds of reasons, numbers and stats why we deserve the national championship ... sorry, this column isn't about football. Mr. Hill's letter stood out because it was so very rude, and it had nothing to do with the issue at hand. This man had the chance to explain his point of view to all of us and show us what the University of Michigan, which he graduated from, is all about. The best



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Well, kids, what you have in front of you is an engineer who just wrote a column. I can't even remember the last time I wrote a complete sentence, much less express my opinion in printed form, but I assure you that this column is much bigger than Fiona Apple's breasts, better than Hideki Irabu, but not quite as great as the two minute bath scene in "Barb Wire."

Naked chicks with guns - how AMERICAN! Phew; now on with the show.

Earlier this month I watched the National Football League AFC divisional playoff game between Kansas City and Denver. Since this is the Martin Luther King Jr. season, I deliberated about the Kansas City team name, the Chiefs.

I wondered what it must be like, being an American Indian and having this savage=me crap shown each day. Then I realized I'm Portuguese, and when nobody gives a damn about your nationality, you start feeling really lousy.

To ease the tension in my mind, I decided to brainstorm some new killer stereotypical collegiate mascots that would be super for a professional franchise, but that the NCAA would have a stroke over. Enjoy.

- University of Michigan People Who Can't Face the Fact that the Big Ten isn't the Second Coming of Christ.

- University of Tennessee Slurring Jack Daniels.

- Kent State Expired 69ers.

- University of Miami Fighting Dead Gay Versaces.

- University of Mississippi Torched Crosses.

- University of Texas Mighty Pickup Truck Gun Racks.

- Louisiana State University Charging Bo, Luke and David Dukes.

- University of Alabama

# Loud and ... clear?

## Fist fights are no replacement for the art of arguing

he could do was insult our athletic program and a man whom many Nebraskans love.

His comments were filled with hatred; I can just imagine him hammer away at his computer while veins were popping out of his forehead. His letter was not just an example of poor sportsmanship, but it was also simply uncivilized.

If Mr. Hill meant to offend anybody here by calling us "corn-hoaxers" (whatever that might be; it is not in my English-German dictionary) or "idiots," then I'm sure he failed. At least, I hope we are better than that and show more class when we are given the opportunity to express our views.

I tried to contact the man last night to find out how much time he spent with Tom Osborne to call him a "pale, satanic freak." I do understand pale - this is Nebraska, after all, and the sun just does not shine on us like it does on, let's say, Michigan. I do not understand, however, how the skin pigment of a coach has anything to do with who is the best team in college football.

What I'm getting at is that people simply have lost the art of argue.

Instead of stunning all of us here with dazzling rhetoric, Mr. Hill just fell back on insults. I see this kind of behavior every day in the child care center in which I work. At the center, it goes somewhat like this:

"You took my crayon! Give it back; it's mine."

"No, you stupid-head."

I fail to see the logic in the latter argument. I do realize why children are calling each other names, though. They just have not developed the skill to argue yet. Kids are still lacking the words to express clearly what it is they are feeling, and therefore they simply release their emotions with crying, whining or name-calling.

Mr. Hill, on the other hand, is an alumnus of the University of Michigan, a very good school according to my information, and I'm quite sure he is not four years old. Personally, I think he made a bad name for himself and his alma mater by writing his letter, but enough about him.

I wonder what it was like back in the day when Socrates was teaching his pupil Plato about life and philosophy - you know, when Plato was just beginning to learn. I wonder if

Plato ever called Socrates a "pale, satanic freak" if he ran out of smart things to say.

To me, people who raise their voices, call names or start fights are the loser in any kind of conflict. If you can't sit down, face another person, and make him or her see your point, then you probably didn't have a point to begin with, kind of like this playground conversation:

"Give me your lunch money."

"Why?"

"Hmmm ... if not, I'll beat you."

I'm a person who loves to argue, and I hate to be proven wrong or "lose" an argument, but that is never a reason for me to want to knock somebody's teeth out. I feel if I'd yell at people or threaten them just because they had a better point or made more sense than I did, then I'd lose much more than an argument - I'd lose my dignity, too.

Many people seem to believe that the point at which their wit ends is also the point at which they have to rely on other methods, such as rudeness or even violence. It is impossible to resolve a conflict with these tools. Whenever I witness any kind of fight or people yelling at each other, I only

see losers.

In my entire life I have only experienced one person "winning" a fight. This person was my younger brother (whom I used to fight with like cats and dogs), and he got his butt kicked.

A bunch of punks, at least 10 of them, were chasing some kid at a party and wanted to beat him up. My brother didn't know any of these people, but he stood up for the guy and told the others that 10 against one just wasn't fair. One of the punks said, "We're gonna kick your butt, too."

My brother just stood there and said, "I know."

I admire him for what he did that night.

All around me I see the art of arguing is getting lost, and the skill to convince and battle with words is being replaced with fist fights. Some people seem to believe you are right when you can shout the loudest. I hope this is not a sign of where our society is going. "Bully rule" is a threat to all of us because a pair of fists should never be able to defeat common sense or a well-constructed argument.

# Mascot mayhem

## Team monikers make for insulting pastimes

Trailer Trash.  
 ■ UCLA Mighty Breast Implants.

■ University of San Francisco Flaming Elton Johns. (Even I think that probably crossed the line, but it is just too funny to not write.)

Sometimes you just have to wonder about professional sports these days, such as Cleveland, Cleveland, Cleveland, Cleveland. Not only do you have a baseball team with an offensive name, but your symbol is of an American Indian who just dived off the high board into a pool of Prozac. You're showing a lot of class, "Mistake by the Lake."

Honestly, with the uproar on this issue, I really do not comprehend why certain franchises refuse to show respect to insulted individuals. In a time when America's cultural clashes are at a high, professional sports names like Indians, Redskins, Seminoles, etc., make as much sense as finding a woman at The Brass Rail to bring home to mom.

Is it really crucial to keep these icons, or can we finally be civil? What is wrong with changing these names from the scarred American past to symbols that make America great, like Milwaukee and Green Bay, which glorify the great institutions of beer and meat?

Now, I am not saying that before whites entered the new world American Indians were a peace-loving people who just smelled flowers and were nice and sweet, whereas Europe was bloodthirsty and murderous. Let's face it: We were all jerks. We LOVED kicking the crap out of others. Just ask the British and the French or the Aztecs and Incas. Still, the stereotypes that show white history as kind and just and the American Indians as savages has got to stop.

One argument that arises when I bitch about this issue deals with tradition. The names have been around so long, to change them would mean casting away decades of tradition. Do you really think professional sports care about tradition, with

the installment of the designated hitter, interleague play and allowing professional soccer to exist?

These changes, though dumb (like the game of soccer), exist because they create excitement, which equates to "mo" money. Since these owners are capitalistic maniacs, why not add to the wealth by not pissing off the native inhabitants of this land and create a few fans?

I point to Stanford University, which changed its name from Indians to Cardinals more than 20 years ago. Now that's foresight - definitely better foresight than playing football on a ski slope.

The other point people speak at me is the lack of an uproar for names like the Minnesota Vikings and Notre Dame' Fighting Irish. Let's try this scenario: Think of someone from Norway and what first comes to mind? I bet it's not a hateful, uncivilized person. It's nothing. Nobody knows - nor cares - about Norway. Now think of an Irishman, and what comes to mind? OK, you think of a violent drunk; so the Irish do have a right to complain, but until

you and/or Norway moans about it, the American public will never know.

I am not one of those people who thinks the 1997 World Series brainwashed our impressionable youth in believing that fish are a more superior life form than the American Indian. I certainly am not a politically correct soldier. If you are in a sorority and see a woman who does not play with her hair every 20 seconds, you should not be offended.

To the people (I'm talking about English majors) who constantly say they're offended, I decree all of us are offended every day.

What separates people of reason from

others is that I realize life stinks. You, me and certainly a bowl of salad are not worth two bits in the world. However, we are still segments of this mass of humanity called sodi... and move beyond the words and symbols that were meant to discourage us. That is why I chose to ignore these facts of life and not undermine myself to that level.

Having said all this, I know no professional team flaunts a Portuguese man of war mascot, which actually is a jellyfish, so I guess I really can understand the offensive nature of these symbols. But I still respect American thoughts on this issue as I would respect anyone, even philosophy majors (from time to time).

