

OPINION PACKETS

Our VIEW

No rest for the wicked

Decision to reissue Tyson's license a bad one

Mike Tyson will fight again. And, although it was never really in doubt that Tyson — the former heavyweight boxing champion — would fight again, Nevada's boxing commission decided Monday that he would be able to do so with a license and in a ring. By now, nearly everyone knows Tyson's story: his rise from the streets; his early dominance in the ring; his troubles with the law; and the culmination of it all, his ill-advised biting of Evander Holyfield during a bout 15 months ago.

After the ear-biting incident, Tyson had his boxing license suspended, and some thought his career as a professional fighter was over.

But Tyson is back. He may fight again before year's end. And although he has no opponents lined up yet, it is almost certain that he will wrangle a few contenders who are hungry for the exposure and subsequent money that Tyson's comeback fight certainly will bring.

But if the world of boxing has any sense, it will make sure that Tyson's return to its professional ranks will be accompanied by angelic behavior both inside and outside the ring.

During Monday's hearing, Nevada Boxing Commission Chairman Elias Ghanem said Tyson's reinstatement was the fighter's "one chance," and warned Tyson that any incident similar to the one that took place with Holyfield would result in permanent revocation of his license.

The problem with this warning lies in the fact that it covers Tyson's behavior only in the ring. After only a few reputation-building years, Tyson showed early on that his actions outside of the ring were just as menacing as those he presented to his willing opponents.

Domestic assault and rape are not the acts of a responsible, professional or sane individual. After looking back at Tyson's behavior for the last decade, a bite on the ear appears to be one of his lesser atrocities.

Allowing a man who has broken these barriers of humanity with little remorse to enter the professional world of boxing again is difficult to approve.

But the boxing commission of Nevada thinks Tyson deserves another chance. And, because the decision is solely theirs, it will stand.

But for how long?

Will another fighter become a victim of Tyson's unbalanced nature? Will another person close to Tyson fall under the uncontrollable rage that he appears to hold? And how much will Tyson's re-entry into his inherently violent profession foster that rage?

Only time will tell.

At Monday's hearing, Tyson said "I'm the only one who has to carry the weight of the fool."

Here's hoping that Tyson doesn't drag the Nevada Boxing Commission and the boxing world in general into that category along with him.

Mook's VIEW



Mama's boy

Columnist steps out of the closet with pride



TODD MUNSON is a senior broadcasting major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

For almost 23 years, I've been living a lie.

Well, in retrospect for the first line, my life hasn't exactly been a lie.

Let's call it a veil of false masculinity.

Growing up, I've always had problems with activities which would be considered manly. No power tools, sharp objects or guns for me, thank you very much. A manly man doing manly things would be a bad description of myself.

Well, enough beating around the bush, it's time for me to step out of the closet.

I'm a mama's boy.

That's right, this young strapping buck is a mama's boy, and he's proud of it. Surprisingly enough, admitting that wasn't too hard considering that I have the most ace boom-boom mother in the world.

And conveniently enough, today is her 29th birthday. Er, scratch that, 29 sounds a little too gross. Let's just say that Mom is at an age where there is a comfortable enough gap between our ages that one wouldn't think I was born in a thatched hut in a Third World country.

Today, I'm proud to say that my mom was the biggest influence on my becoming who I am today. Cable TV is a close second, but WKRP can't compare to home cooking.

By now you're all wondering what makes my mom so better than yours, so don't mind if I do.

She was born and raised not in the wuss town of Fargo, N.D., that some other columnist thinks is the epicenter of everything cool, but a few hundred miles north in Ashland, Wis., a stone's throw from Lake Superior.

The stories of her youth, confirmed by her sisters, reveal a badass child-

hood. In the summer, she'd play Acapulco cliff diver by leaping off a 100-foot-tall ore dock on a regular basis. In the winter, she once ice skated 7 miles across the Chequamegon Bay to the town of Washburn. Oh, I almost forgot to mention that the ice was as thin as the paper you're reading.

When she graduated from high school, she bought a bitchin' Z-28 Camaro, the kind that you only see at car shows or in Hot Rod Magazine these days. Gee, my mind must be slipping. I almost forgot to mention that she always drove over the speed limit, which was 85 mph back then, without a seat belt, mind you.

Her adventurous ways rubbed off on me as soon as I was able to walk. She taught me everything she knew



MATT HANEY/DN

about sports, beginning with swimming in the same frozen waters of Lake Superior. My first solo bike ride is still a vivid memory, mostly because I was about hit by a car seconds after she let go of the seat. Maybe she wanted me dead, but I'd like to think she was just getting me accustomed to danger so that I could follow in her footsteps and become a daredevil on a sled. Other parents thought she was crazy instructing her kid to go down the off-limits side of the local sled hill, but I thought she was cool. Especially when she proved it could be done.

However, there were a few shortcomings to her sporting ways, but they

weren't her fault. So what if I throw a baseball like a girl, my mom taught me. Then, there's football, the sport that boys in Nebraska are required to play by order of law. I played in the pee-wee league for one year but her advice of falling as soon as I caught the ball, so I didn't get hurt, didn't go over too well with the coach.

The next fall, I learned to play tennis instead.

Then, there's her sense of wit and humor. Again, years of too much television play a key role, but the backbone of my style of humor comes from dear old Mom. Any time you find something funny, it wasn't because I'm a funny guy, it's because my mom raised me to be a funny guy.

Each summer, she taught the ways of the road trip. Aside from freaky night at ground zero of the French Quarter, my favorite road trip memory still makes friends jealous. Back when other parents refused to let their kids listen to the Beastie Boys,

we had "Licensed to Ill" cranked on one vacation. Mom, you'd be proud to know Justin and I jammed out to the very same tape on our Colorado outing this weekend. Don't be too mad because I didn't tell you I was going, the postcard you should have received by now explains things.

Out of all of my mother's great virtues, she has two that tie for first place. Naturally, since she still claims me as her own, she qualifies as the most patient woman in the world. If any of you think I'm a hooligan now, you should have seen me growing up. I was the poster child for juvenile delinquency, and she kept me out of Juvvy Hall all by herself. As per her policy, she says she'll always love me, as long as I don't get an earring or a tattoo.

As I get closer to stepping out into the real world, I realize she rocks because she isn't content with mediocrity. When I got a C+ in Spanish 102, she got an A in her Spanish class a year later and taunted me to no end. When I pulled the unthinkable with a 3.5 GPA one semester, she said the next step was a 4.0. A few weeks ago when I called to tell her I finished sixth in a bicycle race, she asked why I didn't win.

Others may find this attitude discouraging, but I find it encouraging when she raises the bar to the next level, and for that I'm thankful.

Happy birthday Mom.

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