

# OPINION PAGES

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## Quotes OF THE WEEK

**I plan to become a native Nebraskan.**  
*Much-mourned Melvin Jones, vice chancellor for business and finance, who died Tuesday in Washington D.C.*

**City campus is landlocked. You can stack parking.**  
*Stan Campbell, representing the University Association for Administrative Development on the pros of building a garage*

**He called me by name. I was pretty scared.**  
*UNL student who received anonymous threatening phone calls*

**I thought that was really strange, and I told my older brother. He asked me what it meant and said fate could not have been talking to me, so I went back to sleep.**  
*Sun Chi-kwang, survivor of Taiwan's killer quake, buried for five days, dreaming he would be rescued*

**Washington is not an edifying spectacle in terms of government and politics.**  
*Pulitzer Prize-winning columnist David Broder*

**I am told that there isn't anything more painful to suffer than death by burning.**  
*Assistant Attorney General Kirk Brown, seeking the death penalty for Francis Seberger, convicted of killing his wife*

**There's been this stairway upward since the death penalty was reinstated.**  
*Richard Dieter, of the Death Penalty Information Center, on the increase of executions since 1976*

**A loss like this - I thought it was part of our past.**  
*Rob Riti, Missouri's All-American center, after his team's inevitable loss to Nebraska*

**I'm pumped! I made Web.**  
*Sam Donaldson, after the launch of a historic Web-based news show*

**We're pretty broad. We don't subscribe to a certain point of view on women's issues.**  
*Tagi Adams, women's studies graduate assistant*

**We get to a certain point in the game or the match and think that, because we're Nebraska, we are going to end up winning.**  
*Jill McWilliams, setter for NU's volleyball team, on a possible cause of recent losses*

**In the trenches, though, it's just pure hate. There's pulling and scratching and eye gouging and whatever you've got to do to get the job done.**  
*Dominic Raiola, Husker center*

**AND IN THIS ISSUE:**  
**You hear of guys scratching out each other's eyeballs, although that's never happened to me. I know it goes on, though.**  
*Nebraska rush end Aaron Wills on play inside the trenches*

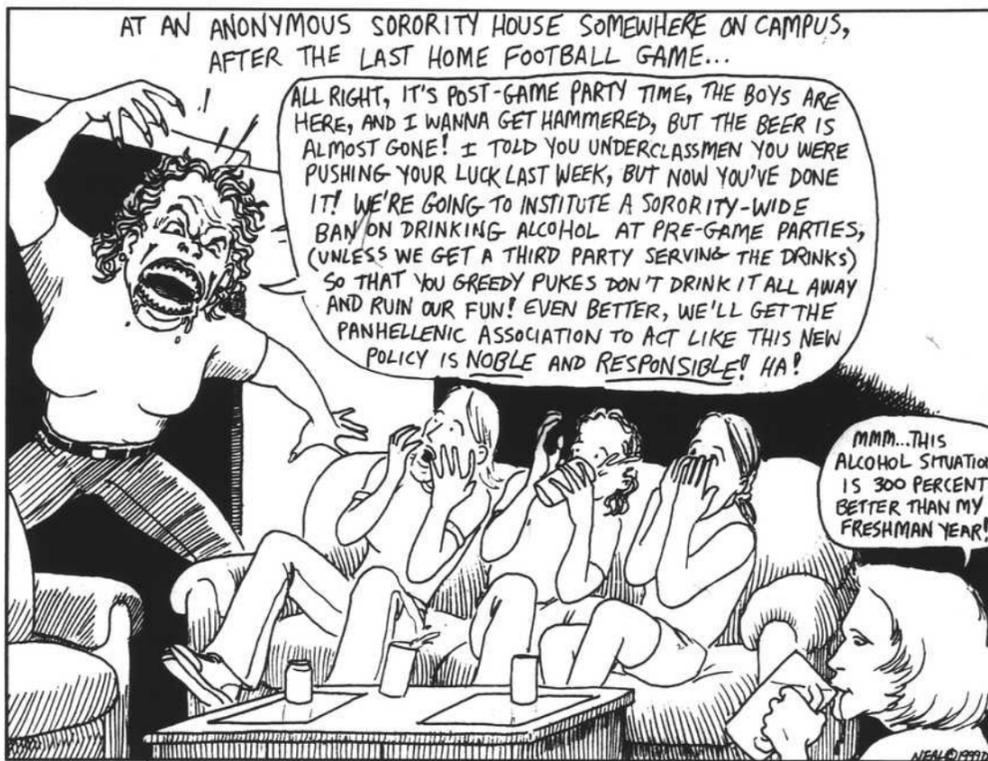
### Editorial Policy

Unsigned editorials are the opinions of the Fall 1999 Daily Nebraskan. They do not necessarily reflect the views of the University of Nebraska-Lincoln, its employees, its student body or the University of Nebraska Board of Regents. A column is solely the opinion of its author. The Board of Regents serves as publisher of the Daily Nebraskan; policy is set by the Daily Nebraskan Editorial Board. The UNL Publications Board, established by the regents, supervises the 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 student employees.

### Letter Policy

The Daily Nebraskan welcomes brief letters to the editor and guest columns, but does not guarantee their publication. The Daily Nebraskan retains the right to edit or reject any material submitted. Submitted material becomes property of the Daily Nebraskan and cannot be returned. Anonymous submissions will not be published. Those who submit letters must identify themselves by name, year in school, major and/or group affiliation, if any. Submit material to: Daily Nebraskan, 20 Nebraska Union, 1400 R St. Lincoln, NE. 68588-0448. E-mail: letters@unlinfo.unl.edu.

## Obermeyer's VIEW



## Letters FROM THE EDITOR

### No Money in My Pocket,

**No Whiskey in My Jar**  
I'm down to loose change, again. Counting pennies from a jar, one at a time, trying to make a buck so I can cram another burrito down my sorry gullet.

When the change finally gives out, I have a couple old buttons I leave in there to clank together; you know the devil loves the silence of an empty penny jar.

I guess I'm supposed to be grateful to have as much as I do. By some standards, I am fabulously wealthy. You know, I spent Monday night in a cardboard box.

It was part of that "Shantytown" fund-raiser you may have noticed on campus (DN, Wednesday), and I was merely volunteering.

Cold and wet? Sure, a little. Miserable? Hardly.

I think I could live in a (water-proof) box, no problem. Papier-mâché anyone?

### Dear Daily Nebraskan

I am the rocking horse winner. I can see the future from my teetering steed.

Childish tricycle I pedal furiously, making the sound of a motor with my mouth. *Vroom! Vroom!*

How long have I strutted this tiny stage, black and white and read all over, runs in my stockings, clutching this preposterous paper skull?

### Letters From the Editor?

That's right, "Yakkity Yak, Mark Writes Back!" Come here, I'll give you an eyeful.

I just woke up one day, and there I was, editing the opinion page, not at all sure how I'd gotten into such a sticky position - for a second time - what a rotten trick!

I'd always suspected the universe was an endless loop, God's favorite eight-track, turned on some time ago and left turned on forever.

If I'm doomed to repeating parts of my life, at least they could be better times.

### By the Time You Read This I Will Be Dead

Sort of protracted, for a suicide note, don't you think? I've been at it 10 years now, almost. At this rate I'll live to be a hunnert.

And so what if I'm taking my time?

The world at large goes swimming by; I'll drop myself in the drink when I'm good and ready, sink or bob.

I'll have no need for a life preserver then; I'll dog-paddle till I dip beneath the surface, panting.

Whether I "make it" before then is no real concern of mine.

I know the last bubbles of my breath will spell out, in cartoon sound effects, the strange final notes of my comic tune.

### I Got You, Babe

Where is the Cher to my Sonny? The Barbara to my George?

The mouse to my trap ...

My home is a factory, frozen in the moment just before the boiler blows, a static chaos about to erupt into motion.

I step over unfresh strata of laundry to the door, close it on a sandal and edge my way out onto the darkening fire escape to stare at the Capitol.

As the trees go bare it will slowly emerge, an annual striptease that leaves me erect with desire for a city with no more use for me than to make me wait my turn as a stick figure in its perpetual game of hangman.

I will take longer and longer walks as the nights turn colder, my coat growing more threadbare with the moon, my teeth, more and more yellow.

... slinking like a dog between alleyways, boots broken.

### A Musical Interlude

I perform with a band no one understands. It's like we're playing in Chinese, ferpete-sake.

Always a big event, our upcoming show features dancing girls in

skimpy costumes glowing in the dark (the girls, not the costumes) and a silent, "manster" movie from 1920 (ah, those German expressionists!), plus assorted weirdness.

If you set up your jazz combo on the floor of that factory, you know, where they build the UFOs, it might sound a little like HOWLLOOSEANATION, and then we'd have to sue you for ripping us off.

Anyway, Oct. 8 & 9, 8 p.m., 504 S. Seventh St. And I promise not to show my penis (this time) except by appointment.

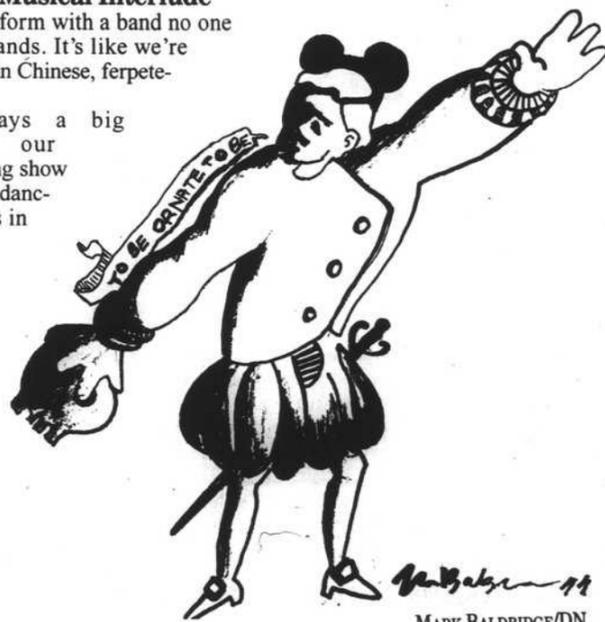
### Free Advice

What will be this year's "THE" costume for Halloween? The Y2K Bug of course. Stock up on wiggling antennae headgear, and you're sure to make a killing.

### That's "Mr." Baldrige to You

What is Mark Baldrige up to? His column (DN, Today) was even more wangdangly than we've come to expect from the wangdangliest of the DN's remarkably wangdangly columnists. Can't something be done to stop his maddening diatribes?

Signed,  
a disgruntled reader of the Daily NE.



MARK BALDRIDGE/DN