

## Daily Nebraskan

Since 1901

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## Booze won't do

### Task force should look to rebuild O Street aura

There used to be at least some solace in that strip called O Street.

At night, it used to be at least tolerable, what with the ambiance of the old trees, ones that were probably standing when your parents and ours used to venture out on weekends to grab a Falstaff and listen to the Beatles on the jukebox.

You have to admit, it had an aura about it.

But alas, although the Beatles still play on at least a few jukeboxes, and Falstaff still makes appearances on rusty metal signs, the trees – and much of the charm – have been brutally uprooted.

And so goes the ongoing saga of Lincoln nightlife. The old is ripped up to make room for the new and better. But is it really any better?

The trees were uprooted for O Street construction, construction that precedes the opening of Studio 14, a new dance club whose billboard reads, "Can't rush perfection."

Somehow we doubt a dance club run by a group of former Nebraska football players is going to replace the near-perfection O Street was before this club.

And all we need is another Husker football hangout.

Lincoln's concert and entertainment task force came to the shocking conclusion earlier this summer that in order to bring better acts to the city, all we need is more booze.

Take it from us, booze is not the answer. Nor is it even the problem.

Lincoln has a lot of great small venues, but the venues are mostly ignored by the majority of students.

If there's no crowd, there's certainly not going to be a show.

So try local support for bands as the answer. Try better venues. Try concerts that interest anyone.

And try asking someone, anyone, who might have some idea of what the right answer is.

It doesn't end with the lackluster findings of the task force – it also extends to the efforts of the University Program Council, whose events never cease to amaze.

This year's crowning achievement: Comedian Jay Mohr. (You know, of "Jerry McGuire" fame.)

We're not going to be lining up for this one. We wonder if anyone else will be.

To us, Lincoln's sagging nightlife doesn't seem an unsolvable problem.

It's going to take focus, interest and a little bit of time.

And it doesn't require the ruination of what's already there and working just fine.

So our recommendation to club owners, committee members and UPC members is simple: Sit back.

Maybe under a nice shade tree.

Relax.

Drink a beer.

Look at a Falstaff sign, listen to the Beatles and think.

Think about what once was, and what still could be. After all, you can't rush perfection.

### Editorial Board

Sarah Baker, Bradley Davis, Josh Funk, Matthew Hansen, Samuel McKewon, Dane Stickney, Kimberly Sweet

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### Editorial Policy

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Neal Obermeyer/DN

## Liberals play a double standard

Welcome to the University of Nebraska-Lincoln, home of the Cornhuskers.

It's also the Nebraska center of racism, homophobia and sexism.



Jake Glazeski

You didn't know this?

Well, it's not in the brochures, of course. But during the next few weeks, campus groups will no doubt be waiting for even the most obscure evidence of UNL's evil to have the excuse to assail your senses with liberal propaganda.

They will attempt to convince you that if you are white, male, Protestant or straight, then you are racist, homophobic and sexist until proven innocent. The groups' national counterparts have tried to convince the public of this.

After eight years of Clinton and Gore, it has become difficult to distinguish between violent crime and an off-hand, off-color joke. The weeds of political correctness have overgrown the front lawn of the White House lawn as if it were some backwater Arkansas home.

But look carefully, and you will see that even Republicans bend over backward to "prove" they're not racist or sexist – though there may be no evidence they are so.

What the liberals have achieved, in short, is the liberal to moral rectitude.

It is the liberals that decide whether a comment has malicious, prejudicial intent. They, too, decide how severe your prejudicial behavior is. Republicans go into the fight knowing first off that their party will be labeled as "non-diverse," as if there existed some objective measure or some objective value of diversity.

The liberals have control of the media and education. They are doing their best to inundate you with the Program – whether it is dumbing down your kids by spending math time on diversification exercises or in conveying lazy slob as "victims" of the "System" or the "Man," who is, of course, a WASP.

If you classify as a "minority," chances are you are already an agent of the liberal mechanism.

If you are the enemy, that is, if you are not a minority, chances are you are in the crosshairs. You must constantly sandbag against a potential deluge of liberal attacks for not being "diverse" enough.

At the GOP convention, Republicans made a conspicuous attempt to distract the public from a predominately white delegate count. They paraded minorities and women across the stage like hand puppets. The organizers apparently decided that the media would attack them for having too many WASP speakers.

The media attacked them anyway. They said it was a facade, almost a victimization, of minorities and women.

Thus the Republican convention fell victim to the liberal machinery. The machinery attempts to manipulate whole segments of the population by accusing them of not being "diverse" enough or compassionate enough. And this campus will prove to be no different.

A few years ago, a cross burning as part of a fraternity ritual struck local headlines and inflamed campus. Student groups for the advancement of people of color were in an uproar. What followed was a series of student accusations and subsequent concessions by the university.

Student organizations campaign incessantly for more diverse programs – your ethnicity and gender requirement is a perfect example – for more minority student recruitment and for new office space. The typical response of the administration is to concede the point. The cross burning recurs as evidence, as "proof" that the campus as a whole is racist.

Never mind that the racist actions of a select group of individuals fails to imply the guilt of others. Never mind that a white-faced campus doesn't necessarily point to a need for more minority faces.

Never mind that a lack of an instant, firm rejection of even dubious racist, homophobic or sexist behavior implies the administration's guilt. The liberals have moral rectitude.

If you don't agree with them, you're wrong. If you don't do as they think appropriate, you are the one that is wrong. Any reasoned justification you may offer is inadequate. All the liberal wants is your soul.

It is time to disagree. It is time to say that you choose your acquaintances based on shared experiences and shared beliefs, not quotas. It is time to stare the activists straight in the eye when they accuse you of being racist and say "So?"

Force them to reason. Force them to tell you why it is you're supposed to have some vague sense of racial guilt and shame. They won't be able to offer it – because all liberals want is to better their own positions. Ask them why a social government program is necessary to legislate the behavior of individuals. Then ask if this is a free country or not.

Fight the doublespeak. See through the media.

And most of all, live.

## Letters to the editor

### A gift horse? Hardly.

I was about to write a letter welcoming new and returning students to the University of Nebraska-Lincoln. Prior to doing that, I read Karen Brown's "A guide on how to do well at the university."

I am an alumna of UNL and the University of Nebraska Medical Center.

I have read a number of tasteless and "choice" Daily Nebraskan opinion columns over the years. Karen's recent comments in the DN take top honors in my book for the most appalling DN opinion column.

I found her words encouraging binge drinking, not studying, vandalism and sleeping with professors along with her criticism toward the NU Athletic Department to be not called for. We should be encouraging students in an appropriate manner and not making fun of things that the UNL community has been striving to alleviate, like binge drinking.

I am currently a graduate student out of state and am learning that UNL is truly a wonderful place. My undergraduate years at UNL were priceless. My experiences at UNL and the friendships made in Lincoln are irreplaceable.

I'm hoping students don't take Karen Brown's advice and learn for themselves that there really is "no place like Nebraska."

Heather Swanson  
nursing alumna

### A domestic issue

In reading your column, I noticed the reference to domestic partner benefits and whether or not University of Nebraska-Lincoln Interim Chancellor Harvey Perlman would support them. A lot has happened about this issue over the summer.

The Defense of Marriage proponents were able to garner enough support to place a constitutional amendment on the ballot this November.

If this amendment passes, the Nebraska constitution will be amended to prohibit the recognition of any same sex marriages, domestic partnerships or same sex relationships in Nebraska from being recognized.

In this situation, domestic partnership benefits would be a moot point given that the constitution would prohibit recognizing any type of same-sex relationship.

Not only would this make the state motto of "equality under the law" a joke, it would legitimize prejudice and discrimination against sexual minorities.

It is a form of religious discrimination.

Pat Tetreault  
UNL staff member

## Action in faith is irrelevant

The man clad in an olive green park ranger's shirt and dark green pants uses sweeping hand gestures to explain his point.

The Hopi Indians, he says, were a peaceful people with no religion holding them back. There was no concept of religion for them.

The only thing that comes close is secluding themselves in holes in the red earth in the American Southwest. They sat in there and thought about their creator, who climbed into this world through a similar hole in the ground.

Through overexposure, the Anglo-Saxon park ranger has become Hopi in his beliefs, and he explains this to tourists that come to look at the dwelling.

As he turns to point something out, the bright sunlight makes his vision go white.



Dane Stickney

fire and watches it grow, unbound by human constraints.

...

The young, pre-law major quickly walks down the sidewalk from the Catholic Center.

She holds her head high, revealing the gray mark on her forehead.

She tells herself that this time she can do it, with His help of course. This time she won't eat meat for all of Lent.

People who stop and talk with her stare at her forehead. She tells her she has some mark there, and she proceeds to explain Lent. Others understand and say nothing.

Still others understand and cast cold stares. Their looks make the student enraged.

If only they could see the light.

After all, she has a time-tested power structure backing her beliefs that keeps the candles by the altar glowing.

...

The Buddhist exchange student from Vietnam sits in his residence hall room, cross-legged, immersed in thought.

He tries to feel the universe. He tries to breathe Buddha's power.

His eyes closed, he is dead to a country that is enigmatic cloud, covering up the sun.

The Buddhist is simple.

His room is barely furnished, and he often-times refrains from speaking.

A light switches on, awakening him from his meditation.

His Canadian roommate enters, apologizes and ducks out again.

The exchange student tries to focus once again.

...

The college dropout sits in a dark basement he's rented from an elderly couple.

The room is dark except for a dim lamp in the corner.

He's listening to depressing music. Guitars and voices wailing for acceptance but rejecting the mainstream.

He tries to imagine how the universe came into being, how humans have been misled.

Certainly a being born of a virgin couldn't die and resurrect, taking the sins of man with it. They must be wrong, he thinks. I'm right.

He turns the music up louder. It fills him with the power to stick around and face another day.

...

Silently, they all walk over and turn off the light and lie down in bed.

As their eyes close, they are all glad that they've found the salvation.