

Daily Nebraskan

Since 1901

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Quotes of the Week

"The feeling is that another one has abandoned us, and we're still here carrying the torch. It seems to be going smoother so far because of the outstanding faculty, and the interim assignments were all solid."

Sheila Scheideler, UNL Academic Senate president on the departure of Chancellor James Moeser and other high-ranking UNL staff members

"It's something to do. Road trips are the best."

UNL senior John Gloe on the trip to the Notre Dame-Nebraska game

"It's kind of like a kick in the face when (ASUN President Joel Schafer) gets all his tuition paid for, and I get nothing."

ASUN First Vice President Riley Peterson on the lack of compensation for his position in UNL's student government

"People are going to look at the candidates for Senate, and there are just two names there - Ben Nelson and Don Stenberg, just the two of us. I've been dealing with the issues, while my opponent has been trying to figure out who his team is. I'm going to be an independent voice for Nebraska."

Nebraska Republican U.S. Senate candidate Don Stenberg, on his upcoming race against Ben Nelson

"Is there anybody in Nebraska who doesn't know I'm a Democrat? I'm not only a Democrat, but (Stenberg) may only be a Republican. He shuts out 40 percent of the people of Nebraska."

Nelson, on his independence from the Democratic Party

"I wouldn't say there was a day out there where we totally devoted to Nebraska. But every day we did some things, and from a defensive standpoint, our offense does some things like Nebraska. So it wasn't like we had to totally shift gears."

"Just about in every practice we did some things like Nebraska. I am not sure we did it quite as well as Nebraska, but we tried to do some things."

Notre Dame Coach Bob Davie, on preparation for the Nebraska game this Saturday

"It's as if there was an IV directly from your young, vital veins, into the arteries of the failures of society - the old, the poor, the sick. The government takes money from every paycheck you earn and gives it to others - others who haven't earned it, who don't deserve it. And you simply don't have a choice."

Daily Nebraskan columnist Jake Glazeski on the burdensome ethic of the unearned in the United States

"In Moeser's absence I can think of only one man who has the courage to carry on and try to pen the next alma mater for this prestigious university. That man is myself. This alma mater will be sung to the tune of 'The Flintstones' opening song."

"Huskers! We're the Huskers! We're a third-tier university. From the, town of Lincoln, education at a cheaper fee."

Daily Nebraskan columnist Tony Bock on a new alma mater

Editorial Board

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

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Neal Obermeyer/DN

Letters to the editor

Real goals count

A common criticism of the report of the Future Nebraska Task Force has been that its goals are too ambitious. Or, in the words of the Daily Nebraskan story from Sept. 6, "too lofty."

This criticism is short-sighted. Would we prefer that UNL set modest goals, mediocre goals? Would the students and faculty of the UNL of 2020, when they gather to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the university, be best served by less-ambitious aspirations?

Are the citizens of Nebraska best served by a "just-good-enough" attitude? I think not. Excellence is a matter of attitude and effort, not just resources.

Reactions to the task force report have confirmed my sense that there is substantial resistance to the goal of excellence at UNL. For some, perhaps there is a fear that establishing the goal of excellence admits that we now have something less.

For others, perhaps it is easier, more comfortable to avoid the effort. Whatever the reasons for the resistance, we must strive to improve, strive for excellence.

Most of us want UNL to be great and are sufficiently self-confident to strive openly for greatness. Let's all work together: students, staff, faculty and administration, to achieve the most ambitious goals possible. Let's adopt the hopes and vision of the Future Nebraska Task Force. May the UNL of 2020 be the best it can be.

Alan Kamil
Biology and Psychology Professor
Future Nebraska task force

More 20/20

The DN reporter misinterpreted remarks I made regarding the 20/20 Vision report discussed yesterday (Tuesday) at the Academic Senate meeting. The vision statement calls for a commitment to excellence.

Nobody disagrees with that vision. The goal is to place "UNL among the leading research and land-grant institutions in the country within 20 years." How we will accomplish that goal, and how realistic of a goal that is, is worthy of debate.

I pointed out that we already have some programs that could be considered excellent. I also pointed out that Nebraska's Institute of Agriculture and Natural Resources (IANR), specifically the agricultural experiment station, out competes some of the members of the so-called "aspirant family" of universities (those universities serving as a reference or aspiring group).

In fiscal year 1998 IANR obtained more competitive funding, a major component of national rankings, from USDA and other federal agencies than agricultural experiment stations at the Universities of Minnesota, Georgia and Illinois, and Penn State - all Tier 1, US News, Top 50 public institutions.

In our desire to emulate the top research universities, it is important not to overlook our own unique strengths.

Thomas O. Powers
Associate Professor of Plant Pathology

Believing in love, not God

There is a brief moment today when my sister comes toward me to open the screen door.

She is holding a big greasy cheeseburger, the bun as round as her face. Her smile is so bright; she doesn't know how breathtakingly beautiful she is, doesn't realize how her love reaches out to pull us in, two stragglers, Mom and I, coming back from chemo.

We three stand and share a hug in the kitchen. This moment I just feel happy to be alive. Happy that my mom has staved off cancer for yet another moment.

We are laughing, smiling - we are angels we three - and we love each other more than love itself.

I thank God/fate/life for this moment. I thank them for the sunlight of this love that I will bottle up and save to wrap around me when she is gone, and I am cold, but today we are warm; we are golden.



Yasmin McEwen

I said I would talk about religion and fear, so let's waste no time. In 1995, my mother was diagnosed with cancer. This was during a time when I was heavily submerged in my halo-shiner status and my God-has-a-plan-for-even-the-pink-tulips-in-the-backyard-and-if-they-sway-to-the-beat-of-the-breeze-wrong-they-might-end-up-melting-in-sun-hell thinking.

I wore my young halo-shiner badge with blind honor and went at least three times a week to a church - a large active church with a large campus membership. This church was and continues to be attended by very loving and good-hearted individuals.

And the boulder starts to roll ... I began to be very angry with God once I saw the personal hell that cancer brings when it descends upon a person, when it hovers its looming spaceship of suffering over a family.

Now I've seen hardship all of my life, and I've kept my faith strong and unwavering through many obstacles, but an anger began building in me that was so strong. When I spent days and weeks and months in the hospital in the chemo rooms - men, women and children, all of them innocent.

There was a boy who was maybe 20, maybe 21. He had a brain tumor, and to look into his eyes and still be at peace with God, and to look into my mother's eyes and still be at peace became downright impossible.

She, by the way, has never lost her faith. I have gone on to lose mine over and over again. I began to examine who I was as an individual.

If I was so godly why did I judge my very own sister just for smoking? Why, if my soul was so pure, did I judge anyone at all? As my ears perked up in church meetings, I was shocked to suddenly see the big business of it all - the almost sale of religion - as the plans were laid out:

Befriend lonely campus dwellers, reel them in, get them hooked and then make your quota. How many nonbelievers can we all catch a week?

Fast forward to 2000. These meetings are still taking place and "nonbelievers" are still being preyed upon.

But I am no longer on that side of the fence, and my faith that God may not know exactly what the hell he or she or it is doing is unwavering, unflinching.

I took a walk one night under the stars on the Ute Indian Trail, 10,000 feet up, and the clouds moved through me like white dreams, and the blue-black sky cloaked God's presence as I looked down at the world sleeping below me: tall pine tree forests, lazy mountain lions lost in dreams.

It was there above the world where I reached up to touch, and he reached down to hand me his blue plans.

Then God laughed and blew his frosty breath into my ear: "You think I'm finished, look at all the eraser marks."

Then He disappeared.

So if there is a plan, I guess I don't want to know about it. I don't really want to know exactly when I or my loved ones are going to die, and I'd rather live instead of running around like an engineered mouse in an imaginary maze.

If there is sin in having fun, well hot damn and hell fire, show me where the party is.

Shame, guilt - they're no longer friends of mine, and when they come around from time to time, I say get the hell away.

My faith in life and humanity has grown a thousand-fold since 1995. Those who are still consulting their handbooks instead of asking and thinking for themselves will someday want to get their lives back and retrieve, open and turn on their own subconscious and turn off the co-pilot.

Some days I believe in God. Some days I don't. Some days I believe in fate. Some days. But I always believe in Love. Love. Love of life, love in others, love in myself, and that's really what gets me through.

But if they can't ... I've got better things to think about. Life, unlike religion, is not an organized event.

Blue plans are for sissies. There are two ways you can come to live your life, through fear or through love.

What's it gonna be?

A support group for those who have loved ones with cancer is available on Thursday nights from 6-7 in the UNL Women's Center. All are invited.

Right move produces unintended heartaches

I meant no harm. I did what I thought was right. I made a decision against those I loved. And still love. I didn't mean to spite them. Or hurt them. I made a decision for me. And me alone.



Emily Moran

I moved in with my boyfriend four months ago. We had known each other for nine months. Thirteen months now. I chose to live with him despite what those close to me wanted. Not because I didn't love them. Or respect them. Not because I wanted to hurt them. Or embarrass them. Because it was right for me. I meant no harm. Though I knew there would be.

I respected their positions but didn't choose them. I was torn. But determined. Not to spite them. Or others. But to follow through with what I had decided. This was not a light decision. I had thought about it at length. I knew what was right for me. And for our relationship. Living together before marriage was right for us. Maybe not for others.

But for us.

I was raised Catholic. I had a simple childhood. Focused on education. And God. I had 12 years of catechism. I received First Communion. A n d Confirmation. I read the Bible. On rare occasion. But I knew the Catholic religion for the most part. I went to Mass. I believed in God. I was proud to be Catholic.

I had a best friend at Mass. She and I had been best friends for 18 years. She was religious. More so than I was. But I respected her faith. She was bright. And focused. She winked at me during Mass. I winked back.

I called her four months ago. Before I called home. I told her about my decision to move in with him. She cried. She said I was damned. That I was committing a mortal sin. She cried so hard. She was confused. And hurt. I didn't mean to hurt her. I didn't want her to cry. But I knew she would. I cried, too.

She never called me back. But sent a letter two months later. She apologized. But refused to support me. She had her other Catholic friends. She didn't have a void. I did. I went home one month ago. I needed to see her.

I met her for breakfast. Small town diner. She had juice. I had coffee. She looked around.

I wanted to flick scrambled eggs at her. She would have laughed. But I didn't. She talked about the weather. I talked about my brothers. I didn't mention my boyfriend. She didn't mention God. That was the last time we spoke.

I miss laughing with her. I miss her freckles. I needed her support then. And I need it now. I think she knows this. But for whatever reason, she couldn't then. She can't now.

Sometimes I want to change what has happened. I think it would be easier if I had only done this. Or that. But then I don't want to.

Sometimes I miss what I was used to. What I was comfortable with. When I could call her and talk for hours for no reason. But I can't reach out now. Too much pride. Too many hurt feelings. Too much resentment.

I did what I thought was right. What I know is right. Though not a Catholic right.

I regret hurting those I did. And those who fear for my future. I question those who pray for me. Those who want me to move out.

It's sad to some. Not to me. I can be found with him. Just fine. Catholicism brands me a sinner. I am not Catholic. I live with my boyfriend.