

Daily Nebraskan

Since 1901

Editor: Sarah Baker
Opinion Page Editor: Samuel McKewon
Managing Editor: Bradley Davis

Quotes of the Week

"I write slowly. Some stories come out really easily. Some take months to get right. And some stories are better than others."

UNL English professor and short story author Judith Slater on fiction writing

"But I have to give God the credit. He's a good designer Himself."

UNL student graphic designer David Jané

"The last few weeks have been a bit overwhelming. I've just been in the right place at the right time. I always knew I was good enough to play here. It's just the biggest thrill in the world."

Nebraska cornerback Troy Watchorn on playing during his senior season and his four interceptions in four games

"Just to be able to hear my name in the same sentence as him makes me proud enough to where I could live the rest of my life without hearing another comment or comparison about it, and I would be fine."

Nebraska quarterback Eric Crouch on being mentioned along with Tommie Frazier as a top signal caller at NU

"It was a good trip because my knee and elbow are bruised, my muscles are sore, and I have patches of skin missing from my body."

UNL junior math and economics major Nick Whitney on an Arkansas climbing trip during fall break

"This is the guy who last week said we need to be less dependent on foreign oil. Yeah, I thought tentatively. So let's drill more in Mexico, he finished. Less foreign oil, so drill in Mexico? Are we annexing it soon? I hadn't heard."

DN columnist Seth Felton on George W. Bush's domestic policy

"(I came out) because it was the truth. It's a truth that people haven't recognized in the past. This is something no one can deny anymore."

UNL junior and Chi Phi Fraternity member Jaron Lutich, one of two subjects in a Rolling Stone article about fraternity brothers being openly gay

"I'm not allowed to comment - I'm sorry."
UNL senior and Sigma Nu Fraternity member Ryan Grigsby, the other subject of the Rolling Stone article

"I look west, and the final remnants of daylight rest there, shining uninhibited over the flat plains. I get out of my seat and nearer the front window, chasing the sun and its trail of light but stopped by my finitude. The lights of the gas station shine bright violet; the bus drivers smoke. There is talk on the bus again. I am silent with the plains."

DN columnist Jake Glazeski on the plains of Nebraska

"We're either hanging out or being stupid. Yeah, being stupid is a good way to put it."
Nebraska kicker Chace Long on passing time in NU's football practice

"All this work was finally going to pay off on the 24th and then he backed out on us."

University Program Council novelty committee chairwoman Courtney Wachal on Jay Mohr's canceling his performance

"They defended as well as anyone I have seen since I have been coaching. They remind me of a man's team."

Kansas State Volleyball Coach Jim McLaughlin on the Nebraska volleyball team

Editorial Board

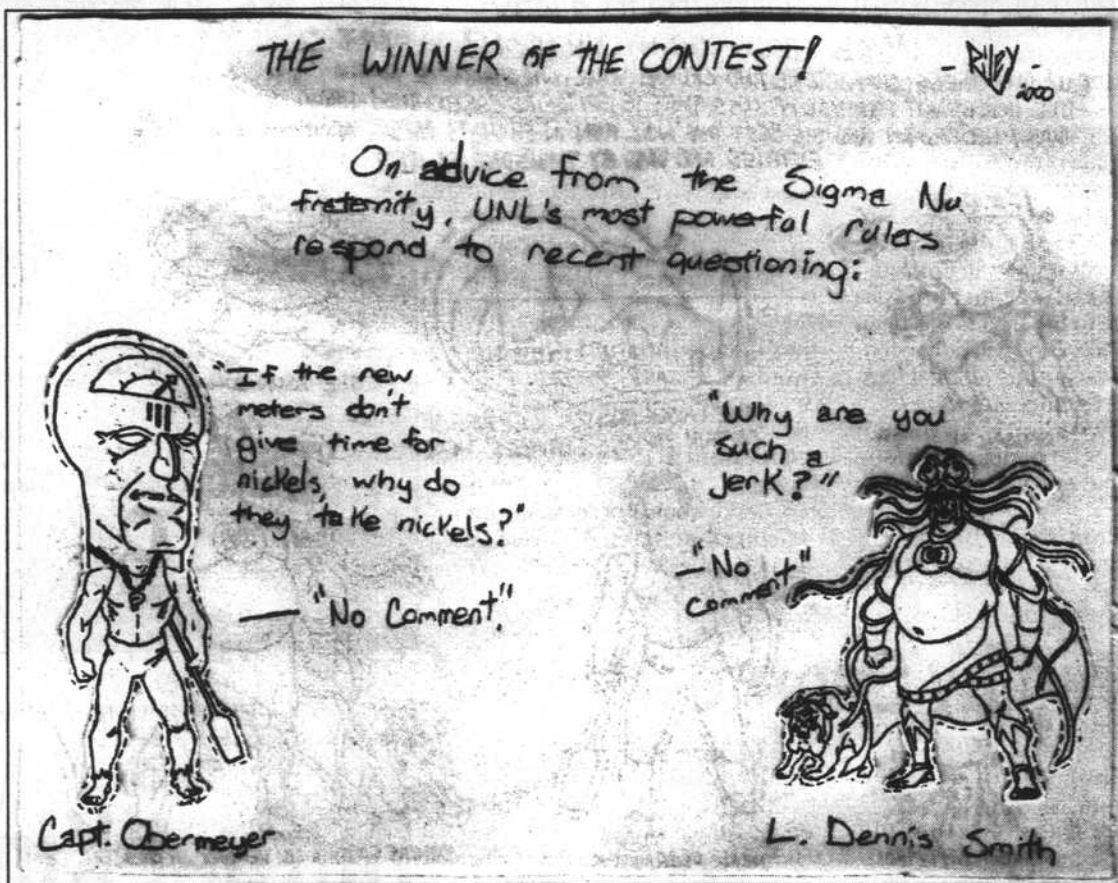
Sarah Baker, Bradley Davis, Josh Funk, Matthew Hansen, Samuel McKewon, Dane Stickney, Kimberly Sweet

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Letters to the editor

Lies ... all lies

I was wondering how an article made up of "no comments" and biased speculations made its way onto the front page of the DN Thursday.

I found the front-page article ("Sigma Nu: 'No comment' on gay story") and the even more ridiculous editorial on the opinion page ("Secret's out") to be downright accusational and unfair.

Is it right to judge Sigma Nu by the subjects they care not to comment on?

Aren't we assuming a little too much by labeling them "cowardice" and "an abomination to the spirit of diversity" based on their refusal to comment to the DN about Grigsby's article in Rolling Stone? I think so. I fail to see how these articles were anything more than a vain attempt by DN writers to find some trace of anti-gay, or not specifically pro-gay, sentiment in this situation and exploit it.

Way to blow the whistle on this one DN. I think I'll stick to the cartoons.

Nick Tarlowski
English
Junior

None of your business

I don't know how the Daily Nebraskan's Thursday editorial ("Secret's out") can say that Sigma Nu has "shown an act of cowardice by not responding to the questions." If they don't want to answer, then let it go.

Have you ever thought that you might be wanting the answers to satisfy your own curiosity? Gay or straight, they are brothers, and that is what is important.

If they don't want to or can't comment on the article in Rolling Stone, then don't worry about it. If you want to know about it, just read the article. It was a well-written article that explains a lot.

Mandi Hohenstein
Freshman
Pre-law/Psychology

Nothing to say

Since when does "no comment" take two pages

Barroom dancing at Studio 14

Last Friday I had one too many shots of Boone's two - and one too many shots of Pucker - one. As a result, I ended up going with a group of people to Studio 14.

For those of you who don't know, Studio 14 is the new downtown dance club started by an ownership group of former Husker football players. I was hesitant to go at first, but after one of my friends reminded me that I owed it to the guys who brought home the National Championship, I reconsidered.

I went into it with an open mind, a stomach full of booze, leopard-skinned pants and a fishnet top.

The following is a minute-by-minute journal of what occurred:

11:57: As I cross O Street, I notice the WE HAVE ALCOHOL marquee. "Thank God," I think to myself, "I'm gonna need it."

11:59: We have to wait in line 20 to 25 seconds when none other than Lance Brown himself, the former Husker who is running the club, greets us at the front. After I show him my Lil' Red tattoo and get my thigh autographed, he tells us to follow a man inside.

This was no ordinary man, though. He was dressed in a dark hood and robe, like a Druid. After my "Take me to Stonehenge" joke bombs, we get in before the midnight cover charge increases - a savings of \$2.

12:01: I immediately head for the bar in the lobby. The two bartenders are so similar to the lead characters in the American cinema classic "A Night at the Roxbury" that it's scary. Real scary. I decide to grab a drink later.

12:06: I start to loosen up a little, and I realize it's not as bad as I thought. It's not just a football player hangout. It's not, really.

12:07: Carlos Polk's "Now Serving" sign changes, prompting girls throughout the club to scramble and find their numbers.

12:12: Oh mama! Things are starting to get crazy. They do a thing called "shot specials," and to promote it, they have Studio 14 employees get up on the bar, and here's the crazy part, they dance and pour drinks! Get this, no one stops them from dancing on the bar, in fact, the owners encourage it.

And all the waitresses and bar staff wear crazy masks and jewelry. Just like in them Hollywood movies!



Tony Bock

to say? They said nothing. There is nothing to say.

John Eureka
Mechanical Engineering
Senior

It's nice, but there's better

I completely agree with Dane Stickney on this issue. I, too, was in Iowa City, Iowa, this weekend, as well as Chicago and Jacksonville, Ill.

The colors are amazing in those cities. The green spaces on the University of Iowa campus are prevalent and beautiful - more so than here. I think what Dane was trying to point out - that Sam Mortensen's letter to the editor missed - is that this town sucks.

More broadly, I would add this state pretty much sucks.

I have been to a lot of places, and I have traveled all over Nebraska - not just I-80 (although the most aesthetically invaluable appearance of this boring state is that ugly archway one views on the way into Kearney). What I have observed is that Nebraska is flat and boring. It lacks a sense of colorful diversity (in more ways than one) and character. And, in the great collegiate verbal competency utilized by the majority of University of Nebraska students, it just sucks man!

I don't hate Nebraska, I just recognize there are better places than here (like Iowa). I grew up here, both in the city and the country. I like solitude, wide-open spaces and corn, all of which are available in mass to the locals. But I think most other states are better than Nebraska in just about every valuable aspect one can make, with the exception of football.

Even the rest areas along the interstate are much prettier in Iowa than Nebraska. When I want to make a pit stop, it is nice to think the fine people of Iowa want to make the very best of my experience in their toilets.

Nebraska is relatively nice, mostly because it is safe. As Mortensen put it: "After all, there is no place like Nebraska." Thank Omniscience (that is a "big" word that means something similar to God).

Evan Littrell
Sophomore
Philosophy/History

12:16: A lot of time and money were spent to renovate the old State Theatre that is now Studio 14, but all I can say about the interior is, if you paint a three-legged dog green, it's still a three-legged dog. But the place isn't that bad, in fact, I'm actually starting to enjoy myself.

12:17: Carlos Polk's "Now Serving" sign changes, prompting girls throughout the club to scramble and find their numbers.

12:24: Whooooooeeee! More shot specials. But more importantly, more bar dancing. I decide to exit the surprisingly small dance area and head for the bar. I look up at the girl holding the bottle, and I see fear in her eyes. I look at the guy next to her and see the same look. They aren't comfortable, and the crowd isn't sure how to respond to this insanity.

I'm beginning to think Nebraska isn't ready for dancing in nontraditional places.

12:31: I go up into the seating area, which overlooks the entire club. They have black leather couches up there, and at the top, a couple pool tables and shuffleboard. Finally, the long overdue marriage of shuffleboard and club dancing. After beating a 93-year-old man in a game, I head back out to the dance floor.

12:36: After several workers replaced a couple lights, Carlos Polk's "Now Serving" sign changes, prompting girls throughout the club to scramble and find their numbers.

12:40: I get back out to the dance floor just in time to hear my favorite (if it's possible to have one favorite) Christina Aguilera song.

12:51: Now I don't know if it was my charming personality or the attractive girls I was with, but on our way out, Lance Brown talked to us in the lobby. And by "talked to us in the lobby," I mean talked to the girls I was with and basically ignored me.

Just as I was getting ready to enjoy an infamous Studio 14 after-hours party (I'd worn my swim trunks underneath my leopard-skinned pants just in case we hit the hot tub.), Lance looked at me and mentioned that during games there are drink specials when the Huskers score.

"When the football team scores or when you do?" I thought to myself.

12:55: After peeling the girls off Lance, we left Studio 14. As I walked out the door into the crisp night air, I had a sense of deja vu. I remembered walking out of various high school dances with the same feeling.

Looking back, I fondly recall now that the feeling was drunkenness, and I will always take that away from my night at Studio 14.

In spite of rivalry, bond develops

I poisoned Brian when he was three. I fed him beans that squirrels pack them in their cheeks, and so did Brian. He ate them because I told him to. I was his older sister. He had no choice.



Emily Moran

The Poison Control Center made him puke for hours, not me. I was smart. I didn't eat the beans. Instead, I ate a Popsicle while he puked and tried to remember how many beans he had eaten.

I put the metal bowl on his head one afternoon. I was the scientist. He was the experiment. He whined that it was too tight. So I tried to remove it. He wore the metal hat for hours.

The emergency room made him hurt, not me. I was smart. I didn't wear a metal hat that needed to be clipped off with wire cutters. He did.

I had a smart face that I used as a weapon. Brian hated it. I would do the smart face at dinner. He would pick at his peas, and I would do the smart face. He would then kick me, and I would tattle.

I even tattled about anthills. He was outside smashing anthills and making grenade noises one afternoon. I told him God was going to shoot a cannon at his head. He wouldn't stop stomping. I tattled.

At other times I would bite my arm so hard it would leave teeth marks. Then I would run to Mom and tell her Brian bit me. Brian would have to stop playing with his G.I. Joes and sit in time-out.

He was a Ninja Turtle for Halloween, and I wore lipstick for the first time. I was 8. I rooted through his bag to snatch chocolate. He was left with Dum Dums and a blue tongue.

Brian should have ditched me after the beans, but he didn't. He should have choked me after the anthills, but he didn't. He should have called me his cousin. But he didn't. He called me his sister.

Then I dropped the ball in high school. Brian was 4.0 smart. I was 3.5 smart. I hated him for it. I wanted to be the smarter one. But I didn't have the discipline or the brains. I didn't have the smart face anymore.

I had a resume but not the grades. I wanted them so badly that I lost him over stupid pride. I lost our close relationship because of a stupid competition over grades.

I headed to college. He still had a 4.0. I didn't. I was bitter, but I missed him. I swallowed my pride and reached out. I needed to be a bigger person and an older sister. I hadn't been for two years. I needed to sack up.

I regret not reaching out sooner. But perhaps this is how it was meant to be. I know I am not alone in this department. Competition splits siblings more than bread slices.

Competition between siblings hurts relationships and self-esteem. I thought I wasn't smart enough and failed to notice what I was good at. I failed myself and him.

I am more confident now. I know who I am and am more comfortable in my own skin. Solid relationships can do wonders. I trust him with secrets and tears. I confide in him. I even rant to him about bad grades.

I want you to sack up, too. Call that sister or brother. You know, the one you only remember on birthdays. I used to be there, too. But here is much better.

For those of you who think I am Satan herself, Brian did send me to the emergency room. I charged Brian and kicked him harder than Jackie Chan. I fell to the ground screaming. He laughed. He wasn't hurt.

I deserved it. I know. I had to explain to the doctor what had happened. He laughed, and Brian made the smart face. X-rays proved I didn't have a broken ankle, but I had one hell of a limp. He was 14. I was 17.

I even tattled about anthills. He was outside smashing anthills and making grenade noises one afternoon. I told him God was going to shoot a cannon at his head. He wouldn't stop stomping. I tattled.