

## Daily Nebraskan

Since 1901

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

### Smooth move David Spade, student skits best on separate nights

We thought it was inevitable.

In the spirit of inclusion and school spirit, ASUN, the marketing arm of the Athletic Department and the University Program Council were going to muddle David Spade's Nov. 2 appearance at the Devaney Sports Center the same way they muddled Tom Green's appearance at Memorial Stadium a year ago.

It appears we were wrong. It appears somebody has realized that smarmy David Spade and the full dressings of a pep rally don't fit together so well. We thank you from the bottom of our smarmy, pepless hearts.

If you were at the stadium last year, you remember the boos that accompanied skits by various greek houses and student groups. Few wanted to see these performances. It immediately became clear what they did desire, as a chant of "We want Tom" grew increasingly louder by the second.

It was unfair for the students in the skits to be belittled by the thousands in attendance. It also was unfair for the event organizers to put the students in the skits in a position to be belittled.

What exactly did they expect? An east stadium full of Tom Green-crazed college students to suddenly become energized by cross-dressing cheerleaders and football players? (Which, by the way, won best skit.)

No. So, this year, somebody wised up. The skits and other homecoming hoopla will be on Tuesday. People who care about skits and Homecoming hoopla will show. In other words, not many people will show.

But, we ask, which is better? One hundred supporters, or an angry mob (which this year will include many non-UNL students) overpowering 100 supporters with sheer hate? You

make the call.

Sounds like the football team, along with various other NU athletic teams, is going to be at the Spade performance. We're sure Lil' Red is going to be there. (Although we bet that, on strict orders from Bill Byrne, he doesn't let anyone come near his costume.) Cheerleaders are going to be there. The dance team is going to be there.

That's all right, we guess. It would be smarter to separate the two events totally, bringing more Husker fanatics to the Oct. 31 event and sparing the men's basketball team the embarrassment of being ignored for the second year in a row.

We, do, however, understand the desire to use the pull of David Spade and the Nebraska football to create some kind of super pull that will put many Nebraska students in the seats.

It isn't working so well, as only around a thousand tickets have been sold, a direct result of the \$12.50 student price tag. (Tom Green was free.)

Those that do come, though, will laugh at the comedic stylings of David Spade. They will have a good time.

The few that go to the Homecoming pep rally, will, we assume, have fun, although they may wonder why more creative means aren't being used to pep the actual rally up.

We'll be happy. Rick Schwieger will be happy that David Spade will not try to perform sexual acts on him.

Everyone will be happy. Sort of.

#### Editorial Board

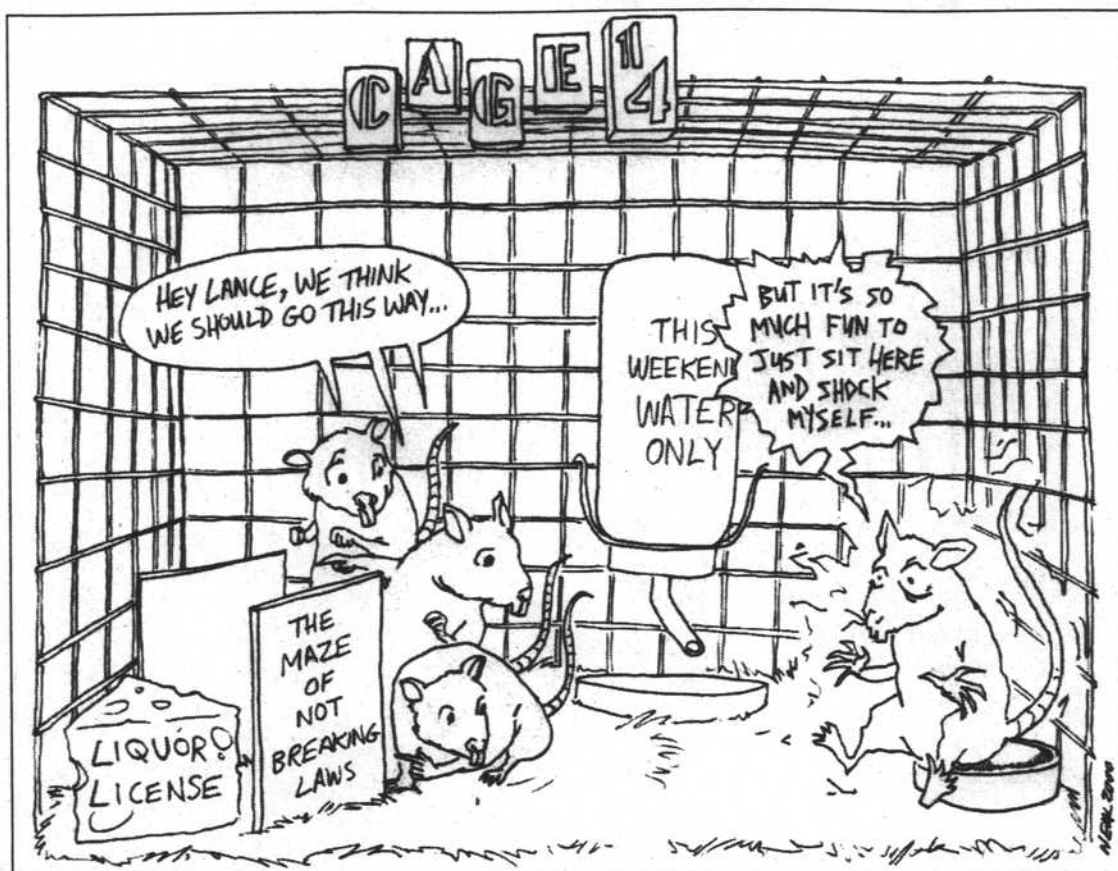
Sarah Baker, Bradley Davis, Josh Funk, Matthew Hansen, Samuel McKewon, Dane Stickney, Kimberly Sweet

#### Letters Policy

The Daily Nebraskan welcomes briefs, 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.

#### Editorial Policy

Unsigned editorials are the opinions of the Fall 2000 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; a cartoon is solely the opinion of its artist. The Board of Regents acts 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 employees.



Neal Obermeyer/DN

### Give three cheers for do-gooders

Binder? Check.

Prim and proper, just like they taught you in high school, with the class name on the side inside the clear plastic cover.

Notebook? Check.

It's filled with copious notes for above-mentioned class; a spiral notebook with the University of Nebraska-Lincoln seal stamped in gold across the red cover, perfect as perfect be, not a page ripped out, not a bit of paper sitting wayward in the pages.

She settles back against the cardboard box, which will be her home for a few hours, and she takes out a pen. A sign nearby explains that this, cardboard architecture at its finest, is Shantytown. It's intended to raise funds and visibility for Habitat for Humanity.

She thinks, "Gee, philanthropy isn't that bad."

Indeed. When all you have to do to help others is sit next to a cardboard box, sit in a hot tub, jump on a trampoline or take tours around campus, it doesn't seem that bad at all.

That is, until tragedy strikes and your cardboard "home" blows into Broyhill Fountain.

Oh yes.

When that happens, your feelings of righteousness are not so easily earned. You have to do legwork and get your message out in order to raise the funds that you had hoped to raise by sitting and doing your homework. Robbed of a symbolic gesture, you are forced to do something real.

That's when philanthropy sucks.

Fortunately, most of our philanthropic brothers and sisters on campus needn't worry about such unforeseen disasters.

They can build their sense of well-being and brother/sisterhood by doing the same thing their brothers and sisters have done in the past - and sit in a hot tub.

I'm glad to know the world is being bettered by their worthy efforts. It makes me very warm and fuzzy inside. Really.

I grow weary, after my long career as a cynic, of cutting off from myself the quick and easy satisfaction of helping others while doing something that is seemingly pointless. I want to help. I like trampolines.

Unfortunately, I have a bad knee. So I need to find ways that I, in my philanthropic aspirations, can help those in need/want/discomfort.

There are a few essential factors that must be included in any such philanthropic endeavor: 1) The activity must serve only a nominal benefit to myself. 2) The activity must give me adequate time and ability to socialize with other do-gooders. 3) There must be a very colorful bin for "donations." 4) It must be a worthy cause, involving non-controversial groups (read: sick children and old people). 5) It must be cheap.

Now this is the section where I am supposed to offer sarcastic alternatives exemplifying my sharp wit and attentiveness to detail.

Unfortunately, even the most absurd, the silliest activities which follow the above five guidelines already are part of the regular, established philanthropic routine.

It feels a bit like you're walking through a zoo on campus, where different groups exhibit their brand of unusual behavior.

Nearby them stands a sign describing who these odd creatures are and what their purpose is.

Last week, you could see the Lambda Chi Alphas and Kappa Alpha Thetans jumping up and down for the American Cancer Society; then you could see the tours of campus for multiple sclerosis or, perhaps, Shantytown (before it was blown to watery oblivion) for Habitat of Humanity.

How queer these creatures are! How odd their behavior; how peculiar their pretensions!

I suppose it satisfies some mandated community-service requirement, and if they raise the money, it's all well and good. But in the end, the whole thing seems a bit silly.

It's a strange thing, campus philanthropy, and the slumbering cynic within me awakes to ask, "Aren't there better ways to do this?"

But that wouldn't be as much fun, which is the point. Nobody really gives a flyin' flip over sick kids - they look good on TV, I suppose, and at the end of the miniseries, you always cry. So there isn't much point in doing something for these people if it isn't also fun, and so the five above-stated guidelines should be followed.

Thus, the hot tubs, the concerts, the blah-de-blah-blah. They should have a car-stuffing for Meals on Wheels, I think. But in the meantime:

Philanthropy ROCKS!



Jake Glazek

### Letters to the editor

#### Lose-lose situation

As a general proposition, I agree that greek houses are free to pick and choose as they see fit. However, chapters may lose more than they win by excluding people on arbitrary grounds (e.g. sexual orientation).

I am an open lesbian now, and I was a member of AOII (Alpha Omicron Pi) six years ago. AOII did me a world of good. I also think that the chapter membership at the time would agree that I represented our chapter well through my on-campus involvement with NSE, Emerging Leaders and the Innocents Society. In fact, my own chapter helped me earn a national AOII leadership award.

Around the same time, another lesbian was the president of a prominent sorority, and another lesbian at yet another sorority was an ASUN senator and on Yoter Board.

No, none of us were "out" during Rush, so I can't speak to whether we would have been excluded at the time. Had I been fully aware that I was gay at that time, I might have been hesitant to join the greek system. The point is this: Greek leaders should be aware that even an unspoken policy of exclusion can hurt the excluder as much as it hurts the excluded.

Hopefully, Ms. Narans is correct that greek chapters want to look responsible, academically focused and morally upright. But sexual orientation is not a litmus test for those qualities - life experience and depth of character are.

Melissa Castro, '94  
attorney  
Washington, D.C.

#### Stopping the violence

Many thanks go to all who helped make Friday's Stop the Violence Against Women Rally a success. The event proved that students on this campus do care, do take action and do use their voices.

The Women's Center would like to thank the 100 students and faculty members who signed the Rape Awareness Pledge, a simple, small card pledging their conscientious decision to help end rape and the attitude of apathy that allows it to exist on this campus.

The problems of rape, domestic abuse and other violence towards women will not just go away. The rally was a good reminder to all that we cannot back away from this issue - we all have women in our lives about whom we care deeply.

Anyone else interested in taking an active role in ending violence against women is invited to use our

many resources. Your mother/sister/daughter/girlfriend/fellow student thanks you.

Amanda Schindler  
senior program assistant  
Women's Center

#### No Amigo of mine

Next time you're waiting to order your lunch-time taco at Amigos in the Nebraska Union, here's a couple of reasons to reconsider: Amigos is about to assault the city's Sunken Garden with trash, odors, traffic and light pollution.

Despite requests from Mayor Wesely and nearby homeowners, and attempts to negotiate with David Pauley, the property owner, Amigos seems hell bent on blighting the Sunken Garden at 27th Street and Capitol Parkway by putting up one of its taco stands on the northwest corner of that intersection.

The city of Lincoln owns the other three corners of this intersection, and it spends thousands of our tax dollars each year to maintain them as parks. It used to own the fourth corner.

In a major planning mistake in 1990, the city declared the fourth corner "surplus" and sold it to David Pauley of the Pauley Lumber Company family, which owns a sizable chunk of adjacent property. Pauley then saw to it that a supersized billboard was constructed on the property, glaring its message down on the garden 24/7.

Amigos and Pauley now seek to further enhance Lincoln's favorite outdoor wedding site with a drive-thru taco business, complete with blowing trash and grease odors, traffic backups, exhaust fumes and plenty of outdoor lighting to add to the garden's evening serenity.

After all of the dollars that the university and the taxpayers bring to Amigos every day, and all of the money that Lincoln's citizens spent for 90 years with the Pauley family's lumber business, preserving this fourth corner as park land would simply be common sense and corporate and family citizenship.

The city is even willing to repurchase the land at a fair price. It appears now, however, that money talks and everything else walks.

That being the case, I plan to say "Adios, Amigos" and walk over to Amigos' competitors. I invite you to do the same.

Robert Ray  
psychology  
graduate student

### Wake-up call from, to Napster

I have this uncanny ability of rolling over and looking at the clock about 17 minutes before the alarm goes off. I used to like it. My body would nervously tell me that I was late, but I would always have that 17-minute grace period to catch a few more minutes of rest.

That is, until I moved onto the sixth floor of Pound.

Someone, a girl, on the seventh floor listens to music every morning with loud bass accompanied with female vocals. Not the interesting kind of female bass music like Bjork; it's Destiny's Child, Pink and other TRL classics.

I can hear it thumping through the ceiling. It serves as a lyrical espresso, making me jittery and unable to sleep.

Because it's the same looped songs in the same order every morning, I can only assume it is the evil MP3 god plaguing my life. Again.

After living with a roommate for two years, I really thought living alone would be perfect. I didn't mind my roommate at all; he was a good roommate to have, if you have to have a roommate.

There was really only one thing that irritated me about him: MP3s. After the fourth time of listening to "One Week" by the Barenaked Ladies, I was ready to take his computer and chuck it out of our fourth-floor dorm room window.

I refrained and talked him into downloading some not-so-mainstream songs. But it just proceeded to get worse.

After class, I'd walk into the room to hear "One Night in Bangkok," followed by "Eye of the Tiger," which came right before Weird Al's "Amish Paradise."

That right there is my reason for why Napster



Dane Stickney

should be shut down. It allows crap music to be strung together with more crap music creating an atom bomb of retread hits and one hit wonders that resonates for years and miles.

Case in point: On my way to the bathroom, I walked by a door that is always open. In the room is a pearly white computer tilted just a bit. Facing it is a black leather chair with an indentation from a fairly large, burly, black-haired guy who sits there for hours, typing, listening, looking.

Whatever. He's got these big speakers attached to his computer. When they're not spitting out machine-gun fire from some computer game, they're blaring MP3s. His collection almost puts my old roommate's to shame.

There's "Walk Like an Egyptian," various Britney Spears tunes and, of course, Weird Al. Every once in a while, I can hear Third Eye Blind along with some Dexy's Midnight Runners.

Any invention that combines stale '80s classics with the current collection of shallow Top 40 hits needs to be stopped.

There's a critical time of the day for everyone. For me, it's when I'm standing next to my window, peering out to see if people have long or short-sleeved shirts on.

The sun is usually peering through the clouds, and the floor is cold on my feet. It's at that moment that the first feels of the day fills my body.

Call it Qi or Karma or whatever. A good or bad feel at that moment carries throughout the day.

Everything is important. The smell, the temperature, the feel of a new day on my skin, the sound. If one thing is off, the day is off.

For the past few days, my day has started with Destiny's Child singing, "Say my name, say my name." Then the words become jumbled behind the bass bouncing through the ceiling. And, of course, the catchy jumbled sound never leaves my head.