

Daily Nebraskan

Since 1901

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Game plan

Look forward to an exciting NU-OU matchup

It's been awhile, huh?

In more ways than one, Saturday's Nebraska-Oklahoma game is worth a mini-celebration among fans of both teams and of college football. It's one of the few nationally televised games left in this TV-mad universe on Saturday.

It's the best and most important game to date this year. Try not to think about the likely rematch in a few months in the Big 12 Championship.

Savor Saturday for what it is.

And what is that? Some older fans will look at the two teams and ask for a rekindled rivalry between NU and OU, like the old days (which for us is the 1980s). If that's your wish, fine.

But the real essence of the 11 a.m. game in Norman, Okla., is a slice of college football heaven — hopefully a game that lives up to the hype.

The point is: We hope it's a good game. A great game, really. One of those "for the ages" type of deals. We're Husker fans, so sure, we'd like to win, we'd like to stay No. 1 and all the rest of it.

It's a matchup of warring philosophies, football-mad fans and two coaches who have their own legacies yet to prove. It's a matchup of two quarterbacks, Eric Crouch and Josh Heupel, leaders if there ever were any, one with his legs, the other with his awkward sidearm throwing motion.

Two different offenses, two different defenses. Not exactly like the mirror images the Huskers and Sooners used to be for so many years. But no less exciting.

Or, at least, that's our desire. We understand the scores of Nebraska fans who clamor for one more taste of

the 1995 season, when NU plowed through teams like a horde of steak knives.

Too often, the Big Red faithful palms get sweaty when the thought of loss rears its head. It stays for an entire year sometimes. How many have forgotten last season's Texas game?

The point is: We hope it's a good game. A great game, really. One of those "for the ages" type of deals. We're Husker fans, so sure, we'd like to win, we'd like to stay No. 1 and all the rest of it.

But part of us also knows that close games are the memorable ones. Perfection, in the perfect-in-every-game sense, is rather boring. We'd hope that both teams play at a level that can please a national audience.

Most of us will be part of that national television audience. For those who are going, enjoy it, and enjoy paying out the ear to watch the game. You'll notice that Norman, if you haven't already been there, is a lot like Lincoln in the sense that there doesn't seem to be much to do. And the stadium, Owen Field, isn't as nice as Memorial Stadium here in Lincoln.

But the atmosphere will likely be alive on both campuses. It's a worthy day for football. Oklahoma, good luck. Nebraska, Go Big Red. Here's a football game worth cheering for every minute.

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WHAT KIND OF A WORLD DO WE LIVE IN WHERE THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT BUILDS CHIMPANZEE SANCTUARIES YET IT COSTS \$8.00 TO GO TO A HAUNTED HOUSE?



Neal Obermeyer/DN

Letters to the editor

Where's the color?

When I think "art," I think COLOR! I counted 9 full color pictures in Oct. 23rd's issue of the DN. Yet not one of Larry Griffings' full-color paintings received the same consideration as you gave (and consistently do give) to the university football team.

Call me nutty, but I'm quite sure that most of us

are aware that the Cornhusker team colors are red and white. Why not share a little extra ink for those of us who enjoy the art composed by UNL students?

Kris Scott
Lincoln

Editors note: The art sent in by Griffing was in black and white. We're sorry about it, too.

Bananas bursting at the seams

Here name is Rose Marie. She's 99 1/2 pounds with seven layers of clothes on, soaking wet. Thank God she is only 4-foot-8.

Rose Marie was a bulimic herself, and, unlike me, the genuine article and presumably not the preeminent joke of someone's grand play, but bit player. So authenticity makes sense.

A good Catholic girl (A Rose Marie? Catholic? No!) in her late 20s, Rose Marie felt pressure from all sorts of directions back in her day: pressure to be cute, pressure to have chastity, pressure not to be left behind while being chaste.

The main reason is more basic: there's no such thing as a good-looking short glubber. She'd complemented her eating fixation with a side of three ODs on horse pills and a cutting obsession, scars of which grace her upper arms. And now she gets 50 grand to counsel me. Mental instability has its rewards.

Rose is at the front of the fat banana of a circle, sorta at where the stem would be, going around the room, getting names, introductions, all for my pretty face. I think the lifers in here — the steady visitors, the pros at living life to its thinnest — must greatly tire of the newbies like me. And then I must recall that considering the circumstances of recent events, it's quite likely one of these girls is, I don't know, my long, lost lesbian lover.

And so it goes around the room, some girls longer, some shorter. There's Christy, a weepy, would-be pretty girl if her face wasn't half bathed in furry excess.

"So it started when I was 10, and my gymnastics teacher told me to lose a little, and then I'd be really good," Christy quivers. She then proceeds to announce, without any hesitation, her inability to kick the little puke demon on her shoulder while her parents file for bankruptcy and move into a two-bedroom apartment, lose the dog they've owned for six years, trade the Audi for a 1987 rusted-up Escort and basically toss their savings down the tubelets for furry face here.

"I spend all these days at home, picking strawberry sponge cake off the carpet with your tongue," Christy says. "I'd wrap up in my favorite comforter and watch 'Wings' on the USA Network. I could do that all day."

Then there's Cedra, a black dancer who used meth to control her appetite cravings until someone found her conked out in her bedroom, equal portions of blood, drool and what used to be butter popcorn on the floor. She smokes uncontrollably, even though Rose Marie tells her to stop.

It comes to me, and the fat banana casts its sunken eyes upon me.

"I'm here ...," I start.

"Start with your name," Rose Marie says. Big toothy grin.

"My name?" My name, my name, my name. My name. What do I say? I am that I am? Oh no, that'd be the author, bathed in shadows.

"Calgary Johnson," Rose Marie says.

..... And you know, this jelly brain concept is getting very tiresome to write, and read, I'm sure. But I state for the record my jelly brain state, at this very moment, nonetheless. The preeminent joke just became a weird pawn.

"Say hello to Calgary," Rose Marie says to the fat banana.

"Hiiiiiii, Calgaryyyyyy," the fat banana responds.

"Interesting name, Calgary," Rose Marie says, "so tell us about your situation," Rose Marie says. I am jelly brain shock. I proceed unknowingly.

"I don't really know when it happened," I say. "I don't remember any of it. I went into my bedroom, there were stacks of mason jars, filled with pu ... throw-up, all neatly stacked in the closet and my mom reached for the top one, but it wasn't the top one ..."



petaluma watson

"Oh my God," says Lisa, on part of the banana's bruise, "I did that too. I saw it on one of those HBO specials."

Rose Marie turns. "Lisa ... just wait ..."
"No, no, no, no!" Lisa says, determined to get this out. "I'd take them to the river outside of town, where nobody would see me, and I'd put them in one of those big potato sacks, and I'd lug them down the shore and plop them in, one by one." She's sobbing now. "And, and, and I'd just watch them float away. I'd have this contest to see which one floated the longest, like the Olympics. And I'd always eat one of those nut rolls, you know those peanut rolls in the red wrappers. The king size ones. I loved those."

"So did I," says Tamara, who prefers Tam-Tam as a nickname (she's an athlete, what does one expect?). "And I liked those cherry mash nut things too. And Kudus bars."

Just look at what my jelly brain has set off. "Those things were addictive," says Jenny, in her 20s, a businesswoman.

"Know what's worse?" says a girl who hasn't identified herself yet. "Those breakfast fruit bars."

"Ohhhh!" says Christy.

"They're, like, engineered to make you eat three of them in, like, five minutes," says another girl I don't know.

"I was like that with Peanut Butter Twix," says this mommy-type. God, she could be Nadia.

"They don't make those anymore," Cedra says. "They don't make cookies and cream either."

"I like to eat the tops off Twix first," Jenny says.

Then Tam-Tam: "Like everybody has to eat a Reese's Peanut Butter Cup a certain way."

The faces, words, cries, moans jumble together in a palette of fixations from there on: "Like Junior Mints ..." "Like how fries all crinkle up? ..." "I could eat 10 of those in two minutes ..." "I could do it in one." "I once threw up nine times in two hours ..." "Me too ..." "Jesus ..." "Oh it so sucks ..." "And he kept telling me and telling me ..." "He'd say he could feel a fold while we were fucking, while we were fucking! That's where it came from ..." "She'd always say her mother told her the same thing ..." "Gluttony was against God, he'd say ..." "I could either lose weight, they said, or just go join a swing club because my bone structure wasn't good enough to support it ..." "I ripped out the IV like four times when I was 16 ..." "I so messed with their heads ..." "I found out I was a lesbian ..." "Me too ..." "I have to have a cock in me, I don't know why ..."

"What do you want from me?" I, me, Calgary Johnson, asks, and it stops, like this train, on cue. I know they'll hear these words, these are the words my God wants to hear, whoever it is, whatever.

Rose Marie walks over and leans down, though not too far, for her height. She strokes my hair, and the girls around, they drop their fat banana shape and hover around with calming influence.

"To accept your fate," Rose Marie says, smiling. "To get better, you have to admit you have a problem. That you're one of us."

"This is a setup," I say, because I believe it. "I'm never getting out of here. The scenes are just going to pile on top of each other."

"I think you're looking at it wrong," Christy says, eyes shrunk straight back in her head. "The parallel structure makes sense: you name a girl Calgary Johnson because you want to write about her, and the irony is you're that same person, the person who you were writing about was you, unbeknownst or something."

"Like fate," says Lisa.

"Like you've been ignorant all along," says the mommy.

"Just like Nadia said," Rose Marie says. The pieces start to plop into place, my significance finally gels to the point where I see it full bore. I feel like weeping, like bawling until tomorrow ends and starts over again in this same room. And I will. But I have a question first.

"So who is the other Calgary Johnson, if I'm the real her?" I ask.

"She," Rose Marie says, "is petaluma watson."

Too much to say; in short, I was an RA

I was a resident assistant for 58 women. I was a superstar for 10 months. Ten fast months.

I cannot cram what happened into one column. That would be impossible. But I can provide a glimpse. This is about me. This is about Smith 6. This is about being a resident assistant.

8:00 a.m.: I awake to chirping birds. I stretch. I meditate. I chop wood. I am a resident assistant.

8:10: Breakfast. I cook bacon and eggs in a toaster oven for the residents. I remove a window screen to ventilate the dorm room. I don't jump. But I trash the burnt toast.

8:30: Class.

9:30: I meet with the residence director for a one-on-one meeting. I plan a program with Jay Mohr. I snatch a photo from her office to hold for ransom. I leave in a space shuttle.

11:00: Lunch.

11:30: Class. Class. Skipped Class. Charged Coffee. Class.

4:00: I make posters for upcoming programs. I get high on marker fumes. I laminate. I waste paper. I laminate carpet scraps.

5:00: I meet residents for a floor dinner with Harper. I make a unicorn ice sculpture. Monica waits in line for Fruity Pebbles.

5:30: I check my voice mail and have 49 new messages. I three-three-seven (i.e. delete) 48 of them. One message is from the residence director. She is mad about the photo. I return her message with the ransom amount: 57 cents.

5:31: The residence director is not amused with this prank or the 32 prior ones. She demands the photo's safe return in a message. I three-three-seven it. I threaten to leak information about her Labrador retriever. She laughs.

5:32: I return the photo to her office and check the secret passage into her apartment. She thinks it is a closet. But I know better. I use her computer. I print 29 pages in color. I download a photo of me with a hammer for her screen saver.

5:45: Monica is still in line waiting for Fruity Pebbles.

6:00: I look for the duty sheet.

6:05: I look for the duty sheet.

6:25: I find the duty sheet. I am on duty with Katie. Katie throws gum out car windows at stoplights. She hits other drivers. I have better aim.

6:30: I start class assignments.

6:31: I stop class assignments.

6:32: I call Katie. I head to Smith 8 for rounds. She is coloring an angel. I give her a fake tattoo. She bites her finger.

7:00: Katie and I start rounds on Smith 10. I tell her about the ransomed photo. She laughs. She laughs so hard she starts choking. I perform the Heimlich. She claps.

7:30: I complete rounds and return to Smith 6. I build a rocket.

8:00: Food service shuts the lights off. Monica is still in line.

8:01: I fight for world peace.

8:02: I give a shout-out to the residents. I write poems about our experiences and host an open mike night.

8:05: Ayn-Marie returns superstar soaked. She found the fountain. Keri knits her a blanket. Danielle becomes the new Danielle Steele. She gives us free autographs. Michaela gives me a donut. I invent plastic.

11:00: Quiet hours are in effect. I said, "QUIET!"

11:01: Smith 6 is silent. No cats. No stolen snack bar furniture. No Lance Bass. No random words. No marijuana bulletin boards. No water fights. No cohabitation.

I complete this column with eight examples of being an RA:

60 planned programs.
25 bulletin boards.
4 alcohol busts.
98 staff cat fights.
4587 voice mail messages.
46 headaches.
3 false fire evacuations.
2 hamsters.

I was a resident assistant for 10 months. I had the best residents. I have the best stories. And a T-shirt: Smith 6: By Invitation Only. Please Try Again.



Emily Moran