

Daily Nebraskan

Since 1901

Editor: Sarah Baker
Opinion Page Editor: Samuel McKewon
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Quotes of the Week

"As we roar into a new millennium, full of ourselves and prosperous, we need to stop and think a little bit. This time, my friends, let's not blow it."

Former CIA Director James Woolsey, speaking at the E.N. Thompson Forum on World Issues, on the United States' precarious position despite its prosperity

"We thought if two artists could drop their egos and not have a pissing contest, they could create a body of art together."

S. Clay Wilson, on the artist part of "JAM Portfolio"

"(Oklahoma used to) put the ball in the air with the wishbone, too, with the pitch. Their offense (now) is not so much built around the long ball as much as it is the short pass. It's not really that far from wishbone thinking."

Nebraska Coach Frank Solich in an attempt to play the typical coaching devil's advocate on OU's passing offense, which bears no resemblance to the wishbone whatsoever

"The components of this pizza are not delicious."

UNL postdoctorate chemistry major Vadim Varchavski just telling it like it is about UNL's Campus Classic Pizza, which includes Outlaw Spice

"If being a homosexual disqualifies you from meeting this criteria, then you should be crossed off the list. If it would pose potential problems within the house, then steps must be taken to avoid it. If I were interviewing a freshman for rush, and she openly told me she was a lesbian, I would not recommend she be asked back."

"Cry if you want. Life is not fair."
Daily Nebraskan columnist Julie Narans on accepting gays and lesbians into fraternities and sororities

"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."

Daily Nebraskan columnist petaluma watson on her eating disorder counselor Rose Marie

"Many girls love to dress up as a flapper and like the idea of fringe, boas and cigarette holders. They can get really done up and still look cute. God forbid they look scary on Halloween."

Erica Flanders of costume shop Ruby Begonias speaking on Halloween fads of the year

"For us the choice was to provide this material or give in to those who say this should not take place. We certainly weren't willing to go down that road."

L.G. Blanchard, spokesman for the University of Washington Health Sciences Center, on the decision to allow UW's Birth Defects Research Laboratory to provide UNMC with fetal tissue now that Timothy Carhart has severed his contract

"I think (Bush) is fairly moderate himself. The complicating factor is the religious right within the Republican Party. I think they will hold his feet to the fire, and he will have to capitulate on some occasions, if not all."

John Gruhl, UNL political science professor, on pressure for GOP presidential nominee George W. Bush to put the clamp down on abortion with Supreme Court nominations

Editorial Board

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

Letters Policy

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Editorial Policy

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Say goodbye to days of singles bliss



Mark Zmarzly

When we were freshmen back in 1994 he bought a Valentine's Day card, cookie and balloon for a young lady in his class. The night before V-day a couple of us came home intoxicated, and someone accidentally sat on the frosted cookie. So instead of reading "Happy Valentine's Day!" it read "Ha Va Da."

After coming to a group consensus on what to do about the cookie, we told my friend to eat part of the cookie and then give it to her as a gag gift. Remember we were drunk, and he still had the balloon and card as the real gift.

My friend decided that this sounded reasonable to him. On his way over to Abel Residence Hall he tripped over the railroad tracks, and the balloon went sailing away. So now all he has is a half-eaten cookie and a card. One important bit of information to mention at this point is that the card was a bit racy, and my friend had told no one about that fact.

So the girl received a half-eaten cookie and a very forward card from my friend for Valentine's Day. When she asked him what the hell the gift was all about he simply told her, "I was high on pot."

My best friend is getting married on June 9, 2001. As his best man, I have certain obligations that I must attend to before the wedding. I have two big concerns at this point: First, do I get the stripper and the donkey or just the stripper? Second, what am I going to say in my speech to the happy couple?

The stripper thing will work itself out when we get to Vegas. I'm really only left with the speech. I've been writing and rewriting this thing in my head since I was asked to be the best man. How do you put into words the perfect message to send the beloved couple into the new world as man and wife?

As if that isn't enough of a task, what I'm really having problems with is how I feel about this wedding. My best friend is in love and about to marry the woman of his dreams. This makes me happy.

But it's definitely the end of an era. I've slowly been losing single friends to marriage, and it's beginning to get to me.

The archaic man inside of me is screaming for these guys to come and join me on an alcohol- and drug-induced journey across the United States in some sort of Hunter S. Thompson escapade. I want to be able to wake up in a strange city dressed like a circus midget and look over and see my single friends dressed the same way. Most importantly, I want to know that they will not have to call their wives and explain what happened.

Here's another problem I have with all of my friends getting married: I'm one of the only single guys. When I go out with my married friends, I'm labeled the bad influence. Their wives apparently believe that when their husbands go out with me they lose the ability to think on their own.

It's as if I'm some sort of bizarre cult leader who has power of suggestion over them. As if they didn't really want to go to a strip club or steal the lawn jockey.

Don't think that I'm some sort of jilted man who despises women or the idea of marriage. I'm all for society's master plan for me: Meet the right woman, get married, start a family, grow old.

Why does it have to happen now? My friends and I are between the ages of 21 and 26. For the most part, we've graduated and gone on to start our careers or to continue our education in graduate school. We have our whole lives ahead of us. We're young, we still have to travel the world, move around the country, search for the right career path, have sex with a supermodel, etc. ...

Getting married doesn't necessarily eliminate all of these items - except the supermodel thing unless your wife is bisexual (Please, Lord, I've been so very good lately.) - but marriage does involve another person in your decision-making.

Any choice that we make means that we must shut other options out, and I don't want to do that right now. It's a lot harder to change careers or locations with a wife and kids than it is to do it when you're young and single.

My best friend is the one individual whom I most identify with in this world. He has taught me to live and love and has always been a huge support in my life.

We are friends, fraternity brothers, even brothers. What we have built nobody can take away, but I still feel as if I'm losing a part of that friendship with his marriage. A friend like this doesn't come along all that often.

Am I being selfish about this? Absolutely. Am I entitled to feel this way? Absolutely. What will I do on June 9?

I will stand up and tell my friends that their love is one that is to be envied, rejoiced and cared for because it only comes along once in a lifetime. I also will silently hope that this evil single friend will still be able to kidnap his old friend once in a while and end up at a strip club next to a lawn jockey.

Letters to the editor

Not responsible

It seems that the recent increase in exposure of the University Program Council has created many misconceptions about what the group has or hasn't done on campus.

Many of these were highlighted in Karen Brown's recent opinion column "Bring in the Clowns, UPC."

First of all, Ms. Brown states, "... I actually feel quite sorry for... Marlene Beyke... who tried to bring nonfunny, ex-Saturday Night Live guy Jay Mohr to our budding campus this week."

This statement indicates the author's lack of knowledge on the proceedings of UPC, and in particular, the event, which would have brought Jay Mohr to campus.

Marlene Beyke is the director of development for ASUN. Neither she nor ASUN played even the slightest role in Jay Mohr's performance.

Secondly, Karen's article implies that UPC was responsible for Tom Green's previous homecoming appearance. Contrary to popular belief, UPC had nothing to do with last year's "Tailgate on the Turf." ASUN can take full credit.

Finally, Karen says, "Now the UPC is losing money on the big man, David Spade." This is absolutely incorrect. David Spade was invited to UNL by ASUN as a part of homecoming week.

All contract negotiations and fiscal matters are being handled by ASUN. ASUN came to UPC and asked for assistance with the programming aspect of the event. Seizing this opportunity to unite two of the largest student organizations on campus, and foreseeing the immense benefits of this cooperation for students in the future, UPC agreed to help.

However, UPC is not funding David Spade. It will not be affected by the success or failure of ticket sales.

So what can be learned from Karen Brown's opinion column? First is a lesson on the reliability of some DN articles.

Secondly, and most importantly, is that UPC is an organization that functions on student fees.

That means that you, as students, are paying for the events that UPC brings to campus. UPC chooses its events based on the feedback of members and advisers. If you don't particularly enjoy the events it brings to campus, tell someone.

And don't just complain but suggest something better.

Courtney Wachal
senior

English/psychology/political science
UPC novelty committee chairwoman

Where's the Crash?

I am highly disappointed with the Daily Nebraskan's choice of stories Thursday as Crash, the simulated drunk driving accident on campus, was not even mentioned.

When asked why the omission occurred, I was told that the paper "ran out of room." I find this rather interesting considering that a considerable amount of space was taken up by stories concerning a new Internet site and plans to cut Chinese classes (which was in the DN Wednesday). In fact, only one story on the front page mentioned something that actually occurred on campus.

Those involved in Crash were trying to send a real important message about a huge issue on campus, and our campus newspaper didn't have room. The simulated accident happened right in front of the Nebraska Union with 400 people in attendance.

So my question is this: What does it take to be newsworthy? Do we need a real accident to get the paper's attention? Many students felt that this event was important enough that they took time out of their lives to either participate or watch. Perhaps you should take the views of your readers into consideration next time the paper "runs out of room."

Jenny Bahle
junior
secondary education

Going back? He will be there

What had it been that night? I had been there - that same pinpointed moment of existence.

Dan Leaman

I had walked there before. Stood, sat, breathed. When she coughed, I had felt that feeling before run through me and then harden in my gut. It dug - like someone had taken a large rounded, stubbed needle and jabbed it into my skin, prodding it every few minutes to make sure I knew it was there.

My jaw clenched - where was I when I was there? When had this swept across me? She kept coughing. Then she got up and left. God, I thought my insides were going to wrench themselves dry.

Courtesy, common courtesy - that is why she moved. Quietly, what she did was beautiful. I hadn't been to church for months.

At halftime of the game, we were inevitably losing. We lounged back - sitting in the visitor stands on our field.

The opposing school performed the halftime show. Its band stood military-like on the side of the track in the closing moments of the half. The crowd stirred - vocally. The end of the third would be a good time to check out and hit the sand volleyball courts.

Beyond our attention, the ants had marched out into the expanse of green. Below our voices was a whispering low hum of their instruments.

"... Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune or to take arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing end them?"

One of the kaleidoscopes twirling around the band was a man. A man had decided to be a member of a female flag football team. My friends ate this - scarfing up all the comedic value they could.

"Homo," "Queer," "Fag team." Slings and arrows - out of context. I ducked. My gut, middle abdomen, lit hard and grinded. My teeth, my face - hardened. They got louder - to a point I could laugh, all in good fun. They took it in general - tearing homosexuals completely away from human beings. I stopped laughing. I don't agree with the homosexual lifestyle, but that doesn't disqualify

them as humans.

He had turned on me - unexpectedly pivoted in mid-stride, swirling in the air - I really didn't have time to talk to the kid.

I didn't know who he was. We didn't have class together; as a matter of fact, we had never met until that moment.

"What's your name?"
"I'm Dan, yours?"
"Zan."

We walked down Vine Street from 16th to 17th. I had to slow down to talk to him - I was in a hurry - if only they could find a way to squeeze a few extra hours into the day.

Zan lives off campus. He said if he gets good grades he can join a fraternity next year. This was the bulk of the conversation. We exchanged names of guys in frats we knew. It sounded like there was a lot riding on his frat dream.

I wonder how many people had sloughed him off. I wonder how many frat guys he had turned on - how many of them had kept walking. Me doesn't know what to think - me wishes that Zan didn't put so much stock in his frat dream. The whole time he spoke I was being force fed concrete mix.

When we parted ways - the dry substance mixed with the moisture in my stomach and solidified. My abdomen tightened. I couldn't take it.

She knelt and stepped back in the pew. My eyes wandered to the thin figure of Christ on the Cross.

All the push of conformity - this is where I was when I was there. The kaleidoscope, Zan, her common courtesy, the church. The world's trying to streamline individuality. Zan trying to cram himself into conformity - my friend's inability to look beyond it.

The church - with its Catholic God, its Catholic way - the way. If God is God, if he is who he says he is, then I will meet him in my heart.

That is why I hadn't been there. That is why I came back.