

## Daily Nebraskan

Since 1901

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

### Quotes of the Week

"They are awesome. Listening to Sunny Day Real Estate is like scraping an orange peel into your hand. It's pretty sweet."

**UNL sophomore advertising major Scott Banks on the band Sunny Day Real Estate**

"In some ways, liberalism was simply too naïve to survive in our 21st century. He championed the weak and the powerless: the homeless, persons on welfare, people accused of crimes, children attending inner-city schools.

"Yet their powerlessness became his; these groups were either unwilling or unable to vote, and he suffered for it."

**DN columnist Jeremy Patrick on the death of liberalism**

"You can't be as involved in football for your entire life as he was and have it suddenly be done. He is still around all these people who care about him and have been here for so long."

**Nebraska offensive lineman Dave Volk on former NU fullback Tyrone Uhler, whose neck injury ended his career**

"If I survived in coaching for 25 years, I can probably survive in politics, as well. It takes someone to step forward and stick his neck out."

**Former Nebraska football Coach Tom Osborne on running for the Nebraska 3rd District Congressional seat**

"I don't think he knows anything about farming or living in the 3rd District. He lives in Lincoln, for crying out loud. You can't learn to milk a cow by reading a book.

"I know he's a behemoth, but it's because of football. I'm trying to get agriculture moving. It's time to stop talking about football."

**Osborne's opponent, Democrat Rollie Reynolds**

"She doesn't overreact. When everyone else sees gloom and doom, she finds that spark and makes it work for her."

**Anne Soderman, Michigan State's acting chairwoman of the family and child ecology department on Marjorie Kostelnik, UNL's new dean of the College of Human Resources and Family Sciences**

"He's dangerous. He hurt us last year. He scrambles really well and runs draws really well, and those are the things on defense that we've struggled with all year more than anything."

**Nebraska rush end Kyle Vanden Bosch on Kansas quarterback Dylon Smith**

"Erect a giant, temporary hill: Our crack research shows that the University of Kansas gets lots of mileage out of Mount Oread, that hill in the middle of campus that serves as a big walking route for the Jayhawks come gameday.

"For a snippet of dough, UNL can haul in a couple truckloads of dirt and plop it on Buck Beltzer Field, thereby allowing the Cornhuskers to trot down its slippery slope toward their eventual victory. Fogies and students alike would greatly enjoy such an endeavor."

**Daily Nebraskan editorial on how to improve Homecoming**

### Editorial Board

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

### Letters Policy

The Daily Nebraskan welcomes brief, 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.

AS A DIRECT RESULT OF BEING ON MR. T'S "PITIED FOO" LIST, THE ASUN DOLL RECEIVES A MUCH-NEEDED MAKEOVER.



Neal Obermeyer/DN

## Beware the rabid, rabid squirrels

There is a horrible problem plaguing the city of Lincoln. You would have to have been in a coma or undergoing in-patient gonorrhea treatment to not notice the city is being overrun by rabid squirrels.



Mark Zmarzly

That's right you heard me folks, rabid squirrels.

In a scene out of Monty Python's Search for the Holy Grail, a crazed furry little varmit with sharp pointy teeth attacked an innocent Lincolnite on Oct. 15. How do I know about this attack? Well, I just happened to read the letters-to-the-editor section of Sunday's Lincoln Journal Star.

In the issue ran a letter titled, "Bantam Menace."

I still can't help but laugh my ass off as I read it. I don't have space to include the whole letter, but I must pass along to you some of it so you may be aware of the plague that is devouring our city.

On Oct. 22, the concerned citizen writes, "I was shocked to see two children running away from a third child who was frantically fighting off a squirrel that was mauling him about the face, neck, and chest area.

"I ran down the drive to help the young lad as I saw him drop to the ground and roll in an attempt to shake the varmit loose. As I neared the curb, the child rolled off my lawn and into oncoming traffic. ... thankfully the youngster was OK."

Ha ha ha ha.

"As absurd as it may sound, something needs to be done to keep squirrels from surprising people near busy streets and intersections. ... Not every culture allows creatures to run loose in the city as we do here."

Not every culture allows freedom of speech, either. Judging from the letter, maybe that's a good thing.

"And another thing," the letter continues, "why are the squirrels behaving this way? Are they hungry or rabid? Are they agitated by urban sprawl? Perhaps we should hire a team of scientists to study them to determine the nature of their aggressive behavior."

Maybe the kids were simply poking the squirrel with a stick.

"I'm not for killing these creatures, but perhaps we could give them incentive to stay away from roadways."

I thought the incentive was continued life, but maybe the letter is thinking we should build some sort of squirrelropolis, complete with acorns the size of volleyballs.

The letter's final bit of advice to this horrible problem is truly inspired: "Perhaps offer tax breaks for people who actively feed them in backyards and such."

It may just have hit on something here with this tax-break thing. I've been feeding squirrels out of my backyard for years now and think it's about time for some federal help.

Of course mine has been an unintentional feeding, as the squirrels are simply eating the homegrown pot I grow out back.

As a result, my squirrels seem to be quite mellow and would never attack a child unless, of course, that child attempted to mess with their high.

One concern I do have about my squirrels is they don't seem to be as motivated as they once were; it's already October, and the only thing they've done to fortify their tree for the winter is make the largest branch into a bong.

Now all of you are probably saying: "What can we do before these rabid squirrels maul us about the face, neck and chest area?"

Here's what you can do:

1. Stock up on firearms.
2. Barricade your front door.
3. Put your speakers by your windows and begin playing Quiet Riot's "We're Not Gonna Take It." Squirrels don't seem to mind the song, but I think this Armageddon needs a theme song that we can all rally around.
4. Await my signal.

Or you can go with plan B and stop wasting my time with squirrel observations. Please feel free to entertain the validity of this plan.

This isn't the part of the column where I get all warm and fuzzy and talk about how we need to embrace our misunderstood furry little friends. You can make them into a coat for all I care; hell, make matching chinchilla earmuffs and a koala cap.

Just don't waste my time with a letter to the editor about some crazed drug-induced conspiracy involving a fluffy little woodland creature.

## Heavy metal era still lurks

Does anyone remember the good old days of heavy metal? Van Halen and Poison reigned supreme, and inside every college chick's dorm room hung at least one Def Leppard poster, which upon viewing, would prompt anyone to ask if the owner knew the drummer had only one arm.



Simon Ringsmuth

Ozzy, Cinderella, Tesla — the big hair bands with lipstick. Anyone who listens to that perennial oh-so-heavy, yet just cheesy enough to be redneck radio station 106.3 FM The Blaze, can wax nostalgic about this upon its daily playing of Sammy Hagar's "Heavy Metal."

Yeah, you know what I'm talkin' about. Nothing to Say reigned supreme before biscuits became limp and the millennial candy became better known as the most violent rapper this side of the east side.

If, as I mentioned earlier, anyone remembers this time of gleeful bliss where one's manliness was measured by the size of the lump in the frontal regions of his disgustingly tight jeans, multiplied by the length of his hair, divided by the number of holes in his Quiet Riot T-shirt, well, let me tell you, it's here again. To tell the truth, it never really left us.

Like a festering mole or tumor, this heavy-metal phenomenon has taken on its own life and continued to grow, to exist, pulsating under the skin of popular music in sweaty bars and clubs across the nation. Yes, it exists here in Lincoln, too. God bless the metalheads.

If you're feeling down and out, and you need that extra kick to get your day started, try Heavy Metal! The possibilities are nearly limitless.

For starters, the Havelock Social Hall often plays host to what's known as the "Battle of the Bands." In this case, the word battle is derived from an old Greek word "battalius," which means "to scream incomprehensibly" or "to sweat from one's orifices like a juicy hollowed-out banana peel."

Ten, give or take a few, heavy-metal bands duke it out on Saturday nights to see who can bring the most friends, or toadies, to watch them. These legal adults will, in turn, down copious amounts of alcohol throughout the night. Then, they vote for their favorite band, or the one with the best cover songs. The winning band gets a large share of the door money.

I've heard stories of bands taking in well over \$15, even \$20 after a good night, which is usually spent on gas for the van or tacos from Amigo's. These bands, more to the point, are the focal point for the heavy rockers who crawl from their trailer homes and duplexes to relive their glory days from the '80s on dark weekend nights.

And this Battle of the Bands is just the tip of the iceberg, or setting 1 out of 11 on your Marshall amplifier, as the metal bands would put it. Knickerbocker's, The Royal Grove (when not holding Overweight Wet T-shirt competitions or amateur strip night), The Cog Factory, The Ranch Bowl, Sokol Hall, The Storm and a host of other underlit venues with peeling yellowed paint are meccas for heavy-metal types.

If you've never experienced a modern metal show, I highly suggest it. This metal scene, like I said, has never really left us. The image has changed from lipstick and sequined underwear to spit-and-polished poor-boy post-grunge.

That is, you have to have either long hair or no hair, many tattoos, many piercings, name-brand jean shorts and a dirty old T-shirt proclaiming the virtues of Satan (or simply denouncing Jesus Christ — never Allah, Buddha, Ghandi or the Dalai Lama. Just Jesus Christ.) to show that you haven't sold out.

You've gotta show you're still connected to the people — your people —

and you know what it's like to live the hard life and play the hard rock.

The music is more aggressive and, if you can make out the screaming, generally involves intelligent, well thought-out dissertations on the theory of the American system of government and what motives should be used to effect a conscientious change for the betterment of all society.

As one band (Was it Death Kids, Megadeth or Death in a Bun? I can't remember.) whom I saw open for Sevendust, put it: "The government is watching you through your fucking computer screen! You need to buy this T-shirt we've printed which says 'You Can't Tread On Me' in large letters on the back!"

No, I'm not kidding here, and yes, I bought several T-shirts. I'm also writing this from my daisy-wheel IBM typewriter so the government can't spy on me. Yes, these are the true intellectuals of society.

As Bill Cosby once put it, "Y' see! Kids today listen to the rap music, which gives them the brain damage!"

Well put, Bill. I say the cure for all this poop that oozes through the stereos of so many teenagers today in the form of rap, or anything on KPRX, is good old Heavy Metal.

You see, I am a big metalhead. My favorite bands are Pearl Jam (hard rock) and Tool (metal), and I go to as many metal shows as I can. If you can get past the stupid messages and avoid getting beer spilled on you, it really is a lot of fun and a cool scene to be a part of, and much more "real" and "old-school" than anything on pop radio.

I even used to be the guitarist for a local metal band, Brooks Hadlyn. No lipstick, though.



Delan Lonowski/DN