

Daily Nebraskan

Since 1901

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Go Alamo

NU's bowl game better fit than Dallas, Cotton

You could practically hear the groans when Nebraska football fans first learned that the Huskers would be playing in the Alamo Bowl on Dec. 30.

It is, after all, the Alamo Bowl, roughly one notch ahead of such tradition-laden games as the insight.com and galleryfurniture.com bowls and about 12 million appearance dollars from a Bowl Championship Series berth.

But give San Antonio and the Alamo another look. Upon further review, the leftovers Nebraska landed actually appear more attractive than the more highly regarded Cotton Bowl, which spurned the Huskers in favor of Kansas State.

First, there is the exciting Husker opponent. Yes, Northwestern. The Wildcats have one of the nation's most high-powered offenses and one of the nation's weakest defenses. Couple that with

The Cotton, on a Monday, would cause some problems as most have to return to work on Jan. 2. Airline tickets are also much cheaper on Dec. 29 than Jan. 1. Trust us. We checked.

NU's own high-powered attack and mediocre defense, and the game sets up to be a high-scoring affair.

Judging by Northwestern's 8-3 season, it'll be an extremely close, high-scoring contest. The Wildcats were the Big 10's Cardiac Kids in 2000, beating Wisconsin 47-44 in double overtime, Minnesota 41-35 and Michigan 54-51 in possibly the most exciting game of this season.

Hopefully, everyone will be treated to a close, well-played game between two good teams.

The teams will square off on Dec. 30, actually a good time to do so. While a New Year's Day (or later) bowl is college football's status symbol, the eve of New Year's Eve will serve both the team and its fans much better.

For Nebraskans hoping to travel to the game, the starting time is ideal. Husker fans can leave on Friday night or Saturday morning and return home on Sunday, a nice weekend trip for those with jobs. The Cotton, on a Monday, would cause some problems as most have to return to work on Jan. 2. Airline tickets are also much cheaper on Dec. 29 than Jan. 1. Trust us. We checked.

The Saturday night game also means a national television audience for NU's matchup with Northwestern. ESPN will broadcast the game to a nation full of potential Husker recruits, budding fans, even 2001 Heisman voters. It's never too early to get the Eric-Crouch-for-Heisman campaign cranked up again.

These viewers are almost guaranteed to tune in if they're sitting in front of the television - "Walker, Texas Ranger" probably won't pull many away.

Contrast that with the audience for the Cotton Bowl, which is slated to start at 10 a.m. on Jan. 1. Yes, a Husker nation would turn its bleary eyes to the early telecast from Dallas. The country, though? The West Coast? At 8 a.m.? Ouch.

Even if the nation could drag itself out of bed in time, NU would have competition in the form of the Citrus Bowl, which also starts at 10 a.m., and the Gator Bowl, which begins at 11:30 a.m.

It seems strange to the college football purist, but it's true - the Alamo Bowl is better for NU than the good ol' Cotton. Now, if we could just figure out how to swap with Oregon State and play in the Sugar ...

Editorial Board

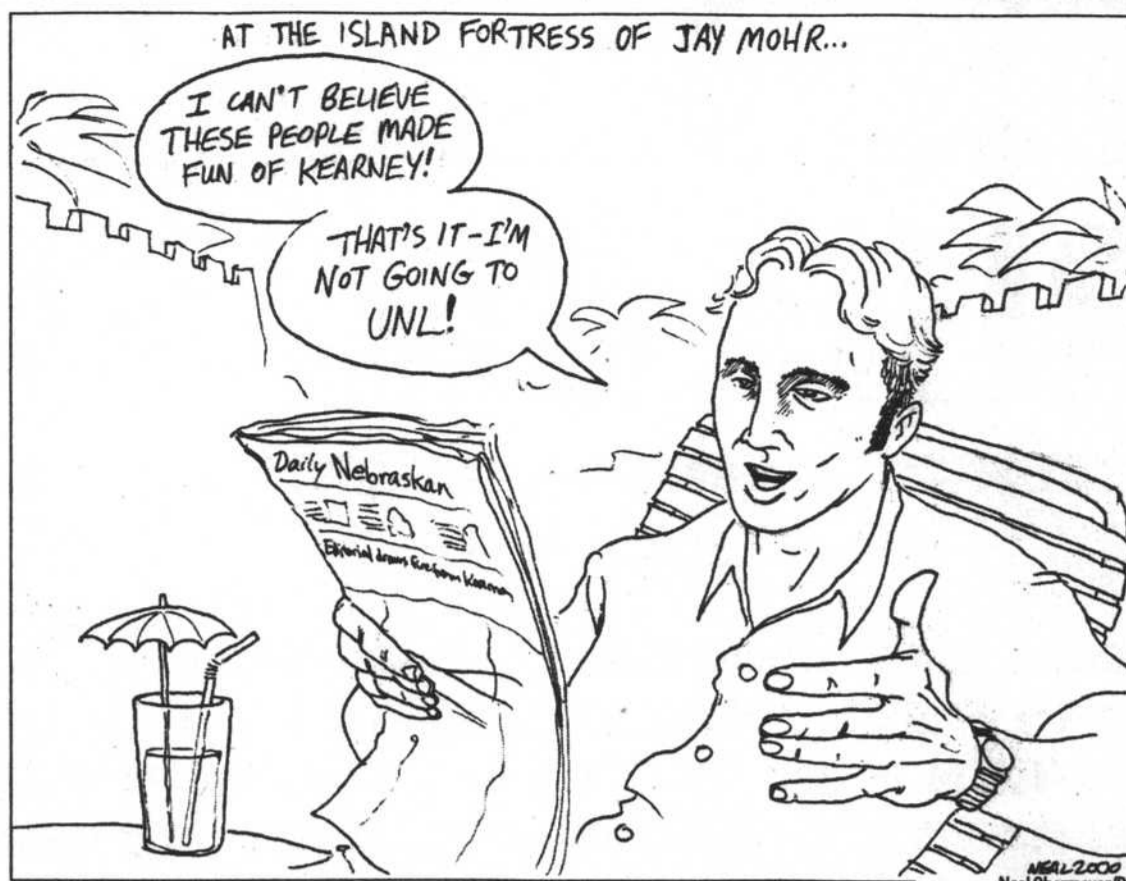
Sarah Baker, Bradley Davis, Josh Funk, Matthew Hansen, Samuel McKewon, Dane Stickney, Kimberly Sweet

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Editorial Policy

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Letters to the editor

A new focus

I know it is unlikely you will publish this letter to the editor because it involves neither homosexuals nor Kearney, nor homosexuals in Kearney.

However, I think we should shift our attention away from such issues and concentrate on an issue that involves the student body as a whole.

I'm speaking of the movement of this university's administrative establishment towards socio-classification of the masses. Our university is literally under siege, with elitist sorority and frat rows buffering the east and south edges of city campus, and the elitist athletic department covering the north. Any claim to be an "enlightened institution of higher learning" is absolutely false when we divide ourselves by economic rank.

Any institution affiliated with UNL should not be given a "membership only" status particularly based on economic background when the basic existence and funding of such endeavors is made possible by the tuition and tax dollars of students and citizens, without whom an institution would not exist.

This includes sororities and fraternities, or any athletic program. I clearly see we are not entitled to the same privileges as those who live a stone's throw away from the union.

Or those who directly or indirectly use our institution as a status symbol. For God's sake, this is the 21st century. But I guess little has changed over the course of 500 years. Still the nobles and the peasants.

Ben Kruse
graduate student
freshman

Nothing new

What would the world or the President learn "new" about visiting Lincoln or Omaha. That you have a football stadium?

Attendance policy detrimental

The words are there, on page 14 of next semester's bulletin:

"Students are expected to attend all lectures, recitations, quizzes and laboratories regularly. The university has no regulation which permits cutting class."

There are some qualifications to this broad policy, applied to all students of the university, which allow for some absences as long as they are properly cleared with the instructor. But in any case, this attendance policy, along with the way it is often applied within the context of courses, is too severe and, ultimately, saps the university's ability to produce students of high caliber.

An example: This week, one of my professors will be concluding classes for the semester early as he goes to attend an international conference, effectively presenting the class with two "absences" (in addition to one or two "absences" from earlier in the semester). Now, the university does not go to extra lengths to stop him from doing so, nor do I think it should because allowing the professor to take these "absences" allows him to further his credibility as a professional in his field and (in the case of one of the absences) allows the department to host important conventions on campus, which furthers the national credibility of the department.

So, ultimately, my education gains value in allowing the professor to take a few absences within reason to further his professional credentials.

The university's policy and some professors' policies on a student's attendance, however, are often detrimental to the value of a UNL degree.

We've all had the sort of classes where you can miss maybe one, two or, if you're lucky, three classes, but after that you will be penalized by grade subtractions, regardless of your performance in the class on objective measurements. In many English classes, for example, it doesn't matter whether you turn in an exemplary portfolio - if you miss too many classes you could get a B, C or even worse.

This policy puts some students between a rock and a hard place, especially when dealing with courses outside of our major department, which are less likely to be taught by professors who are sympathetic to our pre-professional needs.

Another example: As a music major and as a prospective graduate student, I frequently have to choose between class and auditions or "gigs." I have periodically been approached by professional music organizations in the Omaha and Lincoln areas for playing gigs which occur during class time, typically about 10:30 a.m. Going to these gigs is just as educational, if not more so, than my participa-

tion in classes or ensemble rehearsals because it will expose me to other professionals, it will expose me to a higher standard of playing, and it will begin to teach me what life is like as a professional musician.

Barbara Amundson
graduate student
UNK

Take criticism lightly

I have to admit that I am not normally a fan of the Daily Nebraskan's editorial column. However, I did get a kick out of "Come, Bill, Come."

People really begin to show their true close-mindedness when they try to show other people theirs. Let's get real - I'm sure Clinton doesn't really care about Memorial Stadium, and I'm sure he doesn't care about our art collection.

But that doesn't mean that it should be trashed. The Sheldon does have a wonderful art collection. Granted, it may not be world class, but no one was claiming it is.

As for the architectural wonders our Iowa friend mentioned, he really should have some knowledge in the subject area before he comments. My professors (who know slightly more than he does) have told me how nationally known our capitol building is.

The arch is a whole subject I'm not even going to get into, mainly because I've never been there. See how easy it is not to comment on something you don't know about? There are readers out there, probably even reading this now, who need to take a note on that.

Be offended. Fine. But please don't cry every time a newspaper points out a political motive. We wouldn't want the Platte to flood and cause damage to the readers' precious monument.

Deidre Martin
architecture
sophomore



Jake Glazeski

tion in classes or ensemble rehearsals because it will expose me to other professionals, it will expose me to a higher standard of playing, and it will begin to teach me what life is like as a professional musician.

Thus, by taking such gigs, I make myself more marketable as a musician with a UNL degree, and if I make the most of this marketability, my association with UNL through my degree will ultimately reflect positively on my degree and the institution which granted it. It is, thus, in the university's interest to encourage my taking of such opportunities.

But it isn't easy to convince your professors of this. Music professors can be lenient because they understand, but some music professors can be doggedly strict about attendance, particularly when a university ensemble is involved. For non-music professors, though, the gig is just that - a gig, an opportunity to make money, and not in and of itself, more important than class.

Next semester, this problem will be compounded as I will be traveling to Minnesota in January for a competition and will be touring the East coast auditioning in February and March for grad schools. By almost any professor's attendance policy, the resulting number of absences will be enough to assure that I get no higher than a B in my classes. And that is completely outside of my work as a contracted and free-lance musician in Lincoln and Omaha.

Granted, this is no excuse for not completing course requirements, and in some classes, attendance is an important part of the learning process. However, professors often seem to overestimate the value of their lecturing or the amount actually learned in class participation. In these cases, as well, attendance policies shift the weight of importance from quality of participation when one is there to simply one's presence.

Also granted, attendance policies are essential in teaching freshman and sophomores a professional attitude with respect to their studies and their major, forming good study habits and assuring adequate opportunity to address classic introductory-level learning problems. But these reasons are less applicable for juniors and especially seniors, some of whom are in the process of becoming professionals, so they don't need to be force-fed these values in the classroom.

At a time when we are considering the effects of our grade scale and grade inflation in the value of our degrees, we need to consider how else the university helps to devalue its own degrees. It does so through a strict attendance policy that treats us more like high school students than adults with a vested interest in educating ourselves and founding a career. We should have more autonomy in the decision of whether we should attend class. It only makes sense.

Weekly props at the end of semester

Fin de Siecle: Literally, "end of the century." Term used to describe the art and literature of the 1890s, signifying a sense of malaise or melancholy (of feeling as if one is at the end of something rather than at its beginning) that is seen in works produced at that time. Fin de siecle artists (for instance, the Symbolists) often looked inward for their subject matter (e.g., to dreams), or to timeless ideas (e.g., myths) rather than to everyday reality.



Dane Stickney

- UNL art history professor Andrea Bolland

She peers. God, how she peers. Around the corner of the picture, out from the blackness, drawing me in. She's "At the Moulin Rouge" in the late 1800s.

In the far back, ladies swoon across the club. Just behind her, at a table, three men and two women huddle around a table that has a bottle on it, possibly filled with absinthe, the crack of the day.

Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec is the only one who would know for sure.

But, as I look, I am drawn to her, peering at me. Her ghastly green skin sharply contrasts with her orange-blond hair. Her face is turned up, showing her nostrils. She looks tired, depressed, like she's given up. I think Bolland said the woman might have been a prostitute. I bet she disappointed people.

Especially herself. I picture what I would look like in the picture at the end of my own century with tests and writings to do. With sleep at a premium. Would I be ghastly, a prostitute to the modern world.

Education. Job. Death. With things stretching out the sun-rays as they near the horizon, they are about to disappear. I'll be in Wales in a little more than a month. Thinking about here right now is hard to do. I shouldn't be writing this - but a paper about piety in King Lear instead.

I look over at a poster of Thom Yorke on my wall. He's just standing there like an arrogant British son-of-a-bitch. I bet he says bloody. I wonder if I will.

I wonder what he does when people think his music sucks. I've seen his agitated face next to a microphone. I bet he takes criticism hard.

I can't take it at all. I shut down when people tell me that my writing sucks, but many do. I want it to be my life. I want to be good, but a large part is acting the part.

Without confidence, I can't act. I just lay down and stare for a while, thinking of how the end of something makes me emotionless. I have no passion. I could have dyed my hair green, supported Nader and defied big business. Instead, I sat around. Or lay around as I'm doing now.

It's still kind of cold in here, but, as someone once said, warmth is an illusion of sorts. But I pull on a heavy blanket and listen to the bass bounce through the ceiling. Some hip-hop queen or boyband again.

I wish I could shoot laser beams out of my eyes and burn holes in the ceiling. Maybe I could blow up her stereo above me, making noise. That thought makes me depressed because I actually just wish I could think of fresh endings for short stories, which makes me remember King Lear.

I fade into a scene where I'm in a small room at the intersection of two long, white cement halls. Voices echo back and forth. One voice is especially clear. It's my friend Dustin.

"Did you tell him about Canter?" Dustin says with a smile on his face. He's looking down the hall, but I can't see at what.

"Oh, yeah," a faint voice says. "Stickney, Canter was baggin' on your column in class today." It's my friend Chuck's voice. I can't see where it's coming from. Somehow I know he's referring to a fictitious UNK political science professor.

I follow. His voice. To a bathroom. He's slicking his curly hair. Back on his head. It's reddish-brown. He gives. A big smile.

"Which column?" I ask. "The one about Fin de Siecle," he says.

"It couldn't be that one; I haven't started ..."

I stare at his face in mirror but it begins to fade he becomes me i become him things meld i feel like purging these feeling i run toward the toilet things fade

The phone rings. I try to lift my cement head. I reach out, fumbling the slick, black phone in my hand.

"Hello," I barely get the words out.

"Hi, this is professor Greg Kuzma calling for Dane." He sounds happy as usual. His poems were great. He's an idol.

"Yeah, this is Dane," I say, still half in the dream but trying to sound awake.

"Oh, I did I wake you up? Sorry."

"No, no," I say. "I was up." I hate lying to save face, but it's the Fin de Siecle, so I guess it's all right.