

Daily Nebraskan

Since 1901

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

"I have never been in a circumstance (where the song was played) where people were not laughing or even seriously participating in it."
Interim Chancellor Harvey Perlman, on the dumping of the UNL alma mater

"I don't think we have anybody that spits in each other's mouth before a game like they used to. Or anybody that throws up. I don't think we have anybody like that anymore."
Nebraska offensive lineman Russ Hochstein, on the lack of peculiar Husker rituals before a game

"The feeling is that another one has abandoned us, and we're still here carrying the torch. It seems to be going smoother so far because of the outstanding faculty, and the interim assignments were all solid."
Sheila Scheideler, UNL Academic Senate president, on the departure of Chancellor James Moeser and other high-ranking UNL staff members

"By all means, keep the laughter in your hearts and keep the poetry in your minds and souls."
Poet and writer Maya Angelou, on lessons in life

"What happens if we tie the legs of a sitting man, and someday he needs to stand up and walk?"
General Studies ASUN Senator Michelle Schrage, on the necessity of a new bylaw allowing candidates to take stands on election issues

"We think gay students are safer in Abel Residence Hall because of the pink triangle stuck on the hall's office door. We also believe the religious zealots outside the union are really Catholic priests, and Tom Green may just get asked back for another homecoming pep rally."
Daily Nebraskan editorial regarding the Allies Safe Space bill that passed in Abel Residence Hall

"He kept trying to ride the coattails of the (Clinton) administration, but then at the end, he said 'I'm my own man.' You need to decide—are you going to praise the administration or distance yourself from it?"
UNL freshman advertising major Michael Johnson on presidential nominee Al Gore's performance in the presidential debate

"Columbus Day is not something I even celebrate. It's not like I have posters of the Santa Maria hanging in my room."
UNL physics graduate student Dave Schmitter, on ASUN's decision to rename Columbus Day to American-Indian Day

"I'm not allowed to comment – I'm sorry."
UNL senior and Sigma Nu Fraternity member Ryan Grigsby, one of two subjects in a Rolling Stone article about fraternity brothers being openly gay

"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

"That's right. The Lord did it."
Supporter Guyla Mills on Initiative 416, which will insert language into the Nebraska Constitution saying marriage can only be between a man and a woman

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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Neal Obermeyer/DN

All I want for Christmas ...

I think Christmas has become too commercial, so to try and recapture the spirit of the season, I went down to the mall and paid to have my picture taken while sitting on Santa's lap. Before security, and eventually the police, became involved in the matter, I was having a delightful time reading my Christmas wish list to Santa.



Tony Bock

I told him that, this Christmas, I wish Al Gore would just go away. I wish everyone who sends me e-mails that begin with "I never believe these ... but" and end with something about me forwarding it to 10 other people so I can get a check from Microsoft would get a damn clue.

I wish the Packers would cover the spread. (Please, God, let the Packers cover the spread.) I wish the people at Schlitz would continue producing high quality malt liquor at low, low prices for us college students who just want to get drunk quick and cheap. I wish the fellas down at the YMCA would quit marveling at me while I'm in the shower.

I wish the trend of everyone getting a cheap laugh off the phrase, "dimpled chads," would come to an end. I wish the good folks over at Walgreen's would quit pestering me about my obviously non-phony Valium prescription. And man oh man, how I wish Grandpa would be as generous with his "special" eggnog as he was last Christmas.

I wish I could get a hand-count of my own "dimpled chads," if you know what I mean! Oh, and I really wish that any man out there who, how can I put this, likes the Backstreet Boys too much takes a long, hard look at himself. I wish that George W. Bush would just go away.

This Christmas, I wish Sinbad would make a triumphant return to stand-up comedy and do a national tour with Carrot Top. I wish the rest of the nation would quit looking down on Nebraska as the most intolerant state in the nation because of the passing of initiative 416. Remember, at least we never had a serious gubernatorial candidate who was part of the Ku Klux Klan. That's right, I'm calling you out, Louisiana!

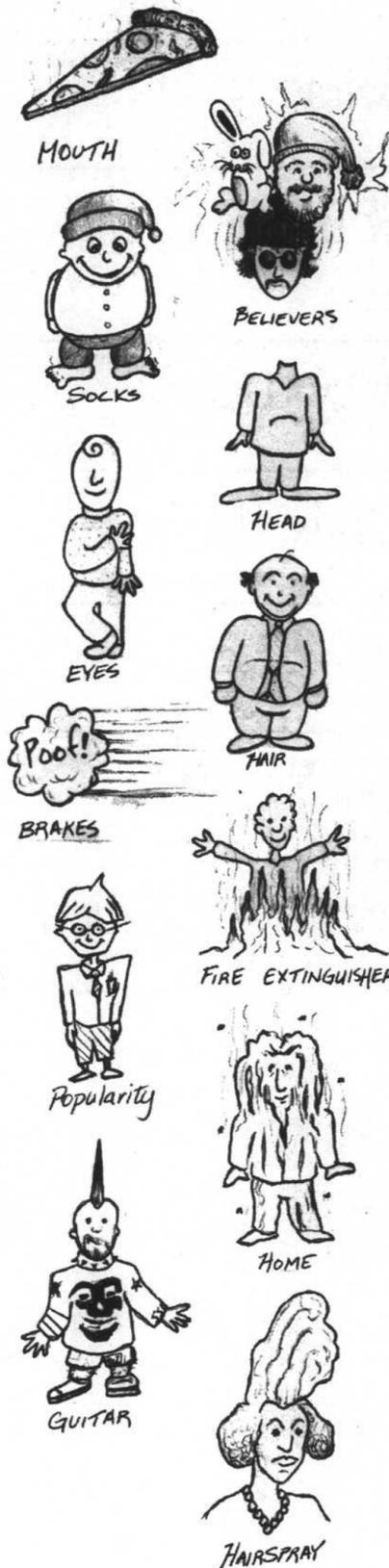
I wish Florida Secretary of State Catherine Harris would pose nude for Playboy in a spread called "Girls of the Electoral College." I wish MTV would actually show music videos. I wish federal laws would be passed banning Limp Bizkit from speaking, playing and being seen in public.

I wish the Chancellor had to park where I do every day. I wish people would realize his name is not "Justin from N*SYNC," it's Justin Timberlake, damn it. I wish I could turn on the TV, just once, and not see some piece of crap ad with Faith Hill, a horrible Faith Hill song in the background or a fan or member of Faith Hill's family in a contrived "touching" moment featuring Faith Hill and the product.

I wish every college football game and new stadium didn't have to sell its name to the highest bidder automatically. Eight words: Anna Kournikova, Britney Spears and a Bock sandwich. I wish I could find a woman as beautiful and insightful as Cleo, the Jamaican tarot card reader who's on TV all the time.

I wish, and I never thought I'd say this, Dan Dierdorff and Frank Gifford would get back in the booth on Monday Night Football. Wait, no, I take that one back. Santa, I wish people would start realizing Lou Bega is the real deal.

Finally, and most importantly, I wish that everyone has a great Chanukah, Christmas, Festivus, Kwanzaa and New Year!



Michael Semrad, Jr./DN

Relishing a winter jog, nature's call



Yasmin McEwen

Ponderous boulders of ice cold wind advance steadily across the sky. Walls of gray marble air move on menacingly through soft, warm, sleepy towns, eating up the curls of steam like a hungry glacier riding the underground wave of an earthquake.

"Better bundle up!" Dad calls to say at 9:30 a.m. I've just stumbled to the kitchen, grabbing the phone, still half asleep. And I can hear the 1st Battalion rolling in across the sky.

"Do I really want to run today?" I think to myself.

However ancient this mighty, fully decorated wind, it still seems intent on breaking new paths of destruction, marking its name on old tree limbs and weak young'uns, newly planted last spring. Yet the wise tree knows a trick or two, bend and sway, weather the storm. The wind has its weakness too – it is just passing through.

And so the wind moves on, traveling steadily across the great earth, meeting up and joining forces with its old lover, the mighty sea.

This air tastes of slow, dry gin with a bit of fresh wetness to it. I can taste the message this wind has come to bring: A big snow is coming.

Gliding over lonely sidewalk squares and hungry for the company of movement, my stride is lifted and then thrown back by the soldiers of the wind, and when I breathe in, my nostrils stick to the insides of my nose. Cars pass by in an eclectic, high beam motion.

No one inside of them can know the song of the wind unless they are wrapped in it.

I am in a savage dance with the wind, succumbing, at times, to its sweet taste of crisp, dry air that my lungs drink in with thirsty longing. This air tastes of slow, dry gin with a bit of fresh wetness to it. I can taste the message this wind has come to bring: A big snow is coming.

As I pass along the tall, feathery pines, I reach up to touch a soft and green swatch of an over-hanging limb. I feel its softness and give it a quick tug. Nature's way of giving me a high five, a "Good run" and a "Keep it up." A "You gotta train fast to race fast," and "Stretch your legs, go on, eat up some more of those sidewalk squares."

That's what the trees say to me as I run beside them. They line the streets like cheering fans. I show off for them and kick in a sprint, stretch my stride out. "How do you like me now?" I say to them.

Then, wild comes the wind when I break through the clearing, taunting me, teasing me, lying in wait. It has regrouped now, and reinforcements are on the way. I must stare down these gusts and stare unflinchingly into the wind, "You'll not take me, great cold wind; there will be no turning back and I am going to make it home."

Sheltered girl seeks struggle away from the comfort of her warm apartment, goes outside for adventure.

Sheltered girl will run 10 miles, and her sweaty shirt will stick to her sweat drenched back; it will freeze to her frame as the wind shrinks her unwavering body in its chilly embrace.

Sheltered girl will go home to shiver and put a pot of water on the gas stove to boil.

She will strip down. Sweat, goose bumps and a pasty ponytail become the things she leaves behind as the oatmeal soak envelops her body and soothes tired war torn-muscles.

Victorious, and rested, she will look outside and see the snow begin to fall.

opinions wanted

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We want you on the DN opinion page.
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cartoons wanted

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If you can draw political cartoons ...
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