

## Daily Nebraskan

Since 1901

Editor: Sarah Baker  
Opinion Page Editor: Jake Glazeski  
Managing Editor: Bradley Davis

### Quotes of the Week

"There were a lot of rumors going around that weren't true and that nobody really knew what Studio 14 was all about."

Lance Brown, owner of Studio 14, on the mythical aura surrounding his club's reputation

"The government never intended a person's Social Security number to be used as a student identification number, which is the way we are using it now."

State Senator Pam Redfield of Omaha, on LB330, which would prohibit schools from using a student's Social Security numbers for identification purposes

"People with souls are very, very few - and they know it. I, of course, am one of them."

Columnist Mark Baldrige, on the paucity of gods walking among us

"I don't want fifth at all this year. I don't want anything less than first."

Nebraska wrestler Todd Beckerman, on his goal of winning a national title

"I liked the program and the people, especially since there aren't any other Chinese in Wayne."

Taixi Xu, Wayne State graduate student, on the 10<sup>th</sup> annual Chinese New Year celebration last Saturday in the Nebraska Union

"I don't even want to know how people use drugs. What good could come of education on the issue? Drugs are bad, end of story."

Columnist Tony Bock, on his support of Susie Dugan's anti-drug education campaign

"Coach said a little bit about having heart. ... Who had the most heart? If we were going to have heart, we weren't going to lie down. We showed we had heart by battling back."

Senior guard Cookie Belcher, on Nebraska's rally to win over Kansas State Tuesday

"The one thing we firmly believe as Americans is that we have the right to operate in a free market economy."

Mark Lutz, spokesman for the Nebraska Restaurant Association, on the organization's opposition to LB227, which would ban smoking in most restaurants

"It's a sad thing, to be born an alien. You don't know the language, you don't understand the culture. You spend your life catching up; all the while the background music is something by Simon and Garfunkel."

Columnist Jake Glazeski, on the isolation implicit in living as a human

"What we've tried to do is bring a big city club to a smaller town."

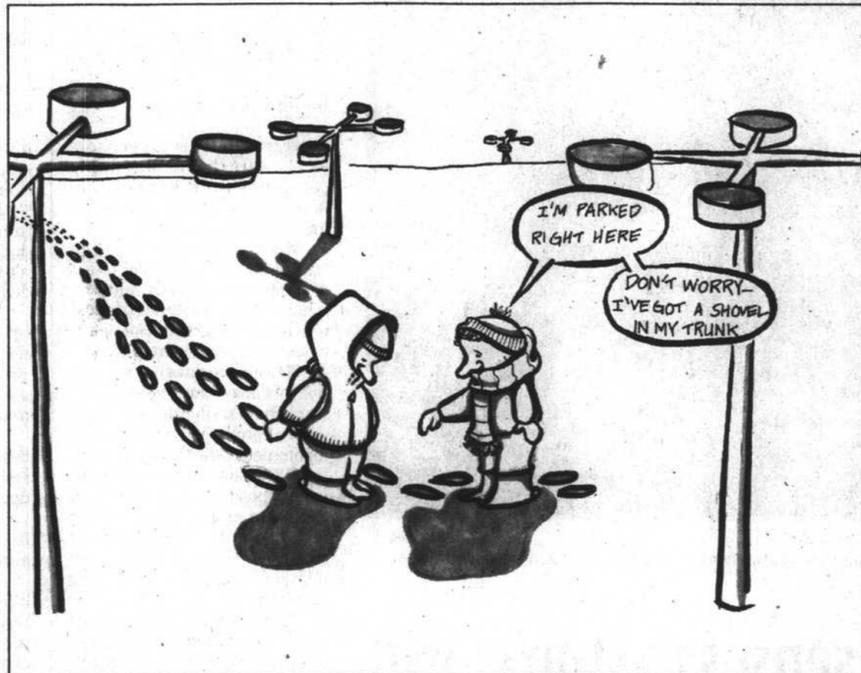
Alan Thompson, co-owner of the Q, on his desire to bring an under-represented entertainment choice to Lincoln

"The solution is to become an active, not activist, student government."

Andy Mixan, presidential candidate for No Bull, on the problem of ASUN's representation of the students in political matters

### Editorial Board

Sarah Baker, Jeff Bloom, Bradley Davis, Jake Glazeski, Matthew Hansen, Samuel McKewon, Kimberly Sweet



Megan Cody/DN

## Montage of country memories

The familiar sound of the harmonica and the guitar egging each other on, picking up steam and finally rolling down the tracks drives my blood pressure up and puts a sparkle in my eye.



Betsy Severin

The energy spewing from the speakers this late October night takes me back home to gravel roads, clear night skies without a hint of hazy light pollution and green fields as far as the eye can see.

My dried-out-from-the-weather 20-year-old hands reach out and grab those of my friend, Steve. I pull him out on to the dance floor and forget for the next five minutes that I really don't like country music. The train is about to pull out from the station, and I have got to be on it. I duck behind his back and arms start flying every which way.

*"6 o'clock on Friday evening,  
Momma doesn't know she's leaving,  
'Til she hears the screen door slamming,*

*Rubber squealin', gears a-jamming..."*  
But in my mind, I am flying from the top of the yellow stack of hay bales in our barn to the bottom carpet of straw, rope clutched between my small 10-year-old hands. The cat tears out of the barn into the 4 o'clock sun as I lay back and inhale the dust. "My turn. Move!" my little sister yells. I get up, brush off and begin to ascend Mt. Golden again ...

Steve and I must have gotten lost a few turns ago because now our arms are twisted in a most painful manner. Maybe when I learned to swing dance I forgot how to pretzel. The only thing to do is to let go and start again.

*"Ain't going down 'til the sun comes up,  
Ain't givin' in 'til they get enough,  
Going 'round the world in a pickup truck,  
Ain't goin' down 'til the sun comes up ..."*

Instead of the wall of the harmonica, I faintly hear my grandma calling us in for lunch. In my mind again, I race my sunshine-haired little sister back to the old white house on the hill that has stood there for almost 100 years. We burst through the heavy door into the kitchen, and the smell of hot pork and buttery mashed potatoes assaults our noses.

But we're picking up steam on the dance floor, hitting every beat and then some. There's a world of difference between dancing with a guy and dancing with a guy who can lead. And that world is spinning faster and faster until I think I might lift off the ground and into the starry night sky.

It's March's black night that meets the pavement as my slender 16-year-old hands unlatch and twist open the window in our coach's classroom, and I try not to think about the speech that I ought to be practicing. The promise of spring hangs in the breeze, and I want to go out to the parking lot and turn cartwheels, or open the sunroof in my 1983 Volkswagen Rabbit and see how fast it can go down the adjoining blacktop or just run into town and get some ice cream.

I won't because I have to practice and my dad would kill me - and I can't do cartwheels. But life sits there, waiting for me to make my move or to turn my back and be responsible.

The dance-floor train has morphed into a speeding ball of fire, and we are heat radiating from it. I don't see the yellow-peach lights or the raised speakers or the people eating on the edge of the dance floor anymore. The effect of the dance is that of rowing a canoe caught in the center of a whirlpool. I see a dim blur of warm browns and yellows, and I feel strong hands pulling me toward him.

As the train puts on the brakes to approach the next station, I smell a way of life outside of city limits that I was much too anxious to leave behind.

### Letters to the editor

#### One more resource

"It's that time again" (DN, Feb. 1<sup>st</sup>) was a very helpful article, giving students a wide selection of resources which can provide them with tax advice. However, the article missed one very important resource.

The College of Law and the Internal Revenue Service sponsor Volunteer Income Tax Assistance (VITA) sites on both City and East Campuses. VITA provides free tax advice and form preparation for students, staff and low-income taxpayers. The sites are staffed by trained law students.

We are absolutely free and 100 percent accurate. We can save students the cost of visiting H&R Block or purchasing tax software that they only use once.

We are in the lobby of the East Campus Union on Wednesdays 11:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m. and inside the north entrance of the Nebraska Union on Thursdays from 11:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m.

Michael Suberly  
UNL alumnus, '00  
VITA Site Coordinator

## Just give me another dollar

I am Fate.  
I am not Robin Hood, I am his antithesis. I steal from the poor, the needy, the unsheltered and give to the masses. The rich.



Simon Ringsmuth

I give to those who have and to those who have not. I am subtle communism at work every day in your life.

I am scratch-off games, Powerball, Pick 5 and Rolldown. I come to families, individuals, your friends, you when you are at the bar, the store or the gas station. "Yeah, I've got \$10 on pump number five and throw in a scratch-off too."

You idiot. You wonderful piece of shit. You walked into my waiting arms and let me take your money. And still you come back for more. Do you honestly think I'm going to let you win money off that scratch-off ticket?

You fool. I am not good. I am evil, and I know it. You do not because you are an idiot. You continue to embrace me and the wares I peddle with my neon signs and eager smile.

I am the child of a single mother. I watch as she cashes her child support check to buy a money order for the cable bill and a few scratch cards. "Can I have a candy bar?" I ask, my eyes wide with anticipation. I've been good, I think.

"No, and don't touch!" she snaps, grabbing my wrist. She takes a penny from the tray, scratches and chuckles to the employee behind the counter. "I never win at these damn things." I know we'll go through this again next month. I wish she would buy me a candy bar.

I am retired, and my grandchildren come to visit me sometimes. I have enjoyed a fruitful life and it's my money, and I have enough and a few dollars won't really hurt.

I spend \$50 on Powerball every week, and I usually win a few dollars. Well, one time last year I won \$450, but that sure didn't last long, if you know what I mean.

Sometimes I don't win anything, but I don't mind. I've played the same numbers every week for three years, but never hit the big one. I might win someday.

I could have paid for my granddaughter's college education by now. I could have bought myself a boat. I could have added a deck to my house. I also could win the Powerball, but only if I play. I can't win if I don't play, you see. If I stop now, my numbers will come up next week.

"What's that?" I ask, and the clerk repeats herself: "You get a free Powerball ticket if you buy two Rolldown tickets."

"What the hell, why not," I reply. "You only live once."

I am the Nebraska Legislature spending not your

tax dollars, but your pocket change and grocery money.

I am the need for a state park, a refurbished school, a paved road. I am impatience and incivility. I cannot raise taxes, but I need to raise money. I will offer cheap hope to everyone.

"What's under there?" I ask, perched atop many billboards. My shirt: black. My jeans: faded. My head: balding.

I am just like you, and you know you might win if you play. What I don't tell you is you probably won't, but I don't care. You will spend more, more, more until my presence becomes a need. You cannot sleep at night knowing you might have won the Powerball if only you'd have bought one earlier. I build your parks, refurbish your schools and pave your roads at your expense.

You fools. You won't let me tax you, but I will have my vengeance. I rape your state again and again, one dollar at a time until you don't notice me anymore.

You will let me take your money, and to show my appreciation, I will let one in four of you have your dollar back. The other three I will not.

One in 30 of you who buy Powerball will "win" your dollar back. All of you will continue to play. It feels so good.

I am a phone book. I am many phone books. I am 400 Lincoln phone books, and I have chosen from myself one phone number.

"Go on," I prod, my beady eyes staring at you, the vision of \$30 million burning your retinas and filling your mind with temptation. I have chosen just one phone number from all those phone books, and if you can find the same number I've chosen, you win.

You will live a fairy tale. Drink from me and live forever - only one filthy little dollar. I laugh as you hand over one, two, five, 50, 500 dollars in a lifetime. You never win. I'm still laughing.

I am one dollar a week, "just for fun." I am more expensive than two, even three magazine subscriptions. I am more expensive than a night out on the town with your wife. I am the Christmas present you couldn't afford to buy your kid last year.

I am a nuisance, constantly picking your pocket. I entice you, then steal, steal your money. And you never stop me. I offer glory, riches, fame for the price of one ticket and a slice of dignity. "Thousands of winners a day!" I cry into the chill night air.

I never tell you it's thousands of losers. Many thousands of losers. You are a loser. You will continue to be a loser, pathetically spending your one dollar a week, or perhaps it's two, or maybe you get five scratch-offs twice a week, or maybe you only play the Powerball.

Or maybe it's much, much more. By the time I let you win, I've already drained your wallet so, so much, but you will be happy. I take and take and take, and when I give a morsel back, you feed off it hungrily and go away satisfied because I've made your day. You will be back. I know you will.

I am selfishness incarnate, green and evil.

## Tired of writing letters?

Whether you're a conservative kook or a liberal loon, an artsy nut or a just-the-facts ma'am, we want you to write for us!

See your words in print, impress your friends, pad your resume and get a little cash on the side. Pick up an application in the Daily Nebraskan Office and supply a column or two, and your face could be here!



### 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@dailynb.com.

### Editorial Policy

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