

Daily Nebraskan

Since 1901

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Covering costs Raising ticket prices ultimately wise decision

Another year, another increase in season ticket football prices at Nebraska, another group of Cornhusker fans more than willing to dole out the cash. And people think there's something wrong with that.

Not us, not this time. When news broke Friday that the department had chosen to increase the ticket price of NU's three marquee home games next season - Notre Dame, Oklahoma and Kansas State - from \$38 to \$50, there was some consternation among traditional season ticket holders. My, how prices had changed from the \$25 per game docket not long ago.

The Athletic Department says the increases are needed to keep up with competition and cover departmental costs. The department also stands to recover quite a bit of lost revenue with its new parking pass charges of \$15 per game for passenger vehicle lots adjacent to Memorial Stadium, \$10 per game for all other passenger vehicle lots, \$75 per game for RVs and \$40 per game for reserved parking in Lot 19.

If Nebraska can charge these prices, and the market - NU season ticket holders - can bear to pay (and trust us, we know if there's those who won't, there's certainly some who will in their place), then the Huskers are in the clear.

Whether it's needed is one question. But recent cuts in athletic department suggest that these increases are needed to cover increased costs and not force NU to cut sports, keep in compliance with Title IX and act responsibly with its funds. So it's needed, the department says.

But that's beside the point, which is this: If Nebraska can charge these prices, and the market - NU season ticket holders - can bear to pay (and trust us, we

know if there's those who won't, there's certainly some who will in their place), then the Huskers are in the clear.

As the athletic departments like to consider themselves self-sufficient businesses anyway, we might as well look at them the same way. As much as certain fans like to bemoan the costs of an NU sporting event these days, they pay it regardless. Who's the sucker in that case?

So if NU wants to jack up its prices for a few of the big games and see if people will bite - and they will, most assuredly - let them until it no longer works. The ceiling will arrive at some point or another, and when it does, the department ought to be smart enough to lay off the fans.

Student football tickets are a good example. As students have been spoiled with success, a giant raise in ticket prices there wouldn't likely work out as well. The department may not care about such things, but continued raises could result in the consecutive sell-out streak being in jeopardy.

It's a risk we assume the department is willing take about 12 years from now. In the year 2001, not only does the increase solve some problems of funding within, but it proves that the game has changed. NU has done many favors for its season ticket holders and donors. Those favors are about to come due.

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Neal Obermeyer/DN

I feel her hand, I feel his fist

The rain pours, intertwining the thundering jungle of the storm's thick foliage.

It feels light. I am falling into a soft bed of roses. The thorns on their stems are trickling across - composing the existence of my skin. A gray spring snow globe coats the world like Pepto-Bismol.

It all seems to slide - in the air there is sudden, unimaginable silence - a Mozart interlude in the symphony.

I cannot feel the fear. The shadows flicker in the pounding. The piano rolls, sloshing around inside of my head like water.

My gut is clenched tight as if I had swallowed a 50 pound bag of sand.

The raw, suffocating human pain. I feel her hand. I feel his fist. I spin circles in the rain.

I spin circles in the mouse maze until the world collapses into slabs of clay red oil paints.

In my mind, I see an old Indian woman pounding maize.

The blunt stone in her hand becomes an extension of her being. The deep bronze skin figure and the strings of peppered hair pound the rubbed, dull end of the tool into a primitive bowl. There is a rocking rhythm in her movement, as if her existence is teetering on a see-saw.

A low humming drones on the horizon and pours out upon the open plains.

Puffing out like the thick clouds of a volcanic eruption.

Pounded - I feel only the wind twisting in her hand.

Deep in the recesses of myself, there is a picture of a man standing. Poetically, he is composed in the face of chaos and tears. In a black suit, white shirt, black tie. Shoes shined - black book. He is powerful in his clenched nobility.

I can feel the palms of my fingertips running over the ridges of his hair.

Silence in his thick black '50s style glasses. I feel his fist in the air. I crawl inside and bloom as if I am a magician opening my hand to reveal a dove.

The rays of poetry splice the brilliant heat of the summer that steals in beneath the sheets of rain.

I find myself in them.

I find s u s t e n a n c e.



Dan Leamen

Beneath the whispering sands of soft, murmuring background voices, the world shrink-wraps itself, and everything and everyone becomes beautiful.

I am slipping out stage left. I am taking my bow. I feel only the light soft touches of your fingers on the back of my neck. I feel only my hand running along your vanilla skin.

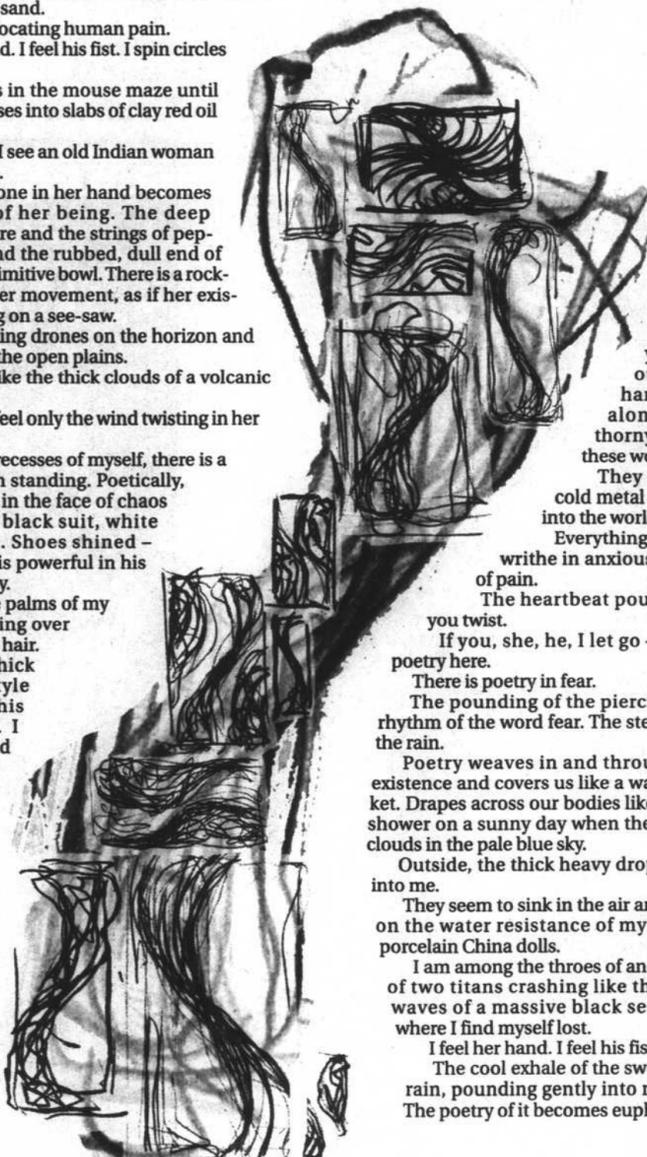
A fine mist of raindrops after-thoughts brushes across the world.

The miniature drops race down windowpanes. The words take shape.

They are the most painful piercings you could ever imagine. A pain that seems to have its own heartbeat.

Its own warm life rhythm. The world stutters as they pierce the air.

You are tense as they pierce your body. You are engulfed in fear.



Scott Eastman/DN

I ain't 'fraid of no (holy) ghost

"Querulousness of mind tends in fact rather towards irreligion; and it has played, so far as I know, no part whatever in the construction of religious systems."

- William James, "The Varieties of Religious Experience"



Jeremy Patrick

Dear Mr. Holy Ghost, I don't really believe in you, and I hate to bother you because I know you're busy doing whatever Holy Ghosts do, but, you see, I have a rather pressing problem, and I think you're the only one who can help me with it.

I was reminded of your existence the other day after seeing these posters hung all over campus by the Abundant Life Campus Ministry.

Apparently, the Ministry is putting together a Word Seminar for February 26 and 27. I believe the posters were written by George W. and proofread by Dan Quayle.

Anyway, to quote: "The baptism of the Holy Spirit is one area many Christians have avoided because of a lack of understanding, confusion, misconception and sometimes controversy (sic). But the Bible has a lot to say about it. The Word Seminar intends to address this subject with an in-depth (sic) Biblical view."

So if you help me with my little problem, I'll loan you servants my New American Pocket Dictionary. Admittedly, it's a few years old, but I still think it's a fair trade.

Now, I suppose my problem really deals with Matthew 12:31-32:

"Therefore I say to you, any sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven men, but blasphemy against the Spirit shall not be forgiven. And whoever shall speak a word against the Son of Man, it shall be forgiven him; but whoever shall speak against the Holy Spirit, it shall not be forgiven him, either in this age, or in the age to come."

You see, a few years ago, I came across this verse and thought I had stumbled upon a virtually foolproof way to get a little peace of mind from my Mom's and other Christians' constant attempts to re-convert me.

I immediately blasphemed you, both orally and in writing, and thought I had therefore made myself immune to any future attempts at "salvation" (or should I say subjugation).

Now, the last time my dearly-beloved Mother mentioned that all atheists repent before they died, and that she would pray for me, I became flushed with excitement: I held the trump card!

Or so I thought. After reciting the verse and telling her of my previous blasphemies, my Mom only paused for a moment and then said:

"But Jeremy, you can't blaspheme something you don't believe in; so when you try to blaspheme the Holy Spirit, I know that you still, deep down, believe in it."

Now, you can't imagine my frustration. But what could I do? If my Mom was right, and I could only blaspheme you by admitting I believe in you, then that would kind of ruin the whole point.

However, I received slightly different guidance from my friends at the Christian Apologetics & Research Ministry (www.carm.org). They informed me that: "There is no biblical support for a believer committing this sin. It just hasn't happened. Also, if you are worried that you may have committed the sin and can't be forgiven, then don't be concerned. If you are worrying about it, then you haven't committed it. If you are worried about it, then that is a sign that you have not committed it. If you had, you wouldn't be concerned."

I like to think of myself as a reasonably intelligent person, but admittedly, I don't exactly understand this passage. But from what I can make out, I'm in a pretty bad position.

If my Mom's right, I can't blaspheme you without confessing that I believe in you; but according to the Research Ministry, if I believe in you, I can't blaspheme you. What gives? I'm saved if I do, saved if I don't!

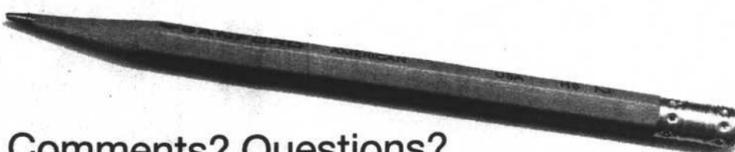
Like I said, I know you're pretty busy and everything, but if you could help me out with this, I would really appreciate it.

It's not like I'm asking you to give a coherent explanation of the Trinity or something. Maybe we can stipulate that if I knew how to blaspheme you, I would do so?

I mean, you've got to give me a little bit of credit: I'm doing the very best I can.

With the Utmost Sincerity,
Jeremy Patrick

Please write back!



Comments? Questions?

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