

## Daily Nebraskan

Since 1901

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### Sincerely yours

### Knight's move to Texas Tech brings Husker style media

Dear Texas Tech,

Hello, or, deferring to your west Texas roots, howdy. We haven't corresponded before, but, judging from newspaper and television reports that have made their way up here, you guys could use this little piece of advice we have to offer.

Basically, we just wanted you to know that hiring Bobby Knight as your basketball coach down there at Texas Tech will pretty much define your university, for better or worse, for however long he's prowling the sidelines in one of his trademark ugly sweatshirts.

Bobby Knight will be Texas Tech. You will be Bobby Knight. Might as well stick his likeness on the official university seal.

Trust us on this.

For Nebraska, as everyone knows, is football. People hear Nebraska, they think football first, football second and then, maybe, corn third.

Then again, west Texas is rusty old oil rigs and longhorn cattle to the rest of the country. Corn can handle that kind of competition.

Sorry. Let's get back to Mr. Knight. Lord knows it'd take a lot more letters to hash out our other image problems. Again, for emphasis, our main point - whatever Knight does, it's going to affect you.

This may mean NCAA Tournament appearances that increase the visibility of the school or stronger booster support that spills over into the academic realm.

It may also mean Dan Rather reading from a TelePrompster about how Knight punched that annoying Oklahoma State Cowboy mascot or how he assaulted a police officer. Again.

You see our point. What you really have to consider before throwing your support or disdain towards your athletic director's public lusty-ing after Knight is whether you want this two-headed monster or not.

You don't have a vote on the matter, but you do have a voice, and the court of public opinion is a powerful one. Faculty there already seem to be up in arms about Knight's seemingly imminent hiring, which is a good start, at least if you're in the anti-Knight camp.

You don't seem to have much time, though - better kick that petition drive in high gear. Knight will probably be hired on Friday, unless you somehow stop it. If not, you can end your athletic department's little experiment by not showing up to basketball games, but we're wagering heavy money that you will.

Understand that we're not taking sides or, rather, we see both. Right now, you're in relative obscurity. Most people don't know Tech from any other Texas school. Of course, that obscurity can be erased by innovative minds who figure out what academic area Tech can excel in and fight until you're nationally renowned for it.

Or, you can have national attention with a click of the remote control to ESPN or, sometimes, the networks. Bobby Knight can give you a place in the basketball world and, therefore, a name recognized around the country.

It's just that you're only one Knight shenanigan away from laughter following the name.

Up here in Cornhusker land, we don't have much of a choice. We're couldn't divorce ourselves from football even if we wanted to (or if NU somehow went 3-8 for 16 years in a row, which doesn't seem all that likely).

You have a choice. Knight as king of Tech or business as usual?

It's your call. Write back.

#### Editorial Board

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

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#### Editorial Policy

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\*THAT SOUND THAT GHOSTS MAKE

Neal Obermeyer/DN

## University misses a true leader

Why not me? That was the only thought that crossed my mind when I heard the news last Friday.

I was at a party celebrating the Puff Daddy "not guilty" verdict when a friend came up and told me Harvey Perliman was chosen to be chancellor full-time. I smiled and said I thought that of the two finalists, Perliman was best for the job. When my friend asked who I would have picked to be chancellor, I said I knew of only one person with the courage, skill and intelligence to lead our university from the gutter: Me.

Sure, it seems like a long shot, but why not have a student chancellor? I could handle it, I swear. I'm in the journalism college, so you'd never have to worry about a tough course load interfering with my duties as chancellor.

I could promise you that students would never be overlooked again during my reign.

My first order of business would be to appoint that Japanese guy with the crazy hair as my vice chancellor. This would show the Board of Regents that I'm a man who listens to all students viewpoints all the time.

Secondly, I'd terminate the Pepsi contract. I don't care how much money they give student government or the homecoming committee, I want to pay less than a dollar for a freaking bottle of pop, and I want more selection than something that tastes like dog urine and diet dog urine.

I'd give Jolt Cola the new contract - I think our hard-working students would appreciate the unhealthy amount of caffeine that only Jolt can give.

In my first official proclamation as chancellor, I'd tell NU President L. Dennis Smith to get a life.

Remember L. Dennis Smith? He's the guy that feels your tuition needs to be raised, maybe 10 to 15 percent, maybe more. Well, guess who's getting a big, fat old raise?

You got it; he's getting a raise of \$36,000! He makes \$209,780 right now and will make \$245,000. So while you're working your ass off in the next few years to pay tuition, L. Dennis Smith won't have to worry about the price of gas when he goes to fill up his yacht.

If you feel that funding of the university is such a huge problem, don't take a pay raise, especially when you're making that much in the first place. L., you make me sick.

I'm beginning to like being imaginary chancellor already. Another thing I would do is keep our Board of Regents accountable. I smell a rat in Papillion Regent Drew Miller.

Remember Drew Miller? He's the guy that claimed his "minorities hurt the school" remarks were taken out of context recently.

Last week, a top university official testified in federal court that Miller was lobbying for the removal of abortion doctor Leroy Carhart from his volunteer faculty position at the NU Medical Center to help influence the outcome of his re-election campaign.

The testimony involved numerous e-mails sent by Miller to top NU officials outlining an approach he thought would be successful in getting Carhart's resignation. In one he said, "If necessary, you let him know he may have it (faculty position) removed in disgrace, far better relinquish it in respectful/hero manner."

What do these actions show the students here? I thought the heartland was known for such old-fashioned things as values and playing fair. So let me get this straight: If you're in a legitimate election for a regent that actually has a vote, you can pull all sorts of backdoor shenanigans to get elected, but in our student election for the voteless regent, if you don't put "ASUN Student Government Elections" on your signs, you can be penalized? That doesn't seem right. Drew Miller needs to resign.

Finally, as your chancellor, I'd appoint a "Vice Chancellor of Getting Your Freak-On."

This person would set up a giant on-campus party at the end of every school year. Drugs, alcohol and all sorts of other things the administration and those idiots at NU To Do pretend don't exist on campus would be brought to the forefront and celebrated.

We need a chancellor who makes the students the most important priority and takes the university to the promised land of the second tier.

Why not me?



Tony Bock

## The lost art of yakking

I haven't read the news all week, and I don't care what happened on campus these past few days - therefore, I must tell the world that I discovered a class that desperately needs to be taught at this here university.

The class is "The Art of Conversation," and it will be taught by either Noam Chomsky or one of the Baldwin brothers; I suppose that's up to the UNL elite - and we all know who they would choose.

I did spend the week "reading" men and women, so to speak, and I've discovered something that can make friends become enemies and enemies become lovers over time - a good conversation.

This discovery is simple: If you can carry a conversation that doesn't somehow involve sex, your originality will be applauded. If you can hold a conversation with passion about something unique, you are golden.

This week, in Austin, I got the best of both worlds. On the one hand, I had the most beautiful, articulate, passionate man in the world teaching and inquiring me about opera, food and India.

On the other hand, I had a cocky male keep asking me about lesbianism and if he could get sex tips as if I were a rare commodity and sex was my only forte.

I came back from Texas having vowed that if one more stupid male asks me why I'm a lesbian, I'm going to borrow Circe's wand and turn them into the pigs they so blatantly desire to be.

If a man wants to only talk about sex, this screams that they don't care to know the "real me," which, in turn, makes me not care a smidgen about the "real them." It shows that they are simple, uninteresting and boring.

Adi, the man who taught me about opera, food and India, never once asked me about sex and "gayness." We had real conversations, and it felt wonderful. In speaking with Adi, I was tapped for my precious resources and I tapped his.

Rarely have I felt so alive (excepting every single conversation with my BFF, Deena, who was also present).

An amazing conversation doesn't need only to entail the good and happy things in this world; it can also (and most often, it does) entail the worst of what is around us every day.

Adding to this variety of subject matter, the most sacred thing about good conversation is the feeling of being wholly alive. Only in conversation do you stretch your mind in places it doesn't necessarily wish to go, thus learning the evils and virtues of life.

When you meet someone who doesn't want to stretch your mind or his own, get away now! He will



Karen Brown

probably hit on you, (insert a shallow cliché) and ask you about sex in some smooth, anti-Shaft technique.

Now, don't get me wrong, none of this excludes women; it's just that men seem to be a bit more relentless in their pursuit of a shallow encounter than women. And, of course, I rarely get cheesy, half-assed conversation with females, simply because we are superior.

Another key to conversation is to avoid being pretentious. Dear lord, if you act like you know everything (especially without backing it up with solid facts or reasoning or sprinkling it with a touch of kindness) then you don't have passion.

There's a childlike innocence that comes with true passion, and if you lack this subtle glow, you ain't foolin' me, pretentious boy (or girl).

Pretentious persons also seem not to want to stretch minds. They want to deposit a stain on your conversation without wiping it up with good manners. They want to shed wisdom without taking it in - not cool.

My friend painted a picture of artful airplane conversations. You sit down next to a man or woman and, depending on the rapport, you can let them in on your most intimate secrets (you plan on kidnapping Vermont cows in order to paint them, nude), or you can have the strangest conversation of your life (the guy next to you beat you to the cows in Vermont). No matter what is said, an airplane conversation is immediately forgotten, in most cases, once you step off the plane.

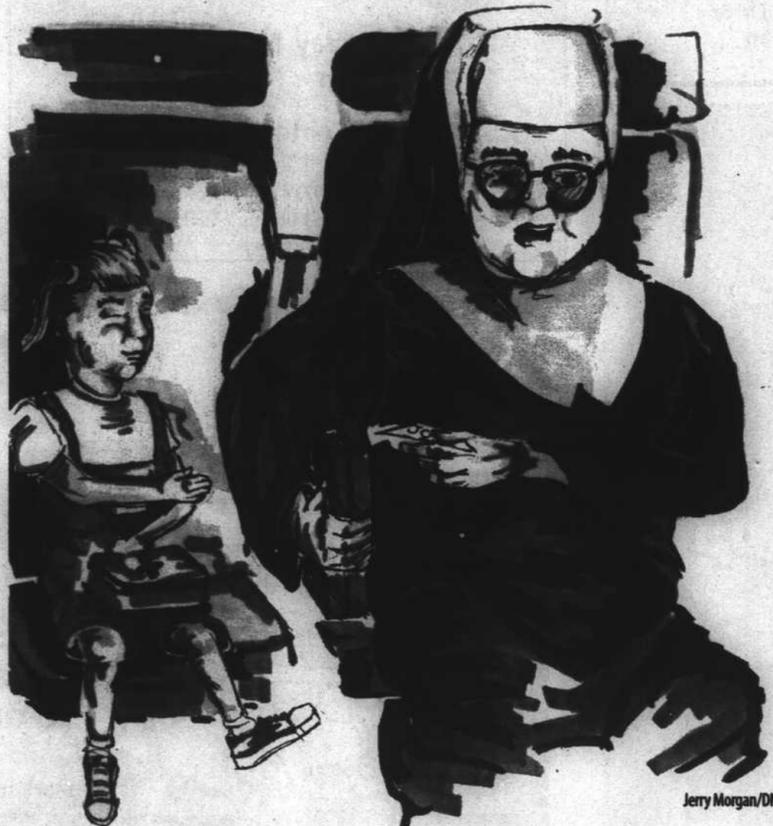
It's as if the airplane hosts another dimension in which what is said is as ephemeral as the plane ride. The only weirdo conversation I remember was with an old woman from Spain who told me that she worked for Jesus Christ. I laughed; she handed me a business card.

She told me there were three things that a woman had to do before she dies: spend time in a convent, get married and work with children. The first two confused me, but then I remembered the "special convent" in Las Vegas, and I figured that's what she meant.

Of course, the only reason this conversation survived was because of the tangibility of the business card, not because the woman had some pretty neat ideas. Now, I can look at the late, great JC's face on paper whenever I open my wallet to pay for bread and wine.

Judging by two-thirds of all conversations I've ever had, this crap needs to be polished and published.

If anything, I want it to become a class here at UNL as I've suggested. Perhaps it could piggyback our required Library 110 by having to find a specific book in the library and then, inside the book, there would be the name of your conversation partner for the day. It's a UNL two for one sale! Talk about ingenious.



Jerry Morgan/DN