



Jeff Reiner/ Daily Nebraskan

I couldn't review a record this week, because I've been having too many problems with my Walkman to listen to anything enough.

Actually, I should say Walkmen, because there were two of them involved. My old one, and my new one. The first problem came when the old one died. Last Thursday morning, just as I was starting to listen to "Spike," the new Elvis Costello album, it suddenly kicked down to about half speed, and wouldn't kick back up.

I figured it might be the batteries, so I bought some new ones and put them in. Still way too slow. So I resorted to the everyday person's only method of Walkman repair -- I hit it and banged it around for a while. Still half-speed. Finally, at approximately 8:45 a.m., Thursday the 16th, I officially pronounced my Walkman dead.

I always used to think it was a little silly that some new Sony models come with "essential item for modern life" printed right on them. But, now that I've experienced the feelings of anxiety and displacement that were involved with my time on campus without a Walkman, I don't think that way anymore.

The realization of my dependence on that thing struck me quickly. Since I'm never at home or near any other stereo, it's the only way I can ever get any record reviews done. It also serves to block out the generally obnoxious chatter of the student body.

Without my Walkman, I have no good reason not to do my homework.

Without my Walkman, what point is there to skipping class?

So I went and bought a new one as soon as possible. The two hours or so that I spent without one were among the most harrowing I've ever experienced.

I saved the old one, of course, and it now stands in my room as a monument to both my love of music, and my tendency towards destructive klutziness.

If you could see it, you wouldn't exactly be surprised that it doesn't work anymore. It looks like it's been dropped into the garbage disposal, which it almost was once. But with a roll of masking tape, a few rubber bands, and a little special user knowledge, it worked just fine. Until last Thursday.

The problem is, I drop things a lot. And then after I drop them, I usually either trip over them, kick them, or just step right on them. Since my Walkman was always with me, it was the main recipient of this type of abuse, and it looks the part.

And although the brand new Walkman still looks brand new, even after a whole week with me, it has had one adventure the likes of which the dead Walkman never saw.

It occurred in the third floor men's room in Burnett Hall. I walked in, and set up shop at the furthest left of three urinals. The two to the right of me were occupied, and further along the wall to the right were the stalls. I set my Walkman on top of the urinal, leaving the headphones on so that I could have a little music while I was taking care of my business.

Everything was going just fine, until my scarf began slipping down off my right shoulder, threatening

to interrupt the ongoing transaction.

A couple of times I just gently flicked the scarf away, but then I get frustrated and viciously flung it safely over my shoulder. Unfortunately, I caught the headphone chord on my way up, and although this pulled the plug out of the unit immediately, it was enough to send my brand new Walkman diving towards the tiled floor.

Naturally, I attempted to catch it with my right foot, but all I managed to do was to deliver it a pretty swift drop-kick. This sent my brand new Walkman skidding and bouncing along a miraculous course between the urinals and their occupants, getting it neither wet, nor slowed down. It finally spun to a stop within the confines of the nearest stall, which, of course, was occupied.

The first thing I had to take care of was to finish what I was already doing. I had somehow, up to this point, not sprayed any of my business on the walls, the floors, or the self, and I didn't want to lose control of it now.

Moments later I was sort of sheepishly approaching the stall, debating various courses of action. I decided to just get down there on my knees, fish it out, and get out of that bathroom as quickly as possible.

I got no reaction from the pair of legs I saw in the stall. He must have either been too frightened to say anything, or too busy to notice anything.

I was happy to see my new Walkman come through this trauma unscathed, but I don't entertain any foolish hopes that it can survive me any better than its predecessor. I didn't want it to get any foolish hopes either, so I immediately introduced it to the old one, telling it that someday soon it would look just like that, possibly worse.

They're both just happy never to have to play any Bon Jovi.

Redevelopment a loss for all Lincolnites; may be fatal error

LAVENDER from Page 9

less expensive development strategy that maintained some of the history and charm of the city while not compromising the modern needs of the people.

Restoration is a viable alternative to demolition. It's too bad we didn't chose that option in downtown redevelopment in Lincoln. It may have been a fatal error.

I just hope planners left some room in the budget for more plaques. Plaques to describe both the beautiful and the historic buildings in downtown Lincoln destroyed to give Lincoln the illusion of progress.

We could put them in the sidewalk and kids could come and look at them on field-trips to see what downtown Lincoln was like when it was an integral part of life in Lincoln. We'll need them in the days to come when downtown Lincoln more resembles a gold-rush era ghost-town than the vigorous part of the community's economy that it once was.

Sorry, Luke.



Andy Manhart/ Daily Nebraskan

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