

DAVID REITER

Listener learns rock etiquette

It wasn't Wayne's World, but it certainly was a world more familiar to him than it was to me.

Wayne is a fan of the rock group Rush. Last week he called and invited me to go to a Rush concert in Omaha.

I hesitated for a moment. After all, I had never been to a major rock concert. I decided to trust Wayne. He claimed that the group's music is intellectually rich, and he must know what he's talking about — he's got a master's degree in classics from Ohio State. Sure, why not?

Gary went with us. He's almost a lawyer.

Outside the doors, Wayne and I were each given a bumper sticker. I was disappointed when Wayne casually tossed his on the floor as soon as we were inside. But I was even more disappointed that we had not been given name tags.

The lights were already down by the time we got into the auditorium, and this made it difficult to find our seats. Actually I'm not sure we ever did find them. If we did, they were occupied.

So we improvised, and took the nearest available three seats. I was accustomed to "state of nature" seating from the days when I had a student ticket for Nebraska football games.

Later, two guys showed up wanting the seats Gary and Wayne were sitting in. Each of our parties made a small compromise, and we resolved our problem. I shifted one seat to the left, and the two guys shifted one seat to the right.

Although I didn't talk to him, the fellow sitting to my left seemed both reasonable and pleasant. He was in full control of his bodily functions, except for a phenomenon that occurred each time the band began to play a song.

At the beginning of each song, his brain would begin a search process. After a couple of seconds, this process would produce an output consisting of the name of the song



currently being played. When this output reached some other part of his brain, he would immediately jump up with his arms outstretched and cry out.

Being previously unfamiliar with the etiquette of rock concerts, I did my best to learn as much as possible about how I was expected to act. I had wondered whether I would be required to dance up and down the aisles.

I was delighted to find that complacency was acceptable.

So I generally kept track of what was happening on stage, and shifted my legs every so often to facilitate good blood circulation. Also, I made it a point to clap after each song was completed.

After a while, I picked out different classes of individuals in the auditorium. The pyromaniacs were distributed evenly throughout the crowd. During one song, the stage lights remained dim and everyone who could "make fire" did so. Most of these people made fire with lighters, but I showed Gary three people who were waving sparklers.

The darkness spotted with flames of light reminded me of candlelight vigils as well as an old Coke commercial.

The stage was partitioned off by a fence kind of like the ones at major league ballparks.

On one side were the really enthusiastic crowd members. On the other side sat large, middle-aged men who, I assumed, had probably been sympathetic to the hippie movement. I noticed that the word "security"

was printed on the backs of their T-shirts, so I figured they were responsible for controlling the crowd.

What impressed me most about these men was their sense of commitment. They displayed a degree of seriousness usually found only in hard-line Communists.

On the other hand, they also seemed to have a real sense for the balance required in life. During the respite between bands, a few members of the security crew playfully bounced a balloon back and forth with the crowd.

Of course it was easy to identify the musicians — they were the ones who had access to the microphones.

The microphones were connected to gargantuan speakers. Those speakers emitted sounds loud enough to collapse the normal distinction between feeling and hearing.

If hearing is a matter of sound waves causing the eardrum to vibrate, the sheer volume of sound turned my entire body into an oversized eardrum. Anyone with an elementary knowledge of cartoons knows that the entire body can be caused to vibrate if struck with something like a sledgehammer.

Since I was previously unfamiliar with the group's music, I did not possess the background knowledge required for interpreting the sounds I heard.

Occasionally, I did identify words or even entire phrases. One song, which seemed to express a nihilistic philosophy, exhorted us to "roll the bones." Unfortunately, the song provided no detailed guidelines about whose bones should be rolled, or even how bones are to be rolled in the first place.

At any rate, my post-concert checklist is nearly complete. My ears almost have stopped ringing, and the clothes I wore have been incinerated. The only thing left is to figure out what to do with that stupid bumper sticker.

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MICHAEL STOCK

Time change changes time

Along with the change in seasons from autumn to winter, from cold to colder, comes a much more reprehensible change: a change in time.

The change from Daylight Savings to Standard time was Oct. 27, leaving several questions:

How did this happen?
Which time is the real time?
How am I supposed to know which time my watch should say?

And most importantly, how do these constant changes in time affect the frame of my existence?

To gain an accurate consideration of how the time change has affected us, we must begin, appropriately, at the beginning.

The time change was introduced around World War II. No one really knows whether it was before, during or after, because with all of that time changing, history becomes a lot less clear.

The great American tradition of being imprecise and vague, and of lacking any strong sense of history, became permanently instilled in everyday life. It is seen in the following phrases:

"The Civil War was in the 1800s."
"You are a product of the '60s."
"I prefer '30s films."
"He must be in his 50s."

Originally, the time change was created with an honorable purpose in mind. Apparently, the move was intended to save energy. Daylight Savings Time was intended to leave "more light at night," allowing supporters of a more active work ethic to put in a few more hours of overtime.

However, not everyone was working. With "more light at night," there were more things to be seen.

Many people, in fact, were at home enjoying the luxuries of the after-effects of a war economy. Lovers



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were once again allowed to look at each other. Men were not soldiers anymore, and they did not have to wear green. Suddenly, with olive drab ceasing to exist, the world became a much more attractive place. Sex was born in the cinema, and made popular at home. The clitoris was discovered and the Baby Boom was born.

Subsequently, so were my father and mother.

The confusion that has ensued, however, barely justifies the birth of billions of babies. Consider the growing threat of overpopulation. If the United States had not changed the time, Baby Boomers would not have enjoyed the literal overnight realization of an enjoyable sexuality. We

could be eating a whole lot more. Then the world would only be populated by a lesser number of a lot fatter people.

Everything surrounding the ridiculous changing of time is negative. The rhetoric, in particular.

The most often-used phrase, "getting used to the new time," is negative. The words "getting used to" imply that the change requires a certain sacrifice as a response to the change.

There is no such thing as "new time."

Average questions asked to the average passers-by in the streets and gutters of the cities could no longer be answered neatly and succinctly, once time was changed.

In the new post-World War II, devil-may-care world, time became less important. The phrase, "give an hour, take an hour," has become American gospel. Even Christian dogmatists eventually abandoned their "only He who gives an hour can take away an hour" picketing campaign.

Examples such as these point out the confusion that surrounded the time change from its installment as an institution in this country. As precise dates became less accurate through 50 years of time changes, holidays suddenly lost their historical identity.

Presidents Lincoln and Washington no longer have birthdays. They have a Monday allotted to them, and we show our respect for them by closing the banks and leaving our mail at the post office.

Richard Nixon was a champion of Daylight Savings Time.

There could be no better reason for ridicule.

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LINDA KAY MORGAN

Historical stereotypes ignore female qualities

An advertisement in the newspaper seeks someone with architecture skills to work for a prestigious company. One woman has all the qualifications, so she goes to apply. But when she gets there, the employer assumes that she is applying for a secretarial position, which has already been filled. When the woman corrects the employer and says she is there for the architecture job, his face shows utter disbelief.

Evidently, he has ignored the fact that women are moving up.

Does she get the job? Let's just say she leaves to the tune of "don't call us; we'll call you."

For centuries, women have been known as the better half of men. "She" does not stand with an identity of her own, but only as the backbone of the dominant male. "She" has learned to overcome the struggles of the past and work to correct the misfortunes of her future.

What truly stands behind the male is a very powerful individual.

From the home to the corporate world, the woman has proved her endurance and drive to provide in what seems to be an unfair world.

Women often have been victims of a drive to invade their private space: rape and the ensuing argument over whether they have the option to have an abortion. Women also have tolerated sexual comments and perversions throughout their lives.

Still, women continue to rise above these intolerable incidents to provide a comfortable environment for those they love.

As a woman of color, I have learned to overcome many barriers, barriers that have at first glance limited me by my dark pigmentation and by the skirt that rises above my knees, representing my femininity and possible weakness.

Yet I am not weak. As a woman I have learned to be strong, to endure the pain that society often inflicts on me and to combat those barriers that have posed a challenge for me to climb. Thus, I fall, rise up and brush myself off, only to try once more.

My duty as a woman is to protect myself from the world that appears to be so cruel. To many I may seem too aggressive or too pushy, when in fact it is a characteristic of the strength I have received from the women of yesteryear. People have a tendency to confuse this strength with my intuitiveness as a woman with my endur-



ance to succeed or my outspoken voice to see that justice prevails.

When will people take the time to appreciate and understand the background of women as much as they take the time to become judgmental of them?

Women don't choose to walk over the male dominance in the world, but they do choose to walk beside it. Not for the competition, but for a chance to show that together we can make it.

Every Wednesday for the remainder of the semester, the Women's Resource Center is sponsoring speakers as part of the "Women in Perspective" series. The informal program will give an opportunity for the campus to experience, learn and enjoy some of the information shared about women.

On Wednesday, Gargi Sodowski, a UNL assistant professor in the educational psychology department, will speak on the department's Ethnic Minority Affairs Committee. Eunice Ngumba, a counselor at the UNL Counseling Center, will speak Nov. 20 on "African Women and Health Issues." Linda Cooms and Ramona Peters, Waumpanoag Indians from the East Coast, will speak on "Thanksgiving, a Nation's Day of Mourning: The Untold Story," on Nov. 21.

Become aware of what the women in your life face. Learn to understand and appreciate the struggles and triumphs of your mother, grandmother, sister, niece, cousin or sweetheart.

You may learn that there is more to a woman than a high skirt and slender legs — endurance, dedication, strength and love. If people learned to understand and appreciate one another, respect would not be so slow in following.

Morgan is a sophomore broadcasting and advertising major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

Nuclear power not worth expense, long-term risks

The financial woes of the nuclear industry have continued despite billions of dollars in subsidies from the federal government. Happily, there is a way around the energy crisis. It's called renewable energy. Despite enormous advances in renewable energy technology since the 1980s, the largest obstacle to renewable energy development has been a government policy that intentionally disfavors renewable energy to the benefit of the nuclear industry.

Let's examine nuclear power in the United States. In recent decades, we've seen the costs of nuclear power skyrocket. According to both the Union of Concerned Scientists and the Department of Energy, nuclear capital costs have increased tenfold since 1974. Construction costs of new plants run upwards of \$5 billion. Furthermore, the average output of nuclear plants is at only about 60 percent of designated capacity, because many plants are forced to shut down frequently for repairs and maintenance.

Although regulatory delays and intervention by citizens' groups are often blamed for frequent delays and shutdowns, the real root of the problem lies in faulty and incomplete design work, inadequate quality control during construction, an industry's lack of credibility in the eyes of the media and the public (despite the millions spent on

pro-nuclear propaganda).

Another huge cost of nuclear power is risk itself. "Psychic costs" take their toll through fear and mistrust. Much of this fear is reasonable — just ask the neighbors of Three Mile Island or Chernobyl. Radioactive waste storage entails a huge ongoing risk. It is arrogant of our engineers to assume that the storage facilities that we are building today will remain safe for a thousand years.

There are simply too many unforeseeable possibilities, and the stakes are very high. Magnitude of risk, as well as probability, must be taken into account. Any comparison of the risks associated with lightning strikes and plane crashes versus a major nuclear accident is ridiculous. Note too that in a worst-case scenario, we might not be able to contain a nuclear accident. Think about 10th-generation genetic mutations when you compare the risks of lightning strikes to those of nuclear accidents.

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