

Accidents unveil feelings of timelessness



I am sure that you all are familiar with the feeling. It has happened to everyone at least once, and quite often to some folks.

You see it coming, but can do nothing about it. It is finished before it seems to have begun. There is an eerie feeling of timelessness, and some people might feel as if they are floating above their own bodies.

Your mind works desperately fast. You want to go back, to do something differently, anything, but it is all for naught.

And then it happens, that horrible crunch as your body plows forward. That, too, often happens in slow motion, as if you might still have stopped it, had you grabbed hold of something just a moment earlier.

Then you are dazed for a moment before climbing out of your car and wondering why it had to happen to you at this particular time and place, or why it had to happen to you at all.

Traveling by car is a wonderful thing, but there is always the fear of getting into an accident. Of course I would never hit anyone else, but you always have to watch out for the other person.

I have been in two recent accidents, both of them minor if only unsettling. Both of them occurred in parking lots.

The first was a couple of summers back on the verge of a departure for Colorado, where I would visit relatives and then disappear into the great outdoors.

The parking stalls at my apartment complex were rather small, so I backed



David Badders/DN

my car into the space between two rows of parked cars, leaving it there while I did some last minute packing.

From my earliest years I was admonished to go to the bathroom just before leaving for a long drive in the car, and that advice had always served me well until this incident.

The car was packed, the cooler filled with ice and sandwiches, and the maps were marked. I asked my traveling companion to watch the car for a moment and to move it if anyone needed to get into the parking lot.

From inside the bathroom my calm was shattered when I heard a horrific crashing and grinding sound, as if a refrigerator in the apartment above mine had fallen through the floor and landed atop my stove. I ran outside already knowing that the worst had happened.

My friend told me that it had hap-

pened before she could do anything. I was naturally suspicious, but it turned out that she was quite right. She watched it all in a surreal slow motion, unbelieving, like she had been in the car itself.

A guy from an apartment across the lot had casually gotten into his car, started it, and immediately backed into my car, which was blocking his exit. How he could have failed to see my car parked behind him, I have no idea. Had he waited even 20 seconds, there would have been no problem.

As it was, he got out of his car, and I got out of my apartment and we went through the ritual of surveying the damage, each circling the pair of cars with frowns on our faces and hands on our hips, stooping here and tapping there.

His English was poor and my Chinese worse, so we did not get very far.

There really was not much to say, but I wanted to work it out after our return. My passenger door was wedged shut and his car was essentially undamaged, so I thought it might wait.

I suggested we exchange insurance information the following Monday upon my return and he nodded vigorously. I moved my car forward and watched the man load his family into his car and drive away.

Aside from having one less working door on my car, the trip went well, and I felt a wondrous sense of renewal in the mountains, regretting only that my butt got sunburned while sitting in the sun.

That Monday I went to the man's apartment and felt a sense of dread as my knocks went unanswered. The dread solidified as the complex manager explained that the man and his family has just moved back to China

— to Shanghai, no less. My other accident occurred much more recently, just a couple of weeks ago while visiting friends. It was about 12:55 a.m. and we had just run out of beer. You probably already know the rest of the story.

I drove a few blocks to the local convenience mart and pulled into the parking lot. Now, as I understand things, a person drives down the lot and pulls into an empty stall. If someone is in a stall, that person waits to back out until things are clear.

So there I am, turning into this stall when, for some unfathomable reason, this guy looks right at my car in his rear view mirror and backs directly into me, just clipping the rear of my car as I slipped into the stall. Again I felt the curious timelessness, experiencing ages in an instant.

How do these things happen? They just should not be. I sat and shook my head for a moment, then sent my friend in for the beer while I got out to repeat the ritual.

I looked at his truck and he at my car. I wondered why it was that the person who hits another car never seems to suffer damage to his/her vehicle, especially when that person is clearly in the wrong.

We stood there in silence until I suggested that we simply forget the matter. His truck was not damaged, and I saw no point in hassling him and his insurance company for damage that I was not going to repair anyway.

He drove off with what I thought to be an inadequate amount of gratitude, and I sat again in my car trying to figure out how these things happen.

My friend came out empty-handed a moment later — they did not even sell beer at this location.

Bryan Peterson is a senior English, philosophy and psychology major and a Daily Nebraskan reporter.

Artist

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Unfortunately, many local artists fear rejection and lack the self-confidence to exhibit their work internationally, Harper said. Yet, getting into international competition is as easy as showing work locally.

"It's a super-simple easy system," Harper said he wanted to develop a system to help local artists and students arrange exhibits overseas.



Cornerstone-UMHE, thanks the University community for its active participation in the CAN-IT Food Drive for the Malone Community Center.

We are very appreciative to the following residence halls and Greek houses:

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- THANK YOU!

Hit Squad's Redman spins 'P-Funk'

Debut brandishes standout lyrics, knock-out tracks

Reviews



"What? Thee Album"
Redman
RAL/Chaos/Columbia

Funky. That's the one word to describe "What? Thee Album," the debut from the Newark, N.J., Redman.

Redman is the most recent artist in the Hit Squad, EPMD's production team. This album is produced by Erick Sermon (E Double EE of EPMD) and Reggie Noble.

This past summer, Redman had guest vocals on "Head Banger," the hard-hitting track from EPMD's "Business Never Personal." Redman has continued this "deeper than underground" hard funk.

Funk can't describe this style. Lots of rappers are funky or use funk music backgrounds, but this is P-Funk. It's Parliament/Funkadelic, George Clinton, not since Digital Underground, shake you from head to toe funk.

Every track, with the exception of the few "skit" tracks, has the

funk. There's no deviation. Sermon even comes off on "Watch Yo Nuggets," which is reminiscent of the EPMD album.

Songs like "Da Funk," "Time 4 Sum Aksion," which uses B-Real's line from "How I Could Just Kill a Man" as a hook, and "Rated R" which has Rakim's opening from "Lyrics of Fury" as a hook, typify the sound of the album.

Actually, almost every track is a standout. Redman's first release is "Blow Your Mind" in which Redman, the self-proclaimed funkadelic rebel, claims to scoop girls from "Madonna all the way down to Smurfette," and busts rhymes in Korean (not for long).

Pete Rock comes in to produce "How to Roll a Blunt" and turns out a song powered by slow-rolling funk.

"Hardcore" is yet another knock-you-out funk track on which Redman shows that he might just be the most talented rapper ever when it comes to alliteration.

"A Day of Sooperman Lover" and "Tonight's Da Night" are two more greats, but really the album has too many to pick just a few.

This hard-core, underground, hip-hop funk should make everyone happy, and no one gets any funkier than Redman.

— Greg Schick



Courtesy of Chaos Records

New Jersey's Redman debuts with the funky "What? Thee Album."

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