

JAMIE KARI

## Traditional values will prevail

Two years ago, I made my debut at UNL as an 18-year-old freshman. A naive small-town boy, I was ready to experience a new way of life.

On the night before I left my hometown to begin my first year of college, I sat visiting with my great-grandmother. Usually a lighthearted woman, a stern look suddenly blanketed her face. "Learn a lot in college, Jamie," she said, "but never, never forget who you are."

Grandma's little speech took. By my first few weeks at the university, I could spot those who had forgotten who they were.

I watched long-haired sloths, desperate for attention, cry for the legalization of marijuana. (They called themselves NORMAL, but I had seen more normality at a carnival freak show.)

That same week, I looked on as homosexual students pleaded with people to "come out" and be comfortable with homosexuality.

And on one occasion, I even evacuated Ferguson Hall via an open first-floor window, all because a crazed student in the classroom next door reportedly had tried to blow away his professor and his classmates with an assault weapon.

I had seen enough. I was ready to head back home.

In my hometown of Dorchester — although only 30 miles from Lincoln — we never worried about someone walking into the classrooms with a gun. Homosexual rights were never on our agenda. And nobody ever smoked the vegetation in the roadside ditches.

Growing up in a small town, I was raised as a traditionalist; so was everyone else of my generation, and everyone of each generation before.

Whatever the economic standing, whatever the family name, we were all conservatives, whether we admitted it or not. That does not mean we always voted Republican, or sat around a radio listening to an egocentric Rush Limbaugh.

No, our conservatism was "street



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corner" conservatism — the sort that comes from absorbing the attitudes and values of our parents and grandparents. It was the conservatism that comes from being raised Lutheran, attending Catechism and church week after week, and believing and acting in accordance with the holy Christian doctrine.

Ours was conservatism of the heart. It was common sense, too.

Our university is composed mostly of students who come from small towns. Almost all of us come from close families — families who have made our upbringings so memorable. These communities and families have taught us life's truths, and the differences between right and wrong. Most of us hold them dear.

But some get on the wrong path as soon as they get on their own. Some forget their roots. Some forget who they are.

As we approach adulthood, we confirm or deny what we have learned in home and school and church. We profess, or reject, the traditions and beliefs of our childhood. In our hearts, we love and respect, or insult and ridicule, where we come from.

As a result, we have conflicting beliefs, contradicting ideals and ideological enemies. We have a clash between traditionalists and those who consider themselves "liberated, independent thinkers." Some call it a culture war. Indeed, it is a war — a war about who we are.

Culture is about life and how we will live it. The culture war is about

the assault on those small-town values and family virtues that make life worth living in the first place.

America, today especially, needs a common bond. Culture is the key. For if Americans no longer share the same societal standards and the same religious foundation, then we will fail to share one nation.

As easy as that is to understand, we still hear those who stress "multiculturalism." The state mandates multiculturalism in our public schools. Government encourages multiculturalism in the work place.

But what is multiculturalism?

It is not about appreciating the cultures of other people. It is the assault on our traditional American culture and the lifestyle of middle America.

We traditionalists will not give up easily. The culture war will continue.

But this war can only go on for so long. There will be a winner and a loser. Someone's values will prevail.

The people of this state, and of this country, are, in general, good people. It is a small minority who have started this cultural battle. The good majority — those who retain America's traditional values — will finish it.

We will begin here, at college, during the years they tell us are the best of our lives. All we have to do is remember who we are.

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RAINBOW ROWELL

## Curse computypes for craze

The emperor has new clothes.

But you can see them only if you stare really hard and kind of cross your eyes. Then all of a sudden, they jump out at you in 3-D.

Yes, I am referring to the glut of 3-D products that have become all the rage lately.

At first glance, they look like a bunch of computerized nothings. Swirls of colors. Digitized patterns.

But when you look harder ... you still see a bunch of nothings, but now you have a headache.

That's the way it works for me, anyway. I'm told that you're supposed to see neat 3-D images like spaceships and dogs — maybe a dolphin or two.

But even if you are blessed with the power to see the 3-D image, why would you want to? A lousy spaceship isn't much reward for 15 minutes of staring.

I like to keep up with fads — it makes me feel young — so I bought an overpriced 3-D image notebook, cleverly called "Opti-cool Illusions."

I'm supposed to see a lamb in my notebook. I don't.

As a matter of fact, I have never met anyone who has seen a 3-D image — no one I respect anyway.

The only people who claim to have seen the hidden picture are small children and shifty, beady-eyed people whom I already distrust.

I don't even know how the images are supposed to work. What sort of voodoo printing process hides pictures in another dimension? I look at my notebook and there is no picture there. Nothing. How does a picture arrive there?

The problem here goes much deeper than goofy fads and tricky



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printing. The problem here is "Star Trek" and the whole sci-fi mind-set that stereotypically affects smarty-pants computer types.

I say "stereotypically" because I suppose it's just a stereotype that says people who understand computers are Trekkie nerds. But why do stereotypes exist?

Because they're true.

Anyway, these computypes watch one too many episodes of "Deep Space Nine," and then all of a sudden they've got all of America staring at swirly shapes looking for spaceships.

While meanwhile they are up to fiendish smart-people dirty tricks, no doubt.

"Look, a spaceship! Monkeys always look."

What's worse, these people are slowly seizing control of society. I've seen the AT&T commercials.

"Have you ever eaten a meal in France without leaving your home in Cleveland? You will. Have you ever destroyed a Third World nation from your bedroom? You will."

If they can use computers to hide spaceships and dolphins in another dimension, what else can they hide?

Your home, your loved ones, your checking account.

"Your money is there, Ms. Rowell. Just look harder. Cross your eyes a little."

Now, you say, isn't the connection between optical illusions and "Star Trek" a bit tenuous? A bit reactionary? A bit silly?

But the connection is there. Just look harder. Loosen your focus. There ... you see?

Besides, when you're paranoid and feeling inadequate, who can you blame if not "Star Trek" fanatics? They generally have fine senses of humor, and they're not very dangerous. What can they do, curse at you in Klingon?

"b'lvH'a'law' Rainbow!" (which means: "You seem unhealthy, Rainbow" or something like that. My Klingon is a bit rusty.)

My technophobia and futureshock aside, I will never try to figure out another tricky 3-D picture again.

No whiny mall salesman will convince me to look harder or lose focus. I'm not crossing my eyes just to look cool — they might stay that way.

And then how cool will I look?

Rowell is a senior news-editorial, advertising and English major and a Daily Nebraskan associate news editor.



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