

# Faulkner exemplifies victory



**Vennila Ramalingam**

*"I bet no other cadet in the history of The Citadel ever was required to graduate with such 'honors!'"*

While such hostile, unfriendly — or at the very least indifferent — corporate work environments are the exception rather than the rule, the so-called 'glass ceiling' is very real for many aspiring women.

But when you consider women trying out for jobs that have been totally male-dominated — as in the police force or the military — then, man, has she had it!

It is bad enough being the odd one out. Add to it chagrin and resentment from your colleagues — and some mockery and meanness.

When it is all focused at you at the same time, and coming from every direction — then, man, have you had it!

In order to perform and not buckle down under such stressful conditions, you need to be super-human. Or a woman!

It isn't hard to imagine what Faulkner felt when she was in The Citadel, amid a thousand hostile men.

But then, one might say, she went in there of her own volition, that no

one was forcing her to stay. In fact, one could go further and say that she asked for it.

While she DID want to go to school at The Citadel and benefit from the experience that no woman before her had ever had, she did not ask to be harassed.

While she was willing to go through the rigorous training and the 'Hell Week' that all cadets face, she was not prepared to do so while carrying an enormous cross of sheer hostility and resentment. Or for death threats against her and her family.

I bet no other cadet in the history of The Citadel ever was required to graduate with such "honors!"

Now that she has quit The Citadel, her opponents are not merely thrilled, they are victorious. Victorious, in that they succeeded in keeping The Citadel pure and "uncontaminated."

It was Faulkner's personal decision whether she wanted to carry the cross and endure unbearable hostility during her years at The Citadel — all to make a political statement — or walk out and ... still make a political statement!

As Shannon quit The Citadel, a lot of her ardent admirers and supporters felt let down by her. But I don't think it was so bad that Shannon quit.

In fact I am happy for her. Can't you see it? Women's rights may have lost a battle, but they will win the war.

For even as the battle raged in and out of the courtroom and The Citadel, The Citadel received 20 more applications from the one-half minority of this country — its womenfolk.

Go girl Shannon! For you have paved the way!

Ramalingam is a graduate student in computer science and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

"Perfect 36," despite its sexist overtones, would bring smiles to the faces of any women's rights activist.

For this magic number signified the grand total of liberated states when Tennessee became the 36th state in this country to allow women the right to vote. Thus winning the two-thirds majority of states — winning suffrage for the one-half 'minority' nationwide.

And this year marks the 75th anniversary of the end of the suffragist movement.

While there has been a considerable improvement in the lot of women in the last 75 years, there is still a lot to be done.

Anybody who questions this only has to take a look at the Shannon Faulkner case.

When I first heard of the 20-year-old who gained admission into the all-male Citadel by asking that her sex be omitted from her transcripts, I was elated.

I closely followed the ensuing controversy when The Citadel withdrew her admission after learning that she was indeed a female. The courts subsequently ruled that the state-funded institution could not deny her admission.

Proponents of equal rights were jubilant at the victory.

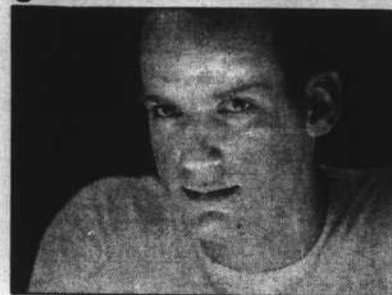
I was thrilled as well. But even as I cheered Shannon Faulkner, I feared. Feared for her safety, feared she wouldn't find friends, that she would be unhappy in an environment that had so vocally demonstrated she was not welcome.

This is not an isolated case. It is the case of any woman who is out on the frontier trying to break away from, or through, social, political, economic or ideological barriers.

Things are generally fine for an average woman in an average job.

That is, if she does not ask for too much — like promotions and rewards for a job well-done.

# Fighting Tyson worth the risk



**Doug Peters**

*For a mere minute-and-a-half of work and two nice bruises on his proud Irish posterior, McNeeley made more than a half-million dollars."*

Defies Gravity" King promotionals followed by 90 seconds of second-rate theater — here's what happened:

After months of hype and an endless litany of promotional babble from promoter King, The Fight finally happened Saturday night — sort of.

Just 89 seconds into the most anticipated boxing match of the year, it was over. Actually, it never really began.

Peter McNeeley's jittery corner man jumped into the ring after the second knockdown of the "fight" and disqualified his pugilist. Oddly, McNeeley seemed ready to fight on. Referee Mills Lane said he'd never seen anything like it. Hmmm.

Anger was McNeeley's first reaction. That lasted for about five seconds (almost as long as the match itself). Then, McNeeley could be seen smiling and giving high-fives to friends and family members.

Why not? For a mere minute-and-a-half of work and two nice bruises on his proud Irish posterior,

McNeeley made more than a half-million dollars. And that's what boxing is all about, right? Money, money and more money.

The average pay-per-viewer dished out about 50 cents per second, while the crowd of more than 16,000 luminaries dropped a whopping thousand dollars a minute for the privilege of seeing exactly what they expected — a first-round knockout.

What they didn't expect, was that the match would have all the realism of WWF professional rassing's "Summer Slam '95."

I would rather have watched the evil Baron von Raschke do battle with Jimmy "The Superfly" Snuka. Sure, you know who's supposed to win, and you know the whole thing's just a show, but at least they drag it out and give viewers a little action.

In other words, pro rassing cared about the fans, which is more than I can say for boxing's over-commercialized, rigged-up money machine — or for Don King, boxing's equivalent of Bobby "The Brain" Heenan.

I'm not saying we need to have the Mafia types rig fights to last longer, just that a little actual fighting would be nice.

Boxing will learn a hard lesson: When a sport comes to value dollars above all else, bad things happen. Baseball learned, basketball and hockey are in the process of learning, and college football, if it's not careful, will learn (are you listening, Bill Byrne?).

But for the time being, I might as well take advantage of a financial opportunity that's ripe for the picking.

So Mike Tyson, you big babytalker you, if you're reading this (or if someone's reading it to you), bring it on.

If the price is right, you've got yourself a new patsy — er, I mean opponent.

Peters is a graduate student in Journalism and Daily Nebraskan columnist.

I've been doing a lot of thinking in the past couple days, and I have an important announcement to make.

I'm going to fight Mike Tyson.

Not only am I going to fight him, I'm going to kick his convict ass right back to the Indiana Youth Center. I predict two hits, me hittin' him and him hittin' the floor.

— Did I say that right, Mr. King?

What the hell, I need the money. Sure I'm out of shape. Sure I'm lazy. Sure my cholesterol level has to be recorded in scientific notation. I'll admit all these things, and more.

I've got no reach, no quickness, no experience, and I have to stop in the middle of a flight of stairs to catch my breath. But, I'm hovering around 200 pounds, which puts me close to fighting weight, and I'm willing to take on an Irish name and talk trash at a few press conferences if I have to. Better yet, I'm willing to run around for 90 seconds and take a punch or two before cashing in, which makes me just as qualified as Mike Tyson's most recent opponent, Peter McNeeley.

Like millions of others in "90 countries on six continents," as the ring announcer said, I watched Saturday's big fight. Like the others, I was even dumb enough to pay for it.

After seeing the fight, I don't know if Mike Tyson is back in form, I don't know if there was a fix, I don't know if Peter McNeeley is really as dumb as he looks and sounds — I don't really know much at all.

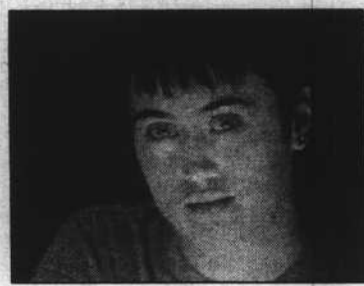
I can say a couple things for sure, though. Mike Tyson is alive, well and a lot richer. Peter McNeeley is too (although not quite as well off as Tyson).

Unfortunately, the sport of boxing is not in good shape at all.

For those of you who were answering nature's call when the "fight" took place — or for those who were smart enough not to pay for three hours of Don "My Hair

# A letter... from the FROSH

## Kids must grow up



**Adria Chilcote**

*"I could make a really good bum and live off of someone else. I could live on the streets, go where the wind blows me. I could be totally free."*

I hate being the new kid. I hate not knowing where to go and having all these bigger, older, more experienced people laugh at my stupidity. And I hate having to say to people, "Hi, my name is Adria, what's your name?" I really feel stupid saying stuff like that.

Now I'm the new kid all over again. I've been a new kid a total of nine times. This will be number 10. I think it gets worse every time. Every year it seems that there are more people I don't know, and they're always getting a lot meaner and much bigger.

It's not all bad though. New experiences are good. It is good to meet new people. I guess it wouldn't hurt to actually learn something.

It's tough being the littlest one in school. Everyone looks down on you and makes fun of you. You're a part of this whole group of people that the rest of the school can ridicule. It's a tradition that will go on forever.

It wasn't so bad in kindergarten; you just got bossed around at recess. Then, after six years, you were finally one of the big kids. You could tell all the little kids what to do. The little ones all agreed that the older generation knew a lot more about life than they did.

The next year you were now a stupid seventh grader. Your 12-year-old wisdom meant nothing. Everyone else was a lot bigger, meaner and knew more about life than you. For the first few days you were paranoid about running into those ninth graders who would slam you into a locker or shove your head down a toilet.

By ninth grade you ruled the school. You could trample on all of those little seventh graders.

The whole cycle repeats when you're a sophomore. But this time you're in high school, so there's a little more dignity in it. Everyone has supposedly gotten more mature.

When you're a senior, you do know a lot about life. You've put 13 years of school in and now

you're at the top. You're bigger than everyone. Heck, you can even vote!

After graduation you can do anything and go anywhere. You have your diploma in hand. You can move out of your parents' home and into the "real world." You can get a job and some life insurance and start your "real life." You can even get your very own cat.

But instead, I'm starting college. Why?

I'm not even sure why. Part of me feels like I'm going for the pure reason to gain knowledge. Maybe I just want to know more about a lot of stuff. Maybe I'm going to have very stimulating intellectual conversations with other scholarly knowledge-filled people.

Then again maybe I'm going so I can get a degree. Then I can get a better job and make more money while I'm having those stimulating conversations. And I can feed my cat.

But maybe I'm going just "because it's there."

It's an option I'm supposed to take. I'm not supposed to move out and get some loser job and a cat. I'm supposed to have a respectable job and own some property.

I think part of why I'm going is so that I don't have to grow up too much, yet. Perhaps so I can postpone some responsibility for a few more years. I don't want to grow up anymore; I don't understand why I wanted to in the first place.

It's so great being a kid. You get recess, and no one expects too much of you because you're just a kid.

But if I stayed a kid forever, I'd miss out on all those cool grown-up things. Like stimulating conversations. I guess college might be a good place to kind of act like a grown-up, and still be a kid at the same time.

So maybe I'm going for all of those reasons. What matters is that I am going. I will be new. I'm going to be little all over again. But I'm just going to go and get it all over with.

But I don't want to. I could make a really good bum and live off of someone else. I could live on the streets, go where the wind blows me. I could be totally free. I don't need stimulating intellectual conversations.

I could still have them as a bum. I just wouldn't know what I was talking about. I could stay a kid and have as little responsibility as possible.

But I suppose I can just force myself to get up tomorrow morning and go to class. I don't think I would be a very happy bum because I don't like too much wind. And I would like to be able to feed my cat. I can survive being one of the little ones again for a while.

Only Peter Pan and the lost boys can stay kids forever. Maybe I could replace Tinkerbell.

Chilcote is a freshman women's studies major and Daily Nebraskan columnist.

### BE OUR GUEST

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Must have strong writing skills and something to say.

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