

# Rape reality

*Men, not women, need to be taught lessons*

Rape is an act of violence, aggression, and power in which a woman is forced to have sex through verbal coercion, threats, physical restraint and/or violence.

Allow me to enter the world of reality, the sick truth on rape.

One in four college women have either been raped or suffered an attempted rape. Eighty-four percent of the women who were raped knew their assailants, and 57 percent of the rapes occurred on a date.

If you feel that I am bombarding you with statistics, just hang in there, this is only the beginning.

One in 12 male students surveyed had committed acts that met the legal definition of rape. Every minute in the U.S., there are 1.3 forcible rapes of adult women; 78 women are forcibly raped each hour.

Every day, 1,871 women are forcibly raped (FBI, 1991).

In one study of date/acquaintance rape, 56 percent of the women had been raped by a date, 30 percent by a friend and 11 percent by a boyfriend.

Of all violent crimes, sexual assault is the least likely to be reported (FBI).

Only 10 percent of rapes are ever reported to the police (FBI).

Thirty-three percent of males surveyed said they would COMMIT rape if they definitely could escape detection.

We must begin to understand why rape is so widespread. Take a close look at our ideals on power, gender and sex.

Women are taught to avoid rape, whether it's by using mace spray, screaming fire, using car keys or carrying a handgun.

I find defense motives quite ironic, teaching women to defend themselves against rape is not the solution. It's the men who need the lesson.



**Bob Ray**

*"... teaching women to defend themselves against rape is not the solution. It's the men who need the lesson."*

The only person who ever told me not to force myself on a woman was my mother. Hats off to her.

Not my grade school, not my junior high and definitely not my high school.

Women shouldn't have to be taught to defend themselves, and they shouldn't be afraid every time they walk down a street after the sun goes down.

Instead, our society should be teaching males to have some respect for women, to take "No" for an answer and accept a woman's decision without blinking an eye.

Being turned down when you ask for sex is not a rejection of you personally. Women who say "No" to sex are not rejecting the person; they are expressing their desire not to participate in a single act. A male's desires may seem uncontrollable, but listen guys, actions are well within your control.

If you are a male and if you have raped, you are the lowest possible criminal in our society.

I'm sure that every rapist would be pleased to hear that his mother or sister had been raped.

Take a minute, imagine your sister, excited to leave home and come to college. She's walking back from the library en route to her dorm. Unexpectedly, a man appears and approaches. He pushes your sister to the ground. She is crying, and is unable to front a defense, for she is smaller and he is violently repulsive. Then it's over — for him. For her, the trauma is just beginning.

The next time you feel like violating a woman and ripping her pride and soul from her, think of your mother or sister.

Rape cannot be tolerated in this society, it is the sickest, most egotistical and most violent act around.

Those who are convicted should be sentenced to years of torture. The victim endures a personal hell that will exist somewhere inside for the rest of her life.

My anger for men who rape or sexually abuse women is deep. I am going to do everything in my power to help the UNL Women's Center on the issue of rape. If any male reading this feels the same way, please contact the Women's Center in the Nebraska Union.

We must educate boys, young men and older men on this epidemic. Males cannot get away with rape — it's a crime, and the malefactor should be thrown behind bars (maybe there, they'll get an understanding of how it feels).

I can't express how important it is for women to report the crime. Please, no matter what the situation, if you are physically degraded, call the police immediately so society can put the bastard away.

*Ray is a senior broadcasting major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.*

# Mom bugged about modem manipulation

There have been times when I've said that home computers are overrated, that most household tasks can be done as simply with a phone, pencil and paper, a pocket calculator and a simple ledger.

But I have to admit that I've just been told about a home computer being used in a way that is impressive and unique.

The story was told to me by Marcia, a divorced woman who lives in rural Tennessee with her 11-year-old son.

I mention her divorce because it is essential to the story, as you will see.

Marcia's ex-husband is an engineer, a very smart guy, who is very proficient with computers.

So one recent day, he came up with the idea of buying his son a home computer. That way his boy could get a leg up on the wonders of the technical age that will be part of his world.

And it also would allow him and his son to go on-line with their modems and type father-and-son chats whenever they felt like it.

Of course, they could do the same thing with a telephone, but a computer has a greater mystique.

Although Marcia has little regard for her ex — they split up less than two years after getting hitched — she thought the computer would be a good thing for her son.

So after being assured that the boy would not be exposed to some of the creeps who prowl the Internet, she OK'd the plan and her ex came over and set up their son's new machine.

And sure enough, just as planned, father and son were soon exchanging e-mail or getting together for live on-line keyboard chats.

Now, isn't that a pleasant story? Even a little heartwarming?

What's that you say? It's kind of mundane? No big deal. Others have done the same thing.

You're right. There is more to the story. There had better be or I'll have a lot of blank space below.

One day, the son came home after visiting his dad's place. He casually mentioned: "Momma, guess what? I heard your voice through my daddy's computer."

Marcia said: "What are you talking about?"

And as she tells it: "He told me there was a speaker and that somehow he could use his computer and my son's computer to spy on me."

"Well, I didn't know a darn thing about computers. But I'm no fool, and I'm a fast learner. So I did some research."

"And it can be done and he was doing it. When he set up our son's computer, he put in the equipment and programs to do it. From his computer, he can dial and take control of my son's computer. Then my son's computer picks up sounds in my house and transmits them back to his computer, where they come out of his computer."

"When he set up our son's machine, he brought manuals and left them here. So I looked at them. And I found his notations in the margin for how to set this kind of stuff up."

"See, he's brilliant in some ways but he's an idiot in others. And leaving those manuals around shows what kind of idiot he can be."



**Mike Royko**

*"One day, the son came home after visiting his dad's place. He casually mentioned: 'Momma, guess what? I heard your voice through my daddy's computer.'"*

"So I packed the whole computer, everything, and took it to a computer place and they found everything. They took out everything that made the spying possible."

"Since then, I found out that there is a divorced men's group on the Internet, and they give each other advice about how, if a man is in a custody battle for children, this is a way to get the goods on your wife."

"They give information on what equipment to buy and how to set it up. See, he wants custody of our son, and that's how he found out about this stuff."

"Of course, he denied it and demanded that the computer be put back in my house. But I wouldn't do it until I had legal safeguards that he wouldn't try something like that. And I still have the eavesdropping stuff and manuals as evidence if I ever need it."

"Actually, it's a form of stalking. What's the difference between eavesdropping like that or looking in my window? Yes, he's always stalked me, and so he found another way to do it."

"The reason I'm telling you this is that computers can be wonderful things. But people should be aware that they can be dangerous, too. In a situation where a divorce is acrimonious, they can be an effective form of eavesdropping."

When Marcia told me all of this, I admit to having been a bit skeptical.

But then I called one of the experts at Elek-Tek, which has the sharpest personnel of all the big computer stores.

"Yes, it is definitely possible," he said. "It's potentially a very scary thing. If she has a voice-data modem on the computer, what happens is it has a duplex speaker phone on it. By accessing her computer and activating the modem and speaker phone, anything in microphone range can be picked up and the person on the end can hear it."

"And there is technology that you can buy to activate the other person's modem and speaker phone. It's expensive but it's easy to get."

So today's advice: If you are divorced and are going to play kissy-face with a new flame, maybe you better not only pull the shades but go pull the power plug on your kid's computer. Big Daddy might be listening.

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# Don Juan

*Reflections on whoredom, romance, love*

## Notes on Being a Whore:

To some people, sex is a grim subject, fraught with peril. Not to me. I have a thing about sex.

Not that I've ever been a whore, but I'd have liked to have been. A friend of mine, something of a professional, makes it look like a noble occupation.

I'm not talking about prostitution, mind you, just regular whoredom: sexual partners strung between destinations like telephone wires — and oneself, bouncing along those wires, a happy, unconscious impulse. Sounds like fun.

But I begin to realize there are limits to being a whore. These are exactly demarcated by something you might call "fidelity" or simply "commitment."

Not "honor," certainly. Who ever thought whoredom dis-honorable? Some clumsy moralist, maybe. But sticking with one person over a long lifetime: now there's an eccentric idea — at least it has seemed so to me.

It only now begins to appear as a positive thing and not the mere absence of freedom I'd always imagined it to be.

Is it possible to marry and not mummify?

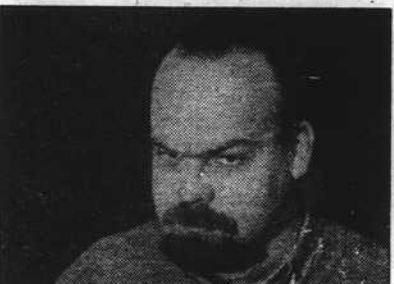
## On Romance:

I never loved any woman so tenderly as when she was far away or loved another man.

Something about distance, whether real or emotional, grants a greater latitude to feeling, more endurance to love.

Women already married, women too young to touch, women — for one reason or another — forever closed to me are the best, most desirable women in the world.

And the best among them are the ones literally "too good" for me, women whose sensibilities and tastes are too refined for this coarse, profane man. I love 'em.



**Mark Baldrige**

*"I'm no twinkie romantic: I idealize women, but maybe not the way you think."*

In admitting this, of course, I admit to moral turpitude. You see before you a failure of the great domestication program of the American Male, ugly stepchild of the sexual counter-revolution.

I'm no twinkie romantic: I idealize women, but maybe not the way you think.

Making the most of my disability, I write exciting and idiosyncratic love letters. And every few months I call up all the women I love who still like to talk to me. That's quite a few, actually; I talk a good game.

That is, I'm a student of the art of love-talk, an almost entirely forgotten craft.

(The key, it seems to me, is to avoid falling into repetitive phrases: "Don't be cruel. You dance divinely. Gee, your hair smells terrific.")

You've got to keep on your toes is all; associate a little. Be inventive and funny — "Your elbows are lovely in this neon glow, my dear" — a sense of humor is the best aphrodisiac you can buy without a prescription.

But I didn't come here to give lessons — we were talking about

my, you know, problem.)

## Love:

I'm not beautiful enough to turn heads. I'm short, balding and as furry as an unpeeled Eskimo; jokes about guys with hair on their backs make me mad.

I have it in me to play the lothario, but I look like Dr. Jeekyll.

On the plus side, I can be charming as hell when I'm upwind and have a little juice in me.

I'm relaxed and spontaneous in bed, and I know how to take turns.

And I'm a pretty liberated guy — for a white boy. I obviously don't feel terribly embarrassed talking like this in public (is this mike on?) and I'm a sympathetic and intelligent listener.

So what's not to love? I myself love a great variety of different kinds of people, women among them. No particular type — loud or quiet, athletic or indolent, blonde or brunette — has ever snagged my entire attention.

I do have to admit to a bottomless taste for great physical beauty and engaging conversation, but I've been able to forgo even those for love.

What matters most in love, as in life, is imagination. Those who lack imagination should travel to make up for it.

Beyond that it's the differences between people that are the most interesting; their differences from oneself and from others one has loved makes individual lovers stand out.

Now, someone will write in and say how they don't care how I live my life, what my feelings are, who I love — I should just keep all that to myself.

To that person I say, please, please, just never read my column again.

I write about myself. What else is there?

*Baldrige is a senior English major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.*