

Sonia
HOLLIMON

Remote chances

TV's fall lineup is, like, so five minutes ago

What fall television event gets more hype than the MTV music awards? Causes more tears than the Jerry Lewis telethon? Ladies and gentleman, it's the network fall lineup!

The revolution will be televised. Again.

I consider this fall's lineup to be a return to the magical, mystical '80s.

Walk with me as I fondly recall

those yesterdays when capitalism thrived, and we as a country knew who our enemies were ...

I personally thought they were in the White House, but there are those who would disagree. I think it's pretty convenient that Ronald Reagan screwed us over for eight years, and now he can't remember anything.

The White House aside, this fall's '80s comeback will be marked by familiar faces. Bill Cosby returns as the All-American TV dad, smarter than Ward Cleaver, better dressed than Tim the Toolman. Oh boy, I can't wait.

My mom used to schedule my parent-teacher conferences around

"The Cosby Show." The bad thing about that was it was always the one where Vanessa got a D and didn't want to show her parents. Like that wasn't rigged.

Let's not forget that cute little Michael J. Fox, on top of the kitchen counter, straightening his tie. I'm hoping that in his new show, "Spin City," there will be a lot of tie-straightening. It's like watching LL Cool J lick his lips.

For those of you mourning the loss of "Knight Rider," never fear — "Boobwatch" will return, David Hasselhoff in tow. And now that Pamela Lee had a baby, there should be even more boob to watch.

I will admit that I am looking forward to seeing the network version of "Clueless." I know it's stupid, but there will be a wealth of hair tips for middle-school girls, and boys of all ages will enjoy watching dumb babes talk nonsense and fling their hair — look at how long "Three's Company" lasted.

Of course, Fox is forcing another season of "Beverly Hills 90210" on us again. Haven't they all slept with each other yet? I thought it would be good when Valerie the Vamp came



on, but she went through those guys faster than Heather Locklear on "Melrose Place" — the "Dallas" of the '90s.

I can't wait for all those "X-Files" knockoffs, either. A newspaper that tells the future... let me guess, the guy is torn between helping people and taking the cash for the day's lottery. However, the award for stupidest fall show goes to ABC for two reasons: 1) "Dangerous Minds" wasn't even a movie you could believe in; and 2) Amie Potts as an

ex-Marine? Let me guess — now she's a ninja. ABC hasn't pulled anything this dumb since "Cop Rock," that bad blend of "Hill Street Blues" and "West Side Story." I bet somebody lost their key to the executive washroom for that idea.

So, viewers, beware. It's the best of times, it's the worst of times. Just keep your remote handy.

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Anthony
NGUYEN

A mega issue

Computerphobes feel the byte: Ignorance hertz

Netizens of the world unite! The call has gone out for those who believe in the demigodhood of the computer to unite and overthrow the shackles of oppression from

which we are subjugated to live in an e-mail-and-World-Wide-Web-less-information-superhighway-to-nowhere life. The meek shall inherit the earth, 'cause that's where we'll

put 'em. We shall see the bodies of our enemies strewn before us, their pitiful lamentations music to our ears, as our throne perches on the backs of the weak. It is time to put the computer illiterate out of our misery.

Of course, for those who don't live, eat or breathe computers, this hyped-up, spastic barrage means nothing more than the onset of dementia. But it does mean more. As we move towards a more information- and technology-based society, the computer is and will become more important within the American household. We've seen it with the Microsoft commercials asking "Where do you want to go today?" and the Big Blue (IBM) commercials stressing that it offers "Solutions for a small planet."

I'll admit it, I want to go to the top of Forbes' Richest Persons in the World list — with the solution for our planet being that it's my planet. (Realistically, though, the probability of this occurring is the same as my chances of playing rush end for the Cornhuskers). But if I ever get to that

"I can't swim, but I can surf the Net like a wild man running down the street naked, with beans in one hand and a hot dog in the other."

point, it will be partially through the support of computers.

I'm not a computer science or engineering major (if you've ever bothered to look at the blurbs about DN columnists). I haven't written a program in a computer language like C++ that did anything to calculate the diffusion of methane from cows' flatulence in a dorm room. I don't have seizures when network traffic bogs down and I can't connect to the Internet. I haven't surfed the Net for a "meaningful relationship." You're not going to see me on national television saying I felt "lost" or "lonely" when my Internet access was denied. But I was there when penny loafers and TRS-80s were king, so I'm old enough to know that what we've got is something revolutionary.

Computer literacy will allow us to be there for the dawn of the 21st century. "But I'm doing something that won't require a computer," you might say. Like what? Is there truly any profession which doesn't require some knowledge about computers? Computers can be used in every conceivable profession: from doctors who make 3-D images of the human mind, to an artist who communicates with her peers over the Internet, to

the lowly DN columnist who types away at his computer while his evil, overlord opinion editor... whoops — (message to myself: strike this).

The computer is one of the few tools that can make us part of the "haves" rather than the "have-nots." People laugh, though, when it comes to such claims as this. Computers are for nerds and eggheads, they say. Or computers are for perverts and predators of the weak. That's just plain B.S. Are cars for drive-bys? Telephones for people with breathing difficulties? Microwaves for boxers on cold winter days? Anything can be misused. Instead of just looking at the bad, we should recognize that computers can empower us to reach plateaus of humanity we never would have thought possible. Not humanity necessarily in the sense that we'll become philanthropic, but that we'll be aware of other people and cultures — in general, the world.

I can get on-line and look at a web site in Russia, Japan, South Africa — places I can't visit on a college student's budget (a budget that, as I keep telling my mom to no avail, well, sucks). I can't swim, but I can surf the Net like a wild man running down the street naked, with beans in one hand and a hot dog in the other.

(OK, so Lincoln isn't as liberal as Boston was). But the point is, I can leave Lincoln, Nebraska, for an hour or two and explore the world.

Computers won't eliminate the art of conversation if you don't let 'em. You won't become one of the few who sit at their computers all night in their underwear, with Cheetos crumbs stuck in rolls of body fat, typing furtive messages to people saying things like "Hairspray is a conspiracy of the alien invasion force" — as long as you realize computers are a part of daily life, not life itself.

I'm not saying that computers alone will make us more moral. Alone they're not going to make us treat our fellow person with dignity. Computers alone won't eliminate racism, poverty, war. But through their use, we can facilitate changes.

We stand on the brink of a revolution — a revolution in which people in every part of the world will have the ability to communicate with others, rather than dictate to them. But this ability depends on our own personal efforts to use computers effectively.

The head of IBM in the 1940s predicted a world-wide market of about five computers, with none whatsoever in homes. He was slightly wrong. Today there are more than 30 million PCs in America alone, both in offices and homes.

Not everyone will go out and become the next Bill Gates, but we need to be aware that if we don't pay attention to computers, we stand to lose more than just sleep.

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