

Sonia
HOLLIMON

Political savvy

It's your choice: Voice your vote or shut up

Only eight days until Election Day. For those of you who can't make up your minds or are still waffling — get a grip. If you don't vote, you can't complain, and four years is a long time to keep your mouth shut.



I've been breathlessly awaiting my opportunity to discuss the election from the "Sonia" point-of-view. I've seen the debates; I threw popcorn at the screen. I've read the materials and faithfully put on my "Choose or Lose" fake tattoo I got when the MTV bus came. But now the time has come. The networks have had their say, and now it's my turn.

The "Sonia" perspective isn't based on issues, platforms or party affiliations, because, let's face it, neither is the election. No, there's a side to the elections even more seedy than welfare reform. Picture this: Mr. Bob Dole cold chillin' on the MTV

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Choose or Lose bus with Allison Stewart, Nautica jacket slightly open, no tie, telling America's youth "Just Don't Do It" when it comes to drugs. I hope Nike sues him for copyright infringement.

Scariest still is the fact that Jack Kemp seems to be running for VP based solely on the fact that he played football a few millenia ago. Besides, I thought he and Dole couldn't stand each other - I was really hoping to see the two of them in "Death Wish 2 — Republican Revenge."

Clinton gets points for the discontinued use of his jogging suit, as well as for the fact that he hasn't done any commercials for the Arch Deluxe — not to say he hasn't eaten

any. As for Gore, there's just not much to say — he doesn't get to do much, he doesn't get to say much, but maybe that's because Tipper keeps an electronic sensor in his pants. Maybe Hillary ought to look into one of those.

Or perhaps she should go raid Lizzie's closet and borrow some black leather — I have to admit, even I woke up for that. I'm sure that's the biggest thrill Jay Leno's had in a long time. Or Liz, for that matter.

— As for Ross Perot — nah, too easy.

The fact that our country's elections are constantly rife with scandal, untruths, mud-slinging and badly dressed people with bad catch-phrases that usually turn out to be

blatant lies (remember "No new taxes"?) is no excuse not to vote. Remember when you were young and your mom used to say, "There are children starving in Africa" to try and get you to eat your peas? Well, that holds true for people in other countries who are starving for the chance to at least feel that what they think counts. The chance to make a choice is one of the most important chances in life — without it, perhaps we'd all work for McDonald's, and I personally don't look good in those little hats. It wasn't too long ago that I wouldn't have been able to vote. So when I do, I do it for myself, and all of my ancestors who didn't have the chance to make that choice.

So forget about Bill's post-flight haircuts or the fact that Bob Dole couldn't win a debate against a sixth grader — you've got the chance to make a difference. So choose or lose. And if you don't vote, don't complain.

Hollimon is a senior broadcasting major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

Anthony
NGUYEN

Face it

Be afraid, be very afraid — it's only natural

Since Halloween is now the second-largest day for retail sales after Christmas in America, I've noticed that I can't get to bed as quickly with the howling wind



outside and the shadows that follow me everywhere (don't read Lovecraft at night). Would I cave in to the mood of the season?

Would I follow so many other lemmings who devote space to this paganistic ritual which corrupts and possesses the youth of America by having them fall under the spell of the Lord of Evil, the King of Chaos, the Overlord of All-that-is-Unspeakable — Satan? (Just kidding.)

No, instead let's talk about how this season of ghouls, ghosts, and goblins (geez, doesn't that just roll right off the tongue?) adds to the bottomless abyss in my psyche known as FEAR. Turn on the telly (I've been listening to too much of the BBC) and what you'll see this week is a glut of slasher/occult/supernatural movies.

But the seed of FEAR was implanted before I started watching "The Omen," "The Shining," and "The Exorcist" (a horror movie without the definitive THE just doesn't cut it). Rather, last weekend when I woke up groggy from a raucous night with the mother-of-all-headaches. I went out onto my apartment's patio to get something

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from the storage closet. Digging around in the junk I've proudly accumulated, I felt something prickly on my right shoulder.

I ignored it, thinking it was cobwebs or the wind. But the sensation just kept getting stronger and stronger. So I used my left hand to brush it away. Then the "itch" moved. I looked down. The last time I screamed that loud was when I was a kid and fell off the seat of a bicycle onto the bar.

What did I see? A cockroach. Not just your garden-variety cockroach, but a big black one that was 2 feet long, with saliva dripping from its mouth, antennae waving menacingly at me. Why, I could see its bloody grin.

OK, maybe it wasn't exactly like that, but it was one big cockroach. I hate cockroaches more than anything. If I had to choose between running down O Street naked during rush hour or being in a room with a roach, trust me, you'd see the fastest Asian alive tomorrow.

Like most normal people, I'm afraid of a lot of things.

I'm afraid of failing to do anything relevant in life.

I'm afraid of turning on the television and seeing HBO's documentary on fetishes — 'til the day I die, I won't forget the naked guy with his head in the toilet being whipped by his "Mistress" and enjoying it.

I'm afraid of growing up, growing old, and growing out-of-touch with my fascination of the universe and the wonders it holds.

I'm afraid of running out of toilet paper at that "critical moment."

I'm afraid of cemeteries 'cause I have no ambition of "checking out my future place of residence."

And I'm afraid of dying ... and not knowing I'm dead.

Of course, there are some things that don't strike me with FEAR.

I'm not going to be one who holes up in a dilapidated shack in the middle of "God's Country" with an AK-47 and expect that it can fend off the worldwide "conspiracy" of the U.N. to take over the U.S. with

Chinese and Russian troops hiding just across the Canadian border.

I'm not going to be the one who thinks the government is in cahoots with aliens, 'cause if all aliens want to do when they're in our corner of the neighborhood is to abduct "Joe Bob" for sexual "things," then I'd rather not meet them anyway.

And I'm not going to believe the world is gonna end in less than four years, 'cause it'd put a real crimp on my ability to pay back student loans (well, actually ...).

Reading this you might think I'm some wacked-out, paranoid freak, but believe me, I'm not. Halloween's just reminding me of some fears. It's good to let yourself have some fears

... only a foolish person would have no fears. Fear helps you to recognize your limitations, but then it also tells you that you can overcome these limits. Some people just can't shake their fear and end up letting FEAR control them.

Sure, I'm still queasy about roaches, but I don't let it rule me. It's a little thing in the vast tapestry of life.

So, while I'm curling up with a good scary book this Halloween, imagining I can hear the pitter-patter of cockroaches, I'll keep in mind that I can live with my fear. Besides I've got a shoe next to my bed.

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