

Sonia
HOLLIMON-STOVALL

Changing parts

Birth, spring means out with old, in with new

I broke out the Calvin Klein jeans the other day, but after five minutes of debate, I put them right back in the chest they came out of. It's only been two weeks, so maybe I'm pushing it a little bit.



I have to be careful not to speak to people in that sing-songy baby voice that I use for Samaria. I have two job interviews this week and I'm afraid I'll say something like, "Mommy is really interested in this position — YES, SHE IS! Mommy thinks her skills would really be an asset in this position — THAT'S RIGHT!"

I used to be cool, but the times, they are a-changing.

Now my identity has been taken over by this third person "Mommy" — Sonia is somewhere on vacation, I guess, because the last time I saw her, she was in labor. Well, I guess she deserves it.

My mother has become a guru in my eyes — where did she learn all of this stuff and can I possibly order the book?

I have to exert a certain amount of self-control these days and make sure I don't take a corner of my shirt, snag a little saliva and reach for the closest dirty face around me. As my DN co-worker Ann Stack says, "Mother's saliva must be magic or something. Got some rust on your car? Here, let me get that for you."

Another thing I've learned is that Bill Cosby was right. About everything. I knew I should have taped that show when I had the chance.

To misquote the Beatles, "Suddenly, I'm not half the girl I used to be — I'm more like a walking dairy farm."

The best part is, I'm also a secret weapon. If you make me mad, guess what — I'll squirt ya. That really makes me laugh.

Since springtime is usually hailed as a time for new beginnings, it seems fitting that my life is changing right now. New baby, graduation and for the first time ever, I have not run out and bought the latest cute little dresses in the new spring line, but never fear — I'll be out showing off my sexy gams in no time flat.

Most people really don't like to change, and, in the past, I was



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definitely one of them. College, for example, has been such a safe harbor; the idea of leaving used to throw me into a panic — where would I go, what would I do? Who would give a damn?

Someone wise told me once that if you think of change as a constant part of life, then it isn't as difficult to deal with. It's true, if you think about it. At least then, if things aren't going the way you hoped, you

can count on your circumstances changing.

Embrace change with open arms this year during this season of joyous transition — I look forward to my body changing back to normal, to my daughter sleeping through the night and to the adventures awaiting me in the wonderful world of work.

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Kasey
KERBER

System error

New technology demands quick university action

Last week, we learned that UNL will be the last of the University of Nebraska campuses to receive "Lotus Notes" e-mail technology.

To be exact, the DN printed an article on the "Lotus Notes" situation last Wednesday ... which also happened to be around the same time I read "View the schedule of BIGRED



Training Classes?" for the 2,683rd time.

And it was also on Wednesday that bigred told me "Your Password Will Expire May 1" for the 1,892nd time.

Oh, and I almost forgot — bigred also said I had exceeded my "user disk quota" and gave me an ultimatum of seven days to alleviate the problem.

And as I leaned back in my chair, I thought to myself: "Gee, and I get to see all this before I read my e-mail. How could anyone be upset about keeping bigred?"

Anyone with a pulse that is. Although I'm pretty sure that the dead would also be upset with bigred, too.

I can just see Elvis typing away in the union computer lab at 3 a.m., cursing honky-tonk because bigred told him his "PeanutButterand-BananaSandwich" password has too many characters in it.

But beyond the occasional sighting of Elvis beating up a computer with his guitar, it is the world of the living that must put up with bigred.

And "putting up with" is precisely the right phrase to use when it comes to bigred.

Now, before some of you get those pens and papers ready for "Letters to the Editor," I will say that bigred provides a valuable service to students for no additional cost.

But I will also say that there are few students who wouldn't cough up the necessary two bucks to gain an e-mail system where they can be known as their name and not 0020838638383662819@bigred.unl.edu.

Let's be honest — who the heck's going to remember your e-mail address when it has nearly as many numbers as a grocery market UPC code?

But with "Lotus Notes," you can customize your name (to a certain degree for the creatively wicked).

Kent Hendrickson, associate vice chancellor of information services, wrote a "Letter to the Editor" last Friday explaining that the tiresome numerical e-mail address system will be replaced when Lotus Notes is finally used.

But as Mr. Hendrickson talked about the "cumbersome numerical system," I noticed that another set of "numbers" was strangely absent from his eight-paragraph letter. A date of when Lotus Notes will



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actually be available to UNL students.

Let's be honest — if the university keeps up with technology as it has in the past, we'll be passing our bigred accounts on to our children.

Technology just doesn't happen fast at UNL. Just look at the crap, eh, computers, in the residence hall computer labs or the dearth of computers in the student union.

Or the granddaddy of them all — the elimination of UNL's modem pool.

The main line — we're not gaining ground when it comes to anything computer-related. And bigred is certainly included.

But if the university wants to do students a real favor, it will install a

quality e-mail program like Lotus Notes and it will do it fast.

Until then it will gripe about the costs and the inconvenience it will cause and will claim that what we have "really isn't that bad."

But anyone involved with computer technology knows that it changes fast.

And they also know one effectively blunt fact, which is: If you don't give a damn about technology today, it won't give a damn about you tomorrow.

So give a damn UNL — and today.

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