



SHAWN MEYSENBURG is a sophomore news-editorial major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

I squeezed into the microscopically small room. Despite its minuscule size, the room at this bed and breakfast satisfied me. It was clean, comfortable and it only cost \$30 a night.

Since arriving in the city of London, my mind had been preoccupied with finding a satisfactory place to sleep. Locating lodging ended up being a trouble-free experience, and I quickly decided to start having fun.

While on my way to Leicester Square, my mind became occupied with evaluating the many sights to be seen. Of particular interest to me, however, were the people. London epitomizes all that a cosmopolitan town should be. I saw people from all over the world, most of whom were tourists, and quickly made a game of guessing where they were from. Of all the nationalities represented in London, the Yanks were the easiest to spot. Baseball hats, college sweatshirts and, most of all, white Nike athletic shoes stood out glaringly against the hip fashions worn on the streets of London.

As soon as I arrived in Leicester

Loose in London

England's largest city offers lifetime's worth of sights, sounds for visitors

Square, the movie theaters attracted my attention. Seeing that "Trainspotting" was playing, I decided to check it out. After paying about 12 bucks (yikes!) for a ticket, I took my seat in arguably one of the nicest movie theaters on the planet.

The film exceeded my expectations. The acting was Oscar-quality (though this could be considered an insult by some) and the plot was entertaining, if a bit unusual.

Despite the lurid content of the film, I had developed an appetite and went in search of food. The sheer number of dining options gave me a headache. I finally settled on a pricey dish of Haagen-Dazs ice cream and headed back to my hotel.

As I meandered back to the hotel, looking for my fellow countrymen became an amusing pastime. Although the Americans there came in all shapes, sizes and ages, one trait was far too common among them: white Nikes.

After arriving back at the hotel, I found myself watching some mind-numbing documentary on TV. All the while, though, I thought about Nike cross trainers and began wondering why Yankee tourists seemed to have such an affinity for them. Even if they're the most comfortable shoes on

the planet, why would everyone have them? Were they given out free at the airport?

Before drifting off to sleep, I decided on a game plan for my few days in London: I'd check out the city during the day and see plays or films during the evening.

I awoke early the next morning, showered, dressed and ate my free breakfast at the hotel. The quality of the food wasn't too high but it was free, so I had few complaints.

After breakfast, I wandered out onto the street and made my way to the British Museum. Walking into this place was like going back in time.

I spent more than an hour in the documents rooms checking out various famous manuscripts. Seeing original copies of the Gutenberg Bible and the Magna Carta impressed me. The section of the museum dedicated to ancient Egypt captivated me as well.

While I was in this part of the museum a group of schoolchildren, apparently on a field trip, wandered through. I remember them because they behaved themselves so well. Their teachers weren't constantly fighting to maintain order and discipline in the group. I was again impressed.

I spent the rest of my second day in Soho, digging through the stacks of

some of London's many record shops. Needless to say, this activity emptied my bank account. Still, I found some really good albums.

That evening I went to a small playhouse and caught a production called "Brothers of the Brush." This drama, set in Dublin, chronicled the day-to-day struggles of a group of Irish drywall hangers.

The play was really quite depressing, but the actors gave superb performances and I left the theater with a desire to become a real working class hero.

The next day, I went to the Tate Gallery. I'd never seen the works of Picasso or Dali in person, so this excursion proved to be very worthwhile. The only other thing I remember about that particular day is seeing the play "Twelve Angry Men."

The next few days transpired much the same, really. I spent my days walking through the famous art galleries of London, and in the evenings I watched a few unmemorable films. The time I spent in Mayfair, however, was quite interesting.

I ended up there by accident. While wandering around Hyde Park, I got lost and left the park heading in the wrong direction.

I hadn't really wanted to go to

Mayfair because I figured I'd only see million-dollar homes and snooty rich people. I was right. Wealth abounded. For me, however, the place was too nice. I quickly decided to leave that part of town and vividly remember feeling relieved when I hit Oxford Street.

A short while later, I had a look at Buckingham Palace. While I'm sure it's an impressive structure, I couldn't tell. The whole thing was surrounded by a huge fence with barbed wire atop it.

A few days isn't nearly enough time to take in all that this city has to offer. A lifetime might not even be sufficient. If you go to London, don't carefully plan out a sightseeing schedule. Make all of your daily plans at the last minute and be totally flexible.

Have fun, avoid the wax museum, eat some good fish and chips and remember that the neatest things to do in this city are either free or really cheap. Also, go to Westminster Abbey. I didn't, and I feel an awkward sense of guilt for not doing so.

Finally, plan your wardrobe carefully. Leave the baseball caps and college wear at home. Wearing comfortable shoes is important, but try to choose footwear that's cooler than Nike cross trainers.



MARK ZMARZLY is a senior English and speech communications major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

As children, most of us were taught that God created man and woman. God created them in his own likeness to compliment each other and produce offspring. God provided Adam with no handbook or lecture on masculinity, and thus emotion and procreation abounded.

Imagine the same story set in the modern day. God created man and woman. Man felt an obligation from society to display the true essence of masculinity and male responsibility. Man guarded his emotions and never allowed himself to care for woman. Along the way were one-night stands, broken promises, a pass at woman's best friend, and in the end, no man at all.

You're probably saying, "What is this idiot talking about?" What I am trying to get at, is that somewhere since the beginning of life, things have changed in the male world. The first man in history was never told that if he displayed emotion he would be looked down upon. His life was one of emotion and love. To be a man in today's society is difficult. A male must be successful in work and family. To be masculine is to be physically and emotionally strong. Somewhere along these guidelines, emotional strength became emotional suppression.

Let's take a survey to prove my point. I want everyone who has cried in the last year to raise his or her hands. (For those of you who have actually raised your hand, this is a rhetorical thing. Put them down).

Why aren't there more males represented? Two simple reasons: Guys rarely cry, and those who do, don't want the ridicule of their friends. Crying is just an obvious emotional expression. The thing that most concerns me is the loss of the ability to express oneself emotionally, especially to a woman.

Males become so accustomed to masking their true emotions that it seems like second nature. At this point, the male behavior goes from unhealthy to dangerous. You begin to not care about women and finally fail to see them as people. It is easier to use a woman for physical means as opposed to actually caring for one. This behavior is not only common among males, but the effect is amplified when in a primarily male setting, such as a fraternity.

I love my fraternity - always will. Joining was the best decision I have ever made, and I will always cherish the memories I have there and the experience I will take away from it. That being said, fraternity life can lead to the destructive lifestyle that I have described above.

For those of you who are now marching up greek

row trying to close down the remaining fraternities, allow me to clarify my position. A fraternity is not a breeding ground for guys who use women. Some of my closest brothers have been with the same woman all through college and are getting married in the summer.

On the other hand, some of my closest brothers never last more than two weeks with the same woman, but these behaviors stem from personal choice, not group affiliation. As a group, fraternities attempt to teach respect toward women. I don't think you will find one pledge program on campus where this is not a goal, but somewhere between group execution and individual attitude, this goal falls short. In the end, the fraternity simply provides males with the opportunity to use women, in the way of social functions, social skills and ample occasions to meet women.

The sad truth of the situation is that this type of behavior can flourish in any primarily male group. Let me give you an example: Let's say five guys are sitting around in a room. One has a drinking problem, one comes from a broken family, one is getting kicked out of the university with a 0.6, one works in a porn shop and one has a girlfriend. Which one gets made fun of the most?

Obviously, the one with the girlfriend will be the target. He will receive taunts and whipping sounds when among his friends. A male's tendency toward treating women poorly does increase when faced day in and day out with this kind of pressure. You lose sight of the fact that this friend of yours truly cares for a woman, and all you see is a "whipped little boy."

For those men out there who are frantically writing a response to my column to prove to women that all guys aren't bastards, please grant me a small favor. Go take a close look in the mirror and ask yourself some questions. Have you ever dogged on one of your friends for being "whipped?" Have you made yourself emotionally available to every woman that you've dated? Have you ever made a degrading remark about a woman? Ask yourself these questions and then pick that pen back up if you think I'm wrong.

This is not an attempt to condone or justify this type of behavior. Males, myself included, have fallen off of the path of good intentions and must try to correct this behavior. It would be nice to say that there is a cure or a method to stop this destructive behavior, but there is no such 12-step program. If the men out there can look at this as a warning and not a how-to guide, then I think it's a step in the right direction. The only real cure for this behavior is a woman.

One day all of the guarding will cease and a woman will be allowed in to see what true masculinity should be.

Boys don't cry

Real manliness involves showing emotions, respecting women



MATT HANEY/DN