

# Do something!

## Students should protest negative policies



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Students like slogans. They're always telling you to "Get Involved," or "Do Your Part." Actually, "Get off your asses and start caring about what is going on around you instead of sitting on a couch all day" is much better, but is not used as often because it doesn't fit on buttons and bumper stickers. I don't believe these slogans work, at least not at this university. As a whole, our student body is lame and apathetic. Think of one thing that really pisses you off about this university. Now think of the actions you have taken to change whatever it is you don't like. If your answer is anything better than "not enough," then this column isn't targeted at you. To

everybody else: You are pathetic. I disagree with many of the groups on campus every day who try to recruit me for cults or organizations, such as "League of Pet Molesters" or "Burr Hall against Todd Munson" (although I'm not really against their cause), but at least these people are doing something. One of the reasons I don't like "Get involved" is it implies to get involved for the sake of getting involved. That's a bunch of crap. If you are perfectly happy with your life and the university, then you should just continue as always. But if there is even one thing you would like to change if you could, then you should go out and try it. Last week Todd addressed the issue of having a wet campus. He offered students the possibility to vote on the topic. We have had a stunning turnout of four votes (our editor is not done counting them, but you will have the results in a couple of weeks). Now, if I were an administrator or on the NU Board of Regents, I would laugh in the face of four students who ask me about changing the UNL campus from "dry" to "wet." I would still be laughing if it were 40 students or even 400, but

I'd probably get more nervous. I believe this lack of student support is the reason why the Association of Students of the University of Nebraska is so ineffective. Last year the voter turnout was an amazing 9.8 percent, or 2,175 students. The year before, it was only 8.4 percent. These numbers leave all those hard-working people of ASUN totally powerless, because they show students just don't give a damn about what is going on. They would have more clout if 80 percent of the students would show they care by voting. If 20,000 of us were behind an issue, it would be hard to overlook the voice of the student body. Administrators would have to listen instead of laughing in our faces. There will never be any changes unless we make them happen. And what if we would not just voice our opinion, but act accordingly? What if those of us who are upset by not having the choice of non-alcoholic beverages stopped buying overpriced Pepsi products? Maybe somebody would change a policy that benefits the university but not the students. Here is another good one: student tickets and the seating arrangements. The student section has been

getting increasingly bad seats over the years to make a bigger profit for the Athletic Department. Wouldn't it be great if one day the players would stand up for their fellow students, just as we are standing up for them every Saturday, and demand we keep our seats or they sit out one game. What are university officials and Bill Byrne going to do then? Get rid of the football program or tell the team to go to hell? I don't think so. We would get exactly what we want, and the student unity would increase a great deal. So many things in this university seem to screw students, and all these policies will remain in place if we don't start trying to change them. ASUN elections are March 11, and the deadline to enter the race is not for another two weeks. If you want to change something, now is the time. You don't even need a platform to run, just one issue you care about. If enough students feel the same way, you might just get elected and be in a position to start changing things. Another good way of making yourself heard is the fantastic concept of civil disobedience. I can think of some pretty good places to park your car to protest certain uni-

versity policies. Also, if you want a wet campus, go to the chancellor's office and chain yourself to a keg of beer. Hell, Gandhi did it, and it worked for him. Critics out there are probably asking what I have done to change things, or why I'm not running. The answer is simple. First of all, I'm not going to be around long enough for a full term. But more importantly, I am just as pathetic as everybody else, or at least I have been. This column is just as much an apology to the student body as a challenge. I challenge every student to care about this university and to change the policies that are unfair to students. On the other hand, I apologize for not having done so earlier. During my first two years here, I put up with the things that were wrong at UNL, knowing I would not be here forever. I urge you not to make the same mistake. We owe it to ourselves as students of a university to see things are wrong and try to change them. We also owe it to all former students who have tried to make our lives easier. Most importantly, we owe it to the next generation of students, who will thank us for making UNL a better place to live and learn.

# The beautiful people

## Sex appeal beats talent in entertainment world



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Taste. From what I hear, it's the noble in the noblest, the tact in the tactful, the holy in the holy. However, we as a society ignore it and acutely despise it. We know it, but we don't care. That's why we watch Jerry Springer, read tabloids and view vegetarianism as socially acceptable. My fellow humans, the strongest of us cannot resist our animal instincts. Our waking moments are filled with crap dancing in our heads. Even I, as perfect and highbrow as I may seem in the public eye, am delicate. My delicate psyche stems from an eroding environment of musical seduction. My soul, which Satan himself wouldn't even bother to own, is depreciating at an ever-heightening rate. I, Malcolm John Kass, son of Paul, am a fan of the devils of intellectual thought and the spirit of goodness. I love the Spice Girls. Posh, Baby, Sexy, Scary and Sporty have transformed a boy, full of hope and promise and eager to accept the world as his own, to a wretch. Wrought with evil, I have drunk from a venom that plagues this society today — the nectar of sex. I have accepted one of life's undeniable forces: sex sells instinct. My god, does it ever sell. I don't know why these five Medusas satisfy my musical hunger, but I know I am not alone. I only wish others are willing to acknowledge they are under the same hypnotic spell as myself. Musical merit has no meaning. We cannot fight back.

Taste just sucks. What you are about to read is of grave importance, so not only will I write it in English, but in the liberal arts native tongue of baby talk. For the majors of the little minds, pou pou ba-faon-gaba sabla tou fee j dasw xzmo uy j roolou, Solo. (I don't know why I bother doing this, the only response given is "Re lafd kxal gabgab," meaning, "Wipe me.") For the rest of us, the Spice Girls, Celine Dion, Fiona Apple, Eddie Vedder and Gavin Rossdale all conquered the top of the music kingdom with one common trait: sex appeal. If it was true these artists became famous for their musical talent, where are the 300-pound Janet Reno singer/songwriters? If Celine Dion looked like Shamu, would you honestly think she would be as revered in the music industry? Do all musical prodigies happen to be smokin' hot and give impressions of being promiscuous like a porn star? People, these artists are not world renowned because they are deep, pensive and methodical. They're famous because they show through music, posters, magazines, etc., one common theme — "Hey, I'm hot and easy. Get on me!" And we lap it up like dogs. I actually admire the Spice Girls. They at least don't hide the fact that breast size is directly related to the amount of dollar signs. Why do we allow big business to ruin musical beauty? Because we want our celebrities to be attractive. This also applies to guys, to a lesser degree, as well. Think of all the top male rock stars. Now, which of them is fat? John Popper is the only stud who I believe fits that category. Now don't misunderstand me, all of these people have fabulous musical talent. Even the Spice Girls won three American Music Awards. But what made them famous, a.k.a. rich, is that sex sells, and they capitalized on that fact like the entrepreneurs they are. Sarah McLachlan sells albums by being a sex beast, and Marilyn Manson, well, we buy his albums for a sweet little reminder the normal ones of us don't have different-sized pupils and pray to Satan. All of these artists succeeded

because they had the intellect to succeed, except Fiona Apple. I can't understand how a moron like Fiona Apple remembers how to dress herself, much less be well on her way to the Mount Olympus of rock 'n' roll. Let me explain. Miss Apple had a concert in the Mancuso Convention Hall at Omaha late last year where the Daily Nebraskan quoted her as saying, "I'm not going to get up here like the Spice Girls and say, 'Girls Rock!' I mean, girls do rock, but guys rock too." Thanks for sticking up for guys, Fiona. As if the Spice Girls are calling out to every woman in the world to grab their AK-47s and mow down every man in sight. Why, the phrase "Spice up your life!" must be a subliminal Spice Girl message meaning "Slice up a guy!" Yep, sex sells. Just ask anyone who has his or her genitals in the correct geographical location. Actually, sex

appeal has America's jaw hanging so low that maybe we need Spice Girls representatives for common world problems. Instead of the Pope and

Fidel Castro, maybe Pontiff Spice and Commie Spice should duke it out. Israeli Spice and PLO Spice could sway people to come together in the West Bank. President Clinton knows all about Lewinsky Spice. The possibilities are endless!



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