

Good excuse

Need to master Internet takes time away from academics



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In my numerous years here at the ol' U, I've gained knowledge beyond repair. What's that? Oh, beyond *compare* (man, I always screw that one up).

I've learned the ins and outs of time management, goal-setting, NRoll, Love Library and, of course, academics. The last one has taken the most time to master.

(Okay, I'm lying. We are all very aware that no one has mastered their way around Love Library. On Monday, I saw what I believe to be members of the 1976 freshman class wandering around in the stacks. Too bad they didn't have Library 110 back then, huh? Boy, are we lucky.)

To be able to master something, one first needs to know exactly what it is, so I went ahead and looked "academics" up. My tattered little dictionary said the following: "Lots and lots of stuff that, when all wadded up together into something called an education, will make you

smarter. We think."

The entry went on to talk about how reading and writing were a big part of this whole academic mish-mash, and that in order to truly be academic, professors needed to assign, and I quote, "a whole lotta research papers. Or something."

After reading that part about research papers, I can guarantee that I have *not* mastered academics. I've never written a very good research paper, I can honestly say that it's not my fault. I like to blame it on the Internet.

What you may be thinking at this point probably sounds something like this: "Are you confusing procrastination with the Internet? What the hell is wrong with you, Erin?" My answer to you is, "Nothing's wrong with me. No, really. Please keep reading."

Truth be told, when I've needed it the most (as in when I needed it to function as a viable research source), the Internet has brought me nothing but confusion and a few cruddy grades.

Yes indeed, the Internet is a tool of distraction and destruction that has kept me from being productive more than once. I've come to the conclusion that I must not be "that good at it," because whenever I try to look up *anything*, I end up at the Bob Barker Online Cult Network approximately 93 percent of the time.

(The address, by the way, is www.angelfire.com/ny/svetburger/cult, just in case you don't always end

up there and would like to for some sick reason.)

If you can remember what you read three seconds ago, and if you're a math major, you will have deduced that 7 percent of the time I must wind up somewhere other than Bob's Big Cult site. Well, I do, and the results have been just as disturbing. Lucky for you, I'm going to tell you all about it.

While searching for information that would confirm David Bowie's alien origin (really - just ask my friend John), I somehow found The Onion (www.theonion.com).

This is a boisterous site devoted to bringing you the most asinine, fabricated, 100 percent BS news from across the globe. (No, I'm not talking about the Journal Star. *The Onion*, people, *the Onion*.) I am now aware that this little gem is guaranteed to make me laugh harder than hearing the words "never," "skipped" and "class" in the same sentence.

While exploring the Onion, I was lucky enough to stumble into the Death Clock (www.deathclock.com).

There you can punch in your birth date and your sex, and it will tell you, statistically, the day you're supposed to die. The most wicked feature of the Death Clock is that you can choose from a normal, pessimistic or *sadistic* date of death. My sadistic personal Death Clock says Aug. 18, 2016. Ouch.

Exiting all the good, clean family fun that was the Death Clock, I somehow came upon a site called

"Cruel" (www.cruel.com). This, by far, may be my favorite, simply because of the sheer volume of its archives.

Here, they feature jacked-to-hell sites such as How to Drive Like a Moron, the Alanis Morissette Lyric Generator, Everybody's Undressing Dave, and of course, Virtual Crack.

Here, I found that before receiving drivers licenses, everyone in Lincoln is required to peruse How to Drive Like a Moron. The general driving rules will be frighteningly familiar to all of you who own autos.

If you have something you hate and six words to describe it, The Alanis Morissette Lyric Generator will write you an angst-filled song about whatever's making your life hellish. Awfully entertaining (and maybe even useful to those who've been procrastinating the writing of poetry).

Besides teaching anatomy, Everybody's Undressing Dave is pretty much a lesson in idiocy. I can't spoil the surprise for you, but I will. I must say that it makes no sense to me to wear four pairs of undies at once. Dave, therapy is a good thing.

My favorite archive in Cruel has got to be Virtual Crack. This is the best-kept secret on the 'Net, kids.

If you're a little bored with all of the virtual flowers and greeting cards floating around out there, you can send crack instead. Grandma can get a message of love from you along with a few rocks. Really, nothing gives a warm-fuzzy like crack does.

After frolicking around the Cruel site for approximately 12 hours, I bumped into a link and found (miraculously) exactly what I'd been looking for from the start.

Well, I suppose it wasn't *exactly* what I was looking for, but it was close enough for my screwy purposes. Who knew that it would take so much searching to find the one and only Web site entirely and unabashedly devoted to David Bowie's "Area" (www.public.ias-tate.edu/~pyre/area/)?

The point is not that I found this Web site to be strangely compelling and probably much too entertaining, but that it took way too long to get to it, and even then it wasn't very close to what I was looking for in the first place.

Like I said before, I'm just not very good at the Internet. Maybe with 3,000 more hours of "surfing," I'll be up to par with my fellow students who actually find what they look for.

Meanwhile, I'll just sit here with this funny feeling that I would have been better off taking an Internet help class than one for library.

Maybe the U should start offering one for those of us who are technologically impaired.

What's that? They probably do, and I should check out the schedule online? Yeah. Maybe later.

For now, I think I'll just, um, wander around this, um, David Bowie site.

Power to the meat market

Vegetarians are missing out on the finer things in life



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They're out there.

Right now, in your neighborhoods, at your workplaces and even in your families. They may seem like a harmless group of scattered souls, but they are really part of a dark army - lurking in the shadows, silently growing and growing. Many only submit to these devilish desires occasionally. They only practice the rituals part-time. They abide by the rules of the subculture now and then.

But some are hard-core, serious. They are extremists in every sense of the word. They disseminate their propaganda through actual political organizations. They innocently go about their daily lives, secretly harboring a hidden agenda.

They are strangers, acquaintances, and friends of our friends. But they are slowly seeping their ideas and beliefs into the minds of our loved ones. Our colleagues, our sisters, our mothers and our friends.

They call themselves vegetarians.

Fruits are people, too

What they do doesn't seem that bad on the surface. They say meat is unhealthy. I mean, the nutritionists don't exactly put it at the base of the Food Guide pyramid. Meat equals fat, cholesterol and heart attacks. Words like angina, blockage and arthroscopy don't exactly conjure up images of fun and enjoyment. "We'll have the veggie sub," they say. Or "I've already had my protein intake

for the day." Maybe a piece of chicken once in a while. But only white meat.

And then there's the animal rights argument. The fruits and vegetables don't have the power to feel like animals do. It's killing the animals; *harvesting* the crops. Beasts are intellectual creatures that have the same claim as humans - to live in peace without the fear of being murdered.

Or some just don't think meat tastes as good as vegetables. It's too greasy or hard to chew or whatever. Give 'em a nice stalk of rhubarb and they'll be satisfied. Mmmmm, rhubarb.

Veggie facade

It's quite obvious that there's more to this whole vegetarian thing than appears. They cling to these nice little health and animal-cruelty comebacks, and expect us to accept their lifestyle as if it were fine and dandy.

It's their preference, their choice. They have surveyed the nutritional opportunities and made their decisions. They are pro-veg and anti-meat.

However, we can't or shouldn't discriminate against them. They have every right to spread their ideas and try to win converts. But their strength is building and a takeover is near. They need to be stopped. And it begins with us.

Kill it and grill it

Instead of trying to bring down their forces, we need to mount an opposition. If there are that many people out there that are madly in love with vegetables, then there have to be a few people in the world like me.

And I like meat. No, I don't like it, I *love* it. I am a meatatarian.

Steaks, burgers, gyros, bacon sandwiches and chicken legs are my favorites. Practically any part of any dead animal is good for me. Throw it on the barbecue and cook out the

blood. Cows, pigs, chickens, turkeys, sheep, buffalo and emu - I've eaten 'em all and loved every bite.

I love the smell of steaming fajitas as the waitress brings them to my booth. I love the feel of the chicken skin on my fingers as I eat the last bite off of the bone. I love it when I'm eating a piece of pizza and bite into a hidden piece of ham under the surface. I love the way I have to press down on a big ol' bar burger to be able to fit it into my mouth. I love how the strips fall out of the end of a good Ali Baba gyro because it's chock full of meat. I love everything about meat, and I know some of you feel the same way.

Meat paradise

But my affection for meat doesn't stop there. And if we want to compete with the vegetarians, we're gonna have to go full force. I mean, they call themselves vegetarians, but then they can eat fruits and candy, too. They want it both ways. Well, friends, that's not how we're going to play the game. When we say meatatarian, we mean it.

We won't eat meat just once a day like the experts say. We won't even reserve it solely for the main course at each meal. I'm talking all meat, all the time. Every meal, every day.

When I have a burger, I want it with fries. *Lamb* fries. And I won't dip my fries in ketchup. I'll dip 'em in the leftover grease from the frying pan. And I'll like it.

I'll go to a Mexican restaurant and eat a taco. And, with the regular ground beef, I won't have lettuce and cheese, but I'll request thinly-sliced roast meat and shredded beef. And not in a tortilla, in a cow stomach.

When I wake up, I want to

choose between Meaty Charms, Count Chop-ula and Cracklin' Meat Bran. And instead, I'll just eat my roommate's Meaties. Yes, with the current sports meatatarian hero on the box.

If I go out to dinner at an expensive restaurant, I don't want to see the wine list, bring me the meat list. I'll take the '79 Bordeaux. A 20-year-old bottle of meat juice. Cheers.

This is just the beginning. Eventually we'll gain power in

Washington and create student groups on campuses across the country. They can be the Vegans, we'll be the M.E.A.T.E.R.S. - The Massed Eaters of Animal Types of Edibles Ritualistically and Systematically.

We'll be a force to reckon with, politically and socially. No one will dare question the almighty power of the MEATERS. I envision a meat paradise, friends, and you can be there with me. Streets paved with bacon, skyscrapers dripping with grease and stadiums filled with meatball fans. I can see the meaty gates now.

Meatatarians of the world unite; we have nothing to lose but our vegetables.

