

Center of idiocy

Most majors at UNL prove worthless, wastes of time



"To be totally honest, I was most impressed with the size of the mammoth's genitalia in the Lloyd G. Tanner Plaza outside of Morrill Hall."

—Ben Bennack's response, when asked by NSE leader, Brett Stohs, what impressed him the most about New Student Enrollment.

Let me tell you something. The world's about to hit a wall, and you're driving. Well, you and the rest of the student body. The pretentiousness and pseudo-profundity among the students at the University of Nebraska is at an all-time high. I have a feeling you already knew that, though.

I'd like to blame this on you and your worthless major, but that would be somewhat unfair. Therefore, I've decided to enlighten you on which of your classes and majors piss me off the most. Make rocket go now!

Philosophy is definitely the most useless area of study at the University of Nebraska. Not only is the cycle it produces vicious, it is completely worthless. Graduates of this program end up living in cardboard boxes and spending their whole lives trying to find their way out of them.

The only true philosopher on campus is the Union bum. I've heard him mumble the meaning of life on several occasions. It has something to do with turnips.

Math. What the hell? Andrew Wiles can spend the rest of his life searching for the answer to Fermat's Last Theorem for all I care. He'll probably still have more of a life than most math majors. Mathematicians have never made a serious contribution to society and never will. Why anyone would ever want to major in math is like the Pythagorean Theorem: there is no answer. If you have a problem with that, consider your ass square-rooted!

Next up are electrical, mechanical, computer and whatever other pointless engineering majors are offered. Unless you can operate a train, I don't consider you an engineer. Your pathetic little toy trains don't count either. The Engineering College is just for students who have no will of their own. They have plenty of mechanical skills, but they don't have enough creativity to come up with their own schedule of classes.

It's sad. Actually, pathetic is a more fitting word. When the new computer honors residence hall opens up, I think they should charge admission and let the public come see "Nerds and Invalids, the likes of which ye have never seen." It could be used as therapy for people who have been feeling bad about themselves.

You ever want to see a horde of self-centered bastards? Look no further than CBA, the building of the damned. Business majors are for greedy misanthropes who don't want to experience real life and enjoy sounding important without having to do any real work. The college also serves as a safe haven for athletes. Uh, I mean "student" athletes. You know as well as I do that the College of Business Administration can safely take 95 percent credit for Nebraska's nation-leading 168 Academic All-Americans.

And screw psychology. According to Freud, the reason I smoke is because of "oral deficiencies experienced as a child." According to life, who gives a damn? Besides, I've always credited it to

the sweet, sweet nicotine. What is mind? No matter. What is matter? Never mind. That's all the psychology you'll ever need.

What's up with all those immigrants and their "foeign languages?" What have Swedes, Germans, Czechs, Russians and Italians ever done for us anyway? Melting pot, my ass. I don't need to go to England or Italy to study abroad, there are plenty of broads worth studying right here on campus.

Not so fast, English majors. Probably thought you were going to get away, didn't you? Probably thought it was safe to chuckle at a dangling participle or a sentence-ending preposition. Well, tough luck. You're just a bunch of wannabe writers and lawyers. Your talent will run out long before your pen ever does.

Let's see. Who's next? Maestro, banjo music, please. Seriously, East Campus folk, it gets really tiring following your tractors up and down Holdrege Street. Four legs good, two legs bad! Four legs good, two legs bad! Four legs good, two legs bad!

Whoever designed Hamilton Hall knew what he was doing. Structuring the building to implode was pure genius. I don't think anyone would notice that the science majors were missing, anyway. Cures, vaccines and pasteurization aside, scientists have brought nothing but pain and misfortune to people. What have flu and hepatitis C shots ever done for me? Nothing, that's what.

Journalists are the scum of the earth. They kick you when you're up, they kick you when you're down and

they kick you in the balls just for the fun of it. Ever since MacNeil left the "MacNeil-Lehrer News Hour," the media has been crap. News sucks, and newspapers are worse. Let's face it, print is dead.

And with that, dear friends, I take my leave. However, I have a few last words of inspiration, a la Chicken Soup for the College Soul. Always brush your teeth. Friends are the best kind of people to borrow money from and to have sex with. No matter what anyone says, Big Brother really is watching you. And finally, to please all of you "deeper meaning" bastards wondering what the purpose of all this actually is, I've concluded that the only classes truly worth enrolling in are The History of Rock Music and Human Sexuality.



Scott Eastman/DN

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Crisis of love - a faith story

Allowing intimacy opens doors once thought permanently closed



I found God in the Rec Center. She was wearing a "No Fear" T-shirt and Reebok warm-up pants. She was doing squats, with a lot of weight, too, while I was doing lat pull-downs. I watched her during my rests between sets.

She finished with the station and passed me on her way to the dumbbells. Our eyes met as she passed; she had the most beautiful blue-gray eyes, with a thin ring of indigo on the limit of the iris. Her eyes and her dark blonde hair gave her a pointed, purposeful look.

I finished with my sets on the lat machine and went to the dumbbells, too. She was getting ready to do bench presses. "Will you spot me?" she asked.

I stood silent for a moment, then

moved behind her. I moved my lips slightly, saying, "Yes," inaudibly.

When she finished with her sets, she rose. "Thanks," she said.

"No problem," I was awkwardly silent. Finally, "Hey, I never caught your name."

"My name is Jen," she said.

"Cool. It's a pleasure making your acquaintance, Jen," I said, mock-formally. "My name is Jake."

She smiled. "Well, I'll see you around, then?"

"Yeah."

With that, she turned to leave.

As it turns out, our schedules were nearly identical, so we ended up in the weight room together frequently. After a couple of times, she gave me her number, but it would be a couple of weeks before I got over my intrinsic timidity and called her.

I spent the four rings until her answer wishing for the machine. "Hello?"

"Hi, is Jen there?"

"This is she."

"Hey, Jen, it's Jake," I said.

"Hi, Jake. I was hoping you would call." Her voice was warming to her friendly tone. It comforted me.

"Yeah, I didn't know when to call you. I didn't want to catch you at an awkward time or anything."

"Listen," she said, "you can call me whenever you please. You might get the machine, but I always reply."

"Cool. So anyway, how are you doing ..."

We talked on the phone for a few hours that night. More phone calls would follow; in time we would become closer, to the point where we seemed inseparable most of the time.

The issue of my sexuality came up periodically. I wasn't able to make her understand why I felt I was militantly gay.

"What I don't get," she said one night, "is how you can cut off so many people from consideration."

"It's not like that ... " I tried to explain.

"Yes it is. When you say you can only love a man, never a woman, you are closing yourself off to a whole different level of experience. You are saying, 'Nope, not for me,' on a whole class of relationships you've never honestly tried."

"Jen, it's not like that at all."

She gave a frustrated sigh. Then,

"Jake, do you love me?"

"Of course I do. You know that."

"No, I mean, do you love me in that way?"

I knew what the response should have been, but I couldn't give it. It was true I hadn't dated any guys since I met Jen. But did that mean I loved her in that way? I didn't know what to say to that. I just knew I couldn't leave her behind.

Time would pass, and we would allow ourselves to grow close to an incredible degree. Thoughts of men faded away. Before long, Jen and I were an "item."

I loved her for her strength of character, for her devotion to what was right. I would meditate on her face and her laugh when she wasn't around, and I would discover such profound beauties that words would pale as their messenger.

She felt similarly for me as well. We would spend hours together, whenever we could, and she would tell me everything and listen to everything I had to say, until finally we would fall asleep in each other's arms.

Then, one day, she asked me to commit myself to her.

"Jake, I love you deeply and with all my heart. I want you to be with me forever." Our heads were close, her eyes were down on our interlocking hands. She looked at me, again. That gray-blue. "Will you marry me?"

"Jen," I said, barely more than a gasp. "I'm overwhelmed."

Indeed, I was. The idea seemed like nothing more than infinite happiness and comfort. After a life of emotional turmoil and devastating relationships, how could I resist?

How could I devote myself forever, though? Just less than a year before, I was dating men and convinced that I would never do otherwise.

What if I had ever found the male equivalent of Jen? What if she wasn't the only one?

I looked deep into her eyes for strength. She squeezed my hands, her eyes focused on mine. "Jen," I said, with more voice, this time. We breathed together, and I watched her face, that face whose every detail I had committed to memory. My eyes welled with tears. "Jen," this time with a sigh of relief.

"Yes, I will."

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