



Brian Carlson

Brian Carlson has been around the DN block a few times, mostly in the position of governmental reporter, a job he will reprise next fall, covering the state congress races, among other things. I'd be lying if I said I thought anyone was a better pure news writer at the university, so highly do I think of his skills.

In his words: *My column begins with the premise that ideas and independent thought matter. The public consistently expresses its disdain for the media, but it seems just as consistently to adopt the media's conventional wisdom. I will challenge the media's conventional wisdom on a wide range of political and social issues. I will say what I think regardless of consequences, but always with due consideration for those who disagree. Rather than resorting to personal attacks or politically correct platitudes that stifle real debate, I will strive to focus on the merits of an argument.*

Brian will run on Mondays, the proper dose of reality you need to start your week.

Jeremy Patrick

Jeremy Patrick will accompany Brian on Monday. A columnist writer this semester, Jeremy emptied his thoughts on, shall we say, the eternal issues, and is prepared for the same recourse. Clear, concise, balanced: Jeremy's works are not ones for rumination. It's a literate simplicity he employs; far from plain Jane, but not inaccessible. Substance above style, but not workmanlike.

In our weekly meeting, Jeremy emits the same vibe of the older, wiser patron who has tromped through the swamps of extremities already. The result, as he explains it,

Future opinion pages to hold gripping diatribes & pants-wetting hilarity

Jacob Glazeski

Before he became a columnist, **Jacob Glazeski** used to write the Daily Nebraskan columnists directly, challenging them on their work and ideas. It's too bad we didn't reel him in sooner. What he was able to do was inject polarization into issues without shrinking away from them. How many columns have been backhanded tricks, like sarcasm, in the DN over the years? Too many.

Jacob has no such pretenses. His writing is at times combative. Not

everyone would dare to agree with him out loud.

Over time, as the nuances of his writings became more common in my mind, I appreciated them more. There is much more here than the shock writing of many writers in our past. I've heard the same accusations levied on his work, and such accusations are unfounded. Look closer. Even in specifics, Jacob's work lends itself to universal attitudes.

In his words: *Because I've effectively pared my readership*

I have no real feeling behind trying to wrap my first year of column writing at the Daily Nebraskan.

Others have done it longer. Others have more poignant things to say.

Others aren't coming back. I am. So I will look forward.

down to a handful of friends and closely related gerbils, it is really kind of pointless for me to list here who I am or what I will be writing next semester. But because my esteemed future editor would like me to re-introduce myself, I shall.

If you haven't gathered this already from the semester, I am a rational-atheist-skinny-and-funny-looking queer and my specific opinions vary in terms of political camps. One week I may feel conservative, the next liberal. It all depends on my

Cocoa Puffs-to-carrots ratio for the previous week (in terms of mass).

Of course, you may have difficulty discerning this exclusively from my columns because I, too, have discovered the beautiful ease of writing fictional columns, completely devoid of political content.

Several theories explaining my eclecticism have been proposed, none of which sufficiently meets my requirement that all be complimentary. I view it rather as a journey down the Mississippi

every day something new happens that changes my life forever, and this is reflected in your weekly view into my opinionated (or not-so-opinionated) mind.

Because next semester is so far down the road - not only after a summer, but after a full-time job working in Douglas County Jail - I can only tell you that my column next semester will be a reflection of who I choose to be at that time.

*I'll try to keep it interesting, but this is *me* we're talking about here.*

Karen Brown

Karen Brown has groupies. This I know. And, knowing Karen, I consider myself one of them. I consider her the best we have to offer, and she isn't moving one inch from her Tuesday slot. Where her writing power comes from, at least in my opinion, lies not in imagination but in her essence. Karen simply is.

And her columns,

over time, have been cultured to a point at which every word seems sprung from a place I have no access to. They pop off the page. They read effortlessly. Fans already know this. And if you're not a fan, just read three. Go into our archives. And then you will be. Karen is an acquired taste that, once you acquire it, you'd rather not get rid of it

anytime soon. Karen keeps things simple for to achieve her goals:

Goal No. 1: I want to be able to write big words. Words with more than one syllable. Words that are tricky. Words such as chicanery and degradingolade. Even if they serve no contextual purpose to my writing, they sure will make me look deft and meretricious.

Goal No. 2: I want to be Madonna and, at the same time, make fun of UNL at any cost.

Goal No. 3: I want to make the people of the world laugh, then cry, and then laugh at themselves crying. I ascertain that this will appease my intuitive gods who cry for want of laughter in their souls every night when I make dinner.

I've also tried columns about the Cassie Bernall myth, the contradictions in Scripture and impact of socialism on history to get people to say, "Wow, I never thought about it like that before."

In the coming semester, I hope to keep making people think about things they've never thought of before. I also have a chance to do some more experimental work, along with my columns on various political and social issues.

I invite feedback and criticism at jhaeman@hotmail.com. Remember, applications are still available for head groupie and assistant groupie.

Dane Stickney

Paired with Jacob on Wednesdays is **Dane Stickney**, who has abundant talent yet untapped in this paper. He spent time in news writing, which I have no problem saying lives far below many of the talented people who can reach far beyond that medium.

How far Dane can reach remains uncertain, as does it with all new columnists. But the potential for revelation is there, and I don't say that word lightly. His insight might not always meet the sunnier side of the street, nor is it intended to. In his words:

I write. That's what I do. Day in and day out, my life revolves around writing. I'm a news-editorial and English major. I've worked for the DN as a staff writer, assignment: diversity, and now on news desk and editorial board and all that. I've taken writing of fiction and poetry. So writing is what I do.

I have had a traditional problem, however. I cannot blend the two schools of writing I practice. One side has the hard news angle.

The other is creative - the poetry, the fiction, thoughts on a page. I can't make both blend together. With my columns, I hope to find a way to do it.

Writing is important to me because it is important to my family. Both of my parents are teachers, and my dad is an English teacher of 36 years. When I was a freshman in high school, he gave me a maxim to live by: "Good writing reflects good thinking."

So I take that thought into everything I write. People who read my columns will not read about sophomoric topics. I'm just not that way. Sam told me to try to put the ideas behind my poetry, which often focuses on the darkness and stupidity of life - into prose.

So I'm just going to make observations that may have conclusions. There probably won't be much comedy. I can guarantee well-written columns that don't waste the readers' time - I think that's an amiable goal.

Petaluma Watson

Our columnist journey ends with a newcomer, **Petaluma Watson** ... the stories I could tell about this girl already. In her words:

Time for a lesson. Let's give it a chapter designation: Petaluma's tips for being a fat girl.

Please use them. Because guys go for two kinds of women. Beautiful (me). Grotéskue.

You are either a museum piece (me) or a catcher's mitt. Better choose.

Most of you can't. You can't be me, and you don't want to be me, unless you want to spend most of your life living out lies you've constructed for yourself, unless you want to be unframed, some fluid thing with her mind and her feet in different places.

You do not want this. You are born with it anyway, like

sickle-cell anemia.

So get fat.

The rules:

Eat.

Retain water.

Gorge.

Pizza. Whole milk. Indian

butter. Cake. Heaping bowls

of coffee ice cream. Dairy

products.

No Diet Pepsi. No Diet

Rite. No Healthy Choice

meals of Lasagna Roma with

only 14 percent of your daily

fat allowance. No Egg

Beaters. No fat-free mini-

muffins.

No sneaking four Junior

Mints for your mid-mid after-

noon/evening mini-snack. Just

eat the whole box.

And 12 ounces of cheap

peppered beef, marbled. It is

especially important. Do it

daily.

Sexual consistency: Let

all cheap, useless gifts - any

gift whatsoever, whether it be

a Hershey's Miniature Krackel bar (very fattening when consumed by the bag!) or a fake Black Hills Gold bracelet - be his toll to ride on your turnpike. No messy exits.

Sexual contact leaves a false sense of security; hence, you let yourself go and get fatter. Additionally, there exists scientific proof that male ejaculatory material congeals into fat cells if left on the cervix long enough without fertilization, so nix the diaphragm and surf the risk.

Think I'm wrong? There are hundreds of sorority girls on this campus alone with affirming testimonials, as they still try to wear white shorts under a severe hail damage warning, as their chunky glubs peek through the leg holes. They've had sex hundreds of times.

God Bless Them. Really. Remember, this is what

guys want. Big and soft - a catcher's mitt, a couch. Use whatever leather-based analogy you like. Or me. Use whatever goddess-based analogy you like.

Above all, uncute yourself.

Cute destroys like...

everything, you know? The

tyranny of the majority. Beauty can be shared. And fat

is stored away, for no one and

everyone to see and touch.

Do not put off the

inevitable.

Fat is very comfortable.

You'll die sooner.

Know that.

Hi. I am Petaluma Watson.

My column will run on

Thursdays next year. My e-

mail address is

petalumaw@hotmail.com.

Please send me any com-

ments, criticisms or questions.

I will respond in kind.

Thanks a tonny.

Neal Obermeyer

Neal Obermeyer returns as the editorial cartoonist. Powerful, intelligent and funny enough to change the campus culture on the basis of his drawings. They speak for themselves.

He's the DN's No. 1 commodity, so to speak.

It rounds out an intriguing lineup.