

Sold out

ASUN can now be thanked for your junkmail

We expect for some things, or people, to sell out.

The NU Athletic Department—we expect it. All those free credit card people hawking their free t-shirts next to Broyhill Fountain—it's a guarantee. The University Program Council—a given.

But our own comrades in the Association of Students of the University of Nebraska? Never.

Until now. We guess it's always the ones you think you can count on.

With the uncovering of ASUN's semi-secret \$1,000 deal with the Lincoln Journal Star, we must say we were a bit dismayed.

And a bit angry.

If you're one of the uninformed, this year marks the second year consecutively that ASUN has sold UNL's student directory information to the Lincoln Journal Star for its mailings.

It was our own student government who took that list and sold it for petty cash. Petty cash that we have to suffer the consequences for.

In exchange for the mailing list, ASUN receives \$1,000 and an advertisement in the Journal Star's campus guide, which is sent out at the beginning of the semester to the student body.

The guide, its contents and the coupons inside aren't what upset us. The \$1,000 doesn't even upset us that much.

It's that those are our names and addresses that the university provided ASUN with.

It's that it's a list that not all the Journal Star's competitors get to use.

And then it's the idea that it was our own student government who took that list and sold it for petty cash.

Petty cash that we have to suffer the consequences for.

It's going to be our mailboxes—whether we live in the dorm, in an off campus house or apartment or with our parents—that are going to be filled with even more coupons for “our benefit” or flyers that we're supposed to be really interested in reading.

And it's that we suspect, even with a signed contract, that the Lincoln Journal Star could have given that list to just about anyone interested for a profit of its own.

Certainly, the list is all of the student address information is available to anyone, through the student directory. But the organization interested must put its own legwork into compiling the names and addresses. The directory doesn't equal a nice, neat list, and it doesn't draw a profit, either.

What it all boils down to is that we don't like the idea of our own selling us for their own benefit. While some may claim the sale of our names is going to be useful for us, that we're going to be the real benefactors, all it looks like to us is a pile of soiled junkmail.

Signed, sealed and delivered from our very own student government, ASUN.

Opinion correction

Because of an editing error, the column attributed to Simon Ringsmuth was actually written by Seth Felton. Any letters to the editor regarding it should include his name.

Editorial Board

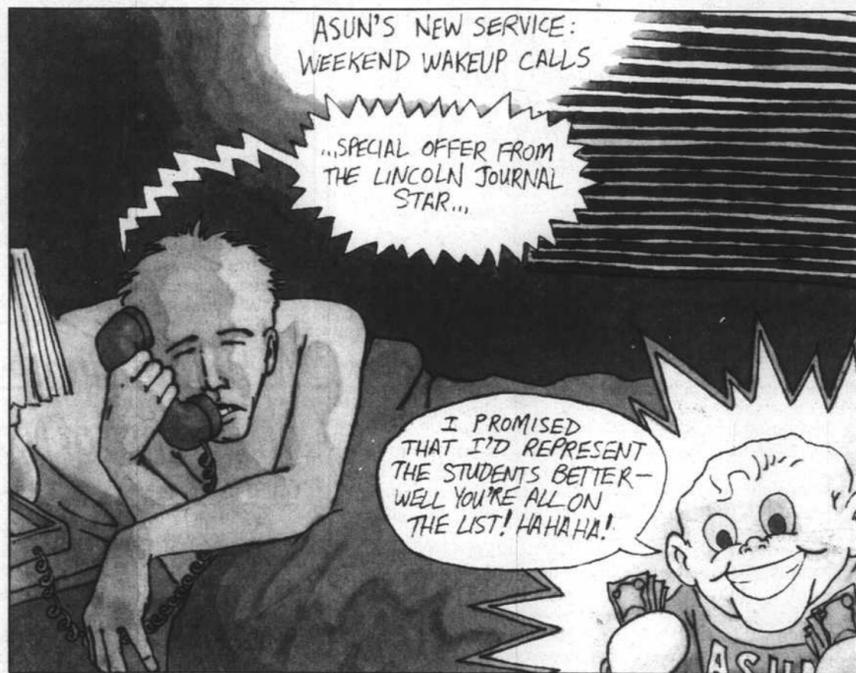
Sarah Baker, Bradley Davis, Josh Funk, Matthew Hansen, Samuel McKewon, Dane Stickney, Kimberly Sweet

Letters Policy

The Daily Nebraskan welcomes briefs, letters to the editor and guest columns, but does not guarantee their publication. The Daily Nebraskan retains the right to edit or reject any material submitted. Submitted material becomes property of the Daily Nebraskan and cannot be returned. Anonymous submissions will not be published. Those who submit letters must identify themselves by name, year in school, major and/or group affiliation, if any. Submit material to: Daily Nebraskan, 20 Nebraska Union, 1400 R St. Lincoln, NE 68589-0448. E-mail: letters@unlinfo.unl.edu.

Editorial Policy

Unsigned editorials are the opinions of the Fall 2000 Daily Nebraskan. They do not necessarily reflect the views of the University of Nebraska-Lincoln, its employees, its student body or the University of Nebraska Board of Regents. A column is solely the opinion of its author; a cartoon is solely the opinion of its artist. The Board of Regents acts as publisher of the Daily Nebraskan; policy is set by the Daily Nebraskan Editorial Board. The UNL Publications Board, established by the regents, supervises the production of the paper. According to policy set by the regents, responsibility for the editorial content of the newspaper lies solely in the hands of its employees.



Letters to the editor

Stating The Obvious.

Dear Emily. Reading Your Column. Is. A. Pain. In. The. Ass. Can. You. Guess. Why. I. Think. So?

Paolo Rossi
Graduate Student
Chemistry

A question of morals

In her Sept. 8 editorial column, Emily Moran claims that when she feels like doing something that goes against the rules of morality that she has learned, she is free to discard those rules and to decide what is morally “right for her.”

While such freedom from absolute morality may seem convenient to her, she must consider the logical consequence of the argument: If she is free to make her own moral rules for herself, then others must be free to do so for themselves, as well.

Now let us suppose, hypothetically, that I have decided it is “right for me” to kidnap Miss Moran for the purpose of torturing and murdering her.

Having rejected the possibility of any absolute standards of morality, the lady has left herself without any moral grounds to dissuade me from my intentions. Is this really a situation that she is willing to face?

Robert J. Stulac
Graduate Student
History

Classy fans

I am a 1994 graduate of the University of Notre Dame and was among the 91,000 fans that descended (including around 15,000 of your own Husker fans) upon the campus of my alma mater for this past

weekend's football game.

The level of sportsmanship demonstrated by your fans places you and your program above and beyond most college programs.

In pre-game tailgating festivities, exciting moments during the contest and the post-game activities, one word summarizes fans of the University of Nebraska... class.

Your fans demonstrated respect for Notre Dame and were true football fans. Before the game, I enjoyed the fact your fans were appreciating the beauty of our campus and history.

During the game I carried on many conversations with various fans; though we were cheering for teams on the opposite side of the gridiron, the love of college football was apparent.

These conversations included friendly barbs but at no point any taunting.

After the game, your fans celebrated but at the same time congratulated us for a hard-fought effort. During my years as a Notre Dame fan I saw fans from the University of Miami-Florida and Florida State University visit my campus. You are a step above these other programs and should be proud of that fact.

I wish you luck in the rest of the season and hope you have a successful run at another national championship (unless of course you face an 11-1 Notre Dame for the national championship then my loyalties will lie at home).

My hat's off to you, and I look forward to visiting Lincoln next year and enjoy the same level of Husker class watching these two great programs face off once again.

Wayne J. Goveia
Notre Dame Alumnus

Scouts just young Goddesses

I've kept something a secret for a long time. It's caused me to lose my job, my family, my friends (real and imaginary) and yes, even what little respect I had from the aliens living in my bathroom.

This secret, which I've decided can no longer be shameful because I'm mature now (and being blackmailed), is that I was once a Girl Scout.

And I was a damned good one.

I did it for six heartbreaking, strenuous years, and now my green sash is filled with patched memories. Memories such as wiping television dust off with a piece of bread and watching the mildew grow over the months. Making that backpack out of a pair of jeans will never leave me.

Girl Scouts have gotten a bad rap for not being as rigorous and downright “awesome” as the Boy Scouts. But let me tell you the secret to fun—you had to go to camp. You had to actually do something to have fun things happen to you. Idle bodies make no stories.

I went to camp five times and, man, did I rough it. One time my tent (along with 10 screaming girls) flew into the lake. I alone, as a lifeguard in the making, saved them all with a cattail and a tin can. I was one bad-ass Brownie!

Another time we all raided the fridge, and as a result we all got food poisoning. Again, I saved the day as I performed emergency medical “stomach pumping” on all the girls. I got the coolest patch for that: It had a picture of someone vomiting on it.

All of that silliness is negated when I think about what was truly important on those excursions—female bonding.

It was more than just talking with one another; we got to chant and sing in a circle and give hugs to one another more times than you could shake a stick at. I still remember quite a few songs, and on long drives I blow everyone away with hits such as “The Cannibal King” and “Hagdalen Magdalena.”

GS camp was also a place where no one would make fun of the way I looked. I can't count how many times I was called ugly in my youth—you know, I was bedecked in huge glasses, braces that were surrounded by abnormally huge lips and an afro that suffocated the sky.

Naturally curly hair is NOT a blessing when you're a child living in a straight-haired world.

So I would keep it short and because of that I would get called a boy. Junior high sucked so bad I have a permanent hickey, but at Girl Scout camp, no one cared what I looked like because no one cared about being popular. We were sisters.

Why am I talking about this, do you ask? Well, I just had a female-bonding experience—10 years past my Girl Scout days—that was oddly similar. I went to Kansas for the Gaea Goddess Gathering, and it was reminiscent of GS camp because in both scenarios females go to the wilderness and try to get away from our patriarchal society.



Karen Brown



Shawn Bahlin/DN

Girl Scouts are just Goddesses in the making. Technically this Goddess Gathering was a lot of topless women in skirts who talked to dirt and smoked pot.

Non-technically, it was a place to roam free of societal structures and to share pain and happiness that make you float for a week with other women in the same downtrodden boat. Women are naturally kind and nurturing, and at Camp Gaea they could nurture like the dickens!

I learned one thing other than more chants and songs (this time about the earth, not mottos about honor). I learned that I don't like to bond with a lot of strangers anymore—and that I never did. Bonding seems cheesy, and it makes me feel uncomfortable.

Like my friend Shel said, it's more like church than a relaxing jaunt in the woods. Rituals are full of orders—“Sit down. Stand up.” And if you don't encounter a life-altering epiphany, then it's disappointing to the leaders... but you're not a lost cause. There's always next year.

I was sort of roped into touching other women's breasts for the closing ceremony, and as crazy as this may seem, I didn't want to do it.

Don't get me wrong, bonding isn't always bad (and it doesn't have to exclude males), but women seem to have to get away from the creatures with penises in order to release themselves. Women are just as mean to each other as men are to women.

Women should learn to release themselves in all surroundings. I wish we were taught to be strong in any context of life (starting even earlier than Girl Scout age) rather than have to be strong at a yearly retreat that caters to the “woman inside.”

Sure, I felt beautiful this weekend, but what's the point if you don't feel beautiful all the time?

You just have to go back to the real world and forget the fun and acceptance right away.

I think that's a bunch of crap.

Take writing tips from personal ads

This. Is. A. Column. About. Tabloid. Trash. Graduate students: This is a column about tabloid trash. There is no moral basis whatsoever. Be prepared to count.



Emily Moran

The National Examiner is the queen of trash. Tabloid pages are smeared with crap and personal ads full of losers. You can find the best headlines, articles and function dates.

The core of the National Examiner is personal ads. One ad reads: *Seeks professional actress, model, cheerleader. Long detailed letter, photo in bikini, phone number a plus.*

Or follow another ad's example: *Looks unimportant. Send photo.*

There is a woman, Fragmen T. Ed, former personal ad participant. She seeks her true love in the tabloid pages.

Her ad read: *SWF Christian, seeking man who rides Harleys. Phone, no inmates.*

There is a man, Englis H. Major, who reads the ad. He learns to ride a Harley and calls Fragmen T. Ed one week later. He is now her husband.

This is beautiful, that Fragmen T. Ed and Englis H. Major can coexist.

Prisoners are not strangers to tabloid personals. From National Examiner, the Sept. 19, 2000, edition: *Soon released into your arms.*

There is another: *Very, very lonely, extremely lonely.*

The National Examiner reduces costs to accommodate a wide clientele. Personal ads are available to anyone at a low, low rate of \$12 for three forwarded letters or \$1.99 per minute on the phone.

The National Examiner has no class or standards for personal ads. That is what makes its pages so damn attractive.

Modeling your own ad after those printed might seem the logical thing to do, but it isn't the easiest.

There is competition, from the National Examiner, Sept. 19, 2000, which includes: *Ex-dancer. Some tattoos. Disease-free. Fifty-three but looks 39. Non-gymaholic. Light smoker. Likes short sleeved shirts.*

Or... *Dedicated to demonology, magic and the occult. Will treat a lady like a lady, not like his inferior or slave.*

Or... *Seeking uninhibited, submissive, compassionate, easygoing lady, any size/age. Unabusive, open to suggestions.*

Or... *Correctional institute inmate, lonely, SWM, loves to travel.*

Superb examples. They hit at the core of personal ads.

I am about to unleash the secrets of writing personal ads now. Well, not now. But soon.

Before you begin to write, I must explain that ads are written in sentence fragments. It is the standard form. “I am attractive” translates to “hot.”

Sentence fragments are defined as single words or phrases set off as sentences to have a dramatic effect.

There is a writer, Anna Quindlen, who uses fragments in her book “To Defray Expenses.” An excerpt found in “The Writers' Inc. Writing for College: A Student Handbook”:

The problem is that when we look into this abyss, it goes so deep that we get dizzy and pull back from the edge. Teenage mothers. Child abuse. Crowded schools... and always the smell of urine in the elevator. I have never been in a project that hasn't had that odor.

I don't want to take the time to find a better excerpt. I would have had to search the law library. I don't do card catalogues. Bad grammar. I know.

Here are the secrets. Now.

The first secret is to lie.

The second secret is to lie about what you've lied about.

These are the secrets. Think adjectives. Think fragments. Or count how many more words I need to complete this column.

So to conclude this collection of fragments, your personal ad should follow a standard format: Name, age, religion, morals, size, preferences.

There is an example, for me, from me, from the Daily Nebraskan, the Sept. 12, 2000, issue:

Pisces, 21, ice princess. ISO smart reader.