

## Daily Nebraskan

Since 1901

Editor: Sarah Baker  
Opinion Page Editor: Samuel McKewon  
Managing Editor: Bradley Davis

### Quotes of the Week

"We come to work and work long hours. We deal with a lot of bullshit from the guys, but we get nice guys, too."

**Chanh Sanmone Sotphrachith, who dances as Chyna, on life as a exotic dancer**

"What happens if we tie the legs of a sitting man, and someday he needs to stand up and walk?"

**General Studies ASUN Senator Michelle Schrage, on the necessity of a new bylaw allowing candidates to take stands on election issues**

"I used to hate it, but I like the lyrical modern dance. Ballet is more thinking: What steps do I need to take, are my feet pointed, am I smiling? Modern dance is based on feelings and breathing. Once you learn the steps, it just flows without any thinking."

**UNL dancer Megan Dant on the differences between ballet and modern dance**

"We're known for having ladies around, and yeah, they happen to be strippers."

**UNL BMX racer Robbie Richard on his entourage**

"I just want to be with my family right now."  
**Nebraska football player Mark Vedral, on his acquittal of charges of first-degree sexual assault**

"I have no reason to believe she would fabricate anything, but that is not the standard of proof. We have to prove everything beyond a reasonable doubt."

**Lancaster County Attorney Gary Lacey on Vedral's accuser**

"The image I would project in my SUV is wonderful - I'm taller than you, I'm better-looking, I'm one with nature, and I can carry a lot of crap in the back of this thing! I could never use all the space my SUV has, but no matter, it's there in case some day I decide to go camping. After all, I am kind of 'outdoorsy.'"

**Columnist Karen Brown on SUVs**

"Volleyball. Volley. Ball. I like how my mouth moves to the word. Lips touch, tongue protrudes, lips touch. I suck on lemons the same way. Other things, too."

**Columnist petaluma watson on the word volleyball**

"I was a card-carrying gay for a couple of years, until the National Association of Gays discovered my transgressions. They came by a couple of weeks ago to take back the card and my poster of Ricky Martin, which was all right because Walgreens doesn't take NAG cards."

**Columnist Jake Glazeski on his gay rights' being revoked by the gays**

"That's just a picture from when I was young. My ego says I like the way I look. Hey, I'm a sprinter."

**Former Nebraska track star and gold medalist Charles Greene on himself**

"Without glass blowers, you wouldn't have computer chips. A glass blower is needed to make the wafer carrier used in (silicon) chip production."

**Hadrian Duke, head of UNL glassblowing shop**

### Editorial Board

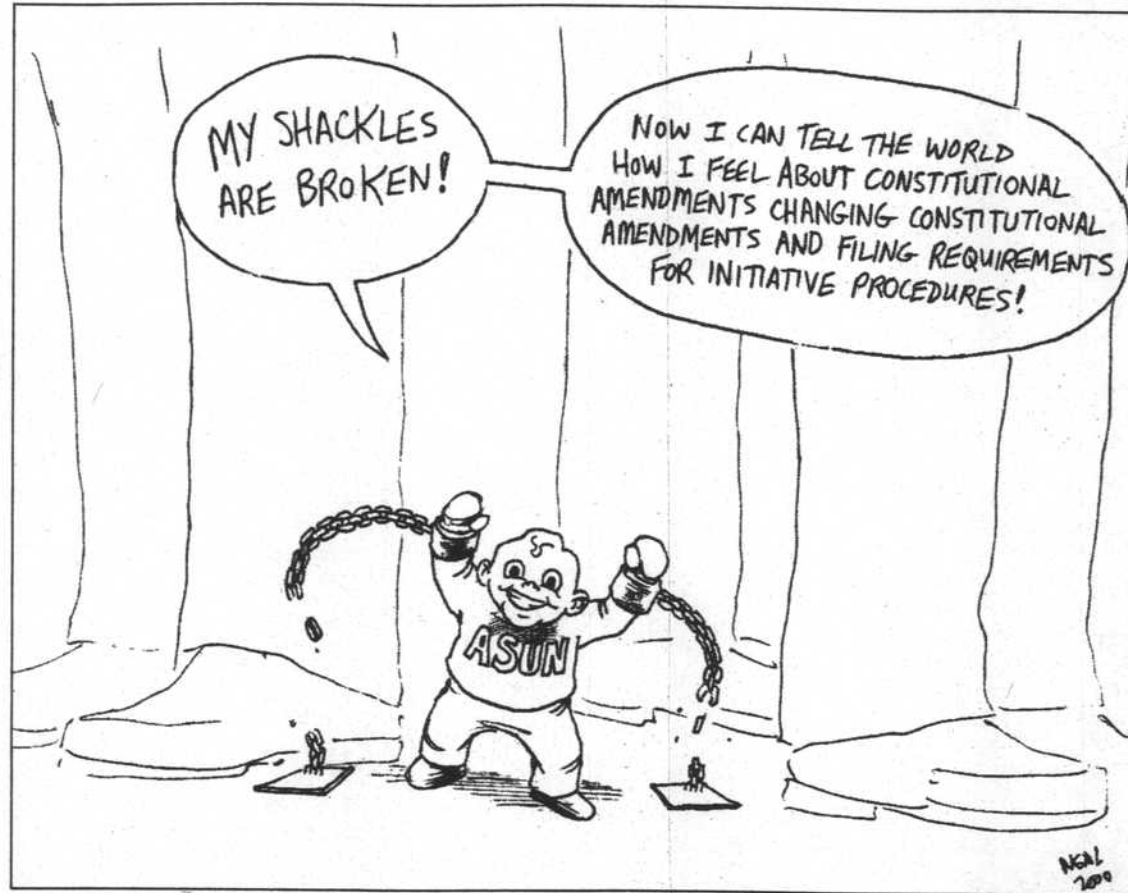
Sarah Baker, Bradley Davis, Josh Funk, Matthew Hansen, Samuel McKewon, Dane Stickney, Kimberly Sweet

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### Editorial Policy

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Neal Obermeyer/DN

### Letters to the editor

#### Blame it on petaluma

It is without shock that I see perfectly good print and paper go to waste once again at the Daily Nebraskan. It is the lengthy and poorly composed column by ms. petaluma watson which I speak of.

Never has a muddle of useless ranting and raving personified the self-absorbed and hyper-self-obsession of the people of our culture, as petaluma watson's column does.

It seems we are more concerned with trips to the shopping malls than to the voting booth. It seems we are more concerned with outfitting our children in Ralph Lauren than with the ideas of charity or non-violence.

Ladies and gentlemen, I give you petaluma watson, the essence of all that is wrong with our society, the essence of apathy.

Like her mother raised her, she will raise her children to care nothing for others. Her children will drive luxury sedans and spend more dollars on fashion magazines than most Americans do on their electric bill.

Her children, like her, will fail to concern themselves with anything outside their bodies and possessions. This, my fellow students, is apathy.

Apathy: the means by which societies are destroyed and the means by which "the commoner" is kept down. Apathy: the Great American Way.

ms. watson, with the intellect of a 9th grade cheerleader, ms. watson, with the emotional balance and writing skills of a chimpanzee, I ask you this... what is your point?

Please tell us there is something more to your column than this; tell us you have some grand scheme you've yet to reveal. Tell us something of even a little sustenance, or are you not capable?

**Benjamin G. Kruse  
Freshman  
Anthropology**

#### An open invitation

In response to Jake Glazeski's editorial on Wednesday, we would like to thank him for showing everyone the diversity of the opinions concerning certain subjects.

Despite the fact that Glazeski feels the GLBT

groups on campus are not inclusive, Spectrum, one of the mentioned groups, tries very hard to be. We encourage anyone who wishes to see for themselves what we do to come to a meeting and see just how diverse we are.

Spectrum explores the more social side of the GLBT community. As it states in our constitution, we are not exclusive of anyone, under the same guidelines that the university uses. The only exclusion is when the person excludes themselves.

We encourage everyone to take a further look into the GLBT organizations and see what is available and how each serves its purpose.

#### The members of UNL's chapter of Spectrum

#### Scratching the surface

I would like to express my deepest gratitude to Josh Wolfe and Josh Funk (and whoever else was in on it) for a complete and utterly pointless cover story.

I thought "Just another day at the office" (DN Monday) was totally uninformative.

But the idea had potential.

I read your story with the hope of learning more about exotic dancers' real lives. But I was left with a million questions.

How do dancers psychologically make the transition from everyday person to exotic dancer night after night? How does their dancing affect friendships or relationships or dating?

What does Cole's mom think now that her daughter is dancing at Babydolls? What about the women's fathers? Where, if at all, do they fit in? And, most importantly, what's it like for other dancers at other clubs?

To make a long story short, you've done nothing but scratch the surface. And, unfortunately, now that your story has been printed, I won't be able to find out more for at least a year (if the DN decides to try again).

Thanks for sparking my curiosity and leaving me unfulfilled.

**Eileen Chalupa  
Junior  
News-editorial**

## Yes, broadcasting is a major

The moment remains vivid in my memory. It happened on Feb. 18, 1998. It has been analyzed thousands of times by myself and countless psychiatrists.

It started with a simple question: "Tony, I thought you were a biology major. What are you doing in Intro. to Broadcasting?"

My worst fear came to life. You have to understand I have openly admitted to being many things - a Destiny's Child fan, a prescription-tranquilizer abuser, a telemarketer - but nothing was harder to come to terms with than this. I was ashamed to say it.

I dropped my head and quietly uttered the words: "I am a broadcasting major."

Life has not been the same since. The plan was simple, and in its simplicity lay brilliance. I would declare broadcasting as my major, but when asked I would tell people I was a biology major, pre-med. It's so important to throw in the words pre-med. That inflates your own ego, and others will feed off of it, too. This will impress people and win you friends and lovers.

Pre-law is another good one to say, too. That will impress people but not as much. You will win friends and one-night stands.

My plan was going great. I was winning countless friends and lovers with my false major. Things couldn't have gone along any better until that dark day. My problem was that I hadn't taken into account that I would have to take classes.

When one of my "friends" saw me in Intro. to Broadcasting, the game was over, and I had to come clean. Word spread quickly that I was a fraud.

My girlfriend dumped me, and my friends all deserted me. My false major had won me friends and lovers. What would my real major win me?

The attitude many people have on this campus about broadcasting majors makes me sick. When I tell someone I've just met that I'm a broadcasting student the response is always the same. There's a short look of disbelief, as if the person thinks I said it as a joke and that there is no such thing as a broadcasting major.

Then acceptance and realization that this has to be the easiest major offered.

Then they think up a cute comment such as, "Uh, is that the major all the football players take?" If they're talking to me then that last comment is followed by



**Tony Bock**

their searching for some ice to put over their eye.

I'm used to broadcasting majors' being bashed, but I will not sit there and let the Huskers' storied academic reputation be tarnished. Besides, broadcasting is not the easiest major offered here at the "Harvard of the Plains."

It's the history major. That's right, and anyone that disagrees with me doesn't understand the difference between actual creative thought and factual regurgitation.

I should know; I have a history minor. One history class is a carbon copy of every other one. It's memorizing facts and the order in which they happened. The chimpanzee can figure out that Lincoln and the Civil War came after Washington and the Revolutionary War.

Don't get me wrong; I'm not trying to claim that broadcasting majors are the most intellectual people on campus. That would be like saying the people in ASUN are the most qualified to lead others. It's just not right. But being a broadcasting major puts you in an elite group of the coolest and most fun-loving students at this university.

For instance, do you think any of the chemical engineering students have ever been on a date with someone of the opposite sex?

Come on, I don't think so. Have you seen any of them? And have you ever had a conversation with a business major? I just smile, nod, and say, "Ooooh, well if it's international business it must be hard. You're right, there are a lot of international countries."

The worst major to have, by far, is architecture. If you think your major sucks, keep in mind that many architecture students sleep at Architecture Hall. Every night. Computer Science is such an easy target that I shouldn't have to say anything about it. Just imagine the crazy nights that will take place at their new honors dorm.

To those of you undecided about a major, or those wondering what major to switch to, I wholeheartedly suggest broadcasting.

What other major encourages you to hit the bars before and after class? What other major offers a three-credit hour class about cable? What other major allows Math 203 (the easiest class in the history of any school, ever) to count as something?

And finally, on the day you graduate you will proudly walk out of the Devaney Center bragging about how the dean gave you a BJ, and you will be referring to your Bachelor's of Journalism.

Top that, political science.

## Zeus also rules road construction

Right lane ends, one mile.

Got it. I merge left and go my merry way, glad someone warned me.

But the right lane doesn't end in one mile. Or two miles. Or ever.

So I get stuck behind a truck going 50 miles per hour down I-80. A truck I would have flown by had I been using the open lane.

I guess it's not really that big a deal. The whole stupid thing cost me maybe 15 minutes. But the idea that some lazy construction worker could have saved me the trouble by removing four bolts on the temporary sign irks me a little.

Actually, it irks me a lot. I realize the "construction zone" I'm driving through has no actual construction going on. And no potential construction. Unless, of course, someone is planning for the third lane that will be added for my grandchildren.

After being part of a survey crew for a road construction job one summer and working for a construction-equipment dealership the next, I know the job is over. The lines are painted, the shoulder dirt is level with the pavement; even the roadside grass has been planted.

And the lazy construction worker, probably off drinking cheap beer somewhere, really isn't to blame for my inconvenience. Because road signs in construction zones stand or fall based on the word of project managers, the closest thing Nebraska's Department of Roads has to Zeus.

If the project manager doesn't like where the signs are placed or how much dirt covers the faces of the signs or what the signs say, the lazy construction workers don't get paid. The job stops.

Because the project manager (Here's where the Zeus part comes in.) can penalize everyone for messing up. He can take away the road contractor's money and immediately stop the road worker's job.

That's good because we all want signs to warn us about dangerous stuff, like 8-ton machines on the road in front of us. And we don't want to kill construction workers by driving too fast and getting them plastered on our windshields.

We really like the idea of having one guy who can stop the whole job with one word, especially if that guy is concerned for our safety.

The problem is, this guy doesn't care if the too-slow speed limits and "fines double" signs stay up long after the job is over. Because Zeus is too busy getting ready for the next job.

Or settling the immensely complex ways road contractors get paid.

Or maybe Zeus just forgot the signs are up or gets distracted every time he starts to tell someone to pull them down.

Whatever the case, Zeus' buddies at the State Patrol are more than happy to give double fines to poor saps in abandoned construction zones.

And mere mortal drivers don't know which warnings to heed and which ones are just there because Zeus didn't get around to telling someone to pull the signs down.

We all either pay ridiculous fines or drive way too slow for mile after mile based on the whim of good ol' Zeus.

And, short of jumping out of my car and pulling down the signs myself, there is nothing I or anyone else can do about it.

Because the buck stops with Zeus. And the Olympic Council at the Department of Roads isn't about to punish him just because some whiny mortals get speeding tickets or miss the start of their little brother's cross-country meet.

This is the part of the column where I'm supposed to tell you to call the Department of Roads and complain or ask some elected official to do something. But I'm not going to. It won't work.

Zeus already gets about 4,000 calls a day from puny mortals. And he ignores them.

Because, almost without exception, the calls he gets are from people who complain about pure trivia. People who think he should plant flowers beside the road. Or raise the speed limit to 100 even though he can't. Or want his recipe for fudge because isn't this the Health Department, and why don't they make the roads less bumpy, and isn't Jackie O's new hairstyle adorable, and...

And, in Zeus' mind, your speeding ticket is pure trivia.

And Zeus can't be punished by some do-good governor or state senator. Because Zeus got hired by and is judged by a mid-level administrator deep in the bowels of the road department.

And Zeus would rather take a nap in his car than find someone to take down old signs.

Because he is Zeus.



**Josh Knaub**