

## Daily Nebraskan

Since 1901

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### Bitter pill

#### Abortion drug won't make women's decision any easier

"At long last, science trumps anti-abortion politics and medical McCarthyism."  
— Eleanor Smeal, Feminist Majority Foundation

"Never before has the FDA approved a drug intended to kill people."  
— Rep. Tom Coburn, R-Okla.

Last week's Food and Drug Administration approval of RU-486, the abortion pill, redefined many things.

It redefined the future of abortion in America. It redefined the words "accessibility" and "privacy" concerning abortions.

On a basic level, it modified the definition of what an abortion can be.

But what it did not redefine was the choice millions of American women still have in the face of this change.

This pill changes the process, but it does not change the emotions.

The drug, which is already used in France, Britain, China and 10 other countries, will be available to stateside doctors within a month, according to The Associated Press.

Based on studies, the drug is 92 to 95 percent effective in causing abortion. Complications are rare.

Many will argue this process — in effect a chemically induced miscarriage — makes abortion easier, more accessible and therefore, more popular.

We don't see how abortion could ever become easy. We don't see how making this choice could ever become anything near simple.

Abortion — a right — will never be an easy decision. Regardless, it's a choice for every American woman.

Health experts, according to The Associated Press, note that abortions did not increase when RU-486 made its debut in France in 1988, or later across Europe.

Although American culture differs from European culture in many ways — Americans may even be less promiscuous — Americans may choose abortion different reasons.

We don't believe multiple abortions, or abortion used as a method of birth control, is right. But we do believe in the choice. And, like any choice, some take advantage of it in the wrong ways.

But that does not mean it can't become more effective, more streamlined or more private. That is what it is becoming.

It still doesn't change the choice. And it doesn't change the commitment a woman must make to the choice.

The abortion pill requires three doctor visits, according to The Associated Press. To ensure it performs accurately, the FDA restricted its use to doctors with certain training and mandated detailed patient-information brochures be given to every woman who chooses to use it.

We anticipate the introduction of more stringent government legislation concerning this pill. We expect many to condone its use.

And we expect even more to stand up against its use, try to stop it from being used and, in effect, eliminate it from America.

But the fact of the matter is, in this country, based on ideas such as freedom of thought and ideas, the choice is fundamental.

No fundamental choice is ever an easy one.

#### Editorial Board

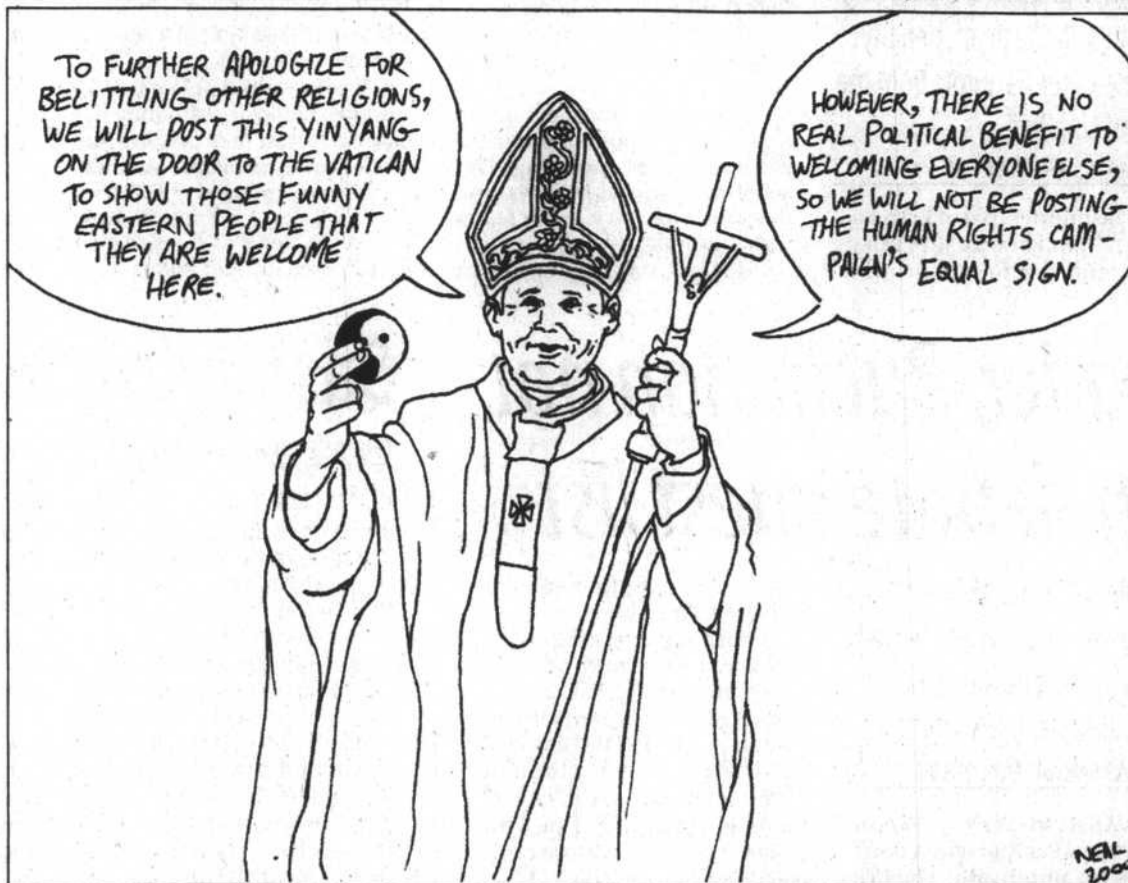
Sarah Baker, Bradley Davis, Josh Funk, Matthew Hansen, Samuel McKewon, Dane Stickney, Kimberly Sweet

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#### Editorial Policy

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### So what if they're clean: Bikes annoy

As my Ford Expedition climbs higher up the twisted, one-lane, rocky, mountain road, I feel good. The air is crisp; the views are spectacular. I reach down to put in my Lil' Bow Wow CD, when I look up and see a pack of five bicyclists in the middle of the road.



Tony Bock

Although they are tired, they don't get out of the way, and I quickly become frustrated. Looking around, I realize there is no one within miles, and ... thump, thump, thump, thump, thump. Just as my Firestone tires are about to blow, I wake up screaming. Naked, alone and sweating profusely, I lie in bed and thank God it didn't actually happen.

This has been my recurring dream since I began driving six years ago.

Before that, bikes seemed innocent enough for me. Sure, I had my BMX when I was little, and I loved nothing more than getting out and riding my bike.

Even after I had put the bike down for good, I continued to wear my hot pink bicycle shorts. Nothing else I found was as flattering to my spectacular ass and muscular thighs.

When I got my driver's license, I realized it was starting to get out of hand. It got worse when I came to college. I can't keep quiet about it any longer. Something needs to be done. Riding a bike, anywhere, anytime, needs to be outlawed. I am serious.

I can't tell you the number of times I have been strolling through our beautiful campus when some idiot on a bike damn near hits me. The person is going 50 miles an hour and doesn't see me because I'm skinny.

I know what you're thinking. "Come on Tony, what about all the bike riders that are responsible and cautious while riding through campus? Are we going to penalize them for the mistakes of a few?"

Yep. We should because what about all the people who could handle riding a motorcycle through campus? We don't let them because that's too dangerous. Right?

Then why are bikes without motors legal? Oh right, they're good for the environment, of course. It would have been stupid of me to think that people could just walk.

"But Tony, how would they get to campus without their bikes?" It may not be "cool," but there's always the bus.

Besides, I don't care, and it's not my problem. Let's make campus a legitimately safe space. Free for all to walk without fear of being blind-sided by a bicyclist who's had one too many Fruitipias.

The past three years I would have liked to run to an administrator (if I could find one who wasn't leaving) and plead for a change in campus law.

Now that I've moved off campus, I realized that bikers are a menace to society at large, not just campus. I drive to school almost every day now, and this scene repeats itself over and over.

There are two lanes, one with parked cars; the other with traffic slowed because of a moron on a bike, pedalin' his hardest but still barely cracking 20 miles per hour.

Then as the person slowly inches toward the curb to let you pass, he looks at you with what I like to call the "biker glare."

It's a look of contempt and self-righteousness. It says: "I know you're late for your test and that I was holding you back, but I think you are evil, and I hope you fail."

OK, now you're probably thinking: "Tony, what's wrong with you? Do you realize these people are heroes who are being unjustly persecuted? If they ride on the sidewalk, they could get a ticket just because they're breaking the law. How is that fair?"

This is true, but at times like this I would encourage bicyclists to listen to the advice my father gave me: "Life isn't fair. Now shut your damn mouth."

Nothing would make me happier (except Julia Roberts and Richard Gere starring in another movie together) than bikes being banned in Lincoln. But I'm a reasonable man, and I understand people want to ride bicycles, so I am willing to compromise.

For instance, I would accept a situation where bikes were banned everywhere but certain bike trails. And on these certain bike trails you could only ride a bike from the hours of say, 1:30 a.m. to 4:30 a.m., Monday through Wednesday.

I think that's more than enough time for quality bike riding to be had. So you see, I'm willing to give a little if bike riders are, too.

Until then, I'll see you in my dreams

#### Letters to the editor

##### Whiny children

Your Oct. 2 editorial reminds me of a bunch of baby birds sitting in their nest, mouths agape, waiting for the next handout. So you didn't get filled up on one chintzy wing and a Pepsi. And if you had gotten enough to pig out, where would you expect the next free lunch to come from?

Nothing to do? Sounds like a bored elementary school kid during the summer. Obviously, if you have enough money to go out and get smashed, finances aren't a problem. But if it ain't free, you aren't interested.

And just where did that \$700,000 come from? Your money? Obviously someone else took the time to write a proposal and plan a program to successfully apply for the grant.

But you aren't interested because that sounds like work. It is easier to snipe at NU Directions from the sidelines. You know what you want, but you aren't willing to either pay or work for it. University tab? You will yell bloody murder any time someone mentions raising student fees.

And the choice of "drinking ourselves to

death"? What a lame, juvenile cop-out. Get involved with the community. Become a Big Brother or Big Sister and take a kid to a movie. Go to a nursing home and visit someone. Become a tutor to someone who is having trouble with junior-high English or math.

The list of volunteer needs in this community are endless, but you need to ask and not sit around on your collective duffs bitching about how bored you are.

You will be amazed as to how good you will feel about yourself by giving your time and of yourself to someone who needs you. There is your good time.

You do have the choice of going out and getting soused or doing something that may be beneficial (and even maybe a little fun). But you are going to have to get active and get involved.

In other words, grow up.

Jerome B. Frobom

Associate Professor

Head of Government Documents Depository

### Phishing to define 'hippie'

Last week I went to a Phish concert. I had a good time because A) The acid never wore off, and B) I was naked toward the end, thus making the social event even better.

I expected people who "Pheel the Phlow" to be conversation aficionados and for words to exude from their stoned mouths freely, but it was not that easy.

I thought it a bummer that I had to make conversation by politely forcing myself upon people.

I came to the show to know why people follow Phish more strictly than they would their own personal hygiene agenda.

The first guy I spoke with hadn't been to a Phish concert before (Gasp!), and he said he wanted to check out the latest waste of time to ever hit the planet.

Oh wait, that was my thought.

I was a Phish virgin, as well, so I connected for about two seconds with this modern bearded guru.

I mistook him the whole time for John Lennon until I remembered Yoko "killed" him over an artist's quarrel. (She wanted control over his dreams; he wanted her out of them.)

Anyway, this guy told me he used to be a Dead Head, but after "Jerry died, man," he needed a new reason to put on his \$400 North Face coat, wipe his deodorant from his armpits and blend into the crowd.

I tried to blend into the crowd, too, but the only thing I had on was a Metallica T-shirt and a leather jacket. (Don't worry. It's Naugahyde, not real leather, and no Naugahydes died in the making of it.)

Because I didn't pass as far as general appearance goes, I had to think fast to win the crowd's favor.

I wouldn't worry so much about trying to please the thousands of people at the show, but I went expecting peace and love, dancing and sex, and I found none of it.

Why are these people following a band without these basic ingredients?

I had to act!

In a first-ditch attempt to sweep the crowd off their feet, I pulled out my hooka pipe that I made with a frisbee, duct tape and hair curlers. I had fashioned it after God came to me in a dream the night before and said: "If you build it, they will smoke."

I yelled: "Please get high with me!" The band stopped playing to look at the crazy, lonely girl who was trying to buy friends. The last thing I saw, besides 5,000 scraggly beards and wool knit hats as the crowd swarmed around me, was the light.

Not just the light from the security guard's flashlight, but the light.

Jerry Garcia entered my visual space and said: "What did the Dead Heads say when the acid wore off?"

"I don't know Jerry, man. Tell me, show me. Let me see the path so I can become a true hippie and a true follower of this band the natives in



Karen Brown

Spain call El Pheesh. I want to keep on truckin'." Puzzled, Jerry said: "The answer is, 'This music sucks.'"

Then, I woke up.

I was in the middle of "shakedown" where all the peddlers, well, peddle. Someone was trying to feed me a ganja grilled cheese, and he asked if I enjoyed the show.

"I guess. I mean, I saw Jerry, and he told me it was all about the music, even if it sucks. I guess I need to listen to the music more and forget the crowd."

"I don't know little lady," he said, "but you'd better get your butt home. You were muttering something about trying to define the word 'hippie.' There's no use trying."

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There's an age-old joke that Socrates told Aristotle centuries ago, but I only heard it yesterday (from Plato AKA Megan McCrory). It goes like so: "How do you know a hippie has been in your house?"

Answer: "Because they're still there."

Believe you me, I chortled at this joke, not because Megan would have karate-chopped me into bacon bits if I didn't.

It gave support to a certain persona I have given toward these rare, furry creatures we call hippies.

I used to think they were all a bunch of lazy, jobless, spoiled brats living off of their parents' money. I thought they didn't care about peace and love, but money and clothes.

They seemed to me to be the antithesis of unconventional society by embracing the idea that they need to look the same to fit in.

In my four years in college, I've been deluged with all sorts of greeks, freaks and sheiks. I've discovered that what I thought of as a hippie fails to simply connote a person who smells, has long hair and loves jam bands, man.

"Hippie" is a sticky label, as most labels eventually become.

It could encompass people who believe in trees over factories, small government over corporate control and healthy food over irradiated beef.

I've been called a hippie plenty in my lifetime, and I've been upset by that until I learned that, like every other trite word, it has lost its meaning.

I no longer deny it when someone calls me a hippie.

I do believe in hugging trees instead of cutting them down to make the paper to hand in my essay with writing on one side of a page instead of two.

If being environmentally conscious and acting on good intentions is one person's definition of a hippie, then call me the poster child.

I know now to listen to Jerry and to fight the illusion that peace and love are found solely in a crowd of long hair and smelliness.

Hippies aren't just at Phish shows.

Hippies don't exist. Spoiled kids, environmentally conscious folks and smelly people who dress funny do.

Label them what you will, and it will all mean the same thing to you, not to them.