

Daily Nebraskan

Since 1901

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The real truth

Protecting student records jeopardizes safety of UNL

Your transcript contains grades, the names of courses you have taken and your grade point average.

That sounds like an educational record to us, and as such, it should only be released with your consent.

We think your financial records ought to be held confidential, too.

But should the record of the time you beat the hell out of someone because they pissed you off remain secret?

What about the time the university found that you had raped that girl at a party?

Absolutely not.

The issue of releasing university disciplinary records is not a new one, but with the Daily Nebraskan's requests for those records this fall, it has become an issue at UNL.

Since Congress prohibited the release of a student's educational record in 1974, some universities have used that clause to deny access to disciplinary and campus police records.

Maybe those universities thought they could preserve their image as a safe place for parents to send their children. Maybe they thought they were protecting those students violating their codes of conduct.

They were definitely wrong. Every current and prospective university student has the right to know the most accurate information about the safety of their campus and any precautions that may need to be taken.

The concern for the overall safety of the campus outweighs the privacy rights of students already found guilty for violating the student code of conduct, especially when their violation is a crime of violence or a sex offense.

Congress realized that much in 1998 when it amended the Higher Education Act to state that sex offenses and violent crimes are not part of a student's educational record.

They are a matter of public concern that should be shared with the campus community.

The Daily Nebraskan asked for the names of those students the Office of Judicial Affairs has already found guilty of violating the code of conduct.

The records that we asked for would only be released after the matter was thoroughly investigated and decided. There would be no danger of defaming someone's character on the basis of an allegation that might later prove false.

But the university rejected our request. Officials seem to believe that the confidentiality of the system and the privacy rights of students guilty of sex offenses and violent crimes is more important than campus safety.

Now we encourage you to ask. Call the office of Student Affairs or Judicial Affairs, and ask them why the policy is this way.

Or contact your ASUN or Academic Senate representative. Tell them you are concerned, ask them for more information. But most importantly, think about what they tell you.

Why are these records kept confidential?

And if the University of Nebraska-Lincoln campus is really as safe as we're all supposed to believe, why don't they just prove it to us?

Editorial Board

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

Letters Policy

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Editorial Policy

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Neal Obermeyer/DN

Uncovering L. Ron's big Web secret



Simon Ringsmuth

Not less than a week ago I was listening to one of my favorite bands, Tool, and I came across an interesting lyric, which I have edited so as to uphold the literary decency conventions of the Daily Nebraskan:

"[To Have Sex With] L. Ron Hubbard and [To Have Sex With] All his clones."

I've heard the song "Aenima" about 5,000 times, but I've never put much thought into the words because like most teenagers haven't figured out yet, music really isn't about the words. It's about the spiked hair and piercings. Occasionally, though, a lyric catches my eye, if you will, while passing through my ear, and on its way, it makes a pit stop in my brain for contemplation.

"Who is L. Ron Hubbard, and why is he making clones?" I said aloud to myself.

"Pipe down, I'm trying to sleep!" shouted Evan from across the hall. Of course my next thought was how to acquire food or sex, being the typical alpha male that I am. Upon inspection, I discovered the fridge contained but one moldy donut and a slice of muenster cheese, and then I remembered that I have vowed to remain a virgin until I am married.

I was not having much luck that night. All other thought processes abandoned, I decided to turn my energies toward matters of less importance and figure out who L. Ron Hubbard was.

Enter the Internet. Oh, sweet Internet. Provider of bad research materials and inaccurate data, wouldst thou aid me in my quest? Yes, I wouldst, it answered. I tried my favorite search site, www.alltheweb.com, and typed in L. Ron Hubbard. It popped up a neat little list of sites to visit, but the few I clicked on were just places to buy his book "What is Scientology?"

Apparently, this Ron guy must be quite the fellow, seeing as how he can be a scientist, write a book about it and sell it on the Internet. Ah, the gilded age of technology. How did we survive without thee?

So far, I had discovered that L. Ron Hubbard was some sort of author, and judging by the cover of his book, he liked to write science fiction, which seems about accurate for a scientologist, doesn't it?

I was still fairly clueless, though, and having exhausted my only option of searching, I tried, in desperation, a method pioneered by my girlfriend who attends Washington University in St. Louis. I simply typed the address www.scientology.org to see what happened. All I can say is, those WU people sure know how to pick their students!

It worked like a charm, and I was whisked away to the official Scientology Web site. I figured this would tell me for sure who L. Ron Hubbard really was.

Since we have a super-fast ADSL line for Internet access here at Alpha Sigma Sigma, I opted for the souped-up version of the site, thinking it would offer more bang for my proverbial buck. Immediately a picture of the same book I had encountered earlier showed up, with the headline fading in: "What is Scientology? Find out for yourself."

I could hardly stand the suspense by now, and this L. Ron Hubbard character seemed to have hit upon something rather profound if it made casual Web-surfers such as myself want to find out.

"The Scientology religion provides practical answers to the spiritual mysteries of life," said the next page of animations. Ah, I see. L. Ron Hubbard had found a way to address all the spiritual problems I've been having recently. This was great! I couldn't wait to find out more.

It helps people help one another. It strengthens peoples ability to think for themselves." By now I was floored. L. Ron Hubbard had become my own personal hero, which was possibly why Maynard from Tool wanted to have sex with him so badly. I could see why. L. Ron Hubbard was not only going to lift me up from the spiritual dumps, but make me think for myself. What more could a guy want?

"Buy this book at fine bookstores everywhere," said the next message. I knew there would be a catch. I was ready. I was willing. I wanted to find out about Scientology or, at least, about the man who invented it, but to do that, I was going to have to buy the book. As you may imagine, this was where things went sour. A series of testimonials from people identified only by a picture and description of their career ("businessman," "photographer," "roofer") failed to convince me that I needed this awesome new Scientology religion to make my life complete.

I still had no clue what Scientology was other than, like so much Pepto-Bismol, it causes massive amounts of happiness in massive amounts of people. In the meantime, I suppose, I'll just have to stick with boring old Christianity and hope that someone will somehow save me from my shallow life. Perhaps even forgive my sins. Maybe even for free, just by having a little faith. Nah, that's way too messed up.

Perhaps I'll sell my mouse pad and pawn off my pitch black rabbit slippers so I can buy L. Ron Hubbard's book. I never did figure out why Maynard was singing about clones.

Letters to the editor

Billy Boy

Well, Bill Clinton has finally heard the cries of the "throngs" of Nebraskans beckoning him to visit our fine state. In fact, the DN stated that this newspaper wished to put their collective weight behind an appeal to the president to come to Nebraska and experience some good old football (a stereotypical look at this state) and Nebraska values.

Instead, Clinton chose to go to Kearney, and that is a terrible choice, if you listen to the editors of this newspaper. Congratulations to the DN! You have managed to perpetuate the myth that the only thing worthwhile is east of Lincoln and south of Omaha.

You state that UNL is one of the great things about the state ... yet you belittle another fine institution and

city that has worked hard to improve itself amid the financial glutton that is the University of Nebraska-Lincoln. As a graduate of UNK, and current student at this university, I can tell you that UNK is as fine an institution as this third tier wonder!

Clinton is the President of the United States, and while I may not have voted for him, he is still our president ... yes the "ultra-conservative" third districts too, not just that of Douglas and Lancaster counties. The question is not who "overwhelmingly supported and voted for him," it is who worked the hardest to invite him to come. So I tell you what ... if the DN works hard enough, maybe they can get George W. Bush to visit Lincoln in a couple of years.

Scott Stork
College of Law

The obligatory rape scene

there is two ways of encountering the truth as we know it the obvious and the indirect and i am not particularly interested in either of them as it would require my interest in the truth of which i have little to none

not anymore
not like this
not when like an intoxicant it gets the best of you and you sense that in the wake of better judgment you can hurt and hurt and hurt without fear of reproach without fear of reprisal without

because it is after all just a story you are getting just a story and at its very core there is fiction the very nature of creation and the goal to create her in you sprinkle the honeydew of life upon her make her rise and grow inject pain and memory drawing a real life abstract out of your own imagination and one never does consider

the cruelty of it of making it go the cruelty of what it is we embark upon me petaluma watson

in the hours when waiting i come upon my name over and over again, considering the nature of it, considering the girl whom i create in my own image

There are two ways of encountering the truth as we know it: the obvious and the indirect, and I am not particularly interested in either of them, as it would require my interest in the truth, of which, I have little to none.

Not anymore. Not like this. Not when, like an intoxicant, it gets the best of her and she senses that in the wake of better judgment, she can hurt and hurt and hurt.

Without fear of reproach. Without fear of reprisal. Without.

Because it is, after all, just a story you are getting, just a story. And at its very core, there is fiction - the very nature of creation and the goal.

To create me in her. Sprinkle the honeydew of life upon me, make me rise and grow, inject pain and memory drawing a real life abstract out of her own imagination, and one never does consider the cruelty of it, of making it go - the cruelty of what it is she embarks upon: Me.

Calgary Johnson.

In the hours when waiting, I come upon my name over and over again, considering the nature of it, considering the girl whom I have been created in her image.

i suppose you want a conclusion a way to end things something beyond the artistic mess this has become in front of your eyes a stylistic snafu the lack of a coherent goal the lack of whatever the lack of what if we could be beyond this this this this way of communicating where i relate to you you to me and there it is in simplistic pat formation where there is no crossing over there is no petaluma watson no god no me no you just relation easily quotable experiences for your refrigerator door to tack up with bread magnets

you seek a collective experience where this space could be used to extrapolate on the horrors of bad hair days broken straps of backpacks and the tiny needling pricks of pain you feel in the very back of your spine you seek bloodletting you seek communal thought you seek understanding this higher plane of happiness that allows you to see into me

and so all that is before me i throw it all up to you and pop all the pimples and leave it entirely undone an ending short of the 17 confessions because you have stopped reading long ago so long back where it ceased to make sense where it ended in cohesion where it dropped on the flip side of the universe where it became me and you and instead of rela-



petaluma watson

tion instead of understanding it became bearing witness the infliction of pain

I remember cold. I remember rain. I remember the porch, being out there, reading, eating a snack. There for the first time. I remember seeing him and forgetting that he was coming over for my sister. So I went.

I came back. I remember the taste of blood. I remember feeling a tooth chipped. I remember seeing him above me. I remember the gold lock of his hair against his forehead. I remember his breath as he reached down to kiss me. I remember the smell of Cheetos. I remember reaching up to the arm of the couch.

I remember trying to pull myself up. I remember being pushed down. I remember being hit with his right hand. I remember his penis in my mouth, now covered with blood. I remember a whole where my teeth were, so his penis jarred loose another one of my teeth.

And I remember another voice. A woman. Above him. Looking down. Looking at him, looking at me, looking at herself. I remember not recognizing her face. I remember how she bent down, legs first, like a weight-lifter in my high school gym class. And I remember that she whispered in his ear. I remember he smiled. I remember he pulled out.

"Obligatoire rape seen," he says. "Cain't think of a better way to end it."

There she is - her again - petaluma, above him it's calvin

Above Calvin, smiling, mouthing words I can't understand.

because it's gibberish there are no words

And she keeps talking in tongues, pimples whatever STOP STOP STOP STOP STOP

stop i ask in question

STOP stop stop

go GO PLEASE GO

can't go where as god of you do you expect me to go all around you is me the couch is me calvin is me your hair is me your beauty me this space in the paper is me

What do you want? What? What?

you expected what me to reveal myself in appealing phase

did you want a fairy don't you see the privilege in knowing in not having to believe in anything in being self aware

It's the greatest burden there could possibly be. What's knowing anything? That I am a character on this grand set?

this is hardly grand you're a bit player one of the minions you inhabit the smallest parts of my imagination yours is a sordid little tale empty of grand meaning of fulfillment the relate stories this is the grand scale

And I don't care whatever set it is. I just want you to set it back to whatever. To where I don't know. To where I am entirely unappealing or sexy or attractive or troubled or anything ludicrous. I'm tired of a rousing existence. It doesn't fit me.

not fit for any on

Not fit to carry it. I just want out. No more trials. No more mirrors. No more stories. Give me just one time, one space, to leave them with me, a piece of me they can remotely get to.

selling out to masses

Call it that. Art is bullshit.

not a bang

Yeah, the whimper.

just want to fit in

Yes. Yes.

with the kingdom to inherit you'll walk away turn away from me relinquish what i've given you

Give me normal. Unexceptional. Punctuation. Ten steps. Whatever is the opposite of greatness.

then who will have it

Give it to the ugly girls.