

Daily Nebraskan

Since 1901

Editor: Sarah Baker
Opinion Page Editor: Jake Glazeski
Managing Editor: Bradley Davis

Quotes of the week

"It would be too easy for students who are obeying the law to get in trouble with the law."
Urvano Gamez, ASUN special topics chairman, on LB 114, which would expand applicability of existing MIP laws

"It's everything I expected and more. When you get out on the floor and your teammates are screaming their hearts out for you, it's fun."
Gymnast Alecia Ingram, on the welcoming atmosphere the university has provided

"Just being there, given the chance to sing, is an honor and awesome experience."
University Singer Kara Sunderman, on the University Singers' recent trip to Carnegie Hall in New York City

"I am never going to quit this job; they're going to have to fire me."
Senior educational psychology major Summer Spivey, on her job tending bar at Studio 14

"How does an individual feel capable of driving a vehicle when they can't even recite the alphabet?"
Columnist Mark Zmarzly, on the apparent idiocy of driving while intoxicated

"The United States is the only industrial country where the growing of industrial hemp is illegal."
Sen. Ed Schrock of Elm Creek, on the United States' lone stand on industrial hemp

"The university just doesn't want to compete with poor, little ol' Peru."
Ben Johnson, president of Peru State College, on the university's opposition to Peru State opening a branch in downtown Lincoln

"No, Mr. Johnson, it's just that UNL administrators are mindful of the fact that state taxpayers don't want to pay for a school on every block."
Daily Nebraskan editorial, on why adding a downtown Lincoln branch for Peru State is not a good idea

"Christina Aguilera doesn't have a political agenda; she just wants to shake her ass and make a buck (and she does a mighty good job of both)."
Music commentator Andrew Shaw, on the changing role of music as a filler of silence

"I think basketball games are won and lost on the offensive and defensive glass, so when our big men play like that, we aren't going to lose many games."
Nebraska guard Kevin Augustine, on Nebraska's win against Missouri on Wednesday

"I'll miss interacting with the faculty, staff and students. But, after 17 years, I'm excited about seeking new professional challenges."
Former UNL Police Chief Ken Cauble, on his sudden departure from the campus

"We have whittled life into specific specs. We opt for excess."
Columnist Dan Leamen, on the modern obsession with luxury and the consumption of perfection

"African American history at its base is American history."
Walter Rucker, associate professor of history, on the relevance of Black History Month

Editorial Board

Sarah Baker, Jeff Bloom, Bradley Davis, Jake Glazeski, Matthew Hansen, Samuel McKewon, Kimberly Sweet

Letters Policy

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Editorial Policy

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Look at all the stupid people

If there is one truth in this world, it is, according to anyone you ask on the street, that people are stupid. Try taking your own informal survey and see if I'm not right. Go on, just start asking people in class if they think other people are stupid. "Hm ...," they will ponder, thinking about how they got cut off on the way to school by a middle-aged white male in a sport utility vehicle or the cashier at McDonald's who couldn't find the right register button, even though it was her first day. "Yeah, man, people sure are stupid."



Simon Ringsmuth

How interesting. I was once riding to Eagle with my friend and his older brother, and they were both complaining about their jobs at Valentino's. Both were going on and on about how every single customer was stupid. (How all the stupid people in Lincoln managed to congregate at the same restaurant was beyond me. Imagine the chaotic mass of stupidity in the parking lot alone!)

Apparently, the older brother had taken his own informal survey at his high school, from which my current survey is derived. It involved proving his personal theory that the world, save roughly 20 people, was stupid.

Yes, that's right—stupid, as in dumb as a frozen post. I guess everyone he asked, which was most of his friends, had responded with a hearty, "Yes, the world is stupid." He asked about 10 people. So if we count those 10 people, plus myself (he never asked my opinion on the matter, but he did include me among the non-stupids) and his younger brother, that meant a full 13 out of the 20 non-stupid people in the world were right here in Nebraska.

Imagine my luck! Earlier that day I was merely a grocery sacker in high school, but now I was a smart cookie. I was not stupid.

Yes, we are a small band of superhumans capable of using an ATM machine without forgetting our PIN numbers, having paper and fountain pen on hand before we ask for a phone number and knowing exactly what is making that noise in our cars.

We, unlike you, are not stupid. You, however, are stupid, as was declared by my friend's brother, and you are cursed to live with your fate. I do have sympathy for you, but can you blame me for being elated at the prospect of comprising five-percent of the entire smart population?

You obviously have no idea how to drive a stick-shift car. That one time when your clutch slipped in the left-turn lane? Sorry, but you are forever rendered stupid because of it. You are inept when it comes to metal detectors and what to remove when passing through them at airports. Why you couldn't just remove your watch and your belt buckle the first time is beyond me.

And don't use the I'm-late-for-my-flight-because-my-car-imploded excuse. You are stupid and that's that. Ha. You may have scored a near perfect on the ol' SAT, but thanks to the one time you couldn't figure out how to operate your buddy's microwave, you're stupid.

Any time and every time you have succumbed to the law of human nature, which states that we all make mistakes, you have been rendered stupid. Reasons, excuses, explanations and threats can't change that. You're stuck with it.

Thankfully, I listened to Mom and chose the right friends because they were not stupid. At the time, I didn't even know what I was doing, but I'm thanking my lucky stars now.

I guess if I hadn't been in the car that night, I would still be a smart person, but no one would have told me. I would be wandering around just like the rest of you pathetic mortals who are truly stupid, all the while deceiving only myself that I was just like you. It's too bad that you are all deceived, just as I was.

I'm writing all this today simply to inform all of you of your stupidity. I'm sorry, truly I am, but there's just no way to escape it.

You should be thanking me, but instead I'll most likely be scorned and forced to preach my message of stupidity from the Broyhill Fountain pulpit like so many other stupid people. Before you stone me to death in the volleyball pits of Selleck Quad, just think of all the trouble I'm saving you by making you aware of your stupidity now, instead of letting you figure it out on your own.

You won't need to mutter under your breath that people are stupid when someone makes a mistake and forces you to wait an extra 30 seconds for your precious moccachino at the Nebraska Union Starbucks because now you know that you are one of them. Why not hug your fellow stupid man instead of condemning him next time? Then you can both smile knowing you are equally stupid.

It must suck to be stupid, but I wouldn't know.

Bringing out the best boys

I am going to make a No. 1 album. It's something I've always wanted to do, so I might as well just get down to business.

Right now you're thinking, "How do you plan on doing that, Elizabeth? Do you think that just any ordinary, mid-western female can accomplish such a feat?" Yes, I do.

No, I'm not going to miraculously improve my guitar-playing ability and start a band.

I'm not going to spend hours writing lyrics and composing music. I will never spend my weekend nights playing at little clubs, hoping with all of my heart and soul that people will come to my shows. There is no way I will ever drive a van all over the place to get to gigs outside of Omaha or Lincoln so that I can gain some recognition for my music.

I can think of about a hundred other things I'd rather do besides sell CDs out of the trunk of my car. I'm not going to move to L.A. in the hopes of being signed by a record label and facing rejection over and over again. Doing all that would be way too much work.

I mean, that would require determination, ambition and a real love of what I was doing. No, thank you, that doesn't sound like fun to me.

Anyway, I just want the money. This is all just a business investment to me.

So what am I going to do? Oh, it's ingenious, I tell you. I'm going to create a boy singing-group and call it a band. I know I can find at least five good-looking guys who can do

cute dance steps and carry a tune somewhere between Lincoln and Omaha. All I have to do is hold an audition and get a panel of girls aged 9 to 15 to pick the winners.

Getting my project signed to a label shouldn't be a problem, since it's ensured that they will make millions. Once that's done, I'll begin the task of sculpting the soon-to-be-stars' images.

What if they have their own images already? Nah. Even if they do, they'll be content to adopt new ones once they see their first check.

There will be the funny, goofball one; the lead-singer heartthrob that all the little girl fans will want to marry; the smart, mysterious-looking one who, they will imagine, probably writes all the lyrics (we'll solve that problem later); the sporty one who always wears the baseball cap and, of course, the "bad boy" with the goatee and the earring, to appeal to the more-rebellious conformists.

Now, as for the lyrics, it shouldn't be too much of a problem to get the label to hire a team



Elizabeth Polles

of songwriters to express the deepest thoughts and emotions of my protégés. Once I'm done with 'em, they won't know which ideas are their own and which ideas have been fed to them anyway.

All of the songs on the album will be about roughly the same things: girls, love, loss and having a good time with friends. It'll be chock full of sappy ballads with a few catchy dance tunes mixed in. I know it sounds like a load of crap, but hey, it's what sells.

Plus, there are about a million words that rhyme with "you," "heart" and "love." The team just has to mix 'em up, write 'em down and ship 'em out. It's so efficient that way, like an assembly line.

Once we've got the words, the music just writes itself. Happy songs are faster and upbeat, sad songs are slower. The band doesn't actually have to learn how to play instruments. For the few songs that aren't done electronically, we'll just have to hire guitarists, violinists, etc.

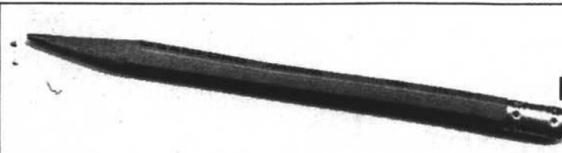
So there ya go. We've got the hit album. Once their first single starts getting the obligatory incessant pop-radio and MTV airtime, they'll fly off the shelves faster than you can say "exploitation."

After my first group makes it big, I'll move on to other projects. I could even make this work with individuals, especially teenage girls. They're all struggling for a sense of identity and want to be adored for their bodies anyway, so here's their big chance, handed to them on a silver platter! Great idea, huh?

Wait a minute. That's been done before? Well, where the heck have I been? I should have known that someone had to have thought of an idea as wonderful as that before. And I thought I was so original ...



Scott Eastman/DN



Write to us
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