

## Daily Nebraskan

Since 1901

Editor: Sarah Baker  
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Managing Editor: Bradley Davis

### Quotes of the Week

"I feel one of the best things about the ASUN elections is that it gets a lot of good ideas out there."

**John Matzen, independent ASUN presidential candidate, while discussing his involvement in the ASUN elections**

"I plan to spread happiness like the venereal disease it was founded upon."

**Columnist Karen Brown, on her mission to spread the love of winter**

"(Eminem) is opening a way to a different form of expression. He is not confined to the traditional way of making music."

**Missoi Albert, an actuarial sciences graduate student, on Eminem's merits as a performer**

"I can say with complete confidence that we could have won the national championship last year. We had the most depth and experience of any team, but the wheels sort of fell off as the season went on with everyone getting hurt."

**Jason Hardabura, All American gymnast, on the missed opportunities of the past**

"Justice cannot exist in a world of lies or in a world of shadows."

**Columnist Jeremy Patrick, on the value of open, public executions**

"I've always been mentally strong. When coach came at me, like any player, I was upset. But I couldn't take it lying down. I'd be less of a player if I would have done that."

**NU forward Steffon Bradford, on his approach to less-than-great news on the team**

"I don't know how he thought he wouldn't be caught for using fraudulent Social Security Numbers. That was so dumb."

**Sophomore Todd Ayres, on the behavior of a signature-collector working for NUForce**

"It's just hysterical watching everyone else go up there because it's kind of a sink or swim thing."

**Kaitlyn Conner, a senior Spanish major, on the value of karaoke**

"We always make an effort to be as economically efficient as we can."

**Pat Logsdon, director of football operations, on the recent attempts to make cut costs to balance the budget**

"The problem is not so much about having a diverse senate as it is about having a diverse campus."

**Jaron Luttich, presidential candidate for The One Party, speaking on the problem of bringing diversity to student government**

"Listening to Eminem will not form the moral in a person's mind that violence against women and gays is right, nor will not hearing his music convince the person otherwise."

**Columnist Jake Glazeski, on the absurdity of gay-backed protests against the infamous musician**

"I don't like the Dave Matthews Band, and that's OK."

**Music commentator Andrew Shaw, on his distaste for the popular band**

"It's great to be back in school. I can't give up."

**Adam Prenzlow, freshman meteorology major, on his commitment to his goals despite obstacles**

### Editorial Board

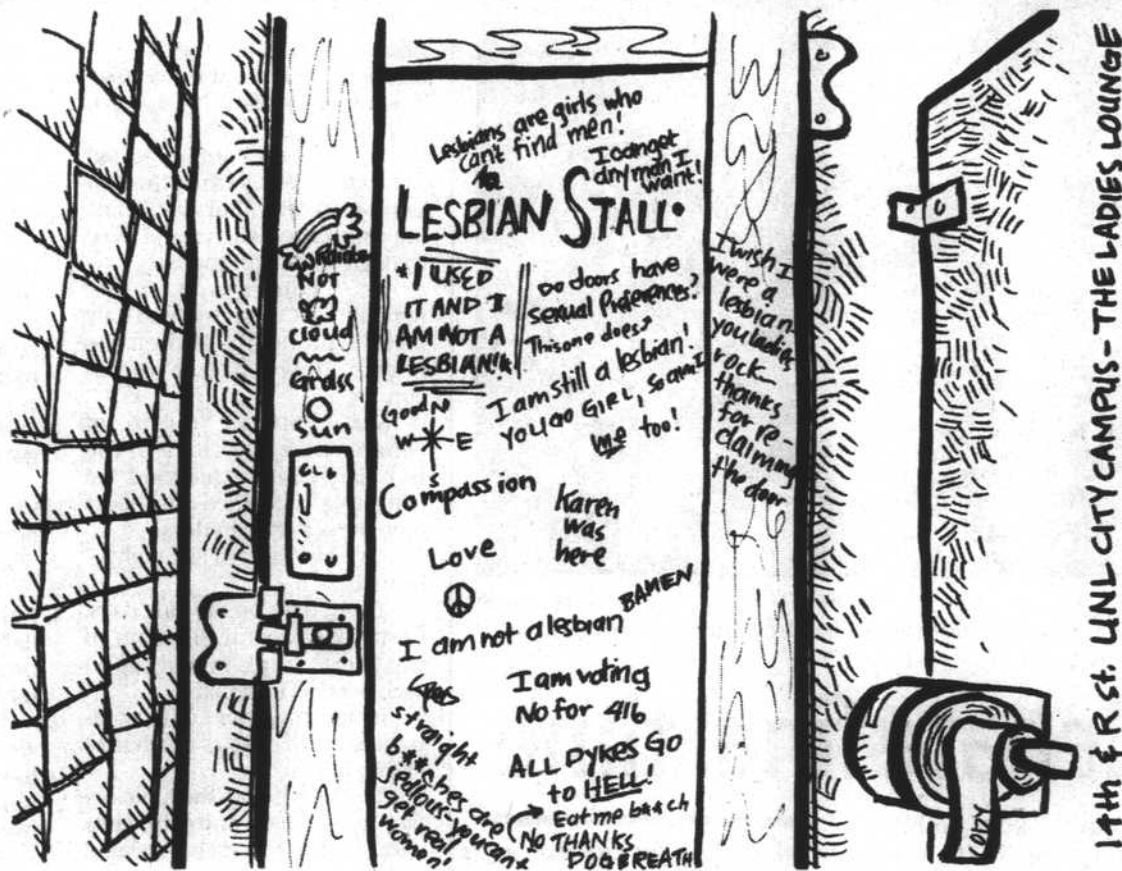
Sarah Baker, Jeff Bloom, Bradley Davis, Jake Glazeski, Matthew Hansen, Samuel McKewon, Kimberly Sweet

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### Editorial Policy

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Megan Cody/DN

## Reclaiming the truth of a woman's life

"Johnny makes me feel strangely good about myself... I never met a man I was so crazy about"

"It kinda has become an obsession to me I hate him all the time"

"But I still get up When he knocks me down And he orders me around..."  
-Liz Phair



Elizabeth Polles

A devastating epidemic has infected this country. Its targets are usually women between the ages of 12 and 20. Most of those with the disease don't realize it until it's too late, if ever.

Although it has no name and is not recognized by the medical community, it is a mental illness, which can be triggered by a number of factors. Most of these are very hard to pinpoint, although environment and culture seem to play a role.

It causes young women to neglect their true selves until they wither away to virtually nothing and, in many cases, causes death of the spirit.

The women affected by the disease come from all races and economic backgrounds, but they share certain, distinctive characteristics. They have low self-esteem and have been conditioned to please others, especially men, instead of themselves, in order to be socially accepted. This is the story of one such girl.

Anna was always energetic and curious as a child. She liked to catch frogs at the pond and was fascinated by science and nature. She happily participated in a variety of activities, including softball, soccer and dance.

She excelled in school and was placed in academic enrichment programs for advanced students. She had many friends at school, both girls and boys. Her energetic personality naturally drew people to her.

Around the time Anna started junior high, things changed. Her family life was as stable as it had always been, but things at school suddenly seemed strange. The boys with whom she had once played kickball at recess were now excluding her at the lunch table and staring at her in ways that made her feel very uncomfortable. The popular girls at her new school wore tight shirts that clung to their bodies and full makeup every day. They flipped their clean, shiny hair and giggled when boys talked to them.

Suddenly, Anna no longer fit in. She started to compare her physical appearance to those of the popular girls, and she never measured up. Her nose was too big, and her breasts were too small. Things that had once made her happy weren't considered to be cool now. Boys ignored her. If she spoke up in class or voiced a different opinion in a group setting, other girls gave her strange looks or simply pretended that they didn't hear her.

She wanted a boyfriend and to be accepted by her peers, so she gave up the things she had once enjoyed, tried not to show her intelligence too much and modeled herself after the girl who seemed the most perfect to her. It seemed to her that if she just went with the flow and gave these people what they wanted, they would like her, too.

She started to rely on other people to give her a sense of self-worth. Without the confirmation of these people that she was worth something, she felt like she was worth nothing.

By the time Anna entered high school, she was a permanent member of the "popular" crowd. She got invited to all the cool parties, wore the trendiest clothes and had a football player boyfriend named Chris. Things were great with Chris for a while. He told her that she was beautiful and that he cared a lot about her. He made her feel special.

Soon, Chris started getting jealous and controlling of Anna. He ordered that she never be around other guys without him, demanded that he knew where she was at all times and got angry at her if she ever wanted to do anything without him. Anna wasn't very happy with his behavior, but Chris said he would break up with her if she didn't do these things.

Soon, Anna hardly had any friends left because she spent all of her time with Chris. She didn't know who she was without him. She thought that if she broke up with him, no one else would want her, and maybe her clique wouldn't accept her by herself. She had allowed him to define her, and she no longer had an identity of her own.

I know so many Annas. I'm sure you know Anna, too. Maybe you are Anna. I am going to take this opportunity to tell Anna to fight back.

Remember the girl you once were and the girl you always wanted to be. Think about why you're not that girl. Try to become who you really are, not an image of what someone else wants you

## You keep your wonderland

I hate snow. I mean, there's lots of things that I dislike, but when it comes to snow, I give it the ol' one-finger salute, and as I raise my pinky high in the winter air, I curse my ancestors for sinning and sending white powdery punishment on me, the ultimate fruit of their labor pains.



Simon Ringsmuth

Remember that day, not so long ago, when the that computer whiz of a(n) (internim)chancellor we affectionately call PerlMan closed the metaphorical hallowed gates of campus?

I don't remember it, either, because I was too hung over. My frat threw an emergency keg party the minute we heard the news, using our stash of booze under the stairway.

When we tapped those old wooden barrels, we discovered there was a line to be drawn between good, healthy fermentation and moldy wastewater, but we didn't care until far into the next afternoon.

As it turned out, this Friday also was the day my girlfriend was to fly into town from her much-better-than-third-tier school in St. Louis.

After sleeping in until the wee hours of the afternoon, I staggered over to the TV and did what any self-respecting guy would do.

I ate macaroni and cheese straight from the box, licking a frozen butter popsicle for added flavor, and watched Starship Troopers until I felt my own brain getting sucked out.

Right about then, my hardy roommate Evan burst through the door and announced we would use this opportunity to try and work ourselves into the neighbors' will by shoveling their driveway. I don't think it worked, but they do let us pet their dog now.

After we returned from shoveling, I got a phone call while I was warming my butt on one of those hemorrhoid pads you buy at Walgreens and plug into the wall. It was my girlfriend's father asking if I could drive them to the airport since they couldn't find their white little Toyota amidst all the snow.

Praise God for wood-paneled minivans, I shouted, and I hopped out of my skivvies and into my Gap khakis, spreading half a bottle of Old Navy over my scrawny body because there was simply no time to shower.

Donning my superhero cape that doubles as a Trident Gum beach towel, I ran to my car and was off to rescue my girlfriend's parents from the winter doldrums, whatever those are.

It's a good thing I was driving, since not a single square inch of pavement in the entire town was plowed except for the sidewalks on East Campus, and no vehicle on the planet except a minivan or SUV could have survived that much snow.

We charged heroically through snowdrifts and street signs on the way



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