

Daily Nebraskan

Since 1901

Editor: Sarah Baker
Opinion Page Editor: Jake Glazeski
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Quotes of the Week

"Lincoln, Nebraska, is becoming well known in the world of scarab research."

Andrew Smith, UNL graduate student, on one of Lincoln's burgeoning areas of notoriety

"It wears me out constantly playing solitaire—or participating in my Oprah chat room when I should be writing a paper at four in the morning."

Columnist Tony Bock, on his addiction to Vegas draw-three solitaire

"It's not expensive, it's loud music, and it's a good place to go and see something that is a little bit different."

Lincolnite Tim Nathan, on the value of the Mueller Planetarium laser-light shows

"He doesn't eat anything with any fat. It's all nutrition crap."

NU nose tackle Jon Clanton, on Ryon Bingham's devotion to building himself up for the team

"I used to preach the evils of pop music to my oldest little sister, a girl who routinely calls me on the silliness of my crusades."

Columnist Nick Tarlowski, on his shameless sell-out

"Dadisi Sanyika is here to reveal the depths of African American culture and why it is relevant. We are here to find ways to help students go deeper."

Ron Bowlin, director of the Artist Diversity Residency Program, on the visiting artist/philosopher/organizer visiting as part of the program

"Unless something drastic happens in the next six years, men's college gymnastics is doomed."

Men's Gymnastics Coach Francis Allen, on the future of his sport

"I have become someone who I never thought I could be. I have found talents inside myself that I never thought I had."

Former ASUN President Joel Schafer, on his experience within the association

"This whole process has been very disturbing to us. It has been poorly handled by the administration and basically turned into a horrible experience for all of the swimmers."

NU swimmer Barrett Brandon, on the recent cutting of men's swimming from the athletic program

"I'm glad I'm graduating because I couldn't afford to drive next year."

Senior business management major Carly Reese, on the increase of parking permit price tags

"We made the atomic bomb, put dozens of satellites into orbit and mapped the human genetic code. Solving our energy crisis should be a snap."

Columnist Seth Felton, on the ability to solve large-scale energy problems

"This place doesn't have any pretensions. Sometimes I view this as an alternative version of a soup kitchen."

Scott Brewer, an anthropology major at Nebraska Wesleyan University, on the atmosphere at The Coffee House

"It's just unendingly interesting. I'm never really tired of it."

UNL history professor Gary Moulton, on his work studying handwritten diaries documenting Lewis and Clark's epic journey

Editorial Board

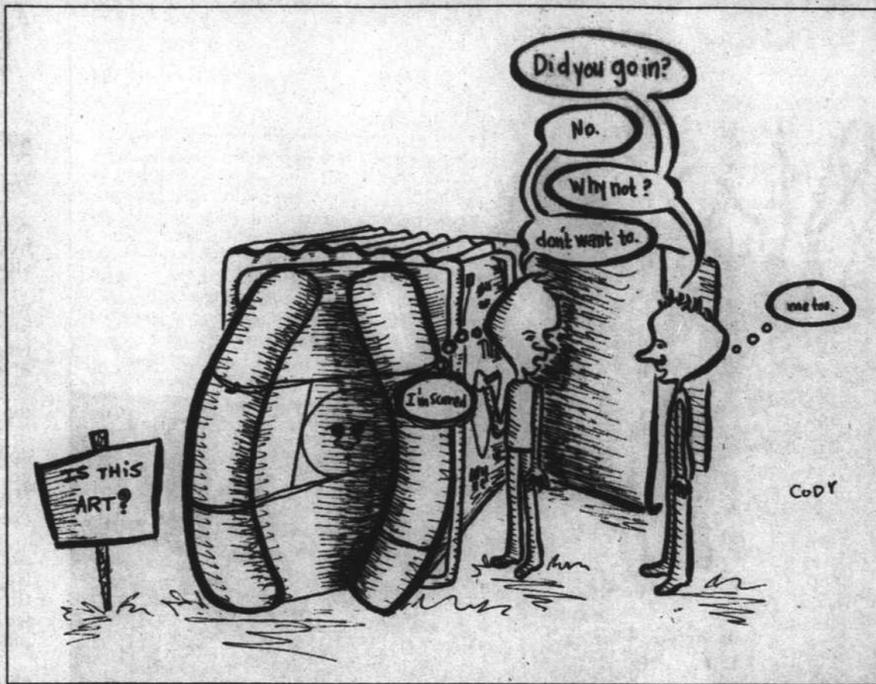
Sarah Baker, Jeff Bloom, Bradley Davis, Jake Glazeski, Matthew Hansen, Samuel McKewon, Kimberly Sweet

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Editorial Policy

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Meagan Cody/DN

The Internet's coming of age

Editor's note: This column is the first of a two-part series.

The past few years have marked a transition for the Internet.

While it has made the journey from press buzzword to common lexicon, I've sort of stood back and marveled at the growing ubiquity of the Internet (it's accessible on cell phones, palm pilots and even interstate rest stops) and technology in general while becoming more and more frustrated with the entire scene.

In the early '70s, computing technology was a taboo for pop culture. It was a realm entered only by those brave enough to wield soldering irons while having the patience of a saint.

The first home computer, the Altair, was little more than a box with blinking lights that you had to assemble in a garage. It did nothing useful, and users could only tell it which lights to flip on and off. The Altair was cool only to a few strange individuals, and the garden-variety geek was born.

All that was way before my time, though, and I've come to learn about it because of a vicious curiosity for anything techno, and I don't mean music.

My family got a home computer around 1988. Uncle Tony was selling his Macintosh 512K-E for around \$2000, if I remember correctly. The 512K meant it had that much RAM, whereas today most computers come with 65536 or 131072 kilobytes (64 and 128 megabytes, respectively). It was almost top-of-the-line back then, with a black-and-white screen and virtually no software.

A few years later, my brothers and I saved up enough cash, which was matched in some sort of weird parental subsidy by Mom and Dad, to buy another top-of-the-line Mac: an LCII.

This computer was far more than a box with lights that went on and off and much better than the 512K-E. It was a true machine of computing sturm and drang, with a 33 MHz processor, 4 megabytes of RAM, and a whopping 80 megabyte hard drive. I believe that was around 1991—the same time ILM was making James Cameron the most popular director in Hollywood with the morphing effects in Terminator 2. Now those same effects can be seen in video games and screen savers, and the stately T-1000 is all but forgotten.

As I entered



Simon Ringsmuth

the eighth grade, my big brother purchased a 2400 baud modem for the LCII, and my true inner geek began to sprout and grow. If Napster would have existed back then, it would have been downloading songs at a maximum speed of .24 (read: point two-four) K/sec. Not too shabby, if you asked us.

We used it to dial up local computer bulletin boards and play weird text-only games like Legend of the Red Dragon, Usurper and Trade Wars 2002. Quake wasn't invented yet, and the precursor to Doom (a game called Wolfenstein, where you shot Nazis while trying to get out of a prison) took so long to download from a bulletin board that most people didn't even bother.

MP3s, online gaming, voice-chatting and video conferencing were dots on the horizon. My brother and I reveled in this new world of possibilities, even going so far as to attempt to set up our own computer bulletin board with the infamous Hypercard application. Eventually, my brother ditched his modem in favor of a 28.8, only to be followed soon after by an ultra-fast 33.6, which set him back more than \$200.

The Internet we know today was in its infancy back in the '60s and was designed to be a way to trade information between universities and military bases. In the event of a cold war and subsequent nuclear strike, it would still remain functional because no single computer housed all the information.

When I was in ninth grade, the only way to use the Internet with pictures and a mouse was with a program called Mosaic, the precursor to today's Netscape.

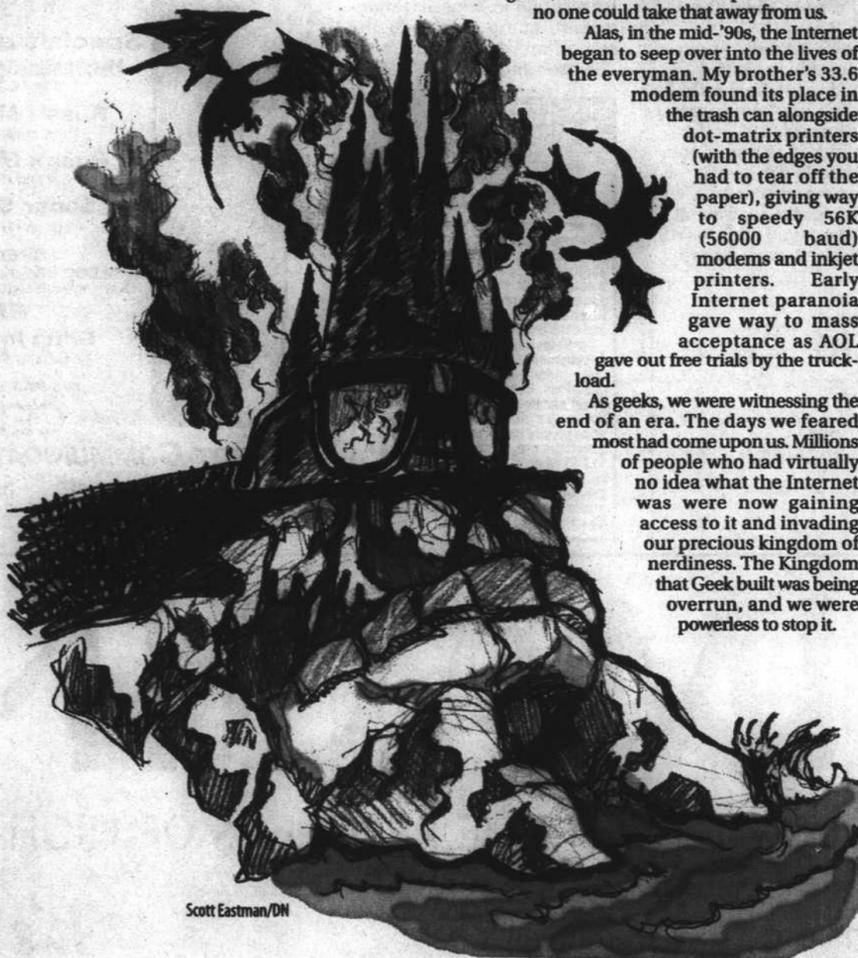
It was extremely slow and buggy, and no one was really sure what to make of it. Legions of geeks across America, shunned by their peers, receded to their bedrooms at night and chatted away while playing text-only games on local bulletin boards.

We knew of the Internet and a few Web site addresses (the only search engines were Webcrawler and Yahoo, and neither were that good), and we occasionally accessed the Internet with a text-only program called Lynx to find files or games to download. Before I turned 15, I had my own e-mail address, unheard of for kids my age back then, and my brother and I were beginning to hear whisperings of a coming Online Invasion.

We had no idea it would be so massive. Much like our counterparts back in the day with their Altairs, no one understood our obsession with computers. As geeks, we had our own little world in which to revel. We felt safe and secure knowing we had our own version of high school sports, Friday night dances and cruising down O Street. We were geeks, we knew it and were proud of it, and no one could take that away from us.

Alas, in the mid-'90s, the Internet began to seep over into the lives of the everyman. My brother's 33.6 modem found its place in the trash can alongside dot-matrix printers (with the edges you had to tear off the paper), giving way to speedy 56K (56000 baud) modems and inkjet printers. Early Internet paranoia gave way to mass acceptance as AOL gave out free trials by the truckload.

As geeks, we were witnessing the end of an era. The days we feared most had come upon us. Millions of people who had virtually no idea what the Internet was were now gaining access to it and invading our precious kingdom of nerdiness. The Kingdom that Geek built was being overrun, and we were powerless to stop it.



Scott Eastman/DN

The naked truth about women

Guys, women manipulate.

Not 24/7, but much more than we ought to.

This should not come as a shock to anyone. Every time you go to the grocery store, it screams at you from women's magazines on the checkout racks: "Ten Outfits That Will Drive Him Crazy," "Get What You Want in the Bedroom and the Bedroom," "Flirting Tips from the Experts."

(As a side note, who the heck are the flirting experts? Is this something you can go to school for? Who would want to be referred to as an expert on flirting?)

Even though the fact that women manipulate isn't exactly rocket science, we women don't generally acknowledge the fact in our day-to-day existence. It's simply ingrained into our psyche. We know what motivates guys and we use it to get what we want.

For example, we know that guys have a need to be heroes, and we appeal to it by acting helpless.

Recently, I was with my friend, Steve, at one of those huge gas stations. You know, the kind that are off the interstate with a restaurant and a souvenir shop and gas pumps and an art museum built right in?

Well, I'm buying a candy bar from a machine, and the candy gets caught on the spirally thing and won't come out, so I want Steve to shake the machine to get it loose. I say, "Steeeee-eee, the machine ate my money." Pout, pout, pout. Steve shakes the machine around until the chocolate bar falls loose. And I say, "Aww, thanks Steve. You're my hero."

Gag. Couldn't I have just said, "Hey Steve, the candy won't come out of the machine. Could you please help me out?" Why didn't I?

We also know that guys are turned on by what they see. Do you really think girls wear halter tops, tube tops and backless shirts because they're comfortable? If you listen closely, the message we're really sending is, "I'm willing to walk around half-naked if it will make you think I'm attractive."

It gets worse. If we manipulate our male friends and acquaintances, don't think for a second we treat the guys we're in relationships with any better. We flirt with and date guys we know we have no future with. And when we are dating guys who we think pretty highly of, we try to trip them up.

Ladies, you know the story. You tell your boyfriend you'll only go so far with him. You draw the line. Then, in the heat of the moment, you do everything in your power, short of explicitly saying "Go for it," to entice him to try and cross that line, wherever that line may be.

If he does, you either say "No," or "Well, so much for good intentions." If he doesn't, you get frustrated. "What's the deal, isn't he attracted to me?" You'd rather have your boyfriend be so attracted to you that he can't help himself than have your boyfriend respect you. (Note to guys: Not all girls are like this, and rape is never justifiable.)

Guys, we do all these things because we're insecure. Women will do everything from flirting with a guy we would never date to posing nude for Playboy in order to convince ourselves that we are attractive people.

If we are convinced we are unattractive, we will run the other direction. We'll change our attitude, and perhaps even our appearance, to make sure people never think "cute" when they see us. We'll develop a thick skin and squelch anything vulnerable in us. And we'll skip right to trying to find our security within.

We believe if someone finds us attractive, we will be secure. All will be right with the universe. But it's not enough. When a guy does tell us we're attractive, we demand, "How attractive am I?" Or we think, "Well, what does he know, anyway?" Or, "He's only saying that because he wants something."

So perhaps we learn not to find our security in guys and try to find it within, instead. We become control-freaks. But we can't control everything, and we're back to feeling insecure.

So there you have it, guys, the naked truth about women. Some of you will use this information to manipulate right back. I hope others of you will use it to help us women get beyond these things and not be that girl. I don't want to be that girl.

Obviously, the only thing left to do is end with a rewrite of an old Willie Nelson song:

To all the guys I've manipulated before,
Who traveled in and out my door,
I'm sorry, I was wrong,
I dedicate this col-umn,
to all the guys I've manipulated before.



Betsy Severin