

**Patrick
MACDONALD**

Mindful of change Permanent' open to interpretation



Have you ever noticed that almost any application you have to fill out has a place for a "permanent address?"

How do you know that your address will really be permanent?

It could be destroyed by a fire, flood or tornado. You could move to a different address and then your previous address would no longer be your permanent address because your new address has become your permanent address.

This leads me to further question what is really meant by the term "permanent." Permanent has always meant that something would last forever. But how long is forever?

Energizer batteries keep going and going, but even they do not last forever. Could plastic in a landfill be considered something that lasts forever? Who wants to hang around long enough to find out?

Humans do not last forever. Is a lifetime long enough for something to be considered permanent? Death

could be considered permanent — or can it? Taxes end when you die — so they are not permanent.

What about permanent records? Time takes care of those, as well as insects and magnets.

So what on earth is really permanent?

Is change permanent? If something is changing, it cannot be permanent by definition. But change itself seems to be the one constant in today's world. And if change is constant than it must be permanent. But what if a permanent change is changed?

Boy, is this confusing. My point is everything is open to interpretation. With so many people trying to be different, interpreting what other people are trying to say or write is becoming increasingly difficult.

We have so many words in the English language that anyone can twist anything you say to reflect what they want to hear.

I propose we go back to a series of grunts to reduce confusion. One "ugh" could express happiness. Two could represent pain. And an "ugh-ooo-gah" could mean that a very attractive woman has just passed by. (No offense meant to the very attractive women out there.)

Stepping backward is not the

answer though. Communication is tremendously important to a person's success in work, relationships or other endeavors.

Being able to get an idea across without alienating anyone has become an art form. We have had to become "politically correct" in our speech and mannerisms. Has this helped to reduce racial tensions, make horizontally-challenged people feel thinner or improved understanding among all people?

It hasn't happened yet.

Permanent confusion has set in. How do I address someone different from myself without violating their newly chosen title? What is the politically correct term for an Irish/Scottish/German/Heinz 57 Caucasian Male? Can I still be considered a middle-aged white man?

There is an MCI commercial about the Internet where people communicate "mind to mind." There's the answer. Take away everyone's body — leaving just a mind.

But then we would argue about how size really matters. Oh well, the thought was nice.

Maybe hate is permanent. There is certainly room there for a change.

MacDonald is a freshman electrical engineering major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

**Jessica
KENNEDY**

The end is nigh Ridiculous tips for the millennium



"Where are you going to be New Year's Eve 1999?" my friend Amy asked one day.

I struggled for an answer ... the fabled day still seemed so far away. All I could picture was the pre-apocalyptic party scenes from Independence Day.

I'm sure I'll be out there — somewhere — living it up.

I just don't know where ...

It's going to be one hell of a party — no doubt about that. Many countries and metropolitans are already planning for the big night.

For many, the party doesn't stop until after New Year's Eve 2000 — the true century mark. (There wasn't a year zero.)

But if you pay any attention to COSMO, you'll know that you've only got three years to get ready. Oh, the pressure!

In true Helen Gurley-Brown fashion, this article pulls out all the stops. (Boy, I'm not going to miss that wrinkled prune!)

Here are some of the highlights from COSMO's guidelines for "Getting Ready for the Year 2000:"

FAMILY

"If you're planning on starting a family, it's not too early to form alliances with like-minded potential breeders."

So, COSMO women of the 21st century won't be judging men on the size of their stock portfolio but rather on the quality of their gene pool?

COSMETIC SURGERY

"Pharmacies and surgical-supply shops eventually sell hand-held devices that use safe, painless laser pulses to erase fine lines and wrinkles at home. So if you're worried about tiny crow's-feet, restrain yourself from doing anything too expensive just yet."

Imagine the excuse — "I'm sorry hon, I can't go out tonight, I have to erase my face."

ELECTRIC PROZAC

"The electromagnetic fields produce opiate effects like those induced by many medications. So come the 21st century you'll be able to say goodbye to alcohol and antidepressants! Meanwhile, lay in no more than a three-year supply of either!"

I can see it now: A group of college students come together for a traditional house party. Instead of lining up for the keg, young men and women will hook up for a quick electromagnetic pulse to the pleasure center. Anybody else remember days when happiness was three kinds of ice cream and tying your shoe?

PERSONAL HEALTH

"Melanin cream: to darken the skin permanently, eliminating the need to lie in the sun in order to achieve a healthy bronze glow."

And what will happen when suddenly, high fashion proclaims the ghostly glow of the Victorian age the rage?

LOVE LIFE

"The new ideal man? Tough but emotionally sophisticated."



JASON GILDOW/DN

The insight blows me away. COSMO declares "The New Man ... he'll be a real pal." Swell, but will he change the diapers?

THE NIGHT

"Make your 1999 New Year's Eve plans now — even if you don't yet have a date. The start of the millennium promises some fabulous surprises, and he's just one of them."

Don't sweat, there's still three years before the millennium, so don't panic if you haven't started planning.

I'm anxious and excited for the big night, but I'm not going to waste sleep — just yet — wondering what I'm going to do when it's finally 2000.

Kennedy is a senior advertising and broadcasting major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

**Gerry
BELTZ**

Hyperdrive into past



your own books. May 1983. Eighth grade. "Return of the Jedi."

My friends and I bought \$8 advance tickets to a 4:00 p.m. show and organized car pools to get us downtown as quickly as possible.

Life was getting more complex, though. Lots more homework, and most of my friends lived on the opposite side of town from me. And when people asked me what I wanted to be when I grow up, I actually had to stop and think about it.

I still loved cauliflower and despised sweet potatoes, discovered pepperoni pizza and direly tried to lock lips 'n' hips with any female, willing and attractive (heartbeat not required but a definite plus).

Finally got this whole college thing down — you pay to go to school for four years, then they give you your degree. Hey, that sounds pretty easy! Simple too!

January 31, 1997. Twentieth anniversary of "Star Wars."

I'm sitting in the Stuart Theater, eighth row from the front, dead center.

It's quiet, virtually silent — like a church.

I'm one of those "students-for-life" majors who loves cauliflower mixed in with my Ramen noodles and considers there to be a chance of a relationship with any given woman if she doesn't spit on me within 60 seconds of first impressions.

I'm almost through this nightmare called college, where students learn who really does appreciate them — friends, family — and who don't give a damn if they live or die — administration.

(CORRECTION: I'm sure the administration does care if you live or die. If you're dead, it can't get your money.)

What do I want to be when I grow up, er, I mean graduate? Still a tough question to answer; my degree will be in English education, but I would rather work as a journalist for a newspaper or entertainment magazine.

Given the above, I'll probably be a plumber.

What's still simple? Friends and family. The unconditional love and care has been there long before anyone had ever heard of Jedi Knights.

Love and thanks to all of my friends. I love you, Mom. I love you, Dad.

You've all gotten me this far, but I'm still not going to eat any sweet potatoes.

Beltz is a senior English education major and a Daily Nebraskan senior reporter.



JEDI MIND TRICKS DON'T WORK AT THE D.M.V.