

## It's a good thing Martha's magic enlightens

on a Stewart sort of lifestyle. Others call it pushing her "not-so-normal" lifestyle onto the average consumer.

Abnormal because she's a little anal. Abnormal because there aren't many people out there like her who need to prepare an eggplant soufflé for a dinner party of 30.

Abnormal because she sets an impossible standard for average men and women who like to dabble in domesticity.

So say her detractors. The detractors who are probably the same people who don't know the difference between a daisy and a daffodil and can't turn their ovens on without asking someone to remind them which knob it is.

But I am one of those who doesn't see anything wrong with a model turned stockbroker turned mother turned caterer turned media mogul turned powerful businesswoman helping people all over the world how to turn their houses into homes.

A quote from one of Stewart's many unofficial Web sites states that, "when she smiles, all is peace in the world."

And it seems there are quite a few people who agree.

In six years, readership of her magazine, "Martha Stewart Living," has risen from 250,000 to about 2.3 million.

Her Emmy-award winning television show of the same name recently went from weekly syndication to an everyday spot on a major network. (It can be seen Monday through Friday at

9 a.m. on CableVision Channel 6.)

So deep down, you really do want to learn how to make a wreath from dried sunflowers, don't you?

Colleagues and friends have scoffed at the fact that I do (but have not attempted to). They say, "Ted, you're insane and she's a 54-year-old freak."

But I just shake my head at their jabs and continue to write down recipes from her online magazine.

People should respect the J. Crew-clad diva of domesticity, in the least because she's a pretty good case of how to succeed in life and business.

She paid her way through Barnard College by modeling, and used her history and architecture-history degree to become a stockbroker in the 1960s. She quit her job on Wall Street to take care of her daughter, Alexis, then divorced her husband who had the hots for one of her former assistants — who was 21 years younger.

While raising Alexis, she started a successful (duh) catering business, then became editor of "House Beautiful." It was probably about then she started her master plan to take over every kitchen, bedroom and garden in the civilized world.

The rest is, to borrow her coined phrase, "a good thing."

"I don't run out of ideas," she once said. "I run out of time."

I hope for Kmart and the rest of us who appreciate her valid attempt at making the world a little brighter with a fern-print napkin or two, that will never happen.

## More than just the blues

*Depression can be eased with help*

*Editor's note: October is National Depression Awareness Month.*

Depression is not a weakness, nor is it a passing blue mood. It is an illness like any other medical illness that needs treatment. Symptoms can last for months and may become quite severe, sometimes resulting in thoughts of suicide. Approximately two-thirds of depressed patients actually attempt suicide and 10 percent to 15 percent succeed.

The good news is that depression is a very treatable illness with 80 percent to 90 percent of depressed patients responding to treatment by the end of one year. Common symptoms of depression include:

- Feeling sad or empty most of the day, occurring nearly every day.
  - Inability to enjoy activities.
  - Sleep disturbances, either too much or too little sleep.
  - Significant changes in appetite or weight, an increase or decrease.
  - Fatigue or loss of energy.
  - Feeling of worthlessness or inappropriate guilt.
  - Trouble in concentrating, problems with making decisions.
  - Recurrent thoughts of death.
- In addition, college students may experience irritable moods, failure to maintain weight and poor school

performance. They may also exhibit an increase in drug abuse, sexual promiscuity, erratic class attendance and not meeting responsibilities.

Early diagnosis and the appropriate treatment can have an important positive impact on a person's life. Depending on the severity of the depression, the person needs either inpatient or outpatient treatment. Psychotherapy in combination with medication has been shown to be a more effective treatment than either method used alone.

Anyone who is concerned about depression for themselves, a friend or a loved one may take advantage of a free depression screening program on National Depression Screening Day on Thursday in the Pewter Room of the Nebraska Union.

Therapists on staff at Counseling and Psychological Services will conduct the screenings from 11:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m.

The session will include a presentation on depression by a psychologist with time for questions from the audience, an opportunity to complete a confidential self-screening test, a chance to view current videos on depression, and time to speak privately with a therapist concerning the results of the test.

A variety of printed materials on depression will be also available. For information call 472-7450.



**TED TAYLOR is a senior news-editorial major and Daily Nebraskan senior reporter.**

In this world of imperfections, there lives the perfect person.

She can teach you to make a shower curtain and your own soap. She can help you create lavish dishes for every course that would bring Julia Childs to tears, and she's the boss of her own \$150-million empire.

Not to mention she does it all looking as hip in her role as a new character on "Friends."

Her name?

Martha Stewart. (Sorry, Mom.)

An educated, powerful, rich and beautiful woman, Stewart seemingly has it all — including the strings holding discount giant Kmart above water.

As one of her biggest fans, I was intrigued by a recent Time magazine article that detailed her business relationship with the store that has been watching annual revenues slip further and further below those of their main competitor, Wal-Mart.

Enter Stewart.

Her new line of bath towels, bed sheets and paints, the "Martha Stewart Everyday Collection," is expected to generate more than \$500 million in sales this year alone, Time reported.

K-Martha indeed.

The idea of the new line of Stewartness at Kmart has been called an attempt by the store, and Stewart, to let the "normal" people of the world in



**TODD MUNSON is a junior broadcasting major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.**

I was standing in line at the union bakery the other day when I had an idea for today's column. The rant started to flow. How can the union management sleep at night when they have the chutzpah to charge 80 cents for a rotten banana? I could imagine paying that much if the Chiquita lady handed it to me, but when it's self-serve, that's ridiculous. Then I realized there were more important things to write about than the oppression of health-conscious students.

From my position at the temporary wall/bulletin board, I overheard the comments of a group of fellows in T-shirts with some greek letters on them. "Look at that, stupid queers have their own week now," said one guy. "Week my ass, it's the whole damn month," said another.

After an hour in line, I made it over to the poster those strapping young bucks had brutally lamented. It was a poster that promoted "National Coming Out Week," which starts today and is part of Gay and Lesbian History Month.

Years of watching violent television has desensitized me to most things, but the comments from those jar-heads really offended me.

Now before you lean over to the person next to you and say, "I knew that weird Todd guy was a flamer," allow me to explain. This isn't going to be a column in which I out myself. One thing I do know is that I'm not gay. Dudes just don't do it for me and my last few dates with

women have terrified me. So if anything, I guess you could say that I'm considering becoming asexual. Still, their spited comments hurt me just as they would a gay person.

This past Memorial Day weekend, I met a woman at a local watering hole. It was one of those meetings you can never plan on, unless of course you always spill beer on people. She lived in New York and was in town for a few days visiting some family. Over a fresh pitcher of beer we got to know each other. We dissected the special edition "Star Wars" trilogy, waxed poetic about our favorite "Simpsons" episodes, and bemoaned our recent breakups. She was even a Tim Burton fan. At last call, we were off to my apartment to watch "Mars Attacks." Like the old people in the Miller Time commercial, we got a little funky on the couch. Before things got too funky, Megan began to feel uncomfortable with the situation. You see, in her recent breakup, her partner wasn't exactly a boyfriend. Megan was a bisexual.

Needless to say, I was pretty confused and weirded-out. What do you say in a situation like that? My brain scrambled for a response and stopped at a Thanksgiving dinner many years ago.

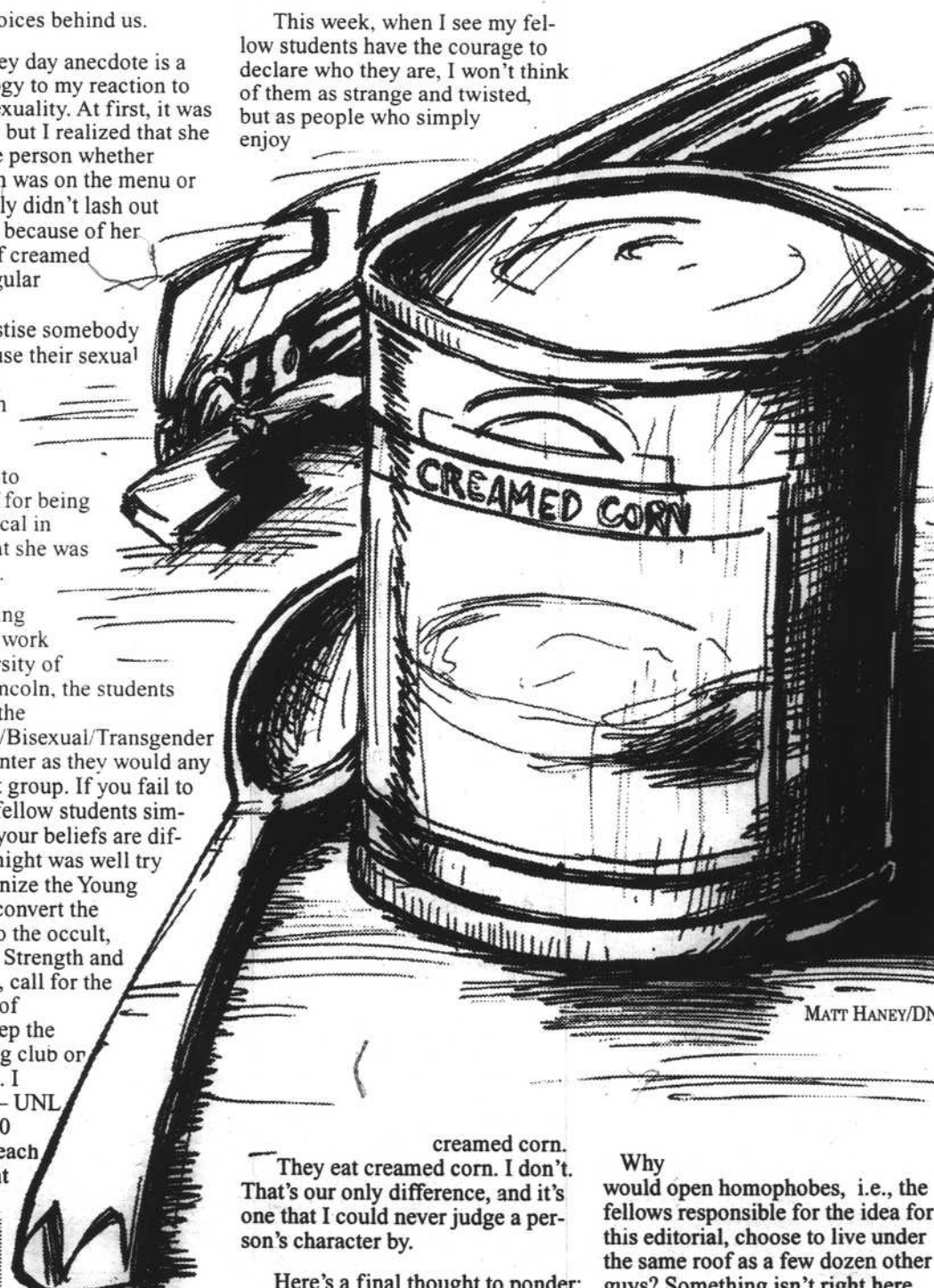
I sat at the end of the table with my favorite cousin. Hungry from hours of pre-dinner horseplay, we piled on the food. Everything was rosy until she loaded up on a strange concoction. "What's that stuff?" I asked. "Creamed corn. Grandma made it special for me," she replied. Watching her enjoy eating that twisted variation of corn, I felt the need to label her a sick weirdo; that is, until she said I was equally weird for mixing my regular corn with my mashed potatoes. After dinner, we hit the tire swing, the differences over our respective

vegetable choices behind us.

This turkey day anecdote is a perfect analogy to my reaction to Megan's bisexuality. At first, it was a bit strange, but I realized that she was the same person whether creamed corn was on the menu or not. I certainly didn't lash out at my cousin because of her preference of creamed corn over regular corn, so why should I chastise somebody simply because their sexual preference is different than mine? If anything, I felt the need to scold myself for being so stereotypical in assuming that she was heterosexual.

For Coming Out Week to work at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln, the students must accept the Gay/Lesbian/Bisexual/Transgender Resource Center as they would any other student group. If you fail to accept your fellow students simply because your beliefs are different, you might as well try to Republicanize the Young Democrats, convert the Navigators to the occult, fatten up the Strength and Fitness Club, call for the drug testing of NORML, keep the rock climbing club on the ground ... I could go on — UNL has about 200 more clubs, each with different beliefs, but I think I've made my point.

This week, when I see my fellow students have the courage to declare who they are, I won't think of them as strange and twisted, but as people who simply enjoy



MATT HANEY/DN

creamed corn. They eat creamed corn. I don't. That's our only difference, and it's one that I could never judge a person's character by.

Here's a final thought to ponder:

Why would open homophobes, i.e., the fellows responsible for the idea for this editorial, choose to live under the same roof as a few dozen other guys? Something isn't right here.

## Sexual tension

*Preference doesn't determine character*