



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

It's important to set goals. At the start of each week, I make up some new goals. Usually, they revolve around waking up for class, prying myself off the couch and washing the dishes, or uncovering the truth behind Xena and Gabrielle's relationship on "Xena: Warrior Princess."

Believe it or not, I actually make goals for what I write each week here at the Daily Nebraskan. Most of the time, it's in the form of making as many sexually explicit jokes about the elderly as possible or finding some group to pick on. Don't worry Burr Hall, you get the week off (At least for now; I'm not done yet).

One of the goals I always set is to write a column that doesn't include references to beer or some drunken frolic that results in the sodomy of a burrito as big as my head. If I can exclude such poignant anecdotes, that means I could send a sample of my work home to the family. For my Mary Poppins-esque mother, stories of her eldest son hitting the skins with some refried beans would make her cry.

Oh crap! I didn't want to mention

# Wetter is better

## ASUN candidates should push for end to dry campus

beer this week, but I just did. I might as well keep going with it. I'll write something fit for my mother another time.

In a couple of months or so, it will be time for that time-honored tradition known as the Association of Students of the University of Nebraska elections. Each year, two warring factions of students duke it out in the political arena. One group will come away the winner, victorious by a margin of 12 votes to 11.

The big reason for such low voter turnout is the opposing parties never have anything good on their respective platforms. Each year it's, "We need more computers for the honor students," or, "We want to make UNL a serious institution of higher learning." A quick glance at the all-campus GPA will tell you that the University of Nebraska-Lincoln has about 23 honor students.

For all you future resume builders out there who are planning on running for ASUN this spring, I'd like to present a campaign idea that you're invited to pillage and claim as your own. I would have brought it up with the current members of ASUN, but we all know they don't do anything but frequent gentlemen's clubs. Right, Malcolm?

It's about time UNL becomes a wet campus. Not the booty-shaking kind of wet campus that gets Chancellor Moeser to vomit on his

beloved organ, but the kind of wet campus that would teach students to drink responsibly.

A while back, I spent an extended amount of time on a wet campus and saw none of the binge drinking or violence that comes with booze.

Stanford University, or "The Farm," as it's known, is a wet campus, but drinking is allowed only during organized parties at the students' dorms. Each weekend, a different student housing unit hosts a party. Rumor has it Chelsea Clinton loves to boogie down. The student assistants serve as chaperones, making sure that nothing gets out of hand. As the night winds down, students will hoof it to a different dorm for pizza or other vittles hosted by the students and staff of that building. The end result at Stanford is that students learn to drink responsibly and don't ever have to drive home drunk from an off-campus party. It also helps that 90 percent of students live on campus.

Using Stanford as a guide, here's my plan.

Let's make UNL a wet campus on Friday and Saturday. That way, the university doesn't promote slacking off during the week. Drinking would be allowed only in the dorms or greek houses, during organized functions registered with the campus police. These functions would be held in designated places, such as in the rumpus rooms with the weird furniture for the

dorms and on the ground floor of greek houses. To ensure that general mayhem is kept in check, student assistants would pry themselves away from the television and Cheesy Poofs and supervise dorm parties, and the greek set would have to nominate (read: force) someone to stay sober to keep things to a dull roar.

The kicker is that since the functions are registered with the police, the fuzz can pay a visit whenever they please. How would students under 21 get the hooch? The same way they do now. That way the university wouldn't be accused of contributing to the delinquency of a minor.

The benefits from opening the floodgates are many. Students would no longer have to risk their lives driving to off-campus parties. Students in the dorms would actually get to know the people on their floors and in their buildings. Does anyone really show up for ice cream day? Also, they could concentrate on their studies rather than devoting their brain power to new ways to sneak beer up to their rooms. In the age when frats are dropping like flies, a party at three bucks a head would be a great way for a house to stay afloat.

Besides, it would be nice to eliminate the double standard that happens in the parking lots on a football Saturday. No Big Red fans drink out there, do they?

Granted, Stanford recruits higher-

caliber students than UNL, and they require a bit more for admission than the ability to breath on a semi-regular basis, but with a little effort and responsibility, a wet campus can work at UNL. But hey students, let's try something interactive. Mark the ballot below and send it back to the Daily Nebraskan at Room 34 Nebraska Union. If I remember, I'll print the results, and perhaps the folks who plan to run for office this spring could include a plan for a wet campus in their platform.

Yes. I think Todd's plan for a wet campus is excellent and I want to stroke his ego until he purrs like a kitten. He's such a stud, we all know he was Mark Wahlberg's stand-in for the final close-up of Dirk Diggler's equipment in "Boogie Nights."

No. Todd's plan for a wet campus sucks worse than a broken vacuum. I want to crush his ego like a watermelon at the hand of Gallagher. He's such a wanker. We know that all he needs for a good time is a back issue of "Swank," a jar of marmalade and the hand that he affectionately refers to as "Rosie."



**CLIFF HICKS is a junior news-editorial and English major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.**

Laura shakes her head, looking down at the newspaper confusedly. Sure, she thinks to herself, it isn't worthy of being the top story, but this? This is a story some editor considered unimportant.

"Malicious, isn't it?" the young man in the leather jacket says as he settles into the seat across from her, a cup of Irish Mocha in his hand. "I mean, people say I'm paranoid and all, but this? This, I don't think enough people are paranoid about."

The headline, buried on page five, reads "GERMANY OKs ELECTRONIC SURVEILLANCE."

"I have to confess," she says, "if I were in Germany, I'd be scared to death."

He nods, taking a sip from his coffee. "You'd think people would learn after the first time. Hell, we don't allow continuous bugging for a lot of reasons."

"You think they're going to go rampant with it?" Laura asks him.

He laughs softly. "Of course they are. History dictates it."

She arches an eyebrow inquisitively, urging him to go on.

"When Hoover was in charge of the FBI in the United States, he started keeping files on anyone at all suspicious - politicians, musicians, actors, you name it."

"Actors? How can an actor be suspicious?"

"I could introduce you to some actors who are very shifty-looking, but that's not the point. The point is that Hoover started watching everyone, and I mean everyone. If you so much as let wind in the wrong direction, your phones would be bugged, your mail would be steamed and there would be a gentleman in the car across the street from you at all times."

# Seeing is believing

## German surveillance will be abused

"Wouldn't it be fair to say Hoover is an isolated incident, though?"

He shakes his head, biting his bottom lip, choosing his next words carefully. "Not at all. You know the old saying - 'Power corrupts; absolute power corrupts absolutely.' Hitler's Gestapo listened in on telephone calls all the time. During World War II, Japanese-Americans were imprisoned in America because of unfounded suspicions. All it takes is one person getting antsy, and pretty soon you have a whole mess of trouble on your hands."

"So why'd they do it?" she asks.

"Who?" he replies, the question a little vague for him.

"The Germans today."

"Organized crime."

"What?" she questions, almost stunned. "Germany's having a problem with organized crime?"

He nods as he takes another sip from his mocha. "Sure, I think everybody is these days."

She picks up a french fry, twirling it in her fingers. "It's just when I think of organized crime, I think of, well, you know - 'The Untouchables' and 'The Godfather' rolled into one. Germany doesn't really enter into the picture."

He tilts his head a little, shrugging. "Organized crime doesn't have to just be about Italians talking about what good 'family' men they are. These days, the Internet can work wonders. As the rest of the world goes up technologically, so do our criminals. They get smarter and they learn new tricks."

"They're probably sending communiques back and forth through the Internet as we speak," he says. "Somewhere in the world, there's a group of hackers trying to break encryptions so they can scam credit cards. People are subtly trying to influence the market. Every time a new technology is invented, it's only a few short minutes before someone has figured out how to abuse it."

"So you don't think the Germans

should have passed the law?" she asks.

He shakes his head, frowning a little. "There are too many people who might abuse it. Even if the law wasn't passed, there will always be government cronies spying on the people - they'd just have to be more hush-hush about it."

She frowns at this herself, a little confused. "What's the difference between if they had not passed the law and now?"

"Now it can be used as an intimidation tactic," he replies. "That's only one thing, too. Luckily, they did stipulate that a judge had to approve the bugging, but if you look hard enough,

you can find a judge to pay into your pocket. If the government wants to beat the grass to scare the snakes, they've got the perfect stick already at hand. Making it legal simply makes it easier for the government."

"Think there'll be a dictator over there any time soon?"

He finishes off his coffee, shaking his head once more. "Not any time soon, but it might happen. The reunited Germany is going to be watching

grow complacent any time soon."

"I suppose. I don't expect that they'd be all that pleased about parting with their hard-earned freedom, either," she says, pausing as she notices someone across the cafeteria looking over at them.

Both of them stop and look at the gentleman, who turns his attention quickly back to his food. The two of them look back at each other, laugh and shake their heads, muttering, "Nah, couldn't be..."

