

# My so-called life

## Doughnut deity holds ticket to Shangri-La



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Pop quiz, hotshots: What happens when you mix the Cubs' play-off debacle against the Braves with a weekend-long binge on Old Style and follow it up with a quadruple espresso and three tests the next morning?

You get a columnist who's minutes away from his deadline and couldn't string together a series of cohesive thoughts even if it meant the Cubs could someday make it to the World Series. But, even though I can't seem to will myself to talk about something important like how to save starvation-stricken children, I do have a special treat in the works for y'all ...

Bring this column into the new Hooters restaurant, and redeem it for a FREE order of hot wings!

OK, I have to admit that I didn't exactly swing a deal with the owls in charge at Hooters, but if you went in and threatened to protest the sexual innuendoes associated with the Spago of white trash dining, perhaps they'll try to bribe you with free hot wings. Heck, if it actually works, I guess I did, in a roundabout way, help out some of Lincoln's sexually depraved starving children.

Speaking of sexual depravity, I recently began living with three females and must say, even though I can no longer watch "Mama's Family" wearing only my underwear, I enjoy living with them for one stellar reason - no matter what room I'm in, a Victoria's Secret catalog is within arms reach.

In only a few short weeks, I've grown quite fond of Vicky's publication. Not only is it such a good deal that it arrives in the mail free of charge, but it's also good for the

mind.

Think about it.

In Vicky's Secret, all the women are wearing clothes. Thus, you're forced to use your imagination, not like the women who are buck-naked and smiling like doughnuts in every other nudie mag.

The mention of smiling like a doughnut reminds me of an experience I had this summer. There is a moral to the following anecdote, but hell if I know what it is.

Late one random evening, I developed a hankering for a doughnut that would not go away. A hop, skip and a jump later, I was in the baked goods aisle of the local supermarket. Since it was half past 10, the bakery had long since closed, and my choices were limited to the left-

was the non-existent powdered raspberry.

Finally, the powdered lemon won out, and I was on my way. As I stepped out into the pouring rain, I took a

bite. This couldn't be happening.

Somehow, I purchased a powdered raspberry that I thought only existed in Shangri-La. It was then, in the pouring rain, I realized that somewhere there is a place where the water flows like gooey purple filling and powdered sugar falls like snow, a place so magical it's home to the doughnut god.

And he likes me.

I take that back, the doughnut god doesn't like me, he loves me in only a way



AMY MARTIN/DN

overs of the day.

After a few seconds, my decision had been narrowed to an iced raspberry-filled and a powdered lemon-filled. For an eternity I stood there with the two suspects staring right back. What I really wanted

a doughnut deity can. Now, just a block from campus, the orgasmic Krispy Kreme doughnuts are being sold. Quite arguably these are the best doughnuts in the world. Each and every one looks like it could be hanging in the museum of modern art. Mark my

words, someday the glazed variety will replace the Taj Mahal as the seventh wonder of the world, and I'm going broke because of it.

Which is probably a bad thing. The other day I purchased a new stocking cap because I was grimly reminded how Nebraska's environment neglects to follow seasonal trends. There is no such thing as fall in the Cornhusker State, but there are two seasons - hot and cold.

I shouldn't be so harsh on dear old Nebraska. Spring and fall really do exist, but it has become all too apparent they last only a day apiece, and it is on these two elusive days, my friends, that you shirk responsibility and get outside.

Yet, perhaps buying that stocking cap was a bad idea.

The possessions in my life follow a strict set of checks and balances. Each time I acquire something new, law states that I must lose something to keep the amount of junk I own at a constant level. This morning, my keys were the chosen ones.

With my bicycle now locked for infinity in front of Andrew's Hall, I had to walk to the Student Death Center, oops, I mean Student Health Center, for the final appointment in my broken finger saga. The news was good. The digit's all fixed, but the wait in the waiting room wasn't. It doesn't matter if the wait is five minutes or five hours, as soon as I reach the halfway point of an interesting magazine article, the doctor calls my name, leaving the story of the Aborigine to be told another day.

Back to my missing keys. While I was getting some Taffy to fuel my way through writing this, I casually asked the clerk at the Nebraska Union Information Desk if perchance the union had a lost and found. Lo and behold, I was standing right in front of it, and my keys were the newest addition.

Somewhere on campus is a person who chose honesty instead of the chance to steal my bicycle or my prized 1986 Toyota Tercel. That good Samaritan reminded me of something very important.

Although the weather sucks, Nebraska is indeed a good place to live.

# Technology takeover

## Government is responsible for updating its citizens



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Technology is here, and it is putting a stranglehold on people who cannot grasp its uses quickly enough.

One might venture to call it the new elitism, creeping in on the soundly resting members of our generation, the elitists of the norm.

We are creating a new standard for the future, not just in technology, but also in education.

In our day, everyone gets a chance to succeed. People are blessed with at least one opportunity to break free from the mold of medi-

ocrity or pull themselves out of the pits of poverty.

More people go to college today than ever before. More people graduate and go into high-tech jobs.

But for what? To reach the zenith only to look higher and realize that a new standard has been set, and newer advancements are being established perpetually?

Only those inclined in the field of technology will ultimately survive.

If this nation continues at its current rate, the staggering figures on technology and the frighteningly low number of people knowing how to use it will come to a climactic paradox.

There will be a minimal number of skilled people who know how to use various new technologies.

These new elitists will wield more power than any such aristocracy before them. They will control the money, the means of making it, and, perhaps most frightening, they will control society.

Persons not advanced in the ways of new technology will be left behind and never know in what ways their lives are being manipulated.

In the mission statement of a new government agency in the Commerce Department, the Office of Technology Policy, there is the creation of a "partnership" with American private business to promote growth in America's economy, establish high-paying jobs and increase the quality of life.

That's great for America, big business and the people who are technologically competent.

That's bad for the rest of America - ultimately the majority of the citizens.

While our lives may be controlled on many levels by big business and government, there is still the matter of America providing for all its citizens. It is not enough to make a technological merger with the private sector to smooth technological paranoia.

Therein lies the new elitism - government-sponsored industry control of information.

Government is teaching big business to use resources with which the majority of America has little knowledge or experience.

The Office of Technology Policy's "industry as customer" ideal

is great for the economy, but who's to say it won't spill into the private lives of citizens?

And searching out high-paying jobs for those employed in private industry? Government is catering to the needs of those who need them the least.

If the old elitism is dead, college education has become the norm. The emerging elitism no longer lies in bettering one's social standing through hard work and diligent business practices.

New elitists are hungry for knowledge and information, and information and knowledge are, of course, power. Power is vested in government, and power is money.

Will the new elitists be sanctioned by the government?

Individual citizens need to be more aware of technology and how to use it. If it is the government's aim to improve the economy, then the same considerations should be made to better the technological education of the collective citizenship.

Certain government agencies need to be able to give training to the rest of the nation.

Teachers have gotten this kind of

training - why hasn't the rest of the nation?

It is not enough to put half the power of technological tools into the hands of educators.

It must be brought forthwith to every small-businessman, lawyer, doctor and member of the former elite as well as those emerging into that old middle class.

The Technology Administration of the federal government needs to bring about changes in order to avoid an alarming situation in the American public.

It cannot stand for this elitism, or all else around it will fall. Faith in the government is a rare commodity these days as it is.

The need is for a holistically motivated education in technologies of all kinds. The only alternative is an abolition of technology and such a proposition is preposterous as it has already been so filtered into our lives in nearly every aspect.

The government would better serve the nation if it could establish something that should take precedence over economic concern - the welfare and education of all its people.