

# Coming clean (finally!) Admissions of mediocrity reveal lies, half-truths



**JOSH WIMMER is a senior news-editorial major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.**

All right, I have a confession to make. Now, this is a one-shot deal. I will not make this confession again. So y'all better tack this column up on your bulletin board or stick it in a safety deposit box. Although I wish you wouldn't, because this is kind of embarrassing. But let me cut to the chase. I don't drink that much. Ouch. See, for the past 15 weeks or so, through this column, I have tried to cultivate the impression that I am a lush. A sot. A chronically intoxicated bastard. It's just not so. Anyway, this confession comes on the heels of an e-mail message from my dear mom, which read, in its entirety: "References to your drinking in your columns are getting old. Love, Mom." Well, Mom, as a little Christmas present to you, I'm coming clean in public. I hope this will set your mind at ease. This has been an active week for me. I did attend a co-worker's bar crawl, and I was one of the last two men standing. And the other guy and I were both a lot farther gone than the birthday girl was. But... On average, I find myself inebriated maybe - maybe - once every two months or so. And if that seems frequent to any of you, you either (a) drank so much you've forgotten

what the traditional 22-year-old's lifestyle entails; or (b) aren't getting the most out of your college years. This isn't to say I can't drink a lot. There's not a Nebraskan among you who can stand up to any North Dakotan, including me, worth his or her weight in pretzels. This also isn't to say I don't drink. Hey, there happens to be a bar in the restaurant where I'm gainfully employed. And if you've never been in the table-waiting business or it's been a long time since you were, you probably can't appreciate just how good a single beer tastes at the end of the night. And of course, it's not to say we should be flip about anyone who does have a drinking problem. Certainly we shouldn't (although we have been in the past and probably will be in the future). Point is, I don't have such a problem. Alas, I talk the talk, but generally, I don't walk the walk. With that out of the way, it's easier to move on to this next part. I can't smoke worth a damn, either. I try, I try. Oh, how I try. But according to my "real smoker" friends, I still look unnatural when I do it. I'm incapable of smoking unless I'm completely immobile - can't do it if I'm walking or even driving. I simply lack the ambition to learn. And no matter what, it makes my throat hurt. All too often, I stub out a cigarette that's only half-gone. Which, as Miss Manners will tell you, is considered a faux pas among smokers. My roommate said to me the other day, "Too bad for you they raised the price of cigarettes." And all I could think to say was, "Well, it's only an extra 45 cents a week." Yes, I am definitely a poser. I've come this far. I'm going to tell you one more thing, people.

Last, and maybe most painful, of all, folks: I am not a world-renowned music producer. The Beastie Boys don't want me to work on their

next album. Neither does Snoop Dogg. Madonna might - but, OK, that's a lie, too. I won't be releasing an album anytime soon. I don't even have any musical talent. I can

read notes, and that's about it. I don't even own a record player. Sigh. If you've read this far, I wish you'd burn this column now. I've spent months building up this bad-ass facade, and now I've torn it down with one fell swoop. All for my mom. (See how much I love her?) It's enough to make me want to get really trashed for the third time this semester. Unless maybe you can help me, gentle readers. Let me explain. In the life of a bad-ass, one might say only three things are important: sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll. And, as you can see at this point, the latter two just don't play much of a role in my life. If I am to maintain my bad-ass status, I see only two options - the first unviable; the second, viable. 1. As I have urged throughout this piece, finish reading and then destroy this newspaper. And every copy you can find. With no record of these confessions remaining, my "boy your mother warned you about" image will remain untarnished. 2. Because I'm lacking in the "drugs" and "rock 'n' roll" categories, I'll just have to make it up in the remaining one. I guess - sigh - I'll have to entertain women nightly at my old apartment. And I don't have much time before I go home for Christmas, so they'll have to arrive in threes and fours. What a shame. (Hey, Mom - I've done a nice thing for you. So you don't need to send a copy of this one to Grandma. OK?) I know you won't let me down, readers of mine. Just call, and I'll let each of you know when I can fit you in. Happy Holidays, all y'all!



MATT HANEY/DN

# Say goodbye Parting words of wisdom from a student athlete



**LESLEY OWUSU is a sophomore broadcasting major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.**

Dear Husker fans, UNL students, faculty members and all the employees of the University of Nebraska: Today, I am writing to inform you of some good news and some bad news. The bad news is that this is my last column for 1998. Still, you better continue to read. The good news is that we officially have seven days of school left, which is very scary, but we will be back in just 32 days. It's also my birthday in 11 days on the 21st of December. I won't reveal my real age, because a woman should never reveal her true age. But I'm sure you can all work out how old I am. And as usual I will be getting fewer combined birthday/Christmas presents than ever. It sure sucks being born so close to Christmas. The football season is drawing to an end, but the great news is that the track and field season kicks off soon. We have our first preseason "time

trial" meet today at the Bob Devaney Sports Center starting at 3:30 p.m. If you want to see me and my teammates in action, be there or else. The University of Nebraska is a great school for sports. We have one of the greatest athletic programs in the nation. All the sports work equally hard and represent our school proudly. However, it seems like football is the only sport people care about. Football, football and more football. But it's not the only sport. All the other sports such as track, basketball, soccer, volleyball and swimming work just as hard as the football team, yet they get little recognition and less respect. Things have to start changing as we approach the new year. We need to and should support all sports equally, especially my sport - track. By far, track and field receives the least number of spectators compared to any other sport. And we work our butts off. I can speak for myself and my fellow track athletes who are preparing for our forthcoming season. My training has been going excellently. I'm a totally new and improved athlete this year. I'm tougher, healthier, lighter and faster. A lot of my strength has got to do with some of my hard workouts that my coach, Steve Smith, sets for his athletes. A few examples are the 6x300 meters, or 12x400 or 2x3x400 and 20 stadium stairs that we do.

I'm physically and mentally stronger, and I am just ready to explode and do what I love to do best - perform to the best of my ability and win. People don't understand the demands on a track and field athlete. Americans seem to appreciate the sport of track only every four years, when the Olympic Games take place. It takes a lifetime of dedication and determination to achieve Olympic status. There is a huge difference between running to catch a bus and running for Olympic glory. The Olympics go back to the beginning of time. How long has the sport of American football existed? Less than a century. Track and field does not receive as much attention in the United States as it does in Europe, which explains why most athletes have to travel abroad for good competitions. Track and field is truly a wonderful sport; that's why I run track. I also like to think that I'm good at it. But I'm never really satisfied; that's why I have to consistently practice to improve my speed, endurance, form and strength. Husker fans, this year is your last chance to see the present indoor track in action, because the track is going to have a totally new makeover. The new hydraulic track will be among the best in the nation. On March 15, 1999, the new \$2.5 million project will commence. The new six-lane track will still hold a capacity of 4200. But there will be

improved lighting, television and sound quality. The advantages of this new facility will enable track athletes to perform to their greatest potential. I can guarantee that many records will tumble on the new track. Records are set to be broken, after all. As this is probably my last column for a while, I have some final thoughts to share with you: I know there are lots of people who want this job as a columnist. Go for it and good luck. I know there are those of you who think that you can do a better job than my fellow columnists and me. But I think we've all done a good job. However, it's important that every semester we have new faces and new voices on these opinion pages. It's not easy being a columnist. It involves writing for a range of audiences, and everyone has different and opposing views. Every writer is very different. All we can do is to try our best to write about issues that we think are of importance and of value to our campus. I don't expect to please everybody and I know that not everyone will agree with what I say. But I know that if I can at least have some kind of impact on one person, then I have accomplished something as a columnist. I write because I enjoy writing, and I just want to voice my opinion and always "keep things real." Think of me as a friendly DN columnist with a bright smile who

deals with real issues. A columnist who speaks about sense, not nonsense, facts and not fiction. I'd just like to thank all my faithful and loyal readers who have read and have supported my columns this semester. The staff at the Harper-Schramm-Smith Complex, fellow athletes and friends - it's been a pleasure writing for you. Remember me as the student-athlete writer who brought you a taste of Africa, a tour of London, the legacy of Tupac Shakur, the life of Princess Diana, the funny Jerry Springer and the reality of being a minority. It's goodbye for now. But I will be back. Don't forget the name Owusu. Coach Billy Maxwell, my last name is OWUSU, not Owashu. If you don't see me on these opinion pages for a while, be sure to see me on the sports pages representing the best of Nebraska track and field. I want to see more reports about track this year and more profiles of track and field athletes. Not just the best athletes, but a range of athletes. Sportswriters, you're always looking for stories to write. You can start with my story. So to all my track teammates Stella, Seneik, Amy, Rene, my roommates Erin and Carrie, and everyone else, let's go out this year and just really kick some butt. Watch out! Let's Go Big Red! I hope you all have a great and safe holiday and a fabulous New Year. See ya. Always, Lesley Owusu.