

# The future of Lincoln now

'Hollywood' Hogan and gladiators spell Y2K success for tired city



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The future is now. Whoa hoo. Close your eyes for a second. Oops. Maybe I should have given you the directions before you shut your peepers. Now that they're open again, I'll fill you in on what I wanted you to visualize when your eyes were shut. I want you to think about the year 1999, but think about it from the perspective you had of the big '99 back in 1985 or so.

Back when the year 1999 was the distant future, people knew that great things were on the way. One quick scan of the latest fashions had all signs pointing to silver metallic jumpsuits with matching rocket-boots and utilitarian wear for the coming apocalypse. Movies told us that New York was going to be turned into one giant prison, time travel was just around the corner and robots would be both servants and friends.

Heck, during this time, the J.C. Penney Catalog actually sold goofy little robots that were supposed to fetch drinks.

However, in the present, which was the future in the past, I've come to the realization that the future really sucks. What happened to all those synthesized bands of the future on MTV during the 1980s? They've been replaced by the latest incarnation of disco known as swing.

Zoot suits weren't supposed to make a comeback. 1999 was to be the year of fashionable radiation suits. I went to a shoe store the other day, not to buy fuel for my rocket boots, but to get my Birkenstocks resoled. I didn't even get to dock my spaceship outside the shoe store. Instead, I left my bicycle out front. And who could have imagined that lasers wouldn't be known as death rays but as the toy of choice for really annoying junior high

students. When I think of the ripoff the future has become, it makes me wish that the apocalypse would just come along and wipe everyone out. But even in 1999, the apocalypse is lame. No alien invasion or nuclear holocaust is in store for this world, just a silly computer glitch affectionately known as the Y2K bug.

Doomsdayers say the bug will bring mankind to its knees. I'm sorry, but Y2K paranoia is the biggest joke since Crystal Pepsi.

No worries. I have a plan. Thanks to a break full of chromosome damaging amounts of Robitussin and cable TV, I'd like to present my plan for turning Lincoln into the world's first fully interactive apocalyptic theme park of the future. Within months of its completion, I guarantee people young and old will come from far and wide to catch a glimpse of how exciting the future would have been if Mad Max and Snake Plissken ran the show.

The first step is to overthrow Mike Johanns. The first and only rule of ZorConn (Lincoln's new futuristic name) is that there are no rules. Even though Mikey is no longer the mayor, he's still living in Lincoln and has way too many rules up his sleeves. What I propose to do is have "Hollywood" Hulk Hogan and his Wolfpac from the New World Order roll into town and force Mike to become their "soap boy."

Now the Wolfpac will be fully responsible for running

ZorConn but just to make it seem like there's the guise of law and order, they'll ensure Don Wesely, a surly looking dude who'd fit well into the future, will be the town's political puppet.

Next is the fun part. Lincoln is too clean of a city. ZorConn will have to be all-out filthy. Citizens of ZorConn, from now on, there is no such thing as waste management or recycling. Have some trash? Just toss it out in the street. Guys, gotta pee? Then

you'll love ZorConn, because here you can just whip it out.

The area of town



MATT HANEY/DN

that needs the most work is the Historic Haymarket District. This area needs to become a the bowl of

ill repute and vile sin that makes Mardi Gras look like Sunday school. The best way to make this happen is to turn The Mill into a crackhouse.

Instead of supplying customers with a simple caffeine buzz, they'll now start wrecking lives and turning the citizens into the dregs of society that will make ZorConn famous. And all this is before the android prostitutes hit the streets.

Like Vegas has gambling, ZorConn needs its own unique attraction to really pack a punch. Without it, ZorConn would simply turn into a knockoff of Hoboken, N.J. In lieu of the Huskers' demise, I propose burning the turf and turning Memorial Stadium into a gladiator pit that seats 76,000. Don't worry, they'll still be student athletes. It's just that at the University of ZorConn, Greek functions mean more than Bikers and Babes.

Being a school that honors a good classic, the sport of choice at UZ is having frat guys battle each other to the death. To make sure they get motivated to actually kill each other, at stake is an endless supply of Busch Light and soft porn.

But alas, in ZorConn, there's no rest for the wicked. People will get a chance to use the lasers they've always dreamed about when the genetically mutated beasts that are being concocted on East Campus, are released on the streets of ZorConn. How now brown cow? Think razor-sharp teeth like a mako shark, a new and improved hide like a triceratops and the speed of a cheetah. And yes, these cows know what man has done. Can you say it's time for the big payback?

When can all this fun start to happen? Right now folks. 1999 is wasting away. Let's get ZorConn's first Monday started right with a good old fashioned demolition derby out in the remote parking lot at 3 p.m. Because if it's really the future, then it needs to look like the Road Warrior has been through town. And for Tuesday, no more threads from Old Navy. From now on it's parachute pants and spikes for the boys and mohawks, fishnets and fluorescent make-up for the girls.

Let the future begin.

## And the winning numbers are ...

1999 brings career change, predictions



**A.L. FORKNER** is a junior news-editorial major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

Another new year, another 365 days to make a complete and utter fool of myself.

Fear not, fellow Huskeronianiteists. I am up to the challenge.

But I'll be honest with you, I've been slacking these first 11 days. I haven't really done anything too awful stupid yet.

Time to get caught up. I figured since this was the last year in the millennium, now would be a good time to launch my career as a psychic.

Yes, you read correctly. A psychic. What would make a respectable

journalist turn to that career? I don't know. When I meet one, I'll ask.

Ha ha, stop, I'm killing me. I'll tell you why. Fundage, loot, dinero, geld, cha-ching, moola, filthy lucre, dead presidents, greenbacks and that new Monopoly-looking money.

Did I mention the pay? The guy who bought Eddie Murray's 500th home run? Runs a psychic phone business. Dionne Warwick? Made \$3 million from the Psychic Friends Network before they went bankrupt.

(Note: Dollar figures come from VH-1's Pop-Up Video and may be slightly inaccurate.)

Either way, there has to be some serious money coming in for that kind of cash to flow out.

So here we go. A.L.'s 1999 predictions.

First, I must go into a trance. Hmmm, I'm getting something. It's very faint. Yes, I can make it out.

First, the Fox network will unveil a new program with a cast of unrealistically attractive people that live in nice homes and have sex with each other.

The American public is going to

grow tired of hearing the name Lewinsky.

In an attempt to win back their constituents, members of Congress will forget about the impeachment hearings. Instead, they will burn Monica Lewinsky at the stake during the highest rated pay-per-view event in the medium's history.

Whoa, now I'm getting messages from spirits on the other side.

Chris C. Yes, that is what you think it is, and no, it won't go away with penicillin.

Mary B. Yes, Chris has what you think he has, and no, he didn't get it from you.

David B. It's in the second drawer under the "Big Un's" magazines. But it's sprung a leak.

I'm sensing one more spirit that is unwilling to speak up. Come, spiff person, and share your wisdom. Use my body as a channel if you need to.

"Whoa momma, this is some freaky stuff. I just want to tell everyone that I appreciate the support.

And I love all my fans. Especially that guy who does Johnny Bravo. He cracks me up.

But, I'm sorry to say, the King has left the planet. I'm dead, and there ain't gonna be no encore. I died in

1985 after finding out that Boy George was really a boy. That was some real freaky stuff. Whoa."

Now to the world of sports. I sense the presence of a sports legend. It's, it's ... Chris Berman?! But, you're not dead yet.

No, but who better than the Swami to deliver to you 1999's predictions?

In football. Denver over Minnesota in the Super Bowl. Randy Moss spontaneously combusts while running a deep route.

NASCAR. Jeff Gordon does not win the Daytona 500. In a surprise finish, Dick Trickle finally wins his first Winston Cup race.

Most surprisingly, Trickle is interviewed for 20 minutes before remembering to list every sponsor on the car.

Basketball. Michael Jordan returns, Bulls don't make the playoffs. Fans prepare for the apocalypse.

Dennis Rodman quits the NBA to devote more time to his TV program, Special Ops Force.

Husker athletics. Coach Sanderford continues to shine, but CableVision convinces him dressing up as a flamenco dancer will help sell tickets.

Coach Nee replaces his hair with

a more environmentally friendly vinyl replacement.

Coach Solich will introduce a daring new page to the playbook: "The Run Up the Middle."

Ohhh, I'm feeling weak. I feel my karma draining. I only have enough strength for one more prediction.

It's about the turn of the century. I think it's news about the effects of the Y2K bug.

No wait, that's not it. It's faint, I can barely make it out. My strength is fading. It's coming through. ...

"I was dreamin' when I wrote this forgive me if it goes astray.

But when I woke up this mornin' coulda sworn it was judgment day.

The sky was all purple, there were people runnin' everywhere.

Tryin' 2 run from the destruction, U know I didn't even care.

Cuz they say two thousand zero zero party over, oops out of time.

So tonight I'm gonna party like it's 1999"

Uhhh, my strength is drained. I must replenish. Only the finest barley and hops will suffice.

Oh yeah. I almost forgot. The winning numbers will be 4, 12, 23, 33, 35 and the Powerball 6. Remember, gratuities are welcome.