

Jason's compromise . . .

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Jason picks up his line of thought from two songs ago. "I'll sacrifice whatever I can't get away with for Marie" he says reflecting.

I've known Jason too long to misinterpret this line for a joke. He is deadly serious. I wonder about Marie, half way across town watching a foreign film with an old friend. For the life of me I can't imagine what holds the two of them together after so many strong attempts on both their parts to break free. Neither one of them can stand the type of person the other one is.

Jason drains his beer and gets to his feet. He straightens out his shirt and walks over to the table with the four cover-girls

seated pensively giggling over their drinks. I hear him ask "would you like to dance?" in the voice he saves for the telephone.

There is momentary confusion as to who he is asking to dance. Jason spreads his arms wide and there is a burst of laughter. All four stand up and follow him to the dance floor.

Jason moves from woman to woman and manages to look at each of them with the same alluring intensity. He does a quick spin and looks me straight in the eye, giving me a big innocent grin. I shake my head. I don't know why I like the man either, but I understand Marie's attachment. Understand it or not, I like the man, I really like him. Damn it.

Next Week: Marie Bites Back

letters to the editor

If we are to believe some comments in Monday's Daily Nebraskan, intellectual arrogance and egotism are prerequisites of the modern-day college student or athlete.

The president of Mensa attempts to claim his group is not elitist, and his grammatical constructions in the direct quote from paragraph four support his assertion. For he begins in the first-person plural and ends in the third-person plural. Along the way he attempts to make a plural pronoun modify a singular indefinite pronoun. Obviously grammatical exactness is not a characteristic of high I.Q. elitists.

Two pages later in the same issue, Dunbar criticizes Jarvis Redwine because apparently he isn't selfish enough. Really, Dunbar, just how inane can you get? I for one find Redwine's attitude and comments a refreshing change of pace from the cocky self-assurance and egotism that characterize most modern superstars.

Perhaps Lippicott and Dunbar both need instruction that in the game of life, as in the game of football, what really counts "ain't necessarily what ya got, but how ya use it."

David J. Hibler
Asst. Professor
English.

Stop abuse

The pretty 25-year-old woman in the hospital would look out of place but for the fact that she can hardly hold her head up and eyes keep rolling in her head. Unfortunately and unknowingly she is yet another victim joining the untold millions of females suffering at the hand of the largely male jury that dictates what products we may and may not use. Namely the FDA.

Can you tell me, letters to the editor, why an unfair amount of

misfortune seems to fall exclusively on our fair, slender shoulders? I am speaking of the recent scandal of the Rely tampon. Hundreds of women will suffer and hundreds could die, and this is only adding insult to the injury named birth control.

Why do we repeatedly submit to these outrages known all too familiarly? I am speaking of high blood pressure, with resultant strokes, tumors of the liver, hair loss, mental depression, loss of sex drives, deadly embolisms, toxic syndromes; and the list goes marching on and on to the tune of the meek shall inherit the earth.

As far as I can ascertain, the most serious problem that affects solely the male gender is that their jock sprays give them a rash. No where do you hear of men with perforated uteruses (I know, but you get the point). men in their 20's and 30's dropping like flies from strokes or suffering from (God forbid) hair loss. That problem alone, I believe, would send them right over the edge, judging from the ads in the back of Playboy.

Rapier wit aside, and with all due apologies, I turn my questioning plea to my fellow women-fighting-the good fight. Why do we continue to pop the pill, insert the IUD's and use their crummy personal hygiene products without so much as batting an eyelash? Granted, the FDA is guilty, but so are we. There is only one thing we can "Rely" upon, and that is we cannot "Rely" upon the alien sex to watchdog the uniquely female threats forever looming on today's horizon. Open your eyes, sisters. We are letting ourselves be used and abused. Again. Yet. Still.

Jill Svengardin

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