

LORI LYN ARTHUR

Secret love is a costly lesson

I recently made the biggest mistake of my life. That's saying a lot, too, because I have made a lot of mistakes in the past 32 years. A lot.



I learned that dignity and self-respect are all we have to protect in this life, and they should be guarded at all cost.

For the past four months, I have spent a significant amount of time with a man who is not only exciting, gorgeous and funny, but he also lives with another woman.

I guess you could say I was his mistress, but I'd rather you didn't.

When I make a really big boo boo, I like to try to figure out what I can learn from my error.

I learned how to look casual in a Hy-Vee parking lot at 10:30 at night waiting for Bucko — not his real name, but very descriptive — to meet me.

I learned where to park on the city and country streets in and around Lincoln so as to avoid being seen by too many cars driving by.

I also learned that if you pick the wrong spot — like 44th Street and Huntington Avenue — flashlights may be involved.

I learned how to turn the other cheek when the girlfriend — I'll call her Barbie, also very descriptive — and her friends called me an assortment of really vulgar names in public.

I learned to look surprised and bewildered when Barbie brought me the card on which I had given Bucko my phone numbers and told me that Bucko wouldn't be needing it anymore.

I learned how to do reconnaissance on the house Bucko and Barbie share and be 99.9 percent sure that she was at home — alone.

This can be difficult when she gets rid of her car and always leaves on at least one light.

I learned that if I parked in just the right spot in a certain trucking firm's parking lot, I could see exactly who was — or wasn't — at Bucko's place of business.

This is very useful when trying to surprise Bucko without getting surprised myself.

I learned to read people very carefully before telling them anything about Bucko, making sure that they knew what was going on and were not sympathetic to Barbie.

More than anything else, I learned that people will lie about anything if it fits their needs and lie again to get themselves out of the trouble they have gotten into.

I learned that dignity and self-respect are all we have to protect in this life, and they should be guarded at all cost.

I learned that I am a really lousy judge of character and should maybe consider hiring a matchmaker the next time I decide to get involved with a man — or should that be a detective?

I also learned that sometimes being on your own is a lot better than being with the wrong guy.

In defense of myself, I have to tell you that this guy was my friend before he was my lover.

We talked until all hours of the morning several times, sharing all

kinds of intimate details of our pasts.

He told me time and again that his relationship with Barbie had been over long before we ever met. He told me that he had asked her to leave several times, but she wouldn't go.

She has a son, and Bucko didn't want this innocent child on the streets; so he let them stay. Barbie allegedly payed rent.

I checked this story as carefully as possible, then I jumped in with both feet.

I hadn't trusted anyone in a very long time. Bucko knew that. And I loved Bucko.

Knowing now what I should have realized then, I feel like a complete idiot. I should either have my head examined or go on Oprah.

But I'm really only guilty of two things: falling in love with the wrong guy and closing my eyes because of it.

If you ever find yourself listening to a story like mine out of the mouth of a really cute guy, run as fast as you can to the nearest exit.

Believe me, he won't be worth the heartache.

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SHANE TUCKER

Greed kills equality of unborn

Although the abortion debate has lost much of its vigor in the United States, the United Nations' population conference showed that it's still a hot button on the international scene. The apparent apathy manifest in the leader of the free world is disconcerting.

For what reasons, besides the shoddy moral character of most Americans, has this occurred?

Abortionists (read: baby killers) have, over the last quarter century, virtually succeeded in twisting the abortion debate away from the question of an individual's right to live (read: right of innocent not to be killed) to the question of immoral feminist empowerment (read: kill more babies). Not since the institution of slavery have the U.S. citizens been so boondoggled.

We have become confused by a quality-of-life argument that strikes us from two sides: that of the child and that of the mother.

Although morally defunct, Americans have a need to be nose do-gooders (a possible reason for the popularity of liberalism). If we think a child might live a harsh life, we deem it far better that the child should never be born. Rather than struggling along in a brutish world, the child would be much happier dead.

Interestingly enough, this argument was popular among Southern landowners (read: pre-Democrats) when Northern abolitionists (read: Republicans) made efforts to end the ruthless immorality of slavery.

"Dem colored folks'll neva make it up north der," Jo Bob Democrat would say. "Why, dey got three squares and a roof ova dey heads down here."

Quality of life was central to the argument of emancipation. Even people who found slavery reprehensible argued that freed slaves would be poor, uneducated and probably turn to crime. It would be to the slave's and to society's benefit for



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blacks to remain in chains. Although they didn't agree with slavery, moral confusion kept them from speaking out against its fundamental injustice. Sound familiar?

"I would personally never own a slave, but I can't tell someone not to get one," the apathetic masses might chant.

Likewise, many argued in 1973 that if abortion were legalized, child abuse would decrease. Unwanted pregnancy leads to unwanted children, the argument goes, the unwanted child will be abused. However, the facts seem to say something else. According to the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services, the number of child abuse cases between 1973 and 1982 rose from 167,000 to 929,000. That number had risen to 2.9 million by 1991.

Of course, those numbers don't include the ultimate form of child abuse. Research disseminated by the Alan Guttmacher Institute indicates the scourge of abortion has resulted in the slaughter of about 1.6 million babies each year (read: 4,000 each day, one every 20 seconds, for every three babies who are born, one dies from "choice").

Perhaps more decadent than misguided concern about the child's quality of life is concern for the mother's. It is this argument that lies closest to the heart of modern feminist thought. It is the concern that motherhood poses an obstacle to the economic advancement of women; therefore, abortion is

justified. Can you say blood money? Judas would be proud.

Pregnancy and the subsequent care for children takes both time and money. Feminists reason that this time and money can be better spent by women pursuing their careers, enhancing their quality of life and giving them a little extra cash to donate to the Clinton's legal defense fund.

The Guttmacher Institute has said that middle-class, nonwhite women between the ages of 20 and 29 have the largest number of abortions. These irresponsible women are sacrificing their children to the almighty dollar. We've allowed a generation of children to be butchered for the sake of some fast cash, all in the name of equality, of course.

Ruth Bader Ginsberg summed it up when she said that abortion was "essential to a woman's equality with man." I guess the equality of the unborn doesn't matter.

It's time that Americans cut through the smoke screen of abortion propaganda and see the issue for what it really is: A moral issue of life. It's clear that life begins at conception; to continue to pander to feminist drivel about unwanted children and economic advancement is unconscionable.

For more than 20 years we've been building an industry on the broken remains of innocent children. It's time for the killing to stop. It's time to make abortion illegal.

Tucker is a senior biology major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

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