

LORI LYN ARTHUR

New pick-up lines drop honesty

I don't get out much these days — or nights.

It isn't that I don't want to go out, or it usually isn't that. Although, lately I just haven't been in the mood, which is a bad sign.

With work, school and an internship, I just don't have a lot of time, and I don't have any money.

More than that, though, is the sad fact that all of my female friends are either married or seriously involved with someone.

The married ones are actually more likely to go out with me than the involved ones. The married ones start getting bored after a while.

Last week I did go out — twice as a matter of fact. On Friday, I went with a friend who got married in September. That's pretty quick for boredom to set in, but it works fine for me.

That night was pretty uneventful, except that I ran into an old friend I hadn't seen in probably six years. That was nice.

Wednesday night was a different story.

Now, I know that I am old. I also know that I can be a bit of an ice princess when it comes to being picked up in a bar, but I think pick-up lines have deteriorated to an all-time low.

I danced with a guy that night. He was a nice guy. Not all that cute, but I was in the mood to dance.

After dancing to one and a half songs, he asked if I was going to go home with him.

When I told him no, he said, "So, we aren't going to screw?"

Is this normal? Is this what it's like today?



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With the prevalence of AIDS, I would have thought the days of meeting in a bar, having sex and never seeing one another again would be gone.

I guess I was wrong about that. But I never accept my failings without a fight, so I headed for a bookstore to snag a copy of the latest book on pick-up lines.

Amazingly, there are a lot of books on this topic. That somehow scares me.

I chose the 1994 edition of the Tanqueray Sterling Vodka compilation of 1,001 Great Pick-Up Lines. I laughed for days.

But it also made me sad. There were very few lines that didn't insinuate sex.

My favorite is: "Do you like Pop Tarts? Good, because that's what we're having for breakfast?"

"Nice dress. It would look great on the floor next to my bed," and "Nice pants. Can I talk you out of them?" aren't bad, either.

When I say not bad, I mean they are about as cheesy as it gets. But if you are going to ask me to have sex with you ten minutes after meeting me, your best chance of getting away with your life is to be cheesy.

One night, a guy asked me if I wanted to go for a ride on his motorcycle. I thought that was an

innocent enough question. Then I looked at him. He was doing things with his eyebrows I just can't describe.

If people are going to try to pick me up, they should do it in a way I understand. I hate that feeling of not getting the dirty joke but knowing I'm the subject.

I don't condone the use of corny pick-up lines by any stretch of the imagination, but I think they have their place in society.

"I seem to have lost my phone number. Can I have yours?" is a sweet little line that just might work on me.

There is one line in the book I got that is disgusting beyond belief and yet appeals to me somehow: "Hi, my name is Joe. Remember that because you'll be screaming it later tonight."

OK, it's gross. I admit it. But at least it's better than "So we aren't going to screw?"

I think the old-fashioned, honest approach is still the best; unless, of course, honest to you means crass and vulgar.

Then you can just keep it to yourself.

Arthur is a senior news-editorial major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

SHANE TUCKER

Kerrey ads mask envy of rival

There is a force carousing our streets this Halloween season far more frightening than ghosts and goblins begging for candy. With the election right around the corner, the specter of class envy has once again reared its ugly head.

And who has unleashed this wild beast on the unsuspecting public? Why, none other than veteran mudslinger, incumbent Sen. "Cosmic" Bob Kerrey.

Sen. Cosmic is pulling out all the stops in his campaign against his Republican (read: more qualified) challenger Jan Stoney.

In a television ad, the Kerrey campaign refers to the \$1.5 million bonus earned by Stoney through her work at Northwestern Bell. In an obvious attempt to strike a nerve with middle- and lower-class citizens, the ad questions Stoney's dedication to our state by asking which Nebraskans she'll put first.

In a radio ad about agriculture, the Kerrey campaign charges that Stoney's job with the phone company makes her unable to understand the harsh competition and desperate struggle for survival among Nebraska farmers.

In both ads, Kerrey and his cohorts attempt to pit the middle and lower classes against the upper class (which Kerrey is ironically a part of) and rural Nebraskans against urban Nebraskans (a group that would also include Kerrey; go figure).

This kind of irresponsible talk finds its roots within a frame of poor political/economic philosophy. My freshman political science professor Dr. Phil Dyer (avoid his class!) liked to chant with nearly cultish ecstasy, "Life is a zero sum game, life is a zero sum game."

The zero sum philosophy is one in which any gain by an individual must be countered with a loss by someone else. This pits the haves against the have-nots because the have-nots can only gain if the haves give something up.



Men like (Phil) Dyer and (Bob) Kerrey may think that Horatio Alger is a myth, but women like Jan Stoney have proven them wrong. A product of a lower-class, single-parent family, Stoney overcame the odds.

Reaganomics showed that such a philosophy need not be true. All income groups, from the poorest to richest, experienced real income gains during the '80s, whereas only the top 1 percent grew under foreign policy wonk Jimmy Carter, according to everyone's favorite armored tank of truth Rush Limbaugh. However, people like Kerrey continue to use the zero sum fallacy as a political ploy.

Envy, it seems, can be a powerful motivator. Politicians like Kerrey use it to pit one group against another under the misguided notion that one group's gain is another's loss.

Let's translate the Kerrey commercials so that we can all see the underlying message:

"Jan Stoney has money, and you don't, and it's her fault that you don't because she stole it from you; so don't vote for her."

The entire situation is ironic because Kerrey is certainly not headed for the poor house, but you're not supposed to think about that. Never mind that Kerrey's campaign is outspending Stoney's 2 to 1; never mind that he has raised more than \$4 million in his re-election campaign, according to reports filed by the candidates with the Federal Election Commission. Facts are an enemy to envy, and we wouldn't want them to get in the way.

Men like Dyer and Kerrey may think that Horatio Alger is a myth, but women like Jan Stoney have proven them wrong. A product of a

lower-class, single-parent family, Stoney overcame the odds.

Through hard work and determination, Stoney moved from a humble secretary with Northwestern Bell to chief executive officer of the company.

However, if she had succumbed to the philosophy of Kerrey and the zero summers, she would have laid down and given up.

"Woe is me," she might have cried. "The wealthy are oppressing me; I'll never be able to make it. AAHHHHHHH!!!"

But she did make it. She put her nose to the grindstone and achieved the American Dream, and now she has to put up with naysayers and decadent socialists who believe her rightful earnings are a factor of someone else's loss.

I think Kerrey should put a cork in it. Why doesn't he put that cosmic ability to babble nonsensically to good use? I'd like to see his campaign and his political party stand up for work ethic. When will they start rewarding achievers, rather than relegating them to the category of weasels and bandits?

Despite the economic success he has made for himself, Bob Kerrey doesn't seem to understand the virtue of hard work. But I can assure you Jan Stoney does.

Ignore the Daily Nebraskan's endorsement; make your vote count next week. Vote for Jan Stoney.

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

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