Bad turn

Dating at Perkins is a one-way route to poor conversation

I went on my first date when I was a senior in high school. My first real date, that is.

Before that night, I had met boys at Burger King and gone on group-date-like dates. But I had never been on a date-date

Technically, that first date was a disaster.

His first name was Brian. (His last name was really silly and would probably make you laugh, but I won't tell you, nonetheless.)

Brian was ambidextrous and he could juggle. He liked the Beatles and could just barely play the guitar. I thought he was dreamy.

But he scared me to death.

I forced a mutual friend to accompany us on our first date (you may argue that even this wasn't a real date, but it was close). Brian offered to pick me up, but I didn't want my mom to think we were dating. My mother was recently divorced and it just wasn't much fun talking to her about love and boys and stomach butterflies.

Brian and I went to a Beatles-themed pizzeria, and sat under a "Yellow Submarine" poster. It could have been a nice date. But I refused to order anything. I had this phobia about eating in public. It made me so nervous I felt

I was afraid that I would spill or drip, or - gasp - that people would be able to hear me chew. During this same period, I had a similar phobia that something gross was constantly smeared on my face.

So Brian and I suffered through dinner talking to our friend and sneaking significant eye contact. After that we went to a somewhat obscure French

There began a 16-month relationship that — while pleasant and educational - could inspire a book titled 'What Not to Do on Dates.'

Brian and I had two primary date destinations, the movie theater and



Rainbow Rowell

"I once found a pamphlet by the cash register that featured a map of all the Perkins in America. I imagined taking a cross-country trip with Brian and having lousy conversations in each one."

Perkins. We went to movies because we couldn't think of anyplace better, and we went to Perkins because it was the only place open to high schoolers after the movies.

Movie theaters are OK for an occasional date, but if you only see someone at movie theaters, you never really

Perkins is bad for the opposite reason; all you can do is talk (especially if you are scared to eat). But you can't talk about anything interesting at Perkins because Perkins — though a perfectly acceptable family ristorante is the black hole of interesting conversation.

Maybe it's the lighting or maybe it's the pasty-faced wait staff. Maybe it's the Mambo Muffins.

All I know is that I spent hour after hour playing with my cutlery and staring at the people in the smoking section while Brian ate a wedge of French

To add to the disaster, Brian and I usually saw bizarre foreign flicks that left us nothing to discuss over dinner.

'Boy that was weird," Brian would mumble, staring at his chocolatey delicious pie.

"What was up with that mime?" I would ask, fiddling with my salad

I once found a pamphlet by the cash register that featured a map of all the Perkins in America. I imagined taking a cross-country trip with Brian and having lousy conversations in each

But we had to go to Perkins. We couldn't go to Brian's house because his parents scared me (bizarre phobia No. 3), and we never went to my house because my mom still didn't know he existed.

Brian did his best to spark up our dates. He had a charming habit of turning the wrong way onto one-way streets. Then he would scream curse words and jump a median at 50 mph.

One day — after watching an especially strange movie called "The Black Robe," Brian and I broke up.

We had never really fought. To be honest, I blame our demise on Perkins. If I watched that boy eat one more piece of dreamy chocolate goodness, I was going to lose my mind.
To be even more honest, I think he

was sick of me.

But I learned my lesson. When the next poor sap fell into my snare, I set some ground rules:

No movies without dialogue. No 24-hour breakfast dives. And I do all the driving.

Rowell is a senior news-editorial, advertising and English major and the Daily Nebraskan managing editor.



Continued from Page 3

"The House of Blue Leaves," which was written about the pope's last visit, opened the day the pope returned to the United States last week.

The House of Blue Leaves," is a "roller-coaster ride" of mistresses. loony bins and plans to bomb the pope, Rook said.

"Its zany elements of drama are great," he said.

Downtown Dinner Theatre draws its actors from local talent, Rook said, and works with Koor Entertainment production company.

"The House of Blue Leaves" will make its last run Oct. 11 through Oct. 13. Dinner is at 6 p.m. with the show following at 7:30 p.m.

"The dinner theater must be where it's at," Rook said. "You've got a good buffet too, because the chow is wonderful.'





70th & Adams • Your Neighborhood Sports Bar • 402-466-6679



This Week At Candy, Casey, and Dallas

from October 10th-14th Dancing begins at 5:30 pm

Creating a fantasy that ends at 1 o' clock!



JUST NORTH OF 48TH AND SUPERIOR

LOOKING FOR SOME ENTERTAINMENT? Col. Margarethe Cammermeyer presents "Serving in Silence" October 11, 1995 8P.M.

Denny Dent and his Two-Gisted Art Attack October 12. 1995 8 P.M.

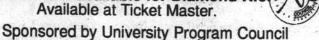
Each Show Union Centennial Room \$3 Students w/ID **\$5** General Public

TOMMY DAVIDSON FROM "IN LIVING COLOR"

With special musical opening by UNL's Rudy "Rude Boy" Moseley

Lied Center • October 17, 1995 \$5 Students w/ID **\$8** General Public

Tickets now available for Diamond Rio Available at Ticket Master.



Mushroom-Onion Beef-Bacon Canadian Bacon Canadian Bacon Green Pepper **TOPPINGS** Pepperoni-Sausage Ground Beef-Ham-Bacon Meatballs-Mushrooms-Onions-GreenPeppers Black Olives-Green Olives-Pineapples Broccoli Spinach Artichoke Hearts Fresh Garlic-Jalepenos-Tornatos-Extra Ch



BREAD STIX

12 OZ SODA

Mr. Pibb

Coke-Diet Coke-Sprite Minute Maid Orange

235

58¢