

Underwear selection matters

Since I'm on top this week, let's talk about underwear.

So guys, is it boxers or briefs?

The masses are dedicated to their choices — briefs fans are adamant that their standard is the best and boxer-men won't do the tighty-whitey thing unless it's laundry time.

And women are just as picky — either they love the form-fitting, cotton, bum-hugging briefs on their guys or the loose, flappin' in the breeze boxers.

Personally, I'm a boxers kind of woman. They're elegant, stylish, easily accessible ... and generally missing the stripe on the butt, though that's a matter of proximity.

Boxers also come in better colors and patterns than briefs could ever hope to be. Paisleys, flowers, smiley faces, fluorescent polka-dots, neon, fireplaces that glow in the dark, baseball bats, greek letters or "Huskers" on the butt.

But I'm biased. I had a pretty negative experience with a tighty-whitey sighting on what I considered a less-than-desirable individual.

A few years back I discovered a strange thing — totally by accident. I was taking a poll at a high school speech and debate tournament about what kind of underwear the guys were sporting, boxers or briefs.

And someone said both.

Both?

Why would anyone wear boxers and briefs? That would be like a woman wearing cotton briefs with a G-string over 'em. Not too comfortable in my estimation.

So I called the guy a liar; I didn't believe that anybody would really double up in the undergarment department.

But I was so wrong.

Weightlifting class, my senior year. The guys in the class were having a bench pressing contest. I was on the leg lift machine across from the bench and got an inadvertent glance up one gent's gym shorts.

And he was wearing briefs and



Jessica Kennedy

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boxers!

I was flabbergasted ... it really did happen.

So what's the motivation? I've asked many guys over the years — most don't know why.

The ones who did know, said the most common reason was that guys want to combine fashion and style. Basically, they're too cool to wear white, cotton briefs alone, but too practical to give up the comfort.

Boxers over the briefs is the result. I suppose it could be an expression of style and personality. Or outrageousness. Or exhibitionism.

A recent issue of Glamour magazine opened up a whole new world of men's underwear to me. I hadn't realized that guys had so many options open to them; you'd never guess that the world of men's undergarments is so varied.

I mean, women's choices really are incredible. We have whole stores and large departments dedicated to our lingerie. But guys? Well, their undershorts may take up

a couple of racks. And they're usually displayed with socks, hats, and mittens.

Women really do have lots of choices — we have Miracle bras, Wonder bras, demi bras, french cut, brief, G-string, silk, satin, cotton, padded bras, removable padding, underwire or not, lace, bustier, garters, thigh-hi, front close and back close.

But you know, guys aren't doing too poorly for only having one strategic area to cover. Glamour laid it all out — guys have the biker-short boxers, boxers, briefs, lo-riding briefs, french-cut briefs, G-strings, the boxer-briefs, or nothing. Not to mention the choices of cotton, satin, silk or some hybrid fabrics.

One of my favorite college memories involves underwear — or the lack thereof.

I was a freshman working for a local radio station, and we did a college night at the now defunct Easy-street.

We called him the "Thoroughbred." He had the most amazing body. And in all fairness, was lacking a little upstairs!

But, he had a penchant for sharing what kind of underwear he wore. One night he wore a red, silk G-string. Another night his jeans were so tight he couldn't wear anything.

My best friend and I still get goofy when we think about the "Thoroughbred."

The type of underwear a guy dons, really does matter. And most definitely can have a profound effect on the women around him.

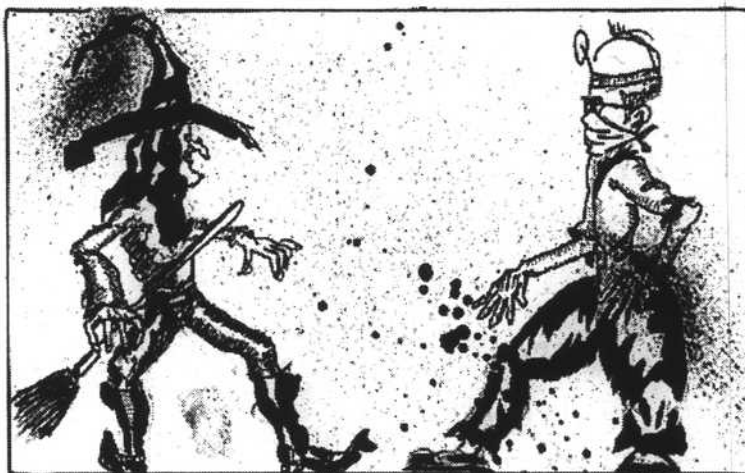
Before picking up that three pack of Fruit of the Loom at Shopko next time, think twice.

Wouldn't it be a nice change to try something a little different, or kinkier?

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...doomed to repeat it

Oct. 31, 1994



James Mehlsing/DN

"The dead showed themselves in visions and in dreams, or in voices and omens or signs."

Linda Harris

Wicca weaves earth, spirituality, witchcraft

Halloween comes but once a year — and this year is no exception.

By Pattyewel

Staff Reporter

The Rev. Linda Harris takes Halloween seriously. Harris, a witch, considers the day a holy one.

An honorary doctor of divinity, Harris is the reverend of the Chalice Circle, a church that practices a witchcraft called Wicca.

But don't expect to see Harris and the members of the circle riding around on broomsticks and turning people into toads.

"Every minority has had some sort of reputation," Harris said. "Most haven't lasted as long as ours."

Wicca, which has existed since the neolithic or paleolithic eras, is a pagan earth religion that strives for harmony and a natural living relationship with the earth and its elements.

Just as Christianity has several different denominations, Wicca groups have many different types and traditions.

Harris practices Moriah Wicca, which is not a typical Wicca group. The group is a highly spiritual teaching coven that studies and accepts several different beliefs, including astrology, Egyptian religions and the teachings of Christ.

Halloween, or Samhain, is the high holy day that celebrates the death time of year and also commemorates the witches' ancestry.

Harris said the witches believed that during harvest time God was sacrificed in the form

of crops or animals.

"The Feast of The Dead," as the holiday is called, also is a time to honor loved ones, she said.

Around Halloween, psychic energy runs high, she said. The veil between the physical and spiritual world is thin and can be parted by strong emotion.

"The dead showed themselves in visions and in dreams, or in voices and omens or signs," Harris said.

Society's way of celebrating Halloween — with costumes and candy — was fun, Harris said. But she said the holiday put witches in a bad light.

That bad reputation was created by the church and medical professionals, she said.

During the inquisition, nine million people, mostly women and girls, were sentenced to death for witchcraft, she said.

Harris said people blamed witchcraft for every wrong, from a neighbor's cow drying up to a woman having a miscarriage.

Physicians, who were mostly male, also led to the bad reputation of witchcraft, she said.

Harris said the women healers, or witches, competed with the early physicians.

The demise of witches benefitted the medical profession, she said.

Witch hunting also was a profitable business, Harris said. The church would confiscate all of the lands and assets belonging to the accused witches.

And those who turned in witches could get a proportion of the confiscated lands and assets, she said.

Mom's dating advice falls flat

When you people first saw my photo here in the DN, I'll bet you did one of two things.

You either:

A) rushed hurriedly to the bathroom to vomit, or

B) had to ask a friend if Elvis and Jerry Garcia had conceived a son together.

I agree, both thoughts ARE warranted. I'll be the first to admit that I'm not the most attractive of humans, although I did rank third in a recent poll comparing my looks to those of various species of goats.

Being "grotesquely hideous" as most nuns put it, wouldn't be that bad if it didn't hamper my ability to attract females.

Humans unquestionably have it the worst when it comes to love and relationships. Have you ever seen two dogs simultaneously "fall in love" in the middle of a street?

It's truly a beautiful experience, and one, if the opportunity were to present itself, that I would probably pay decent money to watch again.

Dogs don't care if their lover is say, a good 200 pounds overweight and a flaming alcoholic. Dogs love each other for who they are.

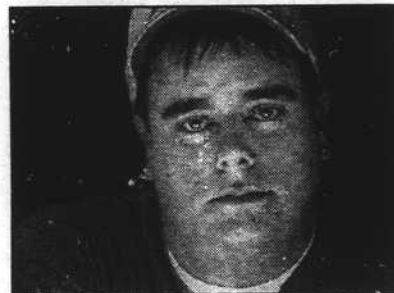
It's unfortunate that we, as mammals, can't live by these dog guidelines.

As for me, my problems with females can be traced as far back as my earliest childhood days. You see, I never had a sister when I was growing up.

This may not seem catastrophic here in Nebraska, but in Mississippi, you are required by law to marry AT LEAST one of your sisters.

If you have no sisters, the law merely requires that "one chase automobiles with a garden hose".

The friends of mine who were fortunate enough to have sisters



Steve Willey

"In Mississippi, you are required by law to marry AT LEAST one of your sisters. If you have no sisters, the law merely requires that 'one chase automobiles with a garden hose.'"

were usually married by the time they finished third grade.

My father, to this day, still refers to himself as a widow because he lost a sister in childbirth.

While in Nebraska, I haven't done much better with women. I've dated three girls seriously since arriving at this university.

In all fairness however, I should point out that all of these girls STILL have no idea who I am, and generally run to well-lit areas when I attempt to confront them about our relationships.

Since my love-life was (and is) non-existent, I decided to call my mom. Moms have that unique way of letting a person know how special they really are, using only the words "sweetie" and "honey".

"Sweetie," my mom purred. "You're much too fat to be worried about dates."

My mother went on to name a few methods that are sure-fire ways to attract girls. These methods include holding doors open, writing poetry, and keeping the use of the word "poon-tang" to a bare minimum.

Moms are usually right on target when it comes to impressing girls. After all, in a demented, round about way, they used to be girls at one point.

This time however, my mother lead me astray. I tried every one of her suggestions only to watch them hopelessly fail.

I'll be the first to admit that my poem "I like your breasts" was not exactly what my mother intended when she mentioned poetry.

I have also found out that it helps tremendously, when one is holding doors open, to make sure there is a female who is desiring to either enter or exit.

This requirement is crucial — if it isn't met you are likely to be yelled at by adults for letting cold air in.

Women are truly amazing. When a man has a woman's love, the entire world comes to a halt — especially chemistry lectures. I can't help but love women.

They may find me repulsive and odorous as a human, but if they take the time to look beyond my outer appearance, I think they'll be content with the internal Steve.

After all, Elvis and Jerry Garcia were loved by millions and they weren't particularly attractive. And now everyone misses them terribly.

Well, everyone except their bones. I mean, the dorks weighed a ton.

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Must have strong writing skills and something to say.

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