## Wedding bells leave ears ringing

Don't bother trying to call me. My phone is going to be off the hook for a few months. I've decided to become a hermit until next summer.

It may sound a little rash, but for the sake of my sanity it has to be done. I can't take the prenuptial hell anymore. If I have to see one more bridal magazine, I may need to be prescribed Lithium.

One should really be happy for their friends when they become engaged, and I am. Really, I am. But something strange overcomes a fever that persists from the day of engagement 'til the day of wedded bliss.

Unfortunately, my friends have contracted the fever. They've lost the will to converse about anything other than taffeta and lace. I recently spent two hours on the phone discussing the pros and cons of gold embossed invitations.

They carry around scraps of fabric and pictures of their bridesmaid's dresses in their purses. They're much like parents of young children who incessantly get out photos to show anyone who happens to be standing around.

Would you like to see the dresses I'm going to have for my bridesmaids?

"No, that's OK. I'll wait and be surprised at the wedding."

"Gee, I don't know if you want to

don't know me, but I notice from

your shopping cart that you share my love of pork rinds. Could I persuade you to come?" On top of having to endure endless hours of talk about reception

centerpieces and the perfect chamagne flutes to toast with, I also get to look forward to being in the weddings and wearing the lovely attendant's dresses.

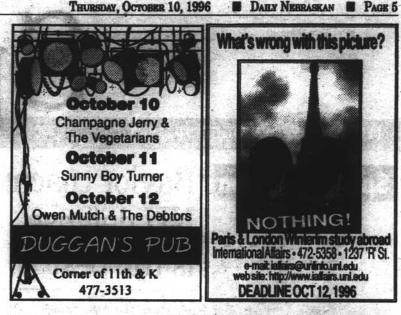
I will admit, my friends do have good taste. The dresses they choose for the bridesmaids and attendants are beautiful. There isn't a lime green or fuchsia dress among them. And unlike other bridesmaids dresses I've seen, the material doesn't look the least bit flammable.

But with beauty comes price. And if you know anything about wedding traditions, the bridesmaids pay for their own dresses. My friends have tried to cushion the fiscal blows by telling me that I will be able to wear the dresses later. The only way I would ever have the opportunity to wear these dresses again would be if Vanna White needed me to fill in on "Wheel of Fortune."

The people I feel truly sorry for are the husbands-to-be. I can lock my doors and disconnect my phone, but they can't avoid their fiancees. I'm convinced that men must have some sort of hormone that lets them block out useless noise. This is the only way these couples could ever end up getting married. Without this hormone, the men would pack up

I want to end this column by

And for my friend who called last night and wanted advice on hors d'oeuvres, I say forget the liver pate and shrimp. Go with the beenie weenies. Trust me, guests love beenie



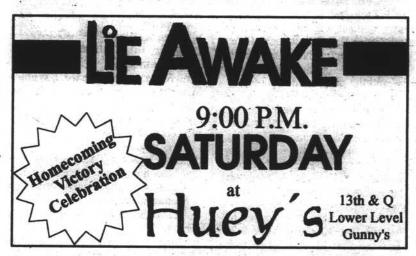
## Women's Studies International Colloquium Series

Soraya Cardenas, Graduate Student, Dept. of Sociology Water Consumption: A Cross-Cultural Analysis

Lydia Kualapai, Graduate Student, Dept. of English Hawai'i: An Emerging Nation

TODAY, 3:30 p.m., City Campus Union

## **20th anniversary** women's studies program, unl





overcomes a woman who is planning a wedding-a sort of unexplained matrimonial fever that persists from the day of engagement 'til the day of wedded bliss."

Something strange

point. How about simple calligraphy hand-printed inside with a lovely wax seal on the outside? I saw it on the Martha Stewart show.'