

OPINION PACKAGES

Our VIEW

No Game

Nebraska's basketball season sparks déjà vu

The Nebraska basketball team has let us down again.

By winning four of their last five games in February, the up-and-down Cornhuskers created the impression that they were a team on the rise. Nebraska appeared to be headed in the right direction, primed to upset the nation's No. 1 team and send the state into a frenzy over an NCAA Tournament appearance for the first time since 1994.

But Sunday at the Bob Devaney Sports Center, the expectations came crashing down and harsh reality set in when Kansas thumped Nebraska by 20 points. And it could have been much worse.

This Husker team isn't deserving of an NCAA Tournament bid, and it won't be invited without winning four games in four days at the Big 12 Tournament this week in Kansas City, Mo.

That's an unlikely feat, even more difficult to accomplish considering Nebraska's recent history. This NU team, much like recent Husker squads, possesses the talent to play and win in the NCAA Tournament. But, simply stated, Nebraska underachieves.

Sunday was a perfect example of NU's problems. After playing a relatively tough schedule and losing to lesser-talented foes Bowling Green and Kansas State, the Huskers needed to beat Kansas, which is quite possibly the best group of players Danny Nee has coached against in his 11 years at Nebraska.

Nebraska shouldn't have had to beat Kansas to get into the NCAA Tournament. And by the same token, it shouldn't have taken the No. 1 team to bring a lively crowd to the Devaney Center. Nebraska feeds off its crowd, and the crowd feeds off the team. They just can't seem to get on the same page.

For the last two seasons, the Devaney Center atmosphere has been pathetic. Although Sunday was a welcome change, atmosphere — much like a quality basketball team — cannot be created overnight. The Huskers need that kind of enthusiasm every night. And it's their own fault they don't get it.

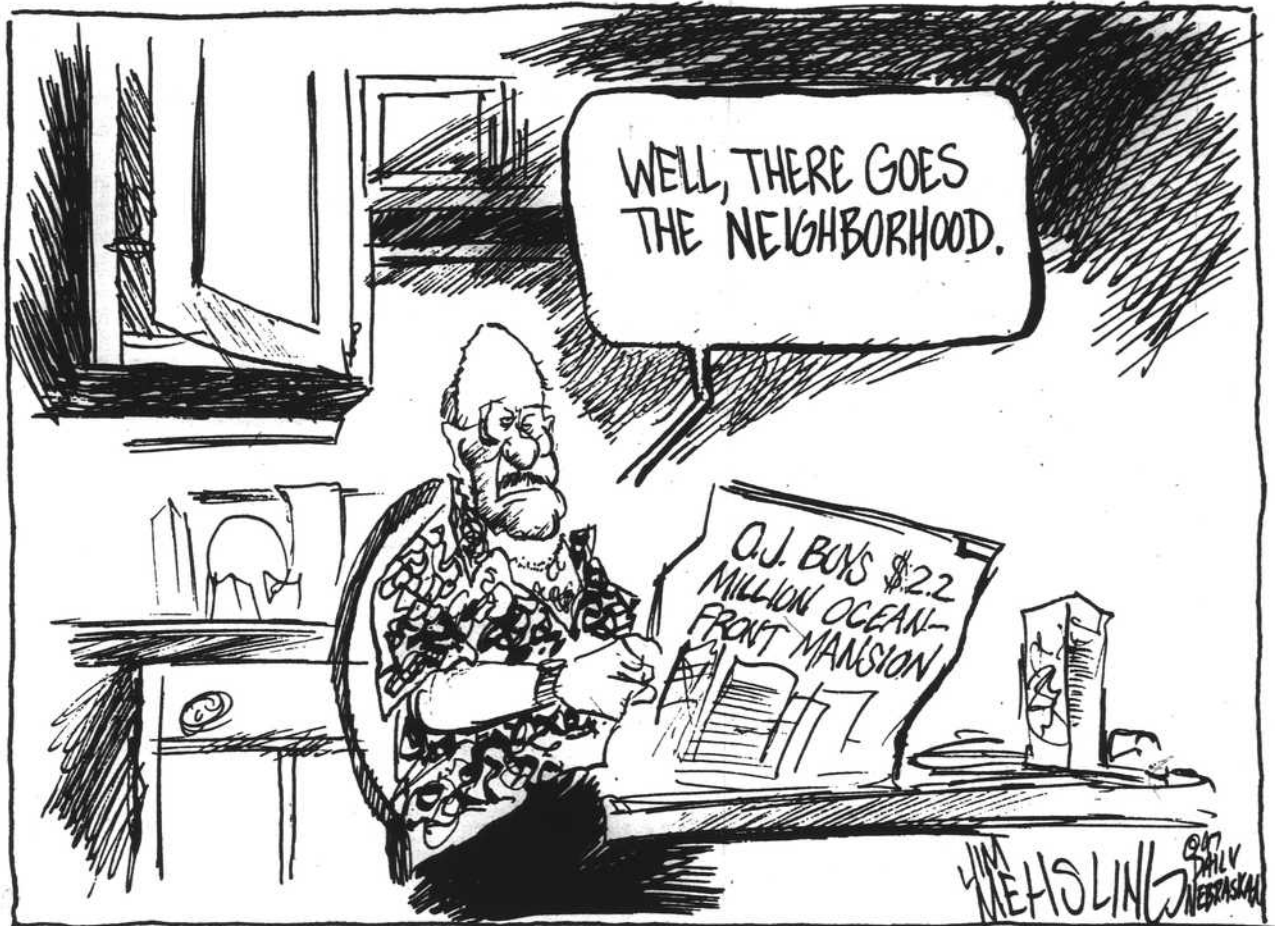
A glance at Nebraska's results this season plainly shows that the Huskers can't motivate themselves for the little games. But when competing for one of the final at-large spots in the NCAA Tournament every season, no game should be little.

So off NU heads to the league tournament, where it faces a struggling Missouri team Thursday. Nebraska likes its chances against every team in the league but Kansas, which may bow out of Kansas City, Mo., early with a No. 1 seed in the NCAA's already wrapped up.

But four wins in four days?

That's not likely to happen. Not unless this underachieving team quickly figures out what it takes to consistently play like a group that belongs in the NCAA Tournament. And even then, it's probably too late.

Mehsling's VIEW



Guest VIEW

Sexy or Psycho?

LOS ANGELES (U-WIRE) — My old vibrator disappeared under mysterious circumstances. Mysterious enough to warrant, say, an FBI investigation. But alas, David Duchovny won't accept my calls. He told his secretary that I'm a deranged psycho and he's never met me before.

I don't think that's a very nice thing for him to say about his spiritual soul mate, but I forgive him. His despondency over our long separation has clearly driven him to repress the oh-so-bittersweet memories of our all-consuming passion, which has rocked the entire known universe to its very foundations.

Incidentally, in the "X-Files," Scully is always withholding information from her superiors to protect Mulder's safety. Just once, I want her to say to Congress when they tell her she is obligated to reveal her partner's whereabouts: "I answer to a higher law ... the code for the preservation of hotties."

If I ever became a writer for that show, believe you me, I would make better use of David's many talents as an actor. (Next week on the "X-Files," Mulder is abducted by aliens and forced to perform as a male exotic dancer in their human cabaret!)

There you have it, pretty hilarious, right? Am I not funny? If you read me, do you not laugh? If you tickle me, do I not kick you in the shins in a desperate attempt to escape the exquisite torture of your fiendish fingers? If you buy me a drink, do I not sleep with you? Actually, I do not ... but you're welcome to think so if it means you'll buy me the drink.

You could say that my method for getting drinks is pretty straightforward. Boys are simple creatures — easily confused.

The last thing they're expecting is a full-frontal, close-range assault. That's where I come in. I put boys on the defensive right from the getgo. Favorite lines of mine include, "So, are you going to buy me a drink or what?" "Which one of you is going to buy me a drink now?" "Is this the part of the conversation where you buy me a drink? Or is it the part of the conversation where I leave?"



NATALIE LINSTROM/DN

I'm going to let you in on a little secret about boys. A large number of my guy friends foster this theory: If a girl is good in bed, she has to be a little bit crazy — psycho women are better lovers.

It's like that thing where men tell themselves that all women go for assholes, because, as far as they're concerned, any guy that gets to have sex with that hot blonde who shot them down is automatically an asshole. Except that my theory is actually true: Guys love psycho women. They go out of their way to date them.

Here's how it works. All men, even the most liberal ones (bless their hearts), secretly believe that a woman can't possibly enjoy sex as much as they do. And if she does, there must be something wrong with her.

Society requires girls to be demure and passive, while boys are expected to be bold and aggressive. This puts an incredible amount of pressure on boys to perform and display sexual prowess.

In fact, you have to feel a little sorry for the boys. Boys, you try hard, I know you really do. There are a few bad apples out there, but I know you're good at heart. So I'm going to help you out. Because there's a line between sexy and psycho and just because I cross that line all the time, doesn't mean I don't know where it is.

You need to be able to tell the difference because you really don't

want to date an actual psycho by accident. Trust me. If your date looks around nervously every time she hears sirens, buckle up — you've got a psycho on your hands.

A psycho will dump drinks on your head in public. She'll have sex with your brother and tell him about all your shortcomings in bed. She'll have sex with your father and tell him about you and your brother. Don't let this happen to you.

Sexy: Takes the cherry stem from her drink and ties it into a knot with her mouth.

Psycho: Takes a fistful of cherries from behind the bar, stuffs it into her mouth, then spits them out at passersby.

Sexy: Slips off her shoes and slides her foot into your lap, under the table.

Psycho: Slides under the table, takes off your shoes and runs off with them, yelling "Catch me if you can!"

Sexy: Makes lots of eye contact.

Psycho: Makes lots of eye contact with the guys at table three.

Sexy: Sends out the signals: wait, go, wait, go.

Psycho: Sends out the signals: go, go, stop!

Sexy: Drinks a shot of vodka straight up.

Psycho: Drinks 10 shots of vodka straight up.

Sexy: Wears your old sweat shirt to go to sleep.

Psycho: Fashions a makeshift "cocoon" from a pile of your dirty laundry and refuses to emerge until she has finished "metamorphosing."

My real point in all this? Unless your date is a full-fledged psycho, she's probably just out for a good time. Don't be one of those narrow-minded puritans who cringes at the subject of (gasp) sex toys and dismisses the girl in the scandalous outfit (i.e. me) as a tramp. (I'm the one at the bar, wearing a scarlet "A" for "alcoholic.")

Remember, just because my column is "dressed up" all sexy with phrases like "rampant alcoholism," "nymphomania," and "illegal in 49 states," doesn't mean there isn't a real message underneath. Then again, there probably isn't.

— Katherine Tom
The Daily Bruin

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