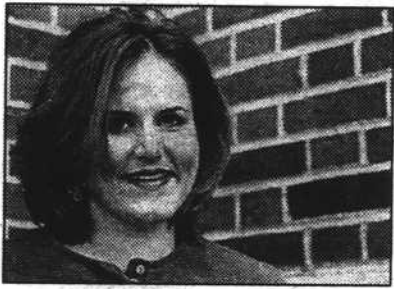


Anne  
HJERSMAN

# Trip without Rohypnol

## Date-rape drug' spells doom for spring-breakers



No means no.  
But what does unconsciousness mean?

Apparently to the men who arm themselves with Rohypnol, "the date-rape drug," to ensure they "get lucky" when they go out, it means sex without consequence.

To their victims it means decreased blood pressure, drowsiness, visual disturbances, dizziness, confusion and impaired motor skills. It means amnesia and sometimes death.

And then there is the emotional and psychological devastation that comes in any case of rape.

For victims of this particularly heinous method of rape, the emotional side effects may not come until long after the assault. Some may not even realize that they have been raped. The night may be nothing more than a black hole in their memory.

That's what makes this almost hypnotic sedative so appealing to

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those who use it to incapacitate unsuspecting women.

Their victims haven't the foggiest idea what has happened — merely a gut-wrenching feeling that something is very wrong the morning after — or perhaps severe humiliation when they wake up naked next to some stranger in unfamiliar surroundings.

If it is not immediately evident that something has happened, the after effects — anxiety, difficulty sleeping, increased dreaming, prickling or burning of the skin, sensitivity to light and sound, and impairment of reaction time and mental judgment — that often follow ingestion of Rohypnol would be enough to send most people looking for help.

Though Rohypnol has not yet

surfaced in connection with any sex crimes in Lincoln, Capt. Duaine Bullock, of the Lincoln police narcotics unit, says, "One would be real naive to believe it's not here."

The drug comes in tiny white pills and dissolves quickly in most liquids. It is commonly referred to as "ruffies" and is from the same family as Valium, but it is 10 times as strong. And it is almost impossible to detect once it has dissolved.

According to information from Lisa Cauble, victim services coordinator for UNL's Department of Human Resources, a person who has ingested Rohypnol may appear extremely intoxicated and may feel that her arms and legs will not function correctly.

If the drug is slipped into an alcoholic beverage or is given to

someone who has been drinking, that person may stop breathing altogether once the drug takes effect, which can happen in as little as 10 minutes.

The presence of this odorless, colorless, tasteless form of "intimacy insurance" has grown to almost epidemic proportions in states such as California, Texas, Florida and New York — all popular spring break spots.

So while it's more than expected to be carefree over the break, being careless could be quite costly.

Party with precaution.

Never accept an open drink from someone you don't know.

Watch your drink. Rohypnol dissolves in soda pop as well as alcohol.

Look out for your friends at parties.

If you suspect someone has been given Rohypnol, do not leave her alone. Get help.

Victims can be treated at a hospital either with another drug to counteract Rohypnol's effect, by flushing the gastro-intestinal system or by inducing vomiting.

If you want this spring break to be unforgettable, make it one you can remember.

Hjersman is a senior news-editorial and English major and the night editor and a columnist for the Daily Nebraskan.

# Pounding pavement



Wanted: Are you hard-working? A go-getter? An established company is looking for bright, creative people to expand in the heartland. If you are confident and looking for a challenge, you may be just who we're looking for.

It's ads like these that bring hope to the job-hunting among us, frantically licking stamps and mailing resumes, sure that *this* time we've got the right stuff.

So, heads held high, classifieds under our arms, we venture out, secure in our institution of higher learning, praying that those days we skipped class to go out to the lake weren't too important.

Of course, upon closer inspection, depending on your field of study, you might notice something that has recently caught my attention. For "the qualified candidate must possess at least three to five years experience." Excuse me? I've been trying to get a degree for the past three to five years.

It's a vicious cycle — you can't get the job that you want if you haven't got the degree, but you still aren't qualified because you don't have enough experience.

The only consolation I get from receiving rejection letters is that my would-have-been employers had to spend just as much money on a stamp to reject me as I did to put myself there.

If being turned down builds character, then pretty soon I should have my own cartoon strip. Most people know what it's like to get dumped or ignored, and there are some people out there who are even comfortable with it. In high school this guy named Justin asked me out 54 times, and I turned him down every time. That's what I call the rejection comfort zone. Even though I never went out with him, and still won't, I learned a valuable lesson from my personal Steve Urkel — never give up.

It's like that drawing of the frog choking the bird that's in the middle of swallowing him whole — if at first you don't succeed, cry, I mean try, try again.

What the ads ought to say or look like is, "Are you just about to graduate? Lacking the experience but have the degree? Looking for an awesome job that will launch your career? Call us! We want YOU!" If I saw an ad like that, I'd be whatever major it was they were looking for.

As it stands, however, I'll continue to rely on my internships, charm and resumé to get me where I need to go. Currently, I'm brushing up on my interviewing skills and trying to draft a cover letter that sounds less like begging and more like bragging. You have to make them think that they would be missing out if they didn't hire you, and a few follow-up phone calls never hurt either. Unless of course, they have caller I.D. and then have you picked up for phone harassment. Then again, you just "star 67" that baby and try again.

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Heather  
LAMPE

# Daze of our lives

## Soap opera addict craves smut, not morals



Last week was traumatic for me. CBS decided that it was more important to show two days of college basketball than air "Young and the Restless." Despite my desperate attempts at dissuading them, my threatening phone calls and anonymous mail bombs, they pre-empted Victor and Niki.

So it is in the spirit of last week's tragedy and on behalf of all soap opera addicts that I write this column. Don't think we haven't heard the snickering or seen the pointing. We suffer in silence in the company of those who don't worship our daytime demi-gods.

I used to be a daytime drama persecutor. I couldn't understand how normal people could be so mesmerized by a bunch of sleazy characters who could be dead one week and resurrected the next. Then I spent three weeks of Christmas vacation at home. It's true what they say about addictions, it only takes one try.

I'm not sure exactly what it is about these melodramas that makes them so appealing. But when your

"But when your only excitement of the week comes from sampling the free frozen pizza at the grocery store — the lives of characters who embezzle fortunes and sleep with their sister's husbands start to appeal to you."

only excitement of the week comes from sampling the free frozen pizza at the grocery store, the lives of characters who embezzle fortunes and sleep with their sisters' husbands start to appeal to you.

These people have fabulous lives. They never do any actual work. They're always inheriting some kind of fortune. They never wear the same outfit twice. You will never see anyone on "Days of Our Lives" lying on the couch in a house coat and her dirty underwear. They attend cocktail parties five nights out of the week and you will never see one of them drinking a \$5 bottle of Mogan David.

And if it's some steamy sex that you want, weekday afternoons could give late night Cinemax movies a run for the money. A father will sleep with his son's wife. An employee will sleep with the boss's husband. There are no taboos on

soap operas.

Apparently the head honchos at the FCC are napping in the afternoon, because bare skin is everywhere. I don't even know why they're worried about what children are watching in the prime-time hours. What the preschoolers see while their moms are folding laundry is enough to make me blush.

If you ever watch soap operas, you'll notice that every character is somehow connected to all the other characters. It's always interesting to see how the writers will try to integrate new characters into the show. You may think that the dashing handsome UPS man is just delivering a package, but you will later find that he is actually the long-lost son of the billionaire tycoon.

The soap opera writers have been distressing me lately though. They've begun writing politically

correct plot lines. Some of them have dealt with alcoholism, date rape and even AIDS. I'm sorry, but I want lying, sneaking, conniving drunks who sleep around. I don't want to be lectured. I don't want to learn any important lessons. I want smut.

You also have to feel for the actors when they start infecting their characters with HIV. It may be the acting opportunity of a lifetime, but in reality they're killing the character off. They can either hope to play the ghost of their character or a long-lost evil twin sibling.

I'm worried my afternoon entertainment may soon be hindered though. In a few months I will graduate and may be forced to take a day job. I'm not sure I will be able to leave my beloved friends of daytime television behind. I don't think any business is going to give me a lunch hour that lasts from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. And I've written of my technological ineptitude, so you can forget me trying to tape them.

So I've decided what I'm going to have to do. Though it will embarrass my peers and professors in the College of Journalism and Mass Communications, I've decided the only way I can function as an employed adult with a soap opera addiction is to write for Soap Opera Digest.

If you can't beat 'em, join 'em.

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