

Anne
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Wonder 'Rulz' and Underoos

The how-to on how-to not capture the heart of Mr. Right



Don't hate me because I'm irresistible. My poise, my charm, my beauty, my intelligence, my men — you could have them all, too. What's my secret, you ask? I'm a by-the-book kind of girl. I follow the rules. Not just any rules, mind you, but "The Rules," those "Time-tested Secrets for Capturing the Heart of Mr. Right," which have swept the dating world and saved women from their sorry selves since Ellen Fein and Sherrie Schneider first published their book in 1995. But don't go rushing out and wasting your \$5.99 on the paperback edition just yet. There's no need for you to trudge through all 175 pages. I can give you the lowdown for free (in my own abridged and annotated form, of course), and you too can have that healthy glow that comes only from manipulating the hell out of the opposite sex:

Rule No. 1: "Be a 'Creature Unlike Any Other.'"

This rule is at the heart of your success, so don't take it lightly. In fact, it might be best if you take it all the way and tell the object of

your desire that you are an alien. Everyone knows they are great in bed. But you have to be convincing. Be sure to sprinkle your conversation with shrill cries and excuse yourself from the table several times throughout the evening to "phone home."

Rule No. 3: "Don't Stare at Men or Talk Too Much."

Don't let this rule confuse you. It's neither the staring nor the talking that is the problem. It's the combination of the two. If you silently stare at a man with unbroken intensity, he'll think, "Either she really likes me, or she's a homicidal maniac." That's good. Always keep him guessing. Or, you could do what I do. In any social setting, I have found that sitting in the corner, staring blankly at the wall and refusing to talk to anyone just draws them like flies. Of course, most of them rock back and forth in the fetal position, drool and recite nursery rhymes. But, hey, look on the bright side, that takes all the pressure off of you to make small-talk.

Rule No. 5: "Don't Call Him and Rarely Return His Calls."

This rule is critical. You want him to think you have a life. (NOTE: This means never admitting to him that you spent last weekend at home alphabetizing your underwear drawer — again.) If you can't promise yourself that you won't pounce on the phone as soon as it rings, it might be best if you just take it off the hook. Sure, he'll never get ahold of you,

but, boy, will he think you are popular!

Rule No. 6: "Don't Accept a Saturday Night Date after Wednesday."

This rule is an amendment to No. 5. If he does somehow manage to contact you (by phone, via carrier pigeon, or whatever), you can only say yes if he calls before Thursday. This means if you meet the man of your dreams on a Friday night, and he wants to whisk you away to Paris the next day, tell him you'd love to, but he should have met you Wednesday because you already have plans to clean your andirons on Saturday. It will really get him hot. Men love it when women are irrational and unyielding, and they hate change. So it might be best to remove spontaneity from your life altogether. In fact, you should probably start planning your wedding and discussing children's names on the first date, so there are no surprises later on.

Rule No. 8: "Fill Up Your Time before the Date."

This rule was a real revelation to me. I always thought that, out of respect for my date, I should spend the day in a vegetative state focusing on nothing but him. That way, by the time he arrives, I have plenty to say about "Us" and how important I think it is that we get a joint checking account immediately.

Rule No. 11: "Always End the Date First."

This one I still haven't figured out. If you end it first, what do you



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do last? And does that mean when he drops you off he should give you a long kiss hello?

Rule No. 13: "Don't See Him More than Once or Twice a Week."

This can get complicated if you have a Monday-Wednesday-Friday class with him. You will either have to skip the class once a week or go blindfolded. It's your call.

Rule No. 18: "Don't Expect a Man to Change or Try to Change Him."

If you don't like what he is wearing, either grin and bear it or refuse to go out with him. If you demand that he go home and change, he will probably come back in something worse. Let's face it. Men have no fashion sense.

Rule No. 20: "Be Honest but Mysterious."

This one's the kicker. To get in the spirit of things, you could dig out those old Wonder Woman Underoos and wear them under your clothes (or outside of them, I don't care, whatever turns you on ...). The point is, it will be your little secret (unless he catches you tugging at those Wonder Woman wedgies one too many times, of course). Even if he does find out, no problem. Everyone likes a super-heroine. Why do you think I'm so popular?

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Hey, mon!

Jamaican slang confusing to American ears



MONTEGO BAY, Jamaica — I'm an English major. And a news-ed major. I'm a journalist; I make my living with words. Comprehending and interpreting what people say is my livelihood. If I don't understand what someone says, I have to ensure they repeat it or reword it until I do understand it. And let me tell you, I've just come from a place where I asked people to repeat things a lot. Welcome to Jamaica, West Indies, home of a style of street language commonly known as patois (PA-twah, which is a generic term for street slang). Every one of the 2.5 million people on this island at least understand patois, if not speak it every waking hour of their existence. But patois is not a foreign language: English is the official language of Jamaica, and everyone understands it even if they don't use it. Patois is English, but not like I've ever heard it before. And for an American, following a conversation spoken in patois is a definite exercise in patience. Let me give you a couple of examples:

1. An American walks into a bar in Montego Bay. Like most days in

Jamaica, it's hot and humid, with just the right touch of marijuana smoke in the air (even though ganja is, believe it or not, illegal). All the American wants is a beer. A good beer. In Jamaican terms, that means a Red Stripe. Does the American say, "Yessir, Mr. Bartender, please give me one of those delicious bottles of ice cold Red Stripe?" No, mon. He says, "Hey, Massah Bar, gi' mi a police mon." You see, the police in Jamaica wear blue uniforms with red stripes down the pantlegs. Thus, when a person asks for a Red Stripe, he or she will ask for a "police mon." If you want a cop, ask for a cop. "Massah" is patois for mister; presumably derived from the old slave days when all kinds of people were either shipped to Jamaica or indentured to work on cotton and sugar cane plantations. This is the truth; I was called "Massah" at least twice. There are no gender specifics in patois, although it's loaded with possessives. Everything is either "mi," "wi," "him" or "she."

2. The American leaves the bar and walks down Gloucester Avenue to The Pork Pit, a fast-food version of traditional Jamaican food. There he sees another man ravenously consuming a basket of jerk pork, a spicy slab of pork mixed with rice and beans. Realizing he is hungry, the man asks for a share of the jerk pork. The Jamaican refuses. Does he say, "No way; this food is mine?" No, he says, "No, mon, dis pork be a fi mi." "A fi mi" is mine. "A fi wi" is

ours. It's easy to see the "all for me/we" concept, but when it's spoken as quickly as the Jamaicans do, it sounds like Swahili. Jamaicans are much more open about their sexuality than Americans are. As tourists walk down the street, any females wearing anything less than full body armor are subject to all kinds of comments from higglers, vagrants and "good-time guys" hanging out on the street, and even then females should watch what streets they go down. 3. Decipher the following conversation if you can: A woman walks down the street in Montego Bay. A man calls out to her, "Hey, 'ooman, mi wan' to et yu batty." The woman keeps walking. "Hey, Miss Worl', mi say yu betta'n rass to look at." She tells the man to mind his own business. "Hey, kiss mi rass, blood clot!" Got it figured out? Well, first the man, in a rather vulgar way, said he admired the woman's, um, rump. "Batty" is a slang term for that part of the body. Heard in the realization that long vowel sounds aren't really the norm, "et" becomes "eat." W-sounds aren't used often either, so "woman" becomes "'ooman." "Miss Worl' (world)" is a term for people who think they're better than everyone else. "Rass" is an even more vulgar way of saying "butt," or is used to denote a donkey or jackass. He is saying he thinks she's better-looking than a jackass. What a romantic.



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Finally, "blood clot" is one of the most vulgar terms in patois, referring to a ... menstrual pad. Most Americans hear themselves called that at least three times a day when they turn down street vendors. Not all patois is vulgar or insensitive, though. It's a truly lovely language to hear, complete with its own musical cadence and rhythm. Best of all, most Jamaicans really do say, "Yeah, mon," all the time. "No problem" is a popular phrase as well. Patois's everyday use is most interesting in the everyday sayings and clichés Jamaicans use. Proverbs are a part of each conversation and allow real insight into how the language works and what the people think. "Man no dead, no call im duppy" is a favorite of mine; "If the man isn't dead, don't call him a ghost," it

means, implying one shouldn't jump to conclusions. Another good one is "Cockroach has no bidness a fowl dance." Put simply, a cockroach has nothing to do with chickens, or people should mind their own business. Things like that are spewed out relentlessly along the streets of Jamaica. Most of the time even the insults are good-natured, and people don't mean any harm. Still, trying to keep up with a conversation is a little like chasing a Mack truck on a bicycle. But as a tourist, you have no other choice but to start peddling. But as the Jamaicans say, "Time neva too long fi bannabis grow beans," or "Slow and steady wins the race." Gillin is a junior news-editorial and English major and a Daily Nebraskan associate news editor.