

Brent
POPE

Climactic concoction

Potential pill leaves room for many 'oohs' and 'aahs'



“*In a recent ‘name that drug’ contest, the names ‘Julius Pleaser,’ ‘Orgazmo’ and ‘Moany, Moany’ were popular, but here’s my personal favorite: ‘Love Snack.’*”

Hold on to your britches! Just when you think science has reached its limit, the metaphorical scientist bullfighters wave another metaphorical red flag in front of our eyes and say “Ole!”

It happened when a rumor surfaced recently that researchers at Rutgers University thought a female orgasm pill would be possible in the next 10 years. And even though the scientists later denied those rumors, you can bet that quite a few people have interesting things to say about the rumors becoming reality.

But don’t take my word for it. Here’s some of the recent answering machine messages in the so called “Orgasm Lab”:

ANSWERING MACHINE: We are out of the lab right now. If you are calling about the female orgasm pill, there isn’t one, it doesn’t exist. Please leave a message. (Beep!)

MESSAGE No. 1: Hi, this is Heidi and I heard about your new orgasm pill. Not that I’m interested, but when you need a test group, PLEASE give me a call. Not that my man Clarence doesn’t get me excited, but (yawn) we’re having sex right

now, and I could really use one of those pills.

MESSAGE No. 2: You don’t know me, but my code name is Gonad and I represent GOOP, Guys Opposed to Orgasm Pills. Stop working on that pill at once or the bloodshed will be great. Gonad has spoken.

MESSAGE No. 3: I was just wondering ... as a man, what would happen if I took the female orgasm pill? Would I have a female experience, or would I just turn into a woman? Or would I turn into some sort of horrible sasquatch or giant squid? Either way, I think it’s pretty cool. I’m not a psycho. Please return my call.

We’ll get back to the answering machine messages later, but first let’s talk about another aspect of the “pleasure drug” that needs to be discussed: If this pill becomes a reality, what do you call it? In a recent “name that drug” contest, the names “Julius Pleaser,” “Orgazmo” and “Moany, Moany” were popular, but here’s my personal favorite: “Love Snack.” This could be the

slogan: (My apologies to the B-52s) “If you’re horny all the time, and you’re out on the road, it’s just 15 bucks for some Looooooove Snacks! Love Snacks, yeah yeah!”

(BEEP!) You know what that means. It’s time for more answering machine messages.

MESSAGE No. 4: What are you trying to do with this new drug, ruin my marriage? My wife heard about your new sex pills, and she already said she’s going to use it as soon as it hits the stores. What the hell am I supposed to do with those extra four minutes every day? Watch more football? Heeeyeyey, that’s not a bad idea! Never mind about what I was saying earlier. Go sex pills!

MESSAGE No. 5: You say there’s no orgasm pill, but I know better! I know you’re a bunch of dirty lying scientists! What are you doing, just keeping them all for yourselves? I see you people leave the lab every day, smoking your cigarettes like you were just doing the dirty deed! Release the sex drug or face the consequences! Have a nice day.

On a darker note, the onset of a female orgasm pill would write an

obituary for the phenomenon known as “faking it.” With this new technology, there’s no need for it. If you ladies are being intimate with someone and you’re not having any fun, you don’t have to pretend anymore. Just kick that sorry guy’s (or girl’s) ass out of there and take a

pill. Sure, it’s sad to see an ancient art form go by the wayside, but sometimes you just have to let old ways go for the better of the world.

With any new type of innovation, there are always the naysayers who oppose any type of progress. And if you are one of those people, that’s fine, but remember this: For many people around the world, this miracle drug can’t come soon enough. (And that’s a problem we’ve all had before.)

Pope is a senior broadcasting major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

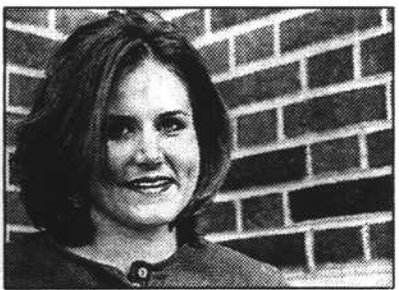


MATT HANEY/DN

Anne
HJERSMAN

True confessions!

Gradgitating senior waxes philosophical



“*The ‘real world’ is a scary place, I have decided. I wanna stay here, where I never have to face reality — where my life is mapped out for me, syllabus by syllabus.*”

It’s the end of the world as I know it, and I feel numb.

Graduation is quickly encroaching — threatening my existence as “student,” the only identity I have known all my cognizant life.

This is no comforting prospect. I’m not ready. I don’t know anything.

The sophomore me was smarter than the she who is me as we speak.

Maybe that’s what college is for. It teaches you that you are not as smart as you think.

I’m convinced.

Now I wanna go home — or take up permanent residence in Avery Hall. I don’t care, as long as I don’t have to go out *there* — and you know where I am talking about.

The “real world” is a scary place, I have decided. I wanna stay here, where I never have to face reality — where my life is mapped out for me, syllabus by syllabus.

Don’t say it. I know what you are thinking: What is she sniveling about? She has reached the summit.

She should be on top of the world.

I agree. I have always hated senior sob stories.

But I’ve put in my time. I’ve paid my dues. I’m entitled to a little self-sorrow, I think.

The thing is, I was really starting to dig this college thing. I have mastered the all-nighter. I have learned to go days without showering — and get away with it. I have discovered that you *can* eat Ramen noodles for every meal of the day.

But I guess it’s best to bail out while the going is good. Now, at least, I can join the ranks of those who pine for their “crazy college days.”

Change is good.

I have to keep reminding myself of that.

Change is good.

I think I’ll adopt that as my mantra to get me through the next few months. That’s the only way I can accept the fact that, come May

10, I must pack up all my belongings and abandon the academic safe-haven I have called home for so many years.

It’s not that I don’t have a lot to look forward to. I’m expecting my career to really take off — once I find that first job, that is.

It’s just that ... well ... this is all so sudden.

Now that I know how things work — the ins and outs of college — I’d like another shot, thank you very much.

I blew it as a freshman. I was boring. Studied nonstop. Knew no one.

As a sophomore, I had a year of experience under my belt and a class of underlings to taunt with my minor seniority. I knew it all.

When I reached my junior year, I started to realize there is life outside the classroom. I became somewhat of a social scholar, but I was still a nerd.

Now that I am a senior, I’ve got

the good times going on — and the GPA to prove it. Somewhere along the line, I lost sight of the educational aspects of attending this institution and started focusing on the

craziness in the final daze of my college career.

OK, that’s a lie.

I just couldn’t stand the idea of people knowing that after four years, I still can’t drink four beers without breaking a sweat — and an appendage or two.

And they think I’m ready for my diploma?

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



AARON STECKELBERG/DN