

Make the moment special



CLIFF HICKS is a junior news-editorial and English major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

"Hey Cliff, what are you going to write about for your column," my friend Tony asked.

I told him I haven't really decided. I had ideas but nothing stuck.

"I know what you should write about," he told me. "You should write about how proud you are to be a virgin!"

Excuse me?

"Well, our generation's in such a state of moral decay and I think the whole problem with it has got to be this casual sex thing. Ever since the '60s, America's just gone downhill. You should write a piece on how dedicated you are to remaining a virgin until you get married."

First, I'm not. Second, my opinion on the matter goes something like this: Do you remember your first kiss?

"Sure, who doesn't?"

Did you rush into it?

"Yeah, and it was pretty bad. We bumped noses kind of hard. But no one saw it, because she and I were in her room alone. The second time we tried it we were much better at it."

And your virginity?

"Cliff ..."

C'mon, Tony, you're asking me to spill my private life for the public and you won't give a little in return? You, at least, get to hide behind the false name I always give you.

"OK, OK ... I lost my virginity about five days after the end of my junior year in high school. One of the guys I know was having a party. My girlfriend and I showed up and then she wanted to leave early. We snuck out to a deserted place in the woods and, well ..."

Was it any good?

"What kind of question is that?"

Well?

"Yeah it was good! Mind you, the fact that we were in the woods detracted from it a little, and it wasn't in a bed, and my girlfriend and I broke up a month or so later, but it was a good moment! Sort of. What are you driving at, Cliff?"

See, Tony, the point I want to make is that the first time we do anything pivotal in our lives, it sticks with us for the rest of our lives. It's a memory that shapes who we are, at least a little. My first kiss was in my basement while watching "Silence of the Lambs."

"That's a bit bizarre."

No kidding. But the first time I kissed my last girlfriend - well, we sat on her porch and must have debated about whether or not we were going to for 15 minutes. I finally said, "You talk too much," and kissed her gently. We kissed immediately after, a bit more eagerly this time, and it was fantastic.

"You really are a sweet sap, you know that?"

Hey. Do you see what I mean, though? I want my first time to be something I can look back on with at least somewhat fond memories. Most of my friends regret one thing or another about the particulars of losing their virginity. I'd like it to be a memory I can reflect on with a smile - maybe after a candlelight dinner or something. I don't want it rushed and fumbled. I want to take my time and enjoy making the memory. It should be something special, you know?

Like the first time I fell asleep with a woman in my arms. That's one of the best memories I have. ...

"Awww ... ever the romantic."

Oh, be quiet. Maybe I won't even know it's going to happen until seconds before it does. That way, I won't have any time to get nervous about it. We all plan this kind of thing way too much and the spontaneity is gone from it. My roommate taught me people think too much.

"My girlfriend and I had been talking about it for weeks, so I won't deny I was really nervous."

So anyhow, I'm not going to throw it away on a dime, but I have no problem with losing my virginity

before marriage. I hope to. In fact, I even encourage other people to lose theirs, personally.

"What?"

Well, look at it this way - virgins go into a sexual relationship with the short end of the stick because they don't have as much experience. Most of them usually make up for it in enthusiasm, but there's still that basic ineptitude that you bring in with you.

"You know, now that I think about it, I don't think my girlfriend who took my virginity was a virgin."

You don't know? Boy, there's a lack of communication for you.

"Hey! We never talked about her previous boyfriends much. She said it bothered her dredging up those memories. Anyway, she pretty much guided me through it all. That made it easier, let me tell you. I was so nervous."

Exactly. And the final point that I would make, Tony, is that for real relationships, or so I'm told, sex is one of the main obstacles. Groucho Marx once said, "I believe that real love only appears when the early fires of passion have cooled off and the embers just lie there smoldering. This is true love. This relationship has only a bowing acquaintance with sex. Its component parts are patience, forgiveness, mutual understanding and a high tolerance of each other's faults."

"Wow. That's impressive."

And I fully agree with him. The point that he makes is that true love is most clear when all the complications of sex are out of the way. So you see, Tony, I couldn't write a column about how proud I am to be a virgin. It wouldn't be honest. Besides, people would think I was making another cheap plug at trying to get a date.

"Not like you're in desperate need of one or anything. You could use a cheap plug. What is it, three years, you said?"

Be quiet, Tony.

"Don't worry, man. Even a temperamental, somewhat deranged, mildly antisocial guy like you has to be attractive to someone. You should tell all this to someone."

You kidding? Who'd believe me?

"I guess so ..."

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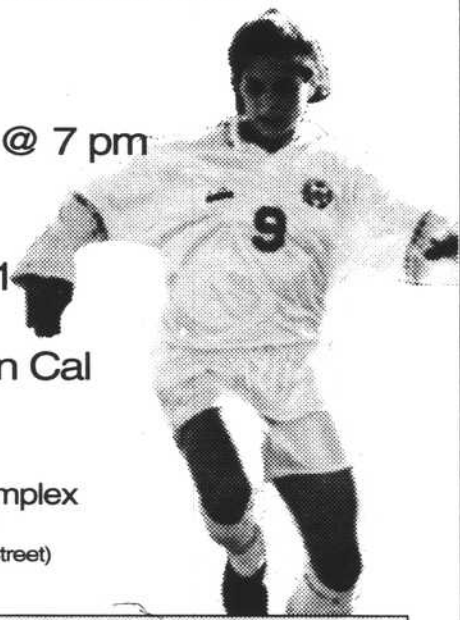
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Strike for your rights



STEVE WILLEY is a senior news-editorial major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

Most of you are probably familiar with the UPS strike that took place this month. For 15 days, it was on the front page of every newspaper and was the feature story of most magazines and news programs. As I watched the events of the strike unfold, I couldn't help but be awed at the sheer power of the whole thing. Common folks in doo-doo-colored uniforms were able to successfully lobby for better wages and benefits by shooting the nation's largest shipper in the foot.

It was a big surprise to many people, but should it have been? Strikes are undoubtedly the single most effective means of change within an institution; unfortunately, our generation is relatively unfamiliar with the benefits of a well-planned one.

Not since 1981, when air traffic controllers struck, have we witnessed a UPS-like strike capable of paralyzing a nation. Most of us were probably too young to remember the ATC strike, and even if we did, we did not care about it. I was seven years old at the time and the only thing I remember was my drunken father attempting to build an airplane out of tin foil and our dog, Skippy.

(For the record, my father's "two-seater-dog-plane" was a pathetic fail-

ure. Though he was able to hover Skippy several feet above the ground, he inadvertently got him tangled in power lines, causing Skippy to explode in a large burst of flames. My father was subsequently arrested for the incident and did not work successfully for another 11 years.)

But like my dad during the ATC strike, others also had to make do during the UPS strike. Customers had to change orders to in-stock items or ship via other companies. Needless to say, it was inconvenient for many people. But that's the genius of a strike: By angering customers, strikers are able to shame their employers into submission.

And don't think you have to be with UPS in order to strike. Anybody can do it, and for any reason. There are, however, a few guidelines you should follow to be successful. First, it's important that you strike against something that has the ability to give in to your demands. Striking against your lawn chair, for example, would not be advantageous as lawn chairs typically have enough problems, and probably couldn't come up with your pay raise.

Perhaps the most important criterion for a strike is that it must involve many people. THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A SUCCESSFUL ONE-MAN STRIKE! Economists usually refer to this practice as "unintentionally quitting" or "thinking like a jerk."

So just where does this historic UPS strike leave all of us? Well I don't know about you folks, but I can't help but feel inspired; I'm drunk on the power of the little man. Therefore, I am hereby announcing my intention to strike against the biggest corporation I know ... the University of Nebraska-Lincoln. Anybody with me? Now we won't have much to hold over the uni-

versity's head so I urge everyone interested to hold his or her urine until further notice. (Editor's note: And this will help your cause how?)

Here is a brief list of concessions I want granted before I relieve myself. (This list is subject to change, particularly after we get organized and I am deemed "a gaw-damned lunatic" by our elected president.)

1. I demand that a certain professor in the journalism college refrain from throwing fried hushpuppies at me whenever I descend the stairs in Avery Hall.

2. I demand that every student who successfully graduates be given a pension not exceeding \$7 million. However, students may opt to have an administrator of their choice ride a wiener dog off the roof of Oldfather Hall in lieu of the pension -- my personal choice.

3. I demand that girls at this university can never again refer to me as a "white Weezy Jefferson" without having to spend two days smelling Jason Peter's armpits after practice.

Now, UNL is an intelligent corporation and, once they feel the bite of the strike, will stop at nothing to get us to relieve ourselves and end the strike. For example, watch foams in the DN that read, "Free beer in all Hamilton Hall bathrooms!" Or administrators may pose as blind people and tell you their seeing-eye dogs have chased raccoons into the union restroom.

Don't fall for this trickery. In the end, the university will have no choice but to buckle under our collective pressures - bladder or otherwise. I mean, if common-man workers can trounce a corporate giant like UPS, then we've got as good a chance as anybody. And we don't even have doo-doo-colored uniforms.