

Dating hell

Rules for making men presentable during courtship



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Men are scum. That being said, why do women keep trying to meet decent men, when there are next to none out there? Dating is definitely an exercise in masochism. The only things that matter to most men are a woman's bust size, her sexual appetite or her wallet, rather than her intellect, sense of humor or their common interests.

Why even bother looking, when most men will only judge a woman on her appearance, rather than her personality or charm? Yet, in case some of you men want to learn good dating etiquette (and you women want to find out exactly how bad some of my dates have been), it's time to give some of these younger guys some how to's (or in some

cases, how NOT to's) of dating.

Rule No. 1: Shower before picking up your date. If you don't shower, she may not be your date for very long — as long as it takes to find someone with less body odor than you.

Rule No. 2: Please don't order for your date, especially if you don't know her very well. Believe it or not, this has happened to me (at a Country Kitchen, no less), and it was quite annoying. Remember, guys, women are not children. We can order for ourselves.

Rule No. 3: Try to look presentable for your date. This is not the time to wear that \$2 outfit that you got at Goodwill (or if it is, please don't brag about it!).

Rule No. 4: Please don't bring up sex before dinner and especially not on the first date. It is rude. If you must ask (for example), "So, Barb, when are we going to have sex?" please wait until after dinner. That saves your \$2 outfit from being ruined.

Rule No. 5: Never brag about your physical equipment, especially during dinner (see Rule No. 4). Most women now carry rulers and will call you on it. Besides, what are we really supposed to say when you tell us anyway? "My ex-boyfriend was a lot bigger than you, but it doesn't mat-

ter?" Or are we supposed to lie and say, "Oh, you are just so, so huge. Really. What big muscles you have, etc.," when we are really thinking "You lying sack of #@%&."

Rule No. 6: Be honest. If this isn't the best date you've ever been on, don't lie and say that it is (unless you're deliberately trying to be funny). Honest and open communication usually is the only way to build anything that can last.

Rule No. 7: Never, EVER say that you will call a woman when you know that you won't. (See Rule No. 6.) Yes, guys, this will cut down on your sexual opportunities. But it will also give you less grief, while saving some good woman from heartache.

OK, guys, you're probably asking, "So, Barb, why are you just singling us out? Isn't this sexist? And why do you keep bringing up sex, anyway? Don't we care about anything else? And, why don't you focus some of your energy on the women? Are all the dating problems in the world really our fault?"

Well, yes, guys, they ARE your fault. We women never ask for sex on the first date, we always shower, and we are usually well-groomed. We never order for you, we never brag about the size of our equipment, and we usually are honest about what we want. We show you every respect

and courtesy, and we should be shown the same. Why does that almost never happen?

Another problem is that men are much more conscious of a woman's looks than vice versa. Guys, let's get real here: How many of you are drop-dead gorgeous? (And why is it that most of you think you are, when you aren't?) Why must WE be beautiful, when you *certainly* aren't? Why do men prefer a beautiful-but-dumb woman, rather than brainy-but-plain-with-a-sparkling-personality woman, anyway? Why do physical looks matter as much to men, when all of our looks will fade with time? Does personality *really* count for so little in a man's mind?

Most women are different in this regard. As my best friend Lika says, "The best looking guy in the world could come up to me, and if he didn't have a brain in his head, I'd think he's ugly." The only way for you men to attract women is through your brains or your hearts, not your physical attributes.

It is perhaps this over-reliance on the physical that causes the huge sexual imbalance that causes men to break Rules No. 4 and 5. Perhaps because I am older and divorced, guys just expect that I am going to want to put out. Hey, guys, I've got news for you: If you don't interest

me, you won't get anywhere. And the only way to interest me is to share your life, be open and let me in. Without that, sex is meaningless. Besides, the best sex is called "making love" and is best done between long-term monogamous companions, such as married people or the equivalent (since gay marriage is not currently legal).

The only advice that I can offer women is this: Get to know him well before you do something irrevocable (whatever your definition of irrevocable is: cooking for him, doing his laundry, cleaning his house, making love, whatever.) Make sure that you are your own person and continue to live your own life. Protect yourself physically, mentally, emotionally and sexually. Remember, the only person that has to respect you in the morning is YOU.

Guys, we women really do have the same emotional and physical needs that you do. We just want someone there that really cares about us, not as students, but as people.

Dating, when it works, is a way to feel better about ourselves. And when it doesn't, we can always console ourselves with the following lyric from the Alice in Chains song "Dirt": "One who doesn't care is one who shouldn't be, I've tried to hide myself from what is wrong for me."

Ultimate challenge

Flying disc perfect alternative to old pigskin



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Halfway through September, as the air turns crisp and the leaves begin to change color, I realize once again that the University of Nebraska-Lincoln is a great place to be. Know why? I groove on football. That's right, this veggie-eating fool you see pictured above is a meat and potatoes football fan. Strange as that sounds, how can I not be?

Everyone in my family hails from the frozen tundra of Wisconsin, and they are such dyed-in-the-wool Cheeseheads that Packer season tickets are considered family heirlooms that are passed on from generation to generation. Born and raised in

Nebraska, I had no choice; I was destined to be a Cornhead on Saturdays and a Cheesehead on Sundays.

With two victories into the 1997 campaign, the Huskers have a special season in the works. A third national championship this decade would be a crowning achievement for the team and its esteemed coach, Dr. Tom Osborne.

For those of you who are out of the loop, this is Osborne's 25th season as head coach of the Huskers. To put that in perspective, Memorial Stadium has only been around for 75 years. If you're reading this in Math 95C, that means Dr. Tom has coached for one third of the stadium's existence. Truly amazing.

Unfortunately, all good things must come to an end. And in the year 2022, Osborne might feel that it's time to retire and do some fishing. Math 95C folks, that's 50 years of coaching. Looking into my magic 40-ounce bottle of Mickey's Fine Malt Liquor, I predict that, by the year

2022, football in Nebraska will have been renamed Osborneball in honor of the exalted T.O. Now here's where the problem lies. After 50 years of service, how do you even try to replace a coach of Osborne's stature?

My Mickey's tells me you can't. There is no human out there who could even be compared to Osborne on any level. So, instead of trying to do the impossible and futilely try to find his successor, football at

UNL should be retired when Osborne hangs up his playbook. Don't fret, Memorial Stadium won't go empty. I propose that, in the year 2022, football will be replaced by ... ULTIMATE FRISBEE.

That's right I said it. Call me the Antichrist, exile me to East Campus, but ultimate frisbee would be the perfect replacement to football at UNL. For those of you who have no idea what the heck I'm talking about, allow me to explain.

During the school year of 1967-68, a group of students at Columbia High in Maplewood, N.J., combined the fun throwing and catching a flying disc with the challenge of more conventional sports, such as soccer, basketball and football. They named this new sport ultimate, which is played on a field measuring 120 by 40 yards, including two 25-yard end zones — a perfect fit for Memorial Stadium.

On the field, two teams of seven players each play this non-contact sport with the intention of scoring more points than the other. Games are played with points, ranging from 13 to 19. These points are scored by passing the disc (never running with it) in any direction until a pass is completed to a teammate in the other team's end zone.

Anytime a pass is intercepted, knocked down, incomplete or thrown out of bounds, there is an immediate change of possession. That means an incomplete 50-yard pass can be thrown 50 yards in the other direction right away, resulting in a lot of running.

The coolest part of ultimate is the "Spirit of the Game" rule which trusts that the players have the integrity to make their own calls. That means no more booing the refs — they're nonexistent in ultimate. In the words of the late Howard Cosell, "Ultimate is a refreshing reminder of what sport was meant to be."

Today, there are almost 10,000

registered ultimate players in the United States playing under the official rules set by the sport's governing body, the Ultimate Player's Association. Worldwide, Ultimate is played in more than 40 countries and each year, and a true world championship is held with each country's national champion represented. With such great international appeal, it's no wonder that ultimate will be a demonstration sport in the 2004 Olympics.

On the college level, ultimate is fast becoming a varsity sport. Last year the UNL ultimate team finished 41st out of 109 college teams. This isn't exactly good by Nebraska football standards, but there's no doubt that these fine student athletes could rise up to the national championship level simply by having the support of 76,000 ultimate fans every Saturday.

So, the next time you feel inclined to go down to the what's left of the greenspace and toss the old pigskin around, take a Frisbee instead and see how great ultimate is. That way, in 25 years, you could have a son or daughter hop out of the scarlet and

cream VW microbus parked at midfield, as the premier edition of the Ultimate Huskers take the field to the tune of "It's time to get ill" by the Beastie Boys. The Alan Parson's Project would be just a little too lame for ultimate.

