

Sexual learning

32-page pamphlet of passion sheds light on ins and outs of romance

KB
Masterpiece

with
Karen
Brown

I just read the most amazing book of my life. Goodbye Jack Kerouac. So long John Milton and Alice Walker. The lessons you've taught me pale in comparison to the lesson I've learned in Hugh Morris's "How to Make Love."

Does this sound too good to be true?

Well it's not. I have the 32-page pamphlet o' power right here in my hand.

It is the ultimate relationship guide, written in 1936 from one man's warped conservative perspective of how men and women are to treat one another.

Or, rather, how men are supposed to treat the "lesser sex."

This wealth of cleverly shielded misogynistic material gives pointers all the way from dating tips to late marriage anxiety causes — usually precipitated when the woman "has a headache."

When I first received a copy of this book from my awe-inspiring friend Becca, I couldn't believe the atrocities contained within.

But now, these atrocities have become a way of life for me, and I hope they bring you as much joy (and chicks) as they do for me.

I can only hope that you embrace these words with the fervor that I have. Allow me to show you the light through a series of "really great quotes."

The foreword to Hugh's witticism starts by telling the reader:

"When the first man looked upon the first woman and was satisfied with her, that was when love began. And that was millions of years ago, if we are to believe our scientists."

Well, I don't know about you; I'm much more willing to believe Hugh than any scientist on earth, but I sure am glad that Adam dug Eve.

I bet she didn't even get to tell god that Adam had dirty teeth and that he had an extremely hairy back. All that mattered was that Eve was lookin' fine for Adam.

To continue:

"There is only one kind of love and that is the love of a man for a woman or vice versa. The 'unspeakable loves' of Oscar Wilde and Lesbia and her charming girls on the isle of Paphos, none of these is true love."

Now, being a faithful Hugh follower from Page 1, I have a bit of a problem with this. I guess I didn't understand that "How to Make Love" was strictly a pamphlet for those straight folks.

I guess we queers are out of luck when it comes to his grand advice.

Oh well, I will ignore the fact that I can never attain "true love" but only because Hugh is one of the few people who knows the real me. So what if he is catering to man/woman sex. I can just substitute my life where needed.

Moving on, Hugh says, "Woman was created weak. Therefore, it is up to man to protect his woman. She must always be passive. It is he who makes love to woman."

Amen, brother. What more can I say?

Next step, the first date. We've all been there, and we all know how nerve-racking it can be. Don't fear, let Hugh give you some truly inspirational pointers found under the subtitle "Gee! You're a swell kid."

"If you are a girl, see to it that everything you wear is fresh and clean and free from any objectionable odors."

Of course there is nothing about how the man should look, but I suppose he can just show up however he wants, and it will be acceptable. I know I wouldn't mind if (s)he smelled like a rotten turnip with a hint of moldy caterpillars.

Next step:

"People are funny. They like to be praised even if the thing they are praised for is inconsequential. It may be that the girlfriend has made a pan of fudge for you. Be appreciative of it. Tell her that it certainly is the best fudge you

ever tasted."

Basically, Hugh is telling us to lie our behinds off. The fudge probably tastes like crap, but in order to "make love" we must woo the girl.

One of the areas where I have truly seen the light is under the subtitle "The first kiss." This is the way I set up all of my dates. Girls love it.

"Naturally, the first thing he should do is to arrange it so that the girl is seated against the arm of the sofa while he is at her side. In this way, she cannot edge away from him when he becomes serious in his attentions."

I think a lot of fraternity boys have read this.

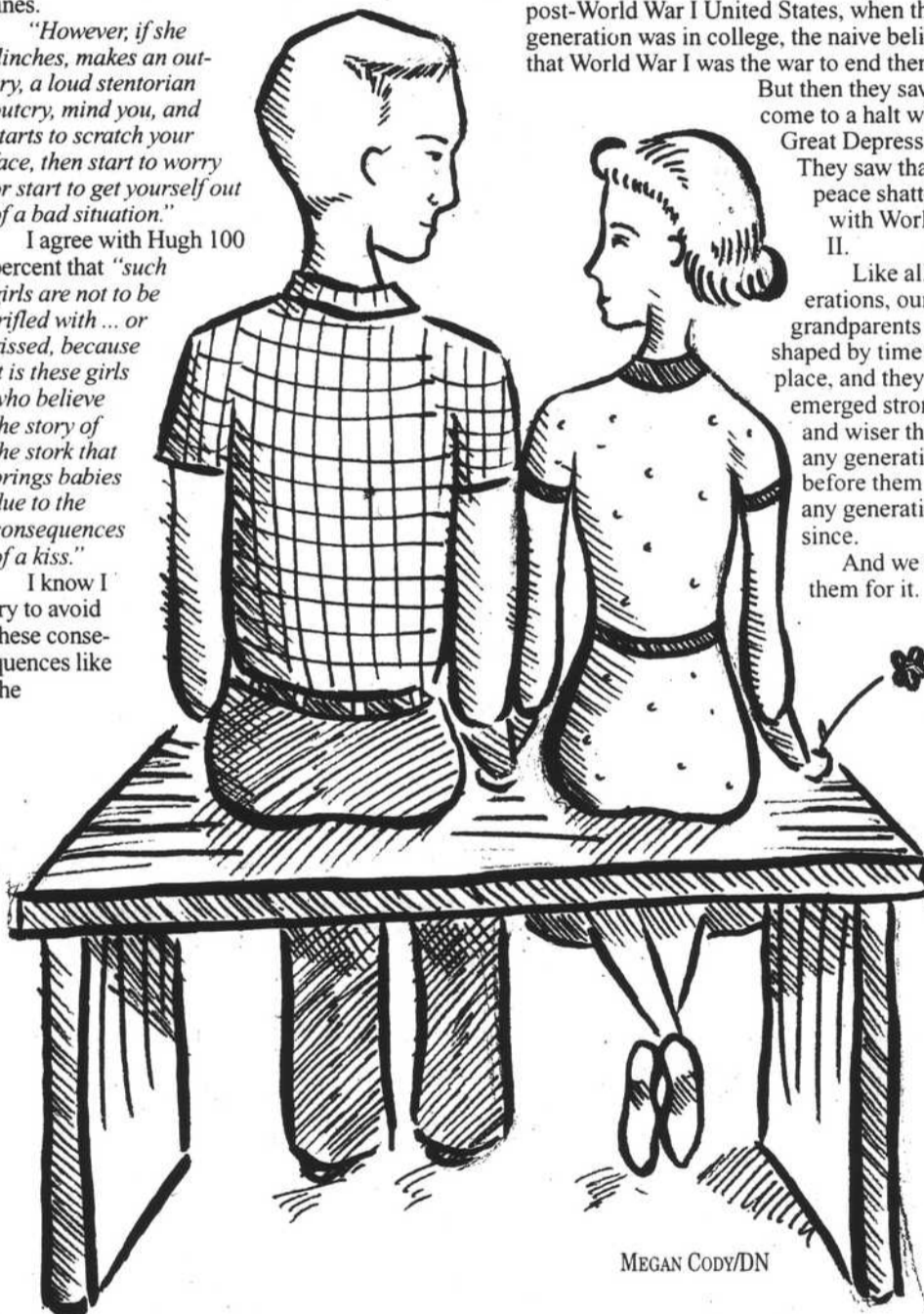
"If she flinches, don't worry. If she flinches and makes an outcry, don't worry. If she flinches, makes an outcry and tries to get up from the sofa, don't worry."

Here's where you have to use your own reassuring words to calm her down. I favor the likes of "Baby, it's all right, it's only my tongue" and "You know you want it." I think Hugh would be pleased with my lines.

"However, if she flinches, makes an outcry, a loud stentorian outcry, mind you, and starts to scratch your face, then start to worry or start to get yourself out of a bad situation."

I agree with Hugh 100 percent that "such girls are not to be trifled with ... or kissed, because it is these girls who believe the story of the stork that brings babies due to the consequences of a kiss."

I know I try to avoid these consequences like the



plague.

At the end of the book Hugh has written that 1+1=3. I was a bit puzzled at first, thinking this was a menage a trois, but then I realized that the third party would be a child. YIKES!

Be completely sure when wooing a girl that you could handle this consequence of your actions, although it would be the girl's fault and, therefore, her burden.

All of what Hugh has taught me and what I have now passed on to you is futile unless you heed to this warning:

"Realize that there are thousands of other women more beautiful than you. But also realize that he, your lover, had found you attractive enough to fall in love with you."

If you're not downright pleased with the results of "How to Make Love," there are five other delightful books by the informative Hugh Morris.

His hits include "Fortune Telling by Cards," "Facts About Nudism," "Sex Facts for Men," "Sex Facts for Women" and "84 Card Tricks". Try them out and let them change your life.

Generation of sacrifice

Our grandparents' lives were filled with a responsibility that made life for us better



I was thinking about our grandparents the other day.

While images of quaint summer days on hammocks and special, forbidden trips to the ice cream store were the dominant reminiscences, I came to one simple yet momentous conclusion that I speak with wondrous words: What amazing people they are.

Here is a generation not unlike our own, furthered by the hope and the elusive reality of the American dream. Prospering in the post-World War I United States, when this generation was in college, the naive believed that World War I was the war to end them all.

But then they saw it all come to a halt with the Great Depression.

They saw that peace shattered with World War II.

Like all generations, our grandparents were shaped by time and place, and they emerged stronger and wiser than any generation before them or any generation since.

And we thank them for it.

We couldn't do it today.

But our grandparents did, so we wouldn't have to.

And these men and women came to the higher realization of what it was to serve the whole, what it was to have to lose everything and how terrible war could be.

These are but shadows for us on the eve of the next century — silhouettes cast and stretching far from the middle of this century, overwhelming us at first, but then only touching us. And then, perhaps one day, they'll only be seen as mirages as we look back on the sidewalk of time.

We cannot forsake the gift that our grandparents' blood has purchased for us, and if we do, we should be shamed by them. But war and crisis are the fruits of our human nature. It will happen again, perhaps so another such generation is forged in that fire, tempered so that war can be short and peace can reign longer.

Our grandparents have shared what Abraham Lincoln called the "incommunicable experience of war." They returned from faraway battlefields with the images of death and destruction and unspeakable catastrophe fresh in their minds. They were driven to make sure that their children did not have to endure such painful remembrances.

But some of them fought a war in Korea only a few years later. And some of their children fought a war in Vietnam.

Some of our grandparents may have supported those wars, and others may not have understood them.

Our grandparents might have been the ones to ask why Americans should fight and die for a faulted ideology, rather than the higher cause of the defense of our own democracy.

World War II had a direction, a cause, an effect and a conclusion. It was not for governments, not for religion, not for riches. It was for people of the world. And because the people of the world are different in being the same, it was, for many different reasons, a war to make safe the path for humanity.

To our grandparents' generation, war was not cheap or trivial. It was severe and consequential, only to be waged in bitter fervency and only for express purposes — higher purposes. War was not a political, social, economic or ideological game. The stakes were real, America lay in the balance. In those days America could still lose a war.

Their war, World War II, so affected those who lived it and those who fought in it, that humankind had to become a little more human. Our basic lust for hatred and injustice toward others was abated for that moment in time, and the world looked around and asked itself, "How?" and the answer never came.

Instead, "how" became a study in why and a process of how to prevent any such wars or any such governments in the future from so dominating and frightening the world.

Our grandparents taught us how to cope with the aftermath of war. They showed us that humankind's unutterable inhumanity could at least be stifled by a stronger force — a united generation of those who saw the evil and sought to put an end to it.

And then they showed us the compassion of dealing with the disowned and betrayed, whom they had vanquished. After all, they too knew what it was like to lose, with the Depression still a very vivid memory.

They taught the rest of the world that war and despotism do not pay but only heighten the cost of world peace.

These people, as a generation, have lived through it all and lived to tell about it. They gave all, some even their lives, to make the world what it is today.

They broke their backs in the fields and the factories and spilled their blood on foreign beaches and in forests so that we wouldn't have to. We can't fully appreciate the sacrifice, the will, the strength that they still have.

But now, as they grow old and on into the winter of their lives, and we come to a better realization of their posterity, we can thank them for never giving up.

We thank our grandparents by remembering always those years, from 1929 to 1945, and commit them to our books and our personal sense of history.

But could we forget? Can we so afford? What happens then?

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