

Daily Nebraskan

Since 1901

Editor: Sarah Baker
Opinion Page Editor: Jake Glazeski
Managing Editor: Bradley Davis

Screwed over Sadistic decision lacks imperative and sense

Punishment for the sake of punishment has never been the most desirable answer to the question of principle.

And yet, it would seem that is exactly what has happened to NU Force second vice president Rowena Pacquette after a decision by the ASUN Electoral Commission Tuesday.

The decision concerned Pacquette's eligibility to be in the race at all, as she apparently missed last Wednesday's 4 p.m. deadline to collect 200 student signatures and turn it in to the ASUN office. She got them in the next morning.

Tuesday, instead of allowing or disallowing Pacquette to run based on the bylaw rule, the commission fined her \$30 and found a wishy-washy middle ground that all but guarantees she has no chance of winning her election, which is conducted separate of the president and first vice president on March 1.

They allowed her to run. They did not allow her to participate in the debates. Thus, whatever student that may attend these debates will never hear what Pacquette has to say, and never know, outside of a personal meeting with Pacquette herself, what she stands for.

What's the meaning of such a ruling? Originally, as we assumed the Electoral Commission would rule in a thumbs up or thumbs down manner, the Editorial Board concluded Pacquette should not be able to run, regardless of whatever hiccups she may have encountered in getting her signatures in.

It looks bad for a student official to miss deadlines. After all, many of our teachers never give us the type of leeway that Pacquette wanted. Deadlines are the way of things.

But the current decision (including the \$30 fine, which is for what, exactly? Reparations to the other parties?) is an uneasy compromise. What's the purpose in Pacquette's running if her voice is squelched? Maybe it would matter, maybe it wouldn't.

But it's as if she's a half-candidate, eligible but with only so many rights, and it's not much of a precedent to set.

Furthermore...

With the UNL Academic Senate's passing of the plus-minus grading system, we'll finally have an accurate and fair way of distributing grades on campus. No longer will a student who gets a 91 percent receive an advantage of an entire letter grade over a student who manages an 86, a difference of five percentage points, when that 91 earns you the same grade a 99 could pull.

Quite frankly, the current system, as happy as it may have made students, could never make up for that discrepancy and thus allowed a slack-off into the lower 90s. The system makes us a better school with higher standards for earning an A.

That said, maybe some consideration should be put toward actually rewarding those students who turn an A+, above and beyond what it looks like on a transcript. If a student is perfect in a class, shouldn't the grade point average reflect it?

And for several classes that aren't statistically based, the A+ should be reintroduced as an option for a final grade.

Under the plus-minus system, every minus, and every plus, ought to count. In every class.

Editorial Board

Sarah Baker, Jeff Bloom, Bradley Davis, Jake Glazeski, Matthew Hansen, Samuel McKewon, Kimberly Sweet

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Editorial Policy

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Neal Obermeyer/DN

Staying for the long haul

I am a 33-year-old married female. I am looking for a man to get together with sexually several times a month to explore fantasies and desires. I'm not looking for a one-night stand, I'm looking for somebody on an ongoing basis. I'm not looking for someone to jump in the sack the first night we meet. I'm looking for someone to be a friend, someone to explore. Someone who is not going to call me up whenever they just want sex. I am looking to explore, though. Someone who is fairly open. I am not looking to leave my husband, so definitely no strings, just a friendship that includes intimacy and sexual exploration. I am 5'4", have brown hair, shoulder length and wavy, hazel eyes, and I'm attractive.

— Personal ad from the January 24th The Reader.



Mark Zmarzly

A few thoughts came to mind when I first read this personal: When can I meet this lady and will spanking be involved? Will I have to spank her or will she be spanking me? Will there be others involved? What exactly does sexual exploration mean? Whips, whistles, chains, dildos? Am I going to cry when it's over?

My actual reaction to this ad is torn. On one hand, when I was 16, I used to dream of a woman like this. An older woman who could teach me all about sex. At that age, the relation of me to sex was like a monkey to a 64-piece socket set; neither of us had a clue what to do.

One must slowly introduce the socket set to the monkey, piece by piece. Don't go too fast and whip out the 2" socket, start him off with the 3/8" socket. Maybe get a variety of scantily clad women to introduce each piece. After a while, the monkey will catch on. Now that I'm older, I'm pretty handy with a socket set. I couldn't work at NASA



Jerry Morgan/DN

but I could lift up your hood and work on your valves.

Put aside my juvenile tendencies toward casual sex with an older woman and I'm left with a feeling of sorrow for this woman and her husband.

Our parents' generation was the first real time in America that divorce came into common use. I think that you would be hard-pressed to find an individual our age with a grandparent that has been divorced. Widowed in a combine accident yes, but divorced, no.

What steps are being taken to halt society's slide toward an increasing number of divorces?

There was an article in the Jan. 29 Lincoln Journal-Star about the fight individual states are engaging to discourage divorce. Arizona and Louisiana both have passed legislative bills designed to make divorce more difficult; it's called covenant marriage.

Covenant marriage requires premarital counseling and permits divorce only on the grounds of abuse, abandonment, adultery, imprisonment or lengthy separation.

Opposition for covenant marriage comes from two sources. First, couples have not been in favor of such a move. This is evident by the 96 percent of Louisiana couples who have not chosen the covenant marriage option. The ACLU is the second entity opposed to the idea because they feel that it creates a link between church and state.

I'm not advocating government restrictions on your ability to wed or to divorce, although it seems like a popular idea in this state. It could be that we have just become a society that is willing to place a disposable classification on the idea of marriage.

Are we becoming a society that truly believes that marriages are as easily replaced as toilet paper?

Here's a cute little metaphor for you. I have a Hewlett-Packard printer for my computer; we'll call her Nellie. I like her; she and I have an understanding. I click the print button and she makes the magic happen. Every now and then she runs out of ink and I have to go to the store and buy a new ink cartridge (\$26).

During Christmas, I found myself at the store, I won't say the name but it rhymes with "West Wuy." While at West Wuy, I found a brand new printer that, after mail-in rebates, only cost \$20.

What was I to do?

Sure, the new printer looked nice and shiny, but what about 'ole Nellie? Sure, Nellie looks at me funny when I've been out drinking instead of typing. Sometimes she even spits out a sheet of paper with "Test sheet 00004; file found" on it, but is that any reason to just get rid of her?

Maybe this metaphor has run off track. Back to my point.

Sustaining a satisfying relationship, especially a marriage, may be the most difficult thing we will face during our lifetime. Anything involving people is not scientific and therefore will be prone to misunderstandings and difficult times. Is that any reason to view the relationship as disposable?

One thing is for sure, I'm never marrying a 5'4" attractive brunette. That's right folks, it will have to be a 5'10" attractive blonde.

DN columnist seeks tall, attractive blonde woman who will be faithful for life and won't say things like "Test sheet 00004; file found." Also, no drugs please.

The week with the nylon motif

This is a story, a story about a very strange week.

I was outside the other night, kissing my car and talking to it in a baby voice (seriously, otherwise it won't start the next morning) when a guy whistled and jogged across the street.

It was dark, so I can't be certain, but I think he had a pair or at least half a pair of pantyhose on his head.

He came up, breathless, and asked, "Hey man, you wanna buy some tools?"

Now, in my naïveté, I assumed since he was wearing pantyhose on his head that this was a euphemism for drugs. Which ones I didn't know - shrooms, smack, coke, XTC?

I did take a DARE class in sixth grade so I would know later what to order from my friendly neighborhood dealer, but perhaps I need a refresher course.

Kind of like CPR - after so many years you get a little rusty.

But no, he really was selling tools. A \$120 set "with wrenches and screwdrivers, man. Twenty dollars man, you come and see 'em, you'll know it's a good deal."

I didn't really want to see pantyhose-head man's "tools," nor did I want the broken Tupac CD he offered as well. I finally asked why he would want to sell a \$120 tool set for one-sixth of its value. He said he needed gas money so he could get home.

For some reason, I gave him a few bills (ones, mind you!), shook his hand and watched him bound off in elation down the block. Feeling benevolent and generous, I walked up to my apartment.

Later, there was a knock at my door. The door swung open to reveal (I swear to you) a different man, short and scrawny with big darting eyes, a hail-Hitler mustache, and pantyhose on his head.

He asked for tin foil.

I might have expected my neighbor to ask for tin foil. I mean, I think all she has in her place is carton after carton of Marlboros, 20 pairs of gray sweatpants and a T-shirt with a picture of the Washington monument on it.

And don't get me wrong, I'm used to strange happenings in my hood, which is situated in one of the highest density areas in Lincoln. Twenty thousand people live in a six-block radius, so there's always plenty going on.

Still, there are certain constants. Sweatpants girl was busy smoking, the guy across the street who sits in his truck revving the engine for hours at a time was still at it and I'm sure the Mexican guy who stands outside Klein's food mart was engaging another uninterested stranger in a conversation about the Vietnam War and his dog, Tempo. *Hasta siempre*, as always.

But tin-foil, pantyhose-head man No. 2 had set things slightly askew. He didn't want to preserve the deliciousness of leftovers; he wanted to contact the mother ship.

I wanted to help but sadly had no tin foil. Disheartened, my guest quickly departed.

A couple days later, I was helping a friend celebrate his birthday by, naturally, paying for his drinks. We were all in the mood to blur and soften the sharp edges of reality, and my vodka tonic was doing a nice job of it.

As I was standing at the bar waiting for another sip, a man walked up to me and said, "When you're done here, there's a girl who wants to talk to you." I smirked. Most likely she mistook me for someone six inches taller and a lot better looking, but that's the magic of alcohol and dim lighting.

At any rate, I might as well talk to her, I thought. Let her know I'm flattered but most unavailable.

I walked over to the booth where the party of six, including the mystery girl, was sitting. A big man in a polo sweater high-fived me, then pulled me way too close and buddy-like and said, "Are you ready to dedicate yourself to 45 minutes of hard-core (reader inserts troglodyte term for various body part of his or her choice here) licking?"

I was instantly less enchanted with my surroundings. I made a quick scan of the situation in which I was suddenly trapped.

Each face wore a grin made lurid by drink. Each head was tinted by a thin, nylon sheen.

With no options remaining, I reached into my pocket. Each pair of eyes lit up as I pulled out a treasure in tin foil and laid it on the table like pirate booty, like a cache of doubloons.

In the ensuing clamor, I managed to escape the bar. I made my silent way home, where I crept into bed to sleep blissfully alone in a sea of human electrons, each frantic with energy, each unique in its madness.



Seth Felton

Tired of writing letters?

Whether you're a conservative kook or a liberal loon, an artsy nut or a just-the-facts ma'am, we want you to write for us! See your words in print.

Impress your friends. Pad your resume. And get a little cash on the side. Pick up an application in the Daily Nebraskan office, 20 Nebraska Union, supply a column or two, and your face could be on this page.

