

Monkey business is no show

You would think we would have had our fill and learned our lesson by now. But no, we just can't get enough.

First it was "Bedtime for Bonzo," "Lance Link, Secret Chimp," and those damn Clint Eastwood movies. And now?

"The Barefoot Executive." Of all the wacky Kurt Russell movies to update, why did ABC pick this one? Why not "The Computer Wore Tennis Shoes"?

I didn't have time to watch "The Barefoot Executive" Saturday night (I was too busy shooting craps and trying to decide whether to run for governor).

But I read all about it. Apparently, the barefoot executive, (which is, of course, a chimpanzee in an expensive suit) has an uncanny ability to pick hit TV shows ... like shows with monkeys who wear clothes.

Why is this funny, you ask. Because it's a monkey. And he wears clothes. And probably does other horribly funny monkey things like ordering banana daiquiris at business lunches and sticking out his enormous bottom lip when he's done something bad as if to say, "Uh-oh Spaghetti-o."

He can't actually say "Uh-oh Spaghetti-o" because he can't talk. You would think that would limit his comic potential. But you would be so, so wrong.

Because we Americans like our monkeys.

We especially like them when they are dressed like us. We like it even more when they are dressed in drag, and somehow even a female monkey looks like it's in drag when you slap a blonde wig and a stuffed bra on it.

I'm not immune. Oh no. In the third grade, I fell in love with a calendar that featured a fresh, exciting monkey tableau for every month of the year: January, a chimp with a baby carriage; February, a chimp dressed like a fireman; and March — oh yes, March — a chimpanzee dressed rather like Flo



Rainbow Rowell

"Ask yourself (or someone else, I don't care) why we dress up monkeys and not, say, alligators or ostriches?"

from "Alice," pouring hot coffee all over its hairy feet.

I thought that calendar was obscenely funny. My mom thought it was obscene. But she bought it anyway because it was only \$1 and she didn't want me to make a scene at Woolworths. We had a bus to catch, after all.

And then I fell off the banana boat.

One day, I think it was during a "B.J. and the Bear" rerun, I thought, "Well, I'll be a monkey's uncle, that's just not funny. In fact, that's double plus unfunny."

Mostly, I hate monkey humor because monkeys are gross. They're tough to toilet train and they nit pick. (And yes, Mr. Smartypants, I do know the difference between a monkey and an ape, but I just don't care.)

But I also hate Hollywood's monkey fetish because it's just plain mean.

Ask yourself (or someone else, I don't care) why we dress up monkeys and not, say, alligators or ostriches? I mean, besides the fact that an alligator will take off your hand before donning a pair of Calvin Kleins and that ostriches are hard to catch.

We do it because monkeys look like us. They stand upright. They have the right number of appendages. They can kind of smile or scratch their head in a thoughtful, human manner. They have pink, fleshy ears.

And that scares us.

It scares us to think that maybe there is an evolutionary ladder and the monkeys are grabbing our ankles from the rung below.

Maybe I am a monkey's uncle, we think, or perhaps a cousin thrice removed.

Even if you don't buy evolution (and I wouldn't, even if I had a coupon), it's unnerving that God might have created something that looks and acts much like us, but is also undeniably primitive.

"Ha ha," He seems to say, "you think you're cool with your computers and your atom bombs, your crazy disco dancing, dressing up in trousers and ties and pretending to be civilized when all you really are is this — cheeky little monkeys."

Nonetheless, we're scared. And what do we do when we're scared of something? It depends; if we're really scared, we'll kill it. But if we're only kind of scared, we make fun of it.

So we take a monkey and give him a pair of jeans and a leather jacket and a cigarette to hang out of his mouth — and then we laugh at him when he cats it.

Ha ha, you monkeys are so silly. There will never be a monkey James Dean. You can wear a suit, but you're no Henry Kissinger.

Good luck with that button fly, Mr. Help-I-Don't-Have-Opposable-Thumbs.

It never gets old, never loses its cheap primate thrill. Bring on the monkeys! Long live "The Barefoot Executive." Be it out of disgust, fear or genuine amusement, we monkeys will always look.

Rowell is a senior news-editorial, advertising and English major and the Daily Nebraskan managing editor.

Our special guests

Steve Cullen and Jim Vance

Unfair amendments stereotype athletes

We feel that there are certain issues which need to be addressed when considering the new proposed amendments to the Student Code of Conduct.

In an attempt to clarify, my colleague and I offer our interpretation, from the athlete's point of view. We feel that the main issues at hand are at opposition.

The university's administration, due to the recent attention certain individuals from the athletic department have received, finds that it needs to keep tighter jurisdiction on the university's representatives.

It is our belief that the student-athlete body resents additional constraints on its freedoms and actions.

We feel that we possess many individuals that excel as representatives under the current system of constraints. An effective plan, therefore, needs to address the individual and not the system.

By doing this, the administration will avoid wrongfully subjecting parts and individuals that are functioning well, to the measures that are intended to affect those parts and individuals that do not meet the standards of university representatives.

As representatives of the university, we accept the higher standards of achievement and behavior that come with being a representative. These higher standards bring with them additional responsibilities that require special resources, and thus the segregation issue.

This segregation inherently subjects university representatives to the university administration, as well as the respective administration of each representative's branch (i.e. fraternities, sororities, ASUN, athletics, etc ...).

We as athletes have university, team, athletic administration, and NCAA guidelines to follow. Therefore, we feel that we do not need additional administration to answer to.

There is a sentiment, my colleague and I feel, that the administration believes we are not holding up to meeting that higher standard we agreed upon.

The main motivating factor for us writing this is that we feel there is a general stereotype, due to media exposure, that regardless of the resources we are granted we cannot meet the standards placed upon us. When in fact, the University of Nebraska Athletic Department takes all necessary steps to create opportunity for its student-athletes to meet the higher standard, and in this environment, many do reach such standards.

College Athletic Management magazine honored Nebraska's Athletic Academic support system as the most innovative and comprehensive in the country. In addition, an advisory committee of various campus and community leaders combine resources and expertise to offer dynamic Life Skills Seminars dealing with everyday social concerns and promoting responsible decision making.

Under the present system, Nebraska has produced more male and female student athletes selected as GTE Academic All-Americans than any other school, university or college — thus illustrating that the system does

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not need help; rather, the attention should be directed toward the small number of exceptions that break the norm of success.

We do desire and appreciate student support; that is why we personally don't like seeing the so-called "UNAD" getting kicked while it is down, as seems to be the case.

As to the goals of the recently proposed amendments to the UNL Student Code of Conduct presented by Mary McGarvey, associate economics professor, on behalf of the faculty women's caucus:

The four amendments would: (1) Extend the university's jurisdiction to violent misdemeanors and felonies on off-campus property. (2) Suspend students charged with violent crimes from participating in activities in which they represent the university until they are cleared. (3) Suspend students convicted of violent crimes from participating in those activities, until a time to be determined. (4) Instruct a judicial officer to institute disciplinary proceedings as soon as possible and to put the power of investigation with the judicial board and not with the academic sponsor or coach.

As of right now, we have no disagreement with numbers one and four, rather it is the contentions two and three. In part two, this is an obvious violation of the presumption of innocence, and if one is innocent and must go to court, this long process could be detrimental to their advancement at the university as well as a great personal loss to that individual.

In part three we agree that any conviction of a violent crime should result in suspension from activities, but for an exactly determined time. This way there is no opportunity for bias among athletes or students, nullifying the opportunity to "make an example" out of someone.

In addition, there is the issue of the definition of a "violent crime." We feel that this definition must be exact.

We would like to see the definition be: any willful act carried out with the intention of harming another person that is an initiating action and not a reactionary one.

Thus, self-defense would be absolved, although excessive reactionary measures would not be absolved.

In conclusion, we hope that the NU Board of Regents considers all of those who are unfairly labeled and who will be unfairly subjected to any legislation designed to achieve the goal of a better represented university.

Jim Vance, sophomore math education major and cross country runner, and Steve Cullen, sophomore psychology major and track runner.

Creativity precludes condoms

Condoms are like the weather: everyone complains about them but no one does anything about it.

Until now.

I am mounting a one-man campaign against the little buggers and I hereby lay down the gauntlet:

As God is my witness, I'll never slide one of those slimy things over the end of my John Thomas again.

"Whoa," you may be thinking, "what's up with that?"

I'll tell you — but first the puns must STOP!

There, that's better.

Condoms are gross. They suck. They are difficult and distracting to put on and they are one heck of a mess to take off.

In between they're not too fun either.

Plus they are dangerous.

Yes, dangerous. Anyone who has ever looked down to find his condom ruptured like a toy balloon knows what I mean — all that particular little turtle-neck has done is lull you into a false sense of security — and believe me, that's not all you'll lose. It's difficult to keep up your ... enthusiasm after an ordeal like that.

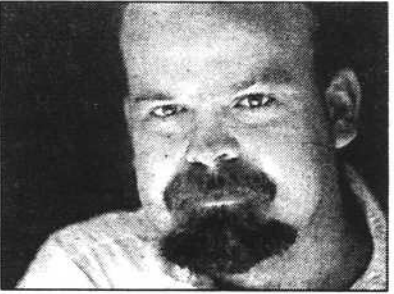
But you are better off without it — the false security, I mean, not that other thing.

False security only puts you in more danger. Just think about this one little fact for a moment:

In the lesbian community, many women will not have oral sex without something called a "dental dam" — like a condom for your tongue.

Dental "dam" is probably more like it, though I confess I have never seen one.

And that's just my point. One heck of a lot of heterosexuals have never even heard of the things. Nevertheless I have to assume at least some of them are putting their money where their mouth is, so to speak.



Mark Baldrige

"Are we to wear gloves? Latex skin suits? Or just earmuffs and a parka?"

So what in the world is going on here? Is everyone who gives "unprotected" oral stimulation to a woman in some kind of danger — or are the women with their dental dams just afraid to miss the bandwagon?

Damned if I know.

And that's just it — how much do I actually know?

I know most women I polled (unscientifically, of course) don't ask a man to wear a condom when they offer oral sex to him, either.

I know that there are times when no one thinks of "protection" — and yet bodily fluids do coningle. Are we to wear gloves? Latex skin suits? Or just earmuffs and a parka?

All around us a blizzard of propaganda whites out any hope of finding real answers — in this health care flurry, politics is more important than science.

It's a big confusing mess, is what it is.

I tell you, even monogamy starts to look good right about now.

But I'm not proposing. And I'm sure as hell not going to try celibacy — high school was bad enough.

At the same time, I refuse to put

anyone in danger — or to worry about my own danger while I should be sharing an intimate experience: the former is ungentle and the latter, unmanly.

So I resolve (and encourage responsible adults who feel as I do to resolve) to forgo coitus for the duration. That is, I won't do the nasty, the hump de hump, the wild thing.

I'll just do everything else.

And that should be plenty.

It's a damn poor imagination (to paraphrase a president) that can think of but one way to please a lover.

Coitus, simple intercourse, is just one chapter of the modern day Kama Sutra. There are infinite pleasures to be discovered by those who would take a break from "the old in out in out."

There's more than one way to rub someone the right way.

Love talk, intimate glances, rolling around on the floor calling on Christ and all the saints (or whatever), it's all sex. All of it.

Of course, in my pursuit of all that I'll gladly conform to any "protection" desires my partner(s) may have. No matter how little stock I may put in them myself.

I'll wear surgical gloves and a lead apron on request.

I'll treat all such wishes as I would any other sexual wish — I'm pretty much game for anything that doesn't turn me off personally, and maybe even then.

Which brings me to the likely possibility that somewhere along the line I'll have to answer a request for coitus.

In which case (sigh) I suppose I'd wear a condom.

(Strike what I said about God is my witness, OK?)

Baldrige is a senior English major and the Opinion page editor for the Daily Nebraskan.