

Who'll be the big cheese?

Gubernatorial candidates finally get down to the real issues



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Sometimes weird things spawn from even weirder ideas.

Take last week for instance. Jessica at the Juice Stop dared me to try living for a week on nothing but wheatgrass.

Not only did my poop turn a kryptonite shade of green, but I had a vim and vigor that fitness guru Jack LaLaine couldn't dream of matching. Days of nonstop shenanigans included yanking Memorial Stadium from its foundation by stringing a piece of dental floss around a pillar and tugging really hard.

Soon, showing off my newly found brute strength lost its novelty, and I decided to put my energy into something more productive — like making an informed decision about who will be my new neighbor.

Come November, my say in the election could determine who moves in next door. For the rest of you, your vote could determine who is the next governor of the great state of Nebraska.

So, courtesy of a wheatgrass-induced hallucination and minutes of excruciating research, here is a preview of all the candidates hoping for your vote in the primary election on May 12. Bring on the white guys!!

But before we do, I'd like to thank Ben Nelson. Aside from the one time I heard Coolio's "Gangsta's Paradise" blasting from his house late at night, Ben has been a great neighbor.

Now, without further ado, bring on the white guys!!

Because I love each and every one of you so much, I went through the trouble of calling the offices of the candidates.

I say trouble because even the state office of the Democratic Party didn't know who their candidates were. Consequently, finding a phone number to reach the unknown Democrats was almost impossible.

Three questions were asked of

them: Why should college-aged people vote for them? What are their hobbies? If they were stuck on a desert island which cheese would they pick, Gorgonzola or Gouda?

Starting with the Three Stooges, er, the three Republicans, there's John Breslow, Jon Christensen and Mike Johanns.

(Editors note: The following is Todd's opinion and nothing more. He is a columnist and not a real journalist. Thus, what you read isn't necessarily the truth. If any of the candidates mentioned actually read this, have mercy on Todd. He is a poor, uneducated boy from the ghetto who was forced to smoke way too much crack during his formative years.)

John Breslow is the businessman who promises to run Nebraska like a business. The man is like an enigma inside of a puzzle that's wrapped in a box. At one time he was a liberal Democrat. Now, he's a fiery Republican hell bent on discriminating against gays. With his afro he stood 5-foot-6 but with his new, hip, reverse mohawk, he's back to 4-3.

My first call to Breslow resulted in being hung up on. A second try got me through to Jerry Hudson, director of communications.

College-aged people should vote for J.B. because, "The Breslow message is one of small government, lower taxes, increased support for education and crime prevention."

To translate that: If you work in a governmental job and like to steal car stereos on weekends, don't vote for Breslow. During the week, he'll have you standing in an unemployment line and on the weekend he'll have The Man put your ass in the wringer.

As for hobbies, "John Breslow is a warm, caring individual. Golf, skiing and flying are among his passions." Mr. Hudson then goes on to sound a lot like Waylon Smithers when he says, "I've grown quite fond of John."

So, if John were stuck on a desert island which cheese would he pick? "He's a Gouda kind of guy. That's entirely a guess."

Next, we have Jon "Whitebread" Christensen. Based on the intangibles, Christensen is the ace boom-boom choice for governor. He has the most hair, the whitest teeth and most importantly, this young strapping buck from St. Paul is engaged to a former Miss America. I would vote for him in a sec-

ond if I knew his fiancée enjoyed sunbathing in the front yard.

Feeling distrustful of my intent, Christensen's compound had me fax them my hard-hitting questions. Much to my surprise they faxed me back.

"As all students need to keep more of their money, they are very excited about Jon's plan to cut sales taxes, income taxes and property taxes by 10 percent. And students can trust Jon will get this done because he is the only candidate for governor that has a proven record for cutting taxes for all Nebraskans."

Wow. That's a snappy answer but keep in mind that it took two days for his people to respond, so they had plenty of time to think.

On the more important issues, Jon enjoys going out and shooting the basketball whenever he can. He is an avid Husker football fan, loves to hunt and prefers Gouda cheese.

We know the final Republican as the mayor of Lincoln — Mike Johanns. If you don't know him, take my word when I say the man is so dry that he has sand running through his veins. Even Vicky, his campaign manager says, "he's a boring person who has no hobbies." She later reneged by adding, "he does like to boat and he enjoys walking."

In regards to actual issues related to the election, he chooses to go the Stafford Loan route by promising to send state sales and income tax revenue back to property taxpayers in the form of "direct rebate checks." That's fine and dandy, but many college students don't own any property other than a used couch and several packages of Ramen Noodles.

The most interesting tidbit I learned from Vicky is that Mike is a Gouda fan. Spooky, all the Republicans like Gouda.

Now the Democrats, or, in this election, should I say Democants?

First we have Bill "Hillbilly" Hoppner, from parts unknown. When I called his office, I was greeted with extreme paranoia and a groan when I said I was from the Daily Nebraskan. A fellow who goes by the name of "Johnster" made me ask all my questions before answering any of them. When it came to the cheese one, he became quite gruff and said, "I don't think Bill is going to answer that."

He then promised to call me back

after he got the answers directly from Bill. Hey Johnster, since I'm still waiting for a reply, allow me to answer the cheese question on Bill's behalf. If I



MATT HANEY/DN

were a betting man, I would wager that Bill Hoppner is a huge fan of "Ass Cheese."

The final candidate, Jim McFarland, isn't even human but a robot. I say this because his office answered the phone with a series of high pitched whines. A more educated person would say I called a fax machine. I say McFarland is an android from outer space whose mission is to begin the hostile take over of Earth by first brainwashing us gullible Nebraskans.

There you are, a preview of the

quintet of quacks who feel they have the skills to be Nebraska's next governor.

So who's Todd voting for?

I'm casting my ballot for Jon Christensen based strictly on the endorsement by Randy "Duke" Cunningham, the original "Maverick" and the inspiration for the movie "Top Gun." Anyone with a recommendation like that can be my wingman anytime. Besides, I hear Miss America has a little sister who is just aching for a Munsmeat Pie.

Damning dating

People should make own choices about life experiences



KASEY KERBER is a junior news-editorial major and opinion editor for the Daily Nebraskan.

His name is Joshua Harris.

He's sold 55,000 copies of a book at age 22. His face is on the novel's cover, and his message is unmistakably present in the title.

The book is called "I Kissed Dating Goodbye."

Harris, at age 17, made the decision not to date. He called dating a "game" and concluded that it was a waste of time.

And while I admire Harris for his show of strength, I think he has one scrambled egg of a message.

Sure, it would be easy to accept his reasons (devotion to God, a need for

friendships and the saving of time and energy), but I believe Harris is missing out on one of life's greatest experiences.

I won't call dating one of the seven wonders of the world (heck, when your date locks you out of the car and sets fire to your fuzzy dice, it's far from it), but I will say that dating helps a person care, love, laugh, smile and grow.

And for this reason, I challenge Harris and all 55,000 copies of his book (and his face) in circulation.

Harris' main reason for not dating is his devotion to God. He claims that by not dating, he can devote more time to God and to helping others.

But does God advocate against dating? Premarital sex probably. Adultery by all means. But taking a girl to dinner and a movie? Never.

Harris has pulled his own message from his faith, which is fine.

But when he sells 55,000 copies of his book and tries to place this message upon others — I have a real problem with it.

Not because what he's advocating is evil, because it's not. Or because what he's saying is entirely religion-

based, because it's not.

I'm challenging Joshua Harris because there are some decisions in life that you should make on your own.

If you find that dating is not the answer to happiness — then don't date. You'll save a lot of money and never have to worry about breath mints again.

But I find nothing wrong with going out on a date or two to come to this conclusion (especially about the breath mints).

Harris' novel is slightly ignorant, because it's not based on experience. How can someone who's never been on a date or in a "relationship" lash out at them?

I'm a firm believer in experience. You can't claim to hate brussel sprouts if you've never eaten a brussel sprout. You can't hate someone of another race until you've gotten to know them. To act in any manner opposite this is to open two palms smeared with ignorance.

Now I don't claim to be a dating Mecca. Heck, I never even went on a date in high school (I don't count carting around the prom date in a mini-van).

Yet I have dated enough to know that it adds a facet to life you can't gain by being "friends" with every guy or girl you come across.

There are bonds made (and yes, sometimes broken) in dating. There is happiness exchanged and a sense of feeling needed and cared about. There's also a heart full of memories you've created.

Harris also makes the mistake of claiming that dating can lead to sex. His message is: Don't date, and the temptation won't be there.

But to make such a generalization is to assume dating will always lead to sex. And while dinner and movie can sometimes lead to the horizontal lam-bada, I think more often people have the common sense not to let hormones prevail each and every time they go out.

But if there's one thing Harris' novel disturbs me about, it's the implications for an uncertain future.

Harris skips dating entirely, meaning he will go straight from the pond to the dry world of marriage (no pun intended).

How can you devote yourself to the person you "love" if you've never

been more intimate than "friends"? You mean to tell me that the first time you will hold hands is when you're exchanging vows?

Friendship is critically important, a base from which love springs — but if friendship is the only base from which you stand: you're on a see-sawing future. ...

So I challenge Joshua Harris. I challenge him to reconsider his beliefs or at least some of the ideas I've presented.

And while Harris will probably never read this column or hear of my challenge, I know you, the reader, have.

And so I challenge you to do this: Don't take what I've said at face value. Don't agree with me. Don't agree with Joshua Harris.

Instead, place your decisions on such matters as dating and sex on your own experiences, information and sound, sober judgment.

And then if shelling out \$10 for a dollar movie and fast-food dinner doesn't sound like the way to go for the rest of your life...

... you can at least say that you and only you made the ultimate decision.