

Would you like fries with that?

Job options endless for Clinton if he's impeached



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The books are out, the video has been watched, and the debate still rages on.

What should be done with Bill Clinton?

I dunno, but I like to think that my political science minor gives me an inside view of the situation.

(Editor's note: Cha' right.)

Watching and reading about all the hubbub, good, bad and ugly, has given me an opinion, and because I get paid a whopping 15 bucks a week to spout off my opinion, don't mind if I do.

Let's first start with what President Clinton did: He engaged in an improper affair with a neurotic young intern named Monica "Sure, I can do that" Lewinsky. The improper acts were mostly some ol' oral action in the Oval Office.

Bravo, my good man.

This may reek of foul taste, but what the hell else is an unpaid intern good for? She was already working for free, so it wasn't like she was a hired hand, or mouth in this case, and Bill didn't even offer her money, so it wasn't like he was pandering for an in-house prostitute. As wrong as it may seem, Monica did the right thing. Every intern knows that in order to advance, you have to say yes with a smile every time. After hearing my share of intern horror stories, doing the double-dip-on-the-five-and-two doesn't sound all that bad.

I have to admire Bill for his multi-

tasking abilities. Anyone who can run the country whilst getting what he was getting gets the gold star for the day. If he would have gone one step farther by turning the White House into the Playboy Mansion East, complete with replica grotto, he would have gotten the gold star for the year, no insulting questions asked if Air Force One was painted black to match.

Maybe I shouldn't give him the gold star just yet. Next to Puff Daddy and Bill Gates, President Clinton is the most powerful man in America. President Clinton, I know you come from a state where the motto is "Arkansas: Proof that inbreds really don't have tails," but come on; did you have to settle for Monica? I'm sure even Chelsea has at least a couple of cute friends. Not only did you cash in on the food stamps of love, you single-handedly ruined the prestige of America's philandering democrats. JFK had Marilyn Monroe and throngs of countless others. All you had was an intern who was thicker than the Texas toast at Denny's. A guy like you shouldn't be getting jiggy with a girl who was teased by Tori Spelling in junior high. For your next affair, have the CIA round up Cameron Diaz. Not only is she a fly young minx, but she proved she can wear hair gel with style and panache in this summer's "Something About Mary."

Enough of the jokes.

This whole incident could be the beginning of the end for President Clinton. An impeachment could very well happen, and that's why I'd like to pitch myself as his new consultant for civilian life. Bill, with your education, the possibilities are endless. Even if you're booted from the White House a broke, divorced man, my current salary shouldn't be hard to match. To ensure my spot at the top of either your hire or hit list, I've conjured up a potpourri of post-impeachment careers.

Following in the footsteps of John Bobbitt and Marv Albert, I see a future market in which to exploit your sexual exploits.

First, you can be the author of the

first letter to Penthouse Forum that is actually true. The Oval Office, a voluptuous intern in a blue dress, a cigar ... the story almost writes itself. With all the big words you used in your deposition, coming up with great euphemisms such as "Cruise Missile" or "Internal Affair" (Yes, that pun was intended) should be a piece of cake. Five hundred steamy words later, 50 bucks could be yours.

Your next career choice could be that of a spokesman just like the "Let's get ready to rumble" guy or the "Where's the beef?" hag. Don't even fret about finding the perfect catch phrase. According to the Starr Report, when your cigar went from point V to M, you said it all: "It tastes good." It's sheer poetry that could make even Pablo Neruda blush. Who knew three simple words could be so beautiful. "It tastes good" could become the ubiquitous slogan for the new millennium.

Bill Clinton for Waffle House:

"It tastes good."

Bill Clinton for goat

milk: "It tastes good."

Bill Clinton for the

Angels 2000 Panty:

"It tastes good."

As a devout

Baptist with strong

moral fiber, Bill

may object to

turning

deviance into

dollars. That's

why my final

suggestion is

one with a

good starting

wage, free uni-

forms and the

opportunity for

advancement -

McDonald's.

A place that

hires felons,

dropouts and the

mentally

challenged

would give up

the recipe to

the secret sauce for the chance to hire someone who graduated from Georgetown, Oxford and Yale for only \$5.50 an hour.

Filling out the application would be a hoot, but the actual interview would be a riot.

"Let's see here. You have military experience?"

"Yes, ma'am. I was commander in chief of the armed forces for almost six years."

"Now did you gain any cooking experience during your time in the military?"

"Not really. I was mostly responsible for giving the orders to blow stuff up."

"Do you consider yourself a people person?"

"Definitely. In my last job I was responsible for the well-being of more than 250 mil-

lion Americans and most of the free world. Thanks to my proven leadership, gasoline is still cheap, the disabled have better rest rooms, unemployment is at an all-time low, and the Republican party has seized control over the galaxy."

"Interesting, you seem very qualified. Can you tell me what's in a Big Mac?"

"Two all-beef patties, special sauce, lettuce, cheese and onions all on a sesame seed bun."

"Oh, I'm sorry. You forgot about the pickles. I think the unemployment rate just went up. Next!"

"Tell me about yourself."

"OK. I just graduated from the University of Nebraska, where I wrote at the school paper for two years. ..."



AMY MARTIN/DN

Restoring chivalry

Men, women should retain respect and courtesy



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It could have been a scene from a novel - the heroic male protecting the woman in danger. She was surrounded by beastly creatures on the verge of attack.

OK, so the woman was me, and I wasn't exactly surrounded by beastly creatures. It was just a bee. One little bee. But I'm very scared of all insects, I swear.

Bees are the worst. They aren't just annoying, but they have caused me some painful experiences in the past. I think bees can smell fear too, though I'm not sure. Maybe it's because bees always seem to pick on me when I'm outside, and I'm always deathly afraid.

This instance was not different. I was reading a book outside of Burnett Hall, when the bumblebee's annoying buzzing sound rang in my ear.

That was all it took. I could have easily won the gold medal at the Olympics in the high jump for as high as I leaped in fright from that bee.

I must have been a sight to see when I started jumping up and down, flinging my arms around my head and screaming "get away" at the top of my lungs.

But suddenly out of nowhere, this big, strong man came to my rescue. With his massive biceps flexed, he took over my efforts to chase the bee away.

As I watched the brave man swatting at the pesky bee, I realized how ridiculous I must have looked, waving my arms frantically in the air.

To the passers-by, it was probably not apparent I had been trying to chase away a bee, but instead that I was having serious delusions.

The man continued to throw his whole body into scaring the bee away. While he appeared to be performing some strange dance, he managed to accidentally fling his notebook into the air.

Hundreds of papers scattered across the lawn. I began picking up his papers, and he finally succeeded in chasing the bee away.

Remarkably, he wasn't stung by the bee in the process.

He then gave me a sheepish grin and muttered, "It's gone."

I turned to pick up my own book

from the ground, and when I turned back to thank the heroic stranger, he was already gone.

He was my hero that afternoon. He had saved me from an awful bee sting and further embarrassment -- just like a knight slaying the dragon to save the helpless female.

I portrayed the role of a female in distress that afternoon, and I didn't mind at all. It's kind of nice when a male acts as a female's protector.

I believe that the male role should be to take care of a woman. Though women are strong and capable of doing just about anything men can do, we shouldn't always have to.

But there are some feminists out there who would protest to a man's attempt to hold the door open for a woman or offer her his chair.

I rejoice with these gentlemanly acts. Sure, I can open a door for myself, and standing in line won't kill me, but it is nice to have a man pay me these courtesies.

But the roles of females and males have changed so much in the last 30 years or so that men and women don't always treat each other in the ways their grandparents were taught.

The woman's role especially has changed because the female has become more prominent in communities, government and the working world. Today, many women are mothers, wives and career women all at once.

I think many people feel women and men shouldn't have cut-and-dried roles anyway. If we are supposed to be equal, why would we treat each other differently, you say?

Only because respect and courtesy are polite, not because chivalrous acts are demeaning or sexist. We can still be equal, just appreciative that men and women are very different, too.

It seems men simply aren't taught as much chivalry as they were years ago. My dad once told me that his dad sat him down when he was a kid and told him there were respectable ways to treat a lady, "just because it's the right thing to do."

Some of the decencies he was taught were opening doors and offering a lady his jacket. Hey guys, hold on, I'm not saying that there aren't any gentlemen out there anymore. I probably have just as many doors opened for me as slammed in my face.

But I do think radical feminists have helped to eliminate most male chivalry. With their constant whining about these chivalrous acts, men are scared to open a door for a female for fear that she might scream obscenities at him.

So when men open the door for women or offer to pay for a meal, ladies, let them! These acts show respect and courtesy. Men aren't

trying to undermine our abilities.

We women also need to uphold our old-fashioned role of conducting ourselves as ladies. I don't mean that we have to be submissive, weak females. What I mean is that we can still be independent and strong, while remembering to be polite, respectful and decent.

Unfortunately, many people still categorize males and females into stereotypical roles. Women are often thought of as the nurturing gender. Expressive, emotional, submissive and talkative are characteristics often associated with females.

Male roles brought to mind tend to be leaders and providers who are aggressive, confident and inexpressive with emotions.

Men and women are equal as humans, and they are different as individuals. It is wrong to think all males and females adhere to their stereotypical characteristics.

I know that the roles of women and men will continue to change as the views of society change, too. Gender roles already have changed greatly in the last 30 years.

With the approaching millennium, it is hard to say how male and female roles will be perceived in the 21st century.

No matter what changes lie ahead, I still believe that we must not forget the timeless roles of conducting ourselves as ladies and gentlemen.