

'Creative' commercials cross the thresholds of pain

By Pete Mason
Entertainment editor

Charges of excessive sex and violence on television have been made since television's inception.

Claims have been made that impressionable children and adults can be motivated to abnormal social behavior by watching too much television.

I don't know about sex and violence, but I know of one television staple that drives me to all kinds of deviant behavior, or at least thoughts of it.

television review

I'm talking about commercials.

A few years ago advertisers decided that commercials had to be creative in order to attract viewer attention. For a while we were treated to some real classics. The Volkswagen ads were entertaining and diverting. So were the Alka Seltzer commercials. Everyone began to get on the "make 'em laugh" bandwagon and it made commercial-viewing at least bearable.

Sales figures, however, began to indicate that although people were laughing, they weren't buying.

The advertisers huddled together in dark, smoke-filled rooms. "No more Mr. Nice Guy. Take off the kids gloves. Get 'em where they live," they said, stifling their laughter.

"Kick 'em in the guts," they giggled. "Kick 'em in the groin!" they screamed and cackled like mad birds. (I admit my imagination gets the best of me when I think of television advertisers. I'll try to control myself).

I have a low threshold for aggravation. My patience disintegrates in stages, something like this:

Mr. Whipple tells two birdbrains to stop squeezing the toilet paper. I begin to feel sweat beading on my forehead.

A man looks at the camera and says, "My wife. I think

I'll keep her." A noticeable tick begins under my right eye.

A gaggle of vacant-eyed beauties begin giggling about deodorant, as if there were a gun pointed to their heads. My hands begin to tremble imperceptively.

A couple in a foreign hotel discover nine rolls of toilet paper in their bathroom. A lump begins to form in my throat.

JoAnne Worley opens her closet and, voila, 800 boxes of tissue paper, one for every room in the world! My heart begins to pound.

Some moron buys a shirt from a woman for \$50 and rips it in half! A knot forms in my stomach. My breathing rate increases.

Another clown falls for the Imperial taste test. I clutch the arms of my chair and my knuckles turn white.

Fabian comes on and hustles his golden oldies. My eyes begin to water.

I begin to feel the blows more acutely as the assault mounts.

"Get Schick shape." Oh, my face!

"You asked for it, you got it." Oh, my stomach!

"Have it your way." What hypocrisy!

"You deserve a break today." So why won't you give me one!

"Plop, plop, fizz, fizz." Oh, what nightmare this is!

Then comes the coup de grace. They do it on purpose, you know. Just when they get your defenses down, when you're just hanging from the edge of sanity with your fingertips, they go in for the kill.

"Now, from K-Tel . . .!"

Something snaps. I am no longer responsible. Visions of strangling Mr. Whipple and stomping on his entire display of toilet paper dance in my head.

I kick Ronald McDonald in the shins and set fire to his feet. I pour gallons of evil-smelling liquid all over Rosie's

counter. "See if your stupid paper towels will clean that up, shorty," I scream.

I jump in after the guy who takes the ice tea plunge and hold him down. I drive a Sherman tank through a sporting goods store and completely demolish the entire supply of pocket fishermen.

And finally, I blow up the Rec Room Shop—480 consecutive times!

Slowly I return to consciousness. I'm wringing wet. My clothes are disheveled. My throat is dry and my head aches. I feel like I've just taken on the entire Boston Bruin hockey team—without pads.

When I have composed myself I pull the plug out of the television set and roll it into the closet. I vow never to see it again.

But things have a way of evening out. After about 24 hours I begin suffering withdrawal.

"What's a little aggravation?" I ask myself. "I can take it."

Then I roll the TV back out of the closet. Some of us will go through anything for a *Leave it to Beaver* rerun.



Lie down and be counted.

President Jimmy Carter signed up 51 times. A Public Service of This Newspaper & The Advertising Council

ROXY THEATRE
GLASS MENAGERIE
BOGART BERGMAN IN CASABLANCA
A STORY OF LOVE AND INTRIGUE
5:30, 7:30, 9:30

embassy
Lincoln's Quality Adult Theater
JEAN JENNINGS as Belle

BRASS RAIL
GET YOUR ALE AT THE RAIL!

The Autobiography of a Flea
Also! John Holmes
Plus 2nd XXX Rated Hit:
REURRECTION OF EVE!
Continuous from 11 am
Late Show Fri - Sat.
Must be 18 - Have I.D.

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ON STAGE FEB. 21-26
AN OUTRAGEOUS COMEDY
STUDIO THEATRE 12th & R
Tickets \$3 & \$4 472-2073

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With Any Pizza Upon Request

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HIGH ANXIETY
A Psycho-Comedy

MADLINE KAHN CLORIS LEACHMAN HARVEY KORMAN
DICK VAN PATTEN - RON CAREY - HOWARD MORRIS
A MEL BROOKS FILM - Produced and Directed by MEL BROOKS
Written by MEL BROOKS - RON CLARK - RIGBY DALUCA
GARRY LEVINSON - Music by JOHN WILLIAMS
Stereophonic Sound

Now Showing Daily at 12:30, 2:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:30

IN THE GREAT BUY 'N' BUY...
JUAREZ is the perfect "angel" for entertaining friends. It just tiptoes through the cocktails... mixes so quietly you scarcely know it's there.
A heavenly bargain too! And your local liquor merchant will assure you that... you can take it with you.

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GOLD OR SILVER
MEXICAN DISTILLED
100% AGAVE
42% ALC/VOL (84 PROOF)