



Stephanie Cannon/Daily Nebraskan

Gift-giving bunny proves victorious in popularity contest against Jesus

By Mark Lage
Staff Humorist

I had drifted out of the dining room table conversation for a while, and I was trying to get back in. My grandfather had been discoursing on the historical misrepresentation of General Custer when I struck off into my own head; now the conversation was revolving around some unidentified "he," who had apparently been running around doing all sorts of wonderful things.

humor LAGE

I guessed that they must have been talking about one of my absent cousins, but I couldn't be sure. I waited for a pause.

"Now, who's this?"

Was I from another planet? Everybody looked at me like I was.

"Jesus," my grandmother said. I momentarily tried to figure out why my grandmother was cursing at me, until I realized that she was just answering my question.

"Oh yeah," I said, trying to sound as uplifted as possible. After all, it was Easter Sunday, the day He left, or came back, or something like that. I've been to church about three times in my life, and I

have trouble keeping that stuff straight. Especially when there's a magical bunny hopping all over the place, bringing me gifts.

And just where was that bunny? We were at dinner already, and the bunny hadn't shown. At least "Easter Bunny/Dad and Step-mom's house" hadn't shown. "Easter Bunny/Mom's house" had been to Mom's that morning.

Entirely different animals, these two bunnies. The mom-bunny gave up on hiding things several years back. Now he just pulls a big pile of stuff on the kitchen table. This year I got a yo-yo, boxer shorts, and some beef jerky.

The dad-bunny is actually a three-member egg-hiding council, consisting of an architect, a librarian and a medical doctor, who shall remain anonymous to protect young believers. Let's just say they can become a clever, crafty, even devilish little bunny, who likes to torment the college student in the family. That would be me.

I was hoping that this year would be different. I thought I might be able to convince the elders that I had reached an in-between age-too old to seek, too young to hide. They could just give me my basket of goodies, and I could go up to the TV room and watch bas-

ketball games for a while.

After the dinner table was cleared, bunny-time was declared, and my pleas were soundly put down. I would have to seek.

The hunt went as usual. I had to leave the easy ones for the little kids, and I had little or no hope of finding anything that had been hidden with me in mind. The council members looked on the whole time, snickering gleefully.

It was over before too long. As usual, several items on the list were not found, since the bunny council outsmarted even itself, hiding a few plastic eggs right out of existence.

Sometime around October probably, my step-mom will locate one of these items while she's cleaning house. Then, the next time I visit, she won't just laugh and show me where it is. She'll make me look for it until I find it.

I remembered when I was about 12 years old, thinking then that I probably only had one or two more years left with the Easter Bunny. Now I'm 21, and it's only gotten worse. The bunny is with me year-round. At any time during the year, I might be summoned and forced to look for an egg.

Somehow I managed to out-grow many things -- but I still can't shake the Easter Bunny.

Bobbing for bagels, chocolate grease pole game show's forté

By Micki Haller
Senior Editor

Four University of Nebraska-Lincoln students could be perched precariously on a pole greased with Crisco and chocolate pudding trying to knock Oklahomans off a similar pole with pillows -- if two game show producers have their way.

Randy Gale, co-producer of "College Madhouse," said the show is a spin-off of "Funhouse," the most successful children's game show. Gale said "Funhouse" is shown on 110 stations.

Gale's partner, Stephen Brown, will be in Lincoln April 20 to choose from 30 UNL finalists.

According to Nancy Payne, research analyst in the Vice Chancellor for Student Affairs' office, applications for the Warner Brothers' show are due Wednesday.

The show's pilot episode will be showing in the Nebraska Union lounge today and Wednesday from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m., she said. Students can get applications there, or in 124 Administration Building.

Any UNL student can apply, Payne said. Students must include a photograph.

Gale said the producers try to pair contestants according to size, weight, looks and enthusiasm.

"It's important to stress that we try to be as fair as possible," he said.

From the applications received this week, 30 people will be chosen for an audition, which will include a "mini-show."

From the 30 who audition, the producers will choose four or five people in May or June. The winners will fly to Hollywood and stay for filming courtesy of the show, Gale said.

The show has been picked up in

about 50 markets, including network and off-network stations, Gale said. The weekly show will start in the fall.

Payne said "College Madhouse" is somewhat like Nickelodeon's "Double Dare."

"They have what they think are crazy little antics," she said. These stunts include the chocolate and grease fire pole and riding miniature vehicles.

Other stunts include bobbing for bagels in a vat of chocolate sauce and playing musical chairs with seats full of "mud pies" made of chocolate pudding and popcorn, Gale said.

"It's real messy," he added.

Gale said each team does a stunt, answers a question, repeats the process twice, then plays the catch-up run. Team members go through a maze on rolling bathtubs, commodes and Noah's arks.

"Whoever wins will walk away with a lot of prizes," he said. The prizes include a personal computer, limousine service to school for a week and a personal secretary for a year.

The team that gets every prize in the maze wins a trip to "someplace very nice and exotic for the four of them," Gale said.

The producers are recruiting from 30 schools, including Pennsylvania State, Boston University, Georgetown, Georgia and Georgia Tech, Gale said. The two teams on each show are traditional rivals.

The UNL team will compete against the University of Oklahoma -- a matchup that should be good for a few laughs, he said.

However, competitors shouldn't put the prizes ahead of the spirit of the game.

"This is first and foremost fun," Gale said. "If they don't have that spirit, we won't use them."

Extremes in music grow, gain popularity

By Bryan Peterson
Fifth Columnist

I thought most genres of music had reached extremes a year or two ago. But it seems that they are just getting started.

This weekend, I watched MTV for the first time in months. I could not believe what I saw, especially since it was a Saturday night. Out from tiny, overpacked halls tucked safely away from suburbia, hundreds of obscure bands have leaped to national exposure.

I already had seen "Headbangers' Ball," a three-hour, prime-time heavy metal bash. Now, MTV also features a special rap show, "YO! MTV Raps."

And there are several other shows featuring all kinds of "alternative" music. No longer is MTV purely a wasteland of overproduced, fashion-conscious commercial hype. Even if videos are hidden away on late-night Sunday slots, MTV viewers can now see them from almost any music genre.

MTV, not content with jumping on the metal band wagon, wants to drive the metal train. Metal is being pushed to its furthest extremes, and it looks like MTV will be along for the ride, sponsoring Anthrax and two other speedmetal bands on tour.

These guys don't just play metal, they assault listeners with the fastest, harshest cacophony of metal imaginable. They are the metalist of the metal bands and they are promoting their own tour on MTV. In a way, it's sad to see bands sell themselves like this.

Then there is Metallica, who gets its message out but clearly doesn't

sell out. Metallica's audience was once limited to the speedmetal and punk crowds. But now half of the seventh graders in any school are likely to own Metallica garb or music.

Metallica's recent double album, "... And Justice For All," is its best yet. It's clearly sold more than any other Metallica album. Without sacrificing speed, power or serious lyrical content, the band now has a Top-10 video and a song played on AM radio.

It's pretty strange to hear Debbie Gibson, Tiffany and Metallica all on the same Top-40 radio show.

Metallica had to cut a few minutes of instrumental music from its song "One," but it is still heard and seen by millions of fans. If only those fans would listen to the gripping lyrics of the song, "Johnny Got His Gun," based on the novel.

I don't understand much else of what is going on in the metal world. It is as popular as ever, which is understandable. But so many of the songs are covers. Poison covers "Your Mama Don't Dance," and the crowds go crazy.

The members of W.A.S.P., the metal band on top of Tipper Gore's hatchet list, took the circular saw blades off their groins for a video cover of The Who's "The Real Me," in black-and-white no less.

The world of rap is no less bogging. The band N.W.A. has released an album praising guns, drugs and apathy, which sells hundreds of thousands of copies. Local record stores cannot keep it in stock.

Many other rap songs sung by other bands also contain lyrics promoting violence and drugs. Surpris-

ingly, there is little outcry over such content.

The music's popularity is greater than ever. And its borders are being pushed further with every release.

In Lincoln, it seems that innocent, suburban whites buy most of the rap music. I wonder if the same listeners are familiar with the racially conscious songs of Public Enemy.

But not all rap music deserves a deviant label. The Stop the Violence Movement has released a tape and video called "Self Destruction," which pleads for an end to the violence that tears black communities apart. During the video, facts about crimes within the black community are flashed across the screen.

Other bands, such as the Boogie Boys, sing tunes that decry theft and the macho image so closely associated with the rap scene. All of these conflicting ideas can be found in rap music.

Then there is the world of hardcore punk. I've kept up with a global network of thousands of underground bands. Yet I cannot understand how far punk has reached into the "real world."

The Dead Kennedys, Black Flag and Circle Jerks are all former unheard-of bands that are now practically household words. Dirty Rotten Imbeciles, who made punk history by packing 22 songs on a 7-inch record, now play to audiences in huge concert halls.

The Sex Pistols are more popular now than 10 years ago. Every series on television has an episode with a token punk-rock bad guy. "Sid and Nancy" was a hit movie and neighbors in my residence hall can hear Johnny Rotten's cries for "Anarchy

in the U.K." every night.

Somehow, business majors listening to the Sex Pistols just don't seem too subversive. I get really confused when they start playing old Dead Kennedy's tunes.

But after 13 years, punk still has not run out of energy or reached its extremes. It is more commercial than ever, but the spirit lingers.

Loud, hard, fast and offensive -- those are still the rules in the punk world, a world that is not supposed to have rules.

Jello Biafra, singer of the Dead Kennedys, spent months in court fighting obscenity charges related to a poster included in one of the band's albums, "Penis Landscape." Strangely enough, the band's earlier releases were far more offensive than the material in question. Just listen to either side of the "In God We Trust, Inc."

A band called Seven Minutes of Nausea crammed over 330 "songs" onto a seven inch record last year. The readership of Maximum Rocknroll stretches into the hundreds of thousands. Punk "fashion" is everywhere on the streets, and safety pins have been declared "in."

Punk was heralded as the end of music. Every extreme was reached. But it is not over yet. The boundaries are being pushed further.

A new subcurrent in music appears every week and each one is more extreme and short-lived than the previous one. I just can't keep up any more.

Nebraska is too isolated for such music, but every major city now has a burgeoning club scene. The newest thing is acid house music. New costumes are worn every night and new

drugs are regularly passed around. Watching nude transsexual performance artists, yodeling and learning a new dance every day have become a way of life for those who pay the enormous cover charges.

I just don't understand.

the
fifth
column
album review