

RAINBOW ROWELL

# Heh, heh, MTV cartoon sucks

All right, somebody has to say this, and I guess it's going to be me.

"Beavis and Butthead" has gone too far.

I like Megadeth almost as much as the next guy, and I admit, I sometimes snicker when I hear the word "fart." (Heh, heh. She said fart.) But enough is enough; this madness must end.

This truth came crashing down on me Tuesday night as I sat in a residence hall snack bar studying. In my peripheral vision, I saw sparks.

There, in a booth across the room, sat two nondescript male students messing with lighters. I wasn't too bothered. After all, there's a little Def Leppard, a little pyromaniac in all of us. And Smokey be damned—we all like to play with fire now and again.

When they started to hold books over the flame and scorch the table, I became concerned.

I have a serious problem with people who deface public property—people who steal library books and take advantage of those take-a-penny-leave-a-penny cups at convenience marts.

As I watched the two firestarters, I could easily imagine their conversation.

"Fire, fire!"

"Breakin' the law, breakin' the law!"

A couple years ago, when "Beavis and Butthead" made its first run, a friend of mine prophesied that it would be "the shortest-lived series in MTV history." If only these words were true.

At first, I was "Beavis and Butthead's" worst enemy. I could see no redeeming qualities in the abrasive 'toon, and it bothered me that there seemed to be only one episode that played again and again.

"It's so stupid, it's funny," said the ever-growing "Beavis and Butthead" contingent.

"It's so stupid, it's stupid," I replied.



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And then I saw the episode where they mistook the BeeGees for the Black Crowes, and—as much as I hate to say this in print—I laughed. So I no longer make great sweeping generalizations about B&B or its fans.

Still, I can't begin to understand the thousands of people who seem to take the show seriously. And I am darn tired of people emulating Beavis and Butthead.

Is there any spot left on this campus yet to be corrupted by that gravelly Beavis cackle? Everywhere I turn, I see people laughing at dead puppies and endlessly playing air guitar.

It sucks.

Take a deep breath and find a loved one to hold your hand because I have some grave tidings. "Beavis and Butthead" is not real; it's a cartoon. Isn't it obvious? I'd think those teeth would be a dead giveaway.

As educated viewers, we should question everything fed to us by the ever-evil media, but I think we should probably take what we see on MTV a little less seriously than, say... CNN.

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It's true that the line between fantasy and reality grows progressively more vague, but do we need the Neighborhood Trolley to cruise by every time we venture into the Land of Make Believe?

Well, kids, today's word is satire. Can you say satire? SA-TIRE. I knew you could.

Like its predecessors "The Simpsons," "Married With Children" and "The Facts of Life," "Beavis and Butthead" exists to show us just how repulsive and pathetic life can be... and to make us laugh.

I guess this is the first generation to have been suckled by the boob tube since birth. Maybe we just aren't capable of distinguishing between TV and real life anymore.

Hey, it's never too late to learn. Let's practice.

Real: Civil unrest in Russia.

Unreal: "Star Trek: The Next Generation."

Real: Your family, your friends and your grades.

Unreal: "Full House."

It's a cartoon, not a way of life. You don't see anyone trying to be Captain Caveman or George Jetson when they grow up, although these two are probably better role models.

But Beavis and Butthead are not role models; they are not professional athletes.

"Beavis and Butthead" should make us feel good about ourselves. We can look at them and think that even at our ugliest, most moronic moments, we're never that bad.

So go ahead, watch "Beavis and Butthead." If you must, celebrate "Beavis and Butthead." But please, for my sake, and—most of all—for your sake, don't live "Beavis and Butthead."

Rowell is a junior news-editorial, advertising and English major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

KATE PEISTRUP

# Curses, foiled by tongue again

I hate my tongue. Oh, I'd never cut it off myself, but many are the nights when I've lain awake hoping for a stray hacksaw to barge into my room and put the wretched thing out of its misery.

I call my problem Verbal Paralysis. It's an unfortunate condition with which I have been afflicted most of my life. It's not debilitating or anything; I've managed to live a fairly normal life with it. But I will never accept it. You see, I can't control my tongue.

It lolls around in slobber until I attempt to communicate with another human being. Then it leaps into action, taking the role of Tonto or my high school principal, the perpetually rude Miss Lish. Or both simultaneously.

Really Nice Good-Looking Wealthy Person That Everyone Wants To Be Friends With: Hi.

Me: Tuck in shirt. Look like slob!

Certainly an optimist would attempt to find reasons why a verbally unskilled tongue can be appreciated for the other roles it fulfills. Snakes use their tongues to smell, giraffes use their tongues to pick food from tree-tops, the perky chap would state. Aren't there important tasks that only your tongue can perform? How silly I am!

Those cupcakes, candy bars and other magic thigh expanders wouldn't appeal to me at all without my tongue.

Stamps, envelopes and likewise gummed surfaces are generally moistened by the human tongue, but this is by no means imperative.

Eyeballs and armpits are also wet enough to ensure a strong adhesion. Post-nasal drip need no longer be seen as a malady.

This overrated organ has long overstayed its welcome. Mine wallows in my mouth like an oral Jabba the Hut. Continually conniving, it waits seemingly patiently for Han Solo to approach. Then it freezes this unsuspecting second party in a gelatinous



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conversational atrocity, possibly able to be unfrozen by Dr. Princess Lea through years of intensive therapy at \$125 per hour.

Thus Verbal Paralysis rips away the lives of its victims. How am I expected to function as a member of my species if I am alternately insulting or dense as lead?

Perhaps my problem is deeper. Could it be that I've just stopped liking people altogether and my tongue is just the first part of me to really take action? My lack of ability to speak could just be the initiating domino in a long anatomical process specifically designed to repel people. It may only be a matter of days before I begin spontaneously flapping my arms about like rotors. A week until my dandruff problem escalates to gargantuan proportions and buries my head beneath a four-inch mound of flakes.

Not that it manifests itself all the time. There are several people with whom I get along relatively well:

Psychic friend: Hello Kate, thank you for calling the 24-hour soothsayer. It is in the eighth house tonight. This indicates that a tall handsome stranger will meet you in a large indoor place, maybe a shopping mall. It also means that you are feeling much more in tune with nature's seasonal cycle. As each leaf falls, Kate, you too must let yourself go. Feel gravity pulling you, oh soo gently—

Me: Hey, cut the crap, Lorna. Remember that girl Betty I told you about, the one who bumped me at the

library? When is she gonna meet with that tragic accident we talked about?

Psychic friend: Fate cannot be rushed, Kate. You must try not to be so selfish. I'm sensing a lot of insecurity from you. Do you have dandruff?

Generally it's authority figures who cause Verbal Paralysis. Anyone who could leave a permanently scarring F on my already none-too-impressive college transcript, have me tossed in jail for public expectation, or force me to play the London Palladium generally qualifies.

Crowned law enforcement professor: You (pointing). If a Parisian dauphin catapults a 5 kg bucket of escargot over the wall surrounding ninth-century Kiev, how long will it take for it to land considering that wind velocity is 8 knots from the northeast?

Me: (long blank stare toward the door) What wall made of, Kimosabe?

An alternate theory I've formulated is that the tongue's main problem is its lack of veto power. A pathetic puppet to the autocratic brain, my tongue blabbers along, ignorant to convention or practicality. It responds within milliseconds to the brain's every whim, a lame yes-man in my body's cruel pyramidal power structure. If this were correct, it necessitates a full-scale storming of the mental Bastille. Pancreas, arise! Let not this monster oppress you! Organs, you have lived under the yoke long enough!

Peistrup is a sophomore English major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

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