

# Hogwash

## Yet another columnist weasels out of job

It seems to be the growing trend for Daily Nebraskan columnists to relinquish their spot to members of the community who may have more important issues to discuss.

In light of this fact, and because I am a man with no convictions except to see my father fulfill his dream of squatting up to his navel in vanilla pudding, I am giving my column this week to a few buddies of mine who deserve their time on the pulpit.

The first speaker is Bobbie Earl Delaughter from Port Gibson, Miss. Bobbie is what now would now be called an "old fart" and, much to his wife's chagrin, always smells of mustard greens. The other speakers are a few guests who have written me in the hopes of publication. Please give them your time and attention. — Steve Willey

Bobbie Earl here, and I'd like to take this time to tell you young people a few things about life. Somebody's got to talk some sense to you.

To be honest, I'm more scared of ya'll than I am a 'gator. Ya'll ain't livin' right. You're unhealthy, lazy and dirty. Most of you will eat anything that can't outrun ya. You're so dang lazy you couldn't do less if you were in a coma. The young folks I've met don't bathe either. For example, I've seen flies leave fresh cat poo to follow Steve around.

No wonder ya'll got all them weird venereal diseases. When I was a young'un, we ain't never heard of AIDS or The Billy Ray Cyrus Virus. Why, it was dang near impossible to catch anything from a shop-vac and bucket of petroleum jelly, and what's more, you just KNEW your sister was clean.

Nowadays, if you sit on a toilet seat the wrong way, you'll die of Mad Cow Disease before the day's done.

And why are ya'll always shooting each other? My pappy bought me my first gun when I was 10, and other than my old hound



**Steve Willey**

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Dixie and Leroy Tompkins, who used to think it was funny to pee on the okra in my garden, I ain't never shot nuthin' I didn't eat.

Ya'll hear me out, 'cause us "old farts" are getting tired of this mayhem. We still got enough fire in our guts to do some whuppin'. — Bobbie Earl

(AUTHOR'S NOTE: I should point out that Bobbie's ideas don't REALLY represent those of most people from Mississippi. He only represents those people who think "loading the dishwasher" means getting your wife drunk. My apologies to J. Foxworthy)

Following are excerpts from other guests who I feel deserve some space.

\* "I like writing. Writing is fun. Sometimes it's not always fun."

Mostly it is. In a way, it's nice. It's almost REALLY nice."

— Conrad Spalding Winthrop III, an 18-year-old fraternity member who, while intoxicated, accepted a knee to his forehead during a flag football game.

\* "I've been swimming through sewage and crawling through muck. When the hell do I turn into a butterfly?"

— A confused leech, no doubt the victim of a cruel practical joke by caterpillars.

\* "I want a dog that likes chasincarism, the philosophy of Old Yeller."

— Dog of Ayn Rand guy.

\* "Yeah! We fixed your tail! Who's the 'worm' now, Tubby?"

— UNL meter maids, who recently had Steve's truck towed to Asia Minor.

Anyone wishing to sue the DN or Steve for this failed attempt at humor should be advised of the following:

\* "According to your student contract with the university, 'suing the DN could result in a SEVERE blockage of bowels caused by the intrusion of an apparatus that resembles a dolphin in every way except for a piece of asparagus where the blow hole normally is.'"

— DN editorial board, which recently had an emergency meeting to decide what to do about Steve's "Lack of skinniness."

\* "Thanks for giving your fellow students a chance to be heard. If I can ever be of assistance to you again, please do not hesitate to call on me."

— Steve Willey, who, at times, sort of wishes he were a Chia Pet.

Willey is a junior ag-journalism major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

# Short referees have tall power

Dennis Rodman has given Chicago's sports commentators an opportunity to broaden their field of expertise. They are now engaging in various forms of psychoanalysis to explain Rodman's recent behavior on the basketball court.

One columnist said it is possible that Rodman paints and pierces his body and behaves unconventionally because he was not cuddled enough as a child.

Another said that it is obvious that Rodman has "inner demons" that turn him into a "raging maniac" who cares only about himself.

They may be right, as sports commentators usually are. But in so serious a matter, I have to rely on the insights of Dr. I.M. Kookie, the noted expert on lots of stuff.

Here is an interview about Rodman that Dr. Kookie granted me shortly after Rodman was suspended for six games.

Why does Rodman act the way he does?

"Because it is obvious that he believes the referees are picking on him."

But what is behind this kind of delusion?

"Who says it is a delusion?" Isn't it?

"No, he's absolutely right. The referees are picking on him. They're the ones who need help. I'd like to open up the heads of those referees and see how many woolly caterpillars are crawling around inside."

But why would the referees persecute him?

"Because most of the referees are short guys."

Really?

"Sure. Why do you think they take an undignified job like that, running back and forth, round and round, then tooting a whistle and waving their arms like crazy people? I ask you, what kind of work is that for a grown man?"

They do it because they are short?

"Absolutely. Being a referee gives them enormous power over tall guys, which is the short guy's ultimate fantasy."

It is?

"Of course. And it's understandable. Society discriminates against short guys. Tall guys get the most beautiful women, unless they are short movie producers. Tall guys get to be CEOs of the biggest companies. Tall guys get to be president of the United States. Short guys get the short end of the stick. But why not? Why would you give a short guy the tall end of the stick when he can't even reach for it?"



**Mike Royko**

*"One columnist said it is possible that Rodman paints and pierces his body and behaves unconventionally because he was not cuddled enough as a child."*

But that still doesn't explain Rodman's bizarre behavior. "There is nothing bizarre about his behavior. It is perfectly normal."

It is?

"Definitely. Let me ask you this: Has a mean little dog ever run up and tried to bite you on the ankles?"

Yes, that has happened to me several times.

"What do you do when that happens?"

I kick it.

"Yes, a perfectly normal reaction. And, in a psychological sense, that is what Dennis Rodman was doing. He felt that all of these small creatures blowing their whistles and pointing their tiny fingers at him were, in effect, trying to bite his ankles. So, in a symbolic sense, he defended himself. Maybe he's afraid of getting rabies."

But what about the gesture he made, shoving his hands inside his shorts?

"There are many plausible explanations. Haven't you ever heard of jock itch?"

Hadn't thought of that. But there was the most serious infraction, tapping his forehead against the referee's forehead. Why would he do something like that?

"Because he was showing prudent restraint."

He was?

"Sure. Had Rodman picked him up and bitten his head off, he might have been suspended for the whole season."

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# American idols

## Pop culture awards don't glitter from afar

As some of you who have read my columns may know, I am not from America. I am from Finland. Normally, I would fight the kind of bland ignorance that would pigeon-hole me as some "foreigner" or a generic Scandinavian to stand up not only for the distinctive nature of the Finnish culture, but also for my unique position as an individual human, unreplicated and unmatched, for better or for worse, anywhere in the world. Today, however, I willingly make an exception.

Today, a scant 36 hours after that most gratuitous of global pop-culture parties, the Academy Awards, I am amenable to the notion of standing up as a self-appointed representative of everything that is not American.

Don't worry. This is not the self-righteous indignation you might expect from someone who could easily look down at one of the most garish, yet revealing, spectacles known to humanity. Rather, I must confess a certain sense of consternation penetrates my mind when I avoid the didacticism of black and white interpretations of the world and delve into the complexity of what lies before us.

Simply put, I do not know which is more disgusting: America, for producing such a surreal display of ludicrous debauchery, or the rest of the world, for tuning it in and lapping it up like the bloodthirsty Roman denizens of the Circus Maximus.

Granted, you and I are, in actuality, more or less in the same boat. Even though you are a member of the culture of the first part, you are really little more than a spectator, much like myself, representative of the culture of the second part. But



**Veera Supinen**

*"Do you really believe, for even the most fleeting of moments, that Mel Gibson could possibly be the Best Anything?"*

we are dealing in symbolic terms here. The important point to remember is that what transpired this past Monday night, as it does every year, displayed American culture in all of its naked glory.

The notion of injecting something as abstract as art (if Hollywood could be said to produce such a thing) with the rather objective gauges of competitions is strange enough.

Ponder with me for a moment. Who would garner the prize for Best Male Composer of the late 19th century? Wagner or Verdi? But when we add to the equation the clearly discernible fact that 99 percent of what is offered on Oscar night is truly the most blatant form of escapism, the whole process becomes an assault on the senses.

Do you really believe, for even the most fleeting of moments, that

Mel Gibson could possibly be the Best Anything? Is the very existence of Disney's Pocahontas anything less than a tawdry insult to humanity at large and American Indians in particular? And what is more disturbing, the exhibitionist or the voyeur?

America has its fair share of problems, just like any other country, and you don't need me to hit you over the head with them. To the contrary, I am on my imported soap box today to tell you that the rest of the world is not perfect either.

The main difference, though, is that America is No. 1. The biggest producer, the most nuclear weapons, the most universities, the largest menu and the largest appetite. As a result, when America makes a splash, it makes the most ripples in the world's pond. Do Greece or Japan or Finland have their cinematic awards programs? Does anyone care? Of course not.

You are the standard bearers of a popular culture that the rest of the world gobbles up more and more every day. Children in Jakarta know who Arnold Schwarzenegger is. African Pygmies hum along to Madonna's latest song. America is the world's top-rated program, from the Super Bowl to the Oscars.

I'm not sure why I watched the Academy Awards the other night, but I have a feeling it has a lot to do with why you made them, something about taking flight from the moment and living vicariously, and tenuously, through glamorous idols of our own creation.

Supinen is a junior history and American Studies major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

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The application deadline for fall semester columnists is **TODAY** at 5 p.m.

The DN seeks diverse columnists with strong opinions and good writing skills. Applicants must be UNL students carrying at least six hours and a 2.0 GPA.

Pick up an application and sign up for an interview at the DN, room 34 in the basement of the Nebraska Union.

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