

**Steve  
WILLEY**

# Talkin' (white) trash

## Daytime TV offers hours of entertainment

I am not ashamed to admit that I am hopelessly addicted to what I refer to as "White-Trash Hours." You may know these hours better by their more common names such as

"Geraldo" or "The Jerry Springer Show."

I have been known to purposely miss class, work and appointments with my proctologist when particularly

stimulating episodes are air. These episodes include, but are not limited to "Teenage Leprechauns who use Scotch-tape dispensers for immoral purposes," and of course my favorite, "My 39-year-old son refuses to get out of our dishwasher."

Race issues are also some of my preferred episodes to watch. Anytime you have an intoxicated Klansman in front of a largely ethnic audience, you're bound to get some good entertainment.

One of the most memorable occurred on "The Jerry Springer Show" in which an irate Grand Wizard chanted the phrase "Whiiiiite PaaHER" for 45 minutes of the hour-long show.

(I later learned that the Klansman was angry because producers refused to let him bring a 12-pack of Budweiser on stage with him.)

The show really got interesting

when another of Jerry's guests, when ordered by the Klan to move back to Africa, brilliantly responded by saying the only way she was going back to Africa was if the Klan bought her a "round-trip ticket THERE, and a round-trip ticket BACK!"

I don't know where the producers of these shows get these people, but I can only assume that they were unfortunate victims of some hideous nuclear disaster the public wasn't made aware of.

If you have never experienced this pinnacle of human intelligence, allow me to take you through a typical day with the accomplished journalist, Geraldo. I will use his common focus of "Husbands who left their wives for a spatula." Here's how it unfolds: GERALDO: *He sighs and dejectedly gazes into the camera.* "Mike Wapperson was, by many accounts, a man who had it all. His lovely wife and 16 children shared a romantic two-bedroom cabin (*the camera shows a photograph of a man crouching outside of a dilapidated shack and throwing rocks at a family of possums*) near the Sulfur-mining town of Green Tick, Alabama.

"But Mike Wapperson always felt as if he was missing something; something his friends and family could never understand." *Kneeling beside an unshaved Wapperson, Geraldo gently begins to caress the man's arm.* "Mike, tell us why you're so unhappy."

MIKE: "Well... (*he swallows*

*nervously*) I'm in love with... with a... spatula. (*He seems relieved.*)

GERALDO: *He shakes his head at the floor and, rising from his knees, slowly faces the audience.* "A spatula! (*He begins to sob.*) This man is infatuated with the very thought of them. (*Turning sharply toward Mike*) Isn't it true, Mike, that two of your children are the offspring of this spatula and in fact....

*Suddenly, almost as if mysteriously on cue, a folding metal chair sails through the air, hitting Geraldo squarely on his nose.*

GERALDO: *Clutching his nose with both hands.* "DAMMMIT! Everyday I try to do a show and some PUNK has gotta be a... (*noticing his nose has begun to bleed*) Aww CRAP!" (*After a brief intermission, Geraldo returns semi-composed.*) "Now, Where was I? (*He looks to a stage-hand*) Ahhh yes! (*He begins crying again.*) Mike, why a spatula? Couldn't you have found a nice ladle? (*Flinging his hands into the air*) Oh, the PAIN you would have saved your wife!"

MIKE: *Now clearly agitated, Mike stands and points at Geraldo.* "You know, Mr. Ger... uh...Harold... (*he trails off.*) It's real easy for you to stand there and judge me, but you ain't me, brother, and you certainly ain't never been with no spatula!"

*At this point, Geraldo and Mike Wapperson engage in a childish standoff where each person mimics the actions of the other until eventually, everyone, including elderly audience members and the show's*

*producers, beats the shit out of Geraldo.*

I believe that this is not mindless blundering as many will claim. These shows provide a valuable service to society by uplifting millions of Americans' spirits, therefore proving their necessity.

How, you ask? Well, let me give you a hypothetical example. Let's say that I am arrested for jay-walking and the state gives me an unprecedented punishment for that crime: life in prison. The following day, the governor takes out a front-page ad revealing that I sleep with a jar of mayonnaise under my pillow.

Now, this would certainly be a trying time for me, but after watching "White-Trash Hours," I would realize that my life, while painful at the moment, is not nearly as dismal as the guy's on the "Ricki Lake Show" who knocked-up a basset hound.

(Editor's note: "I'm going to be sick!")

So join me if you will, on this quest for highly entertaining and uplifting stupidity. You need only to look no further than the closest television. And may no one you know be a guest on Montel's "People who must pinch the rump of animals whose names are only one syllable long."

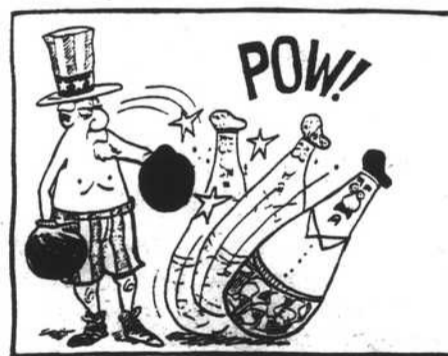
Willey is totally out of his mind. Oh, and he's also a senior news-editorial major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.



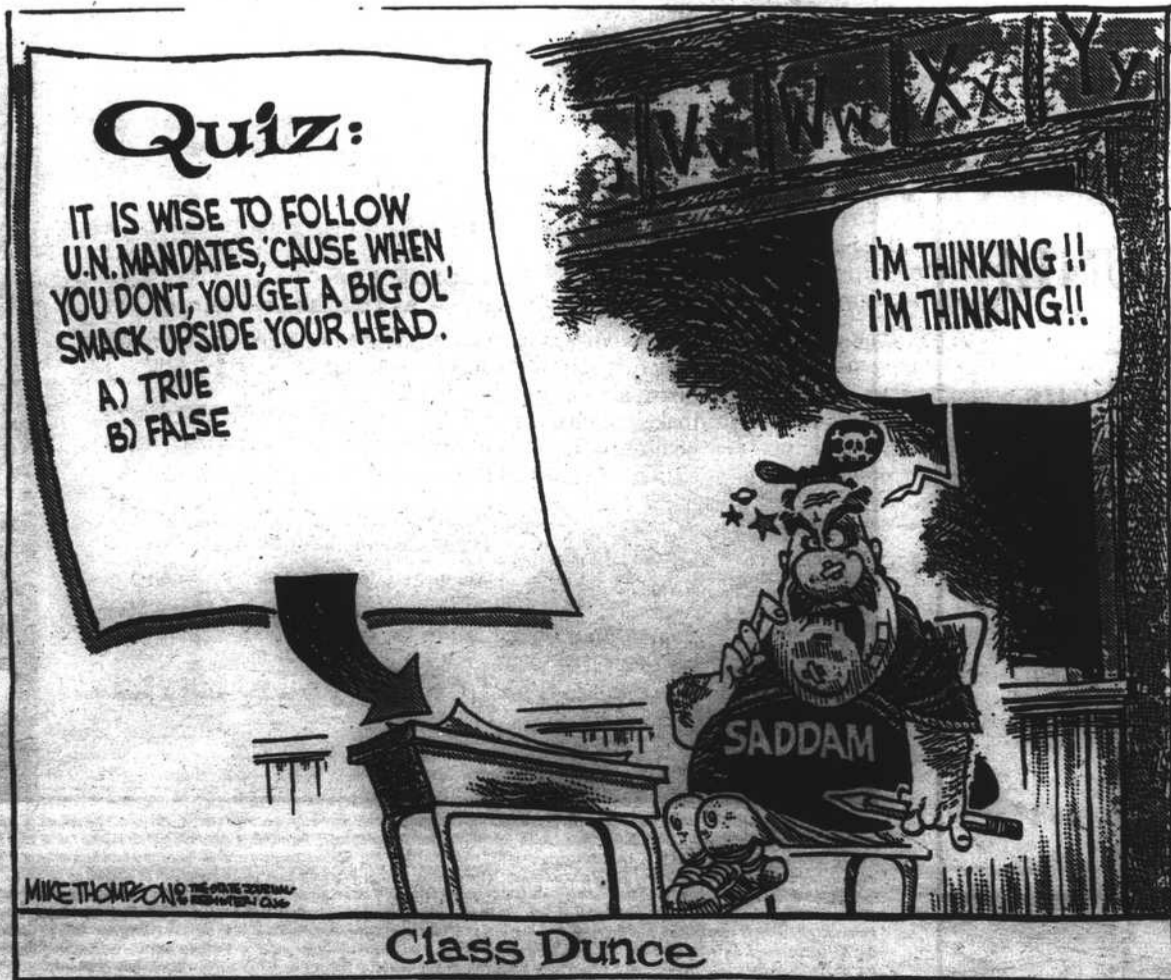
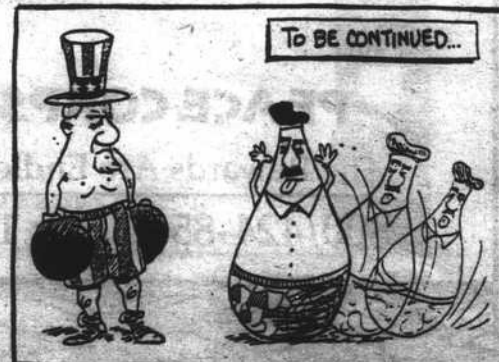
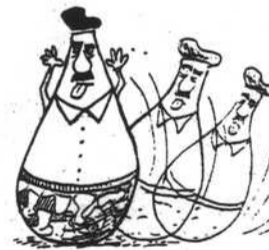
### Cartoon PORTFOLIO

Play it again

# Saddam



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