

Arts & Entertainment

The Worst of the Worst

Bad dancing -- it's not as hard as it looks

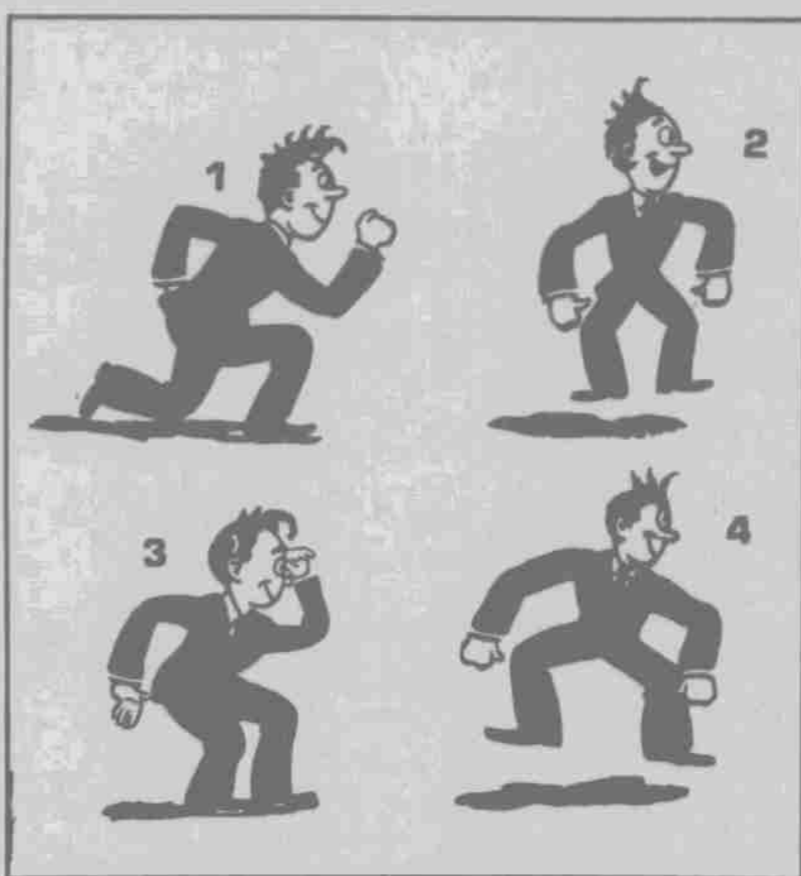
By Billy Shaffer

You know them -- that "certain couple" on the dance floor that all eyes remain glued to. Sure, the most physically attractive people will always get their share of sideways glances. But where does your attention ultimately rivet? You know as well as I do, it's on The Worst Dancers on the Floor. For years, this select group has been hoarding the attention of "watchers." I should know, I was a watcher once myself. But word is out! Now you too can share in some of the spotlight! Bad dancing is not as hard as it looks!

Although purists insist that the truly great terrible dancers "are born, not made," bad dancing can be learned. Also, a recent study has shown that it is not necessarily true that it is more difficult for blacks to be lousy dancers. In fact, the opposite is true. When one's race is stereotyped (and perhaps unfairly at that) as being "good dancers" (remember the "natural rhythm" scare of the '50s?) it is obviously much easier to be recognized as a bad dancer.

In any case, as a public service to Lincoln's watchers and dancers, here are some tips for all those who aspire to be that "certain couple" . . . that couple that is able to invoke awe in innocent bystanders. . . that couple so lousy that other dancers stand in a circle and clap!

TIP 1) IGNORE THE BEAT. Try to move your body to any beat different from the song. Experienced bad dancers often hum a little tune in their heads to keep from accidentally falling into the dance song's beat. Great



for that "different drummer" look.

TIP 2) LOOK BORED. This can easily be accomplished in conjunction with Tip 1, if a boring song is hummed in one's head.

TIP 3) LOOK LIKE YOU'RE DOING SOMETHING IMPORTANT. Everyone knows that strutting your stuff is serious business, but only the accomplished bad dancer can translate this into body movements. Think deep thoughts and close your eyes, or look up a lot.

TIP 4) WEAR YOUR COAT. This gives you that much-sought-after "temporary dancer" effect, so popular in Lincoln's hotspots lately, and besides that, it won't get stolen.

TIP 5) FALL DOWN OR JUMP UP IN THE AIR FOR NO REASON AT ALL. TWICE. Loss-of-balance feats may be considered old hat by some, but they still get a laugh. If jumping, it sometimes helps to pretend that you're a big exclamation point and the singer is reading an exciting novel.

TIP 6) ACT LIKE YOU'RE PLAYING A SPORT. Particularly popular lately: "the Backgammon" and "the Water Polo." Mix in a few women's pushups for a good measure. (A word of warning: trends in sport dancing change quickly. For example, "the Basketball" developed into "the Pogo Stick" in England (later shortened to "the Pogo" in United States and is definitely "out.")

TIP 7) KEEP ALL YOUR MUSCLES REAL STIFF EXCEPT FOR LIKE MAYBE YOUR NECK. Another interesting variation on this is to just hop from one foot to the other, offbeat of course. Keep the rest of your body quite stiff.

Keep these handy tips in mind next time you "step out" and you will be sure to get the attention you so rightly deserve. See you at the clubs!

The worst fast food joints in Lincoln: Where it tastes as bad as it looks

By Chris Burbach and Chris Welsch

Although Lincoln has the regular slew of gut-bomb fast food joints, truly bad food aficionados will have a difficult time satiating their perverted tastes.

In a half-hearted search for Lincoln's worst dining, our uneager palates tested the tastes of the K-Mart Cafeteria, 4601 Vine St. and Kwik Shop No. 637, 2710 W St.

The food at both places was, well, up and down. However, Kwik Shop's microwave tacos took the bad cake. The tacos were attractively packaged in a plastic

disorder. She claimed the sandwich was burned, but she ate almost all of it.

Foul-tasting pickle slices gave the only life to the harmlessly bland hot dog. The bun was reminiscent of the sweet rolls Heidi saved for months to take to the old lady on the hill -- stale and hard.

The French fries met our ideas about what baked scrod must taste like. It seemed that they were either sea potatoes or at least fried in the same grease as the feared scrod.

A slice of cherry pie miserably failed the Welsch-Plop Test. The test grades a pastry according to the sound created when the pastry hits a plate from the altitude of one foot. A gentle plop indicates a good dessert, while a resounding smack indicates unpalatability. The K-Mart cherry pie rattled the plate -- something beyond a resounding smack.

An orange spa is one highlight of the K-Mart dining experience. A pull on the handle of the orange spa machine sends the machine into a series of whirs and convulsions, after which it emits a frothy beverage intended, we thought, to taste like an orange ice cream drink. It did not.

The cheeseburger was not that bad, to the credit of the chef at K-Mart. Although the bun had some characteristics of a Heidi-nature, the overall taste was pleasant. The tomato was fresh. The burger was gritty but good.

Aside from an occasional flashing blue light and the chattering of the shoppers, the atmosphere was like many other cafeterias.

100 Terrible Tunes

You might think all we have to do at the Daily Nebraskan is sit around and report the news.

Not so. For one thing, we have to wait for the news to happen. In those idle moments, we sometimes make up lists. What follows is a list of the 100 worst songs we could think of. It's not scientific (after all we're journalists, not scientists), but here it is:

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| 1. Loving you, Minnie Riperton | 18. I Love, Tom T. Hall |
| 2. Billy Don't Be a Hero, Bo Donaldson and the Heywoods | 19. Who's Crying Now, Journey |
| 3. Havin' My Baby, Paul Anka | 20. Jack and Diane, Bill Allen and Jeff Goodwin (take our word for it) |
| 4. I Write the Songs, Barry Manilow | 21. Eye of the Tiger, Survivor |
| 5. Muscles, Diana Ross | 22. Freight Train, Boxcar Willie |
| 6. Physical, Olivia Newton John | 23. Another One Bites the Dust, Queen |
| 7. Mr. Roboto, Styx | 24. Morning Train, Sheena Easton |
| 8. Shannon, Henry Gross | 25. Breaking Up Is Hard To Do, Neil Sedaka |
| 9. Earache My Eye, Cheech and Chong | 26. I Am Woman, Helen Reddy |
| 10. Can't Smile Without You, Barry Manilow | 27. The Night Chicago Died, Paper Lace |
| 11. Pillow Talk, Sylvia Starland Vocal Band | 28. Any release by Reo Speedwagon |
| 12. Afternoon Delight, Starland Vocal Band | 29. Copacabana, Barry Manilow |
| 13. The Night the Lights Went Out in Georgia, Vicki Lawrence | 30. Daddy Don't You Walk So Fast, Wayne Newton |
| 14. Weekend in New England, Barry Manilow | 31. Watching Scotty Grow, Bobby Goldsboro |
| 15. I'm the Happiest Girl in the Whole U.S.A., Donna Fargo | 32. Fernando, Abba |
| 16. My Sharona, The Knack | 33. Endless Love, Diana Ross and Lionel Ritchie |
| 17. My Melody of Love, Bobby Vinton | |

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Dining Review

box and garnished with something that looked like a cross between a jalapeno pepper and a biology frog.

The taco shell was an unsightly off-brown color. The meat (?) went beyond unsightly; it was darker brown than the leathery shell.

After perusing the myriad of frozen sandwiches in the Kwik Shop refrigerator, we decided on the tacos and a flour-tortilla combination burrito each. The next step was the microwave.

In five minutes, the cuisine was sufficiently radiated. We paid the minimal charge and staggered toward the humble abode. The burritos weren't bad. They were average frozen burritos; nothing more and nothing less. However, the tacos tasted like really old hamburger, filled with preservatives and a very old shell, also full of chemicals. We hypothesized these tacos resulted in one entry to the "Give Lincoln a Middle Name Contest" -- "The Amazing City of Edible Dirt." (Really.)

The only satisfaction culled from the tacos was pushing the biology frog peppers down the rat-hole in the kitchen counter. We knew he would fare no better than we did.

The K-Mart Cafeteria was not as bad as we thought it would be.

We were disappointed to find the steam table closed hence eliminating what promised to be bad dining. No baked scrod could be had, so instead, we dined on a cheeseburger, french fries, cherry pie and a reuben.

The reuben had mysterious little hard bits in it and left our dining companion moaning about intestinal

FRED GOES TO COLLEGE



BY TIM NORLAND

