

## Fame not lame, not for dame

The last three years of college have been a real eye-opener for me. I've had to come to terms with the fact that I'll probably never be rich and famous. The dream is over.

Actually, fame has never really been a goal of mine. I've never wanted to act, never wanted to sing, never wanted to choreograph and dance. I just had that hope that many dreamy-eyed young adults have. I'd be sitting in a restaurant innocently eating when suddenly a talent scout would spot me.

"Excuse me, young lady. Have you ever thought of acting? I was just noticing that fabulous way you chew. You'd be perfect for our cottage cheese commercial.

"Can you say, 'Gee, I love curds!'"

It could happen. Really, it could. But I'm past it. I'm over it. I've moved on.

I'm destined to be one of the faceless, nameless masses. Always in the audience, never under the lights.

The closest I'll ever get to a stage is if I become the janitor who has to sweep it. The closest I'll ever get to a movie career is the tram ride through Universal Studios.

I do believe my golden voice may have the potential to take me to the top, though. Encyclopedias on tape could really be my avenue to fame. But Spanish conversational tapes might be even better. I can hear my fans now.

"Did you hear the way she rolled the r's off her tongue when she said 'burritos'? She is sooooo good."

"Yes, but her new tape, 'How to ask for directions to a toilet' really



**Heather Lampe**

has Grammy potential. What a star!!"

All right, I'm back. I just had a relapse of a daydream. It's just sometimes I wonder ... Fabio? How in the hair did that happen? He was a model for some artist who sketched sweaty men for the covers of trashy romance novels. Now he's everywhere! Why can't the rest of us have that kind of luck?

I know, most of us don't have the bodies, the faces, the hair or the charisma to be anything but poster children for the "before" pictures in the lobby of Weight Watchers. But we hold our chins up and muddle through life.

Physical appearance seems to be an important part of fame. And if I was thinking of seeking fame (which I'm not, because I'm over that, remember?), I would probably try being a body double. Did you know the legs in the first part of the movie "Pretty Woman" weren't Julia Roberts' gams? No, they weren't mine, but thanks anyway. Sharon Stone was using mine that week.

The legs that were shot for the beginning scene where she zips her boots up were a body double's.

When an actress or an actor feels embarrassed about exposing their

protruding parts or when their endowments aren't that endowed, the movie studio hires a body double to stand in.

I never thought my ears would secure my place in the stars, but I really have nice ears. Not too big. Not too small. Anytime Demi Moore or Winona Ryder may feel insecure about exposing their lobes, I'll lend an ear.

When Roseanne needs a stand-in for her cellulite, she can have my number. A couple of thousand dollars to expose my thingies and I'm there. Hey people, get off your high horses: I've never admitted to having any standards.

The sad thing is that no one would pay to see my thingies; hence, no fame for poor Heather. I could change my name to Heathio and feign an accent, but one brainless hairball is enough for the world.

Who needs the fame anyway? Who could deal with the tabloid reporters tailing you all the time or the rumors that you're pregnant with Brad Pitt's child? I could handle the latter, but who could handle the paparazzi following you around trying to capture the perfect moment on film when you yawn and drool comes out of your mouth? Too much uncontrollable saliva and your career is shot. Who could handle the pressure?

I'll see you at the Academy Awards. I'll be the one standing outside in the fine-looking red suit.

Can I park your car, Mr. Pitt?

Lampe is a junior news-editorial and English major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

## 'Pro-kid' pitch hard to take before coffee

It's early morning, and I am surfing. The remote control in my hand is traveling swiftly across dozens of television channels. But the same wave is breaking on every network news show.

It's Phil Gramm on ABC, NBC, CBS, CNN. Ever since the Texas senator decided to run for the White House with his "reliable friend" called "Ready Money," he's been on more channels than anyone but O.J. Simpson.

The Gramm who faces me across the bedroom this morning is hard to take before coffee. His appearances could be used as aversion therapy for someone trying to kick politics. Compared to Gramm, Dick Nixon seemed warm and cuddly. Then again, Nixon was elected president.

But it's not just the Gramm image that repeatedly splashes cold water onto my pillow. It's the message that comes crashing in. This is how it goes:

"I think the American people want less government, they want the right to keep their own money to invest in their own children ..."

Click.  
"I'm going to cut ... so that families can keep more of their own money to invest in their own children ..."

Click.  
Is it conceivable that the senator can sell his "I'm-the-most-conservative" candidacy as a pro-child campaign? Or does he have a better chance of selling himself as Brad Pitt?

This pro-kid pitch is all the rage among the newly muscular right wing. Even the Contract With America is full of reassuring kindly pieties about the little people in our homes. They are served up as conservative's condiments meant to grace the empty school-lunch tray.

But chief among the pro-child lines is the one that Gramm expresses with such surf-pounding regularity. It's the idea that we can wholly privatize childhood. If only the government would disappear, families would have enough money to do right by their own kids. They don't say which families or whose kids.

Maybe a little surfing of the facts is in order before the country's memory is wiped out. Try some of these:

Today 23 percent of the children in America are living below the poverty line.

Click.  
A third of all American children will live in poverty before they turn 16.

Click.  
The median income for a



**Ellen Goodman**

family with at least one child and a head of household under 30 is \$18,420.

Click.  
The highest-income families in America could do a whole lot with their tax money. A family earning \$132,000 pays about \$45,000 in state, local and federal taxes. They could use that money to pay for private schools, pizza-delivery at lunchtime, piano and soccer lessons. They might have something left over to pay for a policeman or two.

But a poor family? Young parents who have children while they are in their low-earning years? As Deborah Weinstein of the Children's Defense Fund puts it, "They'd barely get enough to pay for a McGuffey Reader." The notion that middle-income parents could buy much more than sneakers — say, schools and safety nets — is equally absurd.

Of course, not even the extremists on the extreme right are truly planning to do away with taxes. Nor are they going to touch Social Security, although taxes to support the old of all incomes pose the heaviest burden for young, low-income families.

In reality, the "pro-child" conservative argument is a cover-up for policies that purposely and directly strike at children, especially poor children. From Newt to Phil, the idea of totally privatizing children does more than ignore the poor. It detonates the belief that all Americans are shareholders in the next generation.

As for the surfer of this current wave, Phil Gramm? He was raised with the help of one government check — his dad's disability payment — and went to school on another — the War Orphans Act. Now he would get rid of most, especially welfare.

But the candidate of Ready Money doesn't want you to get the wrong idea: "I'm not going to be swayed by people who say, 'You have not compassion.' I have great compassion." It's just that when he talks like that, it ought to scare the kids.

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## Tub scrub tops list for break

Boy, have I got some big plans for spring break or what?

Nope, not going to Padre Island. Not doing Fort Lauderdale. Can you imagine ME out on the beach, soaking up the rays, wrapped in my Mickey Mouse beach towel? It is not a pretty picture.

Not doing any of that. I'm not going skiing in Colorado, camping in Minnesota or heading home to visit the folks.

Instead I'm going to clean the bathtub. So, while you all are working on your tans, I'll be working on my hard water deposits and soap scum.

At least those are my plans.

Things could change. Something better could come up, but I seriously doubt it.

It's my normal course of action during the annual March respite from hell, I mean classes, to take a detour into domesticity.

Yes, every March I try to tackle a major home-improvement project. This year it's the tub. Two years ago, my husband and I painted the living room and last year I was going to finish the job by painting the ceiling and the trim.

I said I was GOING to finish. Never happened.

And I'm not guaranteeing that the bathtub is going to metamorphose next week, either.

I never make promises about these sort of jobs.

I have a strong aversion to the domestic sciences. An intense loathing of vacuum cleaners and toilet brushes. Major phobic reaction to household duties. I am compulsively sloppy. I break out in



**Cindy Lange-Kubick**

hives at the mere sight of a dishrag. Allergic to cleanliness.

That is why it takes an event like spring break to get me geared up for cleaning the bathtub. That and the fact I'm probably going to have to rent one of those power blasters — the kind that spray paint off brick — to get the dang thing clean.

Now, I didn't simply randomly choose the bathtub as a project. I've given the matter considerable thought.

Scouring the tub is one of 3,000 or so jobs that need to be done around this dump we loosely call home. Or this home we lovingly call a dump. Whatever.

I considered scrubbing the kitchen floor instead, but I'd just done that in the fall. Or was it last summer? Anyway, that job had been done in the last fiscal year and, besides, nobody lays buck naked on the linoleum like they do in the bathtub.

(Well, hardly ever anyway. This is not the movies and I'm not Glenn Close. Or was that the kitchen table?)

The kitchen needs paint and the ceiling is sagging.

The carpets are dirty.

I am no longer able to navigate the laundry room because of all the empty Tide bottles and future garage-sale junk strewn about.

Food is beginning to stick to the shelves in the refrigerator, and there are several containers in the back that I am afraid to open without a special hazardous waste-handlers permit.

And there are enough dust balls under the beds to begin a large-scale allergy epidemic.

But, first things first. The bathtub.

The job will probably take most of the week.

Some people, for reasons unbeknownst to me, seem to enjoy puttering around the house. Painting, sprucing, decorating, slocking around the place with a paint brush in one hand and a dust mitt in the other.

Not I.

And that is why I'm coming forward to say that yes, next week, next Monday, right after breakfast, I am donning yellow rubber gloves, hip boots and a gas mask to tackle The Tub.

I figure if I tell the world I'm going to do it, chances are I may actually go ahead and take the plunge.

So think of me 'long about Wednesday, while you are dozing on that warm, sandy beach. Imagine me, pallid and wrinkled, lying inertly under the harsh glow of fluorescent lighting — basking in my shiny white porcelain tub.

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## P.S. Write Back

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**Mike Luckovich**