

Heather
LAMPE

Repetition reveler

Change is only good for underwear

When I saw the piles of wet hair below my feet, I really thought the hair dresser may have to help me to my car. On Monday I was possessed by some sort of demon who told me to chop off all my hair. Now here I sit feeling like a sheared sheep with the realization that I can't handle change.

I've been told a million times that life is about change and that nothing ever stays the same. But despite how many sappy balladeers croon this message to me, I refuse to accept it. The only things I agree to change are my underwear and my sheets.

I have friends who revel in change. They change their hair colors, their majors, their boyfriends, their jobs. They find excitement in new endeavors.

I'm the opposite. I revel in repetition. I marvel at monotony. I'm scared of the new. I welcome change like I welcome toenail fungus.

Look at what happened when Coca-Cola tried to change to New Coke. Their sales dropped, and they had to bring back Classic Coke. Remember Crystal Pepsi? It tasted like hydrogen peroxide. Why don't these people know you don't need to change a perfectly good thing.

Look what happens when networks try to change the lead actors in their sitcoms. I was greatly distraught and confused when they tried to infiltrate a new Becky into the "Roseanne" cast. And I'm still bewildered when I watch a marathon of "Bewitched" and they play two consecutive episodes with two different Darins. She was a witch, she would have noticed.

Change doesn't work for entertainers either. Remember Debbie Gibson and her lovey-dovey songs from the 1980s? She is now Deborah Gibson. Last time I saw her on Regis and Kathy Lee, she was attempting



"I welcome change like I welcome toenail fungus."

her new alternative look. Debbie, it ain't gonna work. We remember.

And remember MC Hammer? He had everybody dancing around in those baggy harem pants. The last time I was watching videos and I saw Mr. Hammer, he was trying to portray a ganster rapper. MC, I'm sorry but how are you supposed to be taken seriously by your gansta rap peers when several years ago you had little white girls gyrating at suburban proms?

I think my fear of change may stem from living with my father. He isn't one for change either. When you enter his home, you will be immediately escorted back to the 1970s. The kitchen walls are covered in this funky orange and brown boxy wallpaper. The appliances are avocado green. The counters are covered in that old Formica with little swirly patterns that look like ring worm.

Dad has a good job. He could actually buy new furnishings. But if he actually did get rid of the couch

that he's had since I was in second grade, it would mean that he'd have to spend years lying on the new one until the lumps and springs bulged

out perfectly. It would mean that my brothers would have to spend years perfecting the grape Kool-aid and nacho cheese stains that cloak its cushions.

Change just requires too much work for me. It's too shocking for my system. It's possible that I could change my sedentary, lard-filled lifestyle, but I'd have to change my habits. Change like that also requires willpower, of which I have none. I can eat healthy for about a day and then French Twist doughnuts start calling me from the refrigerator.

I suppose I must admit that there have been good changes that have come along. Computers have been a good thing, except every year the technology changes. VCRs have been enjoyable, except you have to be a rocket scientist to program them. Take-out and delivery food have alleviated stress, except for the three out of four times the delivery man shows up drunk and late. ... Hey, I'm trying to be positive.

I guess if I can't change I will just have to live vicariously through my friends. "Oh sure Elizabeth, I think a bald look would be really good for you... Volunteering? With children? Geez, Laura, how about if I just give you some money. You can take them out for a Happy Meal. ... You want to start running Kelly? I don't know. How about if I just drive along side you in the car and give you words of inspiration?"

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

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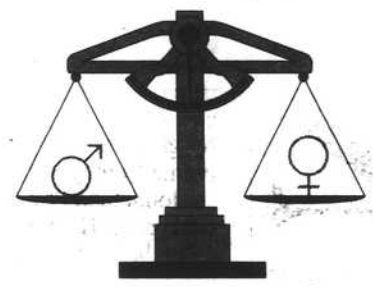
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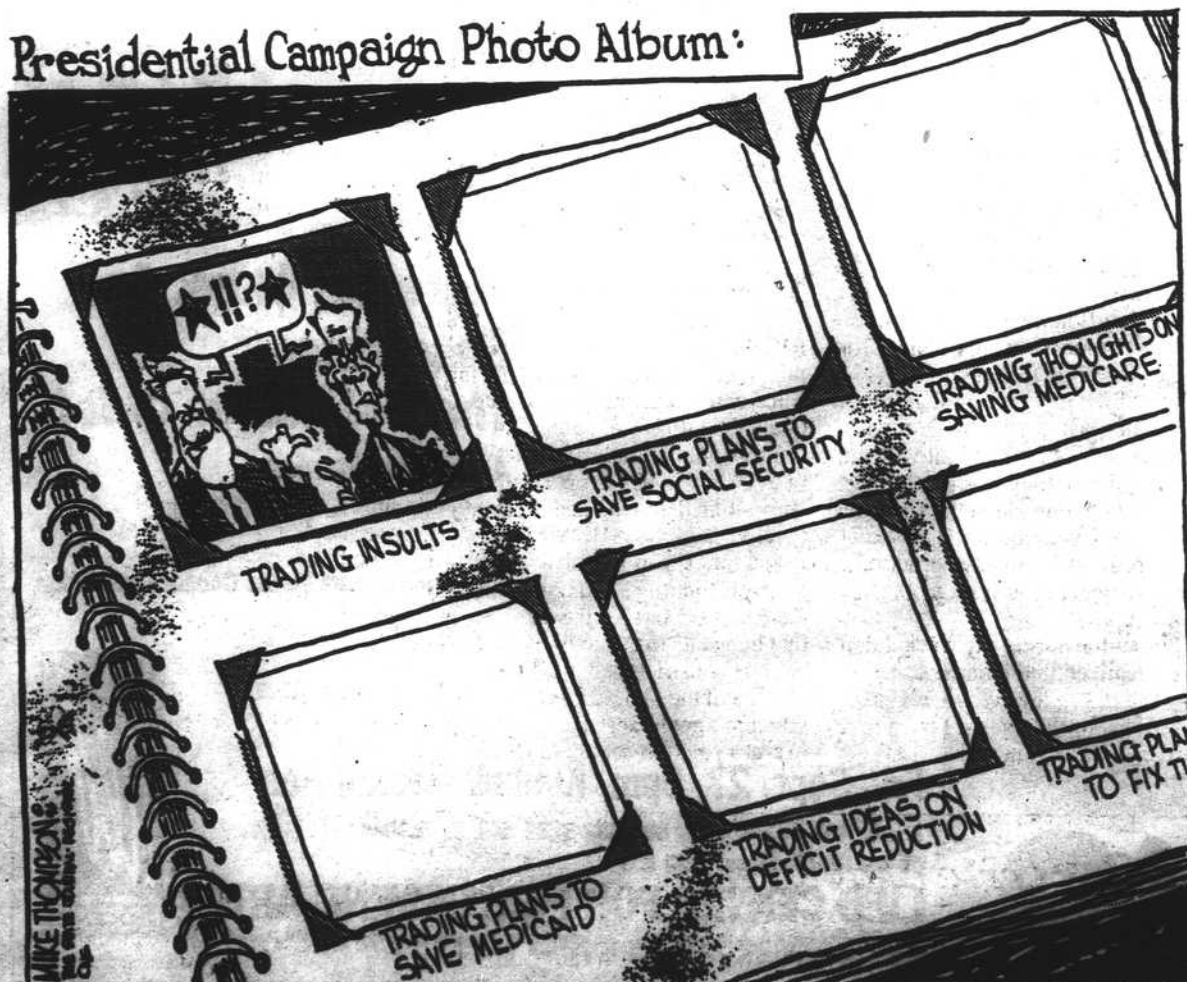
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