

Kasey
KERBER

Only misery loves the Macarena

Bad fad needs to go the way of leisure suits

I have a dream!
No, not the one about Nicole Kidman, whipped cream and the "Love-O-Matic" heart-shaped bed. My dream is to kill the

Macarena.

Actually, I already had the dream. I even wrote a column on it encouraging anyone with a pulse to end the Macarena's reign.

But I

failed.

The damn thing is still alive. Therefore, I have dedicated one of my New Year's resolutions to killing it once and for all.

Now some of you might be saying — "But Kasey, the Macarena IS dead!"

Ahhh... but that's just what Los Del Rio WANTS you to believe! In actuality, the Macarena is very alive and if something is not done it will soon give birth to a swarm of bad movies like the Lambada did.

But I have the proof. Since my first column, every time I saw the Macarena being performed, sung, danced or exploited, I wrote it down. And since that column there's been more than a dozen Macarena "sightings."

I, however, will present only the most humorous ones.

Let's start with the Daily Nebraskan. Two out of the three comics in the back of the paper you're now holding have featured the Macarena.

"From this moment on, the Macarena will only be mistakenly thought of as a variety of nut that grows in the Brazilian rain forest!!!"

"The Deep End" had a comic with cockroaches doing the Macarena and "Non Sequitur" had one where the Macarena had its own tombstone in a graveyard of fads.

Sigh...if only the Macarena were 6 feet underground. But just three weeks ago I flipped on the TV and saw it once more. This time they were doing the Macarena on Dick Clark's Rockin' New Year's Eve Party. And if that wasn't bad enough, they were doing it on the Spanish Channel's New Year's Eve Party in Miami.

And speaking of Miami, the Orange Bowl was not exempt from the Macarena. In a pre-game pep rally with Nebraska and Virginia Tech fans, the Macarena song was played by a band that actually sounded worse than Los Del Rio.

But I'm not done. Boris Yeltsin did the Macarena before his heart attack, the cartoon character for Hawaiian Punch did the Macarena (and deserves a heart attack for doing so), and two guys from MTV's "Buzzkill" did the Macarena while bowling.

Now let me be frank.

STOP DOING THE MACARENA! STOP SINGING THE MACARENA! FROM THIS MOMENT ON THE MACARENA WILL ONLY BE MISTAKENLY THOUGHT OF AS A VARIETY OF NUT THAT GROWS IN THE BRAZILIAN RAIN FOREST!!!

Well, now you'll undoubtedly be searching for ways to rid your mind (and our planet) of the Macarena.

My original idea was an arcade shooting game called "Kill the Macarena," but since the game would consist of shooting unarmed, dancing civilians Congress shot it down.

So I've now come up with "Kasey's Top 10 Ways to Rid Mankind of the Macarena."

Here they are:

1. Call radio stations, request the Macarena and laugh at the D.J. like you're out of your mind.

2. Take your Macarena tape to Homer's and demand your money back.

3. If at a dance club when the Macarena plays — breakdance instead.

4. When MTV plays the Macarena video, call them and threaten to watch VH1.

5. Steal the Macarena tape from D.J. "Mac Spin!" at the dance club and replace it with a Gianni tape to rip up.

6. Go to all Los Del Rio concerts with a semi-automatic weapon and a doctor's note saying you're insane.

7. Imagine that all girls in the Macarena video are really guys in drag.

8. Buy my official anti-Macarena T-shirt saying "The Democrats did the Macarena at their convention and they lost Congress!"

9. Teach someone to do the Macarena wrong, then send them to the dance club where D.J. "Mac Spin!" is still ripping up Gianni.

10. Remember that each member of Los Del Rio is your dad's age.

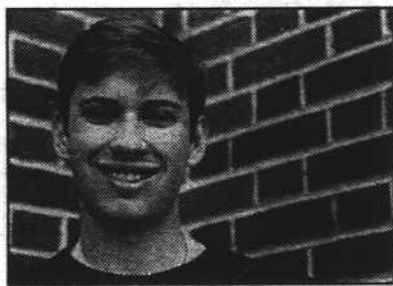
Anyway, with these tips and a good lawyer, you'll certainly do your part to eliminate the Macarena.

And if nothing else works remember that the Macarena is a fad and nothing more.

Maybe Time magazine did say it best when it said the two members of Los Del Rio had their "15 minutes of fame."

Well 15 minutes are up. Get your old butts off the dance floor so I can breakdance...

Kerber is a sophomore news-editorial major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.



Heather
LAMPE

Thumbs up to shopping via catalog

Mail-order magazines bring buying back home

Trips to my mailbox have been feverish and filled with anticipation lately. I'm ashamed to say that my little fetish has turned into a full-fledged addiction. Every day at

promptly 12:30 p.m., I eagerly await that little white one-door truck to deliver my fix — full-colored, glossy, stapled pages of wonder, a.k.a. CATALOGS.

It's true.

I'm a catalog junkie — a collector, if you will. It all started out with a simple order to J.Crew and now I'm suddenly on every mailing list known to man. I've even received catalogs in Spanish.

At first I found it rather annoying. I'd open the mailbox expecting a card or letter, but to my dismay nothing but a Sears flier, touting the high quality of the Kenmore washers and dryers. Desperate for reading material, I was pulled in by their vivid descriptions of spin cycles and lint traps.

Now I'm content with the fact that no family member or friend has ever written me or will ever write me, so I've come to enjoy being bombarded with the five to six catalogs I receive a week.

There is just something soothing about lounging on a couch while flipping through a Bloomingdale's Spring

"Looking through catalogs is like window shopping — only you can do it in your underwear and you won't get escorted out of the mall."

and Summer catalog. I can't actually afford to pay for anything but the shipping and handling, but imagining myself in a \$500 Donna Karan jacket is almost as fun. Looking through catalogs is like window shopping — only you can do it in your underwear and you won't get escorted out of the mall.

I realized how pathetic I've become when I recently received a catalog of catalogs. Instead of companies sending you the catalogs for free, you send in money to order the catalogs. This must be a company's safeguard for someone like me who rarely actually buys anything. They've caught on to my plan. Now they want me to pay for my habit.

My catalog of catalogs has some rather interesting and unique catalogs. I will be ordering the Dolly Parton Wigs catalog and the Beer of the Month catalog. You can never have too many wigs or too much beer. But there are hundreds of catalogs for

people with weird tastes.

I noticed that my directory of catalogs showcases many that were geared toward the erotic shopper. Need to buy some whips and chains? Then there's a catalog for you. Hungry for some edible undergarments? Well, then there's four or five catalogs for you.

For those voyeurs too embarrassed to order from one of the above catalogs, there is the mother of all mailings: Victoria's Secret. This catalog has a following like no other. If women aren't looking, then their boyfriends are. I know men who don't have a significant other, but have Victoria's Secret in their magazine rack. Apparently they are curious to learn the secret Victoria's been keeping. Let me share it with you — underwire and silicone.

If you want to get on the universal catalog mailing list, but you don't want to purchase anything, I can recommend something almost as enjoyable and equally as pathetic. It's called

the Home Shopping Club.

Everyone has flipped by it, but nobody admits to actually watching it. These hosts are like good used car salesmen. They can sell anything. They explain the wonderful qualities of each item and then put a timer on the screen. You feel almost forced to buy the item, for fear that if you want it later, it will be gone.

"We only have 12 of these fabulous fuchsia terry cloth muu-muus left. Call in and order quickly or you'll miss this fabulous find. You have a minute, 30 seconds. Call us! Call us! Call us!!!"

If you're strong enough to hold your own and can resist the urge to buy, then you're in for the best part of the show. The hosts have regular people call in and tell the viewing audience why they love their 7-carat cubic zirconium brooch. Every time I watch, the woman who calls in is this old woman from somewhere in the deep South.

I'm convinced that the shopping mall is going to be a thing of the past. If I had my way, shopping would only be done via the Spiegel catalog and the QVC channel.

I have to go though. I only have two minutes left to order my authentic cubic zirconium Miss America crown.

See you at the mailbox.

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

