

I'm a rock 'n' roll star

Party turns ordinary people into larger-than-life icons, at least for one night

KB
MASTERPIECE



with Karen Brown

All I can say about this party is all 25,000 of y'all or so should have been there.

You would have fit in the house because: How I Spent My Summer Vacation = building a shrink machine.

Kind of like in "Honey, I Shrank the Kids" except we're smarter than to go out in the backyard where danger no more deadly than an ant and a drop of water can harm us.

I got notice exactly 10 days ago of the aforementioned get-together. Extravagant fliers were made up by Rupert and his mega-super-cool-radical-I-can-do-anything-but-wipe-your-ass computer and passed them out at random.

Well, at random within our isolated circle of friends, that is. The fliers told tales of great things to come, for on the sacred piece of

paper was a headline stating, "Get your ass in gear for the Ultimate Lip-sync Contest."

Actually I have no idea what the flier said, but that's what registered in the pea that is my brain.

Unfortunately for me, I was leaving for vacation for the next nine days and would not have time to plan anything with my most radical roommates when I got back.

All I was really thinking about (besides the fact that I wouldn't see my girlfriend for three and a half months) was:

"I hope Krysti remembers to get me an L7 ticket for their upcoming show."

Anyway, it's not that L7 is better than my girlfriend, but I really don't know what I would do if one of them wanted to "go out for a movie and dinner" with me. They just seem like really nice girls.

Once I returned from my trek through Nebraska (gasp!), Colorado, Utah and finally Arizona (and back), there was zero time to invest in the lip-sync contest.

Oh! Did I mention it was a contest where not only lives, personalities, feelings and flesh were on the line but also money?

Yes indeed. The

cold hard cash is where my heart lay, and I was powerless to get my ideas (or lack of) relayed to the roomies.

Picking up a phone would have been too easy. I was on vacation, I was free and I was stripped of all (clothes?) thought about what song to choose and how to transform my modest, unkempt physique into another person.

I could be whoever I wanted, and the only group that came to mind was Hanson. Jesus, this vacation was a blessing.

After a week of mountain biking in Moab, swimming in Lake Powell and camping in the middle of a shotgun range, I came home to a house of pure tornado-like destruction.

Krysti and Melissa (aka Boones) were nowhere to be found. Of course the fact that they were expecting me at 3:30 and I got home at 10:00 p.m. didn't help. As I graced the bathroom with my presence, I noticed a piece of paper taped to our mirror.

CHECK THE ANSWERING MACHINE ASAP. AND DRESS LIKE A SLUT!!!!

God, these girls know how to party.

To make a long story longer, I dressed in a see-through slip with nothing underneath ... except thong

underwear and a bra.

The rest of my accouterments included black combat boots with bad-ass rainbow socks (thanks, Martha), spiky hair, bitchin' cat-eye makeup and a little treat I had just bought that morning in Phoenix.

It is the coolest accessory ever invented - a butane cigarette lighter in the form of a silver coated revolver. I don't even smoke, but it was too sweet a bargain to pass up.

Ten dollars, and it's even refillable!

I was sort of disappointed when the alarms at the airport didn't go off, but I reminded myself that this is America where everything looks fancy enough but works like a piece of crap. Humbled by this I moved on.

Rollin' into the party on my Schwinn Collegiate Cruiser I was pleased to see Krysti and Boones (aka Melissa) lookin' just as slutty as those 5-cent hand-job hookers in "The Kids in the Hall." I couldn't have been more pleased.

They pulled me into the bathroom and gave me the 411 on our songs. Plural. Two numbers that would rock the heavens forever, or at least the boys' Ultimate house. Our first number was generated from a porn video I did not have the privilege to see. Boones and Krysti did, unfortunately, and all I can say is it involved a gallon of milk.

We are nothing if not Hole fans, so we covered "Plump" - a tortured song all about looking plump, being dirty and drinking milk.

Needless to say we rocked. Not

only because of Krysti's dead-on lyrics and Boone's uncanny ability to play air bass, but because we gurgled milk, let it run down our whorish bodies and, as the audience screamed for more, more, more, we spit the milk in their faces, true Hole style.

Our next number called for massive alterations and even fewer clothes. It's hard to imagine, but we stripped out of our slips, panties and boots and donned silver bras and teeny-weeny skirts. If you've ever seen the Chili Peppers video for "Give It Away," you know they're completely silver. I kept thinking how radical this night was as Krysti and Boones rubbed me down with the silver makeup. No body part was left unexplored.

That was a joke.

The crowd went wild once again, and we felt like rock stars, no thanks to my brain power.

I let them do everything for me anyway. In fact I've hired someone with a vocabulary above the sixth-grade level to write this column for me.

But please keep reading next week. I'm sure that whoever I've hired won't let you down.



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Everyone has things they hate.
I'm Me? Well ...
I Was God!

I'd make a few changes around the ol' Universe-ity.

I'd start with the Foreign Language requirement:

As if the value of the grasp of a foreign tongue is that you can order in restaurants, send packages home by parcel post and get on the right train to Hamburg.

So what? And when within the next dozen years are you gonna do those things?

That's what phrase books are for! No, if I was in control, you'd spend the same number of semesters studying a language, just learning to read it.

Teach a man to ask for a newspaper, and you line his birdcage for a week.

Teach him to read the same paper, and you offer him a lifetime of entertainment, information and a perspective different from that of the American media juggernaut.

Not to mention, it is a lot easier to keep up with what you've learned and even add to it if you happen to be stuck in, say, the middle of America, a long way from Deutschland.

But a subscription to STERN and away you fly on the wings of understanding.

The only objection I've ever been able to illicit from teachers of foreign language when I've suggested my divine emendation to their method is that it's harder to learn to speak a language you've been reading and (silently) pronouncing wrong for years.

Okay, but we're talking about YEARS of experience with a foreign language, which is more than any amount of "habla inglés?" is gonna get you.

And besides, I have a ready answer:

Reading aloud.

Class time reading drills can and should be carried out orally as well as silently, giving the teachers ample opportunity to correct and mold their students' faltering gloss.

No, my way is infinitely better and more rational.

I leave my model as an open challenge to a requirement that has become more about filling the blanks on a form than the actual enrichment of students' lives and understandings.

- Mark Baldrige