

Finals mean thoughts of simple things

It's the time of year when my thoughts turn to simpler things — a beach, a beer, a girl, the sun and a Mercedes Benz. You know, the simple things in life.



Bill Allen

Finals mean pressure to many people, but not me. I just sit back and notice the weird things that happen around the end of the semester. For instance, people start showing up for class that you've never seen before. Perhaps you're one of them. I know I am. Your steady girlfriend has to wash her hair every night this week. The next time you see her she is pregnant and engaged to a guy she met at a limbo contest. Must have been some pretty potent shampoo. You can get off work by simply looking at your boss and saying "final." Bosses, who want to appear humanitarian, are scared to death of

finals. You need six weeks off to take a final? You got it. Six new movies always come out this time of year. I think it's a plot against college students. College students are the biggest movie-goers. So by releasing movies now, several people go see them, flunk their finals, and thus stay in college longer, seeing more movies.

Most parents send "care packages." Mine don't. One semester's end I got a box from home and thought it was a "care package." It was an old pair of sneakers mom didn't know whether to throw away or keep, so she sent them to me. They weren't even my sneakers.

Everyone wants to borrow your notes this week. You say, "Have them back in an hour." They say, "Sure." There years later you meet them on the beach in South Padre and they say, "Hey, don't I know you from somewhere?"

Professors perk up around finals time. They're ready for summer beer bashes, too. They become almost personable. All of a sudden they joke about sex and other things you thought they

knew nothing about. Usually, the first clue that the semester is almost over is when a professor says, "Ha, ha, I'm sure a copy of this final is in a fraternity file somewhere, ha ha," which really thrills me. I have about as much chance of getting into a fraternity file as I do of getting into one of their little sister programs.

Your friends will start borrowing money again. They borrowed from you

at the beginning of the semester and never paid you back, remember? Then you got mad and swore you'd never lend them money again. But by now you've forgotten who they are. I have a unique system. The trick is to never ask for too much. "Hey, Mike, gotta dime? Thanks." They never even notice it. It works on strangers, too. This semester I've collected \$378 and people don't even remember I've borrowed from them. The March of Dimes has been doing it for years.

Those things affect everyone, but people have their own unique experiences with finals week. I know I do.

For instance, I know it's finals week when all the long-term paper assignments I'd decided to do at my leisure are due Friday morning. Thursday night my typewriter breaks. I throw my notes in a bookbag and head for the door just as the phone rings. It's an old friend who hasn't called in four years. Over the phone she wants to read me the first nine chapters of a novel she's working on. She hangs up just as Late Night with David Letterman comes on. Tonight's guests are Bruce Springsteen, Rodney Dangerfield and the Playmate of the Year. The show ends as an automobile comes crashing through my bedroom window and skids to a stop on top of my kitchen sink. It takes nine hours to fill out the insurance forms and for the wrecker to get rid of the car. This kind of thing happens to me every semester. How come professors never believe me?

My finals are inevitably scheduled during National Basketball Association playoff games. Then two weeks in advance I tell my professor of this tragedy and he says, "What's more important, son, your education and

future happiness or the Celtics playing the 'Sixers?' What do you say?"

Professors have not hearts. I think their blood is pumped by intestinal contractions. Once I was taking a final and this woman beside me went into labor. The professor rushed over and comforted her, then called her husband. He tore up her final and said not to worry about it. She was smiling as she left, until he said, "Oh, by the way, don't sell your textbook. See you next semester."

Then I spend three weeks worrying about my grades and wondering what I got. I used to listen to people who get bad grades say, "Gee, they must have got my grades mixed up with a football player's."

But I would always defend the Huskers. "They are no dumber than any other people who smash their heads into each other four hours a day."

Me, well, this time of year my mind turns to simpler things, like a beach, a beer, a girl, the sun and nuclear proliferation.

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Underlying message gives 'Creator' life

By Julie Liska
Staff Reporter

In the midst of a world filled with death, unhappiness and bad movies, take heed of the big picture. It is, according to Dr. Harry Wolper (Peter O'Toole), the answer to the world's troubles and is an overriding theme in the film "Creator."



"Creator" centers on the witty and scientifically gifted Wolper whose beautiful wife Lucy died 30 years ago. Wolper is obsessed with the idea of regenerating his beloved spouse from

few cells he has preserved from her body.

In the process, Wolper tricks a young college student named Boris (Vincent Spano) to be his assistant. Together the two endeavor to reproduce Lucy, with Boris in the meantime falling deeply in love with Barbara (Virginia Madsen) whom he meets by chance in the lab.

Wolper realizes he needs an egg from a woman to make his experiment work. He finds a girl named Meli (Mariel Hemingway) who willingly obliges the scientist's request.

The exposition of the film is quite slow and tedious, as are the main events leading to the film's climax. Meli falls in love with the unwilling Wolper, and Barbara suddenly comes down with a deadly cranial malfunction that puts her in a coma. Wolper is also forced by

the villainous Dr. Kunl (David Stiers) to move to another college.

It is then that the idea of the big picture comes into play. The big picture is not fully explained, nor should it be in the better interests of the movie. The audience only gets the essence of it as being a certain undefined power one could loosely label as hope. Whatever the case, it is the only element that prompts the characters to endure their situations and is instrumental in the movie's fulfilling climax.

The truly disappointing part of the film is its conclusion. Next to the unnerving human intimacy of the rest of the film, the conclusion comes off weak and unsatisfying. Although it sufficiently "ties things up," it isn't as memorable as one would like to see from such a melodramatic production. "Creator" has a tendency to become

a little corny at times. There is, for example, the scene where Boris tells Wolper he wants to grow up to be just like the doctor. Superficially, the remark is somewhat childish. The pure honesty and power of the scene, however, override the silliness of the scene.

Especially worthy of praise is Mariel Hemingway's performance. She captures the zesty, strikingly fresh, and daring essence of her character fully and with complete believability. Hemingway singlehandedly captures the film's major theme of the love of life.


Overall, "Creator" is a good movie if you're willing to brave the slow parts and put up with a rather dry conclusion. The underlying message and stimulating climax of the film make it worth the viewer's time.

The movie will be shown in Lincoln soon.

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"Why didn't you warn us they were moonmen?"
Geo. Mason U., Fairfax, VA

"The Walletts sound has elements of intelligence, borderline insanity and sheer humor."
Wireless Magazine, Houston, TX

"You can put these guys on the bus to the Twilight Zone."
Red Carpet Lounge, St. Cloud, MN

"The Walletts manage to play every style of music, sometimes all of them simultaneously, out in the course of one number."
City Pages, Minneapolis, MN

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Editor's Note: A careful reading of the article in question will reveal that Allen was not contradicting himself. He was referring to different people.

Reader lauds writer's style

In regard to Bill Smith's letter putting down Scott Harrah's review of "Desperately Seeking Susan," let me say this: a review is merely an opinion and will not always reflect the perceptions of the entire public. I also found Madonna's acting "miserable" in the film. The screenplay was changed once Madonna was cast in the film, so she just played herself, like the reviewer said. If she really wants to prove herself as an actress, she should do a role totally unlike her tummy-bearing, sex-object image. Otherwise, I find it nauseating to pay to see in a film the same disgusting girl who's on the cover of every magazine.

I also would like to comment on the reviewer, Scott Harrah. It's true that he's often a bit biting in his reviews, but he's also eloquent and witty. Harrah is perhaps the most distinguished writer at your paper, besides, say, Bill Allen and Ward W. Triplett III. I would like to see Smith write a review with half the style some of these guys put into theirs.

Jacqueline Greenburgman
freshman
broadcasting

Readers call review poor

On April 29, 1985, Bill Allen attempted to write a theatrical review of the UNL theater department's production of "Macbeth." If the Daily Nebraskan continues to review theatrical productions, then a competent authority should be assigned.

Allen's review was filled with contradictions. At one point, he comments on the "nice costumes" and later states that, "the other characters were dressed similarly and really didn't stand out from each other." He also says, "the pace was steady, and sometimes poetic and lyrical," and later contradicts his statement with, "The pacing was too quick. The players seemed more amazed

in their own ability to remember all of Shakespeare's English than in being actors..."

Comments such as, "(Bell) acted the lines" and, "(Thone) rushed the lines a bit and stopped acting to concentrate on those lines," prove to me Allen's inability to successfully describe what actually took place on stage. These statements would seem ludicrous to even the beginning theater students, who, according to Allen, are required to see the production. What better way to learn about theater than to actually see live productions? Perhaps if Allen would have been required to see more productions, his reviews might appear more intelligent. Granted, all productions have flaws, but a reviewer or critic must be knowledgeable in his or her assigned area. Allen is not.

Michael Renken
senior



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