

# Arts & Entertainment

## Crew shoots movie under the rhino

By Geoff McMurtry  
Staff Reporter

It's hot in Elephant Hall. The eyes of the prehistoric rhinoceros stare blankly down at the maze of 20-foot-high light stands, reflectors, a camera and assorted equipment scattered across the room. Actors, extras and technicians go about their assorted tasks under a buzz of cinematic conversations.

A rail-thin woman in a red and black striped minidress and black leotards moves back and forth through the maze, nimbly stepping over a pile of rolled-up electrical cord as she and the cinematographer discuss the lighting underneath the huge, ancient beast.

Eleanore Gaver, writer/director of "Born To Lose," turns to a small assemblage of college-age women and begins instructing them on their actions in the upcoming scene.

Filming in Morrill Hall began at 10 a.m. Tuesday on "Born To Lose." Gaver's first feature film since graduating from New York University's prestigious graduate film program.

Although Tuesday was the only day of filming in Lincoln, the entire production is being shot in Nebraska, most of it in Fremont. The crew arrived in Fremont Oct. 10, and shooting started two days later. Co-producer Don Schain said filming is expected to last two more weeks.

The plot of "Born To Lose" revolves around an ex-bike gang member (John D' Aquino) who has changed his ways and now has a job working at a women's college. Some students at the school (Michelle Johnson, Kristen Kaufman, Anastasia Fielding) accidentally kill his brother (Vito Ruginis), and things take off from there. David Sherrill also stars as another gang member.

Schain, who normally produces films in Los Angeles, hooked up with a mostly New York crew to shoot "Born To Lose" in Nebraska.

Schain said, "We scouted a number of states, and Eleanore creatively found the 'look' she wanted here."

Nebraska is never specifically mentioned in

the film, but serves as a general location.

Back on the set, there is a call for quiet. A small crowd of women stand on one side of the large room, 15 feet in front of the camera, concentrating on looking like casual tourists. Three women stand off to the other side of the room, and a middle-aged woman in a brown suit-skirt holds a brown folder in the middle of the room. The rhino looks impassively down at the entire scene.

Gaver takes one last look at the actors, the set, the camera, then turns to the back of the room and calls, "Roll sound."

"Rolling," answers a voice.

"Mark," says the camera operator, and a red light blinks on.

Another man stands two feet in front of the camera, holding a black and white clapper board with "scene 37A" scrawled on in black magic marker. On the word "mark" he slaps it together, then steps quickly out of the way.

Camera operator Bob Bukowski kneels on a small dolly cart mounted next to an Arriflex BLIII camera. He adjusts it slightly, then says, "Frame."

"Action!" shouts Gaver.

The middle-aged woman (Susan Beck) turns to the group to her left and speaks, picking up in the middle of her tour-guide litany. "Richer, deeper, thicker, than any animal sound heard before or since . . ."

The dolly moves forward. The three women walk across the room, just in front of the camera, which is hydraulically rising as it moves forward. The three pass by, and the dolly moves toward, and then past the larger group who are joined by more people standing along the far wall. As the camera moves past, a woman in her early 20s in a black jumpsuit looks in the dolly's direction. She looks almost straight into the camera, but not quite.

The camera follows alongside the group as it makes its way along the wall and turns toward the huge rhino, still staring with great unconcern at the tension-filled room below.

The group is under the rhino now. The camera is on the other side, about three feet



Andrea Hoy/Daily Nebraskan

"Born to Lose" director Eleanore Gaver runs through a scene with actresses (from left) Anastasia Fielding, Kristen Kaufman and Michelle Johnson.

from the faces of two young men who appear to be in their late 20s. They look around, passing a bottle back and forth. They drink surreptitiously from it, and nervously look around some

more.

"Cut!"

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## Business essays don't tell 'truth'

By Charles Lieurance  
Senior Editor

I work in an office. I even sit at a computer terminal.

That's as close as I'll probably ever come to what I think "business" is like.

To be honest, I don't know what people do with master's degrees in business administration. I see people go into the College of Business Administration and I see them leave CBA. I hear they want to go into business. I see businessmen downtown on their lunch breaks in dark, fashionable ties and conservative suit coats and slacks. I see them eating lunch as I pass by Julio's, taking in respectable mouthfuls, chewing thoroughly and swallowing with a little dainty twitch of their Adam's apples.

### Book Review

But once they get "busy" doing "business," they lose me.

Maybe they don't want us to understand. But that's just paranoia talking. Everybody wants to talk about what they do for a living. CIA agents have to concoct whole working lives to tell their relatives about. No one can just come out and say, "What I do is a secret." It's just not human nature.

Being honest again, I have to say that I haven't tried too hard to discover what "business" is about. But sometimes review copies of new books come in the mail — strategies for business majors, how to dress for business, how to write business resumes, how not to get lost in the crowd at business school — and instead of reading it to dispel the mysteries of CBA, I reach for the new "Bloom County" book or the review copy of the latest U2 album. I remain unenlightened.

Then the other day there was only one book in the mailbox. There were no records. I tried to ignore the book. I waited for the afternoon UPS delivery. Nothing. I searched the editor's desk. Nothing.

Finally I was forced to take the book out

of the mail slot and deal with it. Its title, "Essays That Worked For Business Schools," didn't exactly promise plenty of martial arts scenes and Beverly Hills leopard-skin-clad starlets sitting on the hoods of red Corvettes.

What it did promise was "35 essays from successful applications to the nation's top business schools with comments from admissions officers." Promises, promises.

On the back cover is a photo of editors Brian Kasbar and Boykin Curry standing in front of a sign that reads "Office of Undergraduate Admissions, Yale University, 149

Elm" (anarchist fire-bombers take note of the address: I threw it in to help you). Both are members of the class of 1988 at Yale. Brian's a big guy who smiles a lot and sticks his thumbs in the pockets of his 501s. Boykin's smaller and he can stick his whole hands in the pockets of his white slacks.

I checked my mailbox again. I checked some other people's mailboxes. I went home and checked my mailbox there. A letter from an animal rights advocacy group with a poster of a vivisected beagle was enclosed. I called my upstairs neighbor and asked if she'd gotten any of my mail by mistake.

Nope.

The moment of truth.

Kasbar and Curry start by stressing the importance of writing a decent essay on your applications to business school. They even have a sense of humor about it. Under a question like "What is your greatest weakness?" some of the self-deprecating sample responses were: ". . . my tendency to over-research topics when time is available"; ". . . my desire to excel"; ". . . that I do not like to waste time"; and — how could anyone admit such a thing — ". . . that I'm too much of a leader."

"That I'm prone to occasional fits of gun play in fast-food restaurants" and, my personal favorite, "that, in certain unusually tense situations, I often drop my pants and recite the Pledge of Allegiance," were not included.

Some sample questions on business school applications are also included. My favorite here is UCLA's zinger, "Write your own essay question and answer it. Take a risk."

Okay, I thought, I'll play along.

"When you used to sleep with your mother during really violent thunderstorms, did you dream about her wearing pink poodle slippers and drop-kicking dachshunds into a pond full of peach-flavored Jello?"

Yes, I did.

Wow, business.

The essays themselves are revealing. The first lines alone ring with modest determination.

"My investment bank's internal system for the allocation of revenues and expenses among divisions produces a competitive, uncooperative relationship between investment banking and sales and trading that has resulted in the loss of business and market share for the firm." Really. If you drove 150 miles per hour for four days going east eating three pounds of doughnuts, how many doughnuts would you have left by the time you reached Vermont? Answer that one, smart guy.



Andy Manhart/Daily Nebraskan

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