

# 'Worth Winning' plot stupid

By Julie Naughton  
Staff Reporter

"Worth Winning" is a comedy with a stupid plot -- but it has its moments.

## movie REVIEW

Mark Harmon plays Taylor Worth, a Philadelphia TV weatherman who has women falling all over him. He has a slight problem committing to one woman, so his obnoxious friends -- Ned Braudy (Mark Blum), Eric (Brad Hall) and Sam (Jon Korke) -- decide to take matters into their own hands and find him a good woman.

Ned masterminds a plot born out of jealousy of Taylor's lifestyle -- Ned picks three women, and Taylor has to get all three to say that they'll marry him -- on videotape. The stakes: Taylor's fishing cabin against a Picasso, owned by Ned's wife.

The three women who become involved in this preposterous plot are the shy, naive, beautiful Erin Cooper, a receptionist for the Philadelphia Eagles (played by Maria Holvøe); the sex-crazed, proper Society Hill housewife Eleanor Larrimore (played by Lesley Ann Warren); and the fiery, spirited New Age concert pianist Veronica Briskow (played by Madeleine Stowe). And wow, Taylor's got a heart. While he's seducing the three women, he actually falls in love with one of them. Amazing.

This plot is the height of stupidity. Don't these men realize that they're playing, mercilessly, with these women's lives? However, the funniest moments in this movie come when the three women discover Taylor and Ned's plot and turn the tables on them. A more human, less smug



The cast of Twentieth Century Fox's romantic comedy "Worth Winning."

side of Taylor is seen after this takes place.

Harmon makes the best of a somewhat unlikable character in this production. The actor has an inherent likability -- and he's one of the few actors today who could make Taylor Worth work.

Holvøe is a Swedish model who makes her film debut as the virginal Erin, who is naive to the point of being stupid. She seems to have been raised in a foreign country where sex doesn't exist. She is a bombshell who makes grown men cry, and she seems totally unaware of the effect that she has on them. She is attracted to Taylor because he doesn't try to make a pass at her.

Warren is funny as the sex-crazed Eleanor, but her character is much too simplified. There are underlying reasons why this woman is unhappy with her practical marriage and boorish husband, but Warren doesn't

address them. Granted, this is a comedy and not a drama, but these concerns could have been dealt with more effectively.

Stowe is one of the only thoroughly believable characters in the entire movie. Stowe's Veronica is strong-willed, gutsy, bitchy, funny and nervous . . . in other words, human. She plays a free-spirited concert pianist who pretends to hate men -- but in reality, is scared of them. She falls hard for Taylor, and is the most peevish when Taylor's bet is exposed.

Ned Braudy's wife, Claire, is played by Andrea Martin, arguably one of the most talented people in this cast. Martin's Claire is a real person; she is believable, she is funny, she is real. And she admirably handles her obnoxious, unlikable husband.

The music in this film is its best

feature. Chopin's "Etudé Opus 25 #2" is a hauntingly beautiful touch amidst all this fluff, and the Patrick Williams score is light and appealing. Liz Story's "Worth Winning" and "Forgiveness" also are worth listening to.

This movie follows the current trend of setting a movie in one town and filming it in another. "Worth Winning" is set in Philadelphia and filmed (mostly) in L.A.

Occasional shots were filmed in Philadelphia, including the Society Hill area (Taylor's supposed neighborhood) and the Manufacturer's Golf and Country Club.

Movie-goers may want to miss this movie if they're looking for an intellectual movie, or even a movie with any type of brains. However, if they're looking for a funny film to see on a date, they might enjoy "Worth Winning."

## Nash portraits shown at Love

By Jeff Engel  
Staff Reporter

A special exhibition entitled "Willard Nash: Portraits and Self Portraits" is now on display at the Center for Great Plains Studies Art Collection on Love Library's second floor.

## art REVIEW

Since the 1920s, Santa Fe artist Willard Nash has become recognized as "the American Cezanne," after the French Impressionist leader Paul Cezanne (1839-1906). Impressionist influences in form, color and line are most vividly apparent in the more academic works on display -- primarily the vibrant-colored watercolors and gouaches (opaque pigments ground in water). It is interesting to see how Nash transfers these techniques to the oils in which he deals primarily with very earthy or muted tones.

Aside from the sketches and a rich, dark, technically more formal self-portrait oil (number 2 in the display), Nash treats his subjects as decidedly two-dimensional forms. Their facial features hint at a jutting angularity, and in his "Seated Man (Stuart Eddie)," the entire subject's body communicates strange tension in its slump. Its companion, "Stuart Abstract," best reflects modernist ideals in technique and style -- the figure emerges from and sinks back into the painting's planar composition.

A few of Nash's portraits on display are of popular person-

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## James 'Dean' Hanna

# Rebel attitude has no room for paper cuts

By Jim Hanna  
Staff Humorist

OK, so I had this dream last night. In the dream, it seems that James Dean was alive and we were drinking buddies. We were hanging out at Cliff's, a lounge at 140 N. 12th St. We were playing the Trivia video game between peach Kamikazes.

Like most dreams, it was kinda fuzzy and scattered but I think I drank him under the table and got the high score on sex trivia.

From there my dream took on some Freudian twists that I would rather not go into, but when I awoke it was only the James Dean part that stuck with me.

I took a shower and tried to chisel the sleep out of my eyes, but I couldn't keep my mind from wandering back to James Dean.

Then I realized that the dream must have been a sign. Dean was trying to reach me from beyond the grave in order to pass on his legacy. It was suddenly so obvious: James Dean's spirit was ready to return to Earth and I was to be its bodily vehicle.

I climbed out of the shower and stood dripping naked in front of my mirror (go ahead, visualize it if you want). Before my eyes, I saw myself transforming into the sneering king of rebellion. I was becoming James Dean.

Today, I decided, would be a day of merciless rebellion. I would take advantage of every opportunity to defy authority and spit in the face of convention.

I towed off, slathered on some Speed Stick and gelled my hair. Then for good measure, I added another dollop of gel to give my hair the extra body I would need as a rebel.

I swaggered out of my bathroom

and was greeted by my hungry, meowing cat, Bert. In true rebellious fashion, I kicked him in the head and said . . .

"Rebels are too cool for our friends in the animal kingdom."

I then informed him that his name no longer would be Bert. Instead, he would be known as Sal Mineo.

He meowed real cool-like and rebelliously pee'd on my bed.



I slipped on a tight pair of faded Levi's and searched furiously for any black shirt. I finally found an old, black hand-me-down T-shirt that my cousin got at an Eddie Rabbit concert at the Iowa state fair in 1979. Realizing that I was now too cool to wear an Eddie Rabbit shirt, I turned it inside out, further enhancing my awesome rebellion.

I skipped breakfast, knowing full well I was too hip to be bothered by it, and strutted out the door.

Before I got into my car (actually my Mom's 1977 Mercury), I ripped the muffler off with my bare hands to give the car a real bitchin' roar.

I headed off down 12th Street toward school. At one intersection I blazed through a yellow light that turned red as I was going through. A nearby police cruiser flashed its lights as a warning. Feeling a surge of defiance, I gave that pig the bird by coyly scratching my nose with my middle finger.

God, I was cool. I whipped my car into a metered

stall and was struck with an idea of contumacious brilliance: I wasn't going to plug my meter today. That's right, if they want to ticket me, let 'em. I don't care. In fact, I dare them to give me a citation. My uncle's a lawyer and I'll take them to court.

Just then, a meter monitor drove by. I stood next to my meter defiantly, trying to make it very obvious that I had no intention of plugging my meter.

She was looking the other way and didn't see me but that didn't stop me from slyly cleaning my ear with my middle finger.

Oooh, I was being so naughty. I strolled across campus to my first class, intentionally bumping into several people along the way. One impudent woman actually had the nerve to call the new James Dean a jerk, but I froze her blood with a contemptuous leer. Then I dumped her books.

I entered class and took a seat in the back row. I sprawled out in my desk and stole a copy of the Daily Nebraskan from my neighbor. I read through it, snorting with disgust every now and then and loudly referring to it as a second-rate piece of journalistic dung. My classmates cowered at my recalcitrance (I love my thesaurus).

I then proceeded to make spitballs out of the newspaper and flick them on the ceiling.

Then the professor came in and started lecturing about something boring. I raised my hand and made mystical allusions to Charlie Starkweather as if I actually knew what I was talking about. He was impressed and at the same time terrified.

My classmates were amazed at my new image. They were very fright-

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John Bruce/Daily Nebraskan