

# 'Revenge' has violence, beautiful scenery

By Julie Naughton  
Senior Reporter

"Revenge" begins as a nice, peaceful film about a retiring Navy pilot and the long Mexican vacation he is planning.

It ends after a major-league blood bath and more violence than any other film in recent months.

Michael J. "Jay" Cochran (Kevin

## movie REVIEW

Costner) is the retiring pilot, and Tiburon "Tibey" (Anthony Quinn) is the ruthless power broker -- and friend -- that invites him to Mexico. There are tender moments in the first parts of the movie when Tibey and Jay hang out at Tibey's lush estate.

But also, in those first moments, one sees signs of Tibey's ruthless rage and capacity for violence, as he rids himself of a dog and a human that are causing him trouble by shooting them.

"You Americans are so forgiving," Tibey says as he dumps the dog into the pool.

All appears to be fine between Tibey and Jay, though, until Miryea

(Madeleine Stowe) enters the picture. She is Tibey's young and beautiful wife, a woman feeling trapped in her marriage to the much older Tiburon. Miryea and Jay fight a mutual attraction and finally give in to their feelings.

That causes a problem.

When Tiburon discovers (by monitoring Miryea's phone calls) that Jay and his wife are having an affair, he is not at all happy, to say the least. He has Cochran beaten and left for dead; he slashes Miryea's beautiful face and packs her off to a whorehouse. He also commands the madams of the whorehouse to keep Miryea injected with addictive drugs.

Despite Tiburon's best efforts, Cochran recovers. With the help of a Mexican farmer and a Texas cowboy, Cochran sets off to find Miryea and to settle the score with Tiburon.

"Revenge" shows the terrible human capacity for cruelty and hatred; at the same time, "Revenge" demonstrates how loyalty, love and tenderness can transform a human being.

Costner is excellent as Jay. His Jay is tender, but ruthless when he must be; he is volatile and funny and ap-

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Courtesy of Columbia Pictures

Cochran (Kevin Costner) falls into a passionate affair with Miryea (Madeleine Stowe), wife of his friend Tiburon (Anthony Quinn), setting the stage for "Revenge."

Be ready to laugh out loud

# 'Hitchhiker's' author strikes again in 'Tea-Time'

By Troy Falk  
Staff Reporter

"The Long Dark Tea-Time Of The Soul"  
Douglas Adams  
Pocket Books

Douglas Adams is back.

The author of the "Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy" series has spawned a new creation.

His new book, "The Long Dark Tea-Time Of The Soul," should not be read unless one is prepared to laugh out loud. From the first page,

the reader is captured and not released until 307 pages later.

The novel starts out with Kate Schechter sitting in an airport and attempting to board her plane. Not only is she having trouble getting on the plane, but soon the ticket counter blows up, taking half the airport with it. Schechter wakes up in a hospital three days later.

Dirk Gently, a private detective, destroys every myth ever surrounding the profession. He arrives at his latest client's, or more correctly, late client's home to find the client's head rotating on the hit record, "Hot Po-

tato."

From these seemingly unrelated incidents the novel takes off in directions and dimensions that as of yet are

## book REVIEW

uncharted by any but Adams.

Those who have not been exposed to Adams' writing style may be taken aback by the first few pages. He writes from seemingly unrelated starting points and coagulates them in the end.

Gently and Schechter are led down two separate paths searching for the reasons behind the airport explosion and the mystery of the giant Nordic man. Along their separate paths, they encounter each other (briefly), cola machines, Norse Gods, eagles and undelivered pizzas.

Adams' way of dealing with everyday annoyances is to leave them until they become huge, grotesque monsters.

Take, for example, Gently's refrigerator. It becomes so dirty, slimy and disgusting that he takes on new cases solely to buy a new refrigerator.

Gently displays an aptitude in discovering clues that are not clues, yet still finding the truth. His logic is that everything in the universe is connected and that by understanding any one item a person can discover the answer to any question or problem.

Gently's method of driving leaves a lot to be desired. He finds a car that appears to be going in the same general direction as he wants to go and follows it. His logic behind this method: "Many times it doesn't get me where I want to go, but where I need to go."

This novel is definitely a Douglas Adams special.

# Hanna conquers UNL Hell apprentice, again makes campus safe for students

Has anybody else noticed how incredibly warm it is in Love Library?

I recently got a job sorting and shelving books in our main library, and I find the heat in that building to be almost unbearable at times.

As one heads down the stairs to Love North's first floor and base-

ment, the temperature soars to near-equatorial levels. It's a dry heat that parches the tongue and makes the skin bubble slowly.

One day last week, I was shelving books in the basement of Love North. I had stripped down to my boxers in a futile attempt to combat the oppressive heat.

As I roamed ardently through the shelves, I came across a library patron who had apparently lost his life to the heat. His feet were melted pools on the floor and the rest of his body was a swollen, corpulent ball of baked flesh.

"Bummer," I said. I realized that it was now time to do something. I simply could not stand by and watch as my fellow students were turned into people potpies. I had to find out what was causing this torrid nightmare.

I decided that walking up the stairs

might kill me in the life-threatening warmth of Love North so I headed to the elevator. I was planning to go upstairs to the information desk and make a plea for heating system maintenance.

I entered the elevator and turned to push the button marked "2."

Boing!  
I noticed that there was a new and different button on the control panel. Along with the normal buttons designating the basement, first and second floors of Love North, there was now a huge red button with a capital "H" on it.

"Hmmm," I thought to myself. "I wonder what this could lead to."

I pushed it.  
The elevator car started to rattle. The light within began to blink erratically. Then, to my surprise, the elevator started moving down.

"Down?!" my mind asked with numbed dread. "But I'm in the basement. There are no floors beneath this. Unless..."

The elevator ground to a halt. The light in the car was now off. Slowly, the elevator doors opened.

I was greeted with a soft red-orange glow and a blast of intense heat. A hint of sulphur hung in the air. It only took me a few short moments to realize where I was.

This was Hell.

"Freaky," I said. I cautiously took a step out of the elevator. This certainly was not a traditional version of Hell. The heat and the fire were there, but there was some jazzy, upbeat Muzak being piped in over speakers in the ceiling. The

floor was carpeted, and the walls were a pleasing, neutral beige. It seemed that I was in the lobby to Hell. I looked to the corner and saw a grizzled old man sitting at a desk. He was chatting on the phone.

"No, no, no," he said into the phone. "You're thinking of the other Hell. There is no sea of fire here. If you'd like, I could give you the number to that Hell."

"Odd," I said. I walked up to the desk to figure out what was going on. I waited for the grizzled old man to hang up.

"Hello," he said. "Welcome to Hell. How may I help?"

"Um..." I started. "Who are you?"

"I am Fitzwalter, the apprentice to the overlord of this Hell. I also function as the overlord's personal secretary. What can I do for you?"

I was confused and unable to speak for a few moments.

"Come, come, quickly," Fitzwalter said. "I haven't all day. Speak quickly, or I'll put a hold on your records."

"You'll what?" I asked. "How can you do that?"

"Oh, please, you insipid little zero. Don't you know where you are?"

"I'm in Hell, aren't I?"

"Not just any Hell," he said. "You're in a special branch of Hell. This is UNL Hell."

"UNL Hell!" I exclaimed. "That's catchy."

"Yes, we specialize in making life for UNL students a virtual hell on



Andy Manhart/Daily Nebraskan

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Jim  
Hanna