

Michael Weixel/Daily Nebraskan

Sniffing in the sun

Summer colds are for idiots

A friend of mine (I'll call her Tara because that's her real name) recently came down with a summer cold. I can't say that her illness made me laugh, but I didn't exactly feel sorry for her either.

I probably threw out some sincere sounding platitude like, "Oh, that's too bad," while inside, I didn't really care. Anybody who catches a cold in the summer probably deserved it, I reasoned.

At some point she said, "I hope you don't catch my cold," a platitude equally sincere as my own. Her actual thoughts were probably more like, "Live it up, you smug bastard — I'm going to lick your toothbrush."

Well, she didn't lick my toothbrush, but I somehow managed to catch her cold anyway (probably from all that deep tongue-kissing).

Now a cold in the dead of winter is bad, but at least you're expecting it. A cold in the middle of summer is a flat-out nightmare.

It started as a tickle in my throat on the evening of July 4. I passed it off as an irritation from inhaling the fumes of too many smoke balls and magic glo-snakes.

By the next morning, the virus was in full swing. My chest ached, my tonsils throbbled and phlegm flowed freely from my pharynx. I woke up early, went to work and silently cursed Tara to her own special room in hell.

On Friday night, I, Jim Hanna, The Swingiest Cat in Lincoln, collapsed into my bed and didn't move for two days.

HANNA
James

As per usual when something evil happens in my life, I feel compelled to share my lessons with you. Have you ever read a self-help book that told you how to cope with a summer cold? Of course not — only idiots get summer colds.

So, it's only right that I label my advice:

THE IDIOT'S GUIDE TO SUMMER COLDS.

DON'T USE VAPO-RUB IN THE SUMMER: Even as a kid, I knew slathering my chest with that vapo-rub crap was pointless. It was just a way for my mom to feel like she was helping her child get better. Still, that shimmering menthol had a hypnotic effect on a sick little boy, an effect that a sick little man was unable to shake. In my agony and desperation Friday night, I was throwing every conceivable medication at my virus-rich body, including that insidious rub. Nothing like smearing your chest with a camphor-salve and bedding down in 90 degree-plus weather.

DON'T TURN ON THE TV: On Saturday, when my cold's fury was at its peak, I made the error of clicking on the television. Before I knew it, I was prone on the couch with a huge glass of water, a pile of cough drops

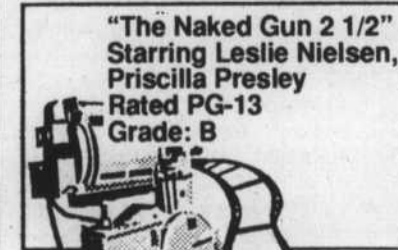
and a remote control. The remote served as an umbilical cord, attaching my disease-ravaged brain to the video nourishment box. TV can suck you in when you're well but when you're ill, it will rob your very soul and feed it to the MTV gods. With the remote, I could at least switch it to CNN when my I.Q. plunged after the eighth Street Block of the day. Still I ran the risk that the virus would rob my last bit of strength at the beginning of Club MTV and I wouldn't be able to switch the channel. Just play it safe and do a crossword puzzle.

IF YOU HAVE AN AIR CONDITIONER. . . USE IT!: My apartment has a poor excuse for central air that struggles 24 hours a day to stay 10 degrees warmer than the outdoors. Still, when you're stretched out recuperating for hour upon hour, it helps some. I know our parents insisted that we stay warm when we have a cold but in July, you have to make adjustments. In the winter, you need a few thick quilts to be comfortably warm but in the summer, you need an hourly ice bath and 36" fan to stay comfortable, even when you're sick. The only bonus to the warm weather is that you may be able to suffer heatstroke, which is bound to mute the unpleasantness of your sore throat.

DRINK LOTS OF WATER:

See HANNA on 11

Movie created for laughs, not Academy Awards



"The Naked Gun 2 1/2"
Starring Leslie Nielsen,
Priscilla Presley
Rated PG-13
Grade: B
By Steve Pearson
Staff Reporter

There are certain films that you can tell were made in the hope of winning the Best-Picture Oscar. "The Naked Gun 2 1/2: The Smell of Fear" is not one of them.

Directed by David Zucker, "The Naked Gun 2 1/2" comes from a long line of films made for laughs, not culture.

"The Naked Gun 2 1/2" continues the story of Lieutenant Frank Drebin (Leslie Nielsen). Now in Washington D.C., Drebin is involved in an effort to save the kidnapped Dr. Meinheimer (Richard Griffiths), to whom President Bush has assigned the development of a national energy policy.

As luck would have it, the love of Drebin's life, Jane Spencer (Priscilla Presley) is Meinheimer's assistant and has been dating Quentin Hapsburg (Robert Goulet), the man behind her boss' abduction.

Zucker uses his usual barrage sight gags, puns, and warped jokes to lampoon everything from Washington politics to Hollywood films, from Dukakis to Diehard. This film is one

of those few sequels that out-distance the original.

Zucker parodies Hollywood with take-offs of the pottery scene from his brother's "Ghost", the bicycle silhouetted on the moon from "E.T." and the rooftop battle scene from "Diehard."

There are some terrific cameo appearances to watch for by Zsa Zsa Gabor and Mel Tormé. Additionally, the film features look-alike actors humorously portraying George and Barbara Bush, John Sununu and Nelson and Winnie Mandela. The running gag involving Barbara Bush' character is one of the movie's funniest.

Nielsen and Presley have mastered the delivery style necessary to pull off the Zucker brand of comedy. Both are able to deliver their lines with a melodramatic seriousness that adds to the comedy's punch.

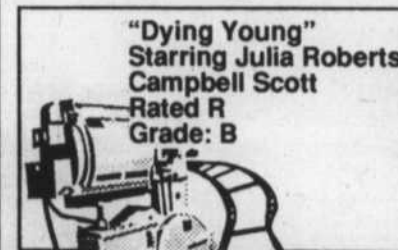
The rest of the cast is solid throughout, but the real stars if this movie are the writers—director Zucker and co-writer Pat Proft.

Catch this movie while it is still in the theaters. The Zucker movies don't play as well on video, because half the fun is sharing in the hilarious experience in a crowded theater. If you go, be sure not to miss the funniest credits since "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" and read carefully.

This won't make anyone's ten-best list or take any Academy Awards, but if you want a lot of laughs on a summer evening, "The Naked Gun 2 1/2" will deliver.

"The Naked Gun 2 1/2" is playing at the Cinema 1 & 2, 201 N. 13th Street, and the East Park 3, East Park Plaza Mall, 66th and O streets.

'Dying Young' spews regurgitated themes



"Dying Young"
Starring Julia Roberts,
Campbell Scott
Rated R
Grade: B
By Julie Naughton
Senior Editor

Girl gets dumped on by old boyfriend. Girl meets new boy. New boy has a baaaad disease. But love will conquer all. . . or so the audience is led to believe.

Welcome to "Dying Young." This is not the masterpiece of the 20th century, but it is a good, tear-jerking summer movie. Starring Julia

Roberts as (surprise) a blue-collar babe, Hilary O'Neil, and Campbell Scott as Victor Geddies, her (surprise) upper-crust lover with a heart of gold.

While the storyline may sound like any one of a number of Roberts' films, the acting makes up for the regurgitated themes. Scott and Roberts make a tremendously likable couple, and because of this, audiences will forgive the film's occasionally convoluted plot turns.

"Dying Young" is based — in this interpretation, somewhat loosely — on the novel by Marti Leimbach. The screenplay moves Victor and Hilary from Massachusetts to California and adds a winery that did not exist in the novel.

In most respects, screenwriter Richard Friedenberg has done a good job of transforming a book of mostly inner monologue into a tender, sad and at times very funny film.

However, he makes two large er-

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