

"The Edwards Ledger Drawings: Folk Art by Arapaho Warriors," is on display in room 305 of Love Library.

Michelle Paulman/DN

Rumors of senior blow-off a myth

Final semester no cakewalk

Everyone hopes his or her final semester at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln will be the pinnacle of Dionysian excess, a perpetual drunk-fest. Well kids, I feel a moral imperative to tell you it just isn't so, that the myth of the senior blow-off is just that — a myth.

As a senior graduating in December, I speak from the trenches of experience. One day last month was all too typical.

I stopped instinctively slamming the snooze button about 7:30 and skated across the icy concrete floor of our basement apartment.

I roused enough energy to crank the coffee pot on before heading outside to begin the sacred windshield scraping ritual, an ancient rite passed on from our ancestors, who were also insane enough to live in this kind of weather.

Admittedly, I was one of the 3 million or so morons who purchased a commuter parking permit from campus police. Of course, by about 7:00 each morning, the lots were filled, so I stood no chance of finding a parking space.

Since I can't bear walking all that distance, I drove the two blocks from my house to 33rd Street, parked somewhere in the vicinity and began my trek on foot.

When I reached my composition class, most of my major appendages looked like they'd just been through a decade of cryogenics. The weather had proven too formidable a foe for most students, who opted to skip.

Dismayed by this lack of scholarly devotion, the instructor launched into a moral tirade on every subject from Big Bird to TV to the ancient martial art of tai chi.

Slobber ran down the chins of the sleeping students while the others brooded dejectedly.

After class, I felt the cozy confines of Love Library calling me. But as I tried to check out a book, I was stalled at the circulation desk.

"I'm sorry," the librarian said in a voice of seething condescension, "but you have exceeded your fine limit

and we are forced to decline this transaction."

"Well," I whined, "if that's like a credit card limit, maybe I could get it raised?"

"It is not."

"Okay," I dared, "How much is the fine?"

"\$374."

"\$374! For what?," I asked.

"Our records indicate you checked out Shakespeare's first folio on the 23rd and returned it on the 24th."

John Skretta

I remembered checking it out to read "Macbeth." "The binding was damaged," he snapped.

"It's 370 years old. It was practically falling apart in my hands before I duct-taped it up," I explained.

"That's precisely the damage we're referring to."

"Oh."

"If you'd like, I could hold this novel until which time you could pay the full cost of..."

"I can pay the fine, pal," I told him. "What do you think, I'm just some groveling, indigent undergraduate who doesn't have a dime to his name?"

I didn't wait around for his response but ran directly to our student union, where I called my rich parents in Connecticut.

Though their funds are usually tied up in home improvement projects, Mom gladly wired me the cash. I returned to the library and waited in line to confront the man who had so coolly turned me out.

"I'm here to pay my fine, Bucko," I said in my best Richie Cunningham bravado.

"I'm sorry," he grinned, "but this monitor is not set up to handle monetary transactions."

As you might imagine, by the time I at last paid the fine, I was ready to host a book-burning and library-loot-

ing fest that would have put Hitler's SS to shame. I decided what I needed was a nice, hot lunch in a relaxed atmosphere. Unfortunately, driven by some fatalistic impulse, I headed to the Union.

After a lunch of lukewarm spaghetti, I slid my way home just in time to receive a phone call from the College of Arts and Sciences.

"Is there a Mr. John Scareeta residing at this number?," a computer-generated monotone asked.

"Yeah, it's me."

"Mr. Scareeta, you are scheduled to graduate this December, correct?"

"That's right," I said.

"And Mr. Scareeta, you are working on a senior thesis, correct?"

"That's right."

"The deadline for submission of senior thesis material is this Friday."

"What?!" I demanded. "I was told it was next month! Are you out of your mind?"

"This is a recording, number 00644. Message will repeat," the machine said.

"No way," I thought to myself. "Is there a Mr. John Scareeta residing at this residence?..."

You can imagine my terror and panic. I hastily began throwing together a thesis on "Being and Becoming in Relation to Sartre's Nausea," which, incidentally, was just how I was feeling. Unfortunately, I had to go to the massive retail store where I am employed. The commercial Christmas shopping season is well under way, trust me.

When I finally returned home that night, I was firmly convinced the rite (or right) of "senior slough-off" is nothing more than a pipe dream, the lore of legends long since graduated from UNL's harrowing halls.

The only consolation I found was in the words of my idol and inspiration Woody Allen, who once remarked after a particularly tough day, "I need a Valium the size of a hockey puck."

Skretta is a senior English major and Daily Nebraskan A&E Columnist

Comedy

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someone's life is accepting the process and making a little change. So I use the characters that we all grew up with."

The change for McCollum is also a conflict of fantasy versus reality. According to him, that is a major attraction for the audience because it gives them something they could see themselves doing.

"I think the thing that people enjoy most is


the conflict of enjoying the fantasy characters but living in a real world," McCollum said. "It's a real fine line between being a little bored and looking at life as a mundane process and just making a little change and having it be OK."

Although McCollum hasn't become bored with traveling the comedy circuit, he insists it isn't going to be the end of the road for him. He would like to make an album and put his cartoon voices to real rock music. This would allow him to try several media.


"It would bring the characters from the '40s into the '90s and give them an edge," McCollum said. "And it wouldn't be just a cartoon, it would be a video, so it would get on MTV. Plus it would play on the radio without being seen, so you'd have the double media blitz."

"People know when they hear me they're going to get a show. It's not just me and the microphone, it's a show. I'm an entertainer."

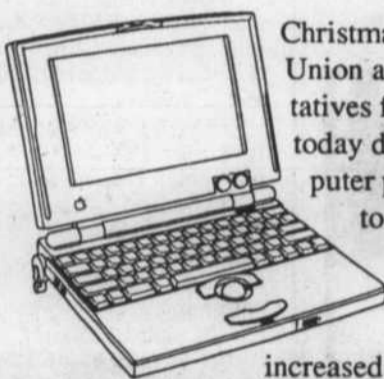
Tickets for tonight's and Wednesday's shows are \$10 and are available at the door.



Apple




celebrates Christmas in the Union today!



Christmas in November? Stop in the Union and see for yourself. Representatives from Apple are in the Union today demonstrating the new computer products Apple Macintosh has to offer UNL this holiday season.

Discover the amazing convenience of the portable Powerbook computers and the increased speed and memory of the Classic II personal computers. These new Macintosh products and many more are on display today at the Apple fair in the Union. In the spirit of Christmas, Apple will be giving away free gifts to many of the students and faculty stopping by the festivities. Don't miss this chance to experience the new technology of Macintosh and receive free gifts from Apple. After all, Christmas only comes ~~once~~ twice this year!



For more information contact:
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 University Bookstore
 Lower Level Nebraska Union
 472-5785
 Hours: 8am-5pm

The power to be your best at UNL.



The Godfather Part II

1. "Backdraft"
2. "Silence of the Lambs"
3. "Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves"
4. "Mortal Thoughts"
5. "What About Bob?"
6. "V.I. Warshawski"
7. "Guilty by Suspicion"
8. "Fantasia"
9. "Class Action"
10. "The Doors"

1. "The Godfather Part II"
2. "Madonna: Truth or Dare"
3. "Dances With Wolves"
4. "The Doors"
5. "One Good Cop"
6. "The Hard Way"
7. "Switch"
8. "A Kiss Before Dying"
9. "Silence of the Lambs"
10. "Awakenings"

Recent and requested: "Defending Your Life"
 ■ Courtesy of Blockbuster Video

Rising quickly: "Class Action"
 ■ Billboard Magazine

David Badders/DN

Videos

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Hawk" was attacked as the worst movie since "Ishtar." (Available today)

"A Rage in Harlem" (R) Based on a novel by writer Chester Himes, this story takes place in 1956 and follows the route of a gold shipment in Harlem.

Robin Givens ("Head of the Class") plays a Southern seductress who has the gold. Several men vie for her attentions and her money, including the timid Forest Whitaker ("Bird"). Also scheming for the loot are a street-wise con artist (Gregory Hines) and a

gangster played by Danny Glover ("Lethal Weapon").

Billed as a comedy with elements of drama and action, "A Rage in Harlem" is helped by a few performances. (Available today)

"Out for Justice" (R) If it's got a three-word title, there's a good chance it's a Steven Seagal movie.

Not surprisingly, Seagal is a cop on a mission of revenge. He's looking to get even with the bad guy that — you guessed it — murdered his partner.

"Out for Justice" contains the usual martial arts scenes that accompany Seagal's films. (Available today.)