

OPINION PACES

Our VIEW

'Psycho' analytical

True remake avoids common hypocrisy

This Friday, Hollywood's latest controversy will come slashing into theaters.

The film in question is "Psycho," or to be more accurate, a new remake of the 1960 Alfred Hitchcock-directed horror classic.

One of Hitchcock's true masterpieces, the original "Psycho" was responsible for a host of eerie images that have lingered in popular culture — most notably the infamous shower scene and the shadowy silhouette of the Bates Motel.

In many cases, one might expect such a film to be sacrosanct, particularly to those who work in the film industry that Hitchcock so directly influenced.

But Gus Van Sant, a director who has made a reputation as an uncompromising and edgy filmmaker, has shown no fear in his remake.

And this is a *remake* in every sense of the word. Van Sant is following the same shooting schedule, the same script and mimicking nearly every shot that Hitchcock conceived for the original.

The actors are different. The film is in color. Other than that, Van Sant's "Psycho" will be exactly like Hitchcock's "Psycho."

And an uproar has ensued.

Film scholars and fans alike are crying for Van Sant's head. They call his remake a blatant push for money. They say it has no artistic merit.

Unfortunately, in doing so, they've also described nearly every other film that passes for artistic product in Hollywood these days.

When multiplex theaters are filled with sequels, contrived stories and blatant attempts to cash in on sheep-like audiences, singling out Van Sant's "Psycho" as an abomination seems more than a little outrageous.

After "Titanic" — a film that recycles every tired cliché and uses every ugly, stereotypical character in the book — became the most-seen movie of the decade, a remake that stays true to the classic on which it was based should be welcomed.

Sure, retracing the steps of a proven film requires little talent and even less imagination. Sure, some people will go to see the new "Psycho" and ignore the old version. Sure, Hitchcock himself may have disapproved of the whole project.

But one thing is for sure: People will go to see "Psycho." People will pay money to see "Psycho." And, if this version is only half as good as the original, it will be one of the best films in theaters this weekend.

With "Psycho," Van Sant may not be at his most original and daring. But Hollywood hasn't been there for years.

To be exact, it hasn't been there since about 1960.

Mook's VIEW



Star City sex industry *Lincoln should legalize prostitution*



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Ah, the end of the semester.

It's a stressful time for most of us at the university. We students have finals to study for and papers to order from those companies that advertise in the back of Rolling Stone. And professors have grades to inflate. Everybody just needs to chill out.

So why don't we legalize prostitution?

I realize this is a hot-button issue, one that's been debated back and forth during City Council meetings for as long as I've lived here. Local newspapers run letters to the editor about it on a weekly, if not daily, basis.

And I realize the community is polarized on this one. Half of us are like, "Yes! Do it!" and the other half are like, "No! Don't!" No one's riding the fence.

Except me. Up till today, I refused to take a stance. Reasonable young punk that I am, I saw pros and cons on both sides. And I was willing to let wiser men and women fight it out.

All that changed last weekend. See, I'd just finished a hard day's work at Carlos O'Kelly's. And, as is my wont, after clocking out, I seated myself at the bar and drank two or three — or maybe five — margaritas before 6 p.m.

Well, in our margaritas at Carlos, we use the kind of tequila that gets you drunk. And when I get drunk, my hormones tend to kick into overdrive. So when I found myself home alone a while later, my loins all abuzz and no one to play with but myself, it's not surprising that my first thought was:

"It sure would be nice to get a prostitute."

Crude, perhaps, but who among you hasn't been in the same situation, thinking the same thought? We've all been there.

Point is, I was bored, and if I hadn't promptly passed out in my easy chair, I might have turned to drugs or violence for entertainment. Drugs and violence, as all of us know, are bad. Sex, on the other hand, is sweet — but much harder to come by.

What really disturbs me is, next semester I'll be a part-time student. My classes and work will use up only a smattering of my leisure time, and most of that will be during the mornings and afternoons, so my evenings will be largely free.

Finances permitting, I plan on drinking a lot. My motto, I think, will be: "Make it a double."

Do I need to spell it out? What the hell am I gonna do if prostitutes aren't available in Lincoln? I have neither the time nor the inclination to drive to Grand Island a couple times a week.

It's not just about me, either. A few houses of ill repute could do a lot of good for this city.

Trying to get more tourists to Lincoln? As any biologist will tell you, sex is the great motivator. Forget this new hotel — let's put a brothel up downtown. As the saying goes: If you build it, they will come.

And what about the Huskers? Don't those fine young men deserve a reward? It's gotta be stressful, playing in front of 75,000 of the world's most die-hard fans, especially when the Huskers have the last few seasons to live up to. They get those pipes cleaned regularly, they can focus their attention on what's important: crushing their opponents.

Damn straight. Perhaps most importantly of all, though, we need to do this for the prostitutes themselves.

Not long ago, I spoke to a friend of mine who works part-time as a prostitute here in town. The work itself has its ups and downs, she told me, but the downs outnumber the ups.

She shivered, thinking of the chilly Nebraska winter and how icy and dark and, hence, unsafe it would make the streets.

Wouldn't it be nice, I thought, if

she had a clean, comfortable, regulated place to work?

She shook her head sadly and told me she and her co-workers could be bringing in a lot more money, if only they could form a union. And she lamented the fact that, because hookers don't see a regular paycheck, she and her colleagues wouldn't have any Social Security waiting for them when they grew too old to work.

Is it fair, I asked myself, that prostitutes can be arrested for the relatively honest work they perform, while journalists and university administrators go untouched?

She wept openly at the plight of the male prostitutes, that minority within a minority. And it's true — we forget about them too often.

Hmph. The people of Lincoln are good people. They collect donations for hurricane victims in Central America. They mail bags of letters to soldiers stationed in Kosovo.

It makes me sick that, inadvertently, they might let some of the folks in their own community down.

Especially since legalizing prostitution could save us all money. According to The Associated Press, a group in San Francisco estimated the city could save \$7 million in taxes if police didn't have to comb the streets, arrest prostitutes and hold them in jail.

Think of the cash we could save. We need to legalize prostitution in Lincoln. It'll be good for us, good for the city, good for the prostitutes.

And, I think, such an act of rampant capitalism would spark something. Cathouses would spring up first in the rest of Nebraska, then all over the Midwest and then throughout the rest of the United States.

Communism would be stamped out, the stock market would shoot up again, and the space program would get back on track.

I call on Dale Young, in his first act as mayor of the city of Lincoln, to publicly endorse the profitable and time-honored profession of whoring. Mr. Johanns, it is your civic duty to do so.

I thank you for your time. Let's do what's right, people of Lincoln. Let's do what's right.

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