

Name: Kyle Klakamp Class: Junior Major: Business Administration Hobbies: Pole Vaulting, Swimming, Football, Long Walks on the Beach

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Sorry, Mom: I'm just not cool

Given the slightest provoca-

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ing like an enraged lover or a

petulant child. "

ANDREW BADER
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

That's it. I'm through being cool.

If you know me, this may cause a few snickers. I never have been (and never would be) the coolest kid in school, no matter what my mother may think. What can I say? Hammerjax isn't quite my thing.

As a film major, my classes are two sides of the same coin – film study classes and film production classes. The study classes are per-

fect for the rising film scholar or critic: intelligent discourse about significant auteurs in the French New Wave or the use of deep focus in Citizen Kane. The Film Studies department has been blessed with

a handful of gifted professors – Dr. Berliner and Dr. Palmer to name but two.

On the other hand, we have our production classes, crafted for the asipiring filmmaker. They focus on the art and mechanics of making a film: Glenn Pack teaches how to thread and operate 16mm camera; Rich Leder explains the subtleties of screenplay structure; Peter Jurasik passes along his intimate knowledge of the space in front of the lens. These professors aren't "Dr. Pack" or "Professor Leder." It's just Peter (or "Mr. Jurasik," if you're feeling formal).

Don't get me wrong: our study professors have my utmost respect. But there's just something exhilarating about the point where you say, "That's it! I'm through studying this – I have to do it."

Note that I said "exhilarating" and not "cool." Being cool is, at its heart, being detached. It's being able to sit back and ironically comment on anybody with the intestinal fortitude to whole-heartedly *love* something.

In our screenwriting class, Rich Leder bellows at the top of his lungs, "I am *on fire* as a person!" Given the slightest provocation, he's standing on a desk, yelling a students' dialogue back to them, acting like an enraged lover or a petulant child (whatever

the scene calls for).

Walking past the room, it would be so easy to snicker about the short guy hollering on the desk. But it's from that very fire that I realized just how much I love

film in every aspect – from the passion that goes into it to the beauty that comes out.

And it's hard work. I don't pretend it's not. But it's worth doing, because I was lucky enough to stumble into doing something I love. If you came to UNCW to study for any other reason – your parents made you, or you thought you could make money – you have my pity. You've got a long, soul-sapping road ahead of you.

So you can keep your keg parties. Keep your spaghetti strap tanks or your trucker hats. Keep complaining about class on Sunday night, detached and hung over and entirely too cool.

If you need me, I'll be standing on top of my desk, yelling dialogue at the top of my lungs.



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