

Ooze replaces screams in Madames' exhibit

Art Review by Billy Shaffer

Two years ago, former UNL professor Janice McCullagh taught a summer reading course about women in the arts. From this class sprung a group called Dear Madames, a collective of artists determined to "make and show art based on the theme of violence in the lives of women." They have done just that and the results, "The Dear Madames Respond: To Violence in the Lives of Women," is currently showing at the Eleventh Street Gallery, 305 S. 11th St.

The Show contains the work of 13 Lincoln artists from the Dear Madames roster. At times, the work is great, at other times merely good, and occasionally, it borders on banal.

The issue of violence against women is, of course, an important one, one that should be taken seriously and approached with a good dose of rational think-

ing and problem solving. An emotional issue like this seldom is helped by overreaction. In trying to be so rational, however, I think Dear Madames may have acquiesced a bit too far.

There are few things in this show that will surprise anybody who reads the newspaper or watches the news. There are a few exceptions like Julie Vosoba "Woman's Window: Nightlife," when one realizes that all the news clippings are from our own Lincoln Journal. Or the work of both Mary Georgeff and Vosoba in reminding us that violence against women occurs in one out of every four homes. Yet, these images seem to ooze the message, rather than scream it. Rapes, beatings, and sadistic pornography are a sordid business and should not be treated with kid gloves. Perhaps it's due to the particular sensitivities of the artists involved, but I don't think the brutality of these acts is really conveyed.

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'Drunken Hoer' wants to say howdy

By Mark Davis

The Nelsons, a Lubbock, Texas based band who would like to say, "Howdy!" made their furthest stop north and first ever Nebraska appearance last weekend at the Drumstick.

These home town boys and MTV Basement Tape contest finalists, who play everything from Buddy Holly to "God Save the Queen," and very well, are on their way up.

The band is comprised of Don "The Drunken Hoer" Allison, lead vocals, John "The Mean" Spratt, guitar, Dennis "Mr. Break" Jones, bass, and Kevin "Kung Fu" Maquis on the drums, have been adding new dates to their continuing tour since the first time they appeared on MTV.

"It was a great break for us," Allison said. "We've been playing together for 2 years. We'd really like to make a go of it." The band members made some sacrifices to go on tour and are really quite serious about their music.

"We don't party before we play," Allison said. Alli-

son gave up seeking a teaching certificate at Texas Tech and Dennis Jones was only six hours away from a Pre-Law degree.

Kevin Maquis has stifled an interest in aeronautics for his part in the band. Maquis, the newest addition to the band, was added after The Nelsons put out their first album, "Bag Your Face."

He has retained his interest as a hobby. Upon arrival in Lincoln, Maquis bought a pressurized water rocket for an afternoon of fun.

"This thing flies right over the hotel," Maquis said. The rocket, which later made an accidental launch in Jones' room and was put away, made a splash landing in the hotel swimming pool.

After two slow nights at the Drumstick, the band is still enthusiastic about playing Nebraska bars.

"We play a lot of bars in Dallas and Austin," Allison said. Proving that he was only kidding when he called a couple of people in attendance at the bar "rednecks," Allison invited the whole bar to a party after the bar had closed.

"We'll come back if they'll have us," Allison said.

Celeste hires leisurely assistant

While Harley Davidson and Otis P. Davenport socialize in New York, Addison Steele, Celeste's campaign manager, is sitting in Pierre's cafe with the vice-presidential candidate, Antoinette Chateaubriand.

involving so many people, that you couldn't possibly be expected to do all the work."

"As long as you can delegate responsibility without actually working directly with him, you'll be alright," Antoinette said.

At that moment Celeste, accompanied by her new assistant, entered the cafe.

"Addison, darling, I'm so glad to have found you," Celeste said. "My — or should I say your? — assistant and I have been thinking up all kinds of ways to lighten the workload. Why, when we get finished unburdening ourselves, we'll be able to sit around here all day long! Won't that be nice, Pierre?"

"What can I bring you two today?" he asked. "Our home brew is on special today."

"I'll take a margarita with a beer chaser," Celeste said.

"I'll have a pitcher of iced tea," the assistant said.

Addison and Antoinette exchanged glances and mouthed "Poor taste." Celeste, who had seen them, looked annoyed.

"You two are going to have to stop being so snobbish," she said. "I've found a helper that is worth his weight in diamonds. All you people ever did is work, work, work. Here's a man who truly appreciates leisure."

Addison looked hurt.

"Well, I guess we know where we're not wanted," Antoinette said. "Come on, Addison, let's go!"

Before the two even got out the door, Celeste and her slow-paced assistant were already asleep.

Mary Louise Knapp

"I know, I know, I've seen the latest public opinion poll," Pierre said. "It looks like the incumbent might get another chance. Oh, well, there's always the '88 elections."

"That's not what's worrying me," sighed Addison. "Celeste has hired an assistant campaign manager, and I don't like the man's style at all."

"Who is he?" Pierre asked.

"A totally uneducated boob from outstate," Antoinette put in. "He has absolutely no sense of savoir-faire. My dear, he runs around in a bathrobe all the time, and never combs his hair!"

"What was his occupation before Celeste hired him?" Pierre asked.

"Apparently he didn't have one," Addison said.

"Well, as I recall, neither did you," said Pierre. Addison sniffed and adjusted the gardenia in his buttonhole.

"I may not have held a job, in the accepted sense," he said. "However, my hours were amply filled. Being a literary figure takes up one's time, you know."

"It may not be all that bad, Addison," Pierre said. "You're still head manager. Her campaign is getting so large, and

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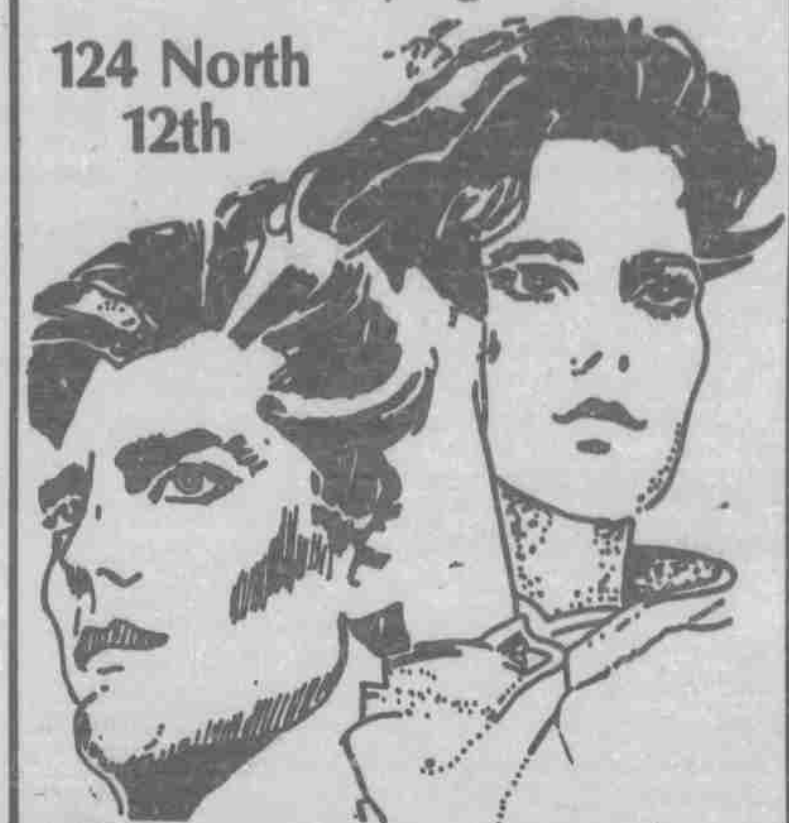
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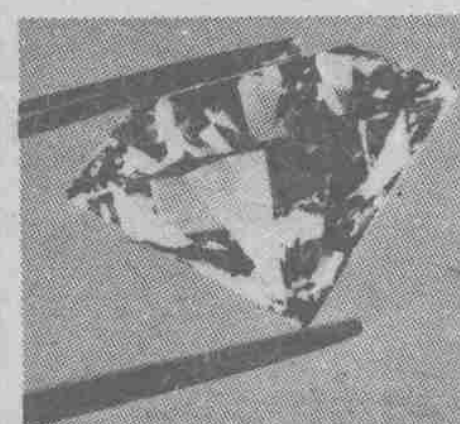
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