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**The Magic
of Mexico.**

'Like A Virgin' lacks creativity

By Scott Harrah
Daily Nebraskan Staff Reporter



Photo Courtesy of Sire Records

Last spring, a young dance student from Detroit named Madonna Ciccone released an extremely auspicious LP of lighthearted dance ballads. Maybe it was her look — Marilyn Monroe glamour ala Goodwill — that catapulted her to fame. Or perhaps it was her high-spirited videos, which featured her sensuous pout, that did the trick. But most likely it was her voice — a gritty, rock-tinged facsimile of Diana Ross' pipes — that made her a musical phenomenon.

Madonna has now added a role in an upcoming film, "Desperately Seeking Susan," and a "Rolling Stone" cover story to her success. Amazingly, she has managed to churn out

a follow-up LP, *Like a Virgin* (Sire), in the midst of a very busy schedule.

Sporting lingerie and a plethora of cosmetics, Madonna looks fashionably trashy on the cover of this album. But what is even trashier is the sound of the first two songs on side one, "Material World" and "Angel." Their dumb lyrics, silly robot-like vocals and inept sound render them reprehensible.

Then along comes the title track, "Like a Virgin," which saves the album with its whimsical hooks, romantic lyrics and ethereal vocals. The last cut on side one, "Love Don't Live Here Anymore," is a torchy piece in which Madonna sings with so much grace that you overlook her tousled tresses and gaudy garb and realize that this woman is truly an artist — not

just an idiosyncratic glamour icon.

The second side doesn't contain any pseudo-experimental tunes like the first. Songs like "Dress You Up" and "Shoo Be Doo" bear distant hints of early '60s women's group influences. One cut, "Pretender," sounds like one of those sappy Sheena Easton dirges with its tear-laden vocals and submissive lyrics. Madonna's first album was frothy and infectious, but it lacked any real semblance of invention or sophistication. This second effort, like her first, is catchy, but she doesn't use her creativity with it. However, producer Nile Rodgers has packaged these songs so well that the driving beats, glossy backup vocals and razor-sharp mixing conceal the flaws with style.

Santa Claus should ignore robots

Humor by Chris Burbach
Daily Nebraskan Senior Editor

The funniest thing came over the Daily Nebraskan wire today. It seems we've intercepted the Christmas wish transmissions of three progenitors of the robot race — Robby the Robot, C3PO and R2D2. Since everyone knows robots don't have feelings, we'll disregard any concern for their metallic semblance of sentiment (yes I know C3PO can whine, but that's programmed) and print uncensored transcripts of their letters here.

One question for you, dear readers, before we begin. One question which may rattle your belief in the security of a mechanical future, one question which may make you wonder if we really are in good hands with robots: If these machines are so darned logical, what in tarnation are they doing writing letters to Santa Claus?

One more question before we get into the transcripts — just where are the robots sending their transmissions, to the North Anode? And just how in the world do they expect Jolly Saint Nicholas to bring them presents — robots, as we all know, do not have fireplaces, nor do they have chimneys. Which brings up another point — just where do robots live? Or are they alive at all? And supposing Santa did find these tinwits, would they leave him a couple of D-sized batteries and a tall glass of grease?

My opinion is that robots are not alive. They can't be bad or good, naughty or nice — they only do what they're programmed to do. So why should Santa Claus give them presents? That would be like putting a little something under the tree for your toaster. Or throwing a surprise party for

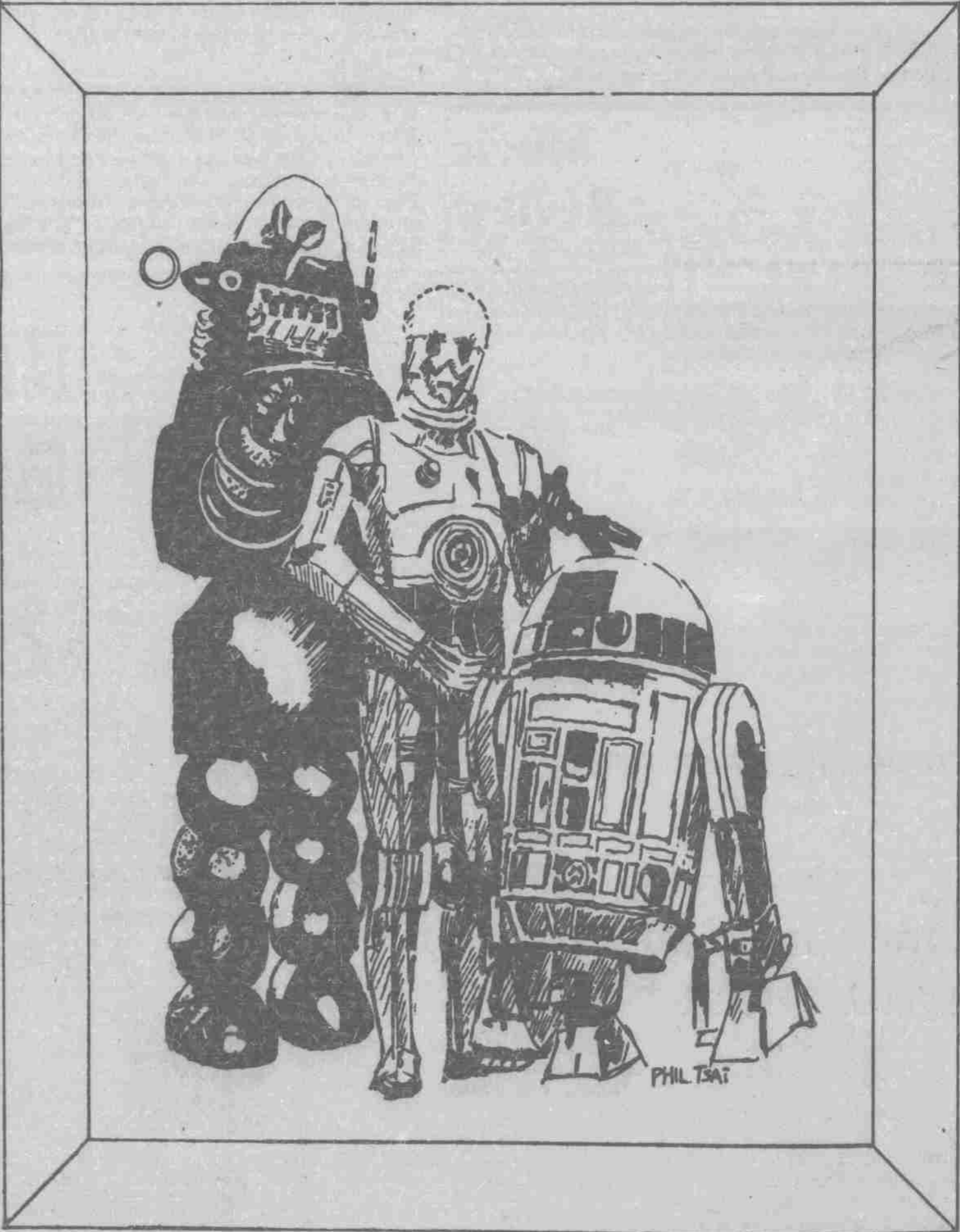
your humidifier. Or naming the computer the Man of the Year.

If I were Santa, I wouldn't give Robby, C3PO, R2D2 or their fellow buckets of bolts the time of day. In fact, I'd make those slimebiscuit, claptrap, sheet metal, digital dummies give me the time of day!

That's their job, isn't it? So what are they doing messing around sending Christmas wish transmissions to Santa Claus?

I'm not going to print their lists. I'm not going to condone their action. It's sick! It's perverse! I'm gonna get out my Walkie Talkie

and call Santa Claus right now. I'm gonna turn my Mr. Mike up full blast and yell it out. I'm gonna take my hovercraft all over this country until I find those scallywags. I'm gonna... "Luke, get out there and cut that milo, blast you!"



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