

Arts & Entertainment

Hip clothes rock at Boog's

By Michael Schlemper
Staff Reporter

"Blue jean baby, L.A. lady,
seamstress for the band..."

— Elton John, "Tiny Dancer"

Hard-driving guitar throbs in the background as the disc jockey's voice pours out over Boog's answering machine.

"Hey, listen. If you want to dress like a spud you got the wrong number, but if you want to look like you eat rock 'n' roll for breakfast, you got the right number. Boog's Rock-and-Roll Boutique.

"We got it all — spandex, tops, lace, belts, pants. We even have cuffs. Leave your name and number at the tone, and Boog's will set up an appointment for a personal showing."

Because she doesn't have a storefront, Boog, also called Gayle Hohl, works out of her home. I'm sitting on the couch in the living room where she gives her personal showings, and she is laughing at my first question.

"How did I get the name Boog?" she asks. "Give me a break."

Old Beatles are playing on the stereo next door. Boog's roommate, "Punker Patti," a hair designer at Phoenix Hair Studio, is tuning in some more recent rock 'n' roll on their stereo.

"My husband and I used to call each other Booger," Boog says, "but whenever the phone rang and someone asked for Booger, we never knew which one they meant, so he started calling me Boog."

Clothes fill the chrome rack on the other side of the room. Cut-off shirts with graffiti designs, checks, Japanese prints, leopard spots and zebra stripes. Spandex tops and pants of fluorescent pink, blue, green and black. Tops and skirts of black and white lace and gold and silver lame. Parachute pants. Snake-skin pants. Zebra striped powercoats and jackets with tails.

Lace, fluorescent and see-through socks, G-strings and T-straps are displayed beneath the rack. Nearby, wood shelves hold earrings, fingerless leather gloves, with or without spikes, lace gloves, belts, bracelets, handcuffs and thumbcuffs.

Prices range from \$3 for earrings to \$80 for a powercoat.



Hohl

Mark Davis/Daily Nebraskan

Behind the couch the wall is plastered with photos of customers in their rock-and-roll clothes — band members, girlfriends of band members, strippers from Kansas City, male dancers, waiters and waitresses — anyone who needs or wants unusual attire.

Before Boog started selling "anti-spud" clothing, she was a dog groomer. A Lincoln native, she moved to Oxnard, Calif., just north of Los Angeles. There she went to dog grooming school. When she returned to Lincoln, Boog owned and operated K-9, a dog grooming parlor at 27th and Randolph streets.

Friends from the band MX got her started in the rock 'n' roll boutique business. They stayed with her for awhile and loved her clothes so much that they asked to wear them on stage. Soon she was trying on clothes in the ladies' departments for them because

men's clothes are so drab and ordinary and because the closest places to get any unusual stagewear were Denver and Minneapolis.

Mark Minchow, manager of Paragon Music at 3111 O St., said Boog fills Lincoln's need for "hip clothes." Paragon displays some of Boog's wares in their windows — cut-off shirts with Kamikaze designs, tops and pants of fluorescent and black spandex.

"And," Minchow says, "you don't have to be a rocker to look like one."

Back in Boog's living room, two turtles stand on their hind legs on the TV. One strums a harp and sprouts an orange Devo-style hat. The other one bends guitar strings and wears a blonde mop top that covers its eyes.

"What are those?" I ask, pointing at the turtles.

"They're my Rock 'n' Roll Turtles,"

Boog says, making the first syllable of turtles really high pitched and squeaky and putting more emphasis on the second. Like in Valley Talk, you know. "You guys really sound like you're working out there," Punker Patti calls through the beads hanging in the kitchen doorway.

Boog and Patti have been taking sewing lessons because Boog wants to come out with an exclusive line of clothes.

"The Stevie Nicks look is really in right now," Boog says, "but those kinds of clothes are hard to find, so we're going to try making our own."

"In fact, I just made this," Boog says, holding up two small squares of soft gray fur joined at the top by thin leather straps.

"A bunny fur loin cloth," Boog says, smiling.

Kase stars in jazz festival Saturday at Kimball Hall

By Cindy Rohren
Staff Reporter

Jazz trumpeter Robert Kase will headline the 1985 UNL Jazz Festival at Kimball Hall this Saturday.

The festival, which features concerts by 12 high school jazz bands and a clinic by Kase, will culminate in a 7 p.m. evening performance with UNL's Jazz Ensemble I and the Calvert Street Trio.

Kase, who teaches and performs in Minneapolis, has performed with the Minnesota Orchestra and such groups as Seals and Croft, Sammy Davis Jr. and Sonny and Cher. He has published music, method books and ensemble literature for the trumpet and is a representative for the Yamaha Corporation.

The 4-year-old festival is approved by the National Association of Jazz Educators. Other sponsors include the UNL School of Music, Dietz Music House, Yamaha, Phi Mu Sinfonia, B.M.I. and Southern Comfort.

Rusty White, chairman of the festival and professor of double bass and jazz at UNL, said the event is a good opportunity for high school and college performers.

"It gives our students a chance to play with a professional they wouldn't normally play with," he said.

For high school students, White said, the performances are a "playing opportunity to gear up to."

"It gives them a chance to hear other high school jazz bands and the clinician," he said. "And there are the more palatable awards of citation for outstanding talent, and for one student, a scholarship to a week-long jazz camp."

White also encouraged UNL students to come to the evening performance.

"It will be a good concert. It features the area's best big band and the area's best trio and the clinician," White said.

Tickets for the concert are \$3.50 and available at the door.

Spring Break's sun, fun and buns aren't as tame as you might think

I took a sandal out of my closet yesterday. When I turned it over, sand and memories of last year's spring break vacation fell out.

It began with a bunch of college students in a K-Mart parking lot. We huddled around coolers of beer to keep warm as the driver loaded our bus. Beer bongs in the aisles kept us occupied until we hit a Nebraska City liquor store, where we loaded up with supplies — only 29 more hours of bus, booze and B.O. to go.

Lise Olsen

A day, a night and a day passed and we finally, — I mean finally — reached Daytona Beach.

Under a tour's special package, I shared a room with six other women. We had two beds and two roll-aways, so someone had to sleep on the floor. Luckily, one of us was usually out all night or out long enough not to care about the sand, seasalt and scum stuck in the shag.

That night we went to "Checkers," a fairly fun Florida disco-type bar with a \$5 cover charge. Further down the strip, bars charged \$11 and \$12 for no drink specials and no entertainment. We met partiers from every other university on spring break, but we didn't meet any Floridians. On spring break, you meet about 1,000 people who you party with and forget. It's a fast-paced, artificial, alcohol-filled world.

The first day we got up at 8 a.m. to

lay out. We met two guys on the beach who had been out since six — they were both beet red. Even the best, quickest tanners go through two or three bottles of oil, a bottle of sunblock and some Solarcaine during a week of intense Florida rays.

We were also introduced to another Florida phenomenon that first day: the pool parties. Yousa, yousa. Yes those wet t-shirt, wet buns, banana eating and rubber raft contests do exist.

Another popular spring break activity is the late-night yelling and throwing contests. At about 3 a.m. when the bars close, everyone gathers on hotel balconies (a must in every Daytona strip hotel) and drinks beer. Then for some unexplained reason someone will throw a beer can into the parking lot. Then suddenly the debris rains down from all sides, denting rented cars and transoming the lot into a junkyard.

No one at our hotel jumped or climbed down from the balconies, but a security guard told me that it's a popular activity that kills and injures several college students each year.

According to news reports, spring break injuries are down, but arrests are up because of the drinking age increase from 19 to 21. Ft. Lauderdale police also are having fun with a new law against drinking in public. Daytona already had that ban last year, and it cost one of my friends \$100 in drinking money.

My friend, and some other guys were carrying beers down the strip after an outdoor hotel kegger. A cop drove by and arrested them for drinking in pub-

lic. They were loaded into a paddy wagon and hauled down to headquarters.

Everyone, except "X," signed a paper saying they were guilty and promised to pay a fine. "X," the only one with any money, refused to sign. Uh-oh, the Daytona Beach patrol didn't like that one bit. They liked it even less when "X" made faces during his mug shot and sang "Roxanne" Eddy Murphy-style.

So everyone else got to leave and "X" got hauled to a prison, 20 miles away. In the morning, he had to pay \$100 bail and then buy a bus ticket to get back to town. He never paid his fine and there's still a warrant out for his arrest.

Spring break drinks can cost almost as much as a fine.

About the only place we found where you can drink cheaply is a bar called "The Hole." This place, a cross between the Sidetrack and the old Cliff's, has been catering to spring-breakers for years. The ultra-slick lights of the mirrored strip discos are replaced with bare colored light bulbs. There's no MTV — just a series of slides of the 1950s and '60s and corresponding records spun by a disc jockey. The Hole has no cover charge and serves a mean \$1 Mai Tai.

I won't reveal any other secrets because it's more fun to find them out yourself. But, as you climb on the bus, remember that all the weird stories you've ever heard about spring break are probably true. In fact, they've possibly been tamed-down.

Olsen is a junior journalism major and Daily Nebraskan senior reporter.

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