

Haymarket art festival draws eyes, cash

By Kelly Anders
Staff Reviewer

Many artists and styles of art work were represented in the 17th annual Haymarket Gallery Art Festival Sunday.

Set in the parking area next to the gallery on 9th and O streets, the exhibits of paintings, pottery, jewelry, clothing, carvings and furniture surely attracted the public's eyes and, most likely, their wallets.

The festival is held on a Sunday in May every year, said Joan Mulder, a board member of the Haymarket Art Gallery. She said she liked how varied the exhibits were.

"It's a nice mix," Mulder said. There were 50 booths of exhibits at the festival, which is the usual amount, said Lisa Cyriacks, manager of the Haymarket Art Gallery and an artist who had a booth in the festival.

Cyriacks' paintings, of mixed media, were colorful without being loud and were ever-so-slightly abstract. They were of a planned raw quality that was beautiful and aloof. They weren't as self-explanatory as many paintings were in the other booths, which were primarily wildlife

scenes.

Across from Cyriacks' booth was a sign that read:

"Twig Furniture by Steve and Joyce Burton of Bloomfield, Iowa."

Behind the sign sat some of the most unusual and gorgeous furniture imaginable. The furniture was literally formed from long, slim twigs. It had a quality that was rustic but refined. There were chairs, tables, baskets and a settee.

Joyce Burton said she and her husband have been making furniture for about nine years.

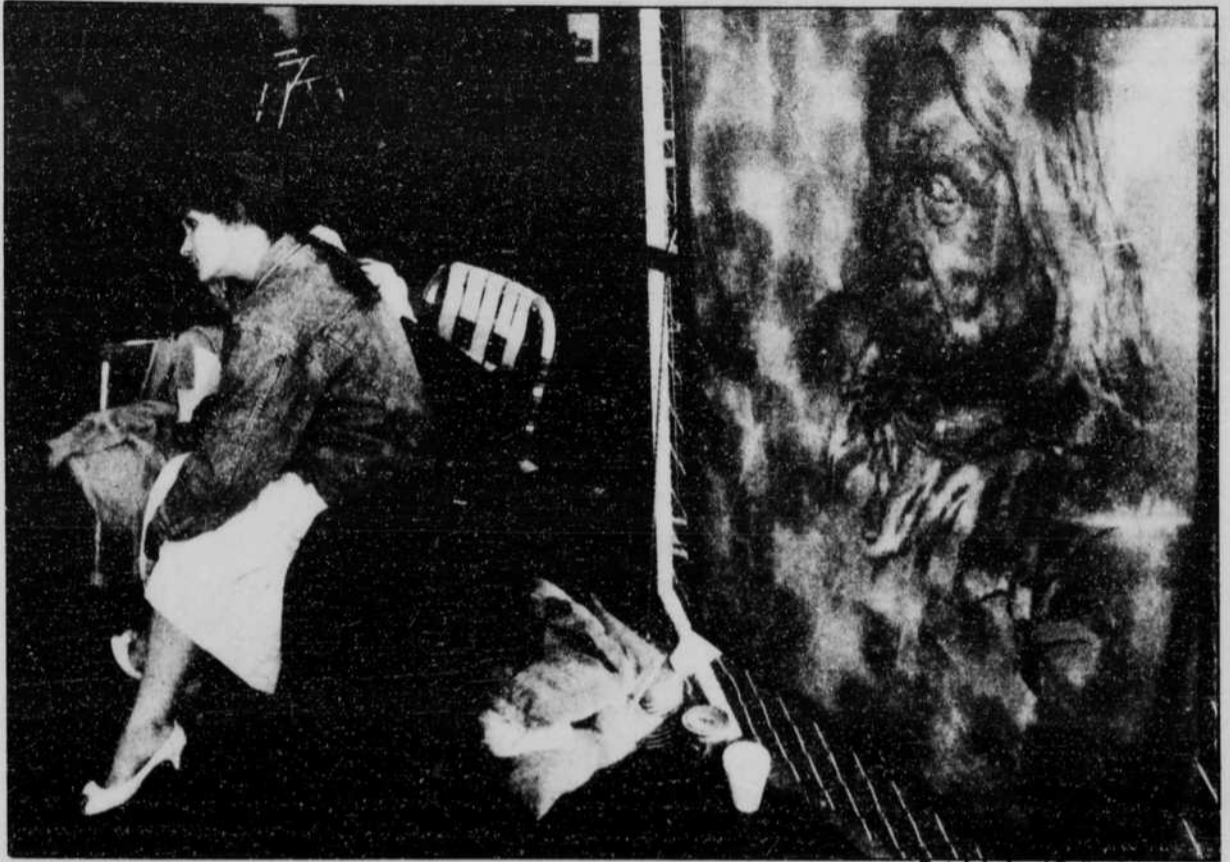
"The furniture sells really well," Burton said. "We make our living from it."

A maker of "functional pottery," Gary John Martin, of Crete, teaches ceramics and drawing at Doane College. His work is simultaneously rough, streamlined and elegant. He said although his work sells well, he doesn't overprice it.

"It's affordable, but it's priced so I'm not giving it away," he said. "I could raise the prices, but I'd rather have the repeated business."

Ken Miller, Martin's assistant and friend, agreed.

"A greedy man will go home poor," he said.



Diane Leclutera, Litchfield, sits by one of her paintings at the 17th annual Haymarket Art Festival Sunday.

Butch Ireland/Daily Nebraskan

'K-9' fails miserably, not worth its weight in dog bones

Shut up and Watch the Movie is written by Mark Hain, a junior advertising major and Becky Tideman, a sophomore news-editorial major.

Mark Hain: Well, what can I say? It was called "K-9," and it was one of the most aptly titled movies I've ever seen. If it was any more of a dog, it would need a rabies vaccine.

Becky Tideman: I agree, it was awful. However, it served a function. It demonstrated how many well-made films would look if they were done low-budget.

MH: I don't know, I doubt if the cast and crew of "Dangerous Liaisons" could have sunk this low on \$2.78. But what can you expect from a movie where second billing goes to a German shepherd named after Jerry Lee Lewis? Then again, considering the star was James "I had a funny brother, so I must be funny, too" Belushi, you shouldn't get your hopes up.

BT: Talk about awe-inspiring realism! Don't all San Diego cops spend their days driving convertibles through houses with an endless vendetta against a notorious drug lord? At least Michael Dooley (Belushi) does.

MH: Dooley is your typical wise-acre loner cop, whose chief duty is spewing oh-so-witty one-liners anytime anything happens. Of course, he has total disregard for authority. Wait a minute, Becky. Is this starting to ring a bell? A cop/comedian from California on the rampage against drug-dealers? I think it's been done before.

BT: Despite that, "K-9" gives Mel Harris, the pointy-nosed mommy from "thirtysomething," an opportunity to prove that she can play a whiny, self-absorbed yuppie on the big and small screens. Harris plays Tracy, Dooley's girlfriend, and her only purpose in the film is to get kidnapped by the bad guys.

MH: Wait, Becky, aren't you giving away the ending there? I guess it's

really no big deal -- the movie was predictable anyway. About the only unpredictable part of the film was a big, cute dog who appears for a little variety.

Dooley decides it would be a mighty fine idea to score one of those drug-sniffin' hounds to aid in his quest. So he gets the dad from "Married, With Children" to loan him Jerry Lee, the renegade of the K-9 patrol. The result is a dynamic battle of the wills between Belushi and his moist-nosed co-star.

BT: I want to know if Jerry Lee is really one of those drug-sniffing dogs. From what I know, these so-called drug dogs are addicted to cocaine or something. The poor dogs must go cold turkey for a while, then they're let loose to score a fix, in the line of duty, of course. Basically, Mark, we're talking about a junkie puppy here.

MH: Sounds like a case for People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals to me. I wouldn't doubt that ol' Jerry Lee was on something. You know

what Hollywood can do to young, hopeful stars: a signed contract, a handshake and a snort.

BT: Jerry Lee has some seemingly amazing powers, like the ability to drink out of a straw, hurl himself sideways through the air, and understand English, which is good, considering 90 percent of the lines in the film are delivered directly to the dog.

MH: What's even more interesting is that Jerry Lee could answer! He barked, whimpered, and growled almost as convincingly as Linda Blair in "The Exorcist." But tell me one thing, Becky -- did this movie make you laugh even once?

BT: Only because the audience was laughing. Hopefully, every single one of them was stressed from finals. There's really no other excuse.

MH: I agree. The best example was the woman in front of me who said "awww," cooed, or laughed hysterically every time Jerry Lee appeared on screen. Was that necessary? The humor was forced -- there were at least five knee-to-the-groin

gags. But "K-9" had a lot of faults other than just the lame-o script. The cinematography was dark, cluttered and just plain ugly. The camera work was the worst, simple focusing seemed to be an Herculean task. Action scenes were denoted by panning the camera wildly from side to side -- I started to feel like I was on the Tilt-a-Whirl.

BT: I felt like I was at home in front of my VCR. Every mildly interesting scene was stolen from another film. Dooley's character was a complete "Beverly Hills Cop" rip-off, puppy love was taken to an extreme in a clip stolen from "Secret of my Success," and a "Rain Man" scene was cloned right down to the inclusion of "Iko Iko."

MH: If dogs rolling around in the grass to James Brown's "I Feel Good" is the kind of thing that sends you into spasms of laughter, then "K-9" is right up your twisted alley. Otherwise, have some self-respect and stay far, far away from this flea-bitten mutt.

Study of finals week ordeal prompts eight laws of advice

By Mark Lage
Senior Reporter

This is my sixth trip through the dead week/finals week ordeal, and I've probably spent more time studying the phenomenon itself than I have studying for classes. So let's take a look at the results of my studies in the form of my Eight Laws of Finals Week.

1. Finals are never as hard as you think they're going to be. This may be hard for some to believe, but it's true. College professors are smart, and they have pretty much all learned the same thing -- in order to get the average college student to do what you want him to do, you have to tell him to do a lot more. This law so applies to term papers (12 pages means eight pages, etc.).
2. Everyone does better on their papers than they think they did. All students are horribly depressed when walking out of a final, though fully aware that Law #1 has been in effect, they still feel as if they've done horribly. You will all be

especially annoyed by smart students who bemoan their finals performances, only to learn later that they got A's on all of them.

3. 10 cent coffee is not a good deal. For the serious coffee drinker, anyway.

If you only want one cup, then 10 cents is great. But suppose you drink about eight cups a day. You can go to Burger King and get free refills all day long for 58 cents. But there are no refills on 10 cent finals week coffee, so eight cups will cost you 80 cents this week.

4. All professors accept late papers.

Don't listen to what they say their policy is, just show up with your late paper completed, and try to look pathetic. No professor has the heart to turn away a completed paper.

Finals week is the time of glory for the true procrastinator. The true procrastinator will spend incredibly large amounts of time not studying, arrive upon the verge of a nervous

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Stephanie Cannon/Daily Nebraskan

Haymarket attractions include shops, restaurants, art gallery

By William Rudolph
Staff Reporter

Sometimes the best thing to do to combat finals week tension is to temporarily get out of the stressful situation.

Lincoln's historic Haymarket District offers a relaxing escape from end-of-semester stress.

Located close to campus, the Haymarket technically lies in the area bounded by 7th and 9th streets, and O and R streets, said Lou Shields, program consultant for the Haymarket.

The eight-block district takes its name from the plot of land that today serves as parking for Old City Hall. In the 19th century, farmers gathered on the 10th Street area to sell hay.

Beginning in 1985, the non-profit Lincoln Haymarket Development Corporation linked itself with the National Mainstreet Program to enhance the former warehouse and factory district.

This eight-block area of 34 different buildings includes 108 busi-

nesses; 46 are retail stores.

Besides its turn-of-the-century charm, a calm atmosphere makes the Haymarket unique, Shields said.

"People enjoy coming down here because it's a very relaxed atmosphere," Shields said. She mentioned that the nature of the businesses and specialty shops themselves contribute to leisurely activity.

For students needing to nourish the body as well as the mind, the Haymarket offers a wealth of dining choices. From the quiet pleasures of gourmet coffee and tea at the Mill, 800 P St., to the sporting atmosphere of R.P. Myre's Sports Page Restaurant and Lounge, 813 Q St., students can relax with friends. A taste of the exotic beckons with authentic Indian cuisine at the Indian Oven, 201 N. 8th St.

Students finished with finals can celebrate their freedom at Mingles, 826 P St., Oscar's Tavern, 8th and O streets or at Barry's Bar and Grill, 235 N. 9th St., among other enter-

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