

# No men in funny hats, just a variety of funky faculty art

By CELESTE NEAL  
Staff Writer

I took my first trip to New York City when I was 12. I pouted through the entire Metropolitan Museum tour because my feet hurt and I didn't like looking at pictures of fat naked ladies or men in funny hats. Fortunately, my art appreciation skills have sharpened up since then and during my last trip to NYC, the Met was one of my favorite places in the City.

I still don't claim to be an art critic by any means, but I do know the difference between surrealism and impressionism and all those other neat brush strokes.

Judging from what I saw Sunday at the ArtsCenter in Carrboro, the faculty of the ArtsSchool know their brush strokes and a whole lot more. The collective showing of the ArtsSchool faculty works opened Sept. 24 and runs through Oct. 18. The exhibition includes photo etchings, mono-

prints, pottery, basketry, acrylic paintings, raku and more. For those not familiar with the range of different art forms, the exhibition is worth seeing for the wide variety of the works alone, as well as their quality. Although all the works are worth mentioning, my personal favorites were pieces by Becky Beeston, Nancy Briggs, Kip Gerard and Jane Filer.

Beeston, who instructs the graphic arts classes at the ArtsSchool, has several photo etchings in the exhibit. She has been working in this medium for five years and uses a combination of traditional etching methods and her own experimental techniques. Most of her subjects are personal or autobiographical, as can be seen in her two etchings of a man and a woman within a fan.

A Scotland native, Briggs, created a mixed media and plexiglass collage of old letters, moths and butterfly wings. She uses

many pieces of nature in her works which she says, "reflect my feelings toward the landscape."

A creator of "friendly monsters," Jane Filer, has been evolving her style since kindergarten. Her two oil paintings, titled "The Family" and "Infatuation," are eye-catching with bright colors and humorously grotesque figures. She says, "My work is fashioned after humans and feelings."

You might want to check out this exhibition before Oct. 10, when the ArtsSchool classes begin. Classes in visual arts and crafts, literary and performing arts are offered from Oct. 10 through Nov. 19. Children's classes are given in visual and performing arts also. The instructors for all classes have strong backgrounds in their respective fields, as can be seen in the visual arts faculty showing.

So, whether you're a newcomer to the art world or an established artist yourself, the ArtsSchool



DTH/Steven Exum

Jane Filer's "friendly monsters" on display at ArtsCenter faculty showing is worth seeing. There's something for everyone — unless you're after fat naked ladies or men in funny hats.

# The neverending, underground quest for quality sleaze

By RANDAL BULLOCK  
Staff Writer

Welcome, welcome. I'm so glad you could make it. Things have been hopping around here in the underground. Even though the popular notion is that there is enough sleaze to go around for

everyone, we know that the real stuff is just a little harder to come by. It seems there hasn't been as much quality sleaze as there once was. I'm happy to report, though, that this week, our outhouse runneth over; with new releases just out by Billy Bragg, Siouxsie and

the Banshees, and Bon Jovi, the core of choosing the worthiest tunes to review was a tough one indeed. But, with my continuing effort to bring you nothing but the best, I could do no better than

**Freaks, Faggots, Drunks and Junkies** — GG Allin (Homestead)

Yet it is with tremulous pen and unsteady heart that I lay these words down. My mind, which believes there can be artistic merit in nearly anything (except Phil Collins, of course), is quibbling with my body, which believes anyone who eats excretions of any kind, moreover his own, deserves little more than perhaps a quick shudder before complete dismissal. And yet, I'll steel myself because you, gentle reader, are worth it.

So with my critical hip-boots firmly in place, I set out to wade through the newest release by GG Allin, bile slinger, drunkard, blood-

letter and fecal gourmand. That's right — defecation feast fu. You, in your infinite good taste, of course say, "with a list of talents like that, who cares what the album sounds like," and you may be right. For the undiscerning, however, a word of explanation is due.

GG Allin is quite notorious in the underground scene for his antics, which include all those listed above, and more. These activities not only tell one pretty adequately of his mindset, they also get him thrown out of just about every club he plays in. It's funny, but club-owners just don't think self-mutilation, projectile vomiting, masturbation, attempted rape and the obligatory "microphone enema" are quite what they are looking for in a featured attraction. With GG, however, that is just what they get, and they are lucky if they are left with a club.

You must understand. GG is determined to be the poseurs he thinks they are. As far as I'm concerned, he wins. And if these "bad-boys" knew what was good for them, they would concede. GG takes depravity dead seriously and makes it a way of life.

So, if this interests you (and in some ways it should), buying this album is much less of a risk than attending one of his shows. You don't need a raincoat or pair of nunchaks, just a tolerant turntable. Musically, be prepared for straight-ahead hardcore, played with exactly enough talent. The sound quality on some songs belies a recording quality that is overshadowed by most Walkmen. Anyway, this only brings the dynamic range more in line with the range of material covered in GG's songs. And to give you a gauge on them, one of the few titles that can be printed in our hallowed paper is "Last in Line at the Gang Bang."

So there you have it. One question remains. Is GG Allin striking a blow for freedom by being a rugged individualist, genuinely uninterested in what others say of him? Is he an insignificant bit of filth that Mother Nature's sponge regrettably missed on the kitchen table of society? Or is he just another miscreant who likes the taste of his own waste? You be the judge.

Needless to say, you won't be hearing this on the radio, so you'll have to buy it if you want to find out. If you are under 18, Mom will have to buy it for you. Just make sure she doesn't end up hogging it.

CAROLINA  
*Union*

John  
Prine



&



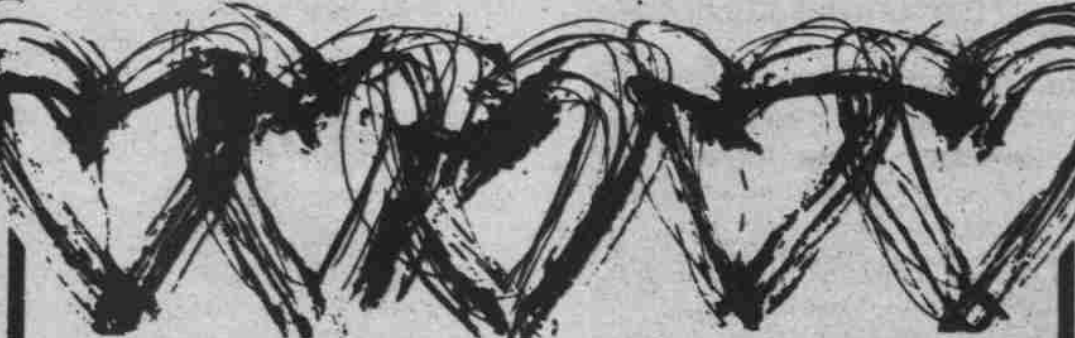
Karla  
Bonoff

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