

2 movies
seem
familiar

greg lukow
key grip

With somewhere between 15 and 20 different movies being shown in Lincoln each and every week (not even counting TV), film going this semester should be an orgasmic experience for now let's get into couple of downtown films.

The Union Weekend Films, Foreign Films, several Sheldon Film Theater Series and the Lincoln Silent Film Society will contribute to the picture. But we'll have more on those later. Right now let's get into a couple of downtown films:

An ad for Mr. Majestyk reads: Why are they saying it's the one movie you should see this year?

That's a good question. This movie drags itself through much of the same violent melodramatics of Billy Jack and Walking Tall (two movies it's being compared with in hopes of making a buck). This time it's Charles Bronson as Vince Majestyk, a Vietnam vet turned melon farmer trying desperately to get his crop in.

Like Buford Pusser in Walking Tall, Majestyk is presented as a tough but decent guy who grabs our sympathy by being a hero persecuted almost to the point of martyrdom. As usual, there's that clutching moment of violence that always makes the audience furious. Here, in an unbelievable

scene, Lettieri and his gunmen shoot hundreds of machine gun slugs into Majestyk's large pile of perfectly innocent watermelons.

The outcome of the movie is, of course, predictable. Charles Bronson had to win.

For Pete's Sake is an inferior rip-off of Peter Bagdonovich's What's Up Doc? And once again it has Barbara Steisand doing what she does best and, admittedly, very well: fast talking with crossed eyes in some inspired bits of crazy, nonsensical dialogue.

Michael Sarrazin, her husband, however, is really only a marginal character, providing Barbara with a kissable sex object as the pair grapple like rabbits at every opportunity.

It's easy to see why Steisand is one of the few dominant female movie star forces.

The first part of For Pete's Sake is slower but comes off better, especially in scenes where Steisand good naturedly bickers and trades insults over racial items with her black maid.

But later, when the film is turned loose to run rampant over a silly plot that has Barbara trying to pay back a \$3000 debt she borrowed on a pork belly investment, it all becomes very tiring.

A Warm Fall Welcome— JOHN DENVER SALE



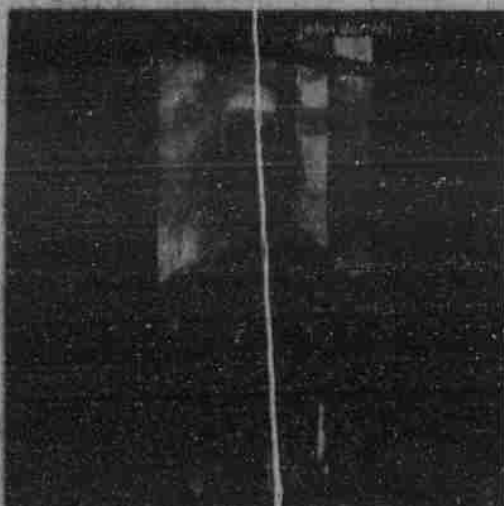
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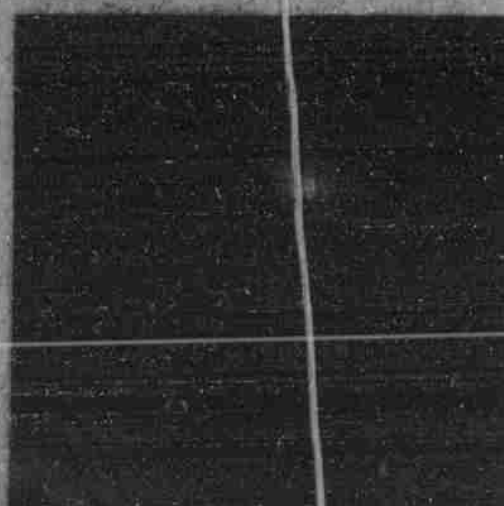
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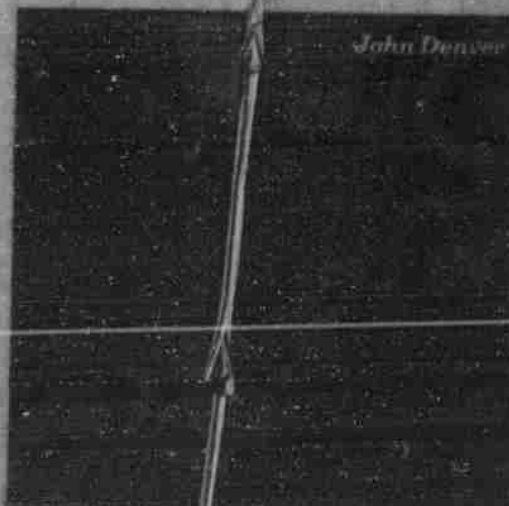
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'Night life is alive, but weak

By Dave Ware

What can be said about Lincoln's night life? To be only fair, there is a lack of it, and what activity you find in many cases barely qualifies as night survival.

However, the night scene is far from empty. The following is a starting list to give a few safe choices:

Der Loaf Und Stein—Featuring third-rate live music on the weekends, Der Loaf offers a wide-open atmosphere, stiff drinks and a game room for those inclined.

The Morocco Lounge—It occupies a unique position in the Lincoln social scene—honest-to-goodness belly dancing, to be found nowhere else in town.

Cliff's Lounge—Downstairs at Cliff's Smoke Shop, it has drinks that while small and a bit expensive, are always well-mixed. Unfortunately, the entertainment is not of the same class. Visit Cliff's in the afternoon.

St. George and the Dragon—Upstairs, fair food you can cook yourself if that is your fancy. Downstairs, good music and the chance to dance without feeling self-conscious. Cheapest mixed drinks in town and a splendid time if the music's volume doesn't get on your nerves.

Royal Grove—On West Cornhusker, this is Lincoln's home of rock. Perhaps not the finest music, but there are nights when all other places seem too civilized.

Reuben's—At Gateway shopping center, it has built a reputation for good dining and drinking without any gimmicks. The high prices are justified by the good food and the better than average service.

The Open Latch—Hands down the nicest decor in Lincoln. The Latch suffers from its connection with Scott's Pancake House which handles the food. But the Latch has managed to maintain the quality of its beer-cheese soup and cheese bread.