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701 NORTH 27TH OFFER EXPIRES MARCH 10, 1975

entertainment

Uncle Sam's pat and predictable

Back in the far-distant past, discotheques were simply medium-to-large halls with murky lighting and powerful hi-fi systems that served admirably as places to dance away one's cares. Loud, rhythmic music was the keynote and raison d'etre for the discos, and in their twilit gloom were born a hundred forgettable dances that lived and flourished for a moment in time, then vanished, as did the discos themselves.

dave ware strike up the band

For better or worse, however, the discos are with us again. Prompted by a search on the part of a large segment of today's students for mindless fun, several chains of discos have sprung up across the nation. One of these is "Uncle Sam's," which has opened one of its pulsation-prone establishments at 2440 'O' St., in the former House of Bauer outlet store.

The Uncle Sam's formula consists of: Good, easy-to-dance-to music, a pulsating beat, lots of flashing lights, and reasonably priced booze.

The Lincoln establishment supplies all four in abundant quantities. The music is delivered over a massive system of bull speakers aimed dead at the dance floor. The beat of the music is augmented by a live drummer who flails his sticks in time to each record. The dance floor is a surface of translucent acrylic, lit from beneath by color tubes. In addition, there is a panel built along the same plan as the dance floor, mounted on a wall, and there are strobelamps suspended over the dancers. The booze end of the proposition is operated from a large bar, set off from the dance floor, which offers mixed drinks at 80 cents and beer at 40 cents.

In addition to the paraphernalia mentioned above, there is a small, soundproofed lounge with quasi-1930s decor and a games room that has no equal in the city.

How well does all this work when thrown together? It depends on what your expectations are. For my tastes, Uncle Sam's is a bit too much to handle, offering a convenient means of achieving sensory overload without really trying.

It offers a legal way to deaden the senses without drinking ones' self into a stupor (for which, I submit, we should offer a round of thanks.) It fills a gap in Lincoln's entertainment scene that has been empty since the demise of the late, unlamented "Inn". Unfortunately, it lacks any spontaneity or real joy. Everything that comes to pass is as predictable as yesterday's papers, and it is this patness that detracts from the fun of "Uncle Sam's".

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