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Aidan Quinn and Daryl Hannah in Reckless: Not up there with The Wild Ones.

Another teenager gets 'Reckless'

By Steve Abariotes

Ever since James Dean gracefully whined and moped his way through Rebel Without A Cause, Hollywood has consistently produced films about troubled youth or youth in rebellion or both.

In the late '50s and early '60s Marlon Brando and Warren Beatty picked up where Dean left off, socking it to the establishment in films like The Wild Ones and Splendor In The Grass. Later on, Dustin

Review

Hoffman decided that "plastics" was not the answer in The Graduate. That was followed by Easy Rider, one of the quintessential films on the '60s which was released one year later. Films about teen alienation since then have been less memorable, but there still seems to be trouble out in suburbia.

Reckless, a new film by John Foley, will not go down in history alongside the films mentioned previously. Reckless is about anti-social teen behavior, but in no way does it live up to the daring potential that its title suggests.

The film's protagonist is Johnny Rourke (Aidan Quinn), a rather discontent young man from the wrong side of town. He is a loner with a leather jacket and a motorcycle.

On the way to football practice one day (that's right, he is also the star of his high school football team), he spies Tracey Prescott (Daryl Hannah) working out on the uneven parallel bars. He decides he wants to leave the dreary and depressing steel town, and he is bound and determined to take Tracey with him.

One of the problems with this film lies in the fact that neither the story nor its characters are very believable. The film tries to mix dirt and grit realism with Hollywood gush and ends up doing neither. The high school kids drink, swear and say insipid things. I'm the first to admit that high school was bad, but it Come back, Jimmy Dean

Reckless, directed by James Folsy; screenplay by Chris Columbus; produced by Edgar Scherick and Scott Rudin for MGM films. Rated H. Af the Douglas 3, 13th and P streets.

Aidan Quinn Dean Happah

was never this bad.

Actually, it is not clear whether the banality of the characters is intentional. The screenplay is ultimately at fault. Many of the lines are completely meaningless. There are three or four good lines in the film and one or two good scenes, and they all belong to Rourke.

In perhaps the best scene of the movie, Rourke steals the blonde away from her straight-laced, future model citizen boyfriend at a school dance for one wild romp on the dance floor. Rourke twists and jerks his body with lightning-quick movements and looks something like a mongoose on speed. But the good moments are too few and far between. Quinn is a fine actor, and it has been suggested in other publications that he is the next big heart-throb. I think he looks like Jerry Reed.

As the main character of the film, Johnny Rourke does nothing to gain our respect. All we see him do at the beginning of the film is knock an empty can of beer off a precarious overlook with the skidding rear tire of his motorcycle and jaunt out of a ladies restroom, zipping up his fly.

From then on the plot gets more implausible with every twist, and consequently the film itself becomes meaningless. Rourke is not admirably cool, nor is he reckless. He is an uptight jerk who is sexually frustrated and has some unseen ax to grind. He is victimized by the faults of the people around him, but he is not smart enough to figure a way around all of the inconveniences. Who cares? He is a wimp who will say one thing then do another. And besides, who goes to a scenic overlook with just one beer?

Reckless is a dark, grim, claustrophobic movie. The film is completely void of creative art - rather, it is drab reality, but it has nothing to say. And in the drap reality, but it has nothing to say. And in the end, Rourke is a rebel without a reason.

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Copeland

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A well-meaning individual asked me to classify this unique album. Art rock simply won't do. Copeland's use of rhythm is too prominent and engaging for that rather generic category perhaps art rock with reggae overtones comes closer. Still, there are those brass and bass parts that harken back to a jazz or a rhythm and blues era. This album steps beyond classification, it encompasses too many genres.

Anyone who doubted The Police's musical ability would only have to listen to this work or Andy Summers' (with Robert Fripp) album to realize that apart from being fine pop performers, they also are talented, innovative and immaginative artists. If The Police never made another album, the knowledge that its members'solo careers could be as original and artistic as this album would make their absence much easier to bear.

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