

Arts & Entertainment

Good vs. evil in All-Star Wrestling

By Geoff Goodwin and Bob Brodie

POW!! BOOM!!! WHAM!!!!
Pershing Auditorium was filled with the sounds of battle Wednesday night as good and evil were locked in mortal combat. No, it wasn't the Fantastic Four battling their archenemy Dr. Doom. But it was almost as momentous. It was . . . da, da, dum, All-Star Wrestling.

In contrast to what we call the "real" world, good and evil are easy to spot in the ring. Guys like Crazy Luke Graham are evil. Crazy Luke even looks bad, stalking the ring and shaking his head as if he were beset by unseen demons.

Luke was up against Art Crews, who looked positively spiffy in his Mr. T haircut. Unfortunately for Crews the resemblance to Mr. T ended there. Give it up and try breakdancing, Art.

Ted Oates met Rufus R. Jones in the next match. Obviously anyone named Rufus is going to be the crowd favorite. Except, that is, for the crowd I was sitting with.

Most of these guys looked like they belonged in the ring themselves, or at least their costumes did. They were true wrestling fans and they weren't about to take the easy way out by cheering for the good guys.

They recognized that good and evil are dependent on each other. Without the evil Grapplers (masked of course) there could not be the beloved Uptown Boys.

OK, that's enough intellectual stimulation. Back to the action.

Oates, the Central States champion — professional wrestling is set up loosely along the lines of the Teamsters Union — defeated Jones to keep his title, but not before Jones, after escaping from two sleeper holds, sent him sailing out of the ring.

Next up were the ladies. The Fabulous Moolah and Peggy Lee (no, not that Peggy Lee) vs. Desiree Peterson and Princess Victoria.

Peterson and the Princess (reputedly an Indian from Arizona) eventually bested Moolah and Lee, but Moolah was undaunted, standing in the center of the ring and offering to fight all comers. There

were no takers.

Next up was a tag team match featuring the Grapplers (Boo!) and those paragons of virtue, the Uptown Boys.

The Boys, The Central States tag team champions, are basically just another namby-pamby, Ernie and Andy tag team whose main asset is their pretty boy looks. Wrestling doesn't need these poeple!

In spite of their virtue the Boys lost the match and the belts as the Grapplers pulled out a win after some fast and furious action.

That set up the night's main event: A match for the world heavyweight championship between champion Ric "Nature Boy" Flair and Harley Race.

Race, a seven time world champion (That proves that life at the top is precarious) is sort of the Jimmy Stewart of the wrestling world, universally respected by all.

Despite that, Harley can't fight off the ravages of Old Man Time and his graying hair and paunchy middle showed his age would be almost as big a foe as the Nature Boy.

Flair's speed and quickness showed as he bounced Harley around the ring like a Super Ball, but the grand old man launched a comeback and had Flair on the ropes and looked as if he might once again reclaim his title.

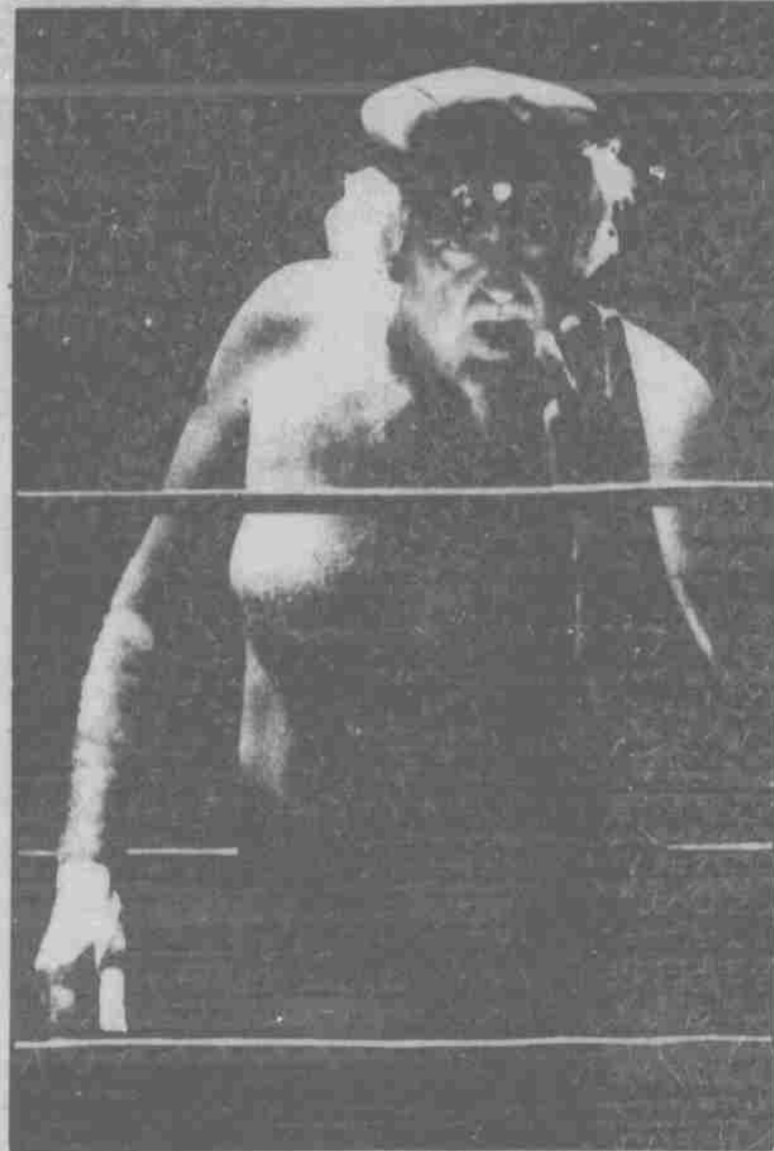
Then controversy struck. Flair "accidentally" put the referee out of the ring and followed that by throwing Race over the top rope.

Race climbed back into the ring, intent on taking more punishment but Flair put him out of his misery with what appeared to be a pin.

But what's this?? Wait! Flair has been disqualified! For throwing the ref out of the ring? What kind of a sport is this when you can't throw the ref out of the ring?

So, Flair loses, BUT keep his title since you can't lose the belt on a disqualification.

So the gladiators are done gladiating for another night and the neo-Roman crowd goes off to the nearest watering hole to relive the evening, confident, as one spectator put it, that they had seen, "the ultimate in entertainment."



David Trouba/Daily Nebraskan

Crazy Luke Graham, one of the bad guys.

Waters' 'Hitch Hiking' has pros, cons

By Mark Davis

The Pros and Cons of Hitch Hiking, an album by Pink Floyd's Roger Waters, is a well orchestrated but somehow disappointing album. Written in the true desperately begging, silently demanding style that has been the Pink Floyd trade mark for years. This Water's play is like an editorial that gives complaints, but offers no solution.

Record Review

Side one begins with "Apparently They Were Traveling Abroad," a song resembling morning and memories of half-forgotten dreams of the night before. It leads right into "Running Shoes," which travels into the more traditional hallucinogenic daydream format in the true Pink fashion.

After Waters lays awake for awhile, his dreams and the music pick up, using the guitar expertise of Waters' friend, Eric Clapton, haunting back-up vocals, and the National Philharmonic Orchestra. These, plus saxophone by David Sanborn that is sheer pleasure, are fitted precisely into "Arabs with Knives and West German Skies" and "For the First Time Today, Part 2."

The lyrics never quite exit the early morning dream stage, but do turn to a more in depth examination of loneliness in "Sexual Revolution" and "The Remains of Our Love."

Side two begins with a mid-dream anthem, "Go Fishing." But before it ends, again the play turns to the damned travels of Waters' dream. Sanborn's sax gives needed validity to the anthem.

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The Fabulous Moolah closes the Gender Gap; unfortunately for her opponent.

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