

# Our favorite Bars By the DN staff

## Arrow Inn Supper Club, 1339 W. O St.

Quintessential Nebraska. We're talking real Americana here.

The Arrow has the ambiance of those little roadhouses you find when you go to places like Deshler or Osceola, only the Arrow is cleaner. I mean it's like one of those rural bars that also functions as the finest (only) restaurant in town and, generally, the social center of the universe.

But don't conjure up images of drunken rednecks; the Arrow is a quiet, homey kind of place. The regulars don't freak if you prefer to wear clothes other than standard hick uniform.

The live country music on weekends is a little on the mellow side, but it's fun and you can hold a conversation without having to yell over it.

One good thing about the Arrow is it's a supper club, so you can bring your underage

actors on stage, but, in a way, become your own audience, reflected in the mirrors as you speak.

Shakespeare once said all the world is a stage. People perform all the time and constantly try to make the best impression while sometimes hiding their true selves. But, in Barrymore's, the stage, the intimate lighting (and perhaps, the contemporary jazz being played) encourage you to become at ease, be yourself and enjoy being with your companion.

At the expense of prompt and available service, the waitresses (who always smell nice) sometimes intervene on this romantic intimacy. The couples, who have their elbows on the tables and their eyes locked in love (or is it lust?), don't always hear the waitress the first time.

"Is everything all right here?" she asks. No response. "Can I get you anything

atmosphere in which virtually anyone is accepted. Punks and intellectuals rub shoulders and sensibilities with business people and frat boys — and nobody seems to mind.

This blend of attitudes helps the place cater to almost anyone who is willing to sit at glossy wood tables and gaze at numerous novelties on the walls. And if you get a bit too caught up in your pitcher of beer or your cocktail, there's a great menu full of the best hamburgers in town to bring your soused stomach back to sobriety.

The third best thing about the place is the music. If you get sick of listening to oldies at O'Rourke's and top-40 schlock at other bars, you can go to Chesterfields and drink to the sounds of the Talking Heads, Grace Jones, old Bowie and maybe some Lene Lovich (if you tip the bartender).

What do you want from a bar? Guacamole burgers, cheap drinks, Grace Jones and a trivia video game — they're all waiting at Chesty's. One word of advice, though: If you've never been to the place, don't decide to visit it for the first time when Suicidal Tendencies plays.

— Scott Harrah

save time and money just by going to 15th and Dodge in Omaha.

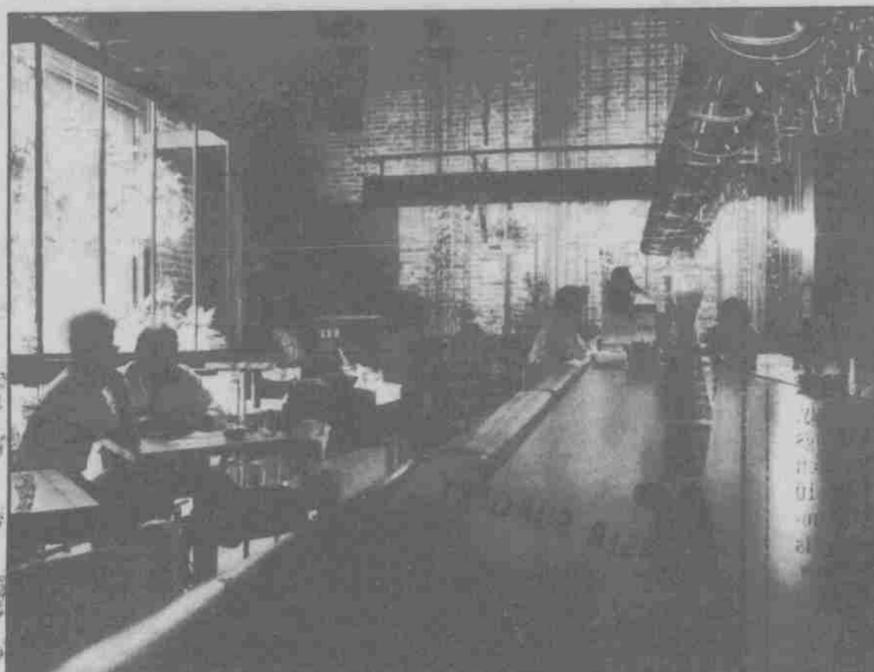
No, when I think of going to a bar, I think of going to a BAR. Action. Noise. A real band. Smoke. I don't know why the smoke. I hate smoke. But good bars always have some. The key to remembering how much fun you had last night is by how much smoke you can smell in your clothes. Mmm boy, it almost feels like being there.

In Lincoln, only one place has all that: The Drumstick. Sure, other bars can try, but when I say a real band, I don't mean Suzuki Guitar Method renditions of someone else's Top-40 and heavy-metal songs. The best bands in reach play at The Drumstick before they get famous and play Pershing where you're three blocks from the stage. Nope, at the 'Stick, you have to lean against the stage to keep from being shoved onto it.

Autographed posters of these bands adorn the walls, and some of Lincoln's better graffiti adorns the bathroom.

As if that weren't enough, during the day The Drumstick serves up a mean chicken dinner. There's other food, but the main attraction is the chicken. Hence the term Drumstick.

— Geoff McMurtry



Paul Vonderlage/Diversions

## Barrymore's

friends. They can't drink, but nobody will make them leave.

Prices are very reasonable. The tall beers are the best buy. I haven't tried the food yet, but I hear great things about the prime rib.

—Chris McCubbin

else?" "Uhh, no. We're just fine."

For the most part, the service is good. And prices at Barrymore's aren't outrageous. Well drinks range from \$1.65 to \$1.75; domestic beers are \$1.35 and imports are \$2.10. Popcorn is free.

From 11:30 a.m. to 2 p.m., Barrymore's sells sandwiches for \$3.25 to \$4.

— Michael Hooper

## Barrymore's, 124 N. 13th St.

Enter the alley between O and N streets on 13th. Then go in the first doorway on your left. And there it is: Barrymore's, the most elegant bar I've ever seen in an alley.

But it has more than elegance. Romance, perhaps? Maybe this is due to being on the stage of the original Stuart Theatre, or the stage lighting panel in the foyer or perhaps the 110-foot ceiling from which the curtains and stage ropes hang down the brick walls so gracefully.

If those curtains could speak, they would tell countless stories about the many actors and musicians who performed there from 1927, at the height of the jazz age and on to the progressive '60s.

Whatever it is about Barrymore's, the atmosphere has always attracted couples who want to put a few moments of romance in their lives.

The old theatre's audience used to sit behind the north wall. Now that the wall is covered with mirrors, you not only are the

## Chesterfield, Bottomsley and Potts, 245 N. 13th St.

Chesterfields in the lower level of the Gunny's building is one of the only places in town that is both a bar and a restaurant. And in the evening, it turns into a nightclub as well. Local bands like the Finsters play on the small Chesty's stage often, but the owners have announced that they want to expand their music schedule and start booking national acts like the hardcore punk band Suicidal Tendencies.

I like Chesty's for three reasons. One: It has the spacious, dimly lit aura of cafe bars in cities like New York and San Francisco.

Two: It is a perfect cross between bohemian hangouts like O'Rourke's and yuppie meccas such as Celebration. Chesterfield's is large enough to give you room to feel comfortable, but it also boasts a cozy, nonchalant

## Dinsdales, 1228 P St.

Few events top a good conversation for providing enjoyment. At times, a pleasant alternative to good conversation is good conversation over a beer. The overarching point, though, in going to a bar is the talk: ranging anywhere from light chatter to serious discussion. Thus, bars that attract my patronage must be quite obviously, amenable to serious communication. Few downtown bars surpass Dinsdale's in providing such an atmosphere.

The establishment is lit well enough for furiously drawing diagrams on bar napkins in the midst of animated discussions, though not glaring; the music is always tasteful (not blaring or cheap); and there is no atmosphere of noisy carousing. Additionally, should one get slightly hungry in the course of a discussion, Dinsdale's has a satisfactory choice of appetizers that are nice accouterments to a beer.

A host or hostess invariably greets you as you enter (even later in the evening when I typically arrive), and the bartenders are courteous and don't obnoxiously try to ply you with drinks. All in all the bar is nicely understated so customers may do their own stating. Dinsdale's is a welcome relief for the more mature crowd that does not need a bar to do the entertaining for them — they can do it themselves.

— James Rogers

## Duffy's Tavern, 1412 O St.

From the red vinyl and knotty pine booths in Duffy's the world is in a fish bowl. Big windows, discreetly smoked, allow patrons to watch the world go by from the most comfortable position — bear in hand.

Only at Duffy's can you become one with the fish. Duffy's features a special half-gallon mixed drink "fish bowl" that is big enough to swim in.

"It might be against some law to serve one of these to one person," Duffy's co-owner Reynold McMeen said.

The bowl can be filled with any mixed drink, starting at \$4 for a well drink, \$5 with



Richard Wright/Diversions

## Chesterfield's

juice and \$6 for a call drink. Tuesday nights are special with 50 cents off fish bowls.

McMeen and co-owner Alan Hummel decided to make every night special. Monday night is penny pitcher night. Buy the first pitcher for \$3.49 and the second is only a penny. Tuesday is for you fishes. Wednesday they feature 65-cent long-necks. Thursday night is Buck Night (bottle beers, well shots and wine coolers for \$1). Friday is the traditional FAC with specials on every drink. Saturday is Silver Screen night. Bring in your ticket stubs from the local theatres and you can extend FAC prices for an extra day. Finally, Sunday is Comedy Night.

## Drumstick, 547 N. 48th St.

Lincoln has many pleasant places. Comfortable little hangouts where people can get together to sit around and chat. Personally, though, if I wanted to sit around and chat pleasantly I'd get a case of Black Label, go to a boring person's house and save about five bucks.

But what about the opposite sex, you ask? As well you should. However, if .300 is a good batting average, and an average bar night costs 8 to 10 bucks, you'd have to spend \$80 to \$100 and endure seven horrible nights of boredom, frustration and wretched music just for three nights of getting lucky enough so your friends can make fun of you. You'd