

## Attention Students:

Need a Storage Space for the Summer? We Can Help!
25 sq . ft . to 300 sq . ft . units available. 10\% Summer Student Discount

464-9042

## All You Need To Know About Pizza!



230 N 17th
475-6363 (formerly Paul Revere's) next to the U-STOP

| MENU |  | $\begin{aligned} & 1 \text { PIZZA } \\ & \text { Our Small } \end{aligned}$ | 2 PIZZAS Our Medium | 3 PIZZAS Our Large |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| STANDARD CHEESE | A hano fasuow cinsi wim agenious <br>  conalimion | $\$ 400$ EACH |  | EACH ADDITIONAL PIZZA ${ }^{\circ} 2^{\circ 0}$ |
| ALL TOPPINGS 50¢ PER TOPPING PER PIZZA |  |  |  |  |
| EXPRESS SHUTTLE | TME STAMOARD CHEESE WITH ADDITIOMAL TOPPIGS OF PEPPEROWI, MAE ONIOWS AND GREEM PEPPERS | \$550 | \$1000 | \$ |
| $\begin{gathered} \text { FARM } \\ \text { SHUTLE } \end{gathered}$ |  <br>  Stueo Tomeros ano exim chees | \$600 | \$1100 | \$1600 |
| $\begin{aligned} & \text { SUPER } \\ & \text { SHUTTLE } \end{aligned}$ | INE STANDARD CKEESE OVERLOADED WTH CPFROMI THALLAM SAUSAGE GROUMD BE BUSMADOOMS AMD JALAPEMOS IOPTIOMAL | \$650 | \$1200 |  |

WO BUBSTITUTIONS ON ANY BMUTTLES ALL PRICES INCLUDE SALES TAX
"NO COUPON SPECIALS"

"SPECIAL OFFER" $10-1$ item 10 " Pizzas

LIMITED DELIVERY AREA
WE ACCEPT CHECKS
(25c Service Charge)
Everyday
Two-Fers
2-Pizzas
2-Toppings
2-Cokes
38.00
15』



## 16 0z. Goke

 or Diet Coke 25c
## TOPPINGS

PEPPERONI
italian sausage GROUND BEEF HAM ANCHOVIES PINEAPPLE MUSHROOMS MUSHRONS REEN PEPPERS BLACK OLIVES GLACK OLIVES SLICED TOMATOES JALAPENOS

## HOURS

Mon. - Sat. 11 a.m.-2 a.m Sunday - 11 a.m. -1 a.m. DELIVERY DURING LUNCH

## ROGERS from Page 5

Finally the band entered and began to play. The surging mass of humanity in front of me began to surge all the more, hopping about and running into one another. I was informed that "slam dancing" is its appropriate title, but when some of the more altruistic "dancers" decided to inchude the rest of us in the "fun," I determined that tactical retreat would be a prudent move.

After the first number, "F-ing Hippie, Get Out of the Way," I clapped politely, wondering if I would be forever more unable to discern an unamplified Vivaldi.
Actually, the crowd was quite a bit tamer than I had expected. But then there were a number of police -big police - hanging about. And Chesterfield's management periodically halted the concert and instructed the crowd to keep behind a quite imaginary line ostensibly in front of the bandstand. All of this, I suppose, prevented 'the energy level from reaching a critical mass and exploding.
That is, all this prevented it if there was even the remotest chance of that happening in the first place. Although there were clenched fists in the air and some sense of "raw" energy, I felt that the young crowd was, at most, playacting at anger and social frustration.
The scene brought to my mind by the music and dancing was what I might expect an aerobics class for hyperactive teens to look like.
Except under the most unusual of circumstances, the lyrics of the "tunes" were unrecognizable. On occasion I took recourse to a translator and diseovered that some lyrics included such parental admonitions as "I don't want you to party all night." (Though I don't think the admontion was intended seriously, the band did stop early enough for the kiddies to get plenty of sleep.)
Actually, the level of dynamics and the sound system mutilated human sounds beyond recognition to all but those who had memorized the lyrics beforehand.
To aver that the music was an assault on the ears seems rather trite after 30 years or so of rock. I suppose several musical themes were discernible - well, at least one, and that repeated in every number.
The concert ended a little over an hour after it had begun. I thought it to be a rather short time to perform given the cost of admission, but then I've no concept of appropriate lengths for such things.
I found Charles again after the concert. He tried to pull an insight or two from me, but I had none. Sadly, I discovered no big lesson about America as Will did at the Boss's concert. I didn't even get a little lesson.
The experience was . . . well, underwhelming. Save for the interest in the concert as a rather deformed version of Jazzercise, I can discern no compelling reason for attending the concert - certainly noaestheticreason.

It struck me that many of the young were there simply because it was expected of them, expected of a certain subculture of Lincoln youth. Not the best and the brightest, but not the worst and the dumbest either. Rather those in the middle who feel a need to differentiate themselves by playing at rebellion, alienation and anger.
Oh sure, for some youths there, the feelings were probably earnestly felt. But for most, it was an entertaining role to play, but a role without an authentic ring to it.

