

Arts & Entertainment

Fishbowls said to violate multiple-drink act

Duffy's drains bowls

By Mick Dyer
Staff Reporter
and
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Senior Editor

Duffy's Tavern, home of fishbowl mixed drinks, has temporarily stopped serving its infamous beverage due to an alleged violation of Lincoln's alcohol laws.

Reg McMeen, owner-manager of Duffy's Tavern, 1412 O St., said the Nebraska State Liquor Commission contacted the establishment last Wednesday. He said Duffy's was told that its fishbowl drinks were in violation of the "multiple drink act." The fishbowl, a half-gallon bowl filled with a mixed drink, is intended to be a group drink, McMeen said. Drinkers sip from the fishbowl through plastic straws.

The commission charged that the fishbowl is in violation of the Nebraska State Liquor Commission Guidelines, Chapter Six, Section 026.04; which reads: "For the purpose of this rule the words 'drink' and 'drinks' shall mean with respect to liquor, a container containing no more than 1 and 1/2 fluid ounces of the same spirits..."

The rule also sets legal limits on beer and wine drink sizes.

McMeen said that the liquor commission's notice was unexpected.

"We've been serving them for six months and all of a sudden we've been informed they're illegal," he said.

Al Hummel, part-owner and manager, said Duffy's hadn't received any complaints about the drink special.

"Nobody's really sure why they came to us," Hummel said.

The Nebraska State Patrol is responsible for enforcing the state liquor laws established by the commission. Sgt. Bill Saxton, assigned to the liquor commission by the patrol, was not available for comment.

Other Lincoln drinking establishments offer drinks in one container to be shared by two or more; for example, some Mexican restaurants serve pitchers of margaritas, Hummel said.

Duffy's Tavern refuses to serve fishbowls to one person, Hummel said.

"They all have to come up and get it," he said, "One person can try to buy one, but we won't serve it to them."

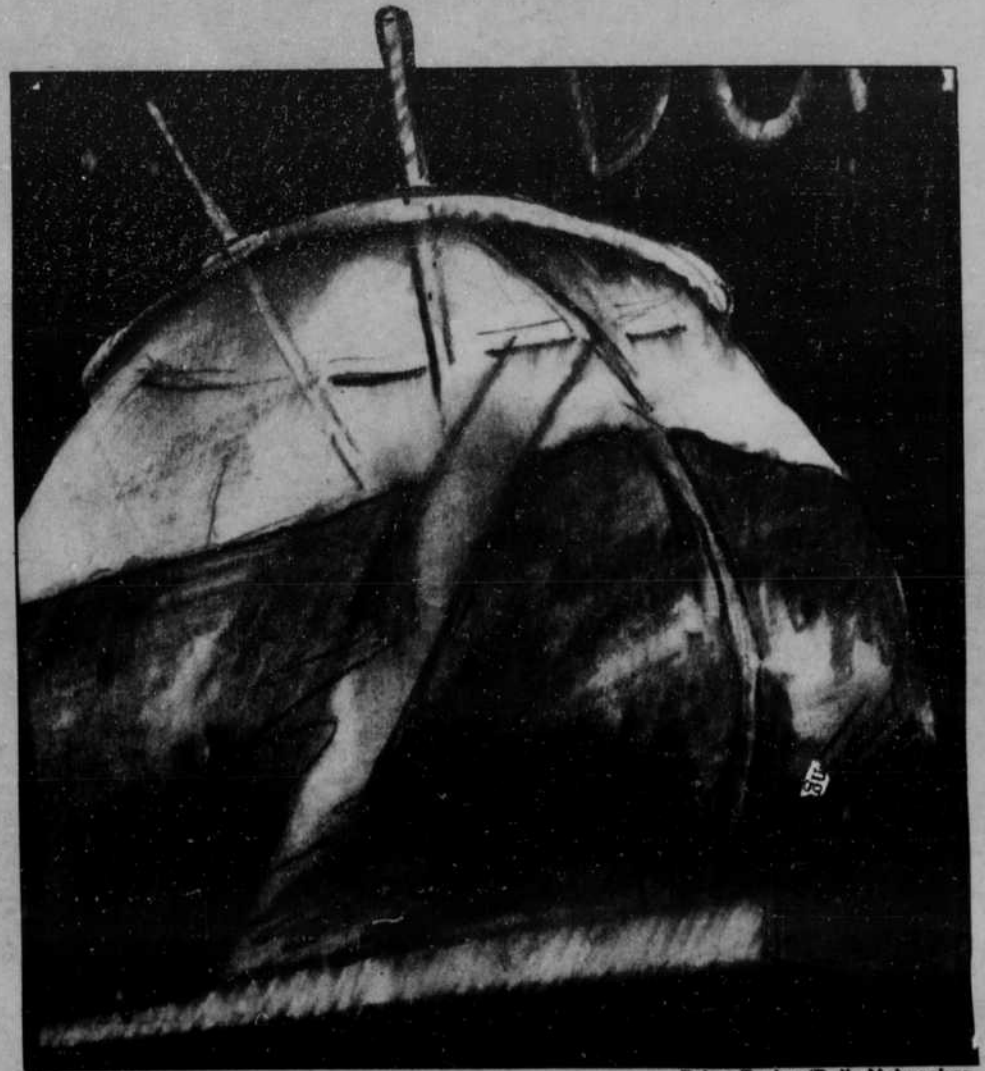
Frosty Chapman, director of the Nebraska Liquor Commission, said the provisions of the multiple-drink act regarding group drinks such as fishbowls will be reviewed at a liquor commission meeting Nov. 12. At that time the commission will decide what kind of action will be taken against Duffy's, if any, Chapman said.

If the commission decides to amend the multiple-drink act to allow multiple mixed drinks to be served in single containers, then the administrative procedures act will be invoked and the fishbowl could legally be served again, he said.

But the process is complicated and slow, Chapman said. The drink could not be served until three to four weeks after the act is amended. The rewritten act must go through three readings before it can be used again.

Several customers have complained about the drink's temporary disappearance from the regular menu, Hummel said.

"I think it's more disappointment than anything," he said.



Brian Barber/Daily Nebraskan

'Suspect' lacks suspense with worthless skeletal scripts

By Charles Lieurance
Senior Editor

Peter Yates, director of such triumphs of pacing as "The Deep" and "Breaking Away," peculiarly drags his feet in his new film, "Suspect."

What could have been suspenseful in "Suspect" is mired in plot contrivance after plot contrivance. What should flow seamlessly to create potentially harrowing situations stops and starts like a semitruck heading down a steep hill in the dead of winter.

Movie Review

But "Suspect" manages to generate two very strong characters through the considerable talents of Cher and Dennis Quaid.

Cher, as Kathleen Riley, a

frazzled, overworked Washington, D.C., public defender, turns in another fine, unmannered performance in what may be the most amazing showbiz career turnaround since Kurt Russell left Disney.

Lonely, world-weary and idealistic under her tough, defensive exterior, Riley takes on a seemingly impossible case — defending an indigent deaf-mute charged with cutting the throat of a young Justice Department underling for \$9. Her client is uncooperative and violent at first, but gradually Riley's attempts to draw him out succeed and a series of bizarre contrivances kick in.

Quaid plays Eddie Sanger, a charismatic congressional lobbyist for agribusiness who is chosen as a juror in the murder trial. Although it is never fully explained, Sanger turns out to be kind of an amateur sleuth,

strangely willing to wander into dangerous situations to help Riley build a defense case.

Riley resists collusion with a juror strenuously, giving poorly written soliloquies on integrity. Sanger is having similar problems with integrity, sleeping with a congresswoman to gain her vote. This undercurrent is shallow, and although the film makers might have thought it added deeper meaning to an otherwise standard thriller, its treatment is cliched.

Both Quaid and Cher perform admirably with what they have to work with, but in the end the contrivances and the horrendously poor courtroom scenes get the best of them. Instead of questioning and cross-examining people on the witness stand, Cher badgers them with romantic rhetoric. Even the long-suffering Hamilton Burger from "Perry Mason" would have put Riley in her place the

first day of court.

At one point, Cher quotes her ex-husband Greg Allman, saying "I'm no angel." That's true, and she's not much of a lawyer either. But the case is bigger than it looks. Yates whitewashes over the gaping holes in the plot to get to a dreadful surprise ending involving Congress, jurists, jury-tampering, bribes, etc.

Yates who has created strong cinematic pulse beats with editing and underwater camera work or at bicycle races in his previous films, falls into several film pace-killers in "Suspect." When Riley's deaf-mute client takes the stand, the movie comes to a standstill. The suspect's testimony has to be filtered through the court reporter. Then the suspect has to read the lawyers' questions off a screen and write his answer on a kind of electronic etch-a-sketch. Although this might

present one of those directorial challenges it must be hard to resist, it kills the already skewed pacing of "Suspect."

As Riley preaches instead of asking her client exactly what happened the night of the murder, my mind kept screaming, "Objection!"

And the director kept saying, "Overruled."

"Suspect" is a tough break for everyone involved, but it's not exactly a career-stopper. Quaid, who has almost grown out of his "poor man's Jack Nicholson" mannerisms, is as fine a big-screen leading man as you're likely to find this side of Harrison Ford. Cher becomes more formidable and versatile a performer with each role.

Yates seems mainly to be a victim of the nearly worthless, skeletal scripts being peddled these days as major projects.

There's no garden at meaty Mountains New York deli

By Kevin Cowan
Senior Reporter

From the nondescript exterior, one might expect the Mountains New York Deli, 305 S.

11th St., to resemble a greasy-spoon cafe with the fry cook whipping out cholesterol fries and charcoal burgers.

More appropriately, the Mountains New York Deli emits the feel of an Italian cafe. Red-

checked tablecloths, vineyard-like vine supports and high ceilings still covered with iron-plate ceiling work create an image of ethnic decor. It's an intimate place to eat the New York-style sandwiches featured.

Sammy and Mary Hale, owners of the delicatessen as well as The Mountains bar and grill at 311 S. 11th St., said the cafe's origin arose from several desires.

"We go to Kansas City quite a lot," Mary

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said. A similar restaurant there appealed to them.

"There wasn't any place in Lincoln, to get sandwiches like they serve," she said. "We had the space already, so we decided to provide sandwiches that hadn't been available."

The deli, which opened Aug. 31, features thoroughly meaty delicacies, minus lettuce, onion and tomato garb that often accompanies the traditional hoagie.

"All meat and bread, no fillers," she said.

There's definitely no garden-patch work here. These beasts roll out from behind the counter as pure carcass. The deli features any of six meats — roast beef, corned beef, pastrami, kosher salami, turkey and ham — on dark or light rye, for \$2.95. To beat the hungries, the deli offers the "Mountains Mile High" sandwich that combines three meats for \$3.95.

The deli serves a dual purpose, she said, accommodating not only the Mountains bar clientele, but any appetite in search of an all-meat sandwich.

Aside from purely carnivorous pursuits, the Mountains deli sports some lighter indulgences, including caramel-pecan topped cheesecake for \$1.50, bagels with cream cheese, and potato, macaroni, cucumber and coleslaw salads for \$.75.

Hale said she has been pleased with the response. While they remain committed to keep the service strictly in the deli, Hale said, catering will soon be added to promote the business.

It's a small place, one that you have to look for, but take along an intimate friend, find the cozy venue, and see if you can conquer the Mile High mountain of shaved delight.



Andrea Hoy/Daily Nebraskan

Melissa Satterlee wipes the Mountains New York Deli counter after lunch Monday.