

Liquored, schnockered, blitzed, 3 sheets to the wind

BARS from Page 8

cover, you too can groove to extended dance tracks on a floor roughly the size of a triple room in Abel-Sandoz. Provided you're over 16, of course.

College night at Mingles isn't new; I just never really wanted to brave the thrill before. The whole thing has the eerie feeling of being in a Burger King from hell: purple and pink neon pastels and mirrors upon mirrors. I kept wondering if I could get a bacon double cheeseburger and superhero cup holder along with my 50-cent Diet Pepsi. Then, too, why do they call it "college night," if anyone over 16 can get in? Granted, a night at Mingles can give you a course in higher education as far as bodily gyrations and the cutting edge of Lincoln's under-21 eyeliner/mascara elite go. But I do think the powers that be have realized "teenybopper night" wouldn't draw crowds.

You've never seen anything unless you've seen Mingles when it's jumping. Besides the action on the dance floor, Mingles devotees also take turns dancing on top of the two huge speakers situated on either side of the dance floor, a process vaguely remi-

niscant of old "Hullabaloo" Go-Go cages. Meanwhile, two large screens at either end of the room flash misspelled "Minglegrams," like "To the Girl in Red and White on top of the speaker, we think your really hot" and "Wanted: Any guy. I'm desprate. Tina."

I'm not knocking Mingles. I thoroughly agree that Lincoln's jailbait set needs somewhere to go to prepare for the dancing and drinks of adult life. And as far as places go, Mingles could be worse: at least it doesn't advertise wearing your shorts and shades in mid-winter while twisting to the sounds of the 1950s, '60s and '70s on a dance floor covered by imported sand. So if you're able to forget the Burger King motif, close your ears to one disco tune after another, ignore the Minglemessages, Love Those Legs contests and KFRX DJs/promos, you might just have a good time.

— William Rudolph

University Club
University Towers

Located in another universe of

marble, brass and old oak high atop the University Towers on 14th Street, the University Club is not exactly a neighborhood bar. Stopping in for a beer after work here isn't exactly the order of the day. Unless, of course, you work in a coat and tails and carry enough pocket change for the hefty membership fee. It's a beautiful place and a college night here might be a hoot, but it would probably play hell with the Louis XIV furniture.

— Charles Lieurance

Barrymore's
124 N. 13th St.

Barrymore's is in the alley behind the Stuart Theater and is also a convenient 12-story leap from the University Club.

This is easily the best bar in town for sheer atmosphere. It was the backstage area for the Stuart when it was a stage for live theater, and the restrooms, located in a loft area above the bar, are converted dressing rooms. The ceiling of the bar is so high up it can't be seen through the heavy proscenium curtains and guide wires that still clutter the area behind what is

now a movie screen.

The drinks are priced for upscale professionals, but the prices aren't unreasonable. The mood is quiet and the music runs to subtle, unobtrusive jazz.

The only improvement here would be to be able to see the reverse side of whatever movie was being shown at the Stuart as you drink.

— Charles Lieurance

Chesterfield, Bottomsley and Potts
Lower Level of Gunny's

Chesterfield's is one of the most accessible bars in Lincoln, a non-cliqueish melting pot of influences. The atmosphere attracts professionals and the drink prices attract students. Live bands on the weekends bring in even a more varied crowd.

The ambience is just a rung below Barrymore's, but the mood is freer and more relaxed. Both small parties and intimate conversations share the large space with equal success.

Only two adverse elements mar the bar's otherwise perfect mix of the upscale and the casual: One, football

players occasionally decide to perform workouts on patrons in what they have probably mistaken for an underground gymnasium, and two, coming out into the light of day again after a particularly cheerful happy hour can induce a variation of snow blindness called cement blindness.

Best to keep drinking until it gets dark.

— Charles Lieurance

W.C.'s
1228 P St.

W.C.'s specializes in pool. The atmosphere is pool, the ambience is pool, and the talk is, predominantly, pool. If you want to play tennis and drink, don't come here. Here, it's pool. Backgammon? Nope. Pool.

Lots of room and lots of pool tables. Plenty of cues too. Drinks are cheap so you can play pool better. People tend to understand pool and physics in general better after a few pitchers, when basic principles of the physical universe that they once took

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