



Party hazard: Will you exist in the morning?

It's dark, it's smoky, and it reeks of marijuana and incense. It's the "alternative" party, and everyone is moody and depressed. Except for the loud noise coming from the stereo speakers and the general intoxication level of the people around, it could very well be a funeral reception.

Things will probably pick up a little bit later. After all, everyone knows it isn't a party until Pierre falls down and breaks a bone. Everyone knows Pierre; few have been able to hold a conversation with him.

If someone digs out a huge stack of '70s 45s, or a nerf hoop, or starts a beer fight, things might get fun. Otherwise, things will tend more toward a Woody Allen-ish nightmare. Get a

large group of "weird" people together, give them pot and LSD, and they like to talk for hours about reality and existence.

The music is so loud now that conversation, save trading streams directly into the ear with someone, is impossible. That's fine with me, because I'm feeling a little strange. I've just been convinced that I don't exist.

I've just been involved in a conversation with a rather insane-looking fellow party-goer, in which he proceeded to lay out his reasonings on the idea that nobody exists, and that reality is just a fantasy.

"Well, I've got a pretty active imagination then, don't I," I said.

"No. You don't have anything,"

he replied.

If I could repeat his argument, or remember it even, I'd be as crazy as he is, although I'm not sure how the cause and effect of that goes. Suffice it to say that, probably aided by my personal state of mind, he was totally convincing.

Something occurred to me, so I yelled it into his ear.

"Why did you come here?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I came here hoping to hang around with some people, shoot the breeze and everything, and now I find out from you that there aren't any people. I wish you could have told me this earlier. I could have stayed home and watched some TV."

-- Mark Lage

Hello, Mrs. Robinson; welcome to the bash

"Mrs. Robinson, you're trying to seduce me."

Dustin Hoffman's famous line from the film "The Graduate" has become synonymous with David Greer.

Greer, a junior English major, first saw the film in 1986 and began throwing an annual "Graduate" party.

"I started it for the film's 20th anniversary," Greer said.

Greer, who watches at least part of the film everyday, says he wants to offer an alternative to the normal campus parties.

"I'm sick of those parties where they cram you in, just so you can pay two bucks for a beer," Greer said.

His "Graduate" party consists of a small group of friends -- with an open bar. The guests listen to the soundtrack, but don't watch the actual film.

The invitations are covered with quotes and drawings from "The Graduate," and Greer's home also is decorated for the event.

"I use red legs and premiere notices from the '86 anniversary to cover the walls," Greer said.

Why "The Graduate?"

"Have you ever seen a film and thought, whoever made this must know me?" Greer asked. "That's what this film did to me."

-- Sarah Knight

Candlelit theater parties must have a cast

First and foremost, there are certain criteria which must be met in order to deem a party a "theater cast party." Yes, there must be a cast of promising young actors and actresses.

Well, they don't have to be promising, as a matter of fact, I once heard that the worse a show is, the more fun the cast parties are. . . imbibing to forget, the saying goes. The party therefore consists of, but is not limited to, the cast.

Cast parties should be held opening night, if at all possible. Some over-zealous casts hold parties before opening night. These are not to be confused with official cast parties, which can only occur after the show opens.

Parties never start before 11 p.m. and they usually last until dawn or so.

There is also the slumber-party variety, which is an entirely different article in itself.

Parties occur in some cast member's modest home or apartment. Enough people show so that not everyone can use the furniture, but there is still floor space available to "pull up."

An important note here: it must be dark and candles must be lit. There are very few exceptions to this rule.

The rooms, of necessity, are smoke-filled. I will leave to your imagination the numerous varieties of smoke present. People should be talking in small groups spread about the establishment.

Occasionally there is a main attraction, such as the infamous "laser light show," in which case it is proper for people to congregate in a concen-

trated area.

Dramatic readings of original scripts and improvisational dialogues are acceptable. In the case of a musical, distorted renditions of the show's hit tunes are always well-received.

Another important note: it is essential to have at least one philosophical "meaning of life" conversation per party.

BYOB is the name of the game. Everything is acceptable, and drinks range from pop (a popular choice) to wine coolers, beer and yes, even mixed drinks.

Drinking, however, is not the main focus of the gathering. These people don't need to drink (just inhale), they're creative, expressive and, most of all, fun.

--Shaun Harner



Blow off steam dancing with cable television

Sometimes everything just gets to be too much. Work, school and social pressures build up with no end in sight. When that happens, a dance party is in order.

Dance parties are easy ways to relieve a little stress. Aerobic shoes, chips and dip, and strobe lights are not required. The only necessary

things are a stereo, music and space in which to shiver and shake. And of course, friends to dance with.

Draw the curtains, push the furniture out of the way, and pretend to be Janet Jackson. The interesting thing about home dance parties is the chance to choose any music no matter how bizarre, although "Dancing

with Myself" is a must at solo grooves.

Homemade dance parties may not have strawberry smoke, flashing lights and super-cool people undulating around the sofa, or even Julie Brown, but the truly enterprising partier knows what to do.

The best way to really lose inhibi-

Shake 'n' bake a booty at the meat market

For the widest possible choice of meat around, stay away from the butcher and head straight for Celebration.

Scantly-clad bimbos rub shoulders with football players and fuzzy-chested grandpas. Snot-nosed college kids get "wild and crazy."

Where's John Travolta? Maybe he's in the John.

Flashing red, blue, green and pink neon lights outline a packed dance floor of folks shakin' their rumps to "Da but."

Not a dancing machine? Not to worry. Bars, pool tables, video games

and television sets are sure to entertain.

The dance floor's at its emptiest during the few token metal songs played. Cowboy boots and baby blue pumps shuffle intensely to AC/DC's "You Shook Me All Night Long"

Party images in movies change over two decades

By Joel Schettler
Staff Reporter

When somebody says "party," all sorts of images come to mind, from someone wrapped in a sheet pouring 180 proof alcohol down the throat while howling like a wild animal to the intimate moment at the bar with someone special.

Party, by dictionary definition, means "a social gathering with a group of people."

In Roger Corman's film "Wild Angels," starring Peter Fonda and Bruce Dern, partying was the character's main purpose in life.

The 1966 film is about the West Coast lifestyle of a motorcycle gang and its pursuit of a good time. The characters were heavily into alcohol and free sex. In a scene near the end, the group of bikers destroy a church and Peter Fonda makes his statement: "We just want to party, get loaded!"

The party was means of not only escaping society but also destroying it and the standards and rules that govern it.

A much different idea of having a good time is depicted in the 1986 release, "About Last Night."

The film, directed by Edward Zwick, deals with the problems of dating and the singles scene in the '80s. Singles, played by Rob Lowe and James Belushi, sweep Mother's (their favorite watering hole) for single women to "date."

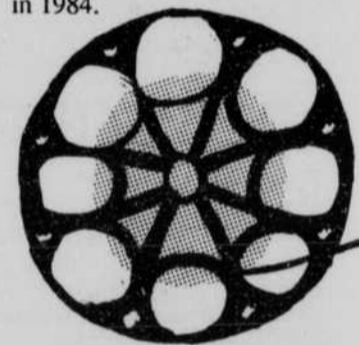
The image of the party is depicted as happening at the social location of the '80s, the bar. Throughout the course of a year the bar is decorated to holiday themes. It is the place for wild but controlled bashes and quiet moments between couples at closing time.

The film deals with irresponsible partners in the dating situation but the bar is shown quite differently. During one scene the owner finds a cab for a man who has had one too many. It is responsible. The party, under these conditions, is seen as the publicly accepted method for blowing off steam.

An image totally different is shown in the comedy "Bachelor Party," directed by Neal Israel in 1984.

The film produced a now famous image of a party when Belushi finds the solution for all of life's troubles and pronounces the word "Toga!" This image of wild and reckless partying will probably always be stuck on fraternities across college campuses.

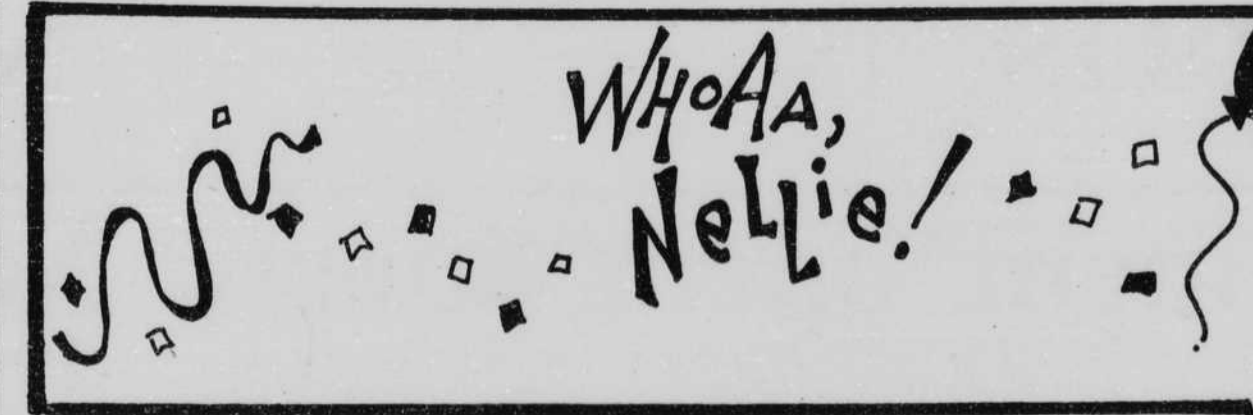
Many memorable party images have been depicted on the big screen throughout cinema history. Whether American culture changes this image or people copy what they see, the film's portrayal of a "party" has definitely changed with the times.



Go big party; don't expect excellent chatter

Walk in a football party and it feels like a sauna. It's so hot and from all the sweaty, dancing bodies that a haze permeates the air. Or maybe it's the muted lighting.

It's packed. Most people are dancing -- really getting into it. Some even



Get psyched for greek celebration

One of the most visible parts of the University of Nebraska-Lincoln's greek system may be its social gatherings -- parties.

Just by scanning the personal and greek affairs sections of the Daily Nebraskan classified ads, everyone can see the commands to "get psyched" for the various theme parties.

And as many fraternity and sorority social chairpersons know, there's a lot of preparation that goes into getting psyched.

The celebration of fraternal life usually takes place at warehouse-type establishments like the Malone Center, The Plamor Ballroom and an all-time favorite, the Cherry Hut.

What's amazing about these places is that with all the room, one

would think that they could spare some more bathroom stall space. And with the cost of renting some of these places, some toilet paper would be nice.

With various combinations of fraternities and sororities, the parties are usually loud and wild. With the exception of Charlie Burton and the Hippucs, most of the bands that play these parties are INXS-wanna-bes. Regardless, usually it's good danceable music.

As the night wears down, the party-goers rev up and the dancing kicks in about 11 p.m. Groups of men and women shake their groove things and have a good clean time.

And once the shindig is over, the droves of people race to Amigos to

crunch the plastic numbers/cups. But along with the fun and festivities comes problems.

According to Pam Hein, Panhellenic Association secretary, there are rules that the 14 sororities and 26 fraternities should follow. Such things include abiding by state law that prohibits minors from drinking.

When the chapter and or chapter members don't comply, they put themselves and the future of the chapter at risk.

People need to be aware and careful, Hein said.

And as the saying goes, it's not the spirits at the party, it's the spirit of the party.

--Lisa Donovan

Journalists work hard, party harder

After weeks of headlines, deadlines and worry lines, the folks at the Daily Nebraskan need a break.

Since the reporters and editors at the DN have to put out a daily paper (so people can read the personals), party time is limited.

And the staff will agree, one of the few, but definitely the most memorable times, are the banquets. The banquet, usually the Saturday evening before dead week, is when the eyes and cars of the University of Nebraska-Lincoln campus shake hands and congratulate each other on a successful semester, regardless of news, arts and entertainment or sports sections.

The evening begins with a pre-

banquet party. Smiling faces, black attire and plenty of smoke fill a tiny apartment at about mid-afternoon.

Sounds of U2, R.E.M., Guns N' Roses and other socially-provocative music rock the place. Definitely a scene that promises plenty of political and social commentary and animalistic romance.

As the sun dips into the horizon, the editors finish one final tequila slammer and begin the chore of awakening the other staff members. It's time to go to the banquet.

Upon arrival (to a place no one wanted to go, but the editor was too lazy to find a location until the week before), the party is put into second gear. The energy increases with the

rudeness. The decibel levels soar and chaos ensues.

It's mealtime. Many staff members say they don't remember eating a DN banquet meal because they were laughing so hard.

One DN member recalls an embarrassing banquet when the DN general manager's wife thwarted the reporters' efforts to throw a dinner roll across the room.

Other members sit and laugh about banquets gone by when unassuming staff members would scream "Rock 'n' roll." But most of all they sit and laugh at themselves and wonder what happened at the post-banquet party.

--Lisa Donovan

Live fast, die young and have a good party

Get out the laundry baskets -- it's time to have a party in a residence hall room. And students will use anything, including hampers, to conceal the party favors.

Although the University of Nebraska-Lincoln is a dry campus, some residence halls are flooded with opportunities to forget about the pressures of school for awhile.

For those who have never had the pleasure of throwing or going to a dorm party, it's truly an experience.

It's more than just raising cans for an evening, it's darn interesting.

For instance, it's interesting to see how people have made their book-cases into fish tanks.

It's interesting to see how much laundry one can stuff under one's bed.

The 10-day-old hamburger laying on the desk is interesting.

And, of course, the people are interesting. One of the nicest things about the residence halls is that in

many respects, they are a haven for equality.

Many of the students are young and they don't particularly care about race, color or creed. They're all scared, and in this instance, they're all looking for a good time.

One of the funniest things about the room parties is the music. It's so loud that you can't hear each other, the phone or the student assistant pounding on the door.

-- Lisa Donovan

Toss a party with bar and drinks

By Terry Gronenthal
Staff Reporter

Another weekend. What to do, where to go? It seems as though the longed-for weekend didn't fess up to its expectations.

Here's a suggestion to change that cruel and needless outcome: throw a party. This party, by definition, is somehow more eclectic than another kegger but somewhat less than a greek theme celebration. It's easy to do, and all that's needed is a little ingenuity and a bunch of thirsty friends.

First of all, plan ahead. During the work week, make a couple of phone calls to the local party outfitters. There are a few in town, so let the fingers do the walking. Call these places and inquire about the costs of party favors and portable bars.

Richard Hanigan, an employee at

Steve Person, Brass Rail bartenders, some of the most interesting drinks are those that are made from scratch.

Have and Person said the favorite drink of Rail frequenters is the Hurricane. A Hurricane is a mixture of one shot of brandy, one shot of peach schnapps and one shot of grenadine, shaken and served over ice.

Have mentioned a trash bash drink called Swamp Water. Swamp Water is a concoction of everclear, lime vodka, clear vodka, Mountain Dew, Seven Up and lemonade. Add chopped fruit and possibly some dry ice. The strength of the mixture is governed only by taste bud preferences, he said.

Have said that for some additional excitement, try using a drinking device other than a glass, maybe a turkey baster, for example.

"Later you can use it as a party favor," Person said.

The burden of the dollar figure could be lessened if the host decides to have a non-alcoholic drink.

Having a non-alcoholic party does not need to put a damper on the excitement -- there are some fantastic alcohol-free drinks.

According to Larry Weixelman, a bartender at Brittany's, besides non-alcoholic beer, colodas are their most popular non-alcoholic drink. "We can make about any non-alcoholic drink possible," he added.

Mel Elliot, bartender at Ticos said that they sell "quite a few" non-alcoholic drinks, for example, a margarita made with all the fixin's (strawberry margarita mix, sour, and ice) except the tequila; also, colodas (crushed pineapple, coconut milk and water) minus the rum.

