

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

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Country singer to take stage tonight

By Joel Strauch
Senior Reporter

Hang on to your 10-gallon hat — country superstar Doug Supernaw will be giving a bootstompin' show tonight at Guitars and Cadillacs.

Matt Rohlfs, the club's entertainment director, is anxious to have Supernaw back at his club.

"This will be his second appearance here," he said. "It's gonna be one of the hottest shows you'll see here in Lincoln."

Supernaw debuted with "Red and Rio Grande" in 1993, and had two No. 1 songs — "Reno" and "Don't Call Him Daddy." — from that album.

He is currently promoting his latest effort, "Deep Thoughts From a Shallow Mind," which is receiving a lot of airplay on 96 KX, one of the promoters of Supernaw's show.

Frankie Leising, a receptionist for the radio station, said that Supernaw's show last year was spectacular.

"He brought Brook Berringer (the Cornhusker quarterback) up on stage and was wearing his jersey," she said.

Rohlfs also remembers the crowd getting into Supernaw's last appearance in Lincoln.

"Oh God," he said, "they had a blast."

Supernaw's popularity has increased over the last year, and that has helped Guitars & Cadillacs' ticket sales.

"He's definitely been big on a club level," Rohlfs said. "Ticket sales are going through the roof."

Leising, who also works for the club, said she is looking forward to the show this year.

"This show will be phenomenal," she said. "Doug called us and said that he's bringing bail money, so he's ready to party."

Local band Unforgiven will open for Supernaw. The show starts around 9:30 p.m. at Guitars and Cadillacs, 5400 O St., and tickets will be \$15 the day of the show.



Bret Gottshall/DN

Shop all fun and games

By Gerry Beltz
Senior Reporter

The Corner Cafe and Parlor Games is owned and operated by one family, the Pavey family, and they want to run a place where other families can come and have a good time.

Father and son Darrell Pavey Sr. and Darrell Pavey Jr. can frequently be found in Parlor Games, the eastern half of the Pavey's business, at 400 N. 48th St.

Here patrons may play, free of charge, many board and card games, plug quarters into video games and pinball machines or peruse the wide selection of games and collectibles for sale.

"Typically, anything done in a parlor is done at Parlor Games," Darrell Jr. said.

Meanwhile "Mom" Pavey and her daughter, Christina Pavey, are usually cooking something up next door in the Corner Cafe. The cafe offers a variety of hot dishes and deli-style subs.

Christina said she took special pride in the quality of her sandwiches, which are available from 2 p.m. to 5 p.m. and from 8 p.m. to

10 p.m.

"I don't pre-stack the meat like other sandwich places in Lincoln do," Christina said. "It's not sliced so thin that you can see through it." Christina said she enjoyed working with her family, adding that she and her mother had been working together in food service since 1988.

"I don't know if I could work with anybody else," Christina said.

The Paveys briefly considered applying for a liquor license, but decided against it because they wanted to maintain a family-style atmosphere.

Darrell Jr. said a liquor license would also bring on more clean-up duties and additional insurance liability.

Darrell Sr. stressed that the Corner Cafe and Parlor games was a place for families to go and have a good time.

"A lot of the game rooms in town are, basically, not family-oriented," Darrell Sr. said, "so we stay away from the liquor license and don't even try to get one."

Christina said the family wanted the business to be a place parents would feel good about.

"We wanted a clean and a family environment where parents would feel comfortable playing video games with their kids."

CHRISTINA PAVEY

co-owner of the Corner Cafe and Parlor Games

"We wanted a clean and a family environment where parents would feel comfortable playing video games with their kids," Christina said, "or letting the kids go there without the parents getting worried about them."

The Paveys have been in business at this location since August 1994, and according to Darrell Jr., business is going "remarkably well."

New kid on the block

By Gerry Beltz
Restaurant Critic

There's a new face in downtown Lincoln's sandwich business, and it's Doozy's.

Doozy's, 101 N. 14th St. (next to the Hair Care Place), opened about two weeks ago, and word has spread quickly.

Doozy's offers 11 varieties of sandwiches in three different sizes: the snacker, hamburger-sized; the half, a 7-inch sandwich; and the whole, a 14-inch sandwich. All breads are white breads.

Sandwich prices range from \$1.45 for a Pizza Doozy Snacker to \$5.99 for a 14-inch Italian Combo.

Doozy's also offers pizza in three sizes: small (8-inch), medium (12-inch) and large (16-inch). Available toppings are nothing off the beaten track, and the pizza prices are comparable at best.

Other goodies offered at Doozy's are salads, three side salads and three big salads, three sizes of garlic cheese breads, chili and Pepsi products with free dine-in refills.

Doozy's will soon offer downtown delivery service during lunch rush hours (11 a.m. to 2 p.m.), but there is no hint whether campus or nighttime delivery is on the horizon.

I chose to sample a half Meatball Doozy and a half Italian Combo, a side of garlic cheese bread and a Pepsi refill in my plastic cup. Total cost of my meal: \$8.58.

I waited for my meal just long enough to peruse half my newspaper.

The sandwiches were served open-faced and piping hot. The meatball sandwich was heaped with very tasty cheese, but was a bit lean on meat.

See DOOZY'S on 10

Superhighway leaving some behind in virtual dust

The next time I hear the word "Internet," I will vomit. Step back, I'm a woman of my word.

The next time someone mentions the information superhighway, I am spewing chunks.

My sickness will not spout (well, it'll sort of spout, but it's more of a spurt, really) from any fashionable disgust with the 'net. Nor will it stem from any nostalgic love for the way things used to be before our world went on line.

I will lose my lunch (or dinner or breakfast, depending on the time of day) out of fear. Dread. Scaredycatness.

I am afraid that I will be left behind. I'm scared I will be the absolute last person to move to the global village. And when I get there, all the good apartments will be taken.

The whole world will already be having a great big virtual party, and I won't be invited. If I do go, I won't know anyone. I'll come in late and hang out by the hors d'oeuvres until it's time to go home.



by Rainbow Rowell

I won't know any of the happening cyberpunk lingo. I'll be restricted from all the coolest newsgroups. If I go out of town, I won't know anyone who'll water my virtual plants.

And by the time I'm finally acclimated to the whole mess, the entire world will have moved on to some other unimaginable new technological breakthrough. I'll be an Internet expert and everyone else will have mastered telekinesis. Great.

I'm used to trailing a few years behind

the latest technological breakthroughs.

Do you know how long it took me to figure out my scientific calculator? I still don't know what half those buttons are for. I'm just barely in control of my answering machine. Almost every piece of technology I own has functions I can't comprehend. I could probably end world hunger with my VCR if I read the instruction book.

And now you want me to go blind and get carpal tunnel syndrome while I live my life via computer terminal like I'm in some sort of twisted Aerosmith video.

Beyond my personal ineptness, another aspect of the Internet world frightens me. Whenever I hear people talking about the network, they inevitably begin discussing its steamier side.

It seems that perfectly normal people are forming (sometimes juicy) relationships through the Internet. They're flirting, they're dating, they're **kissing** they're you-know-whatting, with people they've never seen or touched.

A computer-literate friend has rational-

ized her electronic liasons by telling me how freeing it is to interact with someone without worrying about physical appearance, inhibitions or preconceptions.

On the 'net, no one needs to know about your beer belly or your uncanny resemblance to Mikhail Gorbachev. You can just be the real you, which can mean being someone else if that's who the real you feels like being.

Call me crazy and judgmental, but it sounds kind of icky to me. I'm sure many people form honest, healthy relationships. But a lot of people seem to be hiding their weaknesses behind their monitors.

Maybe I'm just lagging behind the times again. I finally get a real boyfriend, and everyone else has already moved on to E-pals and Internet loves.

It figures. I was the last person in my high school class to be kissed. Now, I'll be the last person to be kissed on the Internet.

Rowell is a senior news-editorial, advertising and English major and the Daily Nebraskan Arts & Entertainment editor.