

# diversion

## Drinkin' In Lincoln

**Brass Rail**  
1436 O St.

It was one of those hot summer nights in Lincoln. We were bored and looking for excitement -- so we went to the Brass Rail.

It's funny how a small, saloon-type bar can attract a certain crowd on a certain night, when the clientele on every other night is, well, less well-groomed.

As we stepped into the bar, expecting the pungent odor of beer and sweat, our nostrils were met with a stench much worse -- the Hitchin' Post.

All we wanted to do was get to the beer garden, but first we had to fight our way down the midway. Just like the model in the George Michael's "Father Figure" video, we were stared at by sharply dressed elitists. Unlike the video's gawkers, elitists at the Rail are from the University of Nebraska-Lincoln. Get psyched!

We met those stares with a hardy "WHAT!" and the screeching greetings with "Ooohhh, How ya' doin', duuudes!"

There's something special about closeness with strangers. As we pushed and shoved and kicked and beat our way to fresh air, we were reminded of tornado drills in grade school.

Aahh, the beer garden. Picnic tables, 75-cent draws o' beer and some greenery. It was the Garden of Eden on a hot summer night.

Now the real fun begins. We have always enjoyed making fun of people who think they're cool, rather than teasing those individuals dressed in K-Mart specials, like ourselves.

The Rail's beer garden and Thursday-night crowd offer many entertaining opportunities for sharp words and spicy language -- and we're just the pair to deliver. But that's part of the charm of this bar, a smashed crowd eyeing the opposite sex, and speaking in real rad lingo, duuudes.

For instance, like when, like when we ordered our beers, ya know, and this bartender was sooo cold, it bummed me out.

Or like, when I accidentally brushed up against this excellent girl with the most bitchin' hair (the most hair, from hair to thair), she was really bummin' on me for breaking off part of that doo. Like, I tried to apologize, but all she did was squeal at me. I'm just sooo sure she did that. Anyway, like she kept laying this bad trip on me, until I told her she shouldn't have an ATTITUDE in a place like this, ya know.

No one should be STUCK UP in a dump like this. The Brass Rail is not a fancy place, and



David Frana/ Daily Nebraskan

### Paul Anderson tends bar at Cliff's.

that's another part of its attraction. You can dress as sloppy as you want and be as obnoxious as you want. The Thursday-night crowd may not like it, but heeey, duudes, we're all rad in the Rail.

Excellent.

-- Curt Wagner  
& Lisa Donovan

**Barrymore's**  
124 N. 13th

The music's soothing and the atmosphere's calm and easy, but the best thing about Barrymore's is it feels like someplace else. The tasteful decor and seemingly cultured clientele -- most of it, anyway -- give one the feeling of being in a real city.

Rumor has it Barrymore's is the back of a stage. The place is gorgeous whatever its background (excuse the pun). The ceiling must be at least 50 feet high, the walls are brick and plants are everywhere -- big healthy ones (plants, that is). My pals were digging the place, too.

"It's got a lot of character," Sara mumbled in awe.

"Yeah, really cool," Jennifer added.

While grooving to Aretha Franklin and Kenny G, we munched on cocktail weenies and sipped our drinks. Prices are above average, but they were having some sort of special on draft beer.

Boy, was that soft lighting relaxing. And the people were so interesting to look at. They weren't all wearing the same costume as does a certain clientele that frequents other downtown establishments. These people were actually individuals. A rare commodity in this

one-horse town.

Barrymore's is downright refreshing and definitely worth checking out.

-- Kelly Anders

**The Night Before**  
1035 M St

Strip-tease. There's something about that word that creates a medley of vivid mental images so carnal that I break out into a sweat and my fingers tremble as I type it. The word is awkward in my mouth, like spinach and beet casserole, and is only uttered as a long, barely audible whisper, because I linger over each syllable -- hesitating to complete a word so completely morally bankrupt and void of social value.

The Night Before features strip-tease dancing.

Outside a neon woman oscillates seductively to the music in her peeling and faded painted head, the silence occasionally punctured by traffic going by -- broadcasting her electric pheromones into the night.

Inside, nine women dance and entertain the patrons, attracted like moths by the light above the door.

As my companion and I walked to the establishment in the cold mist on Monday night we talked about some of the preconceptions we had about what the bar would be like. We thought it would be dark and kind of sleazy and filled with a variety of shady characters, like the opening setting of one of the many dime-store detective novels we had started but never finished . . .

We were right. Kind of.

When we walked in, there was an attractive woman dancing topless to "I Hate Myself for Loving You," by Joan Jett. The irony of it was so overwhelming I had to sit down and regain my composure.

I looked around and counted about 60 people there watching the dancers, including one uniformed policeman. He left about 15 minutes later, on his way to work down the street maybe . . .

My companion and I walked up to the bar and ordered a couple of draws. Hanging behind the bar I noticed there was a black velvet painting of a turtle experiencing the orgasmic pleasure of sexual intercourse with an army helmet.

And there was a message marquee behind the elevated dance floor that displayed an endless stream of provocative messages, too:

"Q. What is it that's in the spring air that gets girls pregnant? A. Their legs."

And, "Well boil my one-eyed monkey in carp jism -- if it isn't another Monday night in sleepy little Lincoln."

And, "It's better to have a drink at the Night Before lounge than to wash your foreskin in boric acid."

Speaking of drinks, they were a little smaller than usual, but good, and just a little more expensive than I expected. But I guess that's the price you pay for the type of entertainment provided. Prices range from \$1.25 for a soda and \$1.75 for a small draw of beer to \$2.50 for a bottle of beer. Mixed drinks start at \$2.25.

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