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Oh yeah, the dancers. They danced three songs for a set. The last song they removed their shirt and danced topless. The only time they seemed self-conscious about what they were doing was when they covered up and left the stage when they were through with their set.

The women who worked there were all pretty in their own way, only some had more tattoos than others. And they all seemed musically aware, occasionally lip-sincing the song they were dancing to. The dancers accepted tips from members of the audience that approached the dance floor in a variety of unusually revealing

ways. Just remember, no touching. "Shanon," a lithe woman of 19 with wavy brown hair and dark eyes, sat down after her set at the table my companion and I were at. She saw my notepad and asked me what I was doing.

I told her I was a journalist on assignment. We talked for a while. She said she had been dancing at the Night Before for about six months. She was a student at the University of Nebraska - Lincoln for a while, but right now she's taking some time off from school. She started working at the Night Before because there's more money in strip-tease dancing than in retail sales, she said. Someday, she'd like to go back to school, but for now she is satisfied.

"Dancing is just like any other job, it has its ups and downs," she said.

-- Mick Dyer

**The Boardwalk
104 N. 20th**

It's fun to be a minority, sometimes.

If you're a white, Anglo-Saxon male or female who enjoys the opposite sex, you definitely fit that bill at this bar.

Walking into the Boardwalk, two by two (male and female), is not exactly what most of the patrons usually see. But that's OK, especially if you enjoy being the center of attention, and dancing to good music in a semi-private dance room.

The spirits here are just as good as anywhere else, but the dancing is exceptional. The bar is in one room, the dance floor in another. There's nothing special about the bar, except the wall where every one pairs up for a little before they leave.

But the dance floor is incredible. No one is able to sit and watch the dancing, so those shy, would-be Fred Astaires don't have to worry.

Where else in Lincoln can you watch yourself dance from any part of the floor? Those mirrors do wonders for new dance steps bar-goers are trying to learn, or for watching what goes on around you.

It's a little unusual to find a guy and girl dancing together, but it happens.

Most of the time the regular clientele take these one-timers in stride, but the stares sometimes turn into words.

One overzealous woman in our group pulled two young men apart, asking them if they would like to dance with her. The reception she received was less than friendly.

Anyway, if you're a free spirit and want to experience one of the best dance atmospheres in Lincoln, check out the Boardwalk.

-- Curt Wagner

**Celebration
Suite 10 - Gold's Galleria
1033 O St.**

She was obviously a Celebration girl. She stared me down with big, round Mabelled eyes. She oozed sex. She talked about downtown Julie Brown and her blue eyeshadow smudged a bit from a hard dance sweat. Our conversations went something like this.

"So, do you come here often?" I asked.

"Yeah, I really dig the dance floor."

"You know, you look like Samantha Fox."

"Yeah, a lot of people say that. My breasts aren't quite big enough, though."

"I'm sorry. But you know, silicon is always an option for those things."

"You mean for my breasts? . . . Yes I know. That's what I want for graduation."

I could tell right then she was out of my league. I asked her to dance anyway.

The strobe lights pureed my stomach and vomit tickled my throat as she thrust and ground her hips like that green harlot who seduced Captain Kirk. After one song I was tired. I escaped to the white-light sanctuary of the art-deco restroom.

I rested my eyes, rinsed my face and dried my hands next to a man I assumed identified himself as Pierre "to the ladies." He was a sheep in wolf's clothing and I respected him for his chest and back hair. Our conversation went something like this:

"So, how's it going?" I asked.

"Not bad. . . . Some pretty hot ones out there, man. No doubt I'm gonna get on it."

"Get on what?"

He scurried out of the bathroom. I followed him out and headed for my table. The video screens had dropped over the dance floor. It was Rick Astley. The

crowd rejoiced.

A guy walked past me with a stern, pensive scowl. He sucked in his cheeks. I decided to talk with him. Our conversation went something like this:

"Hey, are you in Duran Duran? You're the bass player, aren't you? It's an honor to meet you."

"No, I'm not in Duran Duran," he said. "You know, a lot of people say I look like the keyboard player though. I think it's my cheekbones."

"Yeah, that and the eyeliner. You know, with those looks, you should be a rock star."

"Well, I've already started to learn keyboards. I can play the first part on that one Dead or Alive song. I've got a friend who looks like Rick Astley. We're going to start a band."

He walked out to the dance floor and started to gyrate with Samantha. They made a handsome couple and danced well for Lincolnites. I looked towards one of the bars. Pierre was talking to the bartender with the gender conflict. I imagine the conversation went something like this:

"You meet more freaks in this place, bartender. I just talked to this dweeb in a ShopKo sweater and bowl cut who didn't know what 'gettin' on it' means. God, I hate Lincoln."

"Yeah, Pierre, this certainly isn't New York."

-- Bob Nelson

**Chesterfield Bottomsley & Potts
Lower level 245 N. 13th**

Lincoln bar-goers who stumble into Chesterfield Bottomsley and Potts face more options than a wishbone quarterback.

A student body left will land them in the properly named Big Red Pool room, the ultimate playground for the bar stool athlete. Several pool tables, video games, and even two Pop-a-Shot basketball hoops offer drinkers a way to work off their caloric alcohol intake.

Drinkers also can work off a few pounds on Chesty's dance floor adjacent to the pool room. Regional acts such as Charlie Burton, Johnny Reno and the Sax Maniacs and local bands such as The Limit grace Chesty's stage throughout the year.

For non-athletic drinkers, Chesterfield's, or Chesty's as it is known to the college crowd, has other options.

Bar-goers just need to take the fullback draw up the middle after entering the front door and they'll find Chesty's main restaurant and lounge.

The restaurant-lounge is the perfect place for the first date. Its dark, quiet atmosphere, cushy, comfortable booths and chairs are perfect for kicking back, relaxing and engaging in some intellectual conversation.

Chesty's drink prices are average for the college bar scene, although happy hour prices (11 p.m. to 1 a.m.) drop to 75 cents on 16 oz. draws, \$2.25 for pitchers and \$1.25 for import beers.

But Chesty's best special is one that is rarely advertised -- the infamous flaming birthday drink, free, of course, to anyone who's at least 21.

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