Grove

Continued from Page 8

down, go to the Grove. Nothing is more exciting than watching Billy Beergut stagger around a dance floor with his underwear hanging off him and his belly jiggling se-

Of course, plenty of metal babes seem to find this appealing. But nothing rivals the slobber-

inghe-men who scream for women to dance to a LIVE HEAVY METAL COVER BAND.

YYEEAAAHHHHHH!!!!

"Professional" dancers from The Night Before and Peter McCue's like to run down to the Grove for a few extra moonlighting bucks, though the nervous, innocent, "I've never done this before" types are

sure to garner the most applause. And \$200, of course, for the

The Royal Grove is overflowing in hormones from the moment the Grizzy Adams look-alike bouncers open the doors. By the time that dance contest is over, hungry eyes shielded by beer goggles begin to rove the crotch areas of young and old alike. The Grove's manager, all-over mask.

known to most simply as "Tommy," stands around smiling a lot.

Man, is he fat

Fashion is very important at the Grove. Guys wear little earrings. Girls wear as little as possible. Leather miniskirts are great if they are short. And dirty jean jackets never go out

But a sign at the door specifies that there will be no ripped jeans in the Grove. No ripped jeans. None.

It's OK to bear your breasts, ladies, but patch those knees, OK?

You'd think most chicks would know better, dude.

-- Michael Deeds

Brass Rail

goes the wrong way.

The guy who checks your ID looks pretty cramped, too. Cramped because his slick hair, tan skin, mock turtleneck and jeans are stretched taut on his body like an

The door to the men's room opens properly. Make sure you're sober, though, if you plan to use Everything is a little cramped at the Brass Rail, 1436 O St. Try to push the door open. It the sink and urinal, because both are about chest-high

miss it.

Stick around for last call. That's when you really find out how cramped it can get at the Rail.

Daily Nebraskan

The clientele is very elite. Even though there's no dress

A few regulars -- who don't need

code, it's easy to commit a social

faux pas by not wearing baggy Girbauds and a smile. Tans are

to study -- drink and play pool in

the corner. They don't seem to fit in

with the political activity that's going on in the rest of the bar.

That anyone fits in at the Rail is

Maybe that's the point. The dull

Make your way back toward the

mystery. There is really no draw-

ing card, except for the \$1.50 Long

background makes Rail-goers' clothes stand out that much brighter.

bathroom and beer garden. But watch out. All around you, people

are trotting by, practicing the one-second "hi." If you blink, you'll

Island Ice Teas.

mandatory for the women.



Precinct

If you were one of those people who wore "Disco Sucks" T-shirts and burned Donna Sommers records in the '70s, you may be a bit disturbed by the new-found popularity of dance music

Maybe you should try to get in touch with that small part of you that always longed to wear lycra and do the hustle. Talk to it -- tell it that dancin' in the nineties can be

tastefully done.

The Precinct, 226 S. 9th St., is Lincoln's newest and most tasteful dance club. The space is enormous and the decor restrained. There are no obnoxious floor-to-ceiling mirrors and no flashing beer signs. This place has understated style. Soft purple and grey neon accents the off-white brick walls. The dance floor is surprisingly small, which produces a feeling of intimacy. The music mix ranges from The

Cure to the B-52s to Janet Jackson. Even the most avid non-dancer could find themselves tapping a foot. On Tuesday nights, the Precinct features live music. They usually try to book top-40 bands with good sound systems, according to owners Jody Luth and Becky Smith

Wednesdays through Saturdays,

the bar's own amazing sound system blasts out a mix of the country's hottest dance tunes. Luth and Smith belong to a music network that provides them with the most popular cuts from clubs nationwide. There is a cover after 9 p.m. on Fridays and Saturdays

If you need a break from cuttin' up on the floor, there are two pool tables, a dart board and an impressive array of seating. You can sink into comfy booths, or take a table on a raised platform above the dance area. The bar itself is enormous, with stools all the way

On Thursday nights, the Precinct offers 50 cent draws. Drink prices fall in the moderate range. My Cuervo margarita at \$2.75 was very tasty and very large. There's a good selection of import and domestic beers as well.

Smith and Luth are considering opening the bar on Sunday or Monday for ballroom dancing. They hope to attract the younger crowd who are relearning the dances their parents loved. Maybe they'll even attract their parents.

-So, if you're looking for a satis-

fying night on the town, complete with steady beat and eye-pleasing

See PRECINCT on 10

Statistics can't be ignored

ike most people, I've heard many frightening statistics about alcohol Also, like most people, those statistics have gone in one ear and out the other. But those statistics, boring as they are,

cannot be ignored. The National Highway Traffic Safety Ad-

ministration estimates that: About two out of five Americans will be

involved in an alcohol-related crash.

• Each year, about 500,000 people are in-

jured in alcohol-related crashes. That is an iverage of one person every minute. About

40,000 of these are serious injuries.

• In single vehicle fatal crashes occurring on weekend nights in 1988, 64 percent of the fatally injured drivers under 25 were in-

The good news about these numbers is that efforts to reduce drunk driving have made an impact. The number of drunk drivers killed in traffic crashes dropped 22 percent from 1980 to 1988. Even if people are ignoring the numbers, they are acting more responsibly

Last month, I reached the legal drinking age. I was finally an adult, at least in the eyes of bars and liquor stores across the country.

I felt mature and responsible.

On the night of my 21st birthday, my friends initiated me in the local bar scene. I carried my drivers' license in my pocket, ready to flash it at a moment's notice to any-one who doubted my maturity. I collected my free birthday drinks proudly, although I tried to remain relatively sober

The next morning, I woke up hangoverfree. The previous evening was clear in my mind, except for exactly what bars I'd been in, how much I'd had to drink, who I'd talked to -- so much for being relatively

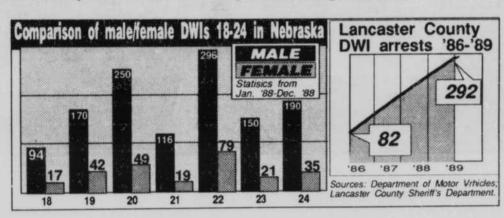
I did remember that we had a designated driver -- except that driver kept changing throughout the evening, depending on who was most sober at what time. And everyone, driving or not, had a few drinks in the birthday celebration.

By luck or the grace of God, my friends and I were not involved in any of the ap-proximately 11,000 traffic fatalities that result from the use of alcohol every year. But we did put ourselves and others at risk

A couple of drinks seemed innocent to me and my friends. But driving after a couple of drinks is not innocent, and it certainly is not responsible.

I saw reaching the legal drinking age as reaching a plateau in adulthood. But along vith gaining privileges, I gained responsibilities. Like the boring statistics, those responsibilities cannot be ignored

Brayton is a junior news-editorial major and Daily Nebraskan night news editor.



The University of Nebraska-Lincoln Cornhusker Marching Band

FLAG CORPS AUDITIONS

April 3, 4 and 5, 1990 7:00 p.m. to 9:00 p.m.

Field House Use entrance off of Avery Avenue

No previous experience required -- clinic sessions will precede the audition.

Auditions are open to academically eligible UNL students and incoming freshmen. Veteran corps members must re-audition.

If you have a conflict with the audition dates contact the Band Office at 472-2505.

Dress for movement and wear tennis shoes.

Equipment will be provided, but bring a pike if you have one.

For more information call 472-2505.

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