



## Patrons lack respectability

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Hooters has opened in Lincoln, and I am like, oh, so happy!  
I am so longing to apply for a Hooter's Girl position because I so feel that it would be, like, such a great career move for me. I have always aspired to, like, magically transform into my Barbie, and I seriously think that this is my chance. Just give me, like, a couple of weeks to tone up my tummy and dye my hair blonde!

If you know anything about me, you have probably come to the conclusion that the above statement is as much a crock of B.S. as my last research paper.

I am not happy that Hooters has come to Lincoln. I'm actually rather pissed. Here's why.

This big, wide, wonderful world that we live in is a pretty sexist place. If you are human, you'd have to have noticed this at some point (I'm hoping, anyway). Although I do like them, men seem to have an innate need to dominate pretty much everything around them, including business.

The business of Hooters, just by being itself, is doing a spanking job of reassuring us of this.

If you don't know, Hooters is a lovely company developed by a small cluster of very manly executive-type guys which is based on one main ideology:

T & A can sell chicken wings.  
In this world, T & A can sell *anything*, and for the last 15 years, innocent chickens have been dragged down into this muck.

But it's really not so much the chickens that I'm worried about. It's all the patrons of the establishment.

I, by choice, have never been in a Hooters restaurant, but I have seen pictures. This is what, by using my overly-vivid imagination, I am envisioning:

Greasy construction workers, beer guts hanging over their Wranglers, ogling the staff. Over-excited 17 year-olds drooling into their Shirley Temples. Executives, still in their suits, having a beer after work with the rest of the boys' club, pinching their waitress's derriere as she bounces by. (And how funny that the boys just happen to be at the boys' club.)

Mmm-mmmm!  
Personally, I worry about the guys (and unfortunate gals) who foam at the mouth for the chance to go there. I'm not too sure these are the kinds of people I want to have wandering around in the streets.

I'm not sure I want to associate with those who support exploiting female "assets" and innocent chickens in the name of a decent meal.

The fact that Hooters is now in Lincoln, and America's continued obsession with places like it, makes me realize that America has taken some pretty obnoxious turns recently. I cite Hanson and the new-sprung professional wrestling craze as two prime examples.

What is it about these things that excites our society? I like to think that it stems from a little something I call "Ignorance of Decency, Integrity, Originality and Class, Y'all," or I.D.I.O.C.Y. for short.

Most Americans seem to be missing any sense of appreciation for respectability and the finer things in life. Hooters (much like our bad little friend whose initials happen to be *Monica Lewinsky*) has zero respectability. But then, it doesn't claim to. At least it's realistic about something.

As a society, it's about time that we started to appreciate things that stand for culture and integrity. Because I am an idealist who is consistently lambasted by my fellow realists, I can admit to the fact that this won't happen. But, dammit, can't we try?

The most obvious starting point in ridding this country of I.D.I.O.C.Y. would be to quit frequenting "wholesome family-oriented establishments" such as Hooters and Shakers and the like.

Side Note: Hooters and Shakers are really not all that different when you think about it. Oh wait, you can order a *beer* at Hooters. Oops.

Making fun is far more amusing

than boycotting, though. It pisses off the right people and oftentimes sends a biting black-and-white message.

I am here for the very reason in helping you get started in doing this.

If you are a male and you think Hooters is a steaming pile of you-know-what, you can work a little magic by dressing up like a Hooters girl.

Oh yes. Read on.

The company describes Hooters Girls as having an "all-American cheerleader image." That gives you a good idea of where to start. (Three words: Stuff, stuff, stuff!) Get your own wait tray and start taking customers' orders. This will accomplish a few great things.

1. You'll piss off all of the real Hooters Girls because you'll be taking the bulk of their hard-earned tips away from them.

2. You'll send the message that you don't appreciate sexist discrimination against guys (like you) who'd kill for a job that means easy money just by flaunting your "booty."

3. You'll get kicked out. This may be one of the most glorious moments in your college (or professional) career. Rock on with your bad self!

If you are a liberated, intelligent female who also thinks Hooters is a load, you too can join in the fun.

Dress up like the greasy construction worker mentioned earlier (Two words: Don't stuff!), and go on in. Grab the first "piece" that walks by your table and yell loudly, "Hey, baby! Move your sweet ass to the bar and bring me an Old Style!" This will also accomplish a few great things:

1. By exaggerating the behavior of idiotic males o.d.-ing on their own testosterone, you might make the guys around you think about what they're doing by being there in the first place.

2. You'll get some priceless looks.

3. You'll get kicked out. Refer to the aforementioned benefits of this.

As you can see, mockery is my suggested tactic in displaying adamant disapproval of something. It is a fun and, oftentimes very effective tactic when done efficiently and to the right people. (Ross Perot is a prime example.)

The moral of the story is this: Those of us who don't "jive" with the whole Hooters load are aware that it will probably always be around, but at least we can have fun slamming it while we're here.

So, my educated and self-respecting readers, I implore you. Think about the chickens. Think about decency. Think about Hanson. Don't subject yourself to the evil that is Hooters. Go to the Grove instead.



MELANIE FALK/DN

# HOOT & Holler



## Sexual theme isn't all bad

**TASHA KUXHAUSEN is a sophomore news-editorial major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.**

Hooters has come to Lincoln, and all I can say is, it's about time! With the hundreds of cities nationwide that have already opened Hooters restaurants, it's finally Lincoln's turn.

But even with the extreme popularity of the establishment, I've heard some opposition to Hooters claiming Lincoln as a new home.

Lincoln, as a community, tends to share conservative views. The mayor of Lincoln is a Republican — need I say more? But perhaps how conservative the community members are is the reason for the delayed arrival of a Hooters.

Omaha, on the other hand, has accepted a Hooters in its community for several years. So why is there so much opposition in Lincoln to a restaurant with great food and a fun atmosphere?

My guess is that some Lincolniters view the name of the restaurant with a sexual connotation, possibly degrading to females. But the mascot of the establishment is an owl.

The meaning of the hooting owls is implied, though perhaps not subtly. Those who choose to take offense from waitresses who wear tight Hooters tops and tiny orange shorts are overreacting.

The scantily clothed waitresses may be on display, but Hooters is providing tasteful entertainment. It is amazing that community members would be concerned about Hooters being a "sexist establishment" when there are plenty of strip bars in Lincoln that display topless women.

Katherine, "Kitty Kat," a trainer from a San Diego Hooters, replied to the statements of those who believe Hooters is sexist.

"We try to steer away from (Hooters) being seen as a sexist establishment."

She informed me that Hooters can be a family restaurant. Kids' menus are provided, and the waitresses try to make the women customers feel comfortable. Despite the good food and that friendly service, I've heard some comments linking Hooters with male violence. Some claim that any establishment that displays women as sex objects invites uncontrollable sexual behaviors in men.

But the fact is that both women and men are seen as sex objects at certain times. Gorgeous men and women are the most frequently dis-

played sex objects, and it has always been that way.

There has never been an ugly James Bond, and there never will be. I've also never seen a "Baywatch" star who didn't look great in a swimsuit. Soap operas showcase beautiful men and women as well.

It is hard to find average-looking men and women as models, news anchors and movie stars. Hooters isn't any different. The restaurants want gorgeous women to portray their image, and they are not the first to have this idea.

Irresponsible male behavior is also frequently linked to alcohol. Since Hooters serves alcohol, non-supporters have more ammunition.

But just because there is alcohol, as well as a large amount of pretty women, it doesn't mean that men are going to leave Hooters and sexually assault a female.

I don't believe that restaurants like Hooters, or the late Playboy Club, which was known for sporting waitresses dressed as bunnies, are responsible for men's aggressive sexual behavior. Men who are violent or sexually controlling were made that way by society as a whole, the way they were raised and possibly genetics.

Beyond that, men usually rape to have power over a woman, not for pure sex. It's unlikely that a man would rape because a half-dressed woman served him a burger and he had too much to drink.

If I, as a woman, can go to Hooters restaurants while not being offended and manage to have a good time, the place isn't that bad. I hope people who wish to knock Hooters have at least visited the restaurant with an open mind.

I have only one regret regarding Hooters opening in Lincoln. It is too bad that there isn't a restaurant boasting male servers wearing tiny biker shorts and sporting six-pack stomachs joining Lincoln's restaurants as well.

I'm sure that if there were such a place, it might be named "Hogs," with a pig as the mascot. (Of course the mascot is a pig — what were you thinking it was?) It would be more difficult for women to complain about Hooters with a spin-off establishment like Hogs as such an appealing place.

Unfortunately, Hogs is just my dream restaurant. Maybe someday it will come true. But until it does, I'm sure many, women especially, will continue to criticize Hooters.

But I believe that criticizing an establishment because it showcases beautiful women displays very jealous and hypocritical behavior.

Sure, men will go to Hooters to ogle the barely clothed waitresses, but then they will come home to you — the girlfriend, the wife, whatever.

There is no need to worry unless, of course, your guy is untrustworthy, in which case you shouldn't be with him anyway.

Another reason that we women shouldn't try to stop men from visiting Hooters is that most of us would become hypocrites.

If there were a "Hunky Male Model" contest in Lincoln, you'd better believe I'd be out the door so fast my head would spin. Ladies, you know you'd do the same. Admit it.

Despite the negative comments about Hooters, I doubt that the restaurant's business will be anything short of booming. After all, Lincoln is home to the largest college campus in Nebraska.

So, my faithful readers, try to have open minds regarding the recent arrival of Hooters. Maybe even visit for yourselves. Once you finally get a table, you'll see it isn't such a bad place to eat.