

Daily Nebraskan

Since 1901

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Naked truth

Strip club debates reveal a city's unwilling to grow up

News reports of city and county government activities in Lincoln this year may give someone the impression that our fair city is home to a raunchy red-light district teeming with sex clubs.

In reality, there are only a handful of strip bars and pornography shops in Lincoln. Most are where they won't disturb neighbors, and the clubs can be easily monitored for disturbances.

But our government officials seem to be on a crusade to rid the city of adult entertainment or at least prevent new clubs from becoming established.

... the actual impact of these clubs seems minimal if they are managed properly.

In recent months two new strip clubs have tested the moral standards of the Lincoln City Council and the Lancaster County Commission, and those bodies have responded with regulations and restrictions.

The ongoing sagas of Mataya's Babydolls and Cheetahs vs. the City Council and the County Commission have grown tiresome.

When Mataya's Babydolls opened near 56th Street and Cornhusker Highway, the juice bar offered full-contact table and lap dances.

That raised the council's ire. Contact between customers and dancers at other adult clubs that serve liquor was already banned by a provision of their liquor licenses, but there was no such rule for establishments that only serve juice and soda.

So, in February the City Council drafted a new rule banning sexual contact between employees and patrons in Lincoln businesses, but a federal judge blocked the enforcement of that rule because it was too broad.

So the city revised the "no-touching" ordinance, which it used to raid Mataya's earlier this month and crack down on inappropriate contact.

Just outside the city limits on West Van Dorn Street, another strip club called Cheetahs opened this summer.

Cheetahs served liquor under the license of Coaches Bar and Grill, which owns the building both businesses operated in.

Now the County Commission is trying to use a 20-year-old mostly forgotten resolution that empowers them to revoke liquor licenses from adult businesses.

As grounds for these restrictions, the county and the city point to crimes and seedy clientele officials say come with these clubs.

Yet The Night Before lounge has operated for years just a few blocks from where both the city and county governments meet without major problems.

Some may consider adult entertainment unsavory, but the actual impact of these clubs seems minimal if they are managed properly.

The distinction between dancers gyrating within inches of a customer's face and customers' being able to touch a dancer is unimportant and prudish.

You're growing up now Lincoln, and you're going to have to find a grown-up way to deal with your adult entertainment.

Editorial Board

Sarah Baker, Bradley Davis, Josh Funk, Matthew Hansen, Samuel McKewon, Dane Stickney, Kimberly Sweet

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Neal Obermeyer/DN

Coasting through college

If we're going to start the year out right, you all are going to need a couple of pointers on how to do it and do it well.

If you leave the pointers to me, you won't feel a thing, and you'll graduate (not with honors or things that will land you a job) with the feeling that you've really helped out your institution (by becoming a junkie whore), and then you will soar into the sky only to get lost in the clouds.

If you don't understand this metaphor then you need to take a metaphor-analyzing class. Don't ask me where; I don't understand it myself.

Anywho, here is the first rule you must abide by in order to make this university and your presence here the best it can be.

Don't sleep in class; sleep with your professors. I do, and I have a 4.0. And that ain't 'cause I study. 'Nuff said.

Second rule - don't look a gift horse in the mouth. (Don't lick one in the mouth either.) I don't really know what this means, but my friend Elizabeth did it once, and now she's dead. A horse bit her face off. Tough break, but it could've been avoided if she had listened to me.

Third rule - binge drink like a mad mutha'. Binge drinking is so cool. If you want to "reel in the babes" (or the dudes), then you MUST binge-drink every night. However, one mustn't get caught on campus with such tasty beverages in their original alcoholic containers because of the fact that this is a dry campus.

So do like I do. Transfer your alcoholic delights into a flask or another container resembling a flask clearly marked "Alcohol." Be sure and label it though because once, my other friend had Drano in her flask that wasn't labeled "Drano," and she drank it, and now she's dead. A horse bit her face off. It was sort of a freak accident with no apparent correlation with the Drano. Just be careful.

Fourth rule - whatever you do, don't study. Studying is for the weak and geeky. Believe me, I wouldn't be caught dead with a book in my hand. Reading sucks and so does school. Why am I here then?

The UNL brochure had a



Karen Brown

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cool picture of the stadium, and I knew that I had to vandalize the hell out of it. I haven't had a chance yet, hence, I'm still here. If you remember rule No. 1, you can still graduate with flying colors sans studying.

Fifth rule - don't get out and meet people unless they're drug lords and/or guidance counselors. You laugh, but guidance counselors (like drug lords) are so much fun. Why, I remember a time when I was hanging out with one of each, and we decided to shoot up (with guns, not needles) this little Italian food joint on the corner.

Well, the drug lord ended up getting his face bit off, but the guidance counselor and I escaped unscathed and kept rocking the night solid.

The sixth rule is that one must NOT make fun of the Nebraska Husker Football Team. I'm capitalizing all of that because I don't know its proper title, and I would hate to offend the men in tights.

With pads. To make them look bigger. I like to be professional whilst mocking the unsuspecting. One question for all of you - are they called the "Huskies" or the "Cornhuskers?" I really think we need to add that. It just sounds sort of, well, macho. Not corny like one would like to joke about.

In all seriousness, 'cause I'm that kind of girl, I really am looking forward to the Cornhusker season. They really know how to party (with 14-year-old girls). I cherish every moment that you get our school close to the national title so we can "regain our integrity as a fine institution."

Then, maybe we'll get even more money (I mean for the athletic department of course.) so education will remain second in line.

Go Cornhuskers!

So now if you follow all of these simple guidelines you and I shall have a wonderful year here at UNL. I'm off to sleep with my first professor.



Melanie Fall/DN

Servers unite to fight the 'plight of quarters'

Things a quarter can buy ...

One gumball. Fifteen minutes of parking. One soda refill. One song on the jukebox.

And one pathetic night of tips.

I am no longer a server. But I sympathize with the plight of quarters.

Quarters are the saddest but most relevant, representation of corporate America - or rather downtown Lincoln.

I tip. I tip huge. Those I know tip. And huge. I am poor. Corporate Lincoln is rich.

I tip. You do not.

Impossible people strike a nerve buried so deep even the Russians cannot retrieve it.

I swear I have dealt with so many ridiculous questions that I deserve a medal. Or the Nobel.

Most of the stupidity stems from the value of a dollar:

"Brownies are \$1. ... That's too much."

You understand. Anyone with a part-time job understands.

Most associate a dollar with a load of laundry or parking space. This is normal.

The abnormal cheap mentality ruins businesses with "per-person expenditure."

"Could you please order another perfect margarita so I can hit the required 'per-person expenditure'?"

At least I no longer have to clap and sing. I hope you too can escape with your little neon green name tag.

Impossible people fall into several categories. One is the "I refuse to tip." Those in the "I refuse to tip" category should not be allowed to enter restaurants. Period.

Most understand the phrase "Always a server - always a tipper." Sad enough, most people who tip do so after signing off a serving shift around the corner.

The tips cycle in and out. The cheap bastards in the "I refuse to tip" category should be ashamed and searching for flies in pasta.

Servers never forget you. I promise. I still remember the "I drink eight cups of coffee and snack on crackers only to leave you a dime" person.

Branching from this category is the "I tip a quarter" spot.

Are you serious? Do you understand servers earn below minimum wage by a whole continent? Just imagine all the bad karma you are stashing in your posh business suit.

Think of how one lousy quarter affects the server. Pause with me ...

The server finds a quarter most certainly under the coffee cup. So clever. The server curses. The server claims 50 cents at clock-out because he or she was lucky enough to get two tables like you.

The server cannot exit the parking garage because 50 cents can only buy a soda or a candy bar and not parking.

The server huddles beneath Daily Nebraskan newspapers trying to keep warm listening to the car radio.

The server wakes up the next morning.

Still in the parking garage. Still in the same uniform.

The server returns to work and is fired because he or she misplaced the khaki pants without the pockets. Khaki pants with pockets are a crime and nearly impossible to find. Not that the server needed pockets ... because you stiffed him or her with a quarter. Nice gesture scrooge. And so forth. The cycle continues.

And you, pathetic cracker muncher, are still allowed in restaurants. You should be banned to the salad bar. Without dessert.



Emily Moran