





Lexi, Ruby and Tarra get ready in the dressing room to perform a dance at Lollipops.

## **Everything's jolly at Lollipops**

By Jeff Knaysi



I couldn't believe the editor down at the Emerald wanted me to do a story on Lollipops. Yes, Lollipops.

The same palace of perversion that was featured on Donahue, Hard Copy, Sally Jessy Raphael and Current Affair. The same den of decadence that was highlighted on Inside Edition, Jenny Jones. Rush Limbaugh, and mentioned in Newsweek and on Arsenio.

I was hoping for something more fun and less sordid, like reviewing Gallagher's concert film Melon Crozy. Alas, I grudgingly accepted the task. There are naked people at Lollipops. and I was going to be paid, by

the column inch, to get up close and personal with them. Naked people bring out the journalistic integrity in me.

A friend and I debated whether I should be clothed during the interview, and decided that I should be. There was probably some professional rule somewhere made up by someone uptight. When we entered Lollipops, the doorman knew right away who I was when he saw my Trapper Keeper and let us in for free.

Everyone else has to pay a couple of dollars to get in, and then has to buy, like, \$5 worth of Snapple. Because it was Thursday, there weren't many people there. They were scattered around the room, some sitting as close to the stage as they could legally get, the more bash-ful ones at the table near the

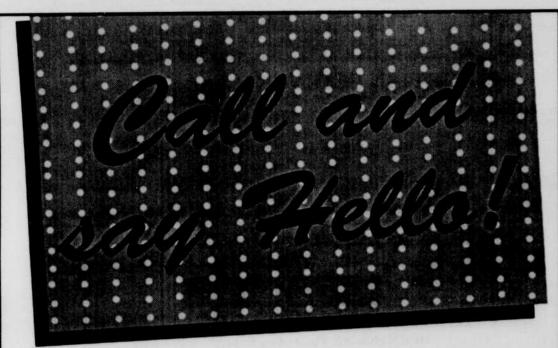
The first thing you notice about Lollipops, besides the

stage, is the bar. It is large and well lit, and is where many of the dancers congregate when they are waiting to go onstage. They also hang around the deejay in the corner, who plays rock songs really loud and constantly reminds patrons that the case of soda they were forced to buy as admission wasn't enough. They are also supposed to tip every girl at least a dollar.

Anyway, the bar is stocked with Minute Maid and other juices, coffee, soda and nonalcoholic beer, in bottles and on tap. There are mildly erotic pictures hanging on some of the walls, and mirrors covering the others. There are disco lights above the stage, a jukebox in the corner and two pool tables in the back for customers who have been there for so long that they have actually lost interest.

Of course, no strip bar would

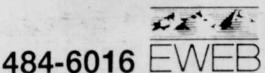
Turn to DANCERS, Page 24D



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