

ENTERTAINMENT

Las Vegas club scene all sucked out

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Have you ever eaten a 3-Musketeers bar with all the inside filling sucked out? All you're left with is empty calories.

That is the Las Vegas club scene. Sure, you know you've been out on the town because your wallet is vacant and you have credit card receipts in your pocket.

The thing that you lack of most here is a choice. There are plenty of clubs to go to if you're a vegetable in the Vons produce section but what about everyone else?

Now you may be saying to yourself, "Well, I go out to meet cute guys/girls." granted the point is well taken but there are some individuals who like to go out dancing to dance. So let's dissect this bit by bit.

First, the music. The

most notable factor in niteclubbing; on one side of the coin we have the Stacey-Q syndrome—that of course is where one word is at least 44 times in one song, (i-i-i-h-h-hate-hate-th-th-that) And they say disco is dead! No way, baby!

Now on the other side is the 'innovative' music scene. Oohh. This music is played by those hip college places, and they bombard you with that charming man from the Smiths whining his way through yet another song. No fewer than six Smith songs will be heard in these places.

Then you'll hear one of many ghost-faced bible black haired groups that just discovered Led Zepplin and T-Rex last summer. So on that note one would stay away from various places just because there isn't

anything to dance to.

Second, the people. Now wait before I'm accused of calling the kettle black, lets have a word for categories.

Some may be unfair. I draw the line soemtimes and yes I have been known to be wrong at others, but most of the time you can judge a book by its cover. So on to your TYPICAL clubgoing guy: These guys are cool, most likely in a fraternity (Alpha Yabba Dabba Doo), or have a real close friend that is.

They drive bitchin cameros and are for the most part worms. They wear the L.V. casual look, and I could swear they just got off a surfboard! Intermixed with these men are the cats with the groovy Euro-Mix Fashion-Mode-Strobe-Light outfit. Their hair is either A; very short with Dippty-Do written all

over it, B; Hair just long enough to put in a ponytail. (Which mind you includes ponytails the size of your thumb.), or C; Guys going from the A to B stage.

They also have a pierced ear...the real cool ones have more than one...and they just discovered P.I.L. and Siouxsie...these guys are Born again New Wavers.

The women fall into basically the same fashion pit, except for the hair which is long and

permed and teased and hairsprayed — and they have like these really cool bangs that they spent like hours on y'know?

They go to all the games and look neat in their red and grey. I have all these females in my political science class and they all have very nice nails, I must say.

The born again New Wave women, however, are slightly different from the men because they wear skirts.

So now that the Music

and People are out of the picture what are we left with? Unfortunately, nothing more then a decent marquee of a once hot city. For now, I'm afraid The gutter gultch will have to remain a tourist kind of city. Until someone opens up a real club. And until that happens I'll stay home watching my Empty-V. So like get busy writing those letters to the editors dude. Maybe next time I will open up on places you CAN go. Adios.



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Little
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