



# Let the games begin! But bring back the bull and dwarf tossing

by LaMont Biscuits

Some people have complained that *The Rebel Yell* doesn't give the Greek system positive coverage. For example, some fraternity planted a friggin' tree and wanted like a front-page story done on them. Not that an opinion columnist like LaMont Biscuits is coverage, but here is the man himself with a preview of the mother of all Greek events: Greek Week.

I have chosen not to cap on Greek Week and call it the Laff-A-Olympics for the labotomized or anything, but rather make suggestions on how to enhance to the week-long festivities.

To begin the week, instead of having an archer shoot a flaming arrow to light the ceremonial torch, they should test theory that flatulence causes combustion by having the fattest fraternity guy eat at Wienerschnitzel and then attempt to light a match with a tool. What better way to start the week then with a

sound Bronx cheer.

Greek Week will always have events like duck-duck-duck-duck and the spinning bat 40-yard dash and vomit. I say live a little, go for the gusto and add these events.

The mechanical bull is long overdue to make a comeback. With the worldwide accolades the bull received in the John Travolta vehicle *Urban Cowboy* and the trendiness of redneck cracker music like Garth Brooks, UNLV has the potential to cash in on a forgotten art form and become a Gilley's for the '90s.

If Theresa Chiang and her cronies cleared out some of the seating near the Rebel Grill, we could put that bad boy smack dab in the middle of the MSU.

Hell, if John Travolta's not too busy with the church of scientology, maybe he could make a guest apperance and give a seminar on bull riding.

No, I have an even better idea. Let Bob Maxson be the honorary first bull rider, kinda like the president throwing out the first pitch of the baseball season.

Bob's a good ol' boy from Texas anyway, I bet he'd teach us youngin's a thing or two about riding the mechanical bull. We could only hope that Bob doesn't wind up like Cliff Clavin on "Cheers" when he took a turn on the bull and was stuck on the thing for seven hours. Really, we might look worse than we already do if ol' Bob isn't at the healim for even a minute.

Bob doesn't need this gig anyway, he's sitting on the Tiger's Treasure.

Red Bull or Schlitz could underwrite the entire event in conjunction with the Rum Runner and provide the cam-



pus with some fine malt liquor instead of the Meister Chäu usually supplied to student events. On second thought, frat boys and malt liquor mix about as well as Sigfried and Roy and the Marines. We don't need to give them another reason to act like Captain Caveman, they'll do just fine on their own.

The bull would also give Greeks something to do when they're not out tipping cows.

Another sport which has gone highly unappreciated is no, not cat juggling, but dwarf tossing.

I say bring back dwarf tossing with a star-studded pack of the vertically challenged like Billy Barty, Warwick "Willow" Davis, Gary Coleman and Bushwick Bill, the one-eyed rappin' midget gangsta from the Geto Boys. For the firework show at the conclusion of the week's festivities, Greeks wouldn't even need a bottle to launch the fireworks, they could just use his eye socket.

Some people call dwarf tossing inhumane and claim that dwarves are people too. I

say carnival freakshows and professional midget wrestling shouldn't be the only avenues pecks can use to seek employment, so let's toss 'em.

Hell, Herve Villachaize could probably use some dough on the side from all those millions he makes from those Dunkin' Donuts commercials. Maybe as an added attraction, UNLV could reunite Tatum and his former boss by making Ricardo Montalban an honorary tosser. That is if Ricardo's not too busy doing the infomercial circuit with Dionne Warwick and LaToya Jackson.

I saw a midget walking through the MSU the other day who could use the extra dough. I asked him if I could borrow some money from him but he said he was a little short.

Greek Week is a time for Greeks to come together and celebrate their Greekness. I'd be a proud sponsor of the event if all the Greeks would agree to sport t-shirts that say "LAMONT LOVES YOU" and let me be the Grand Poo-bah of the week's events.

For if I was the Grand Poo-bah I would want to see real-life Greek events like panty raids, beer swilling, and belly bucking added to the already impressive bill of the balloon toss and gunnysack races.

"C'mon dude, I know I can score bonus points by bagging another three pairs of skid-marked laden skivvies before I go back downstairs and consume another keg o' beer, swallow some live goldfish and puke all over myself."

Why not combine tomorrow's Twister-o-rama in the Valerie Pida Plaza with Greek Week? Just shed your clothes and add Crisco and you'll have an event that all Greeks will love.

I could suggest adding pin the tail on the naked fraternity member's ass as an event, but we wouldn't want to take anything away from pledge week, would we?

Greek Week really does get the LaMont Biscuits seal of approval for decadent and inane behavior because really, that's what college is all about. Let the games begin!

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