

# The delightmare before Halloween

BY JARED DEAN  
STAFF MOVIE CRITIC

Astounding, amazing, and delightfully unique are all terms whispered in awe as one tries to explain the captivity of Tim Burton and Danny Elfman's "The Nightmare Before Christmas". Burton, who's previous adventures include Edward Scissorhands and Beetlejuice, is credited for The Nightmare Before Christmas, but without the talent of Danny Elfman, frontman for Oingo Boingo and composer for all of Burton's films, Nightmare would be just that... a nightmare.

The film is 75 minutes of bliss, containing the vocal talents of Catherine O'Hara,

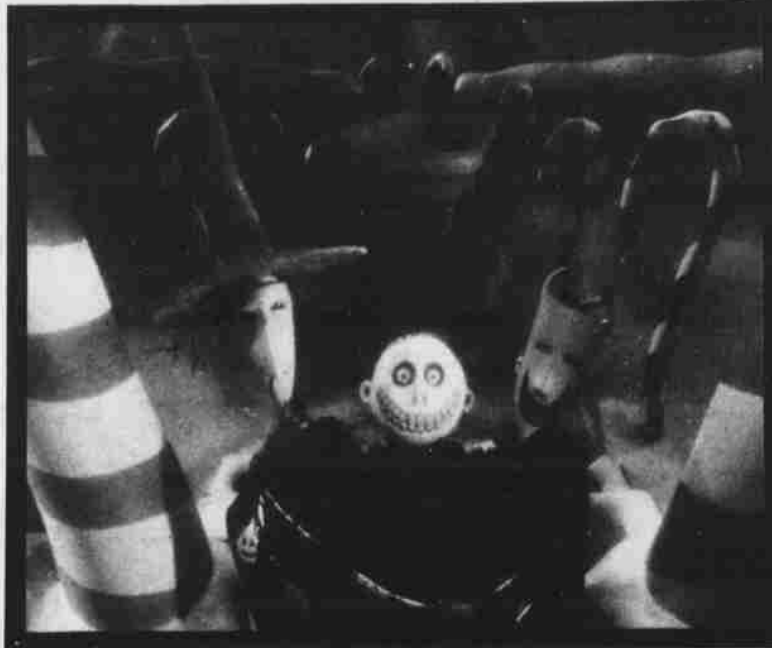
Paul Reubens, and speaking/singing from its lyricist/composer Elfman himself. The ride begins in ~~Hallowtown~~ where the townsfolk are perpetually plagued with planning for the festivities of Halloween. Their leader, Jack Skellington (Elfman when singing, Chris Sarandon when speaking) is becoming calloused with the

festivities. After a particularly delightful festival of ghoul, Jack wanders into the woods in deep meditation

He enters and is in awe at the festivities those in Christmastown chose to perform for that jolly fatman, we like to call Santa. Jack is hooked.

Hickey), is afraid for Jack and seems to be the only person trying to stop him. She also has this puppy-love thing going for Jack, but that is another story.

The Nightmare plot is fresh, and the music/songs are wonderful. Nightmare is more a musical than your average cartoon, but you'll fall in love with Elfman's character and voice. The rating is PG and questionably so. Questionably, that is if you don't like fake spiders and fictionally decapitated limbs. Children are safer in Halloweentown than Jurassic Park any day. The only disappointment was O'Hara, who's vocal qualities keep reminding you that you're watching a fantasy and not fantasizing yourself.



After returning to Halloweentown, Jack is overcome with the idea of kidnapping Santa and impersonating him to spread some Hallow-joy in Christmastown. Sally

and he stumbles upon a doorway to Christmastown. Evil Scientist (William

## Attention: UNLV Zoo is full!

While recently contemplating the urine stain in the hallway of my dorm, a few thoughts passed through my mind.

As a transfer student who didn't know anyone in Las Vegas at the beginning of the semester (except Siegfried and Roy), I thought Student Orientation Services (SOS) would be a good way to meet people and get a free place to stay with free meals for a

week. SOS was another way for the university to get people together by having fellow students helping each other move into their dorms.

Now, everyone is sunk in, and most of the people I actually broke a sweat moving don't even acknowledge my presence on the sidewalk.

Welcome to Las Vegas.

a free place to stay for a week?

Nobody should have to pay to stay in the dorms at UNLV, for any period of time.

What do you get? First and foremost, you get a

And the deal I got of residential housing administration that responds to complaints with, "Do you attend the floor meetings?"

Do I attend the

floor meetings?

Let's get this straight.

Not only do you get the honor and privilege of paying

through your nose, but also the honor and privilege of attending meetings and aiding those who are on the university payroll in finding solutions to the problems that face the dorms? Can that be right?

Tune in on Thursday for more dirt on the dorms!

Read the Variety section every week for the latest on snowboards, latex, punks, & the Buckley Admendment

A weekly column from staff writer Jim Wilson  
**The Bullhorn!**

Clip and Save for future reference

# Domestic and Imported Beer Review

BY JOHN QUINLEN



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1. Samuel Smith Winter Welcome- English Import. Only 22 ounces, but kicks butt because it doesn't taste like one of those dark imports that choke you with thick, brown oatmeal. The English drink a couple of these and forget about not being able to find a job.  
2. Mickey's- Domestic. A fine malt liquor that now comes in a handy, 22 ounce Hornet bottle. They feel good in your hand, when you throw them.  
3. Zima- Domestic. This zucks, the only people who drink this are sorority girls who want to really get drunk at tailgate parties and end up puking their guts out in the parking lot at Sneakers.

4. Old English 800- Domestic. Potent. This is the king of the malt liquor beers. We usually drink two of these before we start production on *The Yell*. Preferred by most skaters, gangstas, ravers and preferred by college students who want to be skaters, gangstas and ravers.  
5. Sierra Nevada Pale Ale- Domestic. A light ale that taste great and makes you think of the mountains. A six pack of this and your blabbering to your roommate about dropping out of school and moving to the mountains of Alaska

6. Keystone- Domestic. Brought to you by the same fine people who brew Coors. Tastes the same as Coors but a case is only \$7.49. You can drink a case before you go out for the night and save money because you won't have to buy more beer at the bar.  
7. Schlitz Malt Liquor (Red Label)- Domestic. Most commonly referred to as "The Bull" Don't let the smooth taste fool ya. Nothing is more satisfying than waking up and finding a good lump on your head from a night out with The Bull. You can't remember how you got home- then you realize your not home. You mess with The Bull and you get the horns.

8. Calgary Canadian Import. A good import from Canada. The Budweiser of Canada. A good beer to drink when driving through Canada in the middle of the winter. Watch out in northern Canada though because their are alot of moose who are attracted like magnets to your rental car. Fortunately the Calgaries help increase your reaction time to the bigger moose, so you can swerve into a tree and miss the moose.

Thanks to Oliver's Discount Liquor for supplying beer

Editors Note: We at *The Yell* don't condemn or condone the use of alcohol. Many students at UNLV do drink and we offer this column as a public service to help you make a wise decision when drinking. Remember never drink and drive. We at *The Yell* have seen the disadvantages of drinking alcoholic beverages first hand, when John dropped this story off, he only brought three bottles, two of which were empty. We bought the remaining five and filled the Mickey's with old Gatorade, and the Schlitz with week old coffee and dishwashing soap. After the photo shoot we threw away the Mickey's and refrigerated the rest. The next day Karl Jessen (our artistic layout staffer) sneakily took several of the bottles home. He drank the O.E. straight down. Then he grabbed the Schlitz and guzzled about 20 ounces before stopping and asking his friend, Wade, if he had ever had Schlitz before. Karl thought it tasted kind of soapy. Just to make sure he drank another 10 ounces of it. He concluded that Schlitz was just a bad beer, and emptied it into his sink where he noticed it didn't even look like beer, although it did break up the grease around all the dirty dishes.