

Under the Influence with Otis & Arthur

Reno game: Black eye for the team?

Otis

Well, Artie, Reno beat the Rebels. That means I don't have to be nice to you this week, according to my challenge of a couple of weeks ago. Even so, our team played hard despite the odds. It reminds me of you, Artie, the way you manage to keep going despite my numerous victories of wit in this column. Normal men would crumble, but not you, Artie; you've got heart.

As far as I'm concerned, UNLV proved to the nation that we kick butt, Artie. I certainly don't condone violence, but I was amused by the spectacle that is the UNLV/Reno rivalry in the same way that I'm amused by Artie picking up girls at school. Artie probably hated the brawl because he is a "mamma's boy." Personally, I loved it. I was glued to the TV all night watching the Rebels throw helmets at coaches, kick Reno guys in the head, and pick fights with the Wolf Pack mascot. Now, this whole situation doesn't help the UNLV image, but who cares? The fight gave the mediocre Rebel football season a well needed spark. It also intensifies the Nevada rivalry. Now we have something to get mad about; if Reno wants a war, let's give them one. It's payback time, and Otis wants exact change.

One thing I don't understand is

the Fremont Cannon. Is there some historical reference to it, or is it just some spoil for the victor? I could care less if Reno has the cannon. It's probably sitting in the middle of town where all the rednecks can touch it. This is the big thing in Reno, next to electricity. So let them have the cannon, we have Sigfried and Roy, baby!

Our team may have lost, but at least we took out some Reno hillbillies in the process. What's with those Reno people anyway? They seem to take the whole game way too seriously, like it was the Super Bowl or something. The whole town locked up and went to the game. Meanwhile, we here at Las Vegas took the game with casual aplomb. Do you know why? Because we are cooler than Reno; we don't care about some stupid game with a hick town (at least until I officially declared war upon Reno earlier).

If Reno wants to play that way, well, lets give it to them. The Rebels will eat that backwards; Mayberry junction against our sports juggernaut.

We do have one up on Reno, though. The secret Fremont bazooka. Reno doesn't know we have the bazooka. Massimino invented it last year to create a rivalry between UNLV and Reno in basketball. For now it's kept in President Harter's office.

You've been warned Reno, next year it's the bazooka.

Arthur

Yes, Otis, I know Reno beat the Rebels. You've been doing nothing for the last week but gloating, running around the office saying, "See? See? I told you those clowns couldn't beat an old rug in a stiff wind!" How many times do I have to tell you: lay off the football team. We know they really try.

And as for your "challenge," what kind of a challenge was that? You were pretty sure it was no challenge at all, or you wouldn't have made it in the first place. That's the way you play.

Like your being so entertained by the sideline violence before, during and after the game. You don't have to be a "mamma's boy" to hope adults can act like adults. All the fans, on both sides, did was prove that going to college in Nevada is really just a continuation of high school.

You claim to support the team, and in the same breath tell us all how you loved watching the brawls. You as much as admit that, as far as you are concerned, without the sideline violence the team wouldn't be worth watching. It seems many of the fans feel the same way.

Otis, what is up with you and this bazooka thing? For those detractors of sports in our audience who think that modern day athletics are nothing more than male extensions of our ancient ancestor's hunting and survival rituals, you then provide them with this phallic reference?

You are a sick puppy, Otis! I'm just glad I was able to talk you out of that plan to tell the readers that the Flashlight outside of Ham Hall is a camouflaged SCUD launcher. I'd feel sorry for your girlfriend, if you had one. You have altogether too much penis envy.

But why not just do away with this football thing anyway? Isn't it possible to have fun cheering our team, win or lose, in the spirit of good fun and good sportsmanship? Do we care what we teach our kids by our example?

If brawling is the main draw at these "sporting events," then we should completely remove the veneer of respectability lent by indulging in the name of college athletics. What about pitting the two university presidents next year in a total knock-down, drag-out?

Can you just see Carol Harter vs. Joe Crowley, gloved in a ring for 10 rounds instead of bothering with the usual football game? Judging by fan response, it would cut to the chase and deliver what they want.

I wonder how Don King would bill the fight. What kind of odds would Caesars Palace give Harter?

Or maybe we could just have the respective team mascots duke it out at the 50 yard line during half-time. At least that would be a step in the right direction.

—"Otis & Arthur" is co-authored by S.T. Sutherland and Vince Caliguire.

Bar scene constantly changing

This is my fourth year at UNLV, and I've come to a conclusion that one thing remains constant in this unpredictable town: the mortality rate for Vegas bars is about one per semester. It seems that a bar gets hot for a few months until

another opens and takes the crowd with it. We are a finicky bunch, but I think that's fair. UNLV is a bar school. It's not like we are a college town where we can party at a frat house. The bars are what's happening at UNLV.

I can remember bars like the legendary Pub and Grub where you could get \$2 pitchers and watch the Greek students at their best. Carlos Murphy's—which is now Moose's—was pretty cool too, they had great food and specials. Moose's operates to that same effect but it seems it may go the way of Murphy's.

Some of you may even have been to Mug and Munch. They had great German food

and Warsteiner on tap. Yes! Unfortunately, the owner and his wife broke up and sold the place. But don't despair kiddies, the former Mug and Munch owner now cooks all his German delicacies at Chucksters, across the street from school. Chucksters is the best kept secret at UNLV; check it out, the beer is cheap, and the employees are real nice.

Fat Tuesday was hot in its hey day. You could find at least a few of your friends from school on any given day drinking spiked slurpees. I went back there recently for Monday night football, and it's now a carpeted sports bar called Risky Business. They have a lot of food and beer specials, and it's still a good time. You better hurry, I think it will be

closing down in a couple of months due to lack of business.

Then there were the clubs. Remember the 501? It was one of the few places in town that would play industrial music before it was cool. Then there was Metropolis, which was a slamming night club that had big fish tanks around the bar. It eventually became

Park Ave., and now it's somewhere in limbo. There was a rumor that Snoop Doggy Dog and Dr. Dre were going to buy it and make it a crazy whack funky rap club, but that's just a rumor.

Speaking of night clubs, what happened to the Palladium? They exploded when they trashed the country western theme for modern music. Now it seems like they only open for shows. What a waste of a huge dance floor! The Drink has been turning heads and seems like the club to be at, but it is too expensive for the college crowd. If you like that rock 'n' roll thing, go to the Hard Rock after midnight for \$1 drinks, except on Friday and Saturday.

There are some exceptions to the bar migrations. Sports Pub is a local staple that gets mixed opinions. When it gets crowded, you're stuck there for the whole night. Family Billiards is another solid in-

Living at Large

VINCE CALIGUIRE

stitution that provides 10-cent wings on Sunday and liquid refreshment for the hygienically challenged. The place is chill, but some of the

people that go in there make downtown look good.

It seems the hot spot right now is Tom and Jerry's, which used to be Tarkanian's. Over the last couple of years, the owners have built up a steady following by taking care of the college crowd. At first the place was dead, then it slowly caught on. Stuff like the dance floor and pool hall give something for everyone to do. The service is right on, too. Ask for Abi Padillo, and you will know what I mean by good service. (She's my friend and I told her I'd squeeze her in, OK?)

Bars that want to make it in Las Vegas should follow T.J.'s pattern of giving the college crowd what they want (I want a free beer after this one).

I think the longevity of bars, here, depends on the gimmick or lack of one. The bars with a tired gimmick get old fast. Most of the students hang out there a few months and get tired of it. Since the bars are big here, they get scrutinized thoroughly by our well-trained student body. It seems like the ones with no gimmick do the best. Sure, we could go to the casinos for cheap drinks, but we want atmosphere. Until then, I'll wait for the next guinea pig bar to open.

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