



MIKE KENDRICK

## When I go out, I just want to dance—and be taken hostage

If Edmonton bars want to keep my business, they've got to kick it up a notch



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How you say? By turning to the best available source we have for answers: television.

I crave the excitement that my favourite shows provide me with, not hours of waiting for a sub-par night. Line-ups could be eliminated completely by instituting a series of *Most Extreme Elimination Challenge*-like feats, with the winners earning their rightful place by the bars, and shameless losers having to try, try again.

**Even if your alcohol-saturated mind couldn't remember by itself, wouldn't tales of your epic paintball victory sound better than how you puked up your guts in the cab?**

I'm a guy who's willing to slither out of my room every so often and spend a quality night on the town. I like to drink, and after my blood-alcohol ratio spikes, I also like to dance. But I find that even the better clubs in town get a little tiresome after the hours pass and my wallet thins—yet another innocent victim of the bar's high prices.

This only matters, of course, if you can get into a bar on a weekend. I hope you club-lovin' first-years have got your ski club cards; without them, you'll find yourself waiting in lines *ad infinitum*, checking your watch every so often to find that you're still outside as 25-cent highball hour passes you by.

What's more, whether alone or with friends, club lineup conversations basically fall into dull variations of these three sentences: "Dude, this line's moving so goddamn slow;" "Dude, we totally should've went to the Ranch—I bet there's no lineup there;" and, "What time is it now, dude?"

Considering that the eventual payoff of actually getting into the bar isn't all that great for me, clubs need to start making it worth my while and dollar by upping the ante.

Plus, line-ups would be a place of excitement and honour, with some forgoing the bar altogether to repeatedly test their mettle in front of raptured crowds.

Of course, the action inside the bar would also have to be equally as exciting without completely losing the club/bar feel. So what about taking a page from 24 and throwing in an element of ever-present danger?

Bars could hire a group of actors to periodically take the place over like a massive hostage situation—driving

up drink prices in the process—while ski-mask-wearing men would take over the DJ booth and crank out some terrible music. Go Jack Bauer on those fools, however, and your drinks are on the house, and the reinstated DJ spins your requests all night long. Heroics don't go unrewarded, you know.

These are just two television-based ideas. Imagine paying for drinks à la *Price Is Right*, or winning free shots for your excellent marksmanship abilities in a paintball duel. The possibilities are endless, and I guarantee that every single night would be a memorable outing with your friends.

Even if your alcohol-saturated mind couldn't remember by itself, wouldn't tales of your epic paintball victory sound better than how you puked your guts out in the cab?

Some might think I'm missing the point about bars and clubs—namely, drinking and dancing. But both are just two ways of having a good time out and about. If a joint can provide more variety than that, why shouldn't it?

Most bars already have themed nights and events, be they Name That Tune or Wet T-Shirt Wednesdays. But that's a half-hearted attempt at best, and so very generic.

With Whyte Avenue situated right next to campus and a fresh crop of young people looking for things to do, why not combine the somewhat socially acceptable world of clubs and everyone's secret fantasy world of television?



# GRAND OPENING WEEKEND

**FRIDAY September 14th & SATURDAY September 15th**

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