

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Coyote Ugly?... Coyote Beautiful

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Reporter

I never did see the movie *Coyote Ugly*. That could be part of the reason I found myself at the Wave Thursday night to participate in the campus version of the movie. I do remember there was some controversy when the film was released, but it was only the puritans I think who had a problem. Every other red blooded man and possibly woman was delighted in the generous display of skin and of course I need not mention the complex plot development and rich characters ... OK, I'm digressing a bit.

Shortly after I took a seat I noticed an unusual "catwalk" extending from the stage and realized that this is probably not going to be a usual night at the Wave. Seconds after I registered this thought, a steady stream of scantily clad girls spilled out onto the stage and started strutting down the catwalk, possessed by the pulses of music moving through them. In fact I do believe the song was "save a horse ride a cowboy", every guy in the place was secretly hoping that the girls took the song as a public service announcement.

Any hope that us guys in the audience and these gorgeous girls were the sole inhabitants of the universe on this night was dashed when the cowboys came out from back stage strutting and posturing for the crowd. The result was an orgy of dancing ... or gyrating up and down the catwalk. From the look of these guys you could



have guessed it was a pride parade, Aviator sunglasses, tight denim shorts, flamboyant hats, painful to watch actually. It is quite possible that I was just jealous along with the other guys in the audience, anything's possible.

A Green leather couch on the stage did manage to get some traffic from the audience however. Anyone with \$2.50 and a "stirring" that they could not control could go up on stage and do a body shot out of the navel of one of the girls on stage. I was happy investing my \$2.50 into the beer I was drinking so I stayed in the peanut gallery and watched the hedonism from afar. I do think I witnessed some ladies in the audience motion to get up for a shot off one of the guys but the follow through wasn't there. Body shots or not, it sure did look like both sexes enjoyed the night regardless of whether they were on the stage or in the audience.

So now I can say that I have experienced "*Coyote Ugly*". I'm still trying to figure out the Ugly part but that is OK. It will give me something to contemplate over the holidays. As for renting the movie I will probably save my money and instead rewind my memory on occasion to access the memories from this night. Besides the only late fee I have to pay on this version of "*Coyote Ugly*" is dealing with a headache in my 8:30 Am class the next morning. A price I will pay for admission.