

Feminists arise, celebrate your womanhood

by LaMont Biscuits

After my last article, I guess I offended some women of the Greek persuasion by calling them "sorority bimbos," and they came to voice their opinion to our faithful editor-in-chief. This surprised me for several reasons because I didn't know sorority women could read no less speak without deflating.

Apparently they can't read all that well because in big block letters above the article, it said **HUMOR**. And then if they're still irked over the whole thing, they're taking themselves far too seriously.

You can call me "sexist," or a "Greekaphobe," that's OK. But call me a pinko commie and you'll hurt my feelings.

Since "Picking up chicks at the library" concerned itself with not only Greek women, but all women to a certain degree, I guess it's only fair that the guys at UNLV get their just desserts. It's hard

to believe the whole male population of a university could be afflicted with Down's Syndrome. I've seen more individuality in a gang of Hare Krishnas.

No really, it's been scientifically proven that 98.7 percent of the men at UNLV are all the same person. Sure they might look a little different, but don't be fooled by appearances.

Their attitude can be summarized as: "I've got my Luke Perry sideburns, I've got my 'fresh dump-look' baggy jeans and my Doc Martens and I listen to The Edge cuz I'm the flavor of the week, I'm *alternative*. So I think I'll stand in the MSU trying to act bad and clog the walkways so people can't get through. I'm a UNLV dude."

This whole "dude" mind set is probably the funniest thing of all. I think they honestly believe they're a throwback to the '70s with their "all chicks dig me" attitude. Where are your butterfly collars, gold chains, bell bottoms and your platform shoes you swingin' dudes?

The whole idea of the "sensitive" man of the '90s is a farce. Face it, the men at UNLV are the same beer-guzzling crude a-holes they've always been. They fart with women in the room, they expectorate large doses of phlegm right in front of women and the list goes on and on. If I were a woman at UNLV, I would hock a big phlegm globber right in front of (or on) the next guy I see.

The sad thing is, men still treat women like dirt and women put up with it. When women get smoke in their eyes and start thinking "oooh he's cute," they abandon all rational thought and somewhere down the line start subscribing to the notion, "He may be shitty, but he's mine."

So indulge in your mus-



cle-bound pretty boys now while they're young, because they're going to be fat and bloated like Elvis a few years down the road. They're too busy worrying about their Adonis-like looks now to develop a personality or a brain. And if you marry them, you will eventually wind up living in a trailer park where your hubby will affectionately refer to you as "my old lady." In the trailer park he'll beat you and your kids, drink Pabst Blue Ribbon in a pizza-stained underwear shirt and boxer shorts while watching professional wrestling. Think about it and don't let this happen to you.

I make this challenge to the women of UNLV: "Rise up and challenge your oppressor!"

Attend functions like the Womyn's Festival and learn that you don't have to put up with macho b.s. anymore. The world is your oyster. And it doesn't matter if Yolanda King or Don King is speaking at the Festival, just go and learn something, anything.

Do like Twisted Sister and say "We're not gonna take it." For once you sorority women will have something to back-up that snotty attitude of yours. Live by Catwoman's motto, "Life's a bitch, now so am I." You will hear no complaints from me if there are 10,000 women prowling around the UNLV campus in skin tight leather bondage outfits. (No claws please.)

If any guy comes up to you and says "Hey babe, what's your major?" just walk away. This is the oldest and most tired line around. If a man isn't inventive enough to come up with an original line, get the hell out of there. Now if they say, "Seen any good cat-fights lately?" or if they tell you they moonlight as an all-

gator wrestler, now that is a man for all seasons. If you're lucky enough to happen upon this type of man, you might consider sizing wedding bands and picking out flatware.

Have some individuality, don't relegate yourself to simply going out with MSU clowns who are solely dictated by their loins. I've eavesdropped on some of these conversations, these guys live and die by the "pump & dump" credo.

I offer this alternative, grab strange and unusual men (like that guy sitting on the bench in Valerie Pida plaza that looks like Pan the Goat Boy) and have a conversation with them. What will it hurt? Never mind if he has his nipple pierced or purple hair, he may be your prince charming.

If you have a boyfriend who degrades you, dump him and go it alone. You don't need a crutch or a man to take care of you, you're a woman of the '90s. Don't be like everyone else. This is UNLV for chris-sakes, do the Rebel thang.

TEMPEST



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 ● STOP! DO NOT PASS GO. DO NOT COLLECT \$200. DON'T EVEN GO DIRECTLY TO JAIL. BUT NO MATTER WHAT,
 ● DO NOT PROCEED WITHOUT READING THIS BOX. STAFF BOX CONTEST. FROM WHAT MOVIE IS THE CHARACTER
 ● HOLLYWOOD ROB IS PORTRAYING THIS WEEK IN THE MASTHEAD (AT LEFT)? TO BE PLACED IN A DRAWING TO
 ● WIN AN AUTOGRAPHED 8X10 GLOSSY OF YOUR FAVORITE LAYOUT STAFFER, DROP OFF YOUR ENTRY AT THE
 ● REBEL YELL NEWSPAPER OFFICE, MSU 302 c/o M. RAY CARRIGAN, BY MIDNIGHT OF 4 MARCH 1993. YOU
 ● NEED NOT BE PRESENT TO WIN. REBEL YELL STAFFERS, THEIR RELATIVES AND PRETENTIOUS FILM STUDIES
 ● MAJORS ARE NOT ELIGIBLE. DUE TO THE OVERWHELMING RESPONSE, ONLY ONE GUESS PER PERSON. VOID WHERE
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