

## Under the Influence with Otis & Arthur

# Death of some writer men

We're sad to announce today that the bodies of Otis Pudwhacker and Arthur Goodfellow were discovered in the offices of The Rebel Yell Monday morning. Calling it a double murder, police Det. Dick Weed said the victims appear to have been dead for at least 24 hours.

Pudwhacker and Goodfellow wrote Opinion pieces for the 'Yell throughout the fall semester, appearing weekly in their highly acclaimed "Otis & Arthur" column. They instigated much controversy each week, employing cutting wit and an "inciteful" writing style.

Editor Teresa Hinds reported that both writers made political enemies with their articles, and received numerous death threats (and even some marriage proposals) throughout their short, though glorious, careers.

The writers both died of suffocation, caused by certain objects lodged in their throats, but Metro is not releasing the specific nature of the murder weapons at this time, as they remain the best clues found in this mysterious case.

Det. Weed further stated that his search for suspects will begin by perusing back issues of the popular "Otis & Arthur" column, looking for those who may have felt insulted or defamed by the deceased writers.

"This case is a pickle," Detective Weed thought to himself. "Here you got two guys that had everyone at UNLV wanting to kill 'em because of all the crap they wrote. Not only that, but no witnesses, at least nobody that wants to talk. This is gonna be a long day."

He began his investigation at Otis's hangout, Tom and Jerry's. By eavesdropping on a conversation between some student government members, he discovered that they were all happy about the demise of Otis & Arthur.

"I recognize these guys," Weed thought. "John 'King' Pida, Joe 'What flavor sucker would you like?' Mills, and Steve 'Gub'ment Thug' Hagen."

The boys made elaborate, celebratory toasts about the discovery of the bodies. Mills handed out lollipops to people at the bar.

Weed found that interesting, since lollipops were found at the scene of the crime. Pida's gem-studded scepter and a half-eaten sandwich with Hagen's teeth marks in it, dropped on the floor, were also found.

Next, he stopped by Artie's favorite joint, The Gypsy. He liked the place, since all the fellows bought him beer. There were no clues, but he got plenty of leads. He decided to stay awhile...

Next morning, he continued his in-

vestigation in the UNLV athletic department. Weed was meticulous in his inspection, surprising Coach Jeff Horton in the act of washing a bloody helmet.

"What are you up to, coach?" He asked.

"I'm just washing that Quincy Sanders helmet from the Reno game," said Horton. Weed didn't believe him. He took a sample of the blood for analysis.

While on campus, he decided to pay a visit to the big cheese, President Carol Harter. Before Weed could open the door to her seventh floor office he was startled to hear: "Come in Detective, I've been expecting you," President Harter lurked just inside the dimly lit office interior.

Weed couldn't help noticing that she was dressed in a long, silky gown, smoking a Parliament cigarette like Otis would smoke if he were still alive. Weed knew that Parliaments weren't her brand.

"Champagne?" She purred. "Perhaps a cigar? Don't worry, Detective, the students have paid for these things. You would be surprised with what I can do here." He declined her offers, pursuing instead his line of questioning.

She dismissed him with a deliberate wave. A rock the size of a .22 slug glittered on her finger. "Perhaps we can forget about this situation, those

boys were trouble-makers. Not worth the effort, Mr. Weed." Harter reached for a fat envelope marked "Registration \$." Greenbacks cascaded to the floor.

"That won't work," said Weed. "Those boys didn't die for nothin'. I will see justice done."

"I find your attitude discouraging." The purr became a low, feline growl. "Au revoir, Mr. Weed." She tilted the oversized Manpower Australia paper weight dominating her desk, activating a device that sent Weed crashing into the departmental offices below. He brushed off his coat and headed downtown to piece together the facts he had so far.

One thing was for sure, Weed needed help.

Your help is needed. That's the case, folks. The suspects are: John Pida, Joe Mills, Steve Hagen, Coach Horton, and President Carol Harter. Put together the clues, Otis and Arthur are counting on you, God bless'em!

Whokilled Otis and Arthur? Find out next semester.

—Otis & Arthur used to be authored by Opinion Editor S.T. Sutherland and Opinion Writer Vince Caliguire.

# Hints on how not to pick up on chicks

As a young, unmarried female, one of my favorite activities is male evaluation. Yes, pathetic as it may sound, I do spend quite a bit of time scrutinizing those of the opposite gender. In the long run, this will help me select a mate; for now, it will help me choose a date.

And what a selection I have

Guest Column

STEPHANIE REIDY

here on the lush and fertile grounds of the UNLV campus! Let me tell you, this place is just crawling with eligible bachelors.

Whatever your taste may be, there's a man to fit the description (unless, of course, you happen to like good-looking guys).

But hey, you know us girls! We're the sweet, sensitive sex

(myself being a notable exception). We'll go for a guy that's less than six feet, two inches of rock-like muscle. Six one is okay. It's what's on the inside that counts anyway, right? So bring it on, Frankenstein! If you have a heart of gold, you have a chance.

And now for the tough part—the big approach! Decisions, decisions! What line to use? What glance to give? If you're a real Neanderthal, what part of her body to pinch? Let me drum up a few memorable examples that I've experienced...

There's the guy (who happened to be very handsome) that decided on my bra size as a fascinating opening topic. It took me a second to realize that "34C" was not an apartment number, but when the truth dawned on me, I gave him an opportunity to guess my back size.

Then there was the boy (I just can't bring myself to call him a man) who decided to give me a free butt massage. I don't know what he was thinking; my masseuse charges an arm and a leg for that kind of treatment. I decided to return the favor with some complimentary, manual face stimulation.

Oh, and then we have that

category of males who identify with the animal kingdom and consider whistles, screeches, hoots and howls to be effective mating calls. These types also tend to be very liberal with the compliments such as, "nice butt," or "check the melons!" If you're not a sports-caster, skip the running commentary.

Even more attractive are those who ask questions. "Can I lick your ear?" "Would you take me home?" "Do you want me to make you feel like a woman?" Are these guys de-ranked enough to actually expect a "Yes?" Or were they frequently exposed to low-budget porno flicks as children? Maybe the answer is "C," both of the above.

And now for a category that's one of my personal favorites: the Romeo Romancers. Ooh, these are the guys that listen to 106.5 and idolize Fabio. They are so cheesy that you could spread them on crackers for a snack. These types are easy to detect because one of the first words out of their mouth will be "baby." They tend to be rather eloquent and will come up with a proposition such as follows: "Hey there, baby. You know, you're very beautiful. I'd love to feed you strawberries dipped in

champagne, then take you for a walk on the beach." At this point, I usually remind them that we're in Las Vegas. The real Casanova's will just laugh this comment off and continue—"Then I'd lay you down and kiss you gently in places you've never imagined..." Now I emit a yelp of mingled disgust and amusement as I bolt for the bathroom—my lunch is on the verge of making a reappearance.

And how about those that don't consider a woman's face worthy of eye contact? Instead, they'll hold a direct conversation with her mammary glands. I've often been tempted to introduce "Bessy" and "Nelly" and skip the whole "Hi, my name is Stephanie" thing. Who, me? Bitter?

OK. I realize that by now, all of you male readers are probably convinced that I am either on the rag or a chronic witchy male-basher who is on a permanent war against testosterone. In actuality, I love guys and am in no way portraying the entire gender in this article. Nice, sensitive, respectful men DO exist, in great numbers, as a matter of fact. This piece is directed at that class of jerks who consider women to be live sperm receptacles and express these opinions regularly.

So don't worry, guys, 10 percent of you do deserve to live, it's the other 90 percent that belong in female-run concentration camps.

—Stephanie Reidy is a Contributing Writer at The Rebel Yell.

# THE REBEL YELL

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