

Under the Influence With Otis & Arthur

Valentine's day not all roses for Otis

Otis



Arthur, I don't understand this whole Valentine's day scam. It's just an excuse for Hallmark to sell cards and for those flower stands to make a fast buck.

Oh, and let's not forget the money the chocolate companies rake in just because they package their product in a heart-shaped box. So you give a box of chocolate and a slinky negligée, what kind of mixed message is that?

Chocolate makes you gain weight and the negligée shows off every extra inch of your body. It perpetuates that oxymoron of 'I love you, but don't get fat.'

This night of love cost me over \$200, just to celebrate a made up Victoria's Secret/Hallmark holiday.

Arthur, did you know the facts behind Valentine's Day? There were three saints by that name, two of which were beheaded and one was a martyr in Africa.

The holiday is most closely associated to a Roman festival where men and women would draw lots to see who their 'valentine' would be. Even though these days we have some choice in the matter, I think

this year I could go with the Roman's system; at least I'd have a guaranteed date.

Back in those days the holiday fell on the 15th, not the 14th. It seems to be an assimilation of a pagan festival into religion and beyond. I doubt they honored any saint named 'Valentine.'

Not only are we fooled into celebrating a holiday, but we aren't even partying for the right cause. When I get smashed on beer—except in this case it was champagne because of the holiday—I want to know who, other than the Tidy Bowl man, to toast.

Speaking of partying for Valentine's Day, we don't even get a day off. Love evidently doesn't warrant a three-day weekend.

I think my Valentine enjoyed our celebration of this not-quite-holiday. I swallowed my pride and my distaste of Valentine's Day because my lover's heart was set on the holiday. Look who was on the receiving end of the gift giving!

I never get anything on V-day. Arthur, is this another time when it's important to either be naughty or nice? Tell me which is better, so next year I'll know which to be.

This year my date ended with a peck on the cheek and a 'I'll call you later.' Maybe my attitude showed through my bravado.

When showing love honesty is best, and from now on I'll celebrate love without relying on a date on the calendar to act as a cue.

Arthur



What scam, Otis? You're just sour because you had to spend real money on the object of your desire. And such expenditures! Chocolate and a negligée. Pfuf!

You probably ate all the chocolate yourself, while waiting for the first tart willing to succumb to your weak rap to squeeze into the negligée. You're a sick puppy, Otis.

They have dating services for people like you.

Not to knock dating services, I have a very good friend who met her husband through one, and they have been happily married for seven years now. The only dating service I would caution our readers against is one that you were registered with.

And you try to content yourself with reciting the history of Valentine's Day. This may be interesting to Some. Other. Losers. like you.

All I care about Valentine's Day is the great time I got to spend with my sweetie, celebrating "us." That's what the day is all about in this century. Live in the "now," Otis, not the "I wish."

As it happens, we had a great celebration: First we started with a picnic lunch at Red Rock Canyon. It was

worth missing a day of classes. Immersed in the privacy of nature we hiked some trails, strolling hand-in-hand. It was sort of nice to be just "us" and have something bigger than "us" to contemplate and enjoy together.

Dinner reservations pending finally made us leave for a short nap and to clean up for our night out.

Watching my loved one dress up for me was nice.

And when I gave the roses before dinner, it was the delight and surprise in the eyes of my love that mattered, not how much the flowers cost. Just like you, Otis, to put a price tag on love.

Later we met another couple for a few hours of dancing. No, not shakin' our groove thangs all over creation like you, Otis. We danced, slowly, together.

And later, when we knew it was time to be alone again, we celebrated each other (safely, readers) in perfect privacy, into the night, into the reaches of mutual bliss, falling at last to sleep in each other's arms. Or was it legs?

So that's what Valentine's Day means to me, Otis. A reminder that Romance plays such a big part in—most of—our lives that we spend a day dedicated to remembering that.

"Otis & Arthur" was co-authored this week by S. T. Sutherland and Nathan Hilmo

Man of the 90's kicks up (nine inch) heels

I consider myself a man of the 90's, fairly secure with myself yet open-minded to what's new. So recently, when some friends asked me to go with them to the local gay bar, Gypsy, I was ready.

Now of course most of these friends were girls, they get a

kick out of watching guys squirm in these situations. I can't blame them, many guys think homosexuality is like a cold; if you get too close you may catch it.

For some reason the female persuasion seems more in touch with their sexuality. Us

gents, well, we are eternally stuck with the sexual mentality of a 12-year-old.

Most of my male friends backed down at first, and even jokingly questioned my sexual orientation for wanting to go to the Gypsy. To which I told them: "I am a man of the 90's, I can handle this. But if you guys aren't secure enough with your libido, then by all means go to the Crazy Horse. I'll be with your girlfriends." That got them.

My friends and I got there late and the place was jumping. Lots of people, good dance music, and stiff drinks. I tried to blend in and not seem so heterosexual (did I write that?).

This was a stupid idea because there were all types of people, straight, bisexual and gay, chilling to the cosmic sounds. All the stuff my mother warned me about when I came to Vegas.

I saw some old friends I used to work with and started shooting the breeze with them about where they were working and all that. They said they were glad I finally came out of the closet, to which I declared my "Man of the 90's" diatribe. I don't think they believed me.

To any extent, I started getting down with my funky self to some old Madonna tunes. Liquid refreshment was needed so I took a trip to the bar.

To my surprise, the one male friend who came with us had

guys buying him drinks for most of the night (what a tramp). No one bought me drinks. I felt ugly, was there something wrong with me? To me, a free drink is a free drink, and I wanted restitution.

Living Large
VINCE CALIGUIRE

Suddenly, my problem was alleviated as a lovely vision of womanhood approached me, and in a raspy voice reminiscent of Max from that show "Hart to Hart," said, "Buy ya a drink?" I made a new friend.

As with some friendships, this new friend wanted more than I could offer. At least that's what I thought as he, er, she, tried to make a move for my jewels. The alarm went off in my head, "Danger, danger, Will Robinson. A man has touched your special purpose. Get out now!" At that moment I knew what every girl I ever went out with meant when she said, "No."

I had to play it cool, so I got up and said the only legitimate thing I could think of, "You've got to buy me dinner first, cowboy" (remember, I was drinking).

As the night went on and my sobriety diminished, I noticed a cutie give me the eye. I knew what she wanted. I strolled over and started to rap with her a little. We were really hitting it off, until her female companion came over to politely remind me "She's mine."

"Okie-doke" I said as I put

my tail between my legs and walked away with the little dignity I had left.

All in all it was good night, except for the incident with my thingy. I'll go back.

I woke up the next morning with a bad hangover. Then came the test to see if I had changed. I went to my collection of *Playboy's* to find out. Fortunately my *Playboy's* still gave me the same feelings as always. I was still straight!

My theory was correct, you can't catch homosexuality like my friends had thought.

Feeling good about the day ahead, I went to the San Remo to pick up my tokes (dealer lingo for the tips you make). To my surprise, a fellow I had met the night before was at the cashier's cage.

"What's up Vince, didn't know you worked here," he said.

"Just started here, man," said I.

"Well, well, I guess we'll have to chalk up another one for San Remo. Too bad, cause I don't go out with guys from work."

"Okie-doke," I said. I strolled out noticing the guy was checking me out. Still got it, I thought. Whoa, whoa, a male co-worker was checking me out! A vision of Homer Simpson filled my head. "Dooah!"

But I don't care because I am a man of the 90's.

Vince Caliguire is an Opinion Writer at the Rebel Yell.

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UNLV
4505 MARYLAND PARKWAY
LAS VEGAS, NV 89154-2011
PHONE (702) 895-3479
FAX (702) 895-1515

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