



Helpful job-hunting hints page 4

creative arts come alive pages 6-9

American Tail great tale page 13

The Yellin' Rebel

Volume IV Issue 13 December 2, 1986 Little good is accomplished without controversy, and no civil evil is ever defeated without publicity University of Nevada, Las Vegas

Officer files sexual harassment charge against university ex-police chief Kolber

by carmen zayas-dorchak

When University Police Officer Rochelle Sax filed a sexual harassment charge against former police chief, William Kolber, she expected it would put a stop to all the harassment. It has not.

According to Sax, after being subjected to over three years of verbal and physical harassment, she filed the charges in September of 1986, in hopes of "making it all stop."

Sax said, "I knew when I filed the charge that it would be tough and that things could get ugly. I never knew how ugly."

Even though Kolber, a 16-year veteran of campus police, was reassigned to the Thomas and Mack Center on Nov. 3 of this year, Sax said the harassment has not stopped. Only this time it comes not from her superior but from others at UNLV.

"Besides verbal abuse, the day after I filed the charges I received a written reprimand. In three years I had never had anything but commendations."

"I am currently appealing that warning."

"I have people telling me that I'm a troublemaker, comments are made as I walk around campus, rumors are being spread

that I 'provoked' Kolber by wearing seductive clothing.

"For god's sake, I don't think in three years I wore a dress to work more than five or six times. Once at work we'd all change into our uniforms anyway.

"And even in 115 degree weather, I never even wore shorts to work," she said.

"People are looking into my background, making judgements on why my husband and I got divorced, making comments about house being a zoo, etc.

"I am seeing a professional psychologist which is costing me over \$100 an hour and the SIIS (workman's compensation) refuses to pay. If this isn't work-related, I don't know what is."

"It is getting to the point where everyday I feel I am closer to losing my job."

Sax filed her charge with the Nevada Equal Rights Commission. According to Sax, "they were great, very supportive."

"I talked with a representative from the commission, filed my charge and they began dealing with the university."

Sax said university officials had asked her to sign an agreement listing several provisions, among them that the police chief would be reassigned, if Sax agreed to drop the charges and

would not talk to any media. Sax refused to sign.

"I felt that going public was something I had to do, not just for myself but also for other women in the same situation."

"My partner and myself had put together a slide presentation on sexual harassment awareness and prevention. For over a year, I went around campus telling women to 'speak out' etc.

"And all the while I was holding it in. Finally, I decided I couldn't be hypocritical anymore."

Sax said, "I had put up with Kolber's harassments as far back as May of 1985."

"His sexual harassments usually followed a pattern — he would humiliate and degrade me in front of other police officers, then he would ask me out and when I refused, he would go around saying that I was unfit to be a police officer."

Although Sax did provide detailed accounts of many different instances where she claims Kolber verbally and physically harassed her, on the advice of her lawyer she asked that no specifics be used.

After the charges were filed, Kolber stayed on as chief for two weeks; he was then transferred to Thomas and Mack. University officials have said,

"Kolber was administratively reassigned." They would give no reasons for his reassignment.

According to Sax, those several weeks after she filed charges were so rough she finally collapsed on Nov. 25, in Lt. Eddie Rivas's office.

"We were just talking, when I began to feel sick. I started to hyperventilate, and an ambulance and the paramedics were called in. They stayed for over an hour."

Sax said the paramedics suggested she be taken to the hospital; she refused.

Since then Sax has sought professional counseling. "I underwent intense testing," she said.

"According to my psychologist, my tests show that I am severely depressed. That I am under immense tension and strain."

According to Sax she would have liked a little more support from the university. "President Maxson has not even talked to me," she said.

"The university should be developing some sort of sexual harassment training program. Sometimes people are not even aware that what they are doing constitutes harassment."

"Sometimes it is how things are perceived, not just how they see." Sexual, page 8.



THAT TIME OF YEAR, AGAIN — With Thanksgiving Day almost a week in the past, the Christmas season has officially begun. Stores were packed with shoppers as merchants offered specials to mark the busiest time of the year. Here, a youngster makes a wish to a Christmas staple, the shopping mall Santa Claus. photo by Jim Miller

University adopts 12 credit system for honor roll to help out working students

Lower requirements still make for tough standards says Tryon

by noelle mckeighan

Working students who attend UNLV will soon have a better chance of being named on the dean's honors list after the credit requirement is lowered.

According to John Tryon, the chairman of the Academics Standards Committee, the current 15 credit requirement will be lowered to 12 credits with the grade-point average requirement remaining at 3.5.

Tryon said the change will be made as soon as the computer can be reprogrammed to meet the new standard.

Suggestions for the change came from a group of students

in the College of Education at UNLV.

"Cynthia Ochoa deserves most of the credit for this," he said. "She proposed it and was supported by other students and the deans."

Tryon said Ochoa's idea was then presented to the academic standards committee which submitted it to the faculty senate where it was approved.

The basic reason for the agreement for the new requirement originated from the type of university that UNLV is, he said.

"We are a school of students with jobs," he said. "This change makes it possible for

UNLV to recognize students who work and take 12 credits."

Lowering the requirement to 12 credits will, Tryon said, not make it too easy for students.

Many students are part-time and take three, six or nine credits, so eligibility for the dean's honors list will still apply to a minority of students.

"We are adjusting to be in line with other schools," Tryon said. "We just want to balance things out."

According to Tryon, Arizona and California are among the school systems in the west which already use the 12-credit requirement.

"Of course, there are schools

with higher credit and lower credit requirements," he said. "So UNLV is in the middle."

Tryon said although part-time students will be ineligible for the dean's honors list because of the varying grade-point average which can occur, those students can still be honored. At graduation, part-time students who maintained a good average during their education can be awarded "honors overall."

The new 12-credit system will be based on only those credits taken for grades. Pass/fail credits will not be eligible as they were in the past under the 15-credit requirement.

Rebel tickets going fast — students affected

by david r. kasmier

The Running Rebels Basketball team is not only the pride of UNLV, but of the city of Las Vegas, as well.

With countless numbers of people, young and old, standing in lines which sometimes wrap around the Thomas and Mack building waiting to buy tickets, CSUN has devised two new policies to help distribute student tickets.

There are 3,500 season tickets given away free of charge to full time students with a validated student ID. With a free set of tickets, students also have the option of buying a second set at half price.

All tickets will be given away on a first come, first serve basis.

Kirk Hendrick, CSUN President, said, "It's not that the first people get the best seats, the sections reserved for students for

students are all relatively the same. Both sections are behind the backboards."

With each ticket giveaway, there are always those who feel the organizations and the student government officials are given priority seats over those who have to stand in line. This is where the two new policies come into effect.

A couple of days before the general distribution to students, a representative from each fraternity, sorority and CSUN organization will sit down in a room and assign blocks of tickets based on how many members are in each group.

"We want to keep each group together instead of spreading them all over the arena," Hendrick said.

And, if a group of 10 or more people who are full time students and are not in a registered CSUN organization want to sit

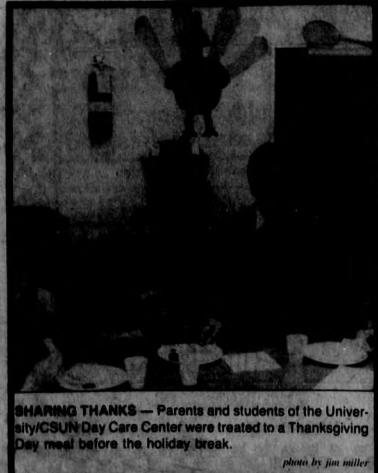
together, all they need to do is fill out a form with their name and ID numbers, and turn them into the CSUN secretary. They will be treated like all the other organizations.

All organizations must submit the forms and their ID's to CSUN by Dec. 8. Distribution of tickets will be on Dec. 12.

All other students who want tickets are advised to go to the Thomas and Mack Center early on Dec. 15, when all tickets will be on sale. Tickets are expected to go fast.

Hendrick said he feels the popularity of the basketball team has increased each year, and will continue to do so.

"Now it looks like we should have gotten a bigger arena than the Thomas and Mack, because, with the popularity of the team, especially this year, every game will probably be sold out."



SHARING THANKS — Parents and students of the University/CSUN Day Care Center were treated to a Thanksgiving Day meal before the holiday break. photo by Jim Miller

Yellin' Rebel to expand publication to twice weekly; paper to change format & size

by forrest kuman

The Yellin' Rebel, UNLV's student newspaper, will be printing twice weekly beginning next semester.

Carmen Zayas-Dorchak, editor of the paper, said, "Going twice weekly is something we've been working toward for a long time. Because we will be publishing a tabloid, we will save money and in fact, we will make more money in the long run."

"She explained production costs would be reduced as advertising revenues would be increased.

"Producing two tabloids will cost less than the broadsheet we do now, therefore operating expenses will be less, even though we will be changing everything. There will also be more ad space, so we expect more revenues to come in."

Ron Zayas, Publications Board member and former Yellin' Rebel editor, agreed the change is for the best.

"Going twice weekly," he said, "will give us twice the opportunity to train people. We will have two staffs, one for the Tuesday paper, the other for the Friday edition. The quality of the paper should improve."

"Each paper will have two individual staffs competing with each other. The quality should get better and better."

Although two staffs will mean two of almost every position, Zayas-Dorchak said salary costs will not increase.

"Writers will no longer be paid, and increased ad revenue should more than compensate for any other costs," she said. "If possible in the future we will resume paying staff writers, photographers, etc., but for now most of my writers appreciate the experience we provide."

Zayas added, "It is good for communications majors to have copy, that is, to have articles of their published in the university paper — it's good not only for experience but also when attempting to secure a job."

According to Zayas-Dorchak, the Publications Board, the board which oversees the paper, is also very excited about the move forward.

"Sam Lieberman (Pub Board chair) is very enthusiastic about this. It is good to everyone concerned, that if we could put a quality product out twice weekly, it will add to the success of the student government."

Is going daily the next step for The Yellin' Rebel?

"Realistically," Zayas-Dorchak said, "it depends on the editors who come on board. The last few editors have been very enthusiastic about the future of the paper and have revisited a lot of time in it. If we have more enthusiastic editors, a daily is definitely in the near future."



GO, HERE I COME — August Corrales, MSU Activities Board Chair, looks very dapper as he models one of the outfits seen in the Dress for Success fashion show presented by the Activities Board.
photo by jim miller

Greek Row

Selection of project architect begins

by kurt hildebrand

Student Body President, Kirk Hendrick announced the university regents will be reviewing the selection of an architect for the greek row dormitory project at their meeting on Dec. 11 and 12.

"Hopefully they will approve a name," he said. "We have two or three good candidates selected, it will be up to the regents to pick the one they want."

Hendrick said the original \$8 million cost for the dorms has been increased to \$8.8 million.

Hendrick said his involvement in the selection committee was due to his position as student body president.

"I was there as a representative of the student body, since the dorms are not just for the

grees but for other members of the student body, as well," Hendrick said.

He said he had no normal input from students before the committee made its recommendations, but there has been a great deal of informal input over the years.

"Whoever is selected will have to get input from the students before they actually go to work," Hendrick said.

The project was approved by the University regents after the announcement of an \$8 million loan by local banks at 1 percent below prime rate in September.

Hendrick said work on the project should begin in the summer of 1987.

"We should see dirt moving this summer," he said. "The dorms should be open in time for

the Fall 1988 semester."

Hendrick said he interviewed architects along with the rest of the committee, including Liz Nozoro, chair of the planning committee; Dr. Robert Ackerman, Dean of Student Services; Herman Westfall of Vice-President of Business Affairs; and Charles Moody, head of the Physical Plant.

The two student dormitories are projected to house 250 students each. The Greek houses will contain 30-32 students apiece.

The number of Greek residences will depend on which fraternities and sororities sign contracts.

The Greek houses will open up on the two acre green surrounding the old Houssels house.

Calendar of Events

Through December 7: *A Christmas Carol*. Judy Bayley Theatre. Tues.—Sat., 8pm; Sat.—Sun., 2pm. For ticket information, call 739-3801.
December 5 through 13: National Finals Rodeo. Thomas & Mack Center. Call for times. \$15, balcony. \$12, upper balcony. For ticket information, call 739-FANS.

December 2

University Forum: "Meaning in Music" lecture by UNLV music instructor Michael Mulder. 7:30pm Beam Hall 241. Free.

Lecture: "Drawing" a public talk by Boston art professor Nathan Goldstein. 1pm Alta Ham Fine Arts 229. Free. **Play:** *A Christmas Carol*. 8pm Judy Bayley Theatre. Call for ticket information. 739-3801.

Film: *Victims of Apartheid*. Sponsored in part by KUNV and Nevadans Against Apartheid. Second floor of the Moyer Student Union. 7pm. Discussion will follow the film. For more information, call 739-3976.

December 3

Preregistration: Mini Term 1987 and Spring Semester 1987 preregistration begins.

Concert: UNLV Chamber Ensemble. Black Box Theatre. 8pm. Free. 739-3339

Recital: Greg Macaluso Master's Composition Recital. Black Box Theatre. 4:30pm. Free. 739-3339.

Professional Program: Alpha Kappa Psi Business Fraternity is featuring a professional program. Moyer Student Union. 7pm. Free.

Lecture: Drawing: Some Enduring Principles and Concepts. Alta Ham Fine Arts Building, room 229. 1pm. Free. 739-3237.

December 4

Recital: Philip Wigfall Junior Saxophone Recital. Alta Ham Fine Arts 132. 4:30pm. Free. 739-3332

Seminar: Criminals and Victims. Beam Hall 123. Thurs. & Sat., 4-10pm. \$36. 739-3394.

December 5

Concert: Madrigal/Chamber Choir. Black Box Theatre. 7:30pm. Free. 739-3332.

Music Competition: Student Soloist Competition. Ham Fine Arts 132. 4:30pm. Free. 739-3332.

Recital: Friday Student Recital. Alta Ham Fine Arts 132. 12:30pm. Free. 739-3332.

Meeting: Southern Nevada Stamp Club. Beam Hall 112. 7:30pm. 714-9677.

Play: *A Christmas Wish*. Performed by the Actors, Fashion Strutters. Heritage Hall, inside the Nucleus Plaza Shopping Center. 8pm. Call 798-5903 or 794-4412 for more information.

Reception: A reception celebrating Dr. Dina Titus's *Bombs in the Backyard: Atomic Testing and American Politics*. Artemus Ham Concert Hall Green Room. 5pm-7pm.

Trip: Cross Country Ski Trip. Brianhead. 739-3221.

December 6

Exploring Trip: ZZYX. Meet at Physical Plant Motor Pool. 8am-5pm. \$45. 739-3394.

December 7

Concert: Oratorio Chorus. Artemus Ham Concert Hall. 2pm. Free. 739-3332.

December 8

Seminar: Eating Disorders. Flora Dungan Humanities 217. 6:30pm-9:30pm. \$15. 739-3394.

December 9

Concert: Collegium Wassall Concert. Black Box Theatre. 8pm. 739-3332.

Recital: Jerome Simas Junior Clarinet Recital. Alta Ham Fine Arts 132. 4:30 pm. Free. 739-3332.

Film: *Siberade*. Wright Hall 103. 7pm. 739-3547.

Seminar: Personal Needs Satisfaction. Flora Dungan Humanities 218. 6:30-9:30. \$15. 739-3394.

Eating right gives students the upper edge over finals

by Michael Gunter

With final exams just around the corner, many students are probably starting to feel tension and stress. Students prepare for finals as intensely as an athlete prepares for a major event.

Just as an athlete prepares for an event through vigorous training and proper nutrition, so must students maintain proper nutrition to maximize peak performance of the brain.

Nutrition plays a key role in any competitive performance. The competition all of you will endure is the competition of final exams. During the course of study you will be in vigorous brain training, and the outcome of this training may partially depend upon what you eat.

By eating the proper foods in the proper amounts a student can actually reduce levels of stress and anxiety.

Proper nutrition can bring about alertness and mental endurance on the days of mental competition.

Here are a few guidelines which should help you have a healthier brain training and exam week.

There seems to be a misconception about eating a candy bar and feeling energy. By following this misconception, a student can hinder rather than enhance brain training.

Students should stay away from candy bars and anything else which contains large amounts of sugar. These foods also include ice cream, cookies,

granola bars and soft drinks.

It is true you can get a brief flash of energy through high sugar intake, but what shortly follows the "sugar rush" is the "sugar blahs."

The bloodstream must maintain a certain amount of sugar in it, but when a candy bar or a soda is ingested the sugar in the bloodstream becomes too high.

This will cause cause a stimulation of an organ in the body called the pancreas. The pancreas will release large amounts of insulin which will carry the sugar out of the bloodstream. There will be more sugar depleted than the amount ingested, thus giving the bloodstream a deficit.

Since the blood carries essential sugar to the brain, the brain

is deprived. This can cause headaches, dizziness, nausea and a feeling of fatigue.

This can hinder peak mental performance, and the training student will probably want to take a nap rather than read the text book.

This does not mean you should start using sugar substitutes. Substances such as Nutrasweet can also hinder mental performance.

Nutrasweet contains aspartame which is composed of two amino acids, phenylalanine and aspartic acid.

These two amino acids are natural constituents of proteins in such foods as milk, eggs and meat.

The combination of the two in large amounts, such as in a diet drink, have resulted about some problems. These two amino acids assist in the neurotransmissions which occur in the brain.

In large amounts, together they can cause an overabundance or neuro-transmission and this has been known to cause headaches, seizures, and even brain damage. These effects can greatly hinder mental performance.

There are four basic food groups which will give the body the nutrients it needs. By utilizing these four food groups daily you can nourish your body and brain effectively.

These food groups include meats, dairy products, fruits and vegetables, and breads and cereals.

The daily intake of meat, includes two servings of about four ounces each. The meat group not only includes red meat from cattle, but also fish and poultry. Beans, nuts and eggs

can be substituted for meat.

The dairy group includes milk and cheese. The recommended daily intake consists of no more than three glasses of milk. Cheese, such as cottage cheese and American cheese, can replace milk.

The fruit and vegetable group consists of citrus fruits, yellow and green vegetables and tomatoes. Four one-half cup servings per day should be consumed.

The bread and cereal group consists only of whole-grain breads and cereals. Consumption of one cup of whole-grain cereal is sufficient daily.

These guidelines have been reviewed by the Council on Foods and Nutrition on the American Medical Association and found to be consistent with current authoritative medical opinion.

A final key point is not to overeat. If you eat until you cannot eat anymore, the body will expend too much energy digesting the food and could give you a feeling of fatigue.

Also, coffee drinkers do not despair. According to Dr. Robert Haas in his book *Eat to Win*, one or two cups of coffee could give an extra edge to a competition. Beware though, coffee consumed in large quantities can be a hindrance to your health.

Coffee has been linked to some cancers if one is susceptible to this side effect. Do, remember, stay away from sugar, stick to the four food groups and do not drink too much coffee.

This will nourish the brain properly to achieve peak performance in the competition of final exams.

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WAYS TO HANDLE STRESS

- Get enough sleep
- Loaf a little
- Work off stress w/physical activity
- Try to accept what you cannot change
- Balance work with play
- Talk out your troubles
- Avoid self-medication
- Take time to get away from it all
- Don't always blame others
- Don't let things slide
- Take one thing at a time



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Academic Advising and Resources Center
Academic Probation — The Role of the Faculty Advisor

Many university personnel who work daily with students on academic probation, find that those who are academically dismissed later, make relatively common errors in judgement. Many of these students might have stayed at UNLV if they had made different decisions while on probation.

Listed below is the second half of student errors occurring most often and the logic students use to make these mistaken judgements. In addition, basic information to help the academic advisor intercede and show the probationary student their mistake in judgement follows each student error.

ERROR 5: TAKE ADVANCED COURSES WITH A WEAK OR INADEQUATE BACKGROUND. Many students think they must graduate on time and, therefore, must not interrupt the sequence of courses for any reason.

ASSISTANCE: Students sometimes believe they must continue the schedule sequence of courses in spite of academic difficulties. In rigorous majors, students should repeat some courses, even when they earn passing grades, if they are weak or ill-prepared to continue the sequence. Often students refuse to take a short delay in completing a sequence, which, in turn, may cause a much greater delay if they are dismissed from UNLV for academic reasons. Students should know the difficulty involved in mastering advanced courses in their major and should prepare sufficiently before proceeding.

ERROR 6: TAKE COURSES ON THE ADVICE OF A FRIEND. Students often are "advised" by friends to take courses simply because someone else found these courses met their need.

ASSISTANCE: Students often take courses on the advice of their friends. Friends with good intentions may misadvise their peers about courses that are easy and appropriate for some, but difficult and inappropriate for others. The probationary student should place only limited faith in the course selections of friends.

ERROR 7: TAKE ALL OF THEIR EARLY COURSES EXCLUSIVELY IN THE GENERAL EDUCATION AREAS.

Students want to get all of their basic courses out of the way. The reverse of this is true also. Some students do not want to take any basic courses.

ASSISTANCE: Students frequently feel compelled to complete all general education courses as soon as possible. With this approach, however, a student may become discouraged and lose sight of the relevance of a total education. Thus, an advisor should encourage a probationary student to combine general and major course work, and when possible, to take at least one course in their own interest area each semester.

ERROR 8: SEEK ACADEMIC OR PERSONAL HELP LATE IN THE SEMESTER. Students want to succeed on their own and seek help only when it is too late.

ASSISTANCE: Students often fall prey to the myth of self-reliance. They believe that if they are not totally independent they are somehow unfit or unqualified for higher education. Such an assumption is neither true or necessary. Students need to know about resources available on campus and to be assured that using support services is expected and encouraged as part of the total academic experience.

Exact advice given an individual student depends, of course, on that student's unique situation and the academic rules and regulations of UNLV. Nevertheless, academic advisors who discuss the problems mentioned above with probationary students likely will point out many errors their students may be making. Reducing these common errors should reduce the attrition of students who, with proper academic counseling, will go on to adequate scholastic achievement. For more information please contact the AARC on the 2nd floor of the library.



DECK THE BOOKS — Even in the midst of renovating, the James Dickinson Library has still managed to pick up the Holiday spirit. With Christmas approaching, students are anxious to put away the books and start relaxing. *photo by jim miller*

Pick up sticks artist tries to alter and effect the environment through his style and artwork

In the Fall of 1985, UNLV art student, Bruce Groff, began a series of works that deal with art that effects and alters the environment. The environment includes the viewer and everything in and around the space.

The Pick-Up Sticks' purpose (seen on the side of the UNLV library) is to enhance perception of space and the immediate surroundings.

Step-by-step, the person becomes aware of the object, space, architecture and immediate area.

As the person comes into contact with the art (the Pick-Up Sticks) their perception or awareness is enhanced by either the color, the size or the way the pieces act on the senses. This effect or stimulus is the awareness of oneself interacting with the art and environment, thus the purpose of the piece: art that alters and effects the environment.

The Pick-Up Sticks title was derived in part by the original game of the same name, however, a multitude of readings is possible. The Pick-Up Sticks are made of 16 foot carpet rolls. The tips of the sticks are made

of wood, adding another four feet, totaling 20 feet.

The sticks are wrapped in canvas, painted and sealed with a polymer gloss medium. Nine sticks of color are used, representing the artist's color palette. These colors are graduated with white for added brilliancy and integration with the environment, i.e., architecture and landscape.

Several locations have been selected for this site-specific work. James R. Dickinson Library was the first location

because of its centrality to the campus and wide visibility by students, faculty, staff and the general public.

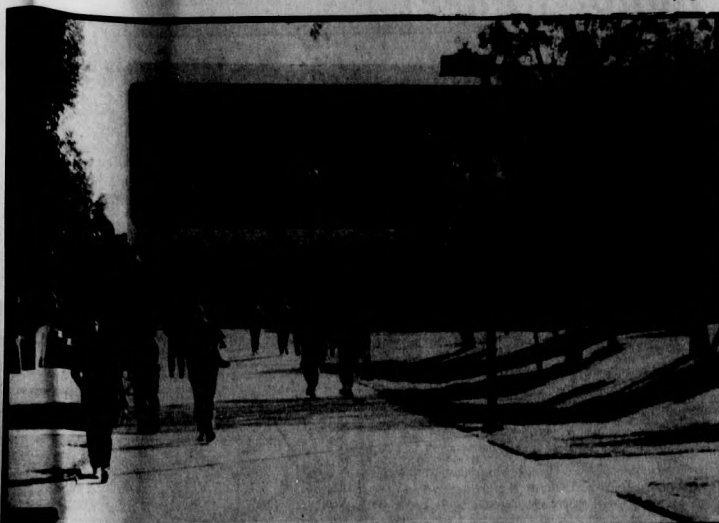
Because of the nature of the Pick-Up Sticks, they can be easily manipulated, therefore allowing different configurations for different locations. The library location is to enhance the otherwise unnoticed architectural surroundings.

Groff's current works have been shown in Grant Gallery at UNLV. He has made a proposal

for a site-specific painting at UNLV's Bright Hall titled "An Abstract Learning Experience: A Yellow Horizontal Rectangle."

Its main purpose is to integrate art and architecture along with enhancing the viewer's perception of architectural surroundings. Future 1987 works can be seen from April 3-30 at Clark County Community College, in the Master of Arts in Fine Arts Student Exhibition and in July at the Arts Gallery.

Students, faculty, staff and public comments are welcome.



ANOTHER DAY — The Moyer Student Union, center of much of the university's social events, has people coming and going all day. In another few weeks, though, after finals, the Student Union will be an empty place. *photo by steve spatofore*

Pinney's marketing classes are truly unique

by anthony bernardi

If you are looking for a unique class, look no more. According to Dr. Kent Pinney, his marketing 434 and 435 courses are truly unique.

"If there's another like it anywhere, I don't know about it," said Pinney.

Marketing 434 is called Advertising Management. Students in this course are required to form groups of four to six. These groups are then instructed to identify local firms with which they will work over a period of two semesters.

These firms may be owned by family or friends, or just be local firms. Pinney provides a list of three or three firms with which the students can work. But, for the most part the student is on his/her own.

The students work with the firms to develop an advertising plan. This plan should encompass what Pinney calls the "six M's."

The first M is market research. Students either conduct their own research or utilize data from any recent research that firm has done. The second M is market segment, where students define the market of the firm, using demographics (age, sex, etc.), psychographics (personality variables) or lifestyle.

The third M is manpower, the purpose being to identify all personnel with the firm who are skilled in marketing in general and advertising in particular.

The fourth M is money. The students study and analyze the firm's budget, past, present and future. Students also look into the correlation between advertising and sales.

The fifth M is media analysis, where students identify at least 25 different forms of mass media marketing techniques, and rank each one.

The sixth M is a measure of effectiveness. For each stage of the process, students are required to keep a record.

Marketing 435 is Advertising Methods. In this course the students devise two campaigns.

When grading these projects, Pinney looks for advertising composition, advertising con-

tent, eye flow and color required to turn in a major portfolio of art work, photography, and industrial design. This portfolio is expected to be of such quality that it can be used by the firm represented.

According to Pinney, creative writing is not encouraged in this class.

"We are not attempting to compete with any creative writing class, or any other such courses."

"It is strictly a business course. Students are required to design themes, logos, signatures, or image packages. But, nothing more is dwelt with in depth," said Pinney.

"Students wanting to pursue

a career in advertising are strongly recommended to take courses in creative writing," said Pinney.

In October both of Pinney's classes were invited to a professional association's meeting. There they met with industry representative, saw trade show displays and heard Ted Koppel and Howard Cosell speak. According to Pinney, Koppel was brilliant.

Both Marketing 434 and 435 are requirements for students seeking a degree in advertising.

Pinney concluded, "A firm that refuses to advertise is like the man that winks in the dark — only he knows what he is doing."



Without help, an eating disorder can consume your life.

For some people, especially young women, the pressures of living up to what they feel is expected of them can result in serious problems with eating disorders.

Anorexics consume little or no food. In the case of bulimics, rapid consumption of large amounts of food is frequently followed by purging through self-induced vomiting or taking laxatives or diuretics.

Left untreated, 20 percent of the victims of these illnesses will die, usually of cardiac arrest, suicide, infection or starvation. With treatment a complete and often permanent remission is possible.

If you, or someone you love, have an eating disorder, get help now, before it's too late. Call HCA Montevista Centre's Eating Disorders Program at 364-1111.



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With Fresh Deli Sandwiches

Editor's Page

Space to Kill

by carmen zayas-dorchak

Never has grey area seem so grey...

As you know after reading the story on our front page, a policewoman working under ex-police Chief William Kolber has filed a sexual harassment charge against the chief. Simple? Cut and dry? Hardly.

What first started as an enthusiastic attempt to "break" the story — to be the very first reporter in town to report on this particular story — quickly turned into an angry attempt to present one woman's fight against the establishment. Especially the Male Establishment.

The more I spoke with the officer involved, the more I became convinced of all my fears that the *Old Boys Network* and *Male Chauvinism* were still well and alive in 1986 and partially residing at UNLV.

I checked and double checked her story. I was convinced that her accusations were true. After all, what could a woman gain from making such accusations? A promotion? Hardly. A monetary gain? Maybe, but only after possible years of litigation. No, I was and am convinced that a woman would only make such an accusation after, (in Officer Sax's own words) "she'd had more than she could take."

So, I decided to make this article my one contribution to the awareness and/or promotion of women's rights on campus. But, somewhere along the line, I failed...

Maybe it was due to the fact that everyone involved was very, very guarded about what they could say on the record, due to the fact that a lawsuit may be pending. In fact, Officer Sax herself gave me some very graphic examples of the harassment she was exposed to, but then called back to ask me not to use specific example...on advice from her lawyer.

Certain university officials refused to go on the record about anything...on advice of the university counsel.

So, Is William Kolber guilty of sexual harassment? You can draw your own conclusions — I know I believe when I see it. But, think about it, would you allow yourself to be relocated after more than 15 years as a Police Chief, just because? Hum...

What can be done? From what I have been told off the record I feel the proper steps have been taken by university officials — at least on the legal level.

As for the personal level — university officials should have been more supportive. But, then again Officer Sax may should have gone to university officials to begin with rather than initiating her claim with the Nevada Equal Rights Commission.

Maybe UNLV should have a more supportive system whereby women (or men for that matter) will feel more comfortable discussing problems such as harassment with the proper university officials. Not including Dr. Maxson. I do feel that certain high-ranking university officials have been less, *much less*, than sympathetic to the officer involved. C'mon guys — for heaven's sake it is 1986, not 1786, and this is a university. How can we take UNLV seriously when certain administrators refuse to take the sanctity of a place of higher education and equality for all, seriously?

Shouldn't Kolber be innocent until proven guilty? Figure it out — the man was not relocated because of his personality... I can see administrators not admitting anything because of possible lawsuits, but a little bit of support for Officer Saks I am sure would have been greatly appreciated...

What to do? As women (and men) who care...we should show our support for this courageous woman. And help make it easier for the next woman to "take a stand against harassment and discrimination" rather than "just taking it."

I am trying to be fair to all parties involved, but, I can't help wondering if I were the woman involved, or if heaven forbid, it was my daughter — would I even try to be so fair and unbiased? I know that answer...

As a journalist, I present the facts, as a woman — I'm behind you all the way Ms. Sax...thanks for making it easier for the next woman who is subjected to such blatant ignorance and sexual discrimination to be able to take a stand.

It is one woman against sexual harassment. It shouldn't be — it should be the university against sexual harassment, and against all forms of discrimination.

Maybe my story won't send students marching across campus, but maybe, just maybe, it will make others better understand Officer Sax side of the story and help all those "ignorant" people who have been harassing her, think twice.

What is a UNLV diploma really worth?

Diploma Dollar

Students at UNLV (or any university) pay a high price for a college education. Even if tuition is relatively low, as it is at UNLV, other costs such as books, housing and transportation add significantly to the total.

The greatest cost of a higher education for most students is lost income — the money they do not earn because they are spending their time securing an education.

It is legitimate, therefore, for students to ask whether they are getting their money's worth. At UNLV, I would suggest students are definitely getting their money's worth by most of the measures which are used to evaluate universities.

Most people would agree that one of the most important criteria for judging a university is the quality of the faculty. In this regard, UNLV has been very fortunate. In the last decade

our university has been growing when most others were not.

This has given us the opportunity to recruit many of the finest young faculty coming out of some of the best university graduate programs in the country. Many faculty have also been attracted by the opportunity to be in on the "ground floor."

They know they can come to UNLV and help build departments and programs, with only minimal restrictions based on traditions and the idea that "we've always done it that way."

Another measure of a university is the quality of its students. A public, tax-supported university like UNLV must balance its responsibility to the entire public with the goal of attracting the most academically talented students.

UNLV is trying hard to achieve a proper balance. Scholarships for high school valedictorians, the honors program and a variety of special college and department programs are some of the ways the campus is addressing this.

One of the specific measures of a university is accreditation. There are several kinds of accreditation. The entire university has been accredited for many years by the Northwest Association of Colleges and

Universities.

This is the major accrediting agency for institutions in our region. Their accreditation is commonly for a 10 year period. The organization sends a review team of six to 10 members to spend several days on the campus. The team members will have studied a self-evaluation report prepared by the campus before their arrival.

While on campus, the team will review the faculty, administration, library resources, budgets, support services, etc. The team will then prepare a report and make a recommendation concerning campus accreditation. The fact that UNLV has full Northwest accreditation should be reassuring to current and potential students.

In addition to campus-wide accreditation, many colleges or disciplines have special accrediting agencies for their own fields. At the present time many campus programs, including music, chemistry and nursing have such accreditation.

Other programs such as engineering, business administration and public administration are in various stages of their own accreditation processes. Accreditation is not a "guarantee" of quality, but it is one way of knowing that a pro-

gram is highly respected by people in that field who should be in a position to make such a judgment.

UNLV is certainly not without its problems. Budget limitations, space restrictions for some programs, a young not-yet-affluent alumni and a lack of a long sense of "history and tradition" are realities that should be recognized.

Still, students should be confident that the campus is moving in the right directions. In some fields, such as hotel administration, the campus already has a recognized national, even international, reputation.

In other fields, including desert biology and several of the fine arts, the programs are well known as "programs on the move," and are rapidly establishing themselves in their disciplines and in higher education in general.

Are UNLV students getting their money's worth? To use a good Las Vegas-term, "You bet they are!"

by Leonard Goodall
Professor of Management and Public Administration & former UNLV President



Job Hunting

by george lorenzo

To use an old cliché, nobody said it would be easy. I'm referring to finding employment after graduation. Unfortunately, most of the classes you've enrolled in have not taught job-hunting skills. The irony of this fact concerning your college education comes as a devastating realization once you've entered the job market. It's like an olympic runner who has trained hard over the years, only to get a muscle spasm when the time for the big race finally arrives.

As an undergraduate, there are a number of job hunting tactics you can start practicing in order to prevent the possibility of ending up with unsatisfactory employment, or in the welfare line.

First, be aware that to discover the job you truly want will cost money. Secondly, you'll need time to make this discovery. After all, Columbus would not have landed in the New World without financial aid from Spain. And he certainly needed plenty of time to research and implement his plan effectively.

Enough money to actively seek rewarding employment, without having to work at an unsatisfactory 40-hour-per week job, will keep you afloat on the confusing, torrential seas of the forever-changing job market.

The newly graduated student should not be forced into a full-

time job that is not related to career goals. Waiting tables 40 hours each week will devour valuable time you can spend searching for your dream job.

Somewhere in the area of two to three thousand dollars should be set aside for your post-graduation days. Some of the basics you'll need are a typewriter, transportation, postage stamps, a telephone and space. In addition, your resume must be organized and typeset by a professional resume service. Obviously, all this amounts to money. You've already invested thousands of dollars on your education, so why not invest a few more thousand for that crucial time after graduation.

A good way to begin your job search is to buy all the paperbacks you can find on today's job market. Two I would suggest are *Guerrilla Tactics in the Job Market* by Tom Jackson (Bantam Books) and *What Color is Your Parachute* by Richard Nelson Bolles (Ten Speed Press). Such reading material will at least put you on the right track by offering eye-opening advice on how to devise a plan-of-attack for your dream job.

There is a wealth of information in such books. For instance, Bolles writes that "each 100 resumes sent out will get either 1-2, or 2-3 or 3-4 invitations for the job hunter to come in for an interview." Simply stated, blitzkrieging the job market with resume after resume does not

work.

Another interesting bit of information is that "85 percent of the jobs available on any given day do not get advertised," writes Jackson. The job hunter who buries himself in the Sunday edition of the *Los Angeles Times* employment section is drowning in an ocean of unrewarding possibilities. You'll have little chance of arriving in the *New World* with a newspaper as your guide.

Time spent researching the job market is essential. If possible, spend eight hours each day at the library or college placement office doing research on the dream job. Spend time analyzing your skills. Are you people oriented? Do you have problem solving capabilities? Do you have written and oral communication skills? Try to narrow down your employment possibilities to one or two professional fields that you would truly enjoy working in.

Another important factor is that you make contacts on a daily basis. Seek out advice from professionals. Make telephone calls, or go personally, to organizations that can give you insight regarding your job search. In short, don't be shy. Ask plenty of questions; when someone helps you, send them a thank you note.

It really shouldn't take more than four months of dedicated work to find the job you've always dreamed about. Don't take just anything that comes

along. Work hard. And remember, nobody said it would be easy.

Letters to the editor must be signed and legible. Deadline is Fridays at 5:00pm. Bring to 3rd floor MSU.

Letters to the Editor

To the Editor:

Let me start by stating that I think *The Yellin Rebel* is a great paper. The service it provides and the quality of the journalism has been terrific. That is why I was so disturbed to read the article *Music Etc. speaks to Terry Bozzio*, in the Nov. 25 issue.

Mr. Smith gave quite a lengthy report of the interview he had with Terry Bozzio. The problem is that he never had an actual interview.

Recently, on Nov. 15, Terry Bozzio came to Las Vegas to host a drum clinic, with guest Sonny Emory, in the Las Vegas High School Auditorium. After Terry's performance, he allowed the audience to ask him questions.

As I read the article, I quickly realized that all the questions and answers exchanged were actually those exchanged between Terry and the audience at the clinic. Although the information was relayed quite accurately, it was not the result of an interview between Mr. Smith and Terry Bozzio. The article was

fraudulent.

The entire issue of a fraudulent interview may not seem that important to some, especially if the core of the article was accurate, but for me, it's the principle.

I feel that freedom of the press is a very important and powerful right. It is a right that is often abused. Dishonest journalism abounds in societies everywhere. Where should we draw the line? Here? Or should we put up with printed lies until they reach facts about serious matters?

I would really hate to see our paper, as well as journalism elsewhere, turn into the art of printed trash.

Paul Billings

Editor's note: Romney Smith had a personal interview scheduled with Bozzio. At the last minute Bozzio had to cancel and asked Smith to use quotes from the clinic. Several questions concerning the Andy Taylor Band were not discussed in the clinic but only between Bozzio and Smith. This should have been mentioned in the article.

Students Speak Out



Kim Rapp, 21
Accounting

Hopefully the diploma will be everything that it needs to be.



Manny Rapp, 23
Business

I think a UNLV degree will be self satisfaction in that a person has realized some type of goal. I think it would be meaningful occupation wise.



Yang Huo, 32
Hotel

I have no idea what a UNLV degree will mean, because I have just come to UNLV. My fundamental goal is to get my Master's in Hotel.



Russell Bouldin, 23
Athletic Training

A UNLV diploma will allow me to deal with both emergency and non-emergency situations in an athletic situation. Also, I hope that my degree will allow me to obtain the career goals that I have set for myself.



Curtis Wills, 22
Hotel

The degree will give me a chance to work in an environment that I like, a hotel environment. It might possibly give me a chance to work in a sales department and to move up into an executive position.

What is a UNLV diploma worth to you?

Yes, But Is It Art?

harvey the yak



by dorchak



harvey the yak



harvey the yak



harvey the yak



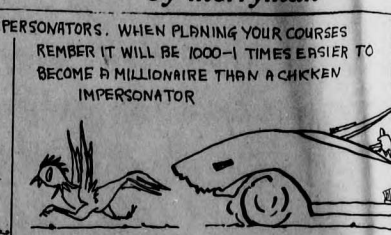
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Business Opportunity: If we could show you a way to make serious extra income, without interfering in what you are presently doing - would you be interested? If the answer is yes, call 458-7118 for an appointment.

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Boarder Wanted - Would like pleasant, refined female to room/board in an adult home. Private room with bath, homelike atmosphere, good food, no smoking. Please phone Dion 736-7535.

Research: Student needed to do library research for local computer systems company. Research and deal with retail business applications and market analysis. Must be familiar with the use of microfilm, microfiche, etc. Salary begins at \$5 an hour. Please call 798-8112 for an appointment.

Work Wanted: Will do babysitting in my own home, five minutes from campus. Infant to four years old. Cost negotiable. Wife and mother of 1 1/2 year old girl, elementary education major at UNLV. Call 737-0784. Ask for Dawn.

Overseas Jobs: Summer and year round. Europe, South America, Australia, Asia. All fields. \$900 to \$1200 a month. Sightingee. For free information, write:
IIC
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Corona Del Mar, Ca. 92625

Help Wanted: Business, Marketing majors or any student desiring to make money. I need workers with input for profit sharing ventures. Exchange work for piece of action. For details call Sam 732-4387.

HELP WANTED - Scandia Family Fun Center is now hiring cashiers & attendants. Parttime and Fulltime. Evening and Weekend hours - great for students. Some daytime hours. Apply between 10am - 3pm or call 364-0071.

Help Wanted: Classic Models is seeking: Attractive, Outgoing, Men and Women for In-Store fragrance sampling at local department stores: Call 367-1446. Rate: \$10/hour - 4 hrs/day.

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The Yellin Rebel
We are seeking UNLV members to submit articles on various topics - Science Art Sports Fitness Creative Arts Hobbies Etc.
Or if you would like to be a staff writer, photographer, or help with layout...

FOR SALE - Honda Scooter, Aero 50. Only 2 months old w/230 miles. Still under 1 year warranty... Showroom condition. Cost \$920 - sell \$625.

MUST SELL THIS WEEK!
Make offer. Call James 382-3551 or 486-3924

FOR SALE - 1974 Volkswagen "Thing" convertible. Can be seen only one block off campus. Very rare, lots of fun, appreciating in value, \$1,470.
Will consider a trade-in. Call 737-5794

For Sale: Husky 250 motorcycle. Runs strong, new rubber, new tank, \$650 trailer, new condition \$250. Call 876-0957

Apartments: Scarlet and Gray. Fully furnished condos on UNLV campus for sale. \$29,500 payment runs \$270 per month. 9-5 phone FHA. A. S. F. Realty 734-9769.

FOR SALE - 1985 Zenith Color TV 19 inches. Moving must sell. \$150. Call ma at 739-9244 (9am - 9pm).

FOR RENT - New apts, 1.2.3 bedroom, all units have full size washer, dryers. From \$365.
Move-in special, receive \$300 off second month's rent, \$22 off utility hook-up, new 12 inch b/w tv set, \$50 gift certificate at Vons.
\$25 cash bonus upon move-in for mentioning John referred you.
For brochure and info contact KUNV radio office, 3rd floor MSU.

FOR SALE - 3 Samsonite bar stools, gold vinyl upholstery, like new. \$20 each or all three for \$50. 1 Strode We Care child's car seat, brown.....\$10.00
1 Booby Mac child's car seat, brown \$10.00

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For Sale: 1982 Yamaha 550 Scooter, Red 5,000 miles, immaculate. \$995. Please call, 737-8494.

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To Jeff -
Saturday night was great! Thank for making my birthday special! Falling asleep by the fire was fun. See you soon.
Love -
Lisa

Classifieds

OR SALE

For Sale: 1980 Mazda GLC, four door, new, five speed. Call 798-2622 or 458-0677. Ask for Ken.

For Sale: 1980 Dodge low-rider truck S roof, air, tinted windows, AM/FM cassette with 22 speakers. \$2,600. Please call, 565-3716.

For Sale: 1980 Chevrolet Monza. 4 spd power-steering, power brakes, air, am/fm stereo, 2-door hatchback. Yellow with Biege interior. \$1,700 or best offer. Call 871-1183.

For Sale: 1980 Yamaha 850 Sports. 21,000 miles, immaculate. Add-on - must sell! \$1,200 or best offer. Call 454-0653.

For Sale: '71 V.W. Bus. Excellent condition, new motor, tranny, good tires. \$1500 or best offer. Call 456-9009, leave message.

For Sale: 3 shelves & 1 tr. 1 yr. old. Leaving country must sell - only \$99. Call 735-6948.

Used Bikes: 1/2 yrs. old, good condition, free chain & lock, free air. Leaving country must sell - only! Call 733-1586.

Sale: 1971 Ford Ltd. Low price. \$1200.

PERSONALS

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To my Cuddles,
Happy 11 month anniversary!!
To a Lifetime of Happiness!
Cheers. And remember I will love you until the end of time!
With love always,
Your Snuggles

Dear Stephanie,
Happy Birthday,
22 and still Beautiful!
I Love You!
Robert
88028

Yo Sally,
Congratulations on qualifying for NCAA's!
You're Huge!
Good Luck in the 500!
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Creative Arts

Early Morning Walk

by benjamin weingarten

From my window I could see the waves banging on the quay as if they were trying to force their way through it. They formed a white foam that disappeared a few seconds later. This was repeated thousands of times a day, over and over again.

The seas never gives up, but now it seemed as if it were trying much harder than a few weeks ago. I opened the door and stepped out, knowing that the wind would shut the door for me.

But now it really slammed the door behind me with such might that the sound echoed in my ears for a moment or so.

It was now blowing through my long hair, messing up the work I had to put it in front of the mirror just minutes ago. The leaves piled along the walls in a disorderly manner. The sun, which used to get into my eyes and force me to put on my sunglasses for the last few months, was not hardly seen.

Its rays were stopped by the

white and grey clouds that now roamed the skies. Only once in a while could they penetrate the clouds and lighten up little patches on the ground.

The black street were spotted by little white dots — cigarette butts, papers, plastic bags. Heaps of sand could be seen in the corners of the walls. Ants crawled in and out of the holes that they'd been digging all summer.

They formed very thin black lines a foot or two in length. I remember I used to cut these lines by stepping on them, and then stare at the tiny creatures as they ran for their lives, running in all directions, even at me.

The sidewalks were full of "mines" the dogs had left behind them all summer long; by now they were crumbling and all dried up, just begging for the first rain to come along and sweep them away.

The playground, which was usually packed with children, jumping, sliding and climbing all over the place, was now

bare of all the life and activity that it shared a little while ago. Even the trees were already half naked, the brown colors invading the last patches of yellowish-green, as if to convince me that the summer was over and fall is at the door.

I put my hands inside the pockets of my jeans and rubbed my fingers to feel the light warmth that vanished after a second or two. To relieve me of my boredom, I would step on the large brown leaves that lay in my path, crunching them down to earth watching all the tiny particles scatter in the wind.

Looking up, I could see the arrow formation of the birds, migrating southwards to spend the winter season in a hotter climate. Flying up there, without boundaries, without air tickets, without obligations to anyone. I can imagine myself flapping my arms up and down and soaring with them to enjoy the freedom of nature which allows them to take off as they please.

Then, suddenly, I heard the school bell ringing in the distance, reminding me that I already have to be in class by now. I ran as fast as I could and entered the class just before the teacher came in.

I sat down, panting and puffing, and gazed out the window just in time to see the flock of birds entering the horizon and disappearing in the distance.

Just another hour of just another October morning passed by, nothing special, nothing exceptional. But for me, for me this morning's walk to school was special. Every morning's walk was special to me in its own way.

The things that happened around me, the splashing waves, the trees, the ants, the leaves, the birds, all these things made my mind wander off into unknown worlds where peace and tranquility ruled. Even if it was only for a couple of minutes each day, I would never give away these morning strolls for anything in the world.

Floating high

by billy shakespeare

Once upon a time, there was a balloon named Paul. He was not a happy balloon, for he was very large and very empty.

And very lonely.

While other balloons would play with children or fly in the warmth of the sun, Paul would float between them...never knowing the love of a child, never knowing the sun's warmth.

Until one day.

As Paul hovered sadly in the air, a sudden breeze blew past him, spinning him wildly in the air.

"Hey there!" Paul cried. "Be careful!"

"I'm sorry," said a gentle voice. "Goodbye..."

"No, wait!" Paul said quickly. "Don't leave. Hello...are you there?"

"I am here," and the breeze blew slowly past him. "My name is Ann. How do you do?"

"My name is Paul, and I often do very poorly for a balloon."

"What's wrong?" asked Ann, turning Paul slowly around.

"I'm very shy. I don't talk to anyone. The other balloons either fly far above me or too far below me when playing with the children." Paul sighed.

"You must be terribly lonely," said Ann. Slowly she pushed Paul higher in the air.

After awhile, Paul spoke.

"Ann, what are you doing?"

"Trust me."

Paul looked below him. The ground was quickly moving further and further away.

"I'm scared, Ann. I've never been this far up before."

Paul was pulled higher into the air...past other balloons, past clouds, into clear blue skies.

"I feel very strange," Paul whispered. "I've never felt this way before. What am I feeling, Ann?"

"Warm, Paul."

"I love this feeling. I do," he said. "I feel very warm. Very warm, indeed." Beads of sweat began to roll down Paul's side.

"Maybe too warm."

The sun became very large in the sky as Ann turned Paul around.

"I feel very, very warm. Maybe we should go back down now, Ann?"

Paul exploded.

"Ann?" Paul called timidly.

"I'm here, Paul." Ann came so high, she blew through him...touching Paul in a way he had never felt before. Again, he felt warm.

Looking below, Paul could see the remains of the balloon he had been falling to the earth. "How come I'm not dead?"

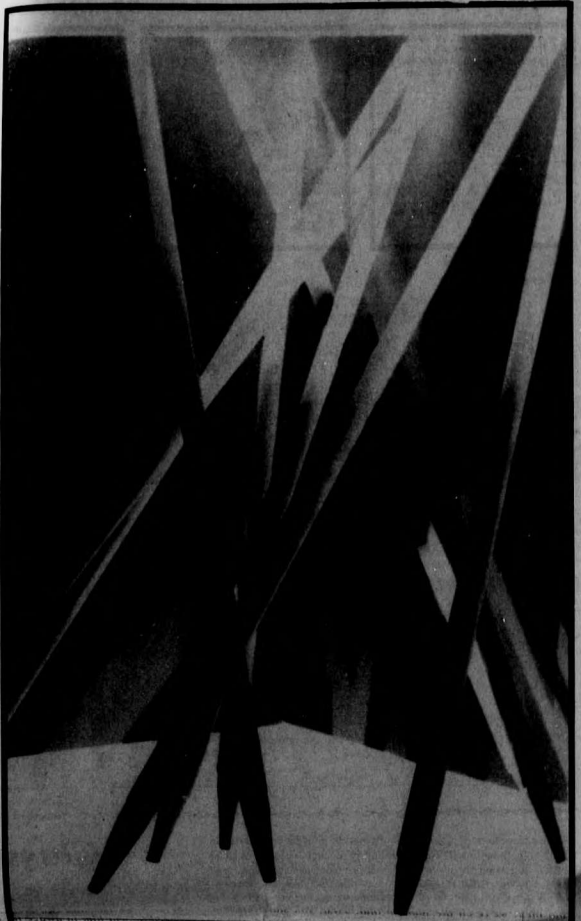
"Because, Paul, the balloon was you, but you're not the balloon. It's what is inside you that counts, the you that you kept hidden from everyone. Do you understand?"

"I think so."

"Come one. Let's play with the children."

"Ann? Ann...I love you."

The child giggled with delight as the breeze blew through his hair.



Bruce Groff's Pick Up Sticks can be seen in front of the Dickinson Library now. Here, the same sticks are just positioned to create one of the many effects Groff had hoped for. The picture, best seen in color, was from one of Groff's own slides. Be sure to look next semester for more of Groff's work as he plans to remain active at UNLV.

Invasion of the Elvis Zombie

by ariel wasiak

There had not been a sunny day in Memphis, Tennessee, since the Anti-Matter-Nuclear Disposal Factory (AMNDF) was founded in 2033 A.D. The sky was charcoal gray with long thin clouds of red; the acid rain poured down on the barren countryside of the Continental United States and the rest of this brown-gray planet — or what was now called the tovic factory grounds for the Space Capital sub-sector ALPHA.

"The Fall-Out saturated cloud is extra-heavily condensed, today," said Mikey to John Clayton, the new disposal hovertruck driver.

"Yup!" John answered with a mouth full of chewing cannabis. "But, we'll be 20 minutes late if we avoid that big sucker in front of us, so hang on Mikey. It's only some woosy radiation anyways!"

The hovertruck went speeding through the barren gray sky, leaving a trace of radioactive particles behind from its nuclear reactor, just as Santa used to leave a trail of sparkling little stars from his snow sled in the late, late, late movies.

"Hang on Mikey, we're going down the tube!" John yelled, at the same time spraying little brown beads and tiny pieces of chew on the vehicle's windshield. The hovertruck shook, rattled and rolled, zooming through the inwardly exploding mass of hydrogen and dirt.

"Hey, hey Mikey, we're through."

"Yeah, and there is the company base...and there is the landing dock!" Mikey pointed and smiled at the flashing lights in the horizon.

The hover truck slowed and turned, facing the loading section. It came to a complete stop in mid-air and slowly descended, kicking half a ton of dirt into the air from its vertical thrusters and hitting the ground with a metal-clanging thump. A man in a worn environmental suit walked over to the back of the truck and pulled out what looked to be a pocket calculator; he pointed it at the load section of the truck and after a couple of waves at the load put it back in the same pocket from which it came.

"John Clayton, where the hell is John Clayton?" The voice carried over the whole bar turning faces in his direction.

He spotted the one and charged towards him as if he had the only bottle of penicillin in the entire Disposal Colony.

"Did you drive vehicle number 20091 today?" he asked with a voice that left John wondering if he should answer truthfully.

"Well, yeah boss, why? Something wrong?"

"Yes, there is something wrong, you dork, there's a RADIOACTIVE FERTILIZER container missing from your shipment!"

"I guess it must have dropped while we were in that fallsat cloud over Tennessee," John replied with a childish whine.

"Goddamn it, what am I going to do, what am I going to tell my superiors?"

"Don't worry boss," John answered. "Just write down that it arrived and let the next transport manager worry about it, O.K.?"

The short, skinny man grabbed the little bit of hair he had and rested his elbows on the bar.

"Look boss, just ask Sam for a Coccaria and you'll feel much better."

The short bundle of worries looked at the tall, fat, man at his side, gave a loud sigh and shook his head back and forth, slowly, like the pendulum of a grandfather clock.

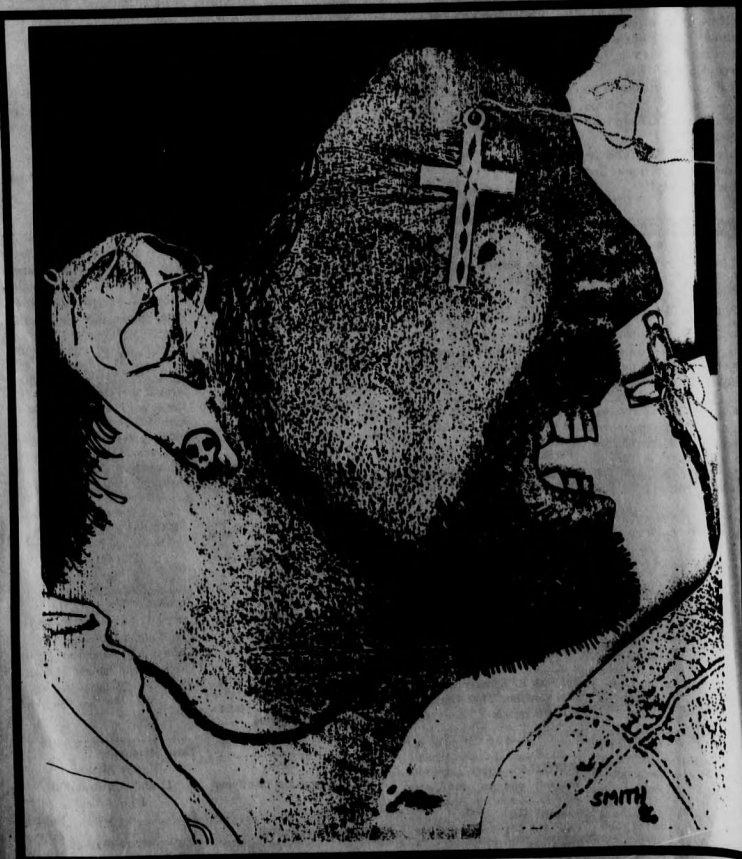
"Boss, don't worry. This bartender makes the greatest cocaine margaritas in the sector. You'll feel much better! I swear."

There was a moment of hesitation and of questions like "what it's" in his mind, but the only thing that came from his lips was:

"What the hell!"

He grabbed the drink in front of him and gulped it down: half of it entered his mouth, but he didn't care — soon he wouldn't care about anything.

see "Zombie" page 8



Creative Arts

Excerpts from flashes of brilliance

by jonathan holman

A Dormitory Outrage

I woke up too late for class, just like always. I thought about getting up for a few minutes, reviewing the facts in my mind.

1) My narrow twin bed is not as comfortable as my bed at home.

2) My bed is at home which is 400 miles away.

3) This twin bed is more comfortable than a cold, hard seat in a classroom.

4) If I miss too many classes I will fail and be sent home in disgrace.

I roll over and go back to sleep. Thinking about it was giving me a headache. When I awake again, it is a little after noon. I roll out of bed and onto my feet, wrap a bathrobe around me and stumble to the door.

The door is very hard to open due to the man sleeping against it. My roommate came home too drunk to operate the latch last night and fell asleep trying to open the door.

I push him out of the way, into his closet and close the door.

Taking my shower kit, I head down the hallway to the showers. After a few feet I stop and get out my nose plugs and goggles. With them firmly in place, I walk past the laundry room, where someone's laundry still sits.

The pile is fairly large, with

soft furry growths in the folds and creases where it's dark. A strange, syrupy liquid is oozing from the pile, towards the drain in the floor. From this drain issues a green gas which burns the eyes and smells horrible. I manage to negotiate this first obstacle on my way to my daily shower.

Once past the laundry room, I remove the plugs and goggles, placing them back into my kit for the next time I'll need them. After a few more feet, I stop and remove the two sugar cubes from my bathrobe pocket. One more step and then the muffled screaming begins.

He hasn't moved. The first day of school, when you meet everyone in the dorm, there is always one person no one can stand. Well, here he is, right where we taped him. He got drunk at the first party and a group of us rolled him in duct tape then taped him to the wall.

I find the hole in the tape where his mouth should be and stuff the sugar through. The eyes in the slits roll wildly, one counter to the other. I pat him on the head and continue down the hall.

The next hazard is coming up, I can smell it. I reach into my shower kit and pull out dark

sunglasses and a party 'til you puke' hat, then put them on. Here it is, the party center of the dorm.

Blaring music comes from both sides of the hall, blending in the center to produce white noise. The strobe lights pierce through my shiny black frames as party animals slap me on the back. I laugh, kick broken bottles and crumpled cans out of the way and move on.

I drop the glasses and hat back into my bag for the next time. Once again I reach into my kit, this time I pull out a towel. I have reached my destination, the showers. I step into the first stall, leaving my bedroom slippers stuck to the floor behind me.

The water is warm as I step into the stream. After shampooing my hair, I hear a toilet flush upstairs. I step quickly to the left as boiling water rushes past my shoulders and turns into steam. A few minutes of steam, then the water returns to a pleasant temperature so I rinsed my hair.

Turning off the water, I towel off and step back into my slippers. After putting on my robe, I pull a small bottle from my kit and pour a bit of acid around my slippers. There is a small cloud of smoke and I am free to go.

I retrace my steps, taking the same precautions as before. Back in my room, I paw through my pile of dirty laundry until I find a shirt that smells less than the rest. I put it on, along with some pants picked with the same care.

I am unable to find socks that don't smell too badly, so I walk out wearing my bedroom slippers, avoiding drunks and vomit alike on my way to the dining commons for lunch. I meet a few friends and we all walk together.

Me in the lead, followed by a degree of smell. We reach the dining commons and stand in line with the rest. I look down the line at the variety of bedroom slippers today. Every once in a while a pair of sock and sneakers will be there, evidence of a recent trip home.

As a group, we shuffle into the lunch room, pay and move on down the line. The plates run out by the time I get there, so I wait for more. An old lady staps down a stack of new plates, scratches under her arm, then stirs up the silverware with the same hand.

I grab a plate, smile and decide against silverware again. I set my plate down on the counter, stand on my tiptoes and

look over the steamy glass for a peek at lunch.

Noodle casserole again!

I can't believe it, it's noodle

casserole! This is the fourth time this week. This is an outrage! It's about time someone put an end to this. I look back down the line behind me and yell, "Sure

looks tasty."

After licking my dry lips with my equally dry tongue, I grab my plate and move along, again.

Ring Around the Rosey

A View of Times to Come?

Ken was at my house early Saturday morning.

"Come on," he said. "Somebody seen Jessie over by the park."

Jessie used to be my friend until we found out what he was. I used to think he was great! He used to sive me a spot in line at lunch. Then we could have more time to play tetherball.

Jessie was good at tetherball. He could "shoot the moon" all the time. He was teaching me how until I found out about him.

When Mom and dad told me about what happened to him I cried. I didn't want to believe it. The next day I could see how everybody changed. They wouldn't sit near him or even talk to him.

Mr. Farrel even moved his desk way over to the corner, in the back of the room. At lunch, Mr. Johnson, the principal, came into the lunch room and told Jessie he would have to eat outside. All the others started laughin'.

When Jessie got his food he began to cry. Everybody started to throw pieces of food at him. I did, too. I didn't want anybody

to think I was still his friend. He went outside and just sat there. He didn't even eat. The guys at my table were tellin' jokes about him and laughing a lot.

I kept trying to eat, but couldn't. Everything kept getting caught in my throat. I could Jessie outside, just crying, all by himself.

The next day Jessie didn't come to school. Mr. Farrel said Jessie couldn't come back again. Then Mr. Farrel made a joke about him and everybody laughed. Ken wanted to know why I wasn't laughin'.

Then he said maybe I was one, like Jessie. I got scared, so I looked at Ken and made a joke better than Mr. Farrel's and we all laughed, even me.

On Monday Ken told me that two more of them were found in the third grade. He said the other kids throw rocks at them during recess until they ran home.

I asked him if Mr. Johnson did anything. Ken said that it was ok to pick on those kinds of kids. Mr. Johnson said so, too.

The rest of the week a group of people came from the hospital

and checked all the kids at school. On Friday Mr. Farrel heard some noise in the hall. After he looked out he called us out to see what it was.

They had found one in the fourth grade right next to our room. The hospital people had already put a sign around her neck and given her a bell to ring.

She was just standing there crying. Ken, who was next to me, called her a name and threw his pencil at her. Everybody started throwin' things at her until she started to run. We chased her all the way to her house.

Well, Ken and I are going to find Jessie. I have a bell for him to carry and a sign to put around his neck. The sign has big block letters. In black ink it says AIDS.

"Let's go," I said to Ken.

Then I grabbed the bag of rocks Ken brought me and went lookin'.

Maybe if I find him first everybody will forget he used to be my friend. The hospital people check our room next.

I hope Frank is one! I hate Frank.

Interview with a Peace Marcher

by maramis

And then there's space. You asked me why I'm here and I could spend a while telling you my tale. It seemed so right to do this now — somehow my life fell into place with all the plans for going on this march. The only thing I've wanted to bring more of would be funds but then, we're all the same in that. First, you start then you find a way to keep on going. If you have to plan down to each detailed day then chances are your spirit isn't in it. We come away from each new problem feeling stronger, with a sense that we belong here.

And we do. Money's only part of getting through each day, each town along the way that leads to our trail's end. We accept donations from our friends or from strangers who understand what we're about. There is no backing out of this commitment for the strong. We'll march along until the day we hit D.C. You'll see our dedication at its peak — while feelings will be bittersweet at ending what we started back in March. When we've all parted, will it end, you ask, or will we use our energy to grow in more directions seeking global peace?

You think because our march will end, so will our cause? That we'll go back to all our homes and find some other ways to spend our days? Of course we will, yet not the way you think — for we have formed a link in the great chain of peace — each to another and to the world.

We cannot just turn off the faucet of our deep concern or let it flow into the ground, not giving birth to greener buds of peace. We cannot let these miles stand alone when once we reach the end. They'll always stretch across our minds and hearts as lines toward life without the threat of nuclear war. Before we turn back to our jobs — from nine to five or any other hours we might choose — we will not lose the core of all we've done. Sure, there has been fun — I'm not the only one enjoying this — but that's not why we came. We pulled up roots — gave up our business suits or other modes of life and took on each other and all it's meant. Love for life is the cement that binds us now and keeps us going. Precious are the days we have, and knowing that they could be gone before the dawn at just a button's touch is cause enough to push for peace in any way we can. We want a ban on building more and more of what we clearly have in store, and then a freeze on all the testing we abhor. And that's not all we ask. We come prepared in knowing what we want and it's no easy task to get our way. You say we should give up? Just go away and live with daily dread? Perhaps prepare for global war? Oh sure!

Like putting in a shelter in our yards, or pulling down the shades so darkness guards against attack. No matter what our leaders say there's really only one sure way to not have war.

So that is what we're asking for: a 'No-First-Use' pledge by all concerned and a peaceful use of space. When man has learned that he can live in global peace and not feel less than what he was before — when man can breathe his brothers' air and feel no need to beat him in a race for anything that can destroy — we'll face a hope for life devoid of what it takes to start a nuclear war. That's when we'll stop. That's when we'll need to make our message heard. But now, it's so absurd to think we shouldn't care — about the air we breathe, about the lives we lead — about the future of our global home. There's nothing noble about being right if we must suffer too, in spite of who is wrong. And all the strong will die along with all the weak. There simply is no hide and seek in nuclear war!

You find it hard to understand me. You shake your head and whisper to your friends about the "poor, misguided souls" who spend their time doing nothing for a useless cause. There's no applause for what we do, we know. Nor do we seek it as we go from town to town. We seek to bring a focus to the fact that we all care and want our planet free from war — by bringing nuclear weapons down. You ask me why I'm here. I know for sure. I ask you why you're not.

I'll bet you've got a reason all lined up. You might've even signed to come along, then changed your mind. It's not for us to criticize what you do — or don't. We do what we will, not what we won't. We're all alike in that. But wait! Before we end our chat — before you go: of all things in your life, what means the most to you? Your freedom? Your family? Having your own point of view?

In a global war, freedom to do what? To watch your family die? Not even quickly, but by-and-by, from blackened beads of death that rain down from the sky. Or freedom to say you don't believe that such a thing will ever happen here? Chernobyl was an accident. Just a one-time thing. No need to view it as a warning or get all stirred up. We've had them, too, you say — and it is true. But how do these accidents begin and where will they really end? More freedom in a world of death is not the best that we can choose. The best is always life — to live and breathe and laugh and play and grow and not have those things cease. And when there's peace....

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Poems
by gloria king

Edge of my Life
I've been to the edge of my life
Touched its parameters distinctly
Shall I return to the edge of my life
Touch it again with that fury pervasive
Measured by meters and rhymes
Shall I, shall I, call it a day
May, stay?

The Spider
Spider
That I perceive before me
Scouring sideways
On the wall before me
Should you catch yourself
In the middle of the act
Of killing
Spiderwise you'll spin like crazy

I Long for the Stars
I long for the stars
How far, how far
And the coolness
Up there
And an acre
Of air

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Creative Arts

Zombie cont from page 6

Graceland stood defiantly in contrast to its surroundings. A barren landscape, a sky that looked like vomit and a adamantium anti-corrosive covered house and graveyard was all that was left of the one-time beautiful paradise the Presley family used to call home.

Inside lived the only person on Earth that was not a Toxic Factory worker, a genetic derelict of the human race or a security sentry (whose job it was to find and destroy the freak human mutations).

Inside this fortress of solitude, this mausoleum of spider webs, amid dirt and relics of the musical past, lived Miss Lisa Marie Presley, the mistress of the house.

She had refused to move when the AMNDF was founded and had bribed the Department of Human Services when the decree stating that "all biologically sound inhabitants must move" was issued; she had promised her mother not to leave the house, and she would keep that promise until the day she died.

Out of the sky it came tumbling. She could see it as a shiny dot in the sky rapidly getting larger and larger, falling in the direction of the grave yard. She rushed to the door as quick as her 78-year-old body would let her, put on the pink environmental suit hanging in the closet next to her mother's wedding dress and opened the hatch of the air lock.

The outside door to the air-lock opened revealing a five-foot four environmental suit that was almost as wide as it was tall. Taking quick little steps, she hurried towards the impact area of what she thought was her weekly food supply.

"I told that grocery boy to be careful when aiming my groceries! Gosh damn! I'm going to have to talk to his manager again!" she told her self as she hurried towards the cemetery.

The cemetery was located half a mile behind the house, and as she got closer to the small monument, she noticed that her father's grave was covered with green-brown goop and silver fragments of some kind.

"Oh my gosh! What in heaven hit daddy's statue?!"

She knelt down in front of the adamantium covered head stone, on top of her father's grave and cried. The green, slimy substance seeped into the dirt too quickly for her to notice a difference.

She stood up, tears running down her face and sid in a lowly, apologetic voice. "Sorry to bother you, daddy."

She turned facing the house and began walking. With each step she got angrier and began talking to herself, louder and louder.

"No keg throwing S.O.B. is goin' to tarnish MY fathers image!"

Memories were all she had left and no one was going to take that last bit of sanity away. Her anger had swollen into a flooding rage.

She began running, her mind set on cleaning her father's image when the environmental suit's auditory sensors registered a loud rumbling. She instantly turned around to see what other sacrifice was being committed to her father's final resting place.

Her eyes bugged out in amazement, horror, and anger as she saw the figure in her father's white burial suit and the dirt that covered his grave freshly dug up.

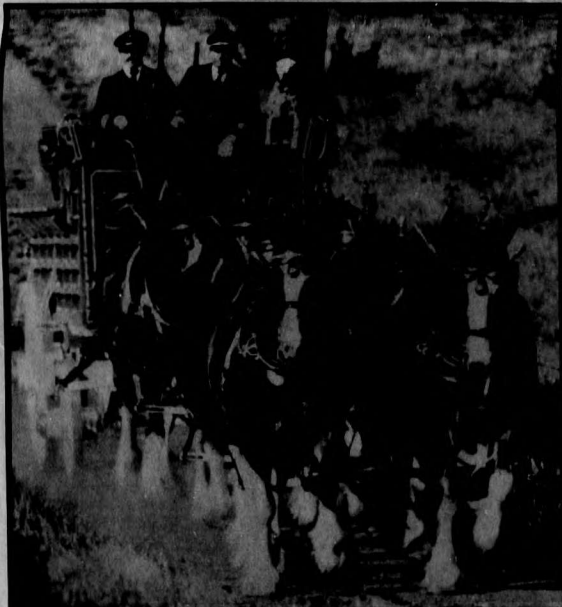
The figure raised its hands and closed his fingers into a knotted fist; he moved his head and noticed the pink, environmental suit, rested his hands back at his sides, and began walking towards his daughter.

His daughter Lisa, who had seen him in her dreams many times in the last two decades, opened her arms towards the sky after recognizing him and yelled. "My God All Mighty, you have answered my prayers!"

Elvis was alive! The king had risen, and he stood in the middle of his glorious estate of dust. His daughter raced towards her 111-year-old father with open arms and wrapped her hands around the six-foot-two, green figure of her father.

Elvis, (or what was left of Elvis) looked down with confusion and anger at a five-foot-four bubble-headed creature that had just grabbed a hold of him then struck, bringing the whole force of his moss filled body down on the creature.

see 'Zombie' page 9



BUDWEISER CLYDESDALES — The Clydesdales were formally introduced to August A. Busch, Sr. and Anheuser-Busch on April 7, 1933. prohibition had just been repealed and Busch, Jr., wanted to commemorate the special day. To his father's delight, the hitch thundered down Pestozzi Street carrying with it the first case of post-Prohibition beer from the St. Louis brewery.

Today, along with tradition and quality, the Budweiser Clydesdales will be coming to UNLV. On Tuesday, Dec. 9, from 11am to 3pm, the horses will parade around the MSU Maryland Parkway circle entrance. Come see the horses and join in on the fun.

Sexual cont. from front pg.

were intended. We need an educational program here at UNLV."

Kolber is now head of Special Projects at Thomas and Mack. As of Friday, Nov. 28, Kolber had not reported to the Thomas and Mack. He was unavailable for comment.

Lyle Rivera, Vice-President of Development and University Relations, said Kolber had recently wed and was on his honeymoon leave.

According to Rivera, Kolber was reassigned because someone was needed to investigate security problems at the Thomas and Mack.

Rivera also said the police department had been relocated from his office to the Dean of Student Services because "Dean Ackerman is new, and it would enable Ackerman to chose a new police chief since they will be working so close."

Lt. Eddie Rivas is now interim

Police Chief.

University officials refused to comment due to the possibility of a pending lawsuit.

Sax concluded by saying, "Sexual harassment is like being mentally and emotionally raped. It strips you of your confidence and leaves you empty."

"I hid for three and a half years, hopefully my battle will help other women have the courage to stand up and fight for their rights."

by kurt hildebrand

Where are the handits lurk in this dark wood. Why does the path wind 'round about
Where are the signs to tell me what I should. Why does my burden seem so much heavier with doubt

I cannot find my way through this thick dark. No moon lights the winding path before me
The black night closes over this wood so stark. Reducing my world to the three feet I can see

Yet my steps don't falter as I wonder along. I step carefully as I walk and brood
Over the meaning of my journey, cold and long. I know that it will end at home with warmth and wine and food

Janitor vs. Mr. Ousley by tonya devalcourt

by tonya devalcourt

The key makes a clicking noise as it unlocks the squeaky door. As the door opens, the cigarette smoke pours into the empty hallway and there is a trace of coffee in the air. A big grey bucket is pushed into the office and the sour mop poked against the wall, it is evident that this has been a busy day. Without a sign of vacuuming from the night before, the carpet is all of dirt and particles.

The blue feather duster filled with plant pieces, makes the same routine across the desk tops. A hint of cologne is detected as the brass picture frame is raised from the desk. Three beautiful children and a gorgeous wife freeze the proud, happy smile across his face.

There were other pictures, too, one of a family barbeque and another of the kids in their Christmas outfits, everyone appeared to be very well dressed and it was clear that he lived a happy, comfortable life.

After the pictures were placed exactly as they were, for nothing is ever to be touched or moved from the desktops, a small lunch bag fell from his desk. A packet of Lipton soup, a box of raisins and a plastic bag of mixed nuts, rolled out of the bag and across the floor.

When the ones well-organized lunch was reconstructed, a napkin blocking the view from the window, a brief note was revealed. It read: Enjoy! I Love You, Me

As the bag was returned to the desk, there were thoughts of marriage and a happy family.

The duster passes over the wooden block with the name Frederick Ousley III carved into it. Then it became entangled in something; it was a brass message clip. There were many messages for Mr. Ousley. After becoming free from this object, the duster completed its rounds over the already spotted desk.

The huge rolling chair was pulled out from under the desk and the immaculate carpet was

revealed. Next, the trash can was removed and emptied of its many business papers; both the trash and the chair were put back and a quick overview of the job was taken. The work was sure to pass inspection the following morning as it had done so many times before.

The enormous wooden desk, the piled up phone messages, and the superb organization were definite clues that Frederick Ousley was an asset to this company.

Months passed with little variation in this daily pattern. But, one day, there was an ashtray with a single cigarette butt in it, on Mr. Ousley's desk. Assuming that it was from someone else, nothing was thought.

The no smoking sign, embroidered in cloth, hanging above the door, had obviously been ignored. However, this cigarette routine did not stop.

Soon, by the end of each evening the ashtray would be filling with cigarettes. There were ashes to be dusted off of his desktop and there was a trace of slight disorganization.

Before long, there was such an enormous taking in Mr. Ousley, that it was taking at least a half hour to clean his office. The smell of his cologne was gone, the three signs a musty aroma

getting much done anymore; his unorganized desk and empty trash can were a sure sign of this.

After the messy office was clean and organized, the job was done. Upon leaving, a note was found on the door. It said:

Janitor,
Please pick up papers under my desk.
FO.

Mr. Ousley never had papers under his desk but he was the only one in the office with the initials FO. As the chair was pulled out from under his desk, it was clear that he had been mistaken.

However, upon closer examination, there were a few papers found under his file cabinet.

More was yet to come. Mr. Ousley began making complaints regularly. Not only would he leave notes but he also called in his complaints to the director of cleaning.

The cigarettes filled not only the ashtrays now but the garbage cans too. Mr. Ousley became apathetic about his job and more unorganized everyday. The phone messages piled so high that they could no longer be contained in his message clip; they were everywhere.

There were so many ashes, it was impossible to dust his desk without moving everything. The coffee rings and the candy wrappers continued and spending five minutes picking up garbage from the floor became routine, too.

Mr. Ousley became another person and after a while, this became a norm.

Finally, it was clear what was happening in Mr. Ousley's life. As one approached the desk, an aroma of flowers could be detected. Mr. Ousley had not been in today. Everything was left as it was the night before.

Why were there flowers everywhere? All of the cards read "...with deepest sympathy..." Mrs. Ousley had passed away.

A week later, he was back to work, and things had only gotten worse. The more that was done, the more Mr. Ousley complained.

Something had changed one particular day. When the phone call to management was made, to inform them that the cleaning was beginning, there was some news. This duster would no longer be cleaning. Today would be the last day; there were "just too many complaints."

The duster made its routine through Mr. Ousley's office. Once at his desk, the duster swept over it, free from all barriers. What had happened? Where had the pictures gone, the wooden name plate and the message clip?

There were no coffee rings and no cigarettes, there was nothing on the desk to be unorganized. The huge rolling chair was quickly removed from beneath the desk. Nothing. There were no papers on the floor and no garbage in the trash. Nothing. What had happened?

The duster completed its last job through the office. As the lights were turned out and the door locked, it was clear — one complaint too many, Mr. Ousley.

Where there is smoke...

by r.a. smith

It's dark now. It's always dark here except for when he comes. How ironic that light should accompany death.

When he comes, our whole world is rocked as light shines in from above.

Before darkness reclaims us, there is one less prisoner in our box.

A box, that's my world, alright. A box no larger than necessary. Just big enough to hold 20.

Twenty, once there were 20 of us packed in tight with virtually no space between us.

Now we number six.

Six of us left from 20. Twenty born to die.

It's a cruel and unthinkable death that we face. The feind plucks us from our dark hospice.

Without remorse, without pity.

He sets our heads a flame and burns the skin from our bodies sucking out our innards in the process.

From this he gains a pleasure so arcane that he is truly addicted to it.

How can this mad man live with himself?

Soon the light will come, soon another of our number will die at his hand.

Screaming while being burnt alive.

He'll ignore the screams as if he doesn't hear. As if he doesn't know.

My only consolation is that my death will contribute to his eventual demise.

A small consolation, but better than none at all I suppose.

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Creative Arts

Zombie cont from page 8

His hands had crushed the helmet of the environmental suit and sunk wrist deep in what had been the silver-haired head of his daughter. Lisa died instantly: She had died so quickly, in fact, her body was not yet aware of it.

Elvis watched as his daughter's body took a step back then collapsed upon itself, twisted and broken. Something inside his root-filled brain snapped. He turned towards the house, spotted the garage and began moving the two trunks that were his legs in that direction.

The garage door opened with the hum of the 65-year-old Amco garage door opener, slowly stopping after its six-second trip, revealing an ancient collection of cars and motorcycles of every make and style.

The Elvis zombie smiled, passing his hand over the 1956 pink Caddy he gave his mother. He carressed the hood of the classic car and noticed his hand.

His hand was brownish-green: where there once was soft skin and strong muscle, now there was coarse moss, intertwined roots and branches. He continued to look at his own body: his legs, arms, and chest were likewise a combination of decayed bone, moss, roots, and branches.

His face maintained the most flesh, his eyes, nose, one ear, and most of his scalp (which still contained rich, long clumps of jet-black hair). He didn't mind the new look. Most of his brain was closely weaved root hairs anyway, but wait!

A thought flashed in his mind: he had not taken total inventory! He grabbed the top of his pants zipper with his left hand and pulled it down ever so slowly. Pulled the two slack halves apart and examined, through his disintegrated underwear, what make those pelvic thrusts in the 1960's so wild and memorable to the little girls.

Elvis, the reborn king, got on top of his shiny, black 1965 Harley Davidson with a smile. The cool air felt good in his face again.

Security Sentry Michael Sleigh was flying at an altitude of 35,000 feet over his patrol sectors. He checked the movement detector one last time and turned his communicator on.

"Security Sentry Michael Sleigh calling base station ZEBRA, please respond." The auditory circuit crackled for 10 seconds.

"This is base station ZEBRA, over."

"This is Sentry Sleigh reporting all clear in sector 70021, over and out." He turned off the communicator and moved his grav-bike on to the next sector.

As he was entering the new sector, the movement detector beeped on telling him of a lifeform on the barren dust plains.

Security Sentry Michael Sleigh calling base station ZEBRA, spotted a possible mutation... Please respond."

"This is station ZEBRA. Sentry Sleigh, do you need any assistance?"

"That's a negative, it's only one slimy sucker on a beat up bike from what I can see. I'll take care of it. Over and out."

The gravity bike dove at its target. Sleigh thought of himself in the bike as one of the predatory birds he studied about during BIO — HISTORY 110.

Yes, the golden eagle diving upon an unsuspecting sheep far below. Michael Sleigh pulled the .66 cal. fully automatic machine pistol out of the notch covered holster and sighted the motorcycle rider in the gunights crosshairs; he pulled the trigger and unloaded the whole clip into the rider's back. After cycling three times over the corpse, he landed 50 yards away.

A smile covered Sleigh's face. He walked towards the corpse and kicked it. The distinct sound of two broken ribs was heard as the boot sank one inch into the moldy giant, grabbing the body roll onto its back.

The corpse had twelve transverse holes through the chest, but what really grabbed the sentry was the horrible condition of his spit-shined boot.

"What the hell is that green stuff on my shoe?" he yelled at the corpse.

He pulled a handkerchief from his right pocket and bent down to wipe his boot. Elvis, who had been on the bike, lunged forward with his left arm, his pearl-white bony fingertips grabbed the sentry's neck. A golden helmet rolled on the gray dirt, inside of it was Sleigh's head.

Elvis stepped up, took the officer's boots and placed them over his own bare feet, then took a step away with his leg and kicked the helmet.

He watched the helmet rise higher and higher then gradually descend to the ground near the bike; Elvis walked towards the gravity bike, mounted it and looked at the controls: it was not that different from his Harley.

His brain buzzed and zizzed, a homing instinct, like the one animals used to have, had been implanted. He headed west; with this contraption he would be there in two hours.

He reached his destination. The lights of the mutant city, Las Vegas, reminded him of the stars that once covered the sky; it gave him a warm feeling in his roots.

He landed in the Hilton parking lot and strode off in the direction of the main entrance. The gray door swung in and crashed against the wall, letting what was left of the thick glass fly. He took a long look around the lobby and headed up the stairs to the grand show room.

He stood up in the middle of the stage looking at the few derelicts in the audience's seats and began singing song after song. Tracy, one of the ragged crowd, stood up, applauded and began yelling with a raspy voice.

"Bravo... Bravo..."

Elvis looked at her through his brown, rotting eyes and smiled; he unwrapped the decayed silk scarf he was wearing and threw it at her with a flick of his wrist. Tracy caught the cloth and yelled her thanks to the smiling corpse on the ghouly stage. Elvis continued to sing and dance with the vigor of a man one-fifth his age. He was happy.

Above the concert a large dark shape hovered, waiting.

"Valkerye calling station ZEBRA, spotted gravity bike. Asking permission to drop number one."

"This is station ZEBRA, permission granted."

The battlecruiser Valkerye opened its hatch and out came number one. The 10-ton bomb quickly spiraled toward earth, whistling louder and louder as it came closer to the ground.

....BOOM!!!!

A beautiful mushroom arose, red, yellow, and orange dancing towards all corners of the globe. The fire and the wind demolished what was left of the great hotels just as a child might topple over a row of dominoes, laying the whole countryside in rubble. The King of Rock n' Roll had come again to Las Vegas and once again had died.

It was another great day for the factory workers, plenty of pay and plenty of radioactive material to be cleaned up for the AMNDF. The bulldozers had piled up what was left of the Hilton, dozens of workers were busy loading up the disposal trucks and hundreds of others were vaccumuing up the radioactive particles which fueled every kind of machinery.

"Hey, Mikey, turn off that awful radio!!!"

"I don't have no damn radio, John!"

"Then who the hell is singing that awful song!!!"

"I'm all shook up, uh-ha, ha...."

Social outcasts

by joseph von hazmburg

<p>Social outcasts cry their tears freeze on their face (temperature of the heart)</p> <p>Blitzkreig pressures fighting with weapons of degradation awarding</p>	<p>medals of sex, drugs ("King of the hill" "Queen of the crowd")</p> <p>Outcasts hide in basements and sewers — any darkness — attempting to escape</p>	<p>the blitzkreig But loneliness bayonets their pride rejection butchers their emotions</p> <p>Taps is played in condensing lament</p>	<p>as unknown dead are buried under flags of anathema</p> <p>Polemics and conceit flood the eulogies (Is not this why blitzkreig began?)</p> <p>WE SURRENDER</p>
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The Guardians of Mars by david kilpatrick

The Martian sun rose in the eastern sky, appearing fiery red to my human eyes. I immediately began thinking of the time I landed on Venus with my crew of 12.

The ground on Venus was made up of what seemed like islands in an ocean of liquid rock. The molten oceans around us bubbled, giving the entire place a feeling of eerie desolation. This place was different. It felt almost, in a strange way, like home.

We opened the main hatch and walked out, cautiously testing the red sand at first, but with ever-increasing confidence.

The sand felt spongy and welcoming. On it, we would hike the two miles to the domes and towers of civilization as seen by one of our reconnaissance drones.

These architectural marvels were similar to the Venisian ones, which were armed fortresses manned by small robots. The robots were made centuries ago for protection before the entire civilization mysteriously vanished.

Because of our experience on Venus, we would be going in armed to the teeth. Electrified battle dress, fusion guns—man portable (FGMP's), accelerator rifles and rocket propelled grenades (RPG's).

After the two miles were behind us, we introduced ourselves with a burst from the accelerator rifles over the tops of the buildings.

On Venus, these friendly looking structures opened fire on us. I lost almost half my crew before we knew what was happening. We would try to avoid such costly victories here.

Our firing was returned only by silence and the echoing of our guns off the red, Martian sand dunes. I was faced with three explanations. The structures were ignoring us, they were broken, or they weren't fortresses.

Like the Venus mission, I had four soldiers (a squadron) carrying RPG's, four carrying the massive fusion guns and four holding the accelerator rifles.

At this time, I signalled the accelerator squadron to blow the hatch on the dome nearest us. The sound of the heavy slug

throwers pounded the air until the hatch was gone and we all rushed in.

The moisture was obvious and the smell was old. An automatic light flashed on. The metallic interior was red with rust that was just heavy enough to hinder the fine gears and pulleys that automated the structure.

A computer in the corner was obviously aware of the intruders and kept clicking relays which would have activated the gun turrets, if not for the rust.

Unlike the machines on Venus, these were frozen by a thousand years of waiting. A thousand years of standing at the ready, only to be unable to react when finally called upon. These were the guardians of Mars, as helpless as the planet that died around them.

I reached down and activated by com-belt. "Dexter, prepare yourself for lift-off. We'll be returning shortly."

"Verified. Prewrite sequence commencing," replied the ship's computer.

"These machines will never be safe for the colonists. Let's use Dexter's ram cannons on them form orbit," I said.

When we attained proper altitude, my gunner switched on the ram targeting computer as the lights went to emergency orange automatically.

Soon, the giant cannons lit the sky. I could see the consequential explosions on the otherwise quiet Martian surface. I watched a thousand years of waiting being ended in moments by the cannons of a heavy battle cruiser.

I wonder if this should be a crime of some sort. I was answered only by the kick of the cannons in their housings, the explosions on the red planet, and a single tear on my cheek. For some reason, that sad, peaceful place just didn't seem like Venus to me. Neither did it seem like a place deserving destruction.

Wyspering Winz

by Freebird

Wyspering Winz...
tell me why...
The trees always sway--
from the left to the right.
Summer air...
the birds all sing
the sandbox is empty--
no children on swings
Wyspering Winz...
blowing truth through the tight
Shadow our wisdoms
And Blinding my sight.
An obscure horizon...
hiding the sun
the children are fleeing
with no where to run
Wyspering Winz
sharing secrets to all
perceiving our visions,
creating a wall
Golden memories...
from deep in recall
let us drop to the ground
but cushion our fall.

Look out at the horizon, where the ships rise and fall
There my son you will see the mother of us all
She doesn't know who we are, she really doesn't care
She birthed us out of wedlock and cares not how we fare.
K.H.

Poems

by david kilpatrick

Mental Health


**Silent are graveyards,
They listen for sound.
Silent are moonbeams
That litter the ground.
Chilling to the bone
Is the breeze that blows
The grass in the shadows
Of giant black crows.
If the imagination
Is set free to run,
Your own mind will kill you
When dark is the sun.
Moonwatcher**

**There is no first,
There is no last,
There is no present,
There is no past.**

**The way that things
were,
They aren't any more.
You can't see the future
Or what is in store.**

**You're blind as a bat
Behind an iron cage door.
You can't hit the ceiling,
You can't find the floor.**

**You look for the time,
But you find it's not there,
So into the darkness
Forever you'll stare.**




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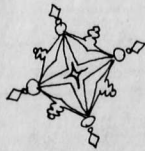
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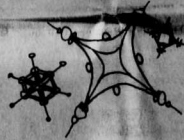


**Christmas in December
party**



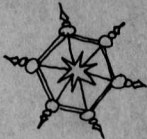
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Christmas Trees!



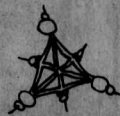
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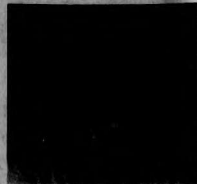


CSUN your student government

Campus Life

Yellin' Out

What do you think about the new stop signs on Harmon?



Diane Doubrava, 21
English



Sharon Blasdal, 21
Accounting



Ed Tanny, 23
Civil Engineering



Mark Dixon, 23
Liberal Studies

I feel that whomever made the decision to put those signs up should have been so kind as to inform us of their presence.

Well, I don't feel the stop signs are a hindrance to myself in my daily travels. My main question is why there were put there at all.

If you mean the two signs on Harmon, I think it is a very good idea. It allows traffic to flow a little better.

I feel the administration was wrong not to let students know about the signs before hand.

Actors Needed

The Moyer Student Union Activities Board is looking for new actors for our noon time performances held in the MSU building for next semester.

If you have a talent that you want to share, please stop at SU-126 or call 739-3221 and leave message. We'd love to hear from you.

Book Reception

The University of Nevada will host a wine and cheese reception to celebrate the publication of the book *Bombs in the Backyard: Atomic Testing and American Politics*, written by Dr. Dina Titus, UNLV Associate Professor of Political Science.

The reception will be held on Friday, Dec. 5 from 5 to 7pm in the Green Room at Ham Concert Hall on the University of Nevada campus.

Don't miss this opportunity to talk to Titus and pick up a signed copy of this provocative book. Copies of *Bombs in the Backyard* will be available, call the University of Nevada Press offices in Reno, 1-784-6573.

Author Signs

The Southern Nevada Historical Society and the UNLV Bookstore are hosting an author's book-signing party for Dr. Ralph Roske on Dec. 5, 2 to 5pm, in the bookstore in Moyer Student Union on campus.

Members of the public are invited to attend the event celebrating publication of

Roske's new book, *Las Vegas - Desert Paradise*. An America historian, professor Roske has been a member of UNLV's history faculty since 1967.

Roske's book will be available for sale at the party, and the author will be pleased to autograph copies.

Art Lecture

Boston art professor Nathan Goldstein will give a public talk and conduct drawing workshops Dec. 2-4 on the UNLV campus. Goldstein, chairman of the Foundation Program of Study at the Art Institute of Boston, will present "Drawing: Some Enduring Principles and Concepts" at 1pm Dec. 3 in the Alta Ham Fine Arts Building, room 229. The lecture is free and open to the public.

For additional information call the UNLV art department at 739-3237.

Choir Salutes

The UNLV University Chorus and Chamber Choral, conducted by David B. Weiller, will salute the Year of the Arts with their first concert of the season Dec. 11 at 8pm in the Artemus W. Ham Concert Hall. The choral draw students, faculty and staff from many areas of study throughout the campus, and present a wide variety of concerts each year, ranging from musical theater presentations to performances with orchestras.

Weiller is in his third year on the university faculty, and he serves as director of choral studies.

Students selected for Who's Who

Thirteen UNLV students will be included in the 1987 edition of *Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges*, an annual directory that lists the names of outstanding students from more than 4,000 institutions across the country.

Campus nominations committees and editors of the directory have included the names of these students based on their academic achievement, service to the community, leadership in extracurricular activities and potential for continued success.

The UNLV students honored in this year's publication are William Campbell, a doctoral candidate in computers in education from Henderson; Sheila Davis Carroll, a graduate student in secondary, postsecondary and vocational education; August L. Corrales, a junior majoring in finance; Curtis Cribbs, junior in hotel administration from Connersville, Ind.; Carmen Zayas-Dorchak, a senior majoring in political science and editor of the UNLV student newspaper; Kirk D. Hendrick, a senior majoring in communication studies and student body president; Elizabeth A. Hennessy, a graduate student in English; Tom Humiston, a senior majoring in finance investment; Tim Kruse, a graduate student in education; Melinda LeBlanc, a senior majoring in hotel administration from River Ridge, La.; James Michael Pearce, a senior majoring in civil engineering; Lori Beth Susman, a senior majoring in communication studies and student government senator; Steven W. Wendt, a graduate student in business administration from Henderson.

Campus Briefs

General admission to the Dec. 11 concert is \$2; student and senior citizen admission is \$1. Tickets will be sold at the door. For information call 739-3332.

Great Gift

The Henderson Convalescent Hospital Auxiliary is conducting its "Adopt-A-Grandparent for Christmas" program now through December 20.

This Christmas they hope to provide at least one Christmas present for each patient to open December 20 at their Christmas party. They also hope to fill 120 stockings which will be given to the patients Christmas morning.

They are asking individuals, civic groups and businesses interested in Adopting-A-Grandparent to help. A donation of \$10 or more will entitle the donor to a certificate of adoption and the heartfelt appreciation of our residents.

Christmas can be a very lonely and sad time for patients confined to a hospital or nursing home, especially if they have no family to share it with.

If you are interested in Adopting-A-Grandparent for Christmas, please call 565-0777, Monday through Friday from 9am to 5pm. All donations are tax deductible.

Apple Awards

Apple Computer invites students, faculty and staff affiliated with colleges and universities throughout the United States to compete for Apple's Wheels for the Mind awards and \$50,000 worth of prize money.

The awards seek to honor individuals associated with institutions of higher education who have developed outstanding educational applications that run on Apple computers and that are currently in use in at least one school.

Entries will be accepted in the following categories:

Class Instruction, Teaching Tools, Study/Research Tools, Development Tools.

Entries must be received by February 28, 1987. Winners will be announced and honored at the Apple University Consortium (AUC) meeting to be held in the San Francisco Bay Area in June, where \$20,000 will be awarded to the grand prize winner, and \$7,500 each will go to the four runners-up.

The panel of judges will include three faculty members, two individuals from campus computing services, and one student.

SCHOLARSHIPS

Academic scholarships are offered to UNLV students through various UNLV departments, outside agencies, and community organizations. Information regarding the following award may be obtained through Student Financial Services on the 3rd floor of the Humanities Building.

Scholarship:	National Federation of the Blind Scholarships
Requirements:	Applicants must: - Be legally blind - Be enrolled in a college, graduate school, or professional school - Be registered as a full time student (12 credits)
Terms:	The National Federation of the Blind offers a broad array of scholarships to blind students pursuing a full-time postsecondary course of study. The scholarships range from \$1,800-\$4,000.
Procedure:	Application information may be obtained through Student Financial Services and applications are to be submitted directly to the National Federation of the Blind.
Deadline:	All application material must be postmarked prior to March 31, 1987. Winners will be announced July 1 and will be brought to the National Federation of the Blind annual convention in July at the Federation's expense.

Student Employment

The Student Employment Office provides job referrals for students. The office has a current listing of positions available both on and off campus. Positions are listed outside their offices. The office is located on the third floor of the Humanities Building. Office hours are from 8am to 5pm.

Switchboard Operator
will operate on a cord switchboard system will train must be dependable \$4.25/hour Mon thru Fri 4-8pm

Salon Assistant
in a figure salon will take measurements of clients and record figures \$4/hour 4 to 6 hours a day between 8am and 8pm - flex

Secretary
must be able to type 55-60wpm will answer phones must have prior computer experience \$7 per hour M-F 8am-noon

Client Service Representative
must have one year prior medical background/experience will call-in results \$5.50/hour Mon thru Fri 6:30-9:30am

Delivery Driver
of women shoes transportation provided \$5 per hour F/T - 9am - 6pm or two P/T flexible

National Park Positions
various Western Region National Park positions available with the National Park Service Minority students are encouraged to apply \$6.18 and up, depending on job Representatives will be on campus December 3

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Entertainment

Music Etc... Romney really bites the Bullock

by romney smith

Anybody remember Hiram Bullock? The black guitarist with the Paul Shaffer band before the pony-tail guy. Well, Hiram's back, with a new album called *From All Sides* which he describes as pop-funk fusion.

I recently spoke to Bullock about his new LP, *The David Letterman Show* and his work with David Sanbourne.

ME: Currently you have a record out and you're touring the states with David Sanbourne in support of his latest LP. Will you be headlining in support of your own record?

BULLOCK: Yeah, if I ever get there. I'm booked up from now through Christmas, plus I want to take about a month off in January to do some skydiving.

ME: On the Sanbourne tour are

you doing some stuff from your new record?

BULLOCK: No, we're not. We had planned to do that but so far we haven't worked it into the set, but before the tour's over we will.

ME: Tell about your new record.

BULLOCK: Well, the record features some of my good friends. Will Lee from the Let-

term show plays bass on a few tracks. Kenny Kirkland from Sting's band helps me out some. There is also some horn work from Micheal Brecker (Steps Ahead) and David Sanbourne.

ME: Speaking of Sanbourne, how do you like touring with him?

BULLOCK: It's a great gig. I've been doing it 10 years with Dave. It's like playing with your

friends, it's not a job.

ME: You and Sanbourne appeared on Letterman not too

long ago together. What was that like?

BULLOCK: It was fun. We did a song from my record called

Funk Broadway. It was great to play with those guys again, you know. We've all been playing see "Music" page 13

3 a.m.

by scott dickensheets

A HEARTWARMING THANKSGIVING STORY: Two days before Thanksgiving I was huddled in a tiny, dim motel room on the outskirts of Henderson with an 84-year-old transient named Ed and his 76-year-old wife, Ann. The room reeked. Ed and Ann had apparently lived for several years in a broken-down station wagon.

The story is fuzzy, because Ed doesn't talk much and Ann is irrational much of the time, but the details, as I got them thirdhand from several sources, indicate that the couple may have spent up to 15 years living in that or other cars.

They arrived in Henderson after being towed out of Needles, Ca.; Bullhead City, Az.; and Searchlight, always, they say, against their will, by city officials tired of their presence.

Now the strange details. The couple apparently receives Social Security checks, which are held for them by a postmaster in Bullhead City. Social Security isn't much, but I was assured by one person that, properly managed, the money could allow them to live a comfortable life in an apartment. Also, thirdhand information from sources in Bullhead and Needles suggests that they choose to live this way, and I can't understand it.

Before the Salvation Army in Henderson helped them, Ed and Ann hadn't had a hot meal in over a year. They would buy a dozen eggs, they say, and eat them raw.

I looked at the car they lived in and I was appalled. The back of the wagon was loaded with junk: empty cardboard boxes and plastic jugs, a few boxes of crackers. The front seat served as her bedroom, the backseat as his. When we opened the doors, the stench was almost visible.

When I finally talked to Ed and Ann (actually, Ed sat apart from us and didn't talk) they denied that they lived in the car by choice. Why would they, she asked, and I had to agree, she had a point. She told of several times when they were attacked by gypsy-welding teenagers in Needles and Bullhead, and said that once, someone had set one of their vehicles afire, and she was barely able to pull Ed out.

All this and several other tales of hardship amounted, she said, to a conspiracy against her and her husband. She connected it somehow to a Communist plot to seize control of the lower Colorado River and that's when I folded my notebook and stopped taking notes. She continued for another 20 minutes before I left.

Clark County has them now. I understand, after the Henderson Salvation Army and a group of local ministers rallied to help them, Ed, who apparently still has most of his faculties intact, will be admitted to a nursing home, by his consent. Ann, the last I heard, was to be evaluated with an eye toward placing her in a psychiatric ward.

The story disturbs me still, several days after my involvement with it was completed. If it's true that they lived that way despite having the means to live better, than it truly boggles my mind. There is a certain romantic notion about being a free spirit, about living a life outside the constricting confines of our society, but there was nothing romantic about living in a broken-down station wagon with a pile of old boxes and eating raw eggs.

And if they were, as Ann says, victims of circumstance, casualties of a society that takes care of ugly growths by hacking them off rather than treating them, then it leaves me angry. Ed and Ann are simply one example of the thousands of homeless people wandering America.

Estimates of their numbers range from a conservative 300,000 (a about three million. What can we do about them? I don't know that. If I had all the answers I'd be God, and if I were God I wouldn't be living in Henderson.

A Christmas Carol survives opening night

by kevin kirk

A *Christmas Carol* by Charles Dickens has come to UNLV and is currently playing in the Judy Bayley Theatre.

The opening night show was packed, as expected, with friends and relatives of the cast who just could not get enough. I enjoyed the play, but not quite with as much wholehearted enthusiasm. There were a few flaws, but it was opening night and these things tend to clear up later on.

The set was interesting, with a rotating center stage that made it possible to see the action both inside Scrooge's office and on the street outside at different times. Most effective.

The stage had several different levels where the action

took place, in each case the settings being sufficient to the task. What was not pleasing in the slightest was all of the raw, naked steel assaulting the eyes that they used in the construction of the set. Surely it could be covered with panneling or something, or at least painted, but to have a spiderwork of steel struts in old London is just annoying.

The play is in two acts. The first is alright, but seems to drag along a bit. When Jacob Marley, Scrooge's old, dead partner, comes to warn Scrooge to change his ways, things pick up.

There was a sound system that would have been wonderful had it worked, giving Marley's voice a booming, haunting quality. As it was, the system faded and the actor

see "Christmas" page 13

TV programs get shelved

by steven kaplan

Would you believe Lucille Ball is on the shelf, well, what I mean is her new television show *Life with Lucy* is on the television shelf.

The 1986-87 TV year is approaching the halfway point, and the network executives are hurrying to replace low-rated shows with ones that will bring in higher ratings for their particular network.

When ABC announced it was bringing Lucille Ball back to television, the network was hoping *Life with Lucy* would bring ABC out of third place in the ratings. It has not helped.

When the show first premiered, the critics attacked it for being a carbon copy of the old *I Love Lucy* series. To make matters worse, ABC scheduled the show on Saturday, a typically low light for television viewing.

The TV shelf is a term used in

When a show is doing bad in the ratings, it goes on the shelf while another series takes its place. The series put on the shelf is given new and better scripts, and if lucky will return to the TV schedule later in the season. Most, however do not return and are eventually cancelled.

Joining *Life with Lucy* on the shelf is another ABC series, *The Ellen Burstyn Show*. CBS has shelved *Together We Stand*, a comedy starring Elliott Gould.

And ratings leader NBC has yet to shelve a series, but earlier this year the peacock network did cancel the once popular *A-Team*.

Shows that didn't even make it to mid-season were *Kay O'Brien, Surgeon*, a show that traced the life of a second-year female surgical resident trying to survive in the male-dominated world of surgery at a New York City hospital.

see "TV" page 13

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The Yellow Rebel

Music Etc...

cont. from page 12



SURPRISE FOR SCROOGE — Peter Cratchit (David Adler, right) visits a surprised Mr. Scrooge (Todd Tjaden) in the UNLV production of "A Christmas Carol."

Christmas — cont. from page 12

had to do it himself. Fortunately, he picked it right up, pulling a possible flop from the grave. This is just one of those things that can happen on opening night; on future nights it should be quite smooth.

The spirits of the second act I particularly enjoyed. Costumes were wonderful, really impressive, and the true feel of the play came through as each spirit in turn showed Scrooge the folly of his ways.

Congratulations to the who played the spirit of Christmas Past, as her part calls for a flying landing onto the stage and they let her down like a plummeting parachute. She staggered, did not fall, and stayed in character. The audience burst out in spontaneous ap-

plause for the accidental comic relief, and for some reason I hope they keep this part in.

The accents ranged from horrible to excellent, with nearly all on the good side. Of the best accents were Scrooge and Bob Cratchet and a comical old lady selling linens. A few just did not come off, one sounding more like New York than anything.

But all of these little things will get better, and all of the better things as well. The transformation of Scrooge is always a pleasure to behold, and if I enjoyed it on opening night, you will be sure to have at least as much fun when you go. See it, for the spirit of Christmas.

together for a long time in one gig or another, so once again it was just like jamming with your buddies.

ME: Sanbourne sits in with Paul Shafer's band a lot on the Letterman show, right?
BULLOCK: As often as possible.

ME: Whatever made you quit?
BULLOCK: Well, if I'd been more mature about myself at the time I'd probably still have the gig today. But I had some problems at the time, and the show kind of got in the way of "the artist" and visa versa. It hampered my creativity, plus I had some problems with attendance, so to our mutual benefit I left the Letterman show.

ME: You know Dave still calls your replacement "the new guy," or sometimes he calls him "the pony tail guy."
BULLOCK: You know they went through six months of about a different guitar player every week until finally they settled on Sid McGunnis.

ME: Is that the pony tail guy?
BULLOCK: Yep; he used to play with Laurie Anderson.

ME: Now Paul Shafer comes to Vegas a lot, right?
BULLOCK: Yeah, he comes out here quite a bit just hanging out.

ME: Why is that?
BULLOCK: He's a swinging, swinging guy, he's around.

Bullocc had a t-shirt on that read "The China Club," so I asked him...where's the China Club?

BULLOCK: It's a club in New York. I play there with my band, the Band of Doom.

ME: You broke your leg recently. How'd that happen?
BULLOCK: Falling down stairs drunk.

ME: You okay now?
BULLOCK: Feeling fine.

On an unrelated note, David Lee Roth and Cinderella will be

assaulting Thomas and Mack Dec. 16.

I remember the first time I saw Van Halen they played the Alladin Hotel the same weekend as Rush. Both bands stayed in the hotel. It was pandemonium. Kids overran the hotel, sleeping outside (why bother going home Friday from a concert when there's one just as good Saturday night in the same place?).

Kids hung around the pool and casino waiting to catch glimpses of their favorite rock stars. Both Van Halen and Rush had wild parties before and after their shows (Van Halen's party was slightly wilder).

The bands didn't get along too well, either. Eddie Van Halen poured a soda in Alex Lifeson's cassette recorder. David Lee Roth's entourage got in a fight with Geddy Lee's (Dave's won by sheer numbers) and I lost my best black jacket. Van Halen's show was overwhelming, the best show I'd ever seen at the time (oh yeah, I left out that I met David Lee Roth, played Mike Anthony in a game of Defender and slipped on a

banana peel).

I remember the second time I saw Van Halen, at the US Festival, it was awful. David Lee Roth was drunk; so was Eddie for that matter. In fact, during one song (I forget which one) Eddie forgot what song the band was playing, and after his solo began playing the wrong song, while Mike and Alex continued on the right song. David was never sure what was going on. Over 3,000 people, including me, walked out on the show early because of their dismal performance.

What bearing will either of these incidents have on the upcoming David Lee Roth concert? It's hard to say. The *Eat 'em and Smile* tour has been billed as the biggest show in the history of rock and roll.

Roth performs songs from his latest LP *Eat 'em and Smile*, as well as his EP *Crazy from the Heat*. He also performs some of the old Van Halen tunes that he made famous and visa versa.

This will be of interest to Van Halen fans since the new band does many old V.H. songs in their set. There is speculation that this may be the first concert to sell out Thomas and Mack since Lionel Richie, so if you haven't already got your tickets you may want to go ahead and do that.

It should also be mentioned that Las Vegas is one of Roth's favorite places to play, so that's bound to have an effect on the outcome of our show. In fact, he may just have a few special surprises for the Vegas audience.

Sierra Quintet to perform

The Sierra Wind Quintet will present a concert/lecture, titled

"Winds of Variation," as part of the University Forum Lecture Series Dec. 17 at 7:30pm in UNLV's Black Box Theatre.

For more information on the concert, call the UNLV College of Arts and Letters at 739-3401.

TV — cont. from page 12

The other show cancelled was *Better Days*. This show was about a fun loving Beverly Hills teenager who moved to Brooklyn, New York, to live above a fruit stand owned by his grandfather. Both of these shows were on CBS.

ABC has yet to cancel any of its shows until mid-December. However, don't be surprised if *Our World*, *Sledge Hammer*, *Sideways*, *Heart of the City*, *Starman*, and *Jack and Mike* are either shelved or cancelled very soon.

So far the 1986-87 TV season has yielded few surprises. *The Cosby Show* is still number one, and NBC is leading in the ratings. And unless something catastrophic occurs, NBC will

capture its second prime time victory in the last two years.

If there is one surprise of the 1986-87 TV season is the *Dallas* versus *Miami Vice* war on Friday night. Some media critics had predicted that *Miami Vice* would finish off *Dallas*.

According to A.C. Nielsen, it is the other way. Season to date *Dallas* is the tenth highest rated show, while *Miami Vice* is ranked 23rd. It seems that J.R. is busting Crockett and Tubbs.

The television season may not be important to you. But to the networks it is big business. One rating point can make a difference in hundreds of millions of dollars in advertising revenue for a particular network.

Spielberg's mouse movie features stunning animation

by scott dickensheets

The latest movie to hit the theaters under the name of Steven Spielberg is *An American Tail*. It is the Great One's first fling with animation, and it's okay.

The animation, supervised by a trio of Disney alumni, is superb, equal to the Disney classics of years past. Don Bluth, Gary Goldman and John Pomeroy split from Disney in 1979 because they felt there was an erosion of quality in the animated features there. They wanted a return to the lavish artwork of Disney's glory years. Their first animated venture was *The Secret of NIMH*.

The storyline in *An American Tail* concerns a family of Russian-Jewish mice, the Mousekowitzs, who immigrate to America in the mistaken belief that there are no cats here. In their native land they were terrorized by Cossack cats.

On the voyage here, little Feivel the mouse is washed overboard in a storm, clinging to a

bottle. He rides inside the bottle, floating into New York harbor. The time is the 1880's.

So, the movie concerns Feivel's search for his family, and is set against the background of the late 19th Century immigrant experience. Just as humans were processed through Immigration, so were the mice, and those with last names too difficult for Americans to say were given new names.

Mice from many different countries scurry the streets of New York, rallying in an attempt to dispose of all the cats. Feivel is swept up into the anti-cat effort, and indeed, comes up with the solution. But you'll have to see that in the theater.

Again, the animation is stunning. Over 120,000 drawings are used in the approximately 75 minute movie. The story is often predictable and several scenes are far too cute, but the characterizations were good, the artwork great and the voices of Madeline Kahn, Dom DeLuise and others were fine.

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Rebel Sports

Positive thinking seminar gears LadyRebs for upcoming season

by karen hall

It was not *The Fish that Saved Pittsburgh*, nor *Ripley's Believe It or Not*, but it was John Lee Kootnekoff, a seminar leader from the Horizon Positive Self-Image Institute, a program dedicated to human fulfillment.

Kootnekoff, regarded as one of the top motivational speakers in North America, visited the UNLV Women's Basketball team last weekend for a two-day positive self-image seminar held in the Thomas and Mack.

The Lady Rebels were very enthusiastic about the seminar. They engaged in activities that required them to work their mental ability. Such as focusing on a pendulum and making it swing the direction of their choice.

One of the most exciting and unbelievable activity of the seminar was levitating 250 pound Kootnekoff and co-head coach Jim Bolla from a chair.

Four of the Lady Rebels focused in on their subject and by positive mental thoughts they lifted Kootnekoff with ease. They repeated the procedure and lifted Bolla.

This performance would have made a great episode for *Ripley's*.

Kootnekoff, a facilitator of common sense knowledge, said the Lady Rebels could be a great team if they apply their positive mental thoughts — that is, they need to feel as if they are great, see it and focus on their greatness as one and not as individuals. Like the old cliché goes, one bad apple can spoil the whole barrel.

The effect of the seminar on the Rebels will be measured in the capacity in which the team changes their way of thinking. However, one negative person could disrupt the entire positive chain and pull everyone else into the deep, dark hole.

Kootnekoff suggested that each player get rid of their garbage and free themselves from negative thinking.

Since the seminar, many players have said they have become more aware of their mental ability and have transferred and received positive energy from each of the other team members.

Even the coaching staff said it has caught the positive mental attitude. Their positive vibes have been received by the players.

If Kootnekoff's positive self-image seminar can do to the Lady Rebels what astrologer Marvelous Moma did to the Pittsburgh Pisces, the teams around the nation better be prepared for the Lady Rebels' regime.



YOU LIFT ME UP — Lady Rebel Basketball Players demonstrate mental power by lifting 250lb Kurt Kootnekoff during their recent positive thinking seminar. Kootnekoff, a motivational speaker, give the team a two-day seminar.

Colleges recruiting female athletes must be aware of the sociological differences between the sexes

Recruiting female athletes for a college women's athletic program provided these authors the opportunity to gain insight into the broader picture of women's athletics in society.

We have been amazed at the high number of female athletes who participated in the ninth and tenth grade but who do not continue participation in their final two years. High school coaches experience the evaporation of their tenth grade superstars as if it were an unwritten rule that many female athletes do not continue with varsity teams during the eleventh and twelfth grades.

When asked why this occurs, high school coaches respond with vague and unsure answers. Investigation into the reasons for the short careers of the female athletes helps provide some answers.

Some insights were obtained by administering a survey to all high school athletes in our country to determine self-image gains attributed to athletic participation. The results of our survey were published in the September, 1982 issue of *The Journal of Sports Behavior*.

The study indicated several reasons for the sudden disappearance of many excellent female athletes from the varsity team ranks. The sociological scale within that survey sheds much light into the problem of persistence and the female athlete.

The female athletes surveyed felt their sociability had not been enhanced because of their athletic participation. While 64 percent of the 11th and 12th grade males agreed with the statement, "I have gained popularity through athletics;" 72 percent of the 11th and 12th grade female athletes disagreed with this statement.

A similar male-female dispar-

ity occurred for the statement, "I received harassment because I'm an athlete." For this statement 73 percent of the female athletes agreed.

A third statement, "Athletes are highly valued at my school," produced a majority of disagreeing responses from female athletes. These survey results support the idea female athletes do not perceive 11th and 12th grade athletic participation as enhancing their social life.

The lack of enhancement is one reason for the loss of the female athlete in the 11th and 12th grade.

...What spectators see in women's athletics is usually raw, undeveloped talent, which is not as much fun to watch (as men's athletics)...

While increasing popularity can be viewed as an immediate reward from athletic participation, it is one which is not experienced by most female athletes; thus the inequity in future rewards contributes to the loss of junior and senior year participation for female athletes.

A female athlete who is also serious about academics often realizes it can be more beneficial to concentrate on earning excellent grades than athletic accolades. There are fewer athletic scholarships available to women than there are for academic achievement.

This is not true for the male athlete. While this disparity may be slowly closing from the high school to college or university level, the inequity in rewards between male and female athletics at the professional level is even more demoralizing for the female athlete.

A superior tenth grade male athlete can dream of a professional career in athletics. That dream will include all the accoutrements of success. Financial security, recognition, and support are already in place for the professional male athlete.

The fact the dream can be accomplished can inspire a tenth grade athlete to continue. With few exceptions, professional tennis being one, this same dream does not exist for the young female athlete. And even for tennis, the key item of that dream, support, is typically missing for female athletes.

The tolerance demonstrated by parents and peers for "tomboy" activities wanes as the 11th and 12th grade female is expected to place more importance on femininity. Society often views athletics and femininity as mutually exclusive ideas.

Even though some inroads

available. He can achieve professional status. He can coach. He can even go back into his home community and support the programs that helped him succeed.

The occasion is rare a man will look back on his athletic career and wish he had never participated. He will continue the cycle by insuring his sons will participate.

Women have a role in this cycle also. They are the wives, mothers, or admirers who follow the cycle of their men by becoming spectators.

Spectators are extremely important not only for personal or emotional support but also for financial support. Spectators create the gate, which provides the financial means to start and continue the cycle.

Spectators also support the development of higher talent athletes. More talent generates more spectators, who generates more money available to develop more talent which generates more spectators and so on.

This cycle is a workable solution to develop a complete cycle. The advent of Title IX produced an abundance of women's athletics programs in the middle of the cycle, at the high school and college level.

What spectators see in women's athletics at these levels is usually raw, undeveloped talent, which is not as much fun to watch.

Skills must be developed early in order to gain the respect of the spectator. Programs at the elementary and junior high school level need to be initiated in order to develop the talent which spectators will pay to see.

The increase in gate receipts would provide for additional growth from the programs. This would lend itself to an increased acceptance of women as athletes.

This acceptance and support by spectators would encourage the athlete's interest in continued participation.

Although women's athletics may never develop in the professional ranks to the extent of men's athletics, we should strive to complete the participation and support cycle for female athletes to the point where mothers look forward to their daughters competing in athletics just like they did.

Mount's poll favors N.C. Tar Heels

The Tar Heels of North Carolina, "so loaded with talent that they are unfazed by... losses caused by graduation," should emerge as the nation's top college basketball power this season, according to sports predictor Anson Mount, in the January issue of *Playboy* magazine.

Playboy's College Basketball Preview was completed by Mount shortly before he suffered a stroke at his White Bluff, Tenn., home. Mount died October 11 of complications resulting from the unexpected attack.

Mount, North Carolina on

Mount's Top 20 pre-season forecast are St. John's, Kentucky, Indiana, Georgia Tech, Villanova, Louisville, Purdue, California and Georgetown. Rounding out the list are Alabama, Nevada-Las Vegas, UCLA, Duke, Oklahoma, Arizona, Texas Christian, Virginia, Kansas and Temple.

The members of Mount's All-American Team for 1986 are Ricky Berry, a forward from UNLV's PCAA rival San Jose State; Danny Manning, forward from Kansas; Reggie Williams, forward, Iowa State; Christian Welp, center, Washington; Per-

vis Ellison, center, Louisville; Tony White, guard, Tennessee; Hersey Hawkins, guard, Duke; Mark Jackson, guard, St. John's. The coach is Louisville's Denny Crum.

In addition to evaluating the strength and weaknesses of 174 college basketball teams, Mount will also examine the controversial new three point rule.

"Coaches are now scouting fast long-distance sharpshooters," Mount notes. "The seven-footers who just stand under the basket and dunk the ball will no longer be so critical to a team's point production."

Rebels capture N.I.T. title

by steve evanson

Lighting is never supposed to strike in the same place twice, let alone five times, but the storm the UNLV's men's basketball team created last weekend in the Coca-Cola N.I.T. is the exception.

UNLV fought back from deficits as large as 21 points in five games to capture to preseason title in the N.I.T.

In the semi-final game on Nov. 28 against Temple, UNLV fought back from a 12-point hole to defeat the Owls by two points on a Gerald Paddio three-point shot with no time left.

In the final game, on Saturday, against the Hilltoppers of Western Kentucky, the Rebels created a hurricane, to overcome the 21 point Western Kentucky and win 96-95.

Temple jumped out to a 12-point lead with 12 minutes left in the game, 57-45 before Freddie Banks brought storm clouds into Madison Square Garden in New York, where the tournament was played.

Banks, who had 17 of his 22 points in the second half, went to work in a 12-1 UNLV point thunderstorm that cut the Owls lead to 38-57.

The Rebels were back in the game and it was wide-open, with numerous lead changes and a tie. With under a minute left, UNLV led 75-73.

After a rebound by Rebel guard Mark Wade, Wade made a long pass intended for Paddio. Paddio had to save the ball from the sideline and threw it into the open court where it was picked up by Owl guard Hoard Evans.

Evans was fouled by Wade on his 11-foot shot, which went in to set up the three point play. Evans hit the extra shot, and the Owls were up by one.

With 10 seconds to go, the Rebels still had some thunder left. The inbound pass ended up with a double teamed Armon Gilliam under the Owl net.

Gilliam, who had 18 points on

the evening, sent the ball out to Paddio, who sank the three-point shot for the last play of the game and the UNLV win, 78-76.

The victory over Temple set up the match with the Hilltoppers, who gained entry into the final round with a 68-67 win over Memphis State. Forward Kennard Johnson hit one of two free-throws for the Hilltopper win.

All the free throws in the world would not help Western Kentucky against UNLV — it was three point baskets that decided the game.

Hilltopper Coach Murray Arnold said before the Rebel game, "I hate the three point rule, it's stupid and it adds nothing to the game."

Western Kentucky had hit two three point conversions in all three previous games combined; UNLV had hit 25.

Also contributing to the comeback was the employment of the amoeba defense, which moves the defensive alignment based on movement by the opposition.

"The amoeba saved us," Rebel head coach Jerry Tarkanian said. "It worked just super."

The game was sent into its first overtime after UNLV rallied from a 20-point deficit with Western Kentucky had missed, with 18 minutes left to play.

UNLV then went to the amoeba defense and Western Kentucky got eaten up and another storm had begun for the Rebels.

Gilliam hit two jumpers with just over 10 minutes to play and UNLV was back. Rebel guard Gary Graham, replacing Wade who had fouled out early in the final half, hit four straight from the outside, including two three pointers.

With 2:19 left in the game UNLV jumped out to a 75-70 lead following the 20-4 run the Rebels put together.

Western Kentucky caught up and the storm was not over yet

as the game was sent into overtime at 77.

The first five minutes of overtime provided nothing but the second overtime, which started with the teams deadlocked at 84.

Gilliam, with the score tied at 88, rebounded his own missed free throw, after making the first, and put in the turnaround jumper to put UNLV up by three.

Western Kentucky scored two more on a James McNary field goal, but Banks responded with a 18-footer.

With just over a minute left, Johnson hit for two from the line and two from the floor to put the Hilltoppers up by one.

Paddio, who had a quiet game with eight points, then fouled out and gave Johnson two shots at the line, he made one to give Western Kentucky a two point lead.

Gilliam, who scored 23 on the night, missed a shot with 17 seconds left, got the rebound and passed it out to Banks who sank a three-pointer from 20 feet to put UNLV up; 96-95.

After the Hilltopper time out, with five seconds to go, a shot by McNary fell short and was hit into center court by a Rebel on the rebound.

Western Kentucky dominated UNLV on the boards by a 53-48 margin in rebounds. Western Kentucky fielded a front line most people would mistake for Mack trucks if seen in a rear view mirror.

Johnson at 6'9" 220, Tellis Frank at 6'10" 225 and Bryan Asberry at 6'6" 240 were the starting line for Western Kentucky.

UNLV fell to a 10-0 deficit before Banks put two free-throws in for the Rebels first score.

The first half was all down hill for the Rebels, who shot a dismal 22 percent from the floor and missed their first 12 shots from the floor.

Sports Calendar

Dec. 3

Golf: McDonalds/UNLV Rebel Classic, thru Dec. 5, at Las Vegas, Dec. 4

Lady Rebels Basketball: UNLV vs University of San Francisco at San Francisco, 7:30pm

Dec. 5

Swimming and Diving: Rebel Winter Invitational, thru Dec. 7, at UNLV. All day.

Dec. 6

Lady Rebels Basketball: UNLV vs University of California at Berkeley, 7:30pm.

Running Rebel Basketball: UNLV vs Memphis State, at Memphis.