

Guest Editorial

by *andy russell*

guest writer

Complaints pour in from everyone—students, instructors, secretaries and administrators—everybody is pissed about parking at UNLV.

Understandably so. I've watched the multitudes marching in from the far outbacks of Thomas and Mack, like picnic ants converging on the apple of knowledge. I've seen them transformed during their journey—possibly by the radiating pavement and auto-mass—from anti-like creatures to life-size, thoroughly pissed human beings.

At present, there is no

relief in sight for the parking crisis. Moves are under way to pave another dirt lot on the north side of campus, but since that lot is already being choked to capacity, this is not expected to bring any noticeable relief.

If parking fees are instituted, as some are suggesting, this might encourage commuting alternatives, but it might also discourage marginal income students and employees who have no alternatives.

Wait! Perhaps Union Station could start giving bonus burgers to car-poolers. No, too many problems with administration and fraud.

Apparently, no one has proposed the obvious—a multiple level parking garage.

Too expensive? Well, that's where our friendly local gaming magnates fit in.

Sam Boyd, Benny Binion, Steve Wynn and others among these honchos of the high roll would probably jump at the chance to build us a garage. Those guys love to do things for us, and they certainly understand the necessity of having adequate parking facilities.

In addition, this memorial parking garage would at last acknowledge our long-standing debt to the benevolent lords of the green felt jungle (the

Howard Hughes building doesn't count, since he is being remembered as an engineer).

I am reasonably confident that President Maxson could secure this gift over a complimentary steak dinner. But even if we were asked to pay back part of the construction costs, I believe that marker soon could be erased.

This garage should be equipped with coin-operated toll gates and users should be charged 25 cents. If our sponsors do request partial reimbursement, Dr. Maxson should deliver the monthly payments in large bags of quarters collected from the gates.

In no time, I suspect,

our friendly financiers will say, "Ah, Bob, we got enough quarters around here. Go on home partner; your deed's in the mail."

Instantly or inevitably this theoretical Boyd, Binion, Wynn Parking Complex would create positive cash flow. It would stand as a practical monument to our gracious gaming benefactors and would certainly provide a much needed service to the university.

Existing parking lots could then be reserved for employees, instructors, visitors, dorm residents and the rest of the truly needy. Excess parking funds could be used to reclaim desert lots, returning them to their natural, far less dusty condition.

Private Eye

by *seamus brennan*

staff writer

It must be a slow week in the news department. Or else it's simply that time of year which irresistibly inspires editors into sending new reporters out to do features about "...you know, those sculptures, and that giant flashlight, they're down by Grant Hall someplace, write something about them."

Okay.

But first I had to find them. Having a few spare hours between classes, I

followed the intriguingly torn jeans of a lean, red-haired girl carrying a very large drawing easel, hoping she'd lead me to...art.

Instincts proved killer and I found myself in a courtyard filled with, recognizable—even to a layman—"objects de art." Eureka!

I toured the areas around Grant Hall, Alta Beam building and the two theatres. There are, tucked away in different corners, a number of interesting pieces, besides, of course, Claus Oldenburg's illuminating

flashlight in the theatre plaza. One of my favorites sits off the southwest corner of Grant Hall. For lack of a supplied name, I call it, "man with one arm and no head on cross." Through time and weather, it has acquired a pitted, rusted, rough textured finish which gives it character. The piece is a bit unsteady on its base and sways in a breeze giving it a friendly, accesible attitude.

Curious as to how these works came to be here, I called the Art Department and was put in touch with Lee Sido, a sculptor teaching at UNLV. Most of the sculptures on campus

are students' works, semester projects that have been judged successful by Sido. His definition of success is that the piece communicate the artist's message, vision, statement to its audience and provoke some response, whether positive or negative.

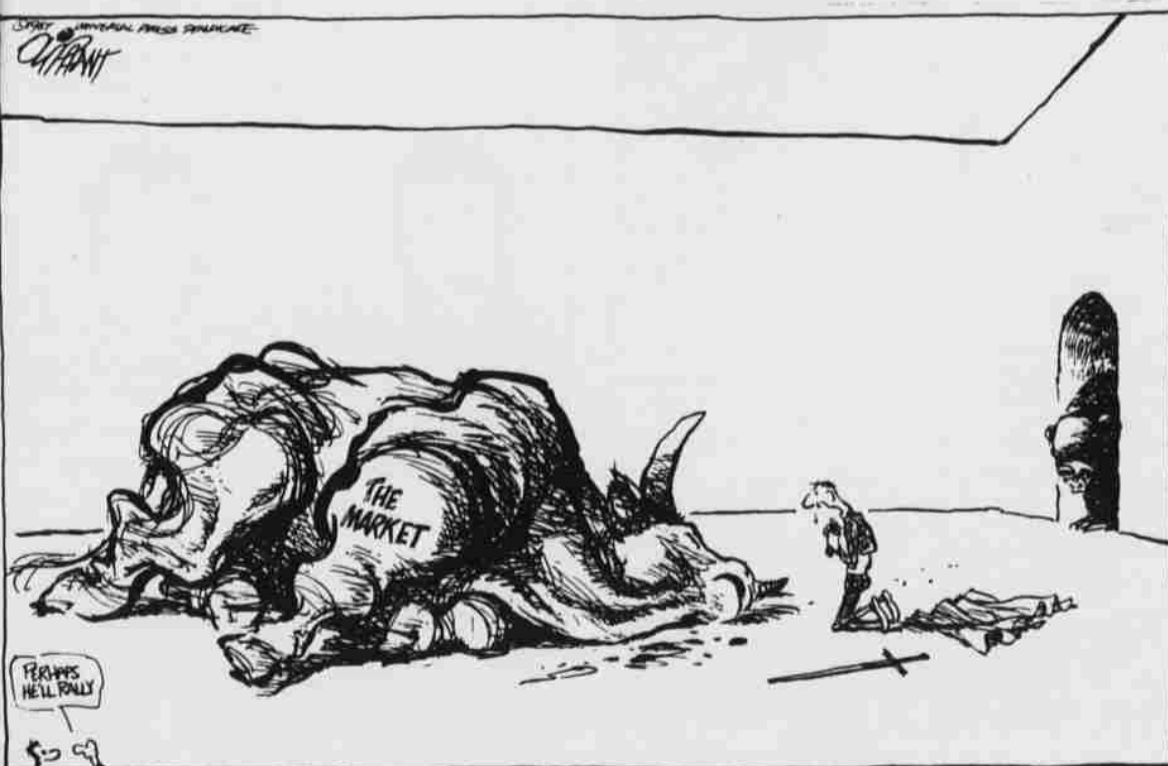
While I was speaking with Sido, a few questions began to make their presence felt. Why are these ideas relegated to one small corner of the campus? According to Sido, it's because the university only provides mounting blocks in this limited area. What I'm asking is, "Why?"

Have you ever had the feeling, walking around campus, that you were lost in a 3-D picture of the architects drawing of this university.

Everything's perfect. Just like a picture. Perfectly manicured lawns, perfectly painted, uninhabited looking buildings with nary a poster or declaration to mar the smooth-sided walls.

Where are the outward signs of the ferment of new and radical ideas? Where are the manifestos nailed to the wall by political science majors? Where are the dreaded computer hack practical jokes, the sculptures and paintings confronting students in all areas, the fireworks of ideas exploding beyond the confines of the university walls and spilling out to rumple up this fine ordered campus?

A university is more a state of mind than a group of buildings and a set of professors. No number of dormitories built or engineering buildings raised can create this. It is a product of the free and spontaneous exchange of ideas among a student body. It is an electricity which, save a few isolated corners and characters at this school, I miss. Amen.



'I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT—WE WERE HAVING SUCH FUN...'

Yellin' Rebel Staff Box

Editor

Kurt Hildebrand

Managing Editor

Mish Tell
Gary Beaudry

News Editor

Steven Kapellas

Sports Editor

Karen Hall
Steve Giddings

Photo Editor

Jon Ansok

Advertising Manager

Connie Scordato

Production Manager

David Zanotti

Faculty Advisor

Dr. Barbara Cloud

Business Manager

Nancy Clark

Billings

Gretchen Rexroad

News Staff

Seamus Brennan
Scott Dickensheets

Jason Flatt

Robert Hill

Steve Hong

David Opon

Lisa Oram

Karen Splawn

Roy Theiss

Mary Whalen

Michael White

Paige White

Entertainment Staff

Babs Goldberg

Jaq Greenspon

Mike Horvath

Sports Staff

Ralph C. Brown

Photographers

Bruce Claver

Jeff Crawford

Mike Keller

Alan Lagervall

Tracy Viveretta

The Yellin' Rebel is a product of CSUN publications. The opinions reflected in the Yellin' Rebel are not those of CSUN or UNLV. The Yellin' Rebel is printed by the Review Journal.

Advertising.....739-3889