

OPINION

The Small Picture

by kurt hildebrand

editor

The Adventures of Kurt and Mike in L.A.

The PCAA tournament is over, and we lost. Instead of fixating on the loss and letting it fester any longer, I am not going to talk about it, it no longer exists.

Mike and I were in L.A. to cover the Lady Rebel's attempt to take the PCAA crown away from Long Beach State, while we were there, we decided to "do" Los Angeles.

So we borrowed Jon's car and set off in search of a restaurant Mikey had found out about from a friend of his.

It is called the Pantry, and is the seediest looking place I have ever seen. However, as always, L.A. is a city of contradictions. Inside was a very nice place which had very nice

food for a fair price.

There was also a line to eat there.

Yes, we found where the Yuppies go to eat a home-cooked meal (heaven forbid they cook it themselves). Mike and I sat down in this anachronism, watching trendy looking individuals sit down to a meal of steak and mashed potatoes.

We then headed north until we saw three very attractive looking tunnels.

I like going through tunnels, so does Mikey, so we turned and went through the last tunnel, which got us thoroughly lost for the better part of an hour.

There should be a warning sign in front of these seemingly friendly tunnels which says something to the effect that here there be monsters, or abandon all hope, or something similarly ominous.

We were saved when

we found a freeway (the dual sign of freedom and civilization in Los Angeles.)

We drove around in a huge circle while we figured out just where it was we wanted to go on our first night in L.A. (my first night, Mikey's second — he told me he cruised around on a bus the previous day).

We settled on Hollywood. We got off the freeway at Hollywood Blvd. and prepared to be amazed by the diversity of humanity populating its sidewalks.

There weren't none.

It may have had something to do with being there on a Thursday night, late on a Thursday night, I don't know, all I know was I had expected to see zillions of the famous freakazoids which were rumored to inhabit the area and I was disappointed.

We continued up Holly-

wood Blvd, cracking wise about the names along the street, with the idea of cruising Beverly Hills.

This was a success. We saw a lot of big houses, we went up Rodeo Drive, we saw all the neat, trendy shops, and we saw young rich urban kids in trouble, terrorizing the neighborhood in what we imagined to be borrowed BMWs.

We figured that since we were headed for the beach anyway, we might as well keep going until we got to Santa Monica.

We got to the beaches, all of which sported menacing signs like \$4 parking fee and \$6 parking fee and the like.

We continued south, remarking that it would be nice to drive along the beach down to the road to the hotel.

It was then that we were once more trapped, this time by the dreaded Marina Del Mar.

This place looks friend-

ly enough when you first enter it, looks just like you were headed south along the coast because you thought it would be a nice night to drive along the shore.

Mike was the first to notice that there was water on both sides of us, then there was water in front of us, then the road curved around in the opposite direction and we panicked.

I envisioned us trapped, spending all our money on fuel to continue the search for an exit.

We escaped the dreaded harbor by following all the public parking signs until we came to yet another freeway.

We proceeded to hightail it back to the hotel where we kept Jon awake for another hour and a half.

Friday, the conclusion to Mike and Kurt's adventures in L.A.

Resident President

by kirk hendrick

CSUN president

Now, that the CSUN Elections are once again officially over, it's time to evaluate the effectiveness of the system.

This year the elections weren't quite the circus that they had been in some past years. Yet, the elections succeeded in having the highest voter turnout in UNLV history. In fact, the percentage of eligible student voters, who actually voted was far above the national average for university elections. This shows me that the old excuse of saying that UNLV is apathetic is beginning to change. I believe that the student voters on his campus are extremely intelligent. Therefore, the political hopefuls are learning to run a more intelligent type of campaign.

With this goal in mind, CSUN implemented some

stricter campaigning rules starting with this past election. The most significant new rule was setting a campaign spending limit of \$500 per candidate. The second rule was limiting campaigning to only three weeks before a

primary election, and two weeks before a general.

My reasoning behind proposing these changes was simple: make it easier for everyone to get involved, and make it less annoying on those who aren't in-

involved. The spending limits make it fair for everyone to have an equal chance. Moreover, they force the candidates to use their brains and not their wallets. The time frame rule for official campaigning is designed to ease the harassment of students during CSUN

elections.

After this first election under the new system, I fell that there are still some kinks to be worked out, but overall the system is a step in the right direction.

Campaigning in a CSUN election is a gruel-

ing and time consuming endeavor. I congratulate everyone who took the time to run in the election, as well as, those who took the time to vote.

If anyone has suggestions for future elections please let me know.



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