

OPINION

# Avoiding the dreaded casual acquaintance

by Calvin Jackson

It happens to all of us at one time or another. It is a squalid experience that wrenches your guts, twists your spine and compels you to yank your armpit hair out in tufts.

What I am talking about is the everyday salutation, a byproduct of common courtesy which has blossomed into an extraordinary pain in the butt.

It usually happens as you walk down a long, empty hall or walkway. At the far end of your path, you notice a casual acquaintance, and he sees you. This initial eye contact saturates you with the obligation to greet one another despite any desire on both parts to do so.

However, it is not necessary to fulfill this obligation. If you are annoyed, don't feel like speaking, in a hurry, or simply a nonsocial person, you probably choose to pass by without communicating.

In order to accomplish this, it is imperative to anymore eye contact. In doing so, you disaffirm the existence of your passerby, a definite must if you wish to slide by without speaking. Fortunately, there are many ways to avoid eye contact.

For instance, look at your watch. Better yet, pretend to experience trouble reading the hands, even if your display is digital. Begin to rummage through your purse or wallet searching for something. If you don't have either accessory, then dig through your pockets and examine the lint you pull out.

Look to the side. Scratch your head. Button your shirt. Do anything that suggests you are too busy to stop and chat. Some people simply stare straight ahead, their eyes unwaveringly affixed on some distant point of interest. It's all in a day's work for those who wish to be left alone.

Not everyone feels this way. If you are feeling giddy, friendly or in a good mood, chances are you choose to greet the oncomer. The list of appropriate greetings is not very long.

"How ya doin'?", "How's it goin'?" and "What's up?" are very common greetings. Usually preceded by "Hey," these salutations possess a rhetorical quality in that even though they are questions, they are best left unanswered. If by some tongue spasm or freak lapse of speech control you answer the question, make sure the

response is short (preferably monosyllabic), and from a positive viewpoint (e.g. "good").

Also on the list are such greetings as "Hi," "Hello" and "Hey." These can be used in conjunction with the person's name, and tend to be used by people who really do not wish to engage in any further discussion.

The last method of salutation is known as "The Grin and Nod." People who use this method are either lazy, mute or at a loss for words since they were attempting to ignore you.

Once you have made your greeting, one of four things can happen:

1. Everything occurs as planned. The two of you exchange rhetorical greetings and continue walking, glad that the experience is over.

2. The person doesn't hear you. He or she simply walks past you pretending to be interested in something else. Even though you really don't know or like this person, the rejection can be quite a shocker.

3. The person answers your rhetorical greeting. This is a nasty situation. You are now in danger of striking up a conversa-

tion with someone you find totally uninteresting. Breaking away from such a discussion can be very difficult. Therefore, I offer this solution: Don't stop walking.

4. The person will grin and nod.

We face this uncomfortable situation that makes our bones writhe amidst their surrounding flesh daily. How can the problem be made bearable?

Since it would be too difficult to administer a national campaign to prevent people from speaking to one another unless a genuine interest prevails, I offer a simpler solution. Wear sunglasses.

Sunglasses eliminate the problem of eye contact altogether. If worn with headphones, you can practically recede into your own little world where the only people you must greet are your true friends, people who genuinely care when they ask, "How are you doing?" People who consider you a friend, rather than an inconvenience.

Screen your daily dialogues! Don't leave home without your shades. They eliminate the stress and strain of encountering that heinous creature, the casual acquaintance.

## A night at the theater with Princess Di

by Brian Hurlburt

As I continue my semester in London, I am learning to control my American instincts and trying to blend in with the English lifestyle. I have learned to watch football matches (soccer) instead of football games, read cricket box scores instead following baseball in the states and most importantly, drink pints of lager instead of bottles of beer.

Aside from these endeavors, I have also had time for some of the traditional tourist-type things like Big Ben, Buckingham Palace and Stonehenge.

The first tourist attraction I visited was Buckingham Palace and I watched the changing of the guards. I, along with thousands of other tourists, was ready to experience one of Britain's long-standing traditions. Excitement was in the air. The guards were in their traditional uniforms of red coats, decorated with gold buttons and medals and black pants with oversized black combat boots. They wore hats similar to those worn by a United States' marching band.

One band led a regiment of guards that marched from their barracks to the palace and another band led the relieved guards away from the palace. The guards seemed to be there just for show, but then I saw the weapons they carried. Nothing traditional here, just automatic rifles. Through all the pomp and circumstance, these soldiers are there for one thing: to protect the queen and the palace.

With increased tensions between the Irish Republican Army (IRA) and the British, these guards are important. They are from the British Army and are trained to be combat-ready. They take pride in serving as the queen's guard, but it's just part of their army duty. It is possible that some of these men will be called to fight in the Persian Gulf crisis.

Since I've been talking about how the royal family is protected, I might as well add a personal story about her royal highness, the princess of Wales.

One Tuesday night I was heading to the theater to encounter a little British culture. I was to see a play written by a guy named Shakespeare. The theater was the Barbican Pit, home of the Royal Shakespeare Company.

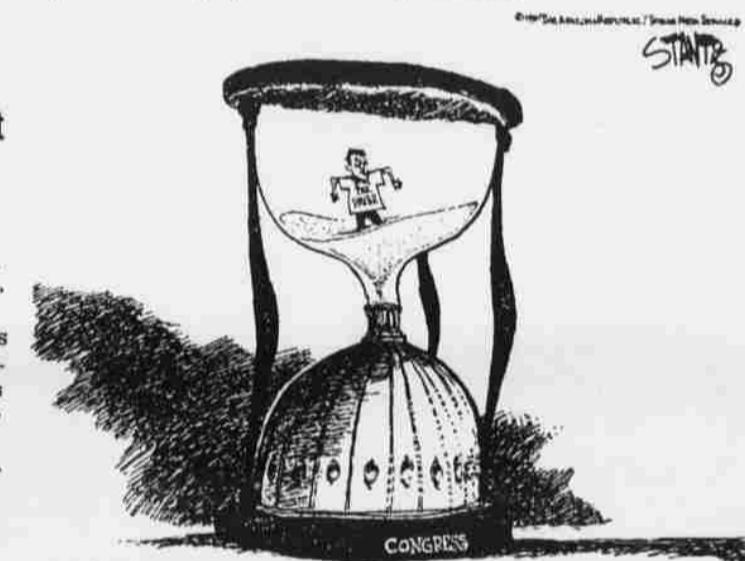
Arriving at the theater, I noticed that there were police officers cordoning off a path through the center of the lobby and not letting anyone through, including me. An English chap told me we were waiting for Princess Diana. All right! I'll get to see royalty and a play all in the same night, I thought.

About 15 minutes passed and there was still no sign of Lady Di. The play was supposed to start in a minute. Come on Di, let's get a move on. I started to notice that the English people were not too pleased with the royal family. One English fellow tried to get by me and I alerted him that the princess was on her way. He looked at me and sarcastically said, "Oh boy."

What was this? I thought the English people worshipped their royal family. I thought wrong.

Finally she came by. If I'm not mistaken, she winked at me.

After Princess Di had finally passed, the guards let us through to the theater. We were now 15 minutes late and most of our group was not allowed in to see the play. The ushers informed us that they had delayed the play as long as they could because the crowd was delayed by Diane's arrival, but it had begun and we could not be seated until intermission. I could have waited until intermission to go inside, but instead I decided to visit my favorite pub and experience a pint of ice-cold British culture.



## Classic criticism

Dear editor,

significance, and it must have a spark of creative genius.

Frankly, I was quite surprised to read James Steffen's butchery of Disney's re-release of "Fantasia." I don't feel it is our place to question Disney's choice of genre for the sequences, but to enjoy them.

I wonder if "Fantasia's" newly rekindled popularity proves its timelessness.

The movie was, according to a friend who remembers seeing "Fantasia" for the first time as a young man, an example of what was happening in the country. The mythological sequence shows the innocence of romance that people needed to believe in as the country was recovering from a depression and fastly approaching World War II.

The animation was ahead of its time. The concept of using classical music was a creative gamble that paid off, and, like those exceptional sentences found in exceptional novels, each frame was an outstanding piece of artwork that helped create a wonderful feast for the senses.

Maybe it was a classic, after all.

Do we question why Michelangelo chose the colors he did for the his works? The "gaudily colored screen" that Steffen refers to, along with the artistic quality of the Greek gods done in Art Deco style, that "Mount Olympus of bad taste," were notions that were in vogue at the time. To insult Disney for using 1940's artistic style would be similar to criticizing Charles Dickens for writing in the wordy Victorian style of his time.

Comparing, however, "Fantasia" to something like "David Copperfield" may be pretentious since Steffen finds the film "only intermittently entertaining" and not a classic at all. Perhaps Steffen is right. A classic should fulfill three criteria: it must be timeless, it must have some social, political, or historical

Troy Bettridge  
Junior, architecture  
and music.

**Letters Box: Write Us!**

The Yellin' Rebel wants your opinions. Letters should be approximately 300 words, and have name, address, phone number, major and year in school. Send to:

The Yellin' Rebel  
c/o Letters to the Editor  
MSU 302  
4505 Maryland Pkwy.  
Las Vegas, NV 89154

To accommodate as many letters as possible, The Yellin' Rebel reserves the right to edit all letters for space and clarity.

**THE YELLIN' REBEL STAFF BOX**

<b>Richard Crow</b> Editor-in-Chief/ Business	<b>Bonar Tucker</b> Editor-in-Chief/ News
<b>Steve Ciulla</b> Advertising Manager	
<b>Robert Anderson</b> Photography Editor	
<b>Debbie Tubbesing</b> Entertainment Editor	
<b>Billy Naftaly</b> Acting Sports Editor	
<b>Brad Palmer/Eileen Brady</b> Office Managers/Classified Ads	
<b>Marc Baruch</b> Distribution	
<b>Raymond R. Frankuln</b> Typesetting/Production	

<b>Joseph J. Wheeler</b>	Assist. Editor /Opinion
<b>Tina Crinite</b>	Assistant Editor /News
<b>Philip DaQuino</b>	Assist. Editor /Business
<b>Jason Birmingham</b>	Comic Page Editor
<b>Gary Puckett</b>	Copy Editor
<b>Connie Laudeman</b>	Copy Editor
<b>Ched Whitney</b>	Copy Editor
<b>Eileen Brady</b>	Copy Editor
<b>Dawn Melby</b>	Proofreader
<b>Tom Daniels</b>	Proofreader
<b>Barbara Cloud</b>	Faculty Advisor

**Staff Writers**

Russell Williams, Angela Desmoni, Julie Wolf, William Holt, Michelle Padillo, Marc Sperberg, Adejoke Adenle, Audrey Conway, Jennifer Ellodge, Maria Migliore, Roy Theiss, Thomas Moore, Kara Kelley, Jack Poleski, Sherri Thomas, Rebecca Doering, Tricia Ci-aravino, Karlene Edwards, Tracy Clark, Lisa Sutherland, Christy McDonald, Tina Lyttle, Angela Ramsey, John Glynn, Aletra Lopez, Kimberly Richardson, Victor Ingram, Shawn Black Snider, Lou Parolisi, Chris Donovan, Michael Bunin, Tom Daniels, Sean Higgins, Karen Splawn, Kathleen Patrick, Susan Caruso, Kelcey West, Gena Atkinson, Danielle Allsbrook

**Photographers**

Matt Dovel, Channing Perkaquanard, Jennifer Ellodge, Margaret Freebairn, Maureen Miller, Shane Roth, Lisa Sutherland, Marc Baruch, Russell Williams, JoAnn Pelaez

**Cartoonists**

Adejoke Adenle, Jason Birmingham, Justin Caramanica, Robert Spezzano, Jack Poleski

**Typists**

Charlene Phillips, Erik Stieringer, Eileen Brady

**THE YELLIN' REBEL** - The Yellin' Rebel is a publication of the University of Nevada, Las Vegas. The opinions reflected in The Yellin' Rebel are those of the authors stated, and do not necessarily represent, in whole or in part, the views of the University of Nevada, Las Vegas, its students, administration, faculty or staff.

The Yellin' Rebel is printed by the Nifty Nickel on a twice weekly basis. Not published holidays, weekends or when UNLV is not in session. The Yellin' Rebel is a member of the Intercollegiate Press Association, the California Intercollegiate Press Association, and the Rocky Mountain Press Association. Telephone Numbers: Editor's Desk - 739-3878; Display Advertising - 739-3889; Classified Advertising - 739-3479; General Information - 739-3478. All inquiries should be sent to The Yellin' Rebel, MSU 302, 4505 S. Maryland Pkwy, Las Vegas, NV 89154.

©1990 Yellin' Rebel Newspaper