

Open invitation

The recent editorials and coverage of the Yellin' Rebel's efforts at becoming a free-standing member of the university community has become a subject of debate among some members of Student Government.

The Yellin' Rebel would like to recognize, with appreciation, all those senators and members of the Executive Council who stand in favor of independence, and acknowledge that the majority of Student Government has shown favorable attitudes towards the issue.

Student Government President Joe Bunin is in favor of inde-

pendence for the paper, as are many senators.

It is the support of Student Government officials such as these that will make an important difference when the issue finally comes to a vote. The Yellin' Rebel uncovered some points of misunderstanding during the last senate meeting, and hopes these, and other issues can be ironed out satisfactorily to all concerned.

The Yellin' Rebel urges the senate to form a committee as soon as possible, and take positive, and necessary, steps to relegate the entire business to the past.

It is up to the student senate,

perhaps with needed urging by President Bunin, to move forward and begin the process that will end the conflict of interest that is inherent in the relationship that now exists. This conflict benefits no one.

The university, as a whole, can only gain by recognizing the essential fact that what may have worked many years ago simply doesn't work today. By working together, we can make UNLV, and the university community, a better place.

The above is the opinion of the Yellin' Rebel



Remotely in control

by Justin Jackson

Remote controls are getting more and more complicated as the electronics business continues to grow. Producers of high tech equipment have learned of the general public's passion for buttons, and these companies have decided to capitalize on this profound desire.

Remote controls appear on the market with thousands of buttons for hundreds of different things. What was a convenience has become a necessity. Americans have an affinity for such gadgets; a craving that electronics companies are more than happy to satisfy.

I remember when my family obtained its first remote. It was five inches long and two inches wide. On its surface were two large buttons: an on/off switch and a channel changer.

Remotes have come a long way since then. With the addition of stereos and VCR's to the list of remote controllables, the average amount of buttons on one remote is around 35. In fact, the buttons are so numerous, that it sometimes takes longer to find the needed button than it would to get up and walk over to the TV.

There are buttons for the CD, buttons for the VCR, buttons for the cable box, buttons for the antenna position, even buttons for a speaker phone and usually a few buttons that do nothing whatsoever (at least nothing that

we notice).

People have so many options in their hand, so much power, that they feel much like Captain Kirk when he sits down in his captain's chair. As if they themselves have an entire starship at their fingertips.

I believe an unstated law exists that claims that the closer a remote control resembles a calculator, the more desirable it looks to the button-hungry consumer. Think of how many horrible situations might arise from this un-

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canny resemblance.

Johnny has some math to do, he sees a calculator lying on the edge of a couch and picks it up. By the time he completes his first equation, the TV is showing reruns of "The Jeffersons," the VCR is ejecting tapes across the room at the dog, lights are flashing on and off and the stereo is blasting Wayne Newton. This poor boy will be mentally and emotionally scarred for life.

Although people are too lazy to get up from their state of vegetation on their couch to walk over and manually switch the channel on their boob tube, they do find the

energy to search every single inch of their house five or six times to find the missing dictatorial device.

Sometimes people will have two of them just in case one gets lost, but when both are present and two people are watching TV, a hand held war often results. Each watcher has a remote at bay; hence, the channel changing and volume wavering never cease, especially when two children bear the majestic boxes. It brings a whole new meaning to the phrase, "hand to hand combat."

As unbelievable as it seems, remote controls continue to advance technologically, growing bigger and bigger and becoming more advanced.

Ironically, the devices they are designed to remotely control are becoming smaller and smaller. The trend suggests that eventually remotes will be more massive than what they control. Remote controls are wonderful things, but they have gotten a little out of hand. I foresee the day when everything we do will be done by remote control. Every aspect and facet of our lives will be a tiny button on an enormous control panel.

The posterior of the human anatomy will remain fused to a chair or sofa while the mind and its unlimited imagination slowly atrophy into the murky depths of intellectual stagnation.

Jackson is majoring in marketing.

Make me

by William Holt

Many students attend class because they have to. Most college students cooperate by taking notes each day and spending the required amount of hours reading and memorizing material. There are varying degrees of interest that each student takes in any one course, and there is a certain amount of courses in which each student will have no interest.

Procrastination, a common denominator in most students, is thought of as the neglect of an accepted responsibility.

In attending classes this semester, I am becoming strongly convinced that procrastination is more accurately defined as the "prolonging of slow, continual pain" at the rate of \$46 per credit.

My class hours are comprised of sniveling psychologists telling of their quests to control the mind, philosophy teachers droning the ramblings of dead people who thought too much, English teachers vomiting their thoughts for the day and political science teachers campaigning to have their opinions elected as those of their students.

The 124 credits worth of data digested and rescinded by the time a student graduates is proof to any employer that this person endured four years of torture and is now prepared to have a private office in hell.

At this date in history, there is probably enough data to store in a 300-by-70-mile mainframe hard drive mounted on a tropical is-

land. Memorizing the Spanish alphabet or being able to quote Socrates would equivocate to a few bytes on a diskette.

From this reasoning, it appears that remembering data doesn't improve the conditions of life. For the most part, information that is consumed (learned) at a university or a high school qualifies as reading material for someone getting ready for work in the morning. Items included in this data, such as AIDS statistics or history trivia, will be remembered if it catches somebody's eye and can be used in conversation later that day.

I believe that the creation of the university and its millions of college students a year was actually a period when someone thought that there had been enough ideas created up to that point in history that people might pay money to spend four years of their lives memorizing as many of these ideas as possible.

We're now at a point where very little is being created, except for more ways to get money with less effort. Too much time is spent fighting to see who gets to believe which ideas and who can remember the most data.

I am currently taking 12 credits at UNLV, but I must admit that my attention isn't with the teachers and their soliloquies. My attention is based on the concern that this planet is turning into a slab of mush.

As for the hours required of me to inhale 500 page textbooks: Make me.



illustration by Michael Vannozi



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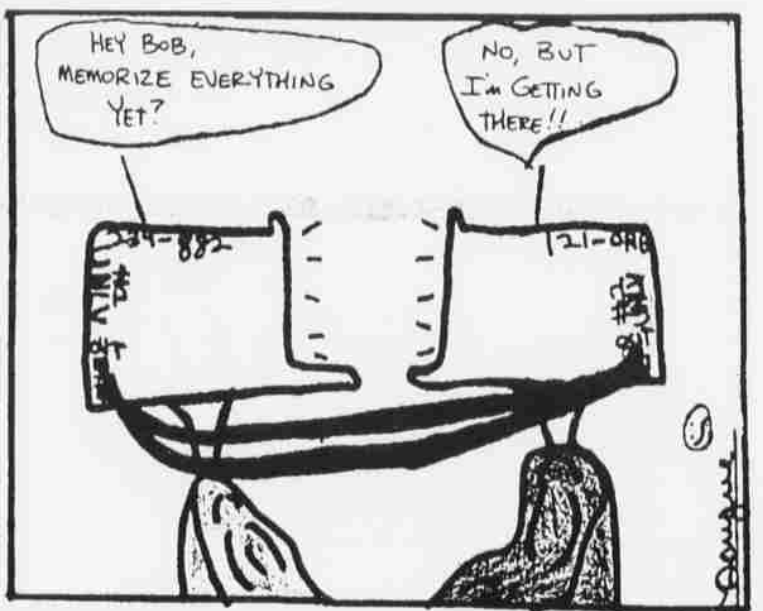


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