

My stay on Earth

by William Holt

In visiting this planet, I am glad to have been able to be a part of *The Yellin' Rebel's* success and its unprecedented gain of independence. I am also glad to have been able to write for this paper and to be paid for what I think.

In the fall of '90, I did my share of news stories; in the spring, most articles by William Holt were about my opinion of this planet (world).

During the last two heated months before this term's senate voted for our financial independence, I was concerned that we were devoting too much paper space (in the form of both news and opinion stories) to what CSUN was "doing to us," although it appeared necessary under those circumstances.

I had published two opinion pieces about CSUN, but I had submitted five.

After my first piece about Student Government ran, that day at the Thursday senate meeting, I watched our school's senators in turn chew up my article until I was deep-fried gristle. It was kind of nice having that many people pay attention to me.

After I had published an ar-

ticle about an individual secretary, a student printed a letter to the editor requiring that I be fired and basically excommunicated from society for stating what I thought.

Also, after I had let loose my opinion about a premiere symphonic performance, I was toasted by another letter from the music department saying that I didn't know what I was talking about.

It's funny how things work here.

There is one thing that I've been meaning to say for some time but that couldn't fill an entire article.

Have you ever noticed how in every single building on this campus, there is one multi-doored entrance that has one locked door?

Somebody with nothing better to do must think it's pretty hilarious to see student after student try a door in a main entrance and find it locked for no known reason to mankind.

Even the MSU has this problem. Every day, there is one door in the front entrance where thousands of students flow in and out per hour that will not open.

Often when doors do open, they're rigged so that your life is more interesting just by how diffi-

cult it is to keep them open. Sometimes I think that they're operated on steel springs so that you can shatter your pursuer's skeletal structure by simply not holding the door open for him.

I personally think that this is the result of a maintenance crew conspiracy. I think they all need real jobs.

The only other thing I can think of to bicker about on this planet is that it seems people here are too caught up in sex.

I feel that I understand that there is a lot more to all of us than just our bodies, but I'm not sure just how many of us realize this. I think we were meant to be productive beings in more ways than just producing more of ourselves.

However, I'm having fun here, and I am happy to have spent the year with my friends at The "independent" Yellin' Rebel.

Overall, I think UNLV is a nice enough place (for Earth), and I apologize to my teachers that I didn't drop in on a regular basis to see how things were.

I've learned a lot, and I've had my fill. I'll just be doin' the Dougue from here, and the rest will be history.

Good day.

Conspiracy hides betrayal

by Sean Higgins

American tax money shouldn't be given to foreign countries while American citizens are starving to death in this country. The children, disabled and elderly are being denied in every city of this nation. We don't have any money to loan to Third World or ex-communist countries. We are \$3 trillion in debt ourselves.

A condition exists in America to control all nations by one world order "fronted" by the United States. Let me show you how this deceit has progressed.

The Illuminati was founded on May 1, 1776 by Adam Weisop, who publicly proclaimed it as the highest order of Freemasonry (a Masonic level of power) in England and Europe.

The Illuminati seek to replace religion with humanism and form all governments under one world order using wealth for power. Karl Marx was a member.

This is the same world order Presidents Bush and Gorbachev mention in many of their speeches.

International banks and the Illuminati have dominated this country for decades. People might change, places might change, but policy never changes.

The capitalist conspiracy in America is the Council on Foreign Relations. The Council on Foreign Relations is the unseen government of the United States.

America is a democracy only by the fact that the rulers let the masses have their own way in certain matters which usually have no effect on large amounts of money.

The Federal Reserve was put

into private hands. Since its inception, no common citizen has been able to question its methods or demands.

I urge you to find out the truth about this conspiracy. The American people are in danger of losing all their freedoms. We should not give American tax dollars to spread oppressive capitalism overseas.

A conspiracy needs three ingredients to stay in power: big government support, the money control of the country and a shelter of secrecy. If we don't keep this conspiracy a secret, we could end it.

American children are being lied to in school about America being run by and for the people.

World Bank money is being channeled through the U.S.

Congress to buy up small countries for slave labor working conditions and rob those countries of all their natural resources.

This raping of people and land happens in the name of the American people. That's why we're hated overseas. Capitalism and those oppressed under it are not one and the same.

Only America's students can begin to stop this madness. A non-violent revolution is needed in this country to save the Republic. The American people are being betrayed by their own leaders.

If no one paid his taxes until the one day next year when they have to pay by law, tax abuse would end.

This country belongs to all its people, not just the wealthy. The middle class faces extinction unless rampant government in foreign countries stops.

The Illuminati have dominated this country for decades. People might change, places might change, but policy never changes.

I want to eliminate all sexism

by Eileen Brady

Sexism is not a laughing matter. As a student in a university system that strives to be "politically correct," I have found sexism to be the "ism" people most proudly and freely invoke.

Supposedly "educated" people insist on referring to women—college-age and older—as girls, although it is unthinkable to call their male counterparts "boys."

If I said 'I had a date with a boy last weekend,' others would think I had been hanging out at the junior high.

In organized co-ed sports on this campus, sexist comments are the norm. In softball, it's "Everyone scoot in—a girl's up

to bat next." When women surpass the men in ability, their feats are over-praised because they are "pretty good ballplayers for their sex."

"Wow. That was a good hit for a girl," the wounded male egos say in false praise.

Funny they never say, "That was a nice play for someone of your ethnic background." But that would be racism and as intelligent adults, we know racism isn't anything to joke about.

Discriminating against people solely on their sex is for some reason socially acceptable. It's even a big laugh-getter for a lot of people.

At the last Student Government Senate meeting, former Judicial Council Justice (which my dictionary said means "fairness")

Mike Quick congratulated another Student Government member on a new baby in the family, but said he was sorry it wasn't a boy.

The audience chuckled.

After being called a sexist, the newly appointed senator smiled and loudly proclaimed, "Yes, I'm a sexist. I admit it."

The room of "intelligent" college students filled with laughter.

After the wave of nausea in my stomach subsided, I realized that I also felt sorry that it was a baby girl. I am sorry she has to grow up to be a woman and deal with people like Senator Quick.

Top 10

Events we need at UNLV

by Tricia Goldberg

10. Administrator/Peon Switch Day—A freshman gets to be UNLV president for the day; Bob Maxson must attend his/her classes, stay awake and take notes.

9. Red Tape Payback Day—Registrar's office employees must personally telephone each UNLV student and thank him/her for paying their salary; Jeff Halverson must wear only undies with big red hearts all over them.

8. Fry Some Eggs on the Sidewalk Day (summer session)—bring a few dozen eggs to school and see if they'll really cook on the sidewalk.

7. Vaccinate Your Professor Day—Throw darts at a large picture of your most despised teacher.

6. Parent/Teacher Day—Bring your parents to school and

show them the pretty pictures you've drawn this semester.

5. Stress Reduction Day—Bring a foam-rubber bat to school and club anybody who bugs you. Particularly useful for the nerd who won't let you copy off his paper.

4. Blow up a Building Day—Wait, we better not do this one.

3. Sprinkler Safety Day—Learn from the experts the telltale

signs of sprinklers about to turn on; learn not to walk across UNLV's marshes and avoid becoming another ugly statistic.

2. Send in the Clowns Day—Meet your Student Government representatives, up close and personal.

1. Be Bob Maxson Day—Wear a polyester suit and say "Good to See Ya" to everyone (Texas drawl required).

