

Scam

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Although nearly 30,000 tickets for the upcoming Paul McCartney show have been sold, good seats are still available according to Pat Christenson, executive director of the Thomas & Mack Center.

Billed as the "New World Tour" McCartney's Sam Boyd Silver Bowl appearance will be the first of approximately 15 stops on the

The screens are part of a giant video wall that promoters say will show footage spanning McCartney's entire career as a member of The Beatles and solo artist. They are included as part of a massive set that will fill one entire end of the stadium.

Shows the size of the "New World Tour" seem to inevitably bring comparisons to last year's visits to the Silver Bowl by The Grateful Dead. Bob Barsotti of Bill Graham Presents is one of the McCartney tour's co-promot-

Regents

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shortfalls they would be made up from donations solicited from the recipients if the journal.

Another restriction was that Ace Denken would like the university to prepare and present an annual seminar on the state of gaming. Price said the problem is that Ace Denken wanted to control who attends the sem-



humor

Got your number off the bathroom wall

by LaMont Biscuits

In all of my 13 glorious years of undergraduate studies at this university, (Hell I think I've even outlasted Bud Banneman), I've come to the conclusion the graffiti in the bathrooms of UNLV is top notch.

What better way to start your day than with a healthy, high-fibre bowel movement while reading little diddies like "Don't Drop Acid, take it pass/fail" or "Here I sit broken hearted, tried to shit but only farted."

Although I have an aversion to using public rest rooms—I'm fearful of catching chlamydia from the toilet seat or having beasties crawl up my butt, 'cuz really, who knows who's been there before you?—I spend a lot of time in them.

Now if you haven't guessed, I'm talkin' the little boys room here to start with. I'm no Pat. The stuff in our facilities is pretty tame com-

pared to the graffiti etched in the stalls of the opposite gender. (Oh yeah, how come women get those candy machines in their bathrooms?)

Actually I wouldn't know, I haven't snuck into the women's lavatory in quite some time. And about that guy who got caught creeping around the women's locker room in the McDermott Physical Education Complex, it was an honest mistake, I just got lost.

But back to the topic at hand, I pose the question: "Who are the people who write such witticisms?" I reckon they have to be pretty huge trucker-types to have bowel movements that last long enough to write some of the more lengthy scribblings. Unfortunately, these anonymous poets of the scatological variety go highly unsung due to the nature of the art.

My personal favorite is when people write "Free Cowboy Hats," on the toilet cover thing-a-majigs, or "UNLV Diplomas" above the roll of toilet paper.

On the other side of the coin, there has always been a certain enigma to the ladies room. For years, men have asked, "What really goes on in there?"

In last months Playboy (I read it for the articles), Elizabeth C. Grant did a study of graffiti in women's bathroom's at the University of California at Berkeley. When you think of Berkeley, you may only envision field hockey, granola and elbow patches on corduroy jackets, but they do have a sense of humor to go along with their social consciousness.

According to the article, "Writing on the Wall," women seem more akin to posing questions in their bathroom stalls, asking for advice rather than churning out a dirty limerick.



Illustration by Jason Bermingham

Unfortunately, Berkeley does have its fair share of clueless women who would be more at home at UNLV—the type who use every excuse in the book to justify being mistreated by men or who are just shallow in general.

One especially philosophical woman pondered, "I like my boyfriend because we match. We're both good looking, with brown hair and toned bodies. Can I help but be proud of us?"

Some of the replies: "Congratulations! I bet you two make a cute couple. More power to you." (I bet for that one, a UNLV sorority babe cruised up to Berkeley for the weekend just to write those words of wisdom).

"Like, how totally boss. Gee, you're so great. I wish I could be like you: dumb, insecure and superficial." (Right on!)

"What insipid nonsense

is this? 'I like my boyfriend because we match?' Are you human beings or Underoos?" (That one gets the LaMont Biscuits seal of approval).

A more important question asked in the hallowed stalls of Berkeley was "Why are women so supportive of each other on bathroom walls, but so critical and backstabbing to one another in the real world?"

You ladies can answer that one for yourself and get back to me on it.

Why can't we set up a trade agreement with Berkeley to trade some of their women for some of ours. Their's might not be as easy to look at, but at least you could have a conversation with them that didn't involve how to effectively tease your hair or the proper way to apply lip gloss.

Hell, why don't we send Shelley Berkley to Berkeley, she won't even need a plane ticket, she can just fly there on her broom.

At UNLV, the powder rooms in the Frank and Jim Beam Hall and Flora Dungan Humanities are the tops for pots on campus. I think they should put that on the next ballot, how our students rate

the graffiti on campus and which facilities rank the highest among graffiti connoisseurs's.

Now as far as getting dates—take it from me—the can is king. When it says "Call Linda for a good time," you know you've struck pay dirt. Actually, there are less and less of these, and more and more, "For a good time, Bob will suck you dry at 2:30 p.m., MWF."

These bathroom sluts are putting homosexuality back in the closet. All I can say to these guys is: for chrissakes, get a hobby. Take up knitting or origami, anything but smokin' pickles in the bathroom. At the very least, put shopping bags on either side of the stall so people think you're dropping some mud after a hard day at the Boulevard Mall rather than getting an unsavory hummer.

A college education is just not the same without the knowledge that can be learned from these little nuggets in the can. I say they should give out custodial scholarships to the best bathroom poets 'cuz the way I look at it, you go into the john, you come out a better person.

TEMPEST

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WINNER! LOUISE "WEEZY" MONTGOMERY, A GRAD STUDENT IN THE POLITICAL SCIENCE DEPARTMENT, CORRECTLY IDENTIFIED LIONEL JOSEF AS DAN AKROYD'S RASTAFARIAN ALTER-EGO IN TRADING PLACES. SHE PICKED AS HER PRIZE AN AUTOGRAPHED 8x10 GLOSSY OF LAYOUT STAFFER DANIEL W. DUFFY.

"MY BOYFRIEND AND I JUST RENTED THE MOVIE LAST WEEKEND, AND SO IT WAS REALLY EASY. I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE MY NAME WAS DRAWN OUT OF ALL THOSE HUNDREDS OF ENTRIES," SAID MONTGOMERY. "I REALLY WISH DAN HADN'T SHAVED OFF HIS SOUL PATCH, IT WAS SO SEXY. BUT, I KNEW I HAD TO HAVE A PICTURE OF HIM ANYWAY."