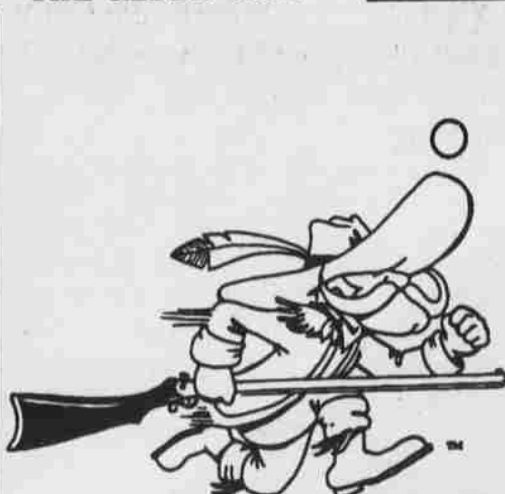


PERSPECTIVE

REBEL
YELL



William Shakespeare said "Men of few words are the best men."
—Meanwhile, he was one of the most prolific writers in the world.

A week to remember, like it or not

FROM THE SAP

JAY SAPOVITS

My freshman year was four years ago. Most of the same people I met then are still in school now. Only a few have graduated into the military or workforce. Others have fallen without a goodbye.

And today is the first day of my last semester. I vividly remember my first week of college.

I moved 3,000 miles to attend UNLV. Last minute plans to attend the University of Maryland fell through, so Vegas bound I was.

When I stepped off the plane, August 10, 1989, I had two suitcases, little money, and directions to the dorms.

My new roommate, Kevin McAbee, from Palm Springs, Calif., and I had only one conversation before meeting. I wasn't scared; I was petrified. If I could have crawled into the wheel well of the plane and flown home I would've. But instead I looked forward to the challenge.

I went straight to the dorms. After all the administrative junk was out of the

way I entered my room for the first time. It was on the first floor of Tonopah Residence Hall, the all-male floor (that cost me many chances with women I later learned).

McAbee (the guys later changed his name to McAdoo, because of Bob the Laker great) was there. He was 6'0", about 100 lbs., surfer dude, West Coast, Asian, and all I thought was 'What a nerd'. How we matched up on the compatibility survey I had no idea. I'm about 5'7", 140 lbs., Jewish, totally East Coast, and I think 'cool'.

It turned out we got along well. Except for one small detail.

McAdoo was on the UNLV Swimming team (he was actually a diver). And every morning at 4:45 A.M. the alarm would ring and he would go to practice. That would also mean that I would be up at 4:45 A.M. I used to constantly berate him, praying he'd lose all confidence and quit the swim team. I couldn't stand getting up that early.

But remember I had little money, no car, and few friends.

McAdoo's parents bought him a brand new Honda Civic for making the UNLV swim team (his dad was on the 1968 U.S. Olympic Water Polo Team). That would mean he was my ride around town, right?

Actually, when they bought him the car they also bought a car cover with it.

That meant every time I wanted to go out I had to see if the car cover was on. If it was, the night was over. As a freshman anyone with a car needed to be stern or be used as a shuttle service.

In my first class, Nevada History (incidentally, the professor was Eugene Moehring, a bit of a nerdy man, but I've yet to find a more passionate lecturer at UNLV. I recommend him), I got the thrill of the year. About five minutes into the first class two huge guys entered the class. It was Larry Johnson and James Jones and they sat right next to me.

So here I was, not three months earlier, sitting at the lunch table slugging it out with my high school click, saying Larry Johnson was going to be the savior for UNLV. It was an unforgettable experience.

Two weeks ago I talked to McAdoo. He transferred to Cal San Luis Obispo after one year at UNLV. He wants to be a veterinarian. Ironically he'll be attending the University of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia. I'll be doing my graduate work in that area as well.

If the details of my first week seem trivial wait until you fill out your graduation packet. It will all make sense then.

Jay Sapovits is the Perspective Editor of the Rebel Yell. His column appears every Tuesday and Thursday.

The Rebel Yell will be better than ever this year

By Tony Llanos
Editor

Welcome to the Fall semester, 1993!

As the Editor-in-Chief of UNLV's student newspaper, *The Rebel Yell*, I've pledged to provide you with the best newspaper possible. The goals of the editors, writers, and staff are to keep you informed of all issues that affect you, the students. As the independent voice of the students of UNLV, we intend to report matters concerning you accurately and timely.

In years past, *The Rebel Yell* has been good at times; now, we would like to make it better.

However, there's also one thing that I'd like to assure you: the truth.

This year, you will be proud of your student newspaper.

The entire staff of the *Rebel Yell* has worked hard to improve the paper. The changes made are for the better and will help you be

more informed as a UNLV student. Anything that inhibits a well educated UNLV student on issues involving this university is wrong.

Over the summer, there has been a great deal said about the credibility of my staff and myself. Accusations and innuendos that had no credibility; they bordered on slanderous. Those accusations were brought forth by the former students who worked at the paper.

I can, however, promise you a quality newspaper.

Your input as readers and students to any issues is vital to the success of *The Rebel Yell*.

Have a great semester and we look forward to serving you.

Tony Llanos is the Editor of the *Rebel Yell*. His column will appear every Thursday.

Morality mission continues by pro-life groups

BY MARYANNE DAWICKI
STAFF COLUMNIST

Anti-abortion activists are on a mission. They have set themselves up as final arbiters on issues of morality. Acting as judge, jury, and executioner, they have resolved to take "justice" into their own hands. Only last week another abortion doctor was shot, American women are left to wonder who is next?

Anti-abortionists are on a moral crusade. The recent shooting reveals an alarming trend towards violent activism, however it's unclear exactly where the issue of protecting life enters into the picture.

Leaders within the "pro-life" movement, and even those representing the larger religious orga-

nizations have done little to admonish the violence taking place. Some have even gone as far as to defend the taking of a few lives for the sake of protecting "the unborn".

More would be accomplished if anti-abortionists came together with pro-choice advocates to prevent the unwanted pregnancy in the first place, or to take the steps necessary to guarantee that the needs of all children were met. By vowing to do whatever is necessary to lead the fight against abortion, right-to-life activists are making it very clear that human life is not their priority.

Those involved in the anti-abortion movement aren't protesting against abortion. The issue centers around control. A few

self-righteous individuals believe they know what is best for the country. They want the power to determine how we, as women, live our lives. It's not surprising to see most anti-abortion groups led by men. It's indicative of the fact that men sense the loss of control over women, and they do not like it.

Women have taken control over their sexuality. No longer do women lay back and accept the notion that sex is for the man's enjoyment. Every issue of *Cosmopolitan* seems to offer aid to women, and their mates, who are just beginning to learn what an orgasm is. Perhaps this places too much pressure on a man?

As for procreation: women are beginning to take control of

their reproductive capacities, and this is even less appealing in a patriarchal society. Females who have been brought into the movement represent an even larger threat as they buy into an ideology that keeps them subservient to men, thereby legitimizing it.

Members of the anti-abortion movement seek to control more than just women's bodies; they seek to maintain the patriarchal system that was put into place thousands of years ago.

We should not be surprised that men and women within the anti-abortion movement have resorted to shooting doctors and destroying birth control clinics. When Bill Clinton was elected, group leaders warned America that anti-abortion activists would step

up their efforts. Seeing the lack of respect held for human life, it's clear that activists will go to any lengths to teach a moral lesson.

It's only a matter of time before we sit down in front of the evening news and see another anti-abortion killing. Only this time it will be a woman shot dead as she exits a birth control clinic. The self-righteous activist who guns her down, condemns her for not heeding the word of God, and takes it upon himself to show her the way to God.

Maryanne Dawicki is a *Rebel Yell* columnist and a political science major. Her column appears Tuesdays.