

The College Experience Begins

Off to my first class of the college experience. The band played this ominous, pounding music that thumped in time to my heart. I thought this was a march to my execution, that I would never be able to handle college and basically I should drop out now so my parents can get a full refund. Fortunately, I walked out of the class with a smile on face and have since come to realize, college really is not that bad.

In fact, college itself is a lot like high school. The subjects may be more advanced, but the classroom is run in similar manners. College classes can be ditched, just like high school. Teachers make rules, break certain ones set by the administration, some care if you show up, and some don't care if you flunk their class, if you show up, if you even exist. The classroom experience really depends on the teacher, and that made me happy to discover. It means I can handle it the way I always have, that I can handle it at all.

Already college has been an adventure. The school challenged me to find one class after they relocated it to another building. And they cancelled another, apparently I was the only one who didn't know, and I sat in the classroom for five minutes wondering if I was in the wrong place. This ugly wave of doubt crept in, followed by relief when a teacher showed up to tell me the class had only been cancelled, I wasn't really a moron who couldn't find my way around a school with a map in hand, reading off the names of the buildings as I walked by.

One class was in the new classroom complex with the swiveling chairs attached to the table. I got there five minutes early, and fell on my butt trying to get the chair to sit still until I was firmly planted. Then I couldn't get my chair to stay in one place, it kept taking me away from the table so I finally hooked



Smart Remark
ANDREW MARX

my hand around the far end of the table to keep anchored. I looked around the room and discovered half the people doing the same thing. Everyone else just let the chair take them where it may.

Dorm life is working out, too. I laughed when the first standard my floor put into effect was, "socialize with each other." At first, I thought it was a joke, what if I don't want to socialize with someone on my floor? I should have to the right to tell someone to get out of my face.

That attitude only lasted until the end of the first week. What eventually united my floor was the distinct lack of air conditioning that started in my room at the end of the hall and swept down to the lounge in an assault that left us all dripping. Now, we had a common bond, something to talk about. Once I got to know everyone on my floor, I wanted to spend time with them. Not living with my parents brought up an important point, I don't have anyone who will immediately care about my existence. I have to establish friendships in order to have an emotional support base, someone I don't have to call long-distance to talk to.

So the conclusion I have come to is that, yes, I can survive college. I've been told every freshman has their doubts, now mine have been washed away. I'm here, to learn, to have fun, and that should keep me busy for a couple years.

—Andrew Marx is an opinion columnist at The Rebel Yell.

Massimino's UNLV Days are Numbered

Rollie Massimino is not worth the money. He wasn't worth the money when his salary was \$511,000 a year. That seems like a bargain now, considering his compensation package is actually worth close to a million dollars a year.

After four consecutive seasons with at least 15 losses as coach at Villanova, he was about to be run out of town. Somehow, he managed to convince former UNLV President Robert Maxson and Athletic Director Jim Weaver that he was worth \$866,000 a year.

His state-approved contract pays him \$511,000 a year, in addition to an under-the-table contract worth \$375,000 a year. Not bad for a coach coming off a losing season at Villanova.

In return for the big contract, Massimino was supposed to stress academics, wingames, and yes, polish the tarnished image of Runnin' Rebel Basketball. What has Massimino accomplished?

None of the above. It will be easier to judge Massimino's academic efforts when his first recruiting class concludes its eligibility. But, many of Massimino's recruits (including his top recruit in 1994, Dennis Jordan) have been the same borderline students, struggling to achieve qualifying test scores, that former coach Jerry Tarkanian was criticized for bringing to UNLV.

The difference is, Tarkanian won games with those players. In Massimino's two seasons at UNLV, he has compiled a 36-21 record. Tarkanian, on the other hand, lost 21 games—over his last five seasons—his record was



On Target
CHRISTOPHER MITCHELL

150-21 during that time.

When he was hired, April Fools' Day, 1992, Massimino said that no student athlete in his program would ever embarrass UNLV again. Do as I say, not as I do should be Massimino's motto. It has not been his players embarrassing the university, it has been

Massimino himself. It was Massimino who requested that his supplemental contract be kept secret. Meanwhile, he was busy telling the media he had taken the UNLV job for the challenge. "This isn't about money," he said.

Say what? When you are making an extra \$375,000 a year on the side you can say it is not about money?

Massimino is a state employee but he didn't think his salary, at least all of it, should be public information. Maxson and Weaver obliged, establishing the Varsity Club, whose sole purpose was to funnel privately raised funds to Massimino. The newer, cleaner Rebel Basketball program with Massimino at the helm was off and running.

April Fools! University President Kenny Guinn says Massimino's secret contract will not be honored. Massimino expects to be fully paid. "I feel it was ethical, that it was clear and binding—and that's all I can go by," Massimino said.

He expects the university to be loyal to him. You see, Massimino preaches loyalty in his program. At first glance, he is a friendly and outgoing man, a father-figure to his players. However, an ESPN interview last season captured the other side of Massimi-

no, the side usually only seen when the cameras are not rolling. Massimino was asked about the pressure to win in Vegas and he exploded into an evil tirade about how unimportant basketball is. "It's only a game," he yelled.

It's only a game. A game that he is being paid almost a million dollars a year to coach. But remember, it isn't about money.

Massimino will tell you its about graduating players and teaching them to be good citizens. Other college coaches, Duke's Mike Krzyzewski and North Carolina's Dean Smith, for example, make similar money and graduate their players. They also stand up and take responsibility for both the successes and failures of their programs.

Massimino dodges this responsibility. During the Isaiah "J.R." Rider paper-writing scandal, Massimino hung Rider out to take the heat by himself. And after each Rebel loss, and there have been plenty, you hear Massimino say how hard the kids played, but they just didn't execute the game plan.

You want him to stand up and take responsibility. You want him to say his game plan didn't work. You want him to shield his players. He hasn't done it at UNLV. He didn't do it at Villanova.

That is why Villanova students cheered the announcement that Massimino was headed to UNLV.

UNLV students would like to cheer Massimino for taking responsibility and living up to his words.

A more likely scenario is UNLV students cheering his departure.

—Christopher Mitchell is an opinion columnist at The Rebel Yell.

Thoughts on the Future of Our World

Sometimes I just sit and think to myself. I meditate between homework assignments, at lunch, and whenever it is safe to do so. I think about what my life has been like, as well as what it will be like in the future. There are times when I look into the future with enthusiasm; yet there are also times when I look

into the future with fear. My generation has no guarantee on how its future will turn out, and living a life in the dark is scary. Most people don't worry though; they just party, work, or sleep their lives away. Their philosophy on life may be simply to live their lives one day at a time. I must agree that this is, perhaps, the easy way to live. But somehow, in living my life one day at a time, I cannot help but wonder what lies at the next turn. And then I wonder if I shouldn't turn right, or continue straight ahead. Those of us who worry about our future never actually get the road map that we need. We are forced to navigate as we go along. We can only hope that we'll live to complete our data.

Perhaps I should enlighten the reader as to why I feel so much



Earth Speak
KUWANNA DYER

concern.

I am an environmentalist. What I feel and say may not necessarily reflect the lifestyle of all environmentalists; still, the issues that face my generation, as well as the generation ahead, stir many emotions inside of me. Thus, I feel the need to simply sit and think sometimes.

In the first year following my environmental epiphany, I've learned to adjust to living with the knowledge I acquire. It is estimated that the world will be forced to support 6.2 billion people by the turn of the century. Yet as world population increases, our resources continue to deplete. And with so many people producing so much aftermath, global warming becomes another inevitable factor. I spent a part of my summer in Germany, and the temperatures in my town reached a record 37 degrees Celsius (98° F), when the normal temperature is usually around 28 degrees Celsius (82° F). There's a big hole in the sky. The sky isn't falling, but it is disappearing. I feel I must meditate some more.

As a student, I feel that it is my duty to become involved some-

how. I would like to contribute to what environmental activists have been fighting for. I've noted that there are quite a few organizations on campus devoted to world issues, and of these groups, I've decided to become involved with S.C.O.P.E.

S.C.O.P.E. stands for Students Conscious of Protecting the Environment. I attended the first meeting, and I've spoken with both the organization's founder (Tara Pike) and the president (Evvie Stivers). At the first meeting, which took place this past Tuesday, plans for activities such as Project Rebel Recycle, Project Rebel Landscape, Strengthen the Endangered Species Act Campaign, as well as other topics were discussed. I'm really excited about my membership in S.C.O.P.E., and I feel I must meditate on that too.

I would like to encourage all students to become involved with organizations on the UNLV campus. The road ahead of us is a difficult one, and unity between individuals in the present may ease the difficulties of the future.

—Kuwanna Dyer is an opinion columnist at The Rebel Yell.

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