

End of semester blues worse for Spring break

What a crummy trick! Tantalizing us with the freedom and frivolities of Spring break, then making us settle back into "routine" for four weeks.

There is nothing harder than having a respite from repetition, a break from monotony, then feeling it yanked out from beneath you.

Would it be better if there were no Spring break, and just muddle through, getting out of school for the summer a week earlier? That doesn't seem right either.

Apparently the only thing to do is consign ourselves to focusing on the time left, doing the best we can, and finishing the semester with flying colors. Again.

Probably part of my difficulty, maybe impatience is a bet-

A Closer Look

S.T. SUTHERLAND

ter word, with the rest of this semester is that I have a great plan for the summer. Something I've never done before.

Something wonderful. Those of you with nothing fantastic looming on your horizons probably have an easier time settling for the mundane.

What is the wonderful thing I'm doing? I'll tell you. What could be better than summer school? That's right, I'm taking Spanish in summer school, two sessions, right into the last month of summer vacation. Yay!

I've been planning it for months. Allotting time, planning events and other trips around my summer scholastic experience. I've been telling

all my friends that I'll be virtually unreachable from the middle of May until August. I can't wait.

There is nothing in the world I'm anticipating more than the conjugation of Spanish verbs and endless lists of nouns foreign to my tongue.

The thought of syntax and working on a believable accent make my mouth water. I've begun practicing rolling my "RRR's" with joyous delight. Doesn't summer school sound good to you, too?

Oh! I forgot to mention that I'll be studying Spanish in an immersive environment. Costa Rica. Ten weeks. Sandy beaches. Great exchange rate.

I can't wait.

Sound better to you now? Wouldn't you love to go to summer school, too? For those of

you graduating it's probably too late. That's okay, you have real lives to get on with. Rest in peace.

But the rest of you can start planning for next year. Visit the International Studies office on the third floor of the CBC. Talk to the knowledgeable staff about what could be one of the banner experiences of your college career. Yes, it has taken a lot of planning, tons of forms to fill out, deadlines to meet, and will probably end up costing me my big left...toe, but the chance to live and study abroad is one that very few American students have, let alone take advantage of.

According to Susan Thompson, director of International Programs, UNLV students are among the lucky 2 percent of

all American students who have this opportunity.

They say that travel broadens your perspectives. I say "broaden me."

What I'm most looking forward to is the chance to totally experience, not just "travel in," another culture. I'll be there long enough to know what it feels like to live there. That is an invaluable opportunity that will be with me the rest of my life, not to mention the endless possibilities that should present themselves throughout the summer.

So put Spring break behind you. I have. Look ahead, finish the school year with a bang, because there are better things to move on to. Or could be.

S.T. Sutherland is the Opinion editor of The Rebel Yell.

What ever happened to natural beauty?

Well, summer is coming with a quickness, heralding the annual "First Shave of the Year" in which I dust off my razor and mow down the forest on my legs.

Yesterday, after completing this summer ritual, I shook out my faithful bikini, slathered SPF 40 on my gleaming white flesh and ventured out to the pool at Caesars.

It was there that I became inspired to write this article, because after several hours of undiluted people watching, I was left wondering how on earth it was possible for so much silicone, dye, plastic and paint to have congregated in one location. What happened to real beauty?

Let's start with the tan — you know, that perfect "healthy" bronze that everyone tries so hard to achieve. There are three methods to go

Stephanie Says

STEPHANIE REIDY

about doing so:

A) Lie in the sun. This is a great plan if you're aspiring to develop some malignant melanomas and/or like the raisin look for your facial skin.

B) Nuke yourself in the tanning bed. This is for those who want the benefits of skin cancer and wrinkles, but just don't have all the hours to spend vegetating outdoors deep-frying in baby oil. The tanning bed takes only 20 minutes and cooks not only your outside, but your inside as well. Think of it as the "human microwave." Of course, a service like this one doesn't come free; it can run from \$20 per month on up, depending on the level of your tan zealotry.

C) Tan-in-a-Can. It's a great concept — no health risks, a lovely glow...sounds too good

to be true. It is. The lovely glow is more the color of a putrid orange and smells like one too. But don't worry — your whole body doesn't turn orange, only parts of it, much like a marmalade cat. The good news is, you're only striped for about two weeks or four showers, whichever comes first.

What I find hard to figure out is WHY we can't just accept our natural skin colors as attractive. (This is applicable to many races — look at Michael Jackson.) Consider the 1940s movie stars: Marilyn Monroe, Rita Hayworth, Liz Taylor. Why is skin like cream now seen as skin like a corpse?

How 'bout that hair? I think there is one hard and fast rule to go by: if you weren't born blonde, don't even try. Many women seem to think that hair lighter than their skin tone is a good idea. Not true! They end up looking like photo negatives.

There's also a myriad of little pleasures that accompany the peroxide or Sun-in: roots, split-ends, roots, split-ends, roots...You get the picture. The Jell-O 1-2-3 look was not meant as a hair concept.

Let's move on to silicone. Here in Strip Bar Central I'd say there are more women with silicone than without. I find it frightening to picture being cut open and stuffed with a close chemical relative of Silly Putty, then sewn up and subjected to a several-month period of agonizing pain, and all for anti-gravity mammary glands!

First of all, 99 percent of boob jobs look like what they are: fake, fake, fake, especially since so many women opt for double D's as opposed to a more natural C-cup. Bigger is not always better.

Second of all (ahem, from what I've heard) they feel like brick walls to the touch, which can't do much to enhance those intimate moments.

Third, is it really worth all those health risks? Implants have been proven to cause a plethora of health complications, from headaches to cancer.

Silicone leads us into another topic — liposuction and plastic surgery. Nip here, tuck there, suck here, vacuum there...voila, the human Barbie doll!

Millions upon millions are spent annually to torture the female body into so-called perfection, when all it really takes is exercise, diet, and a little will power. Yeah, yeah, easier said than done. But I find it hard to justify spending thousands to eliminate a few cellulite dimples when there are countless numbers of people starving world wide.

Less expensive but just as ludicrous were the profusion of plastic neon-colored talons and pounds of make-up at the pool. I thought the pool was the one place where you left the lipstick behind!

Apparently not. The majority of women between 18 and 80 were painted, groomed head to toe, and arranged primly in lawn chairs like so many ridiculous figurines.

To me, the spectacle is a tragicomic one. Comic for obvious reasons, tragic because it tells me that women are valued by others and value

themselves for their outsides and not their insides.

Plastic surgery and breast implants may cause physical agony, but they are caused by mental agony, a nagging (or maybe screaming) voice that says, "I'm not OK the way I am."

The cosmetic industry capitalizes on women's greatest insecurity, their appearance, and the size of the cosmetic industry is an excellent indicator of just how common and powerful these insecurities really are.

It's true that the society that we live in places immense emphasis on appearance, especially for women, but that doesn't justify subscribing to the lie and then blaming our own standard of plastic beauty on society.

Rather, the change should come from within ourselves as an acceptance of the people that we are and an abandonment of the Barbie dolls that others might want us to be.

Stephanie Reidy is a staff Opinion writer at The Rebel Yell.

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Letters to the editor

Moore extends gratitude

To the editor:

To every student who participated in the Student Government Elections, thank you. The few minutes it took you to vote were well spent even if the people you voted for did not win.

I would also like to say thank you to a few organizations. First, to the Sigma Chi and Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternities. The support and help of those gentlemen was appreciated more than these words can say. All of their efforts demonstrated the true meaning of the word "brotherhood".

The other organization that I would like to thank is the Sigma Kappa Sorority. The ladies in that sorority did more than I could have ever asked. Their words of encouragement and their help were appreciated beyond what I can write here. Many other individuals also gave their time and helped me throughout my campaign. Thank you for everything.

It is now time for the students of this university to support the efforts of the new administration, for in them lies the future.

Terry A. Moore
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