

Warning: Not to be used as a floatation or recruitment device.

Come on in, pull up a bleacher

By Steve Leavitt

There are hidden treasures in this world—wonderful places about which the public may know very little. Although our building under the stands of the University of Arizona Football Stadium is not one of them, it clearly has its own charm and glamour.

Of course there are the standard amenities that anyone would expect in such a building: the long and storied history, spacious hallowed hallways, hot dogs and nachos available six days a year just a few feet from our doorways, tall ceilings, the ultimate Stairmaster just a few feet above our heads, a well-maintained grass field for departmental picnics, one of the world's largest carports, and the breathtaking vistas from the skyboxes to which we have no access.

But there are other advantages of which only the occupants of this building are commonly aware.

The level of sound magnification under the Tora Bora-like cavernous west side of the stadium beneath the stands is truly remarkable.

Rap music broadcast from passing faculty vehicles is amplified to heavenly levels, well beyond the mortal limitations of their expensive car stereos and massive bass canon speakers. This is a fortuitous side effect of their hefty salaries and disposable money, allowing the less fortunate in the campus community to enjoy the music systems about which they can only dream. This is



Photo by Melanie Lenart

Behind the Woodshed

By Professor Steve Leavitt

An irreverent, microanatomical view of life at the LTRR

accentuated by the wide assortment of mellifluous hair-trigger car alarms that can only be described in terms of the shrieking one has come to expect from a New Age, no-anesthesia, flea-market dentistry kiosk.

We are now additionally fortunate to be home to the garbage compaction device for this sector of campus, located right under the north end of our enclave. The periodic loud banging of the heavy metal refuse transport carts being mechanically unloaded is fascinating in its own right, but there is added value when it also occasionally sets off a trio of car alarms.

The collateral cacophony of thundering bass-enhanced music, clanging trash carts, and car alarms, with the occasional screaming jet take-off thrown in for good measure, is especially conducive to concentrating on university affairs, and can

only be likened to running the needle-threading concession next to the flea-market foghorn booth.

The stadium also offers a confidence skills course as we navigate to and from offices on our upper floors whose access gates are locked after 5 p.m. Negotiating those gates after-hours demands Olympian skills, requiring one to balance a cup of coffee in one hand, with books, bags, puppies, compressed gas tanks and fine china in another hand, all while gingerly manipulating the key with the other hand to open or relock the gate locks.

We have used this Houdini magic trick to weed out many a student who clearly showed no signs of mastering these

necessary academic and survival skills.

Finally, our hallways are open to outside air, and spawned the expression many generations ago, "If you don't like the weather in your office, just step outside your door." Some current LTRR faculty members gamely endeavor to maintain a literal "open-door" policy throughout the year, but this seems almost as incompatible as beluga caviar on a flea-market snack bar menu. Such policies are inevitably challenged to the limit in the summer when the hallway is greater than 100 degrees Fahrenheit or in the winter when it is less than 40 degrees Fahrenheit.

At the risk of looking a gift horse in the mouth, it just couldn't get any better ... unless, of course, the University were to site a flea-market tire-burning franchise under the West Stadium.