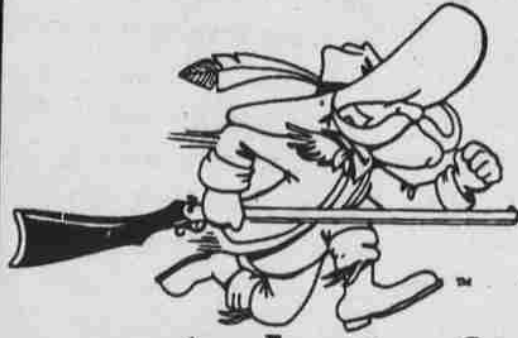


# PERSPECTIVE

REBEL  
YELL



Your  
Perspective  
Editor:  
Jay Sapovits  
895-1516

## Dancing Desperado amuses students, faculty at Commons

FROM THE SAP  
JAY SAPOVITS

The University of California, Berkeley has nothing on UNLV—as far as outrageous individuals that is.

You've heard of Andrew Martinez, a.k.a. the Naked Guy. Well introducing UNLV's spectacle, the unknown man, a.k.a. the Dancing Desperado of the D.C.

The UNLV Dining Commons was never so interesting.

Last Tuesday, a few buddies

and I decided to go eat at the Commons. It was about 6:30 p.m.

And what I saw that night I will never forget. It was simply the funniest moment I've ever had in college.

Clad in shimmering white leotard tights and bright green, seventh-grade P.E.-style shorts the Desperado strutted confidently into the Dining Commons. But from the waist up, this dancing machine's outfit became even more outrageous.

With just a white T-shirt, the Desperado seemed rather tame. He covered his face with a Friday-the-13th Jason-style hockey mask,

and concealed his hair color was a Robin-Hood-style cap, complete with a flowing quill.

But appearance alone, unlike the naked guy, wasn't good enough for the Desperado.

Moments after his entering strut he took a drink of water, lifting his mask slightly so as to not reveal his identity.

Then, with an audience of about 150 people, the Desperado hopped onto the stage in the Dining Commons and did the moonwalk.

He then proceeded to dance around the stage, performing many of the same moves as Michael Jackson and singing, in a

poor tune, the Morris Day hit single, "Jungle Love."

Although he had been flinging himself around the stage for about two minutes, the act was hardly over.

With the sound of laughter slightly dying down the Desperado attempted a full split, only to plop down on the stage with a crashing sound. On that note he ended his stage performance.

The audience, students and faculty trying to enjoy a peaceful dinner, was treated to a comedic display of brilliance.

And off the Desperado went, yelling and howling the words to

"Jungle Love."

"Oyee, oyee-O, oyee, oyee-O," sang the Desperado.

And the crowd laughed. Nobody did a thing—except laugh, hysterically.

Rumor has it that he has appeared before at the UNLV Dining Commons. His next appearance is greatly anticipated. He showed the sort of freshness in comedy others lack.

A "10" for originality, a "10" for dance, and a "10" for guts.

Even the Russian judge liked his performance.

## Just getting by nowadays

BY MARYANNE DAWICKI  
STAFF COLUMNIST

Passing by a Burger King with a help wanted sign in the window, Dan Quayle once remarked that there was a sign that things were looking up for the unemployed. Quayle was off the mark.

I cite this example because his statement is representative of current attitudes. Recent optimism in regards to an expanding job market is unwarranted when we consider the fact that most new jobs are temporary, part-time, and minimum wage jobs.

There is a disturbing shift occurring in the nation's job market. Corporations are no longer creating well-paying, full-time, permanent positions, but rather part-time and temporary (contingent) positions.

More jobs are being created on a contingent basis than on a full-time, permanent basis. Last year at this time, 1 in 5 workers was a part-timer. And it seems things aren't getting any better.

Robert Reich, the Labor Secretary under President Clinton reported that 90 percent of the jobs created in February of this year were non-full time and/or non-permanent.

Jobs that once sustained people, offering security, a promising future, good pay, and benefits are being replaced by jobs that leave most families at risk.

Contingent jobs pay 60

percent of the hourly wages paid to full-time workers; less than 15 percent of part-timers receive benefits; and workers have fewer opportunities for upward mobility or movement into full-time permanent positions.

In addition, by employing workers on a part-time or temporary basis, companies can get around worker protections, such as OSHA standards, sexual harassment legislation, unemployment insurance, and pension regulations, which were established for full-time, permanent workers.

It is often said that Americans lack a work ethic. The loyal and committed employee, the company man, who began and ended his career with the same employer is almost extinct. Well, that loyal worker is nowhere to be found because he is no longer wanted. Twelve years of Republican rule were spent glorifying the work ethic. Yet, when the government was called on to ensure that hard work would be rewarded, nothing was done. Free market economics, with its disdain for government intervention, intensified labor market problems.

Instead of supporting a raise in the federal minimum wage, job training funding, and welfare subsidies for the working poor, the Reagan and Bush administrations decided to let the market work itself out. Corporations were free to restructure their workforces and now we are left with plenty of substandard jobs, which pay little, offer no security, and provide no benefits.

So much attention is still

focused on so-called individual inadequacies, while serious socio-economic issues are ignored. Whatever happened to corporate responsibility?

Workers are left to choose between working for a paycheck or receiving a welfare check, and often times the welfare check offers more. Most people choose to work. Clearly, if they remain in poverty, it is not because they lack a work ethic.

In the United States, we are socialized to believe in the American dream. Our faith in this dream is challenged; however, when it becomes increasingly evident that much of the available work brings very little material reward, and upward mobility is unattainable.

Millions of those who work remain in poverty. Many of the jobs they work in are dead-end. Let's face it, the great American dream is nothing more than a myth. No matter how hard one works, there is no guarantee that he or she will even be able to sustain a minimal level of existence.

Maryanne Dawicki is a staff writer for the Rebel Yell. Her column appears every Tuesday in the Perspective section.

Read the  
Perspective  
section every week in  
The Yell. Like it or not

## The Rebel Yell

The Rebel Yell is the student newspaper of the University of Nevada, Las Vegas. It is printed by Southwest Printers every Tuesday and Thursday during the school year, except holidays.

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Opinions expressed within The Rebel Yell do not necessarily reflect those of the UNLV student body, faculty, and staff.



"Sorry ma'am, but according to the test, your husband saw a butterfly, a car, and a sandwich, when the correct answers were an ink blot, an ink blot, and an ink blot."



"So, now do you see what happens when you don't clean your room?"



"Wait guys! I know we can't read or anything, but doesn't this picture look a lot like a dead rat?"



"So I decided to try my luck at poker."



"Thanks for coming. Sorry about your husband, but I think little Billy learned his lesson this time."