

It doesn't have to be this way

Did you ever stop to think how much we have grown as a people over the last 200 years? Homo Sapiens went from using horse and buggy to speeding down super highways in super-charged vehicles. We went from watching the stars to being out amongst them. And yet, with all our technological advances, we still emulate behavior that is synonymous with our primitive ancestors.

I'm talking about the hatred and violence humans still seem to inflict on each other. It seems that if we have intelligence to create technological wonders, there should also be a way to convince humans to, well, co-habitate without feeling the need to molest, rape or kill each other.

As I look back at all the literature that has been written, I can't recall coming across anything that says anything to the effect that, in order to be

a successful human, you must have no regard for any other person on the planet, have you? So, if there aren't any laws, bills or ordinances that say we must, why doesn't all that nastiness just stop?

Our society and culture are probably responsible for fostering the continuance of these traits. We make movies and write books about incredibly violence, much of it based on real-life occurrences.

We have citizens who kill and get away with it. We have citizens who enforce their will on others in the name of sex. And we have governments who kill at the drop of a hat to protect national security. It seems to me there is a better way.

First of all, everyone should remember no one has any sovereign claim to oppress any

one. Yes, it appears to be necessary to have a system of laws to govern certain aspects of life as it is, but is it necessary to purposely inflict pain on others just because you feel like it? Because someone did it to you? Because it makes you feel powerful?

It is possible that because money is a means to security and power, it is one of the problems. If everyone had or didn't have it, there wouldn't be the battle to the death to get it. Ignorance is another pitfall. If you are taught to hate someone because of their religion, skin color or gender preference, you probably will. And you'll pass that hate on to your children. And their children.

So, my friends, when does the cycle end? When will change for the better be embraced? Who wouldn't want to

live in a world free of fear, violence or despair? Aren't there other things we really could put our energy into. Is it really possible to change the state of our world today?

Too many questions. Too few answers. One of the strengths of our species is the element that separates us from our mammalian counterparts: we have the ability to reason and choose. We also have the ability to learn, to grow, to evolve into something more than we are right now. Isn't this the basis for our religious, educational and employment systems in existence today? People learning, growing and improving?

I challenge each one of you to examine your life. Really. What are you doing that you could do better? What are you doing to others that causes pain and suffering instead of peace and serenity? How can small changes in your life im-

prove your life and the lives of those around you?

The answers are up to you. As in the past, many will ignore the call. Others will be upset, citing racial this or gender that. But there may be those out there who are as concerned as I am about the state of the world we live in today.

While habits and learned behavior are ingrained in our cultural practices, there is nothing to say that new habits and behaviors can't be learned and passed down. Now is the time to give yourself a challenge.

Who knows, if everyone takes on a new, positive attitude towards life and the lives of others, we may have a peaceful new future to look forward to.

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Career Day debacles

BY VINCE CALIGUIRE
STAFF OPINION WRITER

Every year I wait eagerly for Career Day, only to be bitterly disappointed with what are presented as career opportunities. Most of the so-called jobs are only polished up versions of entry level jobs. (Mc-jobs for all you hip X'ers.)

I swore last year that "God as my witness, this Career Day would be different." I was determined to find a job at this carnival the next year.

Preparations were necessary.

I got the suit pressed, the resume polished, and the line of bull legitimized. Not to mention buying a Super Pretzel, which, as you all know, is the secret to landing a successful job.

Speaking of Super Pretzels, I'm tired of these Chick-fil-a dissidents. The Chick-fil-a may be a good sandwich but it ain't no Super Pretzel. Those of you who have converted to the Chick-fil-a need to do some soul-searching.

Anyway, as I got to the Career Day event I was greeted by the usual mass of desperate students in their professional attire. I wasn't impressed, nobody could come close to my slick threads.

I brushed through the lobby, checking out all the cool exhibits. I was especially in awe of the Caesars lady who tried to seduce me into working at the Palace. It would take more than Cleopatra to make me a Caesar slave. He was there too, by the way. Do you think he puts "Caesar Dude" on his W-2's?

I went by the Armed Forces booth, avoiding direct eye contact. I've evaded the Army this long, no way I was going to let them nail me now after I've paid for school already.

The Peace Corps seemed interesting for a few seconds, then I thought about

having no cable. Are the huts cable-ready? No? Okay, thanks anyway.

The Corrections Officer booth didn't tickle me either. *Natural Born Killers* set me straight on that one.

I was there for one thing and one thing only: casino jobs. Since most of the employers there were hotels, I knew I had a shot. It's good to be a hotel major in this town.

Like every hotel major, I went over to the Mirage booth to kiss major butt. You see folks, every hotel major has a mission to get juiced into the MAP program at the Mirage. Basically, you're set for life with that gig. After realizing they were only taking three applicants from the 200 applying, I decided to pop that balloon.

By the end of the day I was almost discouraged. All I had was a pocket-full of mints and a handful of leftover resumes. I also had a fake gold necklace that the Caesar dude gave me.

It seemed like I would be destined to deal for another year.

Then suddenly, a heavenly vision of the "fairy job godmother" appeared to me. He looked like Jimmy Walker, and said: "Don't get upset about finding a job that's right, just keep looking for the job that's out-a-sight, then you'll be fronting like kid dyn-o-mite!" I was very excited, I loved "Good Times" even after James Almos split.

So I looked around and found a great opportunity with this casino data company that was in need of individuals who could set up and prepare their systems for casinos. They said I was a good candidate and I wouldn't have to deal anymore. Jimmy Walker knew all along.

For those readers who didn't have any luck at the job carnival, there are still three months until you have to move back in with mom and dad. Good luck.

Guest
Column

JAN
WILLIAMS

Letters to the editor

Former UNLV student praises Muhammad Ali

To the editor:

I would like to acknowledge the strong efforts of UNLV's Black Student Association in bringing about the recent tribute to Muhammad Ali.

I would also like to thank his daughter, Maryum, and son-in-law, Brian Galwey, for their kind, considerate act of inviting such a remarkable man to visit our university. Although there were more than 300 people in attendance, I felt that the turnout could have been greater.

I really don't think that today's youngsters truly realize the impact that this noble man accomplished in and for the country and possibly throughout the rest of

the world.

As a boy, he touched my life in an uncommon way because I still distinctly remember the time he took to talk to the youth at the Doolittle Recreation Center located in West Las Vegas.

Of course, like all little boys, I regarded him as a great sports hero, however, after speaking to our gathering about the importance of decency and self-honor, Mr. Ali left me aware of one's actions in everyday life, especially when this great man made the time to greet and meet with each and every child.

To see him last week at UNLV sure brought back a lot of wonderful childhood memories. Hopefully the youth of today and tomorrow will read schoolbooks and view videos about his phenomenal life outside, as well as inside, the boxing ring.

In the sports world he paved the way for many black athletes to excel and become

champions in whatever they strove for. To even the average John and Jane Doe, he lent dignity and pride, hopefully enabling them to stand up for what they believe in.

During the conclusion of last week's event, his daughter asked the people not to feel sorry for Mr. Ali because of his affliction with Parkinson's disease; but to feel instead a happiness in knowing that he is very much at peace with himself.

Still, it was very difficult for me to hold back tears to see this honorable, powerful man in his present state. However, I still felt his fighting spirit going 15 rounds.

Finally, I would like to thank God for bringing us such a great champion.

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Wanderlust

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high school language class), why not travel to England or Australia? They speak English, and you'll still be the one with an accent.

And now to tackle that large, looming question—price. If it's not in the millions, it's at least in the hundred thousands, right? Wrong. Unbelievably enough, this program is actually affordable. Each university differs in cost, but the range is approximately \$4,000 to \$9,000 for one semester abroad. There are additional expenses such as plane fare and books, but tuition and

board are covered in the base rate.

Not so bad, right? Considering that many students spend just as much or more on national colleges or universities, I'd say it's quite reasonable. Besides, you're paying not just for an education, but for a "user friendly" foreign experience, with no headaches about which hotel to stay at.

Here's another way to look at it: many people scrimp and save for years at a time to fund that long-awaited summer in Europe... the one that ends up costing \$20,000 to \$30,000 after hotel fares, travel expenses, daily restaurant bills, etc. Foreign exchange is, in reality, a very cheap

vacation with some schooling thrown in.

Now, if all this hard sell on foreign exchange hasn't triggered your wanderlust, I still have my ace card. Food.

Steaming enchiladas smothered in cheese, pasta in rich and creamy Alfredo sauce, flaky French pastries, dark German chocolate... need I say more?

At UNLV's study abroad program, there are many location options: Australia, Chile, Costa Rica, England, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Thailand.

If you'd like to broaden your horizons and see new ones, visit the foreign exchange office on the third floor of CBC and ask for a brochure.

The Rebel Yell

encourages students, faculty and staff to write letters to the editor. Letters should be formatted double-spaced on Macintosh disk in Microsoft Word, (or typed if you are technologically challenged), and include the author's name, address and telephone number. Writers affiliated with UNLV must

include class and major, or faculty or staff position. Writers requesting their name be withheld must include their name and telephone number for verification. Letters submitted without this information will not be printed. Letters are subject to edit for length and clarity.