

Campus Commentary

The campus commentary page gives the college community a chance to let their voices be heard. Submissions should be type, double-spaced, and limited to 500 words. Copy can be handed in at the Capital Times Office or placed in our mailbox in Room 216.

To All Music Lovers

By Joanna Bausch

America is the land of the free. The people of the United States wouldn't accept the major backbone of all of our laws, the Constitution, until certain rights were guaranteed to each individual. Yet today certain groups of people are trying to take those rights away. They are trying to censor rock & roll.

The main group of people who are trying to censor rock is a group called the Parents' Music Resource Center or PMRC. This group has also been nicknamed the "Political Wives" because most of their members are just that. There is Susan Baker, the wife of Treasury Secretary James Baker; "Tipper" Gore, wife of Senator Albert Gore, of Tennessee, who is also a presidential candidate in the 1988 elections; Pamela Howar, the wife of a prominent Washington businessman; and Sally Nevius, the wife of the former Washington City Council chairman, just to mention a few.

The PMRC proudly claims that they are not prejudice against rock because they listened to it as kids, too. These women did grow up with rock, but it was a totally different type of rock than the type that they are trying to censor today. This is a type of music that they have often said that they would rather not hear at all. And by their own admission the only time they really listened to modern rock before forming the PMRC was while they were doing their aerobics. During the censorship hearings, Senator Hollings even went so far as to say, "If I could find some way constitutionally to do away with it I would."

The second point I want to make is that the PMRC keeps complaining about the lyrics. During each stage of rock there has always been some slang that goes along with the music, words that the parents usually had little or no idea what they meant. There is still a lot of slang today. Especially in the music. If these groups aren't sure what the words mean how can they objectively tell whether they are fit to be heard.

Does the average teenager really listen to the lyrics anyway? The PMRC said that they listened to rock and yet they admitted that they only became concerned about the lyrics when one of their daughters asked a member of PMRC what a certain word meant. There are some songs that a lot of

people know about and snicker about but overall there are not too many people that really pay attention to the lyrics.

There is also the subject of satanism. Just look at Black Sabbath. That is a group that most people feel is satanic and yet they come out with songs like "After Forever" which says, "Could it be you're afraid of what your friends might say; If they knew you believe in God above; They should realize before they criticize; That God is the only way to love."

Now I come to my final and most important point. This country was basically founded because the people were tired of being suppressed and ruled over. They couldn't worship as they wanted, couldn't leave when they wanted and couldn't say what they felt. Americans fought long and hard to gain and to keep these freedoms, and they are guaranteed to us in the Constitution. There already is censorship in the music industry, and a lot of radio stations won't play certain songs that have been a little outrageous, but that doesn't give people the right to come into the music industry and dictate to producers and groups what is okay and what is not. If someone objects to something they hear it is their right to turn it off, but what gives them the right to have everyone else turn it off also? I think Frank Zappa sums it up best on his album "Frank Zappa Meets the Mothers of Prevention." He says,

"This album contains material which a truly free society would neither fear nor suppress."

In some socially retarded areas, religious fanatics and ultraconservative political organizations violate your First Amendment Rights by attempting to censor rock & roll albums. We feel that this is un-Constitutional and un-American. The language and concepts contained herein are guaranteed not to cause eternal torment in the place where

the guy with the horns and pointed stick conducts his business.

This guarantee is as real as the threats of the video fundamentalists who use attacks on rock music in their attempt to transform America into a nation of check-mailing nincompoops (in the name of Jesus Christ). If there is a hell, its fires wait for them not us."

Light Switches, Sofas, and Mr. X's Sportcoat

By Mark Keisling

Ever notice the furniture around here? Me either. At least until today.

It was funny. There I was in my usual fog, wondering why just about every room in this building has too many light switches and they're all in the wrong place, when I had what can only be called a revelation--a furniture revelation. I was suddenly aware, brutally aware, of our institutional furniture. I still wondered about light switches especially whether or not the Provost's office has too many light switches and they're all in the wrong place, but my thoughts were becoming more and more lucid and focused on furniture and furnishings.

For instance, there's a picture of an ex-provost next to the office of the now-provost (the one with proper light switches.) There's actually seven pictures of ex-provosts, but I noticed that the one guy (we'll call him Mr. X although his real name is Mr. Herpel) desperately needs a new sport coat. In fairness to Mr. X, the picture, as well as reign as provost were during a time when buying synthetic clothing that looked like my grandmother's sofa (she calls it a davenport) was spiritual acceptable or at least common. Anyway, my thoughts turned to maybe having a bakesale to raise some money to paint Mr. X a new, modern and more stylish sportcoat. Maybe even one of those fancy vogueish collar pins that I'm not allowed to play with cause they're sharp.

Mr. X was just the first such thought. Next I noticed that the only place with sofas (or davenports) long enough for me to stretch out on are in the BCAC. So that's the only place to take naps. The problem is that there are

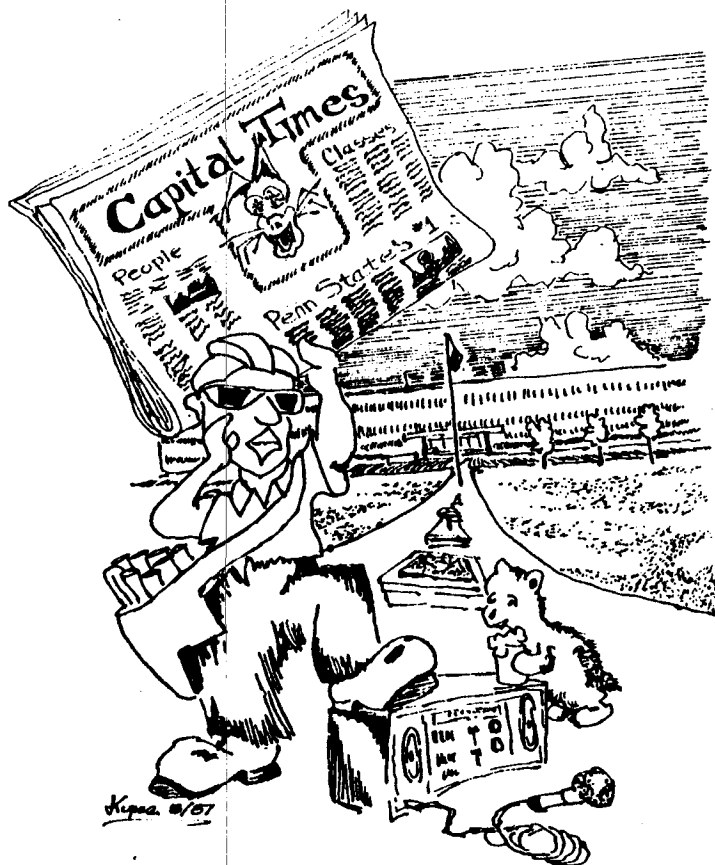
too many meetings (as well as light switches) in that room. And the kind of people who have meetings in the BCAC are the kind who think it's funny to try to set up and begin their meeting while you're still asleep and probably snoring. It is bad enough to wake up from a nap. It is far worse--even humiliating and disorienting--to wake up snoring, drooling and groggy with a bad case of naphead and napface (general disarray and ugliness) in the middle of a Public

Affairs Division Meeting. No one laughs until you leave.

All the rest of the furniture is just as noteworthy, but I fear I've rambled. Next issue we'll talk with the man responsible for our furnishings. His name is Mr. Y.

Wait, just a quick story then I'll let you go. When I asked who I should speak with about furniture, I thought I was told, "see the chairman." After speaking with every department chairman (they have nicer furniture than most of us, but still too many light switches) many division heads, and the business office, I found out that I was really looking not for the chairman but the Chair man. He's a little accountant-looking guy in the basement who's in charge of furniture. Wears a cape and everything. Anyway, I asked him how we get our furniture and he said something like, "Most of it was already here, but sometimes we order new stuff." He also said the Olmsted Building was named for the Krishna word Ohmstedd which means "too many light switches in the wrong place."

More next issue.



We're Back!