

either.

Who cares where all the cowboys have gone, where are all the protesters? Where are all the people willing to grab a picket sign and stand in line chanting "HELL NO! WE WON'T GO!!" Where are you guys?

How can you pay \$20,000-plus to go here and NOT get mad when there's a BLADE OF GRASS out of place? Why do you sit about and grumble about the cops in your face when you can be proactive in the changing of these things? WRITING ON THE WALL IS NOT ENOUGH. The wall is a remnant of the babyboomers and their passions. They left it here to confuse us into thinking we have a real say. It is a Stonehenge, a thing from a past civilization that makes us say "Ahhh." We could write on that thing in our own blood, painfully extracted from our bodies with a cafeteria knife and they would still paint over it when the time came.

While we are steadily seeking our own pond, lazily swimming in a river of despair, we might take the time to look around for small glitches in our matrix. Exercise your right to protest something you don't believe is right. Look around for your friends from last Fall. Some of them are gone. Some left by choice, some were victims of a cruel system. We cannot allow ourselves to perpetuate this insanity. There is more to life than what's between the pages of your favorite magazine or on your favorite channel. Though there may be grains of truth found in the South Park movie, Cartman is not Gandhi. Read more. Ask questions more. Go to class with a challenge for the professors: "Teach me!" Tell them to make you feel like you learned something today. You paid for it. Even the classes you missed.

I'm just talkin' bout: [-Marlon Carey](#)

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