

The Poet's Cry

Into the backbeat of horrible emotion
 Distilled revelations in the crystallized mind
 Sullen chapters
 The book is closed
 As its author dies
 The sound of the Poet's Cry
 Drives on and on
 Deeper
 All around
 And suddenly it stops
 Silent mourning
 The soldier's boot
 The blood in the mud
 And somewhere in the downtrodden rot
 A flower arises
 With fresh new smells
 The opaque illusion of rotting corpses
 And the playing of harps
 A dead horse

— F. Damien Phillips

Ignorance enslaves

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nections, and not only will our leaders speak for us, they will also create us. If we let them, they will decide what the "American people" or the "people of North Carolina" think.

That's why I'm doing what little I can for a candidate this year, which I haven't done since I became Cynical in 1972. I don't want to be silent while someone

Club takes trip

By KATIE WRIGHT

Fourteen members of Wesleyan's Outdoor Club went camping for the weekend in Nags Head on Sept. 14.

Along with the president, Susan Ingram, and the official chaperone of the Outdoor Club, Kim Norquest, were: Maurice Johnson, Dr. Johnson, Bobby Bauer, Eduardo Borja, Stew Crank, Kristie Warren, Kevin Hambrecht, Holly Rogers, Gabby Griffis, Alyssa Cooper, Teresa Pitt, and Lisa Stells.

The group enjoyed a beautiful weekend. They had campfires, took walks on the beach, hiked Jockey's Ridge, played games, got sunburned, and made new friends under the sun and moon.

"We look forward to our next trip, and invite everyone to come," one member said. "All you have to do is look for our flyers, contact a member, bring yourself and a little money, and prepare to have fun!"

who claims to represent me (or wants to) creates an image of me that is false. I am a person of North Carolina and I want to help define what that means.

I was walking through a Greensboro neighborhood a couple of weeks ago. I was knocking on doors and asking people who they were going to vote for. I was hot, tired, disgusted, and discouraged. I counted five more houses on my side of the street and decided I'd quit after those.

In one of those houses I met three teenagers who were surprised to hear that a black man was running for the Senate and wondered if Mr. Helms was still condemning homosexual photography. They said the people of North Carolina couldn't possibly reject Helms for a black man who supported perverts. Then they looked at me with hostile suspicion.

I decided to cover another street.

Facts are alarming

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there are only 750,000. If this continues, elephants may become extinct by the year 2000.

- Every three months the U.S. throw away enough aluminum to rebuild our commercial air fleet.

- Ninety-nine and a half percent of all the fresh water on earth is in icecaps and glaciers.

That's enough to think about this time. We'll look at more later. But do think about our world — and what you can do to clean it up.

Obscenity presented by GWAR offers valid statement on society

By MARK BRETT

The American Heritage Dictionary defines "obscene" as "offensive to accepted standards of decency."

On Tuesday, Sept. 18, Oderus Urungus, lead singer of the heavy metal band GWAR, was arrested on charges of public obscenity after a performance in Charlotte. One vice officer on the scene has been quoted as saying, "2 Live Crew is Sunday School compared to this group."

On the previous evening, Sept. 17, GWAR performed in Chapel Hill to an amused and excited crowd, none of whom seemed to be very upset (except, perhaps, by the half-hour delay in the show's start).

The opening Act, Agony Column, got things moving with a loud, fast, incoherent, and mercifully short set of hardcore thrash, setting off a few rounds of friendly slam-dancing. Opening for GWAR has to be one of the toughest gigs in music, and Agony Column did a passable job of it. At least they didn't sing about Norse gods and pretend to be profound.

After a brief intermission, the lights went down and the real show began. GWAR claims to be a group of warriors from outer space, and promises to slaughter and subjugate each and every audience on Earth. They began making good on this promise from the outset, as three people in hideous form and latex masks slipped onstage, carrying signs bearing such slogans as "GWAR is Obscene Filth" and "Guns Not GWAR."

These three protesters were quickly and horribly dispatched by the band members, spraying the audience with what was to be the first of many gushers of blood (as a friend of mine said, if you're going to see GWAR, don't wear anything you want to keep). After ridding themselves of the dissenters, GWAR lit into their anthem, "The Salaminizer."

"A little message from a God to a slave," this song set the mood for the evening, in more ways than one. In the fantasy world of GWAR the conquering horde, our masters had taken the stage and were were domed. In reality, a remarkably talented, funny, and (above all) intelligent heavy metal band had its audience enthralled. In either case, GWAR had us right

Review

where they wanted us. There was no escape.

The rest of the set, in all honesty, is a bit of a blur. As the show progressed, a seemingly endless supply of victims was brought onstage to meet messy ends, all spraying the crowd with blood and other unappetizing substances.

The most memorable of these was a priest (an actor in a big foam "priest suit") who was cut open, had a few vital organs burst over the crowd, and was then sodomized with a two-foot latex penis by our main man Oderus (who then climaxed on the audience); and a bag of dead babies, who had their brains eaten, their skulls penetrated by the two-foot latex member, and were cast aside. After one of these displays, between songs, Oderus told the crowd: "Remember: It's not rape if they're dead."

The point of this display? Keep in mind that GWAR is, first and foremost, a parody band. Ozzy Osbourne bit the heads of bats and blew up livestock onstage, and other performers have been known to drink animal blood in concert (the real thing, not the stage blood of GWAR) and make bizarre pleas to Satan, all with a straight face. GWAR, in the true spirit of parody, takes these antics a few steps further to point out their inherent stupidity.

"Satan," Oderus said on the night in question, "is too cliché for GWAR."

Another portion of the stage show involved "Private Parts," a super hero figure (a guy in a big foam muscle-suit) who tries to clean up GWAR's act, making mincemeat of both Oderus and the Sexecutioner (GWAR's second-string vocalist). He is then defeated by GWAR Woman (apparently GWAR's sex object) with a swift kick to the groin, in a nice statement, not the only one of the evening, on both authority figures and sexism.

And, let us forget, the music was good, too. The memory of the complete playlist was annihilated by steams of blood and goo, but they did play "Maggots," "Horror of 'Yig'" (which didn't have the bagpipe solo but was accompanied by a very nice fire-dance from GWAR Woman), and the crowd-pleasing "Slaughterama" (which was strangely inoffensive after the other excesses of the evening). GWAR played, and they played well. That's all that really matters.

So, is GWAR obscene? Yes! This act is "offensive to accepted standards of decency." Is this necessarily a bad thing? No. When the obscenity exists to make a valid statement about the society that has accepted the standards being violated, it has every right to exist. This is known as freedom of speech.

Oderus Urungus was released from jail Sept. 19 on \$1,000 bond.

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