

Temporary Storage

Too cold to be homeless

By TOMMY SPALDING
Editor

Chances are you've seen them on the street corner with signs asking for help. Perhaps you've stopped long enough to give them money, or provide them with food.

Perhaps you haven't.

Regardless of your contribution(s) to the area's homeless, there is one thing you should never do; make a mockery of the millions of homeless people across the United States.

On Feb. 22 that's exactly what happened at IUS. The Zeta Phi Beta sorority teamed with the IUS Volunteer Center to host "Sleep Out for the Homeless" — an event in which students were supposed to gather on campus to sleep outside to — according to a flier — "bring awareness about the plight of people who are homeless."

Instead of sleeping outside, the students decided to have an all-night party inside at the Student Involvement Center. How do I know this? I was on campus on Friday night — you would be surprised at what you hear going on in the halls when you're in The Horizon office late at night.

The flier contained myths and facts about homelessness. According to the flier, it is a myth that homeless people commit more violent crimes than housed people, but the flier states that the truth is that homeless people actually commit less violent crimes than housed people.

That's fine and dandy. Good job of separating myths from facts about the homeless Zeta Phi Beta, and Volunteer Center. Everyone should know the facts about the homeless, instead of judging them based on pre-conceived stereotypes.

However, your good deed was spoiled by your actions on Feb. 22. Actions speak louder than words, and you sent a message very loud and clear by backing out of sleeping outside.

I do not doubt that Zeta Phi Beta and the Volunteer Center took reasonable time to research the facts and myths about the homeless. I do not question their reason for doing so. Actually, I applaud their efforts to educate the public.

However, I believe there are few myths and facts that they failed to mention, thus leading to the mockery that took place on Feb. 22. Just so

that everyone knows, I will attempt to dispose of some myths about the homeless.

Myth: When it is cold outside, homeless people decide to stay inside and party with all their buddies.

Fact: Most people who are homeless have no where to go when the temperature drops. They do not get to stay inside a warm building, watch TV, and search the Internet like the people who participated in "Sleep Out for the Homeless" did.

Myth: When homeless people get hungry, they call Dominos.

Fact: Unlike the participants of "Sleep Out for the Homeless," homeless people do not have the simple luxury of ordering pizza when their stomachs begin to rumble from hunger.

If Zeta Phi Beta and the Volunteer Center is sincere about "bringing awareness about the plight

of people who are homeless," than they should have slept outside like they had advertised. If they wanted to help people realize what homelessness feels like, they missed the perfect opportunity; a cold night. To not sleep outside because it is too cold, is a slap in the face of all those who are homeless. The homeless do not get to decide which nights they'll spend outside simply because of the weather.

When Zeta Phi Beta and the Volunteer Center made the decision to stay inside, they should have invited some real homeless people to join them. If they

weren't going to experience what it's like to be homeless, then they could have allowed the homeless to experience what it's like to be a college student.

If they really wanted to make people aware of homelessness, they should have volunteered to work at area homeless shelters such as The Healing Place or Wayside Christian Mission. I can guarantee that their services would have been greatly needed and appreciated.

The participants would have received a much deeper understanding of the plight of the homeless when they served soup to people who knew they were receiving their only meal of the day. They would have seen the desperation in the eyes of children who have no new clothes or toys.

Most importantly, however they would not have had an all-night party in the name of homelessness.

'If they weren't going to experience what it's like to be homeless, then they could have allowed the homeless to experience what it's like to be a college student.'

Crap! The Musical

I sold my soul to country & western music

By MARK HALE
Contributing Writer

I love country music. Don't misunderstand; I'm not talking about pop-country. Shania Twain (did she die or something? I'm almost afraid to make a joke about her. Where is she, anyway?) and her bare-midriffed country ilk are just Britney Spears with a twang, and I greatly fear both Garth Brooks's bald head and that one Dixie Chick who doesn't have a neck. She's like a linebacker, and the glint in her eyes makes my thigh meat afraid for its well-being.

I like the real stuff. The tear-in-my-beer, why-you-done-left-me-baby stuff. The you-done-me-wrong-now-I'm-doing-time stuff. I love all the old country dudes like Johnny Cash, Hank Williams, and Willie Nelson, and their true descendants, guys like Unknown Hinson.

According to his website (<http://www.unknownhinson.com>), Unknown Hinson had a rough life, due mostly to being cheated out of the credit for creating country & western music. He's done some long, hard time, allegedly; now he's making up for the years he missed.

I was lucky enough to see Hinson, The King of Country & Western Troubadours, at the Phoenix Hill Tavern not long ago. I say "lucky" because the half-dozen staff people standing around the entranceway, including the tubby guy sitting next to the stairs up to the show,

neglected to tell my friend and I what part of the bar the show was in. After sitting downstairs like dimwits for about fifteen minutes, I went to the little boys' room. I heard Hinson's rollicking rockabilly groove and unmistakable voice drawling its way down the stairs. So up we went. A bit brightly lit for a bar concert, but I quickly forgot about that because the woman in front of me would not shut up.

Luckily, the amps nearby drowned out the majority of her natterings to her short, round friend. I'd like not only to wish Chatty Cathy good luck with her nursing career, but also to let her know real hippie chicks don't wear blue Gilligan hats with "Hippie Chick" embroidered on the front. Hope this helps.

The bad vibes weren't calmed at all by the two young ladies near the stage wearing berets. At a rockabilly show, that's just confusing. The whole crowd just... sucked.

Believe it or not, I saw and enjoyed a concert that night. Hinson and his band perform and play like it's the only thing they know how to do, but the lyrics quickly dispel that notion.

The songs cover the full range of emotions: unrequited love ("It's not a ghost from your past / just condensation on the glass / Foggy winders has come between us again"), philosophy ("Hey, little hippie girl / how 'bout some free love, baby?"), love triangles ("I ain't

afraid of your husband, baby / I'm comin' over tonight"), sacrifice ("I cleaned out a room in my trailer for you"), and felon offenses ("Don't try to run, darlin' / You won't get too far / You'll be safe and secure / Ridin' in the trunk of my Cadillac car").

Unless you were born with no sense of humor, or had it sucked out of you by a liberal arts college, you'll recognize Hinson as satire. Great satire. Even good satire makes you question the world you live in. You should feel uncomfortable when you laugh at a song about kidnapping or domestic abuse. But if you can't make fun of trailer park Springer fodder, who can you make fun of? Canadians, I guess.

The spirit of Hinson and his band is old style and sensibility brought whole hog right into the present. They aren't just aping that style or going through the motions. They know and love and believe in what they're playing.

Okay, maybe whoever Unknown Hinson really is doesn't believe spouse abuse is funny. But I don't doubt that he makes faces when he makes love.

Or that he shuts the hell up when someone's playing.

Drunk woman: "Hey, it's this guy's birthday!"

Unknown Hinson: "Now, why do I care about that? What the hell does that have to do with my new CD?"

Factual Errors of Fact

Money helps silence protest

By JASON HANCOCK
Associate Editor

It has been proven throughout time that democracy works better when it fosters equal opportunity and high standards of living and justice, and whenever our nation has drifted from that path, there has always been a concerned citizenry to correct it.

The nineteenth century brought us abolitionists fighting against slavery, farmers fighting against oppressive railroads and banks, and later on, unionists fighting against brutal workplace conditions. In the 1960s and 70s, the civil rights, consumer, environmental, and women's rights movements made major advancements in the improvement of our society. Because of these active citizens, our country has become more tolerant, safer, and a place of greater opportunity for all.

Today, however, the overwhelming influence of greed has caused the corporate world to do anything it can to silence those who feel corporate power has grown too much.

For starters, peaceful protests don't make it on the news anymore. The news media is too

concerned with tabloid news to bother to report on people protesting a great injustice. Unless there is some sort of violence, which is usually brought on by frustration at not being able to get the media's attention, the protesters have to settle for a caption under a picture of a giant puppet. If it does not bleed then it shall not lead.

When they do make it on the news, they are described as a cluster of protesters with no main cause to speak of, characterized as a bunch of radicals, or worse, as a bunch of know-nothings.

In the process, the message is lost.

Look at the WTO protests in Seattle. In one joyous moment, you could find labor, human rights, and environmental advocates walking side by side with one cause. But was that cause in the news? No, only the small group within the march that set fire to a couple of Starbucks got publicity. What could have been a glorious moment turned into a black eye for the movement.

So what exactly were they protesting? The answer to that is very simple: poverty in an era of great concentrated wealth,

corrupt money in world politics, the widening income gap, sweatshops, ecological dilapidation, and globalization *through* unjust organizations like the WTO and the World Bank (Globalization itself is not bad, just in the way it is being brought about.) William Booth of the *Washington Post* got it right when he said that the slogan "Human need, not corporate greed" served as a unifying message for the ailing protest movement.

That message does not get the headlines, though, because the giant media conglomerates that are the gatekeepers of news know it would be bad for business if that view got out.

But that kind of logic cannot last forever. As with every just movement in the history of the world, eventually good will prevail.

Societies rot from the top down. They reconstruct from the bottom up. When the citizens of the world finally get fed up enough, they will refuse to stand for the abuse of gluttonous corporations and corrupt politicians, and when that day happens, nothing will stand in their way

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The Horizon is a student-produced newspaper, published weekly during the fall and spring semesters.

Editors must be enrolled in at least three credit hours and are paid through a stipend.

The Horizon is not an official publication of Indiana University Southeast and therefore does not necessarily reflect its views.

To report a story idea or obtain information, call 941-2253, fax 941-2582 or email horizon@ius.edu.

The Horizon is a member of the Indiana Collegiate Press Association.

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