



Submitted Photo

Hypnotist Sailesh puts about 30 Truman State students to sleep at his performance Saturday in Baldwin Hall Auditorium. Sailesh, who was brought to Truman by SAB, put on two performances, a family-friendly show at 4 p.m. and a "R-rated" show at 7 p.m.. Some audience members as far back as the balcony became hypnotized.

Hypnotist entertains, surprises

Index editor reviews visiting hypnotist's performance

BY JENNIFER MARKS
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There's no better way to spend a Friday night than watching about 30 of your fellow Truman State students embarrass themselves for two hours. Luckily, that is exactly how I spent last Friday night, when the Student Activities Board brought Sailesh, Hypnotist Extraordinaire to campus.

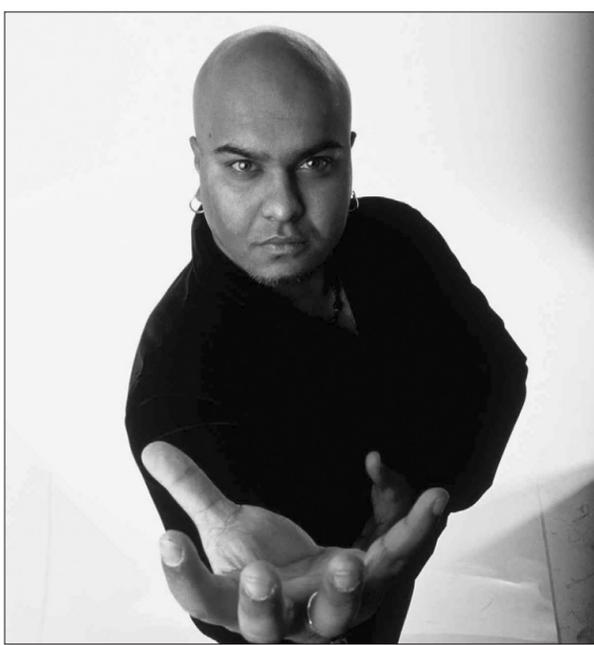
As Sailesh took the stage for the 9 p.m. "R-rated" show, I was a complete skeptic, never having seen a professional hypnotist before. There was just no way one man could make 30 students do anything except what they wanted to do. I've never been happier to be proven wrong.

Not only did Sailesh manage to hypnotize most of the students on stage, he kept them in that state for more than two hours. With his flair and booming voice, Sailesh managed to even hypnotize students in the audience as far back as the

balcony. He had students on stage cuddle with each other in an imagined snowstorm, dirty dance with members of the same sex and even "see" him completely naked. It was like being at an R-rated comedy movie, watching Tosh.0 and attending a magical circus — all at the same time.

When I decided to attend the hypnotist, I was a bit concerned about the R-rating given by SAB. My mother was visiting for family weekend, and I planned to bring her along. Nothing is as bad as dirty jokes with your mom sitting next to you, but for the most part, Sailesh was crude while still being funny. The worst jokes in terms of profanity and raunchiness came out of the mouths of the half-conscious students, not the hypnotist.

I know it sounds crazy, but these students were completely controlled by him. He could command each one to revert to hypnotic sleep individually, occasionally using his "sleep gun" that could knock out students one by one. This hypnotic sleep is the kind of sleep every college student wants to get every night. One student was slumped over in her chair,



Sailesh

practically sleeping on her own lap. Others were leaned on each other, merely seconds away from drooling.

At first, I figured the students were just going to

pretend to be hypnotized and use this event as an excuse for being ridiculous. Oh, no — this was the real deal, folks. When all 30 students kept completely straight faces for two straight

hours while having their personal parts invisibly stretched, believing they were on the Jerry Springer Show and while relaying the secrets of their neighbor's talking genitals, I knew this was no conspiracy.

At the end of the performance, following a performance by the "Mens Russian Ballet" and a chair dance for several completely conscious ladies in the audience, Sailesh released the hypnotized students. Slowly, he began reminding them of the crazy things they did and said. As the waves of embarrassment washed over, Sailesh left them with one post-hypnotic suggestion: improved self-confidence and self-esteem.

Sailesh managed to seriously embarrass the students, without completely humiliating them. None of his suggestions were mean or hurtful and he was always concerned for their safety and comfort on-stage at all times. Instead of being ashamed of what they did, the hypnotized students high-fived and laughed after being reminded of all their comments and actions, of which they had complete memories. That's quality entertainment right there.

Editor reflects on First Amendment



BY ASHLEY JOST
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In light of Monday being Constitution Day (betcha didn't know that, eh?), I'd like to take a second and remind students how amazing it is that this newspaper exists.

Political debates discuss the second amendment and cop shows showcase the idea of "pleading the fifth [amendment]," but today I'm going to remind everyone how vital the First Amendment is.

Disclaimer: The first amendment might just be my favorite thing in the entire universe. I don't care if that sounds geeky, it's true.

Most people who aren't communication majors don't know about a famous court case called *Hazelwood v. Kuhlmeier*, which was a Supreme Court case that granted administrators in public elementary and secondary schools the opportunity to control content in student publications, according to oyez.org, a major online court outlet of information.

In a five-to-three decision, the Supreme Court decided schools and administrators "retained the right to refuse to sponsor speech that was inconsistent with the shared values of a civilized social order," according to [Oyez](http://oyez.org).

Essentially, the Court ruled for administrators to be able to read content before it's published and decide whether something should be pulled. The kicker: they don't have to tell you why.

The situation that sparked the case was the students involved in the news-

paper at Hazelwood East High School were wanting to write stories about issues such as teen parents, and the administrators found it to be inappropriate so they tried to cut the story.

Following the act by administrators, legal action was taken to address the question of whether First Amendment rights were being violated regarding freedom of press and freedom of speech.

I went to Hazelwood West High School, and was involved with the newspaper for the majority of my time there. While much of my memory is fuzzy, there are a few things I distinctly remember happening, which caused some serious journalistic angst on my part.

My sophomore year, we had a major bomb threat spray-painted on the front patio-like entrance to our school, and student media was not allowed to cover the threat.

My junior year we tried to print a story about the National Day of Silence, which allows students to show support for lesbian, gay, bisexual and transgender people. Just days before it went to print, administration asked us to pull the story from the paper. Why? Because they said so. That was the answer I received and that was the only answer required to make a decision that cost me a front page and an entire middle spread of the month's paper.

Not going to say I still have a grudge or anything, but I do. A big one.

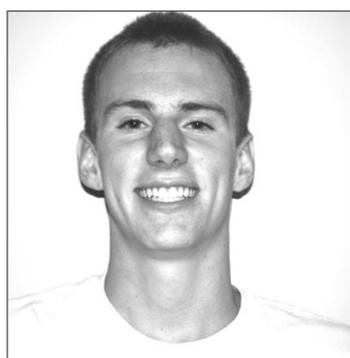
It's okay though, because during the last three years I've had the opportunity to really experience true journalism.

I've written stories about things that are contentious for administration, and done it correctly by discussing the facts. The only thing that stood between those stories and me was an army of copy editors to make sure my spelling and grammar was correct.

Post-high school journalism is a beautiful thing. It allows writers to use the First Amendment to its fullest potential.

The point is, what you're reading right now is not only the blood, sweat and tears of about 50 fellow students, but content students choose independently from faculty, staff or administrators, all thanks to the First Amendment. And that, my friends, is a beautiful thing.

English majors make judgments



BY JOHN BROOKS
Staff Reporter

The thing about English majors is we're judging you from the first sentence out of your mouth. We're judging this column, too, looking for an improperly used comma or run-on sentence. We checked two times to make sure that was the right to, too.

It's just the way we are. You can't hammer critical thinking and attention to detail into someone every day and expect them not to apply it to their everyday lives. We're judgmental people.

It's not that we're snobs. We simply are skilled in an area everyone uses on a daily basis. No, not in the art of clichés, but in the art of communication. Your communication is an important part of what you're projecting to the world. We're looking over our glasses and wondering when there will be another mistake in your paper. It's because we understand and appreciate English, and we want you to, too.

If you use the wrong ellipses ... expect us to mentally smirk. Proper use of ellipses is dying out, though, even among English majors. Now I need to vary my sentence structure. They're getting too long and complex; though a semicolon certainly won't help. It does provide a nice break, but it always is so distracting.

So few people understand how to properly use a semicolon that it's like seeing an English major at a party: a rarity. I was able to use that colon because the sentence could have ended there and it would have been properly constructed. English majors know this. It's fortunate I didn't put a comma in the middle of the previous sentence, or I would have

had a comma splice. This grammatical mangling is a terrible crime. I said "is" because, like most English majors, I try to stay in the active voice when I write, though sometimes it has been difficult. English majors understand that.

Like most English majors, I'm not sure when I realized I knew the importance of words. I do know that I quickly realized the inherent safety of words. I always will have semicolons; I always will be able to, no matter how bad of an idea it is, construct a sentence so horribly complex — no, so beautifully complex — that the teachers who gave me these skills would throw down their copies of "Strunk and White" and scream in agony at it. And yet, they would be able to show me how to break this sentence down into something more decipherable.

There is comfort in words for me. When people ignore me, I know I will never use a comma splice. I will never mistake a coma for a comma, or cologne for a colon. Your colon smells wonderful today. Proper grammar and diction require an attention to detail and create inside jokes between the people who understand them.

Words do have comfort and an absoluteness. When put together well, when rules are followed, they come together to give meaning. When massacred by the masses, it's as though this very meaning is being gutted. It's painful for us that Vonnegut, Plath, Hemingway, O'Brien and McCarthy share the same language with Cosmo, People and paranormal teen romances.

English majors smirk when you end a sentence with a preposition, despite knowing you shouldn't of. The copy editor for this piece wants to change that to "shouldn't have." I'm hoping they don't because it would kill the joke. They wince when you stroll past literary geniuses for recycled trash. Try to keep up, because English majors don't just think they're better than you. They have a better grip on the language you use every time you waste our air. They understand sarcasm when they read it. So, just as we suspect, we're superior. And please, for the love of God — be mindful when you read. Pay attention to tone. Think about words and their connotations. We'll be happy if you just think. Be careful, though, or else you might find you've become an English major.