

# the Monitor

Volume 1, No. 1

Wednesday, April 12, 1995

a student collective

## Taking back the night

by Andrea Pigg

Communication—a powerful word and a powerful tool.

That is the purpose of the Women's Resource Center, located in the main foyer of Ryle Hall: to promote the communication of information, ideas, and education while encouraging healthy dialogue and understanding between women and men on campus.

The WRC is a service entirely staffed by student volunteers who give their time to keep the center alive.

Although the center is small, it has a lot to offer and has made great progress in its five years of existence on campus. Founded in 1990 by two female students and originally funded by private donations, the WRC became an official part of the Student Services three years ago, according to Carrie Turner, co-director of the WRC.

"The WRC is important because we do have so many organizations on campus that seem to have only one view. We have no political agenda. We're just there to make you feel good about the decisions you make," said Turner.

The WRC is sponsoring a Rape Awareness Week April 10-12. Information tables will be set up in the SUB with information about rape, including statistics and NMSU survey results, and will offer students the chance to sign a pledge against rape.

The center coordinated self-defense programs and has planned a "Take Back the Night Walk" this evening in support of the rape survivors, to promote awareness and to protest violence against women.

In addition to these services, the center presents programs every month on timely issues including women's history, sexual awareness and alcohol awareness.

Although one of the main objectives of the WRC is to create an awareness of women's issues, it also acts as a referral service to campus and community services and encourages and promotes female artists with an art show, poetry and music recitals.

While the WRC promotes women's issues, it does not exclude men.

"We're not out to bash men. Men are an integral part of the center. We need them to bring in their perspectives," said Turner.

The WRC has an extensive and evolving reference library with information on topics concerning both men and women including mental health, career information, sexual awareness, religion, health and violence. Videos and books are also available on a variety of topics. The center is a remarkable source of information that not all students realize is at their disposal.

The WRC is open weekdays from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. during the academic year.

Andrea Pigg is a sophomore English major.



opinion

### Friend or Foe?

Acquaintance rape, defined as forced sexual intercourse between people who know each other, is the most common kind of rape. It comprises more than half of all rapes.

"People need to become more aware of how often acquaintance rape occurs, women also need to know how often alcohol is a factor," Anne Chesney, co-coordinator of volunteers at the Woman's Resource Center, said.

According to *Sexual Assault on Campus* one out of 4 college women will be sexually assaulted. Of those women, 80 percent will know their attackers. In these cases 75 percent of men and 50 percent of women will be drunk or drugged.

An acquaintance rapist may be an "All American Boy" according to a pamphlet from the Missouri Department of Health. He may also be someone who makes his

see page 6 FRIEND OR FOE?

## Death to the Sacred Cow

by Dr. David Robinson

In recent letters to the Index, two professors have argued that we are all overburdened with courses to teach or take, and two student senators have noted that the efforts of the English faculty, to make their courses worth four credits rather than three, are out of step with overall university practice. Both sides are correct. We really need to alter our entire curriculum, in a radical way, to resolve those problems and to bring us in line with those highly selective liberal arts institutions whose ranks we claim to have joined. We can be proud of this university's achievements. A successful university is a living, developing thing, and one chief attraction of this university has been its willingness to innovate and change—in nearly every important area except the curriculum. Do we have to assign one-half of undergraduate credits to the general education program? Why do most students here end up taking core courses all four (or indeed five) years? Why is it that a second-semester freshman has little hope of enrolling in any core course, unless that student is granted the elusive yellow card? No

see page 3 DIE COW

Brent gets his hair cut and some lessons in life, 4 & 5;  
Fiction and poetry, 8; Book Review, 7

# thank you missouri hall senate.

they will be selling heather gray t-shirts for eight dollars or black shirts for nine dollars at the hall office. pick up yours soon!

## A Little Off the Top: an afternoon at Charlie's

By Brent Ricci

What does an eighty year old farmer, his wife, a student at Northeast, and a self-proclaimed, paranoid schizophrenic, ordained Baptist minister have in common? Most people, regardless of race or creed aren't bald. It follows that most people need a barber. Charles Donaldson (affectionately known on campus as Five-Buck-Chuck) is that barber, that commonality.

From his one chair shop near the corner of Franklin and Jefferson, Charlie has heard the thoughts and seen the changes of Kirksville over the past forty years. His voice has been known as, if not authoritative, somewhat representative—of not only himself but the diversity of his patrons. The following are excerpts from the conversations I experienced at Charlie's place a few days ago.

□

### —On The Name Change—

*Monitor:* Do you feel as though it would heighten the image of the University?

Charlie: You know what a higher bathroom is? It's one on the thirteenth floor. It's still a bathroom, but it's higher up, right?... The most important job is to teach the kids to get their feet on the ground when they get out. Quit trying to build the image of the college up like that. The students are the image. The kids are the fruit you pick off the tree, it's not the college. You take the kids out, you haven't got a college.

*M:* Do you think that it would bring more people to our school?

C: People don't come here because there's a big flag out there that says "college." They don't do that. They come here because their friends say they know what this place is. I have people come in here from Bangladesh and Sri-Lanka. I ask them, "How'd you hear about Kirksville?" They say, "My friend told me."... Northeast is northeast. They've got so many kids that they need to turn some away. Why would you want to buy a bigger watermelon if you can't eat what you got?

### —People and Changes—

*M:* What changes have you noticed around here since the University changed to a liberal arts institution?

C: Students have changed. Their breeding's changed. More left-wingists I'd say, they're more into their "rights," more into anti-establishment, more free swingers, more loose... To me it's demoralized the kids to where you don't need to be nearly as sharp. You may be a computer whiz, but you've still got to live out here on the street with the rest of us, and fellah, if you're an odd ball, you're out of step, not with me, but with the world, with society.

C: The students get out of school now, and they've got

no direction. They've got a vine to swing on, but no feet for landing... When it was a teacher's college, everyone who got out of here could pretty much get a job. Now, they get out of here and they have to go to the McDonald's... They manufacture kids so fast down here. We need to teach them how to survive.

*M:* How do you think this could be remedied?

C: Set up some standards, set up some stricter appearance rules, social rules.

### —Guns—

C: I think everybody ought to have one. We don't have many rights. The government doesn't want it. Police have the upper edge on everybody except the crook. All I want is the right to be just as good as a crook... If he (the crook) thought that all of us might be carrying one, that sucker'd think, "Man, I'd better be careful," because we'd have equal rights.

### —Kirksville—

*M:* What sort of problems do you see in Kirksville?

C: The town thinks that they don't need the college, the college doesn't think it needs the town, the osteopaths don't think they need the people, the people don't think they need the osteopaths. People think that they're more important than the others.

*M:* How do you think they could resolve that?

C: They could carry guns! (laughs) ...We need all people. They should work well together, but they don't. There are too many factions here—like a trade center. That makes a town have to really struggle sometimes.

### —Kids—

C: Trouble with kids today, there's just a lack of control over them. It's because they have no fear. Fear's the reason I don't rob the bank (pointing across the street). It's the fear of thirty years in prison, but now, you spend two, so they're doing it.

C: The only reason I'm here is because I've been a little scared all my life. I've always been scared, and that keeps you in line, whether it's going to heaven, or that your dad'll get after you, or fear of what your mom or your best friend will think of you. What do you think (pointing to the farmer)?

Eighty-Year-Old Farmer: Well, I think respect and love are two good words to keep in mind. I think they're overlooked anymore. It used to be that if you didn't stay in line, your dad didn't have to do anything but point a finger and say, "you'd better straighten up." That was about all you needed.

C: You can't touch kids anymore. That goes back to our government. Our King is killing us.

EYOF: Teachers can't even correct them. The Superintendent over here a few years ago got killed over it. A kid's dad got mad at the man for correcting his child



## feature

and knocked the heck out of him. His heart quit. The Superintendent hadn't hit the kid or anything, but told him he was gonna have him expelled if he didn't straighten up.

C: Instead of a fear of being corrected, people are beginning to fear to correct others. It's backwards. You can fix that by putting the people back in the school and getting the government out.

### —O.J. (sorry, it sort of came up on its own)—

Baptist Minister: I can see where he possibly could do it. I can't see why he would want to, except that he's crazy out of his head. People are just out of control. C: You don't go by right and wrong. The trial out here is money now. You can't say who did it and who's going to jail because we're not playing that game. The game we're playing isn't a right and wrong game, it's not a justice game, it's money.

### —The Government and Business—

M: What do you think about big businesses coming into Kirksville, the franchises?

C: I heard a fellow saying the other day that Robin Hood didn't steal from the rich and give to the poor, he stole from the government and gave to the common man. That makes the world sound a little different. The rich man hires my family to work in his factory.

### FOE? cont. from page 1

victim feel guilty ("What's the matter, don't you like me?"), someone who feels sex is his right ("You led me on") or someone who used emotional blackmail ("I'll commit suicide if you break up with me").

One way the NMSU campus deals with this and other forms of rape is through Public Safety.

Public Safety's Victim's Assistance Program set up for people victimized by any form of sexual misconduct: rape, abuse or harassment, according to director of the Department of Public Safety, Lisa Sprague.

The program provides a 24 hour hotline with trained volunteers who tell the victim how to get evidence, direct them to medical help, provide counseling, inform them of criminal and university processes and, if necessary, crisis intervention.

"We try to give them enough information to make a decision for themselves about what they should do," Sprague said.

Some prevention tips for campus safety are:

- never walk alone
- don't prop open self-locking doors
- keep doors and windows locked
- use campus escorts (x4176).

Prevention tips for dates and parties are:

- stay sober
- make clear communication
- trust your instincts to avoid risky situations
- make sure someone knows where you are
- be assertive.

"Be careful and be aware," Chesney said.

by Jessica Sabol, a sophomore poli sci major.

The rich man set up a teacher's college in Kirksville. The government's putting us out of business, not the rich.

C: It's getting to where people can't run anything anymore. There's too much government rule. Too many regulations.

EYOF: They just made the fire department put in a handicapped ramp. I hope there aren't a lot of firemen who are handicapped.

### —Sanity—

C: How do I get my life in order? The Almighty. A relationship with Christ gives us the strength to carry through.

BM: The world is a wild place. The Christian population is down. Power is a wild creature. You can't tame it... Evil and power get out of hand and they eat themselves up. Look at baseball.

C: There's no Christianity down here. They push individualism, humanism. You need peace of mind before you can move on. You need air to live.

M: Do you think that's the only way?

C: It's the only way I know.

M: Is that what keeps you going?

C: It's the goodness of these people, not drinking six beers and learning how to be a professor. My customers are good people. These people here are doing the best they can, honest to goodness. You do the best you can and Brother, that's fine. If you make a mistake you

say, "I'm sorry." What you do doesn't have to be good if it's your best... You gotta learn to live.

□

So there you have it. Opinions formed not only by the patrons of forty years, but by sixty-four years of his own life. If you enjoy talking, enjoy listening, and have hair, Charlie's is located just east of the intersection of Jefferson and Franklin. He cuts for both men and women and charges five bucks for the conversation—that comes with a free haircut.

Brent Ricci is a sophomore English major.

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I write to you to show you  
I am an incurable  
and nothing else behaves like  
me*

—Bob Pollard

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## GUNS SUCK cont. from page 2

something to sell you. It's coming from those brave men and women who are sworn to protect you. They have your life—not dollar signs or political power—in mind. If they don't feel more secure that citizens are armed, why should we?

So when conservative lawmakers in Missouri propose that anyone over 21, with no prior felony charges, dishonorable discharge, or mental illness should be permitted to carry a concealed weapon after 24 hours of handgun safety courses, we should be afraid. Afraid that a society already plagued by violence and murder, just raised the stakes of the game. Is 24 hours of classes enough to make someone a firearms expert now? Would we allow police officers to finish the academy with only 24 hours of gun training? No. And yet proponents of these laws believe that's all it takes to carry a concealed gun. Forget continuous practice or reassessment. If this bill passes, then after a few years people will be carrying guns that they might not have used for months—and later, years. This open season on criminals (and anyone else who gets in the way of vigilante justice) will be filled with amateur gunmen who are likely to be just as paranoid as the criminals that everyone around them is carrying a gun. These conditions don't appear to be any more comforting than the ones now—in fact, the chances for increased



violence seem inevitable with such laws. So the next time you go to the movies and the person next to you threatens the man behind him who's disturbing him, watch out. Because he may decide to defend himself—and it may be with a concealed gun. Ann Price is a freshman Journalism major.

## Injustice in Missouri

by Amy Venturella

When police in Aurora, MO (a town about 1/2 the size of Kirksville) questioned Johnny Lee Wilson, a 20-year-old mildly retarded man, in connection with the brutal murder of 79-year-old Pauline Martz, they felt sure they had their man. Wilson confessed to the crime and managed to provide small details from the murder scene. Case closed, right?

Wrong. Now in his ninth year behind bars, perhaps the only thing Johnny Lee Wilson can be guilty of is having been a product of a judicial system gone astray. Johnny Lee Wilson is innocent...and still remains in jail.

Innocent and still in jail? How could this happen in the great U. S. of A? In a six page article on Wilson in last September's *U.S. News and World Report* ("Innocent, But Behind Bars" September 19 1994), supporters of Wilson say he is a "symbol of a seldom recognized problem: among the most likely people to be falsely arrested, convicted, and even executed in the United States are the retarded. They are quick to 'confess' and easy to convict and frequently get poor legal defense."

When Wilson was brought in for questioning, he did not think to ask for an attorney and signed a waiver of his Miranda rights. From 8:30 p.m. until 12:10 a.m., four police officers bullied Wilson with "half-truths and threats" telling him of witnesses who placed him inside Martz's home (where Martz was bound, beaten and then burned alive). Producing no such witnesses, they claimed to have enough evidence to put him in jail.

After two hours of pleading his innocence, Wilson realized he was in trouble and gave the police the answers they wanted. By the end of the interrogation, Wilson admitted to arson, attempted rape (even though a coroner's report found no evidence of sexual assault), and theft, claiming that he buried the stolen jewels under a basketball hoop in his yard—the police searched but never found such jewelry.

Perhaps the most devastating blow came when Wilson's court-appointed defense forfeited the trial and convinced Wilson to enter an Alford plea, which meant by pleading guilty to first degree murder, he would avoid the possibility of the death penalty. However, according to the *U.S. News* article, Wilson seemed confused when he entered his plea of "I'm guilty, I guess."

After hearing all of this, I was outraged. It seemed inconceivable to me that the judicial system could take advantage of a man who, according to his high school assistant principal "didn't have the mental capability to do

see page 8 SCREWED

## Placing an Ad in the Monitor

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all ads are due by Saturday, 22 April (Earth Day!). Payment is due by Thursday, 27 April.



## Book and Music Reviews

## Border Liners: Doing Time in an Orphanage

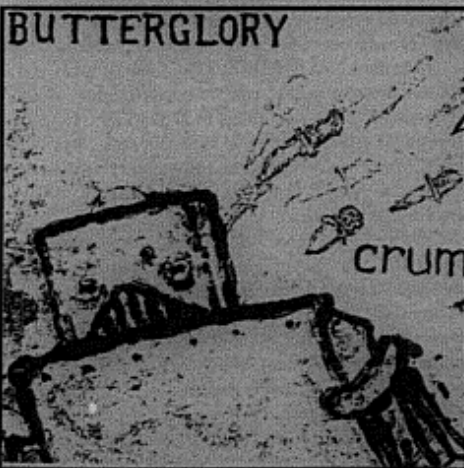
By Emily Kirby

Peter Hoeg's *Border Liners* is a chaotic trip through time in which the narrator relates his impressions of his childhood experiences in a startlingly honest, yet disturbing manner. Violent and thought-provoking, this novel actively challenges one's attitudes toward childhood, educational systems, and the very essence of time. The horrifying reality of Peter's life makes it difficult for readers to distance themselves from Hoeg's work.

*Border Liners* has Peter as its central figure. Having been shuffled from one Danish orphanage to another, Peter is finally sent to a boarding school in which he can be a member of real society. His bonding with like-minded outsiders at the school, the orphaned Katarina and the psychotic and patricidal August, leads to a formation of a pseudo-family between the three of them. They slowly discover that they, along with the other children in the school are subjects in an experiment that uses time to control them.

The novel's lightning-speed pace keeps the reader engrossed to the end. Not for the squeamish, this novel presents violence in a brutally honest manner. Hoeg also keeps his readers interested in his work through the characters' discussion of theories of time, their various philosophical debates, and the refreshing alternative to American culture that a foreign author can offer. A desire to think coupled with an open mind make *Border Liners* an immensely enjoyable work. It sure beats sitting around and waiting to be entertained.

*Border Liners* is available at Pickler.



## Lawrence, Kansas's Butterglory: Better than Steak Night

By Matt Tomich

"I didn't like registration lines so I dropped out", Matt Suggs mumbles and shrugs in one of the fifteen tracks on Butterglory's newest release, *Crumble*. Matt Suggs and Debbie VanDerWals of Butterglory aren't Jello-mold rock stars; both were undergraduate students in the Lawrence,

Kansas area and have consistently stated in interviews that the common ground in their working musical relationship is their previous employment in the university cafeteria.

Their music is as unpretentious as their last real job. In a world of 24-track studios and overblown production where the song is incomplete unless every nook and cranny of the aural spectrum is filled with some sort of noise, Butterglory's sonic paucity is a beautiful change. *Crumble* holds true to the spirit of Butterglory's indie-acclaimed self-released 7" singles, such as "Alexander Bends" which took a stab at an earnest low-fidelity sound by recording in such an exotic location as their parent's family room. The instrumentation is just as modest: Matt's streamlined chiming guitar lines, Debbie's tastefully sufficient drums, and occasionally a bass or organ color these catchy slack pop songs. Butterglory's stripped-down minimalism is the key to their sound with nary a guitar solo or minute of musical wanking that doesn't contribute to the hummable melodies or the song's point (Pearl Jam take note). Only a single track on *Crumble* takes more than three minutes to make its point.

The songs that are cooked up from Butterglory's Carol-like recipe of musical strokes echo indie-rock heroes such as Pavement or the Wedding Present; the clean guitars chime and clang like bells and the singing is either anxiously impassioned or lazily mumbled, sometimes both in the space of a single song. But Butterglory would rather tell tales of video games and fickle Midwestern weather than the genre's trademark topics of bored failure and confused passions (respectively) like their musical compatriots. Sure beats that fuckin' Van Halen shit.

(*Crumble* is available through your local record store or MERGE Records, P.O. Box 1235, Chapel Hill NC 27514)

## You Will Love the 6ths

by Dave Heaton

*Wasps' Nests* is the first full-length album from the 6ths, a side project of Stephin Merritt, singer-songwriter-musician for The Magnetic Fields. This album includes 15 songs written and produced by Merritt, yet sung by 15 different singers, including Lou Barlow (Sebadoh, etc.), Georgia Hubley (Yo La Tengo), Amelia Fletcher (Heavenly), Chris Knox (Tall Dwarfs, etc.) and Merritt himself. The variety of vocalists make the album rather star-studded, at least in the genre of independent/so-called "alternative" rock and pop. Yet the songs are clearly Merritt's.

The musical background for each song is a collage of synthesizers, drum machines, and odd electronic noises. The music is complex, with various electronic instruments and sounds, and the occasional percussion or guitar, layered beneath the vocals. While in some cases electronic music might sound cold and lifeless, on these songs the combination of sounds creates an atmosphere which complements the vocals and lyrics.

The album opens with Barbara Manning (San Francisco Seals) singing "San Diego Zoo." This song incorporates automobile metaphors and directions to the San Diego zoo with a sad, regretful chorus, centered around the song's title and the line: "How could I have ever left you?"

The second song, "Aging Spinners," sung by Merritt himself. Merritt's voice suits the song very well, and the song itself is a combination of images ("the city's so hot the winos burst into flames/and the Jesus freaks collapse with the weight of their claims") and the narrator's emotional and somewhat humorous plea: "Marry young, Diana, I don't want to see you old and alone/It's no fun, Diana, I don't want to see you rot in a home for aging spinners."

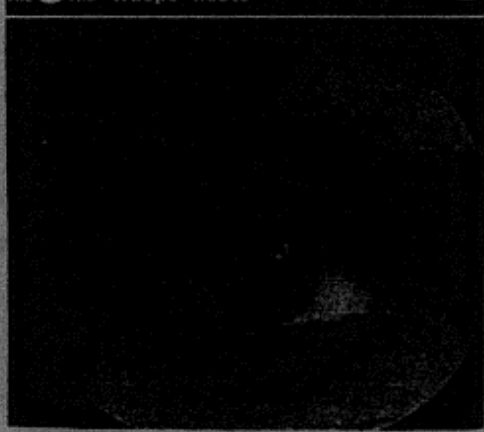
The album continues with themes similar to these two

songs. Merritt's songs deal mostly with emotions, such as love, sadness, regret, and loneliness. They also share common images, including dreams, rain, sleep (or the lack thereof), tears, the moon, the sun and dancing. But these similarities in theme and images do not make the album dull. Instead, they give the songs some kinship, making the album a complete work with a mood of its own, rather than just a collection of songs.

Yet the songs also stand well on their own. Besides writing quality lyrics and creating evocative music to back it up, Merritt has crafted melodies, the kind that stick in your head for ages. At times, Merritt also successfully contrasts the mood of lyrics with the mood of the music. For example, in "All Dressed Up in Dreams," Mary Timony sings a catchy melody set to upbeat, bouncy music. Yet the lyrics deal with the sadness of rejection. Timony's voice is somewhere between the two moods, giving the song balance and making it sound believable and honest despite the contrast.

Another common theme on the album is the use of dreams to escape reality. Mac McCaughan (Superchunk, Portastatic) sings "Dream Hat," where the narrator uses dreams to escape from "a wasted life with a wasted wife who will have nothing to do with me." On the next song, "Movies in My Head," Georgia Hubley also sings of escaping via dreams, but in a slightly different context. While the narrator in "Dream Hat" seems hurt and confused, the narrator in this song is enjoying her solitude and escape. Hubley's vocal style on this song is somewhat more subdued than usual, but this adds to the song. Her voice glides along with the music. Other highlights of "Wasps' Nests" are "Falling Out of Love (With You)," an extremely sad but catchy song sung by Dean Wareham (Luna, ex-Galaxie 500), "In The City In the Rain," sung quietly by Lou Barlow, and "Puerto Rico Way," which allows Mark Robinson (Air Miami, ex-Unrest) to show off his crooning a little.

## THE 6THS wasps' nests



In the most recent issue of *Raygun* magazine, Barbara Manning says that "Wasps' Nests" seems like more of a marketing idea than a work of genius. Perhaps she is right. Maybe the intent of the album is to make money, but it doesn't sound like it. The songs on this album sound genuine, and honest. Though the basic themes Merritt writes about are not new to popular music, the 6ths' songs do not sound clichéd or trite. The lyrics are often simple, but they say a lot.

While the album will likely appeal to die-hard fans of the indie-rock vocalists included, it is not necessary to be familiar with Merritt, Wareham, Hubley, etc. in order to enjoy these songs. Despite the star quality, "Wasps' Nests" is full of songs which are fun, inventive and touching, all at the same time.

# "Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain..."

By Nate Sternberg

Here, in the mournful solitude of my chamber, I write—I write far too easily, and the facility with which my own words appear before me horrifies me. The contrast of the practiced, effortless ease of my rhetoric against my own wizened, hunched form evokes in my mind the image of some ancient scribe, stoically recording events with the unthinking efficiency of an automaton, long deaf to the calls of his body. Such images have always been macabre and appalling to my eyes: yet I can no more prevent the endeavors of my brain than dam up a mountain stream: the flow may cease momentarily, but will always—*always!*—engulf and ruin any attempt I may make to thwart it. I feel, in fact, that this insatiable need to give form to my memories is the only passion left in my withered soul.

Yet I fear these words, fear them because they give form to thoughts I hardly dare contemplate, and once written, may never be erased. For even were I to thrust this manuscript into the hearth across from me, it would but destroy the physical evidence of my encounter: my memory, however, can never be thus effaced, and every event I record herein further spoils the indulgent notion to which I still cling: that the last three months have simply been a dream or some opiate-induced delusion.

Ridiculous! Yes, the idea is folly, I am all too aware of it! Neither drug nor the mind's caprice can rend a soul so thoroughly as can reality. Yet still I clutch at the idea, as a shipwreck victim clutches at shards of driftwood in a desperate, shameless need to survive.

Thus, each word I write upon this page condemns me. Condemns me to recognition of the past. And yet I can do no other.

I am of a solitary nature, and apt to pursue a certain degree of hermitage when my vocation permits me the opportunity. To satisfy these occasional reclusive impulses, I purchased a small cabin five years ago where I periodically indulged in week-long sabbaticals isolated from all civilization. The cabin was situated at the edge of a small lake fed by several streams cutting through the dry earth of the foothills to the west. The site held a particular attraction for me because of its variety and abundance of wildlife as well as its exceptional tranquillity and beauty. I spent my days in silent contemplation of the serenity of the lake and my nights walking among the high meadow grass.

It was this last summer that I spent my last night outside of the city.

The thick night air flowed into my lungs like an ecstatic ebony wine and the blackness was almost tangible, a heavy, enveloping ether cast about on the capricious breeze. The mad, mindless whistling of the wind whipping against the reeds drowned out all other noise and the sweet, damp smell of tall field grass assailed my face: I closed my eyes and my mind allowed it to overpower me. The smells, sounds and feel of the night flooded the senses, immersed the mind, intoxicated the soul, and amidst this invincible, sensual power, I felt myself merging with Nature, re-born into man's natural form. Steeped in solemn euphoria, I sat cross-legged among the grass and could almost believe my essence mingling with the thick air, subject mixing with object. My breath, at first shallow and rapid, fell back into

its methodical pattern. I know not how long I lay there, nor if I slept.

I remember only the first howl. It sounded from somewhere beyond the knoll before me. Hundreds of times had I wandered these meadows, and heard hundreds of wolf cries, but never had a sound so chilling, so mournful ever reached my ears. I shuddered at the sound: icy, desolate, plaintive, and awesome. The call filled the void of the empty night sky, and passed effortlessly through my passive body. The night itself seemed to pause in respect for the howl: the crickets ceased their chirping, and even the wind died down and all was silent.

There followed a moment of tense, dreadful silence. The magic of the night faded, and I felt suddenly naked, unprotected, stripped of my euphoric stupor, as if torn from a pleasant dream back into harsh reality.

I found myself lightly trembling from some emotion I couldn't identify: terror oddly mingled with awe and a sickening, undeniable longing. I essayed in vain to rise, found my legs weak, almost paralyzed. A sensation of abject impotence and panic seized my mind, and as my terror heightened, my limbs deadened further. I gropingly fumbled for my pocket knife, but it fell from my nerveless fingers before I was able to open the blade. Eyes wide, I lay back into the grass, supine. My heart pounded in my temples and sweat broke out upon my forehead.

And then the cry sounded again, closer this time: macabre, terrible and beautiful. Rather than passing through me this time, it seemed to stride at me, piercing and enveloping at once, and I instinctively recoiled, as if from some physical blow.

Then, on the grassy hilltop before me, she appeared. She was pure, almost luminescent white, and her majestic form seemed to rival the full moon behind her. She seemed composed entirely of perfect arcs and curves and moved with a tranquil, uncanny precision. On noiseless paws, she padded down the hill with the easy patience of a beast who knows her prey cannot possibly escape. Her eyes, her blazing yellow eyes bore into me with a supernatural intensity, and I could not part my gaze from hers.

She stood over me, head bowed, and the oppressive weight of her presence pressed upon my prostrate body like a physical force. Her solemn gaze seemed to contemplate my face for a moment, and then, with a movement so swift I never noticed it, her teeth tore into my neck.

This moment remains my last coherent memory of that evening. Shards of severed memories continue to float in my head—I recall the pain of rent flesh, the heat of her breath upon me... and, almost against my own will, I remember an ecstasy such that I have never experienced in my life.

I awoke the next morning, alive. Intact, save for several scratches and scars on my neck and face: the scars will heal, but the memory has crippled me. The inescapable knowledge of that night has consumed all the vigor of my youth and molded me into the image of that very scribe. I shall not return to the city: there is nothing left for me among the world of the living; neither shall I continue my communions with nature. The resources remaining in this cabin are limited, but it shall not be starvation that kills me.

*"Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well  
As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf."*

## BLAME IT ON OPRAH

by Fruit Juicer B

HEY NOW, HOW DOES IT GO?  
WHEN YOUR 32ND COUSIN MARRIES YOUR BRO  
IF YOUR EX-FIANCÉ IS YOUR HALF-SISTER  
FAMILY REUNIONS MUST SEEM TWISTED  
IF YOU WANNA KNOW MORE ABOUT THIS  
I CAN GIVE YOU A BIG LIST  
THERE'S ONE PLACE WHERE I CAN SHOW YA  
YOU CAN TRUST ME & BLAME IT ON OPRAH  
HEY DID YOU SEE PHIL DONAHUE?  
WITH THE TRANSVESITTE INTERVIEW  
TOMORROW THEY'VE GOT PORNOSTARS  
AND PEOPLE THAT CLAIM THEY WENT TO  
MARS  
SEE WHAT THE AUDIENCE SAY ABOUT THE  
MOM WHOSE SON WAS GAY  
ABOUT THIS STUFF DO YA KNOW YA  
I SAY YOU JUST BLAME IT ON OPRAH  
IF YOU KNOW THE LATEST PLACE TO SEE  
ELVIS  
I GOT A FORUM FOR YOU TO TELL THIS  
YOU WANNA HIT GERALDO WITH A CHAIR  
OR AT THE FREAKIES YOU WANNA STARE  
I GOT THE PLACE, I CAN SHOW YA  
DON'T TELL ME BLAME IT ON OPRAH

## SCREWED cont. from page 6

the planning of [the crime]." What is even more infuriating is the fact that Chris Brownfield, who was in prison at the time of Wilson's plea, confessed and described the murder in detail. He names an accomplice, and has been caught in a taped telephone conversation with Moore in which Brownfield explains to his partner-in-crime that he tried to keep his name out of his confession to the police to which Moore replied, "Well, thanks. God damn, it takes you a whole hour to cop me out, man." Sounds like a pretty solid confession to me. According to *U.S. News*, following Brownfield's 1988 admission, Wilson's new attorney requested a new trial, but police and prosecutors stood by their charges and refused to reopen the case. And so, Wilson remains in prison today.

Over the past 4 years, Wilson's story has appeared on NBC, CBS, ABC, and in countless magazines and newspapers. About a month ago, Barbara Walters ran a story on Wilson on *20/20*. At the end, Walters looked into the camera and called the case "outrageous" and "upsetting." Journalists who have written on Wilson have all drawn the same conclusion: Wilson is innocent.

What the Wilson case says to me is that the attitude of the Missouri Attorney General's office (under Attorney General Jay Nixon) is to move the judicial process along as quickly as possible, focus on procedure and ignore anything that gets in the way—even if a man's innocence is at stake. What it all boils down to is the fact that someone is refusing to admit that they made a mistake. In Aurora, Prosecutor Robert George and Sheriff David Tatum are the only ones who aren't admitting they made a mistake and they remain convinced of Wilson's guilt. To release him, says George, would create "public distrust of the legal system." I don't know about you, but I think that his conviction has done just that.

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