

# THE WASTELAND

THE BATTLE FOR YOUR MIND HAS BEGUN



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# THE WASTELAND

MARCH 1993

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**THE WASTELAND: ISSUE 1.** The Wasteland is published as often as possible by the Webster University Journalism Association. The Webster University Journalism Association's function is to initiate on campus activity through exchange of ideas via The Wasteland. All students, faculty, staff, alumni, animal activists, administrators, and even Republicans are welcome to submit stories, art, poetry, thought and fiction. Opinions of the writers are strictly their own and do not express the views of any other person affiliated with the publication. The Wasteland is not responsible for death incurred while reading this publication. You must be this tall to read this paper. All letters must signed. Send comments and submissions to: The Wasteland, University Center, 470 E. Lockwood Ave., St. Louis, Mo. 63119. (314) 961-2660 ext. 7724. Itilia est in Europa.

### COVERS:

On the front, Jason Eric Moore's "The Hammer." On the back, Mr. Moore's "This Is My Bag."

# THANK YOU.

For any newspaper or tabloid, the third page is one of the most prized. Called by many "the second front page," it's news value is substantial. So, then, if this page is so important why are we wasting it with this ad? Well, we don't feel like we are wasting it. As a matter of fact, we feel not only obligated, but honored to thank those of you who have supported us through the beginning of this publication. It's important that you know we appreciate your efforts. We would also like to thank you who are taking this virgin trip with us, and hope you will climb aboard for every issue. This publication, in its true sense, is a forum for ideas. Students. Faculty. Administration. You are all welcome to submit. We would also like to hear from you. What did you think of the first issue? Do you want us to include campus news? More music? More art? More sports? Too much music? Not enough editorials? Let us know. Drop us a line at the University Center, or better yet, stop by the second level of the SGA office and talk to us for a while. We are always willing to listen to what you have to say. We hold our weekly general information meetings every Tuesday at 4 p.m. and editorial meetings right after that. Please feel free to stop by and give us a piece of your mind. We're always hungry.

WEBSTER UNIVERSITY JOURNALISM ASSOCIATION

BATTLING FOR YOUR MIND.

# THE WASTELAND

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## THE THANKS

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PEG  
DEBRA  
THE JOURNAL  
STEVE  
STUDENT OBSERVER  
TINO  
ETC. ETC. ETC.

## LETTERS

# Student Takes Aim At Improving Career Services

(Ed. Note: The following letter was sent to Margaret Cook and Mark Govoni regarding a recent article in The Journal by staff writer Stacy Lonati concerning the university's career services department.)

Dear Ms. Cook and Dr. Govoni

I do not feel that the article Ms. Lonati wrote gave a fair treatment to the list of suggestions I compiled. She seemed to be interested in portraying me as a firebrand agitator rather than as someone with an interest and a desire for improvement. The purpose of my entire involvement was to offer a program of suggestions that would really improve the effectiveness and efficiency of the department from the perspective of the students who use it. The statement of objectives included:

- 1) A wholesale change in attitude (reflecting and revolving solely around fulfilling the needs of our customers and our raison d'etre: students and employers)
- 2) Promotion of on-campus recruiting (something we should encourage and invite)
- 3) Establishment of resume database (narrows down the territory so that students do not have to be continuously frustrated when they see jobs posted that require that a candidate have 10-15 years previous experience)
- 4) Establishment of vigorous promotion of internship programs (allows students to demonstrate emphatically through their performance why they should be hired)
- 5) Exploit our international position (The global market is not some far off pipe dream. It is now. Corporations need new employees who can help them fulfill their goals of expansion into various countries in Europe and throughout the world. As an international University, we are uniquely qualified to fill that need. I suggest that we set about doing so. This objective also requires the establishment of a sort of merit/need based annual scholarship so that more of our students will be able to attend one of our European campuses. At present, most are inhibited by cost.)
- 6) Utilize our tremendous resource — adjunct professors (many of our instructors also work full time in the business community. Many have a lot of ties and are willing to help our students in whatever way they can.)
- 7) Formation of an alumni job network (Our alumni have a lot in common with us. Most alumni want to have some contact with their school other than the obligatory annual call asking for donations. Many would be quite willing to help out their alma mater.)

Ms. Lonati continuously characterizes my suggestions for improvement as "complaints." I disagree with this assessment. I believe the aim of my proposal was not to criticize anyone, but to focus on improvement.

Dr. Govoni, you have seen and discussed this proposal with me on several occasions. Ms. Lonati asserts that the proposal for improvement was "aimed at the management of the Career Services Department." I hope that you do not view my suggestions as negative criticisms of you, Ms. Cook, or the office as a whole. My whole point was that, as a consumer of its services, I think that the department can be improved, and that it is worth the attention and effort which are required to bring about that improvement.

The suggestions which I developed were aimed at improving the quality of our Career Services department as perceived by the people who use it: the students. I believe that this department can be improved. I believe that improvement is essential because the competition for jobs is ever increasing. Also, other colleges and universities are themselves improving in this department. If we truly want to improve, we must look to the best in Career Services in the St. Louis area. This means we must look to Washington University, St. Louis University and UMSL. Comparing ourselves to small universities like Fontbonne is really only misleading. I believe that if we aim to be less than the best we are less than serious.

Tom Peters, management consultant and bestselling business author, explains that "since new and improvement conscious competitors are constantly making their product better, if we are not constantly improving...we are by definition falling behind, relatively—and relatively is what counts."

Peters continues: "The challenge (for American business) is to view every element of every operation through the customer's lens: to constantly attempt to — literally — redefine each element in terms of the customer's perception of the intangibles." He points out that, "Surely we know why we think our product or service or new feature is great: how we think it will help our potential customers. But can we be sure that our favorite features match the customer's perception of what he or she needs?"

In essence, I want both of you to understand that my purpose was not to criticize, but rather to develop a plan which would improve the office. True to their tendencies, the school newspaper twisted the story around so that it would incite and cause controversy. I apologize for the stir and the comments which I supposedly made. None of this would have happened had I refused to speak with the Journal. I should have known better.

Sincerely,  
Guy Furay

PLEASE SEND LETTERS TO:

THE WASTELAND  
UNIVERSITY CENTER, 470 E. LOCKWOOD AVE., ST. LOUIS, MO. 63119  
ALL LETTERS MUST BE SIGNED.

## Mourning 'I'll Fly Away'

A while back, in a class exploring how African Americans are depicted by the media, I got into a very big argument about the canceled NBC series, "I'll Fly Away." Many African Americans in the class found the show offensive or, at best, regressive. They felt that the leading character, Lilly, an African American maid employed by an upper middle class White family in the 1960s, was objectionable because of her stereotypical nature. Many also contended that our people already know about that period of history and that it is time to move on. I strongly disagree with both points.

When "I'll Fly Away" was first suggested to me I scoffed at the idea of watching another depiction of an African American maid subservient to a rich White family. The media norm is to portray such characters as simple-minded, happy, singing, and nurturing mam-mies; comfortable and content in their life's station. I too am sick of seeing my foremothers and forefathers robbed of their dignity and humanity. I too am sick of the belittlement of their sacrifices and pain for the sake of providing White society with the racist images to which it has become accustomed.

And though none of the people I argued with in class mentioned this point, I have also heard some describe the show as a vehicle for depicting African Americans as victims; a race quietly suffering great wrongs, always enduring, but never fighting to better our circumstances. I agree that such representations are just as equally undesirable because such lies teach us that it is in our tradition to do nothing for ourselves. They teach us that it is our tradition to moan and suffer but not to act.

But "I'll Fly Away" was guilty of none of this. Instead, Lilly was a proud, articulate, and intelligent woman whose reality of discrimination and other hardships was addressed with sensitivity and insight. Lilly was not the stereotypical mammy who smiles and sings her way through any difficulty and is too simple minded to even entertain a better way of life. Nor was she the

variation of that stereotype who suffers with silent dignity, but never challenges her oppressors. Those stereotypes, insulting media standards, deny that our forefathers faced serious and distressing obstacles. Furthermore, they deny that they had the strength, the courage, and the intelligence to endure, to confront, and to overcome their hardships.

"I'll Fly Away" did just the opposite by acknowledging Lilly's humanity and affording her life the meaningful consideration it deserved. Instead of making her into a silent, suffering martyr or a docile servant, Lilly was a woman who strove to improve herself and who challenged discrimination and ignorance in her life.

“  
I too am sick of the belittlement of their sacrifices and pain for the sake of providing White society with the racist images to which it has become accustomed.  
”

improve their condition and awakened to the need to combat racism in their own lives. Entirely too few of us, African American or White, are familiar with the images of ordinary Americans (not unlike you or me) who had the courage and ability to make a difference.

Even though these people were our parents and grandparents, we have seen very few honest portrayals of them and therefore we know extremely little about who they were. And without such images, to enlighten us, we cannot recognize and appreciate the value of their work or our own responsibility to continue it. The more pervasive negative stereotypes become, the more we need shows like "I'll Fly Away" to erode away such lies. Its cancellation was a terrible loss because through its critical representation of yesterday, it helped us to better evaluate the challenges facing us today.

- Anaye Milligan

## Tolerating Just Won't Cut It

February was Black History Month. The African American population has a lot to celebrate. We are living in an age when black men and women are able to compete in the corporate world with whites. Black men and women dominate the entertainment industry, and many are achieving new heights in politics. Sadly, there is a long way to go.

The biggest topic in early 1993 is that of gay and lesbian rights. The Amendment in Colorado led many to call for a boycott of the state. The argument against gays in the military is simply that "the introduction of a foreign element into the establishment will disrupt the normal function of our military, and thus create conflict." I think a lot of Black Americans will find this argument all too shockingly familiar.

The goal of Clinton's administration is to advocate "tolerance" for the nineties. I heard a newscaster say that the nineties will be the struggle for the gay and lesbian community that the sixties were for Blacks, and the seventies were for women. It is my opinion that Blacks, and, especially women, are still struggling for completely equal rights in 1993.

I would like to challenge those of you who read this to do more than merely "tolerate" your fellow human beings. I challenge you to accept and defend the differences of others. I challenge you to put power in Black hands, female hands, gay and lesbian hands. But do not discriminate. Do not take away their identities.

Saint Louis University ran a cartoon in its February 5th issue of University News. It showed a black family thinking, "Why can't Blacks and Whites understand, and live with their differ-

ences? It also showed a White family thinking, "Why can't Blacks and Whites set aside and ignore their differences?"

This is what is wrong in America. Too many people ignore and set aside. I was watching the Ten O'clock news. There was a mention of a "young, dark-haired man with dark eyes." The man was Black, but we can't say that.

We are told to be politically correct. And, while being politically correct, we call a man dark-haired and take away his identity as a Black man. I say, no more.

“  
We are told to be politically correct. And, while being politically correct, we call a man dark-haired and take away his identity as a Black man. I say, no more.  
”

doms under the Constitution. We must admire him or her as an example of his or her community, and as an individual, not as a stereotype. We must defend all our human brothers, and mostly, we must begin to credit all our human sisters.

Are we "Free at last?" Far from it. But together we will prevail. I am a white, heterosexual, middleclass male. I honor those who are different from me, and I can appreciate those differences. Nevertheless, all men and women live, breathe, laugh and cry. And yes, my dear homophobics, they all love too.

- Chad A. Knueppe

COME OVER HERE. JUST AROUND THIS CORNER. A LITTLE FURTHER. THAT'S IT.  
DON'T BE AFRAID . . .

THE WASTELAND

# W.U. Mud-Faced Over Parking

Possibly the last thing you want to read is another bit on the parking "issue." But this may be a slant you haven't heard yet, so read on as far as you can stand.

## Parking pitfalls

by Ginger Ebersole

First of all, parking should not be an issue to anyone who lives within two or three miles of campus. And hey! That *includes* on-campus residents, for all of you dorm students who insist on writing to *The Journal* to explain why parking isn't a "real" issue.

Of course it isn't — to you! Rather, this concerns people who attend classes or have jobs on campus who live far away — as far as St. Charles or Illinois. It also includes people who actually have to support themselves while going to school and must rush to class after leaving work someplace else. The rest of you can stop reading at this point because it will only make you mad.

Parking, in and of itself, is not a number-one concern. It's an annoyance, an inconvenience. Unless you are lucky, you will spend oodles of time finding a space. Nevermind that if you park in the Pearson House lot (which is widely suggested as it's "hardly

ever filled up" — oh, goody) you will most likely walk through a lot of unlit territory at night.

Another alternative is the generous offer to park in one of the car-pool spaces. This is for people who can demonstrate that they have the exact same schedules. Now *there's* a common occurrence among students.

Forget that all the money squeezed out of students does not justify guaranteed places to put our cars while in class. These things are obvious.

Instead, think about this: what is the school doing to alleviate the problem? Well, let's see. They made a wonderful University Center parking lot.

Nice. But often there are large sections blocked off by fluorescent orange paraphernalia for no reason that's apparent to me. This occurs in the music lot as well.

Why would the school do this?

Don't ask the parking office; they can't solve the mystery.

You can also forget asking the parking office why the small lot behind Sverdrup was eliminated. About twenty spaces is now a mud field. Last time I asked the parking office why, they not only didn't know, they didn't know where I might inquire to find out.

I would venture a guess that making such inquiries as a plain old student didn't allow for much of a chance at getting answers.

However, had I called claiming to be from the office of President Perlman, I guess the parking office would have scrambled to find some answers.

Let's speculate about *why* the school would not choose to work harder on the parking lots. Who does parking affect the most? Night and working students, staff and faculty. Hmm. A lot of night and working students probably pay tuition largely with financial aid, while people who don't have to work probably pay their tuition right up front. Who does parking *not* affect? People who live nearby, people who have time to arrive early, and administrators who have special spaces. Hey, wait a minute! Do you think that if the powers that be couldn't find a space, suddenly new parking lots would crop up?

I'm not suggesting that people go out and block administration or other parking so they can see how we feel (although it would be funny), but I am trying to say that priorities are out of whack. It makes me angry that I often can't park, and that it happens to my classmates and professors. This group of people is not particularly influential, but I dare say they make up the bulk of the Webster community, and without them there wouldn't be a university.

Of course parking shouldn't be an issue, but for some of us it is. Without it ... Well, we'd spend class in the car.

# Student Targets Bookstore

I would like to ask the Webster University Bookstore a question. Are you here for the students, or are we an inconvenience to you? You have a sign up in the back room that tells you to stop what you are doing and wait on customers. Why do you not do what it says?

## Invitation ills

by Robyn Swaim

I have recently been battling with the bookstore over ordering graduation invitations. The bookstore did not want to start selling the invitations until March 1st. They gave me the excuse that the time and place of graduation had not been set yet. I was then able to get the home phone number of our Josten's representative in the phone book, because the bookstore would not give me the number. I called the rep and asked if the students of Webster could order invitations as soon as the time and place had been set. He said "yes."

I then called Dean George's office several times and harassed his staff until the time and place had been set. At that time, I called the bookstore and asked if I could order my invitations. They said no because it would mess up their inventory. So, I called our friendly Jostens rep again and gave him the news. He said that I could order my invitations, and I told him that the bookstore would not allow it. The rep then told me that the students come first, not the bookstore, and that he would call me back in a few minutes.

When the rep called me back, he told me that I could order my invitations the following Monday, February 1. It took the Jostens rep threatening the bookstore for us to be able to order our invitations early. I went to order my invitations on Thursday, February 4, and had to wait ten minutes for the lady to finish what she was doing. The whole time I was waiting I was staring at the sign that I mentioned earlier.

After all the trouble I have gone through in order for people to be able to order their invitations early, I have decided that this school, and particularly the bookstore does not care about the students. It takes three to four weeks for the invitations to get here once they have been ordered. If I had ordered my invitations on March 1, the earliest I would have received them would be the 22nd of March. As I work as well as go to school full-time, it will take a couple of weeks to get all of the invitations addressed and ready to mail. Add to that another week for the person to receive the invitation, and that puts the date at April 19th. That is only two weeks before graduation. Two weeks is hardly enough notice for people who have to adjust their work schedules and plan for travel. It's time the administration and the bookstore start to care about the students and our needs.

# Govoni Backs Mandatory Meals

Mandatory anything is a tough sell on college campuses. Students cherish their freedom of choice. At Webster even general education requirements — a basic staple of the curricular diet on virtually every campus — are thought by many students to be an imposition. Students like being able to choose from the menu, without having something set before them because it is good for them.

## Food fight

by Mark Govoni  
Dean of Student Services

So why, in this cultural and historical climate of independence, freedom a-traditionalism, over the protestations of dozens of petitioners, would I seek to impose a mandatory food plan on students who live in the residence halls?

No reason I state will convince any student that having less freedom to choose how to live (to eat!) will feel better. Having to be in a certain place, at a certain time, to eat cafeteria style food, every day, is restrictive. No question about that. With that said, here is my rationale for proposing that all residence students take a 19, 14 or 10 meal plan:

- Food services on college campuses exist primarily to serve the residential student population. It never has made any sense to me to exempt students from dining in the cafeteria when the service was created for them. Though there may be some, I know of no other college campus which does not require residence hall students to take at least some type of meal plan.

- More subscribers to the food plan allow us to offer more program options, better food, and better prices. The new requirement is accompanied by no increase in food costs to the student for the first time in

memory.

- A purely free market system — especially in an environment where there are nearly a dozen dining alternatives within walking distance — is not fiscally viable for the food service (a contract business) or for the university. With fewer board participants, the food service is less likely to break even. That leaves two alternatives. Raise prices to offset costs or subsidize the dining service out of tuition funds.

- Each year freshmen cannot figure out why they are required to take a meal plan when others are not. There's really no logic to it. Of course, freshman immediately start lobbying to be exempt from the requirement on the "fairness" principal.

- There's something to be said for breaking bread together — the elusive goal of residential community rests to some degree on creating a better atmosphere in the dining hall.

- The level of cooking in rooms and residence hall kitchens has us worried. We shouldn't be encouraging this through our food policy.

- With the addition of the university houses as student residences, with no food plan requirement for those who live in the houses, students have a viable alternative to the traditional residence hall living and dining program, without having to move off campus.

- Finally, several students have told me privately that they run out of money and do not eat very well. They secretly admitted that with the meal plan they know they'll get at least ten squares a week. They wouldn't let me use their names.

Over the summer the university will be investing hundreds of thousands of dollars in residence and dining hall improvement, and the renovation and furnishing of the homes across from the University Center in the Lockwood Farms area. We are making a quantum leap in our residential program. The time is right to re-organize policy, staffing and resources. One of the pieces of this comprehensive plan is a policy which requires residence hall students to take a meal plan.

The entire academic community of Webster University is invited to send submissions for inclusion in Campus Comment.  
The Wasteland. Campus Comment. University Center. 470 E. Lockwood Ave. St. Louis, Mo. 63119

# WRC Celebrates Women's History Month

The month of March marks more than just a change of season in the St. Louis area. The Women's Resource Center (WRC) is joining with people locally and internationally to celebrate March as Women's History Month.

This observance began in 1987. In that year, the United States Congress passed a resolution designating March as Women's History Month, and March 8th as National Woman's Day. Sponsored by the Student Activities Office and the Women's Studies Committee, the WRC sees Women's History Month as an opportunity to reach members of the community for pragmatic reasons.

"The importance of Women's History Month is the truth that the study of women in history reveals," said staff member, Ken

Swaim.

"It is empowering for us to place women's oppression in a historical context so we can appreciate where we are in the struggle today. We can see where we need to go, and where we have come from by studying women's history," said Swaim.

Swaim is one of the six-member staff of the WRC. The staff is gearing up for a month filled with activities well worth the community's participation. Although this is built as a time for people to learn about the history of women, the WRC focuses primarily on more current times than historical.

"Our focus is on helping women now and dealing with topics that are of concern to women now," said Maureen Purcell, manager

of the WRC. But, even with this focus, history does not get disregarded.

"This is a time through consciousness-raising to change future history for women," said Swaim. "For example, historically women have been helpless victims of rape. With the self-defense class, women can learn how to defend themselves."

"This month is a time for me to find out what ideas about women history has told me to buy into as a man, see why these ideas are wrong, and change them," said Swaim. The WRC hopes both sexes will use this time for consciousness-raising.

"We're striving for community involvement," said Purcell. "Our discussions, our bonfire, and our poetry readings are for every-

one."

The staff hopes that the usual deterrent, the label of feminist, will not hold people back from participating.

"People are afraid to claim feminism," said Purcell. "But what most people are against are the same things we're against."

Staff member Elaine Smith explained a part of what feminism means.

"Feminists work to stop the oppression of women, even in little ways," said Smith. "If someone cracks a joke about women, the person person that speaks out against it is making a feminist move. They're saying, 'I'm not perpetuating this anymore. I'm not going to assist in women's oppression,'" said Smith.

- Michelle Leon



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## SGA Revises Constitution, Caters To Students Needs

The Student Government Association (SGA) of Webster University has been and will continue to be quite active this school year. Currently, the SGA has several projects in the works. The most important project we are working on is the writing of a new constitution.

SGA is also planning an awards luncheon for student groups and a booth at Springfest. A survey of students is planned at the end of the semester so that next year's SGA has an idea of what you want to have done at Webster.

Thanks to the SGA, seniors may order their graduation announcements earlier than was previously available and the administration has been notified that some students who are on the meal plan are often unable to eat lunch because of the hours the meal cards can be used. Until a solution can be reached to pro-

vide a hot lunch to those students, boxed lunches are available if they notice Canteen in advance. SGA will keep you posted on the situation.

SGA meetings are held every Tuesday at 3:00 p.m. in the Presentation Room of the University Center. All meetings are open. Please come and express your views. Help us write a new constitution and give us ideas on what goals to pursue.

Lastly, SGA would like to welcome the Webster University Journalism Association to the many active clubs on this campus. We would also like to thank the Association for letting us have an article in their paper at no cost, unlike another campus newspaper that wanted to charge SGA their regular rates. We appreciate your support and want to hear your views.

- Robyn Swaim

## Media Association Gears Up For Annual Webbie Awards

Legend has it that years ago a group of bored media students got together and gave out awards to the best class projects from that year. This happened a few times but then died out until 1990, when the official Webbie Awards were hatched.

Here is the way it works: A group of under-appreciated students known as the Media Association, along with the help of media faculty members, assemble panels of area professionals to judge student entries in a wide range of categories. There is an Academy Awards-like ceremony in the spring where the students show off their work and give long, pompous speeches. And, oh yeah, there is a reception with *free food* after the ceremony.

People are always asking why they should enter the Webbies. Why? Why does anyone enter the fruit of their labors in a contest? O.K., so there's no money in it. But you do get fame and a really cool faux-gold statue for your

mantel. But seriously, the biggest reason to enter is the critical evaluation of your work that you will receive from actual professionals in your field of interest. You can make important job contacts and hey — it looks good on your resume.

Another frequent comment is, "I don't have anything to enter." Huh? Do you go to Webster? Anyone in *any* media production class has something to enter, be it film, video, audio, photography, journalism, advertising, etc. Come on, I'm sure most students can find *something*. The number of entries has been declining rather than increasing over the years. Have all the egotistical media students graduated? Don't be afraid to enter because your instructor gave you a "B." Your instructor is not judging the Webbies. One person's "C" could be another person's "A." Just give the Webbies a shot. Plan ahead. You never know what can happen.

- Kris Markman

# Art Of Not Answering In Class Revealed

When was the last time you answered a question in class? On purpose? Wow, that long. Me too. I know I'm not the only one who notices that at least six of my credit hours are devoted to using avoidance techniques, those learned in communication class, of course, just so I won't have to answer a question.

Just as Wyl E. Coyote concocted countless methods to catch the Roadrunner, I've been observing the crafty little schemes being used right in our own classrooms to get out of speaking in class. It is not a pretty sight, not because I think it's wrong to do that, but because they don't seem to be working very well.

Face it, we'll do anything to avoid a question, though in the most tame of manners. An aversion of the eyes, a long drawn out flip through the notes from *another* class, a pen/pencil/highlighter mishap, a deliberate sneeze/cough/noseblow, an over-dramatic, mouth-covering dash to the restroom. All of these, of course, taken from "Acme Guide to Question Dodging."

A couple of these techniques go around the room right after the question is asked, then there is always this enormous shuffling of papers, book pages are flip-flopping, pencils/pens/highlighters are being stuck in mouths (to eliminate the ability to speak clearly, of course), and boy, everyone is just bent on finding this answer.

But no one wants to find it first. A few furtive glances up at the rest of the class after about 20 seconds of feigned searching, but no looking at the instructor - that's almost a guarantee that you'll be called on. Everyone sort of looks around with wide eyes, question-

ing, pleading, begging for anyone else but them to have found the answer and then, oh, for them to say something, please, so as not to induce sarcasm from the instructor. Sarcasm in the way of cute little comments like, "Did anybody even read the assignment for today?" Eee Gads! The question no one wants to answer, *ever*. You can't flip through your notes to pretend you're looking for *that* one. It would be nice to have a big ACME RUBBER BAND to catapult yourself out into oblivion and land with a splat or a poof of dust. Anything but answer a question.

The instructors must know. They probably spend as much time carefully constructing their plan of questions as we spend trying to dodge them. Just when the Roadrunner knows the exact moment to get out of the way, the question is asked, the tables are turned.

If we look up, there is probably an anvil plummeting toward us, a backfired plan, and ultimately we are flattened, sliding quietly to the floor on a mumble and a prayer, "Please let me be right."

I've thought about what we could all do collectively to avoid answering a question in class. You know, as a team, a joint merger, so at least if the small side of the cliff falls away, I or you, or your best friend, won't be alone.

We could fake them out, the instructors. We could borrow one of those fake backdrops from Wyl E., except make it look like a classroom, complete with attentive students, arms reaching toward the ceiling, eager to answer questions.

So that this time, when the anvil comes crashing down, it can smash through the backdrop and not us. And then we can have the last word. *MeepMeep*

by Andrea Campbell

## CASPAR'S A-B-C TO DIVERTICULECTOMY ANDY CHRIST



Jason Toon presents . . .

# Conspiracy A Go-Go:

## Administration Secretly Plotted To Include Subliminal Messages In Mandatory Meals

The resident community here at Webster is currently in a major uproar over the proposal to make the meal plan mandatory. Dean of Students Mark Govoni, the plan's major booster, has consequently become a figure of contempt among students who, two months ago, did not even know his name. He has offered flimsy excuses for the proposal's worth, including a beautiful scenario wherein the cafeteria is transformed into a haven of brotherhood and festivity. The main question that has been on everyone's mind about Govoni's brainchild is, "What is he thinking?"

Well, some indications have come to light that suggest darker motives than mere paternalism or even a naked grab for cash.

In 1989, a closed Senate committee hearing on institutional food-service abuses was told by a pseudonymous witness that a certain large firm providing many universities and boarding schools with cafeteria service was, through a complex web of receivership contracts and secret bank accounts, actually owned by a Mr. Heinrich Eichelberger, of Buenos Aires, Argentina. Mr. Eichelberger, the witness claimed, was in actuality Klaus Barbie, notorious Nazi war criminal, who had faked his death at least a half-dozen times since 1946.

The witness continued to reveal that, at Barbie's behest, trace amounts of a semi-magnetic

metal were included in all food prepared by his company. As the trace amounts build up in the system of the unlucky student who eats the tainted food, they make him/her receptive to waves transmitted from a hidden location somewhere near Greenland. The waves constantly bombard the students with messages such as "Watch more TV," "Wear a tie" and "Peace through superior firepower." This is how Barbie plans to bring his brain-addled dream of a Fourth Reich to fruition: by paralyzing America's best young minds into willing sycophancy.

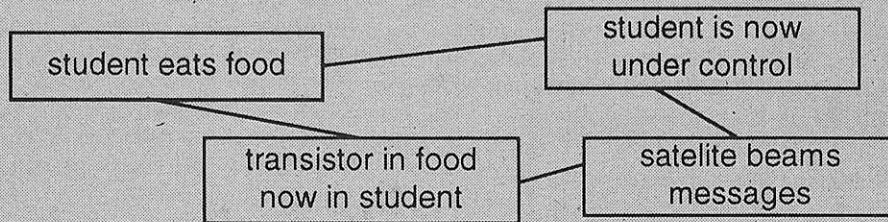
Nine days after giving this testimony, the witness was found dead, victim of a diabolically grisly murder: he was smothered in a giant, swastika-emblazoned vat of barely identifiable cabbage (or possibly broccoli) casserole.

So it is possible that, in the cloak of "a major shift in concept for residence life,"

Mark Govoni is actually not only subjecting Webster residents to the powerful mind-control rays of a syphilitic, genocidal psychotic, but also forcing them to fund his megalomaniacal designs for world domination? Draw your own conclusions.

Join me next issue when I examine the connection between Crystal Pepsi, the international-slunk trade, and the British Royal Family.

(Exhibit 1-A12) Shows path of mind control food program



## Don't Call Us Alternative

Like most students (and I feel I can speak for most students since that's the only way this column will work) I was shocked and very excited. There was something new in the air. Someone had actually taken the initiative and gotten something done. And it hadn't taken a committee plus an extra three years to do it.

I signed the petition. Shandy Casteel (the brains behind this outfit) had approached me a long time ago about an alternative newspaper. It took me about three nanoseconds to decide to sign the petition. However, I thought Shandy would soon run into that thick bureaucratic wall that surrounds this campus (late at night I can hear staff and teachers smacking into that wall like bugs at a bug-zapper). Well, here it is in your grubby little hands, *The Wasteland*.

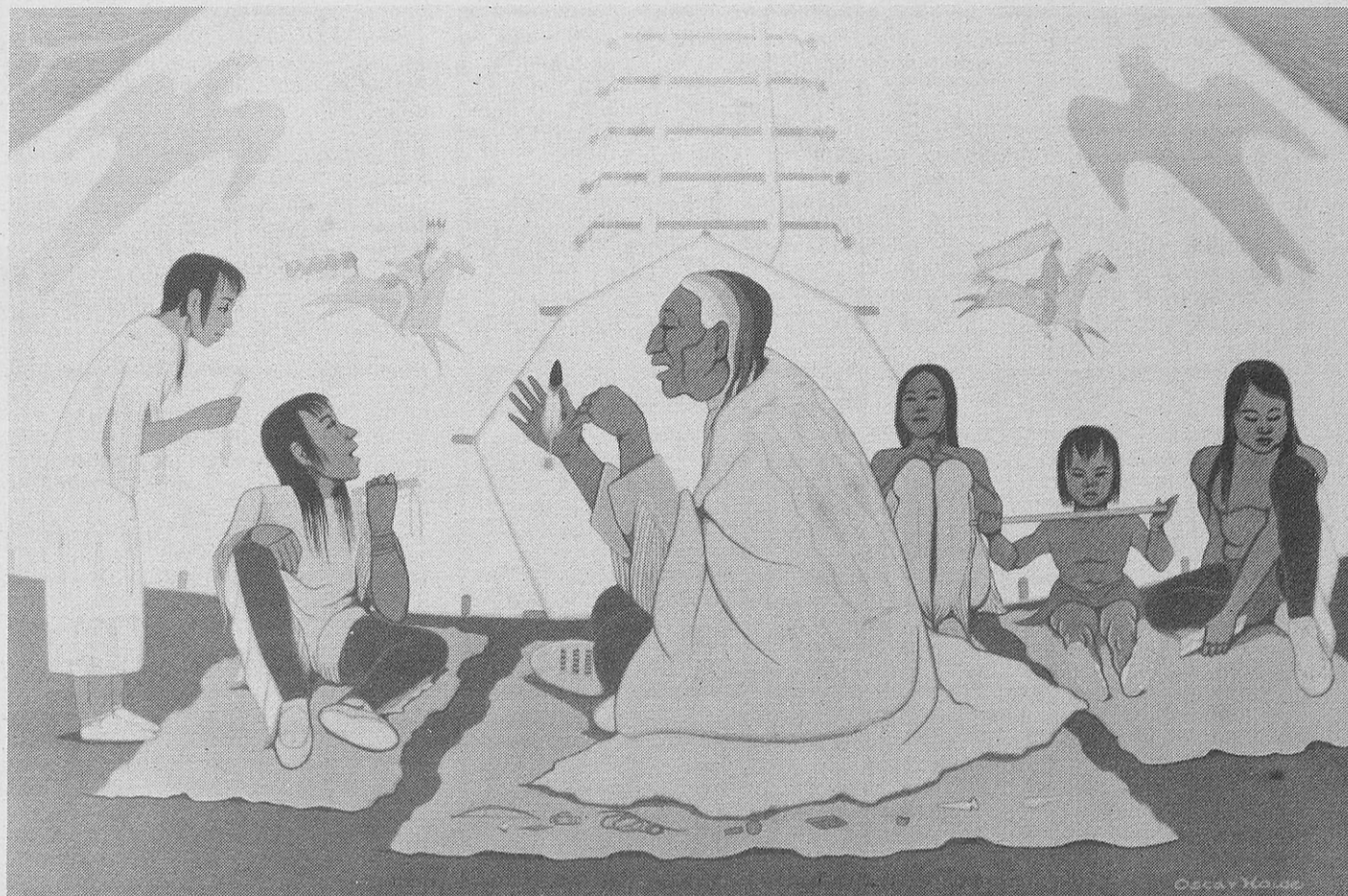
Using the word "alternative" is popular nowadays. We have "alternative" music which consists of very young men acting very angry at the world and wearing clothes that don't quite fit. They also tend to scream a lot and talk a lot like my brother.

There are "alternative lifestyles," but since we're just starting out and I don't want to have my life threatened just yet, we won't really mention them. I'd like to keep all of my hair attached to my head, if you know what I mean.

So now we have an "alternative newspaper." I couldn't be happier without spending lots of money and involving various federal agencies.

The old Journal will still be around so we can still have something to complain about. I still enjoy counting the Type-Os (copy-editing: cop-ee-ed-it-ing, finding the mistakes in something, then fixing 'em) or trying to figure out what the hell the editorial cartoons have to do with the editorials. Not to mention the hours of family fun my friends and I have keeping up with those Gorlocks.

*The Wasteland* is something with immense potential. We can really make it a huge success. All of us, the staff and you readers. This will either be the biggest, most wonderful thing the students have done or the biggest joke. That's up to us. I plan to be here to provide some intelligence and a good helping of humor. I hope you will be here to read it. So, here's *The Wasteland*, let's not ... blow it.



courtesy photo

OSCAR HOWE: He painted this, "Dakota Teaching, Yanktonai Nakota," in 1951. The 14x21 3/16 watercolour on paper was purchased at the Sixth Annual Contemporary American Indian Painting Exhibition later the same year.

### Welch Reads From Work-In-Progress

## 'Visions Of The People' Museum Exhibit Sparks Flurry Of Events

The "Visions of the People" exhibit at the St. Louis Art Museum has sparked a flurry of events dedicated to sharing the culture and art of Indigenous peoples of the United States.

On Sunday, March 14, James Welch, a renowned Indian writer of Blackfeet and Gros Ventre ancestry, read from his work-in-progress in the Art Museum Auditorium.

Welch, author of the critically acclaimed novels "Winter in the Blood" and "The Death of Jim Loney," is also the recipient of the Los Angeles Times Book Prize and American Book Award.

The book that Welch is currently working on (with filmmaker Paul Steckler) is a critique of Custer's last stand from the point of

view of the Indians, rather than the soldiers. He breathed life into this well-known historical event and made apparent the need for a revision of history that includes a diversity of voices.

The film "Last Stand: The Battle at Little Bighorn," which was created by both James Welch and Paul Steckler and narrated by renowned Indian writer N. Scott Momaday, was shown at the Art Museum (and sponsored in part by the Webster Film Series) with the opportunity to speak to Steckler afterward.

Other activities at the Art Museum have consisted of a "Family Day" with activities and entertainment of the American Indian culture, films, and lectures. Upcoming events

include:

**March 28:** free lecture, "Re-visions of the People: Aesthetic Politics in Contemporary Native America," 2:30 p.m. in the Auditorium.

**March 30:** free special event, "Visions of the People: Native American Community Leaders Respond," 7:30 p.m. in the Auditorium.

On Tuesdays the museum is open until 8:00 p.m. and all exhibits are free.

"Visions of the People: A Pictorial History of Plains Indian Life" runs through April 18 and "Matisse: Image Into Sign" through April 25.

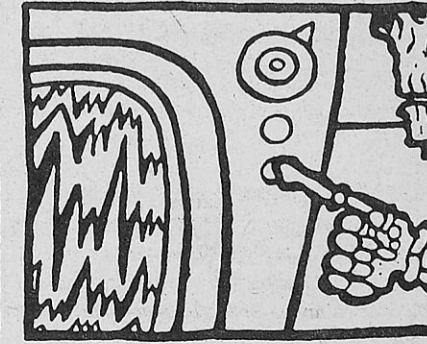
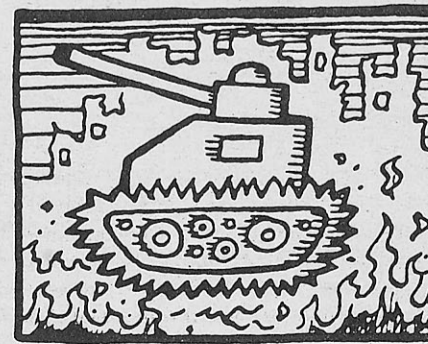
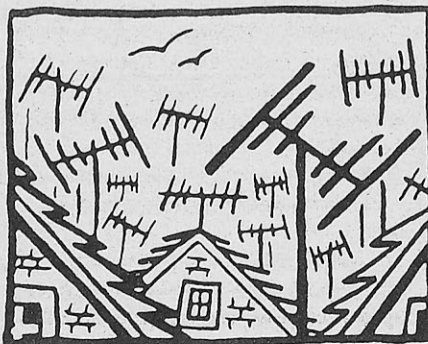
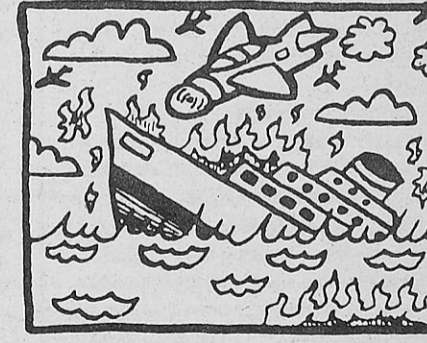
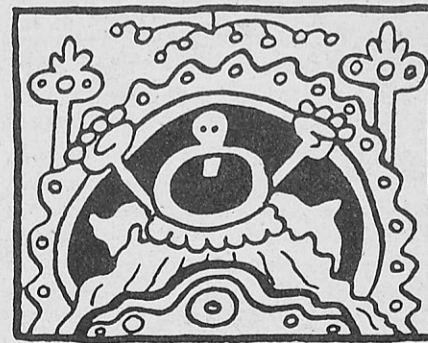
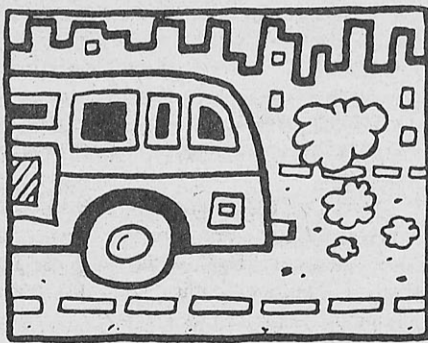
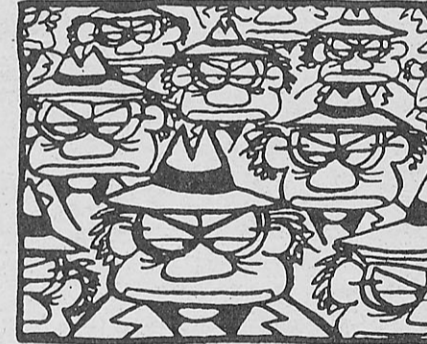
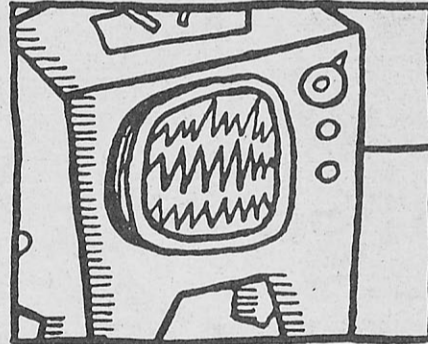
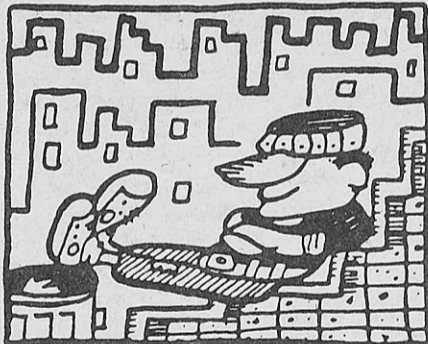
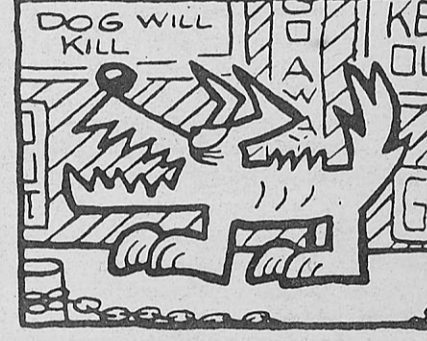
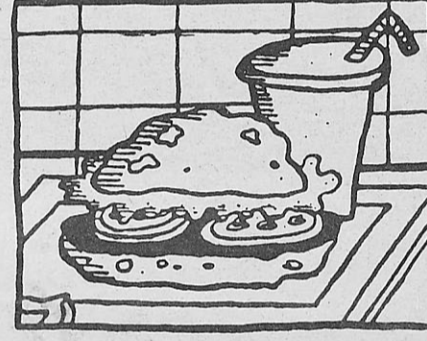
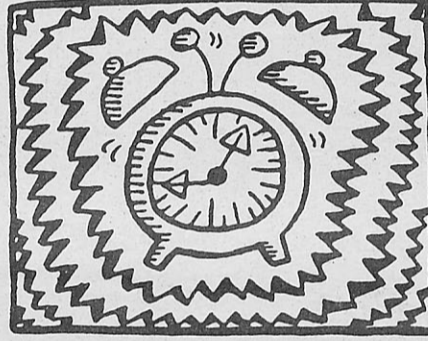
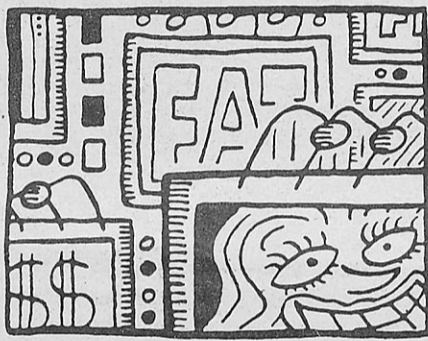
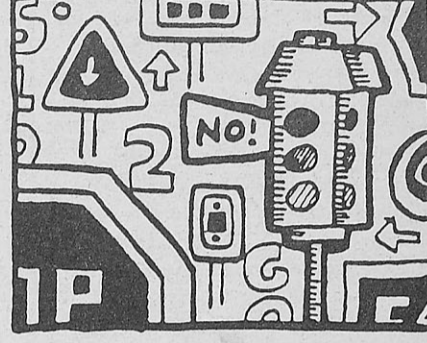
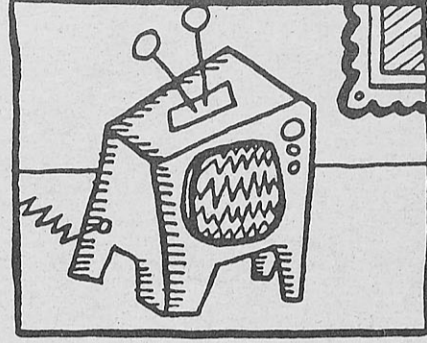
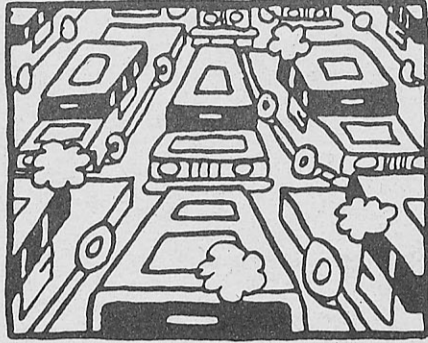
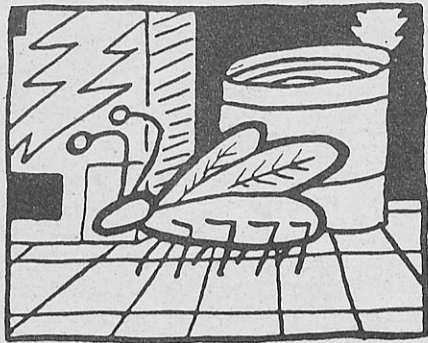
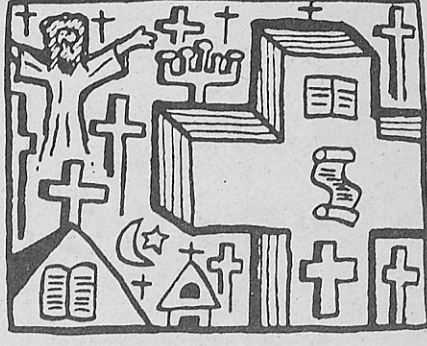
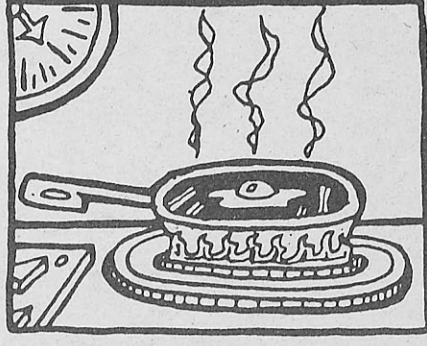
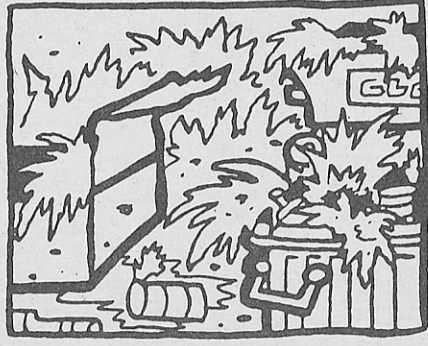
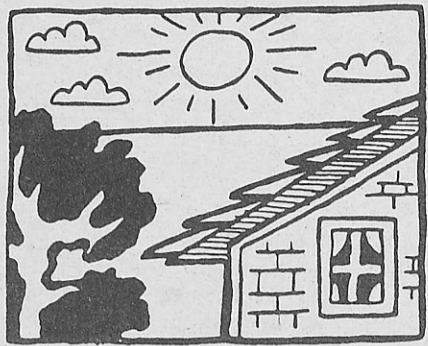
- Rebecca Kryah

WE DON'T CARE WHAT YOU THINK.

WE JUST WANT YOU TO THINK.

THE WASTELAND

# FUNNIES FOR THE NEW DEPRESSION



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It was a hot and sunny day when Spike and I found ourselves zipping along the Interstate, every now and then hitting an armadillo and sending it flying off to Montana. Spike was driving of course; he never let me drive his '73 Mustang. I didn't even want to drive the thing, anyway. It was a pine green convertible with a black top and shitty phony leather seats. It got awful mileage and the exhaust pipe smelled as if somebody had crammed about a million cigars into the thing. The only good thing about the car was the radio; on that day we found ourselves with a craving for Neil Young and the Allman Brothers. I guess it was the landscape that did it to us; we were driving up through Arizona looking for a good barbecue joint on our way to Seattle, Washington, the grunge capital of the world. In the trunk we had enough guns and bullets and knives to make the late Sam Pechinpah want to piss his pants. We had but one mission: to find and kill off every grunge band in Seattle. We were grunge cleaners, and that was our job, damn it.

You see, Spike and I were the last hope of Corporate Rock. Corporate Rock loved Gloria Estefan. Corporate Rock loved Michael Bolton. Hell, they worshiped the ground Bon Jovi and Def Leppard walked on. But they hated anybody who did things differently, like Nirvana or Mudhoney. That's where we came in. For a price, we could wipe out any band the big boys in suits and ties wanted dead. Little did anybody know that Spike and I had killed the Pixies, the Talking Heads, and about fifty other bands that everybody thought had "broken up." We were masters of our field. Guys from the mafia were always trying to pick up on our highly efficient methods. But Spike and I would never tell them how we did it.

Not that we liked what we did. We hated it. We loved all the bands we killed. Except Ministry and Nine Inch Nails. Those assholes deserved to die. The point is, we needed money. We needed women. We needed food. And if that meant killing Bono, then damn it, we were prepared to kill even him.

But that day, we were assigned to kill all those guys in the flannel shirts. That's why I called us the grunge cleaners.

After about six hours of continuous driving, during which we went through all of my Neil Young tapes, we finally found a barbecue place called "Jed's Smokehouse." Outside the place, a group of vegetarians were mounting a protest. Spike spit on them, then handed them copies of Thoreau's "Resistance to Civil Government." Inside, we each had a slab of ribs, a basket of fries, and a swig of beer. We never talked while we ate; this saved time and also helped to conceal our identities from the public.

When we had finished, we returned to the Mustang, got in, and sped off again, with our sights dead set on Seattle.

I won't go into needless details about the rest of the trip before we got to Seattle, except to say that the food at your average Holiday Inn is shit.

Many tanks of gas later, we pulled into Seattle. We drove to the hottest club in town, a place called SCRUBCHUNKS. I swear to God that was the name. A sign on the door read:

*Welcome to SCRUBCHUNKS. No geeks allowed. Nobody over 21 admitted without proper I.D. No standing still, moshing only. No flannel, no Chuck Taylor shoes, no service. If you are wearing a Grateful Dead t-shirt, you will be shot. This rule is non-negotiable.*

- The management

# the grunge cleaners

Fraction by Jim Madison



**We had but one mission: to find and kill off every grunge band in Seattle. We were grunge cleaners, and that was our job, damn it.**

Spike and I got our serious stuff out of the trunk. When we were finished loading up, we hid our guns in the pockets of our flannel shirts. We put earplugs in our ears. Then we checked the time. It was 11 p.m. We walked up to the door, flashed our I.D. cards, and the big security guy let us in the place without a moment's hesitation.

The place was huge inside. There must

have been a thousand kids jumping around, beating each other up in a frenzied, juvenile fury. I saw a kid standing on another kid's head. He then jumped off him like he was a human cannonball. About thirty guys cleared a space for him, and he fell with a thud to the cold, hard floor. Two guys from a hospital carried him off on a stretcher.

We saw a guy taking a big risk; he was lit-

erally standing still in all of the mess. Spike reached out a huge arm and pulled the kid over to us. He stood there in front of us, shaking.

"Who the hell is playing at this shit heap tonight, geek?" Spike asked him.

"Well, lemme see. Oh, yea. Everybody."

"That's the name of the band?" Spike asked him puzzled.

"No, moron," the kid laughed. "I mean every band from Seattle you can think of. Nirvana, Alice in Chains, Soundgarden, Mudhoney, Pearl Jam, Screaming Trees, all of 'em. There's even bands not from Seattle here. Soul Asylum came. So did the Lemonheads and Dinosaur Jr. Eugenius and Teenage Fanclub came all the way from Scotland, for Christ's sakes! This is gonna be helluva show, man. There were even rumors that the Replacements were gonna regroup just to play here tonight! But, nobody could track them down."

The kid left. There was a reason nobody could track down the Replacements. Spike and I had killed them. In fact, I had Paul Westerberg's head in my refrigerator back home at the time. Winona Ryder had offered me a million beans for it. After I saw "Bram Stoker's Dracula," I told her to go fuck herself.

Spike just smiled. Then he looked at me. We had struck gold. Our paycheck was going to be enormous. Whitney Houston would probably make us Knights of the Order of the Soft Rock Empire.

"Come on," he said.

We walked on.

We saw the members of Mudhoney take the stage. They ripped into a roaring version of Bing Crosby's "White Christmas." Over at the bar, we saw Kurt Cobain and Eddie Vedder trying to kill each other. J Mascis was in a corner, just trying to be by himself. Girls were ripping Evan Dando's clothes off. Yes, my friends, it was a power pop-free free-for-all. We could barley bring ourselves to kill any of them. It was gonna be hard. But, we had to do it, if only to stay alive ourselves.

Spike said: "Come on, man, let's get 'em."

We took out our guns. Nobody ever noticed. We aim for anyone we could fine, firing aimlessly into a massive crowd of flannel and Birkenstocks. I know for sure that we rubbed off Eddie Vedder and the rest of Pearl Jam, who kind of deserved to die anyway because all of their songs sounded like third generation ripoffs of "Baba O' Riley."

There was blood everywhere. Nobody could hear the gunfire because everybody was going deaf from Mudhoney. It was like a cross between scenes in "Singles" and "The Wild Bunch."

Just then, Iggy Pop and Neil Young came riding into the place on horses, waving axes and screaming, "Death to the grunge cleaners," in their commanding voices. Both wore red capes and had a big yellow 'G' on their chests. They jumped off the horses, and ran over to us.

"GRUNGE CLEANERS MUST DIE," they both yelled at the top of their lungs. We knew we were in deep shit, so Spike and I got to our knees, begging Neil and the Iggster to spare us.

"We will spare you, if you live the rest of your lives in Madonna's house in L.A.," they said.

Needless to say, we accepted their offer. But, it didn't come without consequences. Spike is currently serving as Madonna's "whip boy," whatever the hell that is. I just sit around at Madonna's bedside, whispering cookie recipes in her ears.

# On A Smaller Scale

"Parkbase to Shuttle Seven, come in Shuttle Seven!" The raspy voice of Srarlton the Controller came from the speaker above the communications console with an unusual urgency, for him.

Anitra leaped for the chair before the console to answer the hail as soon as the doors to the cockpit opened.

"This is Shuttle Seven, what's wrong?"

"You're late, that's what's wrong! You and Zan were due in 30 microns ago! Get moving!" The line was severed at Srarlton's end. Anitra closed the channel and moved to the helm, cursing herself for not watching the time more carefully and cursing Zan for talking her into this. Seated before the helm now, she killed the stabilizers and fired up the sublight engines in a single, swift motion.

"Anitra, I haven't finished yet," Zan's bass voice resonated from the speakers.

"Yes you have. Srarlton's been trying to reach us for the last few microns. We're late! Solrise is in less than five microns!" she cried as the small, lithe craft lifted from their research spot of the last two weeks and began to move in place.

The doors of the cockpit parted again, revealing a tall man in a dark uniform, a deep royal blue to identify him as part of the science section. It was in stark contrast to Anitra's bright green uniform, signifying her as part of the command echelon.

"Computer, override helm and abort powerup," he said and the familiar twinkle of the machine complied.

"Damn you, Zan!" Anitra roared as the computer yanked all control of the craft away. "I can't afford any more demerits even if you can! Give me back the helm!"

"You're too punctual, that's your problem. You know as well as I do that we can slip past the guards and get back in before Srarlton shuts the gate. Besides, I am not done teleporting." He started to return to the cargo bay but her sudden gasp made him halt. He whirled to face the viewport only to see a ray of sunlight lance across the rolling terrain at them. He hated it when she was right.

"Computer, return control to the helm," he ordered.

"How sensible of you," she remarked acidly as the console lit up again.

"We are five kilometers from base. Even on full sublight power I can't guarantee we'll make it in four microns. I'll have to go to hyperdrive power and I don't have time to muffle it!"

Zan silently took the navigator's seat and hastily plotted a return course as Anitra punched the sublight control board to read full power. The action thrust them backwards, deep into their seats as the shuttle rose steeply and swiftly, arcing through the towering trees and shrubs.

"Proceeding on course 130 mark 15, changing to 130 mark in 30 centons," Zan reported as the green foliage slid past the viewscreen.

"Prepare for light speed," she replied as he changed the function of the board from navigation to science. The seat restraints folded over their thighs and the torso retainers in their seatbacks activated automatically as the computer recognized the pre-light-speed sequence that Anitra initialized. She punched two more buttons and they braced themselves for the explosion of light and sound that accompanies light-speed transition. If only Srarlton is looking elsewhere when she does it, she thought, for entering hyperdrive in an atmosphere is not only dangerous, it is forbidden. This was her last thought before the red alert siren came on and the hyperdrive computer did not.

Park Supervisor Jake Mitchell loved being at work before sun-up. He reckoned that he had one of the few jobs that allowed you to choose where you worked. He drove one of the park pickup trucks, a rusty, battered, green Chevy, along the perimeter path this morning. He was checking for signs of erosion. It rained a lot here during autumn and the trails always bore the brunt of the destruction. He had received many complaints from cyclists, joggers, walkers and others about the trenches and pits that first nature and now man made in the paths.

Lately, most of the complaints centered on the Hawk Ridge Trail, a trail that had been trouble-free all year. Jake had come out this morning to investigate the report of a rapidly growing crater in the path. A female jogger fractured her kneecaps yesterday after landing on them in the hole. She said she had been running along like always, rounded a curve and then she fell into the hole, totally unaware it was there.

He was still a quarter mile from the site when his headlights reflected off something. At first he thought it was a bicycle or maybe a jogger in reflective clothing. Then he remembered that the park had not opened yet and if someone else besides staff was there, they would be in big trouble. As he continued on, his curiosity piqued, he realized that it was an object, not a person and it was moving toward him as he closed in on it. He also noted that it was a meter above the ground. Jake flicked the truck's turn signal lever back toward him, kicking on the high beams. He braked quickly at what the headlights revealed. His rear wheels locked and slid on the gravel path. He saw the model spaceship shudder as it zoomed toward him.

Anitra recovered first, "Tackle the hyperdrive computer problem, I'll handle the red alert," she snapped. She called out a tactical layout of the area to the display screen and then ordered a split-screen so she could view both simultaneously.

"Sensors say it's a truck, the kind with the box behind the glass cubicle. Library banks

confirm design and specifications. Additional information says that the vehicle is also defenseless. Should I raise the shields?" Zan inquired.

"No, not yet. What's wrong with the hyper computer?"

"The main microsquare cracked, cause unknown. We will not be able to escape of hyper power."

"Are you sure we can't repair the square?"

Zan never answered because at that moment a bright flash washed over the cockpit from the truck.

"It has seen us!" Zan breathed.

"Not for long," Anitra remarked grimly as she brought the weapons to bear. She aimed the shuttle's pulse beams, locked onto the target and fired a trio of shots at the vehicle. Because the intruder had seen them it had to be destroyed. The lives and wellbeing of the colony depended on staying camouflaged. She silently cursed again, this time for Zan's stubbornness. She received some satisfaction at seeing the vehicle take the shots full on. A large, smoking hole was now visible on the front center of the truck.

"Sensors indicate you have damaged the vehicle's cooling system, a green fluid is rapidly leaking from its 'radiator'."

"Is it still movable?"

"Yes, but not for more than a few minutes. That green fluid is what keeps the powerplant cool." Zan knew that as commanding officer, Anitra had to kill the truck even if they both perished.

"Send the distress beacon to base. Inform them we may not make it back."

As if to emphasize that statement, the glassteel viewport imploded.

Jake could do nothing but watch as three green lines of energy shot out from the nose of the model and blew a triad of holes in the Chevy's grille and radiator. A large puff of steam escaped, temporarily obscuring his vision. This was not a model UFO; they do not come out of the box with weapons. He switched off the engine before it overheated, reached behind his

head with his right hand for the double-barrel shotgun as he opened the door to get out with his left hand. He was not sure if bullets would harm it or if it was even a good idea to shoot, but self-preservation overruled logic as he stepped from the cab and pointed the barrel at the sleek craft.

He chose the glass covering the cockpit, figuring the creatures that shot at him must be piloting it so he would kill two birds with one stone by firing there. He squeezed the trigger twice and watched with satisfaction as bullets struck their intended target. The impact sounded like out-of-tune wind chimes.

"Teach them damned Martians to shoot at my truck," he grumbled as the craft began to wobble and dive toward the ground. A trail of thick, black smoke issued from the rear of the vessel as it sliced through a stand of waist-high slough grass near the creek.

Shards of glass flew in every direction, causing multiple system failures. Anitra had had her back to the glass when the impact occurred and that fact may have been what saved her life. She reacted instantly, throwing

herself face-down on the deck and covering her neck and head with her hands as she had been taught in battle drills. Zan, however, had no time to hit the deck. Instead he slouched in his seat and swiveled it around so the back faced toward the viewport. He hoped nothing penetrated the seatback.

"What happened to the shields?" she shouted. The red alert lights were flashing and the siren began to wail in the cockpit.

"Failed, just before impact. Two microscopes are gone, the one that masters the shuttle defenses and the hyperdrive master square," Zan reported as Anitra reclaimed seat and sought out what still worked.

"Impulse drive is out, guidance and weapons are still functional," he said as the craft lurched and tilted downward, nose first.

She did pay as much attention to her partner's list as to where the downed shuttle was headed. The sunlight faded and then disappeared as they clipped through the large patch of reeds near the river. Anitra usually avoided it because she knew that water lay at the base of the reeds nearly all year long. She loathed the compound, except for drinking. She did not even take water baths, she preferred the sonic type.

"Do the thrusters still work?" she asked.

"Yes, but..."

"Hold on then!" She aimed the all rearwards, firing them simultaneously to slow the craft.

A red light flashed on the science board, accompanied by a piercing hooting noise that lasted five seconds.

"Anitra, there has been a coolant leak, we have to get out."

"Then go, I'll stay behind," she offered as they slowed and then settled tenuously on a circular bed of thatched twigs and leaves.

"No you won't. Both flitters are on board, we'll use them. I remember how you hate to get wet."

She did not reply or argue, though she had to smile inwardly at his attempt at concern. She set the helm and navigation on their station-keeping setting and slid smoothly out of her seat. She silently followed him out of their besieged shuttlecraft.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE



by Charles Bollinger

# Where I Lived, Where I Live Now

## I. Where I Lived

My mother's house lay beneath a large oak tree, in Normandy, MO, south of the roaring airport hum, in the center of a 1974 Suburban Dream. The boxy red, gray, and blue homes spread for miles, and the winding of the majestic lanes cut through what must have been years of a no-longer forest. Stonehenge. Engelton. Atherstone. Birchmont. Names so powerful that now, I draw double breaths just to speak them into air.

Our street, Atherstone, ran along a hill, a hill that started about a 1/4 mile up, and sped straight and steep until you passed our driveway, and then bent 90 degrees and shot on for other lanes to spill into. It poured west, towered by dense branches and power-lines, past the neat groomed lawns of Box-House Suburbia, through the green of Sebastian Park with dirtbike jumps, across the rod and chain bridge for fishing I never did, down the Skid Rowish alley where the holy Ice Cream Vans parked all winter and made me imagine they were there, gathering snow, transforming it into Bomb-Pops, Creamsicles, and Kaptain Krunch bars, just for me.

On endless summer days, I chased Atherstone on my red Team Murray, the chatinking of training wheels clacking beneath, and never found an end to its straight shot beaming. Inevitably I'd sack down in Sebastian Park, with a knapsack lunch and the "Further, Further Adventures of Encyclopedia Brown", contemplating the immensity of my world, and all the piney green closing in on my eyes.

Now, I see every face of that neighborhood, every man and woman comes racing through twenty years of darkness. Every face that ever mowed a lawn, hauled groceries, rebuilt an engine, or just sat like a suspended god on a porch swing. The women, in cutoffs and black tee-shirts, their hair, flat, feathered, or sometimes up in pink curlers, float across sidewalks, rising from Monte Carlos and mean Smokie-and-the-Bandit Trans-Ams, like virgin queens with attitudes. Their men, strong; tooling in on Harleys or pick-ups, every day for lunch, with grubby work

hands and grim faces that speak like romantic Blackian dreams, so sweet, so gentle, the men don't have to say a word. They just reach for their wives, and take them with strong hands across smooth skin. Embracing in the Livingroom, the Kitchen, the Aluminum Shed. When they see me they smile and draw the yellow shades to night.

## II. Where I Live Now

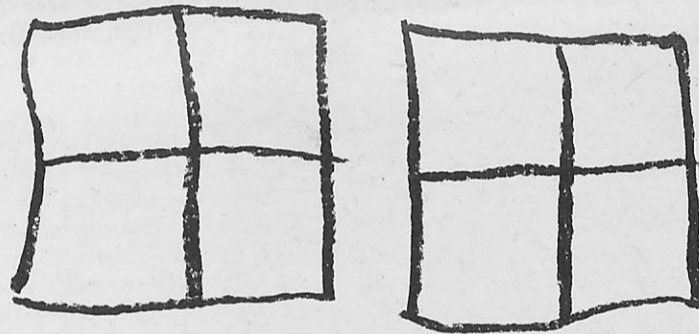
The streetlamps hang their heads across Wyoming Ave., and sleep all day like drunks. On his way home, the old goober next door swings a bag of groceries like a pendulum. He's talking to himself again. He's talking about his lawn, and how sweet it is; about the life of a mind, and love. When he passes beneath my balcony he's singing "Sweet Georgia Brown". I wave. He slips into his house and locks the door.

From the kitchen, I survey the great alley, filled with cars on blocks, and shingled garages dipping to the hard ground. Some kids race through on bikes, pulling wagons, and throwing rocks at the dog behind a fence. The white sky goes gray

and I wonder why so many phone-lines, stretching across the alley, to poles, to flats, to poles, and I've never talked to anyone there. I pour the sweet coffee and time falls sudden to dusk. The Black Thorn Pub, a block down, pushes out vibrato voices that boom thru the week-ends that begin on Wednesday night, and end in time for Church Sunday and Holy Pius up on Grand. I've never gone in; too much smoke, too many voices. The closest I've actually been is the round-headed mailbox on the sidewalk out front. Sometimes slipping a letter to its fat, grinning mouth, I imagine pushing through the slick glass doors, and

calling the bartender, "Hey Vinnie, how's tricks?" "Who's she?" he'd say and smile at me and slap me five and call me an ass and ask me if I wanted the usual.

Earlier tonight, after the rain, I walked the streets, past the rows of Brownstones and thin gangways. Cars hissed by, planing the blurred road, schinging toward infinity. Horns mingled with the boom of tube speakers woom-baaing in the crisp air. At Tan-My, for carry-out, the Vietnamese lady with soft eyes handed me the greasy sack and nodded. "You good customer," she said. "Extra noodle in bag for you."



fiction by Michael Steinberg

# The Wasteland Gallery

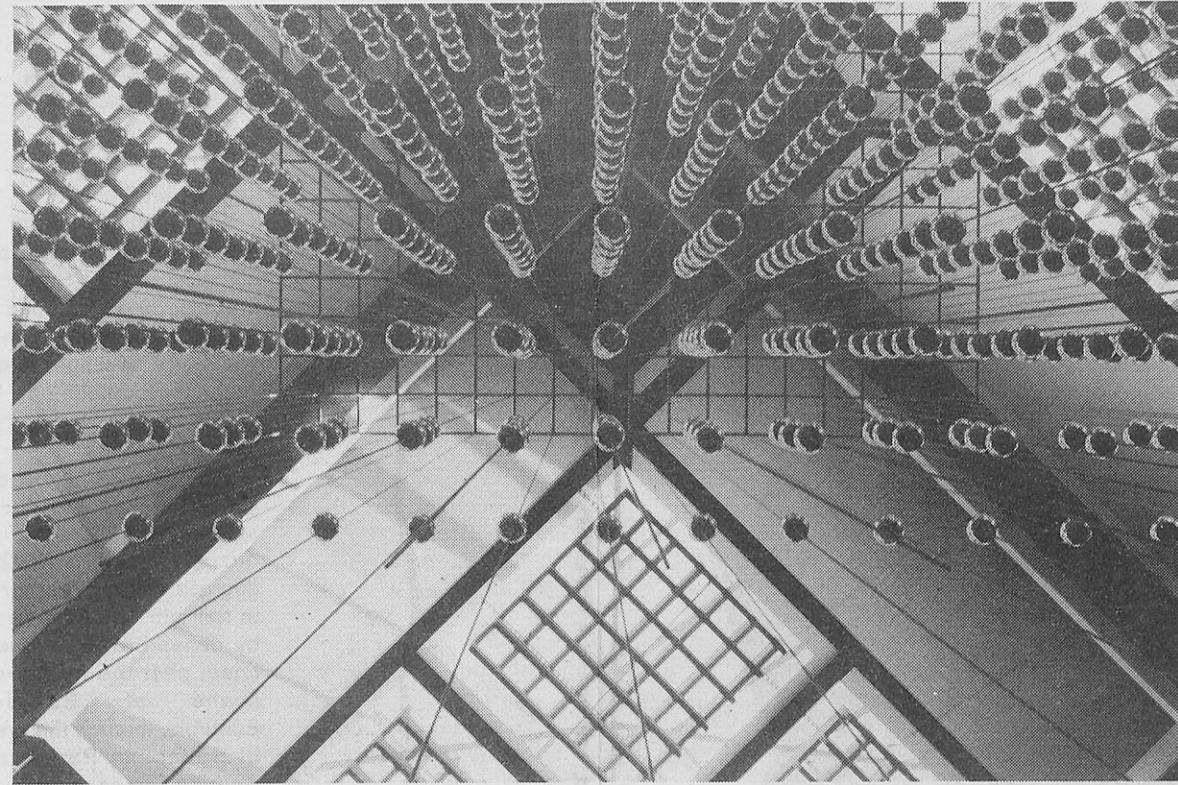
In each and every issue, right here in the center of our regular paper, you can look forward to seeing interesting photos taken by the people of Webster University. If you would like to see your photos in the gallery, listen up.

- Black and white only.
- Photos will not be returned unless special arrangements are made.
- No boring photos, please.

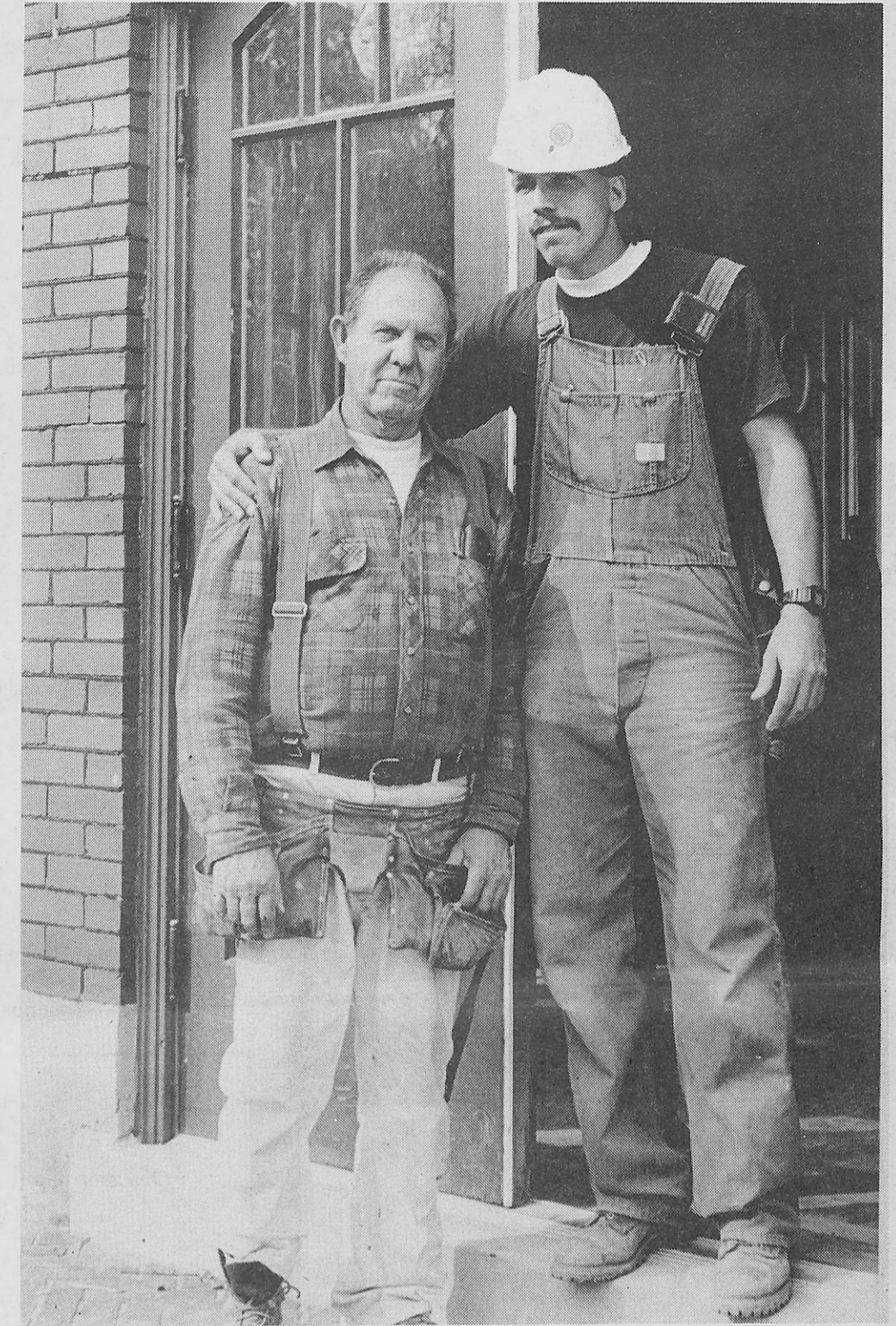
Send them to: The Wasteland, University Center, Webster University  
470 E. Lockwood Ave, St. Louis, Mo. 63119



Chad A. Knueppe photo



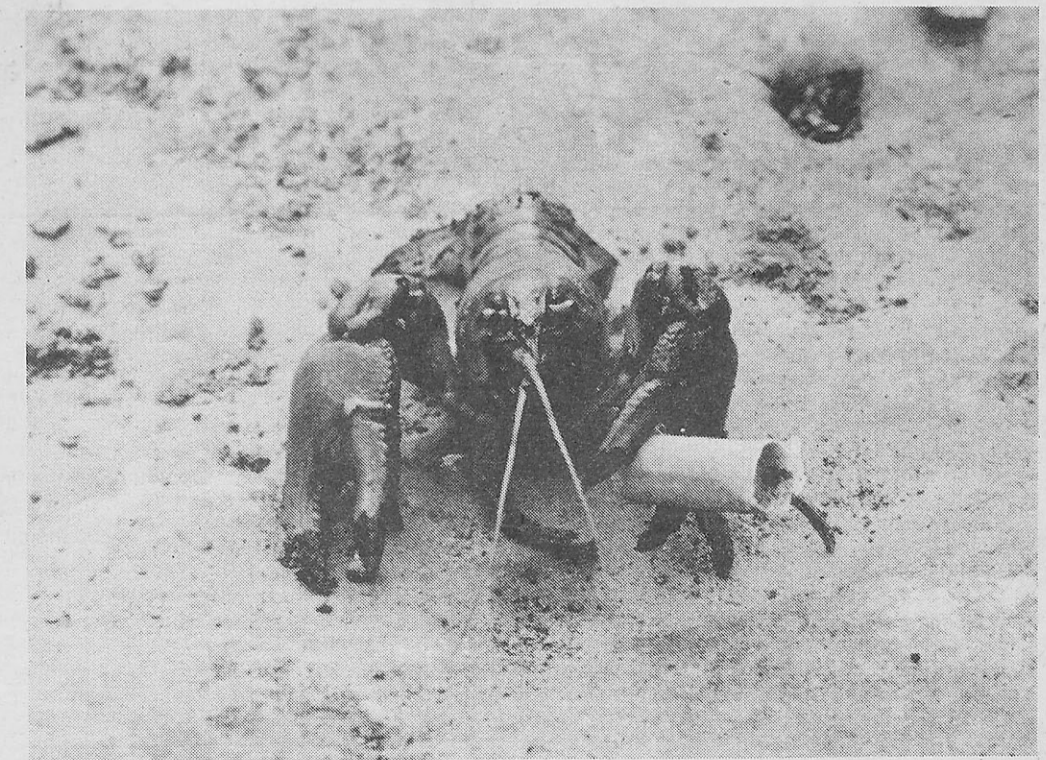
Scott Langley photo



Chad A. Knueppe photo



Chad A. Knueppe photo



Scott Langley photo

POETRY

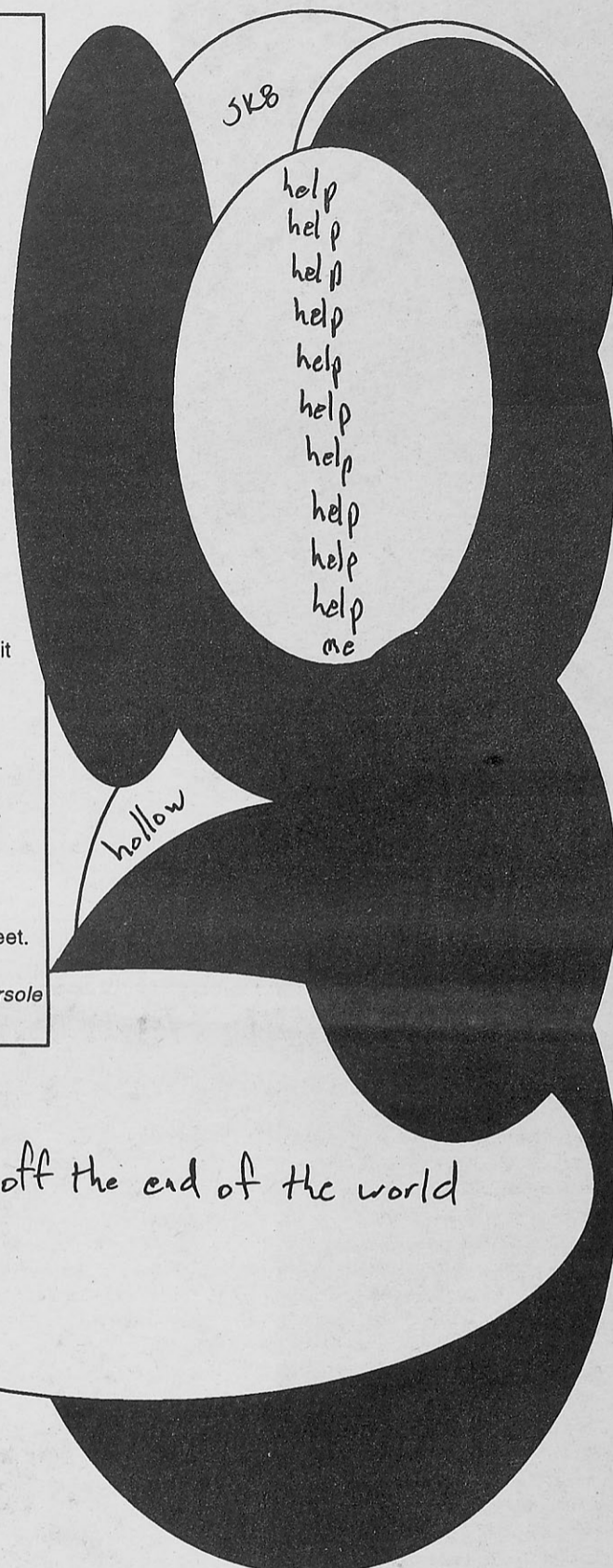
UNTITLED

Leslie doesn't have time  
 At forty-one  
 She's got a busy career  
 She makes her own hours  
 As long as they're between 8 and 7  
 She plans her time  
 She manages her time  
 But she never has enough  
 Janie doesn't have a home  
 At forty-one  
 She's lucky she made it this far  
 With the abuse she's endured  
 She left the hospital's refuge  
 A long time ago  
 And she sometimes finds shelter  
 But she never has enough

Leslie doesn't have time  
 On a diet and late for Weight Watchers  
 She needs an exercise plan  
 That she can fit into her schedule  
 Janie doesn't have a home  
 Forgets her own name because no one uses it  
 She needs a better place  
 To scavenge decent food

Leslie doesn't have time  
 Now her whole schedule's thrown off  
 By a flat tire  
 She goes briskly up the walk  
 To get to a pay phone  
 Janie doesn't have a home  
 Under the awning she sits in the shade  
 A lady walking briskly by  
 Sees her and cuts to the other side of the street.

- Ginger Ebersole



thank Bob

Z

this is the voice of god

revolution

welcome to the machine

the wasteland welcomes all forms of poetry and thought (including song lyrics)  
 send all submissions to the wastelands the university center 470 e lockwood  
 ave webster groves mo 63119

once i fell off the end of the world

FIRST TIME

Love,  
 the child's prayer,  
 the player's lie.  
 Kiss off,  
 sunshine,  
 I ain't got the time.

First time?  
 In a stranger's bed,  
 squeezing between lusty legs  
 of envy.  
 Touching a gypsy  
 who promises eternity,  
 until she changes her mind.

Chill out,  
 Miranda,  
 Elvis has left the building.  
 Seek love in empty bottles,  
 and rise.

Do you recall the first time?  
 Lake Shore Drive,  
 and the city just kept going.  
 It's over,  
 sunshine,  
 some other time.

- Chad A. Knueppe

# Unchaining Myths Of Black Womanhood



Paul D. Stevens photo

**SOCIAL ACTIVIST:** Angela Davis speaks to a standing room-only crowd in the gymnasium of the University Center last month.

## WOMEN, RACE AND CLASS

by Angela Davis

In celebration of Black History Month and of Angela Davis's visit to Webster's campus, I decided to review her phenomenal book "Women, Race and Class." Although this book was first published in 1981, the information that it contains is as pertinent today as it was twelve years ago, and perhaps more so.

## REVIEW

by Rebecca Kryah

As we move into 1993 with a new administration in the White House, it is absolutely necessary that we, as a society, reevaluate our attitudes in regard to women, people of color and people of different sexual orientation. We must speak out in defense of cultural diversity and equal civil rights.

The first step to understanding and valuing differences is to study the history of these differences. In "Women, Race and Class" Angela Davis offers an incredible version of the history of race and gender in the U.S. with a different voice — that of the African American woman.

Davis' book begins with a chapter entitled, "The Legacy of Slavery: Standards for a New Womanhood," which explores the history of women in slavery, a topic often neglected by historians. Davis writes that the present roles and stereotypes of women of color come directly from the legacy of slavery.

Davis disputes the common myths of slave women: the matriarch who ruled her man; the loose slave girl who enjoyed her master's affections; or the woman depicted in "Uncle Tom's Cabin", who Davis describes as "... a travesty of the Black woman, a naive transposition of the mother-figure, praised by the cultural propaganda of the period, from white society to the slave community."

Davis writes that slave women and men shared an equal status, the woman working just as hard in the fields as the man, but that the woman had extra duties, such as child-rearing and food preparation, thus creating this stereotype of the matriarchal figure who was in complete control over the family.

Another stereotype that Davis destroys is that of the "easy" Black woman. She writes that rape and sexual coercion were so common as to be considered part of every day life.

Davis says, "Rape was a weapon of domination, a weapon of repression, whose covert goal was to extinguish the slave woman's will to resist, and in the process, to demoralize their men." These are the significant realities of slave life that Davis regards as the culprits for many of the stereotypes we have today.

In subsequent chapters of the book Davis

gives a detailed history of the women's movement, beginning with abolition. She describes the racism and class discrimination that excluded women of color from the suffrage movement and other historical women's clubs, and that have continued to exclude these women as recently as the 1970s.

Davis claims that because of this exclusion and discrimination, Black women have been reluctant to rally behind the modern women's movements, and rightly so. Because the goals of white, middle to upperclass women differ so greatly from those of the African American woman, it does not stand to reason that a large number of African American women would be compelled to participate, nor have they been greatly encouraged to do so by the white women's organizations.

Perhaps the most disturbing information that Davis offers in her book is found in the chapter entitled, "Racism, Birth Control and the Fight for Reproductive Rights." In this chapter Davis talks about the fight for birth control and says, "Birth control — individual choice, safe contraceptive methods, as well as abortions when necessary — is a fundamental prerequisite for the emancipation of women. Since the right of birth control is obviously advantageous to women of all classes and races, it would appear that even vastly dissimilar women's groups would have attempted to unite around this issue."

As controversial as this may seem, Davis backs this up by explaining how birth control has been used to oppress women, specifically those of low socioeconomic groups. She talks about federally funded sterilization programs that have either robbed unknowing women of their fertility or coerced them into becoming sterilized by withholding medical and other benefits.

"Under the auspices of the Eugenics Commission of North Carolina, so it was learned, 7,686 sterilizations had been carried out since 1933. Although the operations were justified as measures to prevent the reproduction of 'mentally deficient persons,' about 5,000 of which had been black." If these statistics seem shocking, the fact that by the 1970s "over 35% of all Puerto Rican women of childbearing age had been surgically sterilized" seems even more unreal.

The purpose of this book is to educate and empower. For those of us who will never know what it means to be a woman of color, this book helps to bring us to a much closer understanding. For those who are women of color, an overview of history through the black female perspective can only enhance your appreciation of who you are and where you come from.

I highly recommend this book to anyone who has any questions about why things are the way they presently are for people of color, women, and the lowerclass. Angela Davis's answers reflect a kind of brutal truth that is often not taught in history classes.

## HUMOR

### Hunting With Hemingway

an interview with Ernest Hemingway by Jim Madison

*Note: The following interview was conducted in 1950, just a few years before Mr. Hemingway faced the accident that would eventually drive him to suicide in 1961. I traveled to Central Africa with him in a small plane so that we could hunt wild water buffalo. He was incredibly excited about the whole trip, and he had been drinking something or other since we had left the airport. In addition to his drinking, Mr. Hemingway loved to smoke huge Cuban cigars and yell lines from Conrad novels out loud at random. Boachi, the tiny African man who carried Mr. Hemingway's large collection of rifles on his back, was also the pilot of our tiny plane, even though he was nearly blind. He (Boachi) barely spoke any English, except for words like "gun," "shit," "commie-journalists," and, of course, "fuck," which Mr. Hemingway had taught him. In fact, Boachi thought my name was Fuck Madison. Of course, I corrected him on the matter, and he is now working for the Polish government repairing broken condoms for the mentally insane. Anyway, Mr. Hemingway was in high spirits during the interview/hunt, and even though numerous magazines rejected the following article, I still had tremendous admiration for him.*

**JM:** Many say that the best writing you did was two decades ago, and that you are just a pale shadow of your former self. Do you have a rebuttal to this assertion?

**EH:** Well, Jimmy, let me tell you a story. Back in Paris, a long time ago, I ran into Henry Miller on a desolate street corner. I had really admired what he was doing at that time, and told him so. He just said, "Ernie, fuck you." And he was right. The son-of-a-bitch was right all the time. The minute somebody loves you, they begin to hate you. Henry wanted people to read his shit, not judge it. Because as soon as you get praise, you get set up for criticism. You think I want a bunch of candy-asses from New York telling me how to write, and telling me when my writing blows? Fuck no. Writing should come from the gut. If you can't see that, then you're no writer. And if you try to pass judgment on other another person's emotions, then you are not a critic, you are simply an asshole. So fuck you, Jimmy!

**JM:** Well ...

**EH:** I scared you shitless, didn't I? I'm sorry, my friend. Here, take a swig of this shit, kid. God damn, you kids crack me up! Holy shit, look at that! Boachi! My .22, if you would!

**B:** Gun, gun, gun ...

**EH:** Yes, yes, gun! And if you don't give it to me I'm gonna get my knife, knife, you fuckin' walnut!

**B:** Gun, gun, gun. Bullets?

**EH:** Well, bullets always help, you know.

**B:** Here. (hands over loaded rifle)

see 'Hem' page 18

IF YOU TURN ON THE LIGHT QUICK ENOUGH,  
YOU CAN SEE THE DARKNESS.

WELCOME TO THE WASTELAND

# Beckett's First To Asimov's Last To 'Prison Groupies'

As we enter April, there are a number of interesting books that will be entering the market, or are already available to the 40per-

## PREVIEW

by Chris P. Housh

cent of Americans who purchase books.

The purpose of this column will be to notify you of the books that are the most intriguing as they are released; inform you of the books that are being made into films; and occasionally review new releases to let you know if the books are worth the small amount of money you have left after paying the outrageous Webster University prices.

Since the author has not read any recent releases for the writing of this article, we will focus on the new releases. The author hopes that you will read all of the entries, but to make things easier for the reader, all of the books will be listed in the categories below.

### BEST BOOKS OF THE MONTH

As I write this article, I have yet to find any reviews of these books, and am working with two-sentence synopses of the books. With this fact in mind, I propose that the best plot for an April release is "In the Garden of the Dead Cars" (Cleis, \$10) by Sybil Claiborne. Claiborne's novel takes place at the end of the AIDS epidemic, where the survivors are terrified to touch each other, and of any other form of human contact. The novel will hopefully reflect current fears about AIDS, and work along the same level as King's "The Stand." Susan Taylor Chehak's hardcover novel, "Dancing on Glass," has the potential to become one of the most important pieces of literature this year. The novel from Ticknor and Fields (\$20) could become the next "The American Tragedy" as it follows a young man's downfall from highbrow society when he has a homosexual affair. My recommendation is "Sandman, Sleep" by Herbert Liebermann (St. Martin's Press, \$23) which centers around Orwellian detection techniques in the near future.

### STUPIDEST TITLE

"Prison Groupies" by Clifford Linedecker (Pinnacle Books, \$5) is the worst title of April. The true-crime paperback is filled with interviews with twenty women who love society's greats, such as Manson, and the Midnight Stalker. I guess I can see where these ladies are coming from, I've always been turned on by Squeaky Fromm (just kidding).

March however, had two books that were even more amusing, "Art of Arousal" (Abbeville, \$35) where Dr. Ruth Westheimer did a remake of Madonna's "Sex" using classic paintings, and "Zombies of the Gene Pool," Sharon McCrumb's sequel to "Bimbos of the Death Sun," both from Ballantine and priced at \$5.

### BIG NAMES

Isaac Asimov's final book "Forward the Foundation" (Doubleday, \$23.50) will capture the most headlines this month. It is the conclusion of the Foundation series, and was completed just before his death. Margaret Atwood's short story collection "Wilderness Tips" (Bantam, \$7) features her recent works. Sequels to J.G. Ballard's "Empire of the Sun," Kathryn Harvey's "Butterfly" and Larry McMurtry's "Terms of Endearments" will all be out in paperback in April as, respectively, "Kindness of Women" (HBJ, \$11), "Stars" (Avon, \$6), and "Evening Star" (Pocket/Star, \$6). Samuel Beckett's first novel, written in 1932, "Dream of Fair to Middling Women," will be released by Arcade at \$22. Erich Segal's "Acts of Faith" (Bantam, \$7), and Michael Tolkin's "The Player" follow up, "Among the Dead" (Morrow, \$20) finish this month's list of famous non-genre writers.

### HORROR

The big release of the month is "The Throat" by Peter Straub (Dutton, \$24), which is a psychological horror story centered on a decades-old mystery. Any horror fan who has been reading this genre will have read Straub's other novels, like "Ghost Story", and are familiar with the high level of work that he produces. David Morrell's "Testament" (\$6) will be released in paperback in April also. Morrell has grown since he wrote "First Blood" (the Rambo movie) and this novel shows his growth when a white supremacy group starts to hunt down the family of a reporter who has exposed them. "Urban Horrors," an anthology of stories that deal with the horrors we could meet in our homes or on the streets, will be released by Daw at \$5. "The Blood of the Lamb" (Tor, \$6) by Thomas Monteleone deals with a priest that, after learning how to heal and raise the dead, discovers he can kill as easily as he heals. A rip-off of Skipp & Spector's "The Bridge," Mary L. Hanner's "Rapid Growth" (Dell, \$5) that has a mysterious pollution start a plague, will also be released.

### FUTURE FILMS

Asimov's "Forward the Foundation" (see above) has already been sold as a movie to Tri-Star. Warner Brothers has purchased the April release, "Just Cause" by John Katzenbach (Ballantine, \$6), in which a not so innocent prisoner is released from Death Row, after a sympathetic report is printed. This Halloween, Francis Ford Coppola's "Mary Shelley's Frankenstein" will be released, directed by Kenneth Branagh. Stephen King's "Needful Things" and "The Dark Half" have completed shooting and should be released soon.

This list will hopefully aid you in finding books that will entertain you. Romance, sci-fi, western, comedy and other books being made into movies will be in the next issue. Till then, let the newsprint get on your fingers, but *don't bend the spine!*

## • Bestsellers •

### FICTION

#### 1. RISING SUN

by Michael Crichton (\$5.99)

A woman's death leads to an investigation involving the American-Japanese rivalry.

#### 2. LINE OF FIRE

by W.E.B. Griffin (\$5.99)

The fifth volume of the series "The Coups" tells of an attempt to rescue two marines in World War II.

#### 3. WAITING TO EXHALE

by Terry McMillan (\$22.00)

Friendships and romances of four black women in Phoenix.

#### 4. DRAGON TEARS

by Dean R. Koontz (\$22.95)

Two Police detectives try to cope with a demonic serial killer in Southern California.

#### 5. THE BRIDGES OF MADISON COUNTY

by Robert James Waller (\$14.95)

A photographer and a lovely farmer's wife in Iowa.

### NON-FICTION

#### 1. BACKLASH

by Susan Faludi (\$12.50)

A journalist describes a war against women's rights.

#### 2. MAKING THE MUMMIES DANCE

by Thomas Hoving (\$25.00)

The reminiscences of the former director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

#### 3. NOBODY NOWHERE

by Donna Williams (\$21.00)

Friendships and romances of four black women in Phoenix.

#### 4. JFK: RECKLESS YOUTH

by Nigel Hamilton (\$30.00)

The first 29 years of the 35th President.

#### 5. THE TE OF PIGLET

by Benjamin Hoff (\$16.00)

Aspects of Taoist philosophy explained through the actions of A.A. Milne's character Piglet.

compiled by Books 'n Things, 1 South Old Orchard, Webster Groves, 961-3755

## 'Hem' continued from 17

**EH:** Thanks. Stand back, kid. (he takes aim for a large water buffalo eating wild grass) Come to papa. (squeezes trigger, gun goes off)

**B:** Oops.

**EH:** Who the hell tapped my shoulder while I was shooting, for Christ's sake? Boachi, you fuckin' dolt. (slaps Boachi) Bad boy! Bad boy! Shit.

**JM:** Are you a racist, Mr. Hemingway? Your hatred of the Germans is well known. You even volunteered to watch for enemy subs during the war. Or is your hate motivated by politics?

**EH:** I wouldn't say I'm a racist, Jimmy. I just hate stupid people. I love the Spanish people, except for Franco, who was a royal dumb ass. Hitler was also a dumb ass; that's why he lost the war. Mussolini was like the son of dumb ass (Hitler). Sounds like a movie title, doesn't it? "Son of Dumb Ass."

**JM:** Speaking of films, how do you feel about the films your books have been made into?

**EH:** Movies are a lot like novels. They both seek to tell bullshit stories. But with books, the story happens only if you take the time to pursue it. With movies, it all happens for you. Actually, I had people like Bogart in my mind when I wrote a good deal of my stuff. So, I don't mind filmed adaptations much.

**JM:** You once said that all your life, you've looked at words as if you were seeing them for the first time. Could you explain this a little further?

**EH:** Did I really say that?

**JM:** Yes, sir.

**EH:** Well, let me try to remember what the hell I was talking about. Well, you see, every time you confront written words on the page, you are faced with a new experience, a new kind of human understanding from another point of view. And every writer has his own voice, his own story to tell. That's what's so great about writing. It's all your voice and nobody else's. And each time you confront new words, you must accept them for what they are, and the story they hold. I think that says it all, really.

to be continued



courtesy photo

**HOOKED ON PHONETICS:** George Bernard Shaw's story of a British phonetics professor who transforms a Cockney flower girl into the darling of London aristocratic society is running at the Loretto-Hilton Center through April 16. (from l. to r. Stacey Miller as Clara, Katherine Leask as Eliza and Zoe Vonder Haar as Mrs. Eynsford-Hill.

## 'Pygmalion' Closes Mainstage Season

George Bernard Shaw's timeless classic, "Pygmalion," about a most unusual collaboration between a cockney flower girl and a learned professor runs on the Mainstage of the Repertory Theatre of St. Louis through April 16. Shaw's world-famous play revolves around a bet Henry Higgins, a British phonetics professor, makes with his friend after discovering a young flower girl named Eliza Doolittle hawking her wares in a cockney vocal that could split steel. Higgins claims that he can take this denizen of the lower classes and within six months transform her into a proper lady, who will pass as an aristocrat in London society.

After the bet is sealed, and he has bullied Eliza into accepting this unusual tutorial, Higgins drives her with impatient fury until he has molded her into what the experts think is a well-bred lady. And in the end the tables turn on Professor Higgins as Eliza ends up charming not only London society, but also her pompous mentor.

"Pygmalion" first opened in London on April 11, 1914, and was a huge success. Later that year in October, the play opened on Broadway, where it was an immediate success. The New York Times described "Pygmalion" as "humorous" and wrote that it "deserves to be one of the most popular of all the Shaw plays ...". The New York Herald review raved, "Brilliant, clever satire on the familiar classic myth and a good evening's entertainment."

George Bernard Shaw, winner of the 1925 Nobel Prize for literature, was born in Dublin,

Ireland, in 1856. During his first years in London, Shaw wrote five unsuccessful novels. Finally to supplement his income, he started contributing critical reviews of books, then art, then music, and later drama to newspapers and magazines. Shaw became widely known as a witty, knowledgeable, discerning critic. In 1892, he wrote his first play, "Widower's Houses," which along with several other early plays were unsuccessful until the early 1900's when Harley Granville-Barker took over the Court Theatre and included Shaw's works in his repertory. With the 1905 London season, Shaw became firmly established in the British theatre. He wrote 52 plays.

John Going, who directed last season's "The 1940's Radio Hour," returns to the Mainstage to direct "Pygmalion." At The Rep, he originally directed "Radio Hour" for the 1984-85 Mainstage season, as well as "The Imaginary Invalid" (1973-74). His directing credits include "The Women" at Washington, D.C.'s Studio Theatre; "A Tale of Two Cities" at Philadelphia's Wilma Theatre; "The Miser at The Shakespeare Theatre at the Folger in Washington, D.C. which won him the 1987 Helen Hayes Award for Outstanding Director; and award-winning production of "Inherit the Wind" at New Jersey's Paper Mill Playhouse; and Broadway's "Hizzoner," which also traveled to Moscow in 1989. His work Off-Broadway includes "Breeze from the Gulf," "Lola" and "One Step at a Time."

Katherine Leask, who appeared this season on the Mainstage as Lucy in Dracula, is Eliza Doolittle. In 1989, she appeared on The Rep

Mainstage in the title role of "Saint Joan." She has also been in the "Melville Boys," "The Cocktail Hour," "Other People's Money," and others.

Martin LaPlatney portrays Professor Henry Higgins. He appeared on Broadway in "The Crucifer of Blood," and in the original cast of "Amadeus" directed by Sir Peter Hall. Off-Broadway he was in "The Passion of Dracula," "Tartuffe," and others.

Burt Edwards, who appeared this season as Erronius in "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," portrays Pickering.

Donald Ewer makes his Rep Mainstage acting debut as Alfred Doolittle, a role he portrayed in the HBO film version with Peter O'Toole.

Jenny Turner, who last appeared on The Rep Mainstage in "Wishes Off," portrays Mrs. Pearce.

Ruby Holbrook, who appeared as Monica Reed in "Present Laughter" (1982-83), portrays Mrs. Higgins.

Matt Bradford Sullivan appears in the role Freddy, and Zoe Vonder Haar returns to the Rep Mainstage to portray Mrs. Eynsford-Hill.

A number of Webster University Conservatory of Theatre Arts students are in the production, including Eric Conners, Robert F. D'Haene, Gillian McNally, Stacey Miller and Ian Novak.

Rounding out the cast is Kitty Armour, Carol Brymac, Jeffrey Cox, Teresa Dagget, Wm Danieal Fife, Jennifer Jonassen, Patti Lewis, Brenda Robertson-Suhre, Tom Schiller, Barbara Size and David S. Stewart.

The artistic staff includes Joel Fontaine, set designer; Jeffrey Struckman, costume designer; Allen Lee Hughes, lighting designer; and T. R. Martin, stage manager.

Men

Women

shirts

sweaters

boots

dresses

hats

vests

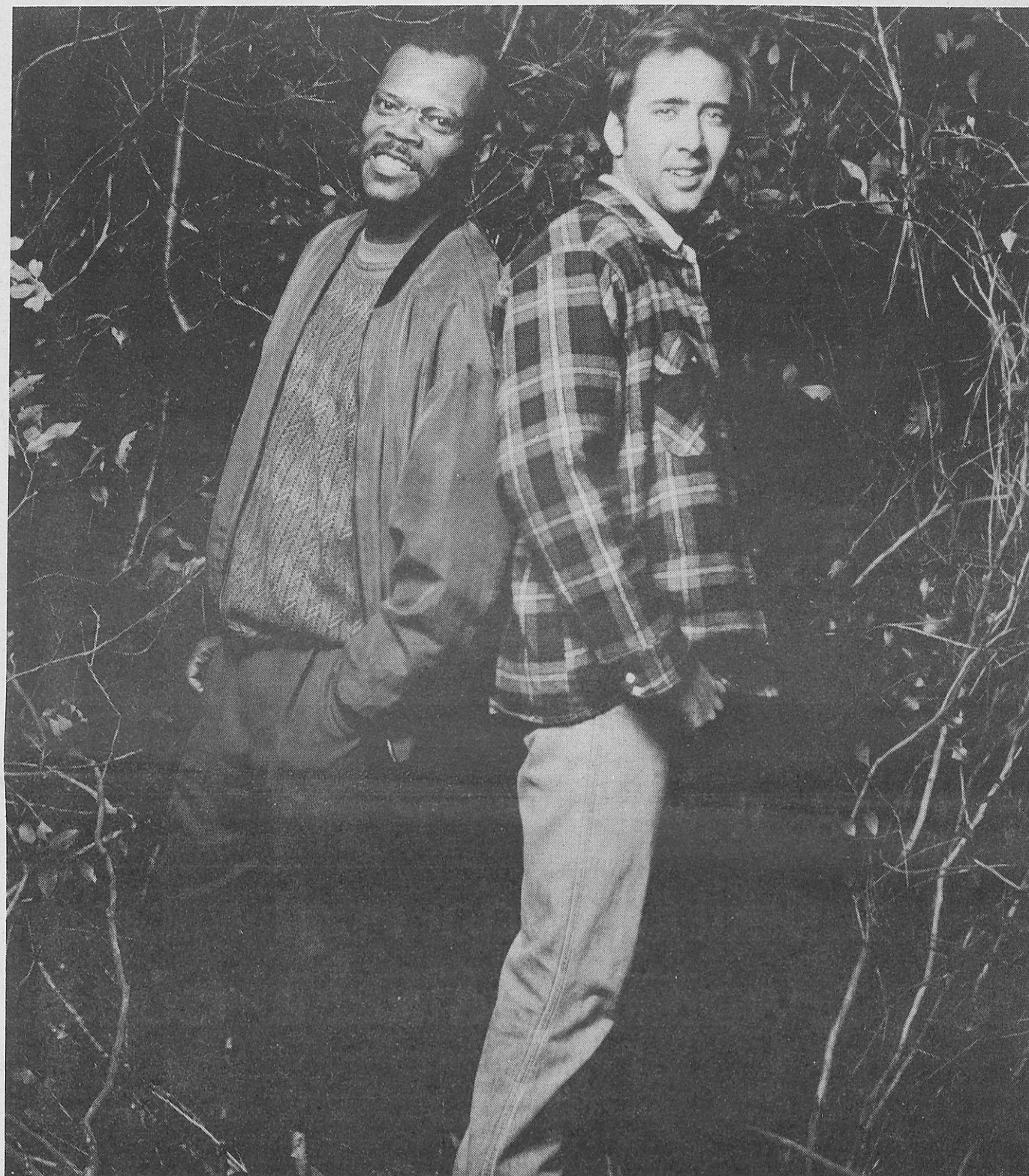
flannels

earrings

etc.

# AVALON

6394 Delmar ★ University City Loop ★ 725-4040



courtesy photo

A & A: Samuel L. Jackson (l) and Nicolas Cage (r.) star in the hilarious new social comedy "Amos & Andrew."

## Social Comedy Sparkles

Fate is a funny thing. Willie Shakespeare thought so too. But, as I stood in front of the Esquire pondering what to do after finding out that "CB4" had just sold out, fate decided to rear its sometimes ugly head. Me and a friend decided to go see "Amos & Andrew." I mean what the hell, it was a rush hour showing, so losing a few bucks on a stupid movie wasn't so bad.

The only problem was nobody told the movie to be bad. I had every intention of walking out of the theatre and pronouncing "Amos & Andrew" a "bad movie."

Well, it is bad. For the first ten minutes.

A self-made black man, Andrew Sterling (Samuel L. Jackson), is a wealthy Pulitzer Prize winner who prides himself on being "the angry voice of his people." Sterling is moving into his new summer home when his neighbors spot him. Of course, a black man carrying stereo equipment "can only mean one thing."

When the police enter the picture, things go even more haywire. Buying in to the neighbor's assessment that he is robbing the house, the police shoot first and ask questions later. After discovering his mistake Chief Tolliver, played hysterically by Dabney Coleman tries to cover it up by sending small-bit criminal Amos Odell (Nicolas Cage) to act as if he were holding Sterling hostage, then release him, saving face for the police. For his part Odell gets out of jail.

That plan works for a while, but the tables turn, and turn, and turn.

The script (by E. Max Frye) is surprisingly witty and original. Forget political correctness, this movie picks on everybody. Nobody's exempt from this melee.

Walt Lloyd, who also directed "sex, lies and videotape," sparkles when Jackson and Cage are in the scene together.

This movie is second only to "Groundhog Day" for funniest movie of the year.

That is, unless fate finds me again.

*-A thought by A. Veanger*

VIDEO

## The Handmaid's Tale

Is it a right, a privilege, or a requirement that women bear children? This question is raised by the film "The Handmaid's Tale", based on the novel by Margaret Atwood.

The story takes place in the future, in the Republic of Gilead where ecological disasters have ravaged the land and rendered much of the population sterile. Only one in one hundred women are capable of pregnancy, and these women suffer in a government "training camp", where they are brainwashed to think it is their duty to reproduce as much as possible, not to raise their own children, but rather for the rich wives of high-ranking officials to raise.

There is nothing artificial about the method of insemination used, but it is definitely unpleasant.

The state molds Christianity to fit this purpose: "Why do you think God made you a woman?" screams Aunt Nydia, who is in charge of the women in the camp.

Kate (Natasha Richardson), the main character, is placed in a camp after her husband is killed, her daughter is lost, and it is discovered that she is capable of pregnancy. There she meets Moira (Elizabeth McGovern), a "gender-criminal" (lesbian), who has a plan to escape the camp.

Kate is placed in the home of a politician (Robert Duvall) to reproduce for him and his wife (Faye Dunaway). There members of a rebellious political faction have other plans for her.

Visually, this is a provoking film with great use of color, namely blue, red and white. Certain types of people dress in the same colors, making for a surreal effect. The feel of fantasy is carried further by futuristic details.

The story itself, however, has little to do with the future and more to do with the reproductive rights of women and what effect this has on society. Some scenes are uncomfortable to watch, specifically scenes of torture and mistreatment.

There is a sense of confusion throughout the film as Kate discovers what is going to happen to her next; she is as unaware as the viewer of what the rules of this society are.

Ultimately, this film is disturbing, but is a thought-provoker, and this is to be highly regarded. It is worth a watching when one is feeling particularly stable, but more than once is a little grueling.

*- Ginger Ebersole*

# Phish Swims In A Sea of 'Rifts'

## RIFT

Phish (Elektra)

Wait a minute! Hey... that Dead-derivative guitar riff sounds familiar - could it be...? Yes, it is Phish. Those weirdos from Vermont are back with "Rift." This album is yet another chord in their string of albums that sound like one continuous song.

It may sound as if I'm going to tear Phish apart - I'm not. I actually have to give these guys the credit they deserve and "Rift" is a tremendous leap into new sounds and influences.

While the Phish "sound" is unmistakable, they have added a much jazzier sound and some rather philosophical lyrics. You are apt to find yourself humming along to the Hee-Haw tune in "The Wedge" and the song "Weigh" is definitely They Might Be Giants material (though I much prefer Phish).

The lyrics to most of the songs on "Rift" (excluding the goofy ones in "Weigh") are much deeper than those from previous albums. Take, for instance, from the title track "Rift:"

*And silence, contagious in moments like these, consumed me and strengthened my will to appease the passion that sparked me one terrible night, and shocked and persuaded my soul to ignite.*

Wow - igniting souls are a long way from running "like an antelope out of control," from the "Lawnboy" album. There is a definite struggle going on in these songs and they seem to reflect that moment of being caught between sleep and consciousness. The song "Maze" seems almost the appropriate introduction to what you will be hearing: "You've lost it, you'll never get out of this maze."

Maze indeed. There seem to be about ten different things going on at the same time in every song, and deciphering them takes a lot of listening. Fortunately, the songs on this album are not immediately likable, thus as they grow on you it's less likely that you'll tire of them.

Phish are like the Grateful Dead in that you can always find a song within a song, the songs are usually tied together, and as long as you don't initially like the song, you'll never get tired of hearing it.

"Rift" is a terrific album with a lot of wonderful sounds and beats, and some very innovative composing by Trey Anastasio and Tom Marshall.

Unfortunately, they were only compelled to include the lyrics to half of the songs, so for those of you who don't understand - tough.

This album is a worthwhile buy (unless you don't like Phish, obviously) and the best part is that the fan-club address is on the inside, so if you write them maybe you will get a sticker to put on your V.W. Bus (next to the dancing bears, of course). This way you can look really hip, cool and with-it like the rest of the dredges of the university community. Hippie/Grunge. Enough said.

By the way, my stereo liked Phish so much it ate my tape, so if anyone wants to take pity on me and buy me another, I would greatly appreciate it.

- Rebecca Kryah

## WHERE YOU BEEN

Dinosaur Jr. (Sire)

J Mascis is God. I can't praise this guy enough these days. Although the songs on this new album are less rhythmic and accessible than those on "Green Mind," the last album by the one-man band, Mascis throws in so many little touches onto gems like "What Else is New" that it's hard not to like this album immensely. In this era of alternative commercialism, Mascis emerges as the hero of college radio with this record, and makes those J rip-offs (i.e. Evan Dando, Kurt Cobain) look like a bunch of wussies. "I Ain't Sayin'" sounds like vintage Who, and Mascis' guitar playing has never been so good. The lazy, rollicking sound of classic Allman Brothers is here, as are quite a few songs so hard and loud they make Nirvana sound like vintage Bing Crosby. "Start Choppin'", easily one of the best singles of the year so far, will stay in your head for days. But then, all great rock is addictive. So just buy this CD and shut the hell up.

- Jim Madison

## NEVER FORGET DEATH

Whitehouse (Susan Lawly)

Like a savage cannibalistic pygmy tearing through its victim, so forth "comes" William Bennett with his eleventh release on Susan Lawly. As with wine, Whitehouse gets better with age. This is possibly the most brutal sound since their formation thirteen years ago. Four new sphincter rippin' hits including "Torture Chamber," which cannot be played if you value your stereo. Inside is the entire Whitehouse discography and cool letter about how death really excites William, even his own. Truly electronic dead body music for the 90s.

- andychrist

## REACHIN' (A NEW REFUTATION OF TIME AND SPACE)

Digable Planets (Pendulum/Elektra)

Every year or so, somebody makes a rap record so cool that I'll listen to it day and night for weeks on end. A Tribe Called Quest has made such records, as has Public Enemy. This year, or at least so far this year, the great rap record award must go to Digable Planets and their debut album. This is an album so cool it's almost lethal. The Velvet Underground, in their prime, could not top this album for drop-dead coolness. This is mostly because Digable Planets know their roots. They pay tribute to the sixties on "Jimmy Diggin' Cats," play around with jazz on the hit single "Rebirth of Slick," and pen a pro-choice anthem with the song "La Femme Fetal." The entire album borrows heavily from jazz and funk masters, yet the finished product is still remarkably original. Full of big beats and deep bass, this collection is smooth enough to blow up a jeep.

It takes more than just beats to make a good rap record, however, and the members of Digable Planets (Butterfly, Ladybug and Doodle Bug) prove their worth with some of the slickest verses ever to grace a record.

Like Das Efx and Black Sheep, they have a truly original lyrical style that accommodates their complicated sound. And what a sound it is. This album may be the best attempt yet to merge rap with jazz. It was well worth the wait.

- Jim Madison

## JUST LOOK AROUND

Sick Of It All (Relativity)

The boys are back this year with a new one entitled Just Look Around. For those of you into the New York hard-core scene, you, no doubt, have heard Sick of it All's first full-length album "Blood, Sweat and No Tears". That album earned Sick of it All some serious recognition outside of the New York scene. But there was no respect for their music ability. Now, I'm not going to say that they are great musicians, but I will say that the music they create is brutal. Another thing I will say is that their new album does show considerable improvement in their abilities. It's almost night and day with the changes they have made.

Matured. That's a good word to describe this new album. And I'm not talking about how much the guitar player has improved, or how Lou, the lead singer, has opened up a whole new range to his voice.

They have managed to take four or five bar chords, some single note accents and turn it into a sound that is nothing less than powerful. Somehow they have managed to keep all of the intensity and speed going but without sounding like bad speed metal.

Thank God someone has kept the music at a street level honesty and not bastardized it into unnecessary guitar solos and catchy riffs.

Tainted. The lyrics are anything but. A person isn't going to find a more brutal honesty than the lyrics on this album. Street justice, pride and unity are the dominant theme. As with the music, the lyrics have also matured noticeably. If you don't like being jerked off, you'll appreciate how straightforward the lyrics really are.

Ultimately it is the sound of the band that matters. Not how pretty the singer is, not how fast the guitar plays and because Bonn really cares. If you want a kick of reality go out and buy this record.

- Rob Geisinger

## TOUS LES MATINS DU MONDE

Soundtrack AUVIDIS VALOIS (Import)

Even if you didn't catch the incredibly beautiful film at the Tivoli or the Kirkwood, try to pick up this equally beautiful soundtrack. Splendidly recorded, it's a stunning collection of baroque music by nearly forgotten composers, all played on authentic period instruments. Haunting, powerful and unforgettable.

- Jim Madison

## DESTROY— OH BOY!

New Bomb Turks (Crypt)

This album had the punkzine of record, Maximum Rockroll, all abuzz a month back, so I was intrigued into seeking out a

copy. If you dig snotty, go-screw-yourself punk rock, this is your bag, right from the opening strains of the anti-art anthem "Born To Lose Lautrec" (get it?) You can almost smell the desperation (along with the exhaust fumes) as you groove along to such burners as "Dragstrip Riot," sheer teenage brattiness to a pounding 4/4.

If you want regurgitated Led Zeppelin-cliche-dreck like Pearl Jam, go turn on MTV; however, if what you're looking for is a heaping helping of spit-on-a-cop-and-pass-the-forty, check out the New Bomb Turks.

- Jason Toon

## NO CURE FOR CANCER

Denis Leary (A&M)

Powerful, dark, deeply cynical, and most important, hilarious. This album is a blend of angry night club stand-up and (surprise) actual songs. Leary's dark, ironic wit works best in harsh bits like "Drugs", in which he attacks the dumb drug traditions of years past, and "Smoke", a near masterpiece of comedy. His song "Asshole" might even become an anthem for a generation. The bits he made famous on MTV are given an extended time to brew, complete with profanity. The only thing not to like about this record is the big, ugly PARENTAL ADVISORY sticker that graces itself across the cover. Thanks, Tipper.

- Jim Madison

## TOTAL RECALL

Negative Approach (Touch and Go)

The early 1980s were a golden age for hardcore punk. Bands from all over— Minor Threat from D.C., Black Flag from California, and dozens more from everywhere in between— made a lasting mark on the punk scene between 1980 and 1985. Negative Approach (from Detroit) was one such band.

This release collects all the tracks that this band released in their three-year existence, which ended in 1984. It then adds to those twenty-one songs an additional twenty live cuts. Simply put, this music is pure hate, raw and completely visceral in its sheer contempt for society and most of its inhabitants. Hawaii you hear frontman John Brannon venting his rage on tunes like "Lost Cause", you'll thank your lucky stars that it wasn't you who pissed him off. Other numbers, like the fist-shaking "I'll Survive", affirm a commitment to, well, surviving. Unfortunately, most of the live stuff is almost unlistenable due to maxed-out production, but the studio cuts more than make up for it. Excellence.

- Jason Toon

KILL YOUR IDOLS.

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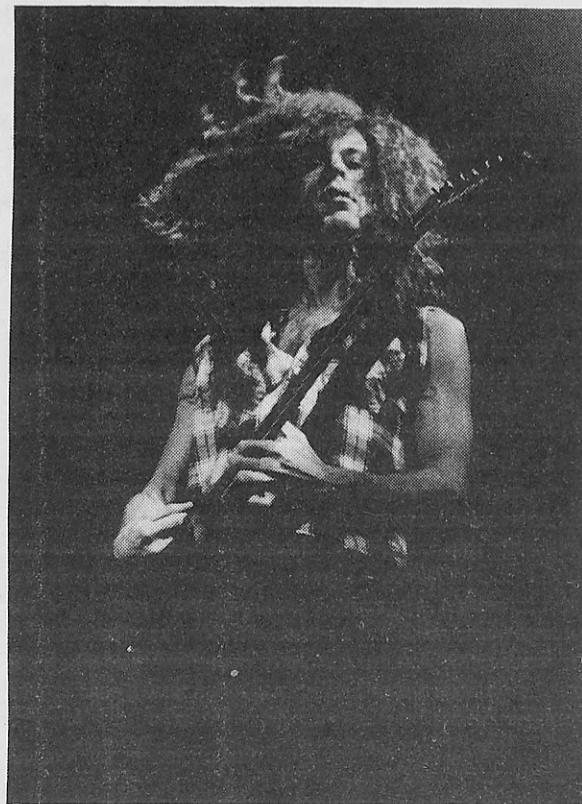
courtesy photo

**WAKE UP DEAD:** From metal underground to mainstream, Megadeth is following fellow band Metallica to the top of the industry with a softer approach to music. (from l. to r.) Dave Mustaine, Nick Menza, David Ellefson and Marty Friedman.

# Megadeth Foreclosing On Yesterday

## Metal Band Plunges Head First Into Mainstream Acceptance

by Shandy Casteel  
of The Wasteland



J. Robert Powell photo

**MARTY FRIEDMAN:** Megadeth guitarist during a solo at the American Theatre on Feb. 4.

Megadeth has always been in a class by themselves. From their first, "Killing Is My Business ... And Business Is Good" on Combat Records to their latest Capitol release "Countdown To Extinction," Dave Mustaine's scathing vocals and erratic guitar attacks have been consistently surprising. And the other half of the Evil Daves, David Ellefson has managed to reinvent his bass playing for every album, keeping the music fresh and original. But, despite the talent and crisp sounding studio recordings, Megadeth has always sucked live.

Not anymore. When they rolled into town for two sell-out shows on Feb. 3 and 4 at the American Theatre, they were bringing their most polished and entertaining act with them.

"I think the tour is going great," said guitarist Marty Friedman in a telephone interview. "We've been on this leg for about a week, and each show has gotten progressively better."

This is a long way from the days of the out of tune guitar strumming and sometimes off-kilter drum beats of the early live days. And what a treat to hear stunning renditions of classics like "Wake Up Dead," "The Conjuring," and "Peace Sells" refreshed by the new blood of Friedman and drummer Nick Menza.

"I really like playing the old stuff," said Friedman. "I didn't have any impact on these songs when they were written because I wasn't with the band then, but now, I can put a little of myself into them. And, you kind of get tired of hearing the new stuff over and over."

That wasn't a problem a few years back when only a show like "Headbanger's Ball" would show a Megadeth video. Now you turn on

MTV and you have a good chance of catching "Sweating Bullets," their latest. So, what happened in the interim time from the small success of "Rust In Peace" to jumping into the charts at Number 2 with "Countdown To Extinction?"

Friedman says there is no simple answer to that question.

"That album is simply where the band is right now in time. It's never a conscious decision to say, 'let's write a song for this audience or that audience,' it just happens," said Friedman.

"Countdown," whether intentional or not, has moved Megadeth right beside fellow thrashers Metallica into the metal-pop pool of mainstream music. A genre where it has become the fad to be angry and miserable, and to mock politicians and their maniacal doings. It's cool to be mad as hell.

It's also too easy.

Megadeth shines on "Countdown" when Mustaine gets personal. Songs like "Sweating Bullets," are exceptional and genuinely interesting. It's songs like "Symphony of Destruction" and "Countdown To Extinction" where Mustaine goes into a political diatribe against society that Megadeth loses the handle on its music. Luckily, however, they managed to pepper in enough old stuff between the new songs at the show to keep the most die hard fans attentive.

Opening the show for the metal quartet were sonic grungesters Stone Temple Pilots who were entertaining, if not redundant. Pilots are very groove oriented, and it is a difficult task to keep from bobbing your head and tapping your foot to even their worst song. The crowd was, however, happy to receive their only recognizable song, "Sex Type Thing."

Megadeth has come a long way since the early grinding sounds of "Killing Is My Business," and during that long and winding trip has reached many a high peak. Although they may have hit a bump with "Countdown," I'm sure they'll get back up and start climbing again. It might take them a while to macth some of their old stuff, but for now I'm just as content to trash my fellow moshers to "High Speed Dirt" as I am to "The Conjuring."

# School Of Fish Swimming In Mainstream

by Rebecca Kryah  
of The Wasteland

School of Fish's sophomore effort, "Human Cannonball" possesses a harder edge and more biting sound than their first album "Three Strange Days." The first album, with its hit title track "Three Strange Days," was more melodic with catchier tunes, not uncommon for a starting band. "Human Cannonball" has more intense guitar riffs and heavier lyrics. When asked about the bigger and better sound, singer/songwriter/guitarist Josh Clayton-Felt explained.

"On the first record, you know, we weren't fully realized as a band, I know we're not now either, I mean, I think a band, hopefully, is never fully realized because usually when a band becomes fully realized ... usually that's their last record. I think you constantly have to grow and basically give way to whatever changes come about."

Grow and change they have. Josh Clayton-Felt and Michael Ward, who founded the band in 1990, are the only original members who remain. They have worked with different musicians in the past few years, currently touring with Chris MacDonald on bass and Chad Fischer on drums.

School of Fish, whose show at Mississippi Nights on March 11 marked the first week of the Human Cannonball tour, will be playing seven more weeks in the U.S. and three weeks in Europe. They are touring with opening band Best Kissers in the World.

School of Fish put on a fantastic show, sounding surprisingly better live. They seemed to have a very casual, friendly rapport with the audience, much like the attitude Clayton-Felt possessed when being interviewed. Playing a small-scale house seemed to make them more comfortable and Clayton-Felt seems somewhat reluctant to approach greater success.

"It's like the first time you finally get a car, you know, when you're a little kid all you want is a car. Success is kind of like getting a car and the next thing you know, you're in traffic. Once you're doing well, there's a bigger price tag on it and once there's a bigger price tag it's harder for it to be like, what music once was."

Despite this reluctance, things seem to be on the rise for School of Fish. Playing to a sold-out crowd at Mississippi Nights, they were riveting, with every song sounding smoother than on the album. They were only slightly upstaged by the antics of their opening band Best Kissers in the World, who spent the duration of School of Fish's performance feigning worship on the side of the stage, and cavorting with the "alterna-teens" up front.

Best Kissers in the World, with whom I had the opportunity to speak after the show, put on an impressive show themselves with a sound that they describe as "edgy-pop." They recently signed on at MCA and have an EP out entitled "Puddin'." They also toured with Social Distortion, but prefer touring with School of Fish because they have much closer musical styles. Dave Swafford, the bass player, who



courtesy photo

**SCHOOL'S OUT:** School of Fish played at Mississippi Nights on March 11. (from l. to r.) Chris MacDonald, Michael Ward, Chad Fischer and Josh Clayton-Felt

declared that his "dream would be fulfilled if he could go to the gym with Mike," (Michael Ward, who is apparently a fitness buff, and who vocalist Gerald Collier describes as a "clean teen") said that their goal was to make "loud hits for the kids." They will definitely have the opportunity to do this with their full-length album that will be released in late August. The band has been around on and off

for about six years and consists of Gerald Collier (vocals), Jeff Sutcliffe (guitar), Dave Swafford (bass) and Tim Arnold (whose father is from Webster Groves) on drums. There seems to be a dispute about where the band is from. Dave insists Seattle while Gerald screams Chicago, but the direction in which they are headed could very well be big.



courtesy photo

**NOBODY HEARS:** Suicidal rocked the American on March 11. (from l. to r.) Rocky George, Mike Muir, Mike Clark, Robert Trujillo.

## Suicidal Tendencies Grooves In St. Louis

by Shandy Casteel  
of The Wasteland

"It's all about positive energy, and taking responsibility for your own actions. Standing up for what you believe in. And most of all, it's about having fun."

Corny and cliched as it might sound, rhythm guitarist Mike Clark's assessment of what Suicidal Tendencies means is not far from what vocalist Mike Muir has been preaching since early last decade.

Supporting their new release, "The Art of Rebellion," and towing along fellow cell mates Infectious Grooves, Suicidal skated into town Thursday, March 11 at the American.

For Clark, the week-old tour was already making up for Suicidal's last stint.

"When we were opening up for Megadeth, there was no leg room for us. The fans had it in their mind they wanted speed metal and that was that," said Clark.

No confusion this time.

Suicidal's frontman Muir also holds the reigns for Infectious Grooves along with fellow S.T. member Robert Trujillo, bass.

While Muir's antics became tiresome after two sets, Trujillo's incredible dexterity and creativity with the bass, held both Infectious and Suicidal's sounds tight.

Nothing more than a light-hearted and less serious Suicidal, Infectious Grooves still manages to retain all the talents of its parent band, and throw in Mr. Sarsippius, the Infectiphilian, himself belting out his classic "Whip Cream," and you got —

"I don't know what all the fuss is about. These guys suck, especially that singer and bass player," Clark said taking a jab at his bandmates.

Infectious funk up the stage with cuts from the most recent Infectious work, "Sarsippius' Ark." From "Don't Stop, Spread the Jam," right down to "Do the Sinister."

Catching their breath quickly, Muir and Trujillo were back with Clark and Rocky George, lead guitarist to strike the first few notes of "You Can't Bring Me Down" to the packed house.

The performance, broken up by short monologues by Muir, ran the gamut from the more intense stuff from "Join the Army," and "Controlled By Hatred/Feel Like Shit ... Deja Vu," to the softer sides of "How Will I Laugh Tomorrow When I Can't Even Smile Today," and "Lights ... Camera ... Revolution."

Sprinkling in new tunes off "Rebellion" like "Where's the Truth," "Nobody Hears," and "Can't Stop," with oldies like "Possessed To Skate," Suicidal had the floor in a moshing frenzy for their 90 minute performance.

We might have missed them when Ozzy had to cancel last fall, but it was worth the wait. Any repetition was surely overcome by the sheer power of Suicidal's music and lyrics.

"We do it because we want to do it," said Clark. "I don't really know if we are one of a kind, but we're not trying to be either."

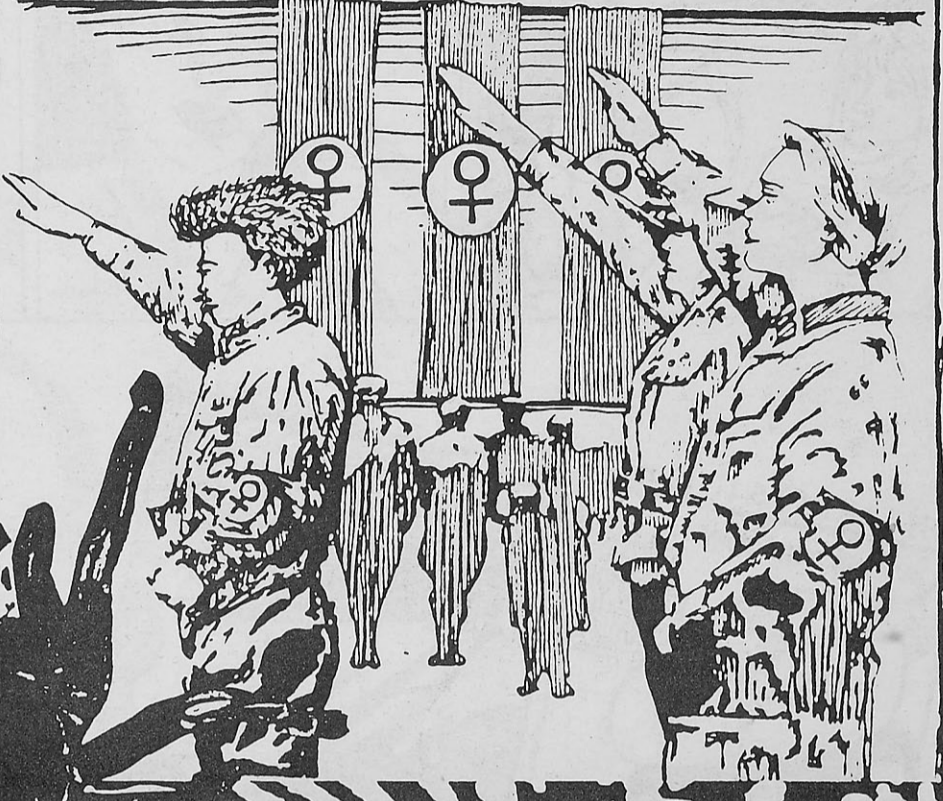
Whatever Suicidal has tried to be has worked for the past decade, and if they keep it up I'll send them my money any day.



NEW THINGS SCARE US by: ANDREW LEONARD DORTMANN ©'93

DISCOVERY THAT WE CAN  
GET Aids TOO...

THE RISE OF FEMINAZI POWER



WE'RE HERE  
WE'RE QUEER  
SO GET USED TO IT

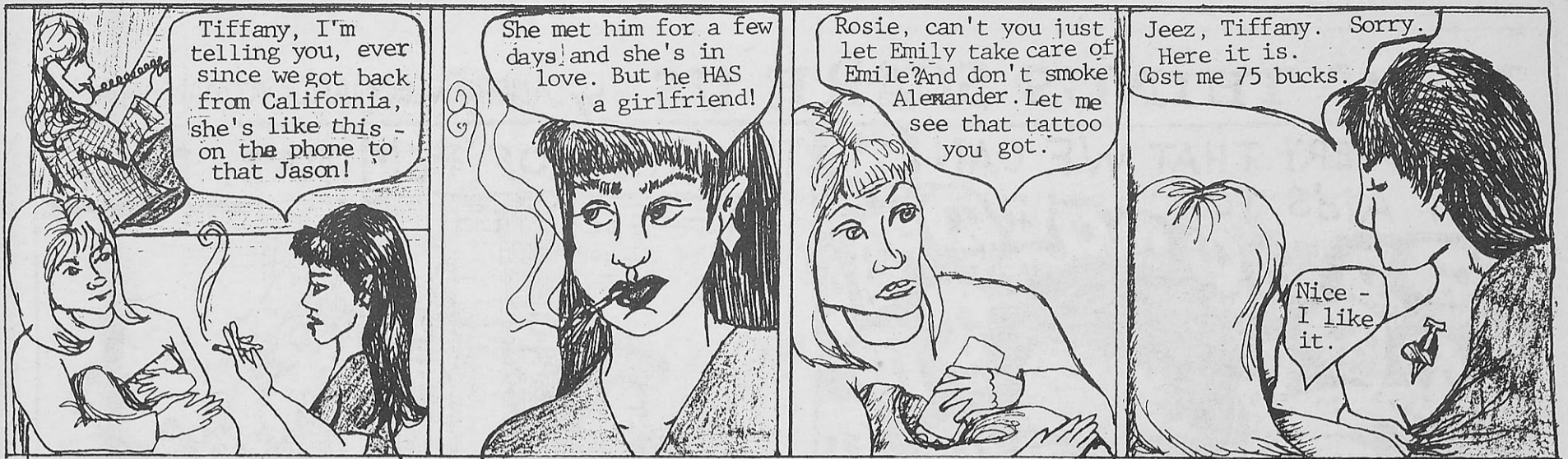


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March

**25** CONTINUING:  
The Repertory Theatre of St. Louis' production of the Off-Broadway hit "Sight Unseen" will show in the Studio Theatre through April 11. For more information, call (314) 968-4925.

**26** PARTY:  
There will be an AIDS benefit party in the Visual Arts Studio from 9 p.m. until 1 a.m. Admission is \$3.00.

**28** POETRY: David Clewell will be reading from his recent release, "Lost In The Fire," at 2 p.m. The celebration will be held in Room 2 of the Pearson House — 8270 Big Bend.

**26** "IRON MAN:"  
"Tetsuo: The Iron Man," a film by cult director Shinya Tsukamoto, will be presented at Webster University at 10:30 p.m. on March 26 and April 2, and at midnight on March 27 and April 3 in the Winifred Moore Auditorium, 470 E. Lockwood Ave. Admission is \$5 for the general public, \$4 for Webster alumni, students from other schools and senior adults, and \$3 for Webster students faculty and staff.

**29** OPENING:  
"From Matter into Spirit" an exhibition of contemporary crafts will show at Webster University's Hunt Gallery, 8342 Big Bend Blvd. through April 16.

**31** POETRY:  
The Women's Resource Center will be holding a poetry reading from 4-6 p.m. at 154 Edgar Road.

**25** CONTINUING:  
Andrew Lloyd-Webber's "Evita" is playing at the Fox through March 28. Call (314) 534-1678 for more information.

## DOCKET POLICY

The primary purpose of the docket is to actively involve students in both on campus and off campus events. All items for inclusion in the docket must be received no

later than ten days before publication date. Send all materials to: The Wasteland, 470 E. Lockwood Ave., St. Louis, Mo. 63119. Items will be printed as space permits.

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# THE WASP ELAND

'NOW THERE IS NOTHING MORE TO FEAR'



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WE KNOW WE PROMISED THE CONTINUATION OF THE HEMINGWAY INTERVIEW, BUT TO OUR DISMAY WE'VE FOUND HE'S BEEN DEAD FOR SOME TIME NOW. SORRY ABOUT THAT FOLKS. THIS TIME WE GOT A REAL PERSON FOR YOU, WE'LL MAYBE WE BETTER CHECK FIRST.

ROSEBUD: 21  
WOW, THAT WAS PRETTY SCARY, HUH? WELL, WE PROMISE NOT TO DO THAT ANYMORE.

REP WIMPS OUT: 23  
AFTER SOCKING IT TO AUDIENCES FOR TWO SEASONS, THE REP SLIDES BACK INTO LOW GEAR FOR THEIR OLDER AUDIENCE..

JOIN THE REVOLUTION: 23  
HELP PUT THE BOOKSTORE OUT OF BUSINESS. READ THIS AD, THEN WAIT UNTIL THE FALL. THE BATTLE HAS BEGUN.

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**COVERS:**  
On the front and back, Jason Eric Moore's "The Dysfunctional."

# The Good, the Bad & the Sad About Webster University

*There is much that is good about Webster University — the campus location, the international potential, many of the faculty and staff and a couple of really special deans. However, there is also the bad and the sad — parking, lack of course difficulty, campus security and a seeming lack of direction in the presumed goals of the university.*

*For a student who enrolls at Webster with a clear sense of goals and direction, the good far outweighs anything bad. Unfortunately, it probably goes without argument that most college-age students do not have that sense of direction and fixed goals. This is why Webster should take a serious look at the conflict that exists between its mission and its actions.*

*continued next page*

by The Wasteland's Dean of Thought

# The Good

## MAIN CAMPUS

Webster Groves is a quiet and relatively safe community. So its not like attending school on a campus such as Washington University or even St. Louis University, where you are at or in neighborhoods in which you have good reason to feel unsafe. Not that "nothing" ever happens in Webster Groves, just that the campus is safer than most in the area.

## H. SAM PRIEST CENTER FOR INTERNATIONAL EDUCATION

The most positive addition to the university of late is definitely the resource center on international information at the Priest House. Dan Hellinger and his assistant, Grant, are the best guys for the job over there. It is Webster's first "real" step toward becoming an international university. There are more than fax machines and brochures for those interested in broadening their horizons.

## INTERNATIONAL CAMPUSES

Many of us dream of traveling to another country, such as Europe, but we can never quit dream from where we would get the money. The international campuses are perhaps Webster's most attractive offerings.

There are travel abroad scholarships to supplement students' income who intend to study at one of the university's European campuses. And Carla Gibbs is of great assistance to students interested. The international component of Webster is an addition also in respects to offering students a genuine opportunity to learn some aspects of cultural diversity that students just cannot get from a classroom setting.

## FINANCIAL AID

Webster offers a host of scholarships and awards and the majority of the university's students receive some type of financial aid. Although some students have some horror stories about financial aid at Webster, the truth is that most of them get it eventually.

## DEANS

Both James Groetsch and Neil George should go down in Webster history as "the king of deans" on campus. They speak to students in a frank manner, return their phone calls and are considerate of virtually their every request, if possible. They are real people and they treat students like real people.

There is a story about how Groetsch did a little "last minute" favor for a student once — it resulted in that student winning a \$2,500 scholarship. You can't beat that.

## ACADEMICS

If you came to Webster with a sense of direction and set goals, then you have come to the best university in town. Course offerings at Webster are diverse enough for students to obtain a broad degree of knowledge in their fields of concentration. The programs are also flexible enough that they can be adapted to some students' more specific pursuits.

Among the most outstanding programs are the graduate programs and the teaching and nursing programs at an undergraduate level. Also, Webster's Business Administration and Criminal Justice programs stand out among the best in the area.

## INSTRUCTORS

Some of the most intelligible and down to earth instructors are to be found at Webster University. Included on the list of those to be commended for their dedication to instruction and their students are: Linda Holtzman, Linda Diehl, Kathy Corley, Don Corrigan, Dan Hellinger, Elaine Berland, Leon Hicks, Keith Welsh, David Clewell, Joseph Lowery, Susan Hacker, Art Silverblatt, Orestes Valdez and a host of others. Some of these instructors can be found prowling about campus in the wee hours of the mornings, preparing for classes. They are also those instructors who are personable with their instruction and giving of themselves. They are those who give students that self confidence necessary to succeed wherever they go.

## FEATURE

## MAIN CAMPUS

What is the number one issue at the main campus? PARKING! PARKING! PARKING! PARKING! PARKING! PARKING!

Sure there are a select few who might try to convince you that parking is not that big of an issue, but for most of us, students, faculty and staff, it is the biggest issue. The problem stems from poor planning.

Whenever the university decides to erect a new building, such as the Sverdrup and University Center of late, little consideration is given to parking. Oh, sure, Karen Luebbert or Teenie Followell might tell you how much parking is always available at the Pearson House lot (which, by the way, is only a year old), but there is no consideration about how media or Webster Hall students will manage a hand-full of equipment or books. They don't care that it might be sub zero, raining, icing or snowing out. And they are not concerned about Pearson lot parkers running the risk of injury when trying to cross the intersection at Big Bend and Edgar — at which the city has stated on several occasions the university is responsible for putting a stop light up (but Luebbert sang in a meeting, it's all the county's fault — it kind of reminded you of the melody to "The Farmer and the Dell.")

If administration was genuinely concerned there would be a stop light. If there was consideration for the student there would be a shuttle, maybe one of those Gorlok vans that are always taking up spaces in the University Center parking lot.

But it's the special events that are really the bone-biters. Every time there are some people more important than students (anybody outside of the university community) coming to Webster for whatever, the barricades go up, blocking too many of the already too few spaces. If consideration was given to the university community parkers, these people would park on one of the university-owned, far-away streets and be shuttled to their campus destination. The VIPs wouldn't mind — the donations are a tax write-off for them anyway.

And let's not even mention (okay, let's) the fact that when you purchase a permit there is no warning that it does not guarantee you a spot — just in case you are not familiar with the critical parking situation.

Some like to cite the empty argument that parking is more expensive at other campuses and you might park further away. Well, we are not at other campuses, and besides, at those campuses where you do park further away, there is a shuttle service that runs on a schedule.

The other tooth-grinding situation about parking at the Webster Groves campus is that evening students do not need a permit and basically, park wherever the hell they

want. There are photos, the campus newspaper has done stories, and people have complained. But if you are an evening student, whom are mostly graduate degree seeking students in school on a employee-paid tuition plan, you do not have to purchase a permit or park in a legitimate space.

The university's excuse for allowing evening students to park anywhere free is "because of Reparatory performances." All too weak, especially given that there are day performance at the Rep that take at least two campus lots from the already cramped quarters.

You could go on and on about parking, but only a lawsuit could get the university to reconsider the situation — maybe. The university told the city's planning and zoning commission that the Kirk House, in the middle of the University Center parking lot, would be raised in order to get the plans for the building of University Center approved. Instead the Kirk House was painted and redecorated and made the new headquarters of financial aid. That area was to be 70 parking space according to the Dean Mark Govoni, who also laughed at the concept of campus shuttles during a student parking protest.

## CAMPUS LIGHTING

The lighting situation must be the longest on-going inside joke at the Webster Groves campus. Any student or faculty member who has been on campus since 1990, or longer, knows that administration has promised campus lighting improvements every semester.

This how it goes:

A student organization, it used to be the Women's Resource Center, complains about campus lighting and Karen Luebbert says that the situation is being considered. What happens is there is a "committee" formed to tour the campus to see where additional lighting is needed (Probably only Jim Miller could tell you how many committees.) What happens after that is a big fat nothing. These people should know the campus like the back of their hands, only they couldn't see the back of their hands at night in certain areas of the campus.

To make the situation even more asinine, at a meeting in April, Luebbert was recorded as saying that the lights were on order, but the company that makes the lights went on strike. What does this mean? Has the company been on strike for years? They should be out of business by now!

Is it the only company that makes lights? Luebbert didn't even know the name of the company at which the lights have been on order for years, and Jim Miller, the holder of the information and the most available unavailable person on

campus, "just cannot be gotten to" for the information.

## INTERNATIONAL CAMPUSES

Somebody at the university should be made to suffer for what happens to too many Americans who study at the European campuses. Supposedly, the dorms at the European campuses are a bit more desirable than those at the Webster Groves campus, but somehow students do not get the whole story before they leave.

One of the biggest complaints by American students who use the dorms at the Leiden location was, "nobody told me about the extra deposit." Evidently, or so the story goes in Leiden, American students were destroying their rooms and in some cases leaving without paying all of their bills — there is no way to collect from the student destroyers once they return to the states because the housing is not Webster University's.

Now students are required to pay a deposit for housing before they leave the states, and a second deposit when they arrive at the dorms.

It's too bad about the second deposit and too bad that no one tells the students about the second deposit before they leave the States. However, the not-so-bad is that these students should count themselves lucky to even get housing because the lack of housing over there is unbelievable.

## THE DEANS

A couple of the campus deans could use a new attitude. Somewhere along the line they forgot that one of the requirements of their jobs is working with students. Nothing personal, but some of you treat students like shit by talking down to them, if you talk to them at all. Being a major asshole does not make you the best "man" for the job.

## SCHOLARSHIPS

Webster University offers scholarships, but so do outside sources. It is mind boggling that the university is not interested in saving itself a financial strain by maintaining a scholarship awareness service of some sort. Some of the departments on campus do a good job at keeping information on hand, but a coordinated effort at one location would undoubtedly make more sense and be more effective. Even if it did not mean the university would give out less money, there would at least be more to go around. It's too bad that getting students "free" money isn't given as much priority as getting them loans they will have to pay back.

## The Bad

# The Sad

## CAMPUS DOGS — SECURITY

What makes Hudson guards the campus dogs has nothing to do with their security methods — it is how they are treated by members of the university. First of all, nobody, but everybody, is in charge of security. It depends on who you ask, why you are asking, and who is asking. This means that everybody is allowed to give the guards orders as though the guards are their pets — even the students.

One of the biggest complaints by the security guards is not being allowed to do their jobs. They are not supposed to allow students to destroy property on campus, but if students complain that guards broke up their hockey game on a campus parking lot near automobiles, security did the wrong thing. They are not supposed to allow anyone to walk out with items, such as a 3x4 foot mixing board, and if someone does, because the guards were across campus unlocking doors as a part of their recently added peon duties, then that theft is the guards' fault too.

They are supposed to instruct anyone in the building after hours without a pass or faculty i.d. to leave, but when they do, they did not ask them to leave the right way — the guards are wrong again.

Campus security just cannot do anything right in the eyes of Webster administration. Rumor has it that Hudson Security guards are being traded in for a new breed of dogs — public relations workers in uniforms — just what the university ordered. This would probably be good for Hudson guards who serve on campus, because it is sad that they are treated like the scum of the earth around here.

## ACADEMICS AND WEBSTER

Webster University is a liberal arts university, but that should not mean that you can get a degree without really learning anything. It is truly sad that the university has so much to offer students with direction and so little to offer the typical student — those without direction.

The university's staff is comprised mostly of adjunct instructors, or professionals who teach part-time. Nothing is "wrong" with this concept, it's just that perhaps a little more consideration could be given to the selection process so as not to hire instructors who are so busy in their private lives they forget to come to class prepared.

One of the most outstanding examples of an excellent choice for an adjunct is Mr. Alan Stamborski. He serves as a copy editor at the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, and yet, he still manages to come to his morning class prepared and expecting you, the student, to be prepared. Anyone who has had his class knows that they have had no tougher class, undergraduate or graduate level, and that in no other class did they learn more. But Stamborski is the exception to the rule. The rule is anything goes.

Although Webster University has an 80-year history, it wasn't until the 1960's when the university was renamed Webster College. It is the 60ish mentality and philosophy that has remained.

This philosophy of anything goes allows creativity — that which should not be tampered with. Although, there is no harm in adding structure to the philosophy for those who enter college seeking a course of direction. One of the most prevalent boasts on campus is "I got an 'A' in that class and I didn't really do anything." That's the problem.

Some students cannot learn on their own and

should be given guidance — something missing at Webster as a rule.

## STUDENT ORGANIZATIONS

Organizations are good, especially if they are benefiting more than a few. This is not to say that there is not a place for minority organizations such as the pro-lifers, young republicans, African-Americans or Thai Student Association. It's just to ask the question — who does the organization benefit outside of those in the organization?

The Student Government Association does nothing but hand out money; the Women's Resource Center was once active in campus issues other than a sexual assault policy, and the Black Resource Office changed its name to include the multi-cultural word, but has never been interested in anything other than that which pertains to "black." But what about the campus community, the operative word being community?

During international week the campus community was allowed to explore cultural diversity and differences, sponsored by campus international organizations. This example was the exception to what campus organizations do around here.

Sure, 1,000 people turned out for Angela Davis, something for Black History month, but what did the campus community learn about blacks during that entire month besides they were once slaves and many are still bitter.

Sure there was a pro-life rally or a pro-choice rally where pro-lifers showed up, but what did the campus community learn about the issues besides that same old song, "abortion is murder."

It is sad that the numerous student organizations cannot be more vocal and on a more positive note. Or in some cases, such as SGA, just be vocal period. Once they learn to speak (set an agenda), they should also have something to share that will truly enlighten the campus community.

## LIBRARY

What library? The Eden-Webster Library has all you ever wanted to know about theology and little else in that little place. How many envisioned a library when the University Center was being constructed? Instead of a playground for our minds we got an exercise center for our muscles. That's sad. Exercise is good, but not the knowledge most employers are looking for in an employee.

## FACULTY

So sad it is for those instructors who come to Webster and discover that their greatest barrier to overcome in attempting to reach the students is not those students unwilling to apply themselves, but other instructors. Think about it; if you had a choice of taking a writing class with an instructor who will require you to write four papers in 16 weeks, or you could take the class with another instructor who requires eight to ten papers in that same time span — which class will you, the average student with a busy agenda, most likely take? Should we say let's shed "a tear for the clowns," those instructors that try to fight the system by "teaching?" Or should we congratulate those instructors for managing to inspire a few, although the majority did not learn a thing and might serve as an example in Harry Hamm's next Jerry Burger column.

## WHO'S WHO AT CAMPUS ACTIVITIES

The university's president showed up for the young republican's party on campus, where a bunch of under-age teens and others drank beer and listened to loud music. He also made an appearance at several "black" functions and was host of a "pizza with Perlman" luncheon. But during international week, he and other members of administration were no where to be found. Of course, James Groetsch, dean of European campuses, was the exception.

Picture this: Webster University is an international institution. The university seemingly wants to make strides in cultural diversity and welcome the students who come to the campus from 40 countries in the world.

This picture would lead one to believe, that out of five days of events, which included activities in cultural assimilation, that at least one dean (other than Groetsch, who had to be there) would make an appearance and the president might show up just once! If this wasn't a sad bite in the butts of international students and coordinators of the week then what is?

## SADDEST OF ALL

Yes, saddest of all is the lack of minority representation at Webster University. According to the university's community relations world-wide figures, there are 1,150, black students, or 11 percent of the student population; there are an estimated 900 international students enrolled (130 at the Webster Groves campus), or 9.5 percent of the student body, and there are 29 American Indian or Alaskan Native students enrolled. So where's the representation? It's not in the faculty and definitely not in the all-white American administrative staff at the Webster Groves campus.

The university recently hired a black man at the Webster Groves campus to head an alcohol and drug program. But his "real" function is questionable since there has been no obvious difference in what's going on in the dorms and the Art department, where can be found at least more alcohol than at neighboring liquor stores.

No more needs to be said on the subject, but for those of you wanting to hear more, one dean said there are lots of blacks working on campus. The dean became upset when asked where the blacks were and the dean's reply of security, cleaning crew and cafeteria was laughed at. And by the way, all of those jobs are contracted in by the university, which means that those "just for appearances" blacks don't get those good ole Webster benefits, nor are they a part of any legitimate government quota. So sad.

Regardless of how Webster fairs in the minds of students individually, the bottom line is that it is a university with great potential and much to offer. Webster has been around since 1915, and will hopefully be around for many years to come. Perhaps Perlman's review will go well and the excitement of a second chance will inspire him to assist Webster in its hopeful pursuit of a brighter future.

To the new arrivals: welcome to the world of Webster. To those graduating, may we meet again.

To Claudia and Pete: may you waive your magic community relations wands and make what's good about Webster, great; make what's wrong about Webster, right, and fix nothing that isn't broken.

# Welcome To The World

Dear Students:

Approximately two decades ago you entered the world. For a short time there was a look within your eyes to suggest that you were aware of some deeper truth from which the rest of us had lost contact. Whether you had entered from another universe or were a reincarnation with a richer essence than ours, however, would remain unknown because you could not speak our language nor we yours. You had entered our domain and your past was lost. You could have begun at any number of places and could have been any number of individuals other than who you are but your entry point determined the vague boundaries of your future and the site wherein a battle for free-will and a sense-of-self would begin between your ignorance and ours. You had entered an artificial world constructed by us among an infinite number of possible such worlds for we, too, and those before us had begun with nothing except, perhaps, that lost truth.

## Infinite divergence

by Gary K. Coffman  
Professor of Science

The first few years you were close to us in conflict and love; but when you entered kindergarten or our primary schools to encounter others such as yourself, you moved away into the sophisticated primordial world of survival among your peers. Our words became those of the out-of-tune horn heard by Charlie Brown and his friends. In time some of you found our artificial world too different from what you wanted it to be and withdrew to find your own truths. Others among you by desire, pressure, fear, or confusion decided that, perhaps, there is substance within our discordant music and entered college to listen to us for the first time since your early childhood. You, thereby, chose to accept or to try to accept, at least in part, the system in which you have found yourself. Many of you have been shocked by the experience. The price of your decision seems to have been the loss of your free-will and a

faustian bargain that pastes your identity upon an exam paper with the putative promise that there are riches to be gained from this trial by ordeal. You have sacrificed emotionally, socially, and mentally and have found that the more different you are from us the more difficult is it for you to remain. We can seem indifferent to you for college is a life of the mind rather than that of the heart and the mind can be objective even about passion.

College, however, is only a small blip in your time — and our having arrived upon the planet before you has not given us a priority on truth. We walk upon the same thin ice of uncertainty as do you. Ours is a scant knowledge of one or two disciplines within which the present information will be obsolete within a few years. What we offer you is only a product of our history and our beliefs are invented ideas from the past with which we conform — ideas that will fade. We offer columns of fleeting knowledge cognitive that life is lived between them rather than within and cognitive that we know nothing of that in-between. But you are our purpose and your dreams are our hopes.

We try to teach what we think you will need to both succeed and not fail, and also hope that someday you will find beauty in the intellectual effort. Most of us dream that your life will be enlightening, that you will love it more for having been here; and that your identity, dignity, and confidence will be enhanced; that you will have more options, more freedom to explore the world of humankind, nature, the universe and will have the ability to obtain and give what you desire.

Your intervals between birth and the time we become as per *The Dead Poet's Society* 'food for worms' is most precious; but your life belongs to you, not us, and you must work hard to filter and sift the ideas you have heard and then create your own sense of being — but you must hurry. In a very short time another set of aliens — your children — will arrive upon the planet. They will have that wise look within their eyes that you once had. They stare at your artificial world — then they will smile. You will have met your match.

# Webster U. Shines On

It has been a momentous year at Webster University, probably the most significant in its illustrious history. We set new records for enrollment; we opened a beautiful new classroom facility; we constructed a magnificent student center; we purchased a 12 acre tract of land which created new horizons for the future. As you walk around campus, you cannot help but feel good about the campus development and the strong sense of pride students and staff exhibit about the place. I remember a time when the adjective which best described the Webster Groves campus was "shabby." Not anymore.

## Carpe diem

by Mark Govoni  
Dean of Student Services

The University Center has enabled us to host programs never before possible on campus. Angela Davis drew 1200(!) people; the Louisville Cardinals practiced in our gym the day before their NCAA regional game with Indiana; Norm Stewart stood in the corner evaluating a high school prospect one night. Terry Waite, the British envoy who was held hostage for nearly five years, dined with us in the Sunnen Lounge. We do College Bowl, semi-formal dances, and noontime barbecues. Dozens of students, faculty, staff and friends of the university gathered pool side for something called "Dear Moms." And as I anticipated, we are beginning to manage potential conflict as people on and off campus clamor for priority scheduling. What a marvelous problem!

More classes were taught, more learning took place. Amid all this, two little-known, but very powerful and related events took place: a few of us culminated a three year process of developing a sexual offense policy, and, virtually simultaneously, a Webster University student was expelled for raping another student. The latter action was for me one of the most poignant moments of poetic justice I have ever encountered, and stands out among all these activities as the most profound experience of the year. That message has two facets: yes, in this intellectual community we have men who hurt women — even brag about it; and we exercise the moral and legal obligation to recognize that such incidents happen here, and that we must act accordingly through education and adjudication. We say by policy and by action, **RAPISTS ARE NOT WELCOME HERE.**

On Saturday, May 8, over 650 students will participate in commencement at Webster University. It will be a great day, a year. One woman, raped in a classroom building by a student she dated, will not be there. She left the university with a painful psychic wound that is only now, almost two years later, beginning to heal. Another student, the man who raped her, will not be there either.

# Student Seeks Answers To Life

*"Even the past, of which they thought incessantly, had a savor only of regret. For they would have wished to add to it all that they regretted having left undone, while they might yet have done it ... And thus there was always something missing in their lives. Hostile to the past, impatient of the present, and cheated of the future, we were much like those whom men's justice, or hatred, forces to live behind prison bars. Thus the only way of escaping from that intolerable leisure was to set the trains running again in one's imagination ..."*

Albert Camus, *The Plague*

## The Plague

by Guy V. Furay

In *The Plague*, Camus tells the story of the citizens of Oran, Algeria, as they face an uncertain world racked by a mysterious outbreak of the bubonic plague. Their future, their very lives could be ended at any moment. Camus described the past existence of these once carefree men and women as "in a middle course between these heights and depths, they drifted through life rather than lived, the prey of aimless days and sterile memories." Now their future seemed unfathomable, a concept indescribable even to themselves.

Camus describes in vivid terms the regret — a regret with an intensity heretofore unknown — the people felt when they contemplated their lives. They feel a pain in their heart of

hearts. Did I live my life to the fullest? Did I take advantage of what was given to me? I could have done that, but ... What did I do with my time? What did I accomplish?

I write about this because I see a parallel to my existence here at Webster. Did I dive into my classes with a zest for learning — with a desire to understand; or did I do just enough to get by? Did I give all that I had to my friends and acquaintances here at Webster with a desire to make it just a tiny bit better place, or did I wrap myself up in my own little world of daydreams? Did I try to think up new and better ways to make Webster a better place, or did I wait for someone else to do it?

Did I constantly search out people who have a different, unique way of looking at things, or did I remain comfortably with the people who were "just like me?" Did I try to improve myself a tiny bit each day, or did I just drift?

Did I search for the passion to approach classes and people, or was I content?

These are difficult questions, and sometimes the honest answers are not easy for me to digest. The experience at Webster University is short, believe me. I am almost through already, but it seems I just began.

What can I do in the time which remains? Seize the Day! Make my life extraordinary.

Camus' thesis is embodied in these words near the end of the story, a challenge of the protagonist to his friend who was battling the plague: "Courage! It's up to you *now* to prove you're right ..."

# THE WASTELAND

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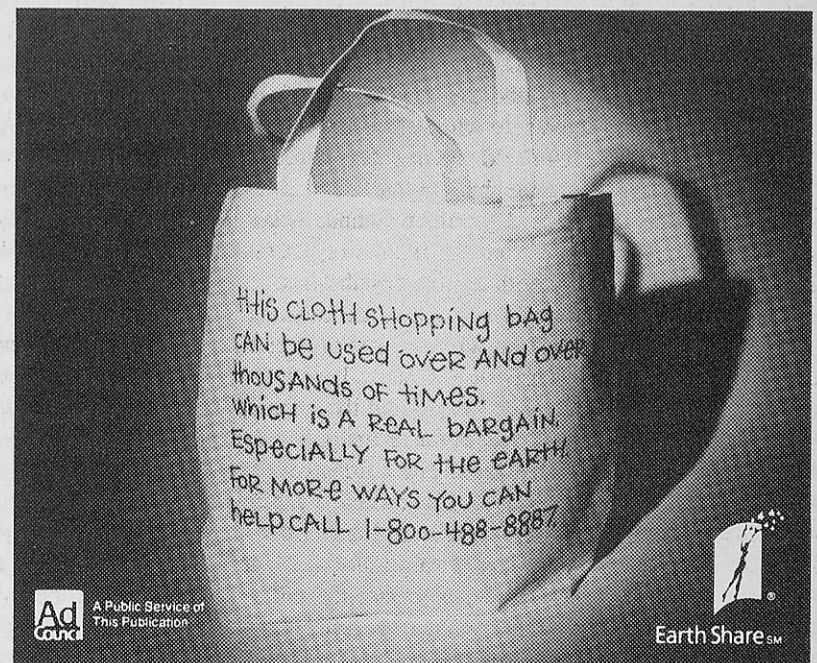
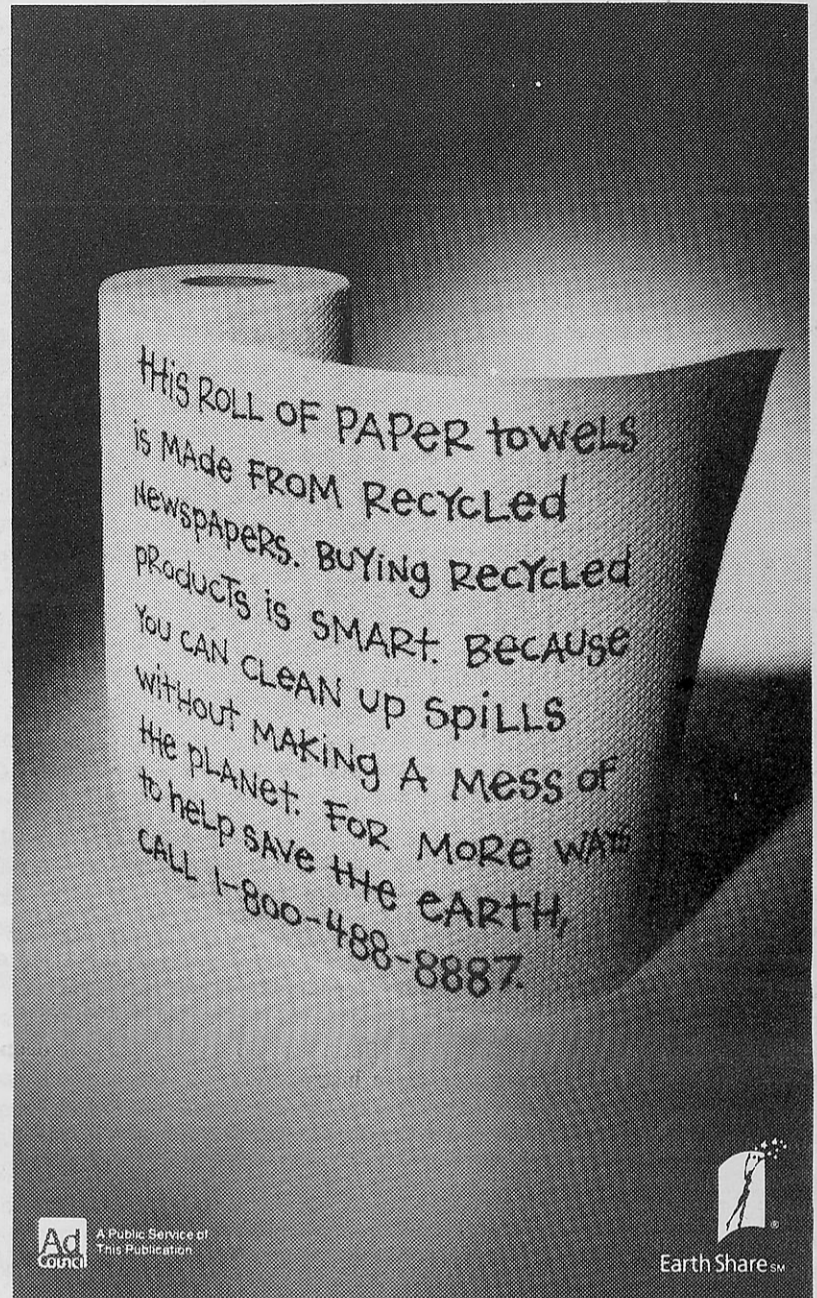
The Student Observer  
Steve (6-0, 6-0)

CRs for a great SpringFest bash  
Ted and U. Center crew for The Urge  
Jim for all his work in the dorms  
Travis for a night at the movies  
Webster, You're Looking

We Will Return Next Semester.

The Wasteland.

We have just begun to fight.



## COMMENTARY

For an instant somewhere in the back of my mind I remembered an article about an African exchange student studying in the U.S. who had been beaten to death. The pictures of what a gang of skinheads had done to him left a very strong impression on me. And as these four closed in on me now, I wondered if I'd be lucky enough to escape with a few broken bones and a scarred face. But I wasn't being attacked in a New York subway or outside some convenience store in Oklahoma. I was in Budapest, Hungary, where I spent Spring Break last year during a semester of study at Webster's Leiden campus.

Alone, I would have just out run them. But tonight I had been walking with a friend, Franca, who might not have been able to make such an escape. And although the skinheads seemed eager to single me out for their violence, I had no idea about their designs for her once they'd finished with me.

The assault was led by the largest of them who rushed forward and threw himself at me. He was much taller and heavier than I and clearly it was only a matter of time before he got the better of me. But when I managed to look away I saw that Franca was still standing in the same spot as before. She was probably afraid to abandon me and didn't realize that I had only stayed and fought so that she could escape. I called out for her to run away, but a blow to my chest cut my voice short. And now the other three were also closing in and I had no time to see if Franca had fled.

With great effort I wrenched away from the first skinhead and broke past the others to run thirty or so yards before turning around to face them again. At least I could move the fight away from Franca if she hadn't run. However, I turned to find all four skinheads charging me at once, and for a split second, I questioned the intelligence of having turned around at all. But it was too late now to start running again, and in an instant they were upon me.

Immediately two of them set about holding my arms while the other two pounded into my stomach. I struggled and pulled but couldn't free myself and soon my entire mid-section burned. Feeling desperate I lashed out at the largest of them using a kick I'd learned in martial arts training. It landed solidly on his jaw and he sunk heavily to his knees; hands to his face and blood streaming down over his fingers. The others hesitated at their leader's fall and I took my chance to run.

We had been walking through a large park and now I raced toward a street in the distance where I could hear people and traffic just beyond the trees. I had almost made it and appeared to be safe when I realized that I'd lost Franca. I had assumed she'd run to safety while the skinheads were focused on me, but I wasn't sure. It was too dark to see clearly if she'd gotten away and, looking back, I could only just make out the figures of the four skinheads. My mind raced with terrible possibilities.

I struggled with the thought of going back to investigate but decided it would be wiser to get help first. Running to a club some thirty yards away I made my way up to the doorman. I quickly explained the situation and asked him to help by at least phoning the police. He waved me away without concern and told me to go around the corner to call for myself on the pay phone. I had just rounded that corner and seen no phone, spoke no Hungarian anyway, and was certain that 9-1-1 (the only emergency number I knew) were not the correct digits to dial. Again I explained that I needed his help and begged him to grant it to me. Once more he waved me off, chuckling as if amused. I dashed inside to ask the woman selling admission tickets to summon the police on my behalf. She informed me that she had no access to a phone and seemed equally apathetic.

In awe I took a moment to look around me. There were at least 20 people standing around watching and it was clear that most of them understood perfectly or were at least able to piece together what had happened. But instead of offering me any assistance everyone simply stared at me as if I were either a clown or an idiot. I couldn't help but to note the irony of the situation: Here I was surrounded by a crowd of young Hungarians dressed in stylish hip hop attire; itching to dance to Bobby Brown and Michael Jackson, but totally unconcerned with the well-being of this ridiculous young African-American who's culture they sought to counterfeit. The doorman strolled forward and told me to either buy a ticket or leave. I pushed him aside and left.

Outside I ran to a nearby cluster of taxi drivers and explained to them what had happened. I reasoned that if they too were unwilling to respond with some sense of decency then at least their humanity could be bought. But almost to my surprise they immediately went into action. One of them ushered me into his cab and had me guide us back to the location of the attack as he radioed the police and organized a search involving six other cabs. I was amazed at how promptly and selflessly he and the other drivers responded to me and I noted that all of them were Arabs — people many Europeans consider beneath themselves. I'm sure the fact that we all shared the unenviable status of being men of color in a racist society added in some way to their compassion towards me.

Each of them realized that they and their families were also potential targets of skinhead attacks. But this was not the first time that the kindest, most genuine people I'd met in a European city were non-Europeans. And their willingness to do everything possible to help me moved me deeply.

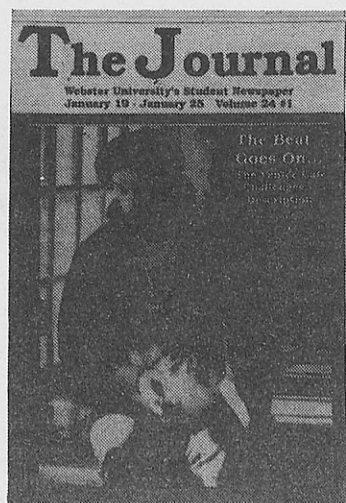
Eventually I was delivered to the police who continued the search. But no trace of Franca was found, and it wasn't until I was finally taken back to my hotel that she and I were reunited. She had gotten away during the fight and was safe. We talked for several hours before going to bed and the next day Franca returned to her home in Rome. I stayed in Budapest two more days and had as enjoyable a time as possible. The city was beautiful, expenses were small and I would liked to have stayed longer. But, as they had from the first day I arrived in Hungary, people stared intently at me everywhere I went. Since I only saw three other Black people during my entire trip, I'd attributed their attention to simple curiosity. But now many stares seemed to harbor a trace of hostility behind them. Walking through the streets at night or waiting for the subway at a lonely stop was taxing, and every group of young Hungarian men I encountered instantly triggered my guard. I soon began to appreciate just how stressful being a Black man can truly be.

My impression of Hungarians had previously been that they were kind and friendly, and I still encountered many who were exactly that. But now, I began to sense the fear and distrust among some of the people I met. My new perceptions, mixed with the residue of the skinheads, gave a sour taste to the rest of my trip and I left the country two days earlier than I had planned.

Riding out on the train I can remember feeling bitter despite the good times I had enjoyed. I resented that even in Europe I could be denied the simple pleasures and peace of mind others took for granted because of the color of my skin. I left early not so much because I was afraid of being attacked again, but because I did not want fear or hostility to be my final impressions of Hungary. I felt that I should leave while Budapest was still beautiful.

# Hate

by Anaye Milligan



# Journal Hails Through Stormy Weather

by Debra A. Robinson

**A**sk any staffer or editor who served on *The Journal* during the Fall 1992 semester about what it was like to serve under an editor-in-chief who knew no page limit and thought every political event in the nation should be localized and make an edition of the weekly student newspaper — they might describe that semester as a living hell.

Of the ten-person staff, seven could be counted on to produce. And produce they did. Out of 14 issues, only two were completed before 4 a.m. Was it worth it? Hell, yes.

On April 3, a few who returned to *The Journal* for the Spring 1993 semester attended the Missouri College Newspaper Association awards banquet to reap the benefits of those endless nights. *The Journal* brought home 16 awards out of 22 categories!

This is not to be sneezed at not only because of the hard work and determination that went into each issue, but also because for the first time in three years we won an award in Investigative reporting, first place for supplements (yes, it was an election supplement) and first place in advertising.

And all of this produced during what Prof. Don H. Corrigan might describe as the stormiest semester on the newspaper he has witnessed during his 15 years as advisor to *The Journal*.

It was indeed a rocky semester when you have three of ten staffers who decided to only occasionally (twice — maybe) come to production and a fourth in constant conflict of what should or should not be produced. The newspaper also went without a copy editor until the sixth issue — only he could not do his job for being required to do so many other duties. What do you do? You produce an award winning newspaper ANYWAY.

The 16 awards won will be framed and placed on a wall in *The Journal* office. In the meanwhile, we will continue to attempt to produce the newspapers and layouts which merit state-wide recognition. However, in all honesty, this semester has been tougher than the "semester from hell."

This semester, *The Journal* has only six staffers total. One of the staffers from last semester is serving his umpteenth semester of academic probation, by his own admission. Obviously there is no limit to how "bad" of a student you can be at Webster. He decided to change his major, so he did not return to the newspaper. The copy editor dropped the class due to stress (although, this person has been allowed to continue in a 3-credit hour class which requires the specific requisite of being an editor on *The Journal*). And two other staffers dropped because "they could not work with the editors."

It has been a tough semester not only because it is such a small staff and because editors who would spend endless hours to get out a 16-24-page paper are confined to eight-page issues, but also because the only resemblance of a journalism program at Webster, *The Journal*, is being undermined by what is essentially the philosophy of the university — the anything goes approach.

The two staffers, both journalism majors, who dropped the class due to personality conflicts, were allowed to work together on a separate publication. It so happened that they could not get along, so they started two separate publications. In other words, two students, both pursuing journalism degrees, decided that they wanted to work in a world of their own and were funded

through the Student Government Association (SGA) to produce publications that, in one case uses borrowed materials and equipment at *The Journal*, and in the other case mis-titles deans and mis-represents the university's minority enrollment (community relations can provide actual figures upon request).

A Mizzou newspaper editor laughed at the description of this situation and immediately replied "They would be out of here."

Granted, this is not Mizzou. And Mizzou does have a newspaper outside of the journalism program — *The Maneater*. However, it is supported by advertising, not student funding. It also must answer to a publications board and has an advisor — HELLO. If anybody out there is in charge and cares at all about strengthening Webster's newspaper journalism program, will they please help the program to be run in a more proficient manner and find a way of pooling the resources of these other publications into the university's only official student newspaper. How about a program that a St. Louis Post-Dispatch editor might at least consider hiring a student from, rather than spewing the blanket phrase, "we do not hire Webster University graduates," — such is a popular phrase at the Post.

Perhaps it is time for the university to re-evaluate this "anything goes" philosophy, using *The Journal* as a case study. Webster offers the only journalism emphasis in the area, but that doesn't mean it should not be sound. Department hard workers, such as Linda Holtzman, should be able to paper their walls with the results of their hard work.

If the two students, and others like them, were required to conduct themselves in a "real world manner" — having to work with others whom they may or may not like — as any university should require of a student it intends to graduate, this would benefit both the student and in this case, *The Journal*, as well as the media department as a whole. The student newspaper is intended as a learning tool for journalism majors. It is time that the university as a whole supports this most essential tool of a viable, responsible journalism program at Webster.

Besides, couldn't SGA spend the students' money on something better than two additional publications that require a whopping \$600 a pop? It is hard to believe that students who are already paying for the publication of *The Journal* should be required to pay for another student's special projects. Is there anyone "responsible" in charge around here?

Letting pissed-off journalism students who cannot interact with a regular newspaper staff produce materials that could by and far enhance *The Journal* is not a decision made by someone responsible. Keep the learning instrument of the journalism program alive and award winning, and most of all, make sure it remains of value to the newspaper journalism program by keeping it a learning instrument. If Joe Blow cannot find a way of dealing with their editors "they're out of here" — Santa Claus doesn't come along and fund their own pet newspaper. That is the way it goes in the real world.

APATHY IS A SIN.  
WE ARE THE SAVIORS.  
FOLLOW US.

THE WASTELAND

IS THERE ANYBODY LISTENING?

## Views From The Wasteland

## Govoni Solves Parking Woes

Where the hell is Jerry Berger when I need him?

Due to cost conflicts, Webster's administration has announced that it will not be able to improve on the already dangerous night-lighting conditions on the main campus for at least another five years. But, never fear, Perl Man is here! The doc has advised all students to stop by the Webster bookstore, located in the Sverdrup building, to purchase an always-handy flashlight. Good thinking, you stud! Perl Jam has also asked that students wear neon clothing at night so that they can stand out in the dark, and walk in groups to help deter criminals. "A gun wouldn't be a bad idea either," Perl Vision went on to say.

Rumor has it that something blew up at the AIDS benefit party that was held at the Art Department a few eons ago. Well, could you believe that sources close to *The Wasteland* say that it was Webster's own Orestes Valdes who did the exploding? Its all true, my friends. One eyewitness exclaimed "Orestes was always kind of a hyper-active guy, so I suppose he had it coming." Others claim that Valdes was jumping around all over the party, moshing and sweating "like a chicken with its head cut off," at the otherwise very relaxed gathering of about

fifty stoned men and women. In any case, Valdes' time was up when someone put a Helmet tape into the stereo. His remains will be on display in the May Gallery through April.

Volunteers are signing up like hotcakes to be part of the ever-growing "Where is Tino" search party. Posters of the low-key, high-browed, well-read but very cheap student will go on display throughout the St. Louis area in the coming weeks, with a special emphasis placed on trendy yuppie restaurants. The leader of the group is sure that the student can be found, but warned his volunteers that Tino "may have to be coaxed out of hiding with a free meal." When asked why they had joined the group, many students had this response: "This Tino creep owes me money."

Due to lack of interest, the world famous Bass Club has switched to calling itself the Guitar Club. A spokesperson for the renamed club had this to say: "It's two more strings, but how can we stop now? If this doesn't work we'll have to change our name to the Sitar club."

Ever aware of the parking problem at Webster, Dean of Something Mark Govoni has made a thirty minute info-

mercial that will air on local television. The spot shows off his latest invention, Create-A-Space. For 19.95, students can purchase the deluxe Create-A-Space kit, which is basically a can of yellow spray paint students can use to outline a new parking space anywhere on the campus. That's capitalism at work for you. In addition to his new business venture, Govoni has decided to cut costs in the area of food. Beginning next year, the cafeteria will close so that students can eat on a meal plan established at the Old Orchard McDonalds. Said one cafeteria worker who is soon to be out of a job, "At least McDonalds cooks their food with heat."

Jazz 91.5 has switched to an all polka format. Programming execs have promised, however, to play jazz polka collaborations, such as John Coltrane's "Blue Polka," Charlie Parker's "Vienna Zig-Zag" and the Duke Ellington classic, "The Alpine Swing."

In a bold move, *The Wasteland* will change its own name to "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock next year. "Poem 126" was also considered, as was "Leaves of Grass" and *The Canterbury Tales*.

- Jim Madison

## Writer Toots Wrong Horn

One of the requirements for my latest column was that it be much longer. Since this may very well be my last column, I guess I can go along with that idea. In fact, this paragraph was not in my first draft of my article. This is called filler, or "padding." Welcome to the fast-paced wonder-filled world of journalism.

If there's one thing I've learned, and still continue to relearn, is that you should never trust anyone. Not even friends. Don't get yourself all bunched up just yet, let me tell you why I say this.

I developed an interest in writing for this new paper the day Shandy Casteel asked me to sign the petition needed to make the thing exist (trust me that sentence makes sense). When all of these flyers and posters for something called The Trumpet started appearing all over campus I asked my friend (whom we shall call "BOB") what it was. BOB, with a confident smirk, said, "That's the new school paper Shandy's doing."

The Trumpet?!!

I was disheartened. Was that the best Shandy could do? I thought. I had always thought of him as much more creative than that. Ah well, if he wanted to name his paper after a damned instrument, who was I to judge? I just cared about what was on the inside because that was where I wanted to be.

So, thinking that I was brimming with knowledge, I contacted Shandy. Being the brave soul that I am (and being more than a little scared of Shandy) I wrote him a letter telling him the kind of stuff I wanted to write. A day later the eerie voice of Shandy Casteel wafted over my telephone into my frightened ear.

SHANDY (sounding like Peter Lorre): Yays, if you wahn to write for us, go ahayd. Hahve eet een by Tuesday.

ME (quivering): Yes, Mr. Lorr-uh-Shandy. Sir.

I was thrilled. I was finally going to be able to get a chance to write what I had always wanted to write. So I raced to my word processor (a short race since the distance between my phone and my word processor is about two inches. I love Loretto Hall) and writing. During the entire article, however, I wrote, reveling in ignorance, the newspaper's name as The Trumpet. I had a real witty last line and everything.

So I turned it in. Two days later Peter Lorre calls me back.

SHANDY: Eye lyke the writing. Yays, eet's fine, but I haive wahn complaint. We aren't The Trumpet. This is *The Wasteland*.

I believe if you could have looked into my room at just that moment you would have seen my head turn into that of a donkey, ala Daffy Duck. The words Completus Dorkus would have scrawled across the sky below me. I stumbled out some sort of lame apology and told him to change the name of the paper in the article. I hung up convinced Shandy thought I was quite possibly the dumbest man of the planet.

In a lot of ways I was relieved, however. I think it's much cooler to write for a paper called *The Wasteland* than one called The Trumpet. A saxophone would be cool or maybe even an oboe, but not a trumpet. *The Wasteland* appeals to the part of me that loves Stephen King. Or the part of me that wants to write for a paper run by Shandy.

I probably should just have kept this to myself but, hey, what's a little public humiliation? Besides, my friend BOB was summarily executed by yours truly shortly thereafter. The body is under my floor.

So, what's the moral of this tale? Maybe just to doublecheck your facts (or, in this day and age, your fax) before you begin writing. Maybe the moral is to never trust anyone. Personally, in keeping with the style and feeling of *The Wasteland*, I say who gives a damn?

- Bryan W. Alaspa

# Laziness Factor (TLF) Is Strictly For Webster

by Andrea Campbell  
of *The Wasteland* staff

So, how's your paper coming? You haven't even started it yet? Come on, get with the program — it's due tomorrow, you know! What — what about mine? Oh, well uummmhhh ... well, I started mine last night ... yeah, and I actually got a whole paragraph down too! Top that one!

How familiar does this little scenario sound? Ring a bell? No? You cannot fool me; I know at least 75 percent or more of you has had this conversation with a fellow classmate at one time or another. Some of you have it every time a paper is due in any class. Believe me, I'm no stranger to it either.

Trying to outsmart a fellow procrastinator takes a certain amount of eloquence (i.e. b.s., lies), but to really put your procrastination to the test, it needs to be used in conversation with a teacher. It's the ultimate test of your procrastin-ability to look your teacher directly in the eye, not fidget or bounce your leg, and in a clear-sounding, non-quavering voice, state loudly, "Yes, I am almost finished with my paper, and by George (or whatever your teacher's name is), I am happy to say that things are going quite well!" And then after your teacher moves on to question someone else, you mutter under your breath, "Under the circumstances!" and unlock your hands so they can resume their incessant fidgeting with your pen cap.

And now I come to the question (don't worry, I'm not going to call on you) of: *What are the circumstances under which we procrastinate?* Well, I guess for every Webster student, they're all quite different from one another, although ultimately, each paper-avoidance mechanism we use amounts to one collective factor: We are all really, really lazy. *Nous sommes tres parasseuses*, non? Yes, I know there is a very small amount of you students out there who really *aren't* lazy and actually start your papers the day you get the assignment, but, well I guess you can just read this (not for empathetic

reasons, of course) to laugh at the other 75 percent (although I suspect it's more like 95 percent) of us who do this perpetually and likewise never learn any better. Sorry.

Anyway, I was talking about the lazy factor, or TLF, and how it affects all of us at three or four intermittent periods during one semester, and that's only for one class, mind you. If you've got two or three moderately high paper-quota classes, this TLF thing could be working overtime, like maybe 11 or 12 periods per semester, which computes to roughly three-quarters of the total semester, not counting Spring Break, which is used for TLF to rejuvenate itself for the second half of the semester. I know — it can get pretty complicated if you think about it too hard, and well, I'm too lazy to do that so ... onward.

This poses some other questions: In what does TLF manifest itself? What vehicles does it use to get its work done (i.e. nothing)?

Personally speaking, the drawers of my desk have never been more organized at 3:00 in the morning. Of course you realize I'm talking about 3:00 in the morning on the morning the paper is due. Seven or eight hours later. What I do before 3:00 a.m. depends on what class the paper is for and the ever-important criteria of how long the paper is supposed to be. If it's only a two-to-three pager on a subject I know fairly well, I'll do it earlier in the evening and actually make it to bed by 1:00 a.m. But if the paper involves explication or research or anything that flies in the face of laziness, it's going to take me awhile. Why this is the way it is, is beyond me.

I'll work out for an extra long time, make some complicated dish for dinner instead of the usual macaroni and cheese (spirals, of course), or the ever-nourishing dish of nothing at all, or I'll actually do something remotely conscientious and unusual, like make my lunch for the next day. A glance at the clock every couple of hours tells me I still have time to do my paper, after *Seinfeld*, then maybe I'll start after the news, but wait, then Letterman comes on, and here it is, 1:00 a.m. and my month-old

ten-page masterpiece with footnotes, two-page bibliography, and, most important, brilliant insight, is still somewhere bottled up inside my head, battling fatigue, Rodney D. Young commercials and Bob Costas.

What happened? Where did all the time go? I had so much damn time — why didn't I use it? What was I doing? Why do I always do this? Over and over, for every paper, this happens. The gloom sets in and I realize that I'm done for. As opposed to *done* at 4:00.

I don't have any answers to these questions. I don't know why I do things this way. Do I like deadlines? No, not really. I'm not one of those people who enjoys the rush of having to get it done by a certain time and just gets high off the adrenaline of it all. That's too poetic for me, at least for 3:00 a.m. it is. Three a.m. is not about a building up of ideas that final explodes into this great waterfall of creativity that carries me through the night and on into the day, still brimming with excitement. No. Three a.m. is realizing that, once again, I've made a mockery of myself to myself and the only thing I have to be thankful for at this point is the fact that my coffee machine is still working and I know what I'll be eating for lunch the next day, if I'm lucky enough to be awake to enjoy it. TLF tries to convince me to shut it all down, the books, the computer, what's left of my brain, and go to bed. It is, after all, only a paper, right?

But I always persevere and finish it, and gratification *always* comes the next day in class, when I show up with my 9 1/2 page masterpiece (TLF convinced me to condense it a little) and half, or more than half, on some occasions, of the class seems to have come down with a bug of some kind. Yeah, right.

They'll tell you it's that CFS, Chronic Fatigue Syndrome. No Webster student would readily profess to having a yuppie illness, but we all know that desperation makes you do dumb things. It's TLF. The Lazy Factor.

TLF is strictly a Websterian illness, and does affect the majority, even though we all act like it's the other guy who's got it and not us. How do I know this? It is exactly 1:03 a.m. right now. Have you even started yet?

## P.C. Origin Told By Word Council President

by Jim Madison  
of *The Wasteland* staff

An interview with *Cripple Disabled Handicap III*,  
president of *The National Word Council*,  
Washington, D.C.

A note for reasons of clarity: Ever wonder how certain terms come into use all of the sudden, like the ill-fated 'family values'? Well, chances are, The National Word Council (N.W.C.) had to approve just about every buzzword you can think of at one time or another. Some of these phrases are used in everyday speech, on the television news, in print, and literally thousands of other sources. The point is, if you think, chances are The National Word Council did the thinking for you, and in these days of political correctness, why not go to the folks who invented the term for answers?

*How long has the N.W.C. existed?*

Since right before the Civil War. In fact, my great, great, great grandfather invented the term.

*Really?*

Oh, yes. We've always had a problem naming wars. I mean, World War I is a rather obvious name, isn't it? The

original name was the 'Otto-Hungarian Assassination and Boat Sinking International Terror and Confusion Conflict.' Then somebody had the idea to call it 'The War of the Nice People vs. the People With Rather Silly Looking Spikes On Their Helmets.' In the end the name was World War I, but this too posed a problem, because you can't have a World War I without a World War II, can you? So my Grandfather tracked down this Hitler character, and the rest is history.

*What about Vietnam?*

Vietnam was tough as well, of course. L.B.J. wanted it to be a 'Police Action,' while right-wingers preferred the more extreme 'Napalm Roast.' Because of the youth movement back then, we weren't allowed to call the Vietnam affair an actual war, because after all, the word 'war' is rather heavy. So, we thought 'conflict' was a more sensitive way of putting it. We also considered things like 'The Vietnam Fist-Fight,' 'The Vietnam Minor Dispute' and 'The Great Commie Cook-out.'

*Now what about buzzwords, like 'family values?' Do you invent these too?*

With buzzwords, we usually consult with outside interests. George Bush wanted us to invent a term that fit his interests, his platform, which included fishing, hunting, golf, right-to-lifers, crappy television, U2, and quick

sex. So we thought up 'family values.'

*What about profanity?*

We leave all the new profane terms to a small circle of people in Brooklyn. They remember the good ones, write them down, and send them to us.

*Of course, the two big ones are 'anal retentive' and 'politically correct.' Could you explain their origins?*

Well, I'm sorry to say, we had nothing to do with 'anal-retentive.' Freud gave us that one. The general idea of 'political correctness' however, came after people like Sting and Bono emerged as public figures in the mid-eighties and seemed to possess more authority than the Reagan administration. These days, the term is used very often, for everybody from people who recycle to look good in front of others, to people who choose 10,000 Maniacs over Bon Jovi.

*Do you think that the majority of Americans know the council exists?*

Well, no, but even if they did, I don't think they would really care. Americans need terms. It's in their blood to classify things. As long as they think Tom Brokaw invented half the things we made up, I could care less. Live free or die. We invented that one too. Just kidding, Jimmy.

# *In Union We Stand*

The Pledge of Allegiance says "One nation, under God, indivisible," but Americans are no longer listening to that part of the oath. Like the republics that were once Yugoslavia, American states are putting forth plans to rearrange the borders of the map. There are currently eleven bills going through legislatures of our states to give us sixty states in the next 20 years.

Four states are currently trying to self-destruct into two new states, and in California, into three. In June of 1992, 27 of the 31 Northern California counties voted to succeed from the rest of the state. Another problem arose in California when the residents of San Francisco and Los Angeles agreed that they no longer wanted to be in the same state together. To solve this problem, the State Senate is currently working out a plan to create the states of North California, Central California, and South California.

Another state splitting that has been in the news recently is the proposal to create Southwestern Kansas, so that the farmers no longer have to lose funds to Kansas City and Topeka (the leader of the movement has called it "a midwestern version of the Boston Tea Party. Except we don't have an ocean.") The Inupiat Eskimos are currently trying to split Alaska into two so that they can gain more political clout, using the name of Northern Alaska and gaining control of the majority of the state's oil.

The conservatives of New York state want to separate from New York City and its suburbs to create Western New York, and free the state of the liberal reputation of the City while dropping its crime rate and non-Anglo population. The residents of Northern Michigan also are trying to escape the influence of a metropolis (Detroit), and have the option of becoming Superior, by taking the northeast peninsula and the tip of the eastern peninsula; or to join Northern Wisconsin to become Independence.

There is also a large push to acquire new territories. District of Columbia is growing closer to gaining statehood since there has been the admission of a shadow senator to the U.S. Senate. If D.C. gets its statehood, there is a proposal to

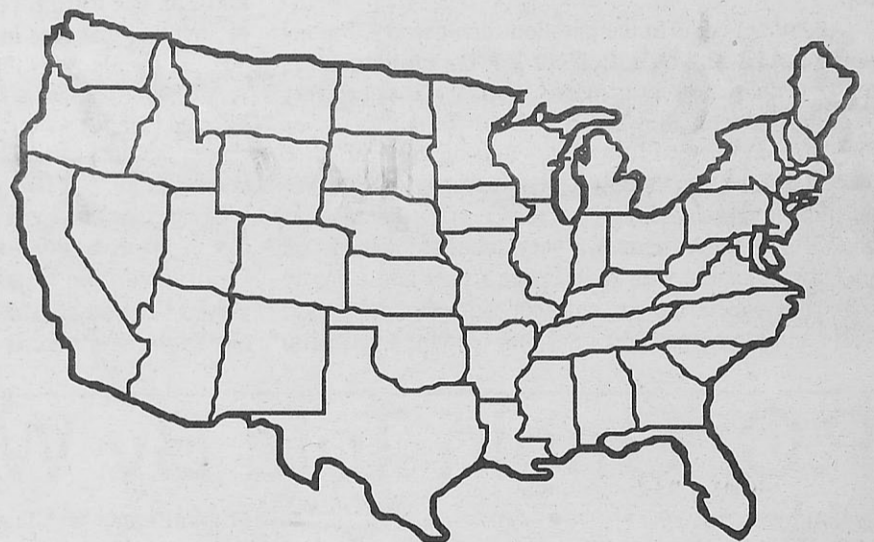
name it New Columbia. The territories of Puerto Rico and Guam are also making strong bids to be given statehood as well. The Canadian province of Quebec has been courted by Congressmen to join the U.S. ever since 1990, when it announced that it wanted to leave Canada because of proposed laws to remove French as an official language. Logically, our senators decided that Quebec should join America, so its natives could hear, "Your in America, speak English!" Amazingly, 25 percent of all Quebecers want to join the States.

The most amazing new territory for a state actually has two separate proposals on the table. The state of Luna will be composed of either the whole moon, or just the northern hemisphere. The American Space Council is making an interesting proposal that deals with the colonization of the satellite, along with the statehood. Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia are currently trying to unite to become a single nation. Since there is no legal way for a state to secede from the nation, it is more likely that they would unite to become one state, that would rival Alaska as the largest. Cascadia, the proposed name, would rely heavily on lumber, salmon, and grunge rock to support itself.

All of these proposals, if they are completed, would give us sixty states. And the scary part is that there are other proposals in the woodwork, including several states trying to secede, such as Hawaii, and Vermont. There are also the racial separation proposals by David Duke's National Association for the Advancement of White People and by the New African People's Organization (whose borders of a black nation are nearly identical; Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and either Florida or South Carolina).

Although many of these proposals sound ridiculous, there is a good chance that they may come true. After all, we have been watching several other nations splitting apart. Also, 140 years ago, our own nation nearly split over the arguments of what rights individual states have and over separation of races

## Disenchanted States of America



by Chris P. Housh

## BOOKS



## • Bestsellers •

## FICTION

## HARD COVER

1. **THE CLIENT**  
by John Grisham (\$23.50)  
A deadly secret, revealed by a lawyer just before he commits suicide presents serious problems for an 11 year-old boy.
2. **"J" IS FOR JUDGEMENT**  
by Sue Grafton (\$21.95)  
Kinsey Millhone investigates the case of a man who apparently committed suicide, but may have returned to life to reap benefits.
3. **THE LAST COMMAND**  
by Timothy Zahn (\$21.95)  
The final volume of the new "Star Wars" trilogy.
4. **THE BRIDGES OF MADISON COUNTY**  
by Robert James Waller (\$14.95)  
A photographer and a lonely farmer's wife in Iowa.
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A physician moves to a small Texas town and tries to live down her bad reputation.

## PAPERBACK

1. **JURASSIC PARK**  
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A woman descended from witches brings a drowned man back to life.
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4. **ACTS OF FAITH**  
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## HARD COVER

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by Anthony Summers (\$25.95)  
The secret life of J. Edgar Hoover, head of the F.B.I. from 1924 to 1972.
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3. **NOBODY NOWHERE**  
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The autobiography of an autistic woman.
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by Paul Kennedy (\$25.00)  
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5. **THINKING OUT LOUD**

## PAPERBACK

1. **A YEAR IN PROVINCE**  
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A sojourn in the south of France as described by a British writer.
2. **I KNOW WHY THE CAGED BIRD SINGS**  
by Maya Angelou (\$4.99)  
The poet's account of her childhood and adolescence.
3. **YOU JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND**  
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4. **ROGUE WARRIOR**  
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The autobiography of the retired commander of a Navy counterterrorist unit.
5. **WOMEN ON TOP**  
by Nancy Friday (\$5.99)  
The changes in social life during the past two decades that have affected the sexual fantasies of women.

# IMAGINE IF YOU CAN...

• You are in one of the Webster Groves campus buildings late at night. All is quiet and you feel relatively safe because you have been in the building late at night before. Suddenly, you hear a crash — outside of the windowed door you see someone in a hockey mask with an axe. What do you do?

(A) Pull the fire alarm.

*Wrong.* There are no fire alarms in the room.

(B) Use the telephone in your room to call campus security or the police.

*Wrong again.* Chances are, you are a student and you are in a room in which the telephone does not dial out.

(C) Sit quietly and prepare to die.

*Correct!* This is the only right answer because in such a situation, there are truly no other alternatives. Poor planning plagues the Webster Groves campus, otherwise, you might at least be capable of making that one last phone call, rather than picking up the phone only to hear absurd noises when you try to dial 6911, campus security.

by DAR Imaginations and Wasteland, Inc.

• It's during the day. You are an art student who has just parked their car with a Webster University parking permit in the fire lane, or the same space where it is okay to park if you are an evening student without a parking permit. You get a ticket. What do you do?

(A) Take the ticket to the parking office in Webster Hall and complain that you believe you have been treated unfairly.

*Wrong.* Teenie will tell you that you can fill out an appeal and appear before the appeals board, a group of people groping over an otherwise lack of authority.

(B) Take your complaint to the dean of students.

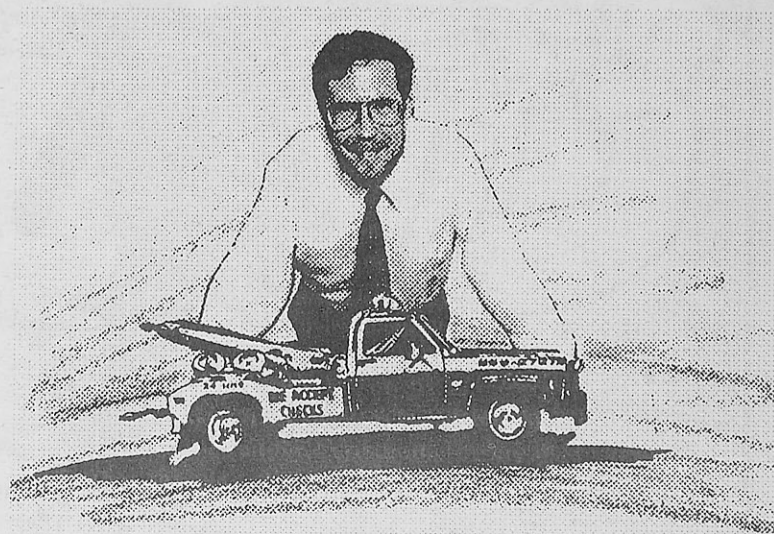
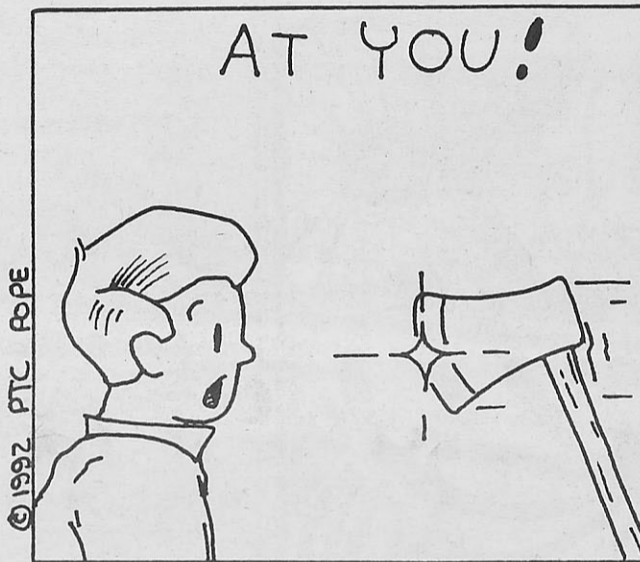
*Wrong.* He will tell you that he cannot help you.

(C) Flatten the dean of students' tires.

*Correct.* And leave a note that you are a disgruntled student seeking his parking space.

DON'T YOU HATE ...

AT YOU!



GALLERY

the wasteland gallery



by James Harrison

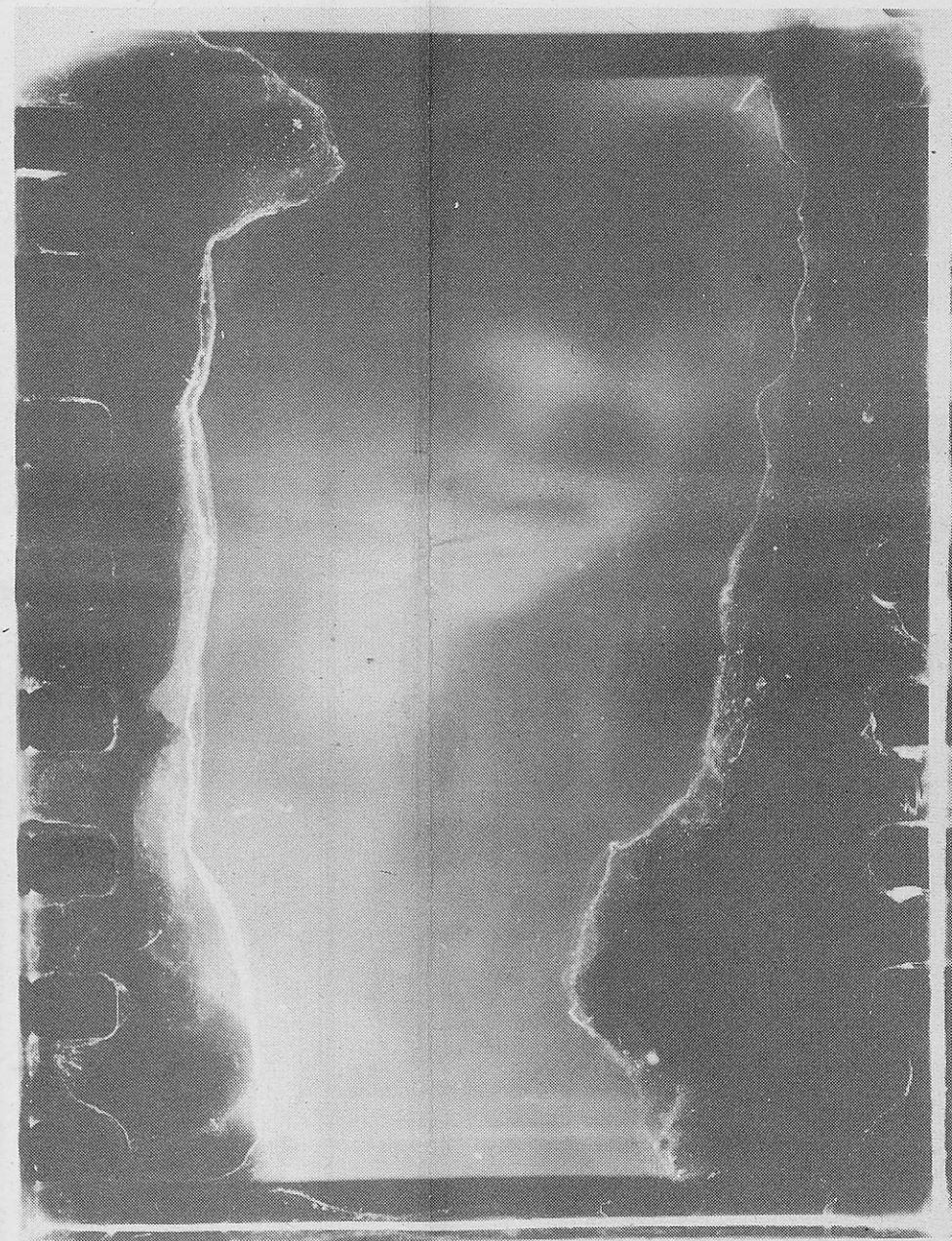
GALLERY



by James Harrison



by Scott Langley



by Astra Price

GALLERY



by Mary E. Novak

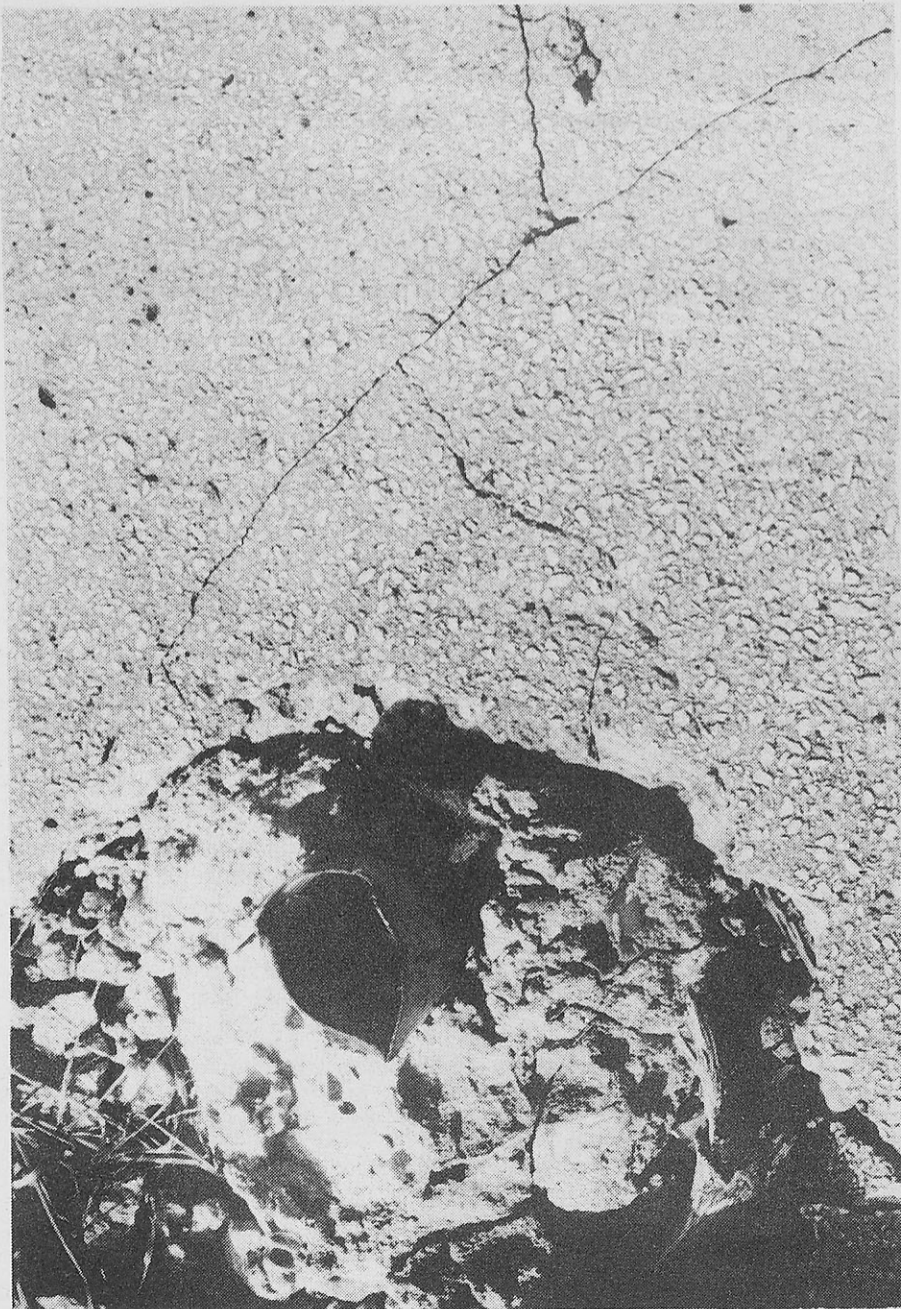


by Scott Langley

GALLERY



*by Scott Langley*



*by James Harrison*



*by James Harrison*

# The Rep Wimps Out

## *Conservatory Takes Classics, An Imaginary Alternative*

Every April, theatre lovers get their appetites whetted by the announcements of the next theatre season. The theatre companies will do anything they can to convince us that every play is exciting and entertaining because they rely on the subscriptions to create the budgets for the plays. The need to ensure large subscription rates, however, dictates that most theatres have to appeal to those who can afford to buy twelve or eighteen tickets (two or three tickets per show) at once, and often ignore the shows that may appeal to most college students.

by Chris P. Housh

The Repertory Theatre of St. Louis has managed to present traditional plays that will keep the subscribers faithful (many pride themselves on having the same seat for twenty-six years) and have found fresh and challenging plays that will bring in a large number of twenty-somethings and thirty-somethings. The past two years have been picture perfect at bringing the risky plays ("Other People's Money," "Miss Evers Boys," "M. Butterfly," and "Six Degrees of Separation") and the traditional fare ("1940's Radio Hour," "Cyrano," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum" and "Woman In Mind") that would keep both ends of the spectrum happy. Unfortunately, the conservative backlash of the senior citizens, who make up the majority of the subscribers, against the nudity, untraditional subject matter, and foul language have caused The Rep to change their formula of success to keep the old faithful. The compromise means that the new season will not try to appeal to audience members who don't remember the Korean War.

The Rep is so content on appealing to the older audience members (who cheered when Steve Woolf promised that next season will be "fully clothed"), that half of next season has plays set in the thirties, and one was written in 1883. The season will start with the world premiere of "Young Rube" by John Pielmeier and Mathew Selman, a musical about the life of Rube Goldberg. Goldberg was a famous cartoonist in the thirties and forties, that Hitler considered one of the most dangerous people to his Third

Reich. Rube's cartoons usually were entitled "The Better..." followed by some device like alarm clock, or mousetrap. The-better inventions usually were funny events that would take forever to get the task accomplished. The musical relies on name power of someone who retired in the seventies, and is mostly unknown to the majority of the population (Every discussion of this play begins with explaining who Rube was). The musical may be funny, but it will mostly appeal to the older members of the audience, just like "Almost September" which bored kids, teens, and twenty-somethings to death while everyone said it would appeal to the younger generation. The next play in the season is "Conversations With My Father" by Herb Gardner, fresh from Broadway. Gardner's play follows a Jewish-American family from 1930 to 1970, and how the son grows distant from his father, and then closer as they grow older. College students still see their parents often and aren't sentimental for when they lived at home, which is what this play uses as a catalyst.

The third play of the season, is the Rep's annual Christmas musical. This year it is "Once on This Island," which takes place in the Caribbean. This musical fairy tale that the New York Times called "sugar-and-cartoon-free answer to The Little Mermaid," will allow the African-American members of the Conservatory to finally get cast in a Rep show. Unfortunately, the characters are going to be the traditional "I is a happy, singin'

field worker roles that seem to be the only parts open to black actors in American theatres.

January's play will be the Best Play of 1992 Tony Winner, "Dancing at Lughnasa" by Brian Friel. This is the third play set in 1930. The struggles of four sisters to keep themselves alive as the industrial age overtakes them and their uncle comes home from Africa having delusions from the jungle and has become a pagan. The youngest character is thirty, so no roles for the Conservatory, and the little nuances of their existence will seem uninteresting as the audience watches it (at least that's the way I felt as I read the script). February will bring the most challenging and interesting play to the Rep stage. It is also the oldest, Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People." Ibsen speaks out about pollution by industries and the unwillingness of most people to try and fix the problem. The play resounds very strongly in the 1990's and has caused controversy with businesses underwriting productions in New Orleans, and in Mississippi.

The Rep finishes the '93-'94 season with Tom Stoppard's "Rough Crossing" in which actors who are working on a new play keep finding their off stage conversations appearing in the script. This is because the composer of the music in the play inside the play is in love with the female lead and hears her and the leading

*continued on next page*

# Rep Wimps Out

from previous page

man having a romantic argument. The playwright of the play inside the play tells the composer that the argument is actually a rehearsal, and then writes it in. The play is considered one of Stoppard's lesser works and bombed at its premiere in 1984. The play is merely a rewrite of Molnar's "The Play's the Thing" from the fifties.

## THE CONSERVATORY

This season, the Conservatory students will get to act in older plays that are rarely performed. The dates that the plays were written for the five announced plays are from 1775, 1947, 1975, 1955, and 1610. A sixth play, which will be the third performed, is still in contract negotiations, and thus can't be announced yet. The good news is that all but one play are fresh since they are not the extremely traditional plays.

The season will start with "The Rivals" by Richard Brimsley Sheridan. This was the first play written by the Eighteenth century playwright who is now known only for "The School for Scandal." The plot is simple, a man and his 5 rivals connive to gain the love of one maiden. The comedy of errors is full of mistaken identities, servants dominating their masters, and chasing after women. I assume that Marita Woodruff will direct this play, and thus she will bring out all of the humor and avoid the pitfalls of self-satire that the play holds.

The students will follow the classic with the over-performed and extremely cheesy "Brigadoon" which is a romantic fairy tale that schmoozes everything it can. The 1947 musical is about two Americans in Scotland who stumble into a mystical town that sleeps for 100 years, is awake for a day, and sleeps another 100 years. One of the Americans falls in love with a villager and is thus able to stay in the village, but he decides that the States are more important. Then his heart corrects him and he returns to try and get into the village again. The play was over-performed for the first thirty years it existed, and the movie was a blockbuster. The years have not been kind to the play though, its jokes have become dated. The plot has become dated as well.

Since the third play is not announced yet, the next one on the list is the musical "The Robber Bridegroom" which premiered in 1975. The musical is based on a 1947 novella by Eudora Welty and takes place in a traditional and egyptian Mississippi town, so don't expect any roles for the talented, but under used African American performers in this or the previous plays. The plot is a fairy tale about a girl trying to escape her evil stepmother and find her Prince Charming who hides away from society. The reviews I read about the play say that the drama is very tense and gripping, but the music can hinder the performance. There was also a reference to the heroine undressing, which I'm sure will be cut out of the Conservatory performance.

The second musical is followed by Enid Bagnold's quirky "The Chalk Garden." The advice I found from the critics is that when you watch this play, you should

ignore the plot and pay attention to the humorous lines and funny characters instead. The plot centers around unmasking the strange woman who has come from nowhere to become the governess to a pyromaniac little girl. The governess with no background seems to know things about everyone else, which is why they want to unmask her. Hopefully they can make more sense out of this play than most people. The Conservatory ends its season with Shakespeare's "The Winter's Tale," the romantic story that was the next to last play he wrote. Shakespeare is one of the strongest points of the Conservatory program, and I feel safe in guaranteeing that this will out do any play being performed at the same time.

## MY IMAGINARY SEASON AT THEATRE DE MORTIR

As I was getting the information for this article, I was challenged by someone saying "What right have you to complain about the seasons if you can't offer suggestions on how to fix them." I agreed and began to think of how I would form a season of plays that were interesting, challenging, modern, and entertaining. This is my answer to that question using the Rep's schedule of one musical for the holidays and one classic to go with four other plays.

I would open my season with the 1990 play, "The Baltimore Waltz" by Paula Vogel. The play is a dark comedy that is about how people deal with AIDS, in which the female protagonist has Acquired Toilet Disease, which strikes single schoolteachers. So she and her brother go on a trip to Europe where she has sex with everyone she meets (its not a STD, so she has no guilt) while her brother tries to find a black market cure for her. Throughout the play there are stark reminders of the deadliness of the disease and hints that the trip to Europe is false, like when the slides of Europe are all of a Baltimore hospital, and the view from one of its rooms. The ending seems to hit the audience out of the blue, but it has a very strong emotional punch as you learn that her brother had AIDS, and that ATD was her sympathetic pains for her brother and the trip was imagined since his disease kept them from going.

I would follow that play with the bizarre "The Day Room" which takes place in a mental institution. Don DeLillo's play is full of bizarre comments on the nature of our existence as inmates impersonate doctors and roam around in the medical hospital. The audience, like the characters, can't tell who is real and who is acting. Especially the protagonist(?) J Wyatt, who gets confused as he finds out that the man who he thought was his doctor and close friend is just an impersonator. The second act has two of the doctors/inmates change the hospital room into a hotel room while talking about one going to help a friend commit suicide. We see Wyatt in a straight-jacket and then watch all of the characters of the first act in civilian clothes. We learn that none of them are patients or doctors, but people who are searching for the world's most renown and elusive modern theatre troupe, or members of the troupe, and Wyatt is the television in the room. Thebizarreness and statements will make the audience think and laugh in confusion.

My holiday musical will keep us in the mental institution as I present one of only three musicals that I like, "Marat/Sade." The musical has the inmates of a French asylum doing therapeutic plays that are directed by the Marquis de Sade after the French Revolution. The inmates present an interpretation of A. Marat's assassination, while showing the cruelties of mental institutions, the drive for freedom during the French Revolution, and just how scary people are. The play relies on the physical performances of the actors, and is one of the few musicals where singing off-key actually

is better than being on key. The play is very disturbing and can easily anger the audience, which is perfectly fine with me because an emotional response is always better than complacency in an audience.

The fourth play of the season would be Tennessee Williams's "Sweet Bird of Youth" which is rarely performed. The play has a handsome young con artist bringing a washed up, aging actress to his hometown while on their way to Hollywood for her to make a comeback. What he doesn't realize is that the town is out to lynch him since he ran out on his wedding to the mayor's daughter which led to her suicide. All of the characters are shallow, uncaring people who are out for themselves only. The actress learns that the con only wants her money, while she has come to love him and to depend on him to get her over her agyrophobia. She pleads for his love only to be rejected. Then he learns of his predicament and realizes that she is his only hope of surviving. The examples of vile people coming to their deserved justices is very invigorating.

For the fifth show, I would have two one-acts, featuring the greatest play ever written, "Krapp's Last Tape" by Samuel Beckett, Eugene Ionesco's "Jack, or The Submission". The two absurdist one acts show the pain of living at two points, the beginning and the ending of adulthood. "Krapp's Last Tape" has an old man realizing how much his perception of importance has changed over the years by listening to some of his past tapes~ which he records every year on his birthday. He hears the tale of his first love, and then on another tape he hears himself dismissing the younger(est) self for being so foolish as thinking love was the important part of life, and then records his present self saying that he was wrong, was important. He also states that he now finds menial things to be of great importance, like a banana, or the word "spool" and loves listening to the tale of his first love.

Ionesco's play, on the other hand, has a nineteen year old sitting in a chair while scorned by his parents, family, and teacher, that his life decision is wrong and that he must follow the path they prefer. The ending is slightly given away by the title, but the act of submission is still shocking and repulsing. I believe that the second play will speak very directly to many college students. I know that I find "Jack, or The Submission" to mirror my life very strongly.

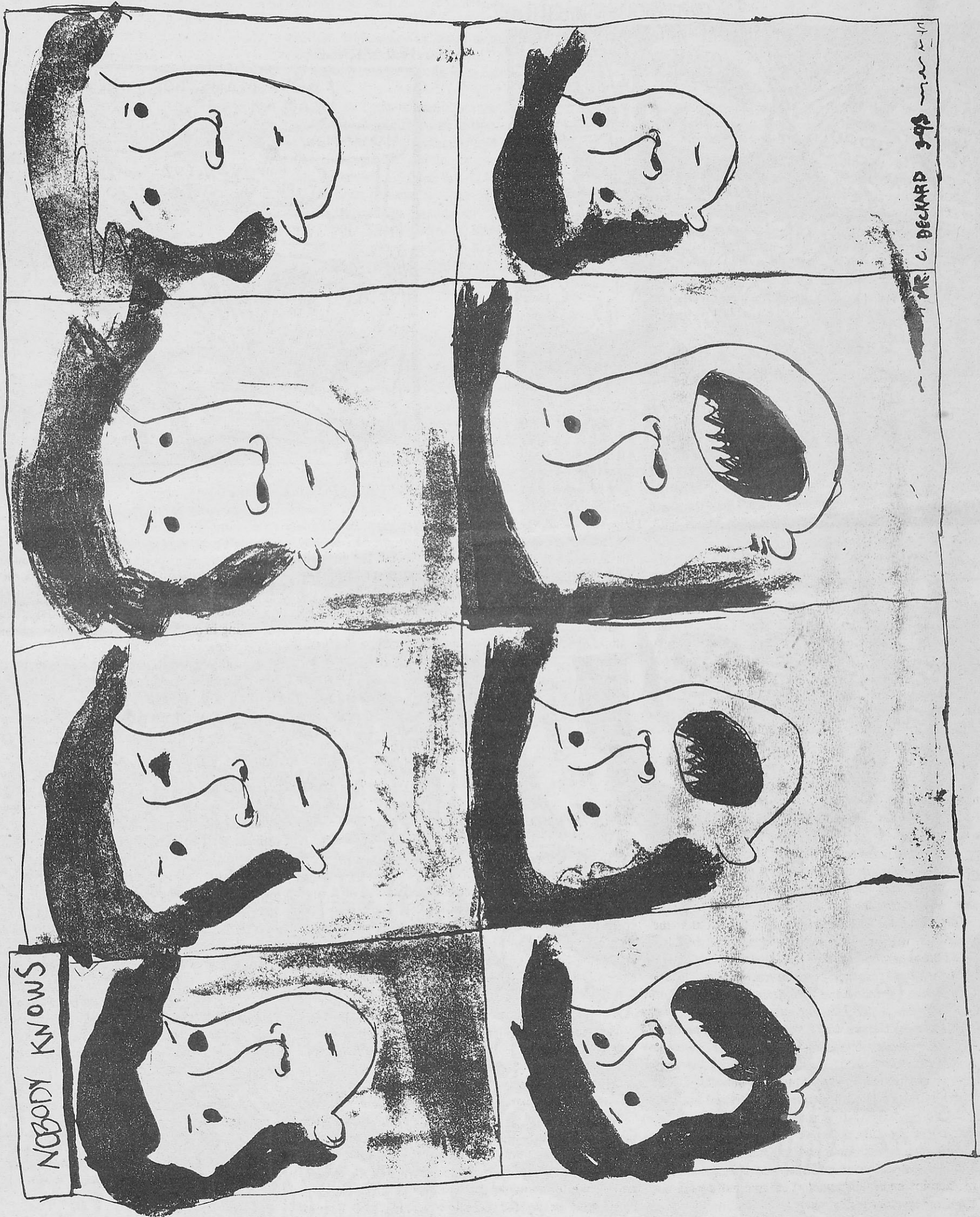
I would conclude my season with the classic that no one knows. Corneille's "L'Illusion" was written in 1636 and has recently been adapted to English by Tony Kushner, and was performed this past season at St. Louis University. The French verse play is about a magician who allows a father to watch his missing son through a portal. But for some strange reason, the names of his son, the son's love interest, and the son's rival keep changing along with locales. He is also involved in some extremely unusual adventures that seem more like fiction than real life. Appearances are very distracting in this play in which everyone ponders what is real and what is merely an illusion.

Those six plays would compromise my theatre's first season. Challenging, thought provoking, and mixing laughter, tears and anger together for each and every play. The season may be unsound from a commercial business angle, but it would be satisfying and I think it would attract a young audience that theatre must try to wrestle away from television and movie theatres if it is to stay in business.

YOU CAN WATCH THE REVOLUTION  
OR YOU CAN BE THE REVOLUTION.  
JOIN US.

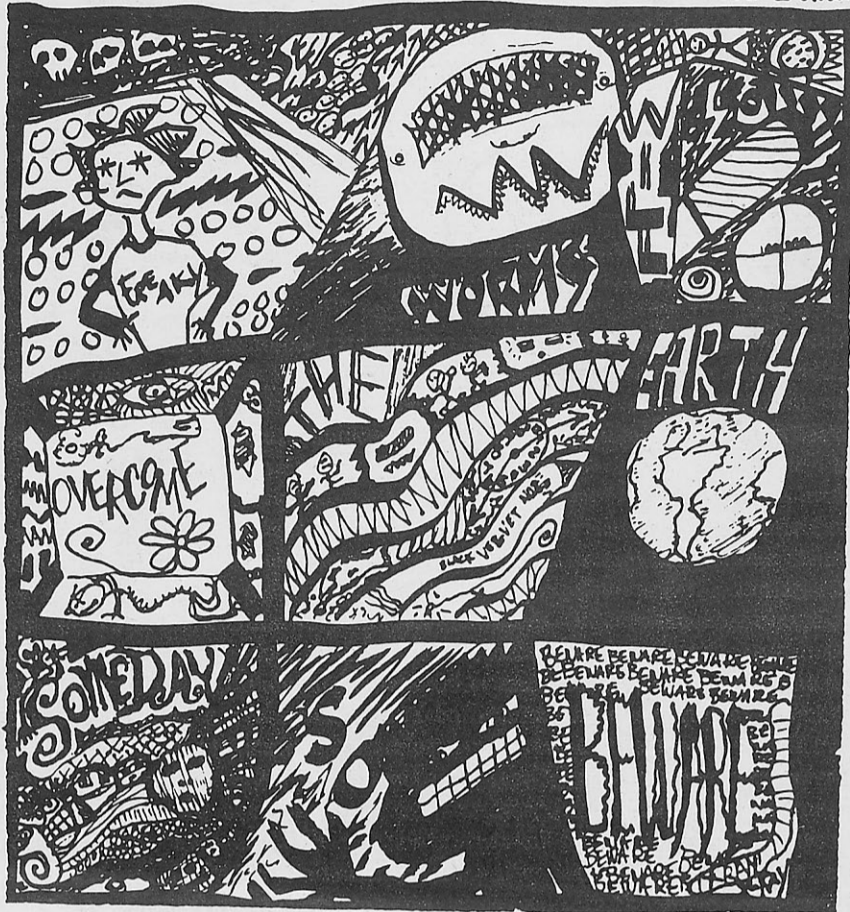
THE WASTELAND.

INTERLUDE



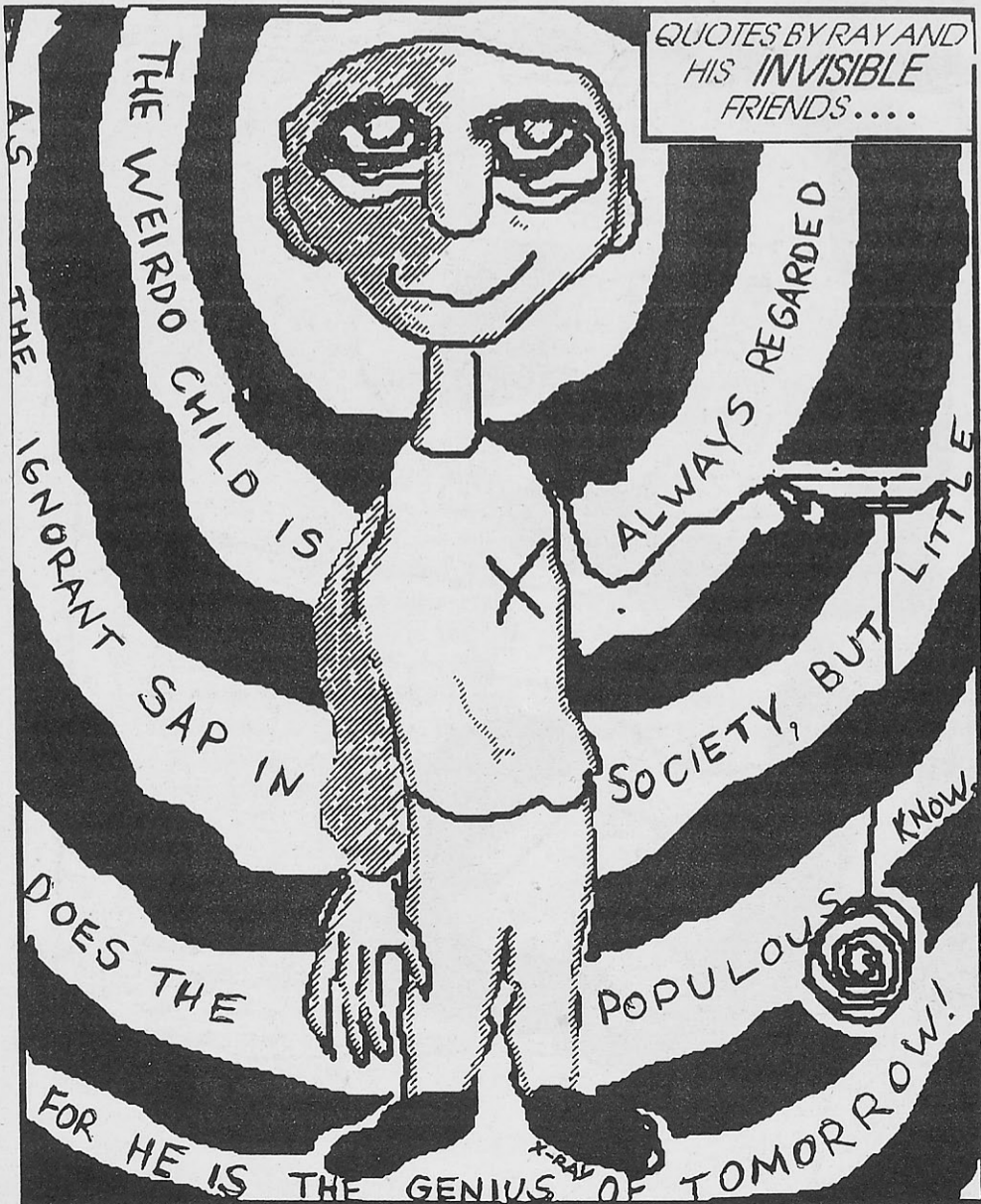
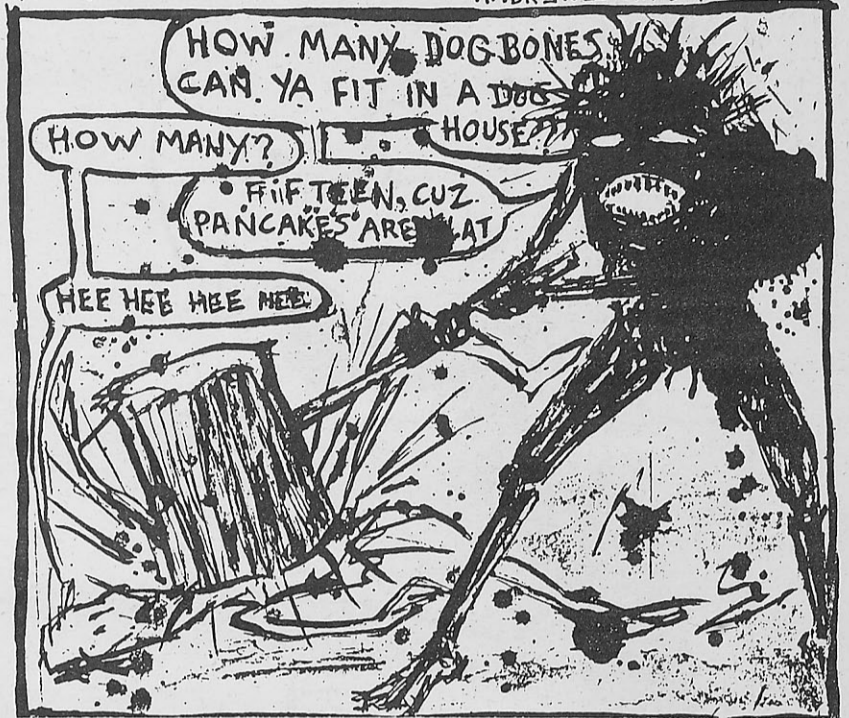
INTERLUDE

QUOTES BY RAY AND HIS INVISIBLE FRIENDS

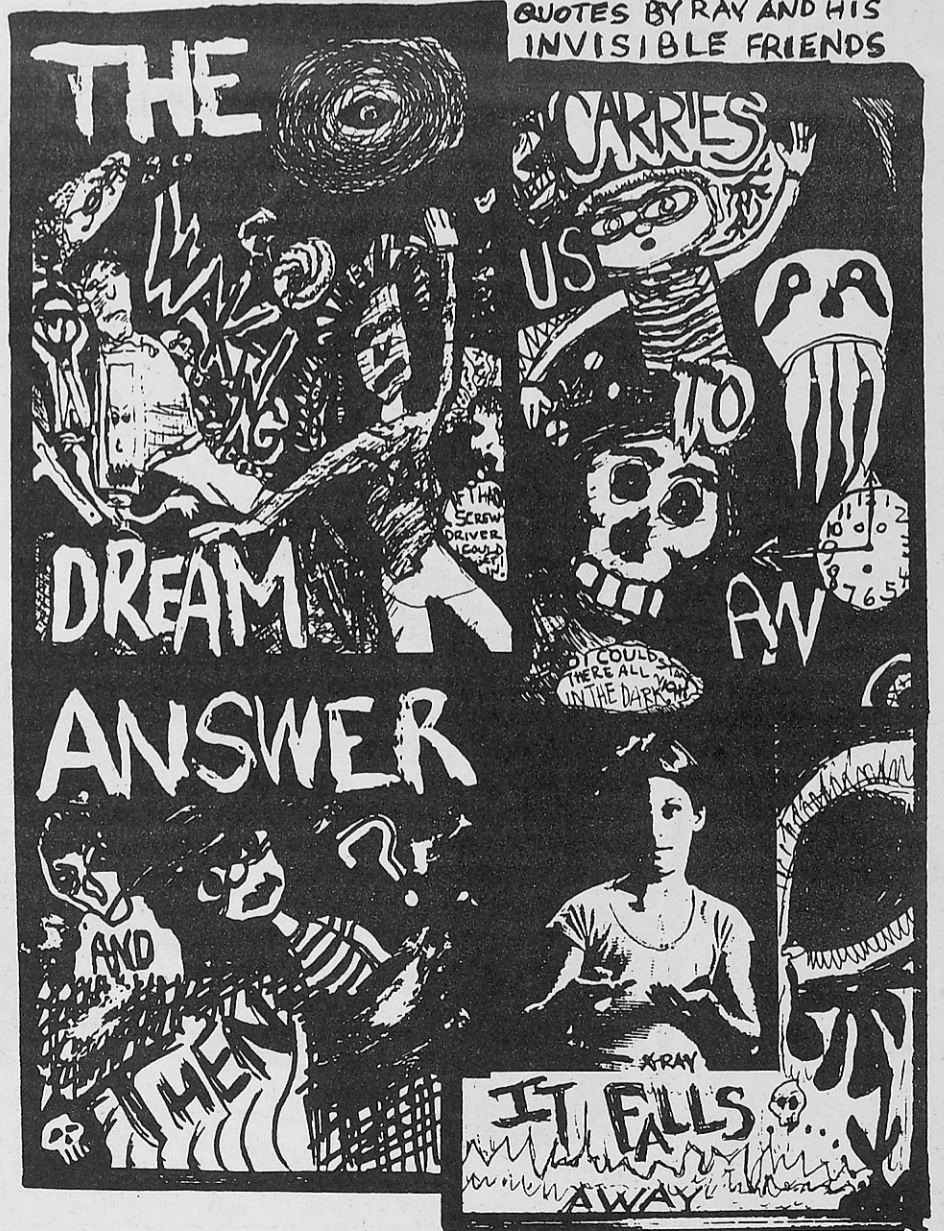


HUMERAGE

ANDREW LEONARD JORTMAN '93



QUOTES BY RAY AND HIS INVISIBLE FRIENDS



INTERLUDE

# THE WASTELAND

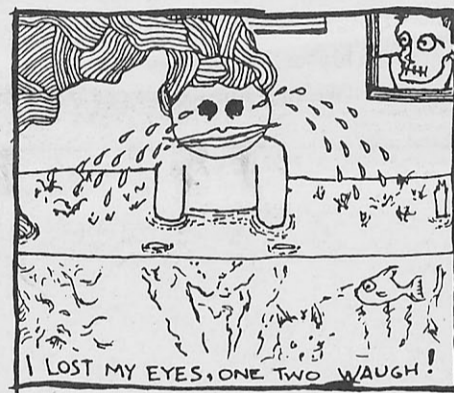
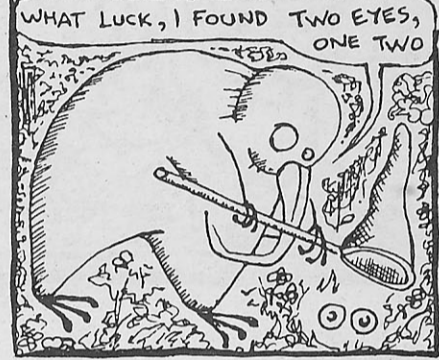
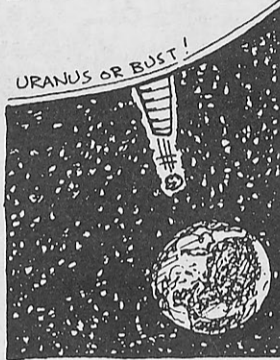
EAST 25th AVENUE

G. EBERSOLE



BETTER TO HAVE SEEN AND LOST THAN TO HAVE NEVER SEEN AT ALL

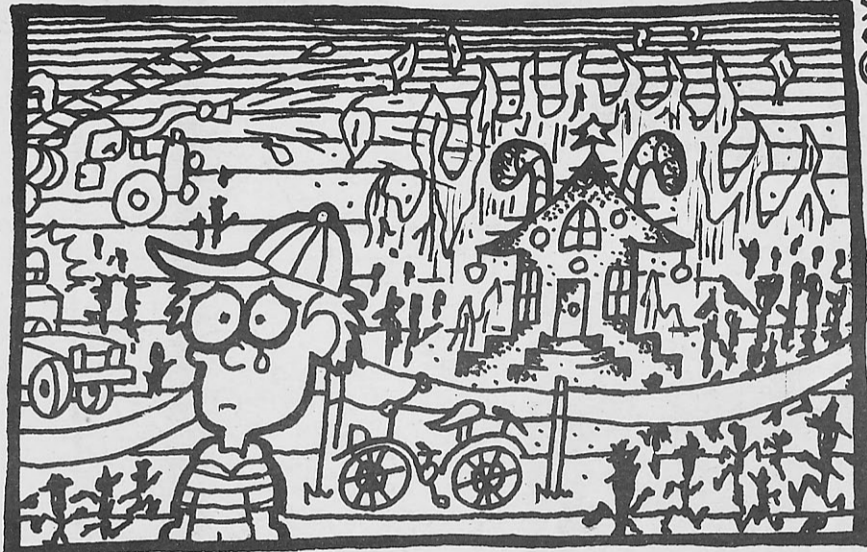
ANDYORTMANN 93



Let us know  
what you think:  
The Wasteland  
University Center  
470 E. Lockwood  
St. Louis, MO  
63119

# watching the candystore burn

fiction by Michael Steinberg • illustration by Orestes Valdes



That night, when my dad came home from the plant, he smelled, as always, of sulfur. My nose burned sweet when lifted from the sand-box out back, and brought in for supper. My mom said: "Wash that dirt and get ready to eat and I mean wash with soap," and lit a Pall Mall simultaneously, so that the entire phrase was uttered as if one long yawn, spoken underwater. I said: "Okay."

After diner, which was blackened steak and peas, I stole two dollars from my mother's open purse. "You be back before nine and wear a jacket it's getting cold ..." her voice trailed off as I bolted for the back door; the blue dusk falling on the suburbs, like an old woman on ice.

As I pumped my bike up the hill, my teeth grinded hard together, and I dreamed up the mother load of Big Daddy Gum Sticks, Marathon Bars, and Wacky Wafers I'd buy.

When I reached the top of the hill, looking down on all the tiny houses, I saw red burning through the treeline, and thought, "I am higher than the sun."

"We're gonna let this one burn," said the

Fire Chief, who believed it electrical. Mr. Kertzer, the owner, told everyone gathered behind the police line he'd chased away some kids and their bottle rockets, just before the fire broke out. "If I catch those little punks," he said, "they'll be Hell to pay." I dropped my bike when I arrived on the scene, eyes pealed back like two kiwis in front of the blaze.

I stared up into night, dreaming a sea of Red Hots and Atomic Fireballs, Hot Tamalies, Flaming Gobstoppers, Hot Fries, Dynamints, and Bursting Red Sizzlers, all shooting up to the stars, sparking and whizzing in the air, like the Fourth of July.

Coming back down the hill, my face cut through the cool air like stone. All the boxy houses lining the street, whipped past in a blur of blues and greens, dogs snarled from behind gates, and mothers, in red checkered halter-tops, waved in their kids from porches. The trees, thick in backyards, melted into the black, as I eased the hand break down slowly. I thought: "This is how it feels to fall."

My life is going direct to video. It's skipping a wide theatrical release and should be in rental stores by the end of next month. My life did poorly in special test screenings; the audience moaned a lot and laughed at the serious parts and went out to get Junior Mints and Milk Duds and Sno-Caps during the romantic scenes.

The reviews were mixed: critics either hated it or convulsed wildly in advanced psychomotor epileptic seizures. Many were dead before the first reel had ended.

In the story, I star as a young man whose ideals are challenged when his soul awakens suddenly in the body of an ichthyologist. Later, I woo Mary Leakey away from her husband Louis and we tryst behind a Stuckey's off Interstate 44, slapping Turkish Taffy against the sidewalk and exchanging off-color limericks.

My life was purchased by the Lung Brother's distribution, the same company that markets the "Bucky the Banjo-Plunking Mongoloid" children's sing-along cassettes. The pre-order cut-off date is rapidly approaching. If you order the special four-pack, retailers will give you a free VHS screener of "Caring For Your Rheumatic In-Laws."

At the Lung Brothers Studio in Upper Volta, Wyoming, I was able to meet Bucky the Banjo-Plunking Mongoloid as he and a group of eleven-year-olds rehearsed for their latest video "Let's Sing Songs About Gynecology."

I said to him, "You know, my nephew is a big fan of yours. He has all your tapes. Would it be possible to get your autograph for him?" and he just squinted and smiled this crooked, frightening, toothless smile and scratched his stubby head and I said, "You know, my nephew suffers from delusions of grandeur; he believes he is the CEO of a mortgage banking firm in New England, and this worries us because he is only four. I'm thinking that maybe having your autograph will snap him out of it and allow him to go on to kindergarten and lead a normal and reasonably productive life, you know what I mean?"

But Bucky just grinned and plucked out the chorus from "Inna-Gadda-Da-Vida" on his banjo and was led away by the directors and producers and make-up artists and a hoard of eleven-year old lip-synchers to work on the next number, "Pap Test Time," and I thought, Geez! Success has sure changed him!

## The Various Tentacles of My Inadequacy

story by Larry O'Neal



## On A Smaller Scale

story by Charles Bolinger • illustration by Chris Baker

*continued from last issue*

Jake noted with dismay that the smoke trail stopped after a while, no explosion, no fireball. Just a thick rope of smoke that now headed skyward in a straight line. He stood in the bed of the truck, dropped his fisherman's boots over the side and followed, literally jumping into them. Still carrying the shotgun, he tromped off into the slough and went searching for the little green men who were after his brain.

Despite all of the stories he had read about aliens who come to Earth, took someone hostage and examined them or played around with their minds. Jake never thought he would be witness to a sighting. He walked quickly into the unstableness of the bog, splashing water and squishing mud as he fought for purchase. He was perhaps ten feet from the smoke trail when he heard a short, grinding noise followed by two sharp whooshes. Two objects swept through the grass at his head. Their sudden appearance caused him to stumble and fall backwards. The things hesitated a few seconds before continuing on their way. Jake regretted that they had not lingered long enough for him to rise and squeeze off a couple of shots at them. Angered at their escape and his own foolishness, he got to his feet and struggled to reach the truck.

"Are they fueled?" she asked as the airlock door slid shut behind them.

"Yes, Grenni took care of everything before we left. She always does." Zan released the anti-gravity locks and the flitters obediently hovered at their proper height. Anitra thumbed the button to open the rear door and jumped on the left flitter as Zan occupied the one on the right. They shot out of the disabled shuttle as soon as the door was out of the way and nearly ran into their adversary.

"Did you see that?" Zan said into their shared comlink.

"He's human. We've been running from another human," Anitra replied as they brought their machines up to speed after pausing to look at the man sprawled on the water grass.

"He looks angry," Zan noted as they continued.

"I would be too. Since he hasn't seen us yet he probably thinks we're aliens."

"Aren't we?"

As the sound of insect-like machines faded, Jake finally reached his pickup. Lying on its side in the bed of the truck was another vehicle, untested by the park supervisor. It was his very own "dirt

moped." He built it himself using as many spare parts as he could find, and as many as he could fit. Righting it, he hauled it from the truck and hopped on. He started it and scooted off after the refugees from the model ship.

"Alien to this planet, yes, but we aren't aliens like the other Centaurians, for example." Anitra corrected.

"Try telling that to our relative back there," Zan gestured behind them with his helmeted head as they headed southward once again. The sun was fully up now and the surrounding countryside looked different and familiar at the same time. Above them, large winged creatures soared among the trees while below, carnivores and other animals of all types cavorted, hunted and ate on the ground. The yellow light alone was fantastic in the way it shafted and played among the greenery. Neither of them had witnessed such a sight.

A persistent beeping sound on both of their helmets took them from their joint reverie. It was the intruder alert. Anitra switched her tiny display from its present forward scan to an aft scan. A red dot was rapidly encroaching upon them. She queried the display for more data and switched to a tactical.

"What is it now?" Zan wanted to know.

"Our 'relative.' He is on a 'motorcycle,' whatever that is, and at present speed will be with us in less than 30 centons."

"So what do we do?"

"Avoid capture at all costs. Kick in the ion drivers, full thrust," she ordered.

The advantages of a moped; its light weight, nimble handling and quiet operation, all proved to be disadvantages for Jake. He bounded through the underbrush, breaking branches, ripping out grasses, mangling bushes and generally destroying most of the vegetation in his path. The two small airborne vehicles strayed far from the regular paths, sometimes cutting across them, but never following them. They unknowingly made Jake work to keep up. He had almost caught up to them when the pair increased speed, singing some of the tree limbs near them. They veered left, heading southeast.

Jake swerved to follow, narrowly missing a tree stump only to tumble into a secluded ditch filled with rainwater. It threatened to swamp the engine before he adroitly yanked the machine and himself from the hazard and continued his chase. He was confident he could

see *SMALLER* page 30

# White Attitudes

by Paul D. Reese

White people  
(I'm talking about myself)  
are solidly black stupid.  
I fear black people.  
They remind me outwardly  
what I fear inwardly  
to witness in myself  
uncomfortable with  
and disintegrated in.  
Myself I joke like honkihood  
and chocalateers  
and resist admitting  
their white pain  
polices them closer to heaven's  
true shape, that is  
suffering.

Conscientiously pretending  
attending green suburbs  
I absently disturb  
your gangdom street and alley  
with sporadic automatic  
and 12-gauge pattern poverty  
slam!  
and clatter on the bricks  
slam!  
alley flower blossoms red

"Swee' Jesuz

petals trickle

Swee' Jesuz"

Death's stupid white grin cruises  
the daily projects.  
Pray, are you blessed  
that see death from the wet black day of birth  
to the dry white day  
of national average?  
You know the enemy  
red and dripping white doors slamming  
even functionals read "EMS"  
whirring blurring  
primary colors.  
(I mean, I mistake the enemy  
for my used car not green enough  
my idiot boss not smart enough  
and you wish you had either one.)

B-ball rolls like the world abandoned  
on the school lot.  
Anthony and Tyrone hop the chain-link  
to dodge white Caddie's grinning grill.  
Two loud belches later  
wheels leave laughing,  
black hands return to the game  
and palm the orange world  
with purpose.

Blessed are the hungry.  
White religion administers:  
Go in peace, be warm  
burning your furniture  
while white snow taps your window  
prying for a way in.

Blessed are the poor.

Blessed are the mourners.

Blessed are the gentle.

And filled eating your hope  
drinking the possibility  
of a blacker tomorrow  
freebasing the probability  
it will get worse.

After L.A. the gray  
t.v. repeatedly blinks  
white head welcome  
the crown of bricks.  
One surgical strike later  
a million white eyelids flutter  
and see the first time  
the white injustice  
of purpling someone  
for lack of a better color.  
In Los Angeles unaware  
black assault offers  
first hope of white salvation.

Black girl seeded in the orange bussing.  
She was simply blue and vast  
stretching to the river  
and over the pointed brick piles.  
Her smile, my God,  
her smile was the secret  
potential of creation  
before becoming pregnant with it  
and groaning.

Crips and Bloods.  
Reds and Blues.  
A more honest politic  
than D.C. where the right  
hemisphere never knows what  
the left hemisphere is doing.  
A more honest truce  
if it holds  
than the mega-mergers designed  
for the mutual rape  
of human turf.

Four hundred years  
the suffering servant  
striped by whips  
and hollow points every Saturday night.  
Crucified on white ship's mast  
and green chalkboard.  
Buried in the cotton field  
where you dropped your bag and bones  
and in the crumbs dropped  
from our white table.

Pray then in this way, Whitey.  
Do not look up to heaven,  
God is ashamed of your face.  
Look to the inner City  
where your salvation is mopping blood  
with your own straight hair.

Forgive me, brother, for I have sinned.

Blessed are the merciful.

Blessed are the pure.

Blessed are the peacemakers.

Blessed are the persecuted.

# PRIDE

story by Anaye Milligan

*My father is a fat man with creamy fingers and inside the brim of his hat is a Trojan lubricated condom he keeps just in case. My mother is small. Five feet, nine inches, and one hundred seventy-two pounds, but the only word that accurately describes her is small.*

*When my brother, Stephen, was in elementary school he would beat up the younger children and take from their Bugs Bunny, Popeye, Billy the Kid and assorted other lunch kits and brown paper bags whatever he pleased. Stephen always got away with such terrorism because our father is a fat man with creamy fingers whose voice is like a slithering snake and whose wallet can snap open or closed like a crack of thunder.*

Walter Morgan hasn't bought a new pair of shoes in over four years and his jeans have patches in the rear and on his knees; patches that look like they were made from an old table cloth or one of Mrs. Walden's hand crafted window curtains which everyone buys out of kindness and then immediately retires to the basement. Denim is all Walter Morgan ever wears, denim and the white t-shirts he buys in bulk packages, extra-large. He buys them in bulk because it's cheaper that way, and in extra-large so that he can wear three or four of them at once during the winter months to help make up for his lack of a proper coat. Nobody would say that Walter Morgan doesn't have it tough. And then there's all that black skin.

When we were children Walter Morgan never had anything that my brother wanted for himself. And that, for quite some time, kept the two from any direct conflict. But when Atilah the Hun heard that there was a man in the Eastern reaches of his kingdom who claimed to fear nothing, including Atilah himself, the Hun sent forth his great horde to kill this man, his family, and to burn all of his worldly possessions.

And so on a hot August afternoon when the heat rising off the road made trees into reflections in a funhouse mirror, it was my brother Stephen who threw a half-filled beer bottle through the front windshield of Walter Morgan's pickup as he drove past. The sound of it rolled through the park like a hot wind, and everybody in the world stopped, turned, and leaned forward to see what would happen next.

With an immediacy that was like a single photograph stolen from my grandmother's family album, or a giant movie frame held up to the light of the setting sun. Walter Morgan stopped his truck and got out so fast that it wasn't until he was almost upon my brother that anyone realized what he was about to do. In fact, his sudden stop had kicked up a cloud of dust behind his truck which the wind now pushed about him like premature smoke on

the battlefield; leaving only those with a good eye able to keep up. And with the reddened sky behind him and a gleam of controlled fury in his eyes, I wondered what

Walter Morgan must have looked like to my brother with his fist raised high overhead and the faint trace of a smile on his lips. Walter Morgan's second blow sent Stephen to his knees only a split second after his two front teeth. And the blood which fell from his mouth in one long strand formed a shape in the dirt beneath him that looked remarkably like Kentucky. Two of Stephen's lieutenants who were quick to come to his aid would find themselves sitting out the beginning of the upcoming football season — their abilities to play the game severely impaired by a broken shin and a dislocated shoulder respectively. When at last the rest of Stephen's lackeys did gather their wits and tighten their jaws they made short work of Walter Morgan. The scene was not much unlike some half dozen or so ruffians jumping John Wayne in some saloon famous for such brawls, the air filled with oaths and bloody fists. The major exception was that this time the Duke did not beat them all down. And neither the town sheriff, nor the benevolent bartender with his trusty shotgun were on hand to break up the ruckus. And so when it was all over Walter Morgan lay face down in the dirt the blood from his wounds taking on the shape of other states not so small. I can clearly remember Georgia spreading out from beneath his nose and mouth.

I don't know if Walter Morgan ever felt those last five kicks delivered about his head, chest, and stomach. Stephen, having regained his feet, wanted to take part in his own self-defense and staggered over to kick Walter Morgan one, two, three, four, five more times. But no one recalls such a thing. Not Joel and Ethan Cole who sat on their porch not fifty feet away with iced tea in hand. Not Marsha Louis who almost ran off the road when Walter Morgan skidded to a halt in front of her. And not Jenifer Morris, Tasha Stewart, or Lisa Brown who were

standing next to me and flinched quite visibly at the sound of Stephen's alligator skin boots snapping Walter Morgan's ribs. Not even Brad Graham or Chad Davis remembers any of this although it was they who kept the number of kicks from exceeding five by pulling Stephen away. Nobody but me remembers those last five kicks, me and perhaps Walter Morgan.

I went to see Walter yesterday down at Benson's Barber Shop where he shines shoes every day but Monday. He makes good money there since everyone leaves him a little more than they should. And several of the older women in town take turns cooking for him now that his mother has passed. The town has basically adopted Walter, and even my brother drops by ever so often and leaves Walter a ten, even though Walter can never get out that one rust colored stain on the tip of Stephen's right boot. But even so Stephen will hang around a little longer to buy Walter a coke and to tell him the one about the farm boy and the pig. Then the two of them will laugh together. Walter's laugh always a little louder and longer than it should be.

But if anyone in this town could remember those last five kicks, then I think that they would realize that it never has been my brother's joke that Walter Morgan laughs at. They would realize that the expectation of a free coke and ten dollars isn't why Walter is always so pleased to see Stephen walk through the front door of Benson's Barber Shop.

If anyone in this town could remember anything at all, then they would notice the way Walter always studies Stephen's smile, returning it eagerly. Then perhaps the folks in this town would understand the real joke it seems that only Walter and I can appreciate. I'd like to tell them sometimes, but I never do. I think Walter wants it that way. And besides, if I ever did explain, Stephen might stop smiling.

## On A Smaller Scale

continued from page 27

catch and subdue whoever or whatever these things were. His mind reeled at the realism of the model and its detachable parts. Part of him even felt bad for causing the model to crash, he would have liked to examine it at length but the rest of him forcibly reminded him of what this model cost him; his truck and nearly his life.

One would think that Anitra and Zan would have an easier time of it, since they flew through the air but they had their own problems: insects, birds, leaves, branches, pollen and other assorted maladies. A curious dragonfly almost knocked Zan's flitter out of the sky. It took some skillful slaloming and dodging for him to finally make the insect realize that he and his flitter were not some tasty morsel there for the taking.

The birds were more creative, they made strafing runs at the pair, pelting them with bird guano at the humans passed through prime mating areas. One such attack shorted out Anitra's scanner, preventing her from tracking their pursuer. She asked Zan to compensate.

"Aye, Commander," using her rank for the first time. "He's still there."

Anitra had to ask herself what else could go wrong.

Unknown to the pair of flitter riders and forgotten by Jake, the Annual Horse and Buggy Show opened with the park that morning. It comprised over 150 owners, their prized steeds, trucks and trailers to haul the animals in, assorted gawkers plus some of the families. All of this added up to most of the park being overrun. The trucks and trailers sprawled over a wide area of the open, grassy spaces and where they were not, tents were. Cars littered the shoulders of the park roads, and the people were everywhere.

Bobby Stanger, fourteen, heard it first. The high-pitched whine was hard to ignore. He had been drinking a well-deserved drink from a water fountain after playing a long game of hide-and-seek. He thought the noise was a horde of bees that had left their nest but as the sounds ranged closer to him he realized that it was even higher pitched than bees buzzing and sounded too mechanical.

He looked toward the north end of the field to see two things that resembled miniature motorcycles without wheels emerge from the forest. They were about ten feet above the ground and looked like you could hold one in your hand. Bobby held a lead of mere seconds before the rest of his playmates saw them too.

"Everybody, look! Toy landspeeders!" some boy shouted.

The groups playing hide-and-seek, tag, spud and other games stopped their activity and began to head toward the things at a dead run. The kids ran toward the temporary horse stables and training grounds in their quest for these new toys. Shortly, small humans were not all that ran helter-skelter as terrified equestrians broke the fragile gate and walls of the stable.

This caused the parents, horse owners and onlookers to scatter too, either in search of their children, their horses or merely to clear the area. Anitra unwittingly had the answer to her question.

She realized she miscalculated their exit point, bringing them out into the open too soon and in the wrong part of the park. They were near the Great Hills. This was an area even more forbidden than the woods because the camouflage was non-existent. That fact dimmed in her mind as she realized the chaos headed towards her and Zan. Small versions of the adult humans, their children, rushed to them, crying and arms outstretched.

"Evasive action," she ordered, kicking on the bottom thrusters and rising two more feet up in the air. She had forgotten all about their pursuer. Zan turned on his thruster too.

"Can I activate the sound shields? These young ones' voices are going to break my inner ears!"

"Go ahead," Anitra agreed as she swerved hard to port to avoid yet another problem: extremely large quadrupeds, mostly brown and black. Linking Zan's scanner with hers had helped hers to partially restore itself. She now had forward and lateral scanning ability. She consulted her board but didn't see her partner anywhere.

"Zan?" she asked as the cacophony of sounds faded with the shields in place.

"To your left about five meters. I had to duck under that thing while you swerved around it. I resumed the same altitude though."

"What are they?"

"Biocomp says they're horses, used for recreation, and little else now."

"This is their idea of fun, letting children and h-horses run around together?"

"Now I see why Srarlton wanted us to come in immediately," Zan said.

Suddenly, pieces of dirt and rock surrounded them, after they had passed the horses and a stretch of gray rocks. One struck Zan's helmet, disintegrating his faceplate. He slumped over his controls, unknown to Anitra.

"You realize that everyone within two kilometers has seen us?" she asked. When there was no immediate response she looked over and saw Zan slumped over his controls and his flitter beginning to fly erratically.

Within 10 centons of receiving the shuttle's emergency beacon, Srarlton activated the tactical screen in the middle of the huge operations room. His more powerful scanners revealed what the shuttle's limited version could not about the truck. It held a human, an armed one.

"What is happening?" a voice asked in a clipped, regal tone from Srarlton's command console.

"We still have a shuttle out. They were on their way back when they encountered a human vehicle moving about earlier than usual," the controller responded smoothly.

"Why were they late?"

"Unknown, but it appears that they have been seen. Anitra has fired three phaser bursts at the opposing vehicle."

"Keep me posted. When they arrive I want to see them personally," the President said icily.

"Yes, sir."

"Then I will see you afterwards, Srarlton," he hissed in an even colder tone.

The controller watched the human return fire and a damage report appeared in a box in a corner of the screen.

"Viewport gone, main microsquare cracked, shields inoperative ..." the damage computer rattled off the list of inoperative systems as a result of the attack.

He watched in horror as the shuttle, smoking and damaged, landed in a patch of reeds and watergrass. The human had emerged from his truck once again, clad in footgear that would enable him to wade into the water after the pair.

Fortunately, Srarlton did not have to hold his breath for long as the flitters emerged from the back of the shuttle, knocking the human on his back. He recovered but not before Zan and Anitra had built a good lead on him. He set after them on a noisy, polluting motorcycle, nearly killed himself once and never did catch them.

All seemed well until Srarlton saw that she misjudged their arrival point and came out in the Great Hills which were full of people, animals called horses and more metal, mechanical things. All havoc broke loose as the humans caught sight of the flitters and soon they, the horses and other humans ran amok. Zan and Anitra managed to avoid them for a while, activating their sound shields and rising higher than normal to get out of the way, but then they ran into the dust cloud.

"ZAN! No!" she screamed. She moved her flitter closer than regulations allowed and tried to activate his auto-pilot before he crashed. If necessary she would have to link the flitters and fly them both back. She did not know if she had enough power remaining for such a maneuver but she knew she must try.

Her proximity alarm went off and she looked up in time to see a hand reaching out to grope at them. That told her they were losing altitude as sure as the altitude meter would. She linked her flitter to Zan's and tried to gain height but the move failed. Many orders rang through her memory at this point. *You must not be seen. If you are you have no choice but to self-destruct. The colony must be spared. Do you have any idea what would happen if we were to be discovered? You must never remove your helmets, speak to them, or even show them your face! Is that understood. Destruction before detection!*

That final dictum repeated itself in her mind. She thought it too late now to bother with destruction, so many had seen them, what difference would one more make? Besides, she would be violating their Primary Law if she obeyed and pressed the self-destruct switch. The law stated that they were not to endanger the world they adopted. Was she supposed to kill herself and Zan in an unoccupied part of the homeland? Nonsense, that kind of an explosion would be heard, seen and felt for kilometers. They would find the wreckage, analyze it and know something was amiss.

She decided that it was better to live and accept punishment for their tardiness than create worldwide suspicions about their origins. The flitters descended ahead of the children and crashed in a large patch of sand, an area that was marked heavily with footprints of the children.

"No, no! Leave 'em alone! Get away from there you blasted kids!" Jake roared, slamming himself against the bench seat of his pickup truck causing it to rock on its shock absorbers. The impact woke Jake and caused Dave, one of Jake's co-workers to hasten his step toward the truck.

"Hey, you all right?" Dave asked as he skidded to a stop before the driver's door of the Chevy.

"Yeah," Jake replied, wiping a head over his face vertically in an attempt to shake off his dream.

"Don't tell me you had another nightmare about them little people?" Dave asked.

"Yeah, I did. So what of it? You gonna report me 'cause I have nightmares?" Jake challenged.

"Naw, I'm gonna report you for sleeping in your truck for the third night in a row. Are you and Charlene still goin' at it like dogs over a scrap of meat?"

"We's still fightin', yeah, I come out here 'cause it's more peaceful. Nothin' disturbs me, least not till this mornin'," Jake said.

"Sorry, but the weekend's over good buddy. This here's Monday and it's time to rise and shine so we's get paid on Friday," Dave said brightly.

Jake got out of the truck and followed Dave back to his, unaware that the truck he slept in had three curious holes in it and that five gallons of Prestone had seeped into the ground beneath the truck.

"You watch too much of that durned *Star Trek* on TV. I think that's why you have all them dreams about midgets." Dave postulated once they were inside the cab of his truck.

The pair rolled away from the Hawk Ridge Trail in Dave's white Ford, their departure witnessed by two pair of eyes that were separated from the outside air by a viewpoint.

"Come on, we're late," said one being to the other. "Do you really want to get us in trouble?"

"*Star Trek* indeed!" The other responded. "If they only knew what awaits them out there."

The model UFO lifted up from the ground and darted through the foliage, in the opposite direction the truck had taken.

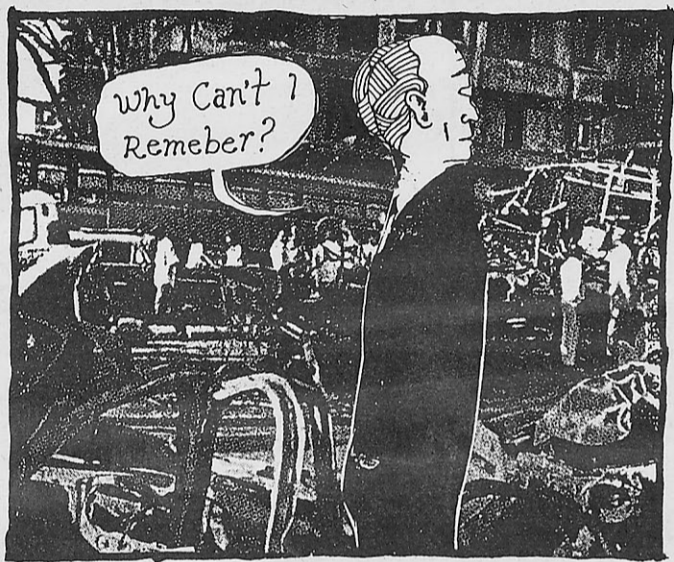
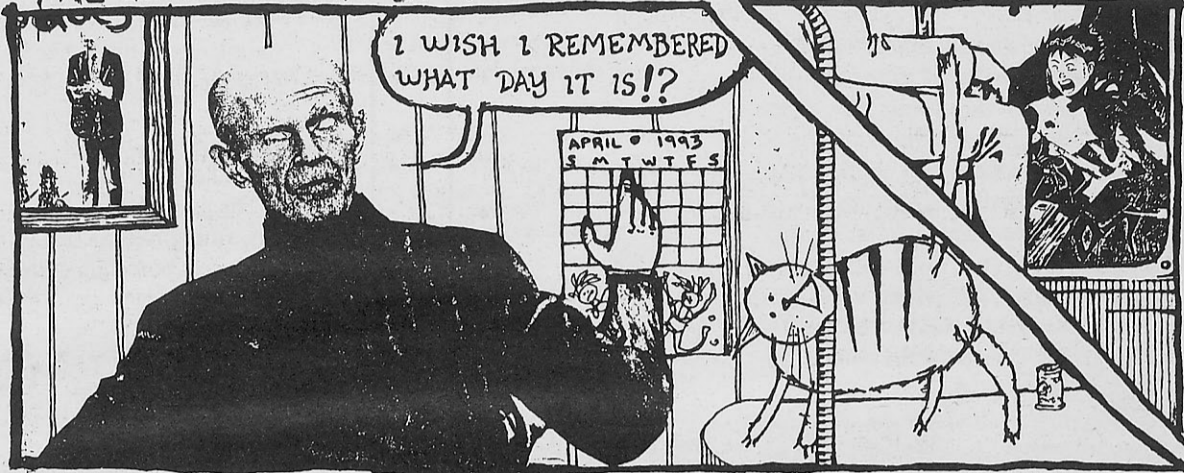
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THE BACKWARDS BACKWARD

ANDY ORTMANN '93



YOUNG ALABAMA SMITH

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## COINCIDENCE

There are fat people waiting  
at the bus stop on the corner  
near my apartment. I walk past  
lightly. I look at them  
wondering if they know  
each other because

I remember someone once  
asking me if I knew Aaron Goldstein.  
*He's Jewish, too, she said.*  
*and he lives in St. Louis.*  
And I did.

- Nancy Powers

## BURIED ALIVE

"My boyfriend buried him alive."  
Mother of eleven-month-old infant  
murdered by his father,  
*The Oprah Winfrey Show*, February, 1993.

Choking under the ground  
clawing and crying  
for me. His lungs filling  
with dirt, sifting like cocoa  
into the perfect porcelain cup  
of his mouth.

Tiny fingers stabbing  
like forks into moist cake,  
too weak to breathe through  
into the milky light  
and the last thing he saw  
was your grinning face.

- Nancy Powers

Do not fear us.  
Do not hate us.  
Do not love us.

Just trust us.

The Wasteland  
and  
The Webster University Journalism Association  
Battling For Your Mind

## RECORDS

• *Jim's Record Collection* •

by Jim Madison

Note: None of these records is very new. The point of this column is not to give record reviews, but to let you (the ever hungry record buying public) know about old records that are good and worth your attention. So throw out all of your Doobie Brothers albums, and check these out:

## GEORGE CARLIN

*Classic Gold*  
Ear Drum Records

This double CD set, a priceless compilation of Carlin's three masterpieces of the early seventies, *FM & AM*, *Class Clown*, and *Occupation Foole* demonstrates Carlin's wit on a wide scope. If you thought Denis Leary was funny, you don't know the half of it.

## KEITH RICHARDS

*Talk is Cheap*  
Virgin

Forget about *Steel Wheels* (which sucked, admit it). *Talk is Cheap*, Keith's 1988 solo project, was the best Stones record since *Exile on Main St.*, and it only featured one Stone! I've played this so many times the tape sounds like its about to fall apart. *Big Enough* is the funkiest a white man will ever get in the confines of a three minute song. This entire album is Keith to the core, from

the dusty voice to the hard chops of classic Stones guitar and beyond. Instead of going for the sentimental heart of moronic classic-rock fans, Keith aims for the gut of hard rock, and succeeds in making a stripped-down, old fashioned, hard rock record that practically breathes with attitude.

## MONTY PYTHON

*The Final Rip Off*

No fan of Python should be without this double album, a huge collection of the best Python sketches and songs. This a record to have when you feel really depressed and need cheering up (although I don't know how John Clesse naming the cheeses of the world will help you if you're one of those really bad manic depressives). Still, if you dig old fashioned British nonsense comedy with just a pinch of anger for good flavor, pick this up. Highlights include "I Bet They Won't Play this Song on the Radio," "Spam," "Are You Embarrassed Easily?" "Argument" and the always popular "Undertaker."

## ALAN HOVANESS

'Music of Alan Hovaness'  
Crystal Records

Alan Hovaness deserves more attention than he usually gets in the classical world. He's certainly no Mahler, but he deserves to be seen as a figure of 20th

Century American music alongside Copland and Ives. His music is often dismissed as uninspired and incidental. Hovaness deserves neither criticism. "And God Created Great Whales" is an incredible composition, to say the least. His "Concerto No.8 for Orchestra," is a stunning, haunting work that is hard to forget and stands beside the best in American orchestral music.

THE MISSION  
SOUNDTRACK

Music by Ennio Morricone  
Virgin

You know the music you keep hearing in all those Columbian Coffee Bean commercials? Well, Ennio Morricone wrote it. Besides that familiar music, there's a wealth of other wonderful orchestral music here, some hopeful and romantic, some painful and tragic. The best thing about the film *The Mission* is this soundtrack (the cinematography is good too). In addition to this record, I also recommend Morricone's soundtracks to *The Untouchables* and *State of Grace*.

THE STAR WARS  
TRILOGY

John Williams Conducts John Williams

While you're in the soundtrack section of the record store, pick this one up. Anybody who loves the *Star Wars* trilo-

gy knows the music is a big part of the success of those movies. This CD gathers the very best of that music, and presents it in high definition stereo for the ultimate audio experience. Trust me, there's nothing quite like driving to school with "The Imperial March" blasting out of your stereo.

UNTIL THE END  
OF THE WORLD  
SOUNDTRACK

Warner Bros.

With the possible exception of The Beatles' *A Hard Day's Night*, this is the best rock soundtrack I've ever heard. The artists, from Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds to Elvis Costello, are, needless to say, diverse. There are no throwaway tracks here; even a slightly different version of the U2 song is still wonderful, and the R.E.M. track, "Fretless," is priceless, as are songs by Talking Heads, Crime and the City Solution and T-Bone Burnett. Of course, this album makes a lot more sense if you see the Wim Wenders movie (which is also wonderful, I might add).

SPEAK.

THE WASTELAND

## VIDEO

## "Wonderwall" Complete Trip Of Psychedelia

Released: January 1969

Director: Joe Massot

Actors: Jack MacGowran, Jane Birkin, Brian Walsh  
British

In 1969, the New York Times reviewed this film as one that would work only in art houses, and called it a "fairly rubbishy piece." This is an encouraging bit to see *Wonderwall*, as will be this commentary.

Based on a story written by Gerard Brach, the wonderwall is a wall separating two apartments. On one side lives the repressed professor Collins, who studies microbes and collects butterflies. On the other side live several hip kids, namely a model named Penny and her boyfriend. Collins finds he can see this bunch through a hole in the wall. He watches in silent voyeurism as the kids dress strangely, have parties, take drugs, and so on. He (of course) develops a crush on Penny and has dream-like fantasies about duelling

her boyfriend to win her love.

The story is told largely without words, and relies, rather, upon imagery. Viewers may not absorb all the turns of the plot in the first screening, as the plot follows little convention.

The soundtrack should turn a lot of people on as it is by George Harrison, recorded in Bombay with Ravi Shankar and Eric Clapton. "Trip" music. The movie could be described this way as well. Harrison scored this film shortly before forming his own film company: Hand Made Films.

The production quality — including much of the sound recording — is poor. But it doesn't get in the way entirely as this film is best enjoyed using one's own imagination, which can fill in the gaps caused by bad lighting and off-synch sound.

There are several themes being explored. To name a few: repressed voyeurism - not merely sexual, but the idea of coming to know some people or a person with-

out them knowing you. Another recurring idea:

Penny's boyfriend (he doesn't have a name other than "Young Man" in the credits - he doesn't deserve one) being selfish and immature, as opposed to nurturing, as the older gentleman imagines he would be with her. She, in turn, experiences depression and self-loathing. Finally, we have the professor's colleagues and others from his own world demanding that he return to it, rather than isolate himself, which he does for the purpose of looking through the wall.

Psychedelia. That's basically all you need to know. If you're sick of the Sixties, it's probably best to forget it. The film has a charming (British charm) way of dealing with its subject material. The Indian style music is conducive to the dreamy imagery, making it a complete trip.

Available in video stores besides Bijou.

-Ginger Ebersole



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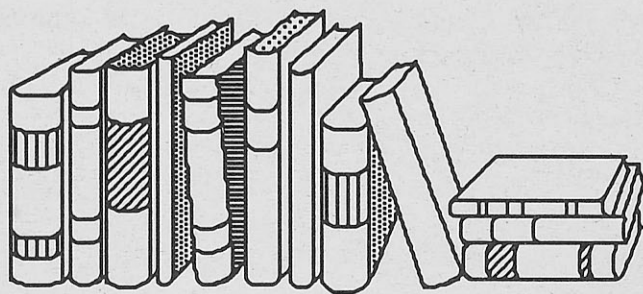
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