



Whalesong

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Volume 18, Issue 3

University of Alaska Southeast, Juneau Campus

November 1, 1996

Shirley Andersen retires after 12 years

By Andrea G. Peria
Whalesong Reporter

Shirley Andersen, after working 12 years at UAS is retiring Nov. 1. Andersen has been the executive secretary to Chancellor Marshall Lind for eight and a half years now. She serves as the public liaison for the Chancellors Office, she works with the Ketchikan and Sitka campuses, and performs a long and complicated list of "other duties as assigned."

Before coming to UAS, Andersen held administrative positions at the University of Washington and the University of Maryland. She has enjoyed working for institutions of higher learning. "It's always exciting, there are a lot of challenges. I love it," said Andersen.

Andersen chose to retire for many reasons, the most important being the fact that life is exciting and she doesn't plan to miss out on any more of it. "I want to catch up on all of the things I haven't done in the past 12 years," she said. Andersen also owns a silk flower home business, *Elegant Sterns*, which she plans to dig into.

During her tenure at UAS Andersen has experienced the growth of the university and the rise in more

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Photo by Dan Coleman

Chancellor Marshall Lind and Shirley Anderson share a chuckle in the Chancellor's Office. Shirley Anderson is retiring after 12 years of service to the University. A reception will be held Friday Nov. 1 from 4 - 6 p.m. in the Maurant Cafe Lake Room.

November is Native American month

Native student club plans month-long activities

In a proclamation in 1995 declaring November National American Indian Heritage Month, President Clinton stated, "American Indians and Alaska Natives have made invaluable contributions to our common heritage," and went on to "urge all Americans ... to observe this month with appropriate programs, ceremonies, and activities."

This opportunity to share cultures will be observed by the UAS Juneau Native student organization. Woch.Een kicks off American Indian Heritage month on Nov. 2 with a "Potluck by the Sea" at the Auke Rec shelter. The event will begin at 3 p.m. "Everyone is invited. Bring a friend, a dish, and a piece of firewood," said Minnie Johnson, club secretary.

Speakers on Native issues will be scheduled throughout the month. Other activities are aimed at encour-

aging new membership. All students of UAS are eligible for membership in Woch.Een, which currently meets each Tuesday at 2 p.m. in the lower floor conference room in the Novatney Building.

Of the approximately 650 full-time students registered at the Juneau campus for the Fall semester, 93 have identified themselves as Alaska Native or American Indian. Every Native group from Alaska is represented: Tlingit, Haida, Tsimshian, Athabascan, Aleut, Inupiat and Yupik peoples attend UAS. Tribal members from other parts of the United States are on campus as well. Members of Choctaw, Gros Ventres, and Blackfoot tribes are currently attending UAS at Juneau.

Native groups are also represented on the faculty and staff. A Tlingit professor and a Tlingit adjunct instructor are occasionally joined by a Haida bas-

ketry instructor and other guest instructors. On staff are a Tlingit advisor and a Tlingit personnel assistant. Many Native students have positions on campus as student workers in the computer lab, the library, and as teaching assistants.

The Auke Kwan tribal division of the Tlingit are the native people of the Auke Bay area. These "People of the Little Lake" had several villages in their territory, which extended from Berner's Bay to Seymour Canal. One of these villages was situated on the north shore of Auke Lake.

At the time of European contact, the Tlingit ruled the territory from below Prince of Wales Island near Ketchikan, north to above Yakutat Bay, an area far larger than the whole Tongass National Forest, named after another Tlingit tribal division, the Tanta Kwan, said to mean "People of the Sea Lion," after their name for Prince of Wales Island. Altogether the Tlingit nation was comprised of 17 tribal divisions, including Sitka, Taku, Chilkat and others.

The abundant resources of this area easily supported this large population. Intense activity during the summer provided food for the whole year. Thus, native people of this region were free

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How Raven brought light to the world

A creation story from the Tlingit

By Ernestine Hayes
Whalesong Reporter

After releasing the first people from their shells, Raven brought to them many gifts. Some of these are light, fresh water, dancing, and islands. There are many stories that describe how these and other things were done. Some stories belong to clans and their ownership must be recognized, but this one story shared with you here is well known and commonly told.

In the beginning, darkness was upon the world. It was very hard for all the people to walk around. There was no light. Every time anyone had to go somewhere, they bumped into things in the dark. Raven decided to do something about this.

An old man who with his daughter lived apart from all others was known to Raven to own precious bentwood boxes in which were kept

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Handwritten notes in the bottom left corner: "LH", "79", "218", "11/3", "Veronica".

Corner

No Fever

I don't have the fever. Or the madness, or whatever it is that ESPN says I should have. I am sports-impaired. It really hit me when I was at the Racquet Club on the treadmill thinking, "Why is this dumb baseball game always on? And it's the same two teams as last time." That I was the only one who shared this opinion became clear when I finished running, took off my headphones and noticed that virtually everyone else's eyeballs were glued to the center screen, mesmerized by these men playing with a stick and a little white ball. Some guys weren't even lifting weights, they were just leaning up against the machines, concentric circles radiating outward from their pupils, hypnotized by this game. I don't get it. As a kid my parents signed me up for softball, soccer, field hockey, volleyball and even karate. And I had fun, I guess, but I never made the connection. I liked winning, but the intermediate steps, such as actually playing the sport, and the dreaded losing and mandatory "Even though we lost 59 to 6 you're all still good kids" speech never appealed to me. Today, years later, I'm no different.

It just seems like everyone gets so worked up over these contests. The media completely blows them out of proportion. I mean really, the Super bowl? What's so "super" about it? The hype? The new commercials? (Well, okay some of the new commercials are kind of cool.) The half-time show? Puh-lease. And, the World Series? Hey guys, I know you know this, but it's really, mostly, the "United States and maybe a few guys from Canada" Series. The NBA Championships, that name is pretty accurate. And the Stanley Cup, I guess that's okay too. (Go Lord Stanley!) But for



Annette Nelson-Wright
Whalesong Editor

the most part, I can't see spending a month of Sundays on my butt watching TV when I could be out doing something. What's the point? They don't pick out some guy who watched the whole season at home and give him a trophy. (Unless you count his gut. His own personal momento of the season, lovingly crafted from canned beer, Fritos, and "Sub" sandwiches created from who know what kind of processed flesh, all consumed during the hours he put in rooting his favorite team on to victory.) There's too much else going on to waste all of that time in front of a TV.

So, alas, I am without the "fever" or the "madness". Ever impaired, I stumble through the assorted seasons, helped along by friends who let me know who I should be rooting for and who has the best record or statistics or whatever. It's like if they can convert me to a fan of their team, or their favorite sport, the head coach sends them a dollar or a toaster or something. The way some of them act you'd think they were giving a blind person a new set of corneas, giving me a team to support. Which is all good and fine but sports simply do not hold any interest for me. I know what season it is by the weather, not sports. So if I seem not to care, or I say something like, "Who's Brave?" or "What's the big deal? It's just a game" now you know. Please don't treat me like a sad simpleton. I've accepted it, it's okay. Besides, don't you already have a toaster?

Letters to the Editor

The Whalesong encourages readers to voice their opinions. Send comments via e-mail to JYWHALE or drop off at Novatney room 108.

A vote for Bill

By Shawn C. Paul
UAS Student Government President

When you've had enough of caffeine-enhanced, 3AM study sessions and excruciatingly long lectures about the elasticity of demand for luxury items, you'll be looking for a job. When you're trying to make your student loan payments, pay rent and eat, you'll be begging for a job. You deserve a good one. You've studied hard and made the necessary sacrifices to begin

a rewarding career. In fact, we're counting on you to stay in Alaska and be a productive, concerned citizen. The future of this great state rests in your hands. I know that's a lot of responsibility but you can handle it—you're not alone. The state has a responsibility to you. It has to ensure that you live in a safe neighborhood, that you have the opportunity to get an education, and when you've graduated there must be jobs available.

It takes someone with proven leadership skills, meaningful experience and a tremendous sense of integrity to meet those demands. We need a legislator who will insist that Alaska lives up to its responsibilities in order for you to be able to live up to yours. That's why I'm proud to support Bill Hudson for House District Four. I could spend hours talking about his years of experience and important positions he held in the legislature, administration and Coast

Guard - or I could talk about how long I've known his family and what a good man he truly is. But what you really want to know is the bottom line.

If you want a job when you graduate you want a legislator who will successfully fight for economic development in Juneau. You want a legislator who will reintroduce his Alaska Education Incentive that offers incen-

sive points on state employment applications for people who graduated from our schools. You want a legislator committed to responsible resource development, community supported tourism solutions, and more opportunities to create new jobs in this city and the rest of the state. Bill will deliver.

If you want your degree to be worth the paper it's printed on you want a legislator who understands the needs of our ever-bulging university. You want someone who recognizes the technological needs of a university in the computer age. You want someone who knows that qualified faculty are the most important resources the university can invest in. You want a leader who has made education his number one priority in a survey recently conducted by the Alaska Coalition of Student Leaders. You certainly want a public official who supports

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Shirley Andersen..

Continued from front cover

traditional students. Although her position doesn't give her the opportunity to interact with the students very much, Andersen attends commencement and other UAS functions to see all of the students gathered together.

Andersen expressed her thoughts about working in such a wonderful environment for the chancellor. "He is a good listener, he takes pride in working with the students. The chancellor is such an honorable person, his ethics are outstanding," said Andersen. "I have taken great pride in working with him." Andersen also commented the staff and friends she has made over the years, "It's like one big family, a team."

Chancellor Lind regrets losing Andersen as an employee, yet he knows he will always have her as a friend. "We are really sorry to see her go, she's an exceptional employee. She treat the students well, and the general public also," said Lind. "She is super organized and she adds that little extra touch. It conveys the message that the university cares. You don't find that in just anyone."

Shirley Andersen's presence will be missed by the everyone at UAS.

Terry Dean, administrative secretary for the Chancellor's Office, worked closely with Andersen. "I have worked with Shirley 12 of my 13 years here at UAS. I will value the knowledge that I have learned from her many years of experience. I hope she will have many leisure days ahead of her, but I know she is not happy unless she is busy."

Tish Griffin the director of student activities, commented on Andersen's retirement also. "Shirley has been an exceptional employee and a great friend to many of us at UAS. I'll miss her can-do attitude," said Griffin. "She has provided outstanding access for the students to the administration in her years at UAS. I will miss her greatly."

Shawn Paul, UAS Student Government President said, "I've known Shirley since 1990 as a student leader. I don't think the students could have found a better friend among the exceptional staff we have at UAS. . . In her role working for the chancellor, Shirley has always been extremely helpful and insightful. She can always find a way to help get things done."

Shirley Andersen will retire on Nov. 1, 1996. Her retirement party will be held in the Mourant Cafe Lake Room, from 4 - 6 p.m.

Native American month...

Continued from front cover

to develop a highly abstract art, a rich oral history, and an intricate social structure.

The Tlingit social structure is divided into two primary groups called moieties, Eagles and Ravens. Each group fills a social and ceremonial purpose for the other. These two groups are further subdivided into clans, the basic political unit. The well-defined system of property ownership among the Tlingit is primarily by clan. Land rights, songs, and names are generally held in the name of a clan. The rights to certain crests are owned by clans. Some crests for the clans under the Eagle side are Wolf, Brown Bear, and Shark. Some crests for the Raven side are Beaver, Dog Salmon, and Coho.

Each clan is further subdivided into house groups. Tlingit lineage is traced through the mother, so children of a woman who is a member of the Wolf House of the Kaagwaataan clan of the Eagle moiety would also be members of that house and clan.

Originally, Ravens and Eagles provided the social balance necessary to the Tlingit world view. Practices such as potlatch celebrations and 40-day parties are held by one group for the other and reflect the original balance among the Tlingit people.

But the Raven/Eagle identity was strictly discouraged during the early years of American influence, and other social activities were developed that do not depend on that distinction. Many activities are now designed to embrace participation of other tribes and to include people of other cultures, such as those being held by Woch.Een in November. Watch for flyers and take part in the activities. Take advantage of this



This totem sits out the road near Auks Bay Recreational area. It is a traditional reminder of the original settlers of this area.

opportunity to learn about other cultures and to share your own.

How Raven brought light...

Continued from front cover

all the sources of light. He kept these precious boxes to himself and never shared them or allowed them to be opened. Raven decided to do something about this.

After curious investigation and much thought, Raven transformed himself into a pine needle and dropped himself in that form into water that the old man's daughter was drinking. She swallowed him, whereupon he transformed himself again and she became pregnant. After a while a baby was born to the old man's daughter. It was Raven!

The old man loved his grandchild (as grandparents are known to do). He played with the Raven child, and taught him little songs, and kept him company. When Raven cried or became upset, the old man did everything he could to quiet him (as grand-

parents are known to do).

Raven cried for the precious bentwood boxes. At first the old man said no, but Raven kept crying. The old man finally gave in, and Raven opened the bentwood box that contained the stars. Raven tossed the stars into the sky, and the world became a little less dark.

Raven began to cry for the next bentwood box. At first the old man said no, but Raven kept crying. The old man finally gave in, and Raven opened the precious box that contained the moon. Raven tossed the moon into the sky, and the world became a little less dark.

Raven cried for the last box. The old man resisted. This was his last box! Would his grandchild never be satisfied! But finally the old man gave in, (as grandparents are known to do), and Raven opened the precious Box of Daylight. As light flooded the world, Raven transformed himself into his original form and flew away.

This is how Raven brought light to the world.

Correction:

In the October 25th issue of the Whalesong a photo was misidentified. The tree in the photo is actually a paper birch, *Betula papyrifera* found near the library across the lawn. The tree planted in memory of Jerome Edwards, is in fact a red maple, *Acer rubrum*, and is located in the raised circular planter in front of the lower library.

Little big vote

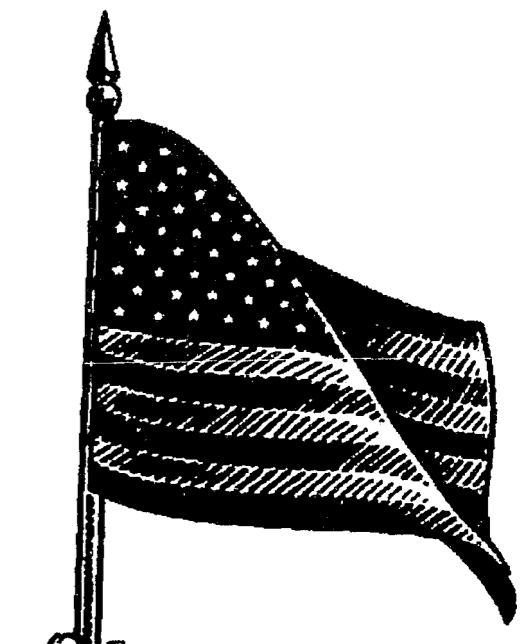
Kids to have a chance to vote on Election Day

By Ernestine Hayes
Whalesong Reporter

Kids Voting USA, a nation-wide effort to prepare children to vote, has come to the UAS Juneau campus. The UAS student government and Pattie Adkisson, Native-Rural Students advisor, will work together to sponsor a precinct in the Kids Voting program on Election Day 1996.

This national effort is aimed at educating children about the voting process. Volunteers set up Kids Voting tables at polling sites in the community. Children accompany their parents and cast their votes using a Kids Voting ballot.

This process has been found to encourage children to become interested in the decision-making process, said Adkisson. "More adults come to the polls to bring their children," she said. "It promotes discussion in families and gets kids used to the whole process of voting."



UAS student participation will be coordinated by Shawn Paul, Student Body President. Staff and faculty volunteer participation will be coordinated by Pattie Adkisson of Student Services, precinct captain for the Kids Voting USA Campaign.

Voting for the neighborhood precinct will take place at Chapel-by-the-Lake. Polls will be open from 7 a.m. to 8 p.m. on Tuesday, Nov. 5.

Letters to the Editor

The Whalesong encourages readers to voice their opinions. Send comments via e-mail to JYWHALE or drop off at Novatney room 108.

President Paul presumptuous?

I understand that President Paul has vetoed two motions which were passed at our meeting of Friday, October 18. I believe President Paul's vetoes of these particular motions set dangerous precedents. The first motion, Item B of New Business, dealt with Kids Vote, an excellent national program to help our nation's children become interested in the political process. The second motion

which was vetoed, Item G of New Business, dealt with the Board of Regents failure to add "sexual orientation" to the University non-discrimination clause.

The President's veto of the Kid's Vote motion should give all members of the Assembly pause. I understand the President feels the motion was amended. This is simply not true. The President, as a member of the Executive Branch, is not able to move motions into consideration, he or she can only recommend motions to be moved by an Assembly member. I did make a motion advocating our support for Kid's Vote, using my own words, which was passed by the Assembly. The President has vetoed this motion for no other reason than the fact his own wording was not used. What a dangerous and overzealous use of the veto authority. The bottom line is the President vetoed a motion in support of this program, despite his own support for it. To further com-

plete matters, I understand he is going to bring a sign-up sheet to Friday's meeting, making the entire issue moot. USUAS-JC now does not have a motion supporting Kid's Vote, yet I am certain every member who is able to do so will choose to volunteer.

The President's veto of the "sexual orientation" motion should also concern the members of the Assembly. After the motion's introduction, the wording was specifically amended to state it was a motion stating the Assembly's feelings on this important issue. The President has seen fit to veto this motion, effectively denying the Assembly from being able to express its own opinion on a matter without his approval. How presumptuous of the President, and what a dangerous precedent for the Assembly.

Discussion on the individual worthiness of both motions would be redundant, for the Assembly has already debated both issues and found them worthy of passage. The real question for the Assembly to consider is the appropriateness of the vetoes. I feel strongly they were not appropriate, and I urge the Assembly to override them both.

Sincerely,
Demian M. Dennis

STDs top most common infectious diseases

Young people still not using condoms

By Colleen DeBaise
College Press Service

ATLANTA—The most common infectious diseases reported are sexually transmitted, according to the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention.

Chlamydia, a disease that often has no symptoms, was the No.1 most reported infection in 1995, with 477,638 cases, said the CDC in its annual report. That was followed by gonorrhea (392,848 cases) and AIDS (71,547 cases).

The No. 1 ranking of chlamydia—tracked for the first time last year—underlines how urgently aggressive screening and treatment is needed, said the American Social Health Association, an STD-prevention group.

"The great irony is that, if it is detected, chlamydia is easily treated and cured," said Peggy Clarke, ASHA president. "We could virtually eradicate it."

Among persons aged 15 to 24 years, gonorrhea remained the most commonly reported disease.

"Young people under age 25 are at considerable risk for STDs than older people," said Linda Broom, ASHA director of public relations. "There are both biology reasons and behavior reasons for that."

Immune systems of both sexes might not have matured enough to ward off infections, Broom explained. Also, in young women, the cellular structure of the cervix may not be fully developed, she said.

Most cases of chlamydia were reported among women, who accounted for 383,956 cases last year. Rates for gonorrhea and AIDS were substantially higher among males than females, striking 203,563 and 58,007 respectively.

In general, women are more vulnerable to some STDs than men because of their internal reproductive system that serves as a "safe harbor" for bacteria and viruses, Broom said.

Despite education efforts, STDs remain prevalent on college campuses for a number of reasons, she added. "It's very difficult to persuade people in that age group that they're at risk for something as devastating as an STD can be," Broom said.

Also, "If young people are using some type of contraceptive, they're

more likely to be using the pill," she said. "Young people are more likely to not want to use condoms. [That's] embarrassment-related."

College women on the birth control pill often fail to ask their partner to use a condom because they are protected against pregnancy. But to prevent the spread of disease, "they really do need to be using condoms," Broom said. "The latex condom is the condom of choice." Those sensitive to latex can use either the male or female polyurethane condom, she said.

However, "the only way to be absolutely certain that you're not going to get an STD is to not have sex,"

she stressed.

A lab test can reveal the presence of chlamydia and gonorrhea infections, she said. But because the signs of are hard to spot, those infected often unknowingly spread the disease to other people.

That's why chlamydia is far more common than the number of reported cases indicates, ASHA president Clarke noted.

"Because chlamydia is usually with-

out symptoms, many people are infected without knowing it," Clarke said. "Estimates of new chlamydia infections in the United States are as high as 4 million, making it the fastest spreading STD."

In both men and women, chlamydia infection can range from no visible signs to a sparse, clear discharge from the urethra. Left untreated, the disease can cause sterility in women.

Men who have gonorrhea report a yellowish-white discharge from the urethra as well as burning while urinating. The groin may also become swollen.

In women, gonorrhea typically has far fewer symptoms. When there are signs, there may be a discharge from the vagina, pain in the pelvic area and frequent urination. Left untreated, it can cause sterility. Chlamydia and gonorrhea are treatable with antibiotics.

Rounding out the CDC's list of most common infections were: salmonella, hepatitis A, shigellosis (a painful bowel infection), tuberculosis, primary and secondary syphilis, Lyme disease and hepatitis B.

The flu, which state health departments track voluntarily, was not on the list because its symptoms mimic those of other diseases.

More information on chlamydia, gonorrhea or AIDS can be obtained by calling the STD hotline at 1-800-227-8922.

The Egan Library
Will Be Closed For The Thanksgiving Holiday
Thursday, November 28 & Friday, November 29

The Library Will Be Open For Extended Hours
Saturday, November 30 & Saturday, December 7
Between 1:00 - 8:00

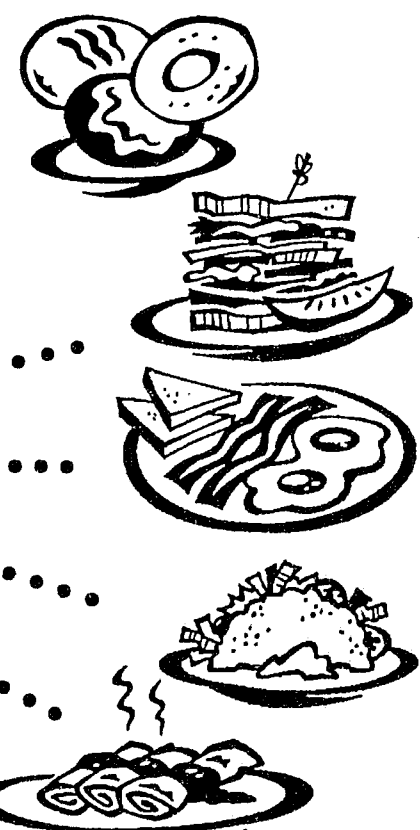
The MOURANT CAFE is open!

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Hours
Mon. - Fri. 8 a.m. to 7 p.m.
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UAS Classifieds

ACTIVITIES

STUDENT BIBLE STUDY: Monday 7:30-8:30, Egan Library, available study room, call Marlin @ 789-5725 for info.

EMPLOYMENT

HELP WANTED
Men/Women earn \$480 weekly assembling circuit boards/electronic components at home. Experience unnecessary, will train. Immediate openings in your local area. Call 1-520-680-7891 EXT. C200

ITEMS FOR SALE

Truck for sale: 1980 Dodge D150 with 318 engine; 106,000 miles; new tires and battery; runs well but loud. \$700 obo. Call 789-3914

UPCOMING MEETINGS

Are you interested in discounted lift tickets or learning how to ski? Join the Ski and Snowboarding Club now! First meeting is Nov. 5 at 12:30 p.m. in the Lake Room of the Mourant Building. For more info. call Tera at 364-3312.

FREE T-SHIRT + \$1000

Credit Card fundraisers for fraternities, sororities & groups. Any campus organization can raise up to \$1000 by earning a whopping \$5.00/VISA application. Call 1-800-932-0528 ext. 65. Qualified callers receive FREE T-SHIRT.

VOLUNTEER

The Whalesong is looking for volunteer writers, artists and photographers. If you want to showcase your talents, stop by the Whalesong office at Novatney, room 108 or call Annette at 465-6434.

Fear... and the Boy

Creative Writing
by James Jones

Bobby Melrose stood in the doorway of his bedroom wearing a Superman tee-shirt with matching underwear, and prayed that the monster under his bed wouldn't catch him tonight. Dropping down onto his hands and knees, he tried to look under the bed, sure that he'd see two haunting eyes peering back out at him. Bobby couldn't see anything. His Star Wars bedspread hung down over the side of the mattress, protecting the oily blackness of the Monster's crawl space from the soft glow of the nearby desk lamp.

"I know you're under the bed," Bobby whispered as he tried to make out what would only be a shadow amongst shadows. He'd already pushed his bedroom door against the wall to make sure the Monster wasn't waiting behind it, and the closet doors near the foot of his bed were both closed. The Monster wouldn't have time to throw them open before Bobby reached the safety of his blankets.

The only hiding places left were the thirteen-inch-gap between the bedframe and the floor, and the cramped space beneath his bedside desk. A crate of action-figures and plastic guns filled the dead space under the desk, so he knew where the Monster had to be hiding. As Bobby strained to see signs of a creature that crawled up out of the heating vent beneath his bed every night, he wondered if it knew that he'd been searching desperately for Mr. Moose all afternoon. Did the Monster know that the protector's seat beside the pillow was empty, and that Bobby had been unable to find his faithful guardian?

Mr. Moose had been a present from Grandpa Gummer on Bobby's fourth birthday.

"This little guy'll keep you company when you need it," Grandpa whispered as he handed over the stuffed animal. Dad had rolled his eyes at that, ran a hand through his thinning brown hair, and muttered something despairingly about having a son that played with dolls. But Mom flashed an angry look, and Dad had retreated outside to smoke a cigarette.

Now four years later, Mr. Moose's oversized head seemed to have somehow wizened with age. No longer the cute cuddle-toy it had once been, Mr. Moose had become Bobby's guardian. As long as the floppy animal stayed within his reach at night, the frightened eight-year-old had known that the Monster wouldn't be allowed to climb up onto the bed and grab him.

As Bobby stood up, he noticed the edge of his bedspread shift ever so slightly where it brushed the carpet. The Monster was there all right. It had pushed aside the air vent's loose grate, and crawled out into his room. It would wait under the bed until he was within reach, and Bobby imagined a spidery hand snapping out from that black place, catching his ankle, and dragging him down with it before he could cry out for help.

Bobby thought about calling out to his parents then, but Mom always tried to assure him that it was air circulation causing his blanket to move, or Dad would bury his face in his hands and say something to God.

"There isn't a Monster under your bed," Dad had sighed last night when Bobby had cried to him for help. He made a show of looking all around the room, opening the closet, and rifling through the sock drawer.

"If there was some Bogey-monster hiding in the dark, don't you think it'd get kinda tired of waiting under the bed every single night?" Bobby's Dad stomped circles around the room, waving his arms above his head, growling and gibbering in imitation of some hyperactive creature. His eyes settled on Mr. Moose, and his face screwed up in a look of terror as he pretended to shrink back from the fierce beast.

"Bobby," he'd sighed. "One day you're gonna look at Mr. Moose here, and you'll see that he doesn't do anything except sit there. He can't stop bad things from happening, and he doesn't keep the monsters under your bed." Dad had walked out of the room then, and Bobby hugged Mr. Moose to his chest, fighting back tears of frustration. Dad didn't even believe that the Monster really was there.

Looking at a seemingly expansive stretch of plush carpet, Bobby calculated the distance he'd have to run before he was close enough to jump onto his bed. This was a well practiced move, and he knew the last five feet could be covered in the air.

Once onto the bed, he'd be safe, as long as he kept his feet from straying too close to the edge of the mattress, Bobby knew the Monster wasn't allowed to reach over the side to grab him.

Bobby took a deep breath, held it, and dashed towards the bed in a desperate race. His feet touched carpet once, twice, three times, and as he leapt towards the bed, Bobby was sure he felt that monstrous claw of long spidery fingers rake through the air at his heels.

Bobby saw his pillow rushing up to meet him, and as he crashed down onto the soft mattress, the Monster under the bed cried out in a squeal of disappointment that was all but lost in the protest of old bedsprings. Scrambling to tuck his feet safely under the blankets, Bobby glanced over the bed's side in time to see the bedspread settle back into place in the wake of the Monster's retreating arm.

Heart pounding as he quickly pulled his head back from the edge, Bobby laughed quietly at the thing hiding beneath him.

"You missed me again," he whispered, carefully making sure that both feet were tucked as far in as possible. But the Monster chuckled its own whispery laugh, in a sound Mom would have dismissed as the heater-fan starting up in the basement, and Bobby knew why. The fear he'd felt in the doorway of his room crashed back down on him as he turned, looking towards his desk and the lamp sitting on it. He still had to turn off the light.

Only a foot and a half of emptiness separated Bobby and the comic-book covered desk beside him, but to reach it he'd have to lean right out over that dark space. If the Monster could enter his room through the air vent in the floor, this space would be more than enough for the Monster to reach through, plucking him straight from his blankets.

Staring at a light-switch that seemed to move farther away which each moment, Bobby held his breath and listened for any sound that might give away the Monster's position. He pressed his ear into the mattress and waited, fingers digging into his pillow as he fought to keep perfectly quiet. Bobby shifted closer to the bedside, and he heard it. Masked behind his own thudding heartbeat as it hammered into the mattress, the softest scrape of stealthy movement, like the imagined creaking of an old floorboard in an empty house.

It was all Bobby needed to hear, and he knew the Monster was directly beneath him, poised to attack in the instant it saw him stick his hand out over that terrible pocket of shadows. Bobby knew that he would surely see some nightmarish face staring up at him if he looked out over the side of the bed, something hideous, with big glowing eyes and too many teeth. Wishing desperately that Mr. Moose was here to help him, Bobby shrank back at the thought of being so close to the Monster, that he'd be able to hear it breathing if it didn't time its exhale to perfectly match his own.

A foot and a half of blackness, yet it looked like it stretched out forever, and Bobby rolled quietly to the edge of the mattress.

"I have to be fast," Bobby mouthed to himself as he focused on that far away light-switch. "The Monster might not even know that Mr. Moose is gone. It's prob'ly afraid and won't even try to get me...But I better be fast just in case!"

Bobby flexed the fingers of his left hand and drew in a deep breath. He clenched his teeth, pulling his pillow tightly to his chest for an anchor.

"NOW!" he hissed, throwing his hand out towards the switch on the lamp's rounded base. His hand landed on target, was already pulling back towards him as the room plunged into total darkness....

...When the Monster under the bed reached up and grabbed his wrist.

Bobby tried to scream, but the sound didn't make it out of his mind before his throat seized up, and the frightened whimper that crept from his lips would never make it beyond his bedroom door.

He tried to pull back, but the fingers wrapped around his arm were too strong, and sharp nail dug into his skin like fish-hooks as the Monster tightened its grip. Bobby's mind spun as he made feeble attempts to break loose from the Monster's grasp, realizing that it had finally caught him, and there was nothing he could do.

"Please," He whimpered, hot tears coursing down his cheeks as he continued struggling uselessly. "Don't...don't hurt me...let me go." He strained against the Monster, crying now as he begged. "Please...I don't want...let me go...Pleasea?"

The Monster growled from under the bed,

Continued on page 6

Fear...

Continued from page 5

and rasped in a hollow voice that sounded like wind blowing between walls.

"Child, I am not here to eat you, and I am not here to drag you away from your parents. I am here because you believe in me. I am Fear, Boy...and it is for you to let ME go."

Bobby stopped struggling as the Monster spoke, unable to understand what he'd heard.

"But...How am I supposed to do that?" He asked, trying to look through a tear-blurred haze at an arm that was as undefined as smoke. The Monster laughed at this, and the sound was like a door creaking shut in some far off hallway.

"You can't even see me, can you Boy?" Of course not. You were never afraid of what I looked like, only that I might GET you, that I'd grab your leg if it was close enough. What else can I do to you?" The Monster under the bed sighed in the lonely scrape of cold leaves brushing against a window.

"Now, Boy...I ask you, Let Me go. There is nothing more I can do here, and you are getting tired. Let me go..."

Bobby looked back to his hand, and saw that his fingers were the ones wrapped tightly around Fear's wrist. He loosened his grip, watching the vague outline of a long spider-like arm pull back, folding back on too many elbows as it slid back down under the bed. He heard furtive movement as the monster crawled back into the air-vent, and the quiet scrape of the grate being

pulled back into place behind it. "Thank you, Boy." The Monster whispered. "Thank you..." and was gone.

Bobby reached back across, and felt for the lamp on his desk. He looked around as light fought the shadows back into the corners. Bobby stuck his hand down over the side of the bed, where he knew he was inside the Monster's boundaries...but nothing happened. He was alone now, he could feel it, and unable to resist looking, Bobby clambered off the bed. He bent down onto his hands and knees, pulled the covers up off the floor, and looked into the darkness beneath his bed, pulling the lamp off his desk for extra light.

Only empty spaces now, Fears had left only shadows its wake. Bobby could make out a couple comic-books that must have fallen off his desk, sliding under the bed. He saw a sock Mom had been looking for, and the bag of marbles he'd lost two weeks ago. In the farthest reaches under the bed, Bobby saw a familiar shape. He moved the lamp, shining light onto the wizened, tired face of Mr. Moose. The guardian sat in that darkened corner like he'd been visiting an old friend, and Bobby looked at him for a moment, before decided he could wait until the morning to pull the stuffed animal from his seat. Maybe it was time for both of them to get some sleep.

Bobby climbed back into the bed, set the lamp back on the desk, and turned off the light. Maybe it was time for all of them to sleep...

James Jones is a full-time student at UAS.

Letter to the editor..

Continued from page 2

community based education programs like the Visitor Industry program agreement UAS has with Goldbelt Inc. or the mining institute courses specifically geared to respond to local industry. Bill wants to see you get a good education right here in Juneau.

Perhaps even more importantly, if you're going to make a life in Juneau you want a safe place to live. You want the legislator who has and will continue to fight to eliminate gang activity, strengthen the laws that punish stalkers and criminals who prey on children. You would definitely want to elect one of the leaders who helped develop the Rural Village Safety Officer program and one of the strongest advocates for victim's rights. Bill wants a cost-effective corrections system, fully-funded public

safety budgets to put the troopers back in Juneau (we lost several to Ketchikan in the past couple years), and stronger penalties for repeat offenders and those who would abuse children or ruin their lives by selling them drugs.

When Lt. Governor Ulmer and Mayor Egan came to campus to discuss the responsibilities of democracy they said that participation goes way beyond voting. They were right. I took their advice and talked to all the local candidates and as many state and national candidates (or their representatives) as I could possibly find. I wanted to determine which candidates best represented my concerns. I have lived here for 15 years but my number one priority is and will be the university. We are the future. We're going to inherit whatever it is that the current group leaves behind and we better make sure they hear us now! Bill Hudson is listening and he will build the state I want to inherit.

Do you have any creative writing pieces hiding in a notebook somewhere?

If you do send it to us!



Write for the Whalesong! Call 465-6434

The whirled record

Aaron Spitzer Whalesong Reporter

"Writing about music is like dancing about architecture." —Steve Martin

The Way I Should Iris Dement

I made the mistake of reading the liner notes first: "What I've said will make some people mad," warns Iris Dement. "It might even make some people hate me."

Goodness, I thought, what dog-legged Ozark road has my favorite folk-diva gone down? Iris Dement, after all, is hard to hate. Her '92 debut *Infamous Angel* was a pure delight, a hoe-down celebration of the old times and tunes of the Mountain South. Her '94 album *My Life* was different—wise, bitter-

sweet, confessional, and sincere—but equally endearing.

Then I played the album: "We've got preachers dealin' in politics and diamond mines/and their speech is growing increasingly unkind," goes Iris' most hateful line on "Wasteland of the Free," her most hateful song.

I was relieved. Don't worry, Iris, no one will be mad at you. Sure, I know why you were afraid: lately there's been a lot of misplaced hatred for kind-hearted, liberal Arkansas women. But Iris Dement, you're no Hillary Clinton.

Now, it's not that Iris does poorly as a topical folkie. Frankly, "Quality

Time," "There's a Wall in Washington," and "Wasteland of the Free" could hold their own with a lot of Greenwich Village protest songs. And it's not that I dislike pinko radicals: Eat the Rich, Kill Your Television, Che!—I'm all for it. But as Iris well knows, nostalgia is a powerful emotion, and for many of us, Ms. Dement will always be the voice warbling "Our Town" over the closing credits of the final episode of "Northern Exposure." Hearing her deliver leftist rants is as odd as Ani DiFranco doing a cover of "A m a z i n g Grace."

The Way I Should is a solid album, though, and there's plenty of the old Iris still intact. "Keep Me God" in particular is classic Dement: a rollicking hootenanny theological treatise, at once ir-

reverent and pious, with beat-the-devil fiddlework to boot. "I don't know if there's a church that deserves to take God's name," sings Dement, ever the agnostic. "I just know when I look around I see/the hand of someone or something that is bigger than me." Stuff like this is Iris' stock-in-trade.

Excellent too is the last track, a galloping jam called "Trouble," in which the twangy Dement trades stanzas with gravel-voiced guest Delbert McClintock. "Let's pour a little whiskey, drink a little gin," growls McClintock, to which Iris adds, "Listen to Merle Haggard like he's lovin' me again." Then they join together on the romping refrain: "Trouble's where we're goin' / Trouble's the only place we've ever been." McClintock's harmonica caterwauls like it ought to, and a jazzy piano and general whoop-it-up improvisation send the album out on a raucous note.

So *The Way I Should* has plenty of the ol' mountain music—plenty of wailing back porch ballads and plenty of folk-rocking hillbilly barn-stomps. I know, there's still the protest stuff—Iris' entry into politics is a dramatic turn, like an oxbow in the Arkansas River. And it's probably a mistake, just like Sonny Bono's. But innocence and naivete are essential to Iris' charm, and since she at least doesn't embarrass herself at it, the "Ms. Dement Goes To Washington" bits of this album shouldn't diminish your opinion of her. Yeah, if you want a political folksinger, listen to Ani DiFranco, or better yet, Phil Ochs. But don't hate Iris Dement.

ISAAC'S WORLD

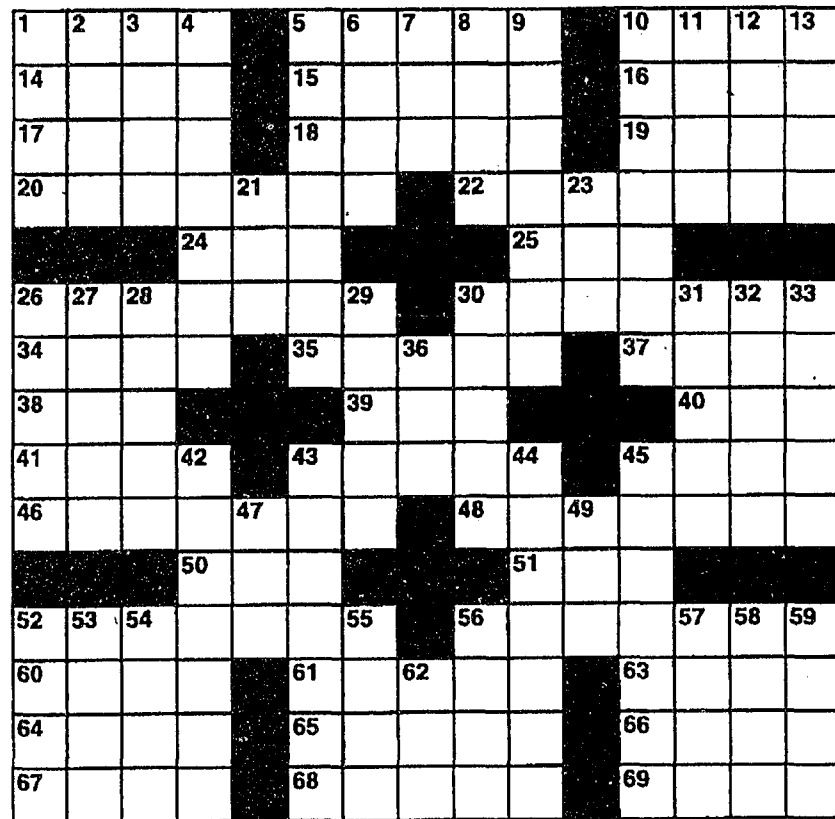
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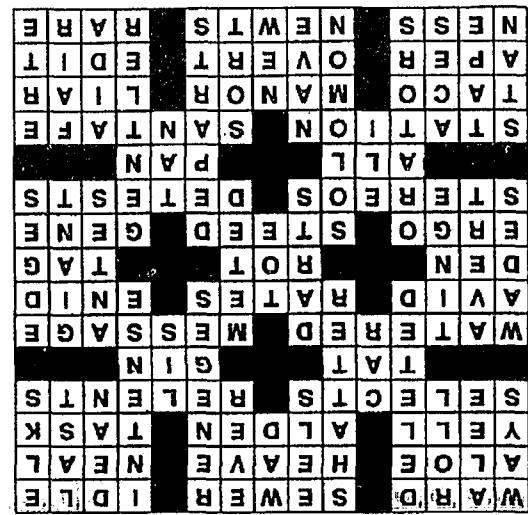


Crossword Puzzle

- ACROSS**
- 1 City section
 - 5 Seamstress
 - 10 Inert
 - 14 Tropical plant
 - 15 Toss
 - 16 Actress Patricia
 - 17 Holler
 - 18 Puritan John
 - 19 Chore
 - 20 Chooses
 - 22 Gives in
 - 24 Do certain needlework
 - 25 — rummy
 - 26 Diluted
 - 30 Communication
 - 34 Enthusiastic
 - 35 Grades
 - 37 OK city
 - 38 Study room
 - 39 Nonsense
 - 40 Label
 - 41 Therefore
 - 43 Spirited horse
 - 45 Siskel or Kelly
 - 46 Sound systems
 - 48 Hates
 - 50 Everyone
 - 51 "Peter —"
 - 52 Depot
 - 56 NM metropolis
 - 60 Mexican food item
 - 61 Estate
 - 63 Untruthful one
 - 64 Mime
 - 65 Evident
 - 66 Prepare for publication
 - 67 Loch — Monster
 - 68 Salamanders
 - 69 Unusual
- DOWN**
- 1 Methods
 - 2 Toward shelter
 - 3 Breakfast bun
 - 4 Removed
 - 5 Burst into pieces
 - 6 Morays
 - 7 Mass
 - 8 Always
 - 9 Fails to carry out a promise
 - 10 Deep
 - 11 College head
 - 12 Final
 - 13 Fraternal brothers
 - 21 Automobile
 - 23 Fleur-de—
 - 26 Makes one's way arduously
 - 27 Prevent
 - 28 Slight touch
 - 29 Moves quickly
 - 30 Doled out
 - 31 Pays up
 - 32 Titan
 - 33 Rims
 - 36 Foot appendage
 - 42 Speakers
 - 43 Wise man
 - 44 Goes
 - 45 More tender
 - 47 Whitney or Wallach
 - 49 Ecu
 - 52 Musial of baseball
 - 53 Record
 - 54 High cards
 - 55 Hub
 - 56 Kind
 - 57 Verdi opera
 - 58 Weather word
 - 59 Art deco name
 - 62 Original



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- 53 Record
- 54 High cards
- 55 Hub
- 56 Kind
- 57 Verdi opera
- 58 Weather word
- 59 Art deco name
- 62 Original

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25 words or less, please!

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BADDAY AT THE GUIDANCE COUNSELOR'S OFFICE...



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WEEK TWO

