

Plants find homes



Junior Daniel Creggor sells a plant to freshman Courtney Cisler Wednesday as a part of Plant Lovers Also Need to Socialize's plant sale. PLANTS sold the plants they grew in the green house in Magruder Hall. They will continue selling the plants this week until they are all sold. Rose Sparks/Index

Lessons from the big screen

BY KEN DUSOLD
Staff Reporter

Sitting in the darkness of a theater, living room, bedroom or even a classroom, I experience a moment of other-worldliness as the film studio logo materializes on the screen and the opening theme music or song builds in anticipation of the impending series of moving images joined together to tell a story. Whether I'm alone or with people doesn't matter — I enter a zone or "being" not visible to the bare eye. The film has my unbridled attention and can take me where it wishes.

My earliest memory of really watching a movie is sitting through "The Lion King" the summer of my fourth birthday. I had seen other films prior to my afternoon in the pride lands of Africa — mostly family-friendly flicks like "The Wizard of Oz" and "The Great Mouse Detective." But the images on the screen that day left me in awe. Considering my age, it's not unusual for Simba's story to have been one of my first experiences with the world of popcorn, over-sized sodas and Milk Duds. It was the most popular children's film of

its era. A kindergartner wasn't worth the Fruit Roll-Up in his Power Rangers lunch box if he couldn't sing "Hakuna Matata."

For me though, it wasn't the sing-along songs or adorable characters that left an indelible mark on my life. Because of sweeping scenes during which the camera seems to soar across the African Savannah, the bright and vivid colors and Hans Zimmer's music score, I felt as though I was in the animated lands captured on screen. After that, I was hooked by the art form.

As I grew older, my film repertoire quickly expanded. From Disney films to MGM hits and the blockbusters beyond, my more formative years were undeniably influenced by what I saw in the movies.

"E.T." and "Toy Story" challenged and fed my imagination. "Raiders of the Lost Ark" and "Star Wars" fostered my inner desire for adventure. I learned the importance of being suave in courting girls from Cary Grant, and my understand-

ing of power, greed and business was furthered by watching "Citizen Kane" and "The Godfather."

To be clear, film never took the place of formal education or real-world experiences. Movies complimented my development as a human being.

I matured watching and re-watching favorites, which, in retrospect, I probably shouldn't have seen when I did. At age 7 or 8, I first saw "When Harry Met Sally" and knew Billy Crystal was funny. Watching it as a teenager for what was likely the fifth or sixth time, I finally understood what Meg Ryan was doing during the diner scene.

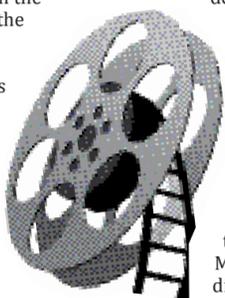
During this particular time in my life — highlighted by change — film has been a constant. This is not to say that the film industry doesn't undergo transformations. The stories, actors and technology look different throughout time. Movies released tomorrow will benefit from improvements in photography and visual effects that have long since replaced

the equipment used to make the movies of my childhood — and I'm only 21.

But cinema and the love affair I have with it never goes away. The medium can serve as a means by which to escape from reality or confront it. With every viewing comes anticipation. For new films, I wonder if I'll simply be entertained, or if I'll find myself completely lost in the ingenious magic of a good filmmaker. If I've already seen it, will I find something new? The best part about asking these questions comes with the knowledge that they always will be answered.

Not every movie provides the experience I crave, but once in a while, a film completely overwhelms me. I get caught up in an almost feverish excitement that builds with the plot until I'm left sitting through the credits trying to collect myself. It is a feeling that practically is earth-shattering in its effect on my psyche. It brings to mind those few films for which I have enjoyed a similar experience.

It's that experience I've longed for since first seeing "The Lion King" and which keeps me anticipating the next time I see that studio logo materialize on screen.



Finding identity with relationships



BY KATHLEEN BARBOSA
Editor-In-Chief
index.editor@gmail.com

Everything I am is because of my connection with someone else. I am someone's daughter, someone's roommate and someone's friend. I am a stranger sitting across from you in Pickler Memorial Library. I am a girl in your math class, and I am important to someone.

Relationships define us. The relationships we build sustain us. They pick us up when we fall, they and can shake us to our very core when they are damaged or lost.

The people you surround yourself with are everything. But we often treat them as if they are dispensable and replaceable instead of valuing them and recognizing everything they do for us.

Often the way we treat others doesn't reflect their importance. Do they rank high on our hierarchy of importance? Think of all the time we spend building our résumés, crafting our requests for an extension or indulging in a venting session about how awful our day was.

But how often do we take a moment to show someone how much we care about them?

As a freshman, I took a calculus class, which was a terrible idea. As an English and communication major, I am not good at math, and my grade reflected that. But while taking that class, I met one of my favorite people at Truman State. We became friends fast, and be-

cause of her, the class transformed into something to look forward to.

Even if you think you can survive without help, you must remember that people are not designed to exist without others. We need, crave and live for social interaction.

One of the saddest and most unnatural experiences one can have is watching someone isolate themselves.

It is important to take a moment to differentiate between independence and isolation. I am a firm believer in independence.

Determining your own self-worth and refusing to allow anyone to control your self-esteem is healthy, but I readily acknowledge and admit that we all are connected, and everything we say and do impacts others.

Think of relationships as a web. The people in our lives are strings and the more strings we have, the more ties we form and the more we find ourselves surrounded by a secure net of people who love and care about us.

Relationships also are risks. Trusting someone to keep your secrets and know your biggest insecurities places yourself on the line and there is a chance you will get hurt.

People will advise you against the risk. Those who are older and claim to be wiser will offer a well-intended critique of everything you're doing wrong in your relationships.

"Don't count on always being friends."

"You'll grow apart from your family. It's just part of college."

"Don't like him too much! You never know when he'll lose interest."

I despise these cautionary tales and warnings regardless of the fact that they are made to protect me.

Instead, I want to jump into every relationship.

I know the risks of trusting too much and over-committing, but if anything has ever been worth the risk of getting hurt or looking foolish, it is the potential of meeting people and creating new relationships.

Newspaper job has its ups and downs



BY JENNIFER MARKS
Assistant Features Editor
index.featureseditor@gmail.com

Writing for the Index has changed my life for better and for worse.

It has turned my already measly attempt at a collegiate social life into something non-existent. When a classmate approached me about a job at the paper, she lured me with the promise of \$10 for one story a week. Sounds like a sweet deal, right? Three interviews for 10 bucks, not exactly the deal of the century, but not a bad paycheck either.

Less than six months after joining the features staff, I've written stories with hours of interviews, have had stories fall through at the last minute and have had to fix cartoons that didn't fit Index standards. Needless to say, the Index has ruined my life.

The whole "one story a week" shindig lasted a total of two weeks. Then it became six to nine interviews. That is six hours of my life I'm never getting back. But let's not forget the weeks where my editor assigned me stories based on one word. "Weathermen," "Hipsters" and "Scars" were just a few of those gems. It's much more helpful to have a second or third word in the mix, but even then, some stories fall through. From contacts with phone numbers no longer operating, to contacts who just never call back, people make writing for the Index difficult.

Going out of town while writing is no easy task. But if I take that dangerous gamble, I end up calling sources I don't know while locked inside a hotel bathroom, trying to squeeze in a third interview before my deadline. And if where I'm going is out

in the middle of nowhere, beyond all Internet capabilities, I miss the email that moves up my deadline. Talk about a weekend killer.

Just learning to write for the Index was difficult. Having my grammatically impeccable writing ripped apart by strangers was a joyous occasion. The Index "doesn't believe in" the Oxford comma. How is that even possible? The Oxford comma is the greatest piece of punctuation in the English language by far.

Putting even more on my plate, I accepted the position of Assistant Features Editor for next school year. So every Monday and Tuesday night during my entire sophomore year will be spent in the office, reluctantly purging the Oxford comma from my staff writers' articles.

Despite all the tedious things that go along with the Index, I actually couldn't imagine this year without it. The struggles of writing for the best newspaper in the state has its high points such as meeting a world-renowned jazz musician, having my bitter Valentine's Day feelings broadcasted for the prolific listeners of South Dakota Public Broadcasting and being introduced to The Busted Strings band — my new musical crush. Those moments outweigh all the rough patches.

Although the thought of more free time is tempting, there is no way I could leave my wonderful editors. I could not have survived hell week — the week we killed two issues in one week so editors could gallivant off to New York City — without John's rants and Kathleen's goofy antics. Plus, how many people can say they can placate their bosses with homemade popcorn? I'm proud to call Kathleen and John both editors and friends.

Writing for the paper might demand a verbal thrashing from the student body, Truman Memes and the Glossary, but when \$30 a week is deposited into my checking account, I really could care less because I love it. We all have a passion that drives us crazy, but also brings us so much joy.

Although the Index brings an inordinate amount of work to my life, I could never quit. It has introduced me to so many awesome people and awesome opportunities. Needless to say, if you love what you do, it's all worth it.