

"Don't believe half of what you see and none of what you hear." — Lou Reed

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a campus collective

National Art Show Comes to Campus

by Amy Ventrella

Ophelia Parrish has once again asserted itself as one of the lone cultural meccas on campus.

The Eighth Annual National Art Competition (NAC) made its way into the University Art Gallery last Saturday night and will grace the first floor of the Parrish through Feb. 16. The NMSU Division of Fine Arts sponsors this event which, this year, boasted over 400 entries from artists across the nation. Twenty winners currently make up the exhibition.

The department places ads for submissions in art magazines a year in advance. Each artist is allowed to enter up to three slides to be juried. The ju-

ror for this year's exhibition is internationally known artist, Alice Aycock.

"The winners are completely up to the juror," said senior Leigh Lammert, co-coordinator of the NAC. "I was very pleased...we didn't know what to expect."

The biggest problem with putting the show together in time for Saturday night's opening? "Getting all the food ready," Lammert asserts.

Overall, the show is comprised of a variety of pieces, including audio and visual

See Art, pg. 3



Pickler doesn't have to be your only source for news these days. As any internet junkie knows, many newspapers and magazines offer on-line versions of their daily, weekly, or monthly texts. Below is just a small listing of the papers that offer access, look up the others yourself. The Monitor's special internet newspaper division has thoroughly evaluated the services, but we may have screwed up somewhere or left something out.

The Chicago Tribune*: colmanager@aol.com
The Christian Science Monitor (Boston): <http://freerange.com/csmonitor>
The New York Times: in progress
The Philadelphia Inquirer: <http://www.phillynews.com/inq/front.page>
The Times (London): <http://www.the-times.co.uk>
The Washington Post*: 1(202)334.4740

*offer complete versions of their daily papers and access to old issues but charge a monthly per-hour fee (cheaper than a subscription, though).

Swell magazines like The Atlantic Monthly, The Economist, The Nation, Utne Reader, and Z Magazine offer services. Magazines such as Time and Newsweek have services as well.

No News Like No News

by Brent Ricci

Theoretically, Northeast is a liberal arts institution.

It's highest goals, as written in its mission statement are, "...to ignite the individual's curiosity about the natural and social universe and then aid him or her in developing the skills

and personal resources to channel knowledge into productive, satisfying activity."

It follows that current, global news sources are required in order that we, as students and teachers, might gain

some insight into to what is actually going on where we live. (We live on the Earth, not just in Kirksville)

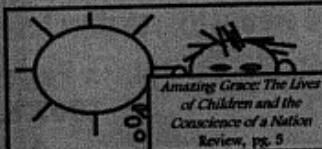
Until July of 1993, Kirksville had what is arguably the most historically reputable news source in print, *The New York Times*.

Times, available daily. Today the only remaining non-regional

Many find it strange that such non-regional ideals should be suppressed by exposing the student body solely to regional newspapers and global brain-fodder.

newspaper delivered to Kirksville is *USA Today*, affectionately referred to as the "McPaper" by Professor Roy Domenico and colleagues.

Domenico has been trying to get *The* See News, pg. 3



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Iceicles: A Commentary on the Prankster

by Robin Gudjelo

There exist in this world and on this campus, like scattered dandelions in an antiseptic, manicured lawn, a few gloriously demented (or gifted, take your pick) individuals whose quixotic passion lends interest and meaning to our otherwise dull and sterile existence. A pair of these reside in Missouri Hall. Although only two have been sighted, it is certain that there are more whence they came.

These people are like cockroaches; if you see just one, there are several million unseen beasts building an enlightened civilization behind your refrigerator. Unlike cockroaches, we can consider ourselves fortunate when these people show themselves. We can consider ourselves fortunate because the acts by which they announce their presence are far more entertaining than those committed by cockroaches and do not necessarily involve the transmission of communicable diseases.

Toward the end of last week and over the weekend Missouri Hall was mysteriously decorated with a shimmering column of red, white, and blue ice which extended from the fourth floor to the ground. Iceicles are not an un-

usual occurrence in January, but when I noticed the distinctive chromatic properties with which these towering pillars were endowed, I had to stop and marvel. I looked at the ground's white blandness echoed in the sky, then the

Like the post-deluvian rainbow it seemed a divine promise that the powers of creativity and the joy of living would never desert us.

uninspiring wall of MO with its twenty-five identical windows, and reflected that those windows bore the same vapid expression as the ascetics who devote their days to the worship of the picture box in my lounge (these are worse than even telnet junkies; at least mudders throw tantrums when their characters die).

My eyes were drawn back to the Technicolor iceicle. Like the post-deluvian rainbow, it seemed a divine promise that the powers of creativity and the joy of living would never fully desert us. I looked around at the people walking past. I smiled and exchanged amazed commentary with those who

paused to gaze at the sculpture, and we shook our heads at the faceless ones who, staring at the tops of their shoes, shuffled by on their way to watch television.

I had to know what lay behind the iceicles, so I visited the room from whose window they appeared to originate. The inhabitants of the room, Frodo and Mercutio (not their real names), were cordial and agreed to answer a few questions, so I

asked them to tell me the story of their project. There wasn't much to it, really. They were just a couple of crazies who needed to grow iceicles. Why? The same reason people make crop circles and pictures of the Loch Ness Monster—to stay alive, to remain sane, to find a beneficial outlet for the natural passion they hold for life.

Mercutio quoted a lengthy list of pranks he and Frodo had witnessed, careful never to insinuate that they were actually directly involved in any of the humorous deeds. Their favorite was the SCROTUM (Students Creating Roles and Outlook Towards an Unequivocal Masculinity) meeting publicized two

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years ago. In that case, the joke was on them—they were in attendance, but (for once) had no part in the execution. They supposed that whoever was behind the scheme was at the meeting to find out who showed up, but have never discovered his (or her) identity.

They extolled to me the wonders of the prank—the perpetration of a harmless (harmless is an important word—these people are not fans of vandalism) act that causes people to laugh and scratch their heads for a moment in bizarre wonder. Nothing brings people together like an inside joke, of which a prank is merely a large version.

They would not give me their iceicle farming method, so I shook their hands, congratulated them once more, and took my leave. Back at my room, I thought about Einstein's saying "Imagination is more important than knowledge." I reflected on the creativity a liberal arts education is supposed to inspire in us. I thought about Puck. "The lunatic, the lover, and the poet/are of imagination all compact." I thought about UFO sightings on the quad, and I wondered whether my roommate might notice something odd in the refrigerator tomorrow.

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News, cont. from pg. 1

New York Times brought back to Kirksville since its disappearance. So far, he has met with resistance from local businesses and the University as well. "If this is an ambitious school," Domenico said, "I don't understand why they're not falling over themselves to get the paper in."

Distribution was halted when the private distributor from Columbia, Missouri decided that the daily trip to Kirksville wasn't worth it. However, this problem seems avoidable, as Domenico was told that Redwing Airways was interested in transporting the paper to Kirksville.

As it stands, *The Times* comes to us via United States Mail, resulting in a two to three day lag in issues for subscription holders. While visiting with Professor Mark Dalhouse over a three day old, newly arrived paper, he explained that *The New York Times*... makes history, simply because of its

popularity and reputation around the world."

Domenico is of a similar opinion, stating that *The Times* is "...the national paper of record, because it's what the nation's elite read. They make the de-

cisions."

We do find a non-regional newspaper in *USA Today*. However, Dalhouse points out, "It presents a birds-eye view of current events..." while *The Times* offers, "...in depth reporting and more

importantly, analysis."

He went on to explain that, "A liberally educated person needs to have daily access to the diversity and balance of liberal and conservative viewpoints [*The Times*] presents."

Dalhouse believes that this is, "...the purpose of a liberal education, to see both sides."

In the past semesters, we have witnessed our University strive to overcome the stigma of being labelled a regional school, by a change in mission and later a change in name.

Many find it strange that such non-regional ideals should be suppressed by exposing the student body solely to regional news papers and global brain-fodder.

Dalhouse points out that bringing *The New York Times* to campus would be "one of the most worthwhile and positive things we could do for students. It's a no lose proposition."

The Bitchy Frenchman

top five list
by Mushu

Five humane corporations we should wish a Happy New Year to:

1. Exxon
2. Samsung
3. Microsoft
4. McDonnell-Douglas
5. Rhône-Poulenc

Note: Once again our fabled French fellow is jesting.



Art, cont. from pg. 1

three-dimensional works from Michael Greathouse (Kansas City, Mo.), silver gelatin print photography from Linda Kemp (New York), also a quilt of yellow, rubber gloves and a coat of hair wigs from Gwendolyn K. Lewis (Sacramento, Calif.).

As unusual as the pieces themselves are, so too is the manner in which the juror picked the winners. "[Aycock] accepted all three entries from an artist [not just one or two], going for a show that capitalized an artist's work," explains senior and fellow co-coordinator of the NAC, Amy Mendenhall. "She [Aycock] is a sculptor and she really keyed into issues dealing with sculpture. Even the flat work (on

canvas) was textual and three-dimensional."

Echoing Lammert's opinion of the finished product, Mendenhall said, "We're very happy with the way the juror picked the work. Their is a smattering of everything, and [Aycock] kept the diversity in artists and media."

If you want to experience sight and sound, stop by the University Gallery on your way through Ophelia Parrish.

Sophomore Chad Odgers said, "When I'm working in the Gallery and I close my eyes, the two audio pieces make it sound like the intensive care unit in a hospital."

What exactly does he mean by that? Go by and see for yourself.

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I Want a New Core

by Bob Mielke

Almost, if not by the time you read this, we will have in place a "new" liberal arts core ratified by the undergraduate council. Is anyone genuinely enthused about the results of over five years of discussion, now brought precipitously to closure? Not on my floor of McClain, at any rate. For a place so interested in innovation, we have simply reshuffled the status quo a bit. What went wrong?

First off, we are plagued by a dearth of administrators with genuine experiential background in the liberal arts. I don't want to take anyone's job away from them, but can we please stop this hiring trend and begin to hire, EXCLUSIVELY, administrators with liberal arts backgrounds? Until we do this, the top just isn't going to be encouraging the changes needed to give us a real liberal arts culture. (Here's a bonus: an easy way to spot a liberal-arts type is that they have some degree of wit and a sense of humor. Check out Alanna Prussner some time; she's the trial free sample.)

In all fairness, most of the blame must go to the faculty themselves. We could have taken Chett Breed's advice and designed a core around what we felt we could all do for each other: How much math does a fine arts major need? How much history should a physics major study? We could even have embraced genuine innovations, like John Ramsbottom's more-than-timely move in his excellent proposal to four credits for three hours, 32 four-credit courses to graduate (16 in the core, 16 electives and in the major, four per semester). We would have been emulating our peer liberal arts institutions and freeing students up for real reflection and research.

We could have even gone farther and modeled our core on our peer public liberal arts school in Olympia, Washington: Evergreen State University. At Evergreen almost all courses are interdisciplinary and team-taught. NO grades are given, only written evaluations of performance. They stay competitive by comparing students' performance on nationally normed standardized tests with their peers. We already do the national assessment; why not dispense with letter grades entirely, at least in the core? Why not offer the thrills and superior learning experience of team-teaching across the disciplines? I know whereof I speak, having done the same every summer at Wake Forest.

University for eleven years. It's the best teaching I get to do every year. (Whereas here team-teaching and interdisciplinarity is largely quarantined to the residential colleges as a faculty overload.)

We could have done all this, but instead the faculty preserved their fiefdoms (more or less). And that scary conversation across the disciplines has been silenced for now. A failure of will? These committees were not motivated by altruism. How much meaningful STUDENT input went into these, for starters? I don't know, because I was never remotely in the loop for ANY of these discussions. Were you? Not until they were a *fait accompli* for the status quo.

A final problem is that we are not so good at the phenomenology of assessment. (In other words, the emperor is at least in his skivvies.) We gather lots of data, but we don't always nail down what they mean. A fateful case in point for core reform: The major opposition for the Ramsbottom three-hours-to-four-credits move came from a survey which said our students study an average of less than ten hours a week. The logic goes that they would slack off further if taking fewer courses. Perhaps. Now I grant testing services at least credit for eliminating survey sheets that tried to draw Darth Vader's head with a number two pencil on the scoring apparatus. But what do these numbers mean? Because I know a LOT of students who break the ten-hour mark. What gives? Problems with the math? Soft-tracking through course requirements (which is still doable)? Dysfunctional academic behavior resulting in weak performance? Taking too many classes, combined with a job, to have time to do homework? The survey saith not, yet it has been cited to quell real potential reform.

So meet the new core, come (virtually) as the old core. Yawn. Ulysses S. Grant once said the best way to get rid of a bad law is to enforce it. So it goes for this core.

On these cold winter nights, when we strain our ears to the quad and listen quietly for the sounds of the "new" core actively sucking, an impetus for real future reform might emerge. Better luck next time, I guess. We need a core as clever and savvy as the guy we're naming ourselves after. This is my quest, to follow that star, no matter how hopeless, no matter how far.

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From Dusk Till Dawn: A Movie Review

by Harry Barton

There is no need to mention who Quentin Tarantino and Robert Rodriguez are. Two of the most recently acclaimed filmmakers have brought their third collaboration, *From Dusk Till Dawn*, to movie theaters and fooled with the many critics who are willing to humiliate them.

Unlike their previous two collaborated efforts (*Desperado* and *Four Rooms*),

Tarantino wrote and Rodriguez directed this action-horror movie this time. Tarantino also stars in the movie. (He is not as bad as you think; Rodriguez's explosive cinematography makes him look better than he actually is.) Besides him, the rest of the cast is unquestionable: George Clooney (of TV's *ER*), Harvey Keitel, Juliette Lewis, Salma Hayek (of Rodriguez's *Desperado*), and Cheech Marin! Those talents cannot make a bad movie. However, *From Dusk Till Dawn* itself is not as great as

it is supposed to be.

It is just bloody fun.

In *From Dusk Till Dawn*, Clooney and Tarantino are the cold-blooded, trigger-happy, murder-

ous Gecko

It is all about killing the nasty, beastly vampires, as many as possible.

brothers. Clooney plays Seth Gecko, an ultra-cool criminal who kills good people while Tarantino does Richard, Seth's psycho brother who loves to kill people and rape women. After robbing a bank, burning down a gas station, and killing lots of people, the Gecko brothers stop at a cheap motel in Texas, where they meet the Fullers. Keitel portrays Jack Fuller, a soft-spoken ex-minister who has lost his faith after his wife died in a car accident. He is now taking his two children on a vacation.

Lewis is Kate, Jack's teen daughter.

In order to get to their rendezvous in Mexico, the Gecko brothers hold the Fullers as hostages and succeed in crossing the border. The rendezvous turns out to be a riotous biker/trucker bar called Titty Twister and is run by vampires. Finally and predictably, both the Geckos and the Fullers end up fighting against all the vampires.

The major problem with the movie is its story. Unlike Tarantino's other works, the story of *From Dusk Till Dawn* is too simple or might be carelessly crafted. Rodriguez and Tarantino created this movie just to entertain and horrify the audience with action and gore. Therefore, the story does not have any plot twists. It is all about killing the nasty, beastly vampires, as many as possible. This is more likely to dissatisfy the critics and audiences who detest gore or who look for philosophical movies. Many of those viewers may find or have already found the story simply tasteless and spineless.

Overall, the movie itself is neither

great nor horrible. It surely has excellent points. Rodriguez's brisk direction and Tarantino's fine dialogues constantly provide the audience with laughs and horrors. (Looked at from this point of view, they have achieved their goal.) They also introduce some interesting ideas. The ideas of vampires as beasts with no personalities and of bad guys fighting against even-worse guys could be appealing to some moviegoers. Clooney plays a nice B-picture hero. And also, Keitel and Lewis provide striking performances.

From Dusk Till Dawn is a very straightforward action-horror movie with a lot of gore and dark humor. It is like a haunted house in a carnival. It is just for silly fun.

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Figure 118. Big Ink.



Figure 119. Broadhorst pig.

"Does America Like Its Children?"

by Jason Clamper

An eight-year-old boy, who has played in a piss-and-shit-soaked stairwell all his life, falls four stories to his death when an uninspected elevator door opens. (His body is only discovered after passengers notice the blood dripping on their heads.)

A mother infected with AIDS waits in an emergency room for four days, suffering from pneumonia. Upon being taken to her room, she is informed that the hospital has run out of blankets.

A pregnant woman in prison begs to not be released for at least another four months so that the baby can have health care for a short time. Another child of hers had died because doctors at a wealthy hospital wouldn't see her.

These tales come from *Amazing Grace: The Lives of Children and the Conscience of a Nation*, the new work by Jonathan Kozol, author of *Savage Inequalities* and seven other books. All of the real people that the reader meets come from a South Bronx community near St. Ann's Church.

It is difficult to review *Amazing Grace* for the sole reason that it is a work that brings forth great emotion. Reviews, as all writers abiding by journalistic principles know, should be

logical, concise, and critical. They should not leave the writer with a tear-stained notepad and the urge to go kill rich folks.

It may seem like a cheap way to review a book, but I would be cheapening the work if I wasted space with my words instead of giving you some of the voices that speak from *Amazing Grace*.

"When there are gunshots...the children fall to their knees and crawl over there into the hallway where there are no windows. I taught them to do it like the men do in the army, crawling on their stomachs."

"The mayor tells a group of children from a segregated high school that they'll have to learn to manage without public help. 'I think largely you have to help yourself. Look at what is there and take advantage of it,' he advises them, but cancels 11,000 city jobs for children of their age as well as after-school programs in which younger children can be safe while mothers work."

"The city had these murals painted on the walls...not for the people in the neighborhood because they're facing the wrong way-but for tourists and commuters...they mustn't be upset by knowing too much about the population here."

As I read this work I had to put the book down and bide my time doing something else. Somewhere along the way during the first one hundred and fifty pages of dismal tales and stark indictments of the American way of life, I had gotten used to the lack of hope, the racism, and the evil. It even seemed natural that the city of New York would pay \$150 million for a school that served almost exclusively whites while pervasively underfunded schools in the South Bronx were forced to hold classes in stairwells and bathrooms with teachers that weren't certified.

I would like to report that this book offered a glimmer of hope, but it didn't. Of course Kozol finished the book at the time when some of the people were winning little battles, but the cases are so rare that you must wonder if these are the only success stories out there.

Millions of children in our country are being doped up or shot down, slowly suffocated by incinerators next door to their school, or gnawed to death by rats. What a country.

Amazing Grace is available in paperback.

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Kim Deal Breeds Alone

by Dave Heaton

"Now I'd like to get back, I'd like to get to the other side." So begins "Pacer," the debut album from The Amps. This desire to reach another level of existence manifests itself throughout "Pacer," an album full of intriguing rock songs.

The Amps is not really a band at all, but a solo project from Kim Deal of the Breeders and the Pixies. Deal wrote the songs and plays every instrument. With the future of the Breeders uncertain, Deal decided to proceed without a band and record the songs that had been floating around her head, to get the music out as it came to her.

The songs on "Pacer" are uniquely recorded. The album has an odd feel, as if someone took an album of popular rock tunes and transmuted it somehow, making it disorienting and puzzling. Echo and fuzz are used as instruments, alongside the crunching guitar riffs and pounding drums. The vocals are sometimes distorted or muted, and at other times it sounds like numerous vocal tracks were recorded on top of each other, so Deal is singing along with herself.

The songs seem carefully constructed, as if layers of sound were arranged in a certain way to make the album an enigma. Songs which at first sound like peculiar bits of noise become splendid pop ditties upon closer inspection. Songs like "She's

a Girl" and "Tipp City" are basically wonderful yet traditional pop/rock songs disguised as eccentricity.

The musical style here is rock, but within that category the songs range from otherworldly lullabies like "First Re- vival" and the title song to full-on, energetic numbers like "Full on Idle" and "Empty Glasses."

The album overall has a mysterious, unearthly aura. The lyrics are often hard to hear, and when listened to closely range from commentary on life as a teenager to references to demons and aliens.

Much has been made by critics of supposed lyrical allusions to Kim's sister Kelly Deal's heroin troubles (particularly the line "don't do it if you plan to stick around" from "Hoverin'") and of the album's references to alcohol (particularly the songs "Mom's Drunk" and "Empty Glasses"). But focusing too closely on either of these aspects doesn't do justice to this complex work.

By using her spare time to create such an essential work of music, Deal exemplifies living life to its fullest. On "Dedicated," the album's final track, Deal sings: "if you were one big mask, you'd never get the chance to kick ass." Ultimately, Deal's humbly songs from outer space, though alluding to escape from reality, are a call for all to live and to really kick some ass while here on Earth.

PACER

by
The Amps



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Yale University: Exploitation and the Changing Face of U.S. Labour

by Myron Ester

Corporate downsizing, layoffs, and the rise of temp agencies. Some may think that these things are what make up the future of labour in the United States. Folks lose their jobs or benefits (or both) as the corporate sector makes a move to a more streamlined work force.

The casualties of this push towards "greater productivity" are the millions of wage earners in the U.S., those that work 39 hours a week, the laid-off, and the drones that work for temp agencies. In the front lines of this downsizing are the unions, the regular folks trying to keep their rights intact, and students and faculty across the country.

National headlines were made in the last few weeks by graduate students striking at Yale University. The students were withholding grades not only to bring attention to Yale's changing policies towards its Blue and Pink collar workers (Locals 3 and 34, respectively), but also because of Yale's refusal to acknowledge that the students serve as employees and, therefore, that they have a right to form a union. When the time came for the graduate students to turn in grades, they refused. A week and a half ago, 136 students were arrested after refusing to move off of the street following a march.

Graduate students here at Northeast probably aren't too concerned about those pampered folks at Yale and all of their

whining, and undergrads could probably give even less of a damn. But this is something that concerns students as they prepare to be released into the wild following graduation. It is another example of management/executives/elites/bourgeois/what-

to some terms. They weren't striking for anything unreasonable, like the million dollar bonuses executives get, they were merely struggling to get a few benefits from an institution that has the largest endowment of any university in the country.

That strike was successful.

Their contracts expired on Jan. 22, so they are striking again, along with students like us, to put an end to the loss of jobs to

It's much better to ponder what's going on in the labour world now than waiting around home all day for the temp agency to call.

contract work and temp agencies. Recent NMSU graduate Adam Marchand, who is presently a grad student there, said, quite simply, "Yale should pay its workers a living wage."

Like most stories in the news today, the tale of the grad students ended on a slightly depressing note. On Jan. 15, the students handed in the grades and started another semester without receiving anything from the University.

One white and two black women (a favorite target of the Yale administration) have been reprimanded as a result of their participation in a completely legal act that was in protest to Yale's present union-busting stance.

There is a bit of an upside to the issue.

As mentioned earlier, the blue-and-pink-collar workers formed strike committees on Friday. Yale was swamped with bad press from National Public Radio, Headline News, CNN, The Chicago Tribune, The Christian Science Monitor, and other media sources.

The American Association of University Professors wrote a letter of support during their December meeting. GESO, the Graduate Employee Student Organization filed unfair labour practices against Yale. University professors (including our Doctors Steven Reschley and David Robinson), administrators, and students around the country inundated Yale with letters, faxes, and hordes of e-mail messages in support of the students and in protest of the actions being taken against the three female graduate assistants.

Hopefully, students around the country will become more aware of labour issues by the actions taking place not only at Yale, but at major companies like AT&T who choose to put profits before human dignity (i.e. every major corporation).

It is much better to ponder what's going on in the labour world now than waiting until we graduate and then think "what went wrong" as we drive around looking for employment in our "American" car (made by nonunion labour in Mexico), or as we sit around home all day waiting for the temp agency to call about another \$4.25 an hour job.

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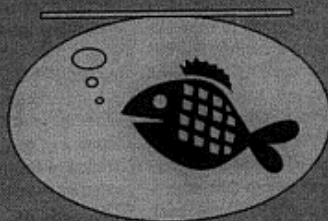
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MY BACK PAGES

BIG BRAIN MOTHERFUCKER

I SEE A CLUSTER OF BULGING ANT EGGS ATOP YOUR PATE:
A BLOATED ORANGE BRAIN
OF QUIVERING, ORNAMENTAL NOOBS SUCH AS THESE
YOU DESERVE TO SEE.
GLEANNING DOLL-EYES BULGE FROM INACTIVE VOLCANO
SOCKETS
TO GLIMPSE THE PENDULOUS WEIGHT.
MERE ORANGE RUFFLING KITES FOUR ARMS
CANNOT TOUCH.
A FUMSY PLEATED SKIRT
FOR A TAIL CANNOT PROBE.
ROUGH, OILY FINGERS CAN.
TOUCH IT
LIKE A GRANULATED BASKETBALL.
A SHOWER CAP
OF CLUSTERED, OVERRIPE GRAPEFRUITS,
THEIR TAUT SKINS NUDGING GENTLY IN THE CURRENT.
A FRAGILE, UNCOMFORTABLE TOW.
YOU MIRACLE OF MANIPULATION.
YOU REVOLTING ORNAMENTAL GOLDFISH.

-AMANDA KENNEDY



Shift

Shift with me,
all things broken
with unseen saving essence,
all loved but abased
in a self-manufactured
sinners sanctuary.

Shift with me
to the place within
where the dissection needle
can't tag and trap
the cool remains of resolve.

Shift with me all voyeurs
of public conversation,
to the boundless cell
where saints play drums with devils
and worship only
the primordial,
the rhythmic.

Shift with me
a subtle move towards truth,
to dream of its pursuit,
and defend against its capture.

-J. Rust

HALF-LIFE

I SIT HERE,
SURROUNDED BY NUCLEAR WARHEADS,
WITH THE PADS OF MY FINGERTIPS
POISED ON THE KEYS OF
A 20 MEG. CANCER BOX.

DOES IT TAKE LONGER TO GET IT
FROM THE BOMB,
OR THE POETRY?

-J. RUST

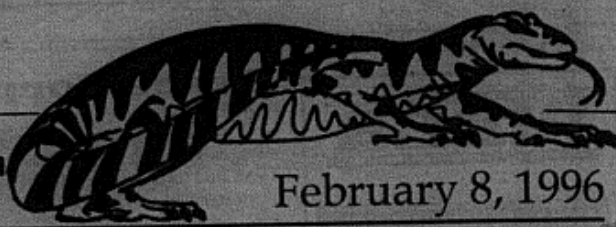
HAVE ANY IDEAS ABOUT

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LITTLE ART FOR PUBLICATION IN MY BACK PAGES.

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ROBYN @ 665.7307
LAUGHTON @ 627.5051

"The whole continent is sound asleep and in that sleep
a grand nightmare is taking place." -Henry Miller



the Monitor

February 8, 1996

a campus collective

Volume 2, Number 8

Core Curriculum: Decision May Be Made Tonight

by Laughton Messmer

Today at 3:30 p.m. the Undergraduate Council will meet in the SUB Conference Room to continue the core curriculum debate.

The Board of Governors gave the Council this task over a year ago. Since then, the Council, which is made up of faculty from each division and nonvoting student representatives, has held open meetings to make amendments and discuss the proposal to change the core.

David Robinson, a Social Science representative, said that there are a total of 48 amendments, but more can be added.

"The chair of the Undergraduate Council, Bryce Jones, has stated that the Board of Governors is interested in having some kind of decision made as to whether to change the core or not," Robinson said.

A memo was sent to the representatives, by Jones, that with a two-thirds vote they could end debate and end amendments, Robinson said.

"I don't know if we are going to finish the bill or not," Jones said.

The meeting today is scheduled to last until 10:00 p.m. and many are hoping for the end of the debate.

"I think that the logic behind this one is that they are going to lock the faculty in a room until they come out with something," Lisa Kays, student representative to the Undergraduate Council, said.

See Core, pg. 6

Remarkable Restrooms?

photos by Steve Garte



Checkered tile floors and
glossy fixtures in a Kirk
ladies room.



This Baldwin Hall men's room contains
music stands and kitchen chairs.



This trough graces the O.P. men's room.

(For a more in depth look, see page 7)

"Pulsing" Literary Magazine Started on Campus

by Jill Goodheart

While the word "pulsing" usually conjures up visions such as heartbeats, strobe lights or phalluses, freshman Kirk Marsh saw it as the theme of a literary magazine.

After a semester of free time and a winter break of mulling over the ideas in *Toward the Habit of Truth* by Mahlon Houghland and other publications, Marsh decided to start his own theme-oriented literary magazine.

"I was interested in trying to start it because the *Windfall* is a neat idea, but it only comes out once a year. I think people will be interested in having something more frequently," Marsh said.

Marsh is working alone so far and has begun petitioning for submissions with posters around campus. He's asking for poetry or prose under 100 words with one theme: pulsing.

"Pulsing is a word you can do a lot with. There's typical love poetry, excitement, terror, death, life," he said. "It's a good word because it is so versatile. Anyone could play with it as much

as they wanted."

The whole point is for the work to be "controlled, concise and finished." That way the essence of "pulsing" is captured.

The title of the magazine, however, is not really pulsing-related. Marsh plans on calling it "The Litter" because of the double meaning as someone who is lazy/something that is futile or an essential part of making a car run.

The magazine will probably be quarter page sized with one pulsing submission on each page. Marsh wants to get it started as soon as he has enough submissions.

"This is something that should be just fun because it gives a view on how everyone on campus is thinking at the time," he said.

If you're interested in helping or submitting something you can call Kirk at 785-4875 or seek him out in 160 Centennial. He's a pretty intelligent guy who is into the transcendental writers and writing his own poetry, so this could be a really neat addition to the NMSU media. Check it out.

Gabbing With Gaw:

The Speaker of the House Talks With the Monitor

by Jason Clampet

State politics are a fickle thing, and perhaps that is what makes them so interesting. Only a few short months ago, Missouri had a fifteen-year veteran controlling all legislation in the House of Representatives from the Speaker's chair. Well, he got a bit skittish about a Justice Department probe and decided not to continue in that capacity any longer. After a scuffle for the position, that started as early as last January, Rep. Steve Gaw mysteriously emerged as the candidate that the most Democrats could agree upon.

Speaker Gaw is an alumnus of NMSU, graduating in 1979. In a recent interview,

Gaw talked to the Monitor about the University and some regional and state issues.

Oddly enough, while at NMSU, Speaker Gaw was not involved in the typical campus groups that the politically ambitious flock to. Instead of Student Senate or the College Democrats, the Speaker spent two years with the NEMO Singers and served as president of the Math Club for a period.

Now that he is in a highly political position, Speaker Gaw is sharing his thoughts about campus issues. He feels that "student involvement and participation is healthy" to a university. Presently,

See Gaw, pg. 3



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Peace Corps: A Northeast Perspective

by Amy Ventrella

If you are anywhere close to graduation, you know the feeling. What next? There are a lot of options out there: a job, a career, graduate school, a family. Perhaps one option that sometimes gets overlooked by anxious seniors is, according to its brochure, "the toughest job you'll ever love."

This year marks the 35th anniversary of the Peace Corps. Its mission is to promote world peace and its goals are tri-fold: to help the people of interested countries and areas to meet their need for trained men and women, to help promote a better understanding of Americans on the part of the peoples served, and finally, to help promote a better understanding of other peoples on the part of Americans.

As of October 1995, the Corps boasted 6,858 volunteers serving in 97 countries. Most assignments require a bachelor's degree and that applicants have registered 9-12 months in advance of their availability date. The process includes a 14 page application form as well as six references and a physical. If accepted, volunteers receive 8-12 weeks of intense language, culture and technical training. Not to mention rigorous physical endurance training. All this to be a volunteer?

"I got more out of it than I ever gave to the people in that village," said Professor Nancy Lovelace of her Peace Corps experience on Mindanao, population 500, the southernmost island of the Philippines.

From 1962-1964, Lovelace and one other female volunteer taught English in an elementary school on the island. They also started and ran a kindergarten in their hut and participated in community development work in their village. "We had nothing," she said, "no electricity, no running water...when it rained, water rolled off of the thatched grass roof, into the gutter, and down into tanks we placed at the bottom...if you waited until 4:00 to take a bath, it was slightly warm. We had a little radio, a trunk of donated books, and a set of Encyclopedia Britannica that we were sent free. It took two weeks to get a letter from home. There were no roads...it was a difficult physical existence."

Why would someone voluntarily live like that? Lovelace said there were three reasons why she joined the Peace Corps. She graduated from the University of Pennsylvania with majors in English, social studies, and secondary education. The Peace Corps, she said, "was a chance to live in a foreign country and teach English." She said that she was also very taken with "the vigor and challenge of JFK" and took his "ask not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for your country" to heart. The Corps, she said, was "a way to serve." Her final reason for wanting to be a volunteer was a factor perhaps many college students can relate to. "It was out and out rebellion against my parents," she said.

According to Peace Corps statistics,

there are currently nine volunteers and trainees from Northeast Missouri State serving in the organization (three men and six women). By skill sector, the areas of education, business, environment, agriculture, and health are represented and the majority of volunteers claim to have two to three years of foreign language experience. Overall, there have been 81 current and former NMSU Peace Corps volunteers.

"It's not for everyone," Lovelace said, "you have to be incredibly flexible...you can't have material things as the number one thing in your life. You have to be adventurous, open-minded, and want to learn. It [the Corps] taught me a lot about myself. The material things we have make life easier, but they're not essential."

After two years on an underdeveloped island, Lovelace said that her perspective on America changed drastically when she returned. "I had a very negative reaction to many things about the states...the wastefulness of America really bothered me...how little America knew or cared about the world bothered me, and it still does. We should care." Would she do it all over? "It changed my life...I would definitely consider doing the Peace Corps again."

If you feel up to the challenge and reward of the Peace Corps, stop by the University Career Center and ask to see the Peace Corps file or call Peace Corps yourself at 1 (800) 424-8580.

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Friendship in the Fast Lane

by W. James Taylor

One of the most difficult aspects of college life, aside from books, teachers, tests, etc., is watching friends slip out of our comfortable shelter.

Often we get too caught up in our day-to-day activities and obligations to realize just how fast our lives are moving. All the moments we treasure with those we are close to pass by us in rush hour traffic, blurred. We let ourselves fall beneath the guise of time to justify loosening or abandoning friendships without notice. This does not have to be conscious or even malevolent. "It just happens"—But it doesn't always have to be this way.

Of course, it is impossible to assume we can hang on to every acquaintance, but there are those few with which we feel a special connection. These are truly our "best friends." They are not so because there is a verbal declaration, but because this undefinable connection exists with some people and not

with others. These are the people we think about six months or years down the road and wonder where they are, how they are, and why it hurts not to know. Even the strongest ties between friends

We change. However, letting what we perceive as special friendships at one point fade away, we may be doing ourselves a great disservice.

We never know which of these friends could, or would have been, the person to make all the difference in our lives.

The risk seems small, as do the consequences. Indeed, we will all most likely recover.

The point is that through simple forethought and respectful consideration we might avoid losing someone who is more important to us than we now realize. This may be especially true in the confusing atmosphere of college.

It does not mean we should cling to every person we meet, or overwork the friendships we already share. Not everyone views friendships in the same way. For that same reason, working too hard on a friendship can be self-defeating. By trying so hard to hold on, we end up pushing that same person away.

However, some effort is necessary to sustain even the strongest relationships.

It really does not take much. Even if you "have no time," everyone can take five minutes to call a friend who has been absent from our lives. If you do care, show it through some means of communication.

But reach out only if your intentions are from the heart. Make sure you mean it. Hanging on out of obligation or neglect to let go is fair to no one, including yourself. Some things may "just happen," but more often than not, we make decisions to leave some people behind. I cannot condemn anyone for this. I am as guilty as most everyone, I suspect. What I have come to realize is that some people are worth the effort.

Once you can say you truly feel close to, or love, a friend, it may be safe to assume they are worth the effort. Although people view the importance of friendships differently, the guilt we feel when we hear from a distant friend should tell us something.

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The Bitchy Frenchman

top four list
by Mushu

Top four candidates for the 1995 Noble Peace Prize.

1. Newt Gingrich
2. Boris Yeltsin (Viva Chechnya)
3. Jacques Chirac
4. Silvio Berlusconi

Gaw, cont. from pg. 1

he is taking part in the debate over whether the student representative to the Board of Governors should be allowed into that body's executive sessions.

Speaker Gaw's fondness for the University made it hard for him to support the name change at first. "It was something that was difficult because I was used to it being called Northeast." What changed his mind was the tendency of Jefferson City lawmakers to include North-east in discussions of Missouri's regional universities.

But concerning regional issues, especially corporate hog farming, Speaker Gaw is not so clear. When asked about the correlation between massive campaign contributions by out-of-state organizations representing hog farming interests in the 1992 and 1994 elections, the Speaker humorously commented, "I didn't see any of that money." The Speaker does not see a connection between campaign contributions and the voting to suspend the Family Farm Act that opened the door to these corporate hog farms. He, somewhat evasively, went on to discuss Senate Bill 660 which was passed to limit campaign contributions. This bill was brought about due to Proposition A, a successful public referendum that would have limited campaign contributions had not the State Supreme Court ruled it unconstitutional.

While in Jefferson City, Speaker Gaw has taken part in some legislation that he is proud of. Last year, he helped to sponsor a bill that required all sex offenders to register with the state police. Thanks to another bill he worked on, the monetary limit that classified a small claims court case was raised from \$1500 to \$3000. Other legislation consists of an expanded economic development opportunity for elk breeders and a juvenile crime package that provides for changes in how the state incarcerates its youth.

For this session, Speaker Gaw mentioned legislation that he would like to see passed. Important legislation includes a bill that would allow a new mother who receives state aid to remain in the hospital for up to 48 hours after giving birth and a child immunization bill that will hopefully lift Missouri from its dismal ranking as 49th in the nation. A violence in state schools act will attempt to deal with the rising crime rate in our schools by offering alternative programs for dealing with repeat offenders.

Unfortunately, time restraints (conclusion my sweet) on our dear Speaker prevented the Monitor from posing further questions regarding the decline of small business in Missouri, the death penalty, and sound-bite politics. We regret this as we sit here in Monitor Tower pondering the future of our state.

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Coming of Age Film Gets Lost at Sea

by Harry Barton

Four years after trouble-prone 1492: *Conquest of Paradise*, Ridley Scott launches his new movie, *White Squall*, and sails into a quiet storm of oblivion. Based on a true story about the seawreck of the *Albatross* which killed six people on board in 1960, the movie itself is not as disastrous as the incident. (But might be proved as both the box office's as Ridley Scott fans' disappointment, again.)

Despite its title, the movie is about adolescents having difficulty getting into manhood, focusing on the relationship between a skipper of the

they learn to appreciate each other, find their own identities, and become both mentally and physically mature grown-ups. The fate of the boys and the movie

White Squall by Ridley Scott

seems to be as calm as water in a small fish-bowl, until a bizarre, violent

storm know as a "white squall" hits and sinks the *Albatross* in order to serve the movie's title and to redeem the movie from the reprint of *Dead Poets Society*. But nothing really changes, anyway.

Like its story, the actors in *White Squall* give performances which are not very impressive. Jeff Bridges plays Christopher Sheldon, the skipper of the *Albatross*, whose manliness wins the boys' favor and respect. Sadly enough, the fact that this quite stereotypical actor play the conventional character does not add any surprise to the movie: his performance is above average as usual. The four young actors (Scott Wolf, Eric Michael Cole, Jeremy

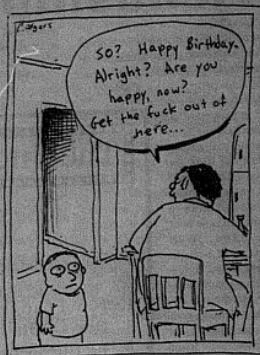
Sisto, and Ryan Phillippe) play better and more noticeable roles than the nine other actors, but do not shine. They really need to work hard in their next movies to prove that they are not disposable. The only exception is Caroline Goodall as Alice, Sheldon's wife who perishes in the shipwreck. She is such a credible actress (She is good in *Disclosure*) and will hopefully be seen in better movies.

With no doubt, Ridley Scott is one of the greatest filmmakers of our time. His stylish visual images have influenced many other filmmakers and fascinated the audience since his first feature, *The Duelist*, in 1977. His *Alien* (1979) and *Blade Runner* (1982) became masterpieces of science-fiction. Then, he created another masterpiece, *Thelma and Louise*, in 1991. But he also made some wrong moves in his career. *Legend* (1985), *Someone to Watch Over Me* (1987), *Black Rain* (1989), and 1492: *Conquest of Paradise* (1992)

turned out to be disappointments. They are visually superb, but have flat or messy story lines. Unfortunately, *White Squall* belongs to those of his unimpressive and forgettable works. *White Squall* is neither stupid nor horrible. It is all right, but secondhand (ironically, the movie's close resemblance to *Dead Poets Society* guarantees the quality of the story.)

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Lips Declare "Clouds Taste Metallic": a Review

by Dave Heaton

"Clouds Taste Metallic" is the latest release from The Flaming Lips, an intriguing rock band from Oklahoma City who achieved some commercial success with their 1993 album "Transmissions from the Satellite Heart." On this album, The Flaming Lips take the conventional rock song format and rearrange it in a way that is unique and incredible.

The songs are impeccably constructed in a sometimes odd but appropriate manner. At times sparse musical backing highlights singer Wayne Coyne's voice while at other times the band layers sound upon sound and instrument upon instrument to create a dense collage, drowning the vocals. The music often shifts from fuzzy psychedelic rock to slower piano ballads to cheery pop-rock tunes all in the same song. But it sounds natural. When guitars suddenly rush in and take a song to a different level, it feels right. The stylistic changes make many of the songs nearly beyond description, which is how great music should be.

"The Abandoned Hospital Ship" begins with Coyne's voice, piano and what sounds

like a film projector or reel-to-reel tape machine playing. About a minute and a half into this quiet, pretty song, a loud guitar solo comes in from nowhere and changes the direction of the song, bringing with it bass, drums, guitar feedback, bells, chimes and ghostly backing vocals.

Clouds Taste Metallic by The Flaming Lips

On "They Punctured My Yolk," an intense but slow song about space travel, it sounds like an orchestra is playing, but as far as I can tell, it's just the four of them playing guitar, bass, piano and drums.

Though the band experiments seriously with sounds, the album's overall mood is one of fun and optimism. Even a song called "Evil Will Prevail" is sung mostly as a happy sing-a-long. On "Bad Days (aurally excited version)," the album's closing track, Coyne sings, "You're sorta stuck where you are, but in your dreams you can buy expensive cars or live on Mars and have it your way." The album itself is also a practical reflection of this attitude that imagination and dreams can save us all.

Everything and Everyone

by Jason Clampton

Gore Vidal occupies a peculiar place in American culture. This position is somewhat paradoxical, as one soon gathers when reading *Palimpsest*.

Vidal's memoirs: the critic of the American empire, sexuality, and culture turns out to be very much part of these worlds. But being a part of it is not necessarily complicity, as he successfully expresses through his involved writing style.

It is this style, something that can be found in most of his works, that makes the anecdotes, histories, and polemics much gentler and engaging than those typically included in the memoirs of the famous. At times it is kiss (or rather, fuck) and tell and at other times a who's who list of the famous and literary of our century.

Overall though, *Palimpsest* is Vidal's story filtered through his feelings for his first love, Jimmie Trimble.

Trimble was a schoolmate of Vidal's who, in Vidal's words, was his "second half." Even though this "second half" was killed during the Second World War, he is the one constant throughout *Palimpsest*.

Outside of Jimmie, the recollections are merely enticing facts about people ranging from Jackie Kennedy and Jack

Kerouac to Tennessee Williams and Anais Nin. These characters are just a few of the famous of this century that have passed in and then out of Vidal's life.

Palimpsest is so intriguing because it pulls even the most liberal of its readers, at times, into envying his lifestyle: you want to sit down and have a chat with the President, if only to later mock him publicly. Partly due to his grandfather, an influential Senator from Oklahoma, and partly due to his brilliance, Vidal seems to have done practically everything.

And everyone. The meaning behind *Palimpsest* (stylistically and thematically) is writing upon an object two or three times while removing some ideas and keeping others.

This leads to a medley of histories and a shifting point of view on the part of Vidal.

Instead of a slow retelling of his life chronologically, Vidal chooses instead to let his thoughts lead to other thoughts, then go back, retell a story or two, criticize, and then add some more to the original line of thought. This leaves the reader with the feeling that he or she has just spent time listening to the author on his veranda, sipping brandy, and looking out from the Italian coast.

The Flaming Lips have taken their fantastic dreams and recorded them here for all to enjoy.

A few songs tell stories. In "Christmas at the Zoo," the narrator heads to the zoo to frolic the animals. Yet they don't want to leave, not because they are happy, "but they preferred to save themselves and seemed to think they could." The there's the "Guy Who Got a Headache and Accidentally Saves the World," about "the boy wonder who saves the planet but destroys his ever enlarging brain in the process."

On "Brainville," Coyne sings, "I've

read about a place where they enlarge your space." Enlarging space is what this music is all about. The Flaming Lips arrange a variety of sounds, interesting musical tracks and imaginative lyrics in a way that suggests much more depth and time than the three or four minutes each song actually fills. Every song is like a trip to another wonderful world. As well as being a completely enjoyable rock album, "Clouds Taste Metallic" is also the portrait of a band trying its hardest to turn every four or five minute song into a portal to another universe.

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Letter to the Editors

To the Editor:

There are two things I would like to say. One is: Would you please regularly bring copies of the Monitor to Barnett Hall? The other is: I take exception to much of what was said in Bob Mielke's January 25 article about the core. Allow me to elaborate.

First, I should point out that I agree with the good Doctor on many things. I would like to see administrative support for interdisciplinary courses; I would like to do away with grades; I would like students to regularly take fewer courses per semester. But the tone of Mielke's article made me angry, and it made me angry because it hurt my feelings. I've been "working on the core" for the last two years (not for the last five or ten years, as have many of my colleagues). In my experience the committees ARE largely motivated by altruism. I'm not saying there have been no turf wars, but there have also been lots of listening, lots of open-mindedness, lots of honest effort, and very little mean-spiritedness. (It is hard to remain open-minded and altruistic in the face of turf wars and mean-spiritedness, but I strongly believe it is something we should try to do.) Mielke

asks about student input. There have been meetings about the core every two or three weeks for the past year. I've been to most of them, and at every meeting I've been to, there have been one or two students representing the Student Senate. The discussion in the new core on the inter/multicultural requirement was written largely by a student. The Student Senate has introduced a motion strongly supporting the new core.

I admit that the new core is not as different from the old core as I would like, but one way to get "there" from "here" is to take a small step in the right direction. Many of us have worked hard on the little progress we've made. I think we've accomplished more than nothing. Mielke acknowledges that he wasn't "in the loop for ANY of these discussions." He could have been in the loop—the meetings were open to anyone. In my view, "what went wrong" is that these kinds of changes are hard to make in a way that pleases everyone and attends to the many realities that get in the way of each of our ideal cores. It hurts me to hear Mielke glibly say "meet the new core...same as the old core. Yawn."

Your Pal, Peter Rolnick, (Physics)

Core, cont. from pg. 1

Since the faculty is making the decisions, each division has concerns regarding how the change might affect them and enrollment in classes.

"Any university or college that considers such changes is going to have a lot of difficulty and needs strong and respected leadership in order to make the changes," Robinson said.

Some proposed ideas for the core include a foreign language requirement for all students, a computer literacy course, a junior writing assignment, calculus, and an interdisciplinary class.

The faculty has been given this

[the proposal], the administration has kept hands off, and I think that's a very good thing by and large," Dennis Leavens, associate professor of English, said.

Although the meetings are open, students have not been going. "Faculty and students have been absent from the gallery section of the meetings and from what I understand they would be free to comment or offer ideas," Kays said.

If the Undergraduate Council finalizes a plan and Faculty Senate and the Board of Governors adopt it, the new core may be installed within two years.

the Monitor

a campus collective

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This issue, the Monitor is:

Harry Barton, Joe Brockmeier, Jason Clampet, Jill Goodheart, Steve Grote, David Heaton, Elena Huggins, David Kunau, Laughton Messmer, Chad Odgers, Robyn E. Ratcliff, Brent Ricci, Betsy Riley, Peter Rolnick, Mike Roth, W. James Taylor, and Amy Venturilla

A Porcelain Perspectus: A Restroom Review

	cleanliness		graffiti		interest		ambiance		odor		mirrors		l.p. availability	
	F	M	F	M	F	M	F	M	F	M	F	M	F	M
Ophelia Parrish	6	3	0	8	5	2	3	3	5	3	5	2		
Library (all floors)	7	6.5	0	0	6	7	7	8	6	7	7	7		
Kirk Building	9	6	0	0	9	7	6	6	7	2	9	7		
Violette Hall (1st floor)	7	8	-10	7	6	7	2	6	7	7	7	8		
Violette Hall (2nd floor)	4	8	0	6	3	8	1	8	4	7	4	10		
Monitor Tower HQ	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10		
Baldwin Hall (basement)	7	7	0	8	6	8	5	7	7	9	6	10		
Baldwin Hall (1st floor)	9	7	0	1	7	8	4	8	8	8	7	9		
Baldwin Hall (2nd floor)	8	4	0	0	8	5	8	5	10	6	8	9		
Barnett Hall (1st floor)	9	7	0	5	7	6	8	8	6	9	8	8		
Barnett Hall (2nd floor)	9	7	0	9	7	6	8	8	8	6	9	8		
McClain Hall (1st floor)	8	9	0	0	7	8	7	8	7	7	8	9		
McClain Hall (2nd floor)	9	7	0	0	7	8	6	6	7	7	5	10		
McClain Hall (3rd floor)	7	8	0	-5	7	7	6	4	7	8	6	9		
SUB (all floors)	8.5	8	0	1	9	6	8	7	8	6	7	8		
Science Hall (1st floor)	7	6	0	1	2	5	8	6	5	7	5	7		
Science Hall (2nd floor)	7	8	0	2	3	7	8	7	5	7	5	7		
Kirk Memorial	N/A	10	N/A	0	N/A	8	N/A	3	N/A	N/A	N/A	10		

by Amy Venturilla and
Brent Ricci

When you gotta go, you gotta go. It is our hope that this might in some way help to direct that decision which we all face at sometime during the busy school days: where to go.

The authors and compilers of this piece toured every public restroom on campus, and are now offering you a few choice highlights.

Of particular interest on the men's side of the stall was the facility located in the basement of Baldwin Hall. It echoes a time of SALT treaties and air raid drills. It is a reinforced concrete shelter with all of the atmosphere of a genuine fallout shelter, complete with drawing air vents and all of the comforts of home (music stands and table chairs).

Also toured was the basement room of Kirk Memorial—a must see for the architecturally inclined. Upon entering, providing you can squeeze through the unique three foot crawl-space, the prospective occupant is greeted with original hardwood trimmings, original fixtures, and a mummy odor that only museums can offer.

You must see the graffiti in the top of Barnett. The physics people got the personality award for this one—illustration of Einstein quantum tunneling—enough said.

The golden photo award goes to the ground floor of Ophelia Parrish. If you want it to be your last and have an affinity for mustard gas, check it out.

On the women's side of the stall, the Violette Hall first floor restroom is the only women's restroom with graffiti...and it's all bad, grade school prose. Don't bother. Overall, I felt that the 2nd floor Baldwin and the SUB restrooms were the best.

The 1st floor Science Hall bathroom gets the award for most original. Formerly, a man's facility, the obvious remnants of urinals past still remains and might make any female think twice upon entering (despite the sign on the door assuring you that "THIS IS A WOMEN'S RESTROOM").

So cut this out. Put it in your purse or wallet and the next time nature calls, you'll know the best place to answer it.

Register to Vote!

City Council Elections are this spring.

Students are running.

Student Senate will have tables set up for the month of February
outside Mainstreet in the Union.

Don't forget to stop by!

Register to Vote!

MY BACK PAGES

Enlightenment

Where did that boy go they ask of you
the one who was so well read
I guess your nirvana was not in this place
and it was good to leave us behind
I guess if I invited you to my living room
you would not find enlightenment there
I guess the coffee of an all-night grease joint
would harbor no truth
I guess you have to travel the world
to find yourself
I guess to grow and change
you have to forget your past
I guess you have to sit under Siddhartha's fig tree
and read books no one else has read
and find the faults in passersby
and discover the contradictions of innocent words
and solve riddles that don't exist
to prove you are a wise man
and I guess while you are on your journey
for that gold ring which is beyond me
its good to know I was a growing experience
and not really your friend.

Steve Grote

IF YOU SEE BRENT RICCI
TELL HIM HAPPY
FUCKING BIRTHDAY!!

I have learned
Of apocalyptic visions
Fate, irony, the antimonies
Nothing has changed

Those old fucks
Didn't have half the power
As one drunk
A drunk with style

If you want to see
The real apocalypse
The true hero
Go find Bukowski

-Joe Brockmeier



**A chance meeting of President Harry S. Truman,
rap star Vanilla Ice,
and Franklin Delano Roosevelt...**

by Steve Grote

Fir Unlawful Carnal Knowledge

Do you see these trees?
Beneath them
In the furtive dark
my face was framed by my knees.

Under these same trees
a dwelling child
was I
not knowing
about the birds and the bees.

If you asked just one tree
what it most
remembers
it would probably recount
moonlit female faces
overcome with uncontrollable glee.

It wants to tell, this tree
tell countless elders that
at night
it knows where their daughters flee.

Such a knowing grove of trees,
men if only they were.
For they know how to please
what lies beyond women's knees.

-Elena Huggins

the Monitor "My Back Pages"

**accepts submissions
of poetry, short
prose, and black and
white visual art.**

Submissions are judged by the
"My Back Pages" staff.

To submit, simply place your
work in the Monitor mailbox in
the CAOC office.

All submissions must include
the author's real name and
phone number. Upon publica-
tion, names may be removed
from pieces if the authors so
desires.

Submissions not immediately
published will be held for further
consideration for six weeks. If
including non-disposable copy
please specify.