

The Monitor

November 5, 1996

Volume 3, Number 5

Truman State University's only source for complete coverage of community issues, student affairs, politics, and culture.



KCOM/KOMC, photograph by Steve Grote
For Story, See page 6

Battle over Books

by Katie Riley

Ugh! November. Ugh. Class registration. Ugh...book buying.

Yes, once again Truman students are preparing for the spring semester.

While it isn't exactly time for you to go out and get your spring semester books, it is past time for the professors teaching those classes to turn in their book orders. And there is a small but distinguishable stink about those book orders.

The two bookstores most frequented by Trumans when purchasing their class books (Truman and Patty's University Bookstores) are in a feud about who gets what.

Apparently, in semesters past, both of the bookstores would collect their orders from the division secretaries. The bookstores started getting competitive in the past few semesters, though, and tried to beat each other by collecting book orders before the allotted time.

The petty competitions came to a halt when the Assistant to the Vice President for Academic Affairs, Ralph Cupelli, decided to regulate the book orders. Mr. Cupelli has taken charge by issuing a memo requesting that all book orders be sent directly from the division secretaries offices to Truman Bookstore.

Once the bookstore received the book orders, they were to copy the

orders and place the copies in a designated box for employees of Patty's to pick up at their discretion.

Mr. Cupelli said that Truman Bookstore reserves the right to collect the initial book orders because of the contract between Truman and the bookstore's owner Barnes and Noble.

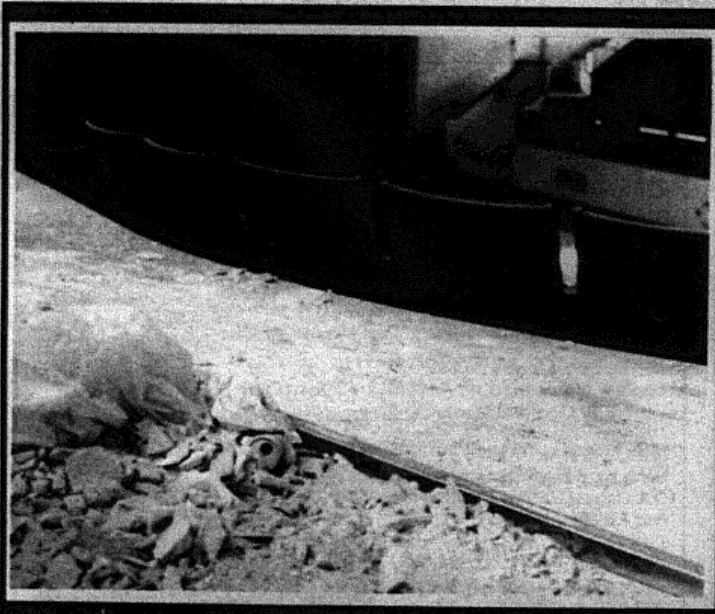
"We were looking to both avoid some problems, centralize it and help our contractor (Barnes and Noble) who requested we look at some changes," Cupelli said.

The problems, however, seem to be multiplying says Patty Boltz, owner and operator of Patty's University Bookstore. Ms. Boltz believes she is being treated unfairly. She said Truman Bookstore's "first priority" is not necessarily to copy book orders for her store.

She says she is afraid that in having the University's bookstore in charge of the spring semester's book orders, the students will be the ones cheated.

She said that the bookstore is inhibiting her receiving of the orders and that because of these inhibitions, eventually she could lose her business and Truman Bookstore would have a monopoly, forcing students to pay any price.

Mr. Cupelli, however, stands by his decisions saying "the goal is to provide the best service to the campus community. It's like anything else, if she doesn't want it to work, it's not going to work."



Kirk Gym, photograph by Steve Grote

History Collapsing In

by Steve Grote

You enter Kirk Gym on the top floor of the Kirk Building and an easy thing to spot is the piles of debris around the top edges of the seating. You scan upward and realize the debris is falling from the cracked, bruised, and water-damaged ceiling. In Kirk Memorial the situation is similar: wander straight back, look up, and you will easily notice the deterioration at hand.

Are we letting two of our most historic buildings go to waste? Built in 1923 and 1940 respectively, the Kirk Building and Kirk Memorial are two of our oldest architectural structures, and currently both are suffering from water damage and cracked ceilings.

E. Gene Schneider of the Physical Plant assures that the damage is nothing serious, both buildings are structurally sound, and the falling debris in Kirk Gym, what he calls the "gingerbread", can be easily fixed. While some work is being done, much is being left alone at the current moment as a matter of funding. "There will be a commitment to funds if we determine a usage for Kirk Gym," stated Schneider.

Much of this decision making falls in the lap of the Campus Planner, which has its hands full with a logjam of commitments behind the renovation of Violette Hall. While the abatement process is beginning in much of Violette Hall, certain rooms, such as the

Photography Lab, patiently await relocation amidst fits of no hot water and frequent security access problems.

The Photography Lab will soon move to Barnett Hall. In turn, the second floor of Kirk Building will absorb some of the space from Barnett Hall. The process of relocation, however, is slow. According to Doug Winicker of the Campus Planner's office, many of the construction work bids were much higher than expected and have slowed Violette Hall renovation somewhat.

As for the Kirk Gym, Mr. Winicker assures that much of the deterioration can easily be repaired.

Part of the problem comes with the second floor construction of office space: the vibrations from the working machinery may be a major factor in what is causing a lot of the "gingerbread" to fall. Also, a lot of the damage can go on for a while undetected, such as the water damage leaking in from the roof.

In Kirk Memorial, meanwhile, a lot of the water damage may be difficult to repair for a while due to the intricate molding which lines the ceiling.

The construction of the inner building renders it tedious for someone touching up to reach and attend to the damage quickly. Therefore, finding a contracted worker willing to work on this for a reasonable price is also difficult.

See Kirk, page 8

All the News That's Unfit	2
Opinions	4
This Modern World	4
Hospital Sickness	6
Ronald Reagan State University	7
Passing the Junior Test	7
Reviews	10
Current Exhibit	11

The Monitor

Comics Collective
Independent Quality Since 1995

Comics Address
CAOC, 508
Truman State University
Kirksville, MO 63501
Fax: (816) 675-7436
Office Address
Monitor Tower
1113 West Washington, Apt. 1
Kirksville, MO 63501
Ph: (816) 627-1475

Managing Editorial Board:
Jason Clampton, m43@academict.truman.edu
Laurel Mennert, m875
Ann Price, m222
Copy Editing Provided By:
Jill Goodheart, Steve Grote, Justin White,
Katie Riley
Photographer: Steve Grote, Kristy Vogel
My Back Pages: Brett Kirkpatrick, Andrea
Pigg
Conspiracy Theorist: m146
With Special Appearances by: Phil French,
Maggie Thurman.

"Among people who have learned something
from the 19th century (say, Voltaire) it is a
truism, hardly deserving discussion, that the
defense of the right of free expression is not
restricted to ideas one approves of, and that
it is precisely in the case of ideas found most
offensive that these rights must be most vig-
orously defended. Advocacy of the right to
express ideas that are generally approved is,
quite obviously, a matter of no significance."
-Nicom Chomsky

All contents Copyright © 1996, The Monitor Comics
Collective unless otherwise noted.

THIS MODERN WORLD

by TOM TOMORROW

AND NOW FOR SOME
EXPERT ANALYSIS,
WE TURN TO OUR
REGULAR COMMENT-
ATOR, SPARKY THE
WONDER PENGUIN!
SPARKY, WOULD'NT
YOU AGREE THAT THIS
ELECTION IS ALREADY
OVER?

Absolutely, Biff!
It's yesterday's
news! Serious
pundits are al-
ready looking
ahead to the
Gore/Kemp con-
test in the year
2000!

OF COURSE, THAT ONE'S PRETTY MUCH
CONSIDERED A ROUT AT THIS POINT --
BUT THE 2008 BATTLE BETWEEN RALPH
REED AND COURTNEY LOVE MIGHT PROVE
INTERESTING...

AND THEN THERE'S THE PROBABLE 2012
MATCHUP BETWEEN RUSH LIMBAUGH
AND CRACKERS THE CORPORATE CRIME-
FIGHTING CHICKEN! BUT WHAT PUNDITS
REALLY WANT TO KNOW IS, WILL AGE
BE AN ISSUE IN THE PRESIDENTIAL
RACE OF 2024 -- WHEN MACAULAY CUL-
KIN IS EXPECTED TO GO HEAD-TO-HEAD
WITH SIGFRED FRODO!

PERSONALLY, I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO THE
2072 CAMPAIGN BETWEEN DAN QUAYLE'S
CRYOGENICALLY PRESERVED BRAIN
AND THE CHANNELLED SPIRIT OF
ELVIS! THAT ONE'S GOING TO RAISE SOME
INTERESTING ISSUES, DON'T YOU AGREE?

YOU'RE TRYING TO MAKE SOME
KIND OF POINT HERE, AREN'T YOU?



RACE AHEAD OF YOUR COMPETITORS!
ADVERTISE WITH THE MONITOR
CALL 627-1475 FOR INFORMATION

Did you know that SPLASH PAGE COMICS also rents hard to find movies?

Come in and check out our section including titles like:
Reservoir Dogs Abolition Fabulous Clerks
 Highlander TV Series Belle Époque School House Rocks
 Monty Python And much more!

We also carry categories like:
Japanese Animation
Star Trek TV Series and Movies
American Animation
Foreign Films
Hong Kong Action Flicks
Cult Classics
And Too Many More To List!

All rentals \$1.00 and due back
the next day! Rent on Saturday
and keep it until Monday! Also ask
for our free rental card, rent 10
movies and get a free rental!



SPLASH PAGE COMICS

1007 E. PATTERSON - 665-7623 - MON-SAT 12-6

Here's Your Ticket to the 21st Century!



BOB BRAWNER 2nd Dist. Commissioner
Since 1990, Bob Brawner has served all the people in the 2nd District. He's willing to listen and get the facts, determine priorities fairly, use county taxpayer funds wisely and plan for the challenges of the future.



RANDY FORQUER Sheriff
Randy Forquer is the best-qualified candidate in the race for Sheriff. He has a B.S. in law enforcement and correction, is a graduate of the FBI national academy and has over 27 years experience in law enforcement. He's the only candidate certified in Missouri.



BOB GIOVANNINI Assessor
Bob Giovannini has over 12 years of experience as a full-time real estate appraiser and is the only candidate for Assessor who is a state-certified appraiser. It's important that this job be handled by a professional.



VIRGIL JONES Coroner
Virgil Jones brings the educational background and common sense to deal with the increasingly more complex tasks the Adair County Coroner must be able to perform. This job is not for amateurs any more.



JOAN MAYBERRY Public administrator
Joan Mayberry brings both selfless dedication and experience to the Public Administrator's office as she continues to make important decisions for those in Adair County who are unable to care for themselves.



MARVIN McDONALD State Representative
Marvin McDonald brings a common-sense approach to the 2nd District's most pressing issue: education, health-care and challenges facing senior citizens. He's the only candidate in this race who has defined the issues and taken a solid stand on them.

JAY NIXON Attorney General
As Attorney General, Jay Nixon has sought to clean up the school desegregation and Second Injury Fund messes left by his predecessor. He has lobbied aggressively for stronger juvenile crime legislation and protection for victims of abuse.

BOB HOLDEN State Treasurer
Thanks in large part to Bob Holden's smart investment strategies as State Treasurer, Financial World Magazine ranks Missouri the third best-managed state in the country. And, Missouri is one of only four states with an AAA bond rating.

REBECCA COOK Secretary of State
Bekki Cook has worked to protect consumers from securities fraud, modernized the Secretary of State's office to better serve voters and improve the election process, and successfully implemented the "Motor-Voter" registration law, which has added nearly half a million citizens to the voter rolls.

ROGER WILSON Lieutenant Governor
The Kansas City Star wrote: "Wilson's excellent working relationship with Gov. Mel Carnahan has been a plus for the state, and it particularly shows in the joint support for improving early childhood education programs, full funding of Parents as Teachers and education improvements in general..." A contrast to his "ill-informed" opponent, Wilson is also an active advocate for senior citizens. Not so for his opponent who didn't want citizens to vote on establishing the Department of Aging.

MEL CARNAHAN Governor
The last four years have been productive ones in Missouri. Mel Carnahan provides the leadership that will keep fighting for our priorities: education opportunities for all of our children, a bright economic future for our families, and welfare reform.

HAROLD VOLKMER Congressman
A recent editorial in the St Louis Post-Dispatch endorsed Harold Volkmer, noting: "Mr. Volkmer was an eloquent critic of the excesses of the Republican majority..." He has fought to protect Medicare and Medicaid, student loans and education funding, and environmental protection from the cuts which Newt Gingrich proposed to fund tax cuts for the wealthy.

**BILL CLINTON President
AL GORE Vice President**
Thanks to the policies of Bill Clinton and Al Gore, America now has millions of new jobs, low inflation, low unemployment, thousands of new small businesses, steady economic growth, substantial reductions in the federal deficit, and thousands of new police officers on the streets.

Vote Democratic on November 5

Paid for by the Adair County Democratic Club and Adair County Democratic Central Committee.

Opinions

"I've got something to say, sir, I'm gonna say it now." -Phil Ochs

Major Party = Major Scam

by J. Clayborn White

What ideas or issues come to your mind if I mention the Libertarian Party? The Reform Party? the Natural Law Party? You probably cannot think of much which may not entirely be your fault. The media in our country continually turn a blind eye to "third" parties and their candidates. The only candidates that you probably know anything about are the two the media have told you about, and the one who has told you about himself.

Such a narrow view permeates even our campus newspapers. *The Monitor* ran a feature comparing responses to policy questions from a Democrat and a Republican.

Did they seek out anybody to represent the ideas of other political views? The *Index* took this an ignominious step further with a full page feature asking which political party is right for you, and only giving two choices. Do they realize that there are six Presidential candidates on the Missouri ballot?

Why does the media not give coverage to the other four political parties and their candidates? The fact that Clinton and Dole are referred to as the "major party" candidates may give a clue. Referring to them as such candidates represent are inconsequential.

Third parties in general are viewed as being one-issue fringe groups. They are caught in a Catch-22 where they need to see forth

a strong position in order to capture the public eye (an issue that served as the impetus for formation). The drawback to this is that the public won't see them by anything but that issue.

Rather than being a fringe of inconsequential malcontents, third parties play an important part in shaping the political spectrum and the positioning of candidates within. Third party candidates provide more alternatives for voters, as well as a vehicle for public sentiment. While there may not be any candidate that you want to vote for, there is likely to be one that you would vote against. Third parties give you just that.

chance, so that you do not have to choose between the evil of two lesser.

A view that votes for third party candidates are "wasted" is fallacious. Your vote is your voice in a democracy, your say in how you want the future to be shaped. Voting for third party candidates fosters the democratic spirit, exercising your franchise trustily is hardly wasted.

When you enter the voting booth today, do not feel so shocked to see more than three presidential candidates. I tried to prepare you. In 2000, force the media to give equal coverage to all candidates appearing on all fifty ballots, not just those they deem to be important, then maybe we can have a democracy, not a mediocracy.

Establishing a unified political party was a much more difficult endeavor for the Ameri-

Party Struggles and Failure

by Jason Clamper

As someone who votes in Illinois by absentee ballot, I have already gone through my bout of anger, depression, and cynicism. For my second presidential election, I was once again ashamed at what the names on the voting ballot spoke to me. The first two said "We're almost identical," and the others said "We don't have a chance."

The only hope for me lay in the blank spot, in which I wrote in a name that I knew would not win since he was only on the ballot in thirty-some states and had little support outside of idealistic dreamers like me.

There has been a ray of hope in this election, though, and that has come from the increased mention of third party candidates. The unfortunate part of this is that the media and voters have no sense of history when it comes to third parties in the US.

Outside of personality-driven parties like Perot's Reform Party and Teddy Roosevelt's Progressive Party of 1912, the only viable third party this country has had was the Socialist Party. Having some idea of why the socialists failed is essential to understanding why there have been no third parties of substantial power since then.

Between 1890 and 1920, there were numerous socialist periodicals which informed the populace of news, events, strikes, and developing doctrine. *Appeal to Reason*, a weekly out of Kansas, reached a circulation of over 750,000 in 1913, a distribution greater than any other weekly of the day. Newspapers such as the *New York Call*, the *Masses*, and a number of multi-lingual papers promoted the socialist cause in their pages and were read by workers of many ethnic groups, as well as by popular writers and intellectuals.

Establishing a unified political party was a much more difficult endeavor for the Ameri-

can socialists than organizing or distributing a newspaper. In 1877, the Socialist Labor Party was formed by labor and farm organizations, and ran its first candidate for president in 1892. After years of working with labor unions, organizing, and speaking, Eugene Debs and Victor Berger formed the Social Democratic Party of America in 1898, and three years later merged with elements of the Socialist Labor Party to form the Socialist Party of America.

Between 1901 and 1919, the Socialist Party grew rapidly as it attacked the industrial giants, spoke for farmers and factory workers, opposed the Spanish-American war, and helped organize unions. The type of people who supported Socialist Party candidates during their period of broadest support, 1912-1919, were not the kind one thinks of today when one thinks of socialists. The power of the socialists in the southwestern states of Okla-

homa, Texas, Louisiana, and Arkansas was equal to the strength of the Democrats or Republicans. Election results in the southwest for the 1912 presidential election, demonstrate that there were factors beyond the accustomed protest vote or partisan loyalties that drove people to vote for this other party.

Up until the US entered the first World War in 1917, the party looked as if it would equal or surpass the Democrats and Republicans. Their support grew to such an extent that one observer stated, "The Socialists have won admission, as it were, to the family of Political parties," and one Republican leader suggested that his Party combine with the

See Third, next page

Monitor

This View may not be That View

This View.

Two little words which don't seem to mean too much.

For starters, This View, as is not stated anywhere in this newspaper, is written by the Board of Supreme Indifference. This Board consists of *The Monitor* Hairstylist, Cobbler, Teen Idol, and Star Player.

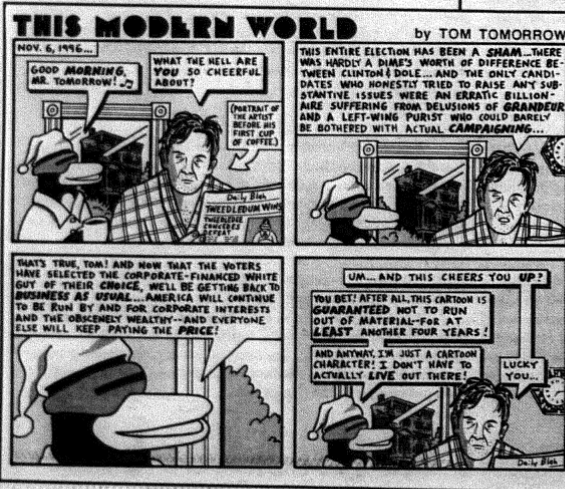
The Board never has meetings and never really discusses what topics to write about. In general, we try to avoid controversial events or subjects which may matter to students, faculty or any organic matter. If a topic is, by chance, selected, it does not represent *The Monitor* staff in any way. We don't know how it got in the paper.

Secondly, there are no set standards as to what may be printed in This View. The column can be written for an issue or against an issue. It can address an individual or a group, a stationary object or a moving target, a small kitchen appliance or a large man named Al, your momma or your papa; it could even address an envelope.

Finally, this is an opinion column, just like most of what appears in the rest of the paper. We do not ask that you tolerate any Other Views. Just accept This View. There's no need to think; it's all laid out for you right here.

This View will remain to be This View for as long as it can. Just as you might hope to one day have your Own View, This View will continue to be a Separate View. It will be This View -- not That View.

Ana BuenCorazon
for the Board of Supreme Indifference



Third, cont. from previous page

Democrats to oppose the growing threat of socialism.

But the party was undermined by the tactics of vigilantes, politicians, and businessmen. During the trial of some union leaders, the defense stated that "the Wilson Administration sponsored a reign of terror far worse than any conducted in Europe, either among the Allied Powers or within the German Empire."

The main opposition to the Socialist Party stemmed from its stance against the war, especially as candidates began to receive even more support for their anti-war pledge. The forces opposed to socialism, the Democrats, Republicans, and big business, united in an attempt to destroy the Socialist Party. Aided by the Espionage Act of 1917 (which prohibited any anti-war material from passing through the mails), the government and its vigilantes waged a war against socialists by violently breaking up free-speech meetings, burning down halls, seizing their mail, and banning their newspapers.

Organizers were lynched by vigilantes and publicly displayed to frighten would-be supporters. In later years, observers remarked that McCarthyism was nothing compared to what took place prior to 1920.

The other problem third parties encountered then and today, is the voting process. Norman Thomas, a six-time presidential nominee, said that, "I have sometimes told English friends that had we had a centralized parliamentary government rather than a federal presidential government, we should have had, under some name or another, a moderately strong socialist party."

An election system which would allow voters to use a popular preferential ballot could create an atmosphere in which voters would be able to express their support for other parties. The two major parties fear third parties. This is obvious from their actions in the past as well as today: remember that the "Independent" debate committee prohibited Perot and Nader from participating with Clinton and Dole.

Even with the state of US politics being so dismal, there are groups that have built or are in the process of building political machines that could challenge the Republicans and Democrats. On the right there is the Christian Coalition which has used a combination of corporate funding (Goors and Domino's Pizza) and grass-roots organizing to build a formidable political action group. If they so pleased, it could take away its support of the Republicans and organize a party of its own.

The left, unfortunately, is not so keen these days. Those who have realized that Clinton and his cronies in the Democratic Leadership Council are as morally bankrupt as the Republicans are not quite sure where to turn. Some of the energy of these folks has been funneled into the New Party and the Labor Party. The New Party is operating like the Christian Coalition: first building a local base through school boards and city councils and then moving towards the state houses and US Capitol. The Labor Party was energized by the passage of NAFTA and the recognition that the US labor force is shifting from production to service positions.

During the next four years, there is a chance that some groups may make moves toward providing alternatives. The new parties should be careful to take notice of history and realize that established powers do not like competition when it threatens business as usual.

RIDER Camera

Your Photographic Headquarters

coupon
TWIN PRINTS!

99¢

For a second set
c-41 processing
color print 35mm film

exp. 11/19/96

Make color copies on our
Canon™ Color Copier

1 hour or same day
color prints on quality
Kodak™ Royal paper

RIDER Camera & Video

1207 South Baltimore
(Next to Taco Bell)
PHONE 665-8305



Your got to your 7:30
a.m. class without us
so far. Don't try that
anymore. Stop into

Washington
Street Java
Company

after 7 a.m. Monday
thru Friday for some
strong coffee and re-
ally fresh baked goods

107 W. Washington
627.4777

HOI POLLOI

CLEARANCE SALE ON CLOTHES
50% off
specially marked items

AFFORDABLE HEMP TWINE
\$5.00 - \$10.00
3 different diameters

Your door to MANY other worlds ...
http://members.aol.com/vixen2000
e-mail: vixen 2000@aol.com

112 S. Franklin
Kirksville, MO 63501
665-2565 or 1-800-717-2565

OPEN: MON-SAT 10-7



KIRKSVILLE'S
GREAT CASUAL STORE

NO FEAR ADIDAS
NIKE LEVI'S
MOSSIMO POLO JEANS
STARTER JACKETS
CHAPS by RALPH LAUREN
MEN'S CK JEANS

117-119 S. FRANKLIN
KIRKSVILLE, MO 63501

When the Hospital is Sick

Part one: covering Kirksville's biggest change since Still rode into town

by Myron Esther

Past the streets that define the boundaries of Truman State University lies a town that cares about a lot more than where *Money* magazine ranked the school. One issue Kirksville is struggling with now is the proposed takeover by Grim-Smith of Kirksville Osteopathic Medical Center.

Understanding the mess that has resulted from the bid is a full time job, so this part will only focus on the players and the questions that are unanswered.

The Players

*Grim-Smith Hospital and Clinic, Inc. (Grim-Smith).

*Kirksville Osteopathic Medical Center (KOMC).

*Doctors Hospital, LLC (Doctors LLC). A group of 35 doctors attempting to purchase the operating lease for KOMC. These doctors currently operate Grim-Smith Hospital.

*Tenet Corporation. A health-care corporation headquartered in Santa Barbara, California that operates seventy-five facilities in thirteen states. Tenet owns the operating lease for KOMC.

*National Medical Enterprises (NME). Now reorganized as Tenet, NME negotiated with KOMC for the operating lease of KOMC and Laughlin Medical Pavilion.

*Academic Medicine, Inc. (AMI). A group of instructors at KOMC who are also members of Doctors, LLC.

*Adair Medical Enterprises (AME). A corporation whose members are shareholders of Grim-Smith. The members of AME are being sued by NME for investing in a competitor, Grim-Smith/Doctors, LLC, after signing a Covenant Not To Invest in 1994.

The Questions

Most of the questions regarding the takeover are not answered either because of the Non-Disclosure agreement that prevents those involved from talking about the details or because the parties just do not feel like talking.

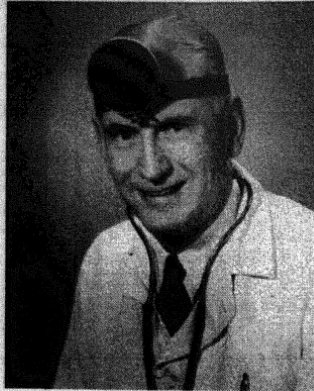
In place of these unanswered questions have arisen some unfounded accusations and ridiculous assertions. On the other hand, there are a number of answers that have emerged.

First of all, Grim-Smith has been trying to cut back costs and collect payment for services rendered as quickly as possible. In July, there was a 15 percent budget and personnel cut, a cut that Grim-Smith originally denied as result of the takeover bid. Also this summer, Grim-Smith sent out letters to patients offering them 50 percent off if they would pay their bill immediately.

The battle for patients in Kirksville that has been going on for about eight years has been heightened by the threat of takeover. Academic Medicine, Inc., a group of instructors at KOMC, recommending to its patients that they go first to Grim-Smith, where these doctors are part owners.

This is the major fear of the opponents of the plan: that consolidation could lead to financial self-interest guided health care planning on the part of the members of Doctors LLC.

The present company that operates KOMC is not perfect. Tenet corporation is



Would you want doctors to run the hospital you went to?

a reorganized form of NME. In 1994, NME pleaded guilty to paying kickbacks and bribes for patient referrals. According to the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, they were forced to pay \$33 million in criminal fines, \$16.3 million in civil fines, and \$324.2 million in civil fines to the federal government.

One can easily see that the merger is a messy matter. Many people in town would just as soon ignore it if they could, but hundreds of jobs are on the line, as well as careers, reputations, and large sums of money.

Next week, *The Monitor* will provide more insight into the matter as well as some interviews with individuals on both sides of the issue.

Excerpts from the video Why? Healthcare consolidation in Northeast Missouri distributed by Grim-Smith Hospital

Steven E. Clark, President and CEO Grim-Smith Hospital and Clinic, Inc. 4*

"This consolidation is being done for one primary reason and one only: that is to survive."

"It is our hope and our objective to increase employment from this consolidation. Will there be some staff reductions, initially yes there will be, unfortunately. But that has to happen until the new services can be provided, until the transition time has been accepted and the objectives have been attained for everybody."

Lloyd J. Cleaver, DO 1†

"When we consolidate staffs, we only have to have one CTC scanner, one laboratory. So the costs, which have been double basically over the past eight years will be down to one major source."

Jack Bragg, DO 4*

"With one facility we'll be able to have for the community the latest in equipment...the areas for the community will benefit from this type of a merger goes on and on."

"There is almost no downside for the community."

"When the Managed care companies have the upper hand they can make it as difficult as possible."

Voice-over (uncredited voice, no sources for statistics)

"It had become obvious that here, as in hundreds of communities nationwide the market could not support two separate health-care institutions for either to survive they would have to become one, single, stronger institution."

"With empty hospital beds, with demand for cost control so intense [a pie graph is shown, "privately insured population," and is filled to approximately 52% by "managed care"], with managed care controlling an increasing greater percentage of the privately insured population, and with more and more patients leaving northeast Missouri in search of health care services, Kirksville hospitals, like those in Hannibal and Quincy, have realized that they cannot survive if they go it alone [menacing music in the background]."

"Although managed care plans currently account for 20-30% of the privately insured population in the region, they are coming."

"We can't get any if you write to the right people," Davis said.

Meetings will probably be Monday evenings. Anyone interested in films or anyone who wants to become more interested is welcome to attend; watch for signs for specific times.

If you want to express your interest more assertively or have any suggestions for these ladies, you can call 785.7200.

Shows Run: Tuesday, November 12 through Saturday, November 16
Times: 8:00 pm.
Running Times: approximately 90 minutes
Location: Little Theater-Baldwin Hall 176
Admission: is free at the door but to assure yourself a seat, reservations (\$1) are encouraged. Make your reservation beginning this week at the Theater Box Office.

Movies in My Head

by Jill Goodheart

Where are all the good movies? University Players has decided not to show us any independent or less publicized films, and the Student Activities Board is sticking with the mainstream, as is its tendency.

Rumors are flying as to why University Players has abandoned these smaller films. However, Rebekah Dowd, one of the University Player presidents, said that for a variety of reasons they have simply decided not to bring movies to Truman this semester.

So, the situation for many movie buffs has been somewhat bleak so far this year. Fortunately for such aficionados, two sophomores have taken it upon themselves to start a film club.

After talking to some movie lovers, they decided "Heck, there needs to be a film club," Jennifer Davis said.

"I read that ten million people have already seen *Independence Day* three times. Who really needs to see it again?" Rachel Elliott said. "We can rent two older movies for the price of *Independence Day*."

Ms Davis and Ms Elliott began hanging up signs and talking to professors a few weeks ago. According to Ms Davis, interest has been fairly significant, and especially high for foreign films.

"We even had someone call who has a silent film collection," Davis said.

So far there are five or six professors who want to join, but the club is still looking for an advisor, according to Ms Davis. They have had about 20 to 25 students express interest as well.

"Everyone has their own focus or interest" such as Russian films or images of the doctor in films," Cayle Stewart said.

Initially, films will probably have to be shown via VCR projection either in a classroom or possibly in the Down Under. Any films shown over a conventional projector will probably have to be older, Ms Davis said. Because of the interest in foreign films, the club may try to sponsor films with the French or Spanish clubs. They also are thinking about turning to the Funds Allotment Council for some support.

"Our goal [this year] is to show one good foreign movie for free," Ms Davis said. Eventually they hope to show as many as University Players used to show.

The club founders also hope the Film Club will serve as a resource which students can utilize to locate hard to find films.

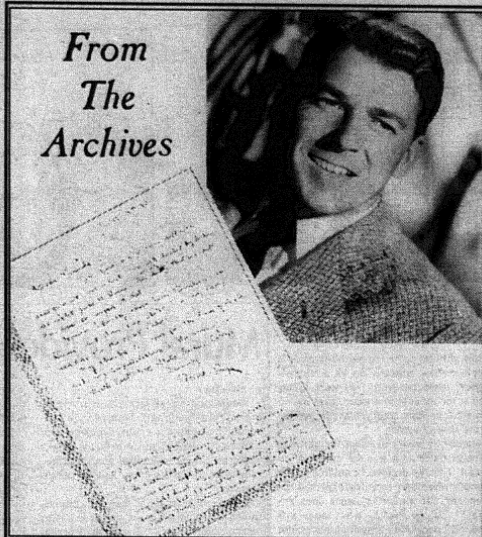
While funding is limited for now, Ms Davis said they plan on researching and applying for a grant so they can bring newer, more expensive movies in the future.

"You can get grants if you write to the right people," Davis said.

Meetings will probably be Monday evenings. Anyone interested in films or anyone who wants to become more interested is welcome to attend; watch for signs for specific times.

If you want to express your interest more assertively or have any suggestions for these ladies, you can call 785.7200.

From The Archives



Oh Ronnie!

Truman State University! How about Reagan State University? The most evil president of the last twenty years had the honor of choosing the Echo Queen back in 1948. Below is a typed copy of the letter that appears above.

Dear Friends,

You gave me a very difficult assignment one which I almost ducked by picking all eight girls as Queen. Incidentally that wouldn't have been so unfair, at that.

However I finally chose Jean Pevehouse as Queen and I'm sure she'll be a very lovely addition to the 1948 Echo.

My thanks to you for the honor of this task and my congratulations to the men of North East Mo. State Teachers College.

Sincerely, Ronald Reagan
P.S. Excuse this pen, it acted up pretty badly. But I can't excuse the writing because it's really had all the time I can't do any better! I was born left handed and was made to use my right hand. I've often wondered if I could have done better had I been allowed to use the left?

Pictures being returned under separate cover.

The Best of the Jr Test

by Heath Morlan

Included in Truman State University's assessment program is the dreadful Junior Test, which most people wouldn't take until their senior year if their registration wasn't held up by it. Most people have an irrational belief that the test is a terrible waste of time, but I disagree. I felt this time was very valuable to me, so I thought I might share my experiences with making the most of it.

When my scheduled time of execution rolled around, I walked right past Ophelia Parish, the location of the test session, and found myself in Ryle Hall commons where Carl Upchurch was speaking about various aspects of racism in the United States today. While the format he chose led to a good deal of confusion among the audience, by the end of the presentation I felt that those hours were very well spent. Individual speakers will vary, but you may wish to consider a similar option for your testing time.

Of course, I had to reschedule the exam, but that time a few of my friends were watching *Redneck Zombies* and playing Illuminati. Because I have my priorities well set, I opted

for the latter choice. It was a genuinely valuable cultural experience and at the end of the night, I was convinced that I had again made good use of my time. If you haven't seen *Redneck Zombies*, by the way, be sure to check it out. It is a true work of art.

With registration just around the corner, I decided that I should actually show up for the exam on the next go-around. For those of you who are unfamiliar with the process, this is how the testing works. When you get to your testing location, you should have a #2 pencil, a photo ID, and a Gamsby or something. If you forget your ID just point to your name on the list and the proctors will believe that it's you and not somebody you paid to sit through it on your behalf.

The format of the actual exam, as I understand it, varies in difficulty and content from group to group. My exam was broken up into two sections with 72 question and 75 minutes each. Now, we've all heard that you can get away with just randomly filling in bubbles and, guess what, it's true. I chose to actually try on the first section, but watch-

See Junior Test, page 8

FRIENDSHIP CONFIDENCE INTEGRITY
Vote for
VIRGIL K. JONES
Democratic
Candidate for
County Coroner



PAID FOR BY CITIZENS TO ELECT VIRGIL JONES, CORONER
RON MILLER, TREASURER

ELECT BOB GIOVANNINI



Democrat for Adair County Assessor

November 5
Paid for by Committee to Elect Giovannini Assessor, Charles Giovannini, Treasurer

Medea Takes Center Stage

by Carl Duffield

Love, Wrath, Grief. As the Theater Department gears up for its final main stage production of the Fall season, this campus will get a taste of what can happen when unbridled revenge overcomes reason in a classic Greek tragedy that's kept the stage humming for centuries.

But don't be too surprised if this adaptation by Robinson Jeffers doesn't present the picture perfect Corinthus you learned about in *World Civ I*. This *Medea* is ancient Greek tragedy with a new-age twist.

Lee Orchard, the director of *Medea*, talked about what students could expect: "I think the biggest surprise for students will be the accessibility of *Medea*. Ancient Greek costumes have been integrated with almost futuristic design."

Under the advisement of Dr. Gooch, our own students have composed the supporting music on synthesizers. Plus, some of the long monologues that students might skim when reading the play have been adapted as dialogue. Basically, the adaptation is easy

on the ears."

Now you may not all remember the background of this tale of love gone fantastically wrong, so in brief, here it goes: while in Colchis on the quest for the Golden Fleece, Jason of the famous Argonauts meets Medea who promptly falls head over heels in love with him.

By the end of the quest, a love-blinded Medea has used her powers as sorceress to help Jason gain the Fleece, betraying her father and killing her brother in the process. A gracious Jason flees with Medea to "civilized" Greece where over the course of the coming years they raise two children.

In a final show of his gratitude, Jason begins to court and eventually marries the local monarch's daughter. Understandably, Medea is a little more than miffed and thus

begins the course of events which culminate in her revenge.

Here is a production where Greek tragedy loses its masks. Typical of Euripidean drama, this production is more psychological than philosophical, fueled by the passion and rage of a woman terribly wronged. The result is a play far removed from the stereotypical "museum piece" drama you may think of in classic Greek drama. "The characters are humanized, each with a distinct, sometimes chilling voice," said Jennifer Worth, a member of the cast.

When questioned about the final tableau or the memorable and normally shocking scene typical in Greek revenge tragedy, Orchard arched an eyebrow and said little more than "there is definitely a recognition scene with perhaps *Fatal Attraction* connections."

So, does this mean we should expect revenge with all of its most glorious, goriest trimmings? Go and find out for yourself.

The result is a play far removed from the stereotypical "museum piece" drama you may think of in classic Greek drama.

"Toby and Custer"**Kirk, cont. from page 1**

Unfortunately, Kirk Building and Kirk Memorial are on the back burner to a lot of other projects going on around campus, and Mr. Weickert suspects that upon completion of the Violence Hall renovations and the new Rec Center, more attention will be placed on the deterioration in these buildings. Still, much has yet to be decided.

Mr. Schneider states that the attention is focused according to usage, and at this time both structures are not extensively used. "If in the next plus or minus two years we determine a use for Kirk Gym," says Mr. Schneider, "then the funding is more likely to come." For now, however, Kirk Building and Kirk Memorial simply wait.

The Women's Resource Center

and
Dr. Keith Doubt
present

"Portrayals of Women in the Media"

a video presentation

Wednesday,
NOVEMBER 6
6:00 p.m.

Ryle Conference Room

Junior Test, cont. from page 7

ing the girl next to me do her homework in what somehow appeared to be a leisurely manner, while the rest of us were toiling away at the monotonous exam, gave me no choice but to start rapidly filling in bubbles for the second section.

Actually, it wasn't so much the girl next to me as much as it was the questions on the test. I finally decided I couldn't take it anymore when they seriously expected me to answer, "If $x+3=13$, what does $x-5$ equal?" "If $x+3=13$, what does $x-5$ equal?" I could have answered that in fifth grade! Don't even try to tell me that question is part of a control group or something either, it is a waste of my time, nothing more.

Now let's think about this for a minute folks, I have always been told that this test is supposed to somehow evaluate our mental growth within the past two years or so. Why would a truly intelligent person waste their precious time proving that they can fill in a bubble that answers, "If $x+3=13$, what does $x-5$ equal?" It reminds me of a rumor I heard when I first came to this school. Somebody told me that the pledges of some fraternity were told to have intercourse with a barnyard animal, and if they actually went through with it, they were kicked out of the group on the spot. Those who knew better were still eligible for initiation (at least, I think that's a rumor). Do you see a connection here? I say people who correctly answered five out of 72 question using the random answering technique are much more intelligent than those who spend 75 minutes to correctly answer 70 out of 72 stupid questions.

This is why your Junior Test time doesn't have to be a waste. You have the ability, nay, the duty to draw AC/DC and Van Halen logos on your answer sheets and then go about your normal business. Just remember, when you finally decide to show up for your exam time, bring a #2 pencil, a photo ID, and something better to do.

Mural Provides Experience

by Katie Riley

Washington Street Java Co. is trying to build a relationship with Truman State University in an effort to connect students with a taste of a reality. Unfortunately, the project might be lacking in its final goal of artistically tying the coffee house and its patrons together.

Julia Reed, manager of the cafe, commissioned a class of senior art majors to design and construct a mural "of artful thinking and whimsy" to be hung in the coffee shop on permanent display.

Assistant Professor of Art, Coralyne Delbier, introduced the project to her graphic design class in early October. Their assignment was to work with "the client," Washington Street Java Co., on a completely professional level. Ms. Delbier was not involved in the actual project, allowing the students absolute control over the mural and enabling them to resolve any possible conflicts.

Jennifer Sagaser, one of the nine students involved with the mural, said they started by interviewing the client. "They said they wanted something light-hearted...something that showed the business with baked goods and coffee."

"The goal was to make the client happy and meet the requirements," said classmate Chad Boatman.

The requirements included meeting their three week deadline, working within a budget, and successfully combining the ideas of nine students onto one piece of 10' X 3' canvas. The coffee shop was financially responsible only for the actual cost of materials. The students gained real life experience in a business transaction.

The class which also consisted of Leah Frey, Marty Hammond, Tony Hurt, Matt Krob, Jason Richardson, Shimele Takizawa, and David Vordtriede, said they mostly enjoyed the challenge of working outside of the class in a large group: a challenge they will face after graduation.

At the unveiling of the mural last Tuesday, there was no doubt: In Ms. Delbier or Ms. Reed's minds that the students had met all their goals. The small ceremony was attended by about 25 people. Unfortunately, the artists themselves missed the unveiling because of confusion in the unannounced time of the event.

The mural, though not obvious at first, hangs about 12 inches from the ceiling. There are plans, however, to make the artwork more noticeable. Ms. Reed commented, "We'll probably get some sort of track lighting. It kind of disappears."

However, it is not the lighting that some customers are criticizing. Besides comparing the subjects to the popular MTV characters "Beavis and Butthead," some of the coffeehouse patrons feel that it is not well-suited to that particular environment.

"My first reaction was it was something you'd see at the grocery store," said Shelby Floyd, a bartender at Java Co. "Large drawings of food and people enjoying them. I thought it would be more atmospheric and less propaganda."

"It's really colorful. This is all the earthy, smoke-filled room and it's trying to represent Washington Street Java Co. It doesn't really," said Junior Trevor Johnson.

"The fact that the characters were all stylized. It was neat. But it's out of motif," said sophomore Meagan Malcolm.

Most students were, however, very supportive of the general idea of bringing real-world situations into the classroom. They expressed interest in similar projects brought into their majors for personal experience. Sophomore Liz Frederick, a business major, said, "Let's face it, no business actually comes in and says, 'do our books for a month.'"

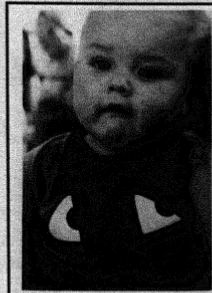
This Special White Space is Facial Tissue, designed for your use during the cold and flu season. Just cut, blow, and deposit in the nearest trash receptacle (or your back pocket).

meetings and deadlines

Monitor meetings:
Tonight, 5 November, OP 115c @ 9:00
Thursday, 7 November, OP 115c @ 9:35
Tuesday, 12 November, OP 115c @ 9:00
Thursday, 14 November, OP 115c @ 9:35

Deadline for 19 November issue:
15 November for reviews, artwork, and opinion pieces.

17 November for everything else.

**Elect MARVIN MCDONALD****STATE REPRESENTATIVE**

"For the major portion of my life, I have worked to serve the needs of others as educator and community leader and offer my background and experience to the voters of District 2 as their representative. I have always believed that the traditional family and Christian values should be the basis for making decisions. Our campaign has earned strong bi-partisan support and your vote would be appreciated on November 5."

-Thank You

VOTE MCDONALD

Paid for by the Marvin McDonald for State Representative Committee, Marietta Jayne - Treasurer

TIME IS RUNNING OUT!
THE TAKE FIVE GAMES ROOM
IS HOLDING A FEW MORE
TOURNAMENTS THIS
SEMESTER! YOUR CHANCE TO
SIGN UP IS ENDING SOON!

*NOV 9: 8-BALL TOURNAMENT

15 ENTRY FEE, SIGN-UPS END NOV 8

*NOV 14: AIR HOCKEY AND TABLE
SOCCER REGIONAL QUALIFYING
TOURNAMENTS:

• 12 FOR ONE EVENT, 15 FOR BOTH

• SIGN-UPS END NOV 12

• WINNERS GO TO THE REGIONAL TOURNAMENT
AT KANSAS STATE, FEB 21-25

ALSO: WATCH FOR FINALS WEEK SPECIAL EVENTS

THE 11TH HOUR IS
APPROACHING!

study abroad

National Security Education Program Undergraduate Scholarships for Study Abroad can be applied to study in countries outside Western Europe, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. Scholarship awards will vary based on financial need and will cover one academic term or a full academic year. Please contact the Center for International Education Abroad, Kirk Building 120, for more information.

DEADLINE FOR APPLICATIONS:
January 15, 1997

Sunday Nov 10

Candlelight vigil
in memory of
Ken Saro-Wiwa

7 p.m. in front of the SUB

Sponsored by:
Amnesty International
and the
Ogoni Society

Thursday Nov 7 & Friday Nov 8
Petitions for President Clinton and
Shell Oil in front of the SUB

Nov 11-15 is Death
Penalty Awareness
Week:

petitions--debates--movies

Reviews



music film literature art

No More Rock n'Roll

by Bryan Westhoff

I have been converted. A while back I was informed by a good friend of mine that all music should be destroyed. At first I was taken back and a little insulted.

I really like music and if it was destroyed, I would not be able to wield the power of writing for a huge newspaper conglomerate. However, once it was explained to me I found myself becoming more of a believer. I will now lay out the logic for you, as it was laid out to me:

1. With all the people lacking the things they need in this world.
2. All citizens need to be as productive as possible.
3. Music is only a distraction for those who listen to it.

4. Therefore all music must be destroyed. I know this really sucks, and I will lose a lot of money on all the CDs and stereo equipment I have bought. Still, what must be done, must be done.

The final straw was when I began thinking about all the music I listened to this week while I'm two hours away from a deadline on this piece. Who knows, if I had not listened to any music maybe I could have had this written a week ago, and invented a perpetual motion machine.

Next week you will see the results of a productive writer—a writer without distractions made by the nonproductive. Next week you will see a column that is of the highest quality, for it will be concentrated on without any distractions.



by Kirby Vogel

Jars of Clay is a Christian band. Their name and their lyrics are two indicators of this. It may be hard to distinguish lyrics while at a blaring concert, but whether you heard them or not, they carry a powerful Christian message. Jars of Clay take their name from 2 Corinthians 4:7; but we have this treasure in jars of clay to

show that this all-surpassing power is from God and not from us. This passage in a way emphasizes how we are all jars of clay, fragile, stressed out and empty. Some jars will break under such pressure. But other jars have a treasure within: the gospel of Jesus Christ. Alone, clay jars crumble under hardships. Those with the treasure still face the hardships, but do not break.

THE STUDENTS IN THE WORLD CINEMA course will be presenting a number of film festivals throughout the rest of the semester. Below is a schedule and a subject guide. CALL MONITOR TOWER FOR UPDATES.

"LET UNDER COMPELLED" (TO LIVE, I AM CLAY, & BURN BY THE SUN) 9 NOVEMBER, OP 118, 4PM.

"PSYCHOLOGICAL VIOLENCE" (HEAVENLY CREATURES & CLOCKWORK ORANGE) 10 NOVEMBER, OP 118, 2PM.

"FILM NOIR" (MALTER FALCON, SUNSET BOULEVARD, & BLOOD SIMPLE) NOVEMBER, OP 118, 4PM.

music

Country Boy Done Good

by Mike Roth

Unknown artists often are relegated to the outskirts of popular music; usually this obscurity is well deserved. However, every so often an obscure musician rises from the ranks and makes their voice heard through sheer talent and ability. Such is the case with Robbie Fulks, an insurgent country artist from North Carolina and his debut album *Country Love* Songs.

Mr Fulks relies instead on the hallmark of the insurgent country movement: the song.

Robbie Fulks first came to the attention of music critics with a single released on the Bloodshot Records label. This single, "Cigarette State," stood out as one of the smarter country songs of 1994.

Singing the praises of this top tobacco producing state and throwing in a love ballad to boot, Mr Fulks combines pure lyric artistry while adding a humorous side.

Following a second single in 1995 released by Bloodshot, talk immediately spread about the possibilities of a full length album from this up and coming artist.

While possessing one of the most disturbing covers of any album released recently, *Country Love Songs* contains some of the smartest writing and musicianship of modern country music.

Steering away from the glam and image which has become country, Mr Fulks relies

instead on the hallmark of the insurgent country movement: the song.

Produced by virtuoso Steve Albini, the album is typified by upbeat country melodies backing lyrics which outwardly sound happy, but upon closer inspection speak of the horrors and tribulations of love.

This duality inherent in the songs reveals a remarkable sense of maturity for an artist in his late twenties.

Check out tracks like "Barely Human" or "She Took A Lot Of Pills (And Died)." If you are interested in some of the better material being put out by the country underground. In "She Took A Lot Of Pills (And Died)," a jangling guitar and violin cover up the dreary lyrics of suicide.

Mr Fulks sings in a happy tone that brings a smile to your face but wondering what the hell is going on behind that cheerful noise in that man's head.

Country Love Songs provides us with a traditional country beat with a unique approach to the typical twangy croon. Mr Fulks delivers a gem that will make the oldest Honky Tonk tap a snake skin boot and a young insurgent country follower to order another beer and try to figure out what Mr Fulks had to experience to receive such a warped sense of humor and thank him for having it.

film

Old School, New Flava

by J Clayborn White

Shakespeare, but as you have never seen Shakespeare before. With arresting cinematography, quick cuts, and rife with Christ figure symbolism, Director Baz Luhrmann brings a compelling new vision that complements the Bard's flair for language.

The film opens with an in-your-face and highly stylized slow motion exchange between members of two feuding gangs, the Montagues and Capulets, whose patriarchs are a cross between Dons and Industrial barons, the highest buildings in town emblazoned with their name and trademark.

The literally stunning opening mellowed slowly as the film progresses. Using techniques like comical double speed sequences involving the Capulet household, Luhrmann adds comic relief, while an acid trip party (with a Mercutio in drag performing a fantastic dance number) lends to Romeo's inner turmoil. All this culminates in an eerily quiet climax.

So many things scream for your attention in the film. The backdrops provide a visual narration with thinly veiled puns; Romeo and his gang hang out at the Globe, an old theatre converted into a pool hall. While Luhrmann can sometimes be too cute with

this device, throwing allusionary billboards in extraneously just so you know how clever he is, the approach works very well.

The music, rather than being a mere filler, is compelling in its own right; I found the gospel rendition of Prince's *When Doves Cry* especially moving.

I can't decide who is more beautiful, the amorous Romeo with his soul poised on his lips or the luminescent ingenue of Juliet.

What really makes the film is the interaction of the actors. Speaking the tongue of the Elizabethans in a modern dialect, the film remains true to the play.

John Leguizamo plays an angst-ridden, gunstling Tybalt whose piercing anger contrasts with the playfully flamboyant Mercutio of Harold Perrineau.

Outshining them all, however, are Leonardo DiCaprio and Claire Danes as the title characters. I can't decide who is more beautiful, the amorous Romeo with his soul poised on his lips or the luminescent ingenue of Juliet.

One thing is for certain, when their eyes meet at the Capulet party it will make anyone's heart go pitter-patter as they fall in love without speaking a word.

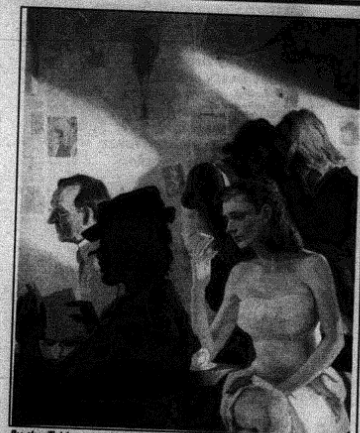
In this latest rendering of Shakespeare, director Baz Luhrmann takes Romeo + Juliet to a whole new level, adding a beautiful vision to the classic tale of star crossed lovers.

Current Exhibit

The Division of Fine Arts of Truman is currently showing the works of Yu Ji. The works are executed in both pen and ink and oil and canvas. The show runs 24 October until 22 November.



Sidewalk



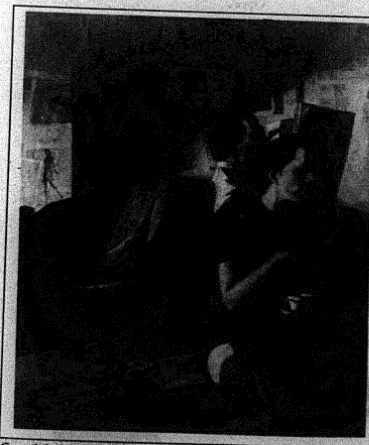
By the Table

"...In my work, human figures are often depicted in ethnically and racially mixed groups situated in a confined space which, in a sense, is a metaphor of my own self-search. I believe my painting is a response to experiences of personal survival in a cultural environment very different from my own up-bringing."

From Yu Ji's artist's statement



Late Hour



Cup of Coffee



Backstreet

DAMNED CHUCKANUT SALMON

THE SALMON THEY SAY
ARE -ON A WHOLE-
A MOST NASTY SPECIES
THE HOOK OF THEIR SNOUT
-DEFIANTLY COMMUNIST
JUST PLAIN WRONG
PART OF AN ALIEN TASK FORCE
OF SUBMARINE INVADERS
OUTSIDERS
NOT LIKE ME
BE DAMNED TO HAVE 'EM
COMING BACK
YEAR AFTER YEAR
TO WORM THEIR WAY
UP MY STREAM
MY WATERS
MINE
DAMNED HOOK-NOSED
FAGGOT FISH
WHO EVER HEARD OF
GOING UPSTREAM
ANYWAY-
JUST PLAIN WRONG-
GOES AGAINST THE GRAIN.

B.S.

PENNY-WATER RAIN DROPS
AND FREE LOVE BEACH TOWELS
IT'S A MOOD
OUT THERE
WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN
BEHIND A CLOUD
FRANKENSTEIN NEVER WALKED THE BEACH
NEVER FELT SAND
ON THE SOLES OF HIS FEET
IT'S A GUN-METAL GRAY SKY
BUT I'M WARM
I'M ALONE
AND I'M ON FIRE
THIS IS MY BEACH
MY VIEW
IT'S A PISS-POOR SUNSET
AND IT'LL RAIN IF I WANT IT TO
AND JOE, IT'S A STORM
POSTED NO LIFE GUARD ON DUTY
IF YOU GO FOR A SWIM
DON'T DROWN
I'M NOBODY'S SAVIOUR
IT'S A SUNSHINY BIG SMILE
CLOUDY KINDA DAY
AND I'M ON FIRE
THIS IS MY BEACH
DON'T TOUCH ME, MAN
I'M ON VACATION

JASON DAVEY

Just a feeling.

I can smell the rain
as I lie
alone
with cys drawn shut
like the
torn white shades
in my old
room.
The one
of my childhood.
and I see stars
on the black
drop
of night.
and wonder how
to say goodbye.
and I think
(what's good to think
I think)
I'll lean back
in the gentle cradle of
my bed
(a firm mattress reality)
and let my heart fill
up with pumping
blood (you know the
water of life)
Let it rise up in waves
where it starts
a baby pool.
And keep breathing
as it floods.
Open
everything
inside
when it explodes,
and volumes of
light
pour solidly forth
as if
the gates of heaven
had just been opened
through me.
Then I can smile
to leave.

Tough Shit University

Three cheers for the atomic Best Buy
smacks of "Great Value" (Jet).
too busy spit-shinin' the imitation patent leather
to notice the holes in the soles.

hats off to the ever-effective bureaucracy
bridling me with red tape and policies
to ride into the apocalyptic sunset of a mission impossible
(how they play games with your Added Value)

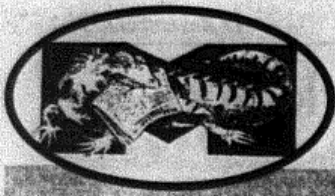
dotting the i's
clawing the desks
you were just another obstacle
to overcome into a future of
Uncertainty

Chapter 1

J.E.H.

My Back Pages...





The Monitor

November 19, 1996

Volume 3, Number 6

Truman State University's only source for thorough coverage of community issues, student affairs, politics, and culture.

Kum, Rob, and then Go

by Katie Riley

"I kept full control of my bowels," said the clerk at the Kum & Go north of the Truman State University campus. He was speaking of the robbery that took place last Friday night.

The clerk, who asked to remain anonymous, was working alone when at approximately 7:35 p.m., a young male wearing a mask approached the counter and demanded the money in the cash register.

"I thought it was a joke. I thought it was somebody I knew so I said something like 'Are you kidding?' Then I saw the gun," said the clerk.

"It was weird."

The clerk said the robber was nervous and "in a hurry to get out of here" but that he "was courteous enough not to point the gun at my face."

After emptying the register of an undisclosed amount of cash, the clerk was told to sit down on the floor of the empty store. The police were alerted shortly thereafter and the store was closed for a short time. While the clerk did not finish the shift Friday, he was back at work Saturday. "I thought about quitting at first but I didn't

think it was going to be happening again. I think it's an isolated incident."

"I'm still a little freaked out."

Area businesses are not worried about that the robber is still at large. Brenda Sewell, owner of the Uptown Cafe on the square, said she is neither surprised nor is she going to change her routines because of the robbery. "Nothing surprises you in Kirksville. We call it 'Little Chicago'...shootings, robberies, drugs, drugs, drugs," she said.

Lisa Wakely, a worker at Paglia's, was surprised by the robbery. "It's such a gutsy thing to do in such a small town at such a busy place. I'm not scared, though. There's never one person alone here."

The last armed robbery in Kirksville occurred over two years ago at the Golden Corral Steakhouse.

The robber is believed to be a black male, probably in his early twenties. He is between five-foot-nine and six feet tall and weighs approximately 160 pounds. He was wearing a dark hooded sweatshirt and a black mask. He was armed with a hand gun.

Anyone with information regarding this case is encouraged to contact the Kirksville Police Department.



Two composites of the armed robber.



Composites courtesy of KPD.

Dinner with the Prez

by Carl Duffield

Dinner at the President's house? Okay. Simple enough, just enter the essay contest sponsored by Omicron Delta Kappa and before you know it, you and 25 of your nearest and dearest can spend an evening rubbing elbows with the President and Mrs. Magruder, touring their house and seeing what it's like to be, well, Presidential.

So in October, I entered the essay contest and either through some glitch in the selection process or perhaps a typographical error in the winner's list, I won. The scene was set: I had a *rendezvous* with the President.

A month later, on a stormy November evening, my friends and I, *The Monitor* staff included, rolled into the drive of 706 S Halliburton, cameras at the ready to catch each of our fifteen minutes of greatness.

The President got the evening rolling with an impromptu house tour. Then we moved directly onto dinner which was surprisingly elegant for the University's "fill-in-the-appropriate-name-this-year"

food service. The Presidential-style dinner consisted of a spinach salad with a strawberry vinaigrette dressing, chicken with a tangy, fruit glaze and for the grand finale, a chocolate "box" filled with a pink lemonade mousse and topped with a "lid" of chocolate emblazoned with the Truman State University logo.

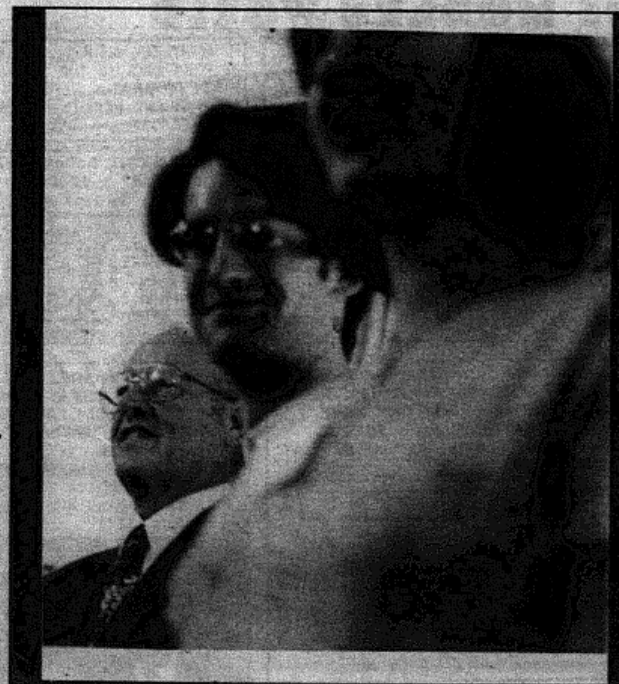
Mrs. Magruder informed us that the dessert was a favorite of Bess Truman. Finally, we finished off the evening with some singing around the piano.

Now that it's all over how do we feel?

"I really enjoyed our dinner with the President. I think he enjoyed the opportunity to speak with a diverse group of students he wouldn't otherwise have had the chance to meet," said Jason Clamper.

As for myself, the time I devoted to the essay was definitely worth the opportunity to interact with the President and share some ideas over dinner.

"I just want the President to know that if he needs a house sitter, I'm free any weekend," added Ann Price.



Dinner with the President.

photo by Steve Grote

Opinions	2
This Modern World	2
Letters to the Editors	3
Music	4
Student Art	4
Sources	5
"Divining Winona" --Fiction by Quentin Pittman	6
My Back Pages --Poetry by Jim Barnes	8

Opinions

"I've got something to say, sir, I'm gonna say it now." -Phil Ochs

Hiring Standards are Low

by Jill Goodheart and Maggie Thurman

As most of you are aware, earlier this semester two professors at Truman State University allegedly sexually assaulted a student. Almost everyone knows about the supposed occurrence, either from media sources or rumors, and I'm sure almost everyone has formed some opinion or another. The following is not an attempt to sway your beliefs as to the guilt or innocence of the people involved. Instead, the question I would like to pose to the university is this: How, given his background, did Dr. Johnny Langley get hired?

Again, many of these facts are common knowledge to a lot of us here at Truman; the story ran on KTVU when the initial sexual assault story appeared, and it has also appeared on the front page of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

However, if you do want your memory refreshed, here's a little story from the *Birmingham News* of 1988, when a certain Judge Johnny M. Langley was accused of:

- Arranging for the payment of a personal debt with marijuana.
- Failing to remove himself from the trial of a man involved in the alleged marijuana transaction on charges of attempting to bring marijuana into the county jail.
- Having sex "on top of the bench in his courtroom" according to the complaint.
- Threatening that woman by telling her, "I'll bury you, because I haven't got anything else to lose."
- Refusing to sign a search and arrest warrant for the seizure of pornographic video-

tapes.

When I talked to his office in the courthouse.

• Driving a truck with expired tags for months while he had issued a memo to law enforcement officers that drivers with such tags would be fined.

When I talked to Vice President of Academic Affairs Lanny Morley, he told me a background check, aside from simply reviewing references, is not a regular procedure. Apparently, such background checks are not typical of higher education institutions.

However, in order for someone to get his or her teaching certificate at a public school, a background check (i.e. a criminal record check) is mandatory, and anything on such a record must be justified. So, if a person were to get a DWI when they were 18, they need to submit a letter justifying why they should still be granted the certificate. If we claim to be a superior university, we should at least conduct the same type of procedures as secondary education institutions.

It seems that if much of the state of Alabama knew about the charges against Langley, perhaps the hiring board of NMSU/Truman should have taken notice. Was the question ever posed as to why Langley left his judgeship during his interview with NMSU administrators? Even if these charges would not have shown up on a criminal record, as they were pending at the time, wasn't there something there to tip off administrators?

Or perhaps our hiring board really did see Langley through rose colored glasses. See Hiring, next page

Conspiracy Workshop

RE: Truman and the Triangle

by Bruno Ponté Jones and HP Lovelock

Ever since the name change took place at our University, one cannot seem to avoid the images of Harry S. Truman throughout campus. He is portrayed as a tough but lovable historical supple Missourian who pulled us through World War II and into the boom of the post-war years. He left a legacy that few leaders have achieved in the history of the United States and the world.

Yet his legacy may be part of a much larger one, one that spans back to the beginning of civilization, and has been controlling the history of mankind since its genesis, a legacy belonging to the secret society called the Masons.

Some refer to them on the same level as Shriners, except Masons don't play Bingo or drive around in go-carts at the Homecoming parade. Others consider them creators of a world wide conspiracy that will come to its peak at the end of the millennium.

Like quite a few presidents of the United States, Harry Truman was a part of this "society with secrets" who call themselves the Masons. In fact, the founding fathers of our nation, George Washington, Benjamin Franklin and Paul Revere (just to name a few) were all high ranking Masons. Other presidents such as Taft, Franklin Delano Roosevelt and others have been Masons, most up to the master rank. Harry Truman's twelve years in office certainly left a major impact on America, an im-

perfect that leaves traces of Masonic control. These traces begin with the end of WWII and the origins of the CIA, to the start of the Cold War and the threat of atomic holocaust.

Once Truman inherited the reigns of president after the death of fellow Mason FDR, Truman became, counting the two separate terms served by Grover Cleveland, the thirty-third president of the United States. To any conspiracy buff, thirty-three is a very significant number for history and mankind: Jesus Christ died at the age of thirty-three; thirty-three was the degree of latitude for White Sands, New Mexico where the first atomic bomb was tested; and thirty-three is also the same latitudinal degree of Dealey Plaza in Dallas, Texas, where President John F. Kennedy was shot. The highest rank of the Masons is the thirty-third degree of Scottish Rite. There are thirty-three bones in the human spinal column, which is the vessel for the mystic Kundalini energy of the human body. I'll stop there for your sake, not mine.

During Truman's reign as president, the first atomic blast was carried out, as mentioned above. Many theorists believe this explosion was really the first of three Masonic rituals: the creation and destruction of primordial matter. The other rituals are the bringing of *prima materia* to *prima terra*, or going to the moon and bringing back moon rocks, and the slaying of the divine king, proposed to be the assassination of John F. Kennedy. When all three rituals are complete, *novus ordo seculorum*, or New World Order will be at hand.

Another legacy of Truman was opening the Pandora's Box called the CIA. After See Mason, next page



Master Mason Harry S. Truman showing to what he owes his real allegiance

Letters

Send letters -- not too long, not too short -- in the mailbox in the CACOC

Legal Chicanery/Media Refusal

Dear Editors,

The pieces for Third Parties in the election *Monitor* issue were valuable and a breath of fresh air in a generally bleak right-wing American political scene. But both as a historian and an experienced "left" political party activist on both sides of the Atlantic, I feel some points were underdone and others really need major internationalist and

broader historical support. When I read your excellent article on Jason's excellent article on my own Socialist history provided. On the last point, it is important to stress that the suppression of the last remnants of the Debsian Socialist Party at the end of WWII by the Wilson "liberal" Democrats' administration was not just by "violence." It was by outright legal/business chicanery: of precisely the same sort Democrats and Republicans still use, alone successfully in this country, today to maintain a system whereby, yesterday, only 49 percent of all registered Americans even turned out to vote!

For example, half a dozen Socialists were elected in New York in the 1920s, but were "unseated" by the legislature! As for Jason's valid point about the fact that farmers and others were voting for Socialism rural in Texas and Oklahoma, bear in mind that the

1912 Socialists were building on the earlier Populist third 1890s party organizational tradition. In Canada today the Socialist new Democrat third parties that provincially rule Saskatchewan and British Columbia embody in 1996 hopefully precisely the same traditional support factors in viability.

It is dealing with this legal chicanery and (Nationalist) media refusal to deal with serious third party issues between US elections when voters can be educated, as Mr. White's article suggests, that will decide whether America can have a real alternative "left" party choice, as exists in every other higher turnout Western democracy. For instance, why not campaign for automatic voter registration such as happens in my native Britain, in which it is the legal responsibility of every municipal voting clerk to send reply-free registration mail material to all household residents annually? Or what's wrong with the Australian ballot in which compulsory voting is the norm with "none of the above" as an option?

Memory really is everything, and it is a constant reminder of these comparative and historical points between elections...which will determine whether or not poor Americans can have anything. Like the kinds of peaceful choices for the planet's future that the rest of us can welfare-state enjoy elsewhere in higher turnout democracies. Nationalism is the business diversionary tactic in the USA. Larry lies

Memory really is everything, and it is a constant reminder of these comparative and historical points between elections (more than reliance on degreed selfish pressmen and top-down academics) which will determine whether or not poor Americans can have anything! Like the kinds of peaceful choices for the planet's future that the rest of us can welfare-state enjoy elsewhere in higher turnout democracies. Nationalism is the business diversionary tactic in the USA. Larry lies

Hiring, cont. from prev. page

after all, I naturally assume that most people interviewing for teaching positions have not been accused of threatening people, doing drugs and keeping pornography in their office. I can believe that they would assume the best about their candidate. However, that's exactly why we need silly little formalities like background checks; bad people do not always carry their membership club cards.

Since I've come to this school I've been bombarded with all kinds of statistics as to how wonderful NMSU/Truman is; we moved from 8th best bargain in the world to 4th. Our kids are getting brighter and brighter each day, they tell me. My concern, however, is that in the midst of all this student improvement we have overlooked administrative/professional improvement. By holding our students to higher standards and not demanding those same standards for our professors, our "mission" has been self-defeating.

The Monitor welcomes unsolicited Editorials from members of the community. For more information about our editorial policy, contact Monitor lower or place a note in our CACOC mailbox

The Monitor

Campus Collective
Independent Quality Since 1995

Campus Address
CACOC, 808
Truman State University
Kirksville, MO 63501
Fax (816) 785-7436
Office Address
Monitor Tower
1112 West Washington, Apt. 1
Kirksville, MO 63501
Ph (816) 627-1475

Managing Editorial Board:
Jason Campbell, nmsu@cacoc.mttruman.edu
Laughton Messner, nms75
Ann Price, nms22
Copy Editing Provided By:
Jill Goodheart, Steve Grote, Maggie
Thurman
Photographer: Steve Grote
My Back Pages: Bridget Mary Gowan, Brett
Kirkepatrick, Andrea Pigg
Conspiracy Theorist: n146
Web Special Appearances by Shawn
Connelly, Phil French, Rubyn Ratcliffe

"Among people who have learned something from the 18th century (say, Voltaire) it is a truism, hardly deserving discussion, that the defense of the right of free expression is not restricted to ideas one approves of, and that it is precisely in the case of ideas found most offensive that these rights must be most vigorously defended. Advocacy of the right to express ideas that are generally approved is, quite obviously, a matter of no significance."

-Noam Chomsky

All contents Copyright © 1996, The Monitor Campus Collective unless otherwise noted.

"Intelligent rock with influences ranging from Frank Black to Tom Waits and everything good in between."
-Mike's mom.



14 Original Songs

Featuring:
Todd Niemeir
Dave Tanner
Michael Turner
Abigail Heeres
Tyson Riemann

Ask for it at the Truman State Bookstore, or call 627-6428, or email m8001

Did you know that SPLASH PAGE COMICS also rents hard to find movies?

Come in and check out our section including titles like:
Reservoir Dogs Absolutely Fabulous Clerks
Highlander TV Series Belle Epoque School House Rocks
Monty Python And much more!

We also carry categories like:
Japanese Animation
Star Trek TV Series and Movies
American Animation
Foreign Films
Hong Kong Action Flicks
Cult Classics
And Too Many More To List!

All rentals \$1.00 and due back the next day! Rent on Saturday and keep it until Monday! Also ask for our free rental card, rent 10 movies and get a free rental!

SPLASH PAGE COMICS

1007 E. PATTERSON - 665-7623 - MON-SAT 12-6

Reviews

Sex, Drugs, and Rock'n'Roll

by Bryan Westhoff

Sex, drugs, and rock'n'roll go together like bacon, lettuce, and tomatoes. If you're a rock musician, unless you're Pat Boone or the Osmonds, you know that the quickest way to make a good song is through the influence of drugs.

Unfortunately, it's also the quickest way to write a bad, or in extra special cases, a horribly ugly song. For those of you who do not know, from what I can tell, drugs mess with your mind. When songs are written in this state they often end up as no other songs would. Whether it be in melody, structure, or lyrics, and more often than not it's the lyrics that are the giveaway, drug songs are songs like no other.

Complied below is a list of songs that, for better or worse and often times worse, are all written obviously under the influence of foreign substances. Please keep in mind that these are not songs written about drugs, those could be written at any time and it would not be obvious unless the listener got the in jokes.

Rather, these are songs that were obviously written while the artist was still feeling the effects of certain substances and may, in fact, have no references to it in the lyrics. Only that they, for drug reasons, mistakenly thought it sounded really good.

"En A Da Gada David," Iron Butterfly

To be honest I don't know if I spelled the title of this right, but I really don't think Iron Butterfly would mind having their art compromised too much, considering that the title to this song was originally, "In the Garden Of Eden." The only problem is, they were too messed up to sing it properly! Rather than record it again, they chose to leave it that way and just change the song's title. They probably had to get back to whatever they were doing before doing their job got in the way.

"Rocky Mountain Way," Joe Walsh.

Many of you have probably not heard this

song, but you'll have to trust me when one of the verses is "Well he's telling us this and he's telling us that, change it everyday / says it doesn't matter / The bases are loaded and Casey's at bat / play it play / play, time to change the batter." What does this mean? Anybody? What does this mean?

"Do You Feel Like We Do," Peter Frampton.

It is hard to tell who was more messed up, Frampton when he came up with the idea of basing a song around a talking guitar, or the public when they bought it.

"Aqua Boogie (Psychoalphanumericbetablaquadoolop)," Parliament

This is a good one, I agree. But, and you are going to have to trust me on this one, they were on drugs. Probably a lot of drugs.

"Anything by Ween

It doesn't take a rocket scientist, or Contributing Music Editor, to realize that Ween pretty much live their life high. They have two kinds of songs, those that are meant to offend and those that mean nothing, and both kinds are written under the influence. Their album liner is used not only to mention when and where the album was recorded, but what they were under the influence of when the album was recorded.

"The Three Tenors.

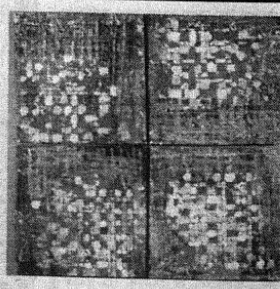
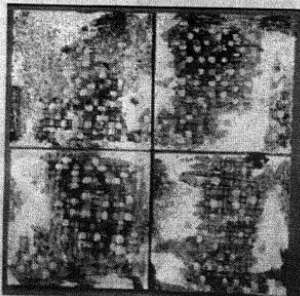
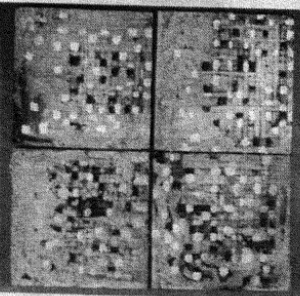
Not many people know this, but those tenors are big smack heads. They have families, though, so keep it between us.

This is by no means a complete list. If you know of any songs that you believe could not possibly have been written by a sober individual, please send them to me in care of *The Monitor*.

However, please don't send me letters that say, give me songs that your band has written. I don't care if you can verify personally how gone you were, because, quite frankly, I don't care about music unless it has made Billboard Top 100. Keep that in mind and don't waste my time.

These works by painter Amy Mendenhall will be shown at her senior exhibition in Ogonia Parish gallery, from 2 to 7 December.

Student Art



music

Some Kinda Fatigue x 2

by Mike Roth

From the moment one places the newest Yo La Tengo album into their player, it becomes apparent that one of the most diverse and talented groups of the 1990's has released one of their most daring albums. This two disc set entitled *Genius + Love = Yo La Tengo*, compiles some of the best unreleased, live, and studio outtakes from this band's history.

Released on the Matador label, home to goddess Liz Phair and indie-rockers Pavement, *Genius + Love = Yo La Tengo* continues Yo La Tengo's unique flair for multichord and blending of styles.

At times the band's music has sounded like early punk-meets-alternative music-meets-country rock-circa The Byrds.

At times the band's music has sounded like early punk-meets-alternative music-meets-country rock-circa The Byrds.

first disc contains a normal blend of Yo La Tengo music, while the second is nothing but instrumentals.

The first disc begins with duet between Yo La Tengo and Euro synth-pop dance heroes, Stereolab. Following this is the original version of the song "Demons," which recently appeared on the soundtrack to *Short Andy Warhol* (a film in which Yo La Tengo masqueraded as the Velvet Underground). Other high points on the first disc include a cover of John Cale's "Hanky Panky Nohow" (from the equally wondrous *Paris 1919*), a version of lo-fi pioneers Beat Happening's "Cast A Shadow," and a song produced and mixed by *Wunderkind* Kramer.

The second disc, entirely instrumental, displays more of Yo La Tengo's diversity. Included are some new versions of older material and a stunning cover of The Ramones' "Blitzkrieg Bop," done entirely on acoustic guitars. Due to its lack of lyrics, this disc is not quite as interesting as the first, but the versatility they demonstrate is enough to ensure repeated listening.

One should immediately go out and pick up this album. Priced at a single album for a two disc set, its low price and amazing sound should force everyone to get this album before all else.

Yo La Tengo's diversity, Included are some new versions of older material and a stunning cover of The Ramones' "Blitzkrieg Bop," done entirely on acoustic guitars. Due to its lack of lyrics, this disc is not quite as interesting as the first, but the versatility they demonstrate is enough to ensure repeated listening.

One should immediately go out and pick up this album. Priced at a single album for a two disc set, its low price and amazing sound should force everyone to get this album before all else.

THE BLUE NOTE PRESENTS
SON VOLT with
BIG SANDY & HIS FLY RITE BOYS
LIVE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI
22 NOV 22, 1996
FRIDAY
DOORS OPEN AT 6:30 PM
INCLUDES MEET & GREET WITH THE BAND
\$11.00 ADV. GEN. ADM. 0372 SON VOLT \$11.00 DOOR NOV 22, 1996

If you have the means, truck down to Columbia on Friday for the Son Volt show. Included in their set will be most of their stunning album. *Prove a number of new* (they played five in Iowa City), and a few old Uncle Tupelo numbers. Big Sandy & His Fly Rite Boys are a rock-billy treat and a half for the ears, so your eleven and a half greenbacks will be well spent.

19 November 1996



Toby and Custer look off early for their Thanksgiving break. They may return next week.

The Eating Things Guy

by Laughlin Messner

This was weird occurrence. The Georgian Room was brightly lit, had techno played in the background, a crowd gathered to see a man puke up objects upon request.

Stevie Starr visited Kirksville on 8 Nov. to showcase his unusual talent of regurgitation. The Student Activities Board brought the Scottish performer to campus for an hour and a half of sheer ingestion excitement.

"Don't move the tables," warned Chris Wolf of SAB before the show started when people began to shuffle the pristine image of the room around to get a better seat. Mr Starr roamed the room before his performance wearing a respectable brown suit and sporting a Johnny Rotten-esque smirk on his face. Perhaps the delight of about 450 people gathered to watch him eat things provided a bit of sick joy for him.

The music turned a little Gothic as Mr Starr was about to be announced. His manager took the stage and told people, "Do not tell anyone about this tonight, don't tell your friends because they'll think you're fucking smothered."

Mr Starr, now dressed in tight black pants, no shirt and tacky silver jacket took the stage for his last show in the United States. His opener consisted of swallowing a light bulb and coughing it back up, no not coughing, but projectile vomiting it back up into his hand. The bulb traveled fast and came out dry as a bone.

His next feat was swallowing 50 cent pieces and cigarette smoke. He kept making comments about the two fish on the table held various glasses of water, dish soap, and other objects of regurgitating fun.

"If you ever taste fish shit, it tastes like Burger King," he said. Mr Starr was one very cauchy performer and was a breath of fresh air for a campus sponsored event. He asked the crowd if they wanted money or smoke. The crowd chanted "money" and Mr Starr wanted to know how much and if they wanted the coins one at a time or all together. After a few stomach gyrations and coughing, \$1.50 came up. He then took some dish

soap, swallowed it, and blew smoke into a bubble about eight minutes after he inhaled the smoke.

Mr Starr also swallowed a pool ball, eight women's rings, a can of butane gas, and sugar and water.

The pool ball went down like a Gobstopper and really disgusted the crowd. His banter continued and after coughing it back up, he made his way around the room taking rings from women and sucking them down as well. The women were then asked on stage as he regurgitated their rings one at a time.

Mr Starr said the woman who didn't have a ring by the time they were all coughed up would be hypnotized and swallow one of the fish with him. The poor volunteer was in a state of shock as a SLUB worker stood by the stage telling her she really didn't have to do it. Mr Starr kept the joke going for a while and made her very nervous when she was asked up again for the big fish finale.

The butane gas was a highlight of the evening. After cramming a whole can into his lungs, saying he was pretty fucked up, he swallowed a gentlemen's lighter cough it up, made a bubble with the dish soap blew butane in it and had a volunteer light it. The semi-explosion singed off the hair of one of Mr Starr's arms. For the rest of the show he would stop what he was doing and light more butane on fire.

He swallowed sugar and drank two glasses of water then coughed up dry sugar in to some guy's hands. This was a verison Harry Houdini's trick of swallowing a bunch of needles and string, then pulling the needles out threaded. A good trick but a trick nevertheless.

It was time for the grand finale, the fish. Before he was fed the fish, someone in the crowd said they were sick. Mr Starr retorted, "We maybe sick, but we're fucking rich."

The fish were swallowed the crowd was groosed out, Mr Starr had done his job. The fish were coughed up alive in their bowl and he left the stage to a crowd of happy but sickened individuals.

Sources of Evil

by Chuck Hopton

You'd be amazed where you can find little bits of satanic propaganda and other forms of brainwashing media even in a town like Kirksville. So far, that. Especially in a town like Kirksville, where, nobody knows it, but the apparent governing structures are overshadowed by a dark mutation of natural law.

This town is severely whacked, everybody knows that, but nobody seems overly bothered by it. But that's a whole other story, I'm more interested in a little publication put out on this campus known as *Sources*.

Sources is distributed by the university's Human Resources department and it's full of information about job openings, seminars for the staff, and other basic details of alleged interest. One item in particular that caught my eye was a brief column entitled "How to become an Optimist." This piece contained some helpful hints such as "Dissect your self when you sense a pessimism attack. Trick it: Snap a rubber band worn on the wrist or splash cold water on your face. Benefit: You'll constantly remind yourself to look on the bright side." I can't help but wonder if people should make expectations for the Two Minutes Hate.

Or, how about this idea: It might be more effective to strap people and then force them to watch time about people who don't smile, so that if the subjects are anything but happy, they'll collapse onto the floor passing out.

Of course, I couldn't pass up another headline, "Positive Time to De-Stress," on the same page. Apparently, if you happen to be stressed out, you should shave off 10 percent of the time you spend on routine activities such as showering and dressing.

I tried this for a week, and what do you know, I'm a whole new person. I guess I never realized just how stressful showering can be. Next week, I'm going to try to cut down on my time spent by purchasing some bags of food and setting an IV into my throat. This way, I'll be able to



spend those hours I usually waste in the shower taking on something more useful such as my senior collection. Nothing mellows me out like a big bag of beef.

My favorite column in the last issue of *Sources* was the announcement of a new "Office of the Evil" program. Call me cynical, but I thought that was funny. I was curious if the Employee Recognition Committee chose the recipients of this award by making which office collected the most silver marbles in their lot.

As if this idea itself wasn't enough for me to pry on, further reading revealed that the committee involved couldn't decide how to fairly choose an office for the esteemed recognition, so they went to a random selection process.

What worries me the most about the "Office of the Evils" idea, though, is the possibility that employees from different offices will so vehemently contest this award that they will stop at nothing, even sacrificing other holidays, to get it.

I have a better idea that all of this. Human Resources should invest their entire budget in small coca farms in South America. The return on the investment will be a monthly shipment of raw coca leaves which could be distributed to employees with their paychecks.

They could slip one under their tongue during the work day to make them more energetic and productive, at least more so than the self-mutilating, partially-battered masses that our Campus is developing through a thoroughly dangerous medium known as *Sources*.

This Special White Space is stuffing for your Thanksgiving turkey

fiction

And then he said the door. I didn't turn around. I didn't have to. I knew he was standing there, hands on his hips, head shaking, face tense and serious. That's when I should have told him I'd shot seventeen bullets to smile, but a whole forty-four to frown. I didn't, though, because I was too busy looking at what nobody else had ever seen. Nobody, that is, except maybe his secretary and we all know she wasn't looking at this. Greyer's office.

Did I say that? I meant, "BIG JIM GREYER'S OFFICE?" That's how he said it and that's exactly how he expected you to say it. Somebody, somewhere, once said if you bothered to think, you were in big trouble because you could see that essentially, everything was pretty much crap. Maybe that's why almost everyone I've ever known didn't bother. Anyway, that's what this guy said and to be honest, I thought that was hell.

Symbols? Allegories? Subliminal messages? I always caught them, especially that naked girl in the vodka ads. She always sprawled out, inside some ice cube. Anyway, knowing about that stuff always made me feel good. Like somehow, because of it, I'd be okay. I was better than those people who sold their futures to cheap beer and fetters. Looking back at it all though, I can see that's what I think happened. It did make things worse.

I think about that. I mean about that bit. See, this other guy said thinking led to doubt and doubt led to a loss of faith. There was some fancy name for it, but that's pretty much what it was. You lost your faith in God, morality, baseball, lemons, warm summer days, and anything of any importance. I guess just because you know it's a carousel doesn't mean there's a brass ring. Anyway, when you lost your faith, there was only one place you could go. The Temple of Low Men. It must be this dead-end office where all the squares, like me, hang out, trying to figure everything out. But see, you can't. You can never fill it all out. You can only stumble upon this other place, the Enlightenment. That's the where they hide the carousel's rim.

Now I'm not sure what temple looks like. Some people may picture it a pretty jazy. Some gold dragons or whatever. Not me. Sitting there, feeling a stare creep up my badly starched, white shirt, I decided I looked a lot like Greyer's office. The room was tiny, especially when you considered the man's ego. The desk was nice, though. A big oak job. Glass covered top. All these ribbons and awards and certificates for things I'm sure he'd never done lined the glass's underbelly, smiling up at you the same way he did. Cold and contemptuously. Behind the desk, there was this big velvet chair. To be honest, it looked more like that of some Or's throne. And behind all that, there was this immense bookcase. I mean, I don't even know how they fit the thing through the door. Probably didn't. They probably built it right here with BIG JIM watching, silently critiquing every move.

The 16th century Indian Emperor Akbar did the same thing. He used to sit up in this marble tower and look down at his garden. Only it wasn't a garden. It was a giant chessboard. Akbar had dancing girls dress up like chess pieces. From his throne, he used to pressure down each move and send the beautiful creatures spinning. That was Greyer to a tee, which made me laugh almost as much as what lined the bookcase.

BOOKS! HA! You could tell they were vengeful. Those long shelves had never even been cracked. I wonder, now, if he bought them just for our meeting. Guys who don't know anything are usually the guys who go to great lengths to prove they do. Anyway, I think those books read my mind more than that when it happened.

Machiavelli leached forward, one arm around Sartre and the other around Joyce. All three went tumbling. Never one to let a trend pass him by, after Rand and Huxley followed. Now, I don't believe in clichéism. You know, finding items in the first word or act you encounter. But somehow, when I sit here in this California beach and look back at it all, I know that was a bad sign. I think about that.

I think about it a lot.

"I suppose you know why you're here?" he finally said, walking around to the desk, wide-eyed and cerebral. He went to step over those books, lost his footing, and dropped clean out of sight. For a moment, I thought that would be the end of it all and I could tell everyone for years to come about the miracle. I'd seen the Word take a sliver's life. That really made me smile.

The smile was still there when he stood up and sat down. You'd of thought he was just reaching for a penny, ever so sure, and saw it was a quarter. Instead, I tried to turn my assumed look into that smug, professional gaze they impress upon you the minute you enter the real world. I tried, but it was too late.

Greyer put his left hand on the desk glass and started drumming his fingers, partly to show his annoyance and partly to show me the ribbons. To be honest, I'd never really looked at Greyer closely before. Who wants to look at someone whose only always running you down? Anyway, his hair was white and slicked back. His face looked old, but his fingers were long, skinny and manicured. Just like his stare. They didn't look like a workman's fingers, which came as a surprise. During the five years I'd known him, he hadn't done anything except use those fingers to usher me away and beckon his secretary into his lair. He repeated, "I suppose you know why you're here."

How'd was the first time I saw an airplane solo across Australia. Flamingos aren't naturally pink. They get their color from the food they eat. After Doubleday didn't invent baseball. First off, there were pamphlets about the game as early as 1835. Doubleday was at West Point from 1838 to 1842. A cadet couldn't leave campus. Doubleday couldn't have even visited Cooperstown until 1845. I'd give him his due, though. He was a Civil War hero and great U.S. general. He played a leading role in the Battle of Gettysburg.

I could have said any of this and he would have stopped, pondered and began a lecture. People always want you about the foos in life, but the ones to watch out for are the ones trying to be wise. I mean, what harm can a guy wearing a lamp shade on his head at a party really do? Anyway, Greyer understood facts and you were to understand that. The problem was, I didn't say anything like that. I said, "I'm not due for a raise until August."

"Apparently, you don't," he sighed. The fingers stopped drumming. For some reason, that's when I realized his office had no windows. For that matter, the only windows in the whole damn building were right up front, by his secretary's desk. Light deprivation can have a very adverse effect on one's outlook.

"I guess not," I said, forcing my voice to stay audible. I have this bad habit of mumbling my words. I find myself doing it whenever I really don't care what comes out. I do that a lot.

"Ernest Grasping," Greyer said, leaning back and gathering momentum, "you came to this company five years ago. Straight out of college. Maybe that was the problem. No real experience. Your college kids don't understand how life works. But we tried to help you, son. Didn't we?"

"Yes, sir," I mumbled, suffering a Mobius syndrome attack. You know, the neurological disorder that keeps your face unable to display any emotion. That was me, which was pretty impressive. Not the part about them trying to help me, but the part about college. I had come to BIG JIM GREYER'S PAPER PRODUCTS from school, but my only other quiting with a semester to go. My application neglected that minor point. For a smart guy, Greyer sometimes overlooked the obvious.

"Well, what's wrong now? What's the problem? Is it drugs? Are you a fugger?" he asked, leaning forward, eyes narrowed. Greyer had suspected a much from day one because I can. You know, at a salon? In a bed? The doctor said it looked like depression. It's that light deprivation thing, anyway, he'd also seen me wear a sterling silver, outside, head's Drugstore. What he didn't realize was I wore a few leaved wearing earrings improved their eyelight. Hm. Could use all the help it could get. The point on the table where the car was parked corresponds to the actual, acupuncture points controlling the eyes. Besides, when the girl inside Heady's placed my car, I passed out good for fifteen minutes. That's no lie. They even gave me a free milkshake. The

Divining Winona

by Quentin Levi Pittman

again, shaking his head again. "Sir, I think..." "NO! NO! NO!" he screamed, bolting from the chair and slamming his palm against the glass. "I could tell everyone for years to come about the miracle. I'd seen the Word take a sliver's life. That really made me smile."

The smile was still there when he stood up and sat down. You'd of thought he was just reaching for a penny, ever so sure, and saw it was a quarter. Instead, I tried to turn my assumed look into that smug, professional gaze they impress upon you the minute you enter the real world. I tried, but it was too late. Greyer put his left hand on the desk glass and started drumming his fingers, partly to show his annoyance and partly to show me the ribbons. To be honest, I'd never really looked at Greyer closely before. Who wants to look at someone whose only always running you down? Anyway, his hair was white and slicked back. His face looked old, but his fingers were long, skinny and manicured. Just like his stare. They didn't look like a workman's fingers, which came as a surprise. During the five years I'd known him, he hadn't done anything except use those fingers to usher me away and beckon his secretary into his lair. He repeated, "I suppose you know why you're here."

How'd was the first time I saw an airplane solo across Australia. Flamingos aren't naturally pink. They get their color from the food they eat. After Doubleday didn't invent baseball. First off, there were pamphlets about the game as early as 1835. Doubleday was at West Point from 1838 to 1842. A cadet couldn't leave campus. Doubleday couldn't have even visited Cooperstown until 1845. I'd give him his due, though. He was a Civil War hero and great U.S. general. He played a leading role in the Battle of Gettysburg.

I could have said any of this and he would have stopped, pondered and began a lecture. People always want you about the foos in life, but the ones to watch out for are the ones trying to be wise. I mean, what harm can a guy wearing a lamp shade on his head at a party really do? Anyway, Greyer understood facts and you were to understand that. The problem was, I didn't say anything like that. I said, "I'm not due for a raise until August."

"Apparently, you don't," he sighed. The fingers stopped drumming. For some reason, that's when I realized his office had no windows. For that matter, the only windows in the whole damn building were right up front, by his secretary's desk. Light deprivation can have a very adverse effect on one's outlook.

"I guess not," I said, forcing my voice to stay audible. I have this bad habit of mumbling my words. I find myself doing it whenever I really don't care what comes out. I do that a lot.

"Ernest Grasping," Greyer said, leaning back and gathering momentum, "you came to this company five years ago. Straight out of college. Maybe that was the problem. No real experience. Your college kids don't understand how life works. But we tried to help you, son. Didn't we?"

"Yes, sir," I mumbled, suffering a Mobius syndrome attack. You know, the neurological disorder that keeps your face unable to display any emotion. That was me, which was pretty impressive. Not the part about them trying to help me, but the part about college. I had come to BIG JIM GREYER'S PAPER PRODUCTS from school, but my only other quiting with a semester to go. My application neglected that minor point. For a smart guy, Greyer sometimes overlooked the obvious.

"Well, what's wrong now? What's the problem? Is it drugs? Are you a fugger?" he asked, leaning forward, eyes narrowed. Greyer had suspected a much from day one because I can. You know, at a salon? In a bed? The doctor said it looked like depression. It's that light deprivation thing, anyway, he'd also seen me wear a sterling silver, outside, head's Drugstore. What he didn't realize was I wore a few leaved wearing earrings improved their eyelight. Hm. Could use all the help it could get. The point on the table where the car was parked corresponds to the actual, acupuncture points controlling the eyes. Besides, when the girl inside Heady's placed my car, I passed out good for fifteen minutes. That's no lie. They even gave me a free milkshake. The

least I could do was wear the thing out. "No, sir," I answered, wondering how much parrots cost. "Kids today," he sighed before they were married?

"This is your stuff," he said, behind a hand. The other slid the box across the glass, into my lap. "Your last paycheck's inside. Now get out." "Am I being terminated?" I said, just to be a jerk.

"GET OUT NOW!!!" he screamed and practically tossed me out the door. That, though, was a familiar scenario to all employees. I, however, was the sole pleasure of being thrown out for good during my brief, but brilliant, paper product career.

"Good luck," Alice said, outside the door. Her voice was thick, concerned and high enough for everyone in the office to hear. She handed me my box. In all the excitement, I'd almost forgot it. That's when I thought, maybe I had her all wrong. Maybe she wasn't so bad. After all, she was playing Greyer. Nothing on her desk ever got typed or mailed.

"Thanks," I answered, looking at Alice hard. I was really looking at my reflection in her eyes. Girls like that make good mirrors, but people rarely take them seriously on their own. Anyway, I stood there wondering when I had become the guy who couldn't stand around the water cooler, attend company or family gatherings, or fall into meaningless conversations about power tools, car engines and weed eaters. It was like I was numb, but not even that really captured the word. You know how some people walk around wearing black nail polish and dark eye makeup? I didn't know that already. Maybe I was secretly an abandoned child, or molested, or something like that and just hadn't realized it yet.

I think about that a lot. "If you need anything, call," she said, giving me a weird look. I realized I'd been standing there, staring like an idiot. I bet nobody ever looked at her that long without trying to kiss her. "Well, there's one thing, Alice," I said, looking down. "I don't really know how to say this."

"Oh, go on," she giggled, nudging my shoulder. "I'm not a bad looking guy, really. Plenty of women have told me so. I'd like to believe that's what he's been nudging, but it was probably the vestibular thing. I've noticed this red blotch on your cheek. I asked my brother about it - he's a doctor - and he said it sounded like hypoxemia." I answered, looking concerned.

"Hypoxemia?" "An inadequate oxygenation of the blood and cellular tissue," I explained. My brother is a mechanic who depletes his own red blood cells through frequent marijuana use. "Anyway, I have to go. der that leaves your face unable to display any emotion. That was me, which was pretty impressive. Not the part about them trying to help me, but the part about college. I had come to BIG JIM GREYER'S PAPER PRODUCTS from school, but my only other quiting with a semester to go. My application neglected that minor point. For a smart guy, Greyer sometimes overlooked the obvious."

"Well, what's wrong now? What's the problem? Is it drugs? Are you a fugger?" he asked, leaning forward, eyes narrowed. Greyer had suspected a much from day one because I can. You know, at a salon? In a bed? The doctor said it looked like depression. It's that light deprivation thing, anyway, he'd also seen me wear a sterling silver, outside, head's Drugstore. What he didn't realize was I wore a few leaved wearing earrings improved their eyelight. Hm. Could use all the help it could get. The point on the table where the car was parked corresponds to the actual, acupuncture points controlling the eyes. Besides, when the girl inside Heady's placed my car, I passed out good for fifteen minutes. That's no lie. They even gave me a free milkshake. The

"Yes, sir," I mumbled, suffering a Mobius syndrome attack. You know, the neurological disorder that keeps your face unable to display any emotion. That was me, which was pretty impressive. Not the part about them trying to help me, but the part about college. I had come to BIG JIM GREYER'S PAPER PRODUCTS from school, but my only other quiting with a semester to go. My application neglected that minor point. For a smart guy, Greyer sometimes overlooked the obvious."

"Well, what's wrong now? What's the problem? Is it drugs? Are you a fugger?" he asked, leaning forward, eyes narrowed. Greyer had suspected a much from day one because I can. You know, at a salon? In a bed? The doctor said it looked like depression. It's that light deprivation thing, anyway, he'd also seen me wear a sterling silver, outside, head's Drugstore. What he didn't realize was I wore a few leaved wearing earrings improved their eyelight. Hm. Could use all the help it could get. The point on the table where the car was parked corresponds to the actual, acupuncture points controlling the eyes. Besides, when the girl inside Heady's placed my car, I passed out good for fifteen minutes. That's no lie. They even gave me a free milkshake. The

ing woman, she does value her privacy. Can I count on you?" "Of course," Alice said, smiling. Girls like that need to be needed. That's when they're at their best.

"See a doctor," I whispered, tapping her cheek and walking away. I passed all nine rows of desks, smiling like a Cheshire cat. That's no lie. I hated the job, the town and especially my fellow employees. To use a paper product for a note or to



19 November 1996

19 November 1996

RIDER Camera

Your Photographic Headquarters

coupon
TWIN PRINTS
99¢
For a second set
c-41 processing
color print 35mm film
exp. 12/02/96

Make color copies on our
Canon™ Color Copier

1 hour or same day
color prints on quality
Kodak™ Royal paper

RIDER Camera & Video

1207 South Baltimore
(Next to Taco Bell)
PHONE 865-8305

The Women's Resource Center

Invites you to attend the
2nd Annual Women of Distinction Awards Ceremony

on
Wednesday, November 20 7:30 pm in the
Georgian Room

Dessert and Coffee

Tickets are \$2.50. They may be purchased at the door, at the Women's Resource Center in Ryle Hall, or in front of Mainstreet Market

SOUND SHOPPE

MUSIC AND CLOTHING

112 S. Franklin 665-2565 or 1-800-717-2565

for your **CLASSICAL and JAZZ** needs
we can get what you want!!

WE DO SPECIAL ORDERS
any special orders that are done
Monday through Saturday come in the
next **Wednesday**

We now accept Visa, Mastercard, Discover, and Novus

VISIT OUR WEB SITE!

look up our catalogue on the world wide web
at: <http://members.aol.com/crlneh8341>

OPEN MON-SAT 10-7

wipe your ass made sense, but to make such a venture the cornerstone of your existence was crazy. At least I thought so, but I was always in the minority. My former, fool employees - the ones who immediately grabbed a phone, fax or file to ward off a last conversation - would tell you as much.

The minute I hit the pavement, Alice hit them with the news. Not about the firing. That was small potatoes. She was chirping about Winona Ryder. I don't even know why I said that. Honest. Maybe it was because my brief Oscar moment this year for her introducing a musical act. I don't know. Even now, I couldn't really say. I do stupid things like that all the time. I guess I just felt good rolling off my tongue.

That's when I realized I hadn't even opened the box to see if all my stuff was there. So I did. Right in front of Heady's. The paycheck was on top, just like Greyer had said. Underneath that, and on top of everything else, was Katherine's picture. I'd hang it next to my desk after the firing incident to appease Greyer's masculinity.

I mean, she wasn't even the girlfriend. She wasn't even a fling. Like I said, I just put her up so people wouldn't think I was gay. But now, when I look back at it all, maybe I would have hung her there even without the earthing thing. I guess I bet her. To be honest, I don't like to mention this. I don't even like to think about it, but it came up. I guess I owe you an explanation.

Katherine was just this girl I met in college. For some reason, she gave me her picture. Maybe it was because I talked to her in English class. No, I listened to her talk. If I did say anything, I had to look her right in the eye and speak clearly. Otherwise, she'd say I wasn't talking her seriously. Katherine was the type of girl who gave you the feeling that nobody ever really took her seriously. Anyway, she talked, I listened, and slowly we became friends. I mean, it's not like we hung out, drank beer and told each other our deepest secrets. It's just, whenever we met - class, on campus, whatever - we'd talk. She'd talk. I'd listen. Sometimes, though, when you take a really lonely

girl and a really quiet boy, and put them together, it just works.

Anyway, we met outside English class one day and she told me she'd just written this story. Katherine wanted me to read it. You just know nobody else would, so I said yes. That's how I ended up at her house that night. She lived outside town, with her parents, in this little suburban job.

When I pulled up in my car, she came outside. It looked like she'd been crying, but I didn't ask her that. We didn't have that kind of relationship. Katherine started sputtering nothingness until she finally said her friend's boyfriend had been screwing her. You could tell she had no say in the matter. Katherine was the type of girl who had no say in lots of things. When she said that, I remember getting this horrified look on my face and saying, "How could he do that?"

"I'll never forget what happened next. Honest."

"I'll always remember her stepping back, stunned, and saying, 'What's wrong with me?'" "Nothing."

That's what I should have said. That's what I wanted to say all along. Every time she started complaining about herself or her life, I just wanted to tell her that one word. She was perfect. I longed for somebody like her. Not like her. I just wanted her. I just looked down and mumbled some meaningless answer. I've been doing it ever since.

Anyway, I went home and read Katherine's story. I looked for her on campus the next day and even thought about driving out to her house. See, Katherine's story, I knew there wasn't a friend. There wasn't a friend's boyfriend. There was a father. Her father. He was the one doing that to her every night. Even now, after going back over every conversation we'd ever had, I'm not so sure she hadn't been hinting as much all along.

"What's wrong with me?" I heard about it three days later.

"She'd taken a shotgun and blown off the face I adored. Her ruby red lips and pale dimples were splattered across the garage behind her house. When I heard that, I didn't even break down. I

didn't even cry. And I sure as hell didn't go to the funeral.

In ancient China, when the lid of a coffin was shut, everybody took a few steps back so their shadows wouldn't get caught inside the box. Spending eternity with Katherine wasn't what scared me. The thought of seeing her father there, alongside everyone else, was the problem. I knew I'd just lost it, so I decided not to go.

I bought a gun instead. A nice little hand job that fit snugly into my jacket pocket. I used to take it out and practice shooting the cushions lining my couch. I never really shot them, though. The couch was already falling apart. So instead, I'd drive out into the country and target practice. Not at animals or anything. Signs, mostly.

Anyway, I'd decided to kill him. Her father.

A heart attack got him first, though. Three weeks after the funeral. He was in the garage, probably staring at her face, and just dropped dead. You'd of thought I would have jumped for joy. But when I heard that, I nearly had my own damn heart attack. To be honest, I'm not even sure if I could have really done it, which bothers me. I wanted to, but things like that always happen to me first. I was probably born late. Anyway, that's when I quit college, moved to Iowa and joined BIG JIM, the paper aficionado.

"What's wrong with me?" The word fingers on my lips like confession.

Nothing could ever be wrong with you, Katherine. It's everyone else. It's the whole damn world, from the fathers to the listeners to the mourners making tracks to avoid spending eternity with you. We let you down. Everyone of us. To be honest, you're better off without us. And that's when it struck me, right there on the sidewalk, standing in front of Heady's blinding mall sign. Maybe Greyer's office wasn't the Temple of Low Men after all. Maybe I'd been wrong about that. Like I'd been wrong about everything else. Maybe Greyer's office was the Enlightenment. Inside those four walls, there was no doubt, no ques-

tions, no grey area. There was only the way it was and that was all. Agree or not, it didn't matter. There was a higher power who made absolute decisions and left nothing to chance.

The office was Enlightenment.

That meant everything else was the Temple of Low Men. From Denny Tower, up on Fifth, to Heady's, to Katherine's grave, to everywhere. That was where the doubt existed. That was where you really didn't know the answers and not knowing was no excuse while everything happened. I wasn't standing on a sidewalk anymore. I was standing in a corridor, in the Temple of Low Men, behind the past my mother's house, to a California boulevard where the sunset was eternal.

Think what you want, but I know now there are really only two things in life: macros and micros. Some people measure themselves in macros. Careers. Cash. Marriages. Mortgages. Kids. College. The rest of us have to add up the micros. A stranger's smile. A soft breeze. An unexpected letter. And it's hard sometimes. It really is, trying to achieve quantitative goals with qualitative results. I guess, though, you have to look at it this way. Every painting Monet did from the pond behind his house. After finishing one, he'd sit out back and canvas the waters until he found a new perspective. A new way of making a muddy, old pond shine until its smallest detail became its greatest strength.

I'd like to be able to do that with the Pacific Ocean. Sometimes, after I get off work, I'll drive down to the water and just sit there. For what I want, I'm a cook at Jenny's Juice Shack, up on La Cienega. Best burgers in town. We all dress up like that picture. You know, the one with Elvis, Marilyn Monroe and James Dean? Anyway, I anybody asks me why I'm just sitting in the sand, staring at the horizon, occasionally I look them straight in the eye. Then, I'll tell them I'm walking on the good friend Winona Ryder. That makes them smile. In reality, I'm just sitting there, trying to find what Monet did. Not with the water, but with my life. I think about that.

I think about that a lot.

POETRY BY JIM BARNES

JIM BARNES IS A WRITER-IN-RESIDENCE AT TRUMAN STATE UNIVERSITY. THE INCLUDED POEMS ARE FROM *THE SAWDUST WAR* (1992), AND *PARIS* TO BE PUBLISHED IN THE SPRING OF 1997 BY THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS PRESS.

For Roland, Presumed Taken

By the time we missed you dusk was settling in.
The first reaction was to think
of drowning, the deep hole just north of the house
that the spring flows into
out from under the sycamore.
You had played there earlier in the day
and had wanted to wade the still water
after minnows schooling the shadows.

We tracked you back to the spring, and I died
with fear that you would be floating
among the lilies, white as the ghost of fish.
But your tracks veered left
toward the valley where the cattle grazed,
then vanished in the flowing grass.
I blew the horn that called the cattle in.
You knew the sound and loved the way
the cattle came loping up at feeding time.

Roland, still, today, you cannot hear the sound of the horn,
cannot holler back up the mountainside
to let us know in your wee voice you are safe and found.
Why you walked off into the green of that day
we can never know, except the valley
and the mountain beyond must have yielded a sudden
sound or flash of light that took your eyes away.
And you were gone. It is as if

eagles swooped you up, leaving
not one trace to tell us the way you went away.
Nights I imagine the beat of drums,

the clanging of toy swords,
rocking horses neighing
on their tracks.
In another age
I would offer
up my glove
to God
to have you back.

Now, we have packed away your life
in boxes we store
in case the memory
we hold is swept away
by chance
or the slow years.

(from *The Sawdust War*)

On Hearing the News That Hitler Was Dead

When we heard the news that Hitler was dead,
under the porch something shook we couldn't find.
The dogs were by our sides, and all the hogs
were penned. The radio was full of Europe's end
and Berlin falling into Red Russia's hands.

The grown-ups heard it and sent us in the house
with the dogs, their bristles tough as quills.
Something big bumped against the floor and made
the blackest sounds we'd ever heard. Then, still
scraping underneath, it roared aloud until

we turned as white as chalk and someone fired
a shotgun into the dark beneath the floor.
We heard hell break from down below and burst
through the front-yard picket fence: a panther
black as sin itself. They said it cleared a car

in one long leap and the ditch we couldn't jump.
We sighed and turned our normal brown as if
some threat of evil had missed us in the night.
The commentator's words on Hitler's death left
us puzzled about the course of war. A gift

of light was what we children waited for.
In the falling night we heard the far-off yowl
of wild cats in the woods, or thought we did.
The news leapt into the dark, wondering how
the master race so-called could master now

with Der Führer dead and the Russians drunk
on German schnapps. But what if he were not
the ashes they said were his? someone asked.
Silence and sound grew thick. Outside, lamplight
stumbled and fell into a starless night.

(from *The Sawdust War*)

Lamentation and Farewell

A time
ago the time
to go seemed years away:
days were racked like cards on a tray,
face down

but full
of the high hopes
of jack, of queen, of king.
When we played high stakes, we played blind,
no thought

of what
lay before us.
We could not lose in such
a paradise as this with light
being

both par-
ticle and host.
That was a time ago
when the time had not come for us
to fold.

Now we
leave with spent hearts,
flat wallets, a gambler's
wish, but we were O so rich
so long.

(from *Paris*)

Vesperal

After invading fields
for grain, grasshoppers,
cornworms, cockroaches,
a long cloud of purple grackles
streams southward—I've seen
it last hours—overhead.
Sundowns I semaphore
from my front steps, one hat
in hand, a hat on my head,
waving a mad arm,
as if to warn
some coasting ship
of imminent rocky peril.
The neighbors think I'm mad,
lost in a sincere senility.
They don't know I love
those bombastic birds—
but crap blasting onto
my drive, roof, house-side,
windows, patio, deck,
bikes, car, dog, wife even
is more than enough to move
me toward a wife salute
those aviators understand.

(from *The Sawdust War*)

Shakespeare & Co.

St. Julien le Pauvre stoops in shadows that lean
toward Notre Dame. The park grays in the rainy
twilight. Next door George Whitman's crumbling store

is the color of ashes and carded tomes thumbed
into oblivion. Two pigeons come
to the door, their bookish eyes red and sore

in the November rain. Humble they move aside,
as if we were masters here to provide
their daily bread. George stamps ground zero

inside the Gertrude Stein we pay too dearly for
and offers us a room for the night or
the week if we wish it. We do not go

upstairs. The recent fire has left a thin smell of
smoke everywhere. We hear the rattle of
teaspoons and cups. Small talk of poetry

tumbles down the steep stairs and hides under the lower
shelves, duller than ash. Outside the rain pours.
The pigeons trundle dead weight under trees.

It is not the best of times, yet we hold old books
with a joy beyond belief: we will look
through volumes to find what we hold no more.

(from *Paris*)

MY BACK PAGES . . .