

## Economic Disaster

by Patty Cantrell, Rhonda Perry & Paul Sturtz  
Columbia, Missouri

**Editors' Note:** The following article is an excerpt from the Missouri Rural Crisis Center publication *Hog Wars: The Corporate Grab for Control of the Hog Industry and How Citizens are Fighting Back*. Its focus is the corporate hog industry and how it has done much to destroy lives in north-east Missouri.

Corporate livestock factories tout themselves as

messiahs to the rural communities they target. They promise salvation for everyone: Job creation for local citizens. Increasing tax revenues for county coffers. Expanding markets for family farmers. Purchasing power for hometown businesses. And efficient "hi-tech" production for consumers. The facts of the industry,

however, show that the Big Boys actually disable community development with self-serving contracts and tax breaks, market-monopolizing strategy and few local purchases.

Low wages and toxic conditions of the "new" jobs in confinement operations give the industry an incredibly high turnover rate. To keep the pork rolling, the companies bring in legions of people, often undocumented immigrants, whose desperate situations often only get worse. Says Terry Spence of Lincoln Township, Missouri: "These jobs are not paying enough money for one or two persons, let alone to support a family." Putnam, Sullivan and Mercer counties, home to PSF, have experienced a 20 percent increase in food stamp recipients since 1991 despite new employment.

While this influx of people might look good for retail sales, it actually adds up to a net loss for retailers, bankers, real estate and the local tax base.

Because the market control of mega-producers displaces independent producers, the local economy winds up with one-third as many people involved in livestock production. While creating nine jobs for every 12,000 hogs produced, factory farms displace 28 jobs, according to a 1994 University of Missouri study by economist John Ikerd.

Concentrated corporate producers further deplete the local economy of local dollars by buying most of their supplies out of town. This is in marked contrast to family farmers who have always been the economic motor of rural communities. By purchasing from the feed and seed stores, farm machinery dealers and hardware outlets, a family farmer's dollar gets recirculated again and again. A Minnesota study, for example, found that operations with less than \$400,000 a year in gross sales made 79 percent of their business expendi-

tures within 20 miles of their farms. Larger operations made just half of their purchases within 20 miles.

Fewer jobs, less local spending and the flow of profits to distant cities means corporate producers actually drain the local economy. The overall effect can be seen in a Virginia study that compared the addition of 5,000 sows to the local economy by independent producers versus corporate producers. The independent producers' investment created:

- 10 percent more permanent jobs
- 20 percent larger increase in retail sales
- 37 percent larger increase in local per capita income.

### Cornering the market

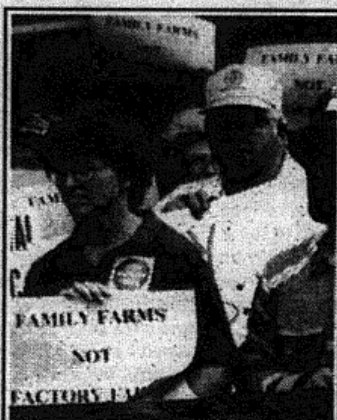
Some say this economic calamity is the price we must pay for cheap, plentiful food. Corporations claim they attain economies of scale, or a lower cost per unit by spreading fixed costs and overhead over massive numbers of animals. But industrialization is not a more efficient way to produce food. Studies show smaller independents are much better at managing costs and making profits. According to *Hogs Today*, Iowa hog operations with an output of 1,260 pigs per year averaged 5 percent less in total costs per hundred pounds of pork than did large, specialized operations in North Carolina with an output of 5,000 pigs per

year.

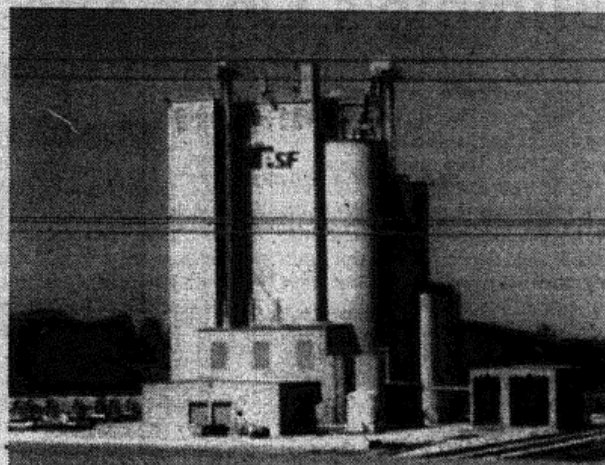
Between 1989 and 1993, the most profitable large sow herds in Iowa generated a profit of \$12.32 per hundred pounds of pork produced. A study by Iowa State University found that the most profitable small herds in Iowa earned \$12.93 per hundred pounds in the same time period.

A Kansas State University study found: The most efficient farm had only approximately 75 sows. The most efficient farmer, however, cannot make a profit without access to markets. Says Ron Perry, an independent hog farmer from Chillicothe, Missouri: "It used to be that within 10 miles, you could go to five or six places every week to sell your hogs. Now, you have to take them 50 miles to one place, one day of the month and take whatever the one corporate buyer will give you."

Because the corporation normally either owns the only packing plants around or has staked out most of the available processing capacity with exclusive contracts, they don't make much room or pay well for independents' loads. A 1993 report in *Hogs Today*, for example, showed that corporate producers in North Carolina were being paid \$51 per hundred pounds of hogs sold directly to the processing. See *Something Stinks*, pg. 3



Farmers protest National Pork Producers Council photo by Paul Sturtz



Premium Standard Farms feed mill in Lucerne, Missouri

photo by Robert Ray



One waste disposal system at a Cargill contract hog operation in central Missouri photographer's name withheld



Premium Standard Farms hog facilities in Putnam County

photo by Robert Ray

A copy of *Hog Wars* may be purchased by calling (573)449.1330

Opinions	2
This Modern World	2
The Comp II Files	4
Movies	6
Music	7
Toby and Custer	7
My Back Pages	8





# Opinions

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

## Blimpie's Über Alles

by Ann Price

Once upon a time on this campus, it was possible to express yourself. Learning and the arts flourished. Life was, for a while, ideal. Then came Blimpie's.

While most students have welcomed the franchise and thus continued the facade of appeasement, I for one must take a stand. Now, I realize that nothing much will come of this valiant effort to ward off the insipid corporate monster, and that for all practical purposes, the Sodexo monolith it replaced was not much better. However, after being ripped off twice for a sandwich that pales in comparison to the culinary genius of the previous dell, I must say that Blimpie's reputation on this campus certainly lives up to its name: it is full of hot air.

Where once freedom of expression reigned (the create-your-own combos) and colorful sandwiches with names like Miami Mike's and Papa Stach were all the rage, now there are only the bland cold cuts and limp lettuce of predictably boring sandwiches like turkey and roast beef. And the bread. I can't even remember all the types of bread at the old dell there were so many—croissant, french, pumpkin, and kaiser rolls, to name just a few. Blimpie's, on the other hand, gives you the staggering di-

lemma: white or wheat. The choices that were once so vast have been cruelly narrowed down, with little warning. Returning from winter break, I found my rights as a pseudo-vegetarian deli-loving consumer virtually denied. With my requisite green peppers and salad mustard gone, I find myself still asking, "Where are the sprouts?" Though the weak-willed masses have accepted the bright new glow of franchisement, I am left to confront Blimpie's and the face of fascism.

Think about it. The breadth and variety of cheese that once greeted me and made my veggie sandwich a triumph of the palate are no longer; there is only the cheese medley, a possible reference to the three Axis powers that united under a totalitarian scheme not unlike this franchise giant. Pretty soon, there will not even be the obligatory choice of lettuce, tomato and onion. Blimpie's will decide what you want, and most of you will take it. The signs are all there: the red shirts and visors, the waiting in long lines, and the numbering of selections. Not unlike Mussolini who made the trains run on time, Blimpie's has standardized and rigidly modified what used to be adored as creative, uninhibited, and much, much cheaper. In my opinion, this is *not* "a beautiful thing."

## Conspiracy Workshop

RE: Radio Free Kirkville

by Bruno Pontz Jones

In the several years that I have lived here in Kirkville, I have gained an enlightened appreciation for classic rock, from the poetic power ballads of Aerosmith to the rock anthems provided to us by the likes of Thin Lizzy, Foghat and Peter Frampton. And I do not spite those who willingly choose to listen to the crap that is glam country, such as Clint Black, Hank Williams Jr and Garth Brooks.

Without Paul Harvey, Kirkville would probably collapse in upon itself in a cultural vortex and disappear without "the rest of the story." All of these special things are provided to us by Kirkville's three major radio stations KRXL, KTUF and KIRX. Yet when I cruise the square Friday nights in my Chevy Impala, there has always seemed to be a void, a missing link so to speak in my music selection. I think it may be the fact that since we are in a college town there has never been college radio on the air.

If I ever wanted to enjoy the rich variety of different musical tastes that college radio provides, I always had to sit in front of the television, where my attention span has always compressed itself into three seconds unless there was a good episode of *CHIPS* or *Beverly Hills 90210*.

You would figure that being such an upstanding university we would be able to have a radio station that you could actually get on the radio; in fact there was a time I could recall when you could actually get KNEU on AM radio. Now you have to be able to afford the

luxury of cable to enjoy the excellent selection of music KNEU provides. I always wondered why this was.

When I was a DJ there, there was always the perpetual rumor that a transmitter was coming next semester, and the only problem was getting the property contract, or some other bureaucratic booby trap. It seemed the reality of getting a transmitter was going to lag like a Jon Bonham drum solo.

But perhaps there isn't enough air space for another radio station in Kirkville, at least when it comes to some people. In the university, getting a radio station is quite a liability when you have to get a large number of DJ's to behave under FCC regulations. One colorful phrase by a careless DJ could cost the university a large fine or worse, bad publicity for this wholesome university.

And since all three radio stations are all owned by one, KIRX, that makes for a powerful influence on what is on the radio here in Kirkville, and that kind of influence would quickly die off if another station that played music that college students would actually listen to on their own freewill.

None of these radio stations on the air now could afford to lose the largest listening audience in the town, and how could they possibly compete against it when it is run by that audience. I think it is quite possible that their influence could be lining the pockets of someone in the University who prefers Yanni and Kenny G over Sonic Youth and Cypress Hill, and prefers a tiny radio station with an extremely limited listening audience to a larger radio station with a wider range.

## The Monitor

Campus Collective  
Independent Quality Since 1995

Campus Address  
CAC, SLB  
Truman State University  
Kirkville, MO 63501  
Fax (616) 785-7436  
Office Address  
Monitor Tower  
111 1/2 West Washington, Apt. 1  
Kirkville, MO 63501  
Ph (816) 627-1475  
Managing Editorial Board:  
Jason Clamper, rtr@academic.truman.edu  
Laughton Messner, ml875  
Ann Price, n222  
Copy Editing Provided By:  
Jill Goodheart, Maggie Thurman  
All Back Pages: Brett Kirkpatrick, Andrea Pigg  
Conspiracy Theorist: n146

"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 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.

## Something Stinks, cont. from page 1

plant compared to \$39 per hundred pounds that independent growers received on the disappearing "open" market.

The truth is, factory farms have run of the market because they own it, not because they're better farmers. When corporate-owned packing plants don't allow open access or competitive prices to family farmers, rural areas find their economic lifeblood slowly to a trickle. Even though the CAFOs employ hundreds, the local economy winds up with a huge deficit.

Contract serfdom  
If independent farmers become contract growers, they get hooked into the company's self-serving arrangements. They now need capital-intensive confinement buildings, equipment and lagoons. Rather than using resource efficient farming methods like intensive grazing and crop rotations, they give up their independence and their communities to the corporation.

Grower contracts, as pioneered by Tyson, are essentially nonnegotiable. They are take-it-or-leave-it deals that tie people and their homes into the corporate plan. Some like to call it a franchise system, but it has all the characteristics of a feudal system.

Contract farmers typically borrow at least \$150,000 (to as much as \$750,000) for initial confinement buildings and equipment. While that mortgage hangs over their family's heads, they will take home about \$8 an hour after paying corporate-determined expenses, according to Neil Hamilton, author of *A Farmer's Legal Guide to Production Contracts*.

Many contract farmers are attracted by

the promise that they will own the facilities one day. The problem is that the buildings last at most 15 years and the equipment half as long, according to research by North Carolina State University agricultural economist Kelly Zering.

What do the farmers own? Only a mountain of debt and the environmental liability of huge waste lagoons.

The corporation supplies the chickens or hogs, the medication, the feed and the only market. Growers have no say over the quality of supplies they receive or the schedules they follow. They usually have no recourse when headquarters under-weighs feed or hogs. Growers have won large judgments for shortchanging practices, such as \$2.9 million in 1996 in a case against Cargill. But with homes and families on the line, most just put up with it and cash their glorified animal factory paychecks.

What economists can't measure  
High opportunity costs also hobble those communities that don't succeed in keeping out corporate factories.

Once CAFOs start spreading their manure in an area, people who might have

bought a home locally or built a business will take their money elsewhere. John Neer, a banker in Macon, Mo., says lenders need to be aware that when corporations or contractors fail, they can't pay mortgages and equipment loans. And when only CAFOs are present in an area, rather than a diverse range of farms, businesses and families, the lender is likely to lose out on new, more stable loans and deposits.

The final result of crowding out family farmers and their community investments is something no economist or statistician can measure. When communities lose their family farming base, they lose parents' involvement in schools, and citizen involvement in church, in civic organizations and in independent-thinking government.

Perhaps the biggest peril is that rural communities are being de-skilled and underemployed. These communities are filled with people who have hands-on skills and practical knowledge which have been passed from generation to generation. When those people are reduced to housing out buildings and setting timers for feeders, these skills get lost. In the long run, a community is robbed of its sustainability. Thus, the difference between family and corporate farming comes down to that between self-reliant, vibrant communities or company towns.

What do the farmers own?  
Only a mountain of debt and the environmental liability of huge waste lagoons.

We have new hours!  
M-F: 7 a.m. - midnight  
SAT: 8 a.m. - midnight  
SUN: 9 a.m. - 10:30 p.m.

Voted by American Marketing Association and the Truman State student body as the best place for dessert and coffee!

107 W. Washington Street  
627-4777

## THIS MODERN WORLD

by TOM TOMORROW

REMEMBER, FOLKS--IT'S ALL RELATIVE! SURE, NEWT GINGRICH MISUSED TAX EXEMPT FUNDS AND LIED TO THE ETHICS COMMITTEE... BUT HE'S PROBABLY NOT AS BAD AS...



BILL CLINTON... WHO FACES ACCUSATIONS ON FRONTS RANGING FROM WHITENESS TO TRAVELING TO SEXUAL HARASSMENT TO ILLEGAL CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE MISUSE OF FBI FILES... BUT HE'S PROBABLY NOT AS BAD AS...



RONALD REAGAN... WHOSE LEGACY INCLUDES THE IRAN-CONTRA SCANDAL, THE SAVINGS AND LOAN CRISIS, AND AN ADMINISTRATION SO GENERALLY CORRUPT THAT MORE THAN 100 OF ITS MEMBERS EVENTUALLY FACED CRIMINAL INDICTMENT... BUT HE PROBABLY WASN'T AS BAD AS...



RICHARD NIXON... THE FIRST U.S. PRESIDENT FORCED TO RESIGN IN DISGRACE. A VENAL MAN WHOSE ABUSES OF POWER ARE BOTH LEGENDARY AND BREATHTAKING... BUT HECK, EVEN HE WASN'T SO BAD... AT LEAST NOT COMPARED TO, SAY...



VLAD THE IMPALER... THE BLOODTHIRSTY 15th CENTURY RULER (AND HISTORICAL MODEL FOR COUNT DRACULA), INFAMOUS FOR EXECUTING HIS ENEMIES BY SLAMMING THEM ALIVE DURING OUTDOOR BANQUETS... SO JUST REMEMBER...



THE LEADERS OF BOTH PARTIES MAY BE UTTERLY IMPRISONED AND DEMONSTRABLY CORRUPT... BUT AT LEAST THEY DON'T IMPALE THEIR ENEMIES ALIVE DURING OUTDOOR BANQUETS...



A PUBLIC SERVICE MESSAGE FROM YOUR FRIENDS AT THIS MODERN WORLD!

It's going to be an exciting spring semester at the Take 5 Gamesroom!!!!  
(lower level, Student Union)

**Spring Tournament Schedule:**  
Feb. 1- Women's 8-ball Regional Qualifier  
Feb. 2- Men's 8-ball Regional Qualifier  
Feb. 8,9- Chess  
Feb. 11- Run and Gun  
Feb. 16- St. Valentine's 8-ball  
Feb. 25- Air Hockey  
Mar. 15,16- Chess  
Mar. 25- Air Hockey  
Apr. 6- Rotation  
Apr. 12,13- Chess  
Apr. 19- 9-ball  
May 3- Study Break 8-ball

Winners of our Regional Qualifier Tournaments win a paid trip to Kansas State to compete in the Region 11 Recreational Tournament, Feb. 21-23!!! Enter today!!!

**Chess players!!!!**  
The Take 5 Gamesroom has 3 opportunities for you to compete and win! Your first chance is February 8, 9! Sign-up at the Take 5 Gamesroom!

**More excitement!!!!**  
\* Be watching for special days when we drop the price of pool lower than our already low rates!  
\* Get your Take 5 pool card and earn free pool! They'll be available soon!!!



# THE COMP II FILES

Of Aliens and Core Requirements: An Account of A Postmodern Pilgrimage

by Candice Gill

Like so many people on this campus, I found myself entirely not interested in taking Comp II. That was until I found out that Bob Mielke was offering a special topics Comp II class in UFOs. With interest was definitely piqued. When I found out that a highlight of the class was to be a field trip to the Southwest in order to do some field work, I was suddenly very glad I had gone ahead and taken the SWE.

Some may wonder what the appeal would be in taking a class in which its entire focus is unidentified flying objects, specifically the ones many believe are being flown by aliens. Well all such a person would have to do is look around and it would become obvious that UFO culture is everywhere. You can't go anywhere these days without seeing one of those big-eyed aliens with teardrop shaped heads on skinny bodies which are known as "grays" or "E.B.s"—extraterrestrial biological entities. They're on T-shirts, in the movies, and all over Fox television, especially on Sunday nights. What was once the focus of a fringe sub-culture has been fully co-opted into general American popular culture.

The locations Dr. Mielke chose for our field trip were Roswell, New Mexico and Rachel, Nevada. Roswell is the famous site of an alleged UFO crash in 1947. Actually, there was more than one crash at Roswell according to UFO lore, but the '47 crash is the most important because an officer named Major Jesse Marcel issued a press release stating that the army had recovered wreckage from a flying saucer. This release was later retracted by the military who explained that the wreckage was actually from an experimental weather balloon. For many, that was the end of the issue, but for UFO true-believers, this is a prime ex-

ample of that mainstay of UFO research, the government cover-up. More central to the idea of a massive cover-up by the government is the now famous Area-51, which happens to be adjacent to a small town on Nevada's highway 375 named Rachel. The government once denied the existence of Area-51, but now admits its existence. A lot of people believe that Area-51 is where the military test flies classified planes. When the planes become declassified, the public gets to know about them. The UFO version of Area-51 is that reverse-engineered UFOs are constructed and flown by the military there.

These are just the bare bones stories of these two locations. There's a lot more to things than one might think. For example, some believe the crafts being flown at Area-51 were built by engineers who worked with the wreckage from the Roswell crash, while others believe the crafts are military by crafts actually given to the military by aliens as a result of an unholy alliance which went sour a couple of decades back. This now broken treaty allows the aliens to abduct US citizens as long as they brought them back safely. It also allows the aliens to set up a base in Dulce, New Mexico.

On Sunday, 17 November 1996, after many weeks of preparatory exploration into the basic ideas of UFO culture, 13 of us including Dr. Mielke gathered in the parking lot of Public Safety to embark on our quest for the truth concerning UFOs. We left agreeing that the first person to see a bona fide UFO would earn an A in the class. We had smooth driving and a pleasant trip with

many UFO signs and portents along the way. We saw flying saucers and alien heads everywhere. For example, we saw a billboard advertising frozen pizza with a backdrop of fifties movies-style flying saucers. We also saw a sticker vending machine in a Pizza Hut that was selling alien head stickers along with shiny Grateful Dead logos.

We arrived in Roswell on the second day of our trip. Roswell is a small town. It's bigger than Kirksville and looks like it's getting bigger everyday. It has a lot of hotels

**This now broken treaty allows the aliens to abduct US citizens as long as they brought them back safely. It also allows the aliens to set up a base in Dulce, New Mexico.**

and shops that are obviously tourist oriented. I thought Roswell would be more homey, more like Mayberry somehow, but I should have known better. It probably was fairly homey in 1947, but that was 50 years ago.

The people of Roswell are extremely friendly and UFOs are prominent part of the local culture. Graffiti strewn out of many shop windows and are depicted playing alongside the local children on murals throughout the community. Everybody is willing to talk about aliens and their whole take on the issue. Two really nice people who talked to us were Sherron and Zandria. Sherron is the owner of a restaurant named El Toro Bravo. Zandria, her daughter, is a waitress there. Their reaction when they found out we were in Roswell for UFOs was typical of most people's. They smiled at us and proceeded to give us their take. They laugh about the crash, but get serious when they talk about the people who were originally involved. They believe the stories only because they don't consider the people involved liars, even if the premise is extremely odd.

We spent our time there going to UFO museums. There are three which are planning to consolidate into one sort of UFO mini-mall. The first museum we visited was the Roswell International UFO Museum and Research Center. It includes a research library, displays of all sorts involving various aspects of UFO research, two rooms in which videos are displayed, and, very prominently, a gift shop. One of the rooms houses a display of the first mock-ups used in the movie *Roswell*. Pictures of that very

mock-up were published in *Penthouse* magazine as documentation of a real alien.

The Roswell International UFO museum is obviously a popular place with the tourists. They have a map board showing the places around the country and the world from which the museum has drawn visitors. They don't allow people to add pins anymore because the map is so old and there are so many pins that the map is starting to fall apart. They made an exception for our own George Krutchev, however, as they didn't have a pin from Bulgaria, yet.

A highlight of the Roswell International UFO Museum was one of the videos they showed. It was a Bob Lazar video. Lazar is a physicist who claims to have an MIT education. We would come to find that Lazar's name pops up a lot in UFO circles. In the video, Lazar explains the physics of the reverse-engineered craft he supposedly saw being built while he worked at Area-51. Lazar's credentials cannot actually be confirmed. There is no record of his having attended MIT, but in the world of conspiracy theories this does not matter as the government could easily have "disappeared" his records in order to protect its credibility.

The second museum we visited was the UFO Enigma Museum. It's smaller and less flashy than the Roswell International UFO Museum, but it wasn't less interesting. The executive director is John A. Price who was there when we visited. He's quite a friendly guy who, when asked whether or not he believed in UFOs, answered with a sincere "yes." He told us that the UFO Enigma Museum started out as a video store, but changed into a full UFO museum over time. The highlight of the museum was a mock-up of the Roswell crash site and a piece of metal which was claimed to be an actual piece of UFO debris.

There are two competing UFO crash sites in Roswell, one at the Ragsdale ranch, one on the property of Hub and Sheila Corn. We visited the Corn site. The reason there are two sites is because the 1947 crash reportedly left two debris fields. The theory is that when the craft first malfunctioned, it lost stability and slid along what is now the Ragsdale site. Jesse Marcel's debris is supposed to have come from this site. The craft left a lot of debris, but allegedly regained altitude and flew on until it crashed at the Corn site. This is where the UFO and alien bodies were supposedly found by the military.

Corn was to personally guide our trip to the site which is down a dirt road on hers and her husband's property. Corn drove up in a Jeep Cherokee with a license plate reading "IBELIVE". Right there we knew we were in for fun. We had to drive down a dirt road for a while, and then get out and walk. The UFO of '47 crashed into a cliff wall; there were four beings in the craft. One allegedly survived, having either crawled from or been thrown from the craft. According to UFO lore, the bodies, debris and survivor were either taken to a base in Ohio or to Area-51.

When Corn and her husband inherited their farm from his father, they didn't

know about the cultural significance of the land they owned. Strangers would often drive across their property. When they asked the local sheriff if he knew why so many people were trespassing on their land; he informed them that the little bonus they had gotten in that they were sitting on top of a UFO landmark.

The Corns now supplement their income by charging for tours. They have had some famous visitors including Jonathan Frakes of *Star Trek: The Next Generation* fame who came to the Corn site to film footage for the Fox *Alien Autopsy* show. As we left, Mrs. Corn gave us some literature about the site and a quartz crystal which was part of a theory one of her sons devised concerning the motivation of the aliens in coming to Earth.

**Johnson herself is an abductee, but she made it clear that she was taken voluntarily. She said she was impregnated by aliens and has given birth to hybrid children.**

The quartz crystals are known as Pecos Diamonds and are found in great numbers in the Roswell area. Her son says that the aliens are after them which is why they came here. It's as good an explanation as any.

The next day we left Roswell and drove to Rachel, Nevada. The drive to Rachel was quite long. When we pulled up to the Black Mailbox, the sun was coming out, and we officially became UFO diehards. The Black Mailbox is a famous UFO landmark. It really is a mailbox, but it is no longer black. Steve Medlin, the rancher whose mailbox it is, sold the original, black Black Mailbox for a few thousand dollars.

Quite a few UFOs have been seen by people at the Mailbox, but we didn't see any.

After watching a fantastic sunrise, we drove on to Rachel and checked into the Little A'Le'Inn. Rachel is small community (rarely exceeding the 100 person population mark) in a valley in the middle of the Nevada desert. Almost every building in the town is a mobile home. The Little A'Le'Inn is a collection of mobile homes owned by Joe and Pat Travis. By the time we got there we were all exhausted so we all went to bed.

When I woke up the next morning, I walked over to the mobile home that housed the bar and dining room of the Little A'Le'Inn. Connie Travis, Joe's and Pat's daughter, was taking orders for late breakfasts, and Chuck Clark, an expert on Area-51, was sitting at one of the tables. Chuck Clark was available to talk about his theories on

Area-51. Clark is an astronomer who came to Rachel for the clear skies in order to write an astronomy book. When he got there, he got into UFOs. He claims to have seen a dogfight between UFOs and Air Force planes as child.

Later on in the day we met with Kathleen Ford. Ford arrived in Rachel in the late 80s to take photographs of the high performance planes flown at Area-51. She became interested in aliens when "Thought Beings" began to appear in her photographs. She has developed a hypothesis that these beings are inter-dimensional travelers who can come to Earth by the sheer power of their thoughts. They only appear on film. They show up best on high speed, black and white film.

We met as a group at her trailer where she showed us some of her photographs and told us some of her ideas. We left Kathleen's house and headed to Mailbox road to drive up to Area-51. It was raining extremely hard by this point. Along the way Kathleen pointed out a white Jeep Cherokee sitting on top of a hill. This was the Area-51 border patrol of whom we'd see more the closer we got to the actual point of entry. We left Ford's house and headed to Mailbox Road to drive up to Area-51. Along the way, Ford pointed out the Area-51 border patrol.

Civilians are not allowed to go into Area-51 without proper clearance, of course; so we didn't go into Area-51. But



The Black box white Mailbox

photo by Candice Gill

access to a hill which, if climbed, allowed an observer to look onto the actual base, but the government wouldn't let us go a few years back. Now, a visitor can't see anything but surly border guards in their unmarked cars. But that alone has its value.

We returned to Ford's trailer in Rachel for a slide presentation of her work and to hear from a friend of hers named Meisha Johnson who runs a support group for abductees in Las Vegas. Depending on the person, those people abducted by aliens sometimes prefer to be called "experiencers" or "encontactees" rather than "abductees." Abductee was the term used by Johnson. Johnson's presentation included handouts with lists of characteristics shared by many abductees and slides of drawings of aliens met by people in her group. Johnson herself is an abductee, but she made it clear that she was impregnated by aliens and has given birth to hybrid children.

On our way out of Rachel we stopped at the two other UFO oriented establishments in Rachel. One was the Area-51 Research Center, the other was the newly opened Close Encounters. The Area-51 research center, it turns out, is quite the famous establishment to UFO culture at large. Its proprietor, Glenn Campbell (no, not the singer), made the year end issue of *Newsweek's* article on paranoia and of *Newsweek's* article on conspiracy theories. Both the Research Center and Close Encounters sell UFO paraphernalia and collect research. The Research Center focuses on conspiracy theories while Close Encounters' proprietor, Don Day, collects personal UFO stories.

We left Rachel and drove for the last two days to come back to Kirksville. We got back without having seen any UFOs, extraterrestrials or obvious members of the shadow government, but we had fun and learned a lot. When I asked Dr. Mielke what he had learned on the trip, he said he said he has become more of a skeptic when it comes to UFOs. He believes it all to be mass hysteria. He believes in Area-51 and thinks the government has some pretty spiffy planes, but the UFO culture is more displaced religiosity than anything else. He says that people long for the transcendental, and UFOs provide this for them. Everyone we met is sincere, but he just didn't see any proof.

A friend of mine recently asked me upon seeing the large amount of UFO memorabilia in my apartment whether or not I believe in aliens. The answer is no. But I do believe in the possibility. I mean, why not? We may or may not be the only sentient life in the universe. I'm pretty sure if there are other beings in the universe, they'd have better things to do than come and visit us, but who knows? The people we met really believe their stories and their theories. They are also some of the nicest people I've had the privilege of meeting. I would recommend taking a trip like this anytime. The people and places we visited on this trip show that America is a very fun place to live.

A friend of mine recently asked me upon seeing the large amount of UFO memorabilia in my apartment whether or not I believe in aliens. The answer is no. But I do believe in the possibility. I mean, why not? We may or may not be the only sentient life in the universe. I'm pretty sure if there are other beings in the universe, they'd have better things to do than come and visit us, but who knows? The people we met really believe their stories and their theories. They are also some of the nicest people I've had the privilege of meeting. I would recommend taking a trip like this anytime. The people and places we visited on this trip show that America is a very fun place to live.

Area 51 Map courtesy of Chuck Clark



UFO crash site at Roswell

photo by Candice Gill



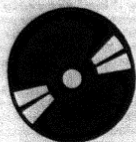
The Comp II class at the Little A'Le'Inn

photo by Candice Gill

**Sound Shoppe**  
**MUSIC & CLOTHING**  
 665-2585 1-800-717-2585  
 E Mail: crinh6341@aol.com  
 Web Page: http://members.aol.com/crin6341  
 112 S. Franklin - Kirksville, MO  
**OPEN MON-SAT 10 AM - 7 PM**

**You bring in any two CDs and we'll give you one new or used CD of your choice\***

*Your place for music!*



\* must meet conditions

## Reviews

### Jerry Maguire Scores

by Magale Thurman

When I sat down in the theater to see the movie *Jerry Maguire*, I wasn't expecting much. My friends had raved about it because they love Tom Cruise but since I've always been a sucker for the more angst-ridden actors (Daniel Day-Lewis, Ralph Fiennes, you know the type) I wasn't so sure. To me, it just looked like it had the potential to be cutesy and brainless. However, I must say that *Jerry Maguire* was a damn fine movie.

The story centers around a sports agent who bottoms out mentally and spiritually when he realizes that his life is enslaved to the insanity of corporate endorsements and marketing schemes. Maguire takes a moral stand against the industry by daring to question whether quality of representation is not superior to quantity of clients and money-making schemes. His bosses respond by telling him not to let the door kick him in the ass on the way out. Thus the tale begins...

Armed with an idealistic assistant, played by Renee Zellweger, and one sole client, played by Cuba Gooding Jr., Maguire sets out to create his own firm. Immediately, he realizes that all the good intentions in the world will get him nowhere fast if he doesn't have money, additional clients and access. Depression sets in. This is the beauty of the movie.

Right when you begin to believe that Maguire is ready to ride off into the sunset, he trips and falls to the ground. His marriage to Zellweger becomes painfully realistic as he confesses that marriage had just seemed like the next logical step. After all, his assistant had been very loyal, marriage was a way of rewarding that loyalty. By witnessing Gooding's marriage and experiences, Maguire begins to see that his own relationships are

hollow in comparison. He isn't able to connect to the people he feels like he should be connecting to, namely his wife.

Cuba Gooding Jr. is excellent in his portrayal of the football player who remains loyal to Maguire. His crazy locker room behavior provides the movie's comic relief and, I must say, the desperate love he feels for his wife is quite impressive. But the character who really steals the show is Ray, Maguire's three year old step-son. This kid's face, voice, and glasses are the funniest thing I've ever seen. The little boy who plays Ray, Jonathan Lipnicki, cracks up the audience more than any of the "adult" jokes do and in the end

you begin to realize that no matter what happens, we're really just waiting around until Ray pops his cute little head into the next scene. This is the first child actor I've seen in a long time who didn't saturate his role with annoying sugary behavior. This kid is what makes the movie a ten rather than an eight. If for no other reason, go see this movie because of three year-old Ray. But I digress...

Tom Cruise gave a much better performance than I expected him to. For much of the movie he looks tired, depressed, and desperate, which is unusual for the golden boy of feature films. I think the reason I respected his performance is because Maguire isn't the kind of guy who rushes into rescue the damsel in distress. In fact, he's the kind of guy who keeps screwing up and letting down the people who depend on him. He seemed, well, human.

Of course, there is lovely resolution in the end but only after an emotional arch of disappointment.

All in all, I highly recommend this movie. I paid six bucks for it and thought it was worth it, so I'd have to say that the ol' Petite Three's reasonable prices would be a good bargain. Go see it.



Tom Cruise as Jerry Maguire

*This Special White space represents President Clinton's vision for our country's next four years.*

\*Toby and Custer\*



Hang your heads, brothers and sisters. This is the last installment of the "Toby and Custer" series. Please do not cry. Please do not weep. Toby is going on to better things, and Custer, well, Custer will be losing a bit of the stuff that makes him sniff other dogs' butts.

## SPLASH PAGE COMICS

WE CARRY LOTS OF ITEMS FOR RENT:

PLAYSTATION SYSTEMS & GAMES  
 NINTENDO 64 SYSTEMS & GAMES  
 JAPANESE ANIMATION VIDEOS  
 HONG KONG ACTION FILMS  
 FOREIGN FILMS  
 HIGHLANDER TV SERIES  
 STAR TREK EPISODES  
 MONTY PYTHON EPISODES & MOVIES  
 COPS  
 AND SO MUCH MORE!

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

**DYED HYDE TATTOO**  
 By **FLASH**

Hours: Monday - Saturday Noon to 8:00 p.m.  
 (816) 627-5899

108 E. Washington Kirksville, MO 63501

Dear Customer,

Your tattoo artist, "FLASH" Emery, formerly of TATTOO YOU in Columbia, MO, has now opened his own studio in KIRKSVILLE, MO

Thank you for your business,

"FLASH"

ARE YOU TIRED OF THE SAME OLD ROUTINE EVERY WEEKEND?  
 READY TO TRY SOMETHING NEW?

THE SPLASH PAGE COMICS IS WHERE YOU NEED TO GO!

WE HAVE OVER 1500 NON-MAINSTREAM VIDEOS FOR RENT!

EXPECTED THIS WEEK:  
 ABSOLUTELY FABULOUS: THE LAST SHOUT

HTTP://WWW.SPLASHPAGECOMICS.COM



# My Back Pages . . .

## "At the Ophelia Gallery"

Sister Mary Terry-Cloth  
Made a pea-soup casserole,  
She's quite proud.

She feed her flock  
with a slingshot.

They don't want it  
But she says,  
"It's good for you,"  
So they believe.

They stuff their heads  
and cram their gullets.

"It's good for you,"  
She says.  
So they believe.

"It's pea-soup!" I said,  
Screaming loud enough  
to hear myself.

"Casserole pot or coffee mug,  
It's still pea-soup.

"I don't want it.  
I'll starve myself crazy  
Before I believe  
What's good for me."

"It's good for you,"  
She says.  
So they believe.

"This is good for you,"  
I said,  
As I showed her  
My middle finger.

"You got a slingshot  
for this free-shot  
Sister Mary Terry-Cloth?"

-Jason Davey

She and I stood  
before the painting  
of a black man

on a corner  
contemplating him-  
self and the street.

I know that place  
She said, the corner  
of Seventy-Ninth

and Perry in  
Chicago. We moved  
to the next work.

The title read:  
Woman Confident  
in Her Sexuality.

I like the paint  
he used. It's perfect  
for black skin.

I waved my hand  
over the naked  
woman's body

Captured in oil  
on canvas. It's o.k.,  
You can touch it

Kara told me.  
My hesitant hand  
drew back instead.

-Matt Nelson

## "For Luke"

The marigold tractor  
grinds rhythmically  
through my North Carolinian field.  
Here comes Luke.  
His sweet potato forehead crinkles  
toward my small shadow.  
I will wait until it grows longer  
and fainter  
until I ask to come in.

For tonight,  
with full, grumbling fur caught in summer-stained arms,  
I will hope for Miss Missouri . . .  
Here she is . . .  
And he will hope for all of them,  
in his big bear armchair,  
with his armchair grin.  
Though red eyes sag  
toward a glitterless center.

The crickets are calling.  
Goodnight, Luke.

Tripping across the lane,  
my warm lips curl to think of the spilling cobs  
waiting for me.  
And a sweet kiss to send me to dreaming.

In that corner of cornfield a blue light fades.  
Goodnight, Luke.

-Ellyn Herr

## Pull

Do not underestimate the winter  
Do not think that it will not  
involve you  
Or form you  
These movements, almost stillness  
These days which blend with the night  
Pull  
It does not lie.

-Joel Kraft

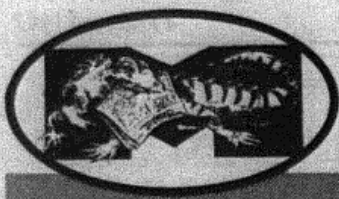
## -Eminence-

Spent fuel won't get us to Texas anymore. We lost what we  
never knew we had, wrapped ourselves whole around  
our daily lives -- gone, the right of speech. They've rounded up  
the last few cold desert cattle, and the sky a chalky white  
with less star and possibilities. Long arm, lasso and legal tender  
-- the big machine won the west, and a cry from Montana  
didn't break 14K above the sky's eminent domain.

-Brett Kirkpatrick

My Back Pages needs poetry and short prose for future is-  
sues. Call 627-5976 and/or hand deliver your work to the  
Monitor mailbox (lower level, SUB)





# The Monitor

February 4, 1997

Volume 3, Number 8

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

## Truman's Temps

by Jason Clampet

The second week of December finally saw the appointment of a Vice President for Academic Affairs to replace Lanny Morley, who had long desired to return to his position as head of the Mathematics and Computer-Science Division. Replacing him is yet another temporary appointment. As of 1 January, Fine Arts Professor Garry Gordon will serve as the VPAA for 18 months.

Gordon, who said that he was "very surprised" by December's appointment, was not the only one who shared this reaction. Despite the surprise expressed by Gordon and his fellow faculty members, Gordon believes that he has the support of the faculty. He said that they understand that the position was "not something that I sought out."

Presently, Gordon is occupied with integrating himself into the office and focusing on implementing the liberal studies core and "moving forward on the master plan." The master plan still has to make stops at the steering committee, the Board of Governors, and members of the faculty leadership before it is implemented.

Gordon acknowledged that he will not be getting too comfortable in the VPAA office for two reasons. When he agreed to the position he made it clear that he would be keeping his advisees, reflecting his desire to stay close to students.

Secondly, the search for a VPAA will resume in a few months: "My understanding...is that we will go ahead in August." This next search will hopefully attract the type of individuals that the first two rounds of the search failed to do.

The university had two prospects visit the campus in Spring 1996. One of these candidates removed himself from the selection while President Magruder rejected the other one along with an internal candidate after receiving pressure from the faculty and others. Two candidates visited last October and November, but the one to whom the job was offered declined and the President chose not to offer the position to the other candidate.

When asked why he felt the university has failed to attract a VPAA in the four years of searching, Gordon said that "finding someone that fits the diverse needs of the students and faculty" is difficult. "I've seen a small part of the magnitude of this job."

Part of the difficulty, Gordon said, is that "When almost half of the faculty are new their ideas need to be taken into account. The picture is evolving."

The picture in the administration is not evolving too much, though. There is still an unprecedented lack of diversity in the halls of McClain. Barbara Byrne, one of the two candidates who visited last semester told a panel of students that the administration "was like a family-a bit inbred...I haven't figured out what all those people in the [VPAA's] office do." Apparently, the people in that office are not sure either (see "All the News That's Unfit").

Gordon's main emphasis is upon doing what he sees as best for helping the university: "My motive is to help the institution." "I can't imagine ever saying no to the president or no to something that helps the institution."



Feature Article on StudyBreak: the show that Daves made, page 6

## Meet the Ad Man

by Maggie Thurman

Last year I had the good fortune to be able to conduct interviews with people of importance around campus in a column called Meet the Man. I was fearless about breaking down their walls, asking them the hard hitting questions, and getting my story. There wasn't an official whose secretary I wasn't on a first name basis with. Oh, I worked like a mule in those days, so much so my only choice was to take a much needed rest and conduct interviews on a more leisurely schedule.

But over the months I have realized that there is one interview that calls to me from the shadows of my life and forces me to resume my former post. Who is this person you ask? Who is this rugged individual? It's Marlow Ediger. A teacher, a published writer, a world traveller, a man whose life possesses a striking resemblance to Indiana Jones. Many of you see the ads announcing his recent publications and his goal of reaching 2,500 publications. Now here's the story behind the man. Here is Marlow Ediger.

Please describe a little bit about your background and your relationship to Truman State.

Well, I taught here for 30 years and 28 full summers. I take a lot of pride in saying 28 full summers because that ends up to be about 14 more full school years. So I maintain that that comes out to be about 44

years...I taught in elementary education, I taught in the field and then school administration.

Tell me about the articles that you have published. What types of articles are they and what's your goal?

My goal is to have 2,500 published altogether and I have about 2,087 published. I write on teaching and school administration...I have about 413 more to go and I may up that as I get close. I have just an endless number of ideas to publish articles about. I just proofread one before I came here...It was entitled "Slogans in School and in Society." A lot of these slogans like, "It's people that kill, not guns that kill" or "Let's get government off of our backs and out of our pockets." I analyzed those slogans and others in the article that I proofread and it will be coming out six months from now in the *Journal of Instructional Psychology*.

Where did the number 2,500 come from? Is that a record you're trying to beat?

Oh, I think this is a record now for an educator, but this is a personal goal that I have, the twenty-five hundred.

Have you ever considered employing a psychic or a psychic hotline in your endeavor?

No, I haven't...I haven't considered that at all. I don't know if that would be of help

See Marlow, page 9

## Gatsby's Shuts Its Doors

by Jill Goodheart

Upon returning from Winter Break, almost everyone noticed the addition of a new fast food franchise in our own Student Union Building. And with this addition of the mass produced and mainstream, many may have also noticed the passing of one of the more unique businesses in Kirksville: Gatsby's Inc.

Gatsby's, formerly located at 117 W Washington on the square, closed its doors last week. Gatsby's was a gift/coffee shop that was the only place to get a real cappuccino in Kirksville for years (before the somewhat recent addition of Washington Street Java Co.).

Much like other businesses that close in this town, Gatsby's was not forced to close because of bigger business such as Wal-Mart, according to an open letter from owner Pamela Hayes. Instead, she claims she's closing to accept "an opportunity to devote [her] time to projects involving marketing technology."

Hayes writes: "Because systems, especially technology, have been my first love, and because I have found that it is difficult to balance family time with long hours de-

manded by sole proprietorship...I will therefore close my retail location."

So, Hayes sold her equipment and the last of her inventory at "bargain prices," and she is currently in the process of moving the last of her business out of the store.

But this leaves us in somewhat of a bind: Gatsby's was probably the only place where one could buy from a large selection of Ghirardelli chocolates, fancy coffee beans and other interesting "food gifts."

Hayes said she has tried "to build a community" through Gatsby's and is surprised at how many people are "really grieving" its departure. Therefore, she said she is trying to place some of the more popular items in other businesses around Kirksville. Right now, however, the only line she has been able to place is Crabtree at Evelyn, which Troester's agreed sell on somewhat of a trial basis.

So, what is the future for that empty space on Washington St? Will it, like so many other former business spaces in Kirksville, remain vacant (which seems only to remind us that we keep losing the unique shops and quirky aspects of a small town)? Perhaps we'll get a really good Mexican restaurant.

All the News that's Unfit  
Opinions  
This Modern World  
Kirksville Confucius  
Pioneer Filmmaker  
New Odgers  
Reviews  
Christo comes to Kirksville



2  
4  
4  
7  
7  
8  
10  
11



## The Monitor

Campus Collective  
Independent Quality Since 1995

Campus Address  
CAOC, 618  
Truman State University  
Kirksville, MO 63501  
Fax: (816) 765-7436  
Office Address  
Monitor Tower  
1111X West Washington, Apt. 1  
Kirksville, MO 63501  
Ph: (816) 627-1475

Managing Editorial Board:  
Jason Clampet, [jw43@academic.truman.edu](mailto:jw43@academic.truman.edu)  
Laughton Mosser, 8873  
Ann Price, 6222  
Copy Editing Provided by: Maggie Thurman,  
All Goodfellow  
Advertising Manager: Karen Wilkenmeyer  
Photographer: Phil French  
My Back Pages: Brett Kirkpatrick, Andrea  
Pigg  
Conceptual Theorist: 3146  
With Special Appearances by:

"Among people who have learned something from the 18th century essay, 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 content Copyright © 1997, The Monitor Campus Collective unless otherwise noted.



## ALL THE NEWS THAT'S UNFIT

## Grade Inflation, what about Title Inflation?

Last week, an alert faculty member informed us that a certain administrator was passing himself off as something he was not. One of our cub reporters hopped on the case and obtained a copy of the gentleman's letterhead. The title read "University Dean," but does Truman have a "University Dean?"

"University Dean," but does Truman have a "University Dean?" When Campus Information was called, their whispering in the background made our reporter doubt whether the operators were sure about what he was asking for. "This may be what you are looking for," the operator said, "extension 4111."

The number was dialed and the secretary at Student Affairs answered. Our reporter asked if the secretary knew what Mark Stanley's title was. "Dean of Student Affairs," was the answer. "Do you know who the 'University Dean' is?"

"We don't have a 'University Dean' at Truman...you may

try the Vice

President's office."

By a stroke of

sheer luck Miles

Lovelace, the As-

sociate VPAA,

answered the

phone (he would

surely know who

the "University

Dean" is).

"May I please

speak with the 'University Dean'?" our

reporter asked.

"We don't have a 'University Dean'?" replied Associate VPAA

Miles Lovelace.

"Are you sure?"

Our reporter was then told that, if the

issue concerned academics, VPAA Garry

Gordon would be able to help.

Our self-proclaimed "University Dean"

does not seem to understand the value of

honesty in the academic world, nor is he

capable of covering his falsity with his closest

colleagues in the VPAA's office. Then

again, perhaps President Magruder did indeed

appoint this gentleman to the position in true Magruder fashion: without ask-

ing a damn soul.

Michael A. McManis  
University Dean  
McClain Hall 201C  
Kirksville, MO 63501-4221  
(816) 785-4695  
(816) 785-7620 FAX  
[mamcmanis@truman.edu](mailto:mamcmanis@truman.edu)



## Truman Quote of the Issue:

More down-home "wisdom" from ole Harry. This is, quite possibly, the most offensive statement we've found yet. Feel free to send in your favorite Harry quote.

"Uncle Will says that the Lord made a white man from dust, a nigger from mud, then he threw up what was left and it came down a Chinaman. He does hate Chinese and Japs. So do I. It is race prejudice, I guess. But I am strongly of the opinion that negroes [sic] ought to be in Africa, yellow men in Asia and white men in Europe and America."

Letter from Harry to Boss in which he proposed marriage, June 1911. Found in Truman and Israel, by Michael J. Cohen

## What's that Smell?

## Hog Wars

The Corporate Grab for Control of the Hog Industry



Something stinks in Missouri. Hog Wars examines what the big corporate farms are doing to our state and country.

Order your copy today!

Published by the Missouri Rural Crisis Center  
Phone (573) 449-1336 Fax (573) 442-5716  
710 Rangeline St., Columbia, Missouri 65201  
E-mail [mrural@mail.com.missouri.edu](mailto:mrural@mail.com.missouri.edu)

Sound Shoppe  
MUSIC & CLOTHING  
665-2565 1-800-717-2565  
E Mail: [crineh8341@aol.com](mailto:crineh8341@aol.com)  
Web Page: <http://members.aol.com/crineh8341>  
112 S. Franklin - Kirksville, MO  
OPEN MON-SAT 10 AM - 7 PM

Sound Shoppe  
\$1 OFF  
any new CD

## Letters

Send letters - not too long, not too short - to the mailbox in the CAOC.

## Please Don't Go Toby and Custer

Dear Editors and Chad Odgers

As an avid Monitor reader, I naturally enjoy everything that the paper has to offer, such as the eloquent articles and thought-provoking essays. Above all, however, the reason I anxiously and impatiently wait for an issue to come out is solely because of the Toby and Custer comic strip by Chad Odgers.

The first time I read the strip, I broke down and could not stop laughing for a full half hour. I'm serious, I could not stop laughing. (You know, the one where Toby has pantofoles on his head...) Even today, when I describe a strip to friends, I still laugh uncontrollably. I also send the comic to friends at other universities and they LOVE it. They also wait for the next comic strip with anticipation.

This is the reason why I was distraught to read in the last issue that this would be the last installment of Toby and Custer. Why is this horrific catastrophe occurring? Why is the funniest, most creative and overall best comic strip I have ever read suddenly withdrawing from existence? I feel horribly betrayed and abandoned and I would like an explanation as to why this is happening.

What are you doing, Mr. Odgers? You can't just stop a popular comic strip and expect your fans to act complacent and accept the situation. I love the Toby and Custer comic strip and I was looking forward to the day when I could sit down at the breakfast table, surrounded by my family and be able to open up the newspaper, and read the comic and start the day off right. Now, the future looks bleak, and those happy mornings I pictured in my future have crumbled into dust.

PLEASE, bring back Toby and Custer so that my life can resume its normalcy and meaning.

Signed,  
a disheartened Janine Nicholas

Dear Editors

Recently, I picked up an edition of The Monitor only to discover that Toby and Custer will no longer be with us. This is not a letter of action to the fans of the cartoon in order to initiate a response to the closing of the strip. The creator should not be tempted to bow down to public demand and bring back the comic. It is understandable that after a period of time, the creative juices will stop flowing for a particular project. I was told that if the author was given ideas, the strip may last.

However, I have neither the time nor the talent to do this. Perhaps this is the dawn of a better comic. If this is so, let Toby and Custer go in the way of The Far Side. Let them be remembered for the laughs that they brought us and the five-minute time fillers right before a class. I was told that the creation of the characters was a mistake. If this is so, I do not believe that an intentional creation could have done better. Right now, I just wish to thank the creator for the creation of the comic. I enjoyed it while it lasted.

Take it easy,  
Grant McManis

## Reforming the UN: for Real

Dear Editors

I did not feel the sense of relieved jubilation Mr. Clinton obviously gleefully manifested as he appointed Madeleine Albright to be the first ever female US Secretary of State, and the next day the US commercial TV fawned over her "foreign birth" (she is only Czech): as if this were proof positive of cosmopolitanism.

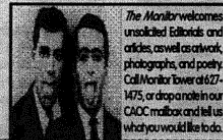
This is because like most real, informed "foreigners" I know a little bit disgustingly too much about Ms. Albright's poor tenure (up til last year) as Clinton's UN Ambassador. To be satisfied idly with her "international" credentials. Single-handedly Ms. Albright preceded at the UN in New York to behave clumsily and offensively like the alarmingly ex-American writer Henry James proverbially awful "rudy American." She and Clinton ignored early UN warnings that the long Somali war was of a civil nature, and insistently turned a peacekeeping, food-providing one for refugee's benefit into a "high-tech" US-commanded operation. It was the Gulf War fiasco in CNN replay.

By the end of it, the worst Somali warlord had had his support only buttressed (just as Bush fully built up Iraq's Saddam) and US Marine boys' bodies, sadly, lay mutilated on TV-by outraged Somali peasants. Instead of this admitting "humble pie," Albright spent months of her UN bully-girl role lecturing the UN Security Council Not to "reapprove" for a second term Egyptian-born Boutros-Boutros Ghali as Secretary-General. Even "Tory" Britain told her rudely to stop being so arrogant. The Egyptian went because he had been right about Somalia.

The real "next" Secretary of State should not have been this Cold War nationalist, silly "throw back," but a truly wise, globally respected American, the former Maine Judge and Senator George Mitchell. But as the Irish Times newspaper has documented in its last December's issues, sick Clinton's boys want the US upper class feminist vote for Gore next time around in home elections.

True to form, the triumphantly incompetent Albright has shown her real nature as soon as ever. She spent the next two days as Secretary off publicly lecturing Canada's liberal foreign affairs minister, Lloyd Axworthy. Why? because he has dared to visit Fidel Castro even though Senator Albright knows perfectly well that such Western "ally" nations as Canada and Britain have long been Communist Cuba's biggest trade partners. Many of US "foreigners." Indeed, viewing Castro's Cuba as a relative well-kept and educational paradise for the Latino majority, compared with the horrific regimes in Guatemala and Chile the US has genocidally tolerated; on behalf of its greedy, big corporations in those countries.

So I have very little solid faith in Albright, but if Bill Clinton and she really were serious about their call for UN reform here are some See Letters, page 8



The Monitor welcomes unsolicited editorials and articles, as well as artwork, photographs, and poetry. Call Monitor Tower at 27-1475, or e-mail to [caoc@mailbox.truman.edu](mailto:caoc@mailbox.truman.edu) and let us know you would like to do.

## THE INCONTINENTALS

Get your copy of *Descending a Buttery Stairway* the new release from the homiest band in the U.S. of A.



"The latest batch of tunes to burrow itself in your ear hole with its lighting fast licks that just keep on lickin'"

Just \$5 (it's cheaper than takin' your sweetie out)

"HEY BOY, RUN TELL 'EM 'TOAST' IS READY!"

Soon available at fine stores

## SPLASH PAGE COMICS

Need A Different Kind of Valentines Day Gift?

WE CARRY LOTS OF ITEMS THAT WOULD MAKE THE PERFECT UNUSUAL GIFT!

We Carry Gift Items For:

Looney Tunes	Animaniacs
Kermit The Frog	Star Wars
Star Trek	X-Files
T-Shirts	Key Chains

Stuffed Plush Animals

And So Much More

STOP BY SPLASH PAGE COMICS AT

1007 E. PATTERSON  
665-7623

OPEN 12-6 MONDAY THROUGH SATURDAY  
[HTTP://WWW.SPLASHPAGECOMICS.COM](http://WWW.SPLASHPAGECOMICS.COM)



## Opinions

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

### The View From Here

by Chris deTurk

Up here, in my little corner of the world, I see and hear a lot. I have five windows in my 3rd floor apartment, so distractions are abundant, even in this town. Do not get me wrong though, I'm not peeping Tom, but I enjoy the mental stimulation you folks unknowingly give me...

So, what exactly do I think about, endlessly pondering in my thinking hut? Lots of things, I suppose. When you live by yourself, I find some regularities sink in: you listen to a lot of music, do a lot of thinking, whistle, and, if things get bad, start talking to yourself. (That's a joke-I don't want to hear about that later)

In (WHAT?) class the other night, one of the better classes I have had at TSU, we brought up something interesting, or rather, what I thought was interesting. I really enjoy this class because I have learned more in three class periods than I have in whole semesters in other classes. That is beside the point, though.

When we were talking about Sir Thomas More, the Reformation, the Renaissance, etc., it was noted that More, who was beheaded for his uncompromising views on religion and affairs of the state, died for those beliefs. It was not uncommon at this time in the 16th century, to die for one's beliefs. Even among our

century, there have been example of individuals dying for their beliefs. Martin Luther King, for example, whose birthday we just honored. Although in contrast, I think that it is uncommon for one to die for one's beliefs in the 20th century and certainly will be uncommon in the 21st century.

I am not claiming that no one dies for their beliefs these days. Certainly there isn't that much beheading occurring anyway. I am curious, though, if you were asked to die for something, what would it be for? Would you choose anything, or abstain from any kind of civil or religious cause? What is it about our generation that makes us so disjunct, even among ourselves? Have we no unity? And, if it is the case that no unity exists among us, does it matter? Hmm...I'm probably just thinking too much anyway.

Well, obviously, I don't have the answers to all of these questions. As for myself, I'm not sure what I would die for. I assume that I would die for my loved ones, but at this point, probably not too much else. If you are ready to die for a cause or belief, I commend you, because in my opinion, it is noble to be ready to die for something.

As for our generation, I suggest that you get a copy of *Ishmael* and start reading.

### Peacing Things Together

by Ben Bennani

Eds. Note: Ben Bennani, a professor of English and Comparative Literature, was asked to write a "peace Message" for the holiday season reflecting the collective sentiments and ideals of the Kirksville Rotary Club's members. The message was approved by the Club's board members and was sent to be broadcast on short wave radio over the North Pole.

In the season which celebrates the birth of the world's greatest peacemaker, it is fitting to reexamine the meaning of the word "peace" and try to fathom its subtle ramifications. Some people lightly

awareness, must learn to cope with. We must learn to live with the immutable contradiction that "we are all the same" and "we are all different." Peace will come, I think, from accepting contradiction, embracing mystery, celebrating both sameness and difference.

The message for this season that I

Peace will come, I think, from accepting contradiction, embracing mystery, celebrating both sameness and difference

would like to convey...is to strive for peace through two important concepts: empathy and love-empathy for strangers, and unconditional love, in all its manifestations, for those we know. Perhaps empathy for strangers is also that love which we are told we should have for everyone. I am not really advocating anything new here; it is that same old message that we've been hearing all our lives.

I personally see peace as something far more encompassing. Even when we are not really "at war" with anyone, how many of us can boast of having that peace that comes from that illusive and illusory inner serenity? How peaceful are our relationships with neighbors, friends, and family? If you agree with me that war is more than just the absence of war, that peace is a fertile ground for the growth of all people, of our collective imagination, our shared natural world, and our own inner selves, I ask you then: How can we bring peace to the bargaining table when there is no "peace" in our own homes, schools, communities?

Where will it come from? Above? Within? Perhaps we try too hard-perhaps peace involves balance-an acceptance of conflict and change as inevitable forces of nature which we, with our intelligence and

The past pours into the future only through empathy, that comforting feeling that we are somehow connected with others who live now, who have lived before us, and who will live after us. Peace is the uplifting spirit, the driving engine that raises us morally, spiritually, and intellectually-and that may even save our lives.

William James (1842-1910) stated my idea differently-and more facetiously-when on one occasion he told a Harvard class,

"...this universe will never be completely good as long as one being is unhappy, as long as one poor cockroach suffers the pangs of unrequited love."

Meetings for The Monitor happen every Tuesday and Thursday in OP 115e at 9:00 p.m. The deadline for submissions for the next issue is 14 February.

Let's see...that would be about \$833,333 per case... I'm sorry-who did you say was bleeding us dry...?

Meetings for The Monitor happen every Tuesday and Thursday in OP 115e at 9:00 p.m. The deadline for submissions for the next issue is 14 February.

### Proper Logo Usage Revisited

by Kim McGrath

Cross your T's, watch your size, and mind your TSUs: Truman State University has a brand new logo and there are a few guidelines to be followed.

This new logo is a registered trademark that was carefully designed by four (carefully selected?) alumni. The logo, complete with a list of logotype guidelines and example of unacceptable logo usage, were distributed by the Public Relations department at the request of President Magruder. He wrote, "this Guideline sheet contains preliminary standards for the successful implementation of the new Truman identity system."

In this sentence, President Magruder gives an excellent example of correct logo usage. The only acceptable shortened form of Truman State University is "Truman." The reason is that "TSU" could easily be confused with other universities who use this same shortened form. To say "Truman State" could indeed imply that we are not a university at all.

Another example of improper usage is placing the logo at an angle. This is especially important to keep in mind, say, during the placement of bumper stickers.

The guidelines also give the exact sizes, proportions, and colors to be used for the logo. Unfortunately, the people responsible for the signs in every parking lot were not informed of this [see box].

Also complete with guidelines is the new athletics bulldog logo (not to be confused with the Red Dog Beer logo). This logo has appropriate examples for each specific team.

Ultimately, these new logos will be beneficial to us as graduating students. Following or not following these guidelines may affect how people perceive this university. In the words of President Magruder, "Your implementation of this program will help advance the qualities that have made Truman State University a first-class institution."



An example of improper logo usage. photo by Phil Francis

#### Logo Patrol Update

This example of the blatant disregard for logo standards has stunned us all here at Monitor Tower. The Truman State University logo if you can indeed make out the grossly distorted letters has been squashed in blatant defiance of the new logo standards established during August of 1994.

We contacted Public Relations and asked what the penalty was for violating the guidelines. They said someone out to blow your head off! was the response we received from the guidelines secretary. The secretary then passed us on to the boss who informed us that the ultimate penalty would be a lawsuit, but in most cases a discussion with the perpetrators would more than suffice.

Who is responsible for the sign? Well, Public Relations passed us to Publications who passed us to Public Safety's Parking Division. The Parking Division said that the signs were "approved by Publications." The gentleman then thanked us for our vigilance.

We also learned that our own "Unleash News" logo was in violation but we can't seem to find out who is responsible for it.

### ECO Tip of the Week

Brought to you by the Environmental Campus Organization

Simple things YOU can do to help our environment

Tip One: Walk to School

Many students find the need to drive their cars to campus when they live as close as five blocks away. Americans lead the world in production of carbon dioxide and other gases pollution our atmosphere. Each day, Americans use over 200 million gallons of gas, emitting about 4 billion pounds of carbon dioxide into the atmosphere. Walking to class will help decrease pollution and conserve fuel.

Benefit to the community: less pollution, less gas used, no more parking problems.  
Benefit to you: save money on gas, exercise and stress relief from walking, and no hassle from trying to find a parking spot.

Tips taken from 50 Simple Things You Can Do to Save the Earth ECO meets in OP 207 on Thursdays at 6:30pm.



Saturday  
February 15,  
1997

9:30 a.m. -  
3:00 p.m.

3rd Floor,  
Student Union,  
Truman State  
University



## 1997 Women's Wellness Symposium

### Schedule of Events

9:30  
Doors Open

10:00-10:50  
Session 1

Keynote - Dr. Bill Hettler

"Well Being, Being Well: Women's Wellness Across the Lifespan"  
Dr. Hettler is the director of Health Services at University of Wisconsin-Stevens Point and the President of the Board of the National Wellness Institute

Georgian Room  
Second Floor, SUB

12:30-1:20  
Session 2

1:30-2:20  
Session 3

Local professionals and experts lead sessions  
Choose from three to four topics per session.  
Attend one session or attend the symposium all day!  
Breast Cancer - Depression - Arthritis/Lupus - Gynecology  
Internet and Online services Available for Wellness Information.  
Menopause - Osteoporosis - Self Defense  
Self Esteem  
Sexually Transmitted Diseases  
Spirituality

This event is made possible by the gracious support of:  
Northeast Regional Health System - Kirksville College of Osteopathic Medicine - Truman State University: Funds Allotment Council, Panhellenic Council, University Wellness Committee and Women's Resource Center - Tri-Rivers Planned Parenthood



# Kids and their Puppets

A Look at the Daves, Dumb, Willie and their sketch comedy StudyBrake

by Ann Price and Maggie Thurman

They are fearless. They are funny. They wear half-shirts in front of a viewing audience. They are Dave and Dave. Confused yet? Good.

If you haven't seen them already—as most of you probably haven't—you should. Let me rephrase that: you must.

The creative duo of David Bartin and David Vordtriede are part of a little-known comedy sketch show called *StudyBrake* which airs Monday and Wednesday on Channel 67, only on campus. Yes, this campus. The seventh episode, which premiered 27 January, attempts to take the series in a new direction, and, if *The Monitor* test audiences are any indication, it is a rollicking success. One viewer struggled to maintain bladder control. He commented, "My pants were dry, but just barely."

Monitor contributor Carl Duffield confirmed this and added, "I was impressed by how witty they were. I especially liked the Calvin Klein spoof. Who knew anything like this could come from Kirksville."

If you still can't quite picture what *StudyBrake* is or why the hell you should drag yourself to campus to watch it, imagine *Kids in the Hall* meets Jim Henson. If that sounds weird, it is, but how else would you describe a show that combines pop culture satire (the "SB One" ad) with the socially provocative portrait of a neglected child (a la "Orange Boy") and the elapstick antics of home-

made puppets (Mr Lester, Willie, and Dumb). It is an exceptional mix of talents and surprisingly good acting which make the show so watchable. "How do they do it?" you ask. So did we.

In a *Monitor* exclusive interview, the Daves spoke about their ambitions and the labor of love they call *StudyBrake*.

Dave Bartin gave the reasoning behind their endeavor. "We started it last semester.

It's kind of in the direction we want to go—some kind of comedy writing or puppeteering. We thought a good way to get experience would be to do it week by week."

Working with their own camera and shooting roughly four hours a week, they manage to not only write the material, but act in it, as well as edit and enhance it with the special effects that only they are really capable of. Inspired by the re-issue of *Star Wars* and computer-generated Jabba the Hut's appearance in it, episode seven features a "computer-generated" Dave Vordtriede (thanks to the ever static technician "Jimmy"). Dave moves "seemingly" across the screen in place of Willie the puppet. Though they may not have quite "duped" George Lucas, as they grandiosely claim, these guys have some amazing potential.

Originally from St. Louis, the two met up here as freshmen, and will be graduating in May and December. This will, therefore, be the last semester

of *StudyBrake*. But don't despair. Though the future of the show may be uncertain (will they get picked up by a major network? will they run out of funny stuff?) this semester's season promises to be memorable. Tune in to watch *Orange Boy* ("Can I sleep over?") harras his neighbors, if for nothing else. They concluded the interview by showing us the newest additions to their puppet family.

As Dave Vordtriede explained, "Those [Mr Lester, Willie, and Dumb] are actually our first generation puppets. We're making better ones because we both have aspirations to go on toward something like Jim Henson and *Sesame Street*." Mr. Lester is made from a beret, while others are made from socks and clothes hampers. The show follows a typical sketch comedy pattern, with a clever opening scene, an introduction to the actors, accompanied by music by Shelby Floyd.



RETROSPECTIVE: A SUMMARY OF THE FIRST SIX EPISODES

- Episode #1: The pilot. Mr Lester and Willie sing "Can't Take That Away From Me." We learn about "The Real Batman and Robin" — they eat Frosted Flakes while reading the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. Discussion ranges from hygiene to light pants. Gustav the Box shows the pains of his life.
- Episode #2: Mr Lester and Willie sing "They Might Be Giants." Gustav meets the younger generation (Rubbermaid). Batman and Robin make a trip to the ATM.
- Episode #3: Mr Lester gets blown up by Willie. Batman and Robin do their laundry. Dave B. reads a warped bedtime story to Willie.
- Episode #4: New intro! Batman and Robin watch TV and go to Thousand Hills.
- Episode #5: Willie has watched *Braveheart* too many times and now won't share his Frosted Flakes. Robin gets a surprise birthday party (with Superman and Catwoman). Wow! He's excited.
- Episode #6: The Daves interpretation of "A Christmas Carol." Lester is Scrooge and Willie narrates. *Orange Boy* makes his first appearance as he pillers \$20 from Scrooge.

—by Jill Goodheart

## Your guide to watching StudyBrake

When: Mondays at 6:50ish and Wednesdays at 7:00ish (both pm)

Where: Channel 67 on campus only

Why: Because you can

How To Reach the Daves: Q233@academic.truman.edu



# Kirksville Confucius

by Laughon Messner

Kaleidoscope and its sign. The sign, famous for raking bankers over hot coals, continues to poke fun at corporate players, wheelers and dealers. But what about the man behind the sign: Andy Skinta?

The *Monitor* sent two members of its elite reporting task force to the video store with a video assignment that colleagues at Truman TV used for one of their broadcasts. Here now are the events of that weekend.

At 11 p.m. on Friday 17 January, Mr. Skinta contacted the Monitor Towers south branch. The late hour threw the reporting staff. Mr. Skinta is not an ordinary man who holds ordinary hours. After times were set up that were appropriate with Mr. Skinta's schedule, it was decided that high noon would be the best time to meet.

Saturday at 12 p.m., turmoil struck. A member of the elite reporting task force forgot about the time of departure for Kaleidoscope. A few quick calls and panic was lessened when a groggy editor said, "Huh, oh I'm sorry, on my way." Order was once again established. One goal emanated from the minds of the two person team on that cold drive up North Baltimore, "What the hell are they doing?"

12:31 p.m., the team arrived at Kaleidoscope. On that week, the sign took a turn for the weird and didn't discuss bankers at

all. The team almost threw the car in reverse and headed back to the towers for a nice cup of Java. Were they duped? This sign wasn't about bankers, but Al Gore and Global Warming! What kind of game was being played?

The team took a few cleansing deep breaths and decided to give Mr. Skinta a chance. The ever charming Al Gore was probably a banker at one time or at least he is well liked by them. After the camera equipment was pulled from the bowels of the

Monitor mobile, the team trekked in to talk to the white haired wonder of North Baltimore. The store was practically empty, save for a young man named Quentin, behind the counter. Mr. Skinta was nowhere to be seen. The camera was unloaded as one of the team began to shoot various shots of the store; a cat, poster, a med. student who appeared out of the "back" room, and with a turn of the camcorder, Mr. Skinta. He came out of nowhere with a cigarette dangling from his lanky hand.

After brief introductions, and an offer of PB&J, the team turned down (they are professional, of course). Mr. Skinta began to talk about banks and his sign. "They get you into a business so they can stunt you down and get your assets," Mr. Skinta said.

- BILLBOARD WISDOM
- Dennis Rodman: do your magic on Bankers
- Confucius say: Bank with biggest parking lot win
- Want a temporary job? Be a bank president
- Warning-Danger, Iowa ahead
- Copper wire was invented by 2 bankers fighting over a penny



photograph by Phil French

"It's really not right." He stood in front of the camera like a professional. There is more to meet the eye about this tall video store owner. The team found out this through Quentin that Mr. Skinta was in *Furlough* with Tom Berenger. Bingo. That is his secret. He is a recluse, a Howard Hughes if you will. Kirksville is his hiding ground, but he must stay in tune with the cinema he probably adores, thus the ownership of the video store. When will Mr. Skinta appear once more on the silver screen?

The expert reporting team didn't ask. They took some more shots, got a few more sound bites and drove back to Monitor Tower to enjoy a nice bowl of wheat germ and crackers. For Kaleidoscope and its sign, go there and discover its mysteries for yourself.

# A Pioneer Filmmaker's Journey

by Anthony Cooperwood

Between 1918 and 1948, film legend Oscar Micheaux directed, produced, wrote, edited, publicized, distributed, and probably catered as many as 48 silent and sound features, although the exact number remains in dispute.

A combination of Samuel Goldwyn and Samuel Glick who embraced the self-determination philosophies of WEB Du Bois, Booker T. Washington, and Marcus Garvey, Micheaux was a bona fide artistic pioneer as well as an extraordinarily energetic and resourceful individual. In an unexplored field long before Fred Williamson, Keenan Ivory Wayans, Spike Lee, and Robert Townsend.

Micheaux produced all-black underground films for the 11 million African-Americans who patronized the approximately 700 ghetto theaters—very few of which were black-owned—catering to an audience whose entertainment options were limited by institutionalized segregation.

Although he was not the first black filmmaker, no early independent African-American filmmaker was more important than the indefatigable producer/director Oscar Micheaux. A charismatic showman with a dash and flair he no doubt felt belittled a motion-picture director, Micheaux was dedicated to his own concept of black cinema; it was a heady mix of subliminal social mes-

sages and sheer pop entertainment. He was also, perhaps, dedicated to the creation of his own personal legend.

Micheaux had once been a Pullman car porter, then a farmer in South Dakota, and by 1915, also a door-to-door salesman of his first self-published novel *The Homesteader*. Within a few years, he turned to film; his fervid enthusiasm for moviemaking eventually carried him to Chicago and later New York. Through sheer drive coupled with a shrewd promotional sense, he was able to write, direct, and produce, by some accounts, thirty to forty-some films from 1918 to 1948.

*The Homesteader* was the first of several books that he peddled to readers, from whom he would extract a small advance for his next novel. Later he employed the same distribution strategy with his films, driving from town to town and using his considerable charm to distribute his work while simultaneously seeking funds for the following film.

During his early years, Micheaux was constantly working and reworking his novels and films. He adapted his books into silent films, silents films into talkies and talkies back into books. His third novel was another version of his first. It caught the attention of America's first black-owned film corporation owned by the Johnson brothers. Micheaux would only sell them the rights to

the story on the condition that he could direct it. When the Johnsons rejected this nifty stipulation, Micheaux sold stock at \$75 to \$100 per share to the same farmers who bought his \$1.50 novels and shot the film himself for \$15,000.

Thus began a pattern he would follow for the next 30 years. He would shoot a film in the spring and summer, edit it in the fall, then travel with a driver throughout the Northeast, South, and East where he would show stills of his stars to ghetto theater owners.

Salesman that he was, Micheaux would hype his actors to the hilt, portraying Lorenzo Tucker as the "colored Valentino," Bee Freeman as the "colored Mae West" and Slick Chester as the "colored Cagney." Sometimes white theaters would have special matinee showings for blacks.

Micheaux's features were similar to Hollywood's, but technically inferior. Lighting and editing were often poor, and the acting could be dreadful—ranging from actors winking it to the gods of grandstanding. Often a scene was shot in a single take, without the time or money necessary for retakes. Consequently, an actor might flub a line then just pick up the pieces of his sentence and keep on going.

Perhaps to best appreciate Micheaux's films, one must understand that he was moving as far as possible from mainstream

# Community Wellness

by Janine Kitchins

On Saturday February 15, some of a vibrant Kirksville's Wellness Symposium will convene on the third floor of the Student Union building. With some different lecturers available, a keynote address and informational tables, the symposium offers something for everyone. If you are not familiar with the wonderful event, you are missing out on one of the campus and most uplifting events that this campus hosts.

I speak to many of the symposium because I have been closely involved in the coordination for the past three years, and I have even the chance that I will be involved with events that I will be able to attend myself. The symposium is a great opportunity for students, faculty, and community members to come together and share their knowledge and experiences.

The issue of wellness for women is a personal one for me, and I believe that all women should have the opportunity to explore the various choices which are currently available to them. Only by educating themselves about their own health options, can women understand and decide whether they require more information and resources to make their health decisions.

Thus, the *Journal of a Woman's Wellness Symposium* provides the women of this campus and the Kirksville community with the opportunity to explore all these options. Booths are set up by various local merchants, as well as health care professionals who will be able to answer questions and provide information. In addition, there will be several excellent speakers talking about a variety of issues which are important to women of all ages, races, and colors.

The symposium is one of the highlights of my year, because I am able to help pass along the information necessary to improving the lives of the women in our community. This conference will not only provide a great opportunity to learn, but it will also give you a chance to see a part of this event, and I hope that each of you will take some time out of your day on Saturday between 9:30 am and 3:00 pm, to stop by the SUB and find out for yourself why the symposium is such an important event to us all.

cinema's jesters and servants. He wanted to give his audience something "to further the race, not hinder it." In doing so, Micheaux's films could also be controversial; his *Within Our Gates* (1920) has a lynching sequence of a white man which the Chicago Board of Movie Censors objected to. Today his films remain a fascinating comment on black social and political aspirations of the past.

Oscar Micheaux represents the tenacity of an American people. He survived during a particularly discouraging time within America. Racism and the negative sentiment towards African-Americans threatened to keep all people of color down. Micheaux proved without a doubt that through perseverance and strong will, a person of courage could not only survive but succeed within a troubled nation.



# Reviews



music film literature art

## Cashing in on a Legend

by Mike Roth

The careers of many artists often flag and wane with time, with future generations rediscovering much of their work and canonizing it in the annals of music history. While some artists have already passed on and are honored posthumously by the public, others like Johnny Cash survive to see their legions of fans grow. Johnny Cash's new album *Unchained* is a must for any fan of music and will only serve to heighten his reputation as a serious musician, not a washed up country singer relegated to singing for Taco Bell in order to pay the bills.

Following up the acoustic triumph of his previous album *American Recordings*, Johnny Cash returned to the studio two years later with producer Rick Rubin to create an album which explores his depth more thoroughly than any of his previous work.

Accompanied by Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers (who are finally doing something worthwhile), on vocals and instruments, Cash works to blend his country background with his long forgotten rockabilly Sun Studio-era sound and, in the process, has created a remarkable album. He covers what

he considers some of the better songs he has heard over the years, including Beck's "Rowboat," Soundgarden's "Rusty Cage," and Dean Martin's "Memories are Made of This."

Guest musicians appear in plentiful numbers on the album, including country guitar virtuoso Marty Stuart, Flea from the Red Hot Chili Peppers, and Lindsey Buckingham, and Mic Fleetwood from the old Fleetwood Mac. While one may not notice their presence on the album, the fact they play with Johnny Cash indicates some of the stature the man enjoys in music circles.

Given my familiarity with Cash's musical history, I was surprised to hear the variety and depth of talent he poses on this album. From the pleading tone of "Rowboat," to the reinterpretation of "Rusty Cage," to the now-finished "Mean-Eyed Cat," *Unchained* is a delight to the ears as one realizes they are listening to one of America's best singer-performers. If you have a chance and can afford to see him somewhere on his upcoming American tour, by all means go and enjoy the new songs he has placed on his new album.

**Johnny Cash's new album *Unchained* is a must**

**Do you like Movies,  
Music,  
Books?**

**Sure, who doesn't?**

**The Monitor is seeking well-cultured reviewers to watch, listen, and read.**

**Call Monitor Tower for info or show up to the meetings.**

## music

### Only the Hits Get Played

by Bryan Westhoff

Eds. Note: Mr. Westhoff is still on vacation so we are re-running one of his most popular columns.

With the dawn of the new decade, it is time to look back and review the albums that made the biggest impact over the last year, the albums that make the promise for home for the future of music and the albums that just plain rocked my world.

As you will see, last year was a diverse year with rap, metal and "college" bands all making my top ten list. I expect big things from these coming bands, not only in the next year, but for the next decade as well. Having said all that, may I present to you, my top ten albums for 1989.

- 3 Feet High and Rising-De La Soul
- Doolittle-Pixies
- Paul's Boutique-Beastie Boys
- Girl You Know It's True-Milli Vanilli

- The Raw and the Cooked-The Fine Young Cannibals
- Full Moon Fever-Tom Petty
- Straight Outta Compton-N.W.A.
- Dr. Feelgood-Motley Crue
- Rhythm Nation 1814-Janet Jackson
- Green-REM

De La Soul is one hot rap act (and one we definitely will not be seeing in Kirksville). The Beastie Boys, even with an album this good, will unfortunately never top their hit "(You've Got to) Fight for Your Right." I cannot wait for a new album by Milli Vanilli-what voices!! Keep your eyes on these shooting stars.

I cannot say enough good things about these bands and the records they released. If you can get your hands on any of these albums, something tells me that the 1990's will be a very good decade to you and your ears.

## Sweeter than Mamma

by Loughton Messner

Lick yer chops, and descend a buttery staircase with The Incontinentals once again. The first full length release since the band physically (not mentally) left Kirksville, showcases a stronger sound and some new faces. Vocalist Sara Marchbank, drummer Steve Ruffin, and bassist Adam Kuykendall round out the band these days as they search for cheaper beer in Columbia, MO.

Mr. Marchbank's voice appears on a majority of the tracks, as does Mr. Messner. It seems Dwight Douglas is more concerned with the instrumentation of this album that lending his angelic voice.

"2000 Flashes" demonstrates the duet

potential of Mr. Messner and Ms. Marchbank. It's like Jimmy Dale Gilmore and Lucinda Williams on *Braver New World*. Heavenly. The mix of Mr. Messner's cultured whine and her melodic dramatic highs and lows combine to give the listener a tear jerking beauty.

Descending a Buttery Staircase provides 19 tracks of everything from using Reba McEntire's Visa for pizza and guitars, to spying on the dreams of an Assistant Manager.

Mr. Messner sounds a bit rough at times, perhaps the void of Montclair cigarettes in Columbia has upset the vocal cords of his sweet rolling voice. It may be a little rough, but always a pleasure to hear.

mind.

Eros is not weighed down with detailed explanations of Cullanu's work, rather the author wisely chose to let the drama of Cullanu's life be the focus of the work.

A successful overview of this man's work would have been ridiculous considering that after dozens of books and hundreds of articles in six different languages Cullanu was still developing.

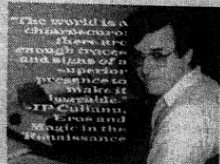
The second, almost parallel, narrative that runs through this biography does not develop until the Romanian anticommunist patch in late 1989, but, in a way that echoes some of his theories, then goes back to the mid-eighties and then even farther to the Rumania of the late thirties.

Cullanu's murder was most likely linked

to his idea that the revolution was a carefully planned "mask-changing" by the secret police and power elite. The bullet fired into the back of his head in a University of Chicago bathroom in 1991 is an interesting, if quite sad, introduction to the post-communist world.

Cullanu was killed in a fashionable way (by Rumanian Securitate standards), much like the polonized umbrellas and other flendish devices that were used to kill dissidents under the communists. Could there not be much of a moral difference between that and the new free-market?

I do not think I have ever rushed out to find as many works by an author as I could, but Ted Anton's presentation of Prof Cullanu led me to just that.



Prof Cullanu, ca. 1980

Marlow, cont. from pg. 1

to me or not so I haven't considered that at all up until this point.

Which major body of water do you most identify with?

Major body of water...Oh, I'd say the Jordan River in the Middle East. I taught in the Middle East for two years on the West Bank and I've been to Hebron many times, you hear a lot about that in the news...I taught for two years and then made four return trips. Last summer I was in the People's Republic of China. We started out in Shang-Hai, sailed down the Yangtze, and in the end we were near the Terracotta Soldiers...I've been in about 45 different countries altogether and I like traveling. It's a good way of learning. I do a lot of reading but if it's reading alone you almost have to have something that's really based in addition to the reading. I used to supervise a lot of student teachers...that way you could see an actual classroom rather than reading about education.

Why is it important to you to take out the ads each time you have a new publication?

Oh, I like to share with others and I like to have others share with me what they're doing. I like to see what people are doing, that's always of interest to me. I feel so often we don't know enough about the other person. I know that was true when I taught here. I did not know enough about my students, and if I did, I learned it clear toward the end that they were in some good vocal group or good instrumental group or something else. I learned it toward the end rather than the beginning.

Do you believe that the year 2000 will bring the apocalypse?

Well, it depends who you listen to...if you listen to some ministers on radio or television, electronic ministers on television, it almost sounds like that day is here and yet we've had over time people who predicted the end of this age. The year 1000 was one time when people thought the second coming was here and the end of this age was here but seemingly we keep waking up and it's the next day. Maybe it's like the minister that preaches so strongly that Christ is coming today and then he and his wife are out in the backyard planting apple trees.

Even though you're no longer teaching here, is there something you wish you could change about the University as a whole?

Well, that's hard to say...I think as far as teaching is concerned, training teachers, it's always good to have the latest equipment and materials for instruction. Those are the kinds of materials, hopefully, students will have to use out in the field as regular teachers. I would say state of the art materials and innovations need to be there so we can have our future teachers able to use them.

Do you suffer from any allergies?

Not now and I hope not in the future either. No, I don't. A few years ago I had in August some allergies due to ragweed and pollen and I took some shots for those. Boy, it takes a number of years for those to take effect. So that, seemingly, did away with that. But for a few years that used to be pretty complex, especially in August and September up to the first frost...but not now.

Do you believe that the recent signing of the welfare bill was good...or a drastic and dangerous move by a government who failed to do their duty to help those who are victims of economic and social injustice?

I did not favor the welfare bill that was passed at all. I feel that everybody should

have enough nutritious food and adequate clothing and adequate shelter that's safe.

What if in five years, it's my understanding that after five years one has to go off of welfare if one is on that (welfare), well what if they're in old jobs that pay so little? Or if one is in ill health? There are so many factors that are involved...my mother had a stroke so from when I was in 5th grade on she was a vegetable who couldn't follow conversation, walk. She could never talk for 22 years except just a little bit, couldn't follow conversation, walked with a cane or a chair, her right arm was shriveled and dragged along. Now, if we say to a person who had 22 years like that, after 5 years — Get off. I would hope that in the case of illness they wouldn't say that...I hope we never become callous and come to the place where we would do that but I can see where that would happen. Some of these people got the largest amounts of aid when they went to college. I'm thinking of a senator from Texas who is so against all forms of aid and, yet, he was deferred from being in the Vietnamese War and got his Ph.D. largely through government aid and then his father was disabled and he got aid. Why he is so opposed to others getting aid is beyond me and there are lots of others. That's just one that is a prime example. And he's been asked that question, "why did you take all that aid?" I would think that for those who can go through and get an education, money should not be a hindrance. And when I say that I'm not a socialist, I just believe that we need to do what's good for human beings. That's why so many people don't have jobs, they're not educated. They're only qualified for service work.

Is there anything else you'd like to add about yourself or your work?

Well, you asked me about the Middle East and I have an article that's coming out and it's going to be published about my teaching in the Middle East. I study the Old Order Amish, too. I go about once a month to rural Bloomfield and demonstrate teach in Amish schools there. People ask me how I can do that since I don't look like an Amish person. No, I don't. But I do have Mennonite background, I grew up as a general conference Mennonite and that makes it so that I can do some communicating with the Old Order Amish. So I've been studying Amish for a long time. I grew up close to Kansas where we had a large Amish settlement. Already at age five and six I remember seeing Amish there. It's a good way to study human behavior, to look at the people.

That must be an amazing contrast.

Oh, it's apples and oranges, that's what it is. When you teach in an Amish classroom you, the teacher, can turn your back on children and write on the board for five minutes and they'll keep studying everyone of them. I've tried to find out why...why not throw a string ball or shoot rubber bands or something. But Amish, I like to study them and I've done a lot of writing. I've got some articles coming out on the Amish and I spoke to this group last year in Ryle Hall about the Old Order Amish.

Is there anything else you'd like to share about yourself?

One thing very few people know about me is that I play the baritone horn. I play solos in church and for organizations here in town. I don't think too many know that, I don't exactly advertise, but I play well and I like to play each evening. Somebody asked me how often do I practice. I say I don't practice, I just play, it's not practice to me.

The Biggest and Best Study Abroad Program

See and Visit

**Southern Africa**

**12 Credit Hours 10 Weeks May-Aug 1997**

Join the First Group of Truman Students who will become immersed and mesmerized by Africa

STUDY AT AFRICAN UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES

STAY IN HOTELS, HOSTELS, HUTS, AND HOMES  
ENCOUNTER HETEROGENEOUS CULTURES AND CREEDS  
MEET PEASANTS, POLITICIANS, PROFESSORS, AND PRESIDENTS  
WITNESS SOUTH AFRICA'S HISTORIC NON-RACIAL TRANSITION  
EXPERIENCE BREATHTAKING CLIMATIC AND SCENIC VARIATIONS

This unrivaled Study Tour through nine Southern countries is a chance of a lifetime  
Sign Up now

For further information and trip details, please contact Dr

Hargrey - OP 211A -  
785-4068 - hargrey@truman.edu

## PLAY RUGBY



**THE RUNNING OF THE BULLS  
STARTS FEBRUARY 22**

When THE TRUMAN STATE UNIVERSITY RUGBY CLUB TAKES ON ST. LOUIS UNIVERSITY

PRACTICE TIMES THROUGH FEBRUARY:

KIRK GTM TUESDAYS 6:30-6:30 PM  
FRIDAYS 6:30-8:00 PM

CONTACT MIKE ARNOLD, PRESIDENT (T-Mails:002) OR BRIAN KICKELER, PUBLIC RELATIONS COORDINATOR AT 885-0872 FOR MORE INFORMATION

Mozambique - Swaziland - Zambia - Namibia - Malawi

South Africa - Botswana - Lesotho - Zimbabwe





This Special White Space is a Monster Acid Kit. Cut out, lick the Dot and Ride.

QUEEN  
ASTRA

Let the horn be your guide!



ARIES: (21 March-20 April) Flattery wins friends this week. There's nothing better than giving compliments only you recognize as mockery. The world is full of the unwary. The sky is your limit!  
TAURUS: (21 April-21 May) This is the day for the gold lamé! The world is your oyster. You've never felt better. It's only downhill from here. Enjoy.  
GEMINI: (22 May-21 June) Your magnetism is as its yearly high: husky Missouri lovers are on your horizon. Fear is no weapon. Memorize all emergency numbers and stay indoors.  
CANCER: (22 June-23 July) Coincidences are no one's fault: Scruffy couldn't live forever. Cut your losses now—change your name and leave your house only under the protection of nightfall.  
LEO: (24 July-23 August) Lepers are a problem this week. Churn buttermilk naked and wait for resolve to harden.  
VIRGO: (24 August-23 September) Cycle high. Flirtation lends spice.  
LIBRA: (24 September-23 October) You've been too concerned with perfecting the details of your life this past month. Overlook the obvious and reap unexpected rewards. You may actually land a date this weekend.  
SCORPIO: (24 October-22 November) Don't be blind to life's adventure. There's an entire world outside your miserable routine. Explore duct tape's possibilities this month; your friends and family will only thank you.  
SAGITTARIUS: (23 November-21 December) A voracious appetite will lead you astray. Avoid tight places. Remember: Spondee will never be your friend.  
CAPRICORN: (22 December-20 January) There's no more annoying person around you than yourself. Get out of the house and inflict yourself upon others. The world should share equally in your pain.  
AQUARIUS: (21 January-19 February) Confrontations lead to resolutions this week. Leave no stone unturned. The stars are aligned in your favor so use their power to your advantage—don't be afraid to abuse your inferiors.  
PISCES: (20 February-20 March) Steal Industry.

Letters are welcome. Contact Queen Astra through The Monitor mailbox in the CAOC.

#### Letters, cont. from pg. 5

concluding suggestions:

1. Practice what you all preach, Americans: fiscal "self-responsibility." So pay up an estimated one billion dollars the US owes the UN for its basic charter functions. Candidate Clinton promised such redress as far back as 1992, yet he has still to deliver even though the US is in clear breach of UN articles 19.18 by failure to honor such legal obligations.

2. Reform the UN itself against minority super power militarism, including your own profitable Pentagon. It's a nonsense that 184 UN member states have their vast, hungry populace lives dictated to by a tiny "permanent" member governing Security Council. One that excludes even rich countries like Germany and Japan who were fossilized out by plainly being on the wrong side in 1945. It's high time for extension and democratization for all humanity. Utopia is now a necessity for all species' future survival.

To the rest of us in the UN nations on this planet, it's American hegemonic conceit and neglect of this planet that is dangerous to world peace. Your track record is not good enough in understanding the rest of our planet!

Mr. Larry Hes

#### WINDFALL DEADLINE

IS 3 P.M. ON FEBRUARY 19. THE WINDFALL  
MAILBOX IS IN THE CAOC.  
ACCEPTING POETRY, PROSE, TWO-DIMENSIONAL  
WORKS OF ART, ETC.  
INFO CALL KELLY @ 665-7725 OR SALLY  
@ 785-5951

## RIDER Camera

Your Photographic  
Headquarters

NEXT  
DAY E-6  
SLIDE FILM  
PROCESSING

Color Laser Copies

Darkroom  
Chemicals and  
Supplies

1 Hour or Same Day  
Color Prints  
on Kodak™  
Royal Paper

1207 S. Baltimore  
665-8305

# Reichstag to the Rec Center

by Myron Esther

Perhaps the most exciting news story to come out of Germany last year (besides the routine beatings of immigrants) was the covering of the Reichstag by the artists Christo and Jeanne-Claude.

You may remember Christo from those umbrellas that ran up and down through California (and the three workers that were killed during preparation). Or maybe it was the long strands of fabric that covered parts of Japan that first turned you on to his art. Now, thanks to a deal brokered by the Board of Governors, the building contractor, and Ophelia Parish gallery, Truman students and Kirksville residents (as well as the millions who will surely flock here) will not have to get their fill of Christo from pictures.

In this exclusive interview, Christo talks to *The Monitor* about art, culture, small towns, and the difficulty of gaining respect.

*What was it that drew you to Kirksville for your most recent project?*

I believe it was the angst and pride that I see in this area. By covering the Rec Center I am covering your angst, covering your pride.

*I understand that it took you a number of years to convince the university to let you cover a building.*

Yes. Much like my German ordeal, the Kirksville project was a couple of decades in the making. I believe that I originally approached McClain or Ryle or someone in the seventies, and it was not until President Magruder came to power that the project finally materialized. Of course we were pretty close to closing a deal with Warren, but he fell off the wagon and the deal went with him.

*There has been a great deal of controversy about this project, much more so than you encountered in Berlin.*

Well you can't get much worse than the Germans. The problem with them is that they are so fucking anal. They had to make sure that everything would be spic and span and that we would employ only Germans in constructing the project. My being a Bulgarian created some problems until the authorities measured my head and decided that my skull structure was pretty close to that of the Teutonic race.

With the Kirksville project logistics became the real barrier. First of all, most of the New York art world wouldn't be able to differentiate between Kirksville and Kisamee and you can't pull off a project such as this without cash from the east coast elite. The other problem had to do with choosing the site in town.

Jeanne-Claude and I had originally envisioned covering the old Kennedy Theatre downtown, but those shits at the Bank of Kirksville tore it down to make a parking lot. We then looked at Kirk Memorial, but it has been ignored or late and, structurally, the project was not feasible.

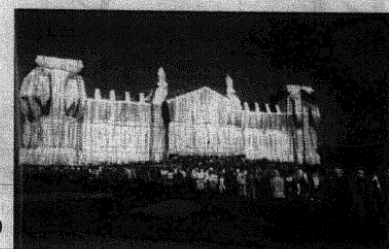
*When did you decide on the Rec Center?*

President Magruder—hell, we're so close I should call him Jack—Jack called me when the Center was approved and he sent me the plans soon after.

*What materials are you using to cover the building?*



The completed Reichstag (right), and the Rec Center (above)



For the Reichstag we used polypropylene, a material with a reflecting capability much like aluminum, but the lack of funds for this project made it so that we were forced to rely on more manageable materials.

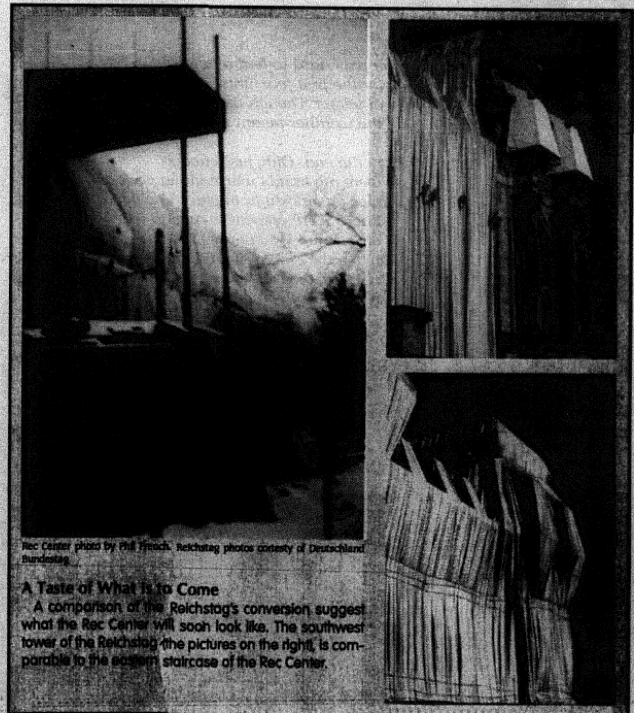
*What ones in particular?*

Mylar plastic and duct tape.

*When will the project be completed?*

Within the week and it will come down fourteen days later. Jack and the Chamber of Commerce have requested a longer display to bring in the five million tourists like Berlin, but let us be honest: you could keep this up for 14 years here and you wouldn't see five million flock.

Jeanne-Claude and I just want to stay true to our artistic vision.



Rec Center photo by Phil Tronick. Reichstag photos courtesy of Deutschland Rundfunk.

#### A Taste of What Is to Come

A comparison of the Reichstag's conversion suggest what the Rec Center will soon look like. The southwest tower of the Reichstag (the pictures on the right) is comparable to the eastern staircase of the Rec Center.



# My Back Pages . . .

## Statistics

Reports inform that violence fell  
ten percent within one year.  
One million less became victims.  
Anchors tell of a woman who dotted

her man's eyes with rounds from her pistol  
before divorcing his head from body  
with an axe. She froze the skull  
next to ice cream and TV dinners.

and blamed jealousy. The anchor  
on TV wears her tired face  
of sympathy as if reporting murder  
was something never done at ten.

Far away, a mathematician broods over  
numbers. He counts every time  
the new woman cringes and hopes  
she cries less next year.

-Dan Wicman

## "Bare at Last"

Bare arms  
Bare legs  
Bare head  
in a field of pale grasses  
in a February sun.

Gulping the sky from  
these flickering pastures  
For I've been a 'starving  
there four months long.

-Ellyn Herr

*It was hard to find a home  
for the first few hints  
of winter. Though as it was,  
the weather meant well*

*in the end. Only just enough  
were my hands warm in my pockets  
moving quickly from place to place.  
Faces were present to remind me  
of the past I knew very little  
when the high plateau was seldom  
quite as cold, when the north winds  
held less of southern soil.*

## Heroic Heart

*I am Ulysses, far from home -  
I am a wandered starving slave  
for words of comfort. I am alone.*

*My path is falsely burdened with  
Pseudo-moments, pseudo-rhymes  
The words that I have heard--and kissed.*

*At least I'd give my walking stick  
To walk another mile or more  
But soon, I'd go on, without it.*

*I won't resign my weary walk  
I'd miss my solitary steps,  
Their shallow pitter-patteredness.*

*I am Ulysses, far from home  
I long to find the Happy Isles  
I've known the way, all along.*

-Adam Potthast

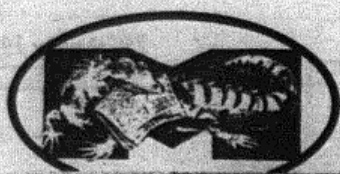
## Sunrise over the Mausoleum

Night fades again with soft glow  
behind the cliff sending warmth  
down hills into valleys. Soon  
the sun is up in its full glory,  
playing king for a day.  
But the morning sun never blinds,  
it only burns temporarily  
with searing energy on optic nerves,  
casting long shadows.  
The mausoleum stands in its magnificence  
atop the hill like a temple built in  
honor of gods. Its gold and granite  
shell casts a light it almost owns,  
leaving shadows in its wake.

-Dan Wieman







# The Monitor

February 25, 1997

Volume 3, Number 9

Through coverage of community issues, student affairs, politics, and culture.



Red Wing rocks out in a natural way

photograph submitted by Ian Lindevald

## The Physics of Rock

by Kelly McConnell

A spring pulse February day leads to daydreams of melting snow, Spring Break, sunshine. However, if you are a senior planning to flee Kirksville in May, lucid daydreams often become nightmares in the wake of a "not-so-concrete-I-think-I'm-gonna-take-a-year-off" post-graduation plan.

But wait, there is hope—especially if you are a classic rock/folk/country enthusiast with a keen knowledge of local rural townie bars and have a good ear. With such skills in your back pocket, Ian Lindevald, Peter Rolnick and Bob Nothdurft (yeah, three physics professors) say they will employ you. They would hate to see you have to leave Kirksville and just happen to need you to manage Red Wing, their band formerly known as Steel Thermos and the Two Bit Drifters.

Red Wing forged its way into Kirksville's music scene in 1992 when Baxter Black, a famous (according to Rolnick) cowboy poet, spoke at the Association of Sheep Producers Convention. That gig was bassist Lindevald's debut with the band that Rolnick and Nothdurft formed two years earlier. Since that memorable show, the group has committed itself to playing an unmatched combination of country/blues/

classic rock/folk jam that reflects each of the three member's diverse interests and musical backgrounds.

Lindevald, who double majored in physics and music as an undergraduate, is the basis who contributes a classic rock flavor to the band. On the other hand, Rolnick, master of guitar, mandolin, harmonica, and dobro (Hawaiian guitar) has been playing folk music and the blues for most of his life, while Nothdurft relies on classic country and western music for inspiration.

When the three get together weekly to rehearse, they admit that it is sometimes difficult to agree on which new songs to learn; however, they say that rehearsal is as much fun as playing for a crowd (minus the belligerent drunks), because all three members are equally committed to sounding great and having a good time.

When I asked about their favorite gig, Lindevald mentioned a show right before Winter Break. The band was playing in Yarrow, MO and in addition to the regular crowd, a bright group of Truman students and faculty had gathered in the bar. Red Wing crooned familiar tunes by The Eagles, CCR, and Crosby, Stills and Nash, as well as folk songs including a rendition of Roger

See Red Wing, page 8

## Hello in There

by Ann Price

It's not your typical backyard, but then Shiloh Shelah Residential Care Facility isn't your typical house. If you have ever driven down McPherson and wondered why the windmills and other yard decorations that grace the rather unusual building are there, you are not alone.

"That's just me," explained owner-operator Thelma Baumgartner who bought the house back in 1975 and made structural additions to it in 1980. She first opened her home to college students before deciding to take in older folks a little over eight years ago. The change came about after she and her husband returned from taking care of their own elderly mothers and she found that she "missed being around the older people." Since then, the house has been a full-time care facility with a staff of around five workers who provide round-the-clock care for the residents.

Shiloh Shelah, which means "rest and prayer," is somewhere between living at home and living in a nursing home for its twelve residents. According to Baumgartner, the concept behind residential care facilities originated about ten years ago and is a low-cost alternative for people who cannot fully care for themselves.

Baumgartner said, "I first saw it in the

West out in Colorado, but I think I was the first one in this area to have done it."

With two inspections a year, there are some requirements for meeting residential care facility guidelines. All who live

at Shiloh must be ambulatory, meaning they must be able to walk on their own, and they must be mentally alert enough to find their way out of the building in case of fire. Shiloh Shelah is privately funded, but for those



photograph by Krissy Vogel

with Medicaid coverage there is some assistance with expenses.

The residents, who range from fifties to nineties, chose the facility for various reasons. Some need help with dispensing medication, or performing basic daily routines such as getting dressed, while

See Shiloh, page 8

## Less Fat, More Fun

by Jill Goodheart

Last year Truman saw a boom in all kinds of publications: magazines, underground papers and leaflets. While this year many of those have fallen by the wayside, some students have taken it upon themselves to start their own independent comic book, which hit the shelves last Monday.

*Low Phat Comics* is the brain child of junior Phillip Chu. There are three main story lines in this sequential art piece. The first is "Middle-Aged Barbarian Man," which Chu describes as "Conan the Barbarian when he's middle-aged, balding with a beer gut."

The next is "Head Hunters," written by junior Allen Posz. It shows the adventures of three tribesmen on their way to Chicago after finding a postcard of the Sears Tower (they assume it must be sent from the gods).

The last story line is the less comical "Nergal's Keep," which is written by graduate Jason Kraus and illustrated by Chu. It is described by Chu as having "generic violence with no socially redeeming quality." He said he's hoping to eventually surpass

the body count in *Total Recall* (which is somewhere around 147) with this piece.

So, why a comic book? Chu said he has always been interested in comic books in general and has thought seriously about starting his own for awhile. In fact, he has been drawing comic strips since age 16. Posz has also been drawing since high school.

The main inspiration came after Chu's meeting Greg Highland of Lethargic Comics, an independent operation. Chu also said he was frustrated with what is currently on the market.

"I don't want to have to be mad that there's nothing good out... I thought I had enough talent to do something," Chu said.

Both Chu and Posz said the book will help to get their names out, and neither one is doing it for financial gain at this point. Posz said he is involved more "for fun. Class is so rigid... it's nice to get away once in awhile." Chu, however, is looking more towards the future.

"I take it more seriously than I probably want to," he said. But he is looking to *Low Phat Comics* as a possible step into the professional realm.

Actually planning for *Low Phat Comics* took about a year and a half, and in this time Chu has gone through nine partners.

See Phat, page 8



detail from Low Phat Comics

Baldwin Protest Revisited  
Opinions  
This Modern World  
Roadmap to Foreign Lands  
When Alternative Was Fun  
Reviews  
Chippendales Are Dumb Bullies



Street sign in Budapest, Hungary

3  
4  
4  
6  
8  
10  
11



Missouri Residential Colleges Presents

# TEACHING TOLERANCE

As co-founder and Chief Counsel for the Southern Poverty Law Center, Dees uses the law like a sword in his battle against prejudice and hatred. He focuses his attention on the K.K.K. and anti-government militia. In his speech "Teaching Tolerance," he explains the dangers these groups represent.

Wednesday, February 26 at 8:00 p.m.  
in Baldwin Auditorium

## Students Protest Housing

by Jill Goodheart

The celebration of Black History Month always entails some discussion of the Civil Rights movement, Martin Luther King, Jr. and protests against unfair laws. Usually, however, these protests are thought to have gone on in large cities or in the more southern states. Few people think of Kirksville as an area where any civil rights actions took place.

While it is true that Kirksville never played a key role during the Civil Rights movement, the students at what was then Northeast State Teachers College saw the teachings of Dr. King put into action.

In 1968 there was controversy concerning off campus housing and African-American students. According to Rev. MacArthur Pendleton, who was a student here at the time, any students who wished to live off campus had to live in university approved property.

"Many of those who had approved housing wouldn't rent to black students," Pendleton told Chris Cicotello, director of the film *Unity*. Cicotello made the film

for the celebration of King's birthday.

The students went to the Dean of Students with their complaint. The Dean said it was not "a college problem, but a city problem." So, 25 to 30 students then marched on the city council. Much to their dismay, the council said it was a school problem.

"We were crushed," Pendleton said. "I mean, we were squashed."

The students decided to stage a sit-in at Baldwin Hall, where the university's administrative offices were at the time.

"Someone said, 'We ought to take over the administration building to dramatize our plight,'" Pendleton said.

About 150 black students came to

Baldwin armed with their voices (singing broke out), pillows, and television sets. People on campus took notice.

"Try and imagine the Quad — a sea of white people ... solid Europeans," Pendleton recalled.

Most of the white students were merely onlookers, but there was one small group began chant-

"Don't Feed the Animals" and another group was clearly there to support the protesting black students.

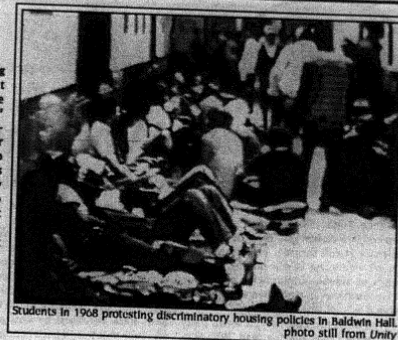
"We knew that there would be a cost," said Pendleton. "There's always a cost."

While several university coaches were disappointed and came by only to see which of their players were involved, one coach came by to support his students.

"Goddamn, they'd better be" was Coach Kenny Gardner's reaction when he found out his players were in Baldwin during the sit-in.

The actual sit-in was fairly short-lived. The students were not in Baldwin too long before the university took notice, and they were told they would not be punished if they left through the back door.

Regardless of the brevity of the sit-in, the students' point was made, and the college began to deal with the injustices



Students in 1968 protesting discriminatory housing policies in Baldwin Hall. photo still from *Unity*

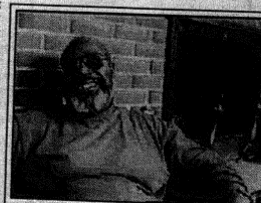
the African-American students were facing.

Oddly enough, it is hard to find any record of this event in our university's history. The yearbooks from the time say nothing, and pictures of the sit-in are few.

Cicotello said they could only find four or five photographs of the event, and the only real record was in people's memories.

"They tried to erase it from history," he said.

But the sit-in did take place. And although it was not the most publicized stand against racism during this time, it was a chance for students to take a stand on a meaningful issue.



Reverend MacArthur Pendleton

**Washington's birthday**

**★ SALE ★**

**ALL REMAINING WINTER FASHIONS**

**75% OFF\***

Reg. Prices

**FINAL WINTER SALE**

**WE NOW HONOR:**

**SIEREN'S HOURS**

Open Mon.-Fri.  
9:30 a.m.-5:30 p.m.  
Sat. 9:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m.  
Saves 12 months!

\*Excludes: Jeans, Calvin Klein, Polo, Estee Lauder, Hanes and new spring arrivals!!

1000 South Franklin  
668-0580

**RIDER**

Camera

**Your Photographic Headquarters**

**NEXT DAY E-6 SLIDE FILM PROCESSING**

**Color Laser Copies**

**Darkroom Chemicals and Supplies**

**1 Hour or Same Day Color Prints on Kodak™ Royal Paper**

**1207 S. Baltimore**

**645-8305**

**The Monitor**

Campus Collective

Independent Quality Since 1995

Campus Address  
CAOC, 518  
Truman State University  
Kirksville, MO 63501  
Fax (616) 655-7436

Office Address  
Monitor Tower  
111½ West Washington, Apt. 1  
Kirksville, MO 63501  
Ph (616) 657-1475

Managing Editorial Board:  
Jason Clumpe, m434academic@truman.edu  
Laughton Mesmer, m875  
Ann Price, c222

Copy Editing Provided By: Maggie Thurman and Jill Goodheart

Advertising Manager: Karen Wilbenmeyer

Photography: Jason Clumpe, Ann Price, and Kristy Vogel

My Back Pages: Andrea Pigg

Conspiracy Theorist: n146

With Special Appearances by: Joe Brockmeier and Nate Stenberg

"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 those 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 © 1997, The Monitor Campus Collective unless otherwise noted.



# Opinions

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

## Conspiracy Workshop

RE: The Morrison Complex and Mr Shakur

by Bruno Ponté Jones

When Tupac Shakur "died" last September in a violent gun shootout, he left a legacy in full throttle. Five months after his death, he is still making appearances in videos, soundtracks, and movies, probably even more than when he was alive.

With all of this notoriety, it seems hard to imagine Tupac as being dead. With that in mind, it just may be possible to imagine that Tupac has joined the ranks of those select few icons of rock who reached true immortality by faking their own death.

Similar to these select few, Tupac had what some would call the "Morrison Complex," named after that Rider on the Storm who is presently holed up in a Paris bungalow writing bad poetry. Elvis kinda had it, Kurt Cobain had it, and I think we all wish the members of Bush and Oasis would have it also. It is a deep aversion to the overexposure and loss of privacy that follows as a result of fame and fortune.

A result of this complex is to either: a) drink and dope yourself to death, b) off yourself in a convincing manner, or c) act like you drank or doped yourself to death or offed yourself in a convincing manner.

then rent out a pad in some bohemian country and live life in peace.

Tupac and Morrison were very much alike in this sense. They were practically two sides of the same coin; one supposedly dead from all the sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll he lived by, the other through the "Thug Life" violence of the inner city. Both were burdened by civil and paternity suits that would have consumed them for years to come.

And most of all, it seemed that both wanted out of the recording industry. Morrison wanted to leave rock and roll and write poetry, Shakur wanted to get away from the violence and live a calmer life.

Tupac couldn't have ducked out at a more perfect time. The popularity of gangsta rap has almost burnt itself out, and is going through dry times at the present. Tupac's label, Death Row, is being investigated for alleged connections to organized crime, and his head, Suge Knight, is looking at several years in jail. One of its originators, Dr. Dre, has gone straight and his successor, Snoop Doggy Dogg, is planning on making a record with Beck, of all people. What better time is there to make some money and relax with a post-mortem acting career?

## An Indecent Proposal

by Jason Clampet

OJ is going to need money really badly. The slain Ronald Goldman's father, Fred Goldman, has offered to refuse his \$10 million share of the settlement if OJ will sign a confession and proclaim his guilt to the world. He knows damn well that OJ wouldn't dare, but the concept is keen.

Still, even if OJ accepts the decent proposal, he is stuck with a payoff to the tune of \$22.5 million, two other mouths to feed (three, if Kato is still living on the couch), and green fees that would put most people in debtors prison.

How will this man, regardless of his guilt, be able to support his children? Will he be able to shelter them from those that will most certainly taunt and ridicule them?

Of course not. With this in mind, he should look elsewhere for the solution, and elsewhere is no farther than the TV cameras on his driveway. Sell the kids to the networks. That's right, the networks need them even more than he does.

For the last two and a half years the Simpson family has been the bread and butter, the IV full of sugar water, that has provided nourishment to the media octopus that is this country. It was my contention at the beginning of this fiasco that Nicole Brown Simpson and Mr Goldman were not dead, but merely confined in the basement of one of the networks' corporate headquarters.

I thought that due to the slow news months they had been having, they hatched a intrigue to suck in viewers and, as soon as "real" news picked up (such as another Joey Buttafuoco incident or a Gulf War) they would be released from their corporate cellular confines and claim that it was just a big hoax or that they had been abducted by aliens. But no, it was not a hoax. Ms Brown Simpson and Mr Goldman were indeed slashed to death and the killer is (still) on the loose.

So this, not the killer on the loose but the no OJ quandry, leaves the networks with an nervous feeling and in need of a drawn-out drama with the integrity of a USA Network Saturday night movie. Selling the children to the networks would meet both OJ's needs and the cravings of

the networks.

CNN, which was able to build up a number of TV programs as a result of the Simpson case, would surely go for the deal, as would the stumbling news team that is CBS. ABC and NBC could devote decades of coverage to the children's growth on their high-brow versions of *Hard Copy*, *20/20* and *Dateline*. Whether or not any other networks could have the children would depend upon the deal that OJ and his now second-rate team of lawyers can come up with.

The logistics of the deal may be difficult: one network would attempt to horde them, while another may not treat them with the gentle kindness that children need. What would need to be done would be to create some kind of time-share or

"lease" agreement.

The respectable networks (CNN, ABC, NBC, and CBS) could each have them for a period of a month, after which they would be rotated to the next conglomerate. FOX would not be excluded from the opportunity completely, but their weeks due to their scattered programming and the confusion that another show called *The Simpsons* would most likely create. Time-Warner would be limited to just its CNN outlet and would be prohibited from using the children on any of its other holdings (the Simpson children have gone through too much to deserve being put on a show on the WB network).

Plenty of college-age/young adult hipsters would want to see the kids on MTV, but the other networks will probably not shell out the bucks that OJ needs if they have to develop programs that could compete with a special Simpson's version of *The Real World*.

Networks would be free to develop shows of any sort around the children, but they must agree to halt the shows when their "lease" is put on hold. Otherwise, confusion over which Simpson-oriented program to tune in to, as has happened throughout the trial, will create a loss in the market share for the network that has the rights to the kids for that term.

OJ can rest assured that his kids will be in safer hands with the networks than at home or with the Brown family during those required visits to the slain mother's family. OJ will, most likely, welcome the change—no more shuttling the kids to Little League or ballet practice; no more late evenings-turned-mornings nursing their flu; and no more hurrying around in the morning, tucking in shirts and fixing PB&J before the limo comes to take the kids to school.

By selling his children to the networks, OJ will have the time OJ needs for OJ. He will have the time he needs to carry out his promise to "track down my wife's killer." He will have the time to get his acting back up to par before the next *Naked Gun* film is made. And he will have the time he needs to get the slice in his golf swing corrected.

OJ can rest assured that his kids will be in safer hands with the networks than at home or with the Brown family

## Tweak Your Mind!

Does our country have a FunkMaster General? If so, who is it?

Index who wished to remain nameless (with initials NJ)

The answers this week come from...

I don't think so. The Clinton Administration isn't quite that hip. Most of the people I could think of are dead. —Jim Bang

If we have a drug czar, we should have a Funk Czar. Barry White—he could say anything and it would be the funk. —Erin Kray

I'll have to think about it. Bob Dole, quite possibly. —Maria Conley

Anyone could be better than Bob Dole. —Jenny Meyer

If he wasn't so fat, I'd say James Brown. But he was looking a bit chunky during the SuperBowl. —Bob Sadighi

I keep thinking of Mr T... maybe ten years ago. —Chrissy Birdsell

I think I know this, but forget it. —Heath Maylan

Colin Powell, definitely. —Robyn Reed

We don't, but we should. It should be James Earl Jones. He could be FunkMaster General. —Marshall Rowland

Coolio!—an editorial columnist for the



The rightful bearer of the title FunkMaster General: Mr George Clinton

James Brown. —Carolyn Hepburn

James is a freak. George Clinton, for "Atomic Dog." It's got that shuffle to it. —Becky Guthrie

George "Motherfuckin'" Clinton. —Shelby Floyd

Put me down for Grand Master Flash. —Scott Slesannop

Dan Bufile. Everybody like da Bufile. —Jan Bowling

The old FunkMaster General used to be James Brown, but that was back in the day. I'm gonna have to go with nobody. —Bryan Nanista

Beck. He's the only white guy who can do funk with the exception of KC from KC and the Sunshine Band—but I think he's dead. —Joe Muller

## Sound Shoppe

MUSIC & CLOTHING

685-2565 1-800-717-2565

E Mail: crineh8341@aol.com

Web Page: <http://members.aol.com/crineh8341>

112 S. Franklin • Kirksville, MO

OPEN MON-SAT 10 AM - 7 PM

3 FOR SALE  
FEB. 28 - MAR. 8

AT

SOUND SHOPPE  
112 SOUTH FRANKLIN

## Is the Church Obsolete?



■ The Bible says Jesus "loved the church and gave himself for it" Eph. 5:25.

■ Jesus promised to build "his church" Matt. 16:18.

■ Yet...organized religion offers few attractions.

■ Some suggest, "give me Jesus but not the church."

■ Some urge you to make it easy on yourself by worshipping on campus through a student organization.

■ Others tell you to catch an emotional, questionable "fire."

■ You are encouraged to join us in a discussion of Jesus' vision of the church and consider whether it can be restored.

■ Mon. March 10, Rm. 5 SUB, 6:00 p.m.

EKKLESIA

## THIS MODERN WORLD

by TOM TOMORROW

SOMETIMES WE CAN'T QUITE BELIEVE OUR OWN EARS...FOR EXAMPLE, DID WE REALLY HEAR A NEWSCASTER SAY THAT O.J. SIMPSON HAS TRANSFORMED THE T-SHIRT SLOGAN "TEAM O.J. - JUSTICE FOR ALL"?



OR, FOR THAT MATTER, DID BILL CLINTON'S LAST PREAMBLE SPEECH OF 1996 REALLY INCLUDE THE STIRRING PRESIDENTIAL ADMONITION THAT "WE MUST ALWAYS WEAR OUR SEAT BELTS"?



AND...DID WE REALLY HEAR AL GORE SAY, "ON THE DAY WHEN THE STAR WARS TRILOGY IS REOPENING IN AMERICA'S MOVIE THEATRES...THERE IS INDEED A GALAXY OF GOOD NEWS...IN THE AMERICAN ECONOMY TODAY, THE FORCE IS WITH US"?



AND COULD WE HAVE POSSIBLY HEARD THAT THE NATION RANKED NUMBER ONE IN "ECONOMIC LIBERTY" BY THE WALL ST. JOURNAL WAS SINGAPORE...A COUNTRY WHERE CHEWING GUM IS PUNISHABLE BY A YEAR IN PRISON?



NO...IT MUST HAVE ALL BEEN SOME FEVERISH HALLUCINATION...RIGHT...?



25 February 1997

# Boots are Made for Walking

by Ann Price

*Wanderlust.* That's what the Germans call it. Our language has no such comparable word, but that's not to say that Americans have no comparable feeling. Call it the itch to travel—the total willingness to disorient yourself through the absorption of a foreign culture—it is the feeling that many students entertain in the spring months as a diversion from approaching finals and a creative outlet for summer possibilities.

## The Americas

The "travel bug" may lead some to explore the hinterland of our own regional backwaters. Few countries can boast of the geographical, as well as social, oddities that we usually take for granted in the United States. If you

haven't been to at least a quarter of our fifty states (that's 12), or if you have limited funds, busing or driving your way across the US could be a good way to break-in your travel habits and not risk the culture shock (except in Texas and West Virginia) of foreign destinations. Besides, the chance to bum off distant relatives located strategically throughout the country is a once in a lifetime opportunity. You know Aunt Edna would love to see you, so surprise her this summer by camping out in her living room for two weeks.

If you've been to all the good states (nothing touching Missouri counts), you may be ready to book a flight for somewhere outside our borders. Canada, especially the almost-as-defiant-as-France province of Quebec, is a relatively safe bet. I think a total of two people were murdered in all of Canada last year—okay, I'm kidding—but seriously, it's a great, clean country with plenty of natural resources and courteous citizens. With their excellent nationalized health care (imagine that, everybody who needs it, gets it), if you get hurt while in Canada, you can freeload off their system and maybe come back with a new found respect for the Canucks—apart from their awesome hockey prowess.

Mexico, our other friendly NAFTA neighbor, is an equally exciting locale for those who want to see corruption and mass political upheaval firsthand. And if you've always wanted to visit the most polluted city in the world, you're in luck. Mexico City holds that distinguished title. Apart from that cynicism, Mexico does have its finer points. The wealth of archaeological sites, especially near the Oaxaca Valley, and the chance to practice your Spanish while eating some real Mexican food are tempting reasons to visit again and again, as my friend Sara will confirm. The border towns, like Nuevo Laredo, near Texas, are good day trips for those visiting the southern state and can be a virtual treasure chest of cheap goods, including bargains on

silver, most alcohol made in Mexico, and unusual wall hangings.

In all fairness, Mexico, like most of Central and South America, does carry some caveats for the casual tourist: it's best to consult specific guidebooks for more information, but in general, female travelers may not want to go it alone, avoiding any situation that may require law enforcement is best, and speaking the language is a must for prolonged or off-the-beaten-path trips.

Central America, in particular, has been wrought with economic hardship partly from natural disasters, partly from a lack of foreign investment, and partly because the US has imposed a number of brutal regimes on the people there. For those reasons and a few others, Americans may encounter a bit of a love-hate relationship with the people in the area. We are perceived as having money, but hoarding it; street urchins may try to take money from you and changing money anywhere but a bank is not recommended. English is not predominantly spoken outside of tourist areas which is one sure way to immerse yourself, and restaurants may have difficulty filling requests or accommodating large (more than 4) groups.

All in all, the Americas have enough to see and do to keep you traveling for years. Be careful not to overlook what is closest to you in the search for leisurely adventure.

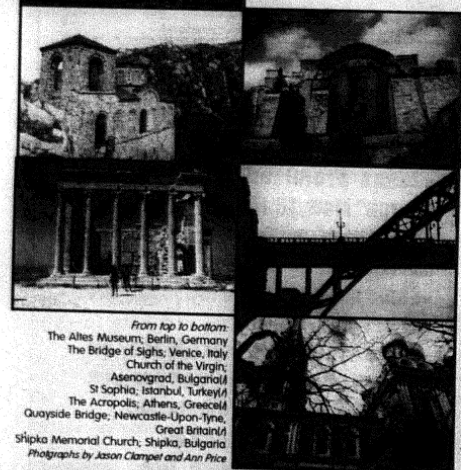
## Europe

By far, the most common destination, especially for summer travelers, is the continent that gave us the philosophers, poets, artists, and religious zealots that we've all come to know and love in our Western Civilization courses. The desire to see the sights and experience the richness of a multitude of European cultures may lead you to buy a EuroRail ticket and spend two months hopping the extremely efficient and always interesting train systems of countries like France, Italy, Germany, Switzerland and

and other facts about particular places that might change, making them honest and not guilty of getting your hopes up for something that is not there.

Let's Go guides are the bibles for hipsters and backpackers that are in to the "see as many countries as you can" crowd. Let's Go has lost most of its edge and is sinking to the level of the Berkeley Guides.

If you want detailed background and your experience put into context, go with the Rough Guide



From top to bottom:  
The Altes Museum, Berlin, Germany  
The Bridge of Sighs, Venice, Italy  
Church of the Virgin,  
Asenovgrad, Bulgaria  
St Sophia, Istanbul, Turkey  
The Acropolis, Athens, Greece  
Quayside Bridge, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne,  
Great Britain  
Shipka Memorial Church, Shipka, Bulgaria  
Photographs by Jason Clamper and Ann Price

## What to Read Before You Go

Before heading off to places unseen, make sure that you glance over the travel books out there. The four most popular guides for students and budget travelers are examined here.

The Berkeley Guides have become popular in the last few years. Berkeley aims at the Let's Go market, but it does not quite cut it. I met a number of people who took their guide to Eastern Europe and threw it in the trash bin. One reason for the shortcomings may be that the series is relatively young and lacks

the long-term involvement with traveling that can make these books fall short or succeed.

If you want long-term involvement with countries, pick up a book from the Lonely Planet series. Planet guides give you the essentials, and point out prices, addresses,



If you want detailed background and your experience put into context, go with the Rough Guide

25 February 1997

## Tips from student travelers:

- Don't try talking to Italians—it just doesn't work. They don't speak English and you can't speak Italian well enough for them to understand it.
- When locals are staring at you, don't be afraid to shout, "What the HELL are you looking at?"
- An ancient proverb: If you eat like a German (large portions), you can drink like a German. If you drink like a German, you can speak like a German.
- Don't start fights in bars with soccer themes.
- Don't look like an American—look like Eurotrash.
- In Paris, go shopping in the backstreets behind the Museum of Modern Art (the inside-out buildings). There you'll find the best selection of secondhand clothing boutiques in all of Europe.
- If you are approached by a stranger and asked to smoke something with him, be courteous and happily accept the offer.
- Don't take showers. Most of the showers in Europe are for decoration only and will flood very easily.
- Always carry your passport on you at ALL times, likewise any valuables—even bulky items like your camera.

- For everything on your mind, your parent's advice will actually make sense here, since you never know when your next meet will be.
- Remember to experience the culture. It will be with you longer than the merchandise of the Mona Lisa.
- If your boyfriend is German, don't spend a month at his house.
- If you hop a bus or train without a ticket and get caught, act like a dumb American and pretend you don't care.
- Remember those foreign exchange students from high school? Look them up—they'll be surprised and you may get a free meal.
- Remember to take lots of pictures, but also remember to put down your camera and live in the moment; your memories can never be in a house.
- Finally, use your time to learn some lessons. Sit back at a sidewalk cafe, look for the groups of American tourists they're not that hard to pick out and watch the reactions of the locals. Then you will understand why so many people hate us.

—by Steve Hanson and Ann Price

## Austria

Public transportation throughout the continent will make your trip seamless, provided you plan ahead. While EuroRail passes (which must be bought in America) are probably the most cost-effective way to travel, point-to-point tickets bought in Europe may work better for certain itineraries. In the summer months, it may be necessary to reserve seating on trains even when using the EuroRail Pass.

Due to the usually congested travel of like-minded Europeans. Renting a car may prove difficult, and more hassle than its worth, but for those interested in seeing Europe through their rearview mirror, there is always this possibility.

As for accommodations, there are hostels—sort of cheap, student, dorm like housing—scattered in western Europe which vary tremendously in quality and price. Some require an International Hosteling Pass while others are of the independent variety and require only foreign cash. If traveling in the peak seasons of May to September, it is best to call ahead to the hostel in the city you will be visiting next and reserve a room, as the tourist season and the low prices will mean crowded conditions.

The best method for moving your stuff around with you is another major consideration. Backpacking is a great alternative to the burdensome bundles of suitcases and several small bags, especially if your trip will include consecutive days of otherwise exhausting

travel. The main drawback being that as a backpacker, you face associating yourself with the other hordes of Americans wandering around with everything they own strapped to their backs, acting completely obnoxious, and making you embarrassed to be alive. A minor inconvenience really, when you consider the alternative

The main drawback being that as a backpacker, you face associating yourself with the other hordes of Americans wandering around with everything they own strapped to their backs, acting completely obnoxious, and making you embarrassed to be alive.



is to end up crying as you drag your three suitcases through the urine-soaked corridors of the Parisian Metro—believe me, it's not pretty.

Without going into too much detail here about the must-see cities, museums, and monuments, I can only say that for every person who loves the Louvre in Paris there will be one

who likes the Museo d'Orsay more, for every person who enjoys tossing back litres of German beer in Munich's Hofbrauhaus, there will be someone else who would rather be sipping espresso in quiet sidewalk cafe in Rome. In addition to these well-known sites, there are countries and cities in eastern Europe which you may never have heard of, but would be well worth your time and effort to see. English-speaking nations may not be as forthcoming as in some western countries like Germany and The Netherlands, where English is practically a second language, but the experience of buying honey from shy, farm children in the Czech Republic using your most primitive German vocabulary and hoping they speak some too, is just an inkling of the cultural exchanges you'll remember fondly.

The best way to insure that you get to see and do exactly what you want is to read up before you ever leave home. Guide books are not meant to be packed away, only for a hasty removal on foreign soil. Spend some time shopping for the right guide book, and read through a good portion of it to be sure that the tone and information, as well as their particular method for giving directions, meets with your approval. Much of what you will give importance to while traveling will most likely come from the recommendations of your guide. It is crucial that you like yours.

## Some last words...

Admittedly, there is a great deal of western bias in

## A Bit of Advice

Traveling can be a nightmare if you do not bring the right things. Here's a quick checklist that you may want to glance over before you head out.

**Money Matters.** Bank cards are a pain in places like western Europe or westernized towns. Make sure to have some sort of backup money sources available in case you lose it or the town that you are in does not subscribe to the information highway. If you remember three little facts, your card will bring you hours of capitalist/materialist pleasure: some bankcards have a different European PIN number than the domestic one, do not memorize your code as a word (Greek and Turkish ATMs use their own alphabet), and that PIN number must be only four digits.

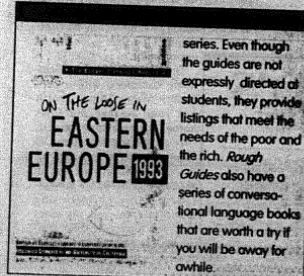
**Communication.** Phone cards are swell, but keep your eyes open for people who are keeping their eyes a little too open while they stare at the numbers you punch in.

**Bring.** Film, batteries, contraceptive devices, over the counter drugs, and feminine hygiene products are expensive, bring them with you. If you will be traveling on a Swiss train, bring a billy club to throw rude conductors. Also, bring your inside voice and the knowledge that the US is just another nation in the long chain of empires that eventually fall.

**Do Not Bring.** Illegal drugs, pets, fireworks, parachute pants, and misguided notions that one will try to rob you.

what I've presented here. Europe and the Americas are not all that's out there, but it is what I am most familiar with. If anyone has pertinent travel information for Asia, Africa, Australia, or beyond, please submit it to The Monitor. We would love to print interesting and useful travel essays.

Finally, don't let any of this information be your absolute guide. Find out more on your own. If you know people who have traveled to the place you're interested in, it would be a good idea to talk to them before you make arrangements. Listening to those who have been there and made plenty of mistakes will help you avoid doing the same. And remember: Your experience will be unique, no matter what. All the warnings in the world may not apply, and even the most cautious traveler is bound to hit a few snags along the way. That's half the fun. Keep it in perspective and get on with your journey.





25 February 1997

## Women's Resource Center

Presents

## The Month of March

as

## WOMEN'S HISTORY MONTH

## Debate on Feminism:

"Why am I Afraid to Call Myself A Feminist?"

March 11th

## Women in the Ancient World

March 18th

## Women and the Global Workplace

March 25th

## Women's Art Show

at the Wooden Nickel

Bring Art the 10th

Art Hanging on March 15th,

Reception the Next Week

## Poetry and Prose Recital

March 19th

in the SUB Down-Under

from 7pm-10pm

## Music Recital

March 20th

in the SUB Down-Under

from 7pm-10pm

For More Information,

Contact the Women's Resource Center at

785-7224

## Phat, cont. from pg. 1

"I don't want to put out something bad. I don't want to put out a half-assed comic," he said.

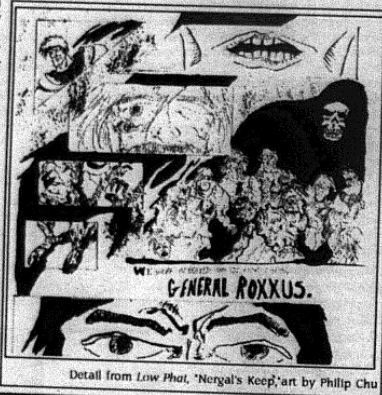
They also received a lot of advice from fine arts professor Cora Lynn Deibler. She helped with printing and gave the authors some new ideas.

The authors decided to "show publishers determination" by publishing *Low Phat Comics* professionally, Chu said. It is not actually tied with the university; this was also done so that publishers know "I can do it on my own," he said.

The future for *Low Phat Comics* is somewhat up in the air. The authors are hoping to put out two or three more issues before the end of the semester in order to wrap up their story lines.

With the summer comes a more open format, and the possibility of new ideas and authors. *Low Phat Comics* might even become an other independent comic.

"The more variety and style the

Detail from *Low Phat*, "Nergal's Keep," art by Philip Chu

## Red Wing, cont. from pg. 1

Miller's "Bobby McGee" with the help of a guest female vocalist. Nothdurft called several square dance reels and couples of all ages two-stepped to the best of their ability. According to Rolnick, gigs like those are the most enjoyable because of the crowd's enthusiasm and participation.

It may seem a bit unusual, somewhat too Kirksville perhaps, but to squelch the complaining I hear around campus of there being "nothing to do" around here, I challenge you to find Yarrow. Your next chance to catch their show is February 28 between 8-10 p.m.

## Shiloh, cont. from pg. 1

others rely on the staff's prepared meals to eat right. They are a diverse bunch from all over the northeast Missouri area, and some as far away as Chicago, and their former professions include doctor, school teacher, and farmer, among others.

When asked about community involvement, Baumgartner indicated that there are volunteers who come every week to play bingo with the residents, but she would be happy to see more students.

"A lot of these people don't have family to come visit, so they just want somebody to come and talk to them."

While on a tour of the home, I found the residents to be eager to talk and they seem interested in meeting young people. Several women, led by a former music teacher, even broke into song for me, displaying just one of their many talents. All in all, what I found was that the interesting exterior is only a small part of what makes Shiloh Shiloh an interesting place. For those looking to volunteer in the community, it offers a wealth of opportunity.

The atmosphere of a private home combined with a care facility makes Shiloh Shiloh not your average old folks home. Baumgartner agreed, "We all live together here. Ya know, they really become family. Like holidays, we just all get together here, my family—I have three children and grandchildren—and the ones that don't go visit their family, and we just all eat together. It's kinda nice."

## BEARD'S GALLERY

Mattboard, Foam Board,  
Posters, Custom Framing

120 E. Washington 665-4531  
one block east of Paglia's

better. I'd like to illustrate something more serious," Post said.

"We don't know if an audience is out there," Chu said. "We have no idea if this will be a supported thing."

*Low Phat Comics* is currently available for \$1.50 at Eddie's Books and Comics on Franklin and at Splash Page Comics on Patterson.

If you are interested in commenting on *Low Phat Comics* or want to know how to get involved this summer, email Phil Chu at r402@academic.truman.edu.

25 February 1997

The Monitor

## QUEEN ASTRA

Let the stars be your guide!



ARIES: (March 21-April 20) Wide load or no, the appetite has gotta go. Slow down, chow down; life's not that short. Don't the thong by Spring.

TAURUS: (April 21-May 21) Watch time. It's later than you think. Renunciation is your only hope. Sell your car. Buy a llama.

GEMINI: (May 22-June 21) Honesty is your worst enemy. Deception turns to your advantage this week. Pretend you like yourself and others may follow suit.

CANCER: (June 22-July 23) Chilly Nights are over. The heat pump of love is headed your way. Global fireworks tonight!

LEO: (July 24-August 23) Castrate your fears.

VIRGO: (August 24-September 23) Tanalyze with finesse. You'll appear popular. Don't stop till you get enough.

LIBRA: (September 24-October 23) Your dreams are like chairs, sometimes you sit on them. But it ain't no big thing. Pretend it's a sofa.

SCORPIO: (October 24-November 23) Frisky fellas ferociously flagellate flagrant flatulence for felicity. Avoid the temptation. Conformity is high risk this week.

SAGITTARIUS: (November 23-December 21) Rotate tires.

CAPRICORN: (December 22-January 20) Respect your limits this week. Cool whip and leather can wait. Remember: Love should never require batteries.

AQUARIUS: (January 21-February 19) Violence is never the answer to your problems. Intimidation is where it's at. This week try to sound blustery and overbearing to accomplish your goals, as if this is a stretch.

PISCES: (February 20-March 20) Your safety is important! Tie up loose ends and examine all expiration dates and ingredients lists. What are you really eating anyway?

This Special White Space is redeemable for any round-trip ticket on American Airlines

## Torn From the Underground

by Dan Gerken

I'm reminiscing. I'm thinking of something that once held very special meaning for me. It no longer exists, though another very similar thing has taken its place, if only in appearance. I'm thinking of a word—the word "alternative."

I'm thinking of the word alternative in a musical sense. Alternative. Alternative music. "Your alternative music source." It was the slogan of a college radio station I used

to listen to in high school and junior high. It's golden years were 1988 to 1991. Back then you had to put in four on your antenna or position your radio just right, and sometimes you just couldn't get it. Sometimes they weren't even on the air...a D.J. failed to show up, or they were having technical problems.

I don't remember what I first heard on the radio station. It was probably something with a very heavy beat and bass line with jungle crashing noises laid over it. Or maybe it was the frightening sounds of heavy machinery and human screaming set to a beat. Or maybe it was some unknown British band, the caterwauling of some truly Jamaican reggae, maybe something soft and angelic. Satanic, psychedelic, scintillating or soothing...whatever it was, it was truly alternative.

KYMC played all the music you would never hear on the popular radio stations. They were broadcasting from a different musical planet altogether. Rock had diverged at some point in history, and while the masses were numbed by the soulless ruminations of commercialized music, there

grew underground a vast boil of musical integrity and artistic vibrancy growing stronger and more beautiful by its very suppression.

In fact, most of it was awful. For every four or five songs you might hear something listenable (Actually, it got much better after the first year I was listening), but that was its beauty. Nothing was "programmed." Nothing "had" to be played. They didn't have contracts with any record labels, and the selection of music was as diverse as the tastes of the D.J.s...who were as incompetent as they were diverse. And I mean that in the most admiring

way possible. They were brilliant. They stumbled, they broke equipment (not that the equipment ever worked right in the first place), they were witty and charming, and devastatingly cool. We (at least I was) were fucking tired of well polished, nicely groomed on-air personalities. It was incredible to hear kids our own age spinning music seemingly from some unknown planet untouched by "the music industry."

Now Alternative is mainstream. Go to a music store and you'll find that the biggest selection isn't Classic rock or Pop rock anymore. It's oxymoronically "Alternative." There's

no doubt about it (there is an appropriate pun here). The name was torn from the underground, and bands have been groomed to fit the mold. Life faces commercialism. Money wins again. The bands considered "alternative" today would have been Pop in the '80s and rock in the '70s, etc.

So in the face of mass marketing what did this word alternative once mean to me? It meant just that. It meant freedom. It meant choice. It meant I don't have to stand for the bullshit, and the lies, and the idiocy of people "just trying to make a decent living." I had a reassurance of a life that could be real and honest.

KYMC was one of the most incredible things I will ever have had the privilege to listen to, and the only truly underground culture I have ever experienced. So goodbye "Industrial Espionage," and "Nick," and all mislabeled songs and dead air, and the late night discussions spent talking about paganism and "Lizard Man," and all the Monday nights spent lulled to sleep by "Mood Swings" with "Libra." Goodbye "alternative music source."

## BEARD'S GALLERY

Mattboard, Foam Board,  
Posters, Custom Framing

120 E. Washington 665-4531  
one block east of Paglia's

## SPLASH PAGE COMICS

HAS THE PERFECT GIFT ITEMS FOR ANY OCCASION!

We Carry:

Applause Gift Items  
Star Trek Memorabilia  
Looney Tunes

Staffed Animals  
Star Wars Collectibles  
Models

And So Much More!

DUE IN THIS WEEK:

Our largest order ever of Japanimation Soundtracks!

1007 E. PATTERSON

665-7623

MON - SAT 12 - 6

HTTP://WWW.SPLASHPAGECOMICS.COM



# Reviews



music film literature art

## Björk Gets Mixed Up

by Candia Gill

*Telegram*, a remix album, is the latest full-length album from Björk. With only one new song, it contains remixes of most of the songs on her last album *Post*. These Björk re-recorded for *Post* are perfect in their original recorded forms, but *Telegram* shows that they can definitely hold up to reinterpretation.

Every song from *Post* with the exception of "The Modern Things" and "It's Oh So Quiet" gets reexamined here. The best are the new versions of "Possibly Maybe," "Hyperballad" and "Cover Me." The album opens with "Possibly Maybe" which positively smolders. It has a low funky beat over which Björk's distorted voice floats. Very weird. Very cool.

"Hyperballad" comes a little later. On *Post*, this song was a techno piece with a lot of low bass; on *Telegram*, Björk redoes the vocals with the Brodsky string quartet, making the song more intimate. The best remix

by far is the new version of "Cover Me." Obviously she has been influenced by her current beau, Goldie, because this song is now a very danceable jungle piece. The complicated rhythms and bass lines that make Jungle so distinctive really make this song shine.

The new song, "My Spine," is a fine example of what makes Björk's work so intriguing. It's a collaboration with an English artist named Evelyn Glenzie, a percussionist who makes her instruments out of exhaust pipes. Björk sings while Evelyn plays.

If this song is indicative of where Björk is taking her work, her fans are in for a lot of treats in the future. This album is a must-have for anyone who is already a fan of Björk. For those who aren't familiar with this wonderful woman's work, I strongly suggest you pick up *Telegram* if you're interested. It serves as an excellent showcase of her talent and diversity.

## "I Have a Bad Feeling..."

by Joe Brockmeier

I have always been a fan of the *Star Wars* movies. I saw the first *Star Wars* film two days after it was first released at the age of seven, and it changed my ideas about movies and the future.

Of course, I was excited (though not quite as excited as I was when I was seven) when I found out that Lucas was re-releasing the movies with new computer-enhanced goodies, and even new scenes that were supposed to cast new light on the characters.

However, though I enjoyed the enhancements, the implications of the new technology gave me a few apprehensions. One revamped scene in *Star Wars: A New Hope* gave me the chills as a matter of fact. I am referring to the cantina scene with Han Solo (Harrison Ford) and Greedo (some guy in a rubber mask).

Originally, Han blasts Greedo in a very nonchalant manner befitting a smuggler. However, in the "new and improved" *Star Wars*, Greedo shoots first. This is an instance of '90s "political correctness" rearing its ugly head into my childhood, and I don't like it (what was originally a scene of delightful aggression was turned into one of pathetic self-defense).

I don't think that this newfound technology should be used to change the

meanings of films that stand as landmarks for where our culture was at the time they are made. Small additions to a movie like *Star Wars* can change the meaning of the film, and destroy what was originally wonderful about them.

When I saw the revamped *Empire Strikes Back*, I was relieved that the only changes in the film were added special effects. Of course, if Lucas was feeling revisionist, he could have taken out the scene where Leia kisses Luke. (Hello! Leia, it's your brother! Get your tongue out of his mouth, thank you!)

The added special effects and the removal of small technical glitches is probably bad from a purist standpoint, but I'm all for that. It's when the changes affect the actual meaning of the movie that I feel that it is harmful.

For those who have never seen the film in the theater, you're missing out. They're wonderful films, even with the changes, and they were meant to be enjoyed on an large screen.

For those who have seen the films before in theaters, the new effects are stunning and add to the film in a few places, but do yourself a favor and rent the original first. It would be a shame to let these new versions be the only ones that you see.

## Dancing on Billy Ocean

by Bryan Westoff and Jeff Moore

While deep in the midst of D.J.-ing, a friend of mine, looking for any songs he might want to hear, happened upon the song "Get out of My Dreams (and Into My Car)" by Mr. Billy Ocean. "Wow, Billy Ocean," he erupted, "I love Billy Ocean." Naturally this caught me off guard. Nobody loves Billy Ocean. I could hardly believe it, and to top it off, he added that he had a theory about the man. I have heard the theory and it's a damn good one, so this week I'm going to turn over a small amount of space so Jeff Moore can give you "The Billy Ocean Hypothesis."

**The Billy Ocean Hypothesis**  
Billy Ocean? When most feeble-minded individuals hear that glorious name they are prone to quickly write him off as just another one of those obscure '80s one hit wonders. Just another member of that illustrious fraternity which included such prodigies as Men Without Hats, the Stray Cats, and Asia. This wounds me deeply.

Billy Ocean was a powerful figure in the aesthetic livelihood of the entire decade. Most people just seem to subconsciously suppress the man. But take a moment to reflect: Billy Ocean had the prominence and infectious capabilities of the bubonic plague, but happier and with more soul.

Most of you have probably, either accidentally or by your own volition, sat through the romantic adventure *The Jewel of the Nile*, the sequel to the more popular and coherent *Romancing the Stone*. Well, Billy Ocean played a strong role in the box office success of said film. The perceptive viewer will notice that the funky beats laid down during the closing credits were provided by one Mr. Billy Ocean.

I imagine your older brothers and sisters probably got some action at a junior high school dance thanks to the aphrodisiac qualities of a Billy Ocean ballad. I even suspect that he had a behind the scenes role in the fall of the Berlin wall. The man was the picture of modesty, and I am making it my personal mission to give the man his props.

Since the powerful forces of the big bang propelled the reaches of the cosmos into the encompassing nothingness, there has been a well-structured succession of prominent R&B vocalists. In my limited capacities I've only been able to pick up on the succession through the last twenty years or so. At that time, Marvin Gaye held a rather tight grip on the reigns of the soul wagon until his untimely death in the early '80s.

The torch was then passed to the promising young lead singer of The Commodores, a Mr. Lionel Richie. Lionel more than satisfied the appetites of those hungry for a good helping of mindlessly smooth mainstream soul. Then, just when things were copacetic, the R&B world went through another metamorphosis.

This time the butterfly emerging from the cocoon was a soft-spoken casanova with a trachea of gold—Billy Ocean. Ocean kept those toes a-tapping.

Much more than one Top 40 hit, exceeding the bounds of a mortal pop star, shaping the malleable culture of the '80s with his honey-sweet tones, Billy Ocean should be heralded as one of our nation's finest. We should pay homage to this pop demigod by observing a day of sabbath. At least have one day for both Lionel Richie and Billy Ocean. Something to the effect of President's Day: people would dance on the ceiling and watch *Jewel of the Nile* all day long. Such recognition and thanks are well deserved.

Well, that's the "Billy Ocean Hypothesis," and it's a damn good one. The only problem that I, myself, have with said hypothesis is the lack of explanation the author goes into on the fall of Lionel Richie. What is not mentioned is the reasons behind the man's sudden demise.

Besides professional sports, the only circle where woman-beating seems not to be the kiss of death to a star is in the field of soul balladeers. Men like James Brown, Rick James, and Ike Turner were all well known wife-beaters, and yet their careers seemed not to be hurt in the least.

What happened with Lionel Richie, however, was the ultimate shame and loss of face to a soul singer. Lionel was beat up by his woman. Not only was he beat up, but he was hospitalized. Anything else and Lionel might have recovered, leaving no room for Billy Ocean, but being wife beaten was a crime too heinous to forgive.

Keep in mind that I am in NO WAY condoning the beating of either partner in a relationship. However, I am making the acknowledgement that had the tables been turned the public would have turned its head once again. But alas, Lionel went to the hospital, and Billy Ocean moved. What is done, is done.



...a soft spoken Casanova with a trachea of gold—Billy Ocean

The Monitor meets tonight at 9:00 p.m. in OP 115c. The next meeting is 11 March, same time, same place.

## Chippendales Get Nasty, Dirty, and Rude

by Shannon Twenter

Unfortunately, I was unable to attend the highly publicized, and from what I hear, highly attended Chippendales performance held recently at the Days Inn. Little did I know there was a second, not so highly publicized or highly attended, show of these illustrious "performers."

What began as a normal, uneventful day at Scrubby Duds laundromat, located at 311 South Baltimore, became a day of a few more duds than scrubs for Robert Ralston, a Truman senior more commonly known as "Wang Chung."

After a few grueling hours separating clothes, "shouting" out clothes, digging around for quarters and transferring his heap of clothes from car to

washers and washers to dryers, Wang was feeling a little beat.

At three o'clock Wang returned from a 3 minute trip to his car to retrieve his Spanish book. He was shocked upon return to discover his clothing, that had been safely on the near final spin cycle, had been slovenly thrown into a basket and pushed aside.

In great rage, Wang turned to approach this "person" who had blatantly disregarded the respect of his laundry. It was then that he noticed the man's striking attire of tight white and mint striped spandex shorts, a black muscle shirt and a straggly pony tail.

"A definite weave job," Wang said. This attire not consistent of most Kirksville laundry goes, on top of the

"hooting and hollering" of various women in the laundromat, led Wang to believe something was amuk.

This man and his equally tightly dressed "Richard Simmons look alike" friends were the men of Chippendales. This fact did not stop Wang from confronting them about this obvious disregard for his laundry.

When confronted, they quickly explained they had a performance, feeling that was justification enough. This is when Wang told the Chippendales dancers to "dance their asses out of here."

Ok, not exactly, but he did let them know his great disapproval by a very mean snarl. Wang decided there was nothing more he could do about the

situation (being outnumbered) and the loud cheers of the women in Scrubby Duds were becoming overwhelming, so he exited the facility with his semi-dry laundry.

Although this may have been the end of Wang's experience with the Chippendales dancers, we can all learn some valuable lessons from this experience:

1. Disregard the common belief that white/mint striped spandex shorts or being a member of an elite group such as Chippendales gives you special privileges.
2. Before you throw out someone "almost dry" laundry, make sure you know exactly who you are dealing with.
3. Do not underestimate the social opportunities of Scrubby Duds.

## Luke and the Big Hermit Crab

Chad Odgers



## Student Activities Board and the Lifestyle Advocacy Program

present



Donations and Volunteers are needed

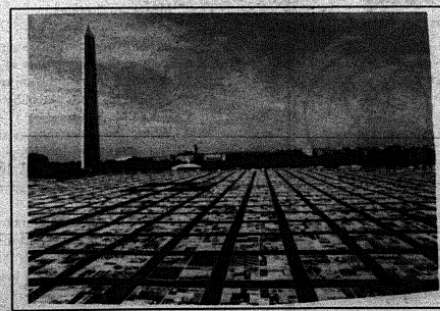
The AIDS Memorial Quilt will be displayed from March 20-23

20 Thursday: 7-10 p.m. opening ceremonies

21 Friday and 22 Saturday: 9a.m.-8p.m.

23 Sunday: 12p.m.-3p.m.

A Panel Making Workshop will be held 15 March from 12-4pm in Baldwin 303



Supporters include: FAC Prism

Contact Mindi Cjertsen at 785-7610 for more information

The AIDS Memorial Quilt as displayed in Washington D.C.



# My Back Pages...

## In Search Of Olivia Columbia

Grandmothers are different now  
Than they used to be.  
They don't sit in rockers  
In darkened rooms,  
Faces lined  
And lips drawn tight in  
A half frown.

They don't have green glass  
Water bottles in  
Refrigerators that hold  
Little else, or eyes  
That never  
Catch the gleam from an  
Occasional smile.

They don't have mounds of  
Tiny material scraps  
Cut in squares and diamonds,  
Spread out across a  
Narrow bed,  
Or a picture of a sugar house  
Hanging on the wall.

They don't have British tins  
Of peppermint lozenges  
Tucked away in secret drawers  
Or a jar of Postum sitting  
On a table  
That is covered with sticky oil  
Cloth, and has no chairs.

Grandmothers are different now  
Than they used to be.  
They don't have children  
Sitting at their feet, cutting  
Paper dolls  
From catalogs, and listening  
For the ticking of the clock.

-Jean Mitchell Price

## U.S.P.S. 2.11 -

I've been many times assured  
you deliver, In fine shape  
or weathered a little from  
too much tea in the shade,  
one two many mile walks.

I call you from my front door  
though seldom let you in,  
give you words for close  
to Washington and hear  
your night silent roadway

echo through the sky,  
through the thick to make  
It possible -- the parcel  
you help someone to share.

Brett Kirkpatrick

## Ivy League

*brave ivy scales the campus walls  
to feed its wiry leaves  
afraid to stick its spindly stems  
beneath the feet of passers-by  
their stern and learned cruelty  
has driven nature up its walls!  
until the sun takes shorter days  
and brittle browning cancer comes  
to break the plant's vainglorious climb  
to wither cunning ivy's chance  
at disregarding frailty*

Adam Potthast

Here is the night  
so close to my eyes,  
and the will to write  
is weak,  
but the scent of you  
so quite familiar  
lingers,  
and carries words beyond  
my hopes  
for the calm release of  
sleep.

Andrea Pigg

## THE KEY

THE KEY FELL  
TO THE COLD,  
WET STONES  
AND INTO PATTERNS  
OF WEATHER-  
BEATEN YEARS.

SOMEWHERE IN  
BLACK GROOVES,  
LIES A SILVER  
BRANCH  
OF SHINING  
LIGHT.

REFLECTIONS  
CAST FULL RAYS,  
THROUGH THE  
SPACES  
OF NEWBORN  
LOCKS.

ALICIA PIGG

## 48

*He knocks it back  
His smile's a bit wack  
He's the funky one.*

*These platinum shoes,  
They're the cat's meow  
Praying on what is perfect  
prevents my memory.*

*Stay on target. Stay on target.  
Otherwise what? You'll beat me  
with your hairy love handles?*

*I don't take shit from a bad weave  
job.  
I give it.*

*I buy, buy, buy.  
I sell myself short everytime.  
I don't do it all,  
even though I can.  
Damn it, Jane.  
Why must I be a little tree  
at heart?*

*Why must I lose my leaves?  
-Tony Ringo*

## ECO Tip of the Week

Brought to you by the Environmental Campus Organization

Simple things YOU can do to help our environment

### Tip Two: Ways to Save Energy

This tip deals with two things everyone has in their home: a refrigerator and heating system. You may not realize this but the way in which you use these has a large impact upon the environment. Please **Conserve Energy!**

**Refrigerators:** America's refrigerators consume 7% of the nation's total electricity. If your refrigerator and freezer are 10 degrees colder than necessary, your energy consumption will increase up to 25%. The temperature of your fridge should be between 38-42 degrees; the freezer 0-5 degrees. Check the temp of yours to find out if you are using more than you need.

**Heating:** 40% of the energy you use in your home is for heat. This heating is responsible for dumping over a billion tons of carbon dioxide into the atmosphere each year, adding to the greenhouse effect and the emissions of sulfur and nitrogen dioxides which cause acid rain. For every degree you turn down your thermostat, you can cut your heating bill by 2%.

Tips taken from 50 Simple Things You Can Do to Save the Earth ECO meets in OP 207 on Thursdays at 6:30pm



## Mistaken Theories

In the evening smell of winter,  
in despairing pots of coffee,  
drowns a miser in his money  
in his hazy hatchling theories.

Where the miser 'masses silver,  
stores this fool his petty thoughts,  
in their tight and wordy structure  
is a hollow lightless meaning.

In his pre-fab understanding  
both the logic and the dancing  
had collapsed without a thumping  
or a crashing or a banging.

Adam Potthast