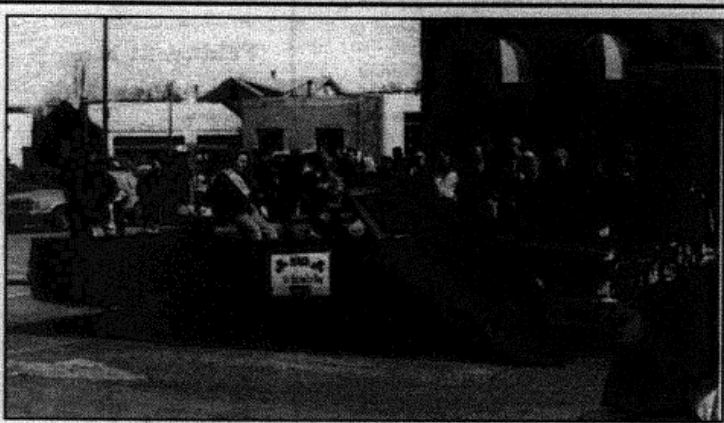


The Monitor

March 18, 1997

Volume 3, Number 10

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



The jubilant yet miniscule crowds swarmed around Too Tall's Two on Saturday for Kirkville's annual Saint Patrick's Day Parade. People preferred to celebrate in a different way at local bars Monday evening.
photo by Krissy Vogel

St Pat's Goes Flat

by Laughton Messmer

A disgruntled leprechaun chewing on a stogie shoves shamrocks into a rather large cannon. A fire truck revs up its engine and shakes with anticipation. A loud BOOM ruptures the chattering air of a Saturday afternoon, while paper shamrocks float from the barrel of the smoking cannon. The 20th "World's Smallest St. Patrick's Day Parade," shuffled by Two Talls on (((Whatever bloody street it is and the wanker date))). The Monitor was on hand to vividly paint the epic celebration for the masses who missed it.

12:30 p.m.

The Monitor arrives at Two Talls equipped in full riot gear. A reporter can never be so careful. The battering ram was left in the Monitor mobile since the crowd was small enough to weave through quite comfortably. A barbecue in front of Two Talls covered the air with a black cloud of charcoal and only a handful of eaters were enjoying the bounty brought forth from the pit of plenty. The street in front of the bar was spray painted green and was blocked off from either side. The Monitor believes this was a precaution to keep the massive parade from breaking from its designated course and maiming the crowd who just wanted to show a bit of that St. Patty's pride.

The parade, in all its regal splendor, consisted of 3 Harley Davidsons, a fire truck,

ambulance, cop car, Dodge Caravan, 3 veterans, a mix of TSU music students, 2 cars, two people in big green hats holding a banner for Two Talls, and a large cigar smoking leprechaun.

12:34 p.m.

The cannon, which The Monitor believed to be a replica, fired off a piercing shot. Thinking an assassination attempt was being made, the staff quickly hit the ground and radioed in for help. A small child told the reporters to relax and that "loud bang" was the signal to start the parade. After calling off the Monitor elite ninja task force from storming the streets leaving no trace of intervention, the parade was cataloged from start to finish.

12:35 p.m.

The participants rambled down the green strip in front of the bar. The Dodge Caravans through candy at the crowd. A miniature snickers candy bar hit one of the staff's hands, sending him into a panic, screaming, "Good god, I'm hit!! I'm hit!! Game over man, game over!!" After sedation was brought in the reporter calmed down and ate the candy bar.

12:36 p.m.

The parade went around the block for one more pass.

12:37 p.m.

It collapsed to an end. The huge leprechaun took refuge in Two Talls and the street was bare with only a huge spray painted spot for a reminder of the triumphant event that just took place.

Coffee with a Cause

by Emily Steffans

Last week, another quaint charm of the twentieth century moved into Kirkville. The Boomerang Coffee Shop, located at 119 N Main Street next to the mini-mall, opened its doors.

With the sudden demise of Gatsby's last month, having only one coffee shop—the Washington Street Java Co.—was a scary prospect for some. Remembering back to a time without coffee shops in Kirkville was totally out of the question. Now with two coffee shops again, however, you need not doubt where you can get your next coffee fix. Though, the newest choice may require some explaining.

Anyone familiar with the town square has probably already heard of the Boomerang Club, an "after-school" alternative that joined our community last summer. The club's mission was to provide a safe and fun place for kids to hang out at after school and during the days in the summer months. Volunteers from the community were especially helpful in making sure that the kids

had role models and older students around to advise and interact with them.

Financial problems, though, thwarted the club's mission, causing them to shut their doors temporarily.

But as their new name implies, the club is back. And this time it features a major addition: the Boomerang Coffee Shop.

Hours for the
BOOMERANG
COFFEE SHOP:
5:30am-12:00am
Monday thru
Saturday

Where once there were only kids and a few arcade games for entertainment, there is now a varied menu of coffee, cappuccino, tea, soda, V-8, and snacks ranging from bagels to sandwiches.

The atmosphere is cozy with large couches and booths. There is a study area, as well as the arcade

games, pool table and jukebox from the original business.

But the best part is that proceeds from the sale of coffee and other items will go back into the Boomerang Club. So, by grabbing a cup of coffee here, not only are you helping yourself, but you are helping give the children of Kirkville a place to call their own.

Showing our social fabric

by Katie Reuther

As many of you already know, the Names Project AIDS Memorial Quilt is coming to Kirkville, and we here at *The Monitor* think that you should go see it. Not only is this a wonderful chance to see an important memorial, but it is a good way to experience some of the emotional effects that AIDS has on everyday people.

Two Truman students, Mindi Gjertsen and Bobbi Hopkins, got together and decided that the Kirkville community could definitely benefit from bringing the Names Project AIDS Quilt here. Although the Quilt tours many high schools and universities, the closest it has ever been to Kirkville is Columbia, Missouri. The Quilt will be at the Regier Armory March 20 through the 23.

During the Quilt's short stay in Kirkville, it will need forty volunteer workers per hour. Many volunteer positions are still open, and walk-in volunteers will always be greatly appreciated. There are several posts that need to be filled: quilt monitor, merchandise, volunteer support, information, greeters and counters, emo-

tional support, and drivers are only some of the many openings.

Volunteers are especially needed Wednesday (12 p.m.-6p.m.), Thursday (8a.m.-7p.m.), Friday (9a.m.-2p.m.), and Saturday (5p.m.-8p.m.). Even though the workers helping out with the Quilt are all volunteers, this has been an expensive project: the beginning estimated cost was \$14,000. Much of that initial money has been raised, but the Quilt still needs your support. In addition to the Quilt, there are a number of memorabilia items such as t-shirts, pins, and cards which will be on sale. Since this is a non-profit event, all of the work will be rewarded with the satisfaction of bringing a higher level of AIDS awareness to the Truman and Kirkville communities.

Two different organizations are sponsoring the event, the Lifestyle Advocacy Program and the Student Activities Board. Many groups have contributed to the Quilt, including LAP, SAB, Prism, and FAC. All further personal donations will go to Planned Parenthood and the Red Cross to help fund AIDS education.

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The Monitor

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Among people who have learned something
from the 18th century (say, Voltaire) 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

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The Age of the Laptop

by Candra Gill

The proposal on which the Student Senate is currently working, which would advise the university to make it policy that every incoming freshman have a laptop computer by the year 2002, is a good idea. Many universities have already implemented such programs with positive results. A computer is, in many ways, one of the most important tools a college student could have. Having one's own machine allows for better familiarity with both hardware and software. The portable power of a laptop helps facilitate research in that notes and rough drafts can be taken right to the stacks in the library, lectures, or wherever they are needed. Also, it would help outgoing Truman graduates be more computer literate, especially if the new core requiring a computer-oriented class goes through.

There are a few things that would need to be taken into consideration if this idea were to become a reality, however. Firstly, how would the students pay for the computers? Would it be a tuition increase? Would the price stay static, or go up yearly? Would the incoming Freshmen be required to pay for the computer in full during the first year on campus, or would the price be spaced out over the entire time a student would spend at Truman?

Who would handle inevitable repairs

that would need to be made? What about transfer students, both those who transfer to Truman and those who transfer to other schools. Would a student have to return the computer upon leaving Truman? Would incoming transfer students be required to purchase or lease a computer?

Software is also an issue. Would there be a uniform distribution of applications, or would each person's software be tailored to his or her major and minor? How would upgrades be handled, and from whom would the software and hardware be purchased? Would a printer be included, or would students have to either buy their own or use the computer labs? What if an incoming student already has a computer? Would that student still be required to purchase or lease a laptop?

Also, what if a student has a Mac, and the school requires PCs, or vice versa? What about perks like CD Rom and Zip drives or good sound and video cards?

These are just a few of the questions that come to mind about such a policy. Hopefully, if the university requires laptops of its freshmen, all such questions will all be answered and answered well. If they are not, this good idea could easily become a major headache for everyone involved.

Midnight Poetry Reading

Friday, 21 March

in OP 300 at 12 a.m.
(in the Sunken Garden—if it's warm)

Read your own work or
blatantly steal from
poets who matter.

We just want you
to come and share
the evening with us.

meetings and deadlines

The Monitor meetings are:

Tonight, 18 March OP 115c @ 900
and otherwise every
Tuesday and Thursday in OP 115c
@ 900. Please come join us.

Student Activities Board and the Lifestyle Advocacy Program

present



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

20 Thursday: 7 - 10 pm opening ceremonies
21 Friday: 9 am - 8 pm
22 Saturday: 9 am - 8 pm
23 Sunday: 12 pm - 3 pm

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

Donations
and
Volunteers
are needed

Supporters include:
FAC
Prism

Contact Mindi Gjertsen at 785-7610
for more information



Visitors view one of 20,064 quilt
panels at the International Display

Go watch the sky

by Bill Goodheart

Last year about this same time, many of us left Kirksville proper and all the bright lights of the city to get a glimpse at Comet Hyakutake in a more rural area where the lights would not impede our viewing.

It's March again and we are being visited by another such heavenly body. Comet Hale-Bopp is making its way around the Earth, and again we can all become astronomers for a moment and observe.

An article in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch called Hale-Bopp possibly "the Comet of the Century" or at least "the Comet of a Lifetime," as it won't return again for at least 2,400 years.

Hale-Bopp is "quite bright and easily visible to the unaided eye," said Professor Robert Mason, who teaches astronomy here at Truman. He said the best times to see Hale-Bopp are around 7:00 p.m. and an hour to an hour and a half before sunrise.

If you chose to look at it in the evening, it will be in the north northwest sky, about 15 to 20 degrees above the horizon. This means you will have to get away from tall trees and buildings. If you wish to see the comet in the morning, it will be in the north northeast corner of the sky. Viewing in the evening will continue to get better until April 1.

The Post-Dispatch says the comet "should be at its best the last two weeks of March," but it will continue to be visible until the end of April.

Hale-Bopp is farther away from the Earth than Hyakutake, but more concentrated,

according to Mason. Hale-Bopp's tail should be clearly visible.

"The tail points away from the sun," said Mason. "Both the dust trail and the gas trail should be visible." The two trails are distinct, but overlap.

The Post-Dispatch described it as looking "like a fuzzy star."

Like many comets, Hale-Bopp was discovered by amateur astronomers. Alan Hale and Thomas Bopp noticed the comet independently of one another in July of 1995.

Both notified the International Clearinghouse for comet observations in Cambridge, Mass.

Unlike other sciences, astronomy relies on amateurs for discoveries because professionals don't want to tie up their telescopes with scanning the sky, Mason said. They are usually looking for something in particular and working on specific projects.

"It usually takes between 10,000 to 12,000 observation hours before you see your first comet," Mason said.

If you wish to see the comet, it should not be difficult, since binoculars or a telescope are not required (although binoculars might help pick up some detail of the comet). If you are interested in seeing it through a telescope, Mason is holding an observatory open house on Thursday April 3 and Friday April 4 in the evening. He said Hale-Bopp will still be visible. The observatory is located on the roof of Science Hall.

You now have no excuses. Go check it out. After all, it is the Comet of a Lifetime.

A different kind of quilt

by Candra Gill

I first saw the NAMES Project AIDS Memorial Quilt when I was in high school. A group at the local university had sponsored the bringing of the quilt to my home town. A friend of mine who had recently lost a friend to AIDS had asked me to go with her. I did, and it was one of the most powerful events of my life.

The NAMES Project Quilt got started in 1985 when a gay rights activist named Cleve Jones envisioned a permanent memorial to the many people who had lost their lives to AIDS after having seen a spontaneous memorial of names taped to a wall. The Quilt is a collection of panels measuring 3 feet by 6 feet.

Eight of these individual panels are pieced together to form larger panels which in turn are placed together to make the whole quilt.

What most effected me about the quilt when I first saw it was how well it drove home the fact that individual people who have been loved and cherished and who are now sorely missed are dying of AIDS. After seeing the quilt, statistics mean nothing. A name and a personality fill in the numbers in such a way that the tragedy of AIDS becomes far personal, even if no one you know personally has died as a result of this disease.

Those killed by AIDS are children, parents, brothers, sisters, friends and lovers,

each of whom had favorite colors and favorite songs and had many other aspects of their unique personalities. Each panel is a beautiful tribute to these all important parts of the lives of those lost.

The display I saw only had a dozen or so of the eight-paneled sections. The whole NAMES quilt has literally thousands of panels. The entire quilt has been displayed five times because it is too large to show all at once on a regular basis. That the quilt is so large makes clear the point that entirely too many people have been ravaged by this disease. If ever art were used with the intent to make a point, the NAMES quilt is an example of this. People die of AIDS. A small part of their very important lives are depicted by this quilt. Do not miss the opportunity to see it. It is most certainly worth your time, and you will not forget it.

Volunteers are still needed
to help
with the NAMES Project
AIDS Memorial Quilt

If interested, contact the Student
Health Center or the Lifestyle
Advocacy Program

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Opinions

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

Martyrs or Just Stupid?

by Joan Clasper

I am a persecuted man. Or at least that is what I have convinced myself after reading about the horrible ordeals that the "Church" of Scientology has had to go through. Ever since I Ron Hubbard created it in the 1960s as the joke of the century (maybe he did not intend it as a joke, but that really does not matter—it is a joke), the "church" has struggled to gain legitimacy in the eyes of governments around the world. Last Sunday's *New York Times* reported that the "church's" receipt of tax-exempt status from the IRS in 1993 came after a strange twenty-five year long battle that included the "church" stalking IRS officials and their families, impersonating police officers, filing personal lawsuits, and the justifying of strategies such as "destroying" enemies of the "church."

But thanks to the Scientologists, I have seen that I can take this criticism I receive and blow it out of proportion to make myself look better.

The most revolting element of the article was a claim by their lawyer, Monique E. Yingling: "This is a church organization that has been subjected to more harassment and more attacks certainly than any religion in this century and probably any religion ever, and they have had to perhaps take unusual steps in order to survive" (italics mine). A person would not be too far off base, I guess, to assume that Ms Yingling has quite a different interpretation of "harassment" and "attacks" than all the non-Scientologist residents of our planet. But even after pushing aside all brain activities, such as reasoning, logic, and basic functioning, one still could not come to the conclusion that examples of religious intolerance such as the death of 6 million Jews in the Holocaust or, say, the trampling of Buddhists in Tibet are not nearly as much persecution as a bad review of John Travolta's acting in the movie *Michael*. Let us not forget though, that Scientologists have not only faced more attacks than "any religion in this century," but "any religion ever." This means that in the last twenty-five years, the "church" of Scientology has faced more persecution than the following:

- The Jews who were enslaved and brutalized by the Egyptians, before they asserted their rights as God's chosen people and took off for Palestine.
- The Christians during the first through the fifth centuries CE, after which they began brutalizing other religious groups.
- Muslims before the capture of Mecca and Medina, after which they began brutalizing other religious groups.
- Jews and Muslims who were expelled from Spain by Catholics in the fifteenth century.
- The Aztec, Mayan, Inca, Arawak, and countless other religious groups eliminated or destroyed by the invading Catholic and Protestant Europeans.
- The 3 million Chinese Buddhists that died at the hands of the invading Japanese in the 1930s.
- The 10 million Jews, Christians, and Muslims killed by the Lutheran-justified armies of Hitler.
- The 3 million Vietnamese Buddhists that died at the hands of the invading Americans in the 1960s and '70s.
- The thousands of nuns who were impri-

What have we become?

by Steve Hanson

In the past two months, the news media has concentrated an extreme amount of attention on the Jon-Benet Ramsey case. They have also attacked the President for something that has been common practice for many years. Is the obsession with these cases the result of the media, or the people who are watching the endless hours of programming dedicated to these two people.

The easy answer would be to say that the news programs are just trying to gain ratings, so they are blowing these cases out of proportion, but that would be a terrible mistake. The truth lies much deeper than that.

THE PEOPLE MUST USE THEIR RIGHT TO COMMENT IF THEY VIEW, READ, OR HEAR SOMETHING WHICH THEY DO NOT APPROVE OF

The most important fact is that we are a nation hungry for news. CNN, MSNBC, Headline News etc. These stations have shrunk the distance between the viewer and the news by broadcasting live news events and profiling big-name court cases. Now that the viewer has experienced these wondrous events, he or she wants more and more of it. A seven-year old beauty queen is killed in Boulder—everybody's utopian dream of a city—and the world watches. A girl of a similar age is raped and bludgeoned to death in the Chicago projects, and no one outside of Chicago blinks. They all just say, "Well that was to be expected." Who should we feel sorry for, the girl who never had a worry in her life except for who would kiss her next, or the girl who was rightfully scared of being struck by a stray bullet whenever she walked outside of her home? This is not a problem with the media, but a problem with us, the viewers.

The media only shows us what they believe we want to see, not always what they would like us to see. Some blame has to be put on the media, for they should report the news according to what is, in their best judgment, worthy of airing. They should not select what will attract the most viewers. However, the people watching are even more to blame. The people must use their right to complain if they view, read, or hear something which they do not approve of. For instance, Rush Limbaugh told so many outright lies on his television show that enough people complained to get him canceled. Since he was viewed as a television and radio icon, he was respected as an authority and, therefore, many people believed what he said. And that is what is scary. If Americans can believe anything that fatass said, then we are truly a nation of suckers and, as a result, we overly rely on the media for the truth.

See media page 5

THIS MODERN WORLD

by TOM TOMORROW

Letters

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

Cars and their consequences

Dear Editors

The tragic car killing of a young Truman woman at the foot one's road intersection with Franklin here, should lead to more action and thought about road safety. By the very rich, private car-obsessed elites that rule, and ruin, our (once) rural splendor town. You have only to see the more spacious and decently kept nearby lowland and Illinoisian country towns and college campus vicinities. To deplore our lamentable elites' unpardonable neglect and belief that a few, purely temporary, automatic speed machines will keep we, the pedestrian masses, blithely, quietly submitting.

May one, not so contentedly, suggest, I remedy, try, to TSU President Magruder that unless he and his pals get together more urgently with people like Councilman Carpenter, State Representative summers, more fatalities are horribly on their awful beckoning way? This is because the shameful, expensive sports complex TSU has built (despite name change pledges to the contrary of "economy" heard myself) will interest dangerously yet further in added "body beautiful" cars. These gleaming monstrosities will pour out into an already-congested Franklin main artery right blockingly near our fire station, as a community resource now in future effectively lessened.

Rather than evasively bewail "individual driver malfeasance" as the Kirsleville rich are doing, the best course seems to lie in prompt community action. By those who can afford to pay up for the institutional mess or road squall they make for all in the premier instance for the first use in ambitious greed. So could not TSU public safety, as present under-used on congested car park finding expeditions, be switched to traffic patrols inside high-risk crossing sites like Franklin intersections with the TSU student union and agricultural hall buildings? And how about TSU doing some unselfish lobbying, for a change, with Ganshain and his lawyer buddies? To get some grant money for Franklin's complete sidewalk construction up to Highway 63.

There can be no excuse for the status quo persistence of inaction on the grounds of lack of cash. As only last month TSU extensively advertised in the U.S.A. Chronicle of Higher Education for amongst other extravaganzas, a "new" fine arts head, and a temporary European history ranking professor, despite the sober facts that the first vacancy is due to the appointment of the existing competent M.A. Fine Arts head as "Interim" dean over the competent (and expensively invited) woman as interim campus dean of all TSU and Magruder, and his relevant subordinates, have long had, on file, a genuine European Historian instructor teacher references for the last position. Money is there to relieve our absurdly polluted and congested town, but the political and campus safety political will present where it decision-maker matters? Is it? Answers please gentlemen.

Sincerely Yours,
Larry Liss
State organizer (Missouri) Socialist Party USA

martyrs con't. from page 4

to explain), Menachim Begin (leader of the Irgun squad during the conquest of Palestine and responsible for ordering the slaughter of 250 unarmed men, women, and children), Yasser Arafat (the PLO isn't exactly a peace group), FW deKlerk (not very kind to blacks in South Africa), and Teddy Roosevelt ("what this country needs is a good war"), to name a few, is not exactly foolproof.

But for the sake of thoroughness, let us look at one example of Ms Theresa's dedication to peace. In the early '80s, the Mother made a number of trips to Haiti. These trips were not, as one might expect, to take care of those who were suffering in the poorest country in the western hemisphere or to offer assistance to the Catholic priested and lay-people who were being murdered or imprisoned for criticizing the barbarous dictatorship of the Duvalier family. Her forays into Haiti were to meet with her good friends Baby Doc and Mrs Duvalier, whom she referred to as "good Christian people."

The Mother likes the company of "good Christian people." After Charles Keating gave her \$1.4 million in money stolen from depositors in his savings and loans, the Mother wrote the presiding judge in Keating's criminal trial and asked him to drop the charges against Keating; he was a "good Christian" with a "large heart." The prosecuting attorney, himself a practicing Catholic, wrote to the Mother and asked her for the money back, citing cases of families that were destitute thanks to her "good Christian" friend. She never responded. She has a fondness for financial scammers, once taking part in a pyramid scheme by the British tycoon Robert Maxwell and profiting from the ignorance of the masses.

This is not what really irks me about the Mother and I could almost overlook it and fawn over her like the rest of the world if it was not for her contempt for the people she claims to serve. Disregarding the fact that she, a celibate woman who has never raised a family or had a child, has the audacity to give advice on family planning (prophylactics are evil, as is the pull-out method of birth control) to a nation such as India that is close to breaking under the weight of its overpopulation, she has the effrontery to give the victims of this overpopulation substandard medical care that even she will not use. The most important thing to her is comforting the sick, who are reminders of Jesus' suffering, not healing them. Healing them would mean removing a reminder of Jesus' suffering and that would, indeed, be a grave sin in the good Mother's eyes.

If one would decide that, yes, the Mother is a scoundrel, he or she should beware. One afternoon, while in the relative comfort of my favorite bar, I made the mistake of expressing some glee at a news report of her declining health. A number of heretofore kindly men at the bar turned around in unison, gave me a glare of death, while one, with the courage that comes from knowing one can really hurt one's enemy, said, "Son, watch what you say. That's really bad

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

NATIONAL DAY OF STUDENT ACTION FOCUSES ON GUATEMALA AND US DECLASSIFICATION

Students across the country at 500 schools will mobilize in a National Day of Student Action of Friday, March 21st to "EXHUME THE TRUTH - 140,000 SORROWS OF GUATEMALA." While peace accords have brought an end to the 36 years of civil war in Guatemala, the search for truth continues. The people of Guatemala are demanding vigilance for the 140,000 dead, "disappeared," raped and tortured of the war - and students in that country are leading the way. On Friday, March 21st thousands of Guatemalan student activists will take to the streets demanding justice in their 99th annual Huelga de Dolores (Strike of Sorrows). On the same day, Amnesty International student groups at 500 schools across the USA will stand united in solidarity with our counterparts on the frontlines of the human rights struggle. Student activists across the country, including a group at Truman State University, will mobilize their schools and communities by holding teach-ins and mini-Huelgas, making worry dolls as a symbol of our sorrows, and approaching Congressional representatives to call for the declassification of US Intelligence documents to expose the truth.

Friday, March 21st
Petition tables will be set up in the SUB 9am - 5pm in support of the National Day of Student Action

Monday, March 24th
All are invited for Guatemalan food and letter writing in Opheila 112 8:00pm in support of the Guatemala Campaign

karma." I feared that upon my exit from the bar, a gang of fierce thugs would beat me silly in the alley. But thanks to the Scientologists, I have seen that I can take this criticism I receive and blow it out of proportion to make myself look better.

So when I read the article on Scientology, I was relieved rather than angered. Now I had justification for believing that I was persecuted in some way for my beliefs which are, by the way, much more rational and verifiable than those of a "church" that believes we are spirits that were trapped in clusters of ice by Xenu and banished to earth (like the evil villains in *Superman II*, I suppose) 75 million years ago. Much like tobacco manufacturers who assert that anti-smoking laws discriminate in the same way the Reich did in Germany during the '30s, or white men who believe that Affirmative Action has made them second-class citizens, I can take comfort in irrationality and join hands with them and the Scientologists and whine about how bad it is to be persecuted.

And what if you disagree with what the media is feeding you? Sure, you could turn off the TV or radio, or put down the paper, but what about the people who believe what they are saying? You cannot just forget about them. I am personally afraid of people who believe the words of Rush Limbaugh, but that is because I think he is merely a propagandist. His goals are not those of truth, but of reaction. Yet, I will not say that he should not be heard. He has every right to be heard, just as I do. So that is what I have done. I have expressed my point of view, and I hope everyone feels free to do the same, for we cannot just listen in a society with free press, but we must be an integral part of it. Our individual versions of the truth must be exposed in one way or another, and not just hidden away in our minds that have been rotted by over-exposure to the television.

The Monitor meets
every Tuesday and
Thursday in OP 115 C
at 9:00 p.m.

Come for free food, free
drugs, and all the money you
can stuff in your pockets!

*Drugs, money and food NOT included

THE MONITOR IS CURRENTLY SEEKING INDIVIDUALS FOR THE FOLLOWING POSITIONS:

WRITERS	EDITORS
REPORTERS	CARTOONISTS
PHOTOGRAPHERS	A WRITING BOY

CONTACT MARGIE OR ANNI AT 937-9979

Takin' A Break... Finding the Truth in Dallas

by Ann Price

In case you've already forgotten, or maybe you missed it, our Spring-nay, Late Winter-Break was a mere two weeks ago, and already it seems things are back to normal. But away from the thin veil of tranquility and small town charm that I've come to expect in Kirksville, there is a sinister source of deceit in this country. I think you know what I'm talking about: It's called Texas.

"Don't Mess with Texas" may be their slogan, but they don't scare me. I have finally uncovered the real problem with this country, and it isn't immigration or drugs or the proliferation of minimum wage jobs. It is that state just south of Oklahoma that dares to claim it's "like a whole other country."

If you're not convinced that one state could be the cause of so much ruin and moral erosion, let me offer two pieces of proof: the assassination of JFK in Dallas and the horrifically popular '80s television show which shares that evil city's name.

Having had the opportunity to travel to Dallas over break, I was able to see firsthand the site, known as Dealey Plaza, where John F. Kennedy was shot. As I strolled past the infamous "grassy knoll," I couldn't help but wonder how such a small, uninteresting plot of land could come to have such grave significance in American history.

Overhearing part of a tour near the

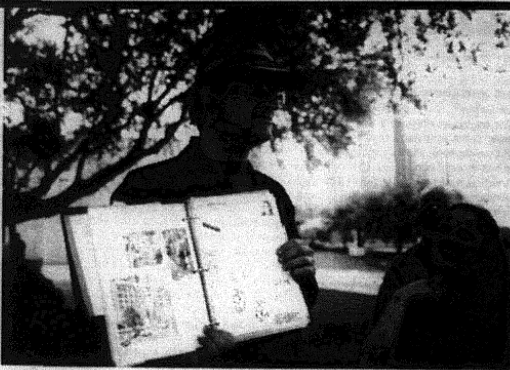
wooden fence that some say hid the real assassins on that November day back in 1963, I was intrigued.

Who was this strange man dressed in a black jumpsuit with a barrage of patches and informative embroidery? Renegade Boy Scout leader? Fighter pilot? No. This was Ron Rice, author of the soon-to-be-published book *Knight to King* and self-proclaimed JFK assassination conspiracy expert.

What he divulged over the following hour and a half as a part of a (completely free) JFK assassination walking tour of the plaza and the surrounding area

would change my life. Okay, it only made me more cynical. But I do think the man has some valid points about what went down that day in Dallas, and I believe our country on the whole has suffered greatly at the hands of the men with power and privilege who perpetrated that terrible act and who made sure that any files that might shed light on the situation (and prove claims to the contrary that it was not a conspiracy murder) would not be opened until 2039.

Listening to Mr. Rice, I learned all the evidence that supposedly links Oswald to the murder and the many possible theories—including Arlen Specter's pristine "magic bullet" calculations—which make the likelihood that Oswald acted alone about a billion to one. The glaring logical miscalculations are stunning even to a rela-



Ellyn Hurr

tively unseasoned conspiracy buff like myself. The fact that his fingerprints were all over boxes near the window where investigators found three "perfectly lined-up" (hmm, strange already) bullet casings on the sixth floor of the book depository (of course he worked there and would have handled the boxes routinely) is not altogether damaging.

What is telling, however, is that regardless of who actually shot JFK, those who stood to profit most were LBJ and the Johnson family—who had declared bankruptcy—and who made an estimated 2.5 billion dollars (through their stock in Bell Helicopters) off of the escalation of war in Vietnam which Johnson unswervingly

pushed for and Kennedy, before his death, opposed.

The lies and cover-up that still plagues America only began there. Upon visiting the Southfork Ranch—also in Dallas (surely not a coincidence)—I came to see the bigger picture. I couldn't help but think of the mythic Ewing TV family that brought lies and corruption into millions of homes every week as the bastard offspring of the Johnson legacy. The unbelievable gaps in reasoning and the alarmingly similar "Who shot JFK/JR Ewing?" plot twists make the conspiracies inseparable.

Texas is the home of both tragedies. It is no wonder they say "Don't mess with Texas."

The Monitor is proud to announce their achievement in the field of genetic cloning. Now witness the labor of love that has taken them years to perfect: the cloning of special white space.

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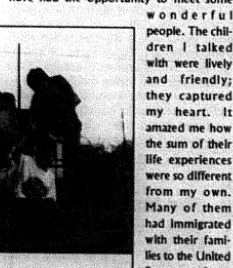
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ties forge a better life. They had a clothes closet and food pantry to meet the basic needs of the families. Kid's clubs and teen's clubs offered youths a place for play, homework help, and worship. ESL (English as a Second Language) and citizenship classes were offered to adults, and a nursery was available to care for young children while parents were in class.

There are practical solutions to problems plaguing our nation. The solutions may not be perfect, but they do make a difference. They offer encouragement and help to the community.

My experience with the mission was very valuable. I met many special people. Although we have had different life experiences, I related well with many of them. Talking and playing with the children showed me that they are full of potential. My hope for the children is that they continue their education, thrive in their communities, and keep their glowing smiles.

While helping at a Houston, Texas inner-city mission over break, I was fortunate to have had the opportunity to meet some wonderful people. The children I talked with were lively and friendly; they captured my heart. It amazed me how the sum of their life experiences were so different from my own. Many of them had immigrated with their families to the United States from Mexico. Their families spoke a different language at home than they did at school. For some, their living conditions were too shabby and inadequate to meet their family's needs.



The mission offered practical services in hopes of helping the children and their families.

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On a mission in Houston

by Kirby Vogel

We're college students. We complain about cafeteria food. We whine about a trek across campus. Learning a foreign language isn't a priority to us; it's a grade and some credits. We worry about whether we have enough money for late night pizza or a new shirt. Complaining about early mornings is a pre-requisite for the college years.

During Spring Break, I met some students who share our concerns. They aren't always sure what their next meal will be. Their families worry about whether they will have enough money to feed and clothe them. Learning a foreign language is essential to their future. Some wake in the mornings to meet a 6:30 bus to school. There are fundamental differences between the students I met over break and the ones on the TSU campus. One, I didn't hear them complain. Two, they were elementary school children.

Interview with an Artist

by Katie Reuther

I stood in front of the SUB waiting for someone I knew next to nothing about. After talking on the phone a couple of times Warren Reed and I decided to meet and talk at Mainstreet. All I really knew beforehand was that he was a French major and was trying to sell his art. I also knew that he would be wearing a green coat if it was really cold out, and a blue jacket if it was not.

I watched quietly as male after male approached the SUB. I surveyed each one, trying to size them up before, just in case they were Warren Reed. And finally he came. Blue jacketed, with a navy hat on, he walked lazily towards the SUB. He took his time, once stopping to scratch his blond goatee. And then the interview started.

Could you please describe your business and what you sell?

For Black History Month, the Bookstore is selling some of my art and they have it on display. I am also trying to contact different galleries and stores, making connections and hoping to get some new customers.

My art has a central theme. Part of it that I want to break down barriers. I create American-African art. You don't have to be from a certain social group to appreciate something or be inspired by it. I am trying to make art that treats black

subjects sensitively, like real people not like cartoons. I feel it is a way of breaking down racial misunderstandings. Do you know what I mean? Culture isn't a copyrighted thing. It belongs to everyone who wants to experience it. What you learn and experience becomes a part of you whether you realize it or not.

How do you manage a business while still a full-time student?

Well, over Christmas break I drew and drew and drew and drew. I spent the whole time drawing. But since I have been back I haven't really done all that much with my art. I have spent most of my time working on school. You see, I have this system: I work on a certain class for an hour. I don't worry about anything else. I just work and all of the sudden what I am working on is done. Also it's really hard to think of art stuff sometimes. I'll get a mental block and I will lay off until the urge comes back. Since this isn't my livelihood I can do that.

Kirksville isn't exactly the artistic center of the world. Do you think that helps you or does it hurt your business?

Actually, it gave me a chance to do the bookstore deal. I might not have gotten in if there was more of an interest in being there. But this isn't really the right community for my art. There is a really small African-American population here. I spend a lot of my time in the library

using the phone books to get numbers in big cities.

How did you get interested in art?

Mostly being a little kid. I used to build model airplanes as real as possible. I also took a drawing class once at a community college in 1990. I got a 'C' and said forget it. I didn't necessarily think they were wrong, I just didn't want to hurt my GPA.

Whom do you feel has most influenced you?

It would have to be a blend of my Dad and Bob Marley. My dad has an open mind, he really listens and tries to understand your point of view. He taught me to try to think before I react too quickly to

people. Because of him I am open to change. I have gotten to see Europe and many other cultures. He really opened my horizons. He taught me to be a very reliable hard-worker. Bob Marley influenced me with his message of living in peace with other people, where every person counts. He taught me that people together can make change and that loving fellow human beings is extremely important. To enjoy life and not be so stressed out that you aren't even enjoying your own existence. You have to enjoy it yourself, no one will for you.

Which of your works would you say that you value the most? Well, there would have to be more than one. One is a casting from my first mold. It was really important to me because it was my first success. I also did a portrait of Bob Marley in acrylics. I didn't think that I could do a portrait, but it looks really good, at least it looks like him. Both are a kind of lesson in patience and motivation that you really can do something if you put your mind to it, no matter how many times you mess up. There have been a lot of molds that didn't work and sculptures that blew up.

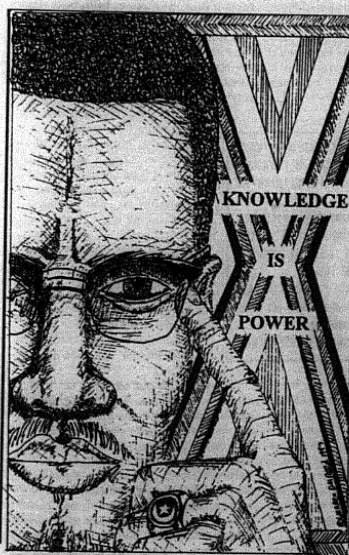
What are your future plans? This art business, for me, is an experiment. There is a lot that I want to learn from it. Right now is a good time to play with it. If I ever decide that this is what I want to do, I will know how to go about

doing it. It's very rewarding when stuff sells. It's a good feeling to know that I am adding an element to culture. Things that I made could survive longer than I can. I feel like I am contributing to human culture in my own small way. Realistically though, I know how much money I would have to spend to get this business off the ground. I would like to keep doing it on the side until I am successful. Hopefully, after graduation I will be able to go to France and get a job teaching English over there.

Is there anything that you would like to add, any special message that you want to send to our readers?

Let me think for a second. Well, people shouldn't be afraid of learning form other cultures, or making an aspect of that culture a part of their lives. That mentality that you have to wear something or do a certain thing to be a certain nationality, and anybody who goes against it is trying to be a different nationality is a bunch of crap. You are what you want to be. In modern times, you can learn from so much. There is no one way of being. Basically, I am saying you can keep your own identity. This isn't the 1700's, the world is up for grabs and there is a lot to learn from that. Do your homework! No, I am kidding. No, actually do what you want to do; obey your thirst.

To check out Warren's art firsthand, stop by his shop Sunu Art Company at 710 N. Franklin #1, Kirksville, MO.



Luke and the Big Hermit Crab



by C. Odgers

ECO Tip Of the week

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Tip Three: Reduce use of paper and recycle it!

Each year, 850 million trees are cut down to make paper. We could reduce this simply by using less paper and recycling that which we do use. Making new paper from used paper uses up to 55% less energy than making paper from trees. It also reduces related air pollution by 95%. If everyone in the US recycled only 1/10 of their newspapers, we would save 25 million trees each year.

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• When photocopying, do it double-sided. This is easy: press the button in the lower left side of the machine—if this doesn't work, ask an employee for help.

• Recycle any paper you use. In the dorms, there are many places to take paper. Off campus, you should have curbside recycling, or consult the yellow pages for the nearest recycling center.

• When buying paper products, like toilet paper, make sure they are made from recycled paper when possible.

By doing all this, you can conserve energy, prevent trees from being cut down, and reduce air pollution.

The city that never sleeps

by Dan Gerken

How would you like to go to New York? That's what my mom asked me on the Thursday night before Spring Break. I'd never been there, but had been wanting to go since earlier this year. She'd found a good package deal on the Internet (TWA.com I think), and our whole family went. I know some of you out there would love to see New York so I thought I'd give some idea of how much you can pack into three days and three nights.

On the first day we went to the World Trade center (the "Twin Towers") which has a shopping center and TKTS booth (discount show tickets) on its first couple floors. We were trying to get tickets for "Beauty and the Beast," but they didn't have any so we found a place down the street to eat and get organized. We figured out that we were in walking distance of the Statue of Liberty Ferry and decided to go for it. On our way, we turned onto Wall street and stopped in front of the Stock Exchange.

We got to the ferry and bought our tickets ignoring a mass of street sellers. I think the ferry comes every half hour stopping at 5:00. We got on the 2:30 one. The first stop is the Statue of Liberty. We only had an hour before the ferry left for Ellis Island so we didn't get to go very far up. I wasn't disappointed though. It was cool to see her, but she's only so exciting. Also, she wasn't as tall as I thought she'd be. She's more stocky. Ellis Island, however, was awesome. The atmosphere and the museum are really interesting. However, you don't really need to spend much more than one hour there either which didn't matter for us because again we had to get back to the ferry.

After Ellis Island, we took a taxi to the Metropolitan Museum of Art—a LARGE museum (e.g. it contains an Egyptian temple). It is possible, however, to run through nearly all of it in the span of two hours if you're discriminating. I especially liked their selection of Degas, and they also

have some of Van Gogh's works, and some really cool Modern Art pieces among thousands and thousands of other works of art from antiquity to the present.

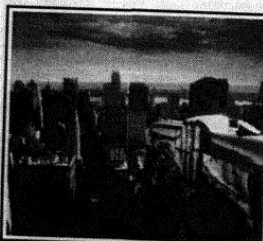
After the Met, we wandered around for awhile heading down Fifth Avenue along the east side of Central Park. The other side of the street is lined with very, very expensive residential apartments, and we didn't get mugged. Along the way we passed FAO Schwartz (the toy store in *Big*), a Warner Brothers Store, a Disney Store, and St. Patrick's Cathedral where we crossed the street to Rockefeller Center. That's the place you always see in the movies with the ice skating rink. Also, the NBC station is near there, and the cafe where they do *Good Morning America*.

From Rockefeller Center we headed west. As we started noticing extravagant billboards, and neon signs, we realized we had stumbled upon Times Square. Times Square is a dizzying fantasy land. It's an almost futuristic display of light and commercialism. Coffee mugs on billboards actually produced real steam. Several giant TV screens hover over the area. It's like Disney World meets 1984. I thought it was great.

Strangely enough there was a Howard Johnson restaurant amid the pipe light splendor. My mom had eaten there many years ago when she first saw New York, so we had supper there. It was really dirty. By this time we were getting really tired so we hung around a little while longer to get cash from the ATM, and to see President Clinton and Cheeba, who were in town for Cheeba's

birthday, drive by. Then we hailed a taxi and headed back to our hotel.

The next day we went to the Museum of Modern Art (MoMA) which is also near Rockefeller Center. This was my favorite experience while in New York. MoMA contains the widest and best selection of Modern Art I've ever seen (lots of Picasso, also Warhol, Lichtenstein, Dalí, Magritte, and Klimt just to list some of the big names). My sister and I barely got through half of it in two hours even though it's significantly smaller than the Met.



NEW YORK, NEW YORK, BIG CITY OF DREAMS BUT EVERYTHING IN NEW YORK AIN'T ALWAYS WHAT IT SEEMS IF YOU COME FROM OUT OF TOWN BUT I'M DOWN BY LAW AND I KNOW MY WAY AROUND. GRAND MASTER FLASH

From there we checked out the stores we had passed the night before. FAO Schwartz is a lot of fun, though the keyboard isn't as cool as in *Big*, and the seven story Warner Brothers and the Disney store were pretty neat too. Then we got a taxi to Macy's and hung out for an hour or so before hiking over to a shopping mall we saw down the street. It was several stories tall, and we ate supper at its food court (I had Indian, yum).

Then we walked to the Empire State Building. Though the elevators take about a minute to reach the top of the Empire State Building, the whole process takes about half an hour because of crowd and

security (wouldn't want any crazies to get through).

The Empire State Building is, of course, awesome. We went at night and luckily it was fairly clear (they have a visibility indicator where you buy your tickets). You could see for about twenty miles, and you could see all of Manhattan from the financial district ("Twin Towers") to north Central Park. From the ground, the building doesn't look that big, but from the top you might as well be flying over the city (it is very windy). That ended our second night.

On our last day, we walked through Central Park from the Natural History Museum to the Guggenheim during a light snow. The Natural History Museum is neat because it has several real dinosaur bones (usually skeletons are made from casts), and it has all kinds of other dead animals. As for the Guggenheim, there's actually not all that much art there (in comparison to MoMA, and esp. the Met), but the building is a Frank Lloyd Wright construction and its worth going just to see the architecture. For those of you who've only seen the exterior, the interior does not disappoint.

That was it for our last day. We were originally supposed to fly back that night, but our plane got delayed until the next morning. I had a great time. I'd love to go back there. I'd love to live there for awhile (though it is very, very expensive). There were still plenty of things we didn't see (Greenwich Village, Grand Central Terminal, we never did see a show), and contrary to the movies, the natives were very friendly and helpful, nor did I feel unsafe at any time. I found New York to be refreshing, fairly clean, and filled with a youthful vivacity, and, if you go, I hope you too experience, cache after cache of the glittering treasures it has to offer.

The toughest race you'll ever love

by Peter Hessler

In keeping with our travel essay theme from the last issue, we would like to cover an area we were previously unable to address—China. This is an excerpt from a letter home by Mr. Hessler who is currently serving as a Peace Corps worker in Fuling City, China as an English teacher.

Every year on December 31st, Fuling City holds a road race. It consists mostly of students, both college and younger, because all the schools cancel classes and bring their kids out by the busload. But there are also three categories of runners, as my advisor explained: women, retired men, and "men who have jobs." The total number of participants is 2,100, when all of them—the children, the women, the old, the gainfully employed—charge off the starting line and, within 20 yards, funnel onto a one-lane gravel driveway running downhill toward the city.

This year I was the first foreigner in the 22-year history of the race—the first "wanguoren," the first "laowai," the first big nose, the first brown-haired daily-shaving fully-legged man with a job to run in the Fuling City road race. And it wasn't easy to get to the starting line.

They warned me that the race was full of peasants and uneducated people, and that perhaps there would be poor sportsmanship. No foreigner has run before, my advisor said, and another department member said, "Perhaps you will be the center of attention." Having been nothing else in Fuling City, I was unfazed. You must have a medical exam, they said and I agreed to that—or at least to the blood pressure and the pulse—until they took me to a large white machine in the local clinic and said, now you will have a chest X-ray. No chest X-rays, I said, and then my advisor said that everybody must have one. It was a classic Chinese lie, that everybody in the field of 2,100 would have a chest X-ray before running—and even if they all did—what could possibly be the reason? To weed out the one non-smoker in town?

At any rate, I was not going to have my heart and lungs X-rayed by a Chinese machine in order to run a 4 kilometer race. I told him I would have to call the Peace Corps, went back to my room for ten minutes, called nobody, returned and told them I did not have permission to be X-rayed, and, at an impasse, they finally waived the mandatory X-ray. A Chinese solution to a Chinese problem. I was cleared.

And so I ran. At 9 a.m. the next morning I made my way to the front of the starting line, which was undoubtedly the most frightening I've ever seen. It stretched across a huge dirt field, and the entire left side of the line headed straight for an 8-foot drop—a small, crumbling cliff. To the right there was a small driveway, but there was no way that 2,100 runners were going to make it through the proverbial eye of the needle—except in China the proverb is different, and the needle is both small and 45 degrees off center.

There was no starting time; at 9 o'clock the city officials gave speeches, and the race would go when they finished. As they spoke

the line repeatedly surged and broke, little sections going off on false starts, the police calling them back. Five minutes passed, then ten. I tried to run in place, fighting with my elbows to keep position, and then at last the gun went off.

It was China. Absolute and complete terror, a mass of bodies, everybody yelling.

horns sounding, all of us running madly, avoiding the cliff, skidding around the turn, dodging as people fell, sliding across the pavement and then disappearing below the rush. It was every Chinese train ticket I've ever bought, every bus I've ever boarded, every time I've ever mailed a letter and pushed my way to the front—it was all of that together, stirred and boiled.

Charged down the street, hit the second turn, and started the long climb to the midpoint—when at last, 30 seconds into the race, I realized that I was OK, that I was going to be all right, and that I didn't have to sprint anymore.

The entire first half of the course was uphill, and by the time I took the lead, perhaps two minutes into the race, I could see that others were finished. To lead any big race is a strange feeling. People speak of the loneliness of running, but this is the only time when you truly feel it—in races where you are in front, where the pack breaks and you find yourself alone. And this feeling is even stronger when you are the only foreigner in a field of 2,100 and when you know that you are the only foreigner in the 22 years of the race, and one of two in town, and part of the first wave of outsiders in an enormous country after years of isolation and xenophobia.

For the victory, I received two pairs of polyester tanktop/short combos, both too small, one with the characters for Fuling City proudly inscribed on the chest. I also received a certificate in a small cloth frame that says "Comrade He Wei" (my Chinese name) was the winner of the 22nd Annual Fuling City long run. And I also won fifth place in the post-race lottery, which was worth 20 kuai. The college clipped in with 5 kuai for my participation, and they also gave me one and a half for the medical exam. Yes, that's right—they paid me for having a medical exam. One can only imagine how much I would have made if I had taken the X-ray. At any rate, it came to a total of twenty-six and a half kuai—three bucks, enough for three weeks' worth of lunches.

The race made front page news in the Fuling paper, where you can read exactly one word in English—"Hessler." Otherwise, the Chinese says that He Wei, an American teacher, won the race. Then the re-

porter interviewed another runner and asked him what he thought about the fact that a foreigner had won the race. "I am ashamed," the runner said. And then another competitor, a lung-fu instructor at a local college, said that the foreigner should be an example to the people of Fuling City. The Chinese people need to improve, he said. This is a challenge for us to try to do better next year.

They were somewhat ominous remarks—especially if I find myself on the same starting line next year. And on the whole I find it very difficult to measure the reaction because it could very well be entirely negative. The press and television here certainly encourage an unhealthy breed of nationalism, the sort that always divides the world into us and them, and competitions into either testimonies of Chinese superiority or, when they lose, shameful failure. It's entirely possible that I would have been smarter not to run at all.

But my sense is that nearly every kind of exposure helps, because in the end it is a

matter of the people getting used to outsiders. And at this point, fairly early in the opening of China, it's inevitable that I will be extremely strange and different, regardless of whether I win a race by nearly a minute or finish in the middle of the pack. The important thing, I think, is to let people see you, and eventually they will realize that the distinctions aren't so great. At any rate, it felt that way during the post-race scene, when the reaction seemed more positive than anything else. At that moment all of it—the college officials crowded around me at the finish, pleased to see one of their "danwei" (work unit) members with the victory; the "comrade" on the certificate; the generosity of the people—all of that reminded me that, however slowly and slightly and awkwardly, I have already begun to slip into the patterns of this place.

Apparently I was on television quite a bit the next week, although I never saw it. And the next time I was in town, a couple of people came up to me and asked if I was the runner, and I said yes. Most everybody else yelled "wanguoren," though, like usual. It's going to take a lot more than a long race to change that.

For more information about how you too can run in a race in Fuling City, China, or maybe just join the Peace Corps, contact their Kansas City office at 1-800-424-8580.

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Reviews

music film literature art

Cruisin' the Lost Highway

by Candia K. Gill

These days it seems as though movie soundtracks are as important in and of themselves as the movies from which they come. The soundtracks are often available before the movie is even released, and sometimes, the album even makes more money than the movie. So it's nice when a soundtrack comes along that's more than a commercial tie-in. The soundtrack for *Lost Highway*, David Lynch's latest film, can certainly stand on its own.

Produced by Trent Reznor of Nine Inch Nails fame, *Lost Highway* is an example of interesting diversity in a musical production. If you watch MTV at all, you've probably seen the video for "The Perfect Drug." This is a combination of NIN's usual stalker-like lyrics and a modified-jungle sound which works surprisingly well. David Bowie, Smashing Pumpkins and Lou Reed all put

in decent shows with Reed covering the old classic "This Magic Moment." Rammstein, a German metal band also makes a couple of, shall we say, interesting contributions. And there are a couple of songs by Marilyn Manson if you like that sort of thing.

The stars of the soundtrack, however, are Barry Adamson and Angelo Badalamenti. The two of them handle the score, which is at once jazzy and scary. Badalamenti scored the famous *Twin Peaks*, another Lynch effort, and there are definitely stylistic similarities.

I'd like to be able to say that this soundtrack was a great addition to the movie *Lost Highway*, but unfortunately, I haven't been able to actually see it. The soundtrack is good, however, and a lot easier than the film to come by in Kirksville.

film

Love and neuroses

by Maggie Thurman

Woody Allen's latest venture, *Everyone Says I Love You*, is a hilarious and well-crafted musical, that's right, a musical. Surprising? It was to the stars of the show who were unaware they were going to be singing until the first day of filming. Set in the Upper East Side of Manhattan with short trips to Venice and Paris, this is a typical Woody Allen Tale.

Take Joe (Woody Allen), his ex-wife (played by Goldie Hawn) and her husband (Alan Alda) who is consequently a great friend, five neurotic children, and about 6 show tunes spread over two hours. In a nutshell you've got a great movie. The sheer number of characters and their love troubles quickly draws you into the mad chaotic rush of New York City with the occasional burst of song.

Narrated by Joe's daughter, Djuna, played by Natasha Lyonne, the audience quickly enters into the lives of this New York Jewish family. Drew Barrymore, the eldest of the daughters, is great playing a ditzy princess: who wonders if her relationship with straightlaced Edward Norton is the dream love she's been waiting for.

Norton's farcical musical number while purchasing her engagement ring is one of the highlights of the show. Later, while fan-

tically trying to give Barrymore the heimlich maneuver after she swallows the hidden ring in her parfait, Norton perfectly portrays a young Woody Allen—complete with rantings and hyperventilation.

Allen himself enters into his classic tale. The neurotic Jewish writer falls into an unhealthy love with a beautiful yet slightly off-her-rocker girl (played by Julia Roberts). All is well, for about ten minutes. Then she realizes maybe she was too quick to leave the shallowness of her former life and leaves him for an eternity of dissatisfaction and extensive therapy.

Meanwhile, Djuna has her own troubles, and her brother, played by Lukas Haas, irritates his family and bright audience members with his newly adopted conservative politics. Gaby Hoffman and Natalie Portman play the youngest pair of daughters who fight over, what else, but the cute boy down the street.

In the end, of course, the loose strings are quickly tied together in a little musical bow. All lovers are reunited and Haas quickly returns to his liberal senses. This is a great film, extremely well scripted and directed. For Woody Allen fans, it's one more reason to pledge eternal loyalty to the master.

Checkin in with SAB

by Shannon Twenter

So we live in Kirksville. So we go to Truman State University, one of the "Best Buys" in colleges. These aspects of TSU life create difficulty for Student Activity Board (SAB) members. Kirksville, and this may come as a shock to you, is not a hot spot that bands frequent. In order to bring bands to Kirksville, they have to fly in to Kansas City or St. Louis, still leaving a three to four hour drive to arrive in Kirksville.

And although there are many excellent benefits to being a college "best buy," there are some of the downsides. One such problem is that SAB is not left with much of a budget. Without a large budget, it makes it hard to lure in large bands. These dilemmas are obstacles SAB tries to overcome.

Most recently the issue of spring concerts has become an obstacle to confront. It has almost become expected that the fall and spring semesters bring a big name band to Kirksville. Without a large budget and without an ideal place to hold a big name concert, this becomes almost impossible. In addition, SAB is going through a "transition year" in terms of concert bookings, according to Brad Wilson, concert committee member. They are trying a variety of smaller concerts as opposed to one large concert.

Jan of Clay swung by Kirksville in January. Distinguished Gentlemen—an R&B group, visited this past Saturday, and still to come in April's Dog Days is Jack O'Pierce. These are examples of this "transition" which Jen Butler, executive secre-

tary, hopes will reach more people by bringing smaller concerts and trying a variety of things.

There are latent benefits to these smaller shows. Have you ever followed a band from the very beginning? You play the cd to all your friends and promise one day that they will be big. Then you gloat in the satisfaction of being right when they make it big. This is the opportunity that SAB is offering us. Smaller concerts could possibly bring unknown bands to Kirksville that have quality music, but have not yet achieved a big name.

Dog Days, besides bringing Jack O'Pierce, plays host to two more bands: Orange Tree (a ska band) and a yet to be named campus band. Smaller concerts seem to be the direction now, and keep in mind that it was a similar attempt that brought The Urge here two years ago, a band now touring Europe with Korn.

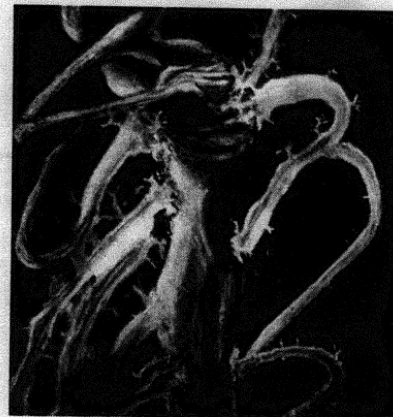
Although some students may be disappointed, smaller concerts could appeal to a greater portion of students. Such concerts provide opportunities for quality music and the chance to say that you saw a band "back in the day." It is hard to please everyone, though, especially muskies—just ask Kansas Citizens. A big name star was to hold a concert in Kansas City back in the 60's, but on her Sunday arrival, she called off the concert when she found out that alcohol was not served on Sundays in Missouri. Kansas City had a slightly larger budget and larger concert halls than Kirksville, and if Kansas City could not get Janis Joplin I sympathize with SAB's booking problems.

Student Art

This page represents the many efforts of two students, wes martin and alicia pligg



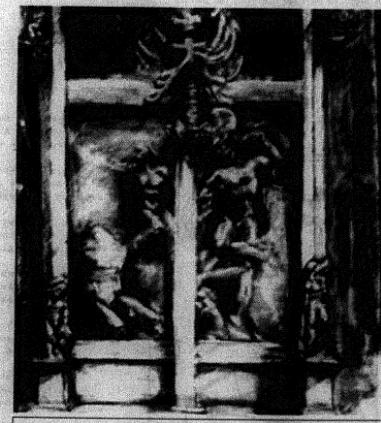
--wes martin



--alicia pligg



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My Back Pages...

THE RIVER AND THE BED

I

Yesterday, or the day before,
I tried to write a poem
about my father's sudden death.
I don't remember when he lived:
the pea-moss that now embroiders
his simple, unmarked grave
shrouds the memory and crowds my words...

I tried to write the poem anyway
but the alphabet was in a civil war...

The "A" in my father's "death"
deliberately debated the legitimacy
of "E's" ascendancy.

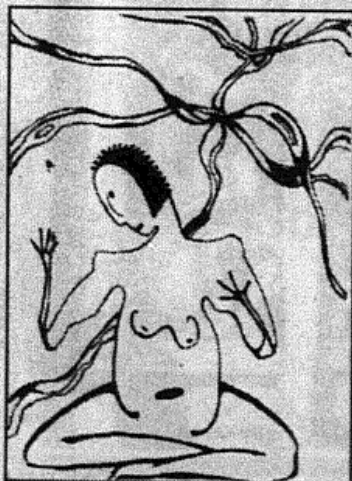
Who is to say even with the smell
of illusive certainty
who is ascendant over whom?
Breath over Death?
Or Word over Sword?
What difference does it make
if Time is a running river
or a nailed bed?
We'll all be dead
in the end,
or before...

I don't remember how my father died
but it had something to do
with an insoluble land dispute
of a next-door nature. I do
remember that the "I" of his "neighbor"
felt slighted in its surging silence
and blamed the pilfering affair
on a measly "E".

I'm the proud heir-apparent
of a six-foot-deep tract
of expensive real estate...

I don't remember how my father died
but I'm tempted to say by the Word
because of his unconditional love of poetry.
It might as well have been by the Sword:
A wriggly, wormy "W"
chastened and banished by his "sword"
bore in his head
a fatal hole.

*ta'nd-dadati-I ashabu
wal mawtu wahidu...*



Ellyn Herr

II

And I tried to write the poem
but my father's spilled blood
congealed into the ink of night
and refused to flow...
I tried the use of force
but the arm of my "knife",
that muling conniving "K",
kicked and neighed
until it became comatose...

*ma beyn hana wa-nana
die a'na-I-hana...*

You're not the first
to disrelish
my Arabic music...

A cross "X" took to the axe
abetted by the backward musical precision
of my "xylophone"
and left the night naked and cold
and susceptible
to foreign violation.

*ya leyl, ya leyl
ya 'ayn, ya 'ayn...*

In the smaller hours of my strife
--of any strife,
the ink of dawn exploded
into my study,
bludgeoned my notebook,
and slew the "C"
in my mental "cloud"
with its silver "scythe"
and rendered it brazen and loud...

*Iam tajrir-riyahu
bima tesh-tahi-hi-s-sufunu...*

Ben Bennani

This issue of "My Back Pages" includes selections of poetry from
faculty members.

WHAT TO DO, IN THE DONUTSHOP AT DUSK --
SORT THE SHEEP FROM THE GOATS, THE GRAIN FROM THE HUEKS?
AND OVER MY COFFEE, MY CRULLERS PLAIN AND GLAZED
CONSIDER THE ERRORS OF MY DAYS AND WAYS?
BUT WHAT TO DO, AS THE SUN SLIDES DOWNHILL?
SHIT: RING THE BELL, AND ASK FOR THE BILL.

ADAM DAVIS

Radiator

We used to stretch afghans
over refrigerated toes
and snug our flannels close
to press out chills
as the ravenous beast fed
in the corner. We'd mock
its jealous clangs and laugh,
trapping selfish heat between
us. Our breath defrosted
above the pillows and our pale
lips, like cool slices of honeydew,
ripened to watermelon
on our mouths as we kissed.

Now it wakes, raw with hunger,
as deadened coils clank out stiff sleep
like cow bells at feeding time.
Its rusty intestines echo,
panting for rejuvenating steam
to gush through metal veins.
The piped belly gulps, lulling hollow
protests, belching streams of air.
Gluttonous and gurgling,
it forgets you are no longer here
with me to drink in the warmth.

—Patricia Montalbano

At Night, In Quiet

Wiping dishes at the sink,
I watch you reflected in window glass--
propped on one elbow,
all angles and smoke rings,
suspended in the light
from your cigarette--
and only the sound of my towel
squeaking round and round on china
breaks silence.

I, tightly held in this quiet,
unravel as a carelessly knit scarf gives
to a sudden tug--my stories
a hundred nights long
skein of yarn strung from the kitchen
to you
and back again
like a cat's cradle,
a child's strong magic.

[Priscilla Riggall]

DRY

A seamless vein where rock joins sky
negotiated a three hundred and sixty degree horizon
between its own depth and my perception.

Where one ended and the other began became indistinguishable in its plainness.
because the sand from the dry river had a mind to mix things up
with the bees buzzing in my hollow skull, making a sweetness of death.

And in my eyes of carrion the connective tissue cracked into fissures,
carved by the low frequency of glacial time
in the single-syllabic wave of the desert wind.

And I remembered that the hole in the ground next to me at the base of Baboquivari
had, countless centuries ago, birthed the People during a time when the Earth did marvelous things,
like bequeath itself with tiny minds to look upon its beauty, to perceive its forms and textures.

And like the wind and water the contours and configurations of this landscape,
the satin and grit of this red rock desert, cut and shaped meaningfulness
through the rifts and ravines of my fire-orange desires.

And my flesh turned to sand
and hardened into chasms,
into canyons awash with possible lives.

Kert Hubin