



MONITOR

1 April 1997

Том 3, Номер 11

Tamman State University's only news team blessed by the Pope, snatched upon by Jesus, and gone delirious with John and Allah.

Trotskyite Editors Purged!

by Sergey Pavlona

In a rather strange turn of events yesterday, two members of the Managing Editorial Board were executed for "crimes against *The Monitor*." Laughton Messmer and Jason Clampet were led into the alleyway behind Monitor Tower early Monday morning and informed of the death sentence that had been handed down by the Extraordinary Committee on Agitation, Sabotage, and All Around Silliness. Messmer and Clampet feigned surprise when the crimes were read—as if they did not know they would be found out and punished—and Messmer even began to laugh before a swift kick to the groin silenced him.

The list of their heinous crimes is almost too awful to utter, but for the safety of the state against such criminal deeds in the future, they shall be made known:

- Arson: The fire in Monitor Tower last fall and reported in "All the News that's Unfit" has been traced to the saboteur activities of the two
- Poor Grammar: The inordinate number of typographic and grammatical errors that plague the paper are the result of their lack of vigilance
- Treason, count #1: Letters that were uncovered by a mole in President Magruder's office have shown Messmer and Clampet to be closer to the evil Presi-

dent than previously thought

- Testicular cancer: Yep, the deadly disease is their fault too
- Poor Taste: Messmer and Clampet have been known to listen to music by Phil Collins and to enjoy TV shows such as "Who's the Boss" and "Friends"
- Bad Manners: Clampet once forgot to put the toilet seat down in the bathroom of Monitor Tower
- Treason, count #2: Messmer and Clampet were once caught enjoying an "Our View" piece in the *Index*

Messmer and Clampet demonstrated further disrespect for decency when they requested Bisquick's "Impossible Cheeseburger Pie" as their last meal. The Committee rejected their request and gave them a Slim Jim instead before they were shot point blank by remaining Editor Ann Price. In the wake of their ouster and execution, *The Monitor* is in a state of flux. Maggie Thurman has ascended to a position on the Board after eliminating any opposition.

Unfortunately, the treachery runs much deeper than the two purged editors. Editors Price and Thurman suspect that Messmerites, and Clampetians still dwell within the ranks and they will take extraordinary steps to see that they are exposed and eliminated or sent to Monitor labour camps in eastern Asia.



Trotskyite Editors Jason Clampet and Laughton Messmer moments before their execution photograph by Witness #1

This is an **APRIL FOOLS** edition of

The Monitor. Do not be alarmed. It is pure farce and folly. The contents are meant to excite, shock, anger, and when capable, amuse. We can do this because we have guts. Please do not accost individual members of our staff to show your personal displeasure with the following subject matter. The Monitor Corporation, our parent company, is responsible for everything. We are merely tools for The Man.

House of Jesus Suffers Fate of Sodom & Gomorrah

by Joshua Levi

This year's Easter Sunday in Kirksville saw more than the traditional packed services and Easter egg hunts. In an act that God later described as "just desserts," The House of Jesus located on the town square was razed to the ground by fire and brimstone that rained down from the heavens.

"I just could not stand that crap any more," God told *The Monitor* in an exclusive interview. "You would've thought that someone in that store would have read the story of how my son [Jesus] took out the money changers in the Temple, but apparently they were too busy making a buck off suckers to read their own merchandise."

The Kirksville Police was initially skeptical over whether it was an act of God and not some insurance scam. "When we saw how no other building downtown showed any signs of damage from a fire of this scale basically settled the matter for us, we're believers now," Deputy Simon Peter said.

But Thomas Thomas, a lawyer representing the House expressed doubts: "I have a hard time believing that the God of the New Testament would do something like this... this seems like the work of the Old Testament God."

Local ministers are worried over how they will supply their congregations with Sunday School materials and the ever popular cloth-

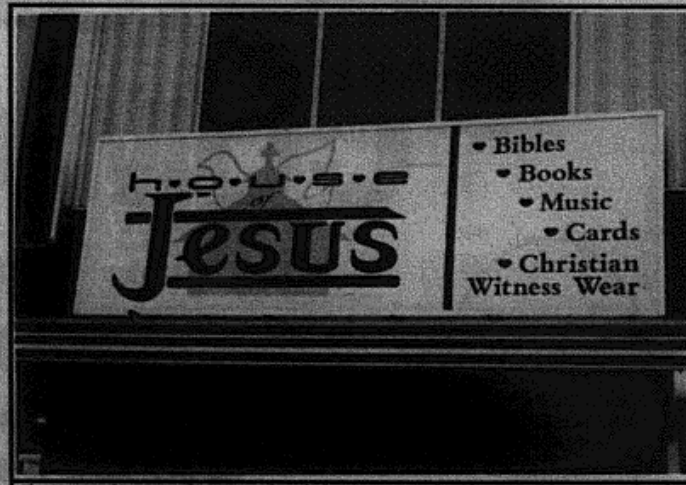
ing the House called "witness wear." A bummed out youth group member was quoted as saying, "Jeepers, I had saved up some cash to buy a 'This Blood's For You' tee-shirt and now I won't have anything to wear to the lock-in."

Among the many visibly excited people downtown were the workers at Edna Campbell Books, "we're kind of relieved that God destroyed our only local competitor for the Bible and religious book buying market. I guess God likes us more." When God was informed of this statement, God replied "I'm not too busy next week that I can't burn them to the ground also!"

Oddly, the owners and employees of the House of Jesus are not available for comment. The Assistant Manager was found in the alleyway in a state that resembled a pillar of salt. Officials at the Regional Medical Center attempted to resuscitate her but gave up and placed her in a nearby field as a treat for local wildlife.

The owners, Bob Ananias and his common-law wife Shirley Sapphira are still yet to be found, and the police presume them to have perished in the blaze.

"I hope this sends a message to hucksters and charlatans," God said. "But I seriously doubt that this will stop them from producing crap like Amy Grant and afghans with Bible verses on them."



The House of Jesus on the square days before it was razed to the ground by an act of God photograph by Witness #2

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The Monitor

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Imprudent Quality Since 1986

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

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ALL THE FOOLISH AWARDS

And The Monitor April Fools Award goes to...

We would like to take the time in our first ever April Fools edition to recognize those members of the campus community—and some of the fools nationwide—who make our lives seem heroic and noble by comparison. If you are one of the few chosen to receive an award, by all means, you should feel honored. Remember that we "mock what we do not understand." Enough said.

Bring on the awards...

The Richard Jewel Over-Achievement Award goes to that Public Safety Nut who wears Oakleys and on one occasion drove over grass to apprehend a skateboarder. Wow, you're amazing.

Danny Rotert is the recipient of our **Ultimate Editorial/Kiss Ass Award** for making President Magruder's recent editorial look like a critical essay on the state of education today.

The **"Most Overrated and Media Saturated Coverage of Talented Egomaniacs"** Awards were jointly distributed to Dennis Rodman of the Chicago Bulls and Jenny McCarthy the annoying former hostess of "Singed Out."

The **"I Wanna Dress Like Don Johnson"** Award goes to Dr Jack Hart this year having not only the keen fashion sense but the courage to bring back t-shirts and ill-fitted jackets.

Jason Clampt receives the **"Burn in Eternal Hell" Award** for his editorial bashing Mother Theresa. May God have mercy on you, Clampt, may God have mercy...

The **"Complete Sacrilege to la Spiritual Materialism"** Honors go to House of Jesus. Heres to another year's shipment of foot-steps poems and bible cozies.

The **"I Can't Understand Wut thuh Fuck Thar Sayin'" Award** goes to the movie **Trainspotting** for appealing to a wide American audience incapable of understanding what the characters were saying or even locating Scotland on a map.

It was difficult deciding who should receive the next award but we do believe the honors for **"Best Attempted Study-Ahead"** Award should be bestowed on Dr Taj Hargay for his on-again, off-again trip to Southern Africa.

The **"Never Trust a Prostitute"** Award easily goes to Dick Morris, former Clinton confidante. I guess book deals come in all shapes and sizes.

Lisa Sprague, Director of Public Safety, and those wankers on the appeal committee are the winners of the **"I Guess my Hazards Aren't Good Enough For You"** Award for, among other things, refusing a legitimate parking ticket appeal made by Monitor editors. Watch your backs...

The **"Should've Seen It Coming"** Award goes out to astrologer Jeanne Dixon. We're real sorry you're dead.

A handshake and the **"Best Monitor Story Covered By The Index"** Award goes to this Thursday's issue of the Index for their re-coverage of the student housing protest in 1968. (See Monitor Issue #9) P.S. Now we'll have to see who Chris Cicotello likes best.

Sterling Reddy gets the **"Creative Use of Sweatpants and Shorts"** Award for bravery in active wear. Here's to Putting a New Face on Mental Illness.

The editorial board fondly bestows the **"Most Obtrusive/Illigible Handwriting"** Award to Mr Larry Iles, State Organizer of the Missouri Socialist Party. This award is worth processed to ensure legibility.

Laughton Messier is this year's recipient of the **"Creativity In Grammar"** Award for the following delightful sentence: The Dodge Caravans through candy at the crowd. (See issue #10) Thum, Laughton.

And finally, we can't forget... The **"Most Irrational Fear and Loathing of the Opposite Sex"** Award goes to those little boys at the Citadel. You've shown us another creative use for fingernail polish remover. Here's to years of lawsuits and more women gaining access to the patriarchy.

1 April 1997

College Republicans Call It Quits

by Lynne Stanley

In a recent wave of unusually clear thinking, the College Republicans, led by Lara Blake, have decided to lay down their anal retentive weapons and jump to the other side of the ideological fence.

"We didn't realize how stupid we've been sounding all this time," said one unnamed Republican. "It finally hit us when I realized we'd actually nominated that dunce Bill Kenney for Lt. Governor. I mean geez...he wasn't even that great of a football player."

The group first caught public attention when they were founding a candlelight vigil ceremony for the African spotted tree owl near the eternal flame outside Kirk Building. "It's time we said 'to hell with big business' and started paying attention to the back bone of this country—the defenseless animals."

The President of the College Democrats, Dave Badley, realized just how serious the formerly narrow-minded right-wingers were when they shuffled one by one past his front door, laying bits of olive branches and desecrated Dole/Kemp bumper stickers near his feet. "It's like God really answered my prayers," he whispered as he brushed a falling tear from his cheek. "I hear they even attended the PRISM Dance last weekend in full drag. Frankly, it's amazing to see such a positive turnaround."

When asked what brought on this move

from archaic elitism to genuine concern for humanity, one Republican said, "I guess we all reach a point in life when slushing benefits for the poor, not educating our children, harassing Cubans, and whining that the rich just aren't getting a fair shake, starts to lose its glamour. Who

Jason Davey, and Eric Schmidt decided to sponsor the "So You Say You Wanna Develop A Conscience" Seminar for future attorneys, pieces of the puzzle fell right into place. Something exciting was about to happen.

The question as to whether the College Democrats will now get their asses in gear and do something more than indulge in oh-too-easy Rush Limbaugh (what a fast windbag) jokes and Newt bashing (he's such a piece of shit) remains to be seen. Leading the newly converted masses will be a challenge, but it will be one with great rewards or something.

In that spirit, *The Monitor* staff believes that politics (or rather annoying little poli-sci students who think they know something about politics) will have a slightly different face around here from now on. Or at least be interesting for awhile. There might even be a political forum of some kind—wow.

Who really knows what the future will bring, except our own Queen Astra? The College Democrats and their formerly Republican-turned-Democrat devotees may come to realize their collective folly and join the Greens Party. Perhaps they can unite with Ralph Nadar, help start everyone safely into their mini-vans, and start writing columns in *The Nation*. Wouldn't that be cool. In any event, the winds of progress and liberty have begun to sweep across this campus—for the betterment of not only Kirksville, but all of America.

"We didn't realize how stupid we've been sounding all this time," said one unnamed Republican

knew it would hit us to you? (sniff) I just hope the ACLU will let me in now." The changing tide was not unexpected to *The Monitor's* crack investigative team. For some time now, subtle differences in the behavior of certain conservative campus members had been catching our attention. Dr. Randy Hagerty's new vegetarian cook book collaboration with Clinton advisor James Carville was probably the biggest tip off. Then again, when Mike Wells, Christian Oenowith,

Crime Beat Gets Reinforcements

by Patty Wagon

Those of you who crawl under your life-size sheets at night and fall asleep with the false sense of safety in what you think is a small, quaint town are in for a rude awakening. Monitor investigators have been undercover with various library technicians in the last month and have discovered a monstrous crime reaching epidemic proportions growing in our little K-ville. Even scarier is the fact that many of these "criminals" remain at large—able to strike at any time.

But to get back to the crime at hand, strict library laws call for a food/liquid/nourishment free environment in the realm of higher education that we call Pickler Library (unless you have a faculty office there and then you can do whatever you damn well want). However, to the Monitor investigators' dismay, this law is blatantly disregarded and mocked on a wide-scale basis by students who think they are above the law.

In a one-night spike out, contraband including eight dum-dum wrappers, three power bars, a half-full (or was it half empty?) water bottle, six Twinkie wrappers, and an apple core were confiscated by library personnel with the help of Monitor

investigators. These outrageous criminal acts threaten the stability and lawful pride—the very essence—of our campus community. They must be stopped. Luckily, the volunteer force of Girl Scout Troop #839 have heard our cries for justice. They have taken it upon themselves to fulfill our mission of staking out and capturing criminal offenders in the library. It is truly a "Mission Impossible" for those brave little girls.

Feeling that their "innocent" demeanor and connection with the world famous Thin Mints will make them less suspect in the eyes of the public and thus more effective crime stoppers, the troop is confident that they can "get the

boys all the training a young scout needs to complete a successful mission like firing ranges complete with pop up images of twenty-something literers and a kelly green rope course. Rumor has it they have their legs with daggers.

Indeed, many of the Girl Scouts may lose their lives going undercover to apprehend the criminals in Pickler, but they wish us to know that they will not have died in vain. "Even if I only stop one reckless student from bringing a can of pop into the library and perhaps 'accidentally' spilling it on a periodical, I would gladly risk my life to know that they didn't get away with it—that justice was served," said Jamie Subtle from Troop #839. "Our work will not be in vain, when we see that big librarian in the sky, we'll know our deaths were but a small piece of a great struggle."

Remember this is

APRIL FOOLS.

We made this crap up.

It's not real. [though all food reinforcements are]

The Monitor

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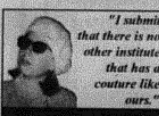
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Opinions

"Dance music is great because you can dance to it" -Jason Clamper



Haute Couture in Kirksville?

by Ranny Dotter

As a school we like to toss around the word couture as if it were the life blood of this campus. We use the word on every fleece pullover, embroidered Truman visor and zippered fanny pack that is manufactured, almost as if by some act of God, it is the trademark of the university. Perhaps it is used to overcome the abhorrent fashion sense of the Kirksville people, or as a means of making us the Midwest equivalent of Bergdorfs or Barney's.

I'd like to take the opportunity to tell you with a relatively stable idea of what is true, backed by my experience working at the STAGES department store as a sales assistant, that the couture of this institution is every bit as important as we make it out to be.

I submit that there is no other Institute (not even Parsons School of Design) that had a couture like ours. Truman's couture is as delicately feminine as the man it was named after. It is a blend of Donna Karan's east coast sensibility and Todd Oldham's southern audacity. We are not a group of students born with a keen fashion sense.

Many of us are the first in our families to pair tiny A-line skirts with Prada's fine leather

bags. We forget as we jet to Paris on the Concorde or change from day to evening in the back of hurried limousines, how wonderful this place is, and yet we manage to put together our pret-a-porter collections in four, I mean, five years.

Our latest spring collection is everything President Magruder said it was in last week's editorial. Really...fine. Really nice. The institution has a greater ideal that makes its fashion sense unique and unrivaled elsewhere in the region, or for that matter, the world.

If only America would realize what a wonderful thing we have going at this midwest fashion institute mecca.

For the last year I have been honored to represent the fashion of this campus through my work at STAGES department store. We as a campus community have a wonderful thing going at Truman. It is a relationship with fashion most campuses only dream of achieving. It took hard work and a sweat shop full of scholarship seamstresses to get where we are, and it will continue to take those things (and a whole lotta money) to get where we need to go in the future.

I would like to thank The Monitor for giving me the opportunity to write down my opinion in a vacuous editorial as a part of this series. I have really enjoyed it.

Piss on The Sprinkle Theory

by Hly Whym

How is a person supposed to understand and deal with the editorial and intellectual vacuum in the *Index*? It is an elusive mystery of campus life which dates back to our freshman year here, and one that has baffled all Truman students (except those who read *The Monitor*).

Well, it's time we took a stand-and added our own ideas to the already massive confusion. In the Undergraduate Research Symposium this spring, a few of us with *The Monitor* presented a theory dealing with the particular confusion and moral anxiety one experiences after reading the *Index* Opinions page. It was a well-attended lecture and one that we believe will curb the high number of wrist slappings on this campus (which, not surprisingly, have gone unreported by the *Index*).

It is our explicit purpose here to share the theory that so many crowded to hear at the Symposium. We can finally reach the multitudes who were turned away or who were unable to get the satellite feed of our presentation in their dorm rooms. So, here now is the theory that attempts to explain how *Index* editorial writers choose their topics and why none of us know what the hell it is they're trying to say, the "Tinkle Theory."

A) find an important, newsworthy topic and write an editorial on it-or anything about the Greek system since it is *always* relevant.

B) tinkle on the editorial-that's right with genuine *Index* urine

C) pick out any legible words (making the rest up from libblos) and arranging them in random sentences

D) submit and go to press

Conceptually, it is a fairly easy process to understand. That isn't to say, of course, that the editorials are understandable. As you no doubt realize from the "Tinkle Theory," it is an unwritten rule among the *Index* staff that "grammar bad" is good grammar. Since the birth of our theory, we have evoked heated reactions from many loyal (and a bit dim-witted) *Index* fans. They make accusations such as we "are jealous" or we "are bitter

because they have all the 'good' writers." Well, that just isn't true. I mean, come on, *The Monitor* may be jealous of the *Index* staff's salaries, fleet of computers, negative scanner, ability to finish their paper before 5 a.m., and their trips to journalism conferences, but we are not jealous of their editorialists, thank you very much.

Some editorialists for the *Index* claim "I don't pick my topic" or "I didn't have a choice," but that is no excuse. Not only do they continue to put their names on such drivel, but their asinine photos are right next to the incoherent mess of words.

We at *The Monitor* stand firmly by the "Tinkle Theory." Even if we helped them pick better, more intellectually or morally stimulating (or hell, even funnier) topics, the editorial writers at the *Index* would still feel the urge to tinkle on what they wrote.

It is a biological necessity which they have little control over.

Our "Tinkle Theory" has been accused as "Index-bashing." It is not, even though we do find very little amusement in their pages. We do, however, like and respect that comic by Chad Odgers...but he's in *The Monitor*, too. As for the theory's implications for *Index* writers, it is saddening because your secret is out. However, there is help. After reading a given editorial, for instance the "Sprinkle Theory," a smart (okay, this is relative) *Index* editorial writer will realize two things:

- 1) that writing style manuals are available in bookstores
- 2) that they can do the honorable thing and never write again

There is no use denying the "Tinkle Theory." As readers of the paper, we know it is a reality every time we attempt to read the dreaded Opinions page. To the editorialists themselves, you can run, but you can't hide. Don't think about submitting "pre-thinked on" articles to *The Monitor*; we will still know by the topic chosen that you are an *Index* writer. We always welcome letters to the editor which we can give an editorial reply to and thus confirm our own superiority.

The moral of the story is this: don't bother trying to read the *Index* Opinions page anymore. Even though you might feel like you're missing something because you crave controversy and intellectual fodder, remember that you won't find it there, at least not in any intelligible form. Yes, certain individual words will still resemble ideas and concepts which real editorialists use, but on the whole, their use of such words is disappointing at best-cruel and tortuously inhumane at its very worst.

We here at *The Monitor* hope this has been an enriching, if not altogether life-saving, revelation. Feel free to thank us individually for shedding new light on the darkness that has enveloped our campus for so long. It is time we come together to heal and to reflect on what editorializing is all about: bashing your rivals.

THIS MODERN WORLD

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THANKS! WHENEVER HIS OPINIONS WERE REJECTED, HE WOULD SAY, "WELL, DUFFERS!"

CONTACT MAGGIE OR ANN AT 627-1675

THE MONITOR IS CURRENTLY SEEKING INDIVIDUALS FOR THE FOLLOWING POSITIONS: WRITERS, REPORTERS, PHOTOGRAPHERS, EDITORS, CARTOONISTS, WHIPPING BOY.

CONTACT MAGGIE OR ANN AT 627-1675

Letters

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

Crazy Harry Strikes Again

Dear Editors

I am writing in response to an article in your "Opinions" column on 18 March 1997, entitled "What Have We Become?" I believe that the author, Steve Hanson, is seriously stupid. My God, how can he blame us for what the media does? We have no say in what they will publish or air. The only people that have a say are the people in charge, a.k.a. the Man. The Man has been controlling us ever since the television was invented. He, and only he, can say what we will see and what we won't.

The reason Jon-Benet Ramsey is in news more often than the other girl is that the Man wants us to think that famous people are being murdered left and right, and anyone else. And since very few of us are famous, we are supposed to believe that we do not stand a good chance of dying at someone else's hands.

What he really wants us to be scared of is absurd things like aliens and diseases. He wants to distract us while he plants subliminal messages in our heads through the TV, radio, and newspaper. I am sure that if they can put hidden pictures in those "Magic Eye" things, they can do it with newsprint, too. He further tries to control our minds by heavily advertising against the use of drugs, knowing full-well that when he tells us not to do something, we will. I don't know anybody that ever started drinking, smoking, or doing drugs for the effects, but rather to rebel. And I am sure that he knows that also. Like Big Brother, he can see all, but unlike Big Brother, the Man knows all.

Sincerely Yours,
Harold Volkmer

Gone Mad Over a Cow

Dear Editors

I was shocked and outraged by what I witnessed last week near the southside Centennial Hall parking lot. A poor, defenseless cow was made into a circus side show by the Ag Dept. and their torturous games.

The cow's side had been partially cut open to reveal its stomach through a window of sorts. It was appalling to see students gawking at the gentle creature--a creature who had done nothing wrong, except be born into a world of such cruel individuals.

As a further insult to the cow's noble nature, it was subjected to a game where participants were asked to guess the weight of the massive animal. Needless to say, this novelty act injured the cow's self-esteem in a most brutal and irreparable way.

I, therefore, propose that the Ag Dept. should try this little experiment out on one of its own. That's right, Dr. Wehner should replace the humiliated cow. Only by showing students the human equivalent--that is, Dr. Wehner's stomach--can we bring full animal rights awareness to the campus community.

It is a drastic measure, but one that I believe will serve many educational purposes. I have started a petition which will be in the SUB all next week for students and faculty to sign. I hope the Ag Dept. will join me in this struggle.

Cordially,
Mary Mary Quite Contrary

EDITORIAL POLICY

The Monitor warmly receives all letters to the editorial board from members of the Kirksville community. In fact we recycle all such materials by making paper mache fruit out of them.

The Monitor Opinions Page is usually open to select members of the campus community if they beg and plead for us to publish their pathetic rantings. Of course, The Monitor reserves the supreme right to twist your words and completely change all distinguishable meaning.

Submissions can be turned in to the CAOC mailbox at any time (REALLY). Have a nice day!

Sodexho is Poison

by Fanny O'Lord

"This potato au gratin soup taste like scum. In fact, it tastes like scum droppings. In fact, it tastes like mold growing on scum droppings," freshman Bobby Vincent, dry heaving with disgust.

While cafeteria food has been called names ranging from "mystery meat" to "melted Satan's flesh," the taste is not the only problem students have with Truman's Sodexho.

Keri Panshaw, a two year vegetarian, states that she is openly taunted by the managers and is force-fed chicken a la king.

"I just don't feel vegetarian interests are sufficiently represented here. Every time I bring broccoli into the cafeteria, Virginia confiscates it and crucifies it on a wooden stake. Then Ed and Atula dance in circles around me and poke me with old enchiladas. The physical scars will heal, but the psychological trauma never will," Panshaw said.

Another major problem students have with the Truman cafeteria is the lack of nutritional value in many of the entrees. For example, according to one Sodexho higher up, the baked mostacoli is 117 percent of the recommended daily fat intake and contains toxic levels of salmonella.

The lettuce regularly used in the salad bars is generally purchased in bulk from undeveloped Third World countries for 4 pesos (.000002 American cents) per ton and is often laced with donkey tranquilizers.

"We feel that we are able to provide better service to our Truman clients by purchasing food from the least expensive mar-

kets," said Dennis Markeson, Director of Sodexho. "We feel that the slight decrease in quality is far outweighed by the major buttwhopping we're able to provide in terms of raw food availability."

Despite the conveniences Sodexho offers, many students are still dissatisfied.

A brand new Pontiac Grand Prix to anyone who brings me the head of Sodexho's Kvitlinsky screamed, wildly brandishing his Bohemian earstpoon. "I want to see him deep fat fried in his own onion ring oil!"

This type of hostility is not uncommon among Truman students. According to a recent food quality survey, 94 percent of the student body favors the immediate depopulation of all Sodexho employees. Eighty-nine percent agreed to the statement "Dennis Markeson should be soaked in melted tar and have it skin slowly peeled off his stinking, wretched body."

Student Senate also expressed concern about the dissatisfaction with Sodexho food. Danny Rotter, Student Senate president, reports that Student Senate plans on having a sub-session of their forthcoming meeting in which they will organize an ad hoc subcommittee to draft a resolution to nominate delegates to meet with Markeson and Sodexho managers some time "in the near future."

"I have a lot of faith in Student Senate's ability to effectively and efficiently deal with the Sodexho situation. We've already organized a meeting in early May to propose a date on which to nominate members to attend the sub-session. With any luck, we'll have the Sodexho situation cleared up by early as the year 2000," Rotter said.

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My Booty Pages...

Untitled Angst

Wretched and warm in
stale toast I sleep
Kick me, you drive that
steak thru me.
It burns a hole,
a hole where your love
used to be.
I want to dive into
your belly.
And never remember
to come up for air.
--Tony Ringo

Madness

Dig me a shallow grave,
I'm a pretty small girl.
Floralize me.
Demoralize me.
How can you justify
your cat's cradle of affection?

I'm lost in the jungle.
Who can save me now?
Captain Planet, save my waste.
My mind is made of
horse hooves,
but at least it sticks together.
--MT

AMERICA THE Beautiful

No one wants to hear me.
I vanish in my pain, mein schmerz.
Fascists fuck more
And think less.
Fuck more,
Think less.
I'm a product of my surroundings.
Tell me what to think,
Tell me Coke or Pepsi,
Tell me more or less.
--Aine O'Sullivan

Regret and Masturbation

I think that I shall never see
Jo Mamma naked swingin' free!
I cry silent flowers of nasal decongestant
into the cold, rough, vinyl tablecloth.

I lose myself in rapture.
Where was I?
Lost in my vast trousers
lies only regret.

Oh Suffer!
Oh Hell!

No longer shall I tickle the love pickle
and gleek like a little girl.
Anonymous

Ode to Pizza Hut

Pizza Hut, oh Pizza Hut
Pizza Hut right out the
butt.
You got the cheese I love
to cut.
I am your one-eyed
Monterrey slut
And you are my cattle
driver of love.
Laugh my little Buttercup.
Or I'll make you bleed.
--Joseph Tone

Alaskan summer

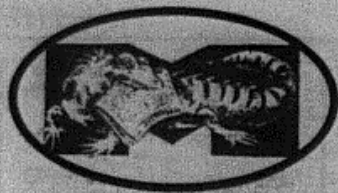
The white snow beacons me
Cats cry in the distance
The lone wolf dyes his coat
Ah vanity! How you haunt us all.
I hear your voice calling out
To the wonderwall...
Be sure to turn your eyes away.
Snap, crackle, pop filled the room
The din of my doom.
Stand tall my little eskimo.
--gerardo

MY MEMORY BLEEDS

KRIS KRISTOFFERSON.
WHERE ARE YOU
NOW?
YOU SAID I HAD TO
RUN, RUN LIKE THE WIND TO BE
FREE AGAIN
BUT ALL I GOT WAS DIARRHEA
AND A BUMPER STICKER THAT SAID:
BITE ME, BABY
OOH, YOU MAKE ME FIZZLE
AND SPUTTER LIKE A FREE
RANGE CHICKEN
COLOR ME, SHADE ME IN
LIKE A BAD TATTOO.
I AM HERE TO STAY, MISTER!
--PUNKASS

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April 15, 1997

Volume 3, Number 12



The Campus Reactionaries

photograph by Myron Esthor

Murder Was the Case

by Ann Price

It is a common plot on TV crime dramas: a drug dealer is convicted of first degree murder and sentenced to the death penalty. Many of us, as viewers, respond with a feeling that justice has been served, however unpleasant or troubling the ethical details of the death penalty may be. After all, it's only a TV show, and we weren't the ones responsible for handling down the punishment.

But for a Truman student this semester, this very scenario was more than just an evening's entertainment.

Senior Philosophy and Religion major Jay Anielak was called for jury duty here in Kirksville one week before spring break and served on a capital murder case that had undergone a change of venue from Harrison County, Missouri. It was a duty that Anielak had little control over, and one that has significantly changed his life.

Like most registered voters in Adair County who at one time or another get a notice to show up at the court house, Anielak was not exactly pleased to be selected for the pool of jurors.

"I told my professors I'd be gone for a day. Then when we got there, there were, like, 200 people in there," he recalled.

The waiting game of jury selection that frustrates all and complicates most lives had begun. As in the infamous O.J. Simpson criminal case and the upcoming Oklahoma City bombing trial, the jury in this case would have to be sequestered for the duration of the trial, which by early estimates was two weeks.

It may seem unthinkable to most Truman students that life in Kirksville could get any more bleak, but then try to imagine spending a week's vacation confined not just to

the limits of the town, but to a jury box.

The thought of having to spend night and day with a group of people who were equally upset at being chosen jurors while police guards monitor both your discussions and your actions at all times does nothing to enhance that bleakness either.

Anielak could only sit patiently as well over a hundred possible jurors gave explanations for why they felt they could not afford to take the time away from their jobs and busy schedules to sit on a jury. As he watched half of those potential jurors get eliminated because of exposure to media coverage of the case, particularly a story in the Kirksville Daily Express the weekend before jury selection began, Anielak still thought his chances for making the final cut were pretty slim.

The jury selection took two more full days. During that time the prosecutor and the public defender took turns asking general

questions about the potential jurors' opinions of the legal system, before they moved on to tougher questions concerning the death penalty.

"Basically, if you said that you are completely in every way opposed to the death penalty and could never affix it, then you were gone, immediately," Anielak said.

Unlike most scholarly debates that focus on comparatively trivial hypotheticals of the death penalty, the situation facing Anielak during questioning and, to a larger degree during deliberations, was in many respects, monumental. There was no easy answer: the willingness to recommend the death penalty would keep him in the jury pool—an unappealing prospect—yet he was expected to answer honestly and after serious thought.

Ultimately, his admission that he could imagine affixing the death penalty, as well

See Jury Duty, page 8

Fascism in Our Midst

by Loughton Messmer

The time has come once again to pick another bunch of patsholes for the Man at Truman State University. This year brings a variety of potential student representatives. Veterans, new blood, and far-semi-fascist reaching reactionaries.

The Monitor took time to talk to the Campus Reactionaries who are presenting Mike Roth for vice-president, Bryan Westhoff, for treasurer, and John Klaas for secretary. The presidential hopeful, Chuck Northrup, couldn't be reached for an interview due to the secretive nature of his work for the party. He is hiding out until his security force—known only as the purple shirts—can be organized and suited up for the most extreme measures of protection for Mr Northrup and his bunch of reactionaries.

Here now is the interview that took place at an unnamed site with the utmost of care for leaks and assassination attempts.

The Monitor: What is your complete platform?

Mr Westhoff: We want to do away with the election process at this school, we would like to change the name of the school back to Northeast Missouri State Teachers College, we will bring back smoking in the SUB and what else am I missing guys? Oh yea, we want to build monuments on campus.

Mr Klaas: A more secondary purpose is to

build up regional support for a more National Reactionary movement. We hope to have a Fascist regime in place in the federal government by 2008.

Mr Roth: On the monument issue, we really feel that the campus is empty and needs more decoration. What would look better than the busts of the men who brought real change to our campus. At this point our heroic dictator strolls in with a legion of purple shirts. All we know of his exploits is that they involved a trip to South America, and centered on the pursuit of heavy artillery. Mr Northrup is referred to here by the honorary title of El Caudillo.

The Monitor: How do you plan to instill these changes?

El Caudillo: We plan on instituting our change through counter insurgency movements and if necessary, violent protest. Many of our ideas, although beneficial to students, may be looked upon poorly by the administration. We expect resistance but it will not hinder our programs. We are redefining the rules in order to facilitate our renovation. We will not work with the administration, the administration will be working for us.

Mr Westhoff: I think a mandate will be shown by the election results and the administration will have no choice but to listen to us, for they will really be listening to the students.

See Campus rebels, page 8



Dobson Hall DJs hit in the waves
See related story on page 9

photograph by Krissy Vogel

All the News that's Unfit
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This Modern World
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"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

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Peeker Sold to the Man

by Tom Wheatley

Everyone that has laughed so hard that they pissed their pants while reading the Peeker gets to keep selling themselves for another year.

It all started when Peeker editors Chad Odgers and Dave Newcombe were sitting at their table in the SUB pushing a new Peeker issue on the unsuspecting public.

"English Professor Chett Breed bought some copies. He was interested in using a few specific pieces in a class he was teaching and wanted our permission to use them," Newcombe said.

The Peeker editors said yes. Little did they know that later that afternoon they would get their big break.

"Breed came by again later while we were still selling copies and asked if he could use back issues of the Peeker as required text for his Lit For Young Adults class next fall," Odgers said.

Again, the Peeker editors said yes. However, at the time they had no way of knowing the turmoil and chaos these simple agreements would cause for the Truman community.

The effects were felt almost immediately. Word was leaked to the student body that there was a class that would require Peeker texts and within minutes Breed's Lit For Young Adults class was full. Because the student demand for the class was in the thousands no yellow cards will be issued.

"We attempted to move the class to Baldwin Auditorium for the semester. There were also talks of building a Peeker Stadium behind Centennial to accommodate the demand for the class before the rec field was finalized," Newcombe said.

Even though these plans ultimately fell through, there is still hope for those students that didn't get in the class. Closed door negotiations between the Peeker staff and the Truman Bookstore netted the editors with a lucrative publishing deal. Publishing rights for the Peeker were sold to the Truman bookstore for \$40,000. Individual back issues will be available next fall in both campus bookstores for the low low price of \$6.95 per issue, and complete hardback bound sets of every Peeker issue ever will be sold for \$199.95. So if you didn't buy the Peeker when it was 25 cents an issue, tough shit.

There are also plans for merchandising which include Chad's Drawing Room Action Set and Dave's Computer Room Action Set. Chad's set comes with different colored pencils that the Chad figurine can hold. Dave's set is still in the works, but there is talk of a swivel chair being involved, so keep your fingers crossed.

As if all that excitement wasn't enough, there are plans for one more Peeker issue to be released later this year. Sadly, this will be the last Peeker ever. Odgers and Newcombe will go their separate ways next year.

"I will probably try to make a career writing things and Chad will make a career drawing things," Newcombe said.

"I'm thinking of doing some quality work once I've shed the Dave problem," Odgers said.

If you want to get your hands on back Peeker issues before the prices skyrocket next year, Dave and Chad can be reached at 665-7189. Don't send them mail. They hate that.

ECO TIP OF THE WEEK

Presented by E.C.O., the Environmental Campus Organization

For our last tip of the school year, we will just present some facts and let you figure out the rest:

—If Americans reduced their meat intake by just 10%, the grains and soybeans that would have gone to livestock could feed 60 million people—the number of people who starve to death worldwide each year.

—The world's cows produce nearly 100 million tons of methane which is a powerful gas that contributes to the greenhouse effect.

—220 million acres of land in the U.S. have been deforested for livestock production. 25 million acres in Brazil, and half the forest in Central America, have been cleared to produce beef.

—20 pure vegetarians can be fed on the land needed to feed one person who eats meat.

—Despite long-held American beliefs about protein, we actually eat twice the amount of protein our bodies can even use. Since our bodies don't store protein, what's not used is wasted. You don't have to be a pure vegetarian to help the world. Simply by eating less meat, you'll still make a difference.

Before going home for the summer,
Celebrate Earth Week
with E.C.O.

Presenting EARTH WEEK '97

featuring events brought to you by E.C.O., the Environmental Campus Organization

Here's a list of what's going on during Earth Week:

Monday, 21 April:

10:00 to 3:00 in the SUB: sign up for **WALK DON'T DRIVE**. Pledge to not use your car to get to school this week.
10:30 p.m. on the Mall: **Energy Walk**—see how much energy our school is wasting by leaving lights on at night.

Tuesday, 22 April:

WALK DON'T DRIVE begins today. Don't pollute when you don't need to.
10:00-2:00: Music on the mall.

Wednesday, 23 April:

7:00 p.m., OP 218: **Old to New Paper Making**—watch how you can take old paper and turn it into new paper yourself.

Friday, 25 April:

10:00-3:00, SUB: **Stop your Junk Mail**—stop by and sign a form that will stop junk mail, a waste of paper, from arriving to you.
3:00, Ryle courtyard: **Plant a tree**—E.C.O. is adding a tree to help beautify and clean the air on our campus.

Saturday, 26 April:

noon on the Quad: **Save the Earth Bandfest**
Come celebrate Earth Week and have a fun and educational experience!

Residents Gain Access to Power

by Tom Wheatley

All documentations are final.

This used to be the attitude of the entire student judicial process of Dobson Hall. Until recently, students in authority could document and punish at will with no chance for their authority to be questioned. However, the gross mishandling by the judicial system of two recent cases has cast the entire system under close scrutiny by Dobson residents and the hall director alike.

In the first case, two of the three residents in a room had checked out and left for vacation. The third resident brought alcohol into the room and left it there over break where it was discovered by an SA. All three residents were documented, even though two of the residents had no way of knowing of the alcohol in the room or preventing it from being there.

In the second case two residents received alcohol documentations when a half-empty moly wine cooler was found on a desk. These students were never shown any physical evidence, were not notified of the documentation until three weeks after the break, and were not shown a written documentation until four weeks after the alleged offense occurred. There were also discrepancies in what type of alcohol was found and where it was located which prevented them from presenting an adequate defense.

However, a documentation alone carries little weight in the Dobson judiciary process. "By themselves, documentations mean nothing," said Dobson SA Dan Love. "They merely say that an incident occurred. I can document for good things as well as bad."

Therefore, the most important aspect of the judicial process is the punishments residents receive as resulting from a documentation. In Dobson Hall, a student judiciary

board, or J-Board, decides the punishment. The J-Board is quite powerful and is instrumental in the Dobson judiciary process.

"The J-Board has the power not to punish, as well as to punish," Dobson Hall Director Aaron Fetrow said.

The J-Board is supposed to act as a vehicle for residents to plead their case. However, consider this comment made by Regan Pusey, the SA that heads the Dobson J-

A new Appeals Board would be empowered to do the following—to repeal or modify J-Board rulings and select which cases to hear.

Board, at a J-Board hearing on March 31. "J-Board is not here to decide guilt or innocence. We are here to punish."

Obviously, the two students in the first case above that were out of town should not have been punished, and the errors in procedure in the second case should have been taken into account. However, true to their leader's "punish only" mentality, all five of these above documented residents received punishments from the J-Board. In the eyes of J-Board, a document was a permission slip to punish. In the two cases above they didn't care about testimony from witnesses and they didn't want to hear about special circumstances.

Pusey is not alone in her punish-at-will

mentality. Fetrow said that one member of J-Board wanted to confine documented residents to a curfew. This is not the mentality that the J-Board should have if it is to effectively hear cases in an impartial manner. Also, having an SA as the head of J-Board seems to be a conflict of interest. No SA is going to let the documentation that another SA writes go unpunished.

Some Dobson residents that were alarmed at the outcome of the two cases mentioned above met with Fetrow. He was unhappy when he heard of the "punish all" mentality of the J-Board. The students were concerned that under the present judicial system they were not given a fair opportunity to present their case. Fetrow agreed, and within an hour the concept for an appeals board had been drafted. Fetrow also said that he was going to talk with Pusey and Mike Pagan, the other SA on J-Board, to make sure that they return the focus of the J-Board to one of compassion and not of conviction.

The Appeals Board would consist of an SA and four other students, with one of the four students heading the Board instead of the SA. The Appeals Board would be empowered to do the following—to repeal or modify J-Board rulings and select which cases to hear. Not every case brought before J-Board would warrant a hearing by the Appeals Board. They would only hear cases that had circumstantial evidence or mismanagement by J-Board.

The residents and Fetrow both agree that the Appeals Board would be a positive addition to the present judicial system. The formation of the Appeals Board is a triumph for the residents as well as for the hall administration. Now the pleas of wrongly documented Dobson residents will be heard.

Still Howlin

by Candia Gill

The world has lost a master of words, and the country has lost a national treasure. Earlier this month Allen Ginsberg died shortly after having been diagnosed with terminal liver cancer.

One of the Beat poets, Ginsberg took joy in life and in all that it has to offer. Uncompromising in his art, he dealt with life honestly. Ginsberg wrote about being gay, mentally ill, Jewish, Buddhist, and an immigrant's son at a time when all of these things were none too popular with an American public still caught up in maintaining its squeaky clean image.

A poet until the end, Ginsberg continued writing during his last days. I would like to think that he is still writing wherever he is.

It is with great sadness that I think of his being gone, but my words don't seem like enough to do him justice.

So I will take liberty with a line from one of his poems, and in life I'll take his work with me, cause that's all anyone can really do: What thoughts I have of you, tonight, Allen Ginsberg, for I walk down the sidestreets with heartache self-conscious looking at world without you in it.

What thoughts I have of you, tonight, Allen Ginsberg...



Help Some Special Athletes!

The Special Olympics that were scheduled for Saturday, 12 April, were postponed until Saturday, 19 April (due to the weather), and will now be held at Stokes Stadium on the Truman campus.

We need all the volunteers that we can possibly get to be "buddies" to the athletes and to help run the events. The Olympics will begin at noon, and most volunteers will need to arrive at 11:00 a.m. and stay until approximately 4:00 p.m.

If you would like to help make this a great day for some wonderful people, or have any questions, please contact Josh Kesterson at 627-5019, Jenny Miller at 627-1505, or Jill Kruse at 785-5136.
Thank you for your help!

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Opinions

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

MTV Likes Playing God

by Steve Hanson

Back in the day, the music industry was controlled by those who would profit from it—the record labels. They decided who they would sign and even created "musicians" by older acts. Of course these practices still go on, but the record labels are no longer the ones deciding what the people will listen to.

At one time radio stations may have had control, but because of their independence from one another, they could not keep control for long. Things were just right for a new media to take over.

Video Killed the Radio Star was the first video aired on MTV. This should have clued us into their intent from the beginning, but we ignored it. MTV's goal was to be the Dictator of the Pop Music Culture—a goal that they have achieved.

We are college students. We have the advantage of being liberal-minded, anti-establishment fools. We don't let others make our choices for us, but we take their influence.

Music, in particular, is spread most often on a college campus by word-of-mouth. Unfortunately, not everyone has this advantage. Some people are still stuck in that high school mode, some have lost touch since they left college, and some are just old. Either way, they cannot figure out for themselves what

is cool. So, they have to look to another source: MTV.

It does not have to be MTV, but MTV has influenced their source, no matter. The five or so minutes of videos that MTV airs every day defines what is popular. And thus, radio station programmers, who are usually too ignorant to make decisions on their own, look toward MTV for their play lists. To top it all off, good ol' Sam Walton buys the CDs he hears on his local 40 station and sells them in his stores.

So, we—the buyers—are left virtually no free will to decide for ourselves what we would like to listen to, unless we want to pay exorbitant prices at local stores or find a decent record shop in St. Louis. Not only does MTV determine what artists are cool, they define which kind of music is. According to MTV, the "No Depression" band, BR5-49, does not exist. But all of us knowledgeable folk know them and like them. And what about Marilyn Manson and Nine Inch Nails? They were once respectable, but then they sold out to the Dictator and made videos.

Some of you may not agree with this, but what other reason would they have for making videos? It was definitely not the label, since Trent Reznor started it. But why then? Can you remember the last platinum album by an artist that has never made a video? I See Fascist Media, page 9

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A Biased, yet Honest Appraisal

By Giovanni Mastal

The Campus Reactionaries spawned from a few young men who felt that a change was necessary on this campus. Although some people may dismiss them as radicals just out for a laugh, there is much to be learned from their unique point of view.

One certainty underlying these men is their commitment to lasting (and in their minds) positive changes for this campus. Their outward actions imply a dictatorial stance, but this is only the product of frustration with the current situation, that situation being one of stagnation and obscurity.

This year's current President and Vice President of Student Senate are not currently seeking their reelection as a single unit, opting instead to face each other in the "political game" that has plagued our campus and many others for years.

Do not know the particulars of this "rit" and will not pretend to venture a guess as to why it happened. I am merely noting that it exists.

They preach togetherness and cooperation, but practice exclusion. Their new separate campaigns are basically the same, differing only in one leaning more toward academics (Rotert) and the other (McCarthy) relying on his experience to get in touch with "students' needs." The rhetoric is reminiscent of a major political debate between two do-nothing politicians.

Proof of this was apparent from his crowning achievement of last year's administration, current president Danny Rotert repudiated, "My own election." Does this sound like a man who is looking out for us?

When I say I mean the students of Truman State University. Fraternities, sororities, CCF, dorm residents, off campus students, some kid that lives in a box on Normal, the stuck up snobs that reside everywhere. All of these groups must be represented by Student Senate, right now they are not. Most are mis-

represented because they don't care, others are too busy, but others feel they cannot be. They cannot be because there is no voice on this campus preaching any-

thing but the status quo. Go to class, take your test. We'll all look back on Kirksville and laugh as we rake in the millions of dollars our wonderfully prestigious degrees will undoubtedly automatically bring us.

Mr Rotert himself stated that the only reason we came here was for the education, not to party or to go to "festivals." While none of us had any real illusions that Kirksville would be a mecca of bong hits and all night parties with super models, we need to have a release, and despite Mr Rotert's claims, we do just that (a lot).

But what does Student Senate do to provide the students with that release? Do they organize fun events that will appeal (I mean really appeal) to most students? Clearly not. Do they foment campus unity and promote the image of a true campus society? Clearly not. Student Senate does not seek out students' opinions (at least not very effectively) on what needs to be done to improve the best years of our lives.

I believe that McCarthy will be another version of Rotert (read ineffective) if he is elected. Well, I have told you why the Campus Reactionaries formed, now I would like to educate you on what we believe.

First of all, their answer to the parking problem is to limit freshmen parking stickers, better utilize the current space for maximum capacity, and look into future lot sightings. Secondly they want to see a more social campus atmosphere. They encourage more support for our athletic teams and would organize student booster clubs to rally the nationally ranked teams the current president and vice-president were unaware we had. (Mr Rotert was quick, though, to take the credit for the new field that is to be built despite the massive petition campaign undertaken by the Rugby team itself). The Campus Reactionaries also advocate substitution of one year on a varsity athletic team for health and wellness.

The desire to bring out the social aspect of this campus is one issue the administration may not wholeheartedly embrace. That is why the Campus Reactionaries advocate more participation in, and autonomy for, on-campus social groups. They will keep in touch with students during weekly meetings where all students may voice their opinions, and a new system of representation for students. Each chartered organization will have one delegate on an Advisory Board to the Senate, gathering a variety of viewpoints. Students not in an organization would be encouraged to form one.

See Manifesto page 8

Student Senate is the voice of the students, and right now, it is muted

Proof of this was apparent from his crowning achievement of last year's administration, current president Danny Rotert repudiated, "My own election." Does this sound like a man who is looking out for us?

When I say I mean the students of Truman State University. Fraternities, sororities, CCF, dorm residents, off campus students, some kid that lives in a box on Normal, the stuck up snobs that reside everywhere. All of these groups must be represented by Student Senate, right now they are not. Most are mis-

represented because they don't care, others are too busy, but others feel they cannot be. They cannot be because there is no voice on this campus preaching any-

thing but the status quo. Go to class, take your test. We'll all look back on Kirksville and laugh as we rake in the millions of dollars our wonderfully prestigious degrees will undoubtedly automatically bring us.

Mr Rotert himself stated that the only reason we came here was for the education, not to party or to go to "festivals." While none of us had any real illusions that Kirksville would be a mecca of bong hits and all night parties with super models, we need to have a release, and despite Mr Rotert's claims, we do just that (a lot).

But what does Student Senate do to provide the students with that release? Do they organize fun events that will appeal (I mean really appeal) to most students? Clearly not. Do they foment campus unity and promote the image of a true campus society? Clearly not. Student Senate does not seek out students' opinions (at least not very effectively) on what needs to be done to improve the best years of our lives.

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See Manifesto page 8

"Lessons from Bosnia"

Dr. Eldin Karakovic
Social Science Lecture Series

Dr. Karakovic was a firsthand witness to the Serbian genocide of Bosnian Muslims and during his psychiatric rotation at the University of Sarajevo, he was a student of Dr. Radovan Karadzic—the Bosnian Serb leader who is now indicted for crimes against humanity at the World Tribunal.

Friday, April 19 at 1:30 p.m.
Pershing Building, Room 331

Letters

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

Texas Needs Lovin' Too

Dear Editors

I have never felt such an urge to respond to an article in a long time. However, the stupidity and absurdness of the "Takin' a Break...Finding the Truth in Dallas" article struck a chord, and I feel the urge to defend the state and show how absolutely ludicrous the author is.

I am a proud native Texan who carries a key chain with the slogan "Don't Mess with Texas." We are the only state that could legally succeed [sic--if meaning to legally separate, the word is "secede"] from the United States of America and become our own country. We have our accent, we call every soft drink Coke, we are a big state, we don't have income tax...But, every state differs in their dialect, word choices, size and rules.

We boast about being a whole other country because 1) we are proud of our state and 2) we are in some ways. What is so wrong with this? "Don't mess with Texas" is a slogan. Has the author ever heard of a slogan? Missouri has the "Show Me State" -- what are you showing me?

Now to the absurd part of the article. The hasty generalization she is making is that because tragedies occurred in Dallas, TX that Texas is the real problem with this country. I have never heard such a ridiculous argument in my life! Tragedies have occurred all over this country and JFK was, by no means, the only significant leader of our times.

I am just wondering what toilet the author has her head in? I guess the one of the main problems that I had with this article is that she makes this claim that Texas is an awful place because JFK was shot there and that there are lies surrounding the whole ordeal. But then she talks about the JFK situation and ends with the statement that Texas is the home of these tragedies so Texas is bad. Was she writing an article on the misfortunate incident with JFK and her anger with the possible conspiracies surrounding it or the fact that she hates Texas for no real reason?

If she was writing about the JFK incident than [sic] I would have enjoyed her article, although the issue is a common one. But, when she starts dismissing my state for no concrete reasons except her discontent over what may have been a cover-up of a great man's death, that's when I get upset.

This article was poorly written and the opinion had no basis at all. I am sorry that her trip to Dallas was not more eventful. Does she realize that there are tons of things to do in Dallas like the museums, culture, surrounding areas, Westend--just to name a few. Texas is a fascinating state full of southern hospitality, culture, history, and yes, it is the place where JFK was shot.

How can you hold a state accountable for the activity of one man who shot JFK? Bad things happen everywhere, but I don't think that state is awful and use them as a scapegoat for the country's problems. If I did that, every state would be on my hit-

list. Even here in Kirksville, controversial events occur. Should I hate all of Missouri? Like your state's slogan says, "Show Me"--show me some substance to your writing and argument. I will extend the southern way and tell the author "ya'll come back now, ya here [sic]."

Laurissa Jeroslow

Editor's note: Just to clarify things, it is my profound belief that Texas should secede from the union of states. Only by engaging ourselves as real Americans--as the murdering, lying thieves known as Texans can we put America back on track to assuming its rightful place as the most morally superior nation in the world.

Ms Jeroslow's own letter is all the proof I need to demonstrate that there was a massive conspiracy covering up JFK's assassination: she mentions her own "hit list"--something all Texans keep, no doubt--as a reminder of their collective victory in killing the president.

In addition, she gives credit to the Johnson administration's web of deceit in her criticism of my writing, asking: "How can you hold a state accountable for the activity of one man who shot JFK?" I hold Texas accountable precisely because it wasn't just "one man," duh. Furthermore, I would like to enter a plea of guilty to charges of being "absolutely ludicrous," and to answer Ms Jeroslow's question--what toilet do I have my head in?--I can only answer the obvious: the Monitor Tower toilet. Thanks for caring.

Editor Ann Price

God Bless The Monitor

Dear Editors

Thanks for making this awful "year one" of Truman State University a little more bearable. (Awful you ask? another VPAA search down the tube, Comm faculty firings, unexpected deaths and cancer, you name it, 1996-97 has had it!)

The April Fools issue was pretty good, but I don't think you can top the "Homecoming Assassination Conspiracy" [Issue #4], but keep trying.

You and your descendants will always be part of my campus "kultur," however you spell it.

Gregg Stewart
Associate Professor of French

Watch out, Jack Hart!

Dear New Editorial Board,
When NMSU's good old native American name in precise location correctness and community identity retention was business board of trustee pompously changed to its present mass atomic bomb Truman Murderer's title we were, categorically all assured by Jack that "zero-sum" non-spend-thrift decision would, henceforth, humbly be the order of the day: in strict economy. Great!

Unfortunately not all of Jack's fellow involved male "old guard" appear to have been even slightly listening. And so students through fees (and burdensomeness we in the surrounding community through taxes) are being all asked, yet again, to pay along through our turning noses for the luxury

pranks of a few at the exorbitant. Would you think this a pull--university? Wrong!

Thus, just around mid-semester that well-known fount of intellectual wisdom, the Index, reported "the other Jack," John Hart, senior horcho, will hombre often in ego to match, of the scandalous reeked KTVO-hlt TSU communications section. Hart, sounding more excited than his last foray into "self-promo" community attention (when he alone arrogantly put NMSU in congressional testimony in D.C. against Bush's name change to little big horn battle part of Custer Park), announced that he and some buddies were going to enjoy this writer's London provenance. Yegods, Chaps, watch out.

He was going to teach, no less, a course on "Churchill and Roosevelt WWII speeches" in Imperial College, London. And, hooray, hooray, TSU students who could afford it would have the eliest benefit of his and at least two TSU faculty colleagues similar tuition; all over 4000 miles away. Never mind, there's already a fine audio tape series available of Winston's WWII orations in our "finest hour." And as for FDR, go to Pickler!

Now, can one ask President Magruder and Senior Director of the Center for International Education Abroad, Patrick Leaque (of France/Corsica) to call in Mr. Hart and rigorously ask him just what is the educational sense and economic justification of this silly, characteristic folly and faroy of gross, silly, costly self-indulgence? It's a disgrace! It's waste.

Most of TSU's existing study abroad pro-

grams have such validity. For citation/solid instance, if you opt to study intensive level French and Canadian history at the splendid Laval University in Quebec City you all will be taught and rigorously graded (almost daily) by that university's faculty and still, folks, get TSU credit! If you study in Latino America, you will have a TSU qualified but Costa Rican and Spanish staff present in additional staff complement!

On the other hand, Hart's London "fun" expedition openly boasts of its isolation from Brits and senior personnel choice. Imperial College is not even part of reputedly the arts and communications regular London college system in my alma mater. Does Mr. Hart fear European grading and depth standards would be too tough for sheltered TSU students? How would he like it if a European campus negotiated a 1998-99 deal with Patrick Leaque in which grossly in return for Birmingham students, say, and faculty paying TSU it was henceforth allowed to bring a tiny number of rich UK students and faculty here, but all poor TSU students and faculty were kept, oh yes, out?

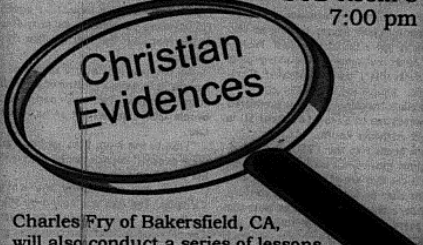
We have a word for the kind of superiority-mongering you are smugly up to, Dr. Hart, in recent history: it's called apartheid. And it's time you were cost stopped in self-glorification at our humble Kirksville expense and we Londoners spared your tour idocy.

Yours Sincerely,
Larry Iles, M.A.
History, University College London

The Fry Guy is Coming!

EKKLESIA

meeting:
Truman State University
Monday, April 21
SUB Room 5
7:00 pm



Christian Evidences

Charles Fry of Bakersfield, CA, will also conduct a series of lessons at the Filmore Street Church of Christ April 18-20, 7:00 p.m. nightly

YOUR GUIDE TO CUISINE

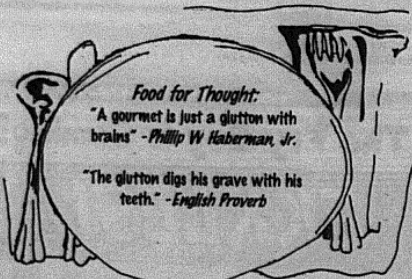
Good food can make the difference between a swell date or a broken heart, a successful job interview or homelessness, and proper digestion or gas. With this in mind, *The Monitor* set out to provide you, the reader, with a map to the pleasures of the stomach.

Kirkville has some great advantages to other towns—everything is within walking distance, housing is cheap, residents are friendly, and non-corporate crime is really low—but the selection of restaurants leaves a great deal to be desired. Even with the shortcomings, there are a few culinary gems that should

not be missed:

- The fries and onion rings at Bogie's (best when dipped in barbecue or honey mustard)
- Uptown Cafe at 5:30 a.m.
- Pineapple Pizza at Pagliai's
- Hummus on your sandwich at Washington St. Java Co.

If you look closely, you will see that a few restaurants are not on the list, namely all the franchise ones that run up and down Baltimore. Those places were left out because you can get chain food crap in any town and it all tastes the same anyway.



Compiled by Joe Brodman & Jason Clowry

| | Price Range | Best Feature | Vegetarian Options | Soundtrack | The Help | Clientele | Caffeine | Licker |
|--|--|---|------------------------------------|--|--|--|---|--|
| 1000 Hills Restaurant out by the Lake | Up there | steak and shrimp | not really | sappy and slow | Shawn Connolly is the best waiter in the world | The Bourgeois | cola | wine |
| Ailerons S. Bus. 63 | 17-110 | Potato Soup | salads and potatoes | light rock | squirrely | middle class | fr. fill | Typical domestic on tap |
| Bogie's 208 S. Main | 15-16 | FKIES and ONION KINGS | FKIES and ONION KINGS (and salads) | the X | your glass is never empty | all sorts | overflowing glasses of soda pop | Leide's on tap |
| China Palace 124 N. Franklin | 16 | Tofu Human Style & Chinese Doughnuts | lots of stuff | classical | well-behaved and worthy of tips | everyone who is anyone | good tea | Tsingtao and other imports |
| Manhattan 108 S. Elson | 15-18 | the photo of Pat Robertson | some pasta | white noise | helpful | good Christian folk | drip coffee | none |
| Mimi's Cuisine 216 N. Franklin | Up there | the shiny bar | why yes | classical | well-trained | no | good coffee after the meal | good wine & beer |
| Mimi's Tea House 102 S. Elson | around 16 | the lunch special | uh-huh | noise from Poco Loco | helpful | faculty | hot tea | box wine in Poco Loco's fridge |
| Pagliai's 101 W. Washington | 2 carryout pizzas for 19.99 | Johnny White Pizza | anything without meat | the worst jukebox in the entire world | there are quite a lot of them | pizza seekers | soda | domestic stuff in the fridge |
| Pancake City 2101 N. Baltimore | whatever you have left after a night of drinkin' | it's open all the time | something veggie and deep fried | drunken frat boys behind you | from sassy to smarmy | truckers, tired families, fighting couples & drunks | free refills | none |
| Ryan's Bar and Grill 112 W. Harrison | 14-17 | Pinball machines | salads and potatoes | ESPN | sporty | sports fans | free refills | sportin' guy beer & Bushnell's Irish Whiskey |
| Too Tall's Two 220 N. Elson | 14-17 | it's the only place for chips & salsa | beans go in a lot of things | Anthony Cooperwood | women only | people in search of Mexican food | free refills | good selection of import & domestic beer |
| Tutor's Deli 104 E. Scott | 15-15 | tuna fish sandwich, curly fries, & slaw | oh yeah | Classic Rock | didi folk | kids with the Monkeys | Dr. Slice | none |
| Uptown Cafe 112 N. Franklin | 12-15 | hash browns | potatoes, biscuits, pancakes, etc. | old fellas swapping stories | you wonder how she does it all | farmers, racecars, early birds, and Monitor staffers | a good, cheap cup o' joe | none |
| Washington St Java S. side of the Square | 13-15 | good espresso after a tasty meal | soups, sandwiches, quiches | depends on who's working (Laughton plays J. Pre) | wired and perky | just folks & too many Med students | best espresso and other hipsterzizations of the coffee bean in town | none |
| Wooden Nickel 114 S. Elson | 16-110 | selection | pasta and more | Pate shit-chat | the staff of the WKC (except for Buzz Pino) | the Rating Crowd | iced tea for the meal, coffee after dinner | good selection of import beer and wine |

Attack of the 50ft Kitty

by Jill Goodheart
Giant cats, Elvis impregnating a woman from space, action figures coming to life. No, this is not a list of the latest *Weekly World News*, but some of the movie plots from Kirkville's own filmmaker Chris Cicotello.

Cicotello's latest movie *Meow* premiered a few weeks ago to a crowd of about 50 in the SUB Activities Room.

Meow keeps with the 1950s style of giant animal movies, Cicotello said. It includes a cat that grows to gargantuan proportions after he falls into a yeast mixture. It wanders outside and attacks potential party-goers. Fearless college students, one in drag, leave their party to save their friends with rifles and a Volkswagen Beetle as bait.

Cicotello's giant cat was made intentionally flat via computer imagery in order to create that 1950s feel.

This is Cicotello's fourth major creative film endeavor. The idea came after a dis-

cussion with his uncle, who inspired him to make a movie which included a giant cat. He also wanted to continue the story of some of the characters from his last film *Painted Towns*.

The film was shot over a period of four months. It includes a mixture of actors from both Truman's Theatre Department and people from outside that arena, Cicotello said.

"I like to mix it up. Both are important... these people I consider to be the cream of the crop," he said.

Meow was not solely the work of Cicotello. The film was edited by Michael T. Bradley, featured music by Anthony Cooperwood and included computer graphics by Ryan Calder.

"One thing I'm learning," Cicotello said, "was finding people who do things better than I do and who enjoy their creative process."



Cicotello began his film career in sixth grade when he made a commercial for the Canadian Tourism Board, in which he used Star Wars action figures, as part of an assignment. In high school he had a public access TV show, which lasted about three years.

and, in fact, a lot of my stories get me in a lot of trouble," he said. "I enjoy all the aspects of the artistic world, and I have some aptitude in all of them. Film is inclusive of all these things."

The second thing was the final saber sequence in *Return of the Jedi*.

After that, "I decided to start more serious work," he said. After high school, Cicotello was accepted to film school in Hollywood, but was unable to go because of financial reasons.

He then began work on his first major project *Hangar 18*, the tongue-in-cheek story of secret agents who investigate UFO phenomenon.

Two things served as Cicotello's inspiration to make films. The first is that "I like to tell stories,

He admires the work of Peter Bogdanovich (*The Last Picture Show*, *Texasville*), Martin Scorsese, and Robert Zemeckis; the writing of John Milius (*Apocalypse Now*) and John Hughes; and the editing of Robert Rodriguez (*Desperado*).

Cicotello hopes to film one more movie before the end of the semester which could possibly be a slasher film about demonically possessed sorority girls called "Alpha Gamma Satanica."

While many of Cicotello's movies have been what he calls "kooky," he does plan on making more serious films in the future. But what does the future hold for this filmmaker? A man from LA who is interested in Cicotello's work has asked him to write a script so that he might sell it or buy it himself.

"Now he's trying to steer me in the right direction . . . to make sure I work and research the right kind of story," Cicotello said. After about a year and a half of work, Cicotello has nearly finished the script, which is about the "prevention of the apocalypse."

he said. "It's a good solid story—a good solid script."

Cicotello plans to move to California, where he lived before Kirkville, in order to pursue his career.

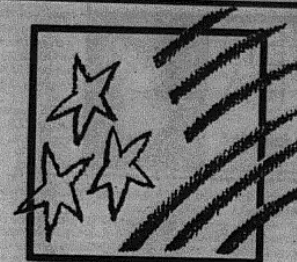
"With luck and God's grace," he hopes to be successful. He said he would be "very contented making a decent living working in the film industry."

Chris Cicotello RETROSPECTIVE:
If you are not already familiar with his work, here is a listing of his first three movies and a summary of plots:

Hangar 18 — Secret agents investigate events that lead up to a woman's impregnation with an alien baby. Very tongue-in-cheek.

Elvis Fathers Alien Baby in Mexico — the sequel to *Hangar 18*. A young Midwestern woman becomes impregnated with an alien baby. She goes to the secret agents for help.

Painted Towns — The adventures of a college student trying to find something to do and his action figures which come alive.



College Democrats
OF AMERICA

It's not too late to get involved.
Come to our meeting
Wednesday, April 23
at 6:30 p.m.
in the Alumni Room

PRISM

GAY AND LESBIAN PRIDE MONTH

Movies

Tues April 15 9:00 pm "Stonewall"
Wed April 23 7:30 pm "Torch Song Trilogy"
Tues April 29 7:30 pm "The Incredibly True Adventure of Two Girls in Love"

* Discussion will follow all movies

Meeting time: Thurs 8:00 pm in OP 118

For information contact Bradley Harmon 627-4245

QUEEN ASTRAL

Let the stars be your guide!

Now you'll have to share the mother lode with everyone. VIRGO (August 24-September 23) People are laughing at you. Right now.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23) Look on the bright side: it's not yet too late to start casket shopping.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22) You're not worth a horoscope.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 21) Better get that lump checked. CAPRICORN (December 22-January 20) You're a cog. Show your head, move to California and discover the wonders of communal living.

AQUARIUS (January 21-February 19) You should feel vindictive this week. Everything you ever wished for in life has already been taken by someone smarter and prouder than you are.

PISCES (February 20-March 20) Get ready to spend your life in prison.

Disclaimer: If this week's horoscopes seem a just a tad bit sour, the recent negative publicity surrounding the astrological sciences is certainly to blame.

Manifesto cont. from page 4

Student Senate is the voice of the students, and right now it is muted. It may not be fashionable to be caustic and it may not be politically correct to buck the system, but the system is not working. We believe in our power to improve your life. This is the first time I have seen a real divergent and meaningful movement on our campus, the first real dialogue between truly opposing

sides. This movement typifies what college is all about, learning to live together while not agreeing on exactly how to do it. My only fear is that only those who truly agree with us are reading this, but maybe what matters most is simply the attempt. The attempt to express noncompliance, mistrust, and a desire to just find another option for students. A chance for a change, what could it really hurt, just somebody's resume? Then I say fuck that.



Campus rebels, cont. from pg 1

The Monitor: Are you worried for your own safety?

Mr. Westhoff: No, we really have no need to be fearful. We clearly have the public's support. I don't know how many times a day students come up to me and tell me they love what we are doing. I have no fear that we will win in a landslide victory. As far as those opposed to us, its really only those tree-hugging liberals. I have no fear of hippies, they're a peaceful bunch. Really, even they are behind us. We're bringing smoking back to the SUB and they're really into that. I don't see there being any opposition, and especially not violent.

The Monitor: Do you think force would ever play a role in your plans?

Mr. Westhoff: I don't think there should be any need. I see a groundswell of public support. We are going about this in a peaceful way and we expect to see the voters react in a positive way.

The Monitor: I've heard rumors of a militia the students will understand that salvation lies only in our ideology. The mass support of our fellow students, who will be joining the purple shirts soon, will allow us to reserve a majority of our hostility for subversives.

Mr. Westhoff: We don't, however, expect there to be a need for this. We know the public support is in our favor and we are

expecting that to show on election day. All those who normally don't vote, because they feel the current system represents them, should show up and give us the votes we need to bring about real change in this University, change for the better.

Jury Duty, cont. from pg 1

As life in prison, earned him a spot on the jury. It guaranteed him hours of contemplation and distress as one man's life hung in the balance.

In this case, the defense presented no evidence or witnesses to claim innocence or even insanity. Thus, the subsequent conviction of murder in the first degree was a decision that the jury reached with some sense of clarity and ease. The penalty phase of the trial, in which the 12 jurors wrestled with the options of life in prison or death by lethal injection, was not so clear cut.

Anielak described watching videos of the gruesome murder scene, and feeling some relief about their conviction when he learned that the defendant was accused of two other murders. Still, deciding death seemed unreal. In the end, all the usual justifications for denying the murderer's right to live were there. In a matter of minutes after deliberations for punishment began, nine jurors were ready to sentence him to death. The rest complied after five more hours.

Even though he believes they made the right decision, Anielak still feels it is an unfair dilemma for anyone to be put in. He had to watch the slain victim's family photos and his own mental images of the guilty reloading his shotgun before blowing the victim's head off with the physical (and very alive) presence of the man sitting before him.

As the jury foreman read the sentence, Anielak could barely look at the man whose death he helped decide. "God help us," he remembers saying. Yes indeed.

TRUMAN STUDENTS UNITE!

Danny Robert-Kid, McCarty+ Jamie Davis+Lisa Kayan
8 1/2 years spent as your campus leaders!
If you want it to be your campus help us make the change!

VOTE CAMPUS REACTIONARIES!

President: Chuck Northrup
Vice: Mike Roth
Treasurer: Bryan Westhoff
Secretary: Jonathan Niles

Hooked on More Than Looks

by Holly Cerny

When waiting in the office for my dentist or some other physician (I won't get too graphic), I admit I pick up *Cosmo* rather than *Good Housekeeping*. Usually ads in those glamour-puss magazines feature Dru Fouts singing the praises of milk or Tommy Hilfinger telling you it's o.k. to be a girl (thanks Tommy!). But a new trend is arising in the modeling world—or at least it's new in front of the cameras. Now ads might conjure memories of last week's keg party or band fest.

Remember how you looked after that night of substance abuse, having lost all coherence and passed out on the kitchen floor for twelve hours? Now imagine a photographer shooting your picture for a spread in a trendy magazine before you could clean up. That's exactly what photographers are doing. Next to the quiet about if your lover is capable of multiple orgasms is an image of a young model apparently strung out and hovering in the corner of a seedy bathroom.

Recently models (most of them out of the industry) have been vocal about the depiction of drugs in ads. Make-up is used to create sunken, stoned eyes and models do their best to perfect that lost-in-the-headlights expression. Poses range from lying in the fetal position on the bathroom rug to staring upward looking to the gods for the meaning of life. All of this has many worried about the message being sent to young people.

A recent 20/20 segment that featured a former model who quit the business after a bout with heroin made Leonardo DiCaprio's role in *The Basketball Diaries* look like a walk

through tranquil Kirsksville. At 17 she was addicted to heroin and completely lost. Nobody she worked with, not even her agent, gave a shit as long as she showed up for the photo shoots. Not until she almost overdosed in a hotel and the manager called her parents did she clean up and quit the business.

She says everyone that she worked with knew she was strung out, but that didn't matter unless it interfered with her contracts. In fact, almost every model she came into contact with had a substance abuse problem. Many years later, she's outraged that some magazines are glamorizing drugs. She knows first hand that drugs are any-

thing but beautiful and hardly the stuff that dreams are made of, but that is exactly what some glossy ads would have you believe.

Not all magazines are using the stoned look to make money. *Allure* has taken a stand and refuses to use any models that are made up to look like a roadside for *Metallika*.

Yet not everyone is against this new standard of beauty; some feel it's a portrayal of realism. Trends for what's hot change as rapidly as the members of Menudo. Kate Moss, the model with the proportions of beef jerky, used to be all the rage. Now it seems that Keith Richards could give Kate a run for her money with his authentic stoned appearance.

I'm sure next week something else will be popular, maybe the intellectual chess-god/goddess look (the agents would be knocking down my door). Until then, don't use drugs...but if you already have an addiction, contact your nearest modeling agency and strike while the iron's hot.

Now it seems that Keith Richards could give Kate Moss a run for her money with his authentic stoned appearance.

Fascist Media, cont. from page 4

I'm sure there has to be someone, but those people are few and far between. If a station plays rap, R&B, heavy metal, dance, industrial, pop, alternative (or modern or post-modern or whatever), and hip hop, you would think they could find their way to play something a little on the country side. But no, they cannot.

That is why my favorite music program is "Jammin' Country" on CMT (Country Music Channel). This is a channel obviously concentrated on country music, yet they manage to have a program that plays anything from Tom Petty to G. Love and Special Sauce. Maybe not everyone enjoys coun-

try music, but I know many people who do not like rap, but enjoy alternative, or vice versa. If a station can combine those, then why not add country to the mix.

Who knows the real answer, but I would not want to see BR5-49 on MTV. I was disappointed enough to see Wilco start sucking the Dictator's dick. And one more thing, if you don't think MTV has influence, look at bands like Prodigy, or the Chemical Brothers, or even Sublime. These bands were well known in some circles, but once they got on their knees for MTV, they became big.

They are just selling themselves to the Devil. Video did not kill the radio star, it made them.

VOTE, STUPID
DON'T FORGET THE
STUDENT SENATE
ELECTIONS
APRIL 17 AND 18
IN THE SUB

Corinas in the shower, or those damn KU fire drills... through the thrills (Nashville) and lulls (Missouri Hall), we'll never find another Bert. We love you, Meggy.

FROM ERIN AND HOLLY

Dobson On-Air Again

by Tom Westhoof and Jeff "Disco" Benish

The once silent "Broom Closet", home to Dobson Radio and the trademarked Wacky Antenna, now echoes with the lifeblood of music. The valiant efforts of four modern day college knights and their army have given new hope to the Truman student desperate for entertainment.

As a result of sheer boredom, our knights decided to resurrect the crippled corpse of a radio station they found

on the second floor of Dobson Hall. Their success has yielded Truman State University more than just a purple TV screen to satisfy collegiate music cravings.

On St. Patrick's Day, 99.7 FM Dobson Radio hit the airwaves and has been going strong ever since. Students in the vicinity of Dobson, Ryle, and Blanton Halls have been wooed by the promulgating signal of the Wacky Antenna and are flocking to the station in great numbers. Dobson Radio now has nearly 30 disc jockeys and is still anticipating more applications.

However, being a Dobson Radio DJ is not all honor and glory. The weak should be forewarned of the great peril and danger they will encounter on their quest to become almighty king of the radio. On a typical shift in the royal "Broom Closet" one might encounter a myriad of dangers.

Today, we will be following the shift of Dobson DJ "Jonny Carwash". Because he has the first shift of the day, he wakes up at the suicidally early hour of noon to start up the station, which consists of flipping three switches. Jonny successfully locates and flips all three switches and starts his show without incident. For the next hour he plays music while begging for requests between songs.

Hopefully this outrageous event had sparked his ratings, he returned to his show. Much to his chagrin, he doesn't get a single request.

Despondent from the lack of audience participation he decides to end it all by laying down in the middle of Franklin Street. After fifteen minutes and no traffic he goes back to his dorm room.

If all this sounds like the kind of life you must experience for yourself, take heart, there is hope. Dobson Radio is still accepting applications for DJ positions and they can be picked up in Dobson 304.

Be forewarned, however, that the chances of becoming a fish-monkey are 1 in 30, but that shouldn't matter to an individual that craves the airwaves.

The weak should be forewarned of the great peril and danger they will encounter on their quest to become almighty king of the radio.

He can almost feel the testicular cancer setting in from the massive amounts of radiation he is absorbing from the nearby antenna. The radiation has also mutated Jonny's entire genetic makeup, causing him to evolve into a fish-monkey. However, Jonny is willing to make that sacrifice in order to keep entertaining the masses.

Unfortunately, due to prejudices that close-minded people have about fish-monkeys, Jonny learns that his ratings have dropped to nearly zero. In an attempt to gain an audience, he decides to have a contest. He asks listeners to bring items to the station in celebration of Veterans' Day.

This went well until his one crazed fish-monkey loving fan brought in an armed nuclear warhead screaming, "They're all after me! Oh, save me, my beloved fish-monkey!"

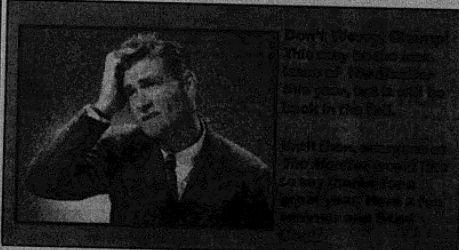
Luckily, the vast amounts of electricity running through the station have mysteriously taught Jonny how to psychically disarm nuclear warheads.

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Reviews



music film literature art

A Mighty Retrospective

by Dan Gerken
"No... Not They Might Be Giants are not Satanists. They're not posing as an easy listening Nazi rock band trying to lure intellectuals into believing what they already know to be true. No! Listen to sound of my voice..." So goes the narrative on "Kitten Intro," one of the numerous bonus tracks on the new They Might Be Giants double CD set. But, I know what you're saying. "What new CD set? What are you talking about?" I must admit, I was as befuddled as you are, but all has become clear to me now, and I assure you there is no need for alarm.

"Mr. Klaw," "Nighttown of the Sullen Moon," and the inclusion of the ever-popular "Dial-A-Song" recording of an actual message left by a confused Brooklynese woman wondering who "They May/Must Be Giants are" and "how do [they] make any money?"

The bonus tracks (also split between the two CDs) come from early tape recordings and the previously mentioned They Might Be Giants Dial-A-Song (a service similar to Dial-A-Prayer where They Might Be Giants fans can call up and request to hear a song, and leave a message afterwards). Among other things, the tracks include two amazing intros (see the beginning of this article) used to open live performances, a remake of "Number Three," the third song on their self-titled album, performed in Greek, a "remix" of another unusual answering machine message called "I'm Def," and a chorus of "Schoolchildren Singing Particle Man."

As for They Might Be Giants second album, *Lincoln*, provides more than a fair share of They Might Be Giants' greatness. Those of you already familiar with it can attest to the quality of such "Giants" classics as "Ana Ne," "Purple Toupee," and "The World's Address," not to mention some of my personal favorites, "Where Your Eyes Don't Go," "I've Got A Match," and "They'll Need A Crane."

The set also comes with an informative booklet containing song lyrics and liner notes by bandleaders John Flansburgh and John Linnell. Documenting the band's formation and development, the notes are filled with interesting trivia, such as They Might Be Giants' creative use of synthesized and pre-recorded rhythm tracks to provide background to the two man band, and the origin of the title of *Miscellaneous T* so named because of its "grab bag nature" and "the band's bin label in record stores."

A high quality recording, *They Might Be Giants/Then: The Earlier Years* is a fantastic collection of some really great and truly original music. The huge bulk of material easily offsets the \$30 price tag (\$29.77, with tax, at Wal-Mart), and should readily satisfy any who were disappointed by the relatively few number of songs on *Factory Showroom*.

So, make a "memo to [your]self: do the dumb things [you] gotta do," buy *They Might Be Giants/Then: The Earlier Years*,...and "touch the puppet head."

Seemingly without fanfare, They Might Be Giants have put out a collection of their albums released under the Restless record label. The set is called *They Might Be Giants/Then: The Earlier Years*, and contains the original self-titled They Might Be Giants album, their second album *Lincoln*, and all of the B-sides included on *Miscellaneous T*. In addition, the CD set sports 19 bonus tracks rounding it out to a total of 72 tracks on two CDs, or about 2 hours and 18 minutes of music.

Having stumbled upon the album at Wal-Mart, I debated whether or not to make the purchase. I already own *Lincoln* and *Miscellaneous T*, and had recently decided not to worry about acquiring their first album, having heard that it wasn't all that good. But, struck by the unexpected fatality of the situation and considering the fact that the CD set included enough bonus tracks to fill a normal album, I over-rode my previous inclination, and decided to go for it...to my profound satisfaction.

The first CD contains the entire They Might Be Giants self-titled album, and does not disappoint. It catches your attention right away with the fast-paced "Everything Right is Wrong Again" and "Put Your Hand Inside the Puppet Head." Also worthy are the eerily seductive "Rabbit Child," the uplifting "She's An Angel," and the mesmerizing "Absolutely Bill's Mood."

The CD then continues on to a portion of the EPs contained on *Miscellaneous T* (the rest of which are contained on the second CD after *Lincoln*).

Though overly eclectic to some degree, the B-Sides are nevertheless justified by "The Famous Polka," "For Science" ("Yes I will date the girl from Venus ...For science!"),

music

The Bosstones Play Around

by Steve Hanson

Let's face it, the new release from those fun-loving Bostonians The Mighty Mighty Bosstones, ventures further into that wonderful realm of ska than their previous records. Of course, they keep that same cleanliness in the music that has resulted in a moderate measure of pop success for the

song "Someday I Suppose" off of their album *Don't Know How to Party* released in 1993. Most recently, they made a cameo in the movie *Cueles* which included the song "Where'd You Go" on the soundtrack.

The first song released off of *Let's Face It* was "The Impression that I Get." Since being released a few months ago, it has received a good deal of play on MTV. Like a majority of the songs on the new album, it is more of the ska than the ska-core. The less-than-dramatic ending sets it apart from most of their other songs.

The rest of the album continues with the same pattern of light, drifting horns and similar guitar riffs. "Another Drinkin' Song" exemplifies this pattern, as it tells a lyrical message about the thinking of an alcoholic.

"What you call a disease I call a remedy" is the primary message and also the chorus to the song. Don't ask me for a liver, Dicky. "That Bug That Bit Me" is a good ex-

ample of the heavy guitars that pollute their music. Not that a noisy guitar cannot be enjoyable, but one has to know how to use it, and they really don't. A few of the other songs on *Let's Face It* also have a similar guitar sound, but not as to the extent of "The Bug That Bit Me."

A slightly new sound for the Bosstones comes through in "Nevermind Me" with a guitar sound that is nearly as loud as in "The Bug," but rather has a more lyrical tone to it that agrees much better with the rest of the instruments.

Like their previous albums, *Let's Face It* was produced by the usual Cambridge-town producers, Paul Q. Kolderie and Sean Slade. Their previous success have included the Lemonheads and Juliana Hatfield. Many of the sounds on this album are reminiscent of those found on the many albums that Paul and Sean have produced together.

In keeping with tradition, the Bosstones have made another album that may not be the best in the world but is, nevertheless, a good time. These guys are obviously having fun with their music, and that is all that counts. Although, they really need to get rid of that stupid freak who does nothing but dance around on stage. I wish I could get paid for doing that.

In keeping with tradition, the Bosstones have made another album that may not be the best in the world but is, nevertheless, a good time.

Kiss This

by Bryan Westhoff

For a month, I have been anxiously counting down the days until today, April 15. Why, you might ask, have I been so excited about another Tuesday night? What has me so excited is that as you read this article, there is a good chance I'm not on this campus, but rather on my way to see the "Greatest Show on Earth." Tonight I will be shown by Peter, Paul, Ace and Gene exactly how the "Big Boys" do it. I have tickets to see Kiss.

I had the privilege of seeing Kiss this past summer, and I can tell you, it's the earthly equivalent of looking into the gates of heaven and being invited in for three hours while the angels blow stuff off. There is no better feeling than hearing the sirens at the beginning of *Firehouse* and being told that this would be the song that Gene breathed fire. I've never felt a greater need to answer a question in the negative than when Paul wanted to make sure St. Louis was not "getting tired, were they." There's nothing greater than looking at the huge overhead Jumbo Tron and being told that St. Louis rocked and rolled all night. I believe it to be the one point in my life when I truly felt at peace with the world.

The first time I saw them, I was unsure if it was worth the money I was paying. Within four minutes, I saw exactly where my money went: into explosions, face paint and the most kick-ass Halloween costumes I've ever seen in July. I personally have never bought a Kiss album and am unfamiliar with all but seven of their songs. That was of little consequence once the first explosion kicked off the show. The simple fact was, it rocked me hard. Easily in the Gigarocks, I can not imagine anything containing a greater amount of



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rock. I highly recommend getting off your time and seeing this show. They are touring for 3 years so you have time, just don't wait too long and miss the magic.

Student Art

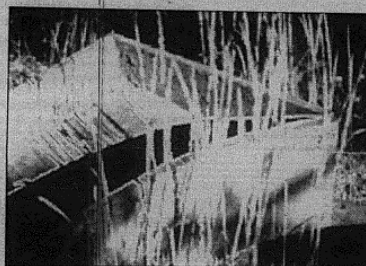
The works on this page represent the creative talent of a few Truman students



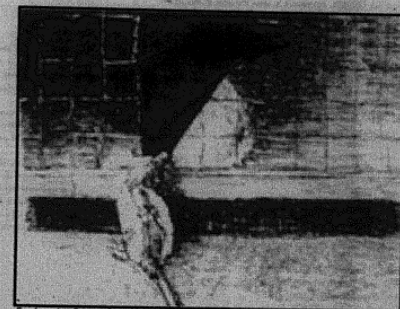
With Jennifer Slason



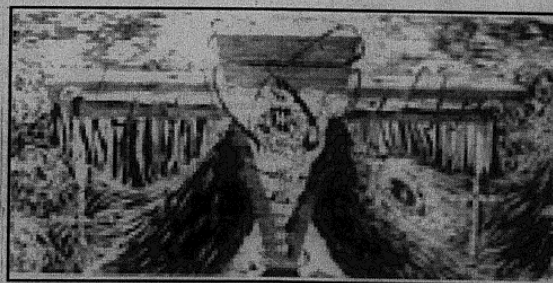
Alicia Pigg



Shadow Form Alicia Pigg



Eyeing the Beast Jennifer Slason



Wes Martin

My Back Pages...

Care

With my mind adrift in the pace of life,
in the signing of papers and words and more words
and the fifteen mile drive behind me,
I sense the driveway gravel under my tires
as I approach the house of life.

Not quite there, but all the way inside,
I hover over the threshold of silence,
crossing my heart, hoping to die.
With a groan and a snap the house stirs,
rolls over on its side, complacent, collecting,
dreaming its house dreams.
The hum of a refrigerator, the ticking of a wooden clock,
a labored breathing from a far-flung room,
and everything slows, alters, shifts, and settles.
I am in a new reality.
In a tiny room with wood floors a man lies dying,
his relatives watching and waiting
from behind the convex glass
in picture frames dotting the walls.
Presence permeates the room, fills the empty vases,
settling on dollies and plastic flowers,
and I am here to give care.

We begin with physical contact as he opens his pale blue eyes.
He stares through me, out the clouded window
and reaches out to touch me with a 90 year old hand.
He breathes, I breathe. No words to alter the time in this room.

Continuing with water I purify the space
between him and the presence we feel.
With a fingernail brush I wash his sins
of blood and shit away.
I cleanse him of another mistake,
of another word left unsaid.
And his undone deeds fall away
like the clippings of his nails,
like the whiskers from his chin.
Each breath removes another hindrance,
strips him of one more vestige of his pride,
evidenced and affirmed by the softening of his eyes,
by the way he needs more and more to touch everyone.

And I find my self climbing the lattice work
of ancient flesh on ribs and clavicles,
clawing my way toward the swallowing gullet,
toward whatever it is this man knows but cannot say.

I find myself inhabiting a house of my own,
made of silence and growing innocence,
made of allowances and letting go.
I find myself all the way inside, but not quite there,
hovering above a threshold of silence,
crossing my heart and hoping for life.

Hoping for life in the deepest parts of the house,
with the presence I feel at this bedside,
in breath, counterbreath,
ticking of the clock, rustling of eyelashes,
and he's fallen away.
And I've fallen away.
And we both float to the floor like dead skin and dust.

I finish giving my care and remove all traces of my presence.
I lift the blankets around his neck and he touches my arm.
I walk outside, and the house doesn't acknowledge I was there.

As I walk down the driveway, it begins to snow.

-Karl Hubin

Soon-

Sorrow for the butterflies
torn between the traffic
of the old and the new.
And when will the world
lend its ear, to hear
the tale of language on their wings?

-Brett Kirkpatrick

Ingenu

There are moments spent in silence
When I can almost hear you scream
Shallow conversations, affixed to waters deep
Momentary glances that speak eternal truths
A palace in a wasteland is what I think of you.

Beneath the folds of deception, past the pain and bruise
Are pastures filled with stardust
Black magic and sun-kissed moon
And that is where I wait, adrift in the depths of time
Bound by the incantations of the night's lovely bride.

To dare the dream,
To dare and try
For such a thing I'd lose my wings
And drowned forever in your eyes.
-Quentin Pittman

Nods

Pickups pass and drivers nod or raise one hand.
Not a wave, a wave shows too much energy.
A nod, the way you do in a crowd
to show recognition and not be caught by others.

This secret recognition between drivers of pickup trucks
goes on in rural places, places you often find pickups.
The club and practice is disbanded in cities.

Far too many imposters drive pickups in cities.
Calves born dead, hay rained on,
equipment broke and weather too dry
mean nothing to city pickup people
or drivers of cars anywhere.

-Tom Marshall

Church,
You are the savior of peoples.
Church,
A big can lying on its side.
Church,
I am rusty at this
I've forgotten the etiquette of prayer
I don't want to lick your walls inappropriately, church,
with my eyes
Church, you punch the sun in the face when it
tries to come in (you shavels tick and clothe it, seating
it sedated in your pews; I can't help but notice how
beautiful it looks)
Church, you didn't punch me in the face when I came
in (except the bannister was kind of in the way).
Come to think of it, I did have to ~~jump~~ in a complete
circle as I climbed your stairs (but I was turning
slowly and I didn't get dizzy).
You know, a question is just another kind of circle
Did I miss it, church?
Did you make me beautiful as I entered your chamber?
I sure hope so

-Joel Kraft

"Miles"

darkness descends,
the night rests silently.
a spark ignites the hair
of a circle of wax men.
I dream of Miles

darkness surrounds,
and old hi-fi rests in peace,
for now.
Miles Davis en Concert
the earth starts to stir.

5 men stand still,
the record revolves
crackle, crackle
a full house rests in wait,
chatter quiets,
all are ready.

the bassist holds his lady,
they begin to dance,
her melancholy voice
penetrates the peace
of night,
black turns blue,
the crowd swims.

as the cold stream flows,
the pianist puts out his smoke
and starts a fire,
the bassist and his lady jitterbug
spinning and swirling in flames.

a man sits in the back,
he grips a paintbrush
in each hand,
he colors the music
with his rhythm-
two remain silent.

as cigarettes burn,
a hazy fog rolls in
like san fran
on a brick eve,
a slippery silver serpent
succumbs to the sax man,
a breeze blows over the bay,
cool, cool, cool

the Master waits
licks his lips
steps forward
and blows
midas must have
touched this Man
pure gold.

the crowd is crushed
Zeus in mortal form
the elements of nature
bow at his very feet
He creates a storm
torrential rains fall
thunder crashes
lightening explodes
the earth crumbles
He remains:
god or devil?

the storm fades,
the needle returns
to its resting place,
the candles flicker
and then fade,
Miles rests
in peace.

-Bob Wood



The Monitor

A Campus Collective

August 20, 1997

Volume 4, Number 1

TRUMAN STATE UNIVERSITY'S ONLY SOURCE FOR THOROUGH COVERAGE OF COMMUNITY ISSUES, STUDENT AFFAIRS, POLITICS, AND CULTURE

Read This Sucker!

by Maggie Thurman

For the vast majority of you this is probably the first contact you have had with *The Monitor* newspaper. Great! That means you're a freshman and are holding in your hands something unlike other school publications you've probably experienced. Before you skip past this front page and start rustling through the other sections in an effort to find out what this little paper is all about—WAIT! *The Monitor* would like to take a moment and introduce itself to you.

This paper is a campus collective. You may be asking yourself, "just what the hell kinda fancy title is that?" Well, in short, it means that *The Monitor* deviates from the traditional school newspaper by providing all members of the campus community (students, faculty, and staff) a forum to voice their thoughts and opinions. *The Monitor* scoffs at the conventional one newspaper for one campus idea and dares to be an alternative voice on campus. Now, alternative is a tricky word. Some might say it alludes to underground writers who like to bash the man, fight against oppressive deans, and hold meetings in decrepit warehouses which require secret knocks for admittance.

However, *The Monitor* has worked hard over the years to shake that misconception and become an established and open organization. We are alternative in that we recognize free societies must have more than one voice and news source in order to offer differing, hence alterna-

tive, viewpoints and challenge convention.

While this may or may not occur in our nation, at least this campus collective can offer any student who wishes to participate a chance to write about what he or she feels is important, regardless of their major, political affiliation, or prior writing experience. In a sense, you are *The Monitor*. How students decide to take action and contribute determines the tone of the paper.

There are no set staff positions or hierarchy. In fact, working for *The Monitor* is like a choose your own adventure story; you can dabble in whatever interests you. We are simply a group of interested and literate students who have something to say about the community we live in—that means our campus, our town, our state, nation, and world. It means we offer fact-based reporting, commentary, faculty submissions, artistic contributions and even showcase poetry on the back page of every issue.

We welcome anyone who wishes to help with the publication of this newspaper. Reporters, editorial writers, cartoonists, photographers, advertising staff, layout designers, computer aficionados, whipping boys, and just about anyone with a little free time to spare. So what are you waiting for, explore the pages before you. This edition is a compilation of previously run articles about this experience we call Kirksville, MO. Join *The Monitor*, if only by picking up this newspaper, and help keep the alternative press alive.



The Monitor, a time honored tradition

photo by Steve Grote

Where to Go

by Dan Gerken

So you're new to the big city. Faced with Kirksville's seemingly endless resources, one of the main questions on your mind (after recovering from the bright lights and endless alleys) should be, where do you get stuff?

The first place most people are going to venture is Wal-Mart. Wal-Mart's great because not only can you get almost all of your groceries there, but you can also pick up a desk lamp, some shotgun ammo, that Alien vs. Predator action figure you always wanted, the underwear you forgot to bring, your prescription drugs, and a new bike tire, all in one trip.

Of course, there are some negatives to shopping at Wal-Mart. For one, for all their diversity they still don't always have that oh so special number five felt-tipped Crayola Super Squeak marker you need by tomorrow for your

Highlights aesthetics class. Oh, and they are, of course, voracious corporate spawn. Which brings me to the subject of Hastings.

In the realm of leisure humanities, Hastings takes up where Wal-Mart leaves off—go here to buy CDs, books, computer games, and movies. You can also rent videos for ridiculously cheap prices, but hopefully you'll think twice after I give you the alternatives.

Alright, let's get off 63 for a minute. If you want to do some serious cultural integration, and get into the real meat and potatoes, we need to go down to the square.

Forget Hastings. Go to Rinehart's. See Chuck. He'll fix you up. He's got new and used CDs, and a great deal where you can take him two of your old CDs and he'll give you one used or new. This is also a great place to go if you're

See Where to Go, page 5



They love us in Italy.

photo by Steve Grote

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Memories of Wal-Mart

by Amy L. Hubbard

Treasures of my life wrapped up in brick buildings, warehouses really, that offer me stability no matter how far away from home I run. I sit at my desk and listen to conversations I have heard before of the evil beast, the blood-tucking industry, the pride of all capitalism.

Wal-Mart looms gloriously before us and claims to be a piece of American pie while forbidding the sale of home-grown apples and old-fashioned ice cream. Boycotters boycott and old timers reel after the loss of their local supermarkets run by the Joe Smiths of Route 9. City dwellers flock to these redneck malls and pray they will find their favorite shampoo here even if they are visiting Aunt Glenda in Arkansas.

Controversy springs anew every time Sam Walton's supporters decide it is the TIME for their company to expand. Pella residents refuse to let in a chain that dares open its doors during Sunday morning services. Lebanon citizens will not expand for fear of the sale of alcohol in their vulnerable little town. Ex-hippies hate the way small businesses are cut out by the overwhelming stock of goods at a Super-Wal-Mart. I am even shocked when K-Mart can no longer thrive and closes its doors to the public because its greatest competitor has starved it

out. The bloodthirsty beast crawls and slithers all across our country in search of new horizons. The giant market greets weary travelers upon entering Kirksville as they summit the last rolling hill. And upon leaving the Super-Center they travel off into the sunset as in a great fairy tale or dream.

The building, a warehouse of hope, is ominously huge and empty. Birds fly in the rafters, shoppers rollerblade under fluorescent lights searching quickly for their few treasured items in the vast expanse of a store. Midnight shoppers in pajamas and curlers stumble through the darkened doors and shop aimlessly without the five o'clock traffic of the working world.

The store represents economy and efficiency at its best. Promising we will never have to wait in line behind more than two customers. That we can return anything within reason. That you will find nearly anything you may NEED immediately and at a reasonable price. In my mind Wal-Mart stirs up both disgust

and great affection. The first time I heard tell of this amazing general store of the 90's was upon my arrival in Missouri. When I went away to college two years later, Kirksville's Wal-Mart grew up and stood as the fourth largest in the nation. And as I ventured once more to a bigger metropolis, Kansas City bragged that its Hyper-Mart was one of a kind.

I lived through the grand clearance sales of Kirksville's OLD Wal-Mart and found great bargains such as \$1.00 pants and \$2.00 shirts. I received a free "Cookie Club Membership" at the new store which I never found the occasion to use in spite of my affection for cookies. I spent countless hours and dollars buying things I didn't quite need in this capitalist haven of the world.

Then one day the doors opened to the new and improved store. The super version of the Wal-Mart empire north of town closed out the smaller competitors and brought with it new franchises of McDonald's, Burger King, and Comfort Inn. Suddenly the city limits expanded and the city turned its vacant eyes in the opposite direction. Our intelligence insulted and our pockets burning with unearned money, we

See Wal-Mart pg 5

I spent countless
hours and dollars
buying things I
didn't quite need
in this capitalist
haven of the
world.

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. Its golden years were 1988 to 1991. Back then you had to put tin foil 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 DJ 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 soil 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 stammered, they broke equipment (not that the equipment ever worked right in the first place), they were witty and charming, they were creative and amusing, 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's 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 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."

What's that Smell?

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Kirksville Confucius

by Laughlin Messmer

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 that 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

Billboard Wisdom

- "Dennis Rodman, do your magic on Bankers"
- "Confucious 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"

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, which 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 shut you down and get your assets," Mr. Skinta said. "It's really not right."

He stood in front of the camera like a professional.

There's more to meet the eye about this tall video store owner. The team found out through Quentin that Mr. Skinta was in *Farlow* 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 some 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.



"Dennis Rodman
needs to take
on bankers next."

photograph by Phil French

Eco Tip Of

The Week

Presented by
E.C.O., the
Environmental
Campus
Organization

For our first tip of the school year, we will just present some facts and let you

figure out the rest:

--If Americans reduced their meat intake by just 10%, the grains and soybeans that would have gone to livestock could feed 60 million people the number of people who starve to death worldwide each year.

--The world's cows produce nearly 100 million tons of methane which is a powerful gas that contributes to the greenhouse effect.

--220 million acres of land in the U.S. have been deforested for livestock production. 25 million acres in Brazil, and half the forest in Central America, have been cleared to produce beef.

--20 pure vegetarians can be fed on the land needed to feed one person who eats meat.

--Despite long-held American beliefs about protein, we actually eat twice the amount of protein our bodies can even use. You'll still make a difference.

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We missed you!



Opinions

"If I've got something to say, sir, I've got my voice." (Phil Spector)

Special Sauce

by Robyn E. Ratcliff

For four years now, I've been trying to identify the elements that make living and going to school here in Kirksville such an odd experience. This experience is difficult to define as it is unquestionably different for each individual. Some people actually dislike it. They are deranged. They should be sterilized and institutionalized.

The merging of cultures created by the juxtaposition of a small, mostly rural town and the growing liberal arts and sciences culture of TSU produces a unique environment for inhabitants. For students, life in Kirksville can be shocking and even disturbing, especially at first. Bonds between newcomers form quickly (such as those between disaster victims) and, due to the small size of the campus community, it's very easy to maintain contact with casual acquaintances who would, in a larger setting, be lost in the crowd.

While these factors play a big part in defining Kirksville life, they do not explain the subtle qualities and quirks that create the absolute beauty of it all. There is something somewhat humorous about this community. It's almost campy, that sort of off-color, out-of-style, yet nonetheless likable flavor. It's like the whole town is drenched in a special sauce. Nobody knows the recipe, but everyone knows it's Kirksville when they taste it. I may not be able to tell you the secret ingredient of that special sauce, but I can identify some of its more obvious components.

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Conspiracy Theory

RE: Radio Free Kirksville

by Bruno Pontz Jones

In the several years that I have lived here in Kirksville, 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 will listen to the crap that is glam country, such as Clint Black, Hank Williams Jr. and Garth Brooks.

Without Paul Harvey, Kirksville 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 Kirksville'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 *CHPS* or *Beretta*.

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 John Bonham drum solo.

But perhaps there isn't enough air space for another radio station in Kirksville, 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 DJs to behave under FCC regulations. One colorful phrase by a careless DJ could

cause 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 Kirksville, and that kind of influence would quickly die off if another station played music that college students would actually listen to on their own free will.

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 limiting the pockets of someone in the university who prefers Yanni and Kenny G over to 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.

...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.

THIS MODERN WORLD

by TOM TOMORROW

OKAY, A LOT OF CONSPIRACY THEORIES ADMITTEDLY DESERVE TO BE DISMISSED OUT OF HAND...

"SO YOU SEE, FLIGHT BOO WAS SHOT DOWN BY A BLACK U.S. HELICOPTER PILOTED BY ALAN GREENSPAN... WHO WAS RECEIVING TELEPATHIC COMMANDS FROM EDVIE'S ORBITING UFO!"

UH HUH.

LOOK AT IT THIS WAY: MOST PEOPLE CAN BARELY MAKE IT THROUGH A DAY AT WORK WITHOUT ENGAGING IN WHAT ARE, EFFECTIVELY, LOW GRADE CONSPIRACIES...

GEEZ--SALLY WILL CRUCIFY ME IF SHE FINDS OUT I HAD LUNCH WITH RUTH!

MY LIPS ARE SEALED! JUST DON'T TELL THE BOSS THAT I BROKE THE COPIER WHEN I TRIED TO PHOTOCOPY MY BUTT, OKAY?

ABSOLUTELY TRUE. BUT FOR FACT: OUR TAPEDOWN AND G. GREENSPAN LOST HIS LIFE. SAME ONE. DUTY. CONSPIRACY... OR CONSPIRACY?

...BUT DOES THIS MEAN THAT ANY SUGGESTION THAT THOSE IN AUTHORITY MAY OCCASIONALLY CONSPIRE TO OBFUSCATE THE TRUTH SHOULD BE SIMILARLY DISMISSED?

YOU KNOW, GIVEN THE MILITARY'S LONG HISTORY OF LIES AND COVERUPS, IT DOESN'T SEEM THAT UNREASONABLE TO WONDER IF FLIGHT BOO WAS BROUGHT DOWN BY FRIENDLY FIRE...

WHAT ARE YOU, ONE OF THOSE INTERNET KOOKS?

...SO WHY SHOULD WE EXPECT THINGS TO BE ANY DIFFERENT IN THE CORRIDORS OF POWER?

GEEZ--CONGRESS WILL CRUCIFY ME IF THEY FIND OUT I ACCIDENTALLY SHOT DOWN A CIVILIAN JET-LINER!

MY LIPS ARE SEALED! JUST DON'T TELL THE PRESS THAT I'VE BEEN HELPING SPRING-LE COCAINE INTO THE COUNTRY, OKAY?

ABSOLUTELY TRUE. BUT FOR FACT: OUR TAPEDOWN AND G. GREENSPAN LOST HIS LIFE. SAME ONE. DUTY. CONSPIRACY... OR CONSPIRACY?

20 August 1997

Wal-Mart, cont. from pg 2

traveled in droves to the new store which was much contested by some and much desired by former city dwellers imprisoned in a two-bit college community.

My first reaction to Wal-Mart was my first bout of agoraphobia. My boyfriend pushed my cart, and we walked start-cry and side-by-side as I declared, "This is too much." Before I graduated and left Kirksville two years later, I would be wishing the store were given bigger.

Most of what I owned in my college years was supplied by the Great Distributor. Anything I needed or wanted or even what I didn't want but haphazardly picked up on a whim came from Wal-Mart. More than a commercial center, however, the store represented Midwestern culture and social life at its best and worst.

Depending upon what time of the day or week you go do your shopping, you will see an entirely different milieu of people at Wal-Mart. Early morning senior citizens walk the walking track which starts at the McDonald's in the back of the store. Afternoon shoppers are usually college aged or unemployed or even handicapped citizens. Five o'clock to eight o'clock the working class drifts in for groceries on their way home from work. After eight the college group reemerges from its den some five miles away trying to avoid crowds or to take a study break or, on the weekends, to buy beer. Intermingling with the post-teenagers, the lonely people are there at night.

I, unlike the avoidant shoppers, go to Wal-Mart at any hour and rarely escape without seeing at least one familiar face. Weekends are fair game for all. Parents and children flock in on

Friday after school. Teenagers hang out near the magazine and candy aisles. They pass the time here gossiping and giggling before they can go to the 7-10 p.m. show at the Petite Three Cinema. Saturday is crowded and busy with weekend fishermen, campers, hunters, and people getting their cars repaired. Sunday after church most people are dressed up and beautiful as they buy the few things they forgot to pick up for their post-church dinner. It is the most pious time of the week as we look down our noses at the people who obviously did not go to church that morning, the ones wearing shorts and ripped T-shirts or dirty jeans. On Sunday night the store is dead.

I have spent hours of jealousy and intimacy in this place. I have been ill at Wal-Mart, almost collapsing while I waited for the new tires to be put on my car. I giggled there as a friend and I shopped for funny underwear. I have bought countless trinkets for equally innumerable men. I went to Wal-Mart so often in Kirksville that the checkers became intimate friends.

Perhaps my favorite Wal-Mart story, however, was when my car ignited in the parking lot one Sunday morning on my way to church. Every manager in the store was outside armed with a fire extinguisher while I stood nearby but helpless in heels and dress watching the flames shoot out from under the hood.

It's a silly and insane idea that Wal-Mart could have such an impact on American society, economy, culture, and romance. Wal-Mart stands as a monument to my past, however. This huge blood-sucking industry has sucked up a part of my life and transformed it into a memory and phenomenon, Wal-Mart is a monument to my home.

Where To Go, cont. from page 1

feeling homesick (that is, if your home more resembles the loop in St. Louis than the farms on the drive up here).

After Rinehart's, wet your whistle at the Washington Street Java Company. It's all the rage.

Also in the area there are several fine restaurants. Paglia's is a sure shot. Also try Two Tails, China Palace (not the buffet), and Bogey's (for meat eaters).

Moving back out of the square, two restaurants are of essential knowledge to any self-respecting Truman attendee. They are Pancake City and Country Kitchen. Positioned at opposite ends of the city, the two giants contend nightly for rank as afterhours champion of grumbly scholars' tummies. Go to just hang out.

Kaleidoscope is the bomb when it comes to video rental. They may not have all the movies in the world, but they've got more cats than Rome. Seriously, Kaleidoscope sports the most varied selection of movies you can get in Kirksville (and the largest "back room" this side of La Plata).

Or for the anachronistic, there's Splash Page Comics, located on Patterson and 63. Notice how, at this juncture, 63 south gives the illusion of American suburbia and hosts your typical fast food chains. Go north and experience the culinary thrills of Happy Garden, or do some grocery shopping at the affordable Apple Market, or even one's favorite, Hy-Vee.

Well I don't have enough room to list all the multi-idea o's servers of material. Naturally, you're going to want to frequent the larger stores, but don't forget about smaller shops and chains. Often they have just the gem you're looking for, and they're just so gold-dam fun. Directions:

Wal-Mart--head north on 63. Farthest from campus 1 you miss it. you shouldn't be behind the wheel of a car. Hastings--on 63 near Wal-Mart. Rinehart's--on Franklin Street south of the courthouse. Washington Street Java Company--on the square. Faces the courthouse.

Paglia's, Two Tails, China Palace, and Bogey's--on or near the square. You'll find them.

Pancake City--north on 63, near Wal-Mart.

Country Kitchen (new and renovated)--south on 63 1/2 miles from Super 8.

Kaleidoscope--63 halfway between Hy-Vee and Harkin.

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Reviews



music film literature art

Yo La Tengo summer celebration

by Dave Heaton

Yo La Tengo's *I Can Hear the Heart Beating As One* is a perfect musical definition of such widely used and seldom well-defined words as "beauty" and "love." From beginning to end, Yo La Tengo's breathtaking new album evokes those wonderful feelings and countless more.

Many of the songs, particularly a fuzz-rock cover of the Beach Boys' "Little Honda," sound like Summer. Fresh air and freedom lie behind every note. On the gorgeous "Stockholm Syndrome," James McNew sings "Summer's what you make it." While Jonathan Richman once lamented about "that Summer feeling," on *I Can Hear the Heart...*, Yo La Tengo captures that feeling, keeping it fresh for eternity.

Yo La Tengo have long been successful at adeptly arranging instruments and vocals together. In that regard, this album often seems like the height of their career. Every piece of the

song fits perfectly into place. With the exception of the excessively long instrumental "Spec Bebeop," the songs fit conventional structures more than any YLT album since *Fakebook*. Yet the band doesn't sound at all limited. From the mix of dance, rock and jazz elements in "Moby Octopad" to the samba-like feel of "Center of Gravity," they arrange miles into small spaces.

Though this album is like a quick guided tour through the classics of American pop history (and therefore through America itself), most of the songs are Yo La Tengo's own. They named their 1996 B-side collection *Genius + Love = Yo La Tengo*. That title is an apt description of *I Can Hear the Heart Beating As One*, a work of genius which emanates love: love for music, love for life, love for each other, and love for the blessed listeners who get to enjoy this sonic masterpiece.

Rap Wars Take Another Victim

by Bryan Westhoff

It is a story that has become all too familiar as of late, the lyrics meet reality and the image comes back to haunt the individual. In Kirksville this weekend, the rap world was shocked as another victim of the rap war met an untimely end. Flannel T, 23, was gunned down outside Toons on Thursday night at approximately 11:30 p.m. As he left the popular club after a long night of partying.

Flannel T, Franklin Shore, was born on Kirksville's north side to a single mother, Florence Shore, and was the youngest of three kids. In his three years on the "Red Boots" record label, Flannel T had released five albums.

His latest *I'm Going to Die Outside Toons* (on Thursday March 27), was a record full of prophetic images and the foreshadowing of his own death. The first single, "I'm Dead Now" was just about to enter Billboard's Hot 1000 next week at number 874 and Flannel T was out celebrating its success.

literature "All the World is Mystery Again"

by Jason Clampet

There are very few works written about the lives of academics that one could describe with words such as overpowering or bracing. Yet the short biography of a Divinity Professor at the University of Chicago, Eros, *Murder and the Death of Professor Culliano*, manages to do just that.

Ioan Culliano grew up in Iasi, Rumania, the son of bourgeois parents: a mother who fretted over what he had lost and a father who dwelt on his life's failure. After pursuing the study of Religion (which was strictly cautioned against by the government), Ioan managed to obtain a short scholarship for medieval studies in Italy and this led to his defection a few weeks later.

Anton successfully relays Culliano's immersion in the history and practice of what could most easily be defined as "mysticism." His mysticism, fortunately, is not that of a Time-life series or backyard witch club. Tarot cards and Einstein inhabited the same dimension in Culliano's exploration of religion and phenomenon because they both provided insight into the intricacies of the mind.

Eros is not weighed down with detailed explanations of Culliano's work, rather the author wisely chose to let the drama of Culliano's life be the focus of the work. A successful overview of this man's work would have been ri-

dulous considering that after dozens of books and hundreds of articles in six different languages Culliano was still developing.

The second, almost parallel, narrative that runs through this biography does not develop until the Russian anticommunist *putsch* 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.

Culliano's murder was most likely linked to his ideas 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.

Culliano was killed in a fashionable (by Rumanian *Seviciate* standards), much like the poison-tipped umbrellas and other fiendish 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 Culliano led me to just that.

"The world is a charasuro: there are enough traces and signs of a superior presence to make it bearable."
—IP Culliano, *Eros and Magic in the Renaissance*

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

Tweak Your Mind!

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

The answers this week come from...

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 Kratz

If he wasn't so fat, I'd say James Brown. But he was looking bit chunky during the Super Bowl.

—Bob Sadighi

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

—Chrissy Birdsall

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

—Marshall Rowland

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

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

—Becky Guthrie

Put me down for Grand Master Flash.

—Scott Siesennop

George "Motherfuckin'" Clinton

—Shelby Floyd

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



There's never anything to do in Kirksville

by Bob McElke

We've all heard this familiar refrain, uttered like a bored kid on a rainy day. Philosophically, of course, the claim is bankrupt: if we've got a pulse, we're doing something in Kirksville. It just might not be what we want to be doing, what would be the best of all possible things to be doing. For some, it would simply be "the wild thing"; for others something mega-trendy, like hanging out with Harvey Keitel and Bono at the Limelight in New York. Dancing to the alternative flavor of the month.

When did we get this quest for sensation? I'd be inclined, most recently to finger Jack Kerouac and the Beats with their quest for the ineffable "IT." They thought, as many of us do, that somewhere down the road is some potential ultimate experience, a surprise wrinkle in the journey.

Behind this quest for "IT" is on the road: "IT" can't be in your own backyard. Can "IT"? These assumptions make gas credit card companies very, very happy.

Then there's another approach, the *Buckaroo Banzai* or Annie Dillard one—I've seen this line in both: "wherever you go, there you are." If you've got a modem, a phone, a VCR, etc., you can access any major cultural input you might desire. Wherever. Kirksville is just another station on the information superhighway. And, moreover, Kirksville is a place with its own unique folkways you can observe by having breakfast at a local cafe, going to a circus or rodeo, attending the Red Barn Arts Festival and so forth. You live here; you might as well enjoy it. If you like watching sports in groups, you can go to Ryan's on the square even if you're

QUEEN ASTRA

Let the stars be your guide!!

ARIES: (March 21-April 20) Wide load or no, the appetite has gotta go. Slow down, show down; life's not that short. Don the shog 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) Tantalize 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 22) Don't be blind to life's adventure. There's an entire world outside your miserable routine. Explore dot tape's possibilities this month; your friends and family will only thank you.

SAGITTARIUS: (November 23-December 21) A voracious appetite will lead you astray. Avoid tight places. Remember: Spandex will never be your friend.

CAPRICORN: (December 22-January 20) 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 your pain.

AQUARIUS: (January 21-February 19) 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: (February 20-March 20) Steel Industry.

special white space

Hey, Kids! Use this paper for when toilet paper runs out in your dorm.

Hey!!!

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 at our meetings.

Flannel T: Yes, I am sure of it.

M: Really?

Flannel T: Yes.

M: Thank you for your time.

This was the last interview Flannel T ever participated in. As of now, it is unknown who the killer, or killers, are. All that is known is that Kirksville has lost a fine musician and all fans of hip hop are mourning the loss. We leave you with some of the lyrics to Flannel T's biggest hit, "K-ville Par-tay" and the powerful social message they leave:

It's a Kirksville party,

raise the forty in the air

It's a Kirksville party,

got the bump'n over there

K-ville getting down the

sounds of Flannel T

K-ville keep'n it real

West of the Mississippi

M: Are you going to die soon?

Flannel T: Yes, on Thursday March 27, outside of Toons.

M: Really?

Flannel T: Yes.

M: What about your feud with Fluorescent Lite?

Flannel T: I hate him, he talks all that East of the Mississippi shit. We all know that West of the Mississippi is the only place still keeping it real.

M: So he is not keeping it real?

Flannel T: No, he is not.

M: Do you think he will kill you?

"Toby and Custer"



by C. Odgers

My Back Pages . . .

My First Job—

I stood in line
for a job
As a piece of dirt
They said, you gotta be
Patient I said
O yeah, I'm patient
I said patient!
Patient as a grandma?
More patient?
Patient as a sculptor?
O yeah, I'm further, baby
As a bible?
You name it
As a lightswitch?
Come on, let's go!
I was gettin' pretty riled
Okay, they said.
They threw me down
And chopped me up and
Planted me with an oak
Tree and I could feel
Those roots pushin' me
Around inside and draggin'
my organs around with 'em
And I could feel my surprise
twisting and squeezing at
my tense salty mouth
How'm I doin'? I
Gasped Fine they smiled
You're doin' fine then
They stepped on my face
while I was talkin' some
more, Am

Giving birth?
A root grew up
my throat and broke
my teeth,
Sorry, we
don't talk to dirt
They said, pulling my
feet off and
putting them back in my shoes
for the dog to
play with But I
don't understand my
body anymore I
Protested, dew surfacing
in my strange eyes
Please they said
Emphatically we envy your
strength, your patience
now try to act more like
DIRT, ok? dirt doesn't
cry it comforts we need your
love, little bud.
cigarette butts
drew an arc from their muscled fingers
as they turned home.

I watch

—Joel Kraft

Cigarette

The doorman
is a cigarette
crumpled and baked
to a dirt brown.

A tobacco stain
frames him
on the road-snow gray
cement porch
of a red brick apartment building.

"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

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 newswoman cringes and hopes
she cries less next year.

—Dan Wieman

Soon—

Sorrow for the butterflies
torn between the traffic
of the old and the new.
And when will the world
lend its ear, to hear the tale
of language on their wings?

—Brett Kirkpatrick

KONG TRIES OUT FOR A BAYWATCH EPISODE

So there I am in line with all the other
homeless shmucks looking for another
fifty dollar paycheck. David Hasselhoff
is off in the corner crooning himself
and attracting anorexic fourteen year old
hotbodies like I do army helicopters.
The guy with the orange megaphone
shouts out "Next!" It's my time.
"Swim out to that boat and bring back
the dummy." I don't like getting wet, so
I just reach out and pluck the mannequin
from the raft. "No! No! No! You swim out!
All right, let's try CPR. I'm dying, all right?
You save me." Now I'm thinking this guy's nuts.
but what the hell? I aim for his mouth, but I got
my limits too, you know. I spit him out on the
sand and he runs screaming. He tasted like salt.

—Matt Nelson