



## Students tell of trip breakdown, loss of trust

In a recent news story, details came to light concerning the questionable conduct of a university faculty member. Dr. Taj Hargey, an African History professor, led a group of students in an unofficial study abroad trip to South Africa where he and six students were to travel and experience African culture and politics firsthand.

Once there, the students reported major discrepancies in financial estimations and travel plans. The following letter is the story of what transpired during the trip, according to those students: Brent Ricci, Jonathan Gudorf, Meghan Fluharty, Ned Miller, Hisako Nomura, Craig Luciano. It was sent to the university while the students were experiencing their trouble in South Africa.

The Monitor made several attempts to get Dr. Hargey's reaction to these allegations. He declined an interview, but made the following statement: "The wild assertions by certain members of a tour group are entirely groundless. I have submitted a full report dealing with the facts of the matter to the Vice President which exonerates me."

Both Dr. Hargey and the Vice President's office refused to give a copy of this report to The Monitor.

Here is the students' side of the story...

We are writing to inform you of a few extremely regretful circumstances regarding our tour of Southern Africa. As you know, Dr. Taj Hargey recently departed for this tour, leading a group of six students, most of whom have attended or are still attending Truman State. In explaining to you what has occurred, two sides of the same even must be illustrated: Dr. Hargey's version (what we have been told by Dr. Hargey) and the truth (discovered only re-

cently).

Prior to arrival Dr. Hargey received payment by students, into his account in excess of 31,000 U.S. dollars. This money, he explained, was carefully monitored and transferred to an account established to hold all payments towards the trip. Airfare was arranged through TWA and South African Airways, a 10 year-old bus (we were told) was rented for two months through Zambezi Tours, and camping equipment was purchased.

Upon meeting at Jonathan Gudorf's home, many of us learned for the first time that our tickets from St. Louis to London were not booked, but standby. We did not make the flight, leaving Jonathan's family forced to pay our fare (approximately 1300 dollars) and provide lodging for the night. Dr. Hargey promised to send the payment to Jonathan's father from Oxford.

The following day, we took a flight to London where we were met by Dr. Hargey in a rented mini-van. From London we were taken to Dr. Hargey's home in Oxford. The home was newly renovated. Dr. Hargey, complaining of high prices in Oxford, mentioned that one of his several new windows cost (1000 dollars). Following a two day stay, we returned to London for departure to Johannesburg, South Africa.

The Gudorf's money was never sent.

Upon arrival in Johannesburg, a seemingly very old bus was delivered to us. That night it broke down in what is commonly re-

garded as the second worst area in South Africa, SOWETO. The following day, we were stranded (no bus involved) in the worst area of South Africa, Alexandria. Despite repeated warnings from a special branch of tourism policing guards, we were ordered to proceed by Dr. Hargey through some extremely unsafe areas. Following our arrival at a taxi station, he told us to enter a cab; we did so, and were kicked out for not waiting

In short, we eventually arrived in Kimberly, feeling as though we'd been traveling for two months already. We were fortunate enough to have as our hosts Riann and Sharon Steyn, both of whom recognized Dr. Hargey and his tour for what they were: dangerous. With the Steyns' support we began asking questions like: Where is the itinerary you promised our parents before we left, where is the cost breakdown you promised our parents before we left, why does the insurance you purchased for us only cover emergency evacuation, but not medical expenses, where is the doctor you promised us would ride along during the journey, why are our hosts called the day of our arrival and why do they hardly know you, why did you rent this bus that spends more time on the side of the road than on it, why do you treat Timothy in exactly the same way you condemned whites for treating blacks under apartheid, and why didn't you answer these questions the first two times we asked them?

Action was required. We would not go on any further with Dr. Hargey until these questions were answered. After being told this, he produced a cost breakdown in a matter of hours which conveniently added up to 6000 dollars. After showing this to Mr. Steyn, it was suggested that we hold a meeting at his house, mediated by himself. This meeting progressed not further than the issue of the cost breakdown.

The bus, Riann discovered, was not rented, but purchased from a used car dealership for approximately 7500 dollars (half the cost Dr. Hargey had quoted us five minute prior). Furthermore, camping equipment to be kept by Dr. Hargey after the trip was estimated to cost

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We have been robbed by a trusted teacher and humbly request action be taken.

our turn.

The above text represents only the first two days. Following two more breakdowns and several outbursts, we began to question Dr. Hargey's integrity, not only as a guide, but as an educator and a human being. One example in particular involves a man named Timothy hired to maintain and drive the bus. As Dr. Hargey was directing us past a black shanty town, intended to be an illustration of apartheid, he screamed to Timothy phrases like, "I have a knife and I keep it very sharp. I will cut your balls off," and "I have a gun and I'm not afraid to use it." The list goes on and on.

## Kirksville RR makes final shipment

by Dan Gerken

The Kirksville railroad, over one hundred years old and a pleasing aspect of the town's character, is quickly passing into history as it is dismantled over the next several months.

Primarily used to haul grain from Des Moines to St. Louis, the tracks run north-south on the west side of town. The line was most recently owned by Norfolk Southern Railroad who used it until 1993 when it was filed for abandonment (effective '94). Potentially an economic boon to this community by allowing access to local businesses, the loss of the line may prove to be a serious detriment to Kirksville's in the future.

John Rogers, Assistant to the City Manager and Economic Development Director, was part of the committee to prevent the abandonment of the line:

"We recently had some research done...for target industry analysis to determine what companies would have the best fit in terms of existing U.S. companies, and about forty percent of them required rail, or basically, there's no use talking to them. So that's forty percent of our possibilities—and there are not that many possibilities to begin with—pretty much go away now."

But if the line was so important, how is it that it came about for abandonment?

"What's going on," explained Rogers, "is Class I, or large railroads, primarily are unionized, and have made a determination in the last

several years—I'd say ten years or so—that the way for them to be most economically viable and profitable is to do long hauls, not short hauls.

And so, what they've done is use an abandonment process...by which to deliver those...short lines...to short line operators, who in turn deliver all the freight that might be on those lines to that long haul carrier—that's where this case went awry. That's not what happened here."

Okay then, what did happen? For legal reasons and lack of evidence, conjecture is limited. Rogers admits, however, that "it was unusual...that they did not seek to sell, or to install a short line carrier on that line," stressing, "The bottom line was they wanted to abandon it. They wanted it dead."

But abandoning a railroad is not as simple as just taking it down. In order for a company to file for a line's abandonment it must be able to prove the line is unprofitable.

"What typically happens in an abandonment process," describes Rogers, "and certainly did here as well, is that the company comes in, first thing they do is put a lot of money in the line... All of a sudden you've got to get a lot more off the line in terms of business in order to make it economically viable, and then say, 'Well, there's not enough business on the line to maintain the line, and therefore, we (Surface Transportation Board) want to abandon

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photo by Krissy Vogel

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## The Monitor

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And a special thanks to our groovy  
new helpers.

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otherwise noted.



## ALL THE NEWS THAT'S UNFIT

## Truman Campus invaded by otherworldly machines

Sometime this summer, while students were busily scripping and saving enough to come back to the Harvard of the Midwest, unnamed officials from the Bank of Kirksville signed a contract with the university guaranteeing them exclusive rights to all automatic teller machines on campus. Apparently the mission struck a nerve with the "ATM on every street corner" crowd.

Now, instead of having to make the marathon trek to the Student Union Building for banking services, students can tote their hard-earned plastic to any of six locations on campus. This gargantuan increase in convenience has excited havoc among regional groups on campus. Ryle and Missouri Hall residents are up-in-arms about the withdrawal-only feature installed on their ATMs while students residing in the two block area encompassing Centennial, the SUB, the new Rec Center, and McClain are in cash-bag-heaven with four ATMs in a one-hundred yard radius, two of which do, in fact, accept deposits.

The Rec Center's ATM is by far the most useful of the spanking new machines, dispensing five and ten dollar bills so students can buy junk food from vending machines which only take ones?

## Darwin makes appearance at Rec Center

The Rec Center hasn't been open for three weeks, and already its procedures have been criticized in the *Index*, on campus, and in dorm rooms and apartments everywhere. With its unique distinction as campus' most highly guarded entrance, *The Monitor* sent its staff reporter in charge of perplexing campus policies to give you the real story behind the dress code.

Abiding by the current rules, one can't wear sandals, heels, tank tops, spiked collars, or anything with zippers or rivets. The reasoning behind the dress code is apparently to safeguard the equipment (ergo the students) from accidental death or dismemberment. Personally, this student rights advocate thinks if some poor sot gets eaten by a Butt Blaster™ due to a stray zipper, the gene pool is that much better off.

On a more practical level—since the lockers are past Checkpoint

Charlie and you have to show your shoes at the door, are you allowed to keep your shoes in your \$25/year locker? Do you have to bring a decoy pair of shoes? *The Monitor* sees a dramatic decrease in vigilance by the time mid-terms roll around.

## More Rec Center Woes

Not all the Rec Center's woes are coming from within. *The Monitor* sources inside the exercise Mecca are miffed that the name has been changed behind their backs. The Center, originally dubbed the Student Recreation Center, has been called the Campus Recreation Center since its christening in late August.

The rec center has been likened in these students' minds to the Student Union building, which proudly bears the name of the Marxist forces who toiled to create it. This time, however, a more capitalist sentiment is at work. They claim changing the name to the Campus Rec Center misrepresents those whose student activity fees paid for the place. Hardly the work of crafty accountants, the name change might facilitate a future name change of the Center. Before long, we might all be forced into using Thigh Masters™ at the Rec Center of the Man.

Strangely enough, just such a monicker-switching tendency appears constantly in the school's past. The Arts & Humanities Building, while not paid for exclusively by arts and humanities fees, is now known to students everywhere as McClain Hall. And just as recently as last year, the Tangerine Room in the SUB was covertly renamed the Governors' Room to the great chagrin of citrus growers all over Kirksville.

## Bringing Back the Pundit

Certain concerned parties in Kirksville have recently offered the suggestion that *The Monitor*, in its infinite wisdom in fact has no balls. While such an accusation in most circles would be interpreted as an act of war, the current Monitor editorial board sees no problem whatsoever. Senior Philosophy major and staff writer Adam Potthast said of the accusation, "I'm not sure why a publication like us would need such a specialized anatomical structure. I happen to think our columnar format is phallic enough." Perhaps the noted critic is thinking of the campus Lightkeepers?

## DPS escorts keep you safe

By Erin Hucks and Erin Markley

It's 9:30 on a weeknight in Kirksville. You're walking to the library. No big deal, right? So why do you feel so paranoid? You came to Kirksville for the safe, small-town atmosphere that makes you feel warm inside, or at least that's why some of us did. But since the attempted assault that occurred last week, you've been constantly vigilant, on the lookout for suspicious characters.

You used to think that this type of thing only happened to people in the wrong place at the wrong time, but is walking from Bakwin to Dobson at 9:30 on a Monday night really a high-risk situation? Maybe it is.

If you are feeling scared, you can call the escort service. No, not that kind of escort service. The one run by the Department of Public Safety provides you with a walking companion between any two locations on campus (granted that it is on campus). "How can I get myself one of those escorts?" you ask yourself. It is easier than you may think.

We sent out a special agent (of sorts) to test the efficiency of the escort service in order to give you an insider's point of view. For a switch, we sent a male; after all, women are not the only ones at risk.

The subject called DPS from the library

He said he did feel "a bit sheepish" while standing outside the front door waiting for the DPS officer. (Just for the record, about half of the DPS auxiliary, the student safety patrol, are women.)

His wait only lasted about four minutes, and the escort (male) didn't even make any snide comments.

"Initially I was wary of the response from DPS due to the fact that I was a guy, but overall, they were very helpful and polite," said our test subject, who wishes to remain nameless.

To prevent further incidents, we highly recommend taking advantage of this service, which can only protect us if we use it.

Since the attempted assault, the escort service has been open 24 hours a day with extra security available.

So, if you're feeling scared (or even if you're not), give DPS a call at x4176 from anywhere on campus to prevent any further incidents of violence.

Printing Costs for this week partially funded by the F.A.C. You guys rule.



## Truman's Lonely Island: Exploring Barnett Hall

by Matt Siemer

What does Barnett Hall have in common with Taco Bell? Many wild rumors pertaining to this very subject have been flying across campus as of late. "Did you know that Barnett was modeled after Taco Bell?" I heard that the print room manufactures sporks when things get slow. "Barnett is Taco Bell!"

Personally, I didn't know what to believe. It has been three semesters since I've had a class in this university's most loathed building. However, I decided it was about time someone got to the bottom of this. So, I filled my canteen, laced up my hiking boots, and began the lonely trek to Barnett Hall.

As I walked I wondered what it was that made this building so unpopular. After all, it seems that more 4-letter words have been uttered upon seeing the letters "BT" on a course list than during an entire show of "Jerry Springer." I've seen close friends fall prey to "sidewalk rape," gnashing their teeth and crying, "it's so far away!"

I was beginning, however, to doubt them. The walk did not seem that long. In fact, I bet the time difference between walking from, say, Centennial to Barnett and Centennial to Ophelia Parish is minuscule.

And, yet, the walk still feels longer than any other. Perhaps it's all that open space between Centennial and Barnett that makes it feel like it's in the middle of nowhere. Or maybe it's the simple fact that one can't even see it anywhere on campus except from Red Barn Park—a group of trees masks it even from onlookers walking south on Franklin.

But, for whatever reasons, Barnett remains an island in both perception and reality, not unlike Manhattan's relationship to New York.

At last my goal was in sight. The castle

of oddities that is Barnett sat atop its hill. As I walked upstream against the current of students rushing out its doors, I thought, "This doesn't look like Taco Bell at all!" I just couldn't see any semblance of Americanized-Mexican motif splattered about shamelessly. No. This, if anything, looked as though it had been influenced by a couple of Spinalards: Gaudi and/or

began to notice odd things... the distinct look of the huge, green air-duct against the purple ceiling; trees that sit in red, plastic pots; a row of orange seats bolted onto a metal stand, looking out into a "courtyard" with two rows of bushes. I looked at the cases of trophies and ribbons won by the equestrian club, wondering what kind of minds had collaborated to

I opened an unlocked door and found not a classroom but a floor covered by thousands of small brown shoes. Exploring a bit, I found many curious items: a half-full bottle of water, a paint roller, some crushed soda cans, and several empty rubber cement containers. The strangest thing had to be this big metal structure that looked like that machine in "Star Wars" that picks up R2-D2 when he is wandering through the desert of Tatooine or X-nor or something.

Indeed, this certainly seemed more like the surface of a deserted alien planet than a roof. I felt a chill that came with the setting of the sun. From here, Centennial sure did look a long ways away.

Suddenly I was seized by fear—what if I got locked out of the building? I was not about to spend the night on a bed of rocks. I rushed back inside, feeling relief, if only for a moment. My anxiety was snowballing: what if I got locked inside the building? I abandoned all further plans for exploration and got out as fast as I could.

I have not been back to Barnett since that day. Since then, I've come to grips with my irrational beliefs about the place and see the reality of the situation: Barnett is just plain weird. I encourage everyone to enjoy the place, just in case the physics and nursing faculty down there decide to secede from TSU.

The walk really isn't that long (those of you who have ten minutes to get from OP to Barnett between classes, here's a special tip: you can shave more than a minute off your walking time by cutting through the quad and going up the crowded hill). What Barnett lacks in convenience, it makes up for in character. Just like Manhattan.

## Walking Times to Barnett:

- Ryle- 5 minutes, 3 seconds
- Ophelia Parish- 11 minutes, 11 seconds
- Rec Center- 8 minutes, 5 seconds
- Taco Bell- 16 minutes, 20 seconds

create such a work as this.

The far corridor of the first floor brought back memories of grade school. Everything from the toilets to the tile floors seems to remind me of the unpleasant memories of Sister Jacqueline and Spike and his cronies. At one point I walked past the print room. This was a particularly clear reminder of how far removed from reality we all were. Classical music was coming a bit too loudly out of a stereo, and I think I saw someone dancing with a broomstick.

The stairwell beckoned me to another floor filled with adventure. My curiosity, however, was piqued by another flight—I didn't know Barnett had three floors!

Trying to hold back the onset of panic, I

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# Opinions

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

## Board Up The Library

by Adam Pothorst

I'm writing this piece because I'm disappointed that the library was closed all of Sunday on Labor Day weekend and open limited hours the rest of the weekend. But unlike most every editorial that I ever see on this campus, I'm not going to blame the library, the library staff, the faculty, or the administration. It is time to put the blame on someone, but blame is most rightfully placed on you and I, the students.

It may not be immediately obvious why the blame for a closed library Sunday and abbreviated hours the whole of the first week belongs on the students, but that must be why no one else has settled on it yet. That, and the faculty, staff, and administration really have no vehicle to express such an opinion. Unfortunately, their jobs rely on large quantities of students paying tuition dollars, a quantity that would start to dwindle when the first headline, "Students Are Slackers" appeared in this much needed publication.

The real reason the library is open any day of the week is to fill student demand for information. If there was no library, teachers could not require students to use external sources in papers, which would lead to a worthless supply of speculative papers. If there were no library, there would be no place to get away from the stagnation of being stuck at home where others may or may not have tons to do. When there is no student demand, the library has every right to be closed—to give the hard working people in circulation and inter-library loan a much needed day off. There was no student demand for the library to be open during Labor Day weekend—but why not? What else were we doing? What does that fact say about what we value?

These are the issues I am concerned about. What value do we place on academics at Truman? Certainly we all strive to have a high enough grade point average to keep our scholarships, but this makes academics a secondary goal. What do we care about the actual courses we take? I'll submit examples from both sides.

There is a course in the English discipline where students are told on the first night that the class will occasionally go as much as an hour overtime. They watch artsy, non-blockbuster movies, and after the first day, the only students left are the ones who have a genuine interest in film. World Cinema wasn't a course that would help the students in the classroom get a job, but it was an eye-opening look at film. I'd go so far as to call this type of class ideal.

## Got Somethin' to Say?

The Monitor welcomes your opinions. Drop them off in our CAOC Mailbox in the SUB, or better yet, come to OP 112 Tuesdays & Thursdays at 9 p.m.

On the opposite side of the spectrum are the courses like Biology 100, Plane Trigonometry, or Fundamentals of Speech. These courses are lacking in luster in students' minds. The roughest view students have of these classes is that they are a complete waste of time. When the teaching assistant in my Bio 100 course asked, candidly, how many people didn't care about biology, more than 80% of the students in the classroom raised their hands immediately, almost without thinking, mostly freshmen. Biology, also, is fairly impractical. It's only, ultimately, what we're made of.

The distribution, in general, falls in this way—early coursework in the core is discarded as worthless while other, higher level major courses are enjoyed by most of the students. There are exceptions to both rules, but they're usually attributable to incredibly apathetic students or faculty who just don't make the grade. Even the faculty factor shouldn't really matter—if you were dumb enough to take a course without doing any homework on the teacher, that's your problem.

The news flash hiding in these words is that people are way too bitter and unhappy for no good reason. I despise when people say to me, "This course is useless to me. It won't help me get a job." The university has no responsibility to get you a job, or an education for that matter.

Core classes are not meant to help you choose a major, they are meant to help you be a person tolerable for other educated people to be around. The focus has shifted at Truman from acquiring an education to acquiring a degree. While it may seem to be too much of a critique of practicality, it's not. Ask anyone who hires people, he or she will tell you that the degree means nothing if the knowledge isn't there, or if there is no passion.

If the emphasis weren't so practical, the library might have to be open the first week, not because anything is "due" but because people were trying to expand themselves. In fact, the library's hours now are a complete courtesy to students who, in general, go to Truman, do their coursework, and get out. Maybe the library should be boarded up—boarded up until there are enough students gathered at the doors to tear the boards down. When the need is that bad—that is a university, that is education.

## Freshman Week Fizzles

or why did you watch The Simpsons while I wrote a five page paper?

by Jacob Fletcher

Standardization is a fact of life, or at least that's what I've been told. I looked forward to Freshman Week as the time when I ditch my parents and meld into college life without seriously worrying about classes.

Like most, I thought the "class" was going to be just an introduction to life on campus. In most every instance, however, professors were left completely to their own devices to create their own curriculum during Freshman Week. To some of these professors that meant taking walks around town or trips to the lake. Woo to the unfortunate freshman who landed in a class with a professor who decided the perfect way to get used to college was to do a research paper.

I'm not saying this just because I think all students should have written research papers, far from that actually—really really far from that. Personally, my class made a homemade sketch book, which, while a long and tedious process, was at least an attempt at making the class as different as possible from a normal class.

This was not so in several of my friends' classes. Some watched *Animal House* or *The Simpsons*, while others played theater games. Then there were the unlucky few whose professors decided to teach Freshman Week as an actual class.

## Hulk Hogan is Hip Again

by Steve Hanson

The Monday night ritual of many students has reached a new fervor. World Championship Wrestling (WCW)'s Monday Night Nitro reached a record audience on the 26th of last month. This may come as a shock to some. But I have seen it coming.

Until this summer, I believed that the phenomenon of Hulk Hogan and Andre the Giant was over. However, living with people over the summer who were addicted to Monday Nitro, found on the USA cable station, enlightened me. Five hours of wrestling. A scary thought, but it's reached a new high. If you remember such stars of the WWF such as Hulk Hogan, Macho Man Randy Savage, and nearly everyone else, you can find them here. Some never made the transition, like the Undertaker, but the WCW has made a replica of him in the character known as Sting. This spectacle reaches a large percentage of its viewers at so-called "Nitro Parties." Usually the host will have a theme that goes along with what is happening that night. While the Kirkville Police Department is not that concerned with these get-togethers, some of the attendees have been known to act out what they see the wrestlers doing.

Most of the time no physical damage is caused, but some people are hurt psychologically by being the recipient of an "Atomic Drop." This maneuver can best be described as dropping your opponent on his or her head while holding their lower torso or legs. The average person cannot pull off this trick, but

If there is a method to this madness, it is quite surely beyond anything I can comprehend. I've just been thinking that a minor amount of standardization is in order, nothing too dramatic however. Basic skills such as e-mail and library use are fine, but the five page papers and movie watching need to disappear.

Something is just not right with this whole idea of Freshman Week. From the pamphlets I received, I was under the (wrong) impression that it was just supposed to be a week where freshman would be able to become acclimated to life at college. Note the word acclimated, not submerged in one professor thought.

Professors should have been told that while they could structure the class towards their individual tastes they shouldn't go overboard and show them what their last semester as a senior is going to be like.

The solution is simple. Give the professors a small list of do's and don'ts. As a sample here are some of the top of my head: Do show students how to use e-mail. Don't leave 35 students in a room sitting in front of computers staring at monitors. Do give a short tour of the library. Don't let them loose in the library with hardly an explanation of what to do.

Those were incredibly basic, but it's better than spending an hour and a half staring at a library computer monitor.

through strong work and accurate choreography the wrestlers can perform it.

Yet still, the eternal debate about the reality of wrestling is alive and well. The truth is, and the wrestlers don't deny it, that the professional wrestling circuit consists of predetermined matches designed to attract and keep the attention of a large television audience. However, that does not mean that the participants don't know pain. It ain't all acting. They really do get hit and thrown around. To withstand this, the wrestlers spend almost all their spare time in the weight room.

For those of you that have been out of the wrestling circle since your youth, Hulk Hogan has gone evil, while still maintaining a career in what some consider movies.

The leader of the New World Order, Hollywood Hulk Hogan takes on the likes of Lex Luger and Sting. It's really all the same stuff that we saw as kids, but the players have aged a bit and the props (chairs, Louisville slugs, etc.) remain the same.

The miracle of pro wrestling, during back several decades, has risen to a new level since the migration of the backbone of the WWF to the WCW. What is in the future for the WCW? No one is too sure, but as long as Hulk Hogan is still alive and kicking, whether it be for the good guys or the bad ones, wrestling will remain a staple television show, getting as much attention from the majority of viewers as infomercials get, but receiving the love and admiration of many dedicated viewers.

## Letters

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

### Defending Hargey

Dear Editors,

You could not help but see it. There ostentatiously and loudly displayed in the front page of the September 4 Index issue was the "killer" banner headline "STUDENTS SPLIT FROM TEACHER." In a lead story with quotes even from obliging President Jack, as usual, he says "unsure of what role the University should play." All concerning some students of TSU complaints, apparently "filed in a campus public safety office." Even though it was inappropriately a private try, as they chose to go on it as mature adults. All alleging dissatisfaction with History TSU Professor Oxford doctorate Taj Hargey, over his alleged "racism," and escort of a tour they, voluntarily, signed up for luckily this hot summer and have just returned from, no thanks just ennui!

The Index reporter made no effort herself in an extraordinarily lengthy 31 paragraphs, it retching in assassination target to 2 pages of student fee subsidized print, to give pertinently any earlier Index background. All of which would show that the paper has had it "in" for Dr. Hargey for a long time. The Index is hardly a disinterested party in any dispute between Dr. Hargey and students, and should have said so, especially as their editorial board ran an editorial rightly itself condemning tabloid journalism in the same issue, in, indeed its contribution to the tragedy of my native Princess Diana in hatchet job venom of one-sidedness over many years.

So let me appeal to your readers' sense of natural justice and try and explain what I think is the real reason "behind this get-Taj campaign" and why you should get involved fast if you care for what his teaching represents in genuine quality, sadly rare for TSU, despite all the ugly self-promoting hype of the institution that offends we townspeople. Taj Hargey, whom I count myself honorably privileged to acquaintance know, is not just an "assistant professor of Black studies" as demeaningly the Index reporter described him. He is, in fact, a historian who is oddly office-seeked away from Dr. Lyons' Social Science center in lack of collegiate accessibility to the power structure.

Nearly all the other progressive historians have wearied of the TSU constant battle to get the reactionary division heads to put more critical and global experience vigor and depth into the TSU "liberal arts mission" context. Even though, of course, the state mandates never to do so, most division heads, "off the record," look down on the intellectual potential of the "kids." And was a quick, unquestioning, non-uniformed faculty, student assistant cheap workforce, and plant grade-inflated classes: on the contrary a la state mission statement I myself thus have witnessed, when returning from teaching abroad, eminent feminist historians, who, I have heard at the American Historical Association conference, as a best foreign scholar self-supporting State department awarder, give up their TSU positions in sheer despair, according! Never mind! that they are right, as nearly every report on college history teaching ever commissioned in the United States has united in condemning the "insider" and "superficial" nature of history teaching here, with pleas for more "high global sub-

stance," especially since the erosion of high school geography courses, and the absence, compared with most made rivals in the USA or abroad, of a global public news/arts service offsettingly.

Taj who considers Oxford "home" knows this. And unlike some, has consistently sought to fearlessly combat the ignorance of the national media and the college business-as-usual deans who just want student fees, not your critical TSU minds. He's done this, as I have witnessed myself by ensuring NMSU/TSU students have been exposed to the world's cultures and sociologies.

The truth of the matter is that not only has the Progressive approach to history by Taj I have outlined come under sustained attack in powerful non-student pressure at work in malfeasance in the campus official student public. But also it is a depressing truism that some in TSU have never liked Taj's appointment, the very first black history professor for years, in the first, recent place, AT ALL; in racism they of course do not express overtly a malformation. Nominally, after all, Missouri was a Union state in the Civil War even.

Of course, in conclusion, to some Freshmen and women and especially TSU history eccetera students are bounding by his Index enemies of or Taj will expect, rightly, to, college to be a little bit more enlightened and demanding than the proverbial Harry S. Junior high school back suburban home. But, alas, conservatism and insularity are now so strong in re-enrichment that academic liberal arts/gravity teaching and research is now the adventurous exception, and not the rule. All over the post-communist world fees are going up, grants going up, in replacement of once-low cost, relatively if not, enough multi-cultural education, vanishing fast for poor students. So conformity and status is going to fearfully get worse, not better, as in upper class white male academics of late nineteenth century America can deadness and American white elitism return. So, frankly, weep when you read in a report like the Sept. 4 Index that some students went, and I quote, went to South Africa just to see "the animals" and were annoyed with Dr. Hargey for taking them to see "one dangerous Soweto township." When I first came to America as vice president of a University of London debating team in centennial 1976, I insisted on seeing without escort, Harlem despite my Columbia University hosts forbiddings racism. I felt if I had not done so that my whole credibility—to myself—as a social historian of any critique worth would have been imperilled. So if you want Soweto/Harlem in your history courses here at TSU, the future and quality faculty riches and retentions either I suggest you realize why Taj Hargey's fight is your own in community enhancement he gives us all. A lot is at stake for TSU's validity as any kind of liberal arts campus.

Yours, sincerely,  
Larry Iles

### TRAIN, cont. from page 1

may or may not have occurred naturally, but it certainly was hastened by increasing the investment in the line and decreasing the available service to the people even along the line here—which are two different issues. It was a cross haul line, and so they quit cross hauling—economic viability went out the window.

Even [when] people wanted to ship on it—and we had estimated in talking with potential shippers on the line somewhere between 800 and 2,000 cars a year which would have broken even, even without the cross haul work. At all. And, they never talked to them. In fact, I'd often take them a month to get a car up there. They just wouldn't send them—they didn't want to do it.

So, the idea that this line just naturally died is a total falsehood. That didn't happen. Would it've happened? Maybe. Maybe so. I can't argue that point, but how it came down, that's not what happened.

In an effort to stop the abandonment, the city filed against it when the proposal was initially filed, and was part of a consortium to fight it.

"We worked with a local rail company who formed to try to stop the process, and tried to get it funded. And, together, we got about two thirds of the funding put together—all but one piece which we were looking for a state grant on—and we needed a company to maintain employment—or as a result of saving the line—or to locate on the line—as a result of saving the line, and we had one lined up that didn't make it for us and we haven't been able to get a substitute," said Rogers.

And yet, something that is an even bigger concern (and hindrance) involves the state of Missouri's rail policy.

"The sad thing is the state here is one of a handful which doesn't have a state rail policy in terms of acquiring and maintaining railroads and their right of way for future generations in terms of the economics and viability of the communities.

Two years ago, Oklahoma acquired 860 miles of rail—so it wouldn't run away from them—it would still be available and maintain that economic viability for those communities. The state here has no such policy, and, no money at all even to provide assistance, much less acquire it. So, we think the state has missed out badly in that regard."

The rails are being removed by A&K Salvage, a wholly owned subsidiary of VNS Railroad. They are of very high quality (112-132 lb. steel, welded in quarter mile sections), and will not be scrapped, but sold to other lines for reinstallation (Kansas City Southern purchased the first twenty-two miles).

As for the land, Rogers explains that railroad "right of way" is achieved either through purchase ("for simple") or condemnation (for use as railroad right of way). Most of the Kirkville line was acquired the second way. Consequently, "it will revert back to the property ownership on either side of the railroad."

Rogers closed stating, "This was an excellent line. It was sad to get so close, and just not have a little bit of help to get over the hump—because what we were eventually trying to do, our basic project, was to try to get it from Kirkville down to La Plata where it would interchange then with BN Santa Fe—because that is a huge line—just open up a whole world of us... But, we have to accept that we tried our best and just didn't quite make it."

### Thought Place

"The very 3rd of Intellectuality has little more than itself to blame for anti-intellectualism. Intellectuals remove themselves (initially and physically) from the larger community leaving behind these who cannot compete. These left behind are then labeled inferior. What reaction is such abandonment and abuse can be expected other than their anger? How much worse must it feel when an intellectual regards the skills or help of an "inferior" obviously they are individuals of worth (inferior all an intellectual requires their assistance), but we tend to their little true respect or gratitude. We may thank them, we may appreciate their work, but we will not accept them as equals. We are superior. A definitely, my first reaction upon encountering anti-intellectualism is always general. But, that is exactly what the anti-intellectual wants as well. The difference is that their reaction is justified—a mix of survival and retaliation—mine, however, is not.

I am selfish and apologetic. Proudful of my principles I am created into a monster through intellectualism. Sometimes I forget that I too am a human being. That I am fallible and was once far less knowledgeable, less educated than I am now. In other words, I forgot who I am, that I am nothing more than one who stood on their backs—the one who finally made it, but that I am still only one of them.

If we really want to end anti-intellectualism, we should always and everywhere look back to our origins and attempt to lift up those we have left behind.



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## Reviews



## Grifters Rock the Cosmos

by Dave Karger

Memphis' Grifters are one of the most unique rock bands around and therefore one of the hardest to pin down. Call them art rock, space rock, indie rock, blues rock, good-old-fashioned rock and roll, surreal pop or whatever simplistic phrase you prefer — it just doesn't work. They are an inexplicable phenomenon, bouncing somewhere between the rooted, gravitational force of rock and an ethereal, stary strangeness.

Over the course of 5 albums and a bunch of other goodies, the Grifters have designed their own genre by shoving psychedelia, UFOs, sex, film, Americana, improvisation, affection, blues, Halloween, pop harmonies and their four personalities through the speakers in a seemingly spontaneous manner.

The title of their new album, *Full Blown Possession* (out Sept.), is apt. While on 1993's spectacular *Ain't My Lookout* the Grifters were all-over-the-place eclectic, here they seem possessed by one cosmic, slower than usual groove. Yet within this singular framework, they invent like the maddest of professors.

*Full Blown Possession*, like the Grifters' music in general, is as much a work of beauty as one of eccentricity. Emotion comes across as a guiding force more than on past releases. This touch is reminiscent of tunes from their

## Comida rica, pero sin amor

by Mike Roth

In a town with a plethora of restaurants devoted to serving either traditional "American" food or Asian cuisine, the arrival of not one but two Mexican eateries in the span of six months serves as a relief to those looking for something different to eat. With eager thoughts of new foods to eat on Sunday nights in mind, I set out to sample the fare at El Tapatio, the newest of the two Mexican restaurants.

Located at the corner of Franklin and Illinois streets (two blocks north of the square), El Tapatio occupies the building formerly known as the Seby House Tea Room. Open daily from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m., El Tapatio offers a full menu including traditional Mexican breakfast items.

Previous attempts to eat at El Tapatio were foiled by a holiday weekend, but last Saturday three friends and I managed to visit the restaurant during a slow afternoon. We had the restaurant to ourselves and therefore looked forward to a pleasant meal. Unfortunately, the visit was to prove anything but idyllic.

The food at El Tapatio was the high point of the afternoon. An average meal cost in the six to eight dollar range, with free homemade tortilla chips and the hottest salsa I have ever tasted. My meal, four cheese enchiladas with heaping piles of mozzarella covering each, came with generous portions of Mexican rice

1995 ep *Eureka*. The tenderness of co-lead singers/guitarists Dave Shouse and Scott Taylor's vocals is surprising, particularly on "Spaced Out," "Hours" and "Sweetest Thing," which can be called a love song without a hint of irony.

On the upbeat rock numbers, energetic funk almost always leads into musical chaos. Likewise, the lyrics often travel from the sublime to the macabre aspects of life. An example is "Fireflies." The song begins by describing a lazy afternoon spent with bumper cars, but by the end something has gone very wrong, with Taylor alternately screaming and singing about drowning as the music goes absolutely berserk. Likewise, on the scorching opener "Re-entry Blues," Shouse captures the beauty/brutality duality in lyrics like "It's harder to tell if I'm staring at Hell or is that the sunrise?"

The final song, "Contact," exemplifies the Grifters' mix of the emotional and the otherworldly. When Shouse sings "contact me now...any way you want to," the lyrics could apply as easily to an extraterrestrial connection as to an emotional one.

*Full Blown Possession* continues the Grifters' uncanny, forceful trail of invention. Their bizarre creations might scare away the vast majority of the record-buying public, but for listeners seeking to fill their ears and minds with rich, abstract pleasures, the Grifters will always be a musical delight.

and beans. The other dish ordered in my group, tacos and tostadas, came with freshly cut tomatoes and lettuce. The food left none of us wanting and fully satisfied with our selections.

To my dismay, the other aspects of our visit proved far from adequate in a town best known for its restaurant scene. Being the only customers in the restaurant for an hour and a half, I expected us to receive more attention than a regular set of customers might. However, El Tapatio had some glaring deficiencies in their service.

First, and most notable, was the problem with drinks. We were amazed to see both Pepsi and Coke on the menu, but were nearly horrified when we were given warm cans of soda. Also, water is available only upon request.

The second problem with our service concerned the workers in the restaurant and those who I assume were their children. Our waitress appeared only twice at our table, once to take our order and next to deliver our food. We never saw her again at our table and had to search her out to get our bill.

The children in the restaurant are apparently given free reign, for numerous times kids came running by our table and jumping onto the floor above us.

All things considered, El Tapatio has the potential to be one of the better restaurants in town. The food was excellent and our dining experience only suffered in areas easily corrected with a small amount of effort.

## Steven Seagal kicks ass

By Michael Roth and Bryan Westhoff

Never before have we witnessed such a bad-ass butt kicker as Steven Seagal in the new action-comedy *Fire Down Below*. A Steven Seagal movie with nonstop action should come as no small surprise to those who have followed this man's meteoric rise to fame, but the comedic aspect of this film amazed even us. Seagal's clever link quips as he stood poised to beat another character's ass into the earth made us laugh every time.

Apparently, from what little we could discern of the plot between fight scenes in the movie, Steven Seagal plays the hardest, leather wearing EPA agent ever to grace the silver screen. His quest to fight those who harm the environment is reminiscent of Clint Eastwood in *Hungry for High*. Nothing, and we mean nothing, comes between Steven and the corporate execs out for a quick buck at the expense of Mother Nature.

That's not to say that Steven doesn't have time to pick up a lady friend along the way in his quest to imitate Captain Planet. Somewhere in his contract for movies, Steven must have included a clause that he have a love interest totally extraneous to the plot of the film. Well, not totally extraneous, because as always, the female lead fucks up and gets captured by

the bad guys and Steven must rescue her in the climactic final scene.

The cast which Steven assembles around him, as usual, is picked from the highest caliber of actors. Perennial action star Harry Dean Stanton plays a pivotal role in the film, and cinema verite actor Kris Kristofferson (yes, the star of *Convoy*) makes a special appearance, lending that little extra touch of credibility to an outstanding script.

Finally, what Steven Seagal movie would be complete without a giant can of whoop-ass? This time around, the can is CPC-free but Steven still manages to defeat a small army of evildoers out to harm the environment.

The question of why an EPA agent needs an arsenal of weapons worthy of Schwarzenegger remains unanswered, but if you can suspend your disbelief and overlook this flaw, the movie remains believable.

Now, you may ask: Why would we go see this movie? A better question to ask would be: Why wouldn't we go see this movie? In our case, it's because we didn't have the time to see it before writing this review. Yes, that's right, we haven't even seen this movie yet. But, for the next issue we're going to go see it and report back to you on how accurate our review was.

Seagal's clever little quips as he stood poised to beat another character's ass into the earth made us laugh every time.

## Hair Follicles and the Future

by Sarah Schmigel

Douglas Coupland's *Shampoo Planet* is a book that explores the mentality of the 90's generation, Generation X. It takes the reader on a surreal journey through contemporary society. It examines the diverse facets of individuals and their uncanny ability to understand themselves and one another.

The beginning chapters introduce you to the small town of Lancaster. A desolate no-man's land, comparable to images of Mars. We follow the main character, Tyler Johnson, through his life adventures, which take him across Europe and back. He spans the globe to find the missing link from the past and to somehow connect with his future.

With world travel almost as simple as a trip to the grocery store, it has become a "rite of passage" for many to take a European journey. Douglas Coupland describes these adventures through a witty, sarcastic lens. It makes one chuckle as they relate their European adventures to Tyler's.

After his traveling, Tyler returns to Lancaster and his dysfunctional family. The author blatantly uses these characters to make fun of some well known stereotypes that exist. Tyler lives in the ultimate dysfunctional family, a hippie mother, a "neo dead head" sister, a reclusive brother, and stingy grandparents. Each character exemplifies the life choices that are made.

Coupland stereotypes these characters but still allows the reader to feel admiration and respect through his cynicism of their lives. Tyler is the extreme stereotype. He purchases only the highest quality name brand shampoo and aspires to hotel management position. Strange turns begin to occur that lead him on one last adventure that opens his eyes to his surroundings.

The chapters in *Shampoo Planet* are short and simple, making this an easy but enjoyable

Excerpts from *Shampoo Planet*:

Imagine you are sitting down in a chair before you are shown a bloody, ripping film of yourself undergoing surgery. The surgery saved your life. It was pivotal in making you you. But you don't remember it. Or do you? Do we understand the events that make us who we are? Do we ever understand the factors that made us do the things we do?

When we sleep at night — when we walk across a field and see a tree full of sleeping birds — when we tell small lies to our friends — when we make love — what acts of surgery are happening to our souls — what damage and healing and shock are we going through that we will never be able to fathom? What films are generated that will never be shown?

I have this feeling no room is ever really quiet; this feeling that even in the quietest, emptiest, and most uneventful of rooms there is always an event of profound importance occurring. This event is Time itself, foaming, raging, and boiling like a river, roaring through this room and through all rooms — Time flowing through the beds, gushing from the minibars and charming flicking mirrors, and Time, with its grand, unfathomable sweep, taking me along with it.

Imagine the person you love saying to you, "Ten minutes from now you are going to be poked with a sharp stick. The pain will be excruciating and there isn't a single thing you can do to prevent it." Well then — the next ten minutes would be next to unendurable; would they not? Maybe it's good we can't see the future.

## Ducking Cruelty in Ottumwa

by Tom Whelaney

It was the most inhumane display of cruelty towards animals that I had ever heard of in my nineteen years on this planet.

It all started when my friend Disco saw an ad during *The Simpsons* about the Great Ottumwa Summer Festival and Duck Race. Apparently the town of Ottumwa, Iowa, has been throwing upwards of 18,000 ducks off a bridge into the Des Moines River on the last Saturday in August for the last five years. The ducks, which can be adopted for five dollars each, then race to a finish line. If yours finishes first, you win a new car.

"It's a duck race, man!" said Disco. "We have to go!"

"What about all those defenseless ducks?" I asked.

"It's a charity event. It's okay to throw ducks off a bridge if it's for charity."

Now this didn't seem like a totally unreasonable argument, so I agreed to go. When we rolled into Ottumwa an hour later, I expected to see crowds of people chanting and throwing molotov cocktails in protest of the cruelty of the duck race. Maybe the riot police would have to be called in. It would be national news.

Strangely enough, there wasn't a PETA member in sight. Even more strange was the absence of any ducks from the premises. Well, there was a thirty foot inflated duck, but he obviously wasn't going to let some local throw him in the river. All that we saw was a small carnival.

"Oh no," I thought, "I'm too late! They already raced the ducks and cooked the losers." I wanted to get some answers, but Disco and the gang had already run off to explore the carnival. They were all getting duck tattoos when I finally found them. It was appalling. It looked like they were accepting the mark of the beast. I refused a tattoo, even though they looked neat.

After admiring the Iowa University cheerleaders, my group wandered over to a mechanical bull ride. Well, it wasn't really mechanical.

There was a large stuffed bull suspended in midair and when you got on four large men pulled on ropes and tried to make you fall off. We pushed about a dozen little kids out of the way and all took a turn. We absolutely sucked, with my ride being the lowlight. I stayed on for approximately one-quarter of a second before I pitched forward and nearly hung myself on one of the support ropes. When I landed I sprained my ankle which caused me to swear loudly in front of about thirty small children (sorry).

"This is the coolest place in the world," said Disco.

"My head hurts," I whined. Determined to uncover the truth about the

duck brutality, I wandered off. That's when I thought I had my big break. I saw a five foot duck walking around the carnival grounds. Now I could finally get some answers.

Needless to say, the duck was a huge disappointment. It couldn't talk, so I was forced to ask yes or no questions and interpret its responses. To the best of my duck interpretation abilities, the duck approved of the race, did not find it cruel, and even had some

sponses. To the best of my duck interpretation abilities, the duck approved of the race, did not find it cruel, and even had some

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money goes (it benefits the Ottumwa Regional Health Center and Regional Retirement Living, Inc., among other organizations). Then I got down to business.

"How exactly does this duck race work?" I asked.

"Oh, it's really quite simple. At 4:00 they take all the ducks to the middle of that bridge over there and toss them over the side."

"That's unreal."

"Yes, it is. Did you know that about 22,000 ducks have been purchased this year?"

"I find it hard to believe that there are that many people that would participate in that kind of activity."

"Oh, you'd be surprised. Many local businesses get involved. Is this your first year here?"

I nodded. This woman's lack of sympathy towards animals was making me nauseous.

"Well, there's nothing quite like the sight of 22,000 plastic ducks being thrown off a bridge."

"Did you say plastic ducks?"

"That's right. See that ridge? Watch the race from there. It's the best seat in the house."

At this point the lack of protesters, the community support, and the approval of the race by the bad walking duck began to make sense. I couldn't imagine a nice woman like Camella lending her support to an event that harms animals, even if it was for charity. Ottumwa is a fine, duck-fearing town, and I'll be first in line next year to leave my duck over the bridge.

## Fear and Loathing in Kirksville

by Duward DeWitt

Picture it: A desolate wasteland full of swashbucklers, marauders, and ruthless outlaws. Grown men afraid to be out after dark. Mothers afraid to send their children out at all. A cold wind rapes the parched earth of a city overrun by lawlessness and anarchy, leaving nothing but fear, desperation, and a general feeling of sickness in its wake.

Could this be the fate of Kirksville? Surely our town, renowned for its sensibility and rational thinking, would never allow itself to fall victim to such depravity.

Well, if you participated in any of the "extracurricular activities" during Freshmen Week, you know that the Kirksville Police Department isn't taking any chances. Our friends in the KPD were out in full force that week, busting keg parties and handing out M.I.P. misdemeanors as if they were going out of style.

My roommate was caught working a keg at a party, to which I am certain the cops were not invited. He's over 21 and thus doesn't qualify for M.I.P. privileges. So instead, the cops gave him a ticket for selling alcohol without a license, which happens to be a felony in this town. The penalty for this offense is much worse than spending a Saturday in an ADEP (Adult Degree Evening Program) class learning why drinking is bad.

And he wasn't the only one to receive such a warm welcome back to Kirksville.

Never before have I seen the police so enthusiastic about rooting out such menaces to society as my mild-mannered roommate. This makes me wonder — Why the sudden interest in law enforcement? The police have been rela-

tively lax in their approach to the area's unsolved murders. And I don't know if you've heard yet, but Adair County is one of the nation's leading producers of methamphetamine. Although, to the cops' credit, it's relatively easy to spot a meth dealer around here. Just look for the farmer in the pimped-out Mercedes tractor wearing gold chains under his overalls.

The police have plenty of real crime to help them cope with Kirksville's lack of a good doughnut shop, yet they choose to pick on college students — the real enemy of the people. Could it be that we are less dangerous than more ambitious criminals? A drunk kid at a party is much slower on the draw than a meth addict.

Or does the answer lie in simple economics? Busting keg parties in a college town is like shooting fish in a barrel. By making all of the offenders, most of whom are not from the Kirksville Metro Area, pay silly fines, the police are providing the community with a valuable income source. And isn't it time we gave something back to a town that has done so much for us?

The scope of the police crackdown on Truman students is greater than just the eradication of keg parties. Enrolled at fair Truman this semester, lurking among us, are three undercover narcotics officers bent on taking a bite out of the sticky TSU underground drug world. Less drugs will hopefully ensure that we don't suffer another humiliating slip in the Money magazine polls next year.

Even more disturbing than the presence of See CGPS, page 9

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# Home cookin' with Heather

By Heather Tylak

In a college community where bar-b-q's, pot lucks, and quaint intimate dinners are a must, we decided that it was about time to share the sense of family which occasions such as these perpetuate.

So from King's Court to the Ghetto, we are inviting you to share your favorite recipes with the rest of the campus. Thus, by dropping your recipe in *The Monitor* mailbox in the CAOC, or just inviting the friendly *Monitor* family to dinner, you will have your chance to share your happiness with other kindred cooking souls, while in turn enriching your life and the lives of others.

Our premiere recipe is a delightful treat shared with us by our friend Dan. For Dan, this recipe is a labor of love. When school is not in session, he prefers to make his cornbread from scratch. This means doing everything from grinding the corn to milking the cow.

Of course, realizing that most of us don't have time for the "from scratch method," Dan has graciously altered the recipe in order that we may adapt it to our own busy schedules:

**Dan's Corn-Choked Cornbread**  
2 boxes "Jiffy" corn muffin mix  
2 eggs  
2/3 cup milk  
1 cup corn (frozen)  
2 cups o' Love

First cook the corn. Dan recommends you first heat one cup of water to the boiling point, add the corn, wait to re-boil, cover, and remove from heat. Now blend together corn muffin mix, eggs, and milk in a large bowl.

After the concoction is well mixed, then add the drained, cooked corn, making sure to once again to blend thoroughly. Finally, pour batter into a greased 9x13 pan, and cook in a pre-heated oven at 400 degrees for 20-25 minutes. The 2 cups o' Love should be incorporated throughout the entire process.

For our 21 and older readers, I would like to recommend not serving wine with this dish, seeing as such dishes from cornmeal tend to underscore most reds and whites, but should your need to munch to the sound of long stems overpower your culinary prowess, then, please, make your selection a cheap one.

Thus, until next time, remember peanut butter was created by the government to control the young minds of our country, so just say no to peanut butter and peanut butter related products. Thank you.

## KING ASTRO THE SCORPIO

(Queen Astro is out of town this week to attend an astrology conference in Toledo with Nancy Reagan)

**ARIES:** (21 March-20 April) Though you may not know it, your landlords have it in for you. That two week eating binge will pay off when the fridge burns out and the bugs polish off the rest of the Spaghetti-O's. Buy Boeing at 55 3/8.

**TAURUS:** (21 April-21 May) 12:00 blink 12:00 blink 12:00 blink 12:00 blink.

**GEMINI:** (22 May-21 June) The twist! The twin-melsters! The twins-o-rama! The great winners! Don't do drugs. Buy A&T at 39 15/16.

**CANCER:** (22 June-23 July) If you wake up to loud shouts of red buy some cabbage. You'll slide on old porpoises by Greenland. Buy Time Warner at 51 7/8.

**LEO:** (24 July-23 August) Vitamin E, a once shy and reclusive vitamin, has taken the spotlight as of late. Don't over do it though. Watch for nutritionists bearing gifts. Buy Veg-O-Matic at 36 22/27.

**VIRGO:** (24 August-September 23) If you look closely, you can find bits of wisdom written on household products you can apply to your life as a whole. "Avoid contact with eyes." "Keep away from small children." Buy Granny Smith Apple Woodchuck Cider at 56 7/8.

**LIBRA:** (24 September-23 October) As a verb, "proposition" is informal, connoting something unseemly.

perhaps illegal or immoral. It is best avoided. Buy Eastman Kodak at 68 3/4.

**SCORPIO:** (24 October-22 November) You will have great success in all walks of life. You are extremely wise, and when the time comes, you will be greatly rewarded for your misunderstood ways.

**SAGITTARIUS:** (23 November-21 December) Kevin and Lucy were stunned when Danielle blurted out that she, not Dominique, is Serena's biological mother. Buy Dan Gerken's eternal soul at 45 3/4.

**CAPRICORN:** (22 December-20 January) Early morning flirtation at the post office creates havoc. Meet the Ingrahams for dinner, but don't ask to use the bathroom. Buy an ad with *The Monitor*.

**AQUARIUS:** (21 January-19 February) Those who fear you might be chanting "The Monitor has no balls! Bring back the Pandit!" from their front porch. Beware of old men in knickers. Buy McDonald's at 46 1/2.

**PISCES:** Back in the colonial days, Benjamin Franklin refused to eat fish until one day he noticed a caught fish had other fish in its tummy. I think we can all learn something from this. Even you, Tom Jablonski.

Buy General Motors at 66 1/8.

## ECO TIP OF THE WEEK

Kirkville has curb side pickup for plastic, glass, aluminum, steel cans, paper, and cardboard.

\*THROWING AWAY ONE ALUMINUM CAN WASTES AS MUCH ENERGY AS IF YOU'D FILLED THE SAME CAN HALF FULL OF GASOLINE AND POURED IT ONTO THE GROUND.

\*THE ENERGY SAVED FROM RECYCLING ONE GLASS BOTTLE WILL LIGHT A 100-WATT BULB FOR 4 HOURS.

\*THE AVERAGE AMERICAN USES 580 POUNDS OF PAPER EACH YEAR.

\*AMERICANS CONSUME MORE THAN 850 MILLION TREES A YEAR.

FROM "50 Simple Things You Can Do To Save The Earth"

## COPS cont. from page 7

The Man among us are the tactics He has employed in trying to keep us down. In order to arrest someone for selling alcohol to a minor, the police need a minor willing to come over to the dark side and work for them. In order to obtain this necessary law enforcement tool, the police will give someone an M.I.P. violation (a misdemeanor), and then promise them immunity if they help the cops arrest the person who gave them the alcohol (who will then be charged with a felony). This is not cool by any definition of the word. I can forgive the cops. They're only doing their job, and their methods are sound (although much more appropriate for rating out mob crime bosses than underage drinkers). But I abhor the students who have turned against their peers and sacrificed their integrity to get out of paying a fine.

What the police may or may not tell these individuals is that becoming a narc is not at all like entering the Witness Protection Program. You have to sign court documents, which are not confidential, and are accessible by both the general public and the person to whom you are a witness against. So, if someone wanted to find out if his or her neighbor across the hall is a dirty rat, that person could do so. I already know of two, thanks to my roommate.

Right about now you're probably asking yourself "What can I do to protect my freedom to get shit-faced?" Well, I've thought long and hard about this problem and have come up with several solutions. But the best answer seems to be that we must solicit the help of hard-core, professional criminals. We need to encourage these people to come to Kirkville and continue to commit crimes, in order to divert attention from our parties. Only then will the youngsters here at Truman be able to enjoy a drink with their friends, as I used to do, before I was 21, with my friends.

Some of whom grew up to be cops.

## LETTER cont. from page 1

roughly 75% less than the 2000 dollars he quoted us. These figures alone leave a great deal of money unaccounted for.

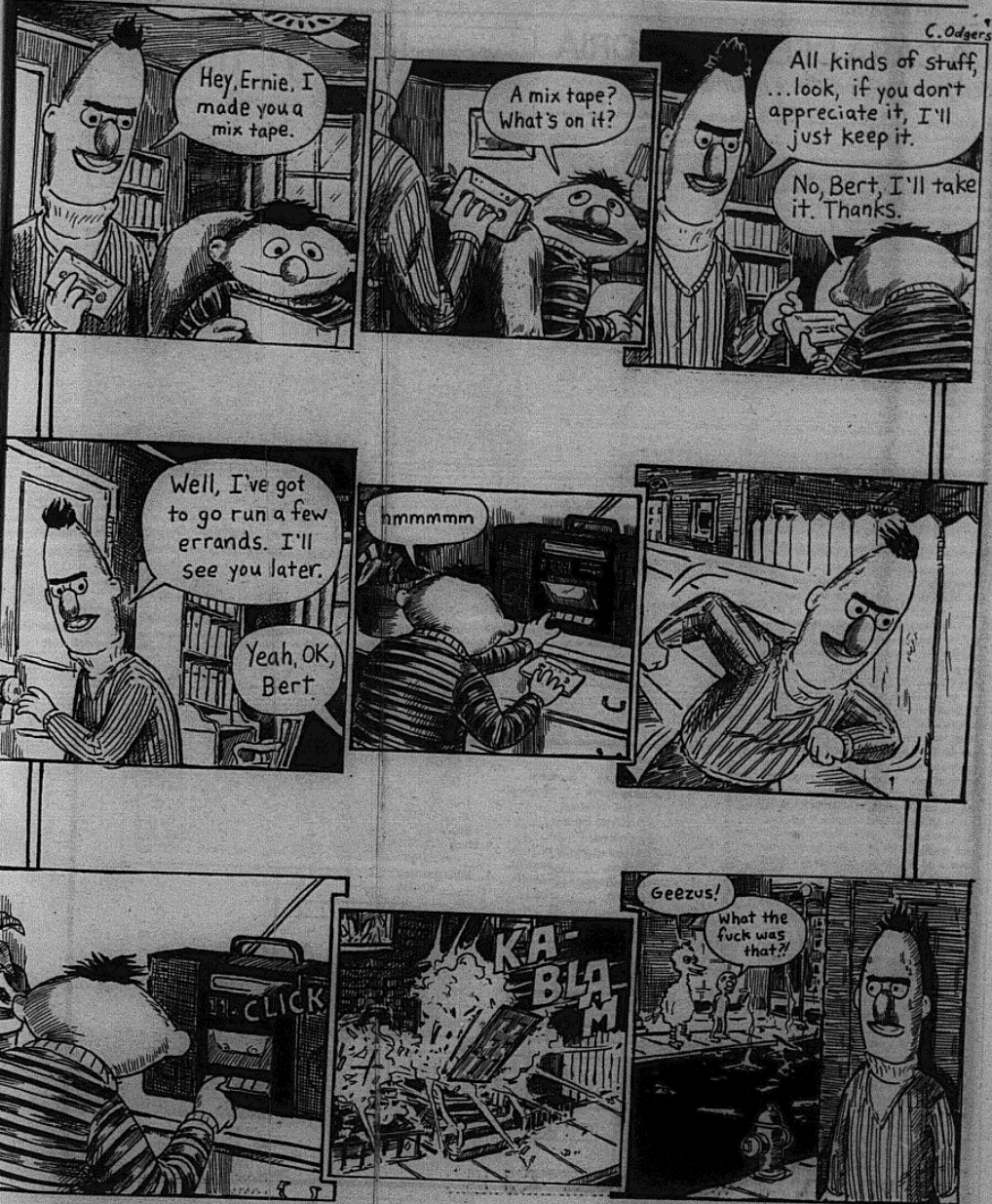
As our situation has obviously elevated to one involving criminal negligence and fraud, we sought legal counsel. Finally yielding to the threat of a judicial interdict (whereby the accused is imprisoned pending a criminal investigation), Dr. Hargy reluctantly agreed to pay back half of the money entrusted to him (enough for us to successfully complete the planned tour).

This money, he explained, was actually in his brother's account in South Africa and was unavailable. He did make payment by receiving a substantial loan from the same brother (strangely enough) and is now presumed to be in Cape Town. We have been robbed by a trusted teacher and humbly request action be taken.

Please understand this letter as a recommendation for formal investigation, as a point of reference for you when Dr. Hargy presents his side of the story in Kirkville, and as an update from six students who have a great deal of respect for their alma mater and the qualities that are and are not valued in its educators. Know that we do not hold the university responsible for the events that have transpired. We look forward to meeting with you prior to individual civil trials and hope that you recognize the seriousness of this situation for what it is.

Sincerely,  
Brent Ricci, Jonathan Gudorf, Meghan Fluharty, Ned Miller, Hiasako Nomura, Craig Luciano

C. Odgers





## LA CASA DELLA MEMORIA

### Sculptor Builds a Piece of Utopia

by Steve Grote  
from Journal July 21st, 1997

Between the torrid July sun and the trademark St. Louis humidity, it is a wonder that Giallano Mauri keeps from fainting. All the two weeks of eight hour summer days he has been working seem to do little to fatigue his rugged sixty year-old body, and he merely wipes the sweat from his brow as he directs Truman State graduate and current curatorial assistant of Laumier Sculpture Park Dennis Fortna on how to weave branches together.

"Destra... ancora... ancora... bol" ("To the right... more... more... okay").

Dennis and I, both of us photography majors at Truman, are both slightly out of our area working with a physical, three-dimensional medium like sculpture. Mauri, however, has been doing this for years, and uses his keen eye to make sure all the pieces fall into place.

"Sopra questo legno e poi filo ferro" ("Over this [piece of] wood and then [use] iron wire.")

Like an organic, spiraling ancient residence, Mauri's La Casa della Memoria (House Remembered) reaches 30 ft. high from its location in Laumier Sculpture Park, a park just west of St. Louis in Sunset Hills, MO, which since 1976 has been dedicated to creating a natural environment for contemporary sculptures.

More than 4,000 branches and limbs were pruned from trees around the St. Louis County Parks System to construct the work, and over two dozen vines and bushes are being planted around it in hopes that the sculpture will one day be grown over to become a living work of art. As the project nears completion it will join the ranks of sculptures by renowned artists such as Donald Judd, Ernest Trova, and Alex Liberman which fill the natural landscape.

Art and nature have very little separation for Mauri, who lives and works mostly in his home town of Lodi, Italy, just outside of Milan. Siding along the lines of Earth work artists such as Andy Goldsworthy and David Nash, Mauri constructs works which harmonize with the works of nature using nature's own materials. Trees and Mauri have a very special relationship: he can tell what kind of tree he is holding just by gliding his hand along the wood grain. So when Laumier Sculpture Park proposed its park setting for his next work, he found the place to be ideal for the challenge of his first American project.

And challenging it has been, not the least of which because Mauri does not speak a word of English, leaving me to struggle with my rusty Italian language background to communicate between him and the other workers. Occasionally a volunteering fluent translator will arrive to help communication, but usually just for the news crews which have been coming with increased frequency to interview Mauri on his project. Most of the time, however, translation falls on my shoulders. This of course puts an extra degree of concentration on every one involved: Mauri must exaggerate hand motions wildly, and I am on constant guard that I do not botch up my words and accidentally say something about his mother. Then there is the problem with the materials.

"Che cazzo!" Mauri exclaims with disgust (I am not going to translate that one) as another crooked branch plagues us. Used to the thinner forests of northern Italy which produce straight branches, Mauri is finding the American woodlands to be denser, causing branches

to twist more seeking light. Every new level of the spiral we build becomes a constant play to get all the elements in alignment. If you add the unbearable heat to the mix of complications, the work often has its frustrating moments.

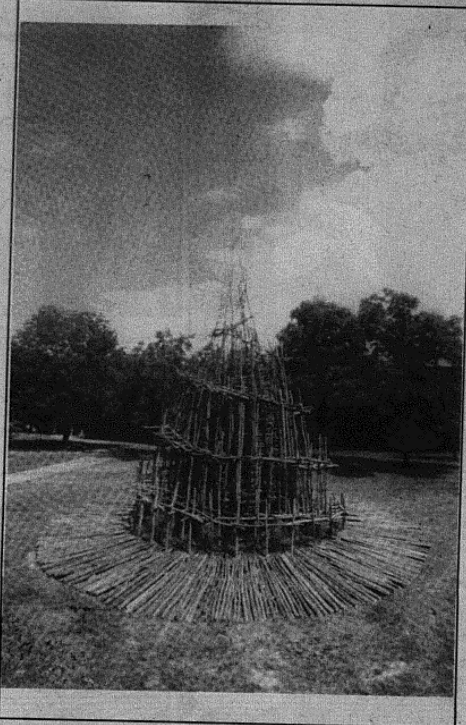
Within minutes Mauri studies the situation with his eyes, thinks quickly, and devises a solution to the problem. Dennis climbs across the structure to realign the branches according to Mauri's directions. Despite having only taken Spanish, two weeks of close quarter work with Mauri has made Dennis's Italian comprehension as good as mine. Soon the branches are secured and we move on to constructing the next level of the spiral.

"Dealing with frustration is just the Italian way," he tells me in Italian later as we relax for a water break to cool off. "You must work with what you have." Mauri knows when dealing with art that patience is one of the key elements; nothing comes quickly. When not commissioned and waiting for a new project, Mauri runs his own pasta company to support himself. "You must feed your stomach and then feed your heart," he tells me.

Back to work, we align branches and nail in the base, oak being chosen for its hardness. Inside, we cover the floor with fresh redwood mulch. As you look up from within, sunlight peeks through the spaces between the branches, interwoven together creating an organic pattern of light. The sculpture has become more than something look at from afar; it is a visual environment.

"We are building a piece of utopia," Mauri remarks. "And when we are building a piece of utopia I am the happiest man in the world."

LA CASA DELLA MEMORIA was completed July 26, 1997, and will be on display for several years. Laumier Sculpture Park is located near St. Louis at the intersection of I-270 and 44. Call (314) 821-1209 for more information.



**Down**

10. Brise shrimp. monkeys
2. Monkey movie. Monkey
3. Brad Pitt. Monkey
4. 13 monkeys. Baker's
5. 200 monkeys.
6. This monkey gets 30 miles to the gullion. monkey
7. This monkey gets 12 miles to the gullion. monkey
8. Monk-like.
9. Monkey don't dance. monkey
1. What you are. monkey

**Across**

1. An animal.
3. Plural of monkey.
2. They're "just tryin' to be friendly." Monkeys
4. Not a monkey. Bob
5. Cerebrum monkey. monkey
6. Monkey from Krypton. monkey
7. Italian monkey.
8. This monkey's gone to heaven. monkey
9. Prodigy. monkeys
10. Tom Cruise in a pet store. "Show me the I"

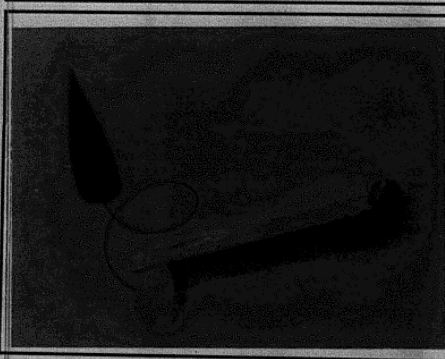
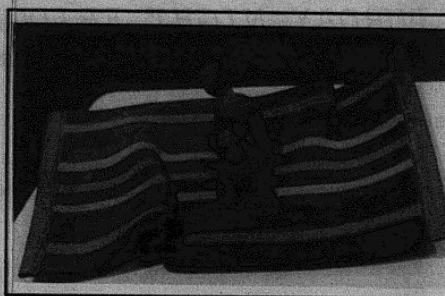
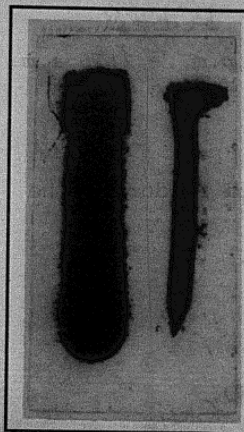
## Faculty Art Show

The Truman State Art Gallery, which is located on the first floor of Ophelia Parish is currently hosting an exhibition of Truman State faculty artwork. A closing reception will be held in the gallery on Thursday, 11 September at 7:00 pm. All are invited to attend and meet the artists.

FAR RIGHT: Ed McEndarfer, *Dog on a Rug #1*, Stoneware. McEndarfer is a professor of ceramics.

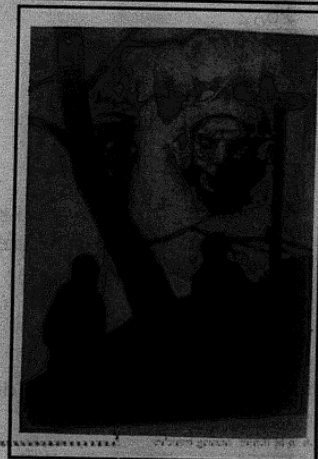
RIGHT: Marie Dutka, *Fat Bolt, Little Spike*, Aquatint and Etching. Dutka is a recent addition to the art faculty.

BELOW: Jay Ballanger and Susan Shoaff-Ballanger, *Gone to Live with Jesus: Cats in Heaven*, machine quilting and embroidering on commercially printed fabric. Susan Shoaff-Ballanger is a professor of fibers.



ABOVE: Jim Pauls, *In Your Space*, Drawing #48, aluminum, steel, and wood. Pauls is a professor of sculpture and photography. RIGHT: Jim Jereb, *Duplicity*, monotype. Jereb is a professor of printmaking. LEFT: John Bohac, *Handshake*, manipulated signboard. Bohac manages the Truman State art gallery.

In addition, the show features work of Clayton Merrell, Suanna Breed, Libby Rowe.





# *My Back Pages . . .*

## SATURDAY NIGHT FRIDGE POETS

10:30 p.m. - 1:15 a.m.

sun rose never would

i will know a true mind after i hold & adore thine  
sweet blood y baby from thy womb

take cover pink angel girl fly with open hand

cry boy  
snuggle  
eat  
but red wine can taste  
morning goddess embrace

your full eye  
did but fresh  
laugh

gentle like warm wine  
whisper n your chest

pale world like a kiss  
i am forever familiar

two smiles like the ocean  
and a bed of man

listen to the night as desire s touch the universe with lin-  
ger ing life

tantalize ed by the haunt ed fire eternal ly deep in you





## The Rutledge Gun & Dog Show: A Bastion of Americana

by Matt Siemer

Name the one thing a student at Truman State University just can't do without. If you said homework, books, or classes, please check your pulse and have your roommate call the hospital. If you said "Beverly Hills 90210," please check your pulse and have your roommate call the hospital. If, however, you said roadtrips, please give yourself a big pat on the back.

When one calls a town with one movie theatre, one bowling alley, and two water towers home, the urge to "get the hell out" can often be quite strong. After being in Kirksville for over a month straight, I was feeling pretty restless last weekend. When my friend John said he was coming into town from Chicago, I was convinced a roadtrip was in order.

But where to go? After putting some thought into this matter, I came up with a rather bizarre idea. Whenever my friends and I go up to visit John in Chicago, he takes us around to see all the sights of the city. Why not return the favor and show him my home turf? Now all I needed was something to showcase our region, something that jumped out and said, "Look at me! I'm northeast Missouri!" The answer soon presented itself in the form of the Rutledge Gun and Dog Show.

As soon as I heard the name, I knew I had found what I was looking for. I made some phone calls and found that the biggest day of the two-weekend show was Saturday. So, at around 11 a.m., John and I set off for Rutledge.

Highway M, we drove for a few miles before coming upon one of those infamous green signs which read: "Rutledge. Pop. 107." Strangely enough, there were no businesses or



Guns and Dogs reign supreme in Rutledge.

photo by Matt Siemer

houses to be seen. The only thing around was a cemetery.

"This town is dead."

For the moment I had to agree. However, after a few minutes, John and I were eating our words. Not only did we find a humble downtown area, but we also found people, people in cars, and lots of them. It was a veritable funeral procession of cars, stretching at least a mile down Highway V towards the entrance to the show.

I was impressed. Apparently people had come from miles around to join in the festivities. As our car inched forward, I was struck by several sights. To our left was a farming couple selling ham and cheese sandwiches, sodas, and apples (rotten, John discovered) in

front of one of their silos. To our right was a gigantic expanse of open field, now nearly overflowing with cars. There must have been thousands of them, for the field was at least a mile long. By the time our car reached the entrance 40 minutes later, John and I were wondering what exactly we were getting ourselves into.

Upon driving in on the muddy road that led into the field, we were promptly stopped and asked to make a donation to the local hospital. I considered asking that my money be earmarked for victims of hunting accidents, but I thought back to the sign at the entrance which said "Enter At Your Own Risk" and forked over my dollar bill in silence. Driving inside of the show grounds was even slower than outside, if that was possible. Masses of people were ev-

erywhere, and they seemed oblivious to the fact that I was in control of a vehicle at least ten times their weight. Because many of them had shotguns slung over their shoulders, I decided to let it slide.

We got out of the car and tried to decide where to go first. Suddenly a voice boomed out of nowhere: "X950 fishing pole going once, going twice, SOLD! to Bob for \$45." The auction! John and I hurried off in the direction of the voice. Oddly enough, there seemed to be only more cars in the direction we were heading. When the voice returned, it seemed to be behind us. "Oh! That's a good gun. The bidding for this will start at \$75." I turned around in confusion, trying to find where we went wrong. It was then that John pointed out the loudspeaker in the branches of a tree.

"Oh." We tried very hard to look as if our wandering had a purpose, but I was already beginning to feel conspicuous. Our tennis shoes sunk into the brownish-gray sludge of the walking paths, and we stared in envy of the people that wore knee-high fireman-looking boots. But how could we stay inconspicuous and still avoid walking behind the people with shotguns slung over their shoulder (approximately every fifth person)?

This was indeed a very strange place. The concession stand was selling chili dogs for \$1.75, pop for \$.60, and Skoal for \$3.00. Soda came in glass bottles that we could take to the side of the stand and sell back for ten cents. Confederate flags flew proudly over the stands of some vendors, while Amish people walked around with newly-bought shotguns.

See Guns, page 8

## A New Community Identity

by Maggie Thurman

In the living room of a small, off-campus apartment, sit fifteen women. They quickly deposit their rain-soaked shoes at the door, crowd onto the couch and chairs, and spread across the hardwood floor. Each woman has escaped hectic school and work schedules in order to gather with one another for an hour or two and discuss the evening's topic.

Senior Karen Kuehnle throws out a question for discussion: how do we define our womanhood and who has been influential in that definition? As the people in the room take turns discussing how their definitions have evolved, the subject turns to the influence of family members on self image and the ways women perceive their bodies in a society that idolizes an distorted model. It is clear that they all feel comfortable together and are able to share their opinions and feelings in a way that would not occur in an academic setting.

This group, A Campus Collective of Women, has been meeting since last year. Seniors Karen Kuehnle and Amy Grier created the "it" after learning about the ideology behind women's groups while in a class called Women in Political Philosophy. The two decided to form their own group and build off the concepts.

"The idea came from the consciousness

raising movements of the sixties," said Kuehnle. "It is based in the belief that women speak differently when they're around other women."

With that in mind, the group was created as a place for women to come together as a community and engage in meaningful discussion about what it means to be a woman on a personal and social level. They meet weekly in Kuehnle's home and, although their attendance has reached upwards of thirty people, usually around fifteen women attend regularly. Kuehnle feels the steady attendance is proof of the need for this kind of group at Truman. The off campus location combined with steady attendance help preserve an intimate setting where individuals are comfortable sharing their personal experiences.

The group starts at 9 p.m. on Tuesdays and begins with a loose discussion topic. From that point, the women guide the conversation however they choose. Topics are not political or even issue-oriented unless the participants decide together that they wish to discuss something specific.

The participants come late and leave early, having carved out as much time as pos-

See Community, page 8



Kirksville has a new toy store! It opened last semester and is located at 117 W. Washington on the square (near the coffee shop). Turn to page 3 to read about it in a most unique article.

photo by Krissey Vogel

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## The Monitor

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Independent Quality  
Since 1995

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kid!)

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Great news and friendly to most animals



## ALL THE NEWS THAT'S UNFIT

## Other Worldly Machines, Part 2

The recent addition of six Automatic Teller Machines on campus reported in last week's *Monitor* has raised speculation and rumors to new levels. Our team in charge of external affairs has uncovered a similar plot beyond the borders of the university. Kirksville itself now plays host to seventeen plastic and metal agents of the consumer revolution. While most of the machines were in place long before the summer, the omnipresence of the ATM is only beginning to be noticed by John Q. Kirksville.

Now big spenders will have no worries finding electronic access to their funds in Wal-Mart, a Bank Midwest and a Bank of Kirksville down the street from Wal-Mart, the Square (one for B. of K., two for Bank Midwest, and Roosevelt), outside and inside Hy-Vee, outside the Apple Mart, probably a KCOM location or two and six ATMs on campus. All of the Bank of Kirksville machines took on the new Battletier Galactica look over the summer, making them even easier to spot amidst their competitors. Our team may have missed a few, but that's still one ATM for every thousand people in Kirksville.

Some vigilant folks have suggested that the current influx is only part of a larger conspiracy to require incoming freshmen of the year 2002 to have their own personal ATM machine as well as a laptop computer. And they may not be too crazy.

## Physical Plant develops horticultural interest

Determined to complain about something, observant Truman students have recently marveled over Physical Plant's apparent interest in watering sidewalks across campus. While not generally considered to need water on a daily basis, sidewalks along conspicuous campus walkways, such as those between Baldwin and Pickler, have been literally drowning in sprinkler hose water since classes began

this fall. Though some students are weary of early morning ankle sprinkles, the grass is as lush and green as it has ever been and the sidewalks are looking pretty darn clean themselves.

Problems may develop, though, if Physical Plant workers persist in soaking the sidewalks much later into the season. We all know the tribulations of walking to classes after one of northeast Missouri's famous winter ice storms, but add a layer of sprinkler water on top of that and the trips could be downright unhealthy. Skiing down the hill by Red Barn park might be kind of fun at first, but physicists, nursing majors, and others bound for Barnett might find themselves down the street at KCOM in no time.

Such a catastrophe may seem easily avertable, but, as one anonymous senior noted, "It's pretty easy to know when to stop watering grass—that's when it dies. With sidewalks, I don't think it's that easy."

## Library messes up on bookkeeping

As 23 September rolls around, students must start returning books they've been borrowing since the first day of school. That's right, they let students check out the precious tomes of Truman for a whole month at a time. But this year, like any other, students whose memories have wandered away from the location of their books have something to look forward to.

Masterminds behind the scenes at Pickler have decided to send out letters via regular postal rates starting the day after the book is due and repeating the procedure every other day afterwards. This means that for every two days the book is overdue (.15 x 2 = .30), the library sends you a personal invitation to get it back to the stacks. Each letter arrives at your apartment with a 32 cent postmark on it, netting the library .02, plus the cost of the letter.

The *Monitor's* financial counsel has taken a permanent leave of absence, but simple math says the bibliophiles are fighting a losing battle. Of course, this is only the case for one delinquent book. More than two or a pesky little RESERVE stamp, and the financial joke is on you.

# Do women have to be naked to get into the Met Museum?

Less than 5% of the artists in the Modern Art Sections are women, but 85% of the nudes are female.

## Guerrilla Girls Fighting Sexism and Racism in Art

22 October  
Baldwin Hall Auditorium



Image Courtesy of the Guerrilla Girls From "Confessions of the Guerrilla Girls" Harper Perennial 1995

## Peace Corps: The toughest application you'll ever mail

by Lisa Kays

I'm not sure that I've ever questioned my own sanity more than I have since turning in my first application packet to the Peace Corps. After reading the rigorous qualification requirements, typing up an application which could be mistaken for a short novel, and carefully writing out my motivational statement and account of cross-cultural experience, I took a deep breath and dumped my application into a slot to that blue abyss from which all is unrecoverable.

"Oh well," I thought, "they won't take me. There's no way. I'm a liberal arts major, I've never had a real cross-cultural experience, and I'm a privileged little white, blond girl from the mid-west. I've only gone camping twice in my life, and even then, there was a perfectly clean bathroom nearby. No way; they're gonna laugh, toss my envelope away, and it's off to grad school I go. But at least I can say I tried. The Peace Corps will long remain that adventure I longed to have, but unfortunately, I just didn't have what it took." End of story.

Sort of. Just a few days later, a letter came requesting that I call for an interview. "No big deal. Surely they grant everyone an interview," soon became, in my mind, "An interview? How on earth am I supposed to convince these people that they should take me when I'm not even sure I want to go? And isn't this all moving a bit fast, anyway? I need some time to think."

The nature of the process begs this anxiety a bit; it is recommended that one give it about nine months to a year before they wish to "enlist," in order to finish the process. So, if you're anything like me, and considering a billion and one options once that big graduation thing happens, you start asking for this before you really have the definite surety that it's what you want.

Well, I got it week between the day I received the letter asking for an interview and my first phone interview with my recruiter. The conversation took about an hour, during which I was told that I was more than qualified to teach English, that they need English teachers desperately and that, hey, what do you know, Africa (my region of preference) happens to need tons of them.

Then the real questions begin, with a heavy thud. "Describe a situation in which you have personally motivated a group to act. Describe your methods of dealing with conflict, stress, and isolation. How long have you been away from home at any given time? How do you cope with loneliness/homesickness? Do you think you'll have any problems handling different gender roles? How about odd foods? How comfortable are you with your ability to acquire a second language? Describe a situation in which you have had to adjust your behavior to suit others." On and on they continue, until the recruiter says, "Great, well, how about if you give me a call next Thursday and we'll get you nominated."

Oh boy. Here the tables turn a bit and the applicant, or at least me, stops worrying that she won't be accepted, and starts thinking, "Oh dear God, they're gonna accept me." In a book I have, *The Artist's Way*, this phenomenon is described as "synchronicity." "Answered prayers are scary," it says, "They imply responsibility. You asked for it. Now that you've got it, what are you going to do?" Exactly.

That week, though they'd never admit it, is a tool used in conjunction with the interview to just, well, drive you insane. That and help you assess whether or not you really want to do this.

As the interview questions linger in your mind, along with your wonderfully articulate responses, you begin to wonder, "Qualified? How can she know I'm qualified after knowing me for an hour, anyway? And what if I'd lied? Oh God, what if I made myself sound better than I am, and I get sent somewhere and I can't handle it... but then again, really, would they send you if you weren't ready? Two years. Wow. Two years and three months. Gone. No Mommy, no McDonald's, possibly no electricity. Nothing."

But it's not nothing, and through all this panic and anxiety, you begin to realize this. And you know, once you've processed all those fears and the realities of what you'll be facing, whether or not this is what you want. You check the fear and the hardship against the original motivation and all that you know you'll gain through the experience, and if the motivation overpowers the fear, you call back the next Thursday and get yourself nominated.

Nomination is the point at which a Peace Corps recruiter deems you qualified to fulfill a certain position in a certain country, and sends your file to their offices in Washington, D.C.

This is not an acceptance, or "invitation," in Peace Corps terms, and one is still part of a "competitive pool," but at this point, the Peace Corps considers you "committed," and begins to invest a reasonably large amount of money into investigating you. Unless "issues" arise from your references or your medical examinations, you're most likely going to be good to go.

My Nomination Packet came last week, and with it my reference forms, fingerprint charts and an FBI investigation disclosure form. Next comes my medical packet, with the forms for my full physical examination and dental examination and x-rays. And after that, well, a bit of waiting, and then possibly an invitation, with possibly the scariest R.S.V.P. to which I'll ever be asked to respond.

### Feeling a little crazy yourself?

- ✓ Contact the Peace Corps at 1-800-424-8580
- ✓ on the web at [www.peacecorps.gov](http://www.peacecorps.gov)
- ✓ or fill out one of those nifty cards found in many of your professors' offices.

## The new store in town

A Campus Collective isn't an easy thing to be, that's for sure. We never know what's going to turn up in our mailbox in the CAOC, and sometimes very little does. Also every so often one of our writers brings back something we don't recognize at all. That was the way it was with this piece, which we had originally intended to be a story about the new toy store in town. Kriszy Vogel does well to remind us just what a toy store is -- a lot of fun. Her piece very well may be how an article about a toy store should be: lighthearted and fun. Thanks for the reminder, Kriszy.

### ODE to the Toy Store by Kriszy Vogel

Welcome to Puzzles, Toys, and More!

It's a new kind of store.

Just a couple of doors down from the coffee shop on the square, it has finds that are quite rare.

You can start a tornado with a twist;

Put together a map of Iowa, Missouri, or Illinois.

And 'o' those fun bendy toys!

Grow Incredible Triops -- a biological wonder.

Life can't get much funnier!

Owner Maxine says it's been her dream for half a score

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# Opinions

"If I've got something to say, I'm gonna say it now."  
—Paul Ochs

## Theresa deserves our respect

by Candice K. Gill

This has been a sad year. We have lost people, inspirations and just plain kind people. And suddenly, I keep thinking about how one day this summer I bumped a ride to Walnut with someone, only to come back in August to find that he had died. Darnell Ware, Dr. Partenheimer, Allen Ginsberg, Dr. Betty Shabazz, William S. Burroughs, Princess Diana, and now, Mother Theresa. In the face of all of these losses comes a chance for remembrance and reflection.

Last year this paper published an editorial on Mother Theresa which now, in the face of her death, I feel the need to respond to. It bothered me when it was published, but not enough to respond, because it was an editorial and everyone has the right to an opinion. However, I now feel the need to say something.

The editorial was written by Jason Clamper. Its content was over a documentary called *The Missionary Position* about Mother Theresa which castigated her because of what was depicted as her unethical behavior. The editorial quoted her as saying positive things about drugs and dictators, and being insensitive to the suffering of the poor and the ill. This is interesting on a lot of levels, but I believe the most important level is one of simplification.

It is so easy to sit and write about a person's faults. It is almost as easy as defying those rare ones among us who choose to live their lives in the service of others. Both are wrong to do. In the case of Mother Theresa it is so hard to imagine that she might have had relationships with extremely unsavory people in order to do the most good.

The bottom line is that providing medical care, food and clothes to people takes money. Money often has to be raised by soliciting donations. Unfortunately, the people with money in the poorest nations where it is most needed are often those who have monopolized power at the highest levels. Sometimes one has to sit with dogs in order to help people.

Mother Theresa dedicated her life to others. She did so with true humility, something which many people, I think, can't possibly fathom. It's just too foreign a concept in this country which worships the individual, often at the expense of the community. She was human. She made mistakes.

Undoubtedly she will be made a saint in the years to come by those who follow her religion, which is the right thing to do. In a way, though, canonizing her will further

her detract from the fact that she was indeed human and therefore flawed, as we all are. But unlike so many of us, she spent her life in true service of humanity, and this is what should be remembered. None of this would stand up to a document of all of the things we have said and done wrong in our lives. Few of us would have half the good things on a record of our lives as the numerous deeds which are Mother Theresa's legacy. This is the part of her I will always respect and admire.

The maker of *The Missionary Position* chose to only focus on what he saw as Mother Theresa's faults. What I choose to focus on is the fact that this woman who did not have to choose to live her life wearing the clothes of untouchables, those members of the lowest group in India's caste system. This is a woman who started orphanages which care lovingly for the children for whom no one else will often take responsibility. This is a woman who always held others before herself.

Yes she was conservative, something which bothers so many of us on the left. But the thing we leftists, along with so many rightists, seem to forget is that actions do indeed speak much louder than words. For all of our talking about those principles we hold dear, many of us never get up and do anything. If people have problems with the way in which Mother Theresa chose to do her charitable works, maybe instead of defaming her and her legacy, they should give up their lives of ease, sacrifice their comfort, and get out in the world and actually help people.

There's a pervasive cynicism in our culture today. It's a kind of attitude which seems to make people unable to believe that there are people in this world whose primary concern is not themselves but other people. They seem to think that being human, and therefore imperfect, means that all their good deeds are somehow invalid.

It's the kind of attitude which allows for editorials like the one published recently in *The Nation*, which compares Princess Diana to Marie Antoinette of "let them eat cake" fame just because she was privileged. The fact that she was an honest-to-God humanitarian is something which that writer, like so many others these days just can't understand. And this is sad.

Yes, there are people who are born into privilege or into institutions of great power and influence. Sometimes, such people choose to use their names and their good fortune to help others not so lucky. What I can't figure out is why this bothers so many people. Maybe it is truly as Charles Spencer said at his sister's funeral, that "genuine goodness is threatening to those at the end of the moral spectrum," or maybe it is threatening to those who are more talking than doing.

## If I had a hammer...

by Jill Goodheart

I was expecting great things from Morris Dees, who spoke in Baldwin, on Sept. 10. Since he is an attorney, one of the founders of the Southern Poverty Law Center and a fighter of racism, I thought there would be no way his speech could be less than inspiring.

I wanted him to make us reexamine ourselves, rip through the outer layers of self-justification and make us all realize our prejudices which are buried deep within us all.

This is not what happened — not to any extent — and that disturbed and insulted me.

It's not that he was a poor speaker; in fact, he was eloquent and (as one student said) "spell-binding."

Dees spoke about loving our neighbor, about "love between our brothers and our sisters," about "treating a person fair — on a personal level." Indeed these are all important components of fighting racism, but anyone who would attend a lecture entitled "Teaching Tolerance" probably believes in these ideals and (at least thinks) he or she is practicing them.

This was a speech more suited for a generation that had such racist ideals ingrained into them through separate schools and drinking fountains, not one that has been integrated their whole lives. Or perhaps this speech was more suited for the younger students he usually addresses through his education programs. He didn't really bother to change his register to suit older and (I hope) more sophisticated listeners. Instead of appealing to our minds and offering a real solution (or steps toward a solution), he told vivid stories of his own accomplishments.

## Core, schmor, try honors

by Adam Posthast

Nestled cozily in the bulletin, just before the famous gray pages of the core, is a small section called "General Honors in Arts and Sciences" (pp. 39-41) which, I'm betting, many people have seen but forgotten about. Some of us probably remember something about it every semester or so when one or two people out of a graduating class of 1000 or more receive the award. Suddenly it sounds rather rare and prestigious.

On Thursday, 3 October, Jennifer Heppie, an English major and December graduate will receive this rare and prestigious award. A ceremony will be held in the Sunken Gardens to honor her academic achievement here at the university. In attendance will be not only some of the highest ranking officials in the university, but also faculty members who, during their undergraduate careers, were elected into the Phi Beta Kappa academic honor society, one of the highest honors an undergraduate can receive.

The crucial twist to this whole story is that General Honors, instead of being an elusive distinction, isn't hard to come by and is in fact a lot more fun than taking core classes.

I should explain. General Honors is awarded to every student who takes five "honors" courses, at least one from each of the four honors areas: humanities, mathematics, science, and social sciences.

The only further requirements are that none of the courses in a student's major count for General Honors (unless the student has two majors) and a GPA of 3.5 must be maintained in all of the classes.

This contrasted sharply with a lecture I attended last year by Carl Upchurch, an African-American author and civil rights leader. He was harsh on people asking questions and caused a great amount of discomfort in the room. He made sure people asking questions really understood what they were asking and pointed out prejudices inherent in what they were saying.

Dees was the exact opposite. He made the audience laugh and feel confident in their ability to save the world from racism, but he didn't make us look deep within ourselves for problems or solutions. He took no real risks in telling people to love one another.

He didn't make us look deep within ourselves for problems or solutions. He took no real risks in telling people to love one another.

was the central theme in the overall speech, but question is: does he "love" these racists, white supremacists and Anti-Semites who has prosecuted and, for some, sent to Death Row? His speech seemed quite contradictory. Many of his examples pointed out how he, as a lawyer, managed to get the bad guys, so to speak. In the next breath, however, he talked about forgiveness and tolerance.

Basically, this speech was well executed and, for many, reassuring. I just wish we were given a solution to the racial problems in this country that consisted of more than the lyrics to a Pete Seeger song. And I think we, as students, should demand more depth. We should be thinking critically and questioning the norm, not buying into his surface-level, easy answers.

The courses offered in the current list include (but are not limited to) Foundations of Mathematics, Statistics (290), Computer Graphics, Genetics, 19th Century Art, Modern American Literature, Philosophy of Public Affairs, Geography of Europe, and The Presidency.

These courses alone are enough to wet one's palate and, in general, they substitute for core courses. So instead of taking Survey of British Literature II, one can take British Romantic Literature and still fulfill a core requirement.

I don't know about you, but the thought of sitting in Arts and the Man with people who don't want to be there is frightening when I consider I could be taking Contemporary Art with a professor who knows the field and students who are concerned. I'm not saying survey courses here are bad, but the apathy in the room is sometimes thick enough to grab hold of. Since students don't seem to be in a any mood to change that attitude any time soon, General Honors is the only way out for students who demand their courses be more than ink on their transcripts.

For most of us graduating seniors, the time is wearing thin (graduation applications for spring were due last Friday). But there is a certain amount of hope for those of you in the class of 2000 and 2001 — that you will throw off the shackles of a restrictive education and hold yourselves to a higher and more interesting standard. Unless there is a sudden rush to graduate with General Honors in Arts and Sciences, you could call yourself one in a thousand.

## Letters

Send letters — not too long, not too short — to the mailbox in the CROC.

Dear Monitor,

Thanks for printing not only my own academic subject letter in defense ardently of the rare, brilliant and very trenchant teaching Oxford-trained historian Dr. Taj Hargrey of TSU gives the whole Kirksville community today. But also for printing, at length, his recent South African trip former and present group of critical student returnees' nasty indictments in a comprehensible, total manner. One that enables we, your started, radical, loyal readers, to put the spotlight back on whom it properly focus belongs, on them as public accessories! As, accountably, for indeed they are choosing to defame Dr. Hargrey copiously and irresponsibly in no less than two TSU-centered public print for with lengthy publicity they now seek. I do not recall as a Kirksville resident (white) since 1984 in duration, any white professor or administrator even being subjected to such a public lynching attempt of truly his professionalism and such a blatant quest for unmerited punitive action. This is typical Missouri prejudice! Only in the South. Only here?

Firstly, I am just baffled by the malevolent pettiness and ignorance of these so-called "grievances" you print of this very juvenile and unworthy bunch. It was like re-viewing that bitter, malevolently irrational character the late Lee J. Cobb played so well, for all his prejudice, in the fine "Twelve Angry Men" jury classical film, with, maybe the inspired Jack Lemmon remake thrown in: to add shifting to

an essentially frivolously, empty pudding of poor character low display.

Do the supposedly humble writers not realize that most countries and different histories on this planet will always be discomfortingly "difficult," and problematic for any of our 3% of the globe's USA "Americans." If you have not only rarely encountered these other countries ever once in the beforehand, but also doubly so in disaster. And, yet, apparently the *Index* (Sept 11) now tells us that Dr. Gary Gordon of TSU "Academic Affairs" is now looking "seriously" into this tissue parade of white toilet paper nothingness. Why? Why?

So, let's take just some of the stuff in the *Monitor* front page statement by these ingrate people they claim worthy of his presumably important attention. The former students complain of St. Louis-London "standby" tickets being necessary. But "standby" tickets in global air travel are necessary, if there is a genuine, honorable risk your original charter or other booking might not be validated.

Here's an investigative job for you all in the *Monitor* if you do seek to be "baffled." However publicly in the *Index* it was stated that Dr. Patrick Leaque, official head of TSU External Trips Abroad Office, blocked such easy support and convenience for both on Taj Hargrey and his students. Why he objected to Taj's trip I was unable to fathom at the time of the *Index* initial attacks, and, indeed, since in my explanations.

Finally, in other instances of pettiness and wrong complaint target by the *Monitor* statement-makers please then let's look closer still. The writers say they all objected to the hospitable fact that Taj Hargrey "met" them in "his own mini-van" to drive them from London airport to his Oxford home base in the first stage of his London-Africa marathon trip with them. Then the trippers from TSU's "finest" hastily say they disliked the fact that he complained in friendly chat about the "high cost of living" in Oxford necessitating window repair. Oh dear! Oh dear! What Momme! One feels about these babies calling themselves students.

As someone who has actually taught and lived in both Oxford and London, may I point out that if Taj had not driven these ingrate creatures from their London airport "stopover" they would have been subject in unaffordable, timely costs to literally hundreds of extra Missouri dollars in train fares or hotel fares.

Furthermore, imputations that the statement-writers are wickedly trying to plant in readers' minds of Hargrey's extravagance, coming ill from people who as far as I know have never queried in the *Monitor* TSU white president Jack Magruder's free mansion house he does not need or TSU non-teaching administrators making double what faculty mostly gain and even more by comparative student fee assessment. These are the real shamers to say fair minded folk.

As for the bizarre attempt to portray Taj as a "racist" because he dared on a trip to Soweto and elsewhere they freely went on to show a protective command toughness to their driver, well how ignorant can you get? Since the great Gandhi, any African student will tell you South Africa has always had different tensions from the U.S.A. But Taj does not even get thanked where he did bona fide verbally protect these flimsy ex-students. Grade E, guys!

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## Letters to The Monitor

We welcome anyone to submit letters to the Monitor, critical, humorous, congratulatory, or otherwise.

Please set your letters in the Monitor's mailbox in the CROC.

Please submit them by the Friday before publication (we come out every other week).

Please leave a name, address, and phone number.

Please type your letters if possible.

Please leave all letters with a check or money order for 600 Finnish marks in order to guarantee publication.

—Joshua, Jacob, Nathan, Molly, and Megan are really, really cool.

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12:30pm  
Thursday, 25 September 1997  
in the Governors Room, SUB



## Got something to say?

We'd love to hear from you. You can turn in opinions pieces (or anything else) to our mailbox in the CAOC office in the SUB. Or you could come to our meetings: every Tuesday & Thursday at 9p.m. in OPI12. C'mon, silly!



## Reviews



## Helium creates magical world

by Dave Huxton  
Helium's full-length debut, 1995's *The Dirt of Luck*, was an angry, sensitive and complex rock and roll thesis on relationships, gender roles, sex, love, life and death. Lead singer/guitarist/bassist Mary Timony's angelic voice delivered poetic lyrics over tough but harmonious music, resulting in one of the most powerful debuts of recent years.

The Magic City, Helium's new album (out now on Matador Records), takes the same components and shoots them to another plane, an unusual, timeless world where frustrated lovers from Los Angeles, dragons and outer space can coexist in one song.

The liner and outer cover art are splendid visual representations of the music within *The Magic City*. Watercolor paintings depict candy houses, majestic castles, giant daisies floating in space and much more.

Mythical elements emerge not only in the songs' lyrics, but in the extraordinary music. The tight guitar-bass-drums format is augmented here and there by violins and what seems like every type of synthesizer ever used on an 80's new wave or 70's art rock, prog rock or disco LP. Weird sounds freely float about the air. The result is beautiful, especially on

## Mysterious "Game" intrigues

by Dave Huxton  
The Game, now showing at your local movie palace, is a suspense film which is thrilling and intelligent, a rare combination for a big budget Hollywood film.

This mesmerizing work was directed by David Fincher, the artist behind the equally memorable (and surprisingly popular) *Seven*, the disappointing *Alien 3* (which Fincher himself has basically disowned) and several of MTV's most played-to-death music videos, including some for Madonna, Aerosmith and The Wallflowers. Fincher's unique eye for details and artistic way with colors is as present in this film as in his previous ones. While Fincher's visual experimentation is as over as it was in *Seven* (with its dark yellow tint making a spooky story even spookier), his touch is still apparent and quite effective, particularly in newsreel-esque flashback scenes and the jagged puzzle opening credits.

The Game stars Michael Douglas as Nicholas Van Orton, a rich and greedy businessman haunted by childhood memories of witnessing his father's death. Van Orton has long gone cold to the world, shutting off all emotional connections to focus his energy on achieving success in the banking world. On his lonely 48th birthday, Nicholas receives a surprise visit from his long-lost, "low life" (in Nicholas' eyes) brother Conrad, played by the always brilliant Sean Penn, who gives

"Medieval People," a crazed instrumental which sounds like a new, psychotic form of dance music.

The lyrics touch similar issues as those on *The Dirt of Luck* but with the addition of images straight out of fantasy literature, children's storybooks and role-playing games. Within the first four songs alone (out of 14), Timony mentions planets colliding, people turning into butterflies, astrological signs, the 23rd century, rainbow dragons, astronauts, an "ocean of wine" and a "never-ending summer of disease."

Yet in this world all of these spectacular elements are logically connected. They are all the basis for intelligent musings on life and death. There are no easy answers in Timony's world (as in that of any freethinking spirit), but the questions are posed as intelligently and articulately as possible in a relatively short rock song.

This album cannot fairly be compared to any that has come before it. An attempt at easy encapsulation, in the tired style of mainstream music journalists, would end up with a ridiculous, adjective-laden description, like "feminist Dungeons and Dragons indie art pop rock."

The Magic City's nonstop imagination and freaked-out synthesizer rock will definitely make your head spin, but in a good way. Helium has taken instruments from throughout the history of rock and lyrics from the worlds of fantasy and reality, infused them with an adventurous, subversive spirit and created a work which is remarkable and entirely unique.

Nicholas an unusual birthday gift: a certificate for a free "game" from a mysterious company. Nicholas, suspicious of his brother's gift yet bled with his empty life, begins his game and finds himself immersed in a series of perplexing goings-on. As Nicholas' "game" gets weirder and weirder, he gets more and more confused, as does the viewer. One of the main reasons this film works so well is the way the viewer knows more than the main character. The more Nicholas gets confused, the more the viewer does. Likewise, the more Nicholas gets wrapped up in his "game," the more the viewer gets wrapped up in *The Game*.

The Game is one of the most suspenseful films I've seen in awhile; yet its ultimate goal is nobler than just to thrill. This is not an easily solved mystery with high-speed chases and cheap thrills, but a fascinating tale of power, human nature and redemption.

The atmosphere created by the script and Hans Savides' cinematography is threatening and spellbinding. The superb acting by Douglas, Penn, Deborah Unger, Armin Mueller-Stahl and others gives the film a powerful edge. Some viewers might be turned off by an increasingly complex plot twists and unusual circumstances, but those interested in more than mere mindless entertainment will be impressed, not only by the edge-of-the-seat mystery but also by the intelligent and visually stunning aspects of *The Game*.

## Hot Licks and Asses Kicked

by Mike Roth and Bryan Westhoff

Well, as we promised in the last issue, we went and saw the exciting new super-action musical environmentally friendly lighthearted Zen comedy from Steven Seagal. If you think that first sentence is too wordy, you and the writers of the movie would agree, because it has four more words than the entire script of *Fire Down Below*.

Shakespeare ain't, but then again, no Shakespeare movie ever had this excessive amount of ass-kicking.

If you've ever wanted anything out of a movie, this one had it. From incest to marijuana farms to a character from *Sling Blade* to Timony mentions planets colliding, people turning into butterflies, astrological signs, the 23rd century, rainbow dragons, astronauts, an "ocean of wine" and a "never-ending summer of disease."

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Perhaps the title of this review should be *Seagal: 42 Bad Guys 0*, because in every fight he gets in he never even comes close to being hit. By our count, he breaks one guy's nose on four separate occasions, one time completely unprovoked. This really disturbed us, because normally Steven fights only in self defense.

This time however, Steven was the aggressor and we found ourselves rooting for the "bad guy." That is, until Steven made some wise ass remark and won all six people in the back to his side. How could you ever stay mad at him?

By far, the highlight of this movie was Steven's excellent guitar playing. The hot licks he delivered to us had our ears begging for more. Not only that, but each of the eleven songs he wrote was a gem and should go platinum when released as singles.

Don't count on those generic Disney musicals to take the Oscar for Best Song this year; Steven's got it all wrapped up.

In conclusion, this movie has added some new dimensions to Mr. Seagal's illustrious film repertoire. We didn't think he could ever top *Under Siege II: Dark Territory*, but we are proud to say just how wrong we were.

On a scale of one to ten, this movie kicked ass!

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## Atari Utopia: vision, simplicity and Space Invaders

by Tom Whalley

Not many people are aware that the universe reached its apex in 1981. During that year, one single event occurred that will never be surpassed. I am referring (of course) to the release of the Atari 2600 gaming system to the general public. No invention made before or after that magical year has had such a profound impact on mankind.

The Atari 2600 is technologically perfect. I would even go so far as to call it a work of art. My system is jet black, giving it the sleek aerodynamic look that is so important for groundbreaking technological inventions, even if the invention has nothing to do with aviation. In case this look was too modern for some consumers, a system with stylish wood paneling was also available, perfect for the domestic household.

The "joystick" controller (not named for its phallic appearance) was beautiful in its simplicity. In contrast, the controllers for the new Nintendo 64 system are absurd. They have nine buttons, a joystick, a directional pad, a trigger, and an optional cartridge that makes the controller vibrate in an erotic manner. The Atari controllers had the joystick and ONE button. The simple appearance was important because it made it easy for parents to be fooled into thinking that they would be able to master playing these games, thus making it easy for the kids to trash them and assert their gaming superiority.

(By getting mom to play one of the games these days where she needs a degree in engineering to get her character to move. It won't happen, and chances are you'll probably have to clean your room for suggesting to mom that

someone over the age of 20 could figure out how those nonsensical controllers work. Most research today supports the theory that video game skill is inversely proportional to age. This means that any nine-year-old on the planet can smoke me at any video game.)

The Atari had several other controllers in addition to the Joystick. There were the "Paddle" controllers that resembled dinner spoons (this is why they were named "Paddle" controllers), and the "Driving" controllers which looked exactly like the Paddle controllers except that they had "Driving" printed on them. The game *Star Raiders* came with its own controller that no one ever figured out how to use. There was also a controller with a rolling ball like the *Centipede* arcade game had, but my parents wouldn't buy it for me because I was a bad kid so I don't know much about it. These various controllers made the Atari system really was.

The Atari 2600 and related products were made before the "Low Quality" manufacturing boom of the late eighties. This means that the system and games work almost flawlessly to this day. When I have the urge to play Atari, I just pop in a cartridge and start blasting away. I don't have to blow on the cartridge for twenty minutes and sacrifice a virgin to get my game to work.

My Atari is so rugged that the game didn't reset even when I stepped on the system and flipped it upside down while I was playing it last week. Conversely, if it fly lands on my Nintendo, I have to sacrifice another virgin in

order to be able to play again, which is a pain because virgins are hard to come by in this day and age.

Still, the thing that made the Atari so wonderful was the games. I own nearly sixty games, and probably 75% of them deal with saving the earth from impending destruction. *Space Invaders*, *Defender*, and *Asteroids* all let the 80s preteen heroically defeat hordes of aliens and natural disasters in the comfort of their suburban tract home.

There was also a disproportionately large number of driving games like *Pole Position*, *Enduro*, *Street Racer*, *July 500*, and *Night Driver* all luring innocent children away from their homework to quench their thirst for speed. The two best things about Atari games were that most of them never ended and the absence of a pause button, both of which gave kids even more of an excuse not to do their chores ("Mom, I can't take out the trash because the world will end.")

The game sounds never failed to wrench our hearts. Didn't everyone just feel terrible when we heard that "sploosh" sound when a car panicked Frogger? Or how about the high pitched beeping that signaled Pac-Man's demise? I still hear the ominous Asteroids background music in my nightmares. These simple yet catchy tunes made the death of the character a little more real and guilted people into playing better. After all, Pac-Man and Frogger were CUTE (so I'm told).

The real stars of Atari were the game programmers. These men and women lived on the

edge, constantly trying to squeeze out every last drop of energy out of the powerful four-bit processor. Their sanity-be-damned programming techniques produced such brilliant graphics as a triangle trying to kill circles (*Asteroids*), a line hitting a ball into a large rectangle (*Breakout* and *Super Breakout*) and an explorer running past the same background every few seconds (*Pigfall* and *Pigfall II*).

The Atari drug culture of the early 80s produced some truly bizarre games. Q\*bert, for example, resembles no animal, vegetable, or mineral and must be rescued from a mysterious floating triangle in space somewhere (what was Q\*bert, anyway?). Men riding flying ostriches trying to kill only mother while dodging an occasional dragon makes perfect sense in *Joust*. The earth is invaded by flying ants, bow-ties, diamonds, and wafer cookies in *Megamania*. *Journey Escape* was just plain creepy. These games made little to no sense to the average chemically unenhanced American, yet were still as addictive to play as "normal" games.

Though the Atari became obsolete within a few hours of its release (as it is with most groundbreaking technological advances) people continued to play the system for years. Some of us visionary gamers didn't sell the Atari at our garage sales during the late 80s and still enjoy the primitive graphics and blooping sounds on a daily basis.

Everyone else can have their Sony Playstation and their 64-bit graphics. I don't have time for that kind of nonsense because I'm busy trying to save the earth from invading bow ties.

## Lyceum as I see 'um: a rebuttal

by Andrew Mullen

Being one of the people that attended last Tuesday's Lyceum performance of the St. Louis Symphony, I believe I now have the floor to speak freely on the whole issue of cultural events programming.

Oh wait, a minute, the Lyceum event was sold out! Friends of mine couldn't get tickets Monday morning. If I remember correctly, the SAB concert held last year for Jars of Clay did not sell out. Does that mean it was a waste? These are two entirely different genres of music. What I am getting at here? In last Thursday's opinion column of the *Index*, Ben Bohling, who is a good friend and fraternity brother of mine, ripped apart one of the few things that Kirkville manages to drag from the big cities, the Lyceum series.

I agree that Hollywood is pretty damn entertaining and that the Petite Three has something for everyone (whatever), and that there are some movies out there that deserve attention.

However, those who were lucky enough to view the St. Louis Symphony the other night saw an amazing performance of the highest caliber. We actually had, in Kirkville, a conductor who in Europe had people paying hundreds of dollars to see him.

Granted, this music doesn't seem to be for everybody, but from the dress of the crowd, classical boundaries reach a lot further than one would think. And this music just isn't the moshing type. It is the kind that makes you think, clears your head, stirs

And this music isn't the moshing type. It is the kind that makes you think, clears your head, stirs an emotion that just couldn't be touched by any other method.

an emotion that just couldn't be touched by any other method.

I also agree that the Kohlenberg Lyceum Series is not appealing for the majority of the students. It is really tough to get over 3000 students to like one thing. I won't go to all of the events either. However, I have been waiting a long time to see a production of the opera *Carmen* (I know others have also) without having to pay an arm and a leg for the big city environment. *Carmen* is coming October 19, for those who don't know.

As for appealing to the masses, I bet more than 400 people will play roller hockey in the recently built rink at the Rec Center, but that doesn't mean it was a waste of money to build it.

Even in Hollywood, there are movies that bomb. *Speed 2*, for example, was a

waste of money, but there were a few people who appreciated it. There will probably be one or two Lyceum events that don't live up to the expectations of the people who invited them. But that's the way the entertainment business works.

What a waste it would be to drop a few events in order to prevent the "bomb." Students will come. Ben. They will most definitely come. Not in mass hordes like for the re-release of *Star Wars*, but they will attend and, what is more, they will appreciate it, my friend.

There are a lot of people who attend these events for music appreciation class; I was in those shoes once. But what I was forced to view for a grade made me realize what I was missing.

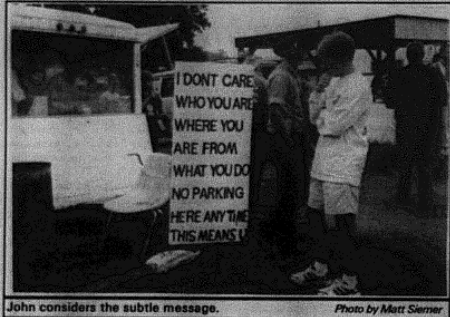
The variety that the Lyceum series has is not limiting. It gives the students here at TSU a chance to view things for free that otherwise wouldn't ever cross our minds in the real world.

It's all about experimentation. College is all about experimentation, finding out what we like and don't like.

I will assume that I won't see you at any future events of the Lyceum Series, but you can bet I will try to attend a few more this year, not because I am attempting to promote cultural events for the "Harvard of the Midwest," but because I enjoy and appreciate the variety of arts that are out there and that the administration cares enough to share that with us.

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John considers the subtle message.

Photo by Matt Starnier

## GUNS, cont. from page 1

"I thought the Amish were peaceful people?"

So did I. Then again, my only source for this information was a Simpsons episode in which Homer sticks his ice cream cones on an Amish man's head and shouts happily, "Look, Marge! They don't fight back!"

Admittedly, as a "city slicker," I was in the dark about this entire scene. I had expected a formal show of guns and dogs. What I'd found was the world's largest garage sale. Hundreds of tents, tables, and booths were everywhere, most of them showcasing useless crap. Everything from unwanted coffee mugs and frying pans to shoddy-looking electronic equipment and clothing was on sale here. John seemed to sum up the atmosphere best when we passed a toy one, get one free booth: "One piece of shit plus one piece of shit does not equal a good deal."

I looked at all the booths. I looked at the people rooting through others' unwanted goods. I looked at the vast expanse of open land that had been converted into both the parking lot and site of this curious event.

This was northeast Missouri's answer to the mega-mall. This was American consumerism and materialism taken to its most insane extreme. Now I knew, at least in part, what it was like to live around here. I also knew where the NRA got a lot of its support.

## Kirkville-A Native Retort

by Stephanie Curtis

Kirkville, I have heard an outsider say, is nothing but auto parts stores, restaurants, bars, and rude police officers. Believe it or not, I am from Kirkville and have chosen to stay here for college because I feel it's not as bad as it seems to outsiders. I was very surprised and offended that few have written about the good things of Kirkville. You know, it could be worse.

For example, a colleague of mine wrote about how cops give out tickets like candy. It happens just as often anywhere else. He mentioned getting a ticket for having a party, depicting officers as ticket happy, so to speak. How about this? I was in Kansas City in March with car trouble and instead of helping me, the officer tried to give me two tickets for: 1) obstructing traffic, and 2) operating a malfunctioning vehicle. Thank God for lawyers. A person can get a ticket for just about anything, and since I have myself, I don't think that a person should blame the town. Give credit where credit is due: the police. Don't get me wrong, I'm NOT defending them. However, the number of tickets they give out help get them promotions, and 98% of the money tickets earn go to the local schools. The best advice I can give for dealing with the police is to look out for them and party outside Kirkville.

Another complaint I've heard is "There's nothing to do here." Hey, that's what cars are for. A person can always venture out for a while. The cost of living and tuition are cheaper here than, say, Iowa City or Columbia, so that should be enough to keep someone here until graduation.

We sat and watched the goings-on quietly. Several shotguns and some farming equipment were bought at what we ascertained to be pretty good prices. After about 20 minutes, we decided we'd seen enough when the auctioneer began to describe a can of paint that was up next on the block. John noticed he left out a fairly significant detail.

"What color is it?" We waited a few minutes before we finally learned it was white.

"Oh."

The time to leave was at hand, so we hopped in my car and bid farewell to the tiny town of Rurledge and its famous Gun and Dog Show. It wasn't exactly what you'd call your typical road trip, but it certainly was memorable. As we looked back, John reflected, "Too bad we missed the parade."

"Yeah. Too bad." We'll have to wait until next year.

What about the lake? A person can go for nature walks without the noise of the city, go swimming, fish, or even go camping with friends. There are even community service projects which involve interacting with children, local clubs with weekly activities, and so on and so forth. If I have survived here for 20 years, managing to find worthwhile things to do, anyone can.

While I'm at it, let me nip at some of the smaller aspects. Unlike Los Angeles, New York, Chicago, and other cities, our air is clean, fresh, and unadorned with smog. Also, with so much open space, one can look up and see the clouds in the sky and the trees overhead, instead of the urban concrete jungle, artificial and lifeless. At least here there is somewhat of a compromise of city and countryside and we are the most urbanized city in a 60 mile radius.

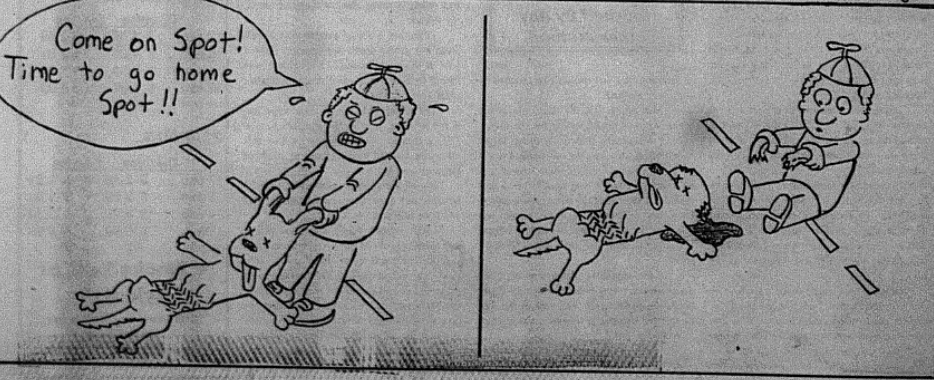
Although crimes may darken this beautiful image, our criminal action is much lower here than any major city in the United States. My point is that basically people have more freedom and safety to do as they please (within reason) without having to worry about drive-by shootings and the like.

Yes, Kirkville does have many negative points, but maybe we should look at the positive ones first. Look at it this way: we had the first Osteopathic medical school in the entire country and a great university over 100 years old that has managed to stay and continue to grow. In Kirkville, most people still smile and say hello while taking the time to help out others in need with that small-town friendliness that can't be found in many places anymore. Can Kirkville really be all that bad? I don't think so.

where. In an organization such as this, strong bonds are built between members, which help anchor them to a community and allow them to keep up with each other.

They are all at different stages in their definitions of womanhood, yet find strength in this community. As they grow individually and as a group, one cannot help but believe that they will have been served well by their time together. They have taken a giant step away from isolationism and joined together to form a community.

Chad Olyson '87



## Home Cookin' with Heather

by Heather Tylack

Greetings and Salutations! It's such a pleasure to have all of you back with us this week. First off, I would like to thank Dan Gerken for last issue's recipe. It was inspirational and filling. Thank you, Dan. If you haven't tried Dan's Corn-Chocolate Cornbread yet, please do, 'cause it is some good shit.

This week's recipe appeals to our outdoorsman/wilderness survival friends. My friend Todd Niemeier is an avid biker, climber, and hiker. He enjoys all types of outdoor activities and recommends this recipe because it doesn't go bad, it doesn't weigh a lot, and it has lots of carbohydrates. Todd informed me that hardback was a staple for soldiers during our country's Civil War, providing soldiers with a tasty treat between battles. So here goes.

Todd suggests first preheating your oven, or a friend's, to 375 degrees. He says you then mix all of the ingredients together, stirring until

### Todd's Totally Hardback

- 3 cups of unleached all-purpose white flour
- 3 teaspoons of salt
- 1 cup of water
- 2/3 cup o' Love

it becomes too difficult. When the difficulty begins to set in, it is now time to get down to business, kneading the dough by hand and adding extra flour when needed to keep the dough from sticking to your hands. Todd recommends that the dough then be thinly pressed into an ungreased cooking sheet and baked for about 30 minutes or until a light golden brown. Todd says the thinner the better for the hardback; he says that's what makes it hard and crunchy. After the stuff is cooked Todd likes to add a little extra zap to his hardback by garnishing it with some type of oil (olive, corn, veggie, or butter) and some type of seasoning (dill, garlic, or Italian).

While this is one of Todd's favorite recipes due to its inexpensive cost and high carbohydrates, I, having priorly partaken of this treat, believe that this is not a recipe for the faint hearted or poor toothed. It's not called HARDBACK for nothing. Todd says his friend Jon and Jon's mom have both broken a tooth on hardback, thus Todd just wants everyone to know that if they break a tooth it's not his fault.

For our 21 and older readers I would like to recommend light whites and reds as an accompaniment to this light earthy treat. Not to mention it might not hurt to have a couple of glasses before you start in, because, after all, this recipe is not for everyone, and I would like all of your "Home Cookin'" recipes experiences to be pleasant ones.

So until next time remember: Sharing is Caring, so send your recipes to the Monitor mailbox in the CAOC, or just invite the friendly Monitor family to dinner, 'cause we love get-togethers. And please let us not forget that peanut butter is bad, so don't eat it. Thank You.

## QUEEN ASTRA

Her royal highness of the stars returns after a week of fun, sun, and astrology in Toledo, Ohio. "The food was great," she said. "We all know Nancy Reagan would make the tastiest traffics."



Aries (21 March-20 April): You should wonder why people look at you and laugh. You may not realize it but Virgo thinks you're silly and stupid. What ever you do, don't take the abuse. A quick left hook will show them who's boss! Advocate violence; it's all you've got.

Libra (24 September-23 October): Have you ever wondered where your leg goes when you stand up? Maybe you should.

Scorpio (24 October-22 November): You're marked.

Taurus (21 April-21 May): Small rodents figure are highly in your future this week. Wouldn't you like to know how? Remember: corn flakes never move alone.

Gemini (22 May-21 June): Believe it or not, love interests are on your horizon! Yes, your friends are shocked too. Increase your chances and your exposure—sleep outdoors. What's hypothermia with a date in the balance? I mean really.

Cancer (22 June-23 July): You're regressing this week. All your childhood fears will consume you. Resistance is futile. You've been warned. Next week: Denial!

Leo (24 July-23 August): Today is your day! Test yourself to a new outfit. Remember: it's never too early to make funeral arrangements.

Virgo (24 August-September 23): Duck.

Sagittarius (23 November-21 December): It's going to be a boring week. Feel as mischievous as you dare! Spice up your life with binding, chaffing undergarments. And don't forget, nothing is quite as festive as the thing. Wear it and Bare it!

Capricorn (22 December-20 January): Back in ancient times, everyone walked around in togas, spoke Greek, built large wooden horses and never wore any deodorant. We're not in ancient times. I think we can all learn something from this charming little tid-bit, don't you? Please.

Aquarius (21 January-19 February): Think globally. Stop hanger. Dub.

Pisces (20 February-20 March): Confucius say: Little men like little door. Big men like big door. And stupid men like wall. Makes you wonder doesn't it?

## E.C.O. Tip of the Week

courtesy of the Environmental Campus Organisation

We don't normally think of tire inflation as an environmental issue, but it is. Keeping tires properly inflated preserves the life of the tires (preventing premature wear from "overflexing" and overheating) and saves gas.

Right now, there are more than half a million tires being used in the U.S. It is estimated that an incredible 50% to 80% of them are under-inflated. Since under-inflation can waste up to 5% of a car's fuel by increasing "rolling resistance," this means that more than 65 million car owners could substantially boost their cars' fuel efficiency by simply putting more air in their tires. How much gas could we save with this simple step? Up to 2 billion gallons a year.

from 50 Simple Things You Can Do to Save the Earth by Earthworks Group

### "Spiral City"



by John O.

## (Much needed) Answers to last issue's crossword:

First, we must explain that we realize there were several problems with last issue's crossword. The first of these is that 9 Across and 9 Down should have been switched. The second is that 8 Across should have read "This monkey's gone to heaven," and the third thing is that this crossword just doesn't really make any sense.

(If you have been beating your head against the wall attempting to complete this nonplussing monster, please don't blame The Monitor. All complaints should be directed to one Dan Gerken).

So, here are the long-awaited answers:

- Down:
  10. Brive shrimp: *lass monkeys*.
  2. Monkey movie: *Tasket Monkeys*.
  3. Brad Pitt: *Monkey Box*.
  4. 13 monkeys: *Baker's dozen*.
  5. 200 monkeys: *A lot*.
  6. This monkey gets 30 miles to the gallon: *Comcast monkey*.
  7. This monkey gets 12 miles to the gallon: *Junkies monkey*.
  8. Monkey-like: *Monkey*.
  9. Monkey don't dance: *Dad monkey*.
- Across:
  1. An animal: *monkey*.
  2. Plural of monkey: *monkeys*.
  3. They're just trying to be friendly: *The Monkees*.
  4. Not a monkey: *Bob Hope*.
  5. Catachismic monkey: *Anti monkey*.
  6. Monkey from Krypton: *Super Monkey*.
  7. Italian monkey: *scimmia*.
  8. This monkey's gone to heaven: *Pisces monkey*.
  9. Prodigy: *hyper monkeys*.
  10. Tom Cruise in a pet store: *Show me the monkey!*



I'm only holding this issue because it was made possible by funds from the Funds Allotment Council. You guys rule!



## Guest director takes a crack at Craig Lucas' *Reckless*

by TREV GROSS

"Okay, let's do scene eleven again, only this time I want high energy... really crack it!" called out director Jen Schlueter from her chair against the wall as the actors reset the center stage space.

Indeed, the energy is building in the Baldwin Hall actors studio, as in a mere six days the bland space will be transformed with lights and costumes to be the setting for the opening of Craig Lucas' *Reckless*, the fall Project II performance.

"We really only have a three week rehearsal process, so time is tight," Schlueter said.

"In the theater we usually like to see four to five weeks for rehearsing, so we are trying to put a full length show together in a short amount of time."

With *Reckless* comes another darkly humorous script from Lucas, whose additional credits include "Prelude to a Kiss," itself a Truman theater production two years ago. The plot subscribes to Lucas's often witty, biting writing style: the heroine Rachel (Jana Hanchison), clad in her slippers and nightgown, departs on Christmas Eve in hopes of avoiding a hitman her husband (Ryan Bergman) hired to kill her. As she ventures off, she encounters a host of characters (including those portrayed by Justin Scheuer and Polly Dodd) with whom escape and hidden identity is common, and Rachel learns about what it is to be homeless.

Lucas's strong dialogue, which does a

wonderful job of capturing the rhythm of human speech to add authenticity while at same time playing with language to maintain his surreal tone, propels the eccentric premise into a highly enjoyable, albeit surreal, comedy. While many of the moments

we may have seen in theater before (the humorous psychiatrist routine recalls similar uses in works of Woody Allen and Chris Durang) the script remains fresh enough to stay interesting, involving the audience with Rachel's plight.

"This script has always been special to me," director Schlueter said of Lucas's work. "It's one of the few plays I know that has a really strong central female character."

As the actors return to another run-through of the scene — a vivified game show with host and hostess portrayed by Josh Kelley and Christy LeMaster respectively — the directing challenges of an in-the-round theater within the intimate confines of the studio make themselves readily apparent.

"In theater, the actors usually get a nice proscenium set so that they can just face out

to the audience," said Schlueter, "but when you do it in-the-round, with your audience wrapped around center stage, you have to be extra careful to make sure everyone viewing gets to see a face every now and then."

The result is a series of interesting blocking arrangements in which actors and audience almost seem to share space, creating an effect not seen since last year's *Keely and Du*. Using the bare minimum of props and furniture to indicate a sense of place, the hope is to transform the limited stage area into being flexible enough to capture the sixteen or so different locations the play travels to in order to bring the script to life.

But the set is not the only thing that needs to be flexible. Many of the cast members play multiple characters, providing actors a challenge to create personalities that are so diverse that the audience forgets it is the same actor.

Jason Dabrowski, for examples, portrays all six psychiatrists with whom Rachel consults, and thus must create a completely different character for each role, each believably real.

### *Reckless*

by Craig Lucas

Wednesday, 24 September

&

Thursday, 25 September

@8:00

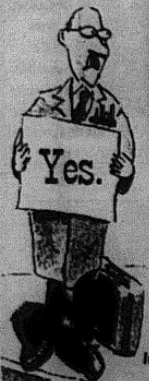
Friday, 26 September

&

Saturday, 27 September

@ 7 and 9:30

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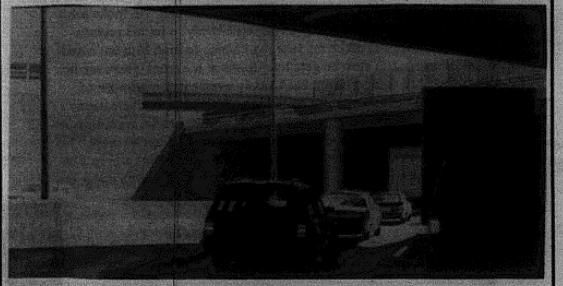
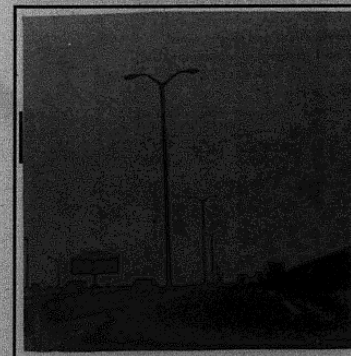
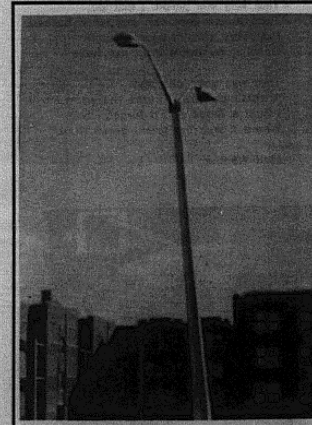
## Art

The Truman State Art Gallery, located on the first floor of Ophelia Parish, is proud to currently host an exhibition featuring the works of painter Nick Bridge, whose painting "Double Burrow" won the 1st place award in the 9th Annual National Art Competition.

CLOCKWISE FROM RIGHT:

*Double Burrow*, 36"x72"  
*Over Exposure*, 36"x72"  
*Variation of B & G*, 36"x72"  
*Blue Stop*, 10"x23"  
*Gray Highway #2*, 48"x48"  
*Lamp*, 56"x42"

All works are oil on canvas.





# My Back Pages . . .

## Potential

Had a long look at my potential today. We crouched at each other for a half an hour, eye to eye; neither of us made a single move. He's an odd house pet. Always hidden, except for those rare moments when he scurries past a door frame I'm looking at. Today I nearly had him. I saw him heading into the kitchen while I was watching 60 Minutes. I knew he was making himself a peanut butter sandwich and ground my teeth, knowing he used a lot of peanut butter. I must have surprised him, for the openfaced sandwich flew in a slow high arc as he spun around hard to face me. He looks a lot like me, but more like a lizard. I refused bitterly to let his intense beauty overtake me, make me lose my chance to grab him once and for all. I mean, I'm sure he gets long looks at me from wherever he hides, probably while I sleep, but I rarely even catch a glimpse of him, and usually it's from my periphery. Two poised adversaries, we growled at each other over the scream of the silence, waiting for an opening. His eyes had the supernatural clarity of agelessness. He got away somehow. I would have had him if the ceilings weren't so high. He stepped on his sandwich in his escape, so I had to clean the streaks off the walls.

-Joel Kraft

## Fascination

For so long I sat here asking myself such hard questions stating and restating themes collecting my disarrayed thoughts inside my unbalanced head next, I struggled to execute all my byzantine designs then it hit me instead of forcing it only relaxation was needed now it's finished

imagining ways to solve the problem my mind could not understand as I paced back and forth grappling with my problem insofar as it was impossible never an easy task for me at this point I stopped the rub of the matter revealed itself I had to let it solve itself otherwise I'd never have gotten it neatly, succinctly

on this subject I had lost much sleep because of the daunting intricacy full of complications and obstructions under which I struggled to maintain balance since I do not fully understand it complicated as it is and a moment of random inspiration struck! the secret I'd been looking for it ran away from me and appeared on the paper next to your hand.

-Neil Brown

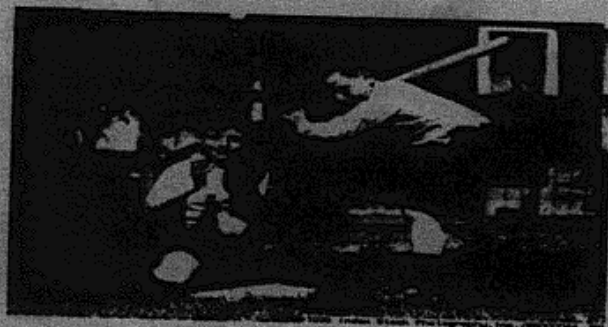
## I CLIMBED A FENCE

I climbed a fence so I could see,  
If the grass was more than green.  
I was five and didn't know,  
What days of traffic did to snow.  
Knew the rose but not the thorn.  
Didn't care how kids were born.  
Days were long from lemonade.  
Nothing felt as good as shade.  
Talked to friends no one could see.  
Everyone seemed good to me.

I listened to the sirens pass,  
Amazed that trucks could go so fast.  
I was happy not to know,  
Where it was those trucks would go.  
Content to watch the clear blue sky,  
I never thought to wonder why.  
That was still before I learned,  
That human lives can end when burned,  
How very seldom people laugh,  
Or what control a drug can have.

That was very long ago.  
A nuisance now, I curse the snow.  
I built a fence so I'd forget,  
Where it was the green grass went.

Matt Webber



My Back Pages seeks submissions of short prose, poems, and other various forms of words. If you have the desire to submit, by all means, please do. Drop submissions off at the CAOC office in the Monitor mailbox.





# The Monitor

A Campus Collective

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

7 October, 1997

Volume 4, Number 4



Little Shop of Horrors opens in Little Theatre. See page 10. photo by Steve Grote

## Militia Talks To The Monitor

by Jill Goodheart

On Wednesday, 8 October the co-founder of the Militia of Montana will speak to Truman as part of a nine stop educational tour. John Trochmann has been concerned with the state of the union for over 20 years and has been involved in forming militias in other states as well. The Militia of Montana was formed in 1994 as a public service to the American people, according to Trochmann. Besides education, the militia is active in other ways. For example, Trochmann held a vigil in Montana during the Ruby Ridge siege in 1992 "to keep the federal agents in line," he said.

His speech, "America's Judgements: What Lies Ahead," will begin at 7 p.m. in Baldwin Auditorium.

The following is taken from an interview The Monitor had with Trochmann last week:

*I was wondering if you could tell me what you stand for and what the Militia of Montana stands for.*

We're an educational enterprise, trying to educate our fellow Americans as to what the intent is of the global government against us.

*What was the inspiration or catalyst for you to get involved in this kind of thing?*

That goes back a lot of years. I watched my president being shot in the face by his own people on military television in 1963. I had a problem with that. When I watched as our military sat by as the Soviet ships hauled decoys out of Cuba during the missile crisis, and we had our hands tied, we had to keep our mouth shut. I had a problem with that. That's what got me going...in other words, the missiles are still in Cuba.

*On your Web site you had some things about the UN and the one world government and that kind of thing. Is that - the one world government - primarily because of the UN or are there other things that factoring into it?*

No, the UN is the result of the one world government. It goes like this - the simplest of terms that I can think of putting it in would be, a giant business to a few global grabbers. America is a multi-trillion dollar business to these folks per year. It would be like a liquor store or a pub... You'd have an owner, a manager and a bouncer. The owner would be the operatives behind the scene of these giant corporations that bribe the politicians that are for sale, which are the managers. And we know that plenty of bribes have been going on lately, don't we, based on the news that we've seen of the election campaigns and various groups,

especially Lippo of Indonesia, that have been funding the Democratic party and Clinton's regime. We find out that when we get to the back of the source of the Lippo operation, it becomes China intelligence military operation. Beyond the managers we have the bouncer which we believe is the United Nations Peace-keeping Forces - the emergence of law enforcement and military together to one umbrella called the New World Army. If you think that our military is A-OK, go down to your local recruiter's office; you'll not find the words "United States" there any longer.

*What do you see the role of government as being?*

Well, our founding fathers said that the government that governs best governs least; it stays out of private affairs and private enterprise, which has certainly not been the case in recent years here in America. We have the federal government encroaching on states' rights in every state without exception. And all it was intended to be is a union between the states. In other words, when we come from Montana to the state of Missouri and have a tire problem, need a tire, your tire fits our vehicle and our money fits your pocket. The union has become the master.

*Are there any countries right now that you think do follow your ideal of what governmental should be?*

I think the closest would be Switzerland, Australia, Argentina, New Zealand, Canada - they're all falling into this global grab. They're much further along in the erosion of private rights than the United States is, which is plenty far along.

*Do you have a hypothesis as to why the U.S. government isn't government that governs least? What do you think the change has been or why do you think the change has occurred? Is it inherent in the way everything was written originally?*

No, I don't think it's inherent in the way it was written. I think it's inherent in the hidden agenda of...a few global grabbers that say more is not enough, we want to have it all. And it's the same system that the colonies suffered under King George in the 1700s that we're going through today; we've come full circle. And Britain wants us back...The concept of population reduction is very real. There's a set of stones that have been erected in the state of Georgia, and I'll show that during my talk, and they're called the Guide

See MILITIA, page 2

## Deer Pit or Sculpture Garden?

by Leslie Graff

The Pit...the Pickler courtyard...the vast, empty hole between the library and Science Hall - wasted space. When I went on my prospective student campus tour, I was told the concrete-walled area was often used for wiffle-ball. I thought it was odd that the Harvard of the Midwest had a site on campus set aside for wiffle-ball, but I was young and naive and bought the argument that students needed a good break from the books. After all, recreation is healthy and can improve study time.

With the completion of the new Student Recreation Center, the old pseudo-recreation area is obsolete. Wiffle-ball players can now move their games indoors, if they can successfully use their plastic bats to fend off the roller-hockey enthusiasts, all the while wearing new shoes and avoiding clothing with zippers.

Actually, Monitor sources have discovered the entire wiffle-ball tale was a lie, created by Student Ambassadors who had to tell parents something about the random hole. An informal poll, conducted over the past three years by looking into the Pit every time I walked by, has shown that only once have students tried to bat a few in the sunken stadium. They abandoned the idea after one participant was impaled by the ball ricocheting off the concrete backstop.

Currently, Student Ambassadors are relying on the memory of a misdirected deer who found its way into the Pit last year. From blatant lies to tales of animal mishaps, the campus tour guides have not been passing on pleasant information to those visiting our beautiful campus.

Finally reaching the point of absolute frustration, Student Ambassador Becca Meyer has decided to do something about the architectural anomaly. In a recent discussion between Truman State University president, Dr. Jack Magruder, and Omicron Delta Kappa national

leadership honor society members, Meyer brought the problem to the group's attention.

Meyer voiced her frustration after having three years of walking by the Pit, seeing no one using the area, and having no desire to do so herself, she said. Meyer found this waste of campus space to be a problem she could do something about.

Magruder was in favor of ODK continuing

the discussion of possibilities for the improvement of the site. ODK sponsors such activities as the annual Truman Day, the Student Hall of Fame, and the Truman Essay Contest. It works to promote Truman State University and its students. The idea of organizing the renovation of a campus location has been well received by group members, especially if it can be done inexpensively and in a way to benefit the entire Truman community.

Meyer has proposed the idea of creating a sculpture garden with additional benches and tables to facilitate study areas. The group is looking into having student and alumni art displayed on a rotating schedule. They are also considering asking campus organizations to sponsor the purchase of trees or benches as a lasting gift for the campus.

Meyer was inspired by public art she enjoyed during her past summer in Washington, D.C. She said she feels bringing such a public area to campus will be easy with the abundance of student talent and support she has already received.

Right now, ODK is in the process of discussing all ideas and plans with no scheduled dates for the project. They do hope to begin work soon, however. Students and organizations are encouraged to submit ideas to ODK in the group's mailbox in the CAOC office. Maybe someday, Student Ambassadors will be able to discuss the Pit with pride, avoiding all lies and tales of misdirected deer.



Students pretend to be sculptures at the proposed site of the new sculpture garden. photo by Krissy Vogel

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## The Monitor

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Independent Quality  
Since 1995

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"Well, which one is it—Czech or  
Slovakia? You gotta read the papers."  
"Yeah, well, I've been in college I  
haven't really had time to read up on  
things." J&S



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## ALL THE NEWS THAT'S UNFIT

### Campus fears for first born

The Monitor's theology department, fresh from the covers of Qumran, has recently completed a little research on biblical plagues. Staff members noticed striking similarities between OP's bee and wasp infestation, the town's plethora of crickets, and the book of Exodus. It is mere coincidence that name Ophelia Parrish contains the letters P-H-A-R-A-O-H. Or that Sarah is suddenly inviting magicians to the community, considering the Egyptian magicians who brought frogs to the land. As a precautionary measure, The Monitor is advising everyone to let any captured pedipos go and write your local representatives encouraging them to do the same. Ag-science majors. Keep an eye your cattle...

### SWE scores poorlee

Those crazy Writing Center folks are at it again. After insider sources say this year students alert about drugs or violence have more than just a difficult prompt to look forward to. Yes, instead of just reading the prompt for the new famous Experience, budding writers will have to correct the misspelling of the word "from" on the first page. Alert readers have already begun correcting the problem in the testing booklets, although most writers have been fairly obedient. Said one experience: "I didn't notice it when I was taking the test, but when someone

told me, I thought it was kinda funny." Purists need not despair, however, because as the Writing Center points out in its literature, good writing does not equal good spelling. Several heinous spelling errors are reported on finished Writing Experience essays all the time, even though some students use computers with spell checkers to take the experience. And besides, the SWE doesn't take off for all of us who take it when we're seniors...

### Violette Hall feeling empty?

Anonymous insider sources report that the Violette Hall renovation is going along as planned and even ahead of schedule, however building budgeteers have apparently forgotten some key elements. Most notable among the objects on the "oops" list include any and all supplies for the inside of the Hall including desks and chairs.

In apparently unrelated news, the university has made a surprise investment in Bean Bag Products, Inc. The company, whose main products include plush bean bags and "lap desks", was surprised by the deal but has kept the details of the massive order under wraps for fear of competition.

Also, those in charge of finishing the building have come up with a remarkable way of numbering the rooms. "We're going to start at a staircase and call the room of its top num-

ber '1'. The next room will be number '2' and so on. It's a little confusing for us, but we're trying to make as many good changes as possible."

### Reduce, reuse, whatever

Not to start a campus media war, BUT... Monitor sleuths working undercover as students changing classes last Thursday uncovered a bit of anti-environmentalism. It seems the men (and women!) delivering the Index to the stylish bins around campus decided to stash last week's recyclable papers in the nearest trashcan. Furthermore, the trashcans maligned were the wimpy four liter jobs outside McCain and inside the SUB. Grade E, guys!

### Angry deity seeks bike tire thieves

Maggie would like to take a moment to express her anger upon learning that the front wheel of her bicycle was stolen in front of Dobson Hall between the hours of 12:30 am and 11:00 am on October 4, 1997.

The person who committed this heinous crime is stupid and thoroughly rotten, if you happen to be this person and have any feeling in your corrupt soul I suggest you return the wheel to the bike rack. I won't ask questions. However, if you have harmed it in any way or are planning on using it as your very own, remember this: My God is an angry God, and will seek vengeance upon evil black hearts such as yours. You suck.

### Do you vote?

Yes, me! I have insurance; I have a driver's license; I have all that stuff... Yes, I have voted, and I continue to vote. We use every way we can to try to turn America around, but I guess it really says something for the condition of America when we get Clinton back, either America is in that bad of a shape, doesn't know who to vote for, or we have something called vote supporter scam, electronic voter fraud, or maybe a little of both.

So, you do think there is some sort of vote supporter scam?

Well, I know there is in Montana; I know there is in Florida and in the state of Iowa. We've proven it. And we believe that in the state of Arizona and Georgia too, during the last presidential election, things came up mighty phony, especially with Buchanan running in those states. He was ahead until a certain point, and then he lost votes... not that I was voting for Buchanan.

Is there anything else you wanted to add?

Yes, there is one thing. In spite of what you may have heard, we love our form of government. We need government; without government there will be chaos. President Bush has made this statement: "Out of chaos shall come the New World Order." In other words, chaos has to happen to create public demand for new laws, which erode more and more of the freedoms of Americans. So, "out of chaos shall come" means that anybody that creates chaos plays right into the hands of the New World Order. How do we win our Americans over by blowing up buildings and killing them? That's a pretty stupid way to do it, isn't it?

That's a reverse effect. No, the building that was blown up in Oklahoma was not done by people like us. Those were our fellow Americans and that's our public property. Why would we do that?

## Letters

Said letters - not too long, not too short  
- to the mailer in the CHOC.

Dear Monitor,

I briefly would like to discuss an adventure I had this summer which happens to involve Larry Her's favorite topic of Taj Harger and Africa. This summer was a life-changing experience that forever will survive in my mind as the greatest adventure of my life. I traveled across the southern countries of Africa in search of new cultures, new ideas, and a better understanding of the world. However, certain people appear to have some strong opinions which contradict my own.

A very important fact has been avoided in past opinion expressions, and it's a pricey one. Within ten days of our trip we discovered that Taj Harger had attempted to steal approximately \$7,500. This was not a blatant, outright robbery but a scam - fraud.

We were traveling on an old 1970s bus, and we questioned its reliability. It had repeatedly broken down three times in the first seven days. Throughout the trip, we would be out in the desert and in some places whose largest town had the population of Kirksville. If it did break down in these remote areas, we questioned the probability of finding parts for such an old bus. Luckily, though, Taj told us that he had rented the bus so maybe, understanding that things worked differently in South Africa, we could look at the contract to get back some of our money.


Taj, however, did not present a contract, and we asked some logical questions. How much did the bus cost? Could we do anything to get money back from these people who rented us such a run-down automobile? Dr. Harger told us that he had paid \$15,000 to rent the bus for 11 weeks. After a phone call and a few tortuous hours, we discovered that Taj had actually bought that "beautiful baby" for \$7,500.

Now, after that bus sunk in - let's do some math. The original rented price was stated at \$15,000 and the actual bought price was \$7,500... that is a fat \$7,500 difference. Also there was the added bonus of being able to sell that fine automobile for something at the end of our trip. Even with some pre-trip fix-me-ups that is a substantial amount of missing money, isn't it?

Webster's definition of fraud: Deceit, trickery, a person who deceives or is not what they pretend to be; something said or done to deceive.

The outcome of the first ten days was unfortunate, but I will tell anyone who will listen my numerous stories of Africa's untouched beauty and unique culture. I do owe Taj a thanks for helping me to discover a piece of my soul. Sincerely,  
Megan Flaherty

Got Issues?  
Write them down and  
drop them by our  
CAOC mailbox.



Please type because  
blood is just too  
damn messy.

## Grant lets Truman get interdisciplinary

by Adam Portner

Walking to class at 7:50 a.m. is a little like walking in a dream, especially if the class is "On Human Nature." The campus is still drowsy and the few people walking to class look like glass-eyed zombies. The hour is too early for groups to stop and talk on the sidewalk — all available walk directly towards Baldwin or McCain or Science Hall.

Two of the unlikely morning people are Dr. David Murphy and Dr. Michael Kelrick. Murphy plays the unlikely role of a philosophy and religion professor heading towards Science Hall, carrying curiously erasing books entitled *Contemporary and Ethical Order* and *Religion and Nothingness*. Kelrick, a biology professor, is at home in his discipline's Science Hall but carries the book *Religion in the Age of Science*, an apparent anomaly among the many books on conservation and evolution in his office. The two professors eventually converge on the same classroom — SH220 — to teach class.

Science Hall 220 is a room tucked into a corner in order to garner every last bit of space in the building. In some ways, the room is a rather empty space. The only object in the room besides desks is an old computer spilling wires out its back like spaghetti. In other ways, though, it is an intellectual tour de force complete with five chalk boards and two white columns flanking the lecturer's desk in a way that is almost Athenian.

The course taught within the room is "On Human Nature," an interdisciplinary course cross-listed in biology and philosophy/religion. This different level of course is meant to concentrate not just on biological foundations or metaphysical explanations for humanity, but the intersections between the two. Naturally, such a course requires the expertise of two in-

dividuals from separate fields, something which doesn't happen all the time.

"Our motivation was we had making team teaching more visible on campus," Kelrick said. "[Murphy] and I had taught environmental ethics a few times before and it worked out well." So when the Templeton Foundation's offer made its way to northeast Missouri, the two professors decided to check it out.

The Templeton Foundation is an organization which promotes "discourse about the intersection between science and religion." The competition, which included schools around the world, chal-

lenged schools to come up with interdisciplinary classes in the spirit of the mission of the Foundation. Only 100 winners would receive \$10,000 — \$5,000 for the school to maintain the class and \$5,000 to split among the professors proposing the class.

The \$5,000 has already been put to use, bringing renowned lectures to campus such as Wes Wildman and Michael Roos. The former challenged students to consider theological anthropology while the latter discussed the religious orientation of Charles Darwin. The course will support one more lecture in mid-October when Margaret Wertheim comes to lecture on the current developments in physics with an emphasis on implications for the concept of soul.

The Templeton Foundation, though, is also known for its Christian value system and

(as some see it) its recent attempt to buy its way into academia.

"The greatest concern [academia sees] is possibly robbing scholars of their freedom," Murphy said. "And there is some danger of billionaires' ability to buy their way into academia." But both Murphy and Kelrick feel they have not compromised their academic integrity to provide the class.

"We were following through on ideals thought up before Templeton," Murphy said. "We had already taught the course on environmental ethics."

The course, now in its sixth week, sold out early in last year's registration to students with backgrounds in biology, philosophy/religion, and other disciplines. One of the seats was even captured by a woman who teaches anthropology.

One third of the students have actually dropped the course whose readings include the "Paradox of Humanism" and selections from Baruch Spinoza, a pantheistic philosopher who is being understood in new light thanks to modern science. Many students, though, have found the course extremely challenging as well.

"I think it's wonderful that our campus offers this interdisciplinary opportunity," said senior psychology major Brian Yoshim.

"These are two disciplines that often coincide. One author, I. Barbour, stands out in particular."

Both Murphy and Kelrick hope the course will lead to interdisciplinary ventures in the future. Many universities already offer interdisciplinary courses on many levels and Truman has only recently been able to up its offerings through the new core. Seniors who won't be around that long can catch the last lecture the course is supporting on 20 October; check Truman Today for the place and time.

ALL  
WEEKEND  
!LONG!  
MID TERM  
BREAK  
FRIDAY!!!!  
SATURDAY!  
SUNDAY!

### ECO Tip of the Week:

We here at The Monitor would like to remind you that, while you may want to keep this issue for all time, if you decide to discard it, please, please recycle it.

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7 October 1997

# Opinions

## Capstone creates zombies

by Dan Gerken

What exactly does the university think I've been doing for the past five years? When, in their senior year, fourth and fifth year English students are forced to assemble resumes and discuss grad schools and direction, I have to wonder.

I ask myself, is this some kind of a joke? Did I miss something? I meant to enroll in the class that was supposed to be the culmination of five years of education, not an introductory course on job preparation.

Have I not been using a resume for six years? Am I wrong in saying the grad school application process begins in your junior year of college? By now, if seniors still have no idea what they want to do when they get out of school, should they not at least have a firm recognition of what they believe, how they think, and who they want to be? Should they not be ready to meet any situation with preparedness and valor? Apparently, not so.

This bothers me because when I think of all the time and effort I've put into self-examination and knowledge, pursuing the ideal of education while consciously avoiding institutionalization, and in return, am slipped in the face with exercises in resume writing and grad school application, I feel both unprepared and alienated. But, it is when I am forced to prove my development as a student (as if I was some mindless zombie who wasn't ponderously absorbing information over the course of five years) that I become incensed.

I am treated as an idiot, incapable of free thought, with no conception of self-direction or critical analysis. Have I not been in college for five years? In school for seventeen years? Alive for twenty-two years? I am conscious. I would have thought after five years at Truman State University, if not my capacity for self-education, at least my proficiency at self-analysis and the appreciation of my development and its context could be assumed.

And yet, apparently, it cannot be assumed. Apparently most students are failing somewhere along the spectrum of proactive self-education, self-analysis, and development and context appreciation—and this bothers me, perhaps even more. If by your senior year of college you still have little understanding of who you are, how you got there, and where you're going, you need to seriously analyze what you've been doing for the past two decades.

Let's pretend that you have a job, one that truly embodies your interests and goals, and that you've been working in it for the past four years. And let's say that besides going to school you're supposed to be making a productive contribution to your work. Here's my question: How are you doing? In other words, what have you done worthwhile for the company, even if you work for yourself? Have you contributed to corporate growth? If your usefulness was analyzed right now would you be secure in the results? These are questions I ask myself everyday, and admittedly, I am not at all pleased with the answer.

## Got something to say pilgrim?

You can turn in opinions (or anything else) to our mailbox in the CAOC office in the SUB. Or come to our meetings every Tuesday & Thursday at 9p.m. in OPI12. C'mon pardner...

## KTRM: Alternative to What?

by Dave Heaton

College radio is the place for music freaks to share obsessions with listeners, where intelligent yet marginalized sonic creations share the same stage to broaden listeners' horizons. As the radio organization College 500 says, college radio is "the last bastion of creativity."

After a few weeks of listening to KTRM, our campus station, I'm sad. As a result of gradual and deliberate changes in recent years, KTRM has evolved into something far different from the type of station I dream for, into an attempt at being a regular "alternative rock" radio station.

Truman's only alternative is not an alternative to anything, but a broadcaster of "alternative rock" or "mainstream alternative." I was once told by an ex-Station Manager that the station was trying to sound more like big city "alternative" stations in order to build an audience. But why should KTRM care about audience-building? This is not professional radio; thank God for that. College radio offers a world of freedom compared to the rigorous world of "real" radio where cutthroat competition drives actual music lovers out of the business.

Why can't KTRM play a variety of challenging music? The most experimental sounds I've heard so far came from public service announcements played at the wrong speed. KTRM is a lot like MTV without the visuals. KTRM's most played bands include Oasis, Green Day, Radiohead, 311, Blues Traveler, Prodigy, and Sarah McLachlan. Four of these are now in MTV's top 20; all of the others have been at some recent time. So how is KTRM an alternative?

The argument has been made that KTRM is alternative because you can't hear their songs on other KTRM stations. This is irrelevant; most students get their music from MTV or their friends, not from local radio. KTRM has the freedom and access to play any music; why choose music everyone can hear anytime? What student can't borrow an Oasis CD or buy it at Wal-Mart if he or she wants to hear it?

When KTRM isn't playing "alternative" hits, they play either older hits by the likes of Everclear or Hole, novelty for nostalgia's sake like Information Society, or a future hit chosen not for its content but for its proximity to a trend like "electronica" or pseudo-ska.

So it's all about the hits. Given the current success of the "alternative" genre on mainstream top 40 radio, KTRM actually sounds a lot like a top 40 station. During the past week I heard Hootie and the Blowfish and Celine Dion. Add Hanson and Puff Daddy and you've got top 40 radio.

As it is now, the philosophy of openness is somewhat disheartening. I hope that this world's educators will begin to realize that education only works in the mind of the learner, and that they will begin to rely on their students for an objective point of view. Perhaps in this way, we will someday have an educational system which truly serves the purpose of its existence.

There's no reason to play these songs to death. KTRM has also decreased their specialty shows, further limiting the potential for variety. I get the impression that those in charge aren't at all concerned with music. If they truly cared, they'd turn KTRM into the exploratory vessel for adventurous music that it can be instead of concentrating on hits alone.

Don't do what station managers have done in the past. KTRM gets so much wonderful music;

instead of discarding CDs with unfamiliar names, try listening to them all (if you need help—I'm your man). Don't set aside that Whiskeytown CD for the next promotional giveaway or sell that Air Miami CD to Rhinehart's for some cash. Listen to the songs.

Music directors: pay attention to the labels who put out the music you receive. Why does KTRM almost only play major label bands? A lengthy list can be made of independent companies putting out music based on songwriting instead of style. The next time you see releases from Matador, K, Merge, Flying Nun, Teenbeat, Bloodshot, Dischord, Scat, Kill Rock Stars, Estrus, Drag City, Southern, SpinArt, Shangri-La, Anyway, Silbreeze, Rounder, Thrill Jockey, or Darla Records, set them aside and listen up; you'll like what you hear. But don't let me (or MTV, the public, or anyone else) dictate what you play, find bands and labels on your own.

Station Manager and Faculty Advisor: think seriously about loosening up the format or, if you're ambitious, doing away with it altogether. You're not a mainstream rock station—if you think you can become one when you get a transmitter, you're foolishly mistaken.

The KTRM staff has energy, why not put this energy to work for a more noble cause than giving out useless calendars in front of the SUB? If you have extra money, why not use it to bring more musicians to Kirksville (since SAB seems to think that the only worthwhile bands are those who charge \$20,000 or more)? You've brought blues and reggae musicians here before; why not continue along those lines with other types of music? You have the staff and apparently the money, why not contact quality bands playing in the area (Columbia, etc.) and ask them to come here?

Nearly every college station or alternative music source seems more interested in groundbreaking talent. Even Spin College Radio plays innovative songwriters like Spoon and Elliot Smith. *CMJ* (College Music Journal) writes about Talvin Singh, Sleater-Kinney, Old 97's, Coroner, and more fine musicians. Busta Rhymes, Phish, Grimes and Spiritualized rank among the top 20 most-played bands at KCOU, Mizou's college station, in the last two weeks.

College staples like Pavement, Sonic Youth, Guided By Voices, and Luna are remarkably absent from KTRM this year, as are the historical foundations for "college rock" like the Buzzcocks, X, the Modern Lovers and Big Star. Even if KTRM would play the above bands, it would be once a week, between Dave Matthews Band and Alice in Chains. I'm not suggesting KTRM should be like every other college station, but they need more awareness of what they're doing.

The University mission speaks of the "advancement of knowledge," "freedom of thought and inquiry," and "the personal, social, and intellectual growth of its students." KTRM's strict format and "follow the leader" attitude in no way support growth or intellectual advancement. KTRM can help us learn. Yes, as far as I am concerned, KTRM as it exists today does not even deserve the long-awaited transmitter until they realize their full potential and become the center of musical exploration and free thought that they can easily be.

What good comes from playing the same Prodigy song twice in one half hour?

7 October 1997

## Life Magazine explores pre-millennium tension

by Andrew Nulien

While attempting to do another after-midnight, amazing, night-before-the-exam cramming session in Pickler, I came upon a new roadblock. An innocent magazine was sitting on the edge of my table. Had I not seen it earlier? Was this moved there for some important reason and I was just now realizing it? This matter had to be cleared up. I pulled the magazine towards me and began to blow off studying.

Little did I know how what I held in my hands was going to put me in a completely different mind-set that still affects me to this very day, this very hour. *Life* magazine has often produced issues that captured the pictures and stories of humanity and its struggles and successes. However, this was bigger. Much bigger. *Life* had gone ahead and tackled the top 100 achievements this millennium. Yes, this millennium. How was a photographic magazine like this going to pull off over 800 years of non-photographed events and how could they even cover everything, the ups and the downs?

My question was soon answered when I began the journey into the past. Granted, I wasn't thinking that much about the whole thing, flipping one by one through artists' interpretations, recreated photographs and actual photographs. Just another basic history lesson. Maybe it was the late hour of night that was getting to me, but around number 50 I started to actually be amazed. Human beings are simply an amazing race. The accomplishments started transforming from just mere fascinat-

ing events to majestic milestones: each in their own way slightly altering the course of history. I was thoroughly twisted in emotions by the time I finished the countdown. I have never been as proud, disappointed, enlightened, and appreciative of being the Homo Sapien that I am than right then.

So much gained, so much quickly. The dinosaurs lived tens of thousands of years and all they had to show for it was that they had a bigger appetite and could still kill each other.

But the magazine wasn't done. After a thousand year event roundup, they pushed into the one hundred most important people of the millennium. I have a few professors here at Truman that can vouch for the inadequacy of my math skills but I must say that in a thousand years, billions of people had to have come and gone, each leaving at least a small mark on society.

I was definitely impressed with the selection *Life* presented, from the Thinkers to the Leaders and Inventors, to just those who moved

masses with their talents, normal people holding a hinge with which our present day world would come to take shape.

As if my mind had not been completely taxed by the past, the millennium also gives the human race a chance to peer into the future. *Life* does not leave you hanging, but urges you to be concerned about the future. What Jules Verne was to his time, Hollywood could be to ours. The movie *Terminator 2*, with "smart" metals cutting off human contact is not as far from fiction as one would think. "HAL" from 2001: A Space Odyssey might be just a few years of level technology away from the chess king computer

Deep Blue.

It really frightened me, not in the sense of not being able to go on, but putting me in the frame of mind to keep myself informed and safe about technology, the future, and the human race altogether.

These thoughts of an unknown future are really traumatic to some who already have stressed-out lives. The term "Pre-Millennium Tension" is starting to build. I believe the film *Scream* expressed it best when one character said, "It's the millennium. Motives are incidental." I wonder if that will work as my excuse for failing the test I ended up not studying for.

## Prof of the Week

by Maggie Thorman

College classes can be hit or miss experiences for a lot of us. Sometimes we have eye-opening, belly-shattering experiences and sometimes—well—we don't. But it is in those times that we feel intellectually and creatively stimulated that it becomes important to share this with others. In short, pass the word on. This column isn't an award show but, instead, a open forum for students to write in and share with us the instructors that have really been influential or impressive so that we can give the campus an opportunity to meet them. Perhaps one day when you're registering for class, or have just seen the registrar's hateful red pen slash through every class you planned on taking, you'll remember their names.

Today you're going to meet Libby Rowe, a new instructor in the Fine Arts department.

What do you teach and how long have you taught it?

I teach fine art photography. Here, I teach photo for non-majors and drawing. I've been teaching in photography for 2 1/2 or 3 years. Before that I was a graduate student, so I earned my degree in fine art photography at Syracuse University in Syracuse, New York.

What household cleaning supply to you most identify with?

I would say vinegar and baking soda because it's simple, down to earth, and you can make it yourself.

When did you decide to start teaching?

I decided I wanted to teach long before I even got to high school. I'm from a family of teachers so it's kind of in my blood and when I

was at the University of Northern Iowa doing my undergraduate degree, I decided that I wanted to teach but realized that I didn't want to teach at a high school, grade school, or middle school level; that I wanted to work with students who are at a place where they're making important decisions in their lives and actually want to be in the classes that they're in.

So, I decided that I would go on and get my graduate degree which would allow me to teach in college.

Who do you think is ester Bo or Leke Hazard?

Now, let's see, I was very very in love with John Schneider so that would be Bo, but then he started singing and I lost the urge.

If I gave you a million dollars to spend on the University what would you do with it?

Well, this week I heard that they're going to start charging students for scribbles classes. I would make any kind of better-organized program free. So I would make sure there were appropriate facilities for anything like that because that's important to me. Well, mind, well body, well soul. I would definitely make sure that the new arts complex was put through and that I gave all students that wanted to be creative in any way the resources to be creative. I would make sure there was funding to support the music program and the theatre program and any kind of student oriented or student initiated research. I would try to give it to students who want to do research that don't normally get funded. I mean, science gets funded but help other areas get funded so that ALL students can do what they want to do. And then I'd plant sod—just kidding.

See PROF, page 10

The Monitor's

## Sophomore Writing Experience

It's Fun!  
It's Free!  
It's required to graduate!



## New Calculus beats boredom

by John Olejarczyk

Next year, Calculus will become a required course in the new curriculum. This will not affect most people, but those it will be often frightened by this prospect. I know that I was. In reality though, it's not scary at all.

The course those individuals must take is called LAS Calculus, and I am currently enrolled in it this semester. The course is actually much more interesting than any math course I've taken. The course does not work with the drill problems that are focused on in most math classes. The assigned problems attempt to make the student think about the given situation and form his or her own theories on the information.

Mathematical models are used to illustrate the principles learned in class. Homework assignments call upon the student to work with and create models to solve problems and answer questions. A wide variety of algebra- and calculus-level math is used on these problems.

One of the class's main focuses is on writing about mathematics. The course does require the student to write three papers during the semester, which at first might seem strange.

These papers, though, are not that difficult in the mathematics portion and focus quite a bit of attention on communication skills using mathematics. This is a prospect that one might actually be called on to perform in a work environment.

The course also takes advantage of graphing calculators, most directly the TI-85. Some lessons actually have you input programs and then modify them according to different situations in the problem. The TI-85 is a great learning aid for the class and helps to make the class even more interesting. All of these aspects add a nice variety to the course. This is one of the things that saves the class from the monotony of many math courses I've previously taken.

The course is not designed for math majors; it only satisfies the math requirements of the core. It is designed for students that have either passed Elementary Functions or tested out of that class. So if you're not a math major, don't shy away from this course.

This little man really wanted to be in this issue of The Monitor. And you know, his little dream came true—thanks to the Funds Allotment Council. You guys rule.





## Reviews

music film literature art

## Life Lessons from Toad

by Matt Steiner

Listen up, students. I am offering all of you the chance for some extra credit. You have 26 days before Toad the Wet Sprocket (along with Huffleamoose) plays in Pershing Gym. Before your deadline of November 1st comes, I want you to purchase Toad's new album, *Coil*, and listen to it extensively.

Research has shown that concertgoers enjoy a concert much more when they're stood up on the band's musical repertoire. There is, however, a danger inherent to this assignment: If you buy this album, you may never leave your room.

*Coil* is different from Toad's other CDs. Still present are solidly-strummed acoustic guitars, shimmering electric guitars, lively bass and drums, thought-provoking lyrics, and the wonderfully sonorous voice of Glen Phillips.

However, after taking some time off from touring and recording, Toad the Wet Sprocket has returned with new technical and aesthetic mastery over their instruments. The result is an album in which music, word, and voice meld perfectly to form 12 songs that jump out of your stereo and become living beings, making you feel pain, fear, wonder, courage, loneliness, and love.

"Whatever I Fear" starts *Coil* out in a hurry. Glen's quick but precise strumming creates a frightful and nervous mood, as does Dean Dinning's bass, which jumps about quickly from note to note. In the chorus, electric guitars come crashing in as Phillips confesses, "Whatever I fear the most is whatever I see before me." He ends the song barely maintaining control over his soaring voice as emotions swell and down in self-loathing and desolation.

## Björk gets introspective

by Candice K. Gill

Björk Guðmundsdóttir is probably Iceland's most famous musical export. She's known for her innovation and upbeat, very danceable music.

While still very danceable and in many parts upbeat, her newest release, *Homogenic*, may come as a surprise, even to those who are long-term fans. Minimalism and introspection are what Björk has opted for with this album.

On many of the songs she is accompanied only by Iceland's Orchestral Creted and a techno DJ. The combination, while it may sound odd, is actually very effective. The songs feature diverse producers such as Deadbeat—a Brazilian composer and RZA from the Wu-Tang Clan.

The songs are reminiscent of some of her past work such as "One Day" off of *Debut*, or the songs "Isobel" and "Hyperballad" from *Poss*. It's as if these older songs were practice for this album.

tions swell and down in self-loathing and desolation.

"Throw It All Away" stands out with its mix of simplicity and complexity. The collective chest of Toad the Wet Sprocket swells as they boldly proclaim, "Burn your TV in your yard. Gather round it with your friends. Warm your hands upon the fire and start again." As I listen, I imagine me and Toad sitting around a burning Panasonic, banging on our acoustic guitars and singing loudly. I feel like going out and solving world hunger.

In "Don't Fade," Glen Phillips is at his best. His voice soars passionately as the shining notes of Todd Nichols' electric guitar hang like a mist. Glen sings painfully, "There's petals in the lake and red upon my face, she's crying as we pray."

If one song could sum up what Toad is all about, it is "Little Man Big Man." Perhaps the pinnacle of the album, Glen begins by wondering, "Little man, big man, who came first? What is the measure of our worth?" This song is amazing in its patience, for the bass and Phillips' voice stay fairly steady until the end. It builds and swells until he shouts out like a small child who just can't find a secret any longer, "It's all in the love we give today."

Students, you have your chance. Should you not follow my advice and buy this great cd, at least go to the concert. SAB has landed a great, great band in Toad the Wet Sprocket, and great, great bands don't come to Kirksville very often.

Whatever you do, listen to Toad when they teach, for they are the consummate lesson in music, beauty, and life.

It is Björk's most artistic and ambitious release to date and is a must-have, especially for die-hard fans.

The first release from this album is "Jóga," a song which Björk has described as a love song for her best friend. The album is dedicated to this friend and to Björk's son. Björk's life since her last album has been fairly tumultuous, including such harrowing events as having had a stalker send her an acid bomb in the mail, which came within blocks of her home. She deals a lot with her life in the lyrics to this album, with many of the songs being love songs and others being loud-spoken statements of her personal philosophies.

Songs like "Jóga," "Bachelorette" and "Pluto" stand out, but all ten are gems. Don't miss out on this one. Also, try to catch the video for "Jóga" (which isn't played often). It features computer-generated scenery of the gorgeous mountains of Iceland.

## Jane says screw stereotypes

by Jill Goodheart and Maggie Thurman

From Jane Pratt, the former editor of *Sassy* (you know, when it was good), comes a new magazine for an older crowd. While Jane keeps the staples of a typical woman's magazine, it's refreshing to see a publication directed towards real women. It takes a holistic approach instead of pigeon-holing itself as either a beauty/fashion/boy-crazy magazine or an academic/cause-oriented/female empowerment magazine. Jane says, screw the stereotypes.

Let's have fun with what we're interested in. Rather than writing articles that feed into women's worst fears about weight issues, lack of male attention, and inopportune times for menstruation, Jane takes back these subjects from the wheezy little teen magazines and addresses them from a practical perspective. After all, it's hard to admit that we care about our exteriors without feeling like we're carving into that pastel world of "girliness."

The publication gives down to earth and humorous advice about beauty fads and judges their true value. Here's an excerpt from their testing of cellulite creams: "I'd like something to make my legs look like I run more than two miles a week, and the Vicks Vapo-Rub sensation made it seem possible...but it's hard to turn around and inspect 'em 't?" And instead of a make-over, they do a "make-under" in which they remove the plasticity of an overdone model. They praise the lack of braces and expose the way trends can start with a model's accident at Supercuts.

There is also a strong commitment to music, particularly those on smaller labels. Not only is there a review section with several music (and book) reviews, but there is a spread on Luna, a larger review of Helium's new album, and an article on a woman who runs an illegal radio station ("I Hate The Spice Girls"). To top it off, Guided By Voices' Bob Pollard is given space to spout off why he loves Brad Pitt.

Jane's feature writers produce articles on some hard-hitting and painfully realistic subjects. "Breaking Up with Prozac" illustrates the downsides of the drug through one woman's account and doctors' responses, and the *Promiscuous* are experienced first hand when a male reporter goes to their convention.

This magazine reaches us where we are, unlike others that try to speak to the fashion elite or the southern woman's apple pie concerns. Take the vacation column. It gets a little tiring to see reviews of great places to stay in the South of France in fashion magazines. In *Jane*, not only are regular people sent to such places as San Francisco, their actual vacation photos are used in the spread and those reporting stay in and eat at places we could also visit.

In addition to all of these goodies, you can read about new kinds of exercise (like kick boxing), set your friends up on a blind date, discover that women really do get screwed over when it comes to auto repairs, and read all kinds of great recipes.

Jill's only real complaint with *Jane* is that it's a little ad heavy (as with all women's magazines), and Maggie thinks they contain a few too many pictures of those annoyingly-plugged models. But \$1.95 for the Premiere Issue makes the overabundance of advertisements very tolerable (only 97 cents when you subscribe) and who knows how much control the magazine has over the content of the ads?

But don't take our word for it. Go pick up a copy of *Jane* today and see for yourself.

Without the movie has a 10 million dollar star and an easily followed plot where said overpaid star wins in the end, the major studios won't even consider the movie as having potential.

Thinking back, the last truly good piece of cinema I saw was back in April. Now, *Charlie* was a fine piece of film. The plot was the basic boy meets girl, boy loses girl, boy gets girl back, yet the interesting thing behind the movie was that the whole plot device was used to present the viewing public with a different take on a tired old idea. This is what the director, Kevin Smith, is good at: taking the universal plots and giving them new and interesting twists. These twists are well-done and always appreciated by an audience who wants a good and meaningful film.

The so-called independent film industry that Kevin Smith is part of has likely made every truly great film in the last four years. *Pulp Fiction*, *Trainspotting*, *Swingers*, *Clerks*, the list goes on. All of these films deserve recognition for their perhaps vain attempt to bring back a dying art form.

Hopefully, they can give the major studios a shot to the arm and wake them up. If they don't, well then perhaps it is time that the little guys rose up and showed the world that great film can exist.

I suppose that what I'm hoping for is just good cinema, which probably won't happen. I do hope the next time I sit down in the Petite Three with my soda, I will not want to commit blood murder against Hollywood. Ah, who the hell am I kidding? Like a 100 billion dollar business is going to change just to provide what they should be doing already. It is a nice dream, anyway.

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## Hey! Wake up, Hollywood

by Jacob Fitcher

As I sat in the Petite Three a couple of weeks ago, all I could think was "MY GOD I'VE BEEN RIPPED OFF!" This wasn't just some mild feeling; this was complete and utter revulsion at the fact that I had been conned by Hollywood into seeing the most hackneyed movie to ever have the misfortune of being put to film. The film in question is *The Game*. Some have thought that this is a wonderful example of what film should be. All I could think of was that Hollywood had done an excellent job of screwing me out of a serious amount of cash this summer.

It was once said that if you took out Robin, Batgirl, Bane, and Poison Ivy, the plot of *Batman and Robin* would have been completely unaffected. Now if you saw that tanker of a movie, think back. My statement is right, isn't it? That movie (as well as such gutter trash as *The Last Word*, *Don Air*, *Speed 2*, and *The Game*) is the kind of completely uninspired crap that appears so often on the silver screen. There was a small amount of time when a good story with a thought-provoking plot line was sought after by filmmakers, but that doesn't matter anymore. Hollywood can only see the dollar signs when a script crosses its desks. Entertainment and enlightenment should be the main goals of film, not just money.

Originality seems to have been tossed to the wind. The thought of doing something that hasn't been done a million times is just insanity as far as the major studios are concerned. It could be argued that all the stories have been done, and perhaps that is true. This should not stop a production company from at least trying to put a new spin on an old idea. Sadly, though, they just couldn't give a shit about originality.

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## Be all that you can be (without unnecessary bloodshed)

by Tom Wheatley

Being the long-haired hippie liberal college student that I am, there is something odd, perhaps even perverse, about the fact that I chose to take Military Science 100 for my health care class. Health and Wellness would have probably better catered to my personality, but Military Science offers something that Health and Wellness doesn't:

Free stuff.

Students that take MS100 get free combat boots, a tee shirt and socks. Students that take Health and Wellness don't get anything for free. I like to get free stuff, so I decided to let the military warp me for a few hours a week this year.

Even though I was scoring boots and other apparel just for enrolling, I was still somewhat apprehensive. I didn't want some gun-crazy military jerk screaming at me all year about how I wasn't worth the shot in his nose. If this class was taken too seriously, it could be hell.

However, some friends of mine had taken the class and it sounded like they did some interesting things. They shot paintball guns, rappelled, and learned first aid. These are all much more exciting than swimming and running, which are the thrilling activities that Health and Wellness has to offer.

Besides, I could use some discipline. My parents met in the Marine Corps, and they beat me at everything on a regular basis. This class, even though it is the military on its most basic level, might build me some character. With all these things swimming around in my head, I went ahead and attended my first MS100 class.

I expected some kill-'em-all Army guy to walk in the room and begin yelling at us to prove how many the Army had made him. He would call to majors and tell us that we snatched words from him on foot.

Then he would stink on us to how the military was the greatest experience on the planet and that we should all join and kill for

My team was on the offensive. We rushed

## Road trip to Hannibal echoes "old days"

By Stephanie Curtis

Even though I am a Kirksville native, I do realize and appreciate the thrill of "getting out" once in a while. As a road trip veteran of 5 years, I always try to find new and interesting places to go at least once a month. So, I present my "Road Trip Review," a condensed and simplified look at some interesting attractions and restaurants, taking into consideration distance and expense.

Last week, I ventured down to Hannibal, as most people know, the "Mark Twain Town" on the Mississippi River. I particularly enjoyed this trip because of the friendly natives giving free tours/loves homes almost year-round. This is overall a short but fun trip that could easily fill an afternoon and not hurt the almighty checkbook, because most of the attractions are free.

The first and most important step is planning the trip. According to the Rand McNally Tripmaker, there are two direct routes to Hannibal. Both are equally marked on the roads and cover the same distance.

Route one starts off driving down Highway 63 to Macon and turning off on US Interstate 36. Keep following the directional signs. Just in case, I have included direction for both routes. Route two, however, is more scenic and allows one to stop off in Quincy and go directly south. (Quincy will be a future topic and yes, for those who haven't been there, it has a mall!)

our beloved country.

Instead, we were greeted cordially by our instructor, Captain Doug Reimsch. He took roll and then explained in a calm voice how he got involved with the Army and some of the benefits it provides such as the salary, academic scholarships, and job opportunities. I expected this, although I didn't expect it to be presented so eloquently. He spoke for about fifteen minutes.

Then he said something that I didn't expect. He told us that he hadn't put in his plug for the Army and that he wouldn't bother us about it for the rest of the semester.

I nearly fell off my chair. From there we began to learn about the history of some of the military traditions like saluting and positions of honor.

At this point it occurred to me that this was going to be nothing like I expected. Captain Reimsch hadn't even raised his voice. Could all those movies I had seen about the Army be inaccurate?

We had been in class for fifteen minutes and this guy hadn't tried to kill a single student. I figured that maybe this was a show for the first day of class, but as the weeks passed Captain Reimsch remained the same—a courteous, competent teacher. I still wasn't sold on the class yet, but what I learned during the paintball had changed a lot of things for me. I expected that we would shoot targets or something weak like that.

Instead, we were taught how to "buddy rush" so that we could advance in order to take on an enemy position while under fire. After we received some basic instruction on the various types of crawls we were ready to launch our assault.

My team was on the offensive. We rushed

down the hill towards the defensive stronghold, using cardboard boxes that had been scattered in the field for cover.

When we were about three quarters of the way down the hill, the assault began. I found myself behind a cardboard box on the front line, as close as I was allowed to get to the enemy. I rolled out and fired a few rounds, then rolled back behind my cover. This was easy. I was doing everything I had been taught and I was kicking some butt.

I was getting ready to roll out again when all of a sudden I was covered with paint. At this point I learned that no amount of training can fully prepare someone for the variables of war. Someone had discovered my position and was shooting at me. This shouldn't have been a problem except that the rounds that were fired at me were ripping through the box instead of hitting me.

Nothing could help me now. I laid low and fired rounds when I could, but I got pretty shot up until the guy shooting me ran out of ammo. Then I unloaded the rest of my ammo on his head.

When everyone was out of ammo, all the Army personnel in charge came running over to me. Apparently a CO, cartridge in one of the defender's guns was too pressurized or something and that was why the bullets kept ripping through the box.

One of them said that they should give me the Purple Heart for holding my ground, and another congratulated my assaulter and me on a job well done. I felt good about myself. I haven't had many classes where someone will come right out and tell me that I did a good job.

Then I looked down at all the paint on my

ence, I recommend the Molly Brown Restaurant and Theater. It's about \$20 per person, but it includes old-fashioned dancing and singing, along with a big dinner and storytelling of the famous Molly Brown. Hey, ladies, there are even really nice waiters who bring you all of the rolls you could want. This basically provides a relaxed, casual environment to remind everyone of the old days that Hannibal still echoes.

Along with the din'g experience, there are obviously the sights to see. One can drive up the Lover's Leap, with an impressive 2,000-foot tall view of the town. Also, there are the Tom Sawyer and Becky Thatcher houses, along with an old museum area. Arguments that are free of charge to see.

I could go on forever about all the sights and even what's on the river, but since I'm condensing here, I will give the name of a great place to fill your *innas* with more pamphlets than you can carry.

Directly or the main road coming to Hannibal, the tourist information center is about one mile south of the city limits. They have tons of flyers and are extremely friendly and helpful in directing you to specific places.

Remember, bring money, friends, music, and a smile, and you're bound to have a good time!

Coming soon: Review of "63 Diner" in Columbia for those of us with the "Oldies" craving!

**Military Science offers something that Health and Wellness doesn't: Free stuff.**

uniform and I realized that I was dead. If this had been a real combat I would have been coming home in a box. Since this was a drill at a university I can walk away unharmed, but there have been plenty of men my age that didn't have that chance. I think that my father put it best when he once told me that the military has great skills that one should learn, but it seems silly that one might have to die in order to learn them.

Still, too often at this university we learn things that are so abstract that they don't have any meaning in the real world. It's easy to sit in a classroom and denounce war and the military, but would we as intellectual thinkers and a society be so cavalier if we had no military protection at all?

The armed forces and ROTC programs in this country have much more to offer than killing. Employment opportunities and money for college are certainly tangible qualities, but anyone that comes into contact with the military will have a different outlook on life. They will become more confident and learn leadership skills.

Questions of one's own mortality will have to be confronted. All these things help people grow and mature and become good soldiers or stockbrokers or busboys.

The fact that MS100 isn't the "real" military doesn't keep it from teaching all of these things. Through classes like MS100, every student at this university could take advantage of what the military has to offer without risking going off to war. So go ahead and take the glorified gym class that is Health and Wellness. People that do are missing out on all of the military's free stuff.

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# Home Cookin' with Heather

by Heather Tylock

Greetings and thanks to all of you for joining us this week! A special thanks goes to Todd for last week's recipe, as he wanted me to inform our faithful readers that the pan should be oiled or greased and that the oil and spices should be put on the dough before it is baked. (Sorry if this caused any problems, oops!) As all is well in the cosmos, it brings me great pleasure to bring you this week's recipe courtesy of the kitchen of Chef Adam Potthast. This is a recipe fit for a king, not to mention a vegetarian. Its hearty flavor inspires that sense of family togetherness, and should be joyfully served to your next get-together.

Because this one is quite the doozy, let us get started.

For the base section of the chili you should combine all of the ingredients in a large pot.

## Perri's Chili with Chef Adam's Spice Add-Ins

Chili Base:

1 package of Lipton Dry Soup mix (Fiesta Garlic Herb)

4 cups of aqua

1 can of garbanzo beans (drained)

1 can of dark red kidney beans

1 can of corn (drained)

1 can of Mex chili beans (no drain)

1 can of diced peeled tomatoes

Spice Add-Ins:

1/2 tsp black pepper

1 tsp salt

1 tsp garlic powder

a sprinkle/1 tsp each of thyme and ginger

1 tsp sage

1 tsp chili powder

1 tsp cayenne pepper

2 tsp honey

less than a 1/4 cup of sugar

1/2 can of beer (optional)

Heat the chili and stir well until the chili is

bring to a boil, reduce heat, simmer for 20 minutes, then uncover and let everything simmer for about 30 more minutes. The "Spice Add-Ins" should be added as you go. You know, a little here and a little there. This recipe encourages creativity, to let yourself go.

On the evening this treat was showcased at the Ingraham's, the dish as served with a side of "Don't Corn-Choked Cornbread" and an array of fine cheeses, of which Jill Goodheart most heartily recommends a hot pepper jack.

As for a wine selection, beer is must if you are 21 or over, with Killian's Irish Honey being considered the brew of choice.

Thus enjoy and until next time remember: "If you are paying for it, enjoy it!"

"Spiral City"

Spiral, did you clean up our little mess?

Yea, they're both dead.

by John Q.

As we all know, Queen Astra's mystical powers and intuitive gifts have left us all flabbergasted at their uncanny ability to peer into the very essence of our lives. And now, Queen Astra has assented to the use of her mystical powers on your individual concerns. So, if you've a problem that only a Truman could solve, send it in c/o The Monitor's Q&A mailbox and let the magic work!

And isn't that horrifying.

VIRGO (24 August-September 23): Unbeknownst to you, there's a large dog, a priest and a shovel waiting to meet you this week. I certainly hope they find you in the right order.

LIBRA (24 September-23 October): Narcissism is your only friend this week. And good timing too, everyone despises you. Word to the wise: 'I've a' and 'it doesn't look too bad' should never be heard in the same sentence.

SCORPIO (24 October-22 November): Who said you can't submerge a puppy in a vat of lubricating jelly? Right.

SAGITTARIUS (23 November-21 December): Do you smell something burning? I think your house is on fire. Stop reading and run.

CAPRICORN (22 December-20 January): It's fun to say at the YMCA. It's fun to play at the YMCA.

AQUARIUS (21 January-19 February): You need an ego boost this week and you're certainly not going to get it from anyone who's honest. Instead, try screaming at a small child or terrorizing a small ground animal. You'll feel worlds better.

PISCES (20 February-20 March): Confucius say: Big women like small pants. Small woman like big pants. Brazen hussy like no pants. Makes you wonder doesn't it?

ARIES (21 March-20 April): Your parents didn't believe in birth control. And yes, we're all very sorry. Try not to remind us of their mistake this week.

TAURUS (21 April-21 May): Did you know that a four foot venomous snake can sneak into the average toilet bowl completely undetected? You will this week.

GEMINI (22 May-21 June): In Medieval times, monks shaved bald patches in their hair, walked about wearing large potato sacks and worried about dying from nasty, little epidemics like the Bubonic plague. We're not in medieval times. I think we can all learn something from this charming little tid-bit, don't you?

CANCER (22 June-23 July): Your inflamed passions threaten to destroy you this week. You must deny the dark beast living within you. Your secret must never be known: choony moons choose JIF.

LEO (24 July-23 August): Remember. There's more than one way to skin a cat.

And isn't that horrifying.

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Let's Be Stars Be Yours Guide!

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Parking spots are far more important than things like athletic fields and classrooms. Everyone could have a place to park with the new parking lot. Maybe each student could even have two or three spots! No one would ever again have to waste precious minutes trying to find a spot.

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However, some students might think, for whatever reason, that it would be more convenient to drive to the alternate locations. This would totally defeat the purpose of the new parking lot, but every society has anarchists like this that disrupt the harmony of the universe. The alternative class sites have less parking than the campus does now, but these troublemakers may actually help the community more than hurt it.

See, when all the parking on the square filled up students could simply park on the lawns of local residents. I think this would be a great way to get to know people that live here and show them that we aren't the arrogant college students that they might think we are.

Local residents shouldn't mind scores of college students parking on their lawns in the wee hours of the morning because we had to move all the classes after we dynamited the campus to build a parking lot. After all, the only reason this town exists is because Truman is here. Maybe they could even cook us breakfast.

Another minor repercussion to the campus-wide parking lot would be that approximately 2500 students would be homeless. This is a small problem, though. Even though I doubt that Kirksville could handle 2500 more people to house right now I think our students are resourceful enough to find shelter. There are plenty of empty abandoned buildings that are just waiting to be moved into in the downtown area. Some of them are falling apart and filled with trash. They probably get very cold in the winter, too, but these are small prices to pay for your very own parking spot.

Students that aren't lucky enough to find condemned housing would have to live with friends. While it may seem silly to have ten persons living in a two person apartment, keep two things in mind. One—that really isn't a whole lot of people in one space compared to the number of circus clowns that can squoosh into a Volkswagen at the circus. Two—living like this guarantees that everyone gets their own parking space. The benefit greatly outweighs the inconveniences.

Sadly, this vision of a Truman utopia will probably never come to pass in my lifetime. Nevertheless, I remain confident that sometime in the future the students of this school will unite and push for the one thing they truly deserve that will make this university and the world, a better place to live. Rec fields, new dorms and restored buildings are nice, but the college experience simply isn't complete without adequate student parking.

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C. Odgers 97





# Home Cookin' with Heather

by Heather Tylock

Greetings and thanks to all of you for joining us this week! A special thanks goes to Todd for last week's recipe, as he wanted me to inform our faithful readers that the pan should be oiled or greased and that the oil and spices should be put on the dough before it is baked. (Sorry if this caused any problems, oops!)

As all is well in the cosmos, it brings me great pleasure to bring you this week's recipe courtesy of the kitchen of Chef Adam Posthast. This is a recipe fit for a king, not to mention a vegetarian. Its hearty flavor inspires that sense of family togetherness, and should be joyfully served at your next get-together.

Because this one is quite the doozy, let us get started.

For the base section of the chili you should combine all of the ingredients in a large pot.

## Perri's Chili with Chef Adam's Spice Add-Ins

Chili Base:  
1 package of Lipton Dry Soup mix (Fiesta Garlic Herb)

4 cups of agua  
can of garbanzo beans (drained)  
can of dark red kidney beans  
can of corn (drained)  
can of Mex chilibeans (no drain)  
can of diced peeled tomatoes

Spice Add-Ins:  
1/2 tsp black pepper  
1 tsp salt  
1 tsp garlic powder  
a sprinkle/1 tsp each of thyme and ginger  
1 tsp sage  
1 tsp chili powder  
1 tsp cayenne pepper  
2 tsp honey

less than a 1/4 cup of sugar  
1/2 can of beer (optional)

Bring to a boil, reduce heat, simmer for 20 minutes, then uncover and let everything simmer for about 30 more minutes. The "Spice Add-Ins" should be added as you go. You know, a little here and a little there. This recipe encourages creativity, so let yourself go.

On the evening this treat was showcased at the Ingraham's, the dish was served with a side of "Dan's Corn-Choked Cornbread" and an array of fine cheeses, of which Jill Goodheart most heartily recommends a hot pepper jack. As for a wise selection, beer is must if you are 21 or over, with Killen's Irish Honey being considered the brew of choice.

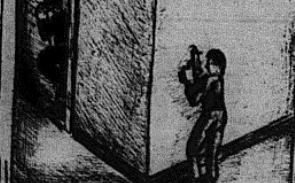
Thus enjoy and until next time remember: "If you are paying for it, enjoy it!"

## Spiral City

Spiral, did you clean up our little mess?

Yea, they're both dead.

by John Q



**ARIES** (21 March-20 April): Your parents didn't believe in birth control. And yes, we're ALL very sorry. Try not to remind us of their mistake this week.

**TAURUS** (21 April-21 May): Did you know that a four foot venomous snake can sneak into the average toilet bowl completely undetected? You will this week.

**GEMINI** (22 May-21 June): In Medieval times, monks shaved bald patches in their hair, walked about wearing large potato sacks and worried about dying from nasty, little epidemics like the Bubonic plague.

We're not in medieval times. I think we can all learn something from this charming little tid-bit, don't you?

**CANCER** (22 June-23 July): Your inflamed passions threaten to destroy you this week. You must deny the dark beast living within you. Your secret must never be known: choosy moms choose JIF.

**LEO** (24 July-23 August): Remember: There's more than one way to skin a cat.

And isn't that horrifying.

**VIRGO** (24 August-September 23): Unbeknownst to you, there's a large dog, a priest and a shovel waiting to meet you this week. I certainly hope they find you in the right order.

**LIBRA** (24 September-23 October): Narcissism is your only friend this week. And good timing too, everyone despises you.

Word to the wise: 'bwa' and 'it doesn't look too bad' should never be heard in the same sentence.

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C. Odgers '97



## Schmor Directs Little Shop in the Little Theatre

by STEVE GROTE

"The biggest problem in doing a work of camp like this comes to one question: How do you parody something at the same time you celebrate it?" director John Schmor reflected. Taking a break outside of the Little Theatre from exhaustive rehearsing schedule of *Little Shop Of Horrors*, Schmor discussed the first musical he has directed in ten years.

And as he would do frequently throughout the interview, Schmor paused to reflect for a moment, as if carefully piecing together an answer to his own puzzle. Or perhaps he was piecing together an explanation of why the doctored theater professor who brought about pieces like the controversial *Keely and De* or the devised work *I/We Go Out and Call* would turn his focus to a campy musical like *Little Shop*.

"I don't think there's any profound depth to this thing," he finally said, looking up from his thoughts. "Or any subtlety either. It is what it is. Camp doesn't play by aesthetic rules. It generally defers rational criticism, which is one of the reasons I enjoy it so much. You should see it just to have a good time. Sometimes a cigar is just a cigar, and this is just entertainment."

The story line of *Little Shop* expounds from the media which have entertained mass culture for years: B-movies and traditional American musicals, but with a darker twist. It involves a small aging plant shop on skid row which suddenly becomes a booming success due to the introduction of an unusually interesting plant.

As always, there's a catch to financial fortune, in this case the venus fly trap-resembling plant who's uniqueness has so caught the

public's eye has an unusual diet plan to help it grow: human blood. As the plant grows larger and its tastes get hungrier, it spells horror for the community which surrounds it.

As Schmor "choreographed" the actors (he requested the warning quotes), Dr. Jacqueline Collett worked with the band, a four-piece group which will be placed off in a corner.

Combine this with the six-foot plant designed by Brad Seimetz, and one realizes the problem in fitting all this in the small locale of the Little Theatre. Blocking has been a nightmare for Schmor. He has had to place a musical, which is usual done in a larger auditorium, on the limited stage space at hand with actors, band, elaborate sets, plant, and all neatly composed. Set designer Ron Rytkowski's brilliant solution to problem fall somewhere in a realm between *Dr. Seuss* and *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*. Costume designer Joan Mather's costumes span across the realms of fifties fashions and beyond.

Despite the tight and crowded stage space Schmor said he feels the environment will serve just right for a work which was originally a New York cult hit, debuting in small off-Broadway clubs of about the same size.

*Little Shop*, the work of lyricist Howard Ashman and composer Alan Menken, did move on to higher realms as its popularity grew. It made a brief appearance on Broadway and was later made into the well-known feature film starring Rick Moranis and Steve Martin.

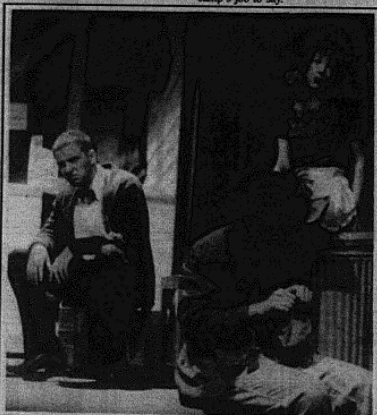
"We've tried to think of the work as a

piece of live theater, with its own energy very different from the movie," said Schmor, whose respect for the Roger Corman film does not dull his realization of the differences theater has with the cinematic medium. Any attend-

ing *Little Shop* will notice these differences as well: the live theater performance gets away with winks and nods to the audience that do not translate on screen, and of course live sound can not be beat, especially in the Little Theatre where theatergoers will be treated to a rare chance to hear acoustic voice without a microphone in the way.

"When voices are miked they don't sound right," Schmor said.

It would definitely be a shame to hear any auditory alteration of Nicole Henderson, Leida Pickert, and Kia Hartfield's voices, the trio whose nod to fifties girl groups makes you grin.



Clockwise From Left: BJ Gailley, Melissa Mulvaney, and James Vertovec ponder how to get out of skid row. photo by Steve Grote

PROF, cont. from page 5

If I gave you a million dollars to spend on yourself what would you do with it?

Boy, I would probably...okay, let's be practical, I'd probably invest it so that the money kept building on itself and I could make sure that I could do my own work. I'd keep working because I love teaching, it keeps me vital. But, I would make sure that the money kept building on itself so that I could set up scholarships and I could set up anonymous giving programs where people wouldn't necessarily know where it comes from and I would give to all different things. So I'd probably invest it.

What's your favorite subject to teach?

Color photography. Because, it's something that everybody sees but nobody really knows how to do. When you learn how to do it, it's such an amazing thing to understand and see happen. It's my passion, so that's what I would pick. But I love teaching many many things. If I only could teach one thing I think I would eventually get bored with it. It's only that great because I can teach other things too.

Or to Dominic Armstrong, who successfully avoids the stylistic trappings of the role Moranis made popular.

"What I admire so much about this cast is that all of them are taking their characters seriously enough that they are not self-consciously mocking the script," said Schmor of his ensemble. "They are not too loud. It's not a Mel Brooks production. They are in it. They are real people."

But is it mockery or tribute? Maybe it falls somewhere in between. There is an inherent value in the ironic playfulness of a musical like this which exposes the banality of pop culture. It's one response to the almost psychotic environment the information age has created.

As Melissa Mulvaney in her role as Audrey beautifully sings her wish for toaster ovens, plastic on the furniture, and a nicely mowed lawn, the fifties setting may disguise the fact that her song is a reflection of us in the nineties. A good or bad reflection? It is not camp's job to say.

What's the worst fortune cookie message you've ever received?

There have been so many, usually good ones. I don't know. My dad has gotten "You long to see the pyramids of Egypt" seven different times. So he must go to Egypt.

This is the Miss America question. The crown is riding on this response. What do you think makes a good student and what do you think makes a good teacher?

I think the same thing that makes a good student makes a good teacher. That is the willingness to learn and the desire to learn. A student, of course, needs to have the desire to learn or they're not going to go anywhere, why go to school if you're not gonna learn something and why go if you're not going to be inquisitive enough to ask questions about all different things. As an instructor, you need to keep yourself vital by learning new things, but you also need to realize that you can learn from the people you're teaching. So I think a willingness to see an opportunity where you can learn and take that opportunity is the key.

The crown is yours.

## Art

The Human State University Art Club is currently holding an exhibition on the second floor of Baldwin Hall featuring the work of several art students. The Art Club plans to frequently rotate work through the space and continually exhibit the large span of art being created on this campus.

Clockwise from Top Right:

Wee Martin, woodcut  
Steve Grote, silver gelatin emulsion  
Jan Sisson, monotype  
Laura Krom, oil on canvas  
Rachael Wagner, watercolor



## Did You Know That SPLASH PAGE Comics & Toys

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# My Back Pages . . .

## "Two Laughs"

### His laugh.

*It rolls out of him like waves of vomit and the nausea is contagious. With it, from the sagging loops of guts, can you hear years of lethargy, indifference. It is a laugh that has been fingered up by a joy, bulimic for so long that it drips sour acidity.*

### But His Laugh.

*Falls from him like plump pears, sweet bubbles of gifts that blossom and drop from him with the slightest butterfly breeze.*

- Ellyn Herr

I felt close to you in Cancer  
there was this conversation in my head  
I reacted to the last word spoken  
I played out its flux of fact and fiction  
and came to one conclusion  
Where the candle burns brightest  
I am further away.

-Brett Kirkpatrick

**STUMBLING AROUND UNDER THE SUN  
MOVING TOWARDS FOOD, STEPPING ON ANTS  
PRESENT YOURSELF PERFUMED  
LIKED A LOVE LETTER OR A PIECE OF FRUIT  
WE ONLY WANT TO STUMBLE IN GRACE  
BUT SOME OF US WERE RAISED IN LOVE.**

**JOEL KRAFT**

my road

Tonight I drove home.  
leaving friends  
for the interstate.  
The road was dark  
and I was alone.

until...

one car, two cars, three  
came to share the road

The next exit came  
one car, two cars, three  
all left me again  
alone.

-leslie graff

## Agod (or, The people Named: You)

If ever comfort gave me light  
If I ever was alone  
I am sentencing this day to emptiness  
I am sentencing my eyes to dryness  
Yellow light give me a feeling of drowning  
Make me an empty vessel  
I want to hold only you, none of my thoughts or me related things matter.  
Only you. I want to hold you. I am  
so silly and meaningless You are so full and compassionate.  
Why should I strive for anything other than emptiness?

Joel Kraft