

The Monitor

A Campus Collective

21 October 1997

Volume 4, Number 5

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

Herbs and more in Kirksville

by Leslie Graff

In our mission to keep the Truman campus informed of all important events, we would like to inform you that you only have 65 days left before Christmas. Now before you pack your bags and run off to Columbia to do some shopping, I would like to tell you about an opportunity to save some gas money. Our very own Kirksville has a shopping experience like no other, Nature's Sense. The store is located south of campus on Franklin Street. Some of you may know the location as the old Domino's Pizza, but this store will help your body instead of harming it.

The store's owner, Rhonda Vance, opened the store in April to fill a need she saw for quality aromatherapy and herbal products. Vance began to be interested in aromatherapy at a conference where she attended a workshop on a popular topic, stress relief.

When she began to study the products, she found a successful alternative to traditional medicine. In fact, she found it so successful, she continued her study and has received certification from the Pacific Institute of Aromatherapy in California. Her store specializes in quality products and instruction in their use.

Aromatherapy is based on the use of essential oils which are steam distilled from plants. They offer therapeutic benefits when used by the body through smell and through direct contact with the skin. Some of the ways to use the essential oils are through baths, direct applications to pulse points, lotions and body oils, inhalants, and room sprays. To begin to use aromatherapy, basic supplies can be purchased for less than \$25. Vance said that a full supply of oils and information books could be around \$100. Products can also be purchased

individually at very reasonable prices.

Nature's Sense also has a full supply of herbs and herbal products. These can be used in teas, bath supplies, and even compresses to help pain. Customers can blend their own teas from bulk or purchase already made teas. Vance told me of many of the blends that combat the flu and colds as well as popular blends that give energy.

Herbal teas are preventative in that they work to improve the body's immunity to illness as well as healing the body of existing ailments. They also provide necessary vitamins

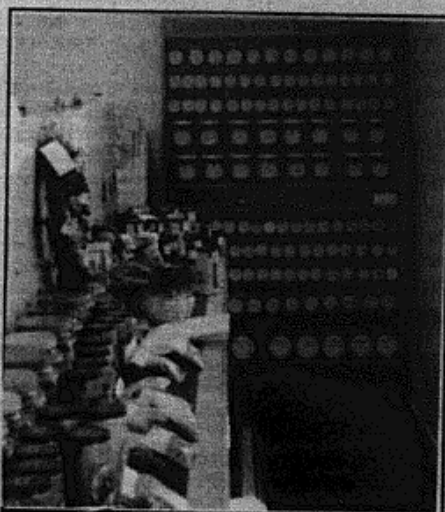
and minerals just as other food products. Since they are all natural, they leave the body's system after their use. Herbal tea can be made without special equipment, but an infuser is usually helpful. Vance has all the products necessary and a wide knowledge base to use in creating tea blends.

Nature's

Sense also is a full supplier of natural spices that are free from the treatment or adulteration found in packaged spices in grocery stores. These spices also can be used in medicinal treatments or just to help improve those Christmas cookies.

Other products offered by the store include high quality incense, bath and body products, perfumes, homemade soaps, sun and tanning products, and a wide selection of gift items. However, the best product the store has to offer is the knowledge of the owner. Vance is well-versed in the uses of her products. She told me of many solutions to problems from a sprained ankle to stress headaches. She also has a wide selection of informational texts for her customers to use.

See NATURE, page 5



Oodles of herbs at Nature's Sense photo by Steve Grote

Assault raises issue of hate

by Maggie Thurman

During the past few weeks this campus has seen numerous student assaults, causing an increase in security concerns. While it is difficult to discern the motivating factors among acts of violence, one attack in particular has led some members of the campus community to wonder if, in fact, hate crimes have come to Truman.

According to Lisa Sprague, Director of Public Safety, on 11 October at approximately 1:20 a.m. two male students were assaulted by one or two males as they were walking between Blanton and Brewer Halls. One victim received head and facial injuries and was taken to Northeast Regional Medical Center, treated and released. The suspect/suspects was described as a college-age white male wearing a dark t-shirt.

While the details are still hazy, it is known that anti-gay remarks were made towards the two men during the attack. Public Safety is asking anyone with information to please contact their office; anonymity will be preserved. No other information has been released and the suspects have yet to be identified. Public Safety has issued fliers and press releases about the assault and increased the

number of officers on patrol each night.

The larger question is whether or not an anti-homosexual sentiment was the mobilizing force behind this attack or if it will fall into the record books as another unexplained violent act.

Tonight at 8:00 p.m. in Centennial Main Lounge, PRISM (a gay, lesbian, bisexual, and friend alliance) will hold an open forum entitled "Do You Hate Hate Crimes?" Everyone is encouraged to attend and participate in a discussion about the campus community.

According to Brad Harmon, the political officer of PRISM, the forum is intended to start a dialogue about the institution of hate crime and familiarize people with the nature of the anti-gay crime.

"This attack just goes to show that homophobic violence is not as rare as the infrequency of reporting indicates," Harmon said.

He said it is important to stress the necessity of reporting such crimes and open up discussion about homophobic violence.

Heather Daggett reported that PRISM has considered starting a database of such activity for people who wish to know about the problem.

"This attack just goes to show that homophobic violence is not as rare as the infrequency of reporting indicates."
—Brad Harmon



Guerilla Girls: The "Conscience of the Art World." See page 7. Image courtesy of the Guerilla Girls from "Confessions of the Guerilla Girls"

Bands, bunnies and milk

by Tom Wheatley

Looking for a cool pre-party this weekend with free live music?

If so, check out Late Night with Dobson Hall from 7-10 pm on Saturday, October 25 in the Dobson Hall courtyard. It is the first of two free bandfests that Dobson Hall sponsors every year. Late Night is open to the public and features bands, games, prizes, and fun for the whole family.

Bands playing at Late Night include Magic Rub and Enos Clay. Truman students play in both bands. Late Night Programs Coordinator Luke Willman described both of the bands as "college rock."

Willman encourages students to come to Late Night. "It's not your run-of-the-mill Saturday night," Willman said.

There will be games and free contests such as Milk Drinking, Slam Fest, Chubby Bunny and Dice-o-Prizes, said Melinda Sanderson, President of the Dobson Hall Senate.

Contestants in the milk drinking contest must drink a gallon of milk in an hour and then keep it down for an hour in order to win a cash prize of fifty dollars. Slam Fest contestants insult one another, with the best overall insulter winning the "Dobson Hall Ass," a donkey sculpture. Chubby Bunny contestants see how many marshmallows they can cram in their mouth and still distinctly say the phrase "chubby bunny." Contestants throw huge cardboard dice out a third story Dobson window to win a prize during Dice-O-Prizes.

CHANEL will be sponsoring a "needle in a haystack" game as a fund-raiser. Contestants pay one dollar to try to find colored Ping-Pong balls in a haystack for prizes.

"I'm excited about Late Night. It's a Dobson tradition and we have to keep it going," Sanderson said.

The games and contests will take place in between each band. A Dobson Radio personality will MC and play music during the breaks.

Entrées

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The Monitor

Campus Collective
Independent Quality
Since 1995

Campus Address
CAOC, SUB
Truman State University
Kirksville, MO 63501
Fax: (660) 785-7436
Office Address
Monitor Tower
405 S. High
Kirksville, MO 63501
Ph: (660) 665-2291

Managing Editorial Board:
Maggie Tharman, OIT@truman.edu
Jill Goodheart, Q799
Adam Potthast, Q638

Copy Editing Provided By: Tom Wheatley,
Dave Heaton, Matt Simer
Photographers: Krissey Vogel, Steve Grote
My Back Pages: Andrea Pegg, Brett
Kirksprick

Art Director and Advertising King: Steve
Grote

Advertising staff: Andrew Muller, Matt
Simer
Web Special Appearances by: Jacob
Pleischer
Laverne & Shirley: Penny Marshall &
Cindy Williams
Hunchback: Bill Borgia

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"1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8 Schlammel, Schlammel
Hanspepper Incorporated"



ALL THE NEWS THAT'S UNFIT

Hemingway fans beware!

"We didn't exactly know what was wrong," said a disillusioned sophomore. "All we knew was that there was something not right on campus this year." And for once it wasn't the campus' food service's new identity. For unknown reasons, the bells of the clock tower rang last week for the first time in recent memory.

More bizarre was the fact that no stalwart Truman students came forward with this information until the bells again sounded every fifteen minutes, leading to some local conspiracy theorists to suggest a large scale psychological experiment. For even more bizarre clock tower trivia, try page 7.

Local squirrels on steroids?

On the quad at the end of last week students were treated to a rare sight - originality. When people rolled out of bed for their 11:00 classes, the side of the quad bordering Normal Street was cluttered with acorns 1/4 foot in diameter. When the project reliever was asked whether her intentions were for art or fun, she replied "A little bit of both."

The activity was not without repercussions, though. While campus passer-bys were largely amused by the venture, Public Safety had concerns of their own. Apparently the office has issued hunting permits valid immediately for anyone shooting and/or killing gigantic squirrels from Macon who were rumored to have

heard about the acorns. "Those Macon squirrels are not a pretty bunch," said a local student. "They really are the foulest beasts you'll ever lay eyes on."

Born to be... a parking problem?

Sources in Missouri Hall have found a new way to scrip and save for life after a liberal arts education - get a hog. Not a pet, that is, but a motorcycle.

Apparently the Keepers of the Wisdom of Parking Space Design and Distribution have dubbed motorcycle riders immune to the hefty \$50 parking sticker fee required of drivers of larger vehicles, even though the motorcycles take up just as much of a parking space.

Motorcycles only have to pay 20% of the regular car and truck fee and enjoy the same rights and privileges. While apparently unjust and tyrannically stupid, the idea does have some merit. "What we're actually going for is a record," said a parking official, grinning. "No other college can claim that they have 10 parking space per parking sticker - yep!"

Monitor Mishap of the Week

What started as innocent interest in photographic processes resulted in a two hour long ordeal reminiscent of famed baby Jessica for Monitor staff cartoonist Chad Odgers and Art/Advertising Director Steve Grote Sunday night. It seems that a broken spring loaded lock trapped both in a small side room of the Barnett

Hall darkroom, which happens to be the size of a closet.

"It was scary," Odgers said. "Our food and water rations were dwindling. I thought for sure we were going to become a permanent fixture there."

Fortunately, an overnight stay was advertised thanks the wily McGyver-like ingenuity of Truman's finest, DPS, who were on the scene, handing tools through the roof allowing the trapped guys unlock the door and bust their way to safety.

Crowds of onlookers cheered as the trapped victims finally emerged to freedom. Both were quickly rushed to the bathroom as they had to go real bad (you try being locked in a room for two hours), but are said to be recovering nicely.

New World Order meets Kirksville

The alert reader will have noticed the last week has brought intrepid groups of sun preliminary, campus doomsday activities here. While their goals are only slowly becoming understood, a secret Monitor task force recently intercepted a fax detailing plans to erect 20 foot tall granite stones engraved in eight languages detailing population reduction.

While it is clear that the plans are still preliminary, campus doomsday activities here have started prophesizing about what the implications might be for common sense and logical reasoning everywhere.

Letters

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

Student concerned with gun and dog article implications

Monitor:

I am a senior here at Truman and every year since I was a freshman, I have listened to humor which derides the area we are in. Exactly what am I talking about? I am talking about how most people cannot wait to feel that this university because they find that living in Kirksville is utter torture. Though many people do not mean to be condescending, I often hear or read opinions that make students sound snobbish.

Students routinely complain about the apparent lack of culture around here. To be sure, there is no opera house in town, no museum hanging Picasso artwork on its walls, nor are area people the same as the utopia that students apparently come from. If people do not know the attitude I am talking about, let me give an example. In the September 23 issue of this publication, the front page article was "The Rutledge Gun & Dog Show: A Bastion of Americana." While I enjoyed this article and am sure the author, who I have in class, wrote it without malice, I picked up on tones that the author used to seemingly poke fun at local quirks. In one sentence, he referred to the flea market environment and stated "now I know, at least in part, what it was like to live around here." Personally, I feel that this sounded as if the royalty was observing how the common folk live. He may not have realized he did it, but this type of comment is what makes some people resent the students that comes from this area. I know that this attitude may exist because I am from Maryville, Missouri, home of Northwest Missouri State University, which is almost a mirror image of Kirksville. Students from Omaha and Kansas City constitute the mass of the student body who unintentionally act in the same manner as Truman students. Many people I know from home do not like the incoming students because they are snobbish, and I imagine that people around here are the same.

I know many student come here from large cities and adjusting to life in rural Missouri is not easy at first. However, this does not give people license to be condescending in any way. This city of Kirksville may not offer all the trappings of St. Louis or Kansas City, but that is why many enjoy living here. They also do not have to deal with the traffic, the increased crime, and get to live in a community where they can be known. I implore the people to be more understanding and refrain from the types of comments that could be interpreted the wrong way. No one likes a snob and I am sure no one likes being one either. In all, Kirksville has opened its doors to us, the students, and while it may not offer all the activities a large city might, we can at least be understanding of the differences this town has with wherever the students may be from.

Sincerely,
Kyle Plackemeier

lies questions Militia presence

Dear Editors,

I have to confess, I wonder whether Jill Goodheart herself succeeded better than I at making any coherent, rational sense out of *The Monitor* interview she had with Montana "Mi-

litia" co-founder John Trochmann. Esquire, on the eve of his so-called "educational" tour to visit a community campus which, surely, has better things to do with its time than listen to his ravings in stale-

Trying to disentangle meaning from the plethora of unsubstantiated accusations, I understand "King" Trochmann's fears lie as follows in far-right lingo of hollowness.

One, he thinks there's a "global world government" and that this is a source of oppression, not just to Americans, but Swiss, Australian, New Zealand and Canadian citizens! In actual fact, the United Nations is owed over a billion dollars by America in back dues, despite the fact that most economists, not just socialist ones, say the USA represents having only 5% of the planet's population. All of the other countries John laments in fact pay their mokest UN support dues, including my native Great Britain, whom he bizarrely thinks want to have "America back." In fact our new labour government has just signed up to the European social charter, which will give UK gold paid foreign workers about double the lowest Missouri "private enterprise" wage paid in social inequity redness. It's America that's behind the world majority!

As for the "new world army" jibe, I would, ideally that it were so in effective UN peace keeping 2000 AD force! Again, sober facts sound woefully in the way of Trochmann's insular hysteria. The latest most successful UN peacekeeping operation extant today is that in partitioned Cyprus, where Turkish forces (illegally) occupy the northern promontory of a majority Greek Cypriot and inflammable civilian population. Most of the successful peacekeepers of the UN are, now, European or Asian contributors soldiers there. The only major North American contribution to date was until Bill Clinton-style "cuts" by the ruling Ottawa "liberals" (i.e. conservatives in practice) of Canada; not the USA the ideal would be fulfillment of the original UN founding San Francisco and London charter pledges at the end of the 1945 World War debate.

Secondly, Trochmann fears what he considers to be an erosion of "our founding fathers" belief he gospel-alleges in "that government that governs best governs least." A statement that interviewer Goodheart contradicts. Where he admits he troubles to vote and espouse any responsibility for other convicted private militia bombings of mainly African-American Oklahoma federal social security buildings, so tragically, how gracious of "King" John in self-appointed tour status towards the rest of us; humble, un-gunned remainder!

It is, perhaps, necessary to have to in 1994 in regard to Trochmann's anti-governmentalism that one feels like many progressives increasingly inside the USA as well as more broadly outside of it, that the obsession with "the Founding Fathers" alleged nationalism and their 1787 (not 1776/1783) USA written constitution is pathetic. A guarantee impotently that America is fossilized in a late eighteenth century "no-nothing" rural backwardness suitable (maybe) for four million mainly white male farmers and small craftsmen. And hardly living up in 1997 to a new global century about to arrive in vibrant multi-racial flexibility needs. A recipe for self-deception!

But such thought is not even necessary or pertinent because, in fact, Trochmann's "founding fathers" fundamentalism is disposable even in its wretchedly open unhistorical terms. For example, contrary to the extreme right wing patriarchal mythology he hereby serves up, the 1787 constitution is specifically quite clear that by authorized, regular "militias" it does not mean private armies and private guns as

Trochmann imagines. It is also very clear that in practice the man who supposedly coined the infamous phrase "that government is best that governs least," Thomas Jefferson, did so later on in life, only after he had three times added to U.S. government debt by his "Louisiana Purchase" from the French. Other people who many of us on the left feel to be more admirable "founding fathers" of this land, like Tom Paine, were in fact advocates of government pensions caringly for the elderly, and more fearful of the greedy real American nightmare "monopolies," or today's big corporations.

It is Mr. Trochmann's silly tragedy primitively that he has absolutely naught of such valid national worries, and real history and real globalism, once, positively say to you. I question as an independent history educator, as much as a local politician, the "educational" value, outside appeasing him further publicity. Indeed, I think it all rather insulting to the memory of over a hundred dead, mainly women and children in Oklahoma City victims who were not carrying vile guns. And Trochmann's nasty macho, insular "militarism" and ex-Gulf War "mud" earlier just this decade. Let's have Magruder's face saying inviting some of these dead innocent families to speak on what they think of gun-toting, ravaging insecure makes calling themselves "militias" in sad public inadequacy and deep psychological injury hysteria you do ill to publicize. Such people as Trochmann would not even get the time of day of a press footnote on another campus in ill-merit.

Yours Sincerely,
Larry lies

Leaders deemed irresponsible

Larry lies called *The Monitor* last week with the following statement:

"I wish to issue exclusively to *The Monitor*, both as an independent international scholar and as the local Socialist leader, the very first ever demand that TSU Board of Governors . . . sack and fire President Jack Magruder and Gary Gordon as respective first TSU president and interim vice-president of TSU Academic Affairs."

The invitation by the TSU Division of Language and Literature to the ultra-right wing Montana private militia fuhrer, Herr John Trochmann last week was the last straw in complete loss of public confidence in Magruder and Gordon. I have no objection as an upholder of free speech at him coming elsewhere in Kirksville by his own costs privately. But, for a TSU division, both of one hundred faculty and tax payers public expense, to sanction a visit from a man of no higher educational qualifications whatever in so called lecture "right" was blunty a disgrace.

"Yet more shocking, though, was and is Dr. Magruder's and Gordon's delight stunningly morally black refusal to condemn Herr Trochmann's attacks on the United Nations, and those of us of foreign birth in a nation of immigrants. Does neither Dr. Magruder or Gordon have any public opinion on this abuse of Baldwin Hall Auditorium?"

"Finally, I also think the filling non-Missouri out-of-state total student TSU enrollments following an undemocratic name change when even Magruder himself on the public record favoring Thomas Jefferson as the local candidate's name brings into final, compounded question his entire management in letting this bizarre guy into what is supposed to be a civilized liberal arts public university. "Can you imagine either predecessor Presidents Warren or McCain permitting this shocking deterioration of TSU's standing, especially after the appalling militia Oklahoma City women and children bomb killing?"



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November 2
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seasonal salads,
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and
fresh desserts.

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Guerrilla Girls

TOAD THE WET SPROCKET
SATURDAY 1st NOVEMBER
8:00 PM PERSHING ARENA

Tickets Available at
SAB Office (Lower Level SUB)
\$7 with Truman ID
\$14 General Admission



Opinions

"If I've got something to say, ah, I'm gonna say it now."

Walking on Mainstreet

by Matt Simer

With the semester becoming increasingly hectic, I have found that one good way to save some of those precious minutes is to eat at Mainstreet Market. Often I have very little time to eat between classes, so it's convenient to go to Mainstreet and grab a few things quickly that I can eat later on.

When I actually have time to eat there, I often find the environment much more conducive to study or a decent conversation than the all-you-can-eat horse trough atmosphere of the cafeteria. Furthermore, I usually don't have to worry about offending a large group of people by invading "their" territory (seriously, I thought we'd all left assigned tables behind in grade school). Wrap all this up with better quality food and the Big M seems to garner some pretty high marks for itself.

With each trip there, I add a little bit more to my knowledge. You see, this is a place with many ins and outs. When I went for my very first adventure on Mainstreet my freshman year, I must have



peered over the menu with all the transfer specialists for at least five minutes. Now, however, I have become a veteran.

As a veteran, I'd like to offer some advice to all you people out there I see wandering around, at a loss as to where you can get your money's worth out of your transfer option. I say, treat yourself. By going at the cafeteria for lunch and then giving up real food for dinner, you can spend your \$3.10 in so many wonderful ways. Some of the many possibilities: filling a big bag full of jelly beans, requesting the biggest heaping mound of mashed potatoes a plate can hold, or even landing yourself a Gopak of soda for less than a quarter. The key here is creativity. I'd recommend getting away from those transfer specialists as soon as possible because they undermine your right to eat whatever you damn well please. Don't let others tell you what to eat. Make your own meal!

But despite the many conveniences and creative options the Golden M affords their happy, little patrons, there are some definite problems with this place. Mainstreet is not always as convenient and creative as one might think.

First of all, let's talk about the times during which we can use the transfer option. What is the deal with the big gap in the lunch hour? We are allowed to use our transfer credit from 10:30 until 11:15 and again from 12:45 until 2:00. Why? Why does such an inconvenient policy exist in a place valued for its convenience? According to Dennis Markeson, Director of Dining Services, this window exists to allow cash-paying customers an opportunity to get their lunch without having to wait very long. If transfers were allowed straight through lunch, there would be too many people in Mainstreet at the same time.

While this idea makes a lot of sense, we must weigh the benefits of each argument. This window idea seems very reasonable because it prevents congestion, thus saving both cash-paying students and transfer option students some time and hassle. However, does this really balance out the amount of hassle caused to all the people who have to wait until 12:45 to get their lunch? And why are the cash-paying students awarded the prime-time lunch slot? People with a campus meal plan have

paid good money to eat here too. Just because we've already forked over our money doesn't mean we should be sent to the back of the food line. Because we'll all end up paying for the meal, we should all have equal access to the food, regardless of whether we pay in advance or up front.

Another problem with the transfer option is the infamous transfer special menu. Now, don't get me wrong. I appreciate the fact that Sodexo allows me to get more food for less money by choosing one of several combinations of food items. However, when I try to return the favor, they seem genuinely ungrateful. For instance, sometimes I don't have time to wait for the new batch of breadsticks to come out of the oven or stand in the never-ending line at Blimpies.

Thus, on several occasions I have come to the cash register missing one or two items from my convenience transfer list. Instead of catering to my convenience and thanking me for saving Sodexo some food, I was charged extra money because I hadn't met all the requirements for an official transfer. If I am too rushed to eat breadsticks with my pizza or too disgusted by greasy potato chips to force myself to consume them, why should I be made to buy something I would just throw away?

Speaking of waste, here's a good story. A few days ago I went into M² around noon fully believing that I could transfer at that hour. I got my pizza and breadsticks and headed for the evaluation register to make sure all my activities corresponded with FDA and Sodexo transfer regulations. I was quite surprised and a bit embarrassed when the nice lady told me that I couldn't transfer yet. I reached out sheepishly to take my pizza back when it came from only to have it snatched away by the worker with a now menacing look on her face. She threw it in the trash can. I gaped. Why did she throw away perfectly good food? I mean, I would understand if I had sneezed on the pizza or licked some of the breadsticks, but this was clearly not the case. I would be perfectly willing to eat that food if I were someone else, and I certainly hope so if you would too.

With all its pluses, Mainstreet still has some downsides. At times its policy regarding the transfer option defies logic. While it offers convenience and some room for creativity, some of the policies hamper our freedom of choice.

If you'd rather go to a place that takes pride in waste reduction and creativity, visit the cafeteria's menu often. You'll be pleasantly surprised by the wonderful ways in which their managers can, let's say, turn a breakfast basting into strawberry shortcake. Wow! Talk about ingenuity! Keep up the good work!

Money is not a liberal art

by Adam Posthast

Perhaps one or two of you have heard the words "liberal arts" used around campus lately. Truman seems to have a certain affinity for them—they're everywhere from our acceptance letters to our diplomas to the university's mission. The mission of the institution (to which most of us have decided to dedicate four years) is to be Missouri's public, highly selective liberal arts and sciences institution. Surely with all of these instances, some of us must encounter the liberal arts in our dorms, houses, and apartments. Maybe not. I certainly haven't.

Why? What monumental change has taken place to hide the foundation on which this school is supposed to be built? To be truthful, monuments are sometimes hard to see—but that is not the case here at Truman. Here the monuments are far too easy to see. Liberal arts, this liberal arts that you can go through a day without seeing those words in print, I would be surprised to know if.

The liberal arts are supposed to be ways to gain enlightenment—to let big ideas see the virtues of feminism, to let nurses use Mount ease suffering, to let artists construct models of atoms, and to let writers make economic ends meet. But are any of these obviously beneficial ends being attempted on this campus? And why not?

One could say that these and other similar concerns are met through the core classes we are all required to take. Recently an investigation into that statement has shown the need for a new one—one that better meets the needs of a liberal arts and sciences institution. If our needs are not being met by what (by many measures) is a very thorough core, who is to say that the new one will be any better?

Of course it is much too late for criticism of the new core. The point is that a community that is required to participate in the liberal arts is not necessarily a community that values the liberal arts. What is missing in the Truman experience is not a core class that will try to solidify a liberal arts method. What is missing is a view of liberal arts that goes beyond tax initiatives and assessment programs.

What is missing is a view of liberal arts that goes beyond tax initiatives and assessment programs.

We all know teachers here who are tirelessly dedicated to reaching across disciplines and some even go so far as to look for money outside this university. But there is no corresponding feeling from the administration. I am not accusing anyone of corruption, but the liberal arts mission is profitable—so much so that it must be easy to only see the monetary side.

And I believe this attitude filters down to the students. When the administration ignores the idealistic side of the liberal arts—putting "liberal arts" on everything from t-shirts to bins in the Missouri Senate—students will get the hint that core classes are just the prerequisites to graduation instead of seeing them as ways to become a more tolerable, well-rounded person.

In short, let's think harder about what we brand a liberal art. Money isn't one, and it isn't the ends to one.

History: fact or interpretation?

by Dawn Clavin

I'd like to believe that the written word has power, that it can move us to reflection, to questioning, to pushing the limits of our understanding. Perhaps in saying this I am imposing a bias toward the idealistic, but at least I am not the first to expect miracles from a line of print.

No, despite how it might appear, I am not referring to the very article you are now reading (though that would be wonderful). I am referring to a concept of education that many of my peers and professors share—that the textbooks they read are unbiased, and that the lessons they are taught tell us everything we need to consider about the subject—that these things do not have to be questioned.

This understanding of an education has jumped to my attention particularly this semester, where the majority of my schedule is composed of classes for my Spanish major. Here especially it seems that a memorize-and-regurgitate attitude toward learning prevails, an attitude that I can understand, considering that a good deal of the department's energy is focused on actually teaching students how to speak the language. I do not, however, believe that this technique is equally applicable to the upper division courses, where literature and history are the focus. Instead of opening up hitherto unseen worlds for students (no doubt the reason for studying another culture's literature and history in the first place), it demonstrates that they are once again dependent on what another chooses to show them.

But it is not only among faculty that I have encountered this attitude. When discussing this subject with a friend of mine recently, I was told that history was by nature unbiased, a string of unopinionated facts. More distressing was the view of another, who acknowledged that all accounts reflect the creator's bias, but expect.

who feared that introducing that concept might complicate things too much for the class.

This acceptance of material at face value, while it does keep classes (and texts) simple and straightforward, runs contrary to the mission of our university. Our mission statement claims that we are committed to "freedom of thought and inquiry"—a sentiment that seems forgotten in at least one class of mine, where unexpected interpretations of the book are inevitably greeted with a vague look, and then ignored.

Certainly something is wrong when students decline to express themselves because they can't guess the desired answer or when they are likewise content with a one-sided understanding of an issue because it is more conveniently obtained. Unfortunately, I know of no way to convince our community that a questioned piece of knowledge, be it from a piece of literature, a textbook, or even a trusted mentor—is the learning most helpful to us. I could say that the very process of questioning, of deprivileging information and examining it from a different perspective, increases our understanding of an issue—but it seems an unconvincing response to those seeking the comfort of fact. I could tell them that not questioning limits what they can learn from each lecture, book, and theory, but that wouldn't be able to tell them when they've learned enough for the test, or guarantee that they wouldn't occasionally be faced with their own mistakes.

What miracle, then, am I expecting? That those books we study, that the knowledge to which we are eager heirs will inspire us to take those risks. That in discovering the new perspectives which intrepid thinkers before us have arrived at by questioning, we ourselves will become unafraid to risk, to push against the limits of our vision. It is a lot to expect.

Prof of the Week

by Andrew Mullen

If you ever happen to run into David Christiansen or maybe be in one of his classes, I have a secret for you. The way to get in good with him is through "Highway 61." For those who are not familiar with Bob Dylan, Highway 61 is a stretch from Minnesota to New Orleans and it is the topic of a great Dylan album. It is also a stretch of America that David Christiansen would love to travel. Of course, he would have Dylan blaring on the radio, or jazz, his other favorite.

David Christiansen is *The Monitor's* Professor of the Week. I sat down for a few minutes with this highly intelligent man "sans recorder" and burned him with brutal questions. Here is a rundown of the basics with this guy. He's an eighth year professor who came to Truman straight out of graduate school. He had attended the University of Wisconsin-Madison where he received his Doctorate in Classics. Here at Truman he is in charge of some Latin classes as well.

Family has always been something important to Dr. Christiansen. His wife is a community counselor and he has a son who is five and a daughter who is one. His father is a professor and his two brothers have also received degrees.

Student gets In the Mood

by Shawn Gilmore

All right, I'll admit it: I'm a white teenager from rural Missouri, and therefore, by definition, I can't dance. My entire life I have been stuck with this fact, and I can't say that it has ever really bothered me. I was content to live the life of the physically uncoordinated that so many of us face every day.

I mean, it's really not that bad being inept on the dance floor. Usually there are three or four of us at every dance, and we tend to blend in with the people that know how to dance. We usually stand in one place, swaying from side to side, hoping that no one will notice our ineptitudes. So, it comes as no surprise that when a friend of mine asked me to accompany her to a University Swingers meeting, I have to say that I was a little more than apprehensive.

For some reason, I began picturing myself surrounded by a hundred laughing students, jerking at my shortcomings as they danced away just like Al Pacino in *Seventy-A Woman*, or at least as well as Arnold Schwarzenegger in *True Lies*. What made matters worse was that I wasn't even sure what dance I would be learning. My sense of trepidation was growing by the second, but I eventually muttered a quick "sure," hoping she wouldn't hear me. But, of course, she did, and so there I stood at the doorway to Kirk Gym, those fateful minutes flashing through my head, as I surveyed my surroundings.

In the gym, there stood at least fifty or sixty people, and as I asked around, many of them seemed quite unimpressed with their lack of coordination. My fear was lessened as I heard that most people had only been to one or two meetings. And there also seemed to be rumors circulating that tonight's dancing would be a little unusual. Just then the president called us from our scattered mingling to a more central location.

He began explaining how the club would:

grees. Is it a family thing? One would think yes, but we'll have to wait and see until the little ones finally decide what they want to do with the rest of their lives.

David Christiansen is a purebred city boy. One of the few actual quotes I got on paper was that it's "hard to think of having a good time in Kirksville."

He is, however, fairly ecstatic about Fazzoli's opening and was elated at the appearance of Hastings earlier this year. He is also still praying that Barnes and Noble and Starbucks will make their way to town. Asked if he was into the homecoming spirit for this week, he asked me if that was this week, because he has been so busy he hasn't really noticed.

Overall, he has always been described as eccentric, and a lot of his students probably see that in his teaching style. He sees this description as a total compliment. He tries to make classes as fun as possible and involves every student every day. I know this is true because, since I've been in class, it sucks getting called on to translate a Latin sentence, but I always know it's coming. You'd think I would learn. With a professor like Dr. Christiansen, I am sure I will.

Members were asked to pay a five dollar fee per semester, and the club would hold meetings every Tuesday night at 8:00 in Kirk Gym. He also mentioned that they had already covered swing dancing, and then informed us that that night we would be learning the tango.

While this statement was greeted with a few groans, I was actually intrigued by the idea. Maybe for once, I would be able to look suave, showing my prowess that somewhere inside me, I had the ability to dance. I mean, if Arnold can do it in a movie, then I could figure this out. How hard could it be? There couldn't be that much involved, and even if there was, I could get it all together. Then, I thought my way through the situation, and realizing its futility, I decided to just let the cards fall where they may.

Apparently the crowd was larger than usual, so instead of teaching the men and women separately, we paired off immediately, as we all muttered under our breath, and hoped for the best. And so it began: the president and his partner danced on the stage, while a few experienced couples tried to demonstrate amongst the crowd. Slowly, we began learning the basic steps. If none of you have ever attempted the tango before, be forewarned: IT AIN'T EASY!!!

I stepped on my partner's feet, almost ran her into countless couples, and nearly knocked her to the floor on numerous occasions. And that was all the first night. The evening ended with the promise of learning the second part of the tango during next week's meeting. I was sure that I wanted to attend a second night of what I was beginning to call the "painful tango." But, I figured that I could give it another hour.

By the end of the second session, my partner and I had figured out the little things that had been giving us difficulties, and we were "dancing the night away." Well, technically, we

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killed the beautiful dance that is known as the tango. But we had a lot of fun.

And that is the point of University Swingers, having fun. Sure, we probably looked pretty awkward, and not everyone got everything down, but I didn't see a single face that didn't have a little on it. We all picked up something: whether it was a few great dance moves or a sense of pride in ourselves that we actually got up and accomplished something. Personally, I'm going for fun, but whatever the reason, I think people should give it a shot. Who knows, you could be the next Arnold Schwarzenegger!

Nature, cont. from page 1

One of the best ways to begin to learn about aromatherapy and herbal products is at one of the free classes taught by Vance at the store. The next time the hour-long classes will be offered is October 30 and November 1 from 9:00-10:00 a.m. Night classes are being offered tomorrow, October 22, from 6:00-7:00. These classes are currently focusing on using the products in making Christmas gifts such as bath salts and lotions. More information about the classes can be found at the store itself, which is open Monday-Friday from 10:00 to 6:00 and Saturday from 10:00-5:00.

Vance said she opened her store to help people and I saw that from the moment I walked through the door. She welcomed me to one of the tables found along the bright windows to tell me about the products and the store.

Throughout my visit, she helped another customer with questions, looking up information she was unsure of but providing most of the knowledge herself. She showed me products anyone would find wonderful, so if you are in the market for a Christmas gift for Uncle Fred or if you just want to treat yourself, check out Nature's Sense. I think you will be pleasantly surprised at all it has to offer.

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Reviews



music film literature art

In the Attic should stay there

by Erin Hicks
In *The Attic*, a new R.E.M. compilation CD which includes rarities from 1985 through 1989, you're not getting too excited yet. In *The Attic* is being released by Capitol/EMI Records, not Warner Bros. — R.E.M.'s current label. And what's worse, the band themselves had no hand in actually compiling the tracks. Here's the deal: Capitol Records has acquired R.E.M.'s back catalog through their purchase of the late I.R.S. Records, R.E.M.'s first label. So they're releasing an album of what they think are rarities... can you say "ill-founded money-making scheme"?

If the music is good, why be concerned with all this record label sludge, right? Well, Capitol Records obviously paid little attention to R.E.M.'s discography when they compiled this array of songs. Combining through the album, you'll uncover six live tracks, most of which are mediocre at best, as well as six songs that can be found on other R.E.M. albums (*Eponymous*, *Dead Letter Office*, and the soundtrack to *Athens, GA - Inside Out*, an independent film). You'll also find one radio edit, an instrumental B-side, and one previously unreleased track.

Spare me, Capitol! I have bootlegs that have been arranged better than this. One never before heard song? That's it? A radio edit? A shortened version of a song? Find someone who wants to hear that in the first place? "Tired of Singing Trouble," the only previously unreleased song on the album, is reminiscent of an old Roger Miller tune. As interesting as this may sound, don't get your hopes up. It's only one minute long, hardly a reason to shell out fifteen dollars for the CD.

Despite the tired track list, I must commend the producers for including a live acoustic version of "The One I Love." This hauntingly beautiful rendition gets my two thumbs up and five stars. This lessens my bitterness towards Capitol a little, but not enough to have made buying the CD worthwhile.

Please don't waste your money on this one. Buy another R.E.M. album instead, like *Murmur* or *Reckoning* for their early work. These are both superb albums dating back to the very beginning of R.E.M.'s career.

And if it's B-sides you're craving, consider purchasing *Dead Letter Office*, an entire B-side album. This album is actually considered by the band. It also includes the five songs off of *Chronicle Town*, R.E.M.'s first EP.

Considering that the vast majority of the people who will buy this album are already dedicated R.E.M. fans, they probably own three-fourths of the material currently. To romantics everywhere: Don't consider it a big loss if you leave this one out of your collection. It just isn't worth the price of a new CD.

Consider your sacrifice to collectability a slap in the face to Capitol Records. They should have taken a hint from their title and kept this one in *The Attic*.

LA Confidential: fade to noir
by Adam Pothast
Lately it seems to me that Americans, desperate to make money, have forgotten their roots. In film this is more than true. Around the middle of the century, American filmmakers were inventing the dark detective/femme fatale movies now known to critics as film noir. With the advent of clever marketing schemes, though, film seems to be heading away from the greasy apparitions of Sam Spade and his ilk.

With that said, *L.A. Confidential*, hailed by critics as a long-awaited return to film noir, is far from the gritty, run-down offices of New York or San Francisco. Its venue is Hollywood, the precinct of movie stars. And if I might say so, it does a pretty damn good job.

OK, picture this: it's a movie about crime and cops. Easy enough—but it's also nothing like *Lethal Weapon*, *Two Days in the Valley*, or any of the recent influx of *Pulp Fiction* look-alikes to appear on the screen. In fact *L.A. Confidential* picks up where Sam Spade left off with film noir. It's a refreshing break from the good-guy-pursues-and-eventually-captures-

bad-guy-after-many-explosions cop movies that have been unraveling film noir for about ten years now.

On the other hand, I'm not sure that I would have liked this movie if it wasn't so perfectly Hollywood. Director Curtis Hanson has assembled a cast of lookers for the good guys—most of whom are unfamiliar to the viewing public—and what a great cast for a group of Hollywood cops. The bad guys are largely an older, decrepit bunch who you really want to get it by the end. The women in the movie (morally upstanding hookers "cut" to look like movie stars) are classic femme fatales like Kim Basinger. The sets, in sharp contrast to the usual detective movie stock, are mostly bright and superficial. It all works for the movie to make a realistic picture of middle-of-the-century Los Angeles where cops deal with stars as well as slums.

Hanson's camera works superbly in and around the characters and sets to create intrigue that gives an audience to the screen for more than two hours. This one is worth it—even if it isn't at a theater near you.

Apples Bright and Hopeful

by Dave Heaton

The Apples In Stereo's new album, *Tone Soul Evolution*, is the kind of happy pop masterpiece you've been seeking to brighten up your life. This is the second full-length release (not counting a B-side collection) from the Denver band, and a superb addition to their canon. Apples In Stereo are part of the Elephant 6 Recording Co., a musical collective which includes other noteworthy groups like Olivia Tremor Control and Neutral Milk Hotel, similar in their love of magnificent sounds and songs (fairly influenced by music of the past, especially the 1960s) and their focus on harmony and unity through music.

Robert Schneider, lead vocalist, guitarist and songwriter, started the Apples in 1993 to give form to the little pop ditties he had been recording in his apartment. These pre-Apples tunes were collected earlier this year on the wonderful CD *Pyramid Landing* under the name Marbles.

Schneider, who here wrote and sang every tune except drummer Hilarie Sidney's lovely "Silver Chain," has cited Brian Wilson, John Lennon, and Syd Barrett as influences. The obvious meeting point for most listeners will be Wilson and his Beach Boys. Like Wilson's, Schneider's songs are filled with catchy melodies, well-placed harmonic vocals ("ba ba" and such), and uplifting lyrical imagery.

The album opens with two sunny rock songs perfect for dancing, "Seems So" and "What's the #?" The latter of the two has had me bouncing around campus, humming the melody and singing "you're different from me, it's all right, it's all right" for days now.

The lyrics on *Tone Soul Evolution* articulate the most important of human emotions in an intelligent, sensitive, and positive manner unique for such seemingly simple pop songs.

"Shine a Light" is a beautiful love ode powered by a guest horn section. The lyrics are both poetic, floating-above-the-clouds compliments ("look to the sky and baby get a notion of the ocean that you are") and grounded acknowledgments to the reality of personal relationships ("get to know her could take some time").

Schneider's lyrics are optimistic but not naive. He describes difficulties, but in a hopeful manner. This hopefulness particularly comes across in "You Said That Last Night" and "Find Our Way," where Schneider sings (in his angelic voice), "you opened up my mind to the past, now let's leave the past behind."

In "Tin Pan Alley," Schneider proclaims that he's in this business for the music, not the money, implying that he can't even stop the ever-flowing river of new songs from him if he tried, and at the same time acknowledges that achieving success with his music and being able to financially support himself ("like a Tin Pan Alley musician") would be a dream come true.

With perfect bouncy pop tunes like these, supported by a solid rock band, Schneider and The Apples in Stereo would be millionaires in a perfect world. Their sweet and heart-filled melodic treats are precious these days. *Tone Soul Evolution* is the place to go if you need something to fill your life with musical joy.

(Further information on this and other releases by The Apples in Stereo can be obtained from Spin Art Records, P.O. Box 1798, New York, NY 10156 or The Elephant 6 Recording Co., P.O. Box 18326, Denver, CO, 80218)

First, I found out that there is no Santa Claus. Then I hear that this whole Easter Bunny business is a hoax. The Tooth Fairy? Yep, that turned out to be a sham, too. As I get older, most of the ideas that I assumed to be factual turn into fantasy. However, I recently discovered some information that has shattered my faith in everything that I hold dear.

We have a lovely clock tower on our campus. Sure, sometimes the four clock faces show different times, but those are the cute kind of quirks that make this campus, and any college, interesting and unique. The clock tower has become a close friend to me, reminding me that I am indeed late for class with its melodic chiming every quarter hour. Like a guardian angel it watches over me, making sure that I always know how late I am for all my engagements.

Then one day my whole world came crashing down. I was admiring the clock tower when I noticed that there are speakers up by the bells. I thought that perhaps this was to amplify the sound of the bells so that I would know how late I was if, say, I was at Barnett Hall. I thought this until the bells rang at half past the hour.

Apparently we have magic bells in the clock tower, because they managed to make the bell noises without moving. I watched the magic bells make the bell noise for a few moments when a dreadful thought occurred to me. Perhaps they weren't magic bells. Maybe they were just there for show!

I ran off to get some answers and got some that I didn't like. The bells on the clock tower do not ring. The speakers up there make the bell noises. Even worse, the whole system is computerized. I've even heard rumors that the

"All is [not] well!" with our clock tower

by Tom Wheatley

computer signal comes from California. This means that some Pacific Time Zone computer is telling me in the Central Time Zone that I am late for class. That simply won't do.

I have been informed that this is not an isolated incident. Lots of churches now use the computerized bell system. This is blasphemous, plain and simple. Consider the repercussions of the computerized bell system. It puts hundreds of humbucks and monks out of work. Humbucks don't have a plethora of employment opportunities. There's bell ringing and ... bell ringing. That's about it.

In this day of computerization and technology, it becomes easy to cross the line between convenience and abuse. Sure, I like the bells ringing at exactly the right time, but at what cost? Letting a computer control one of the oldest professions on the planet is unacceptable.

Here's what we should do. We should install real bells in the clock tower. Then we put students up there to ring them. I can't think of a better way to work off scholarship hours than ringing the bells. It would be a blast. An informal survey of some friends of mine revealed that they were all for it. Some even offered to work for free.

Those speakers up there don't have to go to waste, either. We can hook up a microphone to them so the bell ringers can say things like, "FOUR O'CLOCK AND ALL IS WELL!" Wouldn't that be better than the impersonal

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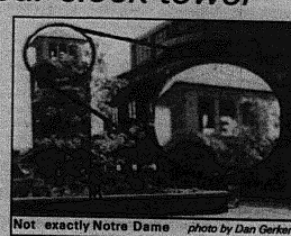
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Not exactly Notre Dame photo by Dan Gerken

computerized system we use now? It would give the whole campus a "medieval" flavor, compared to the "ricked by the computer flavor" that we experience now.

I am aware that there may be some apprehension on the part of the University to adopt this plan because of insurance reasons. For example, no one would want to deal with the public relations disaster that would accompany a student being tragically crushed by a bell or experiencing permanent hearing loss as a result of prolonged exposure to the bells. Really, though, ear damage can be prevented with some cheap earplugs. And the chances of someone that I really like being crushed by a falling bell are slim to none, so I don't really care about that scenario.

So, for whom do the bells toll? Right now they don't toll for anyone. We have all been deceived, but with a little support the bells will toll for everyone just like they did in those ancient days of yore so many years ago.

Guerrilla Girls are not monkeying around

by STEVE GROS

It is said by some that history is subjective, that how we record history has as much to do with the person recording it as with what actually happened — quite a thought to chew on when you are scanning through old art history textbooks written by white males to find that the majority of important artists throughout time have been, coincidentally, white males. Squeezed somewhere in between you might find small, bite-size entries on artist like Kathie Kollwitz, Frida Kahlo, Romare Beardon, or Georgia O'Keeffe, but they are usually neatly sectioned off into neat side-categories.

Then again old art history books are not the only place you can look for discrimination. Even in the supposedly progressive 1980s, curators of museums and galleries seemed to place all their money in the white male artist, giving these artists retrospective shows, while many female artists were rendered to the position of "artist assistant." Somewhere, deep below the surface of the superficial art scene that was going on, the collective blood of several talented but overlooked artists was beginning to boil over.

The point hit home one 1985 morning in New York City, when the citizens of the capital of the art world glanced at the walls to discover for the first time that the writ-

ing was, quite literally, on the wall.

It seems that in the middle of the night some anonymous figures plastered posters all over the walls; passers-by were suddenly bombarded with statistics showing the blatant discrimination found in museums and



See Guerrilla Girls Wed. 22 Oct. at 8 p.m. Admission is free. Image courtesy of Guerrilla Girls from "Corrections of the Guerrilla Girls"

Girl when you are not looking. The Guerrilla Girls themselves do not even seem to know exactly how many members they have: it could be thousands, or even millions.

You cannot tell who they are by asking their names: you will only get replies of assumed names like Kathie Kollwitz, Georgia O'Keeffe, or Frida Kahlo. Or maybe these important women artists really have risen from the grave to point out the injustice our history books have done by ignoring their significant achievements and contributions to art.

You cannot even tell who they are by looking at them, you will only see the trademark gorilla mask. Over the past 15 years, anonymity has been the strength of this organization which attempts to seek out all forms of discrimination and bring them to the public eye. The catch phrase "Conscience of the Art World" points to them as art's self-critical voice, saying things which none seem to want said.

Since 1985, hundreds of different versions of the sometimes blatantly shocking posters voicing discriminatory concerns have found their way all over the world. And like true guerrillas, no one seems to know when or where they will strike next.

SEE GUERRILLA, page 10

fear much?

We're talking about that deep-down-afraid-to-do-something-because-you-might-screw-it-up fear of

failure

we all get from time to time. Join us on Thursday at 7pm in the SUB Activities Room.

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2:30pm

Dr. Monica Barron and Dr. Wenying Xu



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Home cookin' with Heather

by Heather Tylek

Greetings, all! I hope the past two weeks have been happy and productive for everyone, and that the next two weeks bring just as much joy. And while I'm promoting peace and harmony in the universe, I just wanted to remind you that I'm always looking for new recipes for the column. So, if you have that oh-so-special recipe that you want to share with the vast number of *Monitor* readers, then just drop your recipe by the *Monitor* mailbox in the CAOC. No, you don't have to invite the staff to dinner, but it wouldn't hurt if you did.

OK, so now that I've gotten that out of the way, let's get started with this weeks culinary ensemble.

This week's recipe is "Yummy." It's a semi-south-of-the-border treat, combining the flavors of Kansas City with the spice of Kirksville. It's presented to us, via Mr. Robert James Stille III, by his mom.

Rob's Simplified Chicken Enchiladas From Mom

- 5-6 boneless, skinless chicken breasts
- 12 flour tortillas
- 1 package (2-3 cups) of shredded cheddar cheese
- 1 large jar of picante sauce or salsa, make sure it's the big 'un
- 1-2 cups of sour cream

The recipe begins with boiling the chicken breasts in a large pot of seasoned water (Mom says, "I add some onion, salt, parsley, celery, or celery seed or celery salt to the water"). Boil the chicken for about 25 minutes before draining it and cutting it up into little pieces.

After the preparation of the chicken is complete, it is time to start assembling the enchiladas. First, pour some of the picante sauce in a shallow pan or dish. Briefly soak each side of a tortilla (Rob says, "Make sure not to use crappy tortillas") in the sauce, then sprinkle some chicken and some cheese down the center of it. Roll it up and place it in a baking dish. Continue with the rest of the tortillas until you run out of chicken.

You should have some picante sauce left over; mix it with the sour cream and pour it evenly over the top of the enchiladas in the dish. Then sprinkle whatever cheese you have left over the top. Cover and bake for 15-20 minutes at 350 degrees.

Rob believes that if you're not making a mess, you're not cooking. So make it a big one and enjoy!

Aries (21 March-20 April): Bonus for you this week! Halloween is weeks away and you're already prepared. Go look in the mirror.

Taurus (21 April-21 May): Experts predict you'll live less in the future.

Gemini (22 May-21 June): Removing a problem tree can be, well, a problem. Don't worry we've all been there before. We're all laughing with you.

Cancer (22 June-23 July): Those who daily must face the tally...but you're still luckier than all get out this week! Those lab reports will come back mostly negative this week. Nothing some antibiotics and a little luck won't cure.

Leo (24 July-23 August): Don't worry! No one knows about your scare at the Male Diagnostic Clinic. NO ONE.

Virgo (24 August-23 September): Growing pumpkins is an exciting activity for children. Not nearly as exciting as hiding

firecrackers in small mammals, but it is exciting all the same.

Libra (24 September-23 October): In the 70's, people wildly flailed their limbs to disco music, walked about wearing uncomfortable synthetic fibers, wore sun glasses with impossibly ugly frames and adored Liberace. We're not in the 70's. I think we can all learn something from this charming little tidbit, don't you?

Scorpio (24 October-22 November): Have whiter, brighter teeth in less than 2 weeks. Brush, you fool!

Sagittarius (23 November-21 December): Do you remember throwing little Johnny off the Halloween hay ride wagon? Why don't you? He broke several bones. He remembers.

Capricorn (22 December-20 January): Haven't you ever wondered how the magician's lovely assistant manages to keep wiggling her toes and nodding her head when her body has been neatly separated

**Queen
Astra**

let the stars
be your
guide!



into two boxes? Sure.

Aquarius (21 January-19 February): Give yourself a break. No one could have known that old woman couldn't outrun your car.

Pisces (20 February-20 March): You'll feel as if you're being given bad advice this week.

• If you have a problem only a Queen could solve, let Queen Astra use her mystical powers and intuitive gifts on you. Drop off your concern in The Monitor's mailbox in the CAOC office. • In the SUB and let her magic work!

Student arrested for not having hemp jewelry

Officials propose more rigorous enforcement of obscure law

by L.R.C.

In what began as ordinary police roughing-up tactics, sophomore hotel restaurant management major Reginald Watson was accosted Wednesday and arraigned on charges of "failing to possess or to intend to possess trendy merchandise."

His bail was set at 200 dollars, but Watson was unable to pay it because "my goddamned parents haven't put the money in my checking account yet!"

Sgt. Leonard "the mustache" Smith, who initiated the raid, said that Kirksville needs to apprehend more individuals who

refuse to obey local ordinances.

"What we're now seeing," he said, "is only the beginning." Sgt. Smith cites "pressure from the higher-ups" as the force behind this crack down.

Indeed, The Missouri Dept. of Agriculture Board of Organic Jewelry called together a special task force of agents earlier this month to remedy the current noncompliance of some individuals.

Students reactions to the ordinance, however, are mixed.

"I don't like it one bit," junior Andrea Adler said. "Why should the police give a shit

what kind of necklace someone wears?"

Other students supported the measure.

"It's about time they picked up someone for breaking that law," junior Benjamin Paine said. "Hemp necklaces rule," to which Paine added, "I have 200 Phish bootlegs."

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"It's about time they picked up someone for breaking that law," junior Benjamin Paine said. "Hemp necklaces rule," to which Paine added, "I have 200 Phish bootlegs."

Students reactions to the ordinance, however, are mixed.

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63 Diner: Where the kids are hip

by Stephanie Curtis

As the Beach Boys have sung, "I'm gettin' bugged drivin' up and down the same 'ol strip, gotta find a place where the kids are hip...I get around..." Well, then, get around to the 63 Diner in Columbia! I discovered this "hip" place this summer and found a great environment that combined good food with good music, like the Beach Boys. If you've never hopped in the car just to drive or to go nowhere in particular, then maybe the 63 Diner is a good enough reason. I definitely recommend this short road trip to satisfy that oldies craving for tunes and treats.

Better yet, the short excursion is cheap. About \$10 per person is more than enough to cover for this mini-road trip.

By the way, if you haven't heard of it already, Columbia's Oldies station, 102.3 FM can fill your car with nostalgic tunes and help pass by the time until you get to the diner. I think the listening range starts just north of Macon; range depends greatly on the weather in the area or time of day.

Getting to this cool joint is relatively simple. After you have your money, friends, and gas, just head straight south on Highway 63. The only time you have to turn off 63 is on the interstate—look for the exit for Highway 763.

After getting on 763, the 63 Diner is less than a mile from the turn-off onto the driver's left. When you see the long silver building with a 50's car's rear end sticking out, you know you're there. Grab your money and your appetite and prepare yourself for a truly fine dining experience.

Okay, road trip enthusiasts! After an hour and a half of driving with the windows down and the music blaring, you're probably ready for some good food.

Open the door to the 63 Diner and immerse yourself in the era of the 50's and 60's. You can choose many snacks, meals, and desserts that taste just like Grandma's cooking and only have to spend about \$5-\$6. What I really love about this place (besides the great food) is the original memorabilia to look at and enjoy while listening to a variety of music one doesn't hear very much anymore.

Just imagine slurping down on a honest-to-goodness milkshake (better and more filling than McD's) and looking at old Elvis pictures, past actresses, 50's cartoon characters, and even a real gas pump from the days long gone.

Doesn't this sound great for something different? I've been down there about 5 times this year and I haven't been disappointed yet—if anything, it was a way to hang out with my friends and just go somewhere.

However, if this wonderful eating experience isn't enough fun, there is always the Columbia Mall. As a friendly reminder, get back on the interstate and keep going until you find the exit with the Applebee's/Drury Inn on it and the mall should be within a 10-minute drive. It closes at 9:00 every night except for the mall theater and Target (10:30 a.m.).

Wherever you go or whatever you do, have a safe and fun trip. Next issue: Kansas City Highlights.

Look for The Monitor classified ads coming soon:

Apartment for Rent: Close (than Wal-Mart) to campus. Two (half-sized) bedrooms. Refrigerator/plumbing possible. Authentic seventies furniture and smell. Really quite shifty. Call 665-0000 and ask for Crazy Larry.



"Wow, I'm sure glad my whole family can enjoy this issue thanks to funds from the Funds Allotment Council. Those guys rule."

RIDER

Camera

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per print	.05	.05

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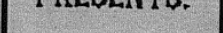
Baltimore and Patterson
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PRESENTS:

A Halloween Open House



Friday, 31 October

3:30-5:00

FACULTY ARE INVITED
TO EAT AND DRINK
WITH THE WRITING
CONSULTANTS AND
STAFF

(And attempt to beat Bob
Mialka at Trivia)

The party around 2:45



BY JOHN O.

KHS kicks Moberly's butt

by Jeff "Duce" Bernish and Michael Helen

Before Friday, we never considered ourselves to be from Kirksville, but after one night in the stands of a high school football game, the truth was revealed. For some unknown reason (surely due to boredom), twelve Truman State University students found their way to a KHS football game.

After reaching into our empty pockets to scrounge up the ridiculous four dollar fee, we crossed the thick dividing line between University student and Townie. Expecting a meager turnout after last week's 66-0 loss (not to mention their 0-5 record), we were overwhelmed by the sea of fans gathered behind their boys.

Trying to fit in with the crowd, we decided to take our seats among the students of KHS. We knew this was a big risk, but we were willing to take it. Within five minutes, we were engaged in an intellectual conversation with the freshmen of KHS. Our discussion ranged from exchanging "your mom" jokes, to calling Moberly "pussies," to the UN conspiracy. We decided to probe further, and find out about the high school scene. We assumed this included an evening of getting your hooks up at the Splice, and hitting the Taco Bell parking lot to make out, but as a feisty Freshman remarked "You don't just make out at our age!"

After chillin' with the guys, we naturally decided to mingle with the ladies. We struck up a conversation about the music scene in K-ville, or the lack thereof (Long live Flannel-T!). "I really hate the radio here, and we never get any cool concerts," one remarked. We agreed, but reminded them of Dobson Radio, 99.7 FM. They

said they had never heard of it, we were not surprised. Their negativity continued when we asked them what they thought of the town. "Kirksville sucks!" one said, the other added "Yeah, it's all preps and jocks." With each knock, the strongest sensation resonated throughout our bodies.

Amidst all this culture, there was a football game to be watched, so we turned our attention to the well manicured field. Kirksville jumped out to a surprising lead, but their hopes

were quickly dashed by the men from Moberly. KHS found themselves down by four points with 35 seconds left, and it looked as though their first season victory would be out of reach. From their own 20-yard line Kirksville threw a desperation pass, and the crowd watched in awe as junior Darin Kump emerged from a sea of defensive backs to nab the oblong projectile, and put Kirksville within scoring position.

After a series of penalties, Kirksville found themselves on the six yard line with 15 seconds left. The suspense was gripping, and the stadium full of fans were at their feet. Bill was slightly aroused when he heard the KHS cheerleaders chanting "We want sex, gotta have sex!" He later found out they were saying "We want six."

When junior Will Mangini finally scored (the touchdown), we found ourselves cheering, but we knew there was more to it than that. We recalled how we felt earlier, and we knew something terrifying was upon us. We felt the pride swelling within us, and it was then that we realized Kirksville had become a part of us, and perhaps we were Townies at heart.

We felt the pride swelling within us, and it was then that we realized Kirksville had become a part of us

Farewell to my Queendom

by Molly McCaskill

My final days as Truman State University's first Homecoming Queen came to a close last Friday night as Mary McBride, this year's winner, donned a tiara of her own and graciously stepped into the spotlight. So where does that leave me?

Some may say I'm a wash-up, a has-been, someone with a little something extra to put on my resume, but an ex-Queen no matter how you look at it. Others may choose to positively reinforce my arrogance and claim "once a Queen, always a Queen." But really, most people don't give a crap. Regardless, I felt motivated to reflect on my royal experience and bid farewell to the masses (Read: *The Monitor* needed some filler material this week and gave me a call).

My official duties as Queen were minimal, yet glamorous. I was the designated "number-flipper-over-girl" for the NACD telethon last spring when viewers called in monetary pledges for the cause. I got to rub elbows with Marlene Spens (a news anchor for KTVO), be on TV for 8 hours, and eat as much donated KFC as I could fit in my greasy little hands. I also co-hosted the campus-wide skit competition, the Lakeside Review, with Homecoming King Adam Fisher. That's about it.

But it wasn't the designated duties I had as Queen that overwhelmed me. It was the suddenness of becoming Molly McCaskill, H.Q., kind of like Doogie Howser, M.D. It was about being recognized at parties by strangers, running into friends from home who knew without me telling them, being introduced as "Molly, you know, the Homecoming Queen,"

and that first day of a new class when my professor would read my name off the attendance list and look at me in that "Oh, I've heard about you"-way. But I loved it all.

All of the negative and positive attention I've received in the last year has been both humbling and fantastic at the same time. I think it's taught me a lot about this school of ours.

In such a small community it's good to know that some people have a great deal of respect for individuality, but at the same time it is disheartening to find others think you're a jackson if you're different. We have a little bit of both here at Truman, but I would like to think the former are catching up with the latter. It may be easier to be a beautiful, typical, and "appropriate" Homecoming Queen, but I've found it's a lot more fun to be just the opposite.

I have had a tumultuous year as a representative of this campus with both my faults and my talents having been exposed to the student body, but to be honest, I have no regrets. In fact, on the stage Friday night I was secretly fantasizing about being re-elected as the 1997 incumbent Queen, but alas, the torch has been passed.

My one bit of advice to this year's Queen and Queens of the future: MILK THAT CROWN FOR ALL IT'S WORTH. It could get you a free drink at the Dukum someday. And one last time, thank you to everyone who was supportive, or even tolerant for that matter, of a girl who wears funny clothes, acts a little weird, and always thought these things would keep her from being somebody's Homecoming Queen. It was fun.

YOU



Monitor



The Monitor is always looking for a few good writers, conspirators, etc. We have meetings every Tuesday and Thursday night (barring acts of God) in OP 112 at 9 p.m. Also feel free to drop anything at our CAO mailbox in the SUB.

Proud to be a Campus Collective Independent quality since 1995

YOU



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Art

The Truman State University Art Club is continuing its sponsorship of art shows on the Second Floor of Baldwin Hall, featuring several student artists involved with diverse media. If you are an artist who would like to have your art on display, contact the Art Club, which meets Wednesday nights at 8:30 in the Baldwin Hall Third Floor grey lounge. Stop by and check it out.

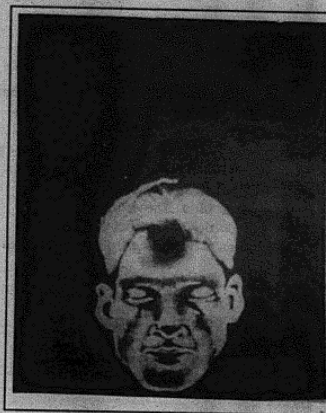
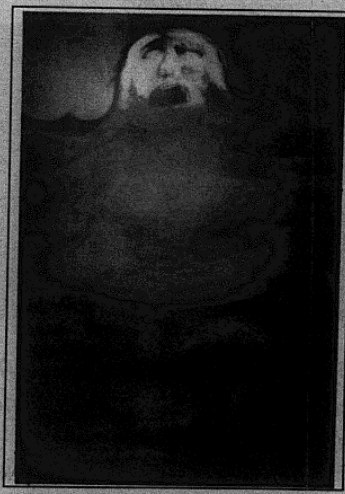
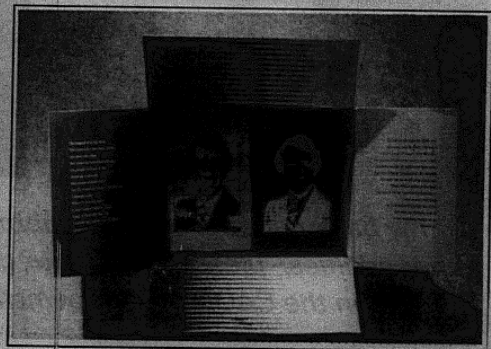
CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT:

Jason Shiek, *Self-Portrait* monotype

Rachel Elliott, oil on canvas
Dave Langkamp, screenprint on found cardboard box

Jason Shiek, *Untitled* monotype

Justin Brown, *Self-Portrait: Self Hate*, woodcut



Voulez-vous parler meilleur français?

Me, too.

Join *Pi Delta Phi*, the French honorary society, for French Table **Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday** in the **SUB Down Under** for informal, ungraded, stimulating conversations à la mode. A great way to improve your French! Sessions are conducted by the French Assistant or *Pi Delta Phi* Members
Tuesday 1:15-2:15
Wednesday 9:00-10:00 (pm)
Thursday 1:15-2:15



My Back Pages...

FOUR FRAGMENTS

I have never met a woman
Who holds my heart like the newborn it is
Only for awhile
When it starts to cry

The sky was clear today
and blue like a moot point
I could set it on fire
But it would gain no purpose

I want for whispers
In night behind oak trees
And to be asked
If I can't hold the world
what I would do with it

If I collected fragments
Of unpleasant thoughts
I'd be forever chasing
Every word in the world.

Adam Potthast

notes on highway driving
(somewhere near appalachia)

high in carolina, the sky was sad
the fog sat low, we drove slow to avoid
another land we knew less
called home. north to nashville
fog followed (highway indiscriminate)
down through town, lost in traffic
looked around, the light said red
we drove through instead, lost fog
in time for memphis, the long way home.

-brett kirkpatrick

Ex-Poems

My second poem was easier to get along with
than my first.
I wasted all my boyish passion there, on it the first--
and now I pay alimony with rejection letters.

My third poem settled for an annulment,
and went on to marry some yuppie--
they live in Conneticut and fish on Tuesdays.

My fourth poem was ugly as all hell and loyal,
but I just couldn't take it anywhere without being laughed at--
All it got of mine was the rhyme,
because I could afford the better lawyer.

My fifth poem was dangerously beautiful,
it was having an affair with Walt Whitman.
I never would have found out except when we went to bed
I heard it scream, "O Captain! My Captain!"

I stopped counting some years ago,
right after the divorce became the easiest part.
My next poem will be Catholic,
because they don't believe in divorce.

Jason Davey



my back pages is seeking submissions of poetry, prose, and
other oddities. please throw your gems and jewels into the monitor
mailbox in the CAOC office downstairs in the SUB.

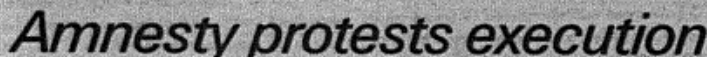


Truman State University's only source for the subjects covered in community college

Art Senior Seminar members created this sign which brought campus to its knees.

In our efforts to return to traditional values, students will no longer be allowed to wear hats inside all buildings on campus.

Another art project made by the Senior Seminar. Tab takers reached a disconnected number



Thirty-seven people gathered in front of the Adair County Court House on 21 October to hold a vigil and protest the execution of A.J. Bannister, who was put to death early the next morning. The candlelight vigil, sponsored by Amnesty International, included readings about the death penalty and a moment of silence for both Bannister and his victim.

Organizer John Halski said he was inspired to hold this kind of protest by similar ones held in St. Louis at the court house there.

"Amnesty is against all human rights violations," Amnesty member Keri Bowes said. "We believe [the death penalty] is cruel and unusual punishment." Amnesty opposes the death penalty for other reasons as well, according to Hakki.

He said that it has never been effectively proven that capital punishment deters crime, that there is no real sense of comfort to the victims' families, and it teaches revenge and counter-violence.

According to Halski, the protest served three main purposes: to let the governor and other officials see that there was opposition to the death penalty, even in the rural communities; to increase awareness and foster questioning in Kirksville; and to strengthen the resolve

Don't take off your hats just yet, Truman. About three weeks ago, students walking to class discovered an odd message—that hats would no longer be allowed in all buildings here at Truman. Two weeks later, a poster on the doors read, "Get off your butt! Walk or bike to campus." About the same time, someone wrapped most of the trash cans on campus with a question mark and hung something similar from Baldwin Hall.

While public announcements are not uncommon on the bulletin boards and entranceways to campus buildings, these posters sent waves of trepidation through campus.

One student, who did not wish for her name to be used, said, "I think it's probably one of the most asinine things I've ever seen in my life. I think it's crazy to expect college students—who stay up until 3 a.m. and have to get up for a 7:30 class and don't have time to shower until the afternoon—not to be able to wear a hat to make themselves feel better."

about the way that they look, and just so we don't have to look at their greasy hair."

On the other hand, certain sections of the campus were pleased.

"The no hat rule that took effect a week ago on campus is going to result in a return to traditional values that the university wants to convey to the outside world," said one student. "And [the values] are welcome news to the conservative factions on campus."

But unfortunately for the traditionalists and environmentalists out there, the posters were not put there by the administration or campus activists. In fact, students in Art Senior Seminar course have been creating these posters in the spirit of the Guerrilla Girls' New York Poster Art.

The Guerrilla Girls use sometimes shocking posters in Manhattan, NY's art district to call attention to the deficit of women and minorities in art galleries throughout the country.

The students in the Senior Seminar formed groups to plan and implement their ideas. Besides the hat and walking posters (now famous across campus,) and the question marks, there were other projects:

- A map of the US with an arrow pointing to Florida saying, "Your landlord doesn't care down here" and a corresponding arrow pointing to Kirksville with a classified ad selling a "firetrap."
- A poster with several malformed amphibians and a human being asking, "Which one doesn't belong?" (An accompanying sheet was later stapled to this one telling of human carelessness leading to, among other things, frogs with eyes in their throats.)
- A poster, mainly distributed in Baldwin, chastising the way nude models are hired and paid by the Fine Arts Department.
- White on black signs saying, "Fraud,"

Amnesty protests execution

of those in the group in their efforts to increase awareness about the death penalty.

Bannister was accused of first degree murder in December of 1982 and convicted in 1983 in Joplin, Mo.

This case was especially conspicuous; it was well known both nationally and internationally, according to Bowes. She said that both Ed Asner and Sean Penn have spoken out about this case.

Although Amnesty is opposed to the death penalty in principle, regardless of the case, the Bannister case was special for some.

Bowes said, "there was reasonable doubt he had not committed first degree murder," as there was evidence showing the shooting could have been an accident.

"His public defender, as I understand it, had never tried a death penalty case before," said Halski. "He met with A.J. once before the trial, went in, and basically raised no defense." For example, he did not contest in court a charge that Bannister intended to contest, Halski said.

Another unique thing about his case is that many said they thought the execution was not going to happen.

"We really thought he [the governor] would step in and grant a stay" to look into the

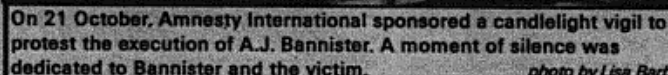


photo by Lisa Barbours

case and evidence, Bowes said. "The governor stayed an execution in August because of poor counsel, which never happened before for that reason."

While Halski did not want to make any unfounded claims to Bannister's innocence, he did point out that the arresting officer in the case "went out on a limb to say that the death penalty is an inappropriate punishment for A.J., and that has to say a lot."

Amnesty members are not concerned solely with this execution, but also how it will affect the future.

"I think it has possibility of outrage, but that's only provided that awareness is raised," said Halski.

Bowes said this execution "wasn't good

for Missouri" and she pointed out that Missouri is the state with the second highest number of executions each year, following only Texas. Six people have been executed in 1997 and there are nearly one hundred inmates on death row.

"Once you get the ball rolling it's easier to sentence another one and another one. And that's all the more reason you need the opposition," Halski said.

Both Halski and Bowes have been working towards raising awareness about capital punishment.

If you would like to get involved on this issue or any other issues Amnesty International focuses on, they meet on Mondays at 8p.m. in OP117.

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The Monitor

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Independent Quality
Since 1995

Campus Address
CAOC, SUB
Truman State University
Kirksville, MO 63501
Fax (660) 785-7436
Monitor Tower
485 S. High
Kirksville, MO 63501
Ph (660) 665-2291

Managing Editorial Board:
Maggie Therman, Q672@truman.edu
Jill Goodheart, Q799
Adam Portant, Q638

Copy Editing Provided By: Sharna Gilmore,
Dave Heaton, Tom Wheatley, Matt
Webber

Photographers: Lisa Barbour, Jacob
Fleischer, Kristy Vogel
Caption Smashes: Gavin Macleod
My Back Page: Brett Kirkpatrick, Andrea
Pigg, Matt Webber

Advertising King and Art Director:
Steve Grote

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"Come aboard, we're expecting you."



ALL THE NEWS THAT'S UNFIT

Eye on the Dobson parking lot

To the fellow breaking into his car to get the keys out: yes, we saw you. We are everywhere. And don't worry, we won't tell a soul that you locked your keys in your car. We won't even tell anyone that the car was running when you did it. Of course, it goes without saying that we won't write about you breaking into the car the next day, shattering the driver's side window, to get the keys out of the dead-battered automobile. If you'd asked, we could have told you that the police would have opened your car for free.

Just remember, wherever you go, the Monitor and Darwin are watching.

ATTEMPTED PIZZA ARSON

On Wednesday, 15 October, an undercover Monitor agent was present at Fair Apartments when DPS, also always on the prowl, reported to the scene of another heinous crime. Around 7 p.m., a box that was once assumed to have contained pizza was set ablaze near Fair Apartments. Officers who arrived on the scene concluded that this was an attempt to burn down the apartment complex.

The diligent defenders waited for an hour and a half to see if the dreaded pizza arsonist(s) would return to gloat over the residential complex's remaining ashes. They did not and no arrests were made.

Corn Awareness Week

Advertising gurus at the Student Affairs have arrived at this semester's definitive goofy advertising gimmick. Posters hit the walls approximately two weeks ago sporting slogans like, "If your friend ate a six pack of corn every night, wouldn't you be concerned?" The posters have created mass hysteria on campus and off.

Prenger's Apple Mart and Hy-Vee have both reported above average sales of the tasty vegetable. Said one clerk, "It's really weird. They'll stumble in asking for whatever stock we have left - they'll even settle for mixed vegetables. I've started asking for ID." Next week: "Would you be concerned if someone stuck a carrot in his mouth and bit it?"

STOKES Stadium

Greek forces beware - a new king sits in your midst. Just in time for the post-Homcoming festivities, brotherhood has struck our sacred football field and track. The letters S and O have been tactfully altered to create an yet unparalleled bit of advertising. The invasive fraternity was not contacted for comment and Campus Stadium Sign Cleaning Services has been slow to respond, leaving Stokes in a questionable state. There is only problem with such grand ingenuity - topping it. Said one student, "I'm glad they did it, this is what college

is all about."

Monitorrobber strikes AGAIN

Cursed has been one of the operative words at the Monitor tower lately. The latest casualties in the Evil One's quest to subvert the efforts of The Good has been a staff person's mountain bike, and a jack 'o' lantern.

We know it must feel good now to be pedaling around on someone else's bicycle, but think karma, man. In your next life, you'll be squealing "Oink, oink" with the rest of your thieving kind.

And to the pumpkin snatcher, who has caused much distress, may your children's children receive rocks instead of candy.

It is not too late to change your destiny, but for now, you're first rate jerks.

Onset of registration

Ah, yes. It's that time of year again. Time to lose that important major class to the lid in front of you; time to have to choose between BIO 100 at 7:30a.m. and 9:00p.m.; time to wonder if you're ever going to graduate because the math department refuses to give yellow cards; time to wonder if we're just filling space with silly drivel. Just don't take our anger on the nice people at the end of the tunnel.

Freshman dresses up to see advisor

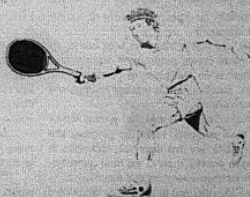
Well, never mind.

THE FIRST ANNUAL TAKE FIVE GAMESROOM/STUDENT RECREATION CENTER TABLE TENNIS TOURNAMENTS AT THE STUDENT RECREATION CENTER

NOVEMBER 8 & 9
NOVEMBER 22 & 23
STARTING AT NOON
EACH DAY

SIGN UP AT THE STUDENT UNION/
TAKE FIVE GAMESROOM BY NOV. 6
ROUND ROBIN TOURNAMENT

BRING YOUR OWN PADDLE OR CHECK ONE OUT AT
THE REC CENTER DESK.
BRING STUDENT ID & SECOND PAIR OF SHOES



Letter

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

Editors' note:

Professor Ed Tyler of the Language and Literature Speaker's Committee wished to respond to the statement made in the last issue of The Monitor by Mr. Larry Hahn. In regard to the letter by Montana speaker John Trochmann, Hahn stated it was a "disgrace" that "a TSU division, both of one hundred faculty and taxpayers' expense" sponsored this "ultra-right wing" speaker.

In response to this statement, Tyler wanted to make it clear Trochmann came to speak at Truman by his own expense. In fact, more money was spent on the posters which publicized the event than was given to Trochmann himself.

According to Tyler, the only Truman money spent on Trochmann was less than 23 dollars - a dinner at Paglia's pizza.

"As far as money to him [Trochmann], he didn't get any," Tyler said.

If you wish to respond to an article, editorial or letter printed in The Monitor or to anything in general, drop your typed letter in just mailbox in the CAOC office by 5 p.m. Nov. 4. We want to hear from you.

Prof of the Week

How does teaching physics in a liberal arts and sciences environment differ from that at Texas A&M?

I generally have smaller classes and a lot more contact with my students. I can talk to students out of class about things that interest them, or that they're stuck on, or they're troubled with.

Are the topics that you cover in the classes that you teach here different than those that you experienced as an undergrad?

For a physics major, no. But, for example, Physics 100, which I teach - I didn't encounter many of those things in my [earlier] physics classes, like Einstein's theory of relativity.

What other courses do you teach?

I teach a class called Modern Physics, which is an introduction to the theory of relativity, and I teach another course called Classical Mechanics, which involves the hardest mathematics you can find, doing really incredibly hard problems. It would make most people very ill to think about it.

Do you have a favorite course to teach, either past or present?

Well, believe it or not, I really enjoy Physics 100. I really look forward to going each day, and I look forward to teaching it each semester. I like my physics majors' classes too, but for different reasons.

If Ted Turner were to donate one million dollars to support the research of Ken Hahn, what projects would you then be able to do?

I would begin to study chaos theory which is just very, very fascinating.

Now that's strongly based in mathematics as well, right?

Computers, yeah. Mandelbrot set, things like that.

What applications does that have to physics?

Chaos theory is something that's very general - it describes the behavior of systems that appear to be unpredictable, e.g. the stock market, weather forecasting, or miscellaneous vibrations, which got started during an earthquake, that could mess up a building.

WIC: How you can get free milk Service

WIC aid covers such items as milk, cheese, eggs, baby formula, and juice. This no cost program is available all across the state and is administered through local health agencies.

The local Adair County WIC Program is a branch of the Northeast Missouri Health Council and has approximately 515 participants from Kirksville and the surrounding community.

Since the early 70s, the federal government has provided food aid to women, infants and children. This program was created as a reaction to the findings of a 1967 survey which detailed inadequate nutrition in the diets of low income children. Sponsored in a 1972 bill by Senator Hubert Humphrey, the Special Supplemental Nutrition for Women, Infants and Children Act provided funding for this nutrition program. Implementation was turned over to the USDA which helped supplement the nutritional intake of women and their children by providing coupons redeemable at local grocery stores for food staples.

The mission of the program is to help provide low income families with nutritional foods by defraying the costs of certain grocery items.

Some women bring their children along to the meetings, while others come alone or with their partners. In addition to information, health screenings are also provided to help pregnant women keep track of their weight and blood pressure and chart their development accordingly. Information about other health services is always provided.

Women who are interested in learning more about or participating in the WIC program can contact the Adair County WIC Program at (660) 626-2350 or call 1-800-392-8209. Appointments can be made to determine eligibility for the program and discuss free health and nutritional screenings.

When you mention weather forecasting, what effects do you think that El Niño will put on us here in Kirksville?

Well, the cold weather ruined all my tomatoes that were still doing well.

If President Magruder were to put you in charge of deciding a new use for the pit outside Pickler Library, what would you choose?

I think a nice enclosed park area with benches and statues.

How about a drop tower from the top of the Towne Bells for physics research?

I think the first thing that we need to do is get a huge jack and tilt it so that it would be like the Leaning Tower of Pisa, a la Kirksville. One of the highlights of my college career was a trip through Europe, climbing the leaning tower. The most frightful thing was that I was by myself and I had to leave my backpack, which had everything I owned at the foot of the tower.

Wasn't there a scientist who would climb to the top of the leaning tower and perform dropping experiments?

Galileo. I don't know if he really did that or not, but he was there in Pisa; he taught at the University of Pisa. Legend has it that that's how he came up with his ideas of gravity. It was very tempting as I hung over the edge to drop something just to say that I had done it, but they don't let you do that either. I was just happy to get my backpack when I reached the bottom.

Are you disappointed that the Towne Bells are controlled by a music synthesizer and not by a bunch of old Truman State?

I was disappointed early on when I realized that that they had carried music. To me it always sounds a little tinny.

If one of your advisors began taking flying lessons, what one principle of physics would you consider most important for him to know?

The law of inertia. An object at rest remains at rest, period.

You're not going to finish that?

I guess you could finish it.

Service with a smile

By Matt Webber

Before the morning sun arises, the workers of Sodexo must pull their tired bodies out of bed. Long before the students of Truman punch their snooze buttons, take their morning showers, and brush away their morning breath, the workers in the dining halls come to work, prepare our hot breakfasts, and ready the cafeterias for a day's worth of eating.

By 6:45 a.m., when the doors to the dining halls are opened, the food is ready and the workers are smiling. The smiles never leave their faces.

For years now, the smiling faces of the now-familiar checkers/card swipers have greeted Truman students with a "hello," a "good morning," and a "how are you today?" In the dining halls of Missouri and Centennial, the checkers are on a first name basis with the students.

Virginia and George, despite having arrived at six o'clock a.m., have a smile in store for every student that walks through the door.

Virginia has greeted students in Missouri Hall for seven years. Before that, she was the line coordinator for five years. She also spent twenty-nine years of her life toiling in factories. She is married with three sons and has always lived in this area.

George has worked as a checker for five years. He worked in the kitchen and on the line before getting his present job. He was born in Missouri but grew up in New York. He returned to Missouri after graduating from high school and he has lived here ever since.

I asked both of them if they enjoyed their jobs, and if they enjoyed working with all of the students. "Oh yes, I love it," Virginia said. "I can't say that there's anything about this job that I dislike. I'm really satisfied."

"Yes, yes, I do," said George, when asked if he liked working at Centennial. Is there anything he doesn't like about his job? "No. No, really. There's nothing in particular."

In 1995, George was voted the number one reason to live in Centennial.

Freshman James Knowles had this to say about Virginia: "She's such a sweet lady. She always says hello to me when I walk through the door. In the mornings, I'm hardly awake. But she always has a smile on her face. She must really enjoy what she does."

"George is awesome!" said one Centennial student.

When I interviewed Virginia and George at mealtime, both of them paused several times to say hello to the entering students. They smiled throughout the entirety of their interviews. I have never seen a frown on either face.

"Have a nice day," said George, when the interview was over.

"Bye-bye," said Virginia.

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Opinions

A bad rap for Greek unity

by Tom Wheatley
Not overheard in conversation this week-end: "Man, did you hear about that brawl last night between the marching band and the art club?"

The idea that these or any two organizations on this campus would get into a brawl seems ridiculous, especially since adult college individuals are involved. However, the alarming news of a brawl between the members of Phi Kappa Theta and Sigma Tau Gamma prompts serious evaluation of the validity of some of the ideals of the entire social Greek system.

It has not been an impressive year for the Greek system. Coupled with the hospitalization of a Beta Theta Pi pledge due to alcohol poisoning and the boycott of Sigma Phi Epsilon social events by several other fraternities, this incident makes the lie of "Greek unity" even more blatant. The hospitalization of a pledge reveals the lack of unity within the Beta Theta Pi organization. The fact that there were no formal charges brought against Sigma Phi Epsilon shows that the boycotting organizations are not trying to remedy an injustice but merely to use the power of their respective organizations to cause difficulties for Sigma Phi Epsilon.

Why do we need a phrase like "Greek unity"? Have the individuals involved in the Greek system regressed to a pre-kindergarten mindset and need to be reminded to play nice with one another? One would hope not.

Let's be realistic. Individuals join a fraternity or sorority because they were unsatisfied with life as a GDI. They went through a search and chose to become a part of what they saw as the best Greek organization on campus. They

did not join the Greek system with the intent to get along with other Greeks. This process breeds elitism. Greek apparel around campus proclaims various organizations as the best, or the most selective. Having pride in an organization is one thing, but declaring superiority to other groups opens up a floodgate of opportunity for animosity to breed which can result in situations like the early-morning melee on October 19th.

That being said, there are exceptions. Sometimes there are differences between individuals that cannot seem to be resolved through mediation. Every once in a long while two men or women that cannot resolve their differences just need to slug it out by themselves, then help each other off the ground and go have a cold beer together. Society doesn't necessarily condone that kind of activity, but it does help to get rid of any bad blood that individuals might have.

GDI's are not without their faults, either. Fights do break out at GDI parties every once in a while. This is unfortunate, but no one can expect everyone to get along all of the time, regardless of their organizational membership (if any).

However, there are two major differences between GDI fights and the intrafraternity brawl. The first is that GDI's never proclaim unity with one another. The other is that GDI fights are differences between individuals, not organizations. The police aren't being called in the wee hours of the morning to break up an altercation between the film club and Prim. Brawls like the one on October 19 paint the reputation and integrity of this university as an academic institution and member of the Kinkville community. The organizations and

The madness of an undergrad

by Leslie Gruff
To be admitted to Truman State University, students must be committed to two worlds, academics and involvement. We all remember competing to see how many high school activities we could list on our applications as well as who could turn in the highest GPA. And then, once we entered this mecca of liberal arts stimulation, we found that these two worlds could no longer exist in such a harmonious nature.

We go to Introduction to Anthropology and find topics that make us jot down lists of additional reading material and questions to take to the professor's office hours. We are made to ponder things we had never heard of before our 2:30 lecture. We literally run to the stacks of Pickler to find answers to all those questions swimming about our minds. That is, until we realize we are late for our Hall Session meeting.

We find forms to get involved with Lakeside, donate blood, and organize a fundraiser. We write dates and times in our planners. We run for offices and take on more responsibilities, believing that learning leadership skills will help us in the long run.

And then, we trudge back to our rooms, internally battling between the desires to fulfill the requirements of both a scholar and a campus leader. We turn to our student advisors, our professors, and older students for more advice and come away with only more confusion.

While I may not clear up every question and doubt, I feel it is my duty as the experienced senior to offer my advice. I have played the campus involvement game. I have juggled weeks of eighteen meetings, two tests, a paper, and lots of coffee. I have found rewards and disappointments in both academics and organizations.

Now, as I begin to look to life beyond Truman, I look back with regret at my years here. I mourn the nights I spent in tears, hopelessly looking at the piles of work on my desk and the fleeting hours to complete it. I think back to missed opportunities to actually learn from the intelligent individuals instructing my courses.

I am ashamed by the leadership positions I have failed to give my all to. And yet, I look back at my career at Truman which I look filled with success. How can I be disappointed with myself and proud of my achievements at the same time?

The answer is simple, the rewards I have earned are hollow. Because I could never slow down long enough to appreciate what was happening around me, I missed the satisfaction of devoting myself to a cause or a project and then viewing its successful completion.

Recently, I was given the honor of being on Homecoming Court, representing the Truman student body and the ideal we are supposed to be striving for. While this should have

Professor questions silence

by Vanessa Davis
In April of 1963, from a small jail cell in Birmingham, Alabama, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. attempted to explain to his critics why civil rights protests were necessary. Arguing that because "we are caught in an inescapable network of mutuality, tied in a single garment of destiny," King proclaimed, "Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere."

The force and truth of Dr. King's words have not lessened in the last 34 years. The interconnected nature of human life and justice has only increased as an intricate web of technology, mutual dependency, and information binds together diverse people and actions. Mutuality, the understanding that lives and events are woven together in ways that cannot be unraveled, is at the heart of our lives in the late 1990s.

This sense of mutuality is not confined to a larger, global world, however. Its most present and personal manifestations for many of us come in our daily actions on the Truman State University campus. In fact, if anything, this sense of interconnectedness is particularly strong at a liberal arts institution such as ours.

At Truman, not only do we emphasize the interconnection of knowledge, but we also recognize the interconnection of diverse people and the value of such diversity. The University Mission states unequivocally: "The highest goals of a liberal arts education are to ignite the individual's curiosity about the natural and social universe and then aid him or her in developing the skills and personal resources to channel knowledge into productive, satisfying activity. In pursuing these goals, the university seeks to cultivate in its students intellectual integrity, tolerance of difference and diversity, informed ethical values, and courageous aspiration toward the best for oneself, one's family, one's society and the world."

Those of us who teach and work with students are well aware that we are engaged in an act that is about more than mere transmission of information. Any college environment, but especially a liberal arts environment which seeks to foster personal as well as intellectual growth, has a responsibility to create a safe context for students to discover themselves, explore the larger world around them, and understand and respect (if not accept) the differences of those unlike them.

Truman State University, at its best, provides students with a place to take risks and make mistakes while in a supportive and caring environment. But recent events on this campus have begun to call the safety and security of this environment into question.

By now, most of us have at least heard about the assault which took place during the early morning hours of Saturday, October 11th. Two young men were attacked while walking across campus after their attacker erroneously assumed they were gay. Although any incident of violence is troubling, the coupling of such hatred and intolerance with violence should be especially troubling in our liberal arts environment which values diversity and respect.

Regardless of how one feels about homosexuality, violence is unacceptable. The ramifications of this attack are also much further reaching than the individuals concerned. It constitutes not only an attack against the two young men beaten, but also an attack against this university's values of respect, diversity, and tolerance.

Each of us is a member of an academic community where the free exchange and debate of ideas is a central component of our lives. Violence, particularly violence generated out of hate and disregard for diversity, reflects a breakdown in the discourse which is the very lifeblood of any university. Furthermore, it impinges upon the safety and security of all members of this community. For true learning and self-expression to occur, a safe environment must also exist.

But as disturbing as the recent violence has been, the lack of a public, administrative response is even more disturbing. Although such action is never pleasant, it does play a crucial role in our community values. The University Mission mandates that Truman State "provide a physical environment and support services that will help members of the university achieve their educational goals and enhance their social and physical development." Given this sort of attack against the safety of all members of the university community, now more than ever should we see the public leadership that can only result in enhancing the University's commitment to personal growth and diversity.

We, as a community, face a challenge. With direction, guidance, and support, we can learn from this atrocity and explore our diversity. We can reaffirm the humanity and importance of all members of the community, regardless of differences in sexual orientation, race, gender, nationality, or any other surface difference. But such an education demands frank and open discussion in a safe and secure environment. It requires that we set aside our ambitions for public recognition and instead focus on the needs of our community.

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We, all students, faculty, staff, and administrators, have an obligation to protect each other. We do not live in a vacuum; we are part of Dr. King's "inescapable network of mutuality, tied in a single garment of destiny."

In my command to pass the wisdom onto you. Before you withdraw from everything and take up residence at Thousend Hills, let me say that I am not encouraging that in the least. I am asking you to evaluate. Take stock of those meetings you attend.

Yes, leadership experience and campus involvement are priceless. The knowledge and skills you are able to gain there will be of absolute necessity in developing to your full potential. However, if that involvement is infringing upon your sanity, it is not worthy of the time on your resume that it will someday become. Involvement is a wonderful thing when

see INSANE page 5

Intramurals: All lazy asses are welcome

by Tom Wheatley
I'll be honest. I'm one of those GenX slackers. I don't really care about anything except music and video games. I love to have fun with my friends and I'm not really that good at anything. I am just a disorganized, lazy college student with lots of free time on my hands.

I used to think that I was useless until earlier this year when I discovered an activity that welcomes individuals with any of those minor character flaws. It's called intramurals. I got my first taste of intramurals when my house in Dobson competed in the Kickball tournament. I had never played kickball before (where I came from the game of choice was punchball), and I didn't really have that much interest in playing.

If this were a real sports team, I would be the last kid picked, if I made the team at all. However, the only string attached with intramurals is that interested parties must be living college students.

All are welcomed with open arms, from the athletic to the unathletic, the attractive to the really ugly, and the intelligent to the dumb-as-a-hammer types.

I was dragged outside by my friends for the first game. I whined about how tired I was, how much homework I had to do, and how

many articles I had to finish by 5 p.m. for the fine publication I write for.

No one cared. Everyone on my team was focused on beating the other team. Actually, no one was paying attention to the game at all because these two cute girls kept jogging by. There were a couple of girls on the other team with really nice legs as well, so all in all it was a pretty good day.

Oh, by the way, we won the game. I had a couple of good kicks and drove in some runs, and I wasn't even wearing shoes. We had a good time out in the fresh air, and I even turned in my articles on time, which made my editors happy.

Over the next few days Lindbergh House destroyed team after team of kickballers and won the championship. We were also the team that cared the least about winning, which I found terribly ironic.

We had guys drop pop flies because they didn't want to put out their cigarettes. People ran into apartments, trees and each other. Some barefoot guy (wonder who that was) kept complaining about how much the ball hurt his foot when he kicked it (put on some shoes, moron). All in all, it was a great time and we built some house unity.

Right now my intramural game of choice is volleyball. I'm on a team called The Chai-

rather than enjoyment, you are not gaining from your devotion.

How much more productive leadership can be if it is challenging yet manageable. In the book *Daughter of Earth* by Agnes Smedley, one of her characters declares, "If the thing you work for is great enough, and true enough, to work for its achievement is reward enough, even if it does not succeed..." Devotion to a cause can be a tremendous experience, but work for the cause of mere obligation is pointless, disheartening, and destructive.

If a commitment to only completing the work that is satisfying leaves the Truman community with fewer activities, fewer organizations, fewer meetings and committees, we will not have lost if we therefore are also left with fewer failing students, fewer regrets, and fewer cries of burden and despair.

department's current policy.

But some projects were designed with an artistic bent to them. The signs "selling" fraud, waste, and other things were created by a group including seniors Chad Odgers and Steve Grote.

"The terms had only negative connotations without any selling points," Odgers said. "What we thought was interesting was that anyone would call the numbers when all that was being advertised were essentially terms that would be avoided in an advert context."

The number that was attached to the sign was not in service, which the group believed actually fulfilled the purpose of anyone calling for the reasons listed above. They believed that students would believe there was some type of activist intention behind the signs.

"One of the things we were trying to do was work with associations," said Grote. "It's kind of a reaction against all these signs that were supposed to advertise something that was going to make you happy."

Student Reading
7 November
7:00pm

Senior Melanie Riner will read selections of works created at Truman.

While you're there, why not browse the stacks of Truman's premiere used book store?



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Reviews



Phish: slip, stitch and jam

By Jacob Fleischer

Last Tuesday must have been "jam band" release day. In one day Phish, The Dave Matthews Band, and The Grateful Dead all released new live albums. Unfortunately, being the poor college student that I am, I couldn't afford them all, so, being the Phish fan I am, I bought the new Phish album *Slip Stitch and Jam*, which is nearly 73 minutes in length, distributed over nine songs. Needless to say, I am a very happy person.

The album kicks off with a Talking Heads cover, "Circles." I've never actually heard this song done by the Talking Heads, but Phish managed to turn out wonderful version. Trey Anastasio handles the vocals for this one and does a great job.

Next is "Wolfman's Brother," a great song from their album *Hoist*. Over the last year, this song has literally transformed from a short little ditty to a long and extremely drawn out song with plenty of jam time. Like all the best Phish songs the lyrics are crammed into the first two minutes of the song and from there on it's jam time. For the next eleven minutes, the band plays around with the theme of the song and then spaces out before melting into...

"Jesus Left Chicago" by ZZ Top, a slow, methodical number which mainly features Page McConnell on vocals and keyboards. This is a great song to groove to, simply because it is such a deliberately slow piece. The blues inspiration shows through in some great guitar work by Trey and a constant bass beat by Mike Cordos. All in all, this song is a good choice to follow the jamminess of "Wolfman's Brother."

"Weigh" comes in next and offers a fine rendition of the song from *Rift*. This song just about overpowers the listener with Mike's weirdness. It's obvious this song is almost a kind of a breather for the band before what must be the crowning jewel of the album.

From the ashes of "Weigh" comes an almost heavenly version of "Mike's Song." After the lyrics which are sung by — go figure — Mike, we get on with the theme of the song. The jam soon breaks away and develops its own theme. Soon even the theme distinguishes and becomes just free-floating space. This noodling goes on for a while until it finally coalesces into a tease of the Doors song "The End" and Pink Floyd's "Careful with that axe, Eugene," each lasting about ten seconds long.

As the jam winds down the listener finds him or herself transported to the Land of the Lounge Lizards, for Page's "Lawn Boy." This song makes a startling change from its appearance on the album of the same name.

Before, it was just kind of a one-off, sort of a crazy song. Now you can just imagine Page

sitting there singing this and just totally going over the top. Thankfully, the song is kept short and sweet; otherwise, it might have proved annoying.

Mike's "Wekapang Groove" comes out of "Lawn Boy" like a train going a million miles per hour. The speed at which this is taken is just insane, and the listener might say "How the hell can Mike's hands go that fast on a bass?" The answer is that they just do. This is a great version of a great song and is just indescribable.

As a breather, the capella "Hello My Baby" is just plain fun. That's all. Last but certainly not least is "Taste" from *Billy Breathers*. Again, they cram the lyrics into the front of the song, and it's jam time once again.

This time the theme is carried through and done very well. As the last song, it concludes the album well. As if it wasn't obvious enough, I liked this album a lot. So here's the plan. Take the money you saved from not buying REM's *In the Attic*, and go out and buy this album. Whether you're already a Phish fan or haven't even heard of them, go out and buy this album. It is well, well worth the money.

In favor of noodling: experimental rock

By Dave Heaton

In today's rock music there is no room for improvisation, as far as music critics and other supposed experts are concerned. The "jam bands" who use music itself, not just the lyrics, as a form of expression are derided for "noodling" or "wanking" for excessive solos and breaks from the rock song format (verse chorus verse and perhaps a bridge). Why is it that jazz musicians can use improvisation as a creative tool for communication, yet when rock musicians attempt such expression it is suddenly dismissed as ego-stroking musical masturbation?

This is not to suggest that jamming in and of itself is always a positive thing; it can be self-indulgent, tiresome and directionless. Yet, in the right hands, improvisational rock can actually be much less egocentric than most music. Phish's Trey Anastasio often describes their view of music by using Carlos Santana's "hooray" metaphor: the music being the water and the musicians conduits for the music, pouring it forth onto the audience to see what grows. The musicians communicate with their audience, with each other and with the music in a freeform, spontaneous manner. DJ Spooky asserts that music can form a new language; he uses mixing and sampling, but why can't rock music itself also be a form of communication?

A few spectacular recent releases demonstrate that improv can have a unique place in rock. One is Phish's latest live release *Slip, Stitch and Jam*, reviewed elsewhere in this issue. In a live setting, Phish use their songs as skeletal frameworks, as launching pads for them to go wherever the music takes them.

A similar approach is taken on two recent works by Sonic Youth, longtime auditory explorers whose music, on the surface, seems in contrast with Phish; yet they both experiment with methods of creating music. Since their inception in the early 1980s, the members of Sonic Youth have engaged in a visionary manner of songwriting. They begin writing by improvising together as a band. They record all of these improvisations, pick out their favorites and use them as the foundations of their songs. In concert they have used their songs as structures to further experiment and improvise. Sonic Youth currently are "stuck" in the group improvisational stage of the process, yet instead of considering this a stumbling block, they are enjoying and utilizing it. Over the past year, Sonic Youth has been playing concerts (often in the last few months, they have released two EPs of their studio improvisations, *Perspectives Musicales* and *Musikale Vergeichten*, both on a record label they created just for this purpose, SYR (P.O. Box 6179, Hoboken NJ, 07030).

Chuck D. fights the power

by Dave Heaton

Fight the Power: Rap, Race, and Reality (Delacorte Press) is the powerful first book by Chuck D., the forceful hip-hop scholar/leader behind Public Enemy, one of the most significant and socially relevant rap groups (or musicians, even) of all time. As author/intellectual Cornel West has said, "Chuck D. is the towering artist of Hip-Hop culture and a leading public intellectual of soul for young America" whose "voice challenges all of us!"

Through Public Enemy, Chuck has long been a voice of truth and justice, with a strong message of unity, self-reliance, and Black Power. Co-written with author and lecturer Yusuf Jah, *Fight the Power* is part memoir and part manifesto. Chuck vividly describes his life experiences, from his childhood in the 1960s through the formation of Public Enemy (as a synthesis of hip-hop and the Black Panthers), to his recent activities, musical and otherwise.

He details his feelings on the various controversies surrounding Public Enemy over the years, including the media's reports on Flavor Flav's personal troubles, Professor Griff leaving PE due to supposed anti-Semitic remarks, and the public discussion arising from the "By the Time I Get to Arizona" video. Chuck tells of his inspiring trips to Africa, his forays into business with his Rap Style clothing company, into journalism on MTV and Fox, and into education with his new organization REACH.

He also goes through the history of hip-hop from his perspective, including his fondest memories, favorite artists, and an explanation of his oft-quoted belief that rap is the Black CNN. This book will be a delight and inspiration for fans of Public Enemy and/or Hip-Hop music in general. Yet Chuck D. transcends that level by focusing not only on himself and the music industry but by sharing his opinions and arguments about society overall. He expounds on many of the issues in his song lyrics, including media bias, alcohol and drug abuse, the danger of large corporations, representations of blacks in film and TV, the law enforcement and criminal justice systems,

and more. At one point Chuck says his message is "just think. Don't be a robot." He says Public Enemy has always been an exercise in selling intelligence to journalists. (hip-hop and otherwise) as being too didactic and out of step with the times. But how can intelligence and positive, subjective thought go "out of style"? Chuck D.'s intellectualism and noble search for Truth and Justice are timeless. His messages need to be heard, not only by hip-hop fans, but by anyone concerned with the state of the world today. As Spike Lee writes in *Fight the Power's* foreword: "To those not familiar with 'Chuck D., this book is a must read," "writ-negativity, the danger of large corporations, representations of blacks in film and TV, the law enforcement and criminal justice systems, you need to read this book, whoever you are."

black control over businesses and other areas of society, gang problems and the media's portrayal of them, American "heroes," Black/Jewish relationships, and the sports industry.

All of these issues, and many more, are examined from an intelligent, straightforward viewpoint. He consistently gets right to the point. This book is a blunt call for readers to get off their asses and do something. Chuck is hard on anyone who complains about others without doing anything constructive themselves. He writes: "What the fuck have you done? That's my biggest question. Before somebody should criticize a person that's doing something, they should look into their situation and analyze what they've done."

To Chuck D., the struggle is not one of liberal vs. conservative, rich vs. poor, Republican vs. Democrat, or even black vs. white, but a matter of the truth vs. lies, Good vs. Evil. He presents what he sees in life and society to wake readers up to injustice and to ultimately provoke thought and discussion. At the end of the first chapter, Chuck says he hopes the book "will generate open and honest communication, understanding, and ultimately respect for Black people's trials, tribulations, victories, and sojourn here in America, and throughout the world."

At one point Chuck says his message is "just think. Don't be a robot." He says Public Enemy has always been an exercise in selling intelligence to journalists. (hip-hop and otherwise) as being too didactic and out of step with the times. But how can intelligence and positive, subjective thought go "out of style"? Chuck D.'s intellectualism and noble search for Truth and Justice are timeless. His messages need to be heard, not only by hip-hop fans, but by anyone concerned with the state of the world today. As Spike Lee writes in *Fight the Power's* foreword: "To those not familiar with 'Chuck D., this book is a must read," "writ-negativity, the danger of large corporations, representations of blacks in film and TV, the law enforcement and criminal justice systems, you need to read this book, whoever you are."

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Kirkville becomes Toadville

by Matt Siemer

Crestfallen. It's a cool word, and it's also the only way to describe how I felt when SAB told me Toad the Wet Sprocket would not be doing an interview. You see, all week long we were all under the assumption that Toad would be talking to the press sometime Saturday afternoon. On Friday night the band's management told us this was not to be.

More than anything else, the news broke my heart because Toad is, on most days, my favorite band of all time. I was, after all, one of the few but proud (and very cool) people whose lips you may have seen moving when they charmed their biggest fans with "Way Away," a song from their very first album, *Bread and Circus*. No offense to the reader, but getting the inside scoop with an interview was not really my concern. I just wanted to meet my musical idols.

However, I was not about to give up hope. The night before I had read something on the band's homepage from some girl who had met them by hanging around the back entrance after the concert. I really am not too wise to the ins and outs of how to meet a band, but this certainly sounded like my best bet.

So, with crossed fingers I headed down through Red Barn Park, behind Pershing Gym, just after dark. All the lamps were lit up by this time, and in all my view there stood just one figure. I walked by the security guard, and we exchanged greetings under our breaths. We were both hard at work.

As I got closer to the back side of the gym, two big buses and a tractor-trailer came into view. These were, no doubt, transports for the band. Of this I became sure because as I drew near, I saw Glen Phillips, lead singer of Toad

the Wet Sprocket, sitting inside one of the buses, watching the boob tube. I drew in a breath sharply and kept walking past, not wanting to draw the attention of the security guard. All I could think was, "I just saw Glen Phillips. What do I do?"

I turned around and went back. I didn't know what I was doing, but I knew that I would not be able to live with myself if I threw away the chance to meet someone I have so much respect and admiration for. Nevertheless, I still wasn't prepared for what came next. As I passed by the bus again, I stopped and stood stock-still. Someone was getting out of the bus.

Fifteen feet in front of me there stood a figure silhouetted by a bright light coming from behind. I didn't know who it was, but I was sure that they saw me. I started forward, and as I did, the figure began to look more and more familiar. The height seemed right. The haircut looked right. Still, I wasn't sure.

"Glen?" "Hi," Glen Phillips stepped forward and offered me his hand. I reached mine out in reply, and the two of us shook.

"Wow, Um, it's really nice to meet you, um . . . Glen." He stood and smiled patiently as I fumbled for something to say. After all, what do you say to the person to whom you have hundreds of things to say? "I love your music."

"I respect and admire you more than anyone else I don't know." "I think you are a great person because you sing about what's in your heart. You tell everyone all your secrets and feelings right after night and teach us how to have hope and love."

"Thanks for coming." After this I remembered how to speak. I tried to explain how I was so much looking

No offense to the reader, but getting the inside scoop with an interview was not really my concern. I just wanted to meet my musical idols.



Last Saturday, Toad the Wet Sprocket grooved long into the hazy night in Pershing Arena.

photo by Krisley Vogel

forward to interviewing him, and asked as gently as I could if he wanted to talk now, if only for a minute or two. It sounds silly, but more than anything I didn't want him to hate me.

"Well, to be honest, I've been pretty depressed and down lately, so I'm kinda' just looking forward to doing the show and going home." I was shocked by his open confession. I told him I was sorry for just, and reiterated what an honor it was to meet him. We shook hands and went our separate ways.

For the next few hours, especially through the concert, I thought about what Glen had said. It certainly wasn't hard for me to see the depression seeping in at some points during the show. We all heard Glen talk about how he wouldn't want to curse McGoo's baby by dedicating a song to him, seeing as how all of their songs are "incredibly depressing." He also spoke about how nice it would be during their upcoming break to "get to see our wives and girlfriends and children. We'll get to have lives for five whole days. That'll be nice."

I found myself wishing I could give back to Toad the Wet Sprocket just some of what they gave to me. After all, anytime I'm depressed and want to feel better, I can just pop one of their CDs in my stereo and let it work its magic. We go to their concerts and expect them to make all of us feel great, but what we give in return doesn't even begin to compare. I know some would say paying seven bucks and clapping is enough, but I don't think so. I think if you really care not just about the music but also about the other human beings up there on stage making the music, you'll realize all our money and applause doesn't make up for the demands we make of them. So, should every-

see TOAD, page 8

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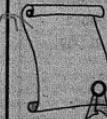
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Home Cookin' with Heather

By Heather Tylack

Oh, this week's column created a bit of a dilemma. Because of the thousands of recipes we receive on a daily basis in *The Monitor* mailbox in the CAOC, I have had to become very selective with the recipes I choose to spotlight. This week I narrowed my decision down to four outstanding choices.

The first consideration went to Tom's Insanity Drink, but because I have a really guilty conscience, I decided printing something with "insanity" in the title might not be so good, but if you want to check it out on your own, get on the net and look up Absinthe #1 on the Webstender.

The second recipe for consideration was a medieval one. Matt S. gave me the web site, but since I've been so busy this week, I didn't look it up. Sorry.

The third recipe was given to me by Maggie. It looks really good, but since I like to try the recipes before I write about them, that one will have to wait. Bummer.

So, this leaves me with my fourth choice, a dish of culinary excellence that will make the mouth water. Thus, I present what I like to call:

Pumpkin Seeds A la Eric Schreier

Some fresh pumpkin seeds
Some salt
I sweat cup o' love

Eric says to first clean off the seeds, which should be done in water which is at least 97 degrees Fahrenheit. Next, put the cleaned off seeds on a baking sheet, sprinkle with salt, and put in a heated oven (probably around 350 degrees) until they look slightly brown. Voila.

Eric reminds us not to forget about the sweat cup o' love.

I asked Eric if he had a wine recommendation for our 21 and older readers that might accompany his recipe and he said one word: "Beer." Then he added with a quick smile, "Helps kill the taste of the seeds."

So, that's this week's recipe. I wish I had something else to add, but the GRE (that's graduate record examination, for those fortunate not to know) sucked all of the life out of me. Thus, my prayers for fellow test takers, past and present. Adieu.

Queen Astra

Some of you sniveling whiners out there decided to complain about the "decidedly negative tone" of some of the past few weeks' horoscopes. So, Queen Astra in all of her astral majesty has retaliated. This week you've got nothing but sugary sweetness on the horizon!!! Don't worry...reality will return next issue, we hope.

Aries (21 March-20 April): Make love not war!

Taurus (21 April-21 May): You're more popular than ever this week! Go make a new friend and revel in your inner, well hidden beauty.

Gemini (22 May-21 June): Sing "I Love You,

You Love Me" until someone strikes you. Then thank them.

Cancer (22 June-23 July): Roll down a hill and rejoice in the Lord!!

Leo (24 July-23 August): Have a slumber party and tell knock, knock jokes until you pee your pants. Isn't this fun?

Virgo (24 August-September 23): Just like the little engine that could, you've got only more steam to blow. Blow, baby, blow!

Libra (24 September-23 October): You're a source of unexpected enthusiasm and positive energy this week. Volunteer to "pet a puppy" at the Humane Society, run a marathon for Cerebral Palsy, give 5 pints of blood for the Red Cross. To give is to live!

Scorpio (24 October-22 November): Be thankful this week. Call your mom and tell her you couldn't live even one more day without thanking her for giving you breath. And don't blame QA for next week's adoption shock.

Sagittarius (23 November-21 December): Explore the world from the eyes of a child. Crawl to class, drool on those you love and

swallow anything smaller than your elbow. What?

Capricorn (22 December-20 January): Let a puppy lick your nose and you'll know what happiness really means. Does it get any better than this?

Aquarius (21 January-19 February): Nurse an injured animal to health and wait for unexpected gifts: rabies, the gift that keeps giving and giving.

Pisces (20 February-20 March): Admire the complexities of your body. Take a midnight swim and watch your extremities shrivel.

If you have a problem only Queen could solve, let Queen Astra use her mystical powers and intuitive gifts on you. Drop off your concern in The Monitor's mailbox in the CAOC office in the SUB and let her magic work!

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one send them a thank-you card or something?

All this touches on the even deeper issue of what music is supposed to be. An old roommate and I had many arguments on this subject. He believes that music's sole purpose should be to entertain. Therefore, he doesn't like depressing music or any music that makes him think.

I disagree, and I think Toad would also, with this fairly popular philosophy on music. That's why I hate party music so much. I think many people could care less about what's playing, as long as it's fast, loud, and has a good beat (whatever the hell that means). Thus, I was surprised and happy to see so many people at the concert on Saturday.

For anyone that loves music, I would say Toad the Wet Sprocket is an incredible band, but there is a twist. They are very entertaining live, and all of their music is amazing. However, sometimes the music is almost too good. The most basic goal of music may be to communicate, but sometimes even this is hard. Take "Walk on the Ocean" for an example. It is, arguably, their most popular song. Pop *Fear* in your stereo and listen to it again. The music sounds and feels so good that the message can be hard to get. But for a very brief ten seconds, Glen sings about life back on the homestead, "where people don't know you and trust is a joke." Perhaps the scenes and feelings Phillips

describes in this song are so beautiful because of the alternative — everyday life.

Toad the Wet Sprocket is made of four guys with the courage to play what they truly feel, the hope to believe what they might change the lives of others, and the gifted musical ability to both distract and attract our attention to their benevolent message. Sometimes we take for granted what they and musicians like them give to us. Sometimes we miss the message altogether. But when real communication begins, perhaps the world will become more like the one Toad and well-wishers everywhere envision. Maybe we will begin to follow Glen's parting request: "Be good to each other."

Eco Tip of the Week

Prepackaged meals such as T.V. dinners are nothing but pre-fab food and an ecological disaster. Cook your own damn food! It's cheaper and better for the earth.

Since ECO never turns in an Eco tip, how about you all take your recycling to the E.C.O. CAOC mailbox in the SUB. Remember it's up to us.

"Gosh, Johnny. Do you think the Monitor will get money from those FAC people next semester for more quality issues like this one?"



"Let's hope so, Sally. Let's hope so..."

"Yeah, those guys rule."

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Class meets cyber-author

by Matt Stier

"Writing is a very powerful tool." This is something Allison Larsen has been striving to teach her English Comp II students all semester long. But when a famous author began making repeated contact with her class on the Internet, perhaps even she was a bit surprised.

Over the last two weeks Larsen's class has been reading and discussing *Endler's Game*, an excellent book written by Orson Scott Card. Card is a well-known and highly-respected science fiction writer, and this particular work of his earned him both the Hugo and Nebula Awards.

In an effort to explore new methods of discussion for the class, Larsen decided to create a discussion group on Card's Internet page.

Within two days of creating the discussion group, students and teacher alike were surprised and excited to see that Orson Scott Card himself was participating in their discussion. At last count, Card had contributed five separate

postings to the site, including some interesting insights on the significance of character names and symbols in his book, as well as fascinating revelations on his personal beliefs about writing.

Larsen was quick to thank Card for his generosity and point out the lesson to her class. "What is happening on this forum provides us with further education on the power of writing. When a famous author himself actually joins the discussion, we see that words can accomplish surprising things."

Interested students and faculty are warmly invited to read and contribute to this on-going discussion. To access the discussion, go to <http://www.hatrack.com>. Click on the "message center" button. After registering as a new user, scroll down to the topic: Books, Films, Food, and American Culture. Near the end of this list, choose "Symbolism and Characterization in Endler's Game," created by Allison on 10/28/97.

Bright Lights, Kansas City

By Stephanie Curtis

Hello, again road trip aficionados! Again arrives another tantalizing tale for the curious and action-craving...a chance at temporary freedom between the wheels of a roaring engine speeding down the freeway. This issue I present a part of "the" Kansas City for the "roadie" new to this exciting metropolis. Basically, you can find everything in one spot and make few turns off the main road into town. Welcome to North Metro K.C.!

Well, not just yet. First, a little more planning is involved compared to my previous road trip destinations. Money, for instance, depends on how much of a shopper you are. There are so many great places to shop just in the north part of K.C., you can easily spend hundreds of dollars, so bring whatever. If you spend the night, hotels/motels are fairly expensive, so you might want to make this a one-day trip. Otherwise, \$25 per person should be enough to cover the basic gas and food costs on this 7 hour round-trip.

Directional-wise, this should be an easy trip, since there are few turns off the main roads. Just pay attention for the city and road changes, and you should do just fine. First, head west on Highway 6 (like you're going to 1000 Hills), staying on this road for about 39 miles. (By the way, please watch out for the highway patrol officers! Their speeding tickets are almost twice as much as city officers and they double their outrageous fines in construction zones!! Also, don't forget that insurance—it would suck to prematurely end your road trip in jail.) Just after passing through Milan about 3 miles, there is a junction with a turn to your right. You will follow this road (B97) 29 miles until you finally reach Trenton. While in Trenton, you could eat at McD's, Taco Johns, Sonic, or Hardee's. While driving through this small town, stay on the main road! You should go across a bridge and then at the lighted intersection near the bank, turn left to stay on the main road. Back on the highway, just keep going until you reach the Gallatin Truck Stop (you can't miss it) right next to the interstate. Hop onto the interstate and fulfill your need for speed going 70 miles per hour! Stay onto I-35 until you see Exit 16 and follow that road by Independence, MO. Staying on this road should take you directly into North Kansas City. (By all means, if you're not sure about these directions, get a Wal-Mart map, they're pretty cheap.)

Oh, yeah! What about tunes? On the way to K.C., there aren't really that many stations I can recommend except the pop radio station, KZBK, 96.9. Depending on the weather, older fans might be able to pick up the Kansas City oldies station, Oldies 95, near Trenton. This is 95.0 FM, but it might be 94.9 (like mine) depending on your car radio. Play around with tuner, and remember stations can appear or disappear from day-to-day. Also, the closer you get to K.C., the obvious diversity of stations also increases. I don't have specific stations of the hand, but most of the alternative or hard-rock stations are on the 100-120 FM range.

Okay, so hopefully, with about 8 gallons of gas, at least one rest stop, and 3 and a half hours, you should be finding yourself in what would be Kirksville crossed with New York City. Staying on this main road through N. K.C., you can find Best Buy (cheaper than Hastings or Wal-Mart), Toys "R Us, Men's Warehouse, the North Metro Mall, Dickenson Theater (behind Best Buy on your left going west), and even a K-Mart (for us budget-conscious shoppers). There are many new stores going up as we speak. According to Sharon Martorana, a K.C. resident, continuing west on the main road, there is a huge shopping center that has tons of shops, including a large Barnes and Noble bookstore. Personally, I think a trip to the North Metro Mall, Best Buy, Dickenson Theater, and Applebees (a great bar and grill joint) would hit the spot just fine, but each "road tripper" has his or her own tastes. You be the judge.

I could go on and on about this place forever, but for the sake of shortening this article, just getting there and having a good time are the most important things to consider. This is a semi-long trip with tons of places to go and see, so give it a shot on the weekend.

Also, some tips to PLEASE keep in mind to check your car basics before heading out on the road: spare tire or tire-fill can, Jack and lug-nut wrench, fresh oil in engine (change every 2,000 miles), water & antifreeze in radiator and reservoir, working head and brake lights, and emergency food just in case. Remember, a car is like a friend: be good to it and it will be good to you!

Have a safe and fun trip! Coming soon: Winter Highlights Special Issue!

Still Life captures 70s angst

by Steve Groat

"I wanted to direct a serious work that really disturbs the audience's senses," said theater major Holly Giffin while taking a break from technical work on her Lab show *Still Life*. *Still Life* is a challenging play about life in the early 70s. The work of playwright Emily Mann, writer of *Having Our Say*, does just that, presenting a slice of life with a unique style and subject matter that haunts the audience after leaving the theater.

What Emily Mann did when she wrote *Still Life* is being the cinematic genre of documentary to the theater, utilizing characteristics that only theater has. Instead of creating characters, Mann actually interviewed three real people whose stories she found intriguing, and she collaged these interviews through overlapping monologues into a play that not only voices their words but the sense of what it was like to live in the aftermath of Vietnam.

As they watch the play, the audience has a feeling of uneasiness, for the theatrical convention of fictionality begins to fade—the characters that the actors are portraying are real people, and the words they speak are not dialogue but testimony.

The effect is almost as if three guest speakers were brought to campus to talk about their experiences, but the voices of the speakers would be much more raw and brutally honest than those of the passive people we have had talking at our campus this year.

Before the audience, speaking as if they were in AA or taking the witness stand, are Mark (Sean Chambers), a violence prone vet; Cheryl (Kristi Hartman), his pregnant wife; and Nadine (Jen Schlueter), his 43 year old mistress.

Together they paint for us the turbulent times of the early seventies: life after the war, confusion about gender roles, and the aftermath of the women's rights movement. In short, they attempt to sort out all the changes the 60s brought.

"My cast did a lot of research to get a sense of the times," said Giffin. "We watched videos, read about Vietnam, researched the characters went through (like alcoholism); all to get the best feeling for the environment that surrounded the real people interviewed."

Still Life's characters, with their honest and disturbing stories, give you as an audience member no easy way to like them. In fact, when *Still Life* opened in the early 80s, critics reacted harshly to Mann's play for the very reason that it was so difficult to care about the characters on stage.

"When I first read the play for a class, about a year and a half ago, I hated it," said Giffin. "I thought the characters were just ranting and raving and weren't doing anything about their problems. But when you start reading the play, you realize it has a lot to say about the times, and in some way we ourselves do all share those characteristics. It's the darker side of human nature. I have no idea how the audience will react to this."

Still Life will be showing on November 6-8 at 8pm in the studio theatre. Come one, come all

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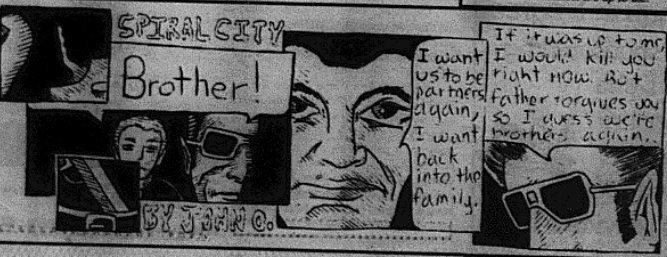


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Art

The Truman State University Art Gallery, located on the first floor of Ophelia Parrish, is currently exhibiting the work of California based sculptor Tammy Ashworth-Guerrero. The exhibition, entitled *Chance Encounter*, will be on display through 22 November.

"...My use of materials is often unconventional in terms of traditional sculpture. Marble, granite, or bronze have not been my chosen materials. These materials carry an essence of monumentality that does not interest me. Although this appears to create tremendous freedom, it also requires me to self-impose rules and standards... in order to make formally astute and engaging work." —from the artist statement of Tammy Ashworth-Guerrero.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT:

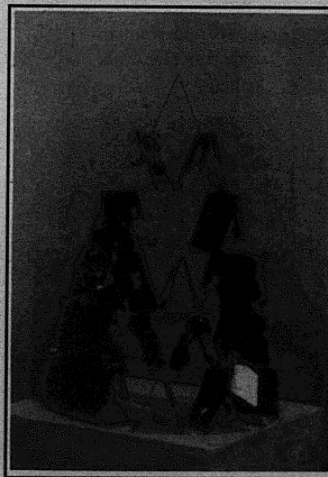
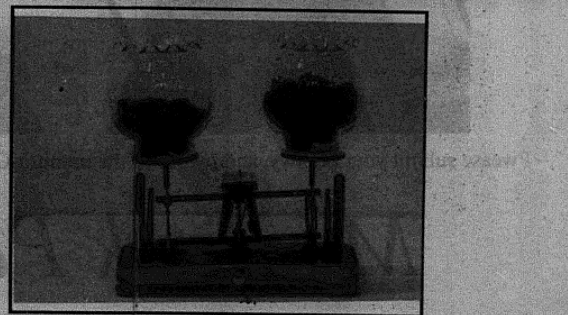
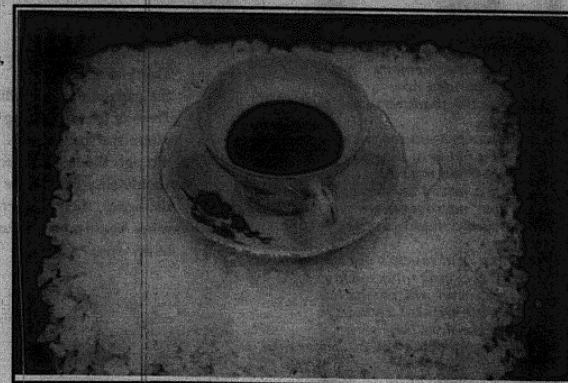
Quotidian: Rubric, salt, assorted tea cups, honey

Nostalgia: Current, crocheted, hand dyed cotton twine, folded aluminum

Prophetic: Speculation, scale, rabbit's feet, pennies

Anonymous: Memory, stacked plexiglass with images

Guaranteed: Uncertainty, romance novel pages, rodent deterrent mechanisms, spanish moss, terra cotta pots



Throwing Arms Around Yesterday

*This night sky sees
your infliction of sorrow
i've reduced our beauty
to a regretful memory
i follow blinded now
towards the shadows of the past*

*These hands seem too withered
to hold a blade so sharp
you left when my sins
became a heavy burden to bear
and your passing echoes
towards the shadows of the future*

*Now the rain touches my cheeks
nature is crying your eulogy
the trees bend whispering loss
and i walk without knowing
beyond the next false step
in a present shadowed by yesterday.*

-Yumi Choe

*Millions Papillons*

*Thirty-two steps down
the path of the butterflies.
Trees of fern leaf lacing
where the shade shines
through the heated breeze.
Should they be thick as
the ocean, their powdered
wings would graze the lashes
of my eyes.*

-Matt Nelson

Sacrifice is Passion and Fear

*I was Dionysus
in your bed last night,
drunk with the spirit
you thought was your love.*

*You were Abraham
in my dreams last night,
willing to sacrifice
anything for my love.*

*In the midst of passion
my mind swooned and swirled.
I called out a name
that I thought was yours.*

*In the midst of rest
you called for your god,
you stabbed at a soul
trapped in your body.*

*You could not stop
the orgiastic rites
blind with godless fear.
I would not stop
your last offering
to a god that was not there.*

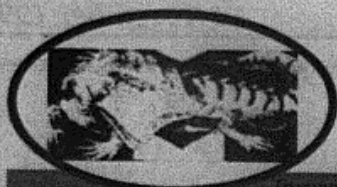
-Robert Wood

*"If you want to
hide your face, walk
naked."*

--Stanislaw Lec

Pwease submit your poetwy, and pwose to the monitor CAOC mailbox -- downstairs SUB

My Back Pages . . .



The Monitor

A Campus Collective

18 November 1997
Volume 4, Number 7

Adair County Health Center refuses AIDS testing to students

by Adam Posthast

Leo Kirsch, a student at Truman State University, received disturbing news last month. His former partner had taken an HIV/AIDS test and tested positive. But when he arrived at the Adair County Health Center on the morning of October 8, he was refused a test. It was flu season, during which the Center doesn't do AIDS testing, and according to Kirsch, the receptionist said he should come back early on the 27th, "because there is going to be a line."

Kirsch reports that he was flustered, so much so that he could not stop shaking. According to Kirsch, the receptionist was not helpful.

"She did not tell me other names of other health clinics," said Kirsch. "She did not give me other facilities where I could get testing. She gave me no alternatives whatsoever."

"When I told her I had dated someone who had been HIV-positive," said Kirsch. "She said, 'Oh, I'm so sorry' and smiled at me. I couldn't even get some type of complaint out because I started shaking."

At that point Kirsch's roommate, who had brought him to the clinic, moved him to leave. Center administrator Claudine Frazier said she had no comment because she had not

heard about the situation. "If [the party] does have a complaint, they should come to me," said Frazier. She stated that, since the center does not do testing during flu season, there are other private facilities available for testing during flu season and that there is also a 1-800 number that people can call with questions about HIV and AIDS.

But Missouri State Law has strict stipulations about refusing testing. Monitor contacted Alisa Daaz of the Missouri Bureau of AIDS and HIV testing, who read the following Missouri law:

It shall be the duty of the local health authority, upon identification of a case of a reportable disease or receipt of a report of that disease, to take action and measures as maybe necessary according to any policies which have been or may be established by the Department of Health.

A subset under that reads:

The local health authority shall use every reasonable means to determine the presence of any communicable disease or the source of any disease listed in 19c20-20.020 [HIV and AIDS are included] or of any epidemic disease of unknown cause. In the performance of this duty, the local health authority shall examine or cause to examine any person rea-

sonably suspected of being infected or be a source or contact of infection.

The Bureau said they would like to find out more about the situation.

The occurrence, though, is not an isolated one. "I have had someone call me to say that he and his friend came in to get a test in very late September and were also told to come back," said Kirsch. "It was over a month."

The Monitor has also been in contact with two others who have been refused testing. One, who wished to remain anonymous, said the Center was completely empty of patients when he went for a test.



Adair County Health Center did not administer AIDS tests for over a month during flu season. photo by Steve Grote

Truman resurrects Our Town

by Joel Kraft

"Our Town?" you ask, "Why? Hasn't everyone seen that play before? Isn't it just a bunch of plain people living out their uneventful lives in a tiny town? What's the big deal? What does a play set in rural New Hampshire at the turn of the century have to offer a prodigious, late 1990s college crowd? What's more, I read in the Index that there are a lot of mimes in the play...what's with that?" Relax. There are no mimes in the play.

Our Town has minimal staging requirements for its performance — "All you need is chairs, a table, a couple of ladders, and away we go," says Director Dr. Lee Orchard.

All the props in the play — except on a few occasions — are mimes, which challenges the actors to communicate more fully with the audience by inspiring its members' imaginations rather than relying on physical props.

"When Thornton Wilder described the writing of this play," Orchard remarks, "he said he had a theory: that when you take away the trappings of the theatre—all the scenery, all

October seems to be a busy month for the Adair County Health Center. "We do not get paid for HIV testing," Frazier said. "We do it because out people need it."

Kirsch, however, ended up going to Columbia for an HIV/AIDS test, where he knew people who administered his test, which turned out negative.

The experience, though, will not soon fade into his memory. "The public health is their main interest," said Kirsch. "A little compassion would have helped."

The toll-free number to the Missouri Bureau of HIV/AIDS testing is 1-800-359-6259.

the stuff—and you get down just to the essentials, it actually hallows the role of the actor, that the actor is made more dignified, more important, because the focus goes to what the actor does."

Stage Manager Laura Townsend reflects that "[This pared down style] forces you to get to what is important in life. It's not about money, success, or material things. It's about the people."

Elaborating on this theme, Orchard states, "Wilder's form and structure mirrors the message. The play, the acting [is taken] down to the bare essentials so we can talk about that which is essential to being human."

By focusing on everyday rituals, rites of passage, and basic themes such as love and death, Orchard argues, the play speaks to today's theatregoers just as much as it did when the play premiered in 1938.

Wilder uses imagery of the cosmos—"almost like Carl Sagan imagery," Orchard suggests—as a framing device to set our lives in

See OUR TOWN, page 9

Kirksville offers adult education

by Shawn Gilmore

Looking for a way to brush up on skills that you may have lost since high school? Do you know someone who needs to get their GED or wants to take courses designed to teach them a practical skill?

Then maybe you (or they) need to check out Kirksville's Adult Education Center. A service of the Department of Education, this resource is designed to provide practical education to adults in a sixty-mile radius around Kirksville.

When I say practical education, I don't mean how to fumigate your own house, stuff your pets, or build a nuclear reactor. I'm talking about skills that will enable someone to change careers, or at least help them excel at their present job. These are the skills that the center offers to teach to adults willing to learn something new.

I know that you're probably thinking that Sally Struthers is going to pop up telling you how to earn the big money just like thousands of others if you just listen to her plan, and send her some money. Well, she's not.

There is no infomercial, no promise of a meaningless, professional-looking degree, and no plea to help the children. The center doesn't quite work that way.

What they do is offer a wide array of programs, designed not to milk you out of your hard-earned cash but actually teach new skills that may possibly lead to a new career. There

are approximately 30 people on the staff, including clerical and managerial workers. Among these employees are many educators trained in a wide array of skills, from general adult education to hands-on skills.

According to a staff member at the center, about 475 people currently attend classes, ranging in age from juniors and seniors in high school to adults. Some of these students are studying to attain their GED, but most of them are in an educational program.

Classes are taught in morning, afternoon and evening sessions to better meet the needs of the students.

The center strives to hold down class sizes to a minimum to keep teacher-to-student contact at a maximum. In addition, the center does all it can to provide for its students, making for a positive environment.

Included in the center's classes are: Practical nursing, leading to a Licensed Practical Nurse degree; Paramedic, after obtaining EMT status; Child care, with 50 children to take care of in two half-day shifts; business courses in both office and secretarial skills; and other programs like construction technology, auto mechanics and collision, and graphic arts.

These classes are open to anyone in the general public and should be considered a valuable resource. If you feel that you may be in need of their services, don't hesitate to find out what Kirksville's Adult Education Center offers that could appeal to you.



Truman Students attempt to give new life to Thornton Wilder's theatrical classic starting today.

photo by Steve Grote

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The Monitor

Campus Collective
Independent Quality
Since 1995

Campus Address
CAOC, SUB
Truman State University
Kirksville, MO 63501
Fax (660) 785-7436
Office Address
Monitor Tower
485 S. High
Kirksville, MO 63501
Ph (660) 665-2291

Managing Editorial Board:
Maggie Therman, 0872@truman.edu
Jill Goodheart, 0799
Adam Posthast 0638

Copy editing, etc. provided by: Emily Fifth, Shawn Gilmore, Dave Heaton, Eric Hecke, Marie Montano, Matt Slemmer, Matt Webber, Tom Wheatley
Photographers: Steve Grete, Matt Slemmer
My Back Pages: Brett Kirkpatrick, Andrea Pigg, Matt Webber
Dot, Steve McGarrett: Jack Lord
Art Director and Advertising King: Steve Grete

Web Special Appearances by: Kurt

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The Monitor is published every Tuesday.
Each writer is responsible for his or her own work.

"Book 'em, Dan-o"



ALL THE NEWS THAT'S UNFIT

Spring Room Reservations

There's a new piece of mail gathering dust in everyone's CAOC mailbox. That's right, should your campus organization need a room next semester, the forms for spring room reservations are out. This year's issue sports the subtle autumn colors of yellow and bright orange on the first two pages.

These subtle hues do little, though, to make the Coptic application more readable. There is space for both "Event times" and "Reservation times" (if different from event times) but any clue as to what the difference is lies beyond the minds of the Monitor's think tank. Is a meeting an event, or a reservation? Additionally, there is a 1", 2", 3", and 4" choice available for rooms but it isn't clear whether, if an organization gets its fourth choice of room whether its second choice of time will still suffice.

But never fear, if no rooms or times work, there are boxes to check for the Display Cases in the SUB.

Register for SPRING Classes

Two sophomore associates of a Monitor staff member recently committed a freshmanque registration gaffe. They repeatedly called Computer Services to inform them that the MUSIC course listings for the Social Science division were not being updated. The

good people at Computer Services insisted that the classes were being updated every night at midnight. The two worried students called to complain repeatedly over several days until someone suggested that they make sure that they were checking the Spring course listings. Strangely enough, after that suggestion the phone calls to Computer Services stopped. Oops.

Campus Safety Overload

No one would disagree that a safe campus is a happy campus. Any effort that the University makes to ensure the safety of its students is to be applauded. Still, the installation of a new blue emergency phone pole near Dobson has puzzled the Monitor advocates for several reasons. A) The pole is 50 feet away from the building. B) The pole can be seen by the night monitor. C) A person being chased by an attacker could be safely inside Dobson faster than it would take them to call Public Safety on the emergency phone.

Some Monitor staffers fear that the new phone might actually lead to an increase in assaults. However, the pole might turn out to be useful, particularly if the Dobson night monitor is a hard-liner and won't let potential assault victims seek refuge in Dobson without the Dobson sticker on their student ID.

Beverage Monopoly

As you drag yourself through Ophelia Parish after your last class, something catches your attention out of the corner of your eye: the juice vending machine. A can of sparkling apple juice would sure make the trek back to the dorm a little easier. You scunter over to the machine and deposit some loose change. However, before you can locate the apple juice button, the machine makes a guttural rumbling sound and out pops a can of Sunny Delight, that wonderfully syrupy concoction that your mom used to force upon you (less than 5% juice!). You put in more money and actually select apple juice this time, but to no avail. The machine coughs up another Sunny D. As you walk away, you wonder what sick individual has rigged the machine so that it only spits out cans of Sunny D. Someone needs to put an end to the evil beverage manipulation on this campus before another student is forced to drink an unwanted can of Sunny D.

ATM-Automated Trouble Maker

Sure, we all know Mercantile is going to make our financial lives even rosier, but what about the poor souls who clipped their ATM cards when they received the new ones replacing Roosevelt's? Lik, oh, a Monitor editor. Gotta read that bold type.

Letters

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

An Open Letter to Patty's Books

To the Management of Patty's University Book Store:

We are a newly formed group of students, faculty, and staff at Truman State University called a Coalition for Campus Activists, devoted to promoting activism and awareness in our campus and community. Many of us belong to campus organizations and have a high degree of exposure to campus sentiments and concerns. The Coalition meets several times a month in order to discuss ways in which we can pool our resources and to address issues that lend themselves to collective action.

We are writing in response to an issue that is a recurring topic at our meetings. It has been brought to our attention by multiple sources that Patty's University Book Store has exhibited racist, sexist, and homophobic attitudes and behavior in treatment of customers, employees, and business dealings. We have received complaints in which individuals have described hearing racial slurs, experiencing discrimination when ordering lesbian and gay literature, and encountering sexist behavior.

The intent of this letter is to ask Patty's University Book Store for a public or at least private response to these accounts. In order to discuss these matters, we invite you to attend our next Coalition for Campus Activists meeting or to join us in a forum open to the public in which individuals could express their concerns and Patty's University Book Store could respond directly. Either would be scheduled at your convenience. In this way, we hope to encourage open discussion of these incidents and move toward a satisfactory resolution or understanding.

We strongly believe that intolerance must be addressed in our campus community and sincerely hope that Patty's University Book Store shares the same opinion. The Coalition for Campus Activists is representative of a wide spectrum of campus interests. If Patty's University Book Store does not respond to these concerns in a constructive manner, the Coalition has discussed expressing these disaffections to the campus through student publications and calling for a possible boycott in the upcoming semester. However, we are hopeful that such a measure will be unnecessary.

We have chosen *The Monitor* as the impartial public forum through which to express our concerns. Therefore, we can be contacted via *The Monitor* at the CAOC office in the Student Union Building at Truman State University. We look forward to your correspondence.

Sincerely,
Concerned individuals of a Coalition for Campus Activists

Professors Call for Response

With eloquent words Dr. Vanessa Davis expressed how a seemingly small incident has had a large impact on this campus. Two men, presumed to be gay, were attacked. The university administration reacted with silence. This is troublesome, because a liberal arts culture can flourish only in an atmosphere of tolerance and respect. Such a culture is supported best when it is made clear that, while diversity of opinion is welcomed, intolerance and hate have no place on this campus. Only a strong stand on this issue can build the

atmosphere of free intellectual inquiry which epitomizes the liberal arts.

History is riddled with the effects of silence: it cost six million Jews their lives and robbed American citizens (of Japanese descent) of their freedom during World War II. The incident on our campus was much smaller in scale, but silence in the face of such acts only emboldens its perpetrators. Whatever one's feelings about any specific group of individuals on this campus, denying their rights to freedom and dignity imperils the freedom and dignity of us all. Under such conditions, none of us are free to be who we truly are or to engage in intellectual pursuits which challenge the received wisdom.

We applaud Dr. Davis, for her courage gives words to a sense of ill-ease which has plagued many of us since the incident. Let's be true to the credo we hold so dear and build a liberal arts community which gives its members, faculty and students alike, the freedom to engage their minds and the freedom to find their true voice.

Dr. Jerrold Hirsch, History

Dr. John T. Ishiyama, Political Science

Dr. Marjorie Downing, Political Science

Fraternity Member Rescues to Column

To whom it may concern:

As a concerned member of our Greek community, I feel compelled to respond to Tom Wheatley's article published in the Nov. 4 edition of this newspaper.

It seems as though this semester the Greek community, in particular the male half of our Greek community, has, indeed, had more than its fair share of problems, and I believe that we, as a community, are not unaware of this. However, to recognize a problem is one thing, but to grossly accuse every individual Greek of living a lie is quite another, and one which, quite frankly, disturbs me.

I am confident that I, as well as many, many other Greeks, rushed and signed to become a part of an organization, which best embodies who they were. I have observed that, in general, Greeks are interested in getting "more" out of their college experience, and out of life, in general. I have also witnessed that, in general, Greeks realize that organization is key when hoping to live life to its fullest. Let it be known that I do not mean to imply that non-Greek individuals do not hope to live a whole and complete existence. However, the paths we have chosen are merely different, not better or worse, than the other.

This is why I firmly believe our Greek "process," as Mr. Wheatley describes it, to not promote elitism. Instead, I believe the Greek experience fosters a sense of friendship, eczollence, honor, pride, and love, which, symbolized by the letters we wear, serve as a constant reminder of our association, and, perhaps more importantly, our devotion to cooperation, mutual assistance, and organization among all.

To clarify, declarations of superiority refer to specific success, and in no way should imply innate superiority. To say that fraternity member X is just simply "better" than fraternity member Y merely because of their association, or that Greek individual X is simply "better" than non-Greek individual Y, is preposterous, and very closely resembles prejudice. I understand that prejudiced individuals do exist, and I also recognize the fact that some may even function as Greeks within our community. We accept full responsibility for their actions, and wish to apologize as well, but do not wish to be accused of living a lie, for every society, every association, and every organization is not without its imperfections. The only difference between action taken by an individual, and action taken by an association of

individuals is that there exists strength in numbers. This strength is more perceptively noticeable, and as a result, size and accessibility facilitate public critique.

Our involvement and the ideals we strive to uphold are something that we, as Greeks, have come to hold very close to our hearts, and we do not wish to see the good name of our affiliation, or the good name of any individual's association for that matter, tarnished because of our individuals' opinion.

Sincerely,

Michael Witt

Final Trochmann Reaction from Iles

Dear Editors,

I promised *Monitor* collective Trochmann interviewer Goodheart properly, briskly, and exclusively a "full" response. If there was any attempted "official" TSU/DLL unaccountably terse and short rebuttal defense of his trip here. After all there was in context not just my critique of the militia man's lecture/presentation but also, in letter after letter in the community printed, all rebutting his "lecture" content for his DLL-TSU totally still unanswered attacks on our "foreigners," "the media," the "government," the "United Nations," and even on our non-gun toting "farmer" families. Its been a PR disaster, and one pretty squall, that obviously one TSU-ole boy establishment are hoping will be fast forgotten before it gets to Jefferson City and rich alumni!

Perhaps, precisely because of this wasteful calamity effect, I expected, sure enough TSU President and interim Elmalak Vice-President, MacGruder and Gordon, to non-response "duck" the public relations shame.

But I did hope for a proper, apologizing conduct line explanation from TSU Professor Ed Tyler, of evidently the Language and Literature Speakers Committee, who appears in refutation of me in the last *Monitor*. There is Tyler, briefly and weakly, engaging only in a cheapening trivialization of the Trochmann publicity coup achieved here for his ignoble, patriarchal armed cause. In short, Mr. Ed Tyler's "defense" consists of tasteless humor display to evil and lamentably terse illogic. Let's look closely and critically "young" Ed, at what you do maintain dearly, aspiring as you do to respond to others (e.g. "DLL/TSU").

One, Trochmann was fed, I quote, a "Paglia's Pizza," solely, we are ingenuously told of "less than costworthy twenty five" TSU/DLL guest bucks in purchase of his visiting oratory services, and, as Tyler puts it in off, great reverence traveled from Montana "at his own expense." Halo-bustingly, one replies regarding this whitewashing "hero"-portrayal sketch that I bet you, Trochmann, laughingly traveled, lovingly, "at his own expense."

The "free," copious benefit gained the right of literal hundreds of dollars' respectability for publicity in this state, and its two bordering ones. In media and student gainfulness afforded to him; prestige given him by the supposedly loyal TSU/DLL "sponsor." Ye gods "young" Ed's been in the campus cloister so long he's forgotten Troch's a politician, with a gun mission in the big world, unlike us humble unarmed equivalents.

Two, preciously denied publicity for the militia granted by TSU that less naive types know that in attention feed he and his "irregulars" desperately crave revivifying and they usually responsibly do not get any! Since in concert effort as women voters and FBI agents alike in the peaceful rest of one nation most of us are pursuing the militia's mysterious, wealthy funding in travel sources affordability, do, property, militia-ridicule; and continuing investigate one mid-USA entire West armed "irregulars," little regional known Kansas/Montana circumstantial foreground. To the support loss

for them, and publicity lost the Oklahoma City site bombing is a mass detonation of mainly women and children really has brought them all in a very "bad" coverage slip. Lost coverage that in the midwest the militia is trying to manipulate in "patriot imagery." A bombing that vigorously we remind American nationals represents statistically, tragically the worst killing field this entire century in U.S. racist, dark history atrocity terms. Yet a Literature and Language while majority gives a militia "peaceful" apologist platform A KKK shout!

It is indeed preposterous, and would get him either in award a UK high school "English" diploma or a French-style college-culture "philosophy" "Poce" (ball), for Tyler to disingenuously maintain that Trochmann can be disembody/deatched from his "militia" or his DLL official paid "posters." How weird! The editors are inseparable as Trochmann himself correctly would not deny in what Tyler's discipline would I dare say not delegate as being real "agency" or accountability. Person and cause go together in liberal arts vigor and vital defense from the liberal far right.

Three, regarding Tyler as a humorist rebuttal "satire" for TSU and DLL alike, I cannot help reflecting on his posture in return-kind the following riposte! In Tyler's "pizza-argued" defensiveness we are getting a revelation of personal future career aspiration revelation, when his originally subliminal term at TSU in replacement of a better woman colleague ended! Tyler-deborn pizza man in future could/ might indeed embodied folks! Apologies given to his aimed restaurant destination.

Metaphorically, though, we cannot help feeling in sick joke that we wished he and Trochmann had choked (temporarily) on their twenty five dollar or less dinner! Then, perhaps, Baldwin Hall would have been "spared" for ennobling visiting discourses, European "Jewish" machinations, Harlem native women and African-American dance troupe! Perhaps even for what Tyler and his speakers committee are paid to do, to invite serious literary and linguistic empirical female scholars etc. as great "lecturers." Remember, folks, DLL used to do just this at NMSU with Susan Sontag and Vincent Price down at Two Tails. To name but a few speakers past in real, critical work and accomplishments. Or does our Ed know that "King John" is the "real" William Shakespeare in ghost-like re-appearance? We doubt it; as Trochmann has no liberal arts background! Indeed, why Professor Tyler did your sub-committee invite him?

Finally, not accepting Tyler's mock tastelessness, there are two other points arising from his *Monitor* "statement." He bluntly, tartly talks about "fact" and implies inaccuracy in our own original statement. People who live perilously tight in glass houses should have a correctness. Thus it's not true to state "the Jones Truman money spent on Trochmann" was Jones or Paglia Pizza and its infamous "twenty five dollars or less" meal therein in sustenance. His own poster costs he admits exceeded this sum.

But you know what's even more "odd" about Tyler's "humorous" trivialization of Montana fascist's visit? It's the comparative cost he does not want/critically you to think about. This spring, TSU Women's Global History Conference was sponsored also by DLL. Great! I counted at least half a dozen TSU women graduate presenter students. They were not given even half the promotion costs DLL-posters Tyler gave the male Trochmann.

Tyler's TSU short-change you students: both in depravity of who it prefers to "lecture" invite, and who it doesn't in low standards favoring the bizarre right and males, males! Sincerely, Larry Iles

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Reviews



'Byrne'ing down the house

by Erin Huckle
David who? That's the typical response I received when I started asking around for a ride to Columbia for Sunday 9 November to see David Byrne in concert. "These people just don't get it," I thought. How could they never have heard of David Byrne...or the Talking Heads for that matter?

Despite this less-than-obvious world conspiracy against David Byrne, I was able to swing a ride with my friend Kevin. But he hadn't heard of David Byrne either. So we made the trek to the Blue Note in Columbia. Little did I realize I was about to witness the most powerful energetic musical show of my life.

David Byrne took the stage in a fluorescent pink, two-piece, fur suit. That fantastic image confirmed my opinions on the man: a genuine eccentric. The band burst into the Talking Heads' classic "Once In A Lifetime," as Byrne spouted "And you may find yourself living in a shotgun shack."

Wasting no time at all in performing some of his characteristic dance moves, David convulsed for nearly half a minute around the stage strapping only to stand completely still with an expressionless countenance. Changing clothes several times during the course of the show,

David set the evening for fun donning a red and pink plaid kilt complete with an army green T-shirt and combat boots.

Other musical highlights included the tune "Mini America" from the album *Feelings*, released earlier this year, and the crowd-pleasing Talking Heads' song "Road To Nowhere," which appears to be quality running music considering Byrne ran in place for the entire length of the song.

Also included in the setlist were additional songs from *Feelings* like "Dance on Vesilene" and "Amnesia," as well as renditions of songs from earlier solo albums such as "Angels" from his self-titled album.

The show reached a dramatic climax in the performance of the Talking Heads' "Psycho Killer," as Byrne sported a full body leotard disarming the muscles of the body, making David a skinnier man. He subsequently curled up in a ball, center stage as the song ended, giving an eerie theatrical ending to the second encore. After nearly two hours of performing, the crowd still raved on. Even after the third encore, a break in the energy was nowhere to be found. And all the modest Byrne could say as he left the stage was "Thank You." That, my friends, is the greatest performer you've never heard of.

Emotional punk feels good

by Steve Groat
A friend of mine was telling me a story of a hard core show he went to while in Detroit. As can be typical of a lot of hard core shows, aggression seemed to be the theme. The bands came out loud, fast, furious, angry about something you should supposedly be angry about if you could only make out what the singer was saying.

Out of the corner of his eye, my friend noticed something odd: sitting quietly off in the corner were four meek little guys wearing baseball caps, seemingly out of place in the cauldron of testosterone brewing in the club.

The show went on: screaming, a lot of distortion, the clichéd slamming up until it was time for the last band to come on. Then something surprising happened. The four guys who had until now lurked shadows got up and took the stage. From the first ringing chords which opened the set, the band stood apart from its predecessors, nullifying the undirected angst and captivating the audience. The band was called The Promise Ring, and it would be the first time they would surprise their listening audience.

From their first 1996 release *30 degrees Everywhere* (an absolute gem of an album which everyone seems to have overlooked) to their shorter early 1997 release *Horse Latitudes*, to their current release *Nothing Feels Good*, this Wisconsin-based band has quietly put together some of the most honest, exciting music to come out of the "Emo-core" genre. ("Emo-core": "Emo" for emotional and "core" for

as in hard core for those unfamiliar with the genre.)

The very term "Emo-core" seems to denote whiny, sappy music, and sadly a lot of the genre is as bad as it sounds. This is unfortunate, because it puts a distorted view on the better bands in the genre, which may also make some of the freshest music to come out of the 90s: bands like Boy's Life, Jawbreaker, and of course, The Promise Ring.

The Promise Ring seems to transcend the trappings of typical Emo-core music, utilizing possibly cheesy or clichéd guitar riffs but putting it together in a way that still comes out together just because, to put it simply, they sound so sincere and convicted in what they are doing.

Their latest release *Nothing Feels Good* does not disappoint, giving another twelve tracks in the style The Promise Ring has forged as their own.

Guitarist/vocalist Davey von Boehlen stretches to reach the notes, voice crackling, maybe a little off pitch but off pitch is just the right way, revving the punk aesthetic that the emotion and spirit of the performer transcends beyond the performers' imperfections.

Tracks like "Is This Thing On?" or "Pink Chimneys" demonstrate how The Promise Ring can utilize minimal lyrics for maximum intensity, while the title track gives a quiet interlude to complement the faster pace songs.

It may be a hard album to find, sitting quietly unnoticed amongst the shelves of indie labels, but search and you will be rewarded.

Ice Storm: realistic & profound

by Dave Hisean
The *Ice Storm*, a likely Oscar candidate now playing in theaters, is set in the affluent suburbs of Connecticut in 1973. The effects of the Sexual Revolution, social change and political corruption have made their ways into the daily lives of upper class families. This film, directed by Ang Lee (*Sense and Sensibility*, *Eat Drink Man Woman*, *The Wedding Banquet*) and based on a novel by Rick Moody, focuses on how these changes lead to confusion, loneliness, and emotional conflict for one particular family.

The film's events take place during a few days of a horrific ice storm. Ice is an omnipresent character in the film, right from the opening credits, symbolizing mysterious changes beyond human control, emotional coldness and sexual repression, lending the film an eerie quality. This otherworldliness is supported by the new age instrumental score by Michael Danna. The ensuing atmosphere is rather bizarre, though fittingly so, for a film grounded in reality.

The *Ice Storm* focuses on families in one particular suburb, centering on the Hood family. All of the adults, searching for some meaning and happiness in life, attempt to alleviate boredom and confusion through partner-swapping and alcohol.

Ben Hood, father of the Hood family, superbly portrayed with adequate restraint and freedom by Kevin Kline, attempts to escape from the doldrums of life through an unsatisfying extramarital affair with the next door neighbor, Jenny Carver (Sigourney Weaver). Ben's wife Elena (Joan Allen), seemingly aware of her husband's affair, is distant and depressed, spending her time shoplifting and reading self-help books.

The children are experimenting and searching for meaning on their own, in ways which sometimes parallel those of their parents. The Hood's 14-year-old daughter Wendy (Christina Ricci) explores sexuality through

fumbling encounters with both of the Carvers' sons, Mikey (Elijah Wood) and Sandy (Adam Hann-Byrd). Her older brother Paul (Toby Maguire) finds relief through marijuana, *Fantastic Four* comics (whose plots and characters serve as a running commentary on the Hood family's life as well as the nature of families in general), and unrequited crushes on female classmates at his upscale prep school.

The film does not judge the characters' actions, instead presenting them straightforwardly as individuals searching for something more from life. This prompts viewers not only to attempt to fully understand the characters' motivations but to think through their own judgments and assumptions about human beings.

The *Ice Storm* examines human nature through realistic depictions of these frustrated individuals and families. The film is a mix of entertaining comedy and heartwrenching drama.

Lee's direction, the screenplay by James Schamus (writer on three previous Lee-directed films), and the cinematography of Frederick Elmes (whose previous films include three by David Lynch, two by Jim Jarmusch, Michael Jackson's *Moonwalker* and *Alvin*, *Quintessential* and *The Lost City of Gold*), as well as the wonderful score material in Moody's novel, make the film poetic, intelligent, and stunning.

The visuals of the film are patient, subtle, and detailed, complementing the close examination of life that the screenplay and plot conduct through words and actions.

Through an outstanding combination of an intelligent story, detailed depictions of realistic characters and artistic, eye-catching film techniques, *The Ice Storm* accomplishes the multiple goal of entertaining and provoking both deep emotional responses and profound thought, not only on social and personal changes during the era in which the film is set, but on universal themes such as human nature, individual, family, and societal interactions and, ultimately, the very meaning of life.

Shock, relief & cultural fallout

by Maggie Thurman
Boyer, Paul. *By the Bomb's Early Light: American Thought and Culture at the Dawn of the Atomic Age*.

As a biennial baby whose only real recollection of Cold War culture is my parent's fear of Ronald Reagan, I have to admit that when I read this book, I was looking for some clues. I wanted to gain a better grasp on the all consuming power that atomic energy and fear of Communism had on my parent's generation and this book helped me do just that.

By the *Bomb's Early Light* traces the cyclical reactions of Americans to the presence of nuclear weapons and atomic energy and explores the parallel tides of fear and excitement that marked American culture throughout the late 1940s and 50s. It describes in detail the way our consciousness has been shaped by the presence and use of atomic energy.

Boyer describes an overwhelming mix of shock and relief as he examines the first wave of immediate reaction to the dropping of the atomic bomb and the adaptation to life after World War II. America viewed the bomb as a terrifying and somber event in the first few days after its explosion. In time the psyche of several generations morphed into one big ball of contradictions, experiencing conflicting feelings of fear, guilt, happiness, and uncertainty.

The scientific community's reaction was one of fear and guilt. The lack of control over atomic energy led them to the conclusion that only a world government could properly control and monitor this tool of destruction. The book points out how the reverence of sci-

entists and the scientific community was indicative of the way American culture adopted a reliance on technology and scientific knowledge for problem solving and growth.

American culture is marked by emotional cycles, and Boyer next takes us into the pop culture images that inundated the United States after that initial shock of having destroyed Japan began to wear off. From the Hollywood photos of a rising starlet, Linda Christian (whose claim to fame was her role as the "Atomic Bomb"), to the Kix cereal box top contest which promised an atomic bomb ring that could allow kids to watch atoms split in half, the entrepreneurial spirit grabbed hold of the atomic zeitgeist and ran with it.

Businesses developed catchy nuclear slogans, movies incorporated atomic energy into plot lines, and soon the optimism that had been squashed during initial stages of fear and uncertainty began to bubble up to the surface once again. Boyer illustrates how an optimistic spirit became a coping device for confusion about the future. It is a hell of a lot easier to dream of cars that travel ten times faster because of atomic energy than it is to suffer from nightmares of nuclear holocaust. America's pragmatic spirit seemed to feed off the idea that there was a way to control and harness the power that control and greater technological efficiency could be achieved through scientific progress.

By the *Bomb's Early Light* is an interesting read, and I highly recommend it to anyone who wants to really get inside the mindset of America in 1945 and discover the influences that shaped our parents, grandparents, and, by extension, society today.

Territorialism reigns supreme in cafeterias

by Matt Steiner (maps by Adam and Tom)
With each passing day, I feel myself getting older and older. After all, I'm a junior now. Sure, twenty years is nothing, or so my parents say. But I know that the days of my father filing out my tax returns for me are numbered.

No, it won't be long now before I'll have to join the work force, find a wife, and go to all my kids' baseball and soccer games. That's why I'm so grateful I go to a university that reminds me that all of us here are still kids at heart.

Yes, many of us at this university still behave as if we were small children. We begin our days by attending classes in which we push our minds to the limit, struggling to understand such wisdom as Plato's forms, Einstein's theory of relativity, or Eliot's *The Waste Land*. Tattered and torn, we need to retreat to a place where we can be ignorant, snobbish, and childish again. I've got it—let's go get some lunch!

The cafeterias have become a great place for many people on campus to go and be kids again.

You see, it seems that many Greek organizations here at Truman have taken a liking to the idea of having their very own table in the cafeteria. In doing so they have achieved a successful re-creation of grade school cafeterias. The situation is just as perilous as sitting down at the eighth-grade table: "Oh no. You can't sit there! That's the Sig Tau table."

What exactly might happen to one who unwittingly sits down at a table they aren't allowed to sit at? Luckily, I have had first-hand experience with this situation, so let me tell you what you're in for.

Last year in Centennial, some friends of mine came over from Kyle to visit me. After George swiped our cards, I put down my bookbag and was shocked to see that they had put their keys at a table usually reserved for, well... [I] Probably Can't Tell you whose table it was.

Anyway, when some of the people whose table rights were being violated walked in, they were visibly shaken. They took up a nearby table and dug into their food scornfully. Everytime I looked up from my meal and

glanced their way, my eyes met menacing stares. Sensing impending doom, I told my friends we should probably get going. By the time we had taken our trays to the conveyor belt and come back, the victims had happily reclaimed their table.

I fear that these suppressed hostilities could soon boil over and lead to an all-out table

war. But because the tensions involved here could lead to the untimely deaths of some innocent students, I would like to propose the institution of permanent seating arrangements. All organizations will enter a competition, and the winners will be awarded their desired tables in order of their finish (Ah-hal I think I've finally found a purpose for Homecoming!).

Imagine a cafeteria completely divided by organizational affiliation! Wouldn't that be great? Then we could all sit there and savor at the people we hate the most... "Damn Sig Eps," "Damn Equestrian Club," "Damn Lightkeepers."

Furthermore, under this proposed plan, the administration could impose some meaningful penalties for once. Consider the Beta Theta Pi situation. I mean, really. Screw banning spring rush. Let's slap some table sanctions on these guys. That'll teach 'em a lesson.

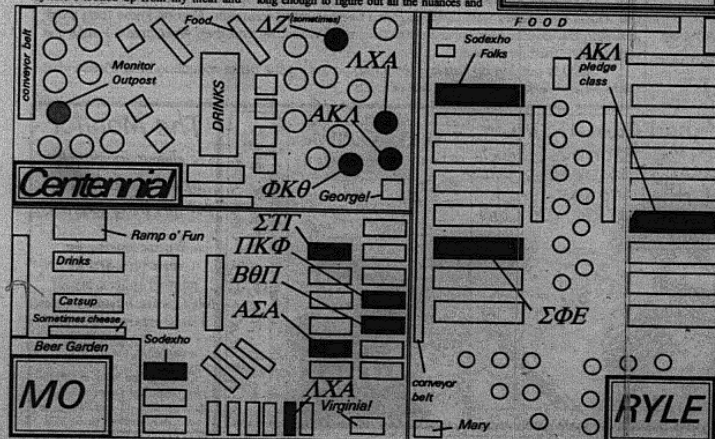
All in all, I really have to applaud the innovative organizations that are already trying to bring about worthwhile changes on this campus by claiming their own cafeteria tables.

I think we should all follow their lead, and perhaps we can begin by printing up little signs to sit on tables that read "Reserved For _____." In the end, what the situation boils down to is this: we should all have a table of our own so we can all make ourselves feel much more important than we really are.

Special White Space

fold on dotted line and place on table

Table reserved for:



Enjoy the Bounty of Books!



Truman's premiere Used Book Store



Used Books and Uniforms

306 S. Franklin
Hours:
Mon.-Fri.: 10-7
Sat.: 9-8 Sun.: 12-6

PING-PONG



Tournament!

Nov. 22-23
at the Student Recreation Center

- Sign up by Thursday, Nov. 20 at the Student Union/Takefive Gamesroom.
- Be there by noon on Saturday.
- Bring Truman ID and workout shoes.
- You can bring your own paddle or check one out
- If you have questions, call the Information Center/Takefive Gamesroom at x4264.

Winter car stuff: easier than you think

by Stephanie Curtis and Jill Goodheart
Since winter is finally upon us, we here at The Monitor thought maybe we could give everyone some tips on how to prepare your car for the evil, cold months and how to save money if you didn't follow our advice.

One of the most important things we have learned is that, while the winter months bound us, try to drive your car 15 to 20 miles (in one shot) every other week. Staring your car and driving it for three blocks without driving it for any extended period of time in between those short trips weakens your battery. This bi-monthly highway drive will charge your battery and clean out the combustion chamber.

Another winter tip is to use "hee" in your gas tank every (old) month or so -- that stuff in the yellow bottle at Kum & Go and The Ice House. It's super cheap and it also keeps moisture from your tank (thus, preventing it from freezing, silly).

Upcoming concerts: Thanksgiving rock

11-19 (WEDNESDAY)
BON FOLDS FIVE, GRANADA TH., LAWRENCE

11-21 (FRIDAY)
NANCI GRIFFITH & THE CRICKETS, WESTPORT PLAYHOUSE, ST. LOUIS
GRIFFITHS, MEZZOU, COLUMBIA

11-22 (SATURDAY)
THE BLUE RAYS, H-PORT, ST. LOUIS
INDIGO GIRLS, FOX THEATER, ST. LOUIS
DAR WILLIAMS, TARA MCLAN, BLUE NOTE, COLUMBIA

11-23 (SUNDAY)
INDIGO GIRLS, CMSU, WARRENSBURG
SMASH MOUTH, BLUE NOTE, COLUMBIA

11-25 (TUESDAY)
CORNERSHOP, METRO, CHICAGO
CRAMPS, GUITAR WOLF, DEMOLITION DOLL
RODS, GRANADA THEATER, LAWRENCE
GRIFFITHS, SIDE DOOR, ST. LOUIS
SUNDAYS, THE VIC, CHICAGO
TODADES, BLUE NOTE, COLUMBIA

11-26 (WEDNESDAY)
CRAMPS, ETC., MISS. NIGHTS, ST. LOUIS
POSTER CHILDREN, DOUBLE DOOR, CHICAGO

11-28 (FRIDAY)
ROBBIE FULKE, EMPTY BOTTLE, CHICAGO
JACK O PIERCE, HOUSE OF BLUES, CHICAGO
MU330, SIDE DOOR, ST. LOUIS
MODERN ENGLISH, HURRICANE, KANSAS CITY

As with everything else, preventative maintenance is worth oodles -- much more than trying to fix your car out on the road in the -20 degree winters we have here in Kikkerville.

Thus, remember to get your oil changed every 3,000 miles, to get your tires rotated every 6,000 miles, to repack your wheel bearings every 15,000 miles, and get a tune up every 30,000 miles. If you're looking even further into the future, try to get your transmission serviced at 50,000 miles and your belt changed at 60,000 miles.

Just in case your car does break down, make sure you have jumper cables, a flashlight, gloves, pliers, and a screw driver in your trunk. Also, make sure you know how to change a spare tire (you don't know how important this skill is until you really need it).

If your problem is something more serious, the cheapest way to fix your car is to buy the part yourself. When mechanics buy the part

to fix your car, they usually charge twice as much to earn a little profit on the particular part. This final charge is called the list price, or the price at which a mechanic is allowed to sell the part.

However, the stock price is the auto store price, and is what you should be paying. For example, on a ball joint for a driver's side front wheel, the stock price was \$23, the repair shop estimate was \$60, and they also charged \$40 for labor. In this case, almost \$40 was saved buying separate parts.

Shopping around also has benefits (you can save LOTS). On an electronic fuel pump, one auto store quoted a \$100, while another only charged \$46.50. (Try those shops that buy wholesale).

If you have a more serious problem, sorry, we probably don't have your answers, BUT Terry at Mother's Tire & Auto is a great guy to talk to (he won't screw you over, we promise).

PROMISE RING, ST. LOUIS (SOMEWHERE)
SKELETONS, BLUEBERRY HILL, ST. LOUIS

11-29 (SATURDAY)
ATARI TEENAGE ROYT, ALEC EMPIRE, METRO, CHICAGO
BOTTLE ROCKETS, GALAXY, ST. LOUIS
MODERN ENGLISH, CICERO'S, ST. LOUIS
MU 330, SIDE DOOR, ST. LOUIS

11-30 (SUNDAY)
FIONA APPLE, AMERICAN THEATRE, ST. LOUIS
BOTTLE ROCKETS, SCHUBA'S, CHICAGO
PROMISE RING, FIRESIDE BOWL, CHICAGO

THE MONITOR SAYS: GO SEE THESE SHOWS!
ROCK OUT FOR THANKSGIVING!

Classifieds!

STOLEN! Early 90s model Bridgestone Mountain Bike with hard ends and heavy front shocks. Green, weathered and worn, of great sentimental value. Stolen on 10/30/97. If you see anyone riding it besides a lanky fellow with a beard and glasses, call the lanky fellow at 665-3949. His name is Brett. Thank you.

WANTED: Cheap acoustic guitar for beginner guitarist that is tired of his SA telling him to turn down his amp. Call Tom at x5247.

FOR SALE: Wireless Stereo headphones (Recoton W 500), 900 MHz. Rechargeable battery included. Transmits up to 150 feet through walls and floors. As good as new (used only once for 10 minutes). Price very negotiable. Call Dave at 627-5529.

FOR SALE: Four megabytes of computer memory. \$20 or best offer. Call Adam at 665-2291.

ROOMMATE NEEDED: for next semester; non-smoking, gay friendly, please. Beautiful house. Call 627-4062.

You too can take out a classified ad with The Monitor. They are only 3 dollars per ad and can contain up to 30 words. Leave information in our CROC mailbox.

Art

From 1 December to 6 December the Truman State University art gallery will feature the work of four student artists who will be graduating with their Bachelors of Fine Arts: David Langkamp, Steve Grote, Kevin Hough, and Jeanne Manning. There will be a closing reception at 7:00 pm on 6 December, open for all to attend, with lots of tasty treats provided. This week The Monitor is featuring two of these student artists.

JEANNE MANNING works with ceramics. She is most interested in tree-like forms and attempts to mimic the rich textures of trees.

STEVE GROTE works with photography and a variety of photographic printmaking processes. Much of his work is process-oriented, dealing with themes of construction and building up.

Clockwise from Right:

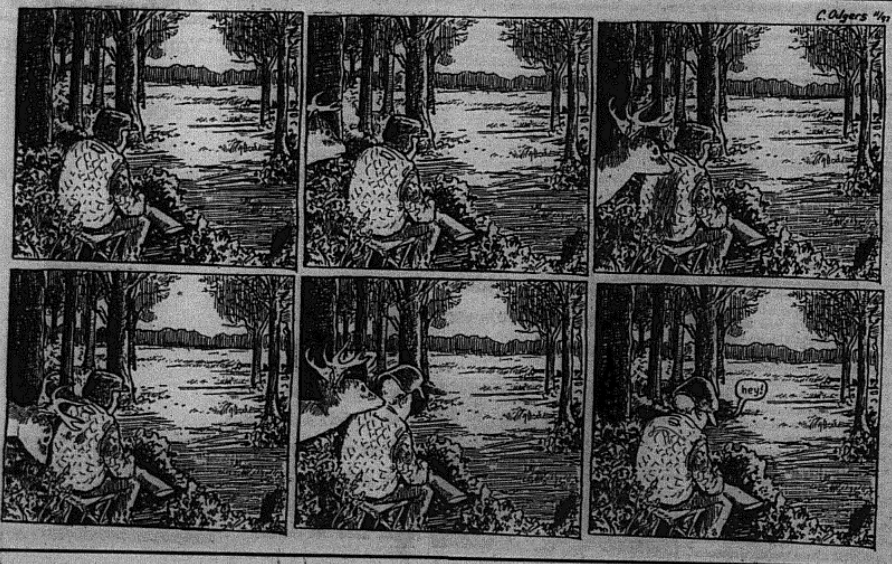
Steve Grote
Constructions
two-color Lithograph

Landscapes
three-color Lithograph

Up From the Rubble
silver gelatin print



BELOW:
Jeanne Manning
All Works Untitled



my back pages . . .

TRUE STORY

Seven years ago
there was a rainy day
and I had a vision.
(I used to have them
all the time;
other people's memories
stopping in my head,
for a short while,
on their ways back to
ether.)
The rain-soaked sky
wrapped itself around
a flag pole.
Mine were the only eyes
to watch it, but
I saw a young boy
holding his mother's hand as
they stared at the
naked pole
and I heard him say:
"Mommy, where's the flag?"

Seven days ago
there was a rainy day
and I had a visitor.
(I now have them
all the time;
other people's lives
stopping in my world,
for a short while,
on their ways back to
rumor.)
The rain-soaked sky
wrapped itself around
a flag pole.
Mine were the same eyes
that watched it before, but
with me was a young boy
holding my hand as
we walked past the
naked pole
and I heard him say:
"Daddy, where's the flag?"

—J. Wolf

October 1997

That year summer lasted well into October, an unusual prolongation in the latitude to which Mudville belonged. For Belinda, it imposed a double burden of work and passion. The requirements of the academic calendar were inexorable, and Belinda taught her classes, wrote her grant proposals, and went to the meetings she could not avoid.

But during those balmy nights when the sky was full of stars and, perhaps, a moon waxing or waning in dramatic fashion, Belinda put her books aside and sought her favorite pub, where earnest young men not in her classes bought her drinks and regaled her with stories of adventures in Togo or Texas or down the street—it didn't much matter, she would suffer them. For a few hours they would share a conversation whose intensity would seem an illusion on the morrow in the clear light of day when everyone was sober and the bright sun beamed on books not read or papers not graded.

The passionate (not to say *passionate* since her passions had no fitting object) life still seemed the life of possibility even after all these years, and the sultry dark nights invited her engagement in an immediate, undeniable way.

—Linda Seidel

It Feels Like a Turning Point

Shallow rivers
run for the gutter
some kind of winter
hangs on for ambiance
all the new green leaves
keeping promises
that foreign golden face
hides behind the cover
of clouds
the once in a lifetime
comet fades out of sight
blowing smoke out the
window
waiting
for the robins and the jays
to greet me in the morning

—Andrea Pigg

Skittles

Walked by heaven today
it looked different in the light
thinking of them—the keepers of my soul
the gates of my thoughts unleashed
to breath free
if only for hours

A different dimension
in another mental model
you were James Dean
legs crossed, cigarette ready to be lit
standing in the indention
where angels are meant to be
Silence was the conversation
while I tried to grasp at visions
formed by marble and stain glass

My black eyes saw her
with hands clasped for prayer
and eyes glancing upwards
No need to call, He sees us

Some stand outside
not consumed enough to enter
others lied on the heart of it
feeling the strength growing

The angel and I left
a yellow weed for offertory

As I pass I wonder
if it is shriveled
but no
nothing dies in heaven.

—Kelly Tims

keep 'em coming
your poetry, prose and short fiction)