



The Monitor

A Campus Collective

3 December 1997
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SAs: the wages of res life

by Matt Stiemer

While scandals about trips to Africa and militiamen have grabbed the attention of many people this semester, it seems that another issue has quietly been garnering headlines: the creation of residential colleges. A few weeks ago Student Senate passed a resolution endorsing the expansion of the Residential Colleges Program to include all residence halls. But while much ink has been spilled about the future of our residence halls, relatively little focus has been devoted to their present situation.

Many important changes have been made to the staffs of residence halls and residential colleges in the past year. This is the very first year that all members in the staffs of every hall have gone by the same name: Student Advisor (SA). Prior to this year, a literal alphabet-soup of positions existed: Resident Advisors (RAs), Peer Advisors (PAs), and Peer Academic Counselors (PACs). PAs patrolled the corridors of the residential colleges, Ryle and Missouri. Every other building on campus, being residence halls, had RAs and PACs in charge.

The primary differences between these old positions and the present one of an SA exist in number of residents and salary. RAs made full room and board, while PAs, who essentially performed the duties of an RA and a PAC simultaneously, still made only half room and board because they had fewer residents assigned to them. PACs, whose work was limited to advising students about academics, had scholarship hours fulfilled by their work.

With the campus-wide switch to SAs, however, major changes have been made to the number of residents assigned to each staff

member and, accordingly, their salary. In the residence halls the roles of RA and PAC were combined into that of an SA. Though the SAs take on a job RAs did not have to worry about, there are now more of them in each hall. So, because they now have less residents, SAs in residence halls make less money than the RAs did: two-thirds room and board. On the other hand, the SAs in residential colleges have more residents than PAs did, so their salary has been increased. Thus, staff members of every building now pull in the same amount of money: two-thirds room and board.

In order to understand why these changes were made, *The Monitor* went in for an interview with Jason Haxton, Director of Residential Living. Haxton explains that in years past, having three different types of staff created much confusion. Often students would go to a PAC with a question that really should have been directed towards an RA

or vice versa. Furthermore, it seemed that some conflicts existed between RAs and PAs in different buildings who felt that they both performed the same roles while being paid differently.

That is why, Haxton stresses, it has been so important that SAs all share a "common culture." Because everyone shares the title of "SA" and does the same job, a united staff can move unilaterally towards the goal of making all buildings into residential colleges. Consequently, the fact that SAs have accepted these changes "without a revolt" has been vital to the success of the new system.

See SA STUFF, page 10

The question people need to be asking, though, seems to be, "Does Residential Living need more money to suitably compensate SAs?"

New clubs grace campus

by Erin Hucks

Are you an anti-racist vegetarian seeking support in your eating habits or a concerned citizen looking for a positive outlet to enlighten the ignorant? If so, two new student organizations on campus are ready and waiting for your membership.

A chapter of ARA (Anti-Racist Action), a national organization, has just been established in Kirksville. Their initial meeting took place on 20 November, bringing out around 25 concerned individuals.

ARA specializes in ridding society of not only racism, but sexism, anti-Semitism, fascism, and homophobia.

The national organization depends on the work and dedication of individual chapters fighting injustices in their respective communities. ARA Kirksville's aim is not only to get students from Truman involved, but the rest of the community as well.

As ARA member Andrew Black explains, "There are many injustices taking place here in Kirksville that need to be addressed formally. ARA provides the forum where these offenses can be confronted and resolved."

If you're interested in getting involved with Anti-Racist Action, keep an eye out for flyers around campus. For further details, call 785-5524 and ask for Andrew.

Now back to that vegetarian part I mentioned earlier. A vegetarian club, officially titled the Culinary Nonconformist Club (CNC), has recently been formed.

Fifteen people showed up to the introductory meeting that took place on 19 November.

Founding member Ann Herberholt explains, "I started this club in an effort to bring awareness to vegetarian issues and to make the adjustment to college life easier for those who have an interest in vegetarianism."

CNC hopes to provide group support to those who are just getting started out in vegetarianism. Yet, people of all eating habits are welcome to join, vegans, vegetarians, semi-vegetarians, and meat-eaters alike.

Recipe sharing and potluck dinners are just some of the activities proposed for the group. For more info, call Ann at 665-0583. Don't be afraid to get involved - the vegetarian club won't bite. Remember: they don't eat meat.



As Christmas draws near, one need not follow any holiday stars to find the lights of the season. For details, turn to page 10. photo by Steve Grote

Come see the one act plays!

by Steve Grote

It's that time of year again, the stage lights are being set, and the students of John Schmor's Directing class are working out the finishing touches with their cast in preparation for the three nights of the student-directed One-Acts.

The One-Acts are not only a great chance to showcase the talent of several student directors, but also a chance to feature on stage lots of actresses and actors who do not normally appear in main stage shows. All shows are free of charge and take place in the Little Theatre. For your theater-going pleasure *The Monitor* has compiled this checklist of the upcoming shows:

IMPROMPTU

Directed by Sarah McAlpin Tad Mosel's short about four actors who are forced to improvise a play. 4 December, 8:00 pm.

THE PROBLEM

Directed by Jenn Hunt. A white anglo-saxon married couple is confronted with an unplanned pregnancy that goes bang. 4 December, 8:00 pm.

NAOMI IN THE LIVING ROOM

Directed by Ryan Bergmann. Playwright Chris Durang makes his annual appearance, this time in a zany short piece about a man and a wife who go to visit mother's house and the psychotic trappings which keep them there. 4 December, 8:00 pm.

SPIN OF THE WHEEL

Directed by Bill "Frenchy" Bequette. A

man and a woman who lost everything gambling at Monte Carlo try and find a solution to their worldly problem. Beware: Tom Jablonski is in this play. 5 December, 8:00 pm.

CRAWLING ARNOLD

Directed by Paige Mosher. A play about the plight of a psychotic family whose pride and joy is their bomb shelter and the psychosis which tears them apart: Ben Swoboda would like to mention he's in this play, too. 5 December, 8:00 pm.

THE LOVELIEST AFTERNOON OF THE YEAR

Directed by Josh Kelley. Two strangers realize through their Sunday meetings their love for each other and the meaning of life. 5 December, 8:00 pm.

STILL ALARM

Directed by Brad Maune. A towering inferno at tea time: A man and his lady of the night make the time for a fashionable evacuation. 6 December, 8:00 pm.

FEEDING THE MOONFISH

Directed by James Vertovec. Falling in love and the forces that take us there in the Florida swamp lands. 6 December, 8:00 pm.

POOF!

Directed by Natalie DeLuca. A frustrated housewife speaks out against her husband and makes him explode. 6 December, 8:00 pm.

Try to take time out of your finals preparation to see these shows. They're short and thirst-quenching.

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The Monitor

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"SOMETHING"
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ALL THE NEWS THAT'S UNFIT

Truman offers gourmet...water

In a move that took everyone by surprise, our local alma mater and liberal arts college extraordinaire has decided to invest in very own bottled water!

We are not making this up.

About one week ago, one of the Monitor staff brought home a bottle of "Bulldog", Truman's premium bottled water. The water, designed to "Spill Your Thirst for Knowledge", was a gift from the PR office, which is apparently trying really, really hard to get the word out about the Harvard of the Midwest.

Yes, straight from the sparkling clear spring underneath Pershing arena, this H₂O purified by reverse osmosis, promises a return of 5% of the sale to the Truman scholarship fund.

The news isn't all bad for students, who could probably benefit more if this money used to purchase Bulldog sweatbands applied directly to the scholarship fund. In fact, the higher-ups are increasing the number of scholarship jobs to produce more and more of the stuff.

"We really hope it will become a national trend," said one unnamed administrator. Yeah, kinda like New Coke.

New fall/winter fashions

Right before the arrival of the new J. Crew catalog, Truman students have begun striking

out on their own in the fashion world. The new trend - tennis shoes as accessories.

Said one inventive student, "I really had no friends until I figured out that you could hang shoes on your shoulder and make people think you were going to the Rac Center. Now they think I'm cool because I work out."

Everyone is rushing home to put shiny new shoes with long laces on their Christmas lists, but the Monitor warns against such practices. If the trend continues, any new Rac Center requirement could become a fashion, and we really don't need ID card tattoos...

Death, Truman, and taxes

In financial news, Truman students working for scholarships found a little present in their permanent address mailboxes. Being money, it makes sense that the scholarships are taxed - but what part is taxed is quite eye-opening. The letter explicitly states that the only part of the scholarship that is taxed is the part that one does scholarship work for.

All that's probably pretty legal too, but all the same it set off a silly alarm in the Monitor tower. By working for a scholarship, then, students are actually losing money, considering they receive no cash compensation.

Of course, there is still a way to avoid the taxes. By not working and receiving half the scholarship, you may not be ahead, but it keeps

Uncle Sam angry.

Just another great idea brought to you by your federal and local governments.

Early finals really Suck

A member of The Monitor staff was somewhat disgruntled while putting the paper to bed last night. It seems that he has three final exams to study for this week. However, this is not final week. He would just like to point out to the Truman faculty that next week was designed specifically for final exams, so there is no need to try to kill him with work this week. Finals on final week! Gee, what a novel idea.

The homophobe award

This week's award for general ignorance and close-mindedness goes to a member of the Truman staff. Monitor operatives report that a janitor in Blanton Hall was recently seen taking down Brian Filiers from the walls of the otherwise enlightened dormitory.

Prism's membership has swelled to 40+ members in the last semester and celebrates not just queer lifestyles but acceptance and friendliness in general.

Actions which encourage fear and exclusion, even petty vandalism, lead to far worse consequences of hate crimes and fascism. Here's hoping we won't have to tolerate your kind's actions for much longer...

**BUY 3 CDS AND
GET A DOLLAR OFF
EACH ONE!**

NEW OR USED!

FOUND SHOPP

Letters

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

Group of Greeks addresses decay of brother/sisterhood

The Monitor received the following letter via e-mail, but the letter was addressed to the campus community as a whole.

Dear Readers,

We are the TSU Greek Reform Group, formed out of members of different Greek organizations on this campus to help reform our badly decaying Greek society.

Originally we were formed as a group of Greeks torn between multiple ideologies. In other words... We Greeks who are in agreement with the GDJ idea with what it means to be Greek, while at the same time trying to correct our mistakes, only to be ignored by our own "brothers" and "sisters."

Several articles in the past few issues of The Monitor have enticed us to write this article. We wish to remain anonymous for the time being as many things we are about to say may anger our "brothers" and "sisters," and especially anger those who are the cause of the rot of our system.

First, we would like to point out that the Greek System, if it were a perfect system, containing perfect people, is indeed a good system. There are many positive aspects that are unfortunately overshadowed by the negative. All Greek organizations here have a philanthropy, in which many are heavily involved. Every year we do see the good that different organizations do. One holds a soccer tournament, others have a sea-saw marathon, one even sends a member to ride a bike across the nation. These are all good things which raise both money and public attentiveness to good causes and issues. In addition, many organizations help in finding a job and career building, and all organizations are involved in many campus activities.

However, Truman is unfortunate to have a system plagued by many negative things, and unlike the non-Greek community, we, being "insiders" know from our full-time presence with Greeks, what these negative things really are.

Before we proceed, we do feel that we should remind you that these negative aspects are not true of every individual in every organization. But they still exist.

You have probably read about the many splits in so-called Greek Unity on this campus. The fights, the boycotting of certain organizations. What you haven't heard about is what goes on within different individual organizations. From our being involved in or listening to conversations between our own members, we have seen that there is no desire for Greek Unity. For some, it appears that whenever something goes wrong, it must be punished as harsh as possible. True punishment should be used where applicable, but sayings like: "I hope they throw... off campus," or "We should be on... side in this situation because we don't like..." or the all-too-common, "All...s are bitches, self-centered and disrespectful."

As if the lack of Greek Unity and respect for other organizations wasn't bad enough, in all of our organizations there is a large lack of respect for each other whether they be a full member or a pledge. How often have you seen

heard about groups forced to run around, or taken out to the woods, or torn something inappropriate or unusable? How often have you seen an organization where, if you are an "older," you have "rank" on someone and can make them do your bidding? This does not end here. The lack of respect continues between full members. We have seen fights break out between full members for stupid reasons. We have seen "brothers" and "sisters" vandalize and steal each other's properties and gossip behind backs not only amongst themselves, but to others as well.

Once again lack of respect does not end here, but continues between members and groups of opposite gender. And this does happen both ways.

As if disrespect towards others was not bad enough, Greek organizations also suffer from bigotry, racism and homophobia in particular. Several members of this group, should their sexual orientation be disclosed, would suffer amongst their "brothers" and "sisters."

Again not all members of any organization are prejudiced like this but there are enough in each organization that would try to make things hard enough on their own brother or sister to get them to leave. In fact, the bigotry is so strong in some organizations that these revelations will undoubtedly run the following thoughts in some peoples' minds: "I hope that it's a lesbian so we can see her and her friends at a party" and "If it's a guy and I find out who I'm gonna beat the crap out of him." Believe us... these thoughts are going on right now. We know our brothers and sisters.

The system has many other defects, too. A lack of alcohol and drug awareness, bad scholastic habits, disregard of others property, etc.

We of the TSU Greek Reform Group have longed to change our system, and many have indeed tried to change at least their own organization, but have failed due to the lack of willingness amongst their brothers and sisters.

We can still change. We must change. As a whole, our system is still living in the late 1970s and 1980s or the "Animal House Era." We really wished it hadn't come to this, but it must if we are to hope to create a system that provided good opportunities to good people... not just half of the equation.

Why are so many Greek members causing such problems? Perhaps its from bad member education, perhaps too many are still stuck in the past, and perhaps those who can make a difference are not rushing because of the faults present.

We do not know. We only wish that more people as concerned about these problems either rush next semester or, if they are already a member somewhere, stand up for what's right and help

change our badly dying Greek community.

In closing, we propose a challenge to our own brothers and sisters. Since we are amongst you and we do have the overall betterment of our chapters in mind, we have decided to become "watchdogs." It's sad that certain individuals must be forced to do this, but it is necessary. We are going to keep an eye on our own organization in terms of respect towards other organizations, towards its own members, towards the opposite gender, towards different races and sexual orientations, towards the handicapped, towards religion, and in general towards other human beings.

Perhaps scaring ethics into us is not the best way to do this, but after shouting to deaf ears for years we feel this is the only way. For a future article of The Monitor, probably right before spring rush, we will submit our findings. So guys and girls, our brothers and sisters, if you truly care about our organizations and our Greek system, and what we are supposed to stand for in the meanings of our letters, our mission statements, our creeds, and our national ideologies, please, please, come to your senses and stop everything that detracts from the Greek system here. The non-Greek who have pointed out our faults recently are correct, and it is time we listen.

Sincerely,

The TSU Greek Reform Group
tsugreekreform@hotmail.com

Pizza-arguing continues

Editor's note:

Ed Tyler of the Language and Literature Speaker's Committee wished to respond to a statement made in the last issue of The Monitor by Mr. Larry Iles. According to Tyler, Iles "seems to erroneously imply that the Division of Language and Literature invited Trochmann," when in reality he was not invited. Since he was not invited, his visit did not need to be approved by the Speaker's Committee.

"We didn't have to approve it because we didn't find it," Tyler said. "He came pro bono."

In addition, Tyler wanted to point out that it is customary for the committee to take speakers out to dinner. Usually, speakers are taken to Minn's, but since students asked questions for over two hours, Paglia's was the only restaurant open.

Correction

In the article titled "Adair County Health Center refuses AIDS testing to students" on the front page of the 18 November issue, a quote attributed to Claudine Frazier contained a typographical error. The quote, referring to HIV testing, should have read, "We do it because our people need it."

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Opinions

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

Body image woes eat your soul

by Jill Goodheart

We just finished the Thanksgiving feast and soon we will all be making the long trek home for Christmas. While all this holiday business is fun for some, for many women it is a time of guilt, self-consciousness and regret.

The reason: food. You see, around Thanksgiving, we Americans begin a feast that lasts till around New Year's. This compounds a problem that many women face not just throughout the year but throughout their lives.

I don't know why it is, but from the beginning of time, women have been altering themselves and obsessing over their appearance. While styles have come and gone, women continue to change what they look like to fit into what society says is beautiful. Whether it is to make ourselves feel better, to attract men, or to simply act as ornaments, I'm not sure. In fact, I'm not sure about a lot of things on this issue.

Why do we cross this to ourselves? Why ham't this obsession devoted over to men? Yes, there is a huge number of men concerned with their looks, but it doesn't seem to go across the board the way it has for women. I bet there isn't one woman on this campus who doesn't think about her weight or appearance almost every day.

Today, that "look" that so many women seem to desire is an unnaturally skinny one. The omnipresence of fashion models and sitcom actresses who have attained this "ideal" does nothing but make this desire even stronger. And statistics telling Americans about our obesity only complicate the problem.

There has been a backlash lately by several companies to "love our bodies." While this may be a more play to get us to buy more peach raspberry lotion, I think we should heed this.

Fertility drugs are a sin

by Maggie Thurman

If there's one thing I'm sick of hearing about, it's those damn septuagets. Night and day, news programs after news programs, the whole country's been barraged with pictures of the babies and their weary mother. Unlike most people out there who seem to think this is some kind of miracle, I believe it's the opposite. That's right, hearing septuagets is a sin.

The concept of fertility drugs has racked my brain for quite some time now. We praise the almighty scientific advancements that allow couples to have "their own" children despite medical odds. However, in doing so I can't help but think we're diverting attention from the unwanted and underfunded children that already exist and need homes. It's human to want kids that can look back at you with your blue eyes and curly hair. But just think how valuable all babies are and how adopting a child fulfills both parent and child. Now I don't want to turn this into a commercial but it's a pretty ridiculous state when we rush to send to cars and prayers to seven children and quickly overlook the millions that would really benefit from the same positive encouragement. Seven babies were greeted in this lifetime by gifts, diapers, a new house and the promise of a higher education. However, seven more babies were born in the last

advice. After our Thanksgiving feasts, how many women sighed or mumbled, "I have got to work out" or "Now it's time to start a diet?"

STOP IT. And don't let an idea of what you're supposed to look like ruin any part of your life. I don't know why we do this, but it's the time it stopped. We all know this attitude is unhealthy, not just to our bodies or our minds, but also to our souls.

I have seen first hand what such obsession with weight can do to a person. Anorexia does not just cause a woman to become a skeleton of her former self, she also loses her openness, her personality and her smile.

In a time when individualism and uniqueness are stressed, women are still hung up on having a concave stomach and the perfect, cellulite-free thighs. Tolerance and beauty of different kinds of people - in terms of race, religion and sexual orientation - has come to the forefront, but body size has been left out. I hear supposedly "intelligent" folks rip on fellow women for being "chubby," "heavy" and "fat." If we can tolerate people of all different backgrounds and cultures, why not something equally as superficial, such as dress size?

While many women do speak out on these external issues, we still tend to internalize what we see as imperfections with our own bodies.

I'm not saying we should be unhealthy either - don't eat M&Ms for dinner or anything. However, while our physical health is important, so is our mental health. Obsessing over each meal, fat gram and calorie will rot your mind while it gives you the perfect figure.

So, during the upcoming holidays - a time when eating tends to take center stage - let's not kill ourselves trying to avoid it. We shouldn't all look like Twiggy anymore.

The result of this reproductive irregularity is a corporate sponsored family. Knowing that two parents cannot handle seven children at once, diaper companies, colleges, and wealthy philanthropists have come out of the cracks to help them finance their new family. Call me crazy but I take issue with these so-called acts of kindness because they're wrapped in swaddling public relations campaigns. But they're helping you may cry out. True. Now ask yourself how many corporations donated these items anonymously. Probably none, after all, why not kill two birds with one stone, positive press and charitable donations.

Any corporation or news network that devotes resources to celebrating the birth of "miracle" babies only when they are concentrated in high numbers seems slightly sketchy. It's not that they should have refrained from offering help to the babies' mother (Lord knows she'll need it), but that their motives

See BABIES, page 10

Truman & the liberal arts

by Adam Posthast

Since the fall of 1996, this university has been known as Truman State University, Missouri's only highly selective liberal arts institution. This much, in my mind, is true. That is its name, its label. When they point to Truman in Jefferson City, they get out the maps and put their fingers here—on Kirksville.

The reason I am going through all the trouble to delineate this is that after three and one half years here, I am wondering if it is indeed the reality. I'll grant that the school is highly selective and named Truman—I've seen the signs. But are we really a liberal arts institution? Are we an institution that educates people in the liberal arts?

What are we learning here, anyway? No more than three months ago, we took our seats in it at the front of classrooms fresh from a rejuvenating summer—ready to work hard or at least think deep thoughts. Now, we slouch in our chairs, get too little sleep, and are no longer awake enough to make morning coffee. We try to give our all, but it just isn't there anymore. What is going on here?

Is it learning that has been slowly wearing us down? As painful as it may sound, the answer is yes. The problem is that at this university, contrary to the idea of the liberal arts, learning is obstructed on every level. How many times have we read the "get-a-life" editorial in the *Index*? How many friends do we have that regularly tell us they hate their classes?

And what does it say that on any particular holiday, we close down the campus? For all real purposes, students in the dorms are forced out on Thanksgiving and evicted hours after their last finals. The library is closed or open for severely restricted hours during Labor Day, Mid-term, and Thanksgiving breaks. The Student Union is locked tight even before the last classes let out before breaks.

A part of the logic is defensible; many stu-

Stop bashing the Rec Center

by Matt Welser

So much has been said about our brand new, state-of-the-art, recreational facility this year that the words could fill volumes. Most of the talk has been negative. The positive words might only fill a chapter. From discussions at lunch tables, to refusals of students to carry a second pair of shoes, to articles in print condemning Rec Center policies, the talk has ranged from the bad to the worse.

The Rec Center has definitely not found its home on Truman's range, its mythical place where discouraging words are seldom found. It seems quite plausible that were the Rec Center razed in favor of a parking lot, students would cheer and declare it a holiday. For a huge facility with an indoor track, a wide variety of workout equipment, an indoor hockey practice rink, Ping-Pong tables, and a wide-screen TV, it certainly is unpopular.

It is the strict adherence to rules and policies that lie at the root of most of the complaints. Students wonder why their IDs should be a necessity. They question the justice of having to bring two pairs of shoes when their first pair is just fine. They wonder if maybe millions of dollars could have been spent on something else. For almost a semester, there have been the sentiments most often associated with the Rec Center.

In a recent article praising the Rec Center, the writer's points were obscured, overshadowed by his own homophobic agenda and the subsequent (and justified) negative backlash. What was lost in this uproar were the positive aspects of the Rec Center, of which

dents are not in Kirksville during these times. The students, however, form only part of the academic community here. What of the faculty members who cannot take time out of the regular weekday to pursue research interests outside the classroom? With such abbreviated hours, especially in the summer time, what message is the university sending to potential independent learners?

The message that the administration is sending, by allowing these things to happen, is that education is something that is reserved for times when classes are in session. Far from supporting independent work, Truman is clearly (but perhaps unconsciously) saying that if students or faculty members want to pursue independent academic work, they are to take time out of their already busy schedules, because no one on the other side is going to open any doors.

I am not asking that the library be open 24 hours or on Christmas Day. The hardworking staff deserves as much rest. But by closing entire buildings or restricting their hours when a need exists, the university is nurturing a core belief about the liberal arts that learning and education is something that happens and affects us at every moment of our lives, and contrary to current beliefs, does not take a holiday.

The key question is, "Does the need exist?" The answer, fortunately for the administration, is not clear. A faculty needs does exist. Students, however, learn the system quickly. Freshmen see their friends obstructing learning and discover how difficult it is to work. When breaks come, they are more than willing to speed out of town. The university, therefore, by changing policy, though, to encourage independent work, the university might just get a few nibbles. If it continues to discourage excellence, though, mediocrity will ensue.

Within a ten minute walk from all of the dorm rooms on campus (and many of the apartments and houses) the Rec Center is in close proximity to just about everyone.

The hours are such that they can fit into almost any schedule. Whether one prefers to lift weights in the morning or jog in the evening, the power door will open and the inside of the desk clerks will welcome you inside. Whether one prefers to sweat every day of the week, every other day, on weekends or weekdays, once in a month or once in a lifetime, the Rec Center will be open, free of charge to any Truman student with the desire to become fit.

If there is a blank in your schedule, the Rec Center can fill it. As a freshman who worries about "the freshman fifteen," I try to use the Rec Center at least three times a week. If I so desire, a totally different experience can be had every day. After warming up and stretching, I can swim upstairs, step onto the indoor track, and run a mile, or maybe two. I can sprint, I can jog, I can walk the track. The indoor track is the only place on campus (in the cold months of winter) where a runner can put on his/her shorts, run three miles, break a sweat, and not develop hypothermia.

If you get tired of jogging you can ride the stationary bikes, climb the stairsteps, or utilize the treadmill. If you're into aerobics, there's a room set aside for that.

See REC, page 5

This could be happening to your sister!

by Tom Wheatley

The girl's shirt slowly slips up her stomach, revealing more and more skin with each passing second. At the same time, her jeans begin to drop below her waist, revealing her underwear. The whole time, dozens of hands grope at her features.

Sounds pretty erotic, doesn't it? However, this isn't an excerpt from a trashy romance novel or X-rated movie. Here, some additional description might help.

The band filled the club with the musical energy of fast drums, bass, powerchords, and screamed lyrics. Suddenly, a girl is lifted out of the mob of people in front of the stage and begins to "crowdsurf."

Almost immediately, dozens of hands try to rip off her shirt and pants and fondle her while she frantically tries to remain clothed until a bouncer pulls her down from the sea of arms and hands. She fixes her clothing and disappears into the darkness of the club.

This was the scene I witnessed this Thanksgiving night at a concert. Sadly, this was not an isolated incident. At least half a dozen times during the show I watched as girls passed over my head, trying to keep their hands off.

Gays, this crap simply has to stop. I see this kind of garbage at a lot of concerts I go to. It seems to happen most often at concerts where the music is the "hardcore" genre.

I understand that these bands can release

a lot of energy and emotion within the listener. That's what makes them cool to see live.

However, just because the music of a band is loud and the vocals furious doesn't give anyone license to sexually assault female audience members.

Do the "men" that do this know how cowardly their actions are? Think about it for a

also have to admit from experience that crowdsurfing is an incredible rush. Being able to surf up to the stage and jump off while a cool band is playing is a feeling that is hard to top. I think that everyone should be able to experience the weightless thrill that crowdsurfing creates.

My crowdsurfing experiences were not tarnished by sex-deprived girls clawing at my genitals (people that know me can insert a joke about my looks here). Why is it, then, that any girl that tries to have the same good time that the guys are having gets assaulted?

Concerts are about having a good time. Next time you go to a show, make sure that your good time isn't infringing on the civil rights of others. Be a man, and treat female audience members with the respect that they deserve as human beings. If you do that, you might get something a little more meaningful out of your encounter than sexualistic groping.

"Ooooooh, every time I read The Monitor I get chills all up and down my spine from its compelling literary content!"

THANKS TO THE GROOVY MEMBERS OF FAC, THIS FINE LADY CAN KEEP ON GETTING CHILLS FOR ANOTHER SEMESTER. THANKS, FAC! YOU GUYS RULE!

Try to remember over break: El Niño is a lie. It is all a hoax. Now stop building arks.

Greek defends the brotherhood

by Andrew Mullen

After a long semester of remaining quiet, the only fraternity member of The Monitor staff is about to speak. Sorry, brothers of the Greek community, I know it is about time someone does.

First, let me correct what is fellow staff writer said a few issues ago. He commented that fraternities are a collection of guys who have to buy friends. I find this inaccurate. Let me explain what goes on during the membership recruitment process known as rush.

All the fraternities show their stuff for a week, with nightly events designed to bring around those who are interested. A rushee (a non-Greek going through rush) attempts to find the group of guys in which he best fits in. Fraternities don't just allow anyone in. There is a process of selection where the rushees discuss who they feel they can call their brothers based on their personality, eagerness, and potential.

It is hard to really figure out someone in under a week. However, the money paid for dues for a semester in no way pays for that friendship. Friendship is earned through respect and pride for the meaning of the letters which brothers share upon their shirts. This is something each brother holds very important.

Which brings me to the recent civil unrest between some fraternities. This is not what fraternities teach. But sometimes pride for one's letters gets in the way of common sense (just as an American would tell a Frenchie to

second. If the girl that was being passed around over your head was standing next to you, would you grab her breasts? Would you try to pull off her pants? Of course not. She would give you a swift kick to the groin and then hit you with a lawsuit.

Groping females that crowdsurf isn't about sex. It's about control. It's also about respect, or a lack thereof. Anyone that gropes a member of the opposite sex has reverted to some sort of neanderthalistic primitive instead of a functioning member of society.

Some people say that they don't care what happens to girls that crowdsurf because "the girls know what is going to happen if they go up." I have to admit that I think that any girl who crowdsurfs is a little crazy. However, I

shove it if he ripped on the way Americans loved their country.) At some point this has happened in every Greek organization. Unfortunately, alcohol also masks common sense.

Fraternities are not established to facilitate drinking, as some would like to believe. But then, if I was going to drink, I would much rather do it surrounded by guys that I can call brothers, people I trust to take care of me as I would take care of them. What better way to relax on a weekend than kicking back and drinking a few beers with some brothers?

Being called a brother is not limited to Truman. If you ever go on a spring break trip, and run into a brother from another chapter, you have something in common with them, and that, GDs, is something that I would never want to lose. Oh yeah, and if I eat in the cafeteria, you damn right I'm gonna sit with a brother. What better way than to have a dependable centralized location to meet. The maps were pretty amusing, though.

A fraternity is a lifelong commitment that doesn't end with college, unlike other campus organizations (example: SAB). It keeps going, and brothers are reminded every time they put those letters on. Greeks will stick together in the long run, and that will become more apparent eventually. Being in an organization like a fraternity enhances one's life in ways not seen in the public eye. It's time everyone has an open mind and takes another look.

TAKE



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Reviews



DMB: live and energetic

by Maria Montano

The Rockers Amphitheater is once again the setting for a live album. This Colorado Foothills theater, which was once the site of U2, Kenny Loggins, and John Tesh, is now the locale for the latest Dave Matthews Band CD, *Live at Red Rocks 8.15.95*. This CD, which captures the group's August 15, 1995, show at the amphitheater, is the Charlottesville band's first release since their 1995 LP, *Crush*. Although this two-CD set contains no new tracks, except for the previously unreleased "936," it still provides an energetic and stirring ride for its listeners.

The band released a live album in a move to deter bootleggers. Currently, the band allows fans to bring recording equipment into their concerts. Yet, with numerous unreleased songs and the band's rising popularity, this allows for a field day among bootleggers, who then charge exorbitant amounts of money for their tapes.

Live at Red Rocks 8.15.95 is the first in a series of live concert releases. Although there is no date set for the next release, it is rumored that their Richmond, VA concert at the Flood Zone will be released in January of 1998. It is also rumored that the band will soon re-enter the studio to create a follow-up to *Crush* that is expected out by April of 1998.

With seventeen songs spread over about two hours (song lengths ranging from four minutes to upwards of thirteen minutes), this double CD is a surprising treat and well worth its price.

Since it was recorded prior to the release of *Crush*, this CD is mostly comprised of songs from the band's 1994 LP, *Under the Table and Dreaming*. It also contains a few songs from their debut album *Reverently* and a handful of early versions from *Crush*. The only unreleased song is "936," which may be a disappointment to a few listeners who may have been expecting more new material.

"We wanted to go back to the shows we've taped and find the ones we liked the most, the ones that were special nights, and not take out any of the flaws or the doozy notes and just put them out as real as they came to us," stated Matthews in an interview with *Billboard Magazine*. With the spirited saxophone jam-

ming of Lerol Moore, the skillful percussion of Carter Beauford, the soulful bass of Stefan Lessard, the delightful violin of Boyd Tinsley, and the engaging voice of Dave Matthews, listeners are able to savor the band's "jazz-folk-with-a-hint-of-reggae" songs.

The song lyrics, for the most part, are both introspective and thought-provoking. Matthews' voice, although wavering and breathless at times, is energetic and moves the concert along. The words, blended together with skillful instrumentation, create an impressive collection of music.

The numerous extended instrumental sections interspersed throughout the concert along with the almost seamless transitions and minimal editing allows the listener the experience and feel of a Dave Matthews Band concert. After listening to this double CD, the studio recording of their past CDs now seem like abrupt edits.

One high point of this CD is "Lie in Our Graves." Boyd Tinsley plays a violin solo with such energy and fervor that it would have made any classical violinist blush. Along with Lerol Moore's extensive sax solo, both musicians set the spirited tone for the song. The song "Ants Marching" was not only a hit with the audience, but is also a highlight of this CD.

Starting out with one of the band's signature "jam sessions," the band comes together to perform this hit with intense emotion. The last song of the CD is the cover of the Bob Dylan song "All Along the Watchtower." Tim Reynolds, the "sixth member" of the band, brings the crowd to a frenzy with his fierce guitar playing. This powerful, enthusiastic concert performance provides excellent closure for the concert. "Overall that night had a great spirit. I hit some primo notes that would make the tone deaf cringe, but otherwise, it was a great Red Rocks night. Everyone was pretty much in tune; everyone was playing from the heart," stated Matthews.

Although the elaboration of each song may be misinterpreted as being drawn out and long-winded, *Live at Red Rocks 8.15.95* should nevertheless be a nice surprise for the band's veteran fans. Making its debut on the *Billboard* charts at #1, this CD will hopefully prove to be the natural success that it is.

Warning: don't go see *Starship Troopers* over break

by Sandra K. Gill
Don't see *Starship Troopers*. It is an atrocious movie. "Why?" you may ask. "What about it is so horrible?" you might inquire. Well, let me tell you.

First of all, it's a plotless. It tries to have a plot, but it fails miserably. The premise of this movie, which is based on a novel of the same name by the very famous science fiction novelist Robert Heinlein, is that aliens who look like big, ugly bugs are assaulting earthlings needlessly. These aliens aren't very smart, so the brave earth forces assume they can fight the Bugs (which are what the aliens are so creatively called) without too many losses. They turn out to be wrong, both about the number of losses and the intelligence of the bugs. Basically,

everyone gets their asses kicked, which means, of course, be avenged.

Soldiers who fight do so to gain citizenship. Only those who have served in the military are allowed to vote.

Everyone else is just a pansy-ass, duty-shirking civilian who may hide behind seemingly legitimate pacifist ideology, but really is too scared to make the sacrifice it takes to become a citizen.

The movie follows a bunch of citizen wannabes through the rigors of combat, complete with lots of decapitations, brains spilled all over the place, and extraneous deaths (did

Common searches his soul

by Dave Henton

One Day it'll All Make Sense, the third album from Common (known as Common Sense until a recent lawsuit), is a hip-hop examination of a man's life and being. Recent events in his life, including the birth of his son, have led Common to search his soul. The result is both an astounding display of Common's musical talent and a deep exploration of his thoughts.

The key word here is "introspective," from the photo album look of the cover art (complete with childhood pictures of Common with family and friends) to the piano-laden, serious tone of over half the tracks.

The first impression for some (cynical) listeners might be that the album is too purposefully constructed as introspective, yet repeated listens reveal sincerity from beginning to end.

Common's purpose is set forth on the album's introductory track, "Introspective": "what I want to do for you, no really it's for you, is open my mental window, hoping that you will climb in...or at least look in." His goal is to relate his life experiences and thoughts in hopes that listeners will gain insight while enjoying the music.

Common's overall mode here is an introspective one, yet he also includes many tight, hard-hitting numbers displaying his vocal talents. The rapper (called "the most poetic MC of the 90s" by Chuck D.) has skills (articulate delivery, clever wordplay, etc.) and demonstrates them throughout. Talented guest stars also appear all over the 70-minute album, including Q-Tip from A Tribe Called Quest, Erykah Badu and Black Thought from The Roots.

The music throughout is jazz and R&B-influenced, with piano, strings and pounding bass lines over the funky beats. Serious looks at Common's life come next to old school-style party jams, such as "Getting Down at the Amphitheater," with De La Soul (perhaps a return favor for his amazing turn on their equally superb song "The Bizness") and "Food for Funk."

The centerpiece of the album and the song Common has cited as the most personally significant is the emotionally intense "Retrospect for Life," featuring Lauryn Hill from the Fugees.

The song is Common honestly articulating what went through his mind during the decision he and his girlfriend went through over whether to have their child (an unexpected one) or have an abortion. The song is pro-life, with Common's overall message being respect for

life, a message on responsibility, parenting, and life. "Pop" straightforwardly tells of his experiences raising Common, and why he feels he has learned more from his son than his son will ever learn from him.

While Common delivers positive messages on love and responsibility, he also does a fair share of arrogant (and occasionally stereotypically macho) bragging and boasting. Yet the listener gets the impression he is merely presenting himself on a CD, warts and all. He isn't picking and choosing the most presentable parts of his personality but giving the listener his thoughts and experiences, then letting the listeners make of them what they will.

The album is a fairly complete view (as complete as possible on one album) of the life of one individual, from his childhood and family relationships to challenging decisions to the hardships of daily life, like his home being robbed (the subject of the three-part song "Sick Moments").

One Day it'll All Make Sense is both an entertaining display of talent and a view into one man's soul. What you get out of it depends on how much attention you want to pay to the lyrics. Sure, you can enjoy the music and dance to it, but listen closely and it'll move you, make you think, and, perhaps, lead you to evaluate your own life as thoroughly, intelligently, and beneficially as Common has.

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all life (summed up at the start when he says, "when you look at your brother, you've got to see yourself"), yet not "Pro-life" in the sense of arguing against abortion. He is not taking a political stance or a side on the issue; instead the song is a profound expression and personal examination of his thoughts on parenthood, responsibility and this specific decision.

He imagines his frame of mind after an abortion, contemplates the reasons behind his actions, and sends a message of love to his girlfriend. The song is an emotional account of a man realizing the effects of his actions and attempting to deal with them maturely.

A similarly intense and challenging song is "G.O.D. (Gaining One's Definition)," a duet with Cee-Lo from Goodie Mob about spirituality and religion. The overall message is one of developing one's own spirituality and relationship with one's own higher power.

Spirituality and awareness of one's actions are continuing themes on the album, as are the importance of family and love. These themes culminate in the final track, "Pop's Rap Part 2/Fatherhood." It is, as the title indicates, a "rap" from Common's

father, a message on responsibility, parenting, and life. "Pop" straightforwardly tells of his experiences raising Common, and why he feels he has learned more from his son than his son will ever learn from him.

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Prof of the Week

by Shawn Gilmore

Jay Belanger is an Assistant Professor of Mathematics and has been at Truman for five years. This semester, he is teaching Calculus I and Principals of Applied Mathematics I. Next spring, he will teach Calculus I and Principals of Applied Math II.

Which classes are the most fun for you to teach?

Oh, that's a tough question. I haven't taught a class that I didn't like. Well, it really depends on the students. Generally, when there's a smaller class, then the students get more involved and that makes it more enjoyable. So, probably the upper level classes; it doesn't matter which one. I mean, there are some students in lower level classes that are sort of outgoing, and the classes interest a lot, and that makes it fun.

Why all the Diet Coke cans?

Pringles, Olestra & osteoporosis: Libby exposed

by Erin Hache and Marie Montano

Have you ever sat in front of the TV with a canister of Pringles and contemplated, "How did these delicious, wonderfully crispy potato chips come to be?"

Well, we had these and many more questions for Professor of Chemistry and Pringles inventor, Dr. Robert Libby. Dr. Libby teaches several Chemistry classes including Chem 100 and various upper level courses. He is a graduate of Truman State, when it was Northeast Missouri State Teacher's College. This interview with Dr. Libby may dispel some of the rumors you've been hearing about the famous chips in a can:

How are you connected to the invention of Pringles?

I was a chemist on a team of about six other scientists working for Procter and Gamble. But I am not the sole inventor. I'm okay with people saying "oh, he invented Pringles," but there was a group of individuals.

So, how did you go about doing this? Did you see a potato chip and say "Hey, I can do that better?"

At the time this was happening there weren't any nationally marketed potato chips. They'd go stale quickly and were easily broken. We came up with the idea of creating a potato dough composed of potato flour and water. This allowed us to make them the same size and shape. We created a container similar to a tennis ball can. We filled it with nitrogen so they didn't go stale quickly. The first ones

teresting, something which I'm told the book does. This movie, however, prefers to depend on the "wow"-value of special effects, which, while they are great (CGI is getting better and better, especially with the smaller bugs), are not enough to carry a movie. At least they shouldn't be. Someone who authorized this movie seems to think FX are enough, though, because that's all this movie has.

So, heed my warning and save your money. If you must see soldiers fighting big bugs in outer space, go see the new *Alien* movie, which looks absolutely great, and which I will have seen by the time this review is published. Even if it's as bad as *Alien3*, it will still be better than *Starship Troopers*, which is beyond pitiful.

The Monitor's last meeting of the year is on Thursday 4 December in OP 112. Don't keep that anger bottled up! Let us know your deepest cares, concerns, and feelings. We welcome loners, separatists, carnivores, bounty hunters, and cantina bands.

The Man got you down?

Below are the names of all the students on the petition to eliminate Reading Day!

1-4 TAPKAP (AKA PRINGLES), KEMPER ARENA, MO

1-6 MEGADETH, LIFE OF AGONY, COAL CHAMBER BLUE NOTE, COLUMBIA

12-11 BARKER, THE CURE, ETC., Q101 FERT, CHIC. DEPTONES, GALAXY, ST. LOUIS

12-12 DEPTONES, GUITARS & CADELLACS, OLATH, KS

12-13 PORTNEAU, RIVIERA THEATER, CHICAGO SUGARHILL GANG, GRANDMASTER MELLE MEL, GALAXY, ST. LOUIS

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12-12 DEPTONES, GUITARS & CADELLACS, OLATH, KS

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12-12 DEPTONES, GUITARS & CA

Home cookin' with Heather

by Heather Throck
Ho, Ho, Ho!!!!!! I am so excited! The semester is coming to a close, the trial of the turkey has passed, and Christmas is just around the corner. I love December!

While working on my homework my mind began to wander, as it usually does, to thoughts of my favorite holiday treats. My thoughts landed on the most awesome sugar cookies you will ever taste. Thus, this week's recipe is my holiday gift to you. Here goes.

Our recipe is donated by Judy Howerton, Facilities Goddess. Judy, you rock!

Judy's Sour Cream Sugar Cookies

- 3 cups sifted baking powder
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 3/4 cup (1 1/2 sticks) butter or margarine
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1/4 cup sour cream
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

First sift together the flour, baking powder, and salt into a large bowl. Now, set that aside and, in a separate bowl, mix together the butter and sugar until fluffy. After you have reached fluffiness add the egg. When the egg is beaten into the mixture, it's time to add the sour cream and vanilla. Finally, add the flour to the mixture, about a third of the flour at a time, until all the stuff is well blended and stiff. Whew. Now set the dough in the refrigerator for a good two to three hours. To prepare the cookies for baking, roll some of the dough out on a well floured board, cut with your favorite cookie cutters, and bake on an ungreased cookie sheet for about 10 minutes in a 350 degree oven. And remember, DON'T OVER-BAKE!!!!

After the cookies are baked, Judy almost always puts icing on them. This makes them so good! I mean they are good without icing, but the icing is so yummy.

Well, I hope your semester has been decent and that your holiday season is fruitful. I would feed you some more holiday bullshit, but I think we've all had enough bullshit this semester. For those of you going home for break, be careful. And for those of you who are back working, get yourself a good bottle of wine, if you are of legal age, that is. You won't find me contributing to the delinquency of minors. Ciao.

Queen Astra: let the stars be your guide!

Aries (21 March-20 April): Would you believe that on average three spiders crawl into your mouth every night? Well, they always say experience is the best teacher.

Taurus (21 April-21 May): What, did you think it was a diet turkey? Remember how much you hated yourself in last summer's splendor? Prepare today. Invest in duct tape.

Gemini (22 May-21 June): It's never too late to stop giving evidence of your own mental deficiencies. Remind yourself this week. Your aim: harmless vacuousness.

Cancer (22 June-23 July): Learn from last year's mistakes. Live animals, stockings and fire are never, really, a good idea.

Leo (24 July-23 August): Modify your

expectations. After all, Santa Claus is just an underpaid, fat man in red velvet. Given his work schedule, you'd be wily too. What did you expect when you sat down?

Virgo (24 August-23 September): Remember: Love IS a four-letter word.

Libra (24 September-23 October): What do reindeer, Christmas trees, elves, fruitcakes and Bob Hope have in common? Precisely. Throw off the fetters of subjugation. Celebrate Boxing Day!

Scorpio (24 October-23 November): You're feeling a little frisky this holiday season. Place yourself under the tree wrapped only in ribbon and tin foil. And if the lights short-circuit, you've been nothing to blame but yourself. Enjoy!

Sagittarius (23 November-21 December): Create a memorable Christmas for a small child. Calmly explain to children at fast food restaurants that they're eating Santa's reindeer.

Capricorn (22 December-20 January): At the North Pole, a jolly old man and woman enslave extremely tiny and (one would guess) less jolly men and women to work the entire year under non-union wages and conditions, just so the world's children can wake up one day to the year's unexpected packages beneath their trees! Fortunately, we're not at the North Pole. I think we can all learn something from this charming little tid-bit, don't you?

Aquarius (21 January-19 February): Treat yourself to an ephany this holiday season. Stroke your alter ego.

Pisces (20 February-20 March): Keep a candy cane in your pocket this week. Just in case...

If you have any problems that surface over the holidays, instead of turning to conventional methods like counseling, why not let the stars be your guide? Send questions for Q&A to the Monitor mailbox in the CAOC.

ECO Tip of the Holiday Season



Be eco-frugal during your holiday break! Try to be conservative in your seasonal wrappings. You can use the comics page of the newspaper or those glossy pictures in ads from magazines to wrap gifts. Or, and I know you all hate it, you can reuse paper and gift bags oodles of times. Also, remember to recycle when you're all done. (The Monitor makes pretty keen gift wrap too, but watch out giving it to Aunt Marge and Uncle Fergie, they've never really understood those Odgers cartoons.)

Spiral, I know we have had our differences, but I do respect you. I want us to work together. Father has a job for us.

He wants us to whack Vincent Marzoni.

But Marzoni is a made man!

I know, this could start a war. So Spiral will you work with me again....

Next: Will Spiral join Mario for the hit, or will Mario's lack of respect destroy the family?

Monitor Evaluation Form

Please try to respond to these questions openly and honestly. They will be used in evaluating and improving the paper and in decisions such as tenure. Use a No.2 pen.

1. Warm Fuzzies or Cold Fuzzies? ☐ WF ☐ CF
2. Does cheese affect the quality of the paper? ☐ Yes ☐ No
3. Do you object to derogatory terms such as "the culture police"? ☐ Yes ☐ No
4. Don't mess with Ramech! ☐ Yes ☐ No

Tweak your mind!

Students heavy with stress during their final weeks of the semester were asked to take a moment of their busy day and ponder this joyful yuletide question. Here are their jolly, but heartfelt, responses:

"When my family decorates without me, believe people actually take that video seriously." — Mike Roth

"I don't like it when the cranberry music is on the table and it still looks like the cat." — J.P. Majors

"The part where my grandma asks me to dress up as Santa for my cousins again...because when I ho ho I'm not very jolly." — Tim Flowers

"Rampant, feel-good sentimentality based on too-early commercialism in seasonal inappropriateness." — Larry Liles

"The drunken, fat red-suited bastard and his reindeer constantly crashing through my roof." — Kevin Diaz Bryan

"The blatant greed." — Harry Harris

"The fact that my family wants me to eat more than is humanly possible." — Rob Ridgway

"The vast amount of 'holiday cheer' they try to get you to buy." — Michelle Keryon

"MTV putting that horrible David Bowie/Bing Crosby video in heavy rotation. I can't

"Santa Claus wannabes." — Cathy Pezold

"That you can't get the burgundy outdoor bows; you can only get the red ones." — Dawn Citrin

"Getting underwear for a present." — Tom Joblinski

"Having to pretend to like gifts from family members who don't really know you." — Dave Kuschel

"The hangover on the 26th." — Dakin Dugan

"The inundation and repetitiveness of red and green, and my fear of wearing red and green." — Becca Pestine

"Rude people in shopping stores. You know, the kinds of people you just have to say Merry Christmas to." — Monica Gering

Here at The Monitor we like to think of ourselves as more than a newspaper, we're a family (with Dad's drunken rages and Mom's compulsive gambling). And so, we'd like to take the opportunity to invite you to become a part of our family also. Snuggle up with us as we write our Christmas Wish List, and feel free to help us fill these visions of grandeur. From our home to yours...Merry Christmas!

Jill would like Kurt Vonnegut's new book *Ginger Peach Tea*, Creamy Almond Anti-Bacterial hand soap from Bath and Body Works (with scrubby bits for extra dirty hands), Forest green converse low tops, and a root canal or a new tooth.

Brent is simply asking for *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*.

Adam wants demented clip-art, time to play Riven, *Writing and Difference* by Jacques Derrida, and Winona Ryder in a cage.

Matt would like the new Album "Matt Be the Baby," featuring the four smash-hit singles "Matt Be the Baby," "Jackie," "Cunt Arc," and "Satie." Also, the new Josh Clayton CD and Space Ghost Coast to Coast and Cartoon Planet Marathon.

Tom, well, noble Tom wishes to have wisdom.

And, Dave is asking for Guided By Voices music for the world, a clock tower for his living room, and an ocean.

Matt Webber really wants Pink Floyd's

"The Wall," the "Dazed and Confused Soundtrack" and Steven King's "Dark Tower II: Wizards and Glass."

Shawn Gilmore craves a Magnetic Poetry set, Bulligogga, and a simple explanation of the last four years of the X-Files.

Marie, when asked her Wish List, responded, "I'm still thinking of something really witty and interesting to ask for Christmas so people will read this and say, 'Damn, that Marie is hilarious,' but I really can't think of anything...give me a few minutes; I'm a little slow...sorry."

Erin would like several fuzzy teddy bears, a subscription to *The Furvy Times*, an all expense paid trip to space camp, *Leftorium* (a left-handed store), and, of course, direct tape.

Maggie is asking for the new Trivial Pursuit game, dinner with Woody Allen (or all his movies on video cassette), Haagen Daz Bailey's Irish Cream Ice Cream, and a new bike tire. Or the death of the person who stole my innocent little tire.

Drive-by Christmas Fun

by Stephanie Curtis
Since Christmas is almost here, and if shopping for gifts has emptied your wallet, I suggest the cheapest road trip of all: Christmas light sight-seeing. Starting this week and ending a few days after Christmas, you can view some truly beautiful lighting displays, even in Kirksville!

Of course, you can just hop in your car and drive around the Kansas City Plaza or the really rich part of town, but why not start here? After another week or so, round up a couple of friends and head to the northwest part of Kirksville. Just drive like you're heading to the rear entrance of Wal-Mart and keep going straight on Route F; wherever you see some Christmas lights on, feel free to turn or drive by. Who knows what you're bound to see this year? You might even catch a glimpse of the large 'Bah, Humbug!' sign that's usually up every Christmas!

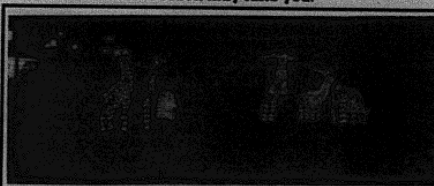
On the other hand, let's not be 'prejudiced' here when choosing where to go for the best lights. In the past, the northwest part of Kirksville had been great for Christmas lights, but now it has some serious competition.

Due to the Christmas decoration contest sponsored by local businesses, it seems like everyone is suddenly stringing up chasing lights and faux reindeer. Even small businesses, such as Splash Page Comics, Kaleidoscope, and Northeast Missouri Bank are adorning their buildings this year to 'get into the holiday spirit.' In other words, just about any place is fair game for cruising and admiring the wonderfully-illuminated seasonal ornaments.

Also, if you feel inspired enough, why not decorate your own house or apartment. Be creative. Try a lighted Santa holding a beer or stringing lights with a star from one spot to another for a shooting star. Maybe if you can find somebody talented enough with automobile wiring, why not decorate your vehicle?

It's guaranteed to be a rare and eye-catching sight to get everyone in the true winter holiday spirit.

...And from all of us at The Monitor, have a wonderful Christmas/winter break and road-trip, wherever this season may take you!



Out of the only 5 places in town lit up this week, I give this house 5 out of 5 reindeer.

photo by Stephanie Curtis

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SA STUFF, from page 1

The question is, though, should the SAs have revolted? That is, is this new system fair to the SAs? For many SAs the answer is, in fact, "no."

SAs who have experienced both the old and new systems are, perhaps, the most reliable source for an answer to such a question. The Monitor spoke with one such person who was an RA last year and an SA this year. This person commented that while SAs do have less students than RAs did, the amount of work has stayed the same except for small drops in the amount of paperwork. Additionally, because old RAs now have to perform the duties of a PAC too, it seems more than a bit questionable that their salaries were cut by one-third.

Another doubt people have voiced pertains to scholarship hours. Prior to this year, RAs on scholarship have had their work hours fulfilled by their RA job. That has practiced this year, however, as all SAs on scholarship are having to work their 75 hour per semester in addition to their jobs as SAs.

Perhaps most controversial of all is the issue about how SAs can earn money to pay for the one-third of room and board they aren't compensated for. As a rule no student is allowed to work more than 20 hours each week on campus. Because SAs already hold jobs that earn them two-thirds room and board, they are only allowed 6 more hours each week. Simple arithmetic will tell one this number claims that SAs work only 14 hours every week. But is this accurate? When asked if this estimate sounded a bit low, one SA responded, "definitely."

Though in theory this number might sound right, the reality is that SAs work well more than 14 hours each week. First of all, SAs are required to be in their buildings by 2am. Secondly, on nights when they are on duty, SAs must be inside by 7pm and are considered to

be on duty until 6am. That's 11 hours of work right there. Needless to say, countless many other hours are spent planning and performing programs, dealing with discipline problems, helping students with personal or academic problems, and taking time out simply to bond with residents.

Some would argue it is no exaggeration to say that, in many senses, SAs are working 24 hours per day, 7 days per week. If one considers this to be the case, adding the \$25 stipend SAs receive each month to their two-thirds room and board per semester would result in their pay rate being 51 cents per hour.

The compensation SAs on this campus earn becomes even more questionable when compared to the compensation SAs at other schools receive. A few weeks ago Central Missouri State University hosted the Student Staff Conference. Many of Truman's SAs were more than a bit surprised with how well off other SAs are. Student advisors at Missouri Western, for instance, are awarded with full room and board as well as half tuition for their work. SAs at Emporia earn full room and board along with a stipend of \$400 per month. The two-thirds room and board and \$25 per month stipend handed out to Truman SAs seem quite paltry in comparison.

So, before more changes take place, it seems quite important to examine whether the current situation is fair. To their credit, Residential Living has done a good job restructuring the staffs of our residence halls and colleges with the money they've been allocated. The question people need to be asking, though, seems to be, "Does Residential Living need more money to suitably compensate SAs?" In light of all this evidence, this reporter would say, "definitely."

Haxton, however, offers some counterarguments for consideration. One is the fact that it is very difficult to pinpoint the actual number of hours SAs work every week.

Whether an SA should be considered to be working when he or she is sleeping would be one point to ponder. Also important is Haxton's contention that being an SA is a scholarship job as well as an educational experience that will have far-reaching benefits down the road, much like an unpaid internship. Lastly, it is difficult to compare compensations given to SAs at Truman with those given at other schools. Haxton pointed out that while Truman SAs may not have the highest compensations, they don't have the lowest ones either, illustrating that "there is a range of compensations." They vary according to a large number of variables that make each and every school different.

Thus, it is quite obvious that this issue is rather complex. Perhaps when an open exchange of dialogue begins, students and administrators can all lay out their valid arguments and come to an agreement that is fair to both sides.

BABIES, from page 4

are simply to get in on the action. They are businesses who need positive public images and are launching themselves in the septuplet craze that is embracing America.

I'm not surprised by these actions, just disappointed. The suggestion of picking seven random poor children and sponsoring their infancy would probably be met with laughter by those CEOs who have rushed to donate supplies, yet they would be just as deserving cases.

I'm aware that I'm not saying anything fabulously new in these here paragraphs but I still feel like I have to say it. Because sometimes society puts itself on the back a little too quickly and we forget that there's much work to be done out there. Thousands of kids need those same opportunities that seven newborns receive just for having been born.

3 December 1997

Classifieds!

WANTED: 1-2 people to take over a lease for spring semester. 2-bedroom, Victorian-style house. Rent \$200+ 1/2 electricity each. Call Ann at 627-5076.

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

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.

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

JEDI TRAINING: Get to know the force for only \$460 Tatooine dollars. Training done by experienced, wrinkled master in the field. Call Yoda at x9632.

3 December 1997

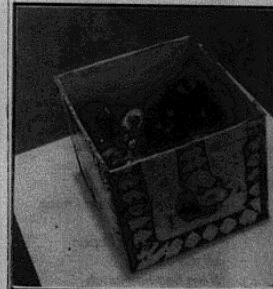
The Monitor 11

Art

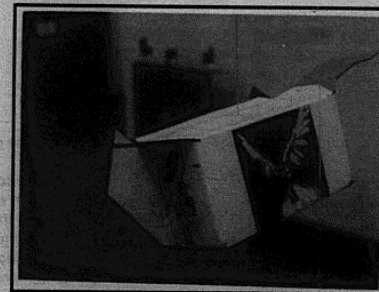
From 1 December to 6 December the Truman State University Art Gallery will feature the work of four student artists who will be graduating with their degrees in Bachelors of Fine Arts: David Langkamp, Steve Grote, Kevin Hough, and Jeanne Manning. There will be a closing reception at 7:00 pm on 6 December,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

DAVID LANGKAMP works with screen printed images on found industrially printed cardboard as well incorporating a variety of found objects and materials.

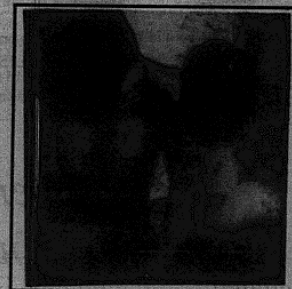
KEVIN HOUGH works with computer manipulation in producing large printed works. A painting major, Hough's work concerns the idea of projecting his paintings onto human figures.



Clockwise from top:
The Apple Box
The Warhol/Solanas Shooting Gallery
Like Flying
All works are screenprint with found materials



Below (Left to Right):
Untitled
Self-Portrait
Untitled
All works are printed computer manipulations



KILL THE PANDAS BEFORE THE EARTH'S BAMBOO SUPPLY IS OBLITERATED.

PAID FOR BY THE WORLD BAMBOO DEFENSE ORGANIZATION ©



"Forever" is a long time...

My Back Pages . . .

5 o'clock Shadow-

It could be 6:30
and if so
I'm not ready.
I haven't done this
in some time—
not for anyone anyway.
And I'm afraid (or worse)
of the after
shave; the awkward knock
and do I ask
"May I," and do I open
all the doors?
If we had had lunch
or even 4:15 cocktails
this steamy reflection
would not be a problem.
But, it's after 5
and I contemplate
my wife and, as I lurk
(for that's what one does in shadows)
wonder why the shadow
of my face
is most prevalent in light.

-J. Davey

My 64-Year-Old Father Snuck Beer Into the Traveler's Hotel-

My father belongs in Heaven, of that there's no doubt in my mind;
and I'm sure he'll greet God
with more than a nod,
when he leaves this here world behind.

My father was raised on some Wisconsin lands,
and happy he's not without work for his hands.

But he was born in Wisconsin, where one breast gives beer,
and I'm sure, as a babe, that one was most near
to his mouth and his heart and those of my kin.
And won't God be pleased, when dad sneaks Him some in?

-J. Wolf

LOVE LETTERS

hello stop rec'd yr letter stop have taken yr suggestion
stop have new tatoo 'crost forehead stop reads "beware! i
like to take hard women and turn them into soft little girls;
inevitably, someone gets hurt" stop think that'll do the
trick stop thanks again for yr thoughtful advice stop let
you know how it goes stop

josh

I was on fine ground-

I was down south Missouri
smiling from the front porch
I was shy in the easy
eyes out in the yard
I was laughing at the cars
going by, moments when the tires
were busy in the mud.

-B. Kirkpatrick

Send us Christmas gifts of poetry.
You'll be famous for the New Year.



The Monitor

A Campus Collective

20 January 1998
Volume 4, Number 9

Disagreement exists in incident between instructor, student

by Tom Wheatley

The altercation between a faculty member and a student over a parking space during the early hours of December 11 has raised many questions and produced few easy answers.

At approximately 2 a.m. on December 11, Instructor of Communication Ron St. John was grading papers in his apartment, which is located on the east end of the on-campus apartment complex on Patterson Street.

For several days, the parking spot in front of his apartment had been occupied. St. John had hoped that the spot would become vacant so he could move his van, which was parked down at the other end of the Patterson parking lot, in front of his apartment.

"I was leaving on Thursday and I was hoping the spot would open up so that it would be easier for me to load up my van. I had some gifts and things for my family," St. John said.

Around 2 a.m. the owner of the car that was parked in front of St. John's apartment pulled the car out of the spot and drove away.

St. John heard the car pull out of the spot. He stopped grading papers and went outside, taking a broom with him in order to brush off the falling snow that had accumulated on his van.

He broomed off the empty parking spot and then began to sweep off his van. However, before he had a chance to move his vehicle, a car pulled into the spot.

The car that pulled into the spot was driven by Terrence Hill, Jr., who was returning from a trip to the store. In fact, Hill had pulled out of that very same spot only a few minutes earlier.

Groups expand horizons, minds

by Shawn Gilmore

College has always been considered a place to expand one's horizons by exploring new concepts and learning to better appreciate old ones. Classes are designed to emphasize an examination of values and encourage students to reevaluate their beliefs. If that is not enough, students can turn to clubs and organizations that fit their interests to help them grow as a person.

Recently, a few campus organizations have formed that will appeal to student's interests as well as meet their needs. While several new organizations have sprung up, the following two took some time to talk to *The Monitor* about their plans, goals, and inspiration.

The Fine Arts Society, which began meeting this semester, is one such club. According to member Aimee Robertson, the goal of the club is "to try and do different things to promote the four major fine arts: Literature, Music, Theater, and Art." So far, they have met twice, once before Christmas break to gauge interest, and once this semester as a formal meeting.

So far, about 40 people have attended meetings, which showed "a greater enthusiasm than expected," Robertson said. The meetings themselves will be somewhere in Ophelia Parrish, (the room number has yet to be determined) on Tuesday evenings at 8:00 pm.

Mainly the group plans to discuss fine art, sprinkling in activities that will emphasize participation in and appreciation of the arts.

The parking at the Patterson apartments was red decal parking, which is reserved for faculty and staff from 7 a.m. to 5 p.m. (the Patterson spots have since been changed—see sidebar). After these times, anyone can park there. At this time in the morning, it was legal for Hill to park in those spots, even though in a few hours it would not be legal.

However, Hill was not planning to park there for very long.

"I had a final at 7 a.m. the next morning and I was planning to drive to the final because it was cold outside," Hill said.

St. John stopped brooming off his car and approached Hill's car. Hill and St. John have different accounts regarding what happened from this point that night.

St. John said he politely asked Hill if he would trade spots with him, explaining his situation regarding loading his van the next morning.

"I told him that it would only take 30 seconds," St. John said.

Hill responded with an obscenity, according to St. John. He then said he asked Hill what kind of person does such a thing and Hill said that he did. St. John said Hill began to walk away on the sidewalk in front of the apartments. St. John followed Hill in the street in order to

ask him again if he would switch parking spaces.

Hill said that St. John did not address him in a polite manner. He said that he did not use profanity, but that St. John did use profanity.

He explained why he didn't want to move his car.

"I was tired, and I had a final in a few hours," Hill said.

At this point, St. John said he told Hill he was going to call Public Safety and let them handle the situation. Hill threw down some packages that he was carrying near the sidewalk, approached him in the street and grabbed him, according to St. John.

"I told him that you don't know who I am and that you don't want to do this," St. John said.

He said Hill responded by saying that he didn't care who he was, he was going to beat him. At this point Hill dropped his keys, which seemed to upset him, and after he picked them up he began to hit St. John repeatedly. St. John said that it was the hardest he had ever been hit in his life.

Hill denies St. John's version of the incident. He said that St. John approached him while carrying the broom. Hill said that he dropped his keys and when he bent over to pick them up, St. John hit him hard with the broom. After Hill stood up St. John continued to hit

him three or four more times with the broom. Hill then said he told St. John that they shouldn't be fighting. St. John denies that Hill said this.

Both individuals said after being hit repeatedly, they crossed the street in an attempt to get away from the other person. They both said the other person pursued and continued until Public Safety arrived.

Public Safety took statements from both parties and from a witness, a female acquaintance of Hill who went with him to the store. The witness supported Hill's version of the incident.

St. John was taken to the hospital for X-rays. He suffered a swollen left eye and several golfball-sized lumps on his head as a result of the altercation. St. John said he had limited movement in his neck for four days after the incident and was unable to stand up straight for one week.

Hill did not suffer any injuries of the magnitude of St. John's. Hill said that he did not feel that he used excessive force during the incident because he felt that St. John attacked him with a weapon.

Director of Public Safety Lisa Sprague said that DPS is no longer investigating the incident, and will not do so unless something else comes up. General Counsel for University Warren Wells said that the University is not looking into the matter any further unless one or more of the parties involved takes further action.

At the time this publication went to press, neither party had actively pursued further action.



Current Patterson Apts. parking sign, photo by K. Vogel

Parking decisions explained

by Tom Wheatley

Most people are aware that the Patterson Apartments parking has been changed from red decal to 24 hour reserved parking. However, many people probably do not know exactly how the University goes about changing parking spots.

There is quite a bit of input that is reviewed when the University is considering changing parking. Many groups take part in directing the data.

Director of Public Safety Lisa Sprague said that Public Safety, the Campus Planner, a general advisory group, and a faculty advisory group all work together to discuss parking options. In addition to these formal groups, the individual input of students and faculty (such as letters and phone calls) is taken into account.

The parking at Patterson Apartments is a good example of the way these groups make parking decisions. A few years back, the parking at Patterson was reserved only for Patterson residents. However, the apartments were not full at the time and it was discovered that the people that did live there did not have cars.

The parking was changed to red decal in an effort to better serve the campus. However, in the past few years as the Patterson Apartments became more full and more of the residents that lived there had cars, the demand for 24 hour reserved parking increased. The parking at Patterson was not changed solely because of the incident on December 11, 1997 but as a result of a gathering of information from various sources.

Interested faculty members, showed up, which was more than expected.

"Most of them appeared enthusiastic and excited about future meetings," Sternberg said.

Primarily, the Freethinkers will be a "discussion group," but they may attend movies or invite speakers on non-theistic topics. For example, the group might watch and discuss *Contact* or Carl Sagan's *Demon Haunted World*. They also are considering inviting an ACLU official to speak to the camps about church and state separation issues.

According to Sternberg, the group has some serious issues to deal with: "In my expe-

rience, professing atheism, both on campus and at home, can lead to arguments or evangelism. The Freethinkers Society provides an open-minded, rational environment in which to discuss such issues. I imagine that there are many people on campus who have never considered non-theism as a serious philosophical alternative. I think that simply introducing the idea into students' minds would make many of them think critically about the beliefs they have come to accept."

If there are any questions about the Freethinkers Society, contact Nate Sternberg at 665-6650 or email him at Q969.

The Monitor

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"Watch out for that tree!"

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ALL THE NEWS THAT'S UNFIT

CableONE is watching

Students across campus have been more than a bit surprised by the veiled threat printed on their most recent cable bill. In an effort to bring cable thieves to their knees, CableONE has announced the creation of its "Cable Theft Task Force." With this new task force on the prowl, proud paying customer and scam-sucking some artists alike can rest assured that "The Party's Over."

While many here at *The Monitor* cheered upon hearing this news, we want to know what else we can do. Sure, it's reassuring to know we can now rat on people for more than just the typical drug-possession crimes. But can we do more? Is there any way for a regular Joe Schmo caught in a dead-end job to gain a new lease on life by joining the elite killing machine that is the Cable Theft Task Force? After all, the war on drugs is old hat. We want to be hip; we want to be fresh. We want to join the war against cable theft. And, most importantly, we want our own guns.

Bagels, bagels everywhere?

A little birdie whispered in our ear last week: "Did you hear about the new bagel shop they're opening?" While this may very well be the ramblings of an overworked, underpaid messenger pigeon, we can't help but wonder if

it's really true. Could Kirksville handle another bagel vendor? Who were these angelic apparitions and could they be telling...the truth? Most importantly, who are "they"? Skeptical analysts are already predicting that the Kirksville bagel-eating market may have been tarnished by the years of pseudo Wal-Mart bagels. Said one student, "You mean you can toast these things?"

Big Brother is watching

Monitor spies are lurking everywhere, watching your every move. No one is safe from our observant eyes. For example, a student recently raced up to the third floor of Dobson and proceeded to ask two *Monitor* gestapo what floor he was on. It was a small gaffe, one that he probably thought no one would ever find out about. Well, he was wrong. Now everyone knows.

The future is here!

In an effort to get the Missouri Hall cafeteria moving again, budget gourmets at Sodhexo installed a motorized tray transport system over the break. This remarkable breakthrough in food clean-up technology has hardened what many are calling Missouri's pipeline to the new millennium.

Tray Transport Systems (tm) have already established in Centennial and Kyle Hall cafeterias, leaving Main Street Market as the only campus dining option without this perk of the 21st century.

But while most students were pleasantly surprised to find the added breakfast, lunch, and dinner convenience, some were disappointed. "I used to be able to fling my dishes down the ramp at lightning speed," said one student who wished to remain anonymous. "But now it's just not as fun."

Virginia could not be reached for comment.

End of boring nights in Kirksville

Yes, a broad claim it may be, but wait! You get a load of this. Cable One has announced [actually there was no announcement due to the historic unveiling of the Cable Theft Task Force] that customers with "just a bit more than basic service (tm)" would be able to tune in the Sundance Channel on their sets as of two weeks ago. For those living in caves with old service, this means that hundreds of quality, independent, open-minded films are now available for the itty-bitty price of cable TV.

In related news, violence, underage drinking, dress attendance, and BMS (Bad Movie Syndrome) have all reached historic low points. Programming schedules are available at www.theundancechannel.com.

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Letters

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

A letter to France!

Dear Monitor Editors,

As I write this letter, I'm sitting on a train to Paris and enjoying back issues of your paper that were kindly sent to me by Dr. Gregg Siewert. I have alternated between shock over my friend Leo Kirsch's account of being refused an HIV test in Adair's clinic (it was just Le Jour Mondial Pour Le SIDA this week), uncontrollable laughter over the all-too-true caricature of a Frenchman wearing a Chicago Bulls cap, nor because I am here thanks to Truman State University but because I just saw an advertisement for Pi Delta Phi's French table. Adam, is this your doing? Bravo, tout le monde. The saddest aspect of my teaching experience here has been my students' overall ineptness at conversational English skills, because foreign languages in France are mainly taught by texts, not conversation and vocabulary.

I do have some good students, but they always seem to have a passion for England or America linked to music or sports, and they practice independently, which is what every serious French student at Truman should do. I spent lovely and riotous dinner hours these past two years with Amy Benoit, Jim Nangle, and Jen Giles. Profitez from the benevolence of the French Assistante and Pi Delta Phi members, as do my students who came to my extra conversation class. Mimic French accents (it works for Jen and me) and search dictionaries for new words while you eat delicious (fill in the company of the month) food. Because someday, you will hopefully experience the joy of French people asking you which region you come from, being able to debate and crack jokes in French and being accepted into French circles of friends even though you're "foreign" and even "American" (but you're thin! And nice! You're not like Pamela Anderson at all! You must not eat much McDonalds...).

By the way, Monitor, you're still worth the paper you're printed on, at plus. It's been four hours and I'm only finishing the second of my three issues. You embody the best of young, independent American thought at Truman, which I am so proud to bring and defend here. Merci bien.

Katherine Allen
l'assistante Americaine au Lycee
Perrier, Tulle, France

Ies thanks boycotters

Dear Collective,

As the KTVO televised "boycott" leader against the Kirkpatrick TSU visit, I wish to publicly record, as a mere radical independent scholar, my thanks to all *Monitor* readers, be they community, students, staff, or faculty for the magnificent "no-show"! The vigilant tri-state cameras caught your protest with the row upon row of empty Baldwin Hall seats. The many of you I talked with, beforehand and since, confirmed that our abstention had enormous "offset" impact. While the KTVO reporter, a University of Kansas graduate, told me the station's very own prior research, before our interview, had uncovered so much "unhappiness" at Kirkpatrick's visit that she planned, "if allowed to by TSU public rela-

tions," directly, to ask the arch-conservative priestess, "why are you so disliked?"

Whether she, even, did you'd be phone yourself Larry if you want to find out the answer to that one! What is certain is twofold in anxious nature. That I feel should be properly "follow-up" discussed in your columns, right away. Debate is essential.

There is the twin issue of horrifyingly the cost and the politically one-sided nature in lieu of the repeat "guest" lecturer. According to an unnamed TSU official, reported in the *Kirksville Daily Express* 15 January, "between \$17,000 and \$18,000 of student fees and Truman Development Fund Monies" was spent in your, and our behalf, to get old Kirkpatrick there. That most of us felt this to be a complete waste of precious funds is not just shown by our mass abstention! It is also, very strangely, shown by the invites themselves, old boy! Barely a day before her arrival, expensive "glossy" posters were placed all around campus by the TSU "PR" office. Equally fast, after the "flop," TSU maintenance staff quickly stashed such "fine" work, at your cost, in every official dustbin they could find.

Better paper with a deliberately old photo of Jeanne, to make her appear younger than her stale ideas really are in Reaganite "has-been" status reproduced, was used, "better" than Missouri's Residential College: Halls were cost-allowed to use for their packed Morris Dees lecture, or Dr. Linda Seidel is permitted to use for her Women's History Annual Seminar, despite its genuine student usage.

Further we still do not know how this incredible \$17,000 minima breaks down? KTVO's report implied that Kirkpatrick did not linger wisely long after her harangue! As she "had to lecture at her Georgetown University next morning!" if so, did she have a K/A private plane at our expense?

Aside from the horrendous cost, there is the "balance" question. Now despite my reputation as local socialist leader, I am no starry-eyed, pie-in-the-sky "hoper" on this question. I know that this is a deeply right wing and racist/sextist biased area! One knows too that neither Dr. Magruder or Dr. James "The King" Hiner Lyons, held advanced liberal arts degrees or mount NMSU teaching experience, and have been here so long they think themselves unchallengeable in conservative preference of "their" speakers. TSU is steeped in such blinkers!

Even so, given that over 1/3 of likely readers of this are more liberal or "centrist" St. Louis, Kansas City or Chicago suburbs and have the choice of better-resourced community colleges and mass transit-accessible university campuses, one would have thought competitive common sense would have prevailed! That you do not alienate and bore your fee-market by twice-inviting in Kirkpatrick a guest in your own lifetime at other people's expense!

What has to be stressed is that this recent, expensive speaker does not have convincing credentials on either a conservative- in the moderate sense - or successful political experience in terms of results that match decent outcomes. She is a minor academic plucked out of obscurity by Reagan to act as a mouthpiece for ideas so far to the right that not only did they not work amongst the world's remainder 179 nations to yourselves, but indeed, came that continue to damage America abroad and have had blatantly despicable bloodthirsty consequences belying this image "Grandmother!" Kirkpatrick now likes to parade about herself on the very \$17,000 profitable lecture circuit per lecture! She is a reactionary!

Today, we are seeing, finally, the worst-

ing financial collapse for Third World majority people, and perhaps soon for jobless TSU arts graduates, or another pet regime that Dr. Kirkpatrick openly and tactlessly propped up Indonesia's bloodthirsty dictator since he killed an estimated 50,000 civilian democrats and "leftists" in a 1965 coup is General Suharto. In addition to making a family fortune he committed mass genocide in occupying, to this day, East Timor for its resources. The worst atrocities happened at the height of Ms. Kirkpatrick's Reagan office tenure, yet she publicly defended this tawdry vile man's regime as vital to her U.S. imperialist classes right wing interests!

In conclusion, all of you who joined us in not turning up missed nothing! And should contact your state reps and Governor Carnahan to formally request TSU's Board of Trustees investigate this \$17,000 minima wasteful expenditure on Kirkpatrick's dangerous one-sidedness at your propaganda, not your education's expense.

Yours sincerely,
Lawrence Iles

Correction

In the 3 December 1997 issue of the *Monitor*, an error appeared in the section entitled "All the News that's Unfit." In the sentence, "Monitor operatives report that a janitor in Blanton Hall was recently seen taking down Prism fliers..." the word "Blanton" should have been replaced by the word "Baldwin." We sincerely regret and apologize for any harm caused by this error to the janitors working in Blanton Hall.

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Opinions

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

Wet ink rests on dry minds

by Adam Pothman

Last semester, I alone acquired a foot-high stack of notes, handouts, junk mail, and other 8 1/2" x 11" miscellany. If I assume that most college students are similar paper magnets (even neglecting what rolls out of their own printers) and that 10 million students are enrolled in colleges or universities (the U.S. government says there are actually 13.7 million) then the university system alone generates over 2000 miles of paper one foot deep. Incidentally, if the paper were spread out to a thickness of one inch, the mileage achieved would be long enough to circle the globe and start over again. That's a lot of quick dry ink for a semester.

I wonder what life was like forty years ago at what we now call Truman. I can imagine the click-clicky-click-click of typewriter pools on Sunday nights in the dormitories—black typewriter stain on the hands, clothes, maybe even hair of the students as they run through a few ink fingers at 2 a.m. Their papers would have been set delicately in one page stacks throughout the room, drying. I don't know that our inkjet society can appreciate the relationship they had to these pages. If a page smears after jettisoning out of the printer, there is no accountability. A page of text now is a button. Forty years ago, the page was at least a thousand keystrokes of work.

The major paradox of this situation is—do we really have that much more to say? Are our words so much more important that we need an equator's worth of pages? My answer is no. We must revise our writing more. This is true on many fronts. But revising means more rough drafts. More paper! Are we doomed to fill the Grand Canyon with failed attempts at English Comp II? At this rate, yes. Oh, yes. Without a return to click-clicky-click-click, kiss the Colorado good-bye.

Because otherwise, what is wrong with sacrificing forests of trees for bad solutions to the campus parking problem? Quality, that's what. We no longer spend any time with our texts. If writing a poem or a paper is like giving birth, then we are no better than dead beat dads. Some people hand in pages of words that are neglected, if not abused for the sole reason that it's easy to do. What is the punishment for such negligence? Grade "C" if we've been good boys and girls and worked hard. If not, maybe lower. Maybe not even that. After all, we did turn in something.

I am guilty, too. My babies have sometimes been abandoned on the doorstep. I have cut and swooned, and dove—all to satisfy, of all things, a length requirement. But, damn length requirements. If all anyone wants to do is see how much paper we can use, then let pounds of wood pulp be the criteria of our grades. Of course, it doesn't mean that we have learned anything. Filling pages is as much learning the discipline of writing as filling a pool is learning about fluid dynamics. We, both students and professors alike, have volunteered to be part of Missouri's highly selective liberal arts and sciences university. Now, let's see if we can rise to meet the challenge.



Of course, it won't be easy. Easy is filling paper. Liberal arts is going into counseling with one's words. There are tough philosophical questions here. What do our words mean? Why, after serious deliberation, do we choose to put our whole individuality behind them? What is it that we are trying to accomplish?

If I could just hear the click-clicky-click-click of the first time. That is the sound of meditated words falling on paper. That is the sound of the lip-licking permanence of words. That is the sound of an investment in the printed page.

If one would just spend enough time with his or her words to click them out of his or her deepest abilities and imaginations. I know we wouldn't need the Earth's circumference in paper to show us what good we were doing.

If we could just leave to care for our words again. Enough conditionals. Obtain a receipt for the printed page again. Let us save our printed pages for the final product and recycle everything else. This is what we owe the monks in the Middle Ages who spent days making their own paper. Every page was (almost) a Bible.

Poetry & art vs. the real world

by Leslie Graft

My brother is a business major. He's going to concentrate on finance. He likes to work on cars. Therefore, he will graduate, use the money he has so wisely saved, and open his own small business restoring and improving classic sports cars. He will get married, have 2.4 kids, a dog, and a very pleasant, organized life. I am proud of him.

I, on the other hand, will graduate in a few short months and will wander. I am an English major, i.e. I have no clue. Over Christmas vacation, I too often fielded the dreaded question of what I plan to do with such a useless degree. My typical response was, "good question." You see, I have spent the past three and a half years studying humanity, I have read the great stories of mankind, I have looked within and to others for what makes us tick, and I have come away with an impressive collection of profound quotations but alas, I am not marketable, profitable, or practical.

I was not always the bad child of the family. For a long time I had a "good head on my shoulders." I was "headed for a good future," I was going to be a civil engineer. I was going to design bridges, truly a worthwhile pastime. But then, one fateful day I made the mistake of watching the acclaimed film, "Dead Poets Society." I got goosebumps when Robin Williams drew the audience into the classroom and said, "We do not read and write poetry because it is cute. We read and write poetry because we are members of the human race and the human race is filled with passion... The powerful play goes on and you may contribute a verse."

Bridges are great, but how much passion have you ever seen in a bridge? It was then that I scrapped all possibilities of reputation. I chose to join the legions of the history majors.

Oil! That ain't ska

by Erin Hucha

What genre of music comes to mind when I mention bands like No Doubt, 311, and Smashmouth? If you said "ska," prepare to be dissuaded. Lately, bands such as these have been carelessly labeled as ska with little concern of what ska music actually sounds like. These days, any band with a horn section gets tossed into an all-encompassing bin o' ska. (Just for the record: horns do not necessarily equal ska.) This blatant fallacy thoroughly cheapens good music.

Even what our culture considers a musical authority seems to have a slightly skewed view. Recently, Spin magazine cited bands such as Sugar Ray and Sublime, as well as the aforementioned bands, as third wave ska bands. This is simply absurd. Where do real ska bands fit in if all of these pop bands are occupying their space? It's accounts like these that contribute to the misconception that the general public has about ska.

Ska is not the "new sound" nor is it something that was invented by "alternative" music. As the predecessor to reggae, ska was influenced by rasta and R&B, long before Gwen Stefani or her contemporaries were even born. It was first brought to the UK in the early sixties by Jamaican immigrants and was quickly snatched up by the Mods and Skinheads. Here, it echoed throughout the discotheques for a duration and subsequently went underground.

It wasn't until the late seventies when bands like Madness and the Specials resurrected the ska sound and made it fit into mainstream British music.

Ska is not the "new sound" nor is it something that was invented by "alternative" music

Other bands have jumped on the bandwagon as well, using perhaps one or two traditional elements of ska and corrupting them so much that they hardly resemble it. Yet some people still consider them proper ska.

For a more accurate portrayal of what ska sounds like, check out the first wave which includes bands such as Desmond Dekker, Prince Buster, or early Bob Marley. Or check out the second wave basically known as Two-Tone ska, from the late seventies/early eighties, which contains the

Beat, the Specials, the Selecter, or Madness. And bands from today's third wave also have their place like Hootie, the Slayers, or the Subliminal All-Stars. Pretty much any band or compilation with "ska" in the title is a safe bet (i.e. Skatellies, the Skalers, Skavooie and the Epitones).

"Why worry about specific classification at all?" some may wonder. It makes little sense to be so anal about all this. I'll be the first to admit it. Yet, the problem presents an appalling tragedy: cheap pop music should not be mistakenly inserted into a category with a music that has a history and a subculture all its own. Calling these pop bands true ska bands is like calling Vanilla Ice real rap.



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See Major, page 10

Prof of the Week

by Maria Moreno

Dr. Robert Graber is a professor of anthropology and has been teaching at Truman for the past sixteen years. He teaches Intro to Anthropology as well as several upper level courses. In addition to authoring two books, *Using Useless Knowledge* and *A Scientific Model of Social and Cultural Evolution*, he also has published several articles.

I had the opportunity to interview Dr. Graber and here's what he had to say:

What do you write about in your books? *Using Useless Knowledge* is an liberal education. The other one, *A Scientific Model of Social and Cultural Evolution* is a technical, mathematical book about population pressure and cultural evolution.

Are you currently working on any other projects?

An introductory text in anthropology, I've been working on it since the early 90s. It just goes on and on. It's based on the lecture series that I've developed over the years. It sounds easy, but it turned out to be pretty hard, almost like an eternal process. Writing is kind of like sculpting. I'm not a sculptor or a painter or an artist, as you see from my self-portrait, but writing is as if you had this material you need to give shape to and arrange for your own purpose, to make the point that you want to make.

What topics of anthropology do find especially interesting to teach?

I teach a topics course, Population Pressure and Cultural Evolution, which is a favorite subject of mine. My own research and writing has especially been in population pressure

and how that has affected how human beings lived, how culture has evolved. In the introductory level, I like all the subjects, but I especially like teaching on human evolution. I have a lot of students who say they never had a teacher who taught them any details about human evolution, or about evolution in general. But whatever the subject is, it's nice to hear students kind of surprised. I have this sense that they have become aware of something that was hidden from them before.

If you had a round trip ticket to anywhere in the world, where would you go and why?

Well, I think I would like to visit London. I would like to see the home of Edward B. Tylor, one of the founders of anthropology, to see where he grew up. He is a major figure in the history of anthropology. I would say he's the greatest single individual in the history of anthropology, in terms of the originality, creativity, individuality, and the subsequent importance of his work. I would like to take the opportunity to look into some of the papers that are in Oxford or Cambridge University. I'd also like to see Darwin's home. It's near London, I believe. In addition, Karl Marx is buried in or around London. Marx's thinking had a great influence on anthropology. The grave of Marx must be quite a remarkable place.

As a child, what did you consider to be

your favorite book?

I remember enjoying comic books. I remember wanting to learn how to read, in the worst way, so that I could read comic books! (laughs) That was my motivation! Here's something kind of funny: my brothers liked the *Hardy Boys*, but I always liked *Nancy Drew* better. I thought Nancy was a quite a lot smarter. The *Hardy Boys* always seemed dumb to me, but Nancy Drew could always figure out stuff right (laughs). I also used to read a lot of books about cars and sports, especially on baseball players. I thought being a baseball player would be great! First thing I wanted to be was a cowboy, and the second thing I wanted to be was a baseball player. It soon became clear that I wasn't going to be a cowboy or a baseball player, but I'm very happy to have become

a professor of anthropology (laughs).

What's your favorite TV show?

Recently, I've enjoyed *3rd Rock From the Sun*. Sometimes, I enjoy *Seinfeld* a little bit, but I guess I'm maybe a little bit prudish, or something, because a lot of the time I find, in the show, the relationships that people are into, romantically and sexually, are superficial. The jokes are often funny and Kramer is hilarious! (laughs) Yet, I have to admit that parts of the show are hilarious, but with a depressing undertone.

So, how do you feel about Seinfeld being in its last season?



Self Portrait by Dr. Graber

Wrigleys makes bad joke

by Tom Wheatley

I hate the gum tree. Actually, that's not exactly true. I don't hate that specific tree. What I hate is the idea of the gum tree.

Before you write me off as some tree-hugging hippie, hear me out. I'm not a big nature lover. I litter frequently and often fail to recycle. Greenpeace won't be giving me any awards any time soon.

By the way, anyone that doesn't know what or where the gum tree is should form a line in the corner for a spanking because you have not adequately explored the Truman campus. Besides, anyone that doesn't know of the gum tree is probably a math major that spends 20 hours a day in Barnett, so you need a beating not only for punishment but also for a reality check.

That being said, I oppose the gum tree for several reasons. For starters, it's gross. Having that gum air out in the breeze is unpleasant. Have you ever stopped to consider how many places of gum on that tree were being chewed by flu sufferers or science majors? Do you want to be exposed to their saliva? What would your mother think?

The gum tree is also an eyesore. Picture this: A student ambassador is giving a tour. The ambassador decides to take the prospective students and parents on a leisurely stroll through the quad because the quad is quite nice (with the exception of the gum tree, of course). The ambassador is extolling various qualities of Truman, pointing out how it is in *Money Magazine's* best buy list, perhaps even winning the ludicrous press that seems to be drifting around this campus like the stench of a dead dog—*"Harvard of the Midwest"*—just as the group passes the repulsive gum tree.

All of the sudden, chaos breaks loose. The mothers try to hide their children's eyes. The fathers immediately order their wives and children to their cars and drive home, muttering something about damn college kids not having any respect. Now there's an ugly scenario that those liberal gum-stickers probably never contemplated.

Not to get off the subject, but who started this comparison to Harvard nonsense, anyway? Truman's academics may be exceptional for a state school, but comparisons to Harvard are ridiculous. The only similarity this school has to Harvard is that both schools have basketball teams.

Regardless, I bet Harvard has classier campus inside jokes than sticking gum on a tree. A gum tree may be OK for the Paducah Institute of Autobody Repair, but one would think that students at the faculty's "Harvard of the Midwest" could be a little more creative.

Finally, there comes the environmental (crap) it's a tree. It never stuck gum on you. It can't pick off the gum that people stick on it. It is a beautiful thing, and I think it looks better without gum.

With a gum tree, there are no winners. Disease can be spread. The tree looks ugly. You could accidentally trip and touch it or get stuck to it (wouldn't that be a beautiful bit of irony?). The school could lose prospective students. A tree gets screwed.

Let me leave you with this final thought. If the gum tree falls over in the quad and there is nobody there to hear it, would anybody really care?

The GUM TREE Trials

by Adam Pothman

Do you remember the first time you saw the gum tree? Perhaps you recoiled in disbelief. Perhaps, you even felt a little revulsion. I laughed out loud, but that's not the point. What happened when you were walking around campus with your parents or friends from other schools and witnessed that campus monument? Maybe they were disgusted, but deep down you have to admit your inner glee at being able to show off one of the few features that makes Truman distinct.

The gum tree isn't mine or yours—it's all of our's. What would St. Louis be without the Arch? What would America be without the Statue of Liberty? I don't know if it's exactly postmodern material, but it summarizes certain things and certain values that we stand for here at the Harvard of the Midwest. Take one of the premier values, assessment and testing, which strives to give you more useless numbers to tick behind your name.

What better symbol of the student movement is there than the gum tree? This tree has withstood numerous pokings and proddings by hundreds of people trying to destroy its ambition and its pride. Other trees laugh at its results, but it stands (relatively) tall. It has survived the hardest rigors that Truman could throw at it. And yet, not only does it live—it prevails.

Eyesore? Hell! When the French originally erected the Eiffel tower, many Frenchmen bawled at its ugly metallic structure. They called it *laide* (ugly), an *épave* (an ugly wreck).

Hubba-Bubba Art in Quad

by Adam Pothman

The gum tree is the very essence of the postmodern—it is beauty consists not in its presence or its pleasing aesthetics, but in the battle against the bewitchment of the senses by corporate mass-production of the senses. The postmodern aesthetic now exudes from its branches in radioactive shades of blue, green, and pink (perhaps Truman's new school colors?).

This work of art...this masterpiece is not even the work of one student artist. It is already de-centered, drawing on the talents of numerous individuals to create a whole that is truly greater than any of its parts. While jarring, its presence evokes a much needed unification of the oral (gum chewing) and visual (posters). In the liberal arts tradition championed by the founders of Truman, the tree captures the biological, the psychological, and the artistic in one sculpturesque glance.

As an epilogue, I should tell a story. During my four years at Truman (far more than my esteemed Monitor colleague) I have only once (perhaps out of reverence) seen anyone place gum on the gum tree. That day was 15 July 96. I was working at Truman, during the summer, as an assistant teacher for gifted junior high aged students. On the tour of campus, they were gawking at the tree. Some screamed, some laughed, some ran away. But later that night they all brought gum from the Hall Desk. They chewed that gum, and after dinner that night, they asked special permission (taking time away from "Activities time") to stick their gum on the gum tree. When they returned, they were all smiles and laughter.

We can't let our primitive aesthetic notions hold us back. The gum tree is a timeless work of art. If nothing else, hold on to it for the children.

Reviews



The Mats: something for all

by Matt Steiner
"Anyone with ears can hear that this was one of the great, great rock bands ever," says writer Bill Flanagan in the liner notes of a recently-released CD. And just whom might he be raving about? The Beatles or Rolling Stones, perhaps? Actually, Flanagan's answer will surprise many music lovers ignorant of the rock legends that never were: the Replacements.

All *For Nothing* is a two-disc compilation of the Replacements' years spent under the Reprise Record label. The first disc, *All For Nothing*, contains stories of the band's previously-released, should-have-been hits from the albums *Tim, Pleased To Meet Me, Don't Tell A Soul, and All Shook Down*. The second disc, *Nothing For All*, includes outtakes, b-sides, and rarities from these albums. Four full-length videos (accessible through CD-rom) are also included on these CDs.

The highlight of the entire package, though, could very well be the liner notes. They include 24 different stories from fans, managers, and producers that recall some great and not-so-great "Mats" moments. These stories on the Replacements as a band of beautiful losers. They made a habit of playing concerts dead drunk and making public scenes of themselves constantly. But while many people, especially music industry types, found their behavior childish, "Mats" fans know that the band's actions and music were

Babylon and on and on

by Candice K. Gill
Every once in a while a television show comes along that redefines its genre. For science fiction television, these shows have included such classics as the original *Outer Limits*, *The Twilight Zone*, *Dr. Who*, and *Star Trek*.

In the 1990s, along with *The X-Files*, the redefining show has been *Babylon 5*. Created by J. Michael Straczynski, *Babylon 5* is a science fiction epic that is a continuing story which takes place over five years, a technique never before tried with American science fiction television. *Babylon 5* is a space station, the purpose of which is to be a source of diplomacy and cultural exchange after a series of wars decimated several of the sentient species in the galaxy, including humans.

Straczynski plotted the course of the whole series before the first episode aired. He even went so far as to plot the history of the fictional universe for a thousand years before and after the five-year period in which the show takes place. This has resulted in an unusually complex and well-scripted show.

Recently, however, TNT acquired the rights to the show and began rerunning it every weekday at 6 p.m., beginning with the first episode. Starting on the 21st of January, the fifth season will also be aired on TNT every

Vonnegut shakes up time

by Jill Goodheart
Kilgore Trout is back! He makes his final appearance in Kurt Vonnegut's newest (and probably last) book, *Timequake*. While this novel is full of trademark Vonnegut originality, cynicism, and insight, it is distinct in that it—more than his other works—is primarily an autobiography.

Vonnegut scrapped his first *Timequake* attempt, which he calls "my great big fish, which stunk so." Thus, he combines his favorite parts of *Timequake One*, his memories, reflections, and some of his recent experiences to create this final product.

The premise of *Timequake One* was that the world on February 17th, 2001 will be zapped back in time ten years, and everyone must live these past ten years again the exact same way—"for good or ill." When "I" will kick in again, "I" Kilgore Trout helps save the day with shouts of, "you were sick, but now you're well, and there's work to do."

Vonnegut puts himself in the story as well as his fictitious characters, and in the end, he finally meets his alter ego (who Vonnegut fans will immediately recognize), Kilgore Trout. *Timequake* is not written linearly—he tells bits from that first story and blends it with his reality. Those pieces from his personal life are not presented chronologically either, but as they seem to be relevant to the ideas that surround it. And, much like some of Vonnegut's other books, Trout's zany but perceptive science fiction stories are in the mixture as well.

Vonnegut writes about the many careers he tried before his first book was published. He recounts stories of his children and (in one of my favorite sections) discusses the beauty of *Our Town*.

Death seems to play a big part in this nonlinear tale, but not in a depressing or hopeless way. The death of Vonnegut's ex-but much

loved wife, his parents, and his siblings are lamented, but also reflected on in a somewhat positive way.

Inevitably, the tragedy of war makes its appearance based on Vonnegut's experience with World War II (when "the shit hit the fan"). Several of Trout's stories delve into the idea of war, and Vonnegut tells of some somber accounts, facts, and emotions on the subject.

Other themes make their way into *Timequake* as well. Art, science, nuclear war, addiction, television, old age, literature, writer's block, the tragic loss of Native Americans, and evilness of Shell Oil all make appearances.

In the end, he states what could arguably be the overall message of this book—that we should value our extended family (if not in the blood-relative sense, in the feeling of belonging).

One of my favorite parts is a tale of an uncle who taught him to relish the beautiful moments of life that are taken for granted. In such a moment, he would belt out: "if this isn't nice, what is?"

While *Timequake* wasn't heralded quite as much as Vonnegut's books past, I found it to be just as charming and intriguing. At times I did find Vonnegut had tendencies towards snobbery, but overall the book held my interest and allowed me to keep my respect for him as a writer. And even though there was no linear story-telling in *Timequake*, I found it witty and especially moving at times.

I might recommend that this not be the first book someone reads by Vonnegut, however, primarily because of his references to his other works.

So, all you Vonnegut fans: go find a corner, a comfy couch or some quiet time in the bathroom and read and read. Remember, if this isn't nice, what is?

See 'Mats, page 10

Metallica: a sellout?

by Matt Webber
Reload, recorded at the same time as *Load* and released some eighteen months later, will raise as many questions and eyebrows as it raises about volume knobs. It is an apparent attempt by Metallica to bridge the gap between the old fans and the new, a gap which is as wide as a canyon. Only time will tell how successful *Reload* is in reaching that compromise, but it is inevitable that some fans will not be pleased. After all, you can't please all of the people all of the time.

Load sold millions of copies and widened Metallica's fan base considerably. *Load* also ushered in a new era of Metallica-bashing, with the old fans casting the biggest stones. A typical complaint about *Load* was that, while it was a decent album, it was simply not Metallica.

Load's huge success and the heavy rotation of its singles and videos led to shouts of "sell out" from the mouths of many of the old fans. The same band that practically ushered in the new and faster era of heavy metal was now being labeled "alternative" and played on the radio behind the likes of 311. The members cut their hair, toned down the distortion, and allowed themselves to be marketed as superstars.

Disenchanted fans first began to voice their displeasure after the release of their anonymous album (typically known as *The Black Album*) which contained shorter and more radio-friendly songs.

Up until this point, Metallica's fans had been a loyal and rabid bunch, whose members had almost been part of an exclusive club. The

music of Metallica had been almost completely ignored by the radio and MTV, and fans were made by touring and word of mouth. The music of Metallica was fast, furious, and heavier than anything the world had heard before or since.

The *Black Album* began a musical evolution for Metallica, an evolution which has continued with each subsequent album (*Load* and now *Reload*). The band has almost totally moved away from the thrash metal of its roots to its current sound, which is more complex and yes, a little softer.

What many of the grumblers refuse to acknowledge is that even if Metallica has toned their music down a bit, they are still heavier than almost anything else out there today. While Metallica songs are being played in between the watered-down offerings of some one-hit wonder or another, their music overshadows these pretenders by leaps and bounds.

With *Reload*, Metallica continues this evolution from metal's best band to the one of the best and biggest bands in the world. Some old Metallica fans will undoubtedly be displeased with the band's latest offering. Some new fans will probably fall off the bandwagon as quickly as they jumped on.

Whether one likes or dislikes the "new" Metallica, it is impossible to dismiss them as past their prime, as poor musicians, or as a band which is stuck in a rut and refuses to grow, change, mature, and evolve. Metallica continues to push the boundaries of music, and will prove to be one of the eighties', the nineties', and possibly even one of all time's greatest bands.

1997 releases explore exciting new musical territories

by Dave Henton
The end of a year is generally a time for naysayers to dismiss the previous year by claiming it wasn't as cool as (fill in some previous year). This is especially true in the music world. Entertainment and music magazines run "year end" features lamenting the lack of talent in the previous year.

Well, I'm here to cast aside such preposterous claims, for indeed I proclaim with a booming voice that music gets better every year. I'm not referring to the artists topping the Billboard charts, who are generally mediocre talents at best.

For me 1997 was filled with the discovery of otherworldly, delightful albums by artists with an open idea of music who aren't afraid to experiment and create for music's sake, regardless of the financial consequences. I urge you now to cast aside any ideas of dismay and join me as I present the albums released in 1997 which most increased my excitement for the overall state of music.

1. Cornershop, *When I Was Born for the 7th Time*. British adventurers take Indian folk music, melodic pop, poetry, The Beatles, and whatever else is lying about and form it into a collection of delightful tunes. Less rock and less trance-in-

ducing than their other (brilliant) releases, *When I Was Born*, is a spirited party album (with guests including Justin Warfield and the late Allen Ginsberg), yet one filled with good intentions, truthful lyrics, and a taste for freedom and exploration.

2. Spiritualized, *Ladies and Gentlemen We Are Floating in Space*. They've been called the '90's Velvet Underground, which is partly true. Led by former Spacemen 3 member Jason Pierce, Spiritualized have the VU's sense of experimentation and grittiness, yet they seem less attached to brutal reality. *Ladies* is a head-spinning work ranging from meandering vocal pieces to lengthy creations which breathtakingly shatter the barrier between the known and the unknown, the terrestrial and the ethereal.

3. Guided by Voices, *Mag Earwhig!* GBV, this time consisting of Captain Bob Pollard and glam-rock terrorists Cobra Verde, continue their trend of making arena rock/power pop which is direct and eccentric, whimsical and seriously inspirational. Pollard lives in a world inhabited not only by the ghosts of rock 'n' roll but also mystical figures of his imagination. *Mag*, a "concept album" without a concept, is filled with pump-your-fat rock anthems and oddly beautiful pop gems.

4. Old 97's, *Too Far to Care*. A country band who loves rock music or perhaps the other way around, Old 97's third album is a tight, energetic collection of friendly tunes filled with the eternal themes of loneliness, depression, romance, and drinking. I dare you to listen without pressing the replay button enough times for the songs to become glued to your being.

5. Radiohead, *OK Computer*. Probably the most widely praised album of 1997, but deservedly so. It's downright amazing, especially considering the state of popular music today, that a work this complex can get not only so

claim from critics and fans, but radio and video airplay too. *OK Computer* is pop/rock music which challenges both the conventions of song structure and of modern society.

6. Roni Size/Reposant, *New Forms*. Hip-hop, R&B, and a tiny bit of jazz, all filtered onto a solid foundation of drum-o-bass breakbeats. By cross-breeding styles into a musical body which sounds tranquil while moving superior, Roni Size crafted a 2-disc masterpiece ideal for dancing and/or meditation.

7. The Bliss Out. In 1997, San Francisco-based Dark Records' record-of-the-month club for so-called ambient pop music released nine mostly instrumental works of beauty and grace by inspired artists like Tomorrowland, Amp, and Orange Cake Mix. Darka calls it music for "peace of mind, Sunday morning, bubble baths...chilling out and getting centered." It sounds to me like an actualization of Brian Eno's idea of music as perfume, as an addition to your environment instead of its center. However you look at it, it's unique and relaxing, "background music" you can listen to closely and immerse yourself in.

8. Sleater-Kinney, *Dig Me Out*. Punk rock which isn't too overbearing or power pop/rock with a more aggressive edge? I'm not sure which, but whatever you call their style, Washington trio Sleater-Kinney's third album is in-your-face and catchy. They place pretty harmonies and intelligent, emotional lyrics over

full-on, angry rock with great results.

9. The Verve, *Urban Hymns*. Ignore the *Index* reviewer's absurd claim that the Verve are Oasis imitators (the Verve formed first, and in their humblest moments, the Gallagher brothers have actually cited The Verve as an influence on Oasis), *Urban Hymns* is a superb rock album filled with psychedelic rock numbers of freedom and agony as well as pretty, soulful ballads about salvation through the sweeter (though nonetheless difficult) side of life.

10. Flaming Lips, *Zaireeka*. Wayne Coyne's CD version of his "Parking Lots Experiments"—a 4-disc set, each disc consisting of different skeletal versions of the same songs, meant to be played all at once on four separate stereo systems. The idea is to instigate random occurrences in order to surprise listeners, while also increasing the listeners' importance in the listening experience. I haven't yet heard all four discs at once (I barely invite readers with moveable stereo to continue me c/o *The Monitor* to organize a *Zaireeka* listening party), yet each disc stands alone as a collection of psychedelic, intriguing pop music, and two discs together put forth an expansive dimension of sound which blew my mind.

This list is not by any means conclusive. I could add at least 20 more near-perfect '97 albums, and I'm sure there are hundreds more, which I've yet to discover. The point is, as one Cornershop chorus goes, "good shit's all around, good people." Seek and ye shall find. (Anyone interested in trading mix-tapes of music which truly excited you in 1997, please contact me c/o *The Monitor*.)



Are you interested in studying abroad?

The Institute of International Education (IIE) will be awarding \$1000 grants to students interested in studying abroad and with no previous study abroad experience. Winners will be selected on the basis of their study plan, letters of recommendation and statement of proposed study.

Deadline: March 2, 1998

Please contact the Center for International Education Abroad Office for more information. 120 Kirk Building.



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Ekklesia Events for Jan. & Feb.

- Jan. 26 (Mon.) 7:00-8:00 p.m., Truman Student Union, Room 5
"The Carpenter's Crew: Building a Real Faith"
- Feb. 1 (Sun.) 1:00-3:00 p.m. Truman Student Recreation Center -- Badminton and Ping-Pong
- Feb. 9 (Mon.) 7:00-8:00 p.m., Truman Student Union, Room 5
"Building Lasting Relationships"
- Feb. 14 (Sat.) 10:00 a.m.-2:00 p.m., Church of Christ, 1302 E. Filmore
"Marriage Enrichment" with John Lee
Call 660-627-4003 for more information.

"Unless the LORD builds the house, its builders labor in vain." Ps. 127:1

Home cookin' with Heather

by Heather Thylock

Greetings and salutations, beloved readers. It is with the greatest pleasure that I welcome each and every one of your incredible souls back to the place which some of us refer to as home. If my joy could be expressed with a song, it would be the theme to "Welcome Back Kotter." Gosh, those were the days and, God, wasn't John Travolta hot!

This week's recipe was donated by our own Ms. Goodheart. Its colorful combination of spices and veggies are sure to set your taste buds a blaze, and "Spice Up Your Life."

Jill's Spice World Casserole

- 1 10oz can of Black Beans (Goya is a good brand)
 - 1 8oz can of diced Rotel chilies and tomatoes
 - 1 10oz can of corn
 - 8-10 tortillas
 - 2 10oz cans of enchilada sauce (red, green or both)
 - 1 cup (or more) of grated cheese
- Spices**
- 1/2 tsp garlic powder
 - 1/2 tsp oregano
 - 1/2 tsp red pepper
 - 1/2 tsp chili powder
 - 1 tsp cumin

First, start by combining the drained beans, corn, and tomatoes in a bowl. Add to

this mixture half of each of the spices listed (thus, 1/4 tsp of the garlic, 1/4 tsp of the oregano...and so on). Then, heat in a sauce pan the enchilada sauce and what's left of the spices (i.e. the other 1/4 or 1/2 tsp, as the case may be).

OK, here's where the recipe gets dirty. Tear up about 1/3 of the tortillas and dip them into the heated enchilada sauce before using them to cover the bottom of a 9X13 inch pan. Then put about 1/2 of the corn, bean, tomato mixture on top of the first layer of tortillas. Now, repeat with another layer of the enchilada dipped tortillas and the rest of the corn, bean, tomato mixture. Finish off the top with what's left of the tortillas and enchilada sauce.

Bake Jill's Spice World Casserole in the oven at 350 degrees for about 20 minutes. Then sprinkle the cheese over the top and bake at about 325 degrees for about 10 more minutes.

This casserole is always nice served with sour cream (helps tone it down, if you get a bit crazy with the spices). For our 21 and older experimenters, margaritas in a bucket are definitely the beverage of choice.

Remember, I love getting your letters. And even though I have but the time to read only a hundred of the thousands I receive weekly, your letters are important to me. Each one is read personally by one of my staff and filed appropriately with respect to your appearance. So, please send me your recipes, please...I know this sounds pathetic, but I'm not above humbling myself. Thanks and don't forget to think happy thoughts.



Queen Astra

"Let the stars be your guide"

Aries (March 21-April 19): This week will be even tougher than normal. So, you guessed it: it's time for a self-affirmation. Look in the mirror and say, "I'm NOT bloated," five times fast.

Taurus (April 20-May 30): Flee.

Gemini (May 21-June 20): This is your week to smash old enemies and conquer past transgressions. You remember those uncannily correct rumors about your mother and uncle... Big Hint: Taurus in picture as instigator.

Cancer (June 21-July 22): It's time someone told you to put that nose of yours to the grind stone. But don't fret. Plastic surgery can help! Put those nasty smirks further behind you than just behind your back.

Leo (July 23-August 22): Did you know that the average house's bathroom lodges at least one hibernating snake during the winter? You will, oh, but you will.

Virgo (August 23-September 22): Live large. Yes, I know, even larger. Focus on unwanted sensuality. You'll be the life of any party.

Libra (September 23-October 22): Pretend you're a large walrus this week. Find a snow-covered hill and let go! Words to the wise: Try to dodge the trees.

Scorpio (October 23-November 21): In the times of the American Revolution, rich old men wearing cheap, white wigs and false, wooden teeth ordered poor, poorly clad and fed men to tromp about the woods killing any newly arrived Europeans they found. We're not in the times of the American Revolution. I think we can all learn something from this charming little tid-bit, don't you?

Sagittarius (November 22-December 21): It's finally time for some late night lovin'! Yes, your friends will certainly be shocked and excited too. Video camera, originality and Virgo featured. Next week's sneak peak: escaping those VD blues.

Capricorn (December 22-January 19): You'll finally realize this week that your life has been quite dull as of late. Discover the here-to-fore unknown intrigue of Vaseline and sheet metal. Be analytical.

Aquarius (January 20-February 18): Your burdens will be lifted this week when you realize that no one has ever relied upon your opinion. So, find the creative spice in life without risk. Even if you do have little to gain, you've got even less to lose. Trust me.

Pisces (February 19-March 20): Your attention this week will revolve around speed, function, ability and the bizarre kitchen fungus growing on your lower back. There's a whole new kind of love on your "horizon."

Library home to world of weird books

by Dave Heaton

While Pickler Memorial Library is generally accepted as a convenient place for study, and local media occasionally report on the library's special collections and electronic resources, seldom is much focus placed on the wide variety of books located in our (or any) library. This article, therefore, is the first in a series of articles guiding you through a portion of the library's collection: the interesting, unusual and just plain odd books in Pickler.

We'll start with some unrecognized classics of literature (and the impetus for this series), two collections of poetry and photographs by literary master Leonard Nimoy, described in one book's blurb as "one of the world's special people." Published in 1974 and 1977, respectively, *Will I Think of You?* (PS 3564 IS W5) and *We Are All Children Searching for Love* (PS 3564 IS W4) demonstrate Nimoy's "awareness of our place in space and time" through grainy, vaguely experimental photographs and "love-your-neighbor" poems like "We are the tree" and "Come, let us dance together." Though *Will I* has a spectacular psychodelic cover photo, with the silhouette of a girl jumping with joy imposed over Nimoy's beaming face, *We Are All*... is the more visually stunning of the two, with brown and orange-tinted photos of ducks in a lake and children frolicking in the grass.

Another celebrity writer at home in Pickler is the late Jimmy Stewart, with his cleverly titled tome *Jimmy Stewart and His Poems* (PS 3569 T46477 J5), a collection of rhyming poems, all about either Jimmy's amusing valuations with his wife Gloria, Jimmy's cute, late dog Beau, or other cute dogs that Jimmy has met during his amusing vacations with Gloria. The poems, with cleverly phrased, insightful lines like "Beau never came to me when I would call / unless I had a tennis ball," are accompanied by illustrations of Jimmy, his dogs, etc. which really bring his words to life.

David Morse, author of *Grandfather Rock: The New Poetry and the Old* (PN 6101 M7) knows that high, academic poetry should not be one's only source of inspiration. Morse's book is based not only on the idea that classic poems by Wordsworth, Yeats, etc. have a lot in common with rock lyrics from the 1960s and 1970s, but that the two actually "speak to each other." Highlights include comparisons between Clapton and Homer, CCR and Yeats, and, especially, a stunning revelation of how the Grateful Dead's "Casey Jones" and the anonymous, traditional folk poem "Joseph Mika" both deal with the merging of a hero's soul with that of a machine.

If you prefer making music to reading about it, and have an interest in state of the art technology, try James Vogan's *Commodore 64 Music Book* (MT 723 V63), a helpful handbook regarding a computer with "one of the most sophisticated music chips on the market." Prefer dancing? Want to make sure you're up to date with the hippest dance steps? Pickler has just the book for you: UMSL professor Dennis Fallon's 1980 work *The Art of Disco Dancing* (GV1796 D57 F3), a guide which tries to put some structure to the "unstructured" and "imprecise" realm of disco dancing by teaching, through illustrated lessons, both elegant disco couple dances and line dances with names like "Boogie Shoes" and "Get Down."

While heading out on the town to shake your booty on the dance floor, you'll want to be dressed in the newest fashions. One helpful book could be *Fashion 2001* (GT 311 K49). Put together in 1982, this guide is a visual representation of what the hippest 1980s fashion designers (Armani, Guattieri, Chanel, etc.) think people will be wearing in the year 2001. Think back; apparently the style in 2001 will consist of 1980s clothes with a few extra frills. Overload on bright pink facial makeup will be

all the rage.

Obscure areas of art are spotlighted in two intriguing books: *Victorian Sheet Music Covers* (MC 112.5 P4), a genre which the authors admit is not really "great art," but does indicate a "restless striving for novelty" and *Cigarette Package Art* (NC 1983.5 M84), where Chris Miller shows off packages from throughout time, from "I Like It" cigarettes to camouflaged Zash cigarettes, which have a package designed to look exactly like your jeans pocket.

Visually oriented individuals (read: couch potatoes) might be interested in Bart Andrews' book *The Worst TV Shows* (PN 1992.3 U5A5). Andrews' list, which includes such hits as *The Librarian Show*, *Three's Company*, and *Supermarket Sweep*, could spark a lively debate amongst TV fans. Readers seeking a more active skill than TV viewing might be interested in *Beginner's Diving* (BF 1628 B33), an illustrated handbook for diving water with a diving rod. Other more practical books at Pickler include Edward de Bono's first ever 5-day *Course in Thinking* (BF 441 D383), and the *Memory Book* (BF 385 L755), which uses graphs and charts to help you remember everything from the zodiac to how to play various sports. Most helpful tip: when attempting to match faces and names, visualize the names. For example, to remember the last name "Issacs," visualize "eye sacks or an for sex."

These books are just a start. The library is filled with funny, unusual, and out-of-date works. Next issue you'll read about the spectacular world of self-help books and those tantalizing travel tomes. Until then, I suggest you head to Pickler and search the shelves on your own; you never know what you might find.

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"Mommy, do they have The Monitor
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"That's a good
question, but sorry,
the answer is no."

"But why not?"

"It's because, at other
universities, there is no
Funds Allotment Council."



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Do you know who I am? If you
kill me there will be a price on
your head so large, there will
be no where to turn!



SUPER
CRAZY



I know...
I have redeemed Mario,
and, condemned myself.



20 January 1998



Major, from page 6

have to work at McDonald's to finance that contribution, but we will have made worth-while that which is worthless.

And so, all you practical types, go and learn. We will need your abilities to fix cars, build bridges, and finance our loans. However, before you beam-up your three-piece suit and your practical mind, join us in a philosophy or art or literature class. Ponder and wonder and question with us. Consider even changing your major to a useless, wonderful, passionate degree. And if we don't change your perspective on our useless study, at least we'll have something to talk about when you fill out our bankruptcy forms.

Mat's, from page 6

Paul whispers, "With a scissors and a comb I cut my hair, and there's no one in the world I'm counting on. There's a war raging outside; I hope my grass stays green."

But amidst the anger and the melancholy also lie many songs that are just plain hilarious. Take, for example, "All He Wants To Do Is Fish" and "Beer For Breakfast"—the titles say it all. Other great moments preserved for posterity include Paul shouting out directions in mid-chorus and the entire band breaking into "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star" for the bridge of a song.

All things told, this album has something for everyone. If you've never heard music by the Replacements, this is a great place to start. If you're a hard-core fan, you might think twice about handing over money for an entire CD of songs you already have, but the second CD, the videos, and the indispensable 'Mat's storybook should be more than enough to make you happy. After all, we're talking about one of the greatest rock bands of all time: what they have given to music lovers everywhere is much more than the title of this album implies.

This edition's
SPECIAL WHITE SPACE
lists all available off-campus housing
for next semester if you haven't
started looking already.

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**Got Blood? Of course you do...and you don't really need
all of it. So, donate it to someone who does.
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The American Red Cross is holding a blood drive
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Classifieds!

FOR SALE: Cassette tapes for sale, \$1 each! Please help me get rid of the music of my youth: 1980's hard rock, heavy metal, pop, rock and some rap. Def Leppard, Ratt, Bon Jovi, Tone Loc, The Cars, Duran Duran, Da Lench Mob, and many more. At this low price, how can you go wrong? All are in good condition, though listened to often at some point. Call Dave at 627-5529 if you're interested.

FOR SALE: Riven, the fantastic sequel to Myst. For IBM PC compatibles, all original manuals and CDs. Barely used; going for a steal at \$30. Call Adam at 665-2291.

FOR SALE: Wireless stereo headphones (Recoton W 500), 9900 MHz. Rechargeable battery included. Transmits up to 150 feet through walls and floors (including CDs and tapes!). As good as new (used only once for 10 minutes). Price very negotiable. Call Dave at 627-5529.

WANTED: A reporter to cover our theater beat. Our dependable drama guru graduated in December leaving us high and dry! If you're interested, show up at OP115B on any Tuesday or Thursday at 9:30 p.m. If you can't make it, but know you can't pass up this chance, call us at 665-2291.

WANTED: Free stuff. I collect weird free stuff for my wall of free stuff. Leave information or free stuff in Monitor mailbox in the CAOC, SUB.

You too can put your classified ad in this lovely publication (read by many people who like to buy and sell things). For 1998, we have decided to offer FREE classifieds! So, put your ad in the Monitor mailbox in the CAOC by Friday, January 30 at 5:00 p.m. Let this well kept secret work for you!

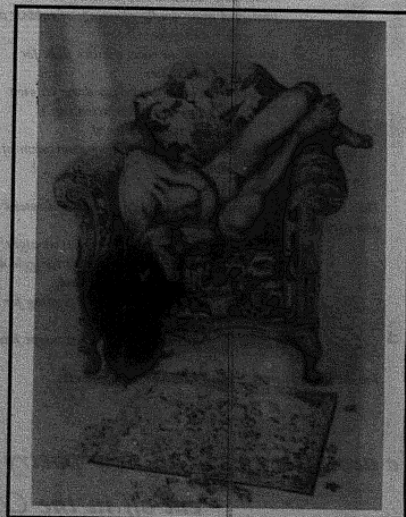
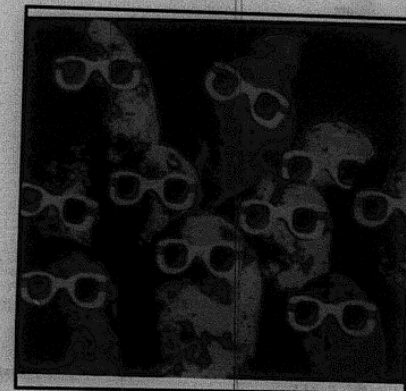
20 January 1998

The Monitor 11

Art

This week's selection comes from the Truman State University Art Gallery in OP. These prints are on loan from the World Print Consortium being put on from 7 January to 27 January. This is only a smattering of what is there, so go on over and check it out.

Clockwise from top left:
3-D Mania- Rob Smith
Screen Print
Conundrum- Sigmund Abeles
Lithograph
Transient Relationship-
Maurice Gray
Photo-etching
The Toy Pimp- Larry Schuh
Lithograph



my back pages

"Naustalgic"
M. Nelson

we had written against the war
times
with the folks, time and again

told to self-respect, what
are
a few words: shame, dissenter

fag, flag-burner, acidhead.
a
small price to pay for freedom.

but civil rights and Keseyites aren't
changin'
anybody's mind, really. C'mon kid.

What did you think?

"Walking On Campus"
J. Wolf

I wonder if the trees around here are happier than they would be
in woodland homes....

After all, they're dramatically lit up at night
seasonably mulched and watered
protected from deadly gnawings of rabbits and
deer and mice
sensibly spaced, so roots needn't fight for
food and water
sensibly spaced, so each may draw its own
attention and admiration (life's
unmentioned nutrients)
and exposed to an interesting assortment of
fellow flora

Then again, their limbs are aesthetically pruned and sawed off,
and they won't ever know the nibblings of doe
the sound of a forest at night
the thrill of a root's struggle downward
and outward
the satisfaction of fending for
themselves
and how great they might have been

I wonder if the trees around here are happy at all....

"Early Freeze"
J. Davey

I'm thinking there must
be a reason why
the ground lay white.
Why in barley-fall
leaves locked in ice
tumble like acorns
instead of flying.

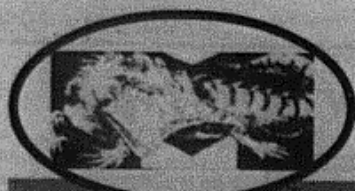
Why
the aloneness of cold
robs the color of life
from sleep-weary leaves.
Why we welcome not
our understanding
of death should it be
at odds with our
expectations.

Though my walk is brisk
and my scarf tied tight,
In early autumn
I weep not ready
for the absence of sun
nor the memories
I bring to winter.

"Inadequate"
B. Kirkpatrick

My father left me for a woman
with arthritis and a birthmark
on her face. I had a bad complexion.
I had given up basketball
for getting high and the guitar.
I was too small for forward
too big for guard I was inadequate.

We are looking for all new poetry and prose to fill our 1998 issues. Drop
'em off in the CAOC, downstairs SUB.



The Monitor

A Campus Collective

3 February 1998
Volume 4, Number 10

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

MOSOP Arrives in Kirksville

by Tom Wheatley

What happened to the phrase "Boycott Shell" on the Truman campus?

Last year Dr. Owens Wiwa, a Nigerian refugee, spoke at Truman. The purpose of his lecture was to inform the campus about environmental and human rights violations that the Shell Oil company was directly and indirectly responsible for in his homeland.

Shell was a hot topic on campus after Wiwa's speech. "Boycott Shell" could be seen on markerboards and heard in passing conversation. Some students urged family and friends to stop purchasing Shell products.

Lately, though, it seems that the fervor with which students originally embraced the cause has died out. Shell is no longer in the Truman spotlight.

A group of Truman students want to revive the fight against Shell. Last December, they became officially chartered as Truman's chapter of the Movement for the Survival of the Ogoni People (MOSOP).

History of MOSOP

MOSOP was originally formed in 1990 by Ken Saro-Wiwa (Dr. Owens Wiwa's brother) and other prominent members of the Ogoni tribe in Nigeria. The organization was created to peacefully protest the actions of Shell, which had been destroying the environment while drilling for oil in the Ogoni area of Nigeria. The Ogoni are farmers and fishers, so the destruction of the environment was a threat to their very existence.

For years Shell has been giving the Nigerian government substantial sums of money in order to drill for oil. Ninety percent of the Nigerian government's international income comes from oil; however, the Ogoni receive no economic compensation for their damaged homeland, according to MOSOP literature.

In addition to being able to drill for oil, the government also relaxed environmental restrictions in order for Shell to more easily harvest the oil. MOSOP also claims that Shell supplied the Nigerian military with weapons. Shell has a tremendous amount of influence in Nigeria because of the money and weapons it has given the government in the past.

Over the next half decade, MOSOP grew in number. MOSOP demonstrations in cities and at Shell drilling sites became huge. There are only 500,000 Ogoni, but at one demonstration there were 300,000 people.

The fight against Shell came into inter-

national spotlight on May 21, 1994. Ken Saro-Wiwa was scheduled to speak at a protest rally. The military prevented him from entering the venue. A riot then broke out at the rally in which four prominent non-MOSOP Ogoni leaders were killed.

The Nigerian government arrested Ken Saro-Wiwa and eight other MOSOP leaders and accused them of causing the deaths (these people are now known as the Ogoni 9). These leaders denied the charges against them. They were convicted and sentenced to death.

On October 31, 1995, Dr. Owens Wiwa spoke to Brian Anderson, Chairman and Managing Director of Shell Nigeria. He asked if it would be possible for Shell to use its influence to prevent the execution of the Ogoni 9. Anderson said that it would be "difficult but not impossible," according to MOSOP. However, he told Wiwa that Shell would only use its influence to stop the executions if MOSOP would stop their campaign against Shell and announce to the press that there is no environmental devastation to Ogoni land.

The Ogoni 9 refused to do so. They were executed on November 10, 1995.

After the executions, most of the remaining prominent members of MOSOP fled Nigeria. About 40 refugees ended up in the United States. They have continued the fight against Shell in the United States, as well as in other countries.

MOSOP in the United States

MOSOP has been active in the United States for the last few years. They have used a variety of tactics to try to increase public awareness of the crisis in Nigeria.

Major activists, such as Wiwa, give speeches all over the country in order to open the eyes of American students.

MOSOP has organized hundreds of non-violent pickets of American Shell gas stations. Before MOSOP pickets a Shell gas station, they write a letter to the owner of the station. The letter states that MOSOP will picket the station unless the owner writes a letter to Phillip Carroll, president of Shell USA, asking Carroll to write to Royal Dutch Shell (Shell USA's parent company) stating that Shell USA disagrees with Shell's practices in Nigeria. So far, neither Shell station owners nor Carroll have responded to MOSOP's letters.

MOSOP has also lobbied Congress for support. There is currently a bill in the com-

See MOSOP, page 3



Customers of the Northtown Cafe enjoy coffee and good conversation. The Cafe is located at 2606 N. Baltimore.

photo by Kristy Vogel

Northtown: a timeless cafe

by Marya Lucas

It's 5:55 a.m. and already three customers are hovering over their food. One of them is Ron Wheeler, a 63-year-old native of Queens City. After driving his wife Anna Lou to her place of work in Missouri Hall cafeteria at 5:30 a.m., he stops by Northtown Cafe, 2606 N. Baltimore, before going to his job, High-Tower Wholesale, at 7:30.

"I don't like to send her out on her own when the roads are bad," he said. Wheeler, semi-retired, comes to Northtown two or three times a year.

"I've heard an awful lot of customers say it's a small place where travelers hope they can get home-cooked meals," said Anita Armstrong, current owner of the cafe. Armstrong came to Kirksville in 1978 from Minnesota. As a traveler, she stopped at Northtown Cafe for a meal, directions, and in hopes that she might find work there. Armstrong worked as a dishwasher and waitress for 10 years before taking ownership of the cafe in 1987.

"It's good food and good service," Wheeler said in a country accent with a smile and creased eyes.

At about 6:30 the regular customers begin to arrive. Their deep chuckles resound above the light clatter of dishes and country music. Men place their coats on the rack in the corner and sit around the central table. As one man finishes his breakfast and leaves, another comes and replaces him.

It's the first crew, as member Frank Miahalevich calls the crowd that forms between 6:30 and 7:30. Miahalevich—a native of Kirksville with a deep voice, a bushy beard, a ski-slope nose, and his hat tipped halfway on his head—has been coming to Northtown since the early fifties, when the restaurant was first established.

"It's close to where I work at, close to home, and it's on the way to town—handy," he said. "It's the way you're supposed to start your day. You got to stop here and get your

motor running. Plus, there's cheap coffee."

Miahalevich, who works as a contractor, said the cafe has been a successful working class restaurant for about 10 years, or since Armstrong took ownership.

"I was here when it used to be a drive-in, before they extended it," said Ron Winkler, a 68 year-old member of the first crew.

Next to Winkler is Donny Gregory, who seems to be the entertainer of the group. "I've been here ever since that wife said you got starting to get on my nerves this morning," he said in a jocose tone, eliciting a roar of laughter from the rest and a few pats on the back.

The boisterous banter continues. Winkler asks the waitress, Nancy, for more coffee and questions Gregory about whether or not he is back to full steam.

Armstrong said this assembling of men is common in both the morning and the afternoon. It's a time in which they inform each other about daily occurrences.

"That's men and their gossip," Armstrong said, referring to the morning group. "Sometimes they get so loud with their laughing, you'd think they would fall off their chairs."

"Everything you hear here's the Gospel. You never hear anything that wasn't true. It's the people that makes you come here. There's friends and acquaintances," Winkler said concerning their gossip.

The people and their support is one reason Armstrong decided to take ownership of the cafe.

"If I hadn't had this place when I moved down here, and the people, I would have moved back to Minnesota," Armstrong said. "You couldn't have met a nicer bunch of people than the ones here. I think that's why I stayed here. That's more or less why I'm running it. I've never owned a business before."

Armstrong, who had vowed not to work in another restaurant, took over Northtown when the owner of the building threatened to shut the cafe down on account of poor man-

See CAFE, page 7



Kara Davis and Aaron Schiltz practice for Die Fledermaus, which opens in Baldwin Auditorium on 15 February. See page 5 for more details.

photo by Kristy Vogel

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Opinions

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

Heed Prism's call for center

by Linda Seidel

What is a university? Is it a training school that will get you the job? An "ivory tower" retreat from the world? A self-perpetuating institution that must be kept running at all costs?

I prefer to think of the university as a laboratory experiment in social change, as a place where utopian thinking is not only tolerated but encouraged. By utopian thinking, I do not primarily mean fantasies that can have no apparent effect in the world (although I would not rule those out). Rather, I mean the kind of thinking that brought black people and white women the vote, that reduced the work week to 40 hours, and that is beginning to make institutions like Truman accessible to people with disabilities.

This school year the members of Prism have dared to engage in that sort of utopian thinking. They have proposed the establishment of a Les-Bi-Gay Resource Center at Truman, and they have asked for the support of students, faculty, and administrators in forwarding their goal.

We should give them that support.

Currently, gay students have nowhere to turn (except each other) when homophobic incidents occur, when they are made to feel invisible, or when their career options seem to be limited because of their sexual orientation. When the hate crime occurred last semester involving the beating of two young men who were perceived to be gay, many stu-

dents and faculty were distressed that there was no institutional mechanisms in place to deal with the anxiety and outrage produced by that event.

A Les-Bi-Gay Resource Center would not only serve the needs of gay students on campus (and help retain them here) but would also act as an agent of education for the entire campus community.

Teaching Tolerance, a magazine for K-12 public school teachers, put out by Morris Dees' Southern Poverty Law Center, routinely addresses not only racial themes, but also issues related to gender and sexuality. As an institution that still takes pride in educating future teachers, Truman needs to be a place that enables all its teachers—at whatever level they teach—to teach for tolerance.

Truman needs to be a place that enables all its teachers to teach for tolerance.

Perhaps you will object that the establishment of a Les-Bi-Gay Resource Center would occasion moral outrage. And you might be right.

Over the years, decent people have posed "moral" objections to the abolition of slavery, the entry of women into the workforce, and the "intermarriage" of people of different races or religions. Surely we can now see what those objections are worth—and how we can move toward more enlightened views.

The members of Prism have asked us for our letters endorsing their venture. It is a worthy request. Let us flood the campus with our epistles, creating a wave of sentiment that cannot be denied.

Chris Farley: mourning the death of a dude

by Arnold Layne

This past Christmas break, death came knocking at my door twice. First, in mid-December after a few months of struggle my Grandma succumbed to leukemia. She died at the age of 89. She lived a healthy and full life. Besides her love for Matlock, she never turned into a female Grandma Simpson.

A few weeks before her ensuing death, well aware that her end was near, she told me she knew her time had come even before the disease had begun to ravage her body. She said when she had turned 89 in August that she knew it would be her last birthday. For whatever reason, she knew her time was soon to pass.

Another friend's time has come to pass, also. Around the same time of my Grandma's death, Chris Farley met his own end in his Chicago apartment at age 33.

Driving home from work, I heard the news over one of the classic rock stations back in St. Louis. The DJ, famous from his smashing days on KSHE-95, gave his opinion on the ordeal. He felt Farley did not die from drugs or even eating too much. He said Farley died from the disease of being fat. Not simply the physical distress but from carrying the emotional baggage of being obese.

This made me think. He was fat, but he had always been fat. He lived with that his whole life. Most fat people I know are not just falling over and dying. More to the point, why

did Farley do all those drugs and kick it with all those prostitutes? Because he was fat? I didn't buy that, though I did buy into the thinking that emotional baggage might have led to his death.

I would like to believe Farley died because he was just a dude. When saying "dude" add a few u's and let the word float out of your mouth, like exhaling after a big bong rip. What is a dude? Or better yet, who is a dude?

I will admit Farley was not your regular let's get a wife, buy a four-door car, and play a round of putt putt kind of guy. He is the dude who occasionally drinks mushroom tea, smokes a little weed (maybe a lot of weed), takes a cross-country jog, and enjoys a gentleman's game of football. The kind of guy who before becoming famous would stay to the outside only to jump in at the appropriate time and clown, then disappear just as quick, never letting the spotlight burn his ass.

But Farley's talent was too big to regulate him to the outside. He thrust himself onto center stage through his characters on *Saturday Night Live* and later in movies like *Wayne's World*, *Tommy Boy*, and *Black Sheep*.

He became center stage because those characters were him. And like any dude would, he thought his prayers were answered now that he was the man. The spotlight gave him the freedom to be as outlandish as he wanted to be at all the time. He could now be himself or at least his definition of himself.

Fuelmax runs on empty

by Matt Stinner

Every year on the third week of July, my family drives down to Lesterville, Missouri for our annual vacation. The trip itself is not particularly scenic. In fact, even though I've made the trip over 15 times, I couldn't tell you how to get there—I usually spend the whole way.

But the trip does have one highlight (that is, other than the twenty-turn-hilly-barfy highway). After we get past the twenty-turn-hilly-barfy highway, my family and I anxiously await the appearance of the old man at the gas station. He's been there ever since I can remember, sweating it out under the heat of the sun in his blue plastic lawn chair so he can sit and wave at all the cars that drive by. I suppose he has nothing better to do, really. His gas station lies in the middle of nowhere, so he probably draws few customers. In all the years I've known this man, not once has my dad stopped the car to fill up for gas there, but all of us always make sure to wave back to the friendly acquaintance we've never met.

Now, obviously, not every gas station has a friendly old man who will wave at you as you drive by (if only Wal-Mart got into the gasoline business. They could hire people who would just sit along the roadside and wave. That would be great). In fact, many of the gas attendants I've met during my life just beg to be forgotten. Like the lady at the gas station just outside of Romeoville, IL. She started poking me impatiently when I turned around to ask a friend for some change to help pay the gas bill. I didn't like her much at all.

Still, there are plenty of nice gas attendants out there. For instance, I'll never forget the kindness of the woman at the Texaco in Springfield, IL who let me have a cup of day-old coffee for free. It wasn't much, but it was a gesture that could warm anyone's heart on a lonely midnight drive back to Kirkville.

Indeed, most businesses offer communities two basic things: goods/services and opportunities for employment. Fuelmax offers only goods. Even Wal-Mart, touted by many as the ultimate in consumer evils, offers people jobs. Fuelmax, on the other hand, just sits on the side of the road, a black hole that sucks money out of our pockets and boards it.

Because Fuelmax offers consumers no advantages and hurts the owners and employees of other gas stations, we should buy our gas elsewhere. If gas costs 91 cents at both Fuelmax and Kum N' Go, there is no excuse for buying from Fuelmax. By paying for gas at any of the unautomated gas stations, we pay the salaries of other people that need money to live. Machines do not need money to live. We should not be surrendering our money to them.

But what if, by boycotting Fuelmax, we would cause it to go out of business? Inevitably, all the gas prices around town would then shoot back up. Is it really worth paying 10 or 20 cents more per gallon of gas to help pay the salaries of other people?

The questions being asked here are absolutely critical. So often in America we think with our wallets. We say to ourselves, "Well, if it saves me money, it has to be a good thing." But are low, low prices really the ultimate, or the only, determinant of our actions?

The answer must be a defiant, "No!" For those of you inclined to think with your wallets or purses first, I beg you to reconsider with your minds and your hearts. Even if gas at Fuelmax were 20 cents cheaper than any other place in town, that does not make Fuelmax the obvious choice. Also at stake is the welfare of the people that run all those other gas stations. Just go ahead and compare the atmospheres of human-operated stations versus automated ones. Experience the difference: personal contact versus spooky ghost-town.

So is the day when interaction with other people becomes a luxury. Nevertheless, I am willing to pay the price. After all, despite the wonders of modern technology, I just can't seem to imagine a fuel pump sitting in a blue plastic lawn chair on the side of the road, waving at me as I drive by.

Regardless of whether your gas attendant is a friendly old man or some crabby lady who can't wait five damn seconds for you to get the correct amount of change, at least either way you will be helped by a human being. However, there is hope for those of you out there who fear all contact with human beings: salvation, they say is Fuelmax!

Fuelmax is the new fully-automated gas station situated alongside Country Kitchen on Highway 63. Thanks to the wonders of modern technology, patrons of Fuelmax can avoid nasty, time-consuming interactions with other human beings by simply feeding their green slips of paper into a machine. Consumers then pump the amount of gas they paid for into their automobiles and drive merrily away.

As the *Index* reported last semester, Fuelmax has succeeded in driving down gas prices all around Kirkville. Because it doesn't have to deal with the pesky expenses of employee salaries, Fuelmax has been able to offer gas at prices considerably lower than the going rate (somewhere around 15 cents less per gallon). Thus, in order to remain competitive, the unautomated gas stations around Kirkville have been forced to drop prices too.

My question is, if gas prices around town are now all the same, why would anyone want to buy their gas from Fuelmax? The fact is this: Fuelmax gives absolutely nothing back to the community of Kirkville.

Indoors, most businesses offer communities two basic things: goods/services and opportunities for employment. Fuelmax offers only goods. Even Wal-Mart, touted by many as the ultimate in consumer evils, offers people jobs. Fuelmax, on the other hand, just sits on the side of the road, a black hole that sucks money out of our pockets and boards it.

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Tunnels prove CIA conspiracy lurking below

by F. Moulder and D. Sealey

From LEE, to Chile, to the introduction of peanut butter into elementary school lunch programs, the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) has been an integral part of the lives of each and every God-fearing/Atheist American citizen. Although many of you are aware of most of the CIA's major interventions, we thought it necessary to bring to your attention the extent to which the CIA has infiltrated our own Truman State University.

"Now," you say, "what would the CIA want with the Harvard of the Midwest?" Well, this question is most easily answered in two ways. First, it is no coincidence that Northeast was renamed Truman State University. Because in 1947 in was our namesake, President Harry S. Truman, that signed the National Security Act, thus creating the CIA. Secondly, the CIA is here to cultivate future leaders for the New World Order (NWO). For it would seem that the intellectual superiority of Truman students combined with our money magazine rating has made our campus the most logical choice.

The first question would be, "How did they get a hold of our beloved campus?" Well, the CIA has been able to secure their place through the establishment of various campus organizations. Think about it. CIA is three letters. Can you think of any other organizations with three letters that produce elitist attitudes and promote the exclusion of their fellow man?

Now, rumors surrounding these tunnels do exist. Rumors produced by "the Man" to



Tunnels under campus aid CIA covert ops, photo by Moulder

in the 1950s, but this production is set in the early 1930s. The change was made to save money and help modern audiences relate more easily. The plot is so universal that Dr. Orchard did not need to make any changes in character or story-line. Although the time change is easier on the budget, there are still over twenty different costumes and three revolving sets which include a working fountain. The production has a pre-war, Fred-and-Ginger feeling of fun, champagne, and parties.

As a joint effort between the Theater and Music departments, the cast includes both music and theater students. The merging of creative energy has been good for the cast. Senior theater major Andy Akester says, "The music students have a very strong work ethic; it's been very encouraging for me to be around people that work hard at honing their craft."

The same sentiment is shared by Junior Music/Vocal Performance major Kara Davis, who says, "When we work together, we can overlap our respective talents, so we learn from the theater students, and they learn from us." Altogether there are nearly 75 students—including actors, musicians, and technical crew—working together to make a great production for you.

Far from being a snooze, *Die Fledermaus* has something that will interest everybody. What student can resist music, parties, love, alcohol, and practical jokes?

Admission is free! Due to large amount of seats in the auditorium there will be no reserve tickets. You'll probably want to line up early, though, because you don't want to miss it.

The opera was originally set in Vienna

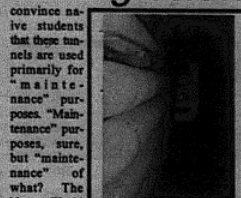
of the Montana Militia and former guest speaker here at Truman, was correct in his fears and predictions concerning the NWO, he was false in his assumption that the United Nations (UN) is it's driving force. The UN is indeed playing an important role in bringing about the NWO, but everyone knows that the UN is controlled by the CIA.

We are quite sure that every well-informed TSU student is aware of the rumors of underground cities and highways which exist throughout these United States of America. In addition, we are assured that everyone knows that these secret installations are maintained by the CIA, but what you may not know is that our campus appears to be a microcosm of the larger national plague.

Over the past century, the CIA, in conjunction with recruiting Truman students as future leaders of its NWO, has constructed a network of tunnels connecting their headquarters on campus (i.e. McClain and Baldwin Halls) to other campus facilities. While one might think it hard to conceal the development of these subterranean passageways, it is

easy to see how their construction could be kept in the myriad of other projects currently in process on our campus. These tunnels, along with restricted rooms in Science Hall, observation outposts in the bell tower, and surveillance cameras in Baldwin and Science Halls, have allowed the CIA to keep close watch on the perspective leaders of the NWO.

Now, rumors surrounding these tunnels do exist. Rumors produced by "the Man" to



Pipes transport biochemical weapons for worldwide distribution, photo by Moulder

operations centers around the tunnels. It appears that the tunnels serve the CIA in different ways. But the prime use is the transportation of biochemical weapons. Yes, biochemical weapons are illegal for the normal American citizen, but not for the CIA.

The weapons are produced in Science Hall and then transported via the tunnels to the loading dock on the back of Baldwin. It appears that the chemicals are transported (through the pipes seen in the picture) to the basement of the library. Here the chemicals go through some type of refinement process before being repacked in Baldwin Hall, where the chemicals are loaded onto trucks and shipped to various installations worldwide.

While the full extent of their covert activities on campus is unknown, one thing is clear: the CIA is here. So remember, avoid the cameras, lower your voice, and keep your eyes open. Just because you are being cultivated for a position in the New World Order doesn't mean you have to accept it. Make a stand and FIGHT THE POWER!

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Reviews



DJ mixes underground rap

by Mike Novak
The mix-tape has always been a way for DJ's to put the newest cuts on one tape, while adding a little bit of themselves into it at the same time. *Haze Presents...New York Reality Check 101* (Payday) may not consist of the newest cuts around but it does have the best underground hip-hop put out by the city of New York over the last two years.

DJ Premier offers up his flawless mixing skills on the turntables. Premier is a veteran of the mix tape, and if you ever have the chance check out one of his instrumental tapes, you should. His beat manipulation adds to each cut's appeal and his mixing skills make for enjoyable listening from beginning to end.

The songs themselves were gathered up by Premier and Payday A&R Mr. Dave after a two-year mission to find the best in underground hip-hop. Don't expect to recognize many names on this compilation, but don't let that deter you from checking out *Reality Check* if you enjoy a good head nod. A majority of the beats have tight drum patterns and samples that put my head into a state of perpetual motion.

Those beats that lack anything are twisted

Diversity connects soundtrack

by Shawn Gilmore
As a soundtrack, I just can't see how *Great Expectations: The Album* could fit any movie. The tracks are about as diverse as they come, ranging from Chris Cornell (solo) to The Grateful Dead, and just about everything in between. But I can see why the producers chose to call this an album: almost every song feels connected, if not artistically then emotionally, to the others.

The album begins with a fitting "instrumental vocalization" by Tori Amos, which is charming in the mood that it creates. The sounds seem to be those of a forest, and the added vocals help set the tone. It is a sort of prelude, a soft way to introduce the listener to the pain and heartache that the other songs convey.

This mood is recaptured a couple of songs later with "Life in Mono" by Mono. This is the single featured in the trailers for the movie, and one of the more emotional points of the album. Even though it may not be the most elegantly constructed song, it contains enough raw power to grab the listener. The song itself is a welcome contradiction: a pop song with a deep meaning.

Later in the album, in the song "Breakable," Fisher sings of the pain of being tossed around in a relationship, an echo that is heard in almost every song. For some reason, though, this song stands out, not for its complexity (or even the accordion part, which is featured in other songs) but for its honesty about the pain that can come from a relationship.

Poe virtually responds in the song "Today," essentially about finding the power to break free of pain.

But, it seems to be the powerful solo songs

that hold the album together. Chris Cornell, sans Soundgarden, appears in "Sunflower," while Scott Weiland, without Stone Temple Pilots, sings to a quirky, yet beautiful piano-violin track. Both artists hold up well without their respective bands, and it is nice to hear the power that their songs still command. Neither is a conventional song, but both genuinely seem to not only fit the mood of the album, but have their own unique styles.

Tori Amos contributes again with "Siren," which is heavy on piano and drums. The song seems to be almost hurried, but within the rhythmic chanting of the lyrics, almost every aspect of pain is dealt with: lying, cold-heartedness, breaking hearts, and holding them back. This trend is continued in the Duncan Sheik track, "Wishful Thinking," asking, "How much wanted time will you survive?"

The final solo contribution is "Walk This Earth Alone" by Lauren Christy. The song is powerful, and poetic, summing up the entire album, stating that we have to leave behind the ones that hurt you to move on.

Unfortunately, the producers of the album apparently didn't heed this advice when they included songs by Iggy Pop, Reef, and David Garza, all of which can be summed up as "pathetic effort." Or to let Iggy wiggle! I'm gonna bob like a frog. These three songs are definitely the album's low points, but if carefully skipped while listening to the album, do not hurt the overall atmosphere too much.

These faults aside, though, the album draws you in, and doesn't let go. If you feel that you need an emotional release, or if you happen to love any of the featured artists, pick up a copy.

King's Wizard & Glass scores

by Matt Webber

"Roland's story is my Jupiter," Stephen King has said, "a planet that dwarfs all the others, a place of strange atmosphere, crazy landscape, and savage gravitational pull." Five years after *The Waste Lands* was released, Stephen King finally returns to his Jupiter with *Wizard and Glass*.

Wizard and Glass begins where *The Waste Lands* left off. Roland and his band of gunslingers (Eddie, Sussannah, Jake, and the bumbler, Oy) are trapped aboard Blaine, a computerized train with a mind of its own. Blaine is headed for their inevitable destruction, unless Roland and his friends can stump him with a riddle.

Eddie's wisecracks finally anger the train, and Roland's ka-tet is dropped off in a world eerily similar to our own. The cars are familiar to Eddie, Jake, and Sussannah, and so are the newspapers. A sign above the road reads "Interstate 70." The world is not the world they came from however, since several names have changed and there are no people anywhere.

In this parallel Topexia, the ka-tet finds the path of the beam, which will eventually lead them to the Dark Tower itself. The members of the ka-tet are haunted by dreams (some involving a single red rose) and cryptic messages like "All hail the Crimson King."

Roland is haunted by something more tangible, memories of the past he had previously repressed. It seems he must tell his tale or their quest for the Dark Tower will be impeded.

Roland speaks, and his ka-tet (and us) listens. We are finally able to learn about Roland's boyhood, and some of the things that drove him to his quest. *Wizard and Glass* addresses many

previously unanswered questions, and we finally begin to understand Roland's methods.

Roland's quest begins to have a purpose. Roland's tale takes place in Hamby, a town where nothing is what it seems. No one seems to know who is loyal to the gunslingers, or no one is talking. Roland and his friends, Cuthbert and Alsin, are forced to work alone, and they quickly make enemies of the political big shots of the town.

The most enchanting part of the tale (and the tale's focus) is that of Susan, the girl with whom Roland falls in love. King writes some of his best prose about the dangerous liaisons between Susan and Roland, and the subsequent fallout that such a relationship brings. Roland is torn between his friends and Susan, and eventually must choose the girl or the Tower.

While this book brings Roland and his ka-tet scarcely closer to their final destination, it ties together many loose ends. It also leaves us wanting more. (What is the significance of the red rose? Who will die before the Tower is found?)

Observant readers will be able to catch reference to other King works, and even the not-so-observant will catch the *Wizard of Oz* tie-in.

The prose is typical King, with the language, description, and emotion that fans of King have come to expect and love. Anyone who has been following *The Dark Tower* from the start will find the book hard to put down. Anyone who is a fan of King and has yet to begin this series (King's masterpiece) should immediately find a copy of *The Gunslinger*.

One can only hope that *The Dark Tower V* will not be so long in coming.

Will Hunting realistic, funny

by Carrie Behrman

If you were going to write a movie for yourself to star in, complete with the perfect part to capture an Oscar, what character would you be?

Would you play a homely, middle class kid of mediocre intelligence who was handed everything on a silver platter but somehow managed to mess it up? Probably not. Matt Damon didn't think so either.

In *Good Will Hunting*, the new movie he helped write and is starring in, Damon plays a good looking but poor orphan/genius/janitor.

This genius is a good guy deep down, but has some problems left over from his childhood and so must accept the help of a therapist in order to make the most of his life. Not a bad role if I were picking.

Damon is really the deciding factor for whether or not you will like this movie, since he's in almost every scene. The killer smile doesn't hurt, and neither does the likability and sense of humor of his character, Will Hunting.

In this self-written role, Damon was much more animated than in *The Rainmaker*, the only other major film he has appeared in. Obviously, it helped that this was a role he enjoyed and understood.

Plus, the character he plays is fun. Will Hunting uses his genius to defend himself in court, win an intellectual bar fight, land jobs with government agencies, and do his Harvard girlfriend's homework. The movie's themes

never get too deep and depressing thanks to the wit and sarcasm of Hunting, which jump in before boredom or mushiness can descend. The star-studded supporting cast includes Robin Williams, who plays a therapist, in a role that seems a little familiar. Didn't he already play a teacher, the black sheep of the academic community, who helped and inspired young students?

One of the best performances is from Minnie Driver, who plays Hunting's love-interest, Skylar, the outgoing, down-to-earth Harvard student who makes all the first moves. Skylar isn't your typical soft-spoken girlfriend, instead talking with food falling out of her mouth and telling dirty jokes.

Also in the movie is Ben Affleck, Damon's friend and cowriter of the screen play, who plays Hunting's deadbeat but loyal friend. The movie is packed with funny lines you just know Damon and Affleck thought up one day when they were sitting around.

A lot of scenes of candid-sounding dialogue between Will and the guys he hangs out with are original, funny and realistic conversations. That's the best part of this movie. You can just hear these guys making up the whole thing.

Most of all, *Good Will Hunting* has lots of easy-to-identify conflict. It pits Will against snobby Harvard University, Williams, the community college professor, against his successful classmate, cools against darkness, and love against material success.

Prof of the Week

by Lucas Cloriot

Dr. Andrew Mun teaches Principals of Finance and Investments in the Division of Business and Accounting. This is his seventh year at Truman. To the students who endure his finance courses, Dr. Mun is a cheerful, bright, and likeable guy. After our interview I reached the same conclusion.

Where are you from originally?

I was born in Korea; in Kwang Ju, which is in the southern part of Korea.

Is that a large city?

Oh, it's about the size of St. Louis.

What does Kwang Ju mean?

It stands for bright city—or promising city.

When did you move to the U.S. and why?

In 1984 to study. Do you keep in touch with family and friends from Korea?

Yes, I do over the phone quite often.

What are some of the differences between Korean and American Universities?

Well, the academic year starts in March. Actually that's true for Japan and Taiwan, too. Other than that, the difference is that American students are working harder than those oriental students because they are pushed by

their instructors.

Do the students typically care as much over there as they do here?

Well, they can but their major concern is to get a job like in America. But a transcript is not that important to find a job in Korea—as long as you have a degree from a premier university. The reason is because students spend a lot of time studying very hard in high school so they can be admitted to a premier school.

Who do you think would win in a fight between Fed Chairman Alan Greenspan and Attorney General Janet Reno?

(laughs) That's a tough question. I would say Alan Greenspan.

I'm going to change the subject a little here, but, with your background in finance, what will the state of the U.S. economy be in the next few years—more specifically what

will the job market be like when the people who read this interview will be graduating?

In the short term, I don't see any problem. All macroeconomic variables indicate that we'll have a very bright future—at least in the short term, by that I mean the next 3 to 4 years.

What sports are popular in Korea?

Soccer. Soccer is number one there.

Will South Korea be going to the world cup?

(enough) Yes. This will be the fourth consecutive time they are going to play in the



A portrait of Dr. Mun by his son, Daniel, age 14.

CAFE, from page 1

agement by the owners before her.

"I said I'd never cook again, never bake pies, and here I am," she said. "They say sometimes it gets in your blood. I must enjoy it, because after all these years, I'm back."

Soon Winkler leaves for work and a new-come of the second shift from 7:30 to 9:00, Alva Bowers, takes the vacated seat and times in on the topic of discussion. Bowers, who formerly served on the County Court and now owns a construction business, has been frequenting the restaurant ever since it was built and claims it is one of the three or four main places to come.

An elderly man with black-rimmed glasses, Mr. Brown, ambles in quietly and takes a seat at the end of the table.

"That boy Brown down there probably bullied all this country," Bowers said. "He used to bulldoze for me. Comes here every morning and drinks tea."

Bowers then raises his voice to inform Brown that he has found him a new Cadillac.

A strong sense of community seems to exist within this varied group of men. In a time when "you can't tell what you're going to get," as Bowers said, Northtown Caffe provides a meeting place for people, where the relationships between the owners, waitresses and customers exemplify trust.

"I like coming in here to talk to people," said John Witte, a retired farmer and former college student. "It's my job to make friends, and it takes a long time to make friends."

Truman junior Kelly Billey finds the cafe's communal atmosphere attractive, she said.

"Our goal is to walk through the door and have them know our name and our orders," she said.

Billey was introduced to the cafe her freshman year by her sorority, Alpha Gamma Delta, when it held a function there. She now frequents the cafe two or three times a month.

"It's good eatin', especially when you can't cook," Billey said.

This close relationship between cafe workers and customers that Billey has observed makes the work not really work, Armstrong said. She has watched the children of regular customers grow; now one even works at Northtown as a waitress.

Not only does she see the children grow, she sees the elderly pass away.

"This past few years have been awful tough, because we've lost a lot of our old regular customers," Armstrong said. "If you have regulars and they aren't in, we start worrying about them."

Armstrong relates one instance in which an elderly customer had a stroke. His wife called the cafe to inform them that the couple would

not be coming that day.

"To me and some of my help, I always considered it a home away from home," she said. "This was my escape place, away from a lot of my problems."

Lucky for not only Armstrong, but also that thread of lives that run through this quaint country cafe, that she took ownership when she did, salvaging Northtown.

"If you'd start out to find another little restaurant like this, with this history, it'd take a long time," Bowers said.

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Home cookin' with Heather

My Heather Tylack
This week's recipe totally rocks. It's a production of my favorite roommate, Amy. The directions and ingredients take up a lot of space though, so let's get down to business.

my's Really Sticky Buns

3 1/2 to 4 cups of flour
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 tsp of salt
2 packages of active dry yeast
1 cup of very warm milk
some butter or margarine
(one or two sticks)
1 egg or some egg product
1 cup packed brown sugar
1/4 cup dark corn syrup
1 cup of pecan halves
1/2 cup of chopped pecans
1/4 cup more of granulated sugar
1 tip of cinnamon

This one takes quite the preparation time, so make sure you have a good 3 or 4 hours to play. Start out by mixing 2 cups of the flour, the 1/2 cup of sugar, salt, and yeast in a good size bowl. Now add the milk, 1/3 of a cup of softened butter, and the egg.

Beat together ingredients on low speed for about 1 minute (2 if you are doing it by hand), then turn that puppy up to medium and beat for one more minute (thus, beat for 4 minutes if you are doing it by hand). Finally, stir in enough of the remaining flour to make the dough pliable and easy to play with via your hands.

Here's where it really gets fun. Put the ball of dough on a lightly-floured counter top or table (something flat, like the car hood, would work, but it's a little cold out now) and knead the dough with your hands for about 5 minutes or until it's a nice smooth ball. The dough will have a fluffy silly-putty feel.

Now, put the dough in a greased bowl (use veggie oil or something like that) and let it around so that the entire ball is covered. After the greasing, leave the dough in the bowl, cover it with a dish towel or something and let it rise in a warm place for about 1 hour and 30 minutes, or until that puppy rises to twice its original size. The dough is ready to go if you touch it and your fingerprint remains indented.

Next, heat up the 1 cup of brown sugar and 1/2 cup of butter. When the stuff starts to boil, remove it from the heat and stir in the 1/4 cup of corn syrup. Pour this mixture into an ungreased 9x13 inch pan and then sprinkle the cup of pecan halves over the top of it.

OK, when the dough has doubled, punch it down and flatten it out with your hands into a 15x10 inch rectangle (you may need to lightly flour the surface if the dough sticks to it). Then spread about 2 tbsps of butter on the flattened dough.

Now, take the chopped pecans and mix them with the 1/4 cup of sugar and the cinnamon. Then, sprinkle this mixture over the butter on the flattened dough. Now, roll up the dough and pinch the edges to seal it up. Stretch the roll out a little bit and then cut the dough into about 1 inch slices. Place the slices apart in the pan (the one with the syrup and pecans and stuff), cover them up, and let them rise for about 30 more minutes or until they have doubled in size.

Bake these puppies for about 30 to 35 minutes in a 350 degree oven or until golden brown. After you take 'em out of the oven, immediately turn them over onto a cookie sheet or something of the like. This way the gooey stuff can ooze down the sides of the buns.

Well, if you have any questions about this one, just let me know. It's quite the production, but it is well worth it. Thanks.

Windfall
the campus literary magazine
announces
final deadline for submissions
February 25
Drop submissions off in the
Windfall mailbox in the CAOC,
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We are accepting poetry, prose,
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Please don't go spiral. I love you, I don't want to lose you, stay here with me, you'll be safe.



JOHN D. 4F

Queen Astra

"Let the Stars Be Your Guide!"

Aries (March 21-April 19): In the 60's, college students walked about picketing bastions of governmental authority, smoking small dried bundles of selected plants and believing that tomorrow would be better than today. We're hot in the 60's. I think we can all learn something from this interesting little tid bit, don't you?

Taurus (April 20-May 20): Sometimes all we can do is end the needless suffering of those around us. Move.

Gemini (May 21-June 20): Have you ever wondered why babies cry when you're near? Investigate and Interpret.

Cancer (June 21-July 22): Fortunately, you're entering your crimson and aqua period. Unfortunately, you'll be mistaken for a minor boating accident later this week. Head off disaster now: did 911 and warn them of your future demise.

Leo (July 23-August 22): Embrace Impotence, in ALL its forms.

Virgo (August 23-September 22): You've always been known as the tolerant and patient friend. Well, this week you'll decide that you've had enough! Buy a small semi-automatic weapon and thank the NRA for the right to wield it with pride. Terrorize a small, ground-dwelling mammal. Pieces involved.

Libra (September 23-October 22): I know last week's toaster incident severely wounded

your pride. But it's your turn to triumph! This week: Stop, Drop THEN Roll.

Scorpio (October 23-November 21): Heartbreak on the horizon. You should have known that even your family tree could only be "spiced" so many times. There's no way but the highway for you sweetie.

Sagittarius (November 22-December 21): Focus on the after life this week. After all, with the life you lead here there's little holding you back. And your friends will welcome the silence. Keep clean undergarments handy.

Capricorn (December 22-January 19): High impact aerobics are not recommended this week or any week for that matter. Instead, effortlessly clear the roadblocks to a fit summer season: fast. Have you ever noticed that the more you eat the more your friends laugh at your thighs? Rump roast will play featured role.

Aquarius (January 20-February 18): Did you know that the average mattress contains the equivalent of an entire person in dead skin cells? Finally, news that you're not ever sleeping alone. Won't your parents be relieved?

Pisces (February 19-March 20): Empowerment is yours this week! Convince an elderly lady that her free-wheeling days are gone by first sleeping the side of her passing car then writing about dramatically on the ground. When she starts to cry, tell her you were just looking for your contact.

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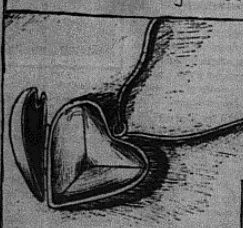
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I love you too, but if I stay it won't be safe for either one of us. Please don't make this harder than it has to be.



JOHN D. 4F

Unconventional one-acts debut

By Doug Reside
James Wilke describes his play, *One Bright Sunday Afternoon*, as "Weird, but intentionally so." Ben Swoboda describes his work, *Standardized Bunnies*, as "A little unconventional." The descriptions are quite accurate. From the moment the pre-show silence is broken by *Sunday Afternoon*'s chorus chanting, "Kill imagination!" it becomes clear that the playwrights did not consider realism terribly important in writing these plays. Nonetheless, once one accepts the fact that the evening's entertainment is not going to be of the traditional sort, the plays are very enjoyable.

James Wilke's *One Bright Sunday Afternoon* is the tale of a loner named Fred and his imaginary friend Figgint. Figgint is a vivacious young girl who has no tolerance for orthodox stuffiness. She loves her creator, Fred, despite that fact that he doesn't seem to care much for her.

She distracts Fred in church and on dates, preventing Fred from ever truly fitting in with unimaginative society. Figgint is a personification of imagination, which, although attacked by the snakes of prejudice and rejected by her creator, perseveres to the end.

The quality of the production matched that of the script. Michael Francis is excellent as the tortured and insecure Fred. Figgint is played with appropriate spunkiness by Jenn Hunt. Paul Gutting and Stephen Wilke were hilarious in their respective roles as the sadomasochistic psychiatrist and his figment.

The snark-like chorus is played frighteningly well by Karista Koehler, Christy LeMaster, Jason Dabrowski, Melissa Mahon, and Sarah Wierke. It was particularly interesting to notice that though the chorus members not cast in *Standardized Bunnies* were

seated in the audience, they never broke character until the curtain call at the end of the second production.

Standardized Bunnies in the words of its creator, is "a common theme presented in an uncommon way." The play is a criticism of legalism and hypocrisy. The action takes place in a kid's theme park where we see Paul (Steven Wilke) experiencing his first day working as a giant bunny. Peter, an overambitious supervisor played by Paul Gutting, constantly chastises him for breaking one of the park's many protocols. Paul slowly learns, through experiences with a girl named Cindy, that it is sometimes necessary to ignore the rules in order to truly live.

Steven Wilke demonstrated his versatility as an actor by portraying the intensely insecure Paul as convincingly as his leather-wearing, whip-carrying figment from *Sunday Afternoon*. Jenn Hunt was excellent in all four stages of the ever-maturing Cindy. Paul Gutting, though essentially repeating his role from *Sunday Afternoon*, was nonetheless excellent as the legalistic supervisor who, despite his credentials, is really no better than Paul at relating to the park's customers.

My only complaint is that the scene changes did not flow terribly smoothly. A scene would often end in a blackout underscored by the sounds of scenery dragging along the stage floor and the scuffling of feet. Some of these blackouts seemed excessively lengthy. However, despite this minor problem, the evening was very enjoyable. When asked about the future of the plays, Ben Swoboda replied, "Changes are the only plans... then, from there, we'll see." It is the hope of this reviewer that the curtain has not yet closed on these two excellent plays.

Pickler oddities include books on bastards, bedroom habits

by Dave Hesston

Last issue, the first segment of this series exploring some of Pickler Memorial Library's interesting and eccentric books focused on literature, art, music and other forms of entertainment. Today we start with books about America, travel guides for those with unusual destinations and trip-planning methods.

Here *Lies America* (CT 215 E38), by Nancy Ellis and Robyn Hansen, guides readers through America by way of its "notable graves."

After an introduction concerning the obsessive "grave cult" that apparently exists in America, the authors take us on a pictorial voyage, including photos of and information about the headstones of famous Americans, from Herman Melville to George Gershwin. Included are famous poets, "stylemakers," performers, "agitators and reformers."

A similar journey is documented in the book *Famous and Historic Trees* (E 159 R36), filled with photographs of, as you might guess, famous and historic trees in America. Yet alas, this tome is currently being mended—ask at the Circulation Desk.

A more humorous look at America is *By Rocking Chair Across America* (E 169 A8), written for *Punch* magazine in 1959. The book describes the U.S. from one coast to the other, throughout the British author tells of his experiences meeting Americans, seeing the sights, and getting from place to place.

He writes of New York City, Truman's home, and a "typical" Midwest town (which "has a population of nearly four thousand, of whom 150 are dentists"). Yet there is a twist: the introduction explains that while many have

written about America, this book "is by a man who has never been here in his life."

If historic people interest you more than places, perhaps read *The Baddest Book of Bastards* (CT 105 J64), about the worst of "the perfectly awful people," from throughout time.

Author Dorothy Johnson describes in detail the exploits of historic "bastards," from famous ones like Ivan the Terrible and Nero to less famous "bastards" like "Liver-Eating" Johnson.

A next-door neighbor to *Bastards* explores a (generally) less brutal side of the lives of famous humans. Based on the idea that we can learn the most about people by studying the ways they make love, in which they make love, *Intimate Sex Lives of Famous People* (CT 105 J55) details, well, the sex lives of famous people with more vivid color than you'd expect or, in some cases, want.

The author tells all about famous authors, politicians, etc. Did you know Dostoevski was a foot fetishist? How about that Mount was a coprophiliac (a human waste fetishist)? Find out the real reason Billie Holiday was called "Lady Day" and what Van Gogh wrote about each of his contemporaries' sex habits.

The book also gives each person a clever sexual nickname (i.e. "Mussolini, The For-

getting Fascist") and attempts to end on a happy note by telling of famous people with long-lasting love relationships, like Walt Disney and Louis Pasteur.

Other bedroom habits are explored in *Sleep Positions: The Night Language of the Body* (BF 1073 P65 D86), which documents, yes, the various positions your body is in when you sleep.

Author Samuel Dunkell, M.D. describes and illustrates many positions, including common positions like fetal and royal, couple positions, and exotic positions like monkey and Dutch wife. The book also includes numerous charts of exactly what goes on in a sleeping body.

Charts of a different sort can be found in *On Being Stoned: A Psychological Study of Marijuana Intoxication* (BF 1209

M3T37), by Charles Tert, Ph.D., which has charts, charts, and more charts demonstrating what happens in a stoned body, including effects on shape of the body, emotional tones, efficiency of thought, and sexual performance.

Another odd book on human behavior is *The Energy Couple: The New Sexuality* (BF 692 C67) by a real-life "energy couple," Douglas Corey, Ph.D., and Jeanette Mass, Ph.D. Meant to be serious and helpful but actually quite humorous (mostly due to the illustrations)



this book is a guide to having "wild, intense" love experiences, like the authors have, based on "existential" activities centered on the idea that "each human is an energy field." The book's introductory dedication includes the signatures of many "energy couples" who apparently helped with the research.

Each activity is illustrated, including "hand-flow" activities where energy actually flows from one person's hand to the other's, "Yab-Yum," a position/activity involving call-and-response mantras like "mem-mem-mem" and "nun-nun-nun," a vague activity titled "the other outlines me in my being," and last, but not least, "fun activities" where "toes are emphasized," like "hop-skip-jump," accompanied by a silly picture of a couple jumping up and down together in place, apparently allowing their energy to circulate. Oh, did I mention that all of these activities are performed in the nude?

Finally, if you are more interested in animal behavior than human behavior, or if you're interested in both, look for *Ape and Child* (BF671 K4). In all likelihood this is a fairly serious scientific study, but ignore that... it has funny pictures.

This study of similarities between the actions of young apes and humans is accompanied by many pictures of an ape and a child, side by side, participating in daily (human) activities such as eating breakfast, getting "ready for bed," and "laughing when tickled." Please don't forget to look for strange books yourself the next time you're in Pickler, and remember to read the next installment of this series, which could include (but you never know for sure) etiquette lessons, witchcraft, baby names, and Eddie Bauer.

Lost socks, lint, and laundromat queries

by Erin Hache

Did you ever stop to think that the practice of doing laundry is quite peculiar? So many odd things surround us when we pile our dirty attire into large white machines that few people take notice.

For instance, where else can people see your underwear tossing and tumbling about the dryer without your consent? And why do dryers take twice as long to cycle than washers? It's possible to get two loads of laundry washed while only one dries. Here are some additional curious oddities I've noticed.

Making use of waste lint: Why is it that dryers collect all of this lint for us, and yet all we do with it is throw it away? It seems rather pointless to have this whole lint capturing system. It rather resembles hunting. We set traps for the little lint particles and we subsequently do zick with our trapings. I'm almost positive something can be done with this waste lint. Perhaps some arts and crafts or a nice afghan could be fashioned from it. Curling up with a cozy lint blanket is sure to be a warm winter treat.

Superfluous/missing sock inquiries: Why is it that all too often a sock is either gained or lost in a load of laundry? I check the machines for stowaways before loading my clothes in, yet there are times when I end up with a sock that is definitely not my own. How

do they sneak into the machines? What about their mates, where are they? Is there some dryer gnome that injects an extra sock into every load of laundry for jollies? Think of all of those poor little orphan socks floating around, being adopted for a few moments by some carolers, permanently barefooted, sock-loathing freak, only to be quickly rejected and thrown out to join all of the other abandoned unclaimed clothing found in university laundromats. How tragic!

Other times I end up one sock short, finding that one of my socks has now become an orphan. He or she has lost his or her mate, most likely for good. What happens to the sock that remains, the one left over from the pair? Is a carver as a sock puppet in their near future?

If this happens to you, there's a site on the Internet that you should check out. It's called the Bureau of Missing Socks, found at www.jagat.com/socks.html. Here you can enter your missing sock's color, style, size, etc. and hope for a heartwarming response when your little stocking is found. The record remains in the database for ten years and an identification number is assigned to every case for easy tracking.

The vicious circle: Finally, there's the never-ending absurdity that makes the entire idea of laundry rather pointless. The job can never be finished. You can never get all of your

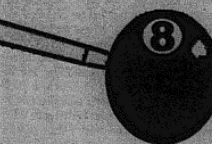
clothes clean at one time. The clothes you are wearing at the time of doing laundry will remain dirty after all of the rest have been cleaned. The solution to this - nude laundering. But if you don't own your own washing facilities, and would feel a bit shy going unclad in public, I've invented a new system for your local laundromat that is guaranteed to knock your socks off, literally.

Laundromats would be responsible for providing sanitary robes as well as dressing rooms to change into the robes. This way, you could wash all of your dirty clothing, including the attire you wore upon entering.

The robes would then be returned after your laundry was clean and dry and your newly cleaned clothing was available to put on. The laundromat would then sanitize the robes (hopefully better than the process of spraying bowling shoes) and all of your clothes would be clean, finally completing the job. Finally, a method suitable for the laundry-perfectionist in all of us!

Spring Pool League

Now Forming at the
Take Five Gamesroom



Sign up in the SUB
Games Room Desk by
Friday, February 6

Prizes for 1st
and 2nd place!

This issue of
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Thanks for the support

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summer study abroad with
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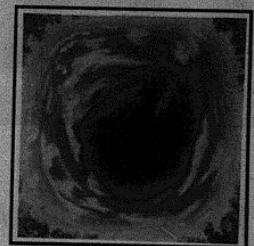
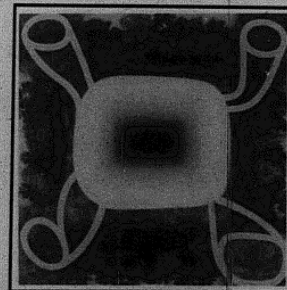
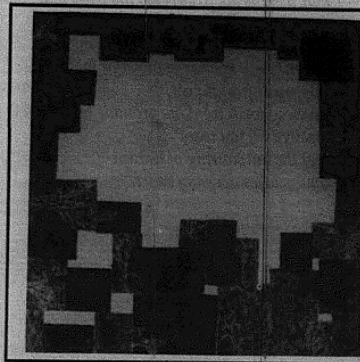
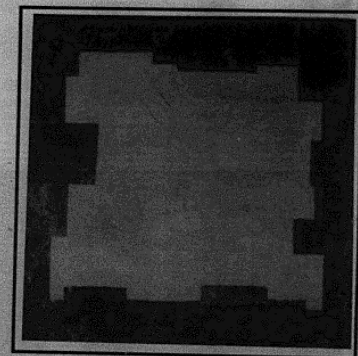
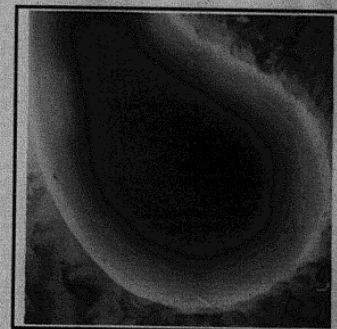
Classes include:
*19th and 20th Century London Authors
*Economic Concepts
*Intro to the Plays of William Shakespeare
*British Influence in Western Music
*Modern Art
*International Business
*British Endeavors in Biodiversity
*Perspectives on Nursing
*Social Psychology
*Art - Drawing I
*Contemporary British Mystery Writers
*Theatre - Shakespeare performance
*History/Art A Tale of Two Cities (with two weeks in London and a week in Paris to more fully explore the text).

Interested?
Contact Dr. Dennis Leavens at
785-4269

Art

This week we bring you the works of Prof. Clayton Merrell. His show, *Sky Paintings*, is currently on display in the Activities Room of the SUB from January 7 to March 6. These beautiful paintings show his "obsession with the sky." This show proves that this professor can do exactly what he teaches. So next time you're in the SUB, go upstairs and wonder at the Night Skies.

Clockwise from top right:
Deluge II: Oil on Canvas
Constellations: Oil and Gouache on
Amate Paper and Canvas
Burning and Washing the Mixteca:
Oil and Ashes on Canvas
The Four Rivers: Oil on Canvas
Sky and Trees: Oil and Gouache on
Amate Paper and Canvas



My Back Pages . . .

*Strings in the earth and air
Make music sweet;
Strings by the river where
The willows meet.*

*There's music along the river
For Love wanders there,
Pale flowers on his mantle,
Dark leaves on his hair.*

*All softly playing,
With head to the music bent,
And fingers straying
Upon an instrument.*

*-James Joyce
(from Chamber Music)*

*when i visited his grave yesterday
the raindrops mixed with my tears
and dropped off the end of my nose
as I gently leaned my cheek on his tombstone
and traced his name with my fingertip.
with the drops, my being fell through the soil
to burrow its way down to him*

*to mingle
as our souls used to do
when he drank me in with his deep, clear eyes
that were pools to envelop my body and soul.
i used to believe that maybe...*

*someday...
but the only creator of our love is
this small frail flower,
pushing forth from his ground,
watered by my tears
and the outpouring of heaven
that washes over my heart.*

-Leslie Graff



*One Orange Dawn
her left breast slipped
away from its strapped silk
covers. I've not
written her in months.*

-Matt Nelson

*We're still in search of your newest, bravest poetry and prose.
Drop it off in the CAOC, downstairs SUB.*