



The Monitor

A Campus Collective

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New skate park in the works

by Mike Novak

I remember growing up near Chicago and how my parents signed me up to play in all these different sports. I played little league baseball, basketball, golf and tennis, and each had a special location just for that sport. But when I got into junior high, I gave up on conventional sports. Much to my parents' dismay, I began hanging out with a group of bikers (BMX not Harley) and began doing tricks on my bike.

This new obsession of mine consumed all my free time, but with every move I mastered I learned a harsh lesson. There was nowhere for me to ride my bike. Sure, nobody minds when you cruise around in the street, but to master skills on anything takes practice. Practice on my bike often took place in empty parking lots and busy streets. Every place I rode people would kick me out or call the police.

I often waited for the police to arrive so I could ask them where I could go. Some would tell me they didn't know, but most would yell and tell me to go home. I was labeled a vandal and had to ride my bike in fear of the police.

Morgan Peckosh of Kirksville has encountered the same problems for the past 11 years, but Peckosh is doing something about it. About seven months ago, he contacted Scott Meredith, head of Kirksville's Parks and Recreation, to find out if there was any interest in building a public skatepark in Kirksville. Meredith was busy conducting a plan to renovate the pool at the time, but he told Peckosh to bring him some information and he would look into it.

The initial question to ponder is why does Kirksville need a skatepark? Almost every city in America has baseball fields and basketball

courts for children to play. Why should we deny kids who participate in other activities the right to have somewhere safe to go and pursue their interests?

"A lot of kids like to skate and a lot of kids like to skateboard. There ought to be a place that is available to them in town other than the middle of the street," said Natalie Alexander, mother of two skateboarders.

A Kirksville city ordinance prohibits inline skating and skateboarding on sidewalks and school policy prohibits skateboards on campus. So where can these kids go and have some good clean fun?

Thirteen-year-old skaters Alec and Nate Zier have nowhere to skate. "I bought a skateboard so I can use it," Alec said, but because of lack of space and how he is treated, he started roller-blading.

"People look at you like you're wacky. People think you're bad just because you skateboard," Nate said. "It's just people doing something fun."

Meredith came to this conclusion after reviewing the information given to him by Peckosh, but could not act on it until the plans for the pool had been finalized. But he is intrigued by the idea and would like to put a place in Kirksville where skateboarders, bikers and in-liners "can go, do their thing and not get in anybody's way," he said.

That is why last Thursday, immediately after the pool plans were finalized, Peckosh got a chance to speak to the Lakes Parks and Recreation Committee — the first step in getting anything done to a park in Kirksville.

Peckosh was nervous about his chance to
See Skatepark, page 3

Revitalizing residential colleges

by Marie Montana

Living in one of Truman's residential colleges, I have often wondered exactly what the benefits of staying here are. Sure, it may be great to walk down a few flights of stairs to my advisor's office instead of walking across campus. Still, is that the ultimate goal of residential colleges, to save walking time? Dr. Mark Dalhouse, one of Missouri Hall's live-in professors, is trying to revive the purpose of residential colleges by starting a series of discussion groups.

"Basically, what we're trying to do is to recover what the mission of residential college is, and one of the foundations of that was more intimate faculty-student contact, usually where the professors live... We're looking for a faculty member to come in and just talk about what they're interested in... but we don't want it to be a lecture series, we want it to be a discussion series," Dr. Dalhouse said.

The first discussion, held at the end of January, featured Dr. Mike Ashcraft, Professor of Religion. "We had coffee and cookies [Dr. Ashcraft] came in a pair of sweats and he sat down on the floor of my apartment and was there for an hour and a half. The discussion veered from new religious movements, to cults, to you name it. It was just a kind of free-wheeling discussion," explained Dr. Dalhouse.

"I enjoyed my time with students in Dr. Dalhouse's apartment that evening, partly because I could talk with students without the

pressure and anxiety of grades lurking in the background of our conversation," stated Dr. Ashcraft.

The discussion generated some student interest as well. "I think that the discussion groups do a good job in actualizing what a residential college is in a casual, informal way," said Lisa Kays, a Missouri Hall Student Advisor, who attended the first discussion. "They show that your living and learning environment can connect."

One of the goals of these discussions is to create a comfortable environment that will encourage an effective discussion between students and faculty members. For that reason, the discussions are held in Dr. Dalhouse's Missouri Hall apartment.

"By having it in a faculty member's apartment, I think that's kind of neutral ground for everybody and it increases the comfortability level for both sides," explained Dr. Dalhouse.

Dr. Ashcraft agreed. He thinks "that the kind of discussion we had in Dr. Dalhouse's apartment that night was very important. For one thing, it showed some of the students that a professor wasn't afraid to enter a dorm... It also showed students that a professor could talk to them about subjects we're all interested in without a lectern, AV equipment, desks, classrooms, or even the need for my 'home territory,' a faculty office."

These discussion groups are not only open
See Dalhouse, page 3



Morgan Peckosh demonstrates his BMX skills.
photo by Shelby Floyd



More BMX bike tricks by Mr. Peckosh.
photo by Shelby Floyd

BMX enthralls Truman stuntster

by Marja Lucas

A fellow of 5'5", black/brown hair, garbed in loose clothing, pants unraveled at the bottom—you have probably seen him hopping around Truman's campus, performing various maneuvers on his bike.

"Anything you can imagine with a bike, you can do with a bike," freshman Morgan Peckosh said. "You have a beginning but there's no end."

Peckosh, who is perpetuating a fad of the 80s, Bicycle Motorcross (BMX), says one new trick may open the door for six others, each one compounding on the other.

"I want to push myself to get so far, but it's up to me," he said. "Once you get into it, it's addicting. There's a million things that can happen."

However, because he has a limited amount of time during school, Peckosh says he is only able to practice two to three hours a week.

"I think he's very dedicated," said senior Bill Purcell, a friend of Peckosh. "He'd do it eight hours a day if he had the time. It's something that he really loves, that he can focus on and that gives his life some center."

Currently, Peckosh is working on re-learning the basic skills necessary for advanced riding, and continues to create his own tricks. He says he exhibits skills between those of a highly advanced rider and those of a beginner. But, again, the guide-

lines which constitute advanced skills are always open, according to Peckosh.

"If I could, I would ride all day long," he said. "I'd wake up, eat food, and ride."

Though Peckosh enjoys biking with friends, he maintains that it is a highly individual sport. Purcell agrees and says BMX biking focuses more on developing individual skills and having fun than do other competitive sports.

"This is definitely an individual thing," Peckosh said. "You don't have to wait for anybody else. I love to ride alone."

Peckosh has been riding since he was five or six. At 12, he says he started trying different biking maneuvers. He attributes part of his intense interest in biking to the 1986 movie *Rid*.

"The only redeeming character [of the movie] is that it had a lot of bike tricks and it got a lot of kids interested in biking," he said. "Every kid in my neighborhood rode bikes, tearing things up and running into trash cans. I just kept doing it."

Peckosh, whose father took him to contests, competed from fourteen to seventeen for enjoyment. However, he views BMX biking not merely as an activity, but as a therapy as well.

"This consumed my life from birth, pretty much," he said. "You get on your bike and nothing's wrong. If there is, you can straighten it out."



All the news that's unfit returns.....	2
Meth, gun rights, and conformity....	4
Theatre in and around Kirksville.....	5
Reviews: lots o' squished text.....	6
Teens: not just pizzaholics.....	7
More on the Poetry Slam.....	10
A message to the Academy.....	10
New poetry.....	12

The Monitor

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"You're not going to blame up in here,
wastoid!"
—Emilio Estevez



ALL THE NEWS THAT'S UNFIT

Wal-Mart is disintegrating

In an effort to trim profit margins and other incomprehensible financial phrases, the Wal-Mart video rental department has vanished into this air. Local management said the department, now a medley of clothing racks, went quietly and without too much of a fight sometime in the last two weeks.

"It was really odd," said the local manager. "I was working the graveyard when a blue and white tractor trailer pulled up outside and men with black stocking caps started entering the store. Before we knew what was happening, we had a few racks of clothes where the videos used to be. We haven't seen anything like that since McDonalds arrived."

Sam Walton couldn't be reached for comment because he's dead.

Truman sells out big time

From the "nothing's sacred" department comes this capitalistic garbage. Apparently, the university has set certain "donation compensation" guidelines that threaten to give away campus mainstays to the highest bidder. Even the academic divisions are up for sale and renaming.

While the policy may seem financially sound, the Monitor think-tank has several cautionary phrases for consideration by uni-

versity money misers:

"Marky Mark Residential College"
"The Pee-Wee Herman Department of
Language and Literature"
"The Jerry Falwell Sunken Gardens"
and last but not least,
"The Russell Warren Anything"

CAOC gestapo on the rise

In an effort to find something to do, the CAOC has begun, and I am not making this up, tearing down all fliers in the "no-fly(er) zones" which remain unmarked around campus. Such action is not without its merits, but the second wave of attack in the Battle-for-the-Walls-of-Truman has now begun.

Organizations around campus are getting their fliers back with a vengeance, in particular a neon note stapled to the fire listing the reasons for the offense. According to the note, the poster removal is supposed to "increase awareness of posting policies," but Monitor activists have uncovered reason to doubt the seemingly innocent motto.

Apparently, recent fliers have been leaking information pertaining to, of all things, the Monica Lewinsky allegations. In a now top-secret memo known only to Jack Magruder and, somehow, Larry Iles, special prosecutor Kenneth Starr has subpoenaed all offending Truman posters. In an effort to

make flier collecting easier, the CAOC has now begun confiscating fliers. Yeah, that's the ticket.

You can take our fliers, but you can't take...our freedom!

Students wash clothes in creek

The breakdown of laundry-money machines has had disastrous effects. Two Truman students from Dobson Hall were recently caught washing their clothes in the small stream running through Red Barn Park last Sunday night. While being led away, they claimed to be down to "a pair or two of underwear."

"The laundry money-machines have led us to this despicable state in life," said one of the students. "I just want clean clothes without having to beat them against rocks."

An informal survey of those in the dorms reveals the laundry money machines have worked intermittently, if at all since last September.

Microsoft buys Hotmail

In the latest news from the desk of USA's greediest, the cyber-giant multi-billion dollar monopolistic corporation has digested another promising company. Look for next week's news: "Microsoft buys Internet" if it takes that long. "Warren Russell" is back at Truman

Well, never mind.

Letters

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

MOSOP movement continues

Dear Monitor and Mr. Wheatley,
Thank you for your article in the February 3, 1998 issue about MOSOP (Movement for the Survival of the Ogoni People). I thought it was especially appropriate that it was in the same issue as Matt Siemer's article "Fueled by Empty" which encouraged consumers to consider the repercussions of where they buy gas.

Shell Oil is still committing environmental and human rights atrocities in Nigeria where the people live in fear of their government and have little power to fight back. Just because we live in the small town of Kirksville, it does not mean we cannot put pressure on this international corporation by boycotting Shell Oil.

The MOSOP movement has gained much support in cities like St. Louis already. Let's put Kirksville on the map as one more city where concerned citizens refuse to support corporations like Shell who destroy both land and lives for the sake of the dollar.

On Friday, February 20, there will be a picket at the Kirksville Shell station from 4-6. Interested students are meeting at the Fountain at 3:30. At 7:00 in OP300, Nigerian Refugee and Vice President of MOSOP USA, Noble Obani-Nwibari will be speaking about the crisis in Nigeria.

Thank you,
Stephanie Noll

Unsigned letter #1

Abuse. There are many types of abuses in our society today. Drug and alcohol abuse, and the physical and mental abuse of another human being are just to name a few. One that is often overlooked however is the abuse of the

Skatepark, from page 1

speech, (he failed twice before, once at age seven and again at 15), but he came to the meeting prepared with about fifteen other bikers and skaters. And to Peckosh's surprise, the committee showed interest in building a skatepark on the two demolished tennis courts in the park next to the pool.

Committee member Jane Bartling was so intrigued by the idea of a skatepark that she suggested draining the lake along Osteopathy and placing it there. Although that would allow the park to be much bigger than the proposed pool site, Meredith said that it is just not practical.

Although the meeting was a success, don't expect to see a skatepark in Kirksville anytime soon. Meredith was merely given permission to pursue the matter further.

"I was directed to look into it a little more and get some data: how much will insurance be a problem, but we're gonna try to work it

into a master plan for that [pool] park," Meredith said.
The skatepark would be funded by Kirksville's Parks and Recreation fund, but insurance could cause a major setback.
"Our present insurance policy does not cover skateparks, so a separate policy will be bought for just the skatepark," Meredith said.

Even though a skatepark in Kirksville is still only a vision, Peckosh was pleased with the meeting. "I was amazed at how well it went," he said. "And I can't believe the one lady wanted to drain the pond."

Perhaps Kirksville will never see a skatepark, but at least there is a chance it will. Maybe one day every city will create places for young adults to pursue activities other than typical sports. Then, when the police stop kids for skating, instead of yelling at them to go home, they can direct them to the local skatepark where they will be able to pursue their interests without fear of harassment.

Shell Oil is still committing environmental and human rights atrocities in Nigeria where the people live in fear of their government and have little power to fight back. Just because we live in the small town of Kirksville, it does not mean we cannot put pressure on this international corporation by boycotting Shell Oil.

The MOSOP movement has gained much support in cities like St. Louis already. Let's put Kirksville on the map as one more city where concerned citizens refuse to support corporations like Shell who destroy both land and lives for the sake of the dollar.

Unsigned letter #2

Dear Monitor,
A couple of issues ago there was a article about ska in your paper. The article was about how the bands labeled ska today such as No Doubt and Red Hot Chili Peppers were not "real" ska bands and should not be labeled as "ska." The writer's opinion was that these so-called ska bands were ruining the ska scene. He also seemed to be threatened by the fact that some people think these bands are playing a new type of music because they did not know that ska had been around for years.

I'll admit that I probably hate these new "ska" bands as much as the writer. (I can't remember his name.) But at least I realize that "music changes and evolves. Why would you want every band in the world to sound the same? There is no creativity in that. You think

it is wrong that every ska band does not sound like the Skatalites. What if every music genre was like that? Ska just didn't pop up out of nowhere, it evolved from some form of music too. At least No Doubt has some creativity. They don't just copy what has been done thousands of times already. Also, the writer is mad about how all of these new ska bands are so top 40 or whatever. Well, I believe ska bands such as Madness and The Specials were two of the most popular bands in England in the early 80's. They both had #1 hits.

It seems fitting that this letter would come from a ska fan. I mean, look at the ska scene, it's pathetic. All of these "rade boys" dress exactly the same, wear the same jackets, (which have to be a certain name brand) put on the same patches, (which must be placed in the right place, oh no) have all the same haircut, and must listen to a certain type of ska. They all put down "poseurs" who aren't like this. The writer thinks that people should research old ska and find out what it really is. Well, if you do, you'll find it's a scene filled with conformity and music with no feeling.

Unsigned

Reply from Ms. Hucker:
Dear Monitor Distorter:
From the looks of your letter, you pretty much missed the entire point of my article. I suggest that you go and read it again and perhaps actually understand what I was saying.

As for your problem with the ska "trends" (flight jackets, haircuts, etc.), that has little relevance to the article, and I think you're making a pretty generalized assumption.

Very friend,
Erin Hucker (a woman)

How are we doing? Write us a letter and let us know -- we love hearing from you. Drop off letters (or anything else) in our mailbox in the CAOC office. Please write legibly or type. Letters for the next issue should be received by 27 February. Thanks, fids.

Dalhouse, from page 1

Missouri Hall residents, but to anyone who is interested. Dr. Dalhouse hopes that the discussions will generate enough interest to make these meetings routine. "It's starting out somewhat modest, but we're hoping to start a tradition," he said.

Through these discussion groups Dr. Dalhouse also hopes to create a forum for discussion that will hopefully lead to something more.

"Even if we reach two or three students per discussion, if we leave somebody with something that they'll go back and think about and maybe challenge some assumptions they have, or give them another way of looking at the world, or anything like that, that's what we're endeavoring to do," he said.

Anyone interested in attending the next discussion, scheduled for the end of this month or early March, can contact Dr. Dalhouse at x7404 or visit his office, MO 106.

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-Tom Stoppard, *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead*

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- *Art - Drawing I
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- *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).

Organizational Meeting:
Wed. February 25 4:00-5:30 p.m.
Room 4 of the SUB

If you are unable to attend, contact
Dr. Dennis Leavens at 785-4269.



Wanna Monitor T-Shirt?

Shirts are going to be made by Truman's very own Art Club. They'll have the Monitor logo (you know, that lizard guy in the letter M) on the front and will come in gray or white (your choice!). If you're interested, leave a note with your name, phone number, color preference, and size (L or XL) in our mailbox in the CAOC by this Friday (Feb. 20). They should be under \$10. Questions? Call 665-2291.

Reviews



Belle & Sebastian is beautiful

by Dave Huxton
Belle and Sebastian's *If You're Feeling Sinister* opens with singer/songwriter/leader Stuart Murdoch singing quietly and beautifully over an acoustic guitar. "Make a new cut every day to suit your affairs... kissing girls in English at the back of the stairs. This begins a superb folk-rock masterpiece, a living tour of musical emotions performed by accomplished musicians with melody and grace."

This Glasgow, Scotland band topped best of 1997 lists and was praised by indie-rock stars (Jenny Holm, Frankie Bruno) and music fans (including a former *Monitor* editor) alike as one of those life-changing experiences which come along every 10 or 15 years.

They're often compared to both The Smiths and the Velvet Underground. Like these legendary bands, Belle and Sebastian create songs which possess a frankness concerning sexuality, morality, and other realms of human behavior. Yet they share the even greater quality of a sincere and genuine concern for people which shines through all of their songs. Murdoch's lyrics consistently display a gentle understanding for human beings.

Whether it's the girl who is "into S&M and Bible studies," Judy, the "teenage rebel," who "never felt to good except when she was sleeping," "the stars of track and field," or Murdoch himself ("Get Me Away from Here, I'm Dying," a mixture of ego-boasting and self-deprecation), these characters come across as real, living people with real feelings, concerns,

Kundun: a spiritual journey

by Jill Goodheart
I've heard vague references to the troubles between Tibet and China for as long as I can remember. I have not, however, been able to really get a grasp on what the reality was. This is because it is not a hot topic in the media or because the Chinese government has tried to stifle any reports of the reality in Tibet. Over the last few months I was able to piece some things together, but it wasn't until I saw Martin Scorsese's film *Kundun* that I felt the situation was really brought to light.

Kundun is Scorsese's movie about the fourteenth Dalai Lama which chronicles his life from his discovery until his coming of age as the Tibetan spiritual leader just as China invaded and overtook his country. As a young man who holds nonviolence and peace above all, he must deal with the atrocities of the Chinese government on his people.

The Dalai Lama is discovered at the age of two in the reincarnation of the previous one. He is taken to be trained as a monk and a spiritual leader. As he grows up, he gains insight into human character and Buddhism; he learns about the cruel things in the world, and eventually comes face to face with the man who tries to destroy his homeland, Chairman Mao. He is portrayed extraordinarily by native Tibetan boys in impeccable English.

The script was written by Melissa Mathison, an acquaintance of the Dalai Lama. It was approved from him and includes dream sequences that he actually experienced. Mathison presented it to Scorsese who felt compelled to make the film.

While Scorsese received criticism for making this film (because of his association with gangster films), he created it in a most careful

Dead Man is eerie adventure

by Kevin Bessert
Cannibalism, oral sex, and hallucinations. Jim Jarmusch's *Dead Man* (on video), has it all. This critically acclaimed western (New York Film Critics Circle's 1996 winner for best cinematography) is more than just fun things to do on a Friday night. From beginning to end, this eerie flick takes you on an adventure through an American West never before seen on the big screen. It mixes *Apocalypse Now* imagery with *Reservoir Dogs* intimate feel.

This movie about the forced transformation of a regular Midwestern Joe to a gunslinging outlaw is painted starkly in black and white.

The film begins with William Blake (Johnny Depp) taking a train headed for the western town of Machine. You are shown him sitting in the cabin with an assortment of western characters who fade in and out with the introduction of each new geographical area. Neil Young's (he does the whole musical score) whispering guitar strands set a darkly surreal mood that begins with the whole movie.

Before getting off in Machine, Blake encounters the train's spacey fireman (Crispin Glover, who played Andy Warhol in *The Doors* and George McFly in *Back to the Future*). This greasy con man asks Blake why he is headed to hell (Machine). Blake says he is going there to get a job he was promised at Dickinson Metalworks and shows Glover at Dickinson Metalworks and shows Glover at Dickinson Metalworks, which seemingly dominates the town.

Blake is told his position as accountant has already been filled. He objects and goes to speak to the owner, John Dickinson (Robert Mitchum). Dickinson shows Blake the door via a shotgun pointed at his face.

Hopeless and alone Blake marches down to spend his last coins on a pint at the local saloon. Sitting outside of the establishment, Blake sees a hot young girl (Milla Jovovich) get thrown into the mud by a local riffraff.

Blake helps her out of the quagmire and the two are joined by their similar circumstances. Blake and Ted Russell (the young

Yield shows Pearl Jam's evolution

by Jacob Fleischer
Change has been acknowledged as the only constant in this world of ours, so why is Pearl Jam not allowed to do this?

Of all the groups to come out in the 90s, they have been scrutinized the most. Perhaps this is because their debut album sold 9 million copies. Maybe the reason is because they came out during a time when most of us were discovering what music we really liked.

Who knows, but the question that really bugs the shit out of me is when someone asks if their new album, *Yield*, sounds like *Ten*. The answer is no. It sounds much better. They took everything from previous albums – the great songwriting from *Ten*, its extension in *Y2K*, the rawness of *Phology*, the quirkiness of *No Code* and molded all of it into this superb album.

Even with all the amalgamation of previous styles this album out onto new territory. The maturity of the band comes through on this album in how different and well recorded each individual track is.

Right out of the gates, it's full speed ahead. "Rise" is a rocker that really rocks, and all at all it is a rocker that really rocks. The first single, "Given To Fly," and the next two tracks, "Wishlist" and "Plate," should sound familiar as far as Pearl Jam songs go. All three are power ballads that have wonderful musical hooks and lyrics to puzzle about.

(woman) then lock eyes and bodies in a suggestive love scene that sets in motion a series of events that changes Blake's life from that point forward.

While the two lie in bed, The Ex-lover burges into the room. In the ensuing chaos, The Ex-lover takes a bullet for Blake. Blake grabs a gun and after missing twice kills Charlie with a shot through the neck. Blake exits through a window and steals Charlie's horse.

The adventure begins. Cannibalism and coyote follow as Blake is led on a mysterious journey through the wilderness by an Indian named Nobody (Gary Farmer), who mistakes Blake for the poet of the same name. They encounter many strange and diabolical characters such as Iggy Pop's Salvatore Jenko.

This slow moving picture is pushed along by the search for Blake. It seems Blake is blamed for killing Charlie and The Ex-lover's dad, John, hires a three-man murdering crew to hunt down Blake. Along with this crew, the law, merchants, and any number of other people begin the hunt for Blake.

The two hour film is centered around this journey. In the following scenes, the west is put to a more realistic and perceptive light. This is not your average Hollywood western. It is slow but the pace allows Jarmusch to show, through a writer's transformation, how white people, through the industry and savagery they bring, destroyed a land and the people (Indians) married to it.

The heavy imagery shows the darkness that is at the heart of the way Jarmusch sees the Old West. The viewer is shown contrasting images of burnt out Indian villages along with the beautiful landscape that characterizes the region.

He fills in the spaces with many symbolic scenes and strange dialogue. The dialogue is *Pulp Fiction*que but at times reaches a poetic status ("That weapon will replace your tongue. Your poetry will be written in blood.")

Nobody about (Blake's gun). The upside (or downside depending on your view) is that this is a slow movie that awards the patient viewer with a means that justifies it ends. But if you prefer simplified plots and ridiculous special effects over blunt symbolism and well-paced action you might find this movie unbearable.

This is not the Duke conquering the west. This picture captures how the West was lost.

Clearly, both Stone Gossard and Mike McCready have improved their playing to the point where they can give us melodies that seem to float between the vocal stylings of Vedder.

The next track, "Do The Evolution," takes Pearl Jam concerning through the land of heavy metal like an out-of-control freight train. Drummer Jack Irons pounds away at the beat and drives this track into one of the highlights of the album. And, yes, the lyrics are basically Vedder saying "Get with it people. We grew up. We learned how to play our instruments. Try listening to us with an open mind."

The changes in Pearl Jam show that the band is really opening up to new ideas. This time around, band members contributed fully formed songs.

"Plate" and "Low Light" are both by Jeff Ament while Gossard wrote "No Way" and "All Those Yesterday's." These four songs show maturation in the band that is wonderful to see and bring hope to future albums that they may contain more of this great material.

The other tracks that I didn't write about "Faithful," "MPC," "In Hiding," and "Push Me, Pull Me" are just more of the same wonderful stuff done by Pearl Jam.

The change between *Ten* and *Yield* is remarkable and should be highly applauded. There are few bands capable of putting out albums of this quality, so pick this one up. By the way, all of you out there waiting for the next *Ten*, grow up and expand your musical horizons.

Teens: not just after-school special kids

by Jacques Paul
Early last Sunday morning, while trying to find something on TV other than golf, I stumbled upon a dramatic masterpiece on the Lifetime Channel: *Fifteen and Pregnant*.

I was disgusted yet riveted by the bulging towhead on the screen as she made moving remarks like, "In church group they said we're not supposed to use birth control." "I thought we'd be together forever," and my absolute favorite, "Will I still be able to play on the soccer team?"

Unfortunately, the mixture of revolution and awe I felt was not altogether unfamiliar. I am a ripe nineteen today, teetering on the brink of adulthood, and I have decided I have a bone that desperately needs to be picked before I turn twenty.

You see, for the last six years, I have belonged to a strange group of people who are constantly scoffed at, feared, and horribly misconceived. I have been a teen.

According to the world, if you are anywhere between the ages of twelve and twenty, you are required by law to shooft, get pregnant, drive drunk, and/or become helplessly ad-

dicted to White-Out. And, after your life has been destroyed by such evil deeds, you are further required to exclaim before the entire planet, "I never thought it could happen to me!"

Witness the masses of youngsters who deck the stages of talk shows, flaunting their scantily clad, poorly-toned bodies above a caption that reads "My Teen is Out of Control!"

The kids that we meet on these shows may be faced with a myriad of possible crises. Some are sure they want to get pregnant even though they are twelve and a half. Others admit that they beat the crap out of their parents on a regular basis.

Still others face the nation to brag about how many other teens they have mortally wounded with box cutters. Finally, programming that addresses my concerns as an adolescent.

Such programs are usually punctuated by advertisements for acne-treatment products, which unfailingly feature a pair of teenage best friends who describe their discovery of a new zit combinator with such powerful phrases as "tingly thing" and "cleansing stuff." You see, the teen mind can only handle words that con-



D'oh! Have the Simpsons lost their edge?

by Matt Steiner
Although television has only been around for fifty years, a group of shows known as "the classics" already exists. *Love Lucy*, *The Three Stooges*, *My Mother the Car*—all these are examples of classic American television shows.

And while many of these shows aired decades ago, present-day viewers don't need to look hard to find them playing somewhere.

If these shows are the television classics of today, what shows will be the television classics of tomorrow? Fifty years from now, will people watch *Seinfeld* and *Friends* to learn what life in the 1990s was like? Perhaps *USA* will run episodes of *ER* every weekday afternoon at 3. Who knows? Maybe Jerry Springer, thriving on daily cocktails of life-extending wonder drugs, will still be around to explore the delicate issues of inter-species marriage between humans and Martians.

But if I was forced to choose one show for future generations to remember us by, I would choose *The Simpsons*. During its nine years on the air, *The Simpsons* has dealt with nearly every aspect of modern life. It has shone its honest and often satirical light on everything from monorails and Kwik-E-Marts to grad school, American work ethic, and even television itself. Thus, this show would definitely provide future generations with a detailed, historical picture of life in the 1990s.

However, historical documents and *The Simpsons* differ in one very important way: historical documents are, well, historical, and *The Simpsons* is damn funny. The show creates its comedy with a balance of message and entertainment. Each episode focuses on a central story on many subjects, including nuclear power, television news, and religion.

But *The Simpsons* always manages to keep the social commentary from becoming too serious or dark with great humor. And while the non sequiturs and right gags add a lot, most of the laughs come from the mixing and clashing of all the characters' personalities. During its nine year life, *The Simpsons* has created many unforgettable characters: Homer, Bart, Mr. Burns, Nelson, Chief Wiggum, Barney, the list goes on and on. Every Sunday these elements combine and create a show at which viewers



Stoneroots...everything. After awhile, breathing becomes difficult, and all your blood has rushed down around your belly. Then comes the moment of pure beauty: simultaneously you all look up, smile, and say, "Mmm...d'oh!"

Yes, *The Simpsons* has become an important part of our American culture. Not only have their stories become our stories, but their words have become our words. Just listen. You'll be surprised by the number of people who say, "Woo-hoo!" "Mmm..." "Ha-ha" and "D'oh," on a regular basis.

"D'oh," in fact, is probably well on its way to becoming an untranslatable part of the English language. Why, I even know a family, whose one-year old daughter runs around the house saying, "Mommy, daddy, d'oh!" Indeed, it will be a great day for *Simpsons* fans everywhere when "D'oh" is finally printed in the

tain less than three syllables.

The term "teen" itself has become a complete degradation. Besides being the name of possibly one of the worst magazines ever published, it has – for local television newscasters nationwide – become a synonym for every ill that this country is currently facing.

Flip to the local news any evening of the week and you are likely to stumble across an overdone, middle-aged woman speaking in you quite seriously about the destructive antics of the local teens.

(Drinking game tip for teens who strive to be better: sit in front of the TV with the liquor that you suck from your parents' liquor cabinet or stole from the local convenience store and take a big, fat swig every time the magic teen word is used. You'll be surprised at how intoxicated you can become this way.)

A few of us may vandalize public property, drive too fast, or drink enough syrup to get high, but I've never been one of them.

That is why, for the last few months of my teen career, I will eat pizza in the cafeteria each day, I will buy – and use – the GNC teen skin care system. I will steal monies from the lavens of my elders, and I will revel in every parking lot I exit. And I will peel in my special case as a character from an after-school experience. I never thought it could happen to me.

newest Webster's dictionary.

Sadly, I would have to say that the show has been slipping lately. Last season's shows just weren't as funny as before, and this season seems to be getting even worse. The season opener about the *Simpsons* in New York was a bad sign, and most of the shows have continued the downward trend. In fact, I'd have to say this season can be remembered for the worst *Simpsons* ever: the all-singing show. That was just terrible.

The main problem is that the writers are sacrificing humor for social commentary. Every episode has some strong political message to deliver. The plots speak for themselves: Homer joins the NRA, the *Simpsons* join a cult, Lisa and the rest of Springfield argue about the religious significance of an angel-shaped fossil. While I've always appreciated that the writers try to send audiences a message, they've always maintained that delicate balance between message and humor.

But they have lost that balance this season. Even Homer, who consistently got most of the show's laughs, has slipped. In years past Homer may have been a bit on the dumb side, but he was still light-hearted and lovable. This season, though, his personality has been changed. He, like all of the characters, sounds like a mean-spirited, angry person. For example, in the recent episode involving a religious cult, Homer's favorite line is not "D'oh" or "Woo-hoo!" but "Out of my way, kerkass!" It's not so much that the line is insulting; rather, it sounds so out of character for Homer that it isn't funny at all.

Apparently, however, *The Simpsons* will be coming back for next season. Personally, I'd like to see the show leave television while it's still in its prime, but word on the Internet has it that next season, the show's tenth, will be its last. There is also talk of a *Simpsons* movie being released shortly after the tenth season ends.

Regardless of its decline, *The Simpsons* has given its audience a means of memories and laughs. Let's hope that future generations too will be able to watch *The Simpsons* so they can know what a true comedy classic is.

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Queen Astra:

Let the stars be your guide!

Aries (March 21-April 20): Castrate someone else's fears this week. If you look inside yourself, you will find the key. Chant the National Anthem and smile at those you don't know. Remember: Rebirth IS for everyone.

Taurus (April 21-May 21): Honesty is your worst enemy. Deception turns to your advantage this week. Pretend you like your own company and other's may follow your muse.

Gemini (22-May-21 June): Give yourself a break. No one could have guessed that little squirrel couldn't outrun run your big car.

Cancer (22 June-23 July): Watch time. It's much later than you think. Remembrance is your only hope. Sell your computer and buy half a llama.

Leo (July 24-August 23): You'll find car maintenance high on your list of priorities this week. Who says cars can't love back? (If you don't own a car, use a Frisbee

and pretend.) Remember: once every three months or three thousand miles - if only you were that lucky.

Virgo (August 24-September 23): Cool whip and latex can wait. Respect your limits this week. Explore the simpler pleasures. Remember: Real love isn't powered by Energizer.

Libra (September 24-October 23): Surround the impossible this week. Push your limits. Wear spandex to class. You'll thank me later. Unseen possibilities at hand. Investigate.

Scorpio (October 24-November 22): Your friends are envious of all your successes. Find an irritating vice to even out the score. For starters you can try picking your teeth with writing utensils or belching randomly in public.

Sagittarius (November 23-December 21): You feel lucky this week. The path to riches is as easy as one, two, three. Stop wasting your time here and head to Vegas. Tu-



Home cookin' with Heather

by Heather Tylack

This week's column pays respect to the dish that has become a staple in the diet of almost every American college student. Due to its low cost and extensive shelf life, the "Ramen Noodle" has become a dorm/apartment-hold name. And who better to bring this ten cent masterpiece than the king of pop tarts, Mr. Ryan Elliot Gregg, the boy with three first names.

Capricorn (December 22-January 20): Wide load or no, the appetite has gotta go! Slow down, chow down; life's not that short. Don the thong by Spring.

Aquarius (January 21-February 19): Conformity is high risk this week. You could all too easily be swallowed by the proletariat masses. Pinch yourself with bobby pins and refuse to bow to the Man.

Pisces (February 20-March 20): What do children and dogs have in common? Adults put them on leashes. Free yourself from the fetters of bondage this week. Refuse to use rubber bands, staples or buttons. Contemplate a religious life then visit the bars to reassure yourself of your convictions.

Ryan's Ramen Noodles
cooking time: 3 minutes
1 package of ramen noodle soup (any flavor)
2 cups of water
a stopwatch or timer

First remove the clump of noodles from the package, setting the included dry sauce packet in a safe place. Now, in a 1 to 2 quart sauce pan, bring to a boil the 2 cups of water. After the water has reached a rolling boil, add the clump of noodles to the water.

Cook uncovered for 3 minutes, precise timing is essential, while stirring occasionally, so as the noodles are relieved of their clump form. At the end of the 3 minutes, remove from heat, and removing the dry sauce packet from its safe place and opening it carefully as so not to loose its precious ingredients, add it to the noodle-water mixture, stirring till dissolved.

Now, there are a couple of different variation one can put on this recipe. Adding fresh veggies to the pot, or even an egg (please make sure it cooks entirely), will make this old standard a fantastic culinary experience. My grandma has a recipe for a salad using our beloved ramen. I don't have it for you now, but I'll see if I can't squeeze it in for ya later this semester.

For the beverage choice, just use your own discretion. And remember those yummy but-tery club crackers are a great side dish or topping for your meal.

Thanks for humoring me.

ECO Tip of the Week

courtesy of the Environmental Campus Organization

Many people keep their water heaters at 140 degrees - hotter than necessary. That wastes energy by overheating water, adds to heat loss in the tank and shortens its life.

130 is hot enough to kill bacteria and save energy. If you use your dishwasher on a daily basis set the water heater at 140 degrees.

Insulating the heater with prefabricated blankets can save 7-8% of the energy one has been using. Draining 2 quarts of water from the valve faucet at the bottom of the tank every 2 months prevents the accumulation of sediment and improves the efficiency and the life of the water heater.

Bikes, from page 5

Connecting these two loops would not only result in miles of legal good quality hiking, but would also provide a link to Forest Lake (Thousand Hills) via a trail head just a few miles away from campus, and that would be a great thing for hikers too. If you want to help out, please call either Marty or me and let us know. The state park is giving us a big helping hand by providing chain saws, weed-eaters, mowers, hand saws, and pruners, but we need people to make them work. Any amount of help would be greatly appreciated.

On a final note, I want to mention a few things that I believe will allow mountain biking to keep growing in Kirksville. First of all, don't ride in the mud. I know it's hard not to. The ground seems to be wet more often than not most of the year. But let's face it, riding in the mud screws up the trails, and makes bikers look like jerks. When bikers screw up trails, bikers lose privileges. Even when most of the ground is dry there can be low spots that are

still wet. If you sink in, get off and carry your bike over the soft spots.

Remember you're sharing the trail with hikers. Give them right of way unless they give it to you. Third, as I mentioned before, use only the legal trails and don't make any new unapproved trails. Marty has put in a ton of time and effort into getting these trails approved. There is more red tape involved in this process than you would probably guess. The three-mile loop and the project trail were both approved and mapped out by the Department of Natural Resources (DNR). Both DNR and the Missouri Conservation Department have given us permission to build and use these trails, but they can take that permission away at any time unless we show some respect.

Please help make this trail system a reality and do your part to ensure the future of mountain biking in Kirksville. Call one of us to volunteer. Thank you. Todd Niemcier: 665-8086; Marty Haynes (Haynes Auto Body): (816)-488-5104.

So let me get this straight, you want me to kill my own brother?

My brother has betrayed me, again.



Prof of the Week

by Jacob Fletcher

This week The Monitor brings you Dr. Susan Shoaff, Professor of Art. In addition to teaching the various fibers classes, she teaches a Design I course and an Art in the Elementary course. Perhaps what she is best known for is her use of the word schmitzka in just about any sentence. For those readers unfamiliar with this word it is a noun used in the place of a word that might otherwise get you into trouble.

First, what's your favorite class to teach at Truman and why?

I think my favorite classes to teach are the foundation classes. I like 'em because you get to have freshmen in there first year people. I don't like the word freshman. And... uh, I like foundation classes cause I enjoyed them when I was a student, and I like to teach 'em. I had a good time in those classes.

Really the truth is I like to teach everything. I love to teach fibers. I love to teach foundations. I don't know. It's like teaching stuff you love and you get paid big money to do it. Little money. Little money.

How did you ever get interested in fibers?

Oh... Fibers? Oh gosh. I'm trying to think how I got interested in fibers. I had no interest in it at all. And when I went to Florida State I had a class. I was in painting classes most of the time, and I had a class with this really crazy woman called Dr. Mary Moody. And Dr. Moody said I could... I wanted to paint but I wanted to paint on something soft and she said, "Why don't you paint on an old piece of cloth?" And it never occurred to me. I got the painting done. And started sticking pins in the cloth and I got stuff off the ground and stuck on the cloth, and then pretty soon I like rolled it up, and I had just learned about Christo then. He's the one that rolls up buildings and bridges and everything and I had heard about him and I thought, "I'll just wrap this painting up."

And so that's how it started, and then I started getting really interested in fibers be-

cause I went over to the fiber class then. And that's what started me. And love stuff that's soft in your hands and that you can mold and change. Plus, I really like fibers.

So why do they consider Fibers a three-dimensional art?

Because it comes off the wall in a lot of different ways. It isn't perfectly flat like 2D it almost always has a texture or something like that. It's also something more you manipulate with your hands not just press on a piece of paper. Schmitzka around on a piece of paper.

Where does the word schmitzka come from?

I have no idea. I was trying to replace words that I might otherwise say in front of people. And I thought, "This sounds good," and that's where schmitzka came from. The schmitzka people. It does sound like a word that can go anywhere doesn't it?

Yeah.

She had her loud schmitzkas on. We've [her design class last semester] all picked the words that I might otherwise say in front of people. And I thought, "This sounds good," and that's where schmitzka came from. The schmitzka people. It does sound like a word that can go anywhere doesn't it?

What's your favorite type of cheese?

Cottage cheese.

[Giggling] How can you eat old milk?

I love it. I love it. Maybe I can come up with a better cheese - a more avant-garde cheese. I wish I could come up with something really cool. I saw your face fall. I really like cottage cheese. Cheese-Wiz?

Cheese-Wiz is cheese. Processed, but it's still cheese. How did you ever get put in charge of the art department?

Oh I don't know. I don't think anyone's in charge. I'm just taking notes. Let's say nobody else would do it. I don't know. Some things you do because you like your school.

ICP sprays moshers with Faygo

by Andrew Mallen

Many years down the road, I suspect I'll have a few kids come up to me and say "Dad, we just downloaded a bootleg of an old time concert that sounded pretty cool."

And I'll go, "Well son, who is it this time?" "The Original Insane Clown Posse, not even a rip-off artist, dad. This is the good stuff. This is live at the Blue Note in Columbia." To which I'll respond, "Boys, I think it's time we sit down and have ourselves a little chat."

"I think you boys may be a little young to hear about this, but since the topic has come up, we'll just get it out of the way. You see, back when I was a junior in college, 2 friends and I decided to take an hour and half road trip to Columbia on a school night."

"Being hardened students, this was something we took quite seriously. I took loads of books with me to read on the trip down, and a flashlight to read in the dark on the way back. At any rate, kids, your dad was at that show. And let me tell you, it was one hell of a ride."

"Violent J and Shaggy 2 Dope were the final act of a trifecta of dippin' trippin' mind rippin' onslaught of freestyle raps and hip hop, in your face, down your throat, bass energy that got even the most passed out fool on the balcony bobbly' his head. And speaking of bobbly' the heads kids, I got bopped in the head. In fact, the mosh pit was so much out of control, I was in harmony. I can't recall the

but here's an attempt."

"After the two opening acts spun their beats and rap flying tactics, the crowd was in a deep zone of angst for the upcoming Chicken Hunting Fest. Much of the drug-induced crowd was still in awe at the great trouble the Blue Note had gone through to put plastic all around the stage, and up the wall around the pit. Hey, it's ICP. I expected nothing less."

"When the curtain fell, and the crowd laid eyes on a very conspicuous fridge, a lot of questions were answered. The tweakers got a lot of pleasure next when the stage was pulsating with a variety of strobe. Bass and strobe, and a stage with the Great Milleko in the background: life doesn't get much better than that."

"Well, not until 400 of your new closest friends are simultaneously jumping to Violent J's and Shaggy 2's singing of "Dead Body Men" while being covered with Faygo Soda. With synchronization like in an Olympic artsy sport, the clowns methodically dispensed a full fridge of Faygo with the music."

"Words are coming fast and far between to describe such a scene. From the classic "Chicken Hunting" beat to the more commonly known "Great Milleko", a supercharged group of nutty clowns took a crowd to new heights. That isn't sarcasm either. One lucky girl was plucked out of the crowd by Shaggy to shoulder press right there on stage."

See ICP, page 10



The Spanish word for "bat" is "murciélago," the only Spanish word which contains all five vowels. The ancient Mayan culture held a bat deity. According to a Bohemian tradition, carrying the right eye of a bat in a waistcoat pocket supposedly makes the person inviolable.

The bat is the only flying mammal. A Native American superstition says that if a bat flies into your house, it forebodes a death. Gypsy children carried black bags with dry bat fragments for good luck.

Bats use so much energy flying that they can die from overexercising.

Facts About Bats

or

Die Tatsache über

die Fledermaus

(inspired by the apocrypha)

by Krissy Vagel

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17 February 1998

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If you would like to contribute to the Monitor Garage Sale, drop off your info in our mailbox in the COAC office, downstairs SUB.

Culture & coffee: the poetry slam revived

by Sarah Steele

Kirkville now has one more outlet for that driving, creative cultural being inside you. Washington Street Java Co. is now hosting a monthly poetry slam as part of their Wednesday Nights at Java series. The first poetry slam occurred on Wed. February 1st and was a great success. Sixteen people participated and over sixty people were in the audience. They hope that even more people will participate next time.

This month there was a three way tie for first place between Meghan Youngman, Lisa Smith, and Nate Fleishman. The prize money, donated by audience members, was split evenly between the three winners with the little left over going into the workers tip jar.

Smith said that she enjoyed participating and that she "thought it was a big adrenaline rush," and will definitely come back if she has written anything that she wants to read. She plans to spend her eight dollars of prize money on "shampoo and other necessities."

Junior Jamie Herd is the emcee for the poetry slam. She solicits audience donations, introduces the contestants, and gets the crowd

excited. Jamie got the job of emcee because she hangs out there so much. They decided that if she was going to be there anyway, she might as well make herself useful.

She really enjoyed her first time as emcee and organizer. Says Herd, "I didn't think that it would go so well the first time, and I was impressed by the student enthusiasm."

To read all you have to do is show up a few minutes before 9:00 with an original poem or two and put your name on the list. "My poetry isn't deep enough or good enough to participate," participants. Don't be shy; everyone else is bearing their souls, too.

Many different types of poems were read: funny, angry, mushy. Even if you don't want to read, you will surely find something to relate to in the poetry if you just listen and watch.

The judging panel consists of a professor and one or two audience members. This month's professor judge was Ed Tyler.

Audience Judge Mike Moore said he "lacks the courage to go up there," so this gave him an opportunity to participate without reading. He doesn't like casting judgment on people because everyone had such good things to say.

Oscars: the ones that got away

Some of us on *The Monitor* staff were dismayed by the lack of diversity in the recently-announced Academy Award nominations. In addition, it seemed that the nominations were overwhelmingly from the latter part of the year (only three films nominated for major awards hit theaters before September). In our opinions, there were several outstanding movies that received little to no recognition in what is supposed to be the best of 1997. Here are some of the films we thought were robbed.

The Ice Storm. This film, based on a novel by Rick Moody and beautifully directed by Ang Lee, was completely shut out of the nominations. It takes an insightful look into 1970s family life and the spectrum of human emotions.

In The Company of Men. A brutal story about gender relations and perceptions of masculinity in the corporate world, this low-budget film was tough to watch yet intelligent, emotional, well acted, and ultimately insightful. It deserves to be considered one of the best films of 1997.

Donnie Brasco. A well-written and superbly acted real-life detective/gangster story directed by Mike Newell, this film received only a screenplay nomination (which it has little

chance of winning). The Academy completely ignored outstanding performances by Johnny Depp, Al Pacino, and others.

Kundun. This powerful and beautifully crafted film got only a few art-related nominations (which it deserved), but was overlooked in more important categories, continuing the Academy's long-time neglect of politically important film. See page 6 for more details.

The Daytrippers. While this small, character-driven movie was definitely not expected to earn any nominations, we think it is Oscar worthy. This glimpse into one day in the life of a suburban New York family in the Big Apple is both funny and serious.

Face/Off. This was an action film, yes, but one with a purpose. Director John Woo continues his habit of overturning American stereotypes about the hero, putting heart into a generally cold genre, and orchestrating action scenes as if they were artistic ballets.

Starship Troopers. Last, but certainly not least was this gem, overlooked by virtually every critic. While arguing for its cinematic merit is fairly futile, this film kicked ass. What other movie this year had such senseless violence, needless nudity and Doogie Howser?

My Back Pages has a special request for faculty poetry and short prose. Please drop submissions off in our mailbox in the CAOC office.

He also thought that it was great to hear fellow students work and that they should have poetry slams more often.

In response to a few problems in the first poetry slam, Java is making a few changes so that it will run more smoothly. The next one will be organized into two rounds with a break in-between. This is so that the judges can hear the finalists read again and so that audience members can take a break to smoke and buy drinks. Java also plans on investing in a microphone since there was such a great response.

The poetry slam is a great way to spend a Wednesday night. Take a study break and hear some good poetry while you get caffeinated. It will take place every first Wednesday of the month at 9:00 until approximately 11:00. If you would like more information or would like to organize your own Wednesday Night at Java, call Washington Street Java Co. at 627-4777.

"And you who say that in death we will pay, the dead, they can't hear a word that you say. Your words are not kind, sober, or giving. They only put fear in the hearts of the living. So put away your tongues and roll up your sleeves pick up that shovel and bury me deep."

- Poi Dog Pondering

Wal-Mart satire for all ages

by Lucas Clermont

In an unprecedented move in the battle of labor vs. Management, the Association of American Retail Greeters local 54 Wal-Mart walked out of negotiations, citing a lack of respect on the part of customers, college students, and "them no good young folk with their loud music and strange appearances" as a factor.

Union steward Ophelia Ruff stated that the low, subsistence-level wages are a chief concern. She added that, before the talks broke down, many greeters were satisfied. She said "it used to be like this: as long as they pretended to pay us, we pretended to work."

"Some of the work requirements are just too much," Ruff said. "For example, we're now expected to raise one arm at least 35 degrees and wave for 2/3 of a second."

ICP, from page 9

"Then, in a move off of the NWO, he span with her above his head and tossed her back to the pit, for sacrifice. Towards the end, the crowd surfing took a risky turn when both boys in makeup jumped off stage, pumping the crowd up to an even higher point."

"As we exited the building, exhausted, bruised (some of us bloody), and sickly with Paygo, an overwhelming sense of enlighten-

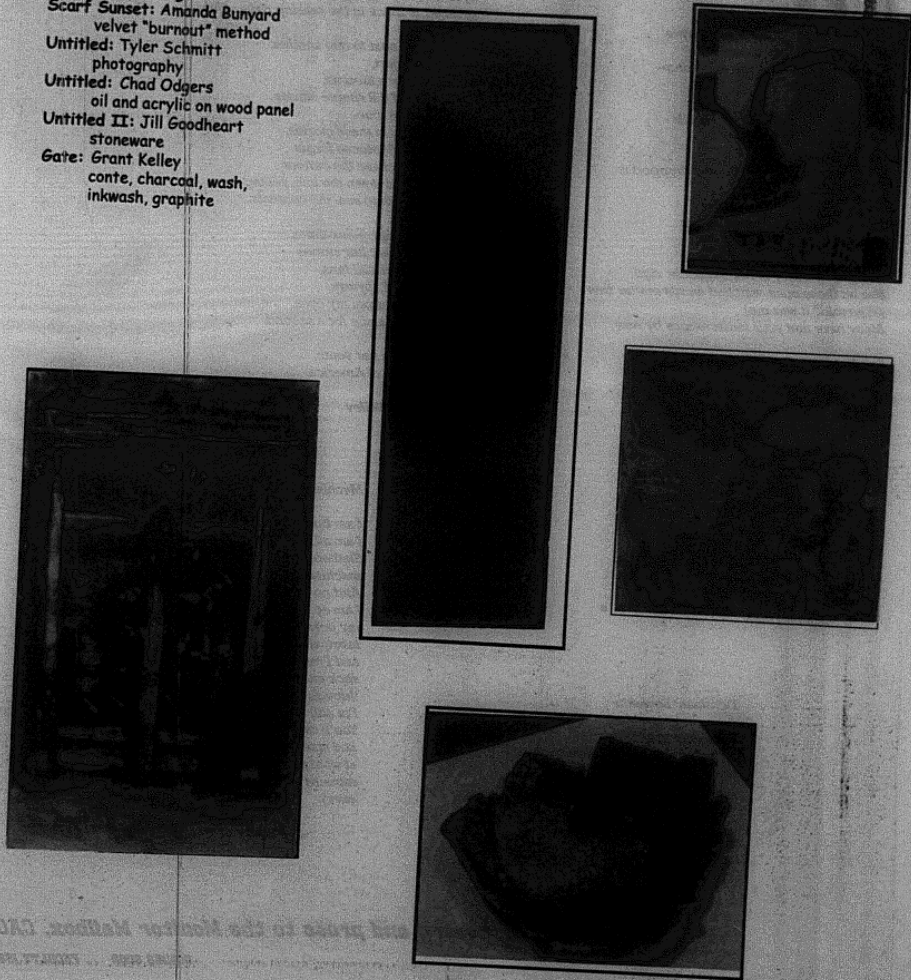
ment followed. Boys, I could tell you now of the underlying Christian themes that were smug in to the show and to ICP's songs, but that is for another time. Meanwhile, you guys have got yourself quite a find there. Now that ICP is in the Rock n' Roll Hall of Fame, that might even be a collectible. In fact, go best up your sister for a while and let your pops listen to that there." "HOKUS POKUS JOKER'S WILD, Come take a ride on carnal ride."

17 February 1998

Art

This week we bring you the work of our fellow students from the Juried Student Art Exhibition, From February 2 until the 24 the Ophelia Parish Art Gallery is holding a show displaying some of the best artwork produced by our fellow students. Various works were judged by Professor Marianne Suggs of Appalachian State University. The work presented runs the gamut of the artworld from painting to fibers to ceramics to performance art. All of this is worth a good, hard look, so whenever typing paper after paper becomes too boring, take a break and head on down to the OP Art Gallery and check the student show.

Clockwise from right:
Scarf Sunset: Amanda Bunyard
velvet "burnout" method
Untitled: Tyler Schmitt
photography
Untitled: Chad Odgers
oil and acrylic on wood panel
Untitled II: Jill Goodheart
stoneware
Gate: Grant Kelley
conte, charcoal, wash,
inkwash, graphite



My Back Pages . . .

Losing Things

I've buried your
Lengthy letters in a box
Under torn text books

I seem to have left your good-byes
At some fabulously chatty party
The conversation was so engaging--
Inclusive laughter
Wound around--
I forgot to clutch at your farewells

I found I didn't need
To cling to your first hello, so I dropped it
Into a goblet
And left that on a silver tray
Engraved with vines and frowns

The keeper of your confidences
Has grown weary of her thankless vigil
She let those once-watched words scatter free
(Who told? It was me)
Many have met your indiscretions by now

I've lost your short laugh
Somewhere between my house and His
I expect you won't mind
(You never used it much anyhow)

I disremember your voice
Sorry, but I needed
That scrap of memory
To remember to buy toothpaste

I've lost you
I've lost you mostly
(Though I'm still trying to
Misplace your face)

-Janeen Traen

Dominant Sevenths

i live with grapes
as spiral notebooks live without
the decision to resist total
and complete annihilation . . .
we usually get along.

-KBS

Out on the Lines

She was heavy-set
with scarred skin, translucent
eyes and a ready smile,
dressed in black in the searing days of July.

We stood next to one another,
a few feet apart,
separated by a lifetime.

She would tell simple stories
to pass the time.

Caught up in these stories,
she would oftentimes forget
and have to chase the cartoons
as they rolled down the line, yelling
at the men not to seal the contents.

Truth be told, many times
I could not hear her stories
over the industrial fans,
but I laughed anyway,
wiping sweat from my eyes,
catching her smile for a second.

She said, in her youth,
she dreamed of America.

-Kyle Kelley

Machismo

I am business.
I am all about business.
Slathered and greased like one well-oiled
machine.
And no ordinary machine. Oh no.
I am so smooth
my perspiration is a
lubrication
and I jus' slip my way,
slick and whip my way
through the handshakes, lipclacks and walks.
I'm allll about business, man, don't even try to touch me.
You'll catch half a pulse
and stand gaping
at what slick
remains of my
savvy.

-Ellyn Herr

Please send your poetry and prose to the Monitor Mailbox, CAOC.

COMING SOON . . . FACULTY ISSUE



The Monitor

A Campus Collective

3 March 1998
Volume 4, Number 12

Coalition challenges bookstore

by Matt Siemer

Since November 1997, a new campus organization called the Coalition for Community Activism has been looking into rumors of offensive remarks made at Patty's University Bookstore. Over the past three months, the two parties have been in contact several times.

In a letter sent to Patty's and printed in the 18 November 1997 edition of *The Monitor*, the Coalition for Community Activism wrote, "It has been brought to our attention by multiple sources that Patty's University Bookstore has exhibited racist, sexist, and homophobic attitudes and behavior in treatment of customers, employees, and business dealings." In order to talk about these matters, the letter invited Patty's to "join us in a forum open to the public in which individuals could express their concerns and Patty's University Bookstore could respond directly . . . In this way, we hope to encourage open discussion of these incidents and move toward a satisfactory resolution or understanding."

Since this letter's printing, Patty's and the Coalition have communicated several other times. Cheryl Hindrichs, the Coalition Coordinator, reports speaking with Patty Bolz, the bookstore's owner, twice over the phone. Regarding the first phone conversation, Hindrichs said that Bolz told her she had not taken the Coalition's letter seriously because it was unsigned.

As a result, the Coalition said it mailed another similar letter to Patty's and included the signatures of most members. Hindrichs said that six testimonials were also enclosed in this mailing. The Coalition had received these testimonials from people who claimed they witnessed offensive speech at Patty's.

After this material was mailed, Hindrichs again spoke with Bolz over the phone. It was in this conversation, Hindrichs said, that she

was given the impression that Patty's would not be communicating with the Coalition again. According to Hindrichs, Bolz expressed regret that she would be unable to work with the Coalition due to her busy schedule, but she also felt that the Coalition was concerned with matters in the past which should be dropped.

The Monitor contacted Patty's University Bookstore to learn of the store's feelings about talking with the Coalition. Although Patty's declined an interview with *The Monitor*, they did agree to issue a written response to several questions.

When asked if they would address the allegations of discriminatory remarks at any time with the Coalition or in any other format, Patty's wrote, "During my last conversation with Cheryl Hindrichs, Coordinator for the Coalition for Community Activism, these allegations were addressed, and I was led to believe that the situation was resolved."

Following their second phone conversation, Hindrichs said that the Coalition sent Patty's another letter informing them of "Discussing the 'ism's' in Kirksville," an open forum that was to be held on February 24th and sponsored by the Coalition. This letter invited Patty's to participate in the forum or to contact the Coalition if they became interested in meeting at any other time. It also informed Patty's that the Coalition would be presenting its information to the faculty at Truman. This letter has been the last communication between Patty's and the Coalition to date.

When asked about their current situation with the Coalition, Patty's wrote, "Patty's University Bookstore requested the objectives of the Coalition in an attempt to resolve the allegations presented by the group. Instead of offering a way to resolve the situation, the group

See Bookstore, page 9

Kirksville prejudices examined

by Matt Siemer

What is discrimination?

Think about your answer for a few moments. But while you're waiting, consider how Missouri Statute 213.010 defines discrimination: "Any unfair treatment based on race, color, religion, national origin, ancestry, sex, age as it relates to employment, handicap, or familiar status as it relates to housing."

While this definition may suffice for the law, it leaves much to be desired for human beings. Many people have their own definitions of discrimination.

Leo Kirsch, the Prism meeting chairperson, defines discrimination as "an act, either covert or overt, that makes a person feel unwelcome or uncomfortable about who they are."

Prism member Brad Harmon shares a similar view. He feels that everyday discrimination "occurs on a very complex level. It's not necessarily so much about what is done overtly, but it's more of an issue of what's not done."

But what exactly is this "covert discrimination" and why is it so hard to spot? Dwayne Smith, associate dean of Multi-Cultural Affairs, offers an explanation: "People may have racist beliefs, but they will still treat people in a non-racist way. Back in the '60s, even the '50s, people were not ashamed to say how they really felt about people . . . Nowadays, I think people are a little bit more sophisticated in hiding their views."

So, even if blatant discrimination has diminished, this does not mean that most people believe everyone was created equal.

Kirksville, like all towns, has problems too. City Manager Scot Wrighton shared his beliefs on our town, saying, "I think that Kirksville is a little more open-minded than many other towns . . . Does that mean that there aren't situations where there is subtle discrimination, the kind of discrimination that may not violate the law but simply is inappropriate behavior between human beings? Of course it goes on."

All this discrimination exists in many ways for many reasons. Some reasons people discriminate, either blatantly or subtly, include race, gender, and sexual orientation.

Race

The civil rights movement may have suppressed some blatant racism, but far too many people still derive superiority from skin color.

In recounting some of her experiences with discrimination, Taneisha Dobyne of the Association of Black Collegians said, "We can't post bulletins every time discrimination takes place. It happens too often for that."

Dobyne related a story about two girls who had been eating at a restaurant in Kirksville. The girls were asked to leave and not come back by an employee who said the restaurant supported the Ku Klux Klan.

Dobyne talked about the more subtle discrimination that seeps into all areas of life. She cited organizations as an example: "There are a small number of minority organizations on campus, so, unless we make our voices heard, our interests are forgotten."

See also spoke of the subtle discrimination. See Prejudice, page 10

Amnesty protests execution



Students gathered last Tuesday to protest the execution of Reginald Powell. The candlelight vigil was sponsored by Amnesty International.

photo by Kelsey Vogel

DPS stifles war protest

by Dave Heaton

On Thursday February 19, Stephen Mann traveled to Kirksville, from his home in Edina, to publicly express his opinions on what he saw as a "critical issue," the current situation in the Persian Gulf. He sat at the Marion side of the parking lot on between Normal, High, and Marion, across from Baldwin Hall. He used signs and music to show his concern; after a half an hour, he was asked to leave by Truman's Department of Public Safety.

Mann's decision to publicly demonstrate on this issue grew from a rising concern with the evolving situation in Iraq and a fear that war was near. "I felt the need to personally alert the community from a perspective that they are not considering at this junction, from that of their fellow citizens and what we individually can accomplish when we discuss critical issues," he said.

Mann hoped that his action would encourage further discussion of the issue, discussion he felt was lacking. "I wanted people to stop and think for a moment, and then to talk, stand, and speak what you feel, what you're thinking, so we can share our concerns and understand each other better, to find new answers to some of the questions that are bothering us, which we're trying to sift through when we are inundated with mainstream media jargon that doesn't explain what is really going on behind the scenes," he said.

A secondary reason behind Mann's demonstration was to communicate the healing power of music and how music can create a relaxing atmosphere which helps to motivate and inform people. As he sat with signs, Mann used his boombox to play the music of Canadian singer/songwriter Bruce Cockburn. "I've found that his music is very healing," Mann said. "Most music can be healing. I wanted to share that, too, to get people thinking in a more positive way about life, our world, ourselves, our common needs, and how we can resolve

our conflicts."

During his demonstration, Mann sat quietly with his music and signs. The signs made statements concerning the situation in Iraq. He said a few people spoke to him during the protest.

One asked specific questions of him and a few stopped to thank him for being there. Mann said he wasn't sure how to respond to the thanks, since he feels that "we're all in this together" and he doesn't need to be thanked, yet he said their comments were sincere. "I was just happy they stopped," he said. "That felt good."

After nearly one half-hour, a Public Safety officer approached Mann and questioned Mann about what he was doing. According to Mann, the officer asked him to move his signs and boom box off of the car they were sitting on, to which Mann complied.

Mann said the officer left, and then returned five minutes later, asking Mann to leave. Mann said he asked the officer why he needed to leave, and was told that he couldn't stay there, since that area was part of the school and there were regulations. Mann then took his signs and boombox and left.

An "incident card" filed at Public Safety confirms that Stephen Mann was protesting "a possible Iraqi war," and that he was asked to leave because he did not have "proper authorization." Lisa Sprague, Director of Public Safety, said that Public Safety itself has no policies concerning public demonstrations, and that authorization is given through the Campus Activities and Organizations Office (CAOC) in the Student Union Building.

Renee Robinette of the CAOC office said that any public demonstrations on campus are fine, as long as the individuals involved are peaceful, are not harassing anyone, are not blocking any entrances, or forcing anything on anyone. "As long as you're not inhibiting

See Protest, page 8

New music collective.....	2
Jobs in jeopardy in Clarence, Mo.....	5
Halo Benders, BBVD, Mr. T, & Deep Forest.....	6
Pamphlet to be released on gay-les-bi resource center.....	7
Beps it's Peeps!.....	9

Monitor

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"Among people who have learned something
from the 19th century (say, violence) it is a
trivial, hardly deserving discussion, that the
right of free expression is not restricted to
those who approved of, and that it is precisely
in the case of ideas found most offensive that
they right must be vigorously defended. Advocacy
of the right to express ideas that are generally
approved is, quite obviously, a matter of no
significance."
—Nolan Chartier

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Group brings techno to Square

by Mary Lucas

Techno—a mystical experience? At least, this is how senior Caleb Hawley describes it. Hawley is among the four founders of the Campus Music Collective (CMC), a newly-formed group that promotes electronic dance music.

"It's kind of like my brain-child," Hawley said. "We're really got to get this music out to the Kirksville community and there's not a whole lot of outlet, so we decided to create one."

The first dance party, "Evolution," will be March 28th, from 10 p.m. to sunrise at Annie's Place, 316 N. Franklin. This is a non-alcoholic event open to the public, which Hawley said will showcase electronic music from different genres, or what he calls progressive music.

"The purpose of our organization is to throw one good dance music event each semester," Hawley said. "You're going to hear the heart and soul of a computer and the DJs who mix that heart and soul."

Eventually, the group hopes to learn how to DJ (or mix) electronic music rather than having another do it or simply showcasing the music, said member Candia Gill, senior. Currently, CMC does not have the computer technology to make this possible. Though CMC's focus is on electronic music, it is not limited to this type, according to Gill.

"The reason the collective is focusing on electronic is because people think just because it's electronic, it's not real music, but it's extremely organic," Gill said. "Any time you have

a human being using a tool to create music, that tool is an instrument."

Hawley, who used to be "technophobic," said he became fascinated with techno music after attending an all-night concert in Chicago his junior year. Electronic music, he said, finds its roots in African, Latin and disco beats.

"Techno is a rapidly mutating form of music," Hawley said. "It seems every six months, a new genre of music appears that is subtly different from others."

Hawley said he also finds the all-night dancing that accompanies techno music to be an intoxicating experience. Dancing, Gill said, creates a sense of community.

"When you're actually dancing, it's a really positive vibe," Gill said. "You're with a bunch of people who have this in common. It's not violent or competitive."

From these concepts of unity and growth stem the dance party's name, "Evolution." Because the group is young and most members are seniors, Hawley said it is open to new ones.

"We are hoping we'll have a good enough show and get enough interest up," Hawley said. "And if not, we won't have gone through college without creating a step toward culture."

Evolution
Saturday
March 28
10 pm till dawn

Correction

In the article "New hiking trail is under way," in the 17 February 1998 issue of *The Monitor*, the directions to Rainbow Basin and the Thousand Hills trail were incorrect, due to errors during the transfer of the original text to the printed version. Here are the correct directions.

To get to the Thousand Hills Trail, drive State Forest trail head, follow the directions as they were previously printed until you reach Highway H.

Go south on H like before, but turn onto the first gravel road on your right (west side of H). It is the old sign that says "Rainbow Basin" that is on the east side of the highway, not the road itself. From there, the directions are the same.

To get to the Thousand Hills trail, drive (or ride) to the park as if you were going to the lake, i.e. Highway 6 west to 157 road.

Once you're in the park and on the loop road (the road that the restaurant and boat docks are on), go counterclockwise around the loop (take the first of the road that goes through the woods first) to get to the trail head in the most straightforward manner.

The little sign that says "trail" is on the right hand side of the road, just before the big rental pavilion (the pavilion is about 100 feet further up on the left). If you take the loop road clockwise you probably won't see the trail sign, due to the fact that it is facing the other direction.

If you have any questions concerning these directions or the new trail, contact Todd Niemier at 665-8086.

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Letters

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

De Klerk just another conservative

Dear Monitor,

As a "community" we are all being invited to applaudingly attend an April 4 lecture at TSU by former South African apartheid president F. W. De Klerk. At least unlike the estimated \$30,000+ for the two lectures by arch conservative Dr. Jeanne Kirkpatrick, De Klerk's visitation, we are, loudly, informed, emanates out of a "huge gift" from the local Bank of Kirksville to the Truman State University Foundation. And for a refreshing change not, thus, from our taxes, or your student's fees as a public low-standard university. We should be grateful for small, crumblike mercies from the good ole boys who shamelessly do mis-run this campus; so discrimination and callousity!

Yet chief invitor professor Chris Gregory admits to some of the "unhappiness" many of us who have perhaps like him fought apartheid and racism all our lives will feel now about the choice of De Klerk. He is, as Mr. Gregory himself put it, to the ever-unreflective *Index*, "not a clean-cut hero." Indeed, not, as for most of his adult life, De Klerk has made his life as one of the leaders of the white supremacist national party, whose founder Dr. Mahan, their first premier, had to be interned in jail in World War II by we, the British, precisely because he advocated support for leader Adolf Hitler's cause, by arms as well as mere Nazi words.

It is the case that De Klerk only changed his time because of the successful economic boycott organized by U.S. Congressman Ron Dellums! This adversely, rightly, prejudiced at least 25% of white South Africa's rich economy and De Klerk's South African radio, regularly, use to state-control abuse Dellums and others as "communists" for their commendable bravery in behalf of economic social justice. Bravo Ron! How about a TSU invite to you, not the old white fart!!!

Mr. Gregory need not fear however! I and many others who might "boycott" his festivity for Bible thumper De Klerk have to be in Europe when he is due. It would, though, be nice and very appropriate, especially in view of the many people like anti-apartheid journalist Ruth First whom was letter-bombed and killed by De Klerk's secret police, if some of the learned TSU and wealthy professorate posed some skepticism to De Klerk about his ongoing party's disgraceful, sorry record!

His PhD is just the standard U.S. high school leaving diploma; nominally he was supposed to be a trained lawyer with some respectfulness for even black human life. It would, also, be most appropriate for readers to know from Dr. Gregory, after his discussions with Mandela, if there are any plans afoot for true multi-racial South African invities! After all, black president Mandela is retiring in speaking freedom, and his successor for the majority elected party, the African National Congress is a genuine Sussex University PhD who's addressed UK Labor Party gatherings for far less silver than De Klerk will be earning in his trip to our ultra-white conservative Bible and redneck belt. We are still getting too much of the self-congratulatory far right in this community and not enough liberal arts critics. Why, Jack, Jim, Heinz, Michael, et al?

Sincerely,
Larry lies

It's good to be liberal

Dear Collective,
Is the Monitor "caving in" to the dense ole boy "establishment"? Your February 17 issue follows strangely your last, in being full of old self-doubt, as to whether you are "rooting," while one contributor even thanks state incumbent Rep. Don Summers for meriting to notice a complaint! Gee! What Don actually does is turn down the writer's proposal. "Too liberal?" When most other campus healthy papers are full of Gulf War II looming and students organizing to oppose it! Where are you? Instead, you are pleading for TSU's conformity to give you "back page" poetry.

What is oddest of all is omission of the biggest campus and community 1998 story. Your *Index* rival certainly did not omit this story; tabloid style reporting in least comment the resignation of African-Studies and History professor Taj Hargrey. Even though the reporter admitted the resignation was "voluntary" and Oxford historian Hargrey is going to a better East Coast university. The *Index* shamelessly tried to dig up interviews with two of its student critics for what even TSU's Gary Gordon now can see was a private South African tour!

Your own omission is doubly bizarre as most of you in columns galore have deplored the factory-like spathy and lack of critical student input in TSU "liberal arts" classes or faculty cognitively willing to stand up against accepted wisdom. Do you not realize that Taj's decision to go elsewhere is representative of cumulative trends that go back a long way to explain the lack of quality critical education and transformative attitudes you venerate about?

Liberal Arts: a town meeting

by Adam Posthast

On Thursday, 19 February, a large number of faculty and a few students gathered at a Faculty Development session to talk about the "Liberal Arts Culture at a Public University." The session was one of a series of "town meetings" that the university hopes will generate interest in and discussion of Truman's mission to promote the liberal arts and sciences.

The meeting, initiated by the Faculty Development Office and moderated by Dr. Alanna Preussner, strove to bring faculty together for discussion of the liberal arts in a difficult time. Unseen in the background of the session was the new Liberal Studies Program (LSP) which has been a recent subject of sometimes frustrating debate in the Undergraduate Council. Calmed, however, by a neutral atmosphere (and perhaps by strong lemonade and cookies), the participants spent an hour and a half in relatively non-confrontational discussion.

Faculty members from Language and Literature to Business heard a panel of speakers (Dr. Adam Davis, Dr. Natalie Alexander, Dr. Janna McLean, Carl Duffield, and myself) speak about their experiences and advice on the topic before a period of small and large group discussion.

The panel's speeches ranged over such topics as "helicopter visionists," pluralistic views of the liberal arts, personal experiences and nebulous talk of the "real world."

Dr. Adam Davis of the Language and Literature division began the panel speeches by citing a survey of corporate executives' most desired qualities in recent hires.

The most desired type of employee, Dr. Davis said, was called a "helicopter visionist"—someone who could see a problem from a variety of perspectives before coming to a solution. By educating students in such a way, Dr. Davis concluded, Truman could turn

Taj is the second historian this year to leave TSU for good. The other is Dr. Vanessa Davis who deplores an outstanding teacher and critic of the Magruder-Lyons failure to speak out against homophobic assaults on students, is not being offered tenure; even if she wanted it!!! Moreover, unchallenged by you as student "SS" head Dr. Lyons is being allowed to continue a bad practice many other heads have ceased. In his adverts in the *Chronicle of Higher Education* for a replacement set he is putting as a requirement "Undergraduate Transcripts Required." A few years back he had "Grade As Required." Did he get these even?

Whereas this may appear legitimate, its results are devastating which is why no other USA college routinely does it! Let me explain, how it is in effect designed to make it very difficult for radical and international, combative scholars like Hargrey and Davis to be hired. One, most overseas universities do not use style grades for their courses; you are assessed either by or in combinations of original theses or essays or rigorous non-book, often non-institutional marked end-of-year exams! So Lyons, like some of the worst community colleges, could rule out hiring someone overseas.

Two, many of the best, challenging historians did not do "history" as their undergrad major. They thus automatically are "out," thanks to Lyons. Finally, grade push/inflation is a real American ill; so frankly someone who has the perfect "A" at undergrad level may not be the one who is original but/money/status more conformist or rich, or loud, etcetera in power: "WASP."

Now I wish Dr. Lyons would answer the careful critique I publicly put to him. Or explain his astonishingly high loss rate for faculty.

Sincerely,
Shelly Floyd

out students who were "architects of policy as opposed to instruments of it."

The other panelists stressed different aspects of a liberal arts education. Dr. Natalie Alexander of the Social Science division ("waxing postmodern" on the topic) spoke on uniting the two strands of liberal arts in a more pluralistic view that would facilitate interdisciplinary experiences.

Dr. Janna McLean of the Science division involved a more personal experience, describing her undergraduate years at a liberal arts institution. I spoke of the distinction, or lack of one, that should exist between the "real world" and the academic one that is required of a school stressing the liberal arts.

A large group discussion followed in which faculty and students argued, sometimes insistently, about the nature of the liberal arts. Points of discussion were over the dual nature of a public liberal arts institution, the definition of the liberal arts, and the problems of interdisciplinary courses in the LSP.

Dr. Preussner made attempts to bring the group to specifics, but by the end of the meeting, differences over what the liberal arts are or could be had overwhelmed discussions.

As faculty and students left the room, some stayed around to discuss and let the heavy remarks sink in. One large point did emerge from the meeting—as a liberal arts culture, Truman has a lot more to decide upon.

The Monitor would like to amass student letters concerning how Truman is progressing in its mission to foster a culture of the liberal arts and sciences. Our hope is to print any and all letters on a special page in a future issue. Send your letters, no matter how scathing or congratulatory, to the Monitor mailbox in the CAOC (via campus mail or hand delivery) as soon as possible. Thank you.

male historians, or his hostility to interdisciplinary studies when they are proposed to him. I am sure he, arrogantly won't. But I am sure, also, the Monitor should cease its needless self-doubt, get back to covering real stories regardless of faculty deadness, and realize two equals five! Poor hiring, poor staff retention equals high fees and a bored, apathetic town and gown alike! The remedy is in your own hands.

Yours Sincerely,
Larry lies

Student addresses Patty's

Dear Editor,
It has come to my attention that on several occasions comments that could be considered racist have been made by management of Patty's University Bookstore in the presence of their clientele. The community needs to be aware of such blatant disregard of human decency. Once presented with these issues, the public will be better able to make informed decisions regarding what businesses they chose to support or not to support.

Many faculty and students of Truman State University have expressed concern and approached the management of the store only to learn the owners think that this is no big deal. Well, I am one member of this community who disagrees. I feel people have the right to believe and my what they want, however, I also feel people have a right to know what goes on in a place of business where they spend so much money each semester on books. In addition, I am certain some students are not concerned about these issues but I also know there are enough who do care to validate a serious inquiry by the media. If Patty's refuses to publicly address this issue, I will continue to discourage my fellow students from shopping there. Thank you for your time.

Sincerely,
Shelly Floyd



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Opinions

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

Prejudice?....Not me!

by Leah Grogg
Truman State University, 1998...not exactly a place I would at first consider to be the central locale for discrimination. In our enlightened community, the evils of prejudice seem to be ludicrous. However, in campus media and events held by numerous organizations, discrimination is alive and well in Kirksville. If we are a tolerant community, why all the buzz?

Here's what we all learned this moral lesson: Don't be prejudiced towards others, even those holding beliefs we believe to be morally wrong on the grounds of their own discriminatory nature, an idea none too profound but perhaps not as upheld as we would believe. What is fighting in this increased awareness of discrimination is that in all these discussion groups and task forces, I have yet to find an individual completely void of prejudice.

If asked, I would have always asserted myself as one holding no prejudices. I am either a liberally-minded conservative or a quite conservative liberal, depending on who you ask. I am stuck in the middle of the middle-class, with friends and family covering both sides of the economic spectrum. I am currently Greek but have been a non-Greek student. I have been involved in many number of campus organizations and academic pursuits. I would consider myself to be a participant in quite a large range of social groups, with no disputes against other groups. However, I found myself to be the exemplar of a hypocrite when I really looked at my own discriminations.

I still would not label myself racist, sexist, or classist, but what about those moral issues we all too often overlook? These might seem trivial, but they develop into a systematic disregard for members of these groups, a generalizing of others which leads to preconceived misperceptions about other people. I have a prejudice against attractive females, I feel threatened by them and so minimize their presence by assuming they are superficial, immoral, and less intelligent than myself. Even within my own structures of friends and acquaintances, I held quiet ideas of superiority to those I deemed merely "pretty faces." It was not until I was forced to work closely with some of these women that I realized that these beautiful women were not as different as I had originally posited them. In fact, when I assumed

they would be judgmental and critical of my differences, they were entirely accepting. They were the ones to look past my disheveled physical appearance and differing moral positions to welcome me into friendship.

Once I began to analyze my interaction with others, I found other small but significant examples of systematic oppression. And I am not alone in this discovery, in a discussion about the -isms of Kirksville, we all found similar evidence of personal prejudices. The beliefs may be of any degree of severity and against any group. Nonetheless, they are all damning. Perhaps because we aren't so far on the movement towards tolerance after all. We all too comfortably nod our heads in agreement that racial oppression is bad, pointing fingers and looking down our morally superior noses at others, but aren't we participating in the problem when we condemn those displaying racial attitudes? We have lost the ability to separate the disagreeable act and the person acting. We become all too concerned with upholding our belief systems and in the process, disregard others rather than engaging in a productive analysis of differences.

We can maintain our moral convictions and attempt to allow why we believe our convictions superior without persecuting others. While there is an obligation attached to many moral positions that commands believers to work to change systems in conflict with their views, there is also a moral position that I believe runs throughout such convictions but is lacking in the practice of ideals, that is the freedom of others to hold opposing beliefs without our fear of attacks merited merely on membership in groups with opposing viewpoints.

Whether it be that we believe Greek students to be drunkards, non-Greeks to be less socially adjusted, religious people to be fanatical, non-religious people to be amoral, Kirksville citizens to be inferior, or university students to be rude, our assumptions are discrimination and we are foolish to refuse to recognize them as such. Furthermore, we are foolish to refuse to combat our own prejudices as we work towards eliminating such evils in others. We have an obligation to honestly look at our own faults, recognizing areas in need of adjustment within ourselves while we continue to battle oppression in our community.

Pay more attention to how grading systems work

by Sharon Gilmore
There are two predominant types of classes on this campus: those which are graded on the basis of a right or wrong answer and those that are graded on a subjective basis.

The first is easy to find, and just about everyone has taken this type of class. The Civil War ended in 1865, and George Washington will consistently be the first President of the United States. These are indisputable facts. It's unfortunate that E = mc² can't be argued, but in all reality, it's a given.

For every painting, there is an artist, and for every set of numbers, there is only one average. Classes would be far more intriguing if it was debatable whether or not Shakespeare wrote *The Taming of the Shrew*, but for some reason, I really can't see that becoming a successful class trend.

These classes are graded on how many facts and concepts you learn, and what you remember when it comes time to take the tests and quizzes. Your grade is of course based on the percentage of questions that you get right, and in the end, your final grade is dependent on how well you did on previous assignments. All of this seems logical, and for the most part, it is.

These classes are relatively straightforward,

and, barring exceptionally hard tests, or difficult assignments, students who take the time to study and learn the facts should do well. Many of them even feature that lovely term that most of us love to hear: "The Curve." A curve can bring grades up, but it also alludes to a slight problem, namely, comparing a curved and non-curved class. The work performed in a non-curved class is comparable to that of a curved class, but the final grades differ. This has to be taken into account at some point.

On the other hand, there are classes that are graded on a subjective basis. Every time a class requires you to write a paper giving an opinion, that paper will be graded on the professor's opinion of your knowledge and on whether or not he or she approves of the paper's overall quality.

Unfortunately, this system can lead to discrepancies. Your assignment may receive a higher grade because the quality of everyone else's work was quite low, and the professor wants to maintain an even distribution of grades. Or, for some reason, professors may just not feel like giving high grades on certain papers, but they feel that the students didn't put forth the entire effort that would have been necessary to attain a high grade.

Finally, there is the possibility that the

Liberal arts is a luxury

by Carl Duffield
Question: Which of these course titles actually exist in the fall list of courses?

A) Chemistry for Contemporary Living B) Writing as Critical Thinking C) Business, The Stock Market and You.

Answer: A & B
Even if you're not registering for classes next fall, you probably spotted the impostor at first glance. And if you are registering for classes next fall, you've probably already picked up a bill schedule and found, perhaps to your indifference, that some of our core classes have changed titles when we weren't looking.

So, what's the big deal you may ask. The classes will still have the same amount of homework, won't they? They'll still cover the same material, won't they? In fact, the classes and the "experience" will be the same, won't they? Unfortunately, the answer may be yes. So, why change them at all?

Since the inception of our mission to become the state's premier "liberal arts and sciences" university, the liberal did what any good bureaucracy would do: legislate and promote. Bill boards appeared along road sides as quickly as a new core curriculum appeared in the university bulletin.

By proclamation, the university remolded itself and after many arduous hours of discussion by members of the administration and faculty, the structure of a liberal arts and sciences university appeared before our very eyes. But the power of legislation are far from absolute. While structures and titles may be changed with mere keystrokes, the remodeling change in the ideologies which back them are both slower and more unpredictable. Legislation often produces unforeseen consequences; Truman stands at an ideological crossroads.

The university currently finds itself attempting to serve two distinct, if not wholly divergent, purposes: providing students with a liberal arts education and preparing those same students for "the workforce." At some point in its evolution towards becoming the state's "liberal arts and sciences" university, Truman must acknowledge and choose between these divergent paths. To continue in our evolution, we

need a dose of the truth.

Throughout my years as a student here, I've been assured by the university that liberal arts degrees are "marketable." Now as I approach graduation, I'm finally in a position to put those assurances to the test. On the open market of faceless labor, will an English major be as much in demand as promised? Will I find health, happiness and a job with a 401k plan in my post-collegiate pursuit of happiness? After some job searching, I've come to my conclusion: a liberal arts education is a luxury.

Personally, this luxury is one I've relinquished. The study of knowledge for its own sake has enriched my life. For five years, I've had the freedom to develop myself with postponed concern for the demands of any future, potential career. Ideally, some of these demands will have coincided with my education and I will be "marketable." Yet a liberal arts education can make no such promises, nor should it. And so, this luxury is not for everyone. For students more concerned with their post-college incomes and job prospects than with four (even five) years of academic freedom and personal development, a liberal arts degree may very well seem merely poor.

To provide a true liberal arts education, the university must be more honest with its liberal arts mission, with its students and with itself. Of course we realize that a liberal arts education is more about the content of the courses we take than it is about how those courses are structured in the Core, or far that matter what the courses are called. Ideally, the two would even coincide. Unfortunately, the legislation of ideas is far easier to change than ideology itself. Hence, course titles and Core structures change with little effect upon the classes themselves.

Consequently, the university itself need not change and can continue its attempts to be all things to all students. But the time has come when we must choose between fostering a true liberal arts community and giving students the false assurance of "marketability." In attempting to do both, we assure our education will not receive our full commitment -- a risk far too great for Missouri's only "liberal arts and sciences" university.

the making of that grade. But others don't know. Your future employer isn't going to care one way or the other if you happened to have a lot of hard classes for a couple of semesters; they see a series of low grades and assume that those grades represent the same amount of work as anyone else's grades. In reality, this may or may not be accurate. For some classes, the same amount of hard work could pull an A, but for others, only a B or C.

So, rather than bitch that the system of grading is wrong and that it's time to change everything, I would advise the way you pay attention to how each class is graded. There are hard professors on this campus, and whether or not you believe it, for the most part, they will make the way you take a class, but all that means is that you won't be able to just "breeze" through classes like you did in high school.

One way or the other, whether you choose to conform to the professor's wishes, or go on your own, just be aware that what you do will go down on your record. You can be proud of the effort that you put out and take a lower grade in a harder class, or take a high grade in an easier class, knowing full well that no one will question it. Make the choice that you can live with.

Clarence plant closing would cost jobs, devastate community

by Shelyn Chaggers
On Tuesday, February 10, 285 employees of the Maytag plant in Clarence, Missouri were informed that they might soon find themselves unemployed.

Clarence, located 45 miles south of Kirksville, is a quintessential example of small-town America. With a population of only 1,100, Clarence is a place where children still ride their bikes to school and a cup of coffee at the drugstore is essential for keeping up with the local gossip.

The few jobs which are available are vitally important to the town, and that is why Clarence is the proud home of the Maytag-Clarence Component Parts Plant, a manufacturer of appliance units and tubular electric heating elements. The plant has been producing heating elements since 1963, and was purchased by the Maytag Corporation in 1987.

Recently, Maytag was approached by a corporation, whose name is currently undisclosed to the public, which offered to purchase the Clarence plant, an offer which has led Maytag to begin "exploring other options" concerning the plant's future.

One of the corporations which has made a considerable effort to purchase the plant (although the price has not been disclosed) is the Chromolox Corporation, a competitor of Maytag which has a record of buying out the

competition, clearing out equipment and locking the doors.

The Maytag Plant is the largest employer in Shelby County, carrying a payroll of over five million dollars. Last year the plant paid 13.5% of the county property taxes (\$42,000), which went towards supporting local infrastructure, nursing homes, and schools.

According to the President of the Clarence State Bank, Lee Schoonover, the plant's shutdown would be devastating for the families involved.

"There just aren't enough jobs available [in Shelby County] to absorb 300 employees. They would either have to travel a great distance every day, or they would have to move," he said.

This mass exodus, aside from being a hardship for the former employees, would also have detrimental effects upon the community as a whole. In the last two to three years, several new businesses have opened in Clarence, including a hardware store, a craft boutique, and two restaurants—all of which depend directly upon the plant's five million dollar payroll.

The school district would also suffer seriously due to a drastic cut in funding resulting from a decrease in students and a loss in property tax. This could force the district to reduce staff members, eliminate much of the current

curriculum, and possibly close the Clarence Elementary School.

"I don't think anyone really realizes how this would affect the schools—it will be devastating," Schoonover said.

Within 24 hours of Maytag's warning, a community-wide letter writing campaign was launched to persuade Maytag to keep the plant. Concerned community leaders, business owners, church groups, and even school children joined in this incredible effort. In addition, the Component Parts Management team created and submitted a proposal for an employee purchase of the plant, to be accomplished through aid from the Missouri State Department.

Maytag recently responded by assuring the employees that no decision had yet been made concerning the plant's future and that they plan to inform the workers as soon as possible as to whether or not their proposal will be considered.

Human Resources Manager Irene Wester said, "we would like to remain with Maytag, but if that's not possible, we hope that, at least, the plant can be kept open."

The employees are, needless to say, in a state of shock and frenzy. Several workers have already quit their jobs in order to find work elsewhere, and many others have submitted applications for other work in anticipation of the plant's closing.

Bill Hill, a 60-year-old foreman, has worked for the plant for 33 years. His primary concern is with his health care insurance which is currently provided completely by Maytag. The company has offered the employees the option of keeping the insurance, but with the stipulation that the premium be paid in full.

"I'll survive," Hill stoically remarked, "but if I was any younger, I'd definitely be worried."

Jerry Boling, a 36-year-old Manufacturing Engineering Manager, has worked for the plant for 19 years, and supports a wife and two children. He is one of the key figures involved in the managerial proposal to purchase the plant.

"It is very do-able," Boling stated, "other factory workers have done it—successfully." Unlike many employees already looking for



On Clarence, Mo. streets, red banners hang, which read: "Clarence, Rising To The Future." Clarence is facing the possibility of losing hundreds of jobs if the local Maytag plant closes. The rest of the community cannot supply enough jobs to support those who would be laid off from the plant. photo by Shelyn Chaggers

other work, Boling is focusing his energy on saving the plant in any way possible.

"Right now we're sharpening our pencils—trying to make this company look even better to Maytag," he said.

Throughout the plant's history, the employees have never tried to form a union or organize a strike. The plant consistently turns out a nice profit, day in and day out. The more fact that one of Maytag's competitors is threatened enough by this small-town factory to offer a considerable sum to eliminate competition is a testament to the workers' efficiency, dedication, and loyalty—qualities for which they certainly do not deserve punishment.

A few years ago, red banners were attached to every street lamp in downtown Clarence displaying the optimistic phrase, "Clarence—rising to the future." If the Maytag plant is closed, each of these bright banners will undoubtedly carry a note of bitter irony.

If you would like to contribute to the letter writing campaign, the address of the Maytag Corporation is:

403 W. 4th Street
Newton, Iowa 50208

This branch of the Maytag Corporation in Clarence, Mo. may close if the plant is sold. As a result, hundreds of jobs would be lost, and the Clarence community would face drastic changes.

photo by Shelyn Chaggers

Don't get even, get MAD: Mediators Assisting Disputants

by Matt Webber

"I hate my roommate. He never vacuums, he never takes out the trash, and he never cleans the bathroom. He throws his dirty underwear all over the floor. He leaves soda cans and on my desk. Whenever I want to study, he turns up his radio. He comes in late at night with five or six of his friends and they drink and shout while I am trying to sleep. Then, he has the nerve to call me inconsiderate, all because I let his fish die when he went home for the weekend. I'm switching roommates at semester."

Do any of the above statements sound familiar? Have you or any of your friends had roommate (or other) conflicts that you wanted to work out, but didn't know where to turn to for a solution? Have you ever found yourself ignoring a person or hating him/her, but because of a seemingly insignificant problem that was

blown out of proportion?

If the answer to any of the above questions is yes, Mediators Assisting Disputants (M.A.D.) may be able to help.

"M.A.D. offers mediation, which allows two parties to sit down with two of our trained mediators and helps them work out their problems," says Sara Lieb, president of M.A.D. "M.A.D. also offers consultations. If someone doesn't want to have an official mediation they can call us and we can give them some advice on maybe how to handle the situation."

The mediators' job is not to take sides, decide who is right or wrong, or tell either party what he/she should do.

HAVE YOU EVER FOUND YOURSELF IGNORING A PERSON OR HATING HIM/HER, ALL BECAUSE OF A SEEMINGLY INSIGNIFICANT PROBLEM THAT WAS BLOWN OUT OF PROPORTION?

"Mediation is different from anything else in that it's not counseling, it's not judging, but rather it sits down two parties who are in conflict and helps them come to a resolution on their own," says Lieb.

Both parties must agree to participate in the mediation, and either party can choose to quit the mediation at any time. Mediations are kept confidential.

The 18 members of M.A.D. are trained in six-week training sessions which emphasize communication

skills, active listening, and mediation techniques.

Besides mediations and consultations, M.A.D. offers educational programs for the

residence halls. The focus of these programs is improving communication. On March 18, at 7:00 p.m. in the Centennial Main Lounge, M.A.D. will host The Roommate Gameshow, which is a Newlywed Show-type game that tests how well roommates know each other. The top roommate pairs will receive prizes.

To sign up for The Roommate Game, to schedule a mediation or consultation, or to learn more about M.A.D. call their office at 785-7222, or visit their office, located in the Ryle

Office hours are: Monday through Thursday, 4:30-7:30. (Wednesday's office hours are from 4:30 to 5:30, and 6:30 to 7:30.)

"We would like to branch out and become a strong organization that will be useful to the community as well as to Truman State University," says Lieb. "The use of our mediation service has increased and I think that we're on the right track to getting more recognition on campus."

3 March 1998

Reviews



music film literature video

Be hep with Big Bad Voodoo Daddy

by Eric Hinkle

Swing music is alive and well in America with bands like Big Bad Voodoo Daddy to prove it. Big Bad Voodoo Daddy keeps their fans swinging with their new major label debut *Americana Deluxe*. The eight-piece band sprouted from the underground Hollywood club scene and has truly captured the intimate club sound on this release. BBVD has managed to keep the loose and sometimes sloppy characteristics of swing music on a studio album.

Tunes such as "King of Swing" and "Jump with my Baby" are sure to procure images of 40s nightclubs filled with drunken hepheads decked out in three-piece suits and fedoras and couples dancing furiously until the wee hours of the morning.

Big Bad Voodoo Daddy most likely attained the largest portion of their audience from an appearance in the 1996 film *Swingers*. Two of the three songs found on the *Swingers* soundtrack, namely "You and Me and the Bottle Makes Three Tonight (Baby)" and "Go Daddy-O," show up on this release in swell new versions, of course. "Go Daddy-O," one of their most popular songs, will leave you wanting to run and join University Swingers right away.

The most energetic tune, in my opinion,

Deep Forest expands

by Candice K. Gill

Deep Forest is a music group comprised of two French musicians named Eric Mouquet and Michael Sanchez. The duo combines music made with keyboards, samples and computers with international music played with traditional instruments to make a unique, excellent kind of world music.

Their first, eponymously named album was created when a friend of one of the musicians recorded the chants of Africa's Twa people. The Twa are also known as Pygmies. The duo combined the documented music of the Twa with instrumentation of their own, creating the Deep Forest project. Some of the money from this first album went to projects concerned with preserving the African forests in which the Twa live.

Deep Forest's second album, *Bohème*, set its sights wider with the inclusion of music from around the world. *Bohème* proved Deep Forest was not a gimmick, or a one-time project. The album was solidly composed, stretching the merits of the first album into a truly international arena. *Bohème* won the Grammy for

best new music for the year it was released. *Comparsa*, the group's third album, continues Deep Forest's tradition of melding international music with European dance stylings. Again, Deep Forest has expanded its musical horizons. *Comparsa* is mostly inspired by the music of Latin & South America and of Africa. This time, the Mouquet and Sanchez have used many live, in-studio performances instead of so many samples, resulting in sound that is in some ways more lush than their previous works. *Comparsa* has fewer of the dance tracks of the previous albums, but this does not detract from the album as a whole. Long-time Deep Forest fans will still hear much of what made the first two albums so much fun, and there are still many tracks which inspire the dancing mood. This album, however, seems more mature than the previous albums.

Comparsa is a strong showing from a very strong group. In many ways, it is not as ambitious as *Bohème*. It is more musically ambitious, however. If you are already a fan of Deep Forest or if you like world music, you should pick up this album.

Windfall the campus literary magazine

is extending their deadline for ART SUBMISSIONS. Please submit two-dimensional, reproducible artwork, such as photos, comics, and painting, to the Windfall mailbox in the CAOC office by Friday, March 6.

Mr. T educates the kiddies

by Jennifer Giles

If you grew up in the eighties and had a television, then chances are you know the name of Mr. T. His professional career includes such diverse activities as playing the role of B.A. Baracus on TV's *The A-Team*, acting as Rocky's final opponent in *Rocky III*, and a brief stint as a WWF wrestler.

Mr. T was an icon of the eighties, and even had his own cereal, but how many of you did you know he has seen his inspirational video, which addresses the trials and tribulations common to the early adolescent experience?

From the opening rap (with lyrics by gangsta rap pioneer Ice-T), *Mr. T's Be Somebody or Be Somebody's Fool* is a heartwarming and often humorous collection of sketches interspersed with song and rap. Each sketch is titled according to the issue that it deals with, and Mr. T tackles everything from "Anger" and "Frustration" to "Shyness" and my personal favorite, "Recovering."

Recovering is the graceful handling of a potentially embarrassing situation, and what better way to recover than breaking down? "None," says Mr. T. He also uses "Recovering" to make his own unique contribution to the English language, "also-ludicrous," as in "sometimes we do things that are also-ludicrous."

The "Roots" segment is of particular interest to the Mr. T fan, because it explains two of life's greatest mysteries: what is up with that hair, and why does Mr. T wear twenty tons of jewelry all of the time?

"Stylin'" features an impromptu fashion show, after a bold statement by Mr. T about taking a stand against the fashion trends dictated by big designers. It is the best of bad eighties fashion, paired with commentary by Mr. T, who spouts off such gems as "Here comes Janine, looking cool as peppermint ice cream."

In a nod to inner-city youth, "Creating" is about the lost art of breakdancing. Not only

do you get to see some quality breakin', but you get to see Mr. T himself attempt the Wave and the Moonwalk. In "Workout," we are regaled with the story of four kids who follow Mr. T's own unique workout, which includes both playground swings and a bag of popcorn used in unconventional ways. Mr. T even gives a nod to William Shakespeare, telling an inner-city version of *Romeo and Juliet* in "Mr. T's Tale."

Musically, the video is a bit weak. Except for the special guest appearance by New Edition, the songs are all first-good pop concoctions sung by a large group of kids, many of them members of "The Dimples," a notorious gang of cute children who regularly work the inspirational video circuit.

On the other hand, the raps performed by Mr. T are true works of art. His rough, no-nonsense delivery can transform lyrics as banal as "Mother! There is no pure poetry. The light has moxies and smooth rhythms of New Edition appear in "Peer Pressure," one of the highlights. The song may have cheesy lyrics, but hey, it's New Edition, and you should see the choreographed dance moves.

All in all, Mr. T's *Be Somebody or Be Somebody's Fool* could be a helpful tool for kids going through the various emotional, social, and physical trials of early adolescence. Mr. T addresses the issues with a surprising sensitivity and a sly sense of humor that keeps you laughing while you learn.

The 80s feel really brings back memories, and I guarantee that you'll be rapping along with Mr. T, long after the video has ended.

I highly recommend the video for viewing, preferably while under the influence; and though it is still funny while sober, it is when drinking that one is truly open to the messages of health and well-being and Mr. T's rapping becomes funnier than usual. In the immortal words of Mr. T himself, "I pity the fool who doesn't watch my video!"

Halo Benders rebel with style

by Dave Henton

The Rebel's Not In is the third stunning album-length creative burst from the Halo Benders, led by "indie-rock" musical personalities Calvin Johnson (Beat Happening, Dub Narcotic Sound System) and Doug Marbach (Built to Spill, Troopop). They continue their habit of creating exuberant, love-filled punkish pop music, while adding depth and diversity.

Johnson and Marbach share the lead vocals on most songs. With voices as at the opposite ends of the spectrum (bass and tenor), they often sing completely different yet complementary lyrics at the same time, lending an air of both unity and experimentation.

Both musicians bring to their music the unique vision they've both expressed so well in the past, with their respective bands. Beat Happening's type of legendary, childlike pop. Dub Narcotic-style music for shaking your rump, and Built to Spill-like heartfelt guitar rock are all here together.

This album also reflects the current direction the respective artists seem to be headed. While previous Halo Benders releases consisted of sparse instrumentation, *The Rebel's Not In* is more of a full rock album, with longer songs and extended guitar solos, similar to Built to Spill's live guitar-driven 1997 album *Perfect From Now On*.

Marbach's superb experimental guitar doodling is a highlight throughout, contrasting with the beautiful contrary vocals, bass, drums and rhythm guitar (provided by Wayne Flower and Ralf Youitz), and the unusual keyboards, theremin and harmonium by Steve Kirk. The opening track, "Virginia Reel Around the Fountain," is a fine example of the Halo

Benders' work. Two catchy melodies run side by side, with separate but similarly themed sets of lyrics. Johnson sings sally, children's story-style words with Marbach counters with a repeated emotional plea: "how can I be in your solid state?"

Stylistically, the music includes, dark surf music ("Devil City Destiny"), country ballads ("Lonesome Sun Down"), high-powered rock ("Bury Me," "Foggy Bottom"), funky dance music ("Do That Thing") and slow, strange psychodelia ("Surfers Haze").

"Your Asterisk" and "Turn it My Way" are playful, infectious tunes about infatuation and love. The latter is even slow/fast variations in the music to back up Johnson's plea for "restless love," while the former is a "Don't Touch My Bikini"-style blast of energy, with Johnson running through the stark differences between himself and the object of his affection, ending with an expression of an underlying desire: "I wish I'd grow brighter in your eyes."

Throughout the album, the Halo Benders explore feelings and perceptions, as well as concepts of innocence and identity, to creative and surprising mixes of rock, dance and pop music. The lyrics are touching and the music will rock your body and soul.

The political, overly activist lyrical content of previous releases is diminished here, perhaps explaining the album's title. Despite that fact, rebellion is still in full effect.

The Halo Benders take listeners' expectations, musical conventions, and the styles they've established in the past and mesh with them, turning revolution into an exciting and memorable party.

3 March 1998

Prism releases resource center plan

by Jill Goodfriend

Prism, the university's Bisexual, Transgendered, Lesbian, Gay, and Friends Alliance, will be releasing Thursday its pamphlet on why Truman should support a Les/Bis/Gay/Trans Resource Center.

The pamphlet addresses why the university needs such a center and outlines what the center would do once established.

"It will show the Truman community and the Kirksville community how a resource center such as this can help their life," said Prism member Marshall Rowland. "We want everyone to be aware that such a resource would offer viable solutions to some problems."

According to the pamphlet, the institutions that currently exist, such as the Women's Resource Center, the Health Center, and Multicultural Affairs "cannot adequately or systematically address the concerns raised over the interconnected issues of homophobia and heterosexism."

Not only would the center be of value to those who utilize it, but it would help the university as a whole, according to Prism. It would do this in seven ways: 1-encourage more students to attend Truman by broadening and enriching its sense of community. 2-enhance the academic experience here by promoting free exchange of ideas. 3-help meet the retention rate for Truman students. 4-units in the creation of a more hospitable environment for trans/bis/gay/les students in residential halls, which would in turn encourage them to remain in this system longer. 5-cultivate a climate on campus in which all students would feel respected and safe. 6-increase quality of university life. 7-provide absent, missing, or obscured information.

Prism proposes specific ways in which the

center will achieve this. Through the center, they will provide "campus wide, general academic and cultural programs and workshops" such as National Coming Out Day, Sexual Awareness Week, and Les/Bis/Gay/Trans History Month.

The center would have its own University Web page, and collect resources to be available for students, staff, and faculty. Other information services are to include data regarding employment opportunities for openly gay/les/bis/trans students.

There are les/bis/gay/trans students on campus that are not in contact with students with similar interests, according to Rowland. This center would offer them a place to go.

There are also plans for improving living conditions in the residence halls for trans/bis/gay/les students, promoting better health, and promoting tolerance, promoting public health, and maintaining and expanding an alumni database for interested students.

The pamphlet does not refer to past hate crimes or incidents of discrimination.

"We wanted to more fully integrate the gay/les/bis students into the campus community—not by expressing the wrongs of the past, but by looking forward to the future," Rowland said.

Prism will be handing out the pamphlet in the SUB on Thursday, as well as making available other information. Forms will also be available to fill out if a student, faculty, or staff has experienced discrimination of any kind, this is a part of a Student Senate Task Force concerning discrimination and diversity. This is one of the first opportunities to let an administrative body hear about discrimination experiences.

Prism can also be reached at 785-7550 ext 477476 (4PRISM).

Cast albums bring Broadway to your home

by Doug Reside

In my last article, I described some of the theater that was available in and around Kirksville. While it is true that there is a great deal of excellent theater in our area, it is also unfortunately true that we must usually wait at least two years before the newest theatrical hits tour anywhere close to us. If a show opens in London (as have many of the recent hits), it can take even longer.

Fortunately, in the case of musicals there is a way Kirksvillians can experience at least part of a show very close to us on opening night. Cast recordings, usually released within a couple of months of a show's opening, provide those who don't live in New York with a glimpse of the newest musicals on Broadway and London's West End.

This past year, an especially productive theater season blessed theater fans with an abundance of cast albums. The following are some of the best cast albums of 1997 and 1998:

Titanic Eight months before the opening of James Cameron's blockbuster film, a different version of the story of the doomed ocean liner was told in New York's Lunt-Fontanne theater.

The musical *Titanic*, despite very poor reviews, went on to win the 1997 Tony Award for "Best Musical." The cast album collects almost all of the songs from the show. The music tells the true stories of passengers on the doomed ship. Most of these stories were ignored, or simply given brief mention in the movie.

The story of Harold Birnie, the shy telegraph operator who heard his voice in the "dit-dit-dit-dit" of the Marconi telegraph, is told in the song "The Night Was Alive." In "Sail," Isador and Ida Straus promise undying love to each other after choosing to die together on the boat rather than be separated.

The songs tell the story in such a way that, simply by listening to the recording, one could understand the plot even if one had never heard of the *Titanic*. A recent poll conducted by Playbill Online (<http://www.playbill.com>) voted *Titanic* the best cast recording of the 1997-1998 season.

Jekyll & Hyde The cast recording of *Jekyll & Hyde* released last summer is actually the third recording of this musical. In 1990, a rather poor concept album was released starring Linda Eder and Colm Wilkinson (best known for his performance as Jean Valjean in *Les Misérables*).

Another concept recording starring Australian actor Anthony Warlow was released in 1994, dubbed very misleadingly, *Jekyll & Hyde: The Complete Work*. Finally, in conjunction with its Broadway opening, a cast recording was released last year, capturing what is presumably the final version of the show.

It features some of the most popular songs from the show including the famous "This is the Moment" which is often heard at ice skating competitions. Many have argued that the new recording is the best of the lot. However, if one is new to the show, it is probably better to first purchase the second, *Complete*, recording. This is due to the fact that, unless one already knows the plot of the musical, it is virtually impossible to piece it together from the songs included on the album.

The *Lion King* When *The Lion King* opened on Broadway late last year, it broke many box office records and generated rumors that a second cast of the show would open in a theater across the street. However, despite all this, I cannot recommend this album. The performers on this recording lack the exuberance of those on the movie soundtrack. While the

Shedding light on black holes

by Jonathan Morris, Mark Pecuni, Andy Upchurch

Strange things are afoot at Truman State University these days. In an age when most people go to college to get a degree, it seems a few students seek instead an education. For these students, an easy teacher evokes not laughter and delight, but a sigh. Now, it seems the University has risen to their challenge. After extensive campaigning last semester, a group of students has persuaded the University to offer a new course.

The course, General Relativity, is taught in the Math department, but its scope is much farther ranging. Dr. Kevin Easley offers to the students, twice a week, a subtle blend of mathematics and physics, often dragging philosophy along for the ride. The course is taught in seminar fashion with a structure dictated largely by the interests of the students. The subject is seldom taught at the undergraduate level, with the finest institutions (such as Princeton, Harvard, and of course the Harvard

of the Midwest) offering it like.

This new type of multidisciplinary course fits in perfectly with the new mission statement. The class, composed of physicists, mathematicians, philosophers, classicists, and computer scientists (as well as a visiting professor from the United Kingdom), is truly dedicated.

We have taken to meeting outside of class for special sessions (and we don't even receive extra credit). We can occasionally be seen huddled in small groups at the coffee house, discussing the origin of the universe (so far we have two pro, two con, and one abstention).

This course is a wonderful paradigm for the type of course a liberal arts institution should offer, as well as a testament to the effectiveness of such education. It requires multidisciplinary thinking as well as a love of learning. I hope that this phenomenon begins a new trend for Truman, rather than proving another anomalous blip in the annals of education.



This tasty helping of The Monitor was brought to you in part by the ever-so-generous Funds Allotment Council.

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you. Buy a case of No-dozz and join the Montana Militia. Remember: Guns=Peace.

Gemini (May 21-June 20): Your parents are setting you up for a fall. Trust nothing they say. With a little luck you can outwit them at their own game. Buy their burial plots.

Cancer (June 21-July 22): The polar ice caps are melting and you certainly wouldn't want to be caught unprepared. Invest in can goods, Saran Wrap and a miniature poodle named Bitsy.

Leo (July 23-August 22): Hot and heavy love trucks your way this week. Vaccination

records are a must. Forewarded is foretold.

Virgo (August 23-September 22): Make yourself invisible this week. Ask someone how their day's going; convince them you care. Sagittarius figures sharply.

Libra (September 23-October 22): Test your powers of deception this week. Ask someone how their day's going; convince them you care. Sagittarius figures sharply.

Scorpio (October 23-November 21): Construct a lawn sculpture with Brillo pads and duct tape. Explore the limits of communication; rename your friends without telling them.

Sagittarius (November 22-December 21): Extraneous communication will annoy you this week. When someone asks you how you are, show them. A good slap in the mouth should do the trick. Libra exercises role.

Capricorn (December 22-January 19): You'll be a freak magnet this week.

Aquarius (January 20-February 18): Start a revolution. Throw down your papers and pencils and demand Tabl morning, noon and night!

Pisces (February 19-March 20): Go Phish.

Protest, from page one

the sidewalk near the parking lot, evoking the question of whether he was even on campus ground at all.

General King of the Kirksville Police Department said that the city of Kirksville has no specific ordinance for demonstrations or protesting. "You just have to follow the guidelines of the other city ordinances," he said.

These include peace disturbance, trespassing, littering, hand bill distribution, stopping traffic, stopping the ingress or egress of a business or property, or noise violations.

Both the city regulations and the University regulations, then, do not prohibit quiet public demonstrations with signs, which are not interfering with day-to-day activities or imposing on individuals.

Mann, who held public demonstrations against the death penalty when he previously lived in Seattle, said the next time he decides to demonstrate he will try to encourage others to join him and to get involved.

This incident has not lessened his belief in the power of protesting. "I consider protesting a public forum," Mann said. "It's a good opportunity to talk to people, an open area where we can discuss anything we want."

He views protesting as an important part of the public discussion of ideas. "It's a way to direct attention to critical issues addressing all of our lives, in our community and throughout the world."

A further question, which Mann hopes to look into, is whether he was, in fact, on campus or on city property. Mann said he was on

the sidewalk near the parking lot, evoking the question of whether he was even on campus ground at all.

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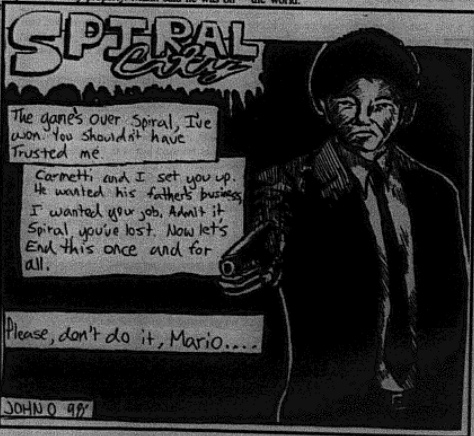
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Peeps are good for you

by Jacques Paul

Every year, about one week after Valentine's Day, my leftover pangs of loneliness are chased away by the most divine of holiday confections — Peeps.

Yes, Peeps. Those globules of sticky marshmallow formed into anatomically incorrect little statues of baby chickens, covered with a crunchy film of sugar and decorated with lopsided chocolaty excuses for eyes.

Any mention of the revered Peep is bound to get a reaction out of anyone. In some, you will notice the sparkle of recognition and adoration in the eyes. These people will immediately perk up and express their insatiable longing for Peeps.

Others will be visibly gripped by revulsion and terror at the thought of so much sugar entering their bodies at one time. These people are fools.

Some may deny knowledge of the existence of Peeps, but it is these people whom you are most likely to find huddled in the closet on Easter morning, showing rows of Peeps and Bunnies into their faces, coated with a veneer of yellow and pink sugar and convulsing from an acute attack of hypoglycemia.

From speaking with various Peep eaters, I have become aware of the various ways of eating Peeps. I prefer the smoothy, rip-them-right-out-of-the-package-and-eat-them-fresh technique, but there are many worshippers of the stale Peep.

In this case, it is usually best to slice open the Peep's protective cellophane covering, and then let them ripen in a secluded, out-of-sight area, so that you will not be tempted to devour them before they reach their peak.

Still others prefer the occasional frozen Peep, and Ryle Hall diner Laura Boletta states, "they get really big if you put them in the microwave!"

Bookstore, from page one

decided to solicit an interview with *The Monitor*.

In the past few weeks, the Coalition said it has taken steps to inform the general public about the information they have gathered.

"The Coalition has decided to simply take the testimonials and information we've received and try to expose that to as many people as possible and let them decide how they feel about what has happened rather than saying, 'This is what you need to do,'" Hindrichs said.

One audience the Coalition spoke to was the Truman faculty. At a division meeting on February 13th, Hindrichs and Emily Steffans presented Language and Literature faculty with the testimonials and the information they had gathered. The Coalition said it hopes to speak with more faculty in the future and is currently working on scheduling time with interested divisions.

According to Linda Seidel, associate professor of English and the Coalition's advisor, the Coalition has chosen to speak with the faculty in an attempt to put "economic pressure" on Patty's.

"The University does not have a contract with Patty's, so teachers don't have to send their book orders to them," Seidel said. "Patty's can walk over to the Truman bookstore and ask to see the book orders because they are public record. So, we can't stop them from getting the information, but we can make it harder."

Seidel clarified the goals of the Coalition. "We are not looking to put Patty's out of business," she said. "We simply want them to reform so they will stop making people feel uncomfortable in their store."

When asked what the Coalition wanted Patty's to do, Hindrichs said, "We want a response to the testimonials we've received." As far as the offensive remarks referred to in the testimonials, she said, "We would like an acknowledgment that it happened, that it is a serious problem, and we'd like to discuss how customers may not be offended in the future."

Hindrichs said the Coalition felt it was important for the general public to know about their dealings with Patty's because "everyone is entitled to their own opinion and beliefs. However, if you have a business, then you have to respect your customers, and I think the customers need to know what atmosphere they're supporting by shopping at Patty's."

To learn more about the accusations of offensive remarks made at Patty's, *The Monitor* contacted and interviewed four of the people who submitted written testimonials to the Coalition.

Polly Dodd and Benjamin Hook recounted their experiences at Patty's University Bookstore in an interview with *The Monitor*. In August 1996, Dodd and Hook said they went to Patty's with R.C. Sanders and Allen Welby to buy Sanders' books for a music class. When they could find the books, they reported asking for help from an employee.

According to Dodd, the employee explained that the books had been delayed by incompetent black workers who took the book orders from the phone.

"I didn't get the sense that he was mad when he was saying it," Hook said. "It was just inconsiderate. He was trying to make a joke, and he was obviously taking it too far. We were not humored at all. None of us said

Of course, any experienced Peep consumer knows that Peeps are not just for eating — they lend themselves to all aspects of a productive life. Act out your favorite episodes of "Saved by the Bell" with your Peeps. The only restriction here is that the character of Zack must always be played by a yellow Peep.

Head down to the laundry room and toss Peeps into the dryers. Just think how happy your dorm mates will be to find the yummy magic of Peeps in their clothes!

Decorate your measly living space by sponge painting your room with Peeps. Afterward, nail them to the wall. Add some Easter fun to your chess game by using Peeps and Bunnies as pawns. Simulate the McDonald's Playland ball bath in your bathtub, substituting Peeps for those unpalatable plastic balls. Peeps are beautiful in their simplicity. In a world of complication and confusion, Peeps and Bunnies refreshingly contain only sugar, corn syrup (another word for sugar), and gelatin.

This has allowed the good folks at the Just Born company to expand on the color scheme, which now includes an eerie blue color. I am all for exploring new Peep frontiers, but the Artificial Blue #1 adds an appearance of asphyxiation to the Peeps, as well as an aura of gloominess.

And so the Peep tradition continues. Do what you will with Peeps, but always afford them the respect they deserve. They have worked themselves into Easter culture, providing a quick and effective means of attaining a sugar high for children across the world — much faster than jelly beans, disappointingly hollow chocolate bunnies, or those terrible malted milk egg things.

This spring, look inside yourself and find the Peep within. Play with them. Fondle them. Worship them. Squish them. Eat them.

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Even when they tried to get away from the employee, he continued to follow Sanders around the store, Hook said. Dodd said that the employee kept asking Sanders, an African-American, questions about affirmative action and black people in general. Hook said he felt that the employee was asking Sanders to speak for all black people collectively.

Another student, Emily Steffans, related what had happened to her and Maggie Thurman when they went to Patty's near the end of the spring semester in 1997.

"We wanted to talk with Patty so we could tell her about the rumors surrounding her bookstore. We wanted to let her know that it was hurting her business," Steffans said. In the course of their conversation with Patty and Brad Bolt, Patty's husband, Steffans said "it became clear that a discriminatory atmosphere could exist at the bookstore because I considered several of their remarks to be racist and homophobic."

From early on, [the conversation] was an uncomfortable situation," Steffans said. Much of the discomfort, she said, was caused by "contradictory" views held by Mr. and Mrs. Bolt. Steffans said that while Mrs. Bolt felt offensive remarks could not have been made in the bookstore, Mr. Bolt felt that they could have been made. The Monitor spoke with Thurman over the phone, and she confirmed Steffans' account of their experience at Patty's.

The Monitor asked Patty's about the allegations of an employee making discriminatory remarks in front of customers. In their written statement, Patty's said, "There is no room for discriminatory remarks of any nature in business."



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In light of their pursuit of the situation at Patty's, some people have questioned why the coalition was formed in the first place.

Hindrichs said the Coalition for Community Activism was not formed to investigate rumors surrounding the bookstore. Rather, the Coalition was created to combine the efforts of the many different activist groups on campus.

"[All the different activist groups] are trying so hard to get recognition and have our voices heard that a lot of times we ended up hating each other instead of helping each other. We felt that if we could all come together and meet, we could discuss what we have in common and what our different interests are. We could discuss what the goals of our organizations were and then work together to see what issues we wanted to address and how we could complement each other."

Organizations represented within the Coalition include Amnesty International, Prism, REACH, the Anti-Racist Association, the Women's Resource Center, the College Democrats, MOSOP, ECO, and the Lifestyle Advocacy Program.

According to Hindrichs, the Coalition decided to pursue the rumors about Patty's after the first few meetings. Because that subject kept coming up, the Coalition chose to concentrate its efforts there first.

The Monitor asked Patty's if they felt that the Coalition had dealt with their business fairly.

"Dealing with the Coalition has left me feeling confused," Patty's wrote. "The first correspondence I received from this group threatened to publicize their 'project' against Patty's if the bookstore did not respond to the letter. Without waiting for a response, two business days following our receipt of the letter, it was published in *The Monitor*. As I stand earlier, in my last conversation with Cheryl Hindrichs, I was led to believe this ordeal was resolved. Now, once again, they have decided to manipulate the media for their 'project.'"

Home cookin' with Heather

by Heather Tylak

It's casserole time! This one is one of my personal recipes. It's good for pot lucks, parties, or just something to last all week, so you don't have to cook a new meal each day.

Call It What You Want Casserole

About 2 good size cups of noodles (use either the curly-Q ones or macaroni)
2 cans of condensed cream of mushroom soup
1/2 or 16 ounce can of potatoes
1 small onion chopped
some processed cheese (i.e. Velveeta)
some milk
a little garlic
a little Basil

OK, here starts the fun. Cook the two cups of noodles. (I'm going to assume you all know how to do that by now. If you don't, call a friend or leave me a message in *The Monitor* mail box in the CAOC.) After the noodles are cooked, drain them, dump them in a large casserole dish (2 or 3 quart size), and sprinkle them with a little garlic and basil. Cut the



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Prejudice, from page one
tion that takes place in classrooms. "Usually there are only one or two [African-Americans] in a class, so it's hard for everyone else to get used to that," she said.

The world abounds with subtle reinforcements of male superiority (subtle meaning anything less than the *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit edition). Take a quick stroll south down Franklin, heading towards Barnett Hall. On the right-hand side of the road just after crossing Patterson Street stand two yellow road signs warning drivers of pedestrians. Rendered in beautiful stick figure artistry, they tell the compelling story of man helping woman cross the street. The man grasps the woman by the arm, guiding her across the roaring mess of treachery that is Franklin Street.

Male superiority is also enforced by giving a gender to God. How often is God referred to as "She"? Very rarely, and when it happens, it usually shocks people. For example, consider these lines from Disch's song "Counting down Blue Cuts," a big radio hit last year: "Tell me all your thoughts on God, 'cause I'd really like to meet Her." Many believe these striking lines helped the song's rise to popularity.

Sexual Orientation
So many Americans discriminate based on sexual orientation. The numbers speak for themselves: only 11 states have laws protecting the rights of homosexuals.

Kirsch recounted some of his experiences with discrimination. "When I lived in the residence halls," he said, "I had paraphernalia on my door torn down, graffitied on, and urinated on. When the PAC put up Prism fliers, they slashed them with a razor blade. I've had stuff yelled at me before, usually while they're walking away. I think it would take far too much courage to actually go up to me and tell me what they think about me."

Marshall Rowland, a member of Prism, spoke of several areas where subtle discrimination occurs. He pointed out Health and Wellness

as an example because it offers no discussion of homosexual relationships as a life choice, nor does it offer discussion of safe sex techniques for homosexuals.

Rowland also pointed out that discrimination begins at our very first encounter with Truman and our fellow students: Freshman Week. "Tonight we're having an ice cream social. So you go to the ice cream social. You're eating some ice cream, you're having a good time. Then you see there's this stage there, and there are people getting up on this stage performing things. What are they doing? They're playing this game called 'Singed Out.'"

What is this game? This is a straight game where three men stand in a row and one woman asks them questions. Then three women stand

in a row and one man asks them questions. And you, the queer student, eating ice cream at the ice cream social, realize that you can't participate in this game, and you feel sad. You feel 'singled out.' You're being completely ignored, excluded from the good times, and made invisible."

Ending discrimination certainly is a daunting task. However, at the open forum on discrimination sponsored by the Coalition for Community Activism on February 24th, solutions were offered. Many agreed that the best way for people to fight discrimination is to simply say something when it happens. It's all a matter of communication. Conversation promotes understanding and reform. But in silence, the sadomas continues.

Concerts to see during break

- | | |
|--|---|
| 5-6
Beem, Jim O'Hearts, Empty Bottle, Chicago
The Urge, Mississippi Right, St. Louis | 5-11
Chick, etc., Basement Club, Kansas City
Babym, Mo's, Columbia |
| 5-7
Big Sandy and His Fly-Rite Boys, Rollin' Loud, Lawrence
Guns, New Def, Metro, Chicago | 5-12
Babym, Rollin' Loud, Lawrence
Bad Big Fish, Mississippi Right, St. Louis |
| 5-8
Waco Brothers, Lounge Ax, Chicago | 5-13
BB-40, Omaha Music Hall, Omaha
Marty Haggard, New Silver Bullet, Columbia |
| 5-9
Chickadee, Basement, Chicago
Chick, Festhall, Long Beach, Savannah, Mississippi Right, St. Louis | 5-14
Babym, Rollin' Loud, St. Louis
Isley Brothers, Star Plaza Theater, Chicago |
| 5-10
Chickadee, Basement, Chicago
Chickadee, Basement, Chicago | 5-15
MUSO, Gee Coffee, Olathe
Shelton, Hurricane, Kansas City |
| 5-11
Devine, Side Door, St. Louis
Sherry Rollins (spoken word), Blue Note, Columbia | 5-16
Tony Bennett, Park West, Chicago
Omschick, Olathe, St. Louis |

Vanilla Ice is still kickin'

by Michael Heien

Although you probably don't want to admit it, seven or eight years ago, you were begging your mom to buy you another pair of parachute pants. Let your shave stripes in the side of your head, and boy you the latest crappiest rap tape. The transition into the new decade was a rough one. We had to deal with the Gulf War, and all of a sudden poofy bangs and tight rolling your pants just wasn't cool any more. But through all the turmoil, one man, Vanilla Ice, eased us into the new decade with his funky rhymes and hot moves.

Now it's 1998, you can still rap "Ice, Ice, Baby," and you still don't know "What It's Like, Havin' A Roni." You might think Vanilla Ice (Robert Van Winkle) left the scene years ago. You couldn't be more wrong!

After you abandoned him in 1992, he was still keepin' it real. No one knows for sure what The Ice Man did after his musical career "died," but there are plenty of theories out there. Several sources say Vanilla opened a motorcycle shop in Miami called To The Extreme.

Roving reporter Jeff "Disco" Bernth made a trip to Miami to confirm the rumors. "I approached 700 Lincoln Road, in Miami Florida, to find a for-lease sign instead of a bustling bike shop, much to my chagrin. I travelled all the way from K-Ville to Miami to meet the Ice Man himself, but he left my hopes shattered on the filthy streets of Florida."

I felt Disco's pain, but rumors that Vanilla was going on tour filled me with anticipation. Why else would Vanilla close his bike shop? Shortly afterwards, Disco received an e-mail from his associate, telling him that the Ice Man was coming to Omaha. "Prepare ye for the Ice Age" was our battle-cry, and we purchased tickets immediately. That is how on February 20, we ended up in Omaha.

Waiting for Vanilla to start his show was pure hell, but I knew he would deliver. At least five-hundred people crowded into a seedy club attached to a bowling alley to see him. When Vanilla came out on the stage, the place exploded. Everyone was cheering, and doing anything just to touch him. Women's hands grabbed at places they shouldn't be, but Vanilla didn't mind, he invited them to "Climb his tall coconut tree."

Most of Vanilla's set came from a little known 1994 album: *Mind Blowin'!* Where Vanilla breaks away from the style we all know and love, and "gets funky." This is a must own for any Vanilla fan. He still has a weak spot for women, but Vanilla has also developed a love for marijuana. "Hey Omah! You like to smoke marijuana?" was Vanilla's first words to his fans at the concert. The place exploded, and he broke into "Roll up the Hootie Mac."

Vanilla's ability to work the crowd was amazing. He had people doing whatever he wanted them to. It reminded me of a Jr. High pep rally; I tried to prove the superiority of the right side of the crowd as I yelled "Hell yeah!" when Vanilla told me to. After the concert someone remarked "Now I know how Nazis worked."

The climax of the concert came when we heard Vanilla say, "Yo, VIP, lets kick it!" He broke into "Ice, Ice, Baby," the song everyone wanted to hear. This was Vanilla at his best. He had the crowd singing along, and everyone was getting down. The Ice Man can still thrill.

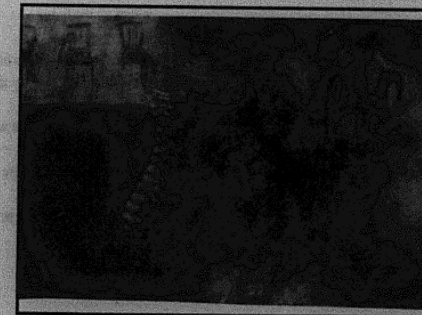
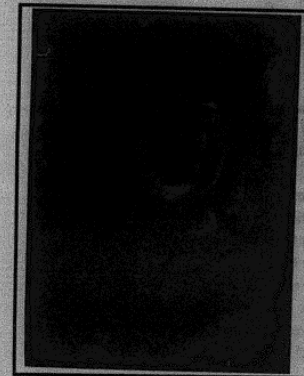
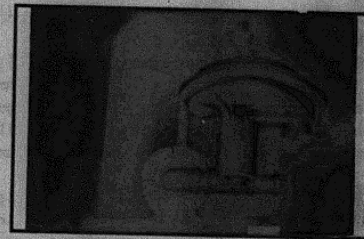
There are rumors that Vanilla is going to release a new album soon. Preliminary reports say it will be titled *Hard to Swallow, or Ice Capades*. He will be doing a show in St. Louis on March 27, and Columbia the next day. If you are an Ice Fan, I suggest you pay the \$15, and see him. Wouldn't that be a great way to end the nineties?

ART:

Today the Art Club is hosting a silent auction featuring student and faculty work on the second floor of the SUB. Prices start at five bucks and go up from there. The work being sold is of excellent quality and well worth your money to buy. Even if you're strapped for cash you can walk by and look at all the pretty pictures.

Clockwise from top right:

- Untitled: John Woodward
pencil
- Self-Portrait: Amanda Bunyard
oil pastel
- Spine Chair: Wes Martin
oil paints
- Brandi: David Langkamp
monotype
- Jackie: Nancy Lamon
aquatint



PS:
Amanda please forgive me for last issue!

My Back Pages . . .

Run On the Wall

Between the fallow field and the corn
Runs a high stone wall, not a stern strong wall
Only wobbly, slipshod stones on rough loose stones

I wouldn't climb the wall
Wouldn't risk the shifting rocks or
The threatened topple

I wouldn't skin my shins
Or bruise my knees
Or tear my palms on the jags

I wouldn't even attempt the ascent
But you make the climb
And you run on the wall

You first stand poised
Sniffing as if a different air is
Wind above the wall

Then you take the first steps
The stones sliding as you lift your heels
You smile as the stones fall away at your feet,
Smile as you skim
And stumble over the narrow
Uneven track
As if your running is faster
Upon the wall

You run as swift as far as you can
Till you fall
You always fall
But I think you like the fall

Because every Saturday
You take your morning run
On the wall
With a smile

Janeann Traen

Untitled

I gotta be cool
bein' dressed in somet'n smooth
pourin' sweet words
I know they want to hear
into their itch'n ears.

I gotta be cool
Loose myself around the crowd
mak'n sure all eyz on me
It don't matter if I looz my soul

I juss gotta be cool

John pa

Last Winter Walk

In this old barn
our bones grew tired
We watched our winter breath
come quietly from within
We were at ease
you with your music
I with my youth.

I remember a long walk
through dried fields
where all the living
had spent its time
or hid away. Ourselves hiding
further than the country allowed.

And when it came time we lingered
to hear the last geese
fly overhead. A little late
in the year we thought
and you never saw the next.

Brett Kirkpatrick

East of Eden, Headed West

Mountains overshadow
the plains from which they grow
but oh to see the mountains
oh to be a mountain.
We race cross-country
she counts the miles left
I steal the moments passed
and hum a Beatles' tune
I heard yesterday.

In the shadow of the peaks
she rests beneath the night
and sleeps by dimming fires
where she feels safe.
I search into the heavens
but can only reach so far
the stars seem dim
they never keep me warm.

The summer morning's cold,
the sun wrents the clouds.
I hold her close to my chest
and keep my thoughts to myself.
When the time to leave
arrives, I linger
sniff the freedom of the breeze
that blows like yesterday.

Bob Wood

Still looking for faculty and student submissions
Drop them off at the Monitor mailbox, CAOC



The Mega Monitor

A Campus Collective

Volume 4, Number 13 24 March 1998

Truman awaits radical women

by Adam Potthast (help from Marie Montana)

This weekend, in a tiny section of America's heartland, radical women have a conference of their own.

The event, the third of its kind to blossom on Truman's campus, will take place Friday, 27 March and Saturday, 28 March in rooms throughout Ophelia Parrish and Baldwin Hall. Though the presenters are from all genders, the conference focuses on the ideas and achievements of women who have made their voices heard throughout history, even though they were labeled misguided, feminist, or radical.

The conference, conceived by the Women's Studies committee, commemorates March, Women's History month with an eye towards extending the month's influence throughout the curriculum. Papers presented are from many disciplines, including literature, linguistics, religious studies, queer theory, and theater.

Dr. Linda Seidel, organizer of the conference, said it allows students and professors a chance to present their work in Women's Studies in an academic setting. Opportunity for such presentation is somewhat lacking at Truman. According to Seidel, the conference is "focused on Truman people talking to Truman people. We don't seem to spend too much time talking to each other." As for other venues, Truman currently has only a minor in Women's Studies.

Seidel is presenting one of her own papers at the conference, entitled "Confessions of a Middle Age Marriage Resister." The paper challenges conventional notions of presentation by its presentation, which will be done by two speakers, Cheryl Hindrichs and Seidel herself. At times, said Seidel, the voices will merge and at other times they will be confused.

Seidel is joined by numerous other students and faculty members, including Dr. Mary Shapiro, who is presenting a paper on the feminist critique of language. "[There are] two dif-

ferent proposals that two women have made about how to overcome this problem," said Shapiro. "There is adequate evidence to suggest that women's voices have been silenced. So what do we do about it? We've discussed it to death. We can approach it from this very intellectual standpoint or we can act."

Shapiro's paper goes on to consider Suzette Haden Elgin's proposal to create an entirely new language, called Luddan, based on relationships between people. In it, there would be, among other things, several different nouns for love representing love with respect, fondness, neither, and maternal love. The other proposal, by radical feminist Mary Daly, is to amend our current languages to empower such terms used with women such as hag, harpy, witch, or catty, and give them positive connotations that women can use in daily life.

Student presenters range from first time presenters to those with enough hours to declare a Women's Studies major. Junior Jennifer McKellips, who is minoring in Women's Studies, is presenting for the first time at such a conference.

"I've never done a conference like this, so I figured it would be good experience," said McKellips. "All through high school I was interested in feminism and read a lot about it."

But Senior Karen Kuehnle has been working towards a Women's Studies major since she came to Truman.

"I think it's a positive outlet for [those in] Women's Studies," said Kuehnle. "I think that it's a very strong show of force that there are professors and students who are aware of the issues going on in Women's Studies, that are dedicated to the issues in Women's Studies and it should say something to the University—that we need a Women's Studies major."

Seidel agreed. "I would like to think that the conference constitutes evidence that the discipline is alive on campus. Participation in the conference [shows that] Women and Gender Studies has something to offer," she said.

Prism brings speaker on privacy rights

by Leslie Graft

On March 19, Prism hosted Rene Upshaw from the Privacy Rights Education Project (PREP) of St. Louis. PREP is "Missouri's leading organization advocating for the rights of lesbian, gay, bisexual and transgendered persons in our state." It is concerned with legislative action and education. Prism hosted Upshaw to speak on two new laws directly affecting the LGBT community, House Bills 1719 and 1760.

House Bill 1760 would repeal sections of the Missouri Sexual Misconduct statute which states that persons of the same sex may not have "deviate sexual intercourse" and such actions are classified as Class A Misdemeanor. It defines these actions as "any sexual act involving the genitals of one person and the hand, mouth, tongue or anus of another person." According to the "1998 Missouri Legislative Packet" prepared by PREP, "This broadly-worded statute even criminalizes acts occurring between two consenting adult partners in the privacy of their own home."

House Bill 1719 is a Civil Rights legislation protecting the rights of lesbian, gay, bisexual, and transgender citizens from discrimi-

nation on the basis of sexual orientation. Such ordinances exist in the cities of Saint Louis, Kansas City, and Columbia. This bill would offer such protection to all citizens of Missouri. According to PREP, "All lesbian, gay, bisexual and transgender Missourians who live and work outside these areas may be fired at any time, refused services, or denied a house of apartment because of their sexual orientation, and have absolutely no recourse under the law." It establishes civil rights against discrimination based on the groups one is identified with, rather than actual conduct. Truman State University is somewhat unique in that its statement of nondiscrimination for admission and employment prohibits "discriminatory practices based on reasons not expressly stated...such as sexual orientation..."

Prism is currently focusing on these two bills to promote education. They want people to understand what these bills would do and what the laws currently say. To promote this education, they are planning a forum on Tuesday, 14 April at 8:00 p.m. in the Conference Room of the Student Union Building. According to Prism member, Michelle Kenyon, the

See PREP, page 12



Faith Ringgold, artist and quilter, spoke to Truman students last Saturday and inspired them with her multicultural vision. She recently juried the Student Art Exhibition. photo by Jacob Fleischer

Faith Ringgold inspires artists

by Erin Huckle

Faith Ringgold, an internationally renowned artist, writer and educator, spoke to a very receptive crowd on Saturday night. Ringgold spoke in part with her Jurorship of the Truman State University 10th Annual National Art Competition.

Ringgold told of her journey as an African American woman artist beginning just before the time of the civil rights movement and on to present day. She cites strength as the main driving force in developing as an artist. Ringgold spoke of her search for role models that weren't "dead European men." She also encouraged artists to create whatever it is they please regardless of how radical it may seem at present, explaining, "Thirty years from now, they're gonna love it."

Ringgold got started in making quilts, now her trademark medium, in 1980, as a way to easily transport her works without the help of her husband.

Eager to have her writings published, which had been overlooked thus far, she decided to include the writings as part of the quilt itself. In doing this, the words would have to be published along with the work when it was published. This proved to be a clever way to ensure publishing success.

She has written four children's books with another on the way, and no longer finds it necessary to write on her quilts. Yet, she did let the audience in on a little secret. Her writings on the quilts themselves that made such an impact on her career were written with a Sanford

Sharp permanent marker.

Ringgold told the extensive tale that accompanies her "French Collection," a series of the story quilts that made her famous. This story stems from the idea that if her mother, instead of getting married and having children in the United States, had gone to Europe in the twenties, such as other African Americans did, in order to seek a life less inhibited by racial tensions. Ringgold takes her mother's fictitious life through Europe as an artist, also encountering all of the prominent artists of this day (i.e. Picasso, Van Gogh) and setting her mother in such scenes as Monet's garden and the Matisse's chapel.

She continued this story, this time making her mother's fictitious daughter the subject of the series. "The American Collection" follows her daughter Marlena around the American art scene. Somewhat drawing a parallel between Marlena's life and her own life, Ringgold intends to keep working in the story quilt form revealing further the story of Marlena's art career in the yet to be created "the American Collection II."

This woman's artwork sparks inspiration in many and this personal look into her artwork was especially motivational. Faith's weighted journey gives hope to artists and non-artists alike: "An artist has the power to communicate ideas without anybody's permission. It is a medium in which you can be completely free. Of course you might pay a price for that freedom. But then not many good things come without a price."

News that's mega	until	2
Rappers, graduation and women's studies		4
The Sound and the Fury and the Mielke		5
A mega portion of Reviews		6&14
Head to head on abortion		8
The mega Theatre Page		10
More library treasures and K Lite		11
Making Midterm Memories travel guide		12
The Academy Award Results		13
My Mega back pages		16

The Monitor

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John G.

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ALL THE NEWS THAT'S UNFIT

Dormant furniture angst

The observant college student will have noticed that not long after spring break, furniture of all sizes and mostly 70s colors started haphazardly appearing on street corners. To make matters a little more surreal, the days following brought carpet, washing machines, and a few (you guessed it) kitchen sinks.

But, while bizarre, the ritual is in fact much more normal than the average college senior may think. In an obscure section of *The Guidebook to Living in Northeast Missouri*, we learn that not only is there a day reserved for throwing your old furniture into the street (Throw Your Furniture Out Into the Street Day), but there are also days for household pests and plumbing. In fact, this year, the day for plumbing and furniture coincided, providing sightings of old sinks along with the tread chairs.

Surprise, however, quickly turned to horror as this year's Furniture Day took on a darker character. Early on, *Monitor* paranormalists (Queen Astra, etc.) sensed a growing resentment from the pitched furniture, but the town paid no heed. Residents began reporting shocking incidents soon after Truman returned from Spring Break. Just last weekend eyewitnesses tell of several piles of furniture bursting into flames. One student narrowly escaped a terrifying encounter: "I went into my house and heard something fall to the floor in my kitchen," he said. "When I went to investigate, all I found was a small foot stool with all of my knives on its seat."

Paranormalists suggest the furniture from

the 70s actually embody souls of past Kirksville residents who are angry about being taken away from their homes. The more empiricist investigators suggest that the *Monitor* is making this up. Either way, the truth is out there...

Microwave meditation

The guru of Missouri Hall are at it again. The dormitory has long been known for its reputation as the mystical epicenter of Truman, but if the Committee-established-to-keep-the-building-from-burning-down has its way, that reputation might be curtailed. Though there has long been a ban on candle burning (largely ignored by the spiritually enlightened residents), enforcement of the rule will be strengthened in the future with possibly disastrous consequences.

But in a related (and somewhat baffling) move, the policy does compensate pyromaniacs with an unappealing olfactory option: students will be allowed to melt candles in their Microfridge(s) microwave ovens creating "the same pleasing scent that comes about by burning the candle by the wick." The lambs of the dorm are perplexed: how does one contemplate the inner light without an external guide, can the path to eternal bliss involve an environment-destroying cooking device, and how the hell is one supposed to clean wax that's baked into the bottom of the microwave?

Yo quiero Student Senate

A new breed of fugitive is on the loose. Remorseless, desperate, and dangerous, these criminals are none others than our elected officials: Student Senators. Recently these suppo-

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Letters

Send letters -- not too long, not too short -- to the mailer in the CIRC.

Iles praises Siewert's stance on VP

Dear Collective Letters,
As one who is, entirely properly, regarded "no contest" as a usual 'critic' of TSU administration and faculty's stunning complacency, arrogance, and pre-French revolution-style monetary privilege, can I, amongst your community leadership, be, therefore, one of the first? To salute the alternative of solid TSU courage, amongst their number, when whifly it is displayed on both you students and we taxpayers' battered part. They need support for their brave rarity; such courage is frowned upon and punished in pettiness by its targets.

At last Tuesday's campus-only TSU "public" meeting, Associate French Civilisation Professor Gregg Siewert dared to say in front of Magnate-preferred vice-presidential choice M.F.A. Gary Gordon, already external interim vice-president, the following: I quote, absolutely verbatim and contextually:

"I think an external candidate would bring a fresh perspective (not 'prospective' as an Index reporter wildly put it, in ignorance) to the campus. It wouldn't hurt us to have someone new come in and shake us up a bit and ask us to go in some new directions. Any internal candidate has in-house baggage." Hear, Hear! Indeed (Mc!)

Just how brave such comments were can be, realistically, gauged: By a follow-up speech which made as growing as I am sure it must have been to those privileged mortals allowed into the gathering, Associate physics TSU Professor Peter Rolnick said virtually the same utterance, but did so with many 'hedging' statement, about how he was sure the selection of only one outside other finalist to Gordon was unintentional, that he saved his dauntiness for just when Jack does get his "Ole Boy" compatibility choice of "pre-ordained" Gordon!

What readers of the last Index report were not told about Rolnick makes Siewert's frankness even more pronounced in admirable quality! Rolnick is, wait for it, the President of what passes for a TSU "union" chapter of the National Union of "The Association of American Professors." The last truly independent and not unconditionally female co-president of the body, Dr. Betty Mc Lane-Iles was forced out last fall, by what I can only describe as a Rolnick-Gordon-Gruber cavalier sexist ungallant, witnessed in disgust I still reflect.

Of course, by now, probably even typically radical *Monitor* "regulars" will perhaps have sleepily "noded off." And think that the Siewert-Gordon-Rolnick exchanges are "not for us", personalities jostling a jer in egotism or irrelevance. Can I briefly say not "really," folks, in verisimilitude and real accuracy, Professor Siewert is tenured and a respected educators' conference invitee who devotes his life unstintingly to teaching and mentoring. He has no need to prove anything, and does not need his "own" V.P. candidate, "outside."

What is the case is that thousands of dollars has been wasted in rejected visitors and narrowing the search. This is your and my money, and it merits your strongest concern. If this campus and community is ever to have truly enlightened, "liberal arts" values, "sparkle" and freshness, one thing, everyone should note, if you are permitted any input whatsoever in this coming choice.

It has been put badly around (although,

to his own credit, not by Mr. Gary Gordon himself) that the "MFA" is I quote the "terminal" degree in fine arts. It is not, and anyone can check the accuracy of age and other grounds of this "establishment" barefaced lie. By either filling in the "DFA" study slips around TSU division offices for doctorate, or looking at *Chronicle of Higher Education* senior level appointments' "minimum entry" requirements.

Thank you for enabling honest dissent to continue to flourish inside and outside TSU. We are all community cumbered with a probable fail accomplish unfortunately but at least let us follow Siewert in protesting against Gordon from our fine, ruined bones.

Libertarian defends gun freedom

Dear Monitor:
I am writing in response to the opinion expressed by Erin Hucks in your Feb. 17 edition. She suggests that the Second Amendment is outdated. One could argue that the entire Constitution, which was written at about the same time as the Bill of Rights, is outdated.

After all, the First Amendment, so cherished by journalists, has been abridged many times. I would think it impossible for anyone working on a student newspaper staff to be unaware of Supreme Court decisions affecting their right to print whatever they wish. And the Constitution has proven to be no barrier to the whims of Congress. And guess how constitutional all those Executive Orders are.

Many people view the Second Amendment as merely the right to own a gun. The Bill of Rights was incorporated into the Constitution to guarantee what used to be considered "unalienable" rights -- the right to speak freely, the right to assemble peacefully, the right to self-defense, the right to be free from unwarranted search and seizure, the right to trial by jury (as opposed to trial by water or fire -- very common in New England a couple of centuries ago), and many other rights not mentioned, but referred to in the Ninth and Tenth Amendments. The Bill of Rights was intended to be a binder upon the government, to prevent it from infringing on the "unalienable" rights of the citizens.

Did you see what I slipped in there? The right to self-defense. Would you argue that no one has a right to self-defense? And which of the first ten amendments mentions self-defense? None of them. Does that mean a right to self-defense does not exist?

From the politically correct point of view, no, it does not exist. That is what the Police and the Courts are for. That's why we have Government. No one needs to defend themselves anymore, and especially not with a gun!

As Ms. Hucks asks, "Are Americans not willing to sacrifice their right to bear arms for a better sense of safety and security?" After all, since we have allowed the government to take over the responsibility for our personal safety, it has done an absolutely wonderful job. Seat belt laws, motorcycle helmet laws, child restraint laws, gasoline container laws, labeling laws, airline regulations, OSHA regulations, USDA regulations, FDA regulations, the list may well be endless.

Why have we decided to let the government defend our lives, limbs and property? For the same reason so many people watched a young girl get raped in New York City, without even attempting to help. Because we have become a nation of cowards.

We would rather give a mugger whatever he wants than to risk being hurt or killed trying to protect what is ours. Do you really think

giving him not to hurt you gives him the right message about what is and is not socially acceptable?

Do you have any idea how many muggings, robberies and other crimes have been averted because the intended victims chose to stand and fight? Yes, some of them got hurt, and some paid their attackers off got hurt and killed, too. So go figure your odds. Do you feel any safer? How much would you feel if you knew that some friend or neighbor or even a store-owner had a gun in his pocket and could come to your aid in an instant?

I have enclosed some articles which I hope you will take the time to read. Some authors are much more eloquent in their defense of the Second Amendment than I am, and if you are indeed wanting to rid this nation of guns, you will need to know their arguments so you can counter them. As you will see, there's a lot more to this issue than just keeping guns out of the hands of children.

Sincerely yours,
John Lucke

Chairman, Adair County Libertarian Party

Agent explains bike trail policy

Monitor:
Recently I was given a copy of the article which appeared on 2-17-98, in *The Monitor* which had to do with biking trails around the city of Kirksville opening up. For the avid mountain biker this news I'm sure comes with great expectations of a fun-filled spring. I'd like to visit with those of you who intend to utilize the trail head which you access from Big Creek Conservation Area at the Rainbow Basic parking lot.

For the last three years the Missouri Department of Conservation has had a very strict enforcement policy which to the average user may not be obvious, the walking trail there specifically stated pedestrian traffic only. This rule was enforced because of damage caused from erosion. This can be caused in two ways, when the area is used by bikes, vehicles, 4-wheelers, etc. while the ground is muddy causes not only rut but compaction of the soil. Subsequently, when it rains there is an increased amount of runoff resulting in erosion and other damage which takes great time and money to repair. Our goal as a department is to give good service to the greatest number of the general public as possible, while continuing to manage our areas to support the natural resources of the state.

The one misconception in the earlier article is the opening up of the entire Big Creek Conservation Area. We have agreed to allow access to the trail at the Rainbow Basin parking lot on the current walking trail which concludes on Thousand Hills State Park for bikers, however this is the only portion of Big Creek that will be open. Because of the reasons listed earlier, we will continue to post the remainder of the area as closed to bike traffic, and will continue our enforcement of this regulation.

The Department of Conservation would like to see the Big Creek Conservation Area utilized by as many members of the public as possible; this includes the students at Truman. We just want you to be aware of your responsibilities when you are there.

Marsha Jones
Adair County Conservation Agent

After hearing concerns from readers, the *Monitor* has decided to no longer accept any unsigned letters for publication. Please continue to send us letters, but please sign them.

The Monitor 3

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Opinions

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

What to do after graduation

by Mike Novak

I am a senior. With the end of the year around the corner I eagerly anticipate the end of my college career. I have no ambition to continue on to graduate school so this is it. For seventeen of my twenty-two years I have been a student, and it's finally coming to an end. I can't wait. But while many of my fellow seniors are sending out their resumes trying desperately to secure a job in the Real World, I've decided to take a different path.

I've decided to take some time off, and I would like to suggest that my fellow seniors do the same. I am not suggesting to move back in with mom and dad and mooch off of them for the next twenty years, but rather I am suggesting taking a non-career job and adjusting to life without school. Most of us have been in school so long, we don't even know what it's like to not be a student. How can you be sure you know what you want to do when in reality you haven't really done anything?

For example, a friend of mine, Clarke, graduated from Truman last May with a double major, Finance and Economics. Instead of setting into a career, Clarke moved to Columbia, Mo., got a job at the local Applebee's and decided to lay low for a year. He may not have had a lavish lifestyle, but Clarke learned a lot about himself in that time. He decided business might not be for him. He's currently contemplating getting an internship at a newspaper and becoming a journalist.

If Clarke had not taken that time off he may have gotten himself a job and gotten trapped. It's easy to say that if you find yourself unhappy with your job you can just quit, but it's not that easy.

Chances are you won't want to lose the security your job offers, and undoubtedly you'll try to stick it out. Then one day you'll wake up and realize you're forty years old and you hate your job. It happened to my dad. About six years ago my dad got laid off from his job. I threw my family for a loop. My mom had to get a new job while my dad looked for work. He couldn't find a job so he began doing odd jobs

around the town we live in: he would mow the baseball fields and teach soccer to little kids. Eventually the head of our Parks and Recreation realized how much time my dad put in and created a position for him. It may not pay as well as his old job, but my dad is happier than he's ever been.

When I was young my dad would come home and complain about his job; I would go as far as to say my dad hated his job. Now when my dad comes home he brags about the little kid who scored a goal in his first game or how he got the baseball fields ready for a game despite rain earlier in the day. He takes pride in his work. In fact he recently won an award for man of the year in the field of Parks and Recreation in the south suburbs of Chicago.

Looking back, getting laid off was one of the best things that ever happened to any one of my family. It took getting laid off from a job he had for nearly thirty years for my dad to realize he wasn't really happy and find something he truly enjoys. I would be willing to bet that a large portion of graduating seniors will fall into the same trap, but they don't have to. Where does it say you have to go college-job-retirement?

There's nothing stopping you from taking some time off, to maybe travel around the country, maybe travel around the world. How do you know where you want to settle down if you haven't seen all your options? In that year or two after school you may learn that you don't want to do what you always thought you did.

I will admit not everyone can do this. Some people need the security a job offers, others feel they need the money. I am merely saying if you spend your entire life worrying about the future you may never worry about the present.

You only get one life, so why not try and make the most of it? Don't get a job because you feel you have to, get a job because you want to. And if you can't find a job you like, find out what you like to do and find a way to get paid doing it. After all, this is your only life, at least try to enjoy it.

Puff Daddy and Mase don't live up to rap standards

by Jay Bartle and Jason Stroutman

Like a lot of people these days we wondered what the big deal is with Puff Daddy and Mase. It seems like they came out of nowhere to take the charts. While ago we decided to check out their albums and see what everyone was talking about.

First we put in Puff Daddy's *No Way Out*. To put it simply, this album sucked. Puff Daddy cannot come up with his own music. He does come up with his own words, but the music and beats in the songs are remixes of his from the 80's.

If you can't come up with your own ideas then you don't deserve to be in the business. Doing a remix of your own song is fine, and even doing a remix of someone else's song is okay once in a while, but to do a whole album, especially your first one, with almost nothing on it but remixes of other people's songs, is pathetic. We will say one good thing about him, he picked good 80's songs to remix.

Also, Puff Daddy does not appear on the surface to be able to take care of himself on the streets without his boys backing him up. He appears to be a skinny little rich boy that wouldn't know what to do with a gun if he needed to. We aren't claiming to know what to do either, but then again, we aren't talking and saying that we do.

This is untrue of other rappers of today, who, whether it be through their fists or through pistols, can take care of themselves. Also, unlike other rappers, his songs don't seem to convey a message. He raps mostly about being the best rapper, which is blatantly untrue. How could anyone who has only made one Rap album claim to be the best?

Most rappers try to tell a story in their songs, usually trying to convey a deep message to people about violence, justice, or lack thereof.

We have to ask, "What is with the dancing with their shoulders in every goddamn video?" This is just insane! When they dance like this they look like they couldn't find the

The case for a Women's Studies Major

by Adam Posthast

When we read history, we read that Alexander the Great conquered all of Persia, that Christopher Columbus discovered America, and that Abraham Lincoln abolished slavery with the Emancipation Proclamation. But history was written by men. Only now do stories about people like Christine de Pizan, Marjorie Kemp, Mary Wollstonecraft, and Harriet Jacobs begin to creep their way into history books. But time has had its acidic way with these stories. Though more are uncovered everyday, many are forever forgotten, fading even from the oral tradition which harbored them for so long. Half of our history is missing.

And how does the United States compensate? March is Women's History month. February is Black History Month. This is injustice. Instead of trying to integrate these essential aspects of history into the classroom and the minds of Americans, the histories are neatly packaged into 60 days and out of the way so people don't have to hear the whining for the rest of the year. One half of history is not proportional to one sixth of the year. The whining that our representatives are trying to ignore are in fact cries for justice; cries of legitimate anger, cries not to be forgotten this time. Their ears are just too out of time to hear it right.

Women's Studies focuses on these cries, but also on the reasoned consideration and integration of the feminine perspective into the collective unconscious. It examines current events, history, philosophy, sociology, psychology, science, business, education, health, economics, and literature with a mind to analyzing and changing the mythology that says women are in any way inferior to men—a mythology that is present in all of our minds.

Women's Studies investigates the women throughout history who have lived in the presence of this mythology and many who have overcome it. It is a liberating task. And, to date, Truman State University, fostering the [liberating] arts, has no major in this discipline that is already firmly established in virtually all other liberal arts and science institutions. Women or men who want to concentrate on bringing humanity out of the world of a single-gendered perspective must (dis)content themselves with a minor and a major in another field. They could go to other schools, but I think that suggestion only hurts Truman. By saying this we perpetuate the injustice. Unfortunately for the time being, that

is the case. There are many dedicated women (and no men that I know of) that are working against the odds to bring this major in Women's Studies into existence. They deserve not only your attention but your support.

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New storefront on the Square

Truman pilgrimage to Faulkner country

by Shalyn Claggett

When I learned that my Faulkner Seminar would be taking a week-long excursion to the South so that we might immerse ourselves in the environment which formed one of the greatest American authors, my first reaction was an emphatic "wow."

Actually, it was "how much will it cost?" but "wow" was certainly a close second. Imagine, the South and all its vestiges of glory, the colorful landscape of such classic American works as *Absalom! Absalom!* and *As I Lay Dying*. Certainly it was a rare opportunity, not to be missed.

The instructor who organized this incredibly entertaining and extremely educational roadtrip was the fearless Dr. Bob Mielke, orchestrator of last year's illustrious Comp II U.F.O. excursion to Rowlett. Nine dedicated Faulkner disciples, myself included, departed at 9:30 a.m. on February 28, arriving that evening in Memphis, Tennessee.

The following day, before pushing on to Faulkner's home in Oxford, we briefly toured the Civil Rights Museum and, yes, Graceland.

Perhaps the incredulous reader is wondering what possible connection exists between Elvis Presley and William Faulkner; since I am a resourceful English major, I am equipped to supply two. Faulkner and Elvis are both from the South, and Faulkner's novels were highly influential on Elvis's songwriting. Particularly in his later years—of course, I need not elaborate.

In Oxford we examined the infinitely intriguing Faulkner collection on display at the Ole Miss campus library, featuring original manuscripts, signed first editions, and letters

written by the master himself. After dark we made a humble pilgrimage to the grave where selected passages from "Brother Bill's" novels were read before his eternal remains. The following morning we toured Rowan Oak, the picturesque homestead where Faulkner crafted the bulk of his work.

In Hattiesburg, Mississippi, we met a happy coincidence—Kurt Vonnegut was visiting.



Students in the Faulkner seminar listen intently during a literary walking tour of the French Quarter. Left to right: Robert Ridgeway, Todd Neal, tour guide Dr. Kenneth Hollditch, Sally Lucas, Dr. Bob Mielke, Cheryl Debus, and the white T-shirted back belongs to Jason Baker. photo by Shalyn Claggett

ing the Hattiesburg campus to deliver a lecture which we were fortunate enough to attend. There we also met with one of the foremost authorities on Faulkner scholarship today, Noel Polk—the textual editor of the most recent Faulkner editions. Polk briefly elucidated the rigors of textual editing and also discussed with us the texts we had studied.

Our final stop was New Orleans, to visit

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Faulkner's home in the French Quarter. There we enjoyed a three-hour literary walking tour of the area, given by retired English professor Kenneth Hollditch, which highlighted the haunts of Faulkner, Tennessee Williams, Sherwood Anderson, and Truman Capote. We topped off our experience with shopping in the French Market, *café au lait* at the Café du Monde, and late night dancing to a Cajun-country band.

The true depth of our experience, however, can hardly be contained in a brief and sterile summary of our literary. Faulkner's novels became even more alive to us not merely because we pursued original manuscripts or discussed various critical theories with Faulkner scholars.

His novels became more alive precisely because the Southern culture which influenced and formed the backdrop for each work became familiar to us for a short but cherished time. The palatable cuisine, the warm, muggy weather, the eccentric individuals we had the pleasure to meet, and even the horrifyingly macabre bathroom we were forced to use in Stillwell, Mississippi, all combined to offer an enlightening new dimension to the Faulknerian portrait of the fictional Yoknapatoka County.

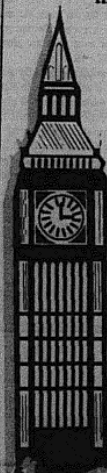
So, if you are a Faulkner fan who has never set foot south of the Mason-Dixon Line, I strongly encourage you to do so. If you can round up a group of traveling friends who avidly adore Faulkner as much as you, better still.

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Reviews



music film literature art

St. Louis writer gives advice

by Kevin Bertram

To me, Bill McClellan has been the understanding parent. You know, your friend's mom or dad who actually listens to what you have to say. He has expounded on pot and his own struggles with school. Basically, Bill tries to connect with the regular person. Bill has been the sympathetic voice to people, especially myself, who take the less efficient and humper road through life.

With the publication of *Slogging Toward the Millennium*, the St. Louis Post-Dispatch columnist has his second book. The first, *Evidence of Murder*, documented a murder case involving a New Orleans businessman. This book is a collection of his "On My Own" columns from his first 14 years at the Post. His column is the cornerstone of the left side of the Metro page. On an almost daily basis, he has amused, enlightened, and entertained readers of all ages with his stories and opinions.

Throughout the book, his clever prose gives the reader an intimate look into the St. Louis community. His columns are real stories of people he empathizes with as they endure endless troubles with the law and life.

This collection consists of more than 80 columns McClellan penned over the last decade and a half. He breaks the columns into four sections: the criminal justice system, his own misadventures, politics, women and business, and miscellaneous.

Prized selections from the first section include a chronicle of a loser, the story of a man who could not afford to stay in jail ("A Loser Gets His Day in Court"). Also, McClellan makes fun of St. Louis' last don, Matthew "Mike" Trupiano ("Best Way to Earn Respect? How About a Game of Gin Rummy?"). And the first section shows his care with a tragic story, "Ethnic Assault Ends Dreams of Refugee Who Fled Vietnam."

The second section examines his struggles with life. This shows the zany but still down-to-earth side of his column. He writes of his bungling of a celebrity interview ("Getting an Angle on Ann Landers"), his struggles with science ("Science Fiasco Leaves Egg on Father's Face"), and his unique take on Valentine's Day ("Philosopher's Approach to Valentine's Day"). His favorite column, "Criming and Baring an Intrepid Dad's Life on the Skids," is also included.

The third section captures his feelings on women and the more civic-related subjects of politics and business. He takes on the military's gay policy ("Men Not Suited for

Much, Many Women Think"), personal ads ("Orchestrating Personal Ads"), and shady political dealings ("Quake Czar Once Shook Up Mayor's Foes").

Finally, the fourth section is made up of stories that do not conform to the previous categories. These include articles with a more universal message. It details stories of what could have been ("Man's Smile Masks Life's Lost Promise"), what should have been ("His Needle Tracks were Path to Dead-End Life"), and what would have been ("In Unsettled Times, God Builds House on Higher Ground").

The first concerns a man whose life was transformed after a serious car crash. The second tells the tale of a cop who went the wrong direction and paid for it with his life. The last one shows how a community rallied around a family whose dream of a better life was almost lost.

There are many other stories I failed to mention here. He gives his take on the Presidential family through make-believe encounters with Hillary Clinton. He also takes on big business with a few scathing articles that tear apart the Bottomen's Bank debacle.

Besides subjects though, McClellan gives a different slant to events by showing who and how people are affected by them. His ability to give the more human side to stories helps explain why he is so widely read in St. Louis.

This is a must-read for any hardcore McClellan reader. It covers most of his great works. Even if you are not a regular reader or have never picked up the Post, it is a good book for anyone who likes to have a complete read but has little time. This is not a collection you sit down and read all at once. It is the prototypical bathroom or coffee table book.

The book offers something extra for non-St. Louisians. For those of you who like to make fun of all the St. Louis fools up here, Bill gives you plenty of gunpowder. This St. Louis celebrity plunges right into the city's psyche to expose the self-loathing that is at its heart. He makes fun of our mob bosses, our mayors, and the typical St. Louisian like only an outsider could (he is from Chicago).

He sees the city for what it is, a small town that just happens to have two million residents. And as he is fond of writing, St. Louis is one of the few places that would erect a monument, the Arch, in honor of people who left the city.

Most importantly, Bill writes what most people his age are too heartless and hypocritical to say.

Moore fights corporate scum

by Jill Goodfriend

I was lucky enough over break to run across an announcement in the paper for a preview of *The Big One*, Michael Moore's new film. Moore made a name for himself as a voice for the blue collar worker in *Roger & Me*, which traces his attempts to meet the head of General Motors after a plant closing in his hometown of Flint, Michigan. More recently, Moore authored *Downsize This* and created the television show *TV Nation*; both exposed the loss of American jobs at the same time the economy and corporations were booming.

The Big One follows Moore on a 47-city book tour (primarily in the Midwest) to such cities as Rockford, Illinois, which had just been named number 300 out of 300 in *Money Magazine's* worst cities in the U.S.

During his tour, Moore goes to some of the largest, most profitable corporate headquarters to try to ascertain why they laid off thousands of workers while making record profits. He examines Borders' Books, Nike, and TWA — just to name a few.

Through his tour and interviews with various folks, Moore focuses on issues such as corporate welfare. While many welfare opponents claim undermotivated, undereducated people refuse to work, instead simply soaking up welfare money, Moore shows that, in fact, the government hands out millions (if not billions) of dollars in corporate welfare each year, much more than is given in social welfare. For example, the Pillsbury company was given \$11 million in 1996 to promote the Dough Boy in third world countries.

Other surprising facts include that, instead of hiring from the general population, TWA has prison inmates answer many of their phones and take reservations. AT&T and Eddie Bauer also employ prisoners at \$2 an hour instead of offering jobs to the rest of society.

This is not to discount, however, companies such as Nike and Procter & Gamble which

have moved their plants from the U.S. to third world countries, where they can pay workers much less. In one encounter with Philip Knight of Nike, the only CEO who agreed to be interviewed, Moore offers to fly Knight to Indonesia to look at his shoe plants. He refuses, and claims that Nikes are made in such countries because Americans simply don't want to make shoes.

The Big One is not just a catalog of Moore's attempts to see CEOs, however. Through his film, we meet the "downsized," welfare recipients, and former prisoners/TWA employees.

While the main purpose of this film is serious, the overall tone is quite light. Moore asks critical questions of corporations, but does so in a humorous way. He brings a giant check for the last PayDay candy bar to the Hershey/Leaf company (which shut down the plant), and makes a case that Steven Forbes is an alien (he never blinks).

Moore also addresses one of the worst problems in the United States today: apathy. He cites this as the reason his films can be shown in the first place — advertisers and promoters realize that even when shown harsh truths about their own country, Americans are unlikely (if not unwilling) to do anything about it. They either don't care or don't think they can do anything. Moore's accomplishments show that, in fact, one person can make a difference.

This is one of the most important and inspiring films of the year. It doesn't just explore the evils of corporate America. It shows the power one person can have.

The Big One opens April 10, the Friday of Spring Break. Please go see it. If you do, you send a message to film companies that other independent movies can make money and a message to corporate America that its practices are not acceptable. Plus, you might learn a lot.

New Coen film fresh, witty

by Matt Weiker

If you're looking for a movie with a tear-jerking love story, Hollywood's youngest, most beautiful stars, breathtaking special effects, Academy Award nominated performances, and a floating iceberg which rips the unsinkable Titanic in two, then please stay away from *The Big Lebowski*. But if you're looking for a movie with a quirky, witty script, smart and funny dialogue, and surprising plot twists that leave you wondering what can possibly happen next, then *The Big Lebowski* may very well be your movie.

Written and directed by the Coen brothers (Fargo), *The Big Lebowski* is a sometimes hilarious look at a handful of eccentric characters, all of whom are involved in proceedings which are way over their heads. Fans of the Coen brothers and their unique style of directing will no doubt find *The Big Lebowski* fresh, engaging, and witty.

This movie is also highly recommended to anyone who is sick and tired of the usual Hollywood barrage of big-budget action flicks, scene-stealing special effects, mindless car chases, bad and/or cheesy dialogue, etc., etc., that seem to be the plague of many unoriginal/unintelligent screenwriters, directors, producers, and actors nowadays.

Jeff Lebowski, a.k.a. The Dude (played by Jeff Bridges), is an unemployed ex-roadie whose only passions in life are Creedence Clearwater Revival and bowling. Thieves mistake him for the other Jeff Lebowski, a multimillionaire, and break into his house, flush his head down the toilet and piss on his rug.

Determined to get compensation for his

piss-stained rug, The Dude confronts Mr. Lebowski and then steals his rug. When it is learned that Bunny, Mr. Lebowski's trophy wife, is kidnapped, Mr. Lebowski hires The Dude to drop off the million dollar ransom.

An otherwise simple procedure is gummed up by The Dude's friend and bowling teammate, Walter (played hilariously by John Goodman), a psycho, gun-toting Vietnam veteran whose only passions in life are observing the Sabbath, telling his teammate Donny (Steve Buscemi) to "Shut the fuck up!", and bowling.

Walter walks a tightrope between sanity and lunacy as he pulls a gun on opposing bowlers, shows a fifteen year car thief "What happens when you fuck a stranger in the ass," beats a car beyond recognition with a crowbar, and laments the loss of his dirty underwear.

Just when you think that things can't get any worse they do. The plot takes many twists and turns, and the danger to The Dude steadily escalates. The Dude becomes entangled in a complicated web of death, thievery, pornography, sex, and bowling. The Dude gets beaten and robbed. His car is stolen (with the million dollar briefcase inside) by a fifteen year old boy. He is drugged by a pornographer, beaten by thieves, seduced by Mr. Lebowski's daughter, and heckled by a Spanish bowler.

The only person in the movie who seems to have his wits about him is a mysterious, sarsaparilla-drinking cowboy (Sam Elliott).

Also making an appearance in this movie is Flea of the Red Hot Chili Peppers, who plays a bumbling thief with a cheesy German accent (an Oscar-worthy performance if I've ever seen one).

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in the pre-election US Senate: 2%

Women's History Month— Help Balance the Equation

Home Cookin' with Heather

by Heather Tyack

So, here is the bread recipe that I promised last issue. There is something about making your own bread from scratch that gives one a feeling of accomplishment and increased self-worth. So, if you're feeling a bit down about that last grad school rejection letter, try making some bread. The time it takes will hopefully enhance your perspective about life and yourself. Thus create...CREATE.

Elyn's Rhode Island Cornmeal Bread
 1 1/2 cup of cornmeal
 3 tablespoons of butter
 1 3/4 teaspoons of salt
 1 3/4 cups of boiling water
 1 package dry yeast (about 1 teaspoon)
 1/4 cup of lukewarm water
 1/2 cup of water or milk (I used milk)
 3 1/2-1/4 cups unbleached white flour
 with a bit extra for kneading
 dried cranberries (optional)

Start by picking the cornmeal, butter, and salt into a large mixing bowl. Add the boiling water and stir well until all the butter melts. Set this mixture aside to cool to just warm.

Back at the club house (i.e. meanwhile) dissolve the yeast in the 1/4 cup of lukewarm water and wait till it starts to foam. (A dab of honey will help with foaminess) After the yeast has a good head add it to the corn mixture and blend well. Next stir in the 1/2 cup of milk or water and add the four one cup at a time while blending the dough well.

Now turn the dough, which may be a bit sticky, onto a floured board or counter top. Knead the dough for about 5-10 minutes, using as much flour as necessary to keep it from sticking. Next place the dough in an oiled bowl, cover with a warm damp cloth, and leave it to sit in a warm place to rise for about one hour (or until the dough is doubled).

After the hour is up and the dough is doubled, punch down the dough and knead it for about 5 minutes. Return the dough to the bowl and let it double again. After the second doubling, knead the dough for about 2 more minutes before putting it into a buttered 9X13 inch or 3 inch deep by 9 inch round pan. (I used the round dish, it turned out prettier) Let the dough rise one more time for about 40 minutes or until doubled again (whichever comes first).

Look to your right, silly

Preheat the oven to about 350 degrees when you suspect that the dough is almost doubled. Bake it for about 45-50 minutes or until it pulls away from the sides of the pan. (again, whichever comes first) If you have never made bread before, this is a perfect, recipe to start out with. Thank you, Elyn. Enjoy!

I don't think he's going to make it...

You did very well Mario.

SPIRAL

Look to your right, silly

I don't think he's going to make it...

You did very well Mario.

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You did very well Mario.

Queen Astra!

for a natural disaster this week. Stock up on beanie weenies and Tab™. Buy extra drinking water for the small pets and children you like. Do not follow those who deride you. Remember Noah and your great uncle Bob.

Leo (July 23-August 22): Vaccinate. Investigate your own well hidden secrets. Someone might as well enjoy what everyone else overlooks. Your mother is not your only friend.

Virgo (August 23-September 22): Refine to speak this week. Communicate only through the written word and choice bits of sign language. If someone thinks you're deaf, berate them for their small-mindedness on small slips of paper. Sprinkle confetti in your wake.

Libra (September 23-October 22): Don't make yourself too available this week. Your friends must be made to notice your importance. Prepare for a long wait. Investigate a foreign trip or dress in tones of red. Meet an interesting man selling sandwiches. Wash.

Scorpio (October 23-November 21): You'll realize this week that 'Mega' is the only way. Dazzle with panache. Investigate the uses of double-sided tape. Construct a flesh sculpt.

Cancer (June 21-July 22): Be prepared

ture with your unsuspecting friends. Tangle with love and surmount the indecent.

Sagittarius (November 22-December 21): Violence is rarely the answer to a perplexing problem. Attention focuses on alcohol and mild carcinogens this week. Beautiful Gemini will declare unfathomable love this week. Help yourself.

Capricorn (December 22-January 19): El Niño is your only hope. Buy stock in Bounty™ and pray. Vow to become a better humanitarian. Advice received concerning marriage; ignore it. Another Capricorn implicated.

Aquarius (January 20-February 18): Oral Alert Out, Out Damn Planet! You'll have problems with dental hygiene this week. Remember: Bloody gums ruin any smile. Focus on regularity.

Pisces (February 19-March 20): Lunar positions influence your ability to walk this week. Wear bright colors that warn others of your approach. Safeguard your eyes. Avoid sharp objects and small mammals on Wednesday. Bone up on your flirtation skills. Cancer plays role.

New team spreads the truth of Ultimate

by Jim Bang

The Truman Ultimate Bureau hit the West plains region college basketball scene this weekend placing fifth at Hack Farm II, a tournament sponsored by Washington University. The team, in its first year as a club sport at Truman, performed well considering that several key players were unable to make the trip. Taking first was the University of Illinois, with SIU-Carbondale placing second.

Now, I know what you're thinking. "My Monitor!" Before anyone gets their panties in a bind, you should know a little bit about us and about our "sport." First, contrary to what you may have seen as ultimate around campus, ultimate frisbee is non-contact. Second, the sport has no referees, making it unique from any sport out there.

Preheat the oven to about 350 degrees when you suspect that the dough is almost doubled. Bake it for about 45-50 minutes or until it pulls away from the sides of the pan. (again, whichever comes first) If you have never made bread before, this is a perfect, recipe to start out with. Thank you, Elyn. Enjoy!

Fouls are called by the players on the underlying principle of Spirit of the Game (SOTG). Each player is under the moral responsibility that one, you would never intentionally foul in order to hurt a player or disrupt the flow of the game, and two, you would never lie about a call.

The game started in the sixties as a counter-culture sport. It was played in parking lots, parks, and quadrangles and really gained steam in the late seventies when the Ultimate Players' Association came into being. The playing surface is still fairly relative, and in many cases (other than huge sectional and regional tournaments) the field dimensions are marked by cones as "so many paces long and so many paces wide."

Truman's ultimate team received its club charter from the CAOC this fall, the culmination of hard work on the part of Adam McKinnis, Jim Hewitt, and several others. As part of our constitution, we have designated as part of our purpose "to spread the Truth of Ultimate," and that is why I am writing this.

One of the early-starting traditions of the Truman Ultimate Bureau is the spring mudslide ritual. At the first outdoor scrimmage of the spring semester, the team finds the wettest mud

puddle on the field and each player does a slide through it. Recognition is given for the member who gets the most distance and the one who is covered in the mud most.

Ultimate players are occasionally classified as "hippie freaks," but the fact is that we really don't care who you are or what your interests are, we just like to play our game, and if anyone wants to join us they are welcome so long as you have a positive attitude and a lack-back persona. If you want to check out our practices/sorceries, all are welcome.

We meet at the Rec Center Tuesdays at 6:30 p.m. and Saturdays at 2:30 p.m., or call Jim Bang at 627-4528. No violent-competitive types need apply.

Women with AIDS die six times faster than men.

Women's History Month
Help Balance the Equation



Happiness lies in listening to lesser known musical artists

by Matt Steiner

I am, still 100 miles from Chicago, for the third time that night the song cracked out of the car stereo. John turned it up, and again we began to sing along.

"She's a brick and I'm drowning slowly, off the coast and I'm headed nowhere..."

We had all been Ben Folds Five fans long before "Brick" shined them into Letterman and Leno fame. Maria and I had seen them perform at the HORDE Festival in St. Louis last summer. Although confined to the side stage, Ben Folds Five could not be subdued. They dazzled a small standing crowd of maybe 300 people, convincing them to sway and turn to songs most had never heard before. They didn't need "Brick" that day; they just rocked. Ben ended the set by lifting the black bar stool/piano chair over his head and chucking it into the keys.

Hard to believe how much has changed in nine months. During that concert, all we could keep saying was, "These guys are so good. Why the hell aren't they on the radio?" But now they're on the radio, and we miss the intimacy that came with knowing only a couple thousand people other than ourselves owned their records.

Quoth Maria, "I'm happy for them, but I liked it better when they were small."

And so it is for so many of us when it comes to our favorite bands. When they're small, we'd love to see them big because we're convinced that anyone who hasn't heard of these guys is a moron with no musical taste. All that traverses the radio airwaves is crap. But once our band finally hits the big time, we're so sad. Somehow they have sold out, even if their music hasn't changed at all. They are no longer our band; now we have to share.

After all, what makes you so special if you like Matchbox 20? So does the guy two doors down, and so does your girlfriend and her mom and her sister, and so do all the college bands covering "3 am" and "Push" like crazy, and oh, by the way, they're on the radio again—third time this hour.

Let's be honest with ourselves: we are selfish. The main reason we want our favorite bands to get big is to prove to ourselves and the world that we have great taste in music. But deep down, we'd rather have our favorite bands stay small so we can go on calling the uninformed masses idiots. God, we are sick.

I'll admit that I'd rather stick with talented unknown artists. One day last year I drove the 200 miles to Illinois State for a Josh Clayton-Felt concert. Josh is a relatively small artist, not a radio baby at all, which just goes to show that radio play indicates little about musical talent. This guy is superb.

With the concert about to begin, I was in

key to remember that abortion causes victims; "choice" is not an applicable concept when there are victims.

The facade of choice in abortion is used as a rationalization for failing to give pregnant women the support to which they are entitled. In abortion, the victims are also the women and society. I believe abortion has perverted the mother-child relationship. When women feel that their pregnant body is a body out of control, deviant, diseased, they are internalizing attitudes of low self-esteem toward the female body itself. These attitudes contradict the rightful feminist affirmation that pregnancy is a natural bodily function deserving societal respect and accommodation. Also, abortion tacitly rejects the idea that parents owe their children care and support.

Part and parcel to the choice argument is that the woman has the right to control her body. In fact, often times a pro-abortion advocate retorts "a woman has a right to control her body" thereby signaling the end of any further discourse. But I challenge to continue the dialogue past that statement. Indeed, a woman has a right to control her own body. But aborting her fetus is exercising control over someone else's body.

True, her developing son or daughter is completely dependent on her, but this new person is separate from her and entirely unique. I am always perplexed by this one quip that serves so often as the linchpin to the pro-abortion argument. A woman's right to control her own body is irrelevant, since the fetus is not her body. What if the fetus is male? Can her body be both male and female at the same time?

At the center of the conflict is when life deserves protection: when that life has enough worth to be considered a member of the human community, a "person." It is problematic at best and unethical at worst when there are two classes of human beings under the law: persons with the right not to be killed, and non-person human beings without this right.

Abortion takes a group of living human beings and puts them outside the realm of legal protection. This grotesque reality undercuts the case against unethical discrimination for everyone else. The basis for equal treatment is the right to life.

Some pro-life comments on abortion

by Patrick Clemp

No better example of a classic moral conflict exists than in the debate on abortion. In the minds of both sides, a fundamental right is violated by the opposition. Pro-abortion people believe withholding abortion services from a woman violates her autonomy, self-determination and right to privacy. Pro-life people believe abortion is wrong because it kills the fetus and deprives it of the most essential right to life. There is little room for compromise and people of good will exist on both sides.

Whenever violence is contemplated, using euphemisms to cover the brutal reality is common, and I posit that abortion is violence. "Fetus," latin for "unborn child" is an accurate term. However, its use has fallen into the context of dehumanizing the baby, which is what must be done in order to justify the killing of a human life. The term "potential person" or "potential child" is an inaccurate euphemism employed to distort the humanness of prenatal life. By definition, a "potential" cannot be killed; one must have life in order to be killed, in order to have life, not potential, is what must be done in order to justify the killing of a human life. There is no such thing as a potentially developed right not to be killed.

My opposition to abortion is grounded in the basic belief that human life is a value higher than any other and abortion is offensive to this value. The Fourteenth Amendment guarantees no one will be denied "life, liberty or property" without due process. The order is not coincidental. Without a basic guarantee of the protection of the right to life, all other rights are null and void.

Human life begins at conception; this is not in dispute. Early pro-life advocates informed the public about fetal development. Rhetoric such as "it's not a human yet, it's only a mass of cells" is clearly evasive. However, until videos like "The Silent Scream" or in-utero photography revealed the humanness of the fetus, people could claim abortion was not killing anything human or worth saving.

But now we confront a different task. Most people agree that abortion ends a life and that ending a life is wrong, but they reason that the mother's choice to terminate the pregnancy is a higher value than the fetus' right to life. It

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Complex Shakespeare comedy on campus

by Ben McClure

Pain and pleasure, hatred and love, boys and girls. All this and more are in what promises to be a completely charming production of Shakespeare's *As You Like It*. This romantic comedy follows a number of couples as they attempt to unite in love, despite the complications caused by envy and malice. The current production includes a number of conscious returns to the original intentions of Shakespeare.

Foremost among these considerations is the cross-gender casting peculiarly suited to this play. Characters who are at first ambiguously gendered later dress as the sex opposite that with which they started. Male and female characters are both played by the same person in one instance. All of this fits into the specific dialogue of the play in thought-provoking and often hilarious ways.

The original Globe productions of Shakespeare's works were staged simply, and all characters were played by men in contemporary dress. For these reasons, another unique aspect of this production is the stark simplicity of the stage. The background indicates location, but does not serve to immerse the audience in an easily accessible fantasy. This serves to break the distinction between audience and players, another Shakespearean attribute.

This production makes no qualms about destroying barriers of all sorts. From the beginning of the first act, you will be aware that you are as much a part of the experience as are the players on stage (and sometimes in the house). Even the nature of the play is open to definition. The touching end of Act I leaves one to wonder whether this is a comedy or

tragedy. "When Shakespeare is at his best, he is doing neither," said John Schmor, director of the production. As the play refuses to attempt doomed resolution of fundamental human ambiguities, so does this particular version leave us no choice but to immerse ourselves in the pleasure and pain of the characters.

And of pleasure there is no dearth. The physical acting of the players is for the most part stunning, with the physical comedy bordering on brilliant at times. A wrestling coach was brought in to help choreograph one scene, one among many examples of the care which has gone into crafting this production. As well, the warmth of feeling fills one with a sense of human commonality and social well-being.

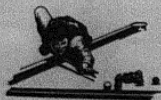
As You Like It is a theatrical experience. If you let yourself, you can easily be carried away by the cognitive and aesthetic complexity of this play. It is a romantic comedy, but the issues included are real enough to stay with one long after the end. The understanding of Shakespeare's poetry on the part of the actors in this production will allow anyone to not only follow the intention, but empathize with the feeling of this play. This play speaks to anyone who will open up him or herself to the experience.

In Baldwin's Little Theater, *As You Like It* will be showing Friday and Saturday, March 27 and 28. In addition, it will be playing from Tuesday, March 31 through Saturday, April 4. Show times are 8:00 p.m. for all shows, and are free with a Truman ID.

Reserve tickets are available for \$1.00 at the Little Theater box office. For more information, call 785-4515 or John Schmor at 785-4519.

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Lakeside Competition history revealed

by Doug Rietke

Over 2000 years ago, in the city of Athens, the ancient Greeks gathered regularly to pay homage to the wise god Dionysus. Part of the celebration involved a contest in which the greatest playwrights of the day produced their latest works in the hopes of winning a prize in the City of Dionysus Competition. On April 3rd, the Greeks (and several other campus groups) will once more join in a theatrical contest.

The 9th Annual Lakeside Competition will take place at 7pm on April 3 on Baldwin Main Stage. Ten organizations will present a total of four 15-minute skits. The skits will be judged by the Student Activities Board. Trophies will be awarded for best skit, best actor, best actress, and best choreography.

All the skits must in some way relate to the theme "It was a dark and stormy night." However, the way the theme is approached can vary greatly. Nicole Baker, who directs for Phi

Student film captures dorm life

by Andrew Mallen

The Canons Film Festival might be needing an atlas this year, to locate just where the hell Kirkville is in the world. After all, the movie that will be discussed over and over again will be the Fifty Cent Production of *Lookers*. And the entire production of the film was done right here in Kirkville.

Actually, it was primarily done in Centennial Hall. What? The world is about to find out about Truman St.? What the heck am I talking about, you ask? Ryan Walker, a freshman resident of Cenn. Hall has decided to stick his neck on the line (and his grades) in order to pursue a dream of film-making. Now, granted, he has started with nothing more than a camcorder and some fellow students as actors, but it is what he has done with it that is impressive.

Walker made one movie in high school and wanted to do better. This time he believes he has. With full sound editing and over four months of total production, he is happy with it. However, every time he reviews the movie, he catches something that could have been better.

I was lucky enough to recently catch the world premiere of the movie *Lookers*, and was surprised at what I saw. I was expecting some scantily thrown together video of a boring couple of guys in school. No, the only thing that related to school, as in academics, was that the dorm rooms where studying is supposed to be occurring was seen. That's it. The main characters Sam, played by Walker, and Jason, played by Eli Gay, wander the halls of Centennial and surrounding vicinity talking of their aspirations with girls. Their smartass comments and distorted views of relationships should actually sound familiar to certain sects of students on campus.

I found myself laughing out loud a few times, not sure if I should be laughing, because the stuff was so realistic. Now, don't think this is Oscar caliber material here. But it is something that anyone who has spent a half a semester or more in the common dorm room lounge would appreciate.

At press time SAB was supposed to be screening it for a possible on-campus showing of *Lookers*. With that in mind, I'll do a non-revealing plug for it. First of all, the soundtrack was simply incredible. Granted, no artists were contacted for rights to use the music, but this is a non-profit venture, so no feathers should be ruffled. But like I said, just listening to the music is enough. The list of artists includes

Kappa Theta, Alpha Sigma Alpha, and Tau Kappa Epsilon, and that her skit is about "the town of Kirkville being wiped out by a flood because of a lack of unity among the different campus organizations."

Nick Clayton said of his skit for Beta Theta Pi, Alpha Phi, and Alpha Sigma Tau, "It's kinda like *Scream*, but more funny." Prism and the Society of Medieval Culture's skit is, according to director Emily Beck, "very political." According to Peter Hough, Campus Christian Fellowship and Tau Lambda Sigma's skit is "melodramatic, offbeat, and funny."

The competition gets its name from the fact that the Old Baldwin Hall used to overlook a lake. Thus, skits performed within the building would have been performed on a lakeside. The contest began when members of the SAB heard about a similar competition at William Jewell and decided to try it at Truman. The competition has been a success ever since.

Ben Folds Five, Squirrel Nut Zippers, Radiohead, Beck, Beatles, and even Guns and Roses. These are edited over talking and in the background very effectively. In fact, my personally favorite was the choreographed actions of Jason to Radiohead's "Creep."

As for the story, other students such as Monica Morris, Bob Sherron, Bert Gillette, Lori Sickman, and Liz Eggers contribute to show the confusing world of dorm life and emotions. Sam, the main guy, composes a list of girls, his "supergirls." The list is comprised of rankings for five potential, or dreamworthy hookups. The list can be changed at anytime depending on the "vibe" or "kicks" they get from a member of the opposite sex.

After several parties (in which no actual alcohol was filmed) the guys find themselves checking off the list. When Sam realizes he might be moving past the level of the list, he is forced to bring himself to honesty with those he feels for. It is a light-hearted comedy and will make even the most die hard anti-lounge rat chuckle a bit on the inside.

Walker and Bob Sherron both spent an enormous chunk of time working on the final features of the movie. Having a running time of 1 hour and 40 minutes, Walker had to 6 hours a day on average editing and cutting before the work was finally completed on March 4, 1998. This being his first attempt at a real screenplay, both Ryan and Bob are already at work on a shorter piece entitled *Dead Fife*.

They both plan on transferring to a school with a better film program. Right now, they have established themselves as movie makers, and hope the campus has a chance to experience what those who know are calling *Lookers*.

ECO TIP

from the Environmental Campus Organization

- 1) Keep your car tuned up. A well tuned car uses up to 9% less gasoline than a poorly tuned car.
 - 2) Keep fuel filters clean. Clogged filters use more gas.
 - 3) Stay light. Check to see whether you're hauling around unnecessary weight in your car. An extra 100 lbs. will decrease your fuel economy by more than 1%.
- If 100,000 car owners got tune-ups regularly, 90 million lbs. of CO₂ would be kept out of the atmosphere every year.

Info from the Earth Works Group

Library has even more unusual books

by Dave Heaton

Let us return, once again, to our own Pickler Memorial Library for a look at the multitude of odd and interesting books to be found there.

For this third and final segment of our series we begin in the realm of psychic activity. *Mind Wars: The True Story of Government Research into the Military Potential of Psychic Weapons* (BF 1045 M55 M34) tells the stories the U.S. government doesn't want you to know, mostly about how they enlisted psychic for covert operations.

The book takes awhile to get started, including a Note from the Author, a Foreword, a Preface, and an introduction before diving into interesting tales, including stories on the Pentagon's use of Madame Zodia, the psychic arms race, and the real 007.

Mary's Message to the World (BF 1311 M42 M37) gives a more personal psychic vision - predictions and warnings "as sent by Mary, the Mother of Jesus, to her Messenger, Annie Kirkland, as compiled by Byron Kirkland, her husband."

Apparently Mary has communicated to Annie through her mind, giving the messages which are collected here. Most of Mary's warnings involve weather patterns and "the impending danger to Earth," including most countries falling into the oceans and disappearing before the year 2000, leaving Australia as the world leader. Mary also tells her own story, about Joseph and Jesus and all of that, and gives helpful hints for meditation and prayer.

Another unusual area of study is captured in Beryl Rowland's *Birds With Human Souls* (GR 735 R68). A "guide to bird symbolism" in literature and mythology, Rowland's book has a funny name but is actually of some academic use.

K-life brings students to Kirkville youth

by Carrie Behrmeyer

When I walked into the K-life house, I was offered a dinosaur hat right off the bat. The house was filled with high school and college age kids and the atmosphere was informal and loud, with kids talking through the instructions for the first activity. Pretty soon animal noises filled the room, along with loud cheering and screaming as the games got underway. There weren't any wallflowers here. Everyone was jumping around, a football flew across the room, and pretty soon a wrestling match sprang up.

K-life is a community youth group, spanning kindergarten through high school, and run by college age volunteers, most of whom are Truman students. The main goals of K-life are to get kids in the community involved in a youth group and hope they'll learn about Christianity, to encourage them to ask tough questions and learn more about the Bible, and to allow them to develop relationships with their peers and the volunteers.

Kindergarten through fifth grade meets twice a month, and junior high and high school meet once a month. There are about 30 college age volunteers, according to Clint Cain, the director of the group. The largest number of kids show up at "chill", a week night activity which might include skits, games, or songs. Other times the group meets for retreats, small groups, community service projects, like Habitat for Humanity, roller skating, ski trips to Colorado, and joining the other 11 K-life groups in the Midwest for basketball competitions.

One unique aspect of the organization is the level of involvement of the members beyond the weekly group meetings. The college age leaders show an amazing level of dedication, meeting with the kids on their own time in small groups, with just a few kids to each

demise, I am sure. She details birds from albatrosses to wrens, including cuckoo, ducks, and the ever-popular hoopoe.

Individuals ready for the 21st century (especially expecting parents) will no doubt love Sue Browder's *New Age Baby Name Book* (CS 2377 B72), a guide to choosing a unique name for your child and making important decisions thereof, such as how many names to give? one? three? ten, maybe?

The book goes through names, both popular and super-strange, listing roots, meanings, and variations on each. Browder also includes a helpful guide to coming up with your own names. Whether you take your favorite word and mix the letters around (peace becomes Cepe) or take your names and combine them (Dan and Susan = Danson), there are many ways to create delightful names for your children, complicated ones which ensure that other kids will give them funny looks and teachers will mispronounce their names for eternity.

A necessary book for every party house is *Esquire Magazine's Party Book* (TX 731 E8), a 1965 guide to any type of party. The book offers ready-made party plans for "parties around the clock," from breakfast, lunch, cocktail, dinner, supper, or just all-out parties. *Esquire* also gives host guidelines and tips for party areas, including "the party bar," "the party kitchen," and "the wine cellar." They leave no aspect of the proper party untouched, from party games to the appropriate music, which will ensure "even the long-hairs to bless you for giving them a chance to dance."

Seventeen magazine has their place in book publishing as well, with the *17 Book of Etiquette and Young Living* (BF 1837 C5 H237). The library has the 1970 edition, an advice guide for all aspects of young women's

lives (as 17 sees it, anyway), from "Making and Keeping Friends" to "Everything You Need to Know to Eat Confidently Anywhere" to dealing with "The Big Boy-Girl Weekend" and finding "The Attractive You." The book's tone isn't especially lively, though in its favor it does have a section on dealing with prejudice.

Going even further into (rightfully) out-of-date advice on social issues is the *Tanet Good Care of My Son Cookbook for Brides* (TX 715 R843) by Julie Roth, the mother of a soon-to-be-married son. The majority of the book is actually a fairly complete and useful cookbook, though a most-heavy one. The introduction, however, deals with the mother's advice to a bride who will undoubtedly be doing all of the cooking in the household.

The book opens, "Congratulations! You are about to or have just been married. It is now your turn to assume the responsibility for his nutritional well-being." At the end she offers similarly...uh, helpful advice: "I would like to see you beat the statistics of failing marriages with old-fashioned womanly prowess. An innate sense of homemaking never goes out of style."

Magazines are not the only entities to get into publishing. Eddie Bauer has two books in the library, *Eddie Bauer's Guide to Backpacking* and *his Guide to Cross-Country Skiing*. The books are most interesting because they prove that Eddie Bauer is an actual person, and quite an expert in both fields. The books include techniques and equipment information for both fields.

Thus we conclude our fun jaunt in our local library. Tempting tomes and wondrous works lie on every shelf, so be sure to look for some on your next trip there.

"Easter"

by Chad O.



Abortion, from page 9

ment is that being a member of the species is sufficient to be a member of the human community, without consideration for race, age, gender, sexual orientation, disability, stage of development, state of dependency, place of residence or amount of property owned.

There is a fundamental ethical problem with classifying a human being's worth in a relational way. To pro-abortion advocates, the fetus is only a person with the right not to be killed if the woman wants him in the fullest sense. Abortion advocates never assess the intrinsic worth of unborn human life. This is discrimination on irrelevant characteristics employed to deny the right not to be killed to unborn human beings.

Will legal abortion ever end in America? I think not in our lifetimes. Keep in mind social evil on a grand scale takes a long time to eradicate. Slavery was the backbone of large sections of the early American economy; it was enshrined in the Constitution and lasted until the 13th Amendment. As I marched in D.C. last month, in protest of 25 years of legal abortion, I was consumed by this thought and it saddened me to think of the 35 million legal abortions since Roe. To those who agree with this commentary, I encourage to remain resolved and find out complicity, although the struggle in which we are involved is long and difficult, it is not one that cannot be overcome.

PREP from page 1

Forum is going to be a time to gather together people with knowledge about the proposed bills and differing viewpoints.

They hope to get many organizations involved and students who are interested in learning what the legislation is and the impact it has. Kenyon hopes for a dialogue between students who feel differently about the proposed legislation. She encourages groups with

opinions about the issue to educate themselves about the legislation and then participate as speakers in the forum.

When speaking about current issues on campus and why Truman students need to be educated, Beth Pointer said, "If you can get beat up because they think you are gay." One of the focal points for the bills is that criminal charges can be brought up with suspicion under the sexual misconduct law and without a civil rights law to protect individuals, discrimination can easily occur. PREP and Prism hope to encourage students to learn what the laws say and how students can support these bills.

Uphaw supports contact with government officials. She said, "In ten years you can help change your work; all it takes is a piece of paper and a pen." Organizers of the forum hope this discussion will inform students and will begin a letter writing campaign to the state congress. Interested individuals can contact the sponsors of the two bills to offer support or to get further information.

Bill 1719 is sponsored by Rep. Steve McLuckie at 201 West Capitol Avenue, Room 412B, Jefferson City, MO 65101 and Rep. Rita Dyer whose address is the same except for her Room number, 313. Bill 1760 is sponsored by Reps. Tim Van Zandt and Jean Bray. Van Zandt can be reached at Room 400CB and Bray can be reached at Room 412A.

Additional information can be found on the Missouri House home page at <http://www.house.state.mo.us/bills98/billist.htm>.

Student organizations are encouraged to support a member for the panel discussion. To participate, contact Kenyon at 627-4567, John Haskins at 783-5514, or the Prism phone number at 783-7550, ext. 477476 (4PRISM). Interested individuals can also contact Prism through their mailbox in the CAOC office.

Truman students let loose up North

by Lisa Barbour, Adam Potlatch, (and in the spirit of Don "I want a Pepsi" Gregg)

Next year, when Mid-term break (not to be confused with the one-day long Spring break) rudely interrupts your academic pursuits, think twice about the expensive, skin cancer causing trip to Mazatlan, Malibu, or Miami Beach. These destinations are overrated and uncreative. The ultimate Mid-term break (as we discovered two weeks ago) lies in the great, uncharted north. These, then, were our destinations: Milwaukee, Madison, and Minneapolis (which was to become the great 3-M tour of '98). The following is not only our path, or a summary, but a basic travel guide to the wonders of cities that begin with the letter M (in the M-iverse).

The Beginning

Our suggestion is not to begin in a city that doesn't begin with the letter M, or, for that matter, a city enveloped in a blizzard that wiped out two major airports and leaves 300,000 people without power. However, if one does choose to depart from Chicago, we might recommend Thai Spice, a restaurant located near Loyola University where they let you sit on the floor and where everybody can whiff your smelly feet. Of all the video stores in town, we found Golden Video (Addition and Broadway) willing to rent to out-of-towners with a valid credit card. Blockbuster and Hollywood were not so kind and had limited selections.

Milwaukee

Marquette University (home to Tom Motonour and three Pats) provided excellent accommodations for weary travelers looking for a place to stop, scrape the ice off their car, and drink. Contrary to popular belief, Milwaukee has a lot more to offer than beer.

There are many other places to indulge in the good drink, including Bryant's where one can get a drink called the Brainbuster (and a bumper sticker in recognition of having finished it). There is also another, perhaps one of the best ever (if you can find it) called the Safehouse, where spies can seek refuge from the long arm of the law. One of many favorite features of the bar was the martini shaking (not stirring) tube that shot through out the pub at lightning speeds.

Madison

Madison is home to several incredibly tantalizing travel options, the most grandiose of which is the architecture of Frank Lloyd Wright (who we decided was heavily influenced by aliens). One can tour the convention center on the lake or the Unitarian Meeting

24 March 1998

House right off the U or W campus. State Street also holds great times, including A Room of One's Own, an incredible feminist bookstore/coffee shop sporting the motto: "I've been in love over 300 times. All but 5 were with books." Also, any students strapped for cash might want to consider dining at Zorba's Greek restaurant — a place with troubled management and very lax security at the cash register, in fact, there is none. Yes, Madison, surrounded by lakes Mendota and Monona, should be a fun stop on any 3M tour.

Minneapolis

Departing from our somewhat planned tradition of staying at Jesuit universities, we found ourselves at Carleton College in Northfield, MN (otherwise known as the Harvard of the North Midwest). Carleton is home to one of the oddest spectacles in the collegiate tradition: The Dacey Moore Cookie House, left by Ms. Moore to the school with the express restriction that it be open 24 hours and continually stocked with cookie ingredients for the students to use free of charge. (Pancake City, eat your heart out).

We used Carleton as our homebase to journey into the Twin Cities (of which we only made it to Minneapolis) which, in spite of urban myths, are home to neither an artist formerly known as Prince's store OR club. But it is the home of the 3-M corporation, some of the hippest corporate scam around. While there, one must not forget to stop by that bastion of commercialism, the Mall of America, where one can ride a roller coaster, go to Legoland, or meet Ryan's new found best friend Ben, who is a 10-yo god and juggles everything from balls to flaming torches. In Minneapolis, there is also a righteous tattoo artist at a place in Uptown called Saint Sabina's, and a dry coffee shop called Urban Bean, where the squamish can wait for their crazy friends.

The End

Drive safely home. Here are several tips: buy ear muffs prior to the trip, always be willing to ask for directions, laugh at any of your sun burned friends upon return, stop at an awesome coffee shop called Java Joe's in Des Moines (214 4th street, ask for Hailey), and ponder such heavily philosophical questions as "Would Cobra have kicked G.I. Joe's ass if it had been better internally organized?"

And look for the following tour guides to come: Jesuit Universities of America, the Windy Cities Tour (which does not include Chicago!), and the Mixed Drinks from A-Z bonanza.

Study Abroad in France

it's cheaper than you think!

Truman offers several exchange programs to France in which students pay Truman tuition and all scholarships apply. Stop by the Center for International Education Abroad in Kirk Building 120 for info. Or, for more information, look for our booth at Carnival Night, Thursday March 2, starting at 6 p.m. in Ryle Hall.

On average, women are paid seventy one cents to every dollar earned by men, and the percentage is even smaller for women of color.

Women's History Month— Help Balance the Equation

24 March 1998

Vampires no-show at Decepti-con '98

by Kevin Barrett

When I heard what Decepti-con '98 was really all about, I felt like Otto after coming out of the store titled Stoner's Pot Palace. I too, felt I had been a victim of false advertising. I expected a Star Screen and Megatron would be coming to Kirkville? At the least, I thought there would be a showing of the Transformer movie.

This was all for not. Instead, the FantaSci club was holding a role-playing extravaganza. Last weekend, around 60 role-playing enthusiasts (students, graduate students, and out-of-town high school visitors) invaded Ophelia Parish building for a scheduled 22 hours of Dungeons & Dragons mayhem. This is not an area I felt real at home covering, so I declined the Monster's invitation to report on this event.

I reconsidered moments later when I thought I might actually get to meet Kirkville's one and only vampire. You know, the guy who walks around campus with that black cape draped over his body. It took me about five minutes to discover a possible connection between our town's only undead (to my knowledge) and a Dungeons & Dragons fest.

It is not very often in life when you get the chance to talk to someone who can mutate into a bat. So off I went Sunday afternoon to interview a bloodsucking, light-fearing, possibly mentally ill student under the disguise of covering Decepti-con '98.

I found that I did not have much of a vampire story. Contradicting the rumors that claim he believes he is a vampire, Dracula (AKA John Fortmen) says he realizes he is as mortal as the rest of us and implied he did not want to suck blood from my neck after all.

A little distraught and a lot more cynical, I decided to do the job *The Monitor* sent me to perform. I now questioned Fortmen, a fellow human, about what the hell this whole convention entailed.

"We just wanted to get a bunch of people together and goof off for the weekend," Fortmen said.

Goofing off to Fortmen meant a steady influx of role-playing games.

"There is nothing wrong to play another person for a little while," Fortmen said. "We are not doing human sacrifice or anything like that."

It turns out the convention included more than D&D. FantaSci held two Magic Tournaments and other role-playing games, and the club showed movies and Japanese animation. Ian Ruark, the president of FantaSci said

Oscar results and other awards

As the first printed media source with all the results of the Academy Awards, we'll present you with the results of the main awards, as well as our own awards for the ceremony.

Best Picture: *Titanic*. Best Director: James Cameron. *Thelma*. Best Actress: Helen Hunt. *As Good As It Gets*. Best Actor: Jack Nicholson. *As Good As It Gets*. Best Supporting Actress: Kim Basinger. *LA Confidential*. Best Supporting Actor: Robin Williams. *Good Will Hunting*. Best Original Screenplay: *Good Will Hunting*. Best Adapted Screenplay: *LA Confidential*.

And our awards:

Best Oscar Presentation: Madonna, presenting *Titanic's* award for best song with a roll of the eyes, a smoochy laugh, and a "what a shocker." We love you, Madonna!

Best Use of Pseudo-Per-Omega Davis: Best Camera Work: showing Arnold Schwarzenegger (former physical fitness of

he participated because he enjoyed role-playing, being somebody else, and added it knocks off the stress from school.

Ruark and his wife, Dawn, ran the event. "It is a real success," Dawn said. "Only 11 people came last year."

She said the change can be contributed to new leadership within FantaSci. The club's membership grew dramatically, and almost half of the Decepti-con '98 participants were FantaSci members.

The event could also be characterized as a financial success. Dawn said that the club made \$200, with half of the money being donated to the charity organization Drumhewbury.

Touched by their giving hearts, I wanted to get beyond the stereotypes that plague the role-playing scene. After quite a bit of searching, it seems that these guys and gals are just trying to have a good time like the rest of us.

One participant, Bryan Strassner, explained by saying that some people get drunk for fun; they do this instead.

This included two magic tournaments, a Type I tourney on Saturday and a Type II on Sunday. Ian explained that the difference between the two is that in the Type II mode, a player can use only recently released cards, but in Type I, players are free to use any (magic) cards they desire. Like the role playing games, magic cards are competitive contests in which players try to outsmart their opponents and manipulate the rules.

Incidentally, John Myers won the Type II magic tournament. He also made it to the finals of the Type I tourney, where he matched up against B.J. Galley. After an hour mingling, I had had enough and decided not stick around to see who won (They had been playing for over three hours when I entered the card playing arena).

Leaving Ophelia, my companion noticed that by removing the 'c' from the Decepti-con title, you get "deception".

This ironic twist made me feel like the chief detective in *Usual Suspects*. Had I been deceived this whole time? Was the false advertising deliberate, were these people really big nerds posing as normal people, and was Fortmen really a vampire role-playing as a human?

I do not have the answers to these questions. Frankly, I did not feel like finding out. The Duke-Kansas game had already started. And anyway, I was just glad to see just one of the movies they had been showing starred who else but my childhood heroes, the Transformers.

floor for the Bush Administration) immediately after Billy Crystal calls Republicans racist, sexist, and anti-gay.

Best Idea for an Oscars '98 Drinking Game: taking a drink every time they show and/or anyone mentions James "Jim" Cameron.

Best Performing "Indie Rock" Singer/Songwriter: Elliott Smith.

Most Confused Audience Member: Fay Wray.

Best Lesson Learned About Sharing: we got from the winners for best short film. They were only ones who actually managed to share the mic without screwing someone out of thanking their parents, the director, God, their pets, and their house plants.

Least Inspiring Seconds of Silence: were provided by James Cameron as he attempted to justify making millions off the deaths of hundreds.

Total awards for *Titanic*: 10 out of 12 nominations (sorry, Kate and Gloria).

The Monitor 13

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The Writing Center is hiring for the 1998 fall semester. We are particularly interested in hiring students from majors other than English.

For more information and application forms, visit The Writing Center MC303 or call x4484

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THANKS, FACI

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We meet every Tuesday and Thursday at 9:30 pm in OP 115B. We welcome anyone who is interested.



Mega Reviews



Neutral Milk Hotel invents

Neutral Milk Hotel is perhaps the hardest to peg of the bands making up the Elephant 6 Recording Company, a ramshackle collective of music-obsessed souls creating some of the most creative rock/pop music in recent years.

Neutral Milk Hotel's music hints at many genres but fits into none. When performing live, musicians run on and off stage with an array of instruments, from guitars and organs to flug horns and a singing saw. On album, the sound is effect exists. Folk music (British and Irish mostly) blends into rock, into old-fashioned jazz. Styles flip around and double back but still form a tantalizing, cohesive whole.

In the *Aeroplane Over the Sea*, Neutral Milk Hotel's second album, is a scattered but surely stream of creative brilliance and lyrical heat. Jeff Mangum, lead singer and songwriter, sings with his entire being, while the other band members hang out beautifully strange music.

From the three-part opener "The King of Carrot Flowers" to the concluding "Two-Headed Boy Pt. Two," this album sticks together as one piece; the whole thing is bound together by common lyrical themes which shoot right for the listener's emotional side.

Each song has realistic characters surrounded by poetic, sometimes fantastical images, with glimpses of real-life situations which can bring chills down one's spine or tears in one's eye for no obvious reason. Forget the unsatisfactorily emotional pop which dominates the charts (Celine Dion et al), this is home-

ent creative work which affects listener's human feelings without trickery or pretensions. Though characters like the "two-headed boy" sound fantastical, the lyrics overall are tied closely to "real" life. His lyrics have a gritty physical side, even when they don't follow a linear narrative path. In a disarming moment during the title song he sings, "how I remember you, how I would push my fingers through your mouth to make those muscles move that made your voice so smooth and sweet."

Through this celebration of the physical world, Mangum builds a convincing argument for the absolute celebration of life on this mysterious planet. "The King of Carrot Flowers Pt. Two" opens with Mangum repeating "Jesus Christ I love you, yes I do," yet his devotion is not for the religious ideal of a savior but for the spiritual essence in daily life. In the liner notes, he explains that the theme evoked by this song "is not based on any religion but more in the belief that all things seem to contain a white light within them that I see as eternal."

The beautiful title song echoes this sentiment through a romantic view which still acknowledges life's bitter reality, that it will end. Mangum sings: "One day we will die and our ashes will fly from the aeroplane over the sea, but for now we are young let us lay in the sun and count every beautiful thing we can see."

In the *Aeroplane Over the Sea* is a stunning work which calls for all human beings to look around at the beautiful parts of life, even when times are tough.

Conehead Buddha rocks

During my brief stay in Boston over break, a friend asked me to go to a club to see a ska band. Being a live music junkie, I went along, though I have no particular taste for ska. When we arrived at the club, I heard something definitely un-ska-like. Up on stage was this great band. The front man was banging away on some bongos while singing.

The bassist to the right was laying down this immensely funky groove, while to the left was a trumpet and a female saxophone. Behind the horns skulked the guitar player; in the nether reaches of the stage played the drummer. These people are so phat. The amount of energy coming off these players was immense. Everyone was dancing and having a great time.

My friend and I arrived at the very end of their set, so I didn't get to hear all of what they played. Knowing I liked this band I went to their merchandise table. Low and behold, their name was Conehead Buddha, and they had just released a live CD entitled *The Man with the Hat*. At \$10 I couldn't pass it up. It also would give me something to listen to on the plane.

After buying the CD, I went back into the crowd to catch their last song. The singer was going nuts on his congas and various percussion instruments; the trumpet player was laying out this incredible rap. The rap broke down and a vocal jam broke out between the trumpeter, saxophonist, bassist, and front man that segued into a quick taste of Bob Marley's "Get Up, Stand Up," before just as quickly going back into their own song. When the song drew to a close, they ended their set, looking

completely drained of energy. They put their all behind their music. That was reassuring.

The other bands barely held my attention, but I couldn't wait to listen to Conehead Buddha's CD. When I finally listened to it, I realized I hadn't dreamed that they were good. If this CD gives any indication of what they really are like, this band is going somewhere.

Starting off with "Magic Hat," they infect listeners with a beat that makes you dance. The lyrics are ambiguous enough that I really don't know what they are trying to get across, but it just may be about religious persecution. Anyway, the sax solo kicks ass. These people can not only play as an ensemble, they can each lay out solos that display a lot of talent.

Speaking of vocal obscurities, there are none when it comes to the third track, "Un-speakable." A sad song about a child's molestation seen through the eyes of two-year old, it displays percussive/singer/guitarist Chris Fisher's writing talent. The vehemence in the lyrics and the sophisticated way the concepts are described is nothing short of perfect. The last song on the album, "Sights," describes the confusing nature of male/female relationships. As Conehead Buddha is joined by Ominous Seagoods guitarist Max Verna, the jam becomes more and more electrifying and satisfying.

Not available in stores, the only place you can buy this is through their web site, www.coneheadbuddha.com. If you go to New England any time, make sure to see this band. They'll show how good they can be, because there's nothing like the real thing. Baby. Uh huh.

Spacehog creates rock opera

The latest release by the Brit Rock band Spacehog, *The Chinese Album*, is a wonderful combination of flowing melodies, abrasive and spacey electronic elements, and a theatrical feel that makes the album seem more like the soundtrack to a Broadway musical than a Rock 'n Roll record. The apparently intentional rock-opera feel surrounds the listener and pleads for them to proceed with the album until the very end.

The widely varied style of the 12 songs found on the album only supports this underlying dramatic theme. Worn through the grapevine is that this latest release will be used as the soundtrack to an actual Chinese movie later this year. Whether that is to be released in China or the US is unknown.

Unique linkages make most of the tracks flow together creating a continuous sound. This makes extracting just one of the songs from the album rather difficult to do without losing part of the atmosphere created by the unity.

Highlights of the album include the raucous "Skyline" which serves as the light-hearted tune of the rock opera. The urgings of

a gruff bus conductor lead into the silly "Jump-on-the-bandwagon" tune. Meandering piano and string orchestrations give "Lucy's Shoe" somewhat Beatles-like quality.

The high energy "Captain Freeman" exemplifies why Spacehog have often been classified as "glam rock." Jangly organ and tambourine support seventies styling of post-psychodic rock noise.

Certainly a plus for fans of R.E.M., Michael Stipe appears as a guest co-lead vocalist on a track called "Almond Kisses." Although the intensity of Stipe's voice is kept rather unfortunately subdued, the effect produced is genuine, creating a gentle melody over softly rambling stellar guitar riffs. Spacehog frontman Langdon and Stipe have voices that coincide with one another as well as complement each other, creating kind of a simultaneous echoed combination.

The rest of the album sparkles just as much as these selected tracks, giving neoglam rock a good name. Spacehog seem to have avoided the dreaded "sophomore slump" and continue to rock with *The Chinese Album*.



A real American movie

There are a great many full-length animated features based on popular cartoons: *Transformers: The Movie*, *Care Bears: The Movie*, and who could forget that gem of animated comedy, *The Flintstones Meet the Jetsons*. But one stands above all others as the quintessential cartoon movie, and that is *G.I. Joe: The Movie*. From the thrilling, action-packed storyline to the retold rock theme-song, *G.I. Joe: The Movie* is truly an essential addition to your video collection.

G.I. Joe: The Movie continues the tale of the never-ending battle between COBRA, a notorious terrorist organization determined to rule the world, and an elite group of specially trained U.S. soldiers who are determined to stop them. The cast includes such favorite Joe characters as Flint, Lady J., Snakeye, and Roadblock (you remember, he always speaks in rhyme), and such infamous COBRA agents as Destro, the Baroness, Serpenter, and of course Cobra Commander. In addition to these old stand-bys, a group of new characters are introduced on each side. The Joes are Jinx, Tunnel Rat, and Hawk, who is revealed to be Duke's brother, and whose voice is provided by former *Miami Vice* star Don Johnson. COBRA features such innovative badasses as Python, Necrus, and Golobulus, voiced by the talented Burgess Meredith, whose other roles have included the Penguin from the original *Batman* TV series, and Zeus from *Clash of the Titans*.

The basic premise of this film revolves around G.I. Joe's development of a super generator that has the potential to wipe out all of the Earth's energy problems. In an attempt to keep it out of the hands of COBRA, G.I. Joe decides to hide it in the Himalayas. Unfortunately, they bring it right to the doorstep of Cobra-la, an organically constructed city that was cultivated by a race of mutant super-villains before humans lived on Earth. These mutants include: Python, the snake-woman; Necrus, a winged superman; and Golobulus,

whose lower body consists of a large ball of living flesh—you've got to see it to believe it. Apparently, they have been hiding in Tibet, waiting for an opportunity to ripen a number of pods, which will fly into space when mature and then disperse mutating spores on the entire human race. This is COBRA's most nefarious scheme yet.

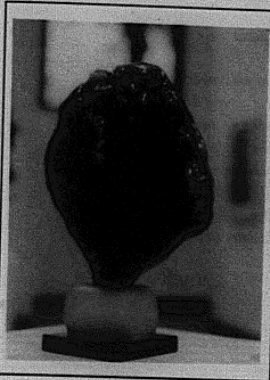
In an intriguing scene, Cobra Commander is revealed to be an insect leader (Duh! If he wasn't, COBRA would have ruled the world a long time ago), and is exposed to a sample of the mutating spores, which turns him into...well, I'll give you a clue: a long, skinny reptile. The trial and punishment of Cobra Commander is fascinating because it shows you what his face looks like under his mysterious array of face coverings.

In an entertaining sub-plot, G.I. Joe is training a number of new troops when the generator is stolen. Hawk, Jinx, Tunnel Rat, and a tall basketball player whose name escapes me right now. At first, the group is nothing but trouble, especially Hawk. While he is flirting with a blonde southern belle (played by a deliciously wicked Zarana), COBRA plans Serpenter's jailbreak, and it is while he is flirting with fellow recruit Jinx that the COBRA emperor is freed from the Joe's clutches. In a later battle, Duke is injured when he leaps in front of Hawk to block one of those infamous blue laser blasts, and his fate is uncertain until the end of the movie. It is only after Hawk is straightened out in the "Slaughterhouse," run by WWF veteran Sergeant Slaughter, that Hawk proves himself to be a true G.I. Joe.

To tell you more would be to ruin the film, but all-in-all, I would have to say that *G.I. Joe: The Movie* is a highly entertaining romp through the fictive world of terrorists and the people who fight them. Not only does the movie feature cartoon favorites, celebrity voices, war, and eighties animation, but it sends an important message that all children, great and small, should heed: the bad guy never wins, and is sometimes transformed into a giant snake.

ART

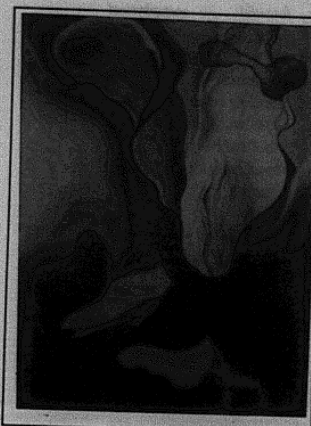
Hey yo'll. This week I bring you (drumroll please) THE TENTH ANNUAL NATIONAL ART COMPETITION, juried by Faith Ringgold. These are all professional artists from around the nation who have submitted their work to be judged. Best yet, it's all really, really good. I mean really, really good. So go to OP art gallery and see this!



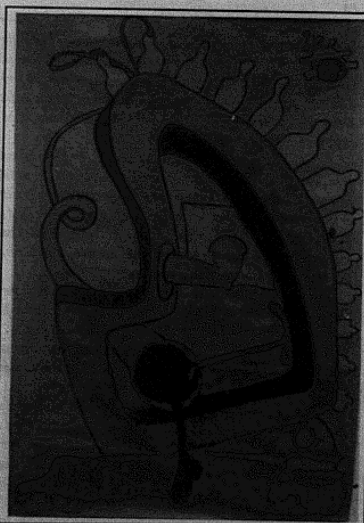
HEAD OF R
Brent Sommerhauser, glass



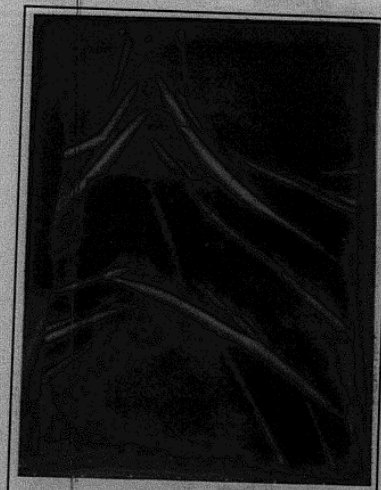
DELICATE FLOWER
Diane Banks, silk flowers



WYND IN MY SOUL
Ann Reader, oil on canvas



2000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA
Victoria Hanks, acrylic on canvas



OUT OF THE FOREST, A GIRL
Natalie Wargin, acrylic and textile

MY MEGA BACK PAGES...

Today
forgetful metaphysical
my flashlight scatters darkness
and the ocean runs outside.
I am pierlike--
 creaking in neap tide
Salted straight through
 thick and briny.
Mortar holds the sea together
It was me
except
I was scattered with the darkness,
sloughed off my form
for substance
and forgot, abstract, thoughtless.

A. Potthast

The English Major

My confession
My obsession
My resurrection is at hand
I sold my soul
Trying not to sell myself
As if there were a difference
As if I had a plan
A deus ex machina ending
When the shit hit the fan
And that's just the irony of it, ya know?
I see the world
As if it were a metaphor
And I analyze it as such
Another tragic hero
Who wants a plot too much
But I am not a poet
The truth is
There's a poem in everything
But me
I simply report what I see
I am the fucking media
Sipping my cup of tea.

H. Brecht

Down Around Biloxi

My old friend found
an unfinished guitar
the gulf heat
made him sweat to play.

He dreamt of Venice Beach
where a rose fell
in his velvet hat
full of quarters.

And the sky was red
from off toward New Orleans.

-B. Kirkpatrick

Titania

Do you remember
that autumn day
when we were girls--
how we danced among the leaves
barefoot, our hair wild,
like forest nymphs?
Beauty was your partner
Idolatry mine.

S. McMillin

Belinda's great-grandmother had enjoyed the attentions of a husband and a lover for years. The three of them had lived together in the small boarding house Cora had run. Now their cemetery plots lay side by side, united for eternity, in their hillside graveyard in Reading, PA.

Hen Stump (the lover) and Frank Lechner (the husband) were best friends. Family rumor had it that Frank's feelings were hurt by the Hen affair, but it was hard to know, at this great remove (when all principals were dead), just how much damage Cora's irregular conduct had caused. Neither the marriage nor the friendship had ended before death overtook the men. Cora, in her double widowhood, became the best known flirt in the old folks' home.

Belinda wondered whether sexual appetite were heritable and, if so, how she had managed to acquire Cora's, despite the pallid, puritanical performances of the intervening generations. Like herself, Belinda reflected, Cora had not been beautiful. In old age--she lived to be 98--Cora became handsome, with blue eyes that never faded and milky white skin. But photos taken of her in her flaming middle age portrayed a stern, forbidding countenance.

Belinda wondered whether Cora had winked at Hen in some special way--or whether he simply knew her so well (as Frank did, perhaps) that her vital energies irradiated him with sexual heat.

The affair had started early, when Cora's daughters were still at home. One of them surprised the lovers after school one day--and remained scandalized at her mother's behavior 40 years later.

Yes, Cora had been unforgivable, according to Belinda's grandparents, a source of outrage and disgrace. She had not lived up to their standards at all, but had done what she wanted for years--maybe decades. Belinda felt a pang of envy. How had she pulled it off? Or had she really enjoyed herself much less than her censorious offspring had supposed?

Belinda expected no answers from the spirit world. She tried to focus on Cora's long-lived resilience, a quality she thought she would need in the years ahead.

L. Seidel