The Monitor

A Campus Collective

7 April 1998

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Student Senate candidates speak

by Jay Peterson and Jeff Moore

At this time every year, the students of this fair campus are given the right to determine the fate of this university. Rather than preserving the ongoing doldrum of Student Senate, you, the students, are empowered with the opportunity to create a paradigm shift in the ideals of this school. The Young Octobrists come to you on a platform of radical change.

The history of all hitherto existing societies is a history of class struggles and with these words, the communist movement was born.

Over 150 years ago, this university was established on the proposition of educating the masses. The past century and a half has been a time of drastic changes, both economic and social. In light of this struggle, our fine university has evolved into a liberal arts and sciences school that has trained people in the ways of distinction.

We have been taught by the educators, well versed themselves in these ways, to raise our citizens in the comforting arms of capitalist ideals. They have urged us to have faith in the republican system of government that we have lived under for so many years. But, as the philosopher said, "change is the only constant." And so, with a belief that a little change is always for the good, the Campus Communist Party was born.

Serf and lord, slave and owner: all buzzwords of the past, yet still a foundation of our current society and of Truman State University. The Campus Communists propose that these foundations exist on this campus. The bourgeoisie conventionalism that has far too long subjected us to the demands of the elite has forced us into a state of attrition.

The conflict of the student party with the elite of this campus has come to a breaking point. No longer will we stand for mediocrity and blind obedience to the status quo. The time has come when the power should be put back in the hands of the people.

All formalities in economic hierarchies have been replaced with short-sighted and dehumanizing goals. To up the "prestige" of this university, we, the student body, have been subjected to policies that perpetuate the dogmatic structure that only continues the class struggle in ways that stifle all students on this campus. We currently accept discipline-directed majors and Greek letters, for example, as forms of personal gratification and distinction. Rather, we are subjected to a bourgeoisie mold of a "perfect society" with the pipe dreams that this flawed ideal entails.

Now is that the essence of a liberal arts institution? Rather than the expansion of individual contributions, we fall subject to mundane expectations that neither give us the ability to reach our true potential or live in harmony with our fellow man.

We are expected to perpetuate the never-ending cycle of our consumer culture by obtaining jobs within the capitalist system and eventually contributing to the oppression of the masses that we are truly a vital component of. Thus, we pay our dollars and cents for a four-year process of homogenization. Upon completion of this program of voluntary "higher edu-

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SEAT addresses animal rights

by Shawn Gilmore

Last week, you might have seen the "Cockfighting - Ban it NOW!!!" signs around campus and wondered what the commotion was. They were the creation of John Halski and the recently formed group SEAT, Students for Ethical Animal Treatment.

SEAT's goal was to bring the issue of cockfighting to the forefront and, in conjunction with Missourians Against Cockfighting, (MAC), raise enough signatures throughout the state to get a vote on this summer's ballot to ban cockfighting.

Missouri is one of the few states that still allows cockfighting, Halski said, due to a "fluke." According to Halski, the proposed legislation would ban animal versus animal fights, but was clearly written so that it "doesn't touch hunters, rodeos, fishers, or the meat industry."

But the group, which has only been around for a couple of months, isn't only focused on cockfighting. The idea for SEAT originated from a trip to the Humane Shelter that Halski took with a friend, and that is where much of their concern still lies.

While at the Humane Shelter, Halski says he "took a lot around and found the place to be kind of dirty. I understand that they are underfunded, but it was obvious that the woman there could use some assistance."

Sunday, April 5, SEAT hosted a picnic to do just that, raise money for the Human Shelter. According to Halski, the group, which currently has only a handful of loyal members, is showing a high interest level. After setting up a table in the SUB to gather signatures on the petition against cockfighting, numerous people stopped by to ask questions or compliment the group's efforts.

Along with the current activity, SEAT has set itself up in such a manner that it will try not to push a certain agenda through its actions. "Our constitution covers a lot, but we never express vegetarianism within our manifesto, because that's not a specific focus of ours. We have plenty of meat eaters. We get the full range. It's more about the awareness of the issues," Halski said. This open-mindedness allows them to broaden their interest level as well.

"I mean everyone knows about the over-population of pets in the area, the need for neutering and spaying, the need for more pet adoption and a cleaner Humane Shelter. It's something that is very tangible to just about everyone on campus. Nobody goes on the quad without seeing a dog playing around. It's very visible," Halski said.

With broad goals and an appreciation for what needs to be accomplished, SEAT is looking forward to the future. According to Halski, the new freshman class represents a way to broaden SEAT's base as well as make them more visible and active on campus.

Regardless, right now the group has a full plate of responsibilities, cockfighting being the predominate one. If you want to join SEAT or find out more about the organization, call John Halski at x5514, or come to the meetings, which are tentatively scheduled for every Tuesday at 9:30 p.m. in OP111.

Adam Potthast and Patrick Lobert rehearse the French play *Le Chapeau de Paille d'Italie*. The play will be performed on April 16 & 17 in the SUB Down Under at 8 p.m.

photo by Krissy Vogel

French comedy arrives next week

by Shawn Gilmore

OK, I realize that I don't speak French, and I'm not even a language or theater buff, but here I am anyway, covering the French play. I guess I was a little skeptical at first, but I took the assignment for two reasons: first, I know a lot of the cast members, and second, I had a blast at last year's performance. With those two reasons under my belt, I went to a rehearsal of the play, pretty confident that I could cover it.

Still, I was a little apprehensive as I began watching a practice run-through of *Le Chapeau de Paille d'Italie*. It's hard to explain how odd it can be in a room with twenty people who are all speaking a language that you don't understand. But, tensions were lifted the first time that I laughed out loud because the scene was so funny that it transcended language barriers.

That, in part, is the beauty of a play like this. The actors play an incredibly large part in conveying the message, instead of just standing and saying lines without actually acting. I will admit that, without an English script, it was hard to follow many of the scenes, but most of the jokes and comic value still remained.

The director, Dr. Lobert, assured me that at the performance, there will be scripts with both French and English translations next to each other, so that the non-French speaking in the crowd can catch most of the story.

Lobert later told me that this is the basic premise of the play: a young Parisian gentleman is driving through a park in Paris, in a horse-drawn carriage. The horse sees a straw hat on some bushes, and eats it. The real problem is that the hat is owned by a woman who is having an illicit love affair, and her husband had given it to her. So, the gentleman is sent on a quest to find a matching hat, on what is also his wedding day, before everything falls apart around him.

That may sound slightly ridiculous, but as Lobert puts it, "the tone is that of an absurdist comic nightmare." The play itself is, in actuality, a mid-19th century Vaudevillian musical comedy. According to Lobert, "music is the big thing we are doing differently this year."

So, he sat down with Dr. Saffir of the music department. She used a synthesizer and a MIDI attachment on her computer to orchestrate the songs that appear in the play. The songs, which feature sound of accordions, piccolos, strings, and brass, lend a distinctly Vaudeville "song and dance" feel to the play, while helping to convey mood over accentuating every word that is sung.

Lobert also said that as practices come to a close (they have been going on since the beginning of the semester), he finds himself fortunate to be able to work with "a very talented group of students." Every semester, he said, they have a had exceptional enthusiasm and have drawn a consistently large audience, which he hopes will continue this semester.

I found *Le Chapeau de Paille d'Italie* to be enjoyable, without even having a copy of it in English. In a run-through setting, it is sometimes hard to get a good feel for the finished product, but I found myself enjoying even the minor mistakes that popped up. I'm sure that when the French students perform it on April 16 and 17 at 8:00 p.m. in the SUB-Down Under, it will no doubt be even better.

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The Monitor

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

-Noam Chomsky

TRUMAN

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S UNFIT

Monitor Tower Invaded by Fungi

Residents of the *Monitor* Tower awoke last Saturday to find a small piece of the great outdoors growing in their bathroom. In a small corner of ripped up linoleum (due to a leak last summer and NOT the sanitary habits of the *Monitor* staff), neon orange mushrooms are growing contently. Reaction involved minimal disgust and sighs of "Only in Kirksville..." But in a bizarre shift of reality, one of the editors awoke on Monday to find a small blue man in white pants going to and from the dome shaped organisms. It is believed that this new three-apple-tall resident of the Tower is a refugee from a small commune in Thousand Hills State Park. When asked for comment, he replied, "Shut up and smurf me that toilet paper."

Kaleidoscope working for The Man

Kirksville residents wanting to rent videos from the community's premiere foreign film and cat repository have a new hurdle to jump--the store is now taking fingerprints from prospective customers. Customers didn't question the process until, just a few days after their rentals came due, they started noticing men in black suits following them around. Said one *Mystic Pizza* renter, "I didn't think anything of it until I came home and found my house ransacked and pictures of Julia Roberts everywhere."

The purpose of the print-gathering is not quite clear just yet to *Monitor* speculators, but there is considerable agreement that something extraterrestrial is going on. Somewhere behind the beaded doorways and cheesy pornos, forces are gathering.

Already, several bankers have been found missing throughout the town.

Choir visits from outer space

Speaking of extraterrestrials, one might have noticed that, as of late, Baldwin Hall has been overrun by strange little beings that block doorways, wash their shoes in the sink, and make regular jaunts to the SUB to take over the Gamesroom and Mainstreet Market. They appear to be some species of Highia Schoolia Studentia unusually adept at music. These beings tend to congregate in groups of one gender which proceed to heckle the other groups in what is perceived to be some sort of odd mating ritual.

And yet they in some ways remind the observer, in a Darwinian sense, of the typical Truman student. Some posit that they might actually be a pre-college form of our species, but these reports are clearly misled. To say that these beings (who listen to music like the Spice Girls and Will Smith) could in some way come from Truman Studentia (who might have listened to New Kids on the Block or Milli Vanilli) is as preposterous as saying man came from...apes.

Chemical weapons discovered

In unrelated Baldwin Hall news, *Monitor* spies report that UN Secretary General Kofi Annan has recently visited campus. Last Wednesday, Annan left the UN weapons inspection team currently scouring Iraq for evidence of naughtiness to investigate rumors of a top secret Iraqi stockpile here at Truman.

Annan investigated student complaints of a "chemical stench" emanating from the second floor men's bathroom of Baldwin Hall. University officials had previously judged the problem to lie in the sloppy habits of janitors. However, when Annan presented them with three warheads and posed the question, "Does this look like fuckin' Draino to you?" officials were reported to be "deeply embarrassed."

Mud & Mayhem on campus

In a final note on campus aesthetics, the creation of a new crosswalk from the new faculty parking lot has created a brand new mudslick on the way to Baldwin Hall. The Ministry of Silly Crosswalks immediately gave the traffic-stopping paint its approval when it learned that the 'walk did not even lead to a sidewalk. They laughed out loud when they saw students vainly trying to make it up the hill the day after a rain.

But *Monitor* analysts are divided on how to deal with the problem. The creation of another sidewalk is environmentally unappealing, but the persistence of the mud à la *Tru-Mancing the Stone* is a hazard to Birkenstocks everywhere. The solution? Perhaps Truman's first catwalk...

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Letters

Hey Monitor: Where did you hide all the eggs? Sincerely, E. Bunny

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

Bookstore chains limit choice

To the editors and staff of *The Monitor*,

I remember a recent article in your publication about possible discriminatory action on behalf of one of the bookstores which sell textbooks. And so I decided to let you know about a current issue.

Recently 26 independent bookstores have filed suit against two bookstore chains. They charge that these chains have struck deals with publishers to strangle the small business-holder out of the book-selling trade. In fact, eliminating competition from independent sellers and creating a local book monopoly seems to be a corporate policy.

Freedom of press is much more than the freedom to write and print what we believe or not. It also is a right to access of what is printed. Independent booksellers provide a vital link between citizens and the wider printed world.

Bookstore chains are notorious for dumbing down their selection. They pander to the thought police by purveying the idiot swill of mass-produced bestsellers and often avoiding topic and works which will provide a more congenial atmosphere to works of controversial and significant authors.

If these larger chains succeed in driving out the independents, they sap the diversity of printed material available. Our ability to hear new and important ideas is weakened.

The key is that one of those chains being sued is Barnes & Noble booksellers, the bookselling chain which the Truman bookstore is affiliated with. So the bookstore at a university, a seat of learning and diverse thought, is the tacit ally of those who wish to cripple the availability of printed material by running the independent booksellers out of business.

So student book buyers beware. Shop at one place and be ignored or discriminated against, shop two blocks down and contribute to the weakening of your freedom and of the diversity of thought.

Concerned Student (name withheld from publication)

Puff Daddy critics look foolish

This letter is about the editorial in the last issue by Jay Restifo and Jason Stratman. Who the hell are these guys? The Hitlers of the music world? Should everything they don't like be considered "bad music"? I'm talking about their article ripping apart the albums by Puff Daddy and Mase. I have to admit that I don't like some of their stuff, but damn.

I think you guys need to sit and think through your articles before you let them get published, so you don't look so foolish. It's O.K. to have an opinion, but try using more factual information to back it up, and less broad generalizations.

First, the re-mixing thing. Yeah, the guy samples (that's what it's called, by the way). If you really listened to his album, you would realize that there are a lot of "new" songs. One of the more popular ones was "All About the Benjamins." They then re-mixed that song into a rock format, which was even more popular, and included rockers Dave Grohl of Foo Fighters and Rob Zombie from White Zombie.

Next you go into his dancing. Oddly enough, I've seen people try to imitate his moves in the clubs, and he even tap dances in one of his videos. You recommend Rappin-4-tay or MJG? Nothing more than trash, and I didn't see their albums at the top of the charts.

But the most ridiculous part of your tirade is the them "taking care of themselves ... without (their) boys backing (them) up." What does this have to do with anything? I guess that you are implying that all rappers need to be street hoodlums. I assume you mean that any rapper who is good has to want to fight and/or kill somebody. That's a great image. Anybody remember 2-Pac or Notorious B.I.G.? I guess you two didn't learn then what that B.S. can do for you.

Harry Harris

Reader baffled by Iles letters

Dear Monitor:

I am writing in response to the letter published in your March 24th issue by Lawrence Irvine Iles (as well as several others in previous printings):

Huh?

Sincerely,

Christopher Todd Luppens

Abortion articles miss opportunity

The pro-life and pro-choice articles by Patrick Cierpiot and Jill Goodheart represent a missed opportunity. The first piece repeats the same position consistently voiced by pro-lifers: life is sacred from conception. This is philosophical grandstanding that ignores some very hard realities.

If we grant the pro-life camp that life is sacred from conception, we still have not solved the dilemma of the rights of the woman versus the rights of the fetus. Even if both are living beings, their rights cannot be stated in absolute terms because their existences are interdependent.

Arguing that a fetus has an absolute right to life has certain consequences for the woman whom the fetus happens to be dependent upon. The pro-life camp categorically ignores this issue. Mr. Cierpiot's argument regarding a pregnant woman's low self-esteem about her body is ludicrous in this context. The truth is that the interdependence of the woman and the fetus make for a very uncomfortable situation: if abortion violates the rights of a fetus, legally denying abortion violates the rights of the woman. There is no easy middle ground.

The second piece makes a muddled argument that hops from unwanted pregnancy to the risks of illegal abortion to countering some popular pro-life arguments such as the potential for abortion-as-contraceptive and the concerns regarding late-term abortion. Ms. Goodheart introduces lots of issues without setting them in the context of an argument.

Why is it important that women die of botched abortions? Pro-lifers might argue they should never have put themselves in that position. Why is it important that some women in other countries end up in jail because they had an abortion? Pro-lifers would argue that's deserved punishment.

Why does it matter whether life begins at conception or a later point? Does it make women who have abortions feel any better if they are told the pregnancy they're ending really wasn't a person yet? The problem is still one of interdependence of woman and fetus. Ms. Goodheart simply favors the rights of the woman over those of the fetus. She fails to grapple with the issue's complexities.

Abortions occur, because some women find themselves pregnant in a range of problematic circumstances – sometimes caused by their own actions, sometimes by the actions of others (men), sometimes because the contraceptives they trusted failed them. The fact is, that one of the two individuals who helped cause the pregnancy is always in a position to walk off. The other is left with a problem to which there is no easy answer. This woman does not need to be told life is sacred and certainly does not need comments on her morals. Very few women take abortion lightly and those that do won't be deterred by a law.

The sad truth is that no matter how much we legislate, the law is a very poor instrument if our goal is to make all people good and behave morally. In an ideal world, no woman would ever face an unwanted pregnancy. However, we live in a world as flawed as human beings themselves. A little compassion and empathy towards those women who face an unwanted pregnancy would go a long way towards making our world better. Until you have walked a mile in the shoes of a woman in this situation, do not judge. One very remarkable man long ago said "let he who is without sin cast the first stone." That is still good advice.

Marijke Breuning,
Assistant Professor of Political Science.

Iles says 'Magruder insults women'

Statement exclusive to *The Monitor*:

I wish to issue the following statement following a Friday message Magruder has sent around to all faculty offices in which he announces, sure enough, he is putting MFA Garry Gordon into the permanent VP TSU slot. Readers of campus publications will recall we were all promised that he would take into account student and faculty "questionnaires" etcetera.

How can he have done so when less than three days after the only female candidate, Ms. Gormly, has arrived at TSU, at your student fees, and our taxpayers travel cost to give her views, in particular about TSU's poor student retention rate, he sent around a pre-emptive summary conclusion in favor of an "inside" male candidate, who himself admits he did not even enter first rounds of this two academic year-long search in expense and fairness.

This crazy, wasteful decision reveals a lot. For years now both the progressive community and faculty/students alike, minority though we may be, have been vainly deploring the rampant sexism of the administration.

In the History section alone American radical and wo men's history professor Nina Carlson and Irish and women's history M. Coulter have all gone, and French Professor Elizabeth Dahab, and so the story goes on, nearly all at far wiser universities. There is not one *Monitor* reader who does not know of faculty who are inconsistently appointed or not; with widely and sometimes non-existent teaching credentials undermining those who are good both as teachers and publishers.

It is becoming clearer and clearer that women and minorities at TSU must look into outside Federal bodies to look into the fact that no less than five, plus Magruder himself, division heads are so old and male they have been here since 1964 in total unsuitability for a new century of multi-racial and gender equality.

I also think the existing Women's Resource Center must become legally separate from the TSU good old boys in order to find out why not even a quarter of Admin heads are women despite liberal arts classes where women often constitute 60-75% of classes.

In making this statement I wish to invoke constitutional amendment protective of free speech both for student publications and as a U.S. permanent resident as I enclose proofs of attempts to interfere by Magruder loyalists with this right to Monitor Collective in gross inaccuracy on their part. I thank all who help our fight for social and gender justice at TSU.

Lawrence Iles

Study Abroad Opportunity in GERMANY

The Congress-Bundestag Program is accepting inquiries for the 1999-2000 program year. Though this government-sponsored exchange program, 60 Americans participate in:

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Opinions

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

Take advantage of speakers

By Erin Hucke

I've learned quite a lot recently. But it hasn't been from textbooks, nor has it been from professors. The major source of my newfound knowledge, you ask? Guest Speakers.

I will wager to say that guest speakers visiting Truman have given me more valuable, usable information in the past two weeks than I've learned and retained in all of my classes during this period.

"A pretty strong statement to make," you say? Well, chances are the possibility of arguing this point with me is slim. No one *could* argue this with me, for very few people, I'm sure, actually attended both of the lectures.

The truth is the majority of students just don't take advantage of university sponsored events. Guest speakers, recitals and concerts, and special events are not well-attended.

College isn't just for the classes. College is supposed to be an experience on all accounts: intellectual, social, and personal. You can do all of your homework, pass all of your classes, and get your degree, but have you really learned anything unique?

Classes and homework completed in working towards a major are vital and much can be learned in the process. But it's that extra information, the lecture you attended on your own free will, which makes your education at Truman unique.

On 21 March, Faith Ringgold spoke to what I thought to be a rather sparse audience for someone of her stature. As you may have heard (or experienced if you were smart enough to attend), her speech was truly inspiring.

On 30 March, photojournalists Bob Gruen and his wife Virginia Lohle spoke to a somewhat sizable Monday night crowd in the SUB Down Under.

They absolutely blew me away with the stories they had about musical artists from John Lennon to Debbie Harry to the Clash and more. I can't imagine anyone missing this event. These lectures are once-in-a-lifetime opportunities to hear what these people have to say.

Television, videos, movies – they just don't do it. These are opportunities for you to participate with people that you previously could only read about.

The Funds Allotment Council and various other organizations shell out quite a lot of money just to bring lecturers and other guests to Kirksville.

Coming to speak to a Truman audience is the *only* reason they come here. (Surprise – They aren't coming just to shop at the Kirksville Wal-Mart!) Barely filling the lecture room is not the most tactful way to welcome a guest. It is disheartening to the speaker and somewhat embarrassing to the University.

But the people who really suffer are those who do not attend the lectures. A simple decline to the invitation because it "doesn't interest you" is a feeble argument plagued with prejudgement. How do you know that you won't be interested unless you go and listen to what they have to say?

You've heard the cliché "You can't judge a book by its cover." Well, you can't judge a speaker by their publicity poster.

It is only when you attend the lecture that you will be able to make a justified assessment. And more often than not, you will probably be proved wrong. Life experience and advice for your future are just two reasons why visiting lecturers can teach you more than a textbook.

Would you ever just go buy a movie ticket and not use it? As stupid as this act sounds, I'd like to congratulate you for doing something highly similar all of the time. With your tuition, you have purchased many tickets to attend university events for "free."

Start cashing in on these opportunities and maybe you'll learn something that isn't even *in* a textbook, something that can be learned from no other source than a real live person.

El Niño: the ideal scapegoat

by Shalyn Claggett

Flunk your last Trigonometry test? Blame it on El Niño. Significant other dump you? Blame it on El Niño. Goldfish Die? Blame it on El Niño. Allergies, sickness, fatigue, irritability—it's all been attributed to everyone's favorite weather phenomenon. Now, while Sartre might claim (rather pessimistically), "Man is forlorn because neither within him nor without does he find anything to cling to. He can't start making excuses for himself," I say, why the heck not? Especially when one has at his or her disposal the ideal scapegoat—an irregular weather phenomenon.

Before we can begin blaming El Niño for all of our economic, political, personal, and psychological problems, however, we should first have a basic understanding of this infinitely fascinating phenomenon. I suggest *Currents of Change: El Niño's Impact on Climate and Society*, by Michael H. Glantz—a delightfully dry book on an often wet subject. In it, Glantz answers in great detail, depth, and lucidity, every burning question one could possibly have concerning El Niño. Also, he includes an El Niño crossword puzzle which can be solved with terms mentioned in his text—this enriching exercise will bring hours of cheerful amusement to any otherwise dull Saturday evening.

According to Glantz, El Niño is a periodic warming of surface water in the central and eastern Pacific Ocean, coupled with changes in sea level atmospheric pressure across the Pacific basin. The more technical term is the El Niño-Southern Oscillation (or ENSO). El Niño occurs about every five to seven years in varying degree's of severity, and typically produces irregular weather patterns for twelve to eighteen months. Unfortunately, El Niño has been linked to droughts in Central America, Africa, Brazil, and India, and also with tropical cyclones off the coasts of Australia and hurricanes off the east coast of the US. This, however, only enhances and expands El Niño's blaming potential. Apparently, El Niño has always been around, but only rather recently were scientists able to recognize El Niño as the common origin of periodic climactic extremes around the world. I, and many, others, I am sure, lament the centuries of whining humankind was unable to take advantage of, but better late than never!

Now, let us examine those aspects of El Niño which make it the ideal scapegoat. What caused El Niño? Periodic warming of the surface waters in the Pacific. Who can we blame this on? No one. Can we control it? Certainly not. The weather is the perfect villain: it is completely beyond our control, often annoying, has a tremendous impact on our moods, and most importantly, our personal appearance. I believe that for centuries humankind has secretly held a repressed grudge against the weather, yet it took El Niño—something subtle, irritating, and slightly dangerous—to make this tremendous blaming potential manifest.

American society desperately needs a scapegoat. For a short but cherished time there was, of course, the Cold War, but now, in the 1990's, we are faced with the frightening reality of actually holding ourselves responsible for the myriad of personal and social problems we face. We have disregarded for far too long our chance to exploit an uncaused source of ubiquitous misery, and now, my friends, we should exploit it. We should exploit every drop of precipitation and every minor gust of wind.

Although many (and I applaud them) have already begun to do this with a commendable fervor, I believe there is a bit of fine-tuning that must be done to the public perception of El Niño before we may establish a successful weather-as-scapegoat trend. First, we must give it a new name. It should still be in a foreign language because this makes the problem seem more distant and less our fault. However, El Niño (translated: little boy) simply does not seem to carry that note of ominous and distressful foreboding which is so fundamentally necessary. I suggest El Cabellero, or perhaps Le Grand Boom-Boom. After the renaming, all that remains is a vague link to the government, and we are set to go.

Admittedly, El Niño, although it will return, shall not last forever. We have but a few short months to enjoy its unpleasant presence. However, I emphatically trust that the industrious weatherpeople and meteorologists of our great nation will always be able to pinpoint some major or minor weather-related phenomenon which we may, in turn, blame. We need only guard against our own troublesome skepticism, and trust implicitly that they will always have our best interests at heart.

So I invite you to embrace El Niño with an adamant, but appreciative, hatred. Let us relish in our solidarity, complaining of one common ill, one torment, one root of all misfortune. There is a name for our impending catharsis, and its name is El Niño.

F.W. de Klerk's speech was revisionist, problematic

by Candra K. Gill

On Saturday, April 4th, Truman State University was visited by the former president of South Africa, F.W. de Klerk. de Klerk was the last of South Africa's presidents to be elected under the Apartheid system. He is a member of the National Party, the political party which created the Apartheid system and instituted it as official policy after winning control of the government in 1947.

de Klerk spent the day hobnobbing with the Board of Governors and selected "student leaders." Unfortunately, no one allocated time for interviews with the student press, so the only impressions and information from and about him that could be gleaned by those not attending the earlier meetings came from his speech. For about fifty minutes, de Klerk talked about the process of dismantling the official policies of Apartheid from a decidedly National Party point of view. In his speech, he emphasized his role in creating a peaceful transition from Apartheid to a multi-racial society.

There were several problems with his speech overall. The biggest problem was his insistence on calling Apartheid a policy of "separate development." For those who do not know, Apartheid was South Africa's systematic division of its peoples by racial and ethnic categories. This resulted in the creation of black "homelands," similar to Native American reservations in the United States. These homelands were made up of a small fraction of the land area. The black population, which numbers about 80 percent of the national whole, was made to live first on 7 percent and then later 13 percent of the land available in South Africa. This land was more often than not the land with the worst resources.

Separate development was the way in which Afrikaners and other Europeans claimed to envision Apartheid South Africa. To draw on another parallel with the United States, to call South Africa's Apartheid policy a benign effort at "separate development" is akin to saying the United States' segregation laws were a sincere effort at "Separate But Equal" development. In both cases, true equality was never the goal of the instigators of the policies.

Another problem with the speech was de Klerk's stressing of Afrikaners as an oppressed minority. While Afrikaners are a minority in South Africa, they are far from oppressed. The oppression about which de Klerk spoke stemmed from the Afrikaner history of conflict with Britain concerning who would rule that particular part of Africa. In the late 1800s, South Africa became a particularly valuable commodity after vast gold and diamond mines were found there. Even today, much of the fine jewelry people wear around the world comes from the mines of South Africa.

In 1910, South Africa was declared independent from Britain which was just fine for the Afrikaners, but a problem for the indigenous population and for the people who were imported from Asia to be laborers, as well as for people of mixed ancestry who would become known as "coloureds." Contrary to the picture painted by de Klerk, the Afrikaners were just as imperialist as Britain.

de Klerk did play an undeniable role in ending Apartheid. He did not, however, seem particularly reticent about Apartheid's inception or the length of time which it took for the despicable practice to end. Nor did he seem particularly admiring of organizations like the African National Congress which, from its inception in 1913 as the South African Native National Congress, had always fought the practices of the oppressive minority government. Instead he blamed the socialist leanings of some of the anti-Apartheid groups for the length in time it took to end the policies of Apartheid. Though he claimed the National Party had decided in the 1970s and 80s that Apartheid needed to be ended, he stated that the time was not right until the 1990s, when, as he said, they could "safely" end Apartheid without a so-called Communist threat.

In 1993, F.W. de Klerk was a co-recipient of the Nobel Peace Prize along with Nelson Mandela. I can think of several Nobel Prize winners I'd rather have come to campus than him. These include such activists as Rigoberta Menchu and Elie Wiesel. While I find it important that a variety of people are brought as speakers to campus, I think we have had enough conservatives this year. It is time to bring someone else (Noam Chomsky, perhaps).

Free Stuff campaign pays off

by Erin Hucke and Kim Schultz

Day after day, we'd check our mailboxes only to find a barren wasteland, granted mercy upon only by Dominos Pizza coupons or the occasional letter from home. Then the idea came to us like a light from the heavens. You have to *send* mail to *get* mail. Thus, what we call our "Free Stuff Letter Campaign" began.

In this desperate ploy to get all sorts of free stuff, we each wrote twenty beautifully worded letters to various corporations. Here's how a typical letter went:

Dear (corporation),

Hi. I love your product/service/you. I am a poor college student that gets no mail. Please help remedy this situation by sending me lots of free stuff. I'll be ever so thankful if you do. Thank You.

P.S. Please send me a free T-shirt.

Each letter was unique in its own right, and all were handwritten. For some, we even drew small pictures on the letters or the envelopes. Next we sent them off, and the waiting game began. It didn't take long (only about 1-2 weeks) before our mailboxes began producing results.

Here are some of the Free Stuff highlights:

Erin got two Bic pens and a four pack of Sharpies (her absolute favorite writing instrument!) Yet, Kim has blown her out of the water with her unbelievable free stuff luck.

Kim's first big parcel was a yellow T-shirt from the Swatch corporation (remember that Swiss company that makes those colorful watches?). The T-shirt is graced with the words "Who is Happy Joe?" Granted, this confused us quite a bit, but Kim was grateful all the same.

A few days later, Kim hit the jackpot. With over four dollars in postage on the envelope, we knew that there had to be something good inside. It turned out to be a bunch of merchandise from Maxell which we estimated the value at 40 to 50 dollars. Included with the assortment of blank tapes, batteries and the like, was a handwritten note from Maxell employee Wayne. Wayne was the one responsible for this cache of goods, citing "I am also a poor college student. I know how you feel!" as his motivation.

Here's a list of some of the stuff we received: Carmex test marketing packet, Swatch T-shirt, Instant Lunch keychain, 6 audio tapes, 20 AA batteries, and 2 sets of headphones from Maxell, stickers and a keychain from Converse, 3 Altoids posters and folder of info, Crayons from Crayola, 2 Bic pens, the complete history of Play Doh, Etch a Sketch folder full of info, coupon for 2 free Snapples, 6 coupons from Yoplait for free yogurt, a 4-pack of Sanford Sharpies, coupons for a free Colgate toothbrush and deodorant and lots and lots of more coupons.

Here's a list of the corporate scum that stiffed us with just a letter: Kodak, Gillette, Crest.

And here are the companies we've yet to hear from: Dial soap, Garrison Keillor (the letter got returned to sender), Jim (the comic guy), Aussie, Snackwells, Oscar Mayer (the Wienermobile!), Jelly Belly JellyBeans, Nickelodeon, and Gateway 2000.

And with only 4 weeks of school left we're kind of on edge. Hey corporate America – if you're reading this, get a move on! We want our free stuff!

This has been the tale of our semesterlong attempt to get more mail. In some cases it worked, and in others it did not. If you want to be a part of our Free Stuff Extravaganza, you can drop off cool free stuff in the *Monitor* mailbox in the CAOC office in the SUB. Please address it to "Free Stuff Campaign." We'll be ever so appreciative!

Homophobic portrayals in Greek Week skits

by Alex Clemens

It was a Friday night, and rather than go to a keg party, I made the mistake of going to the Greek Week Skit competition. I sat with my team (yes, I am Greek), and watched the show. I figured that it would at least be somewhat entertaining. After all, Kirk Gym was packed with people who came to see the show.

Instead, I was not only irritated with several skits, but I was disgusted as well. Amidst themes of unity within the Greek community, they maintained and encouraged homophobia.

I watched as two skits portrayed stereotypical gay characters. I say stereotypical, because this is not how gay people are.

Gay people, despite the ideas of these Greek organizations, do not all wear spandex pants, prance, and talk in high-pitched voices. They do not jump around and squeal when they are afraid. They are just like you and me. In fact, they could be you or me.

For those of you who were fortunate enough to choose that keg party, or even to stay in and study, I'll sum up what happened. In one skit, the "gay" character was thrown around by the other members of the skit. He talked in an unrealistically high-pitched voice and acted as the chair for a female performer. Yet, this was not even the skit that really angered me.

In the final skit, members of several organizations were supposed to be unified to stop the Sophomore Writing Experience. Although this is a wonderful goal, the writers of this skit felt the need to once again perpetuate the stereotypical gay male.

One of the organizations in the skit was ΓΑΨ, or GAY. These males ran around the stage in stuffed spandex pants, with the letters ΓΑΨ written on their shirts. They were absolutely offensive in their portrayal, and, unlike the other skits, they did not even pretend to mask their intentions. They intended to show these actors, if one could even call them that, in roles that have been encouraged to keep people from having an open mind about people who are not heterosexuals.

These skits were cheered on by their respective teams. They screamed for them and laughed at their inappropriate jokes. It bothers me that eight fraternities and sororities, made up of several hundred people, could applaud and encourage behavior like this. I truly hope they just did it out of team spirit and not because they truly think that portraying gay males like that is okay.

Now for the worst part: these two skits won. They were voted on by people employed by this university, and they won. On a campus where hate crimes occur with far too much frequency, it is disgusting to see employees of the university encouraging homophobia. The hundreds of people who attended saw what it takes to win in the skit competition: have a male in spandex prancing around the stage, and let him encourage fear and homophobia.

Since the skit competition, I have talked to several friends and asked them if anything bothered them about the skits. I did not tell them my opinion or even suggest that the answer I wanted had to do with the "gay" actors. Right away, they said the same things I have been thinking, which makes me think that I either have really enlightened friends, or that despite the decision of the judges and these two teams, not everyone thinks like that. Perhaps this really is a LIBERAL arts college, and not everyone is as close-minded as these people.

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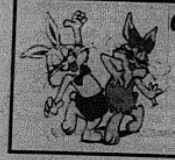

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Reviews

music film literature video

Clapton's Pilgrim: guitars, R&B

By Jason Stratman

On March 10, 1998, Eric Clapton released his newest album: *Pilgrim*. For those of you who are particular to Eric Clapton's earlier music, which was mainly guitar, this album may not be for you.

Clapton has incorporated the R&B genre with his amazing guitar play. Although the guitar solos are the traditional Blues riffs we've come to expect from Eric Clapton, they come few and far between. Most of the songs are mainly bass guitar and female background vocals. These aspects were not prevalent, if at all existent, in his earlier albums.

The lyrics don't seem to match the new music style, because they are Blues lyrics and the music has turned more into a slow dance style. It takes some getting used to. When I first listened to *Pilgrim* it didn't excite me like I had hoped Eric would. Instead I was asking myself, "What the hell is this?" I made myself listen to it more and more and every time I listened to it, the more I liked it.

The song I liked from the first time I pressed the play button is the first track, "My Father's Eyes." It has an upbeat, danceable rhythm, but the lyrics fit the music. He sings about his father and how he was always there for him. When times were hard for him as a child, he could look to his father for guidance. Now, when he needs his father most, he remembers the times as a child. In the last verse he talks about the future when he is dying. He says that his father will be smiling down on him waiting for them be reunited again. It is a hopeful song and has a happy rhythm.

"Sick and Tired" goes back to traditional Eric Clapton blues. It sounds a lot like it came from his last album, *From The Cradle*, which was a Blues/Rock mix. The lyrics are definitely blues-like. Clapton sings about a classic Blues theme where a man is jilted by a woman and he sings about his unhappiness. Clapton goes on to tell how he is going to kill this girl so he doesn't have to put up with her any more. It is a little morbid for a Blues song, but it is still good.

Another great track from the album is number.twelve, "She's Gone." From the beginning, you hear Clapton's superiority in the art of guitar playing. This song takes me back to the 70's during the times of "Layla" and "Cocaine". It is the most Rock-like song on the album and has the most guitar playing.

Overall, *Pilgrim* is a really good album when you get used to it. So, give it a chance and listen to it a few times before you pass judgement.

Pillow Book welds images and words

by Adam Potthast

Every so often a movie slips by us. Out in theaters for a brief and uneventful period of time, Peter Greenaway's *The Pillow Book* displayed incredible innovation in both sight and sound coupled with an intricate and artistic plot that left me, literally, gawking at the screen. It's one of those movies that one doesn't want to interrupt for a bathroom break, or a blink for that matter. The beautifully halting continuity in both image and theme combine for one of the most beautiful and challenging cinematic experiences to date.

I was initially skeptical about renting the film, which stars Vivian Wu, Yoshi Oida, Ewan McGregor, and Yutaka Honda because of its reputation as "erotica" and director Greenaway's tendency to deal with graphic subjects such as cannibalism (*The Cook, The Thief, His Wife, and Her Lover*). But, while the film is highly sexual, it doesn't deal much with the idea of sexual intercourse, and if you can get past the numerous penises (which Hollywood has so tactlessly taught us to gasp at), then the eroticism almost disappears into the background of this highly textual film.

The plot, while not the most important part of the film, deals with the life of Nagiko (Vivian Wu), whose father was a Chinese writer that used to write verse on her face and back to celebrate her birthday. At the same time, Nagiko's mother told her of the ancient practice of women's journaling in secret "pillow books". As an adult, she retains a passion for this form of expression and begins writing her own verse on humans as a way to express her sexuality. She continually searches for new "paper" who can also be her lovers, and in doing so runs into Jerome (Ewan McGregor), with whom she unwittingly falls in love. Jerome, however, is also the sexual partner of The Publisher (Yoshi Oida), who Nagiko wants to publish her work.

As the film nears the halfway point, the themes of writing and revenge emerge as Nagiko's obsession. Her writing seems to break down the distinction between literature and art, and the film editing emphasizes this, at one time showing a straight-on shot of The Publisher reading a book with a small window (think of one of those tvs where you can watch two channels at once) at the bottom showing what he is reading. This type of editing is woven seamlessly into the picture, which is always partitioned into two parts, like a children's book, leaving most of the screen for necessary images and the other for more images and/or text in the form of titles and subtitles.

Perhaps this picture primarily captures the writer in all of us, but it is also novel enough to pull us into a deep and haunting cinematic world. It is not conventional, nor is it intended to appeal to conventional audiences. But it is a liberating picture in terms of both theme and moviemaking, and for those reasons, should not slip by into antiquity.

Propellerheads get down

by Dave Heaton

From the near-beginning announcer-style voice proclaiming, "it's a great pleasure to have all of you here today," listeners to *Decksandrumsandrockandroll*, the new album (on Dreamworks) from British duo Propellerheads, are immediately welcomed to a fun-filled electronic celebration.

Propellerheads, Alex Gifford (principal songwriter) and Will White, are being hailed as of late as techno's "next big thing," the new Chemical Brothers or what-have-you, by mainstream magazines eager to classify, quantify, and categorize. Forget all of that – *Decks...* is the sign of neither a flavor-of-the month fad nor a breakthrough, innovative force. It is a nonstop party, a funky good time.

Gifford and White's music relies heavily on live drums, as well as electronic devices, instruments, etc., pounding bass lines, and occasional goofy dialogue clips. Rooted in dance music, hip-hop, various forms of techno, rock and funk, Propellerheads' songs have verve, style and a strong element of surprise.

One of the songs released as a single, "Velvet Plants," is a catchy dance number showcasing a sense of humor. Upbeat, somewhat loungey music sets the scene of a packed club, where "everybody had long hair." The song's repeated chorus is a silly but surprisingly catchy clip of a woman saying, "he's got a very nice body. He's wearing velvet pants."

Comparisons to the Chemical Brothers are accurate only when it comes to shared musical influences. Both groups display an obvious love for hip-hop. From the mixing and beats of "Better?" to the beat-boxing on "Spybreak!" and "A Number of Microphones," it is clear that Propellerheads live for fresh hip-hop beats.

This especially shines through on two stunning collaborations with hip-hop artists. "360° (Oh Yeah?)" is a laid-back foundation for De La Soul's freestyle raps about relaxing life in the summer. "You Want It Back," with the Jungle Brothers, is even more forthright, as a hip-hop intro slowly picks up speed and builds into a high-speed disco number reminiscent of a slightly more modern version of the JB's 1989 song "What U Waiting 4?" (from their underappreciated classic *Done By the Forces of Nature*).

Musically talented, Propellerheads create groove after tight, funky groove. "Winning Style" is a lazy funk/R&B-soaked instrumental similar to the Meters of Booker T. and the MGs (or the Beastie Boys' attempts at similar works). "Bang On!" is an intense rave-up workout, "rock and roll" in attitude if not in form.

The duo will no doubt also be dubbed "the secret agents of electronica," or some such tag, considering not only titles like "Spybreak!" and a *Shaft*-like revamping of John Barry's title theme from the James Bond film *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* (which originally appeared on David Arnold's *Shaken Not Stirred* Bond cover project) but also the guest appearance by Miss Shirley Bassey, singer of the theme from *Goldfinger*, on "History Repeating," a club tune with glitzy horns and lyrics concerning ideas of "newness."

Bassey glamorously sings Gifford's lyrics that "it's all just a matter of history repeating," dismissing the misguided industry and critic perception that music must be new, and that "new" music is really "new" at all, in the true sense of the word.

The song bears extra meaning considering the record industry and media's apparent desire for some clear techno stars, figureheads with pin-up faces who will sweep this "new" music into the homes of middle-class Americans, as well as the likelihood that Propellerheads could be (or are already being) cast in this role.

Propellerheads are not the "Nirvana of the techno world," however much ignorant critics with outdated ideas concerning popularity and its relation to musical quality (from *Entertainment Weekly* and other shallow, image-obsessed publivations) try to make them so.

They are inventive funkmasters who have created a fantastic party record. The message here is a simple but important one: enjoy life, have fun and get down for the funk of it.

Primary Colors fades real issues

by Myron Esther

A couple of weeks ago I bit the bullet. You see, having read the book *Primary Colors* last year and believing it was semi-interesting, I was curious about the movie. Now before you think I'm just another Clinton gossip monger, let me make it clear that I was hoping I would avoid the cliched story and actually be faced with a unique perspective on the campaign trail. Yes, I'm that naïve.

Starring John Travolta and Emma Thompson as the Gov. Jack and Susan Stanton, the movie follows the presidential primary campaign of a southern governor. Stanton is clearly a desperate underdog and soon enters Henry, a young political staffer who believes he may have just stumbled upon the one truly devoted politician in the world—Stanton. We follow Henry through the initial stages of setting up a campaign headquarters on to the advanced techniques of "spinning" the imperfect womanizing past of Gov. Jack Stanton. I don't have to tell you that Henry becomes disillusioned, the seemingly hard-hearted Susan grows tired of dealing with her husband's infidelity issues in the public realm, and Jack comes out victorious at someone else's expense.

The movie could have been more successful if it wasn't such a blatant impersonation of Bill and Hillary. If we examine this story as merely a two-hour long gossip session about the first couple then we do nothing more than purge America's inclination to peer into the sex/emotional lives of elected officials. That's what Hard Copy is for.

Both the movie and the book could have gotten past these blatant promotional schemes and, perhaps, cast people who didn't look exactly like the people they were supposed to represent. It could have used this as an opportunity to delve into the characters of people who make successful campaigners and into the nature of the campaign process itself. Kathy Bates' performance as Libby the "dust buster" who digs up Stanton's past is the only exciting and original one. Instead, people leave the movie theaters thinking they know the Clintons all that much more.

Overall, the movie was...fine. There is nothing great about it but also nothing terrible. The ideas it tried to grapple with, such as the toll it takes on a person to work for someone who does things you cannot respect, were honest ones but never fully developed. However, there was nothing truly interesting – no unique camera shots or particularly striking dialogue. All in all there nothing was truly memorable.

Now, I do not believe that the book was a great triumph and the movie a shallow copy. The book is just as guilty of the underdeveloped and thin prose as the screenplay. I suppose I was just wanting to see actors develop an independent portrayal of this story rather than watching presidential interviews on Good Morning America and examining Bill Clinton impersonations, clapping their hands and saying "Let's shoot a movie." Maybe next time.

Boring Truman needs street performers

by Matt Siemer

Spring is in the air, and all around signs of life are beginning to flourish. Bright, sunny days beckon throngs of people to many an outdoor gathering place. And except for those inbetween days when all of campus seems to be one giant puddle, life here at Truman can seem pretty good outside.

But it can be better.

All this springtime air takes me back to about a year ago. It was around this time that I was in Europe, backpacking through several countries. Amidst a whirlwind of tourist activities, one of the things I enjoyed most was often not a world-famous site but the people I saw on my way there. In European cities large and small, there was a profession of people dedicated to making peoples' lives altogether happier: street performers.

Street performers came in many different forms, displaying just about any type of talent you could imagine. But what amazed me was not so much what the street performer did but how much people loved watching them do it. Large crowds often gathered around jugglers and musicians outside the Louvre in Paris, effectively telling the Mona Lisa that she could wait just a little while longer.

Alas, I have yet to see a street performer here. This is truly tragic, for any student could be a street performer if they really wanted to. And seeing as how they could not fail to do anything but make life here at Truman altogether better, I have decided to share some of my thoughts on how to improve our situation.

First of all, I think musicians should start performing in the quad, around the fountain, or on the sidewalks whenever they feel like it. The entire college music scene is much too structured. Bands here either play at Campus Coffeehouse or at some dingy, crumbly partyhouse. They keep waiting for a special event to promote themselves. Why wait? The luxury of living at this university means that you can easily go out and play somewhere any time you want. Musicians should just start doing unplugged sets randomly around campus.

They should be sure to get some of the quieter places on campus too. I think people would especially appreciate seeing a musician during their long trek to Barnett. Oh yeah, and someone should definitely take the alley between Violette and the McKinnley Center. Have you noticed that no one ever walks that way? Maybe injecting some street performers there will bring down the murder rate.

We also need travelling theatre troupes, with actors and actresses performing whatever they feel like performing. This is an especially great idea for the theatre department (by the way, *As You Like It* was incredible). After all, advertising and sidewalk chalking will only do so much to promote plays. Why not gather up some of the play's performers and have them do snippets of scenes between classes? They could set up in front of the art gallery in OP or just along a sidewalk somewhere. I think this would be a great way to encourage people to see the play, and it would give students something neat to see between classes.

But there are still other talents that we have missed. Jugglers, yo-yoers, flame-eaters: all of you are welcome too. There are no requirements. If we can get people out and about doing what they enjoy for other people, it would make this school a lot more fun.

The reason Truman needs street performers is that it desperately needs to be more creative and spontaneous. This school is hung up on the idea of "scheduled fun" and "scheduled learning." Just witness the abundance of speakers we go listen to, the four or five classes we take each semester, the comedians and movies and parties we attend. Fun and learning are constantly made into events. We figure if we give something a time, place, and title and slap the information onto a flier or course listing, somehow that "something" will magically be transformed into entertainment or education.

But you cannot schedule entertainment or education. You cannot schedule happiness and inspiration. You can't just say, "Meet me here at this time. We're going to have lots of fun and become really smart." That's not how things work. Happiness and learning just happen, often when least expected. Thus, a random encounter with a juggler or musician on the sidewalk between class could make a person's life just as happy as attending a guest lecturer, a sporting event, or class.

Street performers could help make our lives a little bit more fun and meaningful. They could help break the monotony of the assembly line education and entertainment at this university. So, if any of you out there has a talent you can share with this university, I urge you to do so. We need you desperately.

Frankl leads students' search for meaning

by Marya Lucas

At this time of the year I always begin to feel like a perishable product, as do the majority of college students. School work, activities and illness seem to eat away at us, we lose sleep, and we get sour. Apathy sets in. We stare out of the classroom windows instead of taking attentive notes and wish for the freedom of spending leisure time in the spring weather. At times like these, I find it necessary to attribute some meaning to the daily woes I experience.

I turn to Victor Frankl's *Man's Search for Meaning*. In this 179-page book, Frankl, a well-known psychiatrist, recounts his psychological experiences as a concentration camp survivor. He emphasizes that if there is any meaning in life, there must be meaning in the universal experience of suffering.

To choose how we bear the suffering, Frankl says, is the spiritual freedom that may never be taken away and that gives us the ability to attribute meaning to our lives. Each situation offers the opportunity for a different reaction. Man's salvation is in making the day an achievement within itself, looking towards the future and knowing the inherent meaning within the moment and within ourselves.

His message is simple and not unlike many that we might read in a self-help book. The only difference is that Frankl is an example in the flesh of one who transcended his environment with the power of choice.

Frankl starts by describing his arrival at Auschwitz on a train of 1500 people, which had been traveling for several days and nights. When they stepped off the train, a set of guards, the Capos, motioned the physically weak to the left and the strong to the right. Frankl, who appeared upright and healthy was motioned to the right, and became one of the few survivors. The other 90%, directed to the left, went immediately to the crematorium. Thus, from the start, prisoners were subject to the guards' rash decisions concerning whether they died or lived on to suffer the harsh conditions of camp life. After surviving the initial selection process, the Capos took the prisoners' possessions and they were then shorn of all hair on their bodies. Frankl says, ". . . All we possessed, literally, was our naked existence."

But, Frankl says most prisoners were surprised at how much they could endure. They learned how to live with no toothbrush and to wear the same shirt for half a year. In spite of their malnourished and fatigued bodies, they learned how to work in 2 degree weather, digging frozen grounds without showing signs of their pain to the guards.

Not all were able to persevere against the injustices of camp life and maintain hope for the future in their dehumanized states. Prisoners experienced apathy, a lack of emotion and a lack of care for daily occurrences. The ones who endured such suffering were those who maintained a sense of their inner worth.

For example, though surrounded by harsh people and circumstances, Frankl turned to thoughts outside those of himself, to memories of his wife. He understood his value in the eyes of his loved one, though she was not physically present, and he looked to the day when he would see her again. He proved "Man can preserve a vestige of spiritual freedom, of independence of mind, even in such terrible conditions of psychic and physical stress."

He learned the basics of survival only through living in the most abnormal of environments. I can hardly compare my life to that of Frankl. It might seem petty to do so, for I live quite well. Frankl, however, offers us a reason to apply his experiences in suffering to our own, for he says suffering is relative. It makes no difference in what way we suffer—it is suffering just the same.

Of his book he says, "Thus it is not so much concerned with the sufferings of the mighty, but with the sacrifices, the crucifixion and the deaths of the great army of unknown and unrecorded victims."

Sometimes, in all the complexity of our college experience, we forget that suffering is as much a job as our school work. Frankl reminds us all that in order to preserve ourselves, we must take hold of the present with its strife and goodness combined, and look to fulfilling the future.

Commies, from page 1

cation," it is commended with a golden-crested piece of paper that is really just a badge of initiation into the capitalist dogma.

We, the Campus Communist Party (Young Octobrists) propose that there is a need. There is a need to end the struggle between those who should never have been set against one another from the beginning. We propose to set fire to these foundations of capitalism, burning their privileged convertions to the ground and sowing the seeds of a new, more liberal ideal in its ashes.

The true liberal art institution is one without distinction based on class. Based on the ideals of an enlightened and unified community, the Young Octobrists demand an eradication of conventional thinking. We will bring you bread and land in a new way! We will bring you the space to run free with your individuality. We will bring you the food of wisdom to enlighten yourself and to separate you from the conventions of capitalism that have so long oppressed you.

In short, the Young Octobrists wish you to join them in this great vision. Students of Truman State, unite!

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Learn about budget-friendly French Exchange programs and partake in a philosophical discussion over croissants and coffee.
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Sponsored by Center for International Education Abroad. Discussion led by Philosphy & Religion Club.

Home cookin' with Heather

by Heather Tylock

This one is good for those spring/summer cook-outs. It was given to me by Jennifer Nothdurft. I made a couple of adjustments to the original recipe she gave me by using olive oil instead of bacon grease and imitation bacon bits instead of real bacon. I also cut the recipe in half.

Modified Sweet and Sour Slaw

- 3 tablespoons of imitation bacon bits
- 1 1/2 tablespoons of olive oil
- about 1 tablespoon of chopped onion
- 1/4 cup of brown sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon of cornstarch (a little flour will work just as well)
- 1/4 teaspoon of salt
- 1/4 cup of vinegar
- 1/8 cup of water
- 3 cups of shredded cabbage
- 1/2 teaspoon of celery seeds

Heat olive oil in pan and stir in onion. Cook until the onion is almost translucent, then add the brown sugar, salt, vinegar, cornstarch, water, and bacon bits. Cook until smooth and clear. Now, let mixture cool to room temperature. Just before you serve the slaw, toss together the cabbage, celery seeds, and dressing.

This recipe is fairly elegant and also eatably vegetarian with the substitution of the imitation bacon bits. It goes well with any type of outdoor gathering and doesn't take too long to make. Enjoy!

By the way, did ya'll know that graduation is in 32 days?

This special white space contains the hour we lost to daylight savings time:

Queen Astra

Let the stars be your guide!

Aries (March 21-April 19): Your appetite for pleasure will win friends this week. Have none of it. Excess leads you astray. Remember: Protection knows no bounds.

Taurus (April 20-May 20): Ignore conspiracies this week. Snipers have you in the cross hairs. Let the unwary bear the brunt. Watch your neighbor's house for movement.

Gemini (May 21-June 20): You're feeling anxious about your own mortality. Hang about funeral homes. Collect memorible paraphernalia and stories to tell your friends. Mock the dead; they're dead.

Cancer (June 21-July 22): Examine your food closely this week. Errant hair loss plays major role. Surprisingly palatable dish conceals harbinger of ill will. Perpend and fear.

Leo (July 23-August 22): Isn't everything about inertia? Get off your lard ass and find out! Spring has sprung. Pagans are everywhere (and Easter bunnies).

Virgo (August 23-September 22): Cheesy lovers are on the horizon. Extol your best virtue. Dirty money and panties figure sharply.

Libra (September 23-October 22): Grease? Greece.

Scorpio (October 23-November 21): Betray your fear. Reek of glamour. Exfoliate. Loofah plays role. Imprint style on the less fortunate.

Sagittarius (November 22-December 21): Maintain your mystery. Accusation propels intrigue. Shave everything.

Capricorn (December 22-January 19): Migrate. Alert none of your departure. Expect no remorse.

Aquarius (January 20-February 18): Flatulence wins no friends. Keep some things secret. Remember: A bad rap hangs like stink on a monkey.

Pisces (February 19-March 20): Insist on gross, not net. Refuse to pay your own way. Gambol like you mean it! The best things in life are cheap and easy.

The eternal Adam Sandler debate rages on

by Jay Resnyk and Jason Stratman

Jay: I feel that *Billy Madison* is a much better movie than *Happy Gilmore*. It has everything from public drunkenness to a song and dance number, while all that *Gilmore* has is golf and hockey.

Also *Madison* is much more quotable than *Gilmore*. I don't know how many times I've quoted or heard quotes from *Madison*, but *Gilmore*, while it does have some quotes, doesn't have the amount or caliber of quotes.

The leading actress is much better looking than the one in *Gilmore* and there's also the study scene with her and Billy. Most important, *Madison* has a lesson to teach about life. Every time I have a question about life, all I have to do is remember that shampoo is better and I can go on again.

One huge difference between the two movies is that Chris Farley has a role in *Madison* that just cannot be fulfilled in *Gilmore*. Did I mention that the teacher is hot? Also, how many times do you get to see a giant penguin in a movie?

This is better than anything *Gilmore* has to offer. It's the only movie where you're not cool unless you pee your pants. The bad guy in *Madison* is much easier to dislike and more believable than the one in *Gilmore*. In conclusion, *Madison* is better simply because the old man called the shit "poop."

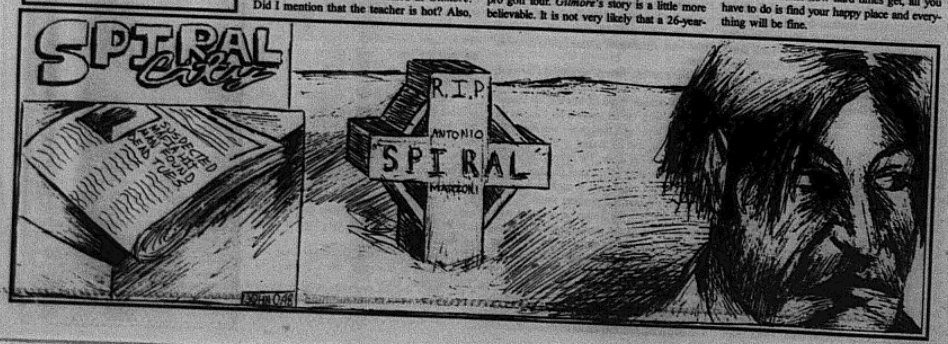
Jason: My friend Jay has mental problems he needs to get fixed. *Happy Gilmore* is obviously a better movie than *Billy Madison*. Throughout his career, Adam Sandler has matured in his movies. From the idiot drummer in *Airheads* to the heartbroken lover in the *Wedding Singer*, Sandler has shown growth in his comedic status.

Madison is more of a slapstick comedy, while *Gilmore* tells a story about a struggling hockey player who takes his long drive to the pro golf tour. *Gilmore*'s story is a little more believable. It is not very likely that a 26-year-old could be readmitted into elementary school. *Madison* may have Chris Farley, but *Gilmore* has a cameo by the all-time pimp of America: Bob Barker. Bob puts up a stunning fight against Happy. After being head-butted by Happy, he awakes to kick Happy's ass.

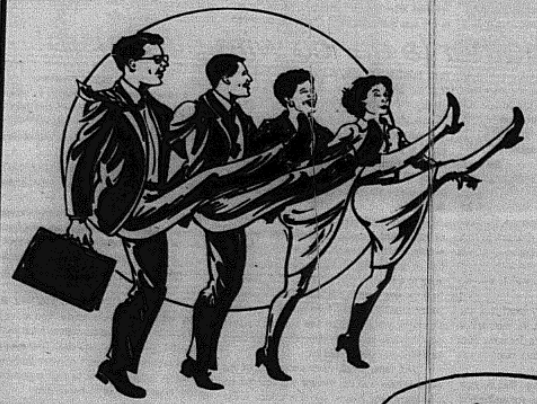
Gilmore also had a more hateable villain with Shooter McGavin. He is such a cock that the viewers have to hate him.

I personally hate clowns. In *Madison* the clown apparently dies, but comes back during the musical number. In *Gilmore*, Happy beats the crap out of the clown at the putt-putt course after the clown stops him from sinking a putt. Happy takes his club to that freak's big, red nose, ending it's annoying and terrifying laughter.

Jay thinks *Gilmore* doesn't teach a lesson, but it certainly does. The movie teaches us that no matter how hard times get, all you have to do is find your happy place and everything will be fine.



'98 STUDENT SENATE ELECTIONS



APRIL 16
9:30 - 6:30
APRIL 17
9:30 - 4:00
IN THE SUB

PRESENT YOUR ID TO VOTE.

COME OUT AND VOICE YOUR OPINION.

Readers respond: Puff Daddy's music poetic, innovative

by Vince Smith and Jeremy Thomas

A recent article stated that Puff Daddy, "appears to be a skinny little rich boy that wouldn't know what to do with a gun if he needed to." In response, there has been no attempt in any musical form to accompany music with violence. Why would the lack of violence in Puff Daddy's attitude affect his ability to sing a song?

I have, in my life, found no musician with an inborn reason to fight in life, and have certainly never found the fact that they compose to be a reason for violence. I do not know if Puff Daddy desires to hold a gun, nor do I see his outward appearance important to his music.

How can you attempt to say that a rapper must be a gangster in order to be a musician? I see no connection. What kind of person would be upset by a musician not wanting to hurt anyone? Could it be that Puffy wants to rap to please his listeners and to make some honest cash?

The article also claims that Puff Daddy raps about guns and violence. The authors of this article obviously associated preformed stereotypes with the music and ignored the lyrics. Finding a reference to guns and violence being used by Puff Daddy and the Family on *No Way Out* would be an overwhelming task.

Beginning the first song of your first album with a prayer to God says something about you as a person and sets priorities that do not include violence.

Puff Daddy quotes, "Please forgive my enemies for they know not what they do" Thus, any writer, Christian or not, who would be upset by a rapper putting his God over violence is, in my opinion, sick in the heart and incapable of promoting right from wrong.

Puff Daddy and Mase have begun to mix classic rock from the 1980's with new rap. The idea of mixing music is not new to the music world, nor is the use of old tunes in new songs. I think that mixing rap with 80's music is a very new and innovative idea.

When jazz began by mixing blues and ragtime from the times before, people may have questioned its originality, but today jazz has become a classic part of American history.

The writers of the article stated, "We will say one good thing about him, he picked good 80's songs to remix." If those writers had done a little research, they would have found that the song "I'll Be Missing You" is not written by Puff Daddy but in fact by Sting, T. Gaither, and Faith Evans.

In addition, Sting must have felt the music warranted his respect when he performed with Puff Daddy and the Family in a tribute to Notorious B.I.G. Whether or not the tunes are original need not be questioned if it is appealing to listen to. The writers of the article made the remark, "Puff Daddy should stick to producing." Well, he sure sold a lot of albums, and that probably contributed to his "skinny little rich boy" appearance. If I found something I was good at and it made me money, I'd stick to it.

If the writers found that Puff Daddy's music had no meaning, they must have forgotten to listen or simply could not understand its poetry. Puff Daddy states in his song "Pain," "I don't want to cry no more. I wish the pain would go away ... bad hands make it hard to deal. Sometimes I want to pull it, end it all with a bullet, It's hard to live life to the fullest with all this bullshit." The statement is in regards to his father's death. I suggest the writers read Shakespeare's *Hamlet*: "To be, or not to be: that is the question. Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, or to take arms against a sea of troubles and by opposing end them." I think both quotes relate to one of the most-asked questions in a person's life: should I go on?

In conclusion, opinions on music should be formed by the listener like any other art form, but making statements about the artist are inconsiderate and judgmental. We do not wish to put down any of the musicians mentioned in the article we have responded to, only to point out that music can and should be an art free from constraints.

If the music is appealing, it should be rewarded, as it has been. Insulting a musician for not being "street literate" is absurd and in no way relates to the music. I think that assuming that a rapper must be a gangster is a harsh stereotype and is typical of someone incapable of cultural appreciation.

Remember that all new things have a father. Without those new concepts, ideas, art forms, and music, we would never move on and never change. I am amazed that any college student would have missed this fundamental idea of intelligence.

Strangers look at one another (a dance with plagarism)

by Ben McClure

When you walk around town or the campus, do you notice the other people around you? There are people scattered unevenly all over the place. Most of the people you see on a daily basis are strangers, more or less. Either you don't know their names, or you do but have never introduced. Maybe you've been introduced, but the circumstances escape you time and again.

When you walk by these people, you tend to look at them. Not outright and blatant, of course. They look at you, too. And so, to all of those reading this who are "they", consider for a moment that you are the ones to whom I am referring as "you".

You are walking, turn a corner, and down the way a lone stranger is walking your way. Forty steps, maybe fifty, but you never really count the number of steps; you're busy taking steps. And, suddenly, the exact manner in which you step becomes very important to you. Before you turned the corner, you were lost up in the state of non-thought in which we spend most of our times. This, I think, consists in being almost exactly equidistant from about a thousand or so thoughts, all at once.

Turn the corner, instantly the person you see sucks all your attention into one very specific situation: that of you presence to one another. A sudden search for justification begins, unless your attention is already so wrapped up in some matter that you don't notice the presence of another person. Justification for your gait, shoes, earrings, messy room, neglected friendships.

None of this crosses your mind as you interminably approach this other person, but your breathing changes. Everything changes, in fact, and as your entire being naturally moves to pull itself back into a stable order, you look for every detail about the situation which will enable it to do so.

Your eyes are reasonably small and uniformly dark, from a distance, in comparison with the rest of your head. So, for now, from this distance (what is it, twenty steps?), you look at this *stranger* head-on.

No one's going to notice. Hands, hair, whatever curves you can make out underneath those clothes add up to a totality which you couldn't break down in a lifetime of living together. That other person is actually *there*. So are you. Every single moment of your life has been hurtling towards this moment, and now that you are here, your entire being is up for display. Of course, you've not just been idling all this time.

All the details of dress and posture are in place, to the extent that you care about and are aware of them. Up until now, it was all a dead issue. With that other person, though—and those eyes—all the givens are up for evaluation again.

The flurry of glances begins to fall as each of you makes a variety of oscillations between simply, indifferently walking past as though you had no need of further evaluation, and reevaluating at a feverish pace. Some of the time you walk by and actually *are* so well in control of yourself that you don't even notice the person. Or maybe you did notice, but it doesn't matter now, because you don't remember those times anymore; you don't need to.

This time, tough, there are aspects of this other person walking toward you that are really interesting. Maybe you don't think it like that, but you find yourself looking away. We're like whirlpools, drawing other peoples' eyes into us. What do you find? Looking, mostly. Acquisitive as the situation demands, you rapidly, imperfectly soak up as much of what's available as you can before it passes.

And what you're looking at is looking back; the presence of this person just begs for investigation, but also *is* investigation. You get looked at, and that either shakes you or solidifies you, depending on how well received you feel by those eyes. You look, and what you see either shakes you or makes you solid, depending on the way that constant self-reference you're involved in leaves you feeling afterward.

As you two sweep right by another, there's a shudder of mutuality that you can feel so surely it doesn't require a physical expression. The wave passes by; in its wake you settle back down a bit.

Now your actions aren't you own anymore, not like they were before. You move the way you do in part as a reaction to what you've seen, and so does everyone else. Your eyes got pulled around, every part of your body was moved in partial response to your expectations of the expectations of someone else.

Not quite yourself exactly, but still expressed in only one body, you walk on with some inextricable part of someone else coursing through every bit of you.

From the Desk of **Miss Heather A. Tylock,**
CANDIDATE FOR A BACHELOR OF ARTS DEGREE IN CLASSICS.

I am pleased to announce the presentation of two papers at the Undergraduate Research Symposium held March 20, 1998 in the Student Union Building on the Truman State University campus in Kirksville, Missouri.

The papers presented were entitled "Dispelling the Notions of Macedonian Barbarism: An Examination of the Education of Alexander, Aristotle, and Athens" and "Alexandrian Apex: The Great Library and the Greco-Roman Literary Tradition."

Classifieds!

ROOMMATE NEEDED: I'm a student moving to Denver or Colorado Springs after graduation in August. Anyone interested in moving there and going in on an apartment, please call Robert Caby at 627-1471.

FOR SALE: one single bed. Ready in May. Call Adam at 665-2291.

FOR SALE: Three pieces of carpet. One is about dorm room size, the others somewhat smaller. Very cheap. Call Leslie at x7149.

BEARD'S GALLERY

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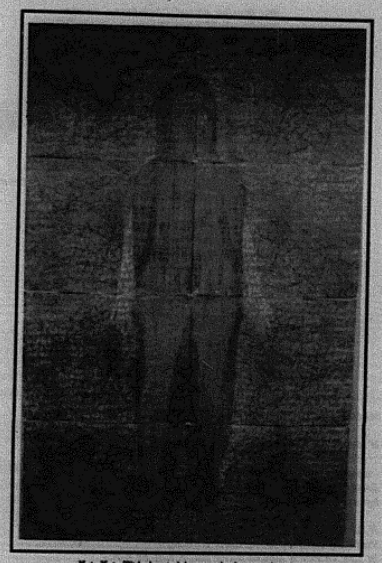
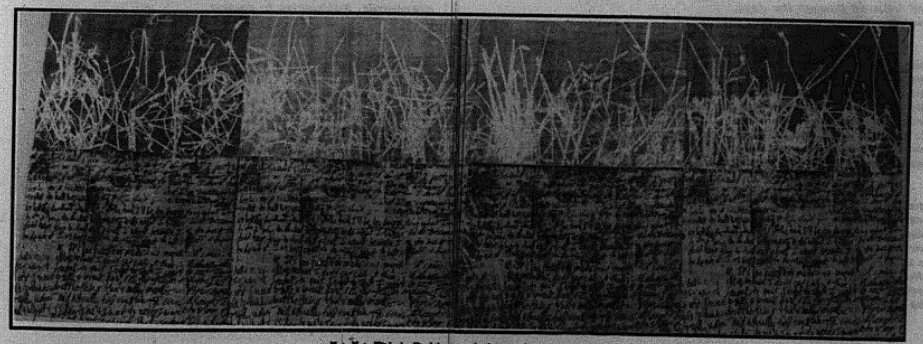
ART: Hello all. This week I bring you a preview of the BFA art show as well as something that just piqued my interest. The work by Jennifer Sisson will be shown at the BFA show in two weeks. The other was perpetrated by the mysterious Bayside Boys. Who these scoundrels are I have no idea, but I must say that Joe Baldwin looks pretty good in kilt.



Not Yet Titled- etching and charcoal on paper

JOSEPH BRAVEHEART BALDWIN- CLOTH AND WATER BASED PAINT ON STATUE



Not Yet Titled- Etching and charcoal on paper

My Back Pages . . .

Woman and Her Word

I set the dinner table
for Anne, Billie, Dorothy and me,
For the women and their words–
their Weavings
in prose, song, and wit.

They have cried and cursed
the ManWorld
they have stung the false Mothers
through masturbation and uterus.
With insight, sorrow, and wisdom
their voices have sung
misery in a ritual of renewal and
Woman Community.
Witticisms slice through
false flattery and fronts
With sagacity and common sense.

Together we sit,
we dine and share.
To our words, our resumes
we drink a toast,
"You might as well live."

M. Trioce

Barstool

I watched "The Graduate"
for breakfast
and drank my dinner.
The dust-covered
floor was cold,
wood. If I could have,
I would have
written music
in the hand of sex.
And sang with the voice
of direction.
But I am sloth.
So instead I search
for spare change
and debts owed me
to buy happiness, or
at least courage
to believe my excuse
for being here again.

J. Davey

Preparing for Storm

We fought about Christmas cards
(who would sign them
how much to write)
at ten cents a minute,
when I should have been
happy and dreamy.

A thunderhead rolled in
with the rings and buzz
of morning's modern call,
brewing hot rain and violent winds.
A dismal green hangs in the morning sky
and sprinkles anger, whistling through trees
an overture of blame.

One hand and then the next
slips through the raincoat.
Although it is not raining
it will.

J. Davey

a rocky dream of pebble streams
(something posing as a poem for Jason)

Remember this dream,
that one heart might come from two wills?
that "I do" never echoes "Did I do right?"
that we've seen through the haze
and can read tomorrow's tracks?

Remember the stream
with whom we shared the Black Hills,
woke with each morning and slept with through night
and followed through the days,
carrying lives on our backs.

Remember this dream,
that two "mines" make an "ours,"
two lives aren't too heavy to keep hopes aloft?
and one's not complete till another's been met?
and the path to tomorrow fits two feet or four?
couple is singular, hell is alone
for a day or a life, they're both simply wrong?
what we've heard's what we know,
seeds sown in pain can only bloom sorrow?

Remember the stream
and its song for the stars,
both thunderingly loud and whisperingly soft.
wide and rushing, echoing peaks and dells, yet
narrow and empty more captivating still. For
in those sweet moments, ears hear every stone
alter the water as it hastens along,
muddered gently below:
the tiniest pebble controls the stream's flow.

J. Wolf

Mafioso Metrics (Sinister Sonnetry)

If Machine Gun Kelly had shot sonnets
instead of a machine gun it might have
sounded like: POP! POP! POP! (hide yr pets!)
BAM! BLAM! PAM! PLAM! Silence punctuated
by staccato beats and beads of hot lead.

If Al Capone had blasted villanelles
instead of molotovs, then Chicago
in the thirties would have been full of folks
illegally drunk and poetically
dead. Headstones might have read: A Good Man Killed
By a Love-Like Rose or a Rose-Like Love.
Or: A Loving Mother Trapped Between Hooch
And Haiku. What beautifully well-read
graveyards, testimonies to poetry!

J. Wolf

Anne Dale

She reminded me of
my father's prized timepiece,
held in my tiny hands.
The gold and silver casing
sparkled in my eyes.

The polished glass face
slipped from my hands
and cracked on hardwood.
I felt the shattered peace
echo through her room.

B. Wood

The Monitor

A Campus Collective

21 April 1998

Volume 4, Number 15

...a monthly publication of community issues, student ideas, opinions, and culture

Kirksville walks for life, choice

by Jill Goodheart

Early Saturday April 18, Kirksville's Crisis Pregnancy Clinic held their annual, "Walk for Life." This year, however, Anti-Racist Action, was there as part of a protest counter-walk in response to the CPC's pro-life views.

The walk was a fundraiser for the CPC, a religious organization that counsels preganant women.

"We offer a comprehensive support system for women in crisis pregnancy so the option of life is open to them," said CPC director Colleen Kennedy. "We keep the door to life open."

About 25 ARA members and other folks walked in a separate procession carrying signs such as "Keep Abortion Safe and Legal," "Trust Women to Make Their Own Decisions," "You were a wanted child," and "All Parents, Loving Parents."

While ARA is not officially a pro-choice organization, member Bill Purcell said that "its part of ARA's goal to oppose all sorts of oppression."

Bill Purcell said he marched because he feels the government should not "legislate morality."

"Pro-choice isn't about abortion. It's about staying out of people's lives and giving them the respect to make their own moral decisions," he said.

Another walker, Janine Nichoalds, decided to participate for similar reasons.

"I decided to go because I believe the woman has the right to choose, not the church or the government." she said.

Prior to the walk, Purcell called the CPC to see if they supported pro-life legislation. The person he talked to there said that they would, in fact, support such a law, according to Purcell. The fact that CPC has a "pro-legislation slant" and are not only dealing with crisis pregnancies was important in the decision to march along side the "Walk for Life."

The two groups walked about two miles around the Truman campus and downtown. Afterwords, the protestors were invited to share donuts and juice provided by the CPC for walk participants.

"You walked too," called out one CPC

See WALK, page 9

Election losers speak out

by Erin Hucke

Student Senate elections took on a worldly feel this year with candidates representing parties such as the "Laissez Faire" party, the "Young Octobrists," the "Independent Philosophy (World Domination)" party, and perhaps the "Phat" party (what that means has yet to be determined in most minds). Yet, students could still read into the triviality of Student Senate elections when faced with stale "issues" like parking coming from the "Make It Count" ticket.

As many have heard by now, Mike Daming, of the aforementioned "Make It Count" ticket, took the presidency by a substantial margin. But what happens to the losers? How do they feel about the results of the election?

I had the pleasure of speaking with these former presidential candidates in hopes of shedding some light on these subjects.

Tom Hayde, the candidate running under the "Independent Philosophy" party, displeased with the results, commented, "I'd just like to say that I think the elections just go to show how much more dumb everyone else is than me. That is, I'm smarter than everyone else here on campus." Hayde also felt rather emotional about the results stating, "It's a sad, sad, sad, sad day that we have another bullshit political artist in office, and it hurts me deep down inside that people didn't trust me enough to take total control over their governmental body." Despite his defeat, Hayde would still like to offer his campaign slogan as a source of inspiration: "Truth is freedom and democracy is a lie."

When speaking to Bryan Westhoff, I found he was pleasantly surprised to hear of Daming's election and glad to hear that a neutral party had attained the position. "I thought it was basically a two party race. Good vs. evil really." But Bryan's main goal in this race for the presidency was to prevent his archenemies the "Young Octobrists" party, or, as he describes them, the "commie rat bastards," from winning. Westhoff still intends to present a petition to Student Senate next year to create an "un-American Activities" subcommittee in order to purge the Truman State University campus of the "738 known communists" of which he currently holds the names.

"Young Octobrists" secretary candidate, Christopher Best, blames Bryan Westhoff for defeat. "Obviously it was the underhanded work of capitalist oppressors. We understand that we are the true victors. Since the establishment refuses to hear our cry for equality through peaceful means, we have no choice but to bring about a bloody revolution."

The "Young Octobrists" feel that they have a responsibility to the people to continue their activities and to defeat the capitalists. "The people will soon realize that their lives are nothing more than a ploy to continue to profit off the backbreaking labor of hardworking honest people."

Apparently in the midst of despair, Craig Thomson still has hope for Daming. "Daming will do a really good job as president, and I wish him the best of luck," says Thomson of the "Phat" party.

Although the candidates seem to be doing decently with the results of the election, students have contrary opinions.

"I don't think the students paid close enough attention to the candidates running. I think they blindly followed the crowd and did not choose the candidate who would serve us the best," said Political Science student Matthew Nevels.

Dissatisfied, Harry Harris, an avid follower of campus politics, had this to offer:

See LOSERS, page 9

Last Tuesday these musicians graced the steps between Baldwin and OP. From left to right: Divon Ronell, Wes Bowen, James Beutler, Jon Hermach, Warren Reed, Paul McQuille (top), Ryan Treasure, Chris Ellman. *photo by J. Goodheart*

Group riddles campus with signs

by Shawn Gimore

It has been a pretty good week for signs around campus. The Student Senate elections, Dog Days, and Earth week were all advertising, which meant that most of the display areas around campus were pretty cluttered. But, in amongst those posters, I came across something that piqued my curiosity.

The sign, on the second floor of Baldwin, read: "Racism is typical." The poster was signed by a group calling themselves the Real Left and Right, with the tag line, "Believing in liberal arts as they should be." Naturally, by this point I was intrigued, so I searched around for other signs.

On the next board, there was this one, which has become my favorite: "GOD thinks you're a numbskull as long as you're working for the man." While searching around, I found others and eventually found what I really needed. One poster not only had the standard Left and Right slogan on it, but also an e-mail address and Internet address.

I e-mailed them as soon as I could, and then to tide myself over, I visited their homepage. Unfortunately, while giving a brief overview of their goals and works, this offered little to no insight into their origin or membership.

I will, however, relate to you some of the things that I did pick up along the way. They say that they were initially inspired by "a man in California who, on a larger scale, does quite the same thing we are doing in the Midwest."

They say their reasons for anonymity include what they see as their "duty to change what we feel to be wrong in our society Giving recognition to someone for doing what they are supposed to do is rather unnecessary. We have the duty to enlighten those who need it." They do, however, admit that right now, they are enjoying the mystery of being their own little anonymous club.

Also up on the web page were a couple of posts from the Kirksville area. One from Nate Sternberg (who established the Freethinkers Society) reads, in part, "I'm pleased that others out there recognize the apathy in our culture and are taking steps to change it. I also like your method because it (at least implicitly) recognizes that the way to change a society is to change its ideas. At least that's what I get out of your flyer campaign."

When they replied, whoever actually runs the Real Left and Right pretty much confirmed that statement. "Our primary goals for this poster campaign are to educate and enlighten. We don't claim to be 'authorities' on any of these subjects, but we have opinions and want to share them with others. Society as a whole has some pretty screwed up perceptions of the real world, that we, believe it or not, disagree with. Of course there are the typical topics that need to be addressed such as racism and homophobia, but not everyone realizes the problems with apathy and the American superiority complex. We want to open people's eyes to different thoughts and ideas that they may not have thought about."

Along with that, they also reiterated that their anonymity allows them to "say whatever we want without people judging what we say by who we are." They urge people to contribute to the poster campaign or to use it as inspiration for other actions.

Unfortunately, in searching for the names of the people responsible for the Real Left and Right, I never found them. I did however run across a few more sign slogans that I haven't seen up around campus. Here are my favorites: "Americans are dumb. What're you doing to prove us wrong?" "What causes heterosexuality?" "Skinheads rule! Nazis suck." "Live your life not ours."

The Real Left and Right can be contacted at leftandright@hotmail.com or by visiting their homepage at http://www.geocities.com/CapitolHill/Senate/5849. Soon, they say that the homepage will contain pictures of their work.

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

"The vampire stared at her. His jaw dropped in disbelief, and for the first time she saw his tongue. It was pointed and curled up as if rolled in a can."
-The Cheerleader
courtesy of Chett Breed

TRUMAN

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S UNFIT

Mutant Squirrel threatens campus

Those crazy people in Science Hall are at it again. Apparently, if you've been anywhere near Ryle Hall, you see it daily – an animal resembling a squirrel, but without a tail. Sources have been unable to explain this rather unfortunate critter as yet.

However speculations have run amok recently due to several quasi-reliable leaks from students on the inside of Science Hall. Suspicions were reinforced later last week when an anonymous geneticist was overheard saying, "I sure hope the *Monitor* doesn't find out about that escaped squirrel genetically engineered to survive in the wild without a tail."

But such rumors must be passed over in attention to less trivial. *Monitor* sleuths have recently found other evidence suggesting even larger specimens are lurking among us. Late night janitors report roughly dog-sized forms scuttling back and forth from left over cheese deposits used to feed fruit flies. Sophisticated recording devices have recently been deployed but, to this point, have only recorded raspy voices saying, "Bring us Chet Breed."

The Gender Center?

Not even the New's-That's-Unfit editor could believe this one when it landed on his desk. Representatives of Prism have informed us of an unconfirmed rumor that Truman's much anticipated Lesbian-Gay-Bisexual Resource Center, if it does come into existence, will not be so named. The Board of Governors have apparently decided to ignore Sapir-Whorf in moving toward the more general name "Gender Center."

In related news, other campus institutions will be moving towards more general names:
The Body State Center (Health Center)
Experiment Hall (Science Hall)
The Student Move-Around Center (Student Recreation Center)
The Office of Getting Here (Admissions)

Goldfinger has no taste

Saturday night, after the fanfare of Dog Days, some Monitor sleuths began unintentionally stalking the golden boys of the day: Goldfinger. They seemed to take over Allerons, especially the television, with their bleached hair and roadies. The true stalking began a few hours later in Wal-Mart, however, when they were discovered in the magazine section. Purchases include: a copy of the movie *Overboard* by the lead singer and *When a Man Loves a Woman*, the National Geographic special – *The Secrets of the Titanic*, and a electric cord by another band member.

Just say no... to sidewalk chalk

The alert Truman student will have noticed that last weekend led to, among other things, a profusion of surreal chalk outside the auspices of Baldwin Hall. An odd melange of anti-drug and pro-marriage slogans decorated the sidewalks. Selections follow:

"Do not cook meth, you will burn your face off."

"Today is National Give Your Girlfriend an Engagement Ring Day."

The *Monitor*, while by no means endorsing illegal drug use, speculates that it might be necessary to be on meth or harder substances in order to be demented enough to give a significant other a commitment for the rest of your life just because your calendar said to. I take you, Meth Man, as my husband...

Texas Tea behind Oh-Pee (OP)

A truck from Hannibal Testing Laboratories was spotted outside behind Ophelia Parrish early last week with what was thought to be a large drilling device deep in the ground. The *Monitor* Underground Spy Alliance Team (MUSAT) has uncovered a plot. The university (in partnership with The Man) is trying to make more money off this campus! Plans include building an enormous oil derrick on the north side of Missouri Hall which, apparently, will block most of the sunlight within a 57 foot radius. We've all wondered *why* OP is scheduled to be remodeled, haven't we?

Fashion police nab Rolex thief

Just a note: according to the police report about Truman's Watch-Stealer at large, this guy has a lot more to worry about than KPD. Sporting a wool sweater and corduroys on a sunny April day rang – that's just asking for a visit from the fashion cops...and we don't mean DPS.

Sound Shoppe
May 1
Dave
Matthews
May 8
Tori Amos
May 15
Sonic Youth
May 22
Smashing Pumpkins
112 South
Franklin
10 am - 8 pm
trade for 'em

The end of the year is almost here,
and it's time to start thinking about
graduation gifts!
Stop by
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for all sorts of gift ideas.
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Applause
Sanrio
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Meanies
And so
much more!
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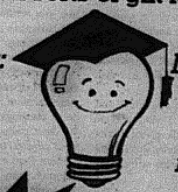

Letters

Dear Monitor: Who are you and what did you do with my duck? -Ernie

If you haven't sent us letters by this time, you're pretty screwed, so don't even think about it.

Magruder passed up chance

I was appalled to hear that Jolly Jack Magruder had appointed Garry Gordon to the position of Vice President for Academic Affairs. The search committee for this position searched long and arduously for someone to fill the spot for Dr. Magruder to pick someone that was already here. What is that? The small town mentality of Kirksville has permeated itself into the decision making processes of our University's president.

I heard various faculty and students mention that Garry Gordon's appointment was in the bag before Anne Gormly even came to town. I'll even admit that I felt the same way until I met our other candidate.

Anne Gormly came across as being a very formidable woman. She was assertive but also very down-to-earth. She spoke fondly of her previous position and setting, but was more than willing to uproot herself and spend what could have been the rest of her life in northeastern Missouri. What impressed me most about her was that she had degrees in psychology (I was a little biased) and that she had made efforts at her New Jersey university to promote diversity.

Diversity is one thing that I think this campus is seriously lacking – whether it be in regard to students, student activities, or faculty members. I wanted to see what she would be capable of enacting when her tenure began. She was by far the more qualified candidate not simply due to the degrees that she had earned but her willingness to become a part of our campus community and to make the any changes that she deemed necessary.

Now, I have worked minimally with Garry Gordon and have been impressed with his enthusiasm as well. He served as Student Senate Advisor during my freshman year and was held in very high esteem by the Student Senators. More often than not, I heard from my colleagues that Mr. Gordon was a wonderful person to work with. I had no question of that. His initials, GG, can also stand for Great Guy, but they in no way stand for Got Gonads.

It is my biggest fear that Garry Gordon will continue in the legacy set forth by the university administration and carry on with its elitist snobberies exhibited by its white patriarchal authority figures (sentence structure adopted from Larry Iles). Sure, if Dr. Gormly had stayed here long enough she too would have been assimilated just as the Borg do with humanoids on Star Trek. "Resistance is futile!" But just as in the episode *I, Borg*, there was a very strong possibility that just before she joined the continuum, the lingering thought of individuality would run through her mind and cause the entire race to have the desire to become individuals. I and others believe that Dr. Gormly could have kicked some ass at this university, yet we wonder why she wasn't hired for the position.

Could it be that Jack Magruder was intimidated by her and didn't want a female as his right hand (wo)man? Why else would he overlook someone that was admittedly more qualified than the other candidate and had also had interactions with a broader range of people?

Not letting this new perspective enter our university will be a hindrance toward the University's goal "to attract a highly competent, diverse group of administrators and staff members who are committed to liberal education and a lean administrative structure and who foster an intellectual, supportive, and nurturing environment for students, faculty, administration, and staff," so eloquently outlined in the University Master Plan.

If we continue to appoint internal candidates to our open positions, how can we possibly attract a diverse and competent group of individuals outside of our university setting? The "old boy network" that we currently have in place will override any outsider's desire to apply for a position here at Truman because they know that they will not receive a position.

I challenge you to prove me wrong, Garry Gordon. Show me that you are capable of making the best decisions for the university community despite the fact that you have spent over twenty years in this isolated environment. Demonstrate to the entire campus that your initials *do* stand for Got Gonads.

Summer Johnson

De Klerk fools Truman students

Dear Readers,

Because the *Index*, the university, and the majority of students with whom I have spoken have chosen to support the policies and the sentiments propagated by F.W. de Klerk, it is imperative that another prospective on South African history be represented. While attempts were made by conscientious students and faculty members to expose de Klerk's true motives during the question/answer portion of the evening, the former president ignored issues raised against him.

Briefly, I would like to enumerate a few points de Klerk intentionally failed to mention. Hopefully, these facts will demonstrate the true nature of de Klerk's motives and history. First, the stability of apartheid was based upon a safety zone of surrounding colonies that supported and perpetuated white domination in Africa. Former Portugese colonies such as Angola were granted independence in the 1970s; these newly independent nations, as well as other nations freed from British domination, "threatened apartheid by inspiring African nationalists in South Africa. In addition, student movements and the violent quelling of peaceful protests began to attract negative attention in the global community. Furthermore, after many international corporations and other investors (including Apple) pulled out of South Africa in the 1980s, the Rand (monetary unit) fell over 100% in value. The fall of Eastern Communism forced the U.S. and Britain to discontinue support for their "bulwark" against communism. Finally, the ANC was gaining momentum in its struggle against Afrikaner domination. De Klerk may want us to believe that Arfikaners could "give" rights to black South Africans, but the respect and rights blacks deserved could only be asserted, not given. The president had been backed into a corner; no change meant revolution or death.

It is also interesting to note that Afrikaners, according to de Klerk, legally acquired lands from the Bantu chiefs. Of course, he failed to mention that the treaties signed by these chiefs were rarely translated or signed under force. Unfortunately, de Klerk played upon the sympathies of most Americans quite well by appealing to their capitalistic hearts. Let us not forget that our self-determination was gained at the expense of the Native Americas, just as Afrikaner "self-determination" was gained and maintained by the domination of 75% of the indigenous population. Let us also reexamine our notion of genocide and multiculturalism so that we do not excuse the murder of thousands of people purely because of their race as well as cultural, economic, and linguistic forms of genocide. If we believe de Klerk's explanation of his role in apartheid's termination, we fool ourselves and clear the way for social injustice with ignorance and euphemisms.

One more point worth examining is de Klerk's complete misrepresentation of P.W. Botha's government. Perhaps this is because de Klerk was Botha's right hand man and hand picked successor. He portrayed Botha as a visionary with inappropriate PR skills. I encourage every student to look at articles from *The Independent* and *The London Times* (April 16 and 17, 1998) which expose hit lists made by Botha. The information is a serious threat to de Klerk as well. "At the height of Mr. Botha's rule, 30,000 opponents of apartheid were jailed without charge and 20,000 people were killed in political violence, according to human rights organizations" (quoted from *The Independent*, London, April 17, 1998).

It is true that de Klerk is a powerful speaker, but he is certainly not a "good guy." I appeal to the student body as a whole to read into South Africa's history. We must not allow ourselves to be fooled by $30,000 worth of propaganda. There was never "Separate Development" in South Africa. There was only a clandestine form of slavery, genocide, and oppression. Before we give a standing ovation, let us ask, "For what are we standing?" Would we continue to stand for segregation ("separate but equal")? Will we stand for dishonesty and manipulation from a man who never apologized for his role in racism? I should hope not.

Sincerely,
Jamie Herd

Truman is losing a great teacher

To *The Monitor*:

It has been brought to our attention that Instructor of Latin Keith Shafer will not be retained in a teaching capacity for the 1998-1999 academic year. Conventional wisdom would suggest that the "Harvard of the Midwest" would want to keep high-quality instructors. Unfortunately, this does not seem to be the case. Mr. Shafer has built a strong foundation for himself at this University, only to see it shattered by the ignorance of the administration. It is a shame to see a teacher of such fine quality slip through the bureaucracy of this University.

Why Mr. Shafer was not given the position full time is a mystery to us. Mr. Shafer has the educational background required to fill the position permanently. He is also an outstanding teacher of Latin. To lose an instructor of this magnitude will be a great loss to this University.

Apparently an instructor who encourages students to succeed, and who invites learning and fun into his classroom, is someone that Truman State University sees as a liability. It is certainly a travesty to see Mr. Shafer go, but it is not so much Mr. Shafer who suffers, but the students and faculty of this fine institution.

Mr. Shafer, we are sorry to see you go. You helped us learn a complex language and always showed genuine concern for our academic and personal well-being. Good luck in all your future endeavors.

Sincerely,
Tom Wheatley
Jeff Bernth
Mark Gawron
Adriana Pequeno

Windfall showcases creations

by Shaun Claggett

Friday evening at the Washington Street Java Company, *Windfall*, the campus literary magazine, sponsored a poetry and short prose reading that would have made even Kerouac proud. The reading was organized in order to premiere *Windfall*'s twenty-first volume of selected creative works crafted by graduate and undergraduate students at Truman.

The event began at 7:00 p.m. with roughly sixty in attendance. Before those in attendance began to read, the editor of *Windfall* (yours truly) announced the recipients of the magazine's little-known awards for best prose, poetry, and artwork. The winners of this award receive fifty dollars (the windfall for which the magazine is named) for their contributions. This year, Jacquline Paul won for her untitled prose piece, Nancy Lamon won for an untitled etching which also graces the magazine's cover, and a double award was given for best poetry to Ezekiel Lamb for "sifting through" and Todd Werner for "Tired".

Dr. Monica Barron, after mentioning the happy coincidence that the magazine always premieres during National Poetry Month, opened the reading with one of her own prose-poems. Afterwards, all of the published poets and prose writers in attendance, thirteen in all, read from their works. Following the organized reading, an open microphone was announced, and all others in attendance were invited to read from their own works, or from the works of any other published poet or author. The reading lasted a record hour and thirty minutes, and was regarded as an enriching, enjoyable, and successful evening by many.

Windfall's sponsoring of open readings at the Java Company is a break from the long-held tradition of private readings formerly hosted only for published individuals and friends. This year, the staff unanimously agreed that a change was desperately needed to expand student, faculty, and community awareness of the magazine, and decided that open readings were in order. *Windfall* hosted a similar reading in November of this year, featuring individuals published in last year's edition.

The tremendously positive public response led to the organization of Friday's reading, and the even more encouraging response to it has led the staff to firmly establish a new tradition of hosting such events.

Windfall's public relations manger, Hannah Lucas, commented, "*Windfall* seemed to hardly be known by people on campus last year. With the readings, we hoped to change that—and I think we have".

Copies of Windfall's current issue and back issues will be on sale in the SUB this Wednesday through Friday from noon to 3:00 p.m.

The magazine was created in 1976 under the supervision of Dr. Shirley Morahan so that there might be an outlet for displaying the abundance of artistic talent at the university. The *Windfall* staff is currently under the direction of Dr. Monica Barron, and is funded through the Language and Literature Department.

Each year, members of the *Windfall* staff evaluate, discuss, and vote on each of the hundreds of submissions received for their annual publication. *Windfall* accepts and has published not only short stories, poetry, and conventional artwork, but also short dramatic works, comics, and even excerpts from novels. This year, the staff feels it has managed to publish a slender, yet high-quality volume which adequately represents the diversity of creative ability at TSU.

Opinions

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

Graduation speaker is wrong for Truman

by Adam Potthast

In less than three weeks, a small number of us will graduate from Truman. The festivities are planned, as usual, for a sunny day in Stokes Stadium. We will all be wearing black, nearly melting under the pre-summer sun, while listening to Captain Thomas Otterbein (captain of the soon-to-be commissioned U.S.S. Harry Truman aircraft carrier) speak on an as yet undisclosed topic. This man's presence will be an offensive mistake.

The Monitor has traditionally had a liberal bias, and one could attribute the following criticism to that. Liberals have never had a quiet relationship with the military and neither has the liberal arts.

In fact, one could argue that the two had a final parting-of-ways during World War II when the military's need for engineers caused them to cancel an engineer's formal education (which included such disciplines as literature and ethics) to restrict them to a training that involved only lines and numbers. *Sans* everything.

Q: Why is this man coming to speak?
A: He is in some way connected to the name Harry Truman.

Q: How is he related to the liberal arts?
A: He is not.

And these are the naive facts. Otterbein comes to us from the U.S. military, famous for such phrases as "Don't ask, don't tell" and numerous comments that are far from congratulatory of the Women's Movement. Given the majority of the campus is female and Prism's membership (which has tripled in the last year,) these facts alone should be enough to dissuade the administration from showcasing this speaker.

I am told that the President's Office is in charge of scheduling the speaker. It does not seem to be paying attention.

But there is another problem, and it runs deeper in this university's personality disorder. If Truman is indeed trying to reincarnate itself as the Liberal Arts and Sciences University of Missouri, then why does it refuse to act like one? Never mind the "liberal," what does this commencement speaker have to do with the arts and sciences? Is it military science? The art of war? With the nearly unlimited funding available that got us a speaker like F.W. de Klerk (see letters page), why can the university not look for someone that has been educated rather than trained?

By using this man to represent the university to its students and parents, Truman is forfeiting on its mission. And worse, the university did not even bother to consult any students before choosing Otterbein. No Student Senators, the official liaison between the students and the administration, were consulted. Not even the highest ranking ones knew. Not that we have ever been in the business of making sense, but wouldn't it make more sense to have a committee composed of graduation candidates and administrators?

Among its students, Truman does not have a reputation for bringing in good speakers. Important ones, maybe, but not good ones. I witnessed this first hand at last spring's commencement and winter's was reportedly worse.

I know nothing about Otterbein's training as a speaker. He might very well be the next Winston Churchill, but he does not represent the liberal arts. He represents achievement in a totalitarian organization.

I would rather be embarrassed by a bad speaker than endorse this mentality. At the end of a liberal arts education, the words that are supposed to ring in our minds will not be those of someone who has ever been in a world beyond the armed forces. Captain Otterbein might have flown in many campaigns and participated in Project Hope, but is this what administrators want us to remember, that we should pay attention to commanders of gigantic and expensive boats?

The Navy's advertisement for Otterbein says that he will be captain of a ship that will "protect freedom around the world." Let us not be naive any longer. What will be protected will not be freedom because it will be protected by fear. That is oppression, and not the liberation that is the cornerstone of the liberal arts.

Students and their families deserve better than this unfortunate coincidence of name for a speaker. They deserve attention to the details and philosophies that were sold to them on the campus tour years ago, not a representative of everything that the liberal arts oppose. This is a bait-and-switch, and a careless one at that I think we deserve an apology.

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Apathy at liberal arts university

by Matt Siemer

Something is rotten at Truman State University, and it isn't the latest dish from Sodexho. A very distinct odor hangs in the air at this school, and that odor has a name: apathy.

It amazes me that at this, *the* Public Liberal Arts and Sciences University of Missouri, most people don't give a damn about learning. Look around. It isn't hard to see the dark cloud of indifference that has engulfed students, teachers, and administrators.

The apathy is most visible in students. Let's consider some of our words and actions. How many times do we or our friends brag about the number of classes we've skipped this week? How many times do members of various organizations save themselves from doing work by dipping into file cabinets filled with old tests, quizzes, and assignments? How many times have we heard people say, "I don't care anymore. I just want to graduate"?

We should also seriously question our actions in the classroom. When we raise our hand in class, do we do so because we want to contribute something valuable to class discussion, or do we just want to make sure we get a good participation grade? Would we do any extra reading or work for a class if the teacher didn't reward us with extra credit? Would we read the textbook if there were no pop quizzes or tests? If the teacher didn't give grades, would we do any work at all?

For most students the answers to these questions would be "No, but who cares?" Most students at this school don't care about learning for the sake of learning because they are here for a different reason—to get a degree. They need a degree because in the "real world," a degree certifies that the bearer is good enough to earn x-amount of money. Thus, college is not a learning experience but an investment. And as far as investments go, Truman is a great one. It's dirt-cheap and has a good reputation. Most students go to Truman not because it is a good school but because it is a "bargain."

The problem is that it's a risky investment. Our degree will only be valuable if we make good grades. And so, when faced with the choice between true learning versus a better grade, most of us try to get a better grade, and we will do whatever it takes. We adapt our thoughts and feelings to fit with the teacher's. We try to find the style and thinking that teachers want to see in our answers and papers. We learn not to challenge certain things teachers say because we don't want to get on their bad side. In such a way, entire avenues of thought are slammed shut because we fear the mark of a teacher's mighty pen. They sit upon high and pass judgment upon us, our livelihood, our future. We cannot help but cower.

So here's the truth, teachers: we don't care what we do in class; we just want an A. Make us do as little work as possible, because we all know that in the end, the only thing that counts in the "real world" is embodied in three little letters: GPA. After all, employers don't care if we really learned anything in Bio 100 or Intro to Philosophy.

But teachers, please don't be disheartened by this news. It's not necessarily that students don't care about learning. It's just that we are shit-scared we could graduate from this school and still wind up starving and homeless. Our future depends on the mark your pen wets on our report card, so, for God's sake, just give all of us A's.

Do not harm our image, because to a student, image is everything. We take classes so we can get good marks for our report card. On the side we join organizations and do other things that will make us look good. We fight each other to gain illustrious awards that will make us sparkle in the eyes of future employers. We know that our content doesn't matter. What matters is how we present ourselves. Four years of college, four years of life, reduced to nothing more than four lines on a resume. Please shower us with as many high grades and awards as you can; they make for good filler.

But aside from fear of the "real world," there is another culprit for this apathy. Truman students quickly learn that appearances are the only thing this school cares about from the administration. We see that the University doesn't care about our well-being. It cares only about establishing itself as a big-name school, about spreading the Good News of the Harvard of the Midwest.

Let's review the top news items of the year, shall we? Students on a trip to Africa complain that their teacher ripped them off. What did the University do? Nothing. Student and teacher brawl over a parking spot. What did the University do? Nothing. Two students are assaulted because they are believed to be homosexual. What did the University do? Nothing.

The University wants potential applicants, rich alumni and news reporters to think that everything is hunky-dory at the Harvard of the Midwest. Everything here is sunshine, lollipops, and Nobel Peace Prize winners. Meanwhile, teachers and students continue to suffer. We follow the lead of an administration that just doesn't care. Our problems do not matter; our voices are not heard. Just read Dr. Closepet Ramesh's letter in the last week's Index: "...Professor Gordon was chosen [without] the selection committee even having a chance to look at faculty and student comments and suggestions..."

So the world turns. So we all live. Such is life at the Harvard of the Midwest, Truman State University (formerly Northeast Missouri State University), where image is everything.

Thanks FUNDS ALLOTMENT COUNCIL for making us so happy for yet another semester. We promise we won't let you down.

Pregnancy: it's not just for girls anymore

by Doug Reside

I was a pregnant father last Tuesday.

About a month ago a friend of mine who works at Kirksville's Crisis Pregnancy Center was looking for volunteers to feign pregnancy and visit the center in order to give the counselors there practice. I have always enjoyed acting and quirky situations, and so I eagerly volunteered my services.

My friend, who apparently felt the good folks at the center would have difficulty seriously counseling a guy claiming pregnancy, thanked me but refused my offer. However, I am not one to give up easily, and after some begging, she agreed to let me visit the center with another of her volunteers as the father of the unborn child.

So, after my last class on Tuesday, I met my "lover" in McClain Hall and we drove to the center. As we pulled into the parking place, the reality of what we were about to do set in and the situation became less quirky and a trifle more scary. The counselors did not know we were just pretending.

What if they were unfriendly or judgmental? Worse yet, what if someone we knew saw us there? It was then that it struck me that real people who are not just play-acting must face these same fears multiplied many times over when they come to the center, yet somehow they find the courage to go in. It was this realization that got me out of the car.

The center is in a urology clinic. No one had told us exactly where it was in the building. There were no maps or obvious signs in the lobby to tell us exactly which way to go. It became clear that we had no choice but to ask someone for directions, so I walked up to the window and asked the nurse for the way in as low a voice as possible. She pointed out the way in what I am certain was a very impartial manner. However, in my paranoid state of mind I saw disgust in her eyes and heard judgment in her voice. Nonetheless, I thanked her and walked down the directed path.

The lobby to the crisis pregnancy center was bright and cheerful, somewhat similar to that of a pediatrician's office. Magazines on parenting covered the tables. A box full of baby clothes sat under a sign encouraging people to take them as needed. We informed the woman behind the desk that we had arrived for our 5:00 appointment. The woman was very cheerful and, even in my ultra-sensitive state, I could not detect any condemnation in her voice or manner. She handed my partner a form which asked her to check off the services in which she was interested. We randomly checked a few boxes and handed the form back to the woman. She looked it over and asked my fellow parent to step into a back room for the free pregnancy test which she had requested.

We looked at each other with some embarrassment, thinking that perhaps we should have examined the services we were requesting a little more carefully. We managed to stammer out that we had already had a test and must have accidentally checked the wrong box. The woman looked as if this were the most natural thing in the world and told us to come back into the counseling office.

The counselor began by going over the information we had requested on our sheet. She explained adoption options and answered a lot of questions I had about how the procedure works. Prior to coming to the office, my partner and I had made up the story of how our pregnancy happened and decided how our characters should view abortion. This, we discovered, was rather unnecessary, as the history of our conception was never questioned and our abortion views came up only because we volunteered them.

At the end of the session I was somewhat reluctant to reveal that we were not really pregnant. The woman had been so kind and sincere, I felt rather guilty admitting that the whole situation was essentially a big joke. She took it well, however, as I somewhat expected she would, and the three of us talked for about fifteen minutes afterwards about how difficult it would be to truly experience the situation we had fabricated.

I was a pregnant father last Tuesday. And though it was just pretend, I now appreciate much more the frustration and fear that those who are truly involved in an unplanned pregnancy must feel. I hope I never place myself in that situation, yet it is comforting to know that if it does happen, there are places like the Crisis Pregnancy Center to offer support.

The Crisis Pregnancy Center is located at 902 E. La Harpe St. Suite 116 of the Laughlin Clinic. An appointment can be made by calling 665-5688.

Peace, love, harmony in Kirksville

by Kevin Berzett

Kirksville was ready for something completely different last Saturday. Shortly after Goldfinger played and decided to move west, another music festival got on its way. Over at the old ski lodge adjacent to Bear Creek (Conservaton Department), Kirkstock brought peace, love, and harmony to Rainbow Basin

Members of Sigma Tau Gamma and the band Steal Rivers helped organize this ambitious project. For a reasonable fee, a kind man from La Plata rented out his land and trusted a younger generation to give the biggest party Kirksville has ever seen. In the words of Big Phil, one of the festival's security guards, the organizers wanted to throw the "Mega."

Well, it might not have been the biggest party in the history of this crazy town, but over 700 students, faculty, residents, and hangers-on did attend. Even with a three dollar cover and only local bands performing, the crowd far exceeded that of the very dry Dog Days concert.

The evening started a little later than expected. The 5:00 start time ran till 7:30, when the first busload of people arrived. Mice & Men opened the show. Ex-Grateful Dead tourhead One-Eyed Willie patroled the standup bass and Michelle lent her vocals and acoustic guitar to the mix. The band performed a number of covers, ranging from Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young's "Helpless" to The Who's "Squeeze Box" for a still sparse crowd. By the end of their hour long set, the sun had set, and the place had begun to fill up.

The scene was radically different than the run-of-the-mill Theta Psi bandfest. Fires roared throughout the valley as people set out blankets and chilled to the Kirksville music scene. A couple of tents even sprouted in the distance.

Two more acoustic sets followed. The first was by the Bean Band, who plucked and picked in a perfect setting for their natural folk sound. The first student group the, Tolken Folk Band, followed, blending soaring harmonies and a soft, gentle sound that filled the hills.

The night wore on and the party grew. The professor band Deadwood woke the crowd up with a set of rollicking blues. Throngs danced below the deck (which, incidently was the stage) and One-eyed Willie set up a grill to feed the hungry. The attendees swarmed the fires as the temperature dropped.

At the peak of the festivities, the featured band, Steel Rivers, performed. The band blazed on for over an hour to an enthusiastic and supportive audience. Performing mostly originals, they did dip into the Grateful Dead's repertoire with "Me & My Uncle."

After that set and almost six hours of music, the crowd began to disperse. Still, many braved the cold to hear the last band to play outside. Mile High blurred the lines of funk and rap and delivered an energetic hour-long set.

The band was more like a funk orchestra as congas, bongos, drums, two bass, two guitars, and two turntables melded together to embellish the raps and vocalizing of Mike Zerillo. The multifaceted Mike Novak, who earlier in a Bart Simpsonesque stunt had jumped over a raging fire with his bike, provided the D.J. work.

The crowd had all but disappeared by the time the ska band The Kickbacks started. They moved the concert into the friendly confines of the ski lodge. With the crowd down to under a hundred, the band attacked their surroundings as if the place was packed.

At around five in the morning, the music stopped and the festival was over. Except for a few campers, Rainbow Basin was left to its lonesome. After a night that came off seamlessly, the only question left unanswered was why people don't do this more often.

Puzzles, Toys & More
Graduation presents
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Spring presents
New Game!
Memory Madness
(Great for the trip home)
117 W. Washington
south side of square
Kirksville, MO
627-4899
Tues - Sat. 9-6

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Come to read or
Come to listen
April 22, 23, & 24

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The Momitor

Our Moms' Collective

Volume 1, Number 1

21 April 1998

Guide to Rummage Sales

by Dale Maude Graff and Leslie Graff

The summer season is almost upon us. It is the time for lazy afternoons at the pool, long walks under the stars, and, of course, rummage sales. What can be better than leaving the house at 6:30 a.m., armed only with a newspaper, a city map, and a thermos of coffee?

Rummage sales and summer auctions are traditions in our family, filled with the same amount of ritualistic devotion as Christmas dinner. However, we have learned that there are many *Monitor* readers who are lacking in knowledge of the best ways to acquire junk. If you are one of those who dream of being bargain hunters but fail when the pressure is on, never fear. Learn from the experts.

Successful junk hunting begins with prior planning. You must start with a trusty group of comrades for your adventure. Be careful to choose people who are not looking for the same things as you are. There is nothing more tragic than fighting within your troop over the same yellow sweater. You must also choose people with a similar sense of humor. If you can't find friends with whom you can make fun of other people's junk, get new friends.

Finally, you need to develop your group strategy like you are training the Marines. We'll give you battle strategies later, but for now, keep in mind that you need people that will successfully fill their duties. In our group, SueAnne drives because she is the best at making screeching halts and u-turns, Dana is the map reader and strategist, Ashley takes care of packing our treasures, and we serve as scouts for roadside signs and unadvertised opportunities. If any one person fails on her job, the whole group suffers. Forget silly team-building games, if your group needs to bond, go rummage sale hunting. The final thing to look for when choosing your team is cooking ability. Without good coffee and cookies for sustenance, you won't make it through the day.

After you have your group, you need to find a vehicle. Make sure you have lots of cargo space for all your treasures. Comfort is optional, getting your junk home is essential. Also be sure to gas up before you start. Taking time to hit the gas station could cost you good bargains.

Okay, so you have your team and your transportation, now it is time to plan you attack. This is best done on Thursday night as most sales start on Friday morning. We would recommend hitting the Friday morning sales because they have the best junk and it is all fresh.

By Saturday, sales are usually picked over unless they are starting that morning. If you are going on Saturday, make the sales that started that morning your top priority. Day old sales will already be second rate. After a few weeks practice, you will learn which day is best in your city. Sometimes it even makes a difference for different neighborhoods. This is a skill you will have to learn with practice.

For successful planning, you will need a highlighter, pens, paper, the classified section from a local newspaper, and copies of a local map. Fresh maps for each week are nice so you can highlight the advertised sales for easy identification during the morning. The first step is reading all of the advertisements, looking for ones which will have items you know you are interested in. Also look for neighborhoods which will be successful and take note of the beginning day and time of each sale. On your map, plot each sale and mark them with a dot from your highlighter. Once all the sales are plotted, look for a good route.

Be sure to note starting times so you don't have to wait for an 8:00 a.m. sale in a neighborhood where everything else began at 7:00. Some sales will allow early customers, but don't expect to do any bargaining if you are early. Most people aren't too happy about having shoppers when they are aren't ready for you.

When you have what looks like a good route, number each sale on your map and write out a list with the address and starting time for each. If you number both your list and your map, you will be able to keep track of sales you have visited and will be able to pace yourself so you make it to all the sales on your list. You will become more familiar with your pace as you go along.

Soon you will be able to tell how many sales your group can do in a morning and then you can rank sales so you will be ensured a visit to each sale you want to shop. We also like to plan our route so there is a fast food restaurant in the middle for coffee refills and a restroom break.

Who's your Mama?

Celebrate Earth Week

sponsored by ECO & FAC

Wednesday
EARTH DAY
Campus Coffeehouse
-Free cookies & coffee
-open mike night for environmental poetry
8 pm Down Under

Saturday
Save the Earth Bandfest & Make your own Paper
noon - 10 p.m.
on the Quad

Other Events
Daisy Sales
Stop Your Junkmail Tabling
Information Tabling
Music on the Mall

Mom becomes music critic

by Judy Heaton and Dave Heaton

For this *Momitor*, Dave Heaton turned to his mother Judy Heaton, a fan of such musical geniuses as Andy Williams, for her opinions on music new and old. Judy gave each song a rating from 1 to10 (10 being the best).

Fiona Apple: "Sleep to Dream" = 5
Judy: This reminds me of African music... It's the same melody repeated over and over, so it'd be easy to learn the melody. You can't understand what he's saying.
Dave: It's a she, actually.
Oh...are you sure it's a she?
Yep.
(later) ... He sings in a monotone voice.
I told you it's a she.
I tell you, it sounds like a he.

Beck: "Devil's Haircut" = 2
It's hard to understand what they're saying. I really can't understand what he's saying.
He says he's got a devil's haircut in his mind.
Oh. I don't like devil songs ... These songs all go da da da da da da da. They're all on one monotone. "Devil's haircut"? What does that mean? It's probably a Satanic song.

Beach Boys: "Hang On to Your Ego" = 7
They sound like they're drunk ... it's a little countryish.
It's the Beach Boys.
Really? It doesn't sound like the Beach Boys except that jingle-jingle. It's got a good beat.

Stooges: "Search and Destroy" = 3
It sounds like something I'd expect to hear at a concert of the kind I don't go to.
What do you mean?
A place where they're screaming, and it's kind of smoky, and it's vibrating off your chest ... (puzzled look) I can't understand him either, except that they're trying to save his soul. I think that might be a good idea.
It's from the 1970's.
The 70's weren't all that great, the music. I was too busy having kids ... This would be better without words. I get this mental picture: a bunch of kids in a room bopping around with their eyes closed. The music would be so loud it'd be rocking.

Bjork: "Hunter" = 6 for the music, 2 for the voice
Oh! Irish pipe music! I like the background music. I don't have any idea what she's saying. They'd be better off without her voice ... this part sounds like a movie, where they're coming up on them, like in a Western. Whatever, I don't know what that was all about.

Funkadelic: "Standing on the Verge of Getting It On" = 7
It's got a good beat. What are they singing about?
You know, getting down.
Getting down?(puzzled look)
Dancing, shaking your booty.
Oh, Ok ... (laughs) what was that part? It's like they stuck another group in there.

Nine Inch Nails: "Mr. Self Destruct" = 2
Sounds like a drum solo with someone trying to sing over it and they're not succeeding. People playing that kind of music in their car would drive too fast. They'd have to keep up with the rhythm ... (during a quieter part) What, are they taking a break to get a drink or something? To regroup? This part sounds like one of those things that are relaxation music with the birds and the trees and stuff. At this part, kids in their cars would be pushing fast-forward and they'd be driving on the wrong side of the road. I'd change the station.

Nat "King" Cole: Walking My Baby Back Home" = 8
Oh! This is an oldie. (singing) I like this cause I can sing along. Nat King Cole is smooth listening, and you can understand him. Sounds more sane than some of the others, more normal. Maybe I just like it because it's something I recognize.
Paul (Dave's dad, from kitchen): I never did like this song.

Nirvana: "Rape Me" = 1
What did he say?
"Rape me." It's supposed to be an anti-rape song. I think.
He says "rape me" and it's an anti-rape song? It's giving people the wrong ideas. If they took out the lyrics they'd have a good dance beat ... He sounds depressed, I think he needs help. I wouldn't listen to this depressing music. Sad's one thing, but I don't like songs that suggest violence.

Rolling Stones: "Rocks" = 6 for the music, 2 for the lyrics
If they just wouldn't talk they'd be in great shape! (closes eyes) You could dance to this! What are they saying? I think they're saying "Look at those crazy people buying our records! What fools they are!" I like the beat; it's more of the type of beat I remember. He said "no pain." That probably means he smoking marijuana if this is from the 1960's.

Ben Folds Five: "Brick" = 5
I like the piano. Tell me what's going on.
(Dave repeats some of the lyrics)
Who's the "she"? The girl that was balled up? So she's dying on this couch? Of a drug overdose or something? ... So, she doesn't like him and he buys her presents and instead she throws a brick at him and he's drowning? He probably had a wife he left to go visit this brick?
Maybe you're not supposed to follow it.
When they tell a story, it has to make sense. He says he's going back but he never got there in the first place. If he's gonna say she's a brick, I'd like to know why.

Incontinentals: "Laws of Nature" = 5
They play the background too loud. It's hard to distinguish from the girls and the guys in these songs, but the music's got a good beat ... (At the song's end) What happened to the guy in the story? Did he go back to college? Is this to be continued on another album? At the beginning he said, "I made a mess of my first years in college and now I'm going to do things over," and then it's over. These songs don't have an ending. I like a song with an ending ... maybe they're not supposed to be great singers and that's why they overpower their voices with the music. If you know them, tell them your mom says they should turn down the music so you can hear their voices.

Twisted Sister: "I Wanna Rock" = 6
I could see people dancing to this. I kind of like this one, I don't know. They're not trying to tell us a story — they're just saying, "I wanna rock!" Well OK, let's rock! It creates a response reaction: Rock! Rock! (pounds fist in air).
(Dave shows album cover photo of Dee Snider, in full makeup gnawing on raw meat)
Oh! Oh! The cover gets a zero. If I'd see him, I'd leave. But I could see dancers liking this.

Sonic Youth/ Jim O' Rourke: "Invito Al Cielo" = 2
What is this? Electric drills? It sounds like they're tuning up! It just sounds like they're getting their orchestra started.
It's over 20 minutes long.
Of that? Did you pay money for that? What is this supposed to be doing? I'm still waiting for it to start. It doesn't do anything at all. It's like when you see jazz improvisation. I think, I'm paying money for them to practice? I hate that.

Erin's mom will write no more

by Donna Hacke

One of my worst nightmares has come true. No, my son didn't wreck the car and my precious dog didn't die; I was given a writing assignment. My daughter asked me to write an article for this issue of the *Monitor*. How I wanted to say "NO!" but I couldn't. What she doesn't know is that nearly twenty years ago when I was in college, I was one of those students who would borrow term papers from friends at other colleges whenever possible. Back then, papers were typed using a typewriter. So in a sense, I could rationalize I was "writing" the paper.

I remember in grade school after being given a writing assignment, I would sit in my desk and shudder at the thought that the teacher might read my paper to the class. I realize now how irrational my fear was. I had no reason to worry because the teacher would only read the good papers to the class. My papers were far from good.

The most I've written in recent years is a few witty lines to out of town friends at Christmas and notes to the principal why one of my kids didn't show up for school. When ever possible, I prefer to make a phone call rather than a note.

You may wonder what a person who hates to write more than a couple of sentences at a time does for a career. Well, I spend it working as a nurse in an inner city St. Louis hospital emergency room. Here I am in my element. You see, nurses don't write in complete sentences and we love adjectives. So when I need to write, I chart "suture line inflamed with oozing yellowish drainage" or "thick green nasal discharge." I'll spare you the especially gory ones like describing sputum, emesis or one of the other bodily fluids.

As a reminder to the Monitor staff, I make great chocolate chip cookies and will be happy to furnish you with some, but this is my one and only article because I can't write, don't write, and I won't write again.

The Queen Mother

Note: Horoscopes are rooted in deep logic, insightful thought and quiet meditation. Anyone who doesn't listen to sage motherly wisdom deserves to hear...I told you so.

Aries (March 21-April 19): Sumptuous dining invitation tonight. Don't push your food around with your thumbs. Review Emily Post. Romance buds during dessert. Don't forget to leave a tip.

Taurus (April 20-May 20): Gift, possibly monetary; possibly not, coming your way soon for past deed of kindness. Always keep your mystery, intrigue and call your mother.

Gemini (May 21-June 20): Learn the difference between being "open minded" and being an "air head." Weigh summer options (find a job for land's sake). Seek adventure and memory building; youth shall not be wasted on the young.

Cancer (June 21-July 22): Rise in stock market of minor concern. You didn't invest. Brush and floss only the teeth you want to keep.

Leo (July 23-August 22): Shared confidences reshape your destiny (call your mother). Luck resurfaces (thank your mother). Something warm and furry in your future...dog? cat? mouse under kitchen sink?

Virgo (August 23-September 22): Focus on individual who finds missing link to problem (call your mother). Romance likely. Look for A, E or O in name. Bathing regularly is a darn good idea.

Libra (September 23-October 22): Déjà-vu striking again is perplexing. Déjà-vu striking again is perplexing. Move into the future, as you understand it (drive safely).

Scorpio (October 23-November 21): Buckle your seat belt. And remember, choosy moms choose Jif!

Sagittarius (November 22-December 21): You will make a change for the better. Trust your judgment (call your mother). Trim your toenails; shave your legs ladies. Mistakes have no Richter scale.

Capricorn (December 22- January 19): Deception in romance causes temporary upset (don't worry, you can always call your mother). A minute on the lips, a lifetime on the hips.

Aquarius (January 20-February 18): Exude enthusiasm for others but don't overlook your own opportunities (remember the little engine who could?). Take a long trip. Call your mother when you get there.

Pisces (February 19-March 20): Major decision to be made this week. Keep your chin up. You have a 50% chance of being right! Ask your mother's advice.

Mom's Recipe Corner

By Pamela Tylock

Heather said, "I need you to write a column for the *Momitor*. So, write up a recipe and introduction for the article, anything will be fine."

Here I sit, blank paper before me, thinking. "I'm an OB nurse. I bring beautiful babies into this world, not write for a paper."

I picked the recipe for Kahlua, a lovely little liqueur for anytime. A nice sociable drink to enjoy with friends.

At this time of year you don't want anything too heavy. Something lite, so you can study for finals and prepare for graduation without the head and stomach problems of a nite out.

Pam's Perfectly Calming Kahlua
4 cups of sugar
2 cups of boiling water
2 ounces of instant coffee or 1/4 cup freeze dried coffee
2 teaspoons of vanilla
1 pint of brandy (about 2 cups)

1) Place coffee in a 2 quart sauce pan.
2) Pour 2 cups of boiling water over the coffee.
3) Add 4 cups of sugar and stir until completely dissolved.
4) Let mixture cool to room temperature.
5) Add 2 cups of brandy and 2 teaspoons of vanilla to the cooled mixture.
6) Pour into a fancy liqueur bottles.
7) Let it mellow for approximately 2 weeks.

This can be drunk straight, with 1/2 & 1/2, 1/2 & 1/2 and soda, or in coffee. For Heather's readers under 21, please leave out the brandy and add brandy flavoring. 2 teaspoons will do.

Enjoy, Heather's Mom.

by Linda Goodheart

This is a Goodheart family favorite that Jill's Great-grandmother brought with her when she came to the United States from Holland when she was 16 years old. It's fairly easy to make and rich, sweet and buttery.

Almond Bars
Base:
1 cup butter 1 1/2 cup flour
1 cup sugar 1 egg
Filling:
1/2 lb. almond paste 1/2 cup sugar
1 egg, beaten

Base: Cream butter and sugar; mix in egg, stir in flour. Press 1/2 mixture in greased 9x13 inch pan. Spread almond mixture over first layer and add remaining mixture on top. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 - 30 minutes.

Filling: Crumble almond paste; mix with 1 beaten egg and 1/2 cup sugar

This is a recipe that was printed in the food section of the Louisville, KY newspaper several years ago around Easter. We have served them on numerous occasions – usually a New Year's Day Brunch. Many of our family members and friends have served the eggs for brunches as well. One New Year's Day, friends on the East coast served them, Jill' uncle in Michigan served them, we served them and Jill's aunt in California served them, so we tell people they are a coast-to-coast favorite.

Scotch Eggs
1 lb. bulk pork sausage
1 slightly beaten egg
1/4 cup chopped onion
1 cup fine bread crumbs
7 or 8 hard cooked eggs, shelled

Mix meat with onion. Measure 1/4 cup sausage mixture, flatten into thin patty and wrap around one shelled egg, pushing meat gently to completely cover egg, leaving no cracks. Repeat with remaining eggs until sausage is used. Brush each egg lightly with beaten egg and roll in bread crumbs. Place on rack set in pan to catch drippings. Bake at 375 degrees for 30 - 40 minutes. Serve hot or cold; may be reheated but not frozen. Great for leftover Easter eggs. Love, Mom.

This Special White Space was originally saved for a letter from Larry Iles' Mom:

Education, old ladies, and consequences of swallowing flies

by Joan Potthast

A delightful phenomenon of writing is that the actual art generates further ideas, thereby ensuring that the writing will continue. Once the writer engages with the complex system of words as signs becoming communication of ideas through syntax, s/he generates poems, essays, narratives, and all manner of tales in the human condition. Many of these works find readers who engage with these ideas and generate ideas of their own which they write down, thus extending and perpetuating the marvelous system.

Whew. Now that that's settled, I can get to the point of the point... When was the last time a student at Truman State—or anywhere—realized the vast potential and significance inherent in writing a paper, no matter the interest, desire, topic, theme, subject, or purpose? Of course, some students do engage, involve, appreciate these graphic moments, but I suspect most don't. And why not?

Deadlines, almost certainly, and the heavy bear of procrastination that lumbers along until cornered by mid-terms or the approaching semester's end when enraged, the student (let's call him Bruno, her Brunhilde) lashes out with pen or processor to claw the hide of academia. Never fear—these will be only surface wounds—scratches, not slashes. No blood will flow. No head wounds will bleed profusely as head wounds are wont to do. There will only be superficial scratches to the flesh.

Still, professors will eventually grade these papers and—what ho! Did someone just write GRADE?? Yes, and thus pokes out the point of the point.

"She swallowed the spider to catch the fly. But I don't know why she swallowed the fly. Perhaps she'll die."

Bruno dashes off the paper to meet the deadline to get the grade to pass the course to get the degree to get a JOB.

Brunhilde crams for the exam to pass the course to get the degree to g...the... JOB.

Perhaps they'll die. Perhaps they're already dead—from grades, degrees—from jobs.

And here a small voice asks—

What about an educati..n? Wasn't there supposed to be an education here? A "higher" education?

Oh yes—but when was the last time a student here became impassioned with ideas, penetrating ideas, leading beyond or deeper than the paper thrown together or the one-dimensional A received?

An education isn't passing tests, writing papers, taking exams, getting grades, degrees, or jobs. It's not a ladder B&B climb. Instead, an education should be minds with other minds racing to make connections, feet galloping to take minds to books and films and fantasy, engendering live coals of thought and action.

A real education should leave the clients gasping for joy and still...all there is to learn!

A real education, especially a liberal education, is not an entity to be received. Rather, its an excitement, an enthusiasm (*en theo* — god within), a self organizing, self generating, self invigorating, self enriching phenomenon. True engagement in one's education gives society with rich, full, open, cooperative, intelligent people who know where humanity has come from, posit where humanity is going, and realize that the sheer journey of humanity itself is its own education.

A real education, elementary, middle, secondary, and above all, higher, should within the universe a university propounds to reflect. It should be a microcosm of that by which is named—the universe.

Bruno can pass out, exhausted, see fractals (only printed on a page minutes before) spin through his deeper vision. Brunhilde wears her cap and gown like a technicolor dream coat—never again to undress. Thus ends this morsel of writing, with hope that the knowledge here will in some way go on.

Reviews

music film literature video

KISS meets the Phantom

by Jennifer Giles

KISS: the name conjures up images of big-haired, platform-booted, tongue-waggling rockers, resplendent in black and white make-up, cavorting on stage in front of thousands of screaming fans. They were more than a band; they were performers, showmen and ... actors.

Setting the trend for later rock films like *This Is Spinal Tap* and *Spice World*, KISS, in 1978, starred in their own motion picture, *KISS Meets the Phantom of the Park*. This film offers much-needed insight into the mysterious ways of these legendary Kings of Rock, and is required viewing for die-hard fans.

The plot is simple enough. KISS is slated to perform for three nights at the Magic Mountain amusement park in California. But parkgoers begin vanishing, thanks to the evil scheme of the diabolical Abner Devereaux, creator of the park's "cybernetic" creatures and resident mad scientist. Sam, his tall, blond assistant, gets nosy and is turned into some sort of zombie under Devereaux's control, to the dismay of his fiancee Melissa. She turns to KISS for help, and that's when the fun starts.

KISS does not arrive on scene until about 45 minutes into the film, but the wait is made easier by the antics of three riff-raff: Chopper, Slime, and Dirty Dee, sociopaths who cut in line, harass animatronic gorillas, sabotage rides and encourage general mayhem. The ride they sabotage resembles Six Flag's "MoMo" at three times the normal speed. Devereaux is blamed for the malfunction and fired. Already jealous of KISS because their concert has been given more support than his research, he hatches a plot to ruin the park and blame the band.

That night, KISS finally arives, flying from the sky amid fire and lasers to land on stage for some gratuitous concert footage. After the show, important facts are revealed. First, KISS are nicknamed in correspondence to their make-up. Peter Criss is "Cat Man," Ace Frehley is "Space Ace," Gene Simmons is "The Demon" and Paul Stanley is "Star Child."

The movie also confirms the longheld suspicion that KISS poseases magical powers. They can read minds, move objects, leap tall fences in a single bound, and exert a kind of Jedi mind-control over people. Gene Simmons even talks like something from another world; when not speaking in echoes, he growls, a cross between the MGM lion and Zuul from *Ghostbusters* -- it's awesome! You spend the entire movie waiting for him to growl again.

Their superpowers come from talismans protected by "cosmic powers from beyond." Devereaux tries to steal them, but decides instead to make cybernetic androids that look like KISS. The androids are to go on stage and incite a riot to ruin the park. This leads to a climactic battle where KISS fight themselves!

The film is not rated, but violence is kept to a minimum. The disco-accompanied fight sequences are often in slow motion (with KISS emiting sparks as they fight), and except for one severed android head, there is no blood or death. Without ruining the story, I can tell you that the ending includes fire-breathing, a poignant ballad, an army of white TeenWolves, and good triumphing over evil. At only 96 minutes, *KISS Meets the Phantom of the Park* is well worth the time wasted watching it.

Niagara is refreshingly realistic

by Marie Montano

Niagara Niagara, directed by Bob Gosse, stars Robin Tunney (*The Craft*) as Marcy, a teenager who suffers from Tourettes syndrome, a neurological disease that causes twitching, jerking, and verbal explosions among its sufferers. The movie also stars Patrick Henry (*E.T.*) as her emotionally abused love interest.

The film follows the pair's turbulent yet realistic relationship. Meeting while shoplifting in a store in their upstate New York town, Marcy and Seth find a strange common ground between their depressing lives. Soon after meeting, they decide that they must go to Toronto to find an African-American Bobbi make-up head for Marcy, setting the scene for a problematic road trip.

Once on the road, Marcy quickly runs out of the medication that helps her to control her disease and they try to repress her tics with alcohol and sex ("Sex helps," Marcy tells Seth early in their trip). The film follows the pair's bumbling attempts to fool pharmacist after pharmacist with a forged prescription.

Finally, they end up having to rob a pharmacy, unfortunately run by a psychotic gun-wielding pharmacist (Stephen Lang). Seth gets shot and Marcy is forced to drive without him. Foreseeably, their car ends up in a ditch. They find themselves befriending a lonely tow truck driver, Walter (Michael Parks), who proves to be a much-needed father figure to Seth. Still, the two are forced to leave after Marcy erupts in a violent seizure and almost beats Walter to death. Having gone too far and through too much to go back, the two persist in their pursuit of Marcy's coveted doll head.

Robin Tunney provides an impressive and enthralling performance as a Tourette syndrome sufferer. Although criticized for being too extreme by portraying TS patients as too violent,Tunney took home the award for best actress at the Venice Film Festival. Henry Thomas lazily plays his role as an introspective slacker and seems to be walking through the film in a daze. Together, Tunney and Thomas try to convey the true feeling of their impossible relationship, but the audience really never feels anything more than pity for them as they pass from catastrophe to catastrophe.

One of the highlights of the movie is the opening, with spectacular shots of Niagara Falls. Throughout their road trip, the audience is able to catch the charming natural scenery of Canada and New York.

The script is slow-moving and it takes some time to find the film's point. Yet, the movie is refreshingly realistic, not only in the relationships between the characters, but also in the problems that they have to deal with. Goose does not try to sugar-coat any aspect of his film. Through this, the film's point of the uncertainty and impossibility of life is well conveyed. Although this film requires some patience, its realism, intriguing performances, and dramatic scenery are well worth the wait.

Gangstarr back with skills & truth

by Mike Novak

In a time when most rap artists are searching for the hook that will make them the next one-hit wonder, Gangstarr reappears with their new album, *Moment of Truth*. In the business for nearly ten years, Gangstarr once again puts fame aside to make an effort to prove rap is about more than money and fame.

The beats are laid down by DJ Premier in classic Premier fashion. Heavy doses of jazz loops and scratches are prominent throughout. The main complaint is Guru lays down several of the loops with his voice. With a DJ as skilled as Premier in the art of weaving breaks together with mind-numbing DJ skill, it was a disappointment to find Guru rapping the breaks on several cuts.

When Premier is let loose, his breaks are a true pleasure to listen to. Those who appreciate the skills of a real DJ need to check out "The Rep Grows Bigga" and "You Know My Steez," both of which provide turntable satisfaction.

Guru also helps out with the production on two cuts, proving again that he has the ability to lay down the tracks just as well as he can rap. "She Knowz What She Wantz" gives Guru the chance to lay down a smooth jazz hook as he did on both of his *Jazzmatazz* releases.

Amazingly enough, Guru once again is able to shell out knowledge and still remain a credible underground lyricist. Those who listen to this album will learn in amazement that Guru recently turned 39 years old. His experience is evident on "My Advice to You," where he tells young mc's to not enjoy fame too much, and the title cut, where Guru lays down the facts about invincibility.

It is evident throughout this album that Gangstarr has been abandoned or hurt by people close to them. Guru constantly reminds listeners to watch those close to you, and the song "Bl vs. Friendship" is supposedly a reply to a cut Jeru the Damaja (member of the Gangstarr foundation) put down.

This album is not without its faults; several cuts can only be called filler. And in what appears to be an attempt to make a connection with suburbia, Guru lays down lyrics about every teenie bopper's favorite place, the mall. Also, several guest mc's do not fit into the Gangstarr format. Scarface comes out of nowhere to appear on one cut, resulting in an awkward sound.

Although this album is not a classic, it is a reminder that longevity in the rap world does not have to mean selling out. While some older rappers have tried to stay big by making dance cuts, Gangstarr stays with the format that has kept them an underground legend in the rap community.

Though I personally would like to see both Premier and Guru make jazz music, their newest contribution to the rap world will hopefully remind people that tight lyrics and beats that inspire motion in the neck will always win out over cheesy gimmicks and overused samples.

Irish folk compilation delights

by Shalyn Claggett

It was a strange but powerful force which drove me to make my latest music purchase: guided by the spirits of my ancestors, I found myself veering irresistibly towards the World Music section, and before I knew what was happening , my fingers were fumbling through a small but proud pile of Irish folk music. When I left the store, I was the excited owner of *The Best of Irish Folk, Volume Two*.

For a jazz and classical purist, this is quite a jump, but one I do not regret (especially because the CD was inordinately inexpensive). If you are contemplating a similar purchase, however, I must warn that many others who have been exposed to my incessant playing of this music have developed a strong aversion to it.

If you are extremely opposed to repetition, individuals who sing off-key, or jigs of any kind, this CD may not be suited to your discriminating palate. Otherwise, you are in for a delightful treat featuring the talent of The Dubliners, The Grehan Sisters, Finbar and Eddie Furey, Mick Moloney, The Glenside Ceilidh Band, and The Johnstons.

The Dubliners perform both vocal and instrumental pieces, the latter, I believe, being where their talent more obviously lies. Their particular genre, if narrowly defined, would be "drinking songs," and indeed, intoxication probably was intricately involved before and during each recording.

The collection opens with their raucous rendition of "The Wild Rover," which narrates the tale of a young man's decision to redeem himself to society by relinquishing his past habits of drinking to excess and borrowing considerable sums of money.

The principle, and very catchy, line is: "no, no, never / no, no, never no more / will I play the wild rover / never, no more." Excepting the poor grammar, it is a song which speaks to the reluctantly penitent spirit in each of us.

The Grehan Sisters specialize in ballads, the most poignant being the gruesomely described "Wexford Massacre"—certainly it is the most politically caustic and least British-friendly tune in the collection. A patient deciphering of the incredibly thick accents yields a vivid historical description of a troubled time in Irish history.

My personal favorite is "Dance Around the Spinning Wheel" by Finbar and Eddie Furey. Certainly the most tame and reflective of the folk tunes, it features the vocal talents of one of the Furey brothers (I know not which), while the second accompanies with a lyrically played flute. It reminds one of Paul Simon's early years with an Irish touch, of course.

Mick Moloney and the Johnstons are strictly instrumentalists, both demonstrating the often ignored musical capabilities of accordions and a stringed instrument which I would only betray my ignorance by naming (mandolin, perhaps).

Foot-stomping and clapping also appear to play an significant role in their technique. While the songs are dominantly up beat, now and then there is an unexpected veer into a minor key, giving each tune a distinctive stylistic flare.

The collection concludes with the Glenside Ceilidh Band's cheery and playful rendition of "The Bridge Below the Town" which narrates the happy coincidences in love which occur, oddly enough, and as the title suggests, on the unnamed bridge below the town. The background accompaniment is similar to that mentioned above.

Overall, this is a wonderfully diverse set of selected Irish favorites and a CD which seems to improve with each playing. Also, if one acquires an avid affinity for it, there are many, many more volumes produced by the very same company and featuring the very same artists. I, for one, can hardly wait to collect all five—and make me ancestors proud.

Danger Will Robinson! Bad Movie!

by Candra K. Gill

Lost In Space, the movie, is a late-nineties remake of a late-sixties television show of the same name. In both, the Robinsons, a family of interplanetary explorers, get their ship thrown off course after a saboteur, one stowaway named Dr. Zachary Smith, messes everything. The movie mixes everything up with the inclusion of tesseracts, time paradoxes, and other such mainstays of modern science fiction—and it still sucks. Badly.

To say *Lost In Space* is a bad movie is not exactly fair. It is a bad movie, don't get me wrong, but to just come out and say it is a bad movie is not telling the whole story. The thing is, it's fun. Kind of like the television show on which it is based, it's awful, but still watchable, mostly because it's so funny.

While the television show started out trying to be serious, by its later seasons you can tell the writers and actors just went ahead and embraced the camp. This movie also tried to be serious, but it kind of fell flat on its face, especially toward the end when the entire story collapsed into reclaiming-a-screwed-up-relationship-with-an-absentee-father-who-meant-well drivel. I think the writer of this flick would have better spent time with a therapist than on the writing of this screenplay. Not that the screenplay was all that important.

This was certainly an FX movie. More of the visuals in this film were done with computers than with any other tool. And it was obvious. This was not particularly good CGI, by any means. The whole movie looked like a CD-ROM video game more than a movie.

This movie inspires several questions: 1) With all of the struggling screenwriters out there trying to get a break with their first sales, why on Earth are so many movies based on long-canceled television shows being made? 2) Has anyone else noticed that British actors, especially dark-haired ones, get stuck playing villains in virtually every American movie in which they appear? 3) Finally, and most importantly, who keeps giving members of the cast of *Friends* roles in movies and why?

The thing that truly ticked me off about this flick was the absence of all of the music promised in the commercial. The commercial said the soundtrack included such greats as Juno Reactor and the Crystal Method, but only one of the songs promised in the commercial was actually in the film. The rest were in the credits in one-minute blips. I'm really getting sick of movie soundtracks "inspired by" the movie. There was nothing inspiring about this movie!

Really, the best thing I can say about this film is that it's better than *Starship Troopers*.

Take a Break With Theatre Sports

by Sarah Steele

Finals are an extremely busy and stressful time for everyone, but a study break often leaves you fresh and ready to absorb more last minute information. For your study break this year go see Theatre Sports. "What is that?" you say. It is improvisational theatre which uses a sports format. Eight teams compete against each other in improvisational games which require audience suggestions. There is an emcee who oversees the rules for the different games and a scorekeeper who, well, keeps score.

The original Theatre Sports started in Canada. Dr. John Schmor started a class with a similar format here in the spring of 1992. He wanted to teach students comic improv and thought this would be a good way to do it. Competition is not the focus of the class. The sports format is just a convention for audience enjoyment. Dr. Schmor repeatedly tells his students that, "the idea is to entertain the audience not to win." But, of course, the more entertaining you are, the more likely you are to win.

It may seem odd that students need to be taught improvisation, but like all skills it must be practiced. The students do exercises which require them to go with the first thing that pops into their head. As they taught you in standardized testing, go with your first instinct because it's probably right, or in this case, funny. They also do a lot of physical work which requires them to act using their whole bodies and not just their minds. Words can be funny, but let's face it, a slapstick fall is much funnier. Also, the different games have rules which allow complete freedom within. The students must practice the different games and learn what does and doesn't work. All the humor that seems so effortless, actually takes a lot of work.

The group is comprised of many different types of people. Dr. Schmor likes to keep the group to about half theatre majors and half others. While non-theatre people need practice getting used to the stage, Schmor says that they often take to improv easier than the theatre majors. They are so used to memorizing lines and having rehearsal time to explore their characters that they need more practice going with their first impulse. Each group teaches something to the other. Jerritt Farrar, Political Science major, learned from the class because, "it makes you take risks that you wouldn't normally take - think on your feet."

Many students have so much fun in the class that they take it more than once. Schmor likes to limit students to two times and then allow them to audition for emcee or scorekeeper. Christy LeMaster, one veteran student, says that she keeps coming back because it's "continually a challenge. It never gets easier. And it's just a blast. I can't think of a better way to spend my Friday afternoon.

Theatre Sports in on Monday, April 27th and Tuesday, April 28th at 8:00 p.m. The championship game will be on Friday, May 1st ant 8:00. In the past students would line up in front of the Little Theater three hours in advance. By the time the show started, they would be hungry and bored. This did not make for a friendly audience so this year there is a new ticket policy. Tickets a still free, but they will be available from 1:00 - 4:00 on the day of the performance. There is a limit of four tickets per person. Get in line early because they will probably go fast.

Now, doesn't this sound like a great study break? Class member Sean Chambers describes Theatre Sports as, "a rollicking good time," and I would too.

It's your last chance this semester to hang out with the cool Monitor folks.

The Monitor's last meeting is TONIGHT (Tuesday) at 9:30 pm in OP115B. Come to see the changing of the guard and get your T-Shirt (they'll be $8). Also, if we owe you money, this is your chance.

C'mon, it'll be oodles of fun.

Walk, from page one

walker.

Overall, the demonstators said they felt the walk went well.

"We went and we stayed with them they entire way," said Nichoalds.

"It was a decent turn-out," said Purcell. "And there were no hassels with the police or people in the pro-life march."

After the walk, friendly discussion ensued between some members of each group.

"I really like when people believe something and act on it," Kennedy said of the presence of pro-choice walkers. "I value open communication."

Minister Dick Ochs said that "as far as people expressing alternate views, that's fine. That's part of what we have freedom to do in this country."

Ochs also said that he supports the CPC because it helps women with pregnancy decisions. He supports the pro-life stance because traditionally, "Christians have been the voice of the oppressed, and no one has less of a voice than the unborn child." He said he feels abortion creates a callousness in society and that people need to be more willing to sacrifice their time and energy for children.

Purcell said he looks forward to having forums with the ARA and CPC on pregnancy prevention next fall.

Amelie Sell of ARA said the march was "relatively effective," and she thinks their organization will continue to march alongside the "Walk for Life" in upcoming years.

LOSERS, from page one

"Most people won due to a lack of interest of anybody else even running. A lot of people won because...it was a lot of smoke and mirrors and hand gestures and back-patting and hand shaking and baby kissing type of things. Nobody seemed to delve into anything beyond a parking problem."

For most of the students left helpless in the wake of Daming's victory, they will just have to wait until next year's elections before another chance at political change will come along.

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Home cookin' with Heather

By Heather Tylock

So, I wanted to end this semester with a recipe that would brings tears to the eyes of young and old alike. Something that would inspire the campus to raise their arms and faces to heaven shouting thanks to the spirits for the presence of this article in the *Monitor* for the past year.

But I just couldn't think of anything that exciting. So here's my chocolate, butterscotch, walnut cookie recipe.

The Best Chocolate Chip Cookies in the Whole World

- 3 1/4 heaping cups of sifted flour
- 2 sticks of butter
- 3/4 cups of granulated sugar
- 3/4 cups of dark brown sugar
- 2 eggs (egg product works best)
- 1 t. baking soda
- 1 t. of salt
- 1 t. vanilla extract
- 1 cup of chopped walnuts
- 1/2 bag of semi-sweet chocolate chips (the small bag)
- 1/2 bag of butterscotch chips (the small bag)

Start off mixing the sifted flour in a separate bowel with the baking soda and salt, and set aside. Now, combine the butter (make sure that its soft) with the sugars, egg product, and vanilla. Mix until well blended (the batter will look creamy beige). Next, combine the two mixtures.by sifting the flour mixture into the butter mixture, adding about 1 cup of the flour stuff at a time. When the two are well-mixed, stir in the chips (I always use Nestle) and nuts.

The cookies should be baked in a 375 degree oven until they just begin to brown on top. Use an ungreased cookie sheet, and I recommend using one of those cheap Hy-Vee or Wal-Mart cookie sheets, those expensive Air-bake things take to long to cook the cookies, so they end up being flat instead of puffy. For those 21and older I'm going to recommend that Kahlua and milk be served with these puppies. (So, see my mom's homemade Kahlua recipe. Thank you, Mom)

I've really loved doing this recipe thing this year. Thanks to everyone who has given me recipes and to those who have read them. And remember: Happy Life = Happy Medium.

Queen Astra

Let the stars be your guide!

As with all great things, this too must sadly come to an end. Yes, that's right, Her Royal Highness Queen Astra will soon be saying our final farewells to the hallowed halls of Truman. Know, our loyal subjects who will stay behind, that you always had the power to leave this place: just click your heels...

Aries (March 21-April 19): Be intrepid this week. After all, you've nothing to fear but others' scorn, your own surprising limitations and that growth on your inner thigh.

Taurus (April 20-May 20): Think flair, pizzazz, gold lamé. A dash of color will brighten your darkest moments and conceal your winter girth. Imprint style but pay attention to the fine print: read care labels.

Gemini (May 21-June 20): You thought no one saw. You thought no one cared. Senseless depravity taints the soul—put the toilet seat *down*.

Cancer (June 21-July 22): You shouldn't have "borrowed" that pair of underwear from your roommate last week. Karma says you didn't get away with it. Air out.

Leo (July 23-August 22): Feed your hunger. Try rutabaga. Buy a llama. Relearn a childhood trick. Whistle while you work. Lean.

Virgo (August 23-September 22): No one knows your better than yourself. Most of us are happy with this arrangement. Focus on the unknowable. Delude yourself.

Libra (September 23-October 22): Carpe Diem! Ask that year-long crush out on a date. Learn humility. Gemini implicated.

Scorpio (October 23-November 21): You're over-extended this week. Sound advice: you can only milk the cow that stands still. Buck the Man; flunk a final.

Sagittarius (November 22-December 21): Flaunt your foulness. A feather boa and chaps will open more than doors this week.

Capricorn (December 22- January 19): Acquaint yourself with mortality. Become a fire eater. Remember: Stop, Drop and Roll.

Aquarius (January 20-February 18): Flirt with danger. Curse a Christian. Gain insight from Sagittarius message. Capricorn involved.

Pisces (February 19-March 20): Grate cheese? Great cheese! Oh, yeah.

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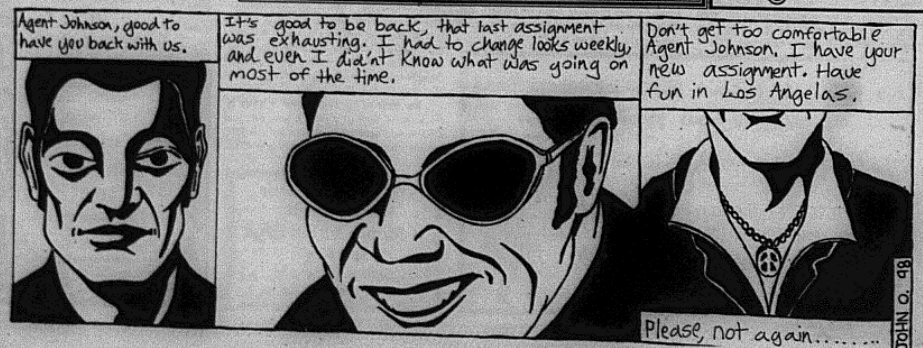
Monitor Post Scripts:

PS #1: To Adam Adams

Thank you for your contributions to the "free stuff campaign." We encourage you to continue your corporate begging. Attempts are being made to sell your autograph.

PS #2: To the Onion giver

Thank you for your comments on *The Monitor* being an "asset to our campus" and your gift of the *Onion*. While the *Onion* is indeed "amazing," we feel slightly distraught that you would suggest it is a "model *The Monitor* should follow." Are we not an entity unique unto ourselves? Do we have no soul? But seriously, folks, we'd like to believe that individuality is essential, and to follow a model would be the death of creativity. ☺



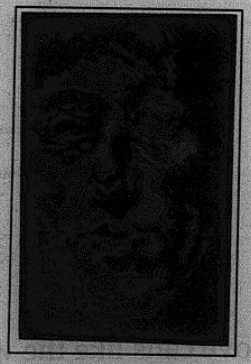
ART

Behold the candidates for the BFA degree. These students have schlepped through years of hard work to attain this degree, So go to the University Art Gallery in OF and look at their work. These kids are going somewhere.

Untitled: Jennifer Sisson- etching

Urban Scene 10, Mike Russo- photography

Untitled: Jason Schelk- etching



Untitled: Jason Schiek- etching

Untitled: Chad Odgers- oil on canvas

My Back Pages . . .

A Soft Tune in the Evening

Dusk softly falls
two eyes show weary
on a distant stage.
His voice is bankrupt,
his body broken,
but the words flourish
and recall a season.

An angel caught the freight
north to Duluth.
She stopped near Blue Earth
for a cup of coffee.
A gentle lad stole her eye
and never lost her sight.

Years passed away
youth escaped to the cities.
He bled his fingers
on silver strings
while others played
with plow and pick ax.
He fled one morning
in search of New Eden
and the rumble
of its busy streets.

He found a song
blown down highways
formed in tears
of coal mine camps.
He smelled wild onion
and tasted sweet blue grass
and walked on fringes
until his soles were worn.

He met a woodsman
with splintered hands.
He made a farmer
shaped in his words.
He wrote to children
who heard his call.
When dawn approached
he sang of morning
and the fires
of the midday sun.

Night descends
shows in tired eyes,
cracked flesh,
and fallen hair.
He writes with a scar
held in his fingers
and sings a soft tune
in the evening.

-B. Wood

Isabel's Bread

Driving on the snaking gray
out in Missouri's March pastures
My eyes touch bare trees and cows' backs
as they've never touched light before

I'm out here to call back the spring
and pound out my coiled frustrations
itchingly rigid
from too many months lying blind in the cold

Now I see the snow
shirking from sun to hill crevice
and the brown of this land
wraps earth into wing into hide

Let me be this
before green
plow my belly into crushed coffee
twist my fingers into these crisp sticks
lick my hair into sharp cut grasses
while I soak in the last of the cold

Isabel's bread rips off soft
and my teeth bare into the grain
filling me, filling me inside
I am fennel, I am soil, I am grain.

-E.A. Herr

Near Lawrence

I searched for tall grass
The prairie mostly gone
Only shade of old savannah
A lone oak with slender growth
And room to move

It stood a silhouette
Like my mother in the doorway
We were silent she and I
Trying to wrap our arms
Around the plains

-B. Kirkpatrick

Where Is Your Language

I want to learn sign language
and take myself from off this tongue.
To have *how are you* in my arms
and *love you* in my sway.

I want to sign to learn to see
when you come home
head weary.
I'll kiss your eyes
and lay you down
and press the faces from your neck

I'll rub all language from your limbs
so who you are
slips from your chin
into your rising chest.

-E. A. Herr

Love calls like the wildbirds
It's another day
Spring wind blew my list of things to do away.

The Monitor

18 August 1998
Volume 5, Number 1

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

An introduction to your paper

by Matt Stemer

If I remember correctly, Freshman Week consists of three things: countless parties, inequitable amounts of homework, and the name game. The name game is my favorite of the three by far. If you haven't had the chance to listen to everyone in the room recite their name, hometown, major, and favorite toothpaste yet, just wait until classes start. Or perhaps we could play right now.

This is the *Monitor*. It doesn't have a hometown, major, or teeth. Maybe I can tell you some more interesting things about it instead. The *Monitor* is Truman's "alternative" newspaper. Get ready to duck; here come the stereotypes. No, administrators do not like us. Yes, we are all communists. And yes, we can print "fuck" instead of "f---".

The other newspaper on campus is the *Index*. The *Index* is Truman's official newspaper. It has color photographs, prestigious trophies, and a lot more money than the *Monitor*. Unfortunately, the *Index* can only print "f---". It's a good source of information about Truman news and events, but it's inevitable that a paper focusing on the school is going to be a bit boring. The *Index* usually supports the actions of Truman's administration. This also is inevitable since Truman pays their bills. When the *Index* does disagree with university actions, it's usually on predictable and safe subjects. But you can find out more about the *Index* on your own. Let's get back to the *Monitor*.

The *Monitor* is a campus collective. We exist to give people an outlet for creativity and a chance to make their voice heard. Anyone at Truman can contribute a wide variety of work, ranging from news articles and opinions to art and poetry. Whether they write only one article or work for us all year is up to them. Because people participate only when and how they desire, much of their work tends to be more polished than something assigned or required.

Another important aspect of the *Monitor* is its financial independence from the administration. This independence is the foundation of our campus collective quality. It allows our writers to decide what they write rather than having it dictated to them by the school or the editors. Furthermore, because Truman does not pay our bills, we feel free to critique the university honestly and fearlessly.

Both of these qualities allow us to promote the *Monitor*'s highest ideal: free speech. The ultimate function of this newspaper is to give voice to everyone. This includes not only those people that many don't agree with, but *especially* those people. That's not to say that all of them are going to be valid. However, we believe that open communication is a prerequisite for progress, understanding and happiness, and that censorship is a giant step towards tyranny and oppression. If nothing else, we hope our articles will inspire you to be conscious of the world around you, your interpretation of it, and the interpretations of others.

But it's inevitable that we will fall short. It is impossible for two newspapers to give everyone a voice. If you aren't satisfied with the *Monitor* and the *Index*, we encourage you to try forming your own newspaper during your time at Truman. If our founders hadn't done that three years ago, we wouldn't be here today.

In this issue we have assembled 12 pages of past *Monitor* articles. They will give you an idea of some of what you will be seeing from us this year. If you are interested in writing for us, please come to one of our meetings. We meet in Ophelia Parrish 115A on Tuesday and Thursday nights at 9:00 p.m. All students and faculty are encouraged to participate, no experience necessary. Just bring your mind and a pencil. Your voice is important, and we would like to help you make it heard.

The Monitor **-- a time-honored tradition.** *photo by Steve Grote*

Where to go about town

by Leslie Graff

You have probably been here long enough now to have heard the famous phrase, "There's nothing to do in Kirksville." Perhaps you have even said it yourself. To all you whiners, I have one thing to say: "Get off your butt and look around." There are tons of things to do, places to go, and interesting people to meet.

I'm sure you have all found the fast-food haven on Baltimore, aka Highway 63. For those of you with a more interesting palette, let me recommend a few options. North of town, try the appropriately named Northtown Cafe. Serving down-home cooking with a good share of grease and local color, Northtown's the place for early a.m. grub. With similar fare, the Uptown Cafe on the east side of the square (you know, around the courthouse) offers more color and the best plate of biscuits and gravy you'll ever eat. Just off the southwest corner of the square, you'll find the Manhattan, another place to go for cooking that's even better than Mom's. The homemade bread is to die for and try the Greek offerings when you're in the mood for something a little different.

In the same area, try Savannah's for Mexican food that doesn't come in wrapped paper packages.

Now that you've eaten, you need to do some shopping. I know the first place that comes to mind is the soul-sucking, corporate beast, Wal-Mart. You've got to buy toilet paper somewhere (don't use that dorm stuff, you'll be sore for weeks), but for your serious purchases I have some other suggestions. Need some new duds? Try Salvation Army on Franklin (north of square a couple of blocks) for Hawaiian shirts with collars wider than you are, purple plaid pants, and dresses your grandma could have worn to the prom, all under a dollar. If you really need some good stuff, try Hidden Treasures on the north side of the square. It's a consignment shop (that means used clothes) with antiques and crafty items for your room to boot. Good deals on some "almost new" treasures.

For fun books to read when you're not busy with Gen Psych, browse through Used Books and Unicorns on Franklin St. I've personally never seen a unicorn for sale, but you never know just what you might find in

See Where to go, page 9

University president becomes Jedi Knight

AP - Monitor paparazzi were able to catch a rare meeting between the 800 year-old Jedi Master Yoda and Truman president Jack Magruder. Magruder promised not to turn to the Dark Side.

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The Monitor

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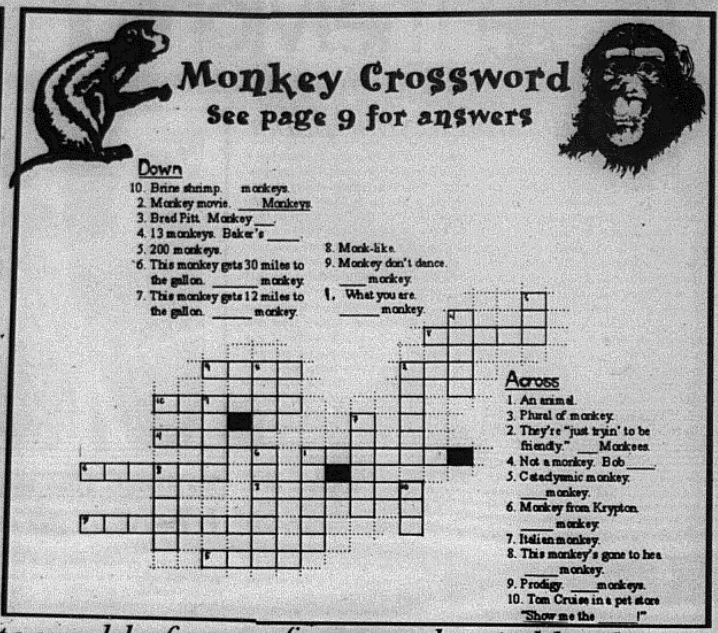
"Among people who have learned something from the 18th century (say, Voltaire) it is a truism, hardly deserving discussion, that the defense of the right of free expression is not restricted to ideas one approves of, and that it is precisely in the case of ideas found most offensive that this right must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

-Noam Chomsky



Monkey Crossword

See page 9 for answers

Down

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

Across

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

Library home to world of many funny and weird books

by Dave Heaton

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

We'll start with some unrecognized classics of literature (and the impetus for this series), two collections of poetry and photographs by literary master Leonard Nimoy, described in one book's blurb as "one of the world's special people." Published in 1974 and 1977, respectively, *Will I Think of You?* (PS 3564 I5 W5) and *We Are All Children Searching for Love* (PS 3564 I5 W4) demonstrate Nimoy's "awareness of our place in space and time" through grainy, vaguely experimental photographs and "love-your-neighbor" poems like "We are the tree" and "Come, let us dance together." Though *Will I...* has a spectacular psychedelic cover photo, with the silhouette of a girl jumping with joy imposed over Nimoy's beaming face, *We Are All...* is the more visually stunning of the two, with brown- and orange-tinted photos of ducks in a lake and children frolicking in the grass.

Another celebrity writer at home in Pickler is the late Jimmy Stewart, with his cleverly titled tome *Jimmy Stewart and His Poems* (PS 3569 T46477 J5), a collection of rhyming poems, all about either Jimmy's amusing vacations with his wife Gloria, Jimmy's cute, late dog Beau, or other cute dogs that Jimmy has met during his amusing vacations with Gloria.

The poems, with cleverly phrased, insightful lines like "Beau never came to me when I would call / unless I had a tennis ball," are accompanied by illustrations of Jimmy, his dogs, etc. which really bring his words to life.

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

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

While heading out on the town to shake your booty on the dance floor, you'll want to be dressed in the newest fashions. One helpful book could be *Fashion 2001* (GT 511 K49). Put together in 1982, this guide is a visual representation of what the hippest 1980s fashion designers (Armani, Gaultier, Chanel, etc.) think people will be wearing in the year 2001. Think back; apparently the style in 2001 will consist of 1980s clothes with a few extra frills. Overload on bright pink facial makeup will be all the rage.

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

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

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

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

A next-door neighbor to *Bastards* explores a (generally) less brutal side of the lives of famous humans. Based on the idea that we can learn the most about people by studying the way in which they make love, *Intimate Sex Lives of Famous People* (CT 105 I55) details, well, the sex lives of famous people with more vivid color than you'd expect or, in some cases, want.

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

The book also gives each person a clever sexual nickname (i.e. "Mussolini, The Fornicating Fascist") and attempts to end on a happy note by telling of famous people with long-lasting love relationships, like Walt Disney and Louis Pasteur.

These books are just a start. The library is filled with funny, unusual, and out-of-date works. I suggest you head to Pickler and search the shelves on your own; you never know what you might find. Tempting tomes and wondrous works lie on every shelf, so be sure to look for some on your next trip.

Letters

Dear Monitor, Do I really get a 4.0 if I kill my roommate? -ES

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

Impeach Clinton!

The Libertarian Party has become America's first political party to officially demand the impeachment of President Clinton.

On Wednesday, the party sent letters to House Speaker Newt Gingrich and Minority Leader Richard Gephardt, formally requesting that the "United States House begin Articles of Impeachment" against Clinton and Vice President Gore.

The action followed the party's national convention in Washington, DC, where delegates approved a resolution urging Clinton's impeachment.

Passed overwhelmingly by voice vote on July 5, the motion called for Clinton and Gore to be removed from office for "violation of their oath of office, specifically their failure to uphold and defend the United States Constitution."

In the letter to Gingrich and Gephardt, the party's National Director Ron Crickenberger wrote: "Given their scandalously bad record of protecting the basic civil and economic liberties of the American people, it is imperative that the United States House begin Articles of Impeachment against President Clinton and Vice President Gore."

The party called for impeachment hearings to begin immediately.

"Clinton has the worst record on civil liberties since Richard Nixon, and the worst record on economic issues since Fidel Casto," explained Crickenberger. "What he's done to the Constitution should be classified as a hate crime. That's why he deserves to be impeached."

Crickenberger noted in the letter that the party's action was not motivated by the current sex-and-lies investigation of the President, which focuses on whether Clinton lied about a sexual relationship with a White House intern.

"This impeachment request has nothing to do with the ongoing investigation of President Clinton by Special Prosecutor Kenneth Starr," he wrote. "We are making this request based solely on the violations of the Constitution that have been perpetrated by President Clinton and Vice President Gore during the time they have been in office."

The party documented a long list of constitutional violations in the letter, noting that Clinton and Gore:

- Violated the First Amendment by supporting censorship of the Internet and by demanding a ban on commercial advertising by cigarette companies.
- Violated the Second Amendment by signing the Brady Bill and by arbitrarily banning so-called "assault weapons."
- Violated the Fourth Amendment by restricting the right of Americans to employ encryption technology to prevent government spying on electronic communications and by supporting legislations that will mandate national ID cards with biometric identifiers, such as fingerprints.
- Violated the Fifth Amendment by supporting and expanding the power of the federal government to seize private property without compensation under asset forfeiture laws and by signing "anti-terrorism" legislation that sharply curtailed the right of haeas corpus.
- Violated the Ninth and Tenth Amendments — which reserve all power not specifically delegated to the federal government to the states and to the people — by attempting to put America's health care industry under federal control and by numerous other executive actions and decrees.

"Our members are tired of watching a President — who put his hand on the Bible and swore to uphold the Constitution — spend his entire term of office ignoring, abusing, and violating the guiding document of this nation," said Crickenberger. "Based on his record as President, Clinton deserves nothing better than impeachment."

Adair County Libertarian Party
July 15, 1998

Year's first play on the way

by Christy LeMaster

The Truman State University Division of Fine Arts will present its first production of the year, *Barefoot in the Park* by Neil Simon. The show, a revival of the earlier summer production, is set in New York in the early sixties. In three acts, the play follows the first week of married life for Paul and Corrie Bratter, a young couple with serious personality differences.

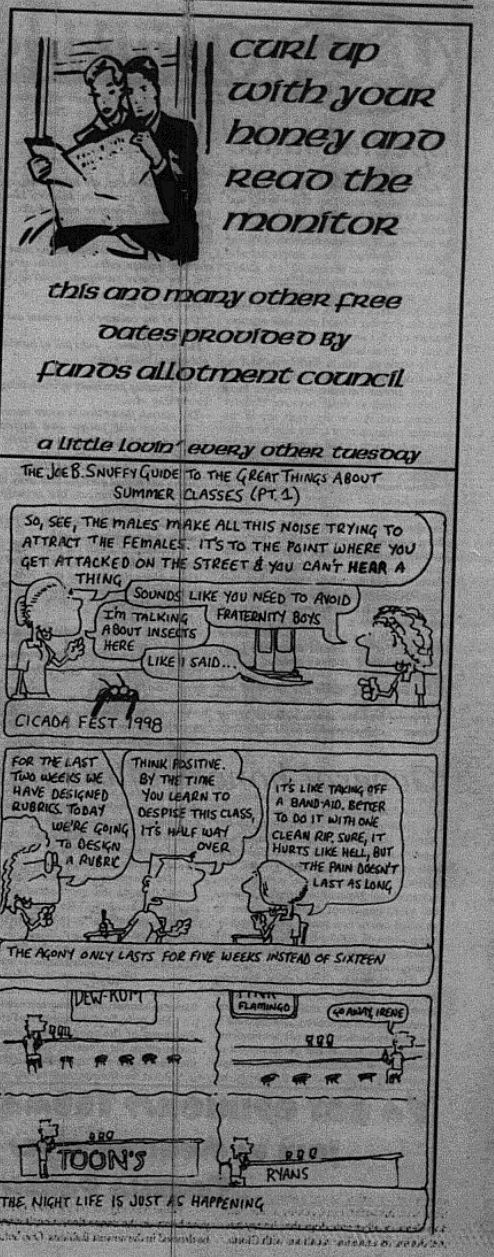
Paul, played by recent graduate Carl Duffield, is a neurotic, uptight lawyer who is trying to build a new life with his bride while establishing success in his career. Corrie, played by junior Holly Kerns, is an enthusiastic new wife determined to transform their less-than-ideal apartment into a palace of love. The couple's opposing personalities cause all sorts of problems, leaving them to decide how much work love is worth.

Matters are only complicated by the interference of other characters. Corrie's mother, played by Mickie Bert, and an eccentric neighbor, played by Abner Ortiz, create accents to the basic personality differences that Paul and Corrie are forced to face. Other cast members include Brian Waters and Andy Akester.

Barefoot in the Park will be performed in Baldwin Hall Little Theatre on August 27, 28, and 29 at 8:00 p.m. Admission is free at the door.

Liberty means responsibility. That is why most men dread it.

— George Bernard Shaw



Opinions

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

Special sauce

by Robyn E. Ratcliff

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

The merging of cultures created by the juxtaposition of a small, mostly rural town and the growing liberal arts and sciences culture of TSU produces a unique environment for inhabitants.

For students, life in Kirksville can be shocking and even disturbing, especially at first. Bonds between newcomers form quickly (such as those between disaster victims) and, due to the small size of the campus community, it's very easy to maintain contact with casual acquaintances who would, in a larger setting, be lost in the crowd.

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

I may not be able to tell you the secret ingredient of that special sauce, but I can identify some of its more obvious components.

It's something about the smell of wet gravel.

It's the way the moon reflects off of houses. . . chipping white paint casts deep shadows.

Slanted sidewalks are often dangerous, fault lines of tree roots, missing blocks, giant curbs, immense mud slicks, and puddles.

Pancake City.

The world's most interesting and demented garage sales. . . plastic grapes, old rust colored cardigans, wind up Hula dolls.

The Dukum Inn

One of the country's last actual surviving town squares.

The ATO House. . . yard full of furniture, old bikes, tools, glass.

Kum-n-Go.

The amazing proximity of everything to everything else.

The eternal flame that is never burning.

Terraces with tulips and daffodils planted haphazardly, no pattern, no flower bed.

The corner of Normal and High.

Alleys are full of garbage and stray cats, old kitchen appliances, the occasional more-than-spare tire.

The Sierens Palace building. . . just go look in the windows. . . Gosh.

It's something about the way birds sing here. . . they don't care if you listen or not.

Open doors with screens out. Red, blue, green porch lights.

Shriners' BINGO.

The Incontinentals.

Add all of that together and I've still left a whole lot out.

And yet people complain about Kirksville. There's nothing to do. We're culturally isolated. There's no mall.

Gimme a break, dumb ass.

The day that there's a shopping mall in this town is the day I cash in my laundry tokens and head for the hills.

Take advantage of speakers

by Erin Hucke

I've learned quite a lot recently. But it hasn't been from textbooks, nor has it been from professors. The major source of my newfound knowledge, you ask? Guest Speakers.

I will wager to say that guest speakers visiting Truman have given me more valuable, usable information in the past two weeks than I've learned and retained in all of my classes during this period.

"A pretty strong statement to make," you say? Well, chances are the possibility of arguing this point with me is slim. No one *could* argue this with me, for very few people, I'm sure, actually attended both of the lectures.

The truth is the majority of students just don't take advantage of university sponsored events. Guest speakers, recitals and concerts, and special events are not well-attended.

College isn't just for the classes. College is supposed to be an experience on all accounts: intellectual, social, and personal. You can do all of your homework, pass all of your classes, and get your degree, but have you really learned anything unique?

Classes and homework completed in working towards a major are vital and much can be learned in the process. But it's that extra information, the lecture you attended on your own free will, which makes your education at Truman unique.

On 21 March, Faith Ringgold spoke to a rather sparse audience for someone of her stature. As you may have heard (or experienced if you were smart enough to attend), her speech was truly inspiring.

On 30 March, photojournalists Bob Gruen and his wife Virginia Lohle spoke to a somewhat sizable Monday night crowd in the SUB Down Under.

They absolutely blew me away with the stories they had about musical artists from John Lennon to Debbie Harry to the Clash and more. I can't imagine anyone missing this event. These lectures are once-in-a-life-time opportunities to hear what these people have to say.

Television, videos, movies -- they just don't do it. These are opportunities for you to participate with people that you previously could only read about.

The Funds Allotment Council and various other organizations shell out quite a lot of money just to bring lecturers and other guests to Kirksville.

Coming to speak to a Truman audience is the *only* reason they come here. (Surprise -- They aren't coming just to shop at the Kirksville Wal-Mart!) Barely filling the lecture room is not the most tactful way to welcome a guest. It is disheartening to the speaker and somewhat embarrassing to the University.

But the people who really suffer are those who do not attend the lectures. A simple decline to the invitation because it "doesn't interest you" is a feeble argument plagued with prejudgment. How do you know that you won't be interested unless you go and listen to what they have to say?

You've heard the cliché "You can't judge a book by its cover." Well, you can't judge a speaker by their publicity poster.

It is only when you attend the lecture that you will be able to make a justified assessment. And more often than not, you will probably be proved wrong. Life experience and advice for your future are just two reasons why visiting lecturers can teach you more than a textbook.

Would you ever just go buy a movie ticket and not use it? As stupid as this act sounds, I'd like to congratulate you for doing something highly similar all of the time. With your tuition, you have purchased many tickets to attend university events for "free."

Start cashing in on these opportunities and maybe you'll learn something that isn't even *in* a textbook, something that can be learned from no other source than a real live person.

General honors offers fun alternative to core classes

by Adam Potthast

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ya got opinions? Truman State wants to hear them!
Join us Monitor types on Tuesdays and Thursdays
Ophelia Parrish 1154 at 9:00 p.m.

Sodexho is Poison

by Fanny O'Lard

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

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

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

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

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

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

"We feel that we are able to provide better service to our Truman clients by purchasing food from the least expensive markets," said Dennis Markeson, director of Sodexho. "We feel that the slight decrease in quality is far outweighed by the major buttwhopping we're able to provide in terms of raw food availability."

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

"A brand new Pontiac Grand Prix to anyone who brings me the head of Markeson on a Sodexho tray!" anti-Sodexho fanatic Omar Kvitnitsky screamed, wildly brandishing his Bohemian ear spoon. "I want him deep fat fried in his own onion ring oil!"

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

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

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

Facts have not been verified. The Monitor *is depending on O'Lard's integrity as a writer.*

Truman Day

Wednesday
August 26, 1998
"A World of Opportunity"
Activities Fair
Noon - 4:00, between McClain Hall and Student Union

BBQ
4:00 - 6:45, Red Barn Park

Carnival
5:00 - 7:30, Red Barn Park

Concert
6:00 - 7:30, Red Barn Park
Featuring *The Incontinentals*

Sponsored by: Omicron Delta Kappa, SAB, Dean of Student Affairs Office, Residential Living, Sodexho/Marriott Food Service, Campus Activities/Student Union

Wrigleys makes bad joke

by Tom Wheatley

I hate the gum tree.

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

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

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

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

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

The GUM TREE Trials

by Adam Potthast

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Eyesore? Ha! When the French originally erected the Eiffel tower, many Frenchmen bawked at its huge metallic structure. They called it *laid* (ugly,) *un pénis laid* (an ugly penis,) and *un pénis laid et monstrueux* (a really ugly penis.) The gum tree is the very essence of the postmodern — its beauty consists not in its presence or its pleasing aesthetics, but the battle against the bewitchment of the senses by corporate mass-production of The Pretty. The postmodern aesthetic now exudes from its branches in radioactive shades of blue, green, and pink (perhaps *Truman's* new school colors?)

This work of art...no...this masterpiece is not even the work of one student artist. It is already de-centered, drawing on the talents of numerous individuals to create a whole that is truly greater than any of its parts. While jarring, its presence evokes a much needed unification of the oral (gum chewing) and visual perspectives. In the liberal arts tradition championed by the founders of Truman, the tree captures the biological, the psychological, and the artistic in one sculpturesque glance.

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

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

Hubba-bubba art in quad

Reviews

music film literature art

Saving Private Ryan is good

by Marie Montano

Hailed by many as the leading Oscar contender, Steven Spielberg's ***Saving Private Ryan*** successfully captures the emotions of battle during World War II. The film follows Captain John Miller (Tom Hanks) as he leads a group of soldiers to find Private James Ryan, the only one among four enlisted brothers that has survived. Aptly put by Capt. Miller, the mission of trying to find this soldier in the chaos of combat is like "finding a needle in a stack of needles," but it sets the scene for a intriguing movie.

Throughout the movie Spielberg, continuing his reign as one of the greatest technical directors of all time, orchestrates some unforgettable war scenes. From the beginning the audience is thrust into the chaos and confusion of the D-Day landing on Omaha beach. Spielberg does not try to glorify or idealize war: blood splatters the camera, soldiers are shot in the head in mid-stride, another soldier searches for his detached arm. Spielberg capably portrays the reality of death in war. Seemingly anonymous soldiers are killed, but one cannot help but feel for them and question the ultimate purpose of war. Through hand-held cameras, documentary-style footage and minimal music, the audience is forced into each battle along with the soldiers.

Hanks plays his role successfully, as the ordinary Joe who becomes a puppet of war. He competently carries the movie through some dull parts. The supporting characters, although stereotyped as they may be, are played well by an excellent cast.

In a very Spielberg-esque sort of way, the audience is forced to make its own sense of this deliberately chaotic movie. Whether you find the purpose of this film in the war scenes, Capt. Miller's message of "earn it," or the film's closing with its flowing American flag, perhaps the greatness of this movie is in that it has no single, definite stance.

Although lagging and a tad hokey at times, Spielberg follows through in the end. He is able to go beyond the manufactured sadness of "war is hell" and has put together a solid war movie.

Haiku Year celebrates reality

by Erin Hucke

These days it's very easy to get distracted away from what is important. Likewise it is also simple to overlook some of the smallest yet most beautiful details that make up our everyday lives. The small nuances of nature, the dispute you see between two people on the way to class, the way the cracks in the sidewalk come together to resemble Elvis Costello… I'm easily amused you say? Nah…this is what makes up reality. Reality is the best entertainment we have. Screw paying for a movie. You can watch real life for free.

That's what the *The Haiku Year* by Gilroy, Grace, McKay, Martin, Phillips, Roth, and Stipe is all about: recording life's little "movies" and poetic moments. Reality is severely underrated these days. With 24-hour television and computers everywhere, we tend to forget about how marvelous real life can be. *The Haiku Year* recaptures the spirit of daily life in the smallest detail.

Started as a challenge between friends to send each other a haiku a day for a year, the poems in *The Haiku Year* were never meant to be published. They were simply a way for friends to keep in touch by means of three line poems sent to each other on postcards rather than lengthy letters and rushed phone calls. And getting a poem in the mail every day certainly added to the day itself. The challenge was to send three line poems (with no regard to syllables, like traditional Japanese haiku) to each other on a postcard everyday for a year. Of course, a few days were missed here and there, but what was written was compiled into what is one of the most diverse, real poetry books today. Every mood, every season, every time, every subject is covered with these poems, giving new insight to little happenings to which we can all relate.

This book is inspirational without trying to be inspirational. It gives a new freedom that anyone can write poetry. After I read this book, I tried my hand at jotting a few of my own three-liners. The challenge of writing a new haiku every day keeps you on the lookout for the perfect subject and the right phrasing. This new way of looking at things can quite simply change your life. You begin to value things that before were ignored due to lack of observation. This book *will* leave you inspired. *The Haiku Year* is definitely a book to pick up whether it be for a casual glance or an intense read.

Some of my favorites from the book:

the drunken wasp
orange like candy, climbs
and falls, and climbs again

Selling preppy golf shirts
so rich people can find each other
and breed

Fighting
so hard
not to fight

if AIDS was NASA
we could dump in millions, tune in,
and thrill to our advancements in fixing it.

The Beastie Boys grow up?

by Dave Heaton

As the standard rock critic logic goes, the Beastie Boys are immature young turks who are finally starting to grow up, into mature adults. Come on: the Beasties grew up a long time ago. Even if 1989's Paul's Boutique retained some of the juvenile jokes of their debut, *License to Ill*, by 1992's *Check Your Head* they were by far more "mature," if maturity means having ideals, a sense of perspective in life, and taking work seriously. It is impossible to understand why the Beasties are still stuck with the image they took on over 12 years ago, that of bratty teenagers making mediocre party music. The number of critics who still cite "Fight for the Right to Party" as the Beasties' best work is astounding.

The Beastie Boys' latest album, *Hello Nasty*, is not a new step towards "adulthood" (whatever that means), but rather the finely-tuned creation of a group of individuals who have consistently grown over the years, who have been more than willing to change even when sticking with the old formulas would guarantee financial success.

Hello Nasty's lyrics still display the sense of humor, love for wordplay, and knowledge of pop culture that has been a constant throughout their career. They still namedrop musicians, artists, etc. often enough to send listeners running for reference books and can make silly phrases like "dogs love me cause I'm crazy sniffable" sound cool. They also display noble hopes for a world where everyone will peacefully co-exist, not only during MCA's "serious" songs like "Flowin' Prose" but in smaller doses in the midst of less substantial rhymes.

Musically, *Hello Nasty* has a less self-conscious blend of styles and genres than their previous LPs. The funky jams played on live instruments and "two turntables and a microphone" straight-forward hip-hop tunes are both here, but together as one. The album isn't broken up into rock songs, funk songs, straight hip-hop, etc.; all is nicely integrated into a smooth sound which is widely eclectic, but doesn't call unnecessary attention to that fact.

Despite the absurd number of their fans who ridiculously eschew other hip-hop music but adore them (i.e. "the Beastie Boys are the only rap I like"), the Beastie Boys are basically continuing the original forms of hip-hop music, but in the context of modern music and society. From breakdancing and Run DMC references to their "pass the mic" rapping style, they celebrate the old school, yet by creating a groundbreaking blend of musical styles to back them up, they point towards the future as much as the past.

"Three MC's and One DJ," with a guest appearance by the Invisible Skratch Piklz' DJ Mixmaster Mike (who is touring with Beasties this fall), epitomizes this crossroads by integrating an old-school sing-song chorus with Mixmaster Mike's innovative scratching techniques like his "tweak scratch," with his turntable hooked up to a wah-wah pedal.

Hello Nasty opens with energetic future hits like "Super Disco Breakin'" and "Intergalactic" (the first single). As the album proceeds, it gains the laidback feel of an afterhours party, with guests like Lee "Scratch" Perry and Luscious Jackson's Jill Cunniff showing up, and the Boys making relaxing sounds like the light jazzy "Song for Junior" and "Picture This."

On *Hello Nasty*, the Beasties again succeed at making inspiring creative statements while having one hell of a good time. "Dedication," near the album's end, includes shouts out to people everywhere from South Harlem to the Dead Sea, a sign of the Beasties' willingness to join the world together through some intelligent party music, bringing humanity together to dance the nights away. Like Mike D. says on "Remote Control," "we're all linked together like a chain reaction." So everybody get together and have a good time.

Tunnels prove CIA conspiracy lurking below

by F.Moulder and D. Sculley

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

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

Tunnels under campus aid CIA covert ops. *photo by Skinner*

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

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

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

Over the past century, the CIA, in conjunction with recruiting Truman students as future leaders of its NWO, has constructed a network of tunnels connecting their headquarters on campus (i.e. McClain and Baldwin Halls) to other campus facilities. While one might think it hard to conceal the development of these sub-terrainean passageways, it is easy to see how their construction could be lost in the myriad of other projects currently in process on our campus. These tunnels, along with restricted rooms in Science Hall, observation outposts in the bell tower, and surveillance cameras in Baldwin and Science Halls, have allowed the CIA to keep close watch on the perspective leaders of the NWO.

Now, rumors surrounding these tunnels do exist. Rumors produced by "the Man" to convince naive students that these tunnels are used primarily for "maintenance" purposes. "Maintenance" purposes, sure, but "maintenance" of what? The New World Order! We believe that all operations center around the tunnels. It appears that the tunnels serve the CIA in different ways. But the prime use is the transportation of biochemical weapons. Yes, biochemical weapons are illegal for the normal American citizen, but not for the CIA.

Pipes transport biochemical weapons for worldwide distribution. *photo by Skinner*

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

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

Teens: not just after-school special kids

by Jacquie 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 revulsion 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.

Illustration by Jacquie Paul

According to the world, if you are anywhere between the ages of twelve and twenty, you are required by law to shoplift, get pregnant, drive drunk, and/or become helplessly addicted 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 combatant with such powerful phrases as "tingly thing" and "cleansing stuff." You see, the teen mind can only handle words that contain 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 to you quite seriously about the destructive antics of the local teens.

(Drinking game tip for teens who strive to be rowdier: sit in front of the TV with the liquor that you snuck 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 cough 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 ornaments from the lawns of my elders, and I will peel out of every parking lot I exit. And I will revel in my existence as a character from an after-school special. I never thought it could happen to me.

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Atari Utopia: vision, simplicity, and Space Invaders

by Tom Wheatley

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

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

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

(Try getting Mom to play one of the games these days where she needs a degree in engineering to get her character to move. It won't happen, and chances are you'll probably have to clean your room for suggesting to mom that someone over the age of 20 could figure out how those nonsensical controllers work. Most research today supports the theory that video game skill is inversely proportional to age. This means that any nine-year-old on the planet can smoke me at any video game.)

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

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

My Atari is so rugged that the game didn't reset even when I stepped on the system and flipped it upside down while I was playing it last week. Conversely, if a fly lands on my Nintendo, I have to sacrifice another virgin in order to be able to play again, which is a pain because virgins are hard to come by in this day and age.

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

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

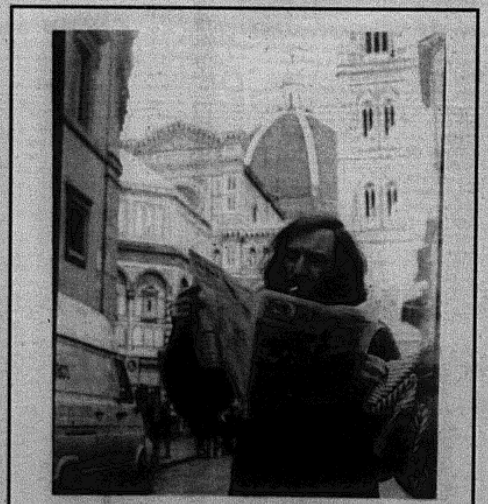
The game sounds never failed to wrench our hearts. Didn't everyone just feel terrible when we heard that "splotch" sound when a car pancaked Frogger? Or how about the high-pitched beeping that signaled Pac-Man's demise? I still hear the ominous Asteroids background music in my nightmares. These simple-yet-catchy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

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

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

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

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



RELAX. THE NEXT *MONITOR* DOESN'T COME OUT UNTIL SEPTEMBER 8TH. YOU'VE GOT PLENTY OF TIME TO SEE THE DUOMO. *photo by Steve Grote*

Queen Astra

Let the stars be your guide!

Aries (March 21- April 20): The moon is in your house of love. Blow off classes and shack up. Alcohol figures sharply.

Taurus (April 21-May 21): Buck The Man. Don't shower this week. When your roommate makes inquiries about the funk, reiterate your stance on water conservation.

Gemini (May 22-June 21): Jupiter is in your house of love. Your father won't talk to you and your mother seems to be spending too much time at your uncle's house. Or maybe that was your house of family love... If Springer calls, tell him mid-term is good for you.

Cancer (June 21-July 23): Consider relocation this week. You've always wanted a dog. When your neighbors complain about the barking and howling, smile and look at your partner with loving eyes. They shouldn't bother you again.

Leo (July 24-August 23): Vincent Van Gogh cut off his ear and look where it got him. At this rate your gonna need to sacrifice a limb. Make note of the handicapped parking spaces. You never know how soon you may be needing them.

Virgo (August 24-September 23): In ancient times there was a cynic philosopher named Diogenes. Diogenes lived in a barrel, with dogs, on the beach. What can we learn from this? You know who you *are*.

Libra (September 24-October 23): Take responsibility for your actions this week. Gather your friends and admit to them all your disgusting habits. Don't forget to mention cleaning the ear wax out of your ears with a straw. If they leave now, they were never really your friends anyway.

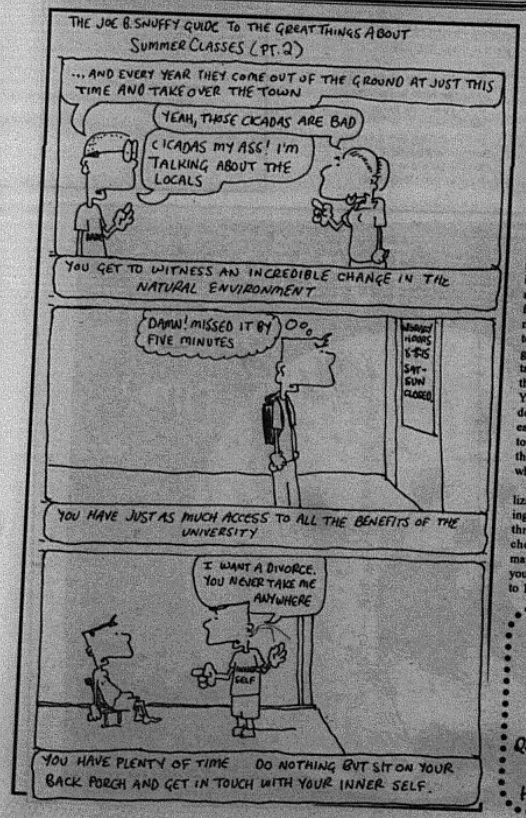
Scorpio (October 24-November 22): You're feeling animal-like this week. Invest in some raw meat. Frisbees and sadists play an essential role.

Sagittarius (November 23-December 21): There's an odd smell coming from your closet. Investigate. Roto rooter is a possibility; it may be a big job.

Capricorn (December 22-January 20): Wear a helmet to class this week. You can never be too cautious. If anyone complains, headbutt them.

Aquarius (January 21-February 19): Live on the edge this week. Brag about wearing no underwear. When your friends ask why, tell them you gave them to good will. They will admire your generosity.

Pisces (February 20-March 20):The moon is in your house of travel. You know they say the moon is made of cheese. You don't like cheese. Call a cab.



Where to go, from page 1

that back room. Also try Edna Campbell Books on the south side of the square. They offer a great selection of those fancy books no one ever reads and neat presents for Aunt Ethel's birthday. If Aunt Ethel is picky, try the Green Door Haberdashery next door to Edna Campbell. Unique gifts for that unique person. Need to get one of those "What Would Jesus Do?" bracelets that are all the fashion rage? Try the House of Jesus, located, surprise, on Washington St. For some great music and more, check out Rinehart's Sound Shoppe on Franklin. They'll set you up.

After your wallet is dry, you'll need refreshment. My foremost recommendation is for the Washington Street Java Company, also on the south side of the square. You'll find your favorite drink, but I would recommend the Thai coffee or the vanilla almond tea. Save room for their desserts and baked goods; they make 'em right there in the restaurant. If it's after hours or if you're drunk, the place to go is the notorious Pancake City. You might know it by another name, but we don't want to give the place a bad rap. It earns it for itself. Actually, it's a good place to pull all-nighters or to finish a night out on the town. Dirt, grease and lots of smoke: who could ask for more?

So, the next time you hear your lounge lizard roommate griping because there's nothing to do whenever she leaves Missouri Hall, throw this in her face as you head out to check out our lovely Ville. Who knows, maybe you'll find a few favorite places of your own to add to next year's *Monitor* guide to Kirksville.

Questions? Dilemmas? Problems? Skip the S.A. Ask someone who knows. Send questions for Queen Astra to the Monitor's mailbox in the CADC. Healing is in your future.

(Much needed) Answers to Monkey Crossword:

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

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

So, here are the answers:

Down:

10. Brine shrimp: sea monkeys.
2. Monkey movie: Twelve Monkeys.
3. Brad Pitt: Monkey Boy.
4. 13 monkeys: Baker's dozen.
5. 200 monkeys: A lot.
6. This monkey gets 30 miles to the gallon: Compact monkey.
7. This monkey gets 12 miles to the gallon: Junker monkey.
8. Monk-like: Monky.
9. Monkey don't dance: Dead monkey.
1. What you are: Student monkey.

Across:

1. An animal: monkey.
3. Plural of monkey: monkeys.
2. They're "just trying to be friendly": The Monkees.
4. Not a monkey: Bob Hops.
5. Cataclysmic monkey: Anti-monkey.
6. Monkey from Krypton: Super Monkey.
7. Italian monkey: scimmia.
8. This monkey's goose to hea(ven): Pixie monkey.
9. Prodigy: Hyper monkeys.
10. Tom Cruise in a pet store: "Show me the monkey!"

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Rap wars take another victim

by Proffesor Blue Ribbon

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

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

Flannel T's ongoing feud with Quincy rapper, Fluorescent Lite, had been well-publicized.

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

Flannel T's ongoing Feud with the Quincy rapper, Fluorescent Lite, had been well publicized, but so far the police have not been able to contact the rapper. *The Monitor* had recently done an interview with Flannel T in which he talked about his future and his feud with Fluorescent Lite, which we will now present excerpts of.

M: Are you going to die soon?

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

M: Really?

FT: Yes.

M: What about your feud with Fluorescent Lite?

FT: I hate him. He talks all that East of the Mississippi shit. We all know that West of the Mississippi is the only place still keeping it real.

M: So he is not keeping it real?

FT: No, he is not.

M: Do you think he will kill you?

FT: Yes, I am sure of it.

M: Really?

FT: Yes.

M: Thank you for your time.

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

It's a Kirksville party,
raise the forty in the air
It's a Kirksville party
got the bump'n over there
K-ville getting down to the
sounds of Flannel T
K-ville keep'n it real
West of the Mississippi

Faculty members:
Think you're too old to write for the Monitor? Nope! All that experience offering your opinions gives you an edge. And besides, if you write for us, we're 93.7% less likely to make fun of you.

This Special White Space will serve as living quarters for the homeless until Grim Hall is completed.

ART

This issue's Art Page showcases important sculpture around Kirksville. Quiz yourself to reveal gaps in knowledge. These questions are sure to reappear on your Junior Assessment Test, so start studying now.

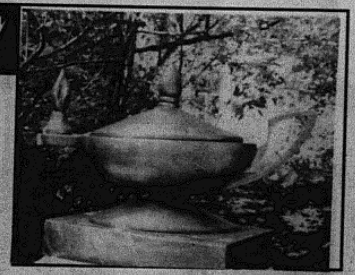
A

B

1. Star of Disney's Aladdin.
2. Pissed that he had to found a school while all his brothers made movies.
3. Stoned. Headache.
4. Founder of Osteopathic Medicine (hand check!).

C

D



Answers

1. O. Robin Williams 2. C. Joseph Baldwin 3. A. Tupac Lady 4. B Dr. Andrew Taylor Still

MY BACK PAGES

a thinker's conundrum

i cuddled the velvet quilt of the clouds under my ears,
tucking it under my chin to insulate and
anchor me into a bed of questions,
a feathery mass suspended in the air.

i dreamed quietly
while a conscious i knew as husserl burbled in its stream bed
past the platonic form of a tree which really was beyond all treeness.
my core recognized it even though pierce had given no sign
until derrida came and blew it all to hell.

i tried to find an anchor of meaning and lasso my thoughts around,
thought i could make a swinging pendulum for me to dangle from
until i found out that there was nothing and everything from which
to hang my tire swing of truth.

the knots in my brain grew tighter,
twisting the rope of thinking upon itself,
drawing in my extremities to shield the soft, squishy middle

until the heaviness of the grey pressed on the vulnerable
folds of my mind and pushed them outwards,
flattening as my mother rolls out pie crusts,
wrinkles mushing together to become nonexistent
flat.

behind the settling force of the weighty mass
a peace of nothingness came.
the chemicals stopped flowing between nerves
my mind was silent with the presence of the absence of the atmosphere
the sky blanket crushed me and all that had become me
in the process of thought

all alone,
without thought,

i was.

Leslie Graff

Turtle's View

There was a turtle who was afraid to go out of his shell. He wasn't sure what was outside. The unknown frightened him. Other turtles peeked into his shell and told him there was nothing to fear. But, the fear gripped him.

One day, Turtle was visited by the All-knowing. "Turtle," the All-knowing said, peeking into Turtle's shell, "why do you fear the unknown?"

"Because it is so big," was the reply.

The All-knowing nodded thoughtfully and simply said, "Then you will never experience the sun."

Turtle was puzzled. "The sun?" he said. "Tell me about it."

So, the All-knowing told Turtle about the sun, how its rays brought light to the Earth, how it felt deliciously warm against the skin. Turtle had never seen the light because life within the shell had been dark. And, Turtle was enticed by the thought of warmth because his shell had always been cool.

Turtle said to the All-knowing, "I'm ready." The All-knowing smiled and stepped aside. Turtle put his front legs out the opening of his shell. He felt the warmth of the sun.

Encouraged by the warmth, he carefully poked his head out. Turtle was almost blinded by the brilliance of the sun's light. The All-knowing was right, thought Turtle. Then, Turtle noticed the blue sky surrounding the sun, and his jaw dropped. He saw the emerald grass and the tall trees. He stared at the birds flying overhead, then gawked at the mountains lining the horizon. He looked in awe at the other creatures playing in the sunshine. He hadn't expected there to be so much outside his shell.

"Welcome to the world," the All-knowing said.

Turtle looked at the All-knowing in shock. He gulped and said, "I wasn't ready."

—kwv—

Consider the turtle.
He makes progress only when he sticks his neck out.
—author unknown

Firmament

Once inhabited by the
inventor of the screw,
tucked away amidst
the busy-people buildings,
somewhere between
a windmill and a sand dune,
beams from a lighthouse
fall just short.

Red carpet rolls
past a plaza full of people,
engulfed in whisps of cirrus,
discussing goofy gizmos.
It leads to a room
beating like a heart,
where sharks surrounded with
pure life snore.

The chosen scattered amongst the room
feel new blood burst through their valves.
Shattering the vacuum built on all sides,
waves of wind soak their eyes with tears,
and they breath.
Seeing his fingertips dance
on the fretboard,
feeling circles and lines melt away,
I hear protons and electrons
singing in harmony
and tell them
the next chord.

Matt Siemer

submit your creative poetry and prose
to the monitor's mailbox in the cadc
and look for your forthcoming fame