



The Monitor

A Campus Collective

8 December, 1998
Volume 5, Number 8

Truman State University's only source for the latest news and information of community

Nicaragua battles disaster Oxygen overload is dangerous

by Dane Stangler

Little over a month ago, Hurricane Mitch ravaged Central America. One of the countries hit hardest by this violent tempest was Nicaragua.

The hurricane is only one in a long line of natural disasters that have beset the country over the last twenty years: from the Managua earthquake in 1972 to a lethal tsunami in 1992, Mother Nature has intermittently interrupted the lifestyle of Nicaraguans. However, Hurricane Mitch has so far proved to be the most costly.

In early November, 3800 people were reported dead and 1900 were still missing. More and more bodies were discovered every day. The hurricane left 20% of the population without homes—in the United States, this would amount to 50 million homeless people. On top of all this, thousands still await rescue: families are stranded in trees, and many fall and get swept away in the currents of the floods.

Despite all the people needing assistance, rescue efforts have come slowly because of more hurricane destruction: 156 bridges are destroyed and 2500 km of roads and highways are un navigable. This means that communities are isolated and can't be reached by authorities. In addition to being stranded in trees, thousands of people were left on hills and roofs and can only be retrieved by helicopters. The problem is that, in the entire country of Nicaragua, there are only eight helicopters. The United States has loaned two but still has a lot parked at a military base a few hundred miles south in Panama.

Besides disaster costing thousands of human lives, Hurricane Mitch also devastated the country's farming. The second poorest country in the Western Hemisphere, Nicaragua lost 50% of their crops, including rice, beans, corn, soy, and peanuts. These losses total approximately \$100 million. Because of the widespread tragedy, epidemics of such diseases as malaria, cholera, and parasitic infections are expected.

However, even though the country has been annihilated by the storm, President Arnoldo Aleman has not declared a State of Emergency, which would increase the amount of international aid to the country. Before the hurricane, criticism of Aleman was rampant among the media and population. Criticisms focus on his corruption and poor handling of the disaster situation. He has refused this declaration because he claims that this would make it easier to take advantage of Nicaragua in the international community. Aleman also refused the help of thirteen Cuban doctors trained in disaster relief. Inadequate government response to this situation means conditions will get even worse for those left stranded and homeless.

Nicaragua's dire situation will certainly not be alleviated in the near future, but if anyone feels compelled to do something to aid in the recovery from this atrocity, you can contact various agencies:

Nicaragua Medical Aid
1400 Shattuck Suite 7-125
Berkeley, CA 94709
(510) 841-1644

by Bryan Westhoff

Sometime in the 1980s, when Ronald Reagan was President, he made a statement that it was ok that so many trees were being cut down for an industrial project because, as he understood, trees polluted the air.

Many people chalked this up as President Reagan simply being confused and thinking that, rather than turn carbon dioxide into oxygen, trees turned oxygen into carbon dioxide. In fact, Reagan knew completely what he was talking about and his concern was justified; too much oxygen is a very real threat in this day and age and can only be solved by cutting down more trees.

I am not sure how many Monitor readers are aware of this, but it is possible for a human to die from breathing oxygen which is too pure. Just look around at all the trees. Each one of those wooden bastards is making your and my oxygen just a little purer and bringing our mothers and fathers, little brothers and sisters and girlfriends and boyfriends one step closer to death. This Brown Menace must be stopped before our oxygen is too pure for any of us to breathe.

A second threat that the marvelous tree poses to the health of each and every reader of this newspaper is that of "Firestarter." These "wicked firestarters" produce the oxygen that the flames need to destroy our homes

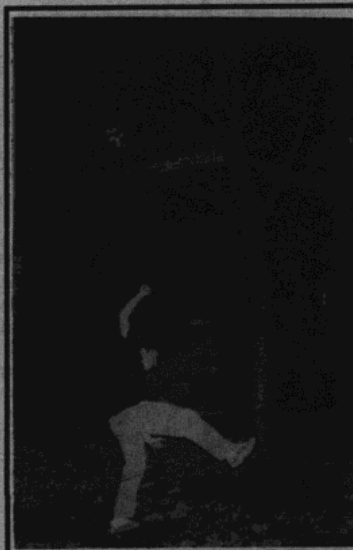
and possessions. Are you aware of the number of people, innocent people, that die from fires each and every year? I have seen the numbers, and it is appalling. All this tragedy and loss could be prevented if we would just destroy more trees.

By now I am sure you are asking yourself, "What can I do to stop the production of oxygen?" The answer, my friend, is threefold, depending on how much of a commitment you are willing to make.

The first option is that after receiving your degree, you proceed to South America or Africa where you can practice slash-and-burn farming. This option is by far the most desirable because not only will it destroy the harmful trees in the large rain forest, but the large fires will also burn up great amounts of oxygen along with leaving the land completely useless for growing more vegetation.

The second option is simply to cut, hit or kick down a tree on your way to class tomorrow, and every day thereafter. It will be tough and probably leave you sweaty, but if not you, then who, and if not tomorrow, then when?

Finally, if you are in a hurry, just breathe a little more than normal. This will use up more of the oxygen that is floating around, and, as long as no idiots plant more trees, the current and diminishing population of vegetation will not be able to make more fast enough. Eventually we will come out ahead. United we stand, divided we fall.



Do your fellow human beings a favor: kick down a tree on your way to class.

photo by Jeff Moore

Recapping the year of 1998

by Jay Peterson

The year 1998 has been a year of great vicissitudes. During this year, the population has been entranced by the amazing media coverage that certain events have gotten. Between CNN, MSNBC, CBN, *The Daily Show* on Comedy Central, etc. we have seen many an amazing news story come and go. We have also had all the entertainment value sucked out of each story as the news media have gotten their chance to report the hell out of it. So, to congratulate the fine media reporters in this country, my friends and I have taken the time to compile a list of the year's best news stories. This is by no means an exhaustive list, but we felt that it covered all the right bases:

1. Jessie "The Body" Ventura actually becoming governor of the fine state of Minnesota. (Who doesn't just love Jessie! I can't wait to see him elbow drop some of those fat cat politicians!)

2. Geriatrics in Space, or John Glenn's return to space. (Who didn't see this as the biggest piece of NASA propaganda ever?)

3. The Lewinsky Thing (I can never suck on a stogie again with clear conscience after hearing what old Bill C. did with one in the Oval Office! Thanks Bill for ruining the mystique of cigar use.)

4. Star Wars Episode I: the *Phantom Menace* hype. (People are actually going to see the trailer for Episode I and then leaving the theater. I have seen it and it does rock.

All I can say is clear your calendar for May 1999 and make time to see this movie.)

5. *Titanic* hype. (How much money can one movie make! Does anyone realize that this movie made more money than some small African countries GDP's combined!)

While on the subject of the media, we also thought that it was important to give some props to the best on TV for 1998. Who can forget the great TV that we have seen this year? Christopher Reeve made a return to TV with a remake of *Rear Window*. *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, *Dawson's Creek*, and *Felicity* have brought the WB up from being the worst TV network to being the 6th best TV network! Way to go WB! By far the best televised sport event of the year has been the absence of the NBA from TV. Finally, we can pay attention to real basketball action in the NCAA. The best kids show of the year was by far those freakish, British, mutants (or aliens) the *Teletubbies*. Have you seen this show? It's the most mesmerizing thing on TV. All I have to say is check out the little baby sun. (If you've seen the show you know what I am talking about.)

There you have it, some of the Best Of 1998! If you missed some of these great news stories and TV shows, I feel sorry for you because it must mean that you live in a damp cave without modern conveniences, but you didn't have to hear about the leader of the free world inserting tobacco products in places that he shouldn't have. Lucky you.

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The Monitor

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Since 1995

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The Monitor Campus Collective unless
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Each writer is responsible for his or her own
work.

-Special White Space



State University
ALL THE NEWS THAT'S UNFIT

The money is in amusement

Has the administration found yet ANOTHER way to make money? All signs point to "yes." Last week, selected sections of the lounges and hallways in Missouri hall were painted knock-your-eyes-out shades of green and blue. Confused observers questioned the apparition incomplete paint job; approximately only 46% of the wall space had been given this new look, leaving many of the walls partially blue or green and the traditional off-white. "Is it really supposed to look this way?" proclaimed a disturbed Missouri hall resident.

What's even stranger, around 3 days after the initial coloring, workers were quick again to cover up any traces that the blue and green paint had even been there in the first place.

The Monitor staff can come up with only one obvious reason for this insan-

ity. Ever-seeking additional funds for further campus improvement projects, the administration has decided to renovate Truman's campus into an amusement park for the summer season. Missouri hall, with its vivid new paint job, is scheduled to become a funhouse. With additional attractions like the Joseph Baldwin Memorial Coaster and Nutsy Uncle MacGruder's Spinning Teacups, Truman State Amusement Revolution (T.S.A.R.) is sure to draw crowds from all over the wall space, bringing their all-important disposable income with them. And, you guessed it: TSU will be ready to lap it up. Advertising campaigns are already in the works with catchy slogans like, "Visit the first amusement park ranked by U.S. News and World Report. It's a blast!" But of course this is all really hush-hush, explaining the quick paint cover up. So don't let the administration fool you with their speedy cosmetics. Keep an eye out for a Ferris wheel near you.

The Monitor is seeking additional contributors for the Spring semester.



We are looking to fill the following positions:

- *Ad Representative
- *Writers
- *Reviewers
- *Copy Editors
- *Gives
- *Gnomes (must have good sense of humor)
- *and anyone else if you are interested

Call 665-7927 for more information or come to our final meeting of the semester, tonight at 9:00pm in OP115A.

Sound Shoppe

Available
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December 8th

Big Head Todd
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Puzzles
Classic Board Games
Unusual Board Games
IN STORE GAMING AREAS
THURSDAY NIGHT
BACKROOM
CONTESTS AND PRIZES

In & out for 1998

by a whole lot of fellows

In	Out
Mandarin	Cantonese
Chateaus	Castles
Shanties	Hovels
CCL4	H2O
Long walks on the beach	Rainy Mondays
Studying for Finals	Circumcision
Question Mark	Exclamation Point
Legislative Mud	Parliamentary
Wrestling	Procedure
Out	In
TSU	Mizzou
Farting in Bed	Showers
Glass Elevators	Elevators made of chocolate pudding
Soap	Dog Doo Doo
Gas Stations	Siphoning by mouth
Jim Jay Bullock	Dick Van Patton
Burning oily Rags	Sand Mandalas
Staples	Thumb Tacks

The Writing Center Helping You Write Now

Write Bitch:
"I always write a good first line, but I have trouble in writing the others."
-Molire

Word of the Week:
Solidarity. n. A union of interests, purposes, or sympathies among members of a group.

Writing Tip #4:
After drafting, take a break, think about something else, then go back to your writing with a fresh mind.

MC 303, 785-4484

Letters

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

Truman neglects Pickler

To Monitor Collective:
For your final issue this semester, may powerfully I make a public pleading? For remedial action stridently about what, superficially, has an appearance possibly perhaps of relative unimportance? Namely, the foul, decrepit state of Truman State University's Pickler area community library facilities in two key respects of denied study. In addition to you students and faculty members, many prolific retired NMSU "quality" professors use these facilities still. As well as community residents like myself globally for our own research projects. Its maintenance, its future, or lack thereof, as I have growing cause soundly to fear and lament

is, therefore, a matter, surely, of some alarm? If deterioration sets itself rottingly hence in! All in mess densely "procedurally" unquestioned, when it can be halted for the coming year, 1999. No cost is involved, just proper resource "grip" 1999 could see total reformation.

The first worry is the state of especially today the foreign and big US city "past" newspaper "stacks," just at the end of the groundfloor, most nearest towards the McClain faculty building! It appears to, idly, have been left in a total mess nearly all of fall 1998 this expiring semester! As a result of what, impurely, seems to have been a half-baked management original "clean-up" decision! One that I have myself aghast soon grown, full-time library female employees all visibly mounting and "giving up," in sheer unprintable despair, when sent down from their plush, lazy desks elsewhere. To try and "look up" specific "asked" newspaper references. Only, on arrival at the strewn back, to find chaos and piles of floor-placed, torn greying old newspapers. All in no manner of "rhythmic and coherent reason." Just because previously at semester beginning they were so

discarding removed from their files, in favour of some remote, desked male administrator's determination to "half-ass" clear shelf-files for prestigious, if largely, unread expensive bound periodicals. Sheer waste and inertia on ill-display in short in cultureless dereliction worthy of a cluttered compost site, not a learning, logical place.

The effect can be guessed. If you want to find, 1998, a *Chicago Tribune Book Review* or *The London Times* vital "arts" pages easily now for the last month or two, pray don't count on it, folks! All newspapers have been, unsorted, "downsized," in Pickler mispriorities; nevermind the fact that already the library's collection is totally lacking and deficient. In things like a single Canadian or new South African or Australasian daily "quality" newspaper. Such as both University of Missouri-Columbia's Ellis and Iowa City's State University library properly resource have. Yet vital thinkers, like playwright Harold Pinter, choose these quality press broadcast valuable communicatively vehicles. More written they ever do either the capitalist electronic or corporate US of a literary factories: in order to propel their unconventional ideas! Dead orthodoxy and

warmongry nationalism can be shaken down in strangest places! And frankly they are not usually in staid career-protected academic USA journals.

Finally, in complaint, I notice that all of this gross "downsizing" of real, difficult content in favour of the costly lucrative computers et cetera of the more facile, lazier TSU student, and even dumber TSU faculty male member, stressfully has been accompanied: by a man's deterioration! Library TSU personnel no longer enforce "quietness" rules, especially nocturnally in peak congestion times of "Tower of Southern Babel" usage. No, it's not "Sodom and Gomorrah" (Jack needs), alas, have a merited heart attack! But it's impossible to read and study in depth and privacy respect at evenings now in Pickler! All because some male big wig, some nob's "told" Pickler staff: not to tread on your tongues gossipy. When they ought to be legitimately, metaphorically excommunicated in a 1999 People's Knowledge Center of any critique ferocious and awake state.

Sincerely,
Larry Iles, MA, MA, BA, PGCE (History)

Marketing mud offers money Bathroom subject to review

by Tom Wheatley
Ever have a word that instantly comes to mind when you think of something?

For example, when I think of Thanksgiving, I think of turkey. When I think of Andy Warhol, I think of soup cans. When I think of Jenny McCarthy, I think "dirty nasty trick whore."

So what comes to mind when I think of Truman State University? Well, these days the word is mud.

That's right, mud. Despite all the things that could be lauded and praised about our fair academic institution, all I can picture is lots and lots of mud.

Apparently of TSU has decided to spend a fair amount of money building parking lots, tearing up sidewalks, and unearthing earth. Now, I am not one to stand in the way of progress. As much as I like new sidewalks, though, I'd much rather have better computers in the dorms (or in the case of Dobson, working computers) or a tuition cut.

All this exterior construction leads me to believe that TSU feels that we have achieved our academic pinnacle. It seems our goal now is to produce a University that looks like a good school.

I think this is a mistake. There is still a lot that could be enhanced academically instead of aesthetically. As a good friend of mine put it, "Do you know how many books you could buy for the library for what it costs to have one of those bulldozers sit there all day? It'd make you vomit!"

However, I realize that despite my passionate pleas for things like computerized registration or working appliances in the dorms, the renovations will continue. But that's okay. I've devised a plan to save us all, despite any academic shortcomings we may have come graduation.

Ready? The plan centers around...the mud. What we're going to do is collect all the

precious Kirksville mud that is laying around campus and sell it as a beauty product. We'll call it Trumud!

Truman products do amazingly well on the free market. You may not be aware of this, but TSU apparel is the number one selling apparel on the market. We outlast Nike last quarter. And, as everyone knows, the recent bull market has been fueled by the popularity of Bulldogia in the United States and Europe. In fact, the reason that Asia is in economic turmoil right now is that they chose to throw all their money into Nysa stock instead of Bulldogia. Those suckers. Anyway, all we have to do to continue this unprecedented string of financial victories is corner the market on mud masks. We'll get a has-been celebrity to hawk Trumud on the Home Shopping Network. Then we'll get an overenthusiastic host to push Trumud on infomercials at three in the morning. It'd be so easy!

To split up the profits, we'll go to a system similar to that in Alaska. Every year, residents in Alaska get a check for a couple thousand dollars that come from Alaskan oil sales. They make money just living there. Likewise, we'll get a check for just going to school here.

The check wouldn't be for a few thousand dollars, though. My crack financial advisors estimate that each student would get about three hundred thousand dollars a year. Imagining the possibilities! No more Natural Light kegs. We could afford name-brand foods. We still wouldn't be able to pay for our books, but hey, no system is perfect.

There you go! Financial security is within our grasp, even if a better education isn't. The only downside is that people would probably stop calling our school Truman State University. They'd just name us mud.

by the Bathroom Bard

Upon seeing all of the high school kids running around campus a few weekends ago, I was brought back to my time as a tourist in Kirksville. We followed a student around the campus in a group of about twenty, being stopped about every hundred paces to hear a short spiel about the building to our right. As I recall, we even went into some of them (it was still nice weather when I was touring, so going into every building wasn't a requirement).

As I sat and stewed in my nostalgia, it came to me that there was one thing that my tour guide never showed us: bathrooms. (What I eat here are the public bathrooms. Not the dinky little Rest Living bathrooms. Everyone knows that they will suck and don't even want to look up.) Being quite secure in the inefficiency of the system I inquired as to whether or not bathroom tours were being given in the here and now. My response, as I had expected, was no; accompanied, as I had not expected, with a "What kind of people is this University letting in the door?" kind of look.

Well, this made me angry. The people have a right to know what kind of bathrooms their children are going to be using. Rank rant rant...blah blah blah...rave rave rave...etc I decided to write a "Bathroom Review" both for the parents of new Truman students, and for older students looking for fun and adventure in bathrooms they don't often use. At present, I'll only be treating the men's rooms, but once I get some disguises made, I'll be looking at them all.

I have decided for my first review to focus on the bathroom in third floor McClain. I spend a lot of my time in this general area, so naturally this is my first choice. The bathroom is equipped with four sinks, four mirrors, four soap dispensers above the sinks (which don't work), two soap dispensers glued to the mirrors (which do work, but don't...does the soap have to be pink?), a paper towel dispenser (we love the trees), seven urinals, and three toilets.

Walking by the urinals on any given day,

one will see at least two with bright blue water, at least one with green water and the rest are usually clear. I suppose that due to budget cutbacks from renovations in other areas of campus, McClain now gets all of the leftover, budget-podge toilet stuff. A nice mix of 2000 Flashes blue, Vanish clear and nothing (slipped in by the budget cutters cause who can really tell the difference between nothing and Vanish clear?). Structurally speaking, a well-equipped bathroom all in all, considering that I've never seen more than three people in there at a time.

The best part of this bathroom, however, is the poetry. As it is located right in the middle of the Lang and Lit. division (and just a couple of paces down the hall from the Writing Center), the best writers come out to display their work to all those who defecate. My favorite piece is in the middle stall on the left wall. It says: "Did you know that Dr. (name omitted) is an alcoholic, Ugly fuck, Horseteeth Motherfucker?" Poet unknown. Not only does our poet have a great cause (namely, fighting Dr. (name omitted), who is almost certainly in league with The Man), but he writes great poetry.

The poetic license taken here amazes me. I love how the poet alters the orthography of the pluralized tooth. Most impressive, however, is that this person actually uses the word "fuck" in a grammatically incorrect manner. That's all work, but damn...does the soap have to be pink? I give it four Flashes (on a scale of four). Stop by sometime and take a look at what keeps this campus regular!

This is by no means the only great piece in MC 3rd floor bathroom, but it's all that I have time for here. I encourage all prospective students' parents to stop by this bathroom to take a look at the work of our bright and witty students here at Truman. Who knows, someday your child could be as profound as this.

In conclusion, due to the flagrant waste of resources found in this bathroom, the discordant, toilet-water color, and the GREAT poetry, I give it four Flashes (on a scale of four). Stop by sometime and take a look at what keeps this campus regular!

"Civilized life has grown altogether too tame, and, if it is to be stable, it must provide harmless outlets for the impulses which our remote ancestors satisfied in hunting. In Australia, where people are few and rabbits are many, I watched a whole populace satisfying the primitive impulse in the primitive manner by the skillful slaughter of many thousands of rabbits. But in London or New York, where people are many and rabbits are few, some other means must be found to gratify primitive impulse. I think every big town should contain artificial waterfalls that people could descend in very fragile canoes, and they should contain bathing pools full of mechanical sharks. Any person found advocating a preventive war should be condemned to two hours a day with these ingenious monsters."

-Bertrand Russell

Opinions

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

Giving you bucks for your ballot

by Andy Dandino
Name your price, voters of America—your voice in our grand, glittering government may soon earn you some cash.

I'm speaking of the new bill proposed by Missouri State Senator Marvin Singleton (R), a plan which offers a \$10 voucher off your state income tax just for showing up at the polls during the 2000 elections. That is, assuming civilization as we know it still exists, between the Y2K computer problem and Judgement Day, whichever you fear more.

Oh isn't this a great idea. Instead of expecting the American public to vote out of responsibility, we're going to bribe them! Well, if it works for elected officials, why not try it on the people who put them in office? Pardon my sarcasm.

Singleton cited frustration over low turnout in last year's general elections (45% of registered voters) as the driving force behind his plan. In a rather sad and insulting statement in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, Singleton was quoted as saying, "Maybe greed would cause people to go to vote. What we have tried in the past has failed."

Well yes, pal, but think about this—you offer "free money" to people just for dropping a ballot in a box, what kind of outcome are you honestly expecting? Case in point: I mentioned this bill to one of my roommates, a fellow who generally ignores politics. His response to the \$10 voucher: "Hell, I'd vote for anyone who'd pay me!" My point exactly.

Offering prizes for voting would result in uneducated choices by people who know nothing about the candidates' stances on any issue. People would show up for the sole purpose of getting free stuff. Sen. Singleton's response to the problem: "That's the down side." Seems

Formulaic music provides easy route to fame & fortune

by Tom Wheatley
Are you bored? Not getting enough chicks? Need an outlet to fight the Man?

At least I (One) horn. Sex and thrashcore is to start a musical group. Oh, what's that? You don't own an instrument or have any musical talent? Never fear again! Here are three genres that pander to the talentless and clueless. These handy formulae will help you overcome your late teen angst.

1. Orange County Skia

Requirements:
1 (One) lead singer. If female, she has to jump around a lot and have a bitchy attitude.

1 (One) guitar. Take the low three strings off the guitar. I won't need them.

At least 1 (One) horn. Sex and thrashcore preferred. Thankfully, the trumpet is seldom used in Orange County Skia. Let's hope that it stays with Miles Davis and jazz.

Also needed: bass and drums.

The name of the band is restricted as follows: It must contain either the word "ska" (examples: Skatellites, Skalers, etc.) or the word "tones" (Civilians, Skatones). The only exception to the second rule is the Deftones, who you should never confuse with a ska band because if you do, I will shoot you.

The formula:
High notes + fast tempo + ripping off reggae + attractive people = Orange County Skia.

Putting it all together:

This music is supposed to be nauseatingly uptight and poppy. As such, the lyrics should not be political or particularly intellectual. They should just be happy. The guitar should play uptempo, and the horns should play single notes extremely loud. No horn riffs or solos. Those are characteristics of New York ska, which is very different. Throw in the bass and drums wherever convenient. The success of your band hinges on whether or not the public thinks that you are attractive. Your public, by the way, is twelve to thirteen-year-olds.

2. Mainstream rap

Requirements:
1 (One) microphone.
1 (One) record player with LOUD speakers.
Lots (Lots) of old James Hayes records.
Lots (Lots) of friends. This is so that your album can "blatant" different people.
Lots (Lots) of glamour. Necessary to detract from absence of musical creativity.

The Formula:

Lyrics + other people's beats + number of friends = Mainstream rap.

Putting it all together:

Put on an old James Hayes record. Turn the treble all the way down and the bass all the way up. When the sound distorts glass, it's loud enough. Now talk over the thundering bass. Now have your friends talk over the bass. Ignore concepts like im-

"Fair" competition remains hazy

by Dan Capotosto

Allow me to whine for a minute. I think we should all take a step back and get a more balanced view of things. For instance, the concept of competition—more aptly, "fair" competition. I believe most of the argument surrounds whether our friend Mr. Gates and Microsoft were working within the parameters of fair or legitimate competition. Well, let's try to get at the heart of that argument.

It seems that a couple of years ago Netscape came out with a "browser" which practically revolutionized the way people, up to that point, had been using the net. Now when Bill had almost ignored the net, he suddenly saw an opportunity he couldn't pass up. If I were Bill, I probably wouldn't know how to tap this keg of information and advertisement money. But, I guess that's why I don't have quite so much money as Mr. Gates, right? Bill, of course, figured out a way. He would come up with a much more capable product and deliver it to all the wonderful customers waiting for an even better browser than Netscape could provide.

Well, that isn't completely true; in fact, it's not even accurate. It seems that Mr. Gates, in lieu of providing a better product, delivered a comparable product—he just put it in a fancier package—with all the rest of his Microsoftware. So what's wrong with that? Who are we to tell Mr. Gates what to do with his product? Here's where things get really murky.

Since we are all in America, we may have noticed an annoying characteristic of Americans; they don't just want their MTV. They want it NOW! Having your net browser already installed on your operating system sure is easy, "no downloading hassle" for me, you say. Plus, it's freakin' free! I wish every thing was free and money grew on trees. It doesn't, and browsers aren't free either. You're paying for the OS (if it's not pirated), not the browser, and that's the problem. If Microsoft was practicing legitimate and fair competition, then why don't we see any competition?

Do we all agree that, in a competitive arena, there are winners and losers? And the winners

score more points than the losers? And winners score more because they are better at whatever it is they do, whether it be basketball, getting into good school, or getting in someone's pants? Then ask yourself, has good ol' Bill done a better job of scoring here?...Gates, you perv! Is Microsoft's product really that much better than Netscape's to have done as well as it has? Or, did Microsoft ride in on Netscape's coattails and then ever-so-gently slide a big, fat sword into its spine?

If we were to allow the invisible hand to molest at will, and allow the "free" market to truly be free, then, ideally, the better product should win out in the end, right? Ah, but who said anything about an ideal world, this is the "real" world. And in the real world, there is a purpose to government intervention, though its seems rather lazy at times.

I digress; I must admit that I am not well-versed in economics and business. And, please, don't get me wrong, I'm not saying Bill did anything that was wrong, that's a whole different argument. That is something I leave to those making much more money than I ever will—because obviously, they earn more due to their greater abilities under the laws of competition, right? "Fair" competition is obviously hard to define, but I'm not going to wait around for the legal system to conjure up some all-inclusive definition of it. That may not even be possible (hence the reason much of us view our justice system with contempt).

I think we all know who did or did not act fairly in this situation. However, in the end, it matters not who wins as far as business goes. It seems that most companies practice ingenu competition; Microsoft seems to be the best at it so far, but Netscape's idea wasn't exactly original either. Both companies have already made enough money to buy and sell all of it. But before they do that, allow me this one last remark. Do you remember that good old word-processor many of us used for so long. I think it was WordPerfect? Now answer me this, what was the most recent word-processor you used, and is it really that much better than WP?

These days punk is the haven of the "oppressed" white suburban male. Get two or three friends. Go out and buy the necessary equipment. Do not attempt to learn anything about music theory. Do not, however, simply play loud and yell into the mic a lot.

The lyrics must be about one of four subjects: 1) How bad your girlfriend sucks. 2) How bad your parents suck. 3) How bad school sucks. 4) Your skateboard. Get some stupid girls to hang around and convince them that your band is cool.

Begin to play gigs. For gigs, you must be drunk. One member of your band must spit beer on the audience. Swear frequently for no reason. Break your equipment. Ignore the fact that the audience hates you and is plotting to kill you. Remember, you're in a band now, so everything you do is cool.

If you are just sitting around right now and can't figure out how to kill time, use these suggestions to start a music group. Hey, the market is already flooded with loud bands and "intense," so one or two more won't hurt. Go on, get going.

Finally, if you were offended by this article and feel the need to write a nasty letter or grab a shotgun, please consider the following: finding out that your music sucks is a lot like finding out there's no Santa Claus. You get over it.

Zero Talent + Suburban Angst + Need to act like an ass in public = Intelligence = Punk.

Putting it all together:

Zero Talent + Suburban Angst + Need to act like an ass in public = Intelligence = Punk.

Getting lost often is a terrible affliction

by Christy Birdsell

Recently I realized that I must face up to a problem I have. It's a problem I've suffered with for many years. The only reason I'm really going public with this is to help others out there like me and let them know they are not alone.

I am afflicted with a mental disorder called poor sense of direction, or PSOD. I was diagnosed with PSOD about four years ago when I started driving. I had been showing signs of the disorder from a young age. I would get lost in stores or trying to get home from a friend's house. By the time I received my driver's license at age 16, my symptoms had become full-blown. Trying to go places farther than the radius of a mile from my house sent me into seizure attacks. Getting lost driving to places I'd been numerous times before became a common occurrence. Sometimes I would end up driving in circles and crying until I saw a landmark I could recognize.

For years the doctors have tried to give me

quick-fix answers like, "Look at a map when you drive somewhere" or "Stop and ask for directions if you get lost." But these suggestions do little to remedy my problem. In fact, they confuse me even more. I usually experience a mild form of dyslexia when reading maps. So, when I believe that I am going the correct direction, I am actually going the opposite way! And stopping at gas stations to ask for directions is futile. Those people insist on giving directions by using highway and street names.

For a long time I used to blame my parents for teaching me directions by landmarks, like, "Turn left down by the blue house on the corner of that street past K-Mart over by the lake." But now I know that this is something that I cannot help. I was born with PSOD and must learn to live with it for the rest of my life. My family has always known that I suffer from this disorder. But I have tried to hide it from my friends and co-workers. My friends have long been impressed that I know five different routes to Wal-Mart and all the side roads of Kirksville.

What I do not tell them is that there are so many directions that I don't know.

But last week my long-life chardé ended. I could no longer pretend that I knew where I was going when driving my friends around. On a road trip to Kirksville friends back from Columbia, I experienced one of my episodes. The darkness from the night confused and frightened me, and I became severely lost. This truly pains me to write, but an hour-and-a-half drive from Columbia to Kirksville turned into five long, terrifying hours. For the first time my friends discovered the severity of the mental illness I had been hiding from them for so long. But I am glad they finally know the truth. It is almost liberating to tell people that I know just-as-good about directions, I no longer need to live a lie.

If my story reminds you of yourself, then know that you are not alone. Someday there will be a support group for people with poor sense of direction, and I hope to see you there...providing I can find my way.

On-campus drinking policy needs change

by Dane Stangler

Sitting around on a Friday night, my friends and I realized that we really didn't have many options in how to spend our evening. We could head to a party and drink out of the keg with the same people that we always do every weekend, but that idea did not sound particularly endearing to us at that night. What we really wanted to do was buy some alcohol of our own and drink it as we watched movies in our dorm room. But, alas, our idea was quickly relegated to oblivion as we remembered that it is against school policy to have alcohol on campus. This instance brings up two key points in my mind: the drinking age in this country, and the prohibition of alcohol on Truman State's campus.

Two decades ago, the federal government decided to raise the drinking age from eighteen to twenty-one. In a comparative sense, this amendment makes absolutely no sense. People can smoke when they are eighteen, and tobacco is just as detrimental to one's health as alcohol, if not more.

When I turned eighteen a little over a year ago, I went to the county courthouse and obtained my voter registration card. This small yellow card gave me the power to have my say in government at the local, state, and national levels. I could now make my voice heard and participate in the United States' network of government. However, if I had attempted to go into the local liquor store and purchase a forty-ounce to celebrate this small step into adulthood, I would have found my efforts denied because of a small discrepancy in my age. This confuses me: I am entrusted by the leaders of

our country to have a say in national affairs but not to kick back with a cold brewski. Why does the government give us such a big responsibility and then backpedal and restrict us in another area of responsibility?

Another thing happened when I turned eighteen: the Army sent me a card registering me as eligible to serve the United States in combat. This confused me even more. I could travel halfway across the world and die for my country, but I still could not purchase alcohol at the store. How is a teenager supposed to rationalize all of this? All of this responsibility is given to them, except for one that is smaller in magnitude.

European countries have a drinking age of eighteen, yet the United States is supposed to be the one with more freedom than any other country in the world. I do not understand why the government trusts us with things that affect the country as a whole, but not drinking.

The second thing brought to my mind is the alcohol policy at this school. Absolutely no alcohol is allowed on this campus. Once again, I am confused. The school knows that this town offers very few alternatives to partying; and when those options are used up after the first month of school, students really have nothing else to do except party. Once or twice a month, SAB will show a movie in Baldwin; once or twice a semester, a comedian will come here to play. So what are we left with on weekends when there is nothing to do? Drinking. There is no denying this. Tons of parties go on every weekend. But, as I said before, if my friends

and I feel like drinking but not going to a party, we cannot do it in the dorm. Even if all we are doing is sitting around talking or watching movies while drinking, the school cracks down on us.

Truman is an institution that places a heavy emphasis on academics and claims to be comparative to Ivy League schools. Well, then why don't we really emulate other selective schools and have a wet campus? Washington University in St. Louis has kegs on the Quad for its students; Princeton has a wet campus. Why don't we?

I am not talking about people walking to class with beers in their hand or strolling around the halls of the dorms with flasks of rum. What I am advocating is the allowance of alcohol in dorm rooms, but not outside of them (except bringing it in to the dorms of course). People should be permitted to drink in their rooms, but not be able to walk around campus or the halls with it. It would be like an open-container policy that some cities and towns have. What exactly is the problem with having a policy like this? Once in a while, some students may throw a wild party consisting of ten people in their room, but mostly it will just be students enjoying a beer after a tough test or a long week of studying.

This school needs to admit to itself that thousands of students drink on the weekends, and many do it on campus; now, it needs to make it okay to drink on campus.

Of course, if the national drinking age were eighteen, it might be a lot easier to implement a policy like this.

Don't let the WB suck away your life

by Leslie White

My friends, I have fallen into one of the year's biggest and most humiliating conspiracies: I am hooked on the WB. I can't help it. I have been ensnared by Warner Brothers with the most obvious, cheesy, stereotypical shows for my demographic. Tuesday and Wednesday nights, I sit in front of the TV and unabashedly watch shows with such titles as *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*.

Last week I realized that almost every person on my floor was watching it also. Drifting up through the stairwells, I heard Paula Cole's throaty plea, "I don't want to wait for my life to be over." And I thought, "something is wrong here, terribly wrong." Why are we, being the

intelligent college students we are, spending our weeknights breathlessly following the trials of thirty-year-old people playing sophomores in high school?

I'll tell you why: nicotine. Or some other addictive chemical. It is radiating off the TV and forcing us to keep tuning in. Now, I'm a reasonable person; I like to watch TV. But in real life I should not be wondering whether or not Buffy can forgive Angel or when Dawson and Joey will go all the way (and mind you, Dawson and Joey are supposed to be fifteen. I don't really condone fifteen-year-old sex). The point is there is something amiss when we spend so much time watching cheesy teenage soap operas.

"Does this mean you will stop watching these shows?" you ask. Well, of course not. Like I said, I'm addicted. But, it doesn't mean I can't still save some of you. Please, if you are a potential WB viewer, stop it while you can. Do not commit your evenings to enslavement. No matter what happens with Buffy and Angel or Dawson and Joey, no matter what quirky problem Felicity is facing, no matter what outfit Shannen Doherty is sporting, YOU MUST NOT WATCH. Don't wait until it is too late, until you're sitting at home in your living room watching *Dawson's Creek* and your father sees you. You can never live things like that down.

Anyway, if those shows help calm you down for finals, more power to you. God look with all the tests, and have a great break.



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Reviews



music film literature art

Phish has found the phunk

Phish
The Story of the Ghost
Elektra

by Kevin Berrett

Phish has just stepped into a big pile of phunk. Over the last two years, Phish's album sound has evolved from the gentle acoustic soundings of *Billy Breathers* (p.s. fuckheads down at the *Index*—just because they played acoustic music does not mean it's a Dead ripoff) into a much phunkier realm.

Phish has always delivered live the funk philosophy of being on the ONE and improvising over it. Now with its new release *Story of the Ghost*, the band stepped full throttle into the stylistic tendencies of funk music. The new sound features the even faster, more agile bass of Mike Gordon, the whiplash guitar of Trey Anastasio, the rich organ groove of Page McConnell, and the steady drumming of Jon Fishman.

Reenergized by a great tour of Europe in the Spring of '97, Phish began dipping into the phunk on the summer tour. The band reportedly retired about 20-30 old tunes and introduced this surprisingly thick groove. They started to routinely stretch "Wolfman's Brother" (from *Hoist*) and the always phunky "Also Sprach Zarathustra" (theme from 2001) into thirty minutes of phunk-filled mayhem. While introducing at the same time a bevy of new songs that rely on the same phunky feel.

The band's main songwriting duo of Anastasio and Trey's childhood chum, lyricist Tom Marshall, once again wrote most of the songs for the new album. The opening tune "Ghost" blows in from a different world and sets the mood for the entire album. Although it gets much shorter treatment than when played live, it still survives with a tasty groove and some nice synthesizer work. Two other phunk gems follow. "Birds of a Feather," the new single, has received mild rotation on radio stations and features a quick

One highlight from the last half of the album is "Water in the Sky." This bluegrass tune allows the band to display its melodic side. The music sprinkles into the listener's ear. The beautiful music reminds one more of an orchestra than a rock band, justifying why John Popper once compared Phish to Mozart.

Overall, the album accomplishes what *Billy Breathers* did and what their previous albums failed to do: deliver a set of music that coherently flows together and offers some nice surprises along with some genuine feeling. But as usual, to really experience the musical house of Phish, you're gonna have to check them out live.

little more variance in their music and expanding their topics to include girls and life as a punk rock band.

Now, the group has released *Slowly Going the Way of the Buffalo*, which marks their major label debut on A&M Records. While this album is definitely of the punk genre, MxPx seems to have grown up. More of the songs have melody to them and vary in speed and tone. Overall, the group seems more refined, which may be a product of entering the main-

Overlooked albums from 1998

by Dave Heston

Numerous magazines, newspapers, etc. have done articles on the large number of "important" albums which were released lately. A few weeks ago, a release date was designated "Super Tuesday" because of how many high-profile artists had new albums out: Whitney Houston, Garth Brooks, Mariah Carey, blah blah blah. And it's almost time for music journalists to recap "the year in music," to tell us who the important artists and albums were.

The problem is that so much focus is placed on certain names, on the important artists of our time, that hundreds or even thousands of good musicians don't get an iota of attention. Most people do learn about new music from who MTV, *Rolling Stone*, or radio stations choose to play, or maybe from their friends who learn about music from MTV, *Rolling Stone*, etc. So certain musicians become the "big" ones while other musicians of at least equal talent live in obscurity, to (if they're lucky) may be eventually achieve "cult status," usually long after they die or break up.

This might be a bleak picture, yet right now there is perhaps more vital new music being made all over the world than ever, and right now it is easier to get your hands on it than ever. Just about any in-print album, even on the smallest label, can reach your home in a matter of weeks via mail order, through the world wide web or otherwise. On that note, here are just a few recent releases which I think have been unfairly overlooked. If you're longing for something new, consider checking these out.

-The Bevis Frond, *North Circular* (Flydaddy). This British group is basically one man, Nick Saloman, who over the last decade or so has quietly released 14 albums of rock/pop gems as well as writing or co-writing many of Mary Lou Lord's songs. *North Circular* is his latest, a lengthy 2-disc collection (priced as one disc) which has blistering rock tunes and pretty pop ballads, as well as honest and sometimes humorous lyrics on relationships, the music business, and other facets of life. This is as hard-hitting as any rock band alive today, and has more genuine emotion than almost any singer-songwriter I can think of.

-Godspeed You Black Emperor!, *Phall* (Kranky). Godspeed is a 10-piece Canadian group with strings, drums, and a bunch of guitarists, creating long pieces which are not always easy (i.e. they shift constantly instead of following one clear song structure) but consistently beautiful. The pieces, including intense, building sections mixed with dialogue clips and poetry, have an expansive sound which evokes wide-open spaces (like Midwestern landscapes) while alluding to less calm subjects like the apocalypse.

-Black Star, *Mos Def and Talib Kweli are Black Star* (Rawkus). The two clever, talented MC's in Black Star create hip-hop music with intelligent lyrics which are more poetic than most nowadays. They also display a true knowledge of hip-hop's complete history (old school rap, graffiti art, breakdancing, etc.). This album has received a lot of critical attention, but I don't see them taking Jay-Z or Puffy's place on MTV anytime soon.

-Bart & Friends, *10 Songs About Cars and Girls* (Drive-In Records). This is a feast of Australian "indie-pop," or something like that. Bart and his friends record under a variety of names (Hydroplane, The Cat's Miaow), producing pretty little melodic pop songs about love, mostly. Priced as an EP, this CD includes 12 songs actually (more about girls than cars) by Bart & Friends, and then an astounding 21 bonus tracks by The Cat's Miaow. From quick catchy ditties to covers of CCR, The Beatles, and The Magnetic Fields, this album is tons of fun, a summer album so to speak.

-Cornelius, *Fantasma* (Matador). Another album from earlier this year which has received a lot of critical acclaim though little or no attention from real people, *Fantasma* is a wild mix of hip-hop, "electronica," pretty pop and brash rock 'n' roll from a Japanese music fanatic influenced by everything from The Clash to *Planet of the Apes*. This album is all over the place and really delightful (plus it has a nice guest appearance by two members of Apples in Stereo).

-Loren Mazzacane Connors/Alan Licht, *Hoffman Estates* (Drag City). Though the two fairly well-known guitar improvisers get top billing, this album has quite an ensemble behind it. A horde of Chicago jazz and rock musicians improvised for days with Connors and Licht, and then producer/musician extraordinaire Jim O'Rourke came in and edited it, played some extra parts over it, and formed it as an album. The result is phenomenal. From quiet pretty pieces like "Slowly Slowly Slowly" to blazing, absolutely insane psychedelic jazz numbers like "Block That Nixon" and "Peace Scars."

-Versus, *Two Cents Plus Tax* (Caroline). Versus' most recent album, this came out last spring but still stands miles above most "indie" rock/pop releases. Here is a band who grows consistently with every album, and *Two Cents* is by far their best. Alternately pretty and downright scorching, Versus poke at the world and show its not-so-rosy underbelly, but do so in a friendly, upbeat way. This is fine pop music which you can hum and sing to, but it's also complex enough to disturb you a bit if you really pay attention.

Like everything, newspaper articles are confined by space limits, etc., but if they weren't (and if I had some help writing) this article could go on to infinity. There is an amazing world out there, but it's not coming directly to your door unless you seek it out.

Released in 1997 and put out on video last May, *Shall We Dance* won 13 Japanese Academy Awards. It was received well at the art festivals such as Cannes and Sundance, and circulated in select theaters here in the United States. Most Americans are not as familiar with Japanese Cinema, and I think it has a lot to do with what the American public is used to seeing in the theaters. *Shall We Dance* focuses on small acts in ordinary lives, with a subtlety that might bore an eye used to fast-paced music videos and action flicks. It is a welcome change to get involved in the ordinary underlying transformation.

The main character, Shobei Sugiyama (played by Koji Yakusho), leads a life as an accountant, steadily working the routine to support his family and pay the mortgage. In an otherwise boring life, he happens to look up at the window of a dance studio and catches a glimpse of Mai Kishikawa (played by Tamiyo Kusaka).

Fascinated by her, he gets off the train at a whim and accidentally signs up for dance lessons. As the movie progresses, his interest in the instructor is replaced by a genuine love for dance.

The plot line keeps its simplicity, adding in a few other characters, such as the hilarious Mr.

the majority of the album. But don't write these songs off as irrelevant pop or mindless, childish ramblings. Gomez has something to say. "Open hearted surgery never works/So eat your words of hide 'em in the dirt," singer Ian Ball advises and subsequently jumps on the defensive, "Cos I don't need nobody to know me/I don't need nobody to know."

Gomez has a sense of humor. What other reason could there be for putting a tube in a guitar-based band? In this light-hearted, all-around hilarious record, Gomez makes statements like, "Got a haircut/Got a silver tooth/Gonna get myself arrested," and definitely one of the funniest song titles in memory "Love is Better Than Warm Trombone."

That pesky southwestern theme just keeps popping up (hello... how obvious is "Gomez" itself?) in "Tijuana Lady" where "I've been chasing you all around old Mexico," and making gratuitous allusions such as "marischi," "sombrero," and "enchilada." In "78 Stone Wobble," a man speaking Spanish in the background sounds like a bad language-listening activity, while laughing a lot and finally repeatedly questioning "Sean Connery or Steve McQueen?"

Gomez has found their niche in the music world, gaining widespread critical acclaim. That niche may not have an outright style or category, but Gomez seems to be making remarkable music while remaining indefinable. That in itself seems to be an achievement, considering the amount of stuff there is to compare them to these days. If their subsequent releases are anything along the lines of *Bring It On*, we just may have to give Gomez their own category. Gomezian... Gomezque... "Mez... could the world ever be so lucky?"

the movie ever be so lucky?

Even though the three band members (Mike, Tom, and Yun) are only in their early twenties, they seem to do an awful lot of dwelling on the past. In "For Always," the group says, "Looking back on all those years/All the smiles all the tears/ never want those memories to fade." But realizing this, the band is quick to counter it in "Fist vs. Tact": "I've dwelt long on the past and I just can't take it anymore."

the movie ever be so lucky?

How do you describe Gomez?

Gomez
Bring It On
Hut/Virgin

by Erin Huckle

Don't throw them in roots rock. Don't throw them in blues. Actually, don't throw them anywhere. You might just want to keep this CD. Gomez gets down to the basics with their debut album, *Bring It On*.

They have no easily definable category. Instead, Gomez takes a bit of rock 'n' roll, a bit of blues, a bit of really strange sound effects and indistinguishable instruments and mix it all up into a lovely blend of... well, like I said, they are hard to classify. But because the music has obvious influence from Blues and Rock, it sounds typically American. That's what makes it so hard to imagine that the people making these folksy tunes are from northern England.

Acoustic guitars make up the bulk of the songs, but it wouldn't be correct to neglect the bullhorn-muffled vocals of "78 Stone Wobble," the distorted warbles of "Whippin' Piccadilly" or the cartoonish "boings" running around the distinct second half of "Here Comes the Breeze."

The overall sound of Gomez changes through the course of the album as the band does a bit of singer-swapping. The album lacks a consistency between vocals that somehow is a steady cohesiveness in itself. Gomez has three lead vocalists in all, with Ben Otewill picking up the lyrical duties in most of the songs. While the two other singers, Ian Ball and Tom Gray, have soft little British voices, Otewill has stolen the vocal chords of a 30+ year-old blues singer. He broadcasts a sense of age and experience in his raggedy voice. This seems to counteract the adolescent immaturity emanating from

Movie portrays subtle beauty

Shall We Dance
Directed by Masayuki Sudo

by Nini Choe

Shall We Dance, the director of *Shall We Dance*, states, "All of us in these modern times, we are very bad at expressing ourselves in our bodies. We lose sight of the consequences of our physical actions." He displays the difficulty of modern expression and attaining happiness in this slow-paced movie.

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Kremlok bursts with energy

Kremlok
Live, 11/27/98

by Jesse Pasley

Hole amigos! I'm proud to announce that Rock'n'Roll is still alive in the '90s of USA. And its spirit spews forth from the lovely utters of a band known as Kremlok. Loud, offensive, and energetic are the only words that come close to describe this threesome of rockers. Seeing this band will get drawing little pentagrams on your notebook and remembering what good punk rock sounds like.

Known for their creative costumes, witty onstage tomfoolery, and occasional spitting on the audience, Kremlok brings back all the ideals of an entertaining live show that have been missing from many local or hobby bands. No, Kremlok doesn't write their own songs (only covers), and they don't even have a bassist. And to top it off, the band's drum kit consists of only a snare and a crash. But what they do onstage by far makes up for what some may call shortcomings.

My first Kremlok experience was at the recent ATO benefit, where the three members of Kremlok, Greg, Brian, and Jamie, stumbled into their performance slightly intoxicated. While some in the audience wondered why these hooligans were allowed to play, Kremlok captivated much of the audience with their wild antics and incredible energy. Their show that night also

included an amazing aerial stunt performed by the drummer, Jamie, at the conclusion of playing the Descendants' "Wendy." Not only Jamie, but the crowd was also treated to seeing Jamie, in his drunken stupor, fall over his drum kit and still keep the beat while on the ground. Impressive, eh?

I also saw them on November 27 at the Hi-Point Cafe in St. Louis. When Brian, the guitarist, walked onstage in a cow costume, I knew this was going to be a good show, and indeed it was. They played all the songs they played before at the ATO benefit, and they were just as impressive. Kremlok played the Misfits' "Where Eagles Dare," the Cars' "Just What I Needed," and even a jazzy version of Darius' "Mother." But their crowning achievement that night was the part of the show where Brian did an interpretive dance to the Pixies' "Mollification."

Many people will point out that Kremlok is "only" a cover band, and some will say they suck. But perhaps it's hard to describe exactly what makes the Kremlok experience so enjoyable. And even though they do play only covers and they aren't exactly a "classy" band, it's refreshing to see the energy and creative passion that have been missing for many years, even among popular rock music. So if you're looking for a band with balls (and a cool name), go see Kremlok.

Play Zelda, save the world

The Legend of Zelda: Ocarina of Time

Nintendo 64

by Jim Kachela

Video game addicts across the country are finally getting their fix. What game could possibly be so divine and glorious that it has made fans rip open gaming magazines from their plastic sleeves only to get information on it and then throw them down in disgust after finding it was still a year away from release, and wait hours to download video clips in Japanese to get a glimpse of the ultimate, and finally rush to the stores to get the precious collector's edition gold cartridge—yes my precious, my precious! Well, the answer is *The Legend of Zelda: Ocarina of Time*. On the 23rd of November the celebration began and was joined by Wal-Mart patrons on the 25th. Scenes of violence between video rental shop owners, buying up all the copies, and sleep-deprived addicts fighting over the last copies, willing to lay down their soul to get a copy, were seen in many stores.

Once actual playing of the game begins, players are held spellbound by the opening sequence of a lone rider, riding across vast plains alighted by the rising sun. The horse rears up on its hind legs, and the sun is at just the right angle to give off a lens flare. From then on the game is filled with more impressive feats of graphics at every turn.

But it's the little things that set *Zelda* apart.

Are monkeys demeaning you? Ripping your world into shreds? No one sympathizes? We'd love to hear your amazing story. Why don't you come to the last meeting of the semester? We'll try and alleviate some of their private angst. Meet us in:

Tuesday OP115A at 9:00pm
Last meeting of the semester.

The Monitor will show those damn monkeys who's boss.

included an amazing aerial stunt performed by the drummer, Jamie, at the conclusion of playing the Descendants' "Wendy." Not only Jamie, but the crowd was also treated to seeing Jamie, in his drunken stupor, fall over his drum kit and still keep the beat while on the ground. Impressive, eh?

I also saw them on November 27 at the Hi-Point Cafe in St. Louis. When Brian, the guitarist, walked onstage in a cow costume, I knew this was going to be a good show, and indeed it was. They played all the songs they played before at the ATO benefit, and they were just as impressive. Kremlok played the Misfits' "Where Eagles Dare," the Cars' "Just What I Needed," and even a jazzy version of Darius' "Mother." But their crowning achievement that night was the part of the show where Brian did an interpretive dance to the Pixies' "Mollification."

Many people will point out that Kremlok is "only" a cover band, and some will say they suck. But perhaps it's hard to describe exactly what makes the Kremlok experience so enjoyable. And even though they do play only covers and they aren't exactly a "classy" band, it's refreshing to see the energy and creative passion that have been missing for many years, even among popular rock music. So if you're looking for a band with balls (and a cool name), go see Kremlok.

Play Zelda, save the world

The Legend of Zelda: Ocarina of Time

by Jim Kachela

Video game addicts across the country are finally getting their fix. What game could possibly be so divine and glorious that it has made fans rip open gaming magazines from their plastic sleeves only to get information on it and then throw them down in disgust after finding it was still a year away from release, and wait hours to download video clips in Japanese to get a glimpse of the ultimate, and finally rush to the stores to get the precious collector's edition gold cartridge—yes my precious, my precious! Well, the answer is *The Legend of Zelda: Ocarina of Time*. On the 23rd of November the celebration began and was joined by Wal-Mart patrons on the 25th. Scenes of violence between video rental shop owners, buying up all the copies, and sleep-deprived addicts fighting over the last copies, willing to lay down their soul to get a copy, were seen in many stores.

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"We Can Fix Any Orders To Go"

The game of Mafia holds excitement for all

by Matt Steiner

As the great weight of finals week descends upon us, many will find themselves looking for a way to relieve stress. One sure way to forget worries is to play some kind of game, and oftentimes people will call upon old standbys like Trivial Pursuit. But for those of you sick of bored games, I recommend Mafia.

Fun, excitement, and murder await anyone who wishes to participate in this great party game. Mafia relies upon the age-old conflict of good versus evil, and it's driven not by dice and little plastic figures, but by the personalities and wits of players.

The game is setup with each player assigned to play a particular role (ten is a good number of people, though using less is possible, and using more makes the game even more fun). One person moderates the game, and the rest of the players are either good, informer (a specialized good person) or Mafia (bad). Each game consists of several rounds, and in each round, the Mafia kills one good person and everyone else tries to figure out who's in the Mafia. They continue until one side is completely wiped out.

The game begins with the moderator writing "good," "Mafia," and "informer" on slips of paper (with ten people, a good proportion would be 3 good, 3 Mafia, and 1 informer). The moderator places all the slips in a hat and passes the hat around the circle. Each person picks out one slip and looks at it furtively. When the hat makes its way around the circle a second time, players place their slip back in.

When everyone knows what they are, the moderator asks them to go to sleep, meaning that they put their head down and close their eyes. The moderator then says, "Mafia, wake up."

The three players who learned that they were Mafia look up and open their eyes. After they have time to look around and learn who their comrades are, the moderator tells them, "Mafia, select someone to die." They then decide upon a good person to kill by silently pointing around the circle of people until they can decide on one person. When the moderator confirms their choice, the Mafia go back to sleep.

Next, the moderator says, "Informer, wake up." The informer is a good person with the ability to learn who is in the Mafia, and they do this by looking around the circle and pointing to someone they suspect might be in the Mafia. The moderator shakes their head yes or no to tell the informer whether they are right. The informer then goes back to sleep.

And now the main part of the round begins. The moderator tells everyone to wake up and informs the person that the Mafia killed that they are dead. The moderator also asks that person if they were the informer. Once dead, that person is out of the game.

From here, chaos ensues. The rest of the round is spent with the group trying to figure out who might be in the Mafia so they can kill that person. In the first round of the game, this process is usually haphazard, with players randomly accusing each other of being in the Mafia to see how they react. In the end, the first round usually requires a sacrificial lamb, just to get the game started.

When a player is sufficiently convinced of another player's guilt, they can call for a vote. The moderator asks the group whether or not the accused should die. To kill the person, the group must vote unanimously. When someone dies, they reveal their identity to the group. Then the entire

process starts over again, repeating until all Mafia or all good are dead.

The thing about this game is that as exciting as it is to begin with, it only gets better with time. As the game goes on and more people die, those left living realize that their hiding spots have disappeared. And not only are the stakes higher, but the confusion also grows. Whereas in the first round people had to decide the guilt or innocence of others randomly, in the latter stages of the game, they must make critical decisions based on a wealth of information, namely all previous events and the ways that people behaved. For example, who has a certain other player defended? Who have they accused? If any of those people died, were they good or Mafia? And does this person seem to have formed an alliance with anyone else? These are just some of the complications that compound to make the last rounds of a game of Mafia fascinating and exciting.

But this is even more true outside an individual game. A person can improve at Mafia over the course of many games by knowing what to look for in the other people they play with. One piece of advice is to study each person's behavior over the course of several games and remember what it was like, how it was different when they were good or Mafia. Indeed, the secret of the good players of this game is to be consistent in their own behavior and to look for inconsistencies in others.

Of course, a written description cannot convey how great this game actually is when played. The best way to find out is to try it. You can look forward to a fascinating study in human behavior, a great exercise in critical thinking, and most importantly, a lot of fun.

Season's Greetings from the Naughty Octet



Hey there FAC! We folks here at *The Monitor* would like to thank you for your support this semester and for deciding to again next semester. Thanks a bunch we really appreciate it!



Queen Astra! Let the stars be your guide!



Aries (March 21-April 20): You are dangerously close to social leprosy. Your intensive scratching is starting to make friends and coworkers uneasy. This may also explain the sudden latex glove fetish your roommate has taken on.

Taurus (April 21-May 21): Feeling overwrought, stressed out, or like you've been swimming upstream? Strip down and have some good ole-fashioned naked time.

Gemini (May 23-June 21): Lonely? Isolated? Start a club. Don't mention your hobby of S&M to gain members. Then when you feel comfortable, stick it to 'em. Literally, if you may.

Cancer (June 22-July 24): The holidays are coming. Cancer! Put on a happy face and quit your bitching. Just remember, arrogance with a good connotation is called something else.

Leo (July 25-August 23): The playwright Oscar Wilde once said, "It is better to be beautiful than good. But... it is better to be good than to be ugly." What can we learn from this little tidbit?

Virgo (August 24-September 23): The sun is in your house of love relationships. Which means you may get burnt. However, if you are careful with the hot wax, your partner may thoroughly enjoy it. Gemini figures sharply.

Libra (September 24-October 23): Hay un dicho chileno que dice: si los tonos volaran, el cielo pasaria nublado. No hablas espanol? Translate and enjoy your flight.

Scorpio (October 24-November 22): The stars are on your side, Scorpio. Romance is in your future. Trim unsightly, jungle-like body hair and prepare for some love.

Sagittarius (November 23-December 21): You have the knack of exaggeration. Now is the time to use this to your advantage. Brag about the "expensive" gifts you bought family and friends. Later, wallow in the benefits of reciprocity.

Capricorn (December 22-January 20): Be careful this week! Self-incrimination is a bad way to go out. Steer clear of drinking games and bouts of kleptomania.

Aquarius (January 21-February 19): 'Tis the season for airing grievances. Tell that special someone what you really think of them. End all sentences with "so there!"

Pisces (February 20-March 20): They say you can't please everyone all the time. Concentrate on self-gratification. Ask an Aquarius to join in. Or if you prefer to privately gratify, clean up after yourself.

Gift-buying guide just in time for the holidays

by Holly Cerny

Now that the holidays are approaching, I thought it might be nice to have a gift-buying guide for those of you who are always struggling to buy that perfect present. First I think I will explore the parent region, since most of us have some kind of guardian(s).

Moms are always difficult. She pleads that she needs nothing, but we all know if we took her up on that, she would drown us in ungrateful wretches that sprung from her all-too-generous womb. So this might be the third year in a row you are contemplating a brooch or Glamour-Puss Shots for the old woman.

Mom is probably up to her jewelry box in pins and does not want to dress up like a French maid for some cheesy photographer that flunked out of film school. Maybe mom would appreciate a gift certificate from a restaurant or some wine. Whatever happens, try to stay away from

diet pills or the latest thigh-attacking kit on the market. Nothing says "I love you" more than a gift that doesn't convey the message that mom needs a face-lift or major reconstructive surgery on her "spare tire" (wherever that may lie).

Dad is always a little easier. Personally, my father is happy with Hanes sweatshirts or books about physics. Dad does not want another tie with Rudolph on it. Chances are, the five he already has will suffice. If dad enjoys meandering around in the kitchen, a Martha Stewart cookbook would be nice. Show dad you promote his domestic skills. If he is a lawn-tending fool, perhaps a bag of mulch would spark a twinkle in his eye.

Remember when you were in grade school and made coupons for gifts? They offered a free chore to mom or a hug for dad. College students are about as rich as third-graders. How about making dad coupons? Now you could promise

to stay out of trouble with the law for six months or to cut back on the money you borrow every time you come home by \$20. Small steps lead to big improvements in dad's mind.

Grandma and grandpa... what the hell does an 85-year-old want? Furs, gift certificates, socks, motor oil, lottery tickets, \$20 for the Casino, a banana rack, or one of those new video cassette recorders. That is about all I can think of. If they own an RV, they don't need any gifts because they have money (unless they live in it).

Good luck shopping. Remember, the holiday season is about love, harmony, and cookies. Gifts are nice, but nothing to get an ulcer over. Don't borrow grandma's handiapped sign to park at the mall; not only is it illegal, it means you are an asshole. Happy holidays!

Happy Holidays from the Monitor staff! And just so you don't become too frustrated in thinking of gifts to buy us, we've included our wish lists. Thanks and we'll be expecting these gifts Christmas morning.

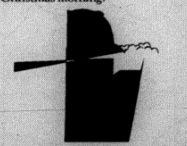
Matt S. - the Unified Field Theory, a time machine, and my very own orchestra
Erin - some new headphones, a VCR, and the complete works of Paul Rubens
Marie - my two front teeth
Shawn - the completed works of Marlow Ediger

Matt W. - back issues of *The Monitor*
Dave - my tape player (Rykos has been "fixing it" for months) and some Pop Tarts
Andy - the melodic, soothing vocal chords of

Sean Connery
Kjell - the baby Jesus in a roasting pan (because he would be tender)
Jim - the Triforce!

Jeff - a good swift kick in the ass
Jay - the Hank Williams Sr. Box Set, a red Porsche, and the Great Wall of China

Bryan - Bob Dylan double live cd and a salami sandwich (Please mail sandwich to the Monitor mailbox, CAOC)



Holiday advice...

The Monitor would like to wish you and yours a very happy holiday. But while you're trimming that tree, lighting that Menorah, or sacrificing to the angry pork gods, we would like you to keep a few things in mind.

The holiday season isn't a happy time for everyone. Many people have no family to go to or no home to celebrate in. Make sure that you don't get kicked out of the house again like you did last year.

Santa only visits good girls and boys on Christmas Eve. He KNOWS when you've been bad or good. And my, young stocking isn't going to be very full, is it? Come on, fess up. You can't keep hiding that disembodied head

forever. And we're sure that Santa would be proud of your honesty and might reward you with a talking teletubby.

Holiday shopping can be a really hectic, but enjoyable time. Finding gifts for the people you love can truly be a fulfilling experience. But when you're out at the mall, battling your way through crowds of angry people endlessly searching for Furberies or some other pointless pieces of hairy robotic junk, remember that there are needy people in the world who need gifts too. Watch your wallet, bucko.

Holiday food can be extremely fattening as well as lacking in nutritional value. So when you are at parties or family get-togethers, it

might be wise to take the liberty of nominating yourself as the "official nutritionist." Let your friends and relatives know that you have hidden all the traditional dishes (i.e. chocolates, cookies, egg nog, turkey, bread, water) from them. Just tell them that you "know it's for their own good."

And lastly, with all of the suffling about in purchasing gifts, preparing food, and getting ready for visiting relatives, it's easy to get stressed out and forget the true spirit of the holidays. Try not to get caught up in all of the bustle. It's a lot easier to get through the holiday pressures when you allow yourself time to pick up that valium prescription.



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*Used Equipment

*Passport Photos

*In house processing

*Walleys 11x4

*APS 24mm, 110,

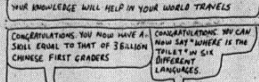
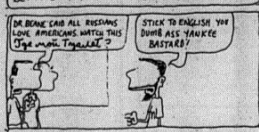
*35mm, 120



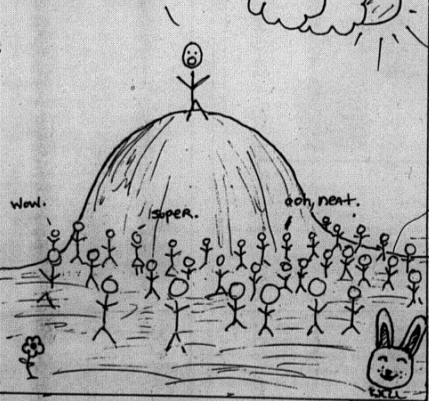
111 E. Baltimore Street
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Fri-Sat 10-8
Sun 1-4

Cartoons!

THE JOE SHUFFY GUY TO BEING A FOREIGN LANGUAGE MAJOR



Art thou holy thus
thine chalice? Hast thou
thee forsaken art hast father?
Thine runner thus thou golden
three legged sheep.



GOOD GUYS N BAD GUYS

This is the coolest video game
ever. I can't stop playing.



TAKE THAT
EVIL SKELETON.



ART PAGE

With A Renaissance X-Mas

"God Decorating the Christmas Tree"
Michelangelo
1508-12
Ceiling Fresco
Sistine Chapel, the Vatican
Rome, Italy



"Elfin David"
Michelangelo
1501-04
Marble
Florence, Italy

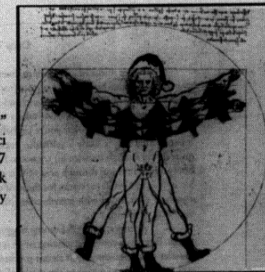


"Equestrian Statue of Santa Gattamelata"
Donatello
1447-53
Bronze
Padua, Italy



"Gift-Givin' Sibyl"
Michelangelo
1508-12
Ceiling Fresco
Sistine Chapel, the Vatican
Rome, Italy

"Vitruman Santa"
Leonardo da Vinci
1487
Pen and Ink
Venice, Italy



"Hands of an Apostle Holding a Candy Cane"
Albrecht Dürer
1508
Pen and Ink
Nuremberg, Germany



"Santa Lisa"
Leonardo da Vinci
1503
Oil
Milan Italy (Currently in the
Louvre in Paris, France)

my Back pages...

Rhea

Rhea, fire-mother
queen critic--
your art is sarcasm in all of its purity--
there is a dervish unleashed and
a hidden constancy--
The cause of your spin is
the iron in your center--

Rhea, the land gets smaller the
faster you drive, and I know your
car's a big black of beauty--
Rhea, the land gets faster the
smaller you drive, and the less
spoken the less words sound like
silence, Rhea--

--J. Bennett

Vote

dream
light
where we labored to set it up
quickly for the pleasure
of waiting
and then cutting through a sea-breeze
with cold, dull sand spitting up behind us.
blue
water
on which we floated, drifted
and surfed four hours
on our
mind's incredible, edible force
with old hands borrowed in countenance.
black
air
through which we sundered
kind of jawing
like children
under a splintered corporal haze--
really more suspicious than fun.
yellow
drone
to which we came, wobbled
over concrete driveways--
smog and hate said:
"don't say a thing or breathe
just keep walking--you're not welcome, hear?"
fine
how
for which we paid
our whole lives, just sitting there--
our whole lie,
defining cost--real presence
is now for a real bullet: absentee.
dream
twist
I saw in color, where television
became like a force--invisible--
quite indivisible,
with square drum liberty and justice
that doth spit green money and steer big metal.
old
hatred
fenced in, barbed-wire sign "No Trespass,"
or trespass against others--ground cameras--
like white eyes
in the forest, where we tried to run
but in a circle the day we got lost.

--Joel Dieterichs

Poem for October 28

an autumn day
that should have been a
spring

my soul awake
my body
sleeps

osHHHHH.....

i turn over and over
in the cool
breeze

a leaf
i fall from a tree orange in flames
dark in the sky

a light overhead
bright so it blinds
when i look too closely

even when i close
my eyes
too, too bright

lift me again
sweet breeze
i transcend

cool like i've never known
slips into
my head

dark and smooth
delights and thrills
dangerous? so?

i can always delete you later

--Christine Hill

Salt Lake City, UT

I predict I'll live in a
light brown trailer
waking each day to
dark, black toast

Because I was unable
to resist the romance of
cigarettes and coffee
And I was passing through
when she touched my arm and said
"It'll all get better."
I guess that's when I knew
Salt Lake City, UT
wasn't such a bad place after all

The remnants of the Wild West
fit for cowboys to ride through
And the Mecca of the dustbowl
fit for pilgrims to aim for
Was where I first felt the need
for a girlfriend or a dog

--Ken Koste

The Traveler's Daughter

She was moth-eaten and butterfly devoured,
with her mustard gas perfume
everyone agreed
a girl who watches porn should be sterilized
but the only action they took
was to call her names
like
"dirty adolescent thing"
and they didn't reach out to her for fear of being eaten.

But she was a clever girl
"sex is an ugly thing"
she said
as she stood blooming in her boyfriend's sink.

She told him many things
like how she kept the price tags on her clothing...
she wanted people to know
how much it cost her to own
the things she wanted to own.

She told him
her love was worth the social disgrace of loving her,
because she was a girl that could carry babies inside her stomach.

--Megan Wampler

Give the gift of poetry this Christmas.

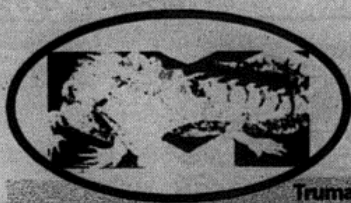
Deep Thoughts: A Guide to Meditation

In the midst of our modern, hectic, stressful lives, it is important that we find the time to relax. In order to prevent nervous breakdowns, some people like to unwind by picturing themselves in a tranquil setting, such as a forest or field. Personally, I recommend that you find a nice, quiet place to lie down--perhaps with some soft music playing in the background--take a few deep breaths, and envision yourself swimming in a pool of yogurt.

Now, I know what you're probably thinking: "Wouldn't I sink and suffocate in a pool of yogurt?" While it is true that this is likely a scientific impossibility (yogurt is not solid enough to hold up much weight, yet not quite liquid enough to swim in) try not to limit yourself with the inhibitions created by reality. Just imagine yourself buoyantly skimming through seas of this sticky, squishy, yet strangely comforting substance. It caresses your skin lovingly as you swim (or wade, for those of us who do not wish to picture ourselves in swimsuits) through it, leaving a path of sorts, lined with strawberries (it's strawberry yogurt, did I mention that? But feel free to substitute your own fruit of choice.)

At times, you will become bogged down by all of that lactose and fructose, and the going can get pretty rough. But when your nice relaxing swim is over, you will find that it was well worth the effort for those nicely toned muscles that frequent yogurt swims produce--not to mention the enjoyment of cleaning up with a loved one. You will now be able to return to the world of deadlines, traffic jams, and general hostility with a little peace of mind.

--Anne Ferris



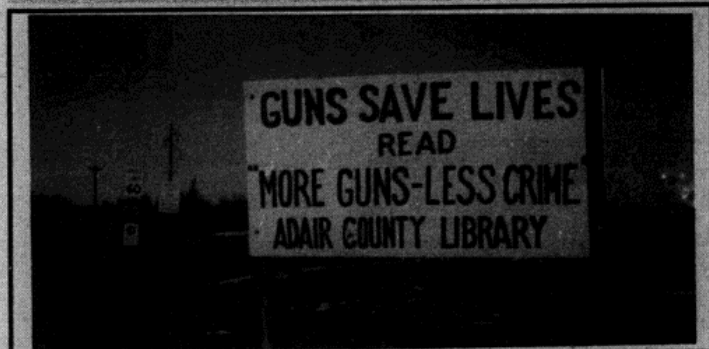
The Monitor

A Campus Collective

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

19 January 1999

Volume 5, Number 9



Adair County Library funded by the NRA? This sign appearing on highway 63 when entering Kirksville encourages viewers to read and own guns.

photo by Jeff Moore

GLBT interim library opens

by Matthew A. Hebbler

Prism opened its Gay Lesbian Bisexual Transgender Interim Library last Thursday, but it is not the Resource Center that the organization one day hopes to have. The Interim Library, located in Bob Mielke's office in McClain Hall 314, is only that: interim. After this semester, Prism will not be able to use Mielke's office. Next semester, there probably won't be a Resource Center, and the Interim Library may not have a home.

"It's only a one semester deal," said J. J. Pionke, a member of Prism. "It's only a temporary solution."

The current Interim Library is a trial run for a future Resource Center. The administration is awaiting the findings of the Diversity Task Force, as well as information from Prism before deciding if there will be a Resource Center or not. Prism will be compiling data throughout the semester and summer to be turned in to the administration in the fall. A decision about the Resource Center "might" be made by the end of the '99-'00 school year.

Should the Interim Library be deemed a failure, Prism's chances of getting the Resource Center undoubtedly will suffer.

"[The Interim Library] could really blow up in our faces," Pionke said. "If we find we have only 20 people come in the entire semester, that could really hurt our chances. Once we have the Interim Library, the administration can say, 'They had the Resource Center and it failed.'"

Pionke said that it will take "a whole hell of a lot" to convince the administration that the campus needs a GLBT Resource Center and that it took a lot of convincing to get even the Interim Library.

"There's a lot of people in the administration that are really conservative and don't wanna see it happen."

Homophobia is another obstacle that Prism must overcome in opening a Resource Center. "A lot of people don't wanna see 'those damn faggots' have their Resource Center," Pionke said.

Pionke remains hopeful that the Interim Library will be a success.

"I really think it can work," Pionke said. "Certain classes will probably be sending their students to the library. If Linda Seidel is teaching Feminism, or Race, Class, and Gender, she'd probably be sending students. If Anthropology

of Gender's getting taught this semester, we'll probably be getting students out of that."

Pionke said that the Interim Library and the future Resource Center are for everybody to use.

"The Resource Center is not just for the 'gay people' and the 'straight, friendly people,'" Pionke said. "If you're like, 'Hey, I need help for a project,' and it's something to do with bisexuality or homosexuality... if we don't have the answer we can find somebody who does. If you come to the Interim Library with a specific book in mind, chances are we'll have it or we'll know someone who can lend it to you. We have tons of books on gay history, gay literature. We have works of gay fiction. There's also gonna be someone there that can help people. People can use (the Interim Library) for research, and people can use it just for fun."

The Interim Library also houses magazines and some videos.

"The Resource Center will be a collection point for information mainly," Pionke said. "(Pionke) library doesn't have a lot of things."

The Interim Library operates much like the Women's Resource Center. To check out a book, you fill out your name, phone number, and the date you took the book on an index card. Materials can be kept for two weeks.

The future of a GLBT Resource Center hinges on the Interim Library's success and on the support of Truman students.

"People really just need to... do their part to get what they want on campus. That's really the only way the Women's Resource Center got created. Linda Seidel started the Women's Studies minor, and stuff like that."

Pionke wants people to stop by the Interim Library, "even if it's just stopping in and perusing the books," she said.

She also invites supporters to visit Prism's web page (<http://www.geocities.com/WestHollywood/Stonewall/5446/>). By clicking on the "Support Prism" link you can send an email to Jack Magruder in favor of the Resource Center.

Prism welcomes people to visit or call the Interim Library and to check out their web page for more information. The Library is open on Thursdays and Fridays from 9:30 to 5:30, but Pionke said that people probably will be there earlier and later on those days, sometimes as late as 8:00 p.m. The Library's phone number is Mielke's, 785-4122.

Activist speaker to enlighten

by Dave Heaton

Bobby Seale, founding chairman of the Black Panther Party in the 1960's and self-proclaimed "revolutionary humanist," will speak in Baldwin Hall Auditorium Wednesday January 27. Despite the listing of 8:30 as the starting time on some posters, the event will begin at 8:00 p.m.

Seale, whose motto is "All Power to All the People!" will discuss his lifelong career of activism, from his work in the 1960's to his current grassroots projects. The evening, presented by Anti-Racist Action, Association of Black Collegiate, and Multicultural Affairs, and funded by Funds Allotment Council, is part of Seale's current speaking tour across America.

According to his web site, www.bobbyscale.com, Seale's current mission is to work for social change, towards a "future world of cooperational humanism and greater direct democracy," a world where every person on earth has democratic human rights.

ARA member Morgan Peckosh, who was in charge of the committee which worked on bringing Seale to campus, said Seale was chosen because of his availability and, more importantly, what he has to say. "He has a pretty positive message," Peckosh said. "He's all about equality for everyone."

Seale co-founded the Black Panther Party, a civil rights protest organization, in 1966. One of his goals on his tour is to correct misconceptions the general public has about the BPP.

Peckosh hopes the event will not only help people better understand the Panthers but also provoke open-minded critical habits of thought in general.

"Generally the Black Panthers got a bad reputation as being anti-everyone except for blacks," he said. "If people see that they weren't necessarily about that and that they were actually preaching a more positive message, they might begin to question other things they've heard through the media."

Questioning the public perception and media's take on the Black Panthers could lead to questioning the common perception of other

groups often thought of as "radical" or elitist, or even people's views on how our society treats certain groups such as Arabs, Peckosh said.

"It could be this gigantic catalyst, a whole new way of thinking for people in Kirksville, theoretically," he said. "Hopefully even people who disagree (with him) will come away with a whole new perspective."

Seale works now with REACH, a grass roots organization he founded to address pressing issues in areas such as social justice, human rights, and the environment.

"REACH is about rights for everybody," Peckosh said.

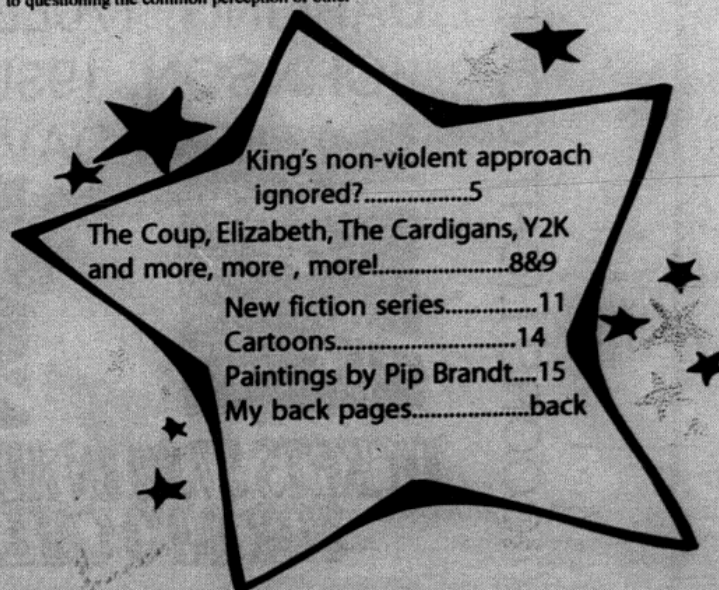
The name REACH stands for "Reclaiming, recycling, and re-evolving Ecological, economic, enviro-empowerment around and about All peoples' active, Creative, cooperational Humanism."

Seale's recent projects with REACH include the Environmental Renovation Youth Jobs Project, an educational work experience for young people, the on-line magazine The REACH Chronicles, and the planning of future conferences on "human liberation."

ABC President April Howard sees Seale's perspective as an important one for the Truman audience, to help us evaluate our own community. "Since Truman is big on diversity, having him here is a way to reflect on how far we've come and how far we need to go," she said.

Seale is currently working on producing a feature film version of the Black Panthers story called "Seize the Time," from a screenplay he adapted from his 1970 book of the same name. Peckosh said this film is an attempt to make a better, truer film than 1995's *Panther*, a story of the Black Panthers which Seale finds highly inaccurate.

Some of Seale's other accomplishments include the autobiography *A Lovely Rage* and a position as community liaison for Temple University's Department of African and African-American Studies. He also recently published a cookbook, *Barbeque'n with Bobby Seale*, as a fundraiser.



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State University

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S UNFIT

Local Student Laments Recent Snowfall

Kristoff Alarvenmargen, a resident of East Truman State, admits that "it has been awhile since I saw a good snowfall. I would love to see some of the greenery covered up around here."

Alarvenmargen, a senior residential in service at Truman, has given a series of lectures recently around campus as the front line of defense in his petition drive for more snow.

"I think it is sad how much greenery this campus has showing, especially given the sickly 12 inches of snow received in late '98," stated Alarvenmargen. "In winter, grass should be completely covered, and I think that the students at this campus have the right to a white winter, with this petition drive, we will bring them the means to do it."

Notorious for its harsh winters, Kirksville is known as a difficult place to spend a winter. "Oh hell yeah, it's cold dude," commented one student in between classes. "It's a good thing we have electricity or we'd be screwed like the local squirrels, man. They don't have any electricity."

Alarvenmargen hopes to target students with a petition over the next few weeks.

"Together, I really think we can make a difference," Alarvenmargen added. "It all depends on how diligent we are in our activity, and on

our ability to be truly active in the campus community. We all deserve a white winter, not the green mess that we have now."

As for the campus community, their opinions on the matter are far from mixed. When asked about the coming petition and its possible effects upon the student body, many students responded very strongly.

"I don't know what that dumbshit is thinking," a junior marketing major remarked. "There's like 12 inches of snow everywhere. I think he [Alarvenmargen] smokes crack."

A sophomore history major added her thoughts as well: "What the hell is he [Alarvenmargen] talking about? And who the hell is being petitioned? I think he [Alarvenmargen] smokes crack."

The most eloquent reply came from a senior philosophy major: "There isn't any green anywhere; that is obvious. And it is incredibly cold as well. I think that there is snow aplenty in Kirksville this year, and people are dealing with it just like they always have, by persevering and showing the undying unity that humanity alone can muster. With this, it doesn't matter how much snow we get, so long as we all believe in each other."

"Oh, and I think he [Alarvenmargen] is a major crackhead."

Let the snow come down in Kirksville, we'll

be ready.

Monitor receives death threat

A long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away, there existed between people young and old, male and female, black and white, an understanding of that which was serious and that which was humor. Alas, we know but shades of this lost civilization.

Upon returning from a cheery Christmas break, Monitor staffers were shocked to find a letter in their mailbox which informed them, "YOUR LIVES ARE MEANINGLESS" and suggested, "KILL YOURSELVES!!!!!!" The unsigned missive criticized a December 8 Unfit News item, "The Money is in Amusement," for being "totally subjective" and containing information from only one source.

Frightened for their lives, members of The Monitor called the police and had the letter checked for fingerprints. Kirksville Police Chief, John Law, was unable to identify the perpetrator, but he did offer his thoughts on the matter: "We've got a real wacko here. No one should take Unfit News this seriously."

An intrigued bystander agreed: "What's he talking about? The Monitor always consults more than one source."

The Monitor

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Matt: Hey, have you thought of a quote for the quotebox?
Erin: Nope.

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Letters

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

News of Iraq bombing hits MLA Conference

Dear Monitor Collective Editors,
There was a notably heavy contingent from truly both Kirkville communities and the Magruder anti bomb campus alike. At the recently concluded San Francisco Modern Languages Association Annual year-end conference, I counted at least thereabouts 4 Ashbourn full-time professors and one part-timer and two ex-NMSTI professors alone in exodus, and a male in unusually good (interview!) suit in one delightfully portly case (come on, Mr Gary Gordon as "Mac's" succession won't be that bad?).

What none of us were aware of, though, was what was being discussed somewhere unknown by even this, usually, knowledgeable independent scholar MLA veteran writer to you. Indeed, it was of such worldly importance that it is worth *Monitor* debate. As generally speaking the US media (alone amongst the world) has grossly ignored the evil, And quite obviously quite a lot of the uncomfortable US MIA "old guard" want to do the same obvious thing in liberal arts betrayal of values. What worth their degrees?

About halfway through the proceedings yours thus intrepidly was approached by a clearly distraught, mutual Arab friend of his and MIA "bigwig" Palestinian exiled New York professor, Dr. E. Said, no less. "Larry, something terrible has just happened! Have you heard? Before I could even begin to wonder, she

was in full flow. I've just been talking to Said who had to be impartial (as he was chairing) but he's very very upset. You know what they've gone and done? They've gone and approved the Iraq bombing!" Near tears, she ended. "I can't believe it. I can't!"

Still reeling in my head to try and fathom what really on Earth was going on in the name of the estimated attendant, 11,000 scholars in San Francisco (N. America's largest "representative" academic body) I recovered sufficiently to ask her fastly "by how much." Roughly 90 to 45 votes was the response given. I then, got all the particulars, for you.

Apparently unaware that the MLA (like the American Historical Association) is facing conservative split-off groups of dissident right wingers and deluded old "liberals" agnost at scholarship, and politics having been inextricable since Socrates' trial and death on frame-up "persecution of youth" charges, a group of Arab-American scholars had moved a resolution at an undisclosed "general delegate" MLA Assembly meeting. I certainly and others knew nothing about it. I wonder why, in angry puzzlement but perhaps not?

The resolution calmly asked that the MLA body completely "disassociate itself" from the American-Hitler media's (TV) "debatement of language" over the launch of Gulf War Xmas II. In both our countries, single-handedly in imperialism and despite a protest UN-NYC Security Council meeting still in condemnation session. The resolution asked English USA scholars in particular to note that words like "collateral damage," "weapons of mass production and state of the technological art" were euphemisms by our 2 countries heavily self-censoring commercial media. To evasively describe the fact that Iraqis were being killed. Note, not Saddam Hussein, but Iraqi majority populations, who according to French TV spy satellites December 17 report have only just 2 acid missiles left

to defend themselves against us. Just as in Gulf War One, 400* of Iraqi soldiers were drafted boys under 19? We are the oppressors!

In conclusion, I know that if resolutions like this perfectly justifiable "protest" one, insisting on the purity and meaningfulness of our language, go on being turned idly down by bodies like the MLA (who might be expected to uphold such purity in elementary non-racist quality linguistic "standards" maintenance), then our civilization in 1999 AD really is in pretty poor shape. And my friend and Dr Said's mutual, insulted distress pretty much shared! We know in Baghdad alone itself (which is all US UK TV allowed us to see) 100 military Iraqi infantry personnel were killed and sickly 68 civilians (including kids' wooden coffins) We do not however also know how many were killed by us in our reported raid by air on Hama oil field. Nor whether the UN will survive vitally into a new century our violation of Muslim world religious Ramadan, for the sake of hurting one dictator whom interestingly we once armed to the teeth as our "herd" against other (shite) Muslim Iran? (Ops, but am I to be permitted my plain, blunt English and real history? Or has the MLA become like the TSU/Magruder A-Bomb Press corps) are institutional excuse in lies, lies, of what socialist writer George Orwell called tendentious, gross, sick evasiveness, "double-speak" this time for cowardly Bill Clinton and Tony Blair? The one sex-scandal desperate and the other jobless-gang scolding in war diversion stupidity "needs" making Iraq another Cuba or Falklands "TV ratings" special to be bombed at our semiotic will?

Yours Sincerely,
Larry lies
US Canada representative British Labour Party Peace Action Group

Illes decries Truman approach to MLK Day

Statement from Larry lies, US Canada Representative, Labour Heritage UK (Professional Organization of Historians Affiliated to UK Labour Party) and State Chair Socialist Party USA (NYC).

In past years, I have been a staunch ally and supporter of Truman University's Office of Multicultural Affairs' valiant efforts to wake up and get even some of the most reactionary, evasive departments like Dr. Lyons' Social Sciences male-run division to uphold Dr. Martin Luther King today. I continue to do so as acting in the belief that our local racist, sexist, backward wider community annually needs such commemoration.

But I am beginning to wonder what is sadly happening locally? Instead of such festive religiously radicalising, as Dr. King's living spouse and radical descendants have all faithfully, it appears that, stupidly, the reverse process is corroding the entire, sharp shape-up point. Stuff that is so pathetic that it cavily, frankly now "appeals" in emptiness to a man of impeccable white respectability like TSU President Dr. Magruder is being produced. And I submit this is not what all local taxpayers should be endorsing both the rule radicalism and the global anti-racist, anti-war cutting edge of the real "MLK" whom none honestly, if not brutally, many white present 1999 Americans like the *Wall Street Journal* editorialists, despite "letter their odium than our base mummification".

Incredibly, the latest "flavor" from the office for TSU multiculturalism refers to only, thus, half a dozen commemorative activities this January month. And only one of which is a "side-light for peace event." With not a mention made of US UK's oppression, in violation of UN Security Council protest of Iraqi en-

zies by incessant, nasty bombing. While the one speech of King's highlighted is "a Christmas sermon" in innocuousness! All of the sermons King himself most wanted listed forcefully to be ignored, as they have been now at every local TSU King celebration, without official memory!

So, the Vietnam War sermon given to New York University Riverside Church audience is not being TSU highlighted. Despite the fact it is very apropos to not only what we are criminally doing in killing over 1,000 Iraqis by our "hightech" currently, But was written I quote to warn "poor Americans" of "racist wars abroad" throughout Western history. As a "cowie" to avoid home social reform expenditure! Since each day US UK forces are in Kuwait "machi" bombing Iraq senselessly costs \$400 Million bucks! What could be more poignant? What more useless, pathetic?

Finally, I find it weird how outdated and unacademic in the sense of lacking rigour and critical inclusion worthy of Dr. King's own and current King scholarship! TSU's "even contrasting, so weakly, is the latest "auto-graphic" study of King quotes him as thinking future-spouse, Coretta, for a copy she in 1950 sent him, as a student, of Edward Bellamy's books the great socialist of the late nineteenth century.

He adds in ways which are revolutionary, since King scholarship (since it had, previously, been wrong thought he only got racist "radical" with the "poor people's" campaign intended "March on Washington" towards the end of his life before he was himself assassinated, a reply to Coretta! He says that while some of Bellamy's ideas plainly, needed updating, his own "thinking" on "economics" was, and always would be, more "socialistic" than "capitalistic" in his own words. What a revelation!

Is therefore nobody, in TSU academia not only aware of such latest radicalising scholarship on King but also of the tough need to "attract the comfortable" in behalf of the poor of the world as the real "MLK" intended? In March, this year millions of especially poor Afro and Non-Afro American women in particular face lives of sheer misery and prostitution drugs, forcing desperation. As the so-called white US Congress "worktime" reforms will also finally boot kick-in against them. In other words, if a job has not been located, then, the taxpayer complete cut-off of even their children's welfare benefits will be wackily severed them! In the city of Philadelphia alone 38,000 single parents are likely thereby to starve, as white private enterprise has shown no inclination profitably denied to re-train such folks for any jobs. In rural, hidden Missouri this will be worse still!

At a time of capitalist squalor Dickensian returning, senseless wars abroad, so, one can hardly not remark about TSU's King's events. How, unlike the point of "love" in a "cold" climate without his sharp bullets of reform and social critique? I am as confident as any one legitimately ever can be about a dead person that King would not recognise his real, better self in TSU's false iconography of his ignored real change message to us all.

Larry lies
nb The writer is also a Unitarian

Wanna join the Monitor staff?
See page 10 for all the juicy details.



Opinions

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

US ignores King's message

by Dave Heaton

If it served its purpose, yesterday's Martin Luther King Day should have prompted students, teachers, and U.S. citizens in general to at least contemplate King, what he stood for, and what he accomplished, if not to attend the events associated with the day or actually read his words and listen to his speeches. Perhaps those who look the time to truly immerse themselves in King's perspective have noticed the same hypocrisy that I have.

How is it possible that a country which halts much of its daily business to remember a man truly dedicated to nonviolent struggle is itself so thoroughly infused with the idea that violence is the only solution to many problems, that force is quite often the only way for disagreements to be resolved? This is apparent now more than ever. Non-violent solutions to conflict are rarely, if ever, considered by our government or by the American people as serious options.

Doubters of this need look no further than the bombs dropped recently on Iraq, or our even more recent policy that individual U.S. airplanes may carry any Iraqi army force deemed as a threat. How would this strike Martin Luther King, who said in 1967 in his Christmas Sermon on Peace, "Now the time has come for man to experiment with non-violence in all areas of human conflict, and that means non-violence on an international scale."

Aren't the Iraqis or other "enemies" of the U.S. human beings not that different from ourselves? As King once said, "Here is the true meaning and value of compassion and nonviolence, when they help us to see the enemy's point of view, to hear his questions, to know his assessment of our actions, for from his views we may indeed see the basic weaknesses of our own condition, and if we are mature, we may learn and grow and profit from the wisdom of the brothers who are called the opposition."

Interestingly enough, the recent bombings in Iraq began quite close to Christmas, another national holiday in celebration of a non-violent leader. Why is it that the non-violent teachings of Jesus are so often brushed over, by Christians even? In a land where Christianity is assumed to be the dominant religion, it seems odd if not downright hypocritical, that there is no

strong public cry of outrage against military actions or other situations where violence is advocated as a necessary means to a supposedly beneficial end, such as our "tougher is better" attitude toward criminals, leading at its furthest, inevitable extreme to the death penalty.

Even when Christ's teachings which advocate peaceful means are repeated or discussed, rarely are they followed by serious discussion of the violent policies of our government (a government which King in called "the greatest purveyor of violence in the world" in 1967), or of the fact that the "eye for an eye" mentality still reigns in our society.

Most children will learn or at least hear "Thou Shalt Not Kill" as one of the Ten Commandments, but why does this not apply to the military or the justice system? As King once said, "When we say 'thou shalt not kill,' we're really saying that human life is too sacred to be taken on the battlefields of war." In President Clinton's recent address of the Palestinian National Congress, while encouraging "peace" between Palestine and Israel, he said that the "eye-for-an-eye" mentality leaves both people blind. To say the least, Clinton does not practice what he preaches. Yet the finger can't be pointed just at him, or just at the U.S. government even, violence as a suitable means of revenge and punishment is widely accepted.

You might think of violence as something only criminals do, but take a look at the institutionalized violence ingrained in our society, not to mention the way that violence is promoted through the absence of opposition to it. Non-violent protesters are still looked at as troublemakers today, and the news media coverage and public discussions of military actions never include so a bit of consideration of non-violent methods for ending arguments, large or small. "Peace" is a word thrown about all the time, but "peace" gained through violent means is not peace at all.

Martin Luther King is regularly praised as a voice for racial equality, but absent from public discussion is serious consideration of his status as an advocate of non-violent conflict resolution. The majority of this country celebrates Christmas every year. Violence was not an option for King or for Christ, why is it not for us?

Hey there FAC folk!
We'd just like to take time to thank you for all the support you give to us!
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Shawn figures out his life

by Shawn Gilmore

Typically, I never really doubt what I'm doing at college. I take it for granted that I've been a physics major since the beginning of my freshman year, and that is who I am: just a physics major. Almost every day, I take a brisk little walk over to Barnett, which seems to move a little closer to La Plata each and every frigid day. Pretty soon, I'll be spending all of my time there and in Voletto.

I was pretty much resigned to this concept, at least until recently. I'm going to try to pick up three minors before I graduate, one of them being English. For a while I toyed with a double major between physics and English, but the idea just seemed too daunting, with too much to handle all at once.

Then, I had what you might call a "moment of clarity." In my Creative Writing class, we were talking about our writing techniques, what worked for us and what didn't, that sort of thing. And it just hit me. My friend and I turned to each other and whispered, "What the hell are we doing in all of these math and science classes?"

In that moment, I realized that I could do this forever and be happy. Last semester, I completely and totally burned myself out trying to concentrate on classes for my major. What I need is a release, something that I can turn to when my one major is just too much. Maybe I should start looking into a dual major again. What's the worst that could happen? I would take a couple of extra elective classes and then decide that I couldn't handle it. Then, if it were that bad, I could drop the second major again.

I've come to realize that my friend Ben has the right idea. He's a math and English double major, specifically because he loves both subjects, but sometimes he needs the release of

being able to go completely into one major or the other. I work the exact same way, although no advisor would ever have been able to tell me that.

Advisors are important, don't get me wrong, but there are many things that you have to decide for yourself. I'm realizing now that no advisor could have ever guessed that English would have taken a hold of me like this. Likewise, even if someone had tried to convince me, I probably would have balked at the concept.

My friend Lara faces a similar problem. She is still undecided but is on the course to becoming a math major. I constantly try to convince her that she basically already is, but it will probably take an epiphany of her own to see it clearly. No advisor will be able to prove to her what she wants to do, it's just something that she has to find on her own.

So, all of you out there who have yet to decide a major can take heart. Those of you that are unhappy with your major still have time to change. All it takes is one class, one comment, one moment to convince you. Don't worry if it hasn't happened to you yet. It will sometime. But, if one day you suddenly see everything more clearly, recognize what you've found and don't let it go.

If that happens, take the impulse and ask yourself how you feel about following it through. You don't have to declare a major, or even be sure of what you're doing, but sometimes it's a good idea to just go on impulse for a while. None of us knows what the future will hold, and sometimes the lack of direction can be exhilarating.

If you feel like what you're doing now isn't working, make a change. It may be time to rethink all of your life, or just a small part, but there definitely is no time like the present.

Something stinks around here

for sport.

My English teachers reeked of it, too. They'd have us read literature, but just tell us how to interpret it. Questioning the standard was a sin.

Sadly, the scholarship is rampant at the college level as well. It's sometimes hard to detect with the nose alone, but through the use of all five senses, a person can detect even the most subtle offenders.

College scholarship is totally different from previous forms. The way it operates at the institutes of higher learning is to take a subject of study, learn every minute detail about it and then spit out the details in order to feign intelligence.

For example, writing a paper arguing the significance of the style of fabric in a work of art is scholarship. Revisionist historians these are the people trying to prove that Jesus never existed or that Hitler didn't know about the Holocaust are full of scholarship. Getting really, really upset about the work of deconstructionist writers as opposed to postmodern writers is stinky, too.

Now, not every prof or grad school teacher shovels scholarship for a living. There are a lot that do, though. You need to protect yourself so that you don't come away from class smelling like you baby sister's diapers.

The solution? Question everything and then analyze the response you get. If you get mindless rhetoric, it's scholarship. If you are brushed off or laughed at, it's scholarship. If you can look it up in an encyclopedia, it's scholarship.

After all, you have to do and learn what is in your best interest. Remember, just because they stink doesn't mean you have to

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Superwalls: the solution to land problems

by Jesse Parley

With the world's resources drying up and human overpopulation soon to be a problem, we are quickly running out of virgin land to exploit and pollute. While some may say that outer space is the place to solve all of our problems, I say we shouldn't have to look too far to find strange new lands to explore. I suggest Antarctica.

Now I know what you're saying to yourself: "Silly! Antarctica is covered in a thick sheet of ice. There's no way I'll be able to graze my llamas there!" Well, using modern rocket technology and the theory of plate tectonics, we can turn that barren wasteland into habitable farmland or strip mines.

Here's the plan. First, we attach big, no-HUGE rocket engines to the eastern side of Antarctica. When we flip the switch on them,

the rockets will slowly but surely push the stubborn continent into the Pacific Ocean. Watch out Christmas Island!

The benefits of having this new land would be boundless. More farmland, factories, and living space for all! Also, as any avid X-Men fan would have guessed by now, a prehistoric paradise known as the Savage Land would be opened up for exploration where we could make friends with the dinosaurs living there. Lastly, Antarctica could provide company to the lonely islands of Hawaii.

You may be concerned that once the ice melts off of this grand land it will flood our coastal cities. But don't worry your pretty little head. There's a plan for this as well. This plan calls for the construction of giant "superwalls" around our important cities, big enough to hold back the water (Fig. 1). Problem solved!

Of course this would be the most ambitious project to take up, and expensive too. And if the world is not yet ready to take the plunge into the future of mankind, either financially or intellectually, then at least we can use the "superwalls" idea to solve a more immediate and pressing problem: the rapid growth of the Sahara desert.

As everyone knows, the Sahara desert expands at an alarming rate every year. Sooner or later, our world will become a desert planet full of giant sandworms, just like in the movie *Dune*. Think of the children! We could use these "superwalls" to contain the desert's fury. Not only would thousands of acres of habitable land be saved from certain doom, but the Sahara could become a giant sandbox. Fun would be had by all!

Fig. 1 - Pictured here is Los Angeles being protected by a "superwall" from the sea. Also pictured is a giant jellyfish, which will exist in the future due to a nuclear holocaust.

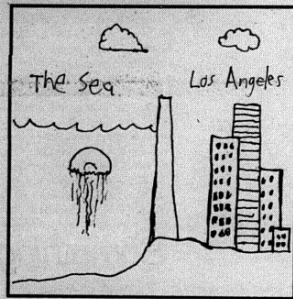


Fig. 2 - A precious giraffe is protected from the Sahara. Also pictured is a giant sandworm.

MLK holiday largely ignored by the South

by Lashell Hulse

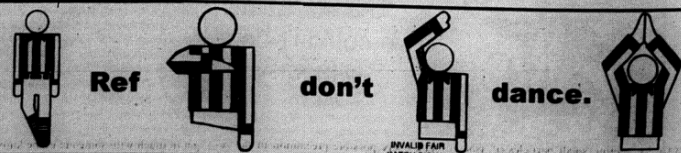
While most of America devotes the third Monday of January to the memory of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. and the increased awareness of racial issues, a few southern states choose to honor the memory of another important historical figure, Robert E. Lee. Yes, Dixie is not dead in the land of cotton (well, what used to be the land of cotton). January 19 is Robert E. Lee's birthday, and since it hovers around Monday more or less every year, Lee's birthday is in direct conflict with Martin Luther King Jr. Day. It is the land of Southern Heritage, conservative politics, the Confederate flag, and ear horns that hark the tune of "Dixie." No, it is not Hell; it is my home state. I am from Arkansas, where it is common practice for the local and statewide newspapers to literally ignore the national holiday of Martin Luther King Jr. Day in observance of Robert E. Lee's birthday. Now, my knowledge is fairly limited as to the

southern states other than Arkansas. But the Internet provides me with the information that at least three of them recognize Lee's birthday as a holiday. My area of concentration, however, will focus on the way in which Arkansas handles the holiday.

Not only do the newspapers for the cities surrounding Fayetteville (where I live) consistently ignore Martin Luther King Jr. Day, but also the state paper, the *Arkansas Democrat-Gazette*, seems to value southern tradition over a nationally recognized holiday. If you happen to be in Arkansas around Martin Luther King Jr. Day, you will be hard pressed to find mention of the holiday through local or statewide media. The situation would not be so frightening if Lee's birthday and Martin Luther King Jr. Day shared the media attention, but the fact that the media ignores a national holiday and the celebration of a truly remarkable and influential figure in history is regressive for society. And

ignore the holiday, they do. In fact, the school system I attended even went so far as to mention via intercom that it was Robert E. Lee's birthday; meanwhile, students learned from the ultimate source of knowledge (Channel One) that it was, coincidentally, also Martin Luther King Jr. Day, whoever the Hell that was. Honestly, your tax dollars might have aided in the Arkansas school system's perpetuation of a "southern pride" attitude and the creation of many potential repressed bigot gun owners.

So, the question arises, "What is to be done?" Well, I don't live there anymore, so I don't really care. But there obviously needs to be some communication advancement that could inform the South that they in fact *LOST* the Civil War, and that advancements in the concept of "desegregation" have aided in creating a national holiday called "Martin Luther King Jr. Day."



Cafeteria managers need help with categories

By Ben Brown

Upon entering the MO Hall cafeteria during the first week of school this semester, I was rather befuddled as to their choice of vegetarian entrees: White Chicken Lasagna, Chicken Lasagna, Chicken. Okay, maybe this is just me and my vegetarianism talking here, but a cry went out in my head upon reading that sign: "Hello, Captain Obvious, chicken is definitely NOT a vegetable." In fact, it strikes me that chicken is an animal, you know, meat, and thus one of those things that vegetarians don't eat. But I decided to let it go as a typo, a mere mistake that must be overlooked. So, life continued.

The next week, I was in the Centennial cafeteria when I noticed a strange notation on the counter by the main dishes. This was, of course, the word "vegetarian" in parenthesis below their fish dish. Now, I may not be a smart man, but I do know a little about the world around us. If I am not mistaken from my good ol' kindergarten days, a fish is an animal; it moves around and flops out of the water and is made of meat. As in, it is definitely NOT a vegetable, hence one of those things that vegetarians don't eat. Now maybe I am splitting hairs, but I don't believe I am. And neither do I believe that this is an issue which is a purely "vegetarian" matter. No, I believe that this issue is one that has to deal with everyone that eats in our cafeterias, everyone that has ever eaten in our cafeterias, and the countless future generations that will partake of the Cafeteria Experience everywhere. This issue is important because it seems that the people providing us with

our daily RDA intake have forgotten one simple fact: *Chicken is NOT a vegetable.*

Now, the obvious thought that this might be a simple slip up has been shown to be invalid by another simple fact: *Fish is NOT a vegetable either.*

What we have here is a problem of incredible proportions. For the vegetarians among us, the problem is evident. For those of you who enjoy the flesh of dead animals, more power to you. I am glad that you enjoy eating what you do, and that you, like vegetarians, have the freedom and choice to eat what you wish. But allow me to pose a ponderment for you: What

might happen if our RDA suppliers forget what *IS* a vegetable? Let's go with this for a moment.

What I am seeing is a cafeteria devoid of provisions for the meat-eaters around us, with new premium night entrees such as "juicy 1/4 inch sirloin eggplant" and rows of "Caesar Salad pizza." (Hell, they have taco pizzas, and who could stop them?) What would you do if you had to choose between a Seaweed Salad, meatless pizza, Soy Burgers, Tofu/Bean Spaghetti and Grilled Cheese? I know what you are saying: "I would have a Grilled Cheese." Yet imagine this as not only a bad day for meat-eaters, but your new *WAY OF LIFE*. Forever sprawling in a cafeteria where, despite your best efforts to tell them otherwise, green beans are considered a great source of protein and soy butter is the rule. Are you frightened yet? Do I need to continue with more?

I think I will let the argument stand. Yet I feel there is a possible resolution, one that is not an easy path, that is difficult for many people to accept, yet necessary to preserve both our meatless AND meat-consuming ways of life. We must join forces and work together. We must come to a common ground, for both of our sakes, and bring sanity back to the universe, bring reality back to our cafeterias. We must hug each other and shake hands in unison before embarking in the struggles. We must be devoted; we must be strong. We must, as one voice, cry out above the laughter and tumultuousness of the cafeteria these words: "Chicken is NOT a vegetable!!!!!"

May we be granted the strength to succeed.



Asbestos removal is an inconvenience

by Jay Peterson

Truman students were surprised to return to school after a long and relaxing winter break to find one of the most frequently used buildings on campus under siege. Ophelia Parrish, which contains many offices and classrooms used primarily by the Language and Literature department and the Social Sciences, has been cut asunder by large plywood walls. It was impossible to walk to where the vending machines were along with the elevator. There were no signs placed on the walls to explain their presence; they were just there. Students were shocked to find that they couldn't gain access to necessary amounts of caffeine any longer since there is a bloody great wall in the way.

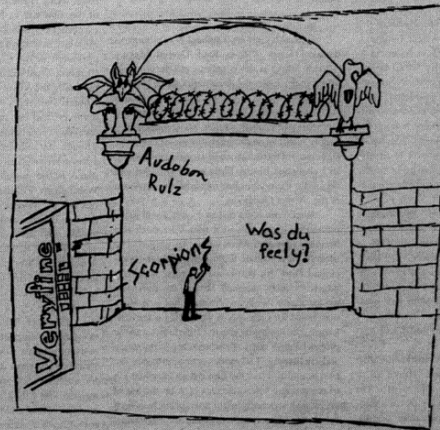
Observant Monitor sources have noticed that on some of the exits there were signs that warned of a danger and a risk of cancer-causing agents, namely asbestos. This makes sense since asbestos was a common material used as a fire retardant and insulation in older buildings. Asbestos causes disease by lodging small particles of asbestos in the lungs that can cause lung cancer. Which left in place, it doesn't cause a di-

rect threat, but when it is being removed the risk is great and it has to be removed by workers specially trained to deal with its dangers. The signs have been removed

venience for the students and faculty that use the building. I had hoped that they were going to turn the plywood partitions into a rock-climbing simulator and we could somehow break a hole in the floor and use our free-form rock climbing skill to get some exercise. Somehow, it doesn't look like that is going to happen.

The classrooms that were cut off have forced those classes to be taught in other less desirable locations. The third floor of Kirk building was one of those places. One student said it was a nice place to learn if you like paint chips! Another said, "It sucks."

The Monitor tried to reach the campus planner for comment but found out that he is impossible to get a hold of since he's busy with the renovation of Science Hall. We ran out of time (or were too busy taking care of bonsai trees, take your pick) and intend to try to get in touch with someone in the know for next time.



recently, so they probably are finished with the removal process.

Certainly, the building renovators took every possible precaution in the removal process so that it caused no risk to the campus, but it did cause great inconvenience.



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Noon, January 31
at the Golden Spike

music film literature art
Coup start a revolution

Don't become a fatalist. It seems overwhelming, but it's important to remember that Y2K will be fixed eventually. It is a temporary problem with a known solution. The question at this point is how long it will last and how far-reaching its effects will be. Through awareness and preparation, you can minimize the negative effect this could have on you and those you love.

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Hey there Monitor readers!

Have you ever thought about writing for *The Monitor*? You have?! Well it's your lucky day. We are currently (desperately) seeking additional contributors for the Spring semester. We are looking to fill the following positions:

news reporters
book, movie and music reviewers
advertising representatives
theatre reporters
opinionated persons
copy editors
people to write us letters to the editor
reliable spies
Susan
and a closet gopher

If you are interested in any of these positions, or have any other services to offer us, please attend one of our meetings on Tuesday and Thursday nights at 9:00pm in OP115B, or if you can't make a meeting...that's okay! Call 665-7927 for more info.



19 January 1999

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The Renaissance a fiction series

by Matt Simer

"Hello."
Gwen looked up and saw Tim place his tray across from her.
"Hey, Tim." Returning to her notebook, her pencil traced across the page, working out answers to a differential equation.
"Solve it yet, nerdlinger?"
"Close."
He took a bite of his ham sandwich and chewed. "You know, if you didn't have me, I think all you'd do is work."
She smiled. "Then perhaps you should go bye-bye." Looking up for his reaction, Gwen noticed how Tim's hair lay gently upon his head, like long pieces of grain perpetually blown by the wind.
"Okay, I'm gonna get some water."
She watched as he walked over to the drink island and filled a glass. As he was returning, he suddenly stopped and spun to avoid hitting a girl who wasn't paying any attention. He sat down with a grin on his face.
Tim took a bite of his sandwich and sat back, chuckling to himself.
"What's so funny?"
"What? Oh, don't worry about it."
Gwen stuck her fingers into his water glass and splashed him. "Tell me."
He pushed back his seat and looked at her. "I don't know, Gwen. Have you ever just kinda enjoyed... things?"
"Like what?"
"Well... like walking." He moved his chair toward the table and dumped corn out of a small bowl onto the tray. He began moving the kernels around with his fingers.
Gwen moved closer and watched.
"Now, imagine," he said, holding up his finger. "that this me, and the kernels of corn are all the other people in the cafeteria. I want to get over here, to this brownie." Tim placed his brownie on the other side of his tray. "Follow me so far?"
Gwen nodded.
"Okay. Now, if I start over here, with all this corn between me and the brownie, all this corn moving so fast in so many directions that I can't keep track of it all, you might think that I, as this finger, might never try. I'd be too darn scared of getting hit. But you're wrong!" Tim waved his finger through the kernels lawlessly. Then he stuck it in the brownie, picked it up, and took a bite.
"I try to look at it this way. The corn makes it that much more of a challenge. And as I make my way through the corn, dodging this way and that, I begin to appreciate how much fun it all is, how glad I am to be a finger."
Gwen sat back and laughed. She looked over to her right, watching people moving about the cafeteria. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw one girl run into another. A glass of soda flipped off the tray and landed on the floor, splashing. A few hundred heads turned and watched her come and walk away as liquid escaped from the broken glass.
Tim and Gwen avoided looking at each other. "What happens," she said, "when they try to keep you from getting the brownie?"
"I don't know, Gwen." He put his elbow on the table and rested his head in his hand, picking up some of the kernels and looking at them, then tossing them over his back.
"What's wrong with the world?" she said, erasing some stray marks in her notebook.
"Were you asking me?"
"Just wondering out loud."
"Well, I don't know the answer." He sipped some water from his glass. "I figure we've been around for how many thousand years? And we still haven't figured it out? Maybe there isn't an answer."
"I don't believe that."
"Well, I sure haven't found it yet."

women in our society, but in others she seems to fit right in. Sorting out the differences could make for a very interesting paper."

Gwen slid her palms down the length of her thighs, pressing them down into her muscles. "Of course, there are many other ways you could go about interpreting the text. Hopefully you've got a basic grasp on them from reading your reference book. Are there other theories someone would like me to talk about?"
Gwen looked up and raised her hand.
"Yes?"
"Actually, Dr. Hiller, I have a bit of a different question."
"That's fine."

"I was flipping through our critical theory book and, to be honest, I didn't really understand it. I was wondering if there's any standard for just looking at the writing and trying to figure out what an author meant and how I can apply it to my life."

Dr. Hiller smiled and looked at the class. He looked back at Gwen and said, "I can see you're not an English major." A few students laughed.
"No, Physics."

"Well, Gwen, this is a good question. One I suppose we don't really address in class but just assume students will understand implicitly. Now, I don't mean to belittle your question, so please don't take it that way, but the kind of interpretation you've suggested is what we expect students to leave behind when they come to college. It's too simplistic; that's all. We'd like to see you attempt something more challenging."

"Okay..." Gwen tapped her pen cap on the desk. "I'm afraid I still don't understand. I think that supporting the positions of ideological groups would be boring, not challenging. Maybe I'm being naive, but I thought it would be more important for a person to look at something and find meaning in it that applies to their own life, almost like directly communicating with the author."

"That is a very idealized approach to literary theory, Gwen. Now, I don't expect you to understand why this is so, but trust me when I say that anyone who tells you that you can discover what an author really meant when they wrote a text is a fool. But beyond that footnote, the whole point of an education, Gwen, is to open you up to diverse viewpoints, giving you an opportunity to see the world through the eyes of another person. You might just learn something... useful." Dr. Hiller folded his hands on the podium and nodded seriously.
"Well, with all due respect, sir, I don't really care how other people think I should look at the world. I will do my own thinking."

Dr. Hiller looked down and coughed into his fist, thinking several times. Gwen noticed some of her classmates looking at her. Some held her gaze for a few moments before looking away, while others shook their heads and jotted down some notes.
"I'm sorry you feel that way, Gwen. You don't know what you're missing. Now, are there any other questions?"
"Yes, can you deconstruction, please?"
Dr. Hiller scribbled a few more notes on the board, then began to lecture again. Heads went down and pens moved across notebook paper.
Gwen placed her pen atop her closed notebook and folded her arms across her chest. For the next hour she sat back and watched. She was beginning to get the vague feeling that there was something more going on, something she had never noticed before. Trying to drop previous thoughts and expectations, she looked outside herself for the first time. What she saw was amazing.

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"I don't believe that."
"Well, I sure haven't found it yet."

"At least you're honest," she said, watching him. "I think most people will do whatever it takes to convince themselves they're really happy and that nothing's wrong with them. Either that or they insist it's not their fault."

"But there are just so many different opinions, you know? Almost as many as there are people. If there's one right answer, how the hell would you ever find it?"

"I don't look at it like that. All right, take this piece of corn, for example..."
Tim smirked.
"Okay, just kidding. Look at it this way: it's more like there's got to be one right formula underlying all the right answers. After all, people can have the right idea on some things but be completely off base on others. The key is to find that universal formula, the thing which lets you figure out what's right and what isn't. If you find the formula, you find the answers."

"Uh... I'm not sure I follow you."
"Okay, think of it like this. Imagine all the possible answers or routes to happiness as a planet. You can travel anywhere you want, with complete freedom to do, think, and feel anything. You have all this freedom, yet you're completely unhappy. Then, one day, you find a rocket. The rocket of happiness. You realize that the only way you can be happy for the rest of your life is to get in the rocket, start the engine, and leave the planet forever. Everyone tells you not to do it. They tell you to think of all the freedom you'd be giving up, all the possibilities, choices, and landscapes you'd never see again. But then you remember, despite that wide expanse of options, you were never happy. And you realize that the rest of the people around you truly are insane, wanting to sacrifice happiness for a diverse landscape."

"So you decide to leave. You climb in the rocket, and at first all you can notice is how cramped things are. Maybe you will miss all that freedom. But you push the button anyway. The rocket rises, and soon you're in outer space. As time passes and you visit entirely new planets, stars, and galaxies, you realize what a fool you had been, thinking you were going to lose your freedom. In that rocket of happiness, you discover a freedom far more vast than you had ever imagined and a beauty no one around here ever would have let you have."

Tim tapped from his glass. "Is this some kind of mystical insight you're talking about?"
She shook her head. "No. That stuff's been around for thousands of years, and I'd say it's faded pretty miserably. I'm talking about something entirely new, something any person can use, if they so choose."
"Do you think it exists?"
Gwen tapped the eraser of her pencil on her lip. "I don't think anyone has built it yet. But I think the parts are here, somewhere."
"And you want to find them?"
Gwen held his gaze. "I'd spend my entire life looking."

Tim sat back in his chair, nodding. They were silent for several moments. Then a small buzzing noise filled the space around them.
"What is that?"
Gwen looked down at her belt and saw that her beeper was going off. She stood up and seized her coat.
"I've got to go."
"Where?"
"Sorry, Tim." She turned and ran out of the cafeteria.

"Hey!" He got up and followed, but she was already far ahead. He stopped at the outer door and watched her run through parking lot. As she climbed in her car, Tim reached up and traced a circle around her in the foggy glass. He turned and walked away, not waiting to watch her depart.

The Monitor 11

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Shows to see and to avoid like the plague

1-20
KIRK FRANKLIN NU NATION TOUR, FOX THEATRE, ST. LOUIS
QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE, H-POINTE, ST. LOUIS
1-21
CHICK COREA, MISSOURI THEATRE, COLUMBIA
KIRK FRANKLIN, ETC, FOX ST LOUIS
OLD 97's, LOUNGE AX, CHICAGO
1-22
OLD 97's, LOUNGE AX, CHICAGO
1-24
SPRING HEeled JACK, GALAXY, ST. LOUIS
1-26
SEMISONIC, GRANADA, LAWRENCE
TODAY IS MY SUPER SPACEOUT DAY, METRO, CHICAGO
1-29
LEFTOVER SALMON, MISS. NIGHTS, ST. LOUIS
HENRY ROLLINS, UNITY TEMPLE, KC
10,000 MANIACS, HOUSE OF BLUES, CHICAGO
1-30
CHICK COREA, SHELTON, ST. LOUIS
KLEZMATIC, KC CONSERVATORY, KC
DON MACLEAN, HARVEY'S CASINO, COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA
SLOAN, METRO, CHICAGO
2-3
PATTI LABELLE, GERALD LEVERT, FOX, ST. LOUIS
2-4
KING'S X, BLUE NOTE
LUCINDA WILLIAMS, HOYT SHERMAN

2-18
WILLIE NELSON, NEW SILVER BULLET, COLUMBIA
REEL BIG FISH, MISS. NIGHTS, ST. LOUIS
2-19
PHILLIP GLASS, EDISON THEATRE, ST. LOUIS
HOUSE OF LARGE SIZES, HURRICANE, KANSAS CITY
2-20
ISAC HAYES, POWELL HALL, ST. LOUIS
2-20 AND 2-21
LAURYN HILL, OUTKAST, HOUSE OF BLUES, CHICAGO
2-22
LAURYN HILL, ETC, FOX, ST. LOUIS
SNOCORE TOUR (EVERCLEAR, DJ SPOOKY, REDMAN, SOUL COUGHING), PERSHING AUD, LINCOLN NE
2-24
SON VOLT, RICHARD BUCKNER, GRANADA, LAWRENCE
2-25
LAURYN HILL, ETC, MIDLAND, KC
LEE SCRATCH PERRY, HOUSE OF BLUES, CHICAGO
SON VOLT, ETC, BLUE NOTE, COLUMBIA
SUNNY DAY REAL ESTATE, MISS. NIGHTS, ST. LOUIS
2-26
1964 AS THE BEATLES, BLUE NOTE, COLUMBIA
SON VOLT, ETC, MISS NIGHTS, ST. LOUIS
SDRE, BOTTLENECK, LAWRENCE
2-27
SNO-CORE TOUR, ARAGON, CHICAGO
SON VOLT, ETC, MISS NIGHTS, ST. LOUIS

SON VOLT, ETC, MISS NIGHTS, ST. LOUIS

SON VOLT, ETC, MISS NIGHTS, ST. LOUIS

SON VOLT, ETC, MISS NIGHTS, ST. LOUIS

SON VOLT, ETC, MISS NIGHTS, ST. LOUIS

Movies have many goofs

by Andrew Mullen

The special effects in today's movies are phenomenal. The huge computer-generated events require painstaking concentration in scene-by-scene, frame-by-frame editing. After millions of dollars spent to make a movie perfect, all it takes is the simple goof of editing that catches the viewer's eye to destroy any magic gained by the movie being on the big screen. Just like a missed sound effect, the simple idea of keeping the setup of a scene consistent from different camera angles is something that can turn the tide of a movie for an audience. It takes away from the quality, causing the viewers to focus on the mistake and not the advancing story line or great acting. Any movie has a number of bloopers, if put in slow motion and the background is scrutinized intricately. However, there are those which are so blatant that I am forced to point them out to the world by way of *The Monitor* for all to see.

Let's begin with the blockbuster movie *Twister*. Could such a well-acted movie be infallible? Could the incredible special effects mean that the director and editor made a movie void of goofs? Hell no. Blatant bad editing. Everyone remembers the scene where the coo flies by the truck, right? If you decide to try this great flick again in your VCR, notice that Dodge Ram with Helen Hunt and company are flying down a one-lane country road. Several shots show the stormy environment through the truck is proceeding, when the camera does a close-up of the cast inside the cab. Through the back window of the car we can see that they are now on a four lane highway, in sunny weather, and a car passes. Talk about a quick change in scenery. It gets better. When Bill Paxson is swearing the Ram and Helen is yelling "left!" and "right!" there is some sort of farm equipment that lands in the road on the truck's right. The scene shows the machine slamming into and shattering the windshield of the Ram. However, the windshield is quickly replaced less than two seconds later and they don't even notice. In fact, because there are so many mistakes, I am going to start there with *Twister*, because I am not trying to make a mockery of that fine piece of filmmaking.

I will move on to a movie which, despite its obvious shortcomings in the editing room, is still near and dear to my heart: *Swingers*. In case the word hasn't hit you yet on how much this movie is money, allow me to give you a preview of some of the goofs you may see. Mike's apartment is a magic house. I guess. He enters his room and immediately hits the answering machine, which is sitting on a table or desk to the left of the base for the cordless phone. He gets on the phone, then the camera does one long take from the time he starts talking until he gets off and drops the phone back on the table. In the course of this shot he wanders in and out of his kitchen and passes the table. Each time he passes the table something else disappears. First, the answering machine vanishes, then the phone base, then upon putting the phone down, we realize that there never

actually was anything on the table. Later, Mike is talking to Lorraine next to her Mustang. She asks to take him to his car, and he points to the Chopper parked behind her, saying, "Actually, that's my hog." After a few camera angle changes, suddenly the bike is gone. It left suddenly, I guess without a loud roar of the engine. Want more? Towards the end when Trent is being really rude in the little restaurant, there are several close-ups of Mike. If you look at the reflection on the window, you will see the future. Trent will, after a few more seconds, stand up and take off his shirt, whipping it around in the air. But it is already happening in the reflection.

Unfortunately, the mistakes don't end with recent movies. The modern classic, *Stand By Me*, one of my personal favorites growing up, is plagued by the goof gremlin. Chris, played by the late River Phoenix, is being told by the gods to quit smoking. While in the clubhouse playing cards, he has a pack of smokes rolled up in his sleeve. Or does he? They suddenly disappear in the various shots of him. If I was having various clothing accessories disappearing and then reappearing while I had them on, I would be a little worried. However, it gets stranger. In the scenes surrounding the junkyard, we get a chance to see the future quality of vehicles in the background. While the movie is set in the late 50's or early 60's, several 80's cars can be seen already contributing to the heap in the junkyard. A backhanded stab at the automotive industry of the 80's?

Even the greatest movie of all time, *Star Wars*, cannot escape the grasp of bad editing. They are a little bit tougher to find and are easily overlooked when sucked into the aura of it all. I have found a list of close to 200 mistakes in the trilogy, but for space purposes I will only talk about a few from the first one and the third. C-3PO, when powered down, has his eyes dark, or lights turned off. This means he is essentially turned off. However, while in the desert in the first one, his lights are on. So, C-3PO is essentially blind for about 15 minutes while wandering in the desert. While on the sandcrawler, you can actually see Kenny Baker inside R2D2. You can see through that circular glass piece on his rotating head. Later in the movie, when the stormtroopers run into the communications room with the droids in the Death Star, one of the last in the bunch slams his head into the door. He is stunned for a second. It's really funny, actually. Speaking of hitting heads, Lando does the same thing in *Return of the Jedi*. This happens the first time that you see him in Jabba's throne room. In the scene immediately following Darth Vader's execution of Obi-Wan, the truth of the light saber is revealed. When Luke shoots the door to keep Vader out of the bay area, Vader turns and starts walking with his light saber on. As the door is closing he is carrying something that looks like a pole. But it is actually the light saber without special effects around it—Jamm. I always had thought those were real. Yeah, just like the hover boards in *Back to the Future II*.

The Truman Chapter of the American Association of University Professors invites all interested members of the university community to participate in a Discussion Forum on its web page at: <http://www.socket.net/~susand>. The password to the Discussion Forum is "Kirkville". Topics currently being discussed are grade inflation, liberal arts, faculty salaries, intellectual property, and health care.

Movie relationships absurd

by Holly C'erry

It can be difficult to decide upon a movie when six people are attending together. I was in this position over Christmas break. The general consensus was that *Patch Adams* was the lesser of the evils. This is not intended to be a critique of the film but rather a harangue about couples in the movies.

That being said, I have to indulge myself and admit that *Patch* was a cheesy adaptation of what is supposed to be a true story. I could deal with the giant female legs leading to the gynecologist's convention underneath a banner that said "At your cervix," but what made my milk duds churn was Robin Williams' love interest in the film. The 26-year-old actress did a nice job of being repulsed by Williams, but when she actually began feeling attracted to him, I knew she was earning her money. As a young, beautiful med student, of course primate-like Williams longed to know her better. I thought he was around 50, but authorities give a figure a bit more generous (46). Thank the stars above that the character died before she consummated anything with her geriatric love interest.

Patch Adams is certainly not the first to make this age discrepancy a common occur-

rence in Hollywood. Others include Gwyneth Paltrow and Michael Douglas, Kate Winslet and that nasty guy in *Sense and Sensibility*, Julia Roberts and Val Harris, Jack Nicholson and Helen Hunt, and any Sean Connery movie after he received his senior citizen discount card. I realize I am not the first person to notice; a fellow classmate was revealing his disgust with young women head-over-heels for men wearing Depends. I realize love can cross the generations, but obviously Hollywood feels it is desirable to place the Olsen twins opposite Harrison Ford. Perhaps I would be a bit more accepting if older women got to home with younger men. When is Kathy Bates going to make a man out of DiCaprio? Or when is Susan Sarandon likely to make it with James Van der Beek? There really is no excuse for this blunder, these movies suck anyway. Yet if nothing else changes, there is only one request, no demand I have to make: assassinate Jennifer Love Hewitt. World peace will break out and nuclear weapons will be destroyed. The ozone will heal itself and endangered species will flourish. Well, maybe this is a bit embellished, but I would not have to look at her spew it ever again.

The Writing Center

Helping You Write Now

Write Bite:

"The quality of our thoughts is bordered on all sides by our facility with language."

-J. Michael Straczynski

Word of the Week:

Sublimate, v. To refine or exalt.

Writing Tip #6

Variation is exciting: look for redundant words, sentence beginnings, and sentence structure

MC 303, 785-4484

Windfall

(The Campus Literary Magazine)

Wants your submissions!

Send us your best:

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-prose

-reproducible art

-photography

Drop submissions off in our mailbox, located in the illustrious CAOC office, which can be found in the lower level of the SUB. Please attach a self-addressed, stamped envelope to your work.

The deadline for submissions is:

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1999

19 January 1999



Queen Astra! Let the stars be your guide!

your mother with joy, but it will improve your love life. No one likes a hunchback.

Taurus (April 21 - May 22): Oh Taurus, there are so many things you could change. But I think by far, resolutions to shower regularly and pluck those long nose hairs will benefit you the most.

Gemini (May 23 - June 21): The moon is in your house of travel. Resolve to take more vacations this year. Have faith in your ability to make up lame-o excuses to get out of responsibilities.

Cancer (June 22 - July 24): Whiney, whiney, whiney Cancer. You need to quit feeling sorry for yourself. It's a new year child, and self-pity is out, out, out. Although I've heard passive-aggressiveness is making a comeback, and it suits you go well!

Leo (July 25 - August 23): What Leo! Must pay for living such an extravagant life!

Bertha Stewart

Surviving

Homemade Pizza Dough

1 package active dry yeast
1 1/4 cups lukewarm water
3 cups flour
1 1/2 teaspoons salt
1 tablespoon olive oil
cornmeal (for pan)

Welcome back all you eager beaver readers. Hope you're enjoying the cold, sticky, Kirkville weather. You know how it is when you come home and don't want to go back out for food. The usual alternative is to call the delivery boys. They guess what, he doesn't want to go out either. You, in your selfish state of hunger, make him freeze his little tail off just to bring your laziness some grub. Please, let's be nicer than that in this new year.

So Bertha, if I can't call for food, what do I eat? Um, hello, you have to cook. That's where I come in with this recipe: a recipe for homemade pizza dough. This way you can save your good deed by letting the pizza people stay in their cozy little restaurant and you can have whatever your little heart desires on your pizza. So, put on your putty white chef's hat, we're gonna cook.

Start by preheating the oven to 450 degrees. In a large mixing bowl, dissolve one package of active dry yeast in 1/2 cup lukewarm water. Yeast can be found in the baking section of your favorite grocery store. It usually comes in groups of three envelopes; only use one for this. (To use the rest, see *The Monitor* files for the bread recipe I gave you last semester.) Remember that yeast will go bad, so don't let that stuff left over from fall 1995. Once all the yeast is dissolved, let it sit for 10 minutes.

To make the dough, add 3 cups flour, 1 1/2 teaspoons salt, 1 tablespoon olive oil, and 1 cup lukewarm water. Mix it well in the bowl, then throw some flour down on your cabinet and turn the dough out to knead. Kneading just means pushing and punching on it until the dough is smooth, probably about 10 minutes for this recipe. If the dough is too sticky, you can add some flour, but not too much.

Pour more olive oil in the bowl to coat the sides, then put the dough back in to rise. Cover it with a towel and put it in a warm place for at least an hour. Near a heater is usually good, in the oven would be best. You want the dough to be twice the size it was when you started. Once it is big enough, punch it down, yes, just hit it, then let it sit for 10 more minutes. This is a recipe to really get out your frustrations, so enjoy your anger.

You can now divide the dough if you want to make small pizzas for each of your roomies, or make one huge one for your party, little self. Use a rolling pin to flatten the dough before putting it onto a baking that has corn meal sprinkled on it. If you don't have a rolling pin, use your hands or the side of a bottle that has a little bit of oil or flour on it. Brush a little more olive oil on the top of the dough, then add your toppings. You can be artsy with your pizza and add things like peas, ricotta cheese, and prosciutto, or olives, olive oil, and Parmesan cheese. Or you can go for a more authentic Italian style with dried tomatoes and mozzarella cheese with a bit of parsley or thyme, no sauce of course. Of course, my personal favorite is a can of cheap tomato sauce or paste, mozzarella cheese, and pepperoni. Be creative. Who knows what you'll think of to put on your pizza?

Bake your masterpiece for about 15 minutes, until the edges are brown and the toppings have cooked. Serve your pizza with a nice lettuce salad and soda, or just have the beer out of the bottle you used to roll the dough. Another good idea for entertaining would be to make up a bunch of little pizzas out of the dough, invite over all your friends and let them choose their own toppings. You can freeze the dough after you roll it out if you wrap it up real tight in plastic. Just make sure you thaw it completely before adding toppings and baking.

See, isn't baking for yourself much nicer than making the delivery folks get out in the cold? Put yourself on the back for being a kind-hearted soul. Now that you're a good person, be a generous person and send me your favorite recipes. Just put them in the CAOC mailbox. You could be featured in my column. Happy cooking!

Limit drug use to weekends and holidays. And just for good measure, boot any shapeless drifters out of your life.

Virgo (August 24 - September 23): It's high time you realized, Virgo, that the plants and trees need lovin' too. Start your own Veggie Coalition and protest those vegans. Enjoy a steak.

Libra (September 24 - October 23): This year it's time to fulfill your wildest dreams. Go ahead, dance on a table. Sing "Old MacDonald Had a Farm" on the produce at the super market. Or if you dare, turn homework in late if that's more your speed. It's all about self-gratification, Libra.

Scorpio (October 24 - November 22): You must stop using those 900 numbers. Instead, try calling your mother. All the humiliation and guilt when you hang up at half the cost. **Sagittarius (November 23 - December**

21): Flaunt your foulness this year. Bump and fart whenever possible. Cussing is always a plus. When people question your motives, mutter something about repression and feminism. They won't ask twice.

Capricorn (December 22 - January 20): Big things are in store for you, Capricorn. Although you may put on 20-30 lbs. this year, don't sweat it. Chub is in. But be careful, Ugly is not.

Aquarius (January 21 - February 19): The age of Aquarius has been over for 30 years now, and with the new year a new image. Embrace technology and cut that long hair, you dirty hippie.

Pisces (February 20 - March 20): Your lying ways will catch up to you this year. Pisces, lie to cover it up. Denny, Denny. This may be the only way to save yourself. A Cancer figures sharply.

Hey Sailor! Gotta problem? Then *The Monitor* has the perfect solution. Why don't you write a letter to Queen Astra?

She would be marvelously happy to give you some personalized advice for free! You read right....FREE! Talk about bargain. So just drop all of the explicit details of your pathetic life in the *Monitor* box in the CAOC.

Contents of letters will be published in future issues of *The Monitor*. All names will be kept the same to humiliate the author. Pleeaseeease write!

Strong Coffee, Baked Goods and Serious Conversation

The Truman Chapter of the American Association of University Professors meets the first Friday of each month at 7:30am at the Washington Street Java Co., 107 W. Washington Street, downtown Kirkville. Next Meeting: Friday, February 5th.

This Special White Space features a guest appearance by the ghost Conway Twitty:

I.S.E.P. application deadline

International Student Exchange Program applications are due in the Center for International Education Abroad (CIEA), Kirk Building 120 on January 25, 1999 for Fall 1999/Spring 2000 semesters.

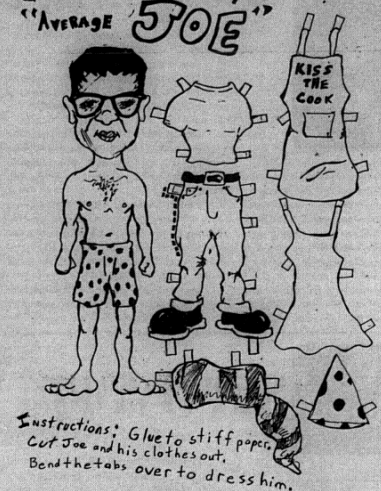
Please contact the CIEA for information and/or an application.

Cartoons!

DICKENS DOES THE COLLEGE THING

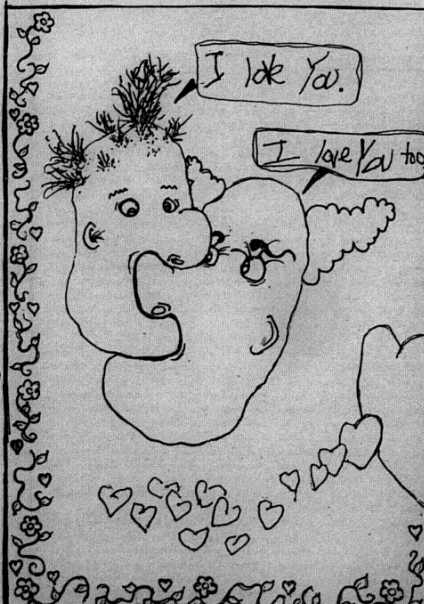


TIME TO DRESS your "AVERAGE JOE"



Instructions: Glue to stiff paper. Cut Joe and his clothes out. Bend the tabs over to dress him.

THE DODGE CHRONICLES "ANY DANDINO"



by Kjell Hahn

Art Page

"Paintings and Prints," currently on display in the Campus Gallery, features the paintings of visiting artist Pip Brant, along with a display of prints collected by last year's visiting artist Marie Dutka showcasing the work of Polish artists in both Europe and the U.S. In addition to the gallery, more of Brant's work is being exhibited at the Washington St. Java Company. Here are a few of her paintings which will be on display in the gallery until January 26th.



"Elitist Pigs vs. White Trash"
Acrylic
1996



"Church of Science"
Acrylic
1996

Artist Statement:

"These paintings find their sources in legends that are harvested from gossip, newspapers, folklore and history. There is a possibility that these reported events may be true. The stories I paint about, which often address conflicts in science, fertility, incomplete fertility or strange and unexplainable events, drift into my concern and work like a diary of ambivalent discussions with myself. These discussions are displayed visually with a bizarre sense of humor acting as a referee and distancing the viewer from the actual horror of the topic."



"Teenage Nativity"
Acrylic
1994

Pip Brant,
Kirkville, Missouri
1999



(left)
"Heaven and Hell"
Acrylic
1996



"Sacred Calf"
Acrylic
1996

Dudley Do-Right's Chastisement

Bullwinkle, go to hell
 You blabbering idiot
 Wasting time with an inferior rodent
 Flying squirrels are worthless without ammunition
 A shame to your country
 Natasha and Boris spit on you

—Chrissy Birdsell

Cup

I saw her at the coffee shop. The first thing I noticed was her porcelain skin. The second thing I noticed was her big, round mouth. She looked like a cup I used to know. She would look really nice on my kitchen table. I watched her for an hour or two. She sat on a napkin. A spoon sat in her lap. I wanted to tear the napkin in two. I wanted to bend the spoon in half. But I convinced myself they were only friends. I made up my mind to talk to her. I knew I'd never see her again. I walked to her table. I was so scared. I'd never approached a cup before. Hi, I said. I told her my name. Would you like a cup of coffee? The cup and the napkin and the spoon didn't move. Her big, round mouth began to laugh. That's when I saw how empty she was. The napkin and the spoon were friends after all. I told them to leave. I knocked them to the floor. I took her hand. She didn't say no. Her hand was cold. I ordered coffee. It filled her up. I kissed her mouth. She tasted like coffee. She burned my tongue. Her hand was hot. I let her go. She was like the other cups. I left her there laughing. Her aftertaste was bad. I never want to see her again. Her big, round mouth will still be laughing.

Matthew A. Webber

Flip through the plastic girls in their chunky mascara
 After they've sucked on their fingers and munched on mascara.

Woman Awake

Gaia within
 begin again
 breathe a new breath in

laugh, rejoice
 love your own voice
 sing now for yourself

seek, navigate
 fight, instigate
 let doubt crumble to empowerment

stretch
 reach
 learn
 teach
 let your body be pleased,
 your soul be challenged

Woman insane
 dance unattained
 motion to endeavor

skin, eyes
 belly, thighs
 love yourself all over

rising blue
 the moon within you
 circle of unending

your pearl
 your pink exuberance
 soft flow of form abounding

the Maiden, the Mother, the Crone shall set you free
 Magical Woman be calm in your strong destiny

—Kristen O'Guin

MY BACK PAGES

HOLLY, M'LADY,
 WHAT CAN I SAY IN A POEM
 ABOUT YOU, THERE ARE NO WORDS TO DESCRIBE.
 THE BEAUTY WHICH YOU HOLD
 WILL FORTUNATELY NEVER DIE.
 THIS HAPPINESS YOU GIVE TO ME
 IS LIKE AN OCEAN THAT FILLS
 THE EMPTY SPACE WITHIN MY HEART
 WITH NEVER ENDING MEMORIES.
 THE LOVE IN ME THAT IS FOR YOU
 IS AS PURE AS THE SCENT OF
 A ROSE FROM THE GARDEN OF EDEN.
 A GREAT LOVER ONCE SAID
 THERE ARE ONLY FOUR QUESTIONS
 OF VALUE IN THIS LIFE:
 WHAT IS SACRED,
 OF WHAT IS THE SPIRIT MADE,
 WHAT IS WORTH LIVING FOR,
 AND WHAT IS WORTH DYING FOR.
 ALL ARE LOVE.
 SOON WE WILL BE TOGETHER
 AND LATER WE WILL BE ONE
 AND FOREVER IN TIME MY LOVE GROW

—J.M.

The One Next Door

I don't know which one of us I want to kill for this
 but I would rather run my knife down my cutting board
 then my fingernails across your face
 in the morning you'd leave
 no mark of me unhealed
 and as I watch you outside my kitchen window
 in my mind you're walking
 dragging cherry blossoms and nerve endings towards my
 house

I can see our children trailing behind you
 with dark eyes like silver fish
 that could wind their edges around my legs
 teach me to be quiet, to be held
 and in your innocence you have no clue
 these thoughts I think of you
 of wives and bedsheets and tangled frightening
 that makes my
 pulse
 jump

I do not need love to survive this
 I do not need you to survive this
 I only want you there.

—Megan Wampler

Hate Me

Shove anger in my face,
 another time, once more, and again.

Spin my spoken thoughts
 And put them back in my mouth.

Spit at the ground before my feet,
 And hate ever meeting me.

Yet I refuse to say I'm sorry.

for it is your face
 where I shall shove my anger.

It is your words that I will twist
 making less than relevance.

And although decency holds back my spit,
 It doesn't keep me from hating you.

—Brian Clever

My Back Pages needs lots and lots of poetry. So if you are a poet,
 send us your poems. You know you want to. What are you waiting for?