

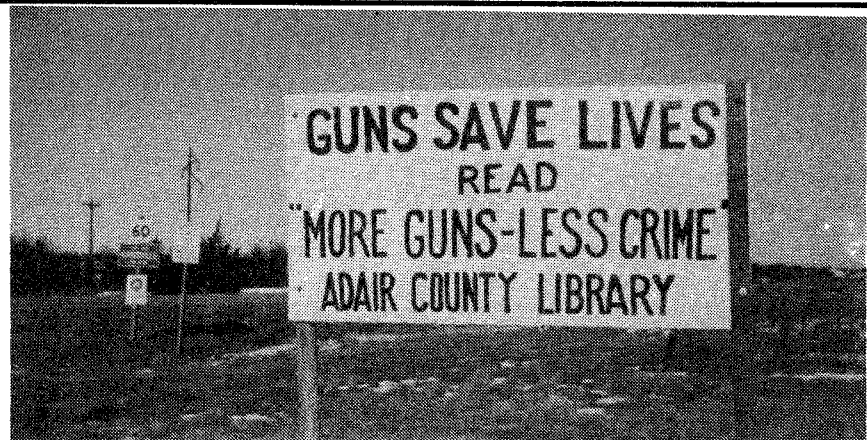
The Monitor

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. Webber

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. "(Pickler) 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 Collegians, 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.bobbyseale.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 grassroots 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.

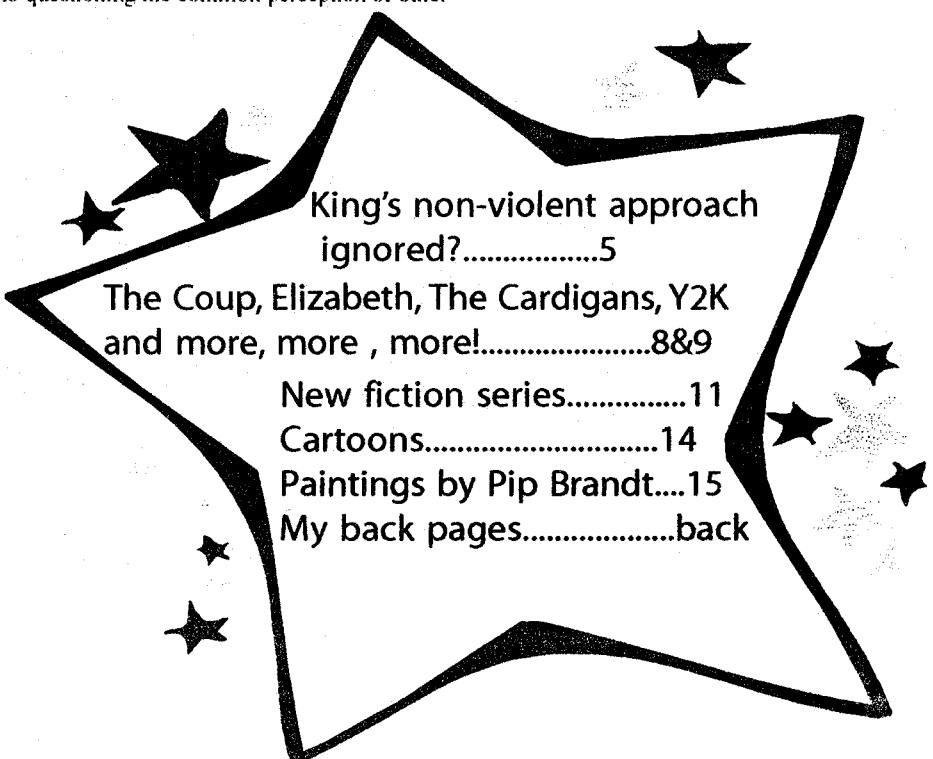
The name REACH stands for "Reclaiming, recycling, and re-evolving Ecological, economic, enviro-empowerment around and about All peoples' active, Creative, cooperational Humanism."

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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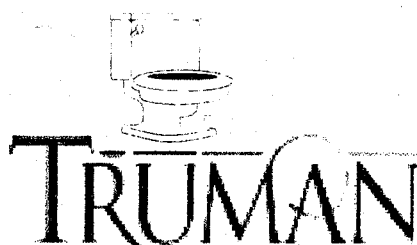


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State University

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S UNFIT

Local Student Laments Recent Snowfall

Kristoff Afarvenmargen, 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."

Afarvenmargen, a senior residential in service at Truman, has given a series of lectures recently around campus as the front line of fense 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 Afarvenmargen. "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 it's 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 electrcity."

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

"Together, I really think we can make a difference," Afarvenmargen 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 [Afarvenmargen] smokes crack."

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

There was a notably heavy contingent from truly both Kirksville community and the Magruder atom bomb campus alike. At the recently concluded San Francisco Modern Languages Association Annual year-end conference, I counted at least thereabouts 4 A-bomb full-time professors and one part-timer and two XNMSU 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 comfortable US MLA "old guard" want to do the same oblivious 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 MLA "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 racing 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" aghast at scholarship, and politics having been inextricable since Socrates' trial and death on frame-up "perversion 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-British media's (TV) "debasing of language" over the launch of Gulf War Xmas II. By 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 seed missiles left

to defend themselves against us. Just as in Gulf War One, 400% of Iraqi soldiers were draftee 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 Basma 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 nauseatingly we once armed to the teeth as our "herd" against other (shite) Muslim Iran! Oops, 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) an institutional example in lies, lies, of what socialist writer George Orwell called tendentious, gross, slick excusist, "doublespeak" this time for cowardly Bill Clinton and Tony Blair! The one sex-scandal desperate and the other jobless-growing scandal in war diversion stupidity "needs" making Iraq another Cuba or Falklands "TV ratings" special to be bombed at our sanctimonious will!

Yours Sincerely,

Larry Isles

US Canada representative British Labour Party Peace Action Group

Isles decries Truman approach to MLK Day

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

In past years, I have been a staunch all-out 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 festivity relevantly radicalising, as Dr. King's living spouse and radical descendants have all faithfully said it punchily should, reactionary locals, it appears that, stupidly, the reverse process is corroding the entire, sharp shape-up point. Stuff that is so pietistic that it easily, tamely 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 at all local taxpayers should be co-matose-facilely producing. In fact, it is dishonoring both the rude radicalism and the global anti-racist, anti-war cutting edge of the real "MLK" whom more honestly, if not brutally, many white present 1999 Americans like the *Hill Street Journal* editorialists despise! Better their odium than our blase mummifying!

Incredibly, the latest "fler" 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 candle-light for peace event." With not a mention made of US UK's oppression, in violation of UN Security Council protest, of Iraqi citizens 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 listened forcefully to are ignored, as they have been now at every local TSU King celebration, within official memory!

So, the Vietnam War sermon given to New York Unitarian Riverside Church audience is not being TSU-honored. Despite the fact it is very apropos to not only what we are criminally doing in killing over 1,600 Iraqis by our "hightech" currently. But was written I quote to warn "poor Americans" of "racist wars abroad" throughout Western history. As a "cover" to avoid home social reform expenditure! Since each day US UK forces are in Kuwait "macho" 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 rigor and critical inclusion worthy of Dr. King's own and current King scholarship TSU's event contrastingly, so weakly, is. The latest "autobiography" study of King quotes him as thanking 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 revolutionising all King scholarship (since it had, previously, been wrongly thought he only got really "radical" with the "poor people's" campaign intended "March on Washington" towards the end of his life before he was himself assassin slain) 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 "afflict 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 "workfare" reforms will alas finally boot kick-in against them. In other words, if a job has not been located then, the two-year complete cut-off of even their children's welfare benefits will be wickedly 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 profiteeringly denied to re-train such folks for any jobs. In rural, hidden Missouri this will be worse still!

At a time of capitalistic 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 ballast of realism 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 Isles

nb The writer is also a Unitarian!

Wanna join
the Monitor
staff?

See page 10 for
all the juicy details.

Why Not TAT2's

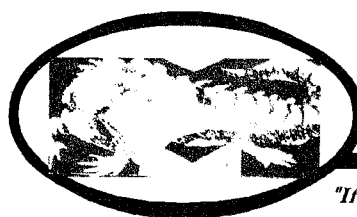
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Opinions

"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 took 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 attack 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 ourselves. For from his view 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 1967 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 Shall 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 to end 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 one for us?

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 friggin' day. Pretty soon, I'll be spending all of my time there and in Violette.

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 undeclared 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 declare 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 know 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

by Tom Wheatley

Ever step in a big pile of scholarshit?

That's right, scholarshit. Chances are that you've come into contact with your fair share at one point or another.

What is scholarshit? Basically, it's anything that you learn in school that takes up space in your head that could be filled with useful or true information.

Scholarshit has plagued our educational system for years. It turns our minds into the stinky brown stuff that has no artistic value (unless you are into modern art), intellectual value (unless you are Rush Limbaugh), or practical value (unless you are a farmer).

If you went to gradeschool, you got a lifetime full of scholarshit crammed into what were possibly the eight most impressionable years of your life. Gradeschool teachers sling scholarshit all over the place.

The most common form of gradeschool scholarshit was buswork. Remember learning cursive writing, long division, and state capitals? We were all victims of scholarshit.

The scholarshit didn't stop there, though. It continued with great force in high school. The high school scholarshit is a little different than the gradeschool variety. It doesn't stink as bad, but it's still pretty intolerable.

High school scholarshit consisted largely of teachers assuming that students didn't have the intellectual abilities to think for themselves, so they told them what to think.

My biology teacher was full of scholarshit. A large part of the class consisted of memorizing kingdom and class names and having to spell them correctly. I think that one of the best arguments against evolution is that this guy is alive, because his ancestors should have been killed.

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 scholarshit 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 scholarshit 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 scholarshit. 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 scholarshit. Getting really, really upset about the work of deconstructionist authors as opposed to postmodern writers is stinky, too.

Now, not every prof or gradeschool teacher shovels scholarshit 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 scholarshit. If you are brushed off or laughed at, it's scholarshit. If you can look it up in an encyclopedia, it's scholarshit.

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 Pasley

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 a 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.

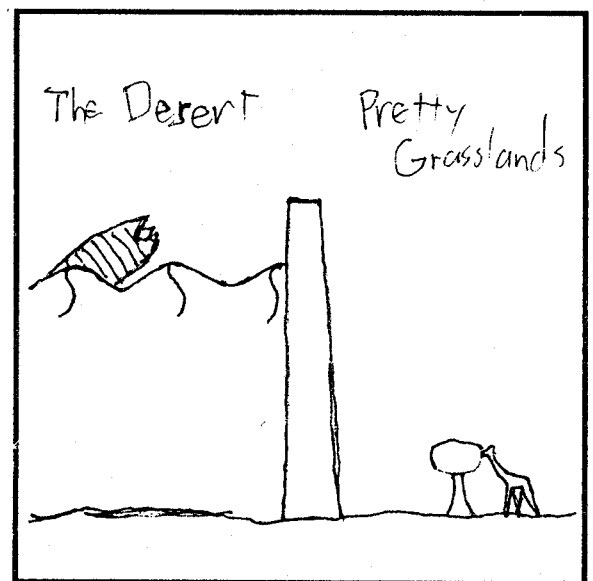
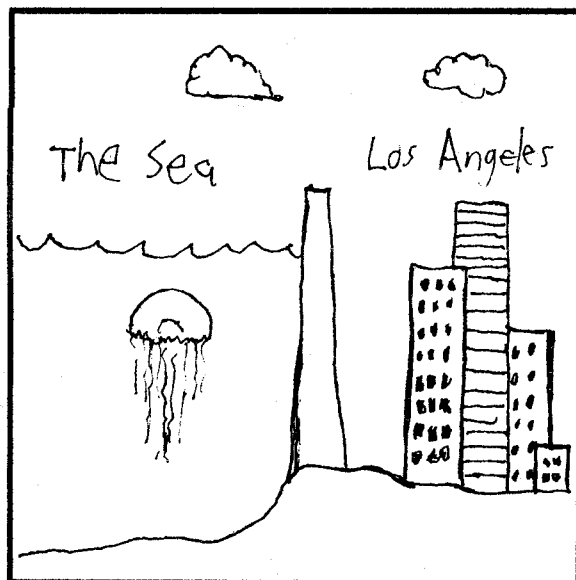


Fig. 2 - A precious giraffe is protected from the Sahara. Also pictured is a giant sandworm.

MLK holiday largely ignored by the South

by Leslie White

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.

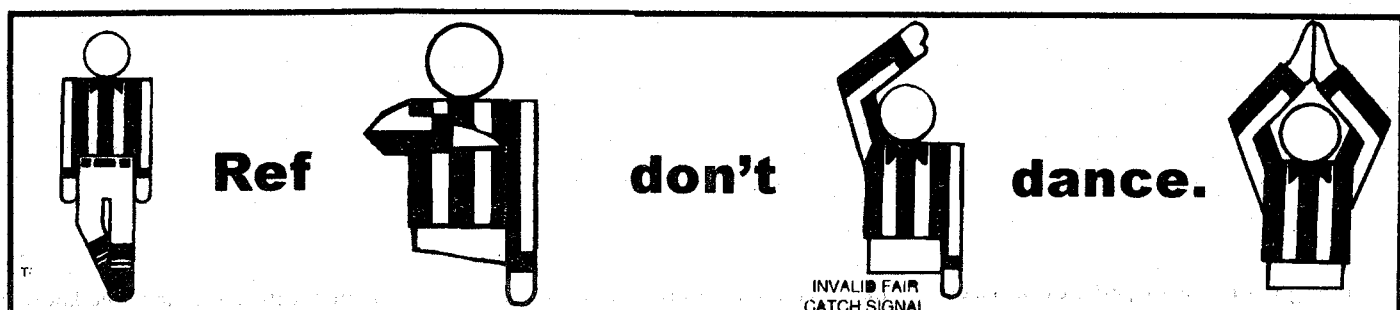
It is the land of Southern Baptists, conservative politics, the Confederate Flag, and ear horns that honk the tune of "Dixie." No, it is not Hell; it is my home state. I am from Arkansas, where it is common practice for the local and statewide newspapers to literally ignore the national holiday of Martin 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 state 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. Basically, 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 Braun

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.

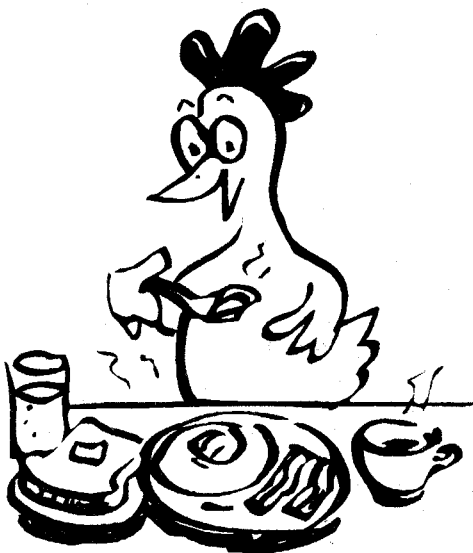
What I am seeing is a cafeteria devoid of provisions for the meat-eaters around us, with new premium night entrees such as "juicy 1/4 inch sirloin eggplant" and rows of "Caesar Salad pizza." (Hell, they have taco pizzas, and who could stop them?) What would you do if you had to choose between a Seaweed 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. When left in place, it doesn't cause a di-

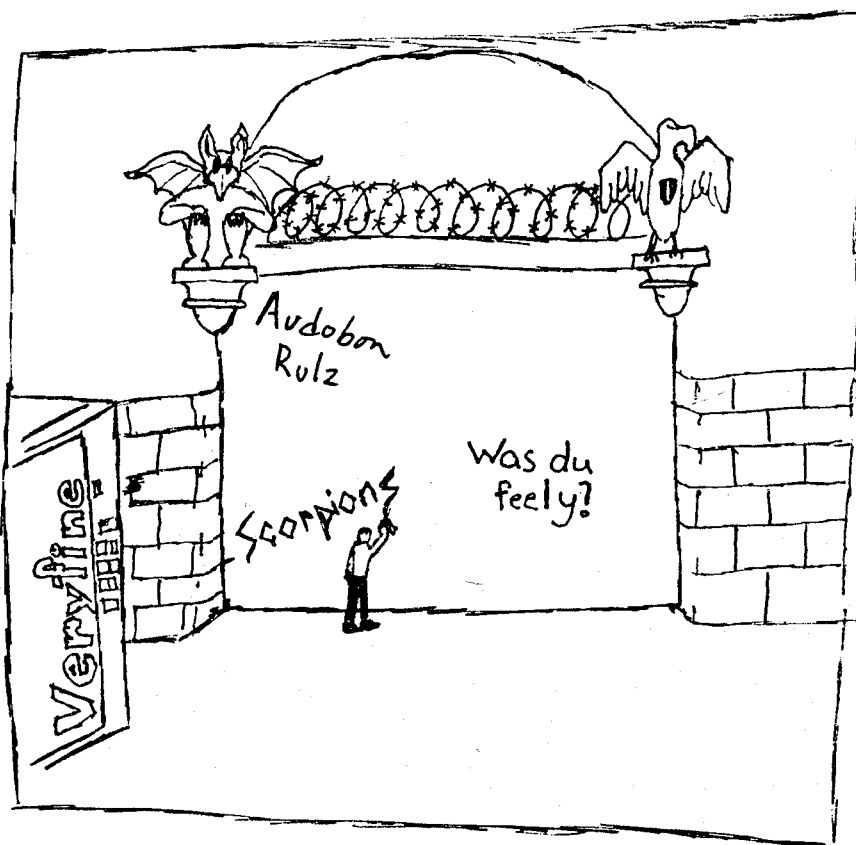
rect threat, but when it is being removed the risk is great and it has to be removed by workers specially trained to deal with its dangers. The signs have been removed

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.



rectly, 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 incon-



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Reviews



music film literature art

The Coup start a revolution

The Coup
Steal This Album
Dogday Records

by Dave Heaton

Steal This Album, the third LP from The Coup, is a genuine treasure for anyone seeking blazing, in-your-face rebel music. From the Abbie Hoffman-cribbed title onwards, this is genuine social commentary, designed to move minds while pleasing ear drums and dancing feet.

The music is laid-back, West Coast-style, funk-drenched hip-hop put down by a talented DJ, Pam the Funkstress, and a tight band, with guitars, bass, keyboards, and the occasional horn section. The opening track, "The Shipment," kicks the album into high gear, musically and lyrically, with a killer harmonica hook and lyrics setting up The Coup's agenda: to push "politicalsymphonicallynarcotic," politically charged rhymes over quality music.

Boots Riley is the man behind The Coup: producer, songwriter, and rapper. His class-conscious perspective is the type missing from music (or public dialogue in general) today. On a whole, *Steal This Album* is a commentary on the economic state of America, particularly the ever-widening gap between the rich and the poor, and how it affects real people's lives. He speaks from personal experience and uses it to call for action. His outrage is at corporate America (perhaps the real heads of state), at CEO's making millions off the labor of underpaid, stressed-out workers who do the dirty work and get none of the rewards, and at a government and society slanted towards the wealthy, designed to keep this situation as it is.

The album is filled with hard-hitting hip-hop with serious messages. "Breathing Apparatus," with guest F.T.S., goes after the health insurance industry, while "The Repo Man Sings For You," featuring Del the Funkee Homosapien as the repo man, tackles "buy now pay later" schemes and other business tactics preying on the poor. "Me and Jesus the Pimp in a 79 Granada Last Night" is the much-needed flip side of the ever-popular pimp myth, a story-rap about the son of an abusive pimp and a helpless prostitute. Boots' lyrics show an understanding of why people act as they do while offering the message that people have the power to overcome negative situations. His delivery, from the son's perspective, is hauntingly affecting, as he switches from the poetic narrative ("the rain dropped giant pearls, God was pissin' on the world") to commen-

tary on the cycle of violence: "well since my adolescence, cuz of his pimp lessons, I smack my woman in the dental just for asking silly questions...ain't got no close partners, socially I can't function."

To lighten up the album's tone, while also demonstrating how laughing at terrible situations is a way to cope, The Coup include a few humorous songs about ways of dealing with poverty, like "Cars & Shoes," about how driving a beat-up, falling apart car is much better than walking, and "Sneakin In," a light-hearted look at sneaking in to movies, concerts, and sporting events without paying. The album also includes two skits which are brief, humorous, and fit well thematically with the album, qualities absent from most skit-filled hip-hop albums.

The two songs which will stay with listeners longest, "Underdogs" and "Piss On Your Grave," take extremely different approaches towards the album's theme, that of a rain of teardrops and a clenched fist raised high; in other words, of contemplation and a rousing call for action. "Underdogs" shows a soulful empathy for people born into or going through tough times. Throughout the song, Boots uses details to affect listeners, and then makes a serious call for listeners to not just be touched, but to try to do something about it. He also successfully argues that many of our country's problems, such as crime, can be traced back to economic differences: "You take the workers from jobs, you gon' have murders in mobs; a gang of preachers screaming sermons over murmurs and sobs; saving pray for a change from the lord above you; they'd tear this motherfucker up if they really loved you."

On "Piss On Your Grave," the impulse to truly rip up the world out of anger is channeled into a powerful rebellious anthem in the tradition of "Fight the Power" or "Fuck the Police." Here Boots takes a slap-you-in-the-face approach by calling for the desecration of the graves of anyone who has profited from the tears, hurt, or bloodshed of others, from the aforementioned CEO's to the founding fathers.

This is ambitious, fiery stuff, but also filled with understanding and, above all, a concern for human dignity and worth. On *Steal This Album*, The Coup lay down a convincing argument for activism over pounding, high-grade beats and grooves. The album opens with a voice stating, "you don't always have to be down under," and carries through this message that people have the power. As Boots raps near the album's end, "True liberation ain't no word in the head,"

The Cardigans: more than pop

The Cardigans
Gran Turismo
Stockholm Records/Mercury

by Matthew A. Webber

Admit it. You liked it. You know, that song. That catchy ear candy from the *Romeo and Juliet* soundtrack. "Love me, love me, say that you love me..." Maybe, like me, you'd turn up your radio whenever you heard it. Or maybe, like me, you'd feel compelled to sing along. Or maybe, like me, you'd be stuck with the song in your head for days. The song was "Lovefool," by the Swedish band the Cardigans, a catchy, danceable pop song that I never thought I'd own on album. I figured that the band was a one-hit wonder, perhaps a 90's version of Dexy's Midnight Runners, or (gasp!) another Ace of Base.

I should have known better than to make such assumptions, because to assume is to make an ass...

I didn't even know the Cardigans had released *Gran Turismo*, their follow up to *First Band on the Moon* (the album on which their hit song appears) and their fourth studio album, until a friend of mine raved about it. He told me to borrow it and I did, more out of curiosity than a belief I'd actually like it. I took it home, played it, and liked it right away—from the opening track to the next one to the next, for each and every luscious song, for songs much better than the pure pop of "Lovefool." It usually takes me several listens to an unfamiliar album before I can fully appreciate it (if I ever do), but my friend's *Gran Turismo* vanked me by the ear and forced me to listen and appreciate. Actually, Nina Persson, the Cardigans' lead singer, coaxed me—her voice was sweet and delicate and pure—and she whispered in my

ear and said I'd be okay. I believed her and I was okay, and I became a Cardigans' fan.

The songs are just as catchy as the hit single "Lovefool." "Erase/Rewind" will stick in your head—but they are all much more complex and richer with sound. The texture is that of a foggy, autumn night—thick, lonely, cool, dark—and then the fog will lift and the stars will shine. The liner notes serve to reinforce this theme, with pictures of clouds and shadows and sunsets.

The music is muddled, the instruments are fuzzy, but Nina's voice is clear and clean, a stark and moving contrast to the dense instrumentation. She rises above the thick, murky mix, but her voice hardly rises louder than a whisper. Her voice is a wonderful instrument, at once sounding frail and commanding and beautiful.

The music itself is still pop, but the foggy tone, Nina, and the instrumentation make the songs something different, something much better than simple, danceable, bubblegum pop, a category in which "Lovefool" might find itself at home.

And while I still like the Cardigans' ubiquitous hit, both musically and lyrically I like the songs on *Gran Turismo* even better. The songs can be as happy (as poppy) as "Lovefool," and they can also be full of longing or hope. In the beautifully simplistic, "Do You Believe," Nina sings, "Do you really think that love is gonna save your soul? Well I sure hope so... But I don't think so."

I still don't own *First Band on the Moon*, but I do own *Gran Turismo*—an even better album. And my roommate owns the other (with the danceable hit), so I guess I'll be covered if I ever need some candy.

Elizabeth is visually stunning

Elizabeth
Starring Cate Blanchett and Geoffrey Rush

by Leslee White

Sixteenth Century England is in imminent danger. Henry VIII is dead, Queen Mary's (Bloody Mary) health is failing, and the crown is up for grabs. Enter the daughter of Anne Boleyn, Elizabeth I, who is in line to receive the crown.

So begins the story of the first few tumultuous years of Elizabeth's reign. My recollection of history is not strong enough for me to claim the legitimacy of the information imparted in the film, so I challenge history buffs to see the film and decide for themselves how accurate the depiction of the "Virgin Queen" is.

Since I am not a history expert, I will focus primarily on the film as a film. *Elizabeth* is a beautiful film; that much cannot be refuted. The scenery, the costumes, the language, and the compelling story are combined to create a picture which is visually stunning. I expect this film to be up for many Academy Awards, but if it were nominated for only one, it would be for the costumes. The luxurious gowns of the ladies and the proper English dress of the men are hypnotizing and enchanting. The castles and countryside are also beautiful. I feel the film did an excellent job of recreating a believable idea of what the life of an English monarch might have been. In a final scene of the film, Elizabeth emerges with her new "Virgin Queen" style of dress. Her exposed skin is painted white; she looks larger than life. According to Elizabeth (Cate Blanchett), she becomes a virgin. The visual aspect of this film is very strong and definitely contributes to the film's power.

The film gives an account of the first years

of Elizabeth's reign. Cate Blanchett plays the virtually sideless new queen. Though I do not recall seeing Blanchett in other films, her face as of this film will be hard to forget. She does an excellent job in portraying the challenges the queen must face in a world against her. Elizabeth's main opponent is the Catholic Church that fears Elizabeth's rule will disgrace the throne and bring the end of the power of the Church. Through the Church's attempts to get rid of Elizabeth, she discovers that she must be forceful and take a great deal of authority sometimes involving force. Though she dislikes the necessity of force, her advisor Walsingham aids her in establishing her place as the monarch. Geoffrey Rush plays Walsingham, Elizabeth's devious ally, who carries out the violent orders of the queen. Rush does an excellent job, but that is no surprise to anyone who has seen his work before.

There is within the political side of *Elizabeth* a tragic love story. The love story centers around the question of whether it is a valid excuse to betray the one you love in order to protect him or her.

If the goal of the film is to make Elizabeth a sympathetic character, it did a good job. This story of a naive woman who learned that as a monarch she must do certain immoral things in the interest of self-preservation is a good film for anyone, and I think it is a good message of the strength of a woman.

Elizabeth may sound too stuffy to you, but I think if you find the story at all interesting, you will enjoy the film. I also think it is a good idea to see all potential Best Picture nominees in the spirit that your criticism of the nominees and winners can be based in a wide knowledge of the competition.

Busta Rhymes

Extinction Level Event: The Final World
Front
Elektra

by Dave Heaton

Busta Rhymes, hip-hop workaholic with a crazy gruff voice and unique methodical flow, finishes his countdown to Armageddon with *Extinction Level Event*. Except for a few tracks, he's not really breaking new territory here, but his style is already so enjoyable and so distinctly his that it's tough to complain about another helping of it. Busta again uses sparse, bass-heavy backdrops with pretty creative samples to produce, as he calls it, the "hot shit makin va bouce," yet the focus is really on his rhyming skills, which are at times downright amazing, especially on the title song, the collaboration with the ever-hyper Mvstikal, and the off-kilter first single, "Gimme Some More."

Soul Coughing

El Oso

Slash/Warner Bros.

by Erin Huckle

Soul Coughing has continued the progression away from their characteristic beat jazz stylings with their newest album, *El Oso*. Techno beats and samples make themselves more prominent than in the past. Stand-up bass and drums compliment M. Doughty's intricately compiled poetic ramblings. Songs like "I Have Not Found the Science" or the single "Circles" give a taste of their previous sound, while "S300" and "Monster Man" are much more electronically based, allowing Soul Coughing to show progression and growth. "Pensecola," a song most definitely different from both the songs on this album and their entire back catalog, begins with soft-composed murmurings and escalates into an emotionally charged screaming fit.

Placebo

Without You I'm Nothing
Hut/Virgin

by Erin Huckle

High highs, low lows, and everything in-between make up Placebo's latest album, *Without You I'm Nothing*. Placebo scrapes the bottom with "My Sweet Prince" and the appropriately titled "The Crawl." Both moving admirably at a snail's pace, with lyric drudgery and foreboding guitar chords... certainly depressing at points, but still maintaining interest. On the exact opposite side of the continuum you'll find high-energy, up-tempo songs like "You Don't Care About Us," "Allergic (To Thoughts of Mother Earth)" or a little less charged, the recognizable single, "Pure Morning."

So if you can get past the semi-annoyance of lead singer Brian Molko's nasally voice, you'll find carefully constructed lyrics and tender use of a somewhat eerie combination of guitar, drums and piano.

Belle and Sebastian

This Is Just a Modern Rock Song EP
Jeepster

by Dave Heaton

Here's an import-only EP which is worth extra money, four more songs from Belle and Sebastian, the Scottish collective consistently producing melodic tunes with intelligent lyrics. They avoid stardom like it's a disease, but deserve every bit of attention that they get, for their musical talents and deserve every bit of attention that they get for their musical talents and the witty lyrics, with a poetic yet realistic take on the world. The title song is a building, sarcastic (yet in a friendly sort of way) com-

mentary on their position as "artists." The EP also includes the gorgeous piano ballad "Slow Graffiti," another song about summer, and a supremely catchy pop song with lead vocals from member Isobel Campbell. Belle and Sebastian are one band with b-sides every bit as good as their album cuts; this release and their three other EPs are just as vital as their albums, filled with moving, beautiful music.

Spiritualized

Live at the Royal Albert Hall
Dedicated/Arista

by Erin Huckle

Live albums are typically not the best effort put forth by a band. Most often, they are a rehash of a band's greatest hits mixed with lots of audience screaming and clapping, and, not to be forgotten, either cute stories behind the meaning of songs or some other type of banter between the band and the crowd. Spiritualized's *Live at the Royal Albert Hall*, a two-CD set recorded in October of 1997, claims none of this, with most of the songs pulled from their 1997 album, *Ladies and Gentlemen, We are Floating in Space*. Lots of extra musicians bring a nice orchestration to "Broken Heart," and a gospel choir participates in "I Think I'm in Love."

The audience noise has been minimized, and even when it does appear between tracks, it is a bit distant and not startling to the headphoned ear. And audience participation in the form of hand-clapping or sing-alongs doesn't show its ugly face, not that a Spiritualized song would be conducive to hand-clapping in the first place. Anyway, no interaction with the crowd can be found. Even simple introductions to songs are unsurprisingly absent. This is a live album done Spiritualized-style.

Cinerama

Va Va Voom
SpinArt

by Dave Heaton

David Gedge has made a career out of singing about girls, either getting dumped by them or having unrealized crushes on them, and what a career it is. From the multitude of essential Wedding Present albums to the gentler pop tunes on this Cinerama album, he has penned and sung a bevy of beautiful songs, with some of the catchiest melodies pop music has produced. This album is more relaxing, some would say "sophisticated," than the Wedding Present but not all that different, really. It's basically a somewhat quieter Wedding Present album with strings and pretty backing vocals. If you're a Wedding Present fan, you need this, no doubt about it, and if you've yet to meet the stylistic, majestic pop rock that Gedge produces, give yourself a present by picking up this gem.

Six by Seven

The Things We Make
Uni/Interscope

by Erin Huckle

"The things I make, they have no use, but they have the most beautiful shape." Six by Seven lead singer Chris Olvey proclaims. Fully recognizing the apparent fundamental reality that music and art are supplements, not essentials, of life. Nothing else on the album quite equals the subtleness of that statement, although a slower song, "Oh! Dear," certainly replicates the beauty of it. Most of the songs on *The Things We Make* are fast rock numbers, centering around the topic of love and relationships. But those aren't the most remembered. "88-92-96" maintains an odd spacey quality with its high voiced lyrics and Bowie-esque shoutings toward the end.

Start preparing for Y2K

Millennium Meltdown

written by Grant R. Jeffrey

by Tom Wheatley

Ready for a hypothetical question?

Let's say that in the future an event was going to occur that had the potential to drastically change life as we know it. Let's say that we knew the exact second when this event was going to occur. Let's say that we knew how to keep the event from happening. Finally, let's say that the government, media, business sector and public largely ignored all this information. What would you say?

I'd say that this isn't a hypothetical at all. What has just been described is very real. It's called the Year 2000 Millennium Bug, or Y2K.

Millennium Meltdown by Grant R. Jeffrey is an excellent resource for understanding and preparing for the effects of Y2K, but there are any number of books that will inform and elaborate on this subject.

Most people have at least heard of Y2K, but few people really understand the drastic effect that it could have on society.

Y2K was unintentionally created in the late 50's and 60's when the first large mainframe computers were being created. To save time, money, and memory space, the early programmers only allowed 6 places for dates. So, for example, the date of publication of this issue would be read by a computer as 01/19/99 instead of 01/19/1999.

The problem is obvious. What happens when the date hits 2000? The computer will mistakenly read it as the year 00. The computer can't comprehend a new millennium or even a new century, for that matter. The computer may begin to spit out bad data or crash.

In addition to large governmental and business mainframes, there are two other technology areas that will be affected by Y2K. Personal computers have the same problem (exception: Macintosh. They have always used four places for dates). Embedded microchips may also have the problem.

At first, this sounds like a minor inconvenience. Your company might have to spend money reprogramming its computers. If you own a PC, you may have to buy some software to correct the problem. And as far as the embedded chips go, well, you just need to see what happens and maybe throw away some appliances.

It's not going to be that easy, though. Y2K was first raised as a concern in the mid-1980's. If business and government had acted on it when it was first raised, we wouldn't be having this discussion. They didn't do that, though. It wasn't until late 1996 that government and industry began to get on the ball. Right now, nearly every government agency will miss the January 1, 2000 deadline. The only one that stands to make the deadline is Social Security, and they began working on the problem in 1989!

Think about what this means for government and our society. Medicaid will fail. The military will be in chaos (by the way, the Department of Defense doesn't anticipate having all the bugs worked out until about 2012, just a shade over a decade late).

Business will also be affected in a big way. There are two industries in particular whose failure could bring down the country.

First, the banking industry. If bank computers aren't fixed (and we're unsure at this time whether they will be or not) there will

be major problems. Interest payments may be out of whack. You might get a letter from the bank demanding a century's worth of interest on your car loan. Your bank account, along with your money, may disappear. The stock market may crash.

The biggest bank problem, though, has to do with cash, or the lack of it. We live in a nearly cashless society due to the rise in check and credit card use. As a result, banks don't keep a lot of cash around. Our nation's banks only have enough cash on hand to pay 3% of the deposits within.

This is the ultimate catch-22. If enough people lose faith in the banking industry, they will withdraw their money, or at least a part of it. This will cause the banks to fail. Let me repeat that. The banks will fail. However, if you leave your money in, you might not be able to get to it when you need it if there are problems with the bank's computers.

Next, power. Most utilities are not expected to be fixed in time. If the power companies don't work, we're screwed. This means no heat, no water, no electricity and no communications.

This is a no-brainer. If we don't have power, we are in big poo-poo. Remember, January 1 is in the middle of winter for the United States. To get a little glimpse of how this could affect your life, try this experiment. Unplug everything in your house and turn off the heat and water. Try to live there for a day. Try to live there for a week. This may be reality for a while in a year.

What should an individual do? It seems overwhelming, but preparation can be taken. First, have some cash on hand before January 1. Withdraw it in the spring of 99 before there are runs on banks. Have plenty of food and drinkable water on hand. The American Red Cross recommends at this time that everyone have at least a week's supply of food, water, and cash, but this is a rather conservative recommendation at this time. Also, try to acquire the following items: medicine, flashlights with batteries, alternative heat sources, water purifiers, and anything else you might take with you on a camping trip. This includes the possibility of a gun.

If you haven't heard anything about Y2K before, this article will seem very scary. There are a couple of things to remember, though. 1) This is a real problem. No one is making this up. Government and industry are spending billions trying to fix it. 2) Many agencies and industries will miss the deadline because there just aren't enough programmers to fix the tens of millions of lines of problem code. 3) There will be problems. 4) No one really knows how great the problems will be. 5) There will continue to be a lack of government honesty and media coverage of Y2K in order to try to prevent panic. If you want to be informed about this issue, go on-line. Don't look for the facts in the mainstream because they have their own agenda and it doesn't have your best interest in mind.

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.

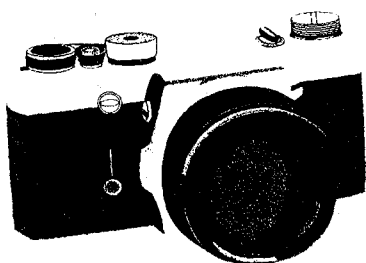
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1-21
CHICK COREA, MISSOURI THEATRE,
COLUMBIA
KIRK FRANKLIN, ETC, FOX, ST LOUIS
OLD 97's, LOUNGE AX, CHICAGO
1-22
OLD 97's, LOUNGE AX, CHICAGO
1-24
SPRING HEELED JACK, GALAXY, ST.
LOUIS
1-26
SEMISONIC, GRANADA, LAWRENCE
TODAY IS MY SUPER SPACEOUT DAY,
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, SHELDON, ST. LOUIS
KLEZMATICS, 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

AUDITORIUM, DES MOINES
2-5
CLIFTON CHENIER, VAL AIR BALL-
ROOM, DES MOINES
DROVERS, BLUEBERRY HILL, ST. L.
KID ROCK, MONSTER MAGNET,
MISSISSIPPI NIGHTS, ST. LOUIS
SON SEALS, GRAND EMPORIUM, KC
VANILLA ICE, GALAXY, ST LOUIS
2-6
PERSUASIONS, BLIND BOYS OF
ALABAMA, WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY
VANILLA ICE, ROYAL GROVE, LINCOLN
2-11
THE BOX TOPS FEATURING ALEX
CHILTON, PRAIRIE MEADOWS, DES
MOINES
2-12
IRIS DEMENT, DUCK ROOM, ST. LOUIS
DOVETAIL JOINT, HURRICANE, KC
2-13
CARDIGANS, KENT, METRO, CHICAGO
IRIS DEMENT, BLUE NOTE, COLUMBIA
DOVETAIL JOINT, SIDE DOOR, ST. L.
SCRAWL, LOUNGE AX, CHICAGO
MAVIS STAPLES, WASH U, ST LOUIS
2-14
BLACK CROWES, ARAGON, CHICAGO
IRIS DEMENT, FOLLY THEATRE, KC
JUICE NEWTON, BLUFFS RUN CASINO,
COUNCIL BLUFFS
2-15
NUMBER ONE CUP, REPLAY LOUNGE,
LAWRENCE
2-17
LENNY KRAVITZ, NEW RADICALS, FOX
THEATRE, ST. LOUIS

2-18
WILLIE NELSON, NEW SILVER BULLET,
COLUMBIA
REEL BIG FISH, MISS. NIGHTS, ST. L.
2-19
PHILLIP GLASS, EDISON THEATRE,
ST. LOUIS
HOUSE OF LARGE SIZES, HURRICANE,
KANSAS CITY
2-20
ISAAC 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
SNO-CORE 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 L
SDRE, BOTTLENECK, LAWRENCE
2-27
SNO-CORE TOUR, ARAGON, CHICAGO
SON VOLT, ETC, MISS NIGHTS, ST L

The Renaissance

a fiction series

by Matt Siemer

"When?"

"Hard to say. It's the first in history, remember?"

"Yes." She smiled into the telephone and brushed a lock of hair behind her ear.

"I'll call your beeper when it's close."

"All right... Who will we tell?"

"No one. You know what would happen."

"Yes. I just wish we could."

"Someday, perhaps... But that's not our problem. Be strong, Gwen."

The line went dead. Gwen tucked the phone into its cradle. Buttoning her coat and putting on her gloves, she turned and exited the building.

Gwen paused for a moment and looked up. Standing at the foot of the staircase, she studied the empty space in between. The stairs twisted themselves around this space, like winds circling around the eye of a hurricane. Outside this center of calm, she noticed repeating levels of rails, poles and hands. But several floors up, above the top of the staircase, after all the rails and poles and hands ended, there was a bubble of glass in the ceiling, a skylight. As she began to climb, Gwen tried to imagine what it would be like to fit inside that empty space between the stairs, to shoot past everything outside, crash through the skylight and rush up into the clouds.

She reached the top floor and turned left, heading down an empty hallway. Multi-colored flyers hung from the wall, floating up as she passed. Classrooms were filled with teachers and students, preparing to begin again. Glimpses became photographs in her mind, and she studied them while she walked. Looking them over, she noticed things: yawning students, windowless walls, hard plastic desks. Gwen recalled that someone once told her the seats in McDonalds dining rooms were made of hard plastic so people wouldn't stay long. She wondered how that philosophy applied to school.

As she passed into room 514, her footsteps were silenced, sinking into a cushion of carpet. Her teacher, Dr. Hiller, had his back to the class, scrawling notes onto the blackboard. Gwen took a seat in the second row and watched. The chalk squealed as he wrote, and small flakes of white dust floated down, landing on his shoes.

Dr. Hiller turned and faced the class, struggling to smile through early-morning fatigue. "Good morning, class. Hope you all had a nice break. And now that we're done with the pleasantries, back to the reality of school. As I'm sure most of you have noticed, you have a critical paper on *The Grapes of Wrath* coming up. I know some of you have never been exposed to critical theory, so today I'd like to give some examples of ways you could approach your paper."

Gwen closed her eyes. She smoothed her pants and crossed her right leg over the left. She felt her leg begin to bob up and down, gently balanced on the top of her knee.

"Let's start with Marxist theory. Obviously, one of Steinbeck's overarching themes in this book is the little guy struggling against big business. This work, which many argue is *the* American novel, exposes the American dream for the hoax that it is. Needless to say, there's plenty to do with a Marxist interpretation."

She felt her black leather shoe slide down the curve of her foot. It caught on her toe and dangled there, swaying back and forth.

"Feminist criticism is another good approach. Ma Joad would be a great character to examine. In some ways she could be interpreted as breaking the typical gender role imposed upon

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, blinking 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 do 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.

"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 is 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 damn scared of getting hit. But you're wrong!" Tim weaved his finger through the kernels flawlessly. 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, shattering. A few hundred heads turned and watched her curse 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."

"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 let's 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 sipped 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 failed 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.

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 slam dunk, the simple idea of keeping the setup of a screen 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 cow 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 which 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 swerving 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 repaired less than two seconds later and they don't even notice. In fact, because there are so many mistakes, I am going to stop 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. Mikey'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, Mikey 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 silently, 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 Mikey. 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 overlookable 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 out. This means he is essentially turned off. However, while in the desert in the first one, his lights are out. 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. Damn, I always had thought those were real. Yeah, just like the hover boards in *Back to the Future II*.

Movie relationships absurd

by Holly Cerny

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 Ed 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 go 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 ever 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 spewit 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:

-poetry

-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.

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 <Kirksville>.

Topics currently being discussed are grade inflation, liberal arts, faculty salaries, intellectual property, and health care.



Queen Astra! Let the stars be your guide!

Hello my faithful readers! The Queen is back and full of knowledge about your pathetic little lives. It is the new year and with it comes those dreadful resolutions. Your Queen has looked up into the starry night to give you all a little advice on how to make a good resolution.

Aries (March 21 - April 20): Resolve to better your posture. Not only will this fill

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 so well!

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

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. Burp 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. Deny. Deny. Deny. This may be the only way to save yourself. A Cancer figures sharply.

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, yucky Kirksville 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 box. Hey, 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 lazy butt 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 issue's recipe for homemade pizza dough. This way you can do 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 puffy 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 *Monitor* files for the bread recipe I gave you last semester.) Remember that yeast will go bad, so don't use 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 1/4 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 more 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 bad. 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 piggy 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 clams, 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? Pat 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!

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. Pleeessssse 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 Kirksville. 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 application.

Cartoons!

DICKENS DOES THE COLLEGE THING

YEAR ONE: BOZ: IT WAS THE BEST OF TIMES, IT WAS THE WORST OF TIMES. YOU'RE ENROLLED IN FUNDAMENTALS OF SPEECH? TRUST ME CHUCKY, 'TIS THE WORST OF TIMES.

YEAR TWO, THREE, AND FOUR: PLEASE, SIR. CAN I HAVE SOME MORE, SIR?

YEAR FIVE: 'TIS A FAR, FAR BETTER PLACE I GO TO...

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 by ANDY DANDINO

WHAT'RE YOU READING, NICK? "FEAR AND LOATHING IN LAS VEGAS."

IT MUST BE THE MOVIE-BOOK VERSION JURNING BY JOHNNY DEPP'S PRESENCE ON THE COVER.

HUH, YOU'RE RIGHT, BAX--WHY IS IT THAT THE NOVELIZATION OF A MOVIE MADE FROM A BOOK EVOLVES INTO AN EXTENSION OF THE FILM'S PROMOTION RATHER THAN THE ORIGINAL NOVELS?

I DON'T KNOW--BUT EVEN WITH OTHER BOOKS, THERE'S A WAY TO DETERMINE ITS GENRE BY MERELY LOOKING AT THE COVER. TAKE SCIENCE FICTION BOOKS, FOR INSTANCE...

"... YOU NEED A SPACESHIP, AN ALIEN WITH A SURPRISED LOOK ON ITS FACE, & A WOMAN (SCANTILY CLAD IN BATTLE ARMOR) RIDING A GIANT SPACE MONKEY."

"FOR A MYSTERY, SLAP ON A GUY WEARING A TRENCH COAT, A BIG MAGNIFYING GLASS, OR A BLOODY KNIFE, THEN GET A SPOOKY TITLE."

LET'S NOT FORGET THIS LAST GENRE...

"... THE CONTEMPORARY BESTSELLING AUTHOR'S BOOK--THE WRITER'S NAME IS TWICE THE SIZE OF THE BOOK'S TITLE."

MURDER MOST FUL

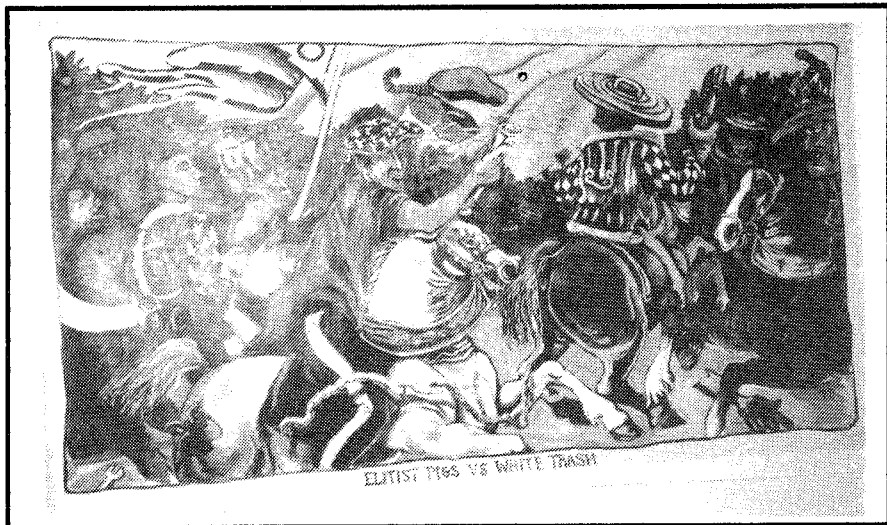
STEPHEN KING (A BOOK)

I love You.

I love You too.

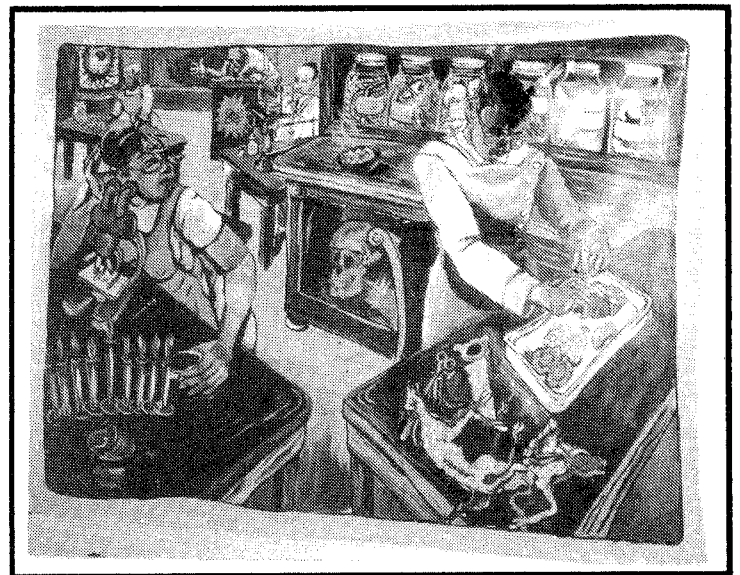
Art Page

"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."



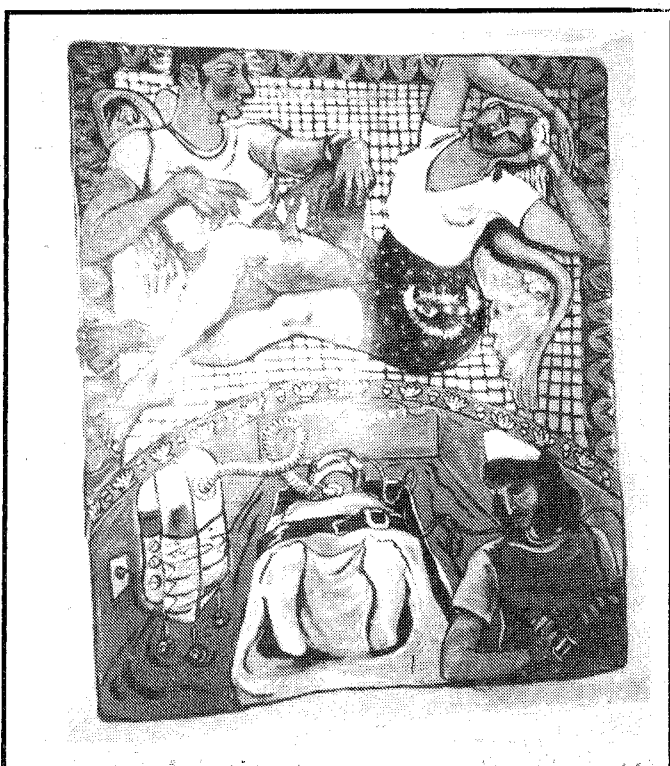
"Teenage Nativity"

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

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.

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 cascara.

Woman Awake

Gaea 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'Gum

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

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 lightening
 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

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?