

# The Monitor

A Campus Collective

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

## Living legend captivates all Speaker to warn about beef

"This is Homer. This is the real thing."

—Professor Adam Davis on Alhiji Papa Susso's performance

by Nick Phillips

The hardwood dance floor that spills out from one corner of the Down Under room, during perhaps the zenith of crowd participation at Alhiji Papa Susso's performance last Tuesday night, viewers got to enjoy the traffic and stomping/flailing/(hell) downright grooving of some diverse folk: (1) a real, authentic African Mande griot, (2) a Spanish professor, (3) a librarian, (4) a Kirksville cub scout troop, and (5) one innovative pack of *Monitor* staff dancers. It appears this colorful collaboration was about one construction worker shy of accidentally ripping off the Village People.

This concert, co-sponsored by Multicultural Affairs

and the Division of Language and Literature, helped Truman celebrate its Black History Month, and despite meager publicity, managed to draw a crowd large enough to fill most of the Down Under. Make no mistake, the cast of characters for the evening was varied, from the grinning and skillful Papa Susso all the way to the youngsters in scouting scarfs. Yet maybe even more interesting was the ostensible variety of motives among those present. Alhiji Papa Susso was there to sing praises for us and his sacred ancestors. Others were there to get extra credit. But regardless of motivation, the fact remains, people *were there*. The question is: does it matter why?

To start with the guest of honor: Alhiji Papa Susso was and is a true human treasure. Born of the Mande people in the Gambia region of Africa (the same people Alex Haley wrote about in *Roots*), Papa Susso is a world-renowned griot, or jali. A textbook explanation of jalu (plural for jali) likens them to "counselors to royalty, entertainers to the public, and guardians of history." Indeed, centuries ago these musicians/genealogists/historians lived in a symbiosis with Mande royalty, advising and entertaining their patrons in exchange for financial support. After Britain claimed Gambia a protectorate in 1894, the jalu who had previously been supported by wealthy patrons or royalty ran out of just that: support. Under the pressure of European and other outside influences, the function of these "walking libraries" was becoming endangered.

Alhiji Papa Susso (born 1947 in Gambia), after having earned a bachelor's degree in Business Administration and enjoying success in the civil service, decided to forgo the path his business education had carved for him and instead devoted himself to preserving the griot tradition passed down to him from past genera-

tions. He founded the Koriya Musa Center for Research in Oral Traditions in Gambia, West Africa, and now travels the world singing praises to his audiences, sharing his people's history, and making quite a good living doing so, even (according to Papa Susso) better money than he might have garnered as an accountant.

Two concepts about Susso's work must be understood here. As a jali, yes, he praises his audiences in return for monetary support (the University pays him to come and perform for us and thus, "praise us"), but this is (a) not "selling out" for Susso, (b) not egotistical of us, and (c) necessary for the survival of this art form.

First, the Islamic Sudan music-culture from which Susso learned his profession views patronage not as a commercial payment for a service, but rather the respectful offering that marks the interdependence of praiser and the praised. In old Mande culture, jalu not only praised the king, but also advised him, and only the jalu could insult the king

without consequence.

Secondly, this music culture does not view the desire for praise as egotistical. Take for example Papa Susso's last song Tuesday, "Apollo," a song he dedicated to Americans and that, according to Associate professor of English Adam Davis, was composed "in celebration of the first lunar landing, but what's interesting here is that events are important mainly as they create opportunities to praise people. In a great many cultures, the function of the bard is to sing the praises of the king or others, mainly to make clear what sort of behavior is to be approved and what not...It's only in textual cultures that the desire to gain praise is thought egotistical."

Finally, this form of oral tradition had begun to fade away, and by touring the world and founding the Koriya Musa center, Papa Susso has maintained its vitality. Ironically, for financial assistance he has turned to the same groups of people that caused this need for support in the first place, i.e. Europeans and Americans. But why is preserving this particular form of expression important? "This is an art that is at the roots of American blues, rock 'n roll, the Arab contribution to flamenco guitar," says Davis, who likens Papa Susso to Homer, one of the great storytellers of all time. Susso's repertoire consists of the 32 old songs, a jali's set of traditional epic songs, some of which can take three or four days to perform. "We're not talking little ditties here," says Davis, "but a vast library."

Susso plays the kora, dubbed by organologists a "spiked bridge harp," which has the outward appearance of being a big gourd with strings wound to its centrally protruding stem (it's actually constructed of cow skin, rose

by Jeff Moore

Many people come to college to learn new-fangled ways to fill their pockets enough to buy a nice sport-utility vehicle. To many of these people the only thing more appetizing than a Monte Carlo sandwich is any of a variety of beef entrees from Taco Bell. Well, these people are wrong. This Thursday and Friday, Howard Lyman will tell them so.

For forty years, Lyman has produced food in every form from beef to alfalfa. In a market dominated by huge corporate farms, he opts for small-time production, using only the organic methods his family has used for four generations. But this hasn't always been the case.

After attending agricultural school as a young man, Lyman decided to join the mass-production movement. He transformed his family farm into a large-scale corporate farm based on chemically enhanced methods. He turned out large quantities of beef chock-full of steroids and antibiotics, sold milk full of carcinogenic hormones, and saturated the entire operation with herbicides and insecticides. Quickly his farm became reliant on a variety of often toxic chemicals.

In 1979, Lyman developed a tumor on his spinal cord which paralyzed him from the waist down. This tragedy served as a catalyst for change in the life of Howard Lyman. He saw the potentially disastrous future for agriculture that was quickly becoming dependent on a progression of hazardous chemicals. Not only did he renounce these methods of farming, but he renounced beef all together and became a vegetar-

ian.

Lyman returned his farm to a small organic operation and took to the road to fight for small-time farmers in financial distress. This crusade took him to Capitol Hill where he served as a lobbyist for the National Farmer's Union for five years. There he fought for legislation like the National Organic Standards Act. In 1992, Lyman served as the Executive Director of the Beyond Beef Campaign that sought to educate consumers worldwide about the dangers of modern agricultural methods.

Perhaps his most publicized efforts have been in the courtroom. In 1996 Lyman appeared on *The Oprah Winfrey Show* to talk about the dangers of mad cow disease resulting from the common practice of feeding cows the remains of their dead brethren. In retaliation, ranchers in Amarillo Texas sued both Oprah and Lyman for product defamation, but the organic farmer successfully defended his right to tell the public the truth about the food they ingest.

Currently Lyman travels the country preaching vegetarian virtues and promoting his book, *MAD COWBOY: Plain Truth from the Cattle Rancher Who Won't Eat Meat*. The book chronicles his metamorphosis from beef dealer to beef revealer and also plays the Uptown Sinclair role of exposing the atrocities of the beef industry.

SEAT and SAC are bringing Lyman to campus this week for a pair of lectures and book signings. He'll be in the Ryle Hall main lounge Thursday at 8 p.m. and Baldwin auditorium Friday at 6 p.m.

## Johnson rocks Baldwin Hall

by Shawn Gilmore

Johnnie Johnson strolled onto the stage in Baldwin Hall, preparing to play to the assembled crowd of fans and spectators. He had a smile on his face, and from the way that most of the members of his backing band, Deadwood, looked at him, it was obvious that most people in the room were in awe.

After all, it's not often that one has the opportunity to watch a living legend perform classics without even leaving campus. Better Than Ezra may have been fun to watch, but in terms of longevity, they still have quite a few years in front of them before the term "legend" can be applied. Johnson easily lived up to his status without a shadow of a doubt.

Aaron Ralston, a Kirksville native, played a five song opening set with his four man band. By opening the night with "House of Blues," he quickly established the tone that would prevail for the rest of the evening.

Next out was Deadwood, a blue band composed of Truman professors and staff. They warmed themselves up and proceeded to get into the groove by playing a few songs like "Sixteen Tons." Then, after a few slight modifications in the line up of musicians, they were ready to back Johnnie Johnson.

The night was spattered with instrumentals, showcasing each musician's individual skill, including the opening song. The crowd clapped along as Johnson

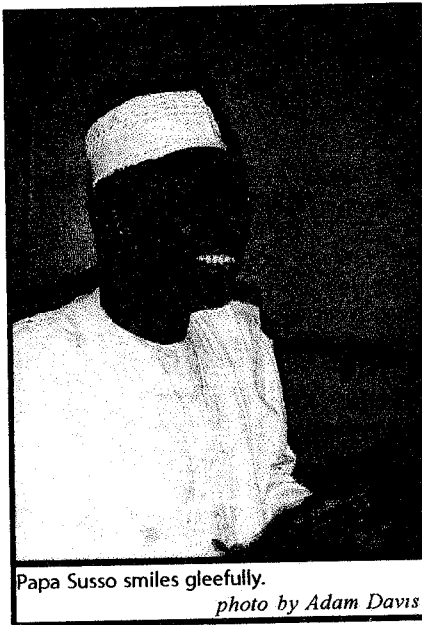
showed why he has earned the term "legend." After the first song, Johnson addressed the audience as he did through most of the night—with warmth and affection, truly appearing to love the chance to play here.

Over the course of the next few songs, Johnson built a mood through his music that had the audience alternating between clapping along and listening to the fine musicianship. By the time he reached the song about stepping in dog crap, he even had the crowd laughing and singing along.

Then came one of his biggest hits, "Route 66," which was performed in fine form. After that, the concert slowly drew to a close, followed by a single song encore, featuring a solo by almost all of the musicians.

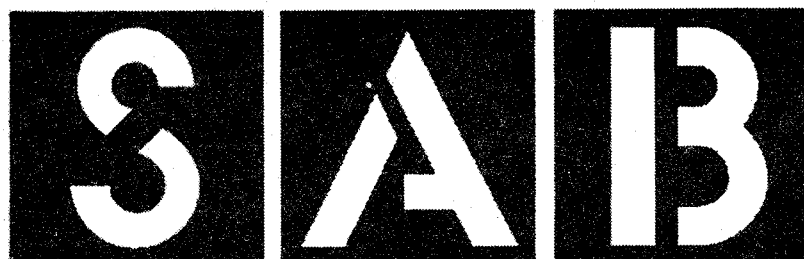
All in all, it was an amazing experience to be in the presence of greatness. Johnson's skill and attitude combined to entertain the crowd, as well as keep them wanting more. Deadwood proved that they are an excellent band, providing more than adequate back-up to Johnson. Even the opening act, Aaron Ralston, provided a great introduction to the evening.

The parties involved in getting Johnson to campus should pat themselves on the back for a job well done on an excellent evening. Those that think that big name pop acts are always the way to go should think again. Johnnie Johnson proved that the blues is not dead, especially to the students of this campus.



Papa Susso smiles gleefully.  
photo by Adam Davis

See PAPA SUSSO, page 13



## upcoming events:

**Campus Coffeehouse**, February 17, 8:00 p.m., Down Under

**Movie: *Meet Joe Black***, February 20, 6:30 and 9:30 p.m., Activities Room

**Campus Coffeehouse**, March 17, 8:00 p.m., Down Under

**Movie: *Psycho***, March 19, 6:30 and 9:30 p.m., Baldwin

**Movie: *Negotiator***, March 20, 6:30 and 9:30 p.m., Baldwin

**Barry Williams (a.k.a. Greg Brady)**, April 7, 7:00 p.m., Georgian Room

**Movie: *Apollo 13***, April 9, 6:30 and 9:30 p.m., Alumni Room

**Campus Coffeehouse**, April 14, 8:00 p.m., Down Under

**Movie: *Stepmom***, April 16, 6:30 and 9:30 p.m., Baldwin

**DOG DAYS**, April 17, All day, Rugby Field

**The Regurgitator**, April 21, 7:00 p.m., Georgian Room

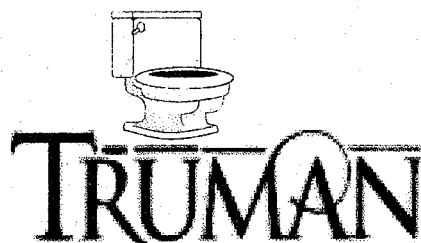
**UFO Speaker**, April 23, 7:00 p.m., Georgian Room

**Drive-in Movie Double Feature**, April 27, 7:00 p.m., TBA

**Movie: *Civil Action***, April 30, 6:30 and 9:30 p.m., Baldwin

\*movies are subject to change

Questions or comments? Call us @ x4SAB



State University

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S UNFIT

## The Monitor

Campus Collective  
Independent Quality  
Since 1995

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otherwise noted.The Monitor is published every other Tuesday.  
Each writer is responsible for his or her own  
work."It is the mark of an educated mind to be able  
to entertain a thought without accepting it."  
--AristotleFalse advertising prevails  
in SUB

Last week, the SUB was occupied by various table vendors. One of these vendors was offering students the choice of a free pre-paid phone card or a free T-shirt just for filling out a credit card application. Many students took advantage of this supreme deal. But the deal wasn't as nice as it seemed.

On the application it was stated that Commerce Bank would be able to delve into any and all of the applicant's credit history and that this information would be the property of Commerce forever. Now some students didn't want this to happen, so they filled out forms with false information to avoid the credit check. According to the sign, they were entitled to their choice of a free T-shirt or a free phone card, but the vendor said that they couldn't have one. After an argument with a manager of Commerce in Kansas City, the bank conceded that they were wrong and the shirts were awarded. The false advertising, however, still remained.

## Violette Hall piano lounge soon to showcase talents, oddities

The appearance of a shiny, black baby grand piano amidst the desolation of Violette Hall's second floor has led *Monitor* deep-black operatives to a stunning discovery. The University's plan for the next phase of development includes a piano lounge! Soon, it will become a common sight to see Vice President of Academic Affairs Garry Gordon tickling the ivories, clad in a blue crushed-velvet suit, serenading passing students with Billy Joel's "Piano Man."

While the second floor is currently bare, save the occasional tumbleweed rolling across the prairie and the distant, mournful howl of the coyote (or Calculus student), the

proposed lounge, to be christened "Harry's," will feature the latest developments in plush entertainment (i.e. tackiness). First comes the leopard-skin-print carpeting (or zebra—any patterned jungle beast will do); next, large transparent pillars filled with water will be installed, showcasing vast schools of jellyfish for a soothing atmosphere, not unlike a biological lava lamp. A bar will be set up next to the TVs; the specialty drink will be



Magruder Margaritas. Wednesday is LADIES' Nite.

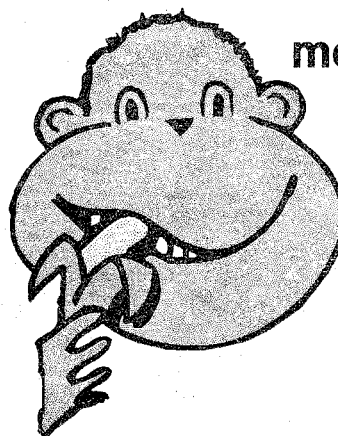
So brush up on your karaoke, budding Lounge Lizards, and don't forget to slip a fiver in the brandy glass on Garry's piano as you head to Economics.

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Come visit the *Monitor* folk  
at their meetings  
Tuesdays and Thursdays  
at 9:00 p.m. in OP115B.  
You've only got four more issues to get  
involved with this year,  
and you wouldn't want to miss out, would  
you?

Hey there FAC!  
*The Monitor* would like to  
take this opportunity  
to thank you for the  
monetary (and bananatory)  
support that you give us.



Thanks FAC!  
We think you are  
delicious...er...terrific!



# Letters

Hey Monitor,  
Have you got  
any hot oil?  
—You know  
who

Send letters -- not too long, not too short -- to the mailbox in the CAOC, or e-mail us at [monitortrm@hotmail.com](mailto:monitortrm@hotmail.com)

## Praise for Bobby Seale

Dear Monitor,

Thank you for the thorough and even-handed coverage Jesse Pasley provided on Bobby Seale's visit to Truman State. Mr. Pasley's article gave a fair and accurate representation of Seale's talk for anyone who was unfortunate enough to miss it.

Bobby Seale is actively engaged in fundraising for his REACH project, and it's true that his speech was "shamelessly plug-filled." REACH (Reclaiming, Recycling and Re-evolving, Ecological Economic Enviro-Empowerment Around and About All-peoples Active Creative Cooperational Humanism) sponsors the Environmental Renovation Youth Jobs Projects which provides good-paying jobs for young people age 16 to 25 by renovating old and abandoned houses in Philadelphia's inner city. The finished houses are targeted especially for homeless women with children, but are available to all poor people. It pays for professional supervision of the projects (carpenters, drywallers, roofers, painters, electricians, plumbers, etc.) and supplies the vast majority of the tools, equipment, and material that goes into the renovations. Obviously, this takes a lot of money; but although REACH has a multi-million dollar budget, Bobby Seale and his wife live in a small third-floor walkup apartment in the inner city. As Mr. Seale said in his speech: "I don't believe in Utopia. All you can do is make things better." REACH does just that for the young people it puts to work and for the poor people it gives housing.

I bring this up because in one of our chats before his speech, I encouraged Mr. Seale to engage in all the fundraising he could; so I'll gladly accept the blame for the QVC portion of his speech. After he sold and autographed all the books that he brought, Mr. Seale spent about half an hour in the Baldwin lobby signing posters and talking to the audience. Then he went across campus to a reception at the Multicultural Affairs Office and socialized until after one in the morning, when he could have just gone to bed. Mr. Seale was paid about one tenth what F. W. De Klerk was, and he provided about three times the contact. All things considered, I think he was entitled to the plugs. Those who bought his books can be sure that the money will go to good use.

Sincerely,

Ed Tyler

## Disdain for Bobby Seale

Editor, \*

In the February 2 issue of your *The Monitor*, the story "Seale Visit Informs, Entertains" was printed on the front page. The reporter, Jesse Pasley, claimed that "Finally, here was a guest at Truman that was interesting, controversial, important, and it was actually fun to attend his speech. With many people still yawning from last years' visits from the Guerilla Girls and F.W. De Klerk, it was refreshing to see a guest speaker that could make his stance with intelligence."

Some wonderful minds have been brought to this campus. Bobby Seale is not to be included in this distinguished list. To compare a Nobel Peace Prize co-winner--F.W. De Klerk--with a thug.

To compare a respected former Ambassador to the United Nations and heroine of the Cold War--Dr. Jeanne Kirkpatrick--to a racist.

To even compare one of the most respected minds in academia--our recent visitor, Dr. Ralph McNerny--to a huckster trying to sell his "new DVD."

Absurdity! It would be laughable; however, it's clear that you people think this washed-up pseudo-revolutionary is legitimate and has something intelligent to say about race-relations in this country. That isn't laughable, that's frightening.

De Klerk, Kirkpatrick, and McNerny are among those select few who make history. Bobby Seale is simply a race-hustler trying to re-write history for the selfish ends of legitimizing his own racism and selling a few books. It's disturbing that criminals like Bobby Seale are even taken seriously by today's society.

Steven M. Majors

## Dobson debate on socialism irritates

Dear Monitor Collective:

With reference to the story you have collective vigilantly been keeping track of, despite censoriously the fact that 'Truman Student Issues' admitted outrageously to me you were discriminated against as a valid news outlet by not being sent a meeting notification as were both *Truman Today* and the *Index*. After phone calls about the proposed "socialism" debate format Friday night held between Dr. Neill, Dobson Hall advisor and the state legal office of the American Civil Liberties Union had established that the thus denied radical student and community folks information would be given at least "3-minutes speech" reply right from the floor--vis-à-vis wait for it the College Democrats and Republicans, self-admitted capitalist parties, who were given two thirds of the speakers I attended!! With Tom Reed of the all and non-party fellowship of Kirksville reconciliation and a campus music senior technician as my witness first one-third of proceedings!!

I was impressed to be fair, by the decency, caliber and sheer courage, if as I feared lack of relatively polished speaking skills compared with the Democrat and Republican "professionals," of the two young "socialists"! Although as I said to them in the break it would be nice if myself and the many students, faculty and community/student 'radical' organizations I work with could "see them a bit more." On such things as demonstrations against oil companies or local talks like Bobby Seale or even as writers themselves for *The Monitor* in genuinely free press!!

I was shocked and aghast at particularly the democratic speakers! As at least nastily whatever one thought about the Republican speakers, they realized that the purpose of "their" side was at least to rub-bish the purported topic of the debate, socialism! The democrats, merely, though gave a few patronizing digs in favor of USA "free enterprise economies" nearly every time they began the one-third of the debate panel speakers time alone allocated. Before they (largely irrelevantly) began "bashing" the Republicans on what an independent member in voting of the audience rightly objected to as childish, "partisan grounds!" Mercifully, at least I thought we were spared a defense by the Democrats of Mr. Clinton's sexual predator view of their womankind regarding the current impeachment farce and interminable debate ongoing at the time of

my writing! But, somehow, the democrat male speaker seemed to confuse his role as a supposed anti-socialist advocate with being an economist, as he kept on rolling out unsourced quotes of "statistics." And wait for it became an advocate for the campus "Political Science Club" which he advertised at the end of the proceedings. After yet another College Republican "versus" College Democrat debate in the same public student hall had been "announced," forthcoming in US mortals elitist exclusion. Is this real, beg pardon, small 'd' open democracy on your campus? Is it education?

Finally, as for what we socialists were, all three of us known to be present and given some articulations opportunities on what was even TSU sidewalk floor painted as a Dobson Hall debate on socialism in red crayon chalk, really, authentically felt!! Well, we were really not given adequate time to detail our defense, or answer the many calumnies, particularly of the rest of the world that has what both Democrat and Republican speakers alike grossly condescendingly called "socialist regimes." In fact, 11 out of the 15 European new community nations (comprising over 310 plus million of my fellow and lady voting E.C. citizens) currently elect (not 'regime') parties in governments that are members in affiliation of the socialist international! And as one Jerry, of the young socialist speakers pointed out to a democratic panelist who had, oddly, distorted the dead Petra Kelly of the Green party "against socialism" (her German party truthfully is now in coalition with us, there in government?) many of even the opposition, "far left" parties in Europe are Green-socialist-communist in elected healthy, welcome dissent ideology. What most offended me was the number of times, especially statistically, the College Democrats referred to "the lower classes" (yes, I kid you not, this Victorian phrase inferiorisingly kept on being used) as if people who are honorably poor and perhaps do not vote in disenchantment are Orwellian "non-persons." I know George Orwell, the socialist novelist of the *Road to Wigan Pier* would have been shocked! as were many of independent members of the audience when they were finally allowed to speak!! Can it be, concludingly, emphasized in your denied paper, and on behalf of the many people who were elsewhere attending such "lower class" events such as the properly advance organized and very notified African-American film festival last Friday night, that poor people are human people too! They have paid their Social Security dues when private enterprise (sic College Democrats/Republicans refrain of their mutual praise) has chosen to give them deliberately low-skill, low-education jobs! They, too, College Democrats and College Republicans deserve a hearing! To have that "SC" fund honored, instead 1999 of your two parties current \$270 billion "defense" (against whom, the USSR as you both chortled is extinct?), wasteful expenditure in the Pentagon's shiny buildings! Students, faculty and community all wanting to hear (and maximum-time-for-all argue) about true socialist views are counteringly welcome to contact me PO Box 78 Kirksville or any number of socialist parties and organizations nationally and globally besides my own. I can provide the contact means for

I thank both *The Monitor* and the American Civil Liberties Union state chapter in St. Louis for providing me and other faculty, community and student members I consulted with invaluable "free speech" rights. I specify the ACLU as Dobson did not have the pro-

priety to thank the ACLU at the end, as they did formally often! even though I know Dr. Neill found, as I did, their counsel courteously useful in "free speech" access defense. I would also like to thank 3 reporters headed by John Garlock of ABC-KTVO for useful support/access calls! You backed up! "Free speech" was nearly lost this Friday 30-only people attendable last in Kirksville, in what Dobson Hall student government student debate organizers did themselves admit to me the afternoon preceedingly, as protested to them in person, to have been an "inexperience, hurried last-minute debate." "Education" can do better as indeed I am sure Dr. Neill would concur! It must do far better if democracy and anyone's visionary "dream" is to have a future dissent viability, and this town's apathy disturbed, healthily.

Sincerely and comradely,

Larry Iles

## CCF harms Truman campus

Dear Editor,

I write in regard to a campus organization at Truman State University known as CCF, Campus Christian Fellowship. For some time I have had misgivings about this organization, but have held my peace. After searching my own motives for writing, I have decided that my silence suggests positive regard for this organization. To the contrary, I think CCF greatly harms the cause of Christianity on the Truman campus. Furthermore, I believe that its evolution from a student organization to a self-admitted church on campus violates the separation of church and state. As Truman's church on campus, CCF is ceded significant power to influence students and thereby inherently violates, and continues to threaten, the civil liberties of our students. To substantiate my complaint, I offer the following reasons.

First, CCF abuses its charter and violates the trust of Truman State University. Truman's Campus Activities and Organization Center keeps on file the constitution and bylaws of all chartered organizations. According to CCF's constitution, "CCF is primarily a student-led movement on this campus." Nowhere is the word "church" mentioned. But CCF is a church! It is not simply a religious Bible study group affiliated with a church. CCF, on its own web page ([www2.truman.edu/ccf/](http://www2.truman.edu/ccf/)), declares it is a "church." What may have started legitimately as a religious study group has evolved into a church. This discrepancy is morally troubling and legally questionable. At the moment, CCF seems content maintaining the guise, and the university ignores the problem, despite my direct inquiry into this matter last spring with the Dean of Students. (At that time, I was simply told that a grievance should be taken before the Campus Ministers Organization, an advisory group, which could help detect cults. Since this was not my complaint, I did nothing, and to my knowledge neither did the university. I regret my inaction.)

Second, through the guise of a student organization, CCF basks in university amenities unavailable to churches. CCF has obtained funds from student activity fees for its evangelistic outreach and enjoys university accommodations for its worship services. For instance, in September 1997 CCF received \$1875 from Truman's Funds Allotment Council to host "The Christian Living Conference." Of course, and with much greater abuse of public funds, it is through guise that CCF

avoids paying any rent for university facilities or utilities. The ethical dilemmas posed by this guise are endless, yet one is to believe that CCF upholds Christian values? If CCF's presence is interpreted as university acceptance and precedent, then any church ought to be able to move onto the Truman campus.

Third, CCF replaces and discourages any need for a church home in Kirksville. This disconnect from the community only widens the gap between the town ("townies") and the university. Kirksville churches offer a wealth of opportunities for service and represent the demographic profile of a real church family. When this interaction among age groups is discouraged, both the nurturing provided by Kirksville residents and the mentoring of area leaders is lost. Instead, what I term a "righteous selfishness" is gained. This narcissism dismisses the essential experience of learning how to negotiate change and deal with church authorities, now and later.

Fourth, CCF's "feel good" religion prizes emotion above cognition, particularly inappropriate for the college environment. However, intelligent students may fall prey to such emotional tactics that dismiss or minimize clearly stated doctrinal positions in favor of emotional acceptance. To my way of thinking, heartfelt religion is different from heart-led religion. Try getting, for instance, a definitive answer about any topic. Let me suggest "baptism." I have obtained various answers from CCF church leaders and members. Should I be surprised that duplicity also characterizes CCF's doctrinal positions? While CCF's constitution associates itself with the independent Christian Church from which CCF also derives significant funding, CCF's web page says it is "interdenominational" (a crucial distinction from "nondenominational"). Interdenominational status enables CCF to say, "have it your way." Hence, Bible answers differ from person to person and from contributor to contributor, reflecting the tension between interdenominational and nondenominational claims. Now, this distinction might not matter to everyone, but it should matter to the Christian Church. As one CCF leader confided, "If the churches [Christian Church] that financially supported CCF knew what was taught and practiced, many of them would end their support." Friends of mine in the Christian Church affirm that there is mounting unease about CCF, despite CCF's board saying all is well.

Of course, CCF argues that it is reaching "generation X" by making things easy, relevant, and convenient. I would argue, instead, that fifthly it promotes superficiality in religion. Having replaced the Christian ethos with selfishness, CCF promotes an additional disconnect with mainline churches, including the Christian Church, after students leave the university experience. More than one student has told me that while enjoying CCF here, they did not know what they would do after graduation. Now, this might be a legitimate question for any graduate, but can you guess CCF's answer to preparing students for this transition? According to the December 1998 issue of "The CCF Update," they plan to establish a church in St. Louis to reach these distressed students who can find no church like CCF. It seems surprising that the Christian Church would keep financing CCF while losing its own young people. Alas, there is no suit-

able Christian Church in all St. Louis!

For these reasons, I will no longer supervise students at CCF seeking university internship credit. I urge your readers to consider if the "popular" choice is always the most biblical or ethical. From my conversations with students, I know many are disenchanted with CCF. I urge all who share the same concerns I do, whether from a secular or sacred impulse, to express your dismay to Truman State University, Student Senate, Truman's Campus Ministers Organization, the ACLU, congregations of the Christian Church that support CCF, or whatever agency you deem appropriate. In response, I expect CCF's leaders to attempt some cosmetic, superficial changes. A responsible solution would be to move off campus and openly confess what you are to everyone.

Respectfully yours,  
Barry C. Poyner, Ph. D.

### Mud article sparks reaction

Dear Monitor:

I have discovered some serious inconsistencies in your publication. The source of these is in the "Pathways need to be used" article by Ben Braun on 2 February 1999. In said article, Mr. Braun proposes that students who walk through the mud do so because of stupidity and the lack of ability to differentiate between mud and grass. He then goes on to discuss the virtues of staying on the path in a nice, orderly (fascist) manner.

While it is entirely possible that there are a few misguided souls that can't tell the difference between grass and mud (possibly because of spending too much time with the former and not enough with the latter), I like to give people the benefit of the doubt. While I myself grow disgusted with Truman's supercilious "Harvard of the Midwest" ad campaign, there is some degree of truth to it. Most of those who are granted admittance to this university fall above the grass-mud line on the IQ chart (somewhere, I believe, in the vicinity of 4). If you will posit with me, for the moment, that the mud dilemma isn't a result of stupidity, we can explore some of the other possible causes.

First, I must refer to a movie which we've all probably seen one time too many: "Dead Poets Society." In said movie, and in following productions, the powers that be have promoted the "carpe diem" attitude. They've told America's youth that they must buck the system. Upon coming to Kirksville, this attitude is reinforced by the social life, and repressed by the institution (and the *Index*). Pulled in two directions at once, these poor misguided pedestrians avoid the paved sidewalks, being rebellious and drinking in the full taste of life, but stay on the beaten path, afraid to get too wild and bring everything down around them.

A second influence on the avoidance of sidewalks can be seen in Pink Floyd's "The Wall". As we all (should) know, one of the more popular songs in this movie, "Another Brick in the Wall part II" (recently butchered for *The Faculty* by Class of 99) is accompanied by the image of youths marching in solid strait lines. They stay on the path and end up in a giant meat grinder. This scene, causing mass hysteria, in at least one or two people, causes the desertion of the sidewalks in favor of the mud.

Finally, the third cause for muddy feet

on campus, and the reason I contribute to the dilemma, is an affinity for mud. I like mud. I walk, stroll, crawl, sleep, and even wallow in mud for fun. There are some out there that enjoy the feeling of mud between the toes. I don't feel that I'm seizing the day, or bucking the system, or even getting back to nature by becoming Rousseau's "noble savage." I just enjoy getting dirty once in awhile.

In conclusion. If Mr. Braun truly believes that we should all stay on the path, then he should go write for the *Index*. If he was having a hard time coming up with material, I understand, but don't do it again. Please see that a travesty such as this doesn't repeat itself. It brought me to tears to see *The Monitor* promoting such attitudes of obedience. And, I would like to recommend that all of the readers try a stroll through the mud...you just might like it.

Sincerely,  
Jason "dirty" Thompson

### Construction to blame for mud problems

Ben Braun & Monitor staff:

Ben, I think you are a genius. I heard someone complain about the mud on his shoes after I watched him trek through our marshy quad. But in your February 2nd article, you sum it up nicely: "Stop walking in the mud, you idiots."

Problem: the school has put some of the off-campus students, specifically those living just north of campus, into a precarious situation. Many months ago, the physical plan (who I assume is behind, or at least overseeing this atrocity. I may be wrong) decided to redo the main walkway onto that side of campus between OP and Baldwin. Progress was great while in the rip-the-old-stairs-out-of-the-ground phase.

### \*CORRECTION\*

In the 2 February issue of *The Monitor*, the article on the play *Private Eyes* misspelled Drew Hunzeker's name.

But then it stopped. All focus was switched to the sidewalk/street area between Baldwin and McClain. They also took some time to re-cement the area around the flagpole, because heaven knows that was a priority.

The result of this diversion is a beautiful new dead-end street and an old gaping hole across from Normal and High. They have recently returned to project A and seem to be making progress, thanks to the nice weather. But those of us coming from that area have a hard time avoiding the grass-sprinkled mud on our walk to OP. Would it have killed the school to throw down some particle board or something?

Point is, yes. The idiots need to not walk in the mud. But it is inevitable that some of us are going to continue on as idiots due to a slight procrastination issue and the attention to the flagpole.

Sabrina Kunz

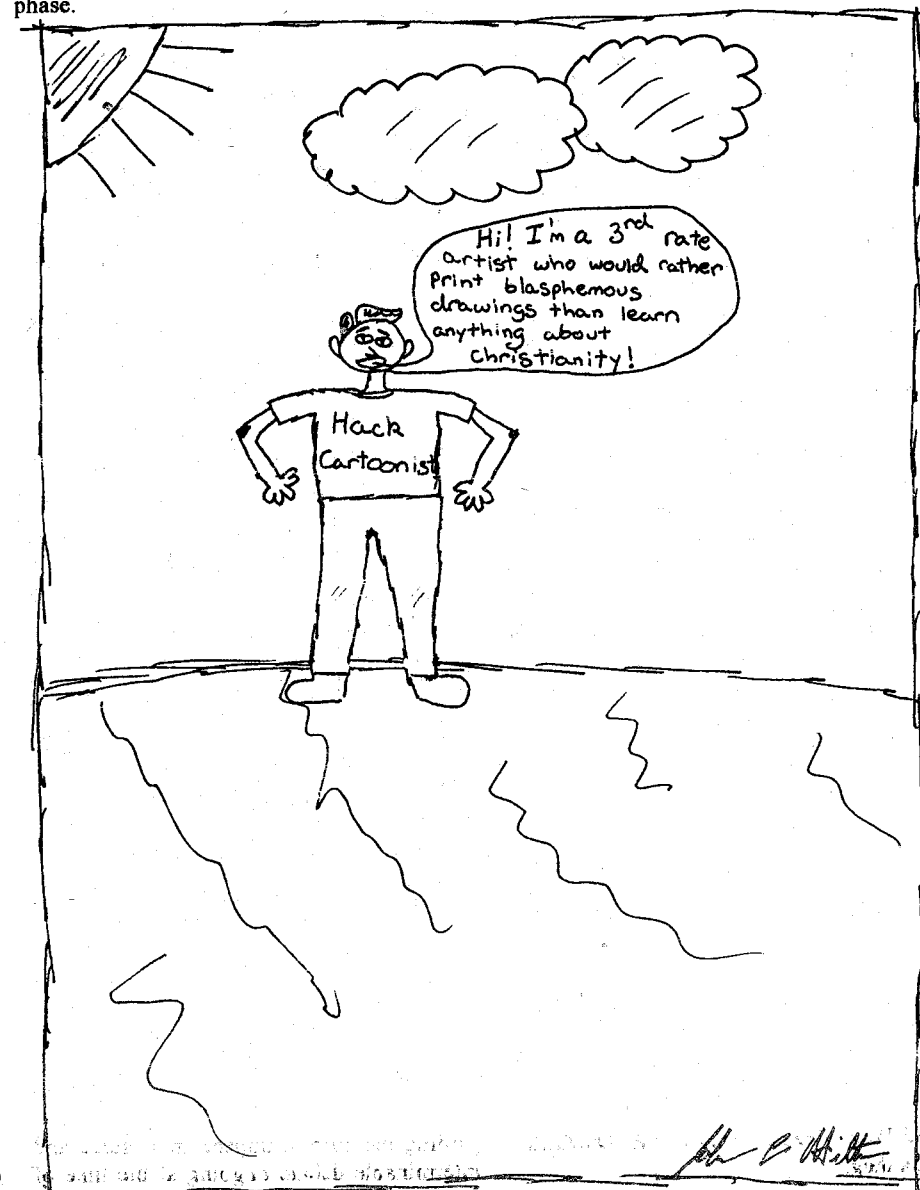
### Cartoonist draws criticism

Dear Sirs,

I am submitting this in response to a cartoon that appeared in the Volume 5, Number 10, February 2, 1999 edition of your publication, *The Monitor*. Thank you for your attention to this matter.

Sincerely,  
John C. Hilton

Dear John,  
I'm very very sorry I offended you.  
Your solemn friend,  
Kjell





# Opinions

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

## Free speech is hard to support

by Tom Wheatley

Free speech = Democracy.

It's as simple as that. The right of the people to freely express themselves is the foundation of every democratic system. Every other right and freedom we possess can be derived from the basic right of the people to speak freely and openly about whatever they want.

We do not live in a true democracy. Because of the sheer size of our nation, we've chosen to live in a republic. However, we hold our representatives accountable and reserve the right to remove them. In that respect, the basic principle exists. The voice of the people is supreme.

We've also put a few limitations on free speech. Speech that is obscene, slanderous, and libelous or a threat to national security is restricted.

However, the voice of the people has determined that these few limitations should exist. People have spoken to limit free speech in some circumstances, which demonstrates the sheer power of this freedom. Communities define obscenity. Citizens define national security. Freedom to slander someone is superseded by even greater basic ideas of human rights.

The bottom line is this: We live in a society where the people are within their rights to speak freely. I am fully within my rights to stand on a streetcorner and hand out literature criticizing the government, promoting Christianity, or advocating socialism. Another person can stand next to me and laud the government, promote atheism, and advocate capitalism. There lies the beauty and necessity of free speech.

Why is it, then, that in this land of free speech there are so startlingly few avenues of

true, unrestricted speech? Why is it that when we talk about the media, we always have to qualify it with some kind of bias? I'm not talking about inherent human biases, like where articles are placed on a page. I'm talking about a corporate bias or a special-interest bias.

On this campus we are absent of a true avenue of free speech. The *Index* is very University biased. And if you've read *the Monitor* closely over the last few years, you've discovered an obvious liberal, feminist bias. Neither paper is truly free.

The reason we don't have an avenue of free speech on this campus is the same reason we have but a few outlets of free speech in this country. It's because true free speech scares the hell out of people. It is a responsibility that few can stomach.

When most people talk about free speech, they're talking about the right for their ideas to be voiced. However, that's not really what free speech is. Free speech is supporting the right for all ideas to be voiced. These are two very different ideas.

Imagine what it's like for those few individuals that promote true free speech in publications. They must run articles that promote ideas they detest. They must present these ideas without rebuttal or qualification. They have to ignore how upset and angry their average readers will be when they read or see these things. Society responds to their efforts with hatred and scorn (example—how do most people feel about the ACLU?).

It's lonely standing up for the principles of free speech. Those that truly do it, lose sleep over it, lose friends over it, and subject them-

**See FREE SPEECH, page 12**

## Students need voices in majors

by Regina Cross

Undergraduate students at Truman State have no voice in the decisions affecting their education and their completion of whatever degree they have chosen.

No voice, you say? You may think, what about the Student Senate? The Student Senate is devoted to dealing with campus-wide issues and service. They have some input at the administrative level, but none where individual divisions and majors are concerned. This is the problem I am addressing—undergraduate representation in our majors and our divisions' faculty meetings.

Most of the complaints I hear (other than about parking) have to do with major-level concerns. Classes are not offered often enough. There are not enough seats (or sections) in the classes students want. The descriptions are unclear or the titles of courses do not reflect their content. The question becomes, how do we, as students, get our opinions through to the faculty?

This is not a problem that only we have noticed. I have heard from some professors that they wished for a more reliable method for determining student opinions. Sure, they hear things from their students, but how can they tell if this is a general concern or just one student's beef? Some sort of official channel that was responsible for communicating students'

issues would be the answer.

One possible proposal is coming out of a section of the English Senior Seminar—intended to solve the problem for English majors. A group of students (myself included) want to propose a number of undergraduate seats on English faculty meetings. They are seeking to obtain what their counterparts in the English Graduate Program already have—representation. The graduate students have a voice because they have votes on all matters excluding personnel decisions (due to state law, they cannot have input on these). The English majors would like to have a similar set of representatives to become the undergraduates' voice in these same matters. They want to have input on what classes are offered and when. They want to help implement new courses and designs in the major. They want to have input on decisions to revise the major when it comes up for review. Basically, any decisions that would affect English majors would actually have input from students in the major.

If you are a concerned English major who would like to have input on the proposal these students are working on, or if you are a member of another discipline who would merely like to see what they are doing, they are having a meeting Thursday, February 25, at 8:00 p.m. in McClain Hall 306. All are welcome to attend.

## Playing politics with lives

by Andy Dandino

What is one man worth?

During the Papal Visit to St. Louis last month, Pope John Paul II met with Governor Mel Carnahan to discuss the case of Darrell J. Mease, a death row inmate who was scheduled to be executed on February 10. The pontiff made a plea to the governor: Let Mease live. Show mercy. Carnahan, a Southern Baptist and staunch supporter of the death penalty, made a surprising decision—he commuted Mease's sentence to life imprisonment without parole.

One man changed the governor's mind.

Carnahan gave this explanation for his action, as quoted in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*: "It [the meeting with the pope] was one of those moments that one would never expect to happen in one's life and would never expect to happen again. I felt that this response from me was appropriate."

Hardly. If the governor had a case of papal fever, he should have bought a souvenir T-shirt. Instead, he abused his gubernatorial powers and did a *personal favor* for the pope.

The fact of the matter is, there were no real grounds for Mease's sentence to be commuted. No new evidence had been discovered; no alternative suspect existed; no mistrial had been declared. While the governor has the right to grant clemency to death row inmates, there should be a good reason for such an action, not a decision based on an emotional experience. He allowed himself to be influenced by the pope, who wanted the sentence changed merely because of his opposition to capital punishment. Carnahan admitted as much: "I suspect my action was more out of respect for the pope, but it is, in fact, an act of mercy." Darrell Mease was used as a goodwill gesture—a gift from Gov. Carnahan to the visiting pope. Personally, I think a more "appropriate" gift would have been a Cardinals ball cap or some toasted ravioli.

Okay, I'm not a big fan of the death penalty—I'm leery of giving any decision-making body or bureaucracy, especially *our* government, the power to determine life or death. However, I do see capital punishment as a necessary evil within our justice system. Sometimes, it is the only appropriate and suitable sentence. The pope should remember this oldie but goodie: "*an eye for an eye*." Granted, it shouldn't be used very often. Juries shouldn't hand out death sentences like condoms at a Freshman Week skit. A criminal should only be put to death when they have committed the most unspeakable, heinous murders—what *other* sentence would you really dole out to a Dahmer or Gacy?

Currently, there are 86 men and one woman on death row in Missouri. 33 men have been put to death since 1989; 26 during Carnahan's six years as governor. This isn't the first time Carnahan has commuted a sentence either: In 1993, he spared the life of Bobby Lewis Shaw, who was scheduled to die for the 1979 murder of a prison guard. In that particular case, the governor felt that the sentence was unwarranted because Shaw was mentally ill and had suffered from brain damage at age 9.

But Darrell Mease is no Bobby Shaw. In the Shaw case, the governor reviewed the information and made a clear-minded, fact-based decision. When he gave Mease a reprieve, he ignored logic and allowed himself to make a flawed judgement.

Let's review the case of Mr. Mease, shall

we? In 1988, Darrell Mease ambushed and murdered his former drug partner Lloyd Lawrence, along with wife Frankie and their 19-year-old grandson William in Taney County, in southwest Missouri. It was a methamphetamine-related killing. The trial was held in Greene County, a conservative, churchgoing area. The jury was asked only to decide Mease's guilt in the death of William Lawrence. It took 45 minutes to find him guilty of first-degree murder. It took less than 2 hours for the jurors to recommend the death penalty as his sentence.

It took the request of one man to undo that trial.

By bowing to Vatican pressure, Carnahan has taken a sledgehammer to the required wall separating Church and State. First of all, the pope has no say in American government—you or I have more of a right, through our vote. He's free to preach as much as he likes about opposing capital punishment; he can encourage others to do the same. But that doesn't give him the right to come to our country as a guest and try to impose his will on our laws, especially when it comes to a case such as this. His Holiness wasn't sitting in that jury box during the trial. He didn't hear the evidence. He didn't read the transcripts. He didn't see the bloody photos of the victims displayed in court. He didn't consider the *family* of the victims.

One man spared—a man who took three lives in cold blood. Mercy shown to one who doesn't possess it himself.

Despite his physical frailness, the pope is a powerful man. Carnahan got a taste of that strength when he met briefly with him, and it affected him. I'll grant this to the pope—he's a great diplomat. We've seen his instrumental role in world politics, his striving for peace in war-torn areas such as Bosnia; his hand in the fall of communism in Europe—hell, Castro even brought back Christmas two years ago in honor of the pope's visit to Cuba. If he can persuade the Grinch, anything is possible. But his position *does not* give him the right to meddle in our justice system and government. He should respect our country and its laws, whether or not they fit with his personal ideologies or Church dogma. He knew nothing about the Mease case and was wrong to influence Governor Carnahan. And just because the pope *asked* the governor to commute the sentence didn't mean he had to comply.

Both men have misused their power, and both of them ignored the wishes of the jury. Those 12 men and women made a great sacrifice, as do any jurors when determining a person's guilt or innocence. They must put aside emotion, prejudice and personal opinion; they must weigh the evidence before them and make a judgement *beyond a reasonable doubt*—a judgement based on *facts*, not passion. The governor ignored that cardinal rule when he belittled the jury's decision, negating their work and effort. He allowed passion to overwhelm him—he let it cloud reason and the law.

One man who took three lives.

One man who cited mercy as cause for interfering with our courts.

One man who was blinded by an emotional experience and forgot his duty as an elected official.

A bizarre Trinity, each misguided in different ways. The governor and the pope are playing politics with peoples' *lives*—not only Darrell Mease's, but also the victims', their family's, and the 12 jurors.



# Socialism & America : bad ideas just don't die

by Matt Siemer

In the Letters section of the last issue of *The Monitor*, Mr. Larry Iles asked if anyone would care to address what we can do to "curb the vicious, selfish, racist side of mere status individual greed." I'd be glad to.

However, I'd like to begin by talking about socialism. For a long period of my life, I believed in socialism. I first formed these beliefs in high school, where I would often hear people say things like, "damn commie bastard" and, "my pinko teacher." In addition to being profoundly unoriginal, such statements offered no support for their claims. On countless occasions people said or implied that socialism is "evil," but I never heard anyone explain why. Rather, it was just a dogma one was expected to accept without question. Over time, not only did I become suspicious of the lack of actual discussion concerning socialism, but I also began to wonder how anyone could truly call evil an ideology which desires to achieve a utopian society devoid of poverty and suffering. My admiration of its ideals grew to the point that I gave a persuasive speech on socialism in my Fundamentals of Speech class sophomore year. And as time progressed further, I became even more convinced.

However, this past summer I was lucky enough to discover precisely why socialism is not what it claims to be, and it is this understanding which I wish to impart to those who do not yet grasp it. Are you ready? The trick is quite simple. All you have to do is remember two words: initiatory force.

You see, the problem most people have in thinking about socialism is that they don't think about it in terms of essentials. Rather, listeners are urged to consider what socialism promises to deliver: a more "humane" society, higher standards of living for all, etc. Of course, all this sounds nice, but what's important is how one tries to achieve such results.

It is because of its methods, not its goals, that socialism as evil. I understand evil to mean anything which is harmful to one or more individuals, and socialism, whose foundation is the initiation of physical force, can only succeed in

producing great harm. After all, by what logic would one contend that freedom and happiness can be attained with force? Sadly, socialism is little more than crime made into ideology.

Making this identification is precisely what a socialist strives to prevent. After all, would you expect them to come out and say, "I propose to create a utopian society by forcing everyone to do things my way and punishing those who don't"? It makes sense to mask your roots if they are morally wrong, and this is exactly what happens. Arguments for socialism focus primarily upon pie-in-the-future promises for peace, happiness and equality for all, the evils of capitalism, the injustices done to such-and-such interest group, etc. However, some persistence might lead to a discussion of method. If this happens, it seems unlikely that a socialist will speak in terms of "people will do this or we'll kill them." Rather, there will be reassurances that pursuing the higher cause of the "common good" will naturally make everything okay.

Just as discussing socialism is unlikely to reveal the truth of its nature, neither is the discussion of different kinds of socialism a worthwhile pursuit. As established, the heart of socialism is the initiation of force. Everything else is unimportant by comparison. No matter what it's called (communism, democratic socialism), no matter the specific vehicle used to bring it about (more government, workers' councils), and no matter what special interest group or groups it tries to prop up (the proletariat, blacks, women), the fundamental nature of socialism never changes. To argue otherwise would be similar to arguing that if you give a car with 150,000 miles on it a new paint job, it would suddenly run like new.

And because the root of socialism stays the same every time, we can expect the same results every time. What does history have to say on this subject? About sixty years ago, millions of people in Stalinist Russia discovered that the socialist utopia is located six feet under the ground. Word today has it that this wasn't "real" socialism, supposedly because it didn't reach the promised ends of universal happiness. But seeing as how socialism's method is force, Stalin

was, in fact, its most consistent practitioner, and he succeeded in creating the greatest socialist society the world has ever seen. Interestingly enough, history also shows that people in the world's two greatest civilizations, ancient Greece and Renaissance Europe, lived in capitalist societies. So for those who don't mind radical ideas like the law of cause and effect, we can know that the end result of socialism will always be terror, the amount of which will differ in direct proportion to how consistently it is practiced.

To summarize, it really doesn't take much to refute socialism. One does not have to be a political science major. One does not need to have read Marx. While such activities certainly would be useful and interesting for those willing to commit the time, they are not a requirement. Rather, anyone willing to consider and critique the arguments can identify the essence of socialism every time, can know that it is evil every time, and can therefore reject it every time.

But does anyone in America have to worry about this issue anyway? The Cold War is over, and most people believe that socialism is no longer a threat. Even fewer would suspect that it has greatly influenced our country's politics for many years. As a matter of fact, many Americans highly esteem the one modern-day president most responsible for injecting our government with socialism's ideas: Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Father of the New Deal, Roosevelt created costly bureaucracies, Social Security, and the welfare state, and his legacy lives on today, funded by legalized robbery (i.e. taxes). It is also interesting to note that FDR is the only "president" to reign for four terms. And while his influences might seem historically distant, they are actually increasing in popularity today, embodied in scores of political policies, including HMOs, gun control and anti-trust lawsuits. And for anyone who doubts that socialists themselves aren't becoming a major component of the federal government, you might reflect on the fact that 58 members of the House of Representatives are also members of the Progressive Caucus, a group sponsored by

**See SOCIALISM, page 12**

## Debate in Dobson: no more than mudslinging

by Matthew A. Webber

As much mud as there is on and around campus, there was even more mud in the Dobson Pit, on Friday, February 5, during the Democrats vs. Republicans vs. Socialists debate. If you wanted a productive discussion of issues, perhaps you should have gone to the Missouri Hall Formal that night. If you wanted to hear petty partisan bickering, and if you didn't mind getting mud on your clothes, then the Dobson Pit was the place to be.

In his opening remarks, Jerry Schirmer, a Socialist, said it best: "I'm here to argue." Throughout the two-hour-long debate, the other five participants made it abundantly clear that they, too, were there to argue, and that they weren't there to listen to each other. The participants frequently interrupted each other, sometimes to laugh and sometimes to play to the crowd for laughs—what little crowd there was, at least. At the start of the debate there were 22 people in attendance, a number which only slightly increased (by nine) around 9:00 when Vince Morris, the SAB-sponsored comedian, finished his routine.

Even without Morris, there was plenty for the participants to laugh about, since a casual mention of Ronald Reagan or James Carville was good for at least a chuckle and a rolling of the eyes from a member of each man's oppos-

ing party.

Sitting in the audience, it was hard not to contrast the rhetoric-driven Democrats vs. Republicans vs. Socialists debate with the highly publicized, well-attended, and dialogue-forming Campus Crusade for Christ vs. Freethinkers' Society debate last semester. In that debate, the participants showed respect for each other, and the audience was treated to an honest and open discussion of religion and morality. The CCC and The Freethinkers expressed and exchanged their views—views which some might deem offensive—and really *listened* to what the other side had to say.

The political debate was a game of verbal one-upmanship, a game like that played in the U. S. House of Representatives and the Senate, a game that the public is sick of watching.

And why is the public sick of watching? Because the public loses, that's why. Bickering leads to government shutdowns, to pork added on to important bills, to embarrassing resignations of Speaker of the House candidates.

The debate showed that college students—future politicians, perhaps—are already playing the game, ensuring it will last well into the new millennium.

The debate and discussion of politics is one thing; the arguing about issues is something completely different.



Friday,  
February 19th  
at 7:00 p.m.  
Dr. Joe Benevento  
will read short  
fiction including  
"Seeing You Again,"  
recently published in  
*The Bilingual Review*.



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# Health Center overwhelmed Monologues encourage women

by Leslee White

You wake up in a cold sweat in the middle of the night—fever, nausea, vomiting, aches and pains. Is it the remnants of last night's extracurricular activity? No, it's the TSU flu epidemic. This crazy bug has infested the campus and hasn't let up since its appearance a few weeks ago. There are rumors and grumbling concerning the Student Health Center and its course of action during this time. I asked both the students and the health center about how TSU is handling the outbreak. Now let us separate fact from fiction.

## 1. The Wait:

Information from the Director of the Student Health Center, Daun Hooley, said that the wait to get an appointment at the health center ranges from 24-72 hours depending on the week. However, some students say this is not the case.

Alana Lamb is one student of many who says the wait for an appointment at the health center is unreasonable. When Lamb came down with the flu and visited the health center a week ago Monday morning, she said she was angry to find she could not get an appointment until Thursday. She said she expected the flu to have run its course by this time. However, Lamb still felt sick and went to her Thursday appointment. The doctors at the health center said she had a low white blood cell count that was impeding her body's attempt to kick the flu.

In another student flu case, Mandy Davis went to the health center in extreme pain early one morning, but she could not get an appointment until late the next day. By evening Davis said she felt so sick she went to the emergency room. She was told she not only had the flu but also pharyngitis that is defined by the Health Library Online as a common throat inflammation and infection usually from a virus.

## 2. The Health Center Rumor of Cancellation:

The rumor is that the health center asked the administration to cancel classes for a couple of days in wake of the number of people missing class due to the flu.

The health center denied this rumor.

Hooley said it has "not recommended that classes be cancelled." However, a letter to teachers explaining the serious nature of this flu has been provided to students visiting the health center.

## 3. What the Health Center is Doing:

Despite the negative comments heard around campus concerning treatment of the flu, Hooley said the health center has taken many steps to handle the overwhelming number of flu cases. Hooley said the health center has limited visits of non-illness related services; the quarter-time Family Nurse Practitioner has had to work extra hours; and they have attempted to curb the number of "no-shows." Hooley said one of the biggest problems is that the "no-show" rates have been high. "I think many students are frustrated that they could not get in immediately and won't call when they decide not to come for their appointment," Hooley said.

The Student Health Center offers a few suggestions on prevention and treatment of the flu. "My first suggestion is to get a flu shot," said Hooley. Flu shots are available to students each fall for \$5 at the Student Health Center. Other suggestions for prevention include adequate rest, a healthy diet, exercise, stress management, good handwashing, and keeping the fingers away from the eyes, nose, and mouth to decrease risk of transmission.

Treatment of this flu is mostly to ease the symptoms because the flu is very hard to cure. Hooley said that since a virus causes the flu, antibiotics can rarely treat it. However, decongestants, antihistamines, cough suppressant, and pain relievers should be taken to treat the specific symptoms as much as possible. Hooley also suggests that sick students not attend classes during the peak of symptoms in order to avoid infecting other students.

Though there is a lot of anger toward the Health Center, we need remember that they are probably doing the best they can. And if that doesn't make you less angry towards them, there are always student evaluations at the end of the year. Good luck, and I hope everyone feels better soon.

by Kevin Bersett

"I call it cunt," Jenny Parsons exclaimed.

That one excerpt from *the Vagina Monologues* pretty much expresses what they were all about. If they were anything significant, it was an exercise in the freedom of speech. This historic event took place last Thursday night at 8 p.m. in the SUB Down Under. Maybe some day in the future, when this school is the haven for free-thinking and open dialogue it professes to be now, they will point to this night as the moment when the doors of free discussion were finally opened on campus.

The monologues came as part of Sexual Respect Week that culminated with V-Day on Valentine's Day. I had thought the monologues were going to be vivid accounts of sexual violence. They were, but also a lot more. (Like a child who thinks sex is just kissing). Event organizer, Olivia Bratich, said she got the idea of hosting the Eve Ensler play after seeing it on the Internet at *feminist.com*. She presented the idea to the Women's Resource Center (WRC), and they allowed her to bring it to our campus. Truman State is just one of a number of colleges that presented the Monologues; others included: Stanford, Brown, and Cornell universities.

I asked her if this was a direct response to sexual violence. "Nothing directly, it's more talking about women's sexuality, and in terms of, touch(ing) on sexual violence," she explained. "No pun intended."

The play is made up of 16 different monologues (some fact, some inspired) that Ensler wrote from interviews she did with women all over the country. "They're wild for vaginas in Oklahoma City," she says at one point in the monologues.

That line is at the essence of the play. This non-linear production is meant to be a dialogue between the content of the monologues and the listener's mind. You might not always agree with what is being said, but one cannot deny the honesty and power of what is being said.

The actresses, according to Bratich, half of which are members of the WRC, all wore red, black, or both. With only a microphone to protect them from the close to 100 (about 20 men) inquisitive faces hidden in the shadows surrounding the lit stage, these women confidently portrayed the women in their monologues. Not once did I see them stumble, tremble, or even misspeak a word.

It was liberating. The monologues were not as much detailed descriptions of traumas, but free, poetic outbursts that tried to show the wonderful commune women should feel between themselves and their vaginas. They described the protection hair provides the pussy, the explosion of masturbated orgasms, the horrors of rape camps, and other related topics.

Bratich set the mood with her presenta-

tion of the opening monologue, "I Am Worried about Vaginas." Two lines capture what the event tried to do: liberate women and all of us so we can say vagina without shame and address sexual violence. "Pussy is probably a better word." "Bad things are happening to vaginas everywhere."

One key to making this a success was the humor of many of the performances. Kelly Dann's performance of "Wear and Say" seems taken out of an old Andrew Dice Clay routine. "If your vagina could talk, what would it say?" she asked rhetorically. Her answers included: "Slow down; lick me; brave choice; yes, yes, rock me; I'm here let's go!; don't give up; and where's Brian?" Dann's interpretation of "The Woman Who Loved to Make Vaginas Happy" featured the words of what I assumed was a prostitute. This woman loved to make women moan. Due to the obvious limitations of this medium, I can only tell you a couple of moans she performed: "vagina moan; clit moan; vagina-clit combination moan; Grace Slick moan; semi-religious moan; and the surprise triple orgasm moan."

The Monologues did have their serious side. Megan Kathol's performance of "Vagina Fact 1" told the story of a woman convicted of being a witch in 1593. She was guilty of having a clit which the onlookers, who had never seen one before, thought must be the devil's test. She also delivered the passionate account of a Bosnian woman who went through one of the rape camps during the recent Bosnian War. The soldiers penetrated her with a rifle, broom, and their penises. During the ordeal, "A piece of my vagina came off in my hand, a part of the lip, now one side of the lip is completely gone."

The most controversial (at least I thought so) Monologue was the account of a girl who was raped and punched in her vagina by men as a child. The detachment she felt from her vagina was extreme. Her sexual encounter with a 24-year-old woman when she was 13 healed her pain. "If it was a rape, it was a good rape," Janine Nicholds says at the end of "The Little Coochi Snorcher that Could."

These were just a sampling of the Monologues, many just as powerful as the aforementioned. They all stressed the union a woman must feel with her vagina for her to be whole, and the voice of the vagina. Kathol summed up the event with, "We are spreading awareness of violence against women by making them (audience) a little uncomfortable so they feel more comfortable about it in the long run."

You might be thinking, ah we've come far enough, but check out the *Truman Today* from last Thursday. I heard it advertised the event as the V-Day Monologues. VAGINA was missing.

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# Tired of expensive golf fees? Try playing trash golf instead

by Jay Peterson

Like most college students, I am a cheap bastard at heart. But also like many students here on this campus, I have expensive tastes. One of my expensive tastes is a love of one of the greatest sports invented. This sport is golf.

Now I know what you are saying. Golf isn't that some game that retired basketball players play while making twenty percent off their already sizable incomes? Isn't that the game where you wear the goofy pants and hats and do strange things with long skinny sticks and a little white ball? Isn't golf the true enemy of the poor and impoverished in the world because it takes up thousands of acres of arable land just so the rich can knock little white balls into holes

in the ground? Don't you feel like a real grade-A jerk, especially since you aren't in love with a true American game like baseball?

These accusations against golf are all true, and I accept them whole-heartedly. However, I ask you to consider reevaluating your view of golf after you consider playing it the way that I do. See, like I said, I am a poor college student, and there is no way that I can afford expensive clubs and green fees. And I, being the honest and industrious American that I am, with my can-do attitude I have invented my own way of playing golf. I like to call it "Trash Golf" or "Gutter Golf," and all it really takes is one golf club of any sort, but a crappy iron is preferred.

Just make sure that you can swing this

club without hitting the ceiling in your room and you know that you have the right kind of club. Now for the ball, you can get really creative. I find that bottle caps bent in half or soda cans smashed and then wrapped in duck tape (the real man's fix-it tool!) work the best.

Then comes the fun part: creating the course. I live in a very large house with lots of hallways and stairs, which is perfect for Trash Golf. I like to start on the third floor and make a course consisting of about four par for each hole and then work my way down to the basement. There really is no feeling like a nice tee shot on a par four that sails out of your bathroom, off your roommate's stereo and lands squarely in an empty can of Hershey's chocolate cocoa.

The real advantage to this is that you can play when the weather is less abiding to outdoor golf, but when it warms up, Trash Golf can be easily adapted to the outdoors. My friend and I engineered a course one day that was an eighteen-hole course that went from my apartment to the front door of Kum-and-Go. If you too are a closet fan of a real thinking man's game and yet have a plebeian-style income, just head out to the links (or bathroom, closet, stairway, whatever), and play a round of trash golf. It might just make you a little more accepting of those old guys in funny pants.



# Music mergers reform industry MP3 technology: future of music

by Dave Heaton

Despite going under-reported by the major media sources, a recent corporate mega-merger involving the music industry is sure to have significant effects on the world of music and on the musicians themselves. In December, the Universal Music Group, a subsidiary of Seagram's purchased Polygram Records and its subsidiaries. Towards the end of January, UMG announced plans to consolidate the various labels included, in order to cut costs. Experts predict this consolidation will eventually lead to the layoff of at least 3,000 employees, and over 100 musical acts losing their recording contracts; this process has already begun and will continue throughout the year.

The restructuring process at UMG involves, in part, combining labels and, in the process, shedding employees and musicians in order to maintain what UMG CEO Doug Morris referred to in their official news release as "a lean, flexible organization that will benefit from economies of scale." Island Records and Mercury Records will be combined into one company, as will Universal Records and Motown Records, Verve and GRP, and Interscope, Geffen, and A&M.

The effects are wide-reaching. Labels dealing with nearly every musical genre will cut off many of their bands, in some cases more than 50% of their current roster. According to *Wall of Sound Music News*, Geffen will drop 45 of its 70 musical acts and 115 of its 145 employees; A&M will drop 45 of its 65 acts and 170 of its 200 employees; Island will drop 25 of its 70 acts and 40 of its 100 employees; Mercury will lose 110 of its 140 acts and 60 of its 150 employees; Interscope will lose 20 of its 70 acts, and Motown's staff will decrease from 75 employees to 7.

Which musicians will stay and which will be released has not yet been disclosed; the decisions will be made over the next few months, as labels review their rosters in preparation for the decision. The criteria for whom to keep will likely vary from label to label. MTV Online News reported the speculation of Julia Gordon, who runs a web site for music industry professionals, that "most artists that did not sell 200,000 records on their last release will probably be cut."

Musicians mentioned by MTV and *Wall of Sound* as up for debate include Buffalo Tom, Primus, Girls Against Boys, Orbit, Peter Wolf, James, Morrissey, Weezer, Rocket from the Crypt, Aimee Mann, Tracy Bonham, Lisa Loeb, Orbit, Robbie Fulks, and Roni Size. Two labels which were subsidiaries of the involved labels have already been cut off entirely from UMG: Decca Records-Nashville and Mouth Almighty, a spoken word label whose past releases included Maggie Estep, William Burroughs, and the Last Poets.

UMG is owned by Seagrams, which is divided into entertainment and food and spirits divisions. While the latter owns many wine and liquor companies, including major shares in Absolute Vodka, Crown Royal whiskey, and Capt. Morgan spiced rum, the entertainment division's properties include Universal Studios (which recently purchased Wet N' Wild water park as well), Spencer Gifts, Universal Interactive Studios (the creators of *Crash Bandicoot* and other popular video games), and substantial shares in the USA Network, Amblin' En-

tertainment, October Films, and Imagine.

In UMG's official press release, Morris suggested that this restructuring will help make UMG "the market leader in every region in the world." He also said that the merger "presents a rare opportunity to create an organization that is well positioned for profitable growth."

Yet many in the music business see these changes as a sign that the record executives care more about profit than the music itself. Herb Alpert, founder/former president of A&M and leader of Tijuana Brass, expressed his displeasure with the UMG consolidation to MTV Online News, suggesting that it is a sign of a movement in the music industry away from the music side of the music business, towards the business side. He told MTV it represents "the sharp contrast between the independent world and the corporate," also saying, "I don't think their bottom line has much to do with music or the artists."

Chuck D. of Public Enemy expressed similar sentiments, both in interviews with MTV and Sonic Net Music News of the World and in the section of Public Enemy's web site ([www.public-enemy.com](http://www.public-enemy.com)) where he writes commentary on music, politics, sports, and other areas. He told Fox News, "These idiots have totally endorsed the notion that the importance of a man/woman is based on the money they make. Now is that calling you, the consumer, a fool or what?"

Yet Chuck D. sees this event as a positive one for artists who truly care about creating music, an opportunity for them to succeed outside of the corporate world, either through independent record labels or via the Internet. In particular, he advocates musicians making use of the MP3 technology to release their music outside of the corporate system, in downloadable form, either for free or at prices lower than those of the mainstream music industry. After a conflict with his (now former) label Def Jam over placing unreleased PE songs on their web site, Chuck D. announced he was leaving the label and instead would release PE's next album, *There's a Poison Goin' On*, solely over the Internet, himself, when the album is released in late spring or early summer.

Several independent record labels are already making use of MP3 to release free new music for fans. Australian psychedelic rock label Camera Obscura ([www.cameraobscura.com.au](http://www.cameraobscura.com.au)) and indie rock label/fanzine Worship Guitars ([www.hypercon.com/worshipguitars](http://www.hypercon.com/worshipguitars)) release a new song by one of their artists in MP3 on their web site every month.

Hip-hop label Loud Records ([www.loud.com](http://www.loud.com)) is starting a free MP3 campaign, where they will release unreleased tracks on their web site. The campaign is beginning now with a new Mobb Deep track, and will continue through the spring with songs by Raekwon, Inspectah Dek, and others.

Whether musicians will follow Chuck D.'s lead remains to be seen, but it is clear that the merger and the subsequent consolidation will lead to many artists pondering career moves and many people who work in the record industry looking for new jobs. UMG executives see the merger as one step closer to becoming business leaders throughout the world. UMG, as it now exists, has 25% of the world's record sales.

by Erin Huckle

MP3--music industry heads shudder at the sound of it, while computer users sing its praises. This tiny little development in the field of digital music has become quite the controversy as the music industry fights to hold back the spread of unregulated technology. But the wide acceptance of the format has posed a definite problem along the lines of copyright infringements. What exactly is all the fuss about? Let's begin at the beginning.

For the less technically knowledgeable, MP3 is a type of computer audio file. While relatively small in size, it is able to retain a high quality of sound, comparable with that of a CD. Many magazines and online publications have been quick to cover the controversy, but what the majority of the media has failed to address is the vast societal impact this tiny little file type will have upon the future of the music.

Most people who are familiar with the practice of downloading MP3s are probably familiar with those of the pirated variety. Pirates "rip" songs off of a CD illegally and then post them on a web site for other Internet users to download. Downloads take a few minutes, depending on the speed of the connection to the Internet itself. But with a fast network connection, like those provided on many college campuses, the download time can be reduced to seconds.

The main reason that online piracy is running rampant is because it's free. And because there is no monetary compensation for these downloads, copyright laws are being ignored and the artists and record companies aren't getting the money that is rightfully owed to them. This is exactly the reason that it poses such a threat to the music industry. And because a potential consumer downloads the track for free, they have little need to then purchase the actual CD. It's very obvious to see why the music industry has been cracking down so hard, exposing MP3 sites with pirated songs on them. The industry has a fortune to lose from this loosely regulated practice.

But with the demand for technology comes the need to develop a secure means to fulfill consumers' desires. The Recording Industry Association of America (RIAA) has played a major role in developing secure forms of digital music, a type that can't be copied.

In December of last year, the RIAA, as well as many executives from music-related corporations, announced the formation of the Secure Digital Music Initiative (SDMI). This is an organization that will work with developers in technology in order "to create a voluntary digital music security specification by next fall." In its press release from December, SDMI also stated a goal to "protect copyrighted music in all existing and emerging digital formats and through all delivery channels."

So what do the artists think about this technology/legal mess? Usually the bands and artists who aren't concerned with money aren't concerned with the damage that has been done or will be done to the market by MP3s. Some have found this to be the perfect way to buck the system. The Internet has already opened up the doors to international communication, and the MP3 format provides a way for bands and artists to reach wider audiences. Chuck D.

of Public Enemy has been instrumental in turning this back into an artist's decision rather than a corporate one. Public Enemy had posted several unreleased songs on their official web site, which were, in turn, quickly pulled off by their record label, Def Jam. For this, Public Enemy broke the contract with their record label. Now, they will use the Internet to distribute their new songs for free. They, like few others, are acting on the concept that the music is ultimately more important than the money. The Beastie Boys have also fought with their record company after Capitol demanded that they remove live MP3s placed on their web site without prior permission. However, Soul Coughing, a band that also promotes live tape trading, has started an "MP3 o' The Month!" feature on their official web site ([www.soulcoughing.com](http://www.soulcoughing.com)), which is under the supervision of Warner Bros. This feature furnishes fans with a different live or unreleased track for their fans every month.

It's this sort of inconsistency between different labels and bands themselves which is promoting dissent and disorganization involving the technology.

Many independent and smaller artists not in the thick of strict record contracts are also putting this medium to good use, seeking exposure and acceptance from wider audiences.

So what types of changes can music consumers expect due to the MP3 development? Every kind imaginable. How music is purchased, where music is purchased, and how music is heard will all be subject to widespread redevelopment. Now don't label all of this as "abstract-future speak" just yet. Many of the methods are being developed right now. It is uncertain how quickly these methods will be put into regular practice or how common they will become once they are out in the mainstream.

Goodnoise ([www.goodnoise.com](http://www.goodnoise.com)) is the first record company that has focussed on the Internet as their primary means of distribution. They have teamed up with Rykodisc, who carries artists such as Frank Zappa, Louis Armstrong, and Bootsy Collins, and spinART, a smaller label featuring artists like Apples in Stereo and Cinerama. Goodnoise provides many releases (not all) from these labels to download at rates of \$.99 per track or \$8.99 for a full album. After the download, what to do with the music is up to you. Listening to them exclusively on the computer, transferring them into a Walkman-like, MP3 storage device like the RIO player, or burning them onto a CD with a little help of a CD-recording drive are all viable options at this point in time.

While the corporate side of the music industry is in a virtual panic about illegal MP3s, the independent side is embracing them, very aware of the potential they hold for the future of music.

Information on the SDMI can be found on the RIAA web site at [www.riaa.com](http://www.riaa.com), which also provides an extensive amount of information about online piracy.

An online source, Music News of the World on the Addicted to Noise web site, [www.addict.com](http://www.addict.com), has also been excellent in providing almost daily reports on developments in this constantly changing technology.

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## Reviews



music film literature art

## Pollard creates psychedelia

**Robert Pollard**  
*Kid Marine*  
 Rockathon/Recordhead

by Dave Heaton

Bob Pollard of Guided By Voices is by far one of the most inspired, creative songwriters still making Rock music, crafting the kind of "turn it up to 11" energy bursts that help you get through the day. He is a music fan to the core, and it shows, from the inadvertent British accent gained from a childhood of singing along to British Invasion tunes on the radio to the way he continually crams the history of rock into less than two minutes.

He's also prolific as hell, writing hundreds of songs a year, most of which are out-and-out masterpieces. *Kid Marine*, his latest "solo" album (the only difference between solo and GBV albums being that the former is more bizarre and has even less of a chance at gaining radio/MTV play), is yet another example, and a worthy sign that Pollard is not writing himself into a rut, but always growing.

*Kid Marine* is a truly psychedelic rock album, a further step towards poetic, abstract, weird music and away from conventional song structure. Pollard's always been known for changing the verse/chorus/verse structure by ending the song after the first chorus or part way into a verse, but here he does away with choruses altogether. This is not an album of instant pop songs, but a work filled with beautiful and strange sounds, words, and melodies.

While early GBV had a bare-bones, low-fidelity, "knock 'em out quick and release 'em" quality, lately Pollard's been moving toward a seemingly infinite depth of sound, a layering of voices and instruments which still rocks hard, but in a dreamier, more elusive way. His 1998 album *Waved Out* was a true gem in this regard, and *Kid Marine* follows closely in its footsteps.

One of the biggest Who fans you'll find, Pollard refers to nearly every album as a "rock opera" without a clear plot or characters. Here he's gone furthest in this musical direction and made no headway whatsoever at writing a plot or characters. From the album cover, I get the impression that *Kid Marine* is a cigarette-smoking war veteran with a short-long haircut who likes to look at fish, but the songs give no further clues. Instead of a plot-driven concept album, this is a thematically linked work of rock music. Recurring melodies and themes pop in and out of songs throughout, as do certain words and

phrases ("television prison," "flings of the waistcoat crowd"). The songs hold together tightly as a piece; *Kid Marine* is not a collection of singles, but the epitome of album rock. So much so, that at times it seems odd that the songs even have separate titles or tracks.

Lyrically, Pollard, like any lyricist who can even vaguely be called a poet, excels at making creative matches, at taking unrelated words and linking them into passages which make no literal sense, but leave a perfect gap for the listener to provide his or her own meanings. What does "wolfing the creamskin for all the right stuff" mean? Whatever it means to you.

On "Living Upside Down," he sings, "Not knowing sure does get the blood flowing." This idea of "not knowing" for sure can be viewed as essential to Pollard's music. All of his songs are an enigma of sorts, with an amorphous, mysterious quality that can't be pinned down. He never tells you straight-out, "This song is about (blank)," but the combination of words, and music with words leaves plenty of room for an infinite number of interpretations.

*Kid Marine* is a stellar addition to Pollard's ever-growing catalog. Though billed as a solo album, it, like any GBV release, includes performances by a bunch of current and former GBV members. Plainly put, this album ROCKS through and through, but can't be dismissed as just a traditional rock album or just a slab of weird psychedelia, or just anything, really. It is multidimensional and filled with beautiful surprises, like the ephemeral, whispering ending of "Far-out Crops," the point in "Television Prison" where Pollard's wife Kim lets out a startling scream, or "Town of Mirrors"'s abrupt shift from heartfelt acoustic balladry to high-speed power rock.

The album is billed as "#1 in the Fading Captain Series," a series of mail-order only albums which will give Pollard a chance to release albums a few times a year which are free from record company bureaucracy or the need to sell a certain number of copies. Yet this isn't just holdover mediocrity for die-hard fans to not forget about GBV before their next big album comes out this summer. *Kid Marine* is a spectacular, deeply textured work, perfect for anyone unsatisfied with fluffy pop tunes that wear out their welcome after a few listens. This one will stick around after a hundred listens or more, still offering pleasure for the ears and the mind. (Ordering info can be found at <http://www.gbv.com/kidmarine.html>)

## Private Eyes challenging, fun

by Ben Braun

In modern theatre, there are far too many productions and plays that twist plot lines and character developments until the audience is left confused and irritated; likewise, there are far too many productions that are perfectly linear with no depth, insight, or spirit to them. However, among all the sub-par performances that exist, there are the pieces that befuddle and confuse an audience to the point of being captivated and moved, seamlessly pulling plots and characters together into a clear picture; one of these moving productions, *Private Eyes* by Steven Dietz, opened up to a four-day run in the Baldwin Hall Studio to a near-full crowd on Wednesday, February 10. Featuring Michael Francis, Holly Kerns, BJ Gailey, Rachel Jenkins and Andrew Hunzeker, *Eyes* wove an intricate web of plot and sub-plot, drawing its viewers further and further in before twisting the tale into a clear depiction of the liars within all of us and the truths we hide from ourselves.

*Eyes* opened with the presentation of a play audition that quickly became the rehearsal of another play, a play within a play. This writing style dominated *Eyes* as scenes shifted seamlessly from the play itself to sub-plays and back again, often giving two or even three different possible endings for a given scene. This allowed the presentation of different points of view within each scene, fleshing out characters and providing multiple sides to every story. A recurring line throughout the play was, "I don't know what I am looking for. I just know I am looking." This statement was as important to the character speaking it as it was to the audience: *Eyes* was not a play meant to be followed and understood at every step of the way. Rather, it had to be taken in with the hopes that closure would be found. What made this

attitude work so successfully was a combination of the exceptional writing which provided that closure and, just as important, superb performances.

The cast did a phenomenal job of keeping the comedy alive in what would otherwise have been a dark, twisted tale of adultery and falsehoods. As Steven Dietz said of his play, "A play about lies must be a comedy because only laughter can make us recognize truths that we're not fond of." This fact the cast took to heart, pushing the audience through-out the performance, yet acknowledging the times when a lighter touch was necessary. This understanding regarding the rhythm and tempo of the play eased the job of the audience as well. Instead of having to fight to understand the changes and multiple themes at times when understanding was impossible, the audience was given the way out they were looking for, yet later in the play, as the ending was tied up, most of the missed points and indecipherable scenes were given meaning and closure. The comic element to *Eyes* gave the audience the ability to recognize the need to let moments of uncertainty drop into the background for later use.

However, the greatest aspect of this play was the depth of its statement. There were no characters who were lily white and free from guilt; even the psychiatrist, who had the most consistently honest role, was given his share of deception. The truth that we are all, in one way or another, liars is one that people do not like to hear and cannot easily accept. Because of this very fact, it is one of the truths that we most desperately need to discover. *Private Eyes* delivers this truth without preaching or tormenting, without criticizing, without bias or judgement. Everyone is guilty in their own way, and in the end, it is love that will save us all from our own faults; let we all continue looking for unknowns.

## Movie portrays horror and beauty

*The Thin Red Line*

Directed by Terrence Malick

by Jeff Moore

It's a strange situation, sitting in a movie theater and realizing that the majority of the people around you are severely agitated at what you are enjoying. There's the quick awkwardness of finding so much pleasure in the cause of the frustration of others, but then there's the soothing comfort that's like knowing a good secret.

The best advice I can give for anyone going to see *The Thin Red Line* is this: don't walk into to the theater with a preconceived notion of what you're about to see based on a movie about a similar topic released last summer. This film speaks an entirely different language. You won't see three hours of pure spectacle; instead you'll see spectacle turned on its head. This third film from Terrence Malick (also *Badlands* and *Days of Heaven*) takes the brutal spectacle of war and reduces it. You won't see an epic film about war, but rather an epic film about the world with war as a backdrop.

A similar statement could be made about the characters. The characters in this film are brilliant because they have an almost disturbingly real quality to them. It's easy to watch archetypal characters go through 1-2 dimensions of the fear/hate emotions of war, but *The Thin Red Line* punches your sense of connection with a character right in the back of the head. Much of the character identification comes in the form of voiceovers and/or flashbacks to life outside of the battle for Guadalcanal. Many times we only get a brief glimpse of the emotion on a man's face before he's mowed down with the other fodder (this is further emphasized by the cast of the film, which includes John Travolta, Nick Nolte, John Cusack, Woody Harrelson, Sean Penn, and even George Clooney, most of whom are on the

screen for under five minutes). Thrown together these elements give the film a maddening rhythm that fluctuates between the poetic and the horrible. Perhaps it's the confusion you'd expect in a film whose title is derived from the old adage, "There's only a thin red line between the sane and the mad."

Still, there's a strong atmosphere in this film that makes it beautiful. Sure this island is a vital strategic point but there are also colorful birds and wind and sunlight shooting through the grass. Malick's camera sweeps down hillsides and climbs up through trees, regardless of which way the bullets are flying. With the same grace, it will sweep through a Japanese base during an attack while man after man falls before it.

The mediator between horror and beauty and the closest relative to a protagonist in the film is Private Witt (Jim Caviezel). He plays the Arjuna character in a war with no real enemies, trying to make spiritual sense out of the mess. His trump card is his ability to transcend the isolation and fear felt by the other soldiers, to see the beauty that the viewer may see.

Like Witt, this film doesn't take sides. It portrays war-weary soldiers on both sides as people and war itself as a fury of confusion. The real battle is within each soldier as they try to come to terms with the world around them. Some may adopt Sean Penn's (Sgt. Welsh) existentialist philosophy and remain disconnected and pragmatic. Others may sleepwalk through the war, dreaming of their lives and wives back home. Most, however, are terrified of their isolation and caught up in something they don't understand. For them it's either live that terror or die, but that's not as bad as it sounds. To Witt, death is a cathartic release from all the problems of wars of distinction, a calm acceptance of everything: the G.I.'s, the Japs, the grassy hills, etc.

# The world will end in ice

Not by Fire but by Ice  
by Robert W. Felix

by Jay Peterson

This is the way the world ends: not with a bang, but with a whimper. A whimper muffled under nine stories of snow!

Yes, that's right: NINE STORIES OF SNOW!

The human race has evolved in one of the warm periods between ice ages, and we are due for another one...soon. This is the theory of Robert Felix, and he wrote this book to warn us of our impending doom.

He states that we have grown up under a myth, a myth that a giant asteroid killed the dinosaurs. Well, that certainly didn't help matters much but in actuality it had more to deal with magnetic reversals. What is a magnetic reversal, you ask? Well, from time to time, the planet's magnetic poles shift places. Magnetic north becomes magnetic south and so on. This has happened many times throughout Earth's history. At first, this might not seem like that big of a deal, but Felix is convinced that it is a very, very bad thing. "Magnetic reversals are far more deadly than we ever dreamed...[they] killed the dinosaurs...a magnetic reversal killed the mammoths, and a magnetic reversal will soon kill most of us."

How does this work exactly? Needless to say, it's complicated and not very well-understood, but when these reversals happen, they set into effect a chain of events that leads to a catastrophic collapse of the environment. It all has to do with the mantle of

molten rock under the earth and the tectonic plates. Apparently, when these shifts take place, all the molten rock in the earth shifts around and volcanic activity becomes much more pronounced.

This is very bad since volcanoes produce a lot of smoke and ash and block out sunlight, changing the amount of light that reaches the surface. What really is a bummer is that most of the volcanic activity happens under the oceans in giant rifts, and if these suddenly get more active because of a shift in the magnetic field, the oceans will evaporate at a much faster rate. Since there would be a huge increase in the amount of water vapor in the air, it would condense and form storms the likes of which no one has ever seen.

The land by the equator would suffer huge floods, and the colder areas by the poles would see snow storms that would dump unbelievable amounts of snow on the land, as much as ninety feet of snow in one day! Glaciers would form, and things would get really bad for the human race. This all sounds crazy, but Felix does a good job of backing up his theories with scientific evidence.

There is some good news to his doomsday predictions. He says that the big stink that environmentalists make about the greenhouse effect caused by humans is all just hype. Volcanoes produce more greenhouse gases than we ever will. The cold, hard truth is that we are not killing the planet, the planet is going to kill us instead. And the scary thing is that it's not a question of if, but of when it will happen.

# Ani serves up new sound

Ani DiFranco  
Up Up Up Up Up Up  
Righteous Babe

by Ben Braun

When I first listened to Ani DiFranco's new CD *Up Up Up Up Up Up*, I was very depressed at what I *thought* was an album which didn't meet the quality I had come to expect from such a brilliant musician. However, after another couple spins of the disc, my fears were alleviated as I got used to the new sounds I heard and took it all in. On her newest, Ani and her band deliver a sharp album full of both social/political critique and introspective personal revelations placed against an eclectic musical backdrop ranging from the funkified "Virtue" to the banjo/accordion driven "Angry Anymore."

*Up Up Up Up Up Up* begins with "'Tis of Thee," a song with the solid sound and feel fans expect from Ani, soft guitar and smooth rhythm backing up insightful lyrics about the hypocrisy and doublethink prevalent in the USA. However, from the moment the song ends until the final bars of "Hat Shaped Hat," the final track on the album, Ani breaks away into new grounds, carving out new musical fields and delivering the unfamiliar sounds responsible for my initial hesitation. The second track, "Virtue," kicks off with a quirky beat

driven by the sound of Julie Wolf's organ playing, which is featured prominently throughout the album. From the funk feel of "Angel Food," "Know Now Then," and "Hat Shaped Hat," to the haunting, echoing solo guitar on the industrial-town ode, "Trickle Down," Ani delivers fresh stylistic twists and turns unheard by her audiences before. The songwriting on the album never drops in quality or pace, and the musicality is, as usual, exceptional. Among this collection there are no weaknesses, only strengths which cannot be measured or compared.

There is, however, one song that exceeds all others on *Up Up Up...*; "Everest" stands out from the rest in its power and beauty. Lifting and cautious, "Everest" punches straight to the gut, telling a story of perception and appearance and its effect upon us. "From the depth of the pacific/to the height of everest/and still the world is smoother/than a shiny ball bearing/so I take a few steps back/and put on a wider lens/and it changes your skin/your sex and what you're wearing." Finding such reality in art is a rare and wonderful thing, which makes *Up Up Up Up Up Up* that much more precious. If you haven't gotten into Ani, pick this up; and if you are already a fan, grab this and give it the time it needs to grow on you, because it will.

# The giddy ghosts of Baldwin entertain theatre audiences

by R. Herring

All right, so this isn't really a piece about ghosts in Baldwin, but would you have read it if the headline had read "Blithe Brits in the Little Theatre"? I think not. The British are coming, though, bringing along surprises, spirits of both kinds, and abominably funny (although British) wit. *Blithe Spirit*, the year's first Mainstage production, is "good old down-home old-fashioned fun, even though it's British. E' meraviglioso," according to Vanessa Pierson (who plays Elvira). Brian Waters (Charles) added, "The play's a lot of fun and very well written. It's a British farce set back in the forties and deals with their fascination with the occult. C'est magnifique."

The show, written by Sir Noel Coward (who was, is, and will always be veddy British, deah) is subtitled *An impossible farce in three acts*. Director Ron Rybkowski claims that it more than lives up to that promise.

It starts like this: Charles, a writer, wants to write about the occult, so he invites a medium (Moir Cavanagh) to hold a "seance" at his home. He figures that this is the best way to pick up the lingo, but he ends up with a lot more than a few nifty phrases and incantations. As he later tells his wife (Sarah Ekman), "something" happens at the seance... Of course, I can't reveal to you what that something is (they threatened me with death if I so much as peeped),

# Jurado puts forth honesty

Damien Jurado  
Rehearsals for Departure  
Sub Pop

by Dave Heaton

Damien Jurado's second album, *Rehearsals For Departure*, opens with the line, "Out from my window, across from the city, I have what's considered a good view..." For the rest of the album's ten songs, Jurado, a self-proclaimed "modern-day urban folksinger," puts this good view to good use, casting himself as an observer of life in modern America, watching people and places and turning them into tuneful ditties.

Jurado fits vaguely in with the refreshingly increasing number of talented singer-songwriters, like Paul K. Joe Pernice, Bill Fox, Elliott Smith, Brian DiPlacido (A Bullet for Fidel), Ron Sexsmith, Freedy Johnston, and Mary Lou Lord, who combine the honest, straightforward nature of traditional American folk music with a genuine pop sense and a pure knack for melody.

*Rehearsals* is filled with pop/folk-ish songs about people and their stories. Like many of the above singers, Jurado's songs are tied closely to places. He sings about the places people live, escape from, and long to go, but not from a detached, cold point of view. These are people he loves, hates, sympathizes with, or in some way feels connected to. For example, "Ohio" moves smoothly from telling the story of a girl heading back to the title state to

be with her mother into the narrator's personal wish that she, his friend and lover, wouldn't have to leave.

The songs are mostly stripped-down, just with guitar and Jurado's sweet voice. However, like Bill Fox, he knows where to add up-beat, more rocking numbers to keep the tone from getting too numbing. "Tornado," the playful "Honey Baby," and "Letters & Drawings," a sublimely catchy document of loneliness, serve this purpose well, propelling hooks and melodies with tight rock. This is a wise move, especially given the sadness present in much of the album's lyrics.

Stories about people inevitably dip into sadness, touching on loss, regrets, and missed chances. The string-laden, Nick Drake-ish "Eyes for Windows," which explicitly states the album's theme of looking closely at other people to see and attempt to understand the world, and two minimalist musings on love, "Love the Same" and "Saturday," are soaked with quiet melancholy. Yet Jurado has such a gentle voice that the songs don't come across as "oh lonesome me" downers, instead seeming like authentic stories of real people.

As an album, *Rehearsals* is both a tuneful, gentle pop music experience (produced by pop-monger Ken Stringfellow of The Posies) and a piercing look into people's lives. It's a group of songs which analyze American life by telling stories of how people behave while subtly inserting in your brain wondrous melodies which will not be easily erased.

# Explaining God with math

The Science of God  
Written by Gerald L. Schroeder

by Tom Wheatley

Gerald L. Schroeder is a physicist and a scholar of ancient Hebrew who attempts to understand both science and the Bible by taking a closer look at both disciplines. *The Science of God* tries to show that the Bible and science are not opposing forces but actually work hand in hand in explaining how our universe works.

Unfortunately, Schroeder tries to explain too many topics in his book. He takes on the impossible task of trying to explain the relativity of space and time, free will, refuting evolution, why bad things happen to people, and the age of the universe in one book. The book is only 200 pages long. In the end many of these topics are a bit underdeveloped.

Despite trying to wear too many hats, Schroeder does present some compelling theories and arguments. His writing is strongest when it uses his mathematical knowledge to prove, explain and refute theories presented by both science and the Bible.

An example of this is his argument that both science and the Bible are correct in dating the universe. His claim is that science is concerned with dating the earth from the reference point of the earth, while the Bible dates it from a universal perspective. Those who are familiar with some basic physics understand the importance of point of reference when

describing motion. Schroeder applies this to the Bible, and the mathematical proof of both ways of dating is nothing short of being "eerily true."

There is quite a bit of math and technical jargon in this book. A basic knowledge of biology, probability mathematics, physics and the book of Genesis are going to be extremely helpful in understanding this book. It is not the arguments themselves that are complex, but the mathematical proofs of the arguments that make this book an interesting and informative read.

It would be interesting to see a response to the mathematical arguments in this book by an atheist or Darwinian evolutionist. The arguments seem sound to me, but then again I'm not a math or science major. The mathematical and scientific implications of the book of Genesis need to be debated in order for both science and the Bible to be better understood.

Schroeder would have been better off writing a book about the math of Genesis and a separate book explaining subjects such as evolution and the fossil record. Lumping them together in the same book is a bit of a disservice to both the areas of study. Despite this, *The Science of God* offers some new, biblically sound explanations to questions raised by scientists, skeptics and Christians. It also works towards the goal of making science and religion compatible, even indispensable, in understanding our universe and our God.

Don't just take her (or me) at her word, though. Go and see for yourself just how British we Trumanites can act; you'll be glad you did.

The show runs Tuesday, February 23 through Saturday, February 27 at 8 p.m. in Baldwin Hall's Little Theatre. Tickets will be sold in advance at the Theatre Box Office for \$1. Ask the experienced among us and we'll all tell you: the show will be worth your time, and you'd better buy a ticket or get there REALLY early if you want a seat. Latecomers will be seated in the first two rows, and the tardy will deserve what's comin' to 'em.

but suffice it to say that it is improbable, unlikely, unexpected, and hilarious.

This exceptional cast is rounded out by Pat McGowan (a doctor), Kelly Levins (his wife), and Elinor Watts (his maid).

If you still aren't sufficiently motivated to get out of the house and RUN to the theatre next week, then here's more. An anonymous informer has told me that, above and beyond the bloody brilliant British banter, "You will be amazed by the f\*\*\*ing set, outfits, and hair. Es ist wunderbar!" Another source, the slightly less effusive Stage Manager (Angie Ranes), observed that "Ron is a god at special effects. Es impresionante."



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## Behold the future: flying cars, rocket shoes

By Jesse Pasley

Ah, take a deep breath and think about... the future. What will life be like in the new millennium? Though it is anyone's guess, it should be obvious that we will enjoy simple pleasures like robot maids and bigger shoes with neon lights on them. But what about the "big things" that will really have an impact on modern American society? One aspect of life that will be greatly changed in the future is the way we get around, termed "transportation" by the scholarly.

Past inventions like the wheel, the airplane, and the Nash® skateboard revolutionized the way we got to work, visited foreign lands, and made a stop at the local Sonic Drive-In for a delicious "Sweetheart Shake." The importance of modern transportation can be seen today through the increasing demand for larger and better highways. Thus, we as a society should concentrate on outlining the new forms of transportation for the 21<sup>st</sup> century.

By judging from issues of *Popular Science* from the 1950s, the next logical step in modern transportation is flying cars. Within the next century, if we put our resources in the proper places, the common man will wrest the joy of flying from the socially elite, being able to commute hundreds of miles to work within minutes. Many people say that we already have airplanes, but I'm talking about something you can take out of your garage in the morning and lift off from the drive way.

Of course, solving the many problems that come with flying cars will take time, but with our Yankee "can-do" spirit, anything can be accomplished. One obvious problem with having a bunch of flying cars up in the air is frequent collision. While episodes of *The Jetsons* may

say otherwise, this will certainly cause many deaths and injuries without proper forethought. My proposition to this problem is that we wrap these flying cars in big fat bands of rubber, much like what is put on bumper cars at the carnival. So, instead of having fiery crashes all around, we'd just have some crazy bouncing going on all around us. Not only will this solve a big problem, but this would also provide mild humor to small children and glue-sniffing teens.

But what about forms of transportation

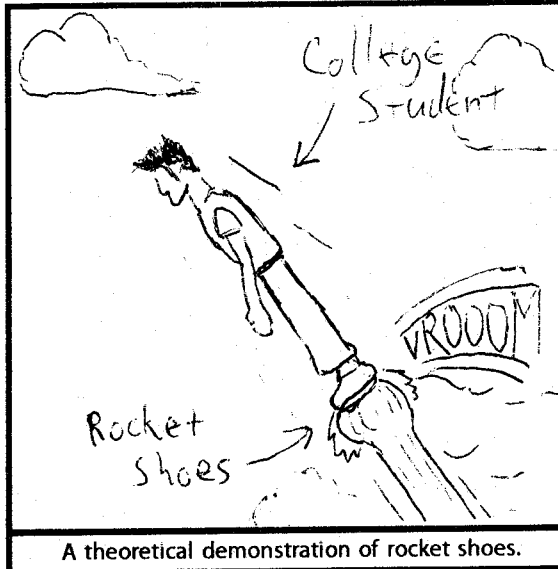
commonplace in the future, your local Dr. Moreau will whip you up a giant pterodactyl (with headlights on the front), one in which you can slap on a saddle and take to the skies. Just make sure you feed it a well-balanced diet so it doesn't get testy!

Perhaps another futuristic transportation idea that would be ideal for us college students would be rocket shoes. Or even rocket skates. Now before you say, "Well holy, gosh-darn," let me explain myself. There's been many an

incident where I've needed to jet to a professor's office before an important deadline or get to the top of Ophelia Parrish in a snap without using all those ladders. Wouldn't it be nice to go from 0 mph to Warp 2 in three seconds flat when trying to traverse campus? Just think of how much more we could all concentrate on learning without having to concentrate on just how we're going to get to class. And don't worry about the rocket fuel. You see, in the future, we will launch ships into space with giant slingshots, thus leaving tons of rocket fuel for us commoners.

Many of you readers might think all this speculation about the future is a little crazy and the ideas I've presented crazier. But this is the future we're talking about, and anything can happen. With a little elbow grease, we can make these things happen. Towards the Future, my friends!

Stay tuned to future issues of *The Monitor*, as Jesse Pasley puts his life on the line for the good of science. This spring, marvel as Mr. Pasley develops a working model of his special rocket shoes. Watch him as he "goes down in a blaze of glory" to test these new forms of transportation. Be there!!!



for those of you who have a "simplified" lifestyle? Do you like riding your bike around town on a breezy spring day? Well, in the future, you'll have your own, personal hot air balloon to cruise the skies, because hot air in the future will no longer be a precious commodity. Do you love animals and also need a way to get to work? Because genetic engineering will be

### SOCIALISM, from page 7

the Democratic Socialists of America (cf. [www.dsasusa.org/dsa/pc/pc.html](http://www.dsasusa.org/dsa/pc/pc.html)).

Socialism's popularity isn't limited to politics, either. More frightening is its dominant presence in American universities. Take Truman, for instance. For those of you who have been in a literature class, when is the last time you were asked to interpret a book using Smithian criticism as opposed to Marxist criticism? When was the first time? Let's take it even farther: has anyone ever, in their entire school career, heard one professor give a moral justification of capitalism or denouncement of socialism? For all our talk about free speech and giving time to "oppressed" and misunderstood ideologies, where is there equal time, or any time, for their opponents?

The fact is that despite claims of oppression, these are now the dominant ideologies in education. Universities across the country, which are shaping the intellectuals of tomorrow, are teaching socialism and all its "progressive" relatives. What implications does this have for the future? If young intellectuals are indoctrinated with a morally bankrupt ideology and told that it is the only just and moral system, what do you think they are going to tell the less-educated? How long will it be before we really step on the accelerator and speed America towards the society of Stalinist Russia? While it's hard to say, we can be certain that our universities are supplying plenty of fuel.

But the most widespread support for socialism exists in the mindsets of the American people. Most of us have heard at one time or another the idea that money is the "root of all evil." People express this fundamental belief in

many ways, from insisting that profit is a dirty word to describing corporations as sinister and inhumane. For those of you who truly believe that business is corrupt, I have a few questions. 1) Tell me, who is the villain: the businessman who says "thank you" when you *choose* to pay him for the good or service he provides, or the politician who says, "you're welcome" when he swipes your money and spends half of it on a useless program and the other half to line his pocket? 2) How is it that low-wage work constitutes slavery when the workers choose to take the job? 3) In what way is low-wage work inhumane, seeing as how if the employer didn't come and offer people jobs and salaries, they would starve? 4) Why should low-wage workers or, better yet, consumers, have any say in the major decisions of a company when they do not own it and have contributed nothing towards its intellectual creation, implementation, and maintenance?

To finally get back to Mr. Iles question: what is the solution to "selfish greed"? More "selfish greed"? Far from being the root of evil, the principles of capitalism uphold virtue and morality, and those who have followed them are responsible for the wonders of human creation. People deserve better than the ideas socialism offers. Rather than uplifting the "poor and oppressed" by encouraging them to do better, socialism's idea of progress is to lower everyone to the same level of suffering. It negates its professed claims of benevolence not only in regards to those it attacks, but especially in regards to those it claims to help, implying that the poor are too weak and stupid to do anything for themselves. When we are ready to wipe out poverty and oppression, perhaps we might try some-

thing really "revolutionary" telling people that this life is wonderful, that people are inherently good, and that the human mind is capable of incredible things. But I guess we'd have to begin by believing that ourselves.

### FREE SPEECH, from page 6

selves to abuse from those who disagree with the speech they allow. All this simply for a matter of principle.

What a principle, though. Without it, and without the rare few that strap on the yoke of promoting free speech, we would be as oppressed a society as the Soviet Union of yesterday and the China of today.

I challenge the gatekeepers of the media institutions in this town to become truly free. The burden is heavy, but the need is immeasurable.

### The Writing Center Helping You Write Now

#### Write Bite:

"The good writer seems to be writing about himself but has his eye always on that thread of the universe which runs through himself, and all things."  
-Ralph Waldo Emerson

#### Word of the Week:

Pedagogue, n. 1. One who teaches.  
2. One who instructs in a pedantic or dogmatic manner.

#### Writing Tip #1:

Have a clear understanding of the assignment; ask your professor if you're confused.

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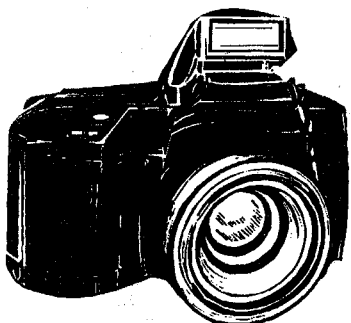
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# Queen Astra - Let the stars be your guide!

**Aries (March 21-April 20):** The stars are on your side this week, Aries. An old friend returns to visit you. If you act like you don't know him/her, they might not ask for the money you owe them.

**Taurus (April 21-May 22):** Create a new "alternative sport." Try to incorporate your hobbies. Just remember to wear your "protective equipment" and keep track of how many times you "score." With a little practice, you might get someone to join you.

**Gemini (May 23-June 21):** Walk on the wild side. Lick some batteries. It will leave you with a tingle so sweet you might even attract that special someone. Keep it below 9 volts.

**Cancer (June 22-July 24):** There is no need to be so extravagant! Learn to appreciate the simpler things in life. Cheap beer, instant 'taters, and processed cheese can be not only cheap but surprisingly delicious.

**Leo (July 25-August 23):** Leos have always required a certain amount of homage paid to them. This week, all you lions should not look for your phones to be ringing of the hook. But shameful snobs deserve that now and then.

**Virgo (August 24-September 23):** You need to learn to follow your instincts. It's a good time to take chances, Virgo. Get in touch with your lustiness. Lick your lips and pinch bottoms at your own free will. It's fun to be a little naughty.

**Libra (September 24-October 23):** Develop a nervous twitch for attention. Keep it up as long as possible. Stay away from ravenous dogs: they may blow your cover or even bite your legs off, neither of which would be beneficial to you.

**Scorpio (October 24-November 22):** Let your inhibitions go. You are notorious for being a little tight, if you know what I mean. Remember, underwear is an accessory, not a necessity.

**Sagittarius (November 23-December 21):** Do happy little jigs. Jig in the morning and afternoon, but be careful. An unusual amount of jiggling may cause a spontaneous recovery of you flaming teenage acne.

**Capricorn (December 22-January 20):** You have been known for your vicious and intemperate disposition. Keep your cool this week. Don't maim anyone if they laugh at the inadequate size of your members.

**Aquarius (January 21-February 19):** Animal magnetism does exist. However, your relationship with an armadillo may bring an early armageddon. For an alternative, try M&Ms--same great chewiness on the inside, and crunch on the outside.

**Pisces (February 20-March 20):** Invest this month's tuition payment in lottery tickets. Dye your hair blonde and visit the tanning bed to prepare for all your fame and fortune. Too bad your lucky numbers this week are 6; 66; 666.

**Q&A from Queen Astra.** Send your letters to the Monitor mailbox in the CAOC or to [monitortrm@hotmail.com](mailto:monitortrm@hotmail.com).

Queen Astra,  
I need your help. I am tired of being alone and would like to find a significant other of my very own! I've been trying to find a friend, but I am now all out of ideas! Can you help me meet that special someone?

Sincerely,  
Lonely Guy

Dear Lonely Guy,  
Did you intend on making the second line of your letter rhyme? If so, you could have bigger problems than being a mateless chump. The way it sounds, Lonely Guy, no one can help you find that someone special. Why not start off by taking small steps like ridding yourself of apparent social leprosy. Besides, do you even know what to do with "that special someone" or "a significant other"? You know, Lonely Guy, desperation is a tender trap, but stupidity can be deadly. Get a dog.

Queen Astra

## Bertha Stewart

# Surviving

### Ingredients:

- 32 oz. Frozen hash brown potatoes
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 8 oz. sour cream
- ½ cup diced onion
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ cup (one stick) melted butter
- 1 cup shredded cheddar cheese for topping:
- 2 cups crushed corn flakes
- ¼ cup melted butter

Okay, kiddies, buckle up tight 'cause today we're going to enter the wild and crazy world of casseroles. I know, I know, you always thought you had to be a mom and play bridge to make casseroles, but no, that myth is just a conspiracy to keep you out of the kitchen. Well, in true Bertha fashion, we're going to dispel those myths and put your little aproned-heinie to work. Oh yeah, before you turn your little apathetic-heinie around because I said that nasty "work" word, never fear, campers, casseroles are easy. That's part of the conspiracy. Your mom wants you to think she's slaving away for you when really dinner takes no time to prepare. That's how she finds so much time to donate to secret underground plots to take over the world, or at least Cleveland.

To start, kick up that oven to 350 degrees so it will be ready for your scrumptious Potato Casserole. Before you begin, wash your hands really well, like with soap. Even get under those fingernails because this casserole you mix with your hands. It's therapy, like finger-painting. You're going to mix and bake in the same large baking dish; 9 x 13 pans work really well, but you can use an actual casserole dish to really make it look like mom's. Dump in one package

(32 oz.) frozen hash brown potatoes. These come in the frozen food section in a plastic bag. You want to use them while they're still frozen, but make sure they aren't in one solid clump. If you freeze them in your freezer and they are in this state, just run hot water over them to break them up into little pieces. The Southern cut style work well and already have some seasonings which add to the dish.

To the potatoes, add one can cream of chicken soup, 8 ozs. sour cream, one-quarter tsp. pepper, 1 tsp. salt, 1 cup shredded cheddar cheese, one-half cup (one stick) melted butter or margarine, and one-half cup diced onion. It's a good idea to melt the butter and let it cool a bit before pouring it in the mix because you could burn yourself. You'll feel stupid at the emergency room with sour cream and potatoes stuck to your blistered skin. Also watch for frostbite when mixing the cold ingredients. I saw on KTVO that you should never massage skin with frostbite, in case you were wondering. You can always count on Kirksville news to keep you informed! Fresh onion works best, plus you look cool crying while you chop it up. You'll get big sympathy points from the roommates out of this one. You might not need the whole half cup if you don't like onions; you'll find out how much you like the more you make this one.

After you got all the goodies smooshed up together, top the casserole with two cups crushed corn flakes and one-fourth cup melted butter. Yes, Virginia, she said corn flakes. I know you think it sounds gross, just trust me. I am a Stewart after all; we know what we're doing.

Throw the sucker in the oven for an hour and you've got yourself some down home cookin' that will make mom obsolete. Now she'll have more time for her illicit drug operations. And you thought she was going to PTA meetings...

## PAPA SUSSO, from page 1

wood, and cannabis). He holds his instrument in several positions, plucks the strings with only four fingers, and accompanies himself as he sings praises to the Kora and to his audience.

We know why Papa Susso walked through those double doors of the SUB Down Under last Tuesday evening. But why did the audience? His lyrics were unintelligible due to the language barrier, his kora strings sounded slightly out of tune to our ears; most of the audience members weren't Muslim or even of Mande descent.

Several children were in attendance, more so than at previous multicultural events. Some were children of the faculty in attendance, and the aforementioned cub scout troop had been invited by their cub master to experience this rare event because, "They're not going to hear this again in their lives. This is the one chance, and if they remember it as something strange, that's alright."

However, the young-uns weren't the only ones who might've found the music aesthetically-challenging. At a school where a Better than Ezra concert can be a very big deal, it should come as no surprise here at Truman that the masses from Centennial, MO, Dobson, or off-campus didn't flock.

But some students were there.

You had the curious folk, the oft-labeled "cultured poser" or "pseudointellectual." How many times have you heard, "Oh, she's just trying to be cultured and intellectual." This familiar label serves as a stereotyping-landfill for all those people who we perceive to go to concerts knowing they won't understand the words, watch movies they won't understand, and maybe (gasp) read books that might really confuse them. Make no mistake, there isn't a large

place in my heart for people who waltz around trumpeting this cultural bravery, but as for the people who try new things out even when it's uncomfortable or initially displeasing to the American aesthetic, I don't condone squelching their experimental impulse. We'll leave that to the Man.

Then you have the extra-credit hunters, with notebooks on laps and letters like A- and B+ in their eyes, writing down just enough information so their stance in Perspectives in World Music might improve. Until recently, it was these people with whom I had the most idealistic bones to pick, simply because I thought their outwardly selfish motive for attending these concerts canceled out the fact that they were there. But I must agree with Professor Adam Davis, when he comments:

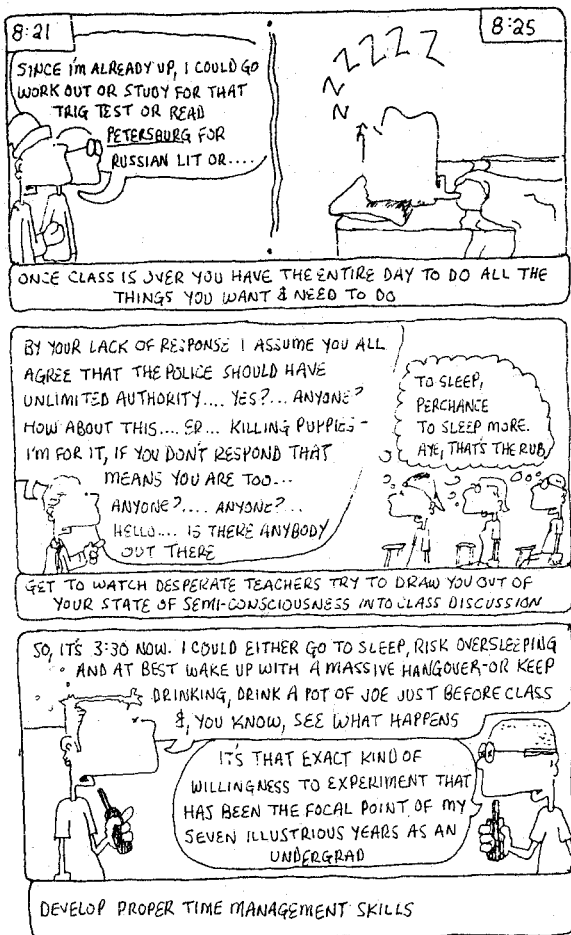
"There's no bad reason to go hear something of value. Most of us need a push to encounter something as alien to most of us as Papa Susso's art... Should we exploit irrelevant motivations to move people to do what they ought to want to do? Well, we all ought to respect and cherish one another, but when that just isn't in your heart, manners will fill the gap."

So maybe some of the people in attendance were trying to be intellectual, or trying to improve a grade, or trying to expose their children to a foreign culture, or just plain curious. Whatever the motive, the fact is, they came to the concert, and whatever cultural event you attend, there's always the chance that you will be introduced to something that you will come to love and cherish your whole life. So I don't care why people went. I'm glad they were there, and judging from the bright white grin from a gleeful Papa Susso, he was glad too.

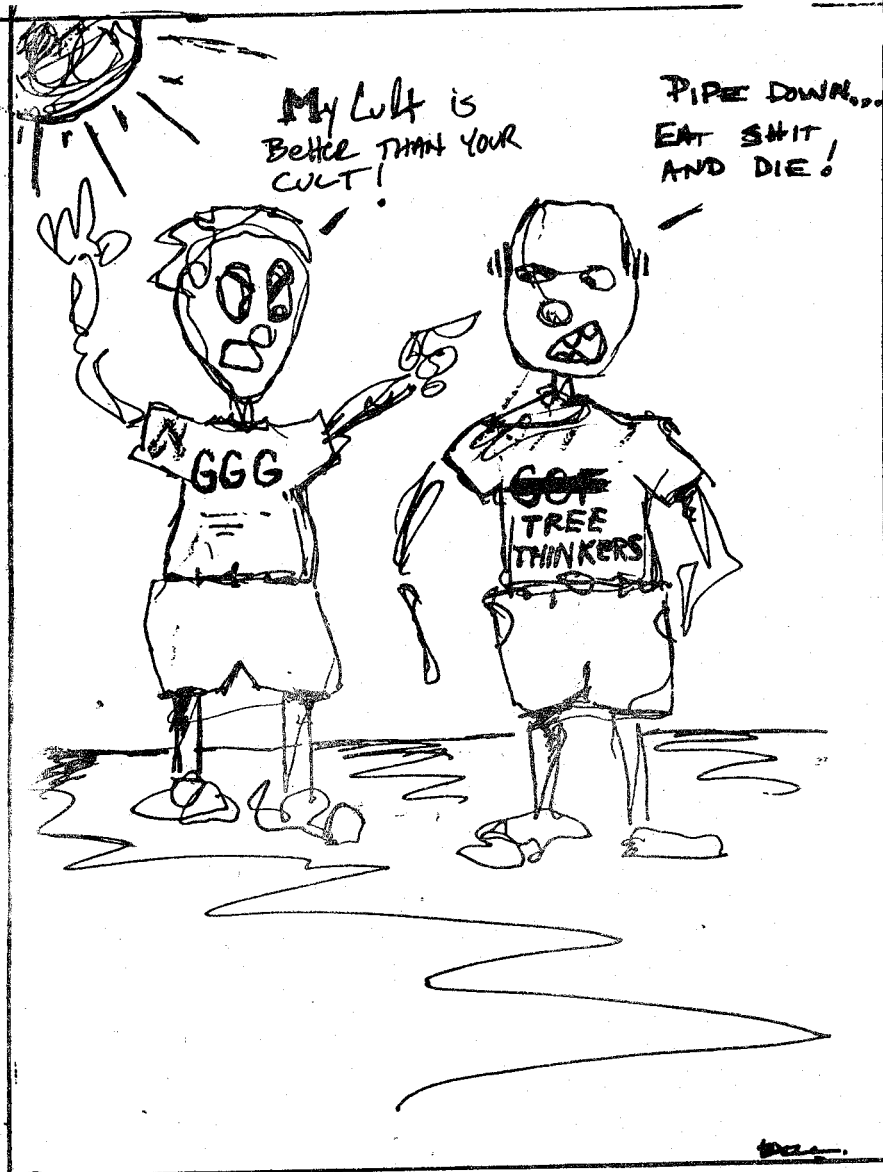
On Wednesday, February 24,  
Mediators Assisting Disputants (MAD) will host  
"The Roommate Gameshow"  
(A Newlywed Game-type show featuring roommates)  
at 7:00 in Violette 1010  
Prizes will be awarded to winning pairs of roommates.  
Come out and see how much you really know  
about your roommate.

# Cartoons!

THE JOE SNUFFY GUIDE TO 7:30 A.M. CLASSES



"Well we might be able to get you in for a appointment next week Monday."



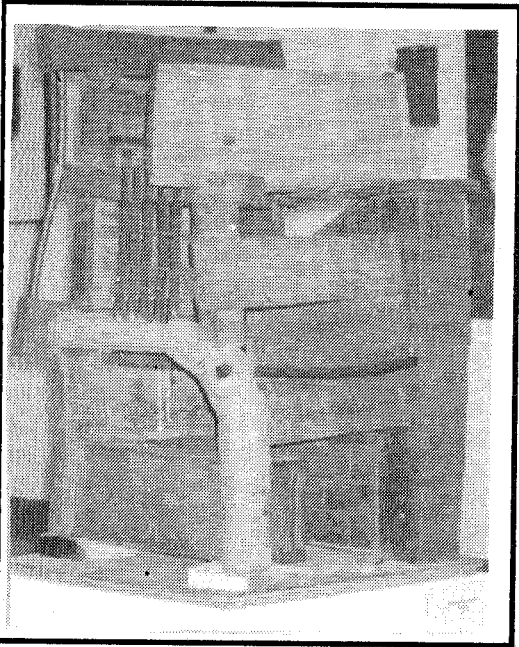
THE **DORGE** CHRONICLES BY ANDY DANDINO



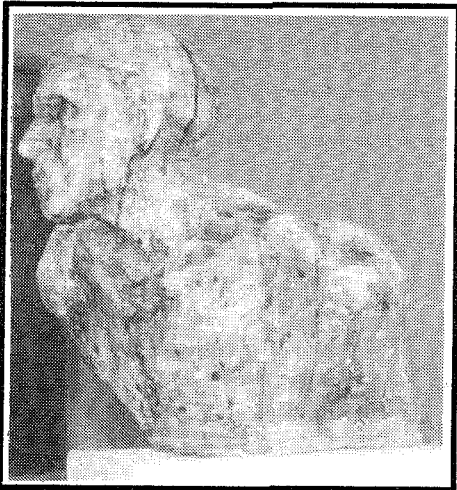


Art Page!!

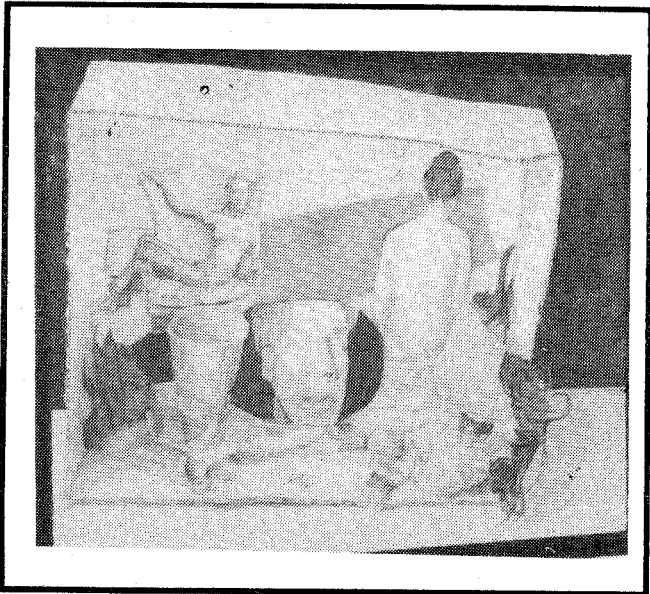
This Art Page features the work of Truman students currently on display as part of the Annual Juried Student Exhibition in the Ophelia Parrish Gallery.



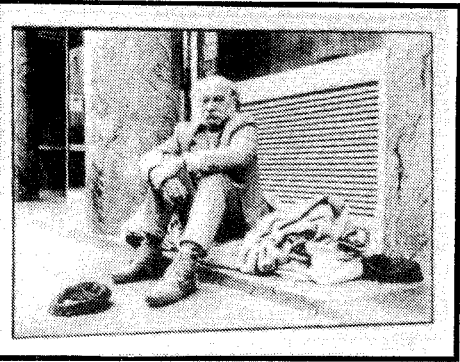
Nate W. Ferree  
stoneware



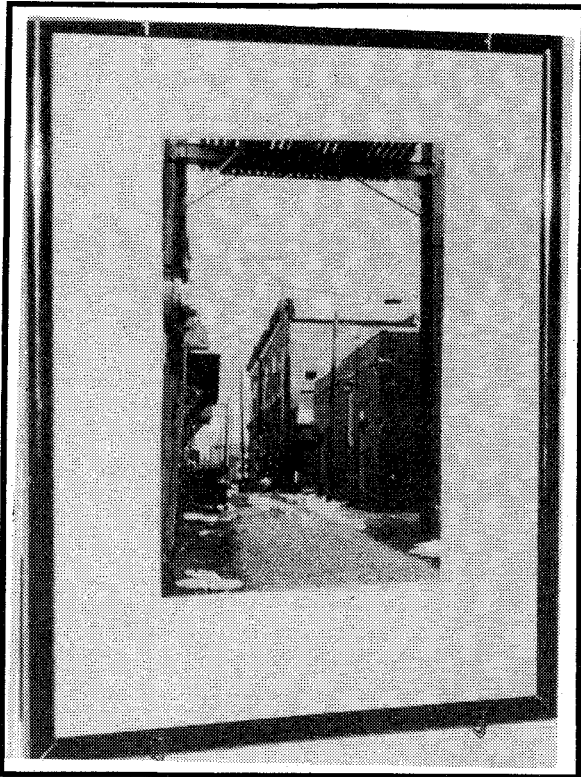
Grant Kelly  
*Sisyphus*  
plaster



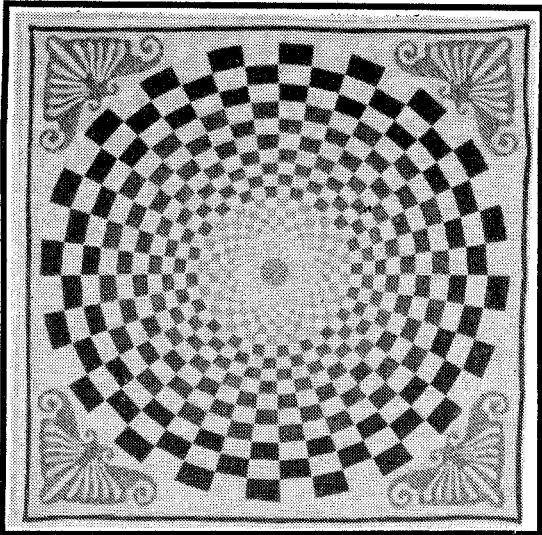
Jim Kuehnle  
*Dream Box*  
pencil



Matt Trego  
*Le Pauvre Rue Desaux*  
photo

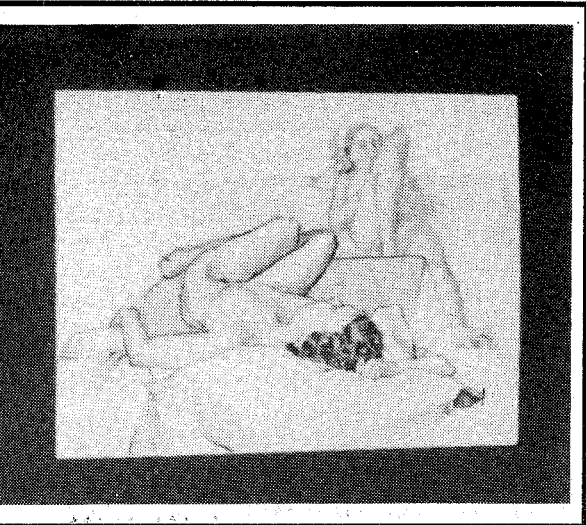


Jay Lansford  
*Music*  
silver gelatin print



Abby Moore  
*Motion*  
cottonfiber, printed fabric, machine quilt

(below)  
Nicole Timmins  
*Sleepers*  
charcoal and ink



(right)  
John Woodworth  
*untitled*  
oil, latex, charcoal on wood



Mom Said:

She used to whisper to her womb,  
As not to wake me.  
I would sleep inside of her, my humble home-  
Connected in every way to her  
Everywhere she went...  
...I went too.  
She said  
She used to sing to me softly,  
And I would kick gently from inside,  
(sometimes on a beat)  
for nine months and three days-  
my world was a woman, a womb  
and then,  
I broke free  
Kicking, screaming  
Knowing air.  
Fighting against a cold breeze of life-  
But still I fit.  
So close to her  
Between her breasts  
Drinking from her self-made milk:  
But still I fit.  
And now,  
Nineteen years later,  
My world is no longer a womb-  
And I am a woman-  
And I am a woman-  
And I have a womb...  
And one day I will whisper to my woman-ness.

-Melissa Wood

Too stupid to be here,  
Too tired to care.  
In only one minute,  
My hell will appear.

It rages and roars,  
With a cold, evil fire.  
And each day I pray,  
That it will soon be over.

Please take me,  
Please make me,  
One cold little flame.

And emptiness surrounds me,  
All over again.

--megmarch

We race each other on  
the keyboard - a playful  
round of computer  
Jeopardy.  
Answers to questions and  
questions as answers.  
But wait - take  
Our own commercial break.  
Do you have questions to  
my answers?  
Wishful answers about you,  
about me, about this  
pair of possibility that  
could be us. Would  
it work? Could  
it be? Alex on  
the computer says  
"Sorry, you are  
incorrect."

-Dane Stangler

# MY BACK PAGES. . .

*She kept his love letters  
arranged neatly in a box  
like folded bedsheets  
in a linen closet;  
crisp and white with  
printed script and embroidered flowers.  
She read them to remember  
the sound of the snow  
as they walked the streets  
with interlocked fingers,  
the weight of his gaze  
on her naked and sleeping body,  
the faint yet distinguishable scent  
of his underarm hair  
as she burrowed her head into the space  
where his neck and collarbone met,  
the taste of his kisses  
as they filled her mouth  
like sweet candy,  
the aftermath of flesh friction  
as they laid in exasperated arms  
and twisted sheets.  
she took the love letters  
from their box  
and wrapped herself up in them.  
She read him to remember  
the flowers they embroidered on each other.*

-J. P.

Doors  
Windows  
Chains  
Favorite things  
Smile and wait  
and talk to you.  
Children play  
games.  
Wear themselves  
out.  
Tomorrow comes  
in hours.  
Sitting to wait.  
Doors  
Windows  
Chains

-Anonymous

Doggie Treats  
Your love is like spaghetti  
It fills me up  
And sometimes it is like a li-  
Ma bean.  
I have to be in the mood, for it  
For you-  
In order to like it  
Or you-  
But maybe it's more like milk  
Cause it does my body good-  
But lately it's like broccoli  
I want to put it in my napkin-  
And S-L-O-W-L-Y lower it down to my hungry dog-  
Who will appreciate it more than I-  
But she eats everything-  
Anything  
Even peas-  
So don't feel special.

-Melissa Wood

WANTED: Poetry for My Back Pages. Drop off  
submissions in the Monitor Mailbox, CAOC.