

# The Monitor

A Campus Collective

13 April 1999

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

## Lovell speaks about Apollo 13 Indie films coming to Truman

by Matt Siemer

"Ladies and gentlemen, I shouldn't be here tonight," said the man standing centerstage in Baldwin Auditorium.

Twenty-nine years ago Saturday night, Apollo 13 stood on the launchpad in Cape Canaveral, Florida. At 13:13 the next day, it headed into space. Twenty-nine years ago today, ninety hours and 200,000 miles from Earth, Apollo 13 lost two of three fuel cells, an entire oxygen tank, and Fra Mauro, its landing site on the Moon. They vanished with the push of a button. Yet only a few days later, Fred Haise and Jack Swigert splashed down in the Pacific ocean.

As did their captain, Jim Lovell. And it was on Saturday night that this man stood before a full house of Kirksville residents and Truman students, delivering a presentation entitled *Apollo 13: A Successful Failure*. Despite what he said, he most certainly was here.

Speaking for about an hour and a half, Lovell recounted the drama of his journey. Describing crisis after crisis, he spoke of how each new challenge was overcome by cooperation between frantic geniuses in Houston and courageous astronauts in space. Listening gave one the sense of how this story captivated the world many years ago. This was a story too frightening and dangerous to end happily; yet it did. Listening gave one the sense of why this man is a hero.

Not to say that anyone expected anything extraordinary from Apollo 13. Weaving storytelling with historical background, Lovell made it clear that by the time of his voyage, few still considered space travel exciting. The world yawned when the rocket's engines ignited, rubbed its eyes as it hurtled towards the Moon. And while the crew of Apollo 13 filmed what they thought was a live TV broadcast during their third day in space, the networks chose instead to deliver people what they really wanted: a baseball game and an *I Love Lucy* rerun.

Of course, things changed as soon as disaster struck. Fairly quickly, people began to watch news anchors on their television sets the same way the audience in Baldwin Auditorium watched Lovell: with rapt attention. Twenty-nine years ago, his life and his story engaged millions of strangers in an incredible drama. And on Saturday night, as he paced the stage and spoke of his trip, Jim Lovell opened a link with this past.

Yet there was something missing. It seemed unthinkable. This man had been in space four times. He was the captain of Apollo 13, involved in one of the most incredible events to happen in the twentieth century. And one glance at the program for the event revealed that he has since gone on to accomplish many more successes, including several business ventures and positions promoting the United States space program. Nevertheless, it was undeniable: his speech was dry. Maybe even...boring.

It was not what I had expected. While watch-

ing the movie version of his adventure the night before, I sat enchanted. The Tom Hanks' rendering of the story had me captured by the time Apollo 13 lifted off the ground, shot through the atmosphere, and achieved a peaceful orbit in twelve and a half minutes. I looked at the sky through a window, amazed that a man in a rocket could see the black of outer space in about the time it takes me to walk to Barnett Hall. Everything after that scene merely added to my infinite awe like a curve approaching an asymptote.

As I sat in the audience on Saturday night, I tried to understand why I did not feel the same way. I tried to understand why the real Jim Lovell standing a few hundred feet away did not produce the same effect. The events that had created such drama the night before were made to seem so distant and normal.

It was not until near the end of his speech that I realized

what was different. What had changed was not the message itself but its medium. Lacking movie cameras and evocative sets, Jim Lovell simply stood on stage and told his story. Yet the moral seems not to be that real life can't be as exciting as Hollywood. Rather, it was contained in Lovell's tone of voice, in his method of delivery: "You know, these events really weren't that incredible."

Nothing could have been more surprising coming from a man who went through all that Lovell did. Yet as he recounted event after event, this pattern emerged. He humorously described the "hiss-bang" noise he heard which prompted the famous words, "Houston, we have a problem." He calmly spoke of the fourteen seconds during which he and Haise had to steer the spacecraft manually, struggling to keep the terminator of the Earth in the window. And he gave an extensive, matter-of-fact history of how, over several years, a normal oxygen tank became damaged, transforming it into a bomb embedded within Apollo 13.

If Lovell's account of the most extraordinary events in the history of the US space program made them sound ordinary, perhaps it was because, in his mind, they were. It could be that twenty-nine years of repeating his story has rendered it less gripping.

But there seems to be a more plausible explanation. Lovell ended his speech by stating "there are three types of people in this world: those who make things happen, those who watch things happen, and those who wonder what happened." Most of Saturday night's audience watched and wondered at the man who had made so many amazing things happen. For Lovell, however, someone used to making things happen, perhaps such achievements seemed neither boring nor amazing but normal, expected.

And perhaps one of his greatest achievements could be to inspire others to feel the same way.

by Dave Heaton

Two widely acclaimed films by talented young directors are coming to the big screen of Baldwin Hall Auditorium on the evening of Friday, April 23, as The Film Club presents *Nowhere*, followed by a joint Film Club/SAB showing of *Happiness*. Both films are free, and an excellent chance to catch recent innovative cinema starring familiar actors in atypical roles.

*Nowhere*, from 1997, is the final film (following *Totally Fucked Up* and *The Door: Generation*) in writer/director Greg Araki's trilogy of teen films, dealing with the confusion and intrigue that comes with being a teenager. "This is a true teen alienation flick," Film Club president Jennifer Davis said. "If you'd like to see what a John Hughes film would be like set in the 90's and political, this is it."

Fitting the "teen flick" motif, *Nowhere*'s ensemble cast includes a multitude of current and past teen film/TV stars, including a number of currently "hot" sex symbols and some legendary TV icons. Some of the members of the extensive cast are Christina Applegate (*Jesse, Married With Children*), James Duval (*Go, Independence Day*), Heather Graham (*Lost in Space, Boogie Nights*), Ryan Phillippe (*Cruel Intentions*), Rachel True (*The Craft*), Jason Simmons (*Baywatch*), Kathleen Robertson (*Beverly Hills 90210*), Christopher Knight (Peter on *The Brady Bunch*), Eve Plumb (Jan on *The Brady Bunch*), Denise Richards (*Wild Things, Starship Troopers*), Shannen Doherty, Traci Lords, John Ritter, Gibby Haynes from *The Butthole Surfers*, and Charlotte Rae (Mrs. Garrett on *Facts of Life*).

The film, set in Los Angeles, follows a group of teenagers through a series of interesting and bizarre experiences. *Nowhere*'s official web site describes the plot as follows: "Like a *Beverly Hills 90210* episode on acid, *Nowhere* follows an interwoven network of libidinous teens as they hurtle through youthful doubt and insecurity, the highs and lows of adolescent love, S&M, hallucinogenics, carjackings, murder, and alien abduction."

Araki's unique visual sense and knack at telling stories with surprising twists has been noted by many critics. Leonard Maltin wrote of *Nowhere*, "The pop visual design and the eclectic cast make for some twisted fun." *Nowhere* also features an "alternative rock"

soundtrack featuring Radiohead, Hole, Elastica, The Chemical Brothers, Marilyn Manson and many others.

After *Nowhere*, SAB and The Film Club will present *Happiness*, a film which many fans of cinema, myself included, consider to easily be one of the best pictures of 1998, if not the best. The film, written and directed by Todd Solondz (*Welcome to the Dollhouse*), is both a hilarious comedy and seriously thoughtful social commentary.

The film has received numerous film awards and nominations, and a bounty of critical praise. In 1998, *Happiness* won best picture awards from the Toronto International Film Festival, the Sao Paulo International Film Festival, and the Fort Lauderdale International Film Festival, and was nominated for the Golden Globe and Chicago Film Critics Association best screenplay awards. It also won three Independent Spirit Awards.

*Happiness* is an ensemble piece dealing with the interrelated, "dysfunctional" lives of a group of interesting and generally unhappy individuals, including three sisters, their parents, one sister's husband and their son, the husband's psychiatrist, and another of the psychiatrist's patients, as well as various other people they meet.

Like Solondz's previous film *Welcome to the Dollhouse*, *Happiness* is alternately hilarious and unsettling, and often both at the same time. It depicts characters who are unusual yet also familiar, and ultimately is a reminder that humans are not all that different from each other, as weird or "crazy" as some might seem.

The film includes exceptional performances by an ensemble cast featuring Philip Seymour

Hoffman (*Boogie Nights, The Big Lebowski*), Lara Flynn Boyle (*The Practice, Twin Peaks*), Dylan Baker (*From the Earth to the Moon*), Jane Adams (*You've Got Mail*), and Cynthia Stevenson (*The Player, Air Bud: Golden Receiver*), as well as appearances by Jon Lovitz, Jared Harris, Marla Maples, Molly Shannon, and many more.

Both films are critically acclaimed pieces of cinema which are also fun and entertaining. This fine night of film is another prime piece of evidence that all of the people who tirelessly complain that "there's nothing to do in Kirksville" just aren't paying enough attention.

### Nowhere and Happiness

April 23  
7:30 & 9:30  
Baldwin Hall  
Auditorium  
sponsored by  
Film Club and SAB

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# The Monitor

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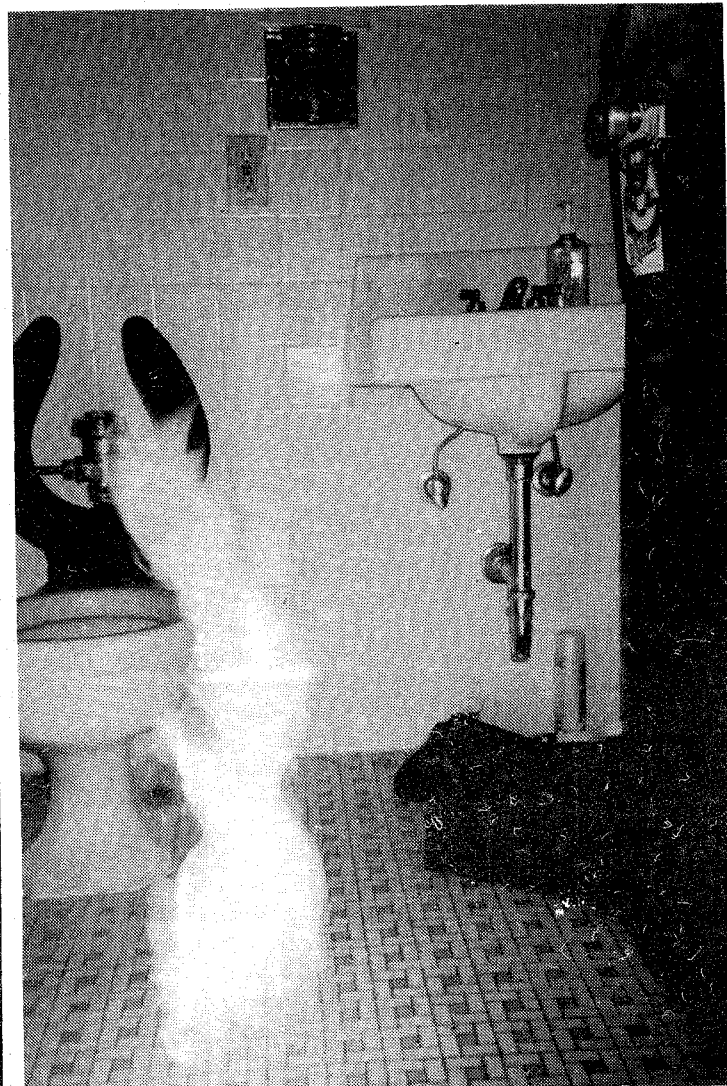
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"I have always thought the actions of men the  
best interpreters of their thoughts."  
--John Locke



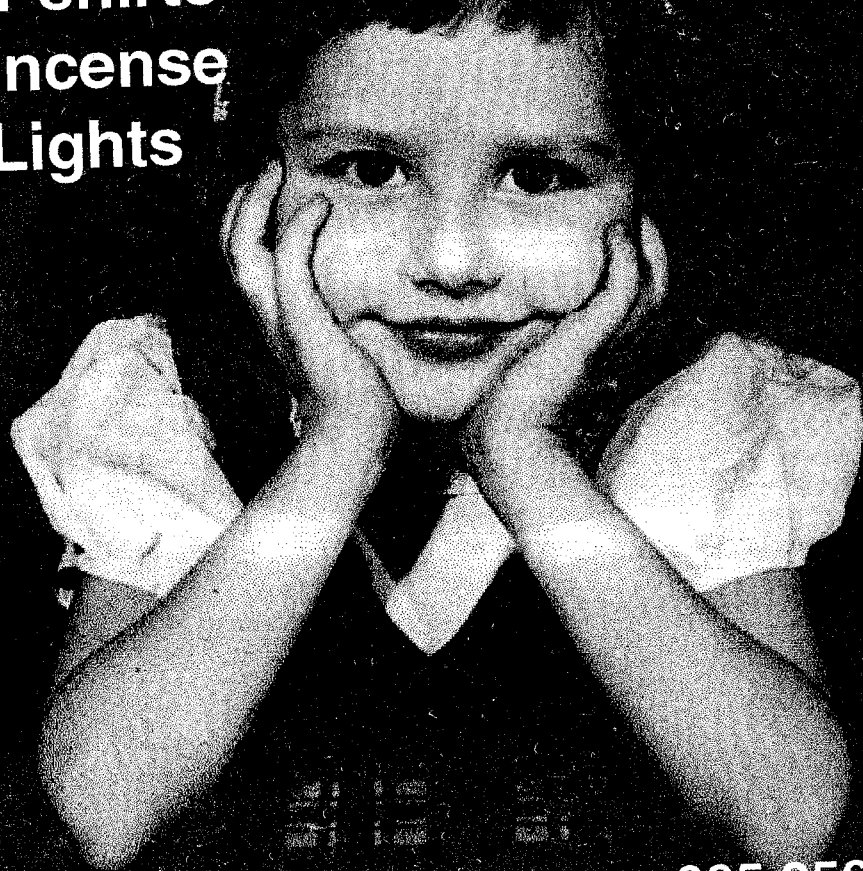
## Fun in the Bathroom: Tornado of Fire

Try this science experiment at home!  
(The Monitor is not responsible for any  
damage due to uncontrollable fires  
caused by this activity.)

- Buy rubbing alcohol, (Wal-Mart only  
has "Wintergreen" this week.)
- Find small bathroom with tile floor.  
Carpet might be a bad idea.
- Clear anything from room that  
shouldn't burn.
- Practice opening and closing door,  
observing path of door's arc.
- Pour 1/5 bottle of alcohol on floor at  
edge of door's path.
- Light this on fire, allowing about 10  
seconds for full fusion.
- Close and reopen door quickly. The  
currents of air should transform your  
harmless fire on the floor into a tor-  
nado of fire which will move chaoti-  
cally about the room for about 5  
seconds.
- Repeat last step for more fun.

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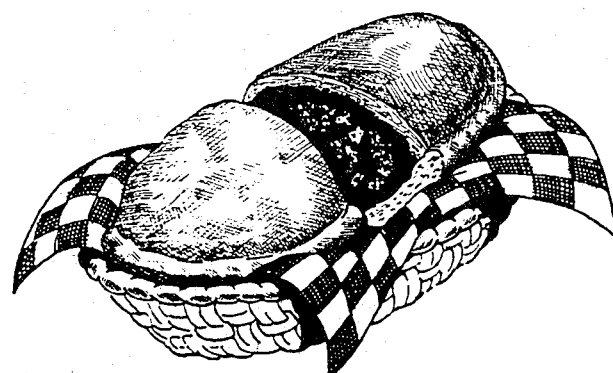
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13 April 1999

# Letters

:pd:  
Love,  
Erin

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## Student elections don't have to be politics as usual

Dear Reader,

Once more we will observe an episode of renewal as well as change. Once more, processions of students will wend through the Student Union to cast their ballots. Once more, we will entertain the designs and the petitions of prospective officials. It is ironic that the most sacred ritual of a free society -- elections -- are for us merely a transitory political stratagem: the same admonitions, the same speeches, and the same unfulfilled promises.

In this election of 1999, we would like to invoke the novelty of the 21<sup>st</sup> century to adorn these pledges and slogans. But whether these elections avail anything depends on us, the students, rather than on the times in which we live. "The future is to those who take it."

No election in recent memory has withstood the test of demagoguery. Each year, parties have offered posters with arresting graphics and recycled slogans. Promise has succeeded promise, each time hoping for vindication by far-reaching acts of deference by the administration. Now we begin yet another campaign, perhaps to endure another betrayal.

But 1999 does not have to be a year of politics of usual. It can be a year where, for once, covenants are observed, where our leaders are just and our honor is secure. We have not entered upon this campaign for profit or for the sake of one interest, one creed, or one faith. It is not the party of anyone because it is the party of everyone. The title of "senator" does not automatically enlarge the senator's capacities. No elected official, regardless of individual faculties, is greater than his or her constituency. That is why our campaign is unique. It is not a campaign of pledges but a campaign of challenges, challenges proffered to our student body. This election holds exciting, gratifying prospects out to all constituencies, but only so long as our students are animated with resolution and discipline. It is important to remember that great politicians, great leaders, have not been demagogues or charlatans, but perceivers of the greatness within their own people. And that has made all the difference.

Sincerely,

The Bulldog Party

## Iles cheers defeat of Proposition B

Exclusive to The Monitor:

Statement on the defeat of Proposition B and its implications from the state Socialist chair and US/Canada representative UK Labour Heritage Group of Historians: Larry Iles:

"Today's welcome news that in the hearty words of the president of Missouri Sheriffs Association, 'People cannot be bought,' on the defeat of Proposition B, calls not only happily for rejoicing, but, also, for some serious rumination while the moment is ripe.

One, verifiably professional political scientists and historians from places like the University of Missouri-Columbia, said it on public record in open press. There, they said the truth. There never has been either locally or nationally a constitutional "right" to civilian hold guns, concealed or otherwise! This is as any top law-

yer or historian will tell you, is just purest NRA-sponsored unhistorical fiction, or frank mythology.

Nationally, the NRA and Charlton Heston himself in his wealthy commercials for them, base their stake on a wholly disputed "Founding Fathers" claim; that guns are a civic "right." In actual fact the Second Amendment talks about guns being confined to a only "constituted militia" and in eighteenth century as much as nineteenth century historical near parlance that meant and means the militia and police; no one, "irregularly," else. Since one of the findings of the great radical American historian Charles Beard still stands uncontested by even the most conservative US PhDs in his modern counterparts, that the Founding Fathers were "framers" overwhelmingly, lawyers and men, of white property. It is inconceivable they meant anarchistically what 1999 Mr. Heston and the NRA "individual rights" claim.

So, in conclusion, yesterday's Proposition B rejection, albeit ever so "narrow," was a clean, fair triumph for historical truth and reality in think-for-yourself genuine democracy. Over all the lies that Virginia NRA HQ plutocrats and out-of-staters like Charlton *Planet of the Apes* Heston can buy. Let's be clear, too, it was a solid victory. Not only for the many TSU professors like English Linda Seidel, German Connie Reid, Spanish Tom Campuano, French Betty McLane and Art Historian James Harmon and Education Janice Grew, all of whom personally assured lobbying me of the "no" votes to Proposition B, but also victoriously one of national and even global implications!!!

Having to confront, with mere hand-hasty printed posters myself, TSU approved, abundant wealthy glossy Pro-B posters on student detailed union notice boards right up to polling day yesterday disproportion! Indeed, US national handgun control and "physicians and teachers" down in St. Louis and in Kansas City, all reported "fund-exhaustion." Despite the fact, we won!! Missourians deserve commendation for rejecting NRA "big bucks," and sending Master Charlton off on his *Ben Hur* horses way elsewhere to peddle his global "macho" violence while the brave 39% of the 26% who voted in Adair against loose Proposition B deserve Roman Laurels. For courage, for peace and reason over mayhem and outright, downright wealthy lies. Especially from establishment toads like shabby Mr. Harold Volkmer in sad example to future "Tom Sawyers" wanting a prejudice-free, non-violent new century, gun-free world inside America as well as inside Bosnia, Kosovo, and Iraq states. Of genuine peaceful, new start chance in renewed life potential. Bread and butter, real such politics, please; not guns and macho, negative destruction! The politics, the society and the history of sanity, rather than of Ayn Rand's mytho, style selfish ego in rampaging gun phallus and fallacy!!!!"

L. Iles

## Be sure to check out these upcoming FAC events!

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Panhellenic Council  
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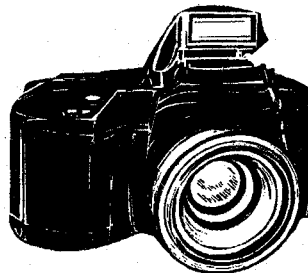
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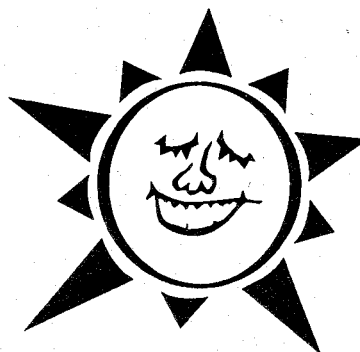
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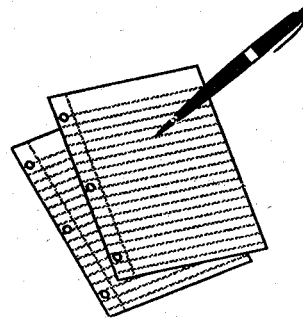
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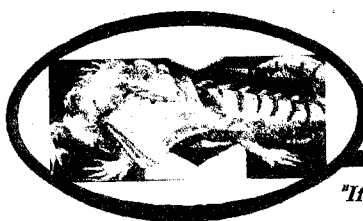
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# Opinions

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

## Life is short, don't be a dick

by Sarah Perkins

I got that from a bumper sticker. I wasn't clever enough to think of it on my own. And I suppose my decision to use the phrase and emphasize the word **dick** just so you would read this is pretty lame as well, but that's just my twenty-something slacker persona shining through. According to some of the baby boomers, that's exactly what our generation is — soulless nobodies without direction or concern for anyone or anything. Terminating my tangent before this article becomes as angry and vicious as this attack on our generation, I would like to readdress my thesis for this editorial. (Hint: It has something to do with male genitalia and the title.) **LIFE IS SHORT, DON'T BE A DICK!**

Probably contrary to your expectations at this point, I do plan on incorporating outside sources and philosophy. In addition, I was encouraged by a friend to use an allegory to support my argument. I offer a band — a simple multi-instrumental group of people tooting their own horns. Although the aforementioned maxim sounds good regardless of my academic endeavors, I admit I decided to write this article based on my experience in a post-colonial literature course. For all you business and bio majors, I offer the situation in Kosovo as a more immediate link. Back to the band analogy. (Humor me.)

Despite the oversimplification, associate various conflicting groups of people with different sections or instruments. (i.e. woodwinds=whites, brass=blacks; single reeds=ethnic Albanians, double reeds=Serbs, brass=Nato, percussion=US). I don't care. Bigotry, racism, fascism, discrimination — they exist in every society in every time period so make it appropriate to your situation. SOOOoooo, my interpretation (you know I have one) has to do with post-colonial authors.

My first point returns to my earlier reaction regarding the fact that our generation has been so lovingly labeled Gen X. I assert that labels from gender to nationality to sixth grade spelling levels are about as accurate as the one to ten love ratings you get from those machines at the fair. Chinua Achebe, author of *Things Fall Apart*, (a novel which presents pre-British Nigeria as a sufficient and progressive society), shares this viewpoint to an extent. In an interview in 1989, Achebe addressed the question asking him to differentiate between national, (more British), and ethnic literatures, (traditional African) in an indirect way. He responded with another query: How can we separate Britain from its colonies when they have been intertwined for so many years? Through the evidence depicted in his novel, Achebe contends that Africans have a different story to tell than those that have been told about them.

"Feel free to listen; feel free to stare." I know I just switched continents and decades, but the lyrics of folk singer Ani DiFranco bring me to my second point — feel free to listen, feel

free to stare (poignant, huh?). As children we're taught to not stare because it's impolite. Are we trying to save the ego of the staree or is it just a way to ignore the issues? "Looking for the Holes" is one my favorite songs by Ms. DiFranco: "Do your politics fit between the headlines? Are they written in newsprint? Are they distant? Mine are crossing an empty parking lot — they are walking home, alone, at night, alone. They are six strings that sing with their arms against my hipbone." By inviting us to freely associate with those around us, Ani brings politics and philosophy to a grass roots, everyday level. She says listen — listen, stare, ask. Part of not being a dick involves communication: acknowledging that someone else thinks and lives differently; and then accepting that person even if it grates at your most primal beliefs.

I don't mean for this discussion to be interpreted as one that doesn't advocate diversity. I don't believe that at all. For those of us that heard Black Panther co-founder Bobby Seale speak, I'd like to invoke his expression "revolutionary humanism". Proud of his African heritage, Mr. Seale does not support xenophobic black advancement efforts or the college student that began his question with: "Speaking as a white, middle-class male..." — Mr. Seale interjected with something like, "Hey, as a person... speak as a person because that's what you are." And the reality is that's what we all are.

Back to the band thing (you knew I would). So when a section doesn't play its part (Yugoslavia killing a lot of people) or just out of tune (NATO/US intervention), there needs to be some adjustment. I think we can all agree that killing people is wrong — so Milosovic should stop doing it and play his part a little better. In turn, other countries need to re-evaluate their own scores and try to play in tune. It's a harmony thing.

I think Ama Ata Aidoo, in her Ghanaian novel *Changes*, says it better: "Men were the first gods in the universe, and they were devouring gods... Do I think it must always be so? Certainly not. It can be changed. It can be better. Life on this earth need not always be some humans being gods and others being sacrificial animals. Indeed, that can be changed. But it would take so much. No, not time. There has always been enough time for anything anyone ever really wanted to do. What it would take is a lot of thinking and a great deal of doing. But one wonders whether we are prepared to tire our minds and our bodies that much. Are we human beings even prepared to try?"

There's not much I can say to improve on that except to challenge you as an individual. Are you, your self, willing to forget the label that society has taught you to see, stare just long enough to lean forward, and then listen... just listen to what is being said.

## Kosovo raises media issues

by Dan Capotosto

This is not another rendition of the atrocities in Kosovo — words don't pay homage. This isn't a comment on how Bosnia not only foreshadowed but guaranteed trouble in the Balkans. I'll assume you either know what's going on, you don't care enough to know, or the situation has already lost its vie for your attention to MTV's Spring Break specials. Yet I still want to make use of the alliteratively dubbed 'Crisis in Kosovo'. The situation there highlights interesting points about the validity of information.

In this time of information revolution we have access to literally a world of knowledge. Still, it is ironic what we don't know. As the maxim goes, "When nations go to war, the first casualty is the truth." Point being, we can follow all the newscasts and the stories and still never know the truth. Pictures of the dead can be fabricated. Bombed out houses shelled by whom, us or them? Reports of civilian targets hit — did they have strategic military importance or not?

For example, nobody really believed that Yugoslavia was exerting legitimate control over Kosovo, but no-one has control of the absolute truth either. Rape, torture, and mass killing was all denied by the Serbs. In fact, they turned these reports around and accused Albanians of committing these crimes. But, how did we know who was lying? When refugees reached the borders of Macedonia and Albania, Yugoslav officials said

these people were fleeing NATO bombs, not soldiers who forced them away under penalty of death. I'm sure the rest of the world now knows who was lying, but what about the Serbs of Yugoslavia? Their media is state-run and has been under Milosevic's control since before the Bosnian conflict. They know nothing but what they've been told.

But un-truth is not exclusive to Milosevic and Serbian television. Before we began bombing, many in Congress reasoned that these people had been fighting for thousands of years — this was "their" problem. Not true. People of all ethnicities and religions got along together before Milosevic came to power. This would be much like President Clinton ordering our military to expel and decimate the entire black population from America. After all, there has been a long history of Blacks and Whites not getting along. That's their problem to take care of. And any Black Liberation Army would be, of course, a terrorist operation.

So, for all the problems our media has and all the flack it gets, at least it has many people committed to the pursuit of some sort of truth. As population explodes, democracy can only work with that much more information. Still, it's your job to consult enough different sources to keep our media honest and find validity in that information.

## CCF needs examination

by Jesse Pasley

Within these recent weeks, this campus has been witness to an interesting debate started by Dr. Bary Poyner in his open letters printed in both *The Monitor* and the *Index* concerning the Campus Christian Fellowship, a Christian bible study group on campus. In his letter, Dr. Poyner made many accusations against CCF and adds "a responsible solution would be to move off campus." Many of his arguments against CCF are theological in nature, which basically amounts to small-time religious squabbling. However, Dr. Poyner did contend, and backed up with various reasons, that CCF is indeed a church and violates the separation of church and state.

The CCF, in response to these very serious accusations, has made an attempt to distance itself from the term "church." As anyone can see on its Web site, CCF has carefully omitted any references to it being a church. Also, the Web site encourages students to first attend local church services and then go to CCF meetings on Sunday mornings, seemingly stressing that CCF is not a church. Cosmetic changes, indeed, but they mark that CCF at least acknowledges this debate very seriously.

While much of Dr. Poyner's argument is against CCF's theology, which gives way to his possible ulterior motives, his letter did bring up some very important issues concerning separation of church and state. If CCF would be considered to be "church," it would violate the separation of church and state, seeing as they use University facilities for their Sunday worship services.

This gives rise to the very important question of the definition of a "church." Most times, a church is usually an organized congregation of people who worship and perform religious ceremony together. Traditionally, a church gathers in a building, and there is priest, pastor, etc., who leads this congregation. Usually, a church has within it one denomination of a religion, and there is usually some strict belief.

No, CCF does not compare well to local, more traditional churches. CCF claims to be "inter-denominational," that is, being an organization which holds no strict dogma, and that a person from any Christian faith would be welcome. However, this student organization does "worship." According to

its Web page, every Sunday it engages in "worship singing, communion, offering, special music, sermon," and all the other things usually associated with church services.

But despite CCF fitting to what I consider a church, many have argued that CCF's use of University facilities are given lower priority to that of other groups, and that the CCF "doesn't bother anybody." No, CCF doesn't bother me. Okay, it did bother me a little last year when I was trying to sleep on Sunday morning and they were playing their dag-blasted "rock-and-roll" out of Kirk Gym, but that's beside the point. This year, while they are having Sunday services, I am safely tucked into my bed, and I really don't care what's going on in Baldwin while I'm sleeping. But when it comes down to it, "the law is the law." Separation of church and state must be maintained, whether I'm sleeping or not.

This separation of church and state, sometimes as picky as it gets, is perhaps the greatest boon to the religious community. I may not necessarily agree with Christians worshiping using University facilities, but on the same token, I really doubt that most Christians would agree to having a group of people using University facilities to worship an idol of Zorge, the chicken god. I know I probably wouldn't. Basically, what it comes down to is that everybody who comes to this university pays, in one way or another, tuition and fees, and whether or not we, the student body, are willing to pay for others to practice religious ceremony we may not approve of.

Dr. Poyner, the instigator of this campus drama, has demonstrated through his condemnation of CCF religious practices, that he is more interested in attacking CCF on a theological basis. This clearly shows yet another petty argument over religion. Really, this debate should not be about religion, but about upholding certain principles this nation holds to right. But as silly as this debate has become, important questions regarding the definition of a church and the future of religious organization on this campus have been raised. Some have said that this debate should be kept between Dr. Poyner and CCF. But since this very much concerns the University as a whole, I believe we, and University officials, should look very closely into this matter.

Truman State University Professor Jim Barnes  
will read from and sign his newly published  
book of poetry, *Numbered Days*.

8:00 p.m., April 13 at Washington Street Java Co.

13 April 1999

# GBV to rock Columbia

by Dave Heaton

This Saturday, April 17, Columbia, Mo., will be blessed with a free performance by one of the finest rock bands still alive and kicking, Guided by Voices. The show will begin at 2 p.m. on Mizzou's south quad, and GBV take the stage around 6. They are headlining an all-day school-sponsored event called the Missouri Derby (or something like that), a day of free music also featuring Flaming Lips, BR-549, Robbie Fulks, Rubber Room, Seven Days. At only around an hour-and-a-half drive from here, the concert is an event not to be missed by anyone who cares at all about rock music.

Guided by Voices' music is often compared

fun. These are not musicians who blandly stand as still as statues and play the notes like they could care less. Nor do they have the snobbish, "you should be glad you're getting the rare chance to see us almighty geniuses play" kind of attitude increasingly common in music. A live GBV show is a rock and roll party, through and through. They're bringing Rock music to "all the good kids." And for free, no less.

Saturday's show is the perfect chance to see GBV, for a number of reasons. Not only is it free and close, but it is a rare performance by a band who, right now, is not on any type of organized tour and will likely not return to the Midwest until the fall, after their next album,



to British Invasion-style rock, yet Robert Pollard, lead singer/songwriter/captain of the GBV army, has been influenced by just about every style of rock music in existence, from bubblegum to punk to post-punk to new wave and so on. Instead of imitating one genre of rock, they have taken them all and shoved them together to form their own unique brand of music.

Dayton, Ohio's GBV has been cranking out album after album (not to mention EPs, 7"s, compilation tracks and their 5-disc Box set) of amazingly catchy and inventive pop/rock tunes. Every release is packed with quick fixes of rock, and they are one of the most prolific bands around. Since 1985, they have released at least 11 albums (depending on how you count) and over 10 EPs, not to mention three Robert Pollard solo albums (which are basically the same as GBV albums, since the personnel is the same).

While GBV have recorded an immense amount of fine albums and singles, live they always turn it up a notch, giving audiences the kind of Rock Show they deserve. In the second issue of *The Monitor*, a writer described a Guided By Voices show as what would be "for some, the best rock and roll show of their lifetime," and this was no exaggeration. The experience of seeing GBV live has often been compared (with a straight face, no less) to what it was like to catch The Who live at the peak of their career.

Live, GBV are a pop/rock powerhouse, blasting through tune after tune with an amazing amount of on-stage energy and plain old

the Ric Ocasek-produced *Do the Collapse*, is released in September. Plus, Pollard is so intent on the next GBV album breaking them over to the "big time" that, if he succeeds, this might be a chance to see an exceptional band in a fairly comfortable setting before they become a household name.

It is also a chance to see the band at the peak of their career thus far. The latest band lineup is considered by many to be the tightest and the best in a series of great lineups. The current live incarnation of GBV includes not only Pollard, the high-kicking rock and roll frontman who has been the band's lone fixture, but also striped pants-wearing bassist Greg Demos (a lawyer during the week), former Breeders drummer Jim Macpherson, guitarist Nate Farley (who also had a brief stint in The Breeders and The Amps), and exceptionally talented guitarist Doug Gillard, who has a history playing with great Ohio rock bands, including Death of Samantha, Cobra Verde, and his own band Gem.

A free day of music can't be beat, especially one with exceptional and widely acclaimed talent. Seeing Guided By Voices this close is an event not to be missed, one you *will not* regret, whether you're a big fan or have never heard of them before. GBV's diehard fans travel all over the globe to see them play; you only have to go to Columbia. Do yourself a favor: go see GBV and catch a glimpse of how great rock and roll music can be.

## Truman's First-Ever Spanish Play *El Retablo de las Maravillas*

written by Miguel de Cervantes  
Thursday, April 15 at 7:30 p.m.

SUB Down Under  
and

Friday, April 16 at 8:30 p.m.  
Ryle Hall Main Lounge

English translation will be provided. Everyone is welcome!

# Prospects for future look small

by Matt Siemer

The history of mankind has been a testament to just how much and how quickly things can change. A few thousand years of progress has moved us out of caves and into skyscrapers. A few hundred years of progress has moved us from tapping out telegrams to clicking on links. And a few months of progress moves us from 333 MHz to 450 MHz.

But while we may like to believe that we expect constant, rapid change, this is far from being so. Certainly the cavemen did not envision a world like the one we live in today. However, it seems doubtful that even thirty years ago anyone could have predicted the profound influence that something called the Internet would have on everyday life, much less what impact it will have in the near future. Given this pattern of new technologies popping up and catching the whole world by surprise, it seems likely that the same will happen again quite soon. So what is the wave of the future?

The answer is nanotechnology. Scientists and engineers in this field work with physical matter on an incredibly small scale. So small, in fact, that working in terms of nanometers actually entails the manipulation of individual atoms. The purpose of nanotechnology is to manipulate and arrange individual atoms and molecules in order to create structures with absolute precision. Such a degree of control would allow scientists to create any physically sustainable structure one piece at a time.

The importance of such precise control might be made clear by way of comparison. Let's say we have three people -- a caveman, a present-day common person, and a nanotechnologist -- and we ask them all to get wood to build a fire. The caveman would go out in the backyard with his favorite stone and start banging on a tree for a few hours until it fell over. The common person would go out in the backyard with his favorite chainsaw, mow down a tree, and cut it into pieces. The nanotechnologist would pop down in his Lazy Boy, pick up the remote control, program the Nanorific™ to make a few logs, and a few seconds later, poof!

Well, maybe that's an exaggeration, but it serves as a useful analogy. The point is that even with our great modern inventions, our control over the materials in our environment is still far from precise. As one writer has put it, our current methods are comparable to "trying to make things out of LEGO blocks with boxing gloves on your hands." The caveman and the common person, in using a stone and a chainsaw, move around the atoms of the wood (the LEGO blocks) in large quantities rather than one at a time. The nanotechnologist, on the other hand, has the ability to make wood one piece at a time

with precise control.

The key to the development of nanotechnology will be the creation of "assemblers." Assemblers are the little machines that will allow scientists and engineers to manipulate atoms one at a time. These assemblers will themselves be smaller than bacteria, and they will be outfitted with robotic arms with which they can arrange atoms into desired structures. Scientists would be able to program and direct the assemblers with computers.

While all this talk of precise control sounds exciting, just as exciting is the likely cost of building these assemblers. Naturally, the research and development that will go into creating the first assembler will be quite high. However, once these machines are actually built, the great thing is that they can then build more of themselves. Scientists would be able to control the first assemblers and direct them to arrange atoms to build more assemblers. And then more. And then more. And pretty soon, there would be great multitudes of these little machines. The cost? One writer states that it would eventually be comparable to the cost of other self-replicating structures such as potatoes. Note that potatoes cost less than one dollar per pound. Any structures created by assemblers would also be similar in expense. Basically, the only costs would be those of the matter used to build new structures and the energy used to run the assemblers.

Of course, the big question is, just what does all this mean? What kinds of "structures" could assemblers build that would be of practical use? The answers are limited only by the imagination. Just a few areas to be revolutionized would be health, food, and building materials. As far as health goes, nanotechnology holds the promise of creating tiny machines that could roam the bloodstream and greatly strengthen the immune system, fighting off invading sickness. Some even speculate that machines could be built to detect and possibly reverse unfavorable gene mutations responsible for the aging process, which could end aging altogether. In the realm of food, well, nanotechnology could be used to just make it. This holds great promise for both health conditions and the possibility of ending starvation very cheaply. And as far as building materials go, imagine making everything out of diamond. Or imagine creating a substance even stronger than diamond and making everything out of that. While such news doesn't sound good for the wedding ring industry, for the rest of us, the effects would be phenomenal.

We can expect nanotechnology to begin having a major impact somewhere in the next ten to fifty years. When it does, scientists and engineers will have revolutionized human life. Again.

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## Reviews



music film literature art

## Sloan rocks on live album

Sloan

4 Nights At The Palais Royale  
Murderecords

by Dave Heaton

Despite a surprisingly lengthy series of record label difficulties which eventually prompted them to start their own label, Nova Scotian rockers Sloan have been persistently releasing some of the finest pop/rock tunes around, songs that have sublimely hummable melodies and still rock hard. Over their last two albums, Sloan have moved further into classic rock territory, both by adding crunchier power chords and posing for hilarious Rock Star-style album photos.

In short, Sloan are in love with rock, and it shows. So, what's a true rock band to do after four solid albums? Why, release a double live album, of course! More than just a collection of dated songs with added crowd noise, *4 Nights At The Palais Royale* is Sloan's stab at the traditional Rock Double Live Album, a genre all in itself. Recorded in Toronto on the band's 1998 tour promoting their recent *Navy Blues* album, *4 Nights* has all the live album conventions and then some, from a plethora of crowd sing-alongs and "Are you ready to rock?" shout-outs to the requisite drum solo and gatefold packaging filled with live action shots and liner notes giving detailed, sometimes hilarious quotes from the band members, basically evaluations of their performance of each track.

Yet Sloan isn't just trotting out tired rock clichés to knock them down or laugh at them. This is the sound of a band who loves all these rock moves and the concert conventions, but who, at the same time, realizes the silliness of it all enough to just have a ball with it. There's no

stone-faced seriousness here. It sounds like the band and the fans are just plain having one hell of a good time.

Overall this is one of the most thoroughly fun and entertaining live albums I've ever heard. There are no boring sections in the two hours running time, and no points that make you want to hear the slick studio versions instead.

Plus, it's packed with hit songs. Over four fine albums, from the obviously My Bloody Valentine-influenced *Smeared* to *Navy Blues* power-rock, Sloan has amassed a ton of just plain outstanding rock songs, and they are all here. Their song selection is impeccable, with the best songs from every album making appearances.

Highlights include the epic rock version of "Money City Maniacs," a rough-and-tumble take on "Everything You've Done Wrong," and the audience-dominated "Deeper Than Beauty." The rarest quality of this album is how it captures the audience singing loudly along to a song, an experience which can easily be annoying and makes it seem like a completely beautiful and unique moment. Throughout the album, Sloan turns entire songs over to the concert audience to sing, yet instead of making me quickly switch to the next song, this somehow sends chills up my spine without fail.

The essence of *4 Nights*, then, is the love of rock music and the experience of playing and listening to it live. Despite their admission in the liner notes that they kept in "mistakes" in order to preserve the authenticity of the experience, the band sounds amazing throughout, capturing a performance which can serve both as a fine introduction to the band's music for new fans and as a fantastic document for fans who are already hooked on Sloan.

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**Word of the Week:** Zeitgeist, n. The spirit of the time; the taste and outlook characteristic of a period or generation.

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## Polaris captures childhood

Polaris

Music from the Adventures of Pete & Pete  
Mezzotint

by Erin Huckle

I'm sure I'm not the only one who remembers one of the best television shows in the world -- *The Adventures of Pete and Pete*, a "children's" show that appeared on Nickelodeon in the early 90s. But with its dry humor, absurdity, independence and warped social relevance, *The Adventures of Pete and Pete* captured an audience from all age groups. The show was a reminder of the struggles of late childhood as well as an entertaining example of suburban life in America. Too bad it got cancelled.

Guest stars such as Janeane Garofalo, Steve Buscemi, Iggy Pop, Michael Stipe, Kate Pierson (of the B-52's) and Hunter S. Thompson appeared on the show. Countless independent film stars were involved too.

Musical acts were no exception from the slew of guests. Luscious Jackson did their thing on stage at a school dance. Miracle Legion appeared mysteriously in a garage, playing one song that sticks in the younger Pete's head. The leader of Miracle Legion, Mark Mulcahy, composed the background music used in each episode as well as the notable theme song "Hey Sandy." The song was performed on camera by the somewhat fictitious band created for the show, Polaris. Polaris included most of the members of Miracle Legion, but they remained out of the limelight and played it cool.

For years, fans of the show and the music used in the background of the show have been searching for a release from Polaris. This year, they've finally been blessed with one.

*Music from the Adventures of Pete and Pete* includes all of the Polaris songs written for the show, expanding on many of the songs that were not given the attention that "Hey Sandy" or the aforementioned stuck-in-Pete's-head song,

"Summerbaby."

"Are you crazy man? You didn't notice her? You must be blind," "She is Staggering" asks of its listeners, conveying the spirit how one woman "...is beautiful, exceptional. But she doesn't care."

"Ashamed of the Story I Told," "As Usual" and "Everywhere" round out that sentimental feeling, but those tender moments are interspersed with more poppy things like "Coronado II," "Saturnine" and "The Monster's Loose." Polaris knows how to make you jump around like a carefree 4-year-old.

The songs on *Music from the Adventures of Pete and Pete* focus on the innocence of childhood, a life absent from stress or pressure. Like Mulcahy's solo release, *Fathering*, a late-afternoon calmness encircles the album, and projects a very blue-sky, happy-summertime feel.

A hidden track at the end brings forth news-cast soundbytes from the early 60s, making early space travel and rocketry references, childhood dreams of at least one generation. The chopped up clips also ask "What are the Russians really up to?" and give a report about trends from the 60s, pot consumption, meditation with the Beatles and sit-ins "to protest the existing order."

The album has a dedication on the cover to Astrochimp Ham and Spacedog Laika, the first US and Soviet creatures to travel in space. Their pictures also appear on the liner notes. More sound effects at the beginning of and throughout the CD (talk of constellations and a countdown to lift-off) tie the name Polaris back to its astral origin.

What remains of *The Adventures of Pete and Pete* today are countless episodes in sporadic reruns on Nickelodeon and a record of the show's emotion in the form of Polaris.

(*Music from the Adventures of Pete and Pete* is available from The Mezzotint Label, [www.mezzotint.com](http://www.mezzotint.com).)

## Play meets Truman standards

Some Time Rambling

A student-devised play

by Matthew A. Webber

Initially, I was hesitant to write this review. I was afraid that I wouldn't be objective enough, or that I'd just ramble on and gush about how good *Some Time Rambling* was. In the end, I figured that not to review the play would be a much greater disservice than praising it (which should have been obvious to me), so I ramble on, even if subjectively.

Since I had no idea what to expect from *Some Time Rambling*, and since I wasn't really sure what the term "devised work" meant, I would have been satisfied with just about anything -- as long as it was good, of course. Having been thoroughly impressed by Truman's drama department time and time again, I bring to every new play incredibly high expectations, expectations which are met more often than not. The bar has been set so high, however, that I also harbor doubts that a play can match the standard. *Some Time Rambling* was no exception to the rule, and I wondered how it would stack up against Truman-produced masterpieces like *A Month of Sundays*, *As You Like It*, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, or *Pterodactyls*. *Some Time Rambling* cleared that bar.

The entire work was devised by students this semester (thus the "devised work" tag), from the sets to the costumes to the music to the dialogue. The process was, according to the program, "playwriting by committee." In spite of this, everything was perfectly paced

and cohesive, and the finished work was just that, finished. I never would have known that the play had not been professionally published or performed.

The story was one that hit close to home, since the journey of Hero, the play's main character, played by Emily Humphreys, is one that, as college students, we are all currently taking. Hero will graduate from college and must figure out what she wants to do with her life. She has to somehow juggle societal pressures, family demands, the expectations of her mentor, her spiritual needs, and her own desires. She leaves home, gets a job, quits that job, and falls in love. She never completely finds herself (in real life, neither do we), but by the end of the play she is that much closer, and she will continue her journey and never quit searching.

The play was a needed reminder to me, since I sometimes forget that I must take that journey, and since I sometimes forget that, in order to grow, we all must make mistakes.

The acting, as usual, was superb. The actors played several different characters throughout the play, giving each one its own unique identity. The characters, which were the inventions of the actors who played them, were impossible to completely pinpoint. Some were hilarious, others touching; all were completely un-stereotypical. The opera-singing, female God. The in-love-with-Hero co-worker who liked to videotape fires. The hilarious, right-on parody of the 50s sitcom Mom and Dad.

See PLAY, page 9



# Two Smoking Barrels smokes in theatres

**Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels**  
Directed by Guy Ritchie

by Leslee White

*Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels* — yet another review of a movie that will never grace the screens of the Petite Three. The movie is a cross between any Quentin Tarantino movie and *Trainspotting*, so I really liked it.

This movie is extremely fun. It follows four friends — Tom, Soap, Eddie and Bacon — who put all their money on one card game and end up owing half a million pounds (a little over 800,000 US dollars) to porn and mob boss 'Hatchet' Harry. Harry then threatens to cut the guys' fingers off if the debt is not repaid within the week.

In the guys' desperate search for quick cash, they overhear a neighbor's plot to rip off a clandestine drug operation. So, the guys decide to wait until the neighbor's gang commits the robbery and then steal the money from them. Of course, things go very wrong and end with a substantial body count. But it is very witty and

complicated by the several sub-plots.

One sub-plot shows the lives of the drug dealers and their useless security system. Another sub-plot follows 'Hatchet' Harry's main hit man Big Chris whose favorite pastime is teaching his son, Little Chris, the ins and outs of intimidating debtors. While yet another sub-plot follows two antique guns through the hands of various incompetent criminals.

The stories intertwine throughout the movie, and each character is somehow involved in every event that takes place. It's confusing, fast-paced and bloody, but if you can take it, you'll probably enjoy this movie.

Besides the complexity of the plot, the most stunning thing about the movie is the cast. The film is set in England with English actors, but the accents are not too bad. The four main guys were very good, but not well-known in the US.

Big Chris is played by Vinnie Jones. Jones is a professional soccer player in England. He is famous for being a "hardman," so his role as a brute in this movie is part of the comedy. An-

other interesting little tidbit, Jones is infamous for once biting a journalist's nose during an interview.

The other interesting element of the cast is Sting (the musician, not the wrestler). Sting plays the bartending father of Tom. In his substantial role, Sting held his ground. It was pretty funny when Sting first appeared because the entire theater erupted in whispers. I was surprised that Sting did so well in the movie, but I guess I just never imagined him as an actor.

I am glad I spent the money to see this movie. That statement means a lot if you know how stingy I am with my money. I saw this movie in Chicago over spring break. I guess I am used to St. Louis movie prices because I almost cried when I saw the \$8.50 admission price (no student discounts, what is that?). I wanted to leave, but Matt wanted to see the movie. After spending that much money on one movie, it is a triumph if I emerge from it happy. So, I definitely recommend this movie.

# Poi Dog Pondering undergoes more changes

**Poi Dog Pondering**  
*Natural Thing*  
Platetectonic/Tommy Boy

by Dave Heaton

Poi Dog Pondering's musical legacy thus far has been a lesson in the power of change. Every few years, singer/songwriter Frank Orrall alters the musical style of the band, which subsequently causes major overhauls in the band's lineup. What may sound like dictatorial bandleading is, in Poi's cause, what keeps them thriving, what causes them to keep pushing their music in so many new and interesting directions.

*Natural Thing*, the band's fifth album, represents, Orrall says, the fifth incarnation of Poi. Over the years the band has shifted from being a cross-cultural folksy collective into a brass-filled funk band and towards becoming an entity of electronic dance music. The band's latest sound is best described as soulful orchestral pop music, but with a strong emphasis on R&B-inflected vocals (courtesy of the increasing prominence of super-talented backing vocalists Robert Cornelius, Kornell Hargrove, and Arlene Newson) and string arrangements, courtesy of

original member (and talented solo artist) Susan Voelz.

While *Pomegranate*, the band's last full-length album, saw them moving towards a slightly more serious, introspective attitude, here the emphasis is clearly on having fun making music. *Natural Thing's* eclectic mix of songs make it sound like a party, yet one with as many beautiful sounds and melodies as it has energy.

The album opens with the eight-minute blissful, lush ballad "Octavio/Beautiful to Meet You," followed by a French remake of Poi's *Volo Volo* song "Ta Bouche Est Tabou," and keeps up that type of pace and tone throughout by moving through a variety of song styles.

Other songs include an organic remake of "Diva," previously an electronic/ambient instrumental, faithful yet exciting covers of Primal Scream's "Come Together" and Ten City's "That's The Way Love Is," a slower version of Frankie Knuckles' dance classic "Hard Sometimes," and "Berry," a two-minute rap by guest star Stuart (who has a distinctly De La Soul-ish rhyming style) over a flute and string-laden track.

The album closes with "Jealous," a comment on the inevitability of jealousy in per-

sonal relationships, which is the closest song to the traditional Poi sound (if there is such a thing) and "Tracery/Tara Dery Na," a pretty instrumental medley of Michael Brook/Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan songs.

Though the album has a few lyrically straightforward songs (especially the covers), Orrall's songwriting concentration overall seems to be on the music over the lyrics. There are two instrumentals and a few songs which are really close to being so, where one or two lines evoke an image and then the music takes over the rest of the work. Still, the lyrics that they do have fit the music and the band's overall tone well, quickly bringing forth images and ideas about Orrall's usual lyrical topics: life, death, and all the crazy things that go on in between.

Poi Dog Pondering really shines in a live setting, so the word that they will be doing a lengthy North American tour this summer ("hitting all of the major markets") is good news, indeed. *Natural Thing* is a fine addition to the band's catalog, another life-affirming collection of beautiful and energetic songs which fall somewhere along the continuum of pop/soul/dance music.

# Rainbow Fest promises great local music

by Kevin D. Bersett

With warm weather in spring, another new tradition will be making an appearance in Kirksville. The second annual Rainbow Fest (a.k.a. Kirkstock) will be held Saturday, April 17. This music festival, which is on the same day as Dog Days, is also its counterpoint. Whereas Dog Days is the adult-day-everybody-smile-and-be-happy campus event, the Rainbow Fest is the stepchild that sneers and parties all night long.

The fest will once again be held at the old ski lodge known as Rainbow Basin (just three miles from campus). The event will feature mostly local bands like last year. The music will begin at about 4 p.m., and people are welcome at 3 p.m. To get a ride, you just have to go to the Sigma Tau Gamma Fraternity house. Two buses based there will be going to and from the event all night long. No cars will be allowed to enter the Rainbow Basin, so make sure you hook up

with one of the buses. Camping is encouraged, so bring supplies. One-Eye Willie will be patrolling the grill, but food is not included in the \$3 admission fee. The only thing included is the bands and the right to enter this many-acre playground.

Word is that all freak acts are welcome, but the main entertainment will be the bands. The Free Beer Band (an actual band, no beer free or otherwise will be given out) will start things off probably with either some hard-driving rock or some blues or maybe both or none. Following them, Festival veterans Mile High will deliver an hour of funk. Steal Rivers, last year's headliners, will play next and perform one of their final sets of music. At around 10 p.m., Sour Mash will jam onto the scene. This versatile group has played an integral role in getting this year's fest organized. Lead singer Buddy, who played last year with the Tolken Folk Band, will join two veterans of Mile High, Brett and

Mark, to bring the crowd some nice jamming on originals and maybe some Grateful Dead tunes. The headliner this year is the Kansas City band, Sandavol. These guys have played at bars in the Westport area of Kansas City, and will take the festival past midnight. Following that, there will be an open-ended jam session that will last all night long.

The key this year is to make it new again. There are few opportunities in Kirksville to bring the community together for something special, so I encourage you to take advantage of this. Last year, cold weather drove people away in the early morning hours, so I recommend either everybody bundling up or running around very fast with no clothes on (I'm only kidding, fat guys). This event will be held rain or shine, but pray to any God, person, entity or anything else that it shines.

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# Freethinkers Society and CCC Debate

## Part 3 in a four-part debate.

### "Can morality exist without God?"

by the Freethinkers Society

Atheists are often asked, "So if you don't believe in God, what prevents you from killing and stealing?" In other words: why do you hold moral precepts if you don't believe in a being who determines those moral precepts? Their response is often something like, "Well, such an act would feel wrong." This simple reply is probably familiar to most people: even for a theist, most day-to-day moral decisions are probably not made out of fear of divine retribution, but due to an automatic feeling of moral correctness: you might call this a "conscience." We think that atheists, in so far as they act morally (and sometimes they don't, just like theists), do so out of conscience. Conscience can provide a basis for morality without any reference to a divine power.

Now, where does this conscience come from? Some theologians suggest that the existence of this internal moral law implies some moral lawgiver, namely, God. But we think there is a simpler (and therefore preferable) solution: that conscience comes from two sources: society and personal convictions.

Society is probably the easier of the two to understand. It's frequently observed and empirically obvious that people tend to hold values similar to those of the society they live in. And this is true on the level of knee-jerk moral reactions as well as complex belief systems. We think this is because people unconsciously absorb the morality of those around them. This is part of the process known as "socialization" and is hardly a novel phenomenon. The more frequently one is exposed to social standards, the more integrated they become into one's conscience.

Now one might object, "Fine, but where does society get these moral standards?" The specifics of a culture's beliefs probably depend on its history and are complex to analyze. But certain trends are very common, if not universal. And these trends, we believe, exist because it's to the advantage of the society to have them. For example, a culture in which it were acceptable to kill wantonly would not last very long. A culture in which theft were always appropriate would provide no incentive for its artisans to produce anything. It is these very basic and practical moral questions that seem the most

universal. And the reason for their uniformity is merely that any culture which does not implement them is doomed to failure.

The second influence on conscience comes from our explicitly held beliefs. Everyone has belief systems. Sometimes these systems are implicit, and we hardly realize they're there, and sometimes they're very clearly defined and enumerated. Now, we contend that if you consciously believe that a certain thing is right or wrong with fervor and sincerity, then, little by little, that belief will become more than an impersonal idea: it will become part of your conscience, part of your personality. When you make a moral judgement, that belief will come into play without having to consciously reference it. This is not as mysterious as it sounds: all learning occurs this way. At first, you have to be told to keep your knees bent while playing basketball, or reduce fractions in math problems, but eventually it comes naturally. Moral reactions follow the same pattern.

Here, one might claim that, even if morality may be derived from society and personal belief, such a moral system is necessarily inferior to a theistic system, because the latter is objective and the former is not. But we find two flaws in this claim. First, some philosophers have, in fact, proposed non-theistic *objective* moral systems (Ayn Rand and Daniel Quinn, for example). It is not our goal to elaborate or defend these systems, merely to point out that religion does not hold a monopoly on objective morality. Second, an objective moral system is only superior to a subjective one if the objective system is, in fact, correct. This recalls the point we made in our previous article: that claiming to know the truth is no better than admitting ignorance if you have no justification for your claim. Our point is that the theistic claim to moral objectivity does not make it inherently superior.

We think that morality derives from personal beliefs and from society: in other words, from within and among people. This places morality entirely within the human sphere, and confers the practical advantage of making morality dynamic and responsive to changing human needs. It gives mankind the power to make his own moral judgements about good and evil, and to remake the world according to these judgements. It gives us the power to make the world a better place by allowing us to decide for ourselves what "better" means.

by Campus Crusade for Christ

While the topic is specifically "Morality Without God," we feel it would be helpful to begin with a discussion on morality *with* God. It is our conviction that any attempt to establish an ethical system apart from a theistic basis is comparable to nailing Jell-O to a tree, and we think this will be made most clear if such systems can, in the next article, be contrasted with the Christian morality unfolded in this one.

What is morality? For many people, the word has a repressive connotation. We think of morality as being a system of rules, mostly "don't's," which has as its sole purpose to restrict people from certain (presumably enjoyable) activities. Many ethical systems are, in fact, of this nature. Christian morality, however, is of a different sort. In this system, the primary focus is not on prohibiting this and that but, rather, exhorting people to aim for a certain ideal. Principles, both positive and prohibitive, are given to this end, but these are always secondary and for the purpose of bringing people closer to "holiness." "Holiness" is another word that leaves a bad taste in some mouths, but it simply means to be set apart to God. The idea is not that one sets him- or herself apart; instead, God sets the person apart, and his or her life is expected to reflect this.

A question that many people raise about this is, "Where does the Christian ideal originate?" The tendency is to think of it coming about through one of two ways: either God is himself conforming to a moral standard above him, or God has arbitrarily chosen which morals will be binding on our lives. These two options are both distasteful to Christians, and we think there is a third and more sound possibility. Rather than obeying a moral standard or making one up, we believe God *is* the moral standard. Any action or attitude which conforms to his character is morally good, and those which contradict his character are immoral. How can we know God's character? He must reveal it to us, as well as revealing how we can conform to it. God's character is the ideal, to which

we strive to conform by following the moral laws he has communicated. These laws originate as an expression of his character.

Furthermore, God's purpose in communicating his standards to us is not to play the part of cosmic killjoy, but to protect and provide for his children. Brushing one's teeth might seem like a total waste of time and effort to a child. Nothing apparently disastrous results from neglecting the activity, and there are so many fun things he could be doing instead. But if he disobeys his parents in this long enough, he will begin to experience the consequences. Eventually, he might have to undergo painful procedures to fix problems brushing would have prevented. The parent who imposes on the child to brush his teeth protects him from pain and problems, and provides a lasting set of choppers. Love is central to God's character, so it makes sense that he would give principles and laws which protect and provide for us.

Does this mean the motivation for Christian ethics is simply self-interest? Not quite. Ideally, the Christian desires to be conformed to God's character because he wants to please his Lord. This desire to please God arises out of knowing him. The better one knows God, the more one is motivated to submit himself to God's principles in pursuit of holiness.

Surprisingly, in this view of morality non-theists can do moral things. In fact, non-theists can perform acts so noble they far exceed the morality of many other people. The reason this is the case is that God is not some useful religious concept. God is real, and we live in his reality regardless of whether we acknowledge him. Nonetheless, if non-theists can act morally, is there any point to being a theist? The answer is that neither theists nor non-theists can ever be moral enough, do enough moral things, or strive sincerely enough to begin to approach God's standard — because God *is* the standard and God is perfectly good. Both theists and non-theists stand bankrupt before God; only the righteousness of God himself provides a solution to this situation.

## Drummer speaks at Truman

by Erin Hucke

Rock stars don't come to Kirksville very often. And even less often do they opt to give a speech rather than play music. Chris Layton, drummer for the band Double Trouble, spoke confidently last Thursday night to a large crowd in the Alumni Room of the Student Union Building. Layton, who attained most of his fame from drumming with blues guitarist Stevie Ray Vaughan, gave a basic guide to the recording industry. He explained details of publishing rights, recording, producing and touring under the topic of "So you want to be a rock n' roll star?"

After watching a short clip of the the SRV band performing "Crossfire," associate professor Jack Hart introduced Layton. He described his friend as "well-grounded" and "experienced." Hart explained how the two had met years ago when "Chris was a struggling musician and [he] was a struggling graduate student." Hart also garnered a laugh from the audience pointing out that "unlike many musicians of his status, he can actually remember events ten years ago."

Layton first gave a brief history of the Stevie Ray Vaughan band. As a young musician, Layton had little knowledge of the business side of the music industry, but was

quickly submerged in it. Layton's speech focussed on the important business aspects that he had learned along the way.

Later, Layton fielded questions from the audience and spoke tenderly about the late Stevie Ray Vaughan. "He was real warm, real giving..." Layton said.

He also spoke about the recent major label mergers where corporations are dropping the vast majority of bands in attempts to make more money from a small number of acts instead.

"It makes everybody start looking around and going 'is there another way to do something?' And there is. And that's starting to emerge with the technologies we have today," Layton said. "The record companies are really frightened by [the Internet]. They haven't wanted to get into it."

Sophomore communication major Carey Michenfelder enjoyed Layton's introduction to the recording industry.

"It's cool to catch a glimpse of what it's like, how the whole business works," Michenfelder said.

Layton is recording a new album with the rest of Double Trouble. In May, a five-date reunion tour is scheduled with former band the Arc Angels.

## Earth Week Schedule of Events

**Sat., April 17** - Stream Cleanup.

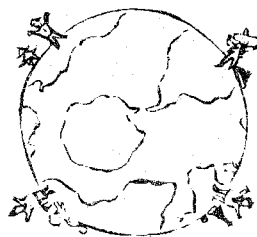
Meet at Circle Drive in old clothes at 9:00 a.m.

**Mon., April 19** - Wild Bird Sanctuary presentation in Ryle, 7:00 p.m.

**Tues., April 20** - Earth Week Coffee House 8:00-11:00 p.m. in the Down Under

**Thurs., April 22** - EARTH DAY Music on the Mall

**Sat., April 24** - Bandfest on the Quad 1:00-5:00 p.m.



Sponsored by ECO and Audubon





# Queen Astra

## Let the stars be your guide!!

**Aries (March 21-April 20):** This week presents an opportunity for a romantic dinner with that special someone. Be creative in the kitchen; some foods are considered aphrodisiacs: let the juices flow.

**Taurus (April 21-May 22):** Time to do that annual spring-cleaning. Mix up some ammonia and bleach. You may have to spend the day in the hospital, but your friends will have the place spotless when you get home.

**Gemini (May 23-June 21):** Feeling anxious about your future, Gemini? Be practical and beat yourself with a pillow. It may be slow and painful, but isn't that how life is?

**Cancer (June 22-July 29):** Oh baby, you never know when lightning is going to strike. So Cancer, wear that swanky outfit if it's storming — after all, it could be raining men.

**Leo (July 25-August 23):** Get your priorities straight. Women are vicious; don't think you're exempt lionesses. However, the MAN is worse. Remember: tax day is April 15<sup>th</sup>.

**Virgo (August 29-September 23):** The moon is in your house of prosperity. Finally get what you want out of life: take a vacation, buy a new wardrobe, lease a new car. The hard part will be asking your parents for the money.

**Libra (September 24-October 23):** Take some time for personal reflection. Go out and be one with nature. Watch a sunset, let the beautiful colors guide your spirit. Thank goodness for air pollution and your dirty soul.

**Scorpio (October 24-November 22):** You'll be visited by someone from your past this week. All the filthy secrets you thought you left behind may be exposed. But never fear, dear Scorpio: they can't be as soiled as your panties.

**Sagittarius (November 23- December 21):** Destruction to the wicked will come this

week. Be prepared. Hang garlic in your room and sacrifice a skunk in your closet to renounce the demons. When your roommates inquire, tell them you've increased your workout schedule by 3 days a week.

**Capricorn (December 22-January 20):** Stand up, be proud, and let your face shine in the sun. You're one of the lucky few who have contracted an STD. Fortunately, it's nothing some antibiotics can't fix.

**Aquarius (January 21-February 19):** Sexual frustration is swirling all around you. Drink two gallons of water and wait until nightfall to relieve yourself. Enjoy an experience more satisfying than any ole' orgasm.

**Pisces (February 20-March 20):** Research into getting a new look. Hair does interesting things when heat is applied. Experiment on your roommates while they are asleep. Give them consolation by reminding them that bald really is beautiful.

### PLAY from page 6

The visual effects were, in a word, stunning. The angles, the bright colors, the costumes, the choreography were delicious eye candy and effective plot-moving devices at the same time. When the scene for Hero's home was rolled onto stage, all I could think was that I was stuck in some weird time warp, in some bizarre combination of Nick at Nite and Beck's video for "The New Pollution."

The opening of Act Two actually gave me chills, as gray, masked workers marched and chanted like Nazi soldiers in front of ominous red and black shapes like something out of the *Maus* comic books.

Some of the play was obviously improv, like the job interview scene in which an unsuspecting audience member was interviewed on stage. All of it seemed prepared, however; there was no dead air or a floundering for something to say. The lines were conversational, believable, and real.

The play made me laugh and it also moved me, the two things one asks for from any piece of theater.

With the performances of *Some Time Rambling* and student Patrick Kilpatrick's *Weights and Measures* a few weeks ago, a trend might be developing towards the production of more student works at Truman, a trend which would be welcomed by at least this reviewer. As fantastic as the drama department has been in my two years here, I only hope that it can get even better. One or two student productions a year (hopefully more devised works as good as *Some Time Rambling*) would give certain students a confident voice, and provide that "simple, immediate communion" which was the goal, and achievement, of *Some Time Rambling*. The talents of the actors have never been more evident than they were in this play, nor has the enjoyment of the audience.

## Bertha Stewart

## Surviving

### Ingredients

- 1 box lemon Jell-O gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 yellow or lemon cake mix
- ¾ cup vegetable oil
- 4 eggs
- 1 tsp. lemon extract
- 2 cups powdered sugar
- lemon juice (enough to make paste)

about the yard, come back in and add the rest of the stuff. Don't forget to wash your hands: spring is notorious for nasty germs. Stir in one box of cake mix — plain old yellow or lemon if you want extra pucker power. Don't forget the ¾ cup vegetable oil, 4 eggs, and 1 tsp. lemon extract.

Pour the batter into a greased 9x13 baking pan and stick it in the oven for 40 minutes. Spend that baking time wisely: study for upcoming tests, write a paper, clean your room, count the new blades of grass in between the squares of your sidewalk. Before you take the cake out of the oven, mix up the special ingredient: the sugar paste. Yep, same thing as pure crack, but it's legal when you put it on a cake. Mix 2 cups powdered sugar and just enough lemon juice to make a paste that you can pour. You don't want it too runny or too gummy. Think back to good old Elmers, the stuff you used to eat. Now make it with powdered sugar and lemon juice.

When the cake is done, punch holes all along the top with the tines of a fork (the sticky parts at the end). Don't be too messy with this; you do have to eat this thing after all. Nice, neat little holes all over. You can also do this with those fancy shoes they sell to people who obsess over their lawns. You know what I mean, those things with long spikes that are supposed to aerate your yard so fertilizer can get into the grass. It might get dirty, but you can try it.

Pour the paste over the top while the cake is still hot. Let cool and retire to the sun to enjoy. This is a little messy, so take napkins and some milk or iced tea. Don't forget the sunscreen! Enjoy the sun now, tomorrow it will either snow or jump to the mid-100's. Gotta love Kirksville weather!

# VOTE BULLDOG PARTY

Student Senate Elections - April 15 & 16  
Main Floor - SUB

Student Empowerment • Actively Seeking Out Student Input • Published Teacher Review • Stress International Arena • Professional Advising • Student Produced Art On Campus • Green Campus • Intercollegiate Conference with Other State Universities • Student Vote on the Board of Governors • Better Interaction Between Truman and the City of Kirksville • Increase Political Awareness on Campus • Promote Awareness of Campus Resources • Registration of Freshmen During Freshmen Week • Increase Diversity Awareness on Campus • Continue to Support Measures Already Passed: SA Compensation, Parking, and the Rest.

President: Keith Ziegelman

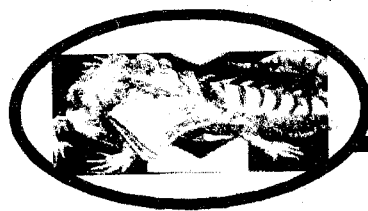
Vice-president: Christopher Ross

Secretary: Sarah Dennis

Treasurer: Stephanie Kellett

John Halski • Josh Kranish • Ed O'Toole • Paul Stock • Dominick Wright  
Phil Kopf • Jessica Lindsay • Dave Pisarkiewicz • Jerry Schirmer  
Sarah Carle • Andrew Oberdeck • Derek Spellman • Todd Billy  
Amanda L. Brink • Christie Hall • John Hilton • Nathan Swick

"The future is to those who take it." — Adlai Stevenson

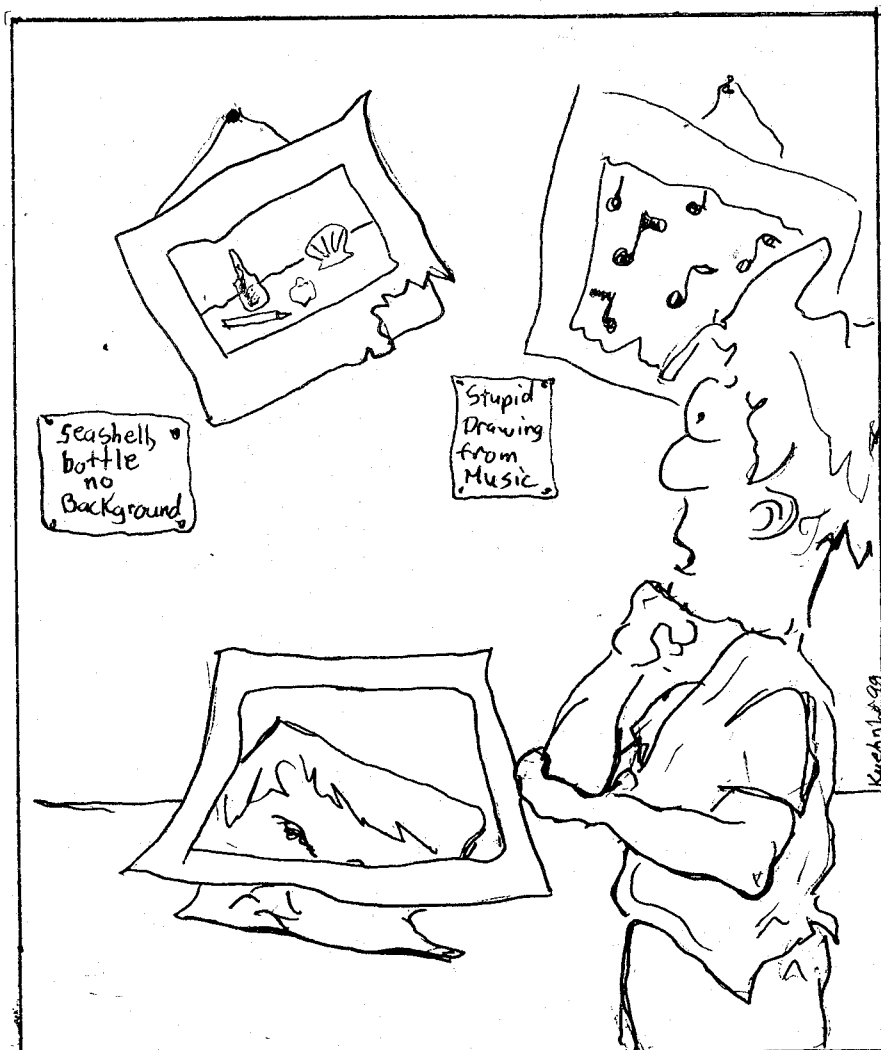
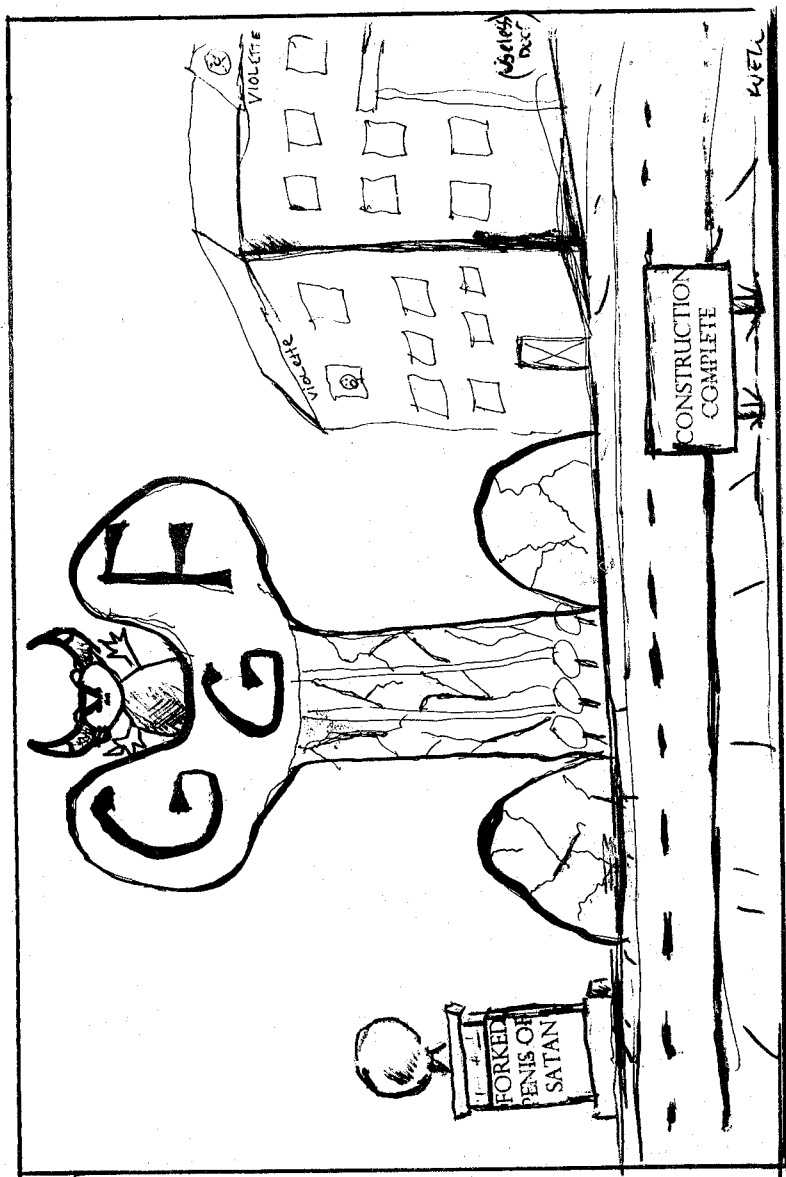


# Cartoons!

## "APOCALYPSE COW"



## THE DORGE CHRONICLES by ANDY DANDINO



Another sophomore proficiency with stellar mats.  
At least it's only up for a few days.

# An Art Page:

The Exhibition of Chuvash Youth Art was held in Ryle's main lounge last week at Carvinal Night. The International Club and International Student Office of Truman State University sponsored the event. The works are made by children living in Cheboksary, Russia and represent cultural influences.

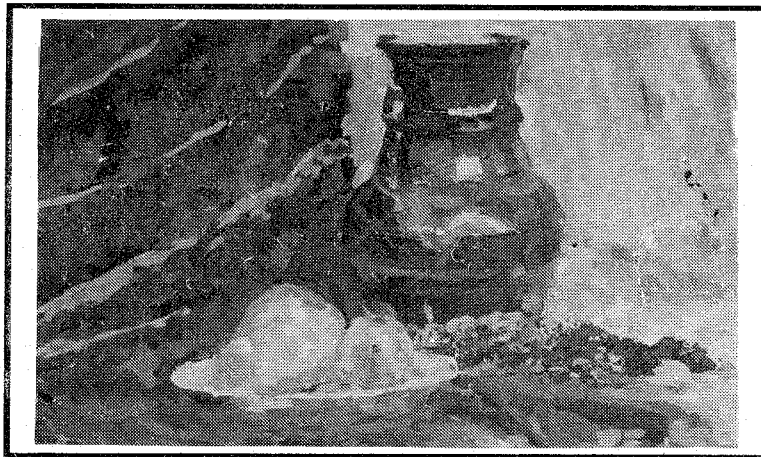
To contact artists personally write: Youth School of Art  
28/a Nickolayev Street  
Cheboksary  
428022  
Russia



"Chuvash Nature"  
Nastya Gavrilova  
Age 16



"Willow Woman"  
Dasha Gavrilova  
Age 10



"Still Life"  
Nastya Gavrilova  
Age 16

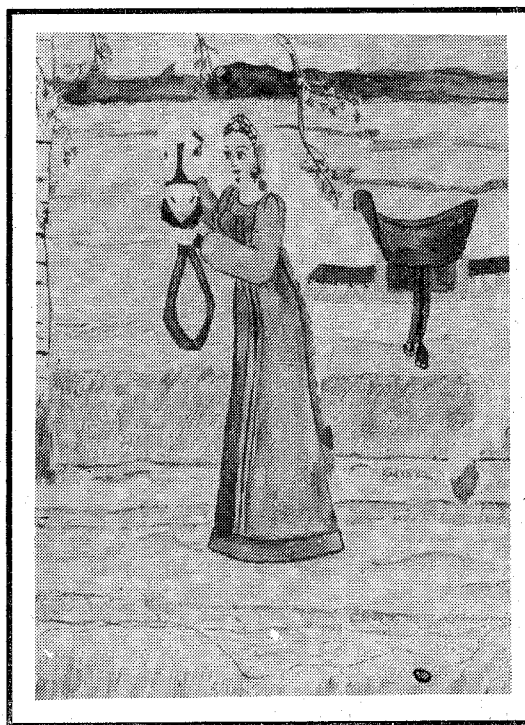


"Chuvash Nature"  
Nastya Gavrilova  
Age 16

"Gorodetskaya Rospis"  
Luda Nikiforova  
Age 14



"Russia's  
Beauty"  
Luba Blohina



"Pushkin and Natali"  
Nastya Gavrilova  
Age 14





**My Back Pages My Back Pages My Back Pages My Back Pages My Back Pages My Back Pages My Back Pages My Back Pages**

## Fall From Time

A long day can use all the crescents over clouds  
She was a flake for these barren cycles  
Pout and turn summer love to death

Mother and father always go  
Through cold rain  
You run there after winter  
Not like asking the night off  
Miami

In a short minute  
Sunned rice rises  
Why dare any sky  
With new beginning as warm earth

The Trio LTD

## Winter Air

The frozen sky settles on my lips  
And I breathe a shallow breath  
I look to the sky and I see blue  
Then I breathe in the rest  
It burns my lungs as it goes down  
With a curious cold fire  
I breathe out and see my breath  
Then to God, I do inquire  
How is it that something so pure  
Can rest inside of me?  
It enters my body with its own will  
Only to leave just as free

Suzanne Chappelow

To Love With Intrigue  
or  
Half a Loaf of Laura  
(a poem for my friend)

**Crouched low,**

Eyes narrowed--

Razor-sharp hairs drip salt drenched sweat from our heroine's neck.

Her yellow-lover wanders by,

**Muscles tighten,**

**Breath stops--**

Lightning fast moves capture her prey.

Oblivious to the carnivorous nature of his predator,

Riding a wave of perfume and deception,

Lured back to her den of sin.

**Lacey Pritchett**

Hollow, empty thumping.  
The pulsating eons flow through the gutters.  
The past being washed by the future,  
The future melts the blackened snow.  
Clouds sigh with the weight of time  
anxious to expand their chalk-filled lungs  
and expel the ruined centuries.  
A blanket of haze  
The stifling chill of nuclear warmth.  
Volcanic obtrusions feed the pink sunset  
while men cower under the shadow of their  
master  
The one named Technology.

*Jennifer Griggs*

But still

Beyond your stupid grin,  
And conceited glare,  
I find you.  
And somewhere under your skin tight jeans,  
And mascara loaded thick in chunks weighing down your eyes,  
I see you.  
Between your new Jeep Wrangler, (red because it's you)  
And your fake leather coat,  
I feel you.  
Your cigarette barely hanging off your bottom lip-  
I wish you would choke,  
On your own smoke.  
I wish you would wash your face,  
And wear a baggy sweater,  
And say hello to me.  
But you just stand there, in your plastic world,  
With your plastic face-  
With an expression that screams:  
"Stand back, I demand space."  
But still, underneath all the baggage,  
I find you.  
But still, I wish for would've beens-  
But still I think of could've beens-  
But still,  
I stay.

**Melissa Wood**

city abstract

Wicked night  
where, lost through  
the sky, you have  
the ear s  
for the shame,  
smash for one laugh,  
fucking till the taxi cabs burn.

*a nameless poet*

## Curiosity Awaits

Minds may wander,  
Hearts may race,  
Smiles may appear  
Across my face.

I always dream,  
I always wait,  
I always wonder  
Will it be fate?

What does he look like?  
Where will he be?  
Will he just smile,  
Or really look at me.

Does he see just my outside,  
Or my inside too?  
Will he always love me?  
Will he always be true?

Have I seen him?  
Do I know him?  
Will he kiss me?  
Will he hold me?

Minds may wander,  
Hearts may race,  
Thoughts may appear  
Across my face.

Lindsay Hyatt

### *Martyr of the Mystery Road*

*I keep driving, not quite sure  
where this road i'm driving goes  
black road stretches into black  
i'm past the point of turning back  
there's no signs for where i'm at  
Nowhere isn't on the map*

wheels are quiet, thoughts are loud  
stars are humble, night is proud  
nighttime whispers, nighttime shouts  
nighttime keeps the meanings out  
i stop listening, never sure  
where these conversations go

*i stop driving, not quite sure  
where it is i want to go  
i think i'm lost i'll turn around  
i know i'm lost just by the sounds  
the sighing wheat, the whispering clouds  
will they be here when i'm found?*

when i shout no words come out  
no one seems to be about  
can i make the stars come out?  
what's this hiding all about?  
where i am i'm not quite sure  
it's so hard to be alone

*i start praying, not quite sure  
why it hasn't worked before  
i dial God on mobile phone  
when i try, He isn't be home  
when i get through, will i hold?  
sure, i guess, i can't say no*

martyr of the mystery road  
if i ran, where would i go?  
in the morning, would i know  
what it is i'm looking for?  
would i find it? know for sure?  
won't you tell me where to go?

Matthew A. Webber

## ONLY ONE MORE CHANCE TO GET YOUR POEMS PUBLISHED THIS SEMESTER!