



The Monitor

A Campus Collective

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

Read me! Read me!

story by | Erin Hucke

Hey, hey! Thanks for picking this up! In your hands, you hold a genuine, one-of-a-kind *Monitor*. Now most of you, being freshmen, have probably never seen an issue of *The Monitor* before, and so we would like to introduce this little paper to you. Don't turn the page yet! Read on.

The Monitor is Truman's "alternative" newspaper. Now watch out for that word, "alternative" – it can get you in a lot of trouble. Just look what it did to popular music. A more accurate word to describe *The Monitor* is "collective." Now collective means exactly what it sounds like it means. *The Monitor* is a forum for Truman students, faculty, staff and others in the Truman community to express their views to a larger audience. Whether those views be about politics, current events, entertainment, art or pretty much anything else you can think of, *The Monitor* is here to "collect" those thoughts and serve them up to the public. *The Monitor* is financially independent of the University. We receive no funding from the administration, therefore, we feel free to write about the University objectively. We receive some money from an organization on campus called the Funds Allotment Council, but the majority of our funding comes directly from advertising. Our advertisers are strictly local and independent businesses and organizations, and they support us, so please patronize them.

It appears that most people think *The Monitor* mysteriously appears in buildings every other Tuesday, stashed there by a secret staff that wish to remain completely anonymous. The fact is, that image couldn't be farther from the truth. *The Monitor* is a completely open organization that welcomes everyone. We are a group of students who are open, creative and probably more on top of community issues than your average Joe. Although our underground image is cool and all, we have no idea where it came from and really want to shake it. Our pages are open to everyone. Hey, come see for yourself, we are normal people, more or less.

Now you are going to see another paper

around. It's called the *Index*. The *Index* is Truman State University's official newspaper. They are funded in part by the administration and thus have a lot of obligations to the University. The *Index* must cover all the entertainment, all the sports events, all the minor news happenings that take place around here. They are conservative and straight-laced. However, that's all I'm going to say about the *Index*. I'll let you figure the rest out on your own. The *Index* does serve a purpose on campus. A different one than *The Monitor* serves. We are not competitors. We do not hate them, and to tell you the truth, we really don't concern ourselves with them very much.

The Monitor is a second voice to challenge that of the *Index*. We are here to talk about things they don't talk about. But, it's stupid to think that simply two voices could satisfy the opinions of everyone here on campus. So if you are unsatisfied with both the *Index* and *The Monitor*, we suggest you start your own paper. We wouldn't be here today if our founders hadn't done that five years ago.

This year, we are looking to expand *The Monitor* staff, so this is a call to all of you who are a) looking for something to get involved with on campus, b) have views that need to be heard, or c) hate The Man as much as we do. We need lots of kinds of people – writers, photographers, advertising representatives, copy editors and a whole slew of other people to help make *The Monitor* what it is and hopes to be. And we aren't just talking to freshmen here, upperclassmen. It's never too late to be involved.

But if you think that being part of *The Monitor* staff isn't for you, we still hope that you'll look for our issues every other Tuesday and give them a read. After

all, our readers give *The Monitor* a purpose. If we didn't have readers, there would be no reason for us to do this. So watch for our issues, and read with an open mind. Write a letter to the editor, write an article, or write for us the entire four years (or more) that you are here and participate in your college experience.

"The Monitor is Truman's 'alternative' newspaper. Now watch out for that word, 'alternative' – it can get you in a lot of trouble. Just look what it did to popular music."

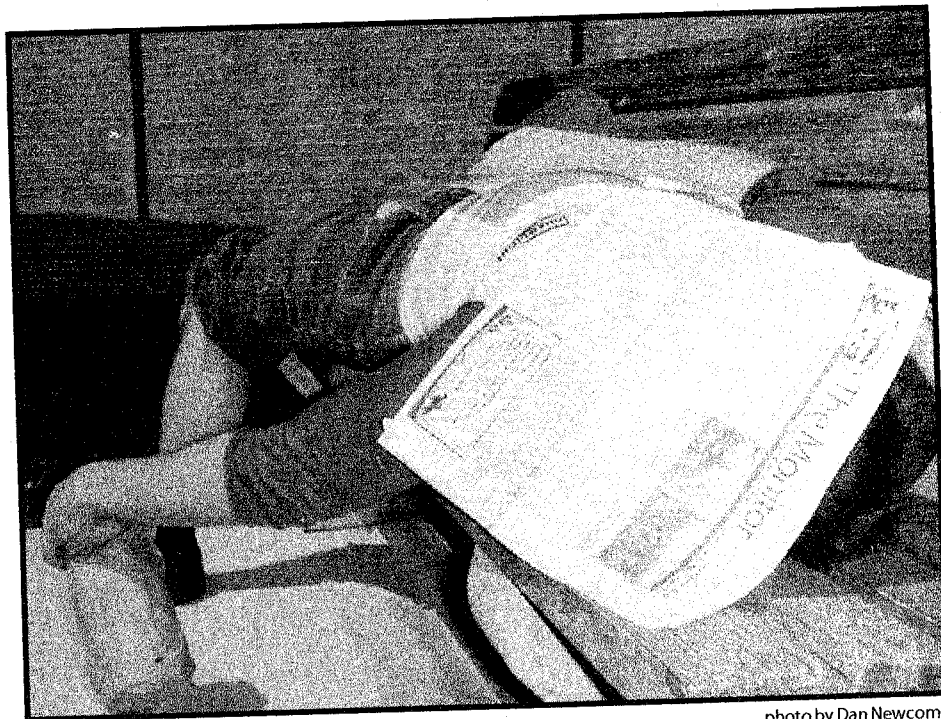


photo by Dan Newcomb

A fellow citizen enjoying the finer things in life: fresh air, good drink, and *The Monitor*.

Kirksville is drenched in a special sauce

story by | Robyn E. Ratcliff

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

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

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

While these factors play a big part in defining Kirksville life, they do not explain the

subtle qualities and quirks that create the absolute beauty of it all. There is something somewhat humorous about this community. It's almost campy, that sort of off-color, out-of-style, yet nonetheless likable flavor. It's like the whole town is drenched in a special sauce. Nobody knows the recipe, but everyone knows it's Kirksville when they taste it.

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

It's something about the smell of wet gravel.

It's the way the moon reflects off of houses

... chipping white paint casts deep shadows.

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

Pancake City.

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

See KIRKSVILLE, page 8

C O N T E N T S

Paz explores the reasons that you should join the *Monitor* staff. Check them out on page 5.



The *Soft Bulletin* is the brilliant new release from The Flaming Lips. Read the review on page 6.

The contents of this issue are merely a sampling of articles from *The Monitor*'s past, mixed with a few new articles here and there. We hope this gives you new students a good idea of who we are and what we are about.

Now jump inside!

HEY, HEY! SPECIAL FRESHMAN WEEK ISSUE!

The Monitor

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The Monitor is published every other Tuesday (only this time it's a Thursday.) Each writer is responsible for his or her own work.

We meet every Tuesday and Thursday at 9:00pm in OP 115A. Meetings begin 26 August.

Subscriptions are available to out of towners -- you just pay for postage. Send a check or money order for \$5 to the address above for a semester's worth of Monitors. That's really cheap, huh?

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

-- Noam Chomsky



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 be burned.
- 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 tornado of fire which will move chaotically about the room for about five seconds.
- Repeat last step for more fun.

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letters

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Winner
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Dinner
J.S.

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Got something to say? Write a letter to *The Monitor*. Letters must be typed to be considered for publication.

Looking to get involved on campus?
Looking to meet some "interesting"
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Join the *Monitor* staff..

We are looking for bright, intelligent,
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Thursday, 26 August 1999.

OP 115A. 9:00pm.

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Tweak Your Mind

In a fight to the death, on a neutral battle ground, who would
win, the Freshman Week Iguana or the Monitor Lizard?



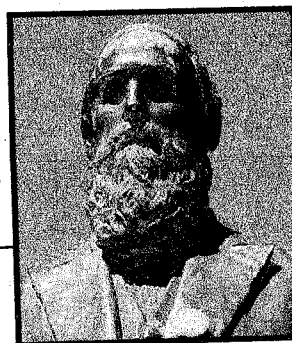
"Well, I guess the Monitor Lizard."

-Scott Wilbers



"I think it would be the
Monitor Lizard. He's
actually already in, like, a
fighting stance."

- Margorie Iwai



"Uh! Nan-na na-na!"

- Joseph Baldwin



"The Monitor Lizard. He
looks wicked."

- Andy Curtis



"Uh, I don't know."

-Greg Cornelius



"Is the Lizard real? Because
that just looks like a paper
lizard."

- Ben Garrett



opinions

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

- Phil Ochs

Take time to figure out what you want in life

opinion by | Shawn Gilmore

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Students should take advantage of speakers

opinion by | Erin Hucke

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

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

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

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

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

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

These lectures are your only opportunities to hear what these people have to say. Television, videos, movies — they just don't do it. These are opportunities for you to participate with people that you previously could only read about.

The Funds Allotment Council and various other organizations shell out quite a

lot of money just to bring lecturers and other guests to Kirksville.

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

But the people who really suffer are those who do not attend the lectures. A simple decline to the invitation because it "doesn't interest you" is a feeble argument plagued with prejudice. How do you know that you won't be interested un-

less you go and listen to what they have to say?

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

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

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

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

"College is supposed to be an experience on all accounts: intellectual, social, and personal. You can do all of your homework, pass all of your classes, and get your degree, but have you really learned anything unique?"

Ten Commandments in schools violate rights

opinion by | Leslee White

I spent part of my spring break involved in a vindictive e-mail battle with my hometown representative. He is a major proponent of a current bill up for debate in the Arkansas Senate. The bill came about in response to my former junior high's school-wide posting of the Ten Commandments. When angry parents requested the document be removed from the walls of the public junior high, a bill came about which allowed for the posting of the Ten Commandments in public schools as a list of school rules. This bill just got House approval and now moves to the Senate.

Now I'm not one to let this slide by. My brother attends this junior high, and I was a student there. So I wrote my representative with my concerns. Perhaps my angry approach was a tad tasteless, but it sure made me feel better. In my letter I told Jim Bob — yes, that really is his name and not just an Arkansas insult — that I think the posting of the Ten Commandments in a public school is in direct opposition to the constitutional separation of church and state. I also may have mentioned that I

couldn't wait to get my law degree so I could "sue the likes of Southwest Junior High and the representatives who do nothing about blatant disregard of the Constitution." My father considered this an extremely immature approach to problem solving, but just knowing this representative knows I think he's a bigot gives me a charge. And, oh, how horrible I am to address an elder in that manner. I know, sincere apologies to all offended. Anyway, the funny part of this story is that I got a reply. My representative responded within two days with the following:

"MS. WHITE,

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS ARE PRINCIPLES THAT WE WANT EVERY YOUNG PERSON TO KNOW. WHAT IS WRONG WITH TELLING CHILDREN, DON'T KILL, STEAL, OR LIE? THIS DOES NOT VIOLATE THE CONSTITUTION. OUR NATION WAS FOUNDED ONE NATION UNDER GOD. I SUPPORT SOUTHWEST JR. HIGH FOR THIS GOOD BOLD STEP. BACK WHEN THE BIBLE WAS TAUGHT IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS WE

HAD LESS PROBLEMS WITH OUR YOUTH.

JIM BOB DUGGAR"

Interesting stuff, huh? Do the capital letters mean he's yelling this reply? I'm not up on computer language. I'm going to ignore the part where he used part of the Pledge of Allegiance to justify the content of the Constitution. Let's focus on the concept. Of course I think we should teach children "don't kill, steal or lie." My problem lies in the first four commandments. These are the ones that directly mention God. I can't speak for other Christians, but I think it's a little presumptuous to make a general rule for every student. "I am the Lord thy God... thou shalt have no other gods before me." I think this is clearly an imposition on the rights of the students and violation of the constitutional separation of church and state.

I'm trying to figure out why he believes our nation was founded by Christians. If memory serves, most of those guys were deists or atheists. The only mention of religion (besides the separation of church and state stuff) I can come up with is in the Declaration of Inde-

pendence — "they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights." I think that's a pretty strong "freedom of religion" message. The distinct difference is that it says, "endowed by their Creator," not "endowed by THE Creator." I infer from this that the founding fathers knew that different people have different beliefs, and all beliefs should be respected. But, perhaps I'm mistaken.

As much as I disagree with what Duggar has to say, I must respect the fact that he responded to my e-mail so promptly. News from my parents is that so many people are angry and involved that the bill will not pass the Senate. If you're interested in more blatant constitutional violations, check out the Little Rock newspaper — *The Democrat-Gazette* — at www.ardemgazz.com. The local section gives you the low-down on all kinds of neat bills passed in the house, such as the bill requiring women who want an abortion to view an ultrasound image of their fetus and then wait 24 hours before they are eligible to get an abortion. Enjoy the laws of the Imperial South.

19 August 1999

Be a part of *The Monitor* staff, Yo!

opinion by | Jesse Pasley

This is your friendly neighborhood Paz here to ask you a very important question: How would you (yes, you) like to do something important, neat, and fun...like, say, writing for *The Monitor*? Now, before you throw your hands into the air in a fit of confusion (like the guy on the front of the Yahtzee box) and ask "How could I possibly write for *The Monitor*?" just hear me out.

Well, my friend, let's start with some really basic stuff, like what *The Monitor* is, how you would fit into the whole scheme, and the meaning of life. Okay, let me start by skipping the meaning of life part entirely. I don't know. But I do have a slight grasp on what *The Monitor* is. You'll probably hear that *The Monitor* is the "alternative" or "underground" newspaper. We might be "alternative," in sense that *The Monitor* is the only other campus newspaper. As for the "underground" part, well, we are no secret club, but we definitely don't kiss up to University officials, professors, or administrators.

Another word that gets tossed around concerning *The Monitor* is "liberal" (however that can be used). Admittedly, I do think of myself of liberal, and the paper does have a rather liberal leaning. But that's where all this "liberal" business ends. The bent of the paper is only a function of the bent of the individual writers.

Who writes for *The Monitor*? Christian apologists and ardent atheists. Capitalist pigs and commie pinkos. Weirdos (that's me), geeks, and people who are too normal for their own good.

What do they write? Everything from the hard-hitting important stuff to the



slightly silly. And such is the beauty of *The Monitor*. And this is where you come in. The uniqueness of *The Monitor* is supplied by all sorts of people, and there's a place in that "all sorts" for you. If you have a complaint, a gripe, something to expose, or just something interesting to say, then the chances are that you have something to write for *The Monitor*.

"So why should I write for *The Monitor*?" you ask? Well, there are many reasons. Probably the first is the satisfaction of getting something published. Whether it be an expose that brings down "the system" or just a little poem you crafted for your lady-friend, you'll get plenty of bragging rights.

Another reason that you should consider writing a little something for *The Monitor* is that you could say something important and it will be read. Tired of a new policy? Want to voice discontent? This is your chance to change something.

A reason that has affected me personally is that writing for *The Monitor* is a great

opportunity to do something constructive and meaningful with your time. You're in college for a limited amount of time. You have the rest of your life to get the perfect score in Pac-Man, but you only have this time to write for a campus newspaper and make something happen. Besides, getting the perfect score in Pac-Man takes six hours in one sitting, and that's if you last that long.

In essence, you don't have to be a beat reporter or an overly-political activist to get involved (though having a grappling hook would be cool). You just have to have an idea, a reason, and a little determination to sit down and write in order to contribute. Not too complicated, eh?

So that, my friend, is my spiel. I hope you take a moment to mull it over in your head and consider contributing. No, I really do hope so, because it is a rare moment when I have something fairly smart to say, so take it while it lasts.

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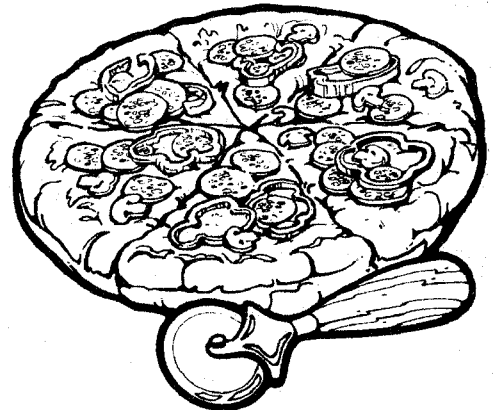
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reviews

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Tom Petty still knows how to rock

Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers
Echo
Warner Bros.

review by | Matthew Webber

"This is a song about a good girl gone bad," Tom Petty said, introducing "Swingin'," a song from his new album, *Echo*, during his July 24 concert in St. Louis. The quip made me smile, since it could have referred to quite a few of Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers' many hits. Still, it was refreshing to hear Petty say that, and I smiled even wider as he began to sing. "Swingin'" made it obvious that Petty can still relate to his fans, that (most importantly) Petty can still rock, and that the decades of being a celebrity have not alienated him from the sad subjects of his songs one bit. Ah, those American girls and the bad boys who love them.

Echo's first song, "Room At the Top," starts off quiet enough. A few taps on the cymbals, soft strummed chords, the hums of an organ, and Petty's famous drawl. But the second verse begins, the drums and bass kick in, and this sudden infusion of energy is as intense as any in the Heartbreakers' repertoire. This pace is sustained throughout the entire album, as the underrated Heartbreakers -- lead guitarist Mike Campbell, pianist Benmont Tench, bassist Howie Epstein, guitarist Scott Thurston, and drummer Steve Ferrone -- nimbly back up Petty and provide the pulse, adding an edge to even the softest ballads. The result is meat and potatoes rock, terse, gritty music John Steinbeck could love.

If rock 'n' roll is dead then no one told these guys. These guys are proof that rock is



alive and well.

Petty's lyrics are as simple and powerful as they have always been, tales of America, of love, of heartbreak. *Echo* is Petty's way of dealing with his recent messy divorce, and the title track is one of the saddest and most beautiful songs he has ever written. The heartfelt emotions overwhelm, and the vivid images linger in the mind long after the end of the song, as hard to kill as echoes.

The 13 songs on *Echo* are, both musically and lyrically, as relevant as anything Petty has ever written, and Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers are still a very relevant modern rock 'n' roll band. They are not a nostalgia act with nothing new to say, content to perform their 20-year-old hits (for examples of these bands see a summer concert schedule); they are not rock dinosaurs whose glory days are over and don't realize it (didn't David Lee Roth release a new album last year?). Like all great bands, their music continues to change and evolve, and their songs reflect where they are currently at in life.

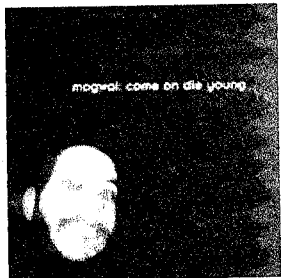
Echo is a very good album from a very good band, a band with many more years of very good music-making ahead of them.

Mogwai walks line between genius, noise

Mogwai
Come On Die Young
Matador

review by | Erin Hucke

Come On Die Young begins with a song called "Punk Rock:" that contains typical Mogwai guitar ramblings playing over a two-minute interview segment where Iggy Pop defines punk rock. Iggy ends up saying "what sounds to you like a big load of trashy old noise is, in fact, the brilliant music of a genius -- myself." This, too, could be said



for Scottish band Mogwai, seeing as most of their songs are drawn-out instrumentals that fit comfortably within the gigantic, barely defined, post-rock catch-all genre. I think most of the

record-buying public would tend to call Mogwai just a "load of trashy old noise." Yet, they really do create genius music. Genius in the sense that it teeters on the edge of noise music (Hovercraft, Bardo Pond, some Sonic Youth) but doesn't actually cross it. The music is quite calm and reserved, and despite the lack of complex instrumentation in some areas, it never seems to lose your interest.

A rare song with words, "Cody," appears near the beginning of the album, followed by more wandering guitars lingering over a muffled recording of the play by play of a college (American) football game in "Helps Both Ways."

But Mogwai isn't for the average listener. For one, you must have an enormous amount of patience (or be depressed/sedated) to get through the dismal, score-like background songs. In addition, most of the songs don't have a tight structure, but are loosely sewn together. They meander through a luscious soundscape that treads across peaks and valleys and faces a couple of grizzly bears along the way. But all this happens at a snail's pace, mind you.

The Flaming Lips get in touch with their serious side

The Flaming Lips
The Soft Bulletin
Warner Bros.

review by | Erin Hucke

The Flaming Lips -- usually a thought of that jelly song they hit it big with a few years back enters your head. And you thought that they fell off the face of the earth after that. Didn't you? For a long time, I did.

But after releasing the brilliant *Clouds Taste Metallic* and the four-CD, experimental album *Zaireeka* (designed to be played synchronized on four separate CD players at the same time), The Flaming Lips are seemingly re-entering the mainstream with their newest release, *The Soft Bulletin*. OK, maybe they haven't entered the real mainstream, but certainly the college charts.

Left behind (with the exception of "Buggin'") are the inconsequential ditties about girls spreading Vaseline on toast. They haven't lost their wit. "Well they fly in the air as you comb your hair," from "Buggin'" is proof of that. But constructing upon the complex sounds of *Zaireeka* and their off-beat live show experiments, The Flaming Lips have built quite a beautiful album. Not to mention being very preoccupied with sound theory.

They started boombox experiments where audience members turn into orchestra members, controlling boomboxes playing tapes composed by the band, giving audience members cues in true orchestra fashion. Each show is consequently unique and can never be repeated exactly.

And they've also given a new spin to traditional live sound, giving audience members pairs of headphones tuned to a specific FM radio frequency that the show is being broadcast over in order to clarify and distinguish the live sound. And they do allow for a clearer, more distinct sound in noisy clubs where outside noise can often be distracting.

Verging on somewhere between clever observation and absolute devastation, Wayne Coyne's new lyrics deal with injury, illness and death after witnessing his father deteriorate from cancer. "Feeling Yourself Disintegrate" tells emphatically that "life without death is just impossible." And two scientists are competing to find the cure for cancer first in "Race for the Prize."

But make no mistake, *The Soft Bulletin* is hardly depressing in tone. As Coyne said at least three times about new songs

they were performing during their St. Louis show on the 1999 Music Against Brain Degeneration Revue tour, "this is a sad song, but it sounds happy."

Actually the whole mini-festival was set up by The Flaming Lips themselves. The strange title isn't in honor of some crazy, obscure charity set up to make people stop losing brain cells like one might think. Instead it draws from the theory much in line with the unproven Mozart Effect, that listening to music can raise your IQ temporarily. More specifically, according to a postcard handed out at the Revue, "Recent psychological studies have shown that listening to complex musical pieces can enhance the brain's ability to perform abstract operations immediately afterwards."

I guess The Flaming Lips are aiming to make us all smarter, because *The Soft Bulletin* is really complex, lyrically and musically. Strings appear in many songs as well as interesting use of the traditional drums, bass and guitar setup, complemented by electronic bleeps here and there. "The Spark That Bled" has a 70s-style woven sound tapestry underneath it. And Coyne strains, "I accidentally touched my head and noticed that I had been bleeding," apparently injured by "the softest bullet ever shot."

"What is the Light?" examines an untested hypothesis that proposes the chemical by which we are able to feel the emotions of being in love is actually the same compound that caused the "Big Bang" in the Big Bang Theory of creation. These guys have done their research.

So buy this album. You won't be disappointed. And when you think of The Flaming Lips, the thought of jelly won't even enter your mind.

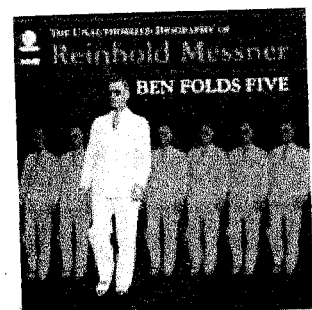


photo by Erin Hucke

Wayne Coyne of The Flaming Lips

19 August 1999

Ben Folds Five learn subtlety, harmony



Ben Folds Five
The Unauthorized
Biography of Reinhold
Messner
 550 Music

review by | Matthew Webber

Like most of America, I was first exposed to the music of Ben Folds Five through their hit single, "Brick." The song was melodic enough, but with a healthy smattering of brattiness thrown in. Ben Folds' voice was kinda whiny; he was drowning slowly and boy, was he bitter. The other songs on *Whatever and Ever Amen* were even more brattier (though no less catchy), like "Song for the Dumped." (You know the lyric: "Give me money back you bitch... And don't forget to give me back my black T-shirt.") The band, led by the extremely talented Folds on piano, rocked, grooved, and kicked some ass, enticing you to sing along (or maybe to just bop your head to the beat while tapping your fingers on the steering wheel). On *Whatever*, the band more than proved their musical dexterity, proving as they did so their pop sensibilities. The songs were catchy as hell. And funny, too, just enough to make you smile.

On that album's follow up, *The Unauthorized Biography of Reinhold Messner*, Ben Folds Five does all of the above and more. The band still grooves, the songs are just as catchy, you're going to smile (I simply had to hear the first line of "Army" again), and the album just might even help you to relax.

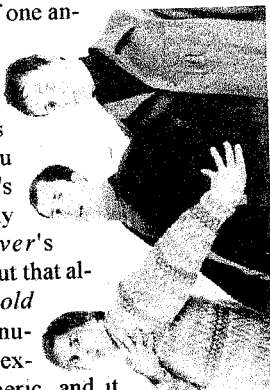
Who would have thought that Ben Folds could croon? But croon Ben Folds does, in a soothing, warm blanket, holding hands type of way. He whispers, he pleads, he tells you his stories. His voice is still whiny and undeniably his (I, for one, really like his voice), but this time around, he's learned how to sing. There's honest emotion in that voice (and his lyrics), a revealing, a tender, a less bratty voice. You can actually hum to *Reinhold Messner*; this time around, you don't have to scream.

Which isn't to say that Ben Folds Five have lost their edge. Hidden beneath the sad, quiet surface of the album is a deep, driving groove, as strong as the one which swims throughout *Whatever*. It's deeply submerged, though; I couldn't quite find it the first time, but something was there to make me want to dive back in. So I listened to the album again. And I listened to it another time. Each new listen brought new gems to the surface. A lyric. A piano lick. A melody. A harmony. The tightness of the band as they groove off one another.

Reinhold Messner is one of those albums that grows on you over time. There's nothing so catchy as *Whatever's* standout songs, but that album lacked *Reinhold Messner's* continuity. The latter is extremely atmospheric, and it quietly fades into a dreamy background. It's a really good album, as opposed to a collection of really cool songs.

Another new thing Ben Folds learned was subtlety.

On "Lullabye," the album's final song, Ben Folds gently begs you to "let the moonlight take the lid off your dreams." If you close your eyes, lay back, and really listen, *Reinhold Messner* will do exactly that.



Low-budget *Blair Witch Project* scary, imaginative

The Blair Witch Project
 Directed by Daniel
 Myrick and Eduardo
 Sanchez

review by | Leslee White

Okay, so I admit it. I bought into the whole *Blair Witch* story, hook, line and sinker. I maybe, possibly, for just a little while, kind of believed three film students got lost in the woods and left their footage for the future viewing enjoyment of the popcorn-toting masses. But can you blame me? I watched the hour-long documentary on the Sci-Fi channel about the "Truth Behind *The Blair Witch Project*." The documentary features interviews with the students' peers, teachers, and grandparents as well as clips from news broadcasts during the search for the missing students. It's not hard to believe a story when a weepy relative talks on camera about how great their granddaughter was.

I didn't give the filmmakers the benefit of the doubt. I figured it much more likely that some kids got lost in the woods than the fact that some movie execs put so much effort into making a movie look real. So, for a while, I believed it all. Obviously, I soon realized there was no film project, no horrifying disappearance, not even a *Blair Witch* legend. Where does this information leave me after seeing the film? I liked it. I really, really liked it.

I'm not going to summarize the movie for you because you already know what it's about. I will however say that it took me a few hours and a phone conversation with my boyfriend to figure out the ending.

I really thought it was scary, too. Perhaps more psychologically scary than anything else. I mean, it's not often you worry about a guy with a hook chasing you and killing all your acquaintances on

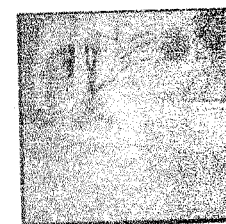


a tropical island, but getting lost in the woods is another matter. I live near woodsy areas, I have been hiking on remote trails, and sounds and feelings I can't fully explain have spooked me. So, the perpetual uncertainty scared me.

Some people I've talked with complained of motion sickness from the bouncy camera work, and others just thought it was boring and unresolved. I didn't get sick, but I can understand the complaint because there was a lot of running with the camera. I really don't think it was boring or unresolved, but it wouldn't matter much to me. The best part of the movie for me is the Cinderella story behind the movie. I really love it that a couple of film students can make a movie for \$60,000, get special recognition at the Sundance Film Festival, and make more money than the big Hollywood movies at the box office.

I think the movie is great, and I think it employs a lot of great film techniques that are interesting to note regardless of your feelings about the film itself. Buy a ticket to this movie. If not out of sheer curiosity, buy the ticket so that maybe the big budget movies will take a cue from independent films and stop substituting expensive digital effects for old-fashioned imagination.

Kid Silver
Dead City
Sunbeams
Jetset

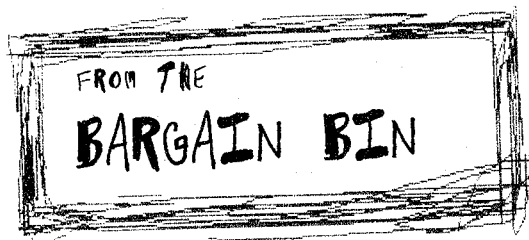


review by | Erin Huckle

Kid Silver is largely an eclectic outfit, producing enviable beats mixed with samples galore. Ken Griffin is the mastermind behind all of this -- two words, music and all.

Dead City Sunbeams is a delightful collection of (mostly) happy pop songs, strewn with twisted up lyrics, crafted with care and precision. And is sometimes too arranged and proper for its own good. The first few songs are ultimately the happiest, and somewhere in the middle, the record turns evil. Menacing tones and strange lines about devils, demons and lost loves show up and change the feeling of what was once a jubilant pop record to something more serious and sinister. There is some salvation in a song called "Breadcrumbs" that is a perfectly placed pop moment.

One fault of the record is that it often sounds too stiff and technical. If there had been just a bit more genuine emotion injected into the album it would have made a good album great.



Billy Idol
Cyberpunk
Chrysalis Records
1993



review by | Jesse Pasley

The year was 1993. It was cool to be a computer nerd, but the Old School of computer gangs was gone. The World Wide Web was slowly creeping into people's homes. The era of the BBS was dying; the vision of One World Connected was being realized. Then Billy Idol steps in with an album called *Cyberpunk*. It had a video on MTV. People passed it off as a cheesy attempt of a washed-up rock star to do comic book music. But all this passes without much fanfare. It is only now that it finally sinks in how important this album really is.

Like the title implies, *Cyberpunk* primarily deals with the computer counter-culture, somehow gaining a sense of the whole idea

through music and noise. At the time of the release, it was very hard to pinpoint the feeling of the whole era of the emerging online culture. But now, it totally seems relevant, yet at the same time somewhat outdated.

Another important aspect of this album is the fact that it denoted (though quite early) a return to the dream-synth, techno music of the early-eighties, a trend that popular artists such as U2 and David Bowie followed in later years and that the music industry itself followed in its acceptance of "electronica."

Yes, *Cyberpunk* is still a Billy Idol album; it's got the signature "whoa yeah," "Ah yeah," and "yoww say yeah." It's got all the driving and screaming guitar licks. Longtime fans will quickly recognize the song "Shock to the System" as classic idol. Don't worry, it still rocks. But a deeper investigation into the album will reveal Idol to be much more than your average rock'n'roller. It's got danceable beats. It's got pianos, strings, synths, sitars, and a myriad of other sounds. The songs "Concrete Kingdom" and "Heroin" (a Velvet Underground cover) really reveal Idol's ability to move into new areas of music.

Though at times a little cheesy or a little overdone, *Cyberpunk* is an album ahead of its time. No, it's not a revolutionary album, but if you want to hear music that could have been a sign of the times and enjoy a range of musical styles, in a very David Bowie-ish fashion, *Cyberpunk* could surprise you.

Oxygen overload can be dangerous

story by | Bryan Westhoff

Sometime in the 1980s, when Ronald Reagan was President, he made a statement that it was OK that so many trees were being cut down for an industrial project because, as he understood, trees polluted the air. Many people chalked this up as President Reagan simply being confused and thinking that, rather than turn carbon dioxide into oxygen, trees turned oxygen into carbon dioxide. In fact, Reagan knew completely what he was talking about and his concern was justified; too much oxygen is a very real threat in this day and age and can only be solved by cutting down more trees.

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

A second threat that the marvelous tree poses to the health of each and every reader of this newspaper is that of "Firestarter." These "wicked firestarters" produce the oxygen that the flames need to destroy our homes and possessions. Are you aware of the number of people, innocent people, that die from fires each

and every year? I have seen the numbers, and it is appalling. All this tragedy and loss could be prevented if we would just destroy more trees.

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

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

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

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

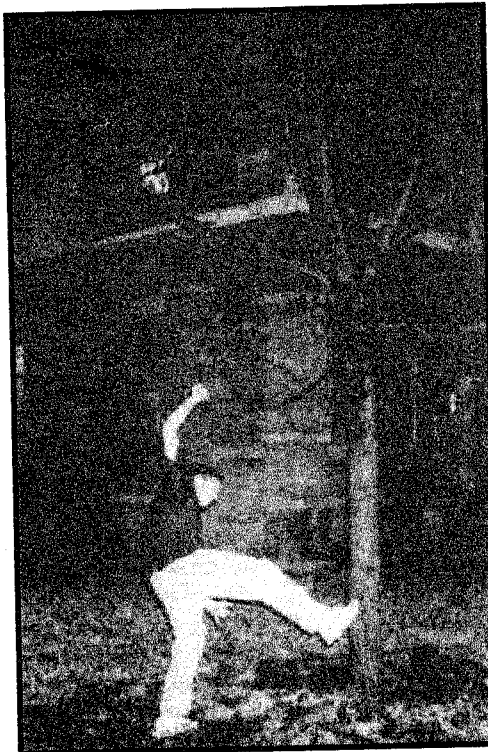


photo by Jeff Moore

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

KIRKSVILLE, from page 1

The Dukum Inn

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

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

Kum-n-Go.

The amazing proximity of everything to everything else.

The eternal flame that is never burning.

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

The corner of Normal and High.

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

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

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

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

Shriners' BINGO.

The Incontinentals.

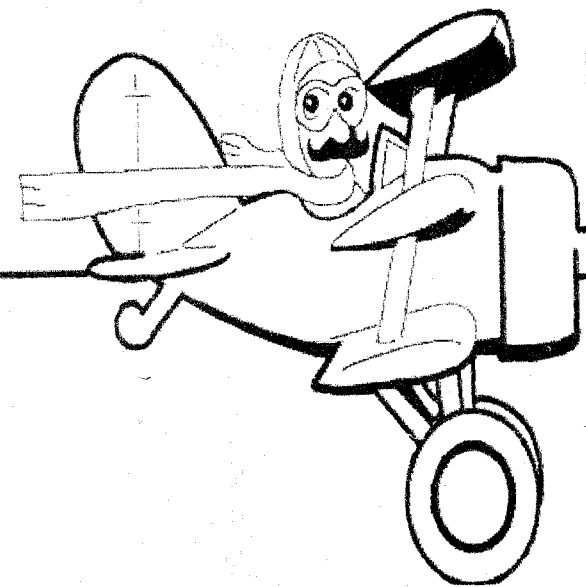
Add all of that together and I've still left a whole lot out. And yet people complain about Kirksville. There's nothing to do. We're culturally isolated. There's no mall.

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

Thanks for your funding, FAC!

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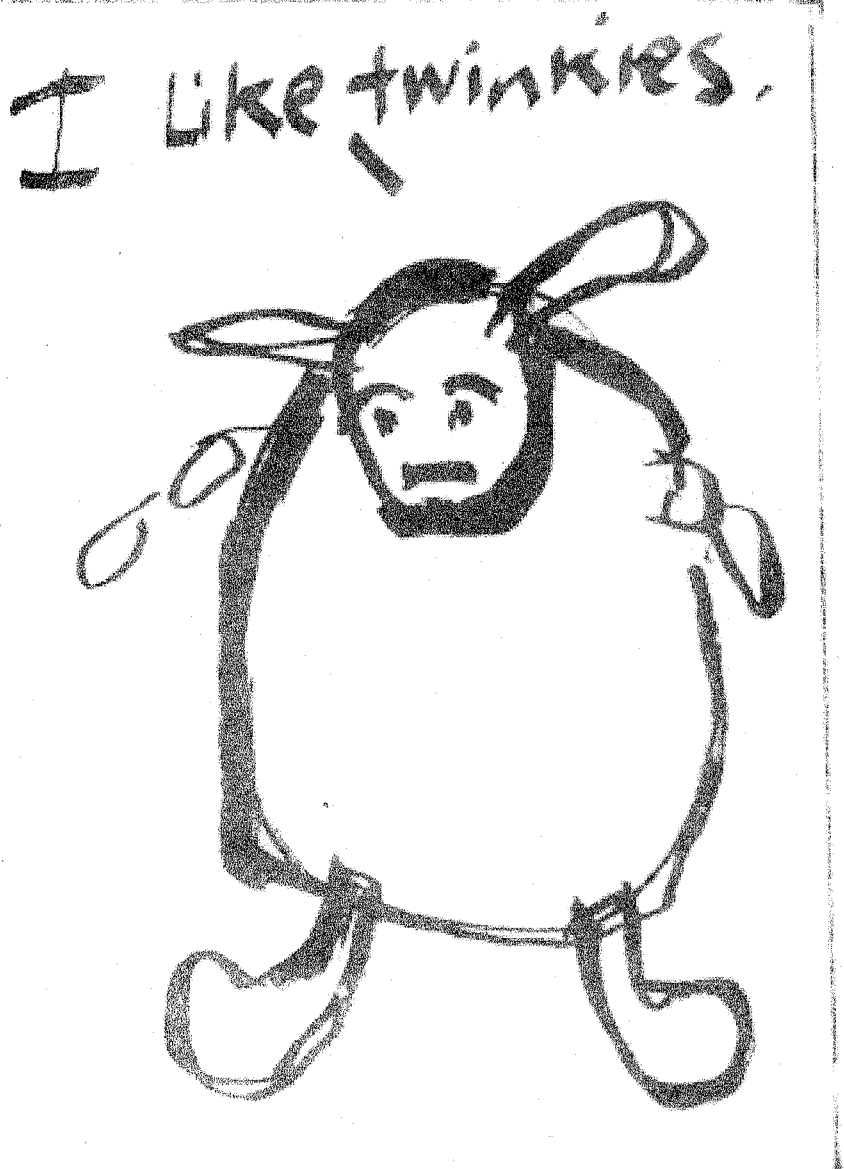
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Monitor Issue Date: 19 August 1999



Kjell Hahn


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The first Monitor meeting of the semester is only one short week away, but what will you do until then?!

- 1) Stay calm.
- 2) Read the Monitor.
- 3) And just be patient, mister.

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Formulaic music provides easy route to fame & fortune

story by | Tom Wheatley

Are you bored? Not getting enough chicks? Need an outlet to fight The Man?

Never fear! The way to satisfy all your desires is to start a musical group. Oh, what's that? You don't own an instrument or have any musical talent? Never fear again! Here are three genres that pander to the talentless and clueless. These handy formulae will help you overcome your late teen angst.

1. Orange County Ska

Requirements:

1 (One) lead singer. If female, she has to jump around a lot and have a butch haircut.

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

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

Also needed: bass and drums.

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

The formula:

High notes + fast tempo + ripping off reggae + attractive people = Orange County Ska.

Putting it all together:

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

2. Mainstream rap

Requirements:

1 (One) microphone

1 (One) record player with LOUD speakers.

Lots (Lots) of old Issac Hayes records
Lots (Lots) of friends. This is so that your album can "feature" different people.

Lots (Lots) of glamour. Necessary to detract from absence of musical creativity.

The Formula:

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

Putting it all together:

Put on an old Issac Hayes record. Turn the treble all the way down and the bass all the way up. When the sound shatters glass, it's loud enough. Now talk over the thundering bass. Now have your friends talk over the bass. Ignore concepts like iambic pentameter. Voila! You

are a rapper, and will probably be on MTV every few minutes for about a week. For the music video, drive around in an expensive car that everyone knows you rented for the shoot and cruise from house party to house party. When you start to lose popularity, spark interest in yourself by starting a feud with another rapper based on your respective geographic locations.

There are two limitations to mainstream rap. The first is that the rapper him or herself may not alter the beat by such techniques as scratching or mixing. These are aspects of being a DJ, and there is a difference in that being a DJ requires talent. Being a good DJ is an art. The second is that your message cannot be of any kind of substance. All rap of substance got its start in the 80's. For worthwhile rap, discover Public Enemy, NWA, or Run DMC.

3. Suburban Punk

Requirements:

1 (One) guitar. Take the 4 high strings off the guitar. You won't need them.

1 (One) bass. Take the high three strings off the bass. You won't need them.

1 (One) drum and one cymbal. More drums just complicate things.

Lots (Lots) of beer

The Formula:

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

Putting it all together:

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

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

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

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

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

Vision of the future: clean pants with animals

story by | Jesse Pasley

Often, when a new technological breakthrough is developed, it may take years for such a marvel to affect the common man. However, as we look to the future, we must not only take on the "big" problems of overpopulation, global warming, and MTV, but we must keep the "common person" in mind, to better his/her life in a dramatic manner. This brings us to hopes and dreams of nearly every person on the face of the globe: clean pants.

Yes, good clean pants are indeed a precious commodity, especially here on the Truman campus, where good, worn paths become dirty swamps of mud in the winter. I've heard talk all over campus of "Pants. Man, do I hate pants!" In fact, all through history, men and women everywhere have been looking for a way to stay comfortably (and fashionably) clothed without tarnishing their good pants. According to legend, the Scottish finally gave up on pants in favor of the kilt, something they turn inside out easily after a muddy day's work of battling those pesky Romans.

Soon, the technology will be available to be able to implement a solution to this problem. And here's what I propose: we should engineer some sort of genetically-augmented animal that could hang on to your pants and lick the mud right off of them, should you be trapped in a dirty situation.

"Now wait one second there mister!" you proclaim. "How would such an animal operate? No animal can live off of dirt!" But you see, I said "genetically-augmented." That refers to changing an organism's genetic code to eat dirt, my friend. Besides, there are many animals that eat dirt now as it is, such as the earthworm, the World Maggot, and the occasional small child. I also think that you can convince a donkey to eat dirt as well. And while we're at it, this animal should also be able to suck ink and acrylic paints out of pants, too, for all the art majors.

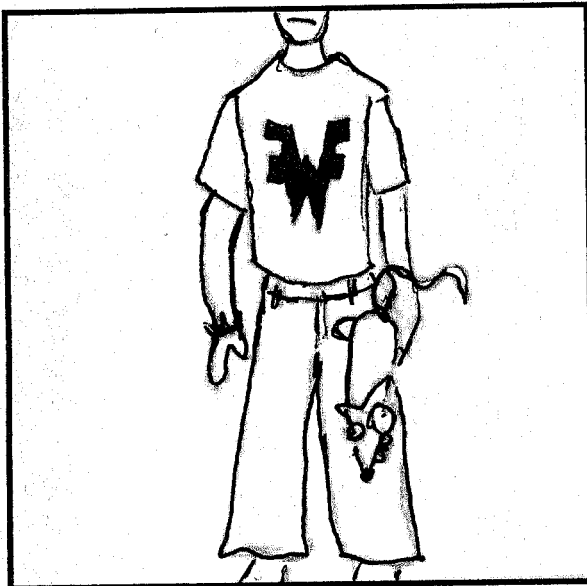


fig. 1 Here's me, my mud-lickin' mutant and my clean pants.

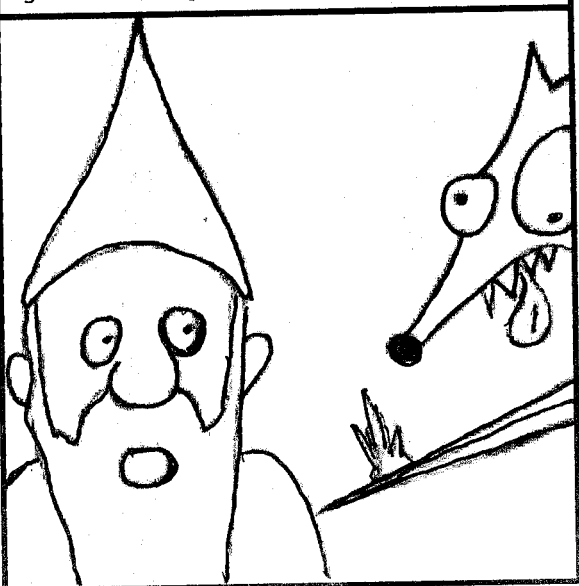
All the genetic engineers have to do now is to transfer this dirt-eating trait to an animal that would 1) be able to cling to my pants in a comfortable manner and 2) have a mechanism (a tongue) to lick up all that mud that is collected from walking through the quad (or playing TANK!). Some good candidates that I came up with include the marmot, the South American tree sloth, or the koala bear of Australia. I've had personal experience with a raccoon clinging to my pants, but its rabid teeth gnawing on my shinbone makes this furry friend undesirable. A colleague of mine has also suggested using an animal that has long tentacles, to maximize the clinging factor. A land-squid perhaps?

Just think of how this simple idea could change our everyday lives. No longer would I show up to social events and have people whisper behind my back, "Look at those dirty pants. Commoner!" With this new development, I could go to parties and have all the ladies saying, "Damn Paz! Those are some clean pants. And that funny creature that hangs from the inside of your thigh [no, not that one] is very fashionable" (fig. 1). And of course I'd say, "Why, thank you."

Of course, these little "varmint mud-lickers" could have applications elsewhere. Seeing as how they would be quite intelligent, we could use them to patch up holes in giant Superwalls (see Volume 5, Number 10). Also, if we arm these mud-lickers with tiny swords, we can finally get rid of the gnomish scourge. You heard me right: those bastard gnomes. Those tiny thieving thugs that steal my Saltines at night must be eliminated! Ooh, you're gonna get it, David! (fig. 2)

With our eyes and hearts to the future, humans can surely accomplish anything. That is why we must commit more research hours into technologies such as this, not only for our pants, but for our children's pants as well.

fig. 2 A doomed gnome.



Queen Astra



The Queen

Let the stars be your guide!

Aries (March 21-April 20) What's new, pussycat? Chicken sticks that's what!

Taurus (April 21-May 22) Stay away from your grandmother's cooking. The bitch has always been out to get you.

Gemini (May 23-June 21) Tusks feature heavily in your future. Keep your eye out on the square.

Cancer (June 22-July 24) Stay away from the special person in your life who's favorite color is yellow. Queen Astra sees crabs in their future.

Leo (July 25-August 23) Cherry, vanilla or orange. Keep that in mind, Leo.

Virgo (August 24-September 23) Live these next few weeks to excess. It won't catch up with you. Queen Astra promises.

Libra (September 24-October 23) Be kind to your roommate. Something may "accidentally" fall into the "bidet."

Scorpio (October 24-November 22) Yaffa Block? Oh yes, Yaffa Block.

Sagittarius (November 23-December 21) Stay away from chili which has been determined to cause cancer in laboratory animals.

Capricorn (December 22-January 20) How do you top a slice of heaven? With dancing monkeys. Duh.

Aquarius (January 21-February 19) The stars tell Queen Astra that this a great week to pick up a nasty habit. Toenails and/or eyebrow hair featured.

Pisces (February 20-March 20) Karaoke night and nothing to sing? You will not go wrong with that special song about gangrene.

Ask Queen Astra

Dear Queen Astra,

My optometrist gave me 83 days to live. He says I have a sty in my left eye that has grown to the size and shape of a peanut. Much to my dismay, it has become a social hindrance. All of my friends call me "Peanuteye." Needless to say they are not my friends anymore. But the problem is, in my decrepit state, I've become rather lonely. There is no one to sit by my bedside, for I am bedridden and much too weak to move. Do you have any suggestions how I could get some friends? Also, could you recommend a good herbal remedy that could ease my pain and suffering?

Sincerely, Johnny Style

Dear Peanuteye (can I call you Peanuteye?),

I once had a sty in my eye as well. Only mine was in the shape of a cashew. However, mine was not life threatening and I am therefore able to give you advice today. I can understand what you are going through. Having a sty in the shape of a nut can be a very

difficult thing to go through.

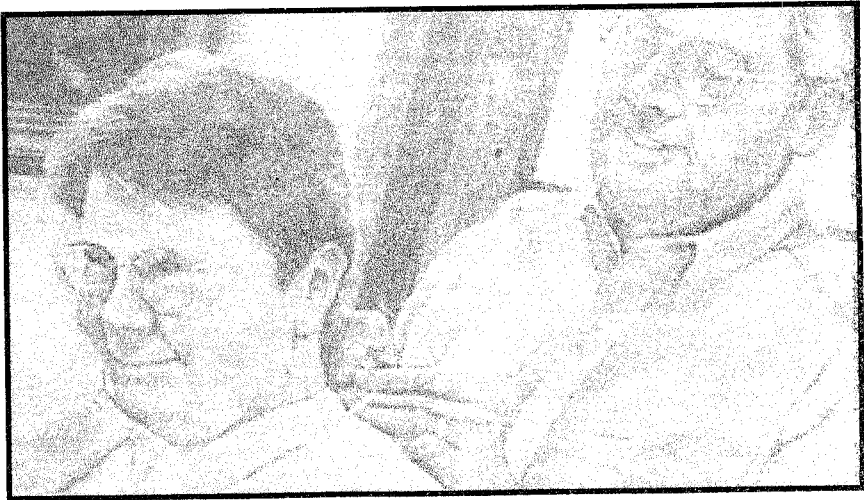
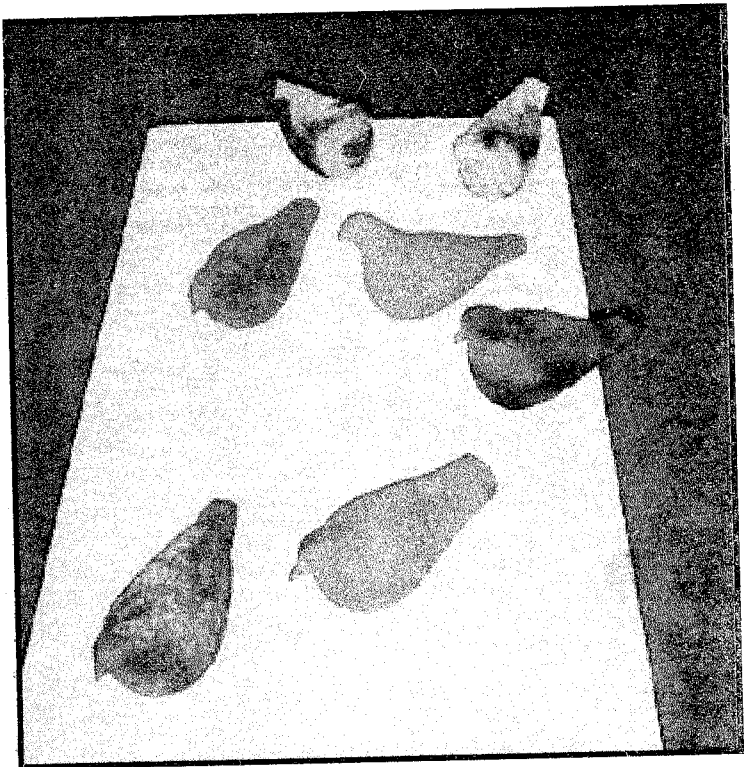
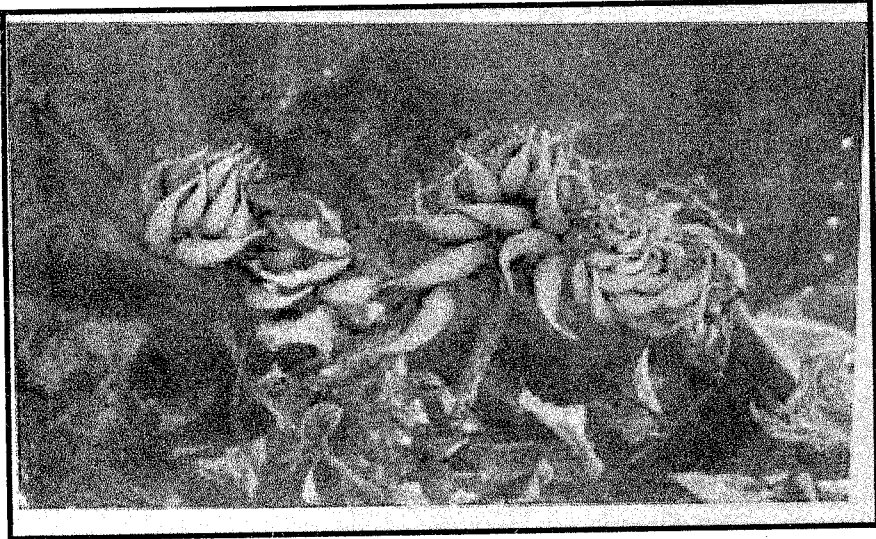
What I learned from my experience with my cashew-like sty was that people are very superficial. There's no escaping this. However, usually superficial people can also be bribed. They are often very materialistic. They just love new furnishings and clothing. May I suggest you bribe your friends to spend time by your bedside with gifts of money and chocolate and pizza. I think this might help you with your companionship problems. I'm sorry your days are numbered. I hope that your last 83 days are the happiest you've ever known.

Queen Astra

Queen Astra is working her way to a three-person Marlboro tent. She proposes the **QUEEN ASTRA MARLBORO MILES CHALLENGE EXTRAVAGANZA!** Please send any extra miles in exchange for helpful advice to: Queen Astra, c/o the Monitor mailbox, CAOC. You too can be helped like Peanuteye. Write her today! (Marlboro miles not essential for free advice.)

ART PAGE

Here are some pieces from the latest Faculty Art Show. This show will be up in the Ophelia Parrish Gallery from August 17 through September 4. The titles of the artwork and the artists names were not available at press time.



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.

Coat

100% Acrylic Leopard Skin
kin to departmental fetal sins
and as I walk in the department store
I feel electric eyes turn to me
en-TiC-inG-Ly
glitter on my eyelashes flashing out
a coded message of self-assurance.
I'm a cyberchick in this animal perversion.
\$114.87
and as I walk between the silent CD covers
they become hardened sugar casings,
like bullets around my baptismal
SOUND...
you ripped off all my skin...
but I got a new one
from the JcPenny's Store.
In the raw am I
silk lining over my tendons
and in my coat
all zipped in.
I watch boy and girl
-kiss-
and wait for your oily touches to melt off me
like dew.

Megan Wampler

The Leper sits on the fire hydrant as everyone

scurries past on either side-
he's given up asking his questions to the crowd;
he's losing his left arm.
They'd told him there was nothing They could do.
He'd supposed as much; he wasn't made of money.
The crowd continues as he blows apart in paper scraps,
fliers of frozen poster children,
dead in starving America with black plastic wrappers,
sealed for freshness,
their dates stamped in something red along an edge.

J. Bennett

flower, untitled

In the moist, crowded silence

Of pink plastic values.

Electromagnetic dreams,

and discarded cellophane fantasies.

A single flower blooms

And takes a labored breath.

Anne Ferris

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 broc-ly
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

Park Bench Graffiti
("Lonnie and Jennifer fucked here")

People made love on this bench I've seen it with my eyes!
(Not their steamy passion but the words that they've inscribed.)
So children's children's children's kids will know just who's been laid.
The date, the place, position, even how much she's been paid.
Scratched in paint or marked black an arrow through a heart.
Initials etched for decades which commemorate a start.
Others aren't too pretty and the words turn quite profane.
A "fuck you," "bitch," and "bastard," and the perpetrator's name.
But nowhere on this park bench are the names of those who've read,
So (I now this seems quite childish but) I wrote my name in lead.

Matthew Webber

She Who Is Anticipation

Every night she drapes a cocoon around her shoulders like a shawl, and goes out into the darkness looking for the sunset. She skips down the cobblestone paths in her rhinestone high-heels keeping her eyes straight ahead, though she may stumble every other step.

Sometimes she goes too far and finds herself lost in the woods. There she stops skipping and runs, runs, runs. A monster lives in the woods. She can't see him, but she can hear the tick-tock of his heartbeat and the chime of his laugh. She runs even though she knows he could stand still and still catch up with her. She runs even though she knows she'll fall, and then fall asleep, and then sleeps in a tomb she built herself until the next night comes.

Other times, though, she stays on the path and swims with the butterflies. She might stop and have a drink with Dionysus, or a smoke with Confucius, or indulge in a bite of cake at the Fairy Queen's tea party. And occasionally, if she looks long enough and goes her own way, the night will leave and Dawn will wake up to greet her. And though a sunrise is exactly the opposite of what she was looking for, she forgets, or doesn't care, because what she finds is just as beautiful.

Kristen O'Guin

This is just a sampling of the many poems and prose pieces *My Back Pages* published last year. We need your help in filling up this page for the rest of the year. If you are a writer or a poet, sends us your work. You, too, could get published. We're looking for all types of poetry and prose -- non-rhyming, rhyming, serious, funny, haikus, sonnets, three-in-the-morning ramblings, anything. If you're one of those "closet poets," you can even submit anonymously. Drop off your submissions year round in the Monitor mailbox in the CAOC office, in the lower level of the SUB.