

The Monitor

A Campus Collective

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

Students speak eloquently at Board of Governors meeting

story by | Sarah Wienke

Friday, Oct. 29 was more than just the start of Homecoming and Halloween weekend on the Truman State University campus. Oct. 29, 1999, will be remembered as the historical day when eight Truman State University students spoke out against the Board of Governors' ruling to allow the arming of DPS, at the final meeting before their decision becomes law on the Truman campus.

Students met at the fountain in front of the Student Union Building, many wearing white and carrying signs protesting the arming of DPS. Meanwhile, other organizations doing Homecoming business attempted to drown out the protestors' voices by turning up their already-blasting music. The fountain was also turned on and it damaged many of the protestors' personal belongings. Strangely, it was turned off again as the demonstration wore down.

Those who were speaking before the Board of Governors wore suits and dresses and prepared themselves for their presentations. I spoke to two speakers before the meeting, Steve Wilke and Ed O'Toole.

Wilke, a senior philosophy/religion major, explained his goals for the meeting and the goals of those he is representing.

"We're going to the Board of Governors and offering lots of reasons why we don't think that a) the guns should be on campus and b) why the situation was handled badly," he said. "We don't necessarily think the Board of Governors meant to antagonize the students as much as they did but the reality of the situation is that they have antagonized the students and it's going to be my goal to offer some solutions to make the students less antagonized by the situation at hand."

Ed O'Toole, a junior Student Senate Rep at Large and member of the Bulldog Party, had similar goals.

"I'd like to see the Board of Governors, after hearing and seeing the students out at the fountain today, reconsider the decision they made this summer," he said. "I expect to go in there and give them some viewpoints that maybe they haven't looked at. I hope they realize that the students really do care about this issue. I hope they look at the information that we present to them today and hopefully at least reconsider the decision. I'd like to see them completely change it but at the least I'd like to see them at least reconsider it and I'm afraid they might not."

I spoke with two other speakers after the meeting. One speaker was Evan Lewis, a junior sociology/anthropology major, who focused on

the ideological aspects of having guns on campus in her speech.

"As an institution of higher learning, we should not only be interpreting the world around us but we should be trying to create an image of a better world, and trying to work toward that image," Lewis said. "When we have something like guns that is completely unnecessary on this campus and harmful, it's not a good standard to set for the rest of the world."

In her speech, Lewis used the example of the arms race, in which the United States' continual development of harmful weapons shows that the adding of weapons does not solve problems.

Lewis also explained how the feeling of the campus would be changed if DPS was armed.

"The tone of the campus would be really altered," she said. "It's a real luxury to be able to attend school and live and learn in an environment that does not promote fear or violence. When you have fear, you have its neighbor, hatred."

The other speaker I interviewed was Jessica Post, a sophomore political science/communication major and a spokesperson for the anti-gun movement. Post's speech was about how Truman has set so many standards and how it should now set a new standard with the gun issue.

"Truman State University is setting the standard in other things, so let's set the standard for Departments of Public Safety that don't carry handguns," she said. "Let's set the standard for non-violence."

Post described the reactions she had from the experience as well as the treatment she felt she and the other speakers received from the Board of Governors.

"I felt very comfortable speaking in front of the Board of Governors," she said. "And I felt if they weren't going to do anything I knew they were going to listen... I think they were impressed by the level of eloquence and reasoning and they acknowledged that."

Lewis described a similar experience.

"I think the Board of Governors was very receptive to all of the speeches," she said. "There were eight in all - three for the Bulldog party [and] five other students."

Lewis said the Board seemed very receptive to the students' input. The Board asked the speakers several questions after the presentations. One was how do the students feel about some of the alternatives offered in the meeting.

"Overall, the students weren't too happy with

See MEETING, page 6



photo by Leslee White

Students protested in front of the SUB against the arming of DPS last Friday. Students also spoke to the Board of Governors about the issue later that afternoon.

Student's painting becomes a target of vandals

story by | Andy Dandino

Everyone's a critic.

Some people just have a thuglike way of expressing their criticism.

Last Tuesday evening, an oil painting displayed on Baldwin Hall's second floor gallery space became the target of vandals. The artwork, which was part of an exhibition of pieces created by the Painting I class, had been removed and thrown off the walkway linking Baldwin and McClain buildings. It was the artist himself who discovered that the painting had disappeared from its place. Junior Kjell Hahn, a studio art major, had gone to the second floor of Baldwin that evening to discuss the work with a professor, and upon arrival was dismayed to find that someone had taken it.

As of 6:30 that night, several students had walked by the painting, confirming that it was still on the wall at that time. However, around 8:30 p.m., a witness noticed that the artwork had been taken off the wall and was standing up against the recycling bin near the second-floor men's restroom. Hahn himself had been in Baldwin Hall most of the night and was shocked to find that someone had run

off with it.

"That night I was in the painting studio at 7:30," he recalled. "Then I had two meetings that evening between 8:30 and 9:30, both in Baldwin, and when I went to look at the painting afterwards, it wasn't there anymore."

After searching the hallways for the missing artwork, Hahn went outside to check the walkway.

"I figured that if someone was trying to get it out in a hurry, that's where they'd go," he said. Looking down, he saw that his painting had been tossed off the side of the catwalk, and was lying facedown next to the dumpster.

The motive for some person or persons to attempt such an act of vandalism may have to do with the subject matter of the painting itself. The piece is a collage of images. Objects such as an apple, a fish, a dog and a dove are present, but also contained within the artwork are images of nude women and men, one of whom has his limbs removed. But perhaps the most striking feature is the image of an old nun wearing a habit, athletic shorts, combat boots... and a penis. The presence of male

See PAINTING, page 6

C O N T E N T S

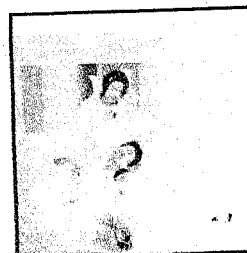


Karl Marx offers his "Advice from the Afterlife." See page 9.

Poltergeists haunt Grim and Ryle Halls. Part two of the campus ghost stories feature on page 12.



hours... attests to David Bowie's musical ability. Read the review on page 10.



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"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



A misguided Monitor staffer imitates campus personality, "Paid" Paul Kingston, all in the name of Halloween fun. The Monitor shakes its head: two Pauls too many!

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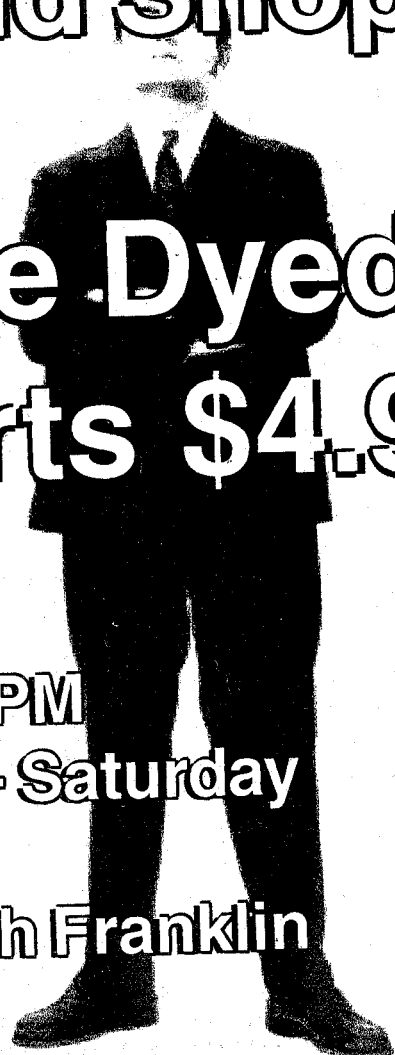
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Tweak Your Mind

What would you do if you were a Viking?



"Wreak havoc on the weak people."
-Kate Christman

"Go back to my mother country and rule it with an iron fist."
-Boyne Park



"I would volunteer and help the homeless."
-Candice Pang

"I'd take over the world."
-Mikki Okawa



"I'm already a Viking and I'm busting your face."
-Tito Economides

"I'd watch TV, drink a beer, and say, 'Hey! I'm a Viking!'"
-Dan Coons





opinions

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

- Phil Ochs

Students should revel in less destructive traditions

opinion by | Jennifer Wrightam

In bad 80s sitcoms, when a person's favorite fish died, someone would invariably try to buy another one that was identical and slip it into the other one's place. This never worked. We can learn something from this. The gum tree is gone. We can't replace it by sticking gum on any other tree. In the end, such wasted efforts will only fail. Besides, even when we had the original gum tree, it was kind of ugly and unsanitary. Plus the gum damaged the tree. Do we really want to start all of that again?

I say we revel in other, less destructive traditions on this campus that still exist. After all, we still have the sacred potato. What other traditions do we have? We fire a cannon when the football team scores. We light the fire outside of Kirk memorial in memory of students and faculty. We wage yearly wars against the semi-automatic acorn bazookas the squirrels around here have.

There are also fun traditions in most of the halls. Apparently, there are ghosts in Grim and Centennial Halls. Ryle still has the somewhat anachronistic bronze bra, which they award various houses for hall activities. Blanton has the basement pool table. (If you think the little numbers are there to keep score, you're right. If you think they keep score for pool games, you haven't been down there late at night.) The Dobson stoop, of course, has by far the most dorm traditions. The "Stoopers" named

one of their heating grates (Fred) and all the benches around (the make up, make out, and break up benches). In addition, the first time someone pukes on the bush each year is usually a duly-marked occasion. Speaking of puking, who can forget the Dobson Squirrel-Fest, with its accompanying whole-milk drinking contest?

Perhaps, since people are so hyped about having traditions, we ought to celebrate some new ones. For example, did you know there is a shoe graveyard on campus? Up on top of the ledge of Kirk building, students have been throwing their old shoes for years (OK, only for about five years, but that's a start). When your shoes wear out, up, up, up they go!

You know how some individual rooms acquire traditions (for instance room 420 in nearly any building)? Last year, people had naked dance parties in my room. I could see this becoming an annual event, couldn't you?

While I think some traditions need to be honored, I also think some traditions need to go. What is the point of certain fraternities serenading Ryle, now that it is no longer all girls? The late night false fire alarms in Centennial really need to go. So do the drunk scissor relay races around MO, and the stealing of wipe-off markers. I suggest we embrace our most constructive (or at least most naked) traditions and make the best out of them. Only then will we be able to honor the memory of the gum tree.

"Town meeting" debates are silly

opinion by | Jerry Schirmer

Of all political debates, the "town meeting" style debate has to be the dumbest. This particular type of debate consists of several candidates seated in front of an audience, probably consisting of people planted by the campaigns of the above-mentioned candidates. The audience members then ask the candidates policy questions, which are answered in the standard presidential debate style -- vaguely, and in grand terms.

To some, my criticism may seem somewhat irrational. Newscasters, after all, don't seem to come off as the most on-the-ball people in the world, so what would be wrong with having some normal people, more in touch with the way things are in America, ask questions of their candidates?

First, in the portion of the recent town hall debate between Al Gore and Bill Bradley, the audience members asked the two candidates about issues which the President has little control over -- in particular, the status of inner city schools. I do realize that this is a very, very important issue. However, the United States has chosen to put almost all control over schools at the local or state levels, for better or worse. Neither the questioner nor candidate managed

to suggest strengthening federal control over school districts, which leads me to wonder what anyone expected the people to do about schooling.

A second problem with these kind of "debates" is that they provide the impression that the candidates are taking into account the opinions of "common people," while the reality is that the audience at these meetings is, at the most, a small sample of the public, and, at the least, a group of people pre-selected by the candidates to ask them pre-arranged questions. The dialogue between the speakers and the questioners also seems rather forced, rather than the genuine dialogue between people.

Finally, these debates are just one more opportunity to let the personality of candidates take over the election, rather than rational thinking -- something aided by having this particular debate be formatted so that Bradley and Gore couldn't respond to each other -- leaving the listener without a clear image of the policy differences between the two, making a decision between them more likely to be decided by personality. In closing, I would like to repeat how silly these kind of debates are, and would urge our readers to avoid them in the future.

Wal-Mart dehumanizes cashiers, shoppers

opinion by | Jon Klaas

Wal-Mart. Those two syllables roll so easily from the mouth. Say it to yourself. Wal-Mart. Wal-Mart. This name is often cited on freshman tours when relating what activities exist in Kirksville. "Well, Pancake City and Wal-Mart are always open." For my first two years here, Wal-Mart served as an occasional source of shopping and entertainment.

Lately, something about Wal-Mart has begun to bother me, to strike a note of discord into the otherwise perfect harmony of beloved Kville. One recent night I spent a little too long sitting on that bench near the exit, waiting for some friends to check out. During this period, I made some observations and realizations that made me rather uncomfortable.

Wal-Mart treats us like cattle. We are ushered in through the doors, greeted mechanically, and given a cart for us to fill with product. The first thing shoved in our faces is the pres. donuts, and pastries which we really didn't intend to get, but boy oh boy would it be good. What did I come here to get? Oh, milk and eggs... right. So all the way to the back of the store so I have plenty of opportunities to see things I might not otherwise want. It's a quick trip, so back to the checkout. Happening to glance up, I notice yet pay no heed to the unfinished, warehouse type ceiling, reminiscent of some dark meat packing plant. Passing by the enormous candy lane lining the rear of the checkout aisles, I select the shortest line and proceed forward in

orderly fashion.

Let's see, I've got the milk and eggs... and some moderately fresh donuts, some chips that were on sale for six cents less than the normal price, a twelve pack of Pepsi, and a bag of candy. I hand my \$11.37 to the clerk whose red, white and blue name tag communicates "Sandy," as well as the fact that Sam Walton is a super patriot. Looking around the store confirms Mr. Walton's patriotism, as I see a red and blue color scheme everywhere.

Wal-Mart has redefined American culture. Efficiency has become the greatest value in our society, usurping all personal relationships that could develop in smaller scale businesses. The American love for convenience has removed much of the human interaction from our lives. We wonder why the youth of today are so violent when we hear about things like the Columbine shootings. It is because people like "Sandy" aren't really human to us, we don't know them beyond the false greeting and smile. The red, white and blue of Wal-Mart will easily be replaced by the simple white padded walls of the sanitarium.

Sam Walton is a super patriot. A simple man with a great idea. However, we, as consumers have gone too far, given our national soul to the devil of capitalism. We are now seeing the results of this bargain. Now, to throw my weight behind an alternative, I say Aldi. Cheaper, more efficient, more humane, and no snooping cameras to watch you like a criminal.

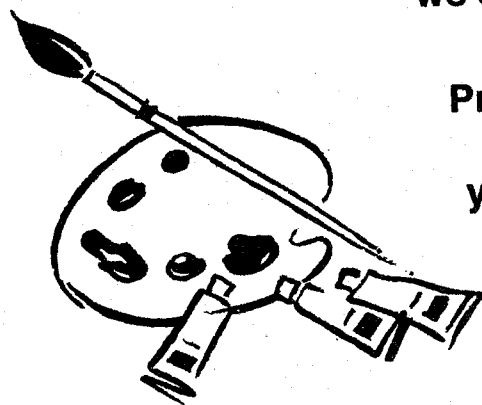
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02 November 1999

People suffer numbness that drips into the bone

opinion by | John Nguyen

If this were a cartoon you'd expect to see people dripping off the sides of the earth. We get a long, establishing shot centered on the globe, and slowly people just leak off of the sides and incinerate in their freefall through the ozone. That would be how the cartoons would portray it. But, unfortunately, this isn't a cartoon. I'm not a talking rabbit. You are not a talking duck. We are not the Simpsons. The great counter in the sky just made a big flip. The CIA is on the phone. We hit six billion. Love is blooming the world over. People are overrunning the planet.

But this isn't about overpopulation. (I don't have the patience to deal with any realistic problems.) No, this is about people. Despite the fact that so many people are alive, running around, and consuming fossil fuels, not many people really care to be alive. I know that at least three of my close friends don't really care for this mortal coil. I know that I've seen kids on steps, in cars, in classrooms, everywhere, with that look on their faces. That look of utter pointlessness. That look that says, "Anywhere but here. Anything but this. Shoot me."

So, here we are, full of death. Full of the ambition to die. Full of the lack of drive to push us through life. Full of wasted time in front of the TV, the field and the blackboard. Full of those stupid mornings and the stupid alarm clocks. Full of those same conversations, that same plate of fries, the same smell of smoke in our clothes. We sit wanting death. But no one wants the pain

of death. (I'm excluding some exceptional masochists here.) No one wants to suffer.

But we suffer. We suffer numbness that drips into the bone. We suffer the kind of degradation of the mind that allows us to be happy with our small accomplishments and our acceptable grade point averages. We suffer. We suffer wastefulness and listlessness. We suffer hiding our fears and obeying our rules. We suffer ourselves. Day after day. Scheduled meals. Scheduled blocks of learning. Scheduled times for sleep, drinking and sex. Damn we suffer.

Black, black, black, black, drab, pointless... Fuck that. Huh? Why not? Why not, fuck that? We're crude. We're prone to violence. We're addicted to our MTV and Abercrombie and Fitch. We're addicted to our indie rock and chain wallets. We're addicted to our counterculture. That's what they think of us. That's what the system thinks of us. So why not have a motto that won't ever be broadcast on prime time viewing? People of my generation unite your voices: Fuck that! Fuck this. Fuck you. Fuck off. Fuck it all, man/woman/child. Fuck this article. Fuck grammar. Fuck research papers. Fuck me. Fuck what fuck is supposed to mean. Fuck what fuck does mean. We don't care. We don't have to care.

How many times can I use the word fuck in an article? Who's with me? Count: Fuck Fuck Fuck Fuck Fuck Fuck Fuck Fuck Fuck Fuck Fuck.

Fuck the MLA. Fuck the APA. Fuck registration forms and

advisor's signatures. Fuck tuition and book costs and getting ripped off. Fuck the man. Fuck everybody who thinks that there is a man. There isn't a man. There's just a machine. We're fucking machines.

We're fucking machines. We're eating machines and sleeping machines and living machines. Fuck that. Let's be amoeba. Let's be mindless monkeys. Let's be half-naked, gibberish spouting pipe cleaners. Let's flip each other over and have crazy, unprotected, wild ass sex. Yes. Hell yes! Let's elect crazy loopy-eyed fucking bastards into office. I don't care if it's a woman, a man, a fish. I don't give a crap. I don't need a leader, I need someone who won't tell me what to do but will believe in whatever I choose. That's what I fucking need. Isn't that what we all fucking need?

This isn't about being destructive. Don't get me wrong. Don't read this and be a fucking moron and say, "Hey, let's kill ourselves and each other." Fuck that. Fuck vandalism. Fuck destruction. This is all about freedom, baby. This is about taking apart the Statue of Liberty and selling the metal for food. Huh? What about that? Put that in your fucking pipe and smoke it.

Fuck this. I'm tired of fucking explaining. If you see me in the hall say, "Hey John, Fuck you!" and I'll know you understand. Brings a fucking tear to my eye.

Come on we can do this. We can fuck it all and be better for it.

The kids have lost the rock

opinion by | Jesse Pasley

The saga begins nearly three years ago. I was your average high school kid. It was one fine night in November when I attended the Superdrag show in St. Louis. Superdrag was your average rock 'n' roll band. The place was packed, fully equipped to rock out. I had a bead of sweat formed in anticipation. Oh yeah, I had the rock 'n' roll fever. Needless to say, when the band hit the stage, every cell in my body was screaming the rebel yell. With one strum on the guitars and some banging on the drums, my body was in fits of boogie. This was the dancin' revolution.

However, halfway through the first song, I took a pause from my dancing and noticed something awful had happened. I realized there were only two people in the whole place dancing and going nuts over the massive rock attack: Beetle Bob and myself. No, it wasn't Bob's style of dancing that was disturbing (well, it was, but that's beside the point). I noticed 100 listless pairs of eyes staring at the band. I noticed 200 unmoved and unenergized feet. Nobody was dancing; much less even giving a rat's fender. Was it the alignment of planets that had suddenly made rock 'n' roll not fun? Had the kids lost their sense of rebellion, of energy, of momentum?

The concerts attended by myself in the months since proved similarly disappointing. People would pay a good chunk of change to see their favorite rock stars and celebrate the event by standing there like a meathead. What happened to rock 'n' roll? For much of my youth, I had been led to believe that rock 'n' roll meant rebellion and fun and wackiness. Yet, to my dismay, American culture has thrown another curve ball in my social development. Because of that last bit of optimism retained in me before my stay here at Truman, I had believed that the spirit of rock could still resurrect itself. But it was not to be so. Going to a concert meant being a total meathead and stand-

ing there, looking too cool.

From the mind of a meathead:
"Yeah, I'm looking cool. I can't believe these fools dancing to the music, though. How immature! They should get a life or just get out of my sight..."

"My girlfriend will love me for taking her to this concert. But I wish we could have seen the Dave Matthews Band instead. Or Chumbawumba! Yeah, Chumbawumba!"

"Dammit! I hate standing here around all these dope-smokers. And the bass player is probably a faggot..."

"These punks better stop dancing or I'm gonna spill my beer..."

So perhaps it isn't the music. Maybe it's the fans. Maybe it's both. And this sort of thing has probably been going on long before I noticed it. And sadly, bands like Kid Rock and Orgy are what are deemed rock now. It's just not the traditional "rock" genre either: what ever happened to the rap music straight from the streets? Why is it that half the rap videos on TV have pseudo-gangstas waving around money? Screw that. Chuck D is rebellion. Humpty is wackiness. Yet, how many people get excited about music anymore?

Sadly, this story doesn't end on a hopeful note. I went to the Old 97s show in Columbia just this last week. Yes, it was rockin'. It had all the energy and loudness that is rock 'n' roll. (I had a ringing in my ear for a day). But not to destroy any previous record, there were few who were excited enough to exit reality for a couple of hours and dance their brains out. Yes, the meatheads were there, just looking way too cool.

I'm still young. And kids, you're still young. You're in college, this being the sole reason why you haven't entered into the real world. It's time we move beyond this "lookin' cool" crap and have fun. Rock out. Be wacky. Get your money's worth. Make rock 'n' roll mean something.



Yeah, but what if a guy leaked on a school bus full of children who were only worth 87 cents each?

Students cheat on the SWE

story by | Ken Noto

The University's Language and Literature Division reacted to the cheating in the Sophomore Writing Experience.

One faculty anonymously revealed a student's cheating case to this reporter.

"I believe this has been going on for many years," the faculty member said. "I don't think she [the student] came up with the idea by herself. There must be someone to tell her about the loophole."

Although he said no student was officially caught for cheating, he has confidence in his finding.

The faculty found out about the case a month and a half ago from a junior student who heard a suspect talking about what she had done in the Sophomore Writing Experience writing session.

"I don't think they even knew I was listening," said the student, who also insisted on anonymity. "But, I didn't recognize the girl."

According to the sources' stories, the suspect is thought to have saved her draft on the network [Y:] drive and downloaded it in the writing session.

The suspect could write a draft, since the Writing Center provides students with reading pamphlets two weeks before the session. Though the pamphlet only contains a topic and does not contain a question, it is not difficult to guess or adjust afterwards.

Students may bring up to two pages of notes collected during the two-week period. However, students may not bring in a draft of writing.

An illegal way to get around this is if

students choose a word-processing session, they have an access to network drives, from which students can download previously-saved drafts.

Benjamin Ogden, coordinator of Language and Literature computer support, said he fixed almost all the loopholes he could think of.

"There are still a few loopholes existing," Ogden said. "But, by the beginning of the spring semester, all the loopholes will be locked up."

He said not only the [Y:] drive, but all the network drives will be locked up during the writing sessions.

Student accounts are also locked and cannot be used during the session. Ogden arranged a special logging access to all the computers in the Pickler Memorial Library Room 204, where students have writing sessions.

"There will be no access to the network," Ogden said. "There is also no access to Netscape and e-mail accounts."

He also locked floppy drives, in case a student brings a draft on a floppy disk.

"This is only during the session, and only in this room," Ogden said.

Jessica Austic, Writing Center Secretary, said students may choose a handwriting session instead of a word-processing session. Handwriting sessions are offered throughout the semester, usually once a week.

Students can sign up for the Sophomore Writing Experience at The Writing Center, McClain Hall Room 303. For more information call x4484 or e-mail swe@truman.edu.

Ft. Leonard Wood produces chemical weapons

story by | Leslee White

This month, a major event occurred that has a potential impact on the safety of the people of Missouri. No, not the DPS issue. The military base at Ft. Leonard Wood, Mo. now houses MANSCEN, the Maneuver Support Center, formerly housed in McClellan, Alabama.

The Ft. Leonard Wood homepage shows MANSCEN is composed of the Army's Engineer, Chemical Defense and Military Police branches of service. The most potentially dangerous of these branches is the Chemical Defense Branch, the Chemical Corps. According to the Ft. Leonard Wood homepage, the Chemical Corps responds to weapons of mass destruction incidents and possible incidents involving NBC, nuclear, biological and chemical warfare.

To aid this end, the nerve gas production facility manufactures two types of nerve gas: sarin and VX. The Weapons of Mass Destruction government web site adds that the school practices "live agent training," consisting of the use of radioactive isotopes, microorganisms, nerve gas and mustard gas in military exercises.

In seemingly direct opposition is the Chemical Weapons Convention (CWC), ratified on April 25, 1997, by the United States. The CWC makes the "production, acquisition, stockpiling, transfer and use of chemical weapons illegal," states the body of the act available at www.CWC.gov. Parties possessing chemical weapons are required to destroy stockpiles and chemical weapons production facilities.

The CWC permits activities involving toxic chemicals for "industrial, agricultural, research, medical, pharmaceutical and other peaceful purposes," according to www.CWC.gov.

So, the question becomes, how is it legal for Ft. Leonard Wood to possess these deadly chemical weapons after this chemical weapons ban treaty? Though I have made a number of attempts to contact Ft. Leonard Wood over the past two weeks, I have received no reply, no answer to this question. It seems to me Ft. Leonard Wood's use of chemical weapons does not fall into the necessary criteria that would permit activities involving toxic chemicals. The base is not using the chemicals for any of the above purposes excepting, perhaps, "other peaceful purposes." As it often does, the government, I assume, could argue the weapons are necessary for "peace-keeping," but I don't think this type of weapon is as justifiable, even in the government's eyes, as traditional weaponry.

Another frightening aspect is that if other countries acquire knowledge of the combination of three potentially explosive branches of the army in one location, Ft. Leonard Wood, along with the rest of Missouri, faces a very clear and present danger.

I encourage students to look into the legality of the chemical weapons only a few hundred miles from here and perhaps get the few answers from the government that I was denied. Maybe all this has a plausible explanation I have overlooked, but, then again maybe not.

PAINTING, from page 1

genitalia on a clearly religious symbol may have offended the perpetrators, and incited them to toss the painting near the dumpster.

Asked whether he attributed the theft to reaction to his painting, Hahn said, "I'm sure of it. I don't believe in people getting offended. It's all relative, and it's self-serving to trash someone else's opinion just because you don't like it." He went on to add, "I think it's interesting being at a 'Liberal Arts' university where if anyone has any sort of opinion which is different from the majority's, they're dealt with in

this sort of way."

One would think that the security cameras positioned at the Baldwin walkway would have captured the activity on film; however, when Hahn made his report to Public Safety, he was told they don't monitor the cameras. It's the responsibility of Baldwin Hall.

When asked where the footage from the surveillance cameras can be traced to, a representative from Public Safety said, "That's handled by the Baldwin Hall staff. We don't have anything to do with that."

The Fine Arts Division Office is supposed

to have access to the cameras, but as Hahn found out, no one seems to know where the records can be found. It even remains to be seen if anyone knows where the cameras' wires lead to.

So it appears as though Baldwin Hall "security" is anything but secure. As for the incident regarding the painting, Hahn said he could see that the artwork could upset some people, but the manner in which the vandals dealt with it is still a mystery.

"I don't see why would people attack something they don't agree with rather than deal with it in other ways," he said.

MEETING, from page 1

some of the alternatives," Lewis said.

One particular alternative she mentioned was one of the student speakers ideas to arm DPS from 4 p.m. to 7 a.m.

Another question asked was how the parents of the speakers felt about the issue.

One student stood up and said her parents were very angry because they found out about the decision through the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* article about the issue rather than from the University.

Although the Board of Governors' meeting was successful in that student's opinions and concerns were heard, the speakers still have doubts that the decision will be overturned.

O'Toole said the reason may be fear.

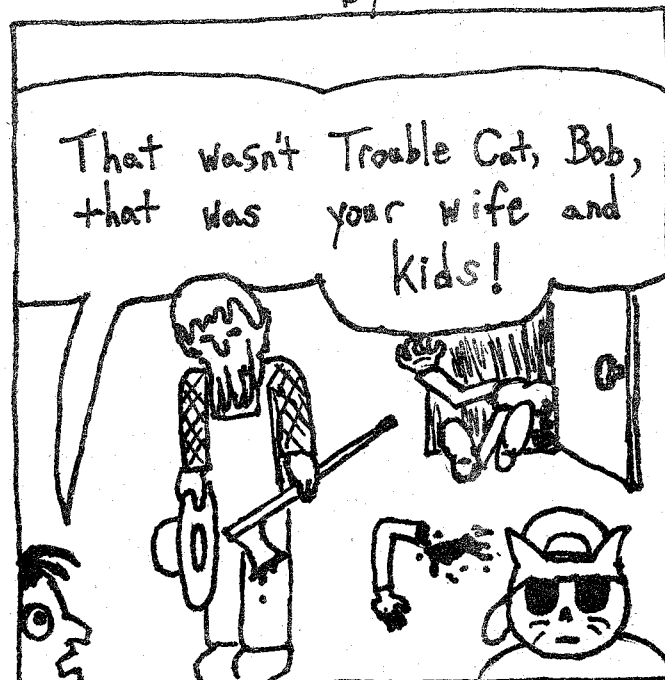
"They're afraid it will make them look weak," he said. "However, I don't think they'd look weak doing it. I think they'd look stronger. It's the courageous thing to do. They need to go more for what the students want and we're just trying to persuade them."

Wilke agreed. "It's pretty likely they're not going to go against that decision," he said. "At least we've shown that students do care about issues and if they're going to make any other decisions about our safety they would try to get information from us before trying to make such rash decisions about our safety and our care."

Country Trouble Cat



By J. and C.



02 November 1999

A little Intercourse goes a long way

story by | Matt Cowan

I know I'm not the only one who has been waiting for the next BIG thing to come out of Pennsylvania Dutch Country, but it's no secret that our "great" Truman campus has been this state's center of anti-Amish sentiment for years. Not long ago, a beacon caught my eye. A sole flame struggling to shine through the stifling hate that this campus generates without even trying anymore. A piece of literature, whose origins, for obvious safety reasons, cannot be disclosed at this time. The noble, almost holy, little pamphlet spoke of a better place, a place where olde fashioned values still mean something -- nothing like this corrupt sewer we trudge through every day. This modern Mecca has been called the "friendliest village" by many a weary Amish guy and is nestled in Lancaster County, Pa. (wholesome fun ground zero). The town is Intercourse, population: Amish.

This historic, magical place is not only resting on a foundation of good times but also built upon the very principles of education and prayer that this great country killed millions for. The best way to explore the village is on foot. You can park your car in the back. If you get tired of walking, you're not out of luck! Why not take an actual HORSE DRAWN CARRIAGE RIDE! For those who wish to probe into the culture more deeply, there are many opportunities, including the documentary at People's Place.

"Who Are The Amish?" National Geographic says, "It is the place to start." Everybody loves the Amish and everybody's raving about Intercourse!

Enjoy Pennsylvania Dutch *taste sensations* at any of the local restaurants, like Grandpa Jahn's Fresh Cinnamon Rolls & Sticky Buns! And there's more! Museums, art galleries, lodgings, camping and learning chances abound. The Amish Country Sampler offers two floors stacked to the ceiling with hickory rockers, furniture, pictures, vibrators, wooden toys, pottery and collectibles. See if Joanne's Country Friends have what you're looking for, or Mannie's Wood Shop. Intercourse Village B & B Suites provides a fantastically Amish locale for kickin' back! Experience this quaint, intimate B & B for couples. They feature healthy breakfasts, fireplaces, lifestyle accessories, whirlpool, private baths and more! Maybe you're in the mood for over 3000 military artifacts. Well buddy, you're in luck! The American Edge Weaponry Museum adds it's own special flavor to Intercourse. If you're a fan of Intercourse dolls, you can't miss Trudy's Dollhouse. After playing with handmade Intercourse dolls, you might have worked up an appetite. Intercourse Pretzel Factory has the cure for what ails ya. With soft, stuffed and hard pretzels, the Intercourse specialists can twist

their dough into any position you want! Try Up In The Attic, a friendly shop enabling you to recall memories of your childhood, family, and the good ole days. Tour the Intercourse canning company! If only they could can Intercourse itself, you could enjoy it any time you wanted!

But, seriously, shops like Ritchie's Precious Memories, Aaron and Jessica's "Buggy" Ride, The Flower Patch and The Double Entendre Café make me realize why I get up every day and put that revolver back in the night table drawer. This country was built upon ideas that Intercourse embodies. If even one sleazy, hell-on-earth Sodom, like Kirksville, could reform and follow the footsteps of Intercourse, it would renew my faith in this God-forsaken, downward spiral that is the human race, and maybe, just maybe, someone who's been touched by Intercourse will touch others. Having this "intercourse" with other people might not always be met with casual acceptance, but even if they resist at first, deep down they want Intercourse too. After spreading a little piece of Intercourse around, it might be time to have a little "Intercourse" with yourself. See what your inner Amish farmer has to say about where your life is headed.

The number for the *Intercourse News* is (717) 768-3231. Call 'em up! Don't you owe yourself a little bit of Intercourse?

Place and Space exhibit provides enjoyment, enlightenment for all

story by | Ben Braun

The University Art Gallery, continuing their wonderful season of exhibits this year, is currently showcasing an exhibit entitled *Place And Space*, a collection of interactive art by Andrew Connelly and Jerry Monteith. For anyone who has not experienced "interactive art," this exhibit is a must. "Interactive art," like all art, is designed to engage the audience in a type of dialogue. What *Place And Space* does differently is that it invites and encourages the audience to physically interact with the artwork, providing pieces which are designed for human interaction.

Take, for instance, the largest work on display, "Line Broken and Unbroken," by Andrew Connelly. Technically, this is a "mixed media installation," yet for all intensive purposes it ends up being a playground structure. "Line Broken and Unbroken" is an immense rectangular structure split into two platforms, one high and one low. The higher platform is reached via a large and extraordinarily sturdy ladder, while the low platform is the height of a coffee table. In the middle of the lower platform, there are two pools of water with a rotating mechanism in the center of each pool, causing the water to have small continuous ripples. It is possible to crawl underneath the entire structure, climb above it, or just lay on it and zone out watching the water. The entire experience of "Line Broken and Unbroken" is reminiscent of playing on a playground as a child, exploring elements of the physical world using the five senses.

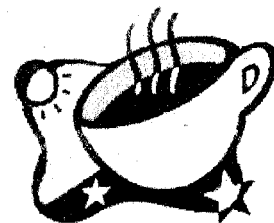
Like the experience of "Line Broken and Unbroken," "Duplex Rocker: For John Ledyard" and "Group Rocker: Tsukaseegee Barber Shop" (both by Jerry Monteith) explore those sensations of touch and balance that are so crucial to life. "Duplex Rocker" is the stronger of the two pieces, and consists of a two person rocking chair which can be sat in, stood on or even occupied by more than two people. Constructed of corrugated plastic and wood and painted silver, it is rather ugly to look at, yet that

simply adds to the tactile element of the work and the importance of interacting with the work itself rather than simply observing it. With two people of relatively equal size, "Duplex Rocker" can be made into a gigantic see-saw (teeter-totter), and when used this way can lead a person into a catharsis that is different than simply rocking in a rocking chair.

As stated in the handout that accompanies the art exhibit, "Installation Art... transcends sculpture by creating a whole environment for the viewer to enter and/or includes elements that require viewer participation." This is artwork that is expected to be both experienced and interacted with, not simply observed in passing like a painting or a sculpture. These works expose the movement, the live humanity, that is represented in other mediums of art. This is the root of its power, and the root of its success as well.

How often is a group of children playing in a field shown in paintings? In sculpture? Rather regularly. *Place And Space* goes past simply presenting the image of humanity in movement, the image of humans playing; *Place And Space* brings the actual experience of human play into the art without any containment. It intends to not only capture the idea of "play," but to display it, to show it in action. This succeeds, but only when there are a large number of people experiencing the exhibit. While it is very important to play on the works, to interact with them, it is just as important to see other people playing, to take a few moments to slip off to the side and observe the act of relaxation, of play. So when making a trip to *Place And Space*, make sure to look around every so often and watch what is going on. It is more than it seems.

Place And Space will be on display through November 20, 1999, in the University Art Gallery in Ophelia Parrish. The Gallery hours are: M-Th: 8:30-7, F: 8:30-5, Sat: Noon-4:30.



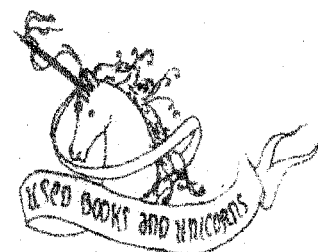
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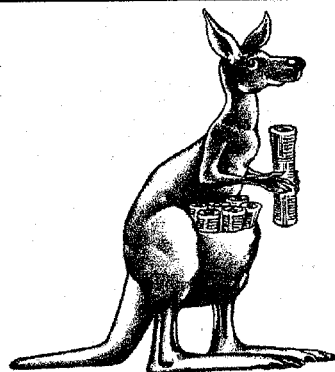
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New theatre group to increase student participation

Possible projects include children's theatre, drama workshops, improvisational movie

story by | Shawn Gilmore

Inspired to have some association with the theater department, but don't want to audition, or don't have too much time? Then there may be a new group trying to start roots on campus. The Dionysian Players has formed to address issues of expanding the theatre program and to highlight new venues of performance.

Katy McKay, who is helping to organize the Players, said the group will be an extension of the theatre department. It will serve as "a forum to support things that aren't necessarily being taught here, but that we'd like to explore" she said.

Partly, the idea for the group came from the University Players, which existed prior to the development of the theatre department. It was a group that was focused on learning the craft of theatre, as well as developing independent projects. "Eventually, that group dissolved, and those interested in theatre only have the theatre department itself to work through.

Now, with the Dionysian Players, there are more ways for students to be involved. Unfortunately, McKay said the biggest hindrance to the group right now is that theatre majors have quite busy schedules, making it difficult to get all of those interested to each meeting. As she

said, "I think everybody likes the idea, but it's hard to get going."

In the immediate future, the group is concerned with getting recognition as an official group through the CAOC, and writing a constitution. For the future, they have discussed projects such as: using theatre space in Macon, taking projects to other venues in town (like Washington Street Java Co.), a solo performance group, hosting drama workshops, children's theatre, and an improvisational movie. These projects, of course, are only limited by the imagination and by what individual Players are willing to do.

Already scheduled for the spring are a few pieces of short Irish drama in honor of St. Patrick's Day.

McKay said the Dionysian Players are "a good way, if you don't have a lot of time, to get involved in the theatre department." So, if you think maybe you'd like to work with drama, but are terrified of auditions, maybe the Dionysian Players are for you. The organization is a good way to meet others in the theatre department, find ways to express that pent up drama that most of us have and have fun, without feeling pressured. If you have the inkling, check out the Players and bring ideas for future projects.

Learn these words and use them in everyday speech

story by | Stu Liming

Throughout the long, glorious and occasionally shameful history of mankind, we have created a bevy of words that sink into our minds. They go in the back of your head, never to be used and only partly understood at best. I believe it's time to bring back certain words that, over the years, have been lost. Learn them and use them in your everyday speech. Eventually, they will become part of normal speech again, and you will receive rewards beyond your wildest imaginations. Really.

Womenfolk: When was the last time you heard the word "womenfolk?" It's been too long. Now some people might get up in arms, saying that "womenfolk" is offensive to the ladies. Please, settle down. With this word, its corollary, "menfolk," is also being called to active duty. "Womenfolk" is also handy when men get together and bitch about women. Examples: "Damn womenfolk just don't understand." Or, "Menfolk are such pigs."

Bastardize: Come on, can't you just see the oodles of places to use this? "Once you take away the water, *Waterworld* is just a bastardized version of *Mad Max*." "How dare you come in here, fart loudly, have your friends pass out in the kitchen, and THEN have the nerve to bastardize Eddie Murphy by trying, poorly I might add, to imitate his routines. Get out before I think of an interesting orifice to cram this egg whisk."

Brouhaha: It means "ruckus." Burst into your neighbor's room and angrily shout, "What's all this brouhaha?!" Do it right now. The bizarre looks will be more priceless than that ex-

tra dollar in your pocket. Careful, don't overuse this word, as overuse can lead to warped definitions and cause it to be lost again, never to be resurrected. Instead, use it to accuse someone of making a scene; e.g. "Stop that goddamn brouhaha before I blow your head off!" (Hints to parents: this is a great threat!)

Shiznitobam: Okay, so it's not really a word. It should be in our vocabulary, regardless. It's just a fun way to say "excellent," or "super." Here's a quick example by Jane and Bob:

Jane: "So how was it?" (Use your own filthy imaginations to define what "it" is.)

Bob: "It was the Shiznitobam!"

Wouldn't you love to hear this radio or TV ad about the latest movie: "The super-shiznitobam feel good blockbuster hit of the summer!"

Shaddap: This is really a substitution for the phrase "shut up." People become so comfortable with their language that, after a time, they start slurring common phrases into one word. I think our modern English, which should be called American because we often bastardize the actual English the British gave us, should reflect that we have gotten lazy in our oration skills.

Rice-paddy-bitch-slap: What a word! The word (or, a collection of words) rice-paddy-bitch-slap, is used as a descriptor for an ultimate move, whether it be in chess or boxing or any one of many activities. I'd love to hear on ESPN one day: "Oh! He handed him the rice-paddy-bitch-slap of death! He's down and out! We have a winner!"

Prism's Fall Dance is bigger and better than ever

story by | JJ Pionke

It was that time of year again, Saturday, Oct. 23. Yes, it was time for Prism's Fall Dance. A party that just keeps on getting better and better every year. Like all dances, the Fall Dance started out small, a bunch of people getting together at Theta Psi to drink, talk and dance till the wee hours. Then a drag show was added. As the years have gone by, the Fall Dance and its sister, the Spring Dance, has just gotten bigger and better. This past Fall Dance was held at Bearcreek, an estimated 400-450 showed up to drink, talk, dance and, of course, watch the drag show.

Where else but the Prism dances can you get men in skirts and women in suits? This year there were only a handful of contestants, but it does not matter how many there are, for the most part, a good time is had by all. This year three crowns were given out, Drag King, Drag Queen and Diva. A few of you out there may not know what these categories are; allow me to briefly explain. A Drag King is a woman who dresses as a man and dances to a song sung by a man. A Drag Queen is the exact opposite, a man dressed as a woman singing a song sung by a woman. Finally, Diva is that special category that says this person personifies drag, their act transcends just king or queen, or at least that is how I always thought of it.

Part of Prism's dance plan is to get professors, parents or alumni to be the drag judges. This year the judges were Dr. Bob Mielke, Dr. Kathryn Brammel, and Dr. Marc Becker. Prism wants to say thank you to thank you to these three people for being our judges and putting up with being squashed against the table, we'll do better next dance, we promise!!!! Past judges have included various visiting parents and family members, as well as past faculty members like John Schmor and Vanessa Davis. If you are a faculty member and would like to judge come Spring Dance (provided we can find a place for it since Bearcreek is closing) please let Prism know! We'd love to have you! This year, because of the record turnout, people were standing on the tables so they could see the Drag Show. This was bad, as we broke two tables. Come Spring Dance, please don't stand on the tables!

For the most part I spent the dance picking people up, taking people home or running errands. I was amazed at the diversity of people that showed up! In years past it has always been Prism members and basically all of their friends; however, the word must have gone out because we had a lot of people show up that crossed ethnic boundaries, something that has never really happened before. Personally, I think it is a

good thing. The fact that we did have different ethnicities, more so than the usual two or three people, we are talking about 100 people from ethnic minorities including those from foreign countries, means that perhaps there is a greater tolerance on campus and in Kirksville than ever before. Of course, they could have been looking for a really good party.

But with every huge party there is some unpleasantness. This year more so than any other year we had several thefts. Included in these thefts were the cloth pride flag hanging on the wall by the DJ table, the Halloween candy tin at the front table which had an army satchel with a pair of gloves, some money and a book in it, as well as several jackets and sweaters. If you took these items, or know who did, please return them to Prism. You may drop the items off in the Prism mailbox in CAOC office in the SUB. We are not interested in prosecuting, only in returning the stolen items to their original owners. It is a pity that after doing so much work, to throw a party where a good time can be had by all, that people think they have the right to walk off with items that do not belong to them.

Besides the several thefts and the two broken tables, there was the clean up. As always, it is hard to get people to help clean up a party where several hundred people have been. Hopefully, the Spring Dance will be a little different.

Problems aside, it was a great party that was well attended. It says a lot to Prism that 400-450 people decided to spend their Saturday night at a party that was being put on by a student group that identifies itself as gay, bisexual, lesbian, transgender and straight friendly. Or maybe people heard that it is just a great party in which case, that is OK with us too. The dances are supposed to be a night of fun, with the Drag Show as well as the company of friends. Since these dances are attended by many from out of town, it is also a chance for friends to catch up with those who have graduated or transferred out of Truman. As always, the dances will be a good time for any that come. Prism is looking forward to Spring Dance and it is hoped that the turnout will be as many or more than the Fall Dance. If you would like to see pictures of the Fall Dance check out the Prism Web site in two weeks. The address is: <http://www.geocities.com/westhollywood/stone-wall/5446>

Thank you to everyone that attended. Prism hopes you had a good time and that we will see you in the Spring!



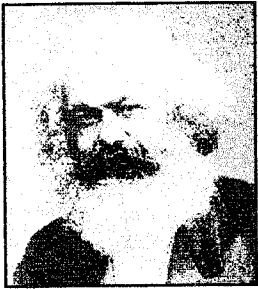
photo by Marie Brazilier

Advice from the Afterlife

Deep in the catacombs of *Monitor* Tower, away from the prying eyes of morality and ethics, unholy *Monitor* scientists, bound in a pact with pure evil, have opened a supernatural gateway to the Elysian Fields. Through this most unwise action, *The Monitor* is pleased to be able to commune with the great thinkers of old and to offer you, the reader, their sage advice.

This week's supernatural and extremely dead guest is:

KARL MARX



1818-1883

Considered the father of modern socialism, Marx, originally from Prussia, has been largely undisturbed in his eternal rest since the days of V.I. Lenin and Josef Stalin. In life, he enjoyed authoritarianism, atheism and the study of foreign languages.

Dear Karl,
Registration is coming up fast, and I have to declare a major and pick next semester's classes accordingly. So, do I go with a business major, or should I study philosophy and

religion?
Sincerely,
Doubtful on Davis

Dear Doubtful,
It does not matter which of your so-called "majors" you choose to pursue. Either way, your future will be one of struggle, turmoil and bleak sadness. With a business major, you would become a tool of, indeed, an agent for, the imperialist capitalism of your "United" States. As a philosophy and religion major, your life would be devoted to answering the questions which only distract us from the distressing reality of widespread bourgeois oppression. You are doomed. Once you accept that, I'd say stick with philosophy; besides getting to read me, you'd read all my comrades down here in Elysium, bringing a little joy to our day.

Dear Karl,
I don't think my boyfriend is as interested in our relationship as I am. Should I wait around until he figures things out, or should I cut him loose and move on?
Sincerely,
Wondering at Wal-Mart

Dear Wondering,
I try not to concern myself with such trivialities as these, but I'd say move onward and upward. Your "boyfriend" is probably only interested in extracting resources from you and making you dependent anyway, given his American capitalist upbringing.

Dear Karl,
Is recycling worthwhile?
Sincerely,

Environmentalism on Elson

Dear Environmentalist,
I've got news for you. Recycling companies are in their business for a reason: to make money. They're not in it to save the planet. So, do you want to know where all that "recycled" stuff ends up? It's not recycled at all, it's just dumped right on my post-mortem doorstep. My house down here is made of old milk cartons and aluminum cans. If you can, rinse the milk cartons before you put them out to be recycled; they can really stink after a few years.

Dear Karl,
Did you like the new Star Wars movie?
Sincerely,
Wookie on Washington

Dear Wookie,
I have two answers. 1) Movies like *The Phantom Menace* are specifically created to keep the lower classes like you content with your existence; they are as much an opiate for the masses as religion. Further, only a few individuals benefit from the nearly \$500 million in ticket sales, concentrating wealth and power in the hands of the few. So no, I did not "like" the new Star Wars movie. 2) That movie was fucking awesome! Did you see that Darth Maul guy? He had two lightsabers, dude! Two fucking lightsabers! And the Jedi, doing their Jedi shit! Did I like the movie? Are you fucking kidding me?

Next week's supernatural guest will be Genghis Khan, who will be happy to respond to any queries directed to him care of *The Monitor*.

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Campus judicial boards undergo changes

story by Jennifer Wrightam

Residence Hall judicial boards have changed this year. Becky Steinberg, Truman's Judicial Affairs Officer said she "saw some places that could use improvement."

Steinberg implemented a campus-wide training program for J-board members. J-board members were provided with a manual with a clearly outlined philosophy, a set of procedures and example sanctions.

"The purpose of the J-board is education, not punishment," Steinberg stressed. Steinberg foresees more originality and flexibility in sanctions now that J-boards members are being trained to offer sanctions that are more educational in nature. Under the old system, a student documented for smoking in a non-smoking area might have been required to pick up cigarette butts. Now, the same person might be required to write a paper about the effects of second-hand smoking.

Steinberg says focusing on education and self-awareness "has a better chance of changing behaviors."

In addition to the new focus, J-boards will be taking a more active role in judicial matters. Steinberg has recommended that nearly every documentation (excluding sexual harassment) go before the J-boards. In the past, some J-boards only met after a student had received several documentations. Steinberg points to studies that indicate that students have much more impact than administrators do in changing the behavior of other students.

Steinberg will be resigning her position to go to KCOM. However, she hopes that the administration will continue to support the work she has begun.

KIDS!

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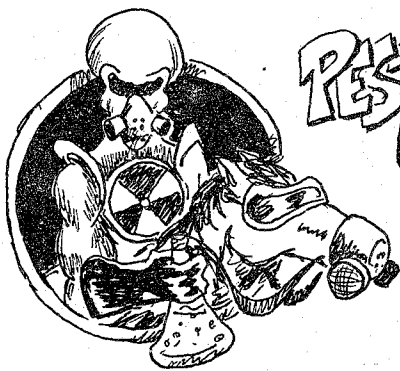
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reviews

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Is it too late for an STP comeback?

Stone Temple Pilots
No. 4
Atlantic

review by | Matthew Webber

On "Glide," Stone Temple Pilots lead singer Scott Weiland asks us to "give me half a chance from throwing it all away." As a long-term STP fan, I wonder how many more chances Weiland needs to get his life back on track. I mean, haven't we given him enough chances already? True STP fans (and it's a club that steadily loses members) have stuck with Weiland for quite some time now, through rehab, a solo project, and, most recently, jail. Has Weiland already "thrown it all away," his career, his band, his freedom, his sobriety? After this, will any fans be left?

Recorded during an interim in Weiland's rehab and jail stints, *No. 4* could very well be the last STP album ever, since Weiland might self-destruct before becoming the mega-rock star of his dreams. And he tried so hard to live that dream, and his bandmates were happy to back him up, and if he had just stayed out of jail... The world may never realize how good this band could have been.

No. 4 is the rock album STP always wanted to make. The band plays with an urgency they haven't had since *Core*. You can hear the importance that they place on every drumbeat, on every pounding bass line, on every dynamic chord shift or faux-Led Zeppelin riffage. Gone, for the most part, is the art-pop experimentation of *Purple* and *Tiny Music*. In, is rock 'n' roll unfiltered. It's powerful, raw, and -- though by no means perfect -- unpretentious. It's an album made for stadiums, for the speakers of your car.

With this, the band's fourth album, STP have finally arrived. Damn the critics, fuck MTV.

Think this over, John

Mr. Smith Goes to
Washington
Starring Jimmy Stewart

review by | Paul Kingston

One of the greatest, if not the greatest, movies I've ever seen I watched in a politics class my senior year in high school. In all honesty, I've forgotten most of it. Some guy tries to shoot himself and Jimmy Stewart is a nice guy. But none of that is what makes this movie so great. I love this movie for one line. The movie is *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*. The line is "I'm gonna go drink this over."

I'll just let that sink in.

"I'm gonna go drink this over."

There's probably somebody out there thinking, "What's so great about that line?" His name could very easily be John. To him I say:

Oh, John, John, John, John. When will you ever learn? Must I spell everything out for you? You know, John, a better question would be, "What isn't so great about that line?"

First of all, the line, "I'm gonna go drink this over," is funny. And what makes it even better is the



They don't need to emulate Pearl Jam or Nirvana. This is the sound of STP. They tried out grunge, they played with pop, and in the span of four albums they have finally found their niche.

Or maybe they found it long ago, back in the days before "Plush" was released, and honed it and refined it and made it their own. Yes, that's the version I'd like to believe, and maybe, with this album, others will discover it.

Weiland has claimed that "STP may not be the greatest rock 'n' roll band but we're the only one" and you have to admire him and his band for trying. "Down," "No Way Out," and "Sex & Violence" rock. "Atlanta" is maybe the album's strongest song, a classic, slow-burning STP album-closer.

And Weiland's voice! The band's best instrument. Comparisons to Eddie Vedder at this point are moot. On tracks like "Pruno" and "Sour Girl" Weiland voice transcends the mix. He's plaintive, persuasive, raspy, majestic. Sometimes his voice sounds just plain beautiful. Weiland takes his place, alongside Vedder, in the pantheon of great rock voices of this decade.

If only the man could get his act together. Maybe the band could matter again. Does anybody, other than me, still care?

fact that it uses a very unfunny form of humor. The pun. Think about it, John. Do you honestly think you could come up with a better pun? Not only is this line funny, but unlike phrases such as "Oh, behave!" you don't hear this line coming out of someone's speech-hole every thirty seconds. But that doesn't bother you, John, does it? I guess your idea of a great line is some silly phrase you can repeat thirty times daily so your friends don't realize you have no real personality.

But I digress. This line is more than just a sentence in a clown suit. It has meaning. And the beauty of it is that, like the bible, this line can be interpreted just about any way you want. I personally take it to show that even a drunken man can be clever at times. But you could very easily take this line to be a commentary on how alcohol can control a person so completely that they need it just to think. The possibilities are endless.

John, I hope that now you've developed a better appreciation for this line. But if not, it doesn't matter. You will die someday. But this line is timeless.

Drink it over.

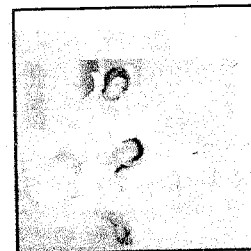
David Bowie continues to innovate and succeed

David Bowie
hours...
Virgin Records

review by | Jesse Pasley

Enter the strange oddity of the music world: David Bowie. For more than three decades, he's brought us music, dabbling in more styles than you could shake a stick at. Yet, despite his age and the waxing and waning of his popularity, David Bowie has continued to innovate and succeed. His latest album, *hours...*, while not so out-of-character as his last few albums, attests to this magnificence of musical ability.

What may surprise Bowie fans, however, is the very hard break in style with Bowie's



previous album, *Earthling*. Throwing out all the harsh and heavy, *hours...* has not a hint of industrial rock, which is probably a result of the music industry's comedown from

the whole electronica buzz. Instead, *hours...* harkens back to previous incarnations of Bowie; most songs are subtle, synth-folk numbers. The songs "What's Really Happening?" and "The Pretty Things Are Going to Hell," with their wailing guitars, harken back to Bowie's glam-rock days.

Also, this may be Bowie's most introspective and biographical album since *Scary Monsters*. Songs like "Thursday's Child" and ultra-folksy "Seven" express self-examination, regret and non-regret of the past. Not only do the songs express a sense of personal change, but the album cover implies some sort of death and rebirth.

While the album doesn't break any musical barriers for either Bowie or the music industry, it is significant in that Bowie doesn't seem to be hiding behind a persona or fictional character. Bowie doesn't play the part of Ziggy Stardust or an alien in search for water; left behind are the dark, metal faces of *Earthling* and *Outside*. This album may be the closest to the man we will ever get.

However, don't be fooled into thinking that because this album is so biographical and the style is historically inspired, Bowie has petered out of spunk and turned into a musical wuss. The music is indeed fresh, new, and not to be missed: *Hours...* is a solid album; any Bowie fan will be pleased.



Live Deep Forest album surprises

Deep Forest
Made in Japan
Sony Music Entertainment

review by | JJ Pionke

Deep Forest's newest offering is *Made in Japan*, a delightful new album from Sony Music Entertainment. However, this delightfulness comes with a warning, this is a live album from a concert that was done in Tokyo, Japan. There are several songs that have been lengthened in the live version that I always wanted to go on just a little bit longer, like "Madazulu," and the album is good overall. This is definitely an album only for the die-hard Deep Forest fan (of which I am one). Having never seen Deep Forest live, the album was a pleasant surprise and gives a

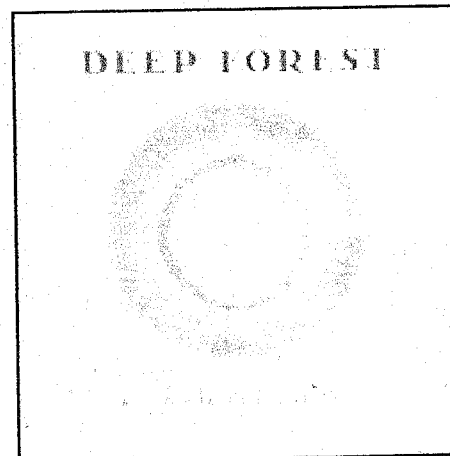
taste of what their concerts are like. Though there is no new music on this album, they did include pieces from all of their previous albums, *Deep Forest*, *Bohème*, and

Comparsa.

One of the things I enjoyed surprisingly was the fact that in concert they tend to be more electronic than tribal, though the tribal sounds are still there. Sometimes the electronic sound got in the way of the music and I felt the "original" version was much better. For instance, in "Green and Blue" they added a substantial electronica interlude that drives me nuts. However, in a song like "Bohemian Ballet," the added electronic boost is quite

pleasing and only adds to a great song. Then there are some songs like "Forest Power" that are just phenomenal live! The one thing that I do not like about this album is the cover art. Though it is pleasant to look at, I would rather have seen a picture of not only the two guys who are the group but also their vocalists. Other than that, I think the album is

pretty good. Overall, I would give Deep Forest's newest album a thumbs up for longtime fans and an "okay" for those of you who have limited Deep Forest experience.



Don't talk about *Fight Club*

Fight Club

Directed by David Fincher

review by | Jimmy Kuehnle

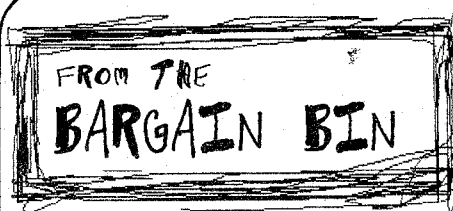
"The first rule of fight club, don't talk about fight club. The second rule about fight club, don't talk about fight club." Cult member yet? Well if you were in the recent movie *Fight Club* and heard those words you would be. *Fight Club* is a dark movie directed by David Fincher (*Seven*). It stars Brad Pitt and Edward Norton and, oh yes, Meat Loaf. This movie is like a Tootsie Pop with about two tons of TNT in the center set to go off after the 200th lick. What more could one ask for than people pummeling each other into bloody submission time and again while, on the side, destroying major credit card corporations?

It all starts one evening when Jack (Norton) invents a playmate called Tyler Durden (Pitt). Durden, Norton's alter ego does all the things Jack wants to do but can't, ranging from sleeping with Marla

(Helena Bonham Carter) to being the leader of a terrorist organization with independently operating cells. Filled with plot twists and interesting camera angles, *Fight Club*'s story is told in an original way. The way two actors play the same person simultaneously is ingenious. Instead of playing the time game like in *Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure*, Jack must play the split personality game. If he thinks his imaginary friend has a gun, all he has to do is realize that the gun is actually in his hand and then there are no more problems.

There is a lot of plot crammed into the movie, so one has the experience of sitting through a two hour plus movie. But, in actuality, one has only wasted a little under two hours. As far true grit, the movie never lets up. There is bloody scene after bloody scene. And people do get hurt, unfortunately not near often enough to be realistic, but teeth are lost and bones are broken.

There were some poor sequences in the movie, namely, having the credits at the beginning of the movie, and the cheesy special effect of skyscrapers exploding. Credits belong at the end of a movie not while the movie is starting. At least *Fight Club* had the credits all at one time but still it was too much. Despite these and other flaws the movie's worth every nickel. If it's just under two hours of entertainment you want then go see *Fight Club* and oh yeah, don't talk about it.



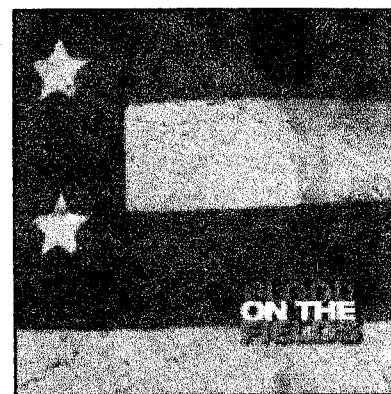
Wynton Marsalis
Blood On The Fields
Columbia

review by | Ben Braun

As anyone who has heard Wynton Marsalis can attest to, he is one of the greatest musicians of the late twentieth century and will continue to influence the development of music into the twenty-first. Arguably the premier trumpeter of our time, he is also an incredible composer; his epic jazz oratorio, *Blood On The Fields*, first performed in 1994 and winner of the Pulitzer Prize in spring 1997, is proof of his thunderous capabilities.

Blood On The Fields is the story of Jesse and Leona, two Africans who are captured and taken to the Americas to be sold into slavery. Jesse, a prince in his native country, and Leona, a common girl, are thrown together and forced to regard each other as equals when sold to the same plantation and chained beside each other. With the help of Leona and others, Jesse confronts the harsh redefinition of his own existence, his struggles culminating in his final chant: "Oh! Anybody. Hear This Plaintive Song. Oh! Who wants to help their brother dance this dance? Oh! I sing with soul: Heal this wounded land." As Wynton Marsalis says himself in the liner notes to the album, "*Blood On The Fields* details in music what I feel it takes to achieve soul: the willingness to address adversity with elegance."

The story told is a painful one, filled with fleeting hopes and attempts at delight amid inhuman degradation, and such is the music



which Marsalis scores to tell the tale. From the opening piece entitled "Calling The Indians Out," an intense depiction of the capture of future slaves, to the haunting beauty of "I Hold Out My Hand," a lament-filled reflection on what soul is, *Blood On The Fields* shatters the stereotype of what jazz and blues can be, pushing the boundaries that have been set for those forms. Using Charlie Parker-esque horn parts with often horribly dissonant chords, Marsalis brings the listener up to the point where they can't continue listening, then submerges them in a flowing ballad, causing a musical experience which consists of sudden shifts from terror to catharsis, relief to fear. It is this quality of the music which gives the libretto, powerful in its own right, the ability to shake a listener to the very core of their beliefs with its honesty. Putting forth what is least desirable to hear, the lyrics bring the unfortunate truth of the lives we lead: "Freedom is in the trying. Even for the righteous, success is never certain."

Blood On The Fields is art filled with those elements of humanity we usually retreat from: fear, denial, joy, pain, comfort, elation, depression. It is one of the defining musical experiences of the late twentieth century, and will be appreciated by anyone with an open mind and a willingness to step outside their comfort zone.

Rushdie's newest novel is a rock 'n' roll love story

The Ground Beneath Her Feet

written by Salman Rushdie

review by | Matthew Webber

Love is the focus of *The Ground Beneath Her Feet*, Salman Rushdie's most recent novel. Ormus Cama and Vina Apsara are painfully in love, a love which, at times, is more thorns than roses. Their love, though, once it's planted, blooms and never withers, and continues to grow even after Vina's death.

Rai, the narrator of the book and a friend to Vina and Ormus, also loves Vina. Sometimes he sleeps with her, but even in these moments he is second fiddle to Ormus. After Vina's death, Rai meets another woman, Mira, whom he loves, but even then he compares her to Vina.

Vina, Vina, Vina. A beautiful Helen of Troy-type figure, an enigmatic mystery, a charismatic firebrand (a platitudinous cliché). People all over

the world love her and mourn her death. Why? Because she was the lead singer of VTO, the world's most beloved and inspiring rock 'n' roll band, the band for which Ormus wrote the songs and played guitar. When Ormus wrote songs about her, she sang them. She embodied the thorns, and the rose, of love. She was the breakaway star of VTO; the spotlight shone her vocals instead of Ormus' genius.

Rushdie's words are lyrical and flowing. Ormus' lyrics to his song, "The Ground Beneath Her Feet," are so moving and beautiful that U2 will use them for a song on their next album.

Rushdie's use of magical realism is both magic and

real. The strangest occurrences always seem plausible. Dark, evil twins. Beautiful, otherworldly women. The shifting of the earth, of the ground beneath our feet, toward earthquakes, death, and parallel worlds.

Rushdie does so much right in this novel. Compared to almost any other modern writer, Rushdie excels. However, compared to his earlier works, *The Ground Beneath Her Feet* falls short.

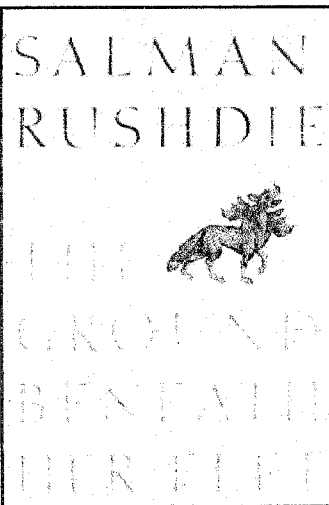
Rushdie, by focusing so intently on his world-encompassing love story, oftentimes forgets what made him so revered -- his vivid description of setting. In a book like *Midnight's Children*, India seethed with a life of its own, profoundly impacting the

characters and the readers. The historical conflict illuminated and drove the religious and metaphysical themes of that book.

But in *The Ground Beneath Her Feet*, the should-be-vibrant backdrops of India, Britain and Manhattan fade into the background. The dionysian world of rock 'n' roll is mentioned only in conjunction with love. What could have been an exciting rock 'n' roll story driven by love becomes a not-always-convincing love story with rock 'n' roll relegated to the soundtrack.

This is really a shame. Rushdie has achieved greatness before and had all the ingredients to achieve it again: the characters, the places, his prose, the music. With this book, he achieve goodness instead.

If you're a Rushdie fan, pick it up. If you've never read Rushdie and would like to, start with *Midnight's Children* instead.



NOVEMBER 2

Counting Crows *This Desert Life* (DGC)
Danzig *6:66 Satan's Child* (Evilive)
Foo Fighters *There Is Nothing Left to Lose* (Roswell/RCA)
Jewel *Joy: A Holiday Collection* (Atlantic)
Pet Shop Boys *Night Life* (London/Sire)
Rage Against the Machine *The Battle of Los Angeles* (Epic)
The Roots *Come Alive* (MCA)
Sonic Youth *Goodbye 20th Century* (SYR)
Joe Strummer and the Mescaleros *Rock, Art and the X-Ray Style* (Helicat)
OST *Dogma* (Maverick)

NOVEMBER 9

38 Special *Live from Sturgis* (CMC Intil)
Fiona Apple *When the Pawn Hits the Conflicts He Thinks Like a King What He Knows Throws the Blows When He Goes to the Fight and He'll Win the Whole Thing 'Fore He Enters the Ring There's No Body to Batter When Your Mind Is Your Might So When You Go Solo, You Hold Your Own Hand and Remember That Depth Is the Greatest of Heights and If You Know Where You Stand, Then You Know Where to Land and If You Fall It Won't Matter, 'Cuz You'll Know That You're Right* (Clean Slate/Epic)
Dr. Dre *Dr. Dre 2001 (Aftermath)*
Jars of Clay *If I Left the Zoo* (Jive)
Montell Jordan *Get It On... Tonight* (Def Soul/Def Jam)
Khan *Passport* (Ma*ador)
Natalie Merchant *Live in Concert* (Elektra)
Prince *Rave Un2 the Joy Fantastic* (NPG/Arista)

campus ghost stories

"Poltergeists with presence"

Part 2 in a two-part series feature by | Matthew Webber

Joan update

I returned to the residential living office once more, hoping I could end the mystery of whether or not Joan Escobar ever lived in Centennial. This time, I found the answer: She did! She had been an RA in Centennial in 1976, the very year she died. She lived in room 350.

In court, Gale Sutton, the driver of the vehicle that hit Joan, said she did not know Joan. A source disputed this, and told me that the house mother of Centennial at the time, who knew Joan very well, claimed that Gale did, in fact, know Joan and that Gale used to date Charles Phillips, who was injured in the accident with Joan and was supposedly Joan's boyfriend at the time.

The rumor of the ghost began in the days following the accident, when several of Joan's friends reportedly saw her on campus.

Charlotte

The story of the Grim Hall ghost is one I first heard while conducting interviews for Part 1. Even though the story was new to me, there were quite a few people familiar with the tale, especially people who live in Grim.

Kevin Diaz Bryan, Danette Rardon and Amy Howe were three such people.

When I called Bryan, he not only agreed to give me an interview but he also offered to give me a tour of Grim Hall. A tour would be very useful to me, since I had only been inside Grim once before.

It is important to note here that Grim is an aptly named hall.

Its name is downright Dickensian. It's not that the hall is dirty or dingy or any other negative modifier. It's just that it's well, grim. It's almost seems gothic. The carpet looks as deep as that of some pre-1950s hotel. Wide and tall mirrors are pressed against the walls. The hallways form elbows of misproportioned angles.

The hall isn't scary. It's not that at all. What it does have is a

something, a well, a *personality*. Yes, Grim Hall has a very distinct personality. So different from those of the cookie cutter dorms (which don't really have a personality at all).

And if other halls are haunted then surely so would this one be.



Joan Escobar

The legend, as told by Bryan, went like this: The fourth floor was the housing section of the nursing school which used to be located on the site. One winter, one of the nurses, Char-

lotte, stayed at the nursing school during the winter interim while everyone else went home. When it snowed, Charlotte was snowed in. Charlotte was diabetic and ran out of insulin that winter. She died because of this. This supposedly happened in the 1920s or 30s.

Howe also told me that a nursing student named Charlotte died due to a diabetic reaction in the old nursing school.

Rardon, however, contributed different versions of the story.

"Well, see, there's like three different stories," Rardon said. "One is that she was a nurse and she was suicidal and so she hung herself on the fourth floor. Another one is that she was staying here over Christmas break because it was a nursing building, where all the unmarried nurses lived here and worked in Grim-Smith [Hospital]. And the other one is that she froze to death because it was so cold or something, but I think it was like she was in diabetic shock, I don't know. But she couldn't leave her room and so she froze to death. And then the other one is that she died of natural causes."

There are also discrepancies as to where exactly on the fourth floor Charlotte died. Some say the room where the Grim Hall Senate meets. Others say the academic advising office.

Charlotte is a poltergeist who likes to flip light switches and play practical jokes on people. Supposedly, if you leave the main study lounge and return four or five seconds later, the lights will have either been turned on or turned off, depending on whether they were off or on when you left the lounge. Papers and books may be in different places than where you left them. Students have also heard singing.

In the summer of 1996, an SA had an encounter with Charlotte. The SA was outside when she saw a shadowy figure in a fourth floor window. The residents had not yet moved in and there was no one else in the building.

Bryan himself has had some of his possessions misplaced and has felt a "presence" in Grim. Howe has heard noises late at night above her room (which is almost always locked, or maybe there is one person with a key) and also people moving around.

Rardon has not experienced any strange activity.

At least one student believes Charlotte to be a hoax. The student's name is Nick; he would not give me a last name. The dialogue that follows is an actual exchange between Bryan and Nick which took place in the basement of Grim.

Kevin

Diaz Bryan: (to me) Right here we've had some Charlotte reports now and again.

Nick: (loudly) Oh, Jesus. Are you serious?

KDB: Nick is a very scientific-minded young man who doesn't believe in ghosts or tomfoolery of the like.

N: I've lived here four years. I haven't seen her.

KDB: You haven't seen her? Nick is a veteran.

N: Have you?

KDB: I have felt a strange, eerie presence.

N: That's you.

I haven't yet made up my mind as to whether or not I believe in Charlotte (or any of the other ghosts), but if any hall on this campus would be haunted, it would be Grim.

Not really Wilbur, but Gina

I first happened to hear this story one night earlier this year when I, Tommy Estlund, and several other people were staying up entirely too late in our lounge talking about, what else, ghost stories we had heard on campus.

Estlund, my SA, was telling us about his friend, Sarah Barnard, and how a poltergeist haunted her room in Ryle two years ago. You know, stuff getting moved, a strange presence, the radio volume getting turned up and up and up by itself... And who but Sarah Barnard should enter our lounge. She told us her story. It freaked us out.

I interviewed Barnard and one of her roommates from that year, Melissa Johanning, for this article.

The two girls and two others lived in Ryle 455 during the 1997-98 school year.

As the semester began, a ghost or some other such thing started flipping and sliding the girls' personal possessions.

The events, at this point, were more annoying than scary, "just goofy stuff that could be explained," Barnard said. A roommate's box of crackers slid back and forth on a desk seemingly by itself. Barnard or another roommate would flip the light switch for the overhead light and a desk lamp would turn on at the same time, even though the two lights weren't connected.

The events were initially minor and sporadic but they progressively worsened in the next few weeks.

To Barnard and Johanning, the strangest thing happened in mid-October, when the poltergeist decided it liked Barnard's music.



Gina Houston

One night the girls were listening to a CD when suddenly the volume shot up to full blast. The volume turned up "faster than it's possible to go."

Johanning said, since

the CD player was one of those you have to manu-

ally turn up. The girls tried to turn down the stereo's volume but the volume button wouldn't work. They then pressed the power button to turn the stereo off, but that did not stop the blast of the CD. Finally, the girls ripped the plug out of its socket. Then they ran out of the room.

When they returned, a cookie tin out of which no one had

eaten all day had moved from Barnard's footlocker on the side of the room to the middle of the floor. The lid was off.

The possible explanations for the incident?

A person using a universal remote to adjust the radio's volume (an explanation that several people gave to the girls) would have had to click it through the window. The radio could not be reached from this angle.

The bathroom door was locked, so their suitmates could not have moved the tin.

Someone heard their story and loaned them an African house god to ward off evil spirits. The girls kept the house god in Johanning's drawer for a week and it seemed to work. They had no problems in that room for the rest of the year.

Later that year, Barnard and Johanning asked the previous residents of Ryle 455 if similar stuff had ever happened to them. They said it had, and that they had named the poltergeist "Wilbur."

Barnard said she did not feel threatened, nor uncomfortable by the "Wilbur." She felt the ghost was just trying to be their friend.

"I figured if somebody actually did die in there it was just some college kid, you know," Barnard said. "And if they're still there, they're probably just listening to you talk and maybe wish they could do something."

Johanning was not positive that the activity was actually caused by a poltergeist.

"We definitely can't say, 'Yes, it was a ghost,'" she said. "But, I mean, what else is gonna do that?"

Perhaps a Ouija board?

Barnard and Johanning had heard rumors about some girl who used to live in their hallway who died. The girl, who was supposedly an RA, died over a Thanksgiving break some years back, just as a Ouija board had predicted.

That sounded like an urban legend to me.

But, then again, so did Joan's story, and...

There was a grain of truth.

A girl who once lived in Ryle 452, directly across the hall from Ryle 455, died while a student here. And Ouija boards were all the rage when it happened.

On Nov. 28, 1987, 20-year-old Gina Houston, an RA and resident of Ryle 452, died. She was staying in a trailer in Paris, Mo., with Steve Collifer, 23, over the Thanksgiving break. The trailer's gas furnace had a leak, and Gina died of asphyxiation.

Laura Cook, currently the manager of the annual fund at Truman, was one of Gina's residents that year. She said she and many of Gina's other residents often did, in fact, use the Ouija board, but Gina herself did not use it.

As far as Cook knows, however, the Ouija board never predicted Gina's death and that part of the rumor is not true.

Also, there were never any strange occurrences of things moving while Cook lived there. This was the first she ever heard of them.

More marbles

The last thing Barnard and Johanning told me really perked up my ears: They had heard marbles in their room! Just like the people in Centennial!

"Remember how [our roommate] used to talk about the marble sound?" Barnard asked. "Like a marble dropping on the ceiling?"

"I've heard that a lot," Johanning said. "People talk about that in Ryle. A lot of people have heard that."

"I heard the same thing but I've heard it in two rooms," Barnard continued. "So I thought maybe that's just the heat, the pipes making noises."

But, does it sound like a marble? I asked her.

"It literally sounds like a marble dropping on the floor," she said. "It makes like a (quickly taps on the desk with her fingers) and then it makes a rolling noise."

Spooky.

02 November 1999

Death of the English major

"An English professor speaks out"

**Part 1 of a two-part series:
story by | Sarah Wienke**

Not much has been said about the recent decision to shift the credit hours in the English department from four hours to three. The whole thing happened so swiftly and silently that no one has really spoken up about this issue and its implications for the future of the English department. In this two part series, I intend to first give the views of an English department faculty member and secondly, to explore more closely the history and documentation behind the abrupt decision.

Dr. Bob Mielke is an English professor who has been at the University since the mid-1980s. Mielke was instrumental in the change of the credit hours for English shifting from three to four, and now he is diligently working to speak out against the change that was virtually forced upon the department less than a month ago.

Mielke explains that the original change in credit hours was a "student-originated change." The English faculty tried hard to give the majors what they wanted, but "these ideas for the major were generated out of senior seminar classes in the late 80s and early 90s, especially my own," he said.

At that time, few students were going on to the graduate level and the faculty wanted to remedy that.

"They felt completely burned-out by the Truman (then Northeast) experience and they had no interest in going on after that," Mielke said. "I asked them what would change that. They said if we could take fewer classes."

The students in the seminar classes were studying models of the four credit hour system nationwide and discovered that some universities, especially liberal arts schools, gave more credit because they acknowledged that students can do things outside of class toward the benefit of that class.

"The idea was to sort of create a liberal arts culture by going from three credits for three meeting hours to four credits for three meeting hours with that phantom fourth hour being available for doing all kinds of things, including field trips, presentations outside of class, conference attendance."

The English department brought in consultants, who said that it was a good idea. But publicity to the rest of the departments and to the students was a problem.

"If you want to say what killed the English major, [it's that] we don't have the time to do publicity," Mielke said. "We're not good publicists for ourselves. That hurt us."

This lack of publicity has resulted as the determining factor in the issue. Distortions of the story behind why the department changed the credit hours have caused dissension and misunderstanding within other departments. "The two biggest distortions are that English wanted a special deal -- no, we wanted everyone to do this -- and that we did it because we wanted to teach fewer courses."

Mielke states that, ideally, the entire faculty of the University would teach three classes a semester and the students would in turn only have to take four classes a semester. This was a student reform enacted in the early 90s.

"We were never really able to articulate very well this vision of liberal arts," Mielke said. "We didn't get any serious support elsewhere." The closest

supporter was the Social Science division, especially Dr. John Ramsbottom, Mielke said. Ramsbottom was interested in this liberal arts model and wanted to implement it in the core. Mielke thinks if that had happened, maybe the four credit hour model would still be in use. Foreign Language also looked at this model with interest.

Mielke said there was also strong opposition. He defines the opposition as a "Jefferson City-based

assumption that a credit hour equals 50 minutes of class time, bar none." The University, since it is a state run institution, is therefore more likely to follow the mandates of the state government than implement faculty ideas for the University.

"We received support from virtually no one until the Vice-President of Academic Affairs pulled the plug," he said.

Mielke thought the main issue may be in the difference between a public liberal arts school and privately funded liberal arts school.

"We don't want to just offer a private liberal arts education at public school prices," he said. "We want to offer a private liberal arts experience."

Basically, the current conditions of the University

do not allow for a true liberal arts experience. Mielke explains this view: "It has to do with larger issues of how we envision what it means to be a liberal arts university. What's behind the current system is the notion that students can't be trusted off the clock... that it's all got to be in the classroom or else it doesn't count."

He continued, "The system makes it very hard to get this mission change articulated as a philosophical entity. I

think that students and the faculty at their very best do not provide a liberal arts culture."

Mielke's background includes three major liberal arts universities: Duke, Marquette and Wake Forest.

"It may be that this idea was way ahead of its time," Mielke said. "Maybe in 25 years we'll have more of a liberal arts culture and somebody can revisit the back pages of these minutes [of the English department] and see what we were trying to do."

Mielke concluded his eulogy for the English major: "I just wanted to take the opportunity to set the record straight at the moment of its burial to tell the student body what they're really burying, which was actually something that I think could have been a good thing."

"The idea was to sort of create a liberal arts culture by going from three credits for three meeting hours to four credits for three meeting hours with that phantom fourth hour being available for doing all kinds of things, including field trips, presentations outside of class, conference attendance."

International Dinner

the world at the tip of your tongue

November 7, 1999
6:00 p.m.

Georgian Room
Student Union

Tickets
\$10 for faculty
\$6 for students
\$2.50 for children
(5 & under)

Available at the
International Student
Office, Kirk Building
120

sponsored by the International Student Office

Queen Astra



The Queen

Let the
stars be
your guide!

Aries (March 21-April 20): It's been a tough week. You've been working to live and living to work. You've been sick and tired of being sick and tired. You've been trying hard to stay on the ball, but maybe it's time you threw that ball out the window.

Taurus (April 21-May 22): Make sure to keep an open mind. Eat duck ravioli.

Gemini (May 23-June 21):

Extra Credit Problem: You are with three friends. You only have two snack size Kit Kat bars. How many Kits and/or Kats does each person get? Clearly label your answer.

Cancer (June 22-July 24): Raleigh is the capital of North Carolina. Columbia is the capital of South Carolina. Think about it.

Leo (July 25-August 23): It's time to pay the piper. Actually, come to think of it, the piper isn't

too smart. Write him a bum check and skip town.

Virgo (August 24-September 23): Rock and Roll McDonalds. It's what's for breakfast.

Libra (September 24-October 23): Psst! Here's the code to Mike Tyson: 007 373 5963. Good luck, Little Mac.

Scorpio (October 24-November 22): It's never a good idea to eat meatloaf then run. So, when the opportunity to eat meatloaf then run presents itself, don't take it. Ever.

Sagittarius (November 23-December 21): In the future there will be no such things as

strawberries. You'd better get your fill before it's too late.

Capricorn (December 22-January 20): Some advice that will be helpful over the next couple of weeks: First, be extra careful around giraffe exhibits. Second, it's never wise to wear a tube top in November.

Aquarius (January 21-February 19): Do you know why Queen Astra never carries a purse? Neither do I, but I think it has something to do with voodoo.

Pisces (February 20-March 20): A major change is in your future. A one-legged, brown-eyed, blond-haired Cancer featured.

Queen Astra is working her way to a three-person Marlboro tent. Thus she has proposed the QUEEN ASTRA MARLBORO MILES CHALLENGE EXTRAVAGANZA. Send all extra miles to her c/o the Monitor mailbox, CAOC, SUB. She would be ever so grateful. All donors names will be published in The Monitor.

THE DODGE C.H.R.O.N.I.C.L.E.S. BY ANDY SPANDINO



DPS tests nuclear weapons

story by | Jerry Schirmer

This week, Truman State University Department of Public Safety began testing on nuclear arms. The first seismic waves from the explosion were recorded by the University of Missouri Geology lab around 5:45 a.m., on Oct. 26. The reading was quickly followed by a statement by a representative of the department: this decision was inevitable. Without the nuclear deterrent, our officers simply would not be safe. With this nuclear umbrella, any person thinking of using weapons of mass destruction against the Truman Campus will think twice. In response to the question of whether or not it was necessary to equip atomic weapons at the Department of Public Safety, the representative responded, "The weapons preparations are completely precautionary. We know of no atomic weapons threat to campus, but just in case, our deterrent is in place."

Critics, however, argued that the decision was not well thought out. Immediately, students began a mass-protest movement, some of them distributing flyers stating the development

of atomic weapons by DPS would turn the Earth into a black hole, destroying the entire solar system. They went on to say that this black hole would provide a gateway through which the devil would come and steal all the souls of the newly dead. However, some of the more centrist protesters stated that this move was simply an attempt by the small University to intimidate the much larger University of Missouri at Columbia, and thereby gain more prestige and respect within the state.

Although this allegation remained an allegation, its effect proved to be effective enough, however, as the state of Missouri witnessed a powerful blast coming from the outskirts of Columbia on Oct. 28. A University of Missouri Campus Police Department statesman stated that his university could not sit silently during the test by the other school. "Tiger Pride" demanded that something be done to show that Mizzou would not be threatened by the smaller campus. Stamping his shoe on a nearby table, the MU-Columbia spokesman stated, "We will bury you, Truman!"

The Writing Center

Helping you Write Now

Write Bite: "Golly, to think you can put those words down on paper like that -- and all I can do is hem brassieres!" -- Shirley MacLaine
Word of the Week: oodles (also oodlins), *n. pl.* An abundance; a great quantity; a heap.

Writing Tip #47: Use a good dictionary and thesaurus when writing.

MC 303

785-4484

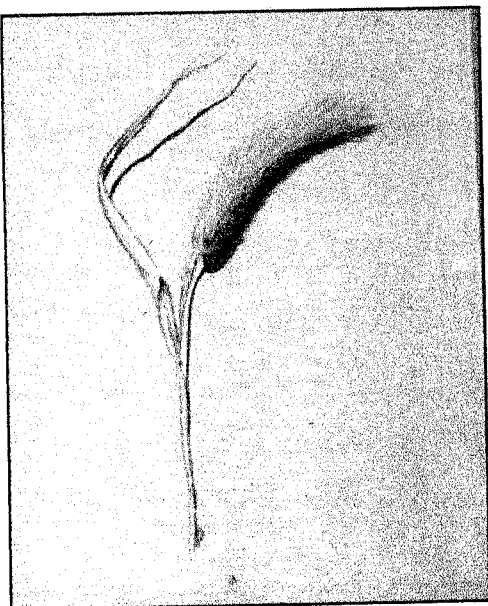
02 November 1999

ART PAGE

From the gallery and dining establishment known as Washington Street Java Co., student art is presented. Works shown are all for sale through the artists. Java Co. puts up a new show this friday for your viewing pleasure.



"Saint Billy"
Tim Siebe
\$ 75.00



"Wheat"
Inkwash
Kelly Gentry

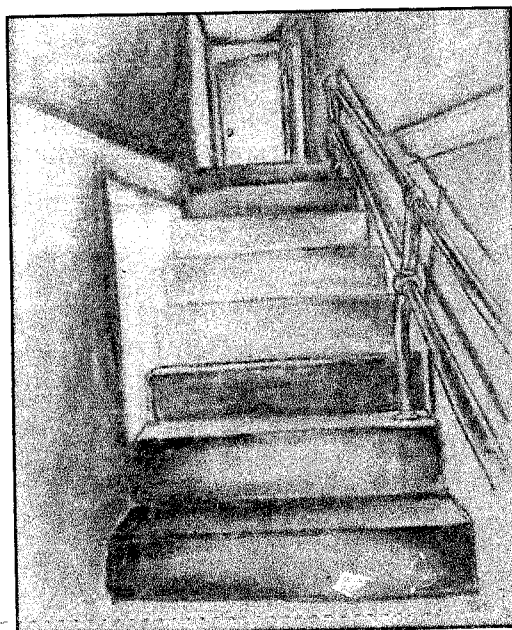


"Standing Figure Study"
Amanda Bunyard
\$ 35.00

"Lady With Doggie in NYC"
Drypoint
Amanda Bunyard
\$ 60.00



"Stairs"
Charcoal
Kelly Gentry



Untitled
Judah Fansler
\$ 50.00

My Back Pages...

Everythingphobia

H E A V E N

interrupted girl
on the edge of sleep
presses fingers to the windowpanes
listening to the wind outside
confesses to the killing clocks

=(earth)=

she mailed away all the
sharp instruments in the house
out of fear
plays a captive guitar
doesn't bother the neighbors

H E A V E N

—Neil Brown

Deception, Illusion, Performance

Each night is now the same routine
Her grand performance for others to enjoy
A performance they unknowingly attend.

She pours herself naked into the cloth
Carefully eyes, cheeks, lips are disguised
She must please her audience but not be recognized

She leaves her room for the perilous stage
Her façade successfully applied for the evening,
Fraud, unknown to actors and audience, ensues.

Illusion and reality become intertwined
Who is audience and who the actor
She knows who she is, doesn't she, she does this for herself

Night seeps in and the stage becomes vague
Other actors take the spotlight; her mask slowly melts away
Confusion, darkness, intrusion, fear, loss of control

Precious life is slowly drawn out through every pore
Desperately clawing at the deception, trying to break free
She knows who she is, she knows what she wants, doesn't she

Light breaks through cracks in opaque matter
Actors have taken their final bow, audience departed
She is now alone, her mask deformed in her hands

She is no longer the actor, her face naked in the light
Yet she feels another layer remaining on her face, impervious
She knows who she is, she is in control, she's her own, isn't she?

—H Mosley

eLizAN

I am an archaeologist of your remains;
you make me plot my earth.
You wanted this love dried and cut,
so all I'm left with
is your language in my mouth;
your dye staining my hands.
and all I miss about you
hangs above my head like blades...
but there photographs are my proof,
your image burned chemically
into plastic : eyes shut.
I have a negative of you.
fossilized behind my eyes.
with a pick-axe I could reach it, resurface it.

Too young to be anything but cruel
[something stiff in your hand]
wearing your choker around my neck.
you told me last night
that you never knew me
so.

You'd slash and burn me
to keep me here...
maybe I loved you before.
but never again.

—Megan Wampler

Walking at Night

My hand whispers past yours
In the pale half-light of the stars.
You inquire uneasily about the moon,
"Where has it gone?"
"Why has it left me alone with you?"
Tucking your eyes behind your glasses,
you blink, owl-like.

The stars bear down on us,
Reminding me of a Lite-Brite—
Emptied of its rainbow pegs.
Sad and shredded gashes of light.
I shrug my shoulders in coldness,
Shivering through my cotton mesh
and the distance between us.

—Heather Fester

Higher, higher, straining
Everest stands before me
The loudness rushes through my ears
Oh, how it calls to me
Gazing skyward, I remember my dream
To scale upward until the peak
Instead, I cha cha, scuffle, dance away
Knowing it must be another day
For now I will have to settle for less
Work my way up, gain more courage
First Kilimanjaro, then Fuji
Then the almighty Everest!
This is my dream. And the expanse is...
Flat and wide.

—Anonymous

Waiting too long

The trucker and I,
huddled in the booth,
waited till the end of the storm.
He told me
of his love in Tulsa,
and how she, of all people,
would understand.

When the clouds broke, he smiled,
and with his subtle charm, paid the
bill, inviting me for the ride.
In the parking lot,
he told me of the summer of '78,
the year I was born,
and when he changed.

"She'll take me back,
I know it."
I just nodded.
I, alone now, miss the man,
hoping that Tulsa invites him home,
knowing that he died there
in Kansas.

—Shawn Gilmore

Flair for poetry?
Show off on My
Back Pages. Drop
submissions in *The
Monitor* mailbox in
the CAOC.