



The Monitor

A Campus Collective

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

Native American artist examines misconceptions

story by | Heather Mosley

Putting the name "Crazy Horse" on an alcoholic product is like using Pope John Paul's name to advocate birth control. This was one point made by Shan Goshorn, an eastern band Cherokee, during her lecture and slide show in the Ryle Main Lounge on Thursday, Nov. 4th, as part of Native American History Month. Goshorn explained that Crazy Horse was a highly respected spiritual leader for his people, just as Pope John Paul is for Catholics, yet only the former is allowed to be slandered in such a way as to be used to sell alcohol products. Why is it that in America the only group of people able to be used in such demeaning manners for commercialistic purposes is that of the Native American culture? Throughout her presentation, Shan Goshorn addressed this question through examples of her unique artistic style.

Goshorn's art begins as a simple black and white photograph, sometimes in double exposure. She then proceeds to paint the photograph with transparent paint, photo oils and pastels, finishing with paint for any background she wishes to conceal. The first two series of art she discussed were her "Honest Injun" series and a series entitled "Reclaiming Cultural Ownership: Challenging Indian Stereotypes," both of which deal with advocating the rights of Native Americans to stop being portrayed as mere images and slogans. Her third, more recent series, is her "Earth Renewal" series, which deals with our, as humans, role as nurturers of the Earth. When working on the more political, anti-commercialistic series of art, Goshorn uses one main color, red, because it is the color of anger, people, blood and stop. The examples of her art, along with personal stories concerning the abuse of Native American stereotypes and images, provided a very strong sense of reality as to the plight of Native Americans in keeping their dignity and culture their own.

Goshorn repeatedly pointed out how other ethnic, cultural or religious groups are not allowed to be portrayed in such a demeaning manner. One powerful example she offered was that America will never see the likes of the Kansas City Jews, the

San Diego Negroes, or even the New York Caucasians, but for some reason the Washington Redskins and the Atlanta Braves are seen as harmless. She explained that society, especially Hollywood, has made it seem normal to see Native Americans as anything from crazy cartoons to mis-portrayed stoic images in the stereotypical eagle-feathered headdress. Even the rhythm that every child relates to an Indian is Hollywood made, explained Goshorn. That's right, that great little rhythm that goes something like "BUM bum bum BUM bum bum bum" that every child uses when playing Cowboys and Indians is nothing more than fictional Hollywood crap.

Goshorn went on to emphasize that America has a warped sense of what an "Indian" is, which has trickled down through the generations to the point where children are amazed to see Indians in jeans or without feathers on their heads. Because of America's misconceptions due to commercialism, the Native American society has many battles ahead of them, even with the raising of their own children. Native American children, according to Goshorn, have difficulty finding relevance in their tribe's age-old traditions because of the immense commercialization of their people. So what do we do now?

Goshorn does her part by giving lectures around the country and keeping up with her artwork. Many tribes today are keeping hope in their children by educating them in their traditions and native tongue. And we, as a learned society, can realize what is going on around us. Goshorn's hope was that by the end of the lecture each of us would move just a little further to her end of the spectrum and look around us tomorrow and see all the instances where Native Americans are put in demeaning commercial situations. Not even an hour after Goshorn's lecture did I notice one such situation on the back of a high school shirt promoting their "fighting Indians" with a mis-portrayed Native American in ceremonial headdress. Look around, soon it will be surrounding you, and you'll ask yourself the same questions Goshorn asks throughout her lectures and in her artwork.

Inconsistencies exist in night monitor training

story by | Loretta Vaughn

Questions have arisen recently in the Senate's Student Affairs Committee over night monitor training in the residence halls because of increased security concerns and possible training inconsistencies between halls.

Applying and hiring for a night monitor job is uniform throughout campus and is done the same as any other student job at Truman. The exception is that night monitors only receive institutional pay and not scholarship hours. Sibyl Cato, assistant hall director at Dobson, said this is because typically, the people applying are the ones who really need money and not necessarily scholarship hours. Compared to a job such as a hall desk attendant, night monitoring is "at the bottom of the barrel."

The problem the Student Affairs Committee had, said Kristen Riebeling, committee chairperson, is that each of the residential halls has its own method of instructing night monitors, so no one is verifying that night monitors actually do get adequate training. Concerns had been brought up by other representatives in the Senate addressing this situation, and even Riebeling herself admitted she has seen this problem. "I've trained a night monitor before, even though I'm just an SA and I wouldn't know what to tell them."

The Student Affairs Committee then approached Jason Haxton, Residential Living director, with possible solutions, such as a contract for the night monitors making them responsible for any incidents that happen on their duty. They were told there is not a problem with night monitor training, although a new rule requiring guests to show an ID before being signed in has been put into effect.

Around campus though, the night monitors do have different options and responsibilities depending on their hall. At Dobson Hall, Leo Kirsch has been a night monitor for years and is the head night monitor this year. He said he typically trains his new monitors by staying with them through their first night and going over possible situations they may encounter, especially all the "little details" that are hard to prepare for. As he talked the talk, Kirsch also walked the walk, checking all entering students' IDs, ensuring they signed in their guests, and making all others wishing to enter the hall, even the pizza delivery man, call to be signed in from a cell phone Kirsch carries.

Adam Rodenberger, Ryle's head night monitor, trains his new workers in a similar manner, although he has mostly veteran night monitors this year who require less instruction.

See NIGHT MONITOR, page 12



photo by Marie Brazillier

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Fiona Apple's new album is sexier, jazzier and sadder than her debut. Read the review on page 11.

Something smells fishy at Wal-Mart's "Gourmet Night." Read part 3 of "Kirksville's Hidden Treasures" on page 9.

The presence of artwork on campus is one of the most important things a university should have. Opinion on page 4.



The Monitor

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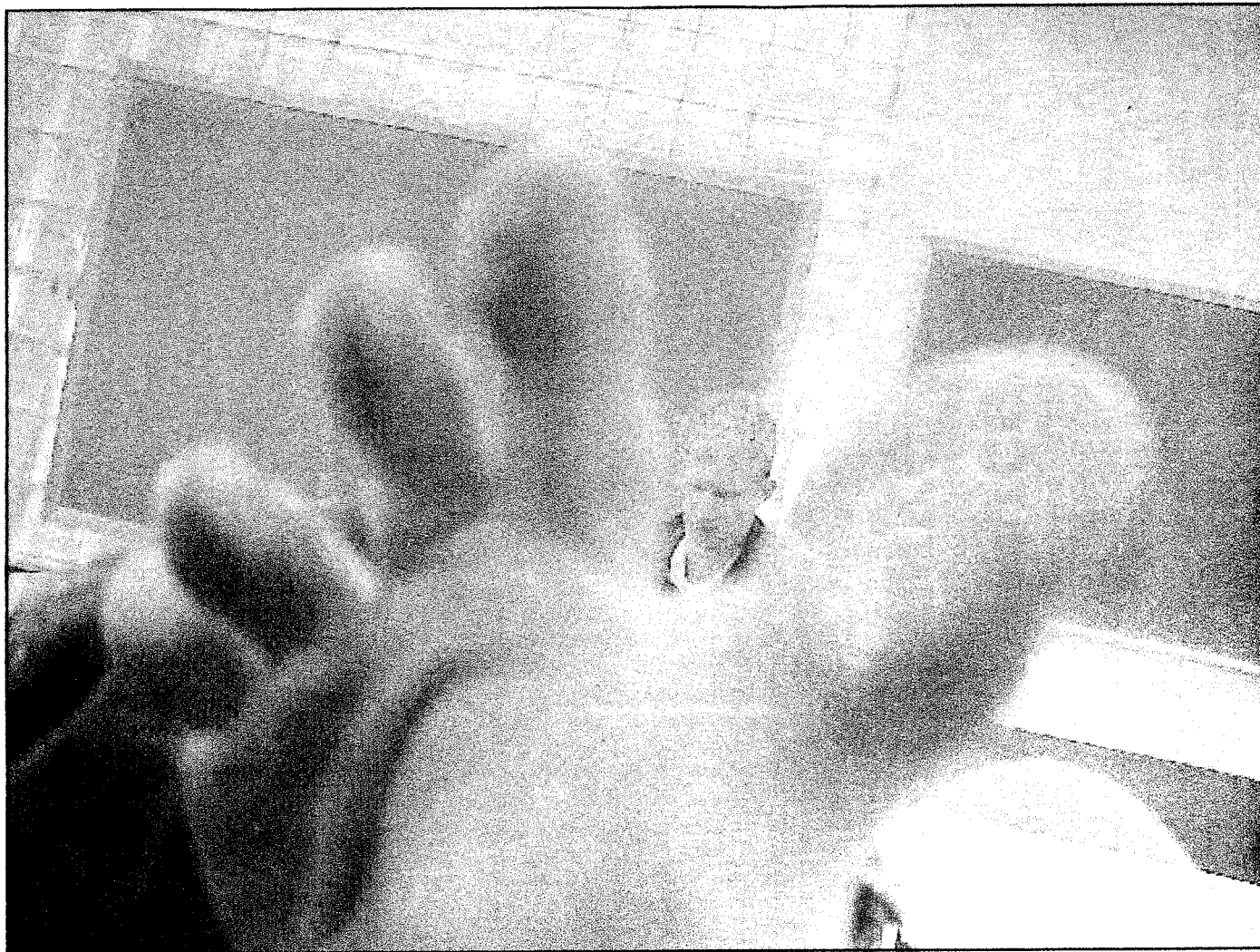
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"Among people who have learned something from the 18th century (say, Voltaire) it is a truism, hardly deserving discussion, that the defense of the right of free expression is not restricted to ideas one approves of, and that it is precisely in the 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



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Trouble Cat found disturbing

Dear Monitor Staff,

I am writing, against the wishes of my boyfriend, to give you my opinion of the comic "Trouble Cat" that you have unwisely decided to include in your "art page" lineup. As a freshman student, with access to both campus papers, I generally prefer yours to the Index because of the fresh material and interesting articles on issues that affect campus life. However, I have always had a problem with the disgusting violence and loathing exhibited in some of comics. Trouble Cat in particular. I won't even address the fact that Trouble Cat has no discernible plot or meaning. Does anyone else remember the Columbine massacre? I don't doubt that it is warped images like those in Trouble Cat that convince kids that it is okay to kill other kids. One episode of this terrible comic shows an innocent child being crucified while his friends are hung. I have never been so offended. The simple wooden frame on which Jesus Christ surrendered himself to forgive all of our sins should never be used as a prop for the amusement of the depraved. I pray for the artist (J. and C. ??) behind Trouble Cat, because although he may think he is only amusing himself, he is really forcing his work of cruelty and sickness onto others. I would like everyone who feels the way I do to write in to the Monitor and register your name in anger, so that maybe J. and C. will realize that, far from making people laugh, they are making this world a darker, sadder place to live in.

A disgusted student

Ed. note: Trouble Cat has never been featured on the Art Page.

Dear Matt,

We got your Monitor. I have been reading for awhile now and what the hell is wrong with Trouble Cat? It makes no sense. It's too gory...

Tom Webber (Matt's brother)

Student doesn't give a fuck

Dear Whoever-Gives-A-Fuck,

I like your newspaper quite a bit. It's very refreshing to see that, in a state school, the conservative people (of politics, religion, what have you) do not completely run things.

However, claiming to be TSU's "only source for thorough coverage of community issues, student affairs, politics and culture" is a kind of an understatement, don't you think? Your newspaper is so "thorough" that it even covers topics which NO ONE GIVES A FUCK ABOUT.

John Nguyen's piece entitled "People suffer numbness that drips into the bone" is very artistic in the sense that it was John's way of expressing himself. However, I doubt this is coverage of community issues, student affairs, politics, or culture. It sounds less like the opinion of a well-versed author, and more like the babbling of a schizophrenic. Yes, it's artistic (sort of). Yes, it's original. Yes, it's refreshing. Yes, it's whatever the hell he intended it to be....

BUT HOW MANY FUCKING TIMES MUST YOU FUCKING SAY "FUCK" BEFORE YOU FUCKING LOSE ANY FUCKING CREDIBILITY YOU FUCKING MIGHT HAVE FUCKING HAD?!! SERIOUSLY, WHO FUCKING WANTS TO FUCKING HEAR THE FUCKING INSANE FUCKING RAMBLINGS OF A FUCKING IDIOT WHO HAS NOTHING BETTER TO FUCKING DO THAN TO FUCKING IMAGINE FUCKING HIMSELF ALL THE FUCKING LIVE-LONG DAY FUCK THIS. FUCK THAT. FUCK JOHN'S WHINING. GET HIM A FUCKING PACIFIER AND SECURITY BLANKET!

DO YOU GET THE FUCKING POINT?!

Chris Shanahan

Tweak Your Mind

If you could ask God one question, what would it be?



"Where's all the ugly chicks?"
-Ben Potter



"Can we come home now?"
-Mikey Bishop



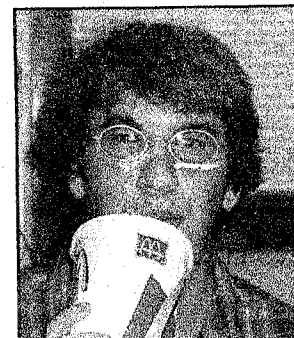
"Why?"
-Jim Hatch



"Why did you even bother with women?"
-Phil Schiff



"What is it like havin' a roni?"
-Matt Webber



"Why is John Nguyen allowed to write for *The Monitor*?"
-Jonathan Lukens

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opinions

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

- Phil Ochs

Truman lacks artwork on campus

opinion by | Ben Braun

While there are many things that a liberal arts institution should have, I believe one of the most important is the presence of artwork on campus. While Truman does have some artwork on permanent display, I feel that the presence of art could be much stronger among our academic and residential buildings.

One of the purposes of being a liberal arts student is to encounter, on a daily basis, pieces of life outside of a given discipline. In art, more so than in anything

else, there lies the possibility to display the varied interests held by our faculty and students, and this should be capitalized on. We are going to be building a statue of President Truman on the circle drive; that is great, but shouldn't that be

augmented with other sculptures around campus? Not only additional sculptures, but varied sculptures such as mathematically derived works to accompany Violette Hall and the soon-to-be new Science Hall and more traditional sculpture to accompany Baldwin Hall and the soon-to-be new Fine Arts Facility? Or, to really get ourselves to think outside of the box, stick the mathematics pieces where the art majors "live" and place the traditional sculpture in the middle of the science majors.

Additionally, we could have more paintings actually inside our classrooms. Violette Hall looks great structurally after the renovations, but for those of us who spend our time in that building (or any other), some paintings on the classroom walls could be a wonderful addition. There have been some new pieces of art displayed recently, but not enough to truly fill the campus, and none in the actual

classrooms where students and teachers spend most of their time.

For those people who argue that Truman is a "lean, mean" financial campus and we don't have the funding for such endeavors, I have some ideas for you all as well. While the cost of procuring art is a concern, there is a lot of quality student artwork which is produced here on our campus, and I believe that it would be a wonderful opportunity for our art majors to have a more prominent position in each building where their artwork can be displayed.

Also, keeping in mind the recent destruction of a work of student art, I think if we spent a minor amount of money for display cases in prominent areas of each academic

building, immature acts such as these could be avoided.

Other schools have an abundance of student artists as well, many of whom I am sure would be honored to have their work placed on display in our academic buildings. This not only adds the presence of art to our campus, it gives young artists at Truman and other institutions the ability to have their work on display and to get experience receiving feedback from the general public. A rotating schedule of student artwork would be an excellent way to quickly phase in a large amount of art on campus without spending a tremendous amount of money.

In the meantime, I suggest we all think about ways we can bring art into our classrooms and into our buildings. It is an important element of any liberal arts university, and would be greatly appreciated by many.

"In art, more so than in anything else, there lies the possibility to display the varied interests held by our faculty and students, and this should be capitalized on."

This article is not good

opinion by | John Nguyen

Originally, this article started with the words: Don't read this article. But times have changed and this article has, subsequently, changed. Originally, this article was about the news. It wasn't news itself, but it was about news. News of every form: visual, literal, aural. I'm not a very good journalist though. First of all, I've never researched a damn thing in my life (don't tell my professors). Second of all, I cannot be in any way objective towards my subject. And third of all (or third of three as the case may be), well, simply put, I don't want to write like a journalist.

Hell, sometimes I don't even want to write the way I do. Actually, I feel like that right now. I don't want to write like me. I don't want to write like this. I don't want to write this. But I'm gonna. To quote a famous saying, "A friend in need is a friend indeed."

But what do friends have to do with writing this article, you may ask? Well, friends are everything. I have this friend named Matt. He's got a very rectangular aura about him and he swings some power here at *The Monitor*. Last week I told him I'd give him an opinions piece this week. So, I'm keeping my word to him. My friend. Because that's what being a friend means. It's not about responsibility. It's not about deadlines. It's about relationships.

I have this other friend. Her name is abbreviated here: LDS. That's because I didn't ask her if I could write her name in here. I'm not afraid of being sued. I'm not worried about offending her. I'm maintaining a relationship. She told me that the original article, the one that started: "Don't read this article," wasn't very good. She said anybody could have written it: I said, "Anybody did write it." She said that it was about "The Man" when I had already claimed that there is no "Man." I denied: "It's not my fault that people attribute what I criticize to The Man." I just happen to hate things.

I hate the news. I hate newspapers. I hate the fact that people think reading, watching or listening to news, makes them any better. Live your life. You are news. Take inspiration when it comes. Don't wait for the latest special interest bulletin. What do I know? Ask my friends and

they'll tell you.

I'm rewriting this article because didn't want to let LDS down. I wanted to keep up my end of being me. She keeps up her end of loving me. It's only fair.

I'm not sure if I belong in a newspaper. I don't really write about anything. But if this is a forum for students, then I belong here, I guess. But, so do you. Where've you been?

I won't blame you if you haven't gotten to this part of the article. I won't blame you if you've already stopped reading it. This isn't what you expect from a newspaper. This is what you might expect if you met me somewhere else. Maybe in a class. Maybe over a cup of coffee, or a concert, on opposite sides of a chess board. Or checkers, if you prefer. Or kill me, if you know what that is. It's a game me and my brother (another friend of mine) came up with when we were about eight or so. Actually, if I was eight then he would've been ten. But, that's beside the point. If you want to know how to play, ask me and I'll tell you. It's not hard.

My name is John. I don't believe in world affairs. I hardly even believe in the world. I like playing guitar in the quad. I used to have a lot of friends but most of us grew apart. Well... we just grew. I suppose. That's the fate of things.

There was this line in my original article: "Today means more death." I liked that line. It was in reference to the subliminal meaning of the news. "Today means more death," I say again. That's the fate of things.

When I was 18, which might as well have been yesterday, I left my home for this place. I left dreaming, anxious for my life. How old are you? How long have you been here? Are you still anxious? Remember, this article doesn't matter. This paper doesn't matter. Ask your friends they'll tell you. Go shoot the shit with them. I'd advise that.

Or make new friends.

I miss the past. I'm not going to read this article to LDS this time. She'll see it soon enough and I don't want to be around if I let her down again. I don't like doing that. Did you like this one any better dear?

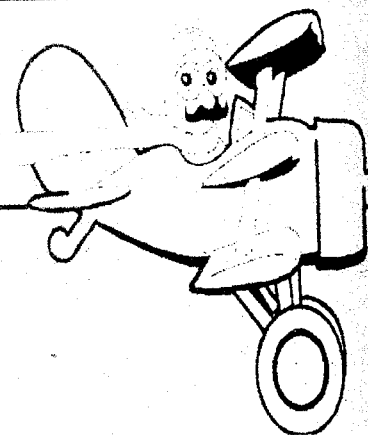
What about you?

I'm not sure if I'm going to write articles anymore.

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Arguments mean nothing without compassion

opinion by | Peter Hough

About a month ago, a student sent out a mass e-mail (titled "open your eyes") attempting to discredit religion. The arguments of the e-mail seemed illogical and inconsistent at best, so it was easy to dismiss it. But even now, nearly a month after first reading it, something about it bothers me and compels me to write.

The best argument presented in the message dealt with the issue of understanding. The writer ("Joe," as his name appears) claimed we should know what others believe before trying to convince them of our own beliefs. The point would have been well made, were it not for his calling the reader "perfectly content in your own ignorance" and wallowing "in your own filth." The hypocritical and arrogant tone of his four-page, anonymous and unsolicited (thus, illegal) letter was enough to discredit his argument.

The point must still be made, however. We should seek to understand the people around us. If only we could be quick to listen and slow to speak in those times when others share their beliefs, then we would learn immeasurably more about the world and the people in it. All discussion, especially of deep-seated or sacred beliefs, requires an atmosphere of openness and understanding in order to be fruitful. Aggressive attacks (not challenges), arrogance, and prejudice undermine communication and lead to frustration rather than enlightenment.

Our goal should be the communion of minds, and pursuing this prize demands humility. We must meet each other on a personal level, unafraid to let others see inside us. We also have to allow others to question our assumptions and ideas. Discussion is impossible if communication is one-way. Of course, dialogue should never be born out of compulsion. But when you share your beliefs you voluntarily enter into discussion and should welcome -- if not invite -- a response. Admittedly, this is incredibly difficult to do because it is very uncomfortable. Look around you and you will see a world full of people who, in one way or another, are afraid of not being accepted. Arrogance is not the only enemy of humility; fear threatens it just as much.

More than just being open about our true beliefs, to have humility, we must allow others to do the same. Openness can be a fragile thing, and we cannot allow it to be stifled in even one person. The thought, "Bob is a stupid person," is just as dangerous and pungent as, "All women are stupid people," or, "All black people

are lazy." If we put away our prejudices about others, as groups and as individuals, then our dialogue will be greatly improved. So many of us refuse to listen to anyone else because we have lost compassion for others. Compassion could be called the "great reconciler," and service brings it into the heart. Those who spend countless hours serving others don't do it because they have compassion, they have compassion because they do it. Grow compassion through selfless service and you will appreciate others more.

This is not to say we should not attempt to persuade our audience. Indeed, persuasion is one of the highest forms of communication. The person who wrote the mass e-mail ridicules religions that seek to make converts, yet his own intent is to convert people to his ideas. In both instances, there is some attempt at persuasion. Making sound arguments is a good thing, and so is refuting arguments in an attempt to prove a point. Sometimes we only move forward by being questioned, and through persuasion we find new answers to the questions we have within us. It is through persuasion, not coercion, that many of the greatest ideals have been realized. In the same way, deeper understanding does not often come to a person who holds irrationally and unquestioningly to a particular idea or paradigm. However, there is a lot of value in being uneasily swayed by your surroundings.

In everything we say, we should have a sense of compassion for those listening. If we do not have a deep appreciation or love for others, what we say will never matter. If anyone speaks eloquently and with incredible knowledge orates the most amazing speech ever, but doesn't have compassion for those who hear, it means nothing at all. It would have been better if that person had not spoken at all.

I challenge you to boldly share your beliefs without fear, but with a measure of humility. I challenge you also to be bold and listen to what other people say, not just waiting for your next turn to talk. Some have accused our generation of being "a mile wide and an inch thick." Sometimes I wonder if it's true. But I cannot shake the belief that beauty and truth are well within our reach, and that those who diligently search it out will find it. We should heartily embrace open communication as that lovely, unverifiable closeness of two people's minds or hearts.

My e-mail address is peter_hough@hotmail.com. I would love to dialogue with any of you, including the person who wrote the anonymous e-mail. (I challenge you to step forward.)

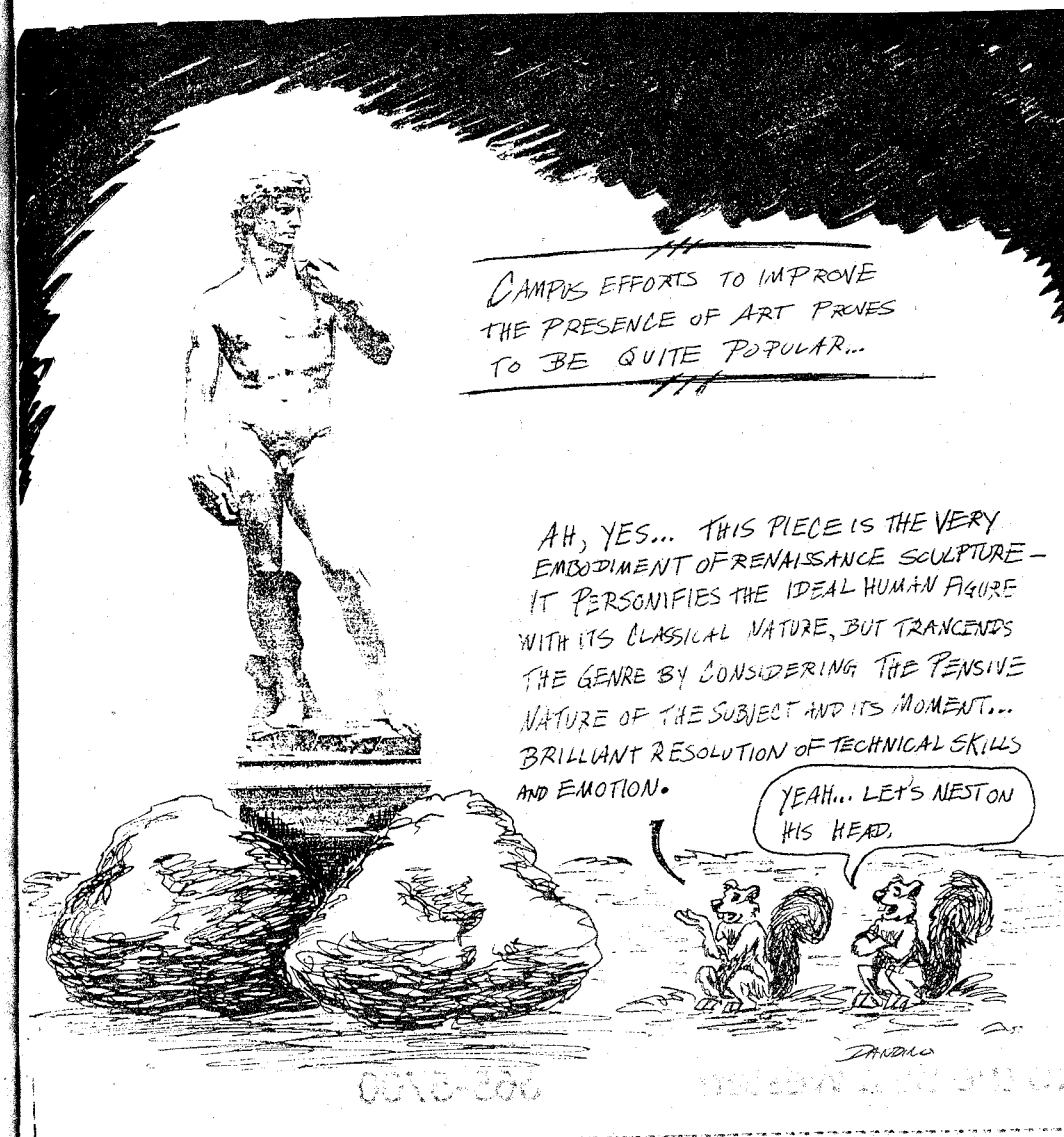
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House infringes on Supreme Court duties

opinion by | Leslee White

The enduring question of the separation of church and state came up again last week in response to pre-game prayer at a public Texas high school football game.

A Texas federal court ruled the prayers go against the Constitutionally mandated separation of church and state. The Supreme Court will soon decide whether or not to hear the case.

So far, this is just another religion case. The federal court did its job and acted in accordance with the constitution, and I feel confident the Supreme Court (SC because I'm pretty lazy) will uphold the federal court's finding.

Enter into this tranquil and constitutionally sound picture, the House of Representatives. Apparently, the House has an abundance of time in which it can review items of the other branches of government, for last week, lawmakers approved a non-binding resolution, urging the SC to "uphold the constitutionality of pre-game prayers."

Wasn't it kind of them to make it a NON-BINDING resolution? I'm sure the Supreme Court will appreciate that.

This is an interesting step for the House for many reasons. First, the House is likely to make an enemy of the SC. Not only is the House implying the SC needs help making an important decision, but also the House is taking a

side of an issue the SC will not likely take. This makes the SC look like the "bad guy" to the prayer supporters.

Another reason this is a strange move on the part of the House is the unconstitutionality the suggestion would prompt. The SC is under a different branch of government than the House, and this is for a reason. The House's suggestion is ridiculous because it would violate the whole principle of the separation of powers if the SC were to consider the House's feelings on the issue.

Finally, who do the representatives of the House think they are? Why do they think they can have any influence over the decisions of the high court, decisions which will be in effect long after their WASP asses are replaced and forgotten.

Hopefully, the Supreme Court will take this opportunity to stop the unconstitutionality and nonsense shown in recent rulings concerning the separation of church and state. However, we should keep in mind this is not the most liberal state, and this is the state with the governor who wants to impose a "code of morality" in schools.

For information about this issue and further developments, CNN has a handy Web site, and the transcript from one of last week's episodes of *Crossfire* is available as well.

Open Forum on Diversity

**How can we build
a stronger
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celebrating our diversity
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Banquet to honor local Women of Distinction

story by | Olivia Bratich

On Wednesday, Nov. 17, the Women's Resource Center will present an opportunity to honor women on Truman's campus and in the Kirksville community. Wednesday night marks the annual Women of Distinction Banquet. Over the past few weeks, the WRC has been accepting nominations for the awards. Members of the Truman and Kirksville community were asked to nominate women who have had a positive influence on Truman's campus. The categories for the awards includes student, faculty/staff, community, and other (in case a woman from another city or school did something for Truman). The event has evolved over the years. Brie Cantrell, co-director of the WRC, said, "We are impressed by the number of nominations this year." The total number of nominations this year is much higher than previous years. The nominees are judged by a panel of students, faculty, community members and former recipients.

The Women's Resource Center has been sponsoring the event for several years. In charge of this year's banquet are WRC Special Events

Coordinators Kym Miller and Liz Lind. Cantrell described the event as "a formal affair designed to recognize the impact of women on this campus." Sara Denny, also a co-director of the WRC, said, "It is important to recognize women whose contributions may otherwise go unnoticed." The banquet is a wonderful opportunity to meet local influential women. The WRC would like other women to see the award winners as role models.

Contrary to popular belief, the event is open to everyone. The WRC strongly encourages people to attend. "By attending, it's supporting women who have made a difference," Cantrell added. This year tickets are not being sold in advance. The Women of Distinction Banquet is absolutely free. Dessert (cheesecake, German chocolate cake, etc.) and refreshments will be served. Dress is not formal, but nice. This means no jeans, but khakis, black pants, etc. and a nice top is acceptable. The event begins at 8 p.m. Wednesday and will be held in the Georgian Room of the SUB. Come and recognize women who have made a difference!

Lucky student meets Rock greatness

story by | Jay Peterson

Sometimes dreams do come true, my friends! This is a story of my own dream becoming reality for just a few short minutes. I touched the hand of Rock himself and its touch was warm and comforting. It is as if my life truly started at that point. Everything else was merely preparation for this moment, this time when I would connect with greatness.

I took part in one of those rare instances where an individual can escape from the normal restrictions and regulations of life and have a few minutes in touch with fame. I had taken the risk (fortified by drink, mind you) to take that leap of faith from the Lion's head! Concert security, those banes of all stage diving and fun times, did not find me that day, my friends. I had broken the circle. I was backstage with a real live rock band, Guided By Voices.

For years, I had listened to the insanely wonderful rock ramblings of this band with the hope of one day meeting the group that had changed the way I looked at the world. I would turn to their music during my darkest hours, when I was at the low points in my life. And they would lift me up simply because they are the embodiment of Rock. Just listen to them and you will know of what I am speaking. But many of you, and you know who you are, understand the Rock that these men from Ohio contain. I had been planning for weeks to attend their concert at the Blue Note in Columbia on the Nov. 5 with great anticipation.

The leader of this motley band of rockers, the enigmatic Robert Pollard (who is known for firing band members at a whim) was in a wonderful mood this evening. And the man was sauced. But that was OK by me. There are few Rock front men that are as active as Robert Pollard on stage. He jumps, he leaps.

He poses with rock style and mouths off to the mike as if it were a misbehaving stepchild. He swings his mike in violent arcs that always risk hitting someone, but never do. His signature moves are deceptively lithe kicks on stage that boggle the mind since he nearly hits himself in the face with his own feet! All this action comes from a man who was once a fourth grade teacher. Pollard's hair is a ragged mop that looks amazingly like Dr. Who. He curses. He spits and he's as old as your dad but that does not stop this man from bringing the Rock straight from his heart to your head.

There we were, my friends and I, talking to the Pollard himself. We helped the other band members put stuff in their van. The drummer seemed to do most of the heavy lifting. One other guitarist passed out in the van due to the insane amount of Jack Daniel's that he drank and shared with the audience at large.

Schmoozing was the order of the evening. One of the guitarists talked to us for quite a while. He asked us where we could get "loose meat" and some blow. Actually, he wanted "two times blow," whatever that meant. Regardless of their need for blow he realized we were fans and fans should be respected. He gave us smokes and we traded ideas for great band names. Then Robert Pollard broke into a song he made up all about some guy named Rosenkrantz, all the while chatting it up with some females who were fawning all over the man. It all seemed so unreal to be so close to greatness. On the way out, the guitarist told us to "keep on playing those tribal beats." I walked up to Pollard, shook his hand, and told him to keep on rocking. He told me to do the same. I will, Robert, I will.

-Golly gee, Bobbie Sue, this paper sure is swell, dontcha think?

-Sure, Ted, but what about that nasty Trouble Cat?

-Hmmm. He sure is trouble...with a capital T!



Monitor writer risks death to get this story

story by | Peter Hough

"Be careful, there's a man with a gun there." The last words spoken to me about a possible story did not seem too inviting. Nevertheless, my editors had assured me this was my kind of story. Did they want an article, or did they want me dead? I couldn't tell.

I circled around the old elementary school on my bike several times before conjuring up enough courage to knock on the door. The building sits amid houses on Harrison Street, so I knew I wouldn't have to scream very loud to get someone to help (if such a thing were necessary). I dismounted and walked up to the door, wondering why I had waited until after dark to come over. Seeing lights on inside, I bashed my knuckles against the cold metal door, hoping the sound would signal my arrival to whoever might be inside. I stepped back and, looking to my bike, wondered if I should leave.

"Can I help you?" asked a raspy but oddly inviting voice from above me.

"Yes. God. Please don't let anyone kill me tonight."

"What?" asked the voice.

Startled, I looked up and perceived the outline of a man's head, silhouetted by an outside light above the second story window from which he viewed me. "Uh... nothing," I responded. "I'm here to do a story for *The Monitor*, but if it's a bad time..." I said, slowly withdrawing from the porch.

"Just a second," he said and quickly left the window.

A moment later he was at the door and brought me inside, extending his hand.

"I'm armed."

"What?" I gasped.

"My name," he replied emphatically, "is Charles."

"Oh," was all I could exhume from my throat. "I thought you said something else."

The tour began without incident as he led me into a kitchen complete with all that a kitchen could hope to possess. He washed his hands, drying them in an adjoining bathroom. Both of the rooms had obviously been converted from

their original form, functioning differently now than they had as part of a school. The large room adjacent to the kitchen on the other side, able to be divided in

half by a collapsible partition, contained enough furniture to start a small business. Most of the pieces were recliners, any of which would exquisitely adorn the residence of a college student.

"This is a museum," my guide informed me. "We acquired the building several years ago and have been slowly converting it."

"We?" I asked myself. "Who is the other person he's talking about? I'm positive he has some mental disorder. *We bought the building*

because Satan told us to, and now we're going to kill you." I decided to be on my guard at all times.

Charles led me down cluttered hallways congested with piles of artifacts and small mountains of dust, into rooms recently emptied in preparation for display cases, and up staircases darkened by burned-out bulbs (how convenient). He showed me the south entryway where an artist had painted the glass panels in the doors and windows to be a stained glass mural. He had done this project and a few others as a sort of payment during his time there (had I died and gone to Purgatory?). As we walked along, I half expected to be like Bugs Bunny in Dracula's castle, turning to see my tour guide morphing into a bat and fluttering above my head.

"This is an art studio," Charles said as he led me into a large, well-lit room. He explained to me he likes to let college students use the building to have ample room for large projects they couldn't otherwise attempt. Next to the studio is a room where a botanist has been working, but the door was locked. He told me he lets people use the building, but that no one has lived there. I thought to ask him if anyone had died there, but didn't for fear of the response I would receive.

We journeyed down the hall to a closet full of glittering rocks and then into a double room full of rocks, fossils, chessboards and a mastodon tooth (it was big). He had a lot of bones in display cases, including an almost complete human skeleton that may have had some connection to the almost complete mural downstairs. The next room we entered was the electronics room. It was cluttered with everything from televisions to a water distiller to a fully functional scanning electron microscope.

"Collecting things has always been a hobby

of mine," Charles told me as we ventured back to the door I entered. "That's why I wanted to start a museum."

As we got to the door I prepared to leave, but Charles instead turned to the left and unbolted an old rickety door that had the word "BASEMENT" painted on barely translucent glass.

"You're lucky," he told me, "this is probably the driest it has been."

Lucky wasn't the word I had in mind.

I followed him down mineral-covered stairs to the moist floor of the basement. I determined in my heart that no promise of alcohol, whether Amontillado or Natural Light, would lure me into the darker recesses of the manmade cave. He showed me the old boiler, a menacing relic covered with rust that almost made me wet my pants.

After a few somber words and a moment of silence we turned away to leave the basement. As I ascended the stairs (alive), I realized that Charles actually seemed to be a remarkably nice man. He was incredibly helpful and informative, he allowed me to interrupt his work for an interview, he let people use his building for free, and he didn't even hunt at killing me.

As I exited the old schoolhouse northeast of the square, Charles told me that he hopes to be able to open part of the museum by next summer. It will take a lot of work, though, especially since he only has time to work on it at night and during some weekends. Donations, like the display cases KCOM gave to him, have helped speed things up, but the road ahead is a long one.

"You should come by sometime and play chess," Charles said as I stepped out the door.

"It's another hobby of mine."

"Maybe I will," I said. "Maybe I will."

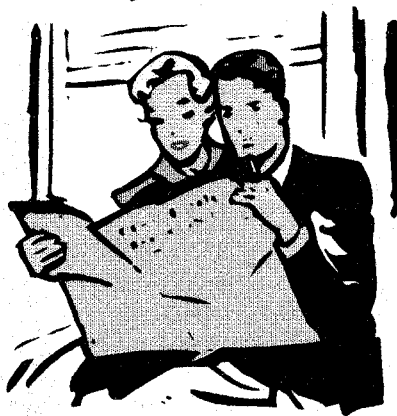
Women of Distinction Reception

Wednesday, November 17

8:00 P/M Georgian Room, SUB

Sponsored by the
Women's Resource Center

Thanks FAC for funding us another semester! We love you!



FAC events

**Campus Crusade for Christ
speaker on pluralism -- Nov. 18**
**Delta Sigma Theta Kwanzaa
Celebration Sunday -- Dec. 5**

Truman should give its money to me

opinion by | Jennifer Wrightam

Truman has a lot of money, from student tuition payments and from taxes. Unfortunately, I see very little of it. I, and perhaps you too, are not receiving a fair share of the proverbial pie, because too big a slice is going to too few, the so-called "special interest groups."

I look around at all the places money goes on this campus, and it is immediately clear I'm not getting my fair share. I'm not sure why this is. After all, I'm just as entitled to it as the next guy. In fact, I may be a little more entitled to it than the next person.

I am the essence of what the Truman State University student needs to be. For one thing, I am getting an education in order to be a teacher. In my opinion, anyone who does not want to be a teacher probably needs to leave Truman. History will support me in this. This was once a teaching college until these pushy outsiders wormed their way into our school. I'm all for equality, but these people just don't share our values. Some of them are only coming here so they can make money after they graduate. In order to preserve our own culture here at Truman State University, we need to return to Truman's golden age, when it was unaffected by these greedy outsiders.

In addition, I am a woman. You've probably noticed that women are in the majority here at Truman. I believe this a start, but it really isn't good enough. I won't be happy until we women unite to get rid of all the men on campus. Unfortunately, many scholarships are going to these *minority* students. Have you ever wondered if men are getting scholarships just because the admissions department is trying to reach some arbitrary magical percentage of men on this campus? We really don't need

any balance. Women are here in greater numbers because they deserve it. Men really aren't the same as we *real* Truman students, the women. Like the non-teachers, men share a completely different set of values. (Have you ever seen *The Man Show*?) My goodness! They're genetically marked as inferior. They are really quite different from us. The only way we women can keep from being discriminated against, is to keep *all* men out. I'm sure the mean ACT score would increase. After all, it is clear right now that men are just getting in because of their sex.

Finally, this university spends way too much money on extracurricular activities that only serve to further the interests of a tiny few. Do you have any idea of the huge amounts of money we spend on athletics and music at this University? The business of a university is learning, not swimming or playing flute. Besides, if one can't swim or read music, one is left out of possible scholarship opportunities. How fair is this to the girl in the wheelchair, or the person with dyslexia? I know I can't swim or play an instrument. Granted, I have no disability, but that is no reason why I shouldn't share in some of the spoils. Just because I am intelligent and I decided not to spend my time in such frivolous activities, I shouldn't be punished. In fact, I ought to be rewarded. After all, playing the flute is a choice, a strange anomaly. It is much fairer to the many students who

don't choose this bizarre lifestyle to only give money to us.

At this point you may be wondering how I can classify athletic and music programs as a special interest group. Anything that cannot be grouped with other organizations is classified as "special." Viewed this way, it is clear that "special" could easily be replaced with the term "unique." Now that I've noticed that, I wonder why all the organizations aren't dying to be known as *special* interest groups.

Aren't they special? Aren't they unique? Apparently not. One fraternity is as good as another. One religion or denomination is no more special than the next. Professional organizations? Forget it. It doesn't matter if you're pre-law, you might as well join the Pre-Physician's Organization. They're all the same. So I fibbed. The truth is, they are all special. They all have unique interests. Therefore, we should get rid

**"I look around at all the
places money goes
on this campus, and it is
immediately clear I'm not
getting my fair share."**

of all of them.

Truman ought to give its money to me. I deserve it, and more importantly, I want it. If Truman wants to keep me here, it had better start re-thinking its strategies. Everything that doesn't directly help me had better go. Professors I'll never take need to be fired. Departments I'm not a part of should be dissolved. Students who aren't like me need to go. They all need to go. Then, I can rule the world. 'Cause I'm the best.

Looking for that perfect gift for that certain someone?
Don't have time to search all over the metropolis of Kirksville?
Want something unique?

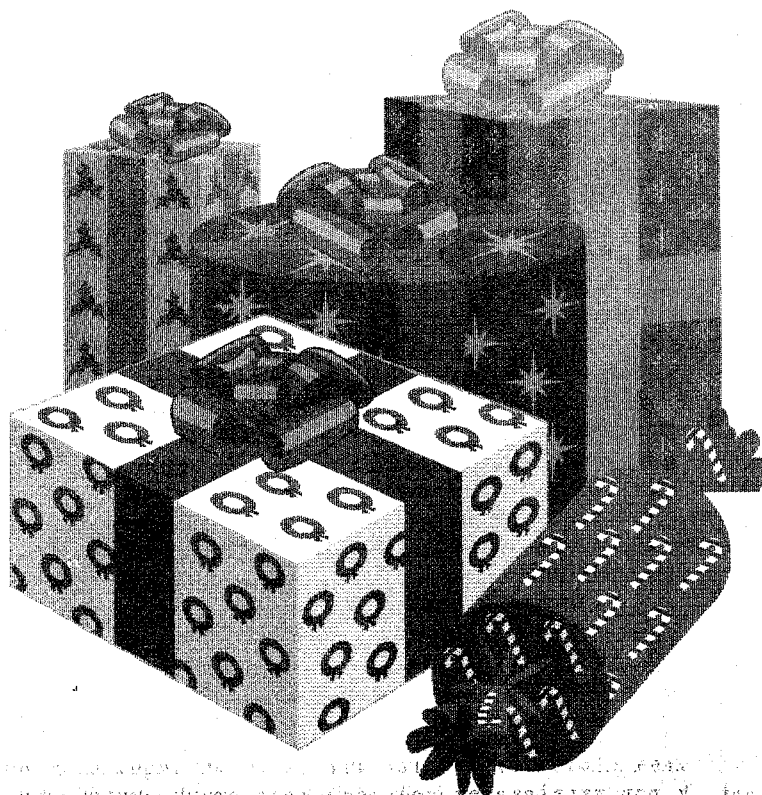
Come to the

Ryle Holiday Market

Ryle Main Lounge
December 4, 1999

9 a.m. to 3 p.m.

BETHERE!



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 to you, the reader, their sage advice.

This week's supernatural and extremely dead guest is:

GENGHIS KHAN



1167?-1227

Master of Mongolia by age 40, Genghis then decided to conquer most of mainland Asia. In addition to piercing the Great Wall of China, Genghis conquered west from his homeland, eventually controlling a swath of territory from the Persian Gulf to the Arctic Ocean. In life, his interests included plundering, invading and wreaking general havoc.

Dear Genghis,
Do you like the steak they have on Premium Night?
Sincerely,
Carnivore from Columbia

Dear Carnivore,
My answer is an unqualified "no." You should have the self-respect to kill and eat your own meat, not allowing these "Sodexo" individuals to do your work for you.

Dear Genghis,
Did you like working with Keanu Reeves in *Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure*?
Sincerely,
Keanu lover

Dear Keanu lover,
Although at times I felt like slaying that slacker and his entire family, spitting their heads upon pikes as an example to others who would use the word "dude" so randomly, he actually turned out to be a pretty nice guy. He taught me about surfing, and I taught him about flaying.

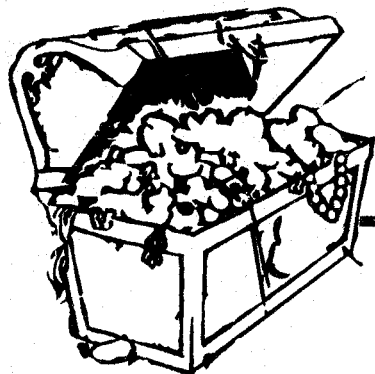
Dear Genghis,
I've got this terrible stain in my favorite blouse. What do I do?
Sincerely,
Lauderer

Dear Launderer,
I actually had this same problem with a war pelt of mine. Try soaking it in 3 parts distilled water, one part lemon juice and one part bleach. Then hang it in a steamy room for two days. Exactly two days: its very important. Then wash it normally. If that doesn't work, go and destroy a helpless village on the Russian steppes, raping and pillaging everything in sight. I'm sure you'll forget about your blouse.

Dear Genghis,
Did you enjoy all of your wanton destruction? Were you happy?
Sincerely,
Anonymous

Dear Anonymous,
Every time I led my highly organized elite hordes into an invasion of yet another region, I always asked myself: Will this make me happy? Why can't I just settle down, marry a nice woman and have some wonderful kids to comfort me in my old age? And every time my response to these questions was: Fuck that. Let's go to war. Does that answer your question?

Next week's guest will be Joan of Arc, who will be happy to respond to any queries directed to her care of *The Monitor*.



Kirksville's Hidden Treasures

an on-going series devoted to discovering the wealth of Kirksville

Kirksville's Hidden Treasures Part 3: "Gourmet Night!" A special night at Wal-Mart

feature by | Marie Montano and Olivera Bratic

As many of you have discovered, an ordinary night in Kirksville can uncover a plethora of booty. On a recent trip to Wal-Mart, we were confronted by a flyer that cordially invited us to experience "Gourmet Night at the Wal-Mart Supercenter." The flyer promised "a sample of our Supercenter's finest quality of foods and services displayed for an evening of pure Elegance, Enjoyment and Entertainment for all of our Valued Customers and Community Members." Two hours of elegance and glamour awaited us.

As we entered the all too familiar settings, we realized a great change had taken place. The smooth sounds of jazz filled the air and a sense of excitement was rising. Our high expectations were met with a smorgasbord we could not even imagine. The servers turned the class up a notch, and a "real-life" bride and groom dished out the wedding cake.

The first station on the train ride of excess was the seafood table. Live lobster and baby shrimp were just a few of the exotic treats. "It smells fishy over here!" said one valued customer. Next, we had a slice of Freschetta's stuffed crust pizza. It was like a little piece of Italy in our tummies. To wash it down, we had an unlimited supply of Coke.

We then met one of the more interesting characters of the night, Bob. Bob was decked out in urban rustic, down-home attire. Grill-master Bob handled that prime rib like a real man. Our encounter was all too brief, because we had to get to the meat and cheese trays. This line was by far the longest, but well worth the wait. We piled our plates a mile high with such delicacies as hot wings, sliced meats and a vast array of

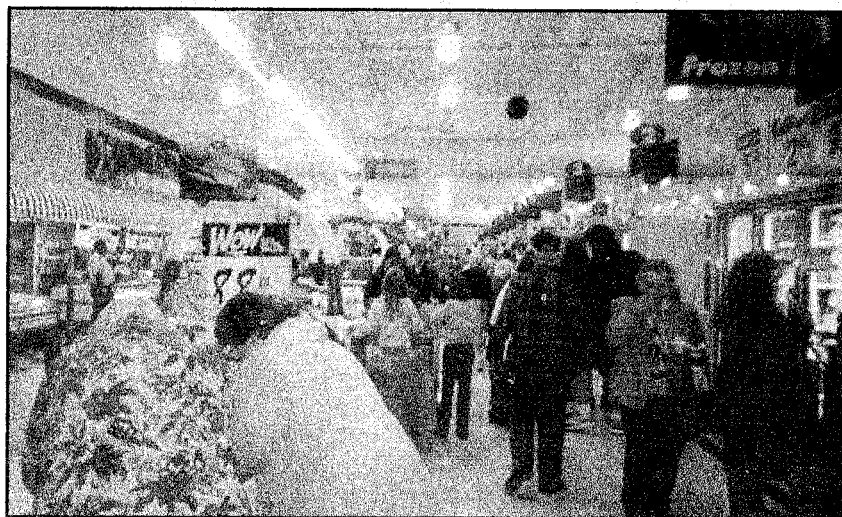


photo by Leslee White

cheese. We took a few minutes to soak in the jazz as we devoured our grub.

But it didn't end there. Next was the dessert table. In addition to the wedding cake, there was cheesecake, cinnamon cheesecake, chocolate cheesecake, cherry pie, apple pie, pumpkin pie and apple crisps. Wowza! The groom eyed us suspiciously as we all made numerous trips to the table.

The crowd was a veritable who's who of the Kirksville elite. Who's going to say no to free food? Apparently, the college kids haven't caught on to the tricks of treasure hunting because most of the crowds was comprised of the older and the wiser. One woman made herself right at home and set up a lawn chair in the deli section! So, next time you're in Wal-Mart, don't ignore those flyers. You never know what treasure awaits.

The lesson learned at Gourmet Night: it's perfectly acceptable to bow down to The Man, if it means free cheese.



WASHINGTON STREET
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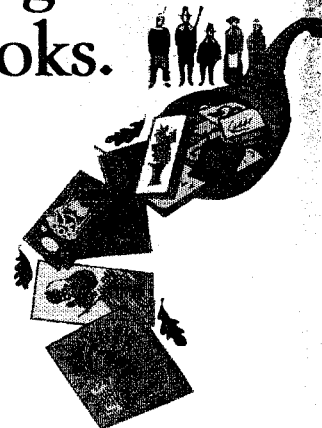
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reviews

music | film | literature

Alexie weaves darkness into light

The Lone Ranger And Tonto Fistfight In Heaven

written by Sherman Alexie

review by | Ben Braun

Sherman Alexie's work cannot be catalogued or qualified as anything other than brilliance. An author whose first published works were volumes of poetry including *I Would Steal Horses* and *First Indian On The Moon*, Alexie is also an incredible storyteller, a writer who weaves darkness into light and taints everything he touches with bittersweet humanity. His collection of short stories entitled *The Lone Ranger And Tonto Fistfight In Heaven* is a stunning example of the beauty of his work.

In this collection, Alexie intertwines various characters and possibilities among 22 short stories, each remarkable in its own right, yet even more powerful when read alongside its siblings. Dealing with topics as diverse as alcoholism, relationships, the pain of living on community support and the terrifying importance of family relationships, Alexie allows the reader to enter into another world built of reality with a little bit of magic thrown in. Yet these stories are not simple formulaic creations, they ebb and flow with pain and joy, digging directly into the heart of what makes people human and why humanity is driven to such acts of beauty and destructiveness.

One of the reasons for the power of Alexie's work is in its background. Alexie, a Spokane/Coeur d'Alene Indian, sets his universal truths amidst the boiling kettle of the Spokane Indian Reservation. His stories, which are not simply stories about Native

Americans but about every human, erupt in a setting where pain and joy are directly linked and honesty is a treasured commodity. Through characters like Victor, the child who crawls

between his parents when they are sleeping, hoping to absorb some of the alcohol seeping through their skins, and Thomas Builds-The-Fire, a young eccentric who tells stories to anyone who will listen, Alexie constructs a damaged world which is a perfect reflection of the world in which we live every day.

The most interesting facet of reading *The Lone Ranger And Tonto Fistfight In Heaven* is related to the fact that it was recently adapted to the screen. *Smoke Signals*, which was released in summer 1998, is a movie which was adapted from this collection by Alexie himself. It won several awards at the Sundance Film Festival and has been widely regarded as a breakthrough film, both because of its quality and its content. For anyone who has seen it, *Lone Ranger and Tonto* is a wonderful expansion on the characters and storyline, and for those who haven't seen it, *Lone Ranger and Tonto* is a wonderful introduction to both the movie and the rest of Alexie's writing.



Rainer Maria

Tonight!
Nov. 16
8:00 p.m.
Kirk
Building
\$3

Rainer Maria is a trio from Madison, Wisc., that combines beautiful guitar melodies with male and female vocals over thrashy drums. Lyrics include "I'm certain if I drive into those trees, it would make less of a mess than you've made of me." Their 1999 album *Look Now Look Again* has made many people's indie rock album of the year list.

Rainer Maria will be playing tonight, Tuesday, Nov. 16 in Kirk Building. Show starts at 8:00 p.m. Cost is \$3.00. Sponsored by Campus Music Collective.

Book teaches charm, poise and "womanliness"

Charm and Poise for Getting Ahead

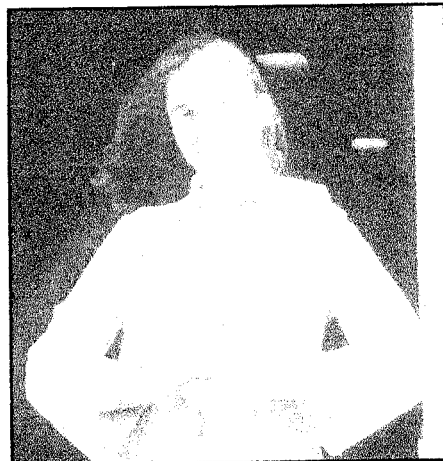
written by Ruth Tolman

review by | Lori Vaughn

Perhaps the most exciting part of the library is they have so many books. So so so many. Old, new, on any topic. They even have eight aisles of books relating to sex! Aren't you excited about that?

Nevertheless, sometimes I wonder if maybe, just maybe, they have too many books. (Gasp!) I think it may be true and I have evidence. Head over to aisle RA, around 778, and near the bottom of the shelf is a book entitled *Charm and Poise for Getting Ahead*, by Ruth Tolman. I had not set out looking for a book like this. I was only attracted by the women on the cover. They seemed to be glowing with something I couldn't put my finger on, but that I now know to be the real reason women advance in the corporate world. Now that I have read this book's invaluable contents, I really don't know where I would be in this world without it.

This book can basically be summed up by its forward, "The Importance of Charm In Today's Business World." The author talks about the importance of charm and a good personality in the business world and how you can gain that extra boost of confidence that will help you be your best on the



After reading *Charm and Poise for Getting Ahead*

job. She then goes on to list, Declaration of Independence-like, all the qualities a man finds attractive in a woman, such as "easy on the eyes,"

"feminine, tender, kind and thoughtful," and "dependent." And what is the sum of all these traits? Why, it's "sex appeal" of course! Ms. Tolman goes on to explain how to acquire this oh-so-important quality for the business world.

Now that I have this knowledge, I don't know how I have ever gotten a job, or even made friends. I've been doing everything wrong! For example, let's look at Chapter Nine, "Sitting." I will never again "fanny-reach" when I go to sit down, oh no! Instead, I have committed myself to only use the "T" or "S" approach, because I know how important my sitting method is to any potential employer (or husband, for that matter!).

This book is so wonderful, not only for its helpfulness on the basics, but for its attention to the really important details that so many of us overlook... like correct stooping and reaching technique in the office, and the proper eye exercises. Up, down, up, down, left, right, left, right, and (the hardest of all) upper left, lower right, upper left, lower right. Whee!

I seriously don't know how I can recommend this book enough. Before I read this, I was a lowly, dumpy, fashion-illiterate slob. But now, with all my knowledge on handbags, face types, my most flattering lines and the correct smoking technique, I exude that "womanliness expressed in a happy face, a modulated voice and graceful movements." That's right, I have sex appeal!

Listener connects with Etheridge

Melissa Etheridge
Breakdown
Universal Music

review by | Kristen Crenshaw

"So you're having a breakdown. So you're losing the fight." This has been my life this week. Thankfully, it was also the week I got Melissa Etheridge's new album, nicely titled *Breakdown*. Above are a few lines out of the title song, and, like that song, every other one has some meaning to it. Maybe the meaning is just for me, or maybe others will see it too.

I got the CD, brought it home and played it. After one run, it has become my favorite CD I have decided it is because of songs like "Breakdown" and "Stronger Than Me" that I really like it. I listened to "Mama I'm Strange" and connected with what she was saying. The songs on this album are all smooth. I could sit there and listen to them over again.



When I got to track eight, I had to repeat it and listen again. The lyrics say "...your crimson blood, seep into a nation, calling up a flood. Of narrow minds, legislate. Thinly veiled in tolerance, bigotry and hate. But they tortured you and burned you, they beat you and they tied you, they left you cold and breathing, for love they crucified you..." I couldn't understand why those words meant so much to me. So I looked in the booklet and at the beginning it says "Scarecrow" is dedicated to the memory of Matthew Shepard, and his family and friends. There, I understood.

Just one word of advice if interested in the CD. As of last week, *Breakdown* was selling in two cases: a cardboard one, and the normal crystal case. For the cardboard case, it is a buck less, and you get three extra songs. It was a hard choice for me, as I don't

Live's new album rocks

Live

The Distance to Here
Radioactive Records

review by | Kristen Crenshaw

I went out and bought this CD, and as I was driving home, I realized I had bought it for one song. I hated to do that; if I didn't like it, I had wasted \$15 on one song. I was very disappointed in myself. I bought it for "The Dolphin's Cry," which is a cool song. It has the ability to get in your head like "Lightning Crashes" and stay there, but in a good way. Not like annoying commercial songs like "Hello Kitty."



I was not disappointed in the CD though; every song is one I listen to. They have nice beats. They are the kind of songs that, turned up real loud, rock, and a little

softer, lull me into the words, and before I know it I have been sitting there for over an hour listening to every song. And it's like I just sat down. That's how I think of good CDs anyway. If I listen to them and don't sense the amount of time that has passed.

It's hard to pick and choose just one song that is better than others are. In fact, I doubt if I could. I just know I turn it up real loud for "The Dolphin's Cry" and "We Walk in the Dream."

Ignore the pretensions, listen to the music

Fiona Apple

When the Pawn Hits the Conflict 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

review by | Matthew Webber

If you read the title enough times you start to hear its meter. But you might never understand what it means or why Fiona Apple chose it. An artistic statement? Maybe. Artistic pretension? Probably. If you shorten the title to *When the Pawn*, it still sounds ridiculous, like some art school dropout's prose.

Fiona, Fiona. What was she thinking? She should have let her music speak for itself. Titles aside, her new album is phenomenal. But the critics give more column space to discussing her pretensions. I guess she learned nothing from her MTV Video Music Awards speech.

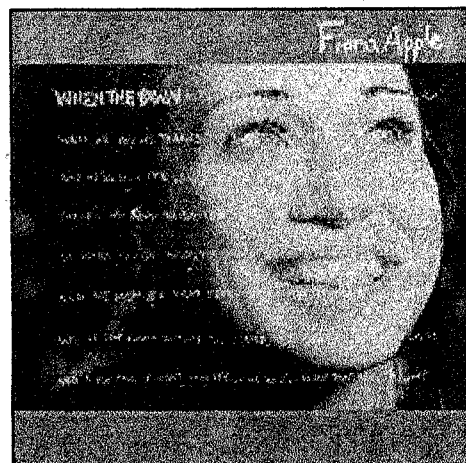
And in condemning her title I'm ignoring her music, which, dammit, is good, is really, really good. But when the critic hits pretensions, he thinks of little else.

I'm listening to her music as I write this review. I'm finding it hard to concentrate on typing. I frequently stop to listen to a lyric, to savor her voice or a just-right piano chord. When she sings, "You can use my skin, to bury secrets in," the words, the sounds, implant in my brain. She uses my ears to bury her secrets.

And how I long to listen!

Her lyrics are confessions and we're the Catholic priests. We can read these confessions aloud as poetry, something you can't do, say, with the poetry of Jewel. This is no surprise if you read *Tidal*'s lyrics, but on this, her second album, it's the *lines* that kiss your ears. When she sings "You're all I need" over and over, she doesn't just sing it, she testifies. The poetry is simple, not too profound. But when she sings it with that voice, that husky, jazz-club voice, the effect is desperation.

The music itself is as poignant as the lyrics. It's sexier, jazzier and sadder than *Tidal*. Fiona plants her notes in the most perfect places, allowing them to grow into something



sad and beautiful. The piano cries. Fiona pleads. Her backup band tends what Fiona has planted, adding the roses to Fiona's thorns.

But if there was no band and it was just Fiona, the songs on this album would remain just as powerful. I can imagine them on some out-of-tune piano, with Fiona Apple singing on a rainy afternoon. I can imagine them on a warped, dusty record, with the scratches and the skips enhancing their impact.

But most of all, I imagine her voice, seducing a jazz club on a cold winter night. The patrons forget about their drinks and listen. Her voice dips and raises and tickles their ears, lower than any woman's voice should be. And then she'll hit the high notes and wrap the words around her tongue, owning the lyrics, the melody, the room. It's a voice more mature than her 22 years, a voice even stronger than it was on her debut. It's sexy and emotive. It commands you to listen. I hear no pretensions in that voice, only talent.

Writer reviews his own review

This review

written by Paul Kingston

review by | Paul Kingston

Well overall, I think I'll have to give this review two thumbs down. I guess the concept is decent, but it just doesn't go anywhere. And the writing is terrible. I think I counted at least fifteen sentences that began with the word "and." And that line about the Special Olympics. It's just offensive. And it doesn't even fit, it just comes out of nowhere. And the review is so wishy-washy. I wish the author would just make up his mind.

But maybe I'm not giving this review a chance. There are good parts to this review. At the very least, it makes some good points. And it probably isn't an easy thing to pull off. Sure, the conclusion's a bit lacking, but sometimes you just have to think of the review as a whole. You know, the more I think about it, the more I think I like this review. I'm not sure exactly what it is I like about it, I just think it's kind of funny. And it is a good idea.

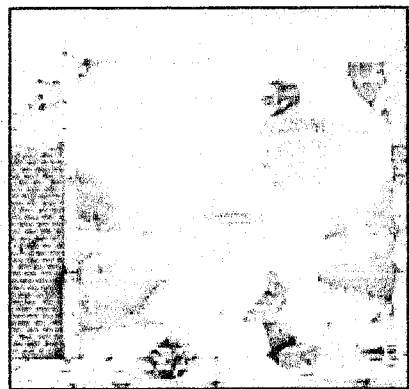
Wait a minute! This review sucks. It's just eight paragraphs of pure bullshit. I mean, really, you could probably train borderline-retarded monkeys to write this crap. And that bit about

"Sure, the conclusion's a bit lacking, but blah blah blah." The conclusion isn't just lacking, it's non-existent. The review just stops, mid sentence. And the review isn't even accurate. I doubt the author even bothered to read the damn article he was reviewing. I just wonder how the author can sleep at night, knowing he brought into existence such a giant piece of crap.

Oh, by the way, what's better than winning five gold medals at the Special Olympics? Being able to walk.

On the other hand, I guess I could see how a person might like this article. I wouldn't say it's inaccurate, as much as it is, just exaggerated. And it's balanced, if nothing else. And I do like the way it creates kind of a dialogue with itself. Sure, it has its flaws, but what doesn't? You might say the article is too vague, but I'd say it's much more specific than many of the supposedly "good" people we elect to public office every year.

No, this review is just terrible. It physically pains me just to know it exists, much less read it. And the way it continuously tries to justify itself is just irritating. But what's done is done. I can't change the fact that this review is a mountain of manure. The best I can do is just stop this madness that should never have started.



FROM THE
BARGAIN BIN

Elton John

Goodbye Yellow Brick Road
Rocket
1973

review by | Matthew Webber

The 17 songs on *Goodbye Yellow Brick Road* are a far cry from the VHI-sanctioned ballads that have defined Elton John's career in the 90s. The piano playing and the singing are flashy and flamboyant, the sounds of Sir Elton at his piano-pumping best. As I listen to the album, I can't help but picture him in those outlandish hats and glasses he used to wear, sweating onto his piano bench and keys and belting out these songs at the top of his voice.

The singles on the album are as good as I remembered them. There's "Candle in the Wind" with its sweet, lilting melody (back it when it was "Norma Jean" instead of "English Rose"). There's the pounding riff of "Bennie and the Jets," with its lyrical homage to "electric boots and a mohair suit" and Elton John's falsetto. There's the poignant title track with its desire to return home. There's "Saturday Night's Alright for Fighting," and one or two more songs that I've heard on different classic rock and easy listening radio stations.

What surprised me was how good the other songs are. (I bought the album about a month ago on a whim, as part of a BMG buy-

one-get-three-free deal.) The album is 76.23 long, without a single second of boring music. The energy builds on "Funeral for a Friend" and continues to thrive until the very end of "Harmony." Sir Elton flails away at his piano and organ, creating vibrant melodies with his lightning-quick fingers.

The songs are glittery 70s pop, with a healthy dose of rock and a shot of rhythm and blues. The album has that classic feel of other late 70s albums, like The Eagles' *Hotel California*, Fleetwood Mac's *Rumors*, and Meatloaf's *Bat Out of Hell*. It shares with these albums the same glossy sound, with a dark, jaded undertone hidden underneath. The instruments are fuzzy, while somehow, at the same time, crisp and clean.

GYBR's lyrics, written by Bernie Taupin, share common themes with their 70s brethren. Money and success cannot buy love. There must be something different, something better to strive for. The songs expose the decadence and the subsequent disenchantment of the period, and they do so with a sense of humor and charm.

With six to eight reviews each issue, it's the paper that fills your review quota and more. But if you don't like what you see here, come to the Monitor meetings! Write for us!

Tuesdays and Thursdays

9:00 p.m. OP 115A

We will actually print them. Yeah.

Grassy spaces improve life

opinion by | Kevin Diaz Bryan

I've come to think a lot about the recently opened space behind Violette Hall in the past few weeks. Most astonishing to me is a single place near to the hall itself. Look behind Violette Hall and you will see that a new parking lot stands next to a neatly cared for expanse of curved patches of grass and paths leading to the hall. This placement of a functional space next to such an aesthetic walking environment begs the question, what where they thinking putting a parking lot in there?

Hear me out. Sure, there are a great many people, mostly anyone who owns a car and visits our fair campus, who've complained incessantly about a lack of parking spaces. Well, what about a lack of beauty?

I, for one, applaud the University's decision to make half of the Violette back area into an artful blend of grassy spaces and strangely curved pathways. Whine all you like about "efficiency" and "lack of parking," the University knows what liberal art students really need, and that's a sense of serenity in an otherwise secular world. By forcing students who would otherwise rush to Violette to walk calmly across the nigh-on circular path, the area forces them to consider the circular profundity of life itself, obviously what the University had in mind upon designing this artistic opus. The simple green of the grass holds an entire universe for the open student to admire. The contrast with the supposedly "functional" parking space across the way is an astonishing connection. Such division both enhances the division between the mundane and the spiritual as it destroys it. The concrete cylinders are silent watchdogs between the artistic and the practical, an obvious homage to the spiritual totems of Easter Island. The bicycle racks, placed so near to the grassy display as to emphasize the closer relationship between the cyclist to nature than the car driver -- it works on so many levels I'm left in awe with each passing glance.

I suppose the automobile-obsessed among us never once thought about how losing a parking space and having it replaced with a serene field of perfectly-mown grass would improve their lives. They'd have to walk an extra few feet, or miles or what have you, a distance they could spend admiring the lush natural splendor the University has provided for them. This, I feel, is the point of the half and half nature of the grass and the parking lot environ, undeniably a work of art.

Even so, as much as I admire the University's willingness to attract new students with their bold artistry, I disdain their capitulation to add a parking lot at all. Despite all of you out there arguing that they need more spaces to park their petty automobiles, I stand by art. The University should have added more grass and aesthetically pleasing pathways, alongside perhaps a few trees or tasteful flower gardens. A Zen rock garden would have been perfect to soothe the anger of all the materialists out there, frustrated that they couldn't park their carbon monoxide emitting monstrosities closer to class, classes, by the way, that should be teaching these driving types to reject such petty conveniences. Do you think a school as lofty as Truman State University would stoop to encouraging their ways? No! The University only tolerates their loud, cacophonous voices because they understand that many students have not yet been enlightened as to the superiority of nature and aesthetics to so-called "practicality."

A word of advice to my beloved University: Don't further encourage these Philistines! If you add more parking spaces you'll give prospective students the impression that TSU cares more about cars and convenience for lazy Philistines than beauty itself! You certainly don't want that! Beyond the obvious reasons, such an encouragement of car lovers would only end in a vicious cycle. Imagine: Boorish "students," thinking they'd have room for their precious vehicles would come along to ruin this school, smug in their ease of transportation to and fro. Meanwhile, true liberal art students would be left to go mad amidst flat, functional mazes of cars, their sophisticated and artistic temperaments spat upon. Ignore those who demand parking spaces, my good University people! Keep the arts in the liberal arts institution! Up with beauty! Up with art! Up with curved concrete paths and grassy areas!

One last note to my proprietors of this beloved "Harvard of the Midwest" I, and so many other students like me, are willing to forgive your plebeian gesture to the "pro-car" faction if you decide to perhaps paint the parking lot in an abstract manner that communicates your glorious dedication to the sublime. Failing that, you could perhaps block off three-fourths of the space behind Centennial to create a permanent forum for interpretive dance, in keeping with your wondrous TSU spirit. Again, to you all I say BRAVO!

Someone will find your porn

story by | Scott Saculla

It's happened to many of us, and if it hasn't happened to you, you dread the day it will. The day somebody finds your porn. Well quit worrying. Having your porn found has its upside. It can keep you from being arrested, get rid of an unwanted roommate or, at the very least, give you a good story for the grandkids.

I have, after at least 20 minutes of research, amassed two such stories to help you be ready for that inevitable day when someone finds your porn. And the names have been changed because I felt like it.

Porn Story #1 (Breakin' the law)

Bruce Phallus was driving back to Kirksville with his girlfriend Demi Score. As Mr. Phallus had a lead foot he was pulled over, and the officer felt it was necessary to search Bruce and Demi, as well as their car. Eventually, said officer came upon a small cooler. Inside of this cooler, Mr. Phallus had a pair of stolen kidneys cleverly hidden under a small stack of porn (cause everyone knows that once a cop sees porn, the search is over).

Now, when the cop asked what was in this cooler, it put Bruce in quite a predicament. After all, Bruce didn't want Demi to see his porn collection. But he had no real choice, so he said, "Aww, there's just a bunch of porn, see." Then he opened the cooler. Upon seeing the top mag, *Mistress of the Stables*, Demi's jaw dropped like Bob Dole when he runs out of Viagra. After a quick glance at the cover, which depicted a scantily clad woman leading a horse into a cheap

hotel, the cop was seized with a bad case of the giggles. Between laughs, he told Bruce he could go, forgetting even to write a ticket.

Bruce and Demi rode the last two hours back to Kirksville in complete silence.

Porn Story #2 (Every rose has its thorn)

Jamie Lee Spurtis thought she had found the perfect roommate when she met Spunky Brewster. They could sit and talk for hours. Spunky never complained when she stumbled drunkenly into the room at three in the morning, the night before a big test. And Jamie could always count on Spunky to help her cram the night before a big test.

Then, one fateful day, Jamie was getting ready for a nooner with her boyfriend, Tom Spanks, and found out that she was out of condoms. So Jamie figured she'd just borrow one from Spunky. But when Jamie searched for Spunky's little latex lids, she found instead a magazine entitled *Chicks on Chixxx*.

Jamie wanted no part of this, but Tom was drawn to the porn like a Catholic girl to the backseat of a Nova. After flipping a few pages, they both discovered that this particular issue had been customized. Jamie and Spunky's faces had been carefully pasted over the faces of the girls in every pictorial.

Jamie moved out in a fit of Homophobia, and never spoke to Spunky again.

Now, I will leave you with this last bit of advice: hide your porn under your mattress. Nobody really wants to find it and that's where they figure you'll hide it.

it's not too late to write for
the monitor this millenium. We
meet every tuesday and
thursday at 9:00 p.m. in op 115a.

We are always looking for new
writers, artists, etc.

Of course, we'll need people
for the next millenium, too,
assuming we all survive the
apocalypse.

NIGHT MONITOR, from page 1

He advises his monitors to thoroughly check IDs and make sure those signing in write their full name. He cautions his monitors to be alert most of all, particularly on "weekends and Wednesday nights when you have the most problems with drunk students" and because of the recent attacks on campus. He wants his monitors to remember "you're guarding a building of 500 people." A difference between these two halls lies in Dobson's night monitors having the ability to document students, while in Ryle, only the SA's have that duty.

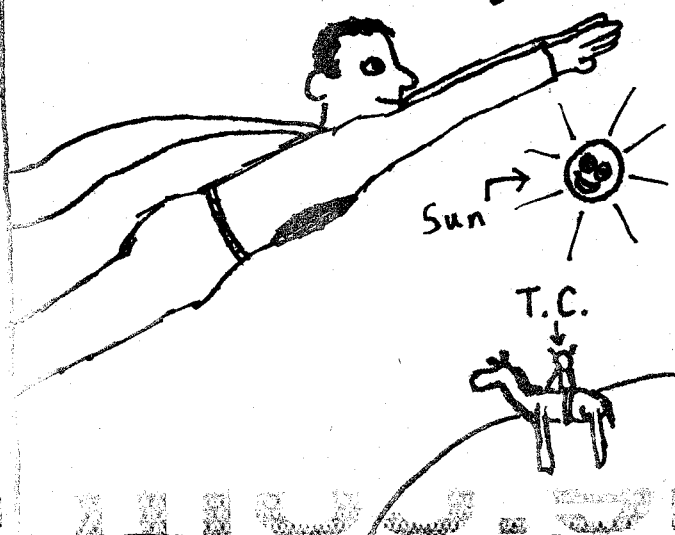
Blanton-Nason night monitor Jennifer Ballew feels she has been properly trained for her position, although she doesn't believe it is too hard of a job. She also commented on a new rule she had just received requiring night monitors only to sign people in. "That's a rule that we just found out about tonight, so I guess it's brand new." The night monitor in Missouri, when approached for questions, was sleeping.

Students are varied in their reactions to the night monitors. Freshman Leah Sherman sees some night monitors as being too careful. She cites a certain night monitor who she sees and talks to often, yet who still insists on seeing her ID every night. Sophomore John Ebel believes his night monitors do a good job in Centennial. "If someone really wanted to do something wrong, like pull a fire alarm, they could just hang out in the bathroom for two hours. The problem is not that the night monitors are letting people like that in."

Other students have seen quite contrary situations. One girl has even been asked to watch a night monitor's station while he went inside to use the rest room, even though she didn't know what to do or what color sticker to even look for. Overall, the feeling on campus is that even though most of the night monitors are doing their job well, they *all* need to know their duties and responsibilities to avoid any safety problems that could occur on Truman's campus.

Trouble Cat's "Super" Adventure

Superman will foil Trouble Cat's nefarious horse ranching scheme!



By J. and C.



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story by | **Tiberius Waltman**

It is a recorded fact that since the Department of Public Safety acquired the usage of firearms, the death toll on Truman State University has risen 78 percent.

The corner of Franklin and Normal, where one may find the Department of Public Safety Building, has been nicknamed by students as Hell's Gate due to the excessive degree of violence recent times have seen.

Initially, I found myself indifferent to the allowance of DPS officers to use Glock weapons. This lasted until one evening, as I walked home from a long day of work and a DPS officer apprehended me from behind.

"Freeze!" he shouted, pointing his loaded weapon at me. I froze. My life flashed before my eyes. "Gotcha," laughed the officer. "Pretty funny, huh?" When I realized that this was an officer and not a thug, I relaxed and said that no, it wasn't funny at all. The officer said I had no sense of humor. I called him an asshole. He threatened to arrest me.

This might go overlooked, were it not for further evidence. On a different occasion, in a building which will likewise remain anonymous, I espied one DPS officer -- apparently frustrated at not receiving his soda can from the soda machine -- began yelling expletives and firing at the soda machine. "Who's laughing now, asshole?" shouted the DPS officer. "WHO'S LAUGHING NOW!?"

Last, but not least, rumor mentions several instances where DPS officers have apprehended random Truman Students, or-

It is apparent from these horrible instances that the problem we face here at Truman State University is not in allowing DPS officers the use of firearms, but rather the DPS officers themselves.

Statistics show that college campuses without any organized form of public safety units are, in reality, 93 percent safer than college campuses with public safety units.

I, for one, am deeply offended that the administration feels the need to hire trained officers to "keep the order" on this campus. As competent, knowledge-seeking adults we are all capable of maintaining our own order, and, as such, the existence of DPS is merely an insult to the respectability of each student attending Truman State University.

That is why I propose to all of you that we begin to indulge in the irresponsibility that has been branded on our school. Buy up all the firearms in Kirksville. Rob your neighbor. Shoot your classmates. Get drunk and take your friends out for a drive-by shooting this weekend. Make DPS use those damn guns.

The allowance of DPS officers to use firearms is a conspiracy, a mere form of oppression to keep us down in a false net of security. These officers, trained enforcers of the law, obviously want nothing more than to spread mayhem and blaze the campus with gunfire. I beseech you, riot!Petition!Write copious letters to Student Senate and demand that they take away our safety!This is your campus, and furthermore your life You have the right to live in fear.

Let the
stars be
your guide!



The Queen

Aries (March 21-April 20): It's time for you to shine like the rock'n'roll star you are. Keep on playing those tribal beats.

Taurus (April 21-May 22): Next time you meet someone from Tulsa, put them into an Okla-coma. I think you know what I mean.

Gemini (May 23-June 21): It's vanilla, not banilla!

Cancer (June 22-July 24): You'll soon discover the virtues of a good ice cream sandwich. Scorpio and Taurus featured.

Leo (July 25-August 23): Don't poop in the tub (or so says Gallagher).

Virgo (August 24-September 23): Before you make your next trip to the store, remember, last time you fought the law, the law won.

Libra (September 24-

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*.

October 23): You'll soon discover what the "cat's meow" really is. Seek and ye shall find.

Scorpio (October 24–November 22): When you're at the dollar store, pick yourself up some hair. You'll be the hit of the next party.

Sagittarius (November 23-December 21): What is the key to happiness? Leopard print.

Capricorn (December 22-January 20): You're sitting on a rainbow. You got the world on a string and you've got that string around your finger. Hey now, hey now.

Aquarius (January 21-February 19): You want you some? Come getcha some.

Pisces (February 20-March 20): Keep working on that pinewood race car. Persistence pays off.

Special White Space: This Special White Space is dedicated to those about to rock. We salute you!

THE **DODGE** C.H.R.O.N.I.C.L.E.S

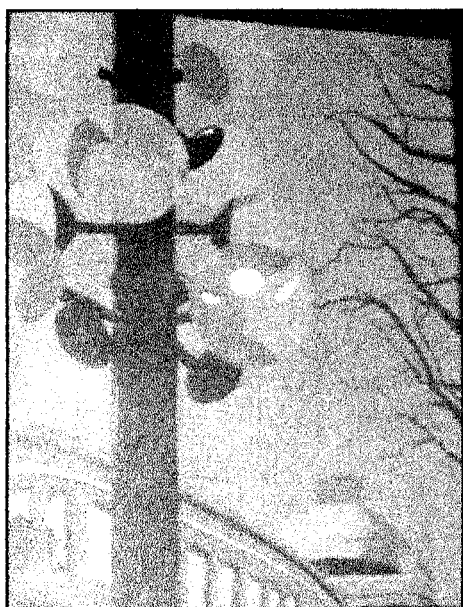
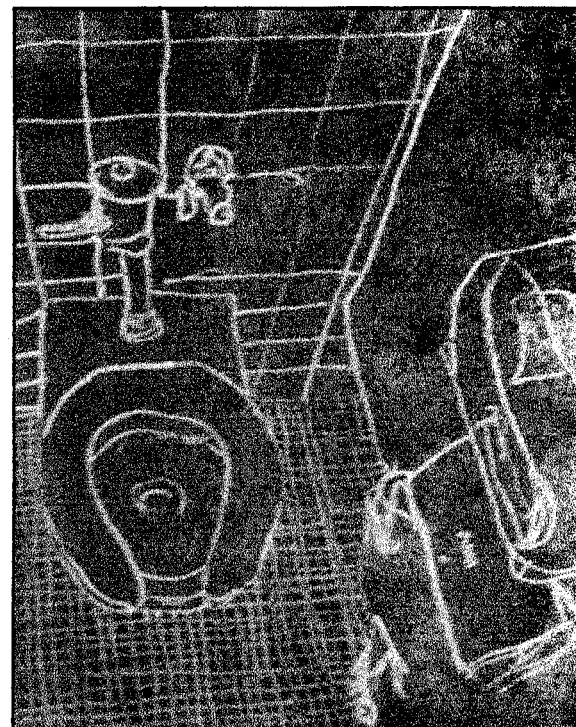


Vandalized Painting:

No image was shown of Kjell Hahn's painting that vandals attacked last week. The art page proudly displays this controversial painting.



"Toilet"
Amanda Bunyard
Monotype



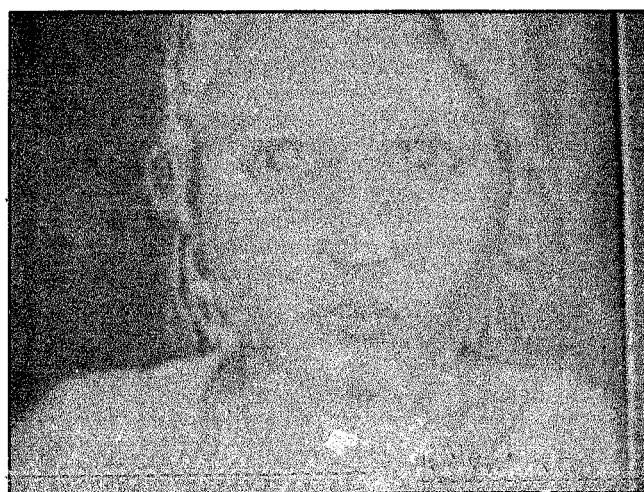
"Boston"
Megan Kathol
Acrylic



(Above)
"Gothic Cathedral"
Tom Witzofsky
Intaglio



"Interest Cockleshell of Hepatitis"
Jim Kuehnle
Ink wash



(Below)
"Self Portrait"
Nancy Lamon
Graphite Drawing

ART+ page

Student art is on display in Washington Java Co. Art submissions are accepted for bi-weekly shows. Artists may be contacted and additional information obtained through Java Co.



"Stuffed Bird"
Juddah Fansler
Lithography

A POEM WITHIN A POEM:

October 13

Someone kept calling tonight and not saying anything. I sat on my porch at midnight. A man with a black umbrella walked the brick streets, talking to himself. Something about Orion seemed out of place, and Mars looked brighter than it should. The crickets were squeezing a swan song through the cold October air...and I was thinking of someone. So I wrote a poem about stars and frogs:

I DEFY YOU FROGS

Windows opened
on October and night.
I see stars, and hear frogs,
and I link them in my mind:
Stars — Frogs
though they are nothing to each other.

You sleep next to me.

We were nothing,
nothing to each other.
But alone my mind knits
an emergent love
from these rags of random humanity.
And you pulse through my thoughts,
as precise as blood and time.

Now it's only in your arms
that the boiling core
bleeds red through the mantle,
only through your voice
that death exhales a held breath.
In the moment I pass through you
and hourglass wobbles and tilts,
the shrieking wind thins in the trees,
the pulse of oceans pause
and rise above the sleeping.

You sleep next to me in my mind.

The blank stares of stars,
comatose in the window
of October and night,
blink and see us.

—Christy Franke

Fireflies

it's one a.m. and i am bathed in pale blue light
from my 13" tv
the flickering reminds me of fireflies
i used to love to catch them
feel the flutter against my fingers
cupped tightly
my mom used to torture them
when she was young
with her sisters
she made them into rings
twisting their glowing bodies
disfigured—beautiful.

—Mollie Hoffman

Taken III

The pain came while I was singing
my mind shorted out, fizzled
and I was unconscious
then awake again, hearing the music
it made the pain inside my ribcage seem foreign
as I swayed in time to my breathing
my mother drove me to a hospital
in her luxury car
I rested my forehead against the glass
the pain was all over inside me,
putting pressure against my spine
exhausted, I watched the condensation
on the glass from my breath
small lung patterns fluttering like veined things
and soon there were nurses around me
and the hypodermic needles clinked around me
like windchimes
pain shots, there was a burn
CLUTCH
cold in my veins
(and I heard the surgeons, silent as priests)
a mask on my face, a drug in my lungs
a quiet place formed inside my head where I could rest.
I saw the curtains swaying...
They were so beautiful.

—Megan Wampler

My Back Pages...

Reaching Out

Life comes breathing out of houses at sunset,
One long exhalation that fogs up the horizon—
A chilly froth of blue on orange and red.
I turn lonely from my descent of First Street,
And stand immersed in the cold grip of the door—
The stoic brute denying me its scorn or concern.

My heart pounds me up set of stairs,
A yawning spanse of mildewed carpet,
Red and thinned by the tread of leafy feet.
The walls—crusted with grey smudges
From hands of all heights—record
Life nakedly on a smooth canvas.

Laughing, candied palms;
Arthritic, swollen palms;
Anxious, lovers' palms—
Climb the stairs with me.
They reach out rhetorically,
Falling useless at my side.

—Heather R. Fester

nude ascending a staircase

the recovering depressive admired the view from the top of the world:

"i don't mind walking in the cold anymore
because i've realized there's warmth in me.
and when i see my breath turn cloudy in front of me as i walk
i don't care, cause it's only hot air."

not a turtle dove among doves. the embers of my emperor's new clothes blew away.

"and when i stumble once again
i can pick myself up;
and when i see you again
remind me to thank you for the key to the stairs."

—Neil Brown

It's almost the end of the semester; make sure that the poetry you've worked so hard on doesn't go unnoticed. All submissions go to *The Monitor* mailbox in the CAOC.