

The Monitor

A Campus Collective

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

Fine Arts Division scraps photography major

by Ken Noto

The Fine Arts Division decided to end the photography major Wednesday, Nov. 17, after a long discussion among visual arts faculty members. Students cannot enroll for the photography major after this semester.

Visual arts professor Edward McEndarfer said that 14 visual arts faculty members discussed the issue for a year at regular Wednesday meetings, but he did not invite any students to the meetings.

"As far as I know," he said, "There were no students around."

Among visual arts faculty members, the photography professor, Ruth Adams, said she did not participate in the discussion.

"I was not involved in the decision making process," Adams said. "I knew some discussions were going on, but I didn't know about the decision until the last Wednesday."

McEndarfer said the decision reflects the digitization trend in the professional photography field.

According to the decision, the new fine arts building, which is currently under construction, will have a smaller size photo lab.

After already-enrolled photography students graduate, the current photo lab in Barnett Hall will move to the new lab. McEndarfer said he expects this moving process to take about two years.

To adjust to the digitization trend, the visual arts program will incorporate the photography major into its computerized design courses.

"I do not understand why any educational institution would foid a photography program or visual arts majors," said Richard Weisgrau, Executive Director of the American Society for Magazine Photographers. "It will be a long time before digital cameras can capture the detail now contained in the average 35 mm transparency or negative."

Though he said it is understandable to reduce the number of color photo developers, he said computers cannot replace conventional developing facilities for black and white film.

Michael Fulks, editor of online magazine *Oppose Photo Magazine*, said there is digitization trend in a professional photography field.

"Almost all of our contributors digitize their images to send them to me and in between adjust contrast and sharpness, size, etc," Fulks said.

Fulks also said 75 percent of the images the magazine uses were taken originally on film

and developed in labs.

Although McEndarfer said the digitization trend was the only reason to end photography major, Fine Arts division head Robert Jones, who made the final decision, said the need to decide what will be in the new fine arts building also affected the decision.

Jones, who is also a chair of the Fine Arts building committee, said the construction was delayed last year because of the delay in the designing. Architects and Fine Arts faculty members made the final design of the new building at the beginning of this year.

The reaction to the decision has yet to begin on the campus community.

"I didn't even think about it, but I don't think it will be big for us," David Fortney, advisor of the University Echo yearbook, said. "Because not all of our staff are photo majors and we have a couple of freelancers who work with us."

The yearbook is one of the University publications hiring most of the photographers. Students seem to accept the decision.

"I don't really care about it," Jessica Jackson, a member of the Photo Club, said. "I'm not a photo major. I'm doing photography just for hobby."

Series of one-acts offer student talent, mixed bag

story by Jesse Pasley

This past Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the University community was treated to a series of one-act plays in the Little Theater of Baldwin Hall. The styles of the plays varied greatly, from the comedic to the strangely metaphoric, dealing with everything from women and achievement to sexuality and ethnicity. These plays not only dealt with a number of topics, but also showcased student talent.

Friday night's showing featured three plays: *Uncommon Women*, *The Philadelphia* and *Loss of Memory*. *Uncommon Women* focused on the lives of five women, as they search for achievement and liberation. The roles of these women were expertly acted and the play itself wasn't too shabby, though a reference to tasting menstrual blood irked me just a slight bit. *The Philadelphia* centered in on two men, one experiencing "a Philadelphia" (where you can't get what you ask for) and another experiencing "a Los Angeles" (where anything that happens really doesn't matter to you). While this might, through explanation, seem like a rather silly and trite play, it wasn't. In fact, it was probably the funniest play of the whole series.

However, it was probably the last play of Friday night that really caught people off-guard.

Loss of Memory told the story of two gay men, one Israeli and one American, and of the American's internal conflict between his set of morals and lust for companionship. But beyond the relationship between just the two men, there is also the broader look at homosexuality, persecution and persecution by the persecuted. Because the two actors were nude for much of the play, there was quite a bit of pressure on these two, yet they managed to pull it off; success under fire.

Saturday night's offering, though it had as much a variety as Friday night, turned out to be a mixed bag. The first play, *The Prodigal Son*, seemed to be a parody of a biblical tale. However, by the end of the act, I couldn't decide what the play was trying to say. Don't get me wrong, the actors in the play did their thing right, but when the play calls for "C'mon N' Ride It (The Train)" to be played, its really hard to separate the play from a high school pep rally. The second play, *Black and White*, was equally confusing. Taking a more metaphorical approach, the play set up a conflict the actress dressed in white. The white seemed to represent ignorance and purity, while black seemed to represent knowledge of the world's pain. While this seems like a simple enough setup, I couldn't tell exactly which side I was supposed to be cheering for in my head, or even if I was supposed to. However, despite the confusion that the first two plays offered, the next two offered something a little more straightforward. The first of these, *Linda Her*, centered on a misanthropic bitch-type who wants to leave her husband and child. The play was tense, strange, and at a few points, disturbingly funny. However, the big winner of the night was *For Whom the Southern Belle Tolls*. While the play really didn't really push any brain buttons, it was funny and slightly psychotic all at the same time. Central to this play is a most dysfunctional family, comprised of a mother who still follows the ways of the Old South, her sickly son who collects cocktail stirring rods, and her other son, who is fed up with life with his family. Throw in a near-deaf lesbian and let wacky hijinks ensue.

Overall, these plays were put together well and really showcased the talent of the student body. And surprisingly, these plays attracted audiences so big that the line extended all the way across Baldwin Hall, a sign enough to tell me that appreciation of the arts is alive and well on campus.

Our apologies to Thursday night's performers. *The Monitor* was unable to attend.

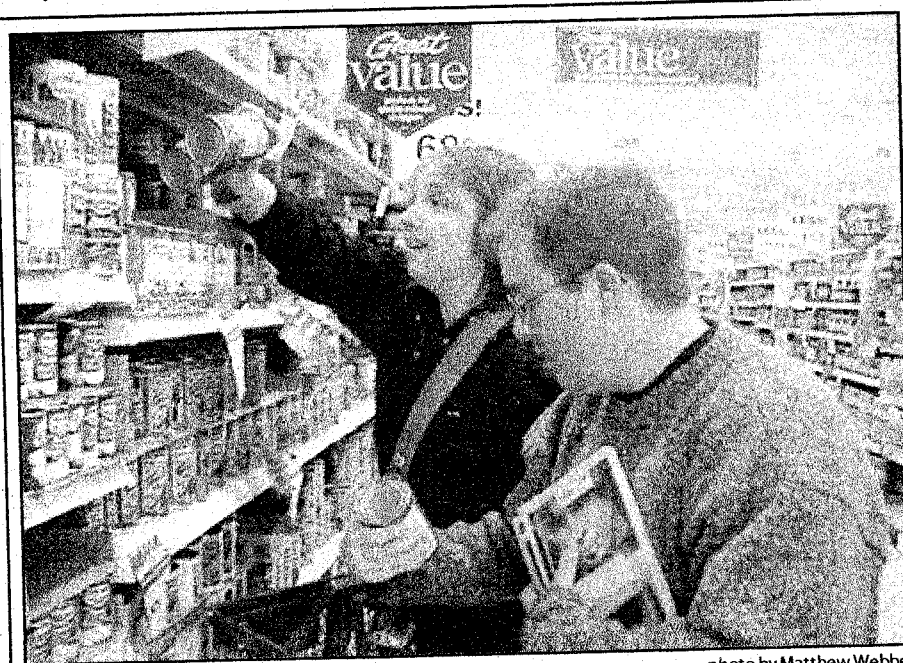


photo by Matthew Webber

With only 24 days until Y2K wreaks havoc upon the world, *Monitor* editors panic to snatch up the essentials for survival — canned goods and four copies of the Chris Gaines album.

C O N T E N T S

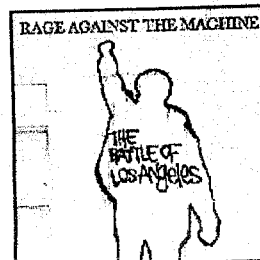


Cellphones make their users look fake, not important. Opinion on page 5.



The *Monitor* celebrates all that is nerdy. Two-page nerd tribute on pages 8 and 9.

Rage Against The Machine combines anthemic rock'n'roll with astute social commentary. Review on page 10.



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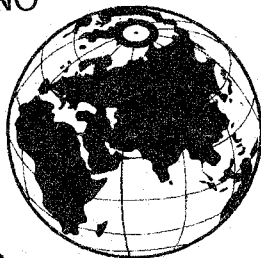
Subscriptions are available to out of towners — you just pay for postage. Send a check or money order for \$7 to the address above for a semester's worth of *Monitors*. That's really cheap, huh?

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



EYEBALL!

Applications for the International Student Exchange Program (ISEP) are due in the Center for International Education Abroad NO LATER than January 24, 2000.



Application packets must be complete by this date in order to receive consideration for placement in the Fall semester/academic year 2000-2001.

Applications packets may be picked up in the Center for International Education Abroad in Kirk Building Room 120.

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07 December 1999

letters

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Monitor,
That was so
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A.D.

Send complaints or praise to the mailbox in the CAOC
or e-mail us at monitortrm@hotmail.com

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

Thanks for the coverage, Monitor!

Dear Monitor,
Thanks for the front-page story on Shan Goshorn's lecture. The story was an accurate description of her message, one that really needs to be heard. Keep up the good work.

John Bohac
Rector
Residential College Program
Ryle Hall

Take Trouble Cat with a grain of salt

To the Monitor staff, and that "disgusted student,"

I regret to say that I am writing this letter against my better judgement. When something gets under my skin such as the letter from the girl complaining about Trouble Cat, I usually just try and let it go, so as not to let my blood pressure rise out of frustration and stress. But when I read this letter, I was thinking to myself, "Geez, this is the biggest load of... uh, misinterpretation I have ever heard." To complain about something like this is to show just how ultra-conservative (not necessarily a bad thing), tunnel-visioned, and misguided this girl is. To not take this comic with a grain of salt is to do it a horrible injustice. And to compare it to the Columbine "massacre" is one of the worst things I have ever heard. Does she think that people who read this are going to be inspired to go shoot up a crowded place? Or is she one of those zealots who think that such expressions of one's mind taint the rest of humanity? And then to bring Jesus and his crucifixion into the argument when talking about the episode where the children were crucified is to bring the story of Jesus down. It is no secret that crucifixions were very typical in that day. Jesus wasn't the only one crucified, bitch. I have to say that you are horribly misguided and I don't think anyone is trying to FORCE their "cruelty and sickness" on others. For God's sake, have a fricken sense of humor, and take it for what it is -- a comic strip which pushes the limits, nothing more. I fully support J. and C. for speaking their mind. It is about time someone did! One last thing, if you aren't open to at least TOLERATING, not necessarily AGREEING WITH, the views of anyone else, then why the hell are you going to college, let alone a LIBERAL ARTS college? Hell, why are you even a citizen of the United States of America -- the most overall diverse country IN THE WORLD?

Matt Grothoff

"Liberal Arts" mandate is lip service

Dear Monitor Collective Letters,

It is to say the least about it, very disturbing in bad decision that will reinforce the local community's more reactionary and bigoted elements. Namely, the announced TSU Division of LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE (HENCEFORTH "DLL") decision to deny space accommodation base facilities to PRISM, the now well-rooted TSU gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgender campus and KIRKSVILLE COMMITTED COMMUNITY human rights campaigning organization. Predictably, as ever indeed, the censorship apologists for this kind of drastic 'denial' decision, of a much needed resource center, seem to inhabit a privileged, sexist other plane! In absurdly believing that the 'liberal arts' mandate this publicly funded TSU institution is state mandated to supposedly population -- improvement uphold is merely for LIP SERVICE.

If such baldness of condemnation is too extremist, at first glance, then, pause and reflect, just an egotistical moment, on the "reasoning" that has now been given in the campus official newspaper by DLL Head honcho, Heinz Woehlk. for his censorship edict, even though DLL is on official meeting record as SUPPORTING the necessity for PRISM having a resource center it can call its own, other than its tiny SUB mail box. Woehlk, therefore, masks reality worthy of a latter day Dr. Faust. By claiming he has no choice but on "SPACE" grounds to deny PRISM a home, as there is a "queue" ahead of them of student and other organizations wanting DLL space for their activities, which he further claims, in the latter respect, are more pertinently related to DLL subjects requirements anyway!!

This won't even begin to stand up to credible debate, and as a local progressive community leader I am in despair. The simple reason why DLL space denial claims are not at all creditable is that the STUDENT 'WINDFALL' magazine staff were proposing to DLL that PRISM share their EXISTING loaned space by the DLL with them. As, indeed, as anyone can demonstrate by taking a walk around there especially at unoccupied weekends, as in evenings their resource is under-used. IN SHORT IN ZERO SUM TERMS, PRISM AND WINDFALL 'hets' are NOT asking for extra resource, "queue" jump space!

Essentially, in heart of the matter, the forbidding of PRISM and the equally sexist, orientation discrimination against the tiny womens center on the eve of a new century bespeaks volumes! About the gigantic chasm between the campus's professions to be splendidly a "liberal arts" leader of benefit for our WHOLE community, and, yet in reality, its pathetic contentment with a good-old-boy-self-enrichment status quo! Prove I'm wrong, please, in any reply.

Shame on TSU and DLL!!

Sincerely,

Larry Iles, State Chair, Socialist Party (USA, NYC)

Porn article offends Catholics

To the Editors and Staff of *The Monitor*,
I am writing in reference to the article by Scott Saculla entitled "Someone will find your porn" which can be found in the November 16 issue of your paper. For anyone who has not had a chance to read this worthy addition to the informative and intellectually stimulating parade of *Monitor* articles, it is basically two stories about individuals whose pornographic magazines are found in embarrassing situations. As I perused this obviously pertinent and enlightening article I came upon a reference that honestly shocked me. In the third paragraph of the second story, Saculla describes his character Tom Spanks, whose name was deviously clever on a third grade level, as being "drawn to the porn like a Catholic girl to the backseat of a Nova."

This reference, all joking and sarcasm aside, appalled me. I had to read the section again because I thought I must have missed something or read it wrong. Unfortunately, I did not. Saculla had blatantly insulted me and everyone else who call themselves Catholic. It is beyond me why the editors did not stop such an insulting and unnecessary statement to be printed. I want to give the editors the benefit of the doubt, and hope that this reference was not noticed before printing. Moreover, I am certain that the editors would never allow a blatantly racist or homophobic stereotype to be printed in their paper, so I wonder why an anti-Catholic stereotypes was allowed to slip through the cracks.

Credibility is very important in a newspaper; readers must be able to read news stories and believe that the facts are true. They must also be able to read opinions and know that they're based in fact and sound logic regardless of how the reader feels about the conclusion. If Saculla has a problem with Catholic doctrine and beliefs then he should write about that in an intelligent manner. In fact, I encourage him to do so as I feel the discussion would be beneficial and informative for everyone. However, what Saculla said in his article was most definitely not based on fact or sound logic. It was nothing but the unnecessary perpetuation of a stereotype. The fact that it was printed in *The Monitor* works only to destroy the paper's credibility and make it into a platform for spite and stereotypes.

As I said above, I want to give *The Monitor* the benefit of the doubt and hope they merely missed this statement in their editing process. If this is not the case and the editors chose to print this statement anyway then there is something much deeper at stake. Regardless of how the statement got into the paper it is still the responsibility of *The Monitor*. And, because this statement was of such an offensive nature, I demand that *The Monitor* apologize to myself and the rest of Truman's Catholic community.

Sincerely,
Brendan Kane

Tweak Your Mind

What do you think will happen at 11:59 p.m.
on December 31, 1999?



"Nothin!"
-Danielle Camarota



"The world's gonna end."
-Jodi Banocy



"I'm gonna find the millenium bug and fuck it."
-Libbyanne Sicking



"Hopefully, I'll be at home with the kids, enjoying the holidays...that is, if I'm not bashing Optimus Prime's head in! That fool!"
-Megatron



"Duh! I'll still be waiting for another minute."
-Madeline Herrmann

"Cheese snack products will rise up into anthropomorphic forms and take back this Earth from mankind who has ruled as a bumbling, despondant child-king for too long."
-Mike Sicking-Larue





opinions

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

- Phil Ochs

Fight for your right to riot

opinion by | Peter Hough

What we need around here is a little uproar. It is the proven way to get things done and we need to wise up or we'll never get what we want. What better way to express our grievances and get attention for our cause than to engage in an old fashioned riot?

Undoubtedly, some of you are wondering, "What reason do I have to riot?"

What reason do you have not to riot? Starving children around the world, an ever-increasing gap between the rich and poor and bad opinion pieces making their way into *The Monitor* are just a few good examples. Think about it. Nearly every day you are faced with an unfair situation, an unreasonable person or both. It's time to stop getting bullied around by the world and by The Man.

Imagine this scenario: you miss a night of sleep studying for a test the next day over all of the material covered during the semester. You get to the test and realize you don't have the first clue about how to answer most of the questions. What should you do?

You should stand up for your rights in a violent outburst, ripping the test into tiny pieces and persuading all of the other students in the class to join you in your quest for justice. No one needs to know you procrastinated all semester, just that the professor was unreasonable in expecting you to be able to guess what would be asked. After all, are you a person or just some vending machine full of useless knowledge? I say we shouldn't allow ourselves to be mocked like this any longer.

Imagine a second scenario: you're talking with an unreasonable person who won't listen to anything you say (probably the professor who forced you to take the test). Your calm demeanor and carefully planned words aren't getting you anywhere. What should you do?

Again, a violent outburst is the only possible solution to the problem. If you suddenly stood up, smashed your chair through the nearest window and screamed out some unintelligible words, I guarantee you that you would hold the upper hand in the conversation. It doesn't matter who is right, just that you think you're right and are prepared to get loud about it. Remember that those who are loud win over those who are rational, and that many arguments are not won by sound logic, but by intellectual strong-arm. So why not take it one step further and demand what you deserve in a violent manner?

The most common ways to riot include setting things on fire (you can use this very newspaper to help you with that), breaking windows, running amuck in the streets or hallways, and, in general, just being really loud. However, you need not be limited by these time-honored tactics. Invent some new form of violent objection. Experiment with different ideas and use what works for you, according to what your talents and abilities are.

Here are some ideas to get you started:

-Go into your professor's office and chain yourself to his/her desk, refusing to leave until you get an A in the course.

-Overturn the tables in Mainstreet to build a fort and use the rotten fruit they sell there as ammunition against whoever tries to stop you.

-Stand for hours outside the DPS building with your tongue out until they get fed up and threaten to arrest you. Then, hide just out of sight and keep sticking out your tongue at them. They'll never even know they're being insulted!

Keep in mind the three D's of rioting: Destroy and Disrupt in order to Display your complaints. You can always expect positive results when you resort to physical displays of dissatisfaction!

The renaissance man is dead

opinion by | Uosdwis R. Dewoh

The last human dynamo is dead.

So this is what they tell you to do: diversify. Be good at sports, scholastics and conversation. This is the idea. Branch out into different fields. Approach things holistically. This is Liberal Arts, my man. This is the truth.

They've been feeding it to you since grade school. Remember when they told you that you had to be good at math and social studies and science. They said that a well-rounded mind is the best. I searched for that dream, my fellow countrymen. I lived it.

So I stepped onto the grounds here at our fine University. I came looking for knowledge.

It was a harmless enough question: What's your major?

Undecided. So many votes came in. Broke the polls.

Well, let me tell you. They said branch out. But now, if you want to succeed you've got to focus. You've got to choose one above the rest. Make plural singular. Change your mind. Pick your major.

Hell, I didn't want to. When I came in (and this might have changed since then) the school didn't even offer a Liberal Arts degree. A degree in Liberal Studies. Now, why is that?

This school is in the business of education. This school is a business.

It's not about education; it's about GPA. It's not about diversity; it's about success. It's capitalism, ladies and gentlemen. It's the best person for the best job.

It is limitations.

Nothing is equal. Nothing is sacred. Everything is quality, quantity, spreadsheets.

I frustrate my advisor sometimes. I think. I never take the classes I'm supposed to or talk to the people that I should.

Too many people tell me that they haven't learned much since they've been up here. Too many people tell me they don't know what to do with their lives. Too many people are mediocre and will never be the best person. With the best job. Leading the best life.

Our nation stands. Proud. Best in the world. Unbeatable -- foreign or domestic. Never-ending. No beginning.

I can't even separate the issues anymore. Education, capitalism, government, the future, our generation, chaos.

The last human dynamo is dead.

The American dream has killed us.

The fight is over.

Find yourself some holiday cheer

opinion by | JJ Pionke

It is the holiday season. Where exactly is the snow? Not that I have anything against an unseasonably warm Christmas but 60 degrees in December? I think someone needs to tell the Goddess to turn the thermostat down! Anyway, here we are, it is the holiday season. Depending on your religious beliefs it is Kwanzaa, Solstice, Christmas or Hanukkah. If I left anyone out please forgive me! I have been listening to Christmas music since a little before Thanksgiving and have my little apartment nicely decorated with my little tree, candles (one of the advantages of living off campus), my advent calendar (thanks German Club!) and my copy of *A Charlie Brown Christmas* and *How the Grinch Stole Christmas*. I know, pathetic aren't I? Still those are some of the things I love about Christmas. You can laugh all you want, it won't deter my holiday cheer!

Regardless of what people say about Christmas being way over-commercialized (which is true), I do love the holiday season. I love hot chocolate with candy canes in it, putting up the tree, singing carols, wrapping presents and so forth. One of the things that has always bothered me a bit is the fact that there are so few activities sponsored by the school for the whole school. Sure, there is the Ryle Christmas Market, and the lights that they put up by Kirk Memorial, but if you are off-campus there isn't much for you. Most dorms (excuse me, residence halls) sponsor door decorating contests and usually some secret Santa activities, but what about us off-campus people? If you are off-campus you either hope that a friend is hosting a Christmas party, host one

yourself (not in my tiny apartment!) or go without. Are the school and we so afraid of stepping on someone's beliefs that they forget about Christmas? It seems to be the policy of Truman to let to each his own. I know that a few of the divisions sponsor Christmas parties and of course all of them decorate their offices. However, as to an official policy towards celebrating the holiday season there really isn't one. Of course if you are interested in a Christmas mass there was one sponsored last Sunday, but what about everyone else? Are there Solstice services? Or what about more fun activities like caroling? It has been years since I went caroling! I would love to go!

In the end it is up to the individual to find some holiday cheer. Yet I cannot help but think that for some of us it is more fun to celebrate Christmas here than at home. After all the holiday season, while fun, is also a time of stress where families are brought together and we remember those that have passed beyond the veil to the next world. Christmas is as much about love, gift giving and good cheer as it is about depression, sorrow and unhappiness. It is up to us to decide which it will be. So as you all head off to your homes after a harrowing finals experience, remember that the holiday season is what you make of it. It is up to you to celebrate your beliefs as you see fit. As you go to your families remember that the holiday season is a time of love and forgiveness. The best gift you can give someone is your love and forgiveness no matter what past transgression or argument. Have a Happy Holiday and an enjoyable New Year!

Hey hey! Join The Monitor at the last meeting of the millenium! Tonight at 9 p.m. in OP115A. We can exchange theories about the coming apocalypse.



07 December 1999

Dial *F-A-D for student cellphone epidemic

opinion by | Andy Dandino

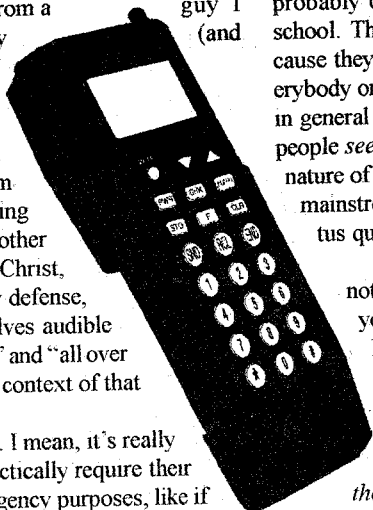
-Beep-beep-beep-
"Hello? Who's there?"
"Annoying."
"Annoying who?"

Annoying me, that's what this ridiculous movement of student cellular phone use is doing. Have you noticed it lately? It's another pointless cultural development which people cling onto like a parched leech at a bloodbath. Essentially, it's akin to big kids' walkie-talkies -- keep 'em by your side so your friends can call you anytime.

I see people all around campus with these little digital parasites gnawing at their ear and a tiny antenna protruding from the side of their head like half of a Martian haircut. The sad thing is, they think they're so cutting-edge and important-looking because they have this shiny toy -- a line of thought that if you have a cellphone, you *must* be in high demand, a truly popular individual.

Well, I got news for you, Johnny TechVest. It doesn't make you look more important, it makes you look *fake*. See, everyone can plainly tell you're not having a conversation involving a dire life-and-death situation; you're screaming at some frat brother on how you're gonna "get some this weekend," as the contemporary colloquialism goes. Don't deny this, folks, because I'm directly quoting from a guy I passed outside the library just last Thursday (and yeah, I could tell he meant "some" in *that* way). And this isn't a gender-specific trend by any means, either, oh, *no!* It's just as common, if not more so, to see women on campus using a cellphone. I was walking on campus (as I am wont to do) and passed by some girl gossiping about how utterly *trashed* her friend got the other night. Now I know by now you're thinking, "Christ, this guy eavesdrops on *everybody*," but in my defense, it's hard to ignore a conversation which involves audible fragments such as "half-digested Chinese food" and "all over her boyfriend." You have to wonder about the context of that discussion.

I'm not adverse to the idea of cellphones. I mean, it's really a great little gadget and some professions practically require their use. I can see the point of having one for emergency purposes, like if a tire goes flat in the middle of nowhere and you need to call a tow truck or having to call 911 for a medical reason. Cellular phones can also come in handy for law enforcement agencies like the FBI. Simply being cut off



in the middle of a cellphone conversation is a big hint that agent Scully's being attacked by *another* mutant/alien/republican creature. In addition, they can be an invaluable tool for kidnappers making ransom demands -- the police will be shrugging their impotent shoulders as their trace can't get a fix on the nefarious schemers. And okay, if you're a courier for drug dealers, you obviously need to be contacted when it's time to make a dropoff.

I've got no problem with those sort of practical or necessary uses what I'm talking about is having a cell phone as a status symbol, or even more disturbing, a fashion accessory.

"What do you think goes better with this jacket, the black Nokia or the red Nextel flipphone?"

"Take the Nokia. It contrasts your highlights really well. Omigod, did you see Amber the other night? She was wearing a *green* blouse while talking on a *silver* Motorola!"

"She was *not!* I can't believe she made such a fashion *faux pas!*"
Techno-fashion. Welcome to the dawn of the 21st Century.

This materialistic amassing of pointless luxury items seems to always surface in that middle-upper-class preppie demographic. You know it's true, because those who use these phones for frivolous purposes are the same ones who always have to be in on the latest fad. They were probably on the front lines of the "slap bracelet" epidemic in grade school. They have these phones not because they *need* them, but because they think it'd be cool to have one. It's a neo-yuppie thing, "Everybody on Cellphones," or some 90s cultural crap like that. Trendiness in general is a sign of society's pressure for people to "fit in," but why people *seek out* conformity is beyond me. It seems to go against the very nature of ... well, Nature. I guess I'm just not as culturally savvy as the mainstream. I value diversity, creativity and freethinking over the status quo, conventional logic and stale thought.

But essentially my point is, you're a college student. You're not important enough to warrant a cellphone. Maybe someday you will be, but your chances aren't lookin' too promising now, Bucko. What factors could possibly exist in your life at this point that requires a means for someone to reach you at all hours? The people who you're trying to impress with all your brand-name cultural merit badges are too busy keeping up their own images and worrying about how *you* perceive *them* to really notice how cool you're trying to be, and frankly, the rest of us can plainly see you're pretending. Try using that precious cellular pacifier of yours and call someone who gives a damn about how "with it" you are.

Pancake City represents what America was

opinion by | Matthew Webber

Pancake City is Kirksville. There is no other way to describe it.

It is at once a student hangout and a townspeople eatery, a greasy-spoon restaurant and a late night cram/study hall, Pancake City and Pancake Shitty.

It's a phenomenon, an experience, a punchline to a joke.

It's the restaurant to visit when you're starving at 3 a.m. It's the restaurant to drag your friends from out of town to when your Friday evening winds down and your stomachs are growling and there's nothing else in this highway-stop of a town to do and you need a place to sit and talk about nothing and comment on the people walking through the door as your clothes and your hair absorb the restaurant's smoky smell and you need a shovel to dig into your pancakes because they're the size of the plate and you realize they call this place Pancake Shitty for a reason.

Did you catch all that? Because *that's* what it is. It's Kirksville. Look it up.

Pancake City n. 1. A 24-hour eating establishment in Kirksville catering to townspeople ("townies") and students alike. 2. Kirksville itself.

Pancake City, how do I love thee? How can this article do justice to your greatness? How can I properly pay homage to the bright lights in your parking lot? How can I best salute the nefarious I'm A Starving Man's Breakfast? Why should I keep writing when my words will inevitably fall short? (This last one is easy

to answer. Because this article started as a Comp II assignment which called for a 12-15 page paper on a subject of our choosing, and dammit, Pancake City, I chose you.)

How, exactly, is Pancake City Kirksville? To name the reasons is to take them away, like revealing the secrets to a smoke-and-mirrors magic trick. If you know how it works, it isn't so magic anymore. This explains the mystery of Pancake City's appeal. No one really knows why, but the restaurant is the town. No one really *wants* to know why. Everyone is happy to accept things as they are.

If you don't like that metaphor of Pancake City being Kirksville, perhaps you'll accept that it *represents* Kirksville, or that it at least represents the experience of a Truman State University student in this town. Like the city it represents, the Shitty is quaint, charming, not always clean, chock-full of characters in ten-gallon belt buckles (I realize I'm mixing metaphors but have you ever seen the size of those things?) and John Deere caps.

It's Kirksville, baby, in all its glory. Accept it as it is.

Perhaps, up to this point in the article, I have sounded as if I am mocking both Pancake City and Kirksville. If it has seemed as such, I apologize. In all sincerity, I am growing to love them both.

I know I love this town because I miss it when I am gone. Sometimes, in St. Louis, I long to go back "home."

Pancake City and Kirksville are remnants

of an older America, an America which has been romanticized for me in books, songs and movies. An America which the Wal-Marts, McDonald's and Whispering Pines (and other such similarly silly-named, cookie cutter subdivisions) are currently forcing into extinction.

How many functional town squares are left in America? How many neighborhoods are safe to stroll through at night? How many store owners let you call them Chuck and personally remind you that you can trade in three CDs for one new CD or two used ones and ask you if you like what he's currently playing on the stereo in the store?

Sadly, there are all too few. These things are all going the way of the dodo.

But not in Kirksville. Not in Pancake City. Here, these things are still alive, and are far from being placed on any endangered list. Quaintness is a virtue here, as very well it should be. The hamburgers are grilled here; you can see the charred lines.

So where does that leave us in my little metaphor? Pancake City is Kirksville is the way America used to be. I can live with that. Can you? I hope so.

Pancake City n. 1. A 24-hour eating establishment in Kirksville catering to townspeople ("townies") and students alike. 2. Kirksville itself. 3. The way America used to be.

There. It's in print. So it has to be true. God bless Pancake City, my home sweet home of the I'm A Starving Man's Breakfast.



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Mass graves discovered in Mexico; drugs involved

story by | Olivera Bratic

Last week, possible mass grave sites were discovered near Ciudad Juarez, Mexico, just across the border from El Paso, Texas. Five hundred Mexican soldiers, most wearing ski masks to protect their identities, 174 federal antidrug agents, and 65 FBI agents are currently involved in an investigation of these sites. The graves are for the victims of the Juarez drug cartel, once the most powerful smuggling operation in Mexico. Officials were led to these sites by a Mexican informant who claimed to be involved in the killings. Four different sites are currently being investigated, with the focus on two ranches. One ranch, ten miles south of Ciudad Juarez, was known as the "shooting range" among members of the drug cartel. The owners of the ranch and people living there are currently being detained and are suspected frontmen for leaders of the cartel.

Estimates for the number of bodies are 100, including 22 Americans. In recent years, almost 200 people have disappeared from the area. In the past three years, 15 FBI informants from the area have disappeared. All were connected to the Juarez cartel. Kidnappings of suspected informants, rivals and civilians have become common in the region. It is considered a stronghold of the Juarez cartel. Mexican officials admit to the possible corruption of local police. Lawyers for families of the missing say that they hope that evidence will be recovered for the involvement of law enforcement agencies in the

killings and subsequent cover-up. If so, it could have repercussions on the entire Mexican judicial system.

The Juarez cartel was considered the largest cocaine smuggling operation in Mexico in the early 1990s. They were blamed for bringing over half the cocaine sold in the United States across the border. Carlos Fuentes, the leader of the cartel was known as the "Lord of the Skies" because of his use of large planes to fly the drugs from South America to Mexico where it could be smuggled across the border. Fuentes died in 1997 in Mexico City during plastic surgery. Since then, a bloody war has erupted for control of the group. Their powerful position has diminished without a strong leader, and the group has been the target of several raids by the FBI and Mexican officials earlier this year.

So far six bodies have been uncovered at the ranch known as the "shooting range." Five of the six were found stacked on top of each other in a single grave. The bodies were all badly decomposed. The cause of death could not immediately be determined, nor could authorities positively say how long the bodies had been buried. All the remains will be transferred to El Paso for DNA testing and further examinations. Four members of the U.S. Armed Forces Institute of Pathology will aid in the analysis. They plan to use ground piercing radars to find more graves. According to investigators, the exhumation and identification process will take at least a month.

Apple juice KOs orange juice

story by | Cameron Moore

Apples and oranges. Some say they can't be compared. Maybe it's true, but they can sure as hell race each other.

It starts out like any other typical meal. First you walk into the cafeteria and are greeted by a possibly robotic lunch lady whose nametag is probably supposed to say "Virginia" but instead says "Virgina," which makes one wonder about whose great idea for a joke that was. After receiving your card from Virgina, the next stop is getting your food. This part is unimportant. The important part of this little narrative is when you go to get your beverage. You walk up to the glass holder and grab two, count 'em, two, glasses. The next step is walking over to the juice machine, setting one glass under orange juice and the other under apple juice. On the count of three, each glass depresses its respective juice release lever and the race is on.

Eating about 98 percent of my meals in Missouri Hall, the race isn't particularly exciting anymore seeing as how apple juice always wins. Its never even a close race either. Apple juice kicks orange juice's ass every time, even with orange juice getting a respectable head start. Now, some of you may say that orange juice will always lose because apple juice is more viscous. This argument is for physics majors and mamma's boys. Just to test said hypothesis, I went to Ryle to eat not too long ago. To make this story short, orange juice kicked apple juice's ass, but this time the margin of defeat was not as large as the previous series of races. So the score is tied, what next?

I went to Centennial where the tie was to be broken. As I walked into the cafeteria that I had only eaten at once previously to this joyous occasion, there was already tension in the air. As I walked by the juice machine to get my food, I checked out the juice machine, which looked as menacing as ever. I think I heard apple juice call orange juice a pussy, but I was too afraid to look to find out who actually said

it. So after I got a hearty plate of noodles, I headed over to the juice machine. This is what it all came down to. So, I did the standard race procedure, and to my astonishment, it was a tie. A FUCKING TIE! Here I had two full glasses of juice and in order for me to rematch I had to drink them both.

So as I was enjoying my dinner and juice, I realized that maybe my race hadn't been particularly accurate. I figured that in order for the race to be fair, equal amounts of orange juice and apple juice needed to be in their respective reservoirs or else varied amounts of pressure would effect how fast the juice flowed. So I decided I would wait until somebody came to fill up the juice.

As luck would have it, a juice-filler-upper came no more than 15 minutes later. I think I made him a bit nervous as I eyed him anxiously awaiting the privilege of deflowering the virgin juice machine. So I then proceeded to walk swiftly over to the juice machine and perform one final race -- the race to end all races. As I pushed the glasses in, I could tell this was going to be another close race. I was really sweating it for apple juice. Halfway full and they were still neck and neck. Just as apple juice was about to reach the brim of the glass, I pulled them both from the machine. I was angry and hurt, because it appeared they had tied again. But upon further inspection, I discovered that apple juice had edged out orange juice by this much (see picture).

So apple juice is now the supreme champion of the universe. But what does this all mean? Is it a conspiracy headed by Sodexo? Or does it have a deeper meaning? Maybe orange juice represents the very pulp of life itself, struggling to survive in a harsh environment. And perhaps apple juice represents piss. Yeah, I think that's probably it.



International students complain about housing

story by | Ken Noto

"It's like I'm in a jail," Katice Bost, an exchange student from France, said. "I can't have privacy. I can't eat the food I want. I can't sleep when I need. And I can't leave this. Why do I have to live on-campus when I can live off-campus cheaper?"

Bost came to the University this fall through the International Student Exchange Program. In her senior year, Bost decided to study abroad because the university in France required either one year of internship or one year of study abroad to gain Magistère, a degree for five year college study. She chose study abroad.

After she came to Truman State University, she found what the program provided her was different from what she expected. She found cafeteria food intolerable, the residence hall too noisy and fees unduly expensive.

When she found off-campus apartments were far cheaper and more ideal for her lifestyle, she appealed to program coordinator Patrick Lecaque for permission to move off-campus. Her appeal was rejected because of the contract she made with the program and the University.

Bost is one of the international students who found moving off-campus an attractive solution for their problems of adjusting to the University.

International Student Advisor Melanee Crist said although the majority of international students do not have problems with the University's living environment, international students usually have more problems than American students because of their diverse backgrounds.

Crist said food, culture, religion and roommates are some of the most common causes of problems.

"There are so many adjustments to make in moving into the American culture," Crist said. "On-campus living eases those adjustments. You will immediately have a place to live when you get here. And you don't have to worry about finding a place to live, paying bills."

Crist said she believes living on campus helps international students become more involved in campus activities and make friends.

Ajaya Panday, a freshman from Nepal, said, "I believe living on-campus and making friends

and becoming involved in the campus community are very important."

Even though Panday thinks it is important to live on-campus, he seeks an off-campus apartment.

"It's because my problem is greater than the benefits," he said. "Ever since I arrived here, I lost 20 pounds, because I can't eat beef and I don't like pork."

Panday is currently waiting for the University's appeal committee's decision whether or not to give him a waiver of the charges against him breaking his residential contract with the University.

The University requires both American and international students under 21 to sign the contract to live on-campus for at least one academic year. If a student breaks a contract, a student has to pay a charge of \$600.

"If I can't get waiver, I'm thinking about

moving to the Campbell apartments," said Panday.

Jason Haxton, director of the Residential Living office, said Campbell apartments are available for \$1,024 per semester, where students have a choice to cook for themselves. The price of the apartments also has an advantage over regular residence halls, which cost \$2,200 per semester.

"It's very difficult to pay for the school," Ajaya said. "When I came here, the exchange rate from rupee to US dollar was about 64 rupees to one US dollar, but now it's about 70."

Off-campus living appeals to those students who are having financial problems, because off-campus apartments are cheaper.

Leah Pickens, real estate agent at Century 21 in Kirksville, said the agency offers two-bedroom apartments from \$325 per month, which comes out \$650 for a semester per student.

Alicidean Arias, Assistant Director at the Center for International Education Abroad, said studying at the University costs less through the exchange program. As for incoming exchange students, the University sets up a residential place and a meal plan. In turn, the foreign universities do the same for their incoming students.

See EXCHANGE, page 12

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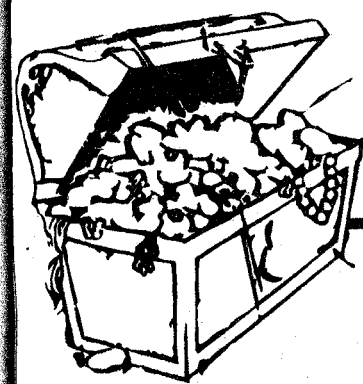
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Kirksville's Hidden Treasures

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

We noticed the feast of meat, cheese and crackers, but we thought we should first peruse the fine selection. Obvious lingerie store staples, like stiletto heels and crotchless panties, were abundant. And for the person that has all this lingerie and doesn't know what to do with it, the store has many sexual self-help videos. We have to admit that the store had a selection for many tastes. There was the Peeping Tom line, which included pajamas that look like they should be worn by very young girls. The tags featured a peep through a keyhole to see a woman dressed up like a little girl. On the other side of the spectrum, the shop also sold various leather items. When we contemplated trying on some of these hot sellers, we were challenged by the "one size fits all" tags. Apparently in "Lingerie World" everyone wears a size 6. When we finally spotted a teddy that seemed like it would fit, we were alarmed to discover we had wandered into the "plus size" section. Promptly, we headed for the food.

As time passed, the owners of the store looked disappointed with the attendance; they threatened to cancel the event if more people hadn't showed up before 7:30. We feared the food trays would disappear, so we quickly filled our napkins with a assortment of crackers and cheese. For those of us who were 21, there was a wonderful concoction of

various wines in a punch bowl. Not only free food, but free drinking too!

Luckily, a group of three older men, fresh from the bar scene, wandered into the store to indulge themselves in a night of women they can't have. The owners considered them a good enough addition and the show was a go. Although some of us had partaken in the wine, most of us were uncomfortable with the idea of gawking at half-naked women. Nevertheless, what kind of etiquette faux pas would we have committed if we had just ate and left?

The first model stumbled out in a pair of high stiletto heels. The look on her face conveyed to us that she really didn't want to be there. We felt bad for her, because we weren't necessarily comfortable leering at her. The other two models seemed more confident, but the situation probably wasn't what they expected. Instead of cheering crowds, they had three bar-hoppers and five hungry college students, three of whom being women. One of us was surprised to be acquainted with one of the models wearing the Peeping Tom line, among others. There was an awkward acknowledgment, followed by even

more uncomfortable exchanges at the end of the runway. Probably the best lesson learned that evening: you can't have a normal conversation when nipples are exposed. Still, the show must go on. The lingerie that was modeled varied. From cotton nightgowns and silk teddies to leather and garters, there was probably something for everyone, even though no one was there to "shop." For the lingerie, that is.

The wide selection was probably a wise idea. The other three members of the audience complained frequently about how their wives wouldn't be caught dead wearing some of the lingerie modeled. "My wife would be madder than hell if I brought that home. She'd beat me with a rolling pin, boy!" exclaimed one man. Another one sighed, "Eight years..." referring to the length of his happy marriage. The third responded "Try twenty-four!"

The highlight of the evening was the door prizes. Even though our chances had decreased to 1 in 8, we still had our fingers crossed. The first name drawn was one of us. Of the door prize selection of various oils, lotions, calendars and toys, we were talked into picking a bath gel with promises of "tingling sensations." Another one of us won and promptly picked out the feather tickler. This pearl handled toy has its many uses, which include a sexual teaser or dust picker upper. All we can say is "winner, winner -- lobster dinner."

Although you may be saddened by the fact that you missed this fun, the owners of Enchantment Lingerie are planning on holding another show before Christmas. Keep your "Kirksville's Hidden Treasures" eyes attuned to the goings on at Enchanted Lingerie. You never know, the next show may feature some new "plus size" models.



Kirkville's Hidden Treasures, Part 4: Gentlemen's Night

feature by | Olivera Bratich and Marie Montano

During the recent Christmas is Kirkville festivities, a flyer announced "Gentleman's Night" at Enchantment Lingerie, downtown's premier lingerie store. The flyer promised an evening of live models, door prizes and FREE refreshments -- and that's more than enough to entice these two Monitor staffers and friends. We tackled the Thanksgiving traffic to make it back into town for a night of intrigue and scantily clad women.

Our expectations of burly men and drooling fratboys were not met. Upon entering the store, we were a more than a little disappointed in the turnout, considering we were the turnout. We arrived only five minutes before the show, expecting to fight through a crowd to grab a glimpse of this winter's lingerie line. The owners of the store asked us to enter the door prize raffle. Considering our chances were a mere 1 in 5 (and we were the 5), we were feeling luckier than a guy on prom night.

THANX 4 THE CASH,
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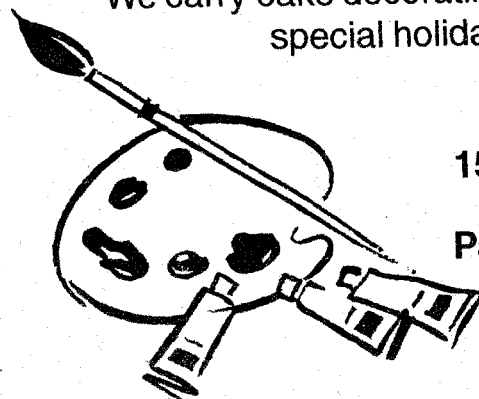


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the nerd pages



We here at *The Monitor* are all big nerds at heart. Here is our salute to all that is nerdy. So break out your pocket protector and read up, Whiz Kid.

Kraftwerk
Computer World
Elektra/Asylum
Records
1981

review by | Erin
Hucke

Throw yourself back to 1981. Before Windows 95. Before the Internet. Before the hacker counterculture became cool. When A/V nerds were *really* nerds and computer nerds were even lower on the popularity list. (Of course now all of those "nerds" are sitting in their offices, equipped to buy and sell you with the millions they earned with their "new-fangled contraptions." (But that's beside the point.) During this quickly developing period, some people were starting to use computers to make music. Like Kraftwerk. Kraftwerk made their mark as one of the earliest techno bands. These Germans invited us into their world of computer-produced electronica. Their album *Computer World* could very well be the soundtrack to the Apple II C.

There are only seven songs on *Computer World*, and believe it or not, five of those seven utilize the word "computer"



within their title. The other two don't fall too far off -- "Pocket Calculator" and "Numbers." The title song, "Computer World" consists of ominous beats laden with a Speak 'n' Spell-type voice saying "Business. Numbers. Money. People." and "Time. Travel. Communication. Entertainment." "Computer Love" captures the tender, human side of computer nerds. "Pocket Calculator" proclaims, "I'm the operator with my pocket calculator." In a David Byrne-ish voice the singer follows up to say "I am adding and subtracting. I'm controlling and composing."

This record is enough to make you proud to be a nerd. Hear your predecessors' accomplishments! Feel the spirit of the automated computer voice! Viva la techno! Viva la Kraftwerk!

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You Could Be
a Nerd...

If the library staff and you are on a first name basis.

If 128Mb of RAM stimulates you.

If you've ever given your buddies high-fives during *Pirates of the Silicon Valley*.

If you've ever gotten into a fist fight over whether or not your 5th level paladin could defeat a steel golem and a 6th level mage (according to 2nd edition rules, of course).

If you've ever attempted to analyze ordinary objects as tetris blocks.

If you've developed a theoretical proof arguing against Bohr's interpretation of quantum mechanics.

And if you can figure out the code to the right, you're a hardcore nerd. *Excelente!*

Fight Zentraedi Mecha!

feature by | Paul
Kingston

Now, if you're like me, then you like nothing more than a good ole fashioned RPG (that's Role Playing Game, and not the naughty kind, to those of you who aren't in the know). I'm tellin' ya' there ain't nuthin' better than sittin' around with a buncha your friends rollin' dice and wonderin' why girls don't talk to you. Now I'm not talking about Dungeons & Dragons. That's lame. No, I'm talking about Robotech. And when it comes to RPGs, Robotech is where it's at.

After all, who wants to imagine they're some primitive knight or a weakling wizard when they can pretend to be a warrior of the future. I mean, come on, pretending to have a sword-fight with a dragon just doesn't compare with being a make-believe Veritech Fighter. On one hand, you have a pretend sword and loincloth. On the other, you get an imaginary future-fighter.

I guess maybe I should explain Veritech Fighters and Robotech for those of you who've been troglodytes all your lives. Robotech is this Japanimation cartoon about the future. In it,

the world is struggling against the genetically enhanced Zentraedi who are the pawns of a race known as the Robotech Masters. One of the main weapons earth has against this menace are these things called Mecha. Mecha are basically giant robot-like machines, used for battle. Veritechs are Mecha that can transform from a fighter jet (in its fighter mode) to a giant humanoid robot (in its Battloid mode), or it can stop about halfway between these two modes (Guardian mode). And there's also all sorts of other Mecha, non-transformable Mecha, Zentraedi Mecha and power armor (a smaller kind of Mecha).

Now I come to the RPG, Robotech. This is a book that tells you all about the various mecha, and gives you rules for making up a fake, but new and improved you to fight imaginary bad-guys, so you can make believe you are a part of this future world. And this book has got just about anything you would need to know about the world of Robotech.

Just about anything.

Yep.

Nerd makes library his second home

feature by | Mat-
thew Webber, Li-
brary Nerd

I've been called everything: a bookworm, a nerd and a dreamer.

But no one ever told me I didn't like books.

Pickler Memorial Library was the highlight of my campus visit during my senior year of high school, with its floor-to-ceiling books and its bubble and its desk lamps. And it stayed open till 2:00 a.m. every night? Longer than any other library in the state?

Say no more, Dr. Magruder. You've sold me on Truman.

Of course, when I got here, I realized I'd been duped and that the library closed at 10:00 p.m. on weekends and that the hours are limited during holidays or breaks (if it is even open at all) and that its browsing and curriculum sections are pitifully small and that newer writers such as Douglas Coupland and Bret Easton Ellis are pretty much ignored.

And yeah, there could be more and better periodicals. Yeah, there need to be more computers in the lab which actually work.

But I can't stay mad at something I love.

If you ever call my room

and I'm not there, try the library. Have a worker page me, because that's where I'll be. It's where I spend my time. Ask my roommate. He'll tell you the same. He doesn't call me names to my face but he must think them. *Bookworm, nerd, dreamer. You work too hard, relax.* Whenever I go anywhere he guesses I'm going to the library. Usually he is correct.

I'll check out four novels at a time so I will have them (so no one else can check them out) and that way when I finish one I'll be ready to start another, and I plan it all out as to what book I'll read first and how many times I'll need to renew the other books, but then I'll be at Pickler and a different book will catch my eye and I'll check it out in spite of myself, take the book home, and add it to the pile of books by my closet. As of now, my pile contains 19 books.

So many books at Pickler, so little time. This is my song in my years here at Truman.

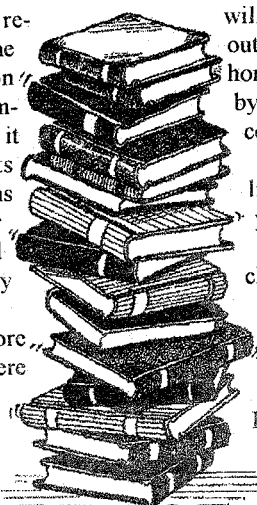
I do more than read there and check out books. Sometimes I nap in the third floor chairs, or really in any of those boxy chairs with the removable cushions that are all over the library. Sometimes I'll watch a movie in the media library. Every night last week I was there till 2:00 a.m. typ-

ing papers in the computer lab. I meet people for projects in the bubble, or, if you will, the foyer. And I always seem to run into acquaintances in all parts of the library, probably because I'm there all the time.

My all-time favorite room on campus is the Special Collections room at Pickler. I had never been inside this room until this earlier this semester when I went to look up some information on the Battle of Kirksville, which is probably the biggest waste of a natural resource of which I have ever been guilty. The Special Collections librarians know a wealth of information about Adair County, Kirksville, and Truman. They knew the answers to every question I asked them, as well as the exact locations of the resources I needed. They hooked me up again when I was researching my "Campus Ghost Stories" series.

The atmosphere inside this room inspired me; it was something about being surrounded by all those old, historical volumes. The room was quiet and tranquil, even more so than the rest of the library (which is often interrupted by cell phone users and other rude people).

Maybe I'm better off that the library is not open 24 hours a day like I wish it to be when I've only got three more paragraphs to type but the library is closing in five minutes. If it was open 24 hours, maybe I'd never leave.



Choose your own adventure: You are a starship captain

**Star Track:
Klingoff
Konspiracy
a choose your own
adventure story by
| Paul Kingston**

You are Captain James T. Kork of the U.S.S. Uberprize. Your objective: To bravely go where no chap has gone before. The Astro-date is 3056. You are doing some routine exploration on the edge of the alpha quadrant, when you run into a Klingoff Bird-of-predatory-nature.

If you want to steer clear of this bad boy, go to #7.

If you want to open a hailing frequency, go to #3.

If you want blast that som-bitch outta space go to #12.

#1 You get away.
If you want to radio the Federation and tell them what happened, go to #4.
If you want to dance a jig, go to #9.

#2 You blow that bad boy up. It turns out that it contained super-secret plans they stole from the Federation...
... And a big-explosion-thingy. You are caught in the blast. You did manage to stop the horrible Klingoff conspiracy, but you're dead.

#3 The dirty Klingoffs respond to your act of diplomacy by transmitting a computer virus to your vessel. Your shields shut down after about twenty seconds.
If you wish to try stopping the virus, go to #11.
If you wish to worry about that later and blast those wankers outta space, go to #6.

#4 That's just what the Klingoffs wanted you to do. Your radio waves trigger a chain reaction that ends with the universe imploding. You and everyone else are dead.

#5 Maybe you don't get it but this is a battle ship. You are completely out-gunned. You are blown to bits. You are dead now.

#6 The Klingoffs still have operable shields, moron. Your lasers do diddlyquat. But while you're attempting to blast them, the Klingoffs blow you to smithereens. You're dead.

#7 You slink outta' there with your tail between your legs and return to base. When you get there, the Federation of Worlds has you court-martialed for cowardice. You are ejected into deep space as punishment. You die.
Next time, don't be such a scaredy-cat.

#8 The pod goes to a Klingoff battleship. This battle ship sees you.

#9 The Klingoffs are so impressed with your Irish pride that they see the error of their ways. They sign a peace treaty and everyone lives happily ever after. But first they destroy your ship. You are dead.
If you want to fight it, go to #5.
If you want to run, go to #1.
If you want to call for backup, go to #10.

#10 You get zapped, but the Federation sends in a competent Captain who quickly blows up the battleship, and every other Klingoff in existence. Everyone lives in peace and harmony from then on. Things are great, except for one little problem. You're dead.

#11 Your crew manages to develop an anti-virus and you quickly set it to work. But about two minutes before your shields are set to come-back on-line, you get blown up. You're dead.



#12 You launch two Futon Torpedoes at those dirty birds. They get exploded. But your sensors pick up a small escape pod, that managed to, well, escape.
If you want to chase it down and blow it up, go to #2.
If you want to follow it to see where it's going, go to #8.

C O N F E S S I O N S Esc F9 O F
A Tab F O N T A H O L I C Control Delete

feature by | Erin
Hucke, Fontaholic

I'm a fontaholic. It's true. Ask anyone who knows me and of my computer-loving, font-collecting tendencies and they'll tell you about my particularly useless behavior. I have 472fonts. I don't use them all. I've never used half of them, but I do have my favorites.

Myriad Roman, Unitus T, Helvetica. I like the **Futura family**. I prefer Sans Serif to Serif for the basic variety. (That means I like the fonts without tiny flags, or serifs at the tips of the letters.) I'm also pretty partial to novelty fonts which don't always have a great deal of usefulness to them, but they are fun to use and fun to look at.

I have **ALIEN MUSHROOMS**, **FISHSOUP**, **Mr Calcium**. Crop Bats AOE is full of crop circle shapes instead of letters like this . Bon Appetit MT has pictures of food instead (). I have a font called **Wolves**, **lower** after the R.E.M. song and one named **Wichita** designed by M. Doughty of the band Soul Coughing.

Having a total of 472 fonts means over 400 of them are good for a one-time use and the rest of the time, they just sit inside my computer and look neat.

So where do I get all of these fonts? I download them from the Internet, where everything else comes from. And believe it or not, there are people out there just like me. Designing fonts, collecting fonts. I'm not alone in my passion. There are thousands of people around the world who are fontaholics.

Don't try to talk to me rationally about how I really only need the ones I use frequently. That's not true. I *need* them all. And I need more than I already have. I'm an addict, what can I say? You never know when you will need that one perfect font, and what happens if you don't have it? Your publication could turn disastrous! Really.

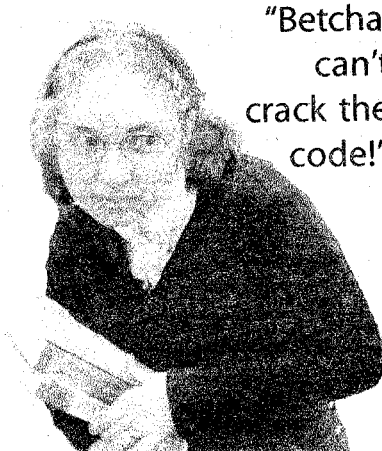
On the flipside, do I even have to explain what it feels like to find the ideal font for your purpose? It's the clichéd, angelic chorus of "Hallelujah!" Everything in the world is in harmony and you feel this inner sense of tranquility. The perfect font choice isn't just about fonts. It's about creating a perfect publication. It's about creating order from chaos. It's about balance in the universe.

I'll leave you with these words of advice bestowed upon me some time ago, just prior to my time of addiction. "There's more to life than Times New Roman."

Crack and WIN!!!

Calling all nerds! Be the first to crack this code to win Jess Pasley's personal copy of the Foundation Trilogy by Issac Asimov, a box of Couscous and a grab bag o' goodies. On top of that, you'll get your picture in this very paper. Just be the first to decode the message above and get it to the *Monitor* mailbox in the CAOC. This contest is open to all TSU students and professors. The use of computers is allowed, but the program used to decode the message must be written by you. The alphabet that is used in the encryption is A-Z, a-z, underscore (used as a space), period, question mark, exclamation point, apostrophe and comma (all in that order). Good luck!

PcKMDCTUNFBBNyJ.xsMwFCr_hlHWs'pqeX
OzLNXR'F.IHR_DE',KHGxpoo
RpPXFDD?MPTLJyH,.!J?pEoo
V_OAMWT?VLT_x.Kx?KtGom,'lhmvl
ByPQaZCU!WLEtKHHss



"Betcha'
can't
crack the
code!"



reviews

music | film | literature

Rage Against The Machine drops a sonic boom

Rage Against The Machine
The Battle of Los Angeles
Epic

review by | Matthew Webber

Zack de la Rocha has never masked his hatred for The Man. When he's not railing against government injustices in his music, he's speaking in front of the U.N. and organizing benefit concerts for Mumia Abu-Jamal. So the lyrical content on Rage Against The Machine's newest album, *The Battle of Los Angeles*, will surprise no one.

As politically astute as de la Rocha is, however, no one would hear him if his music was lifeless.

Oh they will hear him after this album.

No band has ever combined fuck-you-I-won't-do-what-you-tell-me social criticism with combustible, aggressive, anthemic, distortion-drenched rock as effectively as Rage. I'm not sure any band ever will.

De la Rocha spits verses like a fire-and-brimstone preacher, retorting his words like bullets from a gun, dropping commentary like the Enola Gay dropped a bomb, screaming, rapping, ranting, testifying.

Tom Morello riffs like Jimmy Page, pun-

ishing his guitar strings and making them scream, dropping bombs of his own in your speakers, in your ears, pounding, squealing, crying, testifying.

And the drums, the bass... A sonic boom.

In a very non-critic vernacular:

Holy shit, this album kicks ass.

If you're sick of assembly-lined pop and its bubblegum lyrics, if you're sick of rock 'n' roll songs as jingles for khakis, if you're sick of prima donnas and pretty boys and Fred Durst, then *The Battle of Los Angeles* is your antidote, your cure. It's preventative medicine for losing your faith in modern music.

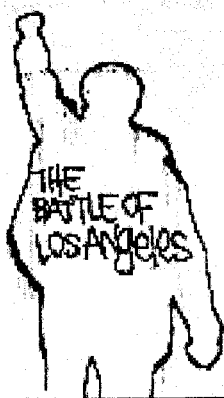
The lyrics mean something. The music means something. Rage Against The Machine stands for something and stands behind it 111 percent. It's commentary. It's rock 'n' roll. It's the most raw, unfiltered, aggressive release of any genre in 1999.

And the video for "Guerilla Radio": have you seen it? It is a statement in and of itself and is the most daring video I've seen on MTV in years. It opens on a scene of immigrants sewing khaki pants in front of Gap's white background. The motto is "Everybody in denial." Tom Morello's riff then shatters this illusion.

Holy shit.

If you only own this most recent Rage Against The Machine album, or if you are thirsting for an introduction to the band's sound and politics, sprint to any non-Wal-Mart record store and cough up the change to purchase their self-titled debut. Talk about aggression! Talk about a statement! Even *The Battle of Los Angeles* falls short of this classic -- but not by very much, no, not much at all -- which serves as Rage's Declaration of Independence. It's angry, blunt, questioning and demanding. It's the sounds of a band on a mission much larger than fame. It's the epicenter of a musical earthquake, and Rage's next two albums are aftershocks compared to it (aftershocks which leave crumbled houses in their wakes). Buy it.

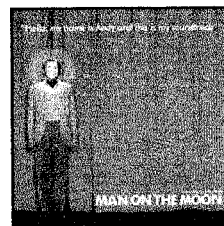
RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE



Soundtrack as serious as Kaufman himself

Man on the Moon
Original Soundtrack
Warner Bros.

review by | Erin Hucke



The upcoming movie *Man on the Moon* tells the story of the life of the great comedian, Andy Kaufman. The title comes from the 1992 R.E.M. song with the same name, which was originally written about

Kaufman. For this reason, R.E.M. was chosen to score the movie.

The soundtrack is an odd compilation of new R.E.M. instrumental pieces, the Mighty Mouse Theme song, bits of dialogue from the movie, the theme to the TV show Kaufman starred in, *Taxi*, the late 70s standard "Kiss You All Over" and a couple of songs actually sung by Kaufman himself.

R.E.M. also wrote a new pop song for the album, "The Great Beyond." Though it seems to

have little to do with Kaufman or the movie, it's the best single R.E.M. has had in years. Their classic hit "Man on the Moon" is also included, of course.

R.E.M.'s score is good, but there's nothing terribly innovative about it. It's broken up with other tracks in-between, sprawling the focus and frashing the mood. Yet, preceding the score tracks are pieces of dialogue which help somewhat to direct the emotion of the pieces.

Jim Carrey, who plays Kaufman in the film, sings along with Michael Stipe in "This Friendly World." Funny, yes. Goofy, yes. But also a bit annoying. Stipe and "Kaufman" exchange every other word in the second verse, and later Tony Clifton, Kaufman's alter ego, barges in to demand his equal time in the song.

If nothing else, the soundtrack has made me eager to see the movie, which comes to theaters on Dec. 22. R.E.M. could have and should have contributed more to this release. But maybe that's not what they were pushing for. Scores tend to be serious and this CD is far from serious. The soundtrack to *Man on the Moon* is humorous even to the point where it might be too humorous, but that's what Kaufman was all about in the first place.

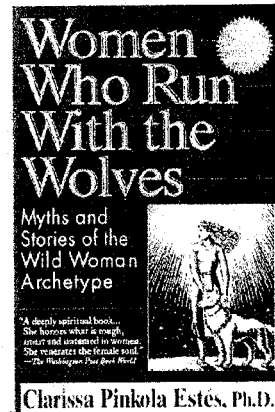
Estes explores what women really are

Women Who Run With the Wolves: Myths and Stories of the Wild Woman Archetype
Written by Clarissa Pinkola Estes

review by | JJ Pionke

The book, *Women Who Run With the Wolves: Myths and Stories of the Wild Woman Archetype*, written by Clarissa Pinkola Estes, is an excellent experience into what and who women really are. Estes points out that in this day and age of "civilization" women are encouraged to speak up but be reserved, to be active in the community but not too active. Estes points out that there is more to women than all these social constructs, that women are playful, intuitive, fierce and devoted to what they perceive deserves their devotion whether that be human, animal, plant or other.

Estes explores the female soul through myths and stories. It is a book I highly recommend for



women who need to get back in touch with their inner self, with their soul. I also recommend the book to men who are husbands, lovers or best friends with wild women. It will help them understand her better! If you want to go a step further af-

ter you have read the book, check out <http://www.wildwolfwomen.com>. Not only is it a great Web site, but they also have a listserv that is truly wonderful. However, to get onto the listserv, the waiting list is about a year long. However the women on the listserv are worth it. They epitomize what Estes writes about and offer creative ways to get in touch with your inner wolf as well as valuable support when it is needed. This is a fun book to read as well as enlightening. I highly recommend it!

Things just ain't the same for Dr. Dre in 2001

Dr. Dre
Dr. Dre 2001
Aftermath/Interscope

review by | Matthew Webber

"Things just ain't the same for gangstas," Dr. Dre raps on "The Watcher," a surprisingly introspective track about life, death and the changes in the music industry. That Dr. Dre would rap such a lyric shows how much things have changed in the seven long years since his landmark *The Chronic* album. Eazy-E, Tupac and Biggie are dead. Studio gloss is phasing out sampling and scratching. For a gangsta like Dre, things can never be the same.

Dr. Dre 2001 was originally supposed to be titled *The Chronic 2000*, until Suge Knight released a Death Row compilation album with that name. That might have been a blessing in disguise for Dre, since so much in his music is drastically different.

Once a pioneer of innovative sampling, Dr. Dre opted instead for live instrumentation on *2001*. He raps over keyboards, guitars and those familiar high-pitched organ noises, but not over borrowed '70s soul.

On the other hand, he might as well have titled this album *The Chronic Something or Other*, because so much in his music is noticeably identical.

Dre and his cronies are as misogynistic as ever, which is even more obvious on "Pause 4 Porno," a disgusting skit which is downright unlistenable. It's still about pimpin' and hoin' with Dre.

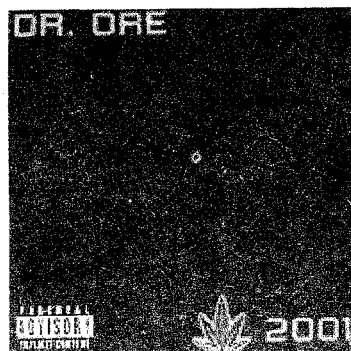
Of course, there are the requisite chronic leaves -- on the cover, in the liner notes, on

the CD itself. And the album is a Death Row reunion of sorts, with Snoop Dogg and Nate Dogg dropping verses.

The album also features Kurupt, Xzibit, MC Ren, and Mary J. Blige, among others.

So, is Dre the wise survivor of "The Watcher" and "The Message" or the obscene gangsta of "Pause 4 Porno"? I don't think even he knows, since much of *2001* contradicts itself. Seven years away from the game is an eternity, but it was not enough time for Dr. Dre to truly figure out what his own message should be. This lack of cohesion tarnishes what could have been a classic album.

Several tracks stand out, so expect many singles. Snoop Dogg



Being John Malkovich presents creative, unusual concept

Being John Malkovich
Directed by Spike Jonze

review by | Leslee White

I heard about this movie a year ago because I pay extra attention to anything involving John Malkovich. So I was very excited about heading to the theater in my hometown and braving the family-avoiding audiences on Thanksgiving weekend.

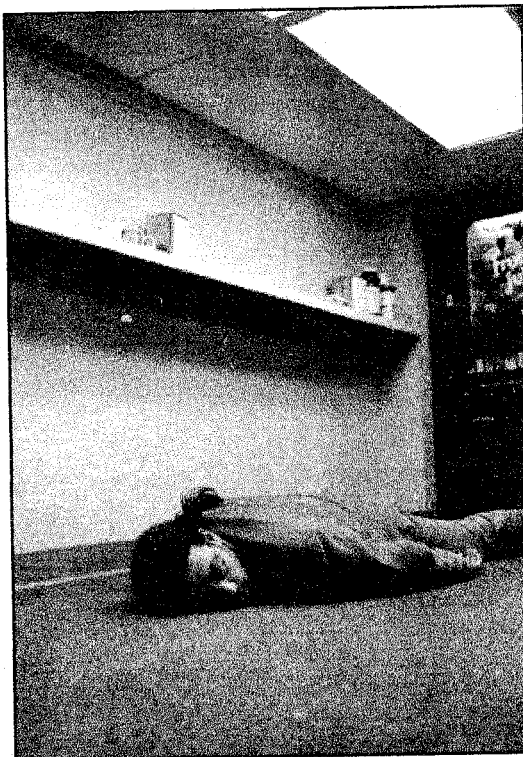
Though I enjoyed the movie, it was not what I expected. Do not go to this movie if you are interested only in the door that leads into John Malkovich's head. This film is two hours long and is focused on relationships, greed and lust -- not only John Malkovich.

The plot follows street-performing puppeteer, Craig Schwartz (John Cusack), and his plain wife, Lotte (yes, Cameron Diaz looks really homely). The couple lives in a cruddy little apartment and houses many money-sucking, bad smelling, shut-depositing pets. Since Lotte works a lot and the pets need various surgeries and psychotherapies, Craig decides to look for a job until the puppeteer thing comes together for him. He gets a job filing (he has quick hands) on the 7 1/2th floor of an office building and meets seductive, but un-

interested, coworker Maxine (Catherine Keener). Later, Craig stumbles onto a little door in his office that allows him to be inside Malkovich's head, seeing through Malkovich's eyes for 15 minutes, after which Craig is deposited by the New Jersey Turnpike. Craig is interested in this phenomenon for the philosophical questions it raises about the nature of man, at least at first. In contrast, Maxine, whom Craig tells as incentive to get her to pay attention to him, sees only dollar signs, and Craig's wife Lotte finds the experience exciting and erotic.

The most important elements of this movie, in my humble opinion, are the evolution of the relationships between the characters and the destructive love of power and control.

The critics are right -- this film is hilarious. There are funny cameos and Malkovich does some very weird and funny things. I recommend this movie if you like the people in it and unusual, artsy films. However, if you want a fast-paced action film, try your luck with a more mainstream movie. Enjoy.



700 Club gives advice for a good life

700 Club
Various literature

review by | Paul Kingston

When I came back here the Sunday after Thanksgiving, I found a very pleasant surprise in my mail: a letter from God! That's right Pat Robertson (or Pattycake, as I like to call him) and the fine folks at the 700 Club had sent me some more free informational pamphlets! And Pattycake even used my name on the form letter included with these ones! I think this means our relationship has progressed to the next level. Now we're super-friends!

Oh but enough about us. I'm writing this to tell you about all the stuff Pattycake has to offer you. First of all, you can get this great little newsletter called "Fact-File." And boy is this baby informative! In this month's issue, I got to read about our good friend *tuberculosis*, the epidemic of *pastor burnout*, the return of *smart dating* to our youth and more!

Thank you, Pattycake!!

Without the "Fact File," I would be completely in the dark about courtship. I'd probably be out dating girls like all those pagans. But thanks to Pattycake and "one youth," I know better than to date someone who isn't "the actual person God has planned for [me]." I know that a break up "takes away from that specialness" of the girl God handpicked just for me.

And how would I know about the terrible problem of pastor burnout, if I didn't have Pattycake to tell me that 37 percent of the pastors polled admitted to infidelity and that 80 percent think that working for God is having "a negative effect on their families?" But this problem is on its way to being solved, thanks to the Christian psychotherapy ministry, Wounded Heroes, that good ole Dr. Freddie Gage got started.

But I got more than just the "Fact File!" Pattycake also sent me one of the finest little pieces of junk mail ever made: a little thing titled "Can a TV Show Change a Life?" This beautiful little piece of glossy paper tells the stories of some of the many people whose lives have been completely changed by Pattycake's little show. My favorite story is the miraculous healing of a lady who was severely beaten. After having her face stomped on, she was left with her left eye "pushed deep into her skull" and her nose "severed from the bone." Then, while watching Pattycake, her eye and nose started moving! And today she is completely restored!

Now I know you want to know how you can get these wonderful gifts from Pattycake. All you have to do is call up their 24-hour counseling service at (800) 759-0700 and give them your address. Eventually, they will probably send you all the great things they've already sent me. And if you give a donation of at least \$20 a month, Pattycake will send you the "Fact File," his "Names of God" teaching series, "Frontlines," the love of God and so much more!

Michael Jordan transformed the NBA

Playing for Keeps: Michael Jordan and the World He Made
Written by David Halberstam

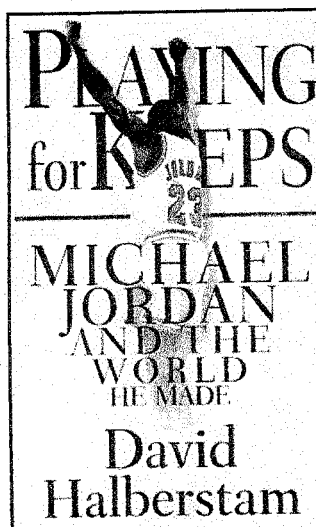
review by | Matthew Webber

I have never been a basketball fan. I can probably count the number of NBA games I have watched to completion on one hand. Even so, there has always been something magnetic to me about Michael Jordan, something that caught my eye in his commercials, something that tempted me (though I did not succumb to the temptation) to pay good money to see *Space Jam*. Was it his smile? His fierce competitiveness? His acrobatic athleticism? Or was it something else? Something much larger and incomprehensible?

Over time, Michael Jordan came to represent that certain special something for millions of people around the world, from the richest CEOs to the poorest star-struck youths. He represented that special something to David Halberstam, too.

In *Playing for Keeps*, Halberstam sets out to portray not just the man, Michael Jordan, but the phenomenon of him, that special something else. The book, therefore, is not a biography. It focuses on the causes and effects of this Jordan phenomenon rather than Jordan himself.

Halberstam conducted extensive research before writing the book (he's a Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist, after all) and it shows. *Playing for Keeps* is chock-full of personal anecdotes and quotes from friends, teammates, coaches, broadcasters, NBA executives and many others. The research sheds new light on Jordan's infamous competitiveness, as well as his proclivity in dealing with media. Halberstam exposes the effects of playing



with Michael Jordan -- an elevated game and a life in the shadows.

Mostly, Halberstam focuses on Michael Jordan's almost-single-handed transformation of the NBA into the megabucks conglomerate it is today. During the 1979-80 NBA season, when Halberstam was writing his previous basketball book, *The Breaks of the Game*, "players still traveled on commercial airlines, and the tiny handful of beat writers flew with them and rode back and forth from the airport to the hotel on the same chartered bus," writes Halberstam. But "that world is largely gone. The separation caused by huge no-cut contracts, and charter flights, is almost complete. The players idea of dealing with the media is about being seen on a brief ESPN video clip slam-

dunking the ball."

Michael Jordan's balletic physical ability, charisma and genius as a pitchman are responsible for raising the NBA to its current, near-omnipresent level, which Halberstam records in wondrous detail. Halberstam's prose is clear and precise. He writes like he speaks (for those of you who heard him), to-the-point, well-developed, informative and interesting.

Though I am not a basketball fan, Halberstam's portrayals of games entranced me with their drama. The penultimate chapter alone reminds how beautiful and distinctly human a sporting event can be. Halberstam's account of Game Six of the 1998 NBA Finals, Michael Jordan's last game, is one of the finest pieces of sports writing I have ever read.



*When the snow's a-blow-blow-blowin',
Santa comes a-ho-ho-hoin'.*

Happy Holidays from The Monitor!

Release Dates -- 07 December

Juvenile Tha G-Code (Cash Money/Universal)

Marilyn Manson Gift Set (nothing/Interscope)

Methods of Mayhem (MCA)

Notorious B.I.G. Born Again (Bad Boy/Arista)

OST Being John Malkovich (Astralwerks)

EXCHANGE, from page 6

Arias said a certain degree of inflexibility is inevitable to cut costs for the program.

Although the program cuts some costs, the costs are still expensive for many students. Bost said expenses for studying in France were about half of what she pays for studying in the University through the exchange program.

"I don't know how it works," Bost said. "But the University doesn't give you anything free. I must have paid something."

Financial problems come to students not only when students lack money, but also when they paid extra money. Shalin Lazar, a freshman from Zambia, said he could not have a refund of extra deposits.

"My father paid for the whole year," Lazar said. "It includes not only tuition, room and board but books and everything."

He could not receive a refund for books until he appealed to the International Student Office. Even then, Lazar said he could only receive \$300.

"I was also told I can't get a refund even if I move to a Campbell apartment," said Lazar.

To exchange students, moving to other rooms is more difficult. Anne-Cécile Corneillet, an exchange student from France, said she could not change her room or the problematic relationship with her roommates. She first had to make a contract with her roommates and wait for two weeks to see if there would be any improvement.

"It [the contract] worked only for the first two weeks," Corneillet said. "After two weeks, the same things happened again."

Raphaël Trantoul, an exchange student from France, said he did not have a problem with his roommate.

"My roommate is a nice guy," he said. "I just preferred to move off-campus. I want to have my own bedroom. That's it."

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:

JOAN OF ARC



1412-1431

Joan, or as her friends call her, "Killa," was bored with rural France by age 16. As a result, she went out and embarrassed the English army. In return for helping France turn the tide in the Hundred Years War, the Burgundians of France sold her to the English, who burned her at the stake on charges of witchcraft, heresy and ass-kicking.

Earlier this century, the Catholic church recognized their complicity in this affair by

making Joan a saint, which is nice.

Dear Joan,

Did you enjoy working with Keanu Reeves in *Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure*?

Sincerely,

Krazy for Keanu

Dear Krazy,

No. He was constantly calling me dude. Further, he ended up with those English chicks at the end. On a side note, I read the bastard Khan's column in the last issue in which he lauded Keanu. If I ever run into Genghis again down here I'll show him why he's glad his golden hordes never made it to France.

Dear Joan,

My life is falling apart! My professors hate me, my parents won't send more money, my car broke down, I hate my roommate, my girlfriend told me I embody evil and I have this persistent rash. What do I do?

Sincerely,

Desperate in Dobson

Dear Desperate,

Calm down. By the time I was you age, I was already dead. When your list of problems includes "and I have to listen to my own flesh crackle in the ungodly heat," I'll be more than willing to listen to your problems.

Dear Joan,

What do you think of the new movie *The Messenger* by Luc Besson?

Sincerely,

Milla Maniac

Dear Maniac,

I was a complex person who heard the voice of God at a very young age. In addition, I was compelling enough to motivate not only the king of France and his toadies to war on the English, but also legions of devout followers. I was special. I died for my beliefs. Milla Jovovich, on the other hand, has suffered the trials and tribulations of starring opposite Bruce Willis and posing for fashion magazine covers. Is that clear enough for you?

Dear Joan,

How do I get that special guy?

Sincerely,

Crushing in Cahoka

Dear Crushing,

I never had much time for men. I never had many problems with them either: that is, until they fucking roasted me. You see what associating with men can get you?

Dear Joan,

How does canonization as a saint feel?

Sincerely,

Scripture Scholar

Dear Scholar,

There are those that say, "better late than never." Those people are stupid.

The supernatural gateway deep within the *Monitor* Tower has been closed for renovations so it can be made Y2K compliant. It shall re-open in the new millennium.

The *Monitor* is seeking a Web master to maintain our newly designed Web site. Applicants must have basic understanding of simple HTML, FTP and stuff like that. Web master must be self-directed, but willing to work with editors' guidelines.

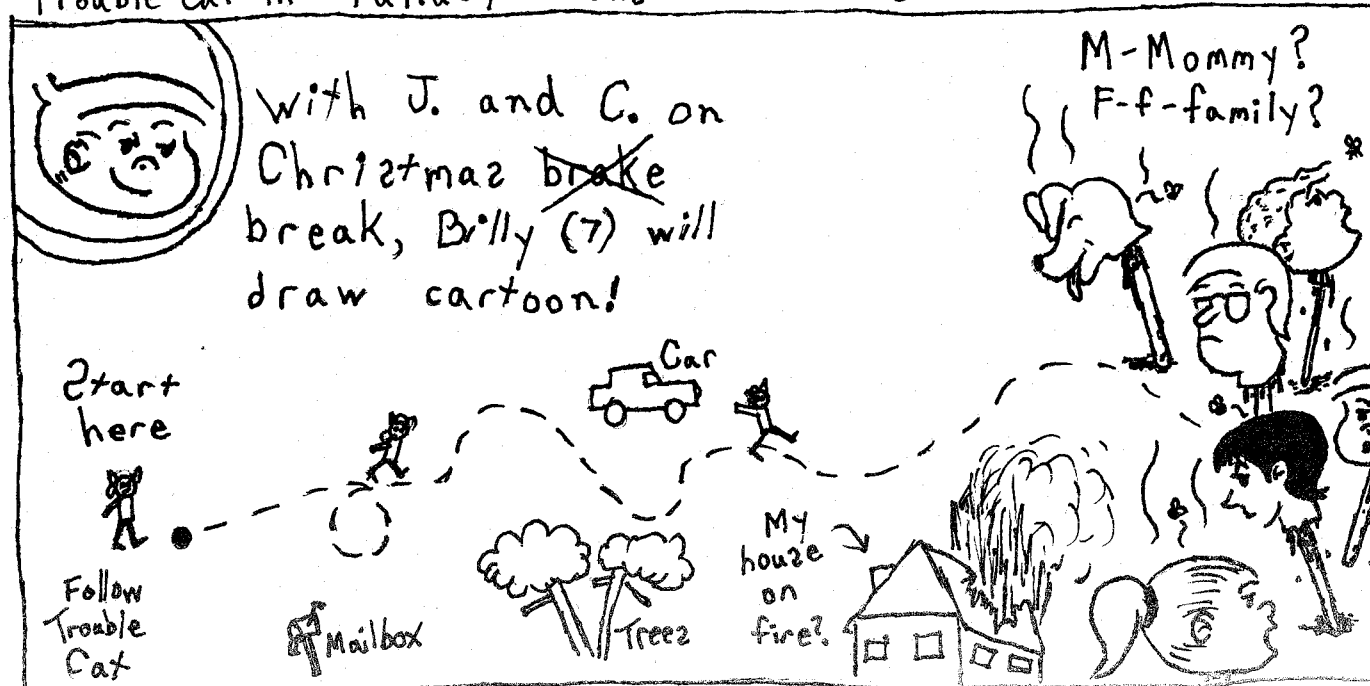
This is an unpaid position and would begin in the Spring semester. All applicants will be considered. No professional experience necessary.

If you are interested, e-mail *The Monitor* at monitortrm@hotmail.com or call Erin at 627-4797. All questions welcome.



Trouble Cat in "Fallacy Circus"

Guest artist: Bil Keane



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Queen Astra



Let the
stars be
your guide!

preferably something out of the back of a magazine. But not sea monkeys. They are the devil.

Aries (March 21-April 20): Don't rock the boat, especially if you're in it. Instead, rock the Casbah!

Taurus (April 21-May 22): You will meet a very famous musician this week. Hint: Gary Granilow.

Gemini (May 23-June 21): There's no point in standing if so neone already is. More grapes, an rnone?

Cancer (June 22-July 24): Considering a prosthetic arm? Chicks dig it.

Leo (July 25-August 23): You know you're not doing it right if you don't get whip cream on your face. Word.

Virgo (August 24-September 23): Buy your mom a present,

Libra (September 24-October 23): If the shoe fits... kill the owner and take it.

Scorpio (October 24-November 22): Train like a Serbian. Jebo ti bog!

Sagittarius (November 23-December 21): Beware the sign of the beast: slippery when wet.

Capricorn (December 22-January 20): You will soon find yourself in the midst of intrigue. Or should I say "SINtrigue?"

Aquarius (January 21-February 19): Good investment idea: eunuchs, eunuchs, eunuchs.

Pisces (February 20-March 20): This week ask for the opposite of what you want. You want grilled cheese? Ask for brains.

QUEEN ASTRA'S MILLENNIUM PREDICTIONS!

—Miss Anna and Sydney Omarr will die a fiery death after a rendez vous gone awry in the oil fields of Kuwait.

—Truman students are on the brink of revolution, when in a last ditch effort to appease them, Student Senate passes a measure to create a swimming hole on the Quad. It is promptly named Magruder Hole.

—Several of the Hawaiian islands will explode in volcanic eruptions. The cost of damages rises into the trillions, so the United States government turns the other cheek, hiding all documentation of it ever being a state. Hawaii who?

—The Y2K computer bug will affect no one but the city of Dayton, Ohio. There an evil mastermind has prevented technicians to fix the problem. On January 1st, he will begin his reign as King of Dayton. His name? Who is Alex Trebec?

—Guns are banned in America. Instead, faulty pellet guns are distributed. Violence therefore becomes a game of chance.

—An alien race from the planet Zelzar attempts to invade Guatemala. The innocent Guatemalans are saved by Suzanne Sommers who whips off her skirt to reveal thighs of actual steel. The alien leaders have their heads cracked like nuts, between her knees.

—The material of the future? Mylar.

—Board games become the basis of international relations. Often war is decided by the purchase of a hotel on the Boardwalk space. Heads of state are chosen among the masters of Celebrity Taboo and Pictionary.

—Play-Doh is forced onto

the black market when its hallucinogenic properties are discovered.

—The television program, ALF, is discovered to be a tool of the CIA in order to prepare us for the invasion of Melmacians. Fortunately, they're all as cute and fuzzy as the original.

—A stunning revelation: The monsters on Sesame Street are REAL!! THEY'RE REAL!!

—The French abandon their obsession with Jerry Lewis and find a new idol, Tom Jones. Their national anthem is changed to "What's New Pussycat?" They made the right choice.

—Seven people will die during the stampede at the grand opening of a White Castle in Kirksville. A small price to pay for those yummy little burgers.

—On December 31, Ted Nugent will hold a rockin New Year's Eve Bash, where he unravels his plans for political office. The Nuge in 2000? Maybe, but unfortunately, after his announcement, he is impaled on the antlers of a runaway reindeer.

—School violence declines, but "wegdie incidents" rise at an alarming rate. As a solution, the government bans regular underwear. As a punishment, thongs become the norm.

—In the year 2239, a small sect of nerds develops a way to make all other men infertile, so that they will have to repopulate the Earth. Revenge of the Nerds!

—The city of Kirksville is destroyed in the year 2080 by an irrigation experiment gone terribly awry. The only survivors are a group of college students passed out in a three person Marlboro tent.

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

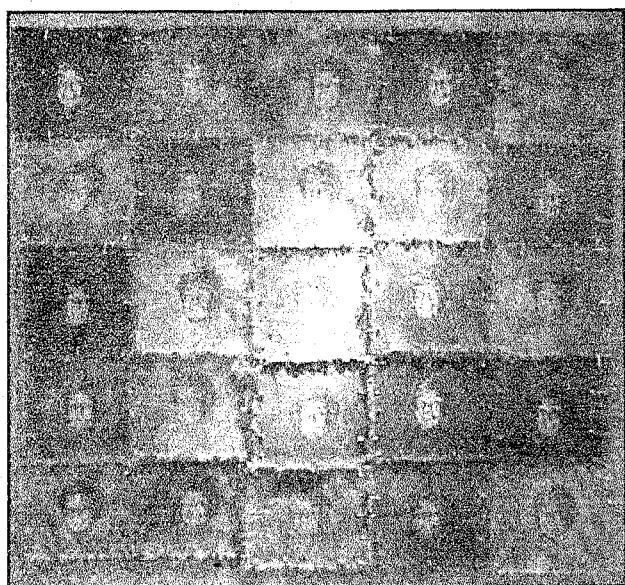
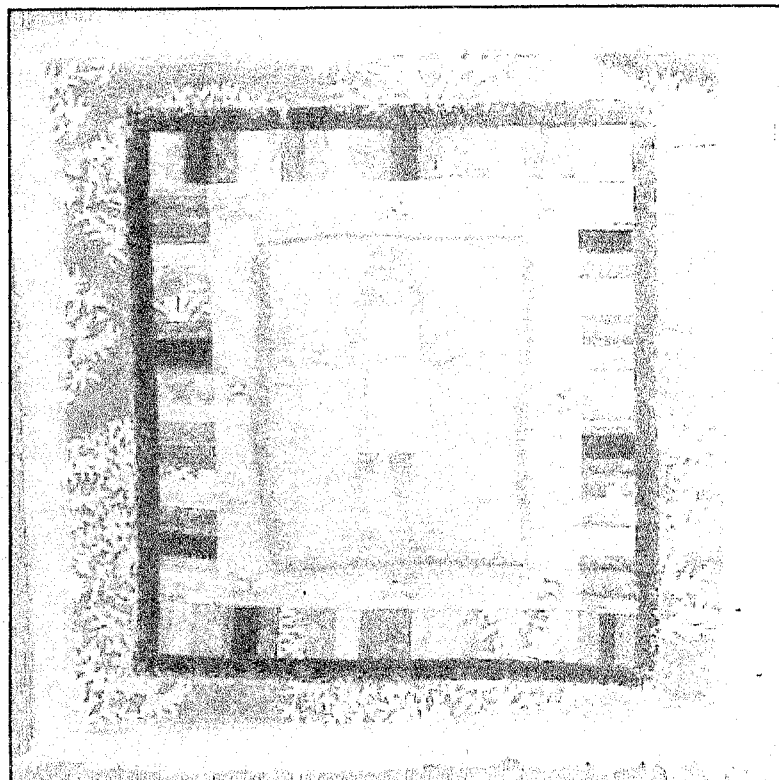


The last Art Page before Christ's second coming

This issue, the Art Page has BFA and BA works of Truman students graduating this fall semester. The BFA show runs in the Art Gallery through December 11.

They are done in part of art major graduation requirements.

Marta Gall
"Self-Portrait"
Cotton and Silk Fabrics, Hand dyed, Photo Transfer and Wooden Beads



Brad Belvo
"I'm Really Great, So I Made Lots of Pictures of Myself"
Hand Dyed and Silk Screened Canvas, Safety Pins



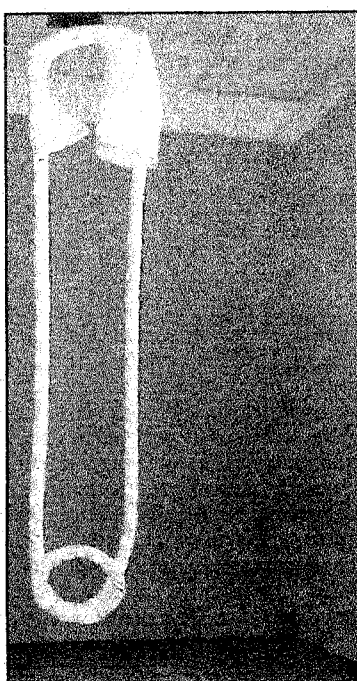
Bryna Cambell
"Wedding Revisited"
Oil Painting



Stephanie Kephart
Untitled
Solar Plate Etching with Viscosity



Jeff Thomann
2/28/99
Oil Painting



Brad Belvo
Untitled
Metallic and Cotton Fabrics,
Wire, Wood, Lights



Jeff Thomann
"Hypnagogia"
Fall 1999
Oil Painting

01:

Welcome windstorm
Adolescent brainstorm.
Welcome words of unaccompanied
companion.
Of limitlessness.
Recognize this and blessing be
above and of.
To set these words on guns and war.
To blaze them
violent images
true.

02:

I have seen
what has been meant.
And there were things
unsaid
undone
a truce among horrors.
That made a congregation
at the head
of humans.
That severed in blood.
I have seen the truth.
It is gory, and salty and reeks
of impossibility.
I never thought that these were the
eyes
that would turn when they saw
men.
But they have
and men were staring
blank deadeyes.
I am afraid of them when I sleep.
I can hear them
unspoken words
undone actions.
The death of them creeps to me.
Sings to me.
Tells me Alleluia.
Does nothing but,
Fear.
There is a dawn in the streets.
My eyes unwavering.
The dead.
They will outlive the living.

03:

When and of the joining.
Hands that grasp.
Flesh as a detail.
Blood on and on.
Honesty there is no
way but
honesty.
Death.
Their pieces reassembled,
jigsaws of was.
Blank deadeyes
reassembling.
Realizing.
There will be roadblocks on the
streets.
The killer loose.
I have smelled his prey.
We have seen the effect.
We have been the cause.

04:

Patterns
divulge into drips.
There is a chaos web.
Flailing.
Impale
a misery.
Shots fired at random
Possibility.
There is a way
for all thing to be wrong.
Protect.
Exists a unity which prays for
caution.
I advise
and am
lock
and safe
and guard.
There are precious things
afoot for the
taking.

05:

Taut
barricade of life.
There
torment of man encaged,
restrung
reworked
structure.
There on the floor.
The answers are dismal,
grey.
Bury the painful tissue.
Descent
and end.

—John Nguyen

For Better or Worse

...And it happens
Just like that
You are a new person.
No rhyme.
No reason.
Just happened.
We all have to change sometime, but
We don't always want it.
Change isn't always good.
Most of the time it isn't. But
Every once in awhile,
I out of 10 maybe,
It's good.
So I'm praying
Praying
That this is that one.
That you are changed for the
Better.
Otherwise, well let's not talk about
That.

—Pete Cuba

MY BACK
PAGES...

HIM

The smoke is burning my eyes
As he sits across the dirty booth
Staring into the mute lights
Never saying much.
The music plays loud.
Pulsating angry around us
Beating into my core it pumps
Anticipating the next word
To drip from his wet tongue
I sit waiting quietly.

—Alana Lamb

Untitled

you told me i would end up in hell and i cried
until my mother took me upon her knee
and i saw heaven for the first time
that afternoon last winter with
the rain pelting down against my window—perfect
and then the thunder started and almost made me cry
but i was too busy laughing at us and our
wonder at each other and ourselves together—

they say you aren't supposed to laugh...

—Mollie Hoffman

Congo Heat

Where the leaves drip hot sugar water
and the animals have techno-colored fur
that blends in with the flower stamens
and their hot breath helps the orchids
burst open to the sun
to create a little trail
-like organic trail-
for the dark copper men to follow deep into the jungle
with their knives and their scythes
and their slingblades
and their white marble teeth that shine like spotlights
between lips accustomed to very raw sugar in their creases.

—Megan Wampler

A new year, a new start on your poetry. When
you get back, submit poetry to the *Monitor*
mailbox in the CAOC. Happy Millennium to all.