

The Monitor

A Campus Collective

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

Annual art exhibition showcases student work

story by | Andy Dandino

The Student Art Exhibition celebrated its opening reception this past Thursday evening at the Campus Gallery in Ophelia Parrish. This annual event allows Truman's artistic students an opportunity to not only have their work displayed in a gallery setting, but also provides a venue that yields exposure to the ideas and creations of their peers. This year, each artist was permitted to enter up to five pieces of their work into the initial juried phase of the exhibition. The selection process is overseen by a visiting artist juror brought in from outside the school in order to ensure complete objectivity -- as the majority of Truman art professors are acquainted with the students who are entering. This year's juror was Virginia Derryberry, Assistant Professor of Drawing and Painting at the University of North Carolina-Asheville. In addition to her role as juror, Derryberry also gave a slide presentation on her own work last Wednesday night in Baldwin Hall 318, chronicling her evolution as a painter.

Juror's Awards were given to students in various media based on each artist's collective body of displayed work: Painting, John Woodworth; Sculpture, Nathan Ferree; Fibers, Marta Gall; Photo, Jenny Meyer; Ceramics, Andy Dandino. Honorable Mentions were given to Kjell Hahn, Nicole Kuenzel, Matt Lauer, Nancy Lamon, Megan Wampler and Christina Cahill. Aside from these awards,

the Student Union Building made five purchases from among the exhibition -- a tradition for the past six years, culminating in a total of 30 student artworks on display throughout the SUB. This year's selections included: Tim Brown, *Untitled* (photography); Sara Page, *"Hand Dyed Fabric"* (oil on canvas); Stephanie Weber, *"Humanity"* (conté crayon); Crystal Wing, *Untitled*

(mock mezzotint); Nancy Lamon, *"Self-Portrait"* (etching). Each artist received a payment of \$100 from the Student Union for their chosen piece. The Juried Student Art Exhibition will remain on display in the Gallery until Feb. 5, when it makes way for the 12th Annual National Art Competition Exhibition.

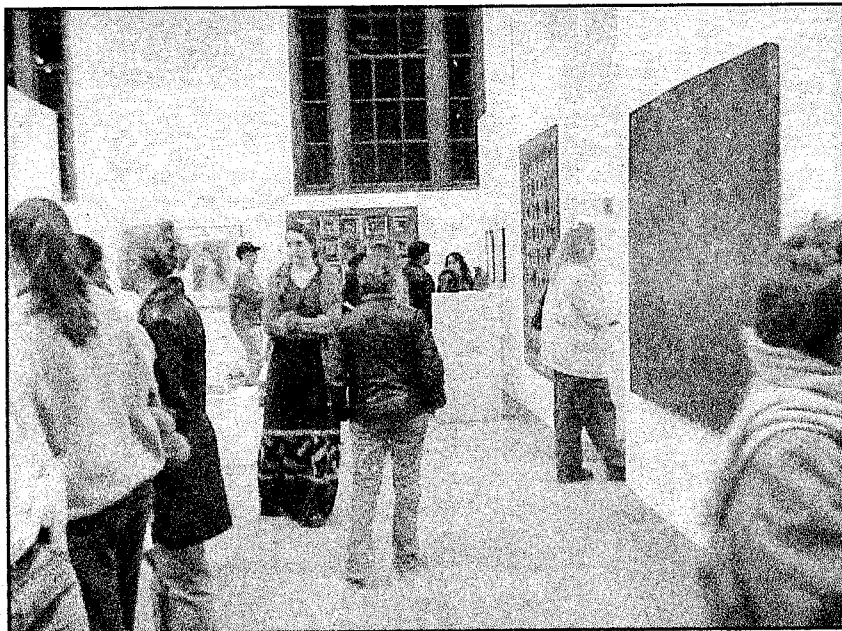


photo by Kjell Hahn

Patrons enjoy artwork at this year's annual Student Art Exhibition in the University Art Gallery in Ophelia Parrish.

UFO sighted in southern Illinois

story by | Olivera Bratic

"It's not like I'm the only one who saw it and I'm Joe Blow from the local bar who just stepped out drunk, you know?" What Officer Craig Stevens of the Millstadt, Ill. Police Department saw was a UFO. At least three other police officers and several civilians saw the same strange object moving through the night sky in the early morning hours of Wednesday, Jan. 5.

The first report came from Highland, Ill. resident Melvern Noll who spotted the craft from his golf course around 4 a.m. "I kept my eyeballs on it. It was all lighted up and so low that someone could have waved at me out the window," said Noll. He reported the sighting to the local police department. The UFO continued to pass across southeastern Illinois, passing over unsuspecting residents in Lebanon, Shiloh, Duplo and Millstadt. Upon spotting it, Officer Stevens thought, "Wow! This thing's huge!" He jumped out of his patrol car and snapped a Polaroid as it flew overhead. Unfortunately, due to the cold, the photograph did not turn out well. It shows only three bright lights.

Witnesses describe the UFO as two stories high, about three times as long, with three large lights in the back and dimmer lights all over it. It flew slowly and almost silently about 1000 feet above the ground. UFO experts are intrigued by this sighting because the witnesses seem reliable. Also, police officers can generally give better descriptions than the average civilian. After his shift, Officer Stevens jumped on the Internet to possibly find an aircraft that could explain his sighting. The best comparison he could find was a drawing of a "stealth blimp," a futuristic aircraft, on the *Popular Mechanics* Web site.

The morning after the sightings, two of the police officers called the National UFO Reporting Center in Seattle. Since then, the incident has received national attention from UFO interest groups and the popular media. The small police stations have been flooded with calls. Officer Stevens appeared on Art Bell's nationally syndicated radio show with a man who claims to have evidence of similar sightings in Southern California the day after Christmas. Chief Ed Wilkerson has ceased all media interviews to prevent the publicity from interfering with police work. He turned down appearances

See UFO, page 6

V-day, *Vagina Monologues* return to Truman

story by | Olivera Bratic

Viva La Vulva! It's a theme you might be seeing in the next few weeks as Vagina Season seems to be upon us. This February, the Women's Resource Center will again be presenting *The Vagina Monologues*. Much of the show's content will remain the same, but new monologues have been added and the WRC is working to make this year's performance very unique. In preparation for the show the WRC and the Art Club are co-sponsoring a Vagina Workshop where attendees can create vagina art to be displayed during the show.

What is vagina art? Well, it can be any art about or inspired by vaginas. The organizations

want to stress that people coming to the workshop do not have to be great artists. It's going to be a fun experience, not a contest. Students are welcome to work with any medium, but only basic supplies will be provided. These supplies include paper, paint, glue, magazines (for collages), etc. Students are encouraged to bring their own materials for more elaborate projects

The Vagina Monologues are part of V-day, a celebration of women and a response to sexual violence created by the playwright, Eve Ensler. V-day stands for Valentine's Day but also for vagina, anti-violence and victory. Ensler aims to combat violence against women by spreading

awareness through her program and looking at women's sexuality in a positive light. The Vagina Workshop welcomes men and women and offers an opportunity to express feelings about a traditionally taboo subject. It, along with the *Monologues*, also aims to help people recognize the power of sexuality. The Workshop will hopefully inspire dialogue both between and within the sexes about an unjustly forbidden topic. Men are strongly encouraged to attend as well as women, because we have all at some point in our lives (usually at birth) been touched by vaginas.

The Vagina Workshop will be held on Tuesday, Feb. 1 at 8 p.m. in BH346.

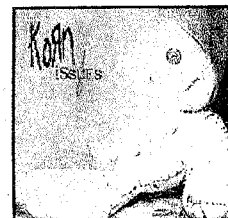


Censoring Harry Potter is just plain silly. Read the opinion on page 4.

Machiavelli offers sage advice on liberal arts and interior decorating. Advice from the Afterlife, page 9.



Korn adds dynamics and melody to their violent sound. Read the review on page 10.



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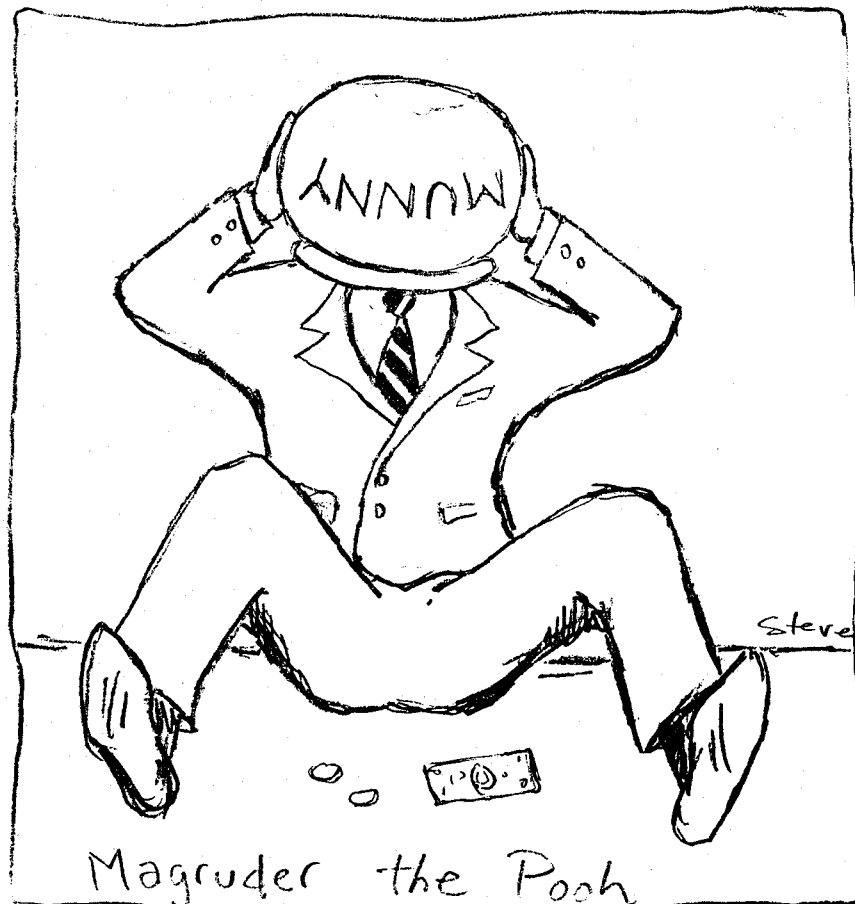
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"Among people who have learned something from the 18th century (say, Voltaire) it is a truism, hardly deserving discussion, that the defense of the right of free expression is not restricted to ideas one approves of, and that it is precisely in the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



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letters

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

Leonard Wood article was wrong

Dear Monitor Staff,

Since I live in Pulaski County, I read your article with interest. I do not own any land or business in the area. My job is not tied in any way to the well-being of the Missouri economy. I consider myself an environmentalist. Although there is no recycling program available in Pulaski County, I sort my trash at home, haul it to the recycling center on Fort Leonard, and recycle most of my trash. For a family of five, we barely fill one trash can a week.

However, either you did not research your writer's sources or Leslee White will make a great addition to the staff of the "The Globe" or "The National Enquirer."

I have never read just a distorted article. Are you sure that aliens from Roswell are not at Fort Leonard Wood?

I apologize for my tone. I recommend that you contact the Fort Leonard Wood Public Affairs Office at (573) 563-4014 and request a tour of the Chemical Defense Training Facility. Or you can contact the people who work there at (573) 596-0608 and request a tour from the Operations Officer.

I did and found out that they do not use biological agents, radioactive isotopes, or mustard gases in their training. They do however make nerve agents under the close supervision of the Organization for the Prohibition of Chemical Weapons (OPCW) at The Hague, The Netherlands.

Call for a tour and learn first hand about the safe and environmentally responsible training at the Chemical Defense Training Facility.

Sincerely, George Heib

Monitor ignores Thursday night performers

Dear Monitor,

A big, heartfelt middle finger goes out from me to you, Monitor, for your article in the December 7th issue which covered the director's class one-act plays. While your coverage of the Friday and Saturday night performances was well-done and thorough, you grossly and flippantly ignored the Thursday night productions with a meager "sorry, couldn't make it." Honestly, I expected more even from the Monitor.

Let me say right off that the views expressed in this letter are my own and do not necessarily reflect those of the other Thursday night performers. However, I wish to express my frustration with the lack of coverage given these individuals, whose efforts paralleled those of the other nights' acts. Now for my part, this was my second one-act in a row that went on Thursday night. It's like pulling teeth just getting your friends in the audience on a Thursday night; most people are such Time Nazis anymore, they aren't willing to give up an hour and fifteen to go see a show even when someone they know is involved. And although we did have a good-sized crowd that night, the place was by no means packed. You're telling me the Monitor didn't have ONE damn person they could have sent as a liaison to watch the shows and report back for the sake of the

article? For the sake of balance and fairness? For the sake of not ignoring fifteen extremely talented individuals who also worked for a month memorizing lines, blocking, and makeup routines?

It's no wonder more people aren't willing to get up onstage and audition for more theatre productions. In addition to the time commitment and the possibility of making an ass of yourself in front of everyone, now we have newspaper articles covering some events and conspicuously omitting others with a quick shrug and a half-hearted apology. The least you could have done was contacted the Thursday night directors for a plot summary -- that would have amounted to three phone calls at the most. What a chore THAT would've been, eh?

But the shows will go on. Actors and actresses will continue to show their stuff at auditions because they love doing it, not because they want their names in the paper. I just think the Monitor could have made more of an effort to include everyone involved in the one-act plays. We Thursday Night Kids feel ignored enough without the Monitor adding to the problem.

Sincerely, Heith R. Carnahan, co-star of "The Gods and Emil Vitt," also starring Brian Lowry, Morgan Nevans, Lindsay Deckert, and Amanda Day

My Back Pages lacks quality poetry

Dear Monitor Staff,

I love the newspaper, and the wonderful job you do of upsetting the conservatives. But ever since the beginning of the year, I've been plagued by a question. WHAT THE HELL IS UP WITH THE POETRY YOU PRINT?!!

Obviously, art is a very subjective and personal thing, and poetry is just another form of art. But the poetry you've been printing really isn't very good at all. Hell, it sucks!

Sure, this is just my opinion, but all I see is the meaningless ramblings of a bunch of people who think that sentence fragments and esoteric words are poetry. If I wanted to read 97 lines of a poem, with most lines containing one or two words, I would have pulled a bunch of words out of my ass and strung them together in no particular order. Most of the time, you have NO fucking clue what the person is talking about. And it's not that they were "trying to convey an image rather than a word"; they just don't know how to write ANY kind of poem.

"Stream of thought" might work for short stories in shitty literature class books, but it doesn't work for poems. Too many times has it been passed off as an excuse for poetry. I haven't read any REAL poetry on your back pages just shit. And I realize that you guys don't have any standards, and also that everyone likes it that way, but please, in the future, make an attempt to publish something of quality on your back pages.

And tell John Nguyen to quit writing. Sucking at poetry is easy, but sucking at OPINIONS is really hard. He tried, and sucked, at both. Maybe he should wake up!

Yours in delightful complaints,
Christopher Shanahan

Tweak Your Mind

What is your favorite color of lingerie and why?



I don't need to answer that.

- Amber McWilliams



Black because I think so.

- Mimi Kato



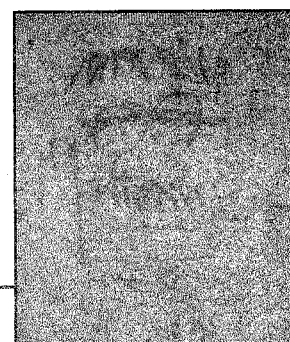
Arlie's color blind, so I guess it really doesn't matter to him.

- Kasye Hahn



Blue -- the sky?

- Jay Peterson



Grey or fleshtone -- it makes you wonder what they're thinking.

- Dave Capps

Green, because that's what my grandfather wore when he played catch with me.

- Jay Lansford





opinions

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

- Phil Ochs

Harry Potter contains nothing immoral

opinion by | Matthew Webber

Some parents don't want their children to read. Every few years, when their children finally peel themselves away from their PlayStations because they actually want to read a book, these parents snatch the offending material away. Not only do these parents forbid their own children from enjoying a good book, they take it upon themselves to deprive other children from that same enjoyment. They seem to believe that their strict moral code should be everyone's stifling value system and that they know what is best for every single child in their school district or state.

Here we go again.

The newest target for the scorn of "concerned" parents everywhere is an 11-year-old wizard named Harry Potter. Children are shutting off their TVs en masse to follow his adventures, speeding through one book and jumping to the next. The first three books in J.K. Rowling's series have sat 1-2-3 on the New York Times best-sellers list for months. Elementary schoolteachers are reading the books to

their students. There are rumors of a movie, possibly directed by Steven Spielberg. Children -- here's something that hasn't happened in years -- are actually recommending these books to their friends.

Everybody seems to love Harry Potter. Everybody except certain parents, that is. You know the type: those overprotective parents who would ban *Huckleberry Finn* for its use of the n-word, censor the f-word in *The Catcher in the Rye* and throw away a found copy of *Forever* for its racy scenes. The parents for whom a PG-rated movie is hedonistic. These parents are railing against school boards to ban the book from elementary schools in South Carolina, Georgia and Minnesota, among others.

The difference between the Harry Potter books and these (and other) classic books is that these classics contain specific words or scenes that make them questionable (but which still do not justify the fascist attempts to censor them) while Harry Potter, well... I read the first Harry Potter book, *Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone* and -- guess what -- there is

not a single evil, immoral or questionable word or scene in the entire book!

As silly as the previous challenges are, this newest challenge is the silliest yet. *The Sorcerer's Stone* contains no foul language, sexual content or explicit violence. What it contains is -- oh no! -- witchcraft. And heaven forbid we let our children read about that!

Let's hear from a parent. Colleen Allison, in a Jan. 8 letter to the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, wrote: "I question the motive and influence of an author who sugar-coats the occult and makes wizardry so enticing to juveniles." According to this rationale, if you're going to write about the occult and wizardry, you should make it as boring and un-enticing as you can so as not to corrupt juveniles. According to this argument, the scene in *Fantasia* in which Mickey Mouse brings all those broomsticks to life is "sugar-coating the occult" because of how enticing it is to impressionable youths.

In fact, if Allison objects to the wizardry in the Harry Potter books, she must also object to almost every science fiction or fantasy book as well as many fairy tales and myths. That's a lot of literature to condemn. I wonder if Allison would object to C.S. Lewis' *The Chronicles of Narnia*, a Christian allegory that involves some -- uh oh! -- very enticing wizardry.

The wizardry in all these books is what makes the stories so captivating, especially in the case of Harry Potter. Because of the hype, I was skeptical towards *The Sorcerer's Stone* before I began to read it. But the more I read, the more I forgot my skepticism and succumbed to pure enjoyment. There's a reason the Harry Potter books are so popular: they're damn good. To censor them isn't just un-American, it's a huge disservice to Rowling's talent.

When I get some free time, I plan on reading the next two books in the series. And no one's gonna stop me from reading what I want.

New Year's Eve 1999 proved to be uneventful

opinion by | Cameron Moore

New Year's Eve, 1999... it's the stuff Prince songs are made of. Unfortunately for our purple-jumpsuit clad Artist, there was no such Judgment Day. Midnight came and went and nothing happened. I don't know about you, but I was rather disappointed.

I spent my New Year's on Navy Pier in Chicago, with 2 million drunks that got duped into spending money on 2000 glasses and other millennium paraphernalia. That's another thing that gets my goat, come to think of it. Who in the hell decided it was a new millennium? Last time I checked, in order for 2000 years to have passed (or two millennia) there has to be a 2000th year. That would make this year the last year of the millennium. But far be it from corporate America to have us think any other way. Besides, how else could millions of boxes of Millennium Cheerios or Millennium Oreos or Millennium Bullshit be marketed to the masses? Give yourself a hand everybody: capitalism bent you over a chair once again.

Aside from a fabricated millennium being thrust upon the unwitting sheep of the lands, New Year's did plenty more to piss off this young college student. I had a plan. A good plan, too. It was to be New Year's Eve, and I was to be waiting. I was to be waiting outside of Best Buy with a brick in my hand. When midnight struck and all the power went out, I was going to rob them blind. Computers, stereos, video games, TVs and CDs would fill my trunk as I danced with glee knowing that it would be weeks before I could plug any of it in. But that would be when the good part happens. When the power comes back on. For, with so many electronic goodies at my disposal, I could rule this very Kirksville as an evil electronics magnet with a heavy hand of misery and despair. I could have whatever I wanted with such a large amount of electronics at my disposal. I would have made a name for myself as being the tyrannical ruler of these parts, tempting those who thought they could not be swayed to see things my way with VCRs and Color Gameboys. But, alas, my plan was thwarted. I guess it was never meant to be.

Even though the power didn't go out and even though my bank account was not erased and even though the world as we know it did not come to an abrupt and perhaps well-deserved end, I think I was even more disappointed to find that absolutely nothing happened. With the turn of the year being built up by computer analysts for years as a possible thorn in our sides, I wish at least something would have happened. A friend of mine told me that he heard that some slot machines in Connecticut went crazy and that that was basically the extent of the problems caused by the Y2K bug. What kind of shit is that? People headed for the hills and stocked up on guns and bottled water just so some slot machines could go wacky. I think we deserve a little more out of this Y2K bug. I think we deserve to get our money's worth. I mean, who is to say that this thing even existed? For all we know, this was a plot cooked up by the bottled water and canned food companies to scare us into buying their stuff. Well, maybe not, but it makes for a good end to this article.



The real presidential election begins now

opinion by | Jerry Schirmer

This year, it's beginning to look like the real election will be happening during the primaries and caucuses. As of yesterday, the Iowa caucus will have started the 2000 election season. Since it seems likely that the election will be fought between Al Gore and George W. Bush, it seems that the time for people to express anger at traditional politicians is not in November, but now. Find out about the candidates for your party and vote for the person who makes the most sense to you. That is the reason that previous generations fought so hard to reform the primary laws

-- so that people somewhat outside of the party system could have an effect on the candidates available during the final election.

After all, everyone seems to be able to complain about what the President and Congress does quite a lot, but no one seems to be willing to change the way that things are done. This change could easily be accomplished by having enough people actively participating in the political process, either by writing letters to their representatives, volunteering for campaigns, supporting special interest groups or even the much more simple task of informing

themselves and voting. If people did these things in a manner that would back up their rhetoric regarding the political system, then it would be a foregone conclusion that the political system would change, by necessity.

So, in conclusion, I would like to urge all of the readers of *The Monitor* to think through exactly which candidate that they support for the President, Congress and state office this year and back up their decisions now, rather than in November, when it may be too late (www.votesmart.com can be a good resource for this).

Be ugly, pretty please

opinion by | John Nguyen

I am approaching a conundrum. I must beware the Fashion Police. I wear: T-shirts, long sleeve oxford shirts with only the top few buttons buttoned, baggy pants, red and black double-stacked sole Doc Martens, a ball chain on my left wrist, an AIDS ribbon ring on my right ring finger and my hair is just there nowadays. I used to have a hairstyle but I gave up on that.

Fashion. I'm a victim to it, although lately I'm trying not to be. I hate fashion.

A long, long time ago, in a place far away from here, a younger me craved to be cool. I wanted to be a famous writer, a rock star, a cultural icon. I know; big deluded aspirations of a cocky teenager. What I became was an Icon. I was a representative image of every other kid in my group, just as they were likewise of me. We were all little icons to this great ideal: That we were individuals. That no one was like us. And that different was beautiful.

I pumped myself full of pride, put on my t-shirt full of holes and headed out into the world. My parents hated my clothes. My neighbors hated my clothes. But there was a place for me. I went to the alterna-hangouts in the Loop.

The Loop was a great place. Everybody was whacked out, long banged (as was I) or spiky-haired (as I was at one point in time). Everyone there was also an Icon. We would get together and talk. We would talk about Industrial music like KMFDM or Nine Inch Nails. We would talk about old-school eighties bands like Depeche Mode and New Order.

My cousin Paul brought me here when I was younger. He was a really cool guy. Bangs down to his chest, he introduced me to one of my favorite bands, The Cure. Back in those days everyone was friendly. You could walk down the street and talk to people. Meet people. Have things in common. Be understanding. The Loop was a foster mother; she loved us despite our differences. She loved us even if we were just insane. She loved us no matter what. White, black, yellow, plaid, smart, dumb, different, average. She loved.

So I went there. Before I could drive, others drove. Eventually I took the Metrolink and walked. Me and my old best friend Neil

(who's a record promoter nowadays for the love of God) would walk those ugly streets to get to our Home, where we had friends and music and coffee and fun.

Does this all sound ridiculous? It might just be Nostalgia for me.

The point is: sometime all of that changed. Crazy kids with blue hair and fourteen piercings acted like they were too good for us. Pot heads didn't like to hang with us cause we didn't smoke. Intellectual pseudo-poets thought we were too goofy. Things changed, rearranged, died. Fashion came.

Fashion came and changed difference into style. Fashion came and made big pants a staple. And chain wallets a necessity. Fashion came and made clothes that cost sixty bucks and shoes that cost one-hundred and seventy. Fashion put this image into magazines and shopping malls and now it wasn't about love. It was about a show. We became a living show for the Fashion Monster.

Sometimes I still go to the Loop and I don't make a single friend. Religions stand in the sidewalks trying to make converts. Some people sit outside waiting for friends to arrive. Some people just come down to buy CDs and leave. The Loop died. The Fashion Statement lived on.

I hate it now. I

hate how it's everywhere.

It's not just the grunge kids or the different kids anymore. Maybe I wasn't paying attention. Maybe it's always been this way. Logos abound on our clothing. MTV rocks our world with video clips. Pretty Boy bands, Adolescent Girl stars, Porn Rap Rock losers. Shops like Gadzooks and Hot Topic, which I admit I do like to go to, have made a market of us. Have made shiny shirts, and pants and wicked designs that we can't resist. Shops like the Gap have a recognizable slogan and style. We're stuck. In this Fashion Rut.

It's not about the individual. Pierce this. Cut this. Dye this. Buy this. Talk like this. Walk like this. Eat these. Look at those. Don't be offended by this. Don't fit into this. Read this. Listen to this.

Cookie cut me. Put me on a tray. Eat me with your eyes. Fashion me.

Fashion me, please.

(This article was getting too long. I didn't get a chance to tell you that I want to kill fashion. That I want us to be ugly. All of us. Thank you.)

Backstreet Boys win Grammy for making me vomit

opinion by | Matthew Webber

The Backstreet Boys are stalking me. In my house, at my school, in my mind. Everywhere I turn they're there. Where I run, their singles follow. They wink at me on MTV. I flip through radio stations and they sing right down the dial. They hide in my mailbox and lie in wait, staring into my eyes from the cover of *Rolling Stone*. (In true stalker fashion, they're not wearing pants.)

They want it that way? Well I want them to go away.

I honestly don't hate the Backstreet Boys. Though it pains me to confess it, I actually liked "I Want It That Way" the first time I heard it on the radio. But I liked it less the second time and even less the third time and now, 5,303,117 times later, its saccharinity makes me vomit.

But all of this is beside the point. This opinion piece isn't about those five Disney World dropouts. Rather, this opinion piece is about all those Disney World dropouts currently stalking amongst us like a millennium edition of *Night of the Living Dead*: 98 Degrees, 'N Sync, LFO and whatever new boy "band" recently sold their souls to Clearasil. And lest I forget, this opinion piece is about all those girls who wear Abercrombie and Fitch: Britney Spears, Christina Aguilera, Jessica Simpson, Mandy Moore, *ad nauseum*. This opinion piece is also about all those great new "Latin" singers whose songs are about as Latin as I am. And it's also about MTV, *Rolling Stone* and the Grammy Awards. This opinion piece is all about mediocrity.

What prompted this opinion piece was a startling announcement this month. (You better sit down for this.) The Backstreet Boys were nominated for four Grammy Awards including Album of the Year. Repeat: The Backstreet Fucking Boys were nominated for four Grammy Awards including Album of the Year.

Not that I ever respected the Grammy Awards before, because -- and correct me if I'm wrong -- I seem to remember a little group named Milli Vanilli winning some awards not too long ago. But with some of the nominations and winners in recent years I thought the Grammy Awards were at least making some progress in recognizing actual talent instead of whatever it was they recognized before. *Odelay* was nominated. *OK Computer* and Lauryn Hill actually won. But this year's nominations are one step backward for man, one giant leap into a vat of ill-tempered sea bass for mankind.

My problem with these pop groups isn't their music. It's true I don't like their music, but it wasn't exactly written with a cynical college student in mind. It was written for screaming prepubescent who, of course, are as hooked on this crap as heroin addicts on heroin. The

kids like this stuff, always have, always will. Backstreet and their clones descended from the New Kids, who descended from New Edition, who descended from Shaun Cassidy. There's a market for this music that strictly adheres to the good old law of supply and demand. What the kids demand, the Backstreet Boys supply. It's simple economics.

My problem with these pop groups is that once-respectable music institutions are smooching their teenage booties. My problem with these pop groups is that they are everywhere. We now return to the beginning of this opinion piece. The Backstreet Boys are stalking me. Carson Daly is telling me what videos I absolutely need to watch or I will die. I can't turn on the radio or MTV, or open a *Rolling Stone* or read the list of Grammy nominations without encountering an acne-less face or a pair of silicone breasts. What this tells me -- and the reason I am so angry -- is that the public and the music industry fully support this mediocrity.

Let the kids buy those albums they'll regret six years from now. Let them adore the brooding rebel of the group (because every group has one). But let somebody, somewhere, support *creative, exciting, challenging music that was actually written by the people who perform it!*

Doesn't anybody buy *good* albums anymore? Let's take a look at the top ten best-selling albums of 1999 (from SoundScan): 1. Backstreet Boys 2. Britney Spears 3. Ricky Martin 4. Shania Twain 5. Limp Bizkit 6. Santana 7. Kid Rock 8. TLC 9. Christina Aguilera 10. Dixie Chicks. With the exception of Santana, Kid Rock and the Dixie Chicks, this list could also serve as the top mediocre artists. (Although I have at least one friend who would disagree with each of my non-mediocre selections.) None of the music is bad. It's just uninspired. It's bland. It sounds, and is packaged, exactly the same as all the other music on *Total Request Live*.

But somehow this "music" follows us everywhere. On the radio, in magazines, in television commercials. Why hasn't Kurt Loder (the only person left on MTV who knows anything about anything) killed himself in disgust yet and taken out Carson Daly with him? Why don't more artists pull a Jay-Z and boycott the Grammy Awards?

I personally am boycotting the Grammy Awards, not that my opinion counts for anything. The Backstreet Boys will still win a few awards, making some 12-year-old girl very happy. And the audience members will cheer like mad, humming the winning song's melody in their heads. It will sound the same as the previous winning song.

Have an opinion about something? Want to make it public?

Write for The Monitor!

We are looking for interesting opinions writers right this very second. Come to our meetings every Tuesday and Thursday at 9.00 p.m. in OP218 or call 627-4797 for more info.

Remember, it's *your* paper! Make your voice heard!



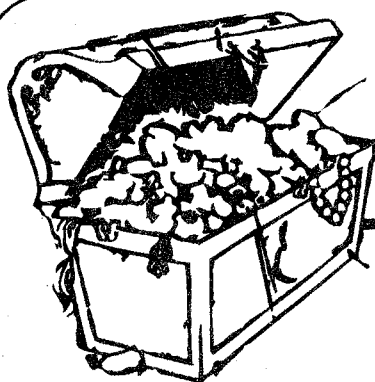
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Kirksville's Hidden Treasures

Part 5: A trip to the ER

feature by | Marie Montano and Olivera Bratic

Every week, millions of people tune in to shows like *ER* and *Chicago Hope* to experience the non-stop excitement of an emergency room. Well, we figured why sit at home when Kirksville has it's own ER where we can get in on the action? So late one evening we headed over to Northeast Regional and settled in for a thrilling night.

Soon after we flipped open a magazine, the first patient of the night was wheeled in. We couldn't see any obvious injuries, but the middle-aged man was livid. He sounded like a modern day millennium preacher, reminding us and the doctors of our mortality and the

will of the Lord. Finally, he was wheeled behind the ominous double doors screaming, "Chaos is your destiny!"

The second patient was a junior high-aged girl carried in by her father. Her leg was gashed and she was bleeding all over the place. Yuck. She was injured while working on a project for shop class. Her dad eloquently explained the situation by saying, "This is why girls shouldn't take shop." Apparently her abrasion was God's punishment for striking against the sexual hierarchy.

Then, a nanny brought in a young boy who had, as it turns out, broken his arm. The doctors and nurses paid special attention to the boy, bringing him his favorite yogurt (chocolate). I guess it pays to be a country clubbin' fatcat. He came in with a broken arm and left with funny glasses. It turns out Richie Rich falls down so much because he's going blind.

Next, hitting close to home, an off-duty nurse brought in her grandfather who was experiencing a stroke. She could not determine when the symptoms began and the doctors quibbled over whether or not to try a new experimental

treatment. Only Steven Spielberg could have made it more dramatic. Well, the treatment worked and the old fella pulled through.

Finally, hitting even closer to home, an ER doctor was discovered unconscious and badly beaten in the restroom. He was immediately treated and the ER was a buzz. Would he pull through? Right before we left, he regained consciousness. He seemed to be A-OK, but could not remember what had happened to him. Amnesia, perhaps? Maybe we'll find out the next time we stop by the ER.

Whoosh! What a night. So, um, truthfully? Yeah, we're lying. We did actually go to Northeast Regional's ER for a night of excitement, but it turned out to be a night of sitting in the waiting room while no one came in. Yup. Absolutely no one. So we decided to head home and flip on a little *ER*. Am't no George Clooney in Kirksville. That's for damn sure. All of the melee described above happened in one action-packed rerun of America's No. 1 show. After all that melodrama, we headed to Kirksville's not-so-hidden treasure, Pancake City. Mmmm-Mmm chicken sticks.

We told you the Rams were great

story by | Chris Vernon, Paul Kingston, and Andy Garcia-Staggenborg

We told you so. St. Louis is 15 and 3, last year they were 4 and 12. When looked at in that stark, black and white terminology, it seems like a miracle. But when seen through our eyes, it's clearly just the falling of one domino into the next.

You may have heard it around campus. God knows we have. "Who'd have thought the Rams would be here?" We'll tell you who, suckers. We did. And we've been thinking about it to half your faces for the past three months. You know what else we've heard.

"This season's just a fluke."

"Oh, the Rams had a weak schedule this year."

"The Rams are just playing easy teams."

Of course all that was before the Minnesota debacle, now the talk's a little more like:

"I don't think there's a team that can beat the Rams."

"The Rams are the real deal."

"The Super Bowl's just a formality."

It seems like the naysayers have finally caught up to where we've been all along. Well, who's laughin' now, bonehead?

We just wanna ask you one thing. At what point during the Minnesota game did you catch Rams fever? Was it one of Warner's five touchdown passes, or one of the 391 passing yards, or did you wait to hear about his 81% completion percentage? Did you start mixing gold and blue into your wardrobe when Horne returned a kickoff for a touchdown, or was it when Vikings WR Randy Moss squirted a ref with a water bottle in a fit of losing?

Or did you plan to wait until after the Bucs came to town? 'Cause we'll tell you one thing: If Tampa Bay went to the Super Bowl, it would have proved God was a woman.

UFO, from page 1

on ABC News and Extra.

A team from the National Institute for Discovery Science in Las Vegas has come to southeastern Illinois to investigate the sightings. The Institute is comprised of about a dozen former law enforcement officials and scientists who examine UFO incidents scientifically. The team is led by former FBI agent John Velier. According to Velier, the investigation could take months, but a preliminary report should be issued within a few weeks.

Experts agree that the object could not have been a simple aircraft. The lights do not comply with U.S. regulations and the flight pattern contrasts that of a standard aircraft. Forrest Crawford, head of the Illinois Mutual UFO Network, believes that the UFO was an experimental government aircraft, not visitors from outer space. Officials at nearby Scott Air Force Base deny knowledge of any government experiment. According to their spokesman, the air traffic control tower was (conveniently) closed during the time of the sightings. Lt. Col. Allan Dahncke stated that Scott Air Force Base personnel know nothing of the UFO outside media reports but said if it was a top secret military aircraft, he "can't imagine that we would know. If we did, it wouldn't be so secret."

Stevens, along with several other witnesses, believe the craft was not extraterrestrial. Nevertheless, phone calls asking about alien implants and anal probes continue to pour in. The incident has sparked nationwide interest among UFO enthusiasts and the general public alike. Chief Wilkerson was surprised by the response. "I never thought anything like this would draw much attention. Well, at least it puts Millstadt on the map."

To read Officer Stevens original police report check out:

<http://millstadtpolice.homepage.com>

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Campus Music Collective assaults campus

story by | Morgan Peckosh

The second semester for the "new" Campus Music Collective promises to be twice as amazing as last semester. With a larger variety of music and more innovations as to what a concert is, we plan to bring the best music at a small price to campus. I am sure many of you went to the rave we had last weekend, and if that is any indication of what is to come, be forewarned you might not live through this semester if you keep attending Campus Music Collective shows.

We have two more really good, really interesting shows coming up in the next eight days. Both will be held in Kirk Building hallway and both will start at 8 p.m.

On Jan. 28 Campus Music Collective brings you Blinder, Casket Lottery and the Burial Twins. Blinder is from New York, has female vocals and is like a cross between Helmet and Garbage. The Casket Lottery is from Kansas City and could be compared to the Get Up Kids with lots of time signature and tempo changes. They are truly amazing. The Burial Twins are from Kirksville and convulse on stage a lot. The show will cost \$3 and there is an after-party somewhere else.

On Feb. 2 we will bring you Ballydose and Sometime Sunday. Ballydose is a Christian/Celtic/oi band from Chicago with eight members. Sometime Sunday is from Kirksville; you may have seen them at Late Night at Dobson. Kind of a groove band

like Dave Matthews or the Allman Brothers. Very good. We will be selling tickets in advance in the SUB this week for \$4. The show is \$5 at the door.

We have about eight more shows already planned for this semester. I hope many of you can attend and see what we are all about. Every band that has played here says a y Kirksville is one of the best places to play. Thank you Campus Music Collective concertgoers for being so enthusiastic. If you would

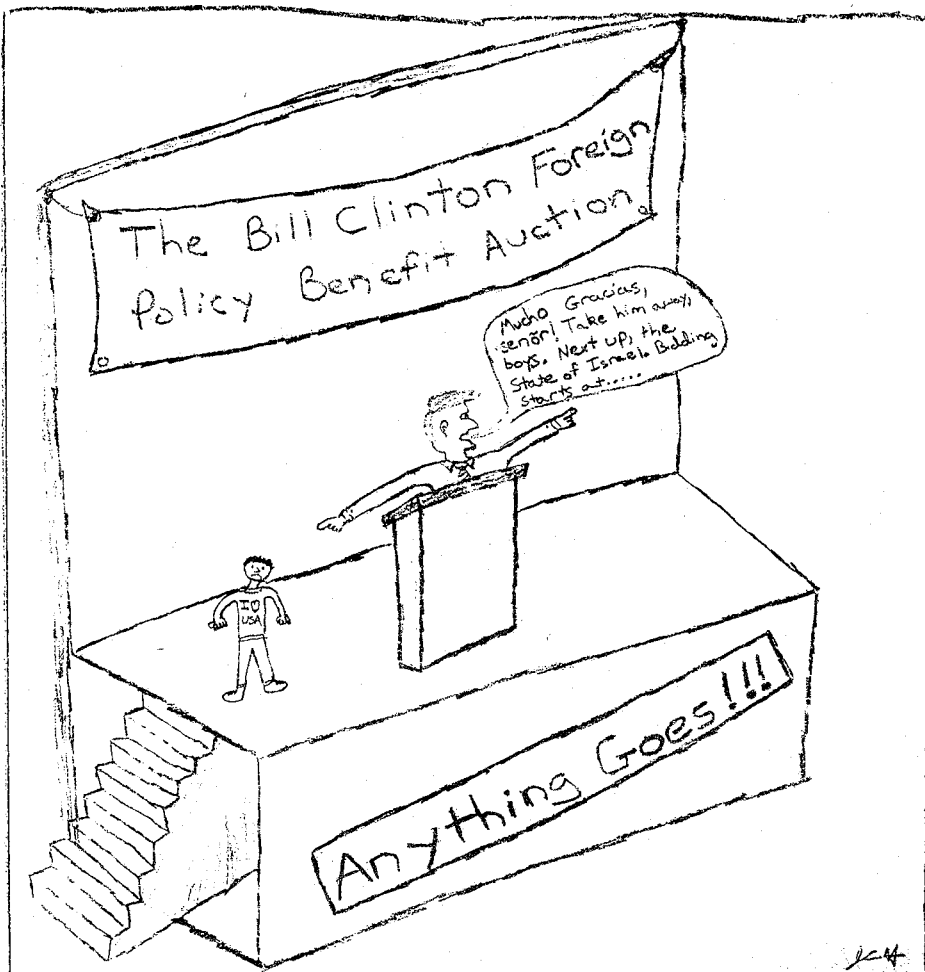
like to come to one of our meetings, we meet on Monday at 8 p.m. in the bottom floor of the SUB. Also if you would like to be on our e-mail list of upcoming events, e-mail crawlifornia@hotmail.com.

Finally, I would like to point out that we are very strict about who we bring to this campus. Most of the bands we bring are just as good as most "famous bands." The difference is that the bands we bring do not have corporate backing to advertise on radio and MTV (the longest running commercial ever). A perfect example is the last band we brought last semester, Rainer Maria. Rainer Maria made *Spin* magazine's top 20 albums of 1999. Check out our shows, you won't be disappointed.

Campus Music Collective Events

Jan. 28 **Blinder, Casket Lottery and the Burial Twins**, Kirk Building Hallway, \$3

Feb. 2 **Ballydose and Sometime Sunday**, Kirk Building Hallway \$4 advance / \$5 door



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Filmore Plaza on S. Baltimore

South Carolina government, NAACP clash over the display of the Confederate flag

story by | Dane Stangler

Last Monday, an estimated 46,000 protestors marched outside the South Carolina state capitol building in Columbia, demanding the removal of the Confederate flag that flies atop the building. The demonstration, which was the largest in the city's history, came one week after 6,000 white supporters came together at the capitol to praise the flag "as a symbol of Southern heritage."

The Martin Luther King Jr. Day gathering was said to have included a "smattering" of whites, perhaps 5-10% of the crowd. The protestors waved United States flags and signs that read, "Your Heritage Is My Slavery."

"Not everyone in South Carolina is still living in the 19th century," James Gallman, president of the South Carolina NAACP, said. "Let it be clearly understood that we live in the sovereign state of South Carolina, not in the Confederate States of America."

The demonstrators were also protesting the fact that South Carolina does not officially recognize King's birthday as a "mandatory" holiday. Instead, there are three Confederate holidays during the year. People are allowed to choose: they can

either take off on King's birthday or on one of the Confederate holidays.

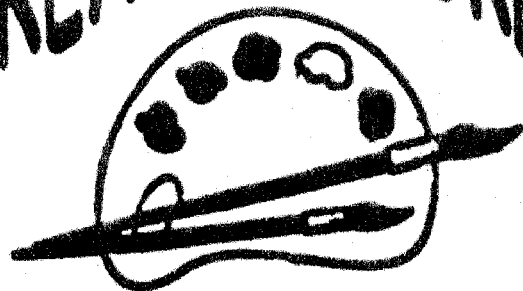
In 1962, the South Carolina General Assembly voted to have the Confederate flag flown from the capitol in order to memorialize the 100th anniversary of the Civil War. Ever since, controversy as brewed on and off. Last July, the NAACP declared a boycott of the state tourism industry and demanded the removal of the flag.

"The Civil War's been over a long time," Reverend John Hurst Adams said. "We know you got an inferiority complex because you lost, but you compensated for that a long time ago."

Two other states, Georgia and Mississippi, include the Confederate flag in their state flags, but South Carolina is the only one to have the entire Confederate emblem flying.

On a national level, President Bill Clinton has come out in opposition to the flag. Democratic presidential candidates Al Gore and Bill Bradley also oppose it, while Republican candidates George W. Bush and John McCain have said it is not national business and is strictly a state of South Carolina issue.

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MLK Symposium inspires

story by | Jesse Pasley

For many of us, celebrating Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. Day means getting a day off of school. Unfortunately, this holiday celebrating one of the most important figures in American history goes by with little hoopla. Sure, there might be a special on television that might give a simple biography of the man, but finding anybody really celebrating the holiday and getting to the heart of his message is rare.

Fortunately, TSU students were treated to a series of events celebrating the life and the message of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., culminating in the Martin Luther King Jr. Symposium. The symposium featured a variety of campus personalities including two professors, two students, a school administrator and an Episcopalian priest. The Symposium brought together these people to share their feelings concerning the "I Have a Dream" speech.

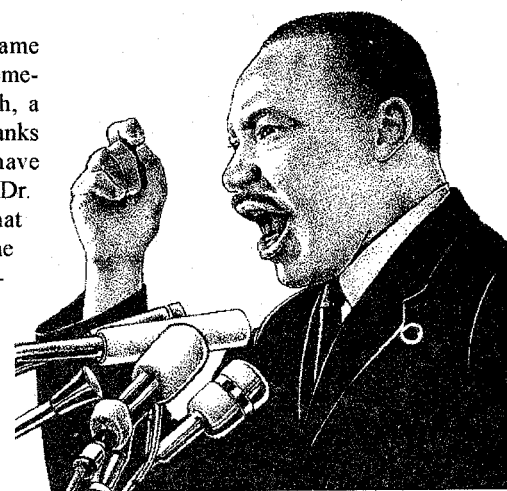
Though all speaking about the same speech and message, each speaker had something different to offer. Kalynda Smith, a sophomore English major, gave great thanks for MLK and others in the past who have helped in the quest for racial equality. Dr. Sylvia Macauley, however, expressed that King's message has been ignored in the rest of the world and in America's foreign policy toward Africa.

Dr. David Gruber, another speaker, gave his presentation based on what had been written on various boards in the residential halls. These boards were put up so that students could write down their thoughts on the "I

Have a Dream" speech. Some were very philosophic: "That depends largely on your definition of freedom and your perception of reality. Relatively, no man is free." Others, though, beg further investigation: "I'll whoop your ass." Ah, Truman students at their best...

Probably the best thing about the Symposium, though, was the playing of the entire "I Have a Dream" speech for the audience. Of course, I'd heard bits and pieces through my lifetime, but never had I heard the entire speech.

Certainly, the campus needs more events like this: events that will appeal to everybody, yet at the same time, carry a very intellectual tone about them. While the event itself could've used greater advertising, it's good to know people are paying respect to a great man, in a very meaningful fashion.



Student Senate Positions Available

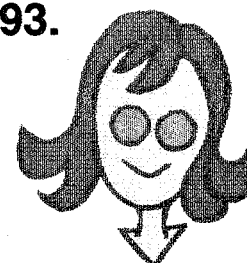
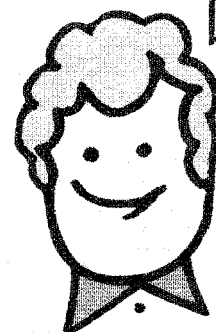
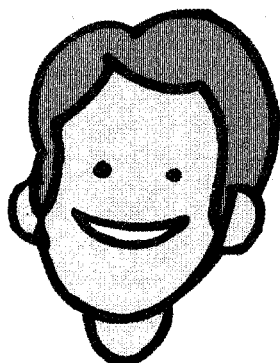
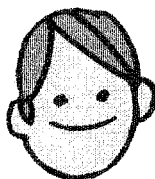
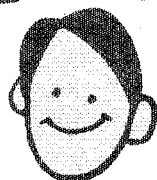
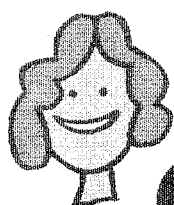
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Student Senate Committee Openings [Need Representatives for...]

**One – Undergraduate Council
One – Computer Literacy
One – Language and Literature Committee**

Applications can be picked up at the Student Senate office located on the lower level of the SUB. Applications should be returned to Student Senate office ASAP. If you have any questions, please contact your Student Senate at x4193.

**Truman State University Student Senate
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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:

NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI



1469-1527

Florentine by birth, Machiavelli spent the early years of his life hobnobbing with Italian elites like Cesare Borgia. By 1512, he had annoyed so many in Florence that the recently returned-to-power Medici family banished him. Nic had the last laugh, though — his practical treatise on how to rule, *The Prince*, continues to be read today. Anybody read any Lorenzo di Medici lately? What's more, "*Machiavellian*" remains in common parlance for an unscrupulously self-promoting amoral person, a tribute of which Nic is distinctly proud.

Dear NM,

My wallpaper is blue, but my curtains are this weird orange color. I want to change them to either white or green. I can't decide; which would you choose?

From the Pitti Palace to this absurd question about personal decorative choices. Can't you guys find somebody important to ask me a question, like a presidential candidate? I could give some of the hopeless ones good pointers. If you are truly concerned with such trivialities, you must be a base peasant and beneath such aid as I might render. My thoughts are for princes! Nonetheless, consider your choice carefully. How will either choice increase your personal power? Will the colors of blue and green, or blue and white, be able to exist together in harmony or will there be constant strife between the two? Discord among possessions is the root of conflict. I cannot see how such shades will ever be able to harmoniously inhabit the same space. Thus, much as I would advise one to crush any rebellion within a foreign dominion swiftly and surely, I strongly suggest that you burn your curtains and your wallpaper not once but twice, to ensure that they will never rise up against you again. This, in turn, will ensure that I will never have to account for any losses in the wars of home decoration, which I predict will follow the overthrow of your current monarch Martha of Stewart.

Dear NM,

Was Y2K a big hoax or was there a real danger?

In my era, the few, the lucky few, such as myself, who had access to higher education were exposed to true knowledge: the ancient languages, the Greek philosophers, the arts, history, etc. Although I did not pursue studies in such vaunted pursuits as Advanced Calculus or Num-

ber Theory, even we knew then the tenets of simple addition. We didn't yet have indoor plumbing, but any of my colleagues could have told you that the second millennium ends in 2000 and begins in 2001. You idiots figured out how to fly to the moon since I died, but apparently haven't retained addition. So, was it a hoax? Are you so in doubt of my response that you're still reading?

Dear NM,

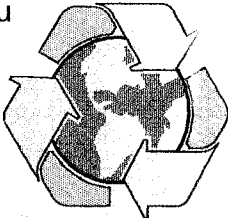
My advisor is no help whatsoever. I ask him about prerequisites and core classes and he talks about his three-legged dog and the time he met George Stephanopolous. What should I do?

Did you seek out the advice of this man? Or were you randomly "assigned" to the mercy of his wisdom or lack thereof, as I have been led to believe is the practice in your so-called "liberal-arts" institution? If you sought him out, any advice he offers which concerns your queries should be considered weightily. Any unsolicited advice from him about the limbs of canines or his various acquaintances should be, at the least, rejected. If such banterings continue, banish him from your court with a fierce slap in the face, shaming him in front of all your other trusted councilors. (CAUTION: This tactic will only work if you are a Florentine prince.) Failing that, change advisors! I'm told, though I find it unwise, that such a right is available to even non-nobility such as yourself.

Machiavelli spends most of his afterlife getting his ass whipped for being, well, a really big jerk. Next issue's guest will be an English monarch, as yet unspecified, as they can't stop bickering long enough over which one was the best at beating up the French to sit down and talk with us.

ECO Tip

Next time you go shopping take along some reusable bags. It cuts down on waste and Hy-Vee will give you five cents back for every bag you use. Every little bit helps.



This tip was brought to you by ECO, the Environmental Campus Organization. We meet Thursday evenings at 9 p.m. in Nason 104. Come join us!

THANKS FOR YOUR HELP FAC!



New millennium brings hope and optimism to the world

story by | JJ Pionke

On more than one occasion I have heard people remark about how they feel that they and the world in general have this new sense of hope because it is the new millennium. Which has intrigued me a bit. Why do people feel they have this new sense of hope? After all, the world goes on just as it did last year. The same wars are being fought, people are still starving in Africa. Heck, people are still starving here in America and yet there does seem to be an optimism that wasn't there before.

Perhaps it is because we are out of the 20th century, a century that saw more death and destruction as well as more technological advances than any other. Such things as the Holocaust, the Atomic Bomb, Einstein, the Internet and many others all were born in the 20th century, though none of them will die there. Like Newton and the Declaration of Independence the world will continue to talk about all these things into the 21st and 22nd centuries and far beyond that.

Perhaps people feel more hopeful because it is a clean slate so to speak, all of these things happened in the 20th century and this is now the 21st century, though some will argue and rightly so that the 21st century does not actually start until 2001.

Still, does it really matter? Maybe a new sense of hope is what this country really needs. After everything the world has been through there will most assuredly be horrid things to come. For instance, the stock market. It has seen unparalleled growth over the last year and more, yet it can't keep growing like it has. There is going to have to be a fall sometime. Maybe it will just be a recession, or maybe it will be another Depression. but we all know eventually it will come. Now that the Cold War is over and Russia is settling down, do we think there will be another major World War? I personally think there will be. I might not live to see it, but I think sometime in the future there will be another war that will embroil most of the countries of the world. Will we find life on other planets? I think for the most part it is just a matter of time. Maybe it will be little amoebas, but that is still life, right?

Maybe the 21st century will see all or none of these things. I, for one, hope that the new century really does mean new hope. I will be graduating in December 2000, and what better than to usher in the new millennium than with a degree and the world as my oyster? I think there is new hope out there for the world, now we just have to go about and make the world what we want it to be. I hope that is what the world does.

Someone (the Freemasons) loves Malcolm in the Middle

story by | Paul Kingston

Quick question: What the hell is the deal with *Malcolm in the Middle*? Answer: It's the Freemasons.

Now please allow me to elaborate. I'm pretty sure most of you have seen advertisements for that new show *Malcolm in the Middle*. You know, the one that sucks like a fat girl with no teeth. Okay, good, 'cause here's the deal: This show was over-hyped before it even came out, what with all that talk about how it's funny in a "Seinfeldian" way and such. Then it comes out and bombs like Hiroshima. I mean, did anyone sit through it without feeling that was the worst half-hour of their lives?

But that's not the messed up part. After all, plenty of shows have been over-hyped and then turned out to be sorority-slut feces. What is messed up is that they are still trying to shove this thing down our throats. They showed an Allah-be-damned encore presentation of this thing. You hear me! An encore presentation. The commercials haven't stopped, either.

I think my friend Matt said it best when he said, "Somebody must really want this show to take off" or something like that. I'm not really sure; I was thinking about myself while he was talking. The point is someone wants

this show to make it big.

But who? Who would want an evil as pure as that to continue polluting our airwaves? Well, if you remember the second sentence of this article, I think you know who. That's right, the Freemasons.

You know, Kennedy was the only president who wasn't a Freemason. And he got killed. Wonder who did it. Now you're probably thinking, "What's Kennedy got to do with this?" Well let me spell it out for you. Take the letters in Kennedy. Rearrange them. What do you get? That's right "Yennedk" which is a nonsense word. You know what another nonsense word is? "Nreemasof." Now rearrange those letters and you have "Freemason." You see what I'm getting at.

So now we got Kennedy, the Freemasons and *Malcolm in the Middle*. A trinity of sorts. Now what do we know about trinities? That's right, they are very religious things. So the Freemasons want to start a new religion. I mean the evidence is all right there. Oh sure, there's no "direct" evidence, but what do you expect? The Freemasons have been doing this secret society stuff for years. I've only just begun to try and figure this all out. They have a slight advantage.

Don't say I didn't try to warn you.



reviews

music | film | literature

Issues follows Korn's blueprint for success

Korn
Issues
Sony/Epic

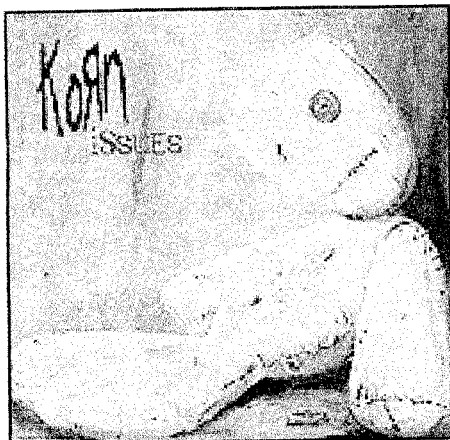
review by | Matthew Webber

"All I want in life is to be happy," Jonathan Davis sings on "Dead," *Issues*' opening track. While being happy might lead Davis to some sort of fulfillment, it would deprive him of anything to sing about. Davis is still as angry as ever, at his dad, at the world and now at megastardom, and he barks and then wails about it for all the world to hear.

The album title obviously refers to Davis' angst, but it also might refer to the direction the band is taking and the subsequent reactions of many fans. The issues, for the band, are how to continue to experiment and grow as a band while retaining their original sound and how to appease the new fans without alienating the old. (Metallica faces this same dilemma.) The issue, for most of the old fans, is that Korn has sold out. Davis' lyrics set to a melody? The idea, to many, is blasphemy.

The sound on *Issues* is essentially the same as that on *Follow the Leader*, which was essentially the same as that on the band's eponymous debut (well, except for all those poppy songs). The music was, and still is, as ugly as the lyrics -- angry, dark, gloomy, grinding, violent, hard, grating. This music is still a nightmare to parents, and would be even more so if they could understand the words. Korn is still the master of the genre they created.

But something has definitely changed since *Korn*. While by no means soft, the music is softer. While by no means pretty, the music is prettier. The music has lost some of its urgency, as well as its sense, when finished, of catharsis. While those suburban teenage boys are Children of the Korn, many original fans among our generation have left the band's ranks forever. (One friend of mine refuses to listen to *Follow*



the *Leader* ever again.)

The change is what's been added: dynamics and melody. *Issues* takes the concept of dynamics even farther than *Follow the Leader* did. The high pitched, almost chime-like guitar squeals of the first single, "Falling Away from Me," permeate the album, as do the shifts of verse-chorus-bridge. Davis' voice ranges from whisper to scream, from plaintive to abusive, from harsh to almost-pretty.

You can hum certain melodies (and did I actually hear a harmony?), which is sure to incite even more shouts of "sell out." Because when a metal band goes poppy, the fanatic goes to cynic.

Issues pretty much adheres to Korn's blueprint for success, which they drafted on their debut and refined on their next two albums. Angst-ridden lyrics. Violent music. The addition of radio-friendly sensibilities. Hence, Korn fans will eat this album up.

By now, you know how you feel about Korn: a) Korn is okay, but why is there so much hype? b) Korn is one of the best bands in the universe. c) Korn sold out long ago so fuck them. d) Korn is a crappy band and you fucking hate them.

Issues, if you hear it, should reinforce your opinion, whichever one that might be.



Your favorite band here

Read any good books lately? Seen a great film? Bought a CD you're dying to tell someone about? If the answer to any of these questions is "yes,"

Write a review for *The Monitor*!

Turn in your reviews to the Monitor mailbox, CAOC.

Age of Empires II takes the cake

Age of Empires II: Age of Kings

Publisher: Microsoft

Developer: Ensemble Studio

review by | Jesse Pasley

These days, it seems that any respectable game to come on the PC market simply must sport the fanciest of 3D graphics and special effects. However, gamers this past holiday season were treated to a particularly well-done game, all the while sporting exactly zero polygons. Building upon the successful concepts founded in its predecessor, *Age of Empires II: Age of Kings* could very well be called the real-time strategy of the year. Foregoing the glitz of other recent games in the genre, *Age of Kings* sports superb artwork, balanced gameplay and significant improvements over its predecessor.

The premise of the game is to lead a tribe of a civilization to victory over your enemies. Whereas *Age of Empires I*'s frame of reference started with the dawn of civilization, including the civilizations of ancient Egypt, Greece and Japan, *Age of Kings* starts you out in Dark Ages. The player can choose one of 13 different civilizations, including the likes of Mongols, Teutons, Franks, Byzantines, etc. Each civilization has its own advantages, which, if players utilize them, can effect the outcome of a match.

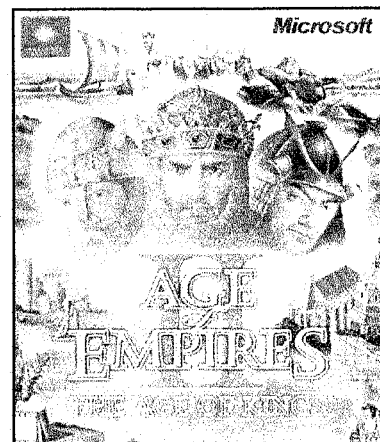
Visually, the game is stunning. All the buildings and units are big and bold. Most notable are the towering castles which loom high above your military units. Unlike *Age of Empires*, the buildings in *Age of Kings* are more to scale with your military units, adding a bit more realism to the game.

The strong point of the game, however, is the sheer amount of options available to the player. One of the complaints about the original *Age of Empires* was that the winner was usually the first to build a large calvary to overtake the opponent. Now, in *Age of Kings*, a player must make a much more balanced approach because the designers have included units such as pikemen and camels which are entirely defen-

sive in nature, with attacking bonuses against the usual offensive units like swordsmen and knights. On top of that, the player can garrison villagers and other military units in castles, towers and town centers, forcing the player to take a more balanced approach to defeating a rival tribe. Lastly, each civilization has its own special unit that gives players yet more options.

Probably the biggest feature in the game is troop formations. Unlike *Age of Empires*, where troop advancements were sloppy and uncoordinated, *Age of Kings* allows the player to arrange their advancements in a number of useful formations. The default formation is the column, in which the entire formation lines up straight with weaker units like monks and archers in the back. The box formation is similar but puts the weaker units and siege weapons in the middle of infantry. The stagger formation is great for units approaching mangonels, trebuchets and bombard cannons. There's also a specialized split and flank formation.

However, the game is not without its faults, even though you might have to look hard to find them. The most obvious problem is the unfair advantage that some special units have. Units like the Teutonic knights or English longbowmen are nearly invincible in large groups, whereas units like the Japanese samurai or Celtic woad warrior are just about useless.



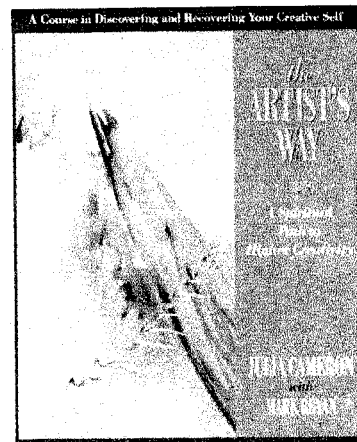
But despite these minor flaws, this game will eat up way too much of your time. Not only do you have the normal player vs. computer deathmatch, but the game also offers internet play and a single-player campaign mode taking you

through the famous battles of Joan of Arc, Saladin, Genghis Khan and Fredrick Barbarossa. On top of these, the game includes a scenario maker. With all these things included in one package, *Age of Kings* is a game that is hard to pass up.

Get in touch with your creative side

review by | JJ Pionke

Julia Cameron's book, *The Artist's Way: A Spiritual Path to Higher Creativity*, from Putnam Books, is an excellent aide in regaining that creativity that resides in all of us. The book, *TAW* for short, is a twelve week, self-help program that has one doing morning pages, writing three pages every morning on whatever comes to mind, and doing an Artist's Date, which is one hour a week where you do something creative. Now I must admit that some of the other exercises in the book caught me as kind of hokey but they do have a lot of valid points. To be creative we have to discover why we are so negative about the pieces of art we create. *TAW* helps you do that. I have found it helps to do *TAW* with a friend or group of friends and actually it is a lot of fun. The other day for my artist's date I pulled out glue, glitter, crayons and construction paper and just started going nuts. It was so much fun! It reminded me of being in grade



school and I think that is something that we all need to get in touch with, that art and creativity is a fun process. *TAW* has helped me realize that no matter how "bad" my creative endeavors are they are good because I made them. I would recommend this book to anyone who wants to get in touch with his or her creativity or get back in touch with creativity.

school and I think that is something that we all need to get in touch with, that art and creativity is a fun process.

5 January 2000

Everyone's invited to Q-Tip's dance party

Q-Tip
Amplified
BMG/Arista

review by | Matthew Webber

Amplified is by no means an A Tribe Called Quest album. Aside from Q-Tip's usually but oh-so-silky-smooth voice, there is nothing in common with that seminal rap group's albums. It is, however, the best album on which Q-Tip has rapped since Tribe's *Midnight Marauders*.

Jay-Dee and Q-Tip, collectively known as The Ummah, lay down most of the album's beats, just as they did for the last few A Tribe Called Quest albums. Wanting to establish an identity of his own, Q-Tip chose a modern, Timbaland- or Swizz Beats-influenced bounce over Tribe's cool jazz. If Tribe was a thinking person's rap group, Q-Tip wants to be a dancer's rapper. *Amplified* highlights the beats as much as it highlights Q-Tip's famous voice -- which, of course, is the best aspect of the album.



There's a party vibe to *Amplified* and everyone, especially the ladies, are invited. The Ummah almost dares you to try to sit still. Two of the best rap singles of last year, "Vivrant Thing" and "Breathe and Stop," typify the album's dance-oriented sound.

"Higher," "All In" and "NT" (featuring Busta Rhymes) could eventually be released as singles as well. Korn collaborates with Q-Tip on "End of Time" and I can't make up my mind as to whether I like this track yet.

The lyrics cover topics ranging from women to Q-Tip's considerable MC skills to the history of A Tribe Called Quest. There's nothing unique about the lyrics, but coming from Q-Tip's mouth they're poetry.

Matt's Albums of the year

1. Rage Against The Machine *The Battle of Los Angeles*
2. Fiona Apple *When the Pawn...*
3. Red Hot Chili Peppers *Californication*
4. Eminem *The Slim Shady LP*
5. The Roots *Things Fall Apart*
6. Tori Amos *To Venus and Back*
7. Dr. Dre *Dr. Dre 2001*
8. Ben Folds Five *The Unauthorized Biography of Reinhold Messner*
9. Beth Orton *Central Reservation*
10. Stone Temple Pilots No. 4 (tie)
10. Public Enemy *There's a Poison Goin On* (tie)



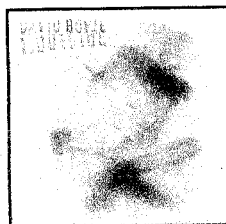
Erin's Albums of the year

1. The Flaming Lips *The Soft Bulletin*
2. Mogwai *Come On Die Young* (& Mogwai - Mogwai e.p. + 2)
3. Underworld *Beaucoup Fish*
4. The Beta Band *The Beta Band*
5. Gomez *Liquid Skin*
6. Wilco *Summer Teeth*
7. Robyn Hitchcock *Jewels for Sophia*
8. Elf Power *A Dream in Sound*
9. Looper *Up a Tree*
10. Polaris *Songs from the Adventures of Pete and Pete*



Paz's Albums of the decade

1. David Bowie *Outside*
2. The Flaming Lips *The Soft Bulletin*
3. Weezer *Blue Album*
4. Smashing Pumpkins *Siamese Dream*
5. The Rentals *Return of the Rentals*
6. The Incontinentals *Coaster EP*
7. Air *Moon Safari*
8. Tool *Undertow*
9. Radiohead *OK Computer*
10. Ashtray *Jesse EP*



Live GNR album shows the band in their prime

Guns N' Roses
Live Era '87-'93
Geffen

review by | Matthew Webber

Nine years. That's how long Axl Rose has kept the world waiting for the follow-up to the *Use Your Illusion* albums. *The Spaghetti Incident* was a mishmash of covers meant to tide over the fans until the next real album. (I was hoping it would come out in '94 or '95.) The "Sympathy for the Devil" cover was the great Slash's swan song. (Maybe the new album, with a new guitarist, would be released by '98.) At some point, I forget when, Izzy, Duff and Matt Sorum all quit, or maybe they were kicked out, no one really knows.

Then Axl crawled under a pebble to hide. The dead Elvis Presley was spotted more often. Questions flew: Who's in the band now? Is there even a band anymore?

Then a new Guns N' Roses track appeared on the *End of Days* soundtrack, leading, of course, to more questions: So Axl's in the studio? *The Chinese Democracy* (finally!) drops next year?

That's the official word, but I'm not holding my breath. For the past few years, Axl's been the boy who cried wolf. Maybe he's telling the truth this time, but I won't come running until I see that album. I'm crossing my fingers I'll live that long.

Live Era '87-'93, a collection of live tracks "recorded across the universe," attempts to placate the fans one last time. (How much longer can we wait?) It attempts to showcase the Guns in their opulent heyday, back when they were the biggest and the baddest rock 'n' roll band in the world. It attempts to document the swagger, the mayhem and the sheer kick ass-ability of a great American band. It attempts to end the chapter on the old Guns

N' Roses, before we're allowed to turn the page.

It does all these things but something is missing. That something is a new Guns N' Roses studio album.

Live Era is a typical live album in that it contains all the big hits, a few in-concert favorites and the requisite cover (Black Sabbath's "It's Alright," which Axl nails as if it were his song). Axl Rose banters with an annoying, cheering crowd, a crowd that feels compelled to sing along to the ballad, "Patience." (I can almost see and smell the flickering lighters.) If you simply cannot stand live albums you'll detest this one.

But *Live Era* is a great live album in that it shows an amazing rock 'n' roll band at its tightest and best. Axl's voice and Slash's notes slice through the air, piercing anything that gets in their way. Axl's voice creeps under your skin. Slash's guitar work prickles your skin. Axl, Slash, Axl, Slash... It's a one-two combination to knock you to the mat. The band tears through the songs from *Appetite for Destruction*. *Illusion*'s big ballads are tender, never cheesy. (Motley Crue and Poison should've taken some notes).

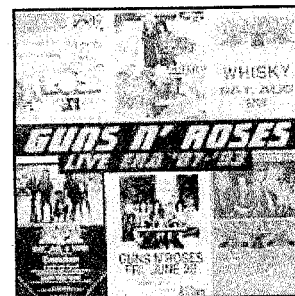
The album makes me wish I was old enough to have seen the Guns in their prime.

The album makes me wish Axl Rose would

hurry up and release a new album.

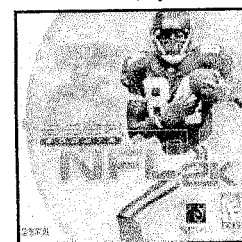
Live Era '87-'93 finishes one chapter of Guns N' Roses (the chapter in which they ruled the rock 'n' roll universe) and leaves one in suspense as to what will come next. It's a cliffhanger ending in a formulaic novel; it can only disappoint since it lacks its resolution.

Since I've waited nine years (sigh), I can wait a few more months.



Sega Dreamcast dazzles

review by | Jerry Schirmer



This Christmas, I had the pleasure of being able to use the new Sega Dreamcast system. All around, this system is just dazzling. Graphic detail is nearly perfect, gameplay and control are done in such a manner that I was kept in the action nearly the entire time. In particular, the controllers (similar in design to the PlayStation controllers) are made in such a way that all the buttons are easily accessed without moving your hands around at all. Furthermore, placing two expansion slots in the controllers makes it possible to have a memory card and a rumble pack in the controller at the same time, getting rid of one of the annoyances of the N64 system.

But the hallmark of this system will simply be the graphic detail allowed in the game -- watching a game of *NFL 2K* sometimes seems almost like watching a real NFL game. *Ready 2 Rumble Boxing* offers

a large number of characters and is simply fun. *NBA on NBC* (very similar to *NBA Jam*) has the face of every starter in the NBA scanned into the system (though, ironically, this sometimes makes the characters look less realistic). *Sonic Adventure* features many scenes of characters racing through highly detailed landscapes, with the perspective done so perfectly that one would think that it is in a three dimensional environment. The most realistically done game on the system would have to be *Soul Calibur*, however. The characters and their motions are done in such a manner that the appearance is almost completely natural (though one might quibble with how easily characters survive a sword through their body).

In conclusion, I recommend the Dreamcast system highly, although it might be a good idea to wait a while before investing the money in the system, especially until the price of extra controllers comes down somewhat.

Monitor FAQ

Lately, *The Monitor* has heard a lot of misconceptions about who we are and what we do. We thought it was time to clear up a few of these misunderstandings in print. We present to you this list of frequently asked questions.

I see a lot of crap in your paper. Don't you have any standards? Do you publish everything?

Believe it or not, we have withheld contributions from publication. We do not support hate speech, pornographic material or any other writing that maligns groups of people for no reason. It is the writer's responsibility to create a work that is worthy of publication and adheres to these standards. The editors correct only grammar, spelling and other mechanical errors – not content, no matter how disagreeable that content is to the tastes of the editors or the reading audience.

Is this some kind of secret club?

It's a cool image to have, but no. We hold open meetings each week that are advertised in each issue. Come on by. We're nice people, really.

When and where are your meetings?

Every Tuesday and Thursday at 9 p.m. in OP218.

What if I don't have time to attend the meetings?

No problem. Come to the meetings if and when you can, to exchange ideas or to just hang out. Meetings are *not* mandatory. Participate in *The Monitor* as much as you want to. If you don't want to attend or you don't have the time, drop off your submissions in *The Monitor* mailbox in the CAOC office in the lower level of the SUB.

I'm a senior. Is it too late in my college career for me to join *The Monitor*?

No. It's never too late. We always welcome new faces.

Are you sure? It's the end of January!

We're positive. It's never too late to start writing for us. We need new faces and ideas all through the semester. You can join our staff at any time: at the beginning of a semester, in the middle of the semester or right before the last issue. If you're ever looking for something to do on a Tuesday or Thursday night, stop by our meeting and see what we're all about.

When does the paper come out?

We publish every other Tuesday. Here are the remaining dates for this semester: Feb. 8, Feb. 22, Mar. 21, Apr. 4, Apr. 18 and May 2.

What kind of things can I contribute?

We are always looking for news articles, features, opinions, reviews, cartoons and any thing else you would like to contribute. We also need photographers, copy editors, ad representatives and idea people. You don't have to be a Journalism or English major to write for us. In fact, anyone on campus is welcome to contribute – students, faculty, staff and other members of the Kirksville community. You do not have to be a member of our staff to contribute. Basically, if you're looking to get involved with *The Monitor* we can find something for you to do.

What about Onion-style news stories?

Fake, *Onion*-style news – we have published these type of articles in the past, but we prefer not to.

How should I format my submissions?

Please turn in your written submissions on a disk as a Microsoft Word file (.doc) or as a text file (.txt). Also, be sure to turn in a printed copy. Include your name, phone number and e-mail address on both your disk and your printed copy. We do not accept anonymous submissions.

What's the lizard got to do with a newspaper?

As you can clearly see, this species of lizard is of the monitor breed. The Komodo dragon is the largest of the monitor family and eats pigs and small deer. Be afraid.

How do I submit poetry?

Turn in all poems to the *Monitor* mailbox in the CAOC. No disk is necessary, but you should include your name, phone number and e-mail address on your printed poem.

If I come to a meeting, you're going to assign me some dumb story, aren't you?

Nope. *The Monitor* does not assign stories. We depend upon our writers to come up with their own ideas. If you want to write something but you don't know what, you can come to a meeting. We toss around a lot of ideas and maybe you can pick one up. If you're really at a loss for story ideas we can always come up with something for you to do.

Hey, *Monitor*, why didn't you cover my event?

Because we don't assign stories, we cannot force a writer to attend and cover your event. On the other hand, organizations do not always tell us what is going on. To alert us of your event, please place news releases or other information in our mailbox in the CAOC or e-mail us at monitortrm@hotmail.com. We will announce this information to our staff and if anyone is interested they will contact you.

Something in your paper really pissed me off. What can I do?

Write a letter to the editor. Turn your letters into the *Monitor* mailbox in the CAOC or e-mail them to us at monitortrm@hotmail.com. Letters may be edited for length, but not for content.

So you have a large staff, and the University gives you money and you have a big lavish office, right?

Uh, nope, nope and nope. Our staff is quite small. We don't get any money from the University. The Funds Allotment Council covers less than 25 percent of our publishing costs each semester. The rest of our money we get from advertisements. And about the office, can you say "nonexistent"?

So what's this "Monitor Tower" you brag about?

Monitor Tower is the place where *The Monitor* is put together. It's just an editor's apartment or house. Sorry to ruin the illusion.

Aren't you guys wacked-out liberals who hate organized religion?

No. The members of our staff have pretty diverse political and religious opinions. Of course, some people are more adamant than others in voicing their opinions. The views expressed in *The Monitor* belong to the individual writers. If you feel your opinions aren't being represented, then here's your opportunity to make yourself heard.

Does *The Monitor* hate the *Index*?

No, we don't. Actually, most staff members read it on a regular basis. We feel the *Index* serves a purpose on this campus of informing the public and covering basic news events. *The Monitor* tends to be more feature-based and likes to look at things from a different perspective. Our approach as a newspaper isn't necessarily better or worse than the *Index*, just different.

How can I get an ad in the *Monitor*?

It's easy as pie. Just call Erin at 627-4797 or e-mail us at monitortrm@hotmail.com. Our rates are very reasonable.

Who is Queen Astra?

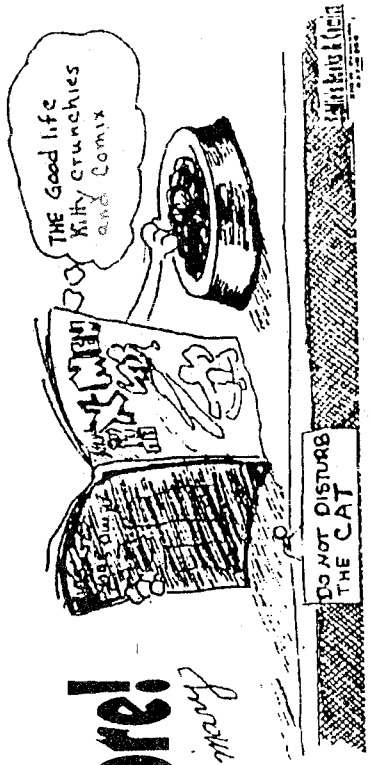
We can't tell you. But her real name rhymes with Mack Bagruder.

25 January 2000

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Russian Strongman resigns, replaced with new Strongman

story by | Jerry Schirmer

On New Year's Day this year, Russian strongman Boris Yeltsin resigned from his position as his country's primary Strongman. Rumors surrounding his resignation center around his inability to fire anyone in his cabinet for over a week, as well as the fact that, due to health problems, Yeltsin has proven unable to muscle around any Russian citizens whatsoever at times.

"I saw this moment coming for quite a while," Yeltsin stated in his farewell address (strangely enough, delivered in English).

"I began to notice problems developing a year ago: first I had trouble coercing the will of the President of the Ukraine, then the Premier of Uzbekistan, until finally, 6-year-olds were giving me lip. Around that time I decided that I just didn't have the aggressive will to be the Strongman that the Russian people wanted."

The former Strongman, however seemed optimistic about his future plans.

"I have long been interested in science," Yeltsin quipped. "Soon, I plan to begin a systematic study regarding the composition of the bottom of vodka bottles. Of course, once these experiments have been completed, I plan to move on to a wide variety of alcoholic beverages. Needless to say, the possibilities are nearly limitless. I am quite excited."

The Russian people also appeared to respond well to Yeltsin's decision. One Russian factory worker said, "I am glad that our former Strongman has decided to move on. This last year has been kind of sad. He hasn't even seemed threatening recently. I have even been thinking that I might be as able to decide about the path that my country takes as someone like him. That's

why it's a good thing that he has decided to pass the reigns of power over to a new person, who will be able to dictate my thoughts to me."

In particular, the Russian people seemed enthused about the way that the new Strongman, Vladimir Putin, has managed to muscle the breakaway province of Chechnya.

The general sentiment on the street is mirrored by a Siberian miner:

"Putin's policy in Chechnya tells each of us exactly what would happen to us if we challenged the thinking of the government in Moscow -- swift retribution. Thanks to such clear shows of power on the part of the government, we can believe that our nation can have such total control over the world as its leader has over us, and, more importantly, we know what will happen to us if we threaten our leader's power."

Putin seemed to reflect the general sentiment of his people in his first speech as his nation's official Strongman. "I will not tolerate rebels in my nation. When they reveal themselves, I will seek them out and crush them -- whether or not the cost of doing so will lead my nation to complete economic collapse -- with even more power than my predecessor." The new head aggressor in the nation made a move which exceeded even those of his predecessor, promising to maintain the offices of President and Premier simultaneously until the country's next federal elections. Putin then dismissed the reporters to go muscle his advisors around in a small, informal meeting. The whole episode left one thing clear -- the new leader of Russia can, and will, beat down any opposition to his authority, even if it requires a steel cage death match!

Queen Astra



The Queen

Let the
stars be
your guide!

Aries (March 21-April 20):

(Flying guitar on hearse) + (Blue Cadillac) + (Low Ridin' Funeral Procession) = (Dreams of Pure Rock and Roll) - (Ritchie)

Taurus (April 21-May 22):

Life is a snake. A snake crawling out of its own dead skin. Think about it.

Gemini (May 23-June 21):

Quit school. If anyone asks, tell them "My school days are over, kitten. Bob-o's got me booked all winter and fall!"

Cancer (June 22-July 24):

Rock'n' roll is an addiction. Oh God it is.

Leo (July 25-August 23):

If your friends starts to complain about too much work, tell them "Probably malnutrition. You and your three-ringed circus... Heheh, just kiddin' boss!"

Virgo (August 24-

Spetember 23): Take more naps. To live is to sleep, to die is to awaken.

Libra (September 24-

October 23): Look at those

bongos this week, but don't offer any plastic beads for them

Scorpio (October 24-November 22): Yo no speak-o Español.

Sagittarius (November 23-December 21): It smells like fish, but it'll taste like chicken. Draw your own conclusions.

Capricorn (December 22-January 20): This week, find your favorite tank top and walk around with a milk jug full of the alcoholic beverage of your choice and a plastic cup. You're Hulk Hogan!

Aquarius (January 21-February 19): This town looks like "a high school prom... but this prom puts out!"

Pisces (February 20-March 20): Find a bridge this week and scream "RITCHIE!" at the top of your lungs. It's actually quite cathartic.

Queen Astra wishes to thank "La Bamba" for its divine help.

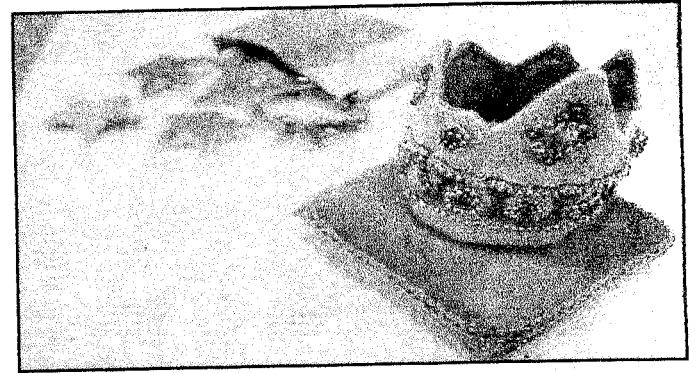


Special Black Space

An Art Page:

The Student Art Exhibition is currently running in the Ophelia Parrish Art Gallery. Work was selected by an independent judge brought in by the University. Virginia Derryberry choose the works and gave awards.

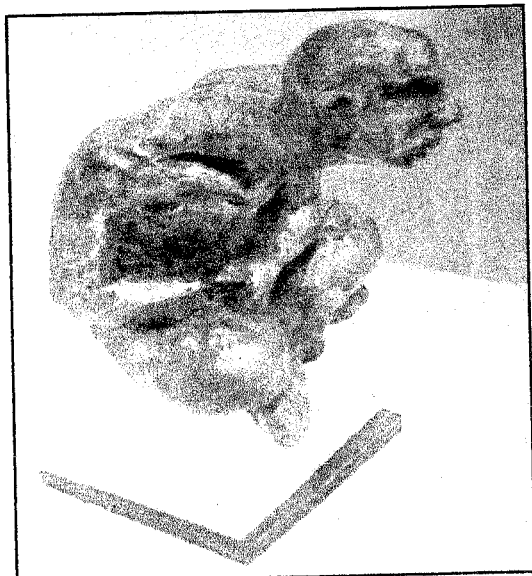
Additionally, the SUB gave five Purchase awards.



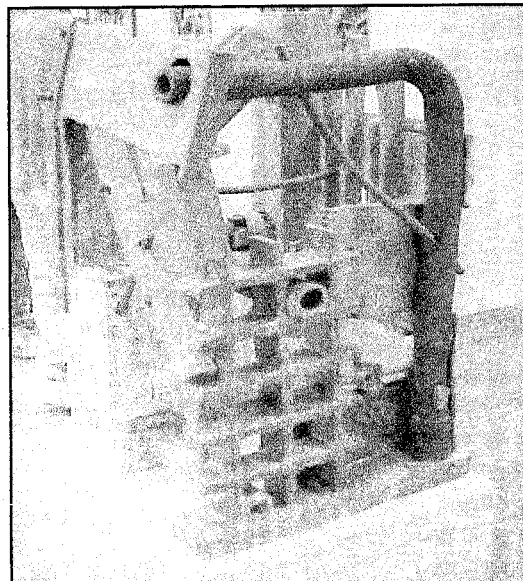
Emily Fortman
"Queen Amanda"
Cloth, Beads



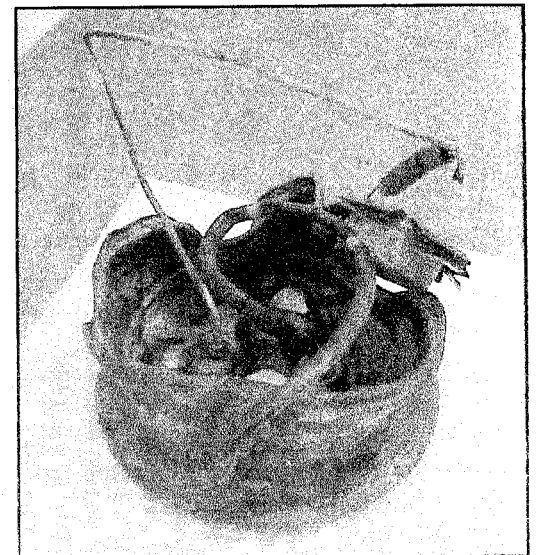
Jimmy Kuehnle
"Building Mudmen"
Charcoal on Paper



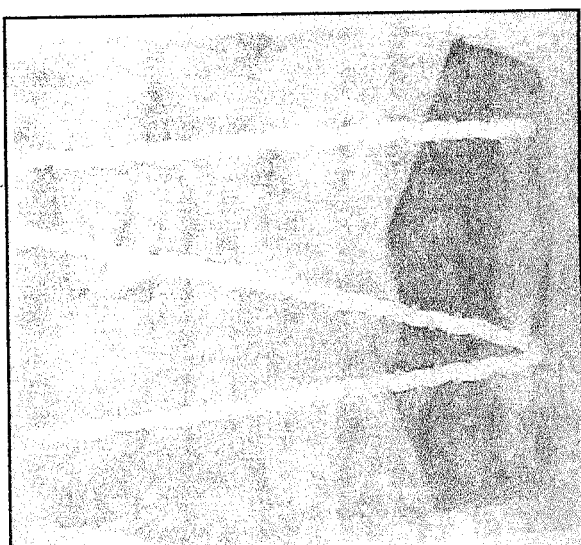
Grant Kelly
"Daedalus"
Mixed Media



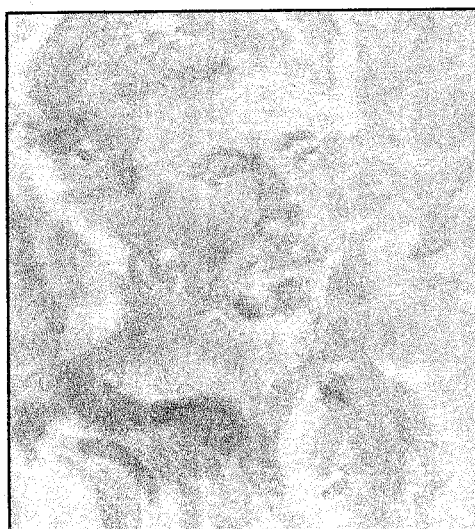
Nathan W. Ferree
"Composition IV"
Fired Clay
Winner: Sculpture Award



Jeremy Leavitt
Untitled
Metal, Rubber



Sara Page
"Hand Dyed Fabric"
Oil On Canvas
Winner: SUB Purchase Award



Katy Bednarczyk
"Jeff"
Oil on Paper



Kjell Hahn
Self-Portrait
Oil On Canvas

My BACK PAGES+++

The Monitor

Don't look at the sun, you'll see red in the
darkness,
don't trust it.
Red, red; flat
as a Polaroid sunset.
A flat red
to mull over at night.
Ask it, ask it—
were you real?

The tttt sigh
of roadside crosses
echoes down the telephone poles
swooping, swooping
down the wires,
to the flush gesture
of a heartbeat screen, red line
swooping, swooping
toward tomorrow.
The sleepless lover's eyes
mimic its motion.
The clock ticks, ticks,
toward tomorrow.

Blood cannot hold red,
it rims purple, fading dull.
Red will not endure the harshness, the world.
Red is dying, dying, dull.

Red line flat,
Lover takes a cold hand,
sleepwalks through a wasteland,
into emptiness between us.
Deeper, deeper,
toward the mirage of love.
Red in the darkness—
were you real?

An annihilation is a step into hope,
and embrace is a defiance.
An embrace is a protest
against what cannot be changed
and cannot be accepted.

Sky cannot hold red,
it rims purple, fading dull.
The carbon heavens will not burn.
The stars are as futile
as periods to silence.
The clouds are a rushing, rushing,
silver hush.

—Christy Franke

Real love is lines in gravel
to prove what I am worth.
Love waked me home and
meticulously placed rocks
for a smile on the moon,
hastily and drunkenly
erased the mistakes and
explained what was so simple
but so difficult for me to see
until love drew it in the sand
next to a lorry
by the light of the
star to the right of the moon.

—Sarah Dunn

Beneath Orion

"God, I feel so small," she says.
As grass blades kiss her naked back
And her forefinger loses count of how many stars there are.
"Don't you ever feel insignificant," she asks him,
"In the general scheme of things?"
She sighs after says this
Because she truly believes it.
And she squeezes his hand because she thinks he understands.

How can she tell him she loves him?

He's thinking at that moment she talks too much.
He's thinking he doesn't want to think.
Because what's in his head is he's wasting his time.
And there's got to be someone better for him than her.
Her hand is clammy.
The grass beneath his back is wet.
He ran out of fingers on which to count the stars
Long before she reminded him.

How can he tell her he doesn't love her?

"Sometimes," she sighs, "I feel so alone."
He squeezes her hand because he understands.

—Matthew Webber

Creek

Smooth stones,
Salamanders,
Crawdads
Or Crayfish?

What will become of you?

I wonder
Are you coming or going?
In ten thousand years will you be as
mighty as the Amazon?
Or will you be a tiny dimple
in a sprawling desert?

Rapids,
Jesus bugs,
Bridges,
With Onlookers.

Why are you here?

Tell me,
How do you run this way or that?
Are you merely the lowest ditch
on the spread of the land?
Or are you born from the glaciers
that ground the continent?

Algae,
Slime,
Cattails,
And Snakes.

Anyway,
You're here now.
Both coming and going
at every twist.
I'll take a bit of you with me,
to pour down a sewer.

And imagine where you'll end up next.

—Patrick Grant

The Butcher

I saw the bricklayer slathering mortar
high above on the scaffold.
He struck me as a butcher
with stains splattered across
his heavy apron and
his trowel wielded like a cleaver.

Caught up in his familiarity
I threw one arm up
like a bicycle flag and yelled,
"Hey, Mack! How's business today!"
My grin met a glare as if I had
forgotten to put on my skin.

—Trick Cuba

Note to all aspiring poets: There has been a distinct lack of poetry submitted recently. Why not add yours? Drop submissions in the Monitor mailbox in the CAOC.