

The Monitor

A Campus Collective

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

Women's Resource Centers celebrates its ten-year anniversary with open house, dinner

Story by | Olivera Bratic

This past weekend, the Women's Resource Center celebrated its 10th anniversary.

On Friday, the WRC held an open house in the afternoon. Along with serving a plethora of cookies and treats, WRC volunteers showed visitors around the Center.

The WRC is a small office located in the Ryle Hall foyer. It contains books, videos, articles and more materials relating to gender issues.

The Center is an invaluable resource to students researching a variety of topics dealing with gender. In addition to the resources, the WRC hosts several programs throughout the year. Each year they sponsor Rape Awareness Week, Sexual Respect Week (which is Feb. 14-17 this year), Women's History Month events and many smaller programs. The staff consists of volunteers and students working for scholarship hours. The WRC is officially a department of the University.

The WRC opened on Feb. 4, 1990, thanks to the efforts of several students led by Lynn Freeman. Freeman was a graduate student at Northeast Missouri State University and felt that women's issues deserved more attention. She began working with Ryle Colleges and University officials to open a resource center.

The purpose behind the WRC is to be a non-political locus of discussion and education

to promote attention to gender issues. The students wrote a mission statement and opened the center, but it took a couple of years to fully establish themselves. When the WRC first opened its resources consisted of office supplies, a limited number of books and bookshelves. It was not even given a phone for over a year.

Over time, the support for the Center grew and it became more organized. Today there are many more resources available and a much larger staff to help create programming throughout the year.

Since its opening, the Women's Resource Center has been scrutinized by certain members of the campus community.

In 1990, a letter was written to the *Index* theorizing that the WRC was promoting fear in women. He felt that "Rape Awareness Week, Sexual Awareness Week, and other programs have given women a reason to fear." He felt that issues like rape were better left unspoken. He also apparently felt threatened by the WRC because he asked, "When men are made to wonder when Ryle Hall is going to declare war on the 'evil sex' from its command post at the Women's Resource Center how are men disposed to hurting women going to react?"

The executive board of the WRC replied in another letter, amazed that "so many people are threatened by a room containing just books and pamphlets. True, knowledge is power, but a 'com-



mand post'?"

During its ten-year stay, the WRC has become more accepted on campus. Although staff members still have to deal with people who attack the WRC programs, from people screaming "fucking feminazis" at rape walk participants to offensive cartoons about programs in campus newspapers.

The anniversary celebration over the weekend addressed some of these issues as well as celebrated the WRC's accomplishments. On Saturday, alumni and current volunteers met in the Governor's Room of the SUB for a brief look back at the Center's ten years. WRC historians Whitney Barnes and Amanda Reed organized the

event.

"I think it was a great opportunity to share experiences and talk about future improvements," said Barnes.

The alumni were given a tour of the Center during their visit.

"It was very interesting to hear how the center has evolved from people who have been there at different stages," Reed stated.

The guests were all treated to a dinner at Aileron's where favorite memories of the WRC were discussed. The celebration ran smoothly and those who attended seemed to come away with a greater appreciation of what the Women's Resource Center means to this university.

Black history programs teach racial awareness

Story by | Jennifer Farris

February is Black History Month and this year's celebration, titled "Reflections from Within" and sponsored by Multicultural Affairs, promises a thought-provoking and educational schedule of events. Among them will be the rare opportunity to attend a performance of LeRoi Jones' play *The Dutchman*, an exploration of race relations which will be performed by Dr. Becky Becker, assistant professor of theatre at Truman, and Darwin Harris, class of 1995 alumnus. The play follows the intense relationship between an African-American male and a Caucasian female who meet on the subway.

"LeRoi Jones is an African-American author who tries to revolutionize through his writing," Becker said. "His work isn't performed

often and it is difficult to predict how the audience will respond."

Demond Baine, Program Coordinator of Multicultural Affairs, agreed and said *The Dutchman* is controversial to a degree, but very eye-opening.

Don't miss the opportunity to attend this seldom-performed play, which is showing Wednesday, Feb. 16, in the Baldwin Hall Little Theatre. The first performance is at 7 p.m. and a second performance will begin at 9 p.m.

Another highlight of the Black History Month Celebration is the showing of the movie *Roots*, based on the autobiography of Alex Haley. The six-part film, which will be shown in its entirety over the course of a week, first aired on television in 1977. Beginning in 18th-century

Africa, the movie shows the struggles of several generations of Haley's family and the injustices they faced.

Like *The Dutchman*, *Roots* is also likely to stir many emotions among its viewers. Baine warns that the film is very graphic at times, but performances like *The Dutchman* and *Roots*, he said, "help to raise our awareness, and this is important."

Complementing the performance of *Roots* will be a presentation of the documentary, *The Language You Cry In*, which is an examination of the role that a centuries-old African song plays in tracing one woman's roots back to Africa. The documentary will be showing Thursday, Feb. 17, at 7 p.m. in the SUB Activities Room. *Roots* will be shown in Baldwin Hall Auditorium. Parts I and II will be shown on Sunday, Feb. 20, at 7:30 p.m., parts III and IV on Tuesday, Feb. 22, at 7:30 p.m., and the final two parts of the movie will be shown Sunday, Feb. 27, at 7:30 p.m.

Balancing the intensity of *The Dutchman*

and *Roots*, Black History Month also offers plenty of fun opportunities to learn about black history. Those of you who want to show off your knowledge of black history will want to be sure to attend the Quiz Bowl taking place Thursday, Feb. 24, at 7 p.m. in the SUB Down Under.

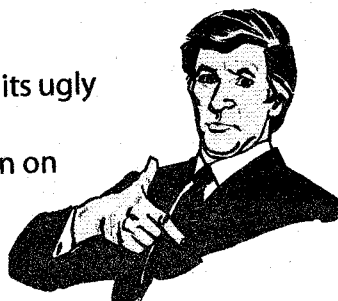
And don't forget to show up at the Down Under the following night, Feb. 26, at 7:30, for a performance of jazz and poetry. Floyd Boykin is the creator of the jazz/poetry group from St. Louis, whose CD, called *Project LIFE* (Learning Information for Existence) will be available for purchase at the performance. The proceeds from their sales will go to support Missouri's chapter of the Lupus Foundation of America. Joining Boykin and his group will be The Three Amigos, a Chicago-based group that will perform emotive poetry, sharing with us the beauty of the spoken word.

You can't say you haven't been told! Mark your calendars and make plans to attend.

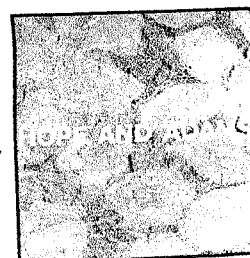


Truman needs a Vagrancy Division to teach how to be a bum. Feature, page 13.

Arrogance rears its ugly head at Truman. Read the opinion on page 4.



Wheat creates beautifully layered tunes, Radiohead-ish rock. Read the review on page 10.



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



The Writing Center Write on!

Write Bite: "You don't write because you want to say something, you write because you've got something to say." --F. Scott Fitzgerald

Word of the Week: inane, adj. empty, vain; void of sense or intelligence; silly; characterless.

Writing Tip #93: Start thinking about possible paper topics as soon as the assignment is given.

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letters

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Index fails to represent diversity

Dear Monitor,

Members of Student Senate have this year suggested to the Index that they address the full cultural spectrum present at Truman State University more rigorously. The suggestion is rooted in the report released the previous year by the University Task Force on Diversity and was highly encouraged by all who attended last semester's Open Forum on Campus Diversity. Sadly, this week an Index staff member, when confronted by the idea took it rather poorly, comparing the suggestion to allotting regular space for Nazi propaganda simply to appease a vocal minority. We will respond by taking the suggestion to the Monitor, but if it meets with even a mildly similar response we should not be too harsh on them. The Monitor relies solely on their own efforts to raise the funds to maintain the publication; consequently, space is of the essence. In contrast, the Index is a University sponsored publication, paid for by the students that they in turn hesitate to adequately represent. The students should understand the opinions held by those held responsible for reporting campus news, and the staff of the Index need to recognize that what they say and do will be remembered by their patrons.

Sincerely,
John Halski
Rep-At-Large
Senior
Philosophy/Religion Major

Cartoon offends Pagan

I would just like to express my repulsion and anger regarding the illustration for your "Harry Potter" article. As a Pagan, I do not appreciate the pentagram being used to illustrate something that is evil and satanic. Contrary to popular belief, the Pagan/Wiccan religion is centered around nature and Goddess worship. NOT black magic and summoning demons! The rightside-up pentagram is a symbol of our faith, just as the rightside-up cross is a symbol of the Christian faith. Turning either of these symbols upside-down conveys an entirely different meaning. Think about it.

Next time make an effort to educate yourselves before you incorporate religion and religious symbols into your articles.

Brittany Delfel

CCF crosses line between church and organization

The word "parachurch" (sometimes with a hyphen) has increasingly become popular in Christian circles to describe organizations or ministries designed to work "alongside" (*para*) the church. Religious service clubs on the Truman campus could be

classified as parachurch organizations. Unfortunately, and legitimately so, "in many cases denominational officials consider evangelical ministries as subversives outsiders and competitors" (*Christianity Today* 8 Nov. 1985). This occurs when parachurches supplant churches and/or replace churches. Darrel Cox, Ph.D., raises this concern in a 1994 article prepared for Trinity Evangelical Divinity School. This thoughtful article is available on the web at www.cbmw.org/html/parachurch.html. I encourage every leader and advisor of a religious club to read it. Cox believes that if the parachurch administers baptism and the Lord's Supper (supplanting the role of the church) that the "organization needs to reassess its purpose and identity in the light of Scripture, and choose whether they want to be a local church or a parachurch organization (p. 6)."

Applying Cox's concern to Truman's religious organizations, Campus Christian Fellowship would be classified as a parachurch with an identity crisis. Although CCF no longer makes the public claim that it is the Truman church, local church attendance elsewhere is discouraged by offering the communion. CCF members baptize their adherents and distribute the communion to them every Sunday on the Truman campus. At one time or another most religious service clubs have pondered the thought of offering such Sunday worship services, but have opted to aid local churches and not supplant them.

Now simply because I disagree with an organization, does not mean that I think it should be banned from campus. Since CCF no longer claims to be a church, the university would be hard pressed to make the case that it has evolved into a church and violates its charter. And as much as I think CCF has evolved beyond a legitimately helpful ministry into a church itself, the university cannot presently ban a campus-chartered organization without banning all. However, the university is also under obligation not to show favoritism to a given group. This presents an interesting dilemma since current Baldwin Auditorium Policy and Pershing Arena Policy clearly state that no food or drink is allowable. Neither policy states that a waiver or exemption policy exists. The conventional wisdom is that the university does not want to encourage groups to seek waivers. In the absence of a clearly stated formal process, CCF seems to be in violation of university policies, and other groups are not made aware of their meeting rights or privileges.

Thoughtfully submitted, Barry C. Poyner, Ph.D., Associate Professor of Communication

(This letter was revised after first sending a draft, asking for responses and corrections, to CCF leaders and Truman State officials.)

Tweak Your Mind

What do you think about the scaffolding by the broken water pipe outside the SUB that hasn't changed for a week and a half?



Haven't noticed it.
-Dave Kusman



Haven't seen it.
-Mindy McAllister



Well, they should take it away.
-Angela Marstall



I don't remember seeing it ever.
-Sarah Young



They should be made into blow guns.
-James Coburn



It would be OK if they payed more attention to more important things like burnt out lights on campus, it would be OK.
-Ryan Easley



opinions

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

- Phil Ochs

Arrogance sucks a fat one OR Hey! Look at me, mommy! I'm smart!

opinion by | Jesse Pasley

Ah yes, the problem of academia: arrogance. But alas, we are but a humble, Midwestern university! How could arrogance rear its ugly head in our presence? Surely, we are far enough away from the glamorous City, full of her lights and glitzy towers. And Truman is not known (at least not yet... yeah) as the pinnacle of Western Civilization.

To be sure, this arrogance problem that I speak of can be subtle and difficult to identify. In fact, it's taken me up to this point (2 1/2 years) in my college career to really begin to think about the nature of this problem.

You see, because Truman is a college with higher-than-average standards, it will naturally attract rather smart people to its premises. This should be great. Learning can take place at a faster and more rigorous pace. Unfortunately, along with smart people, we also get smart asses, people who are intelligent but must wear their intelligence like a badge given to the hall monitors in elementary school. Unfortunately for these people, I didn't like hall monitors and I don't like arrogant people. And unfortunately for me, I must be surrounded by arrogance from several of my fellow students, professors and even in my damn textbooks.

Instead of being helpful or supportive, the arrogant student would prefer to make you look stupid and feel dumb. Instead of answering your questions, the arrogant professor might say "Surely! Coming out of high school, you would know what that Latin phrase means!" Nope, I sure don't, Teach. Thanks for making the best out of my college experience, of which I spent an outrageous amount of money in order to have. And to those of you who think academic arrogance is not a problem here, our nickname reeks of arrogance. Harvard of the Midwest! Howthell?

You see, people, the chances are that if you attend or teach here at this university, then you are probably fairly intelligent. Given that notion, I'm not the least bit impressed with big words and "fancy talk." And I'm not impressed with your knowledge of Latin or French or languages that have nothing to do with my class (yeah, that's to you textbook people). And I'm not impressed with your exhaustive amount of published work in various journals in India on the education in Amish communities. So, after reading this: teachers, please teach. Students, please learn. And lastly, take those fucking ads out of the *Index*, with your pompous picture and your "desktop." Yes. You. I know who you are.

Judge not lest ye be judged

An open letter to the Faculty Senate:

When I was a little girl, I would often would ask my dad questions like, "What am I going to be when I grow up?" and "What religion are we?" How silly such questions seem now!

And yet, what also might seem silly, but has forever made itself a memory in my mind, is the response that my father used to always give me. He would say to me, "Your name is Jennifer Lee, and you can be anything you want to be." And then he would make me repeat it: "My name is Jennifer Lee, and I can be anything I want to be!"

I was so young then that his response to my questions hardly seemed like an answer, but I liked to sing the funny little rhyme, and so it stuck with me. As I grew older, I attached meaning to the rhyme. I was no longer mindlessly repeating the words of my father; I was *believing* them. I still believe them.

And while it seems I may spend forever trying to figure out what kind of career I want to have someday, I know without a doubt what kind of person it is I want to be and everyday I work toward becoming that person. Yes, I work at it. I work at being fair, because I'm not always fair. I work at being kind, because sometimes I'm not very nice. I work at being honest, because sometimes it's easier to tell a lie than it is to tell the truth.

And the truth is, I don't have to be fair, or kind or even honest, but since I *can* be anything I want to be, I will continue to strive toward fairness, kindness and honesty, for these are the characteristics I admire in others.

Just as I often used to wonder about what I would be when I grew up, I also used to wonder quite a bit about God. I wasn't brought up with any particular religion. I made it to church a few times on Easter with my grandmother, but if I was ever at a church with my parents, you could bet that someone was either getting married or had died.

It isn't that my parents don't believe in God. Actually, to this day I'm not quite sure what it is

they believe in. But they did teach me there is something greater than myself, and that I should choose my actions as if I were someday to have to answer for every decision I have made.

While I don't always make the right decisions, I am willing to answer for the choices I have made. My religion lies in that Golden Rule of trying to treat others as I would have them treat me.

Would I want to be laughed at for the clothes I wear or the way I wear my hair? No. And so I should not laugh at others for these reasons.

Would I want to be hated for the color of my skin? Certainly not. And so I should never hate anyone for the color of his or her skin.

Would I want to be judged by the car I can afford to drive or the house I can afford to live in? No. And so I should not judge those who can afford more or less than I am able to afford for myself.

Would *you* want to be judged based on who it was you fell in love with? Probably not. And so I ask each of you not to judge me or any other woman who might find herself in love with a woman instead of a man and also not to judge any man who discovers he is more attracted to other men than he is to women.

Please leave the judgment to the gods and the goddesses, for if ever I am called, I will stand proudly before them and answer for who I am.

Sincerely,
Jennifer Lee Farris

Defend yourself from "terrors on wheels"

opinion by | Dmitri Dujardin

Eight fifty-five a.m., January eighteenth. Me, walking back from class. There was a whirl of spinning spokes, several clicks that signaled a gear change and from behind a conversion van parked on the sidewalk emerged a husky fellow on a bicycle. He headed straight at me. I have been in such situations before and normally would have obligingly stepped out of the way; however, this particular biker had a great deal of difficulty balancing on his bike.

The scene that followed could best be described as a Toreador evading a bull on roller-skates. But it's a mean bull and it has a vague notion of how to use the roller-skates. I moved left; he veered left. I went right and he followed. This dance macabre continued for several seconds -- what seemed like hours in my mind -- before he teetered past me, snagging the sleeve of my hooded sweatshirt on his handlebars. I freed myself with the grace and agility of a gazelle.

Thankfully, my spectacular reflexes delivered me from the perils of Truman's sidewalks once again. Nonetheless these reckless youths pose a threat that needs to be addressed. I will break these terrors on wheels into three easily identifiable categories, provide you with self-defense tips pertaining to each of these groups and propose a solution to this scarifying crisis.

The first and possibly most dangerous variety has been described already. They will be referred to as wobblers. These people should not be allowed to ride bikes under any circumstances and perhaps they shouldn't drive cars either. I'm sure their shortcomings as cyclists can be traced to simple causes like an inner ear dysfunction or failure of their parents to enroll them in a toddler tumbling class.

The second group, coasters, are somewhat subtler in their assaults on common pedestrians. Generally they only attack a mass of people. They wait until a good-sized throng forms on one side of the sidewalk. Without the use of their pedals they sail silently towards their targeted coterie with a tacit ultimatum: part as the Red Sea did for Moses or get a tire up your ass. If you don't move, it's your fault and chances

are a dirty look will be cast in your direction.

The third classification: obnoxious, fast-moving, pedal-while-they're-standing-up pricks. These guys are the athletes of the bunch and they are convinced that campus is an obstacle course. They are by and large a male group; such idiocy can only be attributed to an excessive testosterone production. Their objective is to show whatever girls are in the vicinity that they're tougher than me.

Even though class three isn't a gang of real winners, I don't have major complaints about their mode of transportation. Just one thing: stop killing the grass. I know I can walk pretty slow sometimes, but that's no reason to pass me on the lawn. This is a small campus with nice professors who won't get pissed if you're a few minutes late. They'll understand if you came all the way from Barnett.

I have two lady friends who don't wear shoes. Every day they fear for the safety of their toes. That, my friends, is a sad, sad story. We cannot tolerate this tyrannical behavior. This aggression will not stand. Drastic measures must be taken and I have those measures.

Many universities across America have confronted this problem already by instituting the Bicycle Safety Certification Exam or the BSCE. This test is administered to anyone wanting to bring a bike onto the given campus after they take the mandatory training course. Students seeking certification learn to use their breaks, cross intersections and turn. The people that distribute and design the BSCE have really done a fabulous job and campus bicycle usage has decreased by 70 percent or more at every college that has adopted this revolutionary policy.

I fear that implementation of the BSCE is at the bottom of Truman's to-do list, if it is on it at all. Progress of any kind is always a struggle. Keep in mind there is strength in numbers, and that is the one thing people who like walking have on their side in this battle. In the meantime, we must protect ourselves, so until the BSCE is brought to Truman, you will see me riding a moped.



I heard a tragedy today

opinion by | John Nguyen

I woke up sick this morning. A cloudy film covered my eyes. I couldn't stop blowing my nose. Weary. Weak in the bones. Head nods unconsciously. Falls on a loose hinge. Can't think like a man.

I heard a tragedy today. Made me sicker. I want to tell you a story. I want to tell you a story that's true:

A young girl they named Genie. They named her Genie because she appeared as if by magic. They're wrong though. She appeared by tragedy.

A man and a woman have children. The woman is blind. The man is insane. The world continues spinning. The world moves without regard.

The man, the father, the devil in skin, decides he hates noise. The fires in his brain make him shudder in pain. Noise. He takes his daughter, when she is only a baby, and ties her to a potty chair. He carries this chair to a room and shuts the door. The only time he walks back in is to punish the child for making noise. She is never taught to speak. Her brother brings her food sometimes. He's not allowed to speak to her.

He's not allowed to add to the noise.

She lives this way. This poor girl. She lives above her waste in a waste of a world. Where her guardians are human sins. Living Sins. For years, staring at the same blank walls. Unmoving. Tied to the chair.

I don't know the stories. I don't know if they'll ever be told. I don't know about the fear that was real. The fear that was the only sound in the house.

Genie had two brothers. One eventually got away. The other was thrown and locked in the garage for crying. He dies of pneumonia.

I look at the computer screen. I look at this story over and over. I think of her face. I think of her undernourished bones. My stomach gets sicker. I want to cry but tears aren't enough. Nothing is enough. I look at the people around me. I want to lock them all away. I want all of them to be silent. I want them to know.

Keep religion out of public institutions

opinion by | Linda Seidel

That the Faculty Senate failed to pass the Language and Literature resolution supporting the establishment of a Gay-Lesbian-Bisexual-Transgender (GLBT) Resource Center should surprise no one. That the bill was defeated by senators who refused, for the most part, to articulate their opposition could possibly have been predicted as well. Thus, the courage of the representative who stated, "I'm a Christian; there are moral issues to consider" can only be applauded. He spoke for many others who were silent. I am sure.

So let me be clear: I do not wish to criticize this particular faculty senator. Nor do I wish to refute his claim that homosexuality is inconsistent with Christianity -- although we would do well to remember that Christian theologians are not at all agreed on this point. (Remember also that Galileo was punished as a heretic; that Southern Christians not so long ago believed that the Bible justified slavery.)

What I wish to address is the role that religion should or should not play in a public institution in a secular society -- albeit a society with a Judeo-Christian heritage. Should we stop

I don't know. I want to know. I want to heal through understanding.

One day, a small miracle occurs. Genie's mother decides to make a difference. Despite her blindness, she manages to get the girl out, manages to get her to the welfare office. Genie is saved. Is taken away to Los Angeles where the angels will heal her. Will teach her about her world. Will teach her how to tell her story.

I saw the videotapes. I saw her struggle for reason and for comprehension. Inside, my wounds grow.

The United States of America is taking Genie's father to court. Justice. Justice is required. On the day of his trial, he commits suicide.

Genie's mother gains custody of her. Her mother takes her out of the hospital where she was being taught Sign Language. Genie's mother begins losing her mind as well. Genie is put into foster care. She is thrown from home to home, receiving more abuse in some. More abuse.

Tragedy.

This is a true story. Never, ever treat it like it's not.

She lives now somewhere in California. I pray for her.

I am afraid for her. I am afraid for all of us.

I bumped into a pretty girl today. She asked me for my phone number. I gave it. The thing was though, I couldn't explain it to her. I couldn't explain to her the pain in my stomach. I couldn't explain to her the pain in my brain. I wouldn't be able to explain it to anyone. And that... another tragedy.

The ancient Greek philosopher Gorgias has been quoted as saying, "Nothing exists. If something did exist we couldn't know it. And if we could know it we couldn't communicate it."

The scariest thing is that I think that he's wrong. Everything exists. Everything is real. But he's right too. We can't know it and we can't communicate it. We're all blind and deaf and armless walking around in an abyss full of dead bodies.

God save us.

teaching evolutionary theory because some Christians think that they cannot believe in both Darwin and God? (Would we be able to get any of our biology majors into post-graduate schools if we did?) Should we stop teaching unmarried students in Health and Wellness classes about STDs and safe sex because, some would argue, they shouldn't be having sex anyway? Should Biblical scholars fail to note the multiple sources that went into the making of Genesis because such a textual analysis strikes some as sacrilegious?

If religion is to play a role at a public institution, it can only be that "civil religion" of the American creed: the belief that all human beings are created equal. This creed may be traced back, if you like, to that idea in Genesis that human beings were created in the image of God, and that each human life is sacred.

You can take the American creed with or without its Judeo-Christian underpinnings. (The founding fathers were said to be deists, after all.) In either case, we at Truman have a responsibility to meet the needs of all our students and to create a livable community, free of bigotry, for all our members.

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Rush Gamma Delta Iota

opinion by | Joe Rothermich

At some point during college, most students consider rushing a fraternity or sorority. This point for me came a few weeks ago when I attended the open rush party at Phi Lambda Chi. All the members were really nice and I was impressed with the house. I had a good time at the party as well. I was turned off when I found out how much it was to be a member of the fraternity.

I thought to myself, what advantages does rushing have? If I rush, I am guaranteed a party every weekend and I will have a group of guys that will become my good friends over the next few months. Then I realized that right now I have almost the same situation. I have great friends here and I know of parties almost every weekend.

Almost everyone I have talked to about college has told me going Greek is the way to go. They said going Greek will make your college experience a hundred times better. Heading into my second semester, I am not sure how much more fun I could have had by rushing a fraternity. When people ask me why I don't rush, I say, "Why do I need to pay money so a group of guys will be my friends?" I know that is very stereotypical, which I am not trying to be, but that is how the Greek system comes off to me.

Really, what else do the Greeks do besides party and intramurals? I have seen the Adopt-A-Highway signs on 63 and 6,

that have some of the fraternities and sororities listed, but that is not too much. I know there is Alpha Phi Omega, (whose members party as much as any of the social fraternities), but they do a lot of service around the Kirksville area. And I must give them credit for their service.

So while you are contemplating going Greek, maybe you should also think about staying GDI. You can have just as much fun and party just as hard. The only true difference is if you are GDI, you don't get shirts or pins with Greek letters on them. Being GDI means you miss all those all Greek functions and other activities such as the Lambda Chi Watermelonfest. I guess these are the only advantages that there are to going Greek.

The Greeks, like everything else, are in the eye of the beholder. As you contemplate which fraternity or sorority to rush, you should consider staying independent. Just think of it as an another fraternity without the dues, meetings and dress-up days. I could advertise rushing GDI, so all of us GDI's could feel just as cool as the Greeks with our rush posters. It would say, "Rush GDI: the only free fraternity on campus." I could even give us GDI's an unofficial Greek name, then we could talk about ourselves like we were Greek. A suiting name...

Gamma Delta Iota would be nice. Kind of fitting, isn't it?

For me, GDI is the way to go.

TSU Art Gallery hosts National Exhibition

story by | Andy Dandino

Artists from around the nation will have their work on display in the Truman State University Art Gallery as the 12th Annual National Art Competition Exhibition celebrates its opening this coming Thursday, Feb. 10, at 6:30 p.m. in Ophelia Parrish. Each year, the National Art Competition (NAC) attracts professional and amateur artists who send their work in the form of slides, which are then processed and mailed to a juror, who selects the pieces that will be accepted and featured in the Exhibition.

The juror for the 12th NAC is renowned art critic Donald Kuspit, who is a contributing editor for *Artforum*, *Sculpture*, and *New Art Examiner*; editor of *Art Criticism*; and the author of numerous books on contemporary and modern art, the most recent being *The Cult of the Avant-Garde Artist*. In addition to his duties as juror, Mr. Kuspit will also be speaking at the Juror's Presentation, which will take place Feb. 10 at 5:30 p.m. in the Governor's Room of the Student Union Building, followed by the Exhibition's opening in the Gallery. The presentation will include a lecture and slideshow regarding the jurying process for the Competition, followed by a question-and-answer session.

Bringing a nationwide art competition to Truman not only creates publicity and notoriety for the school, but also provides the art students with an insight into the contemporary art scene. Being exposed to the sort of works which have been selected for the Exhibition can clue budding artists in as to what sort of art is being produced by professionals in today's market.

professionals in today's market.

Gallery Director Aaron Fine commented on the benefits of hosting the NAC. He said, "The National Art Competition gives students a chance to see a national level of professional artists they normally wouldn't get to see here. Really, this is the only space exclusively [reserved] for contemporary arts in Northeast Missouri, so it also benefits the local community and schools."

The NAC receives its funding not only from the Division of Fine Arts and the entry fees, but also from grants made possible by the Kirksville Arts Association and the Missouri Arts Council, an organization that supports fine arts throughout the state.

Due to the renovations Ophelia Parrish will undergo in the upcoming year to prepare for the new Fine Arts facility, the Campus Gallery will be closed for the fall 2000-spring 2001 school term. As a result, there will be no National Art Competition next year, but it will return once the new, larger Gallery is completed. Regarding fine arts events on campus for next year, Fine said that there will "still be a lot of visual arts events," and other art exhibitions such as the BFA Show and Juried Student Exhibition will most likely take place in the Student Union building.

The 12th Annual National Art Competition Exhibition will remain on display in the Gallery from Feb. 10 through March 3. Hours are 8:30 a.m. to 7 p.m. Monday through Thursday, 8:30 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. Friday, and 12 p.m. to 4:30 p.m. Saturday.

Faculty Senate vote raises diversity issues on campus

story by | JJ Pionke

The Faculty Senate meeting on Jan. 27 to decide the fate of a proposed Gay/Lesbian/Bisexual/Transgender (GLBT) Resource Center was a resounding "no," though not as negative as you might think. The vote was three yes, three no, and the rest present abstained, which is the equivalent of a no.

Dr. Linda Seidel, graduate student Jennifer Farris, senior Leo Kirsch as well as senior John Halski all spoke in defense of the proposed GLBT Resource Center. Each of them spoke of the need for such a center as well as the fact that many GLBT students do not feel safe on campus. They argued that there needs to be a place where GLBT- and straight-friendly students can go for support and information.

Farris brought up that the University of Missouri-Columbia has a resource center and that it seems to be very effective. However, Vice President of Academic Affairs Garry Gordon brought up the question of whether or not there was any hard data regarding the impact of UMC's resource center on their campus and on campus life.

No mention was made of the GLBT Interim Library that was in existence in Dr. Robert Mielke's office last school year.

Junior Grant Farmer however spoke out

against the resolution stating that while a GLBT Resource Center would provide a safe place for GLBT and straight friendly students, it would not solve the real problem of discrimination. His argument is quite valid. The campus should be a safe place everywhere for all minority students, especially since this university is a liberal arts institution.

The reality, of course, is something quite different. There are many students, author included, that have faced discrimination and at some points real fear that a physical attack might occur against them.

The quest for a GLBT Resource Center has taken a hard blow, but the fight is by no means lost. An unknown student sympathetic to the cause has posted fliers all over campus urging students and faculty alike to call Garry Gordon and find out why the resolution failed to pass.

The GLBT Interim Library is currently looking for a new home and may have one soon.

Finally a new round of discussions have started between faculty and students concerning this setback and new and innovative ideas are being discussed on how to make the GLBT Resource Center a reality.

Garry Gordon and Dr. Heinz Woehlke were unavailable for comment.

Special White Space: This SWS is dedicated to the ghost that haunts Monitor Tower. Please be gentle.

am.biv.a.lence *n.* 1. The coexistence of opposing attitudes or feelings. 2. Uncertainty or indecisiveness as to which course to follow.

cow.ard.ice *n.* Ignoble fear in the face of danger or pain.

Let's give 'em the
benefit of the
doubt!

For more information on why the faculty cannot make up their minds on student issues, call V.P. Garry Gordon at x4106.

Paid for by Friends of Faculty Senate ☺

Watch *The Vagina Monologues*, say "vagina"

Story by | Jennifer Farris

vagina. No, that's not it. Vagina. Come on, you can do better than VAGINA! Yes, that's it! VAGINA! VAGINA! VAGINA!

This is what you'll be gloriously screaming from the top of your lungs after you've attended a performance of *The Vagina Monologues*. You won't be able to say it enough.

Written by Eve Ensler, *The Vagina Monologues* is a play that is intended to do just that -- to get the word "vagina" out into the open. For some of us (okay, probably most of us), "vagina" isn't a word we are comfortable saying. Sure, we might be able to talk about vaginas, squirming uncomfortably as we try to come up with a thousand possible ways to refer to them without actually having to use the V word, but when it comes right down to it, many of us have probably been taught to believe that vagina is a dirty word, something you just don't say. Well, not anymore.

The Vagina Monologues is based on actual interviews in which Ensler asked women to speak about vaginas, and while the monologues are ultimately a celebration of the vagina and of womanhood, anyone attending the upcoming performance should be prepared to experience a variety of emotions. You will definitely laugh, you may even cry and you

will likely be disturbed by some of the material that the play contains, but it is precisely because it has such an impact on its viewers that *The Vagina Monologues* is being presented.

For the second year in a row, the Women's Resource Center has organized a presentation of *The Vagina Monologues* as part of the observance of V-Day. Held on Valentine's Day, V-Day is a time to celebrate women, but it is also a day of creating an awareness of the violence suffered by many women worldwide. More importantly, it is a day to demand that the violence be stopped. By addressing issues such as rape and genital mutilation, the monologues draw attention to violence against women in a way that cannot be ignored and will not soon be forgotten.

In addition, Ensler's play gives us the invaluable opportunity to cast off any shame and embarrassment we might associate with the word "vagina," allowing us instead to embrace it with pride.

Exciting and funny, sad and disturbing, stimulating and intriguing, *The Vagina Monologues* will forever change the way you look at, think about, and talk about vaginas. And yes, you *will* be talking. You can catch the performance of *The Vagina Monologues* on Tuesday, Feb. 15, at 7:30 p.m. in the Down Under of the SUB. Go see it.

Sexual Respect Week Events

2/14 Ice Cream for Sex
SUB Conference Room, 8 p.m.

2/15 Vagina Monologues
SUB Down Under, 7:30 p.m.

2/16 Truth or Dare: Madonna's
role in feminizing America
Film & Discussion
SUB Room 4, 7:30 p.m.

2/17 Sexual Win, Lose or Draw
SUB Spanish Room, 8 p.m.

Feminist bias cheapens Campbell's speech

Story by | John Nguyen

On Thursday night in the Violette Hall Auditorium, Karlyn Kohrs Campbell, from the University of Minnesota, delivered a speech entitled "Inventing Women: From Amaterasu to Virginia Woolf." The title of the essay was intended to signify three different, yet equally important, meanings. The first is that there were (and are) women with great skill in exploiting available rhetorical resources." The second refers to the societal invention of women's roles. Lastly, Dr. Campbell asserts that because women were forced into roles of submission and silence, male rhetors had to invent the space and stages upon which they could communicate; they had to invent themselves as rhetors.

In the hopes of building up a historical tradition of women inventors, Dr. Campbell cited several examples of the kinds of things that women had to do in order to make their voices heard: She spoke of Deborah Gannet, a woman who fought disguised as a man in the Continental Army during the American Revolution. Ms. Gannet was attempting to convince the audience that she deserved the position that a soldier should receive while at the same time defending her own virtue.

In order to get the audience to pay attention to her though, she presented her speech as one of some contrition. She made it appear as though she had done a great wrong and that no woman should do what she had done. She was asking the audience for forgiveness to a certain degree. Dr. Campbell was impressed by Ms. Gannet's ability to jump between self-acclamation and

self-defamation so rapidly, clearly the acts of a brilliant rhetorician.

Dr. Campbell went on to talk about Virginia Woolf's *A Room of One's Own* and Elizabeth Cady Stanton's *The Solitude of Self*. Both pieces she heralded as "rhetorical masterpieces."

The strong point of Dr. Campbell's speech was her intimation with history. She covered a large amount of ground as well as

jumping cross-culturally from something like the Japanese Sun Goddess Amaterasu to people like Anne Boleyn. What she successfully achieved was a

historical overview, highlighting female rhetors and the tradition created by them. Unfortunately, Dr. Campbell claimed that each tradition dies and must constantly be revitalized by new female rhetors.

To my disappointment, the speech seemed to be missing a certain level of depth. Dr. Campbell seemed to be limited by her obvious assertions as a feminist. Personally, I feel that movements tend to limit thought for the most part. People become too ingrained with the idea that a point must be made and a case must be proven, instead of concentrating on a real analysis of indepen-

dent situations. Many disadvantaged groups exist that must have also invented a forum for their voices to be heard, and although there is validity and goodness to the recounting of their strategies and situations, I feel as though more would be gained by an analysis of the case-by-case rhetoric used instead of brief summations of a gigantic history of thought. Forget about proving that women had to struggle to make their voices heard,

that point is clear. I'd rather see the thoughts, the intentions and the reasons for each situation. Something is lost when these things are painted over.

I understand that there were time restrictions, but perhaps if the scope was

drawn in, a more in-depth analysis could have been given. Dr. Campbell seemed to have much to offer in this area but I feel robbed because time was spent telling various stories instead of spent analyzing the rhetoric itself. I'm not meaning to discredit feminism or any other movement for that matter, I just feel as though something is lost when the mind turns towards a cause instead of pure intellectual inquiry. All in all, the points raised were interesting and I definitely know things now that I didn't know before about female rhetoricians. And if that was the goal, then it was a success.

People become too ingrained with the idea that a point must be made and a case must be proven, instead of concentrating on a real analysis of independent situations

Why Not Tattoos?

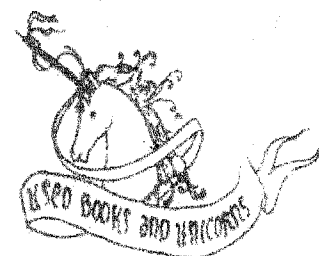
Body Piercing available!
Artist: Chad Weigert
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& custom designs

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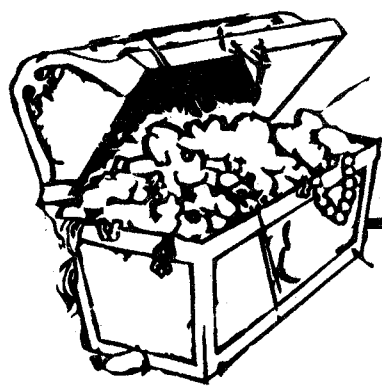
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Kirksville's Hidden Treasures

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

Kirksville's Hidden Treasures Part 6: Bingo Night at the Loyal Order of the Moose Lodge

feature by | Marie Montano and Olivera Bratic

So, itching for some high stakes gambling in Kirksville? Disappointed at the lack of casino boats? Well, we've found your cure. B-I-N-G-O. And Bingo was its name-o. That's right, every Friday night, the Loyal Order of the Moose (no, we're not kidding) sponsors Bingo night at their lodge, located across the street from Leisure World. The fun begins at 7 p.m.

The first thing we saw in the lobby of the building was a giant moose head. To us, that signaled a good time. 'Cause ain't nothin' like moose head party, 'cause a moose head party don't stop. But, to our disappointment, members of the Loyal Order did not don the infamous antler hats (refer to *The Flintstones*). Before we actually entered the hall, we imagined rows of kooky characters with good luck rituals and charms, but that was not the case. We had a lesson to learn. Bingo is a very serious matter. The hall was packed with people of the older persuasion who seemed solemn and ready to play.

We quickly got in line to buy our cards. The original cost is not very high. We each bought a packet of cards for fifteen games, nine cards per game for \$9. Those cards covered the normal play games. We also bought a packet of cards for the special games, costing us \$6 for six games, three cards per game. Then we managed to find seats in a back corner and set up shop. We laid out all of our cards, good luck charms (a stuffed chipmunk and a photo of us with mega movie star Keanu Reeves) and our markers. (Hint: bring your own bingo marker or else you'll have to pay \$1.25 for one.) We skipped

playing the early bird games, but were quite ready to win big when the real playing started.

Now, the rules of bingo may seem simple, but we were playing with professionals. Each night there is a free space. O62 on the night in question. The first task is to mark out this space along with the center free space before playing begins. When the numbers are chosen, they pop up on several television screens in the hall first. After a few seconds, the caller will announce the number. It is very important to remember that a bingo does not count until he actually calls the number (this will be more relevant later in the story). The game does not move extremely fast, but we definitely had to stay on our toes. Every once in a while the caller slipped into auctioneering speech (that's his other job), but was just kidding. Yeah, it kinda gets old after a while.

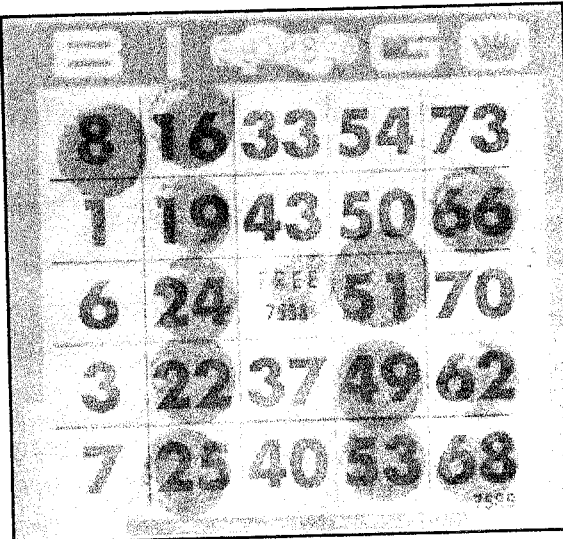
The tension builds throughout the night as everyone's dreams of winning big seem to be slowly vanishing. That's where you spend the big money. The prize for regular games is \$50, for special games \$80. There are two blackouts worth \$120, and a progressive game that's \$120 or if you win during the first twenty calls, a whopping \$800. As these games approach, workers walk around selling more cards. Yes, we succumbed to the temptation that these bingo devils were selling, buying more and more cards. Opium of the bingo masses.

Then there was the poodle incident. It still disturbs us to speak of it. For one special game, the object was to create a

poodle shape with the spaces (refer to picture). That was the only acceptable bingo. The game lasted abnormally long as one of our cards was looking like a winner. The only space we needed was a G51. The pressure was on as each number was called painfully slowly to our anxious ears. Finally, a miracle! G51 appeared on the TV screens and our excitement could barely be contained. Eighty dollars was minutes from our pockets! But a dark cloud was forming above our table (metaphorically, of course). A second before he announced the call, there was a quiet "Bingo" from across the hall. The man coming to claim my card for our winnings stopped and spun around. He headed away to the "winner" of the game. Our dreams were dashed as her bingo turned out to be accurate and ours, just a dream.

After that, the night was just a series of formalities. We had our chance, our moment of glory, but, alas, we were forsaken by God and man alike. In retrospect, bingo night was a good time, despite our loss. We highly recommend the game, but with caution. Much like crack cocaine, bingo is addictive. It's a sweet tension running through your veins and you can't get enough. If you think you can brave it, we advise bringing a limited amount of cash.

Bingo nights aren't rare in this town. The Moose Lodge holds it every Friday night, and the announcer listed off a series of places where the drug can be found throughout the week. It seems that it's happening almost every night, if you can find the various locations. Good luck and be warned.



The WRC offers finger-painting, massages

story by | Olivera Bratic

This week, the Women's Resource Center will offer students the ultimate relaxation. The WRC is sponsoring a "Spa Night" on Wednesday night. The event is meant to showcase some healthy ways to stay stress free. Speaking of "free," that's a good word to describe the event. It's all free. There will be workshops during the evening as well as a number of booths, many of them sponsored by local business owners.

The local foot reflexology clinic in town will be giving information and offering free foot massages. Two local massage therapists will also be on hand to deliver much-needed massages to students. Sign-up sheets for both the foot massage and massage therapy will be located at their respective booths.

Also, WRC volunteers will be giving free organic facials to participants. Visitors can also try a variety of fruit smoothies with the recipes on-hand for future use.

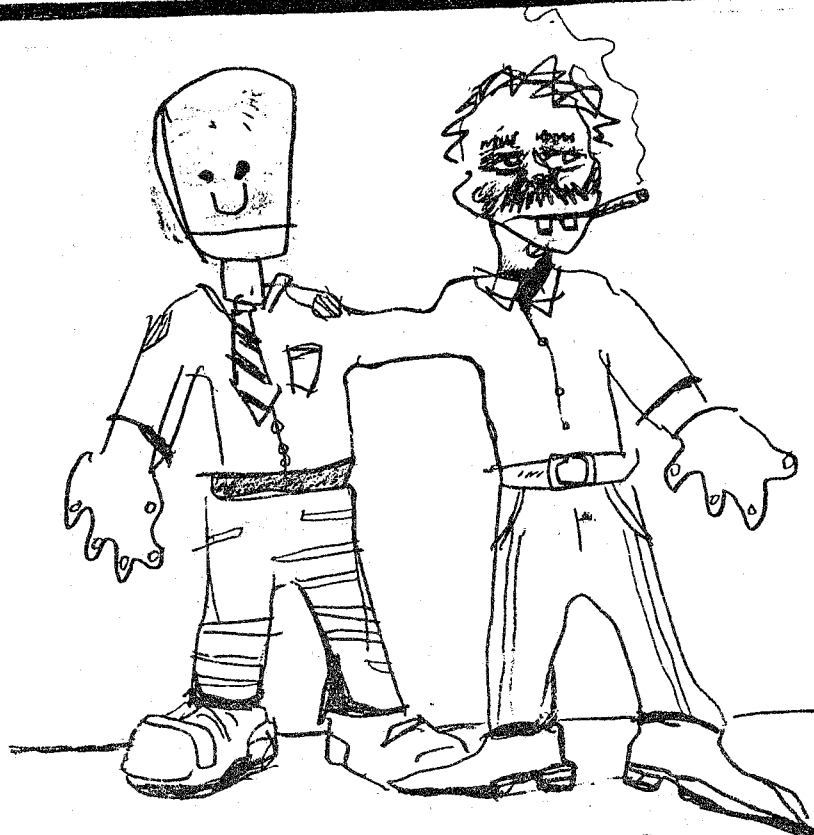
Another booth will feature herbal medicine, with a helpful listing of uses for different herbs. A local woman will be selling soy candles at the event. These candles are made naturally and are healthy for the environment.

A fun part of the event will be the finger-painting corner. Participants will be able to reach back into their childhood memories and relive kindergarten art class. Art can be very stress relieving (or stressful, depending on your major) and this activity will let participants relax and be a carefree kid again, if only for a few minutes.

The workshops will be divided into two sessions. Each workshop will be held in a different part of the room. The first session will be from 7:15 to 7:45 p.m. and will feature two presentations on yoga and nutrition. The second session, from 8 to 8:30 p.m., will have workshops on Fitness Plans, Tai Chi and Sensations (a presentation of the power of the senses, including aromatherapy).

The student-run workshops were designed around the central focus on healthy living. Through Spa Night, the WRC hopes to help participants make good lifestyle choices and provide a brief introduction to various methods of relaxation.

Spa Night will be held on Wed., February 9, in the SUB Activities Room from 7 to 8:30 p.m.

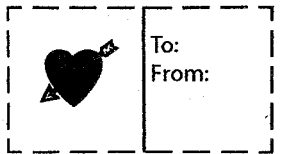


THE DOIN'-IT BROTHERS

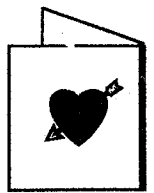
KWELL HANN

Monitor Valentine

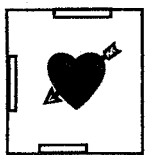
Directions:
1. Cut out valentine along the dotted lines.



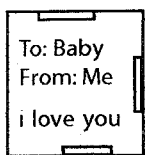
2. Fold down the center along the black line.



3. Place small pieces of scotch tape along the edges, securing the two sides together.



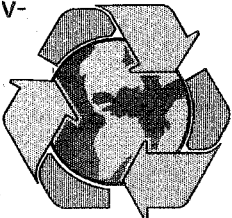
4. Write your message and sign your name on the back.



5. Give to your sweetheart on Valentine's Day! (That's Feb. 14 for you lame-os.)

ECO Tip

Are you receiving catalogs at your address that aren't yours or they are yours and you don't want them?



If so, take a minute and call the customer service number and ask that you be taken off the mailing list. It will help cut down on waste and hassle.

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!

PLEASE!



BE MY VALENTINE!

Happy Valentine's Day!

To:

From:

Compliments of The Monitor

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:

ELIZABETH I



1533-1603

Born to Henry VIII and his second wife Anne Boleyn, Elizabeth managed to survive the dangers of her youth. Chief among these was the fact that she was a girl. Even though he declared her to be illegitimate after murdering her mother, Elizabeth didn't let that bother her; she outlasted her half-brother Edward and her half-sister Mary to take the English throne in 1558. Her power didn't wane until her death in 1603, at which point much of England wept. What's more, the second-rate kingdom she took charge of in the 16th century was a first-rate power of the 17th. As a result, she would like to send a big "fuck you" to all her doubters.

Dear Liz,
Where's the beef? No, really, where's

the beef?

I don't have the slightest clue. Have you checked your freezer?

Dear Liz,

All my friends are getting married and I'm starting to feel like that part of life is passing me by. I've got a girlfriend, but I'm still afraid of being lonely. What do I do?

First of all, marriage isn't all it's cracked up to be. My dad proved that. My family was the original *Jerry Springer Show*. My dad remarried depending on how well his bowels were moving. One day he was constipated. The next day, my mother's head was spitted on a pike. So don't feel like you're missing much. On the other hand, if you are really thinking about popping "the" question to your special lady, make sure you eat a lot of fiber first.

Dear Liz,

I've paid for a newspaper subscription, but every once in a while the newspaper doesn't come. Either the delivery person isn't doing their job or one of my neighbors is stealing my newspaper. I don't want to confront either, but, dammit, I want to read my *Family Circus*! What to do?

Have you considered enlisting a privateer? I got all sorts of shit from places all over the world just because I wanted it: gold, sugar, tobacco and some great hashish. So just hire somebody to raid your neighbor's house for your newspaper. As long as they're flying your flag, it's cool.

Dear Liz,

What's the deal with all these new game shows? Should we be worried about another "fix"?

I don't really know, but if there is anything going on, that bastard Philip II is behind it. Trust me.

Dear Liz,

No, really, I was serious! Where in the hell is the beef?

Alright, fine! I'll spill. Go north from — until you reach —, then, turn — and walk — until you get to a brown —. Turn the tortoise shell 180 degrees clockwise, say the words "—," and presto! Six million tons of pure English ground chuck! [SOME WORDS HAVE BEEN REMOVED FOR SECURITY PURPOSES]

Dear Liz,

My best friend is a Star Wars Original Edition type of guy. Me, I'm a Special Edition type of guy. This dispute is starting to tear at the fabric of our relationship. How can the tension be resolved?

You'll just have to change your view, my friend. See, I'm the "original edition" Elizabeth. This dame they got now, this so-called "II," she's just a no-good imitator trying to fill my shoes. She's what you might call "special edition." QE II, I've got news for you, bitch! There isn't anybody who can follow me! I'm the greatest of all time! Nobody can touch me! See? This kind of tension can't be resolved. Best off changing your sorrowfully misled opinion or finding a new best friend.

Next week our guest will be Ulysses S. Grant, who woke up in a drunken haze one morning in 1869 to find himself President of the United States. All queries to the general can be directed to *The Monitor*.



reviews

music | film | literature

Wheat's second album defies categorization

Wheat
Hope and Adams
Sugar Free Records

review by | Jeff Moore

Despite what music television polls might tell you, the Velvet Underground may have been the greatest rock band ever. If not the greatest, then at least the most influential, which probably says a lot more. What was it that allowed them to connect so well with people? It could have been the range of their material, or perhaps Lou Reed's songs, and some people may even have been big Nico fans. Still, I would say their strongest attribute was their accessibility. Listening to their music, you think "Jesus, I could do this," but not out of disrespect. It is fantastic stuff, but there's something about it that makes it so familiar.

The Massachusetts band Wheat seems to have decoded this trick and taken it for their own. Now don't be confused, this is not rehashed Lou Reed. Wheat has traded in VU's heroin for an extra four tracks on the recording machine. On their second album, *Hope and Adams*, the band makes a strong case for itself. After all, any band that can start out a song with the lyric "Your love is a parking lot" and proceed to build the song into a beautifully layered tune deserves consideration.

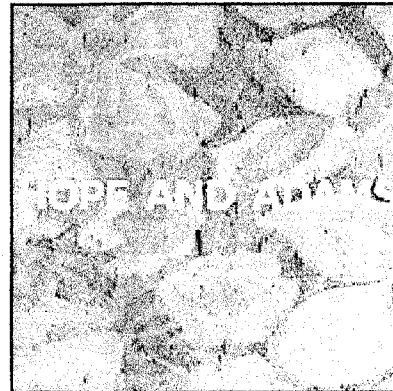
If you're playing the categorization game, Wheat can probably be found nestled into a valley between the pop symphonies of the Flaming Lips and the melancholy simplicity of Yo La Tengo. At first listen, *Hope and Adams* is a tease. Wheat moves from

track to track constructing and then deconstructing. Rolling guitar tunes like "And Someone with Strengths" butt up against songs like "Be Brave" which builds a pulsing energy for three minutes before exploding into Radiohead-ish rock.

To make *Hope and Adams* the trio of Wheat drafted Dave Fridman who has recently put together al-

bums for Mercury Rev, Mogwai, the Flaming Lips and Elf Power, all of whom seem somewhat related to the Wheat sound. This album plays like a pop salad bar that isn't afraid to nod to its heroes. Rather than recite a repugnant list of pop culture references, Wheat opts to incorporate bits of borrowed lyrics. It may sound awkward, but somehow bits of "Cinnamon Girl" and "Me and Julio Down by the School Yard" come across with subtle familiarity.

This seems to be the secret to Wheat. *Hope and Adams* will not try to knock you down and/or speed right by you. This is a comfortable album. It's simple enough for a quick listen, but meandering enough to make repeated trips worth your while.



D'angelo works his mojo in Voodoo

D'angelo
Voodoo
EMD/Virgin

review by | J. Cannon

Rhythm and blues died years ago. Dead. Dead. Dead. In its wake we found crooning teen icons over jacked beats. We find three-minute singles with all sorts of weird beeps and whistles, a heavy bass line and whatever rap artists happens to be in the limelight at the moment. The 90s saw the demise of true rhythm and blues and the birth of a bastardization of hip-hop, where live instrumentation is almost entirely abandoned and the so-called artists are merely small tools in studio work. The innovation and style that its predecessors brought up -- and I mean everyone from Al Green to Prince (Prince, not the Artist) -- was all but ignored in lieu of catchy but insubstantial pop songs that almost anyone with a brain, access to a studio and a collection of old Parliament albums can make.

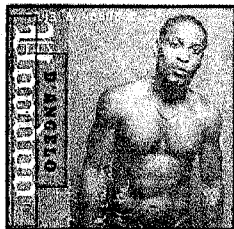
This is all why an album like *Voodoo* is way overdue. It is, without a doubt, the best R & B album made in the last ten years. It brings a life and body back to the genre. It ascends *The Miseducation of*

Lauryn Hill and Macy Gray's album, both solid works limited by the need to be radio friendly. *Voodoo*, D'angelo's second album, is far ahead of its time. Songs like "Spanish Joint" and "Great Day in the Morning" have a soul to them that you won't hear anywhere on the airwaves. His single, "Untitled," is already exploding on radio stations. The drums in the way too funky "Chicken Grease" are deadly. And "The Root" is quite possibly the smoothest song ever. This is music to just lay back and listen to at home. Music that you play in the car when all you feel like doing is driving around. You can hear in each track the vibe of Al Green, Jimi Hendrix, Marvin Gaye, Sly Stone, even Prince -- yet at the same time, D'angelo has his own distinct sound.

The album sports a host of guests, among them Ahmir "Questlove" Thompson, Raphael Saadiq (formerly of Toni! Toni! Toné!), Method Man, Redman (who, sadly, are not needed and add only [disclaimer] misogynist and crude lyrics to an otherwise great song) and Charlie Hunter, who plays both bass and electric guitar -- at the same time!

Drummer Questlove called the album a "black *Dark Side of the Moon* or *Electric Ladyland*," and it is just that. As such, *Voodoo* is not for everyone. It is the test that divides those who love music from those who just like something in the background while doing the dishes. It is the rebirth of rhythm and blues that may not be for those jaded by ten-second loops and all-consuming bass lines.

D'angelo has outdone himself with *Voodoo*. It is an amazing album funkier than anything you've heard in a long, long time. If you see it, buy it. You will not be sorry.



Beck reinvents himself on Midnight Vultures

Beck
Midnight Vultures
DGC

review by | Matthew Webber

The packaging of *Midnight Vultures* should clue you in as to what the album tries to be: colorful, silly, fun, a collage, artsy, laughably sexy. What you can't

guess from the CD's artwork, but what you figure out on the very first listen,

is what Beck's new al-

bum actually is: all of the above plus funky, fantastic and amazing. It's an album so good only Beck Hansen could make it.

As he does with each new album, the multi-faceted Beck reinvents himself musically. In case *Odelay* and *Mutations* failed to convince you, *Midnight Vultures* proves the immensity of this man's talent. "Is there anything Beck can't do?" I wonder. The answer I give myself is "No." From album to album, from song to song, sometimes from word to word, Beck morphs. He's sexy, he's silly, he's serious, he's smarmy. He's a contradiction, an enigma, a walking non sequitur. He's arguably the most creative artist to emerge in the last decade.

Midnight Vultures is in some ways Beck's best album yet. It's the best in its production values and in its sheer silliness. It's by far his most fun album and one of the most fun albums I've ever heard.

You'll either shake your head or laugh at his purposefully ridiculous lyrics. It's impossible to select a representative sample, but I'll attempt it anyway: "Hot milk/Mmmm... tweak my nipple/Champagne and ripple/Shamans go cripple." "Give these pious soldiers/Another lollipop/Cause we're on the good ship/Menage et trois." "I think we're going crazy/Her left eye is lazy/She looks so Israeli/Nicotine and gravy."

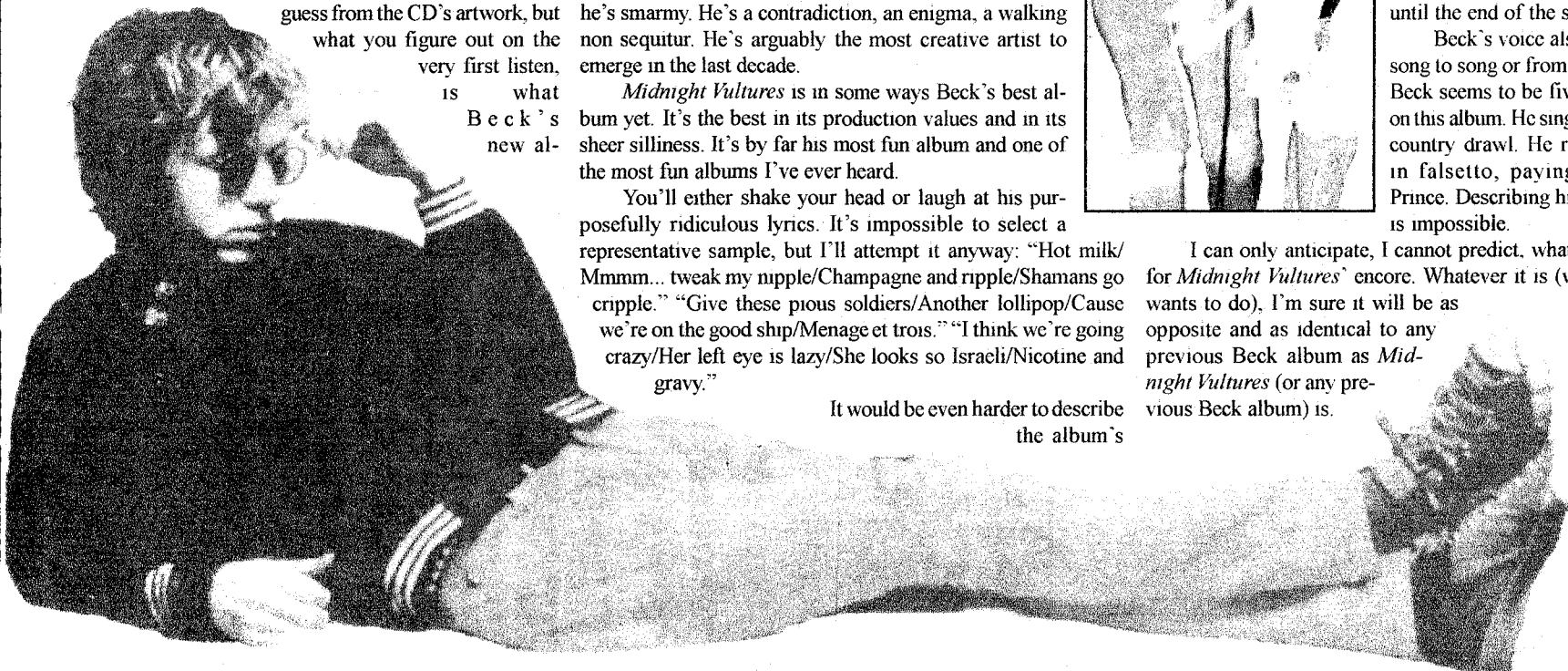
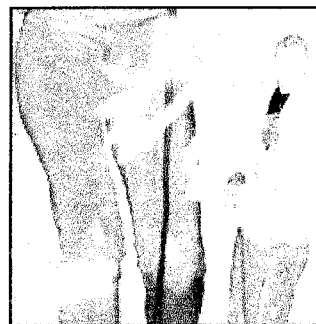
It would be even harder to describe the album's

sound. The music contains innumerable blips and beeps and horn sections and banjos and background vocals and guitars and infinite other instruments and sounds (some that you can't even describe) that you wonder how it blends into one sound so perfectly. You'll hear a split-second of a beat and think, "What?"

and then you won't hear the sound again. You'll hear a string of sounds and think they can't possibly be looped and then you'll hear it looped until the end of the song.

Beck's voice also shifts from song to song or from word to word. Beck seems to be five lead singers on this album. He sings with a folksy/country drawl. He raps. He wails in falsetto, paying homage to Prince. Describing his other voices is impossible.

I can only anticipate, I cannot predict, what Beck will do for *Midnight Vultures*' encore. Whatever it is (whatever Beck wants to do), I'm sure it will be as opposite and as identical to any previous Beck album as *Midnight Vultures* (or any previous Beck album) is.



FROM THE BARGAIN BIN

The Snake and Crane Arts of Shaolin Starring Jackie Chan



review by | Jesse Pasley

If you don't like sexist jokes or stereotypical plot lines, then you probably won't take to this movie. On the other hand, if you like hot kung-fu action, then get ready to rumble with *The Snake and Crane Arts*.

The premise: the eight masters of Shaolin have disappeared, along with the book containing the sum of their knowledge, the *Book of the Snake and Crane Arts*. Fortunately, Jackie Chan, playing the part of Hsu Yin Fung, is on the case. He must find the culprit behind the masters' disappearance while at the same time guarding the book with his life.

To be expected, this movie features Jackie at this usual top performance, though there is none of the usual humor we have come to expect from the action star. In fact, Jackie manages to pull off a serious face throughout the entire movie.

The Snake and Crane Arts also feature a copious amount of fighting sets. Jackie gets to fight all the kung-fu movie stereotypes: the drunken beggar, the Manchu who only speaks in two-syllable sentences and the mysterious woman wielding a metal flute as a weapon. And for you wushu enthusiasts, there is a special treat: the opening credits feature two complete weapons routines done by Jackie himself.

Though this is a fairly good action movie, the best part about the package is the fact that you can pick up this movie (and many others in the genre) for super cheap at a video store. So go treat yourself and get this movie.

Karate *The Bed is in the Ocean* Southern Records

review by | John Nguyen

It starts like this:

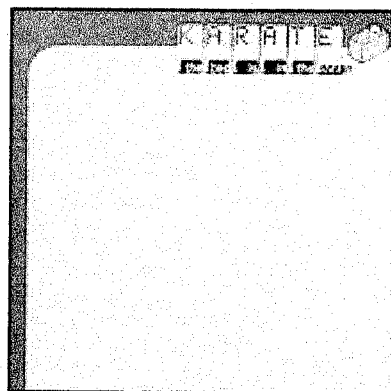
Simultaneously the guitar, bass, drums and vocals begin. A mellowed-out and fragile non-British punk rock voice comes in:

"So quiet I can hear that the refrigerator is on/And I can hear the fabric from your sleeping bag/How it sounds against someone else's floor./There's a small riot that kept me up till dawn..."

Something inside me tells me to keep on transcribing the lyrics. The band is Karate. The album is *The Bed is in the Ocean*. It's a miracle.

At a quick listen you can hear the interplay of guitar and bass. And you find that sometimes the melody line is switched off between the two. Or a riff begins on the guitar and the bass punches on the notes, gives them a burning force. The drummer makes quiet use of his cymbals. He has remarkable control. Each note is allowed to sing. None of the sounds get covered up by noisy screaming or ringing cymbal pops. The sound is relaxed and refined.

At times the youth and aggression of the band manages to come through though. There are erratic breakdowns with distorted guitar and jumpy drumming, but it always comes back to a crisp sound. One guitar playing alone against silence. Once again control comes to mind. The stops can be sudden and forceful or they can lull into a quiet hum, but always, always, the band is aware of its sound. Of the balance crucial to the dynamics. The guitar drives forward and the bass walks around the fingerboard. As the hammers keep dropping.



This is the third album by the band. It is by far the most impressive. A good friend of mine says it's amazing the way every song seems to relate to his life in some way. Another good friend says Karate plays guitar like Frank Sinatra sings, always slightly off beat and distinct. The lyrics are slightly cryptic but always soulful. Sometimes they sing about the world and its affairs like in the song "The

Last Wars." Or the lyrics become terribly personal as in the song "Up Nights" where the singer makes a frightening claim:

"I don't hurt when people die./That is unless they work nights/Cause I know that I'm gonna feel how I'm gonna feel/No matter how many books I've read."

But the most impressive thing about the CD is that it is extremely instrumental at times. This is a band that has actually created a distinct sound for themselves that is still very listenable. They are extremely talented at their instruments and instead of instantly thinking of a melody for a song, you think of that brilliant riff that you just can't get out of your head. This CD is an addiction. Its sound changes and evolves in every second and the more you hear it the more there is to hear.

Even when the songs are mellow, there is a mad energy driving them. Sometimes the drumming turns almost military. And let me tell you, it doesn't get better than this.

I'm listening to the CD as I write this and I can't help but feel I'm doing the music injustice. The only justice is picking up the album and listening to it. Do it. And do it again. Karate *The Bed is in the Ocean*.

Hey you! Wanna write reviews for *The Monitor*? We are looking for all types of writers right now! It's simple. Come to our meetings Tuesday and Thursday at 9 p.m. in OP218 and we'll fill you in.

Oliver Stone makes a movie about football

Any Given Sunday
directed by Oliver Stone

review by | Jeff Moore

Seeing *Any Given Sunday* is like falling on a hand grenade. I've seen the film, but haven't dived on any grenades, still I think the conditions are similar: 1) many people saw this thing coming and didn't want to have anything to do with it, while those who did probably made the decision very quickly; 2) while it may sound like a good idea, you will be hurt. I was the sort of person who saw the previews and began salivating at the thought of flopping on to this fruit of doom. As bad as it really was, I really liked it.

The pain is just par for the course with Oliver Stone. He's become quite successful by making movies that fuck with people. *Any Given Sunday* is no exception. Sure we're not talking mass murderers, assassinations or Vietnam (at least not directly), this time we're talking football. He's gone and stabbed right at America's mighty congested heart. He's made a movie about football, this is a movie about football.

Like most professional sports, the importance of this movie isn't in its plot or in its cohesion, it's in its cast. Acting like a general manager/pimp, Stone has assembled an all-star cast here. Fresh young comedian Jamie Foxx from TV's *The Jamie Foxx Show* leads the cast as a hot-headed young rookie who goes looking for fame but finds himself. Dennis Quaid plays the typical Dennis Quaid character that nobody gives a frog's fat ass about, especially not the movie. Everyone wants this veteran to retire, as he's too old and boring and he doesn't make rap videos. Cameron Diaz plays the bitch that likes money and hates people. Providing strong support are the likes of LL Cool J, *How to be a Playa's* Bill Belamy, Ann Margaret, Matthew Modine, sleazy doctor James Woods, Dick Butkus, Johnny Unitas, Thomas Jefferson and Lawrence Taylor (who plays a central role that

will be addressed later). The centerpiece of this ensemble is Al Pacino. Here he plays Al Pacino, the coach of a professional football team.

That is essentially the movie. Just say the cast of characters over and over to yourself for a little over two hours and you have the movie. Really anything else that goes on is backdrop. Blahblahbiggameblahblahethicsblahblateamspiritblah blahgenutalsblahblahghostsofgridironpastblahblah. The real story here is football/America. These things are not about family or teams or history. They are about individuals hitting each other until their legs don't work anymore. Here victories are measured in hot tubs and narcotics.

Speaking of narcotics, the real story here is Lawrence Taylor. If for no other reason, it's worth the price to see LT in action. He hits, he cries, he smokes crack in his trailer when he's not needed on the set. This man is better than I ever imagined.

SEE THIS MOVIE OR START LEARNING TO SPEAK RUSSIAN.



Enigma CD experiments with rhythm

Enigma
The Screen Behind the Mirror
Virgin

review by | JJ Pionke

Enigma's newest offering, *The Screen Behind the Mirror* from Virgin Records, is an interesting mix of old-school Enigma and a slightly new flavor. One of the things that I really liked with this album is their use of Orff's opera, *Carmina Burana*. Some of you may be familiar with *Carmina Burana* if you have seen the movie *Excalibur* starring Nigel Terry as Arthur and Nicol Williamson as Merlin. It adds a nice counterpoint to their more traditional percussion and voice. Though not used extensively it does add just that little extra kick to make their album interesting and different from their previous offerings.

The final song on the album, "Silence Must Be Heard," is a definite must hear for serious Enigma fans. Overall, this album experiments with more rhythm and voice than their previous albums; it's very different from their first album *MCMXC a.D.* Their first album is very much set at a slower rhythm, while *The Screen Behind the Mirror* is definitely faster paced. A good selection for anyone who likes Enigma. I would recommend this to anyone as a good representation of their work.



Several strange events take place this week

story by | Reverend Lawrence

At the end of this week several strange events will be taking place. First, people everywhere will be scrambling to find the perfect *last minute* gift for their sweethearts. Second, The ATO Bandfest will take place. This event will feature such bands as Ashtray, Papa J Buns and the Backdoor Cherry Poppers. And lastly, there will be the voluntary auctioning of fifteen male TSU students and faculty.

The first annual FTL/ARA Bachelor Auction will take place Friday, Feb. 11, in the SUB Down Under. The auction will be going on from 6 to 8 p.m., or until all bachelors are sold. This event will raise money for Anti-Racist Action (ARA) Kirksville. The bachelors will display themselves while an announcer reads a short introduction composed by the bachelors. The introduction will describe qualities of the bachelors that they feel will increase their value to the bidders.

If you find yourself wondering why you should support Anti-Racist Action, read on. First is the personal gain. The winning bidders will receive their temporary chattel for a period of at least six hours on the day following the

event. With a starting bid of \$5, well, that's cheaper than hiring your little brother to do your chores. Also, there is the intrinsic value of helping others.

But what about ARA? ARA is an international organization dedicated to the identification and removal of all forms of prejudice. Money raised at the auction will go towards the Kirksville group, as well as towards a national emergency fund.

And what is FTL? When asked what FTL meant, sophomore Michael Heinz stated, "FTL is the nucleus of infinite potentiality." Ashley Sell said, "FTL means anything and everything in any situation." In search of a more finite answer other FTL members were asked. Michael Martel reported that FTL has an elusive definition. "FTL can mean many things. From 'Friends That Last' to 'Faster Than Light' to even more abstract definitions that don't involve the letter 'F', 'T', or 'L'. And don't forget 'For The Ladies'."

Still need a reason to attend the auction? Even if they are confused, one thing is certain. Those are some hot dudes and they will be selling like hotcakes this Friday.



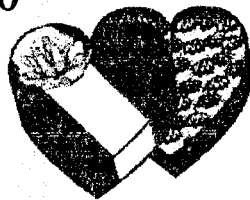
Hey FAC! Thanks for your support.

A Time for Chocolate Lovers

Saturday, February 26, 2000

7:00 - 10:00 p.m.

Kirksville National Guard Armory
500 S. Elson, Kirksville, MO 63501



An evening of unique chocolate desserts, beverages and dancing. There will be a silent auction too! Childcare provided.

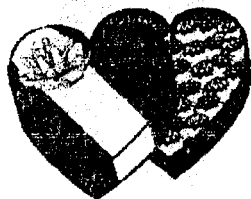
Proceeds will benefit the
Tri-Rivers Planned Parenthood

\$7.00 per person

\$5.00 with a Student ID

For tickets call

560-665-5672 or purchase
them at the door.



and one more review...

Metallica's experiment angers, amazes

**Metallica with Michael Kamen conducting the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra
S & M
Elektra**

review by | Matthew Webber

Symphony and Metallica. Sacrilege to music. Depending on whom you ask, this album title can mean either one of these things. To the orchestra and the band, *S & M* means the former. To old-school Metallica fans and certain San Francisco Symphony Orchestra season ticket holders who walked out of the performance, *S & M* equals the latter acronym.

Metallica finds itself in the same position in which it has been ever since *The Black Album* came out. They're trying to please all the people all the time, which, as anyone knows, is impossible. This latest experiment, while noble, displeased and angered many people, Metallica fans and classical music lovers alike.

Does this album represent the dumbing-down of classical music? Does it represent the watering-down of a once-great heavy metal band? I propose it does neither, but many people obviously disagree.

Metallica's strength as a band, even in these years of too many *Load* albums, has always been their live performance. They are one of the hardest working, tightest-but-loosest, most let's-reinvent-ourselves-this-tour rock bands I have ever seen in concert. I've seen them live twice, and while the second concert radically differed from the first, both concerts were amazing for their energy and musicianship.

S & M perfectly captures these two things. A listener can feel the excitement in the concert hall, booming from the symphony and Metallica both. Michael Kamen writes in the liner notes how "orchestra members leapt to their feet, excited to be making music from the edge of their seats." He later refers to the excitement, in a most-melodramatic manner, as a "Wagnerian Orgasm." The band and the sym-

phony interact flawlessly, causing one to wonder why they never interacted before. The members of Metallica are consummate pros and, contrary to popular belief about rock musicians, they are more than capable of holding their own against the 100-piece orchestra.

Many of Metallica's old songs were already Wagnerian in scope, with their thundering chords and dramatic shifts. Classics such

as "For Whom the Bell Tolls," "Master of Puppets" and "Battery" respond the best to their symphonic treatment. The orchestra adds tension and depth to these already-heavy songs, drawing out hidden nuances that

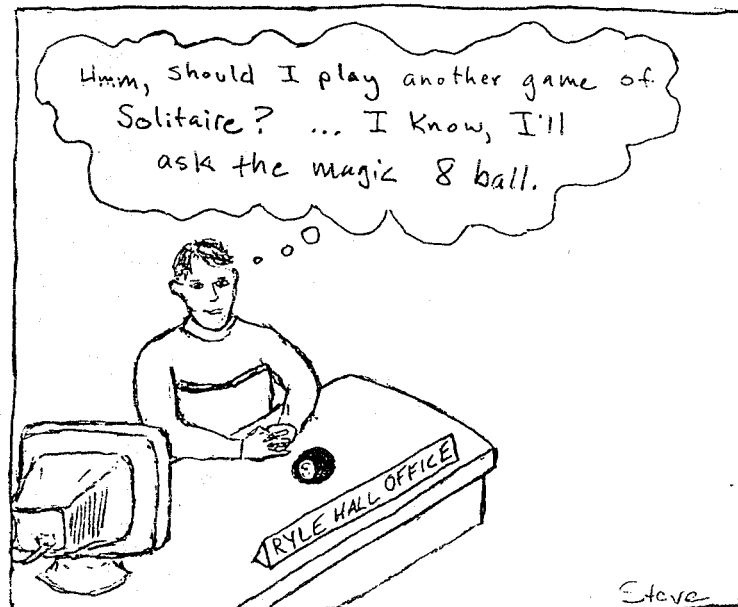
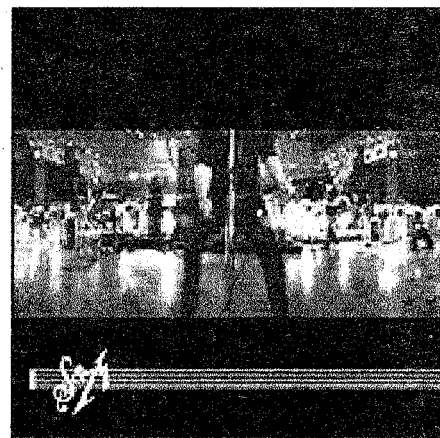
were already in the music. These songs are just as powerful, though in an entirely different way, than their studio album counterparts.

The two new songs, "No Leaf Clover" and "Human," rock. They are stronger than anything on the sorry *Reload* album (an album I like less the more I listen to it) and show that Metallica can still write great rock songs. (Writing great albums is another matter, as the two inconsistent *Load* albums prove.)

In fact, my biggest complaint about *S & M* is the inclusion of so many of these post-*Black Album* songs. Is there a Metallica fan anywhere who was dying to hear "Hero of the Day" or "Fuel" with strings?

Because of songs like these, *S & M* is likewise spotty. There are some truly inspired moments on this album that make you remember how great Metallica is (was?). And then there are some not-so-brilliant moments.

There are enough amazing moments on *S & M* to make this an essential album for any Metallica fan who doesn't now resent them. Conversely, there are enough mediocre moments on the album to piss off the *Load*-hating fan. Buy or burn this album, depending on your viewpoint.



Vagrancy division teaches hobo-ism, bummary, and how to be a hermit

feature by | Paul Kingston

You know what Truman needs? A vagrancy division. Now you're probably thinking "Why does Truman need a vagrancy division?" Well I'll tell you why: because not everyone who graduates is going to get a job. Now you're probably thinking, "Okay, so what's a vagrancy division do?" Well I was getting to that, but you interrupted me with your stupid questions.

A vagrancy division would include the four majors: Bummary, Hobo-ism, Begging and the Hermit major. And each of these majors would require the following three courses.

*VAG 100- Intro to Vagrancy. This course would go over the basics, like how to steal or protect a nice warm pair of shoes, dumpster diving and starting fires in trashcans to keep warm.

*VAG 124- Urban Camping. Includes techniques for building junkyard shanties, finding heat vents, and sleeping in public buildings or parks.

*MUSI 111- Out-of-Tune Harmonica Class I. The basic methods of playing an out-of-tune harmonica, such as not caring whether or not the notes are right and training your ear to appreciate music without any tune or key.

In addition there would also be major-specific courses as follows:

Bummary- This program covers living on the streets in an urban or suburban setting.

VAG 157- Advanced Dumpster Diving. Covers the staking out of fast-food dumpsters, ways to suck the marrow out of bones found in trash and the collecting of recyclables for money.

*VAG 163- Alcoholism. Students are issued a flask and taught to use either whiskey, vodka or gin as their sole source of fluids. Also includes humiliating ways to get people to buy them booze (such as wearing a dress or getting punched in the balls).

OR

*VAG 164- Drug Addiction. Students learn where and how to get various drugs, focusing on either crack or heroin. They also develop a dependence on either crack or heroin, which they learn to feed through prostitution.

MUSI 112- Out-of-Tune Harmonica Class II. Includes more advanced harmonica techniques, such as getting cats and dogs to howl along and dodging vegetables without missing a

beat.

Hobo-ism: Hobo-ism concerns rural vagrancy and travel.

*VAG 107- Intro to Hobo-ism. Includes methods for making a hoopack, cooking Muligan stew and sleeping in barns and ditches.

*VAG 123- Hobo Cuisine. Students learn to cook beans in the can, throw hamburger wrapped in foil into the fire and how to capture and cook rabbits, squirrels and other forest creatures.

VAG 143- Train Jumping. How to hop into and out of boxcars, hiding from conductors and guards and rudimentary knowledge of America's rail routes. Also covers the basics of hitch-hiking.

Begging: The mission of the begging program is to teach students how to convince strangers to give them money.

*VAG 119- Intro to Begging. Explores techniques such as spare-changing, faking war injuries and impersonating charities.

*SP 100- Intro to Street Performance. Discussions on the placement of the change box, guiltig onlookers into charity and thanking donors without stopping the act.

Students must take two of the following six courses:

**SP 110- Street Performance: Harmonica.

SP 111- Street Performance: Saxophone

SP 112- Street Performance: Guitar

SP 120- Street Performance: Breakdancing and Beat-Boxing

SP 121- Street Performance: Tap Dancing

SP 130- Street Performance: Soapbox Speeches

The Hermit major: While hermits are not technically vagrants, the Hermit major falls within the vagrancy division. This program is designed to develop a mistrust, fear or hatred of people in general.

*HERM 100- Intro to the Hermit. Covers the 23 reasons that people suck.

HERM 127- The Hermit'ss hack. Discussions on the controversial *Difficult to get to v. Difficult to find* debate, the use of



menacing signs and barbed wire, as well as ways to pretend you're not home.

HERM 135- The Gruff Exterior. Includes techniques like frequent mumbling, angry outbursts and the use of phrases like "Who asked you!?" and "Don't you have anything better to do?"

HERM 136- The Soft Touch. Students will develop a grudging affection for children, cry at sad movies insisting that there's just "sumthin' in mah eye," be over-protective of their hideously deformed pet and use phrases like "You're a good kid" and "Go gettem, slugger!"

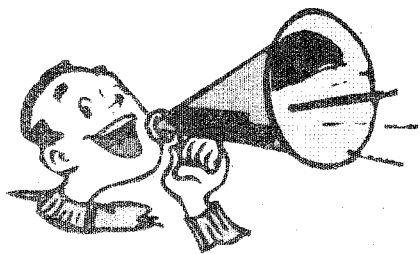
*These classes could be part of a Vagrancy requirement for the LSP.

**Can be taken in place of MUSI 111.

Have an opinion about something?

Want to make it public?

Write for The Monitor!



We are looking for interesting writers right this very second. Come to our meetings every Tuesday and Thursday at 9 p.m. in OP218 or call 627-4797 for more info. **Remember, it's your paper! Make your voice heard!**

Man of La Mancha

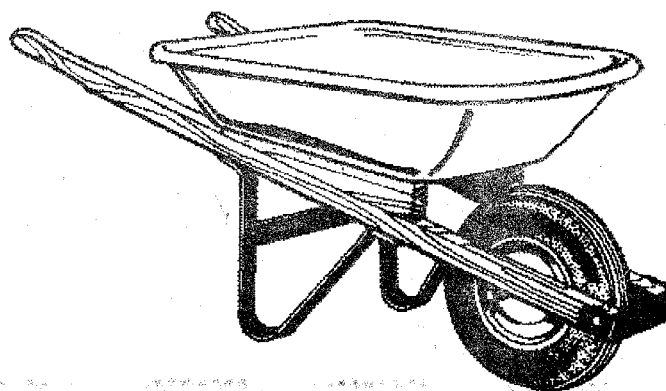
Feb. 9-12, 8 p.m.

Feb. 13, 2 p.m.

Baldwin Hall Auditorium

Admission is free.

Advanced tickets \$1 at Little Theatre Box Office.



UNBELIEVABLY TRUE

actual news from around the world

feature by | Joe Rothermich

Half.com, a new Internet company specializing in second-hand hardware, has cut a deal with the town of Halfway, Oregon. Halfway's population of 345 voted on Jan. 20 to officially change the town's name to Half.com for the year, making it the first dot-com city in the world. The deal is worth an estimated \$110,000 in computer hardware for the town. You can check out the Web site at www.half.com.

Dr. Allan Zarkin, a Manhattan obstetrician, is being investigated and sued for allegedly carving his initials into a women's abdomen after performing a Caesarean section on Sept. 7, 1999. Zarkin etched the 3-inch letters "AZ" into the skin of Linda Gedz, who laid sedated after the procedure. Gedz is suing Zarkin and New York's Beth Israel Medical Center for \$5.5 million. Zarkin justified himself because he felt he had performed such an "excellent job." Zarkin has been given the nickname "Zorro" by other members of the hospital staff.

British education officials had to recall 48,000 literacy posters on Jan. 28 after two spelling errors had been discovered by London teachers. The Department of Education failed to notice "vocabulary" had been spelled "vocabluary." The posters also urged children to learn about writing "though" their own work, instead of "through" their own work. The Department sent out correct posters with letters blaming the proofreaders for the error.

Queen Astra



Let the
stars be
your guide!

Aries (March 21-April 20): It's your time to shine. Shake your money maker. Shake what your mama gave you.

Taurus (April 21-May 22): You've grown too accustomed to your fatcat lifestyle. Spend the next week living in churches.

Gemini (May 23-June 21): Be an adventurer and take it outdoors. Just don't get caught (or do, depending on what you're into).

Cancer (June 22-July 24): Turn on: prosthetic arm. Turn off: dislocated arm.

Leo (July 25-August 23): Start your own trend. Wear hot pink. Monkey see, monkey do.

Virgo (August 24-September 23): Ever hear of Sir Coughs-a-lot? Watch out this week, because you will. Oh, you will.

Libra (September 24-October 23): Reinvent yourself this week, Libra. I'm

not talking fashion or style. I'm talking a personality overhaul. Trust me. You need it, crabby-cakes.

Scorpio (October 24-November 22): A roll of Certs is your ticket out of this town. Start planning.

Sagittarius (November 23-December 21): Carry on my wayward son.

Capricorn (December 22-January 20): It may seem as if the squirrels are eyeing you suspiciously this week. They are. And no one's got your back.

Aquarius (January 21-February 19): Be prepared for a completely crazy week -- especially those of you who are celebrating a birthday. Fashion do: Jeans. Fashion don't: that shirt which says "It's my birthday, sleep with me!"

Pisces (February 20-March 20): Don't follow the rules this week. No smoking in bed? Yeah, right. Let the place burn.

Bonus Special White Space: this space represents our lack of support for faculty senate in their indecision regarding the GLBT resource center.

THE IDIOT CHRONICLES BY ANDY SPANINO

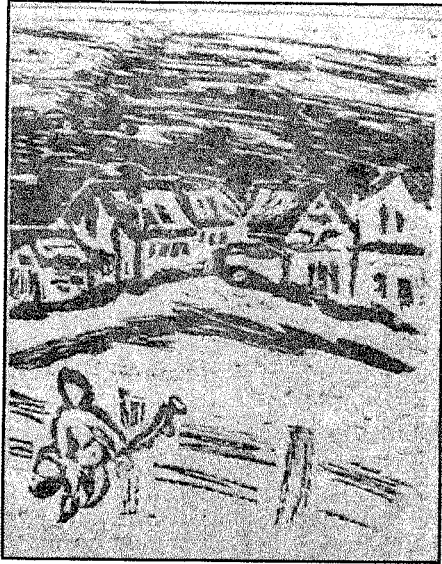


ART PAGE

A student invitational art exhibition is being held through the month of February at the Wooden Nickel. An open reception will be held on Thursday, Feb. 17 from 5 to 7 p.m. For more information, call Megan at 627-0336. Sponsored by Kirksville Arts Association & the Wooden Nickel.



Megan Kathol



Crystal Wing



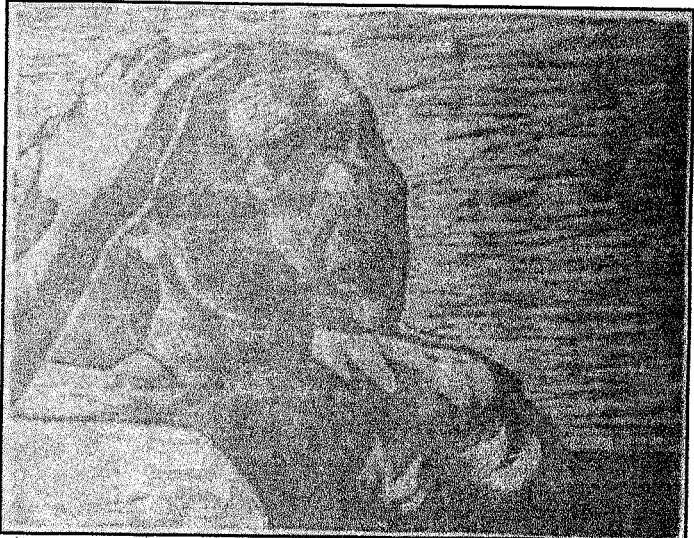
Amanda L. Bunyard



Nancy L. Lamon



Bryna Campbell



Judah Fansler

My Back Pages...

Blood

Always a feeling of relief
 When the blood comes on time.
 Blood is what makes her different from you
 Maybe you draw hers
 Just to watch it spurt
 Maybe she will save it for you
 In a jar
 Stick a bow on top
 Here ya go
 Safe again
 Nothing to worry about this time.

—Anne Forris

bloody eyelashes:
 blinds sealed shut
 over her soul windows.
 ~
 her hands were swollen
 her legs were broken
 her mind was frozen.
 ~
 hush little baby,
 don't say a word.
 ~
 your momma is watching over you
 tonight.
 ~

—Annie Coleman

#1 Twist me, turn me, change me, melt me, make me believe again, force my chance, give me trust again. Keep me alive inside; give back all that you took away on that cold, cold day.

#2 Kisses, shaking hearts, trusting hands, friends becoming lovers. Strangers finding love in the dark. Love to the tips of their woes and into the roots of their soul. Branding time a thief of patience. Taking time for themselves to let the day spin by, away from a world that sucks on it.

#3 Life echoes

I wake from a dream to find myself standing at the edge of a huge cliff. Holding onto my hand is my best friend. He looks at me and smiles but I don't understand. I always trust him, but right then I don't and my stomach sinks. We are so close to the edge there is nothing to hold on to but each other, and it's a long way down. He turns away for a moment to look over his shoulder and I glance down at the crashing surf and the rocks below. Before he turns back I notice a few well-worn paths twisting around the grass and the sand. I wonder where they lead and if we could've gotten there some other way than from up here. As I look back up he catches my gaze and stares into my eyes. I'm caught off guard and can't grasp my hands between his, kisses my fingertips and leans back...I'm pulling so hard, straining every last muscle in my body to fight it. Sobbing and slipping, my hands never tried to part from yours. My feet sink in the loose ground and then we're both in the air. My stomach has that same sinking feeling as we fall and fall. For one last second I glimpse your face and it's still wearing that awful smile. Suddenly, there is darkness. I couldn't see him or feel his touch anymore.

I hope that when he woke up he found what he was looking for, because only now can I understand that smile. You knew all along, you knew what I refused to admit, what we were wasn't real, not one bit. It wasn't going to last, deep down I guess I knew. I was just too afraid to understand it, even though I knew that you knew. When I think about you now I hope that you are happy, I hope that you're doing well, it was all I ever wanted I just could never tell. But now I know, you must be happy. I know that you are free, because when I finally woke up you weren't next to me.

—Ashley

Round Trip

And so I fell into my ventilation system and dropped to a level below wished for perfection and dropped like a sun below solid ground under which the highways are threaded stitching in the dress I took off and threw away for a gentle kiss and a barstool daydream where acidity dripped from the mouths had by men with lives less contained than mine and I feel ashamed on the way to my ground floor in a body made for more sin than my religion can take I fall and run my tongue over and around these cliches till all my wants are wet with wanted beauty like when I heard the Southwest shifting in my pillow covers under my ear that rested on that blood red sunset every night at bedtime as I listened to the birds beat their wings against a metal current that entered my ventilation system from my lungs and caused me to rise and rise and rise like warm air in a thunderstorm.

—Megan Wampler

I Spill Myself

A long-stemmed wine glass on my counter.
 Now I own everything
 every thought
 every feeling
 every sound
 every dirty dish –
 especially the glass
 with a trace of wine
 like the taste of
 the salt trace of a kiss.
 Panic grips me in the face of
 drinking my lust and longing
 all alone forevermore.
 Then I remember the taste of Concords
 passed from one mouth to another
 and the drops spilled
 upon the grass.
 Tonight I pour a little life
 and do not spill a drop.
 I need all to fill that space
 defined by the atmosphere
 of the liquid itself.
 But another night,
 another night I can afford to lose
 as I teach
 as I pass seduction to his mouth
 as I spill myself
 as I find what I look for
 each night in the bottom of the glass.

—L. M. H.

With winter in full swing, why not spend that time indoors working on some poetry rather than those pesky classes? When you're finished, just drop submissions in the *Monitor* mailbox in the CAOC.