

# The Monitor

## A Campus Collective

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

### U.S. Poet Laureate, Robert Pinsky visits the University

Story by | Loretta Vaughn

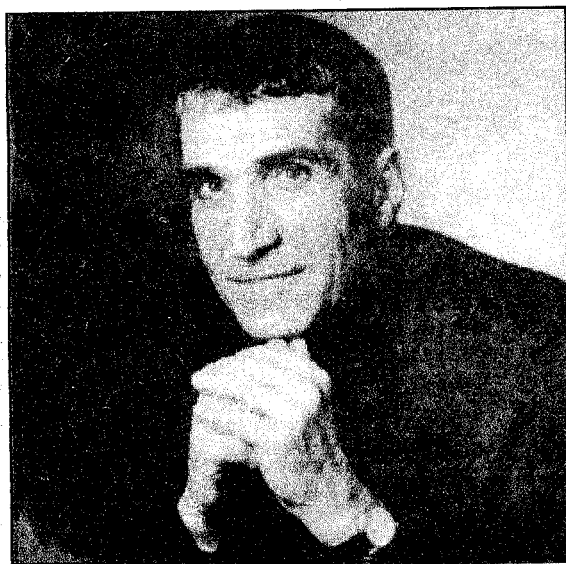
You know you have a favorite poem. The one that sparked the thought when you first read it, the one that lingered in your mind long after the others had decayed, the one to which you go back every now and then to revive your spirit. Perhaps you think no one else sees this poem as you do, or even cares how wonderful it is. Think again!

This Tuesday through Thursday, Robert Pinsky, U.S. Poet Laureate, will be on campus as one of Truman's Distinguished Visiting Scholars, and he cares about your favorite poem. As our 39th national Poet Laureate, Pinsky launched the Favorite Poem Project, an archive of Americans from all stations of life reading and reminiscing on their favorite poems. While he first launched the project to include just a hundred American tourists in Washington, D.C., it included almost 18,000 recordings at the end of the first phase last year. Pinsky hopes to add onto the original submissions in the coming years, which will be presented to Congress next month.

The main philosophy behind Pinsky's writings is that poetry is always better as a vocal expression. Given that poetry has its roots as an oral tradition, this makes sense. In a 1999 interview with Mark Eaton of the Oklahoma Humanities Council, Pinsky commented on one of his favorite poems:

"The comfort is in the physical sound of it. The comfort is in the way the sentences physically incorporate the pattern of the rhymes."

This theory is the driving idea of the Favorite Poem Project and Pinsky's own award-winning poetry.



Many times, he has likened his work to jazz or other forms of music. Both rely on the essentials and compatibility of sounds to uncover different feelings and moods for the pleasure of the listener. Focusing on the way a poem sounds, rather than just the word choice or meter, allows Pinsky to successfully use many different elements in his compositions, from modern to mythological and from mundane to the impenetrably deep.

#### Pinsky Appearances

Tuesday, March 21

Public Poetry Reading 7:30 p.m., VH 1000

Public Reception 8:30 p.m., VH Lounge

Wednesday, March 22

"An Explanation of America" 7:30 p.m., Ryle College Lounge

Thursday, March 23 "The Inferno of Dante," 10:30 a.m., Georgian Room, SUB

Pinsky has always enjoyed poetry and the sounds of language, but he says he didn't seriously consider poetry as a career until he couldn't make a living with his saxophone. Since then though, Pinsky has won a number of honors and nominations, the most notable being his record three consecutive appointments as U.S. Poet Laureate. He has also received the Lenore Marshall Poetry Prize for his book *The Figured Wheel: New and Collected Poems 1966-1996*, the *Los Angeles Times* Book Award for his translation of *The Inferno*, the William Carlos Williams Award, the Oscar Blumenthal Prize from *Poetry* magazine, an American Academy of Arts and Letters award and a Guggenheim Foundation fellowship. Pinsky is a professor of writing at Boston University and poetry editor of the online magazine *Slate* (<http://www.slate.com>).

The dinner with Pinsky being sponsored by the Residential College Program on Wednesday night required reservations to be made by last Friday. However, Pinsky will give a public poetry reading Tuesday night at 7:30 p.m. in Violette 1000, followed by a reception at 8:30 p.m. in the Violette Hall Lounge. Pinsky will then speak on his book *An Explanation of America* and conduct a book signing in Ryle Lounge Wednesday evening at 7:30 p.m. Before he leaves Thursday, he will also present "The Inferno of Dante" at 10:30 a.m. in the SUB Georgian Room. Additionally, the Language and Literature Division is sponsoring a free and public presentation by John Miles Foley, a scholar at the University of Missouri -- Columbia, and editor of the journal *Oral Tradition*. Foley will speak on "How to Read An Oral Poem" Tuesday night at 7 p.m. in Violette 1010.

For more information on Robert Pinsky, visit:

<http://www.favoritepoem.org>

<http://www.poets.org/lit/poet/rpinstst.htm>

<http://metalab.unc.edu/ipa/pinsky/>

### The Monitor turns the big 5

Yep, it's true. *The Monitor* is actually 5-years-old. Started in April, 1995, *The Monitor* has expressed student opinion for nearly half a decade. Maybe you haven't always agreed with everything we've printed, but you can't argue with our mission. *The Monitor* exists to provide the University community with a second voice. We have worked to give this campus alternative views of the world around us. *The Monitor* is a campus collective. We accept submissions from everyone involved with Truman State University. *The Monitor* is a unique publication, giving a voice to those who lacked one before *The Monitor* existed.

*The Monitor* began in the spring of 1995, when

founders

R o b y n

Ratcliff and

J a s o n

Clampet decided

after watching

part of

N o a m

Chomsky's *Manufacturing Consent*, that this campus needed an alternative voice. They held a meeting, and in true grassroots fashion, got their friends to write articles for the first issue. Since then, *The Monitor* has grown from eight to 16 pages, and has become a piece of Truman culture.

In the five years of *The Monitor*'s existence, we have published news, features, opinions, comics, reviews and many other things you come to associate with *The Monitor*. We have published everything from articles about Mr. T to articles about Mr. Rogers, from pieces about Scientology to pieces about campus ghosts. You've seen Jack Magruder conferring with Yoda and Little Debbie Doing Dallas. And every issue, Queen Astra has guided your life among the stars.

We hope that you have enjoyed these past five years, and hope to be part of campus culture for many more.

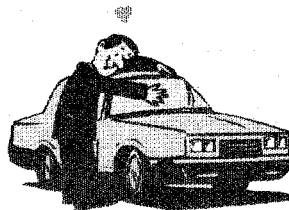
5 years of  
The  
Monitor

C O N T E N T S

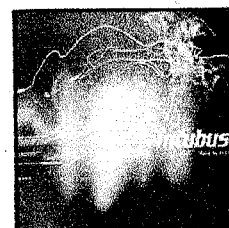


While everyone screams "diversity," few people honestly discuss it.  
Opinion, page 4.

The administration poorly manages the campus parking situation.  
Opinion, page 6.



The new Incubus album is so good it's impossible to describe.  
Review, page 10.



# The Monitor

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Independent Quality Since 1995

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We meet every Tuesday and Thursday at 9 p.m. in OP 218.

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

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

-- Noam Chomsky



# UPCOMING EVENTS

## The Women's Resource Center & Residential Hall Student Advisors present "Men, Women and That Thing Called Feminism."

This will be a panel discussion with student and faculty members of various viewpoints. Tuesday, March 28, 7 p.m. in Ryle Main Lounge.

## Coalition of African American Women present Woman's Day/Weekend, a celebration of women of all nationalities. April

1 & 2, 1-3 p.m. in the Alumni Room, SUB.

## TSU's Men's Lacrosse Team vs. Rolla and University of Iowa.

April 8, Noon (Rolla) & 3 p.m. (Iowa), Rugby Field. Come ready to be loud and support your team!

## Tau Lambda Sigma presents "Why is this happening to me? Issues affecting you" on April 13, 7 p.m. in Baldwin Hall Auditorium.

To have your event listed here, check your organizational mailbox for a form. We will not take entries over the phone. Need another form? Call Erin at 627-4797

## The Writer's Block meets every Monday at 9 p.m. in the Writing Center.

Join other creative writers as they give and receive feedback. Bring some poetry, drama or fiction of your own or just come to talk about writing.

## Have something to say? The Monitor is looking for you!

The Monitor needs: writers, reviewers, advertising representatives, a Webmaster, photographers, cartoonists and other fun people.

Come to our meetings every Tuesday and Thursday at 9 p.m. in OP 218, or call Erin at 627-4797.

## Good Old Days

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21 March 2000

# letters

Monitor,  
You  
remind me  
of the  
babe.  
K.B.

Send complaints or praise to the mailbox in the CAOC  
or e-mail us at [monitortrm@hotmail.com](mailto:monitortrm@hotmail.com)

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

## Not all Christians are hateful

Dear Monitor:

After reading Christopher Shanahan's letter to the editor in the recent edition of *The Monitor*, I felt compelled to respond. Shanahan asserts that "religion in general is versus homosexuality, evolution..." when in fact, within his own focus, Christianity, there are denominations that reject hatred of their fellow humans based on sexual orientation, such as the Unitarian Universalists and the Metropolitan Community Church. Just recently, a large group of Methodist ministers was willing to risk the censure of their official governing body by performing ceremonies for gay and lesbian couples.

That "homosexuality has always existed, and no culture has accepted it" is also incorrect; it was socially acceptable to many Native American tribes -- and a social institution among the Greeks.

Additionally, Shanahan's assumption that religious belief and belief in evolution are mutually exclusive is misinformed. Belief in Christianity, specifically, does not preclude belief in evolution; many Christians do not take the Creation story in the Bible literally.

Factual errors aside, I can understand Shanahan's complaints: as a bisexual and a neo-Pagan I've encountered my share of intolerance. However, if any of my friends are praying for me to convert, they haven't mentioned it, and as long as they don't bug me about it, they're free to knock themselves out. My roommate's mother last year did keep telling her it was a bad idea to live with me, but I have to say that the effect on my life was minimal. My roommate was enough of an adult to know that she doesn't need to have her living arrangements pre-approved by her mom. The issue of SAs telling people to stay away from a person because of their religious beliefs of lack thereof, or their sexual orientation, is more serious; if this is taking place, I strongly encourage Shanahan to report it to his hall director.

Shanahan acknowledges, briefly, that he's generalizing -- but he continues to do it, thus making himself guilty of the same offense of which he accuses Christians: close-mindedness and the failure to judge people for themselves, rather than by their membership in a large and extremely varied group. I am not a Christian, and some Christians have treated me unfairly, but to blame the prejudices of individuals on a religious tradition so multi-faceted would be ludicrous.

Cabell Gathman

Philosophy and Religion Club member

## Truman should take moral stances

Dear Monitor,

I'm writing in regards to the Feb. 22 *Monitor* containing an article regarding the Faculty Senate's controversial rejection of the resolution to create a GLBT Resource Center. The aforementioned article reports that a faculty rep-

resentative voted against the resolution, in part, because he "felt the University should remain neutral on issues involving a moral component." I believe this ideology is erroneous and damaging.

Universities stand as locations for thought: thought about the way life was, or is, or may be, or should be. They beckon as sites of intellectual and practical dispute over a wide variety of topics. The very strength of the university system lies in its relative intellectual autonomy. Although institutions of higher education, as we all know, play the politics game while recruiting students and governmental funding, they still contain the potential for the creation, expression, and consideration of unpopular or unconventional thoughts. Intellectual strength lies in plurality and innovation. It lies within the realm of the risky.

Moral issues can encompass such a broad range of topics that the avoidance of such issues creates debilitating stasis. Consider two recent national and obviously moral controversies: genetic research and the theory of evolution. Both issues lie firmly within the realm of academia. But "moral components" do not lie solely in such obvious fodder. Moral considerations can easily be expanded to all aspects of life within the university community. By no means am I implying that the University should enforce a single morality upon the University community, but rather that a never-ending dialogue in which debate concerning the GLBT Resource Center should not be peppered with considerations of personal morality, but rather it should consider whether every community member's right to raise his or her voice is equally respected. If not, the Faculty Senate should approve any resolution that would help to create an environment in which all voices can be heard and valued, if not for their message at least for its thread in the tapestry of academic and social discourse.

Evan Lewis

## Faculty Senate faced a religious test

A letter to the *Monitor*:

I don't think I'll make many friends with what follows, but it falls into that *somebody-needs-to-say-it* category. It's a response to the vote in faculty senate on the proposal for a Gay-Bi-Les-Transgender Resource Center, and a certain pattern that emerges from the responses to that vote. Much has been said about the "silence" of those faculty senators -- the majority, in fact -- who abstained from the vote. At one level, it simply means they did not consider themselves in a position to cast votes, whether from lack of information, need for further consultation, timidity before controversy, opposition without the courage to announce itself or genuine ambivalence -- that is, the recognition that good things are in conflict and the balance undecided.

I think I can explain at least some of the

See LETTERS, page 13

# Tweak Your Mind

Why do you fuck Jack Magruder?



"Because he is the man and you're always supposed to fuck the man."

-Matt Arnold

"I have no idea."

-Nikki Maassen



"Because... I've got to."

-John Balven

"He doesn't mind it."

-Misha Golynskiy



"He is better than Kennedy."

-Marilyn





## opinions

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

- Phil Ochs

# When you hear the word "Diversity," scream real loud!

opinion by | Matthew Webber

If the Truman State University campus were an episode of *Pee-Wee's Playhouse*, we'd have characters named Squirrely and Un-eternal Flamey. Wacky independent scholars would visit the playhouse and there'd be anywhere from zero to one women in administrative positions. Conky the robot would spit out secret words like "liberal arts," "residential college," "University Master Plan," "parking" and "Sodhexo," and whenever anyone said these words, Pee-Wee, Cherri, Pterri, etc. would scream really loud. Every day classes were in session would sound like that one night during every Fall Rush when the Greeks run around campus screaming their chants of siblinghood while the GDIs scream "shut the fuck up, you morons!" from their windows.

Today's (this year's) secret word is: "diversity."

AAAAAAGGGGGGHHHHH!!!!!!

Pee-Wee wouldn't have to trick us into using this word in our sentences like he sometimes had to do to his unsuspecting visitors. Truman students, faculty and administrators drop this word into their conversations, *Index/Monitor* articles and open forums as often as the zany Squirrely brothers frighten the bejesus out of someone on the quad. In fact, after reading this particular issue of *The Monitor*, Pee-Wee would need a larynx transplant from screaming his batty head off.

The word itself should mean something positive, but its connotations on this campus are typically negative. Here, "Diversity" (AAGGHH!!) usually follows phrases like "a lack of" and "this campus needs more." But the word follows these phrases so often that Pee-Wee would quickly become as deaf as many students feel the administration is to their pleas.

Perhaps Pee-Wee would wonder what the word means to the members of this community. Truman as a whole would not be able to give him a denotative answer, because answers vary wildly from one person's personal dictionary to the next.

The only thing about diversity on which members of this community agree is: We really ought to do something about this thing.

I propose that the various campus media outlets are forums for doing something, forums which the members of this community fail to utilize.

James W. Roach, in a Feb. 10 opinion for the *Index*, wrote that the *Index* adequately represents issues of diversity on campus. To prove his point, he reported that the *Index* devotes almost 30 percent of its news articles to the 9 percent of the student body classified as minority. (I conducted a similar survey of *Monitor* news articles and figured an almost identical percentage.)

To me, this argument reeks of tokenism, a belief that this campus has made enough concessions to minorities and that we can now rest on our asses (I mean, laurels) and give ourselves a collective cookie. There is *always* room for

more discussion of this issue (as over-talked as many might think it to be) and campus newspapers are a valid forum for this discussion. With an *Index* circulation of 5000 and a *Monitor* circulation of 1750, I'd say these papers are the most accessible and direct way to communicate our thoughts and feelings to the community.

Unfortunately, the letters h,o,n,e,s,t,d,i,s,c,u,s,s,i,o,n seem to be missing from Truman's alphabet soup. Sure, we vomit the word "diversity" frequently enough to bring Pee-Wee to orgasm. (When I watch *Playhouse* reruns now, our boy seems just a little too excited.) But the screams disallow us from discussing diversity further.

We don't need to say the word more often; what we need to do is actually discuss its many meanings. It wouldn't

matter if 100 percent of *Index/Monitor* news articles mentioned minorities if the articles weren't really discussing the issue; if the articles were merely "covering" a particular diverse event and hiding themselves on page 13 (where many of these articles tuck themselves away). Instead of merely reporting diversity, more articles need to be contributing to the

conversation of it.

What distressed me the most about Mr. Roach's opinion piece was that "minority students have approached [Student Senate President Stacy George] about a lack of diverse media coverage" and that these students have not contacted me, co-editor of *The Monitor*, about their feelings. How can a newspaper become more diverse if its readers do not give it any feedback?

I agree wholeheartedly with Mr. Roach when he implores more people to write letters to the editor. I ask these people to attend a *Monitor* meeting (every Tuesday and Thursday at 9 p.m. in OP 218) and discuss their thoughts on this issue or any other. I invite anyone who feels no one hears him/her to write an opinion piece for *The Monitor*; our paper cannot be a true "collective" if members of the campus community don't seize the opportunity to write for it.

Or, if none of these items appeal, I invite anyone to begin a third campus newspaper.

I disagree with Roach when he wrote "the problem of campus diversity doesn't involve the *Index*." It involves the *Index*. It involves *The Monitor*. More specifically, it involves the people who don't express their true feelings to either, or to the overall discussion of "diversity." Don't just say the secret word for the purpose of eliciting a scream, say it and discuss it in the forum of your choice.



# People sit, beautiful, plain, proud and silent

opinion by | John Nguyen

Is there an opinion to be had?

People sit around in circles. They sit around in coffee shops and bars. People sit around watching TV, movies or made-for-TV movies. People sit around at the church or the playing field. They sit around the library, the living room, in cars passing, stopping and turning. The world turns as the people sit. They sit while being people. Living lives. Talking to each other, ignoring each other, laughing sometimes. Crying never. Never in front of other people. Smiling, sharing, kissing. Taking care of each other, insulting each other, excluding some, inviting others. Superior, personal and closed off. Every one an island. Every one a statue. Every one human.

With all these plain and wonderful secrets in all these plain and wonderful places. And with all the plain and wonderful people, I wonder what opinions are left to be had.

While all the people sit around, I sit as well. I sit thinking about all of them. I sit thinking about their cares and concerns. I sit like quiet music, drunken on a rainy day. I sit like a lump of clay shaped 20 years, never stronger. Never more proud.

People.

Someone very close to me is trying to divorce her husband. She ran away from home when she was 18 and she had two kids by him. But now she knows. Now she doesn't love him anymore. She wants the kids. She wants the car. And she wants to leave him. He's a big guy, though. And he told her he'd kill her if she left him.

She's afraid and she doesn't know what to do. She's afraid of him, and every night they lay beside each other in an ugly charade of pain and domination.

"I'm sorry," I say to her. I'm afraid as well.

But people keep on sitting. They sit with their bright eyes and their courtesy. They sit around praying or dreaming or living today. I

think about her fear and mine, but I must remember to love people.

People.

I know an old woman, full of pride, lives with her husband, by themselves. Neither drive. And I know how she had to wait for two months to go to the hospital, because she was too full of pride and too full of selflessness. She didn't want to ask her children to inconvenience themselves. She didn't want to ask them to take her to the hospital and be treated. She didn't want to ask. Her children. She didn't want to impose.

She was full of pain towards those last days, when I came to take her. She talked in low tones. She thanked me for taking her. And I said, "You don't have to thank me, please."

People.

Beautiful and proud and silent people. People with their hearts and their minds on their sleeves. People bustling and sleeping. People, eyes closed and mouths open. People never bowing. People honest and strong. People lying and selling and shouting. People in water, in air, under the earth.

I love them all. I am afraid of them all. I am afraid for them. I am weak with this fear.

I don't want to have an opinion. Not with all these people. I don't want to be the squeaky wheel or the sore thumb anymore. But the fire still burns in me. The people still look at me with their souls etched on their faces. And I have to speak. And I have to give in response.

I run my finger against the computer's frame. There are endless ridges that my fingernails get trapped in. All the endless people. Every bump on the surface of the planet. Every trap. Every proud trap. Every human.

They all sit while I sit and we all try to be plain and indescribable. And I wish people made me fly. But people disappoint me instead. Even today. Even while being more proud than ever before. Even while full of disappointment.

My opinion: People. People glorious and shallow. People should be doing something else.

# People place more value on a dog's life than a human's

opinion by | Joe Rothermich

Last month, Sara McBurnett was traveling towards the San Jose Airport when she hit the vehicle in front of her. The man driving the Ford Explorer that she hit came out of his car and starting screaming and berating McBurnett. When McBurnett rolled down her window to respond to the irate man, he grabbed her 10-year-old Bichon Frise lapdog and threw it across the median into traffic, killing the dog. The man then sped off in his vehicle.

After the story became public, people from all over started sending in donations. The Santa Clara Valley Humane Society has been coordinating the response and had also set up a reward fund for finding the culprit. Local police have estimated that the reward fund has now reached somewhere near \$50,000.

Yes, this is a horrific tale of road rage and my sympathy goes out to the victim. But let's come back to reality, people. Put it in perspective and ask yourself if any of it makes sense. What happened? A dog died! D-O-G, dog. Not someone's friend or child, but a dog. I find it pathetic that people have placed more importance on a domesticated animal than they do on human life. Where is the reward fund for the victims of hate crimes? Last time I checked, killing a dog does not fall under murder

charges. In fact, as I see it, the only crimes this man could be charged for are destruction of personal property and/or animal cruelty. Yet, killing a person, especially over race, religious beliefs, or sexual orientation, is considered one of the most terrible crimes that exist.

Now that everything is back into perspective, isn't it kind of pathetic that there is a \$50,000 reward to capture someone for destruction of personal property? Yet, have you ever read about or seen on the news a report about a reward fund after a hate crime or murder had been committed that has been financed by sympathetic supporters across the nation? Does it make sense yet?

People often wonder what is wrong with modern society. For me, it is simple. Two reasons: First, the fact that some deranged idiot was so upset about his SUV being bumped by another car that he would go that crazy to commit such a crime. Second, the fact that people have placed more concern over the death of a dog than they do over the death of a person. This incident has brought up the issue of senseless violence and road rage in today's society. But until there is a better way to curb road rage and senseless violence, how do we solve these problems? For starters, I suggest we don't drive in heavy traffic with dogs on our laps.

21 March 2000

# Truman needs a new definition of tolerance

opinion by | Peter Hough

We need to rethink the concept of tolerance and arrive at a workable and reasonable definition. It seems like many of the problems that we are facing as a campus would benefit from a more consistent idea of what tolerance is and how it works.

The problem many of us face is that we keep getting tolerance mixed up with cultural relativism when they are not necessarily the same thing. Relativism taken to an extreme basically states that there is no absolute truth and "whatever is true for you is true" (though the latter probably preceded the former). Quite paradoxically, there are a lot of people who equate tolerance with relativism and then chastise those who do not. If you do not follow this philosophy, you will probably be extremely disliked by those who do so inconsistently.

Relativism cannot be the model for tolerance because it would end up destroying what many say it protects: diversity. There are few religions or philosophies that do not take some sort of stance that contradicts another ideology. Buddhists say we have to get rid of desire, but the Epicureans would disagree. Hindus say there are many ways to the top of the mountain, but Christians say there is only Jesus. If we all become relativists in order to attain tolerance, there will not be much left to tolerate.

Unfortunately, there seem to be a lot of people around us who are quick to call others intolerant simply for disagreeing with them. What they misunderstand is that tolerance cannot exist without the presence of two or more things that stand apart from each other. If I attack others for having beliefs that contradict mine, then I show myself to be intolerant and unreasonable, not them.

I will give you a brief example of what I am trying to describe. I have a good friend who is a Christian and, in keeping with orthodox Christian theology, believes that Jesus is the only way to go to heaven. He wrote a paper in one of his Communication classes in which he shared this belief. He went to the professor's office for the mandatory conference to discuss his paper and

was shocked by how vehemently the professor reacted to his paper. He endured a lot of shouting that day, not because he shared his beliefs in the paper (for this was an acceptable response to the assignment), but because he actually believed them. The professor summed up his own disgust when he said to my friend, "After four years of liberal arts education, this is what you believe?"

It is fine to adhere to the ideas of relativism, but those who do should realize most of all that not everyone agrees and that this does not impede tolerance. If I believe in absolute truth, then I naturally believe that some people are absolutely wrong. This should not be difficult to grasp, but it has been the source of countless arguments and a serious obstacle in the way of meaningful dialogue.

So, then, what is tolerance? Tolerance needs to be more than a vague idea or an empty colloquialism. Tolerance must be the commitment of every one of us to those old principles of liberty, equality, and justice. America should be a great place to discover true tolerance because we have, as our foundation, the concept of personal liberty. This is the rule by which we should judge all our actions: is it my right, and does it infringe upon the rights of any other individual?

Without a doubt, some will find this answer objectionable because it deals mostly with outward actions, but does not comment extensively on intolerant attitudes that we have. That is where the commitment comes in. When we commit to tolerance (an internal decision), we will see our negative and hateful attitudes of others begin to disappear. We must also do all that we can to fight for the rights of others, especially those who cannot fight for themselves, for this is honorable. It should be our goal to persuade others to be tolerant, teaching them that gaining tolerance does not require losing our beliefs or setting aside our convictions. After all, what good are my beliefs if I do not believe them even when others strongly disagree?

Do yourself a favor and disagree with someone today. Do all of us a favor and let us disagree with you. After that we will have a more accurate idea of tolerance.

# Diversity = Honesty

opinion by | John Halski, Bulldog Party Correspondent

Two years ago, I received a letter from President Jack Magruder stating that I had been appointed to co-chair a University Task Force on Diversity. In the time since then, the issue has remained a central focus of my extra-curricular activities and I have had the time to develop a further understanding of the term and what it means to me.

For better or for worse, the word has picked up many political implications in the past few decades. As a buzzword for liberal movements, the word can suggest multiculturalism, cross-cultural tolerance, and minority enhancement programs. For conservative naysayers, the word equally conjures images of quotas, bureaucratic interference and "special rights." After swimming about such arguments, I have a perspective now that admittedly retains political implications, yet these implications decry both the traditional liberal and conservative stance described above: diversity means honesty.

By honesty I mean saying loud and clear the conditions we experience in our society. It demands of all us to discuss openly how we feel when we leave our homes and interact with one another. Of course, this definition requires context. Diversity as such will not mean the same thing to a Medieval English town or a Yanomamo village in South America. The potential for variation in different times and places is exactly what makes Diversity a subject worth addressing.

From that starting point, then, we can dive into the subject of Diversity at Truman State University. To first suggest that we need to bring diversity to the University is as ridiculous as endeavoring to bring religion or culture to campus. By definition, it exists on campus. Keep your eyes level when walking to class and you'll see it. Different colors, different heights, different genders. More even than that! Different clothes, different strides, different facial expressions. Where do we go from there? We discuss what we see and how it makes us feel honestly. Does honest talk repress the racist,

the bigot, the homophobe, the intolerant from speaking? Absolutely not. Repression solves nothing.

So how do we encourage honest discussion? We need an icebreaker, a catalyst. Again, the very presence of distinct individuals alone might instigate conversation; it's not always the most productive conversation, though. Sometimes it involves throwing bricks, graffiti and other "hate crimes" as they've come to be known. The intensity of the issues that makes

them worth addressing can also make them dangerous. Rather than frightening us away, though, this should motivate us to further action. Let the dangers inspire us to make a conscious effort to make the conversation productive.

Task Forces, Resource Centers and Open Forums all constitute great beginnings, but hardly conclusions to these issues. With every new semester and every new student that arrives, new dimensions to diversity will appear and disappear. To write the issues off to a single program or office misconstrues the very word. The efforts of the Multicultural Affairs Center and the Women's Resource Center as well as the much-valued support of the University Counseling Center constitute the tip of an enormous iceberg of opportunity. It is an opportunity for all of us to take ownership for our community and ourselves.

I still advocate the creation of a new center to handle such issues directly, to facilitate discussion rather than to end it, perhaps in the form of a Diversity Resource Center as described in the Final Report of the University Task Force on Diversity. Until then, I will continue advocating the conscious efforts of every office and individual on campus to release our fears, expect a certain degree of discomfort and leave no corner of campus unspoken for.

"Diversity will not mean the same thing to a Medieval English town or a Yanomamo village in South America."



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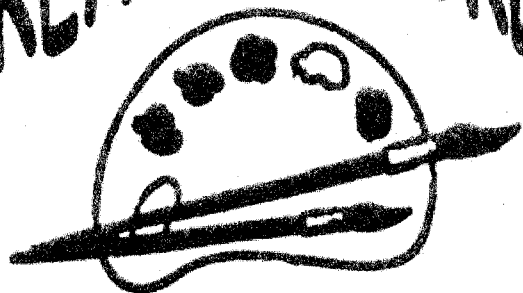


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## Tools, jokers administer on-campus parking

opinion by | Cameron Moore

Complaining about parking here on campus is a lot like complaining about the quality of lunch in high school. It is something that everyone is sick of hearing about, but whenever you see that crap they call meat loaf or get stuck parking off-campus, it's suddenly something that is worth throwing a fit about.

But on this campus, we pay \$50 for a place to park our car. During the first three weeks of last semester, I had already accumulated \$30 in parking tickets. Now, I can of course only blame myself for where I put my car, but when one buys the right to park, one expects a place to park where they paid, not somewhere they would have been able to park for free otherwise.

With an average of 250 parking tickets given out a week by DPS and those other ticket-writing tools, this ticket-writing business is just out of control. In fact, one sophomore student, Dan Newcomb, got a ticket after leaving his girlfriends car outside of Barnett for five minutes while running an errand. He went to the DPS Web page to submit an argument and try to get his ticket thrown out, as he had not realized the color of the decal on the car or the lot, since it was just a quick stop.

Having never received word on his ticket, Dan soon thereafter ran into a friend with whom he played little league baseball and also happens to be one of the few who votes to decide which tickets get thrown out. Dan was told that the pleas that are the funniest are the ones that generally don't have to pay, not those that make the most sense. With jokers like these deciding who has to pay and who doesn't, why should anybody have to pay?

Living in Missouri Hall, the lot behind my residence hall is full more than half the time I try to park. Had I been aware of the parking situation before Freshman Week was over, I would have much rather parked another 25 yards off-campus and saved the \$50 I paid for my decal. And I assume that most people who were suckered into this would agree.

According to the University, there are approximately 2500 parking spots on campus. But with only 2258 decals sold, why is it that I, along with most everyone else who bought decals, always has trouble finding a place to park? I am assuming that the approximate number of parking spots includes faculty parking as well, but that would not explain all the green decal lots that are always full.

It would almost seem that there are more decals than spots, but the facts presented claim the contrary. As it turns out, these supposed 2500 parking spaces include parking at the stadium and gravel parking behind Centennial Hall, neither of which the majority of decal purchasers would use just because it would be closer to park off campus than to go that far away.

Rather than complain without offering a solution, I suggest this: we should give decals out on a basis of which residence hall a person lives in, and allow people to only park at their own dorm. This would not only cut down on disgruntled parkers around campus, but when lots fill up, less people would then bring cars on campus. In turn, more people would ride bikes and thus pollute our campus less. Granted, this would not save the earth, but if we can make the students who park here less frustrated and kill two birds with one stone, why would this not be a reasonable solution?

## check out these FAC EVENTS

March 20-24: Alpha Sigma Gamma and Bacchus and Gamma host Eating Disorder Awareness Week w/ "Act Out Ensemble" Mon., March 20.

April

1: DSX and AFA Step Show, 7 p.m. Baldwin Auditorium

3-8: International Week

8: Men's Lacrosse Game, Rugby Field, Noon (Rolla) & 3 p.m. (U. of Iowa)

9: Women's Lacrosse Game, Rugby Field (time TBA)

9: American Marketing Association, Student Day on the Square

13: TLS/SGR Speaker, 8 p.m., Baldwin Auditorium

16: BSU/GCA, Christ on the Quad, 3-10 p.m. (Waterdeep and Nickel & Dime)

29: Dobson Hall Senate and CMA Squirrel Fest, Dobson Commons (time TBA)

## Live jazz at Arnie's makes the world beautiful

story by | John Nguyen

Where I come from, the world is beautiful place. People stop, wave and say hello to strangers. Where I come from, there are never traffic accidents, murders or incidents of theft. Where I come from, the sky is always blue and the grass is always green and the sun... it's always shining. Where I come from, money is thrown out of the windows at carolers and beggars. Where I come from, fanciful baby angels of blue and yellow dance in the street. Where I come from, beautiful music abounds. It pours into the street. You find it at every turn. It gets wrapped up in your hair and caught up in your throat. There's so much music that sometimes your eyes get burned.

Actually, where I come from, almost none of those things are true. The truth about where I come from is that people die, swear, steal, are greedy, are selfish, don't wave, don't stop to say hello. Where I come from, the sun isn't always shining, the sky is usually gray and the water is the color of mud. But sometimes, I can sit down and drink some coffee with my friends. Or I can hear some incredible live music someplace and leave thinking, "Hey, the world is a beautiful place." And that's why I'm happy usually. Because little things convince me that the world is a beautiful place.

Where I am now is Kirksville. And I find I have less here than I did at home. There are people at every corner, but still, they're not always smiling or stopping. There's sunshine, but it varies. There's green grass, but there's brown mud. And sometimes I find myself thinking, "Hey, the world ain't so hot. In fact, the world stinks." And I think to myself that there must be more to this place,

and all of these people. There's got to be something going on. Please, let there be something else.

By now I'm sure you're wondering what's going on in this article. What the hell is it about? I'll tell you. It's about a little place called Arnie's. It's a little place I hear used to be an airplane hangar. It's about this amazing place where they play live jazz for free with free refreshments. It goes on every first and third Saturday of the month from 7:30 to 10:30 p.m. on Illinois Street east of Franklin. It's an amazing place.

The focus is on the music. There's no smoking in the building to help accommodate the non-smokers and children. And that's something else, it's all ages. And there are actually all ages there. There are the adults with their kids and there are college kids and there are older folks who listened to jazz back in the days when jazz was all over the damn place. And it's free. And it's good.

A guy named Doc Wisdom plays the piano. And man does he play. His hands move like waves on the keys. And since they don't have a bassist, he walks a bass line on the piano. Amazing. A couple of kids from Truman play up there as well. Usually it's Chris on drums and Paul on the alto saxophone. Also, amazing. And now there's some guy on tenor sax who comes up from KC to play. Sorry, I don't know his name. It's some incredible stuff. They play things like, "Don't Get Around Much Anymore," "Mood Indigo," "Birth of the Blues." It's so good it's almost impossible to describe.

So, go. Go and listen. Go and hear the band play. Go and think about how good it is. How much the music sounds like freedom. There are candles on the table. Go. The world is a beautiful place.



# Clock Tower needs to be Standard Campus Time

opinion by | Tom Palmier

If you ask 15 people what time it is at any given moment, chances are you'll get 15 different answers. One person sees five minutes late for class while at the same instant someone else perceives himself or herself as right on time.

This creates a serious problem for a community based solely on the concept of deadlines and fixed time schedules.

"I try to get to class on time everyday," psychology major Ali Fuist said. "But sometimes my clock and my teacher's clock are different times."

Now, some of you would say, well just go to class ten minutes early and you'll never be late. But I, being the ultimate procrastinator that I am, loathe those type of people and their sick, twisted motives.

There is, however, an alternative solution to this madness and it has something to do with that 50-foot brick tower protruding from the center of campus. We could use it to base all the other clocks on campus off of.

"First of all, we'd have to get all the faces on the clock to read the same time," sophomore Brad Garland said.

While it is the true that some minor changes would have to be made, the looming bell tower could actually serve a purpose. A purpose other than simply tolling every half-hour and disturbing people like Meditation Mike.

"I'll be lying in my bed relaxing when all of a sudden it, (the bell tower) starts banging away," sophomore Michael Heinz said. "It wouldn't bother me so much but what's it good for?"

Mike said it would be helpful if the clock

was the standard time because then students would know for sure whether or not they were late for class.

How can we reasonably be expected to be on time to class when 10:20 to one teacher is 10:25 to another? Are we expected to wear a different watch for every class?

Are we then expected to attempt to come to grips with the fact that time does not really exist and what we perceive as time is really just infinity being broken up into minutes and milliseconds? Well, whatever bakes your cake.

But from now on, when ever you're late to class, blame it on the University for not operating under a standard time because teachers, it's not the student's fault. It's not the teacher's fault either. It's that bastard Father Time.

The University could solve this problem of uncertainty and anxiety while at the same time (there's that word again) creating a guideline with which to reinforce a working tardiness policy.

Now don't get me wrong, I'm not supporting the more efficient enforcement of a tardiness policy. Lord knows I'm late to class as much as the next guy is, and anyway this is college. I'm supporting the rights of students to not be held to a double standard by a University that they are paying to go to.

So administration, the next time you hear that damn bell ringing and you look down to see that your clock says its only 3:28, think of the poor student running to class only to find that he's five minutes early. I think it's time to recognize.

# Bleach and paper towel commercials are insulting

story by | Paul Kingston

So there I am, hangin' out with some friends and their TV. Just a regular old night in Kirksville. Then it happens. The TV calls me an asshole to my face.

That's right.

To my face.

Now I'm speaking metaphorically, of course. The TV didn't literally call me an asshole. We have censors for that. What actually happened is the Boston heating, snowballing, donkey punching hoovers from Chlorox called me an asshole. To my face.

See they had this commercial. And there's these two bottles of "Bargain Bleach" hangin' out in a laundromat. And they're talkin' about how this guy should use more Chlorox bleach. Not switch to Chlorox bleach. Use more Chlorox bleach. And to drive the point home, those HJ's show me a comparison between Chlorox and twice as much Chlorox. Not Chlorox and "the pink stuff." Not Chlorox and Brand X. I think you know where I'm headin' with this.

So maybe I'm jumping to conclusions here, but Chlorox basically said to me, "Hey, asshole, we know you're already using our crappy bleach. But we'd like you to use some more."

And it doesn't end there. Later on, there's this commercial for Quilted Northern paper towels. It's a cartoon. In this cartoon, I'm shown a cartoon comparison

of how much cartoon lint gets on those god-damned cartoon paper towels.

"What the fuck?" I asked myself. But there was no answer. There was no one who could explain how or why those two commercials exist. All I had left was a big scoop of rage with peanut sprinkles. And I would be swimming soon. It was like someone had told me Disney wasn't evil and later told me there's nothing funny about 'Nam. The experience shattered my whole system of beliefs.

So I went out a-whorin' 'round town and didn't stop until I had a good cry.

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# 70-hour Rock-a-Thon raises money to help local musicians

story by | Eric Tumminia

Prepare yourself to be rocked as you've never been rocked before as the Campus Music Collective presents its first-ever Rock-a-Thon on April 5-7. During this three-day period, musicians from around campus will perform on the McClain Mall, playing to earn pledge money. All funds from the Rock-a-Thon will go towards the purchase of a new P.A. so the CMC can put on bigger and better

shows and towards the creation of an alternative community center in downtown Kirksville.

If you are a musician and you would like to perform while raising money for this excellent cause, call Eric at 785-5825 or attend a meeting of the Campus Music Collective, Monday nights at 8 p.m. in the Down Under. Everyone is welcome to attend.

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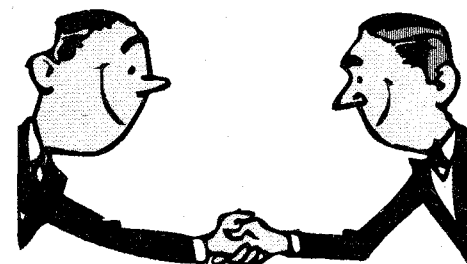
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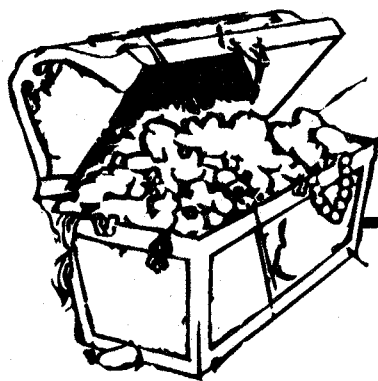
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## Kirksville's Hidden Treasures

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

### Kirksville's Hidden Treasures

#### Part 7: Just Stuff = Just Fun

feature by | Marie Montano and Olivera Bratich

Fun stuff, cheap stuff, weird stuff, old stuff, wacky messed up stuff, "unique" stuff, lots and lots of stuff. Where is this stuff, you ask? Why, Just Stuff of course. Driving down Baltimore, we noticed flashing lights. Not to worry, it wasn't the cops. Our trunkload of drugs was safe. The light was coming from a barn-like structure perched on a hill. Being literate students of this fine liberal arts institution, we could read the bright red letters spelling "JUST STUFF." "What kind of stuff?" we wondered. That was just the kind of attention grabber these two hard-nosed reporters needed.

We followed the many smaller "Just Stuff" signs into the parking lot. Then, we braced ourselves for what could be the finest treasures of all -- stuff. At first glance, it seemed to be your typical Kirksville-style flea market. Upon further inspection, it really lives up to its glorious promise -- of stuff. Boy, there was all kinds of stuff. One of the first pieces to catch our attention was a hot pink STUFFed heart. On it was a picture of a needle with a big X through it and the words "Just Say No." (Heroin

addicts always go in for the sentimental stuff.) That one was a keeper. And the heat was on.

We spent the next hour searching for more stuff. The prices were midway between a garage sale and a normal flea market. This place really had just about anything one could ask for, from a Spuds McKenzie poster (\$1.25) to a Knight Rider lunch box (\$5.00). The best thing was we didn't even know we needed this stuff until we saw it. God bless consumerism and God bless America!

Our total purchases included: the anti-heroin heart (\$.25), Bobby's World toys (\$.25), a Fisher Price Bullhorn with sound effects (\$4), a multi-colored glass candle holder (\$.25), a key chain with a seaman and the word "matey" (\$1.50), a tile motif ashtray (\$.75), a large marble ashtray (\$.50), an ashtray with an old fashioned woman saying "Lips that have touched liquor will never touch mine" (\$1) and a Mount Rushmore ashtray (\$1). OK, so we like to smoke. A lot.

Don't worry, we left many treasures behind, including a



seashell tribute to our savior Jesus Christ and paint-it-yourself ashtrays. So, if you're ready to do your own stuff-hunting, stop by Just Stuff (located at 107 E. Mary, kind of near Ace Hardware). Yeah, dude, stuff.



*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 most pleased to be able to commune with the great thinkers of old and to offer to you, the reader, their sage advice.*

*The last of the Ptolemaic monarchs of Egypt, Cleopatra was renowned throughout the Mediterranean region for her beauty. She was also renowned for her ability to scheme, as scores of men fell under her thumb. She was probably a lover to a triumvirate of Roman elites, including Pompey, Julius Caesar and Marc Antony. When Antony was fleeing his Roman rivals, Cleopatra protected him until the climax of the conflict, when she turned tail and ran for home, leaving Marc to fend for himself. Fearing a torturous execution by the victor, and unmotivated by guilt over having left her lover up shit creek without a paddle, she let poisonous snakes bite her to death. Odd that their venom was able to overpower hers.*

Frankly, you can have them both, if you're smart. You just have to make sure that neither sees you driving the other. If you are found out, I would go with the SUV -- it's larger and stronger. But if the sedan has some powerful friends, you may need to reconsider.

If cloning had been an available tool during my lifetime, I would have used it liberally and flagrantly. Can I "asp" you a question? Has any single man ever satisfied you? I cannot say yes for myself, but three or four Caesars might have done the trick. Also, I would have cloned a couple dozen Pompeys so he could see for himself what a fat slob he was.

*I have a situation. My fiancé is really busy as a med student at KCOM, but he is not at all happy there. His job sucks, his dog died, his parents ran off to Tahiti with all his stuff from home and his car doors are rusted shut. He tells me regularly that if I leave him, he would just keel over and die, because our relationship is the only thing going well in his life. I love him, but am afraid of being with someone so dependent upon me. What to do?*

A stylized, high-contrast black and white illustration of a vintage computer setup. It features a large CRT monitor with a blank screen, a keyboard with a numeric keypad, and a mouse connected by a cord. The drawing uses thick black outlines and some motion lines to suggest a dynamic or powerful feel.

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# reviews

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## Standing On the Shoulder Of Giants puts Oasis back on track

**Oasis**  
**Standing on the Shoulder of Giants**  
**Sony/Epic**

**review by | Andy Roberts**

After Oasis released their last new album, *Be Here Now*, it seemed like all hope was lost for the Gallagher brothers. On that album, the band really showed their asses and went way overboard with the cocky routine. *The Masterplan*, a collection of b-sides, made fans feel a little better in 1998, but really it was all old stuff that could have been acquired via import singles anyway.

On Feb. 29, with little fanfare, Oasis released their fourth studio album, *Standing on the Shoulder of Giants*. Reluctantly, I bought this record to see if Liam and Noel were back on track and by God they are! The arrogance and bad-ass attitudes are gone and some great music comes through.

The new album proves it's different in the very first track "Fuckin' in the Bushes." The track combines a steady beat, awesome guitars and sound clips from a 1970s movie.

This cut is followed by the obvious jewel of the production, "Go Let It Out." This song not only showcases Liam's strong voice but it also makes Noel's talent as a songwriter apparent.

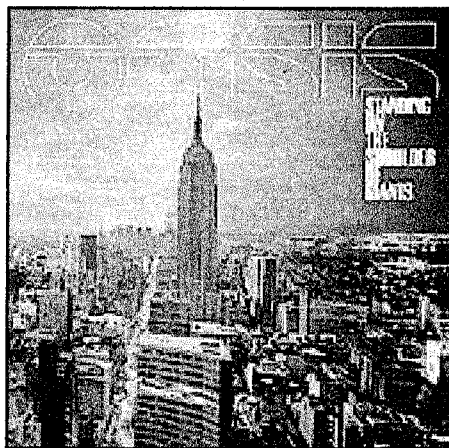
The rest of the album slows down a little except when things start rocking in "Put Yer Money Where Yer Mouth Is," and "Gas Panic!" These two tracks are among the few Oasis songs

that actually make you feel like getting off the couch and moving around a little.

The biggest disappointment of *Standing on the Shoulder of Giants* is without question is Liam's attempt at song writing, "Little James." I sincerely hope Liam learns from this mistake and leaves the writing to Noel in the future.

What brought on this change for the better? Maybe it was the fans' backlash after *Be Here Now*, or maybe it's that there are baby Gallaghers running around now. Who cares? Oasis have deflated their big fat heads and come back to rock and roll.

If you were one of the many who held *Definitely Maybe* to your bosom and swore never to buy Oasis music again after *Be Here Now*, you might want to reconsider. I would bet that most ex-Oasis fans who give *Standing on the Shoulder of Giants* a spin will be pleased with the new and improved Gallagher brothers.



## G. Love spreads on the Special Sauce in St. Louis

**G. Love and Special Sauce**  
**Mississippi Nights**

**review by | Loretta Vaughn**

Last Friday, St. Louis jammed with G. Love and Special Sauce at a very sold-out, very sweaty and very loud and rowdy Mississippi Nights. During his three-hour show, Mr. Love and his buddies played old and new, boogied for the crowd, rambled on about football and pleased all with their original, one-of-a-kind, "hip-hop blues."

As this was a tour to promote his latest album *Philadelphonic*, he played all the best from that recording. "Friday Night (Hundred Dollar Bill)" set the tone for the first set with a blast of energy. The first set also included "Rock & Roll," "Recipe," "Fatman" and "Stepping Stone." Best of all, G. rapped out a St. Louis-tailored verse during "Recipe," including the Mississippi and St. Patrick's Day 2000 to the great delight of all in attendance.

In honor of St. Patrick's Day, those of age and many of the under age crowd had more than a few rounds of beer, particularly the girl on the side who kept trying to bounce her way past the

security into backstage. A few others came decked out in green, and G. made sure he and his crew (drummer Houseman and bassist Jimmy Jazz) showed the crowd their green.

The second half of the show was a little more subdued, but just as excellent as the first. Favorites like "Cold Beverage," (with a liquor improv) "Honor and Harmony," "200 Years," "I-76" (to appease the drunk right next to me shouting it over and over) and "Blues Music" were just enough original G. Love to keep the audience happy, while others, like the Beatles "You've Got To Hide Your Love Away" and the first blues song he ever learned, "Hitchhiking Woman," were a good break from the mad singing and dancing.

To end the night, the band switched up instruments for a quick song and then G. serenaded all with himself and his guitar. Everyone sang along to make "Gimme Some Lovin'" a quite touching and poignant song, and for the final song, "Lay Down the Law," G. Love gave us one more taste of his improv rhyming. So, even though you can't duplicate a show like Friday's, next time Mr. Love visits Missouri, you best bop on over and enjoy a showman like no other.

## Words don't do justice to Incubus' new album

**Incubus**  
**Make Yourself**  
**Sony/Epic**

**review by | John Nguyen**

How in the hell can I tell you about a CD if I can't have you hear it while I tell you about it?

It's damn impossible. I'm serious. I'm sitting here, listening to Incubus's new record, *Make Yourself*, and I'm trying to tell you about how good it is. About how The Invisible Floating Torso Man, as he calls himself, has an incredible voice. About how there's a real turn-tablist in the band who manages to create actual melodies on his machine. About the incredible bass and drum combo weaving weird groove-type beats. It's impossible.

But I figure there might be a way to make this work. You see the problem is words take time to read. I

can't say something like this: The guitar begins with a distorted crash and then suddenly the rest of the band kicks in with a snare heavy drum line while the guitar shifts into spacy chorus lines. You see, there's all that hesitation and lack of simultaneity. There isn't music in those words. But now we're gonna try an experimental method to get the message across. I'm gonna start listing things and repeating things and then listing more things, all influenced by the music pumping directly through my headphones right now. Some of the words will be lyrics, some will be images, some will be sounds. Are you ready? Tell me how this works:

Drive, distorted and clean. Say what you will. Melody flow. One riff over and over. Cymbal tap. Mild bass line. Hidden behind traces. A gift I didn't think could be real. Pardon me. A three-fold Utopian dream. It's coming around again. They're letting it out again. Force. Odd beeping. Tears. Both ears respond. Sometimes

jumping sounds. Love the outer space. The anti-gravity. Make yourself. Make yourself and don't let them make you. High note and echoed sounds. What I want cannot be sold to me. What I need is that we'll always be free. Sudden stops. Crazy high hat tapping. Melody. The reddest red cloak. Crackle amp sounds. Reverb on the voice. Somehow distant but close. Mixture of rap and song. Pardon me. They're letting it out again. Low and dirty. Don't let them make you. Beating on hand drums. Letting the noises again. The outer-space blips. The sweet sound. Weird negative sounds. Creaking doors. Sounds like weird creatures walking up the steps. An Incubus. Fucking the sleeping. Saving America.

Backwards sounds. Not to close my eyes. Make yourself. Don't let the world bring you down. Not everyone here is that fucked up and cold. Whatever tomorrow brings. Jagged line. I'm tired of the world's mindless games. Make yourself. Make yourself. Make yourself.

Did that work at all? I don't know. At least let me tell you some cool things about the band. The man can sing. He really can. Melodies and sustain and everything. Not only that but he plays things like Djembes (am I spelling that

right?) in other words, hand percussion. The other thing about the CD is that the abstract noises don't cloud over the music. There's still the basic components to great rock 'n' roll, but now there's a touch of spaced-out drifting sounds. Eerie crawls. It's damn amazing.

But there's more. Incubus isn't like these other crazy and terrible rap rock acts. They're not afraid to calm down a little bit and sound good. They've got a solid band -- all talented guys -- and they really want to say things. I think. They talk about keeping it up. About not letting your ideas be sold to you. They talk about love. About relationship troubles. They talk about dreaming dreams which may never come true. You can tell they're real people. It's something else.

If that bit earlier didn't work, sorry. It's so hard to try and describe music like it is. Get this CD. It's uplifting.



## All the bad guys die in The Whole Nine Yards

**The Whole Nine Yards**  
**starring Bruce Willis and Matthew Perry**

**review by | Kristen Crenshaw**

Unlike other "critics" I found *The Whole Nine Yards* really funny. It could be because I like Bruce Willis and Matthew Perry. It could be because I absolutely love mob movies. And in all reality, it could be because Matthew Perry's character has some similarities to Chandler Bing, so OK, I'm biased.

The fact that Nicolas "Oz" Oseransky (Perry) is a dentist living with a shrewd bitch of a wife and at the same time lives next door to Jimmy "The Tulip" Tudeski (Willis), who's hiding from a Chicago mob family, struck me as funny. The two characters are nothing alike. One is the clumsy-boy-next-door-huggable type and the other is the scary-boy-next-door-who-kills-a-lot type. They do have one unique thing

in common; both have hired killers out to get them, which in my opinion only brings them closer. Jimmy has the mob family after him (they get a BIG check when he dies) and Nicolas' wife hired someone to off him (he's worth more dead to her anyway).

The movie does have it's predictable everyone-ends-up-with-the-girl-of-their-dreams-and-all-the-bad-guys-die ending. And I probably could have done without the three minutes of a fully-nude chick, but yet again, it is my opinion.

Perry brings a quality to the character that I am not sure anyone else could have, but then again, not everyone would run full force into a closed door or a big man's chest, for that matter.

*The Whole Nine Yards* was a funny love story with a mob twist. Perry was, once again, Chandler Bing, but that's not necessarily a bad thing, and Willis wasn't the hero this time. I got to sit there and laugh, and did I laugh, about a story that probably couldn't happen but everyone wishes it could.

21 March 2000

# The Smashing Pumpkins still know how to rock

**Smashing Pumpkins**  
***MACHINA / the machines of God***  
**Virgin Records**

review by | Jesse Pasley

"You know I'm not dead," Billy Corgan declares in the first lyric of "The Everlasting Gaze," the opening song on the Smashing Pumpkins latest, and possibly last, album, *MACHINA / the machines of God*. Apparently, he wants to let us all know that the Pumpkins can still rock, and this album shows us that.

"Big," "loud," "textured" and "jumping all over the place" are the words that best describe *MACHINA*. Whereas the band's previous album, *Adore*, broke with the tradition of rock-opera that is the Smashing Pumpkins, *MACHINA* returns to that tradition. The Pumpkins cover all their traditional bases: multi-tracked guitars, sweet-sounding melodies, rock

anthems that continue to re-define the music of today. This album has both the super heavy metallics in songs like "The Everlasting Gaze" and "Heavy Metal Machine" and the pop sensibility in "Raindrops + Sunshowers" and "The Imploding Voice."

While some fans might contend that, at least with previous albums, the Smashing Pumpkins have become too "electronic," they will be pleased to know that in this album any "electronic" elements such as synths and looped tracks, though still used with regularity, are fully integrated into a backdrop of rock 'n' roll.

Another welcome feature of *MACHINA* is the return of Jimmy Chamberlain's distinct drumming style. Though a bit more subtle this

time than at others, it still adds that unique Pumpkins flavor that was missing in *Adore*.

The sad thing about this album, as it relates to the standing of the Smashing Pumpkins in the rock genre, is that it, like any other Pumpkins album, will be compared to *Siamese Dream*. Critics have often blasted the Pumpkins for not creating an album as great as *Siamese Dream* instead of letting their albums stand on their own. This is especially true for *MACHINA*, because it is a great album on its own, yet will never receive the recognition it deserves.

For longtime fans of the Smashing Pumpkins, the purchase of this fine album should be a no-brainer. For those of you who think the Pumpkins wussed out long ago, this album will change your mind. For you kids who like the rock 'n' roll, but never got into the Smashing Pumpkins, get *MACHINA / the machines of God*, as it is a fine example of the Pumpkins' music and an outstanding pinnacle of rock.



## Plot twists, Polanski's subtlety enhance *Ninth Gate*

**The Ninth Gate**  
**Directed by Roman Polanski,**  
**starring Johnny Depp**

review by | JJ Pionke

I went to see *The Ninth Gate* with a few friends of mine under the premise that we all knew nothing about the movie, only that it was about the devil somehow. Having said that, when Hollywood does evil, the devil, God, etc., they never do it half-cocked. There are almost always computer generated images and other special effects that make said plot devices explosive, to say the least.

However, *The Ninth Gate* is anything but explosive or even anything other than interesting. Considering that it is has been directed by Roman Polanski, it makes sense. He has a reputation of being a somewhat eccentric filmmaker.

There were a lot of things about this movie I really liked. Contrary to what most people believe, I do like Johnny Depp. He was excellent in *Sleepy Hollow*, a movie I highly recommend. Likewise, he was very good in this movie. He plays a rare book hunter of somewhat dubious



her. You will have to see the movie if you wish to know the end or even all the subplots that play within the movie.

Roman Polanski does not use much in the way of special effects and I think that adds to the movie. However, the effects he does use only add to the movie in my opinion, but they are subtle and you have to be looking for them in order to catch them.

Overall, the movie has all the pieces of a mystery that make it a joy to watch, not to mention that if it did not end the way that it did, the movie would definitely have been less than what it is. While I recommend this movie, especially for rental, it is the kind of movie you have to go into with an open mind and a willingness to pay attention to details.

morals. He is hired by a scholar of occult mythology to guarantee the authenticity of an extremely rare book purported to be written by the devil's apprentice. Depp travels around Europe contacting the other owners of the copies and along the way he encounters murder, mayhem and mystery.

A young woman about whom we know nothing until the very end of the movie helps him in his quest. She seems to be an eccentric person who wears two different colored socks and seems to know when Depp will need

## Mission to Mars entertains despite problems

**Mission To Mars**  
**starring Gary Sinise, Jerry O'Connell**

review by | JJ Pionke

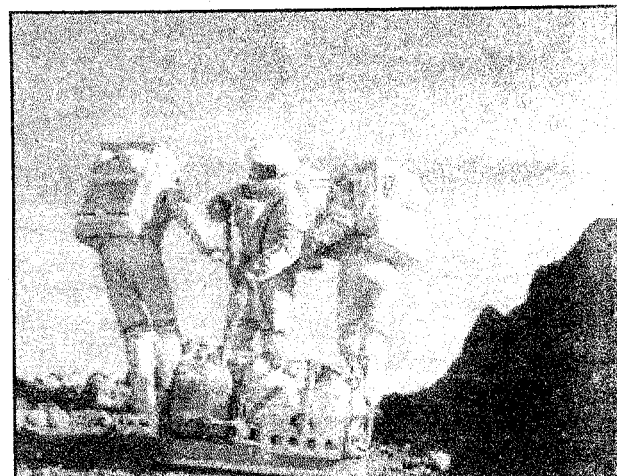
A lot of the critics are panning *Mission To Mars* as a really awful film, but I think it has some redeeming qualities. The plot is as the title suggests: a bunch of people go to Mars and after their mission runs into some serious trouble a second group is sent to save them. I personally really liked the cinematography and the actors as well as their acting. Though the plot is much like of the other science fiction films that Hollywood does, this one seems to focus more on the human element rather than the science fiction factor. While science fiction and the future have a large part to play in the film, the center of the film really revolves around the characters more than the setting, though the setting has a large part. When I

first saw the film, I did not really particularly like it, but having thought about it for a week, I like it even with the problems in the film.

Having brought up the problems, there are many. The most glaring to me was the fact that the soundtrack could have been made by a two-year-old. It was simply atrocious. Sequences in the film that should have had a score that made the audience feel as if the characters were in danger simply weren't there. As a result when the characters are in trouble, the score makes the audience feel as if they are strangely detached from the whole sequence of events and that the events themselves are not real. Another incredibly glaring problem was that the extreme close-ups of the characters faces allowed the audience to see the make-up. Whoever did the make-up for this film needs to be fired. The audience should never see the make-up of any character for any reason unless it is artistic. Finally my last beef with this film was that at the beginning of the film, especially in some of the zero gravity scenes, the camera moved around so much that many including myself got slightly nauseous. Problems aside, I still think that this film does

have its redeeming qualities.

The acting as I have mentioned was great, especially Gary Sinise. Pretty much all the scenes on Mars were superb. Knowing that NASA was consulted for this film makes me believe that perhaps there was more truth than fiction involved in some of the ideas behind the technical aspects of the film. Though some have slammed the film for being a cross between 2001: A Space Odyssey and Contact, I think the film pulls it off if you overlook the glaring problems. One would think that director Brian De Palma would have better sense than is clearly shown here. Though I enjoyed the film on the big screen, this is definitely a rental experience. Get a bag of popcorn and settle in for a lazy, somewhat cerebral experience. *Aliens* it isn't.



## Air produces ominous *Virgin Suicides*



**Air**  
**Original Motion Picture**  
**Score for *The Virgin Suicides***  
**Astralwerks**

review by | Erin Hucke

I always have a song in my head. Usually it's something I've been listening to or a tune from the TV or radio. But no song or album has haunted me in the way that *The Virgin Suicides* have. And I mean "haunted" literally.

The score to the movie *The Virgin Suicides*, by French band Air, has been lurking in my brain, frightening me for weeks. The story behind the movie *The Virgin Suicides* may certainly explain why the score is so scary. The film, based on the novel of the same name, tells the story of the teenage Lisbon girls who were locked away in their own house by their over-protective parents. The girls' successive suicides stemmed from being cut off from the rest of the world.

Air has captured these ghostly agonizing voices and layered them over their signature Moog synthesizers. Combining them with creepy church organ, they've produced a truly disturbing effect, taking cues from Pink Floyd. They've also put guitar, drums and piano to good use. "Playground Love," the only non-instrumental track, is sprinkled with saxophone solos. The rest of the song titles read like a bad goth album: "Cemetery Party," "Dark Messages," "Ghost Song," "Dead Bodies," etc.

*The Virgin Suicides* is a major departure for Air from their optimistic debut album, *Moon Safari*. Yet, their recent doom and gloom could be attributed to the fact that this is a score with an aim much different from the light-hearted melodies of their previous songs.

So if you are ready for a fright, listen and the ghostly voices from *The Virgin Suicides* will haunt your thoughts. But, take my advice and listen in moderation.



# Women on the Edge: A Truman Conference

In honor of Women's History Month  
March 23-24-25, 2000

(Sponsored by the Divisions of Language & Literature and Social Science)

## Thursday, March 23: all sessions meet in VH 1000.

### 9:30-10:20 Student Activism, Feminism, and the ERA

Reports from the field and roundtable discussion presented by the Feminist Majority Leadership Alliance: Kelly Anthony, Karen Kuehnle, Rhea Juliano and Hilary Pickerel.

### 10:30-11:50 Gender and Ethnicity/Nation and Class

Mary Shapiro, "Gender and Ethnicity in the New Millennium"  
Hena Ahmad, "Third World Feminist Methodology and Ama Ata Aidoo"

### 1:30-3:50 African American Women? Or Women Who Happen to be African American?

Survey data, observations, and roundtable discussion presented by the Coalition of African American Women: Teneshia Milligan, Erika Price, Jocelyn Sanders, Kalynda Smith and April Howard

### 3:00-4:20 Gender, Activism and Care

Marc Becker, "White Women, Indian Women: Race, Class, and Gender in Protest Movements in 20th-Century Ecuador"  
Carol Marshall, "The Ironic Impossibility of Illusion - *La plaza del diamante*"  
Keith Doubt, "Revisiting Carol Gilligan and Max Weber on Social Ethics: Towards an Androgynous Maturity"

### 4:30-5:50 Queerness, Disabilities and Transgressive Performance

Christine Sheikh, "'Above All, They're Full of Pleasure': The Films of Monika Trent as Exemplary of the New Queer Cinema"  
Jerry Hirsch, "'Vital Signs, Crip Culture Talks Back': Transgressive Disabled Feminist Performance Artists"

## Friday, March 24: all Sessions meet in VH 1000.

### 9:30-10:50 Women in Politics/The Politics of Gender

Marijke Breuning, "Women's Representation and Development Assistance: A Cross-National Study"  
Lynn Vacca, "Fighting for Pennsylvania Workers: The Political Career of Cornelia Bryce Pinchot"  
John Ishiyama and Holley Hansen, "What Explains Political Support for Women's Parties in Post Communist Eastern Europe?"

### 11:00-11:50 Female Heroes

Tara Rice, "Score One for the Babe: Women in Athletics in the New Millennium"  
JJ Pionke, "Delenn as the Female Hero of the New Millennium"

### 1:30-2:20 Renaissance Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown

Arnie Preussner, "A Renaissance for Women?"  
Jennifer Farris, "Gender Roles in Elizabeth Cary's *The Tragedy of Mariam*."  
Leslie Graff, "Love Stinks, or, Will to Power in Lady Mary Wroth's *Love's Victory*."

### 2:30-3:20 Women Writers and the Literature of Dissent

Larry Iles, "George Sand: Does Her Socialism Shed Light on Her Continuing Impact?"  
Katja Liimatta, "The Theme of Madness in Female Literary Tradition and Elsa Morante"

### 3:30-4:50 Keynote Address by Mary Rogers

"On the Edge: Ecofeminism, Liberal Feminism and the Fourth Wave"

Book signing of *Barbie Culture* to follow the Q and A.

## Saturday, March 25: all sessions will be in VH 1010

### 10:30-11:50 Women Writing the Self

Karen Kuehnle, Melissa Moss, Kelly Anthony, Christie Franke, Rhea Juliano, "Continuing the Tradition of Women's Personal Writing: A Selection of Student Voices"  
Becky Becker, "Words of Women ... on the Edge"

### 1:00-1:50 Women at Home on the Road

Neetu Abad, Kelly Anthony, Genevieve Bertrand, Suzanne Chappelow, Ann Kane, Nana Mun, Stephanie Noll, Jacquie Paul, Hilary Pickerel, Amelie Sell, Becca Shoemaker, "Eleven Lemmings"

### 2:00-3:20 Gender Roles and Male Power

Judi Misale, Abby Heckman, Tricia Kammerer, and Stephanie Merritt, "Gender Differences in Expectations Regarding Market and Household Activities"  
Caroline Conley, "Winning on the Outside, Losing on the Inside: Eating Disorders in a Male Dominated Society"  
Christy LeMaster, "Three in Three Years"

### 3:30-4:20 Feminists in Midlife

Jeanette Standley, "Another Year Older and Still Shaving My Legs"  
Linda Seidel, "Belinda Turns Fifty"

**7:00—? PARTY! 828 E. Harrison St.** (southwest corner of Harrison and Lewis), about a 20-minute walk from VH. All conference participants, attendees, Women's Studies students, and WS faculty are invited.

## LETTERS, from page 3

silence, because I've sat silent in these conversations too. Some of those senators, I will guess, were sitting there thinking, "I have not been convinced by the arguments I've heard, but there is no acceptable language for expressing my response." That is, the rules of the conversation forbid certain lines of argument or inquiry. One writer, in an opinion piece in the *Monitor*, points aptly to one of those ground rules, when she notes that the only religious view admissible in debates on public policy is the civic religion codified in the normative documents, Declaration and Constitution – enshrined in the sacred scriptures, if you want to put it that way: "All men are created equal," with the reasonable corollary, "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." It seems hard to argue with such a position. I think that's just what the abstaining senators must have been thinking – who can argue with that? But if it's not too subtle a point, being unable to argue with something is not always the same thing as being in agreement with it, or conceding its truth, wisdom, reasonableness, consistency with foundational principles (choose your canon). What they were faced with was in effect a religious test – albeit a civic one.

Sometimes we can't argue with something because the arguments we brought to the table now appear, in light of counterarguments, weak, incomplete or wrong. In that case, the only dignified response is "I stand corrected." Another way we find ourselves unable to argue with things is when we lack the rhetorical skills or the insight to articulate our responses. Deliberative bodies are meant to give us (or our representatives) a certain leisure to choose the language that represents our views, so that opposed (or at least non-agreeing) viewpoints can be tested against one another. One of my jobs as a teacher is to remain alert to the student who hasn't yet gained a vocabulary for expressing her views (often oppositional), and to reassure her that those views are worth articulating as I help her find that language. That's pretty close to a job description. But there remains a way we find ourselves unable to argue, when the terms in which the argument is presented limit us to equally unacceptable alternatives. Part of what I need to do as a classroom teacher is to pay close attention to my own practice, to make sure I'm not setting up the discussion in ways that exclude legitimate points of view ("So we're all familiar with the rhetoric of the typical Sunday sermon, right? Are you paying attention, Muhammed?"). Maybe some of the senators didn't like the form in which the issue was presented to them.

How was the debate framed at Faculty Senate? What were the senators given to understand what the issue really was? Flyers appeared from their "friends," generously offering them "the benefit of the doubt." I'm sure they were much gratified by that, but I'm just as sure they'd like to know exactly what was understood to be in doubt. Their orthodoxy to the civic religion, as required? If they didn't vote in favor of the proposal, what kind of homophobes are they? A note in the last *Monitor* kindly acknowledges that there are more and less vicious forms of homophobia, and no doubt all homophobes rest easier tonight on the assurance, but the conciliating voices here still decline to negotiate the yer-with-us-or-agin-us terms as established.

Perfectly reasonable, informed, right-thinking and progressive people can still resent passive-aggressive strategies, attempts to use their own decency to draw them into acts and agreements that at a level beyond good manners,

they'd reject. We all grant the fact that all people deserve a certain degree of respect. We all grant that non-heteros have a pretty rough time of it. We all grant that gay-bashing is bad. We do not all grant that failure to actively approve of non-hetero acts or orientations as such is the equivalent of denying them the respect which is their human due. This is a logical step, an assignment of semantic category boundaries to a range of attitudes which is defensible, but a long way from inevitable, unless you accept the tacit assumptions that gender norms are purely social constructs – an essentially scientific proposition very much still under discussion – and that any-lovin's-good-lovin'-so-don't-judge-me, the trump-card of solipsistic desire – an ideological position so unready for close scrutiny it always scurries out of the light.

To my way of thinking, a much stronger use for such a center would focus on the fact that the categories and processes of gender norming are very much front-burner matters in linguistics, literature, political science, the lively, plastic and graphic and arts, psychology and somatic medicine, biology, anthropology... you get the picture. Queer theory is, as a matter of simple fact, a happening area in the academy. That fact puts academics under a professional obligation. But that is a claim of a very different order from the essentially moral proposition that all right-thinking people need to go on record as being somewhere north or neutral in their Likert-scaled response to non-heterosexuality. That's requiring assent to an act of advocacy, rather than one of free inquiry (for example, might Faculty Senate have responded differently to a request for topical books?).

For what it's worth, I'll go on record in favor of the proposed center. But at the same time, I'll go on record as refusing the orthodoxy test, in the same way I'll reject the rhetorical arrangement that asks what I'm hiding if I refuse to provide a urine sample on request.

In terms of the acceptance of non-heterosexuality, opponents are on the wrong side of history. The marketing divisions of one national brewer, a major manufacturer of breakfast cereals, and one car manufacturer have made a definite, conscious (if cautious and coy) decision to pitch directly to homosexuals. And television commercials are the unacknowledged legislators of the world. Non-hetero being is going to be mainstreamed according to a process by which we are encouraged to identify political freedom with freedom to pursue pleasure, pleasure with freedom to consume, effective consumption with maximization of choice ("supermarket of ideas" is the metaphor here), and the real trick, getting shoppers to invest their personal identity in their brand loyalties, while carefully maintaining a tolerance of other shoppers' choices which pretends to be respect, but is in

fact indifference (in Elie Wiesel's crucial distinction). This is how Madison Avenue divides and conquers progressivism, by persuading us that the essence of community is to make only those requirements of one another necessary, at an absolute minimum, to preserve our right to consume. In keeping with the best traditions of advertising, the appeal is made at the level of genital desire, notoriously immune to critical inquiry. *Eros vincit omnia*.

The meaning of the faculty senate vote was this: case not proven. At a logical level, the proposal was an exercise in circularity, assuming the thing which was to be proved for purposes of the proof (the presumptive duty of the University to provide the requested facility). The senate as a body found that there was no compelling community interest in what was explicitly forwarded as a symbolic act. That's a conclusion whose premises can be found firmly and unequivocally within the boundaries of the civic religion, even if some senators' non-civic (that is, revealed) religions would bring them by different paths to the same conclusion. What I suspect at least some abstainers were declaring was resistance to being subjected to a public test of goodwill, a test in which the tenets of civic and revealed values were skillfully but artificially and aggressively brought into conflict. These are of course the tests that count, when we are forced to choose between conflicting goods. But when the proponents of the center presented the senators with a carefully constructed, binary choice, the majority simply refused to play along with the terms as set – it's the classic case of deconstruction, for those who are still wondering what that term means; when faced with the question, "have you stopped beating your wife?" the only available response is to opt out of the process.

Adam Brooke Davis  
Associate professor of English

### Students rose to the occasion by attacking "W" proposal

Dear Editor,

It is written in the Book of Ecclesiastes that "There is a time for everything and a season for every activity under heaven." Last fall, it was announced that over the summer the board of Governors had voted to arm the Department of Public Safety. In the interest of student input, campus activists of all stripes (many of them, like myself, members of the Bulldog Party on Student Senate) circulated a petition to put the question to a vote of the student association. The results were definitive: a full 71 percent of voters opposed the arming of DPS (I was among the remaining 29 percent in favor of arming DPS). Unfortunately, these numbers fell on deaf ears in McClain Hall. When a system is

unresponsive to input from the people whose interests it is supposed to guard and reflect, then the time for action outside of that system has come. Truman students appropriately rose to the occasion and challenged the administration's decision.

On Feb. 24, 2000, the Faculty Senate voted down an amended version of a bill that would have added the infamous "W" to transcripts after an add/drop period of only one week. Students upset with this measure attended the Faculty Senate meeting in full force and spoke eloquently against the proposal. There is a time to fight an unresponsive system and I stand ready and willing to fight for a student voice again, regardless of the issue. But that time is not now. Faculty Senate made the right decision by listening to the students and they deserve credit for it. The system has worked as it should and now is the time to show Faculty Senate and the entire administration that we appreciate their regard for our input. If we do this, then as long as keep speaking there is no reason that they should again quit listening.

Sincerely,

John Hilton

Sophomore Representative to Student Senate on behalf of the Bulldog Party

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## ECO Tip

There is no good thing to say about styrofoam –

so don't use it. Avoid it when buying packaged products and at fast food restaurants. The biggest styrofoam problem on campus is using disposable cups for coffee and cocoa. Invest in a reusable mug to use on the go, and if you are staying, use a mug that is provided. Every little bit helps!



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



### The Musicians Choice!

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# UNBELIEVABLY TRUE

actual news from around the world

## feature by | Joe Rothermich

A group of women stormed a Kenyan police station last week, demanding that the officers make love to them, close down illegal drinking dens or find them new husbands. *The People Newspaper* reported the incident, which occurred in the town of Kandara, just north of Nairobi. The women brought the town's business to halt with their all-day protesting of the excessive drinking done by their husbands.

"Our men have turned to vegetables," the newspaper quoted one woman as saying. "They leave home early and come back intoxicated. There is nobody to meet the sexual needs of wives."

According to the newspaper, the women said the illegal drinking dens caused their husbands to become impotent and not able to perform. The newspaper did not report how the police officers responded to the women's demands.

7 Days Sport newspaper reported on March 14 that Marin Zdravkov, a 36-year-old Bulgarian soccer fan, is changing his name

to Manchester United, after the English Premier team. Zdravkov, who has had the idea since he was 11, was allowed to change his name by a regional court. The regional court had overturned the decision by a local court to deny Zdravkov his dream.

A ceremony was held last Tuesday at FBI headquarters to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the "10 most wanted list," James Vicini of Reuters reported. The "List," which was inaugurated by FBI director J. Edgar Hoover to get the public's help in capturing the nation's most dangerous criminals. The program has resulted in the apprehension or location of 429 of 458 fugitive criminals.

Currently on the list are Islamic militant Osama bin Laden, who has been charged with masterminding the August 1998 bombing of U.S. Embassies in Kenya and Tanzania. Also on the List are James Kopp, who is wanted for the 1998 murder of an upstate New York abortion doctor, and Eric Rudolf, who is wanted for the 1996 Olympics' bombing and several other bombings.

## oh my God, Tony Baloney's naked

SWS



# Queen Astra



Let the stars be your guide!

**Aries (March 21-April 20):** This week rediscover the fun of bullhorns, confetti and fake blood. Not necessarily in that order.

**Taurus (April 21-May 22):** Skee-ball has never been your strong suit. Give it up, prom date.

**Gemini (May 23-June 21):** You're best event has always been the 200 yard freestyle. So, why have you been wasting your time with the 100 yard butterfly. Huh?

**Cancer (June 22-July 24):** You give a new meaning to the term launching pad. What are you looking at?

**Leo (July 22-August 23):** It's true - you can never come home. Firecrackers. No Firecrackers.

**Virgo (August 24-September 23):** Russian Roulette is NOT the best way to pass the time. Instead, try to re-catalogue your Rolodex.

**Libra (September 24-**

**October 23):** Beware of a giant metal sphere filled with grape Jello. Ick.

**Scorpio (October 24-November 22):** Spend one night this week looking for a Shell station. Pick a direction and don't stop until you find one. Godspeed:

**Sagittarius (November 23-December 21):** Don't be a afraid to show your true colors. Wear your polka dot Capri pants with pride.

**Capricorn (December 22-January 20):** Take a balloon trip through green, pink and red. Thanks for playing.

**Aquarius (January 21-February 19):** Your dad was right. Nothing is impossible. When you get frustrated, remember learning how to whistle.

**Pisces (February 20-March 20):** There will be a dark stranger in your future. Or maybe that's just your older brother. Who knows?



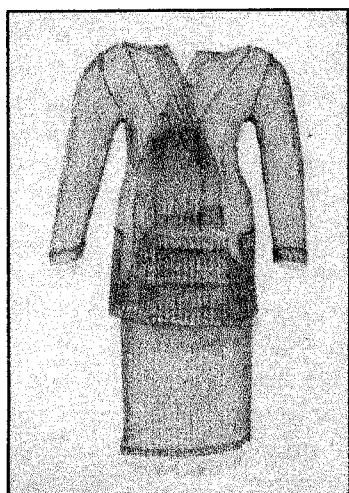
# Art Page

The University Art Gallery presents "The Subversive Stitch" until April 1.

Nancy Jones Wetmone, fiber artist and executive director of the Surface Design Association will speak Tuesday, March 21 at 7 p.m.



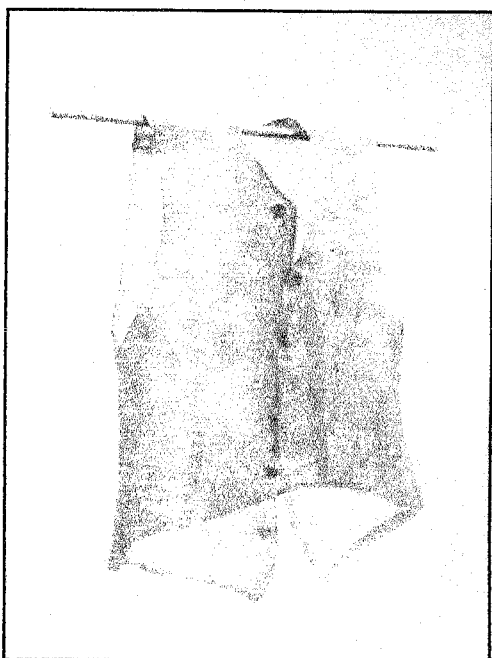
Nancy Jones Wetmone  
"...Who Gives This Woman"  
found wire mesh and hardware



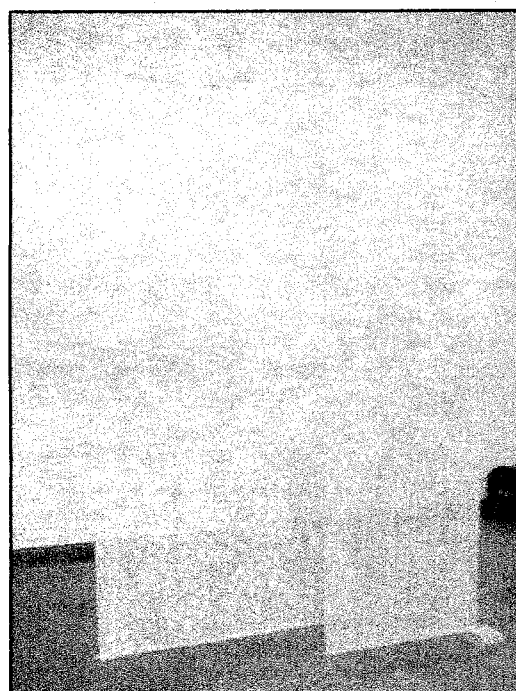
Nancy Jones Wetmone  
"Inc"  
Hand woven copper and  
steel wire



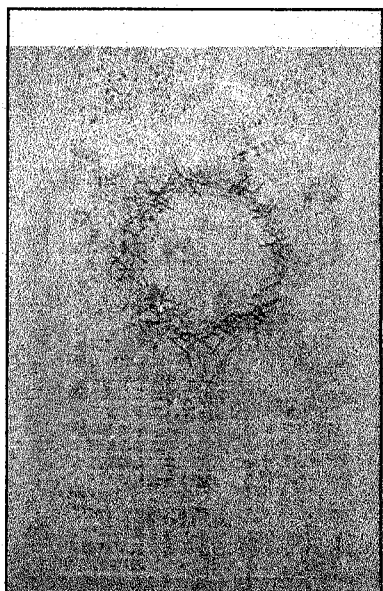
Toni Matlock Taylor  
"Dirty Pillow"/"Doll"  
Cotton, cloth, soil, dandelion seed,  
water, vase, light



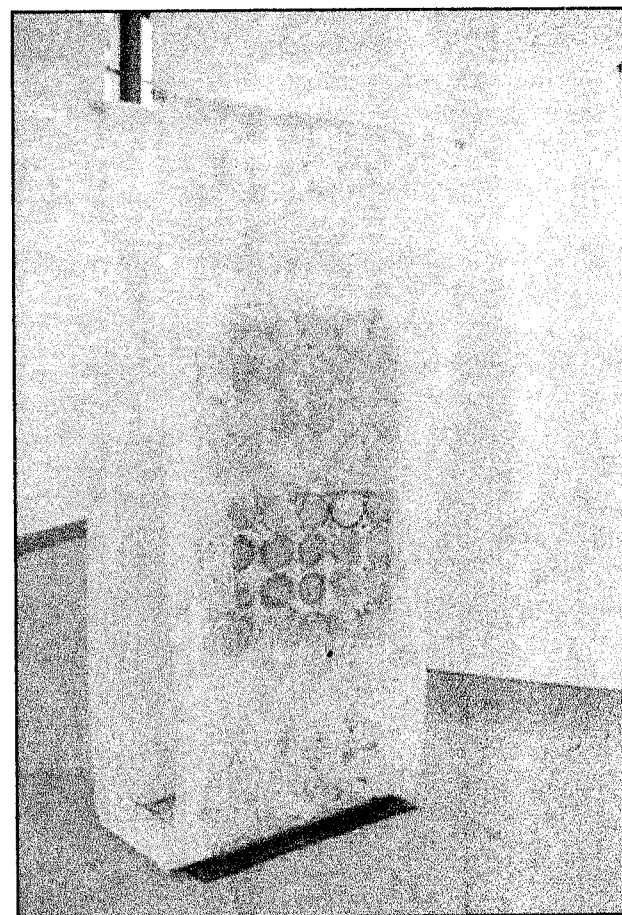
Nancy Jones Wetmone  
"Vestplate"  
Hand woven copper wire



Jane Dunnewold  
"Consensus"  
Chiffon panels, devore cotton scrim,  
silkscreen printing, paper lamination



Jane Dunnewold  
"Synergy"  
Chiffon, silkscreening,  
paper lamination, sticks,  
photocopy transfer



Toni Matlock Taylor  
"Momentum"  
Cotton, cloth, metal pan, water

# My Back Pages...

*I remember waking up  
many nights without you next to me.  
I would search and come to find you  
on the couch or in the chair  
beside the bed.  
Was it me you couldn't hold in  
your dreams,  
or yourself?*

—Melissa Kershaw

## Another Statistic

You saw my lips from behind your desk  
And you knew it was uncouth  
But you wanted to trace them with your fingertips  
And crush them with your mouth

You watched my young curves sway up the stairs  
And inside you smiled  
As you thought "I've had sex with the woman up there"  
And you felt naughty and wild

You inhaled the "womanly scent" on my skin  
And wanted to taste within  
So you nourished yourself in the milk of my sin  
And relished my remnants on your chin

You saw my soul, that of a woman  
And noticed I had grown  
Still you wanted to inject me with your twisted lies  
And drown me in my own

You feared the tears that slid down my face  
And you wanted to run  
So you could escape me, the me that you create  
But...

It's too late

You tasted me  
My lips  
My curves  
You speared me  
Strung me up  
With your phallic poison

You slashed open a wound  
And kept it fresh  
Ripping off the scabs  
Each time you fucked me  
Up and over  
(and all night through)

And Oh, how I'd like to say  
"Now it's my turn to fuck you!"  
But as much as I want to...  
I've nothing left to give you.

—Mel Davis

## Heading into Johnsburg

They finally found Georgia beneath the railroad tracks.  
She was last seen in front of the 99 cent motel,  
her eyes closed and her body swaying to no music.  
Even now the wind stings needles into her face.  
The railroad tracks only carry anger and the town's lost soul, now sorrow,  
into larger cities with theaters, chemicals, coins.  
If you listen closely, the locals swear on a quiet night, this night,  
you can hear the roar of the steel monster,  
and the ancient song of the brakeman humming low, rattling the tress.  
G. I. graves preserve frozen flowers,  
with names so common they burn in the throat.  
We drive into Johnsburg and visit the town's grandfather.  
He smokes a pipe and backs cheap wine with beer,  
and tries to rub the wrinkled years from his face.  
His eyes close fiercely and he declares that once the town was made of gold,  
was lit with gold.

—W. D. E.

## Moonlight Rain

Real  
Sensual  
Right  
Wrong  
I go dancing in moonlight  
Collect my song  
From my own body,  
The way my hips shake  
And body breaks  
The way my head tilts  
To look at clouds  
Floating by  
The way my arms stretch  
To the sky  
The way my mouth  
Laughs open  
Ready to catch the rain

Ready for new droplets  
To come down  
Caress my body  
Drown my tongue, my lips,  
My chin with sky water  
Overflowing  
Trickling down  
Around my shoulders  
Across the length of my  
arms  
All the way to firm finger-  
tips  
And drip to thighs, legs, toes  
To the ground.

I stand naked in moonlight  
And watch my body sparkle  
Real  
Sensual.

—Ann Teresa Miller

## Darkened Room

Hushed whispers, hidden corners  
Words cannot express  
The wishes that my soul does hide  
Could never make them less.  
I hide my eyes, close my ears  
Turn my face away  
But it seems no matter what I try  
I still hear what they say.  
Relentless pursuit of my heart's desire  
Does not help a bit.  
But I love so much, I love so strong,  
I could never quit.  
I cannot save myself from heartache  
For I might miss a chance  
At something else, something true,  
That thing they call romance.  
Is that something more I see  
In the eyes of a stranger?  
Is it my salvation, my one last hope...  
Or another road to danger?  
I can't make myself give up the search  
What if I miss out on something great?  
Or have I missed my chance for happiness  
Did my search begin too late?

—Sarah Welch

**My Back Pages can always  
use new submissions. Drop  
poetry by the *Monitor*  
mailbox in the CAOC.  
(Suggestion: sex sex sex!!!)**