

# THE MONITOR

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

Volume 7, Number 1 / 15 August 2000

A Campus Collective



Tap into Kirksville's most abundant resource -- porch junk.

photo by Jesse Pasley

## There's something about Kirksville

feature by | Matthew Webber

I watched the sun set in Australia today. In less than two weeks, I'll hike through the Outback. I've swum in the ocean. I've petted a kangaroo. I've responded to "g'day." I've been called a "bloke."

And in spite of all these things, there's this old friend I'm missing. I actually miss Kirksville. I want to come home.

There's nothing in Kirksville as vivid as the rainforest. There's nobody in Kirksville as insane as the Crocodile Hunter. There's nothing in Kirksville you could feature on the front of a postcard. There's nothing in Kirksville about which to write on the back. There's nothing to do, many students complain. There's nothing around here; it's the middle of nowhere.

But there's *something*. I've lived it. A feeling. A flavor. A smell. A something so special and unique and proud and wonderful. A something American. A something forgotten. A something that calls me to tell me she misses me. A something that forgives me for leaving. A something.

This thing is undefinable. It's a ghost. A bat. An alley.

This thing changes shapes and colors and forms. It's a Civil War battle. A roadside cross. Leisure World.

It's the lingering cigarette smoke in a booth at Pancake City with spilled water on the table and some townies to your left.

It's 3:14 a.m. when you have class in four

hours.

It's a dusk jog through the winding streets without any cars and the smell of cut grass and perpetual barbecue.

It's Dave Matthews from a dorm room. It's Weezer from next door.

It's a farmhouse in a cornfield near a yard sale in a ghetto near a frathouse near a haberdashery near a functioning town square in the year 2000.

It's my home away from home. Select. Delete. Retype. It's my home.

I might as well admit it. I call this place my home. When I'm in St. Louis (my home for 21 years) during a break and I start talking about returning to Kirksville, I often catch myself saying things like: "When I go home..."

It wasn't always like this for me. It took me three years to fall in love with Kirksville. As a freshman, I complained. "The Petite 3 doesn't show any good movies." "All the good concerts are hours away." "I need a Barnes and Noble/Jack in the Box/Best Buy/mall..." Et cetera. Et cetera. Whine. Bitch. Moan.

I pined for the Big City and ignored the Small Town. I ignored the uniqueness. The quaintness. The charm. I was blinded by the city lights and deafened by the noise. It took me three whole years to clear my cified senses.

But now they're clear. I love this town and miss it. I love the lack of traffic at all hours of the day. I miss every Chinese and Spanish food

See KIRKSVILLE, page 6

## Hey you, pick me up!

story by | Erin Hucke

Hey, hey! Thanks for picking this up! In your hands, you hold a genuine, one-of-a-kind *Monitor*. Now most of you, being freshmen, have probably never seen an issue of *The Monitor* before, and so we would like to introduce this little paper to you. Don't turn the page yet! Read on.

*The Monitor* is Truman's "alternative" newspaper. Now watch out for that word, "alternative"; it can get you in a lot of trouble. Just look what it did to popular music. A more accurate word to describe *The Monitor* is "collective." Now, collective means exactly what it sounds like it means. *The Monitor* is a forum for Truman students, faculty, staff and others in the Truman community to express their views to a larger audience. Whether those views be about politics, current events, entertainment, art or pretty much anything else you can think of, *The Monitor* is here to "collect" those thoughts and serve them up to the public. *The Monitor* is financially independent of the University. We receive no funding from the administration, therefore, we feel free to write about the University objectively. Our funding comes directly from advertising. Our advertisers are strictly local and independent businesses and organizations, and they support us, so please patronize them.

It appears that most people think *The Monitor* mysteriously appears in buildings every other Tuesday, stashed there by a secret staff that wish to remain completely anonymous. The fact is, that image couldn't be farther from the truth. *The Monitor* is a completely open organization that welcomes everyone. We are a group of students who are open, creative and probably more on top of community issues than your average Joe. Although our underground image is cool and all, we have no idea where it came from and we don't want it. Our pages are open to everyone. Hey, come see for yourself, we are normal people, more or less.

Now you are going to see another paper

around. It's called the *Index*. The *Index* is Truman State University's official newspaper. The *Index* does serve a purpose on campus. A different one than *The Monitor* serves. We are not competitors. We do not hate them, and to tell you the truth, most of the *Monitor* staff actually reads the *Index*. They are funded in part by the administration and thus have a lot of obligations to the University. They are usually non-critical of the University. And if they do criticize TSU, they stick to safe subjects.

However, that's all I'm going to say about the *Index*. I'll let you figure the rest out on your own.

*The Monitor* is a second voice to challenge that of the *Index*. We are here to talk about things they don't talk about. But, it's stupid to think that simply two voices could satisfy the opinions of everyone here on campus. So if you are unsatisfied with both the *Index* and *The Monitor*, we suggest you start your own paper. We wouldn't be here today if our founders hadn't done that five years ago.

We are currently looking to expand *The Monitor* staff, so this is a call to all of you who are a) looking for something to get involved with on campus, b) have views that need to be heard, or c) hate The Man as much as we do. We need lots of kinds of people -- writers, photographers, advertising representatives, copy editors and a whole slew of other creative types to help make *The Monitor* what it is and hopes to be. And we aren't just talking to freshmen here, upperclassmen. It's never too late to be involved.

But if you think that being part of *The Monitor* staff isn't for you, we still hope that you'll look for our issues every other Tuesday and give them a read. After all, our readers give *The Monitor* a purpose. If we didn't have readers, there would be no reason for us to do this. So watch for our issues, and read with an open mind. Write a letter to the editor, write an article or write for us the entire four years (or more) that you are here and participate in your college experience.

The contents of this Freshman Week issue are merely a sampling of articles from *The Monitor's* past, mixed with a few new articles here and there, a Greatest Hits collection, if you will. We hope this gives you new students a good introduction of who we are and what we are about.

Now get readin', Chief!

C O N T E N T S



Wouldn't the world be better if everyone was friendly? Read an opinion on page 4.



Belle & Sebastian's new album gains attention from the mainstream media. Review on page 9.



The late Ernest Hemingway gives the latest Advice From the Afterlife on page 6.

**SPECIAL FRESHMAN WEEK ISSUE... HEY FRESHMAN, PICK ME UP!**

# The Monitor

Campus Collective  
Independent Quality Since 1995

Volume 7, Number 1

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The Monitor is published every other Tuesday. Each writer is responsible for his or her own work.

We meet every Tuesday and Thursday at 9 p.m. in OP 218. Our first meeting is on Thursday, Aug. 24 in OP 117 at 9 p.m.

Subscriptions are available to out of towners -- you just pay for postage. Send a check or money order for \$10 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

To have your event listed here for FREE, check your organizational mailbox for a form. We will not take entries over the phone. Need another form? Call Matt at 665.6223.

**Activities Fair, Wed., Aug. 23**  
on the mall.

**First Monitor meeting of the semester.** Come and get

involved with this publication!  
Thursday, Aug. 24, OP 117, 9  
p.m. Can't make it? Call Matt at  
665-6223.

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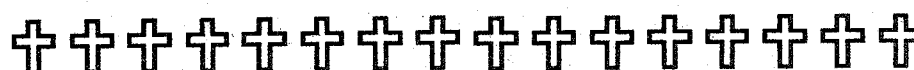
Join the ranks of the Monitor staff. All you have to do is attend the first Monitor meeting of the semester (or any subsequent meeting for that matter!).

**We are looking  
for writers,  
opinionated types,  
reviewers,  
photographers,  
cartoonists, artists,  
poets and  
gazelle people.**

Come Thursday,  
Aug. 24 to OP 117  
at 9 p.m.

**Can't make it? Call  
Matt @ 665-6223**

This is YOUR paper.  
Make your  
voice heard!



## EKKLESIA Welcomes You!

### Truman Student Leaders

Sara Biggs, Crystal & Melissa Shriver, Thad Walker  
Pinky Murphy, Sylvia Kotseva

### KCOM Student Leaders

Tony Haufgloeckner, Jamie Moenster, Douglas Seglem

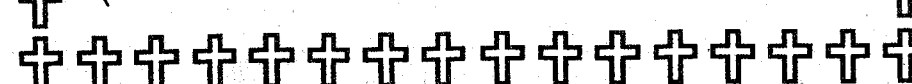
Visit [www2.truman.edu/ekklesia](http://www2.truman.edu/ekklesia) to learn about our

TGIF Devotional Lunches  
Weekly Campus Bible Studies  
Mid-Semester Trip to Silver Dollar City

EKKLESIA is a nondenominational Bible study group  
overseen by the 1302 E. Filmore St. Church of Christ.  
Believing that God loves "townies" and students, we  
encourage you to identify with a nurturing local church.

**Filmore Street Church of Christ**  
Young Adults' Bible Class 10 a.m. Sunday  
Worship 11 a.m. & 6 p.m. Sunday  
Wednesday Night Class at 7 p.m.

(Located 2 blocks east of KFC and Filmore Plaza)



# monitor letters

Got something to say? Write a letter to *The Monitor*. Letters must be typed and signed to be considered for publication. Send complaints or praise to the *Monitor* mailbox in the CAOC, or e-mail us at [monitortrm@hotmail.com](mailto:monitortrm@hotmail.com). Letters may be edited for length.

## Professor implores students to seek alternate religious options

Letter to the Editor,

I write to offer a word of encouragement to students exploring religious (Christian) options in Kirksville and to offer a word of caution to those approached by religious persuaders on campus. Soon you will learn what the word "townie" means around here. Don't jump to the conclusion that the Kirksville community or churches despise your presence. You have a wealth of talent and energy to contribute to local churches, and they have activities and caring members to meet your spiritual needs. Responsible campus ministries will encourage these bonds and arrange their club schedules to supplement, not replace, regular church attendance. Great spiritual growth can come through close examination of your religious beliefs. Be aware, however, that you are in a setting where your interpersonal needs of "belonging" make you a target audience for religious persuaders and "disciplining ministries." Retreats and attacks on traditional churches can be effective tools used to cause you to break bonds and to establish new ones. Think carefully about what you accept and especially about what you give up. Compare teaching with the Scriptures (Acts 17:11 and 2 Tim 2:15), and discuss new insights with your family. Yes, Kirksville is a "town, i.e." a village of churches that desires the best for you.

Sincerely yours,

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

## University name change should be discussed further

Dear Monitor letters to the editor columns,

As one of the organizers of the mass protest against the mis-choice of Truman as the replacement name for the venerable "Northeast Missouri State" title, do permit me a comment, worthily, on my good friend and feminist JJ Pionke's last Monitor issue interview she was allowed with visiting Truman specialist historian, BARTON BERNSTEIN (MONITOR, VOL. 6, NO. 15). This whole question of mis-naming what is supposed to be constituted as our own Missouri's "liberal arts" designated campus by the atomic bomb dropper's authorizing own name, in ongoing inhumanity, needs continued debate. And it was distressing to definitely detect in both JJ's and Bernstein's prose a move towards in their own word, "INEVITABLIST" argument. Are they giving up?

Nowhere, perhaps on space grounds do either of them explicate what they mean by this power politics over-rationalization, worthy of political scientist turned NIXONIAN GOP. Ongoing snob, Dr. Henry Kissinger: in finding, debasing, language for everything from illegal U.S. past Cambodian to present, with we British, Iraqi bombing, en masse! But, I suspect, since Bernstein has long been categorical elsewhere that he DOESN'T believe in media, Kissingeresque such mendacity or either Truman bomb dropping was justified, both are latching on to the view! That if Truman "had not done it," then, unavoidably someone in that "cold war climate," would have "test-ignited" them! JJ gives a clue, when she rehashes the viewpoint TSU establishment historian, Dr. Thomas Zoumaras, gave out, to the ever-obliging KIRKSVILLE EXPRESS, at the time of the name-change controversy. Namely, on the basis of opinion polls taken at the time and quietness of, merely, US politicians, "most" people approved of Nagasaki and Hiroshima unprecedentedly fast and lingering instant civilian incinerations.

Since Zoumaras never deigned in his all too lordly way to appear at the 100 strong publica campus meeting as State Socialist chair/overseas historian, and

English/Communications NMU Professors Ramesh and Mielkie held to debate this assertion and its creeping into the belatedly invited Bernsteinian discourse (ALL 4 PREVIOUS "A" BOMB HISTORIAN GUESTS OF EITHER FRATS OR LECTURES HAVE BEEN PRO-BOMB), permit some counter-fact! To what is more self-gratifying mythology than, really, rigorous history. Indeed mythology that may explain why TSU has powerlessly, lacked a student peace group. Compared with NMSU, the days when Sociologist Prof. Bob Graeber tells me he used "to lead such a body down" to the St. Louis arch; to protest Reagan's Star Wars missile program, now reactivated by GORE-CLINTON! Where are you student and faculty radicals? Have you bought Magruder's coin?

For the concluding record, there was, and is for that ongoing matter, nothing "inevitable" about nuclear weapons deliberate USE, in 1945 or anywhere else! Its right wing, propaganda dupery to non-debate otherwise, too! It is, simply, not the case that there was not opposition, at the time, to what Truman foully and coldly let off (SO, COLDLY, THAT HIS OWN DAUGHTER HAS BOOK RECORDED THAT HER MOTHER WAS I QUOTE IN DIARY "UPSET" THAT HE MADE, CRUELLY, NO EFFORT TO CONSULT HER, EVEN ONCE ON THE FIRST JAPANESE BOMB DROP, ACTUAL DAY). In fact, in every ALLIED WW2 democracy there were protests; with, in my native Britain, state clergy preaching sermons saying the A-bomb debased us in "Fascist" methods, while US writers like John Henney and military contemporary historians in UK like Basil Liddel-Hart visited and queried the "military" or "strategic" necessity of these illiberal weapons. Indeed the very latest research in THE AUSTRALIAN HISTORICAL STUDIES JOURNAL, I've just read at the UNIVERSITY OF IOWA LIBRARY, shows that dissident "OZ" and UK Labour party national legislators "co-ordinated public protests against Truman and their own governments." As they, correctly suspected the bombs were, callously, only dropped to "frighten" the Russians and win US Asian future "markets hegemonistically" in cultural fear-engendering.

In short, the naming of "TSU" still needs debate; the largely static nature of overseas and out-of-state recruitment despite MAGRUDER AND LECAQUES PROMISES OTHERWISE (SEE PRELIMINARY REPORT OF NATIONAL PHI BETA KAPPA INSPECTORS, LAST FALL, IF YOU STILL NAIVELY believe these aging gents self-inflation statistically) all asserts the name-change has been elitistly and cold war imagery disastrous. As well as further alienating already disenfranchised local taxpayers.

On "liberal arts," life, affirmation grounds, it remains the case that not only does campus need a new peace group, but a humble restoration of the perfectly good old, peaceful native American name, possibly in my own bid enlarged, ad I mean this seriously, to "NORTHEAST MISSOURI STATE AND JOSEPHINE BAKER GLOBAL UNIVERSITY." The majority of students in liberal arts here, after all, are wome, even if wearily "admin." heads are, grievously, warlike, not! And ST. LOUIS BORN, STARTED, native Afro-American, Baker, not only made so far too-unrecognized accomplishments in pioneer dance, jazz, film, sexual liberation terms. Also, she became French and proud of it, having fought the occupying Nazis using her rare, fine brain; and giving away her fortune to foster home and organize for orphans and animal welfare, unsexistly and globally alike.

Now that's a real Missourian, liberal arts benefactress and the heroine for 2000 twenty-first century emulation and we, the masses.

Sincerely,

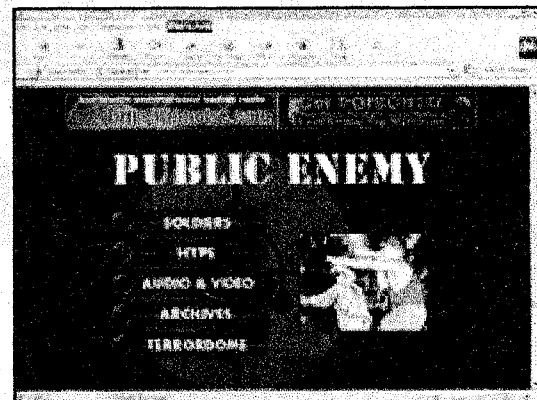
Lawrence Irvine Iles (AM, MA, BA, PGCE, ABD, HISTORY TEACHING HONORS, SUCCESSIVE AWARDS)

Official Public Enemy Web site  
<http://www.publicenemy.com>

review by | Matthew Webber

The Official Public Enemy Web site offers fans of Public Enemy what hundreds of other official musical artists' Web sites offer those artists' fans: biographies, lyrics, photographs, audio, video and magazine articles.

What makes this site different (and better) than those hundreds of other sites is a visitor's direct link to the group's frontman, the outspoken Chuck D. A visitor who clicks on the "terrordome" link visits Chuck D's almost-monthly opinion column. Once there, a visitor can click on the "enemy board," a discussion forum for Public Enemy fans to which Chuck D often posts his comments and responses. Both the column and the forum provide interesting and intelligent commentary about music, social issues and the current MP3 controversy. This Web site, along with last year's *There's a Poison Goin' On* album, prove Chuck D is still a creative and political force to be reckoned with.

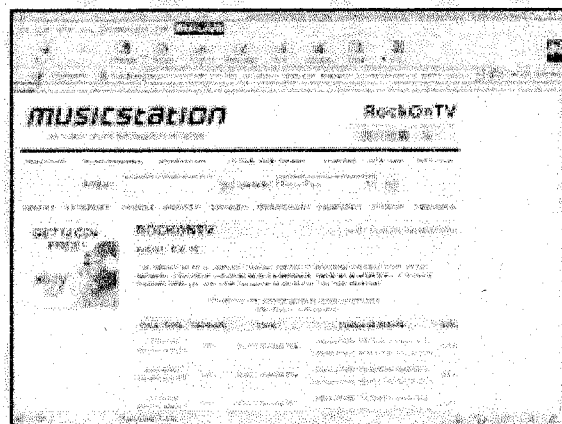


Rock on TV - The Ultimate Guide to Music on Television  
<http://www.rockontv.com>

review by | Erin Hucke

Ever found out your favorite band just made an appearance on *Late Night with Conan O'Brien* the day afterward? Ever wonder who was gonna be on VH-1's *Where Are They Now* tonight? Wonder no longer, my music-loving friend.

RockOnTv has everything you are searching for! Search by day of the week or by artist, and find all music-related television appearances for months to come. Never miss your favorite band again!



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## monitor opinions

## Wal-Mart dehumanizes cashiers, shoppers

opinion by | Jon Klaas

Wal-Mart. Those two syllables roll so easily from the mouth. Say it to yourself. Wal-Mart. Wal-Mart. This name is often cited on freshman tours when relating what activities exist in Kirksville. "Well, Pancake City and Wal-Mart are always open." For my first two years here, Wal-Mart served as an occasional source of shopping and entertainment.

Lately, something about Wal-Mart has begun to bother me, to strike a note of discord into the otherwise perfect harmony of beloved Kville. One recent night I spent a little too long sitting on that bench near the exit, waiting for some friends to check out. During this period, I made some observations and realizations that made me rather uncomfortable.

Wal-Mart treats us like cattle. We are ushered in through the doors, greeted mechanically and given a cart for us to fill with product. The first thing shoved in our faces is the pies, donuts and pastries which we really didn't intend to get, but boy, oh boy would it be good. What did I come here to get? Oh, milk and eggs... right. So all the way to the back of the store so I have plenty of opportunities to see things I might not otherwise want. It's a quick trip, so back to the checkout. Happening to glance up, I notice, yet pay no heed, to the unfinished, warehouse type ceiling, reminiscent of some dark meat packing plant. Passing by the enormous candy lane lining the rear of the checkout aisles, I select the shortest line and proceed forward in

orderly fashion.

Let's see, I've got the milk and eggs... and some moderately fresh donuts, some chips that were on sale for six cents less than the normal price, a twelve pack of Pepsi and a bag of candy. I hand my \$11.37 to the clerk whose red, white and blue name tag communicates "Sandy," as well as the fact that Sam Walton was a super patriot. Looking around the store confirms Mr. Walton's patriotism, as I see a red, white and blue color scheme everywhere.

Wal-Mart has redefined American culture. Efficiency has become the greatest value in our society, usurping all personal relationships that could develop in smaller scale businesses. The American love for convenience has removed much of the human interaction from our lives. We wonder why the youth of today are so violent when we hear about things like the Columbine shootings. It is because people like "Sandy" aren't really human to us, we don't know them beyond the false greeting and smile. The red, white and blue of Wal-Mart will easily be replaced by the simple white padded walls of the sanitarium.

Sam Walton was a super patriot. A simple man with a great idea. However, we, as consumers have gone too far, given our national soul to the devil of capitalism. We are now seeing the results of this bargain. Now, to throw my weight behind an alternative, I say Aldi. Cheaper, more efficient, more humane and no snooping cameras to watch you like a criminal.

## Make eye contact, wave and say hello to people

opinion by | Ben Braun

I admit it: I like to smile at people and say hello as I walk by them. Yeah, I'm even talking about TOTAL strangers, people I have NEVER seen before. Crazy you say? Under a spell? Well, I probably am, but I don't think smiling at people is one of the effects. No, I just enjoy saying hello to people, and I enjoy it when people smile back. A generally friendly atmosphere is one of the things that makes a wonderful campus, in my opinion, so I do what I can. Unfortunately, it seems I am misinterpreted by many of the people I am smiling at. Most passersby turn their heads, avert their eyes; as a matter of fact, they look everywhere except at me. Why? I have no idea.

I've talked with many of my friends, and they all have noticed this trend with themselves as well; as a matter of fact, we notice it every year. After about a month, once all the freshmen have gotten settled in and the weather starts to get cool, most people stop smiling like they did in the first few weeks of school, when freshmen were still searching for a niche and upperclassmen were also still searching for a niche. (It never stops, really.) Everyone gets comfortable, gets into their routine, and it seems to be taboo to smile or even make eye contact with other people on campus. Ya know what? I think that sucks (to use the official terminology).

Wouldn't it be awesome if, on a really

horrible day, when it's nasty and cold and rainy and you've just had a really bad Lit quiz returned and you didn't understand Algebra at all, someone smiled at you for no reason other than the fact that we're all in the same boat? I think it would be, though I know I can only speak for myself. Even on the worst days, we're all in it together. This past week has been hell, pure hell, for me, and it seems like it's been hell for everyone I've talked to. That's all the more reason to go up to someone new and say hello, just because they are there. It's all the more reason to hold the door for the person passing you on your way into the library and say hello and smile like a goof; that may just brighten their day and remind them of something they've forgotten about this life we live. It may remind them to pass on that smile to the next person on the sidewalk, and we all know what happens from there. It may not be the solution to all our problems, but it certainly can solve some.

So next time you're walking to class, look around you and say hello. Strike up a conversation with someone sitting alone at Main Street Market; the worst that could happen is they might think you're crazy and tell you to go away. And if they do, just take a walk around campus, and someone will be there to smile back at you. It will probably be the person you would have looked away from yesterday.

## Hey you!

Attend the first Monitor meeting of the semester.

We are looking for writers, reviewers, photographers, cartoonists, artists, poets and at least one shaved monkey.

Come Thursday,  
Aug. 24 to OP 117  
at 9 p.m.

Don't be  
scared,  
we're  
normal  
people.  
Really.



## The kids have lost the rock

opinion by | Jesse Pasley

The saga begins nearly three years ago. I was your average high school kid. It was one fine night in November when I attended the Superdrag show in St. Louis. Superdrag was your average rock 'n' roll band. The place was packed, fully equipped to rock out. I had a bead of sweat formed in anticipation. Oh yeah, I had the rock 'n' roll fever. Needless to say, when the band hit the stage, every cell in my body was screaming the rebel yell. With one strum on the guitars and some banging on the drums, my body was in fits of boogie. This was the dancin' revolution.

However, halfway through the first song, I took a pause from my dancing and noticed something awful had happened. I realized there were only two people in the whole place dancing and going nuts over the massive rock attack: Beetle Bob and myself. No, it wasn't Bob's style of dancing that was disturbing (well, it was, but that's beside the point). I noticed 100 listless pairs of eyes staring at the band. I noticed 200 unmoved and unenergized feet. Nobody was dancing, much less even giving a rat's fender. Was it the alignment of planets that had suddenly "made rock 'n' roll not fun? Had the kids lost their sense of rebellion, of energy, of momentum?

The concerts attended by myself in the months since proved similarly disappointing. People would pay a good chunk of change to see their favorite rock stars and celebrate the event by standing there like a meathead. What happened to rock 'n' roll? For much of my youth, I had been led to believe that rock 'n' roll meant rebellion and fun and wackiness. Yet, to my dismay, American culture has thrown another curve ball in my social development. Because of that last bit of optimism retained in me before my stay here at Truman, I had believed that the spirit of rock could still resurrect itself. But it was not to be so. Going to a concert meant being a total meathead and stand-

ing there, looking too cool.

From the mind of a meathead:

"Yeah, I'm looking cool. I can't believe these fools dancing to the music, though. How immature! They should get a life or just get out of my sight..."

"My girlfriend will love me for taking her to this concert. But I wish we could have seen the Dave Matthews Band instead. Or Chumbawumba! Yeah. Chumbawumba!"

"Dammit! I hate standing here around all these dope-smokers. And the bass player is probably a faggot..."

"These punks better stop dancing or I'm gonna spill my beer..."

So perhaps it isn't the music. Maybe it's the fans. Maybe it's both. And this sort of thing has probably been going on long before I noticed it. And sadly, bands like Kid Rock and Orgy are what are deemed rock now. It's just not the traditional "rock" genre either: what ever happened to the rap music straight from the streets? Why is it that half the rap videos on TV have pseudo-gangstas waving around money? Screw that. Chuck D is rebellion. Humpty is wackiness. Yet, how many people get excited about music anymore?

Sadly, this story doesn't end on a hopeful note. I went to the Old 97s show in Columbia just this last week. Yes, it was rockin'. It had all the energy and loudness that is rock 'n' roll. (I had a ringing in my car for a day.) But not to destroy any previous record, there were few who were excited enough to exit reality for a couple of hours and dance their brains out. Yes, the meatheads were there, just looking way too cool.

I'm still young. And kids, you're still young. You're in college, this being the sole reason why you haven't entered into the real world. It's time we move beyond this "lookin' cool" crap and have fun. Rock out. Be wacky. Get your money's worth. Make rock 'n' roll mean something.

15 August 2000

# Nineteen things every college student should know

Opinion by | Jennifer Wrightam

The Greeks sure are knowledgeable. No, silly, not those people in the matching t-shirts. I mean those other people. The ones somewhere over in the Mediterranean. In fact, more than 2,000 years ago it was a Greek philosopher, Publilius, who wrote, "Many receive advice, few profit from it." And I agree with him. Nevertheless, I'd like to offer you a little bit of advice on how to make your life at Truman easier. These things will help, whether you're a freshman or a senior. But if you are a freshman, chances are you're being faced with a lot of these things for the first time, so make sure you read this.

1. Communicate with your roommate. An uncomfortable situation can become an unbearable one if you let something fester. Don't let something build up and eat you up inside. If you at least talk about a problem, there's a chance it could be fixed.
2. Don't party on "hump night" (Wednesday). Give yourself at least a couple of days to recover from parties. Parties are just as good, and often better, on Fridays and Saturdays.
3. To the guys: If you don't already know, an intoxicated "yes" is really a "no."
4. Don't leave yourself open to crime. Lock your door. If you must leave your bag

in the cafeteria, watch it so no one takes it. Lock your doors at night, too. People have been known to walk in and steal stuff while you're asleep. More frequently, I hear about drunk guys passing out in the wrong room, or thinking Joe Schmoe's guitar case is a urinal.

5. You got ???s, ask your S.A. They're hooked up. Plus, according to the S.A. I talked to in MO, they don't mind answering questions.
6. Use the Rec Center. It's free. Ask them when their peak periods are and avoid them. If you can't run, jog. If you can't lift 100 lbs, lift 50 lbs. Nobody'll notice. For all they know, you're still recovering from yesterday's triathlon.
7. Sleep at night. Go to classes during the day. Your G.P.A. will thank you.
8. Get involved in multiple organizations your freshman year. Don't give all your time to just one. This is a time for growth and experimentation.
9. Don't go to parties to meet people. You may meet a lot of people, but how many will remember your name? Meet people through other activities. Try and meet people from different races, religions, sexual orientations, etc. You'll learn a lot more from diversity than from the 7:30 a.m. class you

never quite wake up for.

10. Ladies: WATCH OUT!! One or two reported rapes is nowhere close to the number I've heard about just from friends. If you drink, make sure you have someone to watch your back (preferably they should be trustworthy, caring and SOBER). Then, don't depend on them to do it. You are responsible for yourself. Even the girl you think is your new best friend might ditch you so she can go off with a new boy. If you're trashed, you might suddenly find yourself alone with five drunk men. Also, just because there are seven guys telling you how great the other one is, DON'T believe them. They're probably roommates or best friends. For all you know, they're in on it together, or they've been scamming girls for years. Finally, watch your drink. Date rape drugs are surprisingly easy to get.
11. Make Kool-Aid for your microfridge. It's way cheaper than soda. Also, make popcorn instead of ordering pizza when you need a late-night snack.
12. Put money on your I.D. for laundry. When you get half-way through the semester, and you have no cash or clean underwear, you'll appreciate it. (Plus, the washers are cheaper that way).
13. Talk to your professors. This isn't

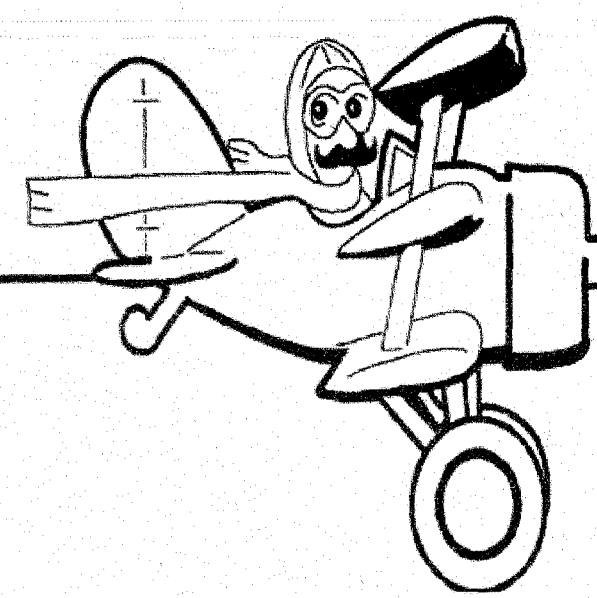
high school. No one will think you're a suck up, and it's a whole lot easier to call them when you've screwed up (missed a quiz, etc.), if you've talked to them when you haven't. Plus, professors love it when you talk to 'em. Even if they seem like a dragon in class, they're usually great if you go to their office hours (even if you don't necessarily need help).

14. Get to know at least one person in each class well enough to get their phone #. Call 'em when you miss class, don't understand the homework, or want a peer reader.
15. Take notes.
16. Study.
17. Study two nights before a big exam, so you can get a full night's sleep the night before and just refresh your memory the day of.
18. Find a study partner/study group. This is especially important in classes where your teacher talks fast (you can compare notes), classes with a lot of math (you can "barter answers") and classes with monotonous information (Latin's more fun when you get to share someone else's stupid mnemonic devices).
19. Spend a couple dollars and buy yourself one of those ID-holder/key-chains. You won't lose stuff as much.



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# Advice from the Afterlife

*Within the bowels of Monitor Tower, away from the prying eyes of morality and ethics, devilish scientists have worked tirelessly to open a portal to the underworld. Through this most unwise action, The Monitor is pleased to bring to you the advice of the great thinkers, artists, and leaders of ages past.*

*This week's supernatural and extremely dead guest is:*

### ERNEST HEMINGWAY



1899-1961

*As a child, Ernest dreamed of writing the great American novel. What he did write was a bunch of stuff about drinking and touring around Europe between the world wars. Faced with the fact that world was really,*

*really tired of his act, Ernest shot himself with a large shotgun.*

Dear Ernest,

My air conditioning is out, and with it being so hot, the repair crew is so busy that they can't get here until the end of next week. It's the hottest time of the summer, and I'm afraid my 87 year old grandmother won't be able to take it. What should I do? I can't afford a hotel room for that long.

Dear Sir,

Christ! That's a good story. But it needs more gin! And more bullfighting!

Dear Ernest,

How much gin do you put in a Tom Collins?

Dear Sir,

The proper recipe for the Tom Collinses me and my friends used to make while touring around Parisian cafes without a sou to our name is, of course, no longer possible on this earth. The special ingredient, which was 2/3 oz. of French arrogance, is unavailable on even those markets which skirt the law to the extreme. A modified recipe would include a splash of soda, one drop of lime juice, a glance at a bottle of sour and as much gin as possible. In fact, forget the soda and lime juice.

Dear Ernest,

I am still baffled by the final images of your

novella *The Old Man and the Sea*. Some have suggested that the story is quite personal for you, indicating your distaste at the arrival of Marxism in Latin America via the representation of the old man as traditionalism, the giant fish as old world faith, and the devouring sharks as the vanguard of the proletariat which put Castro in power. I think differently, however, interpreting the young boy as the future promise of the Marxist system while the main thematic line centering around the old man, or rather, the Old World, ruthlessly pits humanity against nature. Humanity, in this case, refuses the aid of the community building forces of neo-Castro-nian Marxism, and thus fails to succeed in a disorderly world controlled by the self-mutilating forces of capitalists, i.e., the sharks. Can you settle this debate once and for all?

Dear Sir,

Christ! What's wrong with you? It's a shoddy yarn about a guy who catches a big fish! Later, since the fish is bleeding, a bunch of sharks eat the big fish! What's so complicated? I needed a successful publication to settle a bar tab I ran up in Seville during the Civil War. Robert Capa suggested I write about fishing. I said, "Hell, I like fishing!" Problem solved!

*Look for more advice from the afterlife in later issues of The Monitor.*

### KIRKSVILLE, from page 1

restaurant. I love how everything (including that monster, Wal-Mart) is within a 30-minute walk or bike ride from the dorms. I miss walking downtown, peering into store windows, wandering around aimlessly in Used Books and Unicorns and Rinehart's, occasionally buying something but more often than not just browsing.

I love the Kirksville lore about which no students seem to know. Did you know there was a Civil War battle here? (I can show you the building where they amputated limbs. I can show you the spot from where the Union fired their cannons.) Have you heard about Joan, the ghost who haunts Centennial Hall?

I miss those Kirksville-only things that no other city can claim. Have you eaten a ronzza? (I can feel my arteries clog.) Have you eaten at Pancake City, a.k.a. Pancake Shitty? (If you haven't yet, you will, I assure you. Its peak hours of operation: 1-4 a.m.) Have you sipped a cappuccino at Washington Street Java Co. at a poetry reading in the middle of the week?

What, you haven't heard? You say you haven't done these things? Then go run and do them. You won't know Kirksville until you do. And if you never know it, of course you'll think it's boring.

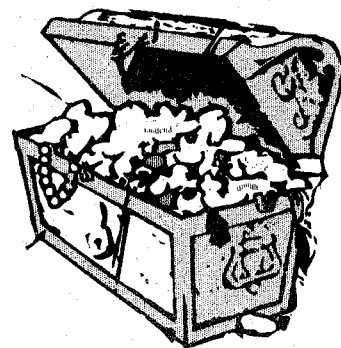
So eat at a restaurant. Go jogging at dusk. Drive to Iowa just for the hell of it. Windowshop. Smell the air. Taste it. Feel it. Live it.

There's plenty to do here. Use your imagination. Maybe you'll learn to love it like I did. Maybe you'll come to miss it one day. Whatever else you do, forget the Big City.

And please -- I beg you -- whatever you do, don't whine. If you complain that there's nothing to do, it's only because you're not looking at all. If you look even a little, I promise you'll find something.

## KIRKSVILLE'S HIDDEN TREASURES

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



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

feature by | Marie Montano and  
Olivera Bratich

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

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

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

it down, we had an unlimited supply of Coke.

We then met one of the more interesting characters of the night, Bob. Bob was decked out in urban rustic, down-home attire. Grill-master Bob handled that prime rib like a real man. Our encounter was all too brief, because we had to get to the

meat and cheese trays. This line was by far the longest, but well worth the wait. We piled our plates a mile high with such delicacies as hot wings, sliced meats and a vast array of cheese. We took a few minutes to soak in the jazz as we devoured our grub.

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

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

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



photo by Leslee White



# Library home to world of many funny and weird books

feature by | Dave Heaton

While Pickler Memorial Library is generally accepted as a convenient place for study, and local media occasionally report on the library's special collections and electronic resources, seldom is much focus placed on the wide variety of books located in our (or any) library. This article, therefore, is the collaboration of a *Monitor* series guiding you through a portion of the library's collection: the interesting, unusual and just plain odd books in Pickler.

We'll start with some unrecognized classics of literature (and the impetus for this series), two collections of poetry and photographs by literary master Leonard Nimoy, described in one book's blurb as "one of the world's special people." Published in 1974 and 1977, respectively, *Will I Think of You?* (PS 3564 I5 W5) and *We Are All Children Searching for Love* (PS 3564 I5 W4) demonstrate Nimoy's "awareness of our place in space and time" through grainy, vaguely experimental photographs and "love-your-neighbor" poems like "We are the tree" and "Come, let us dance together." Though *Will I...* has a spectacular psychedelic cover photo, with the silhouette of a girl jumping with joy imposed over Nimoy's beaming face, *We Are All...* is the more visually stunning of the two, with brown- and orange-tinted photos of ducks in a lake and children frolicking in the grass.

Another celebrity writer at home in Pickler is the late Jimmy Stewart, with his cleverly titled tome *Jimmy Stewart and His Poems* (PS 3569 T46477 J5), a collection of rhyming poems, all about either Jimmy's amusing vacations with his wife Gloria, Jimmy's cute, late dog Beau, or other cute dogs that Jimmy has met during his amusing vacations with Gloria. The poems, with cleverly phrased, insightful lines like "Beau never came to me when I would call / unless I had a tennis ball," are accompanied by illustrations of Jimmy, his dogs, etc. which really bring his words to life.

David Morse, author of *Grandfather Rock: The New Poetry and the Old* (PN 6101 M7),

knows that high, academic poetry should not be one's only source of inspiration. Morse's book is based not only on the idea that classic poems by Wordsworth, Yeats, etc. have a lot in common with rock lyrics from the 1960s and 1970s, but that the two actually "speak to each other." Highlights include comparisons between Clapton and Homer, CCR and Yeats, and, especially, a stunning revelation of how the Grateful Dead's "Casey Jones" and the anonymous, traditional folk poem "Joseph Mica" both deal with the merging of a hero's soul with that of a machine.

If you prefer making music to reading about it and have an interest in state of the art technology, try James Vogel's *Commodore 64 Music Book* (MT 723 V63), a helpful handbook regarding a computer with "one of the most sophisticated music chips on the market." Prefer dancing? Want to make sure you're up to date with the hippest dance steps? Pickler has just the book for you: UMSL professor Dennis Fallon's 1980 work *The Art of Disco Dancing* (GV1796 D57 F3), a guide which tries to put some structure to the "unstructured" and "imprecise" realm of disco dancing by teaching, through illustrated lessons, both elegant disco couple dances and line dances with names like "Boogie Shoes" and "Get Down."

While heading out on the town to shake your booty on the dance floor, you'll want to be dressed in the newest fashions. One helpful book could be *Fashion 2001* (GT 511 K49). Put together in 1982, this guide is a visual representation of what the hippest 1980s fashion designers (Armani, Gaultier, Chanel, etc.) think people will be wearing in the year 2001. Think back; apparently the style in 2001 will consist of 1980s clothes with a few extra frills. Overload on bright pink facial makeup will be all the rage.

Obscure areas of art are spotlighted in two intriguing books: *Victorian Sheet Music Covers* (MC 112.5 P4), a genre which the authors admit is not really "great art" but does indicate a "restless striving for novelty," and *Cigarette Package Art* (NC 1983.5 M84), where Chris Miller shows

off packages from throughout time, from "I Like Ike" cigarettes to camouflaged Zack cigarettes, which have a package designed to look exactly like your jeans pocket.

Visually oriented individuals (read: couch potatoes) might be interested in Bart Andrews' book *The Worst TV Shows* (PN 1992.3 U5A5). Andrews' list, which includes such hits as *The Liberace Show*, *Three's Company* and *Supermarket Sweep*, could spark a lively debate amongst TV fans. Readers seeking a more active skill than TV viewing might be interested in *Beginner's Dowsing* (BF 1628 B33), an illustrated handbook for diving water with a diving rod. Other more practical books at Pickler include Edward de Bono's first ever *5-day Course in Thinking* (BF 441 D383) and the *Memory Book* (BF 385 L755), which uses graphs and charts to help you remember everything from the zodiac to how to play various sports. Most helpful tip: when attempting to match faces and names, visualize the names. For example, to remember the last name "Isaacs," visualize "eye sacks or an ice axe."

If historic people interest you, read *The Bed-side Book of Bastards* (CT 105 J64), about the worst of "the perfectly awful people" from throughout time.

Author Dorothy Johnson describes in detail the exploits of historic "bastards," from famous ones like Ivan the Terrible and Nero to less famous "bastards" like "Liver-Eating" Johnson.

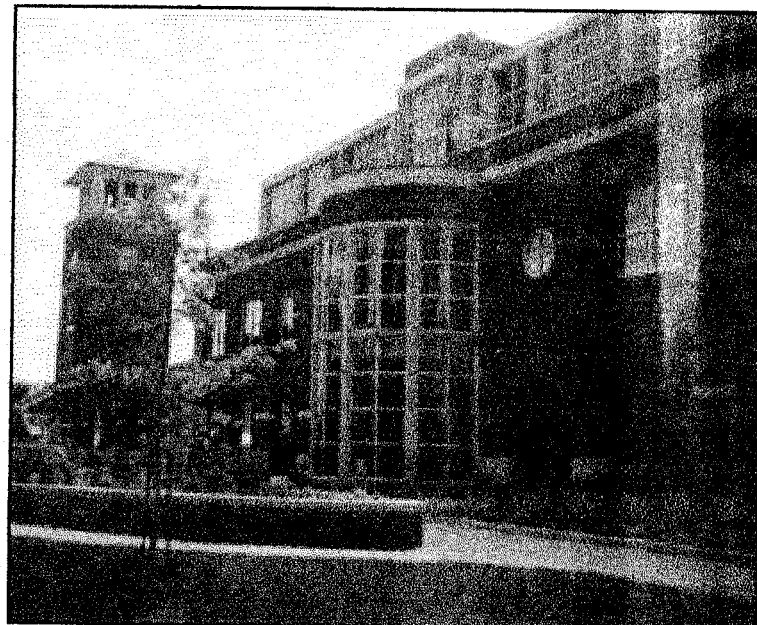
A next-door neighbor to *Bastards* explores a (generally) less brutal side of the lives of fa-

mous humans. Based on the idea that we can learn the most about people by studying the way in which they make love, *Intimate Sex Lives of Famous People* (CT 105 I55) details, well, the sex lives of famous people with more vivid color than you'd expect or, in some cases, want.

The author tells all about famous authors, politicians, etc. Did you know Dostoevski was a foot fetishist? How about Mozart was a coprophiliac (a human waste fetishist)? Find out the real reason Billie Holiday was called "Lady Day" and what Van Gogh wrote about each of his contemporaries' sex habits.

The book also gives each person a clever sexual nickname (i.e. "Mussolini, The Fornicating Fascist") and attempts to end on a happy note by telling of famous people with long-lasting love relationships, like Walt Disney and Louis Pasteur.

These books are just a start. The library is filled with funny, unusual and out-of-date works. I suggest you head to Pickler and search the shelves on your own; you never know what you might find. Tempting tomes and wondrous works lie on every shelf, so be sure to look for some on your next trip.



Monitor file photo

## Summer in Kirksville more than book learnin'

story by | Jay Peterson

Those steamy summer days of unrestrained disregard for book learnin' and pencil pushin' seem like a dream lost in our foggy minds since we are all now in the first week of school. But for a moment let me take you back to summertime to tell you a story.

You see, for me this was no ordinary summer. No, it was a summer in Kirksville which, as anyone who had the pleasure of staying here after the school year is over can tell you, is in no way a normal experience. For years, I had always thought that this town just folds up and shuts down when school isn't in session. You do get that feeling especially if you hang around after graduation weekend when almost everyone moves out. Imagine a campus that has an EXCESS of parking spots. No one is writing chalk slogans on the sidewalks and you only have to go to class for five weeks! There are so few people here that you feel like you are the only person around and they open the stores and bars just for you! I had the added pleasure of delivering pizzas this summer for a restaurant chain that shall remain nameless (Clue: It rhymes with Greza Put). This job put me in a unique position in that I met the entire range of

people that Kirksville has to offer. From snott-nosed kids who like to throw lit fireworks at delivery drivers, to retired people who tip big just because it's a hot day.

I knew the beautiful as well as the ugly sides of Kirksville. I had changed from just a distant observer of the people of Kirksville to an important part of the food chain. My friends, pizza, unless you are not aware of this, is truly the one great unifying force that transcends the boundaries of class, occupation, and even man's eternal soul!

I was glad that I lived and learned about Kirksville this summer by bestowing hot pizza bliss to the masses and in turn learned that there is a lot more to life than book learnin'. In a conversation with my mother the other day, I came to a shocking revelation that at the same time frightened and amazed me. I had developed a drawl, or at least the semblance of one this summer and I realized that this is not a bad thing. I had learned to stop worrying and love Kirksville for what it was and that this town just keeps on keeping on if you like it or not. So I urge you to try a Kirksville summer sometime during your college career. You're sure to be pleasantly surprised with the results.

mmmmmmmm....

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## monitor reviews

## Chicken Run isn't just a kids movie

Chicken Run

Directed by Nick Park

Starring molded plastic

review by | Matt Haggans

*Chicken Run* is not a movie just for kids. On the contrary, it is a movie for anyone who enjoys spectacle. Previous fans of director Nick Park will remember *Creature Comforts* and the *Wallace and Gromit* trilogy. *Chicken Run* incorporates the best elements of the superior middle chapter of W&G, *The Wrong Trousers*: eye-popping animation (and no, we're not talking about cell animation, but puppets), brilliant usage of facial expression to bring out characters in, of all things, animals and inherently funny Mouse-trap like gadgets whose operations defy physics.

The story is pretty simple. There are some chickens held up in a dreary English chicken coop. They want to run away to avoid decapitation. Anyone who has seen *The Great Escape* will recognize the heap of references to that film which are made, from the Scottish head design hen, Mac, to the trouser bags of former RAF mascot rooster, Fowler, to the "cooler" into which the heroine, Ginger (voiced by Julia Sawalha), is regularly thrown.

Each of the numerous escape attempts meets with failure until the brash American rooster Rocky (voiced, unfortunately, by Mel Gibson)



arrives one night and promises to teach the chickens how to fly. He fails, largely because he doesn't know how to fly, but it doesn't matter, because the chickens build a claw-powered plane and fly their way out of the coop to a bird sanctuary. Throughout, their efforts to avoid the chicken-pie making machine of the evil coop-owning Tweedy couple never fail to be humorous.

Man! Is there anything Mel Gibson can't do? First he was a fear-some mercenary, defending the helpless in post-apocalyptic Australia. Then he saved medieval Scotland. Now he's winning independence for America and for a bunch of chickens *simultaneously*! Man, oh man! Mel's the most American Australian I can think of! Does he ever get tired of fighting for freedom? God Bless the United States of Mel!

## The Patriot: many flaws, few redeeming qualities

The Patriot

Starring Mel Gibson

Columbia Pictures

review by | Jesse Pasley

By the time you read this, I sincerely hope that *The Patriot* isn't on a second run through the theatres. Why? So you won't have to even consider watching this movie! And hopefully, this review will help you make up your mind when it reaches the video store. This movie stinks! It's horrible! You'll be wasting your time! Why? It's much too long. The screenplay and basic characterization are inconsistent at best. The movie couldn't make up its mind if it was

going to be a truly awesome action/battle movie or some mediocre drama dealing with too many issues in an attempt to justify its existence.

Okay, let me catch my breath. Maybe I'm being overzealous in my hatred for this movie, but let's take it from the top. *The Patriot* would seem at first to be an interesting and exciting movie: Guerilla warfare! Revolution! Redcoats! Cannonballs! Not only these, but we'll get to see Mel Gibson kick more ass than he did in *Braveheart*, and that means a lot of ass-kicking. Unfortunately, the movie cheats us out of most of this sort of content by padding it with filler material. And boy is it filler. *The Patriot* tries all too hard to be so many things. It tries to mend racial wounds. It tries to show family life in the

18th century. It tries to be funny at times. It tries to include the French. And in all these attempts, it fails.

Because of all these things, I'm sure the script was written by a committee of sorts. While the Diversity Sub-committee was hammering out ways to include more blacks (apparently the Native Americans get left out again...

complain to the chairman!), the Right-wing Revisionist History Sub-committee made sure that "the blacks" were portrayed as well-treated, happy little slaves. Lastly, the Don't Forget About the French Sub-committee managed to get the inclusion of exactly one French officer, who had exactly no bearing on the plot at all.

But the most apparent flaw in the movie is the characterization of Mel Gibson's character, Benjamin Martin. He's the family man, the bloodthirsty maniac, the renowned leader and patriot. Granted, the movie does attempt to make connections between these three facets of Martin, but again, we find the movie being pulled this way and that. And because the movie tries to cover all the bases, it lasted about two hours longer than it had to, and by the end of *The Patriot*, I was kicking the chair in front of me and yelling at Mel Gibson to do something cool.

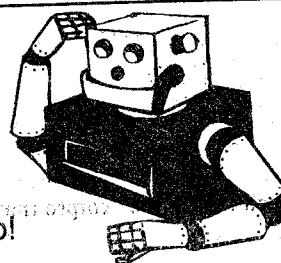
Despite all these horrific flaws, there are, I admit, a few choice cuts in this film. The costuming is exquisite and there are some great fight scenes. Though they are not quite as large as *Braveheart*'s, the choreography is amazing. About the only bad thing in the battle scenes was a part when Gibson jousts his opponent's horse with an American flag on a pole. Uh... Go America! The other bad thing is that I had to wait through the above mentioned garbage to get to the battle scenes. Unfortunately, I don't think director Roland Emmerich plans on releasing a condensed version of the film.

But, please, don't see this movie. If you've managed to see *The Postman* or *Waterworld*, you'll probably be in for much of the same, except this time it's Mel Gibson, poor, poor Mel Gibson.



Do you like music? Or maybe it's movies... wait a second, you're one of those book-lovin' types, aren't you?

Whatever your pleasure, express your views about it in *The Monitor*. We are looking for people to review books, movies and music. Come to our first meeting Thursday, Aug. 24 in OP 117 at 9 p.m. Hope to see you there, bucko!



## Ice-T scares society with the brutal truth

The Ice Opinion: Who Gives a Fuck?

Written by Ice-T

review by | Matthew Webber

Rappers like Ice-T and Chuck D have ability to scare the bejesus out of conservative America like few other rappers can do. These men scare the pants off a censor like Tipper Gore with a frequency and intensity about which a corporate thug like Puff Daddy can only wet-dream.

The reason these rappers are so damn terrifying to so many people is their refusal to demonize themselves and their craft. They're scary because they don't adhere to the rapper-as-criminal stereotype the mainstream media perpetuates.

They're scarier still because they rap and speak about challenging the status quo, using educated means to overthrow the current power structure, fighting the power and killing abusive cops.

They're scariest because they are able to articulate the collective voice of a people whom society has historically coerced into silence. They're scariest because so many people listen to them.

In his 1994 book, *The Ice Opinion: Who Gives a Fuck?*, Ice-T articulates his thoughts on rap, race, crime, sex, the controversy surrounding his infamous "Cop Killer" and other important topics. He speaks with a clarity anyone -- rap fan or hater, oppressed or oppressor -- can understand. What a reader understands is that society is harsh, people need education to change the society and Ice-T has always tried to be just one educating voice.

Ice-T does not claim to be an expert on any of these topics. He merely tries -- and succeeds -- to represent the world he sees around him. He refers to the violent ghetto where he grew up as "the killing fields." He defines "the jungle creed" of a ghetto's inhabitants, a creed that fosters a distrust for authority and a desire to protect everything one owns -- even if the street is the only thing one owns.

These opinions may be wrong, but they are refreshingly his. They are honest, intelligent, formed and blunt. They are anti-establishment; hence, they are scary.

He makes real a world that's an evening news show's fantasy. He brings to the light what's been swept under the rug. He rubs our faces in harsh reality. He forces us to think what we're not supposed to think. He exposes stereotypes for what they are: stupid.

As he does in his raps, he terrifies society.

Sadly, in the six years since he wrote this, society has not changed much. This should scare Tipper Gore -- a possible future first lady -- infinitely more than a violent rap lyric.





# Fill the void in your soul with A Perfect Circle

**A Perfect Circle**  
**Mer de Noms**  
**Virgin Records**



**review by | Shawn Gilmore**

A friend of mine described A Perfect Circle as "Tool with more style." It's quite a statement, but, in a way, quite true. A Perfect Circle is a five man group, helmed by Maynard from Tool (although this does not mark the end of Tool, the band is just on hiatus for a while), with a style that sounds familiar, but even more vitriolic than Maynard's work in the past.

The album *Mer de Noms* is at the same time poetic and raw, but more fluid than past Tool endeavors. So, here the comparison will end (although, I doubt that die-hard Tool fans will be disappointed with the album). *Mer de Noms* is a statement about filling the void, recognizing that there is the abyss within us and indulging in what look like ways to fill that void.

The first track, "The Hollow" sets the tone: "'cause its time to bring the fire down / throttle all this indiscretion ... and permanently fill this hollow." Surprisingly, for a first album, the band is cohesive, practiced and original. The album carries solid musicianship with great songwriting, by both Maynard and Billy Howerdel, with obvious personal stories included within the lyrics (rather than blasé general songs). Half of the tracks are named for individuals, like the song "Magdalena" which contains "I'll sell my soul / my self-esteem / a dollar at a time / for one chance / one kiss / one taste of you, my Magdalena."

Radio stations have been kind to the band, playing "Judith" pretty heavily. This is a track with an obvious message: choosing to fill the gaps with a made up God is no better than using sex or love, so "fuck your God / your Lord, your Christ / he did this / took all you had and

left you this way / still you prayed never straying / never taste of the fruit / you never thought to question why." There is no ambiguity here, each of us is just as guilty as the next. We are weak, and the only difference between some people and others is that some of us deny what we indulge in (to cover our weaknesses) and others exalt in those escapes.

"Orestes" sums up much of the attitude of the album: "one more medicated peaceful moment... gotta cut away / get away / snip away and sever this / umbilical residue / keeping me from killing you." The song is quiet, mellow, powerful for the statement, not the need to use overwhelming music to make the point. I could go on, but each song is good in and of itself, many of them orchestrated with violins, helping distance this music from brash metal, landing it in the realm of poetic rock.

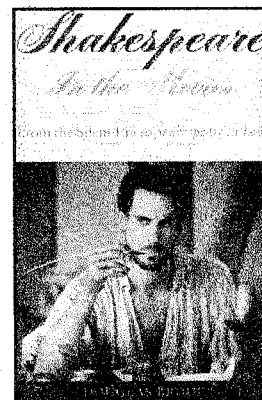
The liner notes should be mentioned as well. There are twelve pictures, with two lines of text written next to each picture, one image with text for each song. However, the pictures are of a woman in black underwear and garters pressed against a padded wall, an open wound, a octopus, Christ with the crown of thorns, a beautiful young woman, sunset behind a lone tree, a man's eye, etc. Each is frank, with no real explanation, as the text is in a set of arcane symbols, which appear throughout the background of the cover of the album. It's as if the statement is being made that these messages are something that transcends English, so inherent that no modern words adequately describe what their real impact is.

*Mer de Noms* is an album from a band with a purpose, to show the pain that is inside. A Perfect Circle is out to push us to recognize the things we do to fill the hollow, the abyss, and rather than justify them, revel in them, for they are ours. The album is well constructed, well thought and one of the best I've heard in a while. If you are a fan of Tool, or just someone looking to confront the truth, this album is probably for you.

# Book critiques Shakespearean movies

**Shakespeare In The Movies:  
 From the Silent Era to  
 Shakespeare in Love**  
**Written by Douglas Brode**

**review by | JJ Pionke**



A recent publication by Oxford University Press entitled *Shakespeare In The Movies: From the Silent Era to Shakespeare in Love* by Douglas Brode is an excellent critique of films made about

Shakespeare and his plays. The book goes from play to play looking at each film that has been made as well as films that took their inspiration from that particular play.

For instance Brode writes about Orson Welles interpretation of *Macbeth*, but he also addresses the fact that the Japanese director Akira Kurosawa used *Macbeth* as a basis for *Throne of Blood*. The book is filled with these interpretations on Shakespeare in major films but also on those minor films that are influenced by Shakespeare, but where Shakespeare is not necessarily the main theme. While there were points that I was not sure I agreed with Brode, specifically the fact that he did not spend more time looking at those minor films, I think that he did a good job.

I would have liked to have seen interviews with actors and directors or more sources on his interpretations of what the films mean and why they are important. He pays attention to those who have tried to do Shakespeare earnestly, as well as those who have looked at Shakespeare with a fresh look, often doing something so simple and bold that everyone says it will fail when in reality it brings the masses closer to Shakespeare. An excellent example of this was Kenneth Branagh's interpretation of *Hamlet*. When the film was released many critiques praised it but at the same time said that audience would not sit through its 294 minutes. I was one of those people that sat through it, and can honestly say that my feelings about the Bard were forever changed. I now respect him and fervently try to read more of his stuff in my non-existent spare time.

Brode addresses the fact that Branagh seems to bring Shakespeare to the people in away that remains true to the original script yet makes it far more accessible to those with little or no knowledge of Shakespeare. Brode looks at the issues within Shakespeare films and why at times it is so hard to make them. In my opinion, he addresses those issues quite well, making his book an interesting read on not only the Bard himself, but also on how the film world has interpreted him.

# Belle & Sebastian create reserved, witty pop for the masses

**Belle & Sebastian**  
**Fold Your Hands Child, You**  
**Walk Like A Peasant**  
**Matador**

**review by | Erin Hucke**

I can't believe how much attention Belle & Sebastian are getting. On the night before the album's release MTV.com featured a full length listening party in real audio and even held a chat with a few of the band's members. (Don't ask me what I was poking around MTV.com for.)

And the album debuted in the Billboard charts at number 80. You might say "Number 80 is... well, it's not that great, eh?" You might say, "What's the big deal? A little band got a lucky break, so what?" This is more than just a case of indie band makes it big. This is Belle & Sebastian we are talking about here.

This is a band whose frontman stealthily avoids the press. A band whose members aren't even in most of their own publicity photos and CD booklets, or are they? Other than a couple of members, I know I couldn't identify them. I'd even wager four out of five fans of the band couldn't tell you correctly how many members it has! And it's not because of wavering loyalty. (It's seven, by the way.) This is a band that doesn't even credit the individual band members inside their albums. This breath of popularity is both as extraordinary and bizarre as the sales of Nick Drake's (coincidentally, someone who Belle & Sebastian are consistently compared to) 1970 album, *Pink Moon*.

double in sales after the title song appeared in a commercial for Volkswagen 26 years after his death.

These occurrences are more than a fluke. This may just be a moment of revolutionary proportion.

What is most amazing about the presence of Belle & Sebastian in the "mainstream" is the music. Belle & Sebastian couldn't sound further from what popular music consists of these days in the United States. They are the opposite of your loud, abrasive, uncouth rap/rock, your Kid Rock and your Limp Schiznit (or whatever it is). Reserved, quiet, poetic, polite, witty and most important of all, beautiful.

The band's fourth album, *Fold Your Hands Child, You Walk Like A Peasant* contains many of the retro-pop melodies and sweet harmonies Belle & Sebastian are known for. Piano, organ, guitars, violin and cello fuse together to create songs with muted, but sincere, emotion.

Stuart Murdoch, the band's frontman, has the remarkable ability to write from various perspectives, from those of fictitious characters he has invented. "The Chalet Lines" describes a tremendously sorrowful post-rape scenario from the recovering woman's outlook. Placing himself inside a battle situation in "I Fought In A War," Murdoch tells of the "corpse that just

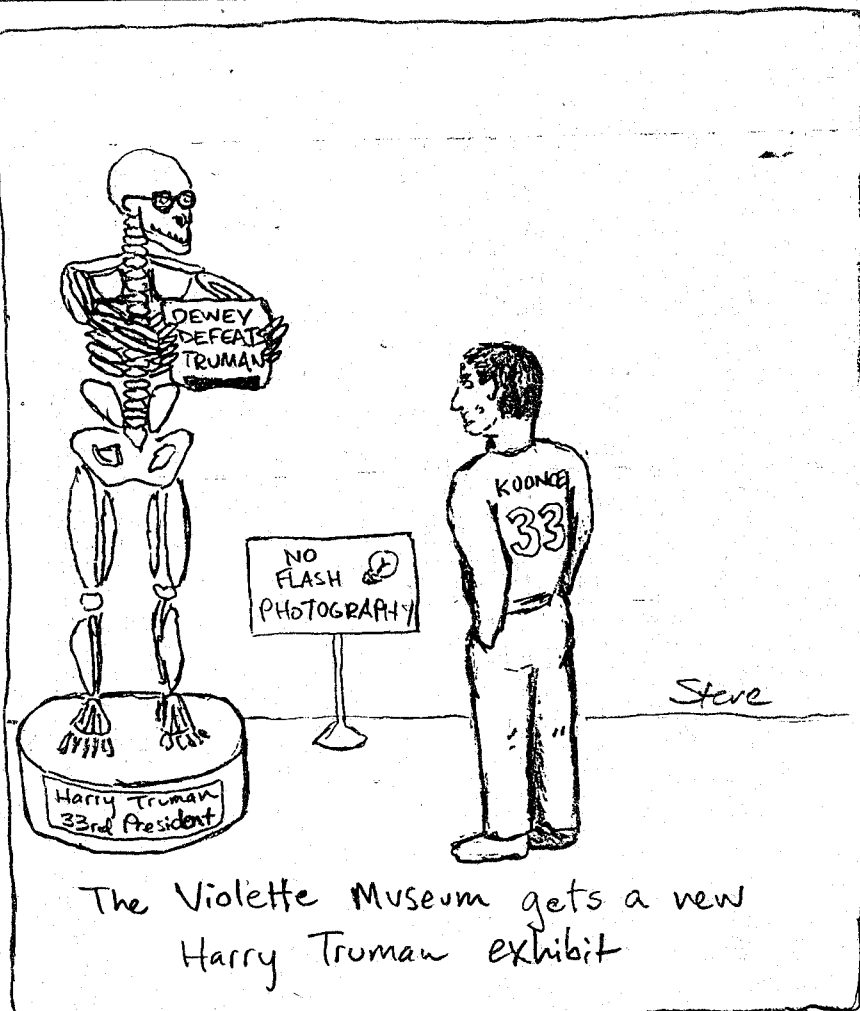
fell into [him]" as he pines for his lover back home.

*Fold Your Hands Child...* sees band members other than Murdoch getting more involved in the songwriting process and sharing the duty of lead singer. Some fans may be irritated because Murdoch, whose voice many consider to be the band's most impressive feature, isn't as prominent as he was on previous albums. But the premier song written and sung by instrumentalist Sarah Martin, "Waiting For the Moon to Rise," is right in-step with the rest of the band's catalog. Resident cellist Isobel Campbell takes her turn at the mic in "Family Tree" and "Beyond the Sunrise," and several other band members get vocal for the first time with commendable results.

Though the whole of the album is noticeably sadder than their previous efforts, B&S prove they can still write some of the catchiest pop tunes like "The Wrong Girl" and the enthusiastic closer, "There's Too Much Love."

With Belle & Sebastian on MTV.com and the Billboard charts, we just may be getting back to a mentality about popular music that made bands with heart like R.E.M. and Radiohead popular. And a revolution like that makes me very happy.





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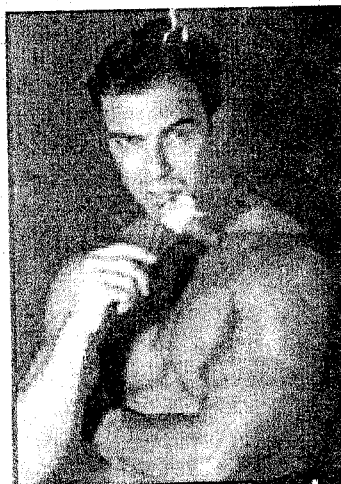
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# Queen Astra

Let the  
stars be  
your guide!



### Aries (March 21-April 20):

Find out if Christopher Guest did that Rolling Rock commercial, 'cause it's driving me crazy.

### Taurus (April 21-May 22):

You're right... you *did* order chicken. Guess you're not such a moron after all.

### Gemini (May 23-June 21):

Be very thankful Tad is gone, because, admit it, he was getting annoying.

### Cancer (June 22-July 24):

Oh boy... you're dreaming about iridescent weightlifters and Jonny Lee Miller. Um, yeah, and don't go to Hy-Vee with Christo. Somebody, without a doubt, will be shot.

### Leo (July 22-August 23):

How many body washes do you really need? You're poor. Save your money for petrol and ice cream.

### Virgo (August 24-

September 23): That guy with the panda picture... he's holding you hostage. Find out what's with that.

### Libra (September 24-

October 23): When driving to Wal-Mart, look out for the spider on your side mirror, 'cause that's its home.

### Scorpio (October 24-

November 22): When taking part in that menagerie, you should grab the buttocks.

### Sagittarius (November 23-

December 21): Look out for the obnoxious drunk guy. He *will* win those concert tickets.

### Capricorn (December 22-

January 20): There's a naked cat and he's muttering "I'm not wearing any pants." That's creepy.

### Aquarius (January 21-

February 19): Don't bother vacationing ever again. Stick to your barcodes and international shipments. The Canadians are depending on you.

### Pisces (February 20-March

20): Thinking about eating clams? It's okay, 'cause they don't have faces.

**Come to the Monitor's first  
meeting of the semester!**

**Thursday, Aug. 24,  
9 p.m., OP 117**

**Get involved with The Monitor.  
Everyone is welcome!**

# ART PAGE

typically, the art page features art from around campus. but we couldn't find any before print date. so we made some ourselves. enjoy.





## Gaps

Your wife, thirty-seven years, had  
all of her teeth pulled out.

She stayed with her  
mother,

another town,  
her mouth open in gaps.

The next day she went back. Twenty-  
eight straight white teeth will not take off

weight, nine of your children,  
years of marriage.

They will  
change her whole face.

She will smile more, laugh more,  
She will feel more. She will want you

to respond to this. She wants you  
to take her in your arms,

kiss her shiny  
new teeth,

run your husband  
tongue all over them.

—Jen Hatala

seussl

spell it backwards  
and that's  
what I have

—Laura Trump

## Classifieds

Wanted: man  
to strangle water  
out of fall leaves. Must  
have delicate eye  
for color and rhythm,  
beauty and nature;  
must have no particular  
aversion to death.

—Patrick Cuba

## 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 fingertips  
And drip to thighs, legs, toes  
To the ground.

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

—Ann Teresa Miller

## Creek

Smooth stones,  
Salamanders,  
Crawdads  
Or Crayfish?

What will become of you?

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

Rapids,  
Jesus bugs,  
Bridges,  
With Onlookers.

Why are you here?

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

Algae,  
Slime,  
Cattails,  
And Snakes.

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

And imagine where you'll end up next.

—Patrick Grant

## #8274820

There was  
a man in  
my parents'  
religion that  
killed thousands  
with the jawbone  
of an animal.  
He carved  
the flesh  
of humans  
with a set of  
foreign teeth  
and buried them  
where they lay,  
their eyesockets  
hidden from the  
sun.  
I don't  
remember  
why he killed  
them, only that  
God was  
with him.

—Megan Wampler

These poems are representative of submissions from last year.  
To see your poetry on **My Back Pages**, drop submissions in the  
Monitor mailbox in the CAOC.

MY BACK  
PAGES...