

THE MONITOR

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

A Campus Collective

Volume 7, Number 2/ 05 September 2000

OP renovation, expansion disrupt art classes

Proposed studios may not be adequate

story by | Amanda Romine

A number of students have been talking about the renovation of and addition to Ophelia Parrish as the new fine arts building. The plans will allow all fine arts classes to be centered in one building, instead of being spread from Barnett to Baldwin.

"The completion date for the project has always been the fall of 2001, so hopefully December of 2001," Bob Jones, Head of the Fine Arts Division, said. "We had planned on having some art classes in the south end of Ophelia Parrish this fall. There were some unforeseen delays in the delivery of materials: windows, doors, things like that. So we had to cancel that plan and go back to teaching some classes in Baldwin."

When asked if class sizes were adversely affected by moving them to Baldwin, Jones said, "Fibers, for instance, would have had more room in the studio if we were in OP than in our fibers studio [in Baldwin], so we probably have a few more students enrolled than we would have anticipated if we'd have known we would be in Baldwin."

He also said he wasn't aware of any problems created by these class sizes.

The fibers studio will be bigger in OP than in Baldwin. Conversely, some studios will be smaller. Tom Witzofsky, a junior art major, said, "[The professor] told my class that the sculpture studio will be a lot smaller [than Barnett's studio] and that we won't have enough room for all the equipment that we have now."

Some students seem to feel that the opinions of the student body were not adequately addressed in the planning stages.

"I don't think they really consulted many artists or art instructors before designing the rooms," Katy Bednarczyk, a senior painting student, said.

"Students were involved early on in planning stages and this has been an ongoing project for four years, so some of those students have come and gone," Jones said. The building committee included 10 members of the faculty and staff, with Jones as chairman.

Another concern among students is having a painting studio with no windows. "Mixing colors is very difficult without natural light because fluorescent lights make the colors appear to have a cooler hue," added Bednarczyk.

"The painting studio has no windows, but has a clear story window, which is frosted glass that lets light in from the outside, but there are no windows to the outside," Jones said.

He also stated that in addition to spotlights, there would be fluorescent lighting, which seems to be a concern of art students and faculty.

"The art faculty has asked for [color-corrected lights], and that's not a problem," Jones said. "The problem will be when those lights burn out, will they be replaced with color-corrected lights, or will they be replaced with fluorescent fixtures? If the physical plant will stock the bulbs, and take care to replace them,

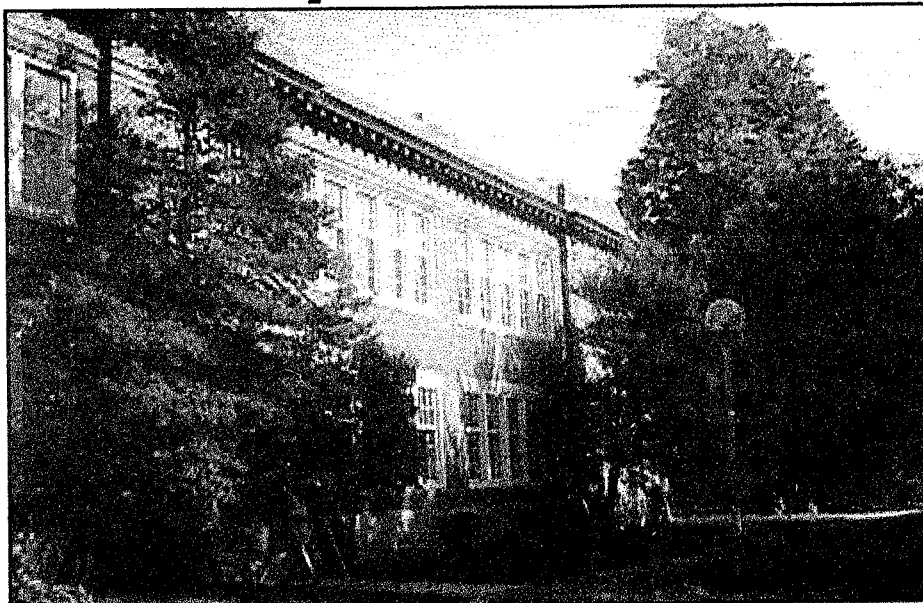


photo by Amanda Romine

When completed, Ophelia Parrish will house all the fine arts classes.

then they will be there.

"The main concern [among the faculty and staff] is whether or not things are being built according to plan: the acoustical treatments for music, the theater space, the performance hall, the computer labs, and all the spaces have what was supposed to be in them," Jones said.

In response to questions about the delays, Jones

said "There have been a lot of people involved over the years in terms of planning for the programming and the structure. I think in a project of this magnitude, it's very difficult to pin down all the causes, because so many people figure into this: the architects, the general contractor, the subcontractors, the suppliers and the manufacturers."

Aqua Dome provides relaxation, live music, art

story by | JJ Pionke

Kirkville's newest attraction is the Aqua Dome. The idea for the Aqua Dome came about last semester when the Campus Music Collective was having a hard time finding places for local bands to play. The name came from some graffiti on a bathroom stall, wherein the staff thought it was a really cool idea to take the name "Aqua Dome" from the graffiti. Towards the end of last term a 70-hour rock-a-thon was held to raise money to rent space in a building where all could come to just hang out and/or listen to cool music.

As students left last year, the members of the Campus Music Collective and their friends were able to pick up a lot of furniture and odds and ends for the Aqua Dome for virtually nothing. Inside you will find an eclectic mix of everything. If you recognize a sofa or chair, chances are you saw it in a dorm or at a graduating friend's house. Wisely, the staff made use of the Truman State University auction and picked up some discarded sofas from the dorms for only a few dollars.

But what exactly is the Aqua Dome? The best

way to describe it is your best friend's living room. Comfortable chairs abound, music is always playing and every now and then there is a live show performed by a local band. People go there to hang out, read, talk to friends or have club meetings there as an alternative to the lovely Ophelia Parrish or Violette Hall. Part living room, part music venue and part art house, the Aqua Dome is definitely an adventure into diversity.

Since its initial inception the Aqua Dome has become more than just a place to hang out. Many people are willing to strike up conversations on just about any and all topics imaginable. You will also find many zines and other periodicals scattered here and there on tables to read. The staff asks that if you pick up the last copy of something, please leave it for the next person. Liquid refreshment, not to mention popsicles, are available for a small and reasonable donation.

The Aqua Dome has a lovely Web page located at <http://aquadome.homepage.com>. However, you can find the real brick and mortar Aqua Dome at 121 North Main St. If you visit their Web site you can

look up the current shows and events listing. The Aqua Dome is open Monday through Thursday 7 p.m. to 1 a.m.

Some of the events that are being planned for the near and far future are Celtic Jam Night, Camera Obscura (The Aqua Dome's Family Day event) and potlucks every Sunday night starting at 6 p.m. (bring a dish or some cash donation and hang out as the staff and whoever shows up chat and watch a movie or listen to some tunes). If you are in a band or are a musician and need practice space, the Aqua Dome rents space upstairs; drop by and talk to the staff about prices and times. The staff of the Aqua Dome encourages people to come by and hang out. Part of the whole reason for the Aqua Dome is a place off campus where all types of people from the University and the community can come and mingle. It is an alternative to going to the bars, staying on campus or hanging out at your best friend's house while they try and cram for that Old English test. Come on by, check out the art (it is for sale!), listen to some tunes, chat with new and old friends and have a popsicle.



for The Monitor

Jammin' at the Aqua Dome.

C

O

N

T

E

N

T

S



Get to the bottom of the vending machine price increase.

Feature, page 9.

Napster cheapens intellectual property.

Opinion, page 4.



The summer of 2000 was a good one for hip-hop.

Reviews, pages 10-11.



The Monitor

Campus Collective

Independent Quality Since 1995

Volume 7, Number 2

CAMPUS ADDRESS

CAOC, SUB
Truman State University
Kirksville, MO 63501
Fax (660) 785.7436

OFFICE ADDRESS

Monitor Tower
2107 S. Franklin Apt. A
Kirksville, MO 63501

E-MAIL ADDRESS

monitortrm@hotmail.com

WEB PAGE

<http://www2.truman.edu/monitor>

MANAGING EDITORS

Kristen Crenshaw
Matthew Webber

ASSISTANT EDITORS

Tom Palmier
JJ Plonke

COPYEDITORS

Lisa Magierowski - Marie Montano
Sean O'Brien - Leslee White

STAFF WRITERS

Daniel Becker - Olivera Bratich
Ben Braun - Jonathan Cannon
Matt Haggans - Peter Hough
Erin Hücke - Edward S. Jenkins
Jimmy Kuehnle - Lisa Magierowski Marie Montano - John Nguyen
Matthew Null - Sean O'Brien
Joe Rothermich - Ryan Ruffatti
Jerry Schirmer - Andrew Smithson
Lori Vaughn - Leslee White
Aaron Wilson

PHOTOGRAPHERS

Amanda Romine - Ryan Ruffatti
Rachel Schulz

ART PAGE

Kjell Hanh

MY BACK PAGES EDITOR

Shawn Gilmore

ADVERTISING ROYALTY

Daniel Becker
Tom Palmier

RESIDENT ARTISTS

Andy Dandino - Edward S. Jenkins
Sean O'Brien - Ryan Ruffatti

SPECIAL THANKS TO:

Erin Hücke

All contents Copyright © 2000

The Monitor Campus Collective unless otherwise noted.

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 117.

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.

Ekklesia Informational

Meeting Sep. 8 at 7 p.m. in the Conference Room of the SUB. Get acquainted mixers, information on the mid-semester break to Silver Dollar City and a devotional led by KCOM student Tony Haeufgloekner on "Nondenominational Christians" are planned. Also check <http://www2.truman.edu/ekklesia>.

The Writers' Block, a creative writing workshop, has its first meeting on Monday Sep. 11 at 9 p.m. in the Writing Center (MC 303). Call Matt at 665-6223 for more information.

Prism, Truman's GLBT and straight friendly alliance, meets in OP 115A at 8 p.m. every Thursday.

The University Forum
Every Wednesday at 4 p.m. in 365 Missouri Hall (crossover classroom)

Topics:

Sep. 20 "Was the Decision for Truman's Public Safety Officers to Carry Guns the Right One?"

Sep. 27 "Should Truman Dramatically Increase Tuition to Take the Next Step in Academic Quality?"

Oct. 11 "Should Truman Have a GLBT Resource Center?"

Oct. 18 "Truman's Assessment Culture: What are the Effects We See -- On the Campus -- in Learning?"

Oct. 25 "Should Truman Adopt a Plus/Minus Grading System?"

Nov. 1 "Are Vouchers a Legitimate Way to Improve High School Education?"

Nov. 8 "The Election: What

Happened? What Does It Mean?"

Nov. 15 "Is Truman a Good Citizen in Its Ecological Community?"

Nov. 29 "What are the University Forum Topics for Next Semester?"

Open discussion. All members of the University community are welcome. The University Forum focuses on issues that are of importance to the Truman university community but which also have significance for higher education and the broader society.

The University Forum is sponsored by the Residential College Program, Missouri Hall. For more information, contact David Gruber, Rector, x5389, dgruber@truman.edu.

Jamara's

Romantic bridal boutique
Tuxedo rental & gown preservation
All alterations & repairs
Formal wear, coats, jeans



Mon., Wed., Fri. 10 - 5

Thurs. 10 - 6

Sat. 10 - 3

Closed Sun. & Tues.

107 S. Franklin

Kirksville, MO

660-627-6117



Sound Shoppe

Used CDs

Best Deal [3 for 1 new]

Best selection

Best price [from \$1.99]

Best Quality

Check it out at:

112 South Franklin

10 a.m. - 4 p.m. Mon. - Sat.

665-2565

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. Letters may be edited for length.

Non-Christian religious groups do exist at Truman

I thought Dr. Poyner's letter in the most recent edition of *The Monitor* made some very good points. However, I would like to expand on his advice.

Although the Christian community is certainly most visible in the Kirksville area, I urge incoming students not to dismiss the existence of other faiths here. The philosophy and religion club maintains a list of places to worship in the tri-state area (see its Web site at <http://www2.truman.edu/prclub/>); members of non-Christian faiths may find that religious community is closer than they think, even if a small commute is necessary.

Additionally, a Muslim student group does exist on campus, according to the Campus Activities and Organization Center's Web site (<http://www2.truman.edu/caoc/>). While Jewish and neo-Pagan student organizations are currently absent, they have existed in the past — I appeal to interested students to consider reform-

ing, as I can assure them that Jewish and neo-Pagan people *do* exist on campus.

There are many communities in Kirksville — some of them just take a little more looking.

Sincerely,
Cabell Gathman

Index cartoon ignored real-life issues on campus

Did anyone see the August 31 issue of the *Index*? The "Speak Your Mind" section concerned the University's regulation of room decorations in the residence halls. The section was accompanied by a cartoon, which depicted a girl going before the J Board and an atheist SA on the matter of her rosary necklace being in full view when she opens her door.

I thought the cartoon was pretty funny. I don't know what the religious beliefs are of most of the SAs on campus, but most of them ARE demons. The cartoon made a good point about how absurd policies CAN potentially become.

But, all of the artist's creative impulses aside, what the hell did that fucking cartoon really have to do with the real-life issues at stake on campus? I mean, yes, everyone's talking about the bullshit policy of NO-EMPTYES. I myself have an empty Jim Beam bottle in my room (which was full a few days ago), but it wouldn't be there if I could find a good time to either put it in the trash or throw it out the window.

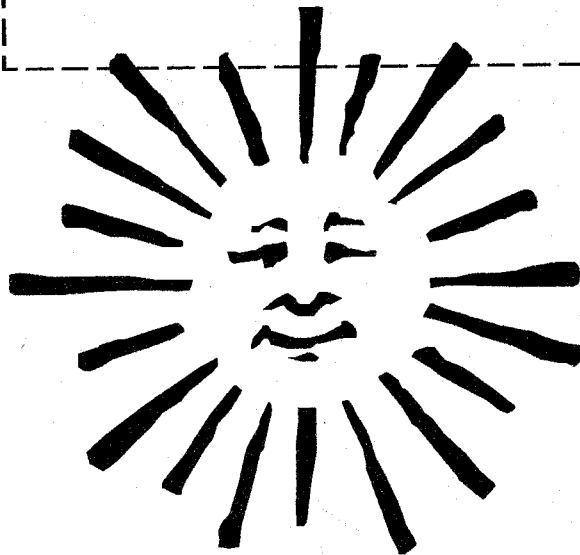
But I can think of some better situations to mirror than an atheist getting upset over a rosary necklace. Besides, the Christian students of this campus do a pretty good job of policing decorations, with or without the help of policy-makers.

Pentagrams? TORN DOWN. Advertisements for Yoga classes? DEFACED. Advertisements for the Freethinkers? TORN DOWN EN MASSE, AND COUNTED AS A SERVICE PROJECT BY CCF. Pictures of Buddha? SLANDERED WHEN PEOPLE WALK BY YOUR ROOM. Classes on meditation? CONDEMNED BY THE MORE BIGOTED INDIVIDUALS. Industrial music? LABELED "AN-

Studio 109

Zap your tan fast
Just in -- new bulbs
15 tans -- \$20
Must bring in coupon.

exp. 9-30-00



\$1 tans on weekends
(with package only)

Open Sunday
12 p.m. - 5 p.m.

Mon. - Fri. 8 a.m. - 8 p.m., Sat. 8 a.m. - 4 p.m.
109 E. Harrison 665-1090

BEARD'S GALLERY

Mattboard
Foam board
& Framing Supplies
and of course, fine art

120 E. Washington
665-4531
one block east of Pagliai's

ARCHISTIC" BY YOUR NEIGHBORS.

I just don't understand how that cartoon was the best way to demonstrate the typical absurdities found in campus policies. It's not that I am offended by the cartoon; I fully recognize it as harmless. It's just that, in my ever so humble opinion, cartoons ought to be funny, and — God forbid! — make a point. This particular cartoon would have better accompanied a RELIGIOUS situation, rather than one dealing with BOOZE.

In praise of ALCOHOL,
Christopher Michael Shanahan
P.S. Alcohol WAS abused in the creation of this opinion.



Come hang out with the folks of *The Monitor*.

We meet every Tuesday and Thursday at 9 p.m. in OP 117.



monitor opinions

Napster dooms writers to McMinimum wage

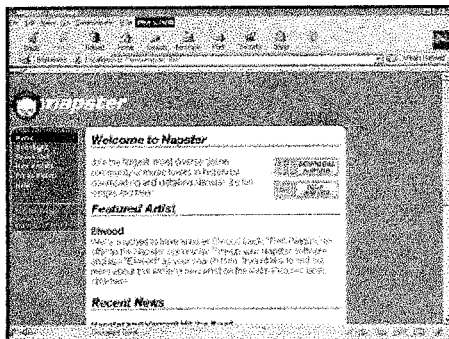
opinion by I Aaron Wilson

I do not cry for Kid Rock. I do not, deep inside, feel pain for Metallica. And I really do not think Dr. Dre has been deprived in any way. But the fact is, I'm glad some people are taking action against Napster, the Web-based entity that allowed people to download anything from N'Sync's latest hit to William Shatner singing "Mr. Tambourine Man." (Take your pick on which one is more utterly horrible.)

No, I am not some pod person posing as a college student. And no, I am not some brain-washed pawn of the record companies. I'm also glad someone is taking a stand against them, as in the lawsuit designed to limit the prices of CDs which is currently being considered. So, why exactly am I anti-Napster? Why am I one of the four college students on the face of this planet who wants to see it dismantled?

I dislike Napster because it represents a general attitude that has been growing along with the pervasiveness of the Web. It represents the belief that with the advent of the Internet we should forget the idea of intellectual property. That no one should be able to make money from the act of creation, whether they are creating a song, a poem, a novel, a movie or a newspaper article.

My dream is to make a living as a writer. And no, this does not mean I want to become a writer for the money; I'd just like to be able to



write full time instead of at odd hours of the night. I fully realize the likelihood that it will remain just that: a dream. We live in a society that rarely rewards those who write, especially if their material turns out to be "unmarketable." I can deal with that. It's just the way things are.

But I refuse to have my dream completely shattered because if I ever did publish a book I would never be able to support myself from it. What's to stop a programmer from eventually writing a program that "reads" books and converts scanned images of pages into more manageable text files? In that way, distributed across the Internet, 1000 people could read my book for every one who actually buys it. People would be enjoying my book, true, but I would still be working at McDonald's and writing chapters on spare "Big Mac" wrappers.

But wait, Aaron! They have libraries that lend books for free and they don't keep people from buying books. I know that; I'm not talking about the complete halt of book sales, I'm talking about planting mines in an already slanted playing field. Every fledgling author would fight a suddenly more difficult uphill battle to become self-sufficient. As the less marketable get weeded out, our choice in new books may come down to those written by people wealthy enough to have no need for work or those churned out by rooms filled with typewriting monkeys.

Okay, so maybe the monkey thing takes it a bit far but I'm trying to make a point. An artist, any artist, should be entitled to some form of compensation when people enjoy their work. Yes, even if they are whiny superstars who are overpaid as it is.

I realize many small artists have embraced Napster, but if an artist wishes to distribute their work for free, as I am doing now, that is their business, not that of their fans. The whole writing thing aside, Napster infringes on the intellectual property rights to which every artist is entitled.

I don't know in which way the Napster issue will be resolved, but I hope it is buried once and for all. Until then, I will be investing in monkey farms and typewriter repair courses.

It never hurts to be on the safe side.

Do something dumb like eat candy and vomit

opinion by I John Nguyen

I am going to present to you a ludicrous proposition. I am going to present a call to action. I am inciting behavior that is unhealthy for almost everyone involved. Don't worry, it's not illegal, but I'll give you this forewarning: This article involves vomit.

So let me give you some history first. It was a Sunday afternoon and I was hanging out with two of my cohorts (who will go unnamed) when this miraculous proposition came to us. We were watching an old episode of *The Simpsons*, the one where Homer and Marge go to the candy convention and come back with a mountain of candy. And I mean a mountain. And then a close associate of mine, someone whom I have lived with for three years now, a dangerous man with dangerous tendencies, a man who has stood next to several burning pyres with me, turns to me and says, "You know, some day we're gonna have to..."

Let me slip in one last warning here. This is the last chance you have to jump out before I tell you this completely insane activity we took part in. This glorious stupidity which was at once idiotic and beautiful. And I mean beautiful. Most people don't see it but I do. I see its beauty.

"...some day we're gonna have to go out and get a whole bunch of candy and just sit around and eat it until we puke."

Knowing full well how horrible it would be, knowing the flavor, texture and sting of vomit, knowing these terrible things, I turn to him and give him a look that says, "There's

no time but the present." Or is it "There's no time like the present"? Whichever.

My other associate at first was against it, but thanks to the power of peer pressure, soon enough he was party to this madness. And we did it. We drove out to Wal-Mart, spent a whopping thirty dollars on candy and we ate it. We ate it quickly and with much remorse. Before we had even gotten home we had already gotten through a ten pack of S'mores candy cups. (Which are actually pretty good.) We ate licorice, Nestle Crunch, Gummy Bears, Smarties, Cookies n' Cream Bites, Skittles... on and on into the pages of history. And when we felt close to tile, we went into the other room and did jumping jacks.

The vomit was quite an experience. It was a humble, painful, cleansing, self-afflicted miracle. And afterwards I beat on my chest and I laughed and I felt incredible. I felt actual principle alive inside of me. I felt mediocrity and injustice and tolerance and restrictions all melt away.

When I tell people about it they give me crazy looks. They give me wide-eyed disbelief. They say things like, "I try to stay away from vomiting." Or "That's the stupidest thing I've ever heard." They couldn't recognize the beauty. I hope you can. Grass was never so green. White never looked so pure. Air filled my lungs as if I was about to drown. God smiled down at me, gave me a thumbs up, winked. But nobody got it.

Even the men who vomited with me didn't get it. And so now I feel as though I

need to explain it. It makes me sad to explain it, but I will. This is where the piece becomes an opinions piece and not a self-aggrandizing recounting of a glory quest.

It's beautiful because it's so dumb. It's beautiful because we walked into it wide-eyed and full of wonder and camaraderie and we shared a simple, plain mission. To vomit. To eat candy until we vomited. We shrugged off all common sense and logic. We did it because it was there to be done. We scaled the mountain because it was there and no reason else.

So now I am advising you to do it. To put your head on a block, willingly. To look into the face of pain and scoff. I mean, you don't have to eat candy until you vomit necessarily, although it's a good start. Do something. Think laterally. Think around the subject and the world. Do something you'd never do. Do something because it's there to be done. (Let me put a disclaimer here that says I don't advocate doing anything that would hurt someone or end up in imprisonment or anything.) This is pure. We are all soldiers without a war. Without cause. We are breaking our inherent instincts and limitations.

My friends and I gravitate to these ludicrosities. We are drawn to anything that offers completion. That is whole. Because everything else, all these other goals, they're far away. They might not ever come. I might not ever write for anything but *The Monitor*. Maybe you'll never make it into grad school. Maybe you won't meet that right love of your life. But let me tell you, if you eat enough candy you will vomit. I promise.

The Cynic's Corner

No one thinks you're hip except you

opinion by I Andrew Smithson

Negative thought of the day -- You know that squishy stuff you just stepped in that you hope isn't dog shit? It probably is.

Give it up; you're nerds. Stop pretending.

This morning I was approached by an acquaintance of mine who is, let's say, slightly nerdarific. Okay, the kid's a pariah. Anyway, he approached me this morning, clad in the purest shimmering Abercrombie and Fitch shirt advertising a sporting event he did not attend, with some tales of his escapades on the previous eve. "Oh man, I was so drunk," he says to me. "Man, college parties are the best." My response to him, while outwardly forgiving for this grievous err of social behavior (by saying something as amazingly stupid as "college parties are the best"), was to think, "Why doesn't this asshole stop pretending to be hip? You're a dork -- deal with it."

The problem of dork-denial, however, is not restricted to the aforementioned individual. This type of mindset is running rampant among Truman students. Never in my life have I seen as many "radically altered images" as I have in the past few weeks. People have turned in their pocket-protectors for Doc Martens. They've given up their Star Wars garb for A&F "1995 Extreme Snowboarding Competition" shirts. They've taken their hair, put way too much gel in it and donned backward, upside-down visors. It truly is a sad sight.

Not only is the problem a large one on campus, it encompasses the vast majority of the student population. The breakdown is like this:

Nerds who accept their nerddom - 25%
Nerds in denial - 74.6%
Authentic non-nerds - 0.4%
(Margin of error 0.4%)

Now, many of you reading this are saying, "Well, I'm in that last category because, uh, I'm not a nerd." If you just had that thought, I guarantee you, you are dweeb. You probably went to the *X-Men* movie on opening night. I am willing to wager that you probably still own action figures. I'd bet you have sat in class, known the answer to the question the teacher just asked and didn't raise your hand for fear of looking "too smart." Don't be ashamed of your background! Being a nerd is something to be proud of. (Plus you don't look like an ass trying to be something you're not.) I went to the opening night of *X-Men*. I like to read. I am comfortable with my life.

Take heed, oh dorks without a clue, you are what you are. I implore you, as a concerned observer, hand in your tech-vests and retrieve your flannel button-ups. Don't try to impress people with tales of your drunken stupors. Be yourself. Be a nerd.

Read us online at <http://www2.truman.edu/monitor>

Women, others, please vote against Bush

opinion by | Leslee White

If you are a woman, this is an important election year for you. You must vote. It is very important. Sure, men will also be affected by the election results, but I want to focus on the importance of this election for women's rights. I have my own agenda here. I am begging anyone sympathetic to women's rights to vote against George W. Bush. I loathe the man. Please, please, please don't vote for that spoiled, insincere, heartless hypocrite.

But that's just ranting. Let me offer a better reason for you to vote against Bush. There are several issues on which I disagree with him, but I fear he will have the most negative impact on women's issues such as the ERA and abortion. This election is important because, according to CNN.com legal analysts, as many as four Supreme Court Justices could retire by 2004. So, our next president will have a major impact on the political balance of the Supreme Court. With this knowledge we must make a decision: Elect George W. Bush who will stack the Court with conservative Justices or elect Al Gore who will stack the Court with liberal ones.

This is an important decision when considering

the potential issues in cases the Justices may be deciding. Do we want a conservative Court or a liberal one when cases concerning civil rights, rape, abortion or homosexuality come into play?

We might get a clue as to the future of a conservative court by looking at a recent Supreme Court decision. In a 5-4 decision, the Justices struck down a major section of the 6-year-old Violence Against Women Act, a measure that allows victims of rape, domestic violence and other gender crimes to sue their attackers in federal court. This decision, made by an only partially conservative Court, seems to set the stage for other civil rights legislation such as pending hate crime bills.

The possibility of Bush's election and subsequent appointment of conservative Justices scares the shit out of me. I hope with all I have that Bush is not elected and does not strike down any attempts to further women's rights, whether it be the right to choose what happens to our bodies or the right to equal pay for equal work. Hopefully, you agree with me but, either way, please be sure to get out there and vote in November - this election could have a major impact on your future.

Don't wait for your uterus to tell you it's in trouble

opinion by | JJ Pionke

Last week I went for my first ever-pelvic ultrasound. Can we say painful? The whole procedure involved having the technician press the scope on my pelvis when I had a very full bladder. Then the technician did an internal exam. That is where the ouch part came in. Being a rather tight woman it was painful.

So some of you out there may be asking, why exactly is she writing about such a personal topic? Well, for the most part if I had had a Pap smear and pelvic exam at my doctor's office a year ago, I would not have had to have a pelvic ultrasound now.

When I recently gathered up my courage and had a Pap smear and pelvic exam, the doctor discovered that my right ovary is enlarged, more than probably with a cyst. While that is in and of itself scary, realizing I have had it for more than a year is the more disturbing part. If I had been checked out early the doctor could have more than likely tried a different treatment than the one she will now prescribe. If my cyst is over an inch large, it will need to be operated on. It has had a year to grow and be fruitful, the chances of it being small enough to be treated by drugs are

small.

So here I am. Waiting for my doctor to call me and tell me whether or not we are going to give drugs a try or say hello to the surgeon. Personally, I would rather take the drugs even if they make me somewhat ill.

I suppose the moral of the story for all of you women out there is if something abnormal starts to happen, especially with your reproductive system, go get it checked out. Don't wait! I am in a world of worry over this and it could have been avoided if I had acted earlier.

As for you men that have managed to get this far in the article, I strongly recommend getting that prostate checked out, especially you older ones! I am learning very quickly that not paying attention to what my body is telling me can be very upsetting, painful, and costly.

Take my advice, go for those yearly exams no matter how much they suck, you might find something early enough to stop it before it becomes a serious problem. And heck, that is far better than going through a pelvic ultrasound. Trust me on this one.



el Jimador

Mexican Restaurant

Authentic Mexican Food

Lunch: 7 Days a week 11 a.m. to 3 p.m.
Dinner: Sun. - Thurs. 3 p.m. to 10 p.m.
Fri. - Sat. 3 p.m. - 10:30 p.m.

Happy Hour
Mon. & Tues.
6 p.m. - 10 p.m.
Magaritas \$1.99
Nachos (Beef & Bean) \$2

1710 S. Baltimore
Kirksville, MO 63501
(660) 665-8450

Take-out orders available

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

Write for The Monitor!

We are looking for interesting writers right this very second. Come to our meetings every Tuesday and Thursday at 9 p.m. in OP218 or call 627-4797 for more info.

Remember, it's your paper!

Make your voice heard!

Dumb Laws.com
http://www.dumblaws.com

review by I Tom Palmier

Did you know that it's illegal to have oral sex in the state of Missouri? Bummer huh? In Pocatello, Idaho it's illegal for a person to be seen in public without a smile on their face. Now that's just plain sick. There are tons of these strange, disturbing and sometimes humorous laws still on the record books simply because no one has bothered to take them out. So if you ever wondered whether that one time you went fishing on camels back was illegal, you might want to check out <http://www.dumblaws.com>. You can also read up on the dumbest criminals of all time and lots of other just plain dumb stuff. Trust me, it'll make you feel smarter.

The Naked Dancing Llama home page
<http://www.frolic.org/>

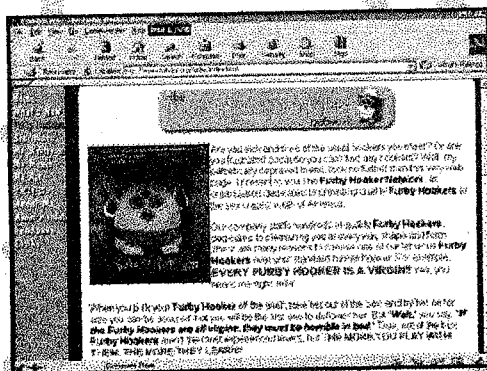
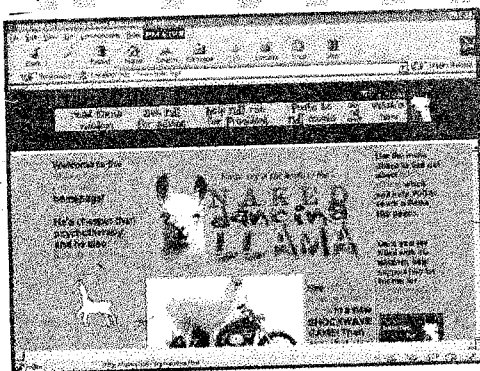
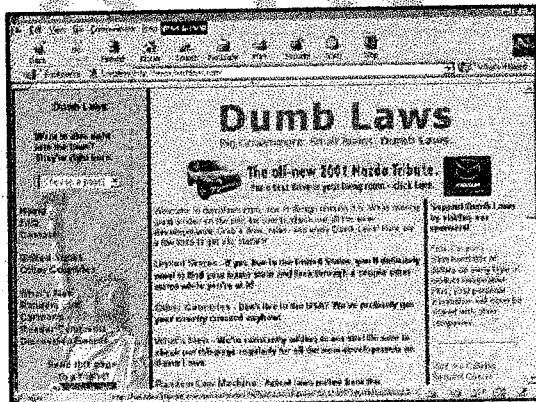
review by I Sean O'Brien

"Spit peanuts only at those you hate, or those you love." This and other llamalicious advice can be yours at <http://www.frolic.org/> -- the Naked Dancing Llama home page. Why, you say, do I need to be wasting my time fiddling on the Internet looking at some dumb llama site? Well, he's cheaper than psychotherapy and he also licks people's faces. And any site where the words "lick people's faces" is a link to its own page is OK in my book. If that's not enough, you can also buy a T-shirt, help NDLL run for president or play a llama-related Shockwave game. In the words of the Grand Master Llama himself, "don't lick something unless you really mean it." Now that's something I think we can all agree with.

The Furby Hooker Network
<http://www.fishdot.org/furby/index.html>

review by I Ryan Ruffatti

Furby Hookers? Yes, that right. The people at Fishdot.org have started the Furby Hooker Network. Furby's have been used for many things for the short time period they have been around, attempting to teach them swear words, autopsies, etc. About time someone figured out how to make them hookers. They give you a nice preview of your possible lover, a Furby decked out in makeup and feminine undergarments. Woo-hoo! They also promise that every hooker is a virgin. Even better yet, there are no pimps to deal with! Boy, have I had bad experiences with pimps. Anyway, go check out the Furby Hooker Network at fishdot.org. They have some other things out there to keep you entertained as well. Enjoy.



Lloyd's Prayer offers laughs, wrath of God

review by I Lori Vaughn

Lloyd's Prayer has a very simple, bordering on ridiculous plot. The protagonist, Bob, is raised by raccoons until he is found and adopted by a married human couple. We watch as he shows us how his naivete of human sensations and trickery spelled out his destiny. Easy enough to follow.

The play we actually see, though, involves dredging up a number of decidedly unsimple emotions from the audience. The characters Bob encounters in his life, such as his mom, dad, Angel and Linda, each have some distinctive characteristic about them that you know you could find in some amount in everyone you know. Finally, Lloyd, the only completely fleshed-out character in the play, plays off Bob's innocence and brings the plot its necessary complications and then conclusion.

As Bob grows up, he is raised semi-normally by his brash mom and hickish dad. After his dad dies of a heart attack in the woods (and Bob eats his lower half), he comes into contact with an ex-con named Lloyd. Never failing to see the profit in any opportunity, Lloyd immediately scoops up Bob as "The Beast Boy" and travels around promoting him and making some money as well. Bob never realizes the way his life is being used, but Lloyd fails in his different schemes to market Bob to the public.

Lloyd (after one of his many discourses with God) eventually hatches on the idea of marketing evangelism using Bob as his convert. He sets up his plan and quickly starts bringing in a great amount of money.

At this point, the Lord decides to start talking back to Lloyd, in the form of Angel, who is, wouldn't you know, an angel. She begins appearing to Lloyd and Bob in the form of the local town beauty queen. Lloyd questions her validity (not wanting to give up on his racket) and Bob promptly falls in love.

From here on, the play develops quite a religious and spiritual angle. Considering the raucous and weird first half, it almost feels like you are watching a different play. There are still humorous scenes, but they just can't quite balance out the somberness of the rest of the act. In fact, this is one of the few distracting aspects of this play. While I thoroughly enjoyed both halves, seeing them one right after the other just confused me.

Bob and Lloyd were both acted wonderfully by Kevin Drzakowski and Dan O'Brien. All seven other characters are played by either Brian Waters or Mistie Hayes (in a somewhat annoying way that seems appropriate of a girl named Mistie). The acting, while obviously a good support for the plot, is not as important as the feelings that are raised by the plot itself. Does God play a role in the lives of people who don't really believe in Him or respect Him? Are angels really that sassy?

While it is too late to go see *Lloyd's Prayer* at Truman, I would recommend to go see it at any other chance you can get. But don't be fooled by the "comedy" label or the first half. You may walk away with a lot more solemn ideas in your mind.

Stephen King makes money, scares Big Publishing

story by I Daniel Becker

You a fan of mediocre pop fiction? Then I guess you were as worried as Harry Potter before a Potions exam when you couldn't find the latest Stephen King at Pickler or Hastings. Don't sweat it too much: *The Plant*, King's as yet unfinished epistolary novel, is only available online. The first two of what could be seven or eight episodes are already available and the third should be online sometime this month. The first three episodes cost \$1 and the later episodes, which will be longer, will cost \$2.50. Unlike other "eBooks," you can easily print these episodes and won't have to worry about messy encryption.

So how do you get a copy? Well, first you head on over to King's official Web site (<http://www.stephenking.com>), and follow the links to the downloads page. Next, you have a couple of options. You can pay the fee up front through Amazon.com or you can download an episode first and click the "I'll send you a buck later -- I swear!" button. Of course, the second option depends entirely on the honor system, but if King doesn't receive payment for 75 percent of the downloads, he stops writing.

The Plant isn't King's first venture into the world of online publishing (his short story "Riding the Bullet" is only available through the Simon & Schuster Web site), but it is breaking new ground in other respects. King is marketing and distributing the novel without the aid of a publisher, thus cutting Big Publishing out of the loop and retaining nearly 100 percent of the profit. This has Big Publishing sweating a little and if *The Plant* is successful, Big Publishing may be investing in a whole lot of Speed Stick.

So *The Plant* is a magnanimous effort to topple money-grubbing Big Publishing and make the world safer for those who believe writing to be a serious art? Not quite. Let's crunch some numbers. Compare the \$13 or \$15.50 (\$1 times the first three installments plus \$2.50 times the last four or five installments) you'll spend on *The Plant* to the \$7.99 you pay for King's *The Wastelands* in paperback at Hastings. King may be sticking it to Big Publishing, but he's sticking it to the reader, too. When King chose to put *The Plant* online, he was definitely thinking green.

Amnesty International holds vigil for executed man

Story by | Edward S. Jenkins

The state of Missouri executed Gary Lee Roll by lethal injection in Potosi at 12:07 a.m. Wednesday. It was Missouri's third execution this year.

In 1992, Roll and two accomplices under the influences of alcohol, marijuana and LSD broke into the Cape Girardeau home of Sherry Scheper and her two sons, ages 17 and 22, in order to steal money and drugs. In the process, he beat Sherry Scheper to death with his gun and shot the younger son while one of his accomplices

stabbed the other son to death. Roll got away with over \$200 and some marijuana.

Despite having his son bury the murder weapons, he was arrested after one of his accomplices recorded a conversation with Roll for the police. Roll eventually pleaded guilty to all three murders and hoped the victims' family would forgive him.

Roll graduated from Cape Girardeau Central High School in 1969 along with Rush Limbaugh. He then attended Southeast Missouri State University until joining

the Army just before graduation.

Roll was introduced to continuous pain in his gums after a dental surgery in the military. He became hooked on LSD to numb the pain when the government refused him medication.

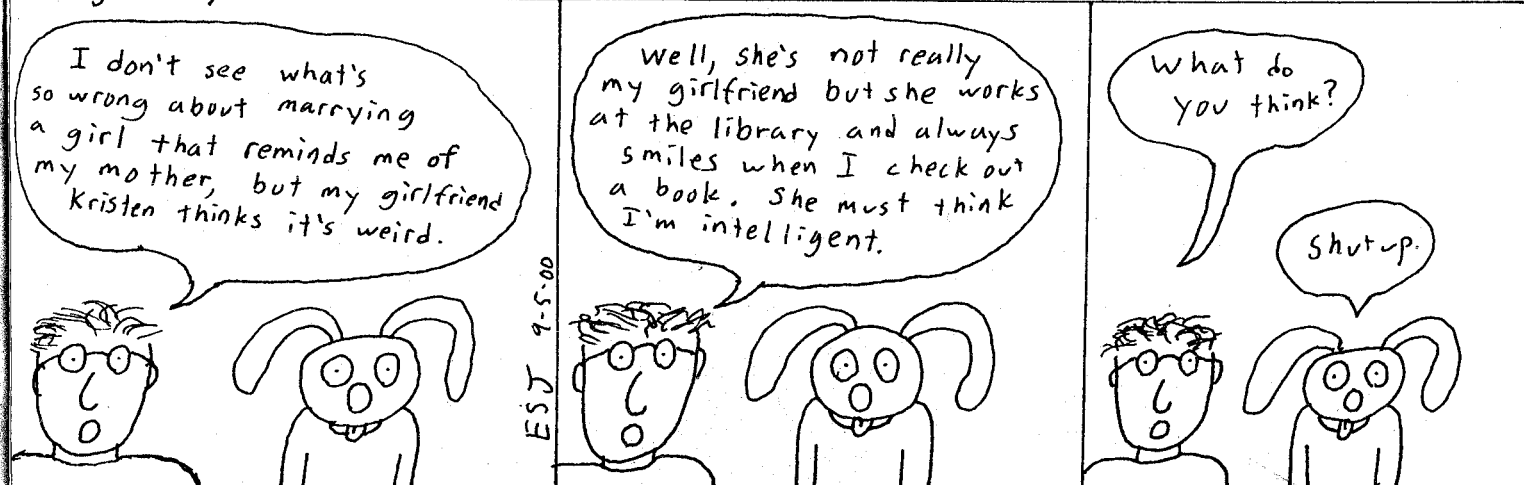
Last Tuesday Truman's Amnesty International group held a vigil for Roll's victims, Sherry, Randy and Curtis Scheper, and also for Roll. Twelve students walked from campus to the county courthouse steps where they had a moment of silence for the victims.

Amnesty held the vigil to express their dissatisfaction with the current system.

"Even supporters of the death penalty, like Illinois governor George Ryan, realize there are serious biases against the poor and minorities," Jesse Jokerst, who attended the vigil, said. "If the death penalty cannot be abolished, at least an immediate moratorium should be in place to reevaluate its role in our judicial system."

Amnesty International plans to hold a second vigil next Tuesday night when another Missouri man is to be executed.

Purgatory



Advertise in the
Monitor! OR
for a good
time...

Call Tom at
665-6438

GRATE WALL

CHINESE RESTAURANT

1010 South Baltimore Street, Kirksville
Tel: (660)665-9029
Free Delivery

Weekend Night Seafood Special
4:30 p.m. - 9:30 p.m.
Fri., Sat., Sun.

Open Hours:
Mon. - Thurs.: 11 a.m. to 9:30 p.m.
Fri. - Sat.: 11 a.m. to 10 p.m.
Sunday: 11 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NOW OPEN

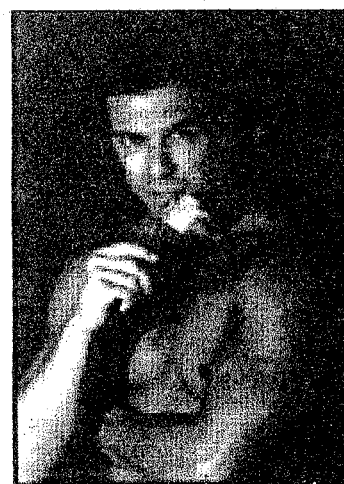
Eclectics

Kirksville's Adult Entertainment Center

- Magazines -
- Gifts & Cards -
- Lingerie - Leather
- Video Sales
- and Rentals -
- Message Board -

Open
Monday-Saturday
10 a.m. to 10 p.m.
Sunday Noon-6 p.m.

111 East Harrison
Kirksville
665-9441



We Buy Used
Magazines & Tapes

New TV season excites — if you're older than sixty

story by I Matthew Null

With each fall comes many electrifying events. Eager-to-learn college students make their way back toward campus, hated summer jobs come to an end, the average Missouri temperature drops to 80, the Fall Equinox occurs and *Survivor* finally ends. Fall is jam-packed with endless excitement. One of the things I look forward to each year is the new fall lineup. ABC, CBS, NBC, FOX and even the WB offer plenty of innovative, new shows to distract the world from what they really should be doing.

This fall, however, I was brutally disillusioned when I finally gripped my hands upon the fall preview issue of *Entertainment Weekly*. Normally I close the magazine feeling disgusted with their crappy writing and maddening viewpoints, but this issue left me with more repugnance than I had ever impassioned toward *EW*. Had I been 60, I might have drank an extra can of Ensure to celebrate. However, I am not, so I turned off the lights in my room and wept for a great while. The major networks had collaborated together to please one age demographic: Old people.

CBS starts off the lineup with their most promising show of the season, *Bette!*. No, I didn't add an exclamation point because of my love for Bette Midler, 55, but only because the exclamation is in the title of the show. Craig T. Nelson (in case you didn't get enough of him in *Coach*) returns to "The Eye" network in *The District* where he plays the new DC police commissioner. And the fun doesn't stop here for CBS! 48-year-old Christine Baranski and 50-something Jim Gaffigan star together in *Welcome to New York*. Not to seem cruel, but if they were moving to any state, shouldn't it be Florida? Ted Danson, 51, will also return to the network in *Becker*. Never heard of it? Go figure.

ABC and NBC also tackle "Generation: Why Aren't I Dead Yet?" with their captivating schedules. Geena Davis, 43, stars in *The Geena Davis Show* on NBC. Does anyone else think this will suck? *Madigan Men*, on ABC, focuses around "Seamus," a widowed grandfather. I say it again; his name is Seamus... need I elaborate? NBC provides Michael Chiklis (*The Commish*) in *Daddio*, about a stay-at-home father who finds himself in "laughable situations." If so far this hasn't encouraged many to throw their televisions out the window in a sickened rage — wait. Delta Burke (Remember *Designing Women*? Sorry for bringing back those memories.), 44, returns to ABC in *DAG*, where she plays the first lady of the United States. Does anyone else hate Delta Burke?

The major networks are joining together to alienate anyone not collecting social security checks. Is this a wise decision? My grandmother might think so. However, she's usually wrong. The target demographic for advertisers is 18-49. Networks make their money by soliciting advertisers. What does this mean? In laymen's terms... STUPID STUPID STUPID! Advertisers will want to target an age demographic that won't be watching *Bette!* or *Becker*.

So what can be done about this terrible oversight of young people on television? Nothing. Something besides television will have to occupy our time. Good thing they're building that new movie theatre...

Advice from the Afterlife

Deep within the catacombs of *Monitor Tower*, away from the prying fingers of human morality, unholy *Monitor* scientists have forged a pact with evil to open a gate to the underworld to bring to you advice from beyond the grave. This week's extremely dead guest is:

GEOFFREY CHAUCER



1340?-1400

Geoff was an important figure in the courts of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, and later King Edward III of England. He served on diplomatic missions to several of the European capitals. He also wrote a little-known and unfinished book of Chris-

tian homilies and fables known as *The Canterbury Tales*.

Dear Geoffrey,

Who would win a street brawl between *Backstreet Boys* and *N'Sync*?

While I must plede ignorance too the turfe wars betwixte these so-cald boy bands, I must saye that the groupe ove N'Sync woud whither beneath the awesome streete smartse ove those boys from Backstreete. Backstreete's backe, alrighte?!

Dear Geoffrey,

I'm in Model UN, and we've been given Pakistan as our country. Our primary goal is to find a way to make a lasting peace with India. What do you suggest?

Ove thee battlse betweene theese two nashuns, I know little. India is a lande rich of spice, gems and mysteree to which we once had lucratif trade routes. Pakeestan is nice as welle. Perhaps they should playe one matche of crickett to settle all accountse.

Dear Geoffrey,

Should I wait for the *Playstation2* or should I get the *Dreamcast*?

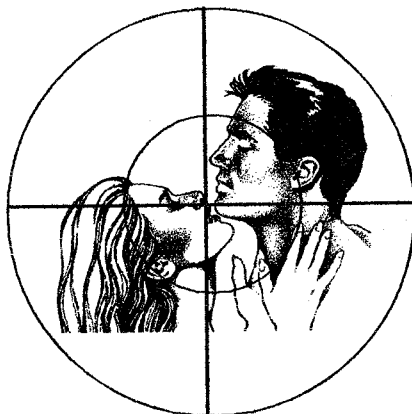
Anye product purporting to alterr

your dreamse is not too be trusted with your hours ove leishure. Attend thye release of this PlaystashunTwo this verry winterr. Wol it is a longe time to waite, I assure you, it will be worthe it. (THIS COLUMNE SPONSORD BY SONYE OF AMERICA.)

Dear Geoffrey,

I find America's continued silence concerning its role in the greatest travesty she, as a nation, has ever brought upon this earth beyond appalling, NAY IMMORAL, nay, in words of one so-called purported "scientist" BEYOND BELIEF. When will, humbly asking, these supposed "United" States stand up and, in presence of all, and with full, NAY HEAVY, hearts, apologize, even beg, forgiveness, for the atomic bombing, NAY RAPING, of defenseless innocent, one might add peaceful nonbelligerent, cities, of Japan, in 1945?

-Sir, I finde thee thots interestinge. Whenn, indeede, will thos millionse of Americans and Japanese whos lives wuhr spar'd by the foregoing of a mainlande invashun, stande up and demande that theye be exterminatedd to wright this wronge?



Taking the Initiative: Who Asks Who?

feature by I Lisa Magierowski

Dating is a big fat pain in my ass. Between 16 hours of classes, extracurricular activities, scholarship hours, institutional hours and studying, it's hard enough finding someone who looks like a possibility, let alone actually dating them. And to top it all off, when you really like someone, there is all this boy-girl (or girl-girl or boy-boy or girl-girl-boy, etc. -- depending on your preference) relationship crap to wade through before you even start dating.

For instance, take my dating experience this week; I really like this guy. I think he's funny, intelligent, nice and he

Chutes and Ladders

An on-going look at Truman State relationships

has a cute butt -- and don't go giving me that holier-than-thou shit. Whether it's chest, ass, legs, pecks or whatever, EVERYONE initially takes a peek at the package. Anyway, I really like him and I think he likes me, but I'm not entirely sure. SEE! Do you see *that*? I'm already playing the dating game. Step on up, folks, because I know I'm not the only horny 20-year-old who goes through this.

So, I'm now in an awkward position (don't dissect this phrase) and I have to ask myself, and my roommates, and my friends and now complete strangers reading a newspaper article... "Do I ask him out or don't I?" Should I wait patiently for the manly man to ask me out like my mom says I should, "After all, sweetie, you *do* have all year?"

First, I think, "Hell no!" After all, I may be giving someone else a chance to plunge into my swimming pool -- don't forget, the filter on this pool is very, very cute. Then, I think, "What if I'm rushing things? What if my impatience is a turn off?" I mean, I'm not going to lie here -- I haven't dated anyone since last semester and although I refuse to believe I'm desperate,

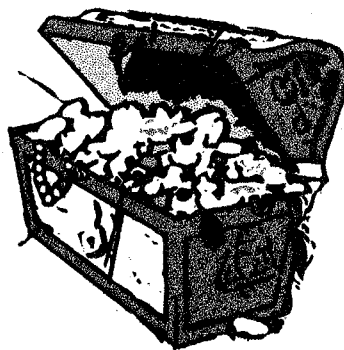
the stack of romance novels beside my bed is getting pretty high. (If anyone out there is having the same problem, I recommend Nora Roberts. Beautiful author. Invest).

But getting back to the point, I decided to ask a couple of my friends what they thought about the whole "girl asking guy out" dilemma. While their answers were pretty straightforward -- something to the effect of: if he's turned off by a girl taking the first step, then he's not worth dating anyway -- the most interesting insight I received from the male perspective was that many guys like to get *big* hints from girls. In the immortal words of my friend, Justin Scheuer, "We like being hit over the head with a sledgehammer." My suggestion -- hit the right head.

So, maybe I'll write him an e-mail, the do-you-like-me, check yes or no note for the technological age, or -- HORROR OF HORRORS -- maybe I'll tell him in person, face-to-face, that I want to go on a date with him. Then again, maybe my 10 to 15 page term paper in French Civ due at the end of semester *won't* give me an ulcer.

KIRKSVILLE'S HIDDEN TREASURES

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



Cum to Eclectics

feature by I Olivera Bratich, Marie Montano, and Leslee White

On our constant search for hidden treasures in Kirksville, we're often asked, "Where can I find bulging, throbbing, pumping, scorching pleasure tools?" After tremendous searching, we have found the answer in the 18 inch double dong (\$24.99) at Eclectics, the brand-SPANKING new porn shop in town.

Of course, Eclectics has your standard porn shop fare. In terms of videos, the CREAM of the crop was the "Local Talent" section, featuring Missouri Amateur Male Solos Vol. 1-6 (\$19.99 each). Show me! The highlight of the reading material was definitely the erotic novel section, featuring classics such as Emile Zola's *Lesson in Love*, *Hick Town Hunk* and *On the Make*.

Eclectics also features more "eclectic" products. The wall of "pleasure tools" includes a wide variety of dongs, double dongs and the classic vibrator. Several products have a "try me" window so customers can get a FEEL for the all too real genitalia. Truly a hands-on experience.



And what tasteful soiree would be complete without the Captain Pecker Party Wrecker (\$23.99), a 6-foot-tall punching bag penis? And, of course, Eclectics hasn't forgotten you heterosexual men out there. From tight as a school marm to loose as a porn star, there's pussy for everyone. Imitation pussy that is. And it's a bit on the pricey side, ranging from about \$50-\$100, but that's the price you pay. For pussy.

If you're looking for the real thing, you can post your desires on the message board in back. A STROKE of genius! Current messages

are looking for adult models and local swingers. One married couple whose "like [sic] are fish, camping" seek a "clean couple to had fun with [sic]." BUTT seriously folks, there's more to life than sex. There's also an ad posted for R&M Arts homemade WOOD yard ornaments.

From edible panties (\$4.99-\$7.99) to the masturbation kit (\$2.99), there's something for everyone at Eclectics. Even Martha Stewart types can appreciate Bra-pourri (\$7.99), a little lace number stuffed with BALLS. Balls of potpourri. Coming soon to Eclectics: later hours and glass pipes. Porn AND tobacco accessories? That's what we call one-stop shopping.

It isn't HARD to find Eclectics. It is located at 111 E. Harrison Street on the northeast end of the square. Even this modest crew didn't leave empty handed. We CAME home with the Party Wrecker. Aye, aye Cap'n!

Whoa Kimosabe! Where's my candybar?

Feature by I Jesse Pasley

So perhaps our government sucks, capitalism is the devil and hatred and anger are rampant in our society. But what about snacks? Yes, I said snacks. I like a good snack every once in a while, especially from one of the many conveniently-located vending machines placed throughout this campus, and for that, I thank the wise administrator who thought it would be just a dandy idea to have snack machines at Truman.

However, starting with this semester, these vending machines have been pissing me off. You see, a can of soda used to cost fifty cents, a generally accepted price at most places I've visited. Starting this school semester, however, a can now costs fifty-five cents. Now, before I start sounding like Andy Rooney, let me give a better explanation of why I hate this. You see, I used to be able to enjoy a full snack, not just a can of soda; I would also turn to the junk food machine and buy a candy bar out of it for another fifty cents. Thus,

the whole snack would cost me an even dollar. Such convenience! No leftover change to jingle in my pocket and no searching for nickels and dimes in my backpack.

This busload of joy has disappeared because of the price increase of not only the sodas, but the candy as well. A whopping sixty cents for an Almond Joy! Okay, I am sounding like Andy Rooney right now, but the point is that, armed only with a dollar bill, I am forced to choose between two best friends: Mr. Root Beer and Ms. Chocolate-covered-goodness. And it not just me who's mad; I just saw a kid this last week screaming and kicking the ground because he didn't have a nickel to top off his soda purchase.

In an attempt to quell my frustration, I tried to find out why this was. I asked important-looking people, sought out people who are the vending machine sort and called all sorts places on campus. While this mystery didn't offer up any answers immediately, the search led me to call Jackson Brothers, the company that manages the vending machines on campus. I inquired if there were any specific reasons for the price increase for the items in the vending machines on campus. The employee on the phone responded, "Anyone who has not fallen off a tree will understand that the price of goods go up." He gave various reasons for the price increase, including increased labor and gas prices. He added that this has been the "first price increase in ten years." Lastly, he said that the University was partly responsible for determining the prices. Surely, the University wouldn't be behind this devilish scheme?

The reasons the employee of Jackson Brothers gave seem reasonable. Even with decreasing inflation rates this past decade, it's amazing that the price of soda has maintained at fifty cents for ten years, so I'll accept the small (ten percent), if inconvenient, increase.

However, comparing the increase in canned soda prices to the other snack items available in these vending machines, this reasoning falls short. Almost none of the increases are proportional. Candy bars got a twenty percent increase. Big bags of chips and Pop-Tarts went up over thirty percent. Somehow, twenty ounce bottles of soda are outside of the inflation-time-space continuum; they haven't increased at all. The worst offender to this equation, though, is the small bags of chips.

The prices of these jumped from thirty-five cents to fifty cents for an amazing forty-three percent increase. Inflation my ass!

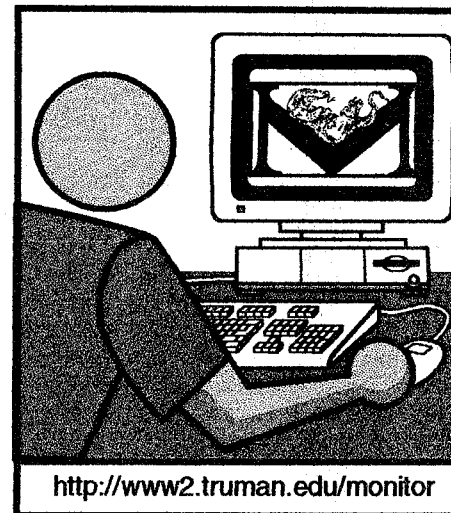
But maybe the real loser out of this deal isn't me. The University or Jackson Brothers (whoever is really responsible for the price increases) doesn't seem to understand the business model at hand here. Like I stated before, if I have change left over, I'll buy a candy bar. With the price increases, I don't spend the change I get from a dollar, because it will buy nothing. Before the increases, I would be spending a full dollar. Now, I just spend fifty-five cents. I will assume that in the first model they will make more money.

I have yet to find the central answer to this mystery, but I'm sure I'm making a big deal out of nothing.

If you have any information regarding the reason why Jesse Pasley can't enjoy a good snack, please contact The Monitor, immediately.

There will be meetings for students interested in the Summer 2001 Missouri-London Program on Sept. 6 and Sept. 14 at 4:30 p.m. in the Governor's Room of the SUB.

For more information please contact Dr. Dennis Leavens at x4269.



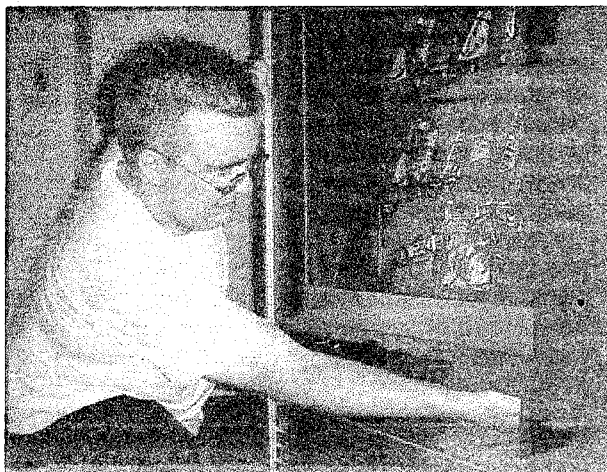
<http://www2.truman.edu/monitor>

BEARD'S GALLERY

Mattboard
Foam board
& Framing Supplies
and of course, fine art

120 E. Washington
665-4531

one block east of Paglia's



monitor reviews

O'Connor inspires
*Faith and Courage*Sinead O'Connor
Faith and Courage
Atlantic

review by | Matthew Webber

When Sinead O'Connor sings the following lyrics they're shocking: "I know that I have done many things/To give you reason not to listen to me/Especially as I have been so angry/But if you knew me maybe you would understand me/Words can't express how sorry I am/If I ever caused pain to anybody/I just hope that you can show compassion/And love me enough to just please listen."

The first listen (or read) of these lyrics offers nothing shocking. No profanity. No objectionable sexual content. No man-hating feminist mantras. The shock hits when you reflect on the lyrics. You're shocked because you've never heard a successful singer apologize for anything before.

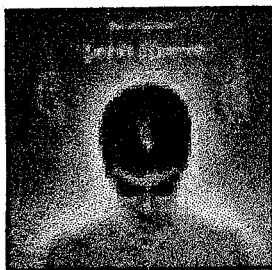
Faith and Courage betrays O'Connor's Catholic heritage. She has sinned in the past and now she feels guilty. She confesses to God through her songs, through us. She seeks His and our forgiveness and love. She craves the faith and courage she has lacked in the past. And when she finds these attributes, she wants to share them with us. Every song on *Faith and Courage* is a raw, bare, naked plea unlike much else in the popular mu-

sic canon. There's something courageous in that, indeed.

As confessional and poetic as the lyrics often are, O'Connor's lilting brogue is rawer and more beautiful. If, like me, you've never listened to a Sinead O'Connor album before, you might be surprised at just how beautiful her voice can be. O'Connor could probably sing arias if she wanted to, so it's a gift to any pop fan that she chooses to write and perform the songs she does.

Numerous producers produce various songs, almost as many as you'd find on a hip-hop album. (The hip-hop producers Wyclef Jean and Kevin She'kspere Briggs produce tracks, in fact.) Gentle acoustic guitars accompany hip-hop beats accompany very Irish strings and whistles. The album tries to be many things and it always succeeds — Lilith Fair spiritual, religious inspiration, pop, trip-hop, Celtic rock 'n' roll, R & B.

Second to the lyrics, the experimentation in various genres is the album's greatest strength. O'Connor is obviously comfortable in different styles. The listening experience is just as comfortable. If this album doesn't give you any faith and courage, then I don't know what will.

Bright eyes turn depression
into something beautifulBright Eyes
Fevers and Mirrors
Saddle Creek

review by | Erin Hucke

For Conor Oberst of Bright Eyes, depression is a catalyst. Oberst doesn't just broadcast the pain of suffering from depression, but the confusion the drugs used to treat it can create. He shares the feelings of helplessness, undesired dependency and the inability to heal your own mind in a world so misunderstanding of mental illness. His bruised lyrics and nervous, staccato voice ripple across the surface of the melodic guitar/drums/organ surface of the music. "Don't you do what I want you to/Don't degrade yourself the way I do/Because you don't depend upon all the shit that I use/To make my moods improve."

Oberst explains the mundane existence living with depression is. "Hold your sadness like a puppet/Just keep putting on the play," he screams passionately in "Sunrise, Sunset" about going through the motions. And yes, he even incorporates the refrain "Sunrise, sunset" from *Fiddler on the Roof* into the song representing the sluggish routine life has become.

In a pseudo interview that appears on the CD, Oberst attempts to spell out some of the

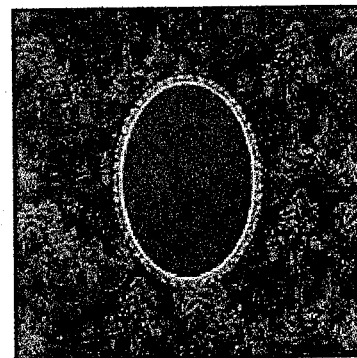
repeated metaphors used in his lyrics. The clocks, the calendars, the mirrors... But there are also recurring themes throughout the CD. Obsession, depression, death... but don't make the mistake that this CD is only downcast. There is a lot of hope and beauty that shine through the gloominess. The

album consciously contradicts itself pretty often. Actually, it's might just be Conor. "A lot of things are really unclear for me right now," Oberst squeaks out during the scripted interview.

Through this Prozac-induced confusion, Oberst comes through with a strong amount of irony. Lines from "You Are My Sun-

shine" emerge eerily in the intense "The Calendar Hung Itself..." And almost satirically, a jingled version of the theme to *The Partridge Family* television show ("C'mon Get Happy") radiates through the somber lyrics in a montage of television channel changing.

It is rare to find music with this degree of expression, this much personal depth. It doesn't take much for people to crumble, both emotionally and physically. *Fevers and Mirrors* is a record of the fragility of human beings, how one small event could cause an emotional landslide.



Jurassic-5, Slum Village make two hip-hop classics

Jurassic-5
Quality Control
UNI/InterscopeSlum Village
Fantastic Vol. 1
Goodvibereview by |
Jonathan Cannon

Summer 2000 was a progressive time for hip-hop. Underground acts Mos Def and the Dilated People rose in fame, Chicago-based rapper Common climbed the music charts with "The Light," his newest single from the gold album *Like Water for Chocolate*, and Eminem dominated the industry with his sophomore album, *The Marshall Mathers LP* — proving himself as one of the most successful rap artists (white or black) to break onto the scene.

The summer was a landmark for two other reasons: one is Jurassic-5. The other is Slum Village.

In 1997, the struggling six-member group ironically named Jurassic-5 (consisting of four MCs and two DJs) released an eight song EP that exploded onto the underground L.A. hip-hop scene. The EP displayed a return to the old school sound, bringing back vintage beats and magic on the one's and two's. The sampling was reminiscent of what is now considered the Golden Age of hip-hop (1987-91), with homage to everyone from the Bomb Squad to Prince Paul.

Three years later Jurassic-5 would return with *Quality Control*, their debut album, proving that the EP was only a taste of their skills. The album simply breathes the B-Boy sound, party music to rejuvenate break-dancing and house parties. The lyrics break away from the commercial flow of West Coast rap (here you'll find nothing about murder, drugs, ice or sex), focused more on clever wordplay and, occasionally, a message — though by no means do they preach. The messages of staying true to the music regardless of fame and of finding the answers to social situations instead of harping on the problems are found throughout. But the main spirit of *Quality Control* is simply clever wordplay. The song "Monkey Bars" begins with heavy drums, guitar licks and a quick flurry of alliteration: "Now what do you like the most about this/Conflict/Consequence/Constant Evidence/A classic content/Communicated conference/Whether five or six/Whether a number misprint..." From there, the song flows from verse to instrumental and then into pieced choruses in which all four MCs rhyme together.

Standout among the MCs is Chali 2na (with possibly the silliest name in music), whose deep, percussive voice and seamless rhymes flow perfectly over the scratches and sample-heavy beats. But don't let that fool you; the other three MCs display more than exceptional skills.

DJ Nu-Mark and the Cut Chemist make perfect use of samples, taking the most obscure piano pieces, oddball quotes and inner-city

sounds and assimilating them into the music — a departure from the contemporary sound of mixing recognizable samples with new beats. "Contact" is one of the album's highlights, an instrumental where the Cut Chemist throws out everything he has in the bag with scratches and samples that sound more cohesive than almost any other hip-hop related track you'll hear this year.

At the other end of the spectrum is Slum Village's album, *Fantastic Volume II* (what happened to *Fantastic Volume I*? It's floating around the country incognito via mix tapes and vinyl). Unlike *Quality Control*, *Fantastic Volume II* is based on a very contemporary sound. Beatsmith Jay Dee, who boasts a massive list of producing efforts (Michael and Janet Jackson, Common, The Pharcyde, The Roots, De La Soul, Cypress Hill and Fela Kuti are just a few examples), produces the album flawlessly, emphasizing new beats and bass lines instead of the sample-heavy sound. (In fact, the only obvious sampling comes in the third track "I Don't Know," where Jazzy Jeff adds scratching to a cleverly worked combination of fresh lyrics with sampled lyrics from James Brown songs.)

While the rhymes themselves are the weakest part of the album — shifting from the typical "I'm the baddest MC..." stock to vulgar sex talk to the smoking weed (at its lowest with the track "Get Dis Money," which is about getting dat money) to how many MCs they are going to [lyrically] murder — the beats more than compensate. There are simply too many

technical innovations on the album to name, but more than enough to keep the casual listener interested. The keyboard swells and the bass line on "Tell Me" sets a smooth, flowing atmosphere. The synths and changing volume levels on "Raise it Up" create aggression without the forcing anger.

The result is a sound that will give that same laid back feeling as A Tribe Called Quest albums (not surprising, since Jay Dee produced quite a few songs for them), or Busta Rhymes' first album (him too). Accordingly, both Busta and former Tribe member Q-Tip appear on *Fantastic Volume II*, in addition to Pete Rock, and Kurupt. This isn't dance music, this is music to let drip out of the stereo.

Current hip-hop albums are very much treated as disposable; very rarely are works like De La Soul's *3 Feet High and Rising* or Slick Rick's *The Adventures of Slick Rick* considered classic documents in music history. The glory (it would seem) in hip-hop is with the "hit" single, whereas the album takes back seat and simply rides the wave the single produces. Both *Quality Control* and

Fantastic Volume II are treasures in which hip-hop as an art form is explored. The albums are thoroughly realized from start to finish, broadening the realm of hip-hop without deploying any of the usual crossover methods.

Find these albums. If you can't find them, order them. Hunt for them. They are rare gems in music.



Classical guitarists, violinist burst with passion

Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg,
Sérgio and Odair Assad
Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg,
Sérgio and Odair Assad
Nonesuch

review by | Ben Braun

For those of you unenlightened, let me tell you a little secret: the Assad brothers are one of the greatest guitar duos in the history of music. Eclectic, virtuosos and incorporating the compositional genius of Sérgio Assad, these Brazilian masters are guaranteed to satisfy in any performance. Further, Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg is a phenomenal violinist, with a ferocious style and vicious approach to the instrument that has garnered her as much criticism as acclaim, and puts her on the cutting edge of today's musical world. So who better to join together on stage and create an album of gypsy music? No one.

As they demonstrate on their first collaborative CD, entitled simply Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg, Sérgio and Odair Assad (for convenience hereafter abbreviated SSA), these three musicians (with the help of percussionist Jamey Haddad on two tracks) are successful at even the

most out-of-place endeavors.

Consisting of nine songs, all written or arranged by Sérgio Assad, SSA is a showcase of gypsy traditionals and styles ranging from the well known to the obscure. The opening piece on the album, "Andalucia," is a wild romp through a world of musical styles, elegantly shifting from an enigmatic variation on the traditional "Los cuatro muleros" to a spine cracking percussion passage and back. "Andalucia" is a wonderful representation of the album to come, wrought with a careful hand by Sérgio Assad and filled with diverse influences and homages. Most of the pieces are based on traditional gypsy pieces - Hungarian, Russian, Macedonian, and Transylvanian. Also included is an arrangement of Django Reinhardt's "Nuages," a natural deconstruction ending in resolution with the main theme in its original form. Assad's "Nuages" far exceeds brilliance, and opens up new aspects of that well-known piece.

The intriguing element to SSA is, as much as anything, the lineup of dual guitars and solo violin, a variation on Django Reinhardt's own lineup in the 1930s. With three virtuoso players and such a nontraditional lineup, Sérgio Assad has a significant amount of freedom to break from the norm,

and he adeptly makes use of that freedom. Most notable to this listener is the fourth piece on the album, "Istanbul: Awakening and Turkish Dance," which, clocking in at 9 minutes and 19 seconds, is the longest piece on the album as well as the most experimental. The bulk of the first half of the piece is devoted to Nadja, whose powerful playing, often almost out of control, swells and bursts with energy and passion, subsiding only to return after brief pauses. Nadja's playing could easily constitute a full piece in its own right, yet that is only the beginning. At the halfway mark, the Assad brothers enter in, at first with cautious playing, then announcing themselves fully and dancing with the violin melodies in an arcing play for dominance. By the end of "Istanbul," the atmosphere is one of exhaustion, and with a final, exhaustive hurrah, the piece is brought to a close by the three.

Music like this is elusive; it is impossible to capture in words. As such, the best thing to do is put this article down, find your favorite music supplier and grab a copy of this fascinating and powerful disc; it won't come out of your player for awhile.

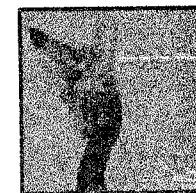
For more information, see <http://www.nonesuch.com>.

Sunny Day Real Estate surprises

Sunny Day Real Estate
The Rising Tide
BMG/Time Bomb

review by | John Nguyen

At first I was unimpressed. I ran out to Hastings like my butt was on fire and I bought the only copy they had left in the store. I got into my Plymouth Voyager, the great beast of acoustically sound engineering, and I put it in my CD player (which was recently stolen and if you did it, you better hide). Anyway, I put it in my CD player and the first thing I heard was this crescendoing sound of drums and then this mean overdrive oriented guitar lick. This was a surprise. It was a surprise that told my ears to tell my brain to tell my lips to say, "What



the hell is this?!"

So I listened to the album all the way through one time and at the end I said to myself, "What the hell is this?!"

It didn't sound like the other albums except for Jeremy Enigk's characteristically hypnotic whine. William Goldsmith's drums had their moments but they seemed more tranquil, not like before, not even like on Foo Fighters songs like "Everlong" and "Hero." They used extensive instrumentation on this album, things like violas and violins, electric sitars, piano and lap steel. Which is quite a bit from a three man band which used to be a four man band with much fewer instruments. And the sounds seemed to mesh together too discreetly. I couldn't pull the respective sounds apart and figure out what was going on.

I couldn't tell whether or not I liked it. Excessive vocal layering. Jeremy's voice stacking upon itself. Sounding almost too processed, losing that raw stretch of breath.

But then I put on my headphones and listened to it in stereophonic quality. And let me tell you, it was an experience in and of itself. All these noises and panning and instrumentation all became apparent through the headphones; it didn't just blend together. Everything was staggered from ear to ear landscapically. The vocal layering became dynamic, rich. The vocal processing came across better when I could hear the piano and the bells chiming in my ears. After a day, I thought to myself "This might be their best work."

I'm listening to it right now, and no it doesn't have a raw garage emo-pop sound anymore. It's evolved. By some means it has evolved. Thank God for that. Acoustic and drum controlled melodies on songs like "Ocean and powerful wordplay on songs like "Snibe." It refilled my belief in this music.

This album is an adventure for the band. They're trying something, trying to do something and I respect that. The rock songs carry a stadium kind of quality with a brash sound on the electric guitar. The mellow songs have become personified with keyboard and orchestral arrangements.

I have yet to tie it together as a concept album although I'm pretty sure it's trying to be that. It's come closer than the last albums at capturing one congruous moment, but I'm still not sure if it's reached what it was looking for. But the tide is rising, who knows where it'll go.

De La Soul evolves again

De La Soul
Art Official Intelligence: Mosaic
Thump
Tommy Boy

review by | Tom Palmier

De La Soul's career has been a constant evolution of thought and sound. Artistically unmatched, they have been able to contribute their very own creative intellect to the music scene for years. Their latest release, *Art Official Intelligence: Mosaic Thump*, merely solidifies them as one of hip-hop's all-time greatest artists.



This album features artists like Redman, Busta Rhymes, Chaka Khan and Mike D and Ad Rock of the Beastie Boys. This wonderfully produced collaboration of funk, soul and hip-hop includes hits such as "Ooh," "Set the Mood," "With Me" and my personal favorite, "Copa." Rumor has it this is just the first album of the Art Official Intelligence trilogy.

For more information check out <http://www.tommyboy/aoi.com>.

This movie probably sucks

Bless the Child
Directed by
Chuck Russell
Starring Kim
Basinger, Jimmy
Smits and Christina
Ricci



review by | Edward S. Jenkins

It is that season when movie fans are caught in a limbo between summer blockbusters and holiday Oscar flicks. This year one of the worst movies to be released among so many pathetic films is probably *Bless the Child*. I say probably because I have not seen it and never will see it.

This is director Chuck Russell's first film since *Eraser* in 1996. I thought he would have learned his lesson after that horrible movie in which one might think Arnold Schwarzenegger was making fun of his own ridiculous genre, but he didn't. Instead he directed this film whose actors triumph only in relation to the plot that was most likely written by a machine that a monkey built, as I can only imagine since I've only seen the trailer. The basic idea is that Jesus returns to earth as a little girl (Holliston Coleman) who is raised by her aunt (Kim Basinger). Kim Basinger's performances in this movie and in this year's *Idreamed of Africa*, which I also have not seen, are proof that her decent acting in *L.A. Confidential* was a fluke. By

the time the Jesus girl is six, Satan's thugs have the task of converting her soul to Satan before Easter or they must kill her. Enter an FBI agent played by Jimmy Smits, who must feel really stupid for leaving the successful *NYPD Blue* to make really bad movies, and you get a movie that is probably no more pleasant to sit through than a production of *Cats* featuring the cast of the original *Star Trek*.

The largest asset of *Bless the Child* is probably Christina Ricci. I don't know what role she plays, but I read she's only in the movie for three minutes. All of the people responsible for producing this movie must be morons for making the movie in the first place and also for failing to use Christina Ricci, the only halfway potentially redeeming quality of the film, enough to not make this the worst movie of the year.

Dates to Remember

Columbia, Mo.

Sept. 7-Weezer w/ Dynamite Hack @ Blue Note
Sept. 13-Modest Mouse @ Blue Note
Sept. 17-The Urge @ Blue Note
Sept. 18-Ultimate Fakebook @ Blue Note

Kansas

Sept. 7-Classic Rock All Stars @ St. Joseph Civic Arena
Sept. 8-Weezer w/Dynamite Hack @ Granada Theatre
Sept. 9-Don Henley @ Starlight Theatre
Sept. 12-Modest Mouse @ Granada Theatre

Sept. 12-Drums & Tuba @ Replay Lounge
Sept. 15-Ben Harper w/Project Logic @ City Market

St. Louis

Sept. 5-AC/DC w/Slash's Snakepit @ Savvis Center
Sept. 5-The Get Up Kids @ The Galaxy
Sept. 6-Sky Bop Fly @ Cicero's
Sept. 8-Jake's Leg @ Cicero's
Sept. 8-Gladys Knight @ Fox Theatre
Sept. 9-B.B. King & B.B. King Blues Festival 2000 @ Fox Theatre
Sept. 9-Susan Tedeschi @ Fox Theatre
Sept. 9-Spyro Gyra @ Westport Playhouse
Sept. 10-Don Henley @ Fox Theatre
Sept. 12-Goldfinger w/Mest @ Mississippi Nights

Sept. 15-Jake's Leg @ Cicero's
Sept. 16-Ben Harper w/Project Logic @ American Theatre
Sept. 16-The Poppies w/Bellyfeel & Pickle Bucket @ Cicero's
Sept. 16-Foreigner @ Old Glory Amphitheatre
Sept. 18-(hed)pe w/Slaves On Dope @ Pop's
Sept. 18, 19-Dave Mathews Band w/Bela Fleck & The Flecktones @ Riverport
Sept. 19-The Robert Cray Band @ American Theatre

Truman Shows

Sept. 9-Less Than Jake w/Pollen & One Man Army @ The Rugby Fields at 7 p.m. - Free with Student ID!

Fascism still a concern

feature by | Jerry Schirmer

Radical right-wing activity is still something to be taken seriously by the international community. Although Western Europe has enjoyed a long period of satisfaction with democratic principles and peace, fascist groups seem to be sprouting and growing in power throughout Europe. In particular, ultra right-wing activity has become increasingly threatening in Germany and France.

In Germany, the problem centers around hate crimes and hate groups. On Aug 31, three young East Germans were convicted of beating an African immigrant to death. The groups focus their anger toward foreigners who have fled economic problems to the east and south and are looking for work. Although these groups only can pull the support of 3 percent to 5 percent of the population, the people who support hate groups are young and incredibly disillusioned. They show great potential for damage, if circumstances provide the proper situation. Also, it should be noted that the Nazi party was supported by similar numbers of people in the 1920s, when Germany was economically prosperous.

In response to the current problem, Germany's Social Democratic government is taking interest in passing stronger hate crime legislation, in order to reign in these groups and to limit the amount of mischief that they can cause. There definitely should be great care toward restraining these people, however.

The French problem is similar, but the issues focus around political problems more than social and legal ones. Hence, the rise

of Jean-Marie le Pen's National Front party. This party also bases its ideology on hostility toward foreigners and the "cultural integrity" of the nation. Le Pen has been quoted as criticizing the accuracy of the Holocaust and has pushed anti-immigrant laws frequently in his term as a local leader in the country. Le Pen has even been convicted of physically assaulting one of his left-wing opponents *on camera*. The National Front has polled as strong as 16 percent of the electorate in the past and shows no clear sign of fading.

In response to the growing strength of this movement, the French government has even gone as far as altering election laws so as to minimize the number of National Front seats in the national legislature. Although Le Pen has been legally banned from office for his offense against his rival, the danger of a radical movement centered around him coming to power is certainly one for people to consider strongly. If economic problems become severe enough (this international prosperity among industrial countries won't last forever), then laws can be ignored in the names of radical movements -- Weimar Germany certainly is not the only example of this.

Fascism is certainly still a problem in the world and the dominance of democracy in the world is not something to just calmly accept as inevitable and eternal. Although these movements are still relatively small throughout Europe, if bad problems were to develop in certain countries, radical alternatives could result in their governments. Hate is not something to be ignored, but rather to be recognized and opposed.

Helen Thomas succeeded in male-dominated journalism

story by | JJ Pionke

"Proof of the power of the press is the fear of the press by government." -- Martha Gellhorn.

How true that statement is! In her book, *Front Row at the White House: My Life and Times*, Helen Thomas talks about her years as a White House press correspondent that spanned eight presidencies. Yes, I said eight! She actually started in Washington, D.C. towards the end of the World War II, but did not officially become the White House presswoman for United Press (UP) until the Kennedy administration. For those of you who don't know your history, she covered Kennedy, Johnson, Ford, Carter, Reagan, Bush and finally Clinton. She retired in May of 2000 after United Press International (UPI) had been bought by another company. UP merged with International News Service (INS) and became UPI.

So now that you have had a little bit of a history lesson, why is this woman so important and interesting? Well it is mostly because she helped break through the glass ceiling for women in the media world. When reporting was a man's job, there was Helen.

Maybe that is the whole point. There was Helen in a world where men were asking the questions and sitting in the journalism spotlight. She does, as I have found out after doing a bit of research, consider herself to be a feminist, but more than anything else she is a journalist.

Perhaps the two go hand in hand. Her drive to be a journalist led her, as a woman, to places women had never gone before. She was the first female member of the historic Gridiron Club, an all-male club for 90 years before Helen showed up. She also became the first female officer and president of the White House Correspondent's Association.

Her awards, degrees and accolades are about as long or longer than my arm, but for all of that, she was always a woman and always a journalist. She had to fight just as hard as the male journalists to get the inside story and to be first with the questions. Perhaps because she is a woman, she worked doubly hard to get to the top and stay there. She did not let her gender limit her opportunities and in many cases she used her gender to open doors that were not normally open to her or other journalists.

A good example is on the historic trip to China, she was able to ask questions that might have been deemed inappropriate if men had asked them. She has been able to get closer to the First Ladies and their families. In part because she can sympathize with being in the spotlight and in part because in a world dominated by men, those First Ladies were rarely interviewed by female journalists who

wanted to know more than what they were going to wear to certain political events.

Her success is largely due to her will to follow the story and not let gender get in the way, but at the same time realizing that by getting that story she was opening up doors to women journalists everywhere and especially at higher levels of government.

Apart from the fact that she is a very strong female journalist, why is her story so interesting? Part of it has to do with the fact that UPI traditionally gets either the first or second question at each press conference the president calls. Therefore, she has always been in the spotlight. She has asked the presidents she has covered some rather mundane questions and she has also asked them the questions that make them wince and squirm. She goes after the news like a hound, eagerly seeking out every morsel.

So, while I have been giving you a brief history lesson on her and her work, I bet you are wondering what exactly her book is about. Well, it is not something that is easily defined. While it is about her life and the presidents that she has covered, it is also about the presidency as an institution and how it has changed over the years. While her book is filled with anecdotes about the presidents and their families, it is also filled with insightful glances into what really goes on in the US government.

It helps tremendously to have some rudimentary knowledge of the eight presidents but it is not a total requirement. She does a fairly decent job of explaining who people are, though sometimes she assumes the reader may know more about politics and political figures than they actually know. (I had to look up a few people and identify their significance.) In the end, however, her book is not only thought-provoking about the presidency but it is also funny: when you realize Carter's son picked up the red phone (a direct line to Moscow) or that Barbara Bush wore \$29 shoes with her inaugural ball gown to the inaugural ball and many other little snippets into the lives of the those in power in this country and all the rather silly things that have happened. She offers moments of insight and humor into the political world and journalism as well.

As a work on journalism, history and politics it makes for a very interesting read. I highly recommend this book if you have interests in those areas or are interested in reading a firsthand account of life in the White House from an outside source looking in.

If you would like to hear Helen Thomas lecture, you are in luck! She will be coming to Truman State University on April 7, 2001, as part of the Kohlenberg Lyceum series.

Psst, Sally, didja know you can read *The Monitor* online now? It has more photos! And colors! It's sooo cool! One day, when we're married, we can read it online... Together!



I don't even know how to read yet!

The Monitor online

<http://www2.truman.edu/monitor>

Two Truths and a Lie

Professor Virgil? It's in your new advisee, Max. I was told you could, well, advise me.

Since this is my first semester, my schedule really sucks. I have class at 7:30 in the morning and at 6:30 at night. Can you help me change that?

There is a terrible power industry and neither wealth nor war nor tower nor black ships, beaten by the sea, can give escape from it.

... So that means no, right?

That means I advise you to get out of my office, little man.

Advertise in *The Monitor*.

(We're cheaper than those other guys.)

Call Tom at 665-6438 for more info.

05 September 2000

Freaky freshmen flocks invade the University

story by | Tom Palmier

If you weren't in Kirksville to witness the annual freshman migrations this year, you were only depriving yourself of witnessing a truly marvelous spectacle of nature.

Every year, come early August, you can see them out on the streets of Kirksville. Hordes of them, sometimes traveling in packs of up to 30 freshmen.

The packs vary greatly in size and there are literally hundreds of these tiny tribes unleashed upon the small town of Kirksville at night, come around 10 p.m. every August. They wander, seemingly aimlessly, from party to party, leaving paths of red and blue keg cups along the way along with the occasional vomit trail.

These freshmen seem to be addicted to a beverage called "Natural Light" and have been known to consume mass quantities of this drink in very short periods of time. Once thoroughly intoxicated, they are given a set of four questions to answer by every stranger they encounter. They are known as the "Freshman Four." They are, "Hey, how's it going?" "What's your name?" "Where you from?" and finally "What's your major?" If nothing interesting is exchanged within these four questions the freshman is skipped over and is left to their flock.

This is where the merging of different tribes usually occurs. Freshmen will emerge

from such an encounter only to find that their short separation from the pack has left them stranded with only a few weary stragglers left of the original group. Here they wait anxiously for the departure of the next train of freshmen.

Hitchhikers now, they begin using their Naturally Lighted social skills to make lasting first impressions with whomever they come across. Some more memorable ones this year were, "Hey I'm lost, can I just crash here?" or "I'm a freshman, I'm all cute and innocent, wanna make out?" or "Wait, can you hold my beer while I go pee on that tree over there?" and the list goes on and on.

But if we go beneath the surface of these roving bands of drunken warriors we see they are motivated only by curiosity. Like all great explorers before them, they were curious to see what else was out there. The next step was then only to explore, but as any great explorer will tell you, it is foolish to wander into unknown territory alone.

So as a group they set out to conquer, to explore and to become apart of, the Kirksville nightlife. For what would early August in Kirksville be without these curious troopers but another hot month in the middle of Smalltown, USA. So we must learn to cherish these times because, after all, it only happens once a year.

My roommate wears a pointy hat and possibly kills people

story by | Tanya Hall

Living conditions at Truman depend a lot upon your roommate. Learning to live with your roommate is very important. There are a lot of things you need to work out. For example: who gets what side of the room or who gets the drawers. Darn bitch took all of mine. It is important to be friendly when you talk with your roommate and not try to scare them by say, uh, leaving out scripts for satanic rituals. That will sometimes lead people to wonder (hint, hint).

Also be sure to play your music at a respectable level and make sure it is something everyone can be appreciative of. She just keeps playing that damned David Duchovny song over and over and over and over. I mean what kind of supposed Satan worshipper listens to Bree Sharp?!

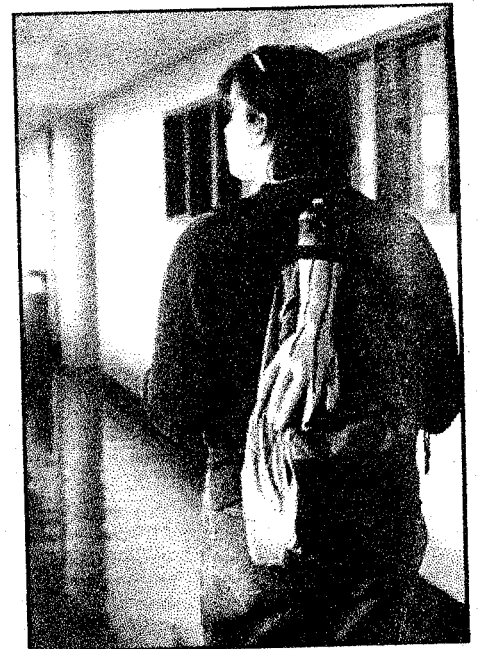
Oops, she just walked into the room. And that is the psychological effect of dripping water on... OK, she left. I mean, this girl is nuts. She really bothers me like in a *Psycho* type of way. I see her come in and out of the room with blood dripping from her mouth. When I went to sleep last night there was a pentagram on the ceiling above my bed. And worse yet, there are cracker crumbs in my sheets!

I think she's been doing stuff to me too. She's been casting sp-, uh those things. I think she's a wit- um, you know, those people who wear the pointy hats and dance naked around fires. I'm not sure what she did to me but I'm sure she did something to me. Like something with those chants and stuff. I just can't put my finger on it. Oh! She's a w-. I had it. It was on the tip of my tongue.

You know what? I think she killed someone. I haven't seen my neighbor in a week. And there seems to be some weird smell coming from her cabinet. Killer Bees! I think she's controlling them. She keeps them in her drawer, I think. And I think I'm getting shorter.

It's her fault! She did this to me. I know I was 5 foot 7 inches when I went to that formal last year. Now I'm only 5 foot 6 inches. This girl is dangerous. If you see her, don't approach her and don't talk to her.

There's no telling what she will do.



KING'S BUFFET and RESTAURANT

The Area's LARGEST CHINESE BUFFET!
Phone 665-6622 or Fax 665-6606 * 1707 S. Baltimore

All You Can Eat Buffet Includes:

Large Cold Salad Bar, Variety Entrees, Desserts, Fresh Fruits, Ice Cream

LUNCH BUFFET

\$4.98 + TAX

Lunch Buffet To Go \$4.98 + tax

Lunch Combo To Go \$3.95 + tax

Daily - 11 a.m. - 3 p.m.

EVENING BUFFET

\$6.45 + tax

Evening Buffet 4:30 - 9 p.m.

Sunday - Thursday

STUDENT DISCOUNT

\$6 for Buffet & water

\$6.80 for Buffet & soda

Sunday - Thursday

Must have student ID

Dinner Menu Available

Call-In and Pick-Up Orders Are Welcome

Open 7 days a week (660) 665-6622

Sunday - Thursday: 11 a.m. - 9:30 p.m.

Friday - Saturday: 11 a.m. - 10:30 p.m.

SEAFOOD NIGHT

FRIDAY & SATURDAY

\$7.91 + tax

Crab legs, variety shrimp and Buffet, scollops, fish, chicken, beef

SUNDAY BRUNCH

\$4.98 + tax

We use 100% vegetable oil only. We use the finest ingredients, low fat, low cholesterol. NO M.S.G.

UNBELIEVABLY TRUE

actual news from around the world

feature by | Joe Rothermich

Workers at an Australian fish wholesaler discovered a face in a not-so-friendly place. According to the Reuters news wire, as workers prepared a giant cod (97 lbs and 5.2 feet) for sale, they discovered the remains of a human head in the belly of the fish. Police reported that the head was mostly intact and that they believe the remains could be those of 93-year-old Michael Edwards. Edwards was a local fisherman who had been missing for a few weeks.

A 14-year-old boy was saved from drowning in the Adriatic Sea last week by a dolphin. The Italian news agency ANSA reported that the boy, who could not swim, fell off the boat on a sailing outing with his father off the southern coast of Italy. The boy stated that as he was sinking something pushed him up. As the boy hung on to the dolphin, it carried him over to the boat and then swam away. Locals say the dolphin has been living in the area for years and been named "Filippo."

What was deemed "Second Amendment Saturday" turned out to be a success for a used car dealer in Powell, Tennessee. Reuters news wire reported that Advantage Auto Sales ran a one-day promotion on Saturday August 26 giving a free rifle to anyone who bought a car. Greg Lambert, who sells about four cars a week, sold three during the promotion. Buyers were given a voucher for a used, bolt action rifle at a GunCraft Sports shop. All voucher holders had to comply with government regulations and show they were qualified before receiving the gun. Lambert said he would not make the gun giveaway an annual promotion.

This Special White Space approximates the amount of display space the University currently provides for student-produced artwork on campus.

SWS

Queen Astra

Let the stars be your guide!



The Queen

Aries (March 21-April 20): Tired of my advice? Try calling Miss Cleo for \$2.50 per minute, you chump. She don't know jack about jack.

Taurus (April 21-May 22): Hey, don't worry about size. Especially if you're Italian. **ESPECIALLY** if you're Italian.

Gemini (May 23-June 21): Don't feel like going to class? Stay home and watch the History Channel. This way, maybe you'll actually learn something

Cancer (June 22-July 24): Cheapness is a vice. Splurge on a new set of ginsu knives.

Leo (July 25-August 23): Humans rule. Dolphins suck it.

Virgo (August 24-September 23): Never underestimate your good friend Merton J. Dingle. He's helped Tommy out of some tough binds.

Libra (September 24-October 23): Life sure is great, huh? That is, if Matt didn't dump you.

Scorpio (October 24-November 22): Hi de da luduye mo ove noci!

Sagittarius (November 23-December 21): Remember: If you're not enough without the gold, you'll never be enough with it. How will I know when I'm enough? Just cross that finish line. (Exit Candy)

Capricorn (December 22-January 20): I know your boys are sweating since you can't afford a house with air conditioning. My two words of advice? Ice Crotch.

Aquarius (January 21-February 19): Step 1: Quit school. Step 2: Move to Amsterdam. Step 3: Open a hash bar. Step 4: Sit back, relax, have a Royal with cheese and watch the money come rolling in.

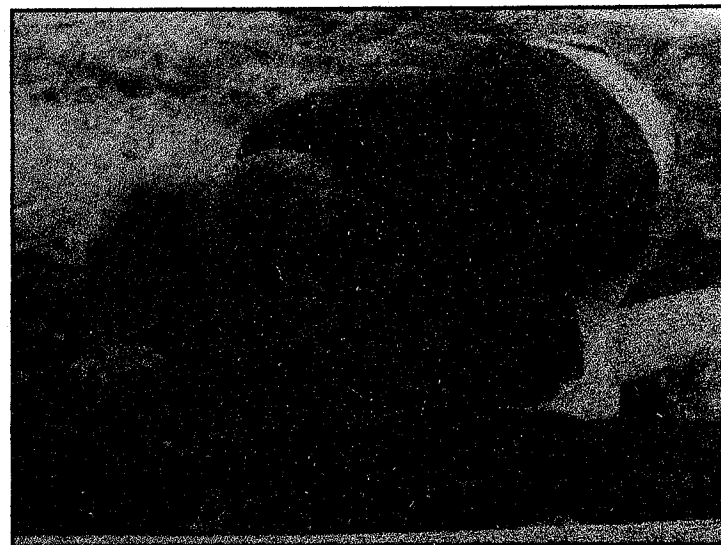
Pisces (February 20-March 20): Bummed out that the KG Koolie is back to full price? Angry they got you hooked and then jacked up the price? Well, here's the lesson learned: Nobody really cares about you; they only care about your money.



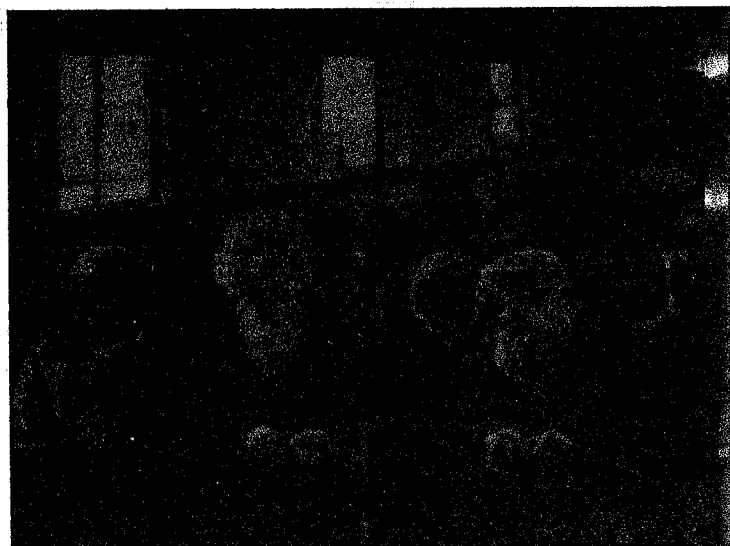
ART PAGE

Aqua Dome statement from Morgan Peckosh: "People keep asking what the Aqua Dome is and it's really just something you have to experience. Once you're been there, you are a part of it and have the ability to shape what happens there. It is definitely certain that we allow people to display their art here. It is also pretty probable that we will need some art done to the actual building, so if you are interested, leave a note in our mailbox at 121 N. Main or stop by during 'business' hours: 7 p.m. to 1 a.m. Monday through Thursday or at a show."

To contact Aqua Dome, e-mail crawlifornia@hotmail.com.



Jay Lansford
untitled
photograph



John Woodworth
untitled
oil painting
not for sale



Amanda Bunyard
"Confession of Deviance"
monotype
\$180

Jay Lansford
untitled
photograph



Amanda Bunyard
"Perfect Wings"
screenprint
\$55

my BACK PAGES

"...as a little child..."

I want to dance with Jesus —
the carefree waltz of a little girl
in her grown-up brother's arms.
To be carried around the room
like a weightless, priceless, package.
To get tossed into the air and
to always land again, safely,
in His strong arms.
Then, to spin away again, giggling,
from unbridled joy.
To know that I am truly loved
by this perfect soul and that,
though I am too little to comprehend,
there is nothing more I could ever want
than His love —
that I would give everything I have,
to even try to love Him back.

I already know that I can curl up
in the crook of the Father's arms —
whenever I want to cry;
or to hide;
or to tell Him the great stories of my day;
or just to fall asleep, safe and warm, at night.

But ...

I want to learn to dance with Jesus.
So that all the cares and fears of this world fade away
beneath the joy-filled rhythm of our waltz
and the love-filled smile
on His sweet and holy face.

—Marbree C. Simpson

Submissions have been sparse for this year's *Back Pages*. What gives? *The Monitor* isn't feeling the love. Show the love, guys. Drop submissions in *The Monitor* mailbox in the CAOC office in the SUB.

Assimilation

When the lights come on,
culture takes cover,
until my janitor grandfather
and housemaid grandmother
demand I come out
for a beating.

They say...
"Nigga, who you think you is?"

I don't know yet.

If I pretend I don't eat soul food
I'm transparent like a lens,

but if I

squeeze blood from every ounce
I'll miss the mainstream bounce.

—Orlando L. Williams

"Butterfly Woman"

Well within the bonds
of dark Indian love,
the stoic figure's ink-grey'd arms
beneath another's still, white breast.

A portrait of old love,
hanging almost out of sight
affixed on an old brick wall.

They are drawn solemn,
nude, with a dark bird
behind them, taking flight.

The man is near death,
though not sick; his skin
rendered inappropriate white,
killing all that he is.

The couple in charcoal will never
see the snow-mountain
in the distant past,
they have been trapped in a moment of time.

There is no hatred in his eyes,
just loss and love and
a realization of the end of hope.

—Shawn Gilmore

Blue Bird

When I see the small, brown-backed bird,
Round, white belly on the fence,

I have a sudden desire to name it.
Not robin, obviously, or jay,

But thrush? Or sparrow?
Whip-or-will?

My son says a brownbird,
like the day we take his parakeet to school.

Pre-schoolers gather round the table,
clamor close to see the cage.

My son announces, It is a blue bird,
and they nod.

Actually
it's a parakeet I tell them,

but they are already beyond
my sphere of authority.

They are looking at a bird,
white feathers, rings of blue.

Knowing nothing of taxonomy
what they know is this:

they have never been so close to a bird.
Five or six of them circle, press

tiny hands on the table,
Whisper little words of praise.

Bluebird, bluebird, bluebird.
Suddenly I realize

that if I stepped out of my body
I would break into feathers and fly.

—Jennifer Hatala

melody enticed my daily sista
I employ a variety of tunes

but when gelatin shuts the fridge door
and begins its coagulative nap
it listens to smooth brass

—Edward S. Jenkins