



# THE MONITOR

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

Volume 7, Number 3/ 19 September 2000

A Campus Collective



photo by Jennifer Strickland

Heiko, the bassist from One Man Army, salutes the crowd. One Man Army opened for Less Than Jake, Sat. Sept. 9, on the Rugby Field.

## Wyclef to stop in Kirksville on MTV's Campus Invasion tour

story by I Erin Hucke and Matthew Webber

Last week, SAB announced that MTV's Campus Invasion Tour will be stopping in Kirksville on Sat., Oct. 28. This year, the Campus Invasion Tour features hip-hop acts Wyclef Jean, De La Soul and Black Eyed Peas.

"We brought Wyclef because, first of all, he was in our price range," Matt Birkel, SAB's MTV concert chairman, said. "He was available at the right time and we were trying to look for something that was a little different than the shows we've done in the past."

Tickets for Truman students will be \$12 while those for non-students will be \$24. Birkel said the tickets for students will probably be up for sale two weeks before the date of the concert. Ticket sales for the public will be opened one week before the concert.

"We had that [activities fee increase] this year," Birkel said. "That's kind of what enabled us to be able to look into stuff like this. Our budget almost doubled."

In addition to the concert, the tour includes the MTV Daytime Village which features four or five corporately sponsored tents. These tents will feature interactive music equipment and various promotions.

"During the day they have interactive music stuff and a make your own video kind of thing," Birkel said. "They also have interviews for their shows, which I'm guessing like Road Rules, Real World, Karaoke, stuff like that... It's kind of a carnival atmosphere."

All of the promotional tents will be free and do not require the purchase of a concert ticket.

Birkel said the village will be either in the McClain parking lot or Red Barn Park.

MTV's Campus Invasion tour is also visiting such nearby universities as the University of Iowa, Saint Louis University and the University of Missouri-Columbia.

"It's kind of disappointing [that the tour is visiting other nearby universities], but it's kind of good because that'll make sure that our people, Truman students, can go," Birkel said.

Sophomore Emily Hunnicutt said she wasn't aware the tour was coming to campus.

"I'm really surprised they're coming to Kirksville," she said.

Sophomore Beth Evers said she had never heard of any of the acts.

Wyclef made a name for himself as a member of the Fugees with bandmate Lauryn Hill. He made his solo debut with 1997's *The Carnival*.

Wyclef recently released a new album, *Eclestic-2 Sides II A Book*. De La Soul just released *Art Official Intelligence: Mosaic Thump* and the Black Eyed Peas will release their sophomore album *Bridging The Gap* on Tues., Sept. 28.

In the past, MTV's Campus Invasion tour featured musical acts such as electronic artist Moby, psuedo grunge-rock band Bush and pop-rock band Garbage.

### Find out more...

<http://www.mtv.com>

<http://www.wyclef.com>

<http://www.tommyboy.com/data/index.html>

<http://www.blackeyedpeas.com>

## Student-produced Tom Thumb Gallery displays artwork

story by I Rachel Schulz

Despite how it may seem, there actually are people on the Truman campus who care about artistic expression and want to share the talents of our students and faculty. On Friday, Sept. 29 at 7 p.m., the home of Truman art students Jimmy Kuehnle and Kjell Hahn will morph into The Tom Thumb Gallery, a student-run art gallery that provides an alternative place for students to display their art.

This year the homemade gallery is particularly important to the art community because there is no longer a place on campus for students to display their art or for students to view

traveling exhibits.

The Gallery will feature student and faculty art submissions in such media as oil painting, sculpture, installation art, performance art and there will also be interactive art activities for visitors. Additionally, there will be a surprise guest speaker, entertainment and refreshments.

Kuehnle said although he and Hahn put a lot of work into preparing the house and organizing the gallery submissions, the creation and display of the gallery is "a really good experience and so much fun to do."

Kuehnle said the gallery "will be a very relaxed atmosphere. The point is not to be a stuffy

elitist gallery. It's to have a more warm and very inviting atmosphere where people can relax and see art." All attire from tuxedos to spandex will be fine for the gallery. This year's gallery promises to be very fun, and if you miss it, "You're chump change," Hahn and Kuehnle said.

So, support Truman art students and faculty by checking out the Tom Thumb Gallery at 603 First Street at 7 p.m. on Fri., Sept. 29, because nobody likes chump change!

There is still space in the gallery for more submissions, and students and faculty are encouraged to submit their work to The Thumb Gallery by Sunday, Sept. 24. Contact Jimmy

Kuehnle or Kjell Hahn at 627-0944 or e-mail them at [tomthumbgallery@yahoo.com](mailto:tomthumbgallery@yahoo.com).

### Tom Thumb Gallery

**what:** off-campus exhibition of student-produced art.

**when:** Fri., Sept. 29, 7 p.m.

**where:** 603 First St.

**cost:** free

C O N T E N T S

# W

Faculty Senate votes to place a "W" on transcripts.

Feature, page 9.

The Tao of Steve is one of the top comedies of the year.

Review, page 14.



Fraternity brothers objectify women.

Opinion, page 7.



# The Monitor

Campus Collective  
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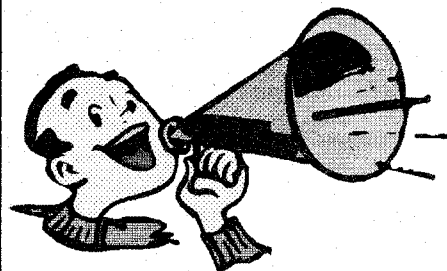
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towners -- you just pay for postage. Send a  
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That's really cheap, huh?

"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. Or e-mail your events to  
monitortrm@hotmail.com.

**See You at the Pole!** Pray at 7 a.m.,  
12 p.m. and 5 p.m. on Wed., Sept. 20 at the  
flagpole between Baldwin and OP.  
Sponsored by Campus Ministers, One  
Body of Believers and other Christian  
organizations.

**The Get Hustle** from Los Angeles --  
5RC (Kill Rock Stars' sister label) band that  
features a piano, drummer and a jazz singer  
named Valentine. **Jack Astronaut** from  
Austin, Texas -- Quirky, not unlike The Jesus  
Lizard or other Touch and Go bands.  
**Impasse** from Brooklyn, NY -- Progressive  
instrumental music. Mix Brian Eno with  
Metallica. **Rock 'n' roll!!** At the Aquadome,  
121 N. Main, one block west of the square.  
Fri., Sept. 22, 8 p.m., \$3. Sponsored by  
Campus Music Collective.

**CHA CHA CHA.** 9 techno DJs, all night  
party. Presented by FUNK enterprises and  
Campus Music Collective. Sat., Sept. 23.  
Doors open at 9:30 p.m. \$5. Theta Psi Barn  
on Osteopathy.

**Errase Errata and California**  
**Lightning.** Both bands from Oakland, Ca.  
These two all-female bands, one fast quirky  
and jangly. Julie Andrews and the Front  
Porch Ramblers will be opening. At the

Aquadome, 121 N. Main. Thurs., Sept. 28, at  
8 p.m., after Rape Walk. \$3 if you went to the  
walk, \$4 if you did not. Sponsored by Campus  
Music Collective.

**Camera Obscura Party at the**  
**Aquadome.** 3 techno DJs and some kind of  
unique drama/dance to entertain you on this  
30-minute ride "inside" a camera. Open 12-5  
p.m. Saturday, Oct. 7. Bring your family!

**Christians in Action is seeking new**  
**members** to help us fight injustice and reduce  
religious persecution by praying and writing  
letters. Our on-going weekly meetings are  
Tuesdays at 9 p.m. in Violette 1308. All are  
welcome.

**Amnesty International** meets at 7 p.m.  
Wednesdays in Violette 1332. New members  
are welcome.

**The Writers' Block,** a creative writing  
workshop, meets every Monday at 9 p.m. in  
The Writing Center (MC 303).

**Whose Issue Is It Anyway?** Joe  
Weinberg, a rape awareness speaker, speaks  
on Wed., Sept. 27, in the Pershing Gym. He  
will talk to women at 6 p.m. and men at 8  
p.m. Sponsored by ASG and Lambda Chi

Alpha.

**"Understanding and Enjoying the**  
**Preservation Hall Jazz Band: Dixieland**  
**Explained."** Dr. Gregory Jones, Fine Arts  
and Faculty Fellow, Residential College  
Program. Mon., Sept. 25, 7 p.m. Violette  
Hall, 2nd floor lounge. This program is  
designed as a "pre-Lyceum" event; Dr.  
Jones will explain the historical setting of  
Dixieland jazz and demonstrate some of  
its basic elements.

**Speaker Jessica Weiner.** Sept. 28 at  
8 p.m., SUB Activities Room. Sposored by  
Tau Lambda Sigma, Sigma Gamma Rho  
and FAC.

**Women's Studies Committee's**  
**B.B.Q.** Fri., Sept. 22 from 3:30 p.m. to 5:30  
p.m. in Red Barn Park. Women's Studies  
minors, other interested students and  
faculty/staff are invited. For more  
information, call Dr. Hena Ahmad at 785-  
6017.

**Art of Living Club** presents a short  
course in meditation. Course introduction  
Wed. Sept. 20, VH 1412 at 7:30 p.m.

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## monitor letters

Hey John,  
Boys  
suck.  
E.H., K.C.,  
R.S.

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 [monitortm@hotmail.com](mailto:monitortm@hotmail.com). Letters may be edited for length.

### Letter writer plagues *The Monitor's* pages

Garbage. Absolute garbage. Like head lice at your old grade school, Christopher Shanahan has returned to plague *The Monitor's* otherwise fine pages for another school year.

Who is this guy and why is he so upset with Christians? I've been reading his drivel since spring semester and I'm tired of it. I can call myself a practicing Christian and I have never participated in nor seen any fellow Christians commit the acts of bigotry and vandalism that Shanahan has accused the religious community of. Our community in no way encourages or condones the tearing down or defamation of Yoga

or meditation posters (many of us go to those classes and have a great time!) or any other club advertisements. And though I am not personally a member of the CCF, I follow their organization closely and I am sure the idea of tearing down Freethinkers' posters out of pure malevolence is as reprehensible to them as it is to me.

As for pentagrams and similar propaganda, I am aware that the meaning of such is not historically Satanic. However, the intent of those who post such figures on their doors is almost always to imply allegiance to some form of devil worship. I say this because most people are not aware of the full history of the pentagram and its associated meanings; they are most familiar with how the symbols are depicted in movies. The

people who post the symbols on their doors know this and their intent is usually to anger the Christians who pass by their door with a provocative symbol. So while I do not condone the tearing down of anything from a person's door, I can see why some people who truly do believe would react negatively to something so obviously spiteful to their faith.

And as for the no-empties policy, I too find it rather intrusive and ridiculous. We are in total agreement on that subject.

In conclusion, I would like to ask Mr. Shanahan to avoid making the negative and baseless generalizations he heaps on the religious communities of Truman. Furthermore, I would suggest that, instead of his monthly reactionary letters to the editor, he begin his own column and perhaps outline his views more clearly and with more substantial evidence than his highly dubious case studies. Finally, I would like to invite him to attend the meetings of any of the religious groups he has a problem with and outline his grievances there, where I am sure they will be treated with utmost respect and consideration.

Sincerely,  
Hal Jordan

### *The Monitor* is biased; it has no balls

In reading your newspaper I find most of the political leanings slant left, but none more than articles by Leslee White. In her recent article "Women, others, please vote against Bush," she expressed her ignorance of politics in the highest degree. She cited a Supreme Court decision about victims rights, especially in the case of rape.

If she had any knowledge of politics, she would know most of the victim's rights legislation has been introduced during Republican administrations. Also, she would know that conservative organization like: Focus on the Family, the Family Research Council, and the American Center for Law and Justice, avidly supported Violence Against Women Act. Furthermore, she would realize that two of the four votes for upholding the were part of the "conservative" core of the Supreme Court.

I realize you will probably not print this because it does line up with your closed minded liberal agenda. Print it if you have the balls.

Sincerely,  
Andrew D. Scianna



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MONITOR MEETING, TONIGHT. OP 117 at 9:00.



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The Monitor



## monitor opinions

## Truman should honor suicide victims

opinion by | Derek Spellman

Every autumn, the Truman State University Memorial Service is alive with tragic memories of those who have died while students at this university. Much of the proceedings can give the evening an almost melancholy cast -- the still blue and gold, the intimations of winter in the air, the torches flaring and flickering into the darkness -- which overshadows the closing ceremony's evocation of hope, as well as the solemn pride that every autumn we gather to mourn our fallen.

Yet for those who have fallen under their own hand, for suicide victims and for their families, permanent wounds can be inflicted. On the commemorative plaque and throughout the proceedings, their names have been conspicuously omitted. An argument put forth is that their inclusion would inexorably lead to more suicides; a bid for immortality by those whose losses have mounted and proliferated.

Whatever causes there may be for embracing such a position (and I know some good ones), the tribute, paradoxically enough, would be more for the living than the dead. A life, it has been said, comes into the world as gently as a dove, a grace that lights upon the earth by stealth and for the shortest intervals. Whether or not it comes from the hand of God is an irrelevant criticism because here on earth it is a possession to be won every day by the effort of each and the union of all.

A suicide then is not just a wound inflicted on one spirit but a wound inflicted upon the society as a whole, a wound that invites shame as well

as recrimination from all of us. The tribute then is meant for *us*, for the students. It is an opportunity for us to enlarge and inform our perception the community as well as a pause for musing about those who have clung to the outer edges of life here.

Without a tribute, we thus preserve one of the cardinal principles of American life: suicide is a crumbling of character that one should be loath to accept. Without a tribute, we have concluded a separate peace with the memory of those victims. Without a tribute, the prospects for deliverance become more remote. With a tribute in place all of us, especially those bloody and bowed by the outrages of life, can draw new hope and new strength from the knowledge that there is a place (i.e. this university) that cherishes our name and our memory as ardently as its own.

Naturally, a plaque or a ceremony is only an expedient to such ends and the end of suicide is to be discussed only as a vague and remote contingency. Yet for the world beyond and for those hypnotized by the drama of death along its shores, is it not an expedient that invites friendship as well as serenity? One can long for a time when a life is not cut down in full tide and where suicide is the most forlorn of all hopes, but it is not meant to be. And were Truman State University to dispel such a suspicion, were to mourn all of its fallen, even those who have perished by their own hand, then perhaps we could look ahead this autumn not only to memories of honor, but to memories of healing and memories of hope.

## Cops are cool until they bust a cap

opinion by | Matthew Webber

I almost died two weeks ago. I feel lucky to be alive.

It was midnight and I was on my way home from the library. I biked past Science Hall, Grim Hall and the Pershing Building before standing up to pump the pedals and speed down the hill in Red Barn Park. I felt like the kid I used to be: laughing at gravity as the wind stung my eyes and my shirt clung to my chest and I flew.

And when my front tire smacked the lip of Business 63, my bike flew and threw me and I felt like an old man: wanting to cry because of the pain, pondering existence and the fact that I still had one. My shoulder smacked the asphalt; it probably bounced. The pedal clawed my ankle. My palms bled chunks of asphalt.

A car was speeding towards me from about a half mile away. I pulled myself to standing. I picked up my traitorous bike and I limped to the shoulder of the road. After somehow not dying from the fall on my bike, I didn't want to die by getting hit by a car.

The car, a Kirksville Police car, stopped on the opposite shoulder. A policeman (he must have seen the crash) approached to ask if I was okay. At first, I didn't think I was. But I could still move my shoulder; it wasn't dislocated and nothing seemed broken. The scratches in my ankle were bleeding only trickles. And my palms were bleeding nothing. Somehow, I was fine.

I told him I was fine and he asked again. I think I cracked a joke about my helmet being lucky. I was too shocked by the impact (and the fact that I still had an existence) to be anything other than unfunny and grateful. I was okay when I should have been hurt. I maybe could have died (it certainly seemed so in mid-air),

but I was still breathing. I was fine. Really. And this cop sincerely cared.

He could have driven past me on his way to some crime. He could have left me pondering life and sped away to break up some rowdy party. He could have written me a ticket for my absent front reflector.

Instead, he parked his car to help. He changed my negative image of cops.

When he parked his car and approached me, my first instinct was to hate him. Maybe I've listened to too many NWA, solo Ice Cube and Ice-T anthems. Maybe I saw the infamous Rodney King videotape on national television too many times. Maybe those New York cops shot Diallo about 41 too many times. Maybe I'm scared to eat at that bullet-riddled St. Louis Jack in the Box (which is minutes from my house) nowadays; I've certainly eaten too many of their tacos.

Maybe -- no definitely -- I was distrustful. When he was sure I was alive and he sauntered to his car and he turned around to ask something like, "Hey, since I'm here, I might as well ask you..." I thought he would ask if I was drunk or on drugs and if I would like to come down to the station to be fingerprinted for reckless endangerment to my own body and/or the pavement.

I didn't expect him to ask if I had ever registered my bike and if I would like to do it then while he was there. I told him, "Sure," and I registered my bike. It took about two min-

utes. If it ever gets stolen (I almost wish someone would steal that mean bastard), I might actually be able to get it back.

The policeman asked again if I was okay. I told him I was because, hey, I really was. He asked one more time before returning to his car. I told him one more time and I thanked him twice. I hope I sounded as thankful as I was, grateful for living and for his simple car-

ing. I hope I sounded sincere and not like the NWA fan I am. I hope I sounded like the bike-riding little boy who used to look forward to an Officer Friendly visit.

He told me to tell my friends to register their bikes. In a roundabout way, I'm telling the entire school. If you're looking for a thesis, maybe you've found it.

Or maybe the moral of the story is: Don't go too fast when you're biking down a hill.

Or maybe it's: Love life.

It truly is as precious as this and other cliches. As fast as I was cruising, I can't help but think I should've been hurt worse.

Or: Once again, I shouldn't judge an entire group for the actions of several of its members. (I got in a lot of trouble for that in the *Index* recently.) I shouldn't distrust all cops because of the trigger-ecstatic few.

Or (and this is sad): I fear I'll forget this when the next cop pulls his trigger. I really did see the King video too many times.

Or: Thank you to the Kirksville cop who stopped. Thank you.



## Bush: dumb guy or soft money whore?

opinion by | Aaron Bratcher

Let me get this out of the way up front. I am a Democrat. For two and a half years, I've been a member of Truman's own College Democrats. I'm not trying to be subliminal. Gov. George W. Bush is a tool of the elite.

Let's look at the facts. His running mate, former Defense Secretary Dick Cheney, until recently was the chief executive officer of Halliburton, an oil company. After Bush picked his dad's friend Cheney to be his running mate, he held onto his stock holdings from Halliburton while gas prices soared. Amid great pressure from the media and *Common Cause*, Mr. Cheney finally got rid of his stock holdings so as not to appear beholden to the oil companies. Too bad it's not true. The fact is that Bush's Republican Party receives soft money, essentially from themselves. In 1999, Halliburton contributed \$74,000 to the Republicans, according to *Common Cause* studies.

It doesn't get much better, folks. Last year alone, the Republicans received \$1.16 million from the defense industry (perhaps explaining Bush's emphasis on dramatically increasing the military budget), \$1.6 million from the tobacco companies (\$20,000 from Phillip Morris alone), \$2.6 million from the pharmaceutical lobby and another \$4.3 million from the insurance and health companies (perhaps explaining Bush's reluctance to back health care reform and a patients' bill of rights), \$839,000 from chemical companies like Dow, and \$2,623,523 from the oil industry. Gov. Bush was accepting these huge donations from his running mate's colleagues at a time gas prices nearly bankrupting many of us poor college kids. And isn't it an amazing coincidence that when the Justice Department began investigating these huge companies, gas prices fell? That sure is a lucky coincidence.

I pose these questions to Mr. Bush, Mr. Cheney and Jim Nicholson, Chairman of the Republican National Committee. How much money have you accepted from the defense industry this year? How much money have you accepted from the tobacco lobby this year? How much money have you accepted from the gun lobby this year? How much money have you accepted from the HMO lobby this year? How much money have you accepted from the chemical lobby this year? How much money have you accepted from your friends in the oil lobby this year?

Yes, Gore does take soft money, too. But, at least he has publicly pledged that the first bill he will sign is the campaign finance reform bill proposed by Senators McCain and Feingold. The American people don't want a compassionate conservative, they want a candidate who is not for sale, they want a president who is not for sale, they want a country that is not for sale.

Write for us! Come to The Monitor meeting tonight! 9 p.m. in OP 117.



## The Cynic's Corner

# Don't talk at the urinals

opinion by I Andrew Smithson

Negative thought of the day: Shut up, you annoy me.

### Urinal Etiquette

A wise man once told me that poor restroom habits are the mark of a bad, evil, lying, backstabbing son of a bitch. That may be a relatively harsh way to put it, but the truth embedded in the statement remains. If you pee poorly, you deserve to be looked down upon like the lowest vermin that scrounge the sewers for pieces of leftover haggis.

Urinating is supposed to be a happy occasion. Now, not being a female, I'm not really at liberty to proclaim myself an expert on women's bathroom behavior. However, as far as the men's room is concerned, one should be able to enjoy answering nature's call. Be that as it may, chances are that if you have used a public restroom more than twice in your life, you have run into an individual that can take the joy right out of the "wizz." They use methods such as "the speak and peek," "the crowd," and even the dreaded "deadly distance," but we'll get into those a bit later.

Now some people reading this may very well believe me to be a paranoid schizophrenic rambling on about inane, imaginary issues. The majority of America, however, does not. (And by "majority of America" I mean the twenty or so people I've discussed the issue with.) Anyway, I've created a test for determining the public pissing adeptness of American men between the ages of 14-22. My suspicions were confirmed upon calculating my results. The vast majority of males (roughly 85 percent) knew exactly how to handle themselves in a restroom situation. Approximately 5 percent knew most of the etiquette rules, and therefore could reasonably pass by as a decent human being in a social-piss setting. However, the remaining 10 percent are wreaking havoc on the entire restroom structure. That means one out of every 10 men you see in a public restroom is almost guaranteed to violate one of the most sacred rules of the john.

Now, I've made several references towards these rules that are so important to maintaining bathroom order, but I do believe it is my duty to help inform some of you (mainly the women reading and the 10

percent of men who need all the help available) exactly what these rules are. I haven't the time nor the space to lay out a detailed constitution of the urinal kind, but I'll outline some of the basic ideas.

1) "The Crowd." The crowd is when one individual accepts the urinal directly adjacent to another occupied urinal, even if other urinals without neighbors are available. What this basically means is that if there are five spots and I'm in the far left, don't come right next to me, leave as much distance between us as you can -- that means the optimal choice for you would be the far right.

2) "The Deadly Distance." The deadly distance is when one male attempts to put as much space between himself and the urinal as physics allows. Now, I believe most of us can agree that this is just disgusting.

3) "The Pee-Seat." If for some bizarre reason you go into the stall for a simple #1 and you sadly neglect to put the seat up first, clean the seat off. There are few things in life nastier than sitting on a moist toilet seat.

4) "The Sneak and Peak." This is one of the more grievous offenses. When at adjacent urinals, whether it be because rule number one has been broken, or simply because of how many people there are, DO NOT initiate or participate in conversation of any kind. Conversation leads to eye contact. Eye contact leads to eye contact of a not so innocent nature (looking at Mr. Winky) and nobody wants that. Speaking isn't so bad by itself, but it can lead to the slippery slope we call "The Sneak and Peak."

Those are just some of the most basic of rules. Others include washing your hands, flushing and other extremely basic functions that have been a part of mankind since the establishment of the first public bush that was designated "men." Take note of these rules. Expand upon them and please don't piss on the toilet seat.

Have I offended you? If I have (and I really kind of hope so) send me your thoughts at [c2330@truman.edu](mailto:c2330@truman.edu). I'd like to hear your opinions. If they're valid, I may make a point of them. If they're really stupid, I'd like to make fun of you. Either way, talk to me.

# Money binds our granfalloon

opinion by I John Nguyen

My older brothers have thick Vietnamese accents when they speak English. Combine this with their low, grumbling voices and it becomes hard to pull the syllables apart. To understand the syntax. To decode their words. I, on the other hand, have almost no accent when I speak English. I was born in America and learned both Vietnamese and English at the same time. And despite the fact that I have no accent when I speak English, I can still speak Vietnamese in a way which is tonally correct, mostly. I always felt lucky this way. I was always glad to be able to speak English with clarity. To be able to order a pizza over the phone or read a poem in class without difficulty.

I came to college and studied English and communication.

Despite my studies in literature and composition, I go home and speak to my brothers in broken English. I don't know why. When I'm at home if I speak English, it's with an accent. An accent I don't normally have. I think about how silly I must sound. How ridiculous it must be to hear me speak that way, when I could easily speak another. It's strange when I'm with my friends and I begin speaking in broken English to one of my relatives over the phone. I usually try to avoid it.

But then a few days ago, a foreign exchange student gave a presentation in one of my classes and she spoke English with her accent in full effect. It wasn't difficult to understand. It was just different. It was interesting. Her natural voice came through, undeterred by the language of the Nation. She could not lose her internal nationality. It struck something deep inside of me. For some reason it made me want to not sound the way that I did. It made me want to sound more like my brothers. I suddenly felt as though I had lost something not sounding the way that they did. That I was less of a Vietnamese because of that. That I was just another American. Another average Joe.

I think about how I sound on the phone. I wonder if maybe, if my ancestors could hear me, they might believe I wasn't of their blood at all. I have black hair and narrow eyes and a dark skin tone, but in most other ways I have lost my culture. I left the house that I was born into, when I stepped into the world of pop culture. When I started listening to Industrial music and wearing big pants. I was a kid and I thought it was all cool. That my parents were lame. And the traditions were lame.

A girl I used to know thought it was interesting. That it was impressive to be bilingual and be able to cook Vietnamese food. I didn't take any credit for it. I mean, I didn't choose to be born into a different culture. I didn't

choose to learn what I did. It just happened. And in some ways I was unlearning what had been natural at one point in time. Every once in a while I find myself struggling to remember where the correct stress goes in a Vietnamese word. Every once in a while I don't even feel like a minority. Which I suppose is good. It's good not to feel foreign in your own country. It's good to be melted in the pot with all the rest.

But sometimes I wonder if I should be holding on more. Celebrating diversity, they might call it if it were instituted by the school. Some people don't even know what country their last names come from. Is it trivial? Is it a petty thing? Seriously. Some people say you should definitely hold onto your roots. Don't sell the farm. Keep the tribal nuance. Wear the colors. But I don't know. I feel it deep inside that I should. I feel that I need more to belong to than a culture of TV and pop music and fast food. But do I? Is there actually a deeper tradition. A more meaningful way of thinking about my life's significance?

Kurt Vonnegut would call this a granfalloon. Granfalloon means people who group themselves together for no good reason. He called the Aryan race of Hitler's a granfalloon.

I think I might be calling America a granfalloon. We are bonded by our slang. And our type of dress. The music we listen to. The job we do. The neighborhoods we grow up in. We are represented by our clothes. We accept the culture that looks like us and speaks like us. That has root in nothing really. Except maybe coincidence.

I don't want to be linked to people by coincidence. By locality. I don't want to celebrate the home team just because it's the home team. But I don't know what else to do. I don't even know what else there is.

What do you think? I don't know what to think. Should there be a Black history month? Should there also be an Asian one? Or an Aboriginal one? Or a Viking one? Does it matter?

It's happening everywhere.

I'm beginning to think America's culture is its economy. I'm afraid America's culture is its economy. It's not tradition. It's not social value. It's not a group's moral or ethical values. It's what is profit. What is a commodity. What will sell the individual into the group. What will sell the group into the nation. What will keep the nation stable. Melted and undifferentiated.

Until we all sound like John F. Kennedy and we all look like Ken and Barbie.

And you would never know the color of my eyes.

# Televised time-delays cheapen Olympic spirit

opinion by I JJ Pionke

OK, what is the deal with NBC time-delaying all of the Olympic stuff? Sometime last Thursday night when most of us were in bed, the Olympics opened in Sydney, Australia. What is the deal with that? I want to watch stuff live! Instead I had to wait until Friday night to watch the opening ceremonies.

Yet Friday morning when I flipped on Headline News, the anchorwoman is cheerfully telling me that North and South Korea is united under one flag, that an Aboriginal athlete was the surprise final carrier of the Olym-

pic Torch and that the games are progressing nicely! ARGH!

What is the use of NBC even airing this stuff time-delayed when I can find out all of the results beforehand on the Internet or through Headline News?

I would rather get up at 3 a.m. and watch some of the events live then see them a day later, after the fact. I remember at the last Winter Olympics a group of us diehard women's hockey fans staying up until the wee hours to catch the U.S. women's team slaughter their

rivals. It lent a certain amount of excitement to the whole idea of the Olympics.

I mean, you have to admit, there was some craziness going on when you take a three hour nap and then get up and watch a couple of hours of hockey and then trudge to class after another nap. So it was not the best thing for my grades, but it was still cool and far better watching it live.

It sucks knowing that these Olympics are not being run live because the experience somehow has been cheapened, like I am watching

an old rerun looking for the mistakes or triumphs that I know are coming.

Of course, I could just not watch Headline News at all and not get online for the duration, but what about my e-mail? That is how I keep in touch with my parents; I have to get online. I don't read the newspaper; I keep up with national and world events through CNN and Headline News.

In my opinion, NBC has made a mistake. I know that they have certainly put a damper on my Olympic viewing pleasure.

# Sexual harassment not something to joke about

opinion by I Sean O'Brien

Sexual harassment is a tricky subject. It is one of those topics that almost inevitably wind up being evaded via nervous laughter. Until, of course, it happens to you or someone you care about. I guess I should consider it a good thing, then, that when my little corner of Missouri Hall met a month ago for our annual back-to-school sexual harassment speech, everyone was laughing. No one meant any harm by it, I am sure. And yet, I still couldn't help but wonder if there wasn't some way for that speech to wind up as something other than a joke each year.

The school takes sexual harassment seriously enough to require all Student Advisers to attend workshops on the subject before starting the school year, according to MO Hall SA Justin Kempf. Justin also said that, despite the SA training, keeping the sexual harassment speech serious is something of an impossible dream, because it is always a tough topic that residents typically deal with through wisecracks rather than uncomfortable silences.

The speech gave residents all the information about sexual harassment that it intended to; we even got little pamphlets in case we weren't taking good notes. So the message got across, didn't it? We've all been hearing it all our lives, anyway, right? Then why did I still find the audience reaction so unsettling? I don't mean to imply that I think any of the guys in that room (our SA's split up guys and girls for separate speeches) are going to go out and sexually harass anyone. But still...

I don't know exactly what I'm trying to say. I don't blame the guys for laughing. Some of the stuff in that pamphlet is bordering on ludicrous. But what if someone in that group, male or female, had been a victim of sexual harassment? Unintentionally, the reaction of everyone else in the room would probably have struck a very, very raw nerve. As far as I know, that wasn't the case. But it could have been. Surely there's something to be done to prevent that?

Kempf said the SA's in each house put together their own speeches; a mass-produced one is not handed to all the SA's to be read verbatim. While this does allow speeches to be tailored to their audience, it does not allow for as much improvement to be made on the speeches based on past experiences. This is counterbalanced by the policy of pairing each new SA with a veteran one, which ensures that each house will have at least one SA who has been through the process before, and can spot in advance some of the hidden pitfalls of the job such as, perhaps, the ever-awkward sexual harassment speech.

Maybe I'm looking for a perfect solution where there is none; either nervous laughter must remain the rule for sexual harassment speeches or awkwardness will abound. What do you think? Am I making something out of nothing? Or is there something to this -- does anyone wonder why these things always wind up jokes? I'm not asking you to lose any sleep over it. All I'm really asking is for you to think about it and answer those questions for yourself. I mean, that's all I can do. Right?

# Few are really from St. Louis

opinion by I Joe Rothermich

I am from St. Louis.

This is probably one of the most frequent responses you will hear on the Truman campus. But there is a problem with this: 90 percent of the people who say this are lying to you. To date I know seven people, including myself, here at Truman that actually live inside the city limits. So where do the rest of these so-called St. Louisans come from? From the surrounding areas such as Chesterfield, Ballwin, Fenton, South County and Manchester just to name a few.

Why do you people insist on claiming to be from St. Louis when you actually live in an entirely different town or city? It doesn't really make a lot of sense. Most you will argue you say you're from St. Louis for geographic reference to those on campus from other areas. You will claim, "If I told people where I am really from they wouldn't have any idea where I live." But wait! There is a simple solution to this problem. Next time you someone asks you where you are from, you say, "I am from Chesterfield, Mo., about 20 miles west of St. Louis." Now come on, how hard is it say a few extra words?

Now you are probably asking yourself why is this such a big deal to me? The answer is very simple. The majority of you county dwellers have many misconceptions about the city. First Forest Park and the Zoo are *not* downtown. I live in the city; this

doesn't mean I live in a ghetto. I live in the city and I have never been shot at or seen a drive-by shooting. I've never had a drug dealer working my neighborhood. And most neighborhoods are safe at night. In the city we have these things called streetlights. They light up the city at night for safety and other reasons. Amazing isn't it?

I will admit the city does have its bad neighborhoods. There are places I wouldn't walk even in during broad daylight. The misconception here is that the majority of the city consists of rundown, crime-riddled areas with drugs and gangs patrolling the streets. On the contrary, the majority of neighborhoods in the city are filled with beautiful houses, clean, safe neighborhoods and a closeness no suburb can offer.

The closeness I just mentioned, it is obvious. Within a two-mile radius of my house, I have a three-star restaurant (not a chain), three parks, a 7-11, Blockbuster and Hollywood videos, a public library, a supermarket, Target and more shops than any of those little local county "shopping areas" contain. How many of you in the county live close enough to all these places that you could actually walk to them in a reasonable amount of time?

So please, all you not from the city, tell people where you are really from and give the city a chance; it is truly a nice place to live.

# Don't drive; walk to class

opinion by I Amanda Romine

I'll admit it. Even I have driven from Pershing to Barnett on a rainy morning, but that doesn't make it right. A big complaint from students this year (and last year, too) seems to be that there are never enough parking lots for everyone. The next complaint is gas prices.

I think I may have a solution. Don't drive so much.

There are two main problems here. Some students (from far away places) need somewhere to put their cars. That's understandable. The other is that students don't want to walk.

First, I'll address the issue of where to store your car. Assuming it is necessary to bring your car to school, I am sure that a parking place exists for every car, though it may not be right outside your window. And here's another thing. Contrary to popular belief, it is possible to walk everywhere in Kirksville.

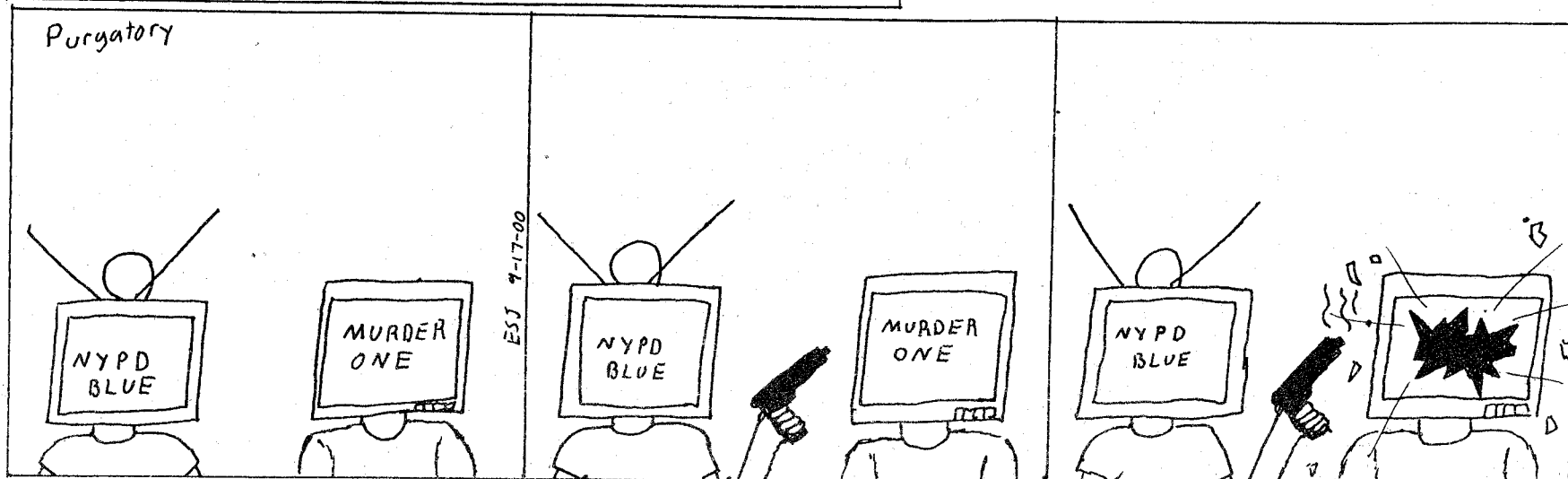
I suppose that leads me to my next point. Parking, sidewalks, blah, blah, blah... Walk! I hate to admit it, but some-

times it is pretty nice to walk. I get a chance to admire the trees, breathe some fresh air, check out the squirrels, yell at cars, get some sun, whatever.

There's another complaint I hear, that Truman should build sidewalks where students walk. Well, I think it's pretty obvious they're trying. Perhaps if we all take that extra second to stay off the dirt paths then a little grass could grow.

Now, back to the walking. I know it may not be the typical idea of fun to walk from campus to Wal-Mart, but I know it is *not* impossible to find a ride out there. And, if a ride is unattainable, it only costs a couple bucks to take a cab, which is an especially appealing idea considering the rising price of gas. And, you don't have to go to Wal-Mart all the time. There are a plethora of shops downtown and on Baltimore if you just feel like shopping and the theater will soon be there, too. HyVee is only moments away, and though they may not have a one-pound box of Junior Mints, they do have toothpaste.

Maybe I'm just griping. And maybe you could call me a hypocrite for driving to Taco Bell from my class in Ryle. But maybe after reading this, I will gain a new perspective and start walking a little more.



# "Damn, do I need some sex!" means nothing

**Sex as a Verb: Living and Loving Part 1 of 3**

**opinion by I John Halski**

"We may eventually come to realize that chastity is no more a virtue than malnutrition."

--Seen on a button

The challenge is mine; I know it. The article says SEX is big bold letters at the top, instantly grabbing everyone's attention for about twenty seconds. So now I have to tell you something both interesting enough to keep your eyes panning on down and insightful enough to warrant resorting to such a cheap crowd-pleaser as SEX.

Okay, so here we go. I decided some time over the summer that during my last semester here at Truman I would use (or abuse?) *The Monitor* to relate what I've learned about life while here in the hopes that it opens discussions. The lesson for this week is one often heard but not always taken seriously, not in the way school and family are taken seriously.

I like sex.

Yep, after nine years of Catholic elementary schooling and four years of Jesuit high school education I can say, "I like sex." Personally, I think that's no easy feat. Now, it's not a novel expression, nor do I suggest that it is. I've heard it plenty of times, ever since my peers discovered the word. We ought to take a second to reflect on how it's said.

Think of all the times you've heard the expression, "I like sex" or some variation thereof in the past week. What? One, two hundred times? Okay, so we're a free loving people ... now eliminate all the times it was said as a bonding ritual amongst friends. I'm

talking about at bars, parties, whatever. "Damn, do I need some sex!" "Give me a piece of that!" I suggest that the statement has little to do with actual sex. It's the difference between saying, "I'm going to kill that guy" and saying, "I have a problem with that person that I want to rectify." The former is an empty phrase used to vent while with friends and is otherwise meaningless.

Next, I also want you to eliminate any times it was said as some kind of confession. None of this, "I had impure thoughts last night." Oh, no, I want only purely honest and guiltless talk of wanting sex, actual interpersonal interaction done with mutual consent; wanting it as one wants a meal or a good night's sleep. Now what's the count? One, two times?

How often do we actually talk about our sexual desires, as a genuine human function that requires our attention? How often do we talk about it neither as a naughty game or an act of pure degeneracy? Only when something is so taboo, when so many arbitrary lines are drawn, will tension swarm around it. But why? Okay, so it's a powerful human sensation, meant to be shared between consenting adults who are ready to listen to one another and be honest at all times. What in that description tells us to discuss sex only as a degenerate act?

Sex, sex, sex, let's confront it: not as a social ill on which to "crack down," not as a competition between friends or as proof of one's manliness or womanliness, but as a shared sacrament meant for all of us. For those who talk of procreation-exclusive sex, we can have a lot more orgasms than we can produce fetuses. We can also have a lot more meaningful (and pleasurable) orgasms by sharing them with close friends than we can while masturbating atop random strangers.

"HOW IRRESPONSIBLE!"

I can already read the letter in my head,

sure to appear in the following issue of the Monitor. To save you the trouble, and to facilitate my argument, I'm going to write it for you:

Dear John:

*Your latest rant proved highly irresponsible, especially in this age of STD's and unwanted pregnancies. It is one thing to live a degenerate lifestyle and quite another to peddle it not only as normal but as some ideal. While you may enjoy casual sex without consequence, my boy/girlfriend and I have chosen a much more conscientious path. Out of our love and respect for one another, we have decided together to wait. I can only pray you do not fall victim to AIDS or have to watch your significant other choose between an abortion and an unwanted child.*

Sincerely, Jane/Joe Student

By my estimation, this is going through the heads of at least a few of you reading this, and I hope you do not mind if I attempt to answer these criticisms now. (Of course, there is the possibility that everyone out there already agrees with me 100 percent, but I give *The Monitor* credit for having a larger base of readers than myself.)

#1. Degenerate lifestyle?

This is a straw-man argument, suggesting that I belong to some school of fornicators, along with the atheists, druggies, fifth columnists, whoever. In response I can only point out that I have admitted to no activity on my part, only my emotions on the matter.

#2. Sex without consequence?

Well, first and foremost, we have the consequence of pleasure, which I would never disregard or underestimate! Genuinely something so good lends itself easily to abuse, which be-

comes no longer pleasurable. Try a little experiment at home. Drink until you puke, but only if you have never done so before. See if it comes naturally or if you have to force yourself to do it. See if you enjoy it any longer. Yes, there are consequences to sex, as well as to anything else.

#3. Conscientious?

If only we all had the same social hang-ups over wasting food, excessive television or driving! All you students of statistics out there, try comparing the deaths due to car wrecks versus deaths due to STDs. Whenever STDs get close, they're still behind. Next, conduct a little experiment. Set aside Group A, comprised of adults who never touch another person sexually for a year. Then set aside Group B, comprised of adults who never drive a car for a year. Then survey them at the end to determine personal contentment by year's end.

I'd be more than happy to give up driver's education in our schools and teach car-abstention to our youth. The protection of a safety belt just doesn't cut it, and it is decidedly healthier to bike. (I'd bring in public transportation, but then the analogy just goes haywire!)

#4. Love and respect?

So, you sat down with your partner and made an intelligent choice to interact in a way you find mutually satisfying? Absolutely wonderful! I can find nothing so ideal as any two individuals, regardless of age, sex, ability, etc., deciding upon a healthy way to relate to one another and express their love. I hope your relationship is as good as it sounds. I sincerely wish you the best of luck.

I'm hoping in retrospect that I raised more issues than ire. Admittedly, I'm not always the best at accomplishing that, but there's plenty of time for response letters! I would strongly encourage it.

# Fraternity stereotypes have some grain of truth

**opinion by I Cameron Moore and Jesse Pasley**

Taking a cue from the recent debacle in the *Index* concerning Greek image/stereotyping, this piece will attempt to reconcile some of the issues surrounding Greek image. And while the original article and subsequent letters in the *Index* focused on sororities, we have decided deal with problems more associated with fraternities on this campus because we have more direct experience with these issues and we wish to address problems that were not mentioned in the *Index*.

Let's start with the term fraternity. Brotherhood? An order of gentlemen? Indeed, the term fraternity sounds nice, friendly and classy (at first). Somehow, the word invokes a sense of turning boys into men, to make "civilized" gentlemen. And many men within the Greek system believe in this and even attempt it. Organized dress-up days and well-mannered students are products of such aspirations. Yet, closer examination on the word fraternity, in the minds of many people, reveals images of beer-guzzling sports fans with misogynistic or elitist tendencies. Are these vicious stereotypes we concoct on our own or are they simply a prod-

uct of reality?

While stereotypes of this kind may be unwarranted at times, they are not unfounded. It's interesting to see on weekend nights jeep-loads of crude boys yelling things like, "I hope you die faggot," as they drive by with their Greek letters in full view. Or being chased into the streets by beer-can-chucking hooligans as they yell words like "faggot" and "homo." Again, wearing T-shirts of their respective Greek organizations. And let's not forget the group of drunken frat boys that turned over dumpsters and threw trash all over behind Ryle Hall last week. Anyway, we hope you get the idea: Greek in these cases means hatred. And that's a hard stereotype to shake off.

Maybe those are just a few bad apples (at least we hope so), but considering other ludicrous happenings within the Greek system still makes one wonder. Take for instance the rush assemblies that are held once a semester to give rushees a sense of what the fraternities on this campus are like. Speeches are given by representatives of each social fraternity. It seems reasonable to think these speeches would offer the best aspects of Greek life: humor, kindness, brotherhood.

But the reality of these speeches, at least in our experience, involves organizations touting "hot girls wearing white T-shirts, asking you to write all over them." This was a claim that happened this semester, with freshman giving each other high-fives while the only female in the room looked rather uncomfortable and probably even a little degraded. Subsequent speeches involved organizations reassuring the freshmen that their parties would have lots of "hot chicks" too, so they shouldn't limit themselves to any one party or organization. This doesn't even begin to touch on the subject of the parties themselves, which from what we hear, involved spraying said girls in white T-shirts with water guns, which doesn't sound very "gentlemanly" at all. If these organizations don't want stereotypes, they aren't doing much to avoid them and are even using them to lure in freshmen.

However, there is no doubt between us that many male students find what they came looking for when they joined a fraternity, whether it be as simple as fun and brotherhood or higher ideals. For many, the Greek system has worked. Indeed, we cannot condemn the

entire Greek system. But if people complain they are being prejudged because they are in a fraternity or sorority, then they are out of luck. When you wear Greek letters, it is no different than putting on a police uniform, a football helmet or a suit of armor: you can't expect to be treated without a small amount of prejudice. Because components of the Greek system choose to represent themselves with poor taste, the prejudice on fraternities will remain, and no amount of "open-mindedness" on the part of independents will help this.

We hope this hasn't become a sermon on how fraternity members should act. Please, by all means, drink and be merry, be wild and maybe a tad uncivilized; do whatever you think you should do to enhance your Greek experience. But don't think for a moment that the Greek system doesn't look like a joke to many people, or that elitism, racism, sexism or just downright crudeness doesn't exist in the Greek system.

Again, this article does focus on the problems with the male half of the Greek system on campus, and it is the hope that this article will make people, Greek or independent, think about these issues.



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# Advice from the Afterlife

Deep in the catacombs of Monitor Tower, away from the prying eyes of morality and ethics, the most unholy corps of Monitor scientists have opened a portal to the underworld to communicate with the dead. Through this folly of modern technology, we are pleased to bring to you the advice of these great figures of old.

This week's supernatural and extremely dead guest is:

EVE



10000BC?..?

Eve was squatting at this pretty posh joint called Eden when she got involved in a bizarre love triangle with a simple man, an omnipotent deity and a serpent. To make a long story short, there was "some unpleasantness," according to all concerned, and she and

her idiot boyfriend had to split. Her achievements include inventing clothing and giving birth to the entire human race.

Dear Eve,

A vacuum cleaner salesman keeps coming to my house trying to sell me one of his high-powered vacuums. I already have one but he keeps forcing his way in the door anyway. How do I tell him to stay away so he won't ever come back?

Think about it. What's the worst that could happen? Could you participate in the condemnation of the entire human race to an eternity of suffering? Let the man show you his vacuum, then.

Dear Eve,

My twin sons are constantly quarreling over girls, possessions and which one of them their father loves best. It's nearly come to blows several times. How do I settle them down?

Think about it. What's the worst that could happen? Let the boys sort it out themselves, because boys will be boys.

Dear Eve,

I have several pounds of organic apples that I would like to turn into applesauce. Thing is, I fear they might be too old. What's the average shelf life of organic apples?

Think about it. What's the worst that could happen? A bad batch of applesauce? One bad apple spoils the bunch. Believe me, I know.

Dear Eve,

I have some friends who drink and they're always asking me to drink it up with them. I want to be popular, but most people tell me alcohol is bad news. What to do?

Think about it. What's the worst that could happen? When I lived in Eden, "try anything once" was our motto.

Dear Eve,

I'm very upset about the Faculty Senate's proposal to institute a "W" policy on student transcripts. What right do they have to toy with our futures in this manner? How can they even consider dropping such a burden on us?

Think about it. What's the worst that could happen? Students might actually have to do a bit of research for the classes they will take -- and then, unfortunately, they might actually have to commit to the classes they do sign up for. What a nightmare!

# CIRCLE MUSIC

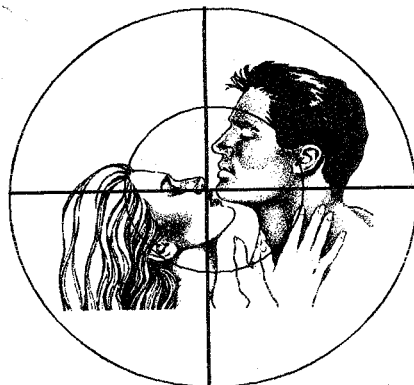
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## Part 2: To Puff or Not To Puff...

feature by Lisa Magierowski

Smoking isn't merely a habit; it's a lifestyle. Let me explain. Earlier this summer, one of my "home friends" and I were shooting-the-shit over a beer and the conversation eventually veered toward men. She casually asked if I liked anyone at work (I was a valet at a Casino in Kansas City. Interesting job, good tips.) and I told her I liked one guy in particular. He had a cute face, superb body, good personality and he smoked.

She was shocked. "So now you want a guy who smokes? Jesus! You really are an addict." This threw me for a loop. I had mentioned he smoked without really thinking about why that was a turn-on. After picking

# Chutes and Ladders

An on-going look at Truman State relationships

my brain and breaking open another High Life (don't laugh) I figured out my reasoning.

As a smoker, I'm more comfortable dating another smoker. I don't have to worry about bombarding him with secondhand smoke, deciding between smoking and nonsmoking at a restaurant or tasting like an astray when he kisses me. And I know the last is an issue for many nonsmokers I interviewed who had partners who smoked. The only exception to this was when one of these nonsmokers, lets call him Farty, told me, "It doesn't matter -- when I'm drunk... Wait, that didn't come out right. Don't quote me on that." Sorry, Farty.

So, I'm back to my initial mantra: smoking is a lifestyle. It affects not only your pocket-book but your thinking too: you find yourself motivating yourself while studying, saying things like, "If I study Bio for only 10 more minutes, I can have a smoke break." Or, "If my boyfriend would just orgasm, I can light up." Just kidding... I think.

Analyzing my motivations for choosing one particular cute face out of a sea of cute faces began to wear on my frontal lobes (take that as you will), so I decided to see what other Truman students thought about their own smoking relationships. But where could I find a group of talkative smokers at 4 in the afternoon? OF

COURSE! The back room of Java Co., oh yeah.

After settling on the plush mocha/Marlboro-scented sofa, my roommate, Erika, and I took advantage of a lull in the conversation. Question: Do you look for a significant other who smokes? Answer: Surprisingly enough, it was a unanimously big no. It seems that most of the quiche-lovin' patrons didn't knowingly seek out significant others who lit up. Most acknowledged that having a snuggle-bunny who smoked was convenient, but not imperative. (OK, OK. Maybe snuggle-bunny wasn't their exact word. It might have been something like pumpkin-butt).

So, the verdict: Smoking might be annoying for you nonsmokers, but us laid-back nicotine addicts don't give a flying fuck what you think. Final thought: Sometimes, when you find out your ex dated two girls behind your back or when you discover you started your period a week early and ruined your favorite pair of Victoria's Secret panties (let's just label these "random" examples), a smooth drag on a Kamel Red Light is just what the doctor ordered.

# This article is brought to you by the letter

story by Rachel Schulz and Matthew Webber

**“W**hen the ‘W’ issue came up again, I was livid,” Student Senator Matthew Gorton said. “I felt that for the first time we had been listened to and then ignored. They [faculty senators] are not listening to us, period.”

But Gorton and the other student senators are certainly speaking -- through newspaper advertisements, interviews and an anti-“W” petition. At the next Faculty Senate meeting, many of these students will speak their dissent -- again.

Somewhere between 50 and 80 students attended the Feb. 24 Faculty Senate meeting at which the Senate voted on the “W” policy. After listening to many of these students speak, Faculty Senate did not pass the policy, which would have added a “W” to the transcripts of students who dropped a class after four weeks.

Student Senator John Hilton praised the speakers and the “listening” faculty senators in a March 21 letter to *The Monitor*.

“There is no reason that they [faculty senators] should again quit listening,” he wrote.

Now, the faculty senators will have to listen to students again.

On Sep. 28 at 3 p.m. in the SUB Alumni Room, Faculty Senate is likely to vote on the “W” policy. This policy allows students a four-week add/drop period with no academic penalty for a dropped class. However, if a student drops a class after four weeks, a “W” will show up on his/her transcript.

The “W” will not factor into the student’s GPA while he/she is a student at Truman.

Currently, students have ten weeks to drop a class without academic penalty.

## Course availability is no longer an issue

Any University student who has ever waited in the McClain Hall tunnel to register for classes knows how quickly certain classes close.

In a word, course availability (or the lack thereof) at Truman is a problem.

The original “W” policy attempted to address this issue by “penalizing students for dropping classes,” Jessica Post, a Student Senator and member of a Faculty Senate ad hoc committee on the add/drop issue, said.

The policy had a one-week add/drop period before it was amended to four weeks.

An underlying assumption of the original policy was that many students take more classes than they plan on completing because there is no financial risk in registering for more hours than a student intends to take. Truman has an unusual system of tuition in that students pay the same tuition whether they take 12 or 17 hours.

This gives students the financial flexibility to drop one class and still be considered a full-time student.

The possibility of a “W” on their transcripts would presumably encourage these students to choose their classes more carefully and not drop them so frequently. This would enable other stu-

dents to enroll in classes that otherwise would fill up.

Another assumption was that if students dropped their classes only one week into the semester, it would be early enough for other students to enroll.

A “W” “might help course availability because students can still often add courses the second week of class,” Teresa Heckert, Faculty Senate President, said.

However, lengthening the penalty-free add/drop policy to four weeks weakened Faculty Senate’s course availability argument, Post said.

“It is nearly impossible for a student to begin a class in the third week of classes,” she said.

Faculty Senators are aware that the amended policy does not affect course availability.

“There were comments from students [in the Sep. 14 issue of the *Index*] who said this is not going to address course availability,” Heckert said. “We’re well aware it won’t help course availability.”

Matt Gorton also realizes course availability is no longer an issue, but he further opposes the “W” policy because the faculty members to whom he has talked who are not on Faculty Senate “are still under the impression” that the “W” will somehow help solve the course availability problem.

## Academic integrity: transcripts should accurately represent students academic careers

Karon Speckman, the Department of Language and Literature’s representative to Faculty Senate, said academic integrity was the most important issue involving the “W” -- not the course availability issue from which it sprung.

A transcript should represent a student’s work “in an accurate way,” she said. “A lot of faculty feel that now our withdraw policy, our ‘W’ policy, is so late. You can withdraw so far into the semester that nobody would ever know.”

Speckman said she understood how a “W” on one’s transcript might negatively affect one’s chances of acceptance to graduate school, “but shouldn’t we be on the same level as everybody else?” she asked.

David Christiansen, a member of the Undergraduate Council, said the University was “disingenuous with our current transcript policy. Students don’t have ‘Ws’ on their transcripts and when they apply to graduate, medical and law schools, those schools are anticipating that the ‘Ws’ would appear on their transcripts if, in fact, they dropped a course. From my experience, that’s the way the vast majority of universities work.

“A lot of faculty members support the ‘W’ policy because they thought it was more in line with their expectations,” he said. “We could remove any doubt or feeling from the mind of an outside observer that our university was trying to cover up or trying to give [our students] an unfair advantage. We need to step in line with what other universities are doing.”

An alternative to the “W” that would increase the integrity of Truman transcripts and not involve the use of the “W” is the use of a disclaimer. The disclaimer could simply say “Truman State University does not record ‘Ws’.”

“That would remove any possible objection that we’re trying to mislead outside institutions,” Christiansen said.

Heckert said a Faculty Senate committee gathered information on how graduate schools viewed a “W” and what other universities’ policies were.

The committee studied 10 other “comparable” universities. Seven of the 10 universities added a “W” to a student’s transcript if he/she withdrew after the fourth week of school.

“If most universities are going to put a ‘W’ [on your transcript] if you drop after about a month, versus us who are going to give you two thirds of the semester before we’ll actually acknowledge you were in the class -- that seems to be a problem,” Heckert said. “Our transcripts are not comparable to other schools’ transcripts.”

In cases of illness, death in the family and other personal crises, students will still probably be able to drop classes after the fourth week without academic penalty.

## “W” punishes students

Student Senate has raised several arguments against the “W,” one of which is that it will punish incoming students.

“[Student] Senate continues to argue that any type of this policy hurts incoming students,” Post said.

For example, freshmen are preregistered by the University and have no direct control over their schedules. Additionally, they may not know the proper add/drop procedures.

Another argument is that a “W” may discourage students from taking challenging courses outside of their major, which would not be conducive to the University’s mission as a Liberal Arts and Sciences University.

According to “N’Print,” the official publication of Student Senate, “The ‘W’ is contrary to our university’s mission to provide a Liberal Arts and Sciences university. Because students are encouraged to expand into other areas and should be given time to evaluate their class performance, students should not have to be punished with a ‘W’ on their transcripts.”

The “W” policy may negatively affect minorities, first generation college students and students with disabilities. Academic penalties like the “W” could result in a decreased retention rate for these students, something that is already a problem at Truman.

Post said although there is no “universality” for the consideration of the “W” at the graduate level, most graduate, medical and law

schools do not look favorably on a student’s transcript that has more than one or two “Ws.”

Graduate schools rarely recalculate a student’s GPA substituting a 0.0 for a “W,” but many do look on the “W” as a failure.

Gorton said the official Student Senate stance on the issue, in one word, is “yikes.”

“Why would they [Faculty Senate] want to do this?” Gorton said. “They say it’s going to make our university more prestigious. The Student Senate stance on this policy is ‘No, we do not want this,’ period.”

## Students oppose the policy - or do they?

Gorton said the other students with whom he has talked oppose the policy.

“I can undoubtedly say we [Student Senate] are representing the idea of the student body,” Gorton said. “When I explain the situation to students, they say, ‘Why would they want to do this to me?’ A lot of them take it personally, almost as, ‘This University is out to get me.’”

Student Senate is focusing its attention on students through “N’Print” and an anti-“W” petition. They will present their petition at the Sept. 28 Faculty Senate meeting. Senate is telling students to talk to their professors to express their disapproval or to sign up to speak at that meeting.

Students who wish to speak should contact the Faculty Senate secretary in the Vice President of Academic Affairs’ office. The secretary will create a list of speakers. Students will have three minutes to speak on this topic. Any student who wishes to speak will be able to if they contact the Faculty Senate secretary before noon on Sept. 28.

Heckert said Faculty Senate recognizes that there are students who disagree with the “W” policy. However, “Eighty students showing up [to the meeting] or even 100 students doesn’t tell me what the other 6,100 students feel about the resolution. And I’m really reluctant to assume that because a few students are opposed that everyone is.”

Student Senate has never taken a student opinion poll or referendum on the “W” policy.

Junior Spencer Lunnemann said he heard a lot about the “W” proposal last year when the policy first came up and he was reminded of the details when an SA posted something.

“I don’t feel students should be penalized for dropping a class because they may not have correctly anticipated the amount of work they had to do,” he said. “Kids shouldn’t be penalized for taking too many classes.”

Junior Don Schisler said he thought the “W” policy was stupid.

“I feel bad for anybody who wants to go to grad school,” he said. “Most people don’t care, but I think there are enough people who do care that they [Faculty Senate] should scrap it.”

Schisler learned of the “W” policy through the newspapers and student senators.

Sophomore Megan McCorkle said she knew a lot of people who were upset about the “W” policy. She wasn’t sure how the policy would effect her.

“Someone on Student Senate tried to explain it to me and then I was really confused,” she said.

# So you wanna graduate?

story by | Rachel Schulz

Most Truman students know someone who is on the five-year plan and tragically, most often this person is ourselves. This "super senior" plan that so many Truman students are on is caused primarily by Truman's Liberal Studies Program which requires all students to have at least sixty-three semester hours of Liberal Arts and Sciences Courses in addition to major requirements.

Dr. David Christiansen of the Division of Language and Literature was chosen this past summer to be the Director of Interdisciplinary Studies and was given the mission of getting students out of here as soon as possible. His role as Director of Interdisciplinary Studies charges him with making sure that there are ample courses available to students so that they can fulfill all of the LSP in an efficient and timely fashion and give more attention to their major requirements.

The areas of the LSP that have been particularly difficult for students to fulfill in the past and which are now being given special attention are writing enhanced, JINS, intercultural and communicative courses. These areas do not have a home discipline; therefore, it is more difficult to get professors to list their classes within these areas.

Christiansen is facilitating your speedy graduation by supporting faculty in the creation of new courses and adaptation of existing courses to offer more classes in the areas of the LSP that are most difficult to fulfill.

He is also presently overseeing a process to provide faculty members who have experience in the creation of LSP courses to serve as

mentors or as a resource for faculty members who have not yet created LSP courses.

Christiansen said there are many new course proposals coming in and "There are already a lot of courses that are de facto writing enhanced or intercultural, but the faculty hasn't sent them forth yet."

As soon as Christiansen finishes handling new course ideas he has already received from the faculty, he will begin approaching professors about adding their classes to the LSP course list.

Christiansen said he feels there will be many more options for LSP courses for future students.

He promised, "It's going to be easier for students in the future to get their three writing enhanced courses."

Dr. Christiansen advises students that the best way to fulfill the LSP as quickly as possible is to double count courses and take advantage of your academic advisor.

He said, "If you plan ahead and talk to your advisor, you can take care of the LSP in a very efficient manner and free up more time for electives."

Although most of us think that scheduling for our LSP classes is exceedingly annoying, for some reason Dr. Christiansen is very happy in his new appointment. He said he is enjoying working with the faculty across campus, because the vast majority has been very enthusiastic about Truman's goal of creating more interdisciplinary courses. He also said he is having a lot of fun. Hey, whatever gives you your kicks...

# Second City makes some laugh, others cringe

story by | Daniel Becker

On Fri., Sept. 8, the comedians of Second City performed to a packed Baldwin Auditorium. While many students said they found their skits and improvisations harmlessly entertaining, others said they thought the performance was tasteless, even outright offensive. Three skits in particular have been criticized as insensitive.

Safety is a major concern on campus (escorts are available for students walking home at night and the blue lights of the emergency phones can be seen all over the University) and many students feel that the stalker humor of the serial killer skit was inappropriate. Although junior Logan Banks thought the skit was humorous, he admitted, "If someone was really sensitive, they might be offended."

Karen Graci's girl scout skit, which was little more than an 13-year-old character repeating choice phrases such as "fucking cunt," also raised many questions concerning its propriety.

Junior Jared Hurst said, "It just wasn't funny... It got old pretty quick."

However, freshman Megan Dougherty disagreed. "I thought it was hilarious!" she said. "My friend and I started laughing and clapping and then we looked around and realized no one else was."

Perhaps the most questionable skit of all was the spelling bee skit, where the judge tormented a little Jewish girl with slanders such as, "Your people killed Jesus Christ." Commenting on the anti-Semitic jokes, sophomore Kevin Meyers said, "I understand people being offended, but they took enough shots at everyone that no one group can say they were singled out."

Some found *Second City's* lewd language and questionable subject matter hilarious, others found it offensive. However, few will disagree with freshman Matt Anderson as he said, "It was all insensitive, but that's what humor is."

## Sept. 10 Student Senate Minutes

- Free 28.8 kbps Internet connections may be provided for off-campus students, but there is concern over providing 24-hour technical support.
- Voter registration cards will be distributed by Student Advisers in all residence halls.
- Six full-time students are needed for a judicial board.
- A great deal of concern was voiced in relation to the new "W" policy being voted on in an upcoming Faculty Senate meeting. (For the full story, see page 9.)

compiled by Daniel Becker

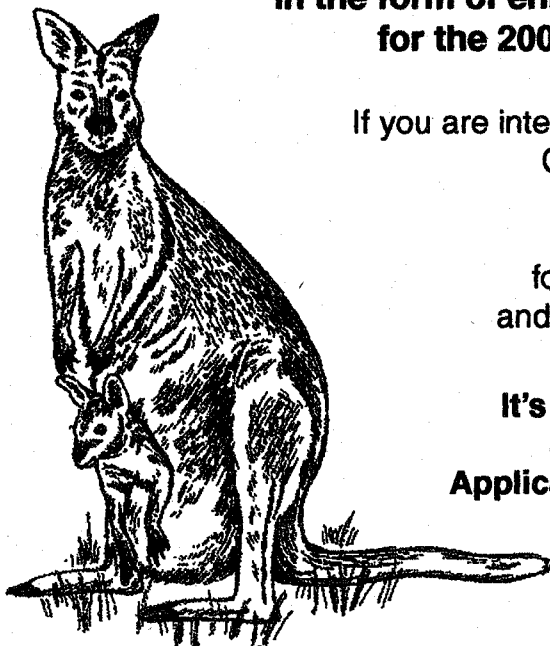
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# "God hates fags?" Well, I hate morons

feature by I Cameron Moore

Truman State University students, beware! There are those on this campus that would have you believe that God loves us all. They preach and insist that our God is a loving God. I was under this impression as well until today, but thankfully I came across the Westboro Baptist Church Web site. I have now been enlightened to the true nature of God, who is not a humble, loving entity as we have all assumed, but rather a powder keg full of raging hate waiting to explode. Thankfully, God doesn't hate us all, though. He manages to squeeze all of his holy hate from all of mankind into an intensified holy hate for one demographic: fags.

Don't be alarmed by my use of the word "fag," for the Westboro Baptist Church Web site, which can be found at <http://www.godhatesfags.com>, offers a very reasonable explanation for their use of the word: "We use it because it is a metaphor chosen by the Holy Ghost to describe a group of people who BURN in their lust one toward another, and who FUEL God's wrath." Whew, I was under the impression that it was just hateful people who called homosexuals "fags," but it appears it is the word of our hateful God to call people as such. But aside from using holy hate as an excuse, the Westboro Baptist Church also interjects some of their own insight into this situation: "Just as a 'fag' fuels the fires of nature, so does a sodomite fuel the fires of God's wrath."

So maybe the use of the word "fag" doesn't bother you. Maybe it's all this talk of God's hate that offends you. Well, thankfully there is a "frequently asked questions" page to answer all of our worries concerning this issue and more. For instance, the reason that the Westboro Baptist Church preaches hate is because, "The maudlin, kissy-poo, feel-good, touchy-feely preachers of today's society are damning this nation and this world to hell."

They also let us in on another secret that is a common misconception, the lie that God died for everybody! "If He died for everyone, everyone would go to heaven. All sins of all people would be

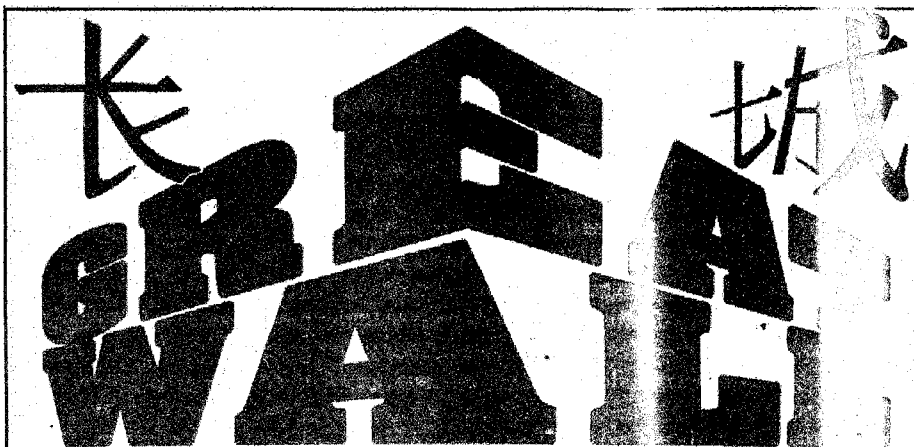
forgiven. But obviously, all sins aren't forgiven, because people are burning in hell."

Speaking of burning in hell, if you can't picture your favorite fag burning in hell, no worry, the Westboro Baptist Church provides a delightfully entertaining look at what a fag looks like burning in hell, namely Matthew Shepard. "Shepard died on October 12, 1998, as a result of being brutally beaten by two demon-possessed hooligans. WBC does not support this murder: They broke God's commandment that 'thou shalt not kill,'" says the churches' memorial page to Shepard, which seems to be a little lax on the holy hate if you ask me.

The memorial page also includes a little holy hate math lesson: "Matthew Shepard has been in hell for 705 days. Eternity - 705 days = Eternity." At least they made up for their lack of hate on this particular page with a lesson we can all learn from, even if you aren't that good at math.

Aside from just talking about their hate, the Westboro Baptist Church is also a very proactive organization. They don't just sit and watch fags die, they go out and protest their funerals!! Luckily, there is a photo page documenting these events, with God's hateful minions preaching his holy hate, carrying signs such as "AIDS CURES FAGS," and "NO SPECIAL LAWS FOR FAGS." There is also a page listing upcoming protests. One such entry reads, "WBC to picket Olympics in Sydney, Australia, in September, in religious protest against the fag-dominated Olympics & sodomite-run Australia." Wow, I didn't know that Australia was ran by fags, but apparently God hates the entire continent; that's a lot of localized holy hate.

Now that I have enlightened this campus to the true nature of our God, I expect each and every person on campus to think twice when confronted with an organization on campus preaching the love of God. If God had it her way, all the fags of the world would quit pretending so she could love everybody, not just the non-fags.



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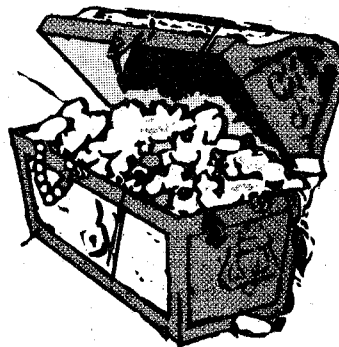
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# KIRKSVILLE'S HIDDEN TREASURES

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## Cum to the Playground

feature by I Marie Montano, Leslee White and Olivera Bratich

Summer may be over, but "fun" is still Kirksville's middle name (Kirks-fun-ville, if you will). The specialty is free fun, and in this installment of Hidden Treasures we will explore the world of Kirksville playgrounds. During the day, playgrounds are overrun by gleeful schoolchildren, laughing and playing, laughing and playing. At night, the abandoned playgrounds become, well, playgrounds for adults with illicit activities in mind. (Think: sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll.) The variety of playgrounds in town can suit almost anyone needs. After extensive frolicking, we've chosen the top three playgrounds in Kirksville. Here are the winners in no particular order. Drumroll please.

### 1. Swimming Pool Park

The most modern and fancy-schmancy playground in Kirksville, this one could aptly be called "Playground 2K." Instead of sand

or gravel, the playground is lined with shredded recycled tires that add a bit of a bounce to one's step. Ah, the feel of progress! Along with your standard jungle gym fare, modernity has added a few extras to the game. The first would be the "swing-across-thingie." It may be called something like a "glider," but for our purposes we will refer to it as the "swing-across-thingie." Playing on the swing-across-thingie consists of running, grabbing onto a handle, lifting your legs and being pulled across the width of the playground by the unstoppable force of technology.

Work out your thrusting muscles on another brightly colored icon of future play, what we call the "ride the lightning." The entire toy consists of a small platform to stand on and

handles with which to brace yourself for the ride. The bouncing motions which ensue resemble a jockey riding a phantom horse or a human riding

a phantom partner. It's really up to one's own imagination, pervert. The future of the slide department: speed and competition. Along with traditionalist tube slides, a side-by-side racing slide can determine the fastest ass. Who doesn't want to be the fastest ass?

### 2. Memorial Park

Memorial Park is a strong departure from the high-tech world that is Swimming Pool Park. Next to the

playing grounds lies a World War II cannon, reminding children to be thankful to live in country where they can play freely, not be locked down under Commie rule. To the left of the cannon lies a miniature Washington monument con-



veniently setting between two commemorative boulders. Think about it.

Memorial Park also features a large drained wading pool that doubles as a skating area or an "anything you want to do in a large pit" area. The main playing area is pretty standard but includes a couple of moderately fast slides. The highlight of this playground is unquestionably the swings -- they can get you so high! The number of swings can accommodate a large number of people and actually seem sturdy enough to support them as well. The swings also offer an obstructed view of the rest of the grounds.

### 3. Benton School Park (AKA the park on the way to Barnett)

Conveniently located nearer to campus than the other parks, this place makes a great stop when you're on the party circuit or anytime you're sans auto. This playground may seem a bit down home to you Swimming Pool Park enthusiasts, but it definitely has heart. Its features include a classic jungle gym, a tetherball like instrument of pain (see to believe) and concrete tubing perfect for hiding from authorities. This no-frills park also boasts the fastest slide in Kirksville, bar none. It's tall, straight and fast. Just like we like our men.

In the spirit of fairness, we did not have a chance to review either Jaycee or Brashear Parks due to cops and ass-tagging couples, respectively. We advise you to take a tour of all of Kirksville's parks, except for Patryla -- it's just a field and a Pepsi machine. Take it from these "playaz," Kirksville parks are aces! And free!

## Survive at Wal-Mart

feature by I Kerrith Quigley

Now that it's been two or three weeks without *Survivor*, some of us are probably getting, well, hungry for adventure. Let's say, I mean, we all miss the whole thing with squabbling people on a desert island, eating rats and performing feats that remind me vaguely of *American Gladiators*.

It was enlightening and an inspiration for us all to go out and face the obstacles that crossed us each day. It also taught us that if we couldn't get along with someone we could always vote them off the island, which might work well if your roommate keeps cramping your style.

But I digress. The point I was about to make was that which my mama always taught me: Television is no substitute for reality. (Actually, my mom never said that; her advice was more along the lines of "don't wander around alone in motels or an axe murderer will get you".) Aren't sports you actually play more fun than the ones you watch on TV? You don't want to live your life vicariously through what television distorts at you. It's time we took "reality television" (now there's an impressive oxymoron) and made it our own.

Besides, no one wants to watch "reality" anyway. That's why *Survivor* was on a corporate owned, heavily monitored tropical island. No one wants to watch real castaways die of starvation and exposure. That's why *Big Brother* traps people in a house without release, so that tensions build up and people fight. No one wants to watch a happy family that gets along and works out problems.

So, to get to the point of this article, I think it's time the concept of "reality television" was adjusted to meet our definition of reality. Yep, it's time for *Survivor*... Kirksville style.

Call it Wal-Mart *Survivor*. Now think about it for a moment. Isn't the Supercenter already our oasis of nourishment and entertainment? How long do you think you could survive in there if you had to? As a friend of mine said once, "Wal-Mart has everything you need. You just have to know how to find it." And considering that there isn't a larger town than good ol' K-ville for an hour-and-a-half drive in any direction, it really is in many ways an island owned by a major corporation.

Imagine, if you will, a group of stout-hearted college students, trapped in a town where you have to provide your own entertainment. Picture them proving that they can survive small town America... imagine them showing how the ordinary can be made into an adventure.

And so, I challenge any brave soul out there who thinks they have what it takes to dodge blue-vested employees, snatch unguarded produce and beg for loose change from townies in order to buy enough peanut butter for two days. Sure, it'll be rough, but you weren't doing anything special this weekend anyway. And think of the sense of accomplishment. Maybe someone will even reward you. Get a pool going with your friends. Take bets on the outcome. And for that really competitive edge, make up "challenges" that involve racing shopping carts and hiding out in the dressing rooms. Just don't get caught riding bikes through the store. I can tell you from experience they don't take kindly to that sort of thing.

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## Dining With Sodexho

feature by | Aaron Wilson

On Sept. 9, I dined at the Ryle Hall Cafeteria, a local eating establishment that I often frequent. Service was fast and friendly, and soon I was enjoying a meal of Teriyaki beef with vegetables, cottage fries, pasta salad and raspberry pie.

The Teriyaki beef and vegetables consisted of a single large cut of beef adorned with carrots, broccoli, celery, and green peppers. It came with rice and made for a colorful plate. The beef itself was at times a little tough, but for the most part fairly tender, with just a hint of a light Teriyaki marinade. The vegetables were likewise well flavored, and I found myself even enjoying the sweet, thin sliced carrots, a vegetable I normally despise. The rice was moist and plump and complemented the dish admirably.

The side dishes were equally delicious. The cottage fries were crispy on the outside, but still moist on the inside. The pasta salad I retrieved from the cold bar was excellent, consisting of green and yellow rotinis, tomatoes, and olives in a smooth vinaigrette that succeeded in not tasting too much like vinegar.

The meal was capped off with a slice of raspberry pie with a moist, yet crumbly crust and real seeds in the filling. The only negative aspect was that the filling, while fairly tasty, was a bit too much jelly and in excessive amounts. I enjoyed the pie much more once I had spooned some of it out.

My dining companion had a self-constructed vegetarian bagel sandwich, a bowl of mushroom bisque, and a brownie with ice cream. She described the bisque as "Thick and creamy with just the right amount of flavor," but did not have any strong opinions about the rest of her meal.



## Protestors blockade oil refineries across Europe

story by | Jerry Schirmer

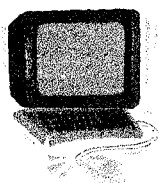
Those who thought the United States' gas crisis this summer was a severe thing need only look to Europe for a true gas crisis. This month in England, there has been a severe shortage of gasoline and this is something that has only been made worse by the fact that British taxes on gasoline are among the highest in Europe. The net result is an at the pump price of the equivalent of \$4.37 per gallon for British motorists, the highest in Europe.

Unlike their much less heavily taxed American counterparts, however, British citizens were not willing to tolerate the hike in their gas prices. Instead, they decided to blockade oil refineries across the nation, virtually stopping British oil trade. Just a few days later, over 90 percent of British oil refineries were completely dry of gas and the cost to the country totaled \$350 million a day, almost 10 percent of the total daily production of the entire nation. Despite these staggering numbers, the British public has seemed to wholeheartedly support the protesters, with approval rates going as high as 90 percent according to a BBC poll.

This type of protest movement has not

been limited to the United Kingdom, however. In Belgium, truck drivers have blocked off roads used by fuel transports in protest of high gas prices. In Germany, Chancellor Gerhard Schröder was greeted by 400 angry farmers and truckers protesting gas prices. In France, a growing protest movement was stopped by a 15 percent tax cut. This growing protest movement has drawn the attention of leaders across Europe and has encouraged crisis amongst many of the national governments. Ironically, the only country without major protests is Italy, which is known for its frequent strikes and protests among citizens.

The end result of all of these strikes is unclear. British Prime Minister Tony Blair has negotiated a stop to his own crisis on Sept. 14, but the leader of the protestors, Welsh farmer Brynle Williams, has threatened to reinstate them if there is not a tax cut within the next 60 days. Given the size of the protests, it is doubtful that the other European countries will be able to manage for long without an end to their respective crises. Given many upcoming elections across Europe, these protests may have long term effects far beyond the local prices of fuel.



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no (nō) *adv.* 1. Used to express refusal, denial, disbelief, emphasis, or disagreement: *No, you are wrong.*

*The American Heritage College Dictionary*

How many times do we need to say it,  
spell it, and explain it?

Do we need to draw a picture?

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**Hey Faculty Senate: the students mean NO!**



## monitor reviews

Deftones are to Limp Bizkit  
what Nirvana was to BushDeftones  
White Pony  
Maverickreview by | Matthew  
Webber

Limp Bizkit, Papa Roach, P.O.D and their other rap/metal brethren are good bands... if by "good bands" you mean "uninspired, derivative bandwagon-jumpers."

Following the rap/metal format like your mother follows recipes, Bizkit et al make music for the acned masses. It's one part loud guitar, a dash of urbanized beats and a pinch of angry lyrics. Add an awkward flow. Let cool for 15 minutes and serve. It's guaranteed to satisfy millions.

Unfortunately for MTV-watchers older than 16, MTV jumped on this particular bandwagon faster than you can say "buzz clip." Rap/metal's all the canned rage these days, which is good news for you rock 'n' roll dreamers who can't sing. If you want to become a lead singer nowadays, you don't even have to be able to scream anymore. You certainly don't have to know how to rap. All you have to do is speak your lyrics loudly. And pretend to be angry. And make your buddy play the turntables.

There hasn't been a trend this annoying since lead singers shopped at thrift stores and tried to sound as good as Eddie Vedder. But just like grunge contained a few true gems (Nirvana, Soundgarden, Screaming Trees), this current slew of buzz clips contains a few bands who actually know what they're doing: Rage Against the Machine, Ice-T and Body Count, old school Public Enemy and Anthrax.

And the Deftones, who, as far as I can tell, have little to no rap elements to their sound at all but somehow are often credited with founding this genre.

Blaming the Deftones for P.O.D. is like holding Nirvana accountable for Bush. It's like comparing apples to bruised, worm-infested apples. The Deftones' lead singer *actually sings!* Their turntablist adds rich, subtle layers to their songs instead of turning them into trendy

gimmicks. And the Deftones write *songs* instead of just riffs. And these songs can be gentle instead of ever-angry. If more rap/metal bands sounded like the Deftones, they might actually be listenable for more than one verse.

The Deftones can be angry when they want to be, but unlike their peers, they understand that other emotions ex-

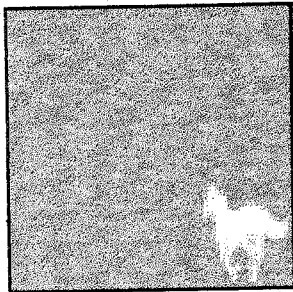
ist. Genuine emotion colors the songs and gives them depth. When their lead singer, Chino Moreno, screams, he screams because he means it, not because it sounds cool (although it most certainly does). They understand dynamics. They understand build-up and release. They understand how to make an amazing album instead of just one catchy single, which is something few bands of any genre can claim to know nowadays.

Most importantly, they know how to rock. The opening chords of "Feiticeira" are harder than anything in the rap/metal canon... and then the vocals kick in. Moreno's screams/pleads transcend the band's punch. And the music screams when he screams and pleads when he pleads and it's so damn cathartic for the band and for the listener. If they wanted to, they could increase the beats per minute to make their songs more rap-like, but they don't *need* to do anything to make their songs more intense.

The album lacks the rawness of their earlier releases. Old fans of the Deftones might label this album "pop." While poppier than their previous work, it still kicks the shit out of anything currently in rotation on MTV.

And if *White Pony* really is poppier, it's only because of the Deftones' much-improved songcraft. "Change (In the House of Flies)" was somehow released as *White Pony*'s first single, even though it's only the third or fourth best song. Personally, I would have released "Knife Prty" [sic] or maybe "Korea," or possibly "Elite." I might have chosen "Passenger," which features Maynard Keenan's (from Tool) golden touch.

Or I could have hit "random" and released whichever song. It would have been better than any rap/metal song.

Tao of Steve teaches  
how to pick up chicks

Tao of Steve

Directed by Jenniphr  
Goodman, starring Donal Logue  
and Greer Goodman

review by | Ed Jenkins

Hey, guys, would you like to know the secret to heterosexual romance? Pick up a copy of the great philosophical work *The Tao of Steve* which typically sits in the library between Kant and Kierkegaard.

Okay, so there isn't really a book titled *The Tao of Steve*, but there is a movie by that name that reveals three simple steps a guy can use to get into his date's pants. Dex (Donal Logue) is an obese man with a cornucopia of knowledge about philosophy and enlightenment and, despite his physical appearance, employs his own philosophy of love to have sex with hundreds of attractive women. A *Steve* is a guy who is the epitome of cool like Steve McQueen, Steve McGarrett or Steve Austin.

In Jenniphr Goodman's directing debut, Dex works part-time as a kindergarten teacher, smokes pot and uses the *Tao of Steve* on various women. This lifestyle suits him well until he meets Syd (Greer Goodman) for the second

time in his life. He quickly falls in love with her and discovers a conflict between his *Steve* lifestyle, which includes an affair with a married woman and a more meaningful one with Syd.

*The Tao of Steve* is a well-written comedy that works well with Donal Logue in his first starring role. The Harvard graduate has had several bit roles in films beginning with *Sneakers* but is best known as Jimmy the cab driver from MTV commercials. I guarantee that *Steve* will launch a huge career for Logue. Greer Goodman, who also performs well but in a less demanding role, studied Taoism at Dartmouth before entertaining fair success in theatre. The two create a believable chemistry on-screen with nice comic timing that makes *The Tao of Steve* easily one of the top five comedies so far this year. Other creative elements make this one of those movies that is worth purchasing. There's nothing better than a depressed version of the *Hawaii Five-O* theme during a sad transition.

Of course *The Tao of Steve* is hilarious, original and kind of intellectual too. But if the women, who would enjoy this film as much as any guy, would stop reading now, I'd like to speak to the men only. Guys, this movie will tell you how to get lucky!



## Psalters combine religion with incredible rock 'n' roll

psalters

Sya A Ku, chapter II: (cries echo  
from the cave)

review by | W. Aaron Wilson

Upon first glance, the CD "Sya A Ku, chapter II: (cries echo from the cave)" is far from ordinary. The case is actually a small sackcloth pouch secured with wire loops to a handle made out of copper piping. Then again, nothing less is to be expected of the remarkable *psalters*, a Philadelphia based Christian tribal/world beat group, which is not so much a band, but a constantly changing cast of musicians.

The six songs on the CD are equally as eclectic as their container, a mix of tribal screams, dark

cellos solos, and blasting feedback. Some, like "El Elyon," and "We are all Lepers Here," are explosive, fueled by the violin and a multitude of percussion, including djembes, toms, and bouzoukis. However, the band is equally talented at slowing the pace down, as in "Walk With Me," a sorrowful ballad sung to a homeless girl overdosing on heroin, whose only hope for life is to keep moving.

The overall flow of the CD is remarkable as well. The opening song "Unsanitaries" comes to an abrupt stop that carries palpable inertia into "We are all Lepers Here." The powerful but brief "Ruach Abba" rumbles under the surface of the dirge-like "Walk With Me" until breaking free in a storm of percussion. Eventually the CD fades

away to the sound of a busy street.

Still, perhaps one of the most interesting aspects of the CD is the case itself. The wire loops can be detached from the pouch. The bolt that runs through the piping can also be removed, revealing a lyric scroll attached to it. As for the piping itself, one end is connected with fishing line to a wire loop, allowing the pipe to hang free if you hold the loop in one hand. At the beginning and end of the song "Walk With Me," a haunting chime melody is played, and the copper piping acts as a chime with which to play along.

The concept of the album shows equal complexity. Zane Kratzer (percussion, guitar, back-up vocals, sequencing, wild dancer) of psalters says: "The concept of the album was to introduce to the world of underground music the reclamation of what we feel artists should be challenging themselves to do: defining cultural influences that were once used by the early Biblical psalters and entering into an exodus with the fellow psalters all over the world. The alternative CD package is supposed to be a representation of anti-conformist, tribal efforts."

All in all, *Sya A Ku*, by psalters is an incredible CD. To find out more about psalters, log onto <http://www.psalters.com>.



# Jill Scott knows the difference between love and sex

**Jill Scott**  
**Who Is Jill Scott? Words**  
**and Sounds, Vol. 1**  
**Hidden Beach Records**

review by I Jonathan Cannon

Maybe you can trace the neo-soul movement back to Erykah Badu's debut album, *Baduizm*. Sure, artists like Groove Theory and Maxwell were already doing their thing, bringing back the spirit of old rhythm and blues but Badu brought a different flavor to the table -- the *coffee shop vibe*. A mellow blend of Fender Rhodes and rimshot, with spoken word poetry drifting off into song. The type of music in the background at poetry slams and featured as four-piece bands in late night clubs.

The movement has developed slowly in the underground scene, producing other, smaller-scale efforts like N' dambi, Ursula Rucker and ex-Groove Theory member

Amel Larrieux -- all giving nods to everyone from Billie Holiday to Gill-Scott Heron, fusing modern rhythm and blues with jazz vocals and 60s soul.

Now, Jill Scott is another name to add to that list.

Scott's debut CD, *Who Is Jill Scott? Words and Sounds, Vol. 1* picks up where *Baduizm* left off. It's clearly the next step in the neo-soul movement, the kind of album that will undoubtedly inspire R&B artists for some time. It's full of humming Rhodes and pocket trumpets and -- perhaps most importantly -- beautiful lyrics.

The album ingeniously mixes its song with spoken word, with musical poems serving as transitions between songs. Scott's way of bringing so much feeling into each poem puts the album in a class all by itself, from the free-floating and whimsical second track, "Exclusively" to the wistful, "I think It's Better." Scott has a way of describing love, loss, joy and reverie in very

few words. Lines like, "Sweet on my mind like block parties and penny-candy," "Love Rain," sculpt a scene and a mood without missing a beat.

And the music matches her words in groove. The album sports all live instrumentation, and production by "Jazzy" Jeff Townes' team, A Touch of Jazz Productions (who also produced Kenny Lattimore's last, critically-acclaimed album). Although Townes is best known for his work with pop rapper Will Smith, few traces of that is to be found here. Hip-hop cuts and scratches are traded in for funky drums (as in "It's Love," one of the album's best moments) and smooth melodies. The result is are 19 songs that combine jazz, rhythm and blues, funk and hip-hop.

The album occupies an essential place in modern R&B. It's the musical *yang* to the masculine and pseudo-misogynist, sex you up an' down while yo man ain't lookin' *ying*. Jill Scott

succeeds in just being herself, exploring all the intimate details of love and strength without exploiting her sexuality or sensuality. What she shows of herself is a strong black woman with a powerful voice and a fine talent at penning emotions.

From the Intro, Jill Scott makes it known that the album is about love -- not sex. It's a distinction that definitely needs to be made: The Temptations, *they* sang about love; Jodeci sang about sex. Minnie Ripperton sang about love; R. Kelly sings about sex. In *Who Is Jill Scott? Words and Sounds Vol. 1*, Scott sings about the love that exists in the world of groceries, migraine headaches and 9-to-5 jobs; or rather, the world most can relate to.

This album is a steppingstone for music lovers who enjoyed *The Miseducation of Lauryn Hill* and *Baduizm* and thirst for something more. It's a taste of pure soul that will undoubtedly be respected as one of the greatest R&B albums of the year.



# Pearl Jam challenges conventional thought

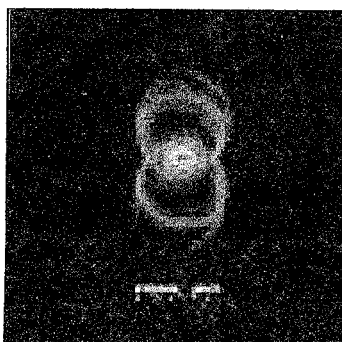
**Pearl Jam**  
**Binaural**  
**Sony Music**

review by I  
 Cameron Moore

Anybody who says Pearl Jam has sold out just isn't listening to the same band I hear when I listen to this Seattle quintet's latest, and perhaps most polished, release, *Binaural*. What I hear is a band that has matured over the last 10 years, through unwanted media exposure and overpriced tickets, and still has the youthful vigor to make a solid rock album. But what stands out isn't the fact that they've endured the nightmare of becoming pop culture icons, but the attitude change that it has brought about.

Pearl Jam's second album, *Vs.*, was almost titled *Five Against One*. Five band members against one world (which isn't to be confused with the natural world, but rather modern society). Both of these titles convey a sense of animosity towards the world for turning their lives upside down into superstardom. But with age comes wisdom and their 1998 release *Yield* (as in yielding to nature, as Ed Vedder said in their 1998 home video release *Single Video Theory*.) showed signs of a complete 180 degree turn. No longer anger-and-frustration motivated resistance, but love-filled acceptance.

This is not to say that Pearl Jam has given



up their cause. The acceptance shown here is that they have a unique opportunity to challenge conventional thought. *Binaural*, which means to be listening with both ears, challenges us to see the world for how it really is, not how it is shown to us on the television. It challenges us to actually listen with both ears, and eyes, and all of our senses, to what the world has to say to us, instead of going through the

all-too-comfortable motions of everyday life.

"Only love... will breakersfall," sings Vedder in the up-tempo opening track "Breakersfall," which starts off with a bass line inspired by The Who. This is the first of several songs about love on the album, reminding us that love is what will save us all in the end. This is a theme returned to on the sixth track, "Thin Air." This time, Vedder sings lyrics penned by rhythm guitarist Stone Gossard, who also wrote the music for this folk acoustic tribute to relationships.

As always with any Pearl Jam album, the packaging is almost as much fun as the music contained within. The front cover is a picture of the Hourglass Nebula taken by the Hubble Space Telescope, and the liner notes include other pictures of nebulae taken by the same. Just looking at these pictures gives one a sense of the true enormity of the universe and just how small of it is the part that we contribute. Vedder reinforces these thoughts with "Insignificance,"

in which he sings of "swallowed seeds of arrogance" that have made the "thousand fools who fight irrelevance" of this planet so self-important relative to the rest of the functioning universe.

Track nine gives us all a chance to "pledge my grievance to the flag," in this anti-nationalist tune called "Grievance." Alarmed by headlong technological advances, Vedder reminds us that, "for every tool they lend us, a loss of independence." These are just echoes of what George Orwell warned of years ago, and Big Brother comes to mind when you hear Ed scream, "Big guy, big eye, watching me ... have to wonder what it sees."

"Rival" is another song with lyrics and words written by Gossard. This song is about the shootings at Columbine, following up their MTV hit "Jeremy" with another song about troubled teenagers bringing guns to school. As with "Jeremy," this song questions not what was wrong with teenagers who would resort to such a thing, but rather what is wrong with a society that can't accept people for who they are and drives them to such frustrated acts of violence.

The second-to-last track on *Binaural* is "Soon Forget." This is a witty song, sung only to the tune of an accompanying ukulele, about a man who gives up love for money. "Sorry is the fool who trades his soul for a Corvette. Thinks he'll get the girl, he only gets the mechanic," Vedder sings. Even the jovial ukulele in this song cannot make it a happy one, as it paints a picture of the very sad state of materialism and greed in this modern day.

Aside from promoting social change, *Binaural* also signifies changes within the band. Matt Cameron, ex-Soundgarden drummer, makes his first studio appearance with the band after joining them for their 1998 North American tour, and he even wrote the third track on the album. This is also the first album Pearl Jam has recorded an album without longtime friend Brendan O'Brien in the producer's chair, but still helped mix the album. Tchad Blake did the producing and some of the mixing on the album. Blake is known as the leading practitioner of binaural recording, which incorporates techniques to reproduce sounds as they are actually picked up by the human ear. A few of the songs on the album, including "Soon Forget" were recorded binaurally, but a pair of headphones is required to get the full effect.

Binaural isn't just an album full of social commentary. It's full of great music as well. All of the songs don't sound like the classic rock anthems that made Pearl Jam famous, but are still great all the same, and are quite thought provoking at the same time. As we've learned with Pearl Jam's last few albums, they are comfortable with themselves enough to experiment a little, but I guess that's how they "sold out."

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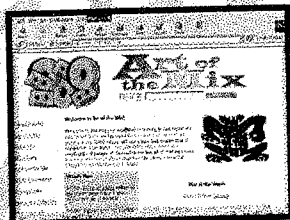
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**Art of the Mix**  
<http://www.artofthemix.com>

review by I JJ Pionke

As the title of this Web site implies, this is the ultimate home of music mix tapes and/or CDs. Here you can post your own mixes and arrange trades with fellow mixers. Every genre imaginable (and some you can't) is here; if someone listens to it somewhere on Earth you will find it. It is the largest clearinghouse of mixes on the planet with over 6000. There is no downloadable music, but there are plenty of people willing to talk music with you. It is a great place to broaden your musical horizons.



**Red Meat**

<http://www.redmeat.com/redmeat/>

review by I Sean O'Brien

Explore a world gone wrong . . . *Red Meat* is a comic strip that makes you feel oh-so-guilty for laughing, but in a good way. Its Web site at <http://www.redmeat.com/redmeat/> is worth a look. Check out the archives in the Meat Locker, interviews and the Mystery Destination in the Newsfinger or buy stuff at Meat Buy-Products. It's all so wrong, you won't know where to begin. See all your favorite characters, from Milkman Dan to Bug-eyed Earl to the Floating Glow-Skull of Mystery. Why refrain? You're going to die anyway.



## Speaker discusses rape for men and women

opinion by I Susie Qualls

No means no. Watch your drinks. Don't wear short skirts. Walk in well lit areas with at least one other person.

Is anyone else tired of the catch phrases associated with Rape Awareness Week? I am. I am tired of going to self-defense classes. I am tired of buddy systems. I am tired of being scared for drunk girls at parties.

But the daunting statistic of one out of every four women being sexually assaulted in college still remains, whether I am tired of talking about it or not. Some may think rape means big burly men hurling out of deep dark bushes with sadistic rape weapons. But my experience of rape in college has been quite different. Yes, as much as we would all like to believe we are sheltered from all criminal acts in our rural safe haven, rape does happen. And from my experience as a Super Senior, it happens more frequently than we would like to admit.

From this limited and humble experience of rape, the equation always seems to include a vulnerable girl and alcohol, equaling repressed feelings of shame, guilt and fear. However, I have come to see that there seems to be a factor missing in the rape equation: the man. What does rape say about our society's understanding of masculinity? How does rape hurt men? What are men supposed to do with the same feelings of shame, guilt and fear associated with sexual assault? Why isn't rape prevention as stressed for men as it is for women? Doesn't this seem like a more logical deterrence?

I know as a woman, hearing how to prevent rape and thinking about it consistently on my lonely walks home has left me quite frustrated. I think it makes a lot of women frustrated. And this mass frustration has escalated to a point to where many men feel extremely defensive, and rightly so.

Folks, rape is not a women's issue. It is not a men's issue. It is *all* of our issue. An issue where we no longer tolerate the social norm that it is OK to have sex when we are too drunk to stand. Although laying may be the most logical answer, perhaps we may question in what manner we were to... lay.

Some may be questioning, "Oh, guru Sue, where can we have such honest dialogue amongst the masses?" and to this (beware: I do have an agenda here) I would say, "Why, a professional speaker, brought in for this very reason." His name is Joe. He has been talking to college students for over 13 years. He is speaking next Wed., Sept. 27, to both women (6 p.m.) and men (8 p.m.) in our very own Pershing Arena.

After years of tugging feelings about who is supposed to take responsibility for sexual assault, I feel open dialogue about sexuality and relationships is a good start. Whether or not hearing a speaker is your thing is up to you. However, if you have made it through this far in the article and have had similar tugging feelings, please talk about it. Talk about it while you are sober enough to make a responsible decision - both men and women.

**NOW OPEN**

# Eclectics

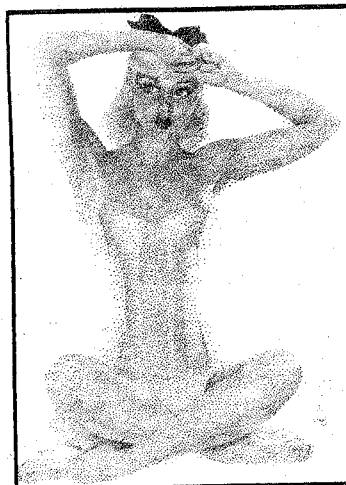
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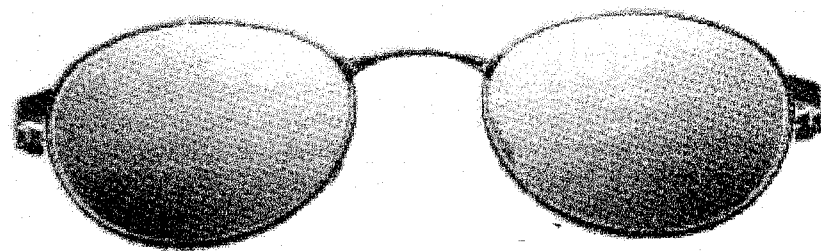
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## Less Than Jake gives more than expected

feature by David Bush

How many punk rock fans can you fit on a rugby field? Ask Less Than Jake, the ska-punk rockers from Gainesville, Fla. They managed to bring out a fantastic crowd for the show they played on Sat., Sept. 9 with the Monos, Pollen, and One Man Army.

Less Than Jake is finishing out the last leg of nine-week tour, and is heading off to the east coast to play five more shows before they head to their respective homes. The tour actually features the Suicide Machines in addition to One Man Army and Less Than Jake, but the Suicide Machines were replaced by Pollen and the Monos while they took a break to go to a wedding.

The show was originally scheduled for last year, but was postponed due to the recording of the band's new album, *Borders and Boundaries*. The album is set to be released on Oct. 24 on Fat Wreck Chords, a few months after the original release date. The delays are understandable, as the band was with Capitol Records when they started recording the album. When asked his thoughts on the upcoming record, lead singer and guitarist Chris responded, "It's taken too damn long for it to come out. When it's finally released on Oct. 24, I'll believe it. Until then, I'm holding my breath." The sarcasm reveals the good humor of the band in dealing with, well, just about everything.

Saturday's show was not without its humor badge. We at Truman got to see the "Fantastic Dancing Bikini Guy," as well as some good ole tossed salad, LTJ style.

The evening kicked off with lesser-knowns The Monos, who distributed 7" recordings to the audience, followed by Pollen, a band from LTJ's record label. One Man Army followed, with a kick-ass punk style that didn't let down. As Chris took the stage with mullet and full mustache, I

think everybody knew it was going to be a good show.

With Roger on bass and vocals, Vinnie on drums, Pete Jr. and Buddy on horns, and the roadie doing crazy things behind them, the stage was full and it was pumpin'. Their set included bundles of classics, "Johnny Quest Thinks We're Sellouts," "Jen Doesn't Like Me Anymore," and "My Own Flag" included, and more recent hits from *Hello Rockview*, namely "History of a Boring Town," "In The Alley," and a whole stack of others.

They even kicked out a few new ones, including their first release, "Look What Happened (The Last Time)." There was no shortage of crowd sing-alongs and circle pits, either. It was just a great punk rock show. And it was free, so you really can't complain about the slight lack in sound quality because of the outdoors. All in all, my pro-LTJ biased opinion is that it was a phenomenal show, and you should definitely be disappointed if you missed it.

There are many new and exciting things happening with this album. Not only is it the first new release from Less Than Jake since 1998's *Hello Rockview*, but the band is working with Napster (details aren't yet solid) to create an online coupon that you will receive if you download Less Than Jake through the interactive music community. Even the packaging is going to be something special. The digipak (cardboard packaging) features an interactive disc that reveals maps and photos when spun quickly, as well as loads of photos taken by the band. The record is more mid-tempo, while making an effort to keep each track different than the ones before. Each aspect of the record was well thought out: the music, the lyrics, and even the tone of the horns in recording. You can be sure the disc will be fantastic.

## A chat with Vinnie

The Monitor's very own David Bush and Jennifer Strickland spent an afternoon with the guys from Less Than Jake. They sat down and had a long chat with drummer and lyricist Vinnie and a short one with Chris.

For the extended version of the interview and bonus photos, check out The Monitor's Web site at <http://www2.truman.edu/monitor>.

**Monitor:** Is the next tour anywhere in sight, or are you guys taking a break?

**Vinnie:** Two weeks off, and Oct 1 I'll be in Tokyo Japan. I'll be in Japan for six days, we leave Japan and go to London, England. We do Northern Europe for a couple of weeks, do the UK for a couple weeks, come home, and do a couple United States dates until Christmas, when we're done. And then we go to Australia.

**M:** What's the difference between the nature of the crowds?

**V:** Nothing. A 15-year-old who likes punk rock is a 15-year-old who likes punk rock, whether it's in Stockholm, Sweden, whether it's in Sydney, Australia, it doesn't matter where, man.

Our new record's a wacky record, man. It's really trippy because we actually took time to write, which is an odd thing. *Pezcore* we did really super-quick. *Losing Streak* we recorded it and wrote it in the studio, except for a few songs. And then *Hello Rockview*, fuck, we wrote the whole thing except for two songs in there. I mean in the studio, while we're recording, we're writing. So we wrote it in advance, and you can really tell as far as like the quality of songwriting goes. It's really well thought out. It's varied. Fifteen songs.

I'm stoked on it, to be honest with you, and a lot of kids have been stoked on it, it's one of the songs that I was kind of going, "No one's going to like this song." It's an odd thing. It's a very mid-tempo, poppy song, and I didn't think kids would dig it, but lots of kids downloaded that thing off the Internet, man.

It's just absolutely weird. The record's more thought out, man. It's cool. We sort of took all of the Southern California influence on our music and aced it out. It's very Midwest, it's very Screeching Weasel, Chicago, pop-punk. It's cool, man. I dig it a lot. It's just a little bit different.

**M:** What made you switch from Capitol

Records to Fat Wreck Records?

**V:** It was time, man. When we first signed to Capitol, their focus as a label was on "alternative" music. Over the last few years, their focus has turned to R&B, and hip-hop and things like that.

**M:** A lot of people don't realize that you guys are paying for the tours and videos.

**V:** Major labels are like one big credit card. You can spend and spend all you want, but guess what -- the bill's coming at the end of the month.

**M:** A lot of people don't realize that it's like that, it's the real world.

**V:** It's not free money, man. Let's take Blink 182, not because of any reason but that I just saw them on MTV. You figure that they sold 4 million records. You figure that after they pay their label back for all of the videos, and all of the shit that they do. That's a couple million dollars. You figure that their manager takes 15 percent of the gross they take in. Their lawyer takes 5 percent for doing any contracts and anything like that. You figure their booking agent takes 10 to 20 percent, the venue for merchandise takes anywhere from 10 to 35 percent. So what you're really kind of left with for being a big star on MTV is a name.

The question that I'll ask myself, since nobody ever asks, and it always freaks me out, you know? Why don't people ask these things, you know, about the lyrics and who they're about.

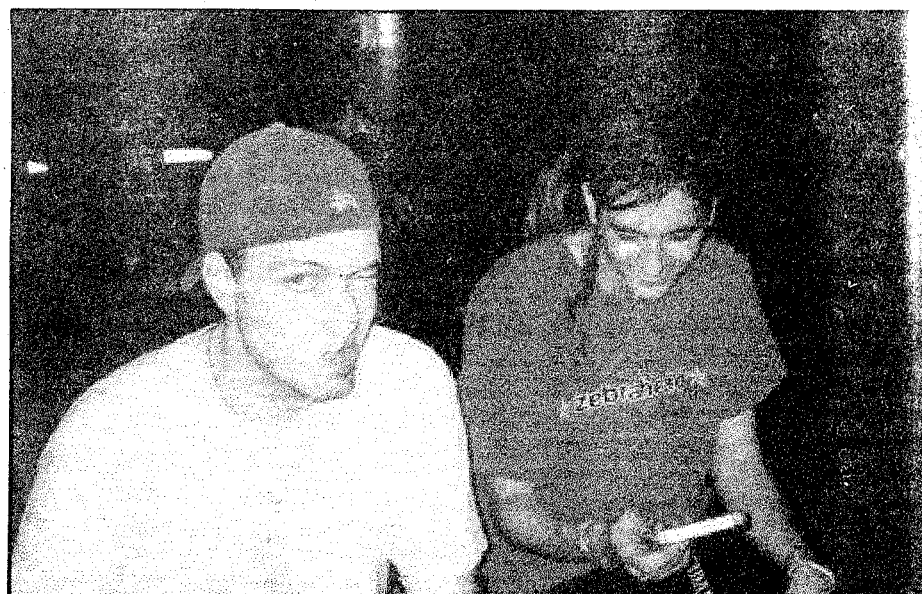
**M:** I've always heard that they're all real people. Is that right?

**V:** I'll give you this: Doug Hastings -- person; Jen -- real person. But everything else where you see a name, is myself.

**M:** Wow. Johnny Quest?

**V:** Well, obviously Johnny Quest, Doug, Jen. Those are the only ones I can think of. But everything else is about myself. Danny Says, Al's War, it's all about me. I write it about myself. Cheeze is about a friend of mine, not me. Lyrically, this record took a lot out of me to write.

I wrote the lyrics for this record at least five times, and I destroyed four of them, you know what I mean? It's definitely the best I've written. It's dark. It talks about my dad. It talks about suicide, stuff like that. It talks about work. A lot of work things. A lot of middle class kind of things. I'm proud of the record.



Vinnie and Roger hang out at Truman.

photo by Jennifer Strickland

# UNBELIEVABLY TRUE

actual news from around the world

feature by I Joe Rothermich

Yet another incident proves that cycling is a dangerous sport. Reuters news wire reported that Mikel Zarrabeitia cut off the top of his finger during the 11th stage of the Tour of Spain. Zarrabeitia was trying to repair is odometer during the descent from Alt de la Rabassa when the incident happened. Zarrabeitia passed out and was taken to a specialist in Zaragoza. Doctors said that his future as a professional rider would not be affected.

The Mayor of Cape Town, South Africa, was forced to resign last week after being caught downloading pornography from the Internet. The Reverend William Bantom, of the New National Party and Cape Town's first black mayor was caught in his office watching pornographic videos that he had downloaded from the Internet according to the Reuters news wire. In a statement made Bantom said, "I have erred... and I pray that my fellow Christians and the community will find it in their hearts to forgive me."

According to Reuters, a

police stated that a 29-year-old woman was killed, and her 4-year-old daughter was injured after being swept under a large street sweeper in northwest Washington. Felicita Sorto died instantly when she was struck by the sweeper while crossing the street with a hand-pulled grocery cart and daughter in tow. The daughter was pulled out of the machine's huge brushes by the drive. The child is listed in fair condition. A witness said the truck driver was not looking when Sorto crossed the street. An investigation has been launched but no charges have been filed against the driver.

A Reuters report out of Tirana reports that an Albanian border officer was arrested by Macedonian border police after crossing over to relieve himself under the cover of trees. The border officer stated that the lack of trees and bushes, along with his own modesty caused him to cross the border into thicker foliage. The Macedonian border patrol handcuffed and took him in for questioning, but he was soon released.

# Queen Astra



The Queen

Let the stars be your guide!

**Aries (March 21-April 20):**  
ice cream + pizza + grape soda  
= FUN!

**Taurus (April 21-May 22):**  
Queen Astra can't be funny all the time. Get off my back, bitch.

**Gemini (May 23-June 21):**  
Lactose intolerance is the work of the devil. Behold the power of cheese.

**Cancer (June 22-July 24):**  
You will marry Keanu Reeves.

**Leo (July 25-August 23):**  
Don't let society's beauty standards keep you down. Go ahead. Eat your body weight in chocolate pudding.

**Virgo (August 24-September 23):** Romance tip #420: Girls don't like it when you refer to yourself as "Mr. Sex Machine."

**Libra (September 24-October 23):** Concerned about the upcoming presidential election? Queen Astra sez :

"Bush and Dick can suck it."

**Scorpio (October 24-November 22):** It's time to get that monkey off your back. Slap a diaper on him and train him to get you Cokes out of the fridge.

**Sagittarius (November 23-December 21):** Why is everyone always picking on my nose?

**Capricorn (December 22-January 20):** Sour Apple Bubblicious -- it's savage. Savage as Fred Savage.

**Aquarius (January 21-February 19):** The most profound experience of my life is my afternoon with the Dalai Lama. We talked about Tibet, Buddhism and the meaning of life. Then we made out.

**Pisces (February 20-March 20):** It's time to get on the ball. Stop listening to the advice to your friends I.M. Lazy and Fuck Work.

THE **DOGE**

C.H.R.O.N.I.C.L.E.S

BY ANDY DANDINO

WHOO... THIS BOOK JUST KEEPS ON GETTIN' CREEPIER...  
WHAT'S IT CALLED?

"SERPENT AND THE RAINBOW." IT'S ABOUT VODDIE.  
CLICK  
CLICK

SEE, THIS POWDER CONTAINS A UNIQUE TOXIN WHICH, IN THE CORRECT DOSAGE TAKEN IN THROUGH SKIN CONTACT, MAKES A PERSON APPEAR DEAD. IN ACTUALITY, THE POOR SAYS IN AN EXTREME COMA - HE'S AWARE OF WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND HIM, BUT CAN'T DO A DAMN THING. THERE'S DOCUMENTED ACCOUNTS OF VICTIMS LISTENING IN AT THEIR OWN FUNERALS, FOR INSTANCE...

"I NEVER DID LIKE THAT PUTZ... AT LEAST MY WIFE DON'T HAVE TO SNEAK AROUND ANYMORE."  
"DAMN I KNEW THE WENCH WAS UP TO NO GOOD... THAT EXPLAINS THE EXTRA TOOTHBRUSH IN OUR BATH ROOM..."  
"HMM... I WONDER IF THIS IS AN OPPORTUNITY TO EXPLORE MY BUDDING NEOTRILLIAL DESIRES..."

...WHAT HAPPENS IS THAT THE VODDIE PRIEST PUTS THE POWDER IN THE POOR WHERE THE TARGET'LL STEP BAREFOOTED, ALLOWING THE TOXIN TO ENTER AND BEGIN WORKING ON HIM.  
WHAT THE... DID I SPILL SOME OF MY GOLD BOND NERVILATED FOOT POWDER AGAIN?

...THE GUY'S EVENTUALLY BURIED ALIVE, BUT THE PRIEST'S CROOKS TIME WHEN THE EFFECTS WEAR OFF, RIGHZING HIM OUT AND SUBDUING HIM. AFTER SUCH A HARROWING EXPERIENCE, THE VICTIM BECOMES A BASKET CASE - A "ZOMBIE" AS IT WERE. THE MEN KIDNAP HIM, & FORCE HIM INTO SLAVERY... A PERSON WITHOUT WILL MAKES A SUPERB ZOMBIE.

IS AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL AWARE OF THIS?  
PROBABLY NOT. OPPRESSED ZOMBIE LABORERS AREN'T AS CHIL AS POLITICAL PRISONERS, DEATH-ROW INMATES, OR CHILDREN IN SWEETSHOPS.

"I KNOW... THIS BOOK LISTS ALL THE INGREDIENTS FOR THIS ZOMBIE POWDER... IT'D BE A WORTHWHILE EXPERIMENT TO TRY IT ON SOMEONE."  
I'M UP FOR THAT - BUT WHO WOULD BE THE IDEAL CANDIDATE FOR US TO USE AS A PUPPET?

...TURNING TO CAMPAIGN 2000, GOP HOPFUL GEORGE W. BUSH VISITED A DETROIT HOUSING TRACT TO ADDRESS LOW-INCOME FAMILIES THE TEXAS GOVERNOR PROMISED TO HELP GET PEOPLE OFF WELFARE BY "KICKING THEM OFF IT WITH MY GATOR-SKIN LONGBOW BOYS."  
NOW... I DIDN'T MEAN TO USE "CANDIDATE" THAT LITERALLY OF COURSE!... ZOMBIES AND POLITICIANS ARE NATURAL DEEFELLOWS!

Kirksville author

Michales Warwick Joy

proudly presents his new novel

# War of the Outcast

On a remote world mirroring ancient Japan, Shalla, the Outcast, is forced to fight against deadly foe with the suspicious aid of a hated ally. His world of peace disintegrates as he sacrifices everything around him to find the heart of his darkest enemy. Between gigantic forces the Outcast puts himself in a desperate attempt to save his new home from destruction.

War of the Outcast is based on a civil war that ravaged Japan and considers the possibility of that war being caused by universal influences.

Now available from Xlibris at [www.xlibris.com](http://www.xlibris.com) or call 1-888-795-4274 x. 273



# ART PAGE

The wooden nickel currently holds a student art show that will hang through the month. Support the arts, go there and buy something.



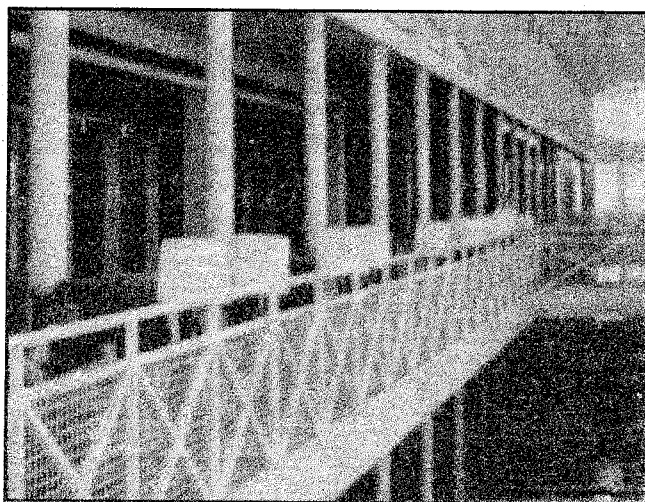
Jess Jennings  
Untitled  
Photography



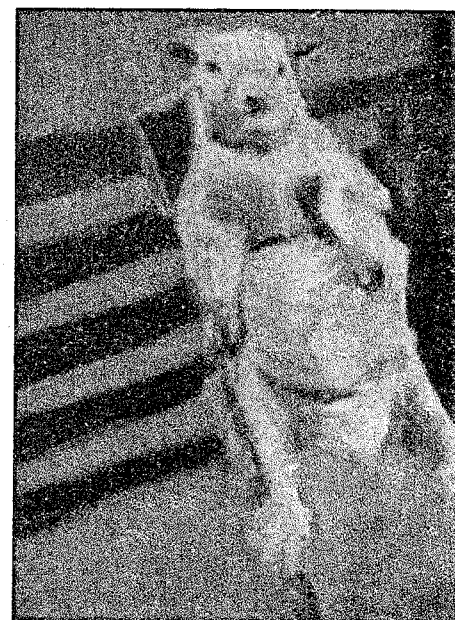
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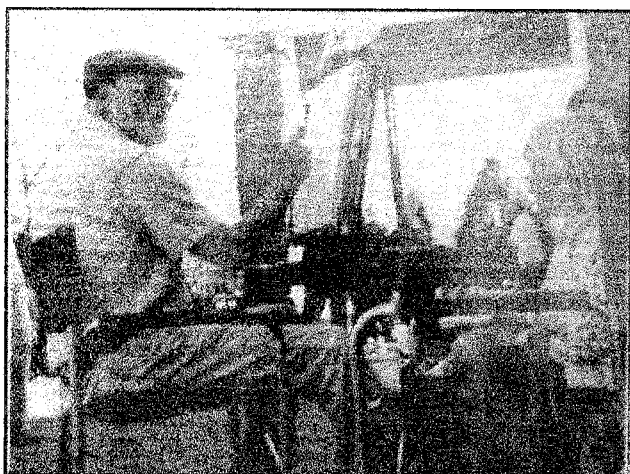
Jimmy Kuehnle  
"Duh, What's Over There"  
Charcoal and Gesso



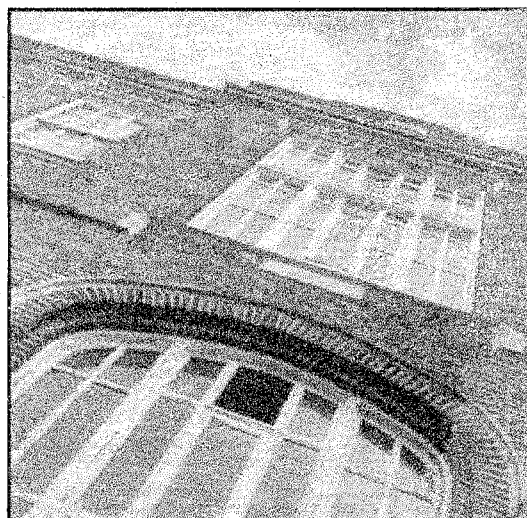
Julia Karll  
Untitled  
Photography



Kjell Hahn  
"Sheep in a Sheep Sofa"  
Oil Painting



Vincent Smith  
Untitled  
Photography



Mary Ziegler  
"Kirksville Mo i"  
Photography



Julia Karll  
Untitled  
Photography

Tom Thumb Gallery:  
Gallery Exhibition  
Sept. 29, 7 p.m.  
603 First Street

Submissions due Sept 24

> Call 627-0944 for more info  
Tomthumbgallery@yahoo.com



# My Back Pages

## Flat Back on a Razor

aligned  
like digits  
a zipper seamed  
up her chest  
Eve dies

first she lies  
in leaves  
naked he wants to  
touch her he  
touches her  
and waits for

air he licks her  
hair with his  
fingers and bends  
and bows and shouts!  
he claws her breasts

he thinks  
he can peel  
the stitches back  
and crawl inside

—Jennifer Hatala

## The Day of Immortal Life Lost

I sit here today and remember it like it was yesterday.  
I was lying in bed while my parents were out.  
My grandma and grandpa were there watching the house.  
I just woke up like I had had the worst dream.  
Little did I know that the dream was real.  
I remember sweating really bad and calling for grandma.  
She came running into the room like I had died or something.  
Then I told her of my dream.  
She just sat there and listened until I finished.  
The she gave me the best grandmother face she could come up with.  
And it was then I realized the dream was real.  
I felt like I was not there.  
You know the feeling you get when your foot goes numb.  
I got that same feeling, except I was numb all over.  
I felt like I had lost part of my soul.  
Like it had just left and was never going to return.  
My heart was in my throat. My tongue was dry.  
I felt so bad, I could not even cry.  
You never realize how precious life is until it passes before your eyes.

—Geoff Stumbaugh

## Palindrome

Hades, he does reverse odes  
or enable Babel  
(bane to no devil)  
Drab, I tell  
(Luna, deified, god)  
a side tale:  
roots I met in mutual autumn,  
item is too related,  
is a dog deified:  
a null.

Let I, bard, live.  
Do not enable Babel,  
(bane)  
rose does reverse ode.

—H. S. Edah

## Saturday Night Flyer

In our old house, that big picture window watched us from the top of the stairs, framed by squared of tinted bulls-eye glass. The silver light from out high lamppost would light up your side of the bed in a long corridor. I could see if you were out there just by sitting up in bed. Almost always, you were, polishing wrenches for on-lookers, if nothing else.

In summer, I'd open the bathroom window and hear the staccato of a grinder, the whip-poor-will of air tools. While our girls hunched like peanuts in their beds, I lay awake and heard lovely words passed around out there, and I tried to imagine them: flywheel, slave and master cylinders, bell housing.

The growl of a 318 with open headers idling up out lane rattled out bedroom windows with a tinny fury. One AM: a swarm of a parking lot behind the house. Standing in my nightgown I watched ten or twelve racers weave through the maze, sprawling nimbly under cars, scrambling up to lean under hoods, hands jammed into pockets, laughing, smoking. Their girlfriends were scattered around — each standing blank, not looking at each other.

When you took me for a ride, I put my seat belt on, held the dash and smiled stiffly.

I watched the lights in the garage click off in series. Everyone packed into their cars, and the roar of all the engines waited for you. Yours was the last of the machines to file out, and, though you couldn't see me, I saw your face as you lit a cigarette. Love burst off your face, and I unlearned you.

—Rachel Sokolov

## Garbage

If creativity was mass produced  
I'd fix 7 boxes of century refills.

I'm gassed out.

Everyday  
you sit me  
atop this  
landfill  
and tell me  
I can't  
smell  
beneath.

A warning:

One who pens a limp limerick  
is a mere amateur heretic.  
But one copies a master  
is begging disaster,  
And is truly an idolater's prick!

—Rick Lime

For you this shit recycles

but I have to write the poem

—Orland L. Williams

The year is coming into full swing, and now is the perfect time to submit to *My Back Page*. Drop submissions by *The Monitor* mailbox in the CAOC, or email them to me at x288@truman.edu.