

THE MONITOR

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

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A Campus Collective

Tom Thumb Gallery improves campus artwork

story by | Rachel Schulz

It was a warm September night and as the sun set over Kirksville, the world was at peace... well, everywhere except the backyard of Kjell Hahn and Jimmy's Kuehnle's house!

Art-crazy Truman students spray painted/redecorated the exterior of Hahn and Kuehnle's garage, "improved the art" that hung on its walls, played ping-pong and schmoozed with the greatest art minds of this university, all accompanied by a violin player who added a touch of class to the scene. And all of this before the night was in full swing!

As it got later, there were so many students and faculty looking at the numerous submissions inside that it was difficult to move from one side of the house to another. The walls were completely covered with photographs, oil paintings, some interactive art and pipe cleaner sculptures, and there was a fine spread of appetizers.

Soon, the entire crowd was asked to

move outside to listen to the guest speaker, who addressed the large crowd from the roof of Kjell and Jimmy's house, clad only in his boxers and a polar fleece. He delighted the audience with anecdotes, words of wisdom and self-accompanied song and dance. A fun time was had by all, including the speaker, who required some serious crowd pressure to remove his pants, but later seemed to rather enjoy the whole affair.

Following the speaker was a video/performance art presentation that certainly raised some eyebrows. Laughter rang out from the house and backyard for several hours, and Kjell and Jimmy appeared to have had a wonderful time hosting their guests. The night as a whole was very enjoyable, and it was extremely refreshing to get to see some of the artistic expression and creativity that exists on our campus. Kudos to Kjell and Jimmy for giving Truman the venue for art we so desperately need.

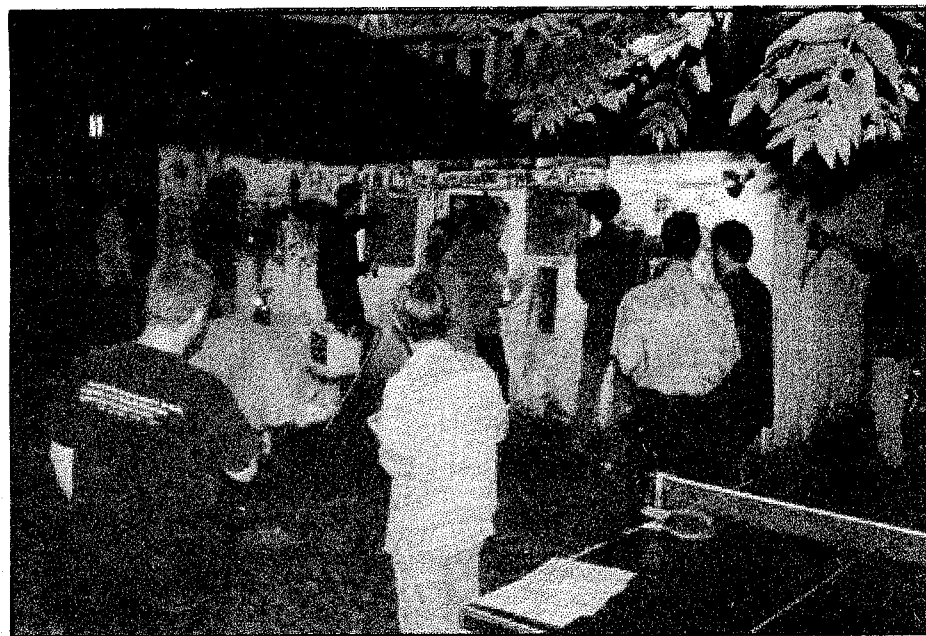


photo by Rachel Schulz

Students add personal touches to artwork at Tom Thumb Gallery.

Kirksville citizens live below the poverty line

feature by | Derek Spellman

On Hamilton St., set back a little from the road, there is a small, scattered, deceitfully integrated village of old red brick with the name Devlin Place, which is a low rental housing complex. At first glance it possesses a certain leisurely aspect peculiar to coastal towns, sudden peals of laughter, pleasant sounds and murmurs and the good fresh smell of health and cheer. Here, what one can fall in love with is what everybody lives with: the sky, a certain heaviness of the sunlight, the beauty of the people.

"Being poor means fighting each day not to let people know you are poor," Karen Carolan of the neighboring Christian Community Clinic, or CCC said. The CCC offers certain medical services for individuals at or below the poverty line for seven surrounding counties. Carolan has presided over the hectic outpost for over seven years, and her roster of patients has swelled to more than 1,000 people. One image she has carried away from her work is that poverty is hidden in our society. "People with low incomes will go to garage sales to buy namebrand clothes so they can fit in. They are not going to come up to you and say 'I'm poor.' I mean, why would they?"

According to the Office of Social and Economic Data Analysis (OSDEA), approximately 17.7 percent of Adair County lives at or below the poverty line. Of course, in the United States the word "poverty" normally calls up certain pictures: hungry,

hollow-eyed children, dispirited farmers, desperation everywhere. Yet in Kirksville, one finds that it tends to blend with the vital energies of the community. There is no composite sketch, no one "face of poverty" here, no ghetto, no slum, no growing strain on the social fabric. Most of the people we see as afflicted with poverty would stoutly and powerfully oppose the idea.

"I would be at the counter when people came up with food stamps," Wal-Mart employee Marilyn Clark recalled, "and you never would have known that they needed them. They weren't ashamed, they were dressed fairly decently and all." Pat Selby of Retirement Services Volunteer Program reflected "I don't even think you should call them poor. They would resent it. They do live with *much* less than we do however." Life below the poverty line thus yields its secrets very reluctantly. In part because its inhabitants suffer from unseen scars, both physical and emotional. In part because the communities evolve unspoken codes of privacy.

Life on the margins thus amounts to a form of torment that can be alien to everyday experience. Father Bill Kottenstette, a priest at the Newman Center and an activist in local charities, said "Within a five mile radius of town there are probably one hundred people who don't have any food in their house right now. This is because it is the end of the month and they're waiting for their checks, so they have to save."

Kottenstette helped to sketch the broad outlines of their conditions: no eating out, no air conditioning, and no heat until November or December. No cable TV, no washers and dryers, no vacations, no health insurance, no new clothes, no stereos or Sony Playstations. Rooms are plainly but not uncomfortably furnished, cars have racked up hundreds of thousands of miles. "Some people actually live from one check to the next," Carolan said.

Loss of self-esteem is perhaps the most well-known symptom of such a course. Life below the poverty line life is often epitomized by fits of black despondency. Fifty-two year old Lois Counts is keenly aware of such a context after losing her job two years ago. "If I could get my health back I would love to go back to work," she said. "Without it, I feel worthless less than the person that I am. One begins to evolve the scheme of 'I can't'" Carolan explained. "Some of the people have been kicked around so much they start thinking 'I can't do this' or 'I can't do that.' And that just makes things more difficult."

In some families substance abuse is perhaps the most sinister hallmark produced by tiny incomes. Kottenstette said, "alcohol and methamphetamines are the major offenders." In the course of a worsening emotional climate (bills, debts, mortgages,

See POVERTY on page 11

C O N T E N T S

W

The Monitor discusses the "W" and Student Senate.

Opinions, page 11.

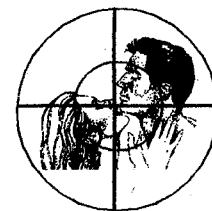
The Phish circus comes to Kansas City.

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"Chutes and Ladders" infiltrates the Greek system.

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The Monitor

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Each writer is responsible for his or her own
work.

We meet every Tuesday and Thursday at 9 p.m.
in OP 117. Everyone is welcome to attend.

"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, submit your event to the Monitor mailbox, CAOC, SUB or e-mail it to montiortrm@hotmail.com.

On Tues. Oct. 3 at 8 p.m. for only \$3, Campus Music Collective presents **Janis Figure**, a surf-punk band from Minneapolis, and **Ded Gein**, a homegrown metal band. At the Aquadome, 121 N. Main one block west of the square.

Fri. Oct. 6, the **80s Prom!** starts at 9 p.m., only \$2, and it benefits Amnesty International. Also at the Aquadome.

Campus Music Collective, Photo Club, and the Aquadome, presents the **Camera Obscura Family Day party!!!** Take a 30-minute ride *inside* a room-sized camera!

Experience how cameras were invented! Listen to two techno DJs, DJ Derek and Cicone 6, and watch unique drama/dance/performance art acts that

are going on outside, while you are inside. You won't believe your eyes. Bring your family on Sat., Oct. 7 noon-5 p.m. to the Aquadome. Donations requested please.

Campus Music Collective presents **Allette Brooks**, awesome folky singer from California, on Wed., Oct. 11. Location TBA.

The Writer's Block, a creative writing workshop, meets every Monday at 9 p.m. in the Writing Center.

Sigma Tau Delta presents "How to Enjoy Banning a Book," a lecture on censorship by Chett Breed, this Thurs., Oct. 5, at 7:30 p.m., in OP 117.

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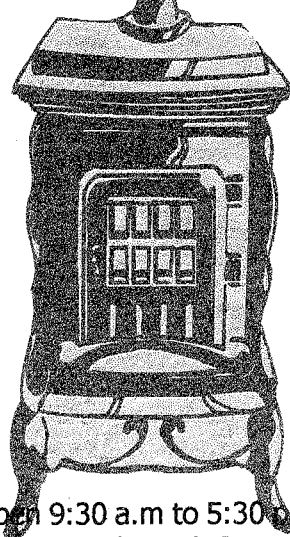
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monitor letters

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

I think it was
a stereotypical
mouse
name...
Mickey or
Cheesey...
M.W.

Drunk Monitor writers have their heads up their asses

I have been a consistent reader of *The Monitor*, but I have now forgotten why. Every two weeks I pick up a copy of that leftist propaganda that you call a newspaper and the result is always the same. I am always perturbed by the ignorant political stances of all of the staff writers. When you have your little drunken meetings do you admit only writers who prefer to write while placing their heads up their asses? It certainly seems that way. In the last episode I was particularly offended by the use of "soft money whore" to describe one of the nations most intellectual and moving politicians. George Bush is not only the best presidential candidate, but Gore and those far left lunatics in the Green Party would be the certain downfall of the American economy should they be elected, which they won't. I think that it is complete crap that you all at *The Monitor* completely disregard the logic and efficiency of the right.

Jeffrey H. Ropper

May we remind our readers that all views

expressed in *The Monitor* are the views of individual writers, not the paper as a whole.

If anyone feels there is a lack of representation of their political or other views in *The Monitor*, we kindly extend the invitation to you to write an article for this paper. *The Monitor* is open to any student or member of the campus community who wishes to write. That is our basis for existence.

Submit contributions to the *Monitor* mailbox in the CAOC, SUB, or attend our meetings, Tuesdays and Thursdays, 9 p.m., OP 117. (editors.)

Student senator resigns

Sunday, Sept. 17, I walked out of the Student Senate meeting, thus designating my resignation from the organization. I left without a word and I feel my action warrants some explanation.

To provide that explanation, I must first explain the unfortunate events that surrounded the recent fall election. According to the Student Senate Constitution, incoming students have the opportunity to elect six representatives in the fall.

The logical consequence of this, as has been followed in the past, is that each incoming student is allowed to vote for six candidates.

Unfortunately, due to an oversight (and NOT intent) by the individuals in charge of the election, the incoming class ballots instructed students to vote for only five candidates. Additionally, during the election, numerous incoming students — who had been informed by others that they could vote for six candidates — questioned student senators working at the table about the apparent discrepancy.

Most student senators, having no reason to even look at the incoming class ballot, did not know how to respond to the question. Some instructed to follow the ballot's directions, while others suggested that voters go ahead and vote for up to six candidates. It is not difficult to see how this confusion ended.

The problem was further complicated during the process of tabulating the election results. Although the election administrator instructed those senators counting the ballots to discard ballots containing six choices for incoming representative (hence "stealing" votes away from those students who may have followed the directions of a senator working at the booth), another student senator and I nevertheless counted ballots with six picks — meaning that even the totals reported for the election are inconsistent.

After another student senator and I later realized how much the election could have been affected by votes that were not allowed to be cast, we tried contacting the election administrator and president immediately. The election administrator understood the problem and said he had to confer with President Ken Hussey. We

later talked to President Hussey, who was more apathetic toward the problem.

Another former student senator who was reelected in this election also filed a complaint about the election and was promptly ignored. On Sunday night, a group of us was hoping to have time to discuss the election on the Senate floor before the new senators were sworn in. President Hussey summarily dismissed the possibility and swore in the new senators as the first action of the meeting. During that ceremony, I left Student Senate.

Although the highly questionable actions taken in this election were unintentional, the problem was clearly shown to those in charge. However, the leaders of Senate refused to correct the mistake and made the invalid election official. By not bothering to maintain the integrity of the election, Student Senate has lost its claim as a democratically representative body. This time, Senate's corruption does not lie in its premeditated deceit, but in its incompetence and laziness to right an obvious wrong. If elections cannot even be run properly, then any value or legitimacy of Student Senate is lost. I see any continued membership in the organization as complying with the problem and therefore feel a moral obligation to resign.

Most sincerely,

Christopher J. Ross

Former student senator and co-founder of the Bulldog Party

To the individual who ate all the barbecue-flavored potato chips and Hot Tamale candy, we unfortunately cannot print your letter because you did not sign it. Sorry. -eds.

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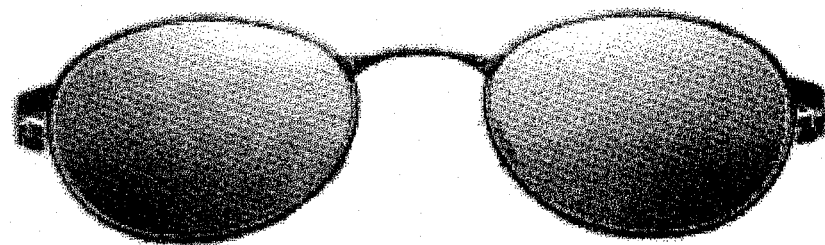


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monitor opinions

"Stupid head" congressmen blow our budget surplus

opinion by | Matthew Null

Five years ago it seemed ludicrous to fathom that the United States of America, with all its corrupt government spending (thank you John Stossil for informing us about it), could end up with a budget surplus. The government couldn't find a way to spend all our money! Wow. Many dreamed this day would come; four years ago Bush and Clinton both boasted about their plans to balance the budget within seven to 10 years. However, it happened in only four. What a great, thrifty country we live in. Right?

In fact, last Thursday, Congress discussed one popular idea about where to put the country's hard-earned money. So where did they say this money should be spent? Should it be given to back to the taxpayers? Perhaps putting it into education would be a good idea. The social security fund is bound to run out sometime soon; maybe it should be spent there. Some might say space exploration needs a bigger budget -- why not, right? Others might talk about Medicare or a better justice system. However, in congress they spoke of only one place to spend this money. Give it to the military.

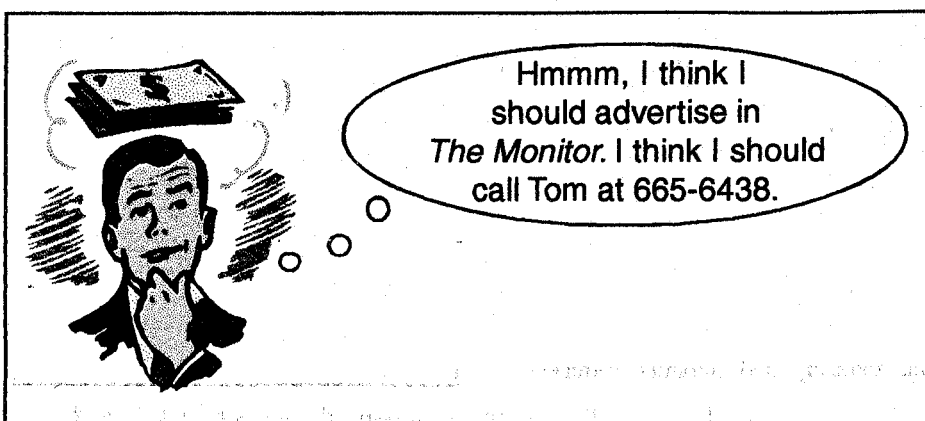
Being a pacifist myself, I would want to call Congress "stupid heads" (or something equally as immature) for wanting to throw away our tax money. General Harry H. Shelton argued that maturing weapons and deteriorating barracks and bases are becoming a serious risk to military readiness. The annual budget for the military is, after all, only \$305 million per year. Spending is projected to grow to \$330 million a year by the year 2005. However, the Air

Force and the Navy insist that the annual budget should be fortified by an extra \$30 million.

So why not just give them the money? one might ask. If the ships and planes are getting old, we need to build stronger, better ones -- right? Wrong. The United States has the largest military budget of any country in the world. Who has the second largest budget? Is it Iraq, Iran or maybe Cuba -- some of our strongest enemies? Nope. Russia holds the title with a budget of around \$60 million a year. Combining the military budgets of our seven greatest adversaries is still 22 times smaller than that of the United States (thank you *New York Times* for that tidbit of information).

There is no need to increase military spending. The Cold War is over; there is no major military threat to the United States. Now is the time when the United States should cut back on military spending and fund other things that might help shape a nation, like education. Everyday politicians argue to cut welfare, Medicare and social security, stating that we, as a nation, don't have the resources to assist "lazy, old people." However, Congress is debating whether we have \$30 million a year to let the Navy race new, shiny boats.

So what will happen to the surplus in the budget? No one knows for sure. However, both presidential nominees have promised to raise the military's budget, if elected. Good thing... because I was worried about World War III breaking out anytime soon... Who wants to help me build a bomb shelter? Come on. According to Congress, it seems like we might need one.



The Cynic's Corner

Jim Carrey deserves whack in the genitals

opinion by | Andrew Smithson

Negative thought of the day: (submitted by David Maginness). If I could be reincarnated as any animal, I'd want to be the monkey that started AIDS.

There are few things funnier than monkeys and midgets

I received an e-mail a few days ago from a friend of mine. It was a forward. I usually don't care for forwards. This one, however, was titled "I Like Monkeys," so I decided to give it a look. To sum it up, it involved a man buying 200 monkeys retail and the monkeys punched themselves in the genitals. That may not sound too funny, but I challenge you to picture 200 monkeys sitting on a bed and punching themselves in the genitals while screaming their little monkey screams without laughing. This, to me anyway, brings up a very important issue in today's over commercialized world. What is funny because it is funny, and what is funny because television told you it was?

Let's examine certain aspects of what is and should be viewed as funny, and then ascertain its real comedic value. First and foremost in my mind is Jim "I'm an asshole who's definitely not funny but needs to be the center of attention because I was deprived as a little child but I'm still a fucker" Carrey. Mr. Carrey is *not* funny. There are few things I feel stronger about. Because he did some horrible movies that involved contorting his face in bizarre ways, and a few people who can't understand much more than that thought he was funny, he has now become a pop-icon who has as much worth as 98°, and about as much talent. That's why there are shirts that say "alrightythen," and that's why I will never be able to respect anything he ever does.

Now we'll move on to something that is funny, shall we? Monkeys. Midgets. Mullets. One thing that few people understand is that good comedians don't create funny, they just point it out. Take Jerry Seinfeld for example. He doesn't have the need to "create" humor. He doesn't have to jump around

in the manner of a mental patient to get laughs. He sees something that strikes his funny bone, and he reiterates it in his own way to an audience. Whether he is describing airport security officers or the Halloween experience, he simply takes an amusing idea and presents it in a way that few intelligent people *don't* find funny. There is the difference between "high" and "low" humor.

High humor involves thought. Sarcasm, understating very bizarre things, and irony are some of the aspects of a piece of intellectual humor. This, if understood, is probably the funniest type of humor available to mankind. It doesn't even have to be stated, which is part of the beauty. Whereas in low humor it is a necessity to be extremely physical and overstated, like The Three Stooges and Mr. Bean (who can be funny), high humor in the way of Bill Cosby or David Letterman can involve simply sitting and speaking, and is often leaps and bounds funnier than Jim "Shit-head" Carrey could ever hope to achieve.

Some of the greatest -- if not *the* greatest comedians ever -- were in Monty Python. To watch *The Holy Grail* and attempt to analyze why it is humorous is fruitless. However, they combined aspects of both high and low humor. In some scenes, there is a random woman in the background beating a cat against a wall. What does that mean? Nothing, but simply because it is so out of place, and no one seems to notice or care, the huge understatement creates for a very funny outcome.

So remember, if you're trying to be funny, don't try. Find something that's funny in and of itself (like monkeys punching themselves in the genitals), and use the humor to your advantage. Give up things like "wazzzzaaaaa!" for a cat-beating image. If you're trying to be funny, it's probably not working. If you're trying to be funny around me, prepare to be punched in your genitals.

Anyone wishing to submit a "negative thought of the day" should send any ideas to drewski_81@hotmail.com. Send stuff. Make sure it's negative.

Have an opinion about something?
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I sometimes wonder at how fragile life is

opinion by | Peter Hough

I sometimes wonder at how fragile life is. Some scientists say that if our Earth were only slightly different, its ability to sustain life might be lost. A change in temperature of just a few degrees, a change in the Earth's tilt, or a change in the Earth's distance from the sun could be disastrous. That's not to mention outside factors that allow for life on this planet, like the size and proximity of our moon and the fact that this solar system has a "good" Jupiter, one that helps keep asteroids from colliding with our home.

I am amazed sometimes at how lucky we are to be here. Whether our first ancestors were single-celled organisms, Adam and Eve or [insert your own belief], we must at least concede that innumerable factors have worked together to preserve life until this day. How our ancestors must have worried about their lack of control, always living in fear of what their environment might do to them. How they must have longed for the day when they could finally dictate to the universe how their lives would be lived. How they must have envied us, seeing us from so far away, while they lived lives devoid of meaning and substance.

I am astounded sometimes by our arrogance. We fear being the patient. Instead, we want to be the agent, the actors, the dictators, and to permanently dispose of all other agents, whether natural or divine. We are a chauvinistic husband, beating Mother Earth into subjection at every possible opportunity. She must know we are the ones with power. She, and anyone else, must know that we shall decide how we will live, what we will do and what justice will be. No one can stop us from accomplishing what we purpose. And no one had better even suggest we're wrong. Our justification has been established and resides above questioning.

And yet, life is not what it could be. If it were, what would the politicians argue about? Indeed, the happy thought comes to mind that we would have no need of politicians. But we are left here in imperfection, straining toward improvement, toward progress. Each of us believing in something, we do what we can to achieve a better humanity. Every once in a while we get to see a glimpse of beauty,

we get the chance to meet greatness or we get to work toward the ideal with our own hands. We celebrate the people who show us the better way and we honor those who make sacrifices for the benefit of all. How we will honor the one who finds the cure to AIDS, the one who feeds the starving children and the one who shows us all that humanity is supposed to be.

What if they never come? How many Martin Luther King Jr.s have died before championing freedom? How many Einsteins have been silenced in their childhood before teaching us about the universe? How many Hitlers have made their exit before we ever knew of them? Just the chance of the good is worth the risk of the bad. That any person is unable to contribute to the chorus of humanity is reason enough to mourn.

In this country we enacted three amendments to the Constitution to make it clear that one person cannot own another. But slavery never ended. We use one of these amendments today to claim that a baby is the possession of her mother. And so we silence future poets, leaders, scientists and fascists. Were it to prevent the fascists from ruining the world, it might be to the benefit of humanity, though the logic is obviously problematic. Instead, we do it for convenience, because we lack respect for life and have a misunderstanding of the responsibility that life demands of us in our power. And now, in the true spirit of American convenience, we have our trusty pill. We need our pills for everything and so we find pills that will carry out our most destructive orders.

I guess I just believe that life is fragile and sacred, that being the highest agent in the universe may not be the best thing (for us or for the universe) and that arrogance leads only to destruction, both figuratively and literally. Some people don't see how a politician could be pro-life and also advocate capital punishment. It may be inconsistent. But killing criminals and saving babies is far less inconsistent than killing babies and saving criminals.

I sometimes wonder at how fragile life is and how lucky I am to be here. And these days I feel even luckier, realizing that life -- now more than ever -- is not a sure thing.

Winona LaDuke: she's a woman

opinion by | Ed Jenkins

Joseph Lieberman is not so exotic anymore. He would become the first Orthodox Jew vice president if Gore is elected in November, but that's cabbage compared to the meaty heritage of Green Party vice-presidential candidate Winona LaDuke.

Aside from being a woman, LaDuke's mother is a Russian Jew and her father is an Ojibwe Indian. Despite being her own minority, LaDuke went from being born in East Los Angeles to graduating from Harvard to being recognized by *Time* as one of America's 50 most promising leaders. She is currently one of the country's leading environmentalists, women's activists and indigenous people's activists.

When LaDuke was 18 she presented research on mining issues and multinationals to the United Nations. She alternated an education at Harvard with working against environmental racism. LaDuke said two-thirds of all uranium mines in this country are on reservations, and there are constant proposals for nuclear waste dumps on those lands. One of the platforms of the Green Party is to reconcile our relationship with the Earth. LaDuke believes that we abuse our environment with excessive fossil fuels and damming while we should be developing renewable resources and lowering our consumption.

She also fights to gain respect and property for Native Americans. Only two presidents, Clinton and Roosevelt, have ever visited reservations, but the poorest county in the country is on the Pine Ridge reservation in South Dakota. "If you can't help the poorest people in this country, that is a very good indicator of the level of justice in this society," LaDuke said. For a start, the government could give Natives back some land. LaDuke said the federal government owns 90 percent of the Black Hills in South Dakota.

One of the ways that LaDuke initially got involved in politics was in her battle to win back the land belonging to the Natives. She took the government to court because they failed to uphold their end of the contract, but they just told her that "the statute of limitations expired" on the land contracts.

"People make bad decisions in Washington," LaDuke said. "The electoral system is skewed." But regardless of the obstacles, LaDuke continues to fight to make the country a more effective grassroots democracy.

Vote for Robert Lewis; vote for a bigot

opinion by | Daniel Coate

"You don't like my opinions? Too bad."
-Robert K. Lewis

You can't imagine my disappointment upon learning the Robert K. Lewis was no longer campaigning for the highest office in the land (president). Sure, he's just a write-in candidate, so he wasn't really doing much campaigning in the first place, but now, especially because he no longer has an online presence, nobody will know of this extraordinary man. Lewis, the founder and sole member of the political entity, the Patriot Knowledge Base, is an exemplary Missourian who makes me proud to be a student in this fine state.

Like all good Missourians, Robert K. Lewis is a devout Christian, but unlike the general population, Lewis is deeply concerned about the corruption of our society's moral fibers. He knows where he stands on the issues

and is willing to speak out and, if the case calls for it, take action to save us from eternal Damnation. I think that's something we can all appreciate. There just aren't enough people in this world who are willing to point out the evils of our society. Luckily, the state of Missouri has been blessed with the presence of this caring individual.

The many evils denounced by Lewis include the New World Order, "Luciferian Communism," the Blue Ribbon Campaign for Internet Free Speech, and homosexuality; "God hates queers and they know it." Unlike "President William Jackass Clinton, who is the archetype of everything bad in America," Lewis would be a leader with integrity. Robert K. Lewis wouldn't mess around; he'd get things done and wouldn't let anyone, not even the devil himself, stop him. That's the kind of man I want for president.

We should make it our duty to make sure

that Robert K. Lewis, a first-class Missourian, a man who can truly represent us and accurately reflect on the great state of Missouri, attains the position he deserves. He can't do it without us. Remember, he can't win unless people know about him (and write his name in). Spread the word and don't let people tell you that we can't do it, because we can. We can and we must, because we care about the future of this country. Besides, anyone who tells you Lewis can't win and that you're wasting your vote is probably a "Luciferian Communist" and/or a homosexual and we know what Robert K. Lewis thinks of them.

So on election day, do what you know is right and vote for a man with morals, a man with intelligence, a man who cares about the future of our great country, a man who can represent you. Let's get this century started off the right way. Vote Lewis!

Seize your voice dammit! Disagree with me!

opinion by | John Nguyen

This will be quick and dirty.
In keeping with *The Monitor's* philosophy of freedom I've decided to begin making a new regular installment. We here at *The Monitor* like being in America where some semblance of Freedom of the Press exists. In other places this is not so much the truth. So from now on, in order to create more appreciation for what *The Monitor* means, as well as what Free Speech means, I am going to be

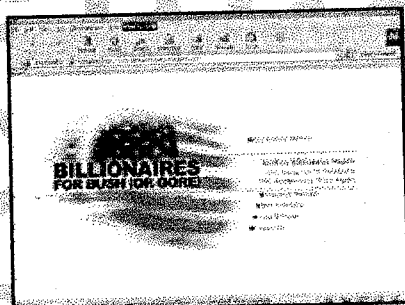
put a censorship story in the paper. They will be short info blurbs provided mostly by a great journal called *Index on Censorship* which is in the library and online at: <http://www.indexoncensorship.org>. What I'm trying to say is take advantage of *The Monitor*. Take advantage of the forum where just about every opinion is publishable. Seize your voice dammit. Especially if you generally disagree with me. Disagreement is cool. So here's this issue's installment:

In China, an Internet site called the New Culture Forum was shut down by the Ministry of State Security. It was China's first real pro-democracy Web site. The ministry also shut down the Web site's service provider the Million Internet Company. Another Web site known as New Culture was shut down in August and the Ministry is planning on penalizing their service provider for not monitoring the content on the pages. The officials claim that it was "too sharp" and "too anti government."

Seize your voice dammit!

Billionaires for Bush (or Gore)
<http://www.billionairesforbushorgore.com>
 review by I Daniel Coate

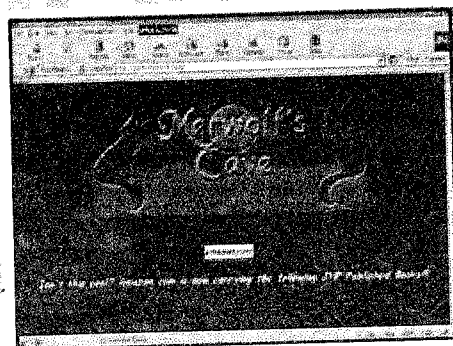
Big Money United finally has its own campaign! You can check it out at the Billionaires for Bush (or Gore) Web site. This excellent Web site includes the Billionaires' platform, party chants, slogans and songs, a comparison chart of the two candidates, a regularly updated list of upcoming events and a how to for forming your own chapter. Campaign materials are also available online (in bulk only). Visit the Web site and show your support for Bush (or Gore) "Because Inequality is not Growing Fast Enough."



Merwolf's Cave
<http://www.merwolf.com>

review by I JJ Pionke

Here is a little something new. Melissa Good is Merwolf, an excellent writer who publishes all of her work online. Her good fortune as a fan fiction writer of the television show *Xena: Warrior Princess* has led Merwolf to write two television scripts for the show, two printed novels and now



a movie script that is in pre-production. Her writing is well thought out, forceful, caring and just a tad romantic. However, there is a spin to this wonderful author: she is a lesbian and her writing is lesbian orientated. Her Web

site is primarily a vehicle for her fans to read her work. While the Web site itself does not have a lot of frills, it does contain thousands of pages of good stories. I highly recommend the site for its easy no-frills look and its content.

Garageband.com
<http://www.garageband.com>

review by I Sean O'Brien

<http://www.garageband.com> is a site for anyone who has issues with the way the music industry works today. It is a site conveniently free of Napster-like legal battles because all the artists on the site are there because they want to be. What garageband.com does is provide an outlet for artists who want to get their music to you and me. Sitegoers can listen to the music, chat about it, find out more about it and review it. The reviews of each song are ranked, and every few months the band in the #1 spot gets a \$250,000 recording contract from garageband.com. It's a system worth checking out.



S26: The latest battle in the war against capitalism

story by I Daniel Coate

On Sept. 26, or S26, as the International Monetary Fund's and World Bank's 55th annual summit got underway in Prague, Czech police and military set out to ensure the safety of the delegates. What were they afraid of? Probably the 8,000 activists who took to the streets to protest and disrupt the meetings. These activists, young people carrying drums and banners, met heavy resistance from public defenders in riot gear armed to the teeth with batons, tear gas, smoke grenades, water cannons and police dogs as they marched on the Conference Center, being called the "Castle" by protestors. The goal of these activists, to disrupt the summit and send the delegates home, was realized Wednesday, when IMF/World Bank officials decided to close the meetings a day early.

The activists in Prague were joined in spirit by thousands of others around the world who banded together in the fight against capitalism/globalization/corporate rule. S26 had been declared the next battle in the war against capitalism. Demonstrations similar to those in Seattle and Washington, D.C. this past year were seen in cities all over the world. In the United States, demonstrations were held in San Francisco, Seattle, Boulder, Denver, Chicago, Boston and New Brunswick, N.J. Demonstrations could also be seen in Toronto, Bristol, Lisbon, Stockholm, the Netherlands, Bangladesh, Sydney, Kiev, Moscow and India. In Tel-Aviv, an especially successful demonstration completely shut down the city's downtown. Demonstrators took over a major square and held a moment of silence for the activists in Prague.

Those who were unable to make it to Prague, or any of the other cities with massive demonstrations, were able to protest the IMF/World Bank summit on-line. Thanks to the Federation of Random Action and Toy Z Tech, activists were able to protest from the privacy of their own homes, using FloodNet programs to disrupt on the IMF's Web server.

The two days leading up to S26 were a good indicator of the organized chaos that was to ensue. On Sunday, Sept. 24, marchers chanting, "Break law and order, let them cross the border," moved in on the Czech Ministry of Interior. The marchers were seeking the release of 17 people detained at the Czech-Austrian border. The 17 were among 1200 Italian activists who hijacked a train heading towards Prague. Around 2 a.m. Monday, the train of Italians arrived in Prague, after being held at the border for 19 hours and then being stopped twice by Czech police once inside the country's borders.

On Monday, three activists, two Polish and one

America, were detained by Czech secret police after hanging a huge banner on the bridge leading to the convention center where the meetings were to be held. The activists were arrested despite making a deal with police that they would leave the bridge after they hung the banner and would not face punishment. The banner, which read, "No IMF, WB, WTO! End Corporate Rule!" was displayed to make the point that the only way for people to participate in the IMF meetings is to demonstrate outside of them.

At about 9 a.m. Tuesday, Sept. 26, day one of the IMF/World Bank summit, people started to gather in Namesti Miru square. The protestors, in addition to a common animosity towards the IMF, World Bank and capitalism in general, brought with them many banners, a massive sound system and even a huge inflatable globe.

Around noon, the demonstration split into three different groups — yellow, blue and pink — each carrying a flag of its respective character. Each group marched in a different direction in order to confuse the police and more effectively surround the Castle.

The yellow march, consisting of mostly Italian and Spanish groups and being led by the 1200 strong Italian group Ya Basta!, took the main route towards the Castle, crossing the bridge on which the banner was hung the day before. A large number of these activists in this group wore foam-padded overalls and carried heavy shielding. For more than two hours, the yellow marchers pushed against the heavily armored riot police occupying the bridge. In the afternoon, the yellow march, having no success in breaking through the police lines, split into two groups, one maintaining the bridge, the other, consisting of the demonstrators in padded overalls, leaving to join other marchers.

The blue march, moving through the valley separating the city from the Castle, was met with heavy police resistance. Each side bombarded the other with missiles: stones, Molotov cocktails (reportedly) and other objects from demonstrators and tear gas and concussion grenades from police. These massive confrontations continued late into the afternoon, with only a small number of protestors getting close to the Castle.

The pink march, which included a Samba band and a folk band, moved around the Castle and approached from the other side. By changing directions quickly, about 500 of the pink marchers were able to catch the police off guard and get close to the center. Some protestors managed to enter and occupy parts of the building and a nearby hotel, getting

See S26, page 13

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The Monitor

If you eat "very little," new group can help you

story by | Cameron Moore

Everyone is familiar with the saying "You are what you eat." To many on campus, following this reasoning would lead one to respond to the question "What are you?" with things like "pizza" and "taco salad." Unfortunately, there is an alarmingly high percentage that could respond with "nothing" or "very little."

Eating disorders are a problem for both males and females. According to an article on the subject at student.com, one out of every four college-age women has some type of eating disorder. This is just one of the reasons that senior Caroline Conley is continuing the student-run help group for those with eating disorders that

she started last semester.

Conley started what she considered an "informal peer group" because she was bothered by the relatively small number of people who had come into University Counseling Services asking for help with an eating disorder. Although this might suggest that there aren't very many people on this campus with eating disorders, Conley argues the contrary. Through her own battle with eating disorders, she said it was pretty easy to pick out those who may have a problem.

"Women are almost expected to have a complex about what they eat and how their bodies look," Conley said. She also

said eating disorders are "pretty prevalent" on this campus, especially at the Student Recreation Center.

There are three main types of eating disorders. Binge eating is characterized by compulsive overeating that may lead to massive weight gain. Another symptom is eating when not hungry until one is painfully full. The other two main types of eating disorders are the most common: bulimia and anorexia nervosa. Bulimia is the rapid consumption of food followed by self-induced vomiting or laxative use. Anorexia is the intense fear of gaining weight, which is usually exemplified by one's unwillingness to eat. Anorexia is classified

when this unwillingness leads to one weighing less than 85 percent of their normal body weight.

Although Conley started the group, she is by no means the only one in charge. "Everyone involved makes their contribution. Everyone's input is taken equally," she said. The peer group will be meeting on Monday nights at 7 p.m. in the Ryle Hall Classroom. It is a private setting where people can feel comfortable talking about their problems, Conley said. She also stressed that these meetings are completely in the hands of those who attend, and that students are welcome to attend just one meeting or as many as they wish.



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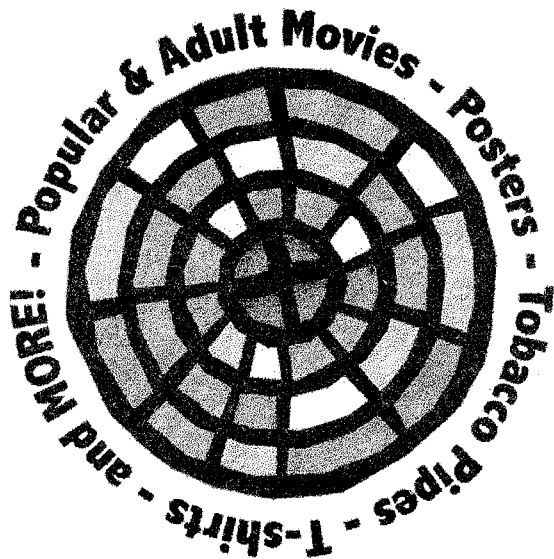


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Dining With Sodexho

feature by I Aaron Wilson

Recently I had a chance to return to one of my perennial favorites among eateries. I am of course referring to the Ryle Hall Cafeteria, located in Ryle Hall. However, on this particular night I was in for an especial treat. The establishment was conducting one of their weekly specials, which are known as "Premium Nights."

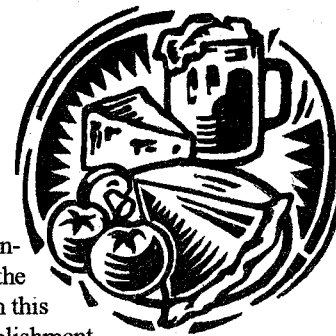
The plate limit for this exemplary fare was one per customer, so I had to make a difficult decision. I ended up opting for the chicken and mushroom filled ravioli, with a twice-baked potato and canned pears on the side. My dining companions both had the prime rib and curly fries.

The ravioli was quite simply delicious. The sauce, jubilant with sliced mushrooms, was thick and creamy. While the pasta itself tended towards the al dente side, a firm and heartily tasty blend of chicken and mushroom filled it to bursting.

The twice-baked potato also tasted excellent. The consistency of the potato was light and fluffy, and exhibited a wonderful blend of flavors from chopped onions, bits of bacon, and a light web of melted yellow cheese.

"The prime rib is tender, but a little dry. It makes for a delightful experience, but I know they can do better," stated one of my companions. "Look, my fry is curly, like a mouse's tail," commented the other.

All in all, Premium Night makes for an exceptional experience. My one complaint is the limit to number of entrees that can be eaten. The Ryle Hall Cafeteria has a lot to offer in the way of good food, it makes no sense that they should do anything to restrict their diners in sampling it.



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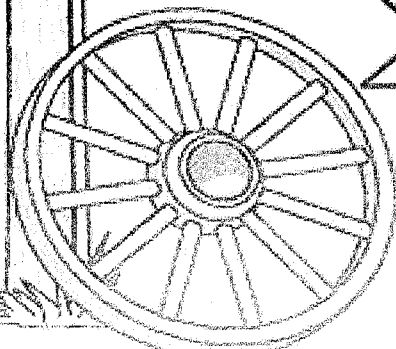
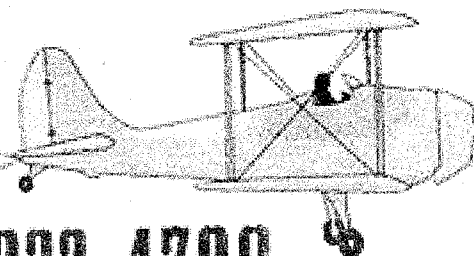
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Advice from the Afterlife

Deep in the Monitor Tower, away from the annoying morality of the human race, unholy Monitor scientists have opened a gaping portal to the underworld. Through this most unwise action, they are able to consult with the movers and shakers of history and bring to you, the innocent reader, the sage advice of these phantoms. This week's deceased guest is:

JOSEPH STALIN



1879-1953

Joe was a likable enough autocrat until the Germans attacked Russia in 1941. Then he got really pissed. Four years and twenty-some satellite countries later, the world had learned not to mess with Joe.

Dear Joseph Stalin,
I was walking across campus last week and chose to cut across grass between two

sidewalks. I was late to class and wanted to save some time. One of the university staff nearby asked me not to cut across the grass, as it kills it. I happen to think that unofficial footpaths make a campus look distinguished. What's your take?

Persons who cut across the common fields shall be put in camps. Those who continue to cut across common fields while in the camps shall be shot.

Dear Joseph Stalin,
E-mail protocol has been confusing me lately. When addressing a superior, I always feel as if I should compose the e-mail as if it were a letter. When addressing friends, however, I don't bother with formal grammar or style. Yet many friends tell me that this is somehow disrespectful. I wish people wouldn't get so worked up about it. How do you compose your e-mails?

Persons who fail to observe party e-mail protocol shall be put in camps. Those who continue to disobey the will of the worker with informal e-mail communication will be shot.

Dear Joseph Stalin,
Ernest Hemingway said that a Tom Collins was made of basically nothing but gin. Do you agree?

Persons who use liquors produced by the

diabolical capitalist nations of the West shall be put in camps. The production methods for rum, whiskey, gin and tequila have for centuries oppressed the masses who can neither enjoy the profits of their labor nor the products. Only those who partake of party-produced vodka will survive. Those who continue to imbibe the evil liquors of the West shall be shot.

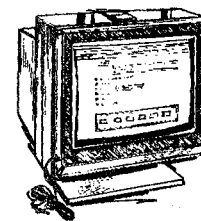
Dear Joseph Stalin,

A lot of people have said that they are tired of this column, and that it's getting kind of old. I used to like it, but I must admit that the humor factor decreased last semester. This semester, the column just plain sucks. What can you do about this?

Persons who fail to laugh honestly at the jokes contained in this column shall be put in camps. Those who refuse to have their senses of humor re-oriented to the right and proper socialist cause shall be shot. Does that clear it up any?

Joe ended up scaring all the other people we were going to get advice from this semester, so we've closed the gate to the underworld. The scientists formerly employed in this operation are now researching the fecal habits of subterranean monkeys.

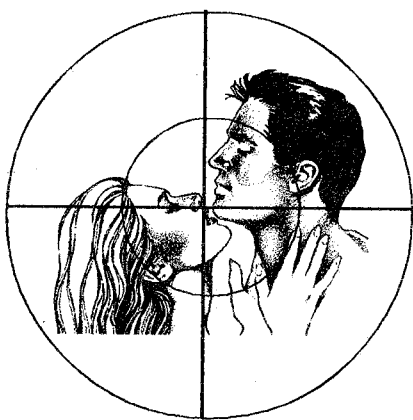
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Part 3: The Frat-Boy Stereotype, An Undercover Investigation...

feature by Lisa Magierowski

In the past month, I have seen an article or letter to the editor either bashing or praising frats in nearly every issue of the *Index* and *Monitor* -- needless to say, I was intrigued. Are all frat boys the brainwashed bastards everyone says they are? Are frat parties really just an elaborate ploy on the part of the members to get in girls' pants? To answer these questions, I decided to infiltrate the system ... in a really sexy outfit. Oh, by the way, all names have been changed to protect the innocent.

Since my roommate, Erika, is dating the "enemy," (let's just call his group the "No Rain" Fraternity), I determined to go to one of his parties, and I had a BLAST! It was great! The guys were all really nice, everyone seemed to be having a good time and I got to dance on the bar.

Of course, people were macking on each

Chutes and Ladders

An on-going look at Truman State relationships

other. In fact, one particular couple spent almost two hours in a corner of the basement lip-locked in a torrid embrace. But considering the female part of that equation looked really upset anytime someone interrupted them, I don't think she was being pressured into doing anything she didn't want to do.

Afterwards, I'm thinking, "What the fuck?" Where are all these over-hyped, bullshit stereotypes coming from? Then I thought, maybe this party was a fluke -- maybe all frat boys really are jerks. So, I decided to interview one.

Walking into "Turtleman's" (protecting the innocent) apartment was a shock. It was cleaner than my house -- and I'm really anal, so that's saying something. There weren't any pictures of naked women on the walls or bloodied bats placed in inconspicuous corners. It was just an ordinary college apartment, with the exception of two wooden paddles adorned with Greek letters and names hanging neatly on one wall. Turtleman was studying for macroeconomics. This was not what I imagined the lair of Satan to look like.

My conversation with Turtleman was pretty cool. Mostly, I asked him a lot of questions concerning the treatment of women at frat parties. Some of the answers he gave me were really interesting. For example, I asked him if what a girl wears to a party affects how guys treat her, expecting him to say something to the effect of girls who dress like sluts are considered fresh meat.

Turtleman totally surprised me. He told me girls who dress nice and look really good sometimes intimidate him and a few of his brothers.

"We're just like regular guys; it's hard to walk up to an attractive girl and just start talking to her," he said. He was such a sweetie; I began to feel guilty about the stereotypical mindset I brought into the interview.

While walking back to my minivan -- if you laugh, you die -- I was thinking, "What the hell is going on here?" This was not a fraternity of dumpster-tipping homophobic assholes. Obviously, not all fraternities are overflowing with calf-killing pagans. How disappointing.

After coming to this rather boring conclusion, I decided to spice up my life and narrow my search in order to find the elusive bad seeds. So, I hit the streets -- or, more accurately, my friends' living room, to get the dirt on the satanic sect of the fraternity scene. OK, Interview #2:

Me: Alright Nessa Kay, I know you've been to a number of frat parties. Tell me the worst experience you've ever had at one.

NK: A frat boy stuck his hand down my pants while I was dancing.

Me: Ah, excuse me? A guy you didn't know stuck his hand down your pants at a party? Did he touch the flowering jewel?

NK: No. His fingers weren't in HER or anything, but he was definitely touching pubes. And it gets better.

Me: Oh do tell.

NK: When I turned around to slap him,

because that seemed like a normal response to a drunken stranger touching my magic kingdom, he grabbed the beer I was holding and quickly ran away.

Me: You're kidding.

NK: Nope. He just did it to get my beer. Oh, and he also grabbed my tit.

Well, considering this guy obviously had balls, I'll give him a big high five for imagination. But because he touched my friend and got away with it, I'll just say this fraternity, oh, let's call them the Bastard Fraternity, has at least one small-dicked, unmannered, animalistic, egotistical, over-sexed, anal raping, macho bitch in their midst.

To rehash -- I had a bitchin' time at the frat party I went to. The guys were amazingly nice, and I didn't feel minutely uncomfortable at any time during the three hours I was there. I highly recommend broadening your horizons, if you haven't already done so, and trying out at least one frat party. Just be safe about it; don't get so completely bombed you can't be responsible for your actions. Also, go with a group of friends -- ain't nothing wrong with that.

Needless to say, there are pricks in the frat system who obviously have dilemmas with their dick size, and (for the girls who don't want to be the guinea pig for the new and interesting beer-grabbing game plan) stay away from the frats you aren't familiar with. Some of them are by far, a step up from your average perverts.

monitor reviews

Esthero should be as successful as Morcheeba

Esthero

Breath From Another
Work Records

review by I Jonathan Cannon

Initially, this review was to be for the Black Eyed Peas' new release *Bridging the Gaps*. It's an amazing album, surpassing their debut *Behind the Front* and very deserving of a praiseful review; however, as I listened to the album in preparation to write about it, I hit upon their collaborative song "Weekends" with singer Esthero. The 100-watt idea bulb lit up. Her soft, lilting voice brought back into my memory one of the most overlooked albums of the late '90s.

Breath From Another hit music stores in April 1998 and didn't generate much of a stir. It only produced one big single, "Heaven Sent," which still received pretty minimal airplay. The album unluckily dropped at the tail end of the trip-hop scene, a pseudo-genre born in the United Kingdom.

Trip-hop emerged earlier in the '90s when some music enthusiasts found the London hip-hop scene to be somewhat lacking. DJ-focal bands appeared, putting hip-hop beats along with eerie electronica, guitar riffs and sometimes jazz or rock vocals. For all intents and purposes, it became Hip-Hop Lite, a gateway

drug to appeal to rock and techno fans. By the time the sound had become a hit overseas, names like Massive Attack, The Sneaker Pimps, DJ Shadow and Portishead began leaking out into America. Here it was a craze, first in the underground scene and before long smack into the mainstream. Acts like Bjork and Morcheeba appeared; Bristol-native Tricky began remixing almost everyone's songs. The fusion of hip-hop into non-hip-hop groups grew to absurd proportions (with Bush's *The Science of Things* and The Cardigans' *Gran Turismo* as two prime examples).

Then, as usual, the trend wore out its welcome and trip-hop faded into the background.

Which left *Breath From Another* in its wake. And that's a shame, because Esthero's debut is far superior to at least half of the trip-hop records produced in its time. Sonically, it should've been a hit. The production work is astounding, as Minneapolis-native DJ and producer Doc weaves tight hip-hop beats with jazz and drum 'n' bass. Live keyboards, saxophones and guitars mesh well with programmed cuts and scratches -- a feat that alternative rock groups have been struggling with for years now.

Esthero herself has a voice somewhere between Beth Gibbons from Portishead and Fiona Apple. Sometimes she croons like a true jazz singer; on other songs she seems to be possessed

by the spirit of Bjork. Her voice carries a softness, but every now and then it shows its capability to belt out those notes with powerful range. And it fits the music perfectly, creating a dark, sinister tone one moment (as with the single "Heaven Sent") and a sad, retrospective tone the next ("That Girl").

The album is sequenced incredibly well to boot; if half the songs take you to the dance club, the other half bring you straight to the calmer after-party. Songs like "Superheroes" are simply at the zenith of trip hop's wasted potential, with strings, guitars, sound effects and all kinds of layering and volume control I can't begin to describe.

Listening to the album now, I'm still surprised it fared so poorly commercially. *Breath From Another* far outdoes the efforts of Tricky, Portishead and Morcheeba that surfaced that year. This album isn't just great for trip-hop; it's great as a hip-hop album, it's great as an alternative rock album, it's just a great album.

As the album nears its close, I found a bit of solace as the intro silence in track ten's "Indigo Boy" breaks with Esthero's smooth voice:

"I am the last of your worshippers/I am the last of your kind/I am the last of your followers/I have found my piece of mind."

Madonna "writes the body" -- but not as much as she used to

Madonna
Music
Maverick/
Time Warner

review by I JJ Pionke

Madonna has come out with a new CD called *Music* on the Maverick record label. Not a bad CD for the most part, music-wise that is. It is only 10 songs, which is kind of disappointing. However, once again Madonna has reinvented herself by bringing in the German techno scene. All of the songs have the edge of techno music taking her far from those oldies but goodies like "Vogue" and "Like a Virgin." While her music does make a statement in and of itself, for instance the song, "What It Feels Like for a Girl," looks at what is expected of women in social situations and by society. Unfortunately, this particular album is not strong on the lyric side so what the audience should primarily be interested in is the dance and tonal qualities rather than what Madonna is actually saying.

"What It Feels Like for a Girl" is a good example. There are only 16 lines of lyrics outside of the refrain. While those 16 lines talk about the sexual appeal of women and how often women repress their desires in order to attract the attention of the opposite sex and to fit in, it is damaging to the psyche to be continually putting one's self down. That, in effect, women must be silent in society or risk the consequences of being ostracized as a result.

Madonna goes further by having a dialogue at the beginning of the song that is not listed as a part of the lyrics. An unknown voice says to the effect "It's OK (for a girl) to look like a boy, but for a boy to look like a girl is degrading, 'cause you think being a girl is degrading." Madonna is pointing out to the population of the world that women are often forced to do things they don't want to do so that they will conform to society's rules and attract the attention of a male who will protect her.

Madonna herself is not above this either. Back in the early '80s and '90s Madonna was all about feminism. She showed off her body to make a statement and it worked. People listened to her message of "look at the system we are in." Her taking of the exact opposite side of an argument led public attention to many issues a lot of people had been trying to quietly ignore.

In many ways, Madonna has done a lot for the feminist movement. She continually brings attention to tough issues through her music, videos and interviews. However, it is easy to see the kind of backlash that is coming through now. The best example is that the CD booklet has none of the lyrics to the songs and rather is nothing more than a series of pictures of Madonna in a cowgirl outfit with blond hair. One of the pictures shows her laying in hay wearing her cowgirl costume asleep. In this picture she looks like a little girl. The reality is that Madonna is 42 years old. She is not as young as she appears. It makes you wonder what she has sacrificed personally for those good looks.

You have to admire her strength though. Here she is, 42 and still kicking some serious butt in the music business. Though her music continues to challenge us, she has taken the soft line. She no longer shocks as much as she used to. Her lyrics, while interesting and in some cases strong, do not have the strength they used to have. A lot of this has to do with her giving into the wishes of society. She has grown her hair out, is wearing clothes (rather than lingerie), has two kids and seems tamer than ever before.

Bell hooks, a feminist theorist, says Madonna has gone from feminism to patriarchy. I am not sure I completely agree with that statement. Madonna still has the interest of women in mind even if she has a conflict of interest by playing by the patriarchy's rules. Her songs proclaim "I am woman and these are important issues, but I also need to cater to some degree to the patriarchy so that I am still popular."

Helene Cixous, a French feminist theorist, says women must "write the body," that women must ex-

Phishin' for a good show

review by I Cameron
Moore and Rachel Schulz

Once a year, the circus rolls into town, and all the little kids beg their parents to go see the clowns and elephants. They spend weeks saving up their allowance to play carnival games and feast on cotton candy. Finally the day arrives, and they are bombarded with new sights, sounds and even a little carnal culture. And if they like the circus enough, they will go the next year and maybe the year after that as well. It gets to the point where they might as well be a part of the circus, finding an act they can perform and travelling with the circus wherever it may go. Last Monday night, we went to the circus for the first time -- in the form of a Phish concert.

We arrived at Sandstone Amphitheater just outside of Kansas City about an hour before the show was to start. We watched all the "little kids" show up in their Lexuses and Acuras, the majority of whom were not the free-spirited hippies one might expect, but were more of the white suburbanite "neo-hippie" breed. We were a little disappointed with the turnout, unaware of the carnival awaiting us in the parking lot on the other side of the venue.

Sure, the bearded lady was a bum selling pipe-cleaner sculptures and recycled T-shirts and the cotton candy tasted more like veggie burritos, but the atmosphere was pretty much the same. There were plenty of dedicated hippies with "acts," selling food, beer, drugs and personal belongings, just to make it

to the next show. The little kids "oooooh'd" and "aaaaah'd" at the side shows, gobbling up everything they had to offer.

As the concert approached, the Phish-heads made their way into the venue. Full of cotton candy and LSD, the kids excitedly hurried to the big top to see their favorite jam band. We found our way to the front of the lawn for an unobstructed view of the stage. The lights went down as the scent of kind bud settled over the crowd. Out walked four plainly dressed individuals, ready and willing to appease their longtime fans and the first-timers like us.

The band's seemingly effortless performance had the crowd grooving from the moment lead singer Trey Anastasio's pick struck his guitar. Accompanying the mellow jams, which were primarily selections from their new album, *Farmhouse*, was a lighting display that was a show in itself. A rainbow of psychedelic colors and patterns illuminated both the band and the crowd, creating an atmosphere that pleased all the senses.

The band filled two full sets with auditory delights, which were interrupted only by an intermission. After the second set, Phish performed "Driver" for their encore, followed by a reprise of "Tweezer" to finish the show.

We filed out of the amphitheater into the lot of vendors and grabbed some homemade eats before hitting the road. We all left satisfied, each hoping that maybe next year the circus will stop in our town.

see MADONNA, page 12

Un-idiotic student senators signify nothing

opinion by I Matthew Webber

I'm writing this opinion on Sept. 24. I'm writing before the Student Senate "W" forum. I'm writing before their human "W" on the quad. I'm writing before the Faculty Senate meeting at which they might vote to place a "W" on our transcripts. I'm writing it now, before I know the outcome, before I know if everyone who signed the Student Senate petition will "reconsider completing [their] education at Truman" or not.

I can write my piece now because I know my opinion won't change. Sorry to my friends on Student Senate, but I don't disagree with the "W" policy. In fact, you could say I actually support it.

I'll pause now so every student senator can catch his/her breath.

Now I can continue.

Until the last issue of *The Monitor*, I agreed with Student Senate. No "W": good. "W": bad. But then something happened: I interviewed faculty senators for a news story about the controversy. And when I heard their reasons, their reasons made sense.

When I was actually allowed to hear something about the "W" from someone who wasn't a student senator, the "W" policy didn't sound unreasonable at all. It sounded fair. It sounded in line with what other schools are doing.

And Student Senate's anti-"W" propaganda began to sound like it was full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

(I left out the "tale told by an idiot" part of the quotation on purpose. The student senators proved themselves too politically savvy for that. After all, they not only assumed an entire student body's opinion without ever polling it but then they reinforced the assumed opinion by making sure it was the only one that was ever allowed to be heard. That's very un-idiot-like if you ask me. It's actually pretty damn smart.)

Wanting to be good journalists, Rachel Schulz and I made our article in the last issue of *The Monitor* as objective as possible. Sure, we had our bias, but we submerged it as much as any journalist can. We were scared it would show by how we ordered our story. We thought it would be obvious by the quotes we included. We hoped it stayed hidden, like any good bias should.

But this is an opinion.

I could repeat Faculty Senate's arguments and try to convince everyone how reasonable they really are. But many people obviously disagree with them. (I hate how Student Senate assumed I would disagree, too.)

I just want the readers of *The Monitor* to know there's at least one student who sees the fairness of the "W." Actually, there's at least two, because after seeing the exact same information, Rachel Schulz came to the exact same conclusion.

"W": not that bad. No "W": a Student Senate propaganda machine.

Besides actually hearing the other side of the

story and forming my own opinion, I now have a personal reason to support the "W" policy as well: Had this policy been in effect two weeks ago, I would still be on the pre-MAE track like I probably should. And I wouldn't be so scared about what I will do after graduation.

In a strange twist of fate more ironic to me than any lyric Alanis Morissette ever sang, I decided to drop the final education class of the pre-MAE sequence on the very same day I finished writing the "W" story. Before I wrote the story, I hadn't thought seriously about dropping the class. Writing the story definitely planted the idea in my head.

I probably should have dropped the class earlier in the semester when I first began to doubt my commitment to the education program. Or else I should have stayed in the class and kept the MAE program as an after-graduation option.

Instead, I worried about the class for way too long. And I dropped the class after four weeks, *just because I could*. And no graduate school will ever know.

And if that doesn't make me, a Truman State University student, guilty of something, I don't know what does. I don't feel like I have too much academic integrity right now.



photo by Rachel Schulz

Students form a "W" on the quad last Wednesday.

At the Sept. 28 Faculty Senate meeting:

-13 students spoke against the "W" proposal

-Student Senate presented a petition with 1157 student signatures

-Faculty Senate voted 1 against, 1 abstaining and the rest for the proposal

Dedicated senators speak eloquently, admirably

opinion by I Rachel Schulz

I began taking a genuine interest in the academic affairs of Truman State University at the beginning of this year.

In the last 10 days I have attended three "W"-related meetings and forums sponsored by either Faculty or Student Senate. This means that six to seven hours of my life this week have been devoted to a topic about which I am not even that adamant.

I know Matthew Webber's opinion piece included my opinion about the "W" policy itself, but I wanted to further clarify how I feel about the Student Senate effort.

I was extremely skeptical about Student Senate when I attended one of their general business meetings earlier this year. I laughed inwardly as they snapped their fingers at each other in approval and as my peers addressed one another with such appellations as "Senator Smith" and "Senator Jones."

All I could think was Student Senate doesn't even have any real power — what are they so worked up about? What do they really think they can do? But I stuck it out in the meeting and even went to a couple more to see if my attitude was unfounded and naive.

I remained skeptical that efforts of the Student Senate including the forums, the human "W" and the presentation of their resolution to every faculty member would have any effect whatsoever on the final outcome. However, I had to acknowledge that I felt a twinge of admiration for the senators amidst my skepticism.

Thursday I went to what was to be the culmination of all of the Student Senate efforts: the September Faculty Senate Meeting. The "W" was an action item on the agenda, and I knew this was a deciding moment for the senators.

All Student Senate speakers were dressed very nicely and, based on the eloquence and clarity with which they spoke, it was clear that they had put much time and thought into the creation of their three minute speeches.

I had about two hours before the "W" policy came up on the agenda, and my thoughts wandered back to the Student Senate and the efforts they had made regarding the "W."

Although the "W" issue was a lost cause from the start in my mind, I realized the degree of honor in what our Student Senators are doing. Sure, they do not have any real power except for that of suggestion, but they have dedicated themselves to doing as much as they can within their position on campus as the voice of the students. They have found a cause and have decided to do whatever is within their power to support that cause — what could possibly be more honorable than that?

So, I'd like to applaud Student Senate for their wholehearted efforts, the amount of time I can only imagine was put into the creation of numerous resolutions, forums, mass mailings and the genuine enthusiasm they have for their cause.

Know that your work has not gone by unnoticed, and that even though you didn't win today, tomorrow is always another story!

POVERTY, from page 1

shrinking incomes, etc.), Kottenstette explained how the substances emerge as a soothing, almost sublime agent, a restored capacity for serenity and joy. He termed it "a vicious cycle" because "[the cost] creates more poverty, destroys families, leaves children in foster care and leads to stealing and violence." As losses mount and proliferate, users are then cast into unemployment and merely compound already existing challenges. Kottenstette grimly warned of "the chain effect. It [drug abuse] sucks everybody within striking distance of the user."

Carolyn believes that institutional remedies can-

not necessarily cure this concern or some of the other, broader complaints. "Government programs cannot do the work," she said. "The community must take care of its own. There are enough people with money in this area that if we all work together we can make a difference." She conceded that a "cynical society" could be a powerful obstacle because "there has been so much abuse." Still, whenever anyone raises the question of whether applicants for help at the CCC must prove their income Carolyn's invariable line is "No, I don't. I leave that up to God."

Your words could fill
this space.

Write for *The Monitor*.

Women view men as Billy Graham or Kid Rock

Sex as a Noun: The Masculine Challenge Part 2 of 3

feature by | John Halski

We live in a post-feminist world. That doesn't mean the feminist movement is over and done with, only that the effects of feminism cannot easily be undone. It means all of us living today must cope with feminism as an ingrained part of our culture. Feminism affects our interactions, our art, our politics. Everything! I've seen all things male mocked, demonized and disregarded. I've had to question whether or not I can make love without playing some domination game with the crevice I enter. I've heard countless others moan in frustration, "I'm TIRED of saying 'person-this' and 'person-that.' Why can't we be firemen and policemen again?"

Consequently, those of us born with penises have found ourselves at something of a crossroads. Of course, I can hardly continue without acknowledging that the traditional role of women en masse in the West has been at a permanent crossroads, i.e. the eternal contradiction of the virgin-whore expectation. (For those unfamiliar with the virgin-whore complex, it explains the curiosity of Western culture by which women are expected to abhor sex yet to surrender it to whatever cock happens by. This is justified either biologically, psychologically, or even theologically depending on the mood of the person doing the justification.) These expectations helped necessitate the feminist movement in the first place. In the meantime, however, the rest of us face this ideology with a ball and chain called patriarchy dragging behind us. I would like to call what we men face the father-fucker complex, but for decency's sake, I'll refer to it as the Masculine Challenge.

I contend that the culture makers amongst those with penises (often known as men) have answered the Masculine Challenge spurred by the Feminist movement in two predominant ways. Obviously, in a culture of our size, there is a veritable rainbow spectrum of diversity in our cultural expression. Yet two genres have gained more attention from the mainstream than the rest.

On the one hand, we have the fathers, the Promise Keepers, the Billy Grahams, etc. Rooted in tradition, they consequently catch the ire and suspicion of the contemporaries. They irritate us by reminding us of what they consider to be the flaws of Western culture. They worry us by basing these

value judgments on principles so disdained by this post-feminist culture.

On the other hand, we have the fuckers, the Man Show, Maxim, Kid Rock. Rooted in shallower traditions, this side glorifies those stereotypes of the chauvinistic pig. Not to be mistaken for genuine satire, though you might argue that they walk the fine line. As satire, it's too widespread, too mainstream now. It's difficult to criticize or mock the populous when you are the populous. These beer drinking, responsibility shirking, feminist bashing "heroes" of today's prepubescent male have taken advantage of the Masculine Challenge to offer an alternative to the Promise Keeper that doesn't so much answer the challenge as it does revel in the dirt of the conflict.

Between the two, these men are encouraging two intensely narrow stereotypes to fit into. And, much like the proverbial virgin and whore, neither constitutes a reasonable or an entirely healthy lifestyle.

Let's consider what the two have in common: Both rely on traditional views of masculinity. Though this is not bad in-and-of-itself, it necessarily relies on the forces and tides of history and all its trappings to decide our identity today. It demands that priority go towards whatever makes a man a MAN in our behavior. To give just a mild example, time and money will go towards "medical" pursuits as hair growth and penile virility. Just as a woman without shaved legs cannot live as a genuine Woman, nor can a bald, impotent man really live as a genuine Man.

To give a harsher example, this same tradition will call for the rejection of any and all homosexuality. Promise Keepers founder Bill McCartney has referred to it as "an abomination of Almighty God." Consequently, fathers will feel righteous in kicking out their gay children onto the streets or leading them to psychological treatment, which often involved shock therapy. [Note: This is not speculation. Anecdotal and statistical evidence is available upon request.] The bad boys out there will in turn mock, beat and even kill these deviants for betraying the sacred tradition of masculinity we cling to in our post-feminist confusion. Straight from Eminem's "Criminal": "My words are like a dagger with a jagged edge/That'll stab you in the head/whether you're a fag or lez/Or the homosex, hermaph or a trans-a-vest/Pants or dress -- hate fags? The

answer's 'yes'"

What ought to be apparent now is how undeniably linked these two movements are. Neither side can genuinely criticize the other. They should both know they have a common origin. The Feminist movement has kicked in the knees of the patriarchy and now we all must struggle to find our footing again. Our generation perhaps more than any other faces this challenge caught in the wake of the radicalism of the '60s and '70s. Like a child taught math in base 6, those of us with penises have a patriarchal hard wiring though we're expected to work with post-feminist software. Things seldom add up for us.

I'd like to make a suggestion now for a possible escape. Aside from many rational, well thought-out arguments that have come from the feminist movement, some wonderfully absurd characters have arisen as well. I'm not even talking about your hippie granola folk singers or diesel dykes. I'm talking about the ultimate in male-bashing femi-nazis, Hot-head Paison-Lesbian Terrorist. I'll go out on limb here and guess that most of you have never heard of her. She is, in short, the culmination of all a woman was not supposed to be in her life, a castrating, uncontrolled, improper, uncompromising, self-righteous butch bitch.

(She also has the most adorable cat ever penned in a comic, but that's besides the point-please no pussy jokes.)

I'm no artist, so I'm calling out to those so inclined to make for mainstream males our own Secure Stan-Shameless Domestic. Yes, he would cook and take care of the kids. He'd compete in sports without demanding victory, only enjoyment. He'd refuse to let his penis decide his identity, nor ignore it whenever it acts unexpectedly. Masculinity could wear a skirt if it were more comfortable and respect the choices other men make as well. He'd listen to Ani DiFranco without cringing and read Mary Daly with an open mind (even if he later disagrees).

For our friend Stan, sex could no longer be a noun, no longer the final judge and jury of his behavior. He could be a father without "knowing best," he could fornicate without fucking. If his ways catch on, if we all find our footing in the post-feminist world, maybe one day even the lesbian terrorists will support the penis-born without feeling like sell-outs, and we'll lose the ball and chain.

MADONNA, from page 10

press themselves and have their voices heard. Madonna does this. Her voice is heard, perhaps more than others are.

However, to get where she is now she has had to give into certain patriarchal points of view. Her music video for the song "Music" is nothing more than her riding around with female friends all pimped out, going to strip clubs and putting dollar bills in female strippers g-strings. How much more male patriarchal fantastical can you

get than that? Come on, woman on woman action? An image of a woman as a whore and loving it? These images are made specifically to attract the male audience.

While Madonna has made great strides for women, she seems to be caught up in the idea that she must satisfy the patriarchy in order to survive, when in reality she could probably survive just as well on her own.

By this point you may be wondering what is it I am trying to say. Well, for the most part, I am

saying that Madonna's music is still good. Her newest offering is worthy of attention, and for one who likes techno, I found the music to be quite pleasing.

Her music still speaks to me, but not nearly as much as it used to. I find myself totally disgusted with the CD booklet and the music video. Madonna is no longer making a statement about much of anything; she is following the rules of society, even if she does bend them slightly every now and then with lyrical content.

She still is a force in the media and will continue to be a force for many years to come; yet the power she once had as a bold leader for women is gone. I enjoy her music, but have come to ignore the rest of who she is simply because she has become a broken record of what men want.

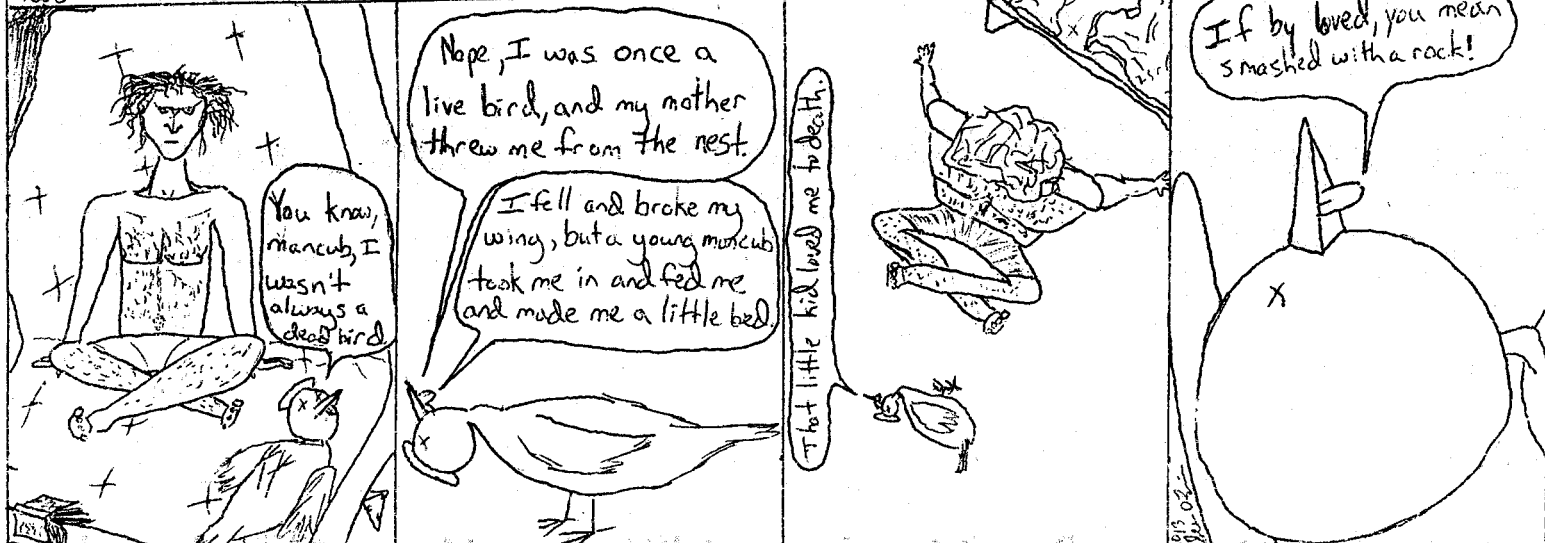
If you would like to read her lyrics you can find them online at <http://www.madonnamusic.com>.

Wanted: 6th Backstreet Boy

Must be able to sing, dance, look cute, know Michael Fredo's lyrics and answer to the name of Tommy Palmier

SWS

Two Truths and a Lie



Professor offers needed variety

feature by JJ Pionke

A couple of weeks ago Doug Steward and I sat down and had a serious conversation about sexual orientation and the Truman campus. Doug is a one-year contract English professor. He is also gay.

Doug is a great guy. I really mean that. There are some people I have interviewed and came away with nothing more than the answers to my questions (and sometimes not even that). Doug though, really has a connection to Truman and to students. Doug graduated from Truman in 1992 with a B.A. in English and a minor in French. He has a Ph.D. from KU in English. Doug is also the Secretary for the MLA Gay Caucus. At the moment Doug and his partner Jeff are travelling where the work takes them.

One bad thing for Doug and Jeff is that because they are not legally married, they do not get the same insurance benefits that a married couple gets. Also, for Jeff, there is simply not much work as a sign-language interpreter. Aside from the negatives, Doug and Jeff enjoy being here and so far have not run into any discrimination other than being ignored by a few people.

Since there aren't that many openly gay professors here at Truman, I wanted to ask him about it. He feels that while he does not hide his sexual orientation, he does not flaunt it either. "I am not that kind of professor that makes it [homosexuality] an explicit discussion in class," he said. "But I don't hide it, if they want to know it is not hard to find out."

He said some of his students may not want to know, or care to know, but for the most part he felt he had not had any negative experiences with his students. He felt that faculty and staff warmly welcomed him and that they are very supportive and fun, perhaps more so than most people see.

We went on to talk about the differences at Truman between his time here as an undergrad and now. One of the big things he has noticed is there are gay people here! When he was a student there were no openly gay students much less a group of them, like Prism. "The student body seems to be much more comfortable being out," he said. "As a student here I was not out in class and don't have a recollection of anyone else being out either." For the most part he felt the changes have been for the better and that everyday he is finding something new that has changed.

In ending, Doug said, "If there are any gay students out there that would like to talk to me, they are free to come during my office hours. Also, I would be interested in hearing about any work that is being done by students on gay and gender issues, not to tell them what to do, but rather just so that I know what kind of research is being done here on campus."

Doug is a cool guy and is someone you should know. Not just because he is a good professor and an alumni of Truman, but because he is genuinely one of those people who makes your life just a little better for having known him.

If you have an interest in gender and sexuality issues, Doug was lucky enough to get Eng. 395 Representations of Gender and Sexuality for next semester. It is only offered every other year, so here's your chance, juniors and seniors! Doug is very excited to be teaching it and is looking forward to the challenge. If you have an interest in gender and sexuality issues definitely sign up. It should be a good class with a great teacher!

My flight with Nader

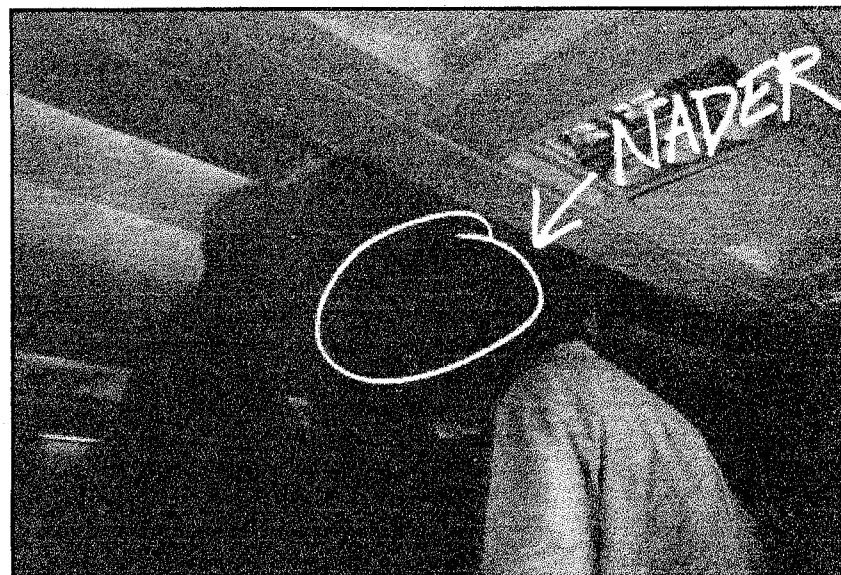
feature by Ed Jenkins

I probably would not have realized I was on a plane with Ralph Nader if I had not purchased newspapers with a girl with whom I was traveling.

On June 23, I stood among a mass of people in Lambert International airport in St. Louis eager to return home after two weeks in Spain. It was my final flight in a series of four from Malaga to Kansas City. A couple of guys in front of me began to point at and whisper about a tall, well-groomed man in an expensive suit who stood with two assistants of some sort near the window. He looked familiar. "Perhaps a Missouri senator," I thought.

The line finally moved and I obtained my seat in the back of the plane. We couldn't leave yet, however, because the flight was overbooked and two people needed to forfeit their seats in exchange for two roundtrip tickets to anywhere in the continental United States. A couple of suckers accepted, and one of their bodies was replaced by that of the tall, distinguished gentleman. He sat two rows in front of me and two seats to the left.

During the flight, I saw exactly two other people recognize the man. I still hadn't figured it out, but I didn't care. I was just going to read the *USA Today* until I got home. I don't like *USA Today*, but at the airport I had one quarter of my own and one I bor-



rowed from a girl with whom I was traveling. I was going to use it to get some artsy newspaper, but there was only one left in the machine, and I decided I could pay 50 cents and take two *USA Today*'s so I could give one to the girl who had lent me the quarter.

So I read the paper. I was going to just read the sports and entertainment sections, but on a whim I decided to actually look at the interior of the front page -- world news, politics, George W. Bush the cokehead. I turned the page, looked down and saw a jewel-case-sized picture of the guy sitting two seats, as the crowd flies, from me at that moment. Right above it I then read a big bold headline that said "Nader"

does something.

"Holy crap," I turned to the girl next to me, "that's Ralph Nader!"

She asked me to point him out, and I did. Then she asked who Ralph Nader was. I explained he was a presidential candidate. "Like the president of the United States?"

"No, of Narnia."

I didn't have anything to say to him so I just sat back and watched him. He drank grapefruit juice. As he was leaving, I took out a one-time use camera and snapped a flashless picture of him standing in the aisle. I didn't need anything more. I was content with being able to add him to the list.

S26, from page 6

extremely close to delegates, but were forced out by concussion grenades, tear gas and heavy physical violence by the police. Peaceful blockades remained around the Castle until the early evening, despite several attempts by not police, one involving a tank, to break them.

That evening, as delegates were evacuated from the building to Opera Square for the night's activities, the demonstrators were also heading towards Opera Square, where more than 3,000 others were already waiting. Mass arrests had begun, but the demonstrators were not ready to stop. The yellow group still held the bridge, the activities in Opera Square

had to be cancelled, metro stations were occupied and shut down, and confrontations with police continued well past 11 p.m.

At noon Wednesday, activists again gathered in Namesti Miru square, this time with the intent to march on the jails where those arrested on Tuesday were being held. Police, reportedly armed with chemical weapons, managed to surround the activists before they were able to march. Eventually, the marchers, still contained by the police, were allowed to head towards the jails.

The purpose of the march was to monitor the conditions of the prisoners, who were allowed no access to phones or lawyers. Those released reported

extreme brutality inside the prisons. Prisoners have been gassed, beaten, tied and sexually harassed. These reports were confirmed late Wednesday evening.

At 6:05 p.m., word reached the protestors that the meetings for Thursday had been cancelled. The IMF announced they were closing early because their meetings had already finished.

Word spread rapidly and celebratory gatherings were called for that evening at the Charles Bridge and Old Town Square. Despite heavy police presence, demonstrators celebrated the success of S26 throughout the night. The activists continue to demand the release of those in prison.

Don't Be Afraid...



by Ryan Ruffatti

UNBELIEVABLY TRUE

actual news from around the world

feature by | Joe Rothermich

Everyone is taking advantage of the Sydney Olympics; including prostitutes and local brothels. Reuters news wire reported that prostitutes in Sydney are offering "Sprints! Relays! and Marathons!" to customers, in true Olympic spirit. One brothel in the area has a running newspaper ad claiming to have "gold medal specialists" to entertain customers. A brothel near the Olympic Homebush Bay venue states: "Go for the gold! We always go the distance." Many brothels boast that they offer "gold medal services."

Geoff Marsland, a café owner in Wellington, New Zealand has a new weapon against noisy neighbors: a 64-minute CD of lawnmower noise. "If your neighbors have a party Saturday night fairly late, what you do is you get up at seven o'clock in the morning, put the hour of lawnmowing sound on and go out to a café," he said. According to Reuters, the CD contains general lawnmower sounds with a few

features that include stones hitting the blade and emptying the catcher. Local retailers have bought 80 percent of the 5,000 CDs. The album is Marsland's second. His first album, *Urban Assault*, contained noises of car alarms, revving motorcycles and three minutes of a baby crying.

Flying fruit can be added to the dangers of highway driving. A trio of monkeys was spotted throwing bananas and crabapples on an interstate in east Virginia. Last Sunday, drivers along Interstate 95 were startled after their windshields were pelted with bananas. Virginia state trooper Mike Scott became aware of the monkeys after encountering a woman on the side of the highway with smeared banana on her rear window. A mile south on I-95 trooper Scott found two more cars on the shoulder, along with a small crowd trying to spot the monkeys in the trees, according to a Reuters wire report. Scott and another state trooper chased the monkeys through the woods only to lose them in the underbrush.

Queen Astra



Let the stars be your guide!

Aries (March 21-April 20): When traveling to Moberly after hours, be sure to have your ID. 24-hour porn shop is O-P-E-N.

Taurus (April 21-May 22): Look to the horse and dog for happiness. Beware of the monkey.

Gemini (May 23-June 21): You are soon to make millions. All you have to do is go public with the lighter cozy attachment you designed. Go for it, dude.

Cancer (June 22-July 24): Worried about mid-terms? Relax with those two magic words: snatch patch.

Leo (July 25-August 23): Keep in mind that joycam pictures may take half the time of regular pictures, but they're also half the size. You decide.

Virgo (August 24-September 23): Don't get too lonely studying in your dorm room. Tune into *Blue's Clues*. Steve is always there for you.

Libra (September 24-October 23): Find

out who is your real friend this month... It's the one who buys you the Air Supply Christmas CD for your birthday.

Scorpio (October 24-November 22): Recipe for a wild evening: one hand, one highlighter, one blacklight. Go crazy.

Sagittarius (November 23-December 21): I know the urge to spend all your money on Boston CDs is overwhelming, but you'd better wait to make sure your scholarship is going to hold up next semester, Big Spender.

Capricorn (December 22-January 20): You need to get those free audience tickets to *The Jerry Springer Show*. People are counting on you.

Aquarius (January 21-February 19): Your best bet with a spotted eel is to stay calm and try not to provoke the eel.

Pisces (February 20-March 20): Stop going to bed so early. You should be out partying. At least give it the old college try, buddy.

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Located at the corner of JEFFERSON and FRANKLIN Sts. in the historic Miller Bldg.

THE DODGE

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

BY ANDY DANDINO



ART PAGE

This week's art was displayed at the Tom Thumb Gallery September 29. Students, Faculty and even visitors from other cities came to the opening. Combined with traditional visual art the gallery presented other aspects as well: guest speaker Jacob Kraus, from St. Louis, described his vision of the future, visitors were given cans of spray paint to decorate the gallery property and a multimedia performance by sophomore David Capps caught guest's attention. The gallery plans to have a second exhibition later this semester. For more information e-mail: Tomthumbgallery@yahoo.com.



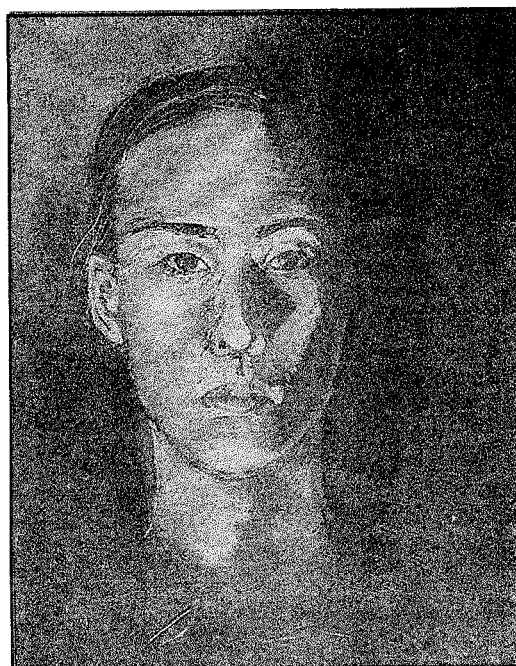
(Left)
John Klaas' Girlfriend
Untitled
Silver Gelatin Print



Jim Jereb
"Mina Tory"
Monotype



Erin Huckle
"Rabbit in an Elevator"
Oil on Wood Panel



Mimi Kato
"Self Portrait"
Oil Pastel on Paper



Kjell Hahn
"Study of Male Nude with
Scythe"
Inkwash on Paper



Jimmy Kuehnle
"Holytoteetoe"
Charcoal and Gesso on Paper



Jay Lansford
"Shoes Suffering from Fashion"
Silver Gelatin Print

The Infinite Lightness

Dust, in its infinite lightness,
can double the weight of a mattress in ten years.

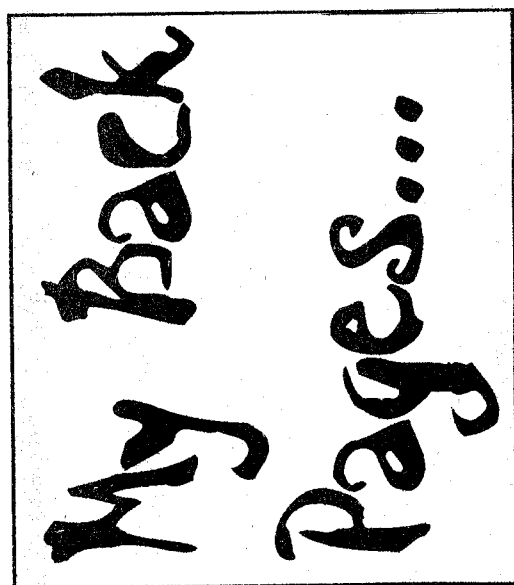
You stand at the foot of the bed. The sheet, a
blue canopy,
hovers and rests a moment on dust or air, inertia,
the energy of its own rise before it falls.

Physics tells you a feather will fall at the same
speed as a brick,
but the sheet wafts down unevenly, rests and
settles,
wrinkled on the bed for you to straighten.

You can think of these things, physics and weight,
ten years of accumulated dust,
the cleaning and the straightening and the crawling
into bed,

Or remember how the breeze lifts the curtains,
and the sun catches dust in a stream of light,
while you stand, arms raised, attached to the sheet
that billows out before you in the air.

—Jennifer Hatala



Whom Will I Love

Who will be there
When I come home tired
What will greet me
When I come through the door
Will I fix dinner alone
When I am old
Where will my love go
When I go to bed desolate

—Akela S. Cooper

Haunting Images

The only dreams I remember
are the ones about my mother,
but they all have a red screen
so I don't know if they're really dreams.

Last night she lived in my dorm.
She paraded me like a pony.
Then she said, "I Love You, Orlando,"
because the blinds were still down.
"You're my baby."

I ain't no fuckin' baby!
Get out of here if you can't
see me after sunrise!
You tire mark my mind
like mental road kill.

—Orlando L. Williams

The Cave

Soft grays seem light
so deep I sit
My pedestal of stone
carved by sweet water
Lightly brushing the sides of it
As I
dewed
stretch to find my perfect fit
My senses unused
as I strain to hear
Words within the silence
to move me
One whisper from two true lips borne into air
Contemplating
could a set of foot falls
find me here
One necessary shadow splays
leaping about figurines
Weeping water
that brushes them softly formless
Wary of passing eternity
I am
Freed
by you finding me

—Rachel Christmas

A Quandary

Why must we begin with, "There once was..."?
Tradition? Or artsy? Or just 'cause?
Is one a true duncel,
To begin, "There was once..."?
Must we all do what everyone else does?

—Rick Lime

Anatomy Lesson

Poorly-endowed young Jeff Jeffrens
Asked plastic surgeon, Dr. Keferens,
"With a new 'bat and ball',
Will the girls tell at all?"
Doc said, 'Surely they'll see a vas deferens.'

—Rick Lime

Socks

Guys think of only one thing:
Socks.
Girls want their socks to be perfect,
but guys don't ever care if their match.
If it fits his foot and feels comfortable,
then a guy is happy.

—Ed Jenkins

Hey there, *My Back Pages* afficianados, keep
on keepin' on, an don't
forget to submit your
poetry to *The Monitor*
mailbox in the CAOC,
or email me at
x289@truman.edu.