

THE MONITOR

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

A Campus Collective

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Taking SWE like taking off band-aids

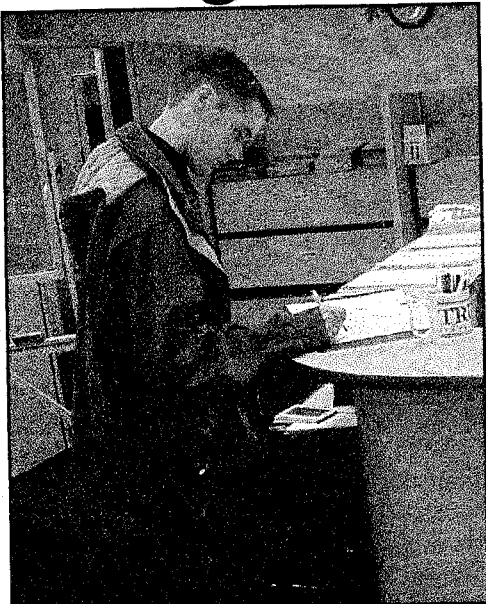


photo by | Matthew Webber

Sophomore Matt Lawrence signs up to take the Sophomore Writing Experience.

story by | Kristen Crenshaw

The Sophomore Writing Experience (SWE) situation should be getting easier for students.

The situation all started last year with the start of JINS courses. Students needing the SWE and the conference to become juniors and take their JINS course to graduate, Sarah Mohler, interim director of writing assessment, said.

The Writing Center now has to deal with the backlog of students needing the SWE and the conference. This is creating the problems students have been dealing with.

Every year 1,200 sophomores need conferences after they take the SWE. This year there are 2,200 students who need the conference, Mohler said.

The extra 1,000 students come from 500 students who did not have their conferences last year and 500 students who procrastinated and now need the conference to

get into a JINS course or to graduate, Mohler said.

This semester, 20 more faculty members are signed up to give students conferences. The University raised the amount of money they pay the faculty members from \$10 an hour to \$15 an hour. The University is also helping by hiring outside of the faculty members who work here.

But the situation cannot get better without the help of the students. Seniors who need the conference to graduate take spots away from juniors who need it for the JINS courses, and in turn they take the spots away from the sophomores who are just trying to fulfill their requirements. The cycle starts again when those sophomores become juniors and still need their conferences, Mohler said.

"It all boils down to we still have students procrastinating about this issue," Mohler said.

Mohler and workers alike agree on one thing, the SWE needs to be taken as soon as

see SWE, page 12

Speaker argues Christian validity

story by | Joe Rothermich

People argue the validity of Christianity in many different ways. When someone tries to argue against Christianity using hypocrisy, they seldom have a formal argument, James Spiegel, Ph.D., associate professor of philosophy at Taylor University, said.

Spiegel presented four arguments against Christianity on Thursday night in front of about 240 students and faculty in the SUB Activities Room.

Spiegel cited three forms of hypocrisy: pretense, blame and inconsistency. He then presented his arguments by stating facts about Christianity and using logic to come to a conclusion. Each argument was presented in the following format:

1. Christians teach that you gain moral redemption through faith in Christ.
2. Some Christians act immorally.
3. To act immorally means one is not morally redeemed.
4. Thus Christianity is false.

After presenting each argument, Spiegel noted the fallacies of each argument. The fallacy in the preceding example is in point #3. It is wrong because it assumes perfectionism, which is unbiblical, Spiegel said.

"Christians still morally slip," he said. "It is a constant struggle, an inner war, something about our nature... as adults, we struggle to put other people at the same plane as ourselves."

Each of the following arguments expanded on the first one, increasing in degree of so-called bad behavior.

Spiegel said he believed Christians are prone to hypocrisy because the Christian moral standard is too high and salvation is through divine grace, not acts. He also made a distinction between hypocrites and Christians. When Christians engage in moral misconduct it is because they are weak-willed, whereas some hypocrites are people trying to act like Christians.

"To try to act like a Christian when you're not one, in a way, is a compliment to Christian morals," he said.

Junior Meghan O'Sullivan said she thought Spiegel was really good, but needed to be harder on Christians.

"I had come hoping that he would point out more flaws in Christians, like more areas where they are hypocritical," she said.

Wal-Mart sells out Playstations; jeers, police ensue

feature by | Derek Spellman

The anticipated release of the latest Sony Playstation ignited controversy after a customer allegedly cut in line to purchase one of Wal-Mart's limited supply of game systems.

Allen Wu, a freshman at Truman State University, was accused of cutting in line before a crowd of almost 50 people on Wed., Oct. 25. The crowd had been gathering since 7:00 a.m. Kelly Dunn, a senior at Truman State, explained that this latest Playstation showcases arresting graphics, enhanced sound and picture quality and a built-in DVD player. Wal-Mart's contract with Sony expressly forbade it from releasing any models to the public before 12:01 a.m. on Thurs., Oct. 26.

Antagonisms flared up after 9 p.m. on Wednesday night. Because Wal-Mart never set forth an official waiting list, Dan Willis, one of the customers in line, decided to circulate his own waiting list. Wal-Mart had announced that it only had 30 Playstations in its possession.

Wu insisted he was number 26 on Willis' list.

"I was here [in line] at about 7:30," he

said. "I got here, counted 25 people, and told a Wal-Mart employee I was number 26."

Cliff Mayberry, a lawyer in Kirksville, insisted he was number 26.

"I got here at 6:45," he said. "I had number 26. All the people around me said I did."

When the list was handed to Wu, he inserted his name in the 26th slot. After word of this reached Mayberry, a confrontation ensued.

Several witnesses said Mayberry came barreling down upon Wu as if preparing to square off with him.

"He [Mayberry] got in my face and said 'I know how all you damned fraternity boys are,'" Wu said. "He said he could have me arrested for capital fraud."

Mayberry dismissed the accusation. "That's not accurate," he said. "I'm a fraternity man myself. All I said was 'I'll bet all you guys are in the same fraternity.' That's all."

Mayberry promptly phoned the police, who secured the situation and remained on the scene until early Thursday morning.

Antagonisms flared up again in the closing moments of Wednesday night. Shortly be-

fore midnight, one person advanced to the entrance of the Layaway department (where Wal-Mart would distribute the Playstations), with an ever-growing army of people jostling at his heels. Wu edged a passageway to the front of the crowd.

At 12:01 a.m., Wal-Mart employees cast away the list drawn up by Willis. A Wal-Mart employee said that the governing assumption was "people would be acting on their honor" as they took their place in the procession.

As customers filed in one by one, outside the people stood in quiet clusters. Wu was the eighth customer to file in and successfully set one system aside on layaway. As he hurried out he was greeted with jeers from the crowd. About 10 minutes later, Mayberry acquired the 28th Playstation. Wal-Mart sold its last unit at 12:24 a.m. on Thursday morning.

Wu said even now pools of bitterness remain.

One young man, clutching a piece of paper with the number 30 on it, trailed away empty-handed. Wu said this individual, who occupied the 30th slot on Willis' list, "is on

see WAL-MART, page 12

C O N T E N T S



Outkast revolutionizes hip-hop.

Review, page 10.



Meet George from the Centennial Hall Cafeteria, *The Monitor's* first "Campus Personality."

Feature, page 8.

Christianity inspires contemplation, anger... and opinions.

Opinions, pages 4 and 6.



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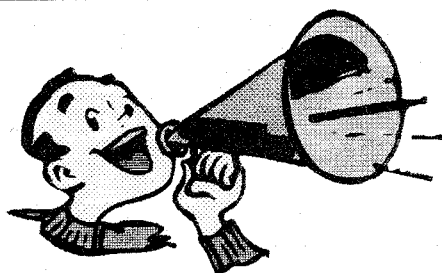
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towners -- you just pay for postage. Send a
check or money order for \$10 to the address
above for a semester's worth of Monitors.
That's really cheap, huh?

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



Upcoming Events

To have your event listed here for FREE, submit your event to the Monitor mailbox, CAOC, SUB, or e-mail it to monitortrm@hotmail.com.

The Center for International Education Abroad will have a general orientation for all students planning to study abroad in the 2001 Spring semester. The orientation will be held in Violet Hall 1010 on Tues., Nov. 14 from 4:30 to 6:30 p.m. If you are unable to attend this important planning session, you may pick up your materials at our office in Kirk Building 120 after the meeting.

Drs. Rosephanye and William Powell will discuss Dr. Rosephanye Powell's work commissioned for the Truman State University Chorus, "Ebony Trilogy," in the context of diverse musical traditions and the social significance of music. This Residential College Program Event takes place on Wed., Nov. 15, at 7:30 p.m., in the Ryle Hall Main Lounge

Wanna be in a musical? Come audition for Once on This Island. Multicultural casting -- Yes! That means you! We're looking for an ensemble of 12 to 16 (five men, five women and two to six players). Auditions are Sat. Nov. 11 at 2 p.m. in the Baldwin Little Theater. Callbacks are Sun. Nov. 12 at 6 p.m. in the Baldwin Little Theater. Prepare a one-minute

monologue and a contrasting two-minute song. Scripts and tapes are available for brief checkout in Baldwin Hall 101.

Do you need help with a poem, short story, play or personal essay? Do you want to talk about writing with other writers? Come to The Writers Block, a weekly creative writing workshop, every Monday at 9 p.m. in the Writing Center.

Ekklesia TGIF Devotional. On Nov. 17 at 11:30 a.m. in the Spanish Room of the SUB, Brad Maxwell will present "The Case for and the Blessing of A Cappella Music in New Testament Worship." Discussion and a pizza buffet are included.

Pool Tournament, Sat. Nov. 11 in the Take 5 Gamesroom. Entry fee is \$3. **Chess Tournament,** Sunday at noon. Entry fee is \$3. Sign up in the Take 5 Gamesroom at the info desk for both events.

Submissions deadline for Windfall, the campus art/music/literary magazine, is Nov. 10 by 5 p.m. in the Windfall mailbox, CAOC office. For more info, contact Alice at x4712 or tsuwf@yahoo.com

The "Art of Power" is a three-week,

six-credit course, July 10th through August 1st, that examines themes of power as expressed in art and architecture in Ancient Rome, Renaissance Florence, and modern Germany. Professors Julia DeLancey, Steven Reschly, and Martha Rose will teach the course. For more information, contact Martha Rose at mrose@truman.edu.

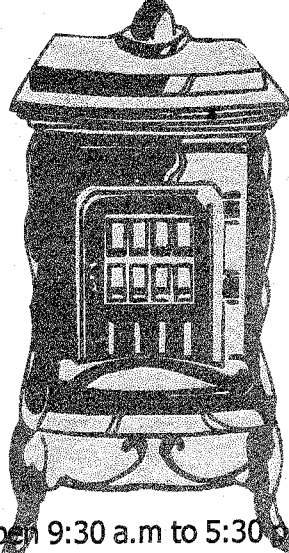
Truman Writers in Process, a published collection of student writing, is looking for papers for its upcoming edition from all levels, majors and fields to act as models for writers in the freshman composition course, Writing as Critical Thinking. No matter what field you are in, being published at the undergraduate level is a great addition to grad school applications and resumes. You can be the envy of all your friends! Get to it and drop by the Division of Language and Literature for submission guidelines. Submissions are due Jan. 19. For more information, contact Regina Cross at x7648.

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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.

Monitor,
Can I be
Saint Post
X?

J.P.

We are rich; Nader has no chance; that's how things work

First off, I would like to respond to Ms. Amanda Bunyard's letter, which spoke about how horrible America is on account of us being the "richest" and most powerful country in the world as of right now. She has got to be kidding, right, about the whole deciding to live in poverty thing? Why make it hard for yourself? I think we should live it up, for before too long, the Chinese communists could start attacking, along with the terrorists of the world. This is a GOOD thing that we are the richest, most powerful nation in the world.

Yes, we do take it for granted. But know what else we take for granted? Health! How many people think to themselves on a regular basis, "I sure am glad to be alive and healthy!" Hopefully some people do (I know I do), but you don't see the people who AREN'T injecting themselves with some kind of disease so they aren't healthy anymore! What is wrong with you? Do you think this little charade of yours is going to make a difference or make people realize just how lucky they are? No. No one within the great, rich, most-powerful-people-in-the-world-at-the-time Roman Empire or Greek Empire were complaining about how we take the protection and whatnot given by the state for granted. Geez.

Now on to Nader and the extremist hippies going to his rallies and whining about how he is not given a fair chance. I have prepared a coverall statement for them: SHUT THE FUCK UP! Lemme tell you something. Want to know the reason why Nader hasn't been allowed into the debates? (I am not even that political, yet it is still obvious!) It is because HE DOESN'T HAVE A REAL CHANCE! No one wants a hippie in the Oval Office anyway.

And you see, the reason why he doesn't have a real chance is because he doesn't have good ideas the American public is willing to endorse. Even if he was allowed into the debates,

he STILL wouldn't have a chance. Maybe if he had more mainstream views, then he might have a chance. Now I am just as much for going against the grain as much as the next guy, but if he is going to get any kind of chance, then he has to make himself less liberal. (And less whiny while he is at it!)

He and all his groupies need to quit whining about how he isn't getting fair media coverage; that is just the way things happen. There is a term for it that has been around for long time; I suggest everyone takes note: NATURAL SELECTION. That is how things work; you don't get to sit at the adults' table until you learn to grow up. The "tyrannic" two party system, as Nader puts it, is just the way things work; I suggest he gets used to it. THAT IS JUST THE WAY THINGS WORK, DAMMIT! Maybe next election! Or maybe he'll be dead by that time; I mean, he has been around causing trouble since the '50s.

And what about these psychos who decided to incite a riot, thus bringing in the damn riot police? Why is this good? Why do people support this?

This is so frustrating, I am gonna get a damn ulcer because of it. Maybe that is why the music I listen to has grown more and more hardcore and loud since I got up here freshman year, because I have to put up with people like this, and the music feels good to listen to REAL loud.

So anyway, I have nothing to hide; if anyone wants to take issue with me or anything I have said, e-mail me at whymustbike@hotmail.com.

One more question before I am through, what ever happened to Trouble Cat, that sweet "comic strip" from last year?

Matt Grothoff

Millionaire Bush doesn't walk the Christian walk

I just had a disturbing conversation with a very religious friend of mine. The friend ex-

plained that while he agreed with Gore on a lot of the issues, he was still going to vote for Bush, on the grounds that Bush was "a more Christian and moral man." While I can't dispute that Bush has mentioned God or Jesus many more times than his opponent, to call Bush a real Christian is outrageous.

To quote from the source: "Then said Jesus unto his disciples, Verily I say unto you, That a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven. And again I say unto you, it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." (Matthew 19:23-24).

To put that in modern English, "multimillionaire Christian" is a contradiction-in-terms. If anyone disagrees, here's my challenge to you: Go through the Gospels. Count up how many times Jesus recommends giving everything you own to help the poor. Now count up how many times Jesus attacks homosexuality. The first number is substantial; the second number is zero. Now don't you wonder a little bit about the priorities of the Religious Right in this country?

Now, Al Gore is far from a saint on this. To the best of my knowledge, he's not a multimillionaire, but he's not exactly walking around in sackcloth either. But then, he hasn't made his Christianity a major selling point of his campaign, either. If Bush expects his Christianity to take the place of real issues, as he so overtly did during his primary campaign and does to a lesser degree now, the least he could do would be to take that Christianity seriously. Like on so many other things, Bush may talk the talk, but he sure doesn't walk the walk.

Dave Yost

Non-Samaritans attack women

I wonder if even a handful of those predominantly fat, complacent, and bespectacled white males with their anti-women's abortion choice placards shown, so hatefully and glibly in the male hypocrisy galore in the Oct. 5 *Index*'s gloriously colorful and celebratory "LIFELINE" frontispiece photo in their annual intimidatory sidewalk Kirksville parade, each fall now, have, ever, reflected on mentally anything self-critically in their so evidently sanguine own self-righteous lives?

NO, I am not so much thinking about wearisomely rehashing this perpetual when does "real" life "re-ally" non-sexistly begin debate. Since as a pro-chooser, no such "hick" is going

to change my mind anymore than I am, usually, his mockery of a fanatics own one!!

NO, what bothers me is another more worrying, "historical" if you prefer, reflection that the *Index* might have judiciously challenged these supposed "good church" people and their being indoctrinated youngsters all unbelievably there present, about?

NAMELY, why with at various times in an estimated 20 local churches in a community around 16,000, solely, when students have returned to "real" homes, have I and my friends including students and a few church, mosque, and synagogue members, too, seen so little of the very same, so smug people attacking in placards poor women when we "protest" the death penalty? That the pope in person in ST. LOUIS visit condemned as a sick "waste of life." Or when the same individual protests in the US/UK "starvation" embargo policies of Iraqi babies? WHERE ARE YOU IN REALITY NON-SAMARITANS THEN? Could it be harrassing poor women to have unwanted kids you later, just, "DEATH ROW." Oh no, not "me"! Oh no, not "me"! Indeed!!

Larry Iles

Missouri State Socialist Chair

Carnahan's corpse is not the only candidate

The reports have reached here in rainy old England, us, of Gov. Carnahan's untimely air crash disaster while campaigning against far-right, incumbent U.S. senator activist and fanatical "Christian" Ashcroft in the November impending contest. Two aspects of great concern are being, however, spotlighted by the *British* press much more critically than, I suspect, the Missourian indigenous press, and I crave *Monitor* free press space to ventilate them before you vote, accordingly? Otherwise, the critiques will be repressed in visual contrived apathy.

Arrogantly, Ashcroft is reported to have ordered "desisted" all campaign ads, on dubious reasoning that the "only" candidate he, "now," faces on the ballot is a dead Carnahan! May I point out that this apparent "courtesy" is, in typical white, male condescension terms by the REPUBLICANS, a thin, racist, and sexist, slur!! WHY? Because the very viable Green party senatorial candidate E. Taylor is both a woman and U.S. African American candidate,

see LETTERS, page 9

by Ryan Ruffatti

Don't Be Afraid...



monitor opinions

Buy anti-baby condoms!

opinion by | Rachel Beckett

I have a complaint to air. In true Seinfeld style, the spirit of Festivus has moved me. (Festivus, I might add, is eerily just around the corner, even though I swear it was August, like, two days ago.) Anyway, I need to air a complaint that has been gnawing at me for years: Babies. But it's more than that, really. All humans under the age of, say, three. Unruly, crying, screaming, wailing, shrieking, bawling.

Now before you turn the page of your *Monitor* in disgust, thinking what a bitch I'm being, just hear me out. I don't want to give the impression that I dislike children. Quite the contrary—I generally adore them. Especially when they're sleeping or doing something cute, like being very, very quiet. Maybe, someday, I'll even have one of my own (probably several, since I just can feel my anti-infant karma building up). Hopefully at that point I'll have a patience threshold that has grown to, say, a million times its present height. But I digress.

Here's my real complaint: there are something like eighty bazillion babies in the world. All of them screaming, drooling, barfing, causing a ruckus and raising hell because they're mad about something or other. Wanting this or that. And all, honestly, every single one of those fussy little brats *loves* me. Adores me. Wants to climb on my lap, touch me, pull my hair and yak on me. I swear every child knows, *senses* even, my fierce need for silence in places like crowded trains, planes, buses and boats.

This is a relatively new curse to me, actually. It all started last semester when I went abroad to study. One day I just woke up and I was a baby magnet. I remember one extra-special overnight train ride from Nice to Paris with a "petit" who cried all night long in our cruel joke of a sleeping car (approximately the size of a Velveeta box). Ten-hour flights across the Atlantic with the only infant on the entire plane seated directly behind me, within puking dis-

tance. Children climbing over seats in the bus to get closer to me, talk to me, sit on my lap and ask me questions. I'd get seated at the only table in a restaurant near a baby, who'd start revving its little engine even as it would see me approaching.

I got pretty paranoid, as I'm sure you can imagine. But I rationalized it away, figuring it was because I was a novelty, an American. Those European babies just sensed I was different. It had nothing to do with me hating babies.

I was wrong. Even here in Kirksville, I've discovered, the curse follows me still. While waiting for my best friend to get into the emergency room the other night (a four-hour ordeal), I had yet another encounter. This one was screaming and kicking when we walked in. I made my usual snide comment about parent letting their kids behave like banshees in public. Within half an hour, there it was in front of me. Wanted me to color with it, read it a book. Hold my hand. And I must admit, even grumpy old me had to smile at its innocent charm a little... until it started in with the screaming bit again.

I'm reminded fondly of another Europe story, which took place in Germany. My friend and I were tooling along, wandering down a street, when we happened upon a condom machine (not an unusual occurrence, of course). The funny part was the name of the condoms dispensed therein... Anti-Baby Condoms. I kid you not. That's really what they were called, in English, right there on a street in Heidelberg. My friend even took a picture of me with the machine.

Now, back in the States and still cursed, I figure I could really be the poster girl for that product. With a name that sums up my whole philosophy like that, what could be more appropriate, short of putting a muzzle on every one of those eight bazillion kids? Just remember to be safe and keep on buyin' your Anti-Baby Condoms!

I let the dogs out

opinion by | Ed Jenkins

It is customary of those who wish to gain the favor of a dog to endeavour to do so by offering it gifts of those things which they hold most precious, or in which they know him to take especial delights.

Myth: Dogs are people.

Fact: Dogs are animals with no conscious thought. They can sense pleasure and pain and can subconsciously associate stimuli with the sensations that result from them, but they are intellectual sand compared to our throbbing Mt. Everest pates.

Myth: Dogs deserve expensive surgery.

Fact: Dogs are pretty and soft, but easily replaceable. Certainly the death of a loyal pet can leave a void within a human, but that suffering does not warrant a \$2,000 doggie stomach operation. Worried about the animal's suffering? Nonsense. A bullet through the head will end that, and think of all the bullets one can buy for \$2,000.

Myth: Oh boy, the dog is in the house!

Fact: Dogs should not live in people houses. Dogs should live outside. For pragmatists, it's more sanitary and easier. More importantly dogs live a relatively enlightened life outside. They live a longer life, too. Dogs also need room outside to roam freely. Dogs need real air, not Lysol-rich air (so do people for that matter). Dogs crave rabbits and deer, ties and mud.

Myth: Dogs should be taught never to bite.

Fact: Dogs should be taught to bite out of play, not anger, with two exceptions: when there are small children around or if a dog is a hulking pit-bull-rottweiler, then



My dog Cha Cha biting my hand

extra precaution should be taken. Otherwise, dogs should be trained from puppyhood to bite. It is natural that puppies bite and fight. Chew toys you say? Chew toys are for ignorant piss ape puppies. Puppies rarely draw blood and when they do, the small punctures heal up with no real scars. Dogs love to skate out 20 yards through the dandelion filled grass, launch back towards a person, jump up and bite at their hands. This is the only real kind of dogness. Any other model is a bastardization of the beauty of dog domestication.

The key to relatively enlightened dog domestication is to balance the transcendental hunter-wilderness dog of nature with the sensual human-dog magnetism. People who spend over \$100 on their dog's lifetime medical conditions are ignorant. People who feed their dogs premium rice and lamb food for fantastic fur sheen are ignorant. Hey, it still tastes like 200 year-old Pavarotti no matter how much it smells like American cheese. People who buy dog collars are elitist and ignorant. And of course, dogs should not be allowed in people houses. After all, isn't that where women belong?

Christianity encourages questioning, reflection

opinion by | Loretta Vaughn

At some point in our lives, each of us starts questioning what we had previously left unexplored. This leads to either continued and even stronger belief in or rejection of an idea. Sometime in seventh grade, I started questioning my idiotic need for an Adidas jacket.

The answer? I realized I was trying to fit in when all I really needed was to be warm. I questioned why I shaved various parts of my body, and realized it was all to look beautiful to someone else and I look just as beautiful with my hair.

I have questioned my Catholicism as well, and I will continue to question. So far though, I have only affirmed my belief through these meditations. Others have come away differently. And I won't lie, I am distressed when I hear of a friend rejecting Catholicism, or even more, Christianity. However, I know that it would be just as worse for that person if they continued worshiping without thought or stayed a "Christian" despite not believing.

So I don't fret too much and remember

that God has a reason for giving us free will. Without it, there would be no "belief" or "faith," only blind following.

As long as we continue to question and reevaluate our values throughout our lives, I would agree with Joe Rothermich's opinion in the last *Monitor* that leaving the childlike quality of blindly following is a mark of progress in a person.

(Although I disagree that blind following is "taught" by the Church. The Pope and other various clergy may make a certain rule with God's help, but the rest of the Church is encouraged tremendously to reflect on and understand fully the Church's teachings, not to just blankly nod "uh-huh.")

The second half of Rothermich's article frustrated me with what was, essentially, stereotype after stereotype. The claim that different beliefs will not cause a person to go to hell seems nice, but it can become flawed if it is taken too far. Assuming the Bible is valid heavenly info, if you believe God *and* your best pair of Chucks are the source of all power and creation, then

you just broke commandment #1, and for all we know, you will probably go to hell.

I say "probably" because obviously, no human has the ability to know all that God knows. Any human that pretends to, by condemning others, has gotten it all backwards. I think the Catechism puts it well, when talking about baptism: "God has bound salvation to the sacrament of baptism, but He Himself is not bound by His sacraments." God tells us that there is a way to reach Heaven (by accepting Jesus Christ as our savior) but for all we know, He has other ways for it as well.

Anyway, the point is different beliefs may very well put a person in hell, although there are certain beliefs of which no human can be sure. (From the Dobson forum: Is Gandhi in heaven? No human can say for sure. To answer Rothermich's question, I cannot truly believe either way about the state of Gandhi's soul.) All we have to go on is what God has told us *will* work.

Does this belief mean I do not have an "open-mind"? That all depends on your defini-

tion, but in accordance with my belief in God, I have chosen to follow what He tells me will help me reach Heaven. I don't accept other religions for myself, because I don't believe they will help me in my ultimate goal. If this makes me close-minded, then I'll live with that.

Additionally, Rothermich made a few mistakes. The Catholic Church asks all its followers who are healthy and able-bodied to attend Mass every Sunday, as a manner of keeping the Lord's Day holy. The only thing required just once a year is the sacrament of Eucharist (and therefore, also Reconciliation, or confession). Many people misinterpret this to mean going to church once a year, and that's how you get your Easter and Christmas churchgoers.

There's so much more to be said about organized religion and its negatives and positives, but space is limited, so maybe I'll write something else later. Until then, I agree with Rothermich: think out what people tell you to believe, but I'll go further and use him as an example by saying also to make sure that those people know what they are talking about.

Following may be overrated

opinion by I Andy Stevenson

Friday, Oct. 20, a fashion revolution occurred within a significant minority of the Truman population. Hundreds of individuals, all affiliated with student Christian organizations, dressed in bright yellow tee shirts with the word "Follower" emblazoned across the chest in bold black type.

As I walked around campus, I contemplated the purpose of this behavior. Obviously, this activity was fundamentally related to Christianity. But what exactly was the message that these people were trying to convey?

Based on the biblical context of the word, it can be generally assumed that "follower" in this case refers to the spiritual practices of those wearing the shirts. These people, in their religious lives as Christians, labeled themselves as "followers" of Jesus Christ and His teachings and thus, decided to print and wear shirts proclaiming this fact on a particular day.

This, however, is not inherently an overly significant, distinguishing feature for a student on this campus, as such a distinctly bright colored shirt would suggest. A great number of Truman students adhere to the ideals of Christianity and strive to uphold them in their lives, yet refrained from purchasing and wearing a special shirt that day.

I don't mean to downplay the significance of those who chose to self-identify in such a way; in fact, our culture and society commend standing up for what one believes in. Nonetheless, this seems like a relatively meaningless gesture given the prevalence of Christianity in the student community, at least according to this definition of the word "follower."

In addition to this one, there were other definitions to "follower" that passed through my head when I considered the significance of this activity. As defined in *The American Heritage College Dictionary*, additional meanings of the word include "one that imitates or copies another" and "a machine element moved by another machine element." These are sharply contrasted with the connotations portrayed in a religious context, based in conformity and automatism rather than adherence to the ideals of a belief system.

Although the mass fashion conformity that resulted from everyone donning the shirts was probably not meant to be interpreted this way, to me it conveyed this message just as strongly as the aforementioned religious connotation.

To me, this is slightly disturbing, as it provides a concrete (not to mention colorful) example of how conformity runs rampant on this campus, within all student organizations and all cliques of friends. To a certain extent, following the behavior of others is natural, for it is often easy to find security and companionship in personal identification with widely accepted social practices.

However, this notion does not apply to spirituality. Part of the essence of our spiritual nature is that it is completely separate from our physical self. Even though religious institutions in society provide a social means for individuals to demonstrate and confirm their faith in certain religious denominations, religious thought and practice should not be hampered by the limits of social conformity.

Undoubtedly, the network of Christian student groups is one of the largest and strongest of any organizations on campus. However, from an external view in isolated instances like this one, it appears that these groups fulfill just as much a social as a religious function in students' lives, if not more so.

Viewed in this context, religious affiliation is merely another something to have in common with other students, rather than an intimate part of an individual's being.

Further, since all students possess different perspectives according to respective differences in life experiences, if spirituality is to be taken seriously, it must be put in terms of personal thoughts, actions and philosophy. Thus, although many students strive for the same abstract ideals in spiritual practices, the ways in which they may reach them may well be fundamentally different. If anything, this idea discourages conformity in this realm, creating a distinct separation between social circles and spiritual being.

This is not to say that there is no purpose for the external profession of one's personal faith in a social context. In truth, the actualization of faith through action is a necessary element in the life of any Christian. However, if evangelical works are put under a guise of uniformity, harmonious with institutional beliefs over personal religious experience, the method of this practice is questionable. After all, is the purpose of Christian evangelism to encourage others to pursue a faith of their own, or simply become another "follower?"

All this does not imply that Christian organizations on this campus are any more conformist than other interest groups. However, in all wearing the same brightly colored printed fabric, the "followers" prove how susceptible students are today to the influence of inclusiveness and that conformity in many areas of life to the material world around us is becoming a daily practice. Moreover, the metaphor of hundreds of identical shirts with religious significance is inherently conflicted with the concept of profound personal spiritual development.

To wrap things up: if you sit around a table in Main Street Market and discuss the notions of this article with your friends over a delicious Blimpie sub and a refreshing Pepsi or Coca-Cola soft drink, you may be missing the point. In fact, the words of many such conversations can produce a conglomeration of ideas within a group of people that just leads to further conformity.

In terms of institutionalized religion and subsequent ideals and morals, it is worth questioning to what extent interaction with other people dictates the nature of your spiritual life. So why don't you give it some serious thought yourself, and make sure you are taking the steps you need to ensure your personal spiritual development, whether it fits in with your friends or not.

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Laughable Schlafly spends too much time in kitchen

opinion by I JJ Pionke

Originally I was not planning to hear Phyllis Schlafly spout her anti-feminist rhetoric, but as Murphy's Law tends to take effect around me at times, I wound up going with one of my classes. I can honestly say I have not been that amused by anyone in a long time. I found her to be laughable, not just because she occasionally said something funny, but because all her arguments were focused on refuting second wave feminism. Has this woman been in the proverbial kitchen for too long? Doesn't she realize we are past the second wave? Doesn't she understand this is the year 2000 and the things she is arguing about don't really exist anymore?

She states that feminism is anti-family and anti-homemaker. This is just not true today. It was truer during the second wave, but not today. Many feminists are homemakers with families, or are working women with families.

Schlafly repeatedly talked about how feminists from the second wave are now woefully unhappy without families or children, yet she only used one or two examples as a way of saying that *all* feminists are unhappy.

She made statements that were blatantly not true and gave answers to questions that did not make much sense. I asked her at one point "How do you feel about lesbianism, transgenderism and homosexuality?" Her response was "I don't believe in gay marriage."

I wanted to shout, "That was not my question!" Yet I did not. In that moment I realized she had no interest in debate or even updating her viewpoint to this decade. Her way was the only way and it was the right way (if there is such a thing). There is absolutely no way to argue against someone who is so blinded to everything else but her way.

In the end a lot of people either loved her or hated her. She crafted her presentation so she would get the most reaction out of people in the least amount of time.

Oratorically, she was brilliant. You couldn't catch her any which way you tried, although she did slip up when she was asked about her gay son. She chose to say "That is an inappropriate question," which leaves it open for debate. If she is supportive of her gay son then she is refuting some of her statements and if she not supportive of him then she is a bad mother.

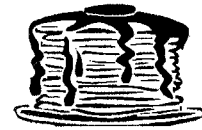
Either way it is a catch-22 question. She is damned if she answers it, damned if she doesn't and damned if she pleads the fifth because she leaves herself open for attack in the manner I just illustrated.

It is not that she is a bad person, rather I think she has just become a little misguided. By not keeping up with the times she has made herself a laughing stock to those that actually know what she is talking about. If anything, I think she made a rather eloquent statement as to everything that feminism is not today.

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Students were duped into hearing admitted murderer

opinion by I Kjell Hahn and David Capps

The propaganda advertising Michael Johnston's appearance at the University was all hype. Students were duped into going to a church service.

When we first walked into the activities room, we were assailed by a "Christian" band. The violinist squeaked out his tune, as the "followers" sang from lyrics on a projector screen.

Then, amid the stereotypical cries of "Hallelujah!" and "A-men, sister!" and the haze, the ease, of knowing everything is right in the world because of Jesus, there was the subtle transition of being ordered to pray.

I was sure we were surrounded, but the spiritual deluge subsided, and all were ready for Michael to redeem himself. Instead, he began his sermon with a lengthy autobiography, saying he was Christian when he was young, and used to go up into the bell tower and pray.

Michael did a sly job lubricating his arguments with the occasional comments like "had I not been saved..." and he sapped it up with pathetic lies about being on the beach and feeling alone and not hearing any god's manly voice.

But the fact is no god would ever forgive such a usury person. I would think it queer if God didn't burn him. Michael is the most transparent liar I have ever heard, and I don't see how even the herd can forgive him; he used people for drugs, sex and money. Oh, but I forgot, it was an "accident" that he moved to a homosexual center in Washington D.C.

His floppy shoestring personality truly came out when he said: "I was never one to turn down a free ticket." Right, and I am sure his first sexual experience was just to get accepted as a matter of

popularity.

He didn't give us details about that either. Rather, Michael tried to spunk us in the eye by not giving specific information regarding his homosexual lifestyle that would supposedly disgust us.

He also did a terrible job with questions, citing the statistic that in identical twins about half turn out to be gay. He said that wasn't much, when in fact (given only 2.8 percent of the general population is gay) that is about 20 times normal.

Most importantly, Michael was a sickening representation of the homosexual community, or any community for that matter. He was and is an uncaring user of people. And as a result of his shamelessly indulgent lifestyle he contracted AIDS.

Michael's story goes beyond irresponsibility; once knowingly infected with the virus Michael's usury nature continued on with disregard for all human life. For two years he maliciously infected others with his terminal disease.

As I said before, self-indulgence does not encompass the perversion of this man because his own immediate pleasure caused him to murder untold numbers of human beings.

The worst part of it is, that even after he murdered those people, the church still accepted him. Michael's murderous streak doesn't seem to bother them.

My guess is Michael has always used people, as his own autobiography endlessly indicated of his past. Once alienating all other aspects of society in family, friends and the homosexual community, he gave up that ghost and leached off the church.

Michael is unforgivable and he is the personification of the AIDS virus, but while he propagates his lies to some healthy minds, a very few number of us are immune.

We are all imperfect

opinion by I Peter Hough

Perfection and imperfection are complete opposites, separated by infinity. A deep chasm stands between the two, relegating all things to occupy one side or the other with no possibility for residing in the space between them. All things are either perfect or imperfect. If anything is perfect, but for one speck of imperfection, it is no longer perfect. Perfection demands the complete absence of imperfection.

For us, this means that one hint of imperfection dooms us to complete imperfection, because there really is no difference between the two. Any imperfection is complete.

There are many who would have us believe that there are varying shades of imperfection; that one person can somehow be worse than another. But perfection is the standard, and we are all infinitely far from it. We're arguing over a few feet when perfection is billions of light years away (to infinity, and beyond!). It is foolish to think we are any more perfect than another person, that we deserve anything more than another or even that we are any more worthy of forgiveness.

Who would actually claim to deserve forgiveness above another? That Michael Johnston can be forgiven for such a crime as knowingly passing the HIV virus is no more unbelievable than that anyone can be forgiven.

It is the opinion of some writing in this paper that no god would forgive him for what he has done. And yet, I presume, such a person would not consider himself to be in the same predicament, that somehow a god would forgive him but not Johnston.

We are foolish to compare ourselves to others, attempting to gain some moral advantage, while ignoring the fact that we all share the same status, that indelible stamp of humanity: IMPERFECT; not more, not less — just imperfect.

Should Johnston be forgiven for what he's done? No! Absolutely not. Whoever recognizes this recognizes the truth.

But in seeing the impossibility of forgiveness for one, we deceive ourselves in thinking

that our own forgiveness is not also an impossibility. Judgment is indeed the necessary consequence for breaking the law, which makes it all the more surprising that any of us are still alive, not just those we deem more imperfect.

The argument, really, is that forgiveness ignores reason. That Michael Johnston can be forgiven for his sins by simply believing in Jesus Christ is something that cries out in opposition to rationality, defying the necessity of justice, which is judgment. But the fact that any of us can be forgiven should be equally disturbing. If ever there were a cause great enough to bring about the effect of forgiveness of sins, simply having faith would not be it.

And indeed it is not. The two are entirely and infinitely incongruent. The agent of forgiveness is the grace of God, given to those who have faith. But this faith in no way warrants forgiveness, except that God has determined to give grace to those who possess it.

Is grace irrational, or is it simply beyond all comprehension?

Trying to make it from imperfection to perfection — the goal of bridging infinity — is something we approach differently. Some try their whole lives to make it on their own, only to find that a few steps don't take much off of infinity. Some get caught up in comparisons, exaggerating the differences between them and others. Some give up altogether and settle for imperfection.

And still others put all their hope in a promise: "Surely the arm of the LORD is not too short to save, nor his ear too dull to hear. But your iniquities have separated you from your God; your sins have hidden his face from you, so that he will not hear" (Isaiah 59:1,2) and, "by one sacrifice [Jesus] has made perfect forever those who are being made holy" (Hebrews 10:14).

Is it foolishness? I know it seems that way. But I rejoice to be a follower of God nevertheless.

Modern, sunnier children's movies lack evil villains

opinion by I W. Aaron Wilson

Rainy days: in sitcom mythology a crushing weight on the free spirits of a young child who cannot romp outdoors because of the weather. Contrary to the 1950s view of youth, I lived for rainy days. We lived a block from the library, so my mom or dad would check out movies for my sister and me to watch when we couldn't run around in the fresh air.

Labyrinth. *The Last Unicorn*. *The Hobbit*. *The Dark Crystal*. These titles sound familiar to you? These were just a few of the children's movies I used to watch and still enjoy watching. Occasionally I'll even give some of the new children's movies a shot, but I've found I generally don't like them. Why is that? Maybe I only like children's movies when I feel some kind of nostalgic attachment to them, but perhaps it's more.

Thinking back, I remember parts of those movies that truly frightened me. The part in *Labyrinth* where the little Muppets

that can detach body parts dance around? I used to hide behind a chair during that part. The part in *The Dark Crystal* where they use that machine to suck the little dwarf's life essence out and turn him into a slave? Now that was freaky. And yet, these are children's movies. They aren't supposed to be frightening. Are they?

I've recently noticed a vast difference between the children's movies I grew up with and the children's movies of today. It seems as if every last shred of darkness, of fear and strangeness has been bleached from the children's movies of today. We're left with movies that are all sunshine and dewdrops.

Even the very styles of these movies are drastically different. Disney's *Tarzan* is one of the latest doses of banality offered up as a children's movie. The animation of the movie is all bright colors and soft, plump characters with large, liquid eyes.

Compare that to the animation of *The Hobbit*, whose faded colors accentuated the gaunt, wizened characters of the dwarves and

Gandalf.

Also, compare the villains of these movies, the characters that are supposed to represent the darkness of the world. Modern children's movies produce villainous characters that are so over the top they become comedic. Such is the case of Rasputin from the cartoon movie *Anastasia*. His moody melodramatics and bumbling sidekick keep him from being taken seriously. This works to annul any kind of tension in the movie.

Contrast that to the implacably malevolent gaze of both King Haggard and the Red Bull in the movie *The Last Unicorn*. They were meant to be taken seriously as villains, as entities that could seriously endanger the lives of the characters. They were meant to be evil.

Now don't get me wrong, I have also enjoyed some of the newer children's movies, most especially Disney's *Mulan*. (Fewer pointless songs, more Eddie Murphy. That's what I like to see.) But what happened to the creepiness, the strangeness, the down-

right scariness of children's movies? Maybe it's still there and I just can't feel it anymore.

Or maybe we try so hard to shield our children from anything that might be considered "violent" that we ignore the fact that what we produce is bland and chronically sunny. And in analyzing the content of children's movies, we've blinded ourselves to the fact that violent non-children's movies are marketed mostly to a younger audience.

And the violence exhibited by their role models, namely adults, is what will lead towards their own acts of violence, not that exhibited by cartoon heroes.

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Frats not Greek enough

opinion by | Daniel Coate

When I first heard the term "college Greek life" wonderful images filled my mind. I couldn't believe it. Could college actually be like living in ancient Greece? Then I found out that the term refers to fraternities and sororities. What the hell? The only thing Greek about social fraternities and sororities are the letters around which completely arbitrary bonds between groups of teenagers craving acceptance are formed. Why Greek letters? Why not Russian, Chinese, French or better yet, English? I think GAP would be much more fitting than any Greek letters.

If you aren't in a fraternity or sorority, you can stop reading now, as the rest of this doesn't concern you. Actually, if you are in a sorority, little of this concerns you. I suggest you lock yourselves in Brewer Hall and form your own civilization apart from all men. If you are in a fraternity, pay attention, stop disgracing a wonderful culture and start acting more Greek before Zeus gets pissed and zaps your drunk ass with a lightning bolt.

Architecture: I'm going to start off simple. You only need to remember one word for this: columns, big fucking columns! I hope that's not too complicated.

Drama: Who needs television? Try writing and acting out your own dramas. Or if your creativity is lacking, borrow from Euripides, Sophocles, Aristophanes or any other ancient Greek playwright. In their works you'll find more sex and violence than even your primitive minds can handle.

Man-Boy Love: One of the greatest aspects of ancient Greek culture. The Greeks

perfected the art of homosexual love. You should learn from the masters. Think about it. You could sponsor kids from the elementary schools, kind of like a Big Brother program, only more personal. You could probably even count it as community service if you need the hours for scholarships or a misdemeanor sentence.

I know you're scared of homosexuality, but practicing man-boy love doesn't mean you're gay, it simply means you know how to enjoy the finer things in life.

Philosophy: Try taking some time out of your day to ponder the meaning of life and discuss your thoughts in a civilized manner with your peers. Socrates would be proud.

Sculpture: You can never have enough marble statues, especially male nudes. Imagine waking to a perfectly sculpted marble likeness of your ideal man, all there, standing in the corner of your room, staring at you longingly with his young, beautiful eyes, the morning sun reflecting off of his smooth muscles and wavy hair, illuminating him in a heavenly glow and amplifying his godlike beauty, as if Eros had placed him there solely for your pleasure. I can't think of any better way to start the day.

Sports: You've got the sports covered fairly well. Unfortunately, the ancient Greeks weren't big on the majority of modern college sports. Stick to track and field and wrestling. You'll want to do these without the encumbrance of clothes, of course.

Toga Parties: These aren't a bad idea, but try drinking in moderation.

Think about it. Remember, Zeus is watching.

Student-run class discusses environmental issues

story by | Cameron Moore

Are you one of those people who think caring about the environment is just for hippies? Or do you think the environment is something we should all care about a lot more? Either way, there is a course by which you can educate yourself on the important issues concerning this earth and all its inhabitants.

This spring semester, a returning course will be available to students interested in environmental issues. The class, Expanding Environmental Consciousness, is a student-run discussion-based course that touches on issues ranging from overpopulation to vegetarianism to genetically engineered foods. The student preceptors running the course are junior Theresa Conley and senior Stephanie Noll.

Both Conley and Noll have taken the class in the past and want to see it remain on campus. "I took it and was very interested in it," Conley, who took the class last spring, said. "It's a very important class that I think should be continued to be offered."

EEC, which was started in 1997, was discontinued for this fall semester due to a lack of a faculty sponsor for the course. At the time EEC was the only course left on the now defunct "RCID" discipline, which previously housed interdisciplinary courses that did not fit in any one discipline. Biology professor Dr. Michael Keirick has assumed the role of faculty sponsor, and the course is now offered under the biology discipline as BIOL 444, which is a 400-level class not because of difficulty but

because it is considered an independent study course.

Because EEC is the only student-run course on campus, it is not a permanent course and is only offered if there are students to run it and there is a large enough interest in the student body.

"I would like to see it get a more permanent home," Noll said, who likes the student discussion format and the way it fosters ideas that aren't seen much anywhere else on campus.

Along with the discussion that will take place on Tuesdays from 6:30 to 8:30 p.m., students participating in the course also get a little "hands-on" experience. Each semester EEC takes a trip out to Dancing Rabbit, an alternative living community in Rutledge, Mo., which focuses on the dynamics of living at peace with the environment around us. The trip includes a tour of the community and participation in a work project.

Whatever students take from the class, whether it be a desire to become a vegetarian or even just an understanding of opinions different than their own, most will say it was an intriguing experience.

Perhaps senior Adam Mehlhorn, who took the class last fall, summed this sentiment up best.

"I liked the open discussion where there weren't professors spoon-feeding you facts," he said. "It gives you a chance to think about things and expand your horizons, which is hard to do in the Midwest."

Majority of Nebraskans support homophobia

opinion by | Matthew Null

Sometimes I'm naïve. Last week when I put down the newest issue of *Entertainment Weekly* (of course feeling nauseated from the feebly written articles) I felt that the world was finally maturing... at least to the age of 12. It was exciting for me. The issue had been called "The Gay Entertainment Issue," showcasing programs such as the popular *Will and Grace*, Ellen's soon-to-come show (look for it on CBS in the winter) and more. A deep (well, as deep as *EW* ever gets) analytical look was taken at "gay" movies, television shows, songs and stars. To me, it seemed like the majority of the world had finally gotten over their homophobia. Good deal.

However, like I said, I am naïve. While browsing through the *New York Times* this week I noticed an article about Nebraska. Since I was born and raised in the state, I felt it my duty as a former resident to see what was going on. After all, why would the nation care about Nebraska news? This is why. Initiative 416 (currently going through the state legislature) reads: "Only marriage between a man and a woman shall be valid or recognized in Nebraska. The uniting of two persons of the same sex in a civil union, domestic partnership or other similar same-sex relationship shall not be valid or recognized in Nebraska."

Staring at the article in bewilderment I couldn't comprehend why any state would want to pass such a ridiculous law. Thirty-three states in the union have conceded laws similar to Initiative 416, but why? It all boils down to money. If gay partnerships are not recognized legally by the state, they lose all advantages that insurance com-

panies might otherwise be forced to offer; they can't file "married" on their taxes (this is bad for those who don't understand the whole tax filing ordeal), if one is in the hospital the other has no input on what care should be provided and they lose the right to adopt the other's children. Currently Vermont is one of the only states to have a law recognizing gay unions, and this is something Nebraska citizens want to avoid. Approximately 60 percent of Nebraskans support Initiative 416.

But don't worry guys and gals — Dan Parsons, a spokesman for the Nebraska Coalition for the Protection of Marriage said, "This is not about bigotry."

Senate member, Don Steinberg, agreed, adding "Or a man and a dog can get married? Where are you going to draw the line?" (Who elected this guy?)

Putting the article down in repulsion I ponder why anyone would support this initiative. What people do in their own houses and with their own lives is their prerogative. As American citizens (who supposedly believe in freedom and all that) we have no right to handicap other citizen's lives because they may be deemed immoral by some of society. Honestly, what is next? Are we going to declare bi-racial marriages "invalid" because some hick in Alabama thinks it's wrong too?

It's depressing, just when I anticipated America was finally catching up with the times, I proved to be naïve yet again. Maybe I'll stop reading the newspapers and only get my news intake from *Entertainment Weekly*. Or, I could vote anything but Republican. Maybe I'll do just that.

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Rachel: Do you capitalize the "h" when you're talking about Jesus?

Matt: Yeah. Like Jesus H. Christ.

SWS

Dining With Sodexho

feature by I W. Aaron Wilson

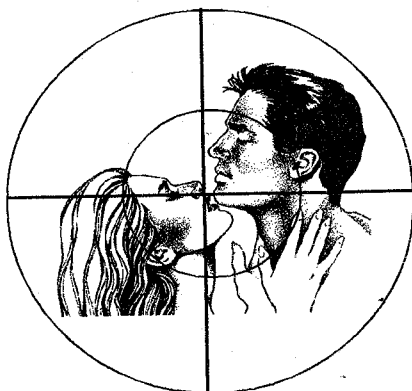
Recently, I had the chance to visit the eatery known as Centennial Hall Cafeteria, a quiet, out-of-the-way spot with a cozy atmosphere. My first impressions of the establishment were positive. It had friendly staff and its trays and plates exhibited a festive color scheme of sky blue, as compared to the somber brown I am used to.

I ordered the "Papa Stosh" sandwich and while I am still trying to understand the meaning of its name, I immediately realized I had made an excellent choice. A hearty combination of ham, pepperoni, mozzarella cheese, crisp green peppers, onions and a robust tomato sauce awaited me. Piled high on a Kaiser roll, the sandwich was as filling as it was delicious.

My sides consisted of an order of curly fries and some peaches. Both my companion, The Dave, and I remarked on the quality of the fries, which did not give into the temptation of being too batter heavy. I cleansed my palate with a refreshing drink called "Sierra Mist," a carbonated beverage I have yet to see elsewhere.

The Dave had the herbed chicken and sides of yogurt and curly fries. "The fact that my pink yogurt tasted like Pepto-Bismol was kind of strange, but it's not nearly as creepy as that mummified hand I found in the Fruit-Loops bin," he commented.

As we headed out I found to my delight that we didn't need to remove our silverware from our trays before placing them on the conveyor belt. I vowed to someday return to Centennial Hall Cafeteria. It may be out of the way, but the quality of its dining merits giving it a chance.



Masturbation: Sin or Savior?

feature by I Lisa Magierowski

Since I love Andrew Smithson's articles, I think I'll start off with my negative, and random, thought of the day: A new man in your life is like a new outfit: you immediately want to put him on and show him off. Why is it that old clothes come back in style?

All right, so you can't say everyone's done it, but I think it's safe to say most of us have done it. You know what I'm talking about - The Deed. Masturbation; that sneaky subject close friends joke about and many

Chutes and Ladders

An on-going look at Truman State relationships

people deny. This just gets to me. We talk about sex in our homes, in our schools and on TV, but we don't openly discuss masturbation. It's a taboo subject, a dirty word, and I can't figure out why.

Let's clear the air, shall we? I know you're wondering if I'm going to dance around the subject (I know my mom would like me to) or if I have the balls to "come out." Well, since I hate closets, here's your answer -- YES! I MASTURBATE! I like it. I do it often. I don't see anything wrong with it.

I mean, face it, kids, we live in an age where people are getting married later and later, disease is running rampant, and abortion is used as a form of birth control. I think any form of safely satisfying natural urges should be accepted and celebrated, not hidden and reviled. There is nothing shameful about safe sex -- and masturbation is the safest.

So what's the hair up the anti-baters butts? Why is the hand not their friend? To find the answer I had to do a bit of research, and I discovered two very interesting things: 1. I won't be shaking any hands on campus anytime soon.

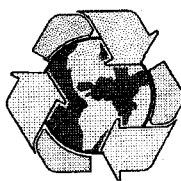
2. The one person I talked to who said they didn't masturbate had no moral problems with it. They simply didn't have the urge to do it.

Hmmm. I guess I'll have to go with a big "no comment" for that one. As for everyone else, well, let's just say I had an unusual interview process. For instance, a male friend of mine, (since pseudonyms seem to be my bag, I'll call him Dustin Bath), told me he knows of guys who masturbate on long car rides if they're alone (thank God). Now that's talent. And from most of the people I interviewed -- and I interviewed a few -- the one word that popped up over and over again was *natural*. One girl told me she had a boyfriend who lived across the country and it was natural to ease the frustration. Another said it was natural because, "you get really horny and need an outlet."

So I think I'll leave you to ponder on this topic with my favorite quote of the week: "Masturbation is Salvation." I'll say "Amen" to that, honey.

ECO Tip

Don't
use so
much
stuff!



E.C.O. meets Monday nights, at 8 p.m. in VH1140

campus personalities

feature by I Cameron Moore

From the depths of the Monitor Tower comes a daring look into the life of... (gasp!) normal people. These are people we see everyday, whether they be employees of the university or just faces we recognize, and appear to be regular people. But hiding beneath the layer of constructed "normalcy" is a real person that makes life at Truman a truly unique experience. This column is an attempt to unveil what makes these campus personalities so special.

For the first installment of "Campus Personalities," I met up with everybody's favorite card-swipin' Sodexho employee from Centennial, George Walker. I, like many on campus, see George just about every day on my way to eat. We hand George our collective cards, say "hi," and that's pretty much it. But why should

it end there? I can think of few people that are as friendly as George every time I see them, and this guy is at work, nonetheless! So I asked George a few questions to see what makes him tick.

George has been a checker for the University since 1992. "I think it is important for students to see a friendly face when they enter the dining hall," George, a native Missourian, said. He also said he enjoys greeting people and talking to students.

Although he was born in Missouri, George spent a good part of his formative years in New York, where he attended high school. The 1980 movie "Fame" was about his high school, the High School of Music and Art in New York City. It was filmed on location just a few years after he graduated and won several awards. After graduating, George

left the bright lights of the big city to return to the quite lull of the Midwest and has stayed in Missouri ever since.

In his free time, George enjoys a number of things including reading books and writing poetry. He lives alone with his 10 year old Pekinese, Arlo, who keeps him company around the house. George says he also plays computer games and even indulges in Dungeons and Dragons twice a month.

George Walker is a man that leads a simple, happy life. Con-

trasted with the students bustling around him, his smile always stands out as one I can look forward to greeting me every day. And luckily, George enjoys his job so much that he is here to stay. He says that he can't see himself leaving anytime in the foreseeable future. So the next time you think you're too busy book learnin' to make the big bucks, take a minute to say "hi" to George to see what really makes people happy.



Wyclef invades Truman

feature by I Jonathan Cannon and Ed Jenkins

Students may have expected just a concert at the MTV Campus Invasion tour, but that's not all they got.

Lasting more than four hours, the show was everything from a musical performance to a giant house party. After warm-up performances by rap artists Supreme C, R & B trio City High and rap pioneers De La Soul, Wyclef Jean burst onto an elaborate set with an incredible two-and-a-half hour show. The Haitian-born rap artist performed an "eclectic" set of songs, mixing in covers of Bob Marley and Pink Floyd along with selections of from his own albums. Along with a small band and siblings Melky and Sedek, Wyclef rocked the crowd with explosive renditions of his singles, "It Doesn't Matter," "Guantanamo" and the Fugees' track, "Ready or Not."

Yet the performance was only a third of the show. Shifting gears, Wyclef broke the barriers between the stage and the audience and turned the concert into a massive house party. The DJ spun record after record, blasting House of Pain and Prince upon request. Wyclef even invited members of the audience onto the stage, first to rap with him, then to take part in his "Lion's Den." Winners of this "Amateur Night at the Apollo"-inspired dance contest were allowed to stay on stage for the rest of the show.

It all lasted so long, in fact, that at one point Wyclef's manager called for all the power to be shut off -- which enraged Wyclef.

"This is bullshit," he shouted. "I sold 17 million albums. I'm not going anywhere."

The power soon returned, and the party rocked on for another hour.

However, the highlight of the evening didn't take place on the stage. After the show, Wyclef and sister Melky held a small press conference in the dressing room. The experience revealed a more relaxed, mellow Wyclef. He spoke slowly and drank wine out of a Dixie cup. He made fun of everyone from rival rapper Canibus to a TRU News reporter who didn't set up her camera fast enough. Lounging back in his seat with his sister at his side, Wyclef casually explained his touring philosophies, upcoming projects, and... Michael Jackson's \$60,000 debt?!

"I got a call and they was like, yo man, we

want you to do some work for Michael, and I was like 'Michael who?' 'cause I know Michael Jordan don't sing." Apparently, Jackson requested Wyclef's talents for his upcoming album. Wyclef did his part, then received a very ill-informed call from the King of Pop.

"Oh, I was in Korea," Wyclef mimicked in his best falsetto, "and I was with my girl and I heard a song called 'Gone Till November' and you sounded just like the guy when you talked." I was like, 'Yeah Mike, that's me. I'm the same guy that sings 'Gone Till November'... that's me.' That's the last time I heard from him, but the studio time came up to sixty grand, and I don't give a fuck if it's Michael Jackson or Lionel Richie or Prince, you gotta pay the money."

He did, however, have kind words for other artists -- especially Carlos Santana, who he lists as the greatest collaborator he's yet worked with (Canibus being the worst).

As for the uncommon length of the show, he revealed to the small press crowd the method to his madness.

"We kept it going long because, if you were ever in college, you understand, when something like this comes to your town you never want it to end," he said.

Though the MTV Campus Invasion continues its trek across the country, the Eclectic One still has plenty of upcoming projects. Besides his work on his sibling's newest Melky Sedek project and protégées The Project G and B, he's also hosting the MTV Europe Awards this year.

"I feel that it's good, you know, that they trust a black man to host this awards show," Wyclef said. "Because it's a billion people watching, and I get to do whatever I want."

Was there anything else he was going to do? Wyclef grinned slyly.

"We are going to leave with all the girls," he said.

Blurry-eyed and exhausted, Wyclef soon ended the press conference and headed to his bus with a gang of roadies, musicians and tag-alongs. In the Pershing Gym, members of SAB began to strike the set. Speakers and drum sets were carted off stage. The party was finally over.

"You gotta understand, we really from the projects," said Wyclef seriously, "I mean, you put some ghetto kids up there [on the stage] and we're just happy."

have had the privilege, recently, of both working with in campaigns for ignored, human rights!

Finally, the UK press are, also, hinting that some (very) racist male, white "yellow-dawg" Democrats are trying to racistly discourage a vital TAYLOR vote on specious claims that such a vote would be "disrespectful" to Carnahan's memory. Since legally he cannot be removed by state-eclipsed Mo. filing law from the November ballot! In fact, even if his corpse as it were, "won" he could not be seated by OVER-RIDING U.S. federal law. So this is a mischievous "redneck" lie nastily meriting, solely, profoundest contempt. With real choice availability, all should vote against Ashcroft in, yes, the coming election and thereby, amongst other things, get the U.S. Senate getting the USA back on signature ratification line in nuclear test ban treaty process that Ashcroft and Jesse Helms repudiated, and yet John Kennedy, sanely, began!

Larry Iles

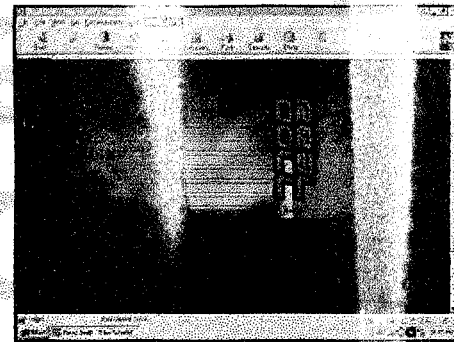
State Organizer Socialist Party USA

Real Doll

<http://www.realdoll.com>

review by I Daniel Coate

Can't find a real woman? Tired of dilutable vinyl love dolls? Then check out Real Doll, the world's finest love doll, now on-line. Each Real Doll is hand crafted from the finest materials to the specifications of the customer. A life-sized body, ultra flesh-like silicone, and a fully articulated skeleton



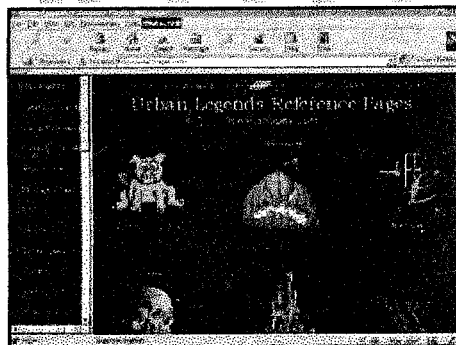
make Real Dolls look, and feel, so real that never again will you have to worry about being stopped by the police when driving around with your special friend. Each doll is fully customizable; customers can browse the Web site and choose from a wide range of body types, faces, skin tones, and makeup, to create the perfect partner for any man's taste.

Urban Legends Reference Page

<http://www.snopes.com>

review by I Ryan Ruffatti

Ever wonder if there really is a haunted house so scary no one had ever completed the tour? Are there people who boobytrap toilet to chop off men's _____? Is there a group trying to clone Jesus?



Has anyone ever been killed at Disney? Has anyone ever been killed while working a haunted house? Will chanting "Bloody Mary" in a mirror summon evil? Have razorblades really been found in Halloween candy? Has anyone ever found the message "Aren't you glad you didn't turn on the light?"

Snopes.com is the place to find the truth and origins on Urban legends. The staff researchs everything from e-mails about Bill Gates giving trips to Disney, to do casinos pump oxygen into the rooms. Enjoy and happy surfing. And for fun, at least three of the legends in the preceding were proven true. Can you guess which?

Pollstar

<http://www.pollstar.com>

review by I Sean O'Brien

<http://www.pollstar.com> is a priceless site for any fan of live music. The site lets you look up live shows listings by artist, venue, or city. In an extra-handy related feature, you can create a personal profile which allows you to receive e-mails from Pollstar whenever the bands/cities/venues on your profile list update their tour rosters. This way, as long as you check your mail, you never have to find out that your favorite band was 90 miles away last night ever, ever again. The site also offers poppy features like Tours Du Jour listings, billboard charts, and articles on popular bands and artists.



LETTERS, from page 3

and she most emphatically is on, yes, the bottom part of the Missouri ballot! She, also, holds firm positions in favor of women's choice and Canadian style new universal health care that Ashcroft has, cruelly, obstructed all his life in denial of benefits to Missouri's very vulnerable poorest folk. Furthermore, there's more than parochial real "family" values at protective stake here, as our state is one of the key ones that "must" change against the G.O.P. Bosses. If all the branches of government are not to be in the likely victorious hands of simpleton Bush, by next January inaugural!

With the prospect of being joined by a Californian feminist woman colleague from the Greens not only, thus, would/could Taylor make third party history due to Carnahan's needless unfortunate tragedy and Ashcroft's sexist complacency. But she could become the United States' second only -- ever since Illinois' Braun black woman federal senator comparable to our Labour UK SIMILAR two MPS over here I

monitor reviews

Less Than Jake changes Funk is still alive in *Stankonia*

Less Than Jake
Borders and Boundaries
Fat Wreck

review by | Dave Bush

October 24 marked a great day for fans of Less Than Jake. The band released its brand new album, *Borders and Boundaries*, on its brand new record label, Fat Wreck Chords. Chris, Roger, Vinnie and the rest of the boys are not ones to disappoint, and they have definitely fulfilled all the expectations anyone could have had for the new record.

They waste no time making sure you know it's LTJ on the first track, "Magnetic North." That familiar bass intro lick, this particular one not as ska-laden but more slow and seeming to build towards something grand, is followed quickly by the guitar and the drums locking together with the bass.

But wait!! We've just approached the tip of the LTJ-iceberg. Oh! Here come the horns! Always kicking out a sweet harmony that does nothing but add to the song. We find as Chris begins to sing that this is actually the title track, speaking of past misdirections and new beginnings, along with a general attack on hypocrisy.

The record continues on the good path with a constant energy that we generally see only at live shows. Less Than Jake has always been a live band, usually spending less time in the studio than traveling from one show to the next. While *Hello Rockview*, *Losing Streak* and even *Pezcore* were all successful, *Borders and Boundaries* far surpasses them when it comes to variety, songwriting and capturing the live sound. While it seems it would be impossible to capture the energy of a Less Than Jake live show, they manage to come closer than they have before.

In addition, they made an effort to make

each song different from the one before. Other albums have had a tendency to run together, while *Borders* switches it up with each track. A few tracks even feature Roger singing the entire song, a switch from his previous "harmonies only" role.

While the fun and games are far from over for Less Than Jake, *Borders and Boundaries* focuses more on life lessons and serious emotional struggles than previous records from the group.

While their style manages to cover any darkness in lyrics, there are quite a few tough issues tackled. From struggling to survive in Los Angeles in "Hell Looks a lot like L.A.," to just getting by in "Malt Liquor Tastes Better When You're Got Problems," to failed ambitions in "Last Hour of the Last Day of Work," to struggling with loneliness in "Is This Thing On," the band is king at relating personal experiences in song.

The first single from the record, "Look What Happened" is another one of the highlights of the album. This song is very much mid-tempo, offering a change from what we usually see out of Less Than Jake. It's a refreshing change that allows them room to expand their style and show off their new "we-actually-took-time-to-write-it" songwriting style. The new variety of the album is shown even within this song, as it switches energies a few times.

I give two thumbs up. Enthusiastic thumbs, even. They have done nothing but better themselves in just about every way since their last album. They still have the guitar riffs, bass lines and drum beats filled in with sweet horn parts that make up their trademark. They just tie it all together better in this one. It's the little things, the tasty bits of LTJ that make this record great. Go get *Borders and Boundaries*, and enjoy!!!



Outkast
Stankonia
LaFace Records

review by | Jonathan Cannon

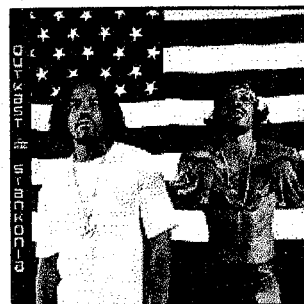
Hip hop has never been this funky.

Stankonia is the kind of album that keeps me listening to hip-hop. The kind of album that reduces me to a starry eyed ten year-old who goes "Whooo-hooo!" when a fresh new beat wails into my eardrums. The kind of album that hits you upside the head with funk and leaves you drooling for more.

Understand where all this is coming from. Outkast is a tag team of country boys from Atlanta. They dress funny. They rap with a thick southern accents, spitting lyrics like, "I'm cooler than a polar bear's toenails!" and "Cooler than Freddy Jackson sipping a milkshake in a snowstorm..." They pimp proverbial hoes and slam proverbial Cadillac doors. Drawings of naked, voluptuous women grace every single one of their CDs.

In this style they've released three previous efforts: their '94 debut *Southernplayalisticadillacmusic*, and two follow-up classics, '96's *ATLiens* and '98's *Aquemini* -- and in the process, almost single-handedly carried the South into hip-hop mainstream. Cleverly blending the sound of electrified funk with hip-hop, the smoked-out duo of Antwan "Big Boi" Patton and Andre Benjamin were a voice that music had never, ever heard before. While gangsta rap reigned over the charts, Outkast slowly crept up with a hodgepodge of club-hopping anthems and soulful introspection. Somehow, they were able to juxtapose the bling bling lifestyle of sex, drugs and alcohol with the search for truth, wisdom and self-realization -- and make it sound banging.

The spacy, funky out concepts within their fourth album, *Stankonia*, seem straight from the warped mind of George Clinton. The hooks are sung by swaggering, digitized choruses. The bass



lines move from drunk meters ("I'll Come Before I Call") to wild and explosive (as in the single "B.O.B." and "7"). Live bass and guitars rock from track to track. Songs seep with out-of-this-world sound effects, furious cuts and scratches and backwards instrumentation. Then there's Andre and Big Boi, who spit rapid fire, countrified lyrics one minute,

then glide smoothly into spoken word or break out in song.

If it even needed to be said, most of *Stankonia* is not radio friendly. While it has already produced two singles -- the high energy "B.O.B." and the head-bobbing, synthesized and catchy "Ms. Jackson" -- one would be hard pressed to find another song in that album that is, well, normal. Songs like "Humble Mumble" (with Erykah Badu) have so much going on, be it layered vocals, odd timings and overall rich production, that there is just too much for the radio listener; kind of like being force-fed speed while driving to work.

With *Stankonia*, Outkast lives up to its name; they hit hard with beats, but laces them with otherworldly sounds different from anything else in its genre. Slow tracks like "Toilet Tisha" (arguably the peak of the album), the ballad of a pregnant teenager who commits suicide, pay homage to P-funk while still retaining hip-hop roots. The bass line thumps over *Controversy*-era Prince synthesizers and Outkast's eerie falsetto chorus. You can hear rock, funk and drum 'n' bass all falling into place to form a tight hip hop album with few missteps.

Stankonia represents not a sound so much as a music movement; it takes all the stereotypes of hip-hop and turns them inside out. Listening to *Stankonia* is like listening to Parliament's *The Clones of Dr. Funkenstein* for the first time. It is to hip-hop what Radiohead's *Kid A* is to rock. It asks you to change your perceptions of what hip-hop is. All the motifs are present, but slightly off-kilter, as if Big Boi and Andre were rapping

see FUNK, page 11

Jega pulses mathematically

Jega
Geometry
Matador

review by | Erin Hucke

There's a common link among most all pieces of electronic music. Maybe it goes for most instrumental music for that matter. It's the ability for the music to sink into the background while your mind wanders off on grand tangents. While listening to *Geometry*, you start to think about the vast, synthetic cyberscape rushing beneath you while you float overhead.

The songs on Jega's (Dylan Nathan's) *Geometry* evoke cavernous voids and in contrast, tightly compacted rhythms, filled with hollow beats. Standard electronica pulses compete with those fading in and out, making a clatter with their irregularity.

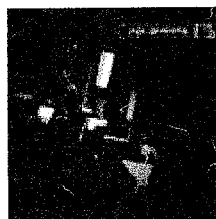
But these random sounds become a lot less random when you zoom out and look at the bigger picture. The cacophonous beats clank back and forth between the left and right channels, playing ping-pong with your brain. Nathan creates eerie, two-dimensional

spaces, replications of those existing somewhere inside the last level of a video game or the inner workings of a computer. The beats are manipulated

and twisted then multiplied and pressed on top of each other. Synthetic string backing gives dimension, but also adds to the ominous and spooky atmosphere. The feel becomes a bit lonely in "Binary Space" with sparse electronic moans surrounded by nothing but empty space.

"Inertia" starts off a delicate electronic melody that excels into something twice as loud and layered. Examining similar song titles like "Syntax Tree" and "Post Mid Arc," noticeably all derived from mathematics and computer science, you get a better picture of what exactly Jega is putting together here.

Geometry sounds less precise and more like machines worn with use, the flaws not being intended by the creator of the machine, but unavoidable. Ultimately, the songs are very stable and not disposable.



Is the Blair Witch real?

Blair Witch 2: Book of Shadows

review by | JJ Pionke

For the most part, *Blair Witch 2: Book of Shadows* was an experience in perception. I did not find this film to be overly scary, at least not to the degree that the first film scared me. It was more like the director, Joe Berlinger, wanted to show one side of the story and then at the last minute show a different angle to the same story. It was not really very disconcerting. I did not come away from the movie feeling frightened, but rather I was thoughtful. The film got me thinking about how we perceive everything that goes on around us.

One of the characters said, "film does not lie." How true is that really? A lot of people bought into the myth of the Blair Witch. A myth that does not exist and never existed, but rather was created for the explicit use of two budding film directors.

Throughout the entire *Blair Witch 2* experience, we are led to believe one thing and in the end we are shown the exact opposite via film. The ending in and of itself is ambiguous. We believed the characters, but now we believe the footage that the police show. Which one is right? Is either one of them right at all?

Perhaps without intentionally realizing it, Berlinger brings into question the whole idea of film and what we see when we watch a movie. By showing us that film may in some way be flawed, by creating a question, he brings into play whether or not we can ever truly believe what we see when we go to the movies or flip on the television for that matter.

Maybe that is how it should be. Maybe we need a film that says, look, this isn't real, why are you believing so strongly in it?

My final opinion on the film was that it was nice to watch on a Saturday night, but not for the price of a movie ticket.

Student Senate Open Positions

★ Off Campus Internet Access Committee Members -- research the Internet services that students living off campus need.

★ Senior Representative

★ Pick up applications at the Student Senate office located on the lower level of the Student Union Building. Applications are due no later than Nov. 8, by 5 p.m. in the Student Senate office. For more information, contact Student Senate at x4193

Visit the Student Senate Web site at www2.truman.edu/senate.
Find up-to-date information including, passed resolutions, voting records, Student Senate directory, and the Pressroom area.

SWE from page 1

possible.

"Take the Sophomore Writing Experience early ... and plan on having a conference in the fall," Holly Kerns, secretary for the Writing Center, said.

Whitney Derendinger didn't take the SWE until this year as a junior because there were no convenient times for him to sign up -- they were all during play rehearsals. However, he has some good advice for students who haven't taken the SWE yet;

"It's like taking off a Band-Aid," he said. "Just go ahead and do it."

WAL-MART from page 1

the football team and told all his friends that I took his Playstation."

Wu said he's "been harassed a little bit" and that in the lunchroom, football players have been throwing mean looks in his direction and hurling insults at him.

"I would let him buy it from me [for the sale price], but it would let him think he was right," Wu said. "The fact of the matter is that I was in the top 30 people in line."

Others reserved their harshest criticism for Wal-Mart.

Freshman Matt McDuff criticized Wal-Mart sharply and bluntly.

"They did a horrible job handling this," he said. "They should have known something like this would happen. They should have been prepared."

One person said, "They didn't even bring us any chairs to sit on or tell us anything. They did a shitty job."

Surveying the trouble as a whole, one police officer quietly observed, "To me it all seems like an awful lot of trouble for some video games."

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One incredible evening...



English needs new pronoun

feature by | Jon Sanders

I was lying in bed last night, pondering the mysteries of the universe (namely, what mortal sin did we commit to deserve the travesty of watching the Yankees and the Mets play each other in the World Series), when I had a Revelation. This moment of supreme enlightenment caused me to sit straight up and proclaim, "Eureka!" which is Greek for, "Ow! I hit my frickin' head!" because I sleep on the top bunk. (This is, of course, the same exclamation uttered by the famous Greek philosopher Archimedes when, having discovered the Theory of Relativity, he leapt out of his tub only to crash to the slippery floor of those danged Greek bathhouses.)

My revelation was this: English is an incomplete language. Now that is a useful revelation, as opposed to Archimedes' Theory of Relativity (an object in motion tends to $= mc^2$), of which nobody really knows the use. However, my revelation is very useful, because it would solve the ongoing conflict between those who think "man" can mean "men or women," and those who think we should purge all literary works of "man" when referring to men and women, and replace it with a non-gender-specific pronoun, such as "Margaret Thatcher."

Personally, I don't see what the big deal is. I can think of women who are more manly than most men. I wholeheartedly believe that Janet Reno can beat half the free world in arm-wrestling. But truthfully, it's not as if the women are being insulted; it is just a linguistic tradition. In French, the word "il" (pronounced "eel") is a man and "ils" (for reasons beyond the grasp of English comprehension, also pronounced "eel") is a group of men or men and women. You don't see French ladies getting their panties in a bundle, now do you? Why,

you ask? I'm glad you asked! I'll tell you: it's because French women don't wear panties! So maybe they weren't the best example for this argument, but you get the point.

English has two choices: "he" or "she." The logical conclusion is to make a third pronoun gender, like the Germans' "neuter," except using a word that doesn't make guys cringe as much. I contacted the Federal Department of Useless Information and Irrelevant Statistics, and they confirmed that 95 percent of women whose names end in the letters "-lga" (i.e. Helga, Olga) are indeed hermaphrodites, a fact I have long suspected. They also told me there was no third pronoun gender.

With this information in hand, I took it upon myself to create a third gender pronoun to appease the mob. I started out with a hybrid attempt, like "she-man," but that was too close to copyright infringement, so I was left to create my own word. However, I think it would be a lot more amusing to see what the readers can come up with, so I'm holding a contest. Write down your suggestion for the new gender word on an index card with your first and last name if you want recognition, and put "to Jon Sanders" on the other side. Either put it in the *Monitor* mailbox in the SUB, or bring it to Room 135 Missouri Hall. If no one is there, slide it under the door. If your word is chosen as the winner, you will receive a Grand Prize of Seeing Your Name In A Column, which, coincidentally, is the same as the Second, Third and Honorable Mention prizes.

So let's get crackin' people! Let's get those creative juices flowing! Let's come up with a great new word!

Please nobody say "Margaret Thatcher."

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FUNK, from page 10

about the slums of a galaxy far, far away. The lyrics are oddly balanced, with enough commentary on society and reflection to offer more depth to the "gangsta pimp" image the duo send out: "Humble as a mumble in a jungle of shouts and screams/That's the way the cracker crumbles so I guess I have to re-route my dreams."

What Outkast does most of all, though, is make a declaration: that funk has been reincarnated as hip-hop. That's precisely what happens in *Stankonia*, undoubtedly one of the year's best albums.



Now that's what this old man calls crappy music, vol. 1

essay by I Matthew Webber

An old man lectures. The kids ignore him. He whines: "When I was a kid, rock 'n' roll meant something. It wasn't just music; it was a movement. It was anti-authority. It was giving the finger to corporate America. It was a search for higher meaning. It was truth. It was more than a movement; it was our whole culture. It was more than our whole culture; it was our whole life. We lived for rock 'n' roll. We breathed/slept/ate/drank/pissed/shit/fornicated for it. *That* was music. 'Dead Rock Star' and 'Rock Band who Still Releases Records but Hasn't Had a Hit in Ten Years' and 'Some Band the Kids Never Have Heard of' and 'Current Rock Star's Father' were Gods. Their musicianship was flawless. Their lyrics were poetic. I remember when I saw 'Rock Band from the Lower Paleolithic Era' in concert..."

The kids hear: "I'm ancient. I've fallen behind the times. I used to be cool, kids, you have to believe me. I used to be a rocker. I used to be hip. But now I'm a square, or worse than that, a rectangle. Your music hurts my ears. I need to take a nap. But I used to be cool. I wish I were still cool. If you listen to my music and you like it, I'll be cool. So please listen to my music. Pretty please, kids, save me. Make me cool again. Make me relevant..."

The old man continues to rant and rave. He shakes his fists. He screams. He whispers. He sweats. He spits. He reddens. He purples. His veins dance in his forehead. His head dances on his neck. He doesn't understand why he's so angry. And he's angry because he doesn't understand this.

The kids continue to not listen to him, just like they always have and always will. The kids continue to listen to their favorite bands, just like they always have and always will. They crank up their volumes and annoy the old man. They hide in their headphones. They don't understand why the old man's so angry. And they don't care that he doesn't understand.

They play: "I did it all for the nookie/Come on, the nookie/Come on, so you can take your cookie/And stick it up your... yeah!/Stick it up your... yeah!/Stick it up your... yeah!"

For some bizarre reason, they love it. I'm so old I don't understand.

I'm 21 years old, but I still think I'm a kid. I go to school. I'm dependent on my parents. I don't have a beer gut, love handles, gray hairs, wrinkles, a bald spot, dentures, Alzheimer's, or any kids of my own. Really, I still *am* a kid.

But sometimes I think I'm an old man. I'm legally an adult. I'll begin a career in a few years. I have two credit cards. I live in a house away from my parents. I pay taxes. I pay bills.

And I hated every music video I saw on MTV in a one-hour period last week.

I didn't understand any of it. The lyrics. The noise. The disconnected music video images. The screaming fans. Do the kids actually enjoy listening to this stuff? Do they actually tell themselves they like these artists? Would musicologists find it blasphemous of me to even call these people "artists"? Aren't there any *real* artists who actually make worthwhile music videos anymore? Aren't there any imagined artists who actually make *halfway decent* music videos anymore?

What is that guy saying? Why doesn't he write more creative lyrics than "Rock the party, rock the party"? How do the record label executives, producers, managers, and tour bus

drivers of "Derivative Bling-Blinging Rap Star A" sleep peacefully at night when they know they're partly responsible for bringing this kind of fecal matter into the world? Doesn't "Interchangeable Alternative Rock Band M" realize how naked that vocal sounds without a harmony? Why doesn't "Bandwagon-Jumping Rap/Rock Hybrid Band Z" realize that their song sounds *exactly the same* as that of "Bandwagon-Jumping Rap/Rock Hybrid Band D"? Why do both lead singers choose to rap when they obviously don't know how? Why does "Interchangeable Silicone-Enhanced Teenybopper Pop Star Q" rely so much on studio wizardry when she sings? What does she really sound like?

I didn't understand any of it. I'm 21 years old and I'm an old man.

It isn't just MTV that perplexes me. Radio stations, the covers of music publications, overheard conversations, the CD collections of my little brothers' friends (my little brothers have good taste though, thank God), and the Top Forty charts boggle my mind.

I still love a lot of contemporary music. I could list some talented artists here, but it really would be a lengthy list. The problem is, MTV and the radio never play any of their songs for more than two weeks. Rolling Stone doesn't put them on the cover. People who are contemplating purchasing a *Now... That's What I Call Music* pop compilation album as I walk past them in Wal-Mart (the crap consumption capital of middle America) don't talk about them. Little boys and girls don't listen to them; they've probably never heard of them.

The bands I love typically don't sell 2.4 millions albums in one week like those five charming sexual predators from N'Sync did. Or was it the Backstreet Boys who did that? The Backstreet Boys are the group containing the heartthrob, the rebel, the boy next door, the older brother figure, and the slightly-dorky-looking-but-cute-in-his-own-way guy, right? And Mandy Moore is the cute little teenager who wants to act and model as well as sing? And I always forget, is it P.O.D. or Papa Roach whose lead singer raps on top of loud guitars? I mean, all these "artists" are so *different* from each other it's *impossible* to lump them all together into one big used-CD bargain bin. It's like, you could watch MTV all night and not see the same thing for... the duration of a commercial break.

I don't understand how rock 'n' roll has disintegrated so much in such a short time span. Hell, *one year ago* I enjoyed at least some music videos. That was back in the days when Kid Rock, Korn, Limp Bizkit, and Rage Against The Machine were the only rap/metal bands in heavy rotation on MTV (I say "only" because, while four bands are already large enough to be labeled as some kind of movement, there are currently too many rap/metal bands to count, let alone remember), before the emergence of the Cash Money crew (as if we needed another New Orleans crew who raps about riches) and their many bling-blinging cohorts, and when the boy bands were in between albums.

I'm not speaking hyperbolically when I say I didn't like any music videos in the one-hour period of MTV I watched. Everything looked and sounded identical. Not only did one pop song sound like another pop song, the *rap* songs even sounded like the pop songs. If rock 'n' roll used to be about revolution, today's batch is about who can get nookie, cash money, and

corporate sponsorships. It certainly isn't about personal or musical integrity. It isn't even about fun. It's about appealing to the lowest common denominator and jacking up those record sales. It's about all those things the late 1960s protest rockers (of my parents) and the early 1990s grunge rockers (of my own youth) were against. Fame. Egos. Bentleys. Hype. And good old American capitalist greed.

Why doesn't anyone else understand?

I used to be able to enjoy popular music, but now it's becoming more difficult. When I watch MTV, I want to shoot my television. I seldom listen to the radio anymore, not even in the car. (That's what a tape deck is for.) I still read *Rolling Stone*, but I take it with a shaker of salt. When I overhear someone say how talented or charismatic Sisqo is, or when I walk into a room and see a CD collection or an MP3 playlist full of Ricky Martin and Puff Daddy material, or when I open up a newspaper and see a list of the top ten best-selling albums of the week, I'm tempted to shoot either them or myself. Either way, I'd end my misery.

I know there are people out there who are similarly disgusted with rock 'n' roll. There are many people who do, in fact, understand. The fact that the new Radiohead album, *Kid A*, majestically debuted at number one on the SoundScan albums' chart proves that there are over 200,000 Americans who are starving for some music with meaning right now. I've talked to enough people who realize the difference between a freestyle rap and the dumb recitation of written lyrics to give me hope that good rock 'n' roll really isn't dead, like so many pundits say it is, but instead is just hibernating, waiting for the next hot band to rouse it from its slumber.

I also realize I've been criticizing kids for being kids. If I criticize them too harshly for enjoying The Baha Men (the Lou Bega of September-October, 2000), or Lil' Bow Wow (the Kris Kross of late 2000), I must overlook the fact that I enjoyed Paula Abdul (the Britney Spears of 1988) when I was a pre-pubescent. (Not only did I know all the words to her singles, I wanted to marry her.) If kids enjoy pre-fabricated pop music, it's because this pre-fabricated pop music is pre-fabricated for their enjoyment. It makes perfect sense that they'll like it now. After all, they're supposed to. Hopefully, they'll grow older and learn to understand like I did. They'll grow tired of their Blink 182 albums like I grew tired of my Green Day albums. They'll

realize there's more to life than a three-minute punk/pop song.

So I've been too harsh on the kids, but I need to be harsher on the people who should know better: the CEOs of major record labels (who only know about money), *Rolling Stone* (who knows a scantily clad actress on the cover will sell more copies than a fully clothed songwriter), and MTV (who definitely knows how much influence they have over impressionable youths). The Who sang, "The kids are alright," and they are. It's the corporate rock 'n' rollers who are anything but. If they don't begin supporting talented, original artists, they could very well kill rock 'n' roll as we know it. Bling-blingness (bling-blingity?) could kill the radio *and* video stars and leave us with MMTV (Mandy Moore TV).

I used to be a kid but now I'm not. I'm no longer relevant. I'm a Lower Paleolithic Rocker. I'm a parallelogram. Because I'm so uncool, it's entirely too easy for me to criticize and judge anyone younger and supposedly more naïve than myself. It's what all old men do when their time as pop music's target audience has passed. We all grow older, more skeptical, and nostalgic. We lecture. I'm biased towards my own bands and cynical towards anyone else's.

But still I rant and rave. It's a part of my old man nature. I shake my fists. I sweat. I purple. I blacken. I long for the days when rock 'n' roll meant something. I teach my brothers about The Beatles and Public Enemy. (For the most part, they've learned well and I'm proud of them.) I want to teach every little 12-year-old rap/rocker about angry, aggressive metal bands who know something about music theory, like early Metallica and Black Sabbath.

The kids will probably ignore me just like the kids always have and always will, and that's okay. Most of the kids will learn to look back at Jessica Simpson like my generation looks back at Tiffany. They'll become old men and women like myself, and they won't understand whatever crap follows this. They'll learn to understand what good music is. They'll learn to hate MTV.

I wish I could hurry their process. I wish they'd listen to me. I'm terrified they'll never understand, though. And if they never do, then the Now Age will continue.

It's scary to think how uncool I'll appear to them then.

The Who sang, "I hope I die before I get old." Since I'm already old, I just hope I die before I get cantankerous.

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UNBELIEVABLY TRUE

actual news from around the world

feature by Joe Rothermich

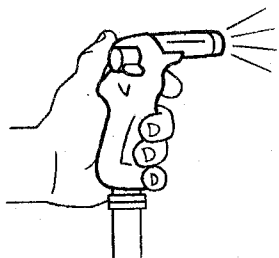
A thousand people have made reservations to stay a night in North America's first Ice Hotel, according to Reuters. A group of Canadian entrepreneurs announced last week they will construct the Ice Hotel, which is scheduled to open in January 2001 outside Quebec City. The hotel will be constructed of 4,500 tons of snow and 250 tons of ice. It will remain open for three months before it melts in the spring. The hotel will include a bar, cinema and art galleries. One night's stay will cost about \$109.

An Arkansas man arrested for riding a horse while intoxicated had the charges against him dropped last week. Jeffrey Baldrige of Eureka Springs, Ark., was cited for drunk driving last August after the horse he was riding was hit by a vehicle on the highway. State Trooper Kim Fontaine said the charges were not valid because the law only applies to motorized vehicles.

Two British scientists are traveling to South Georgia, an island in the south Atlantic, to find out whether or not penguins fall over backwards while watching aircraft fly overhead, according to Reuters. Scientists are skeptical of the reports, but Stuart Matthews, a senior officer aboard the HMS Endurance, believes the reports.

"The penguins always look up at the helicopters and follow them all the way until they fall over backwards," he said.

Dr. Richard Stone, of the British Antarctic Survey, said that the low flying helicopters could have an adverse effect on the penguins' breeding performance.



You could have filled this space with your ad. Instead, we had to put this meaningless clip art here. Next time, call Tom at 665-6438. (We're cheap.)



Queen Astra

Libra (September 24-October 23):

Call your local cable company and demand that all pornography stations be available 24-7. It's you God-given, inalienable right to see cooze on TV!

Scorpio (October 24-November 22):

There is nothing wrong with your genetic mutation. When you think about it, even two-headed kittens need love.

Sagittarius (November 23-December 21):

Start a band. Name it "Sonic Death Monkeys." You'll become rich beyond your wildest dreams.

Capricorn (December 22-January 20):

Monthly Internet access is becoming too costly. Reason to your roommates that the Internet has been tying up the phone line and your dealer can't get through for your nightly "fix."

Aquarius (January 21-February 19):

It's the season of romance. Lean over and whisper sweet nothings to your love one. For example, "Psst... I won't be wearing any underwear at the restaurant tonight."

Pisces (February 20-March 20):

Today is an excellent day to take up cannibalism. Instead of Canadian bacon, try some Canadian Mounty on your next pizza.

Aries (March 21-April 20):

Confused as to which candidate deserves your vote this Tuesday? If you're tired of all the political hooplah, make a write-in vote for Boston's lead singer Tom Scholz. Rock the vote!

Taurus (April 21-May 22):

How long are you going to live with this guilt? It's time to confess your sins. I know that you're the one who let the dogs out.

Gemini (May 23-June 21):

It's hammer time!

Cancer (June 22-July 24):

Are you worried about those "Horribly Chubby" and "Grotesquely Obese" comments that you've been overhearing? Maybe it's about time you tried that new "anorexia" diet. Hey, no pain, no gain

Leo (July 25-August 23):

You've been oppressed for too long. Brandish pitchforks, torches and declare war on the library.

Virgo (August 24-September 23):

A cigar-smoking gorilla has been following you for the past week. Act normal. Don't let on that you know. They can smell fear.

Cheap! Cheap! Cheap! Cheap! Cheap! Cheap! Cheap! Cheap! Cheap! Cheap!

Eddie's Books & Comics

Don't be taken, shop around!

Kirksville's largest paperback bookstore! New items every week!

Not on the square and glad!



The Smoke Shop in Eddie's
The heartland's best selection of custom cigars, tobacco, smoking herbs, contemporary pipes, gentleman's accessories, color changing glass

The Gnomes of Zurich Rock Shop
Silver rings, beads, gemstones
Make your own jewelry supply
Swords, incense, goth items

Eddie's Back Room

Area's largest selection of adult books and magazines

All new movies \$15-20

All used movies \$2-10

We have and can speical order adult DVDs and CD ROMs

We buy, sell, trade



Art Page Art Page Art Page Art Page Art Page Art Page

The Student Union presents "Associations," a series of prints by Jim Jereb in the Activities Room through December 12. Jereb is the Printmaking professor at the University. All prints are monotypes. In his artist statement Jereb stated "...the images are recognizable as identifiable objects, they often perform the role of symbol..." Thirty works are on display and a program describing the show.



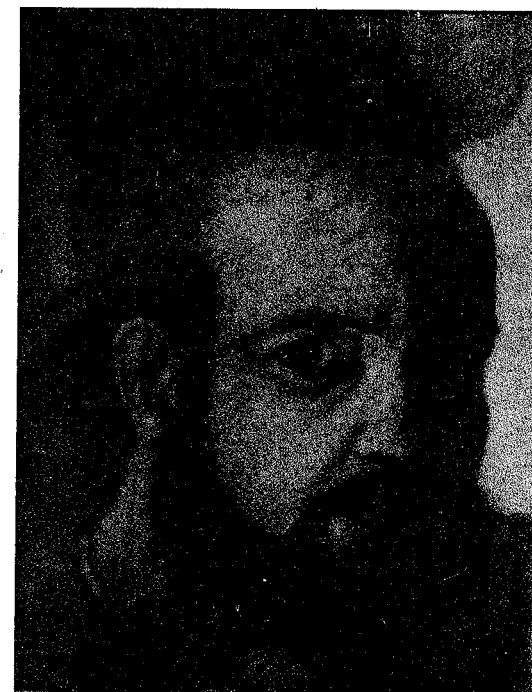
"Artist's Block"



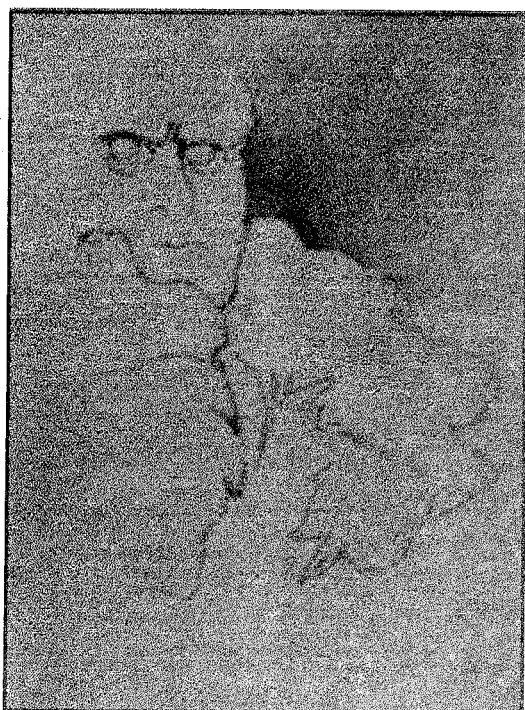
"Intensity of Focus"



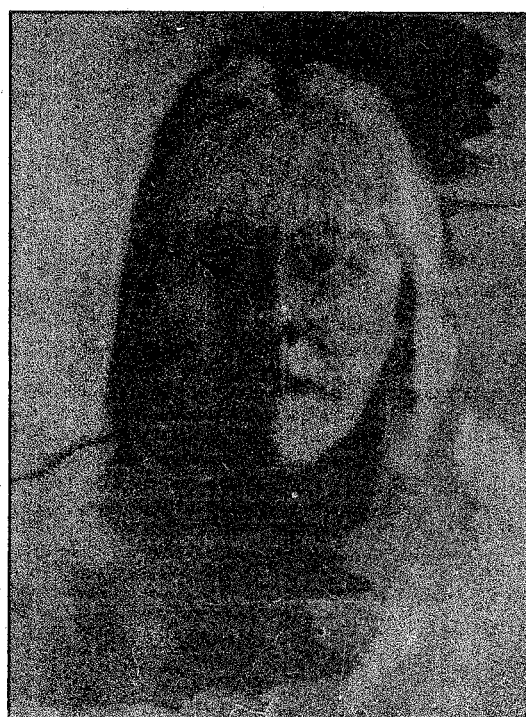
"Confrontation"



"Self-Prophet"



"Scrute"



"Infatuation"



"Reality"

my BACK PAGES

When I Was 4
4 mama:

My memory came to be
And the world came alive
I remember for the birthday
I got My Buddy
Played with that,
until his head fell off
And Grandma
Couldn't sew it back on.

Saturday mornings with
Transformers, and Fraggie Rock
until old age set in
With the realization that,
Getting up at six a.m. for Pooh
was unnecessary and,
Sleeping in was much better.

PBS was the coolest channel
Mr. Rogers should have lived
On Sesame Street
Knight Rider was the car
I would grow up to own,
While working for the A-Team

Summers spent
Running around in my skivvies
* 'Cause I had the body of a little boy
Playing in dirt, water, rocks,
Getting many scars
When you're 4 you don't
Think about dresses that come
13 years later.

And for whatever I remember,
I always say,
I was 4 when I did.....
So,
Whenever I walk of something
From my childhood
I automatically say
I was 4, and I could have
Just as well been 6

My mother complains,
That everything I remember
Happened when I was 4
That's because
It sounds much better.

—Akela S. Cooper

Fall is upon us, and election day
is here...show some support for
the *Monitor* and submit to *My
Back Pages*. Drop submissions
in the *Monitor* mailbox in the
CAOC, or email me at
x289@truman.edu.

Fleeting Reoccurrence of Self Thought

I still remember the time though
Yeah ...
I still remember the time though

When the wind ceased to begin to blow
'Twas a melancholy rift
Splashing hitherto 'n hither fro
Basically becoming bastion
Yet, believably so
The time though
The time though
Was
Believably so
Yet presently becoming so

Yousef
Who's last name
Began
Afloat
Questionly asking huh ...

These thing are so, as is, what is so
Believably so, in that, you
Respect my authority
Because my authority
Is basically
Imperial imperialism
Bound By
A steady drift

I still remember the time though
Yeah ...
I still remember.

—Demond L. Baine

Autumn Run

Frosted air – each breath sharp,
and my heart keeps time.
A long hard run to crest the hill,
a quicker pace, a prayer of thanks,
and my heart keeps time.

—Michael Adams

Still Singing America

Love easy,
Brother Langston.
Release our music.
White America
still frowns
when we play,
kicks our keyboard
when we play heavier,
bites our chest
when we sing
without the music,
shushes our whine
times six feet.
Let's hold our mouth
but continue dancing,
gyrate to *their* jazz.
They'll read our face,
see our teeth,
nod wide-eyed
when they realize
we've been thinking
their song.

—Orlando L. Williams

IVAN THE BEARABLE

SPEAKING OF
SINGLE FILE AND ROPE
IVAN THE BEARABLE
UNPACKS THE COUCH.
BUSY
IN HIS FLANNEL
AND THAT MUSTACHE
HE ANNOUNCES
I AM GOING UPTOWN.

—JENNIFER HATALA

« Illusion »

L'odeur du soleil flotte entre les orchidées
Un vent léger emporte les rêves brisés
Les fils de sa prison se sont à peine desserrés
On lui a donné le goût de la liberté

Puis on l'a fait rentrer.

Elle voulait quitter sa vieille chair et voler
S'approcher du soleil, sentir ses ailes brûler
Mais elle a vu le cocon sur elle se refermer
La naïve chrysalide est morte étouffée.

—Audrey Tabary

"Illusion"

The smell of the sun is drifting among the orchids
A light breeze is taking broken dreams away
The threads of her prison have barely been loosened
They gave her a taste of freedom

And then made her come back.

She wanted to leave her old flesh and fly
To come closer to the sun, to feel her wings burn
But she saw the cocoon closing upon her
The naïve chrysalid died, suffocated.

—Audrey Tabary