

THE MONITOR

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

Volume 7, Number 9 / 06 February 2001

Student Organization Center to increase campus diversity

story by | Derek Spellman

A Student Organization Center (SOC) will be installed next fall to deepen understanding of diversity at the University and foster a climate of mutual respect between students.

The center will be installed in Rooms 2 and 3 of the Student Union Building and will house seven organizations that pledge to "support Truman values of creating a diverse community of learners that aspires to the best for themselves, their families, their society and their world," according to a statement issued by the SOC Planning Committee.

The SOC is a centerpiece of the recommendations made by the Diversity Task Force, a committee that detailed campus diversity several years ago and raised suggestions for heightening students' awareness of that diversity.

The SOC shall be comprised of three components. The first component will be a reception desk, which will greet visiting students, disseminate information about the center, relay messages and channel information to the SOC's seven organizations.

The second component will be a system of seven desks, set in two rows and furnished with receptacles for literature, videos and other resources.

The third component will be an open space

for meetings, accompanied by a long table and 12 chairs.

Beth Evers, a member of the SOC Planning Committee and the chairperson of Student Senate's Student Affairs Committee, said the center will serve versatile and wide-ranging interests for those organizations who become members.

"They [member organizations] can use this space to hold office hours, plan events, store resources and have a permanent meeting place," she said.

She also said the SOC will forge closer ties between the seven member groups and expand student consciousness of diversity at the University by sponsoring educational activities such as Diversity Week.

She added that small, struggling organizations could reap immense benefits from the center if they are accepted.

"There are small organizations that struggle to get their name out," she said. "They know there are students who want to join them but they just can't reach those students. This space will help those organizations fulfill their mission statement and increase membership."

The Planning Committee will mount a campaign next week to persuade organizations to apply for membership at the center.

see DIVERSITY, page 8

Hazardous waste "burns" north St. Louis residents

story by | Daniel Coate

For 10 years, north St. Louis residents have been inhaling a plethora of deadly pollutants emitted from a local incinerator secretly burning medical waste.

A group of about 40 locals have taken up the fight against the Stericycle Inc. owned facility, signing petitions demanding that the city of St. Louis enact tougher medical-waste-incineration laws that would prohibit the incinerator from operating in the area.

The concerned citizens have enlisted the aid of Alderman Freeman Bosley St. (D-3rd Ward), who will introduce related legislation to the St. Louis Board of Aldermen. The aldermen have backed a resolution asking the EPA to test the soil surrounding the incinerator.

St. Louis Mayor Clarence Harmon, having not seen the proposed legislation, has yet to make a decision on the issue.

Washington University Medical School, a Stericycle customer, has announced its decision to suspend its use of the incinerator.

The incinerator, originally built by Brown-ing-Ferris Industries, has been burning millions of tons of biohazardous waste annually, producing cancer-causing agents, including various dioxins and particles of heavy metals, such as mercury and lead, that can contribute to the development of heart and respiratory diseases.

The nine million pounds of waste burnt annually results in the release of about 3.5 tons of these dangerous particles into the previously unsuspecting neighborhood.

The Stericycle facility's most important clients include Monsanto and BJC Health

see WASTE, page 6

Possible fires fail to alarm

story by | Derek Spellman

A young man wearing a pair of clumsy boots and black sweat pants with white trim stumbles out of Missouri Hall at 4:30 a.m., with his eyes tangled with sleep and his nerves jangled by the tremor of a fire alarm sinking and swelling in the background.

"Fuck!" he shouts "I'm getting tired of this shit!"

The fire alarm triggered at Missouri Hall on Wed., Jan. 26, marked the 10th false alarm in the residence halls this year. According to the Kirksville Fire Department, three of the alarms consisted of activated pull stations. The other seven were triggered by smoke detectors, smoke odors and workers inadvertently tripping alarms. While false alarms have become a fixed feature of dorm life, the sluggish response of residents to fire alarms has deepened concerns in the administration and in the Kirksville Fire Department with fire safety in the residence halls.

"The frustration is that the residents become complacent," Assistant Fire Chief Randy Behrens said. They [the residents] become so accustomed to alarms that they do not respond to them as well as they should and then they can become trapped or get into trouble."

Karl Schneider, director of the physical plant, said student responsibility is the decisive factor in fire safety.

"Students need to take alarms seriously," he said.

The halls already have safety precautions in place. In the event of a circuit overload, for instance, the wires are equipped with circuit breakers that halt the flow of electricity and prevent the wires from overheating.

In terms of the number of fire exits and fire extinguishers, the halls conform to the expectations of the National Fire Protection Association. Jack James, the facilities' safety supervisor, has assembled a team to inspect the fire extin-

see FIRE, page 2

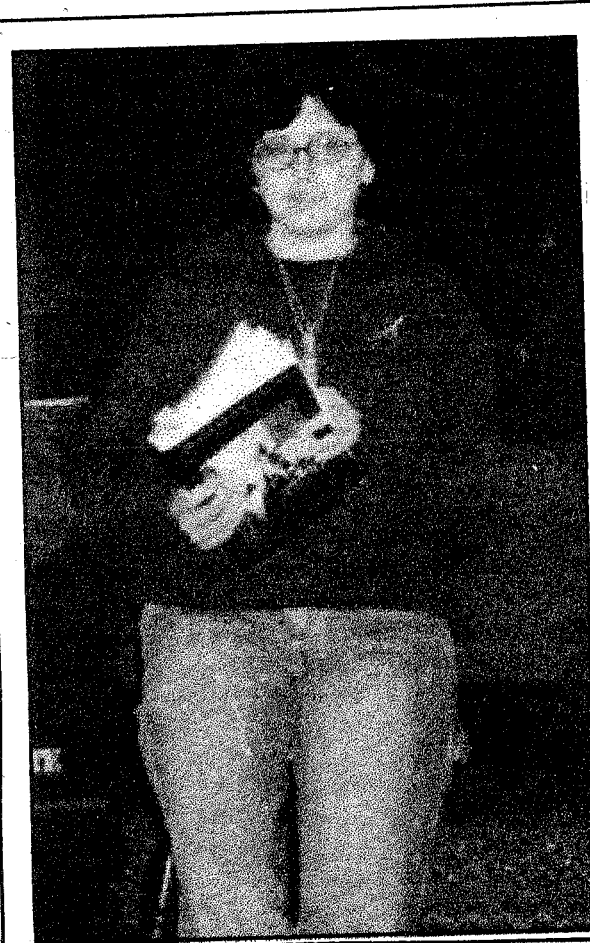


photo by | Amanda Romine

Annie Coleman reads poetry at the Aqua Dome's new Monday night poetry readings. Read about the readings, other Aqua Dome events and the Junkyard on page 13.

C O N T E N T S



Meet Tim Cason: speaker of seven languages, world traveler, composer and custodian.

Read "Campus Personalities," page 9.



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Read our newest music feature, page 12.

If you think Planning Day was a waste of time, it's probably because you chose not to attend.

Opinion, page 4.

Planning Day

The Monitor

Campus Collective
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Volume 7, Number 8

CAMPUS ADDRESS

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

We meet every Tuesday and Thursday at 9 p.m. in
BH 346.

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 Art of Power, a three-week, six-credit, Study Abroad course (July 10 - August 1), examines ancient Rome, Renaissance Florence and modern Germany. Professors Julia DeLancey, Steven Reschly and Martha Rose will lead the course. There are still a few spots open. No prerequisites; all majors welcome. For more information please e-mail Martha Rose at mrose@truman.edu or call 785-4057.

How well do you know your significant other? How well does your boyfriend/girlfriend know you? **Play the Couples Gameshow** and find out, the day before Valentine's Day, Tues. Feb. 13, at 8 p.m. in the SUB Alumni Room. Compete against other couples for awesome Valentine's Day prizes like restaurant gift certificates. Or come and cheer on, or laugh at, your favorite couples. Sponsored by Conflict Resolution and Mediation (CRAM), formerly known as MAD.

The Writers' Block still meets every Monday, 9 p.m., in the Writing Center. Meet the other writers on campus, read and critique your own and others' stories, plays and poems and eat delicious snacks (sometimes). For more information, call or e-mail Matt at 665-6223 or aerjones@hotmail.com.

FIRE, from page 1

guishers on a monthly basis.

The halls also undergo a yearly inspection for fire hazards. FM Global, the University's fire insurance carrier, conducts a painstaking probe of the halls. The halls' alarm systems are also evaluated annually by Simplex, the company that installed the alarm systems.

The only potential source of concern is the absence of automatic sprinklers. Schneider said that sprinklers were not installed in the residence halls because they never underwent any major renovations.

The paramount concern for administrators then is the entrenched complacency of students in responding to alarms, especially at night. Tracie Cox, assistant director of Missouri Hall, said that predawn false alarms have dulled students' sense of urgency about evacuating the building.

"The more and more they [false alarms] happen the less likely people are to leave the building," she said.

The National Fire Protection Association cites five minutes or less as the amount of time necessary to evacuate the residence halls. Cox said that even if the alarm is triggered in the middle of the night, the overwhelming bulk of Missouri residents are evacuated in 3 to 5 minutes. Matt Kingston, director of Centennial Hall, said it takes about 10 to 15 minutes to evacuate his residents. Both said an uncertain number of students either sleep through late night fire alarms or flatly refuse to evacuate.

"A lot of students don't take the alarm seriously and they don't leave the building," Kingston said.

According to residential hall policy, if a

fire alarm is triggered student advisers are to immediately begin herding their residents to the nearest exit. They then follow their residents to the bottom floor so as to choreograph them into a pre-established safe zone. Students designated as "door knockers" rush from room to room, whacking doors and shouting in order to rouse those residents who might still be asleep.

Kingston said that all student advisers underwent a fire prevention course this year. Among other things, they learned the proper use of a fire extinguisher and even practiced extinguishing fires themselves.

He also said that after every alarm, SAs convene with the hall director for a debriefing. Together, they uncover flaws in the evacuation procedure and areas for improvement. Still, he is keenly aware of the complacency of students.

"Even after a high profile deadly residence hall fire [at Seton Hall], with multiple deaths, students still don't take fire safety seriously," Kingston said.

Randy Behrens said the best preventive measure for students is to be keenly attuned to their surroundings. He suggested that students establish at least two viable escape routes in the event of a fire.

Kingston said that while the prospects of a fire tearing through the halls may seem remote, students should still take alarms very seriously. A resident of Centennial Hall was even documented for refusing to evacuate the building during a fire alarm, and the case has been remitted to the Judicial Board for a final verdict.

"Even one person [killed in a fire] is too many," he said.

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monitor letters

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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.

Hey, Monitor,
It's hard to find
clown porn on
the Internet.
—E.J.

Irradical writers should explode good old white boys

Being an old-fashioned European Socialist at heart, can I risk unorthodoxy? By invoking the "old" *Monitor* with its emphasis on the reflectively "COLLECTIVE" themes of several of you. Rather than the new isolated, and "individual" byline signature types, in middle class over-caution, and this obsession with "objectivity" rather than commitment!

You see, if one risks this kind of greater creativity approach one can, actually, more easily find what IN STRENGTH your contributors all have in unison COMMON. So that "the MAN," the "UNCLE" and his CORPORATE Administration kind cannot pick one of you, or even some, of you apparently "off" against the other, which is clearly the tactic of divide-and-rule bossiness set operative from ancient Rome, the British empire, to present Jack Magruder and chums capitalist TSU Kirksvillian local conglomerate, based on your fees and auto pollution crampness unenvironmentally unfriendly!

So looking at "Comrade" W. Aaron Wilson's piece last issue "What would MLK do?" on the sole, actually discussion venue the University provided us all in the community with, in all of last month's Black History commemoration events, one does, of course, find something of an "answer" to use his word.

To "Comrade" Amanda Romine's below "review" column where she can herself barely conceal a justifiably vast yawn at how the sheer banality of a lot of the other TSU MLK events amounted to a "Unity celebration stifles King's dream"!

Indeed, if both were, now, to dare to go further in real "commitment" journalism, journalism building on their own hinted logic beyond mere reportorial such frustration, what might not, BOTH, investigate further? In real CHANGE effort worthy of King himself about the way this University picks only his safest "neo"-conservative side.

For example, Amanda bemoans the botched use of the "I have a dream" speech. But why doesn't she QUERY why we, always, have to endure at TSU community such festivities this, oh so, nationalist DC well-recorded elsewhere oration. Just, evidently, "THE MAN" has been known to sing along, harmlessly too, in "candle-light" vigils! Oh yeah, with only one black, and "interim," TSU Divisional head is this supposed to be real progress, "dreamily" only here in USA indeed!

Why not, instead, as Aaron implies, although he does not powerlessly elaborate, "speculate" ADVANCINGLY a wee bit! By suggesting that next year TSU authorities take as their King real examination text the less well known Riverside New York Unitarian sermon he gave? In which therein he, "DIFFICULTLY," not only breaks with Lyndon Johnson's Democrat "good old white boys," over their lying prosecution of the Vietnam war. Arguing, trenchantly, that, in practice, "to the colored peoples" of this our common planet such so-called patriotism has, too often unjustly, turned out to be in his apt word "Imperialism"

Moving from the abstractedly exhortatory down to concrete specifics, let me briefly prove what I precisely mean! Veteran "Comrade" Matthew Webber in his "The Man collects rent from Park Place, Boardwalk, Franklin Street" veritably explodes in behalf of the local fire fighter workers station endangered safety (by Magruder's boards REC CENTER blocking-build), justified 2001 A.D. indignation!

Matt can't stand the wasteful manner in which THE MAN AND HIS ATTORNEY WELLS are using your and his dough. To buy up from a cash-desperate city and avaricious local landlords, every decent site and old house they can get their suited paws upon. To build not alone, yet, more private auto park towering monstrosities in sheer pollutant ugliness.

But, also, I am sure great accuracy from our

see ILES, page 8

Senators pass the trash

Senators throw away chance to serve students

I am writing this letter with the utmost embarrassment and disappointment. I am currently a sophomore representative for Student Senate, and I have been proudly representing the students of the University since last fall. But now, for the first time in my otherwise enjoyable term, I am embarrassed to call myself a student senator.

At the Jan. 21 Senate meeting a resolution was brought forth by a collection of students from Missouri Hall who were concerned with the fact they were not given trash cans for their dorm rooms by residential living. These students, with the help of Senator Matt Brooker, wrote a resolution to present to Student Senate in the hopes we could address the problem. They distributed copies of pages from the Residential Living Handbook that included the following statement: "The University furnishes rooms with beds, mattresses, window blinds, and wastebasket."

The students' resolution simply asked Student Senate to take action in encouraging Residential Living to fulfill a clearly delineated promise to the students who attend this University. These students took valuable time out of their busy schedules to attend our meeting and let us know about a genuine problem, and while this appeared to be a simple issue, it

turned into a ridiculous debacle.

Shortly after discussion began on the resolution, the Senate's current Vice President Jessica Post made a motion to defer the resolution to committee. Other senators quickly adopted this idea, arguing that Senate had other means of getting something accomplished besides passing a resolution.

A very long, heated and entirely pointless debate began that, in short, involved one group of senators arguing that the focus of the debate was "just a trash can" and if students really wanted one it would be neither hard nor expensive to pick one up at Wal-Mart.

It was also mentioned that any attempt to address this seemingly minute issue could cause tension between Student Senate and the new head of Residential Living.

The student senators are elected by the students to represent them and express their interest and concerns. That is our job, and most of the time we wish students would come to us with their problems more frequently.

But with results like these, who can blame the students for seeing Senate as oblivious to their concerns and impotent to act? This was a simple issue. The University promised wastebaskets in the dorms, and through some minor oversight, didn't provide any.

see TRASH, page 9

"Fukk" The Monitor

Does anyone else realize that *The Monitor* has become a piece of fucking shit? Where did the balls go? The spunk? The "fukk you"?

Well, here it is: Fukk you. Fukk the people who read it, fukk the people who write it or have anything to do with it (except for that zany Dandino, a fine chap).

So what is the alternative? The *Index*? It's a wonder anyone bothers at all anymore. I cannot include death threats here, so don't take this as one, but you all should die. Kill yourselves, if necessary. Remember, not a death threat.

After recently (barely) beating out an assault & battery charge it would be to [sic] soon to lengthen my criminal record. Again, find a way, but please do die.

Joe Scum

P.S. It doesn't matter if you print this or not. I don't read your goddamned rag anymore.

Thanx Monitor

Some of your articles are pieces of fucking shit. Some of them even lack spunk. And that wacky Dandino is definitely a damn fine bloke.

But why doesn't anyone realize *The Monitor* is open to every member of the campus community? Why doesn't anyone bother at all anymore to write intelligent letters to the editor in which they spell their curse words correctly and actually sign their name like somebody else with balls would do?

Well, here it is. Again, I'm pretty sure everyone can come to a meeting or submit a letter, opinion, review, comic or any other humorous, sarcastic or serious article. Everyone.

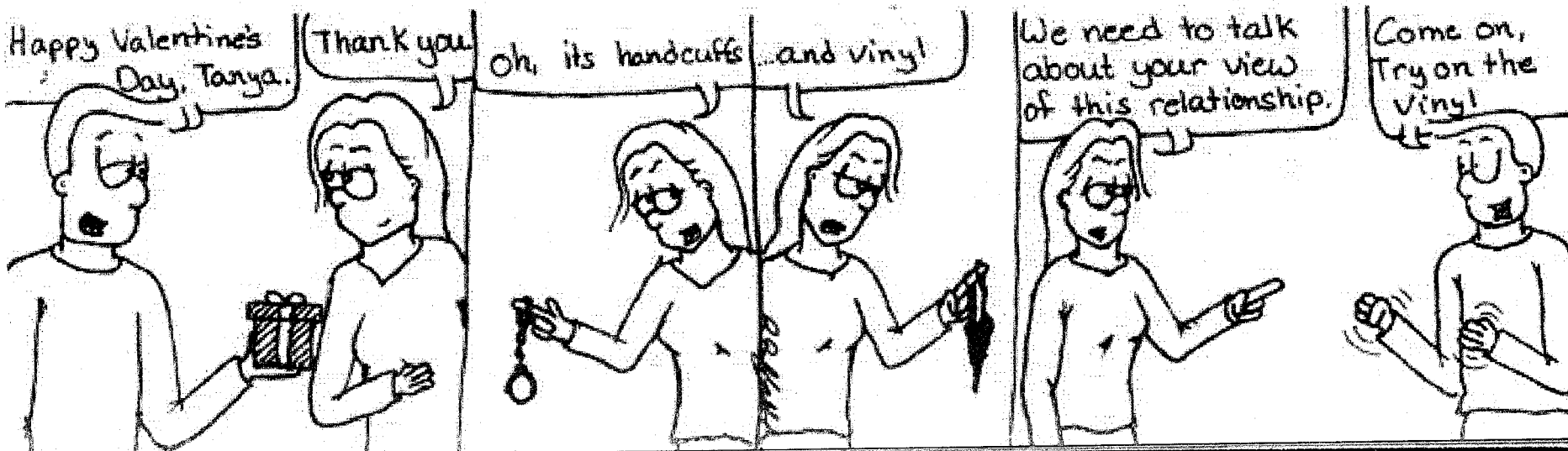
I cannot include death threats here, so don't take this as one, but anyone who complains so much about a paper they choose not to write for should die.

Tom Sludge

P.S. Don't you adore the stylistic way in which I misspelled "fukk"? Aren't I clever?

Don't be Afraid...

by Ryan Ruffatti



Monitor opinions

Students blow chance to plan

opinion by | Matthew Webber

My favorite student complaint recently is that nobody ever sees President Magruder walking around campus. Sometimes we see him riding his bike to or from a day of hiding in his office, but we never see him in Mainstreet Market, the library, a sporting event or a Wyclef Jean concert.

It's my favorite complaint because it's true and because it summarizes the student body's anti-administration sentiment as tidily as a Cliffs Note.

We never see The Man.

Usually we all pretend the things we can't see don't exist. In this case, the opposite is true. We students believe the things we can't see *don't* see us. We believe we don't exist to them.

And we cry to our buddies instead of to them.

It's impossible to count how many times I've heard students complain (always to me, never to somebody who doesn't agree) the administration doesn't listen to them. After all, the trigger happy Board of Governors packed the Department of Public Safety's heat during the summer when the students who might protest were conveniently in St. Louis.

And Faculty Senators are too busy rescheduling their make-believe office hours to learn their students' names, pass resolutions that make sense to people other than themselves or allow non-members to speak at their secret society meetings.

And Garry Gordon, the vice president of academic affairs, is the devil. (I've actually heard someone say this.)

On Jan. 24, The Man offered us an entire day to tell him what we thought of him. He gave us eight hours to shout all the curse words we've shouted to our roommates, friends and significant others. We could preach to those who needed conversions, instead of to the usual alleluia-ing chorus.

Students slept.

Any student who didn't attend the University Planning Day hereby rescinds all rights to whine, bitch and moan about disagreeable policies. Quit writing your opinion pieces and letters to the editor, forming your human Ws on the quad and bemoaning the scholarship you lost because you only kept a 3.1 GPA. When you had your day to scream, you snored.

I agree with students like Brooke Sherrard and Sarah Dwiggins who wrote Planning Day

wasn't worthwhile (Jan. 25 *Index* "Our View").

The reason it wasn't worthwhile is because less than 100 students attended. Sorry Brooke and Sarah, five days is more than enough time to respond to an invitation, and unregistered students were more than welcome to participate.

We had the chance to discuss the future of the University and we blew it.

We continue to blow it. Most of the complaints I hear about Planning Day come from people who weren't even there. Before, they said it would be a waste of time. After, they laugh (again, I actually heard this) at the suckers who attended.

The *Index* reflects its bias by referring to the conference as a "day off" and by quoting students who say it wasn't a "waste of time" instead of students who say outright it was productive (Feb. 1).

Larry Iles writes we wasted a day of precious class time (pages 3 and 8 of this *Monitor*), but I think talking to faculty and administrators for one session was infinitely more enlightening than another discussion of the Yanomamo tribe.

Some of the students who attended thought it really was worthless and left early. They had good reason to. The morning session was unnecessarily slanted towards administrative concerns (retention, scholarship renewal; the same things they shoved down the interviewers' gullets at the so-called "Junior Interview") instead of student ones.

Some say Lou Ann Gilchrist, interim dean of student affairs, wasted our afternoon by telling her pseudo-charming tale of a band of plucky walruses that might have entertained a kindergarten who had just chugged a vat of red Kool-Aid.

But it was a start. The administration actively sought student feedback for the first time since I've been here. Students spoke. Administrators listened. I'd gladly give up another day of class if it meant they'd ever listen to me again.

I had as good an excuse to skip the Planning Day as anybody else. I was awake until 4 a.m. the night before, an hour of the night/morning that's all too familiar to me this semester. I had hundreds of pages of text to read for the day following the conference.

But I woke up. I attended the conference. I've asked for a forum for years and finally had it. If I would have stayed in bed, I would have been a hypocrite. I would have been just like everyone else.



Law no longer applies to me

opinion by | Jesse Pasley

There comes a point in everyone's life when it's time to say goodbye to old habits and customs. This is one such point, my friends. I've grown up; I'm a big boy now. And I've decided the law no longer applies to me.

But please, don't be alarmed, not much will change. It's just that the law, well, it's just not "me." I just don't see the need. I don't play That Game anymore.

And yet, you'll still see me stopping at red lights and using turn signals. Just consider those things favors. Besides, I'm a nice guy. I'll do most of those sorts of things out of my own good will.

I suppose it took me quite some time to reach this point, to come to this conclusion. While many might attribute this decision to some sort of hatred for The Man or a juvenile angst, I would like to put this into terms of freedom. Many people speak of America as the "land of the free" or the "leader of the free world," but I think these fantasies are trash. This country does have many "liberties," I'll give them that, and much more than in most countries. But that's not my point.

"Freedom of speech" does not mean the freedom to speak. "Freedom of the press" does not mean the freedom to print. There are limits and restrictions, and some say this is reasonable to expect. This is funny. How can you limit freedom? Is this not a contradiction? A person cannot be more or less free than another. Either you are totally free or are still restricted in some manner. Thus, my decision to disclaim any loyalty to the law has been an effort to procure freedom.

We are no longer living in the days of Hammurabi, where laws were commanded from "God" or set on stone pillars. Law is not

immutable. Our laws are transient and require consent of those affected. Supposedly, this is done through "elections," but I would contend that with our current setup, there is no consent, only the biggest mind control effort this world has ever seen, all at the hands of deceitful politicians and military-backed corporations.

Oh, wait, I'm starting to sound like a whiner. But here's my idea: these fucks have it all figured out, so from now on, I'm dealing with them on their own terms, with no law. Politicians and corporations have an illustrious history of evading the law and getting away with it. In some strange and sick way, it's these guys who have real freedom, and from now on, I'll be enjoying that freedom as well, much to their dislike (though I'm sure they'll hardly even notice).

Critics of my decision will probably ask "Why don't you become an activist? It sounds like there might be some laws you don't like. Speak up against those!"

Well, um, no. There are not many laws that affect me that particularly upset me. (Well, except that I have to pay my taxes to support a military that protects above mentioned corporations.)

And "reacting" to only certain laws is exactly what those in power want you to do. They know people will either conform mind, body and soul in the name of legalism or that they will vocally oppose (and yet still follow the offending law).

Do nothing, drop out, stop producing, stop consuming. These are the things they will hate the most, yet are powerless to stop. It is this sense of power and freedom I want.

So next time you see me skateboarding across campus, you'll know why.

Baby Bush wastes energy killing Texas convicts

opinion by | Cameron Moore

First and foremost, I'd like to extend a thanks to all you fine people out there in TV-land who voted in last year's presidential election. I would also like to let you know our new President Dubya probably would like to thank you as well... for being such big suckers.

In an election that was won purely by chance where the margin of victory was within the margin of error of the count, The Dubya effectively bullied his way into the presidency by refusing to cooperate with anybody wanting to find out who really won our election. If he really cared about this country, he would have sacrificed his ego for the good of finding out who really won, not by sticking to his partisan guns. Don't get me wrong, Gore is an asshole too, but c'mon, this guy doesn't give a shit about anybody that isn't funding his coke habit.

OK, so we're sick of the election argument. We can't change the past, so let's forget about it. Besides, there's plenty to talk about when it comes to current events. Like, for instance, the fact that I find myself pulling my hair out and punching myself in the balls every time I open up a newspaper and read about what this overgrown toddler in a suit is trying to do.

First of all, Bush has suggested deregulating environmental restrictions in hopes to get rid of the energy crisis in California. This is despite cries from California air pollution officials who claim these restrictions in no way have hindered power plants from operating at maximum power.

But alas, Bush continues to ignore the fact that maybe we're using entirely too much energy from nonrenewable sources, and instead

insist we just need to find more oil and that this "global warming thing" is just a fad.

This is in light of the fact that recent reports indicate global warming will be happening at a more accelerated pace than expected, and temperatures around the world can expect to increase by up to 10 degrees in the next century. Holy shitballs, I say to myself... holy fucking shitballs.

As much as he would like to believe that continuing economic growth at the expense of the planet will solve problems, and maybe it will for him and anybody else in the uppermost tax bracket, we are slowly committing suicide by refusing to accept that money isn't everything and that it most certainly isn't a miracle problem solver.

"But we are free, we're Americans and we can do what we damn well please," one might say. But what one overlooks is a very important limiting factor to our rights. Our rights only go so far until they encroach on another's rights. And I think it is safe to say we all have the right to live on a planet that isn't ruled by conglomerates whose chief concerns are dehumanizing us into cogs of a machine that's set to self-destruct, and making our living conditions miserable while they're at it.

And speaking of individual rights, Mr. Dubya insists he is for them... if they agree with his worldview. While the WTO has free, unanswered reign on, well, just about everything, The Dubya has diligently started his attack on women's rights. Failing to recognize a woman's right to decide what is best for themselves, our kid president insists it is the government's place

see BUSH, page 5

06 February 2001

WHY I'M RIGHT

XFL drowns sorrow in blood

rant by | The Dave

So this is how the football season ends, not with a bang but with a whimper. What a pathetic display of two would be dynasties showcasing their minimal offensive talents to the world.

Aside from the 36 seconds of furious special teams offensive explosion in the third quarter, the only thing I looked forward to throughout the game was the possibility of one of the Giants getting knifed by Ray Lewis. Lewis, who narrowly beat out Trent Dilfers' bid for MVP, was the only precursor to the violence that was to be held last Saturday, when the XFL would be introduced to the world.

Upon finding out he was not going to be the MVP, Dilfer was reportedly furious, swearing like a drunken sailor such emphatic statements as, "Hey, my only job for the game was to not fuck up bad enough that our team actually lost, and I know my stats weren't that good but we won the game and you guys promised me that I could have the trophy if we did that, so gimme, gimme, gimme, I need, I need, I need."

Upon hearing the words from the would be throw back quarterback, Lewis uttered a statement that would not soon be forgotten, "If that bitch tries to step to Ray Lewis, then Ray Lewis gonna kill em, then Ray Lewis gonna bribe a jury to go free, then Ray Lewis gonna pay Mike Tyson 50 bucks to eat Dilfers childrun." Whoa,

slow down there Ray, your science is too tight, man.

The ending of what should have been a great press conference, if the events I stated above were actually true, marked the end to a pitiable season. What next you ask? Well, there is the XFL looming on the horizon. A league with no late hits and no fair catches, this event promises to be a spectacle of dismemberment the likes of which our nation hasn't seen since Mad Max stepped foot into the Thunderdome. Hopefully the stadiums used for this sideshow of brutality will actually be filled with the chants of "Two men enter, one man leaves."

The XFL was created by Vince McMahon, owner of the WWE, which leads The Dave to believe this gala of destruction dwells in two separate universes, but can rule both. It's nature's greatest miracle!

Alas, if my assumptions are proven incorrect, I, like the American Indian who has realized he can no longer hunt the great buffalo, will no doubt be forced to resort to drinking, drowning out my sorrows and looking for the relief that comes at the bottom of a brown bottle.

Peace, I'm out
All accounts of Indians portrayed in the opinion above are fictitious, any similarity to actual Indians alive, dead, or drunk, is purely coincidental and apologized for.

proven he is pro-life, with all those people he fried down in Texas. "Judge not, yadda, yadda, yadda," is what the Bible says on the subject, I think. He probably hasn't read that line... he's a little more interested in a different kind of lines.

So go ahead America, put your head

Inbox Protector serves spam

opinion by | W. Aaron Wilson

I used to get e-mail and a little piece of me would think, "Someone has sent me an e-mail. I feel loved." This was in the naivete of my first years as someone who has an e-mail account and steady Internet access. So bright and beautiful were those days, filled with messages from beloved friends and family separated by the uncaring miles.

Now that I have entered the adolescence of my e-mail life, I get e-mail and part of me thinks, "Someone has sent me an e-mail. A curse upon their family for seven generations! May their fields swarm with locusts and their goats refuse to give milk."

Seriously, though, where the hell did all the junk mail come from? I had my Hotmail account for an entire year and I never got any mail that wasn't supposed to be there. What happened to make me a sudden target of every porn site and car loans company on the Net? (My favorites are all the ones I get for "University Diplomas." Apparently, all I need is a couple of hundred dollars to graduate from a "top school." And here I've been trying to learn stuff like a sucker.)

Every time I get some obnoxious junk e-mail in my box, I reflect (as I send the beast screaming into e-mail oblivion) on exactly what happened. I mean, I had this account for over a year, and...

And then one day it came to me. It's not

that my address got released after a year; that's just the smoke. No, the date of my sudden plunge into e-mail hell coincided with the creation of a vile fiction known as Inbox Protector.

"That's just some wacky coincidence, Aaron," I can hear you say. "Someone has been sniffing too much detergent-air from laundromats." Don't go down that path, my friend. It's just what they want you to think.

Just think about this. I start getting annoyed with the junk e-mail in my Hotmail account. "Coincidentally" Hotmail just happens to come out with a program to "help" manage junk e-mail called Inbox Protector. I unwittingly install it on my computer, hoping to rid myself of this plague of spam.

But what have I really installed? Hell if I know; I'm just the average consumer. I'm happy if I can e-mail grandma and play free cell with this little box thing. What I've actually loaded on my computer is software that monitors my incoming and outgoing e-mail, reporting any anything suspicious to a central computer within the Pentagon.

So, first the government, in conjunction with MSN, which bought out Hotmail, manufactures the spam menace by releasing user account names. Then they "save the day" by just giving us software with which to combat this horror. It's just like that movie, *The Net*. Except I haven't gotten my personal files hacked into and erased. Yet.

So I write this column to urge everyone reading it, if you own a Hotmail account, fight back by not downloading Inbox Protector. Then get really paranoid and stop using e-mail all together. And the phone. All the phones are bugged. No wait, that's just what they want you to think.

BUSH, from page 4

to decide for them. How's that for using the presidency as a vehicle to impose religious beliefs on an entire nation?

But I must concede, The Dubya has



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What: Flutist
Where: Ryle Hall Main Lounge

When: Monday Feb. 19 @ 7pm
Who: Gambian Griot: Al Haji Papa Bunka Susso
What: Traditional Songs of the Mandinka
Where: Down Under Student Union

When: Feb. 6, 7, 9 & 10 @ 8pm
& Feb. 11 @ 2pm
What: Once on This Island
Where: Little Theater Baldwin Hall

When: Saturday Feb. 24 @ 7:30pm
What: Phi Mu Alpha Jazz Festival Evening Concert featuring Saxophonist Bobby Watson
Where: Baldwin Hall Auditorium

ONE WORLD

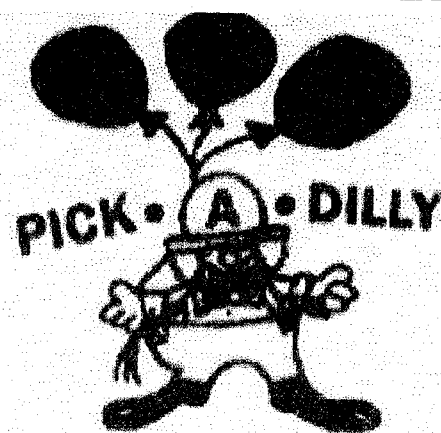
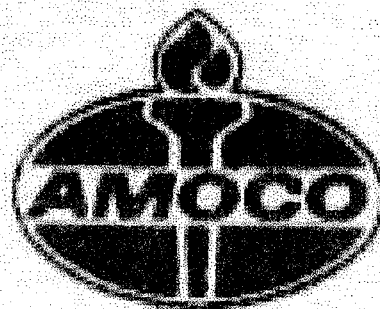


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Hoffman blends science, art

story by | Cameron Moore

Distinguished Visiting Scholar Roald Hoffman made his first of two visits to the University last week. The Noble Prize winning chemist gave lectures last Monday and Tuesday on topics including the interactions between science and both literature and religion.

Hoffman, a Polish-born survivor of World War II, received his doctorate from Harvard University and became a Nobel Laureate in 1981 for his work applying quantum mechanics to predict the outcomes of chemical reactions. Hoffman is also an accomplished poet and gives lectures around the country about the arts and sciences.

The title of Hoffman's Monday night lecture was "One Culture," which he described as a take on novelist and physicist C.P. Snow's discussion on the dichotomy between literature and science, "The Two Cultures."

Hoffman said there is a large rift between scientists and humanists, which he attributed to the affluence of science.

A professor at Cornell University,

Hoffman broke down the budget distribution among disciplines at his own university and showed how science and technology receive 95 percent of the allotted funding while the arts division receives less than one percent.

"What unites us is the search for understanding the world around us," Hoffman said, expressing sentiments of wanting to repair this rift. He then explained neither scientists nor humanists are any "better" at life and this "specialization breeds ignorance."

Hoffman continued to explain his point with the statement, "It's all one world," and described three case studies: one in science, one in poetry and one in art. He said these three stories were united in that they were all "unnatural" objects of human creation intended to communicate ideas.

He also said all three show fine attention to detail and both the scientists' and the humanists' exploration of the universe is given more meaning with conciseness, or "economy of statement."

Roald Hoffman will return to Truman as a distinguished visiting scholar March 20 through 22.

More than 150 tons of waste from passenger airlines passing through St. Louis are also burned at the facility.

If the facility were located in St. Louis County, strict incineration laws would have prohibited it from operating, but the city of St. Louis has done nothing to stop the burning of hazardous medical waste as long as the proper forms

Lectures need theses

feature by | Shala Garcia

Last Monday, I attended my first lecture by a distinguished visiting scholar. Although the scholar was giving several lectures during his stay at the University, I chose the first one due to his ability to incorporate both of the most unused punctuations of the English language into his lecture title: the slash and the colon.

Many others must have thought this as well, considering the place was so packed that people were standing in back and sitting in the walkways.

I went with anticipations of gaining a broader understanding about the world around me and having an epiphany of some sort that would open to further ideas and meanings.

Soon Hoffman began speaking his intelligent lecture jargon. And after about 20 minutes into this educated man's words, I began to feel a question mark growing slowly from the top of my head. I closely observed the people around me to see if they felt the same sensation. However, some people were so moved by his words they had let themselves drift into quiet, eye-closed meditation -- they must have been concentrating immensely on the scholar's use of four-syllable words, like "con-se-que-n-tial."

have been completed and permits have been granted.

Now, with the public aware of the incinerator's practices, the future of Stericycle Inc. in North St. Louis is uncertain and medical facilities in the St. Louis area might be forced to examine alternative methods of hazardous waste disposal.

Halfway through the lecture, my initial anticipations turned to thoughts of "extremely hot" and "want to leave but feel obligated to stay." But around this time I did gain a certain understanding about what he was saying. I understood that if someone wants to give an intelligent, enlightening lecture, one must include the "thesis."

The thesis not only gives a clear understanding about what one is discussing but it also creates a goal. And it's a simple thing to do. Here is an example of the five second thesis.

"Hi, my name is (distinguished visiting scholar). Today I am going to talk about (misleading lecture title) and I hope you gain a knowledge of (stuff)."

This simple yet effective five second thesis can easily be altered in many different ways. Here is an instance in which the distinguished visiting scholar is a winner of a Nobel Prize.

"Greetings, my name is (distinguished visiting scholar). I have a two PhD's, one in (boring subject) and one in (other boring subject), also a Bachelor's in (something to make me look good). This, therefore, makes me qualified as a more intelligent person than you and in using four-syllable words, like "consequential." My words will appeal to those of you who enjoy (stuff) as much as I do. This is why I entitled this (misleading lecture title). You can find my ideas in my new book, (really long title)."

Maybe not all members in the audience feel a need for the thesis, but I assure anyone who feels this way that they are not listening to what the lecturer is saying anyway and need to stop pretending to be. OK? Thanks.

WASTE, from page 1

System's 13 hospitals in Missouri and Illinois. The biohazardous waste burnt in the North St. Louis incinerator is imported primarily from medical facilities in St. Louis, St. Charles and Jefferson Counties in Missouri and St. Clair County in Illinois.

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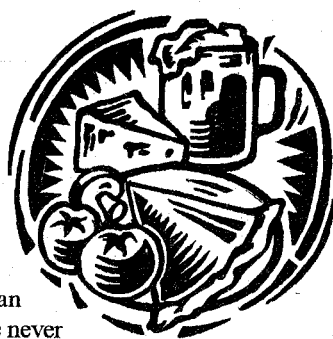
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STUDENT ORGANIZATION CENTER

Dining With Sadexha

feature by | W. Aaron Wilson



In order to once again explore strange new worlds of tastiness in the cafeterias of the University, I designated Jan. 24 as "Vegan Day" to become an annual event if I can remember to do it from one year to the next. Since I've never eaten vegan before, I have a feeling I made some mistakes along the way, but the main point of the exercise was to attempt veganism, rather than performing it perfectly.

My first meal as a vegan went smoothly enough. Since it was breakfast, I merely had some fruit and juice. Lunch was much more of a challenge. Due to lack of a vegan entrée that day, I had to do some foraging. I had a crispy salad of green peppers, bean sprouts, cucumbers and tomatoes, a peanut butter and banana sandwich on vegan bread and um, Fritos.

That night was a premium night, but for dinner I had a vegetable sandwich, along with some superb, long cut green beans and French fries. The Dave, surveying the chicken and steak on my companions' plates commented that I was, "An island of reality in a sea of meat." Then I decided I needed a chicken strips infusion and thus the experiment ended.

What did I learn through this experience? First, I realized there are rarely any vegan entrees served in the cafeteria (although I am partial to the spicy tofu and vegetables). Second, I discovered they have a lot of vegan bread. I found out I could have my peanut butter or vegetable sandwiches on anything from rye to sourdough. (I opted for the white bread. It was nice, weighty bread, so unlike America's "Wonderbreads" that turn into sludge in the presence of tomatoes and other juicy vegetables.)

Overall, though, it became very clear to me that the cafeteria here walks an incredibly thin line when it comes to vegan foods. Their occasional vegan entrees and fine selection of breads notwithstanding, there is still very little for vegans to eat. And yet, it is evident the cafeteria has tried to find accommodations for a very exacting diet. And while progress needs to be made to recognize the needs of vegans, this kind of recognition is lacking elsewhere in our country. (When have you ever heard, "Welcome to McDonalds, would you like to try a McVegan sandwich today?")

In conclusion: vegan bread good; lack of vegan entrees bad. Now give me my dang chicken strips.

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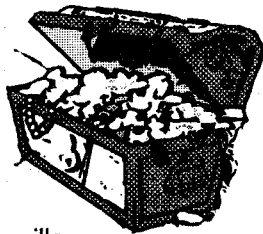
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Iowa: Kirksville's Backyard

feature by | Marie Montano,
Olivera Bratich, Leslee White

"We had two bags of grass, 75 pellets of mescaline, five sheets of high-powered blotter acid, a salt shaker half-full of cocaine and a whole galaxy of multicolored uppers, downers, screamers, laughers... also a quart of tequila, a quart of rum, a case of beer, a pint of raw ether, and two dozen amyls..."

It was going to be a long night. There we were on a lonely highway headed to the Vegas of the Midwest. What is this glittering booty across the border, you ask? Why, it's Ottumwa, Iowa. Yee Haw! Kirksville has its fair share of treasure, but we just couldn't resist the draw of a good ol' down home Sin City. Gluttony, lust, and greed -- Ottumwa here we comewa!

We knew we were in the right place when we crossed over the MegaFuture Bridge. Kudos to the architect who designed this super trippy blacklight experience. We kicked off our wild night with a few high stakes games of chance over dinner. Happy Joe's welcomed us (and our wallets) with

open arms.

Once inside, we headed straight for the loosest slot in town: the train game. For only one quarter gamblers can feel the tension build as a miniature train circles the dining area, passing signs like "Free Pizza" and "Free Ice Cream." Who could resist? Quarter after quarter, we prayed the sweet train would stop on a "Free H.J. Banana Sundae." Unfortunately, luck was not a lady that night.

We were tipped off to a local hot spot, The Millennium Club, but arrived to find it emptier than Dubya's head. Word is they took the party underground, but we never got that memo.

Our next stop was the lesser known HOTT spot, the Red Garter. We spent about a half an hour outside firing up our confidence. When we finally pulled open the door, a deafening buzzing sound announced our entrance.

We were puzzled by our surroundings which included a posh living room set and a vaguely defined price list. Half-hour topless -- \$40? Half-hour nude -- \$50? Ottumwa here we cumwa! Well, it was time to go hard or go home, so we pulled out a crisp new \$50 bill.

A set of blinds snapped open to reveal a voluptuous lingerie-clad hostess. She was all,

"You guys haven't been here before." And we were all, "Hee, Hee, Hee, Hee." And she was all "What we do here is one-on-one nude 'modeling.' The prices are listed, but we work off tips which start at \$100." We weren't willing to pay \$150 each for "modeling." Maybe for illegal sexual acts, but not "modeling." So we were all "Where's the clubs?" And she was all "You mean the titte bars?" And we were all "Yeah." And she was all "Chills and Thrills, Second Street." And we were all "C-ya."

The titte bar was more chills than thrills, but we did get to see some boobies and a lap dance. Our salvation was right across the street at the Cinema X Adult Theater. Location, location, location! For \$7 per couple, we were treated to a XXX-cellent double feature of classic 1970s porn.

The door to the theater closed leaving us in complete darkness with the hope we could find a clean, unoccupied seat. We laughed and talked freely until we realized there was another patron trying to "enjoy" the movie. We gave him some peace, and five minutes later, with the rattle of a belt buckle and change hitting the floor, our friend departed.

We were left alone to "enjoy" the gripping tale of an ad exec searching for the proverbial poontang pie. We laughed, we cried, we blew our load. And with that our adventure was over.

We were glad to be back in Kirksville -- home *is* where the heart is, but Ottumwa's sure wicked sick.

ILES, from page 3

perverse version of H.G. Wells (the real one was a fine UK utopian, beautifying Socialist) Matt quotes him, as even buying local amenities for "undefined," future nefarious purposes! Whilst you still lack good, retained instructors in many EXISTING "liberal arts" subject fields! What, horribly, a travesty!

At the same time, as there's co-editor Matt "frothing away" on the *inside* OPINION *Monitor* page about all this capitalist squalor in environmental degradation, on the *front* reportorial page (mainly!) there's the very polite (but, nonetheless, very perceptively astute, "no fool") his "Comrade" Derek Spellman beavering away "Students, administrators to discuss University!"

IN REFERENCE to the if-you-think-a-little-bit-more-deeply, non-lazily, and non-superficially about it what you have been DEPRIVED of: a day's tuition fees you paid for in due classroom time! For what, by Derek's own research establishing findings was a bean-fest at your expense by largely two TSU white self-congratulatory types; two of whom in his own identifying business-culture words are just openly giving "motivational" addresses.

I'll be reading NOT with baited breath about the community outcome of this expensive farce. As I don't expect there to be much discussion, let alone remedial action, about the poor "C" failing grade the National Center for Public Policy report just this pre-Xmas gave Missouri's higher education entire system.

In conclusion to end the way I began, this the world "according-to-Iles" piece of "foreigner" audacity: is it, really, too unreasonable of me? To hope that if *The Monitor* restored its Chomskian COLLECTIVE intent on the two interrelated stories it itself has pioneered we might, actually, here get as your devoted, ACTIVIST readers, some real social change accomplishment?

That, true, sadly might not ever get rid of the male, white gang misruling TSU (they've stuffed the board of TSU governors with so many non-Kirksville "CEO" types that it would take a latter-day Boston tea party revolution to effect such a welcome toady, "cleanhouse"!). But which might begin to ADVANCINGLY move from the ineffective "objective" journalism of the middle class to the radical citizenry of the global problem present.

For a start, in self-help, let's have students and perhaps aiding *Monitor* veteran staff referring to mostly at present under-used capricious grading TSU DIVISIONAL committees lifeless teachers; Magruder's spousal cheap-pay exploitatively hired ones. That I hear your corridor complain galore about; because you have detected they, in many ignorant cases, they don't even have an "M.A.," let alone publications anywhere on this earth, in the subject! The Man and his crony board are protectively hiring them on for. In false retention rather than pay for genuinely rigorous quality for your money.

YOU SHOULD NOT, SEXISTLY, DISPROPORTIONATELY HAVE TO "DROP OUT" AFTER YOUR FIRST, DISILLUSIONING YEAR UP HERE: THEY, HIS CRONIES, ALONE, EXPLOITATIVELY, SHOULD!!

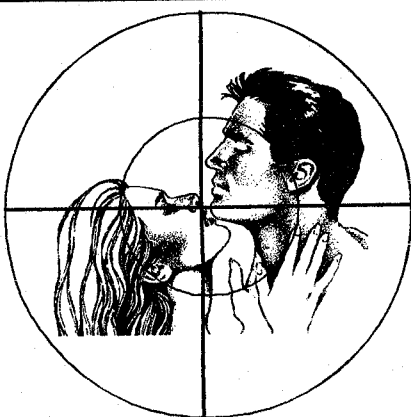
It's time *The Monitor* started to radicalize, and I say so as one of your strongest supporters if you really want to change things for social betterment purpose, there's only so much "new" individualist pie-in-the-sky display one can take in mere posturing.

Larry Iles

MA, MA, BA, PGCE, ABD and North East Regional Missouri Organizer, Socialist Party USA

Chutes and Ladders

An on-going look at Truman State relationships



Part 8: Forced Romance Sucks

feature by | Lisa Magleroski

So, I'm strolling along in Wal-Mart about a month ago, just minding my own business. The sun was shining, maxi pads were half off; all in all, I'm feeling pretty good. Then suddenly I happen to glance down an entire aisle in the food section devoted to forced romance. Cardboard chocolate boxes shaped into hearts, teddy bears with a big I LOVE YOU stamped across their chest, shiny balloons just waiting to be filled with helium.

And all at once, my singleism jumped up to bite me on the butt. The Man had shoved his huge, unfeeling hand into my chest, ripped

out my heart and torn it into large jagged strips before repeatedly stomping it into an oozing mass on Wal-Mart's freshly mopped floor. But he made a good five bucks off the truffles I bought in a fit of depression.

I think that's the plan. Make single adults, especially women, feel so absolutely depressed they buy chocolate, alcohol and cigarettes to relieve the funk. That's right; I said women. Obviously, corporate execs haven't heard of women's lib. Example: the jewelry commercials pushing sales onto men. "Show the woman you love how much you love her. Diamond tennis bracelets only \$199."

Come on, say what you really mean -- I know I'd like to see a little truth in advertising. How 'bout this commercial: "Fuck feminism, it's Valentine's Day! Buy a dozen roses, blow up those balloons, buy cute little cards and talk baby talk to your girl. She'll give it up if ya do -- Trojan, the condom of champions!"

All right, maybe this isn't the worst holiday ever. Besides, I'm all for boosting Hallmark's sales; I don't think they make enough off Christmas, Mother's Day, Father's Day, Secretary's Day, Easter, St. Patties, Thanks-

giving, New Years, Halloween, not to mention birthdays, anniversaries, weddings, baby announcements, condolences, graduations, get well soon, I'm sorrys, thank yous, miss yous, love yous and any other piece of corporate bullshit they can come up with. I'm just waiting for the "I'm sorry I gave you gonorrhea" card.

Hummm, gonorrhea. Venereal disease. VD. Valentine's Day... coincidence? I don't think so. After all, the only thing more depressing for a single person than getting nothing for Valentine's Day is finding out you've received the gift that keeps on giving for Valentine's Day.

By the way, I did interview people for this article. But they all basically said the same thing: commercialism, contrived, stupid special day, blah blah. Except for my lovely friend Kevin, whose response to my asking what he was doing on the Big Day was, "Working and masturbating -- but that's almost a daily thing." Ah, Kevin, I can always count on you for a good *Monitor* quote.

Hey, Hallmark! Where's your Happy Masturbation Day card? Don't have one? I'm incensed.

DIVERSITY, from page 1

Although the membership is restricted to only seven organizations, the application process is open to all chartered student organizations that are in good standing with the University.

Applications will be made available in the CAOC office on Thurs., Feb. 15, and will be due by March 15.

Upon completion of the application, the interested organizations will undergo an interview

process with a panel of students and administrators.

The seven spaces will be awarded by mid-April.

TRASH, from page 3

So a few students took it upon themselves to see that the problem was corrected, and what was Senate's response? Apathy and derision. Why should we be bothered with such minutiae? What should we care if these students don't have a place to toss their Coke cans? Who the hell are they and why are they invading our meeting with their petty little problems? We've got bigger fish to fry, and we can't be bothered with these middling concerns. Besides, if they're in the dorms then they're underclassmen, and who cares about some whiny freshmen?

And people wonder why voter apathy is such a problem. When elected representatives don't give a crap about who they're representing, why should voters care about who should represent them?

By sending this issue to some committee within Senate, we as representatives missed an easy opportunity to serve the students we claim to represent. The students who brought this concern to us noted that they had already talked to Residential Living, as had Senator Matt Brooker, and that their concerns had been ignored rather rudely.

By passing a resolution in Student Senate, we could have backed a valid complaint put forth by those students we claim to represent. By waffling, we imply we do not believe the University should not have to uphold a stated part of its contract.

The University imposes heavy fines on students for breaking contracts and it would not seem unreasonable for the University to make some attempt to hold up its end of the bargain. So what if there could be tension between Student Senate and Residential Living? If they do not make an attempt to completely fulfill their contracts, then there should be tension.

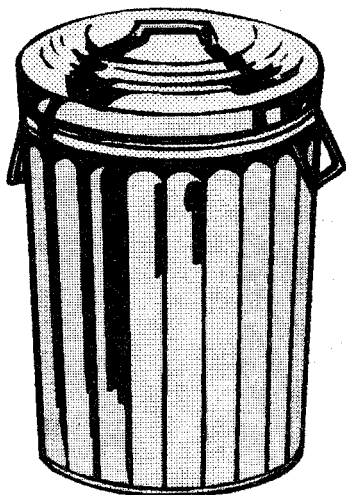
The vote on this issue was close, and I do not mean to give the impression that all members of Student Senate do not care about the students and their concerns. However, I do feel the students deserve to know what is going on with their elected Senators and they should know it was mostly Bulldog party members who voted overwhelmingly not to send this back to committee.

As for the others, I can only say I feel strongly that Senate is moving away from its original purpose of representing the students and moving towards becoming nothing more than a subservient puppet organization whose members are only concerned with building their resumes.

I ask the readers of this letter not to let this deter you from becoming involved in Student Senate. I hope you will do exactly the opposite. It is your choice and your duty to find out exactly what is going on and remove those aspects of Senate who are simply there for the job title.

Elections are coming up this spring, and you have a chance to remove the dead wood from our organization and install representatives who are truly interested in you and your concerns. Please take the time to make an educated vote and help us make Student Senate into an organization worthy of serving the fine students of our University. Thank you.

Kyle Branson

**Senators mock constituents**

January 23, on their own accord and initiative, a group of interested students took several hours out of their busy schedules to attend a Student Senate meeting to speak in favor of a resolution that concerned them. The resolution was not controversial or devisive. It merely sought to compel the Department of Residential Living to provide dorm residents with the trashcans Res. Life is required to provide in the first place but often does not.

Though it seems amazing anyone would be against such a resolution, many senators were, and after a hot debate the measure was not adopted. To add insult to injury, these senators elected to represent the entire student body mocked their constituents and treated them with scorn and contempt for ever daring to approach the almighty and all-knowing Student Senate.

After such a vulgar exhibition of pretension and elitism I was ashamed to call myself a member of Student

Senate. It is truly embarrassing to be associated with such an arrogant organization.

John Hilton

Student Senate Secretary and Bulldog Party Member

Senators kill; SAs shoot down

We are writing this letter to express our frustration with recent events involving multiple supposed student advocacy groups on campus. We want all students to know of the bureaucracy that occurs when you try to challenge the system.

The issue began when several campus residents noticed a discrepancy in the Residential Living agreement. Simply, we were promised something we did not get. The Residence Hall Association (RHA) representative from our floor brought up the issue to the members of the RHA. The RHA ignored her, making her feel voiceless.

In a further attempt to resolve this issue, we approached Student Senator Matt Brooker to defend our cause. He responded by sponsoring a resolution on the Senate floor on our behalf. During the ensuing debate, Vice President Jessica Post moved to send the resolution to committee, essentially killing it.

In addition, we were ridiculed and laughed at by many of the senators. From that point, Brooker took the proposal to the Missouri Hall government (MAGIC). The opposition was primarily dominated by a few Student Advisers and we were again shot down.

The matter remains unresolved. The issue itself is almost irrelevant. However, it is an issue of student concern. It has been brought before three separate organizations allegedly dedicated to student representation. This lack of commitment to each association's constituents is simply disgusting. We cannot even count on our representatives to work for us.

We have gone to RHA, Student Senate and our own hall government and all of these organizations have refused to endorse our cause. If these groups will not defend our rights against unfair University policies, who can we turn to?

Johanna Westin, Stephanie Nigus, Jamie Hairston, Dean Verhoef, Jon Beckmeyer

CAMPUS PERSONALITIES

feature and photo by | Cameron Moore

After a short hiatus, "Campus Personalities" is back for a much-anticipated second installment. This issue's featured personality is none other than Tim Cason, the usually head-phone clad custodian who can be spotted in Violette Hall cleaning off chalkboards, among other things.

But Tim, a 37-year-old native of Glasgow, Mo., is far from what one usually thinks of when they think of a custodian. A speaker of seven languages and world traveler extraordinaire, Mr. Cason has lived life to its fullest.

Having resided in places such as France, Switzerland, Japan and Taiwan (just to name a few), Tim has acquired a great deal of life experience.

"I'm a people person. I love people. I feel like that's the most important part of my job or any job," Tim said of his choice to be a custodian, which he sees as an opportunity to learn.

"A lot of people think that learning ends when you get a degree," he said. "A degree means very little in light of the real world; it's only a tool." Tim stressed that this tool can possibly be very important, if applied correctly.

Custodial work isn't the only thing Tim does with his acquired insight. An active member of the community, Tim teaches junior high algebra and music and even coaches boys basketball. He also works with international students on campus.

In his free time, Tim enjoys reading and writing. He also composes music. Tim has composed music for the University and is currently

writing music for his upcoming wedding.

In the few short moments I was able to spend with Mr. Cason, I couldn't help notice a certain spark of charisma the man has. He is particularly personable and has a lot to say about life.

"I can't stress enough that the worth of a person and who they are is vital," Tim said, further expressing his very optimistic attitude on life and



people in general.

"Everybody is significant and special," he said.

And with that, another look into the life of a campus personality has been exposed. I hope this and subsequent articles will encourage people to open up a little and talk to the people who make our lives at the University what they are. You never know who you might meet or what you can learn from them.

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monitor reviews

Eels should mix emotions

Eels
Oh What a Beautiful Day
Universal

review by | Lori Vaughn

After *Daisies of the Galaxy* came out, I, and I guess many other Eels listeners, wondered how much happier E and the band could get. It appeared a new emotio-musical plateau had been reached, and now their music had taken on a whole new idea on life's prospects. Would this trend of unprecedented optimism continue?

Oh What A Beautiful Morning, released in the first week of December, doesn't answer that question. In fact, it doesn't do much of anything. Despite being a live album (from the Eels tour and E's tour last year with Fiona Apple), there is very little emotion or innovation. If you have been anything but a loyal fan of the Eels for a while, you wouldn't enjoy this album because it fails to bring out all the things that make the Eels good.

Six of the songs are from *Daisies of the Galaxy*, and disappointingly, only two a piece from *Electro-Shock Blues* and *Beautiful Freak*. Five of them are unreleased. While most of the songs are decent on their own, altogether the mix is too much light and fluffy and not enough introspection to feel like the "real" Eels.

The album's title song was fine for a musical like *Oklahoma!*, but I never figured I would

hear such inane lyrics on an Eels album.

The unexpected isn't necessarily a bad thing of course. The lyrical alterations and ending horn motif on "Susan's House" gives the song an entirely new (and good) feel. However, when there aren't enough good surprises, the stupid ones look even stupider.

Songs like "It's A Motherfucker" and "Grace Kelly Blues" are enjoyable by default. Others would be, like "Daisies of the Galaxy" and "Flyswatter," except for the idiotic crowd banter. And then there a few that really stand out, such as "Fucker," a great emotional love/hate ballad, and "Not Ready Yet," which was the worst song on *Beautiful Freak*, but was improved tremendously by slowing it down and adding a mandolin.

The best song of the CD is "Mr. E's Beautiful Blues," demonstrating the typical lyrical brilliance and angry optimism that makes the Eels what they are. In fact, this song is exactly what the album is lacking to make it as great as it should be.

Every other song here is of a sad lyrics/sad music or happy lyrics/happy music combination. Some of them pull it off well enough to be good pieces, but they just aren't what the band is about: mixing the feel of the music and lyrics to produce life's lesson-type bittersweet songs.

Maybe the Eels should go back to being a little less happy, at least for their fans' sakes.



Let's storm some castles!

George R. R. Martin
A Storm of Swords

review by | W. Aaron Wilson

So I was at Barnes and Noble, right, getting lost in the fantasy section (Big surprise there. I never buy those "Encyclopedia of Fantasy" books, but the pictures are so cool.) when I noticed them. A huge stack of shiny blue books, in the same style as the shiny silver and gold books that had preceded them. (Ooohh... shiny...)

Yes, that's right, they were copies of *A Storm of Swords*, the latest addition to George R. R. Martin's *Song of Fire and Ice* cycle. I rarely ever buy books I haven't read beforehand, let alone hardbacks. Being the son of a librarian will do that to you. Still, I think the money I spent on my own copy of *A Storm of Swords* was most definitely worth it.

Martin, who has been gradually building a fantasy world of unparalleled vision, continues to add to it in this latest book. The writer who shocked thousands of conventional fantasy readers by killing off the main character after a single book has shown himself to also have a soft spot, saving another major character from what seemed to be certain death.

The brilliance of this book relies on its balance. No right happens without a wrong. Glorious victories on one front mean crushing defeats on another. As each member of the Stark family and other characters make their way through a time of turbulence and chaos, good fortune for one inevitably mean misery for another.

A Storm of Swords is aptly titled, not just for its epic battles and thoroughly informed view

of medieval tactics, but from Martin's use of balance. Every event is a double-edged sword, spawning blessings and curses alike.

On top of this, Martin has once again expanded the magic and fantasy of the world. After a first novel that threatened to herald a series in a land much like Medieval Europe except for some now extinct dragons, Martin has again stepped up the magic. He has let slip the creatures of fantasy, and now dragons, krakens, woolly mammoth riding giants, seers, shape shifters and the eerily alien Others rub shoulders with his more conventional knights and kings.

And of those knights and kings there are so many. While most authors will take time only for main characters and a few minor ones, Martin has gone light years beyond this conventional approach. He has taken each and every minor character out of the woodwork, giving them names, personalities, pasts and heraldic colors all their own (although his propensity for nicknames can be annoying at times).

And unlike other authors with hordes of characters, Martin keeps his writing tight. Minor characters might have lives, but that doesn't mean that they'll get a chapter, or even a paragraph devoted to their hopes and aspirations.

This book is amazing! That's really all there is to say. And what's more, it comes from a series that has just gotten better and better, each book building on each other without suddenly bogging down like other epic fantasy series. As far as the world of fantasy literature goes right now, Martin is definitely towering above the rest of the landscape.



U2 leaves poetry behind

U2
All That You Can't Leave Behind
Interscope

review by | Sarah Dennis

Released last fall, U2's newest album is hardly new news. Grammy-nominated and critically acclaimed, *All That You Can't Leave Behind* has found a home in the pop scene and constant (perhaps too constant) airplay for "Beautiful Day." Softer than *Achtung Baby* and smarter than *Pop*, *ATYCLB* fits into a yet unfilled space in the U2 canon.

When I first got the album (complete with bonus CD and poster! Thank you Streetside Records!) and played through "Beautiful Day," I was surprised at how "empty" the album sounded. Missing most of the lush guitar work that has become a staple for U2, *ATYCLB* initially sounds almost under done.

But in time U2's project becomes more impressive: a rock album that attempts to eliminate excess. *ATYCLB* pares down its melodies and instrumentation to essential chords, and Bono's simple vocals and lyrics complement the project perfectly. The result is an album that reflects past U2 successes (a la *Joshua Tree*) without rehashing them.

Some songs on the album shine above others, "Wild Honey," "Stuck in a Moment You Can't Get Out Of" and "New York" being notable examples, yet even the less laudable tracks still help to strengthen the album.

One piece of advice that may be useful to aficionados: the lyrics on *ATYCLB*, while sweetly simple and fitting with the overall tone of the album, at times flounder: "Grace, it's the name for a girl/It's also a thought that changed the world" -- not exactly up to par with some of Bono's past efforts.

But what the album lacks in philosophical punch it makes up musically. The lyrics may not be poetic marvels, but the vocals come off well, helped along by Bono's sultry voice.

ATYCLB ranks among U2's most successful projects to date and adds a cooler and more contemplative dimension to the U2 oeuvre. It marks a kinder, gentler switch for U2 while still being a musically strong project. To all interested parties who haven't purchased the millions of copies already sold: give the album a chance and have a nice day.



Coens "bend" gangsters for art

Miller's Crossing
written, directed, produced by the
Coen Brothers

review by | Jon Sanders

With the release of *Blood Simple* in 1984, Joel and Ethan Coen began to create a genre unique to Coen films alone: a sort of neo-noir comedy. Their second film, *Raising Arizona*, propelled them into the public eye. The Coen brothers have met with success with many other films, such as *Fargo*, *The Big Lebowski* and *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* (currently in theaters).

However, the Coens' third film, *Miller's Crossing*, is possibly their best yet least-known film. One plausible reason for its relative anonymity is this film strays slightly from the brothers' successful formula, the Coens' fantastic yet unnerving ability to view the world from a slightly different angle than us common folk. It's almost as if they see reality refracted through a dark prism. This "bent" existence is applied to their films to seem logical, and we can do nothing but laugh at the often bloody results.

Gangster movies, in general, glorify and fantasize the 1920s Mafioso lifestyle; these movies are already a fragmented reality. Applying the Coens' "bent" existence to a gangster flick cancels out the usual fragmented reality, and what is left is *Miller's Crossing*, an unrestrained, gritty, provocative gangster screenplay. It is not the usual Coen comedy; it's not a comedy in any sense of the word.

From the opening credits to the finale, this action drama grabs your throat and makes you watch. Beautiful cinematography by Barry Sonnenfeld (di-

rected *Men in Black*) combines with potent acting, a solid script, and Joel Coen's impeccable direction to create a gangster masterpiece with violent twists.

Gabriel Byrne is Tom Reagan, an Irish gangster with questionable loyalties. Tom is the right hand man for Leo (Albert Finney), the head mob boss in town who has the mayor and the police at his disposal. Johnny (Jon Polito) is Leo's rival, an amusing rotund little Spaniard with a volatile violent temper.

The story follows Tom as he tries to survive in a world based in deceit, money and enough double-crosses to make Quentin Tarantino dizzy. Gabriel Byrne plays a superb scumbag hero, and you hate him but find yourself rooting for him anyway. Reharsing the plot would only detract from the movie's effect; just let me stress there is something for everyone in this wonderful film.

Gangster movie fans and Coen brothers' fans will obviously be enraptured. Acting aficionados will be impressed by Gabriel Byrne's tour-de-force performance as the ultimate individual. (Note that every move he makes serves only to better himself or his situation; he needs no one and he likes it that way.)

Action fans will be pleased with the brutally realistic depiction of a hard-boiled gangster lifestyle. Proponents of art films will be pleasantly surprised by the symbolism of simple items (pay close attention to the use of hats) and the insight into human character.

After watching *Miller's Crossing*, it is difficult to understand why the movie got such minimal press. I urge any movie fans out there to get a hold of this tape as soon as possible. It would be a crime to let this theatrical treasure fade away into anonymity.

World Social Forum brings hope, humanity

story by | Daniel Coate

While the world's wealthiest gathered in Davos, Switzerland for the World Economic Forum, setting this year's agenda and policies for globalization, protestors filled the streets, voicing their disapproval towards those policies and the World Economic Forum itself, which since 1971 has been a significant player in the development of international economic policies.

Meanwhile, in Porto Alegre, Brazil a different kind of forum was taking place. From Jan. 25 to 30, people from all over the world gathered in the southern Brazilian city for the World Social Forum.

Those who traveled to Porto Alegre, like those who marched in Davos, Seattle, Washington, Prague, Nice and elsewhere, reject globalization, but they did not gather to protest the injustices created by excessive capitalism.

Instead, those participating in the World Social Forum, bringing with them a new spirit of hope, assembled to create a practical framework for effective forms of counter-power that would help create a more humane, united world.

Born out of the growing movement against international capitalism that spawned the above-mentioned protests, the World Social Forum acted as a democratic alternative to the secretive, corporate-financed World Economic Forum.

Porto Alegre was chosen to host the Forum because Brazil, a country greatly affected by globalization, has a strong grassroots, pro-democracy movement that has inspired organizers and activists worldwide.

In addition, the city of Porto Alegre is a sort of political experiment. For 12 years Porto Alegre has been governed by a left-wing coalition led by the Brazilian Worker's Party (PT).

The radical, never-before-practiced policies of Porto Alegre, including a "participatory budget," in which the citizens of each neighborhood can decide democratically where municipal funds are to be allocated, have resulted in massive gains in all sectors.

Despite the powerful right-wing opposition and anti-PT media, the PT has maintained the overwhelming support of the public. It was only fitting that the World Social Forum, trying to create a new model of capitalism, would take place in a city and country developing a new kind of democracy.

In the words of the organizers, the World Social Forum was "a new international arena for the creation and exchange of social and economic projects that promote human rights, social justice and sustainable development."

The wide group of organizations represented at the Forum discussed topics such as creating strategies for grassroots organizing, democratizing international institutions like the WTO, the IMF and the World Bank, protecting the environment, preserving indigenous land and culture and developing economic policies that would wipe out poverty and hunger.

The World Social Forum was not a one-time event. The Forum will take place every year in Porto Alegre at the same time the World Economic Forum is meeting in Davos, Switzerland. Those organizations and individuals present at the World Social Forum will continue to build worldwide alliances to provide strength for the movement born the last week of January 2001 in southern Brazil.



POP TOP FIVE



feature by | Jonathan Cannon

You see them all the time. In 1999, the top albums of the '90s. In 2000, the top albums of the decade or, dare I say it, millennium. They're everywhere. It's MTV's only excuse to air music videos anymore. It makes up half of VH1's program lineup. It's the penultimate activity of the music fanatic, the Nick Hornsby-esque induction into dorkdom.

And the lists are always wrong. So very wrong you want to take that copy of *Rolling Stone* to the shredder or find some extreme measure of offensiveness to dispose of that "special edition" of *Spin*. Given all that, we at *The Monitor*—or rather I at *The Monitor*, made up my own top albums in hip-hop and R & B. It's going to (hopefully) become a recurring feature for the rest of the year, or as long as my subordinates allow it to go. It'll list five albums each issue, and most of those albums will probably be the ones I've been raving about for ages to anyone close enough to hear. So here goes, the top five of the week:

1. **KRS-One: *Return of the Boom Bap***. KRS will always remain one of the greatest rap artists in the game, and this album dropped right in his prime. In every track he delivers hard, rugged lyrics while maintaining the positive messages that made him "the Teacher." His style moves from rap to reggae, and somehow it all works with an incredible flow. This is where the old school classic "Sound of Da Police" comes from, as well as the trippy weed nightmare "I Can't Wake Up." Produced almost entirely by DJ Premier, this is one of hip-hop's finest moments.

2. **The Family Stand: *Connected***. I will praise this album until doomsday. I'm not kidding. The Family Stand had one hit over ten years ago, this catchy jam called Ghetto Heaven (yes, Common remade it on his newest album), and for most people they disappeared soon after. But the trio of Peter Lord, V. Jeffrey Smith and Sandra St. Victor (later replaced by Jacci) kept struggling. They made a very poorly received sophomore album in '93, (the out-of-print *Moon in Scorpio*), a few side projects, then in '98, *Connected*, probably one of the best R & B releases of the 90s. They're a blend of funk, rock and soul unlike any of their time. They go acoustic at times (as with the Tupac-dedicated "What Must I Do?"), then rip with a keyboard swelling, Stevie Wonder-influenced "Butter" to the midnight love jam "You're Mine." If you love that old soul, gospel drumming, "I gotta have it, I got ta got ta got ta" crooning R & B, then kill for this album if you must.

3. **De La Soul: *Buhloone Mind State***. The underrated masterpiece. By now everyone knows about

the trio from Long Island, but somehow this, their third album, is always left in the dust in lieu of their first two albums, *3 Feet High and Rising* and *De La Soul Is Dead*. In many ways, *Buhloone Mind State* knocks both out of the park. First, they finely tuned the skits (not as many, more integral to the unity of the album), they stay focused on the theme with tracks like "Patty Duke" and "Eye Patch," and just kill tracks like "Ego Trippin' Part Two." The album explores that line between hip-hop and jazz with guest saxophonist Maceo Parker and features the production of legendary Prince Paul and guest appearances by Gang Starr's Guru and Shorty No Mas (of vintage Roots fame).

4. **Goodie Mob: *Soul Food***. You've probably heard Goodie Mob at some point before, be it from guest spots on Outkast albums or various side projects. (Member Cee-Lo did the duet with Lauryn Hill on Santana's *Do You Like the Way?*) This, their debut album, has it all. They're not rich. They're not gangstas. They don't roll in Cadillacs. Goodie Mob is four poor guys from the ghettos of Atlanta. They rap about the streets, about being poor, about the corruption in the government, racism, spirituality, the wonders of good food and just struggling in America. The album's produced by Organized Noize, the same production team behind the Outkast album—in fact, Big Boi and Dre of Outkast each appear on one track. Raw feeling has very rarely shown through in hip-hop. Tupac did it, Scarface does it and Goodie Mob does it on *Soul Food*.

5. **Groove Theory: *Groove Theory***. For all those that loved Amel Larrieux's solo album *Infinite Possibilities*, here's a treat for you. She started off in a duo with songwriter/musician Bryce Wilson in this 1995 album. The album produced three singles, "Tell Me," "Keep Tryin'" and "Baby Luv," that sent progressively smaller ripples on black radio stations. Although R & B artists and critics praised them for bringing a jazzy, lush new flavor into soul music, with each silent year following their debut, One Hit Wonders was implied more and more often. Ultimately, Amel split with Bryce to go solo—and Bryce found a replacement for his forthcoming sophomore album.

Yet *Groove Theory* remains one great album. The sound has the smoothness of a Sade album with the occasional edge of Mary J. Blige. They were the only duo that could take a classic Isley Brothers joint ("Hello It's Me") and make it better. This album, along with Maxwell's *Urban Hang Street*, were practically the footholds of what is now neo-soul.



“For a chance at death, meet behind the Aqua Dome”

feature by | Shala Garcia

Last spring, a group of students fostered the idea of having a place to go and listen to live bands, relax and have fun. But nowhere on the Truman campus was such a place. So they did what any other dissatisfied U.S. citizen would do; they sat at home and whined that nothing in this world was ever going to go their way -- wait, that's not what happened at all.

Last Monday night, I trudged through the slushy snow and flooded streets, wondering if the Flood of '93 actually ended, and finally made it to N. Main St. There, at the end of a stretch of buildings across from a construction site, was my destination, The Aqua Dome.

When I entered the small, open-spaced room with an open back leading to somewhere and, on the right, occupying what once seemed to be a bar, I was not received with snarls and critical looks, but with smiles and curiosity.

I briefly looked around the room and noticed several couches lining every wall of the room, a television set and a VCR at the head of the bar-like counter and various unique art pieces decorating the walls, giving the room a sense of creativity and appreciation for originality.

After taking a moment of deciding which couch would be the best interviewing couch, I began my interview with Annie Coleman and

Amanda Bunyard.

Maybe when we first hear the name The Aqua Dome, we immediately think of fish and then we go eat some. And after that, we question why that particular name was chosen to describe a place with so many couches. The name is accredited to Ben Garrett who recalled one day at Webster Groves High School, when he went to “answer to nature,” he noticed the phrase, “For a chance at death, meet behind the aqua dome,” written on one of the bathroom stall walls.

Coleman explained to me this place was rumored to have performed many satanic rituals. This is ironic because, those of you who are from the St. Peters-St. Charles area, may recall the fabled Equidome. This place, a mere thirty minutes from the Webster Groves community, also had many satanic ritual rumors looming about its title. In fact, it was rumored to be one of the largest meeting places for this type of worship. Therefore we can deduct that the St. Louis area is really messed up.

The first half of my introduction was true, the initial reason of opening The Aqua Dome was to have a place for live bands to come. Of course, if you come to one of these live shows hoping to see Creed, which I hope you're not, they wouldn't be there. The bands that perform there are small, unknown groups trying to gain a reputation. There are no auditions. The only requirement is a commitment to play there when proposed to do so.

Shows happen as often as they can at a price of \$2 per band and a \$1 donation to The Aqua Dome. Although this is a nonprofit organization, money must be collected to help pay for the monthly rent.

“Then it all just grew from there,” Bunyard said. Besides having live shows, they started

showing the “Representing Queers Film Series,” which mostly consists of independent and uncommon films, on Wednesday nights at 7:30 p.m.

Now, every Monday night at 10 p.m., they have open poetry where anyone can come and read their work. A recent addition is the Junkyard, located on the second floor. Anyone can come and drop off their unwanted supplies and perhaps pick up some new ones without cost. Supplies range from spray cans to paint brushes to a sewing machine to -- and I'm not lying -- 166 plastic cockroaches. Also, art majors or non-art majors can rent out spaces for \$10 a month in exchange for their very own art studio.

“Painters and drawers would find the space really useful,” said Bunyard, who knows firsthand since she is renting out a space herself.

There is also a space for practice band sessions at a small fee. However, I must warn those who have yet to visit the Junkyard that it resembles a bit of the house from *The Blair Witch Project*. So if you see someone standing in a corner, run!

“We wanted a place for opportunities,” Coleman said.

“If you don't already have a place for it in Kirksville, you can do it here,” Bunyard said.

The Aqua Dome is a place of equality. Anyone can join at any time and leave at any time. And if you don't want to join but have ideas you would like to share, you can e-mail or talk to any one of the many members. Visit their Web site, <http://www.aquadome.homepage.com>, to find out more about events, members or other information you may desire. And if you see a manatee, then you know you're at the right place.

Aqua Dome Events

Feb. 7 - Film at 7:30 p.m., “You Don't Know D**k”

Feb. 10 - Kirksville's very own Todd Rocket releases his own CD and Park, God's Relfex and Unclaimed Baggage from Chicago come down to help him celebrate! Cost is \$3.00.

Feb. 12 - Punk Puppet Show with political messages. Straight from Indiana. Donations requested.

Feb. 14 - Film at 7:30 p.m., “Cleopatra Jones and the Casino of Gold”

Feb. 19 - Lucky Boys Confusion and Grasshopper Takeover. Both from Chicago and very very punk.

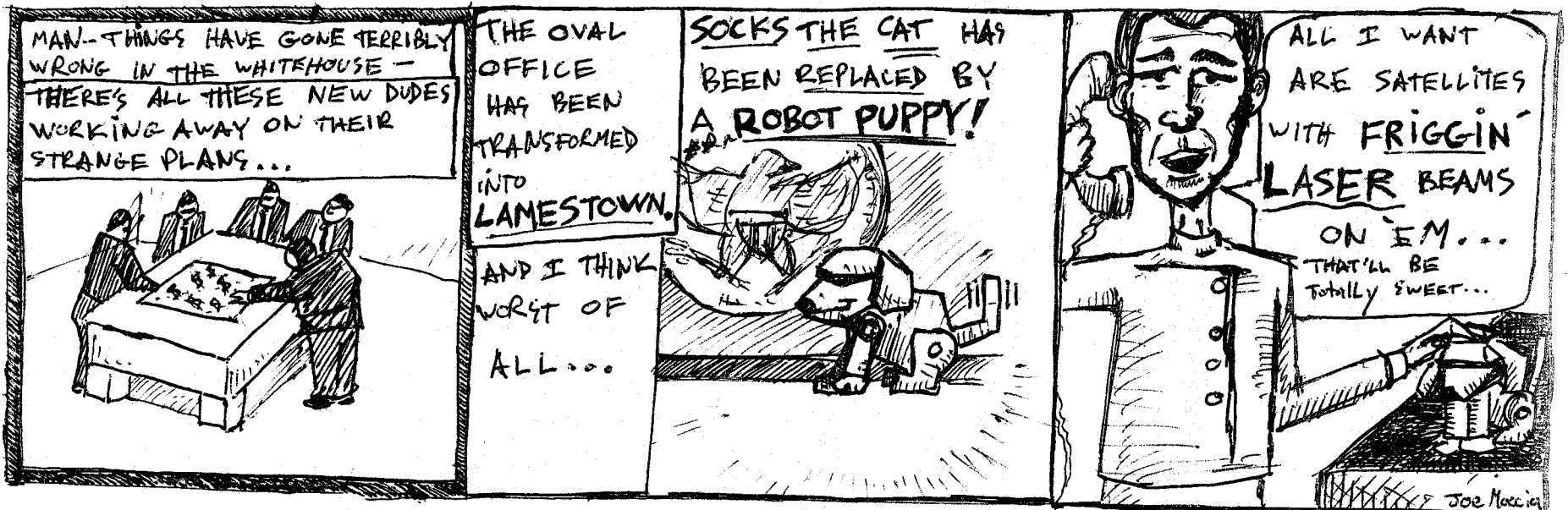
ECO Tip

Use a clean detergent.



Many detergents contain phosphates which can have severe ecological repercussions when released into the groundwater. Liquid detergents are usually phosphate-free. You could also use less detergent or a combination of soap powder and washing soda for a cleaner alternative.

ECO meets Monday nights, 8 p.m., in VH 1140.





ALL THE NEWS THAT'S UNFIT

That fat dude gives dog thumbs "two thumbs up"

A University student has recently had a hand in one of the most important new developments for nonhumans in years. Mike, self-proclaimed "the Thumb Guy," has created what he calls "thumbs for dogs." The invention is sure to revolutionize just about everything, because now dogs can have thumbs.

"Just think," the Thumb Guy said, "dogs will be able to get in fist fights and pick stuff up like nobody's business." When asked how the thumbs will work, Mike got a puzzled look on his face and replied simply, "Like thumbs, silly." No word yet as to when we will see these thumbs in action.

And here's to you, Mr. Fireman

Missouri Hall is set to receive the world's first fire slide/fire pole combination. After two recent fire alarms at the asterisk-shaped residence hall, it was discovered that most everybody will die in the case of a real fire. That's right, everybody. In hopes of saving lives, the Office of Not-Dying-In-A-Fire (a division of Residential Living) has decided to go ahead and install the pole and slide on the front of the hall.

It will be a massive corkscrew slide coming from the fifth floor and ending up right in front of the doors in front of MO. For those who are wearing shorts or have a problem with sticky-pants on slides of a corkscrew nature, there will be a fire pole running down the center of the slide. Kirksville's squad of fire fighters, recently acquired by the University, will be in charge of making sure the fire pole "fire poles" properly. When the building is not on fire, the SAB will be selling tickets to the slide as a fundraiser for a Simon and Garfunkel reunion concert at the end of the year.

University places prize on Rushdie's head

Salman Rushdie has just been awarded the Harry S. Truman Medal of Literary Achievement here at Truman State for... um... stuff. We're pretty sure he's an author, and we know he writes about stuff that doesn't interest young people who read *Seventeen* magazine, but we really don't have much an idea of exactly what.

A survey of the population of the University verified only that "he's a bad ass" and that 58 percent of University students think he should be voted the Sexiest Man of 2001. The statement released from the Board of Awarders of Medals and Such stated, "Rushdie has pushed back the boundaries of traditional literature and has risked his life for the craft." And for that, we say, "You go Salman, get ya groove on."

I'd pay \$50 a semester for Carson Daly to shut up

Lack of cable on campus has slowed The Man's progress in taking over the minds of all youth. It is rumored that next year the price of room and board will increase a whole freakin' lot to include the cost of having cable in each room. The Man is awfully excited, but some students are having problems with the deal.

"Well, it sucks, man. When are we as people going to realize that TV is not the answer!" was the exclamation from one young crazy. "Worshipping Monty Python and celebrating the natural stench of the human body is the only way that we can advance ourselves as a society." Normal people, however, are excited. Students keen on pop culture are already preparing to celebrate TRL every single day.

This Special White Space gets this party started right. It gets this party started quickly. Right?

SWS



Queen Astra

Let the stars be your guide!

Aries (March 21-April 20): This week you will be attacked by a gang of albino monkey babies. Running is futile.

Taurus (April 21-May 22): You need to get out more. You've been spending way too much time with your friends Mr. Mind Sweeper & Mrs. Free Cell.

Gemini (May 23-June 21): Don't fret. Everyone gets a case of "The Limpy." No one can deny the allure of a warm shower.

Cancer (June 22-July 24): Chemistry will be the cause of your undoing this week. Damn you, valence electrons. Damn you to hell.

Leo (July 25-August 23): Has anyone ever told you that you look like Judge Reinhold? The resemblance is uncanny.

Virgo (August 24-September 23): Toaster balloon ebola robot? Fish bicycle.

Libra (September 24-October 23): In a moment of clairvoyance you will realize that in a past life you were Lucille Ball. You begin to understand all the recent off-hand "Fire Crotch" comments directed at you.

Scorpio (October 24-November 22): Begin saving all your cigarette butts in a jar. I predict they will become the currency of the future. You will finally be able to buy that hot tub you've always dreamed of.

Sagittarius (November 23-December 21): When you're stuck between a rock and a hard place, choose The Rock. We can all smell what The Rock is cooking.

Capricorn (December 22-January 20): Beware of Dave.

Aquarius (January 21-February 19): Celibacy is an invention of Satan. Hey, "Blessed is thee..."

Pisces (February 20-March 20): Want to impress your secret crush on Valentine's day? Nothing says "I love you" like "chocolate cake."



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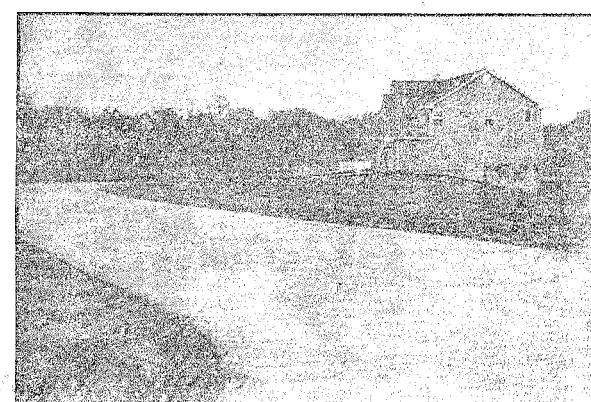
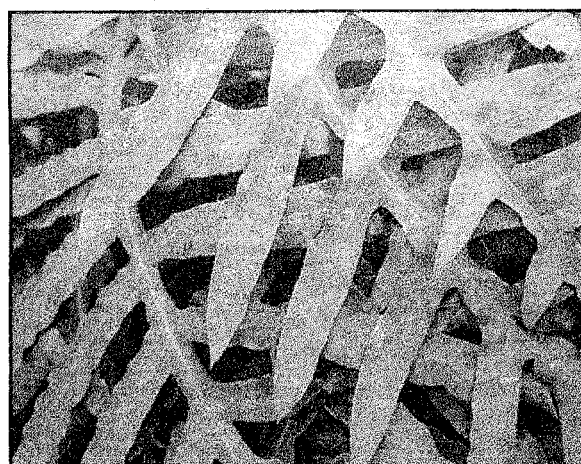
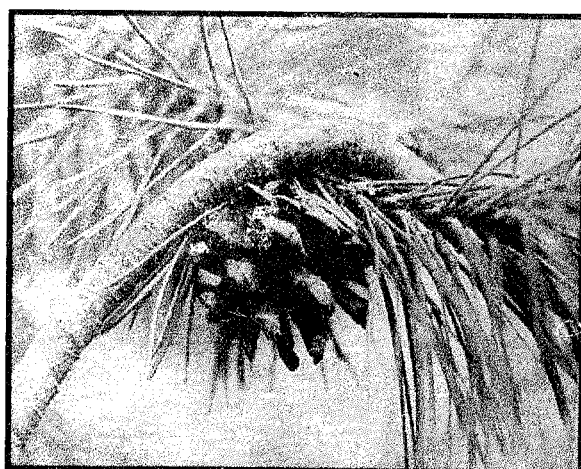
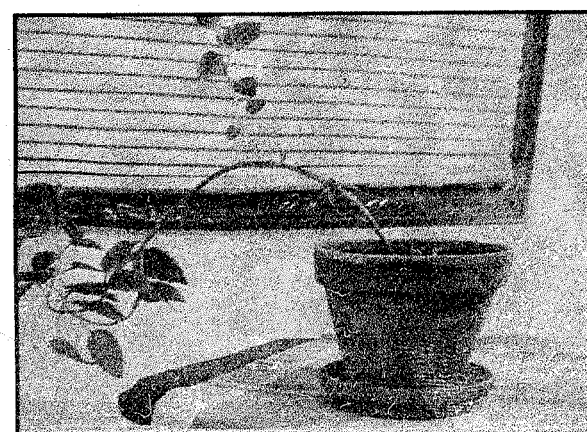
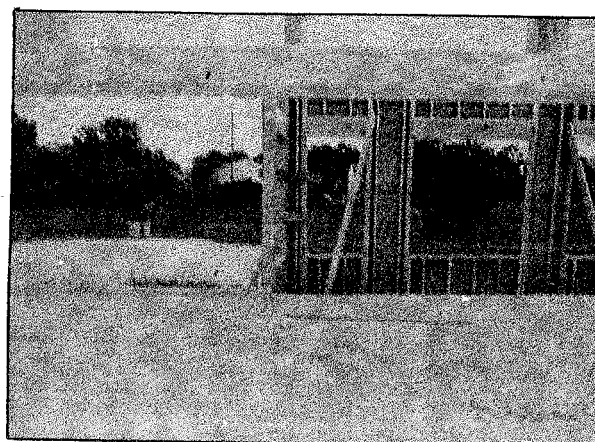
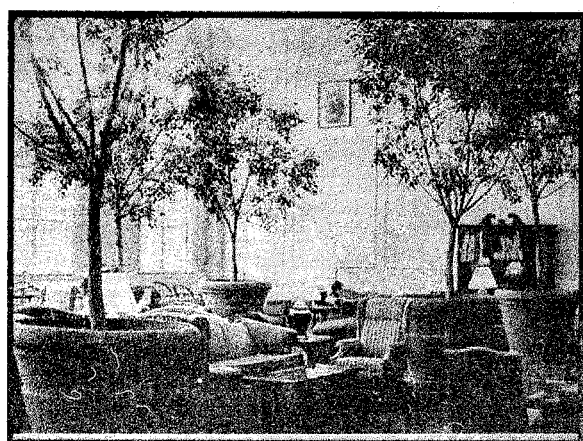
Special Sale on New
Crate Practice Amps!

ArT Page:

Manifest Destiny

Laura Bolesta has a photography show currently up at the Aqua Dome, 121 Main. In her artist statement she writes:

Manifest destiny is a concept that was popular in the United States in the middle of the 19th century. It rationalized imperialism as inevitable, the god-given right and duty of Americans to expand into the west and to the Pacific Ocean. However, manifest destiny did not stop when we reached California -- it continues today in a different form as cities and suburbs sprawl into outlying areas and force nature to adapt in different and sometimes strange ways.



Chloe
(Mother's Scent)

I love the way my mother smells,
when she's fresh from the shower.
Her scent carries throughout the house,
and perfumes all it touches.

I love the way my mother cooks,
her food is full of soul.
It loves and nourishes her family,
keeping us together.

I love the way my mother teaches,
her lessons come from experience.
Book smart mixed with common sense,
survival tactics for the reality of Life.

I love the way my mother brought me up,
I would not be who I am if she hadn't.
She didn't have to bring me into this world,
yet she raised me right.

—Akela S. Cooper

It's A Gas

THERE ONCE WAS A WOMAN WITH NERV,
WHO WAS KNOWN TO BE QUITE THE PERV.

SPREAD-EAGLE SHE WENT
TO THE GAS-STATION ATTENDANT,
"FILL'ER UP?" HE SAID, "SORRY, SELF-SERV."

—Rick Lime

bomb

here
Is where the whole
beauty of the world

h
a
n
g
s

swing
-ing from a tree

(never to return)

—Neal Brown

From the Director's Chair

Here's my script.
You better put it on right.
Be careful not to cast
any actors with stage fright;
I've been getting molested
in front of audiences
for years.

Never mind, I'll direct it myself.

Hey, you (me), with the
monologue in act one,
look at the italicized "*tears*
on the Tooth Fairy's pillow"
in your script.
You gotta cry, muthafucka.

You gotta lead into my death,
which comes in the second act.
I want to see myself choke,

then fade to black.

—Orlando L. Williams

Reduced From

The fact is
Eve never really liked
gardens. Even before

high school biology
taught us
slice a worm in ten parts

and you have ten worms
each perfectly capable of
reminding her. Snake

no more, they turn
everything to dirt, carrots
beans and leaves. They show her

with every slice of her spade
what they can reduce
her to.

—Jennifer Hatala

My Back Pages

Confessions of a Monitor "Poet"

I am a poet, look at me!
I am a poet, weel weel weel
Usually rhyming, but sometimes not...
What am I talking about? I don't remember.
I have no point; no apparent intellect
Flows from my writing, so don't inspect
it too in-depth, because then you'll see
Why nobody likes my poems but me.

—V-licious

Sweet as Candy

With her hands, young Miss Hannah was handy,
And the things she could do were quite randy.
Her mother looked down
And her father did frown,
But the boys in the town thought her dandy.

—Rick Lime

My Back Pages submissions
have been waning recently...
now's the time to submit. Drop
poems and such by *The Monitor*
mailbox in the CAOC, or send
them to x289@truman.edu.