



THE MONITOR

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

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A Campus Collective



Ceilidh Club members dance at a meeting.

photo by | W. Aaron Wilson

Irish dance club gives excuse for wearing kilts

story by | W. Aaron Wilson

Americans are great at passive entertainment. Put some pretty lights on the TV or movie screen and we'll stare at them for hours. Put some pretty music on a CD and we'll listen to it demurely while we drive or do some work. (Sometimes we'll sing along, but only when no one's listening. We wouldn't want to seem weird.) Put some people up on the stage who can dance and we'll sit and watch and applaud politely when they're done.

But we can't dance that well, and it's impossible to have fun at something if you can't do it well, right? A new organization on campus is out to show people that the only reason you can't have fun at something is if you never try it. This is the Truman Ceilidh Club.

"When I first started to visit Ireland and Scotland I was struck by the way that even in urban centers nearly everyone participates, experiences the joy of being fully in the moment in dance and music," Dr. Christine Harker, who along with Dr. Patricia Burton is one of the club's sponsors, said.

"Already, the Truman Ceilidh Club founders have regained that sense of joy and pure fun," Harker said. "I hope the club can open this up to the wider community."

Ceilidh (pronounce kay-lee) is a Gaelic

word, which means, essentially, party. The new Truman Ceilidh Club hopes to fuse elements of Irish and Scottish dance, music and culture into weekly practices that have all the fun of parties.

The group was formed by recent graduates of Harker's Irish Dance Class and others who have participated in her periodic ceilidhs and workshops at the Rec Center. Many of these same students served as an act for this year's International Dinner.

"The basic idea was a club that would fill a niche, spark new interest, and allow us to continue with what we love to do," club secretary Angie Diester said.

The group is currently making plans for a large ceilidh for St. Patrick's Day. They have also been asked to perform for local schools and they provided an intermediate act at last Saturday's Lakeside Review. At the same time, they are looking into ceilidhs and Irish festivals in other towns to perform at, or more importantly, participate in.

"Ceilidh Club is starting out great," club president Kathy Widitz said. "Currently we are focusing in Celtic dance, but as membership increases, we will add music. Eventually we would like a permanent dance team and musical group."

see CEILIDH, page 5

Faculty, students discuss plus/minus grading

story by | Robin Whitley

The Faculty Senate and Student Senate co-facilitated a forum on plus/minus grading last Tuesday. At this forum, which more than 50 individuals attended, various issues were discussed regarding the proposed change that Faculty Senate is currently considering regarding plus/minus grading.

The forum commenced with a brief presentation regarding the proposal which Faculty Senate was currently considering [see table].

This was then followed by a presentation by Dr. Chad Mohler explaining why he believed a plus/minus grading system was necessary.

Dr. Teresa Heckert then gave a justification for the current system on the behalf of Dr. Ruthie-Dare Halma, who was unable to attend the meeting.

At this point, the floor was opened to discussion, and students and faculty in attendance were then given two hours to voice their concerns about the system to the faculty and student senators in attendance.

The primary concern of the plus/minus advocates in the room was the accuracy of the grading scale. These individuals, mostly faculty members, said there was a definite desire for an ability to distinguish between those students who were able to gain high and low Bs.

Statistics were produced indicating that 80 percent of all grades given at the University were either As or Bs. This led these individuals to argue that our current system of evaluation was essentially one that made two distinctions between students. They concluded our current system of grading did not sufficiently distinguish between students at the University.

The advocates of the system continued to address the concerns of the opponents of the new system, arguing that plus/minus grading does not cause grade points to drop, that significant numbers of scholarships will not be lost due to

the new grading system and that under the current system, GPAs above 3.7 do not have the credibility they would have at other universities, because graduate programs consider our current grading system when they evaluate students.

Different concerns were raised by those who opposed the adoption of plus/minus grading.

One concern repeatedly brought to the fore was the stress level of students at the University.

It was argued that students currently live at too high of a stress level, and since this new system would give a clear penalty to students for having a low A, then the stress that students currently feel would only be vastly increased by the adoption of this new grading system, particularly considering the manner in which grade points are attached to scholarships at Truman.

A second concern was admission to graduate and professional programs, where grade

points are critical factors for admittance.

Some students argued that very high GPAs were necessary to gain admittance to these systems, and if a plus/minus system with an A- was adopted, then grade points would suffer enough so that gaining admittance to the very competitive programs would be very difficult.

A third concern regarded what these new grades would mean. Some individuals were concerned with what the meaning of a B+ would be when expressed in words ("Better than good, but not quite excellent?") and the comparability of grades across classrooms.

The joint plus/minus forum proved itself to be an extensive, although not an exhaustive discussion regarding things plus/minus. Students and faculty discussed things in a relatively friendly and constructive atmosphere, and both advocates and opponents of Faculty Senate's seemed to leave the room more enlightened, rather than more angry.

Proposed Plus/Minus System

A+	4.0
A	4.0
A-	3.7
B+	3.3
B	3.0
B-	2.7
C+	2.3
C	2.0
C-	1.7
D+	1.3
D	1.0
D-	0.7

C O N T E N T S



The University unfairly blames skateboarders for damaging campus.

Opinion, page 5.



Holy crap! That bunny's bigger than the kid!

Letter to the editor, page 7.

The Monitor criticizes the Oscar nominees and predicts who will win.

Opinion, page 11.



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

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

E-MAIL ADDRESS
monitortrm@hotmail.com

WEB PAGE
<http://www.trumanmonitor.org>

MANAGING EDITORS
Kristen Crenshaw
Matthew Webber

COPYEDITORS
Dave Bush - Cameron Moore
Rachel Schulz - Jerry Schirmer

STAFF WRITERS
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Jonathan Cannon - Daniel Coate
The Dave - Shala Garcia - Ed Jenkins
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Lori Vaughn - Leslee White
W. Aaron Wilson

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Amanda Romine - Ryan Ruffatti
Rachel Schulz

ART PAGE
Kjell Hanh

MY BACK PAGES EDITOR
Shawn Gilmore

ADVERTISING ROYALTY
Tom Palmier
Amanda Romine

RESIDENT ARTISTS
Dave Bush - Andy Dandino - Ed Jenkins
Joe Moccia - Sean O'Brien - Ryan Ruffatti

WEB MASTER
Stu Belden

DISTRIBUTION
Ed Jenkins

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Monitors. That's really cheap, huh?

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

-- Noam Chomsky



ALL THE NEWS THAT'S UNFIT

Cum 'n go be a night monitor

Night monitors are suspected of controlling Kirksville's underground porn industry. Don't come in too late, or you might find a surprise in the front entrance of your residence hall. It is hard to say how far the reaches of the "K-porn" ring go, but sources say certain members of the Kirksville porn family are influential in most or all important aspects of "the business," even the morning coffee.

It was previously thought there were no ties between members of the ring outside of their love for watching other people have sex, but apparently they also have a fancy for staying up late and making sure no one passes without an ID. This connection was discovered when it was revealed that the mailing address for the Night Monitor Office O' Hiring is the same as that of the Playboy Channel. Those interested in being a night monitor next semester should see the owner of Eclectics for an application.

Salem squirrel trials

Reports of a new Student Senate plan have squirrels and students worried. In case you didn't know, the Quad used to be underwater. It was recently discovered that the water, which covered an area of land

that would stretch from the front steps of MO hall all the way to Business 63, contained such high levels of NutraSweet that it could kill most large mammals by contact.

The truth came out when members of the science department were able to connect the weird-ass squirrels found on campus with large amounts of the artificial sweetener in the soil. The plan, according to some student senators, is to again fill the Quad with water in the hope that the NutraSweet will be trapped eternally by the water. When it was pointed out that the sweetener would mix with the water and make the lake as dangerous as before, the senators got so upset they began to throw conversation hearts and dinner mints at The Monitor staff. There are also plans for a Truman State Bass Fishing team and annual tournament. Beware of NutraSweet.

A- equals "annihilation"

The plus/minus grading proposal is responsible for recent attacks on Iraq. It was discovered that the grading system is actually an invention of "Very Bad Man" (as declared by Coca Cola and the Society of Fluffy Dog Owners) and president of Iraq, Saddam Hussein. Without a moment of thought, all parties advocating the +/- instantly declared it an evil thing that would

result in the end of the world as we know it.

A faculty senator who was interviewed after the news was announced stated, "Yeah, I thought it was a pretty good thing for the school, but that was before I knew it was part of the Iraqi plan to take over the world." When President Georgie-poo found out about the underlying motives of the grading system, he immediately enacted the "Damned Infernal Iraqi Government" plan and bombed the holy hell out of at least a few important buildings.

Truman Monologues

Critical acclaim of the recent *Vagina Monologues* has inspired various campus organizations to create their own series of monologues. The monologues were very successful in opening the eyes of many students to the concerns of women in today's society. It is the hope of the various other organizations preparing presentations that their monologues have the same effect.

Certain fraternal organizations have begun planning the *Beer Monologues*, to promote the concerns of being a vicious drunkard. The CCF creative team has begun work on the *Follower Monologues* in hopes of dispelling the myths associated with bright yellow T-shirts. The SAB is planning the *Wyclef Monologues* because they still haven't gotten over the excitement of the rap mogul's visit to TSU. And of course, we are preparing our very own *Monitor Monologues* where we will try to convince everyone of our paper's superiority to any other campus media.

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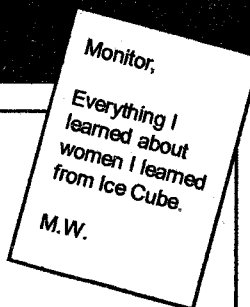
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Monitor letters

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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.



Index writer makes correction

I would like to correct a mistake that was made in the last edition of *The Monitor*.

In Matthew Webber's opinion, "Students blow chance to plan," I was named as one of the writers of an *Index* "Our View" column about how University Planning Day was unsuccessful and not worthwhile.

However, I did not write that article. *The Monitor* would not have known this because the *Index* did not run a correction.

I was disappointed with some aspects of Planning Day. I agree Planning Day's purpose probably was not realized because so few students attended, but that might have been avoided if student attendance had been more encouraged than it was.

When I was trying to find out about the conference, faculty members told me they were instructed to choose a few outstanding students in each discipline to be invited, but that I could attend if I wanted to.

Other faculty I asked didn't even know what the conference was about.

And the registration form said that if too many students wanted to attend, then attendance would be selective.

The University should have planned to accommodate all students especially because we didn't have classes. The day's purpose was worthwhile, but it wasn't planned well enough. Perhaps the administration will take student concerns such as these into consideration for the next Planning Day.

There are plenty more dimensions to this issue and everyone has an opinion. These are my thoughts on the topic. Thank you for letting me make this correction.

Sarah Dwiggins

Students bitch too much

Once again I am writing in response not just to one thing in general, but to one thing in general that has been happening over and over and over and then over again here at this University. No, as many people might think, it is NOT the University's fault. But rather, it is the fault of all those people who decided they have the unalienable right to bitch about EVERY single aspect about the school at which they are attending. Does anyone have any idea of how many times I have heard the phrase "I hate this University" or something to that effect?

One might think that the person saying said phrase could actually run a university more efficiently. I hear nothing but damn bitching about the little things, or how they have to put up with SA's or something. I say, JUST FUCKING DEAL WITH IT OR TRANSFER TO ANOTHER SCHOOL FOR GOD'S SAKE! I doubt you will find a better deal somewhere else.

And same goes for people who hate the government, or government in general. FUCK THEM. Kee-rist, "The Man" has become everyone's favorite scapegoat for all their

troubles in life. I guarantee you won't find a better country than this. And if you do, then have fun being retarded. In the meantime, quit complaining to me about every single little detail that is disagreeable in the least to your ungrateful ass, emphasis on "ungrateful."

Matt Grothoff

P.S. I would like to point out that I am expressing frustration not with any specific incident, but everything that I have to put up with all around me.

Damn public safety!

First, the story ... Feb. 9, I was sitting in Science Hall, studying for a test the next hour. A DPS officer walked by me, looking a little confused. A few minutes later, I looked up to see the same officer talking to the girl at the other end of the couch.

"How about you," he asked me.

"What?"

"We had a report of a person smoking a pipe in the building."

"A pipe?"

"Yes, a tobacco pipe. Have you seen anyone smoking in here?"

"No."

With that, I looked back down at my notebook and continued studying. However, the officer stepped over to where I was and stood directly in front of me.

"Hi," he said with a rather sadistic grin on his babyface, "Do you live in -- Uh, are you an S.A.?"

"No."

"Can I see your ID, please? You look like someone I'm looking for."

"Uh, sure ... Your call, man."

After scrutinizing my ID with that eagle eye of his for about 10 seconds, he gave my ID back to me and thanked me.

Now, the commentary ... I understand DPS does a lot for the campus. Well, actually I'm just saying that and I don't really believe it. My ID says it "must be presented upon request," and I don't mind presenting it, but I'd rather not be spoken to in condescending tones by some rent-a-cop who thinks I'm that special someone he's looking for.

Did he think I was the guy with the pipe? Or did he think I was an escaped convict? Seriously, chances are slim I'm that "someone" he's looking for, and I'm not one of his friends -- for if I was, surely he would not need my ID to identify me -- and I don't exactly look like a fucking convict.

This incident reminds me of the girl whose room was searched for alcohol because her boyfriend's friend had alcohol poisoning. The girl had no alcohol, the guy with alcohol poisoning was in his own room and all that had occurred was the guy was taken back to his own room by the girl and her boyfriend.

Actually, when I think about it, the incident also reminds me of when DPS found my

friend's car in the Centennial Hall parking lot this summer, opened it and searched it, called the guy's parents and declared him missing.

I'm not anti-authority, and I don't exactly endorse the concept of anarchy, but I am against putting retards in positions of power. I don't feel that I was harassed by that DPS officer, but I do feel that he was completely full of shit, probably totally incompetent and clearly incapable of realizing that tracking down some bad, bad man with his big bad pipe of tobacco isn't worth the time it takes to question students.

DPS is obsolete. You're a bunch of moronic fucking retards who aren't worth the shit you disturb... which, it just so happens, is more shit than the students ever disturb. Now I understand why so many students were opposed to giving you people guns, seeing as how you don't know the difference between students and prison escapees.

So ya wanna see my ID? Well, lemme see yours, piggy! Don't you motherfuckers have anything better to do with your time than follow up reports of SMOKING? Granted, one cigarette + chem lab = boom boom, but still. With all the stories I've heard from friends and acquaintances about the absolutely dumb shit you do -- c'mon, declaring someone missing 'cause you found their car in a parking lot? -- I'm inclined to believe you deserve a big FUCK YOU from me.

Oh, and give Babyface (the officer who took such a sincere interest in my identity) a partner to show him the ropes of patrolling campus and controlling the hedonistic student population. All of you need to get a life, 'cause being a DPS "officer" doesn't mean you qualify for Bad Ass of the Month ... jerkoffs.

All sunshine and lemondrops,
Christopher Michael Shanahan

Hundreds of Christians are better than one

As college students, many of us are at a time in our lives when we are full of idealism. We enjoy meeting new people, working together and trying new things.

Thus it is not surprising that a group such as One Body of Believers should spring up on a college campus.

One Body of Believers is not a church or a replacement for church; it is not even an official organization. Instead, it is an informal network made up of students from different Christian organizations on campus.

We have no desire to erase our doctrinal differences, form a new denomination or change our individual churches. We seek only to be a resource for each other.

The Bible urges us to "be united in the same mind and in the same purpose" (1 Corinthians 1:10). In celebrating Christian unity, we have participated in a variety of spiritual, service, and fellowship activities.

We organized See You at the Pole, in which we prayed for our school, community, state and country. We sold T-shirts promoting Christian unity and following Christ. As a network of students, we have publicized the activities of Christian groups.

For example, we assisted with the International Day of Prayer, sponsored by Christians in Action, to promote awareness of persecuted Christians. We publicized the Newman Center's volleyball tournament of religious or-

ganizations to promote fun and fellowship between religious groups. Finally, we lent a helping hand to the organizers of Christ on the Quad last spring.

Being open-minded is about recognizing similarities where none obviously appear. It is hard to fear or hate something if you realize you have something in common with it. By bringing Christians of different denominations together, we hope to discourage any friction that may exist between different Christian groups.

While we disagree about many doctrines, we all strive to follow in Jesus' footsteps. Through our prayers, service and fellowship together, we are striving to help each other do just that.

If two heads are better than one, then hundreds of Christians are better than a few. By working together, we can accomplish what we cannot accomplish alone.

Everyone is welcome to join us and contribute ideas for Christian unity at our meetings.

You can e-mail x389@truman.edu for more information.

Abby Heckman, Mary Carver, Peter Hough, Amanda Bunyard

University breaches stated such contract illegally

I THANK co-editor, Matt Webber, for commenting on my complaint last issue, if this appears, concerning what I and many others do consider to have been the almost total waste of time, student fees, and taxpayers, self-preening "heat" not real intelligent "light" generation, of the "day-off" classes the Magruder-Gordon administration gave for alleged "discussion."

I, really, for sure appreciated, too, Matt's personal integrity, and consistency point, while disagreeing with it; that he and nearly 100 students who did attend the jamboree felt you all got SOMETHING (?????) out of it. "More," than many faculty, friends have, explicitly, told me; who complained of mock-debate exercises and let's-pretend-we-are-student "farces" in which, whenever things got a little too realistic, "Deans," would shout-down the real student or even faculty leaders present.

OR, they would ignore the brave few senior ACADEMIC faculty professors who dared to ask: why there is a complete lack, still, of properly paid (and properly hiring by inference) liberal arts subject DISCIPLINE heads.

And those who dared to not be fobbed off by the "COST" argument Magruder and the existing divisional head clique use. By pointing out that the claques nonteaching salaries, ALONE, could finance a start to such a PUBLICLY accountable aboveboard structure!

Nor they might have ruminated, if understandably not to have, actually, asked, why in now over A QUARTER OF A CENTURY there have been in power ARROGATION just FOUR WHITE MEN, only one, "ousted," non-Kirksvillian old boy, as NMSU TSU Presidents? While, by healthier change and renewal contrast, UMC has been thru' so many such overpaid flunkies in faculty, student, and community revolts that even I, a former assistant History teacher there, have lost statistical tally!

Yet, as Matt, too, concedes in respect of issues that do not "appear" to have the "same" "weight", the SAME unaccountability traits go

see LETTERS, page 8

monitor opinions

SWF seeks self-esteem Clinton's in a rhubarb

Opinion by | Rachel and Leah Schulz

Brown/brown, 5'8", 142lbs, 36-28-36, loves skiing, hiking, camping, reading and writing; loves to travel, enjoys spending time outside; obese.

Guess what everybody? I'm obese! That's right... almost one third of my body is comprised of fat. I have very poor cardiovascular endurance, I've got below average flexibility and I'm not even on the lowest end of the chart for muscular strength.

The Rec Center's Health Fair provided me with these rather disparaging results based on six tests designed to give me an overall look at my general health. Things could be better.

My apparent poor physical condition came as somewhat of a shock to me, especially because I have a regular workout program and a rather active lifestyle. I watch what I eat (with the exception of the occasional Taco Bell AM run), and have a positive self-image. And yet I am classified as obese.

Although I initially laughed off this diagnosis, it has been running through my mind ever since (too bad mental activity doesn't burn calories). Apparently I'm a fat, wide hourglass.

Imagine that many other Truman women received the categorization of "obese." The percentage of college-aged women who suffer from

eating disorders and from negative body image is already astonishing - the effect of placing such a stereotypically unattractive word on a young college woman could be devastating.

This is not to say that I don't appreciate the aim of the Rec Center to educate Truman students about their physical health, however the repercussions of using such weighted semantics are immeasurable.

So, what will I do with the knowledge that I am obese? Well, for starters I vomited my dinner and worked out for three hours today. Also, I threw away all of my clothes sized 8 and up with the hopes that this will further motivate me into a 6.

But today as I climbed my 7,458 step on the Stairmaster I got to thinking about something a good friend of mine said to me last week, "Holy cow - you seriously look like you could kick my ass!" A week ago... that was before I knew I was "obese!" Could it be that I was placing too much mental emphasis on the word?

I got back to my room and looked for something to wear (my selection had thinned out a bit), and happened to catch a glance of myself in my mirror. I am tall. I am curvy. I have muscles. I have a nice smile. I laugh. I make other people laugh. I'm a sister. I'm a friend. I am obese?! That's the *last* thing I am. I'm a beautiful and confident woman, 28.15% fat and all.

Opinion by | Ed Jenkins

Uh oh, *el presidente*, the former one, is in a rhubarb or a pickle, again. He decided to pardon fugitive commodities trader Mark "Richie" Rich who is guilty of tax evasion and trading with Iran during the late 1970s hostage crisis.

The problem is that Mark's wife Denise gave nearly \$500,000 to the Democratic party and Clinton's presidential library. Could this have influenced Clinton's decision? Of course. Is this illegal? I don't know, probably.

On Clinton's behalf, he was supposedly pressured by the likes of Israelis Ehud Barak and Shimon Peres in addition to Spaniard King Juan Carlos.

Rich had been known to donate some money to Israelis for whatever reason, and our country is basically like a stepfather who spoils Israel, so we just do what they want.

Clinton was probably "bribed" and was probably doing a "favor," but really a president can pardon whoever he wants. Of course Clinton didn't pardon Rich for those reasons, right?

"I made the decision to pardon Marc Rich based on what I thought was the right thing to do," Bill said. "Any suggestion that improper factors including fund raising for the (Democratic National Committee) or my library had anything to do with the decision are absolutely false. I look forward to cooperating with any appropriate inquiry."

He then went onto say something like any implications that it was a semi-elaborate scheme by which Denise Rich confronted him in late November and offered him \$450,000 for his presi-

dential library in exchange for her husband's pardon, while the support of the Israelis could be used as a cover-up for their bribery, was completely erroneous. He just wanted to cut this very rich guy a break.

But here's my point, finally: It doesn't matter. Bill Clinton can do whatever he wants. Why? Because he is smooth. Slippery like a greased-up fish, smooth like Stevie Wonder, hardcore cool like Tom Waits.

Bill Clinton is the greatest post WWII president. He is the most brilliant politician ever. He is so good that I just drop my ideals when I hear his comforting voice and dream that someday I could create a little Bill Clinton that would fit in my coat pocket.

Now I'm being stupid, right? No. I'm giving credit to the guy, whether he was active or passive, who did what was appropriate to achieve the highest economy ever.

This is the man who spent two terms being inundated by accusations and impeachment and guilt but still stood up, talked pretty and went and did his job. Bill Clinton is so cool!

And now he's looking to get an office in Harlem, near the Apollo theatre. He's still working his Mojo. It's a political move. As if many African Americans didn't already love Clinton and hate all things Republican (and rightfully so), Clinton is making Dubya's efforts more futile.

Bill Clinton has a bag full of *carte blanches* and he's still around. The wife is upstate and he's living among supporters in the heart of our nation's largest city. Bill Clinton is not going anywhere, and it's all for the better. Because he is smooth.

Die, hippies! Die!

Opinion by | Daniel Coate

I don't know about everyone else, but I have had more than enough of all of these hippies running around preaching about love and peace and saving the trees and all of the cute little animals. Who cares? I don't. Obviously nobody else does.

If people did care, I doubt we would still have this so-called environmental crisis. Besides, the only way to truly save the environment would be to rid the earth of all humans, but if we did that, who would there be to love?

Anything short of the extermination of all humans is just a feeble attempt to delay the inevitable. We have destroyed the earth. It won't be long before everything will be dead and (gasp!) there will be nothing left to hug. Big fucking deal.

Humans are obviously the superior species on the earth so why shouldn't we enjoy the privileges that accompany that superiority.

Cut down all of the trees! Blow up the moon! Kill all the animals, especially the cute ones! Pollute, pollute, pollute! You only live once, might as well have fun. "But what about the future for our children and grandchildren?" the hippies might ask.

Life sucks and then you die. Nobody ever said life was supposed to be fair. Let your grandchildren fend for themselves. Besides, if you believe all of that scientific nonsense about global warming, we're doing them a favor. Imagine summer all year round. Wouldn't that be great?

Where did all these vegans come from and how come they think they are so much better than everyone else? There's nothing wrong with killing a few animals for food, clothing, or anything else we want. They'd kill us if we gave

them the chance. Besides, vegans are hypocrites. They scream at us for killing animals but don't seem to have any problem killing plants. At least animals can run or fight back. If you ask me, vegans are just lazy.

I've had enough of all of these recycling Nazis. So the recycling companies went out of business. Good! Who wants to use somebody else's trash anyway? Who thought up this brilliant idea? Did this ever make sense?

Somebody obviously didn't want something anymore, but if we mix it together with a bunch of other similar items that other people didn't want, people are going to all of a sudden want that? It doesn't make sense. If you mix garbage with garbage you get garbage.

Speaking of garbage, the Bible says something about a god creating the earth and everything on it. Everything that happens does so according to this god's plan. If he didn't want the humans, who he designated as the superior species, to destroy the earth, it wouldn't happen.

He obviously doesn't want the hippies to win their little crusade for the earth and he must have wanted me to write this so don't bother criticizing me.

Fighting for the environment is a lost cause. It's dead and you will soon be dead too. Get over it. All those dirty pot-smoking, tree-hugging, nappy-haired, vegan hippies should realize that they are a bunch of fucking morons and start killing and polluting like the rest of us. Or, if they can't bring themselves to do that, perhaps they should actually do the earth and their fellow humans a favor and end their pathetic lives. Stupid hippies.

WHY I'M RIGHT

Million Man March to dinner kills taste buds

rant by | The Dave

Like the weather in Russia, according to the meteorological experts in *Rocky IV*, the line in the cafeteria changes from hour to hour. For those not experienced with this, the eighth wonder of the world, there is a little trick you should follow.

If the line looks to be reaching outside the door, take your late ass outside and suck down a couple smokes, not only will this kill the time better than waiting in line, it will also kill the taste of the semi dangerous poisons you are about to ingest into your body.

If the line appears to only reach halfway to the door then by all means make haste, and pay no attention to all of the cripples and indigents you may injure in your mad rush to the back of the line, for you are within striking distance of the greatest prize this establishment has to offer, the quick dining experience and even quicker escape so the fumes perforating the mess hall don't knock you unconscious.

Not to worry for you smokers out there, the cigarettes will kill the smell too. If you don't happen to smoke, I advise you to start, it makes all of the really bad chemicals enter your body in moderate states of sense.

What's that, you say? Even the smoking won't kill the unbearable boredom of waiting in line? Well The Dave can save you once again. I am currently in the process of making a compilation tape of Sodexo's greatest hits; the cornerstone of this masterpiece has to be "In the Heat of the Moment," by that greatest of cheesy '80s bands, Asia. These songs are sure to fuck your ass up beyond repair and make the wait of the line seem like a stroll through the old tobacco fields.

But the songs can not cure all that ails you in fact, it seems to The Dave that the longer a person has to wait in line the more likely it is that a change will start to come over them. At the beginning they seem to be irritable and the outbreaks of rashes on their exposed skin is frightening, but when they start screaming about the locusts that are swarming over their bodies and start stripping of their cloths and shouting "I'm itchy" it becomes just too much for me to take.

Unfortunately there is just no way to cope with the Ryle Hall syndrome and a person just has to shut the fuck up and take it, praying all the while that they don't get infected by whatever has possessed the person standing next to them.

People will read this column and wonder how a man like The Dave can keep jumping from one crazy idea to another, with no real coherence and still be so damned funny. They will speak of me and say, "What is he writing about? I don't think he has a thesis and I definitely do not see clear transitions in his writing. This guy has no knack for the written word."

And to those dorks, The Dave says, "For shame, for shame, for shaaame." Now is not the time to discuss my MLA format, now is the time to revel in what I have to say, for I have a lot to say, just no point for rambling on about how much I hate the cafeteria line.

Word.

All accounts of weather in the aforementioned article are fictitious, any similarity to actual weather; alive, dead, or Russian is purely coincidental and apologetic for.

Riding projectile weapons to class is beautiful

opinion by | Cameron Moore

People do a lot of silly things to occupy their time. Some people sit around and lift heavy things and make their bodies bigger. Some people run around for no particular reason at all, other than the fact that it feels good. And others hit balls around with various objects just for competition. But there are still other people, people whose main outlet of physical exertion is something just as seemingly pointless, but at the same time wonderfully beautiful. I'm talking about skateboarding.

There is some sort of intrinsic beauty in making a piece of wood attached to some wheels spin around 360 degrees vertically, 180 degrees horizontally, and still manage to land on it (mid-air, mind you) and grind down a 12-stair hand-rail. Now, granted, this is nothing I can accomplish, but it is something people do in fact do, and with amazing grace and control. It is expression in its truest form, with virtually no limitation.

To dismiss skateboarding as a fad or something for hoodlums is to fail to see it for what it really is. In a society where boxing is accepted as something of a sport and professional wrestling is considered entertainment, the skateboarder is seen as nothing more than a pest.

All this while people are running around bouncing balls and hitting them with sticks for millions of dollars. Sure these guys can catch a fly ball, but can they throw down an ollie hardflip? I doubt it.

It is unfortunate to see this misunderstanding of peoples' interests escalated to this point. The University is planning on "cracking down" on skateboarders. I don't mean to burst the University's bubble or anything, but there isn't really anything worth skating on campus.

But, weather permitting, I find myself skating to class. It's faster than walking. Some people like to ride a bike. Other people like roller blades. I like my skateboard. It gets me to class fast. I can pick it up whenever I want to and it's fun to ride. I don't skate on campus to destroy property or hurt anybody, and I don't think anybody else does either.

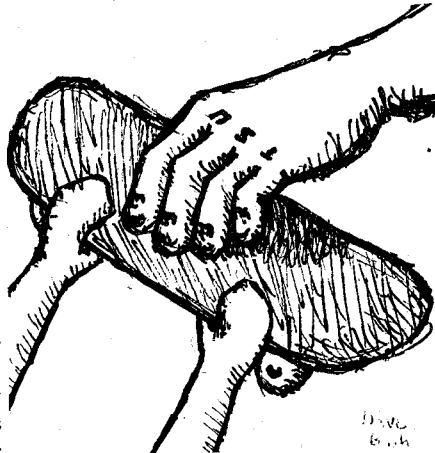
But their opponents on campus see skateboards as a "projectile weapon." To say this is anything but discrimination is an understatement. At a University where "diversity" is something strived for but never really achieved, this is but

another brick in the wall between being accepted and having arbitrary divisions between what is acceptable and what is not. I would like to know how many people have really been attacked with these "projectile weapons." None, I would guess.

If the University were so concerned with everybody's safety as to outlaw skateboarding, all bike riders would be required to wear a helmet and pads. Classes would be cancelled for the ice on the ground and all the silverware in the cafeteria would be plastic.

But this isn't the case, as these are all unwarranted concerns. And when safety isn't mentioned as a reason for stopping skateboarding, the only other argument taken is the destruction of public property.

While this is a real problem in, say, downtown St. Louis, this is hardly a problem here. I've seen a few concrete benches with scraped



ledges, nothing more than a few renegade... bikers? Yes, unfortunately the very mode of transportation welcomed with open arms is the cause of damage that's blame is unjustly placed on skateboarders, at least on this campus.

If skateboarders were grinding these ledges, they would be covered

with wax. It is impossible to overcome the friction of a skateboard on concrete without wax. Stunt bikers can, and do, grind these ledges however.

I guess the point of all this is that this singling out of one group of people is completely against the ideals that this University claims to follow. We don't outlaw cars because people sometimes crash them, but we do in fact punish people for acts of recklessness that might cause one.

In the same light, the University should punish people for destroying property with skateboards, not for utilizing them as a means of transportation. They should stick to the real problems, like people putting dog shit in ovens, and leave us kids looking for some good clean fun alone. To be quite honest, I'm fairly undeterred by most of what is being implemented.

In the mean time, I am going to continue to ride my skateboard to my classes; it cuts my transit time to Barnett into a third of what it normally is.

I skipped school once

opinion by | Peter Hough

I once skipped a class to play that mine sweeper game on the computer. I hate it how you can get to the end of the biggest puzzle and it comes down to a simple choice between two options. And you can't tell which box is the correct one. Click one and you win the game. Click the wrong one and you hit a bomb, lose the game, and feel compelled to play again till you win.

When you finish you realize you lost every game, missed class, and doomed yourself to seeing little boxes with numbers and flags every time you close your eyes.

There was this one time I had skipped a class for two weeks in a row—six classes worth of Spanish. I finally decided to go one day, but, hearing the bell sound across the Quad, I turned back because I was fifteen minutes late. It would have been embarrassing to walk in that late after missing class for so long.

On my way back home I heard a bunch of people call my name and turned to see my Spanish class meeting outside. They asked me where I was going. I don't remember what I said.

I have a friend who was going to class once and he saw a girl he knew and asked her how she was doing. Not so well. She had decided to kill herself. By the way, good luck on your test.

He gave her his backpack to hold while he went inside to tell his professor he wouldn't be taking a test that day after all. She wouldn't leave if she had his backpack. It would be rude to take it, but it might get stolen if she just set it on the ground and walked away. So she waited. They talked for a long time that day. They're married now.

I'm the guy next door who daydreams of doing brave things every time he watches a powerful movie. I'm the guy down the hall who is waiting for someone to interrupt his homework so he can close his book and have a conversation.

I'm the one in your poetry class who wonders if you really mean what I think your poem says. I'm the one who would gladly trade an A on a test for doing something meaningful.

I'm the guy waiting for the good excuse to skip class that will redeem all the other wasted hours. I'm the one walking across campus at night, praying for you as you walk by. I wonder if you know.

So, I'm the guy writing this to you in the library computer lab, sitting back now, stunned. Maybe you remember me. I'm the one typing the rambling opinion piece to let you know I'm eager to be bothered.

CEILIDH, from page 1

Everyone who is interested is greatly encouraged to attend the club's meetings, which take place at 5:30 p.m. every Monday night in Baldwin Hall 351. Absolutely no experience is necessary and beginning dancers, musicians or those just interested in Celtic

culture are welcome.

Whether you want to learn some traditional Irish dance, jam with other musicians or show off your new kilt, join the Ceilidh Club for excitement and high energy, participatory entertainment.

For more information, send an e-mail to ceilidh_club@hotmail.com

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THE BASTARD SON OF THE LORD

"AND LEGS CAME DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAIN." (Lukas 24:31) Copyright: Steve

The Bastard Son of the Lord Homepage <http://www.bsotl.org>

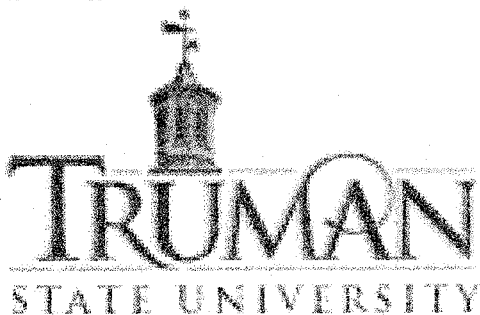
review by | Daniel Coate

The Bastard Son of the Lord Homepage is the official home page of Jesus Christ. No kidding. This is the real deal. This Web site has everything you ever wanted to know about Jesus. Check out the "Messiah Log" to find out what he's been up to and just to hear what's on his mind. You can get advice from Jesus, read his explanations of confusing Bible passages, find out where you're headed in the afterlife and discover the Savior's little-known connection to a popular MTV star. Be sure to check out the "Jesus Rocks Nads" section. It's a must see! Remember: "This is the page of the Lord, so if you want to be saved, don't be a stranger."

The Vaults of Erowid <http://www.erowid.org>

review by | Cameron Moore

Ever wanted to learn how to make your own hallucinogenic brew from common household morning glory flower seeds? Then the Vaults of Erowid is the Web site for you. "Documenting the complex relationship between humans and psychoactives," Erowid.org provides plenty of helpful information on any drug you can think of ingesting (for recreational purposes), including health risks, studies, natural sources and even a list of posted experiences of other mind-astronauts. Along with drug information, Erowid provides resources concerning spirituality, philosophy and religion, as well as the laws of the land concerning all of the above.



This review could not be titled

review by | Sean O'Brien

This week's Web site receives the most hits per day on the Truman ethernet server. Yes, you guessed it, it's the "This Page Could Not Be Displayed" page! While it's popularity in the Kirksville area remains a mystery to Web analysts, students have no doubts why it sometimes receives up to 50 hits a day from any given Truman-connected computer:

"It's that ethernet. It's useless. I'd have more luck communicating with friends from home using a long piece of string and tin cans than attempting to access my Hotmail account."

The page's long-standing popularity has been sustained by its availability in a diversity of formats, such as the "Error 404 - Page Not Found," "Could not connect with server" and "There was no response. The server could be down or is not responding" varieties. Another applauded aspect of this page is the fact that it fits equally well on large or small computer screens and can be viewed with or without frames.

Student marches for life

news feature by | Lori Vaughn

On Jan. 20, I celebrated my 20th birthday. The next day, in one of those ironies life seems happy to hand out, I left for a three day trip to Washington, D.C. to protest the legalization of abortion in the United States.

January 22 was the day of the rally and the actual march itself. We pulled into the capitol about 7:30 a.m. and immediately headed for the general public meeting of some pro-life politicians from Missouri. The room chosen for this meeting was way too small though, so I decided I didn't want to hear a bunch of self-promoting politicians anyway and walked down to the site of the morning rally, the Ellipse in front of the White House.

The weather was, luckily, about the best you could hope for a January day in Washington, D.C. The sun was out and it was warm enough that many people didn't even need coats. There were signs and banners everywhere. Many were mass-produced, but a lot more were handmade or hand-sewn.

Compared to the printed ones that usually just advertised a certain group, the handmade ones usually were the most entertaining as well. Many had scrawled messages in marker, such as "Save the little dudes! A person's a person no matter how small", "Pray for President Bush" and "I had an abortion -- ask me how I feel about my 'choice' now."

The rally was basically a long wait for the march to begin. Many more politicians, several religious figures and some international leaders spoke.

Unfortunately, and expectedly, many decided to insert their own agendas into their speeches, such as the Christian Orthodox Rev. Archbishop Herman, who felt it was necessary to mention homosexuality and politics in his talk. Either way, there was so much more to concentrate on it was not too difficult to tune out the speakers.

Around 1 p.m., the rally finished and the

long march, from the White House to the Supreme Court, began. Now, I am not one for estimating crowds, so I asked a few march veterans who estimated the crowd to be at least 200,000 marchers. The best way to describe the crowd would be enthused, loud and for the most part, young. All different races, religions and regions of the country were represented.

Along the way, I met up with one of my favorite groups, the Pro-Life Alliance of Gays and Lesbians, who had a very strong pamphlet they were handing out.

And while they weren't marching under one banner this year, I also was able to meet with several other members of Feminists for Life, making this trip a very complete one for me.

Overall, it took us about four hours to walk the two mile route. Once we reached the Supreme Court, we were greeted, as the march every year, by approximately 40 police officers behind a metal guard on the steps of the building. The crowd began to break up, leaving many of their signs littering the sidewalks (ugh!).

As I reflected on all that I had seen that day, as great as it was, I realized I was disappointed. I hadn't come to hear politicians talk about how great they are or religious leaders go on and on.

I had come to communicate with others about what really needs to happen, with or without a repeal of Roe v. Wade. So much more needs to be done to assist women and families in giving them real options.

And while the politicians hadn't done anything to satisfy me with that, the people I met and communicated with reassured me that as long as they have anything to do with it, we are heading in that direction. It was the marchers themselves who had made me look forward to the future.

We all parted with our one hopeful punchline. "Hope we don't have to meet again next year."

Activist walks America

story by | Daniel Coate

Two years ago, Kim Denmark, a welfare rights activist from Dayton, Ohio decided to walk across the United States in order to draw attention to the inhumane welfare reform laws that have hurt millions of Americans, especially single mothers and children. After meeting with other activists for the past month in New York City, Kim is ready to resume her welfare rights crusade across the country.

This Saturday, a rally will be held in honor of Kim Denmark at the Holy Rood Church in New York City. Hundreds of Kim's supporters will escort her across the George Washington Bridge and then cheer her on her way.

The groups and individuals endorsing her action and participating in the rally include The International Action Center, Workfairness, the Rev. Al Sharpton, the National Action Network, Community Voices Heard, the Welfare Law Center and New York State Senator David Patterson, among others.

Kim has already walked more than 1,500 miles in all kinds of weather, bearing

a protest sign and an unbreakable spirit at all times. She walks because she believes that people need good jobs, housing, childcare, health care and job training rather than workfare, harassment and fear of homelessness.

In every community Kim stops, she is greeted by welfare recipients, welfare rights activists, other activists, unionists, media and everyday citizens who support her efforts. These people provide her with food and shelter, talk with her about problems with the welfare program and even walk with her as she heads to the next town.

The final schedule of stops for Kim's current march, which will cross 41 states, has not yet been released, but her first two stops are Jersey City and Newark, N.J.

For more information, or to make donations to her march, check out the International Action Center on-line at <http://www.iacenter.org>.

Be sure to watch for Kim Denmark, who is hard to miss in her trademark orange sweatsuit, as she makes her way across the country, spreading awareness on the problems with welfare reform.

Attack of the killer man-eating rabbits

Dear *Monitor* Staff,

I have an exclusive story I would like to share with your reputable publication. I could've shared it with the *Index* but they have a tabloid reputation and obvious disdain for the truth. Enclosed you will find a startling, one-of-a-kind, untouched photograph I found on the ground one day.

As you can clearly see, there is a rabbit in the picture that is larger than the child standing next to it. It may not actually be a child in the photograph but rather a shortish-sized adult dressed like a child. But that is irrelevant. What is relevant is the person-sized rabbit in the photo. I think you will agree with me that it looks hostile. I can personally attest to the look of malice in the large rabbit's eye. He looks hungry too. I think we can all conclude this is a photo of a man-eating rabbit. The innocent-looking littler rabbit is probably a man-eating rabbit baby.

As an amateur detective (my credentials include, but are not limited to, reading the Nancy Drew book *The Mystery of the Old Clock*, owning a pair of binoculars and watching the first season of *The X-Files*), I felt qualified to conduct an investigation into this shocking matter.

I have concluded

this picture was taken in Kirksville because there are fields in this picture and there are similar looking fields in Kirksville. I have further concluded the child/small adult is dead (almost certainly eaten by the rabbit) because I have not seen him on campus.

So this photo is unquestionable proof that there are huge man-eating rabbits in the fields surrounding Kirksville. For those of you who want to question this proof, I suggest you wander around in a nearby field for a while. When you come into contact with a person-sized rabbit, try to pet it. When it tries to eat you, then you will know I am right and it is too late to take the advice I am about to give.

For the majority of you who take this photo as unquestionable proof that killer rabbits are out there and want to kill you, and you

are prone to walking around the man-eating rabbit's habitat (that would be anywhere there is grass), *do not be alarmed*. I have some valuable advice for you.

If you come into contact with a man-eating rabbit, the Center for Rabbit Studies recommends the "carrot response" in which the intended victim falls to the ground immediately and pretends to be a carrot. Man-eating rabbits eat people. Carrots have nothing to fear.

While man-eating rabbits are usually larger and more evil looking than the ordinary rabbit, it is possible for some rabbits of regular size to eat people too. The Center for Rabbit Studies recommends the "carrot response" when in contact with any rabbit just to be on the safe side.

You may want to clip this section out of *The Monitor* and carry it with you wherever you go in case you have a scary rabbit encounter and forget what to do.

Monitor staff, I am sure you share my concern for this problem. Any uninformed persons rambling around Kirksville fields are at risk of being attacked by giant man-eating rabbits.

I will be sure to keep you informed of any further discoveries make in the killer bunny area.

Sincerely,
Chrissy Eatherton.



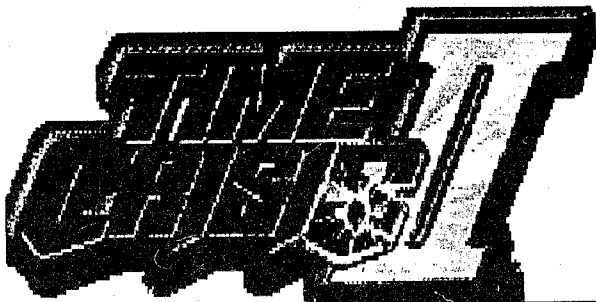
Advertise in *The Monitor*.

[Nerdy guys like these have a lot of expendable money.]



The Monitor sucks...

If you agree, then you should do something about it. Write us a letter and tell us how much we suck. Better yet, come to one of our meetings (every Tues. and Thurs., 9 p.m., in BH 346) and tell us to our face. Better still, write an article for us (which is something every member of the campus community can do).



Looking to expose the facade of Neodyne Industries??

The Take 5 Game Room is hosting a Time Crisis II tournament on Feb 24th at 2 p.m.

Sign up by Feb 23rd at 5 p.m.

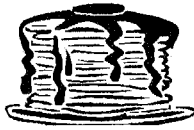
The entry fee is \$3

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Campus Personalities

story by | Cameron Moore

Alright kids, put your boogie shoes on because Campus Personalities is back again. This week's special guest is somebody we all know and love, Virginia Lloyd.

A cashier for nine years running, Mrs. Virginia Lloyd is still as pleasant as can be. She has worked in Missouri Hall cafeteria for 14 years, including five years as a line coordinator before her job as a cashier.

"I really enjoy all the students and the people I work with," Virginia said. She said she applied for the job, started the next day and has loved it ever since. Prior to working on campus, Virginia worked at factories in the area and kept up a farm with her husband.

Last June marked 50 years that she has spent by her husband's side. Both of them have spent their entire lives in Adair and Putnam counties, and currently reside in Greentop, just north of Kirksville.

"I'm an old country gal," Virginia said of being raised on a farm. She and her husband sold their farm in 1996 and now own a small acreage which serves as a "place to get away" for both of them. It is also where Virginia gardens; she cans and freezes her homegrown vegetables.

But just because Virginia has spent her whole life in northeastern Missouri doesn't mean she hasn't seen her fair share of excitement. Both she and her husband used to travel

around the country by motorcycle. She has been to Canada and back, as well as various other spots around the country. They also belonged to motorcycle clubs in the area. Virginia had to quit riding with her husband due to back problems a few years ago.

Virginia has three sons, one granddaughter, three grandsons and one great-grandson; she's a proud mother for sure. Her oldest son is a paramedic and her youngest works for

the Putnam Water Department; both are married. Her middle son lives at home; he is mentally disabled. Her family and her job mean a lot to her, and they give her support to endure.

"I tell my family that my job is what keeps me going," she said, smiling.

And a job to keep her going is just what she needed last year, when her husband survived a bout with throat cancer. He underwent radiation and chemotherapy, which took a lot out of him. He is now doing fine, and is looking to celebrate his 51st wedding anniversary this June.

Hardship aside, Virginia maintains her bright attitude morning after morning, smile after smile. She will continue to do her job because she enjoys it, and she enjoys interacting with us students. Virginia in my mind is always the first smiling face I see in the morning when I eat in Missouri Hall, and hopefully will be for students in years to come.



Latin Americans leave home to work in Missouri

news feature by | Derek Spellman

The city of Milan lies almost 30 miles outside of Kirksville and in the most remote reaches of northern Missouri. To the regular onlooker, the town can seem unspectacular and ordinary: a pale little town of painted clapboard houses tumbling down a hill, a gas station intermittently choked with weeds, a lonely stretch of sidewalk running alongside a small school that has emptied for the day.

Yet the city enjoys a unique distinction in Missouri. Nearly 18 percent of its population comes from Latin America, from countries as diverse as Mexico, Argentina and Nicaragua, from urban centers and twilight sierra alike. The majority of the people have immigrated to the United States in the last five years, enticed out of their native land by employment opportunities in the United States. In a few years, many of them will return to Latin America.

"I came here [to the United States] to make money," Pablo Cruz, a shopkeeper in Milan, said. "I like it here and everything, but I miss my home [in Mexico]."

"A lot of them came here to support their families, to wire money home," Jason Schmidt, a Truman graduate who now teaches English to the Hispanic immigrants, said. "They'll go back when they've made enough money."

In Latin America, the economy is fragile. The unemployment rate often barrels out of control. Thousands live on the border of starvation or financial ruin, in large crumbling tenements or derelict shacks.

Consequently, many will brave the mighty journey to the United States in order to seek work.

Premium Standard Foods (PSF), a plant that processes, packages and distributes pork products across the Midwest, employs the overwhelming bulk of those who immigrate to Milan. Its parent company in Texas enlists Hispanics who cross the border and then channels some of them into the PSF plant in Milan.

"It's hard work," Tommy Baca, the Public Relations Director for the Milan plant, said. "Our turnover rate is about 100 percent."

Baca said most of the work at PSF is on an assembly line and that the work can exact a price. Standing up all day, the back becomes a seat of aches and pains. Packaging or slicing pork products, the hands become a mass of dull and complaining muscles.

Yet Schmidt and Baca said most of the workers will leave the United States with a handsome sum of wages, at least in comparison to the sum they would have amassed in Mexico.

"The average wage in Mexico is about \$3 a day," he said. "Here they [Hispanic immigrants] can earn almost \$8 an hour."

Despite the price exacted by the assembly line, however, the town and the immigrants also possess a perceptible vitality.

In the evenings, after the factory closes down, the streets are swarming with human life.

see HISPANICS, page 12

LETTERS, from page 3

on percolating downwards: in sheer managerial authoritarianism that has absolutely zilch to do with anything to do with a REAL consultative, interpretation of a MEANINGFUL liberal arts definition of proper adults' education.

For topical relevance, take the great non-waste box row sweeping, symbolically, those squalidly narrow dorms the University dignifies as "residences" for you. And which take it from me, as a massive majority-elected former UK student hall of residence president at UK's not coldest, northern English campus, no UK counterpart of yours would tolerate for one relatively more "militant" minute!

It's obvious that floor students are right, as are "Bulldog" Party student senators, ALL protestingly and democratically, on their part. THE UNIVERSITY IS IN BREACH IF ITS STATED SUCH PROVISION CONTRACT, ILLEGALLY. Especially grievously so, as it obliges you, mostly in week times, to have to be stationary here to do its prescribed courses, contingently.

Equally, its corresponding, NAKED: that interim residence hall director Mary Ramsbottom, PhD, who already has a job as a spousal History prof and student senator Jessica Post, herself, arguably, also, an ambitiously (commendable) one as a top College Democrat, are doing their untrained joint wretched best in fawning, "palsy" act. To frustrate and delay, for the administration, this spreading floor revolt.

The answer, militantly, ought to lie with those students THEMSELVES who wrote, so despairingly, additionally last week, to the to *The*

Monitortoo. As to what they could, NOW, do remedially pooling together their and their friends' resources.

Not to buy WALMART third world women's exploited labor waste boxes EN MASSE (that's called Johanna, Stephanie, et al paying twice over, for what you've already been TSU, after all, contract PROMISED). Rather, getting the town's better attorneys (and, yes, there are still SOME, even in this town, Magruder fears) in touch.

And mounting a CLASS group student/parents action suit to make the bastards provide refuse means in basic hygiene provision of comfort.

Does, my contrast, the TSU President leave his free-mansion-flower-beds, at your expense, WINTER unprotected in hired-gardener NEGLECT? Oh no!!!!

Consultation is, don't get me wrong, "great," if it SUBSTANTIVELY amounts pertinently to some real, solid change. Trouble is: that when it does get even consultation processes legitimately, getting upsettingly close to its VAST privileges, near to such real change, as students and we taxpayers find, daily, without our editorialist invited TSU jamboree selves, this crew of mediocrities running TSU refuse to even abide by their own farcical rules!

Gun imposition and name-change of campus, sexistly, are examples of democracy so flouted; as are numerous fled "talented" faculty. All, on the record, people who tried for non-militant widening but aborted change against condescension GALORE! Who are the real "liberal" artists, here? Who?

Larry Iles

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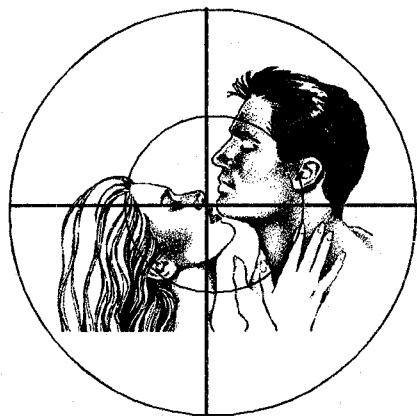
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Keepin' the Cherry?

Chutes and Ladders

An on-going look at Truman State relationships

lot to offer a person that no one else could give them. And that's not just a mushy sentiment I'm writing because I know she'll read this article - I believe that too much stigmatized bullshit is associated with sex in our society.

That's not to say I believe everyone should go out and have sex with whomever they please. On the contrary, I think sex is something that should not be entered into lightly. (Please, no dirty thoughts about that sentence).

After all, sex doesn't only mess with the heads of the people involved. It can also give you HIV, crabs, syphilis, gonorrhea, yeast infections, a child before you're ready and any number of other pleasant gifts.

So, when should a person decide to have sex? Well, most of the people I talked to said they lost their virginity when it "felt right." I think that's a pretty good motto to live by. I mean, c'mon folks, we all have different lives, we're dealing with a lot of different issues right now and no one but you can tell when it's the right time to lose the cherry.

I think it's harder to live in this era and remain a virgin until marriage. Most of us are going to be in college until our early-to-mid twenties, then we'll have to get started in a job, work a few years until we have any kind of security at all, find a partner, then go through the dating and engagement process before we get married.

So, what, we don't have sex till we turn thirty? OK, 21 might be old for a virgin in this day and age, but I'll be damned if my biological clock starts ticking before I have sex. I mean, that's ridiculous! By that time, my niece could have more sexual experience than I. Fuck that shit.

I think there are some really screwed up ideas about sex floating around right now. You turn on the television, open a magazine, listen to the radio and it's there. Kids having sex before

they go through puberty, people using abortion as a form of birth control, 12-year-olds singing "I'm a genie in a bottle baby, gotta rub me in the right way honey, come come come-on and let me out." Do most teeny boppers even know what that means?

Then, in direct opposition, we have all the old stigmas that are shoved down our throats as kids -- good girls shouldn't have sex until they're married and neither should good boys; that is, unless they're real men. Then, they should have as much sex as they can get. Well, who do you listen to? What's really the right thing to do?

If you can answer that, then you're a better person than I. I have friends who are Catholic and having premarital sex, bending their religion because it just doesn't work for the society we have evolved into. It may not be "right," but we are a red-blooded, sex-loving society.

There are a select few of us who still haven't had sex, but that doesn't necessarily have anything to do with our moral beliefs. I know I just haven't found the right person yet (That isn't an invitation, simply a contributing statement.)

So I'm not one of those "wait until you're married" people. I am, on the other hand, of the notion that you should "wait until you find the right person." Does that mean I'm a sinner and I'm going to hell? How the fuck should I know? I'm not God, and I tend to believe that's His decision to make.

And I think those holier-than-thous who would sentence my non-virgin friends and I to Hell for thinking it's our decision to make, can stick it where the sun don't shine because times they are a-changin', and what worked for former generations just isn't working for this one.

feature by | Lisa Magierowski

There is a stigma associated with our generation that once we enter college we are no longer virgins. Apparently, it's a given that people our age have sex like rabbits. We obviously eat, drink and sleep the opposite sex. We don't care about anything else.

I'm insulted by this assumption. I mean, I'm not blind -- I know many of my peers have, and have had for years, an active sex life. I know relationships have a very viable presence in their lives. BUT, (notice this is a big but), sex does not dominate their entire existence.

On the other hand, I think it does screw us up. I interviewed many students on different levels of the sex hierarchy who said they regretted their first time.

One of my very good friends told me she lost her virginity at 14 years old. She said she hung out with a bad crowd in high school, got really high one night and had sex with a guy she just met.

When I asked her why she regretted losing her virginity that young, she told me it hurts her to know she won't be able to give the person she spends the rest of her life with that one special thing, her virginity. Now she thinks she can't offer him anything another girl could.

Well, I think that's shit -- I've known this person for a long time, and I know she has a

Alleged biopirates map human genome

story by | Daniel Coate

On Feb. 12, after years of research, the entire human genome, 3.1 billion bits of DNA that make up the human genetic blueprint, was shown to the public for the first time. Scientists have called the mapping of the human genetic structure a scientific milestone that marks the beginning of a new age in medicine. The new knowledge is expected to lead to acceleration in the diagnosis and treatment of diseases, as well as the development of preventions and cures. In addition, the findings will lead to a scientific understanding of human proteins.

The sequencing found that humans are made up of about 30,000 to 40,000 genes, considerably less than the previously estimated 60,000 to 100,000 genes and only twice as many as the fruit fly. In addition, the results showed that about 35 percent of human DNA contains no genes. Scientists have yet to figure out what purpose this DNA serves. The findings also confirmed that all humans are 99 percent identical.

However, despite all of the new knowledge and opening possibilities resulting from the mapping of the human genome, many people in the scientific community, as well as members of

the public, are disappointed in the behavior of the scientific community.

Two teams of scientists have been competing in their research and have been accused of compromising their values in the race to publish their data. The Human Genome Project, an international association of 20 groups of scientists, led by Dr. Maynard Olson, director of the genome center at the University of Washington, and funded by the National Institute of Health and the Department of Energy, published its results in the scientific journal *Nature*.

The other team of scientists, led by Dr. J. Craig Venter of the private for-profit company Celera, published its results in *Science* magazine. Venter, formerly a National Institute of Health researcher, left in 1992 to launch his private firm to compete with the publicly funded project, forming Celera in 1998.

Both teams allegedly committed Biopiracy, a crime in which scientists travel to undeveloped parts of the world to extract DNA from the healthier indigenous peoples and their ecosystems. The Biopirates then patent the information acquired from the samples, not sharing the profits with those from whom they gathered the DNA.

In addition, the Human Genome Project and Celera had been battling for years over the best method for decoding the human genome. Their intense debate has raised questions concerning the relation between science and business and protecting the values of the science community. Olson accused Venter and Celera's businesslike emphasis on quantity over quality, speed over accuracy.

Celera processed the entire 3.1 billion units of DNA with automated sequencing machines, while the Human Genome Project focused on sequencing specific sections of the genome, a method, though slower, much more accurate than Celera's method, according to Olson, who also accused Celera of taking his group's data and using it as a framework for their research.

Both journals publishing the data posted it on-line in databases. *Science*, which published Celera's results, requires anyone seeking to access the database to sign a user agreement, while *Nature* gives all scientists unrestricted access to the information. A group of scientists have started organizing a boycott of *Science* magazine because they feel it is violating the free and open exchange of information.

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monitor reviews

People get torched by giant balls of flame!

Faith of the Fallen
Terry Goodkind

review by | W. Aaron Wilson

Call me an eternal optimist, but I knew Terry Goodkind had it in him to write another really good book. After his brilliant and at times hilarious debut, *Wizard's First Rule*, I thought a star of the fantasy world had been born.

However, I felt tricked and cheated when I picked up the second book, *Stone of Tears*, and found myself reading nothing more than a Robert Jordan rip off, complete with a clone of a major character (who, for some reason never surfaces again in Goodkind's world. Hmmm...).

Three and four were decent books, but number five was an almost unreadable mess. I had just about given up on Goodkind, but then again, I am an optimist. When I had a chance to pick up *Faith of the Fallen*, the sixth book in the *Sword of Truth* series, I did so, just to give the guy another chance.

I'm going to eat a cockroach. Ha! You thought I was going to use that tired cliché, "I'm



glad I did," didn't you? Guess I showed you, albeit at the expense of the basic coherence and sanity of this review.

Anyway, imagine a world of draconian, almost Communistic regulations and organizations based upon the principle of helping the needy.

Add a deeply ingrained culture of victimhood and you might

imagine the world that Goodkind has created in his latest book.

What is fascinating about the society created in this book is while it appears to draw heavily on Cold War propaganda about the Soviet Union (the influence of 1984 is almost tangible) it also seems to be targeting parts of our present society.

While it attacks the liberal ideal of governmentally mandated help to the lower classes, it also targets the traditional Christian view of mankind as unclean sinners. The entire book is a triumphal assertion of the nobility of mankind

and the need for people to help themselves.

There's also a bunch of really cool fighting scenes where all kinds of people get torched by giant balls of flame. While Goodkind creates a philosophical masterpiece on one front, he balances it with a masterpiece of military tactics. Watching the cat and mouse games of one insanely huge (Goodkind only likes troop numbers that are in multiples of 10,000) and one underdog small army is breathtaking in its intricacy and terrifying in its cruelty.

Goodkind also takes an inspirational look at the fantasy element of magic in warfare.

Where most authors just have people blasting at each other with lightning, he creates a complex game of spell and counterspell, akin to the technological race played out in historical conflicts such as World War II. The effort to neutralize a potential threat rather than just wipe out the enemy seems much more realistic in its approach.

All things considered, this book is an intense ride through a masterfully crafted fantasy landscape. Much more psychological than anything else, this book will keep you up late at night trying to plumb the same dark depths of the human mind that Goodkind has tapped into.

Remo Williams pontificates, kicks ass

Remo Williams: The Adventure Begins

review by | W. Aaron Wilson and The Dave

If there's one thing that you can learn from watching *Remo Williams: The Adventure Begins*, it is that Chiun has eerie powers.

Chiun, on women's rights. "Women should stay at home and make babies. Preferably a man-child."

Chiun, on sharing. Upon winning the giant Pink Panther doll at Coney Island, Chiun remarks, "Remember, I won it. It is mine."

Chiun, on the American automobile industry. After being pulled from the wreckage of a shattered flat bed truck: "In Korea, door handles do not break."

Chiun, on parenting. "When you reach

middle-age, my son, you have a tendency to bruise easily." Remo: "What did you call me?" Chiun: "I called you clumsy oaf. You drive like a monkey in heat."

Chiun, on positive reinforcement. "If you are good, you may have a teaspoonful of honey in your rice."

Chiun, on anatomy. Remo: "You know, Chiun, sometimes you're a real pain in the ass." Chiun: "That is because it is the shortest route to your brain."

Chiun, on General Hospital. "This is your country's one contribution to the arts."

Chiun, on fitness. "I can see the cheeseburger has done its deadly work. You run like a pregnant yak."

Chiun, on making love. "Lesson thirty-six, the ten steps to bringing a woman to sexual ecstasy."

Chiun, on learning. Remo: "What lesson am I on?" Chiun: "You would call it four, I would call it embarrassing."

Chiun, on national identity. Remo: "Do you always talk like a Chinese fortune cookie?" Chiun: "Chinese? The Korean is the most perfect creature to grace the Earth with its footprint."

Chiun, on praise. Remo: "Chiun, you're incredible." Chiun: "No, I am better than that!"

These are a few pieces of evidence that prove Chiun's greatness. To witness more of Chiun (Joel Grey), Remo (Fred Ward), the genius computer hacker Harold Smith (Wilford Brimley) and the tightrope-walking, stair-climbing guard dogs, pick up your copy of *Remo Williams: The Adventure Begins* today. Available wherever awesome '80s action movies are rented or sold.

Underground rapper rules female MCs

Bahamadia
BB Queen
Goodvibe Records

review by | Jonathan Cannon

Bahamadia is the most skillful female MC in hip hop. Period. End of story. Yes, I mean better than Lauryn Hill, Missy Elliot, Lil' Kim, even old school vet MC Lyte.

A native of Philly, the hip-hop/soul capital of the world, she broke out in '94 with her lackluster debut *Kollege*. Despite surprisingly good beats and Bahamadia's entrancing flow, *Kollege* failed to reach main-

stream success and after one quiet single simply faded out (the album is now out of print).

Bahamadia plowed on, though, doing shows out of Philly and occasionally surfacing for a



guest appearance (most prominently, the Root's *Illadelph Halflife*, Sweetback's self-titled debut and Roni Size's legendary *New Forms*). Otherwise, she remained in the underground.

All this changed in spring of 2000, six years after her debut. Joining Slum Village's label Goodvibe, Bahamadia released the seven track EP *BB Queen*, and once again proved her place on the throne.

The only complaint with this album is that it's just not long enough. On every track, Bahamadia comes correct with rhymes that will blow your mind. She takes such finesse to the mic that it's hard to believe that the words are coming from a person and not a computer program.

Her flow on the drum 'n' bass-flavored "Pep Talk" will leave you reeling, while she switches up to a mellow mood on the bass-thumping "One-Four-Teen (Funky For You)."

On "Beautiful Things," she laments the horrors of the world, while shedding a glimmer of hope.

And the slick track "Commonwealth" is a message to all the hard working women of the world who never quite make it to a photo shoot.

With some guest spots by other top notch underground MCs -- Rasco, Planet Asia, Slum Village, Dwele, Chops and DJ Revolution -- the album is like a call to arms for the real hip-hop.

If there is any justice in the music industry, *BB Queen* will boost Bahamadia's career up from the underground and into rap's major leagues. She's definitely proven herself on her EP. Now it's time to see her go head to head with all the silicon-implanted, booty shaking, sex and trash talking female MCs -- and see who the real queen is.

Funk band is hazard to campus

review by | Jerry Schirmer

Perhaps you saw the signs promoting Hazard to Ya Booty up around campus a few weeks ago, wondered what the band was about, but decided to stay home on a Friday night, feeling a little exhausted for by a long week. For all the fools who did this on Feb. 7, I've got two words for you: Wrong decision.

Playing to a completely packed Aqua Dome (I later heard one of the proprietors was a little worried at having so many people show up), Hazard worked and entertained a crowd so dense that few in attendance could do little else but bounce off of the people next to them. Somehow, the crowd was hyped enough it really did not matter all that much.

Although the band relied to a very large extent upon funk classics ("Play that Funky Music, White Boy," "Jungle Boogie"), they gave the music a fresh enough spin that every thing simply sounded alive. The band kept the house rocking for an hour and a half, played an encore



Hazard to Ya Booty rocks out.

photo by | Ben Smith

On the way home from the show, the whole car of people I was riding with agreed that the band would eventually be legendary on campus. Although the band is made up of freshmen and has only been playing for one or two months, it still was able to play hard and well and draw large crowds. The general consensus is: watch out, Hazard to Ya Booty will soon be a hazard to the history of live music at the University.

And the Oscar goes to Julia Roberts' cleavage

opinion by | Ed Jenkins

It is that time of year when I tell everybody I know which movies and actors and key grips are objectively the best of the year. It's time for the Academy Awards. I'll call it the Oscars. Or maybe the Meatheads-Rate-Movies. Because the Academy is way off, again.

I must offer one disclaimer. I never saw *Almost Famous*, (one can only see so much when huddled around the cave called Kirksville), or *Shadow of the Vampire*. Of the former, I am not prepared to judge it, only that I do know it had a shiny-like-platinum cast of awesome people and was probably one of the best this year.

For the latter, I will judge it anyway, saying that it most definitely rocked and that Willem Dafoe should have been nominated as an actor, not supporting actor. "Hi, I'm Willem Dafoe. You may know me as Jesus or Nosferatu."

Let's start big potatoes, the biggest, Best Picture. *Chocolat* was nominated for some reason. It does have Johnny Depp. Oh, it was probably good, but it was only nominated because Depp is beautiful.

Crouching Tiger gets a chance because it's the best drama of the year and the best action movie ever. It won't win because its in Chinese.

Erin Suckovich gets nominated as well as *Traffic*, both from Steven Soderbergh. *Traffic* is a winner, and will win. *Suckovich* can suck it.

Gladiator is up there too. I agree with The Robert Ebert who said "Titus puts *Gladiator* to shame," even though I saw neither.

Call Vegas and place your bets on Soderbergh for director. The directing category

has the same nominees as picture, sans *Chocolat*, plus *Billy Elliot*. Ang Lee should win and might because not even Dubya is ignorant enough to miss the spectacular scenes in *Tiger*. But in the end, Soderbergh has the best chance because *Traffic* was an excellent piece of ass, er, directing.

Actor: Javier Bardem, Russell Crowe, Tom Hanks, Ed Harris, Geoffrey Rush. Keep Tom Hanks on the list even though he didn't know they were filming his routine vacation for *Castaway*. Keep Javier Bardem who played a homosexual Castro supporter in some film that I've never heard of.

The other three need to go. Oh guess what: Geoffrey Rush can play a crazy artistic guy! Russell Crowe can play a sensitive guy with a macho façade! Ed Harris can play a bald guy! Give me Chow Yun-Fat, Billy Crudup, Hugh Jackman, John Cusack.

The actress category isn't even worth discussing except for this: Bjork should have been nominated and should win, but they'll give it to Julia Roberts. Her bra will get best supporting actress.

It's a bad year for movies, and an even worse year for Oscars. Here's the movies getting screwed over: *Dancer in the Dark*, *X-Men*, and *Cradle Will Rock* which has literally ten actors/actresses deserving of Oscars. And did we forget Jack Black? He was in *Cradle Will Rock*, *High Fidelity*, and *Jesus' Son* this year.

Very Important: I can give the Oscars one thing: Steve Martin is hosting! Funniest man ever equals watch it.



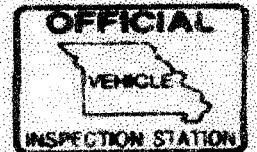
Category	Should Win	Will Win
Picture	<i>Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon</i>	<i>Traffic</i>
Director	Ang Lee	Steven Soderbergh
Actor	Chow-Yun Fat	Russell Crowe
Actress	Bjork	Ellen Burstyn
Supporting Actor	Willem Dafoe	Willem Dafoe
Supporting Actress	Frances McDormand	Frances McDormand

For an earache, take two of these and call *The Monitor* in the morning. It worked for Kristen.

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Meditate to remove stress

story by | Cameron Moore

This coming weekend, the Art of Living Club will be offering a beginners course in meditation. The club, whose members practice yoga breathing techniques and postures, as well as meditation, offers the course only once a semester.

"Our goal is to improve the quality of life," Dr. Lloyd Pflueger, faculty supervisor for the club and professor of Eastern philosophy and mysticism, said. "Stress is the common factor between everybody on this campus."

Pflueger said the meditation he teaches is very easy to learn and quite useful for personal growth.

Club president, "Meditation" Mike Heinz, assists Dr. Pflueger in teaching the techniques learned in the course. Mike emphasized that not only are the courses offered helpful, but they are also a lot of fun.

"Meditation" Mike leads a guided meditation every Wednesday at 4:30 p.m. in the Missouri Hall classroom, which is a different form of meditation than what is being taught this weekend.

He also teaches yoga at the student recreation center Thursdays at 7:30 p.m.

Along with teaching meditation, the Art of Living Club also offers a beginners yoga course once a semester. This course emphasizes breathing as the body's fundamental way to relieve itself of stress and toxins.

"People abuse their minds and bodies to get rid of stress," Pflueger said. "It can make you smarter, happier, and clearer if you release it in a natural way."

The course also teaches some basic yoga postures and other techniques for leading a more peaceful life.

In addition to the club offering beginners courses, it also encourages its participants to meet once a week every week thereafter to practice the techniques learned in the course in a group atmosphere. Meeting every week also encourages the participants to continue their practices on a daily basis in order to see more effective results.

There will be a short informational meeting this Thursday in Baldwin Hall 252 at 7:30 p.m. for upcoming weekend course.

HISPANICS, from page 8

Human shapes can be made out flitting across sidewalks, in and out of storefronts, pausing to exchange words with each other.

When the weather is agreeable, knots of factory workers hover around street corners, trading stories and swapping insults, erupting into boisterous laughter, offering to match each other in pushups.

If both weather and sunlight permit, the men play soccer in the great yellow light of open fields.

"Milan is not a dead town," one factory worker said. "Not at all."

Yet most of the immigrants' leisure time is spent in the company of other Hispanics.

Victoria Mensa, a native of Argentina who has lived in Milan for almost 20 years, said "There is not much interaction [between the town inhabitants and the immigrants]. I mean they are friendly with each other, but they don't spend a lot of time together."

She said one of the principal reasons was

because many of the immigrants simply do not stay long enough to forge close ties with the town.

"Many of them leave after just a few years," she said. "And then lots of new people come in. Then they leave. So it is tough for people to get to know each other."

Baca said the language barrier is an especially powerful obstacle as well. He said PSF has mounted an aggressive campaign to close the divide between the Hispanics and the town inhabitants. It has sponsored community mixers and festivals and has shaped many of its work site policies to forge good relations between its Hispanic and non-Hispanic workers.

Schmidt said it is still an immense task to improve relations because of how swiftly workers leave the town.

"I mean, if you were living in Japan, would you go to trouble of learning the language if you were only going to be there for a few years?" he said. "Would you expect the Japanese to learn English? Probably not."



POP TOP FIVE



feature by | Jonathan Cannon

Here we go again. The top five. Not exactly the Pop Top Five, but *my* Pop Top Five. Five albums that you'll probably never see on a Pop Top Five list, but you damn well should. The proverbial cream of the lesser-known crop. R & B and hip-hop that never made it to the Big Countdown. As I started with one through five last issue (in no particular order), I'll continue with six through ten this time.

6. Scarface -- *The World Is Yours*. An old school favorite. Scarface made his mark as one of the Geto Boys, dropping a verse on the timeless "My Mind is Playing Tricks on Me." This, his sophomore album, released in '95, is straight from the heart. This is gangsta rap at its best; unabashed, brutal and tragic.

His delivery has been compared to 2pac and Notorious B.I.G., but make no mistake -- Scarface has been doing his thing since 2pac was dancing backup for Digital Underground and Biggie was... I don't know, probably eating.

Somehow, though, he hasn't and likely won't reach the star status of the other two, which is a travesty in itself. *The World Is Yours* is a landmark album, with tracks like "Lettin' Em Know," "The Wall" and "Still That Nigga" carry such a true voice that, by comparison, make many of today's "gangsta" rappers look like Sambos.

7. Rakwon -- *Only Built for Cuban Linx*. When the Wu-Tang Clan exploded onto the scene, hip-hop fans couldn't wait to snap up every album that hit the wreck sto. (READ: Record Store. C'mon, go rent Prince's *Under the Cherry Moon* y'all) The Wu album *Enter the 36 Chambers*, Method Man's *Tical* and ODB's *Return to the 36 Chambers* all scored big, while *Cuban Linx* rode the wave into mediocre sales.

Yet *Cuban Linx* is also quite possibly the most polished Wu album of all the first generation album (before the disappointing *Wu-Tang Forever* album). Using John Woo's bloody big-screen masterpiece *The Killer* as a backdrop, the album features some of the RZA's best beats, like "Incarcerated Scarfaces" and "Ice Cream" -- the latter of which the RZA recycled into the *Ghost Dog* Soundtrack. Along with Wu partner Ghostface Killah (probably pound for pound the Wu's best lyricist).

Rakwon spits the usual Wu banter, but with an understated flow that's just enough to tip *Cuban Linx* into a place among the classics.

8. Brand Nubian -- *One for All*. Pure butter. One of the silent pioneers of Golden Age hip-hop, Brand Nubian dropped this, their debut album, in 1990. Without a doubt this is the kind of album that, sadly, will never be made again. It came during the heyday of hip-hop, before Biz Markie was crucified in the courtroom for all of our (sampling) sins.

The beats use vintage, mouth-watering, sample-heavy break beats.

The lyrics are bouncy, lively and full of nonsensical fun: "No, I'm not phony and I've got a tendon/Love the way she is, not too fat not too bony." "Bitch, get a job/For me you won't rob/Cause I'll smack you with a hose full of sand." "Smooth as Ali Baba, once a week I see the barber/So honey pucker up, cause I'm a damn good slobber."

Fans of a Tribe Called Quest, De La Soul and the Beastie Boys will love this album.

9. Sweetback -- *Self-titled*. Who? In 1996, Sade's backing band Sweetback released an R & B album of their own -- and with instrumentals jammed out on half the tracks, the results weren't exactly chart topping.

Still, major props go to this album for what it is; a beautiful mood-setting LP. Crooner Maxwell, female emcee Bahamadia and Amel Larrieux all share spots on the album, each at

their best. Maxwell, for one, contributes his vocals to "Softly, Softly," a mellow tune reminiscent of his work on the Love Jones album, while Bahamadia shows her versatile skills on "Au Natural," a bouncy, "bump in the whip" jam with a heavy, head bopping bass line. Even the virtually undiscovered artist Leroy Osbourne shines on "Hope She'll Be Happier," a tearful ballad to getting over rejection.

Fans of Sade and Maxwell are sure to appreciate this album, produced by the multi-talented and extremely underrated producer Stuart Matthewmann.

10. Dead Prez -- *Let's Get Free*. This is a hot one. You could argue that with the slow fall of Public Enemy, and the breakup of N.W.A., the radical "We ain't taking this shit no mo!" hip-hop gave way to the more material, "Rock dat ice, pop dat Benzies" kind. Meanwhile, the underground often came with the more inspirational, but sometimes hopelessly corny messages.

Dead Prez bring all the rage back into the music. They're two angry, politically active brothers out to start riots and movements. Think of *Evil Empire*. Think of *Fear of a Black Planet*. Dead Prez's M1 and Stic.man raise issues that even Chuck D. would've sidestepped, with lines like "They schools can't teach us shit/My people need freedom, we tryin' to get all we can get/All my high school teachers can suck my dick/Tellin' me white man lies, straight bullshit." This is progressive hip-hop at its best.

Not only all that, but they also succeeded in making a complete, completely realized album with heavy beats to match the words. Joints like "I'm an African," "Hip Hop," "Police State" and "Animal in Man" (adapted from George Orwell's *Animal Farm*... and yes it's as great as it sounds), bring the hardcore like no other in hip-hop today. This is one of the best hip-hop albums to be released in the last five years.

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Don't be Afraid...

by Ryan Ruffatti





"All the News That's Unfit" has a new home. Read it on page 2.

(Of course, you can always read it on-line at <http://www.trumanmonitor.org>.)

Acrobats invade University

review by | Jon Sanders

I pray that China never decides to invade the United States because the Peking Acrobat troupe alone could defeat all three major branches of the U.S. Armed Forces in hand-to-hand combat.

In addition, a nuclear war would most likely break out, eradicating all forms of life on Earth except bacteria and Howard Stern.

These talented acrobats repeatedly pulled off inconceivable aerial aerobics and impossibly precise feats of dexterity, balance, strength and discipline, the likes of which no Truman student has ever seen without the aid of millions of dollars worth of computer graphics.

Performers folded themselves, arranged miscellaneous limbs in awkward and ordinarily fatal positions, and executed stunningly graceful maneuvers using common household objects, such as chairs, tables, bowls, ropes and men in extravagant lion costumes.

The Peking Acrobats' appearance at Baldwin Hall Feb. 8 at 7:30 p.m. was the latest installment in Truman State's Kohlenberg Lyceum Series, a sequence of artful and often exotic presentations, including the approaching ice skating display.

I battled the cold and the crowd to get to Baldwin Hall Feb. 8, and finally collapsed exhausted into my seat in the packed venue. When the overhead lights dimmed and the familiar pastel stage lights brightened, I leaned back in my seat, not knowing what to expect.

The curtains slid open and I was stunned

by the flurry of action on-stage. People were running, jumping, tumbling, and spinning with indescribable grace and poise.

After an entertaining introduction with men in outlandish lion suits, two young girls came out and lied on their backs on small tables with their legs up at a 90 degree angle to their bodies. Other acrobats followed them carrying ceramic jars, which they placed on the girls' waiting legs.

These girls did all sorts of physics-defying tricks with the jars, spinning them in all directions, tossing them up in the air and catching them without breaking the spin, and all using only their feet. And that was just the first act.

Each segment got more outrageous from there, punctuated by amusing Peking clowns with impressive balancing skills. Spectators were treated to a girl riding a 10-foot-tall unicycle while tossing things up with one foot and catching them on top of her head.

We saw fabulous contortionists who could overlap their bodies with Mr. Fantastic-ease. One male acrobat grabbed a rope and lifted himself horizontally, then began rolling his body up the rope, wrapping it round his torso as he climbed.

The Peking Acrobats simply put on a helluva show. The roar of applause when they finished sounded like a tidal wave crashing. This was the best show I have seen all year on campus, and if the Peking Acrobats return next year, I'll be first in line to get tickets. You had better be second.

Interested in excellent drinks and great music?

THE DOWN UNDER, BACCHUS AND GAMMA AND FAC PRESENT:

Late Night in the Union

Thursday, March 1st from 7-11 p.m.
In the Down Under

Featuring:

The True Men

Until Tomorrow

Mocktails by Bacchus and Gamma



Queen Astra

Let the stars
be your guide!

Aries (March 21-April 20) Pizza; the universal romance language of love.

Taurus (April 21-May 22) Step 1: Get video camera from ITC. Step 2: Point it at the TV. Step 3: Enter the infinite gateway into the world of TRON.

Gemini (May 23-June 21) You don't get a horoscope this week. The Queen is on vacation, bitch.

Cancer (June 22-July 24) People will like your new car better than your old car. That's because you bought your old car ... but stole your new car.

Leo (July 25-August 23) You will have an irresistible urge to go see Chris Rock's new movie ... even though your expectations are not very high ... at all.

Virgo (August 24-September 23) Speaking of urges ... You've got the urge to herbal. OOOohh ... AAaahh ... Herbal Essences that is.

Libra (September 24-October 23) There is no stopping Sisqo. He's got this movie now and shit ... soon he's going to be bigger than Usher Raymond, and this will really piss you off.

Scorpio (October 24-November 22) Fuck.

Sagittarius (November 23-December 21) Either in this life or the next one, you will appear on Jeopardy ... and sexually assault Alex Trebek, in a losing cause. He's Canadian, you know.

Capricorn (December 22-January 20) Sex is just like candy ... John Candy

Aquarius (January 21-February 19) Did you know that there are 420 different sexual positions. Many of them require a Rocking Chair, but not "the airplane." You are on your own on that one, Ace.

Pisces (February 20-March 20) I see poontang in the cumming weeks.



ART PAGE

Artwork by Truman's Aaron Fine:
Currently displayed in the Activities Room.

Artist's Statement:

"This exhibit includes two bodies of work representing distinct means of pursuing similar ends. All of these paintings and sculptures are involved in presenting a portrait of myself which may have a different meaning in each individual viewer's life. They are all intended to be playful and unironic, wearing their hearts on their sleeves.

"In the most recent (and still ongoing) body of work watercolor is mounted in an unconventional manner. These painted objects explore my own personal history as if it were a fiction or even a theatre. Each painting was inspired by sketches of the floor plans of one of the 25 homes in which I have lived, but the meaning of these works necessarily evolves. Themes I am consistently reminded of include adolescence, sexuality, vanity, secrecy, and, thankfully, wonder and humor."

All Works shown are watercolor on panel, made in 2000.

All works are \$250. For more information contact the artist at 785-5386.



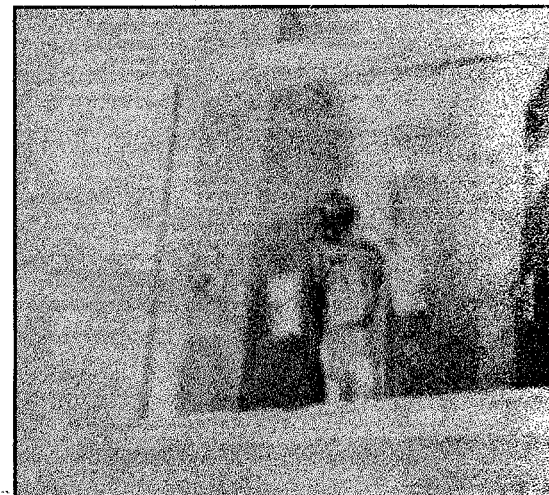
"Seventeenth Home"



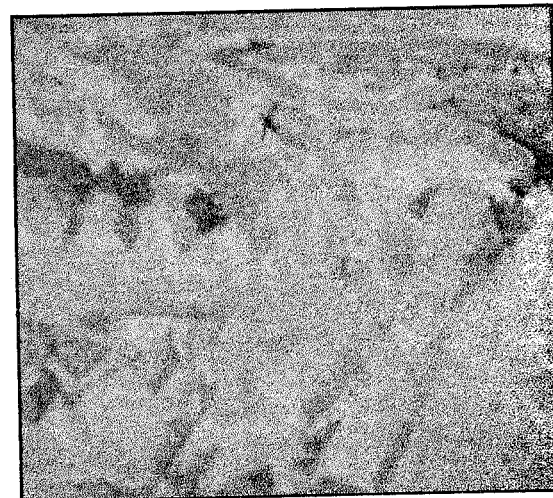
"Eighth Home, Springtime"



"Eighth Home, Ice Fishing"



"Thirteenth Home"



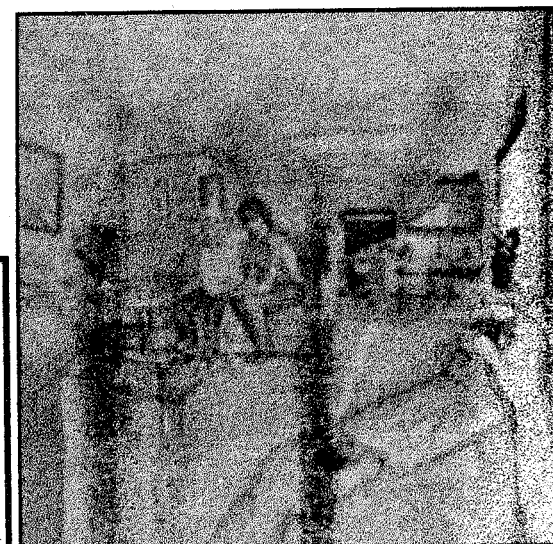
"Sixth Home"



"Twelfth Home"



"Fourth Home"



"Eighth Home, Puberty"

TOM THUMB ART GALLERY
THIS FRIDAY FEB 23
7 PM
603 FIRST STREET

>>tomthumbgallery@yahoo.com<<

>Behemoth hog on a spit:
BRING a FORK to DIG INTO the
Succulent Beast
>Guest Speaker:
the French Phenomenon CARLO
ROSSI
>A truck and house to graffiti:
BRING a can of SPRAY paint
>POETRY
>MORE DEAD BABIES
>Something Special

Airport Vigil

Back forth, back forth.
 Litter-bugging around littered coffee cups,
 \$3.00-a-cup makes for expensive trash,
 on the terminal floor at gate 5.
 Pacing, holding the plane in the air, care-
 Fully watching it land.
 Reunited smiles, twining of lips,
 "Is that all you carried on?"
 Eyex asking, "Have I changed?"
 And skittish answers,
 Reminding that days, weeks, months
 Change so firmly the character of
 Our together—
 Straining of easing what was easy or strained.

Watching airport people,
 I wonder where, why, how—
 All have reasons.
 I wonder family, business, affair de coeur—
 It is people-watching paradise.,
 Replete with baggage-heavy, unsmiling,
 Frequent-fliers.
 Wandering sterile halls likes souls in *shoal*.
 You learn to feel at home in such a place,
 I suppose.

Once I stop to watch
 An employee. (My flight is always
 Last to land.) She does not seem happy.
 She is mopping the floors
 Of this, out pergutory.
 Meticulous, she blocks off an 8 by 4 section
 of linoleum squares, speckled like
 Bluejay eggs shell.
 Slapping medusa mop to the floor,
 She pushes first one way, then the other.
 To and fro, fore and aft.
 Stops to fan the wet tile of her work,
 the strikes the site. Sections off 8 by 4 again.
 A few feet down.

I am reminded of the chore of carrying water
 From the river Styx, in buckets with
 Holes for a bottom. Never done.

I shiver in the pane-glass, creeping cold,
 Turning my attention to the traffic beyond.
 Strange birds with no class,
 Except 747,
 No species,
 Save Twin Engine,
 No family,
 But Jet,
 Are ascending from the sky.
 Wheels slowly, haltingly
 Lighting on the pavement,
 As if physics were merely a tool.
 Flight merely instinct.

Tame birds that drink fuel
 And air. Do the giant metal wings

Tire and dream of hangered sleep?
 Of the grease-smeared conveyor
 Belts of their assembly?
 How can we study flight &
 Migratory patterns, accounting for
 Layovers and transfers and
 Weather delays?

The airport is never-ending. There is no time
 Inside its walls. Just stock characters, actors
 In a Greek tragedy, a comedy. There is no
 Landing, no comfort, no coming home. Only the
 Waiting.

—Heather Fester

porcelain

beautiful porcelain doll
 dressed to taste
 with no where to go

she smiles incessantly-
 her expression painted
 carefully
 meticulously
 with scrupulous hands
 on her hollow face

hollow eyes stare
 blank
 uncaring
 insensitive
 trapped
 and a lovely picture no one can enjoy but her

buried
 behind a superficial mask
 behind her poise, her grace, her calm
 behind stiff curls, soft lace, silk flowers
 behind smiling lips and glowing cheeks

She lives.

But she has never lived.

she longs to break free
 to cry the tears behind
 glass eyes
 to fall
 from the pedestal on which she was placed
 to the floor
 and
 through her shattered pieces
 to be freed

—Erin Shadensack

Elation

Silent as a fresh cool breeze,
 Pure as falling snow,
 Strong as a weathered tree,
 Soft as a feather pillow,

Fresh as a dew-covered rose,
 Slow in coming as spring,
 Eye to eye, and nose to nose
 Yearning, trembling

Lips welcome bliss
 Of love's first kiss.

—Philip Stubbs

Momentum

Seeing this rabbit appear is no shock—
 Rabbits do such things regularly.
 Almost a picture of a rabbit, really.
 I'm at the dogtrack.
 My head turns mechanically.
 This rabbit and I are looking at each other for the first time.
 You always think when they stop and really look at you
 That they will know not to come closer;
 That when you see that white, bunched cut-out,
 You can will this machine and yourself out of existence.
 Perhaps a rabbit is a bundle of running—ahead, no matter what.
 But when that bundle comes undone,
 It's me that flies on.

—Rachel Sokolov

My Monkey

It chases me,
 arms raised,
 teeth smile,
 dung flinging.

I run and run.
 IT IS STILL THERE.
 Ooh ooh ahh ahh
 it says as I flee in terror.

Why why? I scream as I run.
 Little he once was
 with a banana in his hand,
 dancing to my music box.

Now he has turned.
 Now is the day.
 Man beware.
 The monkeys are back.

—Chris Foosman

My Back Pages

Thanks for all your support!!! My Back Pages loves
 you all. Keep submissions rolling in, folks. Drop them
 in The Monitor mailbox in the CAOC, or send an email
 to x289@truman.edu. Thanks guys, it means a lot.