

# THE MONITOR

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

Volume 7, Number 11 / 20 March 2001

A Campus Collective

## KKK continues in Northeast Missouri

story by | Derek Spellman

Buried in the archives of the Adair County Historical Society there is a grainy photograph of a rally of the Ku Klux Klan in 1924. At a glance, the occasion seems suffused with an almost festive air -- booths lined by strings of lamps, buoyant crowds, bonfires, torches flickering and flaring into the darkness. At a glance, it seems cast in the stars, the distant stuff of legend. Until one looks closer, and sees that the rally was staged here in Kirksville almost 77 years ago.

At the height of its powers in 1924, more than 2,000 people in Adair County belonged to the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. The Kirksville chapter, which was termed the Flaming Circle, convoked meetings on the third floor of the Heinzman-Swigert building and staged rallies on the northern fringes of town in what is now known as Kellwood Hills.

Various persons, who spoke on condition of anonymity, said the Klan presided over a string of lynchings in the northeastern Missouri from 1924 onwards and cited La Plata as the site of one lynching as late as the 1950s. Although the Klan's power began to ebb in the 1960s, archival research says in the early 1980s almost three million Americans remained accredited members of the Klan.

In a 1979 interview granted to Dr. Harold Eastman of Northeast Missouri State University (now Truman State), the Grand Titan of Northeastern Missouri Joel Shatto said that between 8,000 and 9,000 people in Missouri also remained accredited members. The Flaming Circle remained a member of the Northeastern Klavern, a cluster of six or seven counties, that stretched from Moberly to Kirksville, from Macon to Chillicothe. Among its duties, Shatto said, was to prowl Route 63 and rescue stranded motorists.

According to the Anti-Defamation League (ADFL) and Southern Poverty Law Center, however, the Klan has drifted into decline

since the 1990s. Riven by factionalism and by principled disagreements over ideology, the Klan has splintered into several different chapters. The ADFL said that many small chapters bloom, flourish, and fade almost as soon as they come into being.

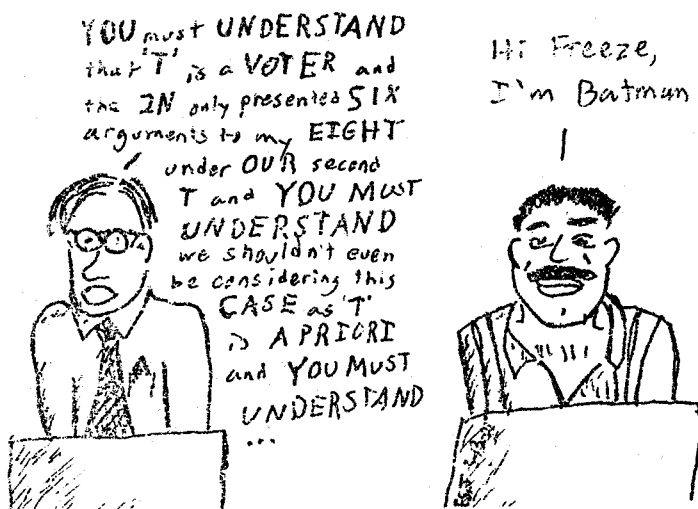
"It's an indication that it's time to put the robes in the closet and get out the suits and trousers," John Burkhardt of the Center for Community Building, a watchdog for hate groups in the Midwest, said.

Yet Klan websites still term Missouri as "a Klan friendly

state." The presence of Klan organizations has been confirmed in at least a dozen Missouri townships and cities, including Anapolis, Nixa, Mapaville, Humansville, Leslie, Overland, Elmer, St. Louis (it houses four Klan chapters), Moberly, Columbia and Hannibal. Local anonymous sources have also confirmed its presence here in Kirksville and in La Plata.

Sources also say that while the power of the Klan may have ebbed, the enduring influence of discrimination may still be observed in the area. Area residents have said that as late as 1987, signs stood on the fringes of towns such as Atlanta and mandated that all "n-----" had to leave town before sunset or incur the

see KKK, page 13



George Clooney (left) debates some annoying guy. Find out what the hell this means on page 10, where *The Monitor* reviews *O Brother, Where Art Thou*.

cartoon by | Ed Jenkins

## Leaders meet to expand NAFTA

story by | Daniel Coate

For the past three years, representatives from 34 countries in the Western Hemisphere have been meeting in secret with plans to expand the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA) to Central America, South America and the Caribbean.

This expansion, called the Free Trade Area of the Americas (FTAA), would intensify NAFTA's "race-to-the-bottom" and result in disastrous effects on the environment, human rights, the livelihoods of workers and families, and democracy.

The FTAA agreement is planned to be complete and in place no later than 2005. With the next ministerial meeting, the Summit of the Americas (April 18 to 22 in Quebec City), only a month away, the time is right to organize and mobilize against the FTAA.

We do not know much about the FTAA as the negotiations so far have been conducted in secret, despite continual calls for a public, democratic development of the trade policy. Congress has yet to set any goals of United States participation in the trade talks and many members of Congress have never even heard of the FTAA.

Corporations, however, are well aware of the proposed agreement and are playing major roles in writing the rules of the FTAA. Over 500 corporate representatives have access to FTAA documents.

The concerns of citizens groups and even the United Nations have been ignored. The Committee of Government Representatives on Civil Society was established to communicate the public's views on the FTAA, but this committee is little more than a mailbox, having no mechanism to incorporate the suggestions and concerns into the negotiations.

What we do know about the FTAA is it is basically an expansion of NAFTA. But NAFTA has proven to be a di-

see NAFTA, page 8

## Week informs about eating disorders

feature by | Shala Garcia

I like to eat. I like meat, fruits, some vegetables and, of course, butter pecan ice cream... mmmm, I raise my spoon to salute thee. And it's a shame we college students should go through school without such a delicacy. The Truman cafeterias have these enormous, bottomless pits of ice cream but they are missing the best stuff ever created by the ice cream industries; but I have digressed.

But what about those who don't like to eat? To me, this doesn't seem possible since food is what keeps us alive and going so we can do favored activities like studying and going to classes. Oh, did I lose anyone? I mean, so that we can do favored activities like sleeping and going to parties. However, is there a line that one can cross with liking or hating food?

On Feb. 22, I attended the Eating Disorders Awareness Week event held in Baldwin Auditorium sponsored by Alpha Gamma Sigma, Alpha Phi Omega, Eta Sigma Gamma and FAC. It was an educational event that demonstrated eating disorder facts based on real incidences through skits.

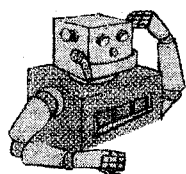
What did I learn? One out of every four college women suffers from a type of eating disorder. That's at least 25 percent of the University, because men are known to have eating disorders as well. That means right now 25 percent of our girls are suffering from bulimia, force dieting, anorexia, and other eating disorders types, and it's not due to the delightful menu served by Sodexo.

These are serious problems. But it's OK, because this campus number, 785-4014, is linked with the Help Center, which has professional associates who are there to advise and to help.

The most favorable and, to me, touching event that night was a speech given by academic advisor Devon Mills. She shared her with complete strangers her 13-year struggle with bulimia and anorexia.

Beginning her speech with good humor about her trip at Hy-Vee where she debated between Cheez-Its and Cheez-Nips, be-

see EATING, page 5



Robots rule. Cops suck. Americans have lots of sex.

Opinions, page 4

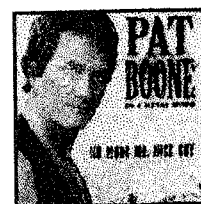


"Chutes and Ladders" examines the forbidden fruit of authority figures.

Feature, page 8.

Pat Boone sells out.

Read "Guilty Pleasures," a new music feature, page 12.



# The Monitor

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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, hardly  
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

### Midterms can suck it

Students declare, "Midterms can suck it." Violent protests broke out last week in response to receiving midterm grades in the mail. University administrators state they don't know why the students are even wasting their time to protest, as midterms grades are, in their words, "pretty much meaningless."

The angry mob of TSU-ers destroyed at least three small pieces of lumber they found near a dumpster and tore down a reasonably large number of outdated SAB event posters. "Nobody even knows why they're protesting," one witness to the action said. "All their signs say is 'Midterms Can Suck It.' What the hell is that supposed to mean?"

### Despite all his rage he's still just a Jack in a cage

Word has come to Monitor Tower that the old basketball court at the top of the Kirk building is set to become an Ultimate Cagefighting arena. It is estimated by city leaders in Kirksville that the Arena will surpass the Wal-Mart as the center of rattail and mullet-oriented activity.

The decision to go ahead with changing the court into a fighting forum was made after President Magruder watched the Ultimate Fighting Championships Marathon on ESPN2, as well as the Tough Man Competitions 1994-1999 on home video. Magnum Jack Magruder, as he now insists being called, told our staff, "Man, this stuff rocks my socks off. Can't wait for the carnage to begin!"

### Sabbath cruddy Sabbath

The pope has proclaimed eternal damnation for the University and all parties involved with the prevention of TSU students' celebration of Good Friday. Some church leaders have questioned whether he has the power of damning such a large group of people to hell. "Oh hell yeah, he does," was the response from popemobile driver Ray. "And he'll put you in your place too, so you'd better watch your ass."

Truman administrators, upon hearing this news, questioned whether students would actually celebrate Good Friday as it was meant to be celebrated. The pope returned word, "They've got a point there, ya know? And what's the deal with all that homework being done on the Sabbath? I mean, there's a reason it's called the Sabbath."

### The Monitor sucks again

It was recently reported to *The Monitor* that *The Monitor* sucks. We here at the Monitor were appalled as we kept hearing reports of *The Monitor* being a "sucky, sucky" paper. We were especially dismayed by the fact that it was coming from people who have never written anything for *The Monitor*.

It was agreed upon by the staff that those who haven't ever taken the time to write an article for our paper are really the only ones who have the right to complain about the paper. As stated at a recent meeting, "Since we're such inferior journalists, and they are surely so much better than us, they should probably be writing instead of us."

Wait... that was the pizza boy. Heh!

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# monitor letters

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

Hey Monitor,  
"Du Hast" is what  
my roommate  
played when he  
wanted me out of  
the room.  
D.S.

## Sex is a choice

The article in your last issue titled "Chutes and Ladders: An Ongoing Look at Truman Relationships" angered me. In this article society is being blamed for people having sex.

I do agree that today's society is sex-obsessed, but I don't think this is an excuse for having sex. Sex is a CHOICE, and nobody but you can decide when to have sex.

Along with this choice come the consequences. You can't blame society for a choice you made.

Besides, just because having sex is the "normal" thing or because everyone else is doing it is never a good reason to do anything, especially something that could change your life forever. Where is the originality in doing what everyone else is doing?

I say that people should stand up against our sex-obsessed society and choose to wait. You can do whatever you want to, but if the consequences of your choice turn out to be bad, you can't blame anyone else but yourself.

Jill Roberts

## Writer distorts Aqua Dome

There were several elements of the Feb. 6, 2001 *Monitor* article on the Aquadome that were not quite right. Several other people involved in the Aqua Dome and I were not happy with the way the dome was portrayed and so I'm taking this opportunity to make some corrections and clarifications.

First of all, I had no idea about the "Equidome" in St. Louis, which Ms. Garcia claims I told her about. What actually happened was, Ms. Garcia told Amanda and I the story and asked if we had heard it. Amanda mentioned having heard something about it, but the way in which Ms. Garcia portrayed us telling her about it was not accurate.

I know this may seem trivial, but I think it is important for reporters to make sure they are representing the people they interview correctly. I also want to clarify that when the Aqua Dome was named, the majority of us had never heard of the satanic ritual rumors; we simply chose a fun name.

Ms. Garcia's statement that "the bands that perform there are small, unknown groups trying to gain a reputation" is also not accurate. Many bands that have performed at the Aquadome are well known and established bands. We don't often have bands that are on big labels or have radio hits but that certainly doesn't mean they are small, unknown, and trying to gain a reputation. We have had bands from Boston, Florida, California and Canada perform, as well as bands from the Midwest music scene.

The Aqua Dome was also portrayed as a sort of club to be "joined," or where one needs a "membership." It is not a club or a membership, it is simply a place where people can plan events. Anyone can book a show there, have a meeting there, set up a practice or art space there. Anyone can come to any event at the Aqua Dome.

Ms. Garcia said, "if you come to one of these live shows hoping to see Creed... they wouldn't be there." The truth of the matter is that if someone wanted Creed to play in Kirksville, contracted them to come, and thought the Aqua Dome would be a good venue for Creed, then, hey, it could happen.

In fact, an aspect of the Aquadome that has been really exciting for those of us that have been involved a while is watching other people get involved and plan events at the dome that never have before.

It was mentioned that the Aqua Dome is a nonprofit organization. This is true, but the money we collect for shows is usually one dollar for each touring band and one dollar towards the Aqua Dome's rent money.

While this is generally how we price shows, it is certainly a sliding scale that depends on the bands' needs or requests. The rest of the money for rent comes from musicians and artists that use space at the Aqua Dome and from donations.

No one that is involved at the Aqua Dome gets paid, and no one is in charge. Everyone that is involved has equal say in what happens with the Aqua Dome and what direction it is heading.

Being involved is simple, just show up. The Aqua Dome is at 121 N. Main, just off the square across from the new theater being built. Monday nights at 10 p.m. are poetry readings and discussions. Every other Tuesday night there are movies. Wednesdays at 5 p.m., we have weekly meetings. Every Wednesday night at 7:30 p.m. is the Representations of Queers in Films movie series. Along with these regularly scheduled events, there are frequent shows and potluck dinners.

Another way to get involved or learn more is to visit the Web page: <http://www.aquadome.homepage.com>. I hope this will help clarify just what the Aqua Dome is for and what goes on there.

An aspect of the article not specifically related to the Aqua Dome that should be addressed is the fact that, as I mentioned earlier, much of the reporting was simply false. In addition to the story that was wrongly attributed to me, several of the quotes in there were never said by Amanda or by me.

I urge *Monitor* writers to check their facts and make sure they are representing things correctly. I also urge *Monitor* writers to read old *Monitor* articles. A nearly identical (although more accurate) article on the Aqua Dome was published near the beginning of the Fall 2000 semester. Being more informed about what the paper you write for has already done might help you write articles that will better interest your readers.

Annie Coleman

## Suicide victims deserve memorial service

Let's talk about two things: memorial services and David Hoffman, Assistant Dean of Student Affairs.

Having read an article in the *Index* a while back ("Students who commit suicide denied University memorial services," by Chelsey Ilten), I am sickened by the poor excuses put forth by university representatives for why Kevin Gibson was not given a standard university memorial service. I can only imagine two categories that reasons for such a denial could fall under: religious and practical.

Are there religious reasons for denying Gibson memorial services? Suicide is a mortal sin, according to Christian doctrine (especially the Catholics, who consistently blow doctrine out of proportion, raising rules above faith).

But I'd rather not think that the university's policies are even loosely based on religious doctrine — even though there is NO official "Separation of Church & State" clause anywhere in the Constitution or our Federal Laws — even though the existence of such bullshit bias would not surprise me in the least.

The way I see it, someone must have thought there to be good practical reasons for denying memorial services. According to David Hoffman (as quoted by Miss Ilten), memorial services are not held for students who commit suicide because "we don't want to glorify the event," and "it's something that we don't want to promote."

Beth Evers, Student Senate student affairs chairwoman apparently said something to Miss Ilten about the service that WAS held being different from the standard memorial service in order to prevent "cluster suicides," which are alleged in the article to have happened on other campuses.

So, from what I gather, the university thinks that holding a memorial service for someone who committed suicide is a glorification of the event, and that it may lead to other suicides.

OK, I accept that the University has reasons, but I think those reasons are total bullshit. How exactly does a memorial service glorify a suicide? If it does glorify a suicide, why doesn't it glorify an accidental death?

Hmmmm, I think I smell a double standard. I mean, the memorial services are for the friends and family. And there are plenty of memorial services anywhere in the world for individuals who committed suicide, and you do NOT see any sort of trend where friends and families commit "cluster suicide" afterwards.

If you decide, after a friend or loved one dies by suicide, that you yourself are going to commit suicide, then you probably had problems ASIDE FROM (and before) the memorial service. This alleged cluster suicide trend sounds like bullshit to me. Your average SANE person does NOT run off and commit suicide after a friend or loved one does. If anyone does, they were unstable to begin with and just looking for an excuse to commit suicide.

In my humble opinion, this university's administration needs a wake-up call. Cluster suicides are probably totally unrelated to memorial services, which pretty much destroys the possibility of this university having any PRACTICAL reason for denying Kevin Gibson's friends a memorial service.

The way I see it (outside of my own distaste for organized religion), there are probably some underlying religious reasons here. Glorify suicide by giving a memorial service?

Give me a break. PEOPLE glorify death. Somehow I doubt that Jesus would have enjoyed his present popularity had he died of natural

causes, rather than being martyred.

A memorial service is an acknowledgement, not of death (by suicide, natural causes, or whatever), but of someone's life and the passing thereof. It's an event during which people can pay their respects. That sounds both practical AND reasonable to me.

Allow me to finish my rambling by adding that David Hoffman, Lou Ann Gilchrist, Beth Evers, and anyone else who tells themselves that there were good reasons for denying the memorial services ... HAVE A HEART, and at least TRY to be human even though I'm sure it's very hard for you. In future situations where a suicide is concerned, do not add insult to injury by denying formal acknowledgement of someone's passing. Or, if you really had RELIGIOUS, rather than PRACTICAL, reasons for denying the services, at least have the GUTS to admit it, instead of giving what is very clearly just a series of bullshit excuses. There's no reason for you people to be such fucking pricks about everything! That goes for Mack Jagruder, as well!

I sure hope I don't die while attending school here ... Administration would probably do something really disrespectful with my body.

Christopher Michael Shanahan

## Participate in conference

Can I make the strongest, possible appeal to all *Monitor* readers and friends to attend and, indeed actively participate, in this year's WOMENS HISTORY CONFERENCE at the end of this issue's week? Doubtless, I shall be idly accused in some cynical quarters of "self-interest" as both myself and spouse have had papers chosen by this year's WHC organizer, English Professor, TSU Wenying Xu, and her vetting committee; by so chosen for presentation in "THE PUBLIC FIGURES" section.

However, we did so submit ourselves out of a last-minute sense of such public duty in honor of the phenomenal organization work put in over the years by not just Professor Xu. But founder Linda Seidel and many student journalists who just happen to be often, lo and behold, *Monitor* skilled practitioners of the art of critique and challenge!

Yet, despite the huge extra thereby work load, many others will, also, assuredly feel in inward groan, yes, attending this conference is, usually worth fitting into your hectic schedule. Let me explain why!

Firstly, this is the conference alone where you will actually hear more of the feminist majority of BOTH sexes than you will hear of students in particular ALL the TSU ENTIRE year.

Secondly, yes, some of the papers, but not all, will "elitistly" go on for learned "grade" or "publication" advancement of just their participants, but what's wrong with that? If they are arguable lively versions of the "truth" (many of us deliberately design papers to so permit of maximum debate, controversy, while those who don't flummox disastrously!

As I saw, a few years back, of a poor tutorial figure desperately trying to prove the impossible: that my native Beatrice Webb, a Socialist, was an anti-feminist!

Thirdly, the papers are, usually, "home-frown" big wig: in pretentiousness of import. Finally, the papers actually can do what few other TSU more expensively wasteful such venues do! Make a real alliance-forming and consciousness-

see LETTERS, page 5



# monitor opinions

## Reality TV reflects unreality

opinion by | Matthew Webber

Americans think about, talk about and have sex all the time!

Except for the lower class, out-of-shape, average-looking, rural and non-white (or non-celebrity) Americans, that is.

According to numerous music videos on MTV, ugly rappers with gold teeth, wife-beaters, bandannas and pants hanging off their knees are the most attractive to women. "Hoes," "bitches" and "skeezees" are so enamored with these rappers that they splash around with them in hot tubs, parade their stripper-teased bodies in thong-tha-tha-tha-thongs, flash their silicone-enhanced breasts and lick their collagen-enhanced lips and basically reward the weak rhymes of most of these rappers with PG-13-rated sexual favors.

The videos imply that rapping ability is a substitute for physical attractiveness, charm, intelligence or wit, and that women are whores who sell themselves for a listen. Hence, the best rapper, or the biggest man, is the one who accumulates the most property, er, women. The wackest MC is the one who sits by himself at a party.

There doesn't seem to be any hope for skinny white nerds who can't flow, like myself. Maybe guys like me will have more luck on another television program. Maybe guys like me can score on *Temptation Island*...

Nope. When I watched this reality TV program I was disappointed not to find any guys with glasses, without six-packs and who seemed the least bit embarrassed (or at least uncom-

fortable) to be on such a tantalizing show. Like the relationships in the music videos, these seem to be driven more by property (owning the person with the best face or body) than by romantic love.

This show is more unrealistic than even Sisqo's "Thong Song" video, since Sisqo at least knows his video is a fantasy. The producers of *Temptation Island* peddle their show as "real," even though nobody I know looks like these hot bods or would volunteer themselves for such a potentially immoral situation. A racy rap video is as real as it proclaims to be, while such reality-based television programs are the opposite of their label.

I'm anxiously awaiting *Temptation Middle of Nowhere*, in which coeds with beer guts and cellulite hook up on a 4 a.m. Pancake City run. They'll stroll through the deserted town square the next night at midnight, awash in the glow of a blinking red stoplight. They'll peer into Chinese buffets and antique stores, bantering awkwardly about why there are so many in a town so small.

Then they'll clear the homework, soda cans and dirty clothes from their living room coffee table to watch MTV, and shiver without adequate heating as some rapper parties under a palm tree.

TV reflects the real life of the approximately seven young, gorgeous, urban Americans who are somehow able to spend their money frivolously without ever working.

It certainly doesn't reflect the other 280 million of us.

## I love robots like pirates love booty

opinion by | Lori Vaughn

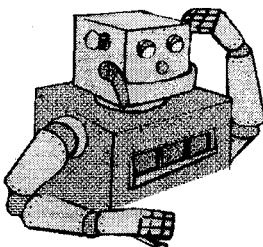
Everyone I know just fell in love with the Peking Acrobats. I think these people were suckered. In fact, I found the whole spectacle pretty disappointing. Guys scurrying up a rope with their big toes? Big deal. Anyone can do that, they just don't realize it. I hate to admit it, but overall, our Chinese guests left me underimpressed.

This isn't something to blame on them though. They really can't do much about their human limitations. Joints only flex so far, muscles only take so much work, ears can only handle so much synthesized Chinese music.

Imagine instead, if you will, acrobats that don't just do a few flips through the air, but do flips that launch them into Earth's orbit! Ones that don't merely ride unicycles while balancing teacups on their heads, but ride unicycles and balance teacups on their heads *while* their heads are spinning 360 degrees!! And, all this while performing a concerto on miniature violins. Wham! How 'bout that for oohs and ahhs, Mr. Big Shot Chinese Acrobat?

Yeah, so it is obvious we would all be a little happier if robots performed for us. I recently toured a laboratory in Des Moines where robots did various mundane scientific tasks about a hundred times faster and more accurately than the humans working there.

This really wowed me, not just for that



sheer fact, but in the actual work also: the whurring of the arm, the hypnotic repetitiveness and surety of its movements, etc.

In fact, I even

have a song about sex with robots. Seems like the fascination with robots is on everyone's mind.

However, robots, in all their ability and might, just can't beat out one group of humans. Robots will never be as fierce, as awe-inspiring, or as mythic as pirates. Pirates will always have that gruff and rugged mystique that robots just cannot possess. You may see robots in space, but you will never see a robot sailing the high seas. A robot pirate would just be weenie. That is, and always will be, the realm of pirates.

Now then, there is a moral to all this that each person must consider very seriously. We each have to discover the true nature of our selves, be it robot or pirate. Neither is better than the other, but each depends on the other for its own existence. Don't ask me how. So, if you are a robot, go out there and dazzle the world with your superhuman talents. If you are a pirate, cast off your need for rules and society and take to the ocean in search of booty. No matter what though, don't believe them when they tell you it just can't be done, because robots and pirates can do anything.

## Police brutality hurts

opinion by | Tom Palmier

A man in handcuffs is as helpless as a fish on a hook. He knows he is caught. He knows he is going down but he never gives his power away to the fisherman. After all, why should he; no one ever asked if they could shove a hook down his throat.

Standing there with my hands behind my back, I felt vulnerable. When he grabbed me by the neck with those thick leather gloves and squeezed, I felt like I was being raped. My ego, built so high by friends and family over 20 years, was shattered. I meant nothing to him. Am I not human, I asked?

To answer that politely, no, not at all, not to police. As a victim of police brutality twice in my life, I can honestly say some police officers have absolutely no regard for the very freedoms they are hired by us to protect and uphold.

The two instances where I personally have been prey to the power hungry hands of a rookie police officer are laughable compared with the deeply rooted prejudice that occurs in every major city around the world but nevertheless are not to be tolerated.

Scenario number one occurred when I was 17. A junior in high school, I was attending a varsity hockey game. Inside the arena, my friend and I got carried away and threw our gum wrappers on the ice.

Needless to say, we were immediately escorted out of the rink by some high-ranking arena officer. Outside the arena, the scene was just as fierce -- people were skipping! The next thing I know, two very large men with shiny badges (obviously not arena officers) were locking my hands behind my back.

"Why am I being arrested officer," I asked.

"For being an asshole."

I knew then that I was in for some intelligent conversation.

I was taken into a small room behind a closed and firmly locked door. Once inside the room, the Weasel, as I secretly referred to him, continued to prod my neck with his nightstick

## Man, I smell like a woman

opinion by | Dave Bush

Man, do I smell like a man. It's kind of like combining the scent of a forest after a bad rain with that of an asscrack, with a hint of rotten God-knows-what thrown in to make sure we know we stink, and it sucks. It's in the halls, in the bathrooms, in each and every dorm room that houses a male.

Now there's a number of ways you can deal with man-stank. Some members of society, quite a few more than I ever would have imagined, choose not to deal with it. Oh yeah, you know somebody with Pig Pen syndrome. These are people who choose not to bathe, deodorize or even brusha-brusha the teeth. I guess it's their prerogative, but definitely not an effective ridding of the problem.

There are plenty of boys who choose to drown out the smell. They apply deodorant that smells way too much like overactive toilet cleaning products, then cover that up with their choice of \$68 industrially-powered and probably radioactive musk. It seems to work for some of them, but most get busted by the Trying Too Hard police.

And that brings us to fellas like myself. We just want to smell good. It's nice to not smell bad, but why can't a guy smell good? Yancy-boy colognes don't smell good; girls do. I'm

until finally I was forced to instinctively back away.

Seeing this as a sign of weakness, the Weasel moved in for the kill. His hands clenched my throat as I gasped for air. Bang! My head hits the unmoving wall behind me sending throb-bing bullets of pain down my neck. My eyes rolled back into my head as I continued to struggle for air. In the distance I could hear the Weasel screaming and when I reopened my eyes he was right there. Gratified in his ability to step on me like a hooked fish. All for a piece of gum.

"Say, you didn't see nothing did ya," asked the Weasel to his trusty sidekick?

"Nope, not a thing."

Scenario number two was much the same only now I was a bit older and instead of a trusty sidekick, the Weasel #2 had his car-mounted camera. All I had to do was ask him if he was a human being or a robot -- a justified question I thought -- and that camera was turned off with the push of a button. It was like déjà vu, only this time it was the leather instead of the cold bare grip of the Weasels grasp that I felt gripping my neck. No one can save me, I thought. What could I have done if he wanted to take it further? Believe me, further goes a long, long way.

Our laws that we hold so dearly are only as just as the individuals upholding them. Police should not be viewed as a unit but rather as individuals elected to protect and serve the public, not their ego. The law is only as good as each individual police officers interpretation of it. No one man can uphold the laws of a nation.

Police are constantly taking the law into their own hands and our nation will continue to be in deep trouble as long as such prejudice resides in the hearts of the men and women hired to protect it. What I did was test them. I tested the system for flaws and found myself wrapped up in the biggest mess since Uncle Huey's diapers. Police brutality is real. See for yourself, it hurts.

not sure whether it's inherent to womanhood or whether it's a product of the Bath & Body Works, but I really wouldn't mind smelling like a girl.

By saying this, I am crossing a line in today's society. If I have to fight the modern concept of a man in order to be rid of my man-stank, so be it. As women have for years been fighting the stereotypes and negative associations that have plagued them for generations, men have decided to spend their time celebrating the characteristics that have represented malehood since what could be the beginning of time. This list does not happen to include the item, "smells like a summer rose with peach and a hint amber." It's time for a change.

I will apply lotion to my hands and forearms that smells of fresh fruit and berries. I will use a scented body wash that makes me feel like I'm showering amidst a field of fresh spring wildflowers. I will use deodorant called "Shower Clean" or even "Flower Fresh."

Anyone who wants to challenge my manhood can go right ahead. But make sure to check your shower basket for Herbal Essences before you go making assumptions about me. I know it's there, and you know it's there, and we both know it smells damned good.

# Stupid people fight holy wars

opinion by | John Bisges

Most of the time, making a mistake does not make a person stupid. George Steinbrenner put his Yankees teams through countless dubious trades, questionable signings and failed seasons before delivering a baseball dynasty to New York. Abraham Lincoln marched a parade of generals through the Union Army's command post before finally settling on Ulysses S. Grant. Anyone want to guess how many drafts Albert Einstein went through before he came up with  $E=mc^2$ ?

Unfortunately, there are times when failure is not the predecessor of success. When a person or group of people repeatedly tries to accomplish the same task in the same way and, for reasons completely incomprehensible to them, always come up short, then one can come to only one conclusion. These people are stupid.

The Middle East has more stupid people per capita than any other place in the world, and has held this lofty position since the beginning of recorded history. For millennia, the inhabitants of this region have been in almost constant conflict with each other, squabbling over a huge amount of sand that, unfortunately, happens to have the holiest sites on earth built on top of it.

Despite the fact that these sites represent religions that value human life over all else, their followers have shown no hesitation in skewering generations of their own young men and women for the right to practice their faiths without the interference of their heathen counterparts. Even today, in so-called modern times, this moronic behavior continues.

In the current conflict between the Israelis and Palestinians, one could easily sympathize with the Palestinians. After all, they were kicked out of their hometowns and have been basically

treated like dirt for half a century.

Unfortunately, they haven't done anything to warrant better treatment. Instead of choosing a more civilized type of response to their ill treatment, the Palestinians express their frustration by planting bombs in school buses and slinging rocks at peace officers.

If they stopped to think or, God forbid, crack open a history book, the Palestinians might realize that these tactics, which have been run into the ground for decades, DO NOT WORK.

If instead of harboring notions of a great and triumphant "jihad," they simply went back to their former hometowns and took a page from Mahatma Gandhi, they would succeed in their goals almost immediately.

Palestinians, sit down. Sit peacefully in front of your former homes and let the world see you do it. Smile when the police come to remove you, and take any punishment you receive gratefully.

Israel's greatest strength is the unassailable moral integrity that it holds so high. With one CNN broadcast of an Israeli officer shoving or clubbing a Palestinian practicing nonviolence, everything Israel is built upon comes crashing down. Palestinians, you will get your homes and your sovereignty back, and even a piece of the ultimate prize, Jerusalem, to call your own. All you have to do is sit down and shut up.

Fortunately for Israel, this will never happen. The Palestinians are too stubborn and too stupid to figure it out. The Israelis know it, that's why they elected the war hawk, Ariel Sharon, to eliminate their pesky little Palestinian problem.

The other Islamic nations in the Middle East know it; they're getting their armies ready to jump into the fray when something finally does snap. We know it; it's why George W. and Colin Powell are stepping back from the negotiations and flexing their military muscle. If William Jefferson Clinton, the king of compromise and charm, couldn't strike a bargain between the two sides then what chance does Bush II have?

Why should the United States expose it-

eventually attempt to prohibit tobacco.

On a more personal level I have seen smokers relegated to huddling in the cold to pursue their vice. It is the sneers and pejorative remarks on character of smokers by those that want to pursue a Utopian society that is intolerant. Drug users of all kinds are not tolerated any longer by these self-proclaimed Progressives.

Gun owners are more obviously the subject of Liberal intolerance. They are not viewed as Americans who believe in self-defense and with strong cultural affinities to all forms of firearms, but rather as hicks. Gun rights advocates are viewed as barbarians with no rational explanations for their ownership of firearms that are kept for anything other than hunting.

Even more intolerant are the snide remarks made against Americans that do hunt. Nonetheless, gun ownership is an American cultural trademark for many and not just a tool for hunters and a toy for reactionary militias. Liberals have not tolerated gun owners since the 1960s.

Liberal intolerance even attacks the right to speak by fringe groups in American society. The Columbine shootings brought about reactions from Liberals to censor the internet, video games and music. Though some forms of speech are crude, demeaning and intolerant in their own form, it is still constitutionally protected.

However, Liberals attack these messages as subversive and as a danger to society. Attempts to alter society through censorship strips away free speech.

self to criticism and expend precious political capital by extending doomed negotiations? Let the flare-ups run their course. If the result is war, we can jump in then. If it's not then we never had a problem at all, did we?

In the meantime, we have to watch this utterly predictable drama unfold on our evening news. We have to watch as cities are wrecked and homes are destroyed.

We have to watch as orphanages and hospitals burn because someone had to have the bright idea of hiding armories in the basements of public service buildings.

We have to watch scarred children writhe in pain because someone decided that their "great mission" was more important than a kid's life. We have to watch death tolls mount until we're sick of counting the corpses.

Most infuriatingly, we have to listen to Yasser Arafat whine to the UN about not being recognized as a "head of state" while those who would be his countrymen take gruesome bus tours through crowds of unsuspecting people.

Hmm, what happens if we don't respect your opinions, Mr. Arafat? You'll have a buddy drive a semi through a nursing home?

The truth is we're stuck. Events will build on themselves, skirmishes will break out, threats will be made, and the whole exercise in stupidity will play itself out again.

The Palestinians, Iraqis, Iranians and whoever else decides to assert their testosterone will inevitably get their asses kicked (they're too stupid to do anything else), it's just a matter of when they decide to pick their fight.

The scary question is, are they dumb enough to use any of the nasty "alternative" weapons they've been working so hard to make?

Are the heads of these countries really crazy enough to use biological, chemical or possibly even nuclear weapons in armed conflict or worse, in government-sponsored terrorist attacks?

Could anyone really be *that* stupid?

Yes.

Combating the supposed irresponsibility of the media has lead the greatest of Liberal champions, Ralph Nader, to call for the government to run the media. Nader acknowledges this would result in censorship, however it would be acceptable to weaken the control of corporate interests. This would further limit freedom of expression that is contrary to the interests of the government. Parental advisory labels, censorship of pornography, outrage at violence in the media and video games all presuppose a form of speech that is declared unacceptable for "progressive society."

I prefer to tolerate the right for all to express their opinion even when expressing intolerance. And I abhor the intolerance of Progressives who wish to oppress speech that does not reflect that progressive, politically correct image.

Liberalism no longer reflects the values of toleration instilled in me by my ex-hippie parents. Progressivism means intolerance for traditional American culture. It is an intolerance for rural America as seen in the distaste of Kirksville by Liberal professors.

It is an intolerance for those not reflecting the new Utopian image such as recreational drug users including smokers, gun owners and fans of music as varied as gangster rap to punk rock.

I am not a Liberal, for I do not condone intolerance of any kind. I am a Libertarian.

Justin Kempf is President of the Truman Libertarians.

## LETTERS, from page 3

changing difference. That I have seen all too little evidence of in this, otherwise, narcissistic, ultra status quo, parochial white man environment!

Lest folks think that's all florid rhetoric, let me give SOLIDLY several instances, both collective and individual to prove my vituperative last, iconoclastic assertion. As usually, sadly, one cannot rely ever at all upon the good ole' boy, your fee collectors are we taxpayers exactors to emphasize such social change factors in the least. Because, pretty obviously, they know, one day their stranglehold over town and gown so sexistly will end; if such social change succeeds, as well as it merits in legitimate idealism.

A collective instance have been the African American women presentations which have brought "class" and "violence-suffered" realities into this deliberately racially repressed area of countless poor, subdued people of both races and ALL or no education backgrounds: in a way I only see in the more working class chapters of my native British Labour party over 3,000 miles away!

A second instance is, in sexual liberation, where the sheer, unpleasant patriarchy of the old man's RICH perpetual corporate boards and hiring policies is now faced by tenured "OUT" professors, who could sue him and his lazy colleagues in non-publishing, banjo playing mediocrity to hell deserved! If he, remotely tried to touch them!

Yet such things only work if YOU PARTICIPATE. But please don't moan if you don't!! And, then, this or that arrogant, conservative male rich administrator imposes their agenda on you or the type of professor (rich!) who doesn't risk anything. By never giving, outside his flatterers circle a paper at TSU WHC DEMANDS, HYPOCRITICALLY, MORE OF YOU IN "STYLE" AND HIS "PRIVILEGE" than be ever be pampered capable of himself.

Really, you do so ask for it, SUBMISSIVE, if you don't come!! In this respect of a real local conference, a real dialogue. *The Monitor* is right to lecture against apathy by any of you and the old man and his chums will bully you in crushed associated result just like children! He "likes" that, do you? You ought not to. As you are not his family but national human beings.

Larry Iles

## EATING, from page 1

cause one had less fat than the other, her speech ended only with tears in the audience.

She described her pain as she would look at herself in the mirror and see only fat and disgust, or how she shamefully ate potato chips in secret, and how her significant other would plea with her not to do any more harm to herself. But despite her past woes, she focused namely on recovery.

Even though she continued to struggle for 13 years, she now considers herself recovered. She can eat French fries without obsessing about the fat and not constantly think about exercising, although she isn't quite ready to gorge herself into some cake. Mills proves that there is recovery for everyone; they just need to wish it for themselves or find someone to wish it for them.

# I am not a liberal

opinion by | Justin Kempf

I am a feminist. Women are able to perform competitively with men. Women deserve equal rights as men and deserve the opportunity to demonstrate not only their capability to be competent, but their ability to excel.

I support the ACLU most of the time. The rights of the accused must be protected in order for justice to be served to the victims. I am opposed to the death penalty.

I am a fan of Martin Luther King. Civil rights for people of all races is integral to equality in America. I am opposed to racial profiling and other injustices that American minorities face across the nation.

I am not a Liberal, for I am opposed to intolerance.

Liberals in recent years have become as intolerant as their Conservative opposites. The Liberal intolerance appears unique. One issue that once was a Liberal rallying point is drug legalization.

However, today Liberals decry all drug use as the decay of society. Departing from traditional extremist drug rhetoric, they even fear tobacco. Resulting from over-zealousness against the irresponsibility of big tobacco, now Liberals ostracize smokers. Cheers from Liberals followed FDA attempts to regulate and

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## Oh, the Sweetness of Jodie Sweetin

<http://www.sweetin.com>

review by | Shala Garcia

If you're wondering whatever happened to predictability, the milkman, the paperboy, or the evening TV, then maybe <http://www.sweetin.com> is the place for you. Finally, a Jodie Sweetin website to fulfill that crazy sweet craving that we've all had for so long. It is filled with photos of her time on *Full House* and clips from her guest appearances on shows. And let's not forget to check out that short but sweet Jodie Sweetin biography, or to talk with other people who need to feed that same craving of sweetness. So let sweet Jodie Sweetin take you back to family values and good old time fun. Affiliated websites are: <http://www.sweetin.com/onestop>, <http://www.sweetin.com/jsbbs/index.html> and <http://www.sweetin.com/chatzone/index.html>.

## Seanbaby

<http://www.seanbaby.com>

review by | Sean O'Brien

Weird stuff. This site has a load of fun things to see, such as a great NES page including pathetic letters to the editor of *Nintendo Power*. "Headlines that get inside your head and KICK YOUR HEAD'S ASS," reminiscent of *The Onion*, and links to truly bizarre sister sites Fat Chicks in Party Hats (insane) and Portal of Evil. Be warned, Seanbaby.com bills itself as "intended for people over 18, but only because kids shoot each other if they hear the word 'fuck.'" Other highlights include lots of comic book stuff and The Stupid Page. Fritter your life away at Seanbaby.com.

[http://webstereviews.monitor]

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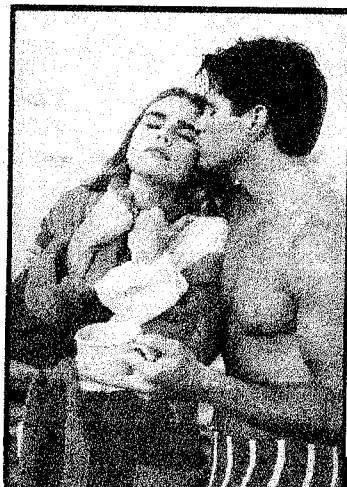
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## Campus Personalities

feature by | Cameron Moore

When Campus Personalities started last semester, the idea was to share the lives of people who make life at the University what it is. This includes everybody, not just the workers around us, but ourselves. That is why this week's campus personality will be (former) student, Paul Kingston.

Often described as "kooky," St. Louis native Kingston has always been a little different. He once wore a tube top to a high school dance. He makes his own clothes. And he loves Mad Dog 40-40. But these are just details of a life that has strayed from the status quo in every direction.

In junior high, Paul was your regular Iron Maiden-loving amateur boxer. He could punch the crap out of anything.

"I usually won because I would practice just punching for as long as I could and most people couldn't go as long as me," Kingston said.

Even though it was short lived, Paul's boxing career won him the Diamond Gloves for his age group at a tournament in St. Louis.

In high school, Paul dropped boxing for drinking and mathematics. Having a longtime interest in math won him several awards and allowed him to study a year ahead of the rest

of his class.

However, boxing got him cheers of approval from friends who had never seen anybody finish a fifth of straight vodka.

Kingston graduated from Hazelwood West High School in 1998 and came to the University to pursue a degree in mathematics.

He joined Alpha Tau Omega, and was the seamstress behind the infamous "Party in Our Pants" for which he designed and stitched a 10 ft. tall pair of pants.

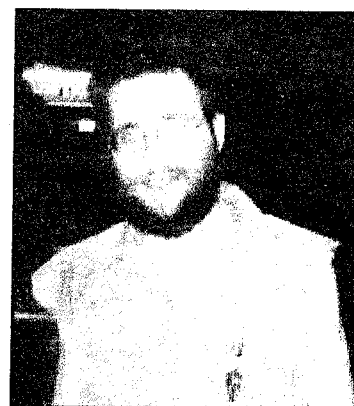
Paul changed his major to English last semester and has since dropped out of school. He feels that where his life is headed at this point no

longer necessitates a college degree.

Paul now wishes to become a writer. He just finished writing a rough draft for a book that he hopes to publish.

The book, which is currently untitled, "is a collection of short stories that reads like a novel," Kingston said. "It is about how I hate the police and the fact that our society looks down on poor people when they are just people who are happier with less than everybody else."

Paul is now working odd jobs in town and will be moving back to St. Louis this spring.





# Bring popcorn to class

story by | Sarah Dennis

Think that cinema in Kirksville can only be found on three screens? Sick of resorting to *Cool As Ice* again and again after scanning the new releases at Hastings?

Perhaps you need to expand your cinematic horizons and even fulfill a pesky Mode of Inquiry or two in the process.

The University offers a surprising number of film studies courses on a variety of topics, and this semester boasts a particularly diverse and interesting number of classes on all sorts of film topics.

This semester's courses provide just a taste of the number of film classes at the University, but also offer several screening opportunities to interested students.

Read on and plan to liven up your cinematic semester by attending a couple of screenings, or just acquaint yourself with the courses offered this semester for future reference. Either way, you may be surprised at the film opportunities available just through coursework at the University.

## Film Noir

"World Cinema: Film Noir" is being taught by Dr. Cole Woodcox.

"Film noir" was first defined as a genre after World War II by French film critics. Films in the genre vary greatly, but typically center around romantic entanglements and some sort of crime, most typically murder.

The course covers film noir classics like *Double Indemnity* and *The Third Man*, continental film noir such as *Ossessione* and *Les Diaboliques*, and even contemporary film noir like *Taxi Driver* and *LA Confidential*.

If you're a fan of the genre, like murder mysteries and psychological thrillers or are simply a fan of bombshell blondes and smoking men

saying "sweetheart" a lot, this is the course for you.

I am currently enrolled in the course, and in true cinema fashion, give it two thumbs up.

If you are interested in viewing some film noir yourself, Dr. Woodcox has graciously opened screenings to the public.

Movie screenings are currently held on Thursdays from 6 to 8 p.m. Talk to Dr. Woodcox for more information.

## Kubrick

This semester English majors have an added opportunity to expand their cinema knowledge through a senior seminar section focusing on the films of Stanley Kubrick.

The course, taught by Dr. Bob Mielke, covers all of the films in the Kubrick oeuvre, and in this respect offers a unique opportunity.

While many courses cover one or several works by many artists, few incorporate all the works of a single artist into one semester-long study.

Because the class is the capstone to the English major, it consists of an advanced critical study and a considerable workload, not for the inexperienced student or the weak at heart.

But if you are interested in partaking of some Kubrick independent of the class, Dr. Mielke has generously opened his home (and terrific home theater setup) for evening screenings of each film.

If you are interested in attending, contact Dr. Mielke for more information on screening dates and directions to his house.

Trust me, you haven't lived until you've seen *Dr. Strangelove*. Try out some Kubrick, you won't regret it.

## Queer Cultural Studies

Yet another English course, ENG 395:

"Representations of Gender and Sexuality: Queer Cultural Studies," uses film as an integral tool in exploring the much larger field of queer studies.

Taught by Dr. Doug Steward, the course incorporates a number of critical works and media, including visual art, literature, performance art, music and centrally film.

In order to extend the learning opportunities offered by the course to the community and to free up more classroom time for discussion and lecture, Dr. Steward created the Representing Queers: Spring 2001 film series. Films are shown at 7:30 p.m. every Wednesday at the Aquadome (121 N. Main Street, right next to the square).

Dr. Steward said the goal of the film series was to bring to light the long history of queer representation in Hollywood feature films. The more positive representations that gays and lesbians have found in Hollywood films is a recent and "tenuous" development, and must be fully realized in terms of the often ugly pathological representations that have riddled Hollywood in the past.

The film festival is an excellent opportunity to better understand this history while watching a variegated collection of films.

If you are interested in attending a screening, look for campus advertisements for more information or check out Dr. Steward's very nice and informational Web page, <http://gold.truman.edu/~steward/queerfilm.html>.

## Italian Film

Film studies at the University also extend into foreign language courses. ITAL 225, "Italian Film," is being taught by Dr. Antonio Scuderi this semester.

The course focuses on the Italian neorealist movement and its continued influence on film today.

The Italian neorealist movement began just after WWII. It drew inspiration from realist move-

ments in literature, such as French naturalism and Italian verismo.

Neorealism focuses on the representation of lower social classes in a very direct manner. The films often have a newsreel-like quality to them, and use non-professional actors in their production.

A few of the more famous Italian neorealist films examined in the course include *Bicycle Thief* and *Open City*.

The course concludes with the popular and wonderful *Life is Beautiful*.

ITAL 225 offers a thorough introduction to a pervasive 20th century film genre, extending into other genres and even Truman courses.

And because the course is taught in English and all the films sport subtitles, no prior knowledge of Italian is required.

## The Western Film

Finally, for those who may be looking for a class on film outside of the Division of Language and Literature with a unique perspective on cinema, consider HIST 322, "The Western Film."

Dr. Steven Reschly teaches the course from a unique historical perspective, looking at the relationship between westerns and 20th century American studies.

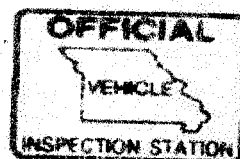
While courses such as "Film Form and Sense" consider film in terms of its components as well as an art form in itself, HIST 322 focuses on the historical context and messages found in films rather than the formal elements of film itself.

Some of the films in the course are familiar names to anyone with TNT and/or an interest in westerns: *High Noon*, *Stagecoach*, *Rio Bravo*, and *Dances With Wolves* are all screened.

But the perspectives studied in conjunction with the films are intriguing: the Cold War, the Sexual Revolution, race relations and multiculturalism and World War II are just a few of the issues discussed.



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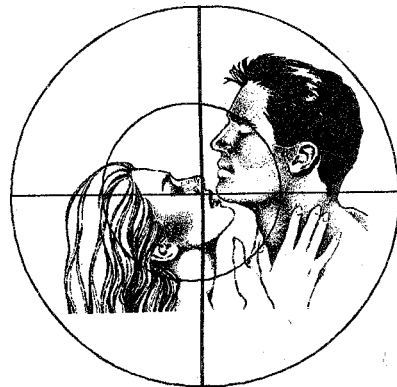
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**NAFTA, from page 1**

saster. Under the agreement, almost 400,000 jobs have been lost in the United States. The workers' new jobs pay, on average, only 77 percent of their previous jobs' wages. In Mexico, one million more Mexicans now earn less than the minimum wage and 8 million formerly middle class families have fallen into poverty.

Since the implementation of NAFTA, the U.S. trade surplus with Mexico has turned into an \$18.6 billion deficit. Only the border region of Mexico has seen increases in industrial activity. These increases in economic development has increased pollution and improper chemical waste disposal all along the United States/Mexico border, significantly increasing the rates of hepatitis and birth defects. NAFTA has failed and should be repealed, not expanded to cover the entire hemisphere.

In 1998 the Multilateral Agreement on Investments (MAI), often referred to as "NAFTA on steroids," was defeated. The FTAA, however, will establish many of the MAI's provisions. The most important element of the MAI that will be included in the FTAA is the "investor-to-state" lawsuit. This will allow corporations to sue governments in order to remove any standards or laws relating to public health and safety that might cut that corporation's profits. In other words, the FTAA values corporate profit over human rights.



Authority figures... yummy.

feature by | Lisa Magierowski

Power. Experience. Knowledgeable sensuality. Hidden depths. Forbidden circumstances. I find authority figures attractive. Teachers, bosses, competent businessmen, it doesn't matter which one; all have that certain something that appeals to my sensual side.

Almost all of us have had that K-12 teacher who secretly turned us on. So why does authority have that effect on us... And what happens when that innocent pre-pubescent crush syndrome manifests into something more for a college student? Because at this point in our lives, more so than ever before, fantasy can become possibility as the pimply pre-pubescent flowers into a legal adult.

OK. I just want you to know the following words have to come from me, personally. I'm going to speak from a female, heterosexual perspective because that's what I am. Disclaimer aside, I'm moving on:

## Chutes and Ladders

An on-going look at Truman State relationships

This is a small school and our options aren't very... well, how can I put this delicately? Ummm, open. This isn't purely personal opinion, either. A good friend told me, "At Truman, we are surrounded by boys who are children. So, when you get a man who knows what he's about, it's extremely attractive."

I definitely agree. Sorry boys, but she's right. Most of the guys I've met at this school simply aren't on the same wavelength as I am right now. I want a guy who's going to slowly turn me on, someone who knows how to play the game; definitely *not* someone who is focused on getting me in the sack as quickly as possible only to smother me with hard kisses, grab my breasts and then get off. Not cool, guys.

I don't want to be another notch in somebody's belt. It might sound old-fashioned, but I want to be wooed. I want a man who knows what he's doing. Someone with enough experience to respect both people in the relationship. Someone with self-confidence that is not drenched in machismo.

The authority figure offers this. It's not about "older man" lust. It's a fantasy, a vague hope that with age comes maturity. That, hopefully, men don't remain the same bumbling, sex-driven assholes they are at 20. OK, it's not only a fantasy; it's a desperate, pleading, gut-wrenching fantasy.

Anyway, there are some very attractive single teachers on this campus. Teachers whose intelligence makes them very sexy. Teachers

whose persona screams MAN! not BOY! Teachers I thank the administration for hiring.

So, in the interest of promoting the dream, I don't have a problem with teachers dating students. If a student is in a position of being graded by that teacher, then fine, no, I don't think a relationship would be appropriate. But, in a town as small as Kirksville, where else are we women supposed to find our men?

Alright, I concede that not all the boys on this campus are that bad. Some do actually have a brain in their heads. Not that head, the one with hair on it. Some do actually treat women with respect. And you know why? They take time to look at a woman as a person with feelings and not an open, available, walking vagina.

OK, so maybe older men in authoritative positions do this, too. I don't expect a person's sex drive to disappear once they become successful. But I would hope with age comes experience, and urges can be controlled enough to keep the flag from raising, if you know what I mean.

I think girls mature faster than boys. I think a woman looks for depth in her partner, not just sexual stamina. I think people gravitate toward authority figures because they represent everything they want in a mate -- security, maturity and sexuality. And at this point in our lives, I think teachers provide the fodder for these needs.

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## FAC + CMC = total indie rock meltdown

Fine China, MAP, Pony  
Express and Battlecat

preview by | Amanda Bunyard

This Thursday, March 22 at 7 p.m. in the SUB Down Under, four bands are going to rock your face off and you'll be left wondering how it got on the floor. The insane creativity of these indie bands will blow you away onto a golden joyride to rock 'n' roll heaven. You'll begin moving to the music and be so swept off your feet that when the clock strikes midnight your dancehall discotheque will turn back into the desparkled Down Under with the smell of nearby Tierra del Sol and Sodexo.

But don't let the above dangers scare you away! Fine China is a four-piece band from Phoenix Arizona whose sound is a mix of Modern English, the Cure, Joy Electric, indie rock and even some happy hardcore techno.

MAP, featuring two members of Starflyer 59, will please all the shoe gazers with their complex yet gentle guitars, beautiful melodies and songs that everyone can relate to.

Pony Express is from Southern California and is where Velvet Blue Music began and

plays some great rock.

These bands are all part of the Christian music community but their music does not always focus on being a ministry in itself.

For example, Fine China does not preach from the stage because they don't want the audience to take everything they say as Gospel just because they're on their way to rock superstardom.

Velvet Blue Music doesn't want to be a part of the Christian music "industry," meaning they don't want to sell God to listeners.

Battlecat is a self-described "improv rock band," not to be confused with a Phish-like style. Note that the members include a hip-hop DJ, a drummer who plays a set *and* a hand-drummer, and a bassist who on the side has an incredible solo ukele/guitar/toy piano act. Be sure to come on time to check them out.

On top of all this, the show is 100 percent FREE so you have no excuse to not be there. Thank you, Campus Music Collective, for rocking Kirksville once again.

Find out more about the bands at <http://www.finechina.cc> or <http://www.velvetbluemusic.com>.

This Special White Space is dedicated to the Monitor Princess.

S W S



# Meet the Board of Governors

story by | Derek Spellman

During the arming of the Department of Public Safety last year, I heard scraps of talk that went something like this:

"We have to make sure we don't get bent over on this one."

"You're right. We should take our case to the BOG."

"What the hell is the BOG?"

And so on.

The Board of Governors (BOG) is a narrow circle of men and women that shape the general policies of the University. Created by state law, it is composed of 10 individuals.

Seven of the members are Missouri residents and are endowed with voting rights on the board. Two members are from out-of-state and lack voting rights. The final member is a student representative, who also lacks voting privileges but is permitted to sit in during closed sessions of the board.

The governor of Missouri appoints the board members for six-year terms and the student representative for a two-year term.

The Board is also granted sweeping powers by the Missouri statutes. It can set the University's cost of tuition, hire and fire the university president and approve building and/or renovation contracts.

Among other powers, it can also issue rulings that govern the student body, reshape the Student Conduct Code, hear appeals from dismissed faculty members, approve or reject real estate acquisitions undertaken by the University and approve or reject any expenditures that would incur more than \$25,000.

The Board convenes once a month, often at the Conference Room in the Student Union. The meetings usually last four or five hours. At the proceedings, a spectrum of individuals, from the University President to the Vice-President for Academic Affairs, to presidents of both Faculty Senate and Student Senate, will each issue a report on the state of the University and field questions from the board.

Afterwards, the Board will deliberate over the items on its agenda and vote on them. The Board will then move into closed session to deliberate on confidential issues such as faculty tenure and any matters that are under adjudication.

Much of the Board's agenda is composed of proposals put forward by the administration and revolves around capital expenditures, BOG member Maria Evans said.

"More often than not the things that are presented to use are not particularly controversial," BOG Vice-President John Briscoe said.

Briscoe said that is why the Board will often vote unanimously in favor of the action items set before it. In the last five years, the board has voted unanimously on nearly every action item.

Evans said the last time the Board was narrowly divided on anything was during the tenure of President Richard Warren almost seven years ago.

Rudy Arredondo, the student representative to the Board of Governors, said the votes are unanimous because most of the plans that come to a vote on the board have been dissected and polished long before they are actually remitted to the board.

"Most people are not going to send something to the Board they don't think is going to pass," he said.

One of the concerns recurrently raised by some students, however, is that the Board is too remote from the concerns of the student association to render a fair judgment on its action items.

Only one member of the Board, Maria Evans, actually resides in Kirksville. Two reside in St. Louis. One resides in Paris, Mo. One resides in Kansas City, Mo, one in Macon, Mo, and one in New London, Mo. The two out of state representatives reside in Texas and Colorado.

"I don't think the Board can be responsive to student interests," sophomore Matt Brooker said.

Members of the Board reject that view.

"I am not surprised that a student would think that," Evans said. "When I was a student here [at the University] I didn't have one iota of trust in a Board member. I thought, 'Who are these people and what do they know about me?'"

She added, "But the people on the Board know a lot more than students think. They have an interest in the University, they want to do a good job and they want to be good stewards."

Evans said she has forged close ties with the University by corresponding with faculty members and students and reading the *Index*. She also said President Jack Magruder and the BOG student representative play a vital role on the board and help to enlarge its perception of what goes on at the University.

"I would say that on a scale of one to ten, they [the BOG] probably get a seven or eight," Student Senate President Ken Hussey said, when asked how responsive to student interests the board was.

Hussey also said five of the nine members are Truman alumni and that the board attaches great importance to what the student representative says during the meetings.

Arredondo said while the Board is not a very visible group on campus its members "do not just come down here one Saturday every month. They will come into town without people noticing, attend Lyceum events, conferences and sporting events. They are a lot more involved than people think they are."

## Dining With Sodexho

Behind the Scenes

feature by | W. Aaron Wilson

Have you ever wondered exactly what goes on behind the glass sneeze guards of the cafeteria line? In today's column we go back, away from the usual tables and chairs of passive eating, through the dish room steam and clatter and into the mysterious world of the Ryle Hall kitchens.

Lynnette Markeson, the cafeteria hall director for Ryle hall, took this reporter for a quick tour of the kitchens. While I had always imagined the kitchens to be a bustling place, I had no idea of the complexity and organization that goes into preparing my meals.

Meals are planned out months in advance and set to a five-week cycle with non-rotating specials such as premium night. The demand for each entrée in every meal is then forecasted two weeks in advance.

And even when meals are being prepared, State as well as Federal health guidelines have to be met, such as monitoring food temperature at every stage of food preparation.

I had always pictured the cafeteria as a pretty static environment. After all, they prepare the same dishes every five weeks; how hard can that be? The main challenge comes not just from mechanically making and serving food to students, however. It arises from a constant need to anticipate the demands of the students in order to better serve them.

Remember those forecasts I mentioned? They are essential to maintaining a constant supply of food without wasting huge quantities, and yet the response to different dishes can fluctuate wildly from month to month, making the job of writing up forecasts difficult.

On a side note, those of you who missed Island Night missed some exquisite chicken, with a choice of sweet papaya sauce or spicy mango salsa. Along with the seafood pasta, fresh cotton candy, and lively atmosphere, Island Night was a welcome change of pace.



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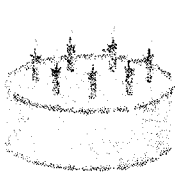
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## monitor reviews

## O brother, thou crack me up

*O Brother, Where Art Thou?*  
written, produced, directed by  
the Coen Brothers

review by | Ed Jenkins

O Coen brothers, thou art so damn good at that which you do.

You might have seen *Fargo* or *The Big Lebowski*, and if you have, then good for you. But man, I must tell you that these Coen brothers just keep pumping out brilliant films like Tom Arnold does turds. Don't forget these guys did those great movies that neither you nor I saw like *Raising Arizona* and *Blood Simple*. So now I'm seeing *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* thinking "George Clooney, is so mediocre." Well George Clooney can eat dinner with me now, because this film rocked.

*O Brother* takes place in the 1920s as three prisoners break from the chain gang to dig up a buried treasure in a plot borrowed from *The Odyssey*. Cool cat George Clooney, the excellent John Turturro and coming-upper Tim Blake Nelson act humorous circles around your favorite actors, bitch.

Batman, er uh, Ulysses Everett McGill (Clooney) is the smooth-talking, pretty-boy leader of the group as they use foot and stolen car to reach the buried treasure before it is covered by a man-made lake.

Of course they hit a bunch of amusing speed bumps involving old timin' music and chics and a muy comedic gubernatorial battle. Don't forget the unimpressive John Goodman and our favorite *News Radio* boss Stephen Root.

Here's the number one reason this movie is so damn good: the writing. The style of humor is so clever. The ideas are original and everything. And look for, funniest thing ever, a mini-me parody that is ultra laughable without knowledge of the *Austin Powers* character, but is even twenty-three times as funny with that knowledge.

Seriously: if you are cool, you will love this movie. After all, I did.

The other thing that makes this movie good are the actors. John Turturro and Tim Blake Nelson play stupid people. Yes! To describe George Clooney I just have to say three words: high school debater. But much much more likeable. High school debaters are shiteheads. But George Clooney's character is not. He's just arrogant and a great BS-er. And his hair is spectacular.

I'm not one to tell you anecdotes and such from the movie because then it's just not as funny when you see it. So go see it because it really is good. It's definitely a top ten for the past year.

## The Tick returns

*The Tick*  
a live action television  
program

review by | Ryan Ruffatti

"Spoon!" *The Tick* returns to television. Fans of the cartoon show, *The Tick*, will have special treat this year as the mighty blue avenger comes back to the small screen.

This show will be a little different as fans of the cartoon and comic book may remember it. The new show will be live action.

Tick creator, Ben Endlund, and Barry Sonnenfeld (*Men in Black*) bring the characters to life with the help of Patrick Warburton (Puddy from *Seinfeld*) as the Tick, David Burke (*The Invisible Man*) as Arthur, Liz Vassey (*Brotherly Love*) as Captain Liberty/American Maid and Nestor Carbonell (*Suddenly Susan*) as Batman/Die Fledermaus.

*The Tick* follows the exploits of a dim-witted nigh-invulnerable superhero and his sidekick Arthur. Also in the fight for justice are Captain Liberty and Batman/Die Fledermaus. These two possess a love hate relationship that sends them going between fighting like kindergartners to having sex on the rooftops.

The pilot episode of *The Tick* tells the story The Tick's arrival in The City, Arthur quitting the Fishladder accounting firm to become a superhero and their teamed efforts to

stop the Red Scare, a Russian robot from the 1970s programmed to assassinate former-president Jimmy Carter.

Not enough for you? Also toss in a guest appearance by Christopher Lloyd (*Back to the Future*) as Mr. Fishladder, an insane cast of characters and a 50-foot cow that shoots fire from her tits.

The Tick's world reacts to Warburton's actions. Buildings crumble and crack under his feet. Tire's explode as he lands on the van belonging to the bad guys.

He picks up the other characters with extreme ease and virtually destroys Arthur's apartment looking for "the switch that busts out all his secret crime busting gear."

Warburton's Tick costume is seamless top to bottom. Many die-hard fans are disappointed by the lack of a mask, but it is extremely amusing watching his antenna move and react to every facial expression.

Another added treat for Tick fans includes a cameo appearance by Ben Endlund, Tick creator, and Barry Sonnenfeld, director, as the Tick crashes through their ceiling.

The series promises to continue the pilot's zany fun, as the four grown people in superhero costumes fend off supervillains and extensive bills for property damage.

The show is was originally set to air in March, but now has a summer or fall release date due to the feared actor/writer strike.



## Taleb Kweli doesn't pop caps in MCs' asses

Talib Kweli and HiTek: Reflection  
Eternal

*Train of Thought*  
Priority/Rawkus

review by | Jonathan Cannon

I can hear the thoughts of a record label exec. "How the hell do I market an album like this? All right, so these guys have talent. Kweli's one of the best lyricists to come out from the underground since... well, in a long time. People might remember him from the *Blackstar* album in '98, although [his partner] Mos Def took the spotlight. The beats are consistently strong. The album's full of guests: De La Soul, Les Nubians, Xzibit, Rah Digga and Mos Def to name a few.

"At the same time, though, what's with this spiritual thing? He doesn't exactly have a catchy name. Hell, half the time I can't even pronounce it. He's not rapping about money, sex, the crack game or popping caps in asses. He's not crazy and out there like Outkast, he's not even crazy and out there like Eminem. He's not dissing other emcees. Not even a single song about Hennessy. And he doesn't have the sex appeal to rap his songs butt naked on MTV. [Sorry y'all, but male artists that do their videos butt naked is the motif for all of my reviews this issue.] So what do we do? Somebody get Jay-Z on the phone."

*Train of Thought* is all the way backpack hip-hop. It's for those break-dancing, skateboarding, abstract hip-hop lovers who keep their ears



forever tuned to the underground. It's 20 tracks of dope beats, primo scratching and top-notch lyricism.

Kweli really is one of the

best rap artists to break out of the underground scene in years. On cuts like "Too Late" he comes with a flow that would even drop Common's jaw.

That isn't to say that *Train of Thought* is a perfect album. Not by far. Unfortunately, about midway the album loses some of the momentum fueled by the singles "Move Somethin'" and "The Blast."

What's more, a couple of the songs (as with the somewhat disappointing Mos Def collaboration "This Means You") seem somewhat rushed and choppy.

Despite all this, there's plenty to please all kinds of hip-hop fans. He flows onto a more romantic, conscious rap on the Les Nubians-featured "Love Language," while switching it up on a grimy street anthem, "Down for the Count" featuring Xzibit and Rah Digga.

"If you can talk, you can sing/If you can walk, you can dance." Lines like this sum up the feeling of Kweli and HiTek's album. It's about spirituality, life and love for music.

With a gimmick like that, *Reflection Eternal*'s not about to rock *TRL* any time soon. But they'll definitely rock your speakers.

## Finland death metal pounds you into ground

Children of Bodom  
*Follow the Reaper*  
Nuclear Blast

review by | Stu Belden

Finland's finest melodic death metal band is back with their third full-length effort, *Follow the Reaper*, and it'll pound you into the ground if you give it the chance.

The songwriting and musicianship, as is always the case from the Bodom crew, is top notch. It's that patented Children Of Bodom sound that hits hard, a skull crushing combination of *Something Wild* heaviness, with *Hatebreed* technical prowess, shredding and hooky guitar/keyboard combinations.

Guitar solos actually add something to the song as a whole, and don't come out screaming, "Hey, listen to me! It's solo time!"

Production, courtesy of mastermind Peter Tagtgren, is superb. Every instrument has a distinct voice, and each comes through crystal clear in the mix. This album is one you can wake the neighbors down the street with.

There are couple minor nuisances, of course. Personally, I'm not a huge keyboard fan. Most of the time the keys play off of the



guitar sound extraordinarily well and add a layer of atmosphere that really fits, but every once and a while the keyboards get a bit too obtrusive for my tastes.

But even with my prejudices in the way, you can't ignore the fact that Janne Wirman has some serious keyboard skills.

I've never understood why Alexi Laiho goes with the vocal style he does. It's your run of the mill black/death metal style. In other words, it's totally unintelligible.

Well, that's not entirely true. There are parts where Laiho makes a conscious effort to bring make some words clear cut. I only wish that he kept that tone throughout.

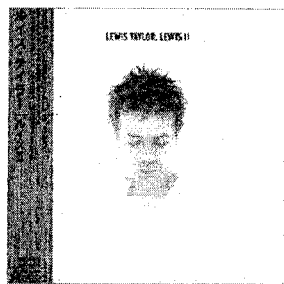
I don't want him to sing like James LaBrie (he certainly has his place; it's not here), and I sure as hell don't want to go back to the god-awful realm of '80s metal ear piercing screams. A group with such an emphasis on melody deserves a slightly cleaner vocal style.

But when it's all said and done, this album simply kills. Yeah, I hear you say, it's only 38 minutes long, but it's 38 minutes of some of the finest melodic metal you'll ever hear. Do yourself a favor. Buy this album.

# British soul keeps it funky

Lewis Taylor  
*Lewis II*

review by | Jonathan Cannon



There's a growing R & B scene coming out of the United Kingdom. Influenced by 70s funk, modern hip-hop and rock, British soul is a voice slowly trickling

into mainstream audiences. Crooner Craig David burned European airwaves with singles from his album *Born to Do It* while timeworn artist Omar continued to keep it funky with his latest offering, *Best so Far*.

Meanwhile, an eccentric white guy from London quietly releases his second R & B album in three years. The white guy is Lewis Taylor. The album is *Lewis II*.

Explaining an album this good is like describing soul food to someone who's never tasted it before. What can be done is to dispel everything that the album isn't.

*Lewis II* is not your typical R & B joint. While the lyrics are pretty standard "You make me wanna, I think I'm gonna, yeah yeah yeah, oooh, the whole way down" ("You Make Me Wanna", subtlety, thy name is not Lewis Taylor), the tone isn't the same.

Taylor isn't oozing of sexuality like his American influences. Each song isn't dripping with sex-you-up imagery. He tackles love, sex

and relationships like the average guy, not quite Midnight Lover-style.

In fact, lovers of modern R & B might even be turned off. Taylor brings back a return to that time when rhythm and blues was more synonymous with rock 'n' roll. "Satisfied" culminates in a blazing guitar solo, while the percussive jam "My Aching Heart" recalls more the days of Marvin Gaye's *I Want You* album than Maxwell's *Urban Hang Suite*.

All in all, the album's more focused on delivering the jam than melting teeny-bopper hearts. Imagine music with the funk and soul of the '70s, added with a dash of '80s pop appeal.

The only thing stopping this four-and-a-half star album from being a five star classic, unfortunately, is Taylor's own voice. Though his voice on each track is just fine, he's no Al Green. His range falls slightly short of greatness. To quote Sly Stone's assessment of Prince years ago, at times Taylor's voice "tastes like spinach when it should be tastin' like collard greens."

For a soul album, that could be something of a setback. Yet without a doubt this is the album's only setback -- and a damn small setback it is. *Lewis II* shines on just about every other aspect: great production (especially on super hot "I'm On the Floor"), great instrumentation (played mostly by Taylor himself) and just a sonic quality that kicks the ass of about 95 percent of R & B albums around right now.

The album's only available as an import now, which means odds are you aren't going to find it at Stanley's wreka sto down the street. But if you're willing to shell out the bucks for some of the best soul music you'll hear all year, put your money on *Lewis II*.

# Cleaves ain't just a cowboy

Said Cleaves  
*Broke Down*  
UNI

review by | W. Aaron Wilson

When you think of Texan music, do you picture a bunch of cowboys yodeling about cattle drives and oil derricks? While it is true that Texas and its music are steeped in a kind of cowboy culture and mystique, many of the artists, especially those from Austin in particular, show a unique blend of folk, country, rock and other musical forms. (The Austin Lounge Lizards, a novelty band from the area have said they got into music so they could combine their two favorite forms of music: bluegrass and surf rock.)

While there is no doubt about the appeal of traditional "cowboy" artists such as Riders in the Sky and the singer Marty Robbins, not all Texan music fits into this stereotype.

Such is the case of Slaid Cleaves in his debut album, *Broke Down*. Although he sometimes favors the twangy guitar of modern country, his lyrics are delivered with a folk singer's earnestness. And, above all, he sings songs about the working class of America, whether they wear cowboy boots or lumberjack plaids.

*Broke Down* is a series of ballads and songs about just that: things that have broken down. In the title song, Cleaves masterfully tells a story of two people, a husband and wife whose seemingly loveless marriage is shattered by a con man. "Down at the bottom of Lake Ponchartrain/There's a love note carved inside a wedding ring," sings Cleaves.

From the lighthearted "Keychain," to the

dismal "Cold and Lonely," Cleaves spins tales of dignity and courage in the face of hardship. His songs range across the continent, from the Ontario lumberjack in "Breakfast in Hell," to the nameless Midwest farmer in "Cold and Lonely," to the Appalachian coal miner's wife in "Lydia," a song written by Karen Poston.

As is the case of any great folk singer, Cleaves' songs are the songs of the people. People who haven't managed to latch onto the prosperity that's supposedly sweeping our country.

People who may be so concerned with surviving day to day that they have no strength to worry about the condition of their inner selves.

"Just give me one good year/To get my feet back on the ground/I've been chasing grace/Grace ain't so easily found," he sings in "One Good Year."

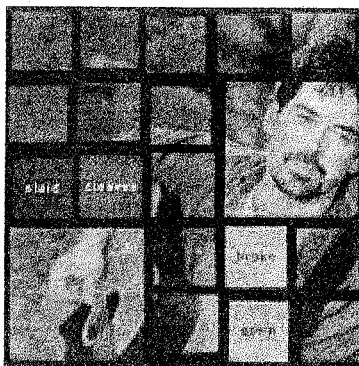
And even as all of his songs seem to be about sorrow and things broken, Cleaves quietly inspires with the beautiful, "This Morning I was Born Again," a song

written by the immortal Woodie Guthrie.

In "Born Again," Cleaves denies the worldly, materialistic view of heaven espoused by many in favor for a heaven on earth. "I give myself, my heart, my soul, to give a friend a hand/This morning I was born again, I am in the promised land," Cleaves and Guthrie say together.

"I do not want your pearly, don't want your streets of gold/I do not want your mansion, for my heart is never cold."

All in all, Cleaves is a masterful musician, seamlessly blending country and folk, and weaving tales so vivid that you can hear the scream of an osprey and see the teardrops on that last letter goodbye.



# Morcheeba trip-hops off the charts

Morcheeba  
*Fragments of Freedom*  
Sire

review by | Matthew Webber

There was a moment two or three years ago when the trip-hop genre threatened to become the Next Big Thing, the wagon on which MTV, *Rolling Stone* and everybody who ever wore a slap bracelet could band. Portishead had already had a hit single in heavy radio rotation, Tricky was finding critical and some commercial success and Morcheeba was developing an aboveground following in Britain and an underground following in the States.

I blinked and the moment passed, which is probably a good thing for music fans. Otherwise, we'd be faced with the trip-hop equivalents of Seven Mary Three and Linkin Park.

Instead we're left to listen to the genre's pioneers, including Morcheeba, whose 2000 album, *Fragments of Freedom*, revels in the fact that approximately 71 American citizens will buy it. The album is good enough that if top forty and modern rock DJs were somehow to discovered it beneath their stacks of Creed and Matchbox Twenty singles, they'd kill it like they kill everything good.

And it's so good you pray these DJs and their legions of O-Town fans will never, ever



know it exists.

For the uninitiated listener, *Fragments of Freedom* works as a representative sample of Morcheeba or the trip-hop genre.

Morcheeba continues doing what it and other trip-hoppers always done: blend danceable beats with hum-able melodies in such so smoothly that one wonders why so few have copied it.

For the seasoned veteran, it's a departure for the group and trip-hop in ways that a band like Crazy Town and its crap/metal homies will never know. Morcheeba includes more hip-hop elements on this album than on prior efforts, with brilliant guest appearances (believe it or not, such a thing is actually possible) from the great old school MC, Biz Markie, and the up-and-coming female rhymers, Bahamadia. The album even includes a Jimmy Buffett-style party song.

A rap producer could learn much from Morcheeba in creating and releasing tension -- or else he could just sample one of the band's fat drumbeats.

Morcheeba could school a rock producer in blending and highlighting every instrument, voice and sound effect -- or else the band could just keep making great records that few Americans bother to listen to.

# Bard kills almost everyone

Titus Andronicus  
William Shakespeare

review by | Shala Garcia

We all know a little bit about W.S. -- that's right, William Shakespeare. Perhaps we took a course in high school or college and learned all about his life, only to find later it was all a lie and his real name was Joseph Fiennes and he was romantically involved with Gwyneth Paltrow. But we definitely have read his famous play, *Romeo and Juliet*, or at least seen the horrible Hollywood version with Claire Danes and Leonardo DiCaprio, who will, no matter what movie he performs in, always remain that chubby kid on *Growing Pains*.

But nothing quite depicts Shakespeare like *Titus Andronicus*. It has all the sex, lies, deception and murder of a modern day film.

With the same five-act trend, Shakespeare unfolds an exciting but wrenching story. To summarize it, it's about a general, Titus Andronicus, who returns from a war and watches as his king marries evil Tamora, Queen of the Goths, whom he had just fought against in the war, after Titus had just sacrificed her son, Alarbus.

However, the king was supposed to marry Titus' daughter, Lavinia, but didn't because she

ran away with her brothers, Lucius, Quintus and Martius. This causes a whole heap of problems because now the king is angry with Titus for not being able to marry Lavinia and Titus kills one of his sons, Mutius, for protecting his sister. Of course, Tamora didn't agree to this marriage for love because she's evil and besides, she's banging this guy Aaron the Moor on the side.

I don't want to tell the rest of the details because it's a good story, but I will say that Titus goes completely insane and hardly any of the characters are alive by the end of the play.

Now you ask how you're possibly going to be able to read this play. "It's in sonnets!" you exclaim. Actually, Shakespeare had something going when he wrote all his plays in poetry form. You have to actually pay attention to what you're reading. There is no skipping around in Shakespeare plays or you'll be lost.

So, if Shakespeare walked up to you on the street and asked if you read his last play or saw it, you couldn't lie. You couldn't say, "Yeah, *Romeo and Juliet* was really good, but why did they wear star crosses while making love?" He would say, "Fellow, you are quite the ignoramus, reading skills should not be without true men."



# Eat cookies for breakfast

feature by | Cameron Moore

I often find myself wondering what would be the best part about college.

Is it the unlimited freedom that comes with leaving home? Is it all the available resources on campus to pursue a career in the "real" world? Or is it the fact that you load up the bong every day and still get straight As?

These answers are tempting, but I think the answer we are all looking for is something much simpler.

Last week when we got back from break, somebody pulled the rug out from under all of us. We leave campus and the University sees its chance do its evil biddings while nobody is around to see it.

But this time they lucked out. This time they did something right. This time they brought Cookie Crisp to the cafeteria.

There's nothing more bad ass than being able to wake up and choose from a wall of cereal for breakfast. That's the best part about college. When was the last time you could have Cap'n Crunch and Cocoa Puffs and Lucky Charms all in the same meal?

The more sugar the better. Give me those marshmallows; I'll eat that shit up. But aw hell naw, nobody told me it was going to be like this, with Cookie Crisp.

Cookie Crisp commercials were the shit. That burglar dude and the cop dude, they just kept going. I would have kept going too if I were that burglar. Shit, cookies for breakfast? I'd do anything.

## ECO Tip

Wait until you have a full load of laundry before washing your clothes....

washers use 32-59 gallons for each cycle!!

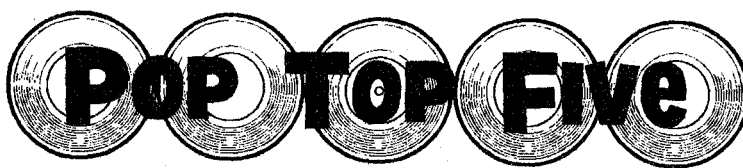


This tip was brought to you by ECO, the Environmental Campus Organization. We meet Thursday evenings at 9 p.m. in Nason 104. Come join us!

## BEARD'S GALLERY

Matboard  
Foam board  
& Framing Supplies  
and of course, fine art

120 E. Washington  
665-4531  
one block east of Pagliai's



feature by | Jonathan Cannon

Y'all know the deal by now. The best in hip-hop and R&B that never won their just desserts. Five audio jewels that should be in any serious music junkie's collection. Last time, we ran through numbers six through 10 (in no particular order, but keep up there'll be a quiz later), so now we'll start with number 11:

**11. Mint Condition -- From the Mint Factory.** The Mint have been around since the early nineties, doing the live band thing with a retro sound often compared to vintage Tony Toni Toné.

While it took them three albums to get noticed (their fame peaked in '96 with the hit single "What Kind of Man Would I Be?"), their sophomore album *From the Mint Factory* shows the band's overall best efforts.

Blending contemporary R&B with rock, this album covers a lot of ground. They pull off smooth ballads ("Back to your Lovin," "Good for Your Heart," "U Send Me Swingin'"), funky drum-based songs ("Welcome to the Mint Factory," "If the Feeling's Right") and all-out, ugly-faced, Living Colour rock jawns ("Fidelity").

R&B didn't get any better til D'angelo decided to sing love songs butt-naked on MTV. (Can't we get that guy a robe or something?)

**12. Terence Trent D'arby -- Neither Fish Nor Flesh.** Yeah, I know. It's not exactly hip-hop or R&B. I know it was also released late in '89 and is not technically a '90s album.

What's more, the title, along with the Intro track, is just about as pretentious as it gets. (This was, after all, the same cat who declared his debut *Introducing the Hardline* featuring Terence Trent D'arby as the best album

since *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*.)

But while it doesn't follow the conventions of R&B, this album is as soulful as it gets. D'arby has a strong voice, and songs like "To Know Someone Deeply is to Know Someone Softly," "I'll Be Alright" and "This Side of Love" are just plain beautiful.

At its finest moments, this album sounds like what soul should be, the kind of joint that the masters of the seventies would make if they were still alive (mentally or physically). And the Beatles-esque "...And I Need to Be With Someone Tonight" is the perfect exit for a wonderful, must-have album.

**13. Outkast -- ATLiens.** Everyone and their mama know about Outkast now. Their fourth album, *Stankonia*, has burned up the charts under the steam of the blow-up singles "B.O.B." and "Ms. Jackson."

However, the tag team of Big Boi and Andre (now calling himself Dre 3000) first started turning heads with their sophomore album *ATLiens*. In fact, *ATLiens* is one of the most complete hip-hop albums of all time.

This is where they found their niche in the industry, away from East and West coast battling. It's cohesive from start to finish, with Outkast smoking out tracks like "Jazzy Belle," "Babylon" and the Goodie Mob-featured "Mainstream."

Not only do they show incredible progress since their debut album *Southernplayalisticadillacmusic*, but they succeed in executing an atmospheric concept album that few hip-hop artists since have been able to pull off.

**14. Pete Rock and CL Smooth -- The Main Ingredient.** A priceless gem from Pete Rock, master of the drum sample. Their

third joint album, *The Main Ingredient*, perfects a sound mastered with '92's *Mecca & The Soul Brother*, a classic album in its own right. Great breakbeats (chock full of sample goodness, those were the days!) and CL Smooth's laid-back, charismatic voice make this one hell of an album. Don't sleep on this one.

**15. Nas -- Illmatic.** This is a timeless classic, one that all true heads know about.

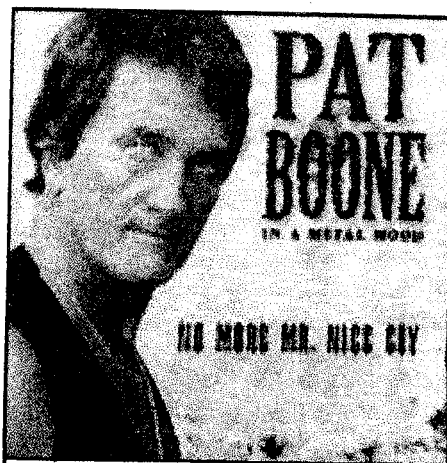
For diehard fans, Nas is one of the great travesties of hip-hop, right up there with the death of BDP's Scott LaRock. Five years after an incredible debut we find Nas rocking the bling! bling!, rhyming with Mariah Carey and trading verses with Ginuwine.

He started with lines like "I never sleep/Cause sleep is the cousin of death" and "evolved" into: "Owe me back like you owe your rent/Owe me back like it's money I spent..." (You tell me which is better.)

He traded in tight production by DJ Premier, 3rd Bass's MC Serch and A Tribe Called Quest's Q-Tip for the likes of Timbaland, Puff Daddy and Dr. Dre. (Starting to get the picture?)

In the process, the artists and critics who once hailed *Illmatic* as one of the greatest albums in hip-hop history were now running for the hills. With every new release, more Nas fans bowed their heads in "Say it ain't so!" shame.

But this is all the more reason to hear *Illmatic*, cut when Nas was just some cat from Queens with horror stories from the inner city and one wicked flow. This album, one of the best post-Golden Era albums around, is like a Black Sabbath album before Ozzy left -- experience it, love it but know it's not going to get that good ever again.



## Granny kills self while listening to heavy metal record

Pat Boone  
*In a Metal Mood: No More Mr. Nice Guy*  
Hip-O

review by | Matthew Webber

I can't decide what's more nightmar-

## GUILTY PLEASURES: STUFF SO BAD IT RULES

ish: A) a shirtless, gold-chain- and earring-wearing Pat Boone with a freakishly luminescent eye on the front cover of an album, B) a denim-clad, sunglass-wearing Pat Boone on a Meatloaf-sized motorcycle on the back cover or C) the fact that Pat Boone, his management, his family and his friends thought an album of Pat Boone's singing heavy metal songs was a marketable -- or good -- idea.

The resulting album, *In a Metal Mood: No More Mr. Nice Guy!*, might just make you wet yourself. Not because of how scary the Deep Purple, Ozzy Osbourne and other heavy metal bands' cover songs are, but because of how giggle-licious they are.

Pat Boone's late-life crisis album is the accidentally funniest CD since any Wesley Willis album.

I'd call Pat Boone's crossover attempt laudable -- but then I'd change that D to a GH. I mean, nobody should cover a classic like "Stairway to Heaven," especially a fart who wouldn't know Led Zeppelin from Alice Cooper if his daughter committed suicide

because of one of their backwards Satanic messages, but Pat Boone went ahead and shaved his chest hair (!) anyway.

The only people who would kill themselves while listening to this album are fans of the original heavy metal bands, grannies and gramps at various nursing homes whose idol just sold out (at least Lawrence Welk keeps it real) or anyone who enjoys good music in general.

In the liner notes, ol' Patty claims he's "a product of the whole rock revolution" and that his fans "would buy anything [he] did."

Hee hee hee.

Imagine an album full of you and your buddies getting drunk on a Tuesday night, cranking up "Enter Sandman" and "Paradise City" on your karaoke machine and pretending to sound like a sober Frank Sinatra, and you've successfully imagined *In a Metal Mood* and probably wet yourself.

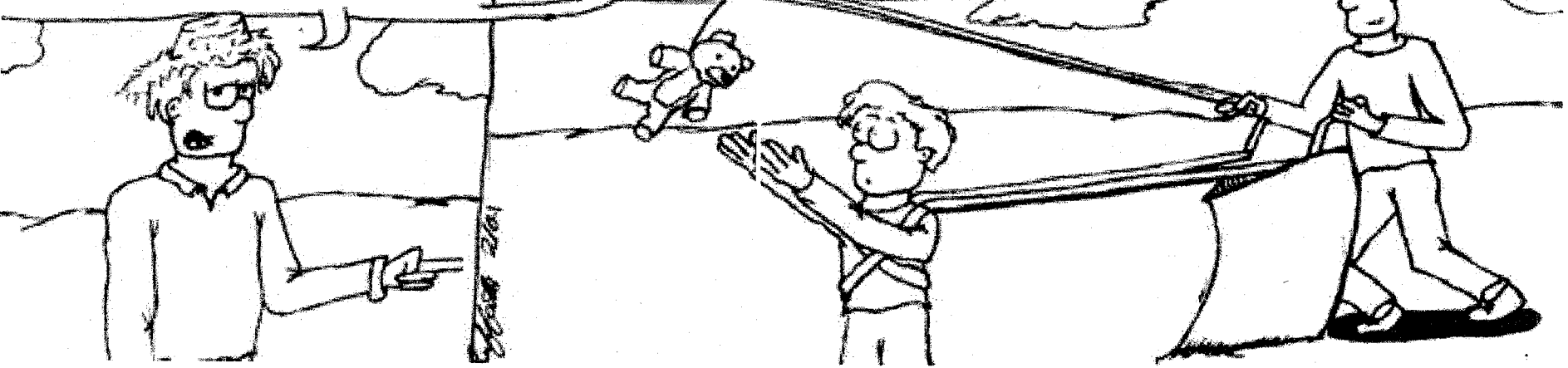
In other words, you absolutely must find yourself a copy of this album!!!

## Don't be Afraid...

by Ryan Ruffatti

Thanks to PETA, we  
can't use animal labor...

(we did find other methods ...)



## PURGATORY PRESENTS: THIS IS YOU part I



## KKK, from page 1

consequences. Residents of La Plata have said several African-American families who tried to move into the area have been harassed and subsequently left.

A University faculty member said a Nigerian-born professor who taught at the University eight years ago actually left Kirksville partly because of low-level discrimination. This individual even said that certain Kirksville restaurants occasionally refused to seat him on account of his ethnicity.

The Rev. Thomas Robb is the Imperial Wizard of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan (KKK), the effective national leader of the Klan in America today and its chapters in 42 states. Reverend Robb confirmed that, "we have quite a few supporters there (in northeast Missouri)" but also said such aforementioned acts of dis-

crimination do not reflect the prevailing attitudes or practices of the Knights.

"Yes there are a number of people who use the name Klan and support hatred, and it would be a fair assumption to say they are hate mongers," he said. "But the majority (in the Klan) do not hate minorities. The overwhelming majority -- practically everybody -- in our organization are not interested in hating minorities. Those that do are short term people and say they hate black people because they think it's cool or something."

The Rev. Robb said the dark impressions of the Klan conveyed by the media are inaccurate. He said while the Klan retains its separatist agenda and disapproves of racial mixing, it has softened its doctrines and now divides its time between newsletters, television programs, rallies and educational programs.

Robb said the organizing principle of the Klan today is the preservation of white culture.

"Our concern is with our children and the future of America," he said.

Robb said the Klan feels a growing alarm over the number of minorities in America.

"In about ten years, the white race will become a minority in this country."

He said this new "minority-majority" endangers traditional American principles and will effect enduring changes in the political and social landscape of the nation.

"We have begun a downward slide into a nation that is more and more non-white," he said. "We will soon lose the system of government that was created by our forefathers."

"Total separation is the only solution," he said. "By the time people see I am right it will be too late."

## Hungry for blood?

Be a part of the 2002 Monitor staff.  
Come our meetings Tuesday or Thursday at  
9 p.m. in BH 346.  
Trust us, we don't bite.  
We will need bodies to fill these positions:

Managing editors  
Assistant editors  
Advertising representatives  
Reporters  
Cartoonists  
Illustrators  
Poets

And anyone else who's not afraid of The Man.

# Tonight! SAB Presents ALLETTE BROOKS

coffee!



cookies!

"Allette Brooks may have a disarmingly relaxed and humorous relationship with the audience at her gigs, but there's nothing laid back about her high energy performance and powerful folks songs."

Bob McWilliams, West Side Folk  
and KANU, Lawrence, Kan.

## 7:30 SUB Down Under



## Queen Astra

*Let the stars  
be your guide!*

**Aries (March 21-April 20)** Queen ASS-tra says to go out and shake your "money maker" this weekend. Get it?

**Taurus (April 21-May 22)** Never let a machine take over a part of your life. Let a clone take it over. Then at least it will look like you.

**Gemini (May 23-June 21)** Breathe in. Breath out. You keep me alive. You are the fire breathing inside of me. You are my PASSION for life.

**Cancer (June 22-July 24)** With lotion, anything is possible

**Leo (July 25-August 23)** Really. Maybe if you hadn't sold your soul to Hecuba you wouldn't be stuck in a hall of mirrors in hell watching Miguel and Charity make love.

**Virgo (August 24-September 23)** This week you will discover the cure to lung cancer. Ironically, it's cigarettes.

**Libra (September 24-October 23)** Maybe if all the buttons on your book

bag didn't all mention women, people wouldn't think that you're a lesbian.

**Scorpio (October 24-November 22)** It's a good week to take up Scientology. No, seriously, they're really nice folks.

**Sagittarius (November 23-December 21)** The answer to all your problems: cheese ravioli. Never underestimate the power of your trusted friend, Chef Boyardi.

**Capricorn (December 22-January 20)** Here's a song quote to sum up your coming week: "Girl, you look good. Why don't you back that ass up?"

**Aquarius (January 21-February 19)** This week you will meet a stranger named Pablo. Despite his insistence, do not give him any tuna casserole. It could mean the end of the world as we know it. The future of civilization is in your hands. Don't fuck up.

**Pisces (February 20-March 20)** Everyday isn't a holiday... it's an orgasm. Uuuuhh!

# PANCAKE CITY

24 HOURS  
7 DAYS A WEEK  
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Owned and Operated by Alumni of Truman State University

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11 PM—4 AM

Sundays: All-U-Can-Eat  
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Mondays: All-U-Can-Eat  
Biscuits n Gravy \$1.99

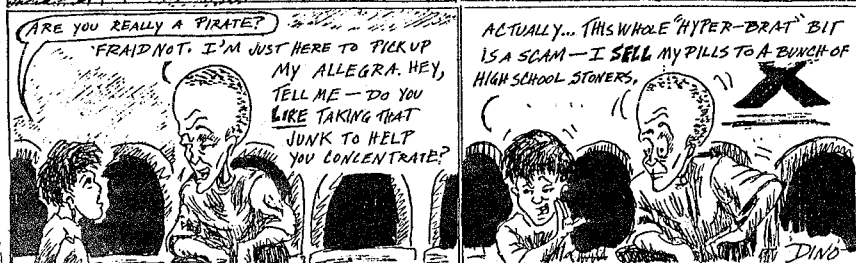
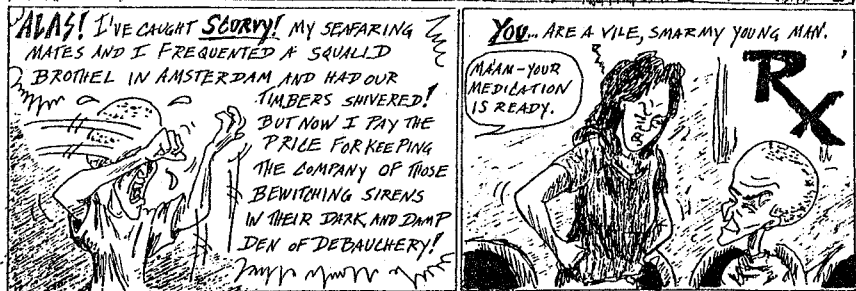
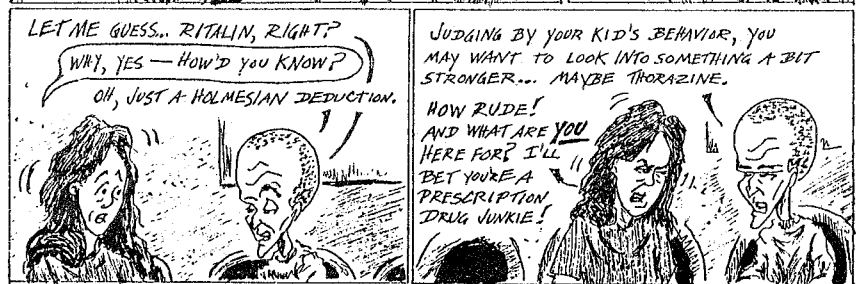
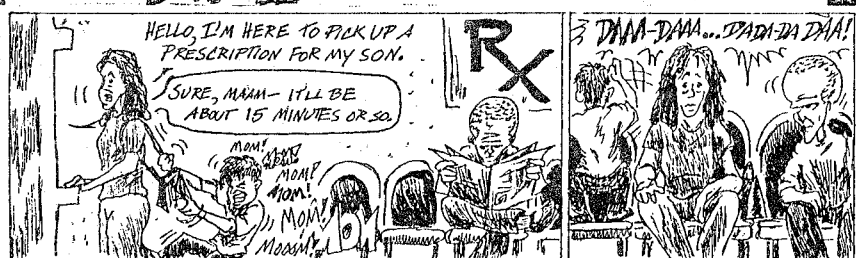
Tuesdays: 1/2 Price Cheddar Nugs—NO Limit



Daily Lunch Specials  
11 AM—2 PM  
\$4.49

Mondays-Country Fried  
Steak, Tuesdays and  
Fridays-Hot Roast Beef  
Plate, Wednesdays-Pot  
Roast, Thursdays-Meatloaf  
Includes Coffee or Tea

THE **DODGE** C.H.R.O.N.I.C.L.E.S. BY ANDY DANDINO





# ART ON A PAGE

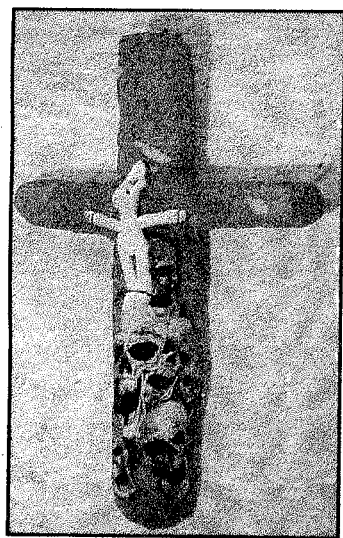
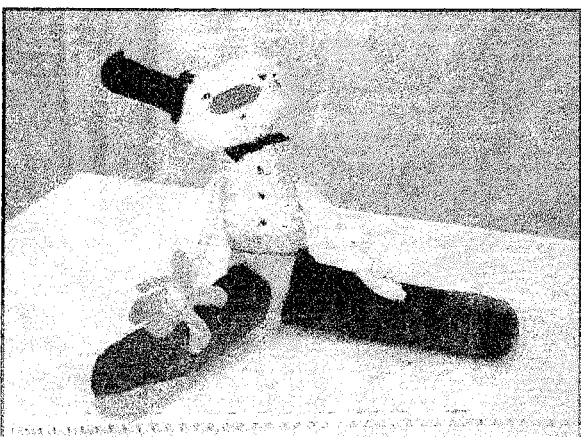
## Thumb Art Gallery

Truman U's Kjell Hahn and Jimmy Kuehnle ran their fifth gallery show February 23. The work was only displayed for one day because the two made the gallery space in their home. The show included a 160 pound spit cooked hog, a guest speaker, concert pianist Dan Kubis and a truck for guests to graffiti. Hahn and Kuehnle plan to have one final exhibition before graduating next semester. The two claim the final exhibition to be an event no human should miss unless they have already made enemies of that individual.



Ruth Racher  
"Self Portrait: Hiding in the Basement"  
B/W Photography  
2000

Stephanie Wuerzt  
"The Little Rummie Seeks Romance"  
Fibers Construction  
2001



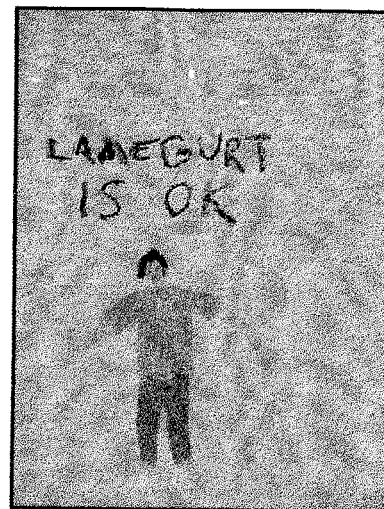
Stepanie Wuerzt  
"Loss of Innocence"  
Fiber Construction  
2000



Mimi Kato  
"Little Lamb"  
Lithograph  
2001



Dumb Guy  
Untitled  
Marker on Paper  
2001



Channing Kennedy  
"Lamegurt is OK"  
Oil Pastel on Paper  
2001



Dumb Guy  
Untitled  
Marker on Paper  
2000



Kjell Hahn  
"Dancing"  
Pencil on Paper  
2000



Jason Amster  
"Satomi"  
Oil  
2000

Jim Jereb  
"Hunting as a Game"  
Woodcut  
2001



## Caffeine

She buys a cup of coffee. The ceramic burns her fingers.  
 She blows her cup of coffee till the smoke no longer lingers.  
 She sinks in a chair; no one stares, no one's there.  
 She thinks in her book, "I don't care, I don't care."

He buys a Coca-Cola, waits for calories to find him.  
 He drinks his Coca-Cola, waits for caffeine to define him.  
 It oozes down his throat. (He'll wish he never read her note.)  
 He fingers folded paper in the pocket of his coat.

"It's over," she wrote, he reads, she thinks.  
 She slams her cup of coffee when she finishes her drink.  
 "It's over," she wrote, he read, he knows.  
 He spills his Coca-Cola and it freezes on his clothes.

He shivers outside Quick Trip. It's the longest trip he took.  
 She burns her crumbly napkin as she journals in her book.  
 He wipes a snowball from his eye. He doesn't understand.  
 She wipes the chocolate from her sign. She's found another man.

"It's over," she wrote, he reads, she thinks.  
 She slams her cup of coffee when she finishes her drink.  
 "It's over," she wrote, he read, he knows.  
 He spills his Coca-Cola and it freezes on his clothes.

The aftertaste of coffee is a lukewarm scoop of mud.  
 The aftertaste of cola is a frozen drop of blood.  
 The aftertaste of friendship is a thing they don't remember.  
 The aftertaste of what they shared is snow before November.

She buys a cappuccino; it's the only drink he'd drink.  
 She always tasted like the grounds you dump into the sink.  
 He walks to work forgetting her; it works until he steps.  
 He always thought he'd dump her first with cola on his breath.

"It's over," he thought, she read, she wrote.  
 "You taste like fucking coffee," was his most annoying quote.  
 "It's over," he thought, she read, she breathes.  
 She licks her lips and leaves a tip and then gets up to leave.

—Matthew Webber

## Writer's Block

Once, while driving a poem,  
 I stopped at an intersection  
 I couldn't see past.

I called Langston Hughes  
 to ask about the fuzz,  
 how to make it resemble  
 gay black artwork  
 singing Harlem, America  
 during renaissance.

I didn't need my book  
 to remember his number,  
 we've been friends  
 since he wrote a note  
 about genius childhoods.

He wasn't home though.

I had to keep driving  
 but I had no direction,  
 so I recalled his note,  
 as if it paves blind paths.

—Orlando L. Williams

Dream Song 4b  
For John Berryman

I feel Henry's gaze upon my neck  
 like needles. My flush rises to meet  
 yours and chicken paprika becomes  
 the prop. Pheromones – the very  
 Possibility of you and me.  
 Clink-clanks of forks and plates  
 drown out the buzz of you and me.

The split cup on which I sit could pour  
 draughts of what you're looking for.

Help, Mr. Bones! Don't you think  
 he'd fall on me like dogs, leave an empty sack  
 for the slob that keeps him from me?  
 And that law: a dry bone stretched.

—Rachel Sokolov

## My BACK PAGES

I love the cinnamon spice of jazz on a winter evening  
 next to a fireplace that crackles in tempo  
 with the pop and smack of the bass as  
 it gently boxes with the snare,  
 and I write.  
 I could be Voltaire or  
 even the Bard himself!  
 And I hum along, gently, as I pour out my soul on  
 the paper, choirboy pure until I  
 muddy its face with my pen and  
 my terrible knowledge.

—John Becker

## A Puzzle

Of what you see is not the whole.  
 What is hid? What might your mind find?  
 You, hid 'neath that mere grin, must unfold,  
 See what that form might veil, not blind.  
 Is might mere? Might made of mind? No!  
 Not your grin, veil of quandary, but thought  
 The mind must not mind, but must know,  
 Whole. Find, unfold blind. No thought, know naught!

—Reed Vertikel

## Reasons For Going

he goes up these stairs every day  
 sometimes more

then to woods  
 hunting fists full of weeds, hands

twist at the roots he  
 pulls bark and leaf from

sky grass appleberries

sting his cheeks fall  
 crimson at morning leafmelt

covered with sun

elbow to water each

second a baby  
 bobbing on string

the reasons for going are all the same  
 no one ever finishes

for a moment you are witness  
 and the next

you are alone

—Jennifer Hatala

Spring Break is over, and there are only a few issues of  
*The Monitor* left this semester. Take this opportunity to  
 have your poetry included. Drop submissions by the  
*Monitor* mailbox in the CAOC, or e-mail x289@truman.edu.