THE MONITOR

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

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A Campus Collective

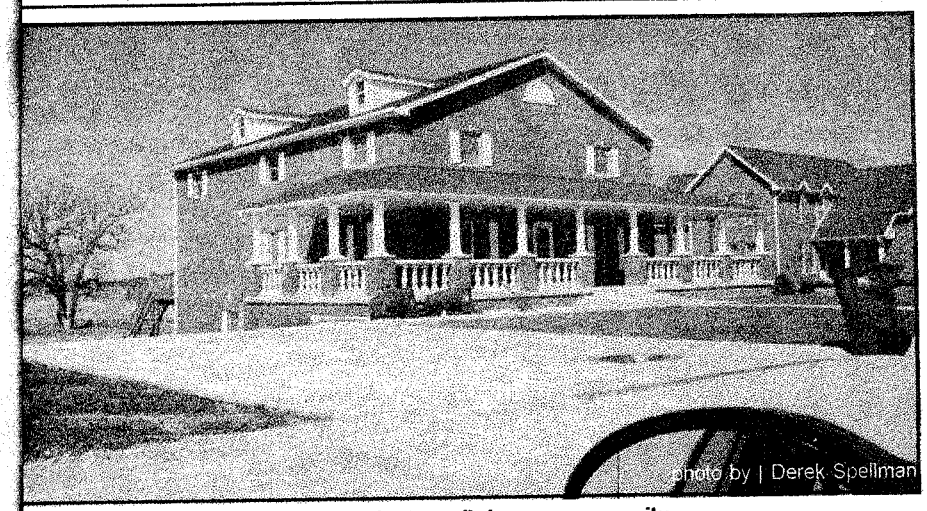

photo by | Derek Spellman

house in Heartland, Mo., a private religious community.

Heartland, Mo., instills work ethic, renews faith in God

story by | Derek Spellman

At a glance, the town of Heartland seems straight from the pages of a Stephen King novel. Found in the remote reaches of northeastern Missouri and amid vistas of barren cornfields, the town seems to almost bulge with wealth. Instead of gently greening sycamores, one sees wide streets lined with sturdy townhouses and duplexes. Instead of cornfields, one sees a playground painted in bright primary colors, a large school and a great hall rambling comfortably upon the summit of a hill.

Yet the town nurses no secrets. Lying on the fringes of Shelby County, Heartland is a private community established in 1995 by CNS Ministries, Inc., a nondenominational Christian organization. For the last six years it has served as a sanctuary for individuals debilitated by recurrent bouts with depression, substance abuse or other forms of personal strife.

"Our only mission is to help people," Heartland associate pastor Robert Patchin said. "We don't advertise. People hear about us through word of mouth or in jail. They come to us for many reasons, but our mission is always to help them."

Individuals receive help by being a taught a regimen of self-discipline that is tempered and transformed by religious faith. In exchange for a place of lodging and regular meals, camp members either attend the site's Christian Academy or hold a steady job on the Heartland dairy and cattle farm. They also attend a host of religious services to restore their faith in God and themselves.

"We guarantee people success in our program is they take their medicine. And that medicine is Jesus," Patchin said.

Patchin also said the program's expectations can be exacting.

"It's a tough structure," he said. "They [the participants] have a full day of work and activities. They have to go to bed and get up at a certain time. We've had people come in here who say jail was easier than this. But we try to instill discipline. The most important thing here is to teach the kids and the adults how to work."

Although the camp's turnover rate remains substantial, membership has swelled in the last six years to almost 250 current members. Younger members remain at the compound until they have graduated from Heartland's high school. Older members remain on the compound for a year and discharge certain duties on the cattle farm or dairy farm.

Patchin said that those who fulfill the program gain enduring benefits.

"In the people who graduate, the success rate is in the upper nineties," he said. "Those that graduate go on to lead great lives in society. I could give you success story after success story."

One of the principal authors of these stories is Charles Sharpe, a 74-year-old multimillionaire and the founder of CNS Ministries and Heartland. A native of northeastern Missouri, Sharpe built the Ozark National Life Insurance Company into a regional powerhouse and amassed a fortune in the process. Seven years ago he established CNS and then Heartland to repay God for his enormous success.

see HEARTLAND, page 6

FTAA will lead to disaster

part two of story by | Daniel Coate

In 15 days, representatives from 34 countries and more than 500 corporations in the Western Hemisphere will meet in Quebec City to negotiate the Free Trade of the Americas (FTAA). The FTAA, as you may recall, is basically an extension of the disastrous trade agreement NAFTA to the entire hemisphere.

NAFTA has demonstrated how basic labor rights and the interests of working families are destroyed by "free trade." Corporations move high-paying jobs to countries with lower wages and bust union efforts with threats of relocation.

Under NAFTA, 90 percent of plant closings or threatened plant closings in the United States transpired illegally when workers tried to unionize.

This "race-to-the-bottom" will undoubtedly hasten under the FTAA, as corporations will be able to threaten exploited workers in Mexico with plant relocation to countries with even lower wages, such as Haiti or Guatemala.

NAFTA has destroyed numerous indigenous communities in Mexico. Workers have been forced to leave their homelands in order to find jobs in maquiladoras and ranches along the border.

These maquiladoras have violated almost every labor regulation, often paying less than $1 per hour in order to maximize profits.

What has happened in Mexico will surely happen in Central and South America and the Caribbean when the FTAA takes effect.

The FTAA will intensify environmental destruction. The export-driven growth model promoted by "free trade" agreements has encouraged countries to clearcut their forests, overfish their waters and exploit all other available natural resources in the pursuit of profit.

Fifteen US companies have established logging operations in Mexico since the enactment of NAFTA and in the last eight years, nearly 40 percent of the forests in Guerrero, Mexico, have been lost, resulting in soil erosion and massive habitat destruction.

Additionally, the increase of industry along the United States-Mexico border is responsible for an increase in environmental and public health threats in the area. Dangerously high levels of pollutants from factories and a lack of sewage treatment and safe drinking water along the border has resulted in the occurrence of hepa-

see FTAA, page 16

They're majoring in pleezing you...

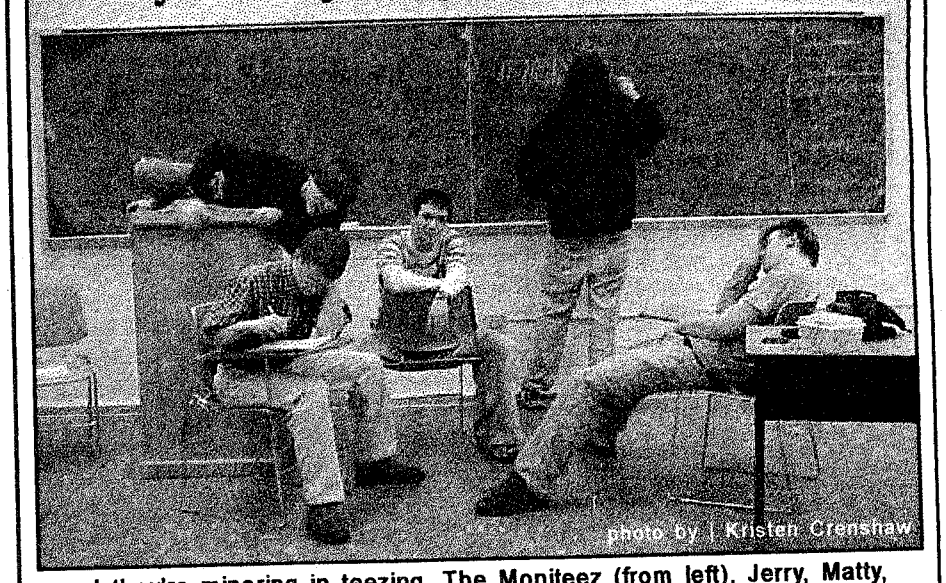

photo by | Kristen Crenshaw

...and they're minoring in teezing. The Moniteez (from left), Jerry, Matty, Tommy, D-Love and Cameron teach you their lessons of luv on pages 9 and 10, in the special April Fool's MoniTeen section. Also, look for The Manitor, The Mizzonitor and other hilarious stuff on pages 11 to 13. Ohmygod! Class is sooo in session!

C O N T E N T S

Mel Gibson grants *The Monitor* an exclusive interview.

Feature, page 7.

I saw my first advertisement for the Undergraduate Research Symposium *after* it occurred.

Opinion, page 4.

The Theater Department's production of *The Last Night of Ballyhoo* was fantastic.

Review, page 19.

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TRUMAN

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S UNFIT

Belling the alligator

Possible cause of clock stoppage is a frikkin' alligator! It seems that if a clock isn't running, its bells probably wouldn't ring. This is not the case at our very own Towne Memorial Bell Tower. We've had reports here at Monitor Tower (no relation) that the bells are actually fake and that the clock is in fact not moving.

It has been hypothesized by *Monitor* staffers that the alligator that now lives on top of the bell tower is keeping maintenance workers away. It has further been hypothesized that the alligator is in fact the one who has been keeping the clock running and making sure the "bells" are "rung" at the proper time, but he has possibly broken his thumb or received an eye injury, preventing him from being able to fix the clock. Hypothetically.

We then analyzed the hypothesis for validity, and upon receiving the results we'd like to say that it's all TV's fault.

Today's not Opposite Day

Today, it was declared that every Tuesday at Truman State is officially Opposite Day. Upon analyzing the press release, it was decided by some philosophy professors that the truth of the matter is that every day but Tuesday is Opposite Day.

States one such Philo-fessor, "You can say that every day except for Tuesday is Opposite Day based on the assumption that every day is indeed Opposite Day... except Tuesday. Assuming the assumption that every day is Opposite Day is one that is true, it becomes false as it is indeed Opposite Day. And when it is said that Tuesday is Opposite Day, it is in reality not Opposite Day on Tuesday, unless it was said that Tuesday isn't Opposite Day, because, it being Opposite Day and all, it would be true... or, it not being Opposite Day, it would not be false... hmmm." Yeah, nice goin', chief.

Looks like the day is wrong, bitch

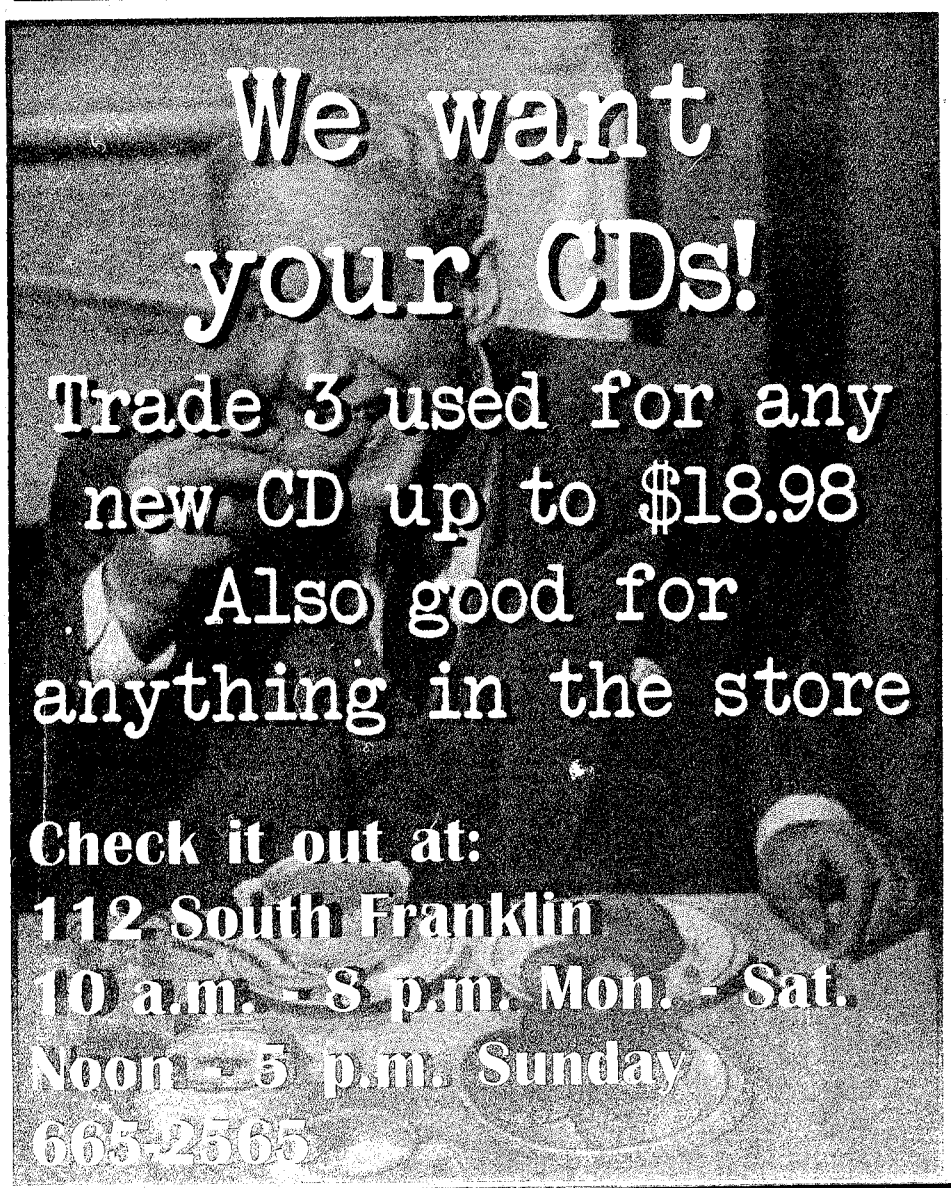
April Fool's Day has been discovered to be a hoax. It was reported to *The Monitor* that there is not now, nor was there ever, an April Fool. The deception has been going on far too long, and it is time we inform you, the reader.

April Fool's Day was actually begun by Bob Barker, who created the April Fool in hopes that when he "died," society would give the Fool his own day. Bob was motivated by the fun he knew he would have in telling contestants of the game show "The Price is Right" that they have won a car, but then telling them he was lying and they had not won anything and saying "April Fool's!" to make it seem okay. Bad Bob! Bad! St. Patrick would be ashamed.

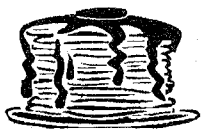
More fun than a barrel of high school seniors

During a visit to Truman State University last month, it is reported by campus fake police that some high school seniors disappeared. It was previously unknown who was responsible for the missing little ones, or that they were missing at all, but new information has recently come to the *Monitor* staff.

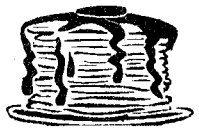
It is reported that Truman students fed the high school seniors pop rocks and proceeded to give them large amounts of soda. This of course resulted in the explosion of the high school seniors. It was not discovered until weeks later that the students were missing, however, because the guilty parties replaced the high schoolers with cute little monkeys. It is a known fact that people, upon seeing cute little monkeys, can't help but go, "Awwwww," or "how cute!" This in turn causes them to completely forget to say things like, "Hey! Where's my kid?" It is not known where the monkeys came from, but they were wearing little diapers and people clothes. Awww... how cute!



Pancake City



"Carry-outs welcome"
Open 24 hours, 7 days a week



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monitor letters

Hey Monitor,

Nobody said anything funny this weekend.

M.W.

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

Socialists and Nader support public broadcasting

I wish to urgently comment on the featured, [March 20] OPINION column, "I am not a liberal" by Justin Kempf, President of the Truman chapter of the Libertarian party, especially as none of us representing parties to his authentic Left have ever been so *Monitor* offered in blatant, one-sided propaganda! Propaganda that included an open, distortive attack on the Green party's Ralph Nader whom many Missouri Socialists, like myself, worked with in the absence of ballot access for our own candidates by the Republican and Democrat old-line, capitalist machines.

For the correction record, Mr. Kempf, neither Mr. Nader's Greens, nor we Socialists, for that matter, advocate what you misrepresent as "government broadcasting-running." Right wing balderdash, and you are intelligent enough to wisely know it, too, young Sir! The Libertarians plainly did not enjoy fourth party result reduction in vote status by Nader's Green feminist-labor-African American candidate tickets in Missouri ignominy last November balloting!

What democratic Greens and Reds alike, really, object to is that, almost entirely alone among all countries, the USA lacks a powerful, culturally and politically dare I say, "enlightened," public broadcasting television and radio set of "VARIETY" channels.

Such stations, yet, nationally, are CHRONICALLY under-funded by the public purse in comparison say not even in Europe with the public compulsory supported licensed BBC, but also, by the taxpayer paid, CBC outlets to our vast neighbor north, in Canada.

This is NOT as Kempf would, social Darwinistically, in law of "competition" "libertarian" dogma have you believe, either, a natural or, truly, "free" situation in unhealthy ignorance maintenance. It is a, very deliberate, neglect policy that the hard Right, which his own party, also, represents, would like!

IN OTHER WORDS, FOR BIG PRIVATE MONOPOLY land channels, almost all alike uniformly in largely trash culture focus, virtually zilch foreign language, even subtitled, "feminist" films, let alone real social or foreign policy critiquing documentaries, and "kids" and "women's" affairs programs MARGINALIZED: to either cartoon or talk show, "cartoon" mildness!

Generally speaking, if you don't finance viably such state, semi-competitive outlets you get distortion and ignorance that feeds itself mindlessly even into Kempf's most "CONSERVATIVE" admired professoriate at one level, or gun toting Kirksville rednecks at other extreme. You also get the bias of illiberal low-standards, private panderer enterprise.

In conclusion briefly let me prove the point in a way I'd never have to do in any other country: in Kempf and RONALD REAGAN'S aversion to "socialistic" TV, in the bizarre latter's cutely ignorant word! KCPT, many years ago, bravely, ran the UK Channel TV globally-acclaimed *History of Poland* documentary series.

They corporate and rightistly removed, Sussanah York surgically, however, a left-wing British actress literate voice-over: in favor of a stentorian, lifeless all-American males completely revised "commentary." While KCPT-maintaining ONLY: the pro-Polish tone of the series AT THE OMISSION OF THE ANTI-SEMITIC, FACTUAL "POGROMS" OF RIGHT WING POLES from the medieval, expansionist Polish empire to the Nazi 1939-44 minority collaborationist regime.

Finally, I really must protest Kempf's almost McCarthyite generalizations galore against those he labels "liberals" with reckless abandon, and his upholding of Kirksville "guns" as, somehow, both a "patriotic" right and a "freedom."

Briefly, on the first charge, yes please liberalism at its best is, indeed, not license (read some John Stuart Mill, Justin, on fairness, true "social" considerata of others who merit it: "libertarian socialism"), oh no, BUT GENEROSITY against arrogant, private privilege, including arbitrary wealth. At its basest worst, and this definitely, alas, applies to Justin's millionaire-choked party (Dick Clark et al), "liberalism" becomes rampant capitalism and bogus patriotism. Determined to selfishly block the basic, socialist equalitarian, community reconstructionist drives in all of us!

BEFORE THAT, IS, "EVILS" LIKE THE TSU MALE ADMINISTRATION SEXISTLY TEACH US THE PRICE OF, YES, "EVERYTHING" BUT THE "VALUE" OF SHARINGLY AND CRITICALLY "LITTLE": A MICRO VERSION IN PETTINESS OF IN FACT BOTH THE U.S. NARROW NATIONALIST REPUBLICAN AND LIBERTARIAN PARTIES rationalizations of old ADAM'S selfishness. And their alike twin refusal to sharingly ever change: from what Justin, alas, unawaringly himself, calls, "TRADITIONAL PATRIOTISM"!!!

IN INDIGNATION BUT DEBATE-WELCOME/JOINED,

Larry Iles

Northeast Missouri Organizer, Socialist Party of America

Guy defends gender from Magierowski's attacks

I have issues to take up with Ms. Magierowski concerning her regular lambasting of the males here at Truman, and generally everywhere. Just about every single other paragraph in her columns deals with something concerning men and their never ending pig-ism.

So be it. If that is how she feels, I am not gonna be able to change anything. Obviously she feels that all men, no exceptions, can't help but care for anything else but tits, ass and the vagina.

Honestly, is there a way the average male can grow up and not be assaulted with such sexual images all around him, causing him to think it to be the norm? That all women are as inviting as they look in the media?

One doesn't even have to look to the media for such images; during the warmer months, I can walk around and see that the good majority of the females, on average, show off their bodies in more ways than one. Whether it be through extremely short shorts or that vacuu-sealed tank top shouting out, "Hey, doesn't it seem like I am giving you permission to ogle me?" When in reality, if caught giving the girl a more-than-friendly glance, he had better brace himself for the coldest stare in the world saying, "How dare you look at those!"

You can complain about men being more visual than women all you want, but you might as well face it, you folks aren't helping your cause at all. You don't see guys walking around with such revealing clothing, do you? (How *do* girls wear such tight clothing, comfortably?) But then, you have to admit, the female form has a lot more show-off-able features to it than the male form does anyway.

I think Ms. Magierowski had just better accept that we are stuck in our visually-oriented states and there isn't much one can do about such heavily ingrained trends, unless you completely reform society. Call it a cop-out if you want, but it is true.

She also mentions how much she longs for a man who is exprienced, one who will woo her and know how to treat her right, etc... How does she expect to find such a man if she (and other girls) are so quick to dismiss all of us guys because we have no "experience" with the best way to treat a woman? Are we just supposed to magically have this smooth way about us which will automatically make women swoon?

Sorry to break it to you, but you just might have to suffer through some unintended "bumbling" around to finally end up with a guy who has finally had some experience. Maybe that has happened and you are just whining about it. You probably don't even realize how many of these other guys, these guys who AREN'T just in it for the nookie, have probably made passes at you (and the rest of you women reading this), but you were too busy staring into space (or some mega-hot faculty member) wishing you had the perfect man.

I know I have seen that happen countless times, usually with me being the guy who is not noticed. With age comes experience typically, but only if that person is given the opportunity to experience that which will further their, shall we say, women skills. And God knows, it ain't very often

I see a woman with man skills; know why? Because who is it that is socially forced to initiate everything and pretty much take the intiative with every aspect of the relationship (potential and existing)?

See, the problem here is that she compares every man she gets with to the perfect man and then thinks to herself, "I deserve better than this, the perfect man is still out there. Screw this guy, he is a pig." If people are never satisfied because they do not have the most perfect mate possible, then we are gonna have a lot of single people seeing relationship therapists and/or writing editorial columns in newspapers on how their relationships suck.

We could talk maturity as well; that is all well and good that you think that women mature faster than men. I am gonna have to go and flat out disagree with you there, as a good majority of the girls I have met are not of adult age yet and barely seem to be out of the cooties stage yet. Perhaps I am just as unlucky as you are regarding which people I meet from the opposite sex, but from my point of view, women at this stage aren't much better off, if at all, than men when it comes to maturity.

Another point I want to bring up, and this is just for rhetoric. Given that relationships between males and females and just people in general are like one of the most natural things in human nature, a part of life that has been around since caveman Grog crawled out of his cave in search of a mate to club over the head and drag back to his cave to make little Grogs, why the fuck is it so damn complicated and full of fucked up shit?

Truthfully,

Matt Grothoff

Greeks ask for stereotypes

Amidst the countless articles that grace the pages of my scrapbook (one of my regular sources of amusement), there is an article that was printed in the *Index* at the beginning of this school year, concerning stereotyping of Greeks. Specifically, the author was calling for an end to Greek stereotypes. Commenting on the article itself would make people even more angry at me, and talking about the stereotypes themselves would be extraneous, since we all know what they are.

Stereotypes are not baseless assumptions. Stereotypes *can* arise from serious misunderstandings, but many stem from the trends that we see in the world around us and in the people around us. Even if a given stereotype *is* based on something and *is* true in most situations, it doesn't mean it's always true -- but that's totally and completely beside the point.

If any of you think your bonds with your brothers and sisters will last forever, you are sadly mistaken. A surprising number of you seem to think having been in the same fraternity/sorority as someone else (and not even the same chapter) will help you to find employment and establish yourself in the world. Bullshit. Business is business, and if you don't have the credentials, having played the grown-up version of clubhouse with a potential employer (in the unlikely event that both of you belonged to the same fraternity) isn't going to cut it when someone else has better credentials.

It's hard not to think of frat boys as total pigs. And that's not because I've been "influenced" or "conditioned" by the stereotypes. I think of frat boys as pigs because of designated make-out rooms, parties where non-frat boys are not allowed (offering the particular fraternity a total monopoly on pussy, since the competition isn't even allowed in the door), and every single incident I have EVER had the misfortune of hearing about that involved one or more frat boys taking advantage of a girl. It happens, and it's un-fucking-believable.

And what about this no-socializing-with-independents rule during recruitment/rush? Do you seriously expect the general campus to view Greeks as just like everyone else when Greeks

see LETTERS, page 16

monitor opinions

Empty Symposium typifies administrative failures

opinion by | Matthew Webber

Despite being a senior at the University, I had never attended a session at an Undergraduate Research Symposium. Although I had three previous chances to hear at least one speaker, the sessions that my friends were presenting or that had interesting titles invariably fell during class times.

When the announcement was made last year that classes would be canceled for this year's Symposium, I was excited. I would finally get my chance to see what my peers were spending all their time working on.

Instead, for the fourth year in a row, I missed all of the presentations. And since I'll be graduating in a month, I'll never have another chance.

I blame the administration's failure to adopt or even understand a true liberal arts culture.

In the March 29 *Index*, James Padfield is quoted as saying, "If the rooms [at the Symposium] are empty, I don't imagine we will cancel classes again."

I think he's right, but I hope he's wrong. Because if there are two things the students of this University need, they're 1) the chance to participate in, present and listen to research and 2) the occasional day off.

Since last year's announcement, I planned to attend some of the presentations. I marked the day on my daily calendar and wondered what presentations I would see. Maybe I'd see the results of a psychological study of college students. Maybe I'd see how my fellow English majors interpreted the books we read.

But I didn't see any of them because I had no idea what time or where the presentations were held or who was presenting until the night before, after I had already made study plans during the time of the presentations I wanted to see.

I hear the presenters didn't even know what time or where they were presenting until a day or two before the symposium.

If the rooms were as empty as I suspect they were, the lack of publicity is the reason. Students wanted to go, but whoever was supposed to publicize the event and forgot to do so didn't give us the necessary information.

Publicity for the event was pitiful. Whoever was responsible can defend themselves by arguing that *some* people attended so they must have heard about it somewhere, but if they would have put up more posters, and if they would have put them up earlier, I might have actually seen them among the various films on campus advertisements.

In fact, I didn't see a poster until the week *after* the Symposium, and it didn't include any information about people, places or times.

The Symposium advertisers can defend themselves by pointing out the link to the Symposium's schedule on the University Web page, but a link that nobody knows about is useless.

I suppose a different advertising strategy could have been to advertise this link, since that was the only way to find out anything, and Gary Gordon, the Vice President for Academic Affairs, tried to do exactly that with his e-mail to all students. Unfortunately, he didn't e-mail this information until *the night before*, and many upperclassmen who no longer use their on-campus e-mail accounts never saw the note.

It's amazing that student groups have learned to use alternative advertising strategies such as sidewalk and classroom chalk and table tents to great success -- SAB's Bill Bellamy table tents led to a sellout performance -- and the good folks who brought you the Symposium couldn't even hang their posters properly.

If they were trying for a word of mouth campaign, well, let's just say no one was talking.

Just so you know, advertising for such an event is possible. Last semester, a group of English professors and students successfully advertised their own Senior Seminar Research Symposium with attractive posters and, get this, a photocopied list of every presentation.

And although I'm not sure, I think the University has a bigger budget than one major. It stands to reason that the University would publicize their events better than one major would, but apparently not.

Of course, because I'm a bitter senior no one will listen to me, I might as well explain how this typifies the administration's bumbling of our liberal arts and sciences culture. Students would be more willing to conduct extracurricular research (you know, learning for learning's sake, learning because we love it) or view presentations if we were recognized for it (at least with posters with our names on them) or if we had the time to do it.

When chemistry classes with six hours of contact time per week are only worth four credit hours and their students are also required to take three writing enhanced courses that sometimes assign less writing than non-designated political science or philosophy classes and we're required to take 30+ hours of LSP courses we don't want to take but have to because they're supposedly good for us and we have to wait in line at 8 a.m. for a JINS fair only to get pushed aside because there aren't enough sections and we have to take the Sophomore Writing experience while studying for the GRE while somehow trying to take advantage of Distinguished Visiting Scholars and voicing our complaints to administrators who don't listen, there just isn't time to sleep, much less conduct research.

But somehow we find time to publicize our events... right before we transfer to other schools.

Thongs with wings are wrong-wra-wra-wra-wrong

opinion by | Shala Garcia

I would like to take this moment to seriously analyze the society in which we all live. There must be something considerably wrong when considering all of these factors: racism, war, starving children and the movie *Eyes Wide Shut*. But none of these products of the world quite represent the wrongness of our society like the new thong liners for women.

At this point, I'm sure I've lost you so give me a moment to explain. I was going through magazines and newspapers looking for pictures and letters to cut out to make a ransom letter, when suddenly I come across an ad for, you guessed it, Snickers! What a delicious treat. It has all my favorite ingredients: caramel, nuts, and especially chocolate. Nothing can satisfy the hunger inside you like a fattening, completely unhealthy Snickers.

Then I turn the page to find this: some model in a thong with her back to the reader and beneath her the logo, "Why wing it when it comes to thongs?" Then below that it said, "Wings have their place. Just not here. Alldays wingless thong liners."

There were two things wrong with this ad. One is the fact that there is a naked lady model wearing a thong in a girl's magazine. And even if it wasn't a girl's magazine, the last time I checked, it was a girl product and therefore directed towards girls. Maybe there are some who would find this a delightful advertising technique; I do not. Naked girls in thongs have their place, just not here.

The second point is that it is a product to be used with thongs. Have the advertising industries gone mad? Women do not want to be wearing a thong during their monthly torture. Do they even pay attention to we women? We like to feel comfortable with loose fitting clothes, not with some piece of cloth that if manipulated correctly can be turned into a headband. How long have these "new" products, brought to us by Alldays, been out on the market?

Don't get me wrong. Perhaps there are some women who feel a sense of self-confidence when wearing their thongs and so, need to wear one every day of the month. Although I've never worn a thong, I guess I can imagine the pros of this way of thinking.

Reasons:

1. The thong creates a physical uprise to the posture of the body while walking, giving the image of strong domination over fellow pedestrians.

2. Hands will always feel useful due to minute adjustments.

3. Less money will be spent at the laundromat since thongs only take up a particle of space compared to the rest of the clothes, therefore making the lucky lady 50 cents richer.

4. Industries with nothing better to sell can come up with stupid ideas; hence, the thong liners.

Now, after stating the details of this product, I will go back to the topic of how it best represents the wrongness of our society. It is simply this: AD INDUSTRIES *asking* a WOMAN under *EXTREME* DISPLEASURE to *wear* a THONG! It's just wrong.

WHY I'M RIGHT

The Tao of Mickey

rant by | The Dave

Time passes and with it our heroes die. Arnold went from muscular dynamo to feeble old codger right before our very eyes. But what of the all time cool guy Mickey Rourke, disappearing from the screen in the early '90s to start a boxing career that I don't need to tell anybody was a mistake.

Now all we have left to teach our young children how to act are feebs like Hugh Grant. What will our nation become if their role model is a pasty nancy boy? I'll tell you what; our nation will become so weak that a hostile takeover by the supreme fighting force of England will become immanent.

We need Mickey to come back and teach our young how to kick ass and make the chicks do whatever they say. Now I am talking about cool Mickey, you know, the one who got Kim Basinger to crawl across the floor on all fours just by laying out 50 dollar bills and giving the command "Crawl." Not creepy Marlon Brando style Mickey who dressed up like a drag queen for the Animal Factory.

We need a Mickey to stand up to the Louis Cypheres' of the world, and when he is eventually sent to hell, does it will an attitude of a man going for groceries, groceries that only include beer, cigarettes and whores.

For those nonbelievers out there, let me give you a little taste of what might happen if there are no icons left in our society. Anarchy, complete and total abandonment of using physical force to get what you want. Uuggh, I shudder to even think of this world, but I must, if only to give the reader a glimpse into the apocalypse.

Governments will be toppled, widespread looting will commence, the hall desks will be robbed of their precious change, leaving the student with only worthless paper money or perhaps the Sacagawea dollar (our nations greatest mistake). In the absence of the quarter, caffeine-addicted students will no longer be able to drink their self imposed ration of five Dr. Peppers per day and will develop withdrawal symptoms similar to those depicted in the HBO documentary series "Hey lets look at who's fucked up."

The students will not be able to defend themselves from the coming of the tyrants. Grades and overall University moral will plummet, and Magruder will be forced to yield to Larry Iles AndhiS furlOus onslaught of socialist propaganda ""?!^%#. These treacherous little people will promise us a bright future under their rule, a future including widespread and unnecessary use of quotations and other "keyboard symbols."

Filling our minds with such confusion that we don't notice that British Techno-Pop has replaced the Star Spangled Banner as the national anthem. Benny Hill has become the secretary of the mterior and the entire cast of *Absolutely Fabulous* will be in charge of the ATF bureau.

Pretty terrifying isn't it? Well, don't worry, it has been rumored that Mickey is making a comeback, starting with character roles in movies like *The Pledge*. Soon Mickey will be back on top to lead our people into the new world, a

see MICKEY, next page

Oliver North is not a hero

opinion by | C. Raymond Barrow

Oliver North -- a swashbuckling patriot and defender of the U.S. Constitution. Give me a break!

Article I of the U.S. Constitution gives Congress power to authorize the arming of forces for the welfare of the United States. Congress did exactly this in 1981 when it funded the Contras, adversaries of the Nicaraguan government.

However, in 1983 it passed the first Boland Amendment which provided only for humanitarian aid to the Contras. The CIA ignored Boland by mining Nicaraguan harbors. There was also increasing evidence that as much as $800,000 in "humanitarian" aid was going to four companies controlled by drug cartels. Infuriated, Congress passed Boland II that cut all aid to the Contras.

In October, 1984, President Reagan confided to his staff his desire that a way be found to keep the Contra's "body and soul" alive. Someone had to be found to usurp the constitutionally-sanctioned oversight authority of Congress and arm the Contras.

Colonel Oliver North was, by his own admission, proud to accept the challenge. And accept the challenge he did; it was North, according to the Tower Commission, who "coordinated all aspects" of the Iran-Contra Affair.

When the smoke cleared, North stood and heard his convictions for aiding and abetting in the obstruction of a congressional inquiry, destroying documents and accepting an illegal gratuity. Prosecutors were denied, in the name of "national security," the data necessary to convict him on some of 13 other charges. The courts later overturned North's convictions because they were based on immunized testimony.

What was it that North coordinated? The most parsimonious response to this question may have been made by Senator Jack Brooks at the Iran-Contra hearings:

"Instead of operating within rules of law, we have been supplying lethal weapons to terrorist nations; trading arms for hostages; involving the U.S. government in military activities in direct contravention of the law; diverting public funds into private pockets; selling access to the president for thousands of dollars; dispensing cash and foreign money orders out of a White House safe; accepting gifts and falsifying papers to cover it up; altering and shredding national security documents; lying to Congress. Now, I believe the American people understand that democracy cannot withstand that type of abuse."

The Tower Commission concluded from its investigation that the Iran-Contra Affair "was an evasion of the Constitution's most basic check on Executive action -- the power of Congress to grant or deny funding for Government programs . . . [E]nough is clear to demonstrate beyond doubt that fundamental processes of governance were disregarded and the rule of law was subverted . . . The common ingredients of the Iran and Contra policies were secrecy, deception, and disdain for the law. A small group of senior officials believed that they alone knew what was right."

Two months after North's conviction, the Costa Rican legislature published a report that fingered North and his co-conspirators as being responsible for a drugs-for-guns smuggling network and banned them from the country. There is no evidence that North was directly involved in drug trafficking, but there is evidence that he gave drug traffickers with whom he closely worked a wink and a nod.

These traffickers were unsavory allies of the United States. John Hull, for one, was a CIA operative who owned a ranch in northern Costa Rica. According to a Senate Foreign Relations subcommittee and a Special Legislative Commission in Costa Rica, Hull's ranch was used as a conduit for arms to the Contras and drugs into the United States. Drugs from the Medellin Cartel in Colombia were funneled through Contra leaders and through Panamanian dictator Manuel Noriega to Hull's ranch. North's pilots flew weapons to Hull's ranch, dumped off the weapons, picked up loads of cocaine and flew them into the United States. The pilots were not required to pass through customs because North had secured them immunity from investigation. Hull was arrested, charged with drug trafficking and released on $37,000 bail before fleeing the country to his farm in Indiana.

A study completed by Peter Scott from the University of California revealed that North also worked closely with Manuel Noriega in March 1985 to undercut the will of Congress by carrying out a sabotage raid in Nicaragua with the help of a British mercenary. In September 1986, North and Noriega reportedly planned further sabotage raids using Israeli commandos and discussed the possibility of creating a school that would train people in commando activities. Also, with Noriega's permission, North set up organizations in Panama to be used as fronts for the financing of Contra supplies. One of these fronts was associated with a Syrian arms and drug broker by the name of Manzer al-Kassar who did business with the Medellin cartel.

Concomitant with the Iran-Contra operation, North was also involved in formulating contingency plans to suspend the U.S. Constitution in case of a national emergency, round up large numbers of dissenters and incarcerate them in internment camps around the country. One of these plans was called REX 84; it detailed the internment process and was to be implemented were the United States to carry out Operation Night Train, an invasion of Nicaragua.

One might wonder how North's weapons were used. The Contras did not put flowers in their barrels and sing "We Shall Overcome." Nor did they limit their use to killing Nicaraguan soldiers. Contra leader Edgar Chamorro said, "The tactics used by the Contras were the tactics of terrorizing civilians." John Stockwell, former CIA covert specialist, claimed that the Contra's "target is the people. The social and economic infrastructure is what you're hitting at. It's not a bloodbath. It's like you go into a village and you kill a few people to make your point. The purpose is to disseminate terror, traumatize the people. We're not killing [Nicaraguan soldiers] in the capital . We're hitting at the people throughout the interior of the country."

There is an unsettling parallel between some of the actions of Colonel Oliver North and those of another American colonel, Col. Aaron Burr, Vice-President of the U.S. between 1800 and 1804. The consequences of their miscreant behaviors, however, were vastly different. North violated the Reagan Administration's policy against arming terrorists and undercut the authority of Congress by arming a band of guerillas for the purpose of conducting a war against the Nicaraguan government.

Burr, according to historian Martin Fido, was accused of bucking executive policy and congressional oversight by "arming a band of men with the treasonable purpose of [among other things] conducting a war with Mexico." Although Burr was acquitted for treason, he "left the court a disgraced man."

By contrast, North was labeled a hero and patriot by many Americans. It's these misplaced labels that have helped make him a multimillionaire and precipitated standing ovations. My, how times have changed.

Government is improper tool

opinion by | David Frederick

My dad is a hell of a carpenter. I think the careful planning, steady execution and satisfaction of making something with his own hands plays well with his meticulous nature. He may be a nuclear engineer by trade, but I think it is his carpentry that keeps him sane.

He tried to instill in me a similar passion for carpentry. Unfortunately, I am a man with way too many thumbs and not nearly enough patience. I never took to his hobby. Despite the fact that my dad never convinced me to be a carpenter, he did teach me at least one lesson through his passion that I have found applicable to life in general. That lesson: Always use the right tool for the job.

We find ourselves plagued with problems in society today. Some people live in poverty, other people are addicted to crack, still others turn to the bottle with every problem they have, corporations exploit workers and destroy the environment... the list invariably goes on. I am not denying that the world has problems nor am I saying that no efforts should be made to solve these problems. I simply believe that the right tool has to be used to solve each of these problems.

When faced with a problem in American society, where do people generally turn? The Government. Our reliance on our government is incredible. We seem to have a law for everything. The government is capable of getting bigger and bigger, passing more and more laws every year, with little standing in its way, controlling its growth. This was not what James Madison intended when he laid out the foundation for our government in 1787.

However, instead of giving you a history lesson, it is my intention to simply take a look at what government is and why it is not generally the appropriate tool for solving a societal problem.

So what is the government?

Think of it this way: the government is the only entity fully capable of forcing its will on the entire citizenry of a governed country, in general fearing no resistance. A rather bleak picture?

OK, try thinking of it this way: The government is the only entity in existence that can take away your property, your freedom and/or your life in a legal fashion. When the government taxes you, what is your recourse? When the government puts you in a cell for the rest of your life, to whom do you appeal? When the government straps you inside that gas chamber, will the candlelight vigil really help?

I know what you are thinking: "This kind of power is needed for a functional government. Besides, a person can avoid being put in prison and can avoid facing the death penalty." This is completely true! I am by no means advocating an end to government, and at this point I am not advocating a reduction in government power or sovereignty. I simply want to illustrate the kind of power that government is capable of using to enforce its will. Once that illustration has sunk in properly, I want to raise a question: Is the use of this kind of supreme power really the right tool to use to solve all of society's problems?

Put that question out of your mind for a second. Let us now expand what we have already learned about government. What does government, with all of its immense powers, do when confronted with a problem?

The short answer is that it attempts to solve the problem that confronts it through the formulation and implementation of laws. (For lack of space, this process, and all of its political intricacies, shall not be discussed right now.) The government really has no means at its disposal, other than laws, to express its solution to a problem. One might say that the laws of a government can be considered the will of the government.

Here now is the interesting part. We must combine the power of a government with the laws that a government makes. When one looks at this critically, one will see the problem that really arises.

The government does not *suggest* laws... "We, the government, suggest that you do this."

The government does not attempt to *persuade* us to follow its laws... "We, the government, believe that this is correct, and here is our explanation why... we hope you agree."

The government *enforces* its laws. "We, the government, say that you have to do this -- or else we will take away your property. Or else we will confine you to prison. Or else we will make sure you die."

Is this really the kind of absolute power we want to use to solve all of society's ills? I say no. This power is too big and dangerous, and it gets bigger, more dangerous and used more frequently every year. I say keep government in a proper place of protecting the rights and freedoms of its people. Let us make the government use its power sparingly. As a student of history, I know what kind of evil can come when a government gets a hold of too much power and uses it too much in its citizens' lives.

I know I have not put forth any alternative to government as a way of solving the problems of civilization. I promise that in future articles I will put forth my opinion and you can rip me apart on it. In the meantime, think about what I have said. Just how much do we want this supreme authority to be involved in our lives? The government is not the right tool for many jobs.

MICKEY, from page 4

world without the horrors of socialism.

Word.

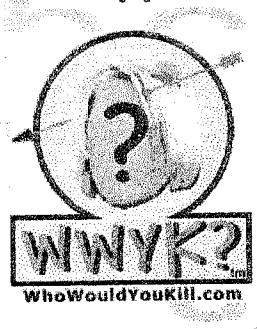
All accounts of Mickey's coolness and of socialist propaganda depicted in the article above are completely intentional and not apologized for. There is no censorship on my views of world domination this week.

However, I would like to make a formal apology to all irrelevant capital letters and unnecessary punctuation, for my ill-advised use of your beautiful inherent qualities, I am sorry, and please forgive my negligence.

http://www.monitor.kiu.edu/reviews

Who Would You Kill?
http://www.whowouldyoukill.com

review by | Daniel Coate



Have you ever been watching your favorite television show and wished you could just kill that one character who keeps pissing you off week after week? Or perhaps you have wished you could wipe out the entire cast of, say, Dawson's Creek? Well, now you can. Check out the Who Would You Kill? Game where not only do you get to decide who dies, but how they die. Choose characters from more almost 80 different shows. Find out who is the most (or least) popular victim on each of your favorite shows and read about their gruesome deaths. What could be more fun than killing television stars?

Let's Play Ukulele
http://www.st.rim.or.jp/~kunisige/eukulele_f.html

review by | Sean O'Brien

Have you ever thought about learning to play a musical instrument? If you've ever tried, you know it's not easy. So as long as you've decided to embark upon this challenge, why not go all the way? Why not be taught to play the ukulele, over the Internet, by a Japanese man who speaks faltering English? Well, today's your lucky day -- the site is out there:

"Hello. Let's play Ukulele. The good point of ukulele is "very easy" Don't think about difficult things. Let's play ukelele."

"You will buy the ukulele, and touch every place. Let's tuning."

It's like having Plato offer to teach you philosophy, in Arabian! Mold me, professor. Shape me in your hands like clay.

NEW ITEMS
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New theater to cost more, show more crappy movies

opinion by | Rosemary Underfoot

While all of the students were gone, the city government of Kirksville, A.K.A. the new downtown theater, gave a tour to select invited business owners. So this intrepid reporter slipped in amongst the throng of little men pretending to be The Man.

It began in the lobby of the courthouse. Those of you who have had the misfortune as children to be dragged by your parents to Chamber of Commerce and JC meetings would have recognized the little sandwiches, cookies, and soda pop (all bought with taxpayer dollars).

And you would have recognized the socially cliquish groups. There was an enormous contingent from KCOM. (The med-school and Truman have an obsession with being major players in Kirksville's current land grab). The members of the town's "City Council" were there along with their keepers: City Manager Scot Wrighton and his staff.

The Man was toeing the official line -- can't lose any chance for those who couldn't be successful private businessmen to play the game spending the people's money. And we mustn't forget those for whom this dog and pony show was arranged. The boot licking isolationists, the feeders at the trough of business grant money, the sellers of sin and alcohol and bible thumpers galore.

In fairness there were also a few small businessmen who somehow didn't get an invitation but showed up anyway. Nobody wanted to talk to them, as one business owner/property developer has said in the past, their opinion doesn't matter, they're just scumbags.

We then went to the "NEW THEATER."

It will be nice to be able to walk to the movies.

It will be new, sort of.

It will cost us more to go see a movie. The head of the theatre told us so. Expect to see at least a dollar increase in the cost of an adult admission. Can you expect anything more from a place where the candy is so pricey they keep it locked in a jewelry counter?

It will not bring any more-current movies to town. The head of the theatre told us so. He said that they would rotate them from the big theatre down to the small one. I guess it will be the same four Disney movies all summer long. Joy, joy.

And since they will be gutting the Petite Three for equipment we will be treated to the same quality of picture and sound.

Don't worry, we were told that over the next few *years* they plan on buying the rest of the equipment needed to open all of the units in the new theatre.

But they are going to put in an arcade off the back of the lobby (this is so the "wrong element" won't know it's there and hang out). Let's see -- there is an arcade on campus, one out at Leisure World and one on Franklin. Can Kirksville support four arcades, and at which one does the bad element hang out?

The theatres themselves are done in a nice dark gray and blue color scheme. Stadium seating will exist. The rest of the architecture reminded me of being in a finished basement. In a building of that size they had the opportunity to create a space of some civic merit. It is unfortunate that I left with a feeling of relief to be out of an institutional basement. Do not expect to have the spacious elegance of a palace theatre.

Oops! I forgot, The Bank of Kirksville tore down that historic landmark to build their parking lot. *This glorified pole barn is much better -- honest!*

As usual you can expect the schools and the city to be in collusion to try and get the average Joe's money through a half-assed project.

I will be able to walk to the movies though, and the cup holders really are neat (everyone interviewed on the local news station agrees). And it will be new -- sort of.

After the tour it seemed that a lot of the local "I want to be a big shot" types headed over to a bar owned by someone who always supports the city government's position. That's probably just a coincidence. After all, patting yourself on the back (not to mention boot licking), sure works up a thirst.

I could have walked over there too. But I went to the Dukum Inn. Beer's better. Nicer people. They like to talk to us nobodies.

And someday, someone real will open up a dollar theatre. (But it probably couldn't get past $cot Wrighton here in Kirksville.)

HEARTLAND, from page 1

"People look at him and ask 'Why is this old man doing what he's doing? He's got all this money, he's retired, he can go anywhere he wants," said Patchin, who is also Sharpe's grandson. "'Why does he want to spend his life doing this?' It's because he wants to help people."

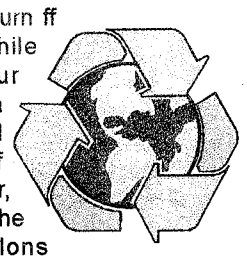
Patchin also said the camp exacts a heavy price from its founder. The sprawling complex encompasses a lake, several dormitories for younger members, a convenience store, a lodge, a small airport, an 18,000 acre farm and a 3,000 head dairy farm that are both replete with housing and administrative offices. The cost of maintaining the camp each year amounts to several million dollars and so far Heartland relies exclusively on Sharpe for funding. Sharpe also serves as the pastor of the Heartland church and the titular head of CNS.

Yet Patchin said Sharpe's paramount concern is not the camp's financial cost but the fulfillment of God's work.

"His goal right now is to reach the lost, to reach lost souls and lead them back to Christ," he said.

"I mean, we're just here to help people," he said. "I know there are some people who are skeptical about what we do, but we just want to help people in our local community and then reach out from there."

ECO Tip



Make sure you turn ff the tap while brushing your teeth. As a result, you will use only a half gallon of water, as opposed to the 10-15 gallons wasted if the water is left running.

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!

Interview with Mel Gibson

feature by | Amanda Romine

Kirksville resident Mel Gibson took some time out of his very *busy schedule to allow* The Monitor *a short interview to find out what it means to be Mel Gibson.*

Monitor: *So, Mr. Gibson... May I call you Mel?*

Mel Gibson: Sure, Amanda.

Monitor: *Thanks, Mel. So, I'm sure all the curious students of Truman State University are wondering, what is it like to be Mel Gibson?*

Mel: Well, y'know. I get up in the morning and go to work to feed my kids, just like everybody else. I put my pants on one leg at a time.

Monitor: *Speaking of pants, could you wear any under your kilt in* Braveheart*?*

Mel: What? *Braveheart*?

Monitor: *When you were in Scotland, did you try haggis?*

Mel: Try what? I've never been to Scotland.

Monitor: *It's not important. Do you prefer the serious nature of* The Patriot *or the silliness of* Chicken Run*?*

Mel: *Chicken Run* is one of my favorite movies. I own a copy.

Monitor: *Okay, then, let's talk about how your life has changed since your screen debut in 1976 with* Summer City*?*

Mel: Um... I lived in Iowa in 1976.

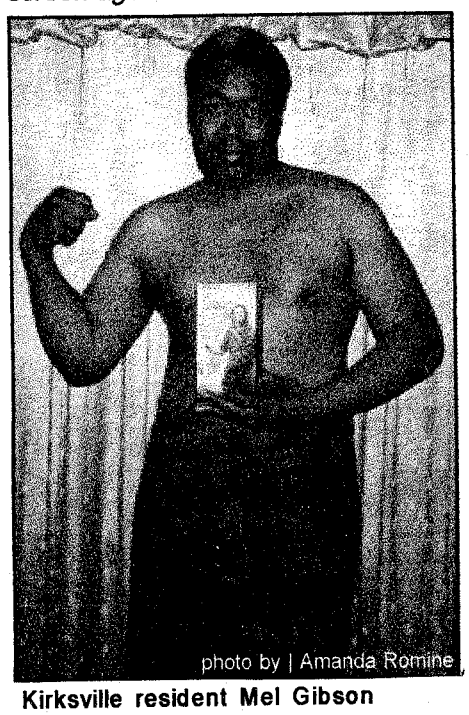
Monitor: *Right, right. So what was it like to work with Helen Hunt? Did she teach you "What Women Want"?*

Mel: Uh... I work at the high school. I don't think I'm the Mel Gibson you think I am. I'm not an actor.

Monitor: *So, we hear that you have a new movie in the making. Is there anything juicy you'd like to share with the people of Kirksville?*

Mel: What? I live in Kirksville.

Monitor: *Well, there you have it! Thank you very much, Mel. We are all looking forward to seeing you on screen again soon!*



Kirksville resident Mel Gibson

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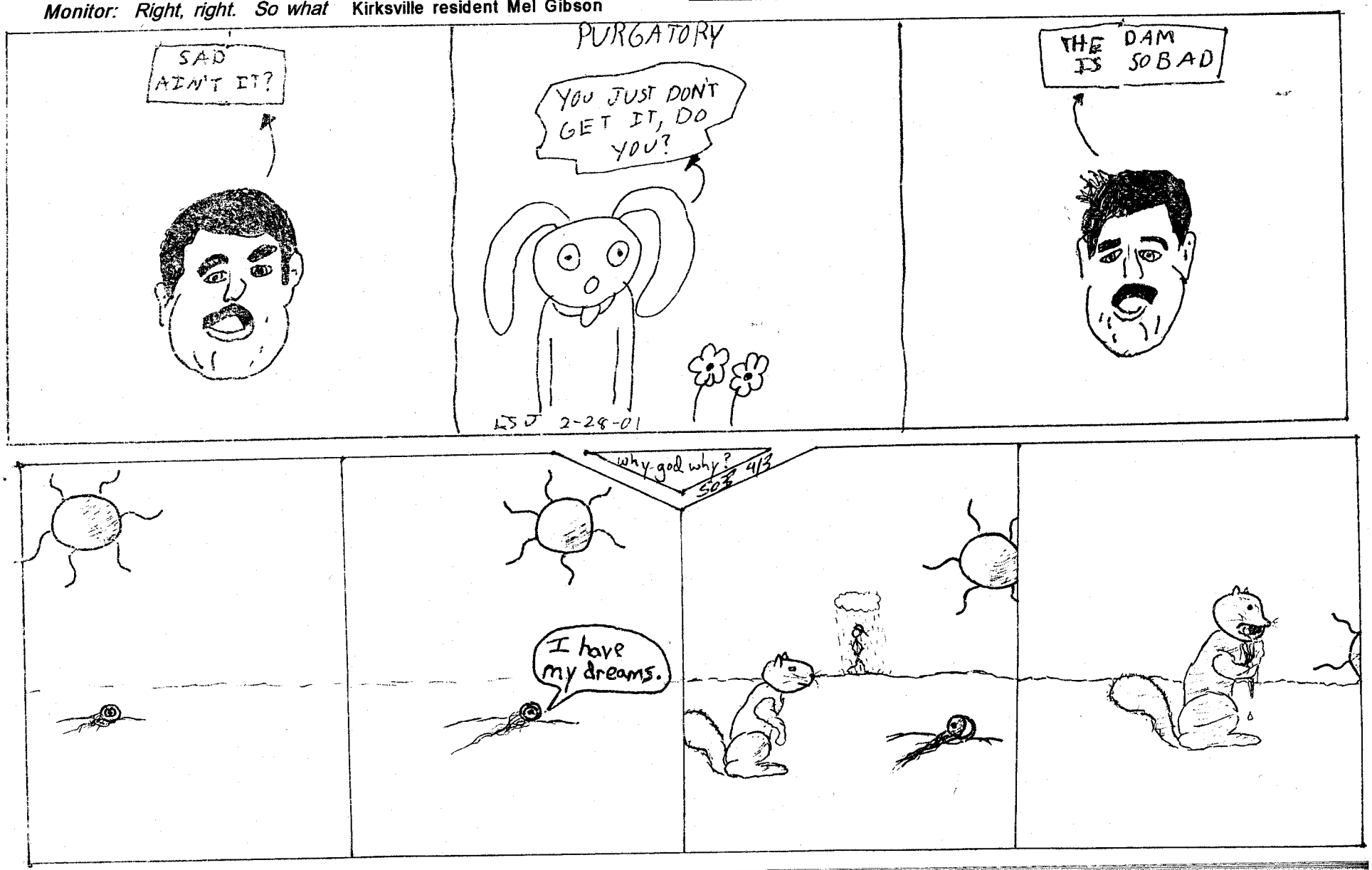
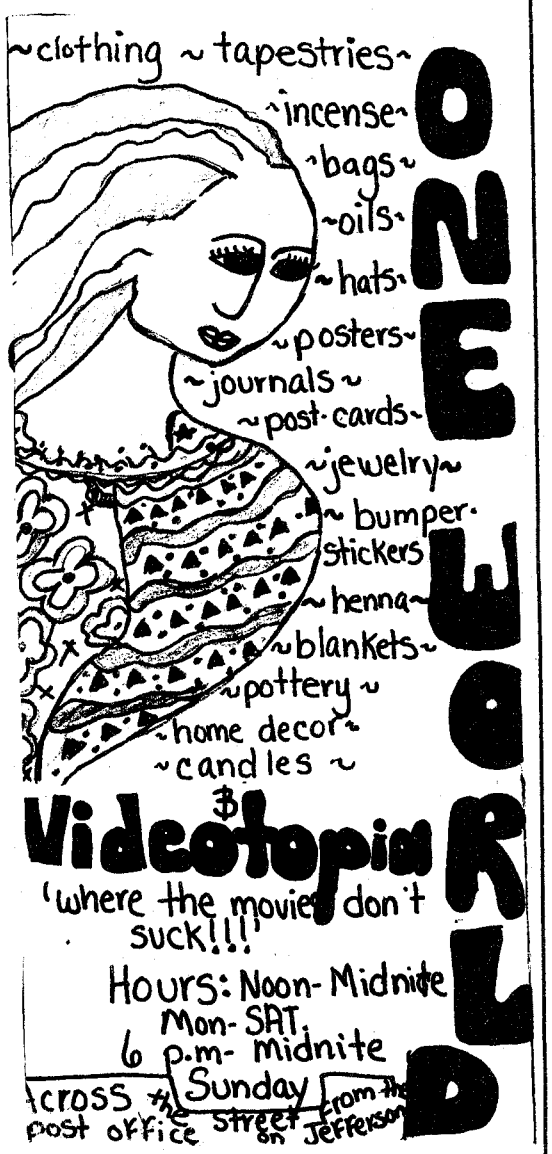
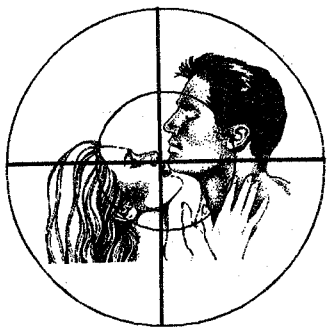




Chutes and Ladders

An on-going look at Truman State relationships



They're Queer, They're Here... Aren't They?

feature by | Lisa Magierowski

Queer, gay, fairy, fag. There are many names employed to describe the homosexual population, and not all are pretty. Even the terms embraced by the gay community stiffens the spine when applied in malicious context. Sometimes, just for fun, my friends and I like to dissect slang to decipher a word's origin. (I'm an English major -- go figure.) So, just for fun, let's look at the terminology:

Fairy. OK, that's retarded; I know for a fact that homosexuals don't have wings.

Fag. This one I don't understand. In England it's a cigarette; in America it's a person with same-sex preferences. Where's the similarity?

Queer. This one I either love or hate, depending on who's saying it. Because to call a person queer and mean it as a derogatory statement is like saying homosexuals are strange or odd or weird or peculiar.

Or extraordinary. Check out the thesaurus on your Word database. Extraordinary is one of the synonyms it suggests. But, more often than not, that type of word wouldn't be associated with homosexuals in our society. And before someone with a hair up his or her butt writes a letter to the editor slamming my use of "society" in this commentary, let me explain myself with Webster's help.

So-ci-e|ty, n., *pl.* **-|ties** 1. a group of persons regarded as forming a single community, esp. as forming a distinct social or economic class (*e.g. Kirksvillians)* 2. the system or condition of living together as a community in such a group (*e.g. Truman students and faculty)* 3. all people, **collectively**, regarded as constituting a community of related, interdependent individuals *(e.g. the motivation for the term "the Truman campus").*

So, definitions aside, the Truman campus doesn't live up to the liberal philosophy that it totes so pompously. Diversity on this campus sucks. Look around you -- how many black faces do you see on the quad? How many boys do you see in your English MAE courses? How many times are teachers forced to put *Safe-Zone* signs on their office doors because the community or (dare I say it?) SOCIETY isn't safe at all?

Am I depressing you? God, I hope so. Because all too often I hear stories about my gay friends being called "that fucking queer" by people who should, by all rights, be their peers. And, hell yes, they mean it. Their prejudices emanate from them like a burning hydrogen ball from the sun. Hatred isn't a pretty word, people. But it is personified on this campus.

But I refuse to stand self-righteously on my soapbox, preaching sanctimonious words of togetherness and tolerance, thereby excluding myself from the masses. I realize I'm part asshole. I laugh at homosexual jokes, and I tell them too. I try to laugh off the strain that fills our liberal campus air at the mere mention of gay rights. But I would never, NEVER, look upon any homosexual with revulsion. And I don't understand why anyone would.

I find it unfathomable to hate someone, or even pity them, for their sexual preference. I'll save the pity for those who believe homosexuals are an abomination. Or a mistake.

That's worse, isn't it? A mistake. Some cosmic error on the part of God or science, whichever you choose to believe. Because, by God, if someone is even minutely different from the prevailing group then they must be a mistake.

After all, why would anyone want to tamper with heterosexual, middle class perfection? Just something to think about in the next class lull.

Special Weekend Meeting
Heart of a Servant, April 28-29
1302 E. Filmore St. Church of Christ
Kirksville, MO

For housing or information
660-627-4003
www.veren.com/kirksville

Sat. April 28
3:00-4:45 p.m. Ladies' Class with Ann Dennis, Basement
Nursery provided; older children encouraged to attend class with ladies or men

3:00-4:00 p.m. Men's Class with Tom Dennis, Auditorium
4:00-4:45 p.m. Men & Kids at Park, *Weather Permitting*

5:00 p.m. "Ladies' and Widows' Banquet" Men Serve

6:00 p.m. Worship, Tom Dennis
"The Greatest Among You"

Sun. April 29
10:00 a.m. Regular Classes
11:00 a.m. Worship, Tom Dennis
"Christ Died for Our Sins"

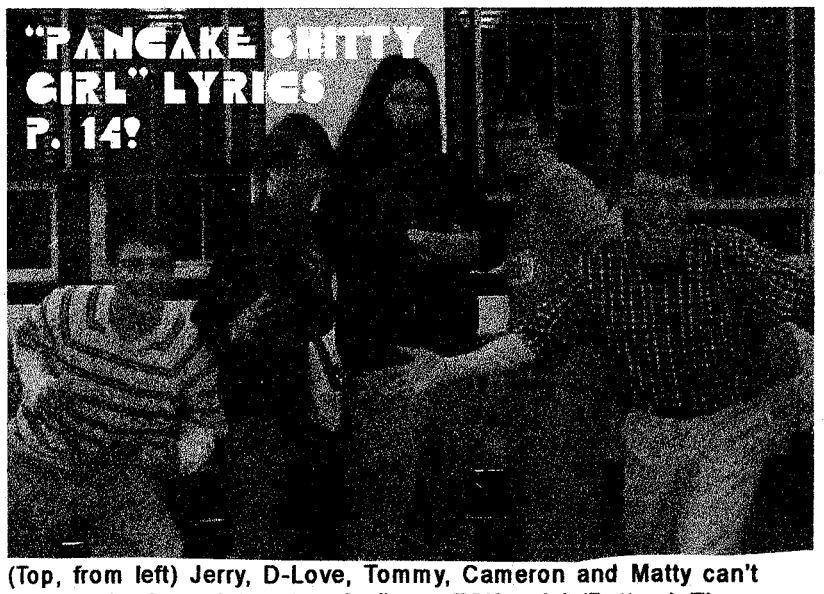
Noon Sunday Basket Dinner

6:00 p.m. Worship, Tom Dennis
"The Choices We Make"

MoniTeen

Meet The Moniteez!

all photos by | Kristen Crenshaw



(Top, from left) Jerry, D-Love, Tommy, Cameron and Matty can't smile -- they're tryin' ta "teez" all you TSU gals! (Bottom) The Moniteez "cheez" for the camera! Aren't the boyz totally yummy?!

Moniteez: Str8 from the heart

bio by | Tommy Cupid

It alll started innocently enough; two boyhood friends with a deep love and respect for music, looking to make it big someday. Dave was always known for being a bully. He would beat up kids just for fun and then laugh when they'd run away crying. He was no joke, a true Back-Street boy. And Jerry, well Jerry's just crazy.

Now Dave and Jerry were inseparable from a very young age. They came to know each other through Matt, the innocent but lovable boy next door. The two were always crossing through Matt's backyard on their way to other places. All three wound up in the yard together one early summer morning.

"Hey, don't kick my Voltron toy," Matt cried to Dave while sitting cross-legged on a small plastic swing.

"I'll do whatever I want and there's nothing you can do," Dave said. "Is there Jerry?"

"Aghplapoositudunkadooweee," Jerry sputtered.

Then it was as if it were predestined. The three began practicing harmonies in Matt's basement and every so often they'd produce a sound they all enjoyed very much.

Well, word got out about this eclectic trio of young men and how talented they were. The hype surrounding these three grew so big in their hometown of Nowayinhellsburg that word of the still young Moniteez eventually struck a chord with Cameron, an already established underground rapper from Queens, New York.

Carneron got word from his manager in L.A. about this crazy group of kids who needed a little refining but had great potential. Cameron flew in from New York immediately following his video shoot for his latest single, "Baby, Stick a Porkchop in dat' Bootie."

"I was totally impressed the first time I heard 'em but when I saw 'em it was a whole 'notha story," Cameron said. "These kids had no style. They dressed like nerds! And I still don't know what happened to Jerry. He was just born that way."

So with a little help from Cameron, the Moniteez were beginning to make headway in the fashion department and the girls slowly began to take notice. Cameron also contributed his hip-hop background to the music, blending the four together to produce a funky alternative R & B sounding music never heard on mainstream radio.

Now, with all the added attention from the ladies stemming from their stylish dress and new sound, the band became a formidable force in the marketing game.

This band had it all but was missing one essential element, true sex appeal in a member and not just in their clothes.

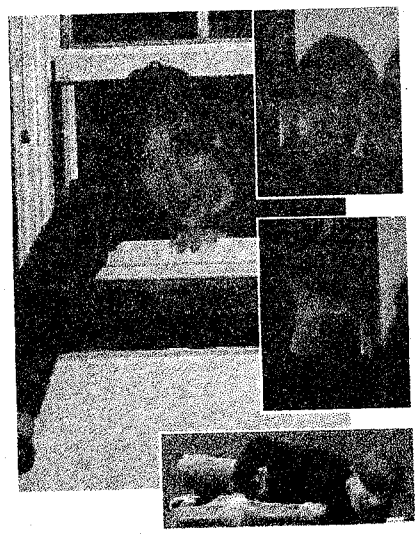
That's when I came along, the lonely heartthrob. Within a week they airbrushed my image onto all the posters and overdubbed my voice on the single to make the whole thing complete.

That's pretty much it and the rest is history. To this day we still don't know what's wrong with Jerry or why Dave is so mad all the time, but that's what makes the Moniteez different from all the other boy bands.

As Cameron put it so delicately one time, "We real, man, straight from da heart."

"What? (*acts offended*) We're totally different than 'NSYNC and Backstreet! We're, um, what's the word, radder. We bring so many different elements into our music -- like, we sampled Virginia's "good morning" for "Squirrelly Gum Tree Baby Love (I'd Skip My LAS Class To Suck Your Face On the Quad)." Plus, we be bringin' you the hip-hop flava, yo; Cameron's a better rapper than even that dude from Limp Bizkit! Hey, you know that rotting smell in the old O.P. men's bathroom? We [our Swedish producers] even bring *that* into our music." -- Matty

Jerry



Monitor: So, what's the craziest thing you ever pulled off in a show?

Jerry: Well, we were rocking in Chicago last year, and we sold the United Center out. The crowd was rolling, and it was like nothing else I ever saw before. We were radiating nonthreatening androgyny, when I decided to run backstage and get the stage manager to rig up a wire. Anyway, the end of the story is that I spent the second half of the show hanging upside down in front of 40,000 screaming fans. I even lifted one of them up and let her fly around with me. It was crazy.

M: Wow, that is a story, but your fans want to know, when will the insanity stop?

J: I don't like to think about that... I don't like to think about limits or stopping... my answer to them is... when will the insanity start?

M: But at the same time, you have to wonder... the other boy bands are losing their crazy guys, yet you still stay around. Isn't your presence making the band weaker?

J: I just think that's the other boy bands selling out. When the guy with poodle hair from *NSYNC cut his hair and began to look normal, I just shook my head. Their music used to mean something, and ours still does. When I sing, "Girl, you and me/together we will be in harmony/ whoa whoa whoa," I mean it, dammit!

M: All right, I can see that. I congratulate you for your courage. Where do you see The Moniteez in five years?

J: Well, I see us working on our skills a little, building ourselves up. Further, I think we'll be doing some collaborative work. I think that a concert combining us with Paul Simon, Kid Rock, Shania Twain and Pantera into an überband that would play at the NBA finals would rock.

M: Interesting. What would you say that your main influences have been?

J: You see, this is one question that bothers me. We aren't about influences and a sound. Once again, when you hear someone singing, "Baby, I want you to be my Monigirl/ so I can be with you and take you on a whirl," can you really say who provided more influence? Probably, there was a little John Lennon involved, and I won't deny that Beethoven had his place in giving me some ideas, but five man singing and synchronized dancing draws on so much that you can't identify the basic influence.

Matty

***Monitor:** Matty, you still look pale from your recent hospitalization. Do you feel okay?*

Matty: Oh sure. As long as I know I can make a difference to some wonderful fans out there, I'll never be sick in my soul. Even when I'm sick in my body, like I've been my entire life because of that heart defect I was born with [*Matty was born with two hearts*], I'll still wake up everyday the luckiest guy in the world because I get to do the thing I love most for my career.

***Monitor:** You made one special girl very happy while you were at the hospital.*

Matty: (*blushes*) Oh that? It was nothing. I figured since I have two kidneys and I only need one, and since I was in the hospital anyway, Jennifer Smiley needed that kidney more than I did. I even autographed it for her. I hope she's okay.

***Monitor:** She is. Will you be writing any of the songs for you upcoming album,* Our Music's Gonna Last Forever*?*

Matty: I already have. When Bjorn [*Bjorn Skaarsgard, the band's Swedish producer*] showed us the lyrics to "Under the Bleachers at Stokes," I saw I could make them better. I suggested we change the lyric "a girl I love" to "*the* girl I love." The other guys loved it! I'm gonna get a songwriting credit for that.

***Monitor:** Your press releases say you all were childhood buddies, but some of you have contradicted that in your interviews by divulging contrasting information. Is there any truth to the rumor that you responded to a newspaper advertisement for five demographically different pretty boys? Also, is Jerry really 29 years old? Does D-Love shoot heroin on the road? Did Tommy get framed for that molestation charge?*

Matty: Due to my contractual obligations I'm not allowed to answer that. Anyway, lying is a sin, and I go to church every work to pray for the type of people who would spread such nasty gossip. I can honestly say we've known each other since at least last December.

***Monitor:** Millions of girls wish you lived next door to them. Are you currently seeing anyone?*

Matty: Oh, gosh. (*blushes*) I'm still waiting for that one perfect girl, you know, the type of girl we sing about. She'll sweep me off my feet and then she'll sweep my kitchen. Maybe I'll meet her at that Pancake Shi, uh, City place. Did you know I've never even kissed anybody? (*blushes*) Oh, now why did I go and tell you that?

MC DJ Disk Jockey

Born in the hood of the St. Louis suburbs, Cameron, A.K.A. MC DJ Disk Jockey is a one-way ticket to Gangstaville. He is so fresh, he will knock your dirty ass socks off. He don't front; he is a true player.

"I'll scratch that shit up, I don't give a fuck," MC DJ Disk Jockey said of the upcoming Moniteze tour. "People try to tell me I ain't the shit... fuck that."

MC DJ Disk Jockey has been spinning records since he was seven.

"I grew up on that shit, yo," the DJ said.

In addition to being spinmaster for the Moniteze, MC DJ Disk Jockey spends his free time asserting himself as alpha male in the group.

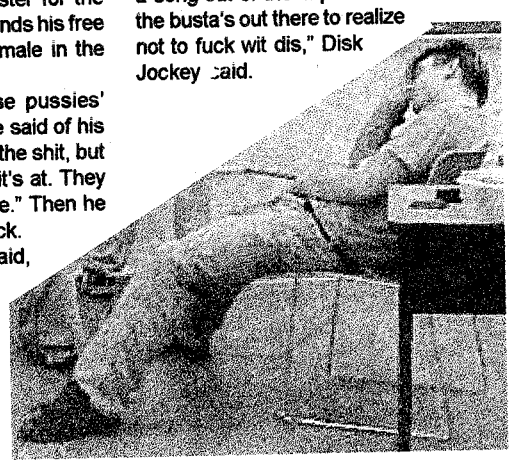
"I'll beat every one of those pussies' asses, they know I'm the shit," he said of his bandmates. "People think they're the shit, but dis homeboy right here is where it's at. They wouldn't be shit if it weren't fo' me." Then he literally patted himself on the back.

"One time," Disk Jockey said, "D-Love was tryin' to throw down, you know, all bad-ass and shit. I took him by his fuckin' throat and made him cry like his mama. We be cool now; I just had to show him what the fuck is up."

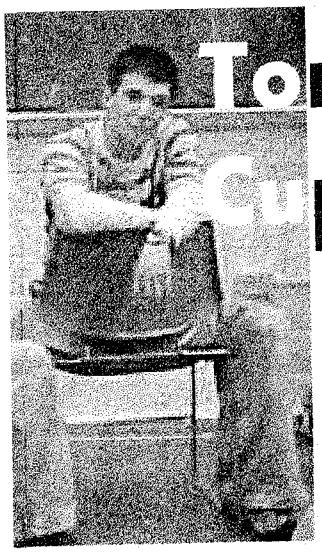
A self-proclaimed bad ass and strong-arm tactic aficionado, MC DJ Disk Jockey is quick to judge, but quicker to defend himself. "Did you just call me white?" he said in an interview last week before giving CNN reporter Glen Fixadilly a broken collarbone and ruptured spleen.

"He went fuckin' nuts," Fixadilly said.

"Whose white ass is on the ground now?" Disk Jockey hollered, kicking him in the balls and penis. He plans to make a song out of the experience. "I want all the busta's out there to realize not to fuck wit dis," Disk Jockey said.



Tommy Cupid



Age: 20
Height: 5'11"
Weight: 160

"The stars, they rise and fall for the love of my life. I enjoy smooth things like silk and double pinstripes. Also fur, give me somethin' to hold on to, you know?"

*Tommy is currently pimpin' 3 bitches

To be one of Tommy Cupids' army of bitches, call 665-6438

The World is Waiting.

Name: D-Love
Age: 19
Hometown: Omaha, Nebraska (or as D-Love calls it, the NE Hood)
Likes: mac 'n' cheese Nebraska style; swimmin'in my pool wit my dog Lucky; chillin' out in the front lawn with my buff stuff all getting' tan; chillin' wit my homies and mackin' on the hot ladies!
Dislikes: Yo, Yo, people that front. I don't like people who be tryin' to be somethin' e'erbody knows they ain't, yo yo.
Status: SINGLE!!! WATCH OUT LADIES!

New sensation The Moniteez are sweeping the nation with their vocal stylings and hip dance moves. We were lucky enough to get the group's resident "bad boy," D-Love, to sit down and chat with us.

Zine: So, D-Love, how did you join up with the group?

D-Love: Yo yo, here it is, yo. I was all chillin' in da hood -- lemme give a shout to my posse back in da crib, yo. Omaha love, y'all! Omaha love! -- aight, so I was in da crib and somebody called me on my cell talkin' bidness about needin' me to be kickin' it with my boys Cameron, T-dog, Matt and Jer-monster, and I was all like, "Aw hell nah! I can't believe it!"

Zine: So, you didn't want to join the group?

D-Love: You got to listen to me! I said, "Aw hell nah! I can't even believe how bad that is! That's hip, playa!" And the fellas on the phone was all, 'Yeah, come on down for an audition.' And so I was like, 'Y'all know what I gots! You don't need an audition'. And they were all, 'Yeah, we do.' Whatever, but yeah, so I went down to the studio and layed all of 'em on the flo! They couldn't believe the skills I'm totin'.

Zine: What are you hopes for the group in the near future?

D-Love: All I'm hopin' is that I be bling-blingin' it reeeeal quick, yo yo. And yeah, we could make some tight grooves for all them ladies out there.

Zine: Do you have a problem with most if not all of your fan base being 14 years old?

D-Love: Yeeeah, we don't be gettin' many dates because like, all of dem ladies is illegal, but that ain't no concern. We'll be mackin' with all the most beautiful people in the world as soon as we get nominated.

Zine: Do you expect to be nominated for any particular awards?

D-Love: Whatchoo think? Our record is tiiiight! Like none other! There's no way that we won't get what, like, 23 nominations and stuff. I mean, have you listened to it?

Zine: That's all the time we've got! Any last words?

D-Love: I wanna tell y'all The Moniteez is takin' over, y'all. Watch out, cause you know you'll be swept up with our mad popularity. Yo, yo, don't even front, playa. You know you dig our sweet beats and phat harmonies. Yeeah. The Moniteez is where it's at!

THE MANITOR

The University's only source for coverage of good old boys, the status quo, domination and the way things ought to be

University is fine how it is

story by | The Man

A clear blue sky presides over the green grass of the Quad. A few young men, taking a brief vacation from studying, play with a Frisbee in the dappled sunlight while their girlfriends watch from a shaded park bench. Yes, it's another beautiful day on the Truman State University campus, and everything is fine just the way it is.

"I love Truman," Joe Smith, senior biology major, said. "This school is really great. I came here because I could get an outstanding education for a reasonable price. But it wasn't until I had been here awhile that I realized what a great school Truman really is. I'm sad I'll graduate soon, but I realize it's my time to join the work force and become a productive member of society."

"That's right," agreed Sarah White, sophomore communications major. "I love Truman too. It's so diverse. They have people from all over the country and even the world here. It's a great environment to search for my future husband."

Besides the low cost for a superior education, the high amount of diversity and beautiful campus, the average student cited other factors as to why Truman is fine the way it is. These included the nutritious and tasty cafeteria food, the security they feel having an armed DPS, the scenic community of Kirksville and the foresight of the University's administration.

"I'm so glad they purchased that fire station," Matt Jones, freshman business major, said. "With solid real estate investment like that the future growth of the University is assured. When my children follow in my footsteps and come to school here, they'll find a school that is even bigger and better than it is right now. I don't know how they'll improve on what is already a terrific university, but I'm sure they'll think of something."

However, while the vast majority of students who attend the University think it's fine just the way it is, there are those who are dissatisfied with the University's policies.

While this reporter was unable to get a statement from these antisocial misfits, I did find someone who had a recent run in with one of them.

Michael Johnson, junior exercise science major and all-American football player recalled: "We were sitting at the cafeteria table enjoying some delicious apple pie when this real scruffy, dirty looking guy sat down next to us and was all, like, 'The University doesn't listen to the needs of the current students.'

"So I said to him, 'If you don't like the University, why don't you just go back to where you came from? Love it or leave it, you hippie, anarchist scum.' Everyone else at the table cheered and he just kind of slunk away. It was my proudest moment as a Truman student."

Truman administration expressed gratitude at the confidence they are receiving from the student body. To celebrate they will be holding a "Truman Is Great Day" sometime this spring, complete with an apple pie eating contest and a "Why Truman Is Great" essay contest.

America is fine how it is

story by | The Man

A clear blue sky presides over the green grass of Wallace Park, in Canton, Ill. A few children, taking a brief vacation from school, play with a Frisbee in the dappled sunlight while their parents watch from a shaded park bench. Yes, it's another beautiful day in the United States of America, and things are fine just the way they are.

"I love America," Joe Smith, a 40-year-old factory worker from Detroit, Mich., said. "This country is really great. My great-great-great-grandfather came here so that he could find some opportunity, but it wasn't until he had been here for a few years that he realized he loved America for another reason: freedom."

"That's right," agreed Sarah White, a 29-year-old house wife from Apple Creek South Carolina. "I love America too. It's such a melting pot of cultures. Where else in the world would a small, rural town like Apple Creek have a Chinese takeout place *and* a Mexican restaurant? Worked by people whose ancestors came from China and Mexico even!"

Besides the opportunity, freedom, diversity and natural splendor, the average person cited other reasons as to why America is fine the way it is. These included the hegemony of society ruled by wealthy Caucasian patriarchs, the security the right to bear arms gives them, the superiority of American culture and our amazing leaders.

"I'm so glad that President Bush was elected," Matt Jones, a 30 year old farmer from Green Valley, Ill., said "He's a uniter, not a divider. He'll work hard to let the voice of the American people be heard. When my oldest son follows in my footsteps and inherits the family farm, he'll raise my grandchildren in a country that's even better than it is now.

"I don't know how they'll improve it, exactly, but I know that President Bush will think of something."

However, while the vast majority of Americans think their country is fine just the way it is, there are some who are dissatisfied with the nation's policies.

While this reporter was unable to get a statement from these antisocial misfits, I did find someone who had an encounter with one.

Michael Johnson, a 28-year-old rancher from near Cheyenne, Wyo., recalled: "We were waiting in line at the grocery store to purchase some delicious apple pie when this real scruffy, dirty looking guy got in line behind us and was all, like, 'Politicians don't listen to the needs of those Americans who aren't insanely wealthy.'

"So I said to him, 'If you don't like this country, why don't you just go back where you came from? Love it or leave it, you hippie, anarchist scum.' Everyone in line cheered and he just kind of slunk away. It was my proudest moment as an American citizen."

The American government expressed gratitude at the confidence they are receiving from the American public. To celebrate, they will be holding an "America Is Great Day" sometime this spring, complete with a national apple pie eating competition and a "Why America Is Great" essay contest.

Point: America is great

opinion by | The Man

There are those out there who would have us believe that drastic social, environmental and political reforms are needed in this great country of ours. To these antisocial misfits, I say this: love it or leave it you hippie, anarchist scum.

America is truly a great country. Where else do you have huge, profit hungry corporations such as ours? Where else can you get such cheap lumber and metals and petroleum products? Where else is there such a perfect semblance of democracy? Nowhere else, that's where.

The whole world wants to be like America. They all pattern their Constitutions on ours. They all teach their children English. They all send their sick leaders here to receive the best in health care. Obviously, they would not be doing any of these things if America were not the greatest country of them all.

America has produced the greatest thinkers, scientists, actors, writers and leaders of all time. We even had some that *weren't* white, Protestant males! I don't know how you can look at films such as *The Patriot*, songs such as *Born in the USA* and a book or poem by an American and not think American culture is far superior to all others. Who else but Americans could invent rock 'n' roll?

But hey, forget all that artsy stuff. What about sports? America has more professional athletes than any other country! And who doesn't enjoy such American pastimes as baseball and football? No one, that's who! America is clearly the greatest country that ever has, or will, exist.

Counterpoint: amerika not goode plase

opinion by | Hippie Anarchist Scum

america not good plase peeple don't eat good and don't get stay in houses and peeple have lots of munny and don't give it away and by things with it and peeple don't eat good and politishuns get lots of munny and don't give it away and by things with it that peeple don't need like guns and bombs and nuceelor nukeelur nucealor and peeple have big houses and peeple don't get stay in houses and sleep on ground and cumpanees put poysun in water and peeple get sick and drink and get sick and cumpanees have lots of munny and don't give it away and red white and BLUE water cumpanees put poysun in BLUE water and women are recessed by men and don't make munny and men have lots of munny and don't give it away and women and not white peeple and workers are recessed and bush is bad and didn't win and we peeple don't vote get to vote don't really and bush has lots of munny and won't give it away and bush is bad sad mad fad man the man the man is bad is the man is is the bad bad bad bad america bad plase not good tree bush bad bush berry munny bunny merry berry bush bad

Whoa, dude, we are totally livin' on the edge

"There's something wrong with the world today. The light bulb's getting dim. There's meltdown in the sky."
--Aerosmith

There's something wrong with the world today. I don't know what it is.

There's something wrong with our eyes. We're seeing things in a different way. God knows it ain't his. It sure ain't no surprise.

We're living on the edge.

There's something wrong with the world today. The light bulb's getting dim. There's meltdown in the sky.

If you can judge a wise man by the color of his skin, then, Mister, you're a better man than I.

Chorus: We're living on the edge. You can't help yourself from falling. Living on the edge. You can't help yourself at all. Living on the edge. You can't help yourself from falling.

Living on the edge.

Tell me what you think about your situation. Complication, aggravation is getting to you.

If chicken little tells you that the sky is falling, even if it was would you still come crawling back, my friend?

I bet you would, my friend. Again and again and again and again.

There's something right with the world today and everybody knows it's wrong. But we can tell them no or we could let it go, but I would rather be a-hanging on.

(Chorus)

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Offer expires April 3, 2001.
Not for use with any other offer.

THE MIZONITOR

What's my name? The University's only sizzource for cizzle of the s-c-h-double-o-l. Fo shizzle, my nizzle

Elton goes Bling! Bling!

story by | Jonathan Cannon

Inspired by his acclaimed Grammy performance with rapper Eminem, pop icon Elton John has signed on to Cash Money Records.

"I felt it was time to expand myself creatively," Elton John said in a recent press conference. "In many ways, hip-hop is still in an embryonic stage. It's a fresh new genre to explore, and I thought that right now, the possibilities of modern rock are very limited. And I have a lot to say."

The legendary rocker has already laid down five tracks with resident Cash Money producer Mannie Fresh, including "B**** A** Sucka N****s" featuring the Hot Boyz, the first single from the soundtrack to the forthcoming *Lord of the Rings* movie.

Producer Mannie Fresh spoke highly of the new Cash Money Millionaire.

"N**** got mad skillz," Fresh said.

John surprised Tuesday's limited press, sporting a full set of gold teeth, FUBU pants and a sparkling diamond Rolex. He was escorted by six bikini-clad women whom he referred to as his "groupie hoez."

Several gay activists groups have since rallied against "B**** A** Sucka N****s," questioning the authenticity of the pop star's bold new direction. When asked about these accusations, John issued the following statement:

"Punk a** b****es always tryin' to keep a brotha down. Yo, y'all best quit cock blockin' and let a playa play!"

In related news, June 8 will see the release of an Elton John tribute album. The album will exhibit rap covers of the rock star's greatest hits. Artists featured on the album include Prodigy of Mobb Deep, Mystikal, C-Murder, Mack 10, MJG and 8-Ball. For an early track list, see table.

Elton John Tribute Album

Rocket Man – Mystikal and C-Murder
Your Song – Mack 10
Daniel – MJG and 8-Ball
Honky Cat – Drama
Goodbye Yellow Brick Road – Prodigy of Mobb Deep
Border Song – Juvenile
Bennie and the Jets – Project Pat featuring Gangsta Boo
Crocodile Rock – Ludacris featuring Lil' Mo
Don't Let the Sun Go Down on Me (Hot Sh*t) – St. Lunatics
Saturday Night's Alright for Fighting (Muthaf**ka) – Pastor Troy
Candle in the Wind – Fat Joe featuring Cuban Link

Kid Rock takes bath

story by | Robert Ritchie

After making her son eat every last pea on his plate, as well as the ones he had shoveled into his napkin, Kid Rock's mother tousled her son's hair.

"Do you want your ice cream sandwich now?" she asked. "Wait a minute, what is a guitar pick doing in your hair? After your dessert, you're taking a bath, young man."

She screamed when a rat scampered out of Kid Rock's ear and across her hand.

"I don't wanna!" Kid Rock said. "The cold water makes my peepee shrivel!"

"Kid!" his mom said. "You better wash your mouth out too!"

"I'm lickin' pussy underwater/blowin' bubbles up your ass," Kid Rock said, quoting one of his very mouthwash-able song lyrics.

He then ducked under the table, stomped across the trailer to his room and blasted a Great White CD, leaving a trail of grease behind him, just like certain types of slugs.

His mom chased after him, but fell and damn near broke her crazy neck.

All this happened yesterday.

Despite the images in multiple Kid Rock music videos of the rap/rock star soaking in a bubbly hot tub with stripper- or porn queen-quality hoes soaping both his kid and his rocks to the contrary, this multi-platinum artist hadn't actually bathed himself in twenty years.

"He may be an 'early morning stoned pimp," his mom said from the hospital. "But he's no early morning shower-taker. It's probably because of that crowd he hangs out with, all those crackheads, the critics, the cynics, all his heroes in the methadone clinics. They're never clean either. And by clean I mean both un-smelly and sober.

"American bad-ass?" she said. "How about American brown underwear ass. He wants to be a cowboy baby? Clint Eastwood washes behind his ears!"

Kid Rock's mom, through his manager, paid former Playmate of the Year Victoria Silvstedt one hundred bucks to trick the singer into climbing into the hot tub with him this morning.

It was the best acting job of the budding nude-model-turned-actress' young career, because there's no way a girl that good looking would ever want to soak in a scrub like Kid Rock's suds. No fucking way in hell.

Besides looking like that scary guy who slept in the back of your algebra class, the guy probably weighs as much as the left testicle of Joe C, his dead midget sidekick.

"I just needed the hundred dollars," Silvstedt said, since she hasn't successfully parlayed her stint in Playboy into a successful non-porn career, just like the last twenty-three Playmates before her. "Kid Rock's the dirtiest mother [expletive] I've ever smelled."

Silvstedt turned Kid Rock's knob... until the water that came out of the tap was clear instead of brown. She then pushed the Devil Without a Cause into the shower.

"Bawitaba dabang dabang ditty ditty aaaiiieee," the Detroit player said.

Silvstedt had forgotten to turn on the hot water.

Kid Rock's peepee did, in fact, shrivel.

Paul Hunter, who was filming the scene for the singer's newest music video, laughed, secure in his own clean manhood.

Silvstedt and Hunter soon learned the rock/rapper is actually black, but so much lime had accumulated on his skin he looked white. They also learned when you don't wash your hair for twenty years you can put your weed in there.

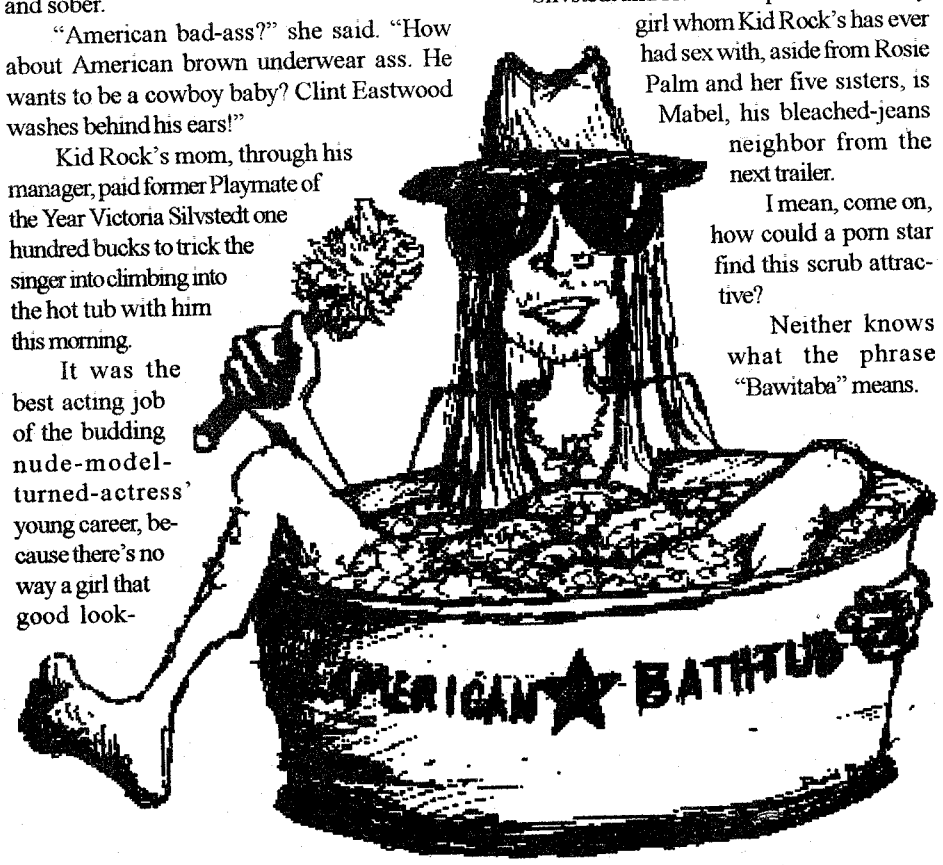
In addition to a roach clip and a water bong, Kid Rock washed one bottle of Natural Light, two Lynyrd Skynyrd albums, three used condoms and Joe C, his presumedly dead midget sidekick, from his hair.

"I'm J-O-E to the C, ho," Joe C rapped. "Call me Joe C I take a bath every week, yo. I'm a freak ho, call me dope. Three foot nine with my bar of soap."

Silvstedt and Hunter suspect that the only girl whom Kid Rock's has ever had sex with, aside from Rosie Palm and her five sisters, is Mabel, his bleached-jeans neighbor from the next trailer.

I mean, come on, how could a porn star find this scrub attractive?

Neither knows what the phrase "Bawitaba" means.



To the Other Fuckin' e

"One, and then comes the two, and the muthafuckin' three. Then comes the Eazy to the other fuckin' E."

To the other fuckin' E,

I'm dating an intelligent, beautiful, wonderful woman who makes me feel like the luckiest man in the world for having her. I'm in love with her and I think I want to give her my virginity, but since she's Catholic, I'm not sure she's mentally or spiritually receptive to the idea. She might be though, and my problem is I'm not sure. After all, we have played around in bed and done many other things to each other, but we always stop short of making love.

To complicate the situation, we almost had sex last weekend, but she had had a few drinks and wasn't really sure if she wanted to. Plus, I had a really bad case of diarrhea and didn't want to embarrass myself by shitting in the middle of a delicate situation.

So, Eazy, what should I do? Should I have let my diarrhea stop me? Was she drunk or did she really want me? Should I even stay with her if the relationship will continue to frustrate me? Do you have any other suggestions for ways I can be pleasured?

Oswald Gaines

O G gangsta lean,

Now after I shit your face wipes that ass clean. Time ta get tipsy. And don't want a bitch if she can't rub the balls like a gypsy. Who's all in? Since you put yourself on my dick I put my nutz on ya chin.

Nutz on ya chin. Since you put yourself on my dick I put my nutz on ya chin. Nutz on ya chin. Since you put yourself on my dick I put my nutz on ya chin

To the other fuckin' E,

I heard you're really good at giving people advice. Even better than Dear Abby! I am a smart, career-driven woman who has a lot of love to give to a man. Unfortunately, I'm a little on the thick side of things. Even though I'm nice, guys just aren't attracted to me because of my body. Would you ever date an oversized girl? Aren't I just as good (or better than) other, more attractive women who won't treat their men as well?

Delores Johnson

Bitch,

Muthafuck what ya heard I'm more than that. Real nigga from the hood and I'm all a that. Thick as a hickey! A picky nigga fittin' Dickies fa bitches strictly dickly! Don't ask Eazy shit. Still a hit is a hit and a bitch is a bitch.

To the other fuckin' E:

I work a boring-ass, nine-to-five data entry job that only pays $10 an hour. My entire Friday is spent staring at the clock and waiting for my paycheck, because I just can't force myself to concentrate on papers or my computer screen. I'm desperate, Eazy. Give me some suggestions for changing my career!

James K.

P.S. Uh, this is kind of embarrassing, but can you tell me the best way to pleasure myself?

Nigga,

Fuck waitin' for a pay day; get an AK! Every day is a blast, yeah, blast a nigga fast, mack his ass, yeah all the cash.

Who's all in? Since put yourself on my dick I put my nutz on ya chin.

Nutz on ya chin. Since you put yourself on my dick I put my nutz on ya chin. Nutz on ya chin. Since you put yourself on my dick I put my nutz on ya chin

Flying monkey found on campus

story and photo by | Ryan Ruffatti

This previous Saturday unfolded a unique situation. In a sight that could only be described as "Fucked up," a flying monkey was spotted in the formally green grassy area between Pickler Memorial Library and Missouri Hall.

Reports flooded the phone lines at DPS as students spotted a "large monkey with black wings wearing a bellboy's outfit." Soon afterward a naked bellboy was found dead off campus in front of the Newman Center, showing the fearful monkey was in cooperation of Truman's strict "no murder on campus" rule.

DPS arrived on the scene quickly to find the monkey entertaining students with merry antics for only pennies. In order to subdue the beast DPS unleashed their all-powerful air riffles which only seemed to "piss off [the monkey] to no end."

After which, the monkey took to the air where it began to throw feces at the DPS officers. Covered in flying monkey poop, DPS officers decided to leave stinking scene to alert more powerful officials.

Once dispatching of the DPS, the monkey spotted the line up for the show *The Last Night of Ballyhoo,* which at 4 p.m. was already beginning to encircle Baldwin Hall. In true flying monkey fashion the monkey flew above the line entertaining the people waiting with mid-air cartwheels and back flip. There are reports of one student yelling "Hey it's the flying pig!" only to meet with a faceful of flying monkey feces.

The simian beast

The monkey situation was taken care of that night at 8 p.m. when a Sodexho chef came outside and whipped a rag at the monkey's head, rendering it incapacitated. Current whereabouts of the monkey are unknown.

Chutes and Ladders

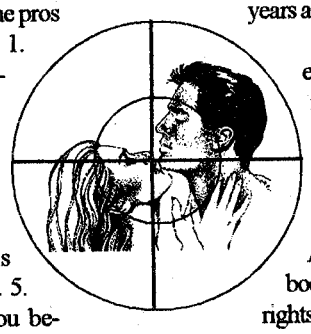
A fake look at Truman State relationships

Incest is Best

feature by | Lisa Magleroski

I don't understand the negative stigma associated with dating a relative. What's the problem? I mean, relatives got it goin' on! Think about it, incest is the perfect solution to sucky relationships.

For instance, let's look at the pros of dating your brother or sister: 1. You know they love you and nothing you do can dispel that love. 2. You grew up with them, so they have the same familial hopes that you do. 3. You know their sexual history. 4. There are little to no unexpected revelations about their life pre-dating you. 5. They can't one-night-stand you because you know where they live. 6. Deciding whose family to spend the holidays with isn't an issue.



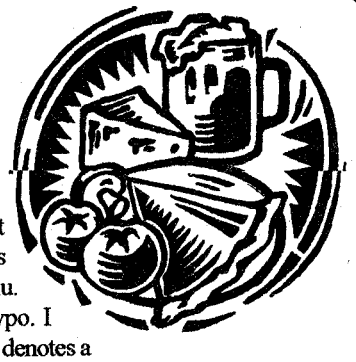
Some doubting-Thomases tell us that dating family members is wrong. They say mixing genes creates mutated babies. Let me assure you this is a myth. People who are against incest are often the same people who go around telling children there isn't a Santa Claus. Anti-incestuants are bad. Case in point: George Bush Jr. is against incest.

History has shown there are no negative side effects to having children with a relative. After all, the pharaohs of Egypt only married their immediate family, and they lasted for hundreds of years. Their offspring created one of the most powerful nations in the history of man, one whose creations have lasted thousands of years and are still being studied today.

Besides, even if physical side effects occur in children born of incestuous couples, that doesn't have to be a bad thing. A child with a third arm is set for life! Think about it, appearances on Opera, a picture in the *National Enquirer*, multimillion dollar book deals and money from movie rights will set your son or daughter up for life. They'd never have to struggle with finances in order to get a college degree. In fact, they wouldn't need a college degree -- they'd have enough money to live high on the hog, forgoing job-stress for chillin' in their upscale New York apartment. And get this -- a person with three arms can smoke a cigarette and type at the same time! Truly a modern miracle.

So there ya go. Incest, the perfect dating solution. Isn't it time you gave your family a call?

Dining With Sodexho



feature by | Average American

I ate with my son in the cafeteria the other day at Truman, where he attends school, and I must say I was severely disappointed with the lack of fried on the menu.

Now when I say "fried," don't think that's a typo. I don't mean "fries," as in French fries. The word "fries" denotes a single dish, whereas the word "fried" indicates an entire category of foods: anything that has been deep-fried.

Now, as everyone knows, fried is an essential part of the American diet. Fried catfish, French fries, fried chicken -- these are all traditional American dishes. You could say that fried is a part of our heritage. Something is severely lacking if a single meal goes by in which a growing boy can't have access to one of his necessary food groups.

Instead I come to Truman and see this tofu-veggie garbage stewing in its own repulsive juices. Does no one here know the proper order of things? My son tells me they sometimes fry things some people wouldn't think to, like zucchini and hamburger patties.

Well what of it? If they can do it once, why can't they do it all the time? Instead I see ordinary hamburger patties and, ugh, raw cucumber slices without the life-giving essence of fried. It's like Darwin's theory. You start out with raw food, and after years of trial and error you reach the pinnacle of food evolution: fried.

I am also concerned with the state of our nation's fried technology. Fried hamburgers? That's just pathetic. I heard that some places in Scotland will sell you fried candy bars. Obviously, a fried gap exists between our country and the rest of the civilized world.

In conclusion, I believe that an upstanding academic institution like Truman should be doing much more to not only offer students properly nutritious meal choices and the ethnic dishes they grew up with, but also do more to improve our technological standing as a nation. Perhaps it could be a research team from Truman that develops the invention that the culinary world has been striving so hard towards: fried fried.

And on that great day, we could be proud that we had stood bravely on the frontlines of the battle for the future, for America, for fried.

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A Message From The Mom

People often ask me how I make such delicious, reasonably priced frozen apple pies. The process is simple, really. All of our actual apples are handpicked by real migrant laborers and sprayed with preservatives for that sun ripened taste. They are then mixed with by-products from fruit canneries and old Chinese newspapers for just the right consistency. Then each pie is deep fat fried in left over oil from a pork rendering plant and soaked in artificial flavoring. After that, Mom adds just a little pinch of love to each and every pie. All waste is dumped into some river.

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- **Extra Fried**
- **Flavorrific (Double the Artificial Flavoring, Half the Actual Apple!)**
- **Habit Forming**

Max Cavalera delivers all-accoustic album

story by | Jonathan Cannon

Within a year of death metal band Soulfly's new album *Primitive*, singer Max Cavalera is ready to break away from his band mates for a solo LP. Only this time around, fans may be surprised by a kinder, gentler Max.

Lullabye for the Lonely: Max Cavalera Sings Love Songs Just For You, is an all-accoustic, twelve-track folk rock album with the ex-Sepultura frontman carrying out practically every chore: co-producer, singer, guitarist and percussionist. The album features ten original songs by Cavalera and two covers: James Taylor's "Fire and Rain" and Joni Mitchell's "Big Yellow Taxi" -- the latter a duet with folk singer Beth Orton.

"It's a quiet album," Cavalera said in a recent press release. "I was approaching a stage in life where I just didn't want to scream anymore. I mean, I'm over thirty. I have a wife and kids. It was time to evolve artistically."

Producing the album is Andrew Slater, best known for his work on Fiona Apple's *Tidal*, and Steve Lillywhite, longtime producer for the Dave Matthews Band.

Of her collaboration with Cavalera, Beth Orton had nothing but praise.

"I think he has a very sweet, tender voice," Orton said. "It's very understated. He sounds a lot like Morrissey [of the Smiths]."

The jump-off single, "Just to Kiss Your Pretty Lips" is already heating up the radio stations, while *Lullabye for the Lonely* is slated for release on May 17.

Magruder cancels final exams

story by | Captain Fusassy

"All final exams are cancelled!" Jack Magruder was said to have exclaimed according to an unknown source on late Thursday afternoon. Perhaps this seems a bit unbelievable or completely fictional. Readers everywhere may even be looking for a clue that would present some sort of falsity to this exclamation. I, however, can vouch that this rumor is as true as Julia Roberts being the best actress of this year's Oscars.

Late Thursday, after the undergraduates finished presenting their research, a secret meeting was said to have been held in the Georgian room. Faculty members were described as "utterly astonished" by the president's brief announcement.

"Open your eyes, can't you see the stress, we, the Truman faculty, are weighing upon our dear students," the anonymous source witnessed him say.

Oh, the woes of being the president of an upstanding university. Like a can of tuna, we all need to open up and allow the goodness of ourselves take over. So, the next time you see Mr. J.M. riding on his bike, give him a wave of gratitude for his sudden empathy.

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monitor reviews

Allette sings songs of nature

feature by | W. Aaron Wilson

Have you ever wanted to move to Canada? I have. I mean, besides nationalized health care and the opportunity to buy cherry flavored Pez (I hear they sell milk-in-a-bag in Canada, too) maybe we'd get to see those geese do more than just fly north and south.

Allette Brooks expressed the exact same opinions (except the parts about health care and cherry Pez) about Canada in her concert March 20 in the SUB Down Under.

Playing to an eager crowd, some of whom lounged on bean bags while others sat at tables and sipped hot beverages, Brooks sang about fireflies, Montana geology and the evils of coffee with only her acoustic guitar for accompaniment.

The most noticeable thing about an Allette Brooks performance is the immediate bond she forms with the audience. Not only does she typically play smaller venues that bring her closer to the audience, she seems to treat each performance as something unique and special. She often stops a song after only one verse in order to converse with the audience, relating anecdotes and feelings while her fingers idly keep the melody in a holding pattern.

This performance was no exception, with Brooks pausing to point out her favorite verse of "This Time (Autumn)" or encouraging the audience to sing along with the next chorus of "Fireflies."

After breaking a guitar string, Brooks even invited University student Stephanie Noll to the stage to tell the crowd about the Dancing Rabbit Ecovillage, an alternative community located east of Kirksville.

Dancing Rabbit is a community dedicated to a lifestyle that is at once sustainable and less harmful to the Earth than conventional American approaches to energy and food production. Noll discussed some of the features of the community, such as energy efficient straw bale housing and the use of renewable bio-diesel to power community vehicles.

The discussion tied into Brooks' song "Driving," in which she argues against the proposed destruction of Alaskan tundra in order to obtain oil that would be consumed in less than a year. Brooks also sang a song about the rolling blackouts that California has and is experiencing, an event the singer herself witnessed firsthand. Brooks also mentioned the University course Expanding Environmental Consciousness (E.E.C.).

"E.E.C. is a student-lead, discussion-based course that delves into environmental issues, politics and philosophies more than any other class on campus," Theresa Conley, one of the class's student leaders, said. "Students are in a comfortable environment where they can express as well as challenge their own beliefs and opinions on environmental issues."

Overall, Brooks put on an engaging, musically inspired performance that enlightened as well as entertained. From pressing environmental issues to the simple pleasure of seeing a field full of fireflies for the first time, Brooks' covers a wide range of subjects and emotions. At the same time she spans the distance that many artists hide behind with her personable, approachable attitude.

Oh yeah. Mush!

Brooks builds expectations

Terry Brooks
The Voyage of the Jerle Shannara: The Ilse Witch

review by | W. Aaron Wilson

In a way I was disappointed when I learned Terry Brooks had turned his attentions back to the land of Shannara. While the first Shannara trilogy had been brilliant and the four-part "Scions of Shannara" cycle had its high points, once he wrote the prequel, *First King of Shannara*, the series seemed to be tapped out. Plus, the dark urban fantasy *Running With the Demon* that he next wrote was nothing short of a masterpiece.

Still, I put my misgivings aside and gave the first book in the new Shannara series, *Ilse Witch*, a try. There I encountered all of Terry Brooks' brilliance as well as the demons that haunt his writing.

While *Ilse Witch* has a compelling story, the beginning of a great adventure aboard one of the flying ships new to Shannara, it appeared to be cramped by its short length. The beginning started out at a leisurely pace, gradually setting the scene and putting all the pieces in place for a grand quest.

As often happens in Brooks' writings, however, the first department to face budget cuts was that of character development. What characterization there was proved to be delivered explicitly instead of more subtly through dialogue. Indeed, after a few glorious chapters, the dialogue almost completely dried up, giving way to a rushed, description heavy narrative of the quest. The characters, so promisingly real, suddenly became stale and cardboard-like.

The book might also serve as a kind of disappointment to avid Shannara readers. Most of the startling revelations that come towards the end of the book can be unraveled within the first handful of chapters if you've read the preceding books.

However, I am willing to forgive the area in which Brooks shines the brightest: coming out with kick butt characters. In a line of characters stretching back to Pe Ell the assassin and Garet Jax the weapons master comes a new generation of characters who quite simply kick butt, namely Truls Rohk and Rue Meridian. Not only are they two of the most meaningfully characterized characters, I can't wait for a huge fight scene where they can take out a horde of mwellrets (evil lizard men) or some other villains.

Speaking of villains, Brooks' also introduces a pair that deviate from the nebulous, "evil presence" that his villains tend to be. Both the Ilse Witch and the Morgawr may very well prove to be some of his most interesting villains since the demon hordes of *Elfstones of Shannara*. They also have actual motives for their deeds instead of just being vaguely evil.

In conclusion, *Ilse Witch* seems to be the rushed prologue to what may be a triumphant return to the land of Shannara. And while there wasn't enough characterization or huge fight scenes for my taste, it is definitely worth a read, especially if the books following it can live up to the expectation that the first one builds.

Behind the Airbrush: The Hugh Hefner story

Russell Miller
Bunny: The Real Story of Playboy

review by | Matthew Webber

His silk robe, pipe and Viagrafied sex life have made him as identifiable an American icon as the magazine he founded and edited. In the 1990s, Hugh Hefner, Hef, the definition of a playboy, came out of his married semi-retirement to party with Playmates and celebrities at the Playboy mansion.

His magazine continues to wage a series of "Pubic Wars" against other skin mags like *Penthouse* and *Hustler*, with these three and even raunchier publications increasingly relying on home videos to claim a piece of the porn industry's ass-tronomical profits.

In other words, Hef and his magazine haven't aged since 1984, the year Russell Miller published his biography/critique of Hugh Hefner and Playboy, *Bunny: The Real Story of Playboy*.

When we last left Hef, he was a people-phobic recluse whose all-night celebrity schmoozing and tail-chasing marathons drained his company's finances. He had a sweet tooth for blondes as young as his daughter with the measurements, plasticity and sometimes even the same name as a Barbie. Much like the Matthew McConaughey character in *Dazed and Confused*, he kept getting older but his siliconed playmates stayed the same age.

If one were to judge this book by the dynamism of its main character, *Bunny* would be the most static book of all-time. Hef is certainly the least developed, most one-dimensional character I've ever read, and I've read my fair share of *Hardy Boys* mysteries.

("Golly gee," said Joe orgasmically. "I think I found some 'clues' under Frank's bed!")

In photographs, columns like "Playboy Advisor" and "Playboy Forum" and Hef's own "Playboy Philosophy," Hef portrays himself and the "Playboy Male" as the rico-est, suave-est, most virile of gentlemen. This stud lives in the laps of luxury and ladies, obtaining what/who he wants as easy as flipping a light switch.

The Playboy Male -- or so says Hef -- made the sexual revolution possible by loosening the puritanism and pants of contemporary America. He celebrated sex instead of condemning it. He pioneered the self-expression of women.

Miller says the Playboy Male is Hef's biggest phallus-y. While Hef wants the world to believe he's as unblemished as his magazine's airbrushed beauties, Miller exposes what a little boy with toys Hef really is. Hef isn't the philosopher he would have us believe; he's merely an enterprising pornographer.

Miller so accurately and consistently shatters the Playboy Myth that Hef threatened to sue him to halt the publication of *Bunny*.

Bunny, which is also a history of *Playboy* magazine, contains much more between its covers than pictures of Playmates. It chronicles the allegations of drug use at the Playboy Mansion in the '70s, the dilemma of how much pubic hair is admissible and the fortunes made and lost in the Playboy Casinos.

While Miller doesn't blame Hef or *Playboy* directly for the murders and suicides of some Playmates, he does blame the objectified atmosphere they helped to create.

The book ends with Christine Hefner's, Hef's daughter, takeover as president of the company, although we all know the story continues. Models still shed clothes in the hopes they'll become successful actresses, following the impressive examples of, um, Pamela Anderson and Carmen Electra. Boys still buy *Playboy* as their gateway magazine into porn, until they move on to the harder stuff, i.e. crotch shots. Hef still flaunts his ignorance of STDs, pregnancy and responsibility, and for this, celebrities like Fred Durst still kiss his silky ass.

Pancake Shitty Girl

It's 4 a.m., I see my breath, when I look down I see you breasts
The greasy spoon's lit up inside, I'm sure our table is a mess
You're hotter than a cheddar nug, than midnight coffee in a mug
You smell like winter when we kiss, but like the restaurant when we hug

Chorus:
We'll sink into the sunken garden reading the graffiti
I'll kiss you in a snowdrift and pretend we're in Tahiti
A gumball covers our initials underneath a squirrel
Our love is sacred like a tater, you're my Pancake Shitty girl

The Shitty's full of college kids but all I see is you
We contemplate the menus and we footsie our wet shoes
A platter drops, a shaker's thrown, condensation wets my glass
Although I love to read your eyes, I wish that I could grab your ass

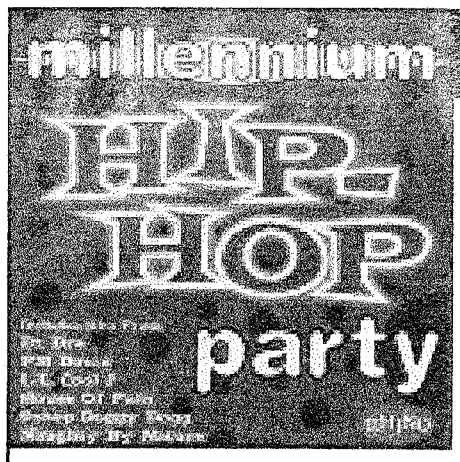
Chorus

Bridge:
I'm majoring in pleezing you
You're minoring in teezing
I'm getting a Bachelor's in U and Me
I hope we're not getting an STD

The Shitty's cameras watch us eat, spilling syrup sticks our feet
They might prevent a shoplift but they'll never steal our heat
I think I love you, know I love, the girl who keeps my coffee filled
I also think I know I love the greatest pancakes in the 'Ville

Chorus

GUILTY PLEASURES: STUFF SO BAD IT RULES



Don't just stand there, bust a move

Various Artists
Millennium Hip-Hop Party
New Millennium Hip-Hop Party
Rhino

review by | Matthew Webber

Young MC's "Bust a Move" music video flashes across the television screen. A geeky music critic (um, not me) grins his whitewashed picket fence grin. He stares into your eyes/soul and does his best Ron Popeil homage:

"Do you remember standing against the wall at your seventh grade dance, admiring the acne-less 90210 reject flop his bowl haircut as he danced the Running Man as your favorite rapper at the time, MC Hammer, cautioned U not to touch him and your foot tapped uncontrollably but you wouldn't actually *dance* at a school dance for another two years?

"Do you remember when the actor Mark Wahlberg was a rapper named Marky Mark? And do you ever lose sleep wondering when the Funky Bunch will get their own *Behind the Music* episode?

"Do you wax nostalgic for the [here, the geek elaborately quotes with his fingers] 'hippin'est, hoppin'est cuts in hip-hop history,' or at least for the poppy machinations that passed for real rap from '87 to '92?

"If the answer is yes, then the incredible *Millennium Hip-Hop Party* is the album for you. Containing eighteen of your puberty's greatest hits, the *Millennium Hip-Hop Party* will turn your next party into the Millennium This Rules, Dude, Party. Your all-time favorite songs (until you discovered grunge) are together for the first and only time on one CD."

As various members of the studio audience attempt to do me baby, a-do the Humpty Hump, keep doin' the Hump, the geek advises you to act now and reach for your Visa or Mastercard and purchase the only compilation album you'll ever need to own, which is available for an unlimited time and is actually available in stores!

The track listing flows over the babies who got back, around the way girls, parents who just don't understand and G thangs: Run-DMC's "Walk This Way," Tone Loc's "Funky Cold Medina," PM Dawn's "Set Adrift on Memory Bliss," Arrested Development's "Tennessee," House of Pain's "Jump Around," Naughty By Nature's "Hip Hop Hooray," Snoop Doggy Dogg's "What's My Name?" and every aforementioned song to which you still know all the words. (I know you do. You probably still know "Shoop," too.)

As if one compendium of memories from the most awkward years of your life weren't enough, you can now own the *New Millennium Hip-Hop Party*, which features "blazin'-hot B-boy favorites to help you get your bounce on" such as Tone Loc's "Wild Thing," MC Hammer's "Pray," Naughty By Nature's "O.P.P.." A Tribe Called Quest's "Scenario," Coolio's "Gangsta's Paradise," Arrested Development's "People Everyday," DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince's "Summertime," Snow's "Informer" (the single greatest song by a white Canadian who sounds Jamaican) and awesome songs you loved but forgot, like N2Deep's "Back to the Hotel."

To tell you how phat these CDs are, I'll revert to my pre-nocturnal emission hyperbole and tell you these are the greatest CDs of all time, not only for the songs but also for the hilarious liner notes.

You'll laugh out loud as Snow "earns his props" as a gangsta rapper worthy of being on the same album as the Notorious B.I.G. You'll cry when you realize how condescending it is to be a genuine fan of rap music and have to "consider yourself schooled" by the fan site-style language.

The geek says: "If I were to create a mix tape of every song I don't just love but *need*, it would sound something like these CDs. Thank you, Rhino Records, for doing it for me!"

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FTAA, from page 1

as much as three times more often than the national average.

The FTAA will expand NAFTA's policies on monopoly patents to the whole hemisphere. Companies with a patent in one country will be granted the exclusive right to market their products throughout the hemisphere. These intellectual property laws are extremely important for the pharmaceutical industry.

Brazil is currently one of the top producers of generic drugs essential for the majority of the world's poor unable to afford the drugs produced by US companies.

If the intellectual property laws are expanded, Brazil will be prohibited from manufacturing these life-saving drugs (used in AIDS and tuberculosis treatment), increasing suffering throughout the world.

The FTAA is expected to contain commitments to privatize essential services, including education, health care, energy and water utilities, prisons, and postal services. The FTAA services agreement could also lead to the removal of national licensing standards for medical, legal and other professionals.

The services agreement would open the door to greater corporate control and would lead to the erosion of health and safety regulations.

In addition, the costs of these services would most likely rise astronomically, causing serious harm to the working class communities. When Bolivia privatized its water utilities, water rates increased 200 percent, leading to riots that resulted in six deaths.

If the FTAA is not stopped, situations like this will become increasingly common.

LETTERS, from page 3

try so hard to set themselves apart? Why not socialize with "Independents" (a.k.a. GDI's)? Are you scared of potential brothers/sisters being influenced? Yet, aren't YOU influencing them?

Leadership, friendship, communication skills, etc. ... Why would you even expect to learn these from the Greek system, as though you didn't learn them in EVERYDAY LIFE? Good luck to the absolute retard who once gave me a 10-minute lecture on how being in a fraternity was going to teach him all of those things. Why do I say good luck? Because it still hasn't taught him how to treat his fellow human beings, or how to treat -- AND RESPECT -- women.

This campus has an STD problem, even though the Health Center as yet refuses to release the statistics. Thank God for workers who leak information. Let's generalize about people for a moment. Do you think the computer nerd who sits in his dorm room on the weekends is contributing to the STD problem? Do you think the group of friends who watch movies in their rooms on the weekends is contributing to the STD problem? Or do you think that the individuals who go to parties with the intention of getting drunk and/or fucked (usually both) are the ones who contribute to the problem? Only one of these groups makes sexual indiscretion seem like a serious problem.

Greeks ... My only real problem with the Greek system concerns the obvious predicament posed by the contradiction between your attempts to do away with stereotypes and your quest to set yourselves apart from the rest of the world. If you want people to stop stereotyping you and your ways (which have not one damn thing to do with the actual Greeks or their original ways of life), then stop raising yourselves up on pedestals, as though you really were as special as you say you are. When you coin terms like "goddamn independent," you only reinforce the stereotypes.

When your social events consist solely of drinking and fucking, you only reinforce the stereotypes. When you get it into your heads that you are different, special, whatever, solely because of your association with the Greek system, you only reinforce the stereotype. And if you're a "moral" Greek, don't tell me about it -- just try to help your fellow Greeks and reform the system.

I don't really fucking care how you people run your lives, your parties or your precious little clubs ... But your actions deny you the right to complain about how others view you. You ask for an end to stereotypes, yet you clearly don't deserve one. In my eyes, you got exactly what you deserved ... BECAUSE YOU ASKED FOR IT!

One last thing ... The only reason I didn't go off on the sororities is because they aren't really the ones giving the Greek system a bad name. Well, there is that one sorority that everyone keeps telling me I should try, if only because "everyone else has." I'd rather not try them, though, because I'm not exactly keen on viral or bacterial infections. I have this image running through my head of my penis rotting right off. Scares me.

Jesus doesn't like male pigs, or whores.

Christopher Michael Shanahan

Pop Top Five

feature by | Jonathan Cannon

16. The Roots – *Things Fall Apart*. This one's a gimme. This is an essential album for any serious music collector. This is the culminating moment for post Golden era hip-hop. It is sonically, technically, lyrically without equal.

Known previously as an "alternative hip-hop band" the Roots finally plowed out of their jazzy pigeonhole and came with a straight hip-hop record that doesn't compromise any of their talent. There isn't a single weak moment to be found on this album from intro to bonus track.

If you thought all they had to offer was Grammy-winning ballad with Erykah Badu, think again. Black Thought and Malik B's lyrics get no better. ?uestlove carries out beats with almost inhuman timing (some of my friends still insist that "You Got Me" and "Double Trouble" are done via drum machine).

This is an album that says everything there is to say about hip-hop; what it is, where it's been, where it's going and where it's at. They might as well have named the album *Last of A Dying Breed*.

17. Jeru the Damaja – *The Sun Rises in the East*. This is the Wu-Tang album that the Wu never made. Previously, Jeru attracted attention with guest spots on Gang Starr albums, most noticeably an electric verse on Daily Operations' "I'm The Man."

In 1994 he made his solo debut with *The Sun Rises on the East*, with top grade production by DJ Premier. Many think the album contains some of Premo's cleverest beats. It's a very gritty, dark album defined by the raw, New York minimalist sound (as in, nothing but drum breaks and obscure chops and stabs). The album puts you right in the middle of a grimy Brooklyn Night, full of drug deals and crap games, sewer pollution and bright city lights.

Though Jeru's next albums would show much more polish, he brings an eager creativity here only to be found in hungry young emcees fresh off the streets. This is another no-frills classic.

18. Rahsaan Patterson – *Love in Stereo*. For at least the last five years Rahsaan Patterson has been the middle ground between the modern R & B and neo-soul. 1999's *Love in Stereo* generated a very small buzz; it didn't help that the single "Treat You Like A Queen" was in no way representative of the rest of the album. This album is packed from head to toe with soul.

In "Sure Boy," Patterson croons, "Ain't got no lady, or babies due/Just got my records and my favorite shoes." With a voice echoing Stevie Wonder's early years, Patterson belts out the high notes with ease.

And if the funk-filled track, "Humor" had made it to radio, Patterson easily would have won audiences over. Instead, he just does his thing quietly, and does it so well.

19. Tha Alkaholiks – *21 and Over*. With a name like the Alkoholiks, you know what you're in for. You're not in for enlightenment. You're not in for introspection of the human mind. You're not in for a harsh look at urban life. What you're in for are ten tracks of hilarious frat boy humor and playful wordplay. The Alkoholiks are all about drunken fun.

Yet unlike other rap artists (while I'd love to praise the Ol' Dirty Bastard, the truth is he's just an ol' dirty bastard, not the Talented Dirty Bastard or the Ol' Dirty Lyrically Genius Bastard), they have pretty tight skills. Match that with smart underground beats (I don't know how they did it, but they successfully sampled from the Fat Albert theme song on a track) influenced heavily by East Coast music, and you have an album that is as funny as it is dope.

20. Brand New Heavies – Self-titled. The Brand New Heavies is yet another under-appreciated R & B group from the UK. (Will anyone ever acknowledge Soul II Soul?) As a live band fronted by the soulful N'Dea Davenport (who later left the band to release an unsuccessful solo album), the Brand New Heavies were simply far ahead of their time. They do what few R & B artists are able to do -- release an album that doesn't sound dated 10 years after its release. Just about every track on the album sounds fresh by today's standards, which arguably hasn't been done since the '60s.

Not only that, but one element doesn't take second fiddle over the other. As gifted as Davenport is, her bandmates are never left in her shadow. Songs like "Dream Come True" show a mold of funky jamming, and heavy-yet-smooth vocals.

This album sounds like what Rufus featuring Chaka Khan would sound like in the '90s.

Oliver Bellamy seems neither funny nor black

review by | Ed Jenkins

I went to see Bill Bellamy March 21 in Baldwin Auditorium. I was a bit confused because I remember him being a little, well, blacker. In fact he also seemed much older and much less funny. Really, he wasn't funny at all.

Well, he did have a couple of good jokes. There was one where he declared that the previous mayor of D.C. was a crack head. And he had a Lettermanesque list of rules for dating his daughters. But in retrospect I'm not sure his act was even stand up. It was almost political.

He listed several networks -- MSNBC, CNBC, CNN, etc.-- with which he had worked, but I just remember him from *MTV Jams* and HBO's *Def Comedy Jam*. But then again, he didn't say the "f" word or grab his crotch during the act so maybe he's just changed his style.

I also found it odd that he kept praising Ronald Reagan, not something I would expect from the young black star of *Any Given Sunday*. But hey, J.C. Watts is a leading Republican congressman, so I guess a fairly hip young black comedian could also conceivably lean to the right.

Bellamy was also introduced as earning the Silver Star, Bronze Star and two Purple Hearts in Vietnam. At first that seemed like something I remembered about Bill Bellamy, but then again I may be confusing him with another black comedian, Eddie Griffin, who was in *The Walking Dead*, a mediocre Vietnam drama.

Towards the end of the show Bellamy opened the floor to questions. This, I thought, was going to be a genius way to incorporate the audience into some knee-slapping impromptu.

It started out pretty good when what seemed to be a plant in the audience asked him a hickish question about the best way to gut a chicken. Bellamy simply gave him a straightforward answer. It didn't make me laugh, but maybe the bit was funny in a "Sports Night" kind of way.

Later, though, I realized this wasn't a planned part of the act. It was just one of those impossible art students who do and say anything for attention. I also noticed a lot of older people came from the community to this event. Has the community finally become respectful towards young African-American entertainers or was something funny going on? I guess with comedian Bill Bellamy, there is always something funny going on.

24-hour theater keeps me up all night

feature by | Kyle Schellinger

Well, it's 10:30 a.m. on Saturday, March 30, and several Truman theatre fanatics have been up for almost 13 hours -- in Baldwin Hall. (And yes, Baldwin Hall is really creepy in the middle of the night.) "Why?" you ask. We are not having a sit-in for more funding nor are we insane. We are doing this for the theatrical community of wonderfully cultured Kirksville. Pardon me if I sound strangely bitter or crazy, but a lack of sleep can definitely do that to a guy.

We started the evening at 8 p.m. with a lovely meeting for our first group of arrivals. The script writing began soon after. The rest of our little team lounged in the studio theatre.

Our next group of arrivals showed up at 3 a.m. These were the designers. We received a short synopsis of the script and everyone was told to "GO!" ...so we did.

At about 4 a.m., people began to drop like... um... some form of insect. They would be walking along fine... right next to you, and the second that you turned away, they were down. Anywhere. Several people landed on the floors of random Baldwin Hall hallways.

Everyone was roused at about 5 a.m. when our actors arrived. The first read through of the completed script went well, although several people required support and frequent slaps to keep from falling asleep. Not that the process had been boring... don't get me wrong... we were just soooooooooo tired.

Rehearsals began at 7 a.m. While the actors, directors and stage managers toiled over blocking, sound designers, light designers, costume designers, props designers and set designers were equally busy, keeping their crews in check and the precious remainder of their sanity.

We couldn't believe the sun actually came up... but it did and we were all happy. It meant that we were closer to our goal and closer to a good night's rest. The actors are beginning their first run through right now and we are very proud of the progress we have made over the hours. Most of us have managed to retain our sanity and, after all, we haven't voted anyone out of Baldwin Hall... yet.

Hungry for blood?

Be a part of the '01-'02 *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

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Don't be Afraid...

http://hallopino.keenspace.com

by Ryan Ruffatti

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Carton	$25.09	Carton	$25.09	Carton	$25.09
Doral pack	$2.53	GPC pack	$2.52	Viceroy pack	$2.52
Carton	$20.89	Carton	$20.39	Carton	$20.39

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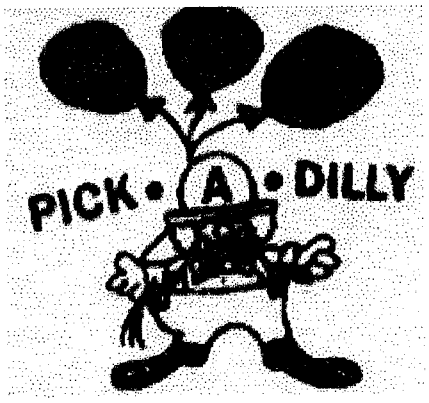

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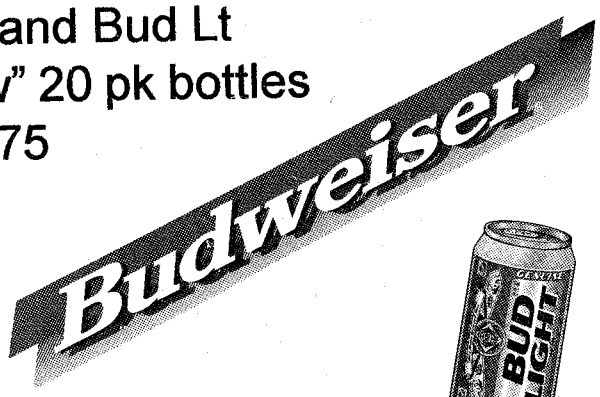

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12 pk cans
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Ballyhoo blazes souls

review by | Dave Bush

Holy crap! To those in the cast and crew, kudos all around. I saw Alfred Uhry's *The Last Night of Ballyhoo* last Thursday night in the Baldwin Hall Little Theatre, and I hope you were there. If you didn't happen to catch it on any of the nights it was being presented, you can be sure you missed a fantastic show.

The story of *Ballyhoo* is set on the wealthiest street in Atlanta, on premiere night of the film *Gone with the Wind*. Adolph Frietag shares a house with his widowed sister-in-law Reba and his sister Boo, who is also a widow. Each has a daugther, one a college dropout and something of a dreamer, Lala, and the other a successful sociology major, Sunny. Joe, who works for Adolph's Bedding Company, enters at dinner one night, and becomes an essential figure when he asks Sunny to Ballyhoo, the dance on the last night of the most important social event of the year.

The main conflict of the story is found in the struggle between Judaism as practiced by Joe, and being Jewish as it is practiced by the Freitags, Christmas tree and all. At the dance, Lala's date Peachy informs Joe that his kind of Jew doesn't belong at the event and Joe takes off, only to show up at the house to exchange some angry words with Sunny before we watch Adolph's advice to "hold on to this one" fly out the door with Joe.

It is when they reunite in a traincar that Sunny discovers the real value of her roots and the Jewish faith she never knew. As Joe and Sunny discover they are meant for each other in a single glorious kiss, Sunny also realizes she must become a faithful Jew to complete herself.

I was impressed as soon as I walked into the theater by the set. The design was fantastic and it felt entirely real. The show starts out fairly slowly, but some great bits of humor between Adolph, Boo and Reba hold the attention during the first act with Lala and Peachy taking over for the second. I found myself looking for wavers in the southern accent or mistakes made by the cast, but they were very consistent and character was great.

It wasn't until the final scene that the play moved itself from being good to being incredible. In one of the most powerful scenes I've seen on the small stage, Sunny and Joe rejoin the family in the dining room and share a traditional Jewish prayer. As the words were spoken, every thought and distraction was dashed away, and the pure beauty of the moment blazed through the soul of everybody who was paying attention.

The play ends with the prayer, "Shabat Shalom," spoken by each member of the extended Freitag family. Don't forget these words, and don't forget the wonderful story that was shared. I look forward to the next theatre event in hopes it rivals *The Last Night of Ballyhoo* in excellence.

The next theater production is *Somewhere In Between*, April 17-21, 8 p.m. in the Little Theatre. Don't miss it!

Queen Astra

Let the stars be your guide!

Aries (March 21-April 20): Your "I just pissed in my pants and there's nothing anyone can do about it" philosophy on life is starting to piss everyone off.

Taurus (April 21-May 22): If things in Vegas just don't pan out, you can take your act and help revitalize an inner-city church. As a nun... on the run from the mob. You know, like *Sister Act*.

Gemini (May 23-June 21): You will have a strange experience during a job interview. But maybe you should take that "uncut" remark as a compliment

Cancer (June 22-July 24): See all those finance majors in Violette Hall? They're still humping the American dream.

Leo (July 25-August 23): To "Tell the Truth" I think there's some chemistry between Paula Poundstone and John O'Hurly. Pop Tarts, I assume.

Virgo (August 24-September 23): Don't let the competition fool you. Queen Astra is too cool for school, yo.

Libra (September 24-October 23): Did you ever think of the possibility that your significant other might actually be your sibling? Well, you will soon hear the results of a DNA test that may change your life.

Scorpio (October 24-November 22): Fuck school, unless Schwarzenegger is your teacher. His "cop school" teaching style is strangely appealing. The kids, they love it.

Sagittarius (November 23-December 21): Martin Luther molested children, you know. No, not really, but do I hate Protestants. Fuck the Power Elite. Cops ain't nuthin' but bitches and hoes.

Capricorn (December 22-January 20): Follow your life following the "Gospel According to Jon." Jon bon Jovi, that is.

Aquarius (January 21-February 19): Do you watch *Sister Sister*? I think you know what I'm getting at.

Pisces (February 20-March 20): I've got a hit idea for this fall season. Don't do drugs. There's no hope with dope.

GARAGE SALE

SATURDAY, APRIL 7th

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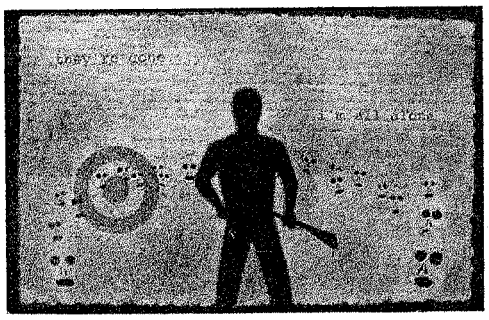
Art Page

Art page captures the awesome power of Truman U's art students through the Sophomore Proficiency. All art students are required to pass the Sophomore Proficiency in order to continue on in the field. Students hung their work up for critique this Monday. Monitor readers are encouraged to visit Ophelia Parrish and wickedly experience their public display.

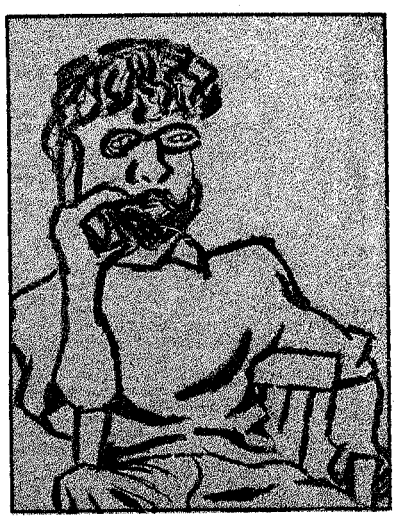


Jason Daum
Mixed Media

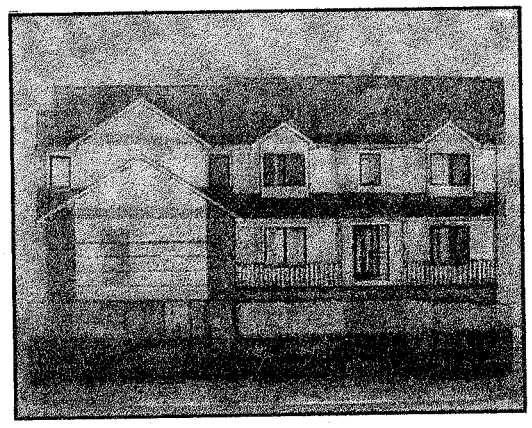
Erin Mikkelson
Charcoal on Paper

Ryan Delgado
Charcoal on Paper

Jenny Bryant
Collage



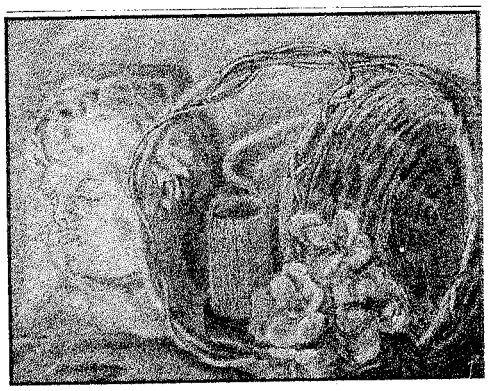
David Wechback
Charcoal on Paper



Jeremiah Boehr
Mixed Media

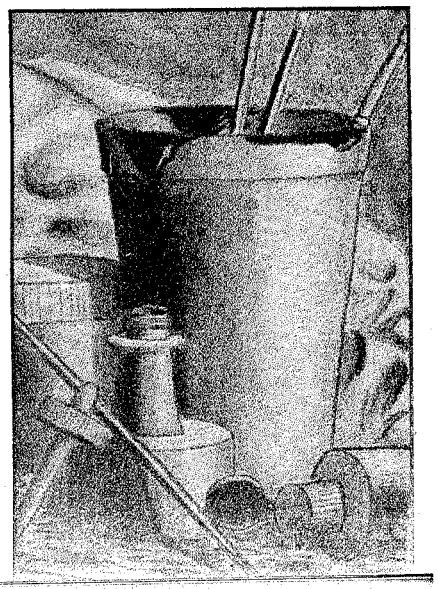
Emily Cadwell
Watercolor on Paper

Jillian Schulte
Oil Pastel on Paper



Irina Stoeva
Pencil on Paper

Dylan Smith
Charcoal on Paper



My Back Pages

What I wanted

is a home away from home
away from home away from?

Think I might build us a
temple on the sun.

You know when it's time to take
a stand or take a seat.
Dust off my reclining electric
chair.
But sometimes it can be hard
to lie down
many interpretation of the
fine blue print.
And I hear they're building
a temple on the sun.

—K.C. Tonkel

Melted

Melted in sweltering sweetness
melded in sheltering heat this
gauntlet tossed sideways
is new moon's sweet gaze
o'er etchings in grail rubbed raw
for eternal bright beacon that mine eye recall
from near-distant past tense
unlocking fear, distance: immensely intense
intentionally skeletal, this fella still glowing
from freedom found now by her simply showing
the path post-pensive, expense: mine own wrath
is unraveling at her feet while I blush
breaking, then shuttering at love's long lost touch
felt first afresh as sun's premier rays
warm the ground, like my soul all amazed
and most dazed, daydreaming in awe
of her who crushed gently and cradled my fall.

—Zach Jackson

In the mornings...

Confused I stand, the melting silence dancing around me,
troublesome ghost, timidly caressing my thoughts.
Your ludicrously blue eyes, carefully, silently,
Drowning in tears and regrets.

The bridges we built with our kisses, ended burned by the light of the sun,
Our hearts wildly pounded in the darkness, whenever we touched,
The sweet sound of your whispers resembled the sound of church bells,
on a Sunday bathed by rain.
Your smile flourished, in every instant that I kissed your hips and your toes,
Your breasts mercilessly bruised my awaiting face, with tempestuous passion,
As I waited for you to devour my lips.

Then, the morning surrendered to love, and violently drank from its cup,
With the speed of a lightning, with no hesitation raped what was left of my soul.
And the clouds that touched the crimson horizon of dawn, carelessly started to weep.

Dazed by your beauty I stand, swept by confusion I gasp for a breath of you,
Dreaming, I crazily miss you oceanic eyes, the early spring smell of your sheets,
The fragrance, the incredibly salty-sweet taste of your cherry blossom lips.

—Bernardino Alba

the futility of reason in the face of beauty

tonight i looked up at the stars for the first time in a while and I was overwhelmed by the hugeness, the limitless expanse of nothing up there, nothingatall, the sheer immensity weight incomprehensible depth, mottled, with stars, cosmos is polka dots.

then it occurred to me that i can do what i want to do, all i have to do is will it and lo! it is so.

so i decided right then what i wanted to do was live my life to the fullest: in one carpediemic moment scoop up the entirety of life in my arms and devour it, swallowing whole neighborhoods at once, swallowing life and love and worlds and worlds and galaxies—

so i did.

i steeped right up, reached out to the sky, and folded the universe down, like origami, into a little paper swan or something and i ate it. i absorbed it. i loved it.

i am now digesting the universe, and in time i'll shit is out. (bet i'm constipated.)

now the question is, what shall i devour next?

—Neal Brown

Gone

Gone are the summer days
Gone are the winter nights
All I have of you are memories
The loss I feel is deeper than a mystery
That confounds the scholars wise
The sadness is sharper
Than an Arctic breeze's chill

Gone are the summer days
Gone are the winter nights
You said that I should write for you
And now your wish comes true
I would rather be writing of my Love for you
Instead I write for myself of heartbreak, depression, and failure

Gone are the summer days
Gone are the winter nights
All I have of you are memories
And I fear that's how things will stay

—Jordan Alexander

Birth in a Denver Hospital

It's been at least thirty years since I saw her
if I saw her then at all.

I don't know how it was that day:
Her hair was brown or blonde, long,

it swept her shoulders, short,
it got pushed back.

Her eyes were blue.
She was awake or asleep,

she saw me or she did not.
It doesn't much matter to me, now

does it?
The lights were probably bright,

the room busy and cold.
She was probably in pain.

The only thing I really know is this:
I was there before I left.

I was naked and small,
and her blood was all over me.

—Jennifer Hatala

Just a few issues of *The Monitor* left this year, folks. Time to get that poetry in, and find your work on *My Back Pages*. Drop submissions in *The Monitor* mailbox in the CAOC, or send and email to x289@truman.edu