

# THE MONITOR

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

Volume 7, Number 14 / 01 May 2001

A Campus Collective

## University professor charged with sexual harassment

story by | Lisa Maglerowski and Matthew Webber

A female student has charged a University professor with sexual harassment.

Both the student, sophomore Megan Murphy, and the associate professor of communication, David Fortney, are appealing his punishment of a one-year suspension without pay.

Murphy, who was a student in Fortney's Magazine Feature Writing class, began proceedings on Feb. 2, when she and her parents filed a complaint against Fortney at the Kirksville Police Department.

That same day, Murphy filed with University Department of Public Safety investigators a three-page written statement in which she documented every instance from the 17th of January to the 1st of February in which Fortney had made, in her opinion, inappropriate comments, both in e-mail and in person.

"He continually makes comments about how easily he can make me blush," Murphy wrote in her statement. "He then tells me that blushing is the only thing a woman cannot fake and that he was sure I knew about that. They [women] have the power to fake everything else."

Murphy wrote that Fortney said at another meeting, "Some day I will make love to you during our class and no one will know about it but you and me because nobody knows about our relationship."

She wrote that when she tried to leave his office Fortney, "told me to look at him. He then stared me in the eyes for a moment and told me, 'Okay, you can go now.'"

At the time of Murphy's complaint, Public Safety investigators told her they would only have her word against his, but that a taped conversation with Fortney would strengthen her case.

Murphy agreed to wear a body microphone when she was scheduled to meet with Fortney later that day.

According to the Public Safety report that included the transcription of the recorded conversation, Fortney told Murphy that day that she had been on his "fucking mind day and night."

According to the transcription, Fortney suggested Murphy write a paper that expressed female sexuality, "some experience of yours that you can bring alive on paper."

Also according to the transcription, Fortney said he originally thought Murphy was "a cute little kid who looked more like a boy than a girl" before he realized she had "a nice set."

According to the transcription, the following exchange later occurred.

Fortney: So if I am mind-fucking the hell out of you, what do you think it's doing to me?

Murphy: You're mind-fucking the hell out of me?

Fortney: And you don't even know it.

Murphy told *The Monitor* she was 100 percent confident she hadn't done anything to prompt such remarks by Fortney.

She said that since Fortney had been informed of the charges, he hadn't attempted to contact her.

According to the Public Safety report, on Feb. 5, Murphy brought to Public Safety two e-mails and a taped phone answering machine message from Fortney.

According to the report, Assistant Director of Public Safety Von Abbot turned over both e-mails and the taped message to investigator Whittom to be processed into evidence.

According to the report, Von Abbot then "obtained written permission from Murphy to file a formal complaint with the University."

Lisa Sprague, the director of Public Safety, told *The Monitor* that investigator Chad Whittom used standard operating procedures to investigate Murphy's complaint.

"Once our investigation is complete, then the complaints are transmitted to the appropriate divisions such as the prosecuting office or in this case, the [University] sexual harassment office who can take care of it," Sprague said.

Sprague said Public Safety is "very victim driven. We basically do what the victim wants us to do. We enable them with the tools necessary to proceed in the process, either prosecutorial or in this case, the [University] sexual harassment procedure."

University General Counsel Warren Wells told *The Monitor* he first heard of Murphy's complaint "early in February." He said the University then followed the official sexual harassment procedures from Aug. 19, 1996.

He said that after Murphy filed her complaint with the University, Maria DiStefano, the associate vice president for academic affairs, began investigating the complaint.

Wells said DiStefano interviewed Murphy and Fortney and recommended to Garry Gordon, the vice president for academic affairs, that Fortney be suspended for one year without pay, that he receive psychiatric care and that he attend a sexual harassment awareness workshop.

Wells said the University's sexual harassment procedures "don't spell out" the punishments for this type of offense, but that they can range from an oral or written reprimand to a discharge. He said Fortney would not lose his health insurance under his current suspension.

Wells said Gordon issued a letter on April 6 to follow DiStefano's recommendation. Wells de-

**The University's July 2000 "Sexual Harassment" pamphlet defines sexual harassment as "a form of sex discrimination which may violate Title VII (employment rights) and Title IX (student rights) of the Civil Rights Act of 1964. The following definition adapts the 1980 Equal Employment Opportunity Commission guidelines to the academic setting.**

Unwelcome sexual advances, requests for sexual favors, and other verbal or physical conduct of a sexual nature constitute sexual harassment when:

1. Submission is made an express or implied term or condition of employment or status in a class, program, or activity;
2. Submission to or rejection of the behavior is used to make an employment or educational decision (such as hiring, promotion, or grading a course);
3. The conduct may unreasonably interfere

with a person's work or educational performance or creates an intimidating, hostile, or offensive environment for working or learning."

This pamphlet defines "Over the Line" behavior as:

- \* Demands for sexual favor
- \* Display of nude or semi-nude pictures, calendars, etc. in workplace
- \* Repeated requests for a date after person says no
- \* Repeated touching, brushing against body
- \* Obscene gestures or insulting sounds
- \* Comments about a person's physical attributes
- \* Disparaging remarks about men or women in general, based on gender
- \* Display of sexually suggestive objects, pictures, or cartoons
- \* Sexually suggestive sounds

clined to give *The Monitor* a copy of this letter.

Wells said the University's Sexual Harassment Board will hear and decide on Fortney's and Murphy's appeals of the University's decision. Wells did not know when this board would meet.

Wells said the final decision is appealable to President Jack Magruder.

Neither DiStefano nor Gordon could be reached for comment.

Murphy said she is appealing the University's decision because she feels, "only discharge would be an appropriate sanction [for Fortney] under the circumstances."

When contacted by *The Monitor*, Fortney said he had been advised not to talk to the press.

He referred *The Monitor* to a statement he issued to KTRM. In the statement he said a radio talk show on which he had been invited to appear was "an obvious attempt to smear my character and increase bad publicity in an effort to see that I will be fired and forced out of my job."

He told the *Index* in their April 26 issue that "I had no idea I was sexually harassing her, and I still don't believe it."

However, according to the Public Safety report, he told investigator Whittom on Feb. 5 that he realized he had stepped over the line "awhile back and especially now."

When contacted by *The Monitor*, Clifford Mayberry, Fortney's attorney, declined to comment or release a statement.

Senior Sarah Wienke agreed with Murphy. She said she believed Fortney's punishment was not harsh enough and he should be fired.

Senior John Nguyen, who was also a student in Fortney's Magazine Feature Writing class this semester, said, "David [Fortney] is a very personal type of guy, very touchy. He would pat me on the back or touch my shoulder when he talked to me."

Nguyen said he was slightly sympathetic to Fortney's side of the story because of the ambiguous nature of Fortney's personality and Murphy's allegations.

However, he said he has "no sympathy for anyone abusing or harassing women. If he [Fortney] did, with intent, sexually harass her, this punishment is not harsh enough. Personally, I find these things pretty abhorrent."

Senior Justin Scheuer said, "If the accusations are true, dismissal is probably the best solution."

He said he thinks Fortney should seek health treatment.

"He [Fortney] wasn't behaving like a healthy individual," he said.

Further, he said Fortney's current one-year suspension seemed inconsistent with other University policies for professors.

"It seems odd that TSU has only prescribed that punishment because they're real sticklers for perfection," he said. "Teachers can't even be hired at the University with a C on their transcript."



Dave Matthews did it - without his band.

Review, page 10.



Hazard To Ya Booty Web site review, page 6.

Bands with Kirksville ties could strike it big.



Interview with Tommy P of the Groovaholics, page 11.

The final "Dining With Sodexho" lists the best on-campus entrees.

"Dining With Sodexho," page 6.



# The Monitor

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towners -- you just pay for postage. Send a  
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Monitors. That's really cheap, huh?

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

-- Noam Chomsky



## ALL THE NEWS THAT'S UNFIT

### He called the squirrel s— squirrel poop!

Squirrel poop! It has been brought to the attention of University administrators that the squirrels on campus might actually be a new species that is now being affectionately referred to as "Big Fuckin' Crazies."

Truman biologists began to suspect that the squirrels on campus were in fact a new species when one of them was seen getting signatures on a Student Senate nomination petition during the fall semester. Their hopes and fears were confirmed when as soon as the cold went away, incredibly large chunks of squirrel feces were found covering all areas of grass at Truman State.

According to biology major I. M. Bigsqverril, "They're nearing mating season, so make sure to..." Wait a minute, folks, there is some late breaking news... What?... Aerating the soil?... Nah... That's definitely squirrel poop. Definitely squirrel poop.

### Blow me, Truman, blow blow me, Truman

If Truman State were a prostitute, its name would be Rhonda. This fact comes according to U.S. News' latest poll. The most popular answer to the question, "If your school were a prostitute, what would it be named?" was in fact Madison. Some of the runners up were Linda, Betsy, Patsy and John John.

While the question may seem irrelevant to just about anybody who isn't a prostitute named Madison, Betsy or John John, it is defended by the magazine as revealing a great deal about the atmosphere of the school.

"You can tell a lot," says U.S. News writer Spunky Richardson, "by the name a school would call itself if it were a prostitute. For example, you can guess at the... Hmmm. I guess you could possibly guess at the favorite prostitute names of each student body. That's really about it."

### Construction on schedule for 2032 opening

New construction is coming along nicely. If you've been past Ophelia Parrish recently, you know just how close we are to having our new center for the fine arts. The sidewalks are being poured and railings installed where old people have fallen and received serious injuries.

The on-site accident rate has been riding down from last week at 17 percent, and there was only one incident involving the "Man-Eater Deluxe." Contractors tell *The Monitor* that construction is now on schedule, after the proper adjustments were made to the calendar in accordance with the work that's been done so far.

"We're only like, three days from being finished," stated one construction worker. "This pink slip says that's when my contract will be terminated, so I figure that's when we'll have everything done built."

### You want a midget circumcision with that?

Various fast food and restaurant chains in Kansas City and St. Louis received letters this week written in crayon and magic marker, begging for help. The letters were unsigned, but the postal service traced them to Kirksville. It is assumed that they were written by elementary school students here in town.

Teachers suspect that their recent Social Studies unit on "cities larger than a midget penis" enlightened the children who were previously unaware of the existence of any place larger than Macon.

"We found out that Aileron's isn't really the only restaurant that ever was, and we found out that having a Sonic doesn't really mean that our city is really really big."

May these children someday have their Steak 'n' Shake.



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01 May 2001

# Monitor letters

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

Monitor,  
You don't have  
a very Cru-  
friendly  
household.  
M.W.

## We don't need a campus lake

When someone told me Student Senate wanted to build a lake on campus I thought it must have been a joke. As I've read more and more about the proposal and people's opinions about it, I have become more and more disgusted.

First of all: there is life outside of Truman State University! There are *several* beautiful lakes in and around Kirksville and the nearby communities.

And Student Senate's "Environment Committee" proposes that we tear apart the earth, disturb the environment, in order to create what will surely be a smelly, mosquito-ridden lake?

And do Truman students really need any more reason to isolate themselves on campus, ignoring the community that supports them and furthering the unfounded divide between the unfairly stereotyped "townies" and the students?

So many people at TSU live in the little bubble that is campus life, going home every weekend and occasionally venturing out to go to Wal-Mart (thus encouraging the cause of the destruction of many small businesses in Kirksville).

It is not only silly for TSU students to isolate themselves; it is disrespectful to the Kirksville community. If you hate this place so much, why did you choose to spend four (or more) years of your life here?

And for all the people who complain and whine about how Kirksville "sucks": how about trying to do something about it? We, as students, comprise a large part of Kirksville's population and the majority of the population in our age group. I find it extremely depressing and disappointing that we, the so-called "future of America," will do nothing but sit around and whine.

Another problem I have with this proposal is the theory that a lake will make our campus one big, happy, bonded group of students. I seriously doubt that a lake would magically give our school any sort of "tradition" and "unity" that couldn't come out of an already existing part of campus. Traditions aren't planned or formulated; they simply happen.

The last issue I have with the lake proposal is funding. I don't even want to think about what it would cost to put a lake where it naturally should not be.

Do we not have better things to do with our money? How about more scholarship money for students?

Or paying our teachers better salaries? I have had several excellent teachers who are shamefully underpaid because they haven't obtained a doctorate, while other professors with doctorates (but certainly not all) whom I have had have done such things as fall asleep in class, give open-book tests that are identical to review questions (and answers) out of the text and be generally unable to communicate their knowledge effectively to their students.

I am aware this proposal is only a proposal to look into the possibility, but I decided to write this letter because I was shocked at the

number of people who seem to think this is a good idea.

I encourage the student senators to seriously and realistically consider the costs and consequences that could come out of this proposal. A lake is not going to suddenly unite our campus and create a tradition or lasting heritage.

Annie Coleman

## Prejudice exists in Kirksville

Hello and welcome to the year 2001 -- location, the United States of America, land of people who falsely pride themselves on being individuals, on being true to themselves, on being different. Well, kids, guess what. I am tired of the bullshit.

I am embarrassed to be among my generation. I am embarrassed I have not spoken prior.

We students at Truman State University, the few thousand among our generation in America, exist not as individuals who think their minds freely, but rather under a safe societal blanket that smiles for conformity and ignorance, encouraging prejudice as a means of control rather than exploiting the beast as is; fear from misunderstanding and stupidity. Prejudice.

Can you even fathom what the world would be like if individuals could truly be individuals? What it would be like if it did not matter if you believed in God, or what denomination you prayed towards? I do not understand the comments I hear towards Mormons, Baptists, Catholics, Jews... the list continues.

What would it be like if one could be openly homosexual, if one could hold the hand of their smitten adoration in public regardless of gender, if one did not have to fear the lashing of societal anger?

Or imagine what it would be like if one did not fear gay men, lesbians, if one did not give a shit how or what someone did in their bedroom, because really, *that is a private matter anyway*.

Can you imagine what it would be like if it was okay to be a woman and want a career, and hmmm... want to be paid as much as males do in regards to peer respect as well as salary?

Or what if a woman wants to be a housewife? There seems to be a new prejudice against that now too.

*Wake up!* Equality has not been accomplished. Racism -- look over the shoulder, and yes, it still exists.

Non-Caucasian Americans are not treated equally, along with the disabled, the not-size-4-non-pretties, the not-in-the-gym-buff-men, those who do not come from wealth... the list continues.

And yet we wake, we breathe, we look at ourselves in the mirror and we ignore. I constantly hear comments that I myself have shrugged.

Where is the fire that burned towards social movements in the '60s? Why doesn't our generation give a shit?

Why do we accept the brainwash from

television, random conversations, a parent, friend, lover or the horrid disc jockey who said "queer" for a few laughs like it is on-sale candy that we cannot get enough of?

*We are far from allowing ourselves to be the true individuals we all pretend to be.*

But, another day will continue, along with the silence, along with the bitter taste of acceptance, because it does not seem "too bad," and baby, we have come a long way since slavery and the 19th Amendment.

What will future generations say towards us in disappointment and shame, because it was *easy to remain silent* and to be content with a status quo?

Perhaps tomorrow if you were beaten because you were black, white, gay, pro-life, pro-choice, skinny, fat or different... perhaps then you would give a damn. Or perhaps you would conform a little more, because it is easy.

I heard yesterday that a young man was beaten in Kirksville, Mo., because someone *thought* he *might* be gay. A beating that required 16 stitches to his head. It makes me sick. It makes me angry. Does anyone care, or should we all turn our heads and nod, because if we can just conform a little more -- shove those differences back into the shadows -- well, then life would still be easy.

Aimee Roberson

## Greasy Magruder worships A-bombin' killer

I see from the usually very reliable, fair-minded Monitor regular local affairs correspondent, Derek Spellman ("Dining with Magruder," April 17), that something in fact done disingenuously, horribly controversial is being perversely peddled in sheer desperation by the majestic (in his own eyes and cronies) by the "presidential" subject in question!

Do not fail to comprehend! The idea of the Magruder's holding a splendid, several-course meal at the free mansion behind the Newman center we taxpayers and you student fee payers provide them so luxuriously with, for elected student senators, is a good notion on several grounds, having even been entertained there myself!

It's the VERY LEAST Magruder, as Spellman notes, "a politician" to his greasy fingertips, can honorably do. Especially as he has, consistently, flouted student opinion votes against guns for campus guards and course late-drop freedoms with ostentations contempt for your intelligences, if evidently not your stomach, in unjustly recent years.

No, it's not that meal I object to: it's, rather, that Spellman reports his Eminence chose to regale his diners with a talk "on the history of the name-change" of NMSU to TSU.

This I submit is, in the strongest, vilest terms, a grossly uncouth abuse of what should have been a relatively noncontroversial affair at least formally honoring student leaders' intelligence and possible real memory of what still remains a fiercely contested change for the worst to the A-bomber title, sexistly and racistly. Doubt it? Accept Magruder's propaganda that it is a settled issue? Think, again, and apply these simple, elementary "TRUTH" tests!

Go out and ask a random number of any Northeast MO residents how they name-recognition "know" this place! I can, almost, guarantee that if they "know" it at all, in any group of twelve, you will AS LIKELY find yourselves abidingly called "the teachers' college" or "NMSU" half as many times orally as Magruder's Truman label.

Indeed, Magruder himself began a propa-

ganda offensive which, as usual the proprietors would not allow us print challenge rights to oppose, in this month's KIRKSVILLE DAILY EXCUSE. In favor of factually THE GREAT-EST MASS-CIVILIAN KILLER instantly in "black rain" from the sky over HIROSHIMA AND NAGASAKI! Supposedly talking about the "five year future growth plan" for the campus, he spent most of the interview dwelling cunningly on the past. He described we "protestors" of the time as representing mere "howls" of protest; lamented only "one" bust of Truman in the Pickler library, and claimed Truman represented the "common man."

Truman was in fact late in condemning the Klan; kept quiet about the KC refusal to employ Afro-Americans in its white "machine" whose votes he needed; all his life repined "egg head intellectuals" and "left wing Democrats" (he endorsed LBJ et al, rather, than either JFK or Stephenson in the 1960 primaries) and, far from being the common man, boasted his junior "officer" rank in WW One!

In conclusion, my good friend, TSU French African Studies Assistant Professor, Sana Camera, has often reminded us: those who "forget the past" inaccurately, in generalization, are apt to repeat the "mistakes" of that supposed past "in the present and foreseeable future"! I thank The Monitor for vital, and, alone, locally granted space to set the record straight. About an issue Magruder is, still, so almost pathologically, insecure, about he has to "prelude" a dinner about it to people; some of whom were not there even enrolled as students!

Lawrence Irvine Iles

US/Canada UK Labour Party

## Stereotypes need to end

I'm writing in response to Ms. Andrea Mattina's letter in the last issue. She raised the issue of stereotypes and how they should be handled. The whole basis of her argument is that we should allow stereotypes to persist and not let them bother us, because that is what she has done.

I personally would like to know why her individual principle should be extended universally. I don't see how letting a stereotypes continue to propagate itself can be good at any level of society.

Nazi Germany held the stereotypes that Jews (among others) were the root of evil in the world; for centuries Europeans held the stereotypes that they were superior to everyone else; women through most of history were stereotyped to be inferior and only good for housework and childbearing; and what of the stereotypes of Christians held by ancient Rome?

The stereotypes of the Greek community are in no way close to the level of these others, but why should they be any more morally tolerable?

No good comes from stereotypes, but good comes from breaking them, as can clearly be seen from Ms. Mattina's right to go to college and to express her opinions in a socially visible way (i.e. this newspaper).

In her letter Ms. Mattina says the stereotypes to which she is victim do not represent her at all. She says she doesn't let them bother her -- though obviously they do if she has to explain them to us.

I say, if the stereotypes does not fit, why should I let it continue? It can only have a negative effect on my life. I personally refuse to be thought of in a way that does not speak truly of who I am.

**Shanahan responds! See LETTERS, page 13**

## monitor opinions

## All I see is horror; welcome to your world

opinion by | Jonathan Cannon

When I wake up, all I see is horror. I see liars with kind masks and I see empty eyes desperate to be filled up with hatred.

Welcome to your world.

The other night, a friend of mine was beat up outside a party. Beat over the head with a beer bottle. Punched in the stomach. His head slammed against a car.

My friend, apparently, was gay. Hardly anyone knew it, I didn't know it, and he hadn't officially "come out."

Yet at least a couple guys knew alright. Knew it pretty well. Well enough to beat the living shit out of him and give the good doctors something left over to stitch up.

Welcome to your world.

Here: right now, in parts of the country you've never seen, in neighborhoods you're too afraid to ever visit, innocent children are brutalized by our nation's law enforcement. Men and women everywhere are still using the term "colored." Fag jokes on movies and television still make us laugh. Atrocities occur to women every day in every city of every state, and two thirds of them will pass without consequence.

-Nice ass, bitch. -What say we discuss this merger over dinner? -So then the nigger said. -She wanted it, I could tell. -Can you believe that faggot motherfuck hit on me? I kicked his pansy ass.

I want to understand. I want to know why I should hate a total stranger.

I was raised an amalgam. Bred into the African American culture of Chicago's inner city, cultivated in Middle Class Suburbia, harvested in a Midwestern, white bread university of hippies and Bible toters.

Until recently, I was never fully acquainted with all the stereotypes of my race. I never knew that blacks never swim. (My father often talked about his days on the swim team.) I never knew that blacks are lazy. (How then, did we make

such great slaves?) I never knew that blacks loooooove watermelons. (I can't stand it, and most of the people I know that eat them are white.)

These things seemed as incredible and absurd to me as claiming that Navajos gather together ceremoniously on the first of the month to perform Bonobo Chimp mating rituals. Or that Koreans are mortally afraid of warm milk.

I was raised an amalgam. To love hip-hop, rock, punk, jazz, classical, metal, reggae, folk and ska. To love soul food and speak without applying black vernacular phrases. To understand myself as the products of both my roots and the environment. To find beauty in both the African Woman, the Asian Woman and the European Woman. To learn, accept and gain from the difference between myself and other people.

Often, my father has asked me how many black friends I have, you know, because if I'm not quick to balance it out I'll wake up one day in a cardigan, eating hummus and sauerkraut, digging Michael Bolton, hating affirmative action because it "isn't fair to good, hard-working people," snapping my fingers without rhythm and using expressions like, "Gee Wiz", "Golly," and "Damn it all the heck!" This, as you all know, is what whitey does.

Do you stare at interracial couples? Gay couples? Gay interracial couples? Why or why not?

I remember my mother referring to homosexuals in hushed tones, with words like "strange" or "weird," full of hesitation and discomfort.

I've heard lesbians call each other dyke, blacks call each other nigger and Italians call each other whichever word Italians find insulting. (Wop? Dago? I'm not sure which.) Jap. Chink.

Cracker. Spic. Gook. Slant. Bitch. Ho. (Not surprisingly, having the largest world popu-

lation the Asian community also enjoys the largest selection of racially-charged, self-referencing nicknames.)

Or for homosexuals: gays, queers, dykes, bulldykes, faggots, fairies, flamers, flamejobs, fudge-packers, pansies, cocksuckers, cocksmokers, muff divers, carpet munchers and much, much more.

Welcome to your world.

If, in the next lifetime, you are born with nonwhite skin, or attracted to members of your own sex, or into a non-Christian family, or into a Christian family, or female, or not as smart as everyone, or too smart, or suffer some physical deformation-- at least once in your life, you will be verbally attacked.

Be careful, because odds are you'll also be physically attacked too.

And be VERY careful, because if and when you are verbally and physically attacked, unless it happens in front of a camera or within earshot of a news reporter, the government's not going to do doodley squat to help you.

That's because our society was founded by a bunch of sexist, racist, homophobic men who in turn spawned sexist, racist, homophobic men who presently run our country, God bless America.

The system wasn't designed to help you. The system isn't designed to help you.

Do you wear a Liberal Mask? Why or why not?

I want to close my eyes from the horrors. Disappear in music. (What the hell am I doing here? I don't belong here. I don't belong here.) My friend's face, stitched and red and chiseled out of stone. Close my eyes each time I hear about another rape victim. Beaten to death. Arrested for driving while black. Hung. Blown up at church. Shot at school. I want to close my eyes, but I can't sleep.

I can't sleep.

Welcome to your world.

## Porn not a problem

opinion by | Shala Garcia

Alright, so I am a little slow. I just read an article in the Aug. 24, 2000 *Index* describing the negativity of pornography. Yet, I don't think pornography is really that big of a deal. I think if you are 18 years of age and legally able to vote, die for your country and be independent, then I say, "Let the pornography roll!"

Pornography is a freedom of choice. If you are, let me reiterate, at least 18 years of age and want to stare at naked people, who are also at least 18 years of age, then that's fine. You bought the magazine so enjoy it. If someone you know doesn't like it, then don't do it when you're around that person.

And if you know someone who likes pornography but have a big problem with it, then don't be around that person at all. It just isn't that big of a deal.

So some individuals think it is a downside of society, but it really is not that bad, considering there are murders, rapes and periodic bombings. I think there are other things that are more important to be considered and dealt with than pornography.

There are some Kirksvillians and Trumanites concerned with the Eclectics store near the Square.

Parents are worried their underage children will go in the store and look at pornography or play with the sex toys or whatever. But the truth is that children do not have to go to Eclectics to see these types of objects. It is possible and more likely for them to become exposed to these types of materials at other sources like the Internet or, even more likely, "Bobby's Daddy's garage" or someplace along those lines.

Therefore if you want your children to have some knowledge about pornography before they view it themselves, then discuss it with them; this is no longer, by no means, a modest time period in which we all live.

Other concerns about the store may include the selling of sex toys or other sexually related accessories and the abnormal uses of them. Well concern not, my friend. Unless someone is forcing you to administer these products on yourself and others, worry about something else. Nothing bothers me more than people who just want to sit around and complain about what someone else is doing, when that someone else is not hurting anything or anybody. Understand that the uses of these products are consensual between partners.

And it is possible that maybe these two don't agree with the way you go about your sexual habits and think you're closed off by the way you don't explore new methods of your sexuality, but they're not raising a fuss or trying to kick you out of your house because of it.

Some people agree pornography and its new innovations are a decline in societal values. But it has really helped to bring forth societal realities, like the acknowledgment of sexuality and sexual relations.

I think pornography has been a slow ice-breaker into "sex science," where we now see the manufacturing of Viagra, recorded sexual research and certified "sex doctors." It's time to open up and see ourselves the way we really are, which are, now or some day, people who indeed have sex. I think that pornography is a way of revealing this reality.

## Ethanol saves environment, farmers

opinion by | W. Aaron Wilson

There's a lot of talk in my hometown about trying to attract an ethanol plant to the area, and the way I see it, the more ethanol we use, the better off we all will be.

What is so wrong with ethanol? Why are we discussing tearing through protected lands in Alaska and the Rockies in order to get at a small reserve of fuel when we could just grow all the fuel we need? It's cleaner, it's just as effective and the farmers who grow the corn are having a hard time finding buyers.

So, we make more ethanol, the farmers have a new market for their crops, we have less pollution and we don't have to shred the tundra.

The farmers are happy, the people who need fuel are happy, small Midwest towns with new refinery jobs are happy and those meddling environmentalists are happy (well, maybe not happy, but happier, anyway). So what's the deal?

Here we go. The deal is that ethanol is slightly more buck for the bang than petroleum

products, and people don't want to get "Shell shock," as one news agency so cleverly put it last summer when gasoline prices jumped. (As in Shell gas stations. Get it? Get it?) Companies can't risk losing business because ethanol has caused an increase in prices.

But that's just the short term. When everyone talks about energy concerns, they talk about the long term. Even President Bush says he wants to look at a "long-term plan" (although his long term plan includes extracting six months worth of petroleum over the course of several years).

And I think that ethanol production is one of the directions this country should head to insure its long-term health.

Think about it this way. Eventually the world's petroleum reserves will begin to fall short. One of the obvious things to do in such a case would be to switch to renewable sources of fuel, like ethanol.

And what nation has one of the largest capacities for producing corn, the primary ingredient in ethanol? Could it be the United

States? That's right.

And while the rest of the industrialized world will have to pay transport costs for good old American corn power, we'll still have some of the cheapest fuel in the world.

Now obviously I'm not advocating that we switch cold turkey from gasoline to straight ethanol. We already use it in the Midwest as a fuel additive at the 10 percent level. Why not start raising that by, say, a tenth of a percent every year?

And while we're at it, phase out other additives such as the MBTE that has contaminated drinking water on the West Coast.

While we might discover better additives than ethanol, we need to make sure that they won't cause as much environmental damage as they fix.

So there's my rant on ethanol. It's cleaner, it's renewable and it's grown right here in America's heartland. While it may be just a temporary solution to the problem of our country's outrageous energy expenditure, I think it's still a step in the right direction.

01 May 2001

# Ed's Guide to an Enlightened Summer

## Feed your brain, body, soul

part two

### opinion by | Ed Jenkins

One more week of head-banging academic madness and the summer infatuations and high intensity barbecues, vacations, dog shows begin.

For some this means "Ah ain't tankin' fo tree munts, yup," but for those of us who dream of self-actualization, we know the freedom of summer can be both enjoyable and beneficial. So turn off the TV, Paco, put down that Taco Bell taco and do the enlightenment, relative, not actual.

1. Intelligence. I feel that one ought to always attempt to increase her knowledge regardless of her position in life. It is essential that a person who values herself as an individual try to be self-realized and also aware of her relation with society on various levels.

But I don't think this means memorizing the height of the Statue of Liberty or reading *To Kill a Mockingbird*. There should be a balance. Study your area of academic interest but also know some current events, read some modern fiction, play Scrabble, see independent films.

If you can't think of ways to expand your knowledge, you've already got problems because there are so many fascinating things about which one can learn. Fun stuff too. It's not only okay but important to be entertained while learning.

2. Physical Health. Yes I know some people think going to the Rec Center is su-

perficial rocket fuel, and to some extent it is. But physical health is an important part of the balance. It is hard to workout or jog consistently for most people. It's supposed to be hard. That makes it more valuable when you do wake up and hit the basketball court or jump rope. Do some push ups.

Also, eat healthy. Calm down with the cake and pork and pork cake. Here's a hint: if it looks like diarrhea (a.k.a. Taco Bell) then it will probably give you diarrhea. Get vitamins, protein, carbohydrates. Don't eat so much processed foods or preservatives or chemicals. Cook your own meals as opposed to eating at Cholesterol Palace Pizza Franchise Shack.

You know how dogs eat a food so generic that we simply call it "dog food?" Well it's about the same when you eat out. Go to Arby's and you might as well be eating "people food." Eat organic, eat vegetables, eat yogurt. Get some exercise.

3. Spirituality. "Hold it buster, you can't push that religion crap on me." Calm down. There's a difference between religion and spirituality. If your religion has any validity, it probably has a high content of spirit though. What you do with this area is kind of up to you, but I suggest you do something. Look: there are obviously some things -- origin of life, size of the universe, detail of nature -- that are beyond human comprehension.

Epilogue. Here's the deal: Mrs. Shreve says "Live an examined life." She couldn't be more right. Whether you accept none, all or some of my suggestions just pay attention

to what you're doing. Stop right now. Look at yourself in the mirror. How have you been living your life? Changing oneself is very difficult, but it's right.

And very importantly: whether you agree with this stuff or not, be aware of it and respectful to it. After all, ignorance may be bliss, but enlightenment is nirvana.

## Boycott record labels

### opinion by | Kevin Haworth

Is there anyone out there who has never heard of Napster? Is there anyone who has not in some small way been affected by Napster?

The little blue cat with earphones has revolutionized the way all of us obtain and hear music, especially in our quaint town, Kirksville, where hearing new music can be a trying cause.

For the past year, record companies have fought Napster and blocked over 1.6 million different songs from being traded on-line.

I understand their desire to want to prohibit the free trading of songs on the Internet. I understand how some artists are upset. (Though personally I feel that artists who complain should notice that they have sold more CDs since Napster came on-line; more than a coincidence, I believe).

What I do not understand is why record labels have such an immense greed for money that they refused to work with Napster. Rather, they wanted to setup their own services to make even more money.

They already had millions of potential clients waiting for them if they had worked with Napster. All they had to do was work out a deal to charge users a small monthly fee for using Napster. There were polls done showing that a majority of Napster users would have paid this fee.

Record labels would have instantly increased their monthly revenue by tens of millions of dollars for minimal work. In addition to making more money, they would have helped us, their customers, rather than scatter us to many different servers making it harder to obtain music.

What has happened instead is that the record labels have sued Napster and forced millions of people off Napster and onto other spin-offs like Aimster.

While this may have slowed on-line trading slightly, it is only a temporary inconvenience to us. It should have been obvious we would just find a new server and the whole problem would renew itself.

Apparently in the past month, the record labels realized this. Groups of them worked together to create their own companies to round up all the people they kicked off Napster.

Three labels worked together to form

MusicNet while the other two major labels formed Duet. (Notice how the five could not have worked together to form one company to make it easier for us to use and keep prices a little lower.) The companies intend to sell licenses to Web sites that would allow them to distribute their music.

So now we will have to pay for our music. Fine, I can deal with it; we probably should have been paying some type of fee anyway.

However, the labels have also said they will change how the music is delivered. Say goodbye to MP3s if the labels have their way. You can forget burning CDs with downloaded music, trading them or any other feature we have grown accustomed to with our beloved MP3 format. The record labels do not want us to be able to play our music in convenient ways after we purchase it.

In addition to paying higher fees and the lack of features with the new format of distribution, there is also the problem of independent labels and their music.

Under the proposed methods of MusicNet and Duet, Web sites will also have to go out and sign deals with independent labels to be able to distribute their music.

That introduces logistic nightmares that will only raise the price more and make it far less convenient for us as customers.

So, because the record labels could not work with Napster and try to serve us as customers in a useful way, we are going to pay more, lose many of the great features that went with MP3s and have less of a selection.

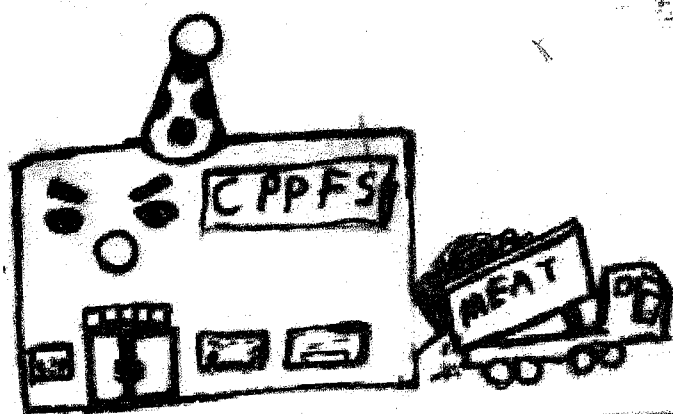
My response to that is that we need to boycott these sites. The music industry, which is making more money than ever, just wants to deepen its pocket.

It is sad to see a whole industry that is so bent against serving its customer and has such a large focus on making money. We see so many recording artists who make millions of dollars and only want to make more.

So, in the summer when these sites come on-line, do not promote this type of business. We need to let the record labels know we are their bloodline and not the other way around.

There will always be renegade servers out there like Freenet and Aimster. Let's use them until record labels finally realize they need to work with us and not against us.

by Ryan Ruffatti



Cholesterol Palace Pizza Franchise Shack

### Don't be Afraid...

Blank page is  
weakening...

No thoughts...  
come to mind

creativity is  
fleeing

...must...

...be...

...funny

It's just a 'Thank You' card  
Write "Thank you"

That would  
be normal.





Hazard To Ya Booty  
<http://www.geocities.com/htyb/>

#### review and photos by | Ed Jenkins

Wear your funk-proof clothes when you view this site or else you will get soaked. The hottest act on campus has released a funky funky Web site. Who? What? Hazard To Ya Booty, of course (not the cleverly similar Hazzard To Your Booty). Check out the fantastic photographs and sign the Guestbook of funk. Oh, and definitely check out the member profiles because these guys are funny (looking, just kidding). And of course return frequently to find out when the band is playing next.



Hazard To Ya Booty rocks the mic.



The band sits on the bannister of funk.

Pornolize.com  
<http://www.pornolize.com>

#### review by | Sean O'Brien

The beauty of pornolize.com is that it makes *every* Web site cool! Here is how this wonderful service works: You visit pornolize.com.

You type in the name of a Web site you would like "pornolized."

Pornolize.com gets to work and the next thing you know, the Web site you typed in, say <http://www.truman.edu> for example, pops up in your browser... only it's been pornolized.

Pornolization is the transformation of any site into a porn site. How can this not be good? In the truman.edu example, the University Mission becomes The gangbangng University 'Mistress Anal' Mission" and the President's Message is signed Jack "Jar-Jar" Magruder.

Unfortunately, pornolize.com does not actually change the Web page you enter, it only creates a porn version on your particular browser... leaving the Truman Web page sadly devoid of the phrase "the screwing region." Pornolize.com is also often more vulgar than clever, and so its amusement can sometimes be shortlived. Nevertheless, it's worth a look. Happy pornolizing.

## Confessions of a shoplifter

### Part 2 of 2

#### feature by | Cheaty McStolealet

Shoplifting, as I presented it in the first installment of this series, can be an act of defiance to corporate America. It is easy and effective, in that the shit they are trying to force on us is in fact just as feasible to ignore as it is to abide by.

But some recent happenings have caused me to reevaluate my position on this subject and, consequently, write this two-part series.

Just over two weeks ago, I was arrested for shoplifting. And it scared the hell out of me, at least initially. It's really easy to ignore the Man when you're too clever to get caught.

But it's when you think you can't get caught that you become sloppy. And this is the biggest mistake of all.

The feeling of defenselessness while wearing a pair of handcuffs is the worst feeling in the world. All this time, I was in control, taking what I wanted and not giving two shits about it.

And here I am, at the drop of a hat, up shits creek with a turd for a paddle. Is it really worth it? The fines, the hassle, the scarred permanent record... the list goes on.

To be honest, I still haven't figured that out yet. When your shoplifting becomes a habit out of dissatisfaction with the world, it is quite easy to be seduced by greed.

It's so damn easy to steal, why wouldn't you steal everything you can get your hands on? It's easy to convince yourself that you're a modern-day Robin Hood just to get your hands on what your ego tells you will make you happy.

But do these things really bring happiness? Does getting that CD you've wanted for so long make you happy?

Sure, at first, but that wears off once something is found that will *really* make you happy this time. And the same thing happens with that

thing too.

How long must this go on before we realize that we are looking to the wrong things for happiness? In fact, it is that we are looking to things for happiness in the first place that makes all of those paths dead ends before we even set foot on them.

So now we have a dilemma. Our lives are run by corporations that only care we are alive because it makes them filthy rich, and we have very little ammo with which to fight back. Corporations answer to nobody, and they are currently trying to make that a global regularity. Something needs to be done, and before it's too late.

As suggested before, shoplifting is one way to fight this. But on the other hand, shoplifting is really just keeping you in bondage to the desires of your ego.

So which one is worse? Shall we be bound by our own greed or others'? This is a slimy fish, is it not? I would like to suggest that, when we finally realize where to find true happiness, what others are doing will no longer matter. That is, corporations can be as greedy as they like, but when we find happiness in our lives and in our relationships with others, we really have nothing to worry about.

By acknowledging we are bound by the greediness of others, we are tricking ourselves into believing the objects they have control over really will bring us happiness and that they are keeping this happiness from us. But all the happiness you could ever want will be found within, not outside.

To summarize, shoplifting can give you a rush and can even make one think they are doing something that is "right." And maybe they are a little more "right" than the people they are stealing from.

But the ultimate lesson to be learned from this is that we are all looking for the same thing, and it's the last place we are looking.

## Dining With Sodexho

### Farewell

#### feature by | W. Aaron Wilson

This is to be the last installment of "Dining With Sodexho," and as a way of saying farewell, I thought I'd finish with some advice for those who will be returning to the cafeterias next year. So here, briefly, is a list of my favorite Sodexho meals.

1. Chicken and noodles. Even though they've stopped serving them with mashed potatoes this year, the cafeteria still serves one mean plate of chicken and noodles.
2. Spicy tofu stir-fry. For those of you who are looking for a good option to the carnivorous entrees, this is a zesty alternative. The Sicilian tofu balls are good, too, although it is questionable whether Sicilians eat much tofu.
3. Any Mexican food except enchiladas. I love the cafeteria's chimichangas, tacos, quesadillas and burritos, whether they are chicken, beef or vegetarian. At Sodexho you're never left to sugar your own churros.
4. Bacon.
5. White gravy. You might think you like whatever is under the gravy, be it chicken fried steak or country fried steak, but don't be fooled. The white gravy is truly what makes the meal.
6. Everything bagels. Contrary to popular belief, these do not have bits of bacon cooked into them, thus they are suitable for vegetarians as well as those who would add lunch meat. With the selection of meats and cheeses, the everything bagel is different every time.
7. Applesauce. Ah, sweet, sweet applesauce.
8. Mushroom and chicken ravioli in alfredo sauce. Available only on premium nights, this is certainly a premium dish.

In closing, I'd like to add that these are just a few of my favorite dishes from the cafeteria. There are many more that I enjoy and have enjoyed my time dining with Sodexho.



01 May 2001



## Roses and thorns

feature by | Tommy Estlund

Roses: to Jack for riding his bike to campus.

Roses: to the awesome quad we have.

Thorns: to the psychotic squirrel that flipped me off that one day. I'm being serious about this.

Roses: to all the athletic teams that practice so hard while I am sleeping or watching TV or doing anything less physical.

Roses: to Kirksville for being a really nice little town.

Thorns: to the few people in Kirksville who make it seem like we're stuck in the 1920s.

Roses: to the Lake. Go out to the Point instead of to class just once. The world *does* exist outside of Plane Trigonometry and Critical Theory of Literary Analysis.

Roses: to Matt Potts for putting together the *Green Rock Society*.

Roses: to the *Index* and *The Monitor* for providing the campus with news we need to know about.

Thorns: to the *Index* and *The Monitor* for when you don't.

Roses: to Pancake City for their "huge portions."

Roses: to Tutor's Deli for being the best darn place to eat in Kirksville.

Thorns: to myself for not finding out about Tutor's Deli until this year.

Roses: to Virginia in Missouri Hall for knowing my name after just a week of being

here, and I've been told I would have been totally crazy to ignore George, so....

Roses: to George for being the Virginia of Centennial Hall.

Roses: to Pancake Day in Centerville Iowa. If you haven't been, you're missing out.

Thorns: to Sodexho for the crappy Premium Night.

Roses: to Sodexho for making tomato soup and grilled cheese at the same meal, just like Mom used to make.

Roses: to making a 12-foot snowman in the middle of the sidewalk during finals week at 2 in the morning.

Roses: to my speech class freshman year for getting together on our own even when our teacher cancelled class so we could play football on the quad.

Thorns: to popcorning someone's door.

Roses: to my residents for popcorning my door. Yes, I can admit it. It WAS funny.

Roses: to Joanne Jackson of the Ed Dept. She is the coolest.

Roses: to weather that is conducive to barbecuing. Mmmmm... BBQ.

Thorns: to KYOU for taking the *Simpson*' out of syndication.

Roses: to those of you who taped the *Simpsons* so I could get my weekly/nightly/hourly fix.

And most of all...

Roses: to Graduation in less than two weeks.

Thorns: to having to pay \$15.00 to graduate in less than two weeks.

## campus personalities



Morgan Peckosh

feature by | Cameron Moore

Meet Morgan Peckosh. He's a BMX bike-riding metalhead. But who ever said metalheads can't stop to smell the flowers?

Morgan has been enjoying the finer aspects of Kirksville for the better part of his life. He grew up reading BMX magazines, biking and listening to metal. What more is there to life in a college town?

Once he became a student at the University, he found plenty more to do. Over the years, Morgan has had his hands in a number of campus organizations. He has served on SAB, the Campus Music Collective and Anti-Racist Action. He is also a founding father of the Aqua Dome, an all purpose hangout facility on Main St., where he books shows and even plays with his band.

Morgan is currently in two bands, "The Menopausal Nuns," and a metal band, "Sub-

scribe." He has played guitar since he was 16. Morgan's biggest musical influences include the Gravediggaz, Iron Maiden, Fugazi, the Pixies and Stereolab. His band plays all over the Midwest, from Columbia to Indianapolis, and several places in between. They have shows about every other weekend.

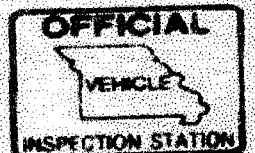
Morgan's other love, biking, started at an even younger age. He started biking with his friends at age 11 and has yet to give it up. One of his best life experiences involves biking in New York City, where he was in town for an ESPN bike contest. Although the contest itself was kind of lame, Morgan and about 400 other bikers took the streets of NYC for a tour of the city that night. Cops were chasing them, but eventually gave up in light of four straight blocks of kids on bikes, and decided to stop traffic so that they could pass through.

With graduation nearing, Morgan's plans for the future are starting to take shape. This summer he will be working at an organic farm in Columbia with some friends. After that, he hopes to continue living the life of a bad-ass. He would ideally live on the streets, without a job, dumpster-diving with people who know how to get things for free.

"Most of the world walks around believing this stuff just because they think they believe in it," Morgan said. "They don't realize they can do whatever they want. This capitalist bullshit life doesn't have to happen."



## COMPLETE AUTOMOTIVE REPAIR



### EXHAUST

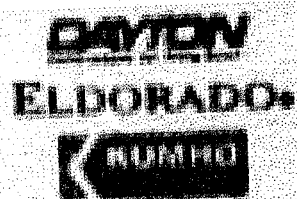
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# Beware the Sacred Potato

feature by | Sarah Barnard

This concerns all of you; the men, women, children and squirrels of this fine university; all of you who haven't given a second thought to the infinitely important patch of sidewalk called "the Potato."

I am a senior, about to graduate, and I am sorry to say I spent three years of my college career defiantly bouncing across the Sacred Potato, claiming it gave me "Potato Power."

Ah, the ignorance of youth.

In those three years, I saw my GPA start on a slow slide to oblivion, my personal relationships slip away, my favorite sweater become badly stained, my millions of dollars in Snapple stock plummet and my knee joints become increasingly irritable.

It was not until I left the country for five months that things started looking up. Needless to say, I wisened up in my time away and have been dutifully respectful of the Potato ever since. I made Dean's List last semester, am in a fantastic relationship and have a new wardrobe; I am earning incredible cash since purchasing my "Start your own Lemur Circus Kit" and am totally ignoring my knees, hoping I'll no longer need them in a few years, if evolution does its job. Sounds good, doesn't it?

However, I knew there was only one way my new found happiness would last. I needed to make amends with the Potato.

I now urge you all to pay close attention as I describe my Potato wisdom and ritual, that you might know what I know, do as I did and find the peace I have found. I researched as much as I could on the Potato and, in fact, on potatoes in general. Knowledge is power.

First, we must consider the widespread power of the potato. It is said the average American eats approximately 124 pounds of potatoes each year. How should we ever want to anger something that runs through our entire intestinal tract in such mass quantities?

Indeed, the potato was once believed to be an aphrodisiac. Consider the lines from the Shakespearian play *The Merry Wives of Windsor* that proclaim, "Let the sky rain potatoes!"

Is it still true today? I suggest you try putting more potatoes into the life of your significant other. I can tell you that the love in

my relationship has grown stronger since I started stuffing extra mashed potatoes from the cafeteria under my boyfriend's couch cushions.

However, beware not to include the peel. Apparently, placing a potato peel on the doorstep of a girl on May Day was the way to tell her that she meant about as much to you as old potato peelings.

Potato cures exist for rheumatism, eczema, sore muscles, warts and toothaches. However, eating potatoes during pregnancy can cause your baby to have a big head.

With all this in mind, how can we not be in awe of the astounding capabilities of such a simple tuber?

In order to ask the most reverent Sacred Potato's forgiveness, I suggest, you follow along these guidelines:

Procure a candle, preferable white, symbolizing peace; or light blue, symbolizing healing and happiness; then wait for a night of a full moon.

Wear brown clothing to encourage a good rapport with the Potato, symbolizing its earthen origins. A blindfold is also advisable, in order to associate yourself with the blind eyes of the Potato.

If you want to get extra good vibes, have your friendly neighborhood Wiccan "cleanse the aetheric plane of negative vibrations." Also, maybe you should get her to explain "aetheric."

Then, a few minutes before midnight, speak aloud this poem by the Irish poet Bryant (best memorized beforehand, as you'll be wearing the blindfold):

They make the boys stout, and they keep the girls slender./

They soften the heart and they strengthen the mind;/

And the man from the bog, or the lord in high splendor;/

All live by potatoes, as all folks can find.

Then, at the stroke of midnight, with your candle lit, walk backwards across the potato, fervently repenting your foul ways. I have done this; now others must follow in my blindfolded footsteps.

Go out and make peace with the potato and tell all you know that they might understand the power that lies so unassumingly in the middle of a campus sidewalk.

# Screw Social Security

story by | Derek Spellman

Nearly two dozen students were on hand Thursday night when political pundit Michael Tanner panned America's Social Security system and raised arguments in favor of privatizing the system.

Tanner currently serves as Director of Health and Welfare Studies at the CATO Institute, a Libertarian think tank.

On Thursday night, Tanner said the present Social Security system is buckling under expanded relief rolls and will begin running a deficit in 2016.

He said that while the government has pinned its hopes for saving Social Security on a trust fund, the plan has one fatal flaw: "There ain't no trust fund."

"Politicians talk about the fact that Social Security is running a surplus," Tanner said. "But that money was actually spent a long time ago-building roads, bombing small Balkan nations, investigating past presidents and so on."

Tanner said the trust fund is actually a great hoard of government bonds.

"When the government tries to redeem those bonds, it will either have to raise taxes, borrow money or take some money out of the budget to pay for it," he said.

Currently, almost 12.5 percent of every American's earnings are funneled into Social Security. Tanner said when the government redeems its bonds, that figure could swell to almost 18 percent.

"That's an intermediate estimate from the SSA [Social Security Administration]," Tanner said. "That figure does not allow for recessions. The worst case scenario is that it could be as much as forty percent."

Tanner also said the present Social Security is "a rotten deal. It used to be a good deal. If you retired twenty years ago, you would get back everything you put in with interest."

"Now, however, the real rate of return would be only 2.2 percent if you were to retire tomorrow morning. For most of us in this room, the real rate of return will only be about one percent when we retire."

Tanner also said Social Security widens the gulf between the haves and the have-nots in America.

"Social Security transfers money from

the poor to the rich, from blacks to whites, from women to men," he said.

Tanner said lower-income populations are forced to pay Social Security and yet they will never reap its benefits because of a shorter life expectancy.

He was also alarmed by the growing concentration of wealth in the United States.

"Fifty percent of the wealth in America is controlled by one percent of the population," he said.

"That is a recipe for disaster. America is now being divided into two categories: investors and non-investors."

Tanner said the privatization of Social Security would help to close the divide between investors and non-investors and assure Americans a "decent retirement."

He added that under the Supreme Court ruling *Nester v. Fleming*, Americans possess no legal, contractual right to their Social Security.

He said the ruling endowed the government with the power to unilaterally raise the age requirement for Social Security or shape new laws without reimbursing Americans.

He closed his address by saying Americans should be afforded the right to choose whether the money they pay for Social Security should be invested in a private account or in government programs.

"Look, Social Security was invented in the 1880s in Prussia," he said. "At that time, if you wanted to communicate with someone, you needed a horse. It's 2001. Shouldn't we have a system for the twenty-first century rather than the nineteenth?"

Students who listened to Tanner's presentation did not necessarily agree with his views but expressed an interest nonetheless.

"I thought it was interesting," junior Jennifer Buscher said. "I didn't agree with some of the reasons he gave for Social Security being unfair, but I still thought it was interesting."

College Libertarians President Justin Kempf lauded the event.

"I believe Michael Tanner provided information to a host of students about Social Security," Kempf said. "Social Security is an extremely important issue for our generation whose repercussions will be felt throughout our lifetime."

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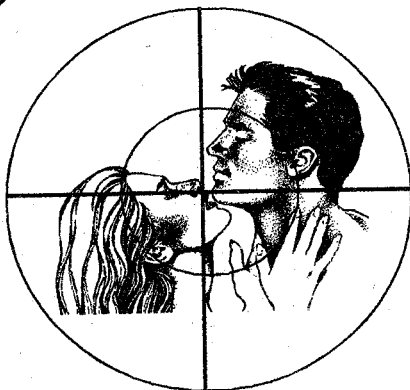
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### Diapers and Diplomas?

feature by | Lisa Maglierowski

A couple months ago, I learned a friend of mine was pregnant. She's young, a freshman in fact, and she's intelligent. But I can't help thinking that life as she knows it is now over. And I believe stories like these aren't unusual in our generation.

My mother tells me she only remembers one girl in her high school who got pregnant her senior year, and she was one of the "bad seeds." You know, one of the easy girls the class whispers about behind cupped hands. To contrast, my high school had a class for young mothers and a day care. When I graduated, there were sixteen mothers in that course whose kids were ensconced in the day care, and three girls in my senior class were pregnant (that I know of).

Pregnancy is no longer a taboo subject. We don't whisper about young mothers with our friends or shun them in the classroom. In

## Chutes and Ladders

An on-going look at Truman State relationships

high school, I think we probably pity them, but we also support them. OK, so they made a bad decision; they forwent using a condom that one time or missed the pill one day -- and for all the people out there who aren't familiar with the technicalities of the pill, let me tell you it only takes forgetting to pop that little round tablet one day to get in trouble.

And what about mothers in college? Are these cases of "babies having babies," as Oprah likes to term it? Are we adults at 20, ready for the rigors of late night feedings and bouts with the croup? I'm really not sure. I look at my friends and wonder if they would be good parents right now. Some I'm absolutely positive could do it. I know they have the maturity to ride the rough spots and raise a child to the best of their abilities. But I'm also positive they're not ready for a child, emotionally or financially.

Then there's the question about the big degree. What happens to a person's educational goals if they or their girlfriend get pregnant?

Well, let's look at what Truman offers a single parent -- a daycare, one daycare, that only takes children who are potty-trained. So at this school, a mother with no support from either parents or a partner is basically screwed. She has nowhere to turn, at least in Kirksville, if she wants to finish her degree.

I discussed this situation with one of my

professors recently, and he told me he believes at least one parent (mother or father) should stay with their child in the first year anyway.

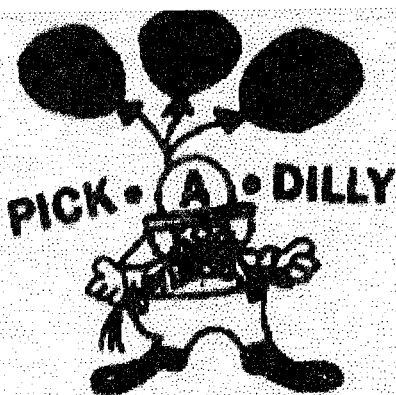
That would be wonderful if we were discussing an ideal situation, but we're not. Is it really better for a single mother to stay home with a child and not continue her education? Many adults have told me that once you've taken a break from college, it's almost impossible to go back.

Great. So that single mother can work at K-Mart for the rest of her life and struggle to make ends meet because she can't get the decent job that a college degree could afford her. But she stayed home with her child in the first year -- whoopee! That kid's got it made!

We've grown up in a generation where people get married later in life and begin having sex earlier. It's inevitable that sometimes couples will slip up and -- bam! -- instant baby. It is going to happen. It is common.

And I think the least we can do as human beings is offer our support. I think Truman needs to do more to help single parents get their degree.

And I think that will never happen because the pristine image Truman scrambles to uphold won't allow the administration to admit many of their students are getting pregnant right now. Go Bulldogs.



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## Abortion isn't genocide

opinion by | Shala Garcia

Abortion. It is a delicate subject. There are so many mixed emotions regarding the subject that presidential candidates have manipulated it as a tool to be inducted into the presidency for years. And the public, who is too caught up on the subject, is easily susceptible by their persuasion.

If I could have it my way, I would take the matter out of the hands of the government. Since it is and should be a personal decision, the choice is better kept to that person in the event a choice is to be made.

I am not saying everyone should go out and have abortions since it is not that big of a deal, because it is. Abortion should not be done lightly. After all other options and all factors pertaining to the subject are considered and the woman, who is in this situation, not you, still decides abortion is the right choice, then let her make her choice.

Who are we, those who are not this woman and never have stepped foot a day in her life, to judge her decisions? We can never begin to feel or experience what this particular person has gone through and how she views it, because we are all individuals. Every one person is as unique as the next.

I am not suggesting everyone has to respect her decision. (Besides, I think a lot of people are particularly good at this tactic, considering that many choose to force religion, their own ideas and political affairs on others in spite of this country, that we called the United States, which may not be so united after all, and its preached freedom of speech and choice.)

So put up signs and express yourself. But

do it so that what you are expressing is against of or promoting for is reasonable and clear.

I saw a sign last week in McClain's halls with a baby on top of a swastika with the logo: "Some choices are wrong" placed at the bottom.

This may be a good sign if you are pro-life. Perhaps this sign is referring to Hitler and his pursuit for the "perfect race" through genocide, and thereby comparing abortion to a form of genocide.

But I doubt that the woman placed into a position of choosing between having an abortion or not is posed in a position of idol as she reflects on Hitler and his ghastly deeds of killing six million Jews.

So until one can find a woman who has aborted six million fetuses, which are not considered alive until at birth -- otherwise we would all be six months older -- I am offended and thoroughly disgusted by the image this sign projects.

And since anti-abortionists can easily depict such an unnerving illustration of pro-choicers, perhaps they should take a look at what "good, wholesome action" some of their own peers do in the support of life.

Abortion doctors have been killed because they were serving their patients.

Also, I recall reading an article in National News Section of *The Washington Post* (Oct. 1, 2000) where a priest drove a car into the front-side of an abortion clinic and then hacked away at the building with an axe.

Is this supposed to symbolize the "celebration of life" in some weird way? Is the axe the driving force and the wood chips the strain of happiness?

# monitor reviews

## Poe returns to haunt her listeners

Poe  
*Haunted*  
FEI/Atlantic

review by | Matthew Webber

Poe's hits "Trigger Happy Jack" and "Angry Johnny" (the "I wanna kill you/I wanna blow you... away" song) from her debut, *Hello*, made her a modern rock radio staple for much of '95 and '96.

But once her angry alternative/trip-hop mixes spun their way out of rotation, Poe said goodbye to the radio. This was a disappointment for listeners who had discovered that the other songs on her album were as catchy, poetic and emotional as her hits.

Five years later, she emerged from her *Where Are They Now* status to write, produce, record and sing *Haunted*, the most haunting album of her career, of 2000 and of the solo female alternative/trip-hop artist genre.

It took the ghost of her dead father to awaken her.

In the liner notes, Poe explains how she found a box of cassette recordings of her father dictating letters and lecturing. Hearing her father's voice again "shook [her] to [her] foundation" and made her wonder if she had resurrected a ghost.

What she did do was resurrect her music career through sampling these recordings of her father and having a "dialogue" with them. This decision, and the music, is bolder than anything on her debut and almost everything you've heard on the radio in the past five years.

The voice of a little girl, presumably Poe, opens the album to chilling effect. Later, the effect of hearing her dead father is almost as spine-tingling as it must have been for her. It's impossible to shake the feeling of voyeurism, that you can't stop listening to something you absolutely



shouldn't, as you spy on a singer *communicating with her dead father*.

Poe's confessional contemporaries like Jewel and Alanis Morissette would never go this far. On every song, she's angrier (yet more forgiving) and more naked than any other popular female artist except Tori Amos and maybe Fiona Apple would dare to be.

When she warns you on "Control" not to mess with a little girl's dreams, you swear you'll never even comment on them. There's something in her voice that's more than a warning. It's scary. It's a growl. It's a threat. She's possessed.

Such bare moments compose the entire album. When she sings she's "Not a Virgin" anymore (to her father? her brother? a boyfriend? us?) it's almost embarrassing enough to make you blush -- but only because you're not ready to hear her confession, not because of a weighty, Morissette-style lyric (of which there are none).

In every way, *Haunted* is better than *Hello*. The music is just as emotionally raw as the lyrics, but as polished as that of any trip-hop record. The rock, R & B and folk sum is something much greater than the parts.

Somewhere, her father is proud.

## I think Dave's gone too far

Dave Matthews Band  
*Everyday*  
RCA

review by | Matthew Webber

In most of the interviews Dave Matthews gave prior to the release of his new album, *Everyday*, he talked about how his band was locked in a creative rut with longtime producer Steve Lillywhite, how superproducer Glen Ballard (Alanis Morissette, No Doubt) opened his dormant emotions, how he and Ballard wrote the songs for the album quicker than any songs Matthews had ever written and how happy he was with the process, the songs and life.

Sadly, one of the problems with *Everyday* is how elated Matthews is.

The other is that it's essentially a Dave Matthews solo project.

Matthews was never one of those suicidal songwriters like *Superunknown*-era Chris Cornell or his entire-life-era Trent Reznor. With lyrics like the ones that began his last album, *Before These Crowded Streets*, "Open wide, oh so good I'll eat you," no one could accuse him of taking himself, or life, too seriously.

But he wasn't exactly a member of the glee club either. Some of his best songs sang of missing, wanting or otherwise not having. His biggest hit, "Crash Into Me," expressed his near-obsessive longing for the beautiful woman of his "boy's dream." In "Spoon" he refused to forgive the woman who "hung [him] out to dry."

As sad as these songs were, they were also exuberant in their love and hope. "Crash Into Me," for all of its bittersweetness, was a beautiful love song after all.

But now he's that bouncy cheerleader who hides her family problems behind her smile and who you want to smack every time she says the word "like." He sings about dreams, love and probably unicorns. He wants you to know he did it, he did it, he did it, yeah, and he's as jolly as a rancher you'll all be buying his album.

Worse than Matthews' newfound enjoyment of butterflies is his relegation of one of the most talented bands in popular music to studio



players. Ballard fancies himself a George Martin or Phil Spector-caliber arranger/producer who can orchestrate a hit song as easy as putting on his pants. He chose to write every part for every band member, thereby

stifling their own creative impulses, all for the sake of stuck-in-your-head pop music.

I've got to admit "I Did It" is one of Matthews' best singles ever and it's lodged itself into next to "American Pie" and "Take On Me" in that section of my brain that interjects distracting pop melodies into the most serious of thoughts, but it's conspicuously short and, um, missing the band.

In fact, there's not a single jam or solo that's long enough that you kinda sorta start to get tired of it. Every song sounds as if Ballard used an egg timer to keep the band from experimenting; as soon as the buzzer goes off, the song's over.

Violinist Boyd Tinsley and saxophonist Leroi Moore are particularly discouraged from really letting go and adding their personal stamps to the music. In most of the songs, you can't even hear them.

Admittedly, Matthews and Ballard crafted some of the most enjoyable and radio-friendly tunes of both men's careers -- which according to interviews with Matthews was the point.

Unfortunately, they missed the point of why people listen to the Dave Matthews Band. Yeah, songs like "Stay (Wasting Time)" and "Ants Marching" are catchy as hell, but it's in the occasional album jam and every live performance where the band truly delivers.

Matthews and Ballard created a good album for Dave the Adult Contemporary Solo Artist. Here's hoping Matthews dumps Ballard, re-teams with Lillywhite, and creates a great album for Dave and His Band.

Or else let's hope they release those missing Lillywhite sessions soon.

## Lash the oars to our hands and let us row!

review by | W. Aaron Wilson

When I first entered the grounds of the Cornerstone Christian Music Festival this past summer I was greeted by a banner proclaiming: "Lash Our Hands to the Oars and Let Us Row." Now, almost eight months later, I am listening to the song from which that quotation was taken.

The line is from "The Rowing Song," one of the many tracks on the eloquent and expansive album *Out of the Fertile Crescent*, by Ballydowse, a Christian group that combines elements of traditional Celtic music and punk rock. In this, their second album, the Chicago-based band continue to expand their musical base, with tracks that merge punk with Klezmer and traditional eastern European.

The new influences are readily apparent in the opening track, "Weapon of Mass Destruction," a poignant song about the sanctions that continue to be levied on Iraq. The song, with its dark violin and throbbing drumbeat is punctuated by sound clips and a spoken word account of a visit to Mosul, Iraq.

This song sets the tone for the album, which

is at once at many points heavily political, urging a repeal of the sanctions on Iraq and that the government "Open the Records" on their possible involvement with Guatemalan death squads.

However, the theme that courses through the album most strongly is that of freedom, with its symbol being the vast freedom of the ocean, exemplified by "Masefield Drowned," "The Channel" and of course, "The Rowing Song."

Well suited to this maritime theme are the vocal talents of Ballydowse, whose choruses often take on the quality of old sea chanteys, with the gruff voice of Andrew Mandell leading the way. Mandell's rough, "shouting" vocal style is once again contrasted by that of Robina Mandell, whose voice can be at once wistful and strong.

While they seem to have for the most part phased out some of their more exotic instruments, such as the Australian didgeridoo and bullroarer, the nine-person band continues to use a huge range of instrumentation. These include the more conventional guitar, bass and drum combo, along with the violin, concertina,

and in "George MacDonald," a screaming set of highland bagpipes.

The band also demonstrate once again that they are extremely well read, with songs adapted from or containing poetry by George MacDonald, John Masefield and an unaccredited Yiddish poem marking the Vilna Ghetto uprising.

Unfortunately, their lyrics often contain so many literary references that their meaning becomes blurred if you are not familiar with the same works. Also, the album seems to have been put together a little hastily, even though it was released several months behind schedule.

Still, these are minor considerations when weighed against an inspirational album with a staggering breadth of musicianship and a powerful underlying theme.

"Lash the oars to our hands and let us pull/ We're sick of your suffocating, landlocked days of talk and drool/ What's it like to love where you're going?/ Further on and further in, till these eyes are closing." It's been a while since I first read those words, but the music behind them was worth the wait.

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01 May 2001

# An interview with Tom Palmier of the Groovaholics



from Groovaholics.com used with permission

Tommy P works the crowd at a Groovaholics show.

## Interview by | Matthew Webber

University junior Tom Palmier is one of two lead singers and songwriters for the up-and-coming funk/rock/hip-hop band, the Groovaholics.

This St. Louis-based band has opened for The Urge, Two Skinny Js, Shootyz Groove, Dr. Zhivegas, the Get Up Kids, and "pretty much every local St. Louis band who's any good."

Below, Tommy P talks about his musical influences, his dreams of "blowin' up" and why the Urge's reign as the most popular St. Louis band is finished.

**The Monitor:** You and your band mates went to school together. Are you friends first and bandmates second? Do you think that makes a difference in the way you interact and the music you make?

**Tommy P:** I think we are musicians first and then when we get together as friends I think the music kind of takes a very small second step back. But we're friends through music, so music is the catalyst, it makes us more than friends. We're like soulmates.

**M:** It's like a marriage then.

**TP:** We love each other. And it is a marriage. When you're with five guys who don't go to the same college, who don't... we have to communicate through e-mail. Me and Jason [Bass, the other lead singer] have written songs, we've written three or four songs, through e-mail. We get together and jam out for like an hour before a show, record that, and then me and Jason take it and we'll write a verse to it and then e-mail it to each other. And then the next time we get together we're like "Let's do this" and then me and Jason just throw down our lyrics on top of the other guys 'cause they're awesome musicians and it's like "Fuck!"

**M:** When you write a song, do you aim

for lyrical content, or sounds, or melodies, or...

**TP:** Me personally?

**M:** Yeah.

**TP:** I write according to... it depends on what song I'm writing. When I'm writing hip-hop I go for syllables. It's all about syllables. The syllables match up to the beat, you know? So, when it's (sings) ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba... (speaks) If I really get into it and I'm trying not to convey a message... If you listen to me, I disregard that. The beat. But then I come back into it, you know what I'm saying? Because I wanna make a point. But if I wanna just

have it sound good, and have it be catchy, but still have something of a backing to it, then I'll just keep it with the beat. That's the hardest part of writing music is having a really clear cut and profound message and then putting that to a (sings) ba-ba-ba-ba-ba.

**M:** Since your band does have two lead singers, which is somewhat unique, how do you interact? In songwriting, in performance, how does that work?

**TP:** In our performance, man, me and Jason are unstoppable. We've been performing together for so long... We both love performing in front of people. I get so excited up on stage. Jason is a really awesome performer. As you can hear on the tracks, he has an incredible voice. I just really... It's fun working with him and the rest of the band. It's all... you get up there and, you know, whatever happens happens. You just have to go with the flow. Somebody fucks up and you have to play that, you have to vamp it again and say, "Hey, go again."

Last weekend, we had four shows. We played Indianapolis at this bunked-ass little place we've never played there before. And I really don't know how we got the gig, but we're playing this little bitty place and I said, "Fuck it," and I freestyled every verse that I had. And then Saturday we went up to Ohio and we played this thing called Ghetto Fest and we played twice there. It was this huge party; everyone was getting drunk and it was like two in the afternoon at Miami-Ohio, which is like this big fuckin' awesomest party school ever. And we just walked around with our instruments and microphones and people had stages set up, and we got up and just played and I freestyled every single verse because it was fun and it's just instantaneous and such a fuckin' rush. It's crazy to actually, like, complete a rhyme on freestyle, live, in front of people;

you're like, "You're the shit, dude." You're like, "Yeah!"

**M:** How does the crowd react to a Groovaholics show?

**TP:** (sings) Throw your hands up, wave 'em fuckin' high, tell 'em you the Groovaholics till the day that ya die. (speaks) Yeah, they get into it. They love it. After every show, people are just like, "Oh my God! I've never seen you guys and why haven't I seen you guys before, you guys are awesome!" After the show basically I just go around and say, "Thank you," to everyone, 'cause everyone's just like, "Awesome! You guys were awesome! Yeah, yeah, you guys were awesome!" You start hearing that for so long, you start getting a head about you, women start coming around, "You are so awesome!"

More and more, we're getting more recognition from bands. Your reputation gets you respect. We've been getting props, hype, since we started. Having the respect, having the respect for the music and respect for the lyrics from other bands... There's a lot of St. Louis bands who are like, "You are the band." They tell us, "You are the St. Louis band."

'Cause the Urge done fucked up. The Urge is done, dog. I'm sorry, but for all you Urge lovers, the Groovaholics are taking over. Because seriously, Urge, all I gotta say is (sings) "Four letters and two words," (speaks) they suck. "Four letters and two words?" What the fuck is that? Gimme a break. The Urge is done. We just played with their ass and I think we stood 'em up.

When we just started out we were playing with these bunk-ass bands that just needed an opener, and we'd go in there with a half-hour set -- that's all we had -- we'd still upstage the motherfuckers 'cause me and Jason are performers; we are entertainers. You know what I'm saying? Even if we had no songs, our instruments are the best in the Midwest and our performers are second to none.

It's just been like this escalator, it's been an elevator, fuck an escalator. We've been going full speed, and now we have a Web site that's gotten over a million hits; we have a CD that we've sold over... we've had it out for two weeks really, we've had two shows since we've had the CD, I think we've sold about five hundred CDs. It's nuts, man. People buy it and then they play it for their friends and their friends are like, "Who's this?" and they're like, "The Groovaholics," and then these other friends they tell their friends, and tell their friends, and tell their friends. And then they go to the Web site, see a picture of Tommy P and get hooked.

**M:** When did the Groovaholics start out?

**TP:** We've been doing this for three years and I never expected any of this. We got in this band and we all knew we were awesome musicians, but it was like, "Where are we gonna take this thing?" This is a thing, you know, the Groovaholics is like a creative entity where we just kinda play music at places and then party and get together on the weekends and during the summer we practice. We all have dreams of blowin' up. Being in a band where we could actually go somewhere, it blows your mind. I was listening to my CD and I was like, "I can't

believe that's me. That's awesome." I know that sounds kinda egotistical but it's just the most unbelievable feeling. You know Prince only listens to his own music. I listen to a wide variety of music. I listen to rock 'n' roll. I listen to the Beatles. I listen to old school funk. I listen to hip-hop. I listen to Motown. I listen to folk. I don't listen to country. I really like the singer-songwriters of the, the...

**M:** Sixties and seventies?

**TP:** Yeah, sixties and seventies. But I'm really influenced by David Byrne of the Talking Heads. And Paul Simon and John Lennon and Bob Marley. The King, Bob Marley, is the rawest musician, the rawest writer. But my newest influence is Outkast by far. If you put Bob Marley's voice to Outkast's sounds it would blow everybody's mind. That's what we try to do; we like mind blowin' shit.

**M:** When you say these are your influences, do you bring them into the music? Or do just listen to them? When you do write a song, who do you think of?

**TP:** That's kind of a trick question. Because it's an inadvertent thing. You're not trying to be like anybody; you're trying to be like yourself. But you've been influenced by all these people. It's kind of an intuitive thing. It just comes out in your music. It also comes out, I would say, more so... my influences come out with how I try to say things.

**M:** What would you say is the overall message in your music, if there is one, if you can pin it down?

**TP:** There's no overall message to the Groovaholics. It's just if you want to see some great quality music from some soulful brothers and some funky white boys who really are excellent musicians and know how to entertain you, that's the Groovaholics.

**M:** You talked about your dreams of blowin' up. If someone from your band quit today, would you be satisfied with what you've accomplished?

**TP:** I'd be curled up in a ball crying if my band broke up today.

**M:** But would you be satisfied with what you've done?

**TP:** Aw, hell no.

**M:** You really want to go farther?

**TP:** Fuck yeah, dude. What's the point? That's the point, you know, take it to the next step. Why am I doing this

right now? You know? Of course I wanna take it to the next step. We just actually had a band meeting about this and I was like "Do we really wanna take it to the next level?" and my band laughed at me. And they're like, "Tom, what the fuck kind of question is that? Of course we wanna take it to the next goddamn level." Of course. Of course. Of course. Especially with this band. Being real, we could [take it to the next level] and that's really exciting. And I know that we could. 'Cause this crap shit that's out there right now, it's just, it's pansy shit. It's pansy. Weak. It's just see-through crap, you know what I'm saying?

**M:** Do you have any Behind the Music type of stories you'd want to print in the paper?

**TP:** Nah.

**M:** That'll be a no comment then?

**TP:** Matt, if you wanna party with us, you can party with us, alright? But we party like rock stars. that's all I gotta say.

For tour dates, band information, pictures of Tom and the other band members and MP3s, visit their Web site, [Groovaholics.com](http://www.groovaholics.com) (<http://www.groovaholics.com>).

# What I learned from sleeping through fire alarm

opinion by | John Becker

## Essay Prompt:

You are required to write a paper reflecting what you have learned from this experience. This paper should be three to five pages, 12 point font, Times New Roman and double-spaced with standard margins.

It should address the following: What have you learned from this experience? How will you ensure that you will evacuate the building during the next fire alarm? Why do you think Truman has an interest in your behavior?

Be advised that this paper may not serve to justify your own actions or evaluate the actions of others or to blame the University for your actions. This paper should utilize appropriate language, grammar and spelling. Papers may be returned if they do not meet the criteria.

## Essay:

This is a paper to evaluate my experience during the fire alarm that I missed. I will address somewhere in this paper what I believe I have learned from the experience, what extra measures I will take to evacuate the building the next time the fire alarms go off for any reason and why I think Truman is interested in my behavior.

I will try my hardest not to use this paper as a forum to express criticism of the University, as justification of my actions or an evaluation of the actions of others with respect to the fire alarm that I missed.

I will also try, as a native speaker of English, to use proper grammar and to spell all of the words correctly. If I fail in these goals. I humbly apologize.

Now, then, let us get down to business. I

slept through the fire alarm, and there is no justification for that. There is absolutely no reason I slept through it, and I do not know how it happened.

What I learned from this experience is sort of interesting. I learned sometimes diplomacy is a better route than blustering arguments and that sometimes you just have to suck up and deliver instead of standing up for what is true and right.

I learned I sleep really deeply, and that my friends, although they love me, wouldn't risk their lives for mine.

I learned my friends really do love me, however, because they took time out of their run for safety to pound on my door for a solid forty-five seconds, even though it didn't wake me.

The next time the alarms go off, here is what I will do to ensure I get out of the building, even if it is a stupid drunken prank. I will place a sonically activated strobe light in my room set to go off if a certain decibel level is reached.

I will set it for maybe 10 decibels below the level of the alarm, and it will go off as soon as the alarm does, waking me from my slumber. Perhaps I will pair it with a police siren to give the illusion I'm being invaded by ATF agents, giving me further impetus to run like hell.

This setup will only work once, however, as I will indubitably empty the clip of that .45 I keep under my pillow into both the strobe and the siren, hoping to kill a couple of those meddling government bastards, or at least make them think twice about breaking into my room. But, I digress.

Returning to the issue at hand, why do I think Truman takes such an interest in my personal behavior?

I mean, I am an adult (in the strictly legal sense of the word) and I should be responsible for my own actions, right?

Truman shouldn't be implicated in any of my personal decisions, should they?

So, the only thing I can think of is that if I die, you all won't see a penny of that \$12, 500 that I'm paying to come here each year.

And, if my sleep is interrupted frequently enough by fire alarms, I could lose every scholarship I have due to my stress level and lack of sleep to deal with it, and I would be paying in cash my whole tuition, which could then be deposited in that offshore bank account in the Cayman's that I'm not supposed to know about.

Of course, I could also drop out and not pay any of it, but that's the chance you take, right? There are risks in everything, even crossing Franklin Street in the morning and taking the chance an irate citizen who hasn't had a wonderfully nutritious Sodexo breakfast like I have could run me down in cold blood and stomp on my lifeless corpse.

Yes, risk is inherent in living; it thrills me just to think of the possibilities.

The only other thing I can think of is that if we had more ghosts in Centennial Hall, Joan might get rowdy, and the last thing we want to deal with is a spirit-feud in the resi-

dence halls. Things could get very messy, ectoplasm everywhere and all that good stuff.

All jesting aside, I really don't want to have any more false alarms in Centennial Hall. It's idiotic to pull fire alarms for any other reason than the fact that you can see a fire blazing somewhere and it's out of your capacity to put out said fire. Setting fires in residence halls is also a bad idea, and if you're contemplating it just know I'm contemplating cutting off your balls with a spoon.

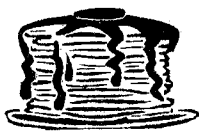
My last gripe is that anyone would have the audacity to say, "I was drunk, I didn't know what I was doing." If you can't handle alcohol, you shouldn't be allowed to have it. That extends to people who get drunk and have sex with anything they can find, people who get drunk and vandalize property, drive recklessly or puke in our hallway and don't clean it up themselves. One of the biggest problems on this campus and in the United States in general is that people don't recognize their limits with alcohol and don't have the capacity to use it responsibly.

## ARE ALL RELIGIONS BASICALLY THE SAME?

What are the differences among Buddhism, Hinduism, Islam, Christianity and New Age? See the feature article "Connecting with the Divine" at [www.EveryStudent.com](http://www.EveryStudent.com).



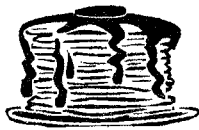
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1 May 2001

**LETTERS, from page 3**

Show me where it has been written or what has been passed that gives the right to misrepresent another person. That sounds like slander to me.

And I don't believe that when someone vocalizes their wish to be represented fairly that they are whining.

Who among us would call Martin Luther King Jr. a whiner? Or Susan B. Anthony? Or Cesar Chavez?

Stereotypes are used by the insecure and ignorant to feel superior. Ms. Mattina herself propagates a stereotype by calling those of us who fight stereotypes "whiners."

And if stereotypes are not fought how do we know the truth? If Ms. Mattina had not defended herself against stereotypes to which she is a victim, how would I know they are false? And how will she know the truth about the Greek community if they do not fight?

She characterizes us as "whiners" and immature. And not just "whiners" but a special subcategory, "fucking whiners."

I say the person who doesn't fight is insecure and complacent. This type of person might say, "I'm not going to whine and bitch about it to try and change it."

Ms. Mattina does make one valid point: we will live with stereotypes all through our lives. But through no logic can that be implied to mean we should not fight them.

Personally I abhor stereotypes, and I use that as a qualifier if I am ever forced into a situation in which I must use one for clarity.

However, I will allow myself to indulge in one stereotype: people who curse every other word are ignorant and have nothing important to say.

Colman McCarthy

**Shanahan lacks integrity**

First of all, I do not wish to add fuel to the already volatile situation which I have come to understand exists between some independents and Greeks. The last two issues of *The Monitor* have contained notes that clearly express both sides of the issue, so rehashing the arguments is a waste of time.

With that said, this letter is a response to the disrespect displayed in the letter written by "Mr. Shanahan."

For the purposes of this letter, the message of "Mr. Shanahan" is inconsequential, for my goal is to focus on the lack of integrity evident in his attack on Greeks.

I am a firm believer in the idea that as an individual it is your responsibility to deal with the consequences of your actions and words. "Mr. Shanahan" obviously feels differently.

If he felt the same as I on this subject, he would not hide behind an alias, which diverts any responsibility from his true identity. Making such incendiary comments and refusing accountability for his words makes me wonder how strongly he holds those convictions that he claims are so dear to him.

If the convictions he has in these ideas are so important to "Mr. Shanahan," would he not be willing to reveal his true identity, or must he cover behind an alias and name-calling?

My purpose in life is not to make you like me -- if you do not like me, whether you know me or not, I don't care.

The problem with this situation is that "Mr. Shanahan" makes insulting remarks about me without having to take responsibility.

Do you have to keep your identity hidden or are you man enough to talk trash to my face? Better yet, if you are on such high moral

ground, why don't you come to any one of the fraternities' chapter meetings where you can guide us on how to live? I am sure everyone there would be receptive to your message.

Do not misconstrue my message; I do not want to challenge "Mr. Shanahan's" manhood, but I am putting a direct challenge to his integrity.

His alias removes any accountability from himself and is a direct reflection of his weakness.

If I am going to talk trash to someone, I'll have the common courtesy to say it to their face and I'll have to deal with whatever comes of the situation. I won't hide behind an alias and I won't say anything I am not willing to back up.

How about you, "Mr. Shanahan"?

Michael Thomas Wegan

**Greeks and non-Greeks: Don't worry, be happy**

This is my letter. It is about peace and happiness. It has no beginning. Here it goes:

Everybody, Greek or not, has friends. Some people are content with just a small group of intimate friends, while others prefer this plus a larger group of casual acquaintances.

Similarly, some people like to join large organizations to hang out with/make friends, while others find friends and a "dating pool" in other places. It is my understanding from reading all these impassioned letters that many Greeks would rather die than leave their organizations, and equally, that many independents would rather die than be forced to join one.

And wow! Here's the good news: If you want to be Greek, you can. If you don't want to be one, you don't have to. And as long as we're all leading happy, productive, socially fulfilling lives, by *our own* definitions (some of us would love to be senators or CEOs, while some of us would much rather be librarians or artists), who *cares* if others do not see the wisdom of being a Greek/independent/whatever-you-are?

I have yet to talk to a middle-aged person whose life is a pathetic ruin just because they either were or were not in a Greek organization and have spent the rest of their life regretting it. (I have also never met anyone out of high school who "regrets" not going to their high school prom or any of the other things people tell you that should regret just because *they* regret it.) People find their own ways of making themselves happy. Live and let live.

Oh, and to the "everyone who doesn't like Greeks just wishes they were one" person: If every time someone comes along who doesn't like you, you attribute that dislike to the fact that you are so wonderful they must be jealous... well, maybe you should check out the Counseling Services, buddy. Or let Judge Judy yell at you for a good long time. (Or maybe you were just referring to people who write snotty letters about Greeks, in which case you're probably right.)

There are much more important things going on in the world to get pissed about than Greek/anti-Greek wars. Like International turmoil, natural disasters and the fact that there is a catalog that sells Britney Spears throw rugs. (They're really ugly, too. And brown.) Let's all be friends and frolic in the happy sunshine of a new tomorrow.

Anne Ferris

**Shanahan responds to threats**

To those it may upset,

I would say my letter was all just a joke, but it wasn't. At the same time, it wasn't really meant to be taken quite as seriously as it was. Lemme see if I can clarify...

One of the letters in the last issue of *The*

*Monitor* mentioned money being raised by Greeks for various causes. Just so you know, I'm well aware this is a Greek activity.

My problem is you do not do it nearly as much as you say you do. When it comes to Greek life, the only thing I ever see advertized is parties. Of course, I'd rather not hear your excuses for why you don't advertize your more philanthropic activities. Just do it more, and you will not be stereotyped quite as much.

With regards to my more specific accusations, like the one about the designated make-out rooms, I urge you wonderfully brilliant Greek folks to remind yourselves that just because YOUR fraternity doesn't do it, it doesn't mean someone else doesn't do it.

I know people on this campus who were DATE-RAPED by Greeks on this campus. Do non-Greeks do it too? Yes, of course. But that's not the point; this is not a fifty-fifty thing. The alcohol-drowned social events of the Greek system are the types of environments that lead to such horrible incidents. You're asking for trouble when you put so much emphasis on alcohol and sex.

And quit with the lies about how you don't! C'mon, it's not like I don't have friends who are Greeks.

About me ... If you know me, good for you. If not, that's fine too. I would like to mention that not a single person who has CLAIMED to know me actually does know me. The Daily Jolt forum was host to more than one impostor.

I'm not from Chicago, I was not raised Catholic, my parents didn't beat or molest me and I don't worship the Devil. My apologies go out to those of you who believed those things. They are funny, but they're not true.

I'd also like to add that I never once rushed (in spite of one person's claim in the last *Monitor*). I'm not jealous of all the pussy you guys get (another claim), and since I'm not a herd animal like 80 percent of frat boys, it wouldn't make much sense for me to be so jealous of all the things you insist I am. I think "getting" girls by being myself is much better than using GHB or Rohipnol -- wouldn't you agree?

I have a considerable amount of respect for women, so, to the individual who claimed I am probably disrespectful of women because I used the absolutely hilarious term "monopoly on the campus pussy" (even when I was using that term to refer to how OTHER people go about their relations with women) go fuck yourself with a big rubber dick.

People don't join fraternities because they have leadership skills or a desire to help the community. They do it because it's the doorway to the only social opportunities here in the quiet town of Kirksville.

If the former were true, I would not have expected to hear so many of you say I'm jealous of your social and sexual opportunities.

In fact, if you people are the cream of the crop, and if you're the kind-hearted, giving leaders this world needs so badly, why the hell did any of you even bother to threaten me?

It's a pathetic situation when you're only answer to my letter is not a citation of the facts and figures you claim to have in your favor, but instead a note under my door, a phone call or someone threatening hospitalization and/or death.

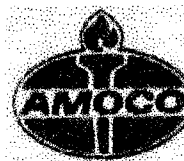
My suggestion is this: If you're so misunderstood and stereotyped, then attempt to set some standards for yourselves and your organizations. There's nothing more frustrating than seeing that so many of you are hypocrites... more angry and violent than anything else, frustrated and confused about your identity, unwilling to explore individuality, all too quick to throw

punches and threaten others.

If I am wrong about everything I said, then take some time out of your day and prove it. If you're that concerned with what other people say about you, if you're gonna bitch and moan that much, if you're gonna conspire to beat me down on that many occasions, if you INSIST UPON CRYING, then attempt to reverse the stereotypes with good intentions and good will... rather than THREATS. If you refuse to undo what you yourselves have done, if you refuse to rebuild your image anew, then do the world a favor and KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT. For example, I chose to voice my opinions, RATHER THAN JUST BURN DOWN YOUR FRATERNITY HOUSE!

My final rambling on the matter is this... I'm not talking to you on the phone or in person or via e-mail, I don't want to hear from any of my friends that you approached them at a party or on the street (regardless of how good you thought your intentions were), my "manhood" is not dependent on you and I meeting face to face (male gender is ONLY dependent on the presence of a penis and all the biochemicals that determined and developed your gender since you were conceived, you fucking idiots), I'm not attending any special events or fund-raisers, I'm not engaging in any goddamned debate with you in front of the entire campus population, I'm not going to rush your fucking carcinogenic fraternal organizations, I'm not talking to your goddamn father who was in the same fraternity as you, I'm not going to research the history of 35 different fucking presidents who were in fraternities (which, even if THEY were good men, doesn't mean that YOU are, or that you're anything more than the absolute scum of the earth), I'm not reading any more fucking notes under my door ("misinformed" is not spelled "missed informed," Chris) and I'm not leaving Truman State University under anything other than my OWN fucking will.

Grow up a little bit, would ya?  
Christopher Michael Shanahan

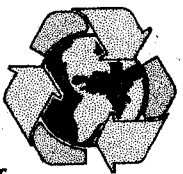


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This tip was brought to you by ECO, the Environmental Campus Organization. We meet Thursday evenings at 9 p.m. in Nason 104. Come join us!

# Survivor III: Kirksville

feature by | Derek Spellman

Inspired by the runaway hit television show, a handful of roommates have instituted their own version of *Survivor* at the University.

Seniors Todd Billy, Ty Parish, Ed O'Toole, Tom Wheatley and Pat McGowan have installed their own game of *Survivor* within their household.

"We did this [game] because we don't think the *Survivor* on TV expresses what it means to be a real survivor," McGowan said.

Each week, the five roommates undergo a stiff battery of tests, ranging from sex quizzes to marathon drinking bouts.

Those who amass the highest score from the tests are automatically immune to getting voted out of their house for that week.

The contestants then convene and vote one of the remaining four roommates out of their house for two days.

The roommate who is temporarily ousted is forced to find shelter either in their car, in a tent or in the house of a stranger.

The character of the tests has apparently brought public notice to the group.

In one challenge, for instance, the contestants were required to down a shot of beer every minute for 100 minutes without vomiting.

In the event of a tie, the contestants were obliged to race to the neighboring Dukum Inn, slam another beer, and then sprint back home.

In another challenge, the contestants were driven blindfolded to desolate localities in Kirksville.

The contestants then were obliged to drain a 40-ounce beer and set forth for home.

Sometimes, the challenges can exact a price.

"Tom [Wheatley] came back [from being dropped off] and collapsed on the front lawn,"

Sabrina Kunz, an observer of the game, said. "He screamed, 'I need medical attention, get me up to my room.' He had asthma."

O'Toole said sometimes the game also strains relations between the roommates.

"They didn't do it fairly," he said of the occasion he was voted out of the house. "I got hosed on a coin toss."

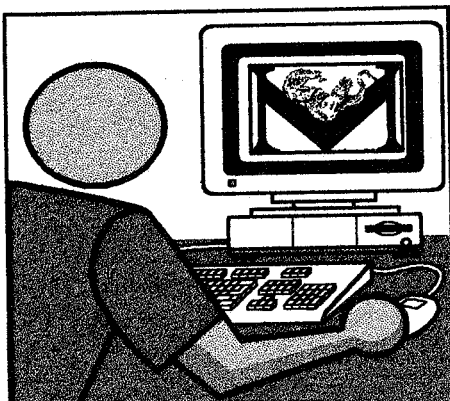
This week the game reaches its final episode. After the final challenge is issued and undergone by the five roommates, the two who have been voted out of the house the fewest number of times will be evaluated by the three other roommates.

The trio will then declare one roommate the winner.

"A lot of politics goes into it [the final decision]," McGowan said.

The results of the contest will be announced at a party this Friday night. The victor will be afforded the opportunity to select first in the lottery the roommates will be hosting.

Billy said the lottery prizes were "the s—we don't need anymore."



<http://www.trumanmonitor.org>



## Queen Astra

Let the stars  
be your guide!

**Aries (March 21-April 20)** This summer you will find the love of your life. Unfortunately, it coincides with finding a case of The Clap.

**Taurus (April 21-May 22)** Do the cool whip!

**Gemini (May 23-June 21)** Take some time off to find the American Dreams. X marks the spot. XXX, that is.

**Cancer (June 22-July 24)** Oh, fuck. Shit. Dude, whatever. Holy Shitballs. My crotch is on fire. Mother Bitch. I'm too cool for school, yo. (Things you might say because finals are coming.)

**Leo (July 22-August 23)** Mmmm... party snacks. You CAN buy happiness.

**Virgo (August 24-September 23)** Eat meat. It's good for the soul.

**Libra (September 24- October**

**23)** Do you love Jesus? Then buy His gift basket.

**Scorpio (October 24-November 22)** Did you recently pass up a rare, limited edition autographed copy of Jimmy Ray's "Are You Jimmy Ray?" for a mere \$20? Then you fucked up... royally.

**Sagittarius (November 23-December 21)** On the way home from your next vacation to Tijuana, smuggle a Mariachi band across the border. They'll make you millions, Gringo.

**Capricorn (December 22-January 20)** Happy Thanksgiving.

**Aquarius (January 21-February 19)** You're going to go gambling in the near future. Let's hope you're a real Card Shark and the deck isn't stacked against you. Vegas here we cum!

**Pisces (February 20-March 20)** Life is never fair. Bob Eubanks giveth and Bob Eubanks taketh away.

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01 May 2001

**Blobbert the Bold**  
(a Pseussian epic)

Now this is the story of Blobbert the Bold:  
As ugly as mud, but his heart was pure gold.  
His friends all said, "Blobbert is our kind of guy.  
He treasures his friends. For his friends he would die."  
Yes, Blobbert's the sort who would die for a friend,  
And that's what the bold Blobbert did, in the end.

The Blobbert's friend Tina was walking to class,  
Half deaf from her Walkman, but what a sweet lass!  
(That's lass with an "L," as I hope that you heard—  
The loss of a letter could alter the word.)  
Her outlook was carefree, and life seemed a blast,  
But a pale horse with horsepower was bearing down fast.  
Yes, a Cushman came barreling out of the blue,  
And no one but Blobbert knew quite what to do.

Frantic gestures were futile and shouting was vain,  
So with speed like a bullet and power like a train  
Blobbert bounded toward Tina and pushed her aside.  
Then the Cushman collided, and, alas, Blobbert died.  
A steamroller followed, with heavy intention,  
Reducing bold Blobbert by one full dimension!

Now Blobbert is buried. His grave runs three blocks,  
For they covered poor Blobbert with asphalt and rocks.  
His plot is the pavement, his headstone the curb.  
In the paper his passing was marked by a blurb.  
Let his memory live on in the hearts of the true:  
'Neath each step where you tread, there may lie you-know-who!  
So wherever roads run may this story be told,  
To honor the memory of Blobbert the Bold!

—Kenneth N. Carter, Jr.

## Marathon

I hear you calling to me  
winter, winter, winter

I feel your chill in the distance  
and I refuse to embrace,  
I refuse to let it comfort me.

I am not afraid of your snow,  
your dismal grey days neither  
frighten nor entice me.

I will cling to the changing colours of fall,  
the swish of the wind and its  
coo-through my bones.

I will walk toward your depths,  
neither slowing nor speeding my pace,  
for I will walk through you.

With my eyes not on spring or summer,  
but on the assurance of the changing seasons,

Without a goal or a finish line,  
I will keep walking until I cannot hear you,  
until your cries no longer  
penetrate my grasp.

—Lisa Suzanne

# My Back Pages

## Shadows

even the brightest souls have dark patches  
i slide open the box, and take out my matches  
i light the head, smell the sick sulfur,  
the burning wood consuming the pain i breathe upon it

darkness digs into my heart and digs out the cancer  
it plants the bug deep inside me  
the cancer grows until  
it is no longer part of me, instead  
it has consumed my soul

i swallow, and hope runs down my slick throat like medicine  
like a bitter, yet necessary bit of aspirin for a headache that  
consumes  
my entire body

something burns me like the match that i had long ago forgotten  
searing the skin on my fingertips  
something has burned into me  
something is taking over

pain cuts through the darkness like a knife  
bleeding out the darkness and letting light consume  
my once terrified, once angry soul.  
and the healing begins....

a shadow of light flickers,  
a dark silhouette flashes before my eyes  
an angel of salvation come to rescue me from the depths  
she is my saviour, my only hope  
she takes my hand, and starts picking away at the darkness  
that has caked my soul like mud, covering the person i once was  
she picks away at the darkness,

and a new light shines through.  
a light of hope,  
a shimmering light  
the light consumes her, and she becomes love

i am forever grateful.

—Rick Mynatt

## Please, Leave the Room

Blow your nose once and I won't really care  
Blow your nose twice and I'll shoot you a glare  
Blow your nose three times in the middle of our class  
I will stand up from my desk and come kick your ass

—Dale Sweetnam

## Spotlight

I've tried to enunciate,  
learn a word everyday,  
avoid  
chicken (when I'm in crowds)  
and Tupac (aloud).

But the glare remains.

Not even the dean  
writing my name,  
or my denouncing Jesse Jackson,  
"insane,"  
can remove me from the shine  
locked down tight,  
exposing my features  
black in the light.

—Orlando L. Williams

Ah, the last issue of *The Monitor* for the year. Thanks to all  
for submitting to "My Back Pages" this year. Have lovely  
summers, stay creative and submit when you get back.  
Here's to next year. Thank you for your support...

*My Back Pages* Editor  
Shawn Gilmore

Don't be Afraid...

by Ryan Ruffatti



ANT → PART 2

