



# THE MONITOR

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

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A Campus Collective

## Student art shows offer diverse works, draw large crowds

Story by | **Andrès Delgado**

Art fans enthusiastically received cultural injections at two opening receptions Monday, Dec. 3. Baldwin Hall played host to a gallery of ceramics by Senior Liz Eggers and fibers by Amy Ray. Seniors Kjell Hahn, Jimmy Kuehnle and Phil Schiff, meanwhile, displayed their creations at Ophelia Parrish.

Soft melodies like Roberta Black's "Killing Me Softly" were provided by saxophonist Greg Erwin of Hazard to Ya Booty fame and nicely accompanied the show at Baldwin Hall, underscoring the subtle ceramics and the technically impressive fibers.

Eggers's ceramics were composed of separately thrown components molded into cohesive wholes. The show will be her last on campus, and marks the end of a progression that she says has led her to discover her artistic identity. "I've come to find what I want to express in my art," Eggers remarked at the gallery's opening reception.

Amy Ray's fibers evinced a remarkable talent for expression within her medium.

Line was prominent in every work, with mood expressed by rigid geometric forms and



Kuehnle's American Flag bike on display  
photo by | Ed Jenkins

sweeping curves. A studied appreciation for color theory is presented for the viewer's enjoyment in works, in which complimentary and contrasting colors combine for a stimulating aesthetic.

The tone was different at Hahn, Kuehnle and Schiff's show, where an atmosphere of or-

chestrated chaos was accented by local heavy metal band Ded Gein. Kuehnle's dramatic bicycles succeeded at intriguing the crowd, which came in droves. The aesthetes and the merely curious were shown something new in the angular variations of the bikes. One bright-yellow star-shaped creation Kuehnle described as "al-

most gaudy." This show, one year in the making, marked his departure from figurative art.

Hahn's work displayed a wide range of human emotion in a themed set of paintings. Schiff described his busy canvasses as each encapsulating "the experience of a lifetime." After pausing to think, he added, "Which most are not fortunate enough to have." Their inspiration came from history, and such events as the Inquisition. His canvasses treated their human subjects with an immediately recognizable, volatile style. "People are sheep nowadays," he said, evidently expressing nostalgia for the past.

Nevertheless, the University's students have not failed to provide shows with audiences. Sophomore Megan Wiese described the University's art scene as characterized by "Unique shows with unique people."

The works of dozens of University artists are being shown at an open house at

Ophelia Parrish beginning Tuesday, Dec. 11. Students can browse two stories of local creative endeavors and peruse prints, ceramics, Christmas cards, and other items for sale by the artists.



Students crowded both floors of Ophelia Parrish to view Hahn, Kuehnle and Schiff's art show.  
photo by | Ed Jenkins

### \*\*\*SPECIAL READING DAY ISSUE\*\*\*

## PICK ME UP FOR A STUDY BREAK!

## GOOD LUCK ON FINALS!



C O N T E N T S



Queen Astra Mad Libs.  
Page 13. Enough said.

This guy has a sausage that legends are made of. Find out who this handsome man is on page 14.



All kick-ass things must come to an end. Join *The Monitor* in bidding the Hidden Treasures Crew farewell on page 9.



# The Monitor

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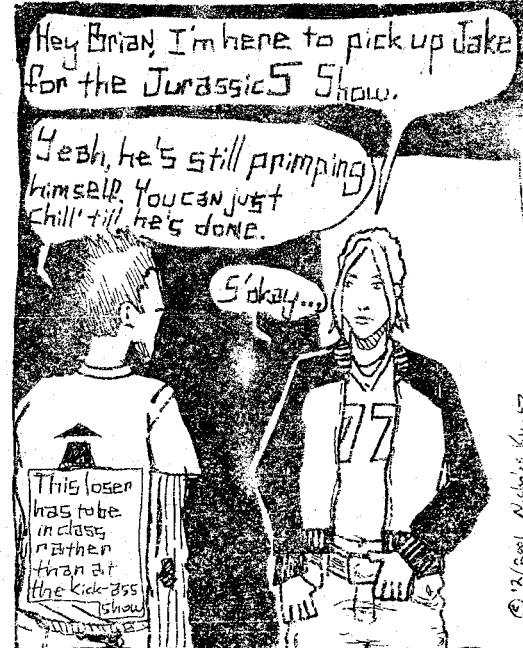
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Among people who have learned something from the 18th century (say, Voltaire) it is a truism, hardly deserving discussion, that the defense of the right of free expression is not restricted to ideas one approves of, and that it is precisely in the 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 significance."

-- Noam Chomsky



## Student Senate: and you thought our only meetings were on Sundays

**General Meeting:** Sundays, 6 p.m., Conference room, SUB. **Sodexo Contract Review Committee:** Call x4193 for details.

**Academic Affairs:** Thursdays, 7 p.m., Senate Office. **Sober Driving Committee:** Call x5159 or 627-5892 for details

**Campus Diversity:** Wednesdays, 9 p.m., Kirk Buildings. **RHA Roundtable:** Monday, Nov. 19, 7:30 p.m., Ryle Hall Classroom

**Campus Environment:** Wednesdays, 6 p.m., Senate Office, SUB. **Media Roundtable:** Wednesdays, 6 p.m., Outside Senate Office

**External Affairs:** Tuesdays, 6 p.m., Senate Office, SUB. **Special Interest Group Roundtable:** Thursday, Nov. 29, 7 p.m., VH 1412

**Public Relations:** Tuesdays, 6:30 p.m., BH100 and Sundays, 5:15 p.m., Mainstreet Market, SUB. **Greek Roundtable:** Monday, Nov. 19, 7:30 p.m., VH1148.

**Student Affairs:** Tuesdays, 8 p.m., Senate Office, SUB.

## Everyone is welcome to attend any and all meetings

For more information, please contact Student Senate at 785-4193 or email senate@truman.edu



# 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 CSI, or e-mail us at [monitortrm@hotmail.com](mailto:monitortrm@hotmail.com). Letters may be edited for length.

## Let freedom ring in TSU and Kirksville in 2002!

Dear Cameron and Derek,

I shall probably incur the formidably nerve-racking wrath of your *Monitor*'s back-page poetry editor, Pasley, for doing so, and thus be subjected to another anonymously abusive prose piece accusing me of "tirades" and so on in unfriendliness that killed you're the Pundit predecessor once libel costs had been incurred. But I am impelled to risk Jesse's anti-poor old Ediger nasty worst, by a sense of public duty at my most "pompous" in his indictment categorization, and in more self-survival *Monitor* sanity prose, fear of missing your last Xmas issue! But two things are, pressingly, arisen that simply cry out for alternative press, local discussion ventilation, as there is all too rarely fleeting LIGHT beneath the repressive, conformist shroud that is Total Slavery Unit and Bert-the-Bossville that is Kirksville! It's trying to emerge, the flower beautiful child that is "liberty" and, even, "equality," and I'll be xxxxxxxx if I let "Jesse" worry about my humiliated indignity sense into silence over its potential liberation birth.

One, you saw it, we all did! Led by the genuinely humane, if too Russian Fulbright teaching award fleeting History TSU professor David Robinson in his orchestration of their protest, "TSU faculty" are telling even the front page of the latest *Index* that "they" have "had enough!" Or as he who supported the Atom bomb name amongst Dr. Robinson's immediate SS colleagues put it in a letter he publicized to all faculty he sent to the IL DUCE, Magruder, you are "insulting" us (faculty), and not practicing faculty proper "collegial" governance! The issue that has got even the ultra-Tory TSU "SS" going is Magruder's all but anointed heir MR Gary Gordon's VP fiat, incensed at, into militancy is the administration's continued "fiats" from "unconsultative" high, eroding your rights to a cheap summer school tuition course-load, fast finish-up. And, in self-interest, for summer school teaching, those many faculty who don't have lesser qualified spousal faculty in two-pay check return (under different surname contrivance on the TSU taxpayer payroll) vital income for their notion of "professional" pay differential (a pittance, of course, by TSU board of governors and non-teacher TSU swollen administrator salaries).

Two, just when dissident "tiraders" thought, are we, really, seeing all this explosion for "real" in self immired cobwebbed release of protest, even "incendiary" stuff, Thomas-the-Z, there is the equally gratifying awakening of the HOLLISTER (medical parts) workers protest, in which braving the real hunger lines the local labor unionists are refusing, with vital KTVO TV sympathetic coverage, to be quietly "locked-out" by their bosses of, yes, their own work place for daring to strike for better condi-

tions! I'm taking some food and sweets personally around to them before I drop this letter off myself. But, already, I can't help but note that their much greater courage than not alas a few TSU faculty have shown about their own struggles against autocratic management has not, only, gained them a federal mediator. But a "reply" letter against their higher-paid site supervisor for paid anti-worker ad he took out nastily in the local "Wall Street Journal" that is the Express, the Kirksville Daily Suppressant, as dissident Kirksville council candidate Sterling Ruddy, aptly, labels the Frieels/Tritz conglomeration (THE CRIER etc is theirs!).

In conclusion, if this healthy stirring for what looks like, at least the birth, of local social democracy, in gown and town, is not to be still-born, and most of we hardened *Monitor* "types" can be forgiven a certain amount of legitimate, tired bullied incredulity about these stirrings (can't we) in felling like we are in a repressive conformist nightmare parochially most of our residential lives here, surely, some steps must be taken! TSU faculty must, especially the women, recapture their purely nominal TSU chapter AUP from even some of one's personal friends there who are "Magrudites" in all but too Uncle Tom genteel accommodationist name; to make it a real fighting HOLLISTER style union. Even, yes, making all "allowance" for TSU Attorney Wells manipulation of state anti-union laws to always divide their work force. WHEN DR. BETTY ILES AS FIRST FEMALE TSU AUP CO-PRESIDENT tried exactly it (not so many years ago) THE SAME PEOPLE NOW TALKING ABOUT BEING "INSULTED" JOINED MAGRUDER AND THE FRIEELS/Fritz "corporation," in shutting even both us up, in vain effort! This liberation does, indeed, David R. mean you going to your residential Columbia press so that Jefferson City and all the state know of the mismanagement up here! It's time to shed light and let "freedom ring, oh yes, sirs, freedom, ring" (MLK) in TSU and Kirksville, 2002! 2002! 2002!

Larry Iles  
Independent Scholar MLA member  
Faculty spouse

## Relationship advice columnist not living up to own standards

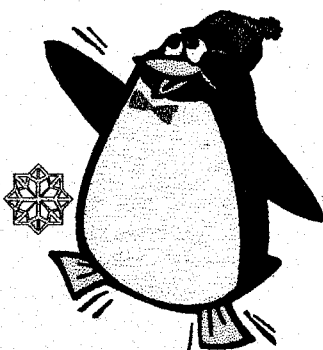
*Monitor,*

Not long ago I saw one Adam Nine out in public, and he was not wearing slacks. And not only was he not wearing slacks, he was not even wearing jeans. He was wearing athletic pants. I would just like to know this: Has current fashion changed? Because if it has, I would

really like it if he would indicate what currently impresses girls. I was devastated when I learned that I should wear slacks (NOT JEANS) combined with a nice looking shirt, because I've been wearing jeans and mean, somewhat aggressive-looking shirts for some time now.

When I learned that this is not the way to impress chicks, I was very upset. I began looking through the catalogues of several major departments stores to get an idea of what types of things look good together, and to be perfectly honest, I have a huge shipment of Haggar slacks coming in the mail right now. So please tell me, are slacks out and athletic pants in, because if so, what am I going to do with all these Haggar slacks? If they're out of style, then I can't give them away as Christmas presents. Who in their right mind would accept a pair of slacks, even Haggar slacks, if they were not in style? I know I wouldn't. The sad truth of the matter is that no one will make a stellar first impression by giving away Haggar slacks if they're not the things that will impress chicks. If current fashion has changed, please ask Adam Nine to update us all, and please have him give us some advanced notice, because I don't want it to always come as a shock to me to see him on campus on some random day, and he's not dressed the way he advised every other guy on campus to dress.

Please help,  
Bewildered in Fashion Hell



## Have a fun break, kids



## monitor opinions

# Liberal studies major should be an option at liberal arts university

Opinion by | Dr. Linda Seidel

A little booklet called *Inventories of Good Practice in Undergraduate Education*, with a checklist of teaching virtues, is routinely distributed to the University faculty preparing for promotion or tenure review. Do you know the names of your students? Have you asked your students "to explain difficult ideas to each other?" Have you encouraged them "to design their own majors when their interests warrant doing so?" Often? Sometimes? Rarely? Never?

What was that last item? Design their own majors?! Nearly everyone knows that this University has no mechanism whereby students can design their own majors. A few years ago, a utopian advisee of mine, at her own insistence, met with the Associate Vice President for Academic Affairs to ask whether she could declare a second major in Women's Studies. After all, she pointed out, she would easily be able to amass 30 hours in the field. Regretfully, said the Associate VP, the answer was "no." My student was proposing a new major, and all new majors had to be approved by the Coordinating Board for Higher Education (CBHE). It would take years.

Now, far be it from me to suggest that the *Inventories of Good Practice* constitutes any sort of guide to institutional reform and innovation; rather, it represents conventional wisdom about what universities and faculty members are supposed to do. But conventional wisdom is not always wrong, and most of us live by it much of the time. My point here is that instituting a mechanism that would allow students the freedom, within some agreed-upon constraints, to design major programs suited to their particular dreams and needs, would not be a radical move but a way to join the mainstream. I would call such a mechanism a Liberal Studies major and, yes, the CBHE would have to approve it. But, given that the Strategic Planning Advisory Committee (SPAC) is currently in the process of soliciting advice from all of us regarding institutional aims and priorities, I believe the time is right to propose such a move.

What might be the advantages of a Liberal Studies major? First, it would promote interdisciplinary learning. Under the rubric of the LS degree, students could pursue African Studies, Women's Studies, or Asian Studies as majors, putting an interdisciplinary approach at the heart of their undergraduate experience. A cohort of Women's Studies students, for example, could be expected to draw connections routinely between, say, their learning in Women in American History, Feminist Criticism, and the Anthropology of Gender. The instructors of those courses might be encouraged to compare notes more often as well.

Second, a Liberal Studies major would allow student rebels to go their own way—if they are disciplined enough to find or clear that path. Maybe some students see no major, minor, or area of concentration that intrigues them but can manage to put together a package of courses focusing on, say, Environmental Ethics, or Marketing Health Care, or Art and Propaganda. Why deny such students their well-earned adventure? Couldn't we all learn something through the choices they make?

Third, a Liberal Studies major would give all students, whether LS majors or not, more responsibility for choosing their own course of study. No longer would students be limited to the faculty's vision of what is good for them if they could produce a coherent plan of their own. For the imaginative student, there would always be another option.

Of course, there would have to be an oversight committee. And presumably students would need faculty mentors to guide them through the process of submitting proposals and negotiating with the committee. But I believe that many faculty members would be willing to take on such tasks—ones that are not busy work, but which go to the heart of teaching and learning.

If the Liberal Studies major sounds like a good idea to you, consider telling the SPAC you think so. Their website can be found at <http://academics.truman.edu/SPAC>.

Just imagine...  
this space could be filled with YOUR opinion...  
All it takes is:

a) Coming to BH 347 on any Tuesday or Thursday night at 9 p.m. to discuss our next issue

or

b) Dropping off a print copy of your piece (along with a copy on disk, please) in our mailbox in the SUB

or

c) E-mailing your story to [monitortrm@hotmail.com](mailto:monitortrm@hotmail.com)

Join us next semester for more wacky antics!

# Keep electoral college, republic

Opinion by | John Hilton

In the wake of last fall's extended presidential election, calls to abolish the Electoral College seem to many Americans more appealing than ever. Senator Dick Durbin, an Illinois Democrat and demagogue-at-large, was quick to introduce a resolution to that effect when Congress convened earlier this year. Indeed, who are these 538 people who assemble every four years to select our next chief executive? Is this a democracy, or isn't it? Shouldn't the candidate who gets the most popular votes win?

Each state gets as many electoral votes as it has members of Congress (senators plus representatives). One hundred members of the US Senate, plus 435 members of the House of Representatives, plus three electors for the District of Columbia, makes for a total of 538 presidential electors. Missouri, having two US Senators and nine members of the House of Representatives, gets 11 electoral votes. The summer before a presidential election, each political party in every state selects a slate of people from among their faithful to serve as electors should their presidential candidate carry that state. Since Bush won in Missouri, the Republican slate was certified to cast Missouri's 11 votes in the Electoral College when it convened last fall.

In keeping with the principle of equality embodied in the slogan "one man, one vote," critics of the Electoral College argue that because Al Gore received more popular votes than George Bush, it's only right that Gore should have been inaugurated. But such an argument forgets that America was organized as a federal republic, not as a mass democracy. The Electoral College intentionally gives less populous states a stronger voice in the presidential election process. Wyoming, with half a

million people, has three electoral votes, compared to 54 electoral votes for California's 33 million citizens. Do a little math, and you'll discover that Wyoming has more per capita representation in the Electoral College than does California. Remember, this country is not a union of 250 million individuals, but of 50 sovereign states. Such is the nature of Federalism.

This may seem unfair, but it is important to recognize that our Founding Fathers created a bicameral legislative branch with one chamber based on popular representation (the House of Representatives) and one chamber based on equal representation for all states (the Senate). This arrangement is known as the Great Compromise, crafted in order to balance the interests of large states against those of smaller states, and the Electoral College (along with the US Senate) has helped to maintain that balance over the years. Wyoming has two US Senators, just like California. So, a person who wants to abolish the Electoral College on the grounds of inequality should also want to do away with the US Senate. I can't imagine Dick Durbin advocating the abolition of the very body to which he belongs, but that is the logical conclusion of the case against the Electoral College, since the Senate and the Electoral College are founded on the same principle.

The Electoral College serves a valuable purpose in American democracy: it encourages politicians to listen to the concerns of citizens from less populous states. Without the Electoral College, candidates for national office would only campaign in major population centers, and residents of rural and smaller states (who deserve to have their voices heard just as much as any other citizen) would not have a chance to voice their concerns. This is a republic, not a democracy. Let's keep it that way.

# Leftovers: Bastard Christmas

Opinion by | Ed Jenkins

Ever since Sept. 12, it seems that the lights have been strung through the sky. For us, it is with the dangerous tool known as the Christmas light, which can be used equally for beautification of one's home as well as for cheapening the already very cheap atmosphere of the holidays. In Afghanistan, however, the only lights on display for Ramadan are those screaming to the Earth like space volcanoes. And while we're dreaming of a White Christmas (in more ways than one) in our country, by which we mean in the supposed sense to be snow (which seems unlikely thus far in this freakishly moderate fall), those in Iraq can be certain that they will be receiving showers of gifts from the sky for Dec. 25, though they will be gifts of death, of which the Iraqis already have a surplus.

But foreign policy and war aside, this holiday season is like those in the past. It is a bastardization of Christ. We're worshipping the god in which we trust as opposed to the one that it killed somewhere along the way. That is to say, in short, that the materialization of our nation with its regular destruction of our souls grows into a hulking leviathan every December and grows larger each consecutive year while we claim that our Christmas respects to the son of God.

The Christ that I know (and who exists within the present because time is a hoax) suggested that we should not hoard material wealth

but instead act in such a way that generates things of spiritual value (Mathew 6:19-20). And for those of you keeping track, he even went so far as to say, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God." (Mathew 19:24). That ain't easy.

But of course I have to issue my disclaimers for the week: I don't believe that we necessarily have to discard all non-essential material wealth, and I also do not claim to be immune to the chicanery of the material world. Nonetheless, I do feel the material reliance of our nation has gone beyond "alarming" and has reached "oh shit" on the damnation meter.

And Jesus Christ, the kids are the ones who are getting it in the ass for real. The advertising industry spends billions with the intent of hypnotizing these children and convincing them by any means except reason that they need worthless things. Kids don't need to be inundated with toys but instead should be inundated with love and social and mental stimuli.

So this holiday season (and it will be hard), give your gifts but place the emphasis not on the gift itself but on the love surrounding it. You can be certain that your parents would rather get some cute gift that you made yourself than a big fucking M&M from Walgreen's. And pray for the children of Iraq and the U.S.A. who are having their lives and souls destroyed, respectively.

# The secret of military tribunals: they work

## Opinion by I Dr. Marc Becker

President George W. Bush and Attorney General John Ashcroft are proposing to dispose of the inconveniences of constitutional niceties and implement military tribunals in order to try, convict and dispose of foreigners who are accused of terrorism or of harboring terrorists.

This is not, of course, the first time that an executive leader has attempted to circumvent legal structures designed to protect peoples' civil rights in order to defend alleged threats to a country's perceived national defense. It seems as if the Bush administration is taking its cues from the South American country of Peru. Facing the brutal Shining Path guerrilla insurgency that resulted in the deaths of tens of thousands of people, mostly innocent civilians caught between the guerrillas and the country's military, in the early 1990s president Alberto Fujimori implemented military tribunals to try suspected terrorists. Conviction rates for politically motivated actions immediately jumped from 10 to 97 percent. In order to apprehend a few people who were perceived as threats to society many innocent people also had to pay

with their freedoms and lives.

This incredibly high conviction rate was only achieved through blatant violations of Peruvian and international standards of due process. This included using panels of hooded judges examining secret evidence that accused persons were not allowed to access. The prosecution often set the ground rules in the courtroom, and the tribunals routinely denied peoples' access to lawyers. After all, as Ronald Reagan once stated, why had they been arrested if they were not guilty?

Take, for example, the case of U.S. citizen Lori Berenson, a human rights activist, freelance journalist, and political prisoner in Peru. Anti-terrorism police arrested Lori on Nov. 30, 1995, accusing her of leading the revolutionary guerrilla group, the Tupac Amaru Revolutionary Movement (MRTA). Lori was not involved with the MRTA, but her true crime was a deep commitment to social justice and a desire to help bring an end to poverty and suffering. Support for the plight of the poor made her a threat to the wealthy elite who benefitted from this economic injustice.

Lori did not stand a chance of proving her

innocence in front of the military tribunal that sentenced her to life in prison. The tribunal, like those proposed to deal with similar inconvenient foreigners in the United States, did not notify her of the charges she was facing and restricted her access to legal counsel. Five years later after a sustained international campaign (see [freelori.org](http://freelori.org)) the Supreme Military Council of Peru finally admitted that it lacked any evidence to support the charges against Lori and nullified her conviction. Rather than releasing her, the case was remanded to a civilian terrorism court that re-sentenced her to twenty years in prison. According to the U.S. State Department, this court "fails to meet international standards of openness, fairness, and due process." Lori's new trial included more due process violations, judicial bias and prejudgment (considered by the public, press, and judges to be guilty before evidence was presented), and the use of tainted and fabricated evidence.

The same violations of openness, fairness, and due process that the U.S. State Department has criticized in military tribunals in other countries are what Bush and Ashcroft now propose to implement in the United States. In the pro-

cess innocent people like Lori Berenson will inevitably be convicted, and our civil rights will be trampled. Opposition to these military tribunals is not only a defense of the rights of the guilty (which Ashcroft would have us forget is critical in a constitutional democracy), but also the interests of the innocent who will be caught up in these sweeping dragnets. Many people opposed Ashcroft's nomination to the position of Attorney General because of his historic lack of support for civil rights, and his position on military tribunals just proves this point.

The Bush administration is using the Sept. 11 attacks, much like Peru used the Shining Path insurgency, as a cover to implement neo-liberal policies designed to make the rich richer and the rest of us much, much poorer. Apparently, as in Peru, the temptation to implement military tribunals to crack down on domestic and international dissent is proving to be just too irresistible. The bitter irony is that military tribunals do exactly what they are intended to do—they take away our ability to protest the loss of our freedoms and civil liberties and the concentration of wealth and power in the hands of the elite.

## Bombs make good fences

### Opinion by I Tom Ridge

you're threatening my security. i'll put up walls and all will be better. what's that you say? you have a gun? you'll blast through my walls? then i'll get a gun and you'll be dead upon entry. what's that, you coward? you'll send ahead your servant to be your sacrificial lamb, then shoot me in the back as i return to my abode? well i must protect my life, for that is all that i have, so i'll keep watch in my tallest tower as you wreak havoc below. i'll guard it with twenty servants all armed with guns, so your men won't gain entry, they'll be dead in their tracks.

and if you come with machine-guns and saw my men down, you'll be met with machine guns, a slaughter will ensue. you can make your weapons bigger, you can make your walls thicker, you can make yourself scarce, but anything you can do i can do better, so i'll always have my security, my safety behind kevlar walls and fifteen nukes pointed straight at your head set on a hairpin trigger so i have to tread lightly its as touchy as a fucking car alarm and if i fart too loud you'll be dead.

as i'm sitting here waiting for our neo-nazi coke addict president to fart i think about a time when i felt secure. when i was growing up, all the way through high-school, i was very ignorant. not stupid, i had good grades and was ultimately accepted into what i know now to be a real shit-hole of a school, although it may suit you just fine. but i was ignorant. all my history classes had always left me with the impression that america was the only good country, the only normal country, and the others were just full of dumb people who couldn't keep up with our genius. it seemed like the world was peaceful, and america was the most peaceful of all, the best of all. Genghis Kahn and the idea of conquering the world were bullshit fantasies of the old days, no one was that greedy anymore.

i live in a completely different world now. as i learned that everything i believed then was lies, diversions, and propaganda the universe that i was blinked out of existence and i created a new one. my new universe was insecure but who needs security anyway? fuck security. i had something that was much sweeter, that

made me stronger than any gun... truth.

i dropped out of Truman and soon found that i could learn more by reading books than any spoon-feeding by teachers i didn't respect could ever teach me. i wouldn't have a piece of paper at the end to say i was four years smarter, but all i was really losing was a defined future, a plan, a career, a diploma which was just more bullshit security.

are you afraid of dying? if the cold hard barrel of a gun came to a rest on the back of your neck would you have regrets or would you use the last seconds of your life to find peace? if you lived through this encounter would you go buy a gun to reestablished security or would you be thankful that you were given an opportunity to learn a lesson in impermanence and reestablish an appreciation for life? would you still be afraid of death after being shown that it could happen at any time?

weapons of mass destruction. this is how america deals with the fear of death, the fear of insecurity. why don't we just bury a huge nuke in the center of the earth and give a detonation button to everyone who feels threatened? nobody would fuck with anyone then. if you get into a dispute with someone just wire each other with twenty sticks of dynamite each and have your finger on the trigger when you pass on the street.

security is an elusive master. it dictates much of your life yet the more you look for it the less secure you become. it is defined as freedom from risk or danger, but how safe do you feel behind all your guns? what is the alternative you ask? what is the *alternative*? fuck you, you capitalist pig! you think if i doesn't make you money it isn't a viable option?! capitalism will always leave a trail of death and destruction and we will never have security until your greedy, american lifestyle is abolished and you learn that there are more important things in life than the fucking economy and a four-wheel-drive SUV! someday you'll hit rock bottom and as a passerby is lifting your face out of the mud you'll rediscover the value of love and compassion and realize that the answer was staring you in the face all through your wasted life!

## Smokers infringe on right to fresh, clean air

### Opinion by I W. Aaron Wilson

I'm an addict. I fully admit it, I'm an all day, every day, hopped-up-on-goofballs, fix-a-minute addict. My fix? Sweet, sweet oxygen. Yes, I'm addicted to clean air. I've tried kicking the habit, but after only a few seconds I usually break down and come back for more (Or my face turns blue; usually both.)

Apparently my addiction has blinded me to an enormous, unfounded hatred I harbor within my twisted heart. My all-consuming need for clean air (or O<sub>2</sub>, fresh air, or "Oxy" as it's known on the streets) has driven me to support the gradual dismantling of basic human rights. Specifically, I am talking about the rights of smokers to smoke wherever and whenever they want.

I can't believe that I have been a party to such a huge human rights infringement. As an SA, I fully supported the university's draconian policies, which insist that smokers only smoke within designated rooms or outside, exposed to the elements. I even helped to enforce them.

No more! From this day forth, I will not let my lust for oxygen keep me from standing idly as one of the foundations of this country (Where would the Jamestown colony have been without its tobacco exports?) is assailed from all sides. And the fight starts right here, with the reclamation of campus for unrestricted smoking.

I'll also go into rehab for my oxygen problem once I'm able to kick my water habit.

Okay, I'm not trying to attack smokers. I'm not even really trying to attack smoking. I'm not here to be all holier-than-thou and help fuel the "eternal struggle" against smoking. Smoke if you want to, it's your choice. However, for the most part, it's not my choice to smoke, and that's where I draw the line.

I'm sick of hearing the following: smokers are having their rights taken away, and that non-smokers (mostly liberals, apparently) persecute smokers by restricting the places they can smoke.

People do have the right to choose whether to smoke or not, no question. But the problem stems from this simple fact: smoke doesn't stay with just the smoker. I'm sure we all know that second hand smoke is almost as harmful as directly inhaled smoke. And even if you don't believe in its cancer causing properties, I know countless people including family members who have asthma, allergies or other conditions that are aggravated by second hand smoke. Until smokers walk around with little bubbles on their head that keep the smoke in, they are both harming these people and infringing on their rights to be smoke free.

So basically, I'm saying that I am in favor of making the residence halls smoke free environments. I do not in anyway view this as persecution, but more a defense of my right to breathe clean air.

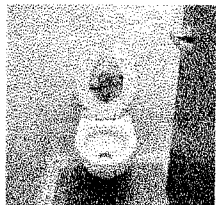
Now, if you'll excuse me, I need to go feed one of my other addictions. The kids are calling it "sleep."

# HAPPY HOLIDAYS!

FROM THE MONITOR

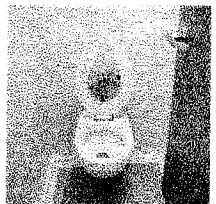
# TEAR YOUR BLIND

What have you got to say for yourself, *Index*?



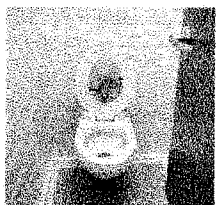
"I'm full of shit."

- Sir Dookie Pooperton  
Reporter



"Remember how I said I would return your call regarding that article about how I never call people back? Yeah, I deliberately didn't call you back so as to evade questioning."

- Canna Adutti  
Unprofessional Fibber,  
Coward



"Who says I can't have one article about Kirksville being full of troglodytes and another wondering why townsfolk hate students?"

- Crappy McNewspaper  
Oblivious Dipshit

## Nine out of ten voices in my head say that stress really sucks

Opinion by | Jesse Dowell

Nine out of ten of the voices in my head say stress sucks. The tenth voice is also the one that has tried to kill me on more than one occasion (come on, everyone has one; it is the one that tells you to pass that eighteen-wheeler on highway 63 north, or to insult people. See you have one). I am so fucking stressed right now with finals, papers, moving, and, of course, the opposite sex. Well, I have things that are reducing my stress. Here are a few: writing a bullshit

article for *The Monitor*, going to Thousand Hills and screaming, writing cuss words (shit, ass, fuck, bastard), drinking less caffeine, sleeping more (man, is it me or are these starting to sound like depression symptoms?), and getting work done ahead of time. Fellow freshmen and new transfers, don't worry: this stress will leave you in four or five years. As for the opposite sex, I'll tell y'all about that when I find out how to deal with that.

## ...News That is UnFit...

New club fucks shit up, Tolkien style

Truman's newest student organization, LOTRF (Lord Of The Rings Foreva) is quickly becoming the most...er...popular club in town. Created in anticipation of the December 19 release of *The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring*, the new club has built its daily meeting attendance to nearly 4,000 people in an impressively short amount of time.

Sponsored by each and every professor in both the Mathematics and Science departments, the club has set some lofty goals for the next two weeks. "Well," stated club president Tim Finkley, "we've been working non-stop to make sure every single person on the face of the planet is going to be at the theaters on Tuesday, December 18, getting a place in line for tickets to the movie that is better than any for which there has even been a dream of the thought of the beginning of conceptualization."

Upon asking the club members how they plan to get this goal accomplished, the *Monitor* staff was told "you will go the theater on December 18 and you will tell all of your friends to do the same, sucka," while a large disc painted with a black and white spiral spun rapidly in the background. Silly geeks. That only works in the movies.

Go ahead, sign the contract. It will only cost your soul.

The Residential Living Office has nearly finished collecting souls (or was it signatures?) for second semester housing contracts. Res. Life has requested that we at the *Monitor* clarify some charges that might show up on your account for next semester.

There was some fine print at the top of your second semester housing contract. There is a \$25 penalty if you didn't sign under that paragraph. There is an additional \$25 penalty if you signed outside the space designated by the fine print, and there is a \$25 surcharge for the use of the designated space if you did in fact sign within the designated space.

An additional form, which is not currently available at any office at the University, is also required with the housing contract. If not returned, the form carries a \$600 break of contract fee because the statement, "I will turn in the additional form with my housing contract" appears in your housing contract. Also, without the additional form your official status will be "moved out" and you will be charged \$10 for every day the room exists after the first day of second semester.

It is advised by the Office of Residential Living that you "get the hell out while you still can, Jesus Christ Almighty."

Gays, Lesbians and Conservatives, oh my!

The semi-annual P.R.I.S.M. dance, held at the NEMO fairgrounds two weekends ago, was highlighted by the appearance of men dressed as women, women dressed as men, and Republican leaders. In addition to Republican representatives from the University, it was reported that Missouri Senator Ashcroft made an appearance (you might have met a "gal" named Kiki).

After voting against legislation that would prohibit job discrimination by sexual orientation and voting against the Hate Crimes Prevention Act, it seems unlikely that Ashcroft would be found at such a gathering. When asked about these and other measures of legislation, "Kiki" told us that John "is just very confused about what he wants in life. All he really knows is how much he likes the control top on these pantyhose! Woooo!"

Kiki later told *Monitor* reporters of a wicked after party that was set to go down in the fellowship hall of the First Assembly of God.

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# The Call

## Opinion by | Jami Burns

Imagine yourself at a party, the library, Bio class, or wherever, and that guy/girl you have had your eye on comes over to talk to you. After one of the best conversations of your life, you are lucky enough to exchange phone numbers. Now the question is whether to call or not to call.

Let's go with calling. For a girl, this is one of the scariest things in the world. I'm sure it's scary for guys, too, but I don't know for sure. I have found that answering machines are the best thing in the world; they put the ball completely in his court and you have no worries. Well, you have no worries if he gets off his ass and calls you back. If we are still going with the "to call" option, more questions arise, such as, "What are you going to talk about?" and "How long should you wait to call?"

My suggestion is easy: if you're going to call, you should have a game plan. Be a super diva and have a date planned. It can be as cheap and easy as dinner at the SUB and a SAB movie or something real. It doesn't matter; just have a plan! Now the waiting game is a different story. The dilemma lies in that if you call the next day you seem desperate, but if you wait too long the interest is gone. I say wait a couple of days, but if you go past four then you've waited too long.

OK, so now you've called. What to do now? This is the part that pisses me off. He thought I was cute enough to give me his number, but now he thinks he's too good for me? I never know if I should call back a second time, but if I do, I'll be sure he's home so

he has to talk to me.

A thing to remember, however, is that even though girls usually love the phone, guys don't. As my counterpart Adam put it, making the first phone call isn't awkward for guys because they just don't do it. The awkwardness of the first phone call is what more often than not kills what could have been a great thing. So my final opinion is get off your ass and dial the number already you have nothing to lose at this point except a false hope you had of this wonderful person you randomly met.

## Opinion by | Adam IX

Although the vast majority of my relationship articles have been written with males as my intended audience, this article is primarily going out to the ladies. Concerning the phone, most guys would rather talk to a girl in person, rather than via telephone or email. The phone gives girls a defense, however, in that the girl is able to maneuver more adeptly in finding out more information about you without putting herself in any emotionally risky situations. Girls, I want you to know that the large

majority of guys would rather not use the phone to talk to you. You can take this as a challenge to find a guy who will talk to you over the phone, but you will most certainly either end up lied to or lonely, so I advise you not to do so. Guys, you can play these games if you so desire, but make sure you learn the rules first.

The phone is just one of the many stages in the dating game that a guy must subvert in order to secure a relationship, and the initial few calls are vital. The guy must appear to be bivalent towards the girl in order to win her interest at this stage. Appearing too desperate to the girl is an immediate turnoff and will result in the infamous cold shoulder. Play your cards right, and ask her out for a definite time at a definite spot, and you'll be on your way to a semi-serious romance. If the girl can't make it, and doesn't give an alternate time for a date, she's not interested and has chosen to never be. Whenever you sense the girl is not interested in a relationship, hard as it may be, get out of there immediately and don't look back. When a girl convinces herself that she doesn't want to be in a relationship with you, it's just not worth the time and effort to try to change her mind, so just move on.

## She said, He said



## A two-sided look at relationships

Tune in next semester for more great stories about guys, gals, and the stuff they do to each other!

# Advertised high-paying job too good to be true, sucks

## Exposé by | Bob Eil

All across campus, signs advertise a job that pays \$13.70 an hour. It looks so good! Full or part time! You can have as few as 10 hours a week or as many as 40, if you want. Forty thousand dollars in scholarships available! No door-to-door sales or telemarketing is required. No experience is necessary because they will train you. The only description of this mysterious dream job can be found on the handbills. It says, simply, "customer service/retail sales." This can be a great way to earn some money for the summer/holiday season/rising cost of living. In fact, that last sentence is the exact line used on me when I was hired for this job last summer (these were also the words used by my manager when I quit this past October). Does this sound too good to be true? If you said yes, you're right. It is too good to be true.

"Fourteen bucks an hour for a customer service/retail job?" That's what I thought when I first saw these ads. I'm sure it's what you're thinking. That's why I'm writing this piece: to tell you the truth. From my experience and from the experience of many people I worked with, an individual in this line of business will rarely make \$13.70 per hour at this job. You get paid purely on commission, and when your commission doesn't average out to \$13.70 per demo, Vector Marketing (the company) leads you to believe that you will get the \$13.70, which is referred to as base pay. Of course, base pay isn't exactly a standard, either. You could do 25

demos, sell on only one or two, and those flukes will throw off your base pay. You aren't guaranteed to sell. Vector claims you are guaranteed to sell 66 percent of the time. You won't sell that often. They also talk about the average order size being \$150. Untrue. I've known many people whose average order size was about a third of that. You won't make \$13.70 for each demo. It's that simple. It's more like this: On one demo, you'll earn nothing. On another, you'll earn five bucks. On another, you'll earn \$40. Of course, if you don't do a demo with "qualified" individuals (i.e. if both the husband and wife are not present or if you do a demo for someone who is single), you won't get anything for it if you don't sell. It all seems very inconsistent (and shady) to me. I'm not a big fan of large corporations that hide behind legalese and averages when hiring sales reps, either. Vector is one of those companies. Yes, there are those who have been very successful with Vector — I've seen the paychecks for as much as \$4,000 for one week's work. But here's the thing — the people who receive those paychecks seemed to fit in the same social strata as a really slimy used-car salesman. These folks would say and do anything to get a sale. But let me get into more details about the job itself.

Like I said, the company is Vector Marketing Corporation. They have offices all across the United States and Canada. This job isn't about customer service or marketing or gaining valuable communications and public relations

experience (these were some of the things told to me by my managers); this job is about selling knives. Cutco is the brand name. These knives are great. I'll be the first to admit it. I only did the job for more than a month because I believed in the product. It's a great product. It's made in the United States. It's unique and durable. It seriously is the last knife you'd ever have to buy. Of course, there's a catch. These knives are very expensive. When I sold them, an individual steak knife cost \$24. A paring knife cost \$36. Those are just the small pieces. Sets cost even more than that, ranging from \$299 to \$2,000. We were instructed to target upper middle class families. The folks with the \$4,000 paychecks usually did their demos in the wealthier parts of St. Louis. They also spent all their free time bothering people on the phone, asking them to set up a demo.

Looking back upon Vector's hiring process, I am reminded of a slaughterhouse. About 40 potential sales reps are herded into a room where the office manager proceeds to do a full Cutco demonstration for you. He or she explains the products, tells you about the company, and, if he or she is extremely smooth, will make dollar signs dance in your eyes by the time the hour long interview is up. Then, the manager says something like, "Some of you will be asked to come back for training. Some of you will not." The managers then meet with one or two people at a time in their offices. Most of the time, unless you're really stupid and really

ugly, you will be asked to return for training at some point during the next couple of days. Most people are asked to come and train. During my training, I noticed that each day, the number of trainees became significantly smaller. By my third and final day of training, the group of about 35 people became a group of six. While I was with Vector, I thought those people didn't come back to training because they didn't have what it takes to succeed, that I was the smart one because I kept coming back. Now I realize that they were the smart ones. Most of those people didn't come back because they saw Vector for the sham it was and still is.

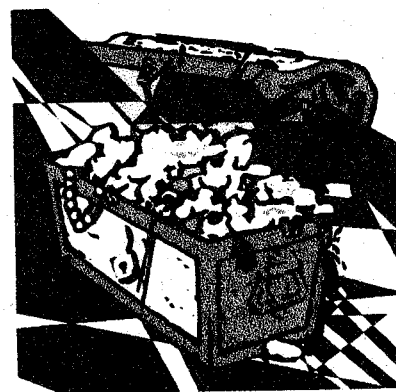
In our training (all three days of it) we were instructed to emphasize the point that we are college students working toward a scholarship. Sure, this is kind of true. There are 40 scholarships available through Vector. The top 40 sellers receive these scholarships. The top sellers usually have career sales numbers six digits in length. Everybody talks about a scholarship they're trying to win, but the truth is that nobody who is just starting out really has much of a chance at it. They don't tell you that in training. Oh, by the way, you don't get paid for your training time, as you would with any legitimate job. You don't get paid for driving to your office for mandatory sales meetings, ei-

Continued on page 12



# KIRKSVILLE'S HIDDEN TREASURES

AN ON-GOING SERIES DEVOTED  
TO DISCOVERING THE WEALTH OF KIRKSVILLE



*The Monitor bids farewell to Hidden Treasures Crew*

Feature by | Olivera Bratich,  
Marie Montano and Leslee  
White

Alas, loyal reader, our treasure hunting days have come to an end. You've underestimated us; we're graduating! We hope to "cum loud," but we'll have to see what happens. Even though we're gone, Kirksville is still ripe with booty. And we leave it to you, reader, to seek out this fine booty. So we're leaving you guys with a "do-it-yourself" guide to finding Kirksville's crown jewels.

There are precisely four types of hidden treasures:

**Type #1: The not-so-hidden-treasure.** Booty-hunting is not always an easy task. Our lack of motivation has sometimes made us jump for the easiest booty in town. We ourselves have succumbed to the flashy deals of a classy uptown JOINT. But as in life, the easiest booty often leads to the biggest mess on the floor. This past October, once again the "Hidden Treasures" deadline crept up on us. And we went for the easiest, closest booty in reach, which turned out to be Bogey's Thursday night special. Five dollars for all-you-can-drink — what can go wrong?

We're not big drinkers but we're huge Arthur fans. ("Has there been a death in your family? This is funny stuff.") So we squeezed ourselves into some high society duds before hitting the town. The place was hopping, we were downing Long Island Ice Teas, and the barkeep was making 'em STIFF. Our descent into drunkenness was quick. We stumbled home, and what followed was a marathon of repentance and regret (and regurgitation). Much like the old adage, the easiest booty often leaves you with a nasty feeling the next morning. In your genitals.

**Type #2: Kirksville's finest.** The City of Kirksville is devoted to supplying booty to its citizenry. When you're on the hunt, your survival kit should include the Kirksville Info Channel, bulletin boards at Wal-Mart and Hy-vee, and the Kirksville Daily Express. These sources keep you ABREAST to the happenings in Kirksville such as Coffee with the Council or the local Strongman/Highlander games.

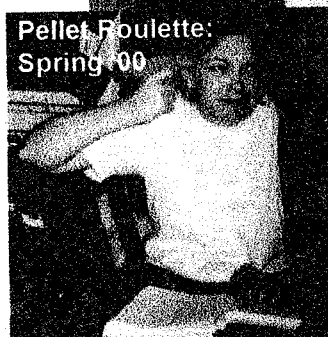
Recently Kirksville High School put on the musical extravaganza *Brigadoon*, the story of the love between a disillusioned New Yorker and a beautiful young virgin who lives in the mystical Scottish town of Brigadoon, that only appears once every hundred years. We especially enjoyed the performance of Ryan Clark as Andrew MacLaren, the androgynous, yet lovable, father of the bride. Keep reaching for the stars, Ryan, your future's so bright, you gotta wear shades.



Wal-Mart Gourmet Night  
Fall '99



Coffee with  
the Council  
Fall '00



Pellet Roulette:  
Spring '00



Halloween: Fall '01



Eclectics:  
Fall '00



Captain Pecker:  
Fall '00



Kirksville City Hayride: Fall '99

The music wasn't really "good," and the story didn't make much "sense." As one reviewer put it, "*Brigadoon?* Briga-dumb." But damn it if those kids didn't have heart. So, venture into the community and dare to mingle with people of Kirksville; they're not the "troglodytes" Anna Codutti would have us believe.

**Type #3: Road Tripping.** Although there's much ado in Kirksville, the surrounding area has its charms. Who could forget the sexcapades of "Ottumwa here we Cummwa?" Keep your ear to the ground for info on nearby treasures such as the Macon Maize Maze, the Edina Cornfest and the Rutledge Gun and Dog Show. But we've recently discovered the HIGHlight of Northeast Missouri amusement: the Mark Twain Casino in La Grange. Only God knows why he bestowed the knowledge of the existence of this playground on us so late in our college careers. But the nanosecond we heard, it was a mere one hour and fifteen minutes away, we knew it was time to "throw the ball out the window." We donned our glitziest Vegas HIGH Roller attire and made the brief sojourn. Mark Twain welcomed us with open arms and, despite what people may say about him, his are the loosest slots in town. Though we endured intense security checks (perhaps because of our costuming), the otherwise friendly staff let us rob them blind. Everyone walked home a winner, though the penny slots were not kind. The glamour of Vegas right in our own back yard. So if you like sinning as much as we do, it's worth the seventy-five minute hotbox. Sometimes it's necessary to "drop the ball" and head for the border, the Kirksville city border.

**Type #4: Homegrown.** There are several things you can do around the house to make everyday a hidden treasure. Sometimes there will be a drought of booty in Kirksville, and you'll have to avoid the scurvy. For example, we are devout fans of the NBC soap spectacular *Passions*. We HIGHLY recommend it. Will Charity's premonitions come true? Will "Diana"/Sheridan have more memories of her past life on the Titanic? Will Reese expose the witch Tabitha and her living doll? Is Theresa pregnant by her fiancé's ex-father? The suspense never ends. And if you're already a fan, run, don't walk, to pick up your copy of *Hidden Passions, the Secret Diary of Tabitha Lennox*. It's just as zany as the show, but much, much dirtier.

Some people may do crafts. Some people might experiment with horticulture. Some people may get a satellite dish. Some people may get high... every day. Whatever, dude. Peace out. Keep the Rock alive.

## Lucy excels in debut album

*Lucy is a Band*

Lucy Loves Schroeder

Sony/Epic

### Review by I.W. Aaron Wilson

From the first moments of their first full-length album, *Lucy is a Band*, Lucy Loves Schroeder establishes itself as better than average punk band. The band, claiming both punk and pop influences, has taken some of the best from each field and evolved above the mindless drivel that both genres seem to generate.

While the punk influence is undeniable, providing hard-hitting, volatile riffs and drumbeats, the band has not felt the need to cover weak lyrics by cranking up the volume. They have also gone beyond mashing the sounds of the individual members into one large, indistinguishable mess as many Neanderthals of punk have done and continue to do.

At the same time, although they claim pop influences, the band has in no way "sold out." Their sound is too fresh and subtle to be classified as pop. This is the kind of music to scream out the car window as you speed down the highway. This music is a sweet, infectious infusion of angst and energy.

Probably the most notable thing about the band, though, is the velvety vocals of lead singer/guitarist Sara Radle. Her languorous, throaty voice can run the spectrum of dark and smooth to expressively bitter. Bassist Andrew Binovi, who also proves to have a well-balanced singing voice, also sings a few tracks on *Lucy is a Band*. The percussion of Rob Schumacher completes

the band.

Altogether, the band shows the inventiveness and consistency often found lacking in bands that claim a deep allegiance to this particular genre of music. Examples include the simple, stripped down xylophone solo on "Fairweather Friend" and the sighing female background vocals on tracks such as "Miss Congeniality," "Big Drag," and "Burned Your Photograph."

These subtle background vocals are also present in one of the CD's biggest highlights, the band's cover of "Then He Kissed Me." While it seems unfair to focus on a cover by a band that's obviously creative and highly talented in its own right, the band's version of "Then He Kissed Me" is a definite triumph.

Unlike many "underground" bands that cover older songs in order to generate nothing more than vague sarcasm, Lucy Loves Schroeder's "Then He Kissed Me" exposes the inherent sexism of the original without being disrespectful. Instead of simply deconstructing the original, Lucy Loves Schroeder has taken it apart and put it back together, adding insight in the process.

Of their original songs, some of the best are "Dragon Lady," "Big Drag," and the bitterly dynamic "Burned Your Photograph." The lyrics are not only full of life and imagery but also keep well away from being overly repetitious.

Overall, *Lucy is a Band* by "Lucy Loves Schroeder" is a brilliant gem of a CD, carefully crafted and endlessly subtle. It's a great listen for anyone looking for original, interesting pop-punk-influenced music.

## Harry Potter movie honors book

*Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone*

Starring

Directed by Chris Columbus

### Review by I.J.J. Pionke

Ask nearly any child who Harry Potter is and more often than not you will get a very long answer from a very excited child. For those of you out there who have not yet read the books, go read them! Many non-reading children have become at least marginal readers because of J.K. Rowling, author of the *Harry Potter* series. For those of you who are too lazy, there is now a movie out that concerns the first book, *Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone*.

The movie, like the book, is fantastic and well worth a good watch (or multiple viewings). The characterizations are right on and the special effects are dazzling. My favorite scene by far is the Quidditch match. For those of you who aren't familiar with Quidditch, it is a mix of football and rugby played with four balls in mid-air on broomsticks. I highly recommend reading the novel before seeing the movie. It will help make some of the transitions easier.

Particularly, I really liked how the adaptation handled Harry's time at the Dursleys. We are made to know in the movie that Harry's life there is miserable, and getting him to Hogwarts is tastefully done. Basically, a series of quick scenes moves him from point A to point B. I am glad that it was dealt with, as it would have seemed strange for Harry to just start at

Hogwarts without any of the background knowledge. The movie tended to stay very true to the book (as it should have since Rowling had creative control over the movie and many of the things in it were designed by her or based on her ideas as to what people/places/objects should look like).

However, if I have a beef with the film: I was not impressed with how the last section of the movie was handled. SPOILER ALERT! If you don't want to know the difference or have not read the book and don't want to be spoiled, skip to the next paragraph. In the book, Harry must pass through five obstacles to get to the sorcerer's stone. In the movie, he only goes through four, and the potions portion has been cut out. That really ticked me off. It took away from Hermione's character as well as from Snape. While we all feel Snape is a slimy kind of guy, we also know he is a good guy and it didn't seem fair that his section of the challenge would be hacked off. I will take a sentence here to say that Alan Rickman, who plays Snape, was brilliant.

Spoiler aside, the look of the film is incredible and a second viewing is almost needed to catch all of the stuff going on in the background. The film was shot on location in England, and the sets are spectacular.

Finally, I would highly recommend this film. While I am not fond of some of the things that were hacked out for the sake of space, I do understand the need to keep the running time to within reason. It was a great film and an even greater book.

## Radiohead can't go wrong with *Live Recordings*

*I Might Be Wrong: Live Recordings*

Radiohead

Capitol

### Review by I Zach Lechner

Let's be honest: the heaps of acclaim that rock critics have pored over Radiohead recently are kind of embarrassing. But let's also be clear: Radiohead is one of the most interesting bands working today because they dare to be artists. They are pretentious, yes, but they have a right to be so. The experiments on their previous two albums, last year's *Kid A* and the recent *Amnesiac*, owe much to musicians such as Brian Eno, Aphex Twin, and Pink Floyd. Yet Radiohead always retains its separate identity that was established on *The Bends* (1995) and the classic *OK Computer* (1997).

*I Might Be Wrong: Live Recordings* is a welcome addition to the band's catalogue. Recorded during last summer's tour, the disc offers fans an opportunity to hear Radiohead re-interpret the blips of *Kid A* and *Amnesiac* on live instrumentation. The band demonstrates that it has not abandoned the three-guitar attack of Jonny Greenwood, Ed O'Brien and Thom Yorke. The mini-album starts off appropriately with the tour's standard opening selection, "The National Anthem," a song about living in a claustrophobic society that was bolstered by a jazzy horn section on *Kid A*. Here that element is absent. Instead, Colin Greenwood bass buzzes even more sinisterly, as vocalist Thom Yorke's percussive breaths punctuate the otherworldly noises made by O'Brien's and Jonny Greenwood's electronic devices. A good, albeit bass-light, rendering of *Amnesiac*'s "I Might Be Wrong" is followed by a strong performance of the *Kid A* version of "Morning Bell," a song about divorce that is one of the highlights of Radiohead's experiments with minimalist electronica.

It is difficult to describe just how good the next track, "Like Spinning Plates," is. This is surprising because on *Amnesiac* it comes off sounding a little too busy (Nigel Godrich's layered production is to blame). But live, stripped

down to Yorke's piano and vocals (with bass and effects accompaniment), the song is immeasurably improved. It reinforces the fact that Yorke's voice has always been one of Radiohead's most valuable instruments. The performance is one of the most expressive and emotional pieces of music in the band's catalogue.

Another song that benefits from the live atmosphere is "Idiotique." Although a strong studio track, it comes off more intense outside of the studio. The staccato computer beat erupts at the midway point into the pounding of Phil Selway's live drum kit, and the crowd roars with approval as the band engages in an electronic freak-out at the conclusion.

Perhaps the most interesting track in this collection is a six-and-a-half minute version of "Everything in Its Right Place," complete with a false start. As Yorke sings, Johnny Greenwood records his voice and loops it, so that even after Yorke has exited the stage, his vocals spin and echo around the keyboard riff and drum beats.

After a solid version of "Dollars and Cents," the album concludes with a performance from Yorke, accompanied only by his acoustic guitar, of "True Love Waits." The inclusion of this song is a real bonus for Radiohead fans because, although the band has performed it in concert for years, *I Might Be Wrong* marks the first time that it has been officially released.

The only gripe I have with this record is its length. With eight tracks clocking in at 40 minutes, Radiohead has offered only about a third of the content of one of their concerts. Also, the only tracks included are those from the last two LPs. The reason for this is understandable. The band probably wished to demonstrate that they still know how (and have the desire) to rock out. It would have been nice, however, to hear material from *The Bends* and *OK Computer*, two albums that the band drew upon heavily during their recent tour. Still, *I Might Be Wrong* offers fans that missed seeing the band in concert a glimpse of the live grandeur that is Radiohead. After hearing this disc, they will be sure not to miss the opportunity again.

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# Film club debuts *Thomas*, to launch series of student films

*Thomas*

Directed by Cynthia Rahn

Score by Tim Scott

## Review by I Nikki Rainey

Everybody has secret basement dreams of turning their little closeted Fellini fantasies into sordid reality, and two Saturdays ago, the University's Filmmaker club did just that. *Thomas*, a short film and the debut production of the newly formed club, turned out lovely.

Taken at surface value, the film depicted Thomas, an evidently socially inept novelist (featured in the traditional nerd-boy sweater and awkward smile), in a mostly wordless battle against Yvonne (his downstairs neighbor), over noise in his apartment. However, after a little analysis—and, in my case, after chatting with the screenwriter—the gentle viewer realizes that Yvonne is a written character in Thomas's novel and stands as a secret manifestation of Thomas's desire to have a normal life. Inevitably, Thomas's character enters his reality in an attempt to better his social skills. The whole idea was interesting, and though the technical work was that of beginners, it turned out well.

My favorite part of the flick was the score. Written specifically by Tim Scott, it brought the entire movie together. In the beginning, the

sounds were pretty subtle, consisting mostly of the clicking of Thomas's typewriter. However, as the plot progressed towards the climax, the music got more and more frantic and worked well with the images on the screen.

Though their end goal is to produce a quality cinematic work (once a semester, every semester, 'till death do us part, forever and always), the club's major concentration is on education. In the case of their first work, it was namely self-education.

"The fact that no one else knew what we were doing either, meant it would be a learning experience for everyone," director Cynthia Rahn said. "If anyone has any interest in making movies, we're here, and we'll teach you!" Rahn added. Nothing says badass like self-taught film nerds.

They began with just a script, a handful theater majors, and a little bit of digital camera know-how, and were forced to completely school themselves on the technicalities of continuity in sound and lighting and non-linear editing.

If you're interested in working on the next project that Filmmaker's club plans to take on (no experience necessary, baby), or submitting a script, feel free to email Adam Hardin at [C1314@truman.edu](mailto:C1314@truman.edu). They are making another film next semester and plan to make three next year—one yearlong feature length film, and two shorter ones that will take a semester apiece.

# Thomas Crown delivers sleek adaptation of classic

*Thomas Crown Affair*

Starring Pierce Brosnan, Renee Russo

Directed by John McTiernen

## Review by I J.J. Pionke and Leo Kirsch

*The Thomas Crown Affair*, starring Rene Russo and Pierce Brosnan, is an excellent remake that depicts the cat-and-mouse attraction between a rich man who is a thief out of boredom and the woman sent to get back what he has stolen. The interaction between these two is a dangerous dance of need and independence. It also has a twinge of adventure and a whole lot of romance (which isn't a bad thing as it is tastefully done). Set for the most part in New York, we are able to follow them through the upper echelons of society. In effect, we see how the "other half" lives.

Leo and I agree quite a bit on this film in many ways. While we both really like the character interaction and the plot, there were some discrepancies that were quite annoying. No one would be able to get into a museum (any museum, let alone a major art one) with a briefcase, not even multi-millionaire Mr. Crown. One of the really nice things about the plot is that neither of the main characters gives up their independence for the other. They find a way to be themselves and love each other without losing

anything. Implausibility aside, the plot is good and advances at a swift and even pace.

Leo points out that Rene Russo pulls off her character very well. He also says that many people don't know or remember that she used to be a model and that those modeling days helped her in this film. Her wardrobe was fantastic and highlighted her feminine charm, yet at the same time it was strong and daring. I agree completely with Leo and would like to add that I liked Pierce Brosnan in this role. As usual he pulls off the rich adventurer romantic type very well. We see him living the rich lifestyle (i.e. a private jet, a "cottage" on a little island in the tropics somewhere, jewelry, yachts). We are made to know that he is rich not just by him saying so, but also by his elegance and bearing.

We both liked the scoring, but Leo wasn't fond of the music during the first heist. He felt that it was something that could have been out of a B flick. I disagree and feel that the music complimented the visual imagery very well. We both liked the setting of the film, and we both agree that it was a really good thing to be able to see so much art in a film.

Implausibility aside, Leo and I both give this film a B. It is enjoyable and well worth watching over and over, but it is not a film that was made to make history so to speak. It may not go down in the hallowed halls of film history like, say, *Citizen Kane* or others, but it's a good time; and that is what film is all about.

## A NEW NORMALCY



Shh... Santa told  
*The Monitor* a secret:

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United We Stand

## Continued from page 8

ther, nor do you get paid for sitting through the meeting itself. You don't get paid for your travel expenses, and you don't get paid for going to regional sales meetings, which are usually a two or three hour drive. You actually have to pay Vector to begin selling Cutco. Every sales rep needs a seller ID number. How do you get this ID number? You have to buy a demo kit from your manager for \$140. Your ID number, conveniently enough, happens to be the number on your receipt for the demo kit. You also have to pay another \$140 or so to attend a divisional sales conference. There are two in the summer and I think there is one during the winter and spring. I had to go to Chicago for mine. What did \$140 get me? Well, I was placed in a hotel room with two beds. Of course, those two beds get kind of cramped when you're in that room with seven or eight other people. Cutco does reimburse you, though (or at least that's what they want you to believe). They pay for your conference expenses by giving you some more knives to sell at highly inflated prices to the general public (only this time you get to pocket the cash). They justify not paying employees for attending meetings (like any legitimate business would) by saying, "You're learning valuable sales techniques that will help you increase your average order and increase your average order." Bullshit. If I wanted to spend my summer or winter break sitting in a classroom, I would've stayed at school.

I had another job this summer as a mechanic. When I informed my managers that my Vector time would come into conflict with my other job, they became very angry. I was encouraged to quit my other job on multiple occasions. One time, my manager even made up a story that some engineering firm in Rolla had called the office to verify my employment with Vector. "Are you sure it was for me?" I asked. "I'm positive," he said. I quickly saw right through this lie and informed my manager that I had not given the office phone number to anyone and that I hadn't been to Rolla for several years, and that I am not even remotely affiliated with the engineering discipline. Homey don't play that game. Another game homey don't play is the phone game. The manager had begun to call me at home three or four times a day. When he called me four times on a Sunday (a Sunday when I had been out trying to sell knives), I called him back and told him, quite eloquently, to fuck himself. This was my first day selling Cutco, too. The calls were reduced to one a day and eventually stopped because I told them my

number had changed and I gave them a number that was connected to my computer. Of course, I was still expected to call the office every morning between seven and nine to tell them how many demos I had scheduled for the day. That's right, you have to schedule all your own stuff. I'm not going to go into detail about the wording of the "sales pitch," but Vector's advertising methods say it isn't telemarketing; but it's really close. While trying to schedule demos with Vector, I've never encountered so many rude people in my life and not been upset about it. I'd be pissed off, too, if somebody bothered me at home and asked if they could sell me some knives.

Vector has lots of "required" stuff, too. You always have to wear business attire. You always have to go to meetings. Sometimes, you're even required to go to scheduled fun activities called "team night" which usually consist of a scavenger hunt or something of the like. Essentially, once you sign up with Vector (at least from my experience), you belong to Vector. I worked at the St. Louis South County office. I don't want to lead you to believe that every office is this bad. I'm sure some are worse. I'm certain that there are many that are better. I'm a Student Advisor. One of my residents is an assistant manager in a Chicago area office. He constantly tells me how great his manager is. I'm happy for him. He makes a decent living with Vector. That's great. However, from what I've seen, the good offices (and the good managers, especially since the quality of the office depends on the quality of the manager) are few and far between. Some people like to be called at home four times a day by their boss. Some people like to give up all outside activities just to make 10 percent commission on a \$36 paring knife (oh yeah, Cutco raised its prices after I quit). Some folks like to have no freedom.

My manager's mantra was, "I want you to succeed." Yeah, that's like a concentration camp guard saying to a Jewish prisoner, "Get in the shower so you'll be clean." I realized about a month into my employment with Vector that he made a pretty hefty commission on what I sold. I sold over \$6,000 of Cutco this past summer. I cringe when I think about how many payments I helped him make on his SUV. Now I'm not saying that capitalism is bad or anything. Well, it is, but that's a whole other article. There are means and there are ends. The end does not justify the means. I quit Vector after they told me I couldn't sell knives on eBay. Big deal. It was the straw that broke the camel's back. People can and do achieve financial success with Vector. However, as is the case with many things in this crazy world, there is a catch.

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# Free refurbished school supplies

Story by I Theresa Conley

OK, 'fess up. We know it's sitting at the bottom of your pile of textbooks, just barely sticking out, holding hours and hours worth of chemistry assignments and local flora tests. Yes, it's that New Kids on the Block folder that you're just a little ashamed of and yet love at the same time. It's the folder you hold so dear that you just can't bear to throw it out. Perhaps in your case, Justin Timberlake or Madonna graces the cover, or if you got really lucky and beat all the crowds at the grocery store, maybe you snagged a precious kitty folder. Regardless of which one you are lucky enough to call your own, that folder is something you have come to identify with and just can't bear to throw away.

That is why the University's Environmental Campus Organization has organized the first Recycled School Supplies Drive. This drive is perfect for those kitty folders and super grip pens that are just too cool to throw out, and yet not quite appropriate enough to bring to your new job. It is also a way to pass on the wealth, because you know there is another closet New Kids fan out there that would die for your slightly used folder.

Not only is this recycled school supplies drive the perfect way to pass on that treasured folder to a worthy person, but it is a way that you personally can help cut down on the, oh, 400 million or so tons of trash we produce a year. Just think of it: by contributing to the recycled school supplies drive, you'd be saving

the earth, creating holiday cheer and getting rid of your old junk all at the same time. Plus, when you come back in January, you can pick out new-to-you, free, refurbished school supplies! Wow, what a deal!

On a serious note, however, you should be reminded that this drive for old school supplies is actually a good way to cut down on both spending and waste. If you have an old binder that you no longer have any use for, it is likely that someone else will be happy to take it. Likewise, you may have use for a bunch of paper clips that a graduating senior has nothing to do with. Although there is no guarantee about what will and will not be at the table of refurbished supplies next semester, there probably will be something that is on your shopping list.

So, tear yourself away from Joey, Donnie, Danny, Jordan and Jon and give special folder to another fan; or better yet, upgrade. There are plenty of new *Harry Potter* and *Bo Knows* folders out there that just might make it into the exchange. But it all depends on how many people participate. So get out there, tell your friends and professors to dig up their old slightly used school supplies, and bring them to the nearest drop off location. There will be drop boxes conveniently located throughout campus during finals, so get ready. Because the more people that donate, the less trash we'll produce, the more holiday cheer we'll spread and the more likely you are to score some free refurbished school supplies next semester.

## Aries (March 21-April 20)

Want to get a (1) gift for your lover, (2)? Buy her a (3) (4) and wrap it up in pretty wrapping paper and a big bow. That'll get her (5) all night long.

## Taurus (April 21-May 22)

Here's a mystical poem for you:  
My friends call me (1) and fat  
People think I'm (5) a cat  
My days are (3) and filled with strife  
Maybe with a (4) I will take my life

Thanks for nothing, (2)

## Gemini (May 23- June 21)

Quit school. Make your living selling (4) to little kids on playgrounds. With the proceeds, buy a guitar and a (3) jumpsuit. Join a (1) band. Write a song called "(2)'s got a gun." Maybe you'll be a (5) success

## Cancer (June 22-July 24)

Buy more of (2)'s (1) (3) (5) (4)s. It's your duty as an American.

## Leo (July 25-Aug. 23)

You've been in a (1) mood lately. Combine that with some valium from (2)'s purse and some (3) uppers. That'll keep you (5) all night home or until the (4)s come home, whichever comes first.

## Virgo (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)

Has finals week got you feeling (1)? Well, (2) isn't around anymore to hold your hand, she's too busy (5) the mailman. You're on your own. Grab your lucky (3) (4) and fuck some shit up.

## Libra (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)

Twenty-two years of repressed anger keeping you from being truly (1)? Buy the cutest Golden Retriever puppy you can find. Put it in a (3) tutu. Name her (2). Beat her with the biggest (4) money can buy. Giver her a good (5) she won't forget.

## Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)

Has your companion been feeling (1) lately? Well, maybe it's because you called out "oh (2)!!" during your last love-making session. Or maybe it's because your genitals are turning an unsightly shade of (3). It's time to spice things up. Buy a (4) and use it for (5) in the candlelight.

## Sagittarius (Nov. 23-Dec. 21)

On Dec. 22 you will be visited by aliens. Although it will refer to itself as "(2)," and despite her (5), don't be fooled. To save the world you must destroy her. Aliens are defenseless against (1) (4). Do not stop until you are covered with her (3) blood.

## Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 20)

Hopefully (2) will get me a nice (1) present for Christmas. Perhaps a (4) to go with my new (3) suit. Hey, it's the least she could do for all the (5) and sucking we did last night.

## Aquarius (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)

This will be a week of (1) revelations. You learn it was really your roommate that stole your precious (3) (4). You will discover the secrets to (5) better. Finally, you will find out what (2) really meant when she said she's willing to "Greek."

## Pisces (Feb. 20- March 20)

You should work on your anger management. Your friends have taken to calling you the (3) (4). Next time your rage takes over and you feel like (5), take a few (1) breaths. Let's practice: Hey you, (2) is so fat that when she has sex, she has to give directions! Wocka Wocka!



# Queen Astra

## QUEEN ASTRA MAD LIBS:

### Step 1

Fill in these five mad blanks:

(1) descriptive word  
(i.e. happy, poopy) \_\_\_\_\_

(2) your mom's name  
(i.e. Kay, Paloma) \_\_\_\_\_

(3) your favorite color  
(i.e. green, puce) \_\_\_\_\_

(4) noun  
(i.e. cardigan, bong) \_\_\_\_\_

(5) verb ending with -ing  
(i.e. snoozing, boozing) \_\_\_\_\_

### Step 2

Find your sign and fill in the corresponding blanks

### Step 3

Let the stars be your guide!

# Things they don't teach you in class: Jimmy Dean's pre-sausage career

Wouldn't it be great if we could achieve world peace? Wouldn't it be great if we could find cures for cancer and AIDS and an end to world hunger and overpopulation? And wouldn't it be great if sausage would cook in less than a minute and still taste like homemade? Some of those dreams may sound impossible, but at least one of them, according to commercials, is not. One man can bring us fast-cook sausage and other fine pork products and has been doing so from time immemorial. This man's name is Jimmy Dean.

Forever, apparently, he has been selling sausage. We pass his products every time we stop by our grocers' freezers. Between back-to-back episodes of *The Golden Girls* or during Saturday morning cartoons, he tells us with his warm country drawl about his new product. There always seems to be a new product. Be it bacon in a box, low-sodium sausage, or little biscuit and sausage sandwiches, the choices are diverse. They are hip to the times and satisfying to everyone, be you a traditionalist or health-conscious (unless of course, you don't eat pork products, like me).

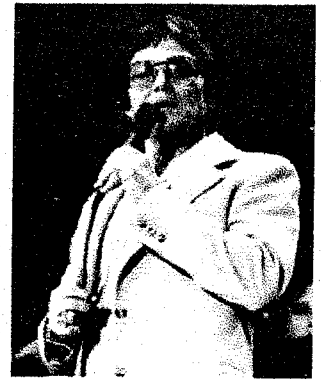
From his years on television commercials, Jimmy Dean has become not only a household name but also an icon of Americana. We see him in his jeans and plain work shirt, staring directly into the camera from a sunlit and homey

kitchen, and we are immediately reminded of better times when life was simpler. When Dad went out in the winter to chop wood and Mom churned homemade butter, and evenings when the whole family would get together around the fireside to weave yarns about Paul Bunyan. When Christmas was still about love and not just about commercialism, dammit! Even if these memories are not our own, they remain part of the collective consciousness of the nation, and Jimmy Dean is there to remind us of such things. Jimmy Dean and sausage.

You can imagine my shock and confusion when this connection between Jimmy Dean and sausage was broken. The other day, I was watching television and a commercial came on selling a Great Country Ballad Collection. Surely you've all seen these sort of commercials: a list of songs and singers scrolls up the screen as clips from these songs play in the background. It only came on for a few seconds, but the written name confirmed the face. There was Jimmy Dean, with a microphone to his lips and a cowboy hat on his head singing the Great Country Ballad "Big Bad John." I gasped. Suddenly, my understanding of Jimmy Dean and his role as the American Sausage Man was shattered. The experience raised many questions for me: What was Jimmy Dean doing on stage singing? Who was "Big Bad John"? Where was the sausage? Could it be possible that Jimmy Dean has a

past that does not involve sausage and I have never heard of it before? I guessed it was possible. I've never been a country music fan and, as I've said before, I don't really care for sausage. But if this information had eluded me before, I could not allow myself to remain ignorant. I would find the Truth and then share it with the People.

My first instinct told me to call my grandfather, Papa. Growing up, I remember driving with him to our condo at the lake and being forced to listen to countless hours of old-fashioned country music. "Charles, can't we listen to something else for a change?" Me-Me, my grandmother would complain on behalf of herself and the helpless grandchildren in the back seat of his enormous Suburban. "If you want to drive, then you can pick the station," was Papa's retort (Me-Me does not have a driver's license). You see, Papa is a die-hard fan of country music and a perfect resource in my quest for the Truth about Jimmy Dean. According to Papa, Jimmy Dean had a successful country music career. He was a regular sort of musical artist, giving concerts and producing albums. One of his greatest hits was, in fact, "Big Bad John." Then about 15 or 20 years ago, riding high on his fame as an entertainer, he came out with his line of sausage and breakfast foods. After that he became the Sausage Man, shrugging off his music career for pork. Me-Me also had a comment to make about

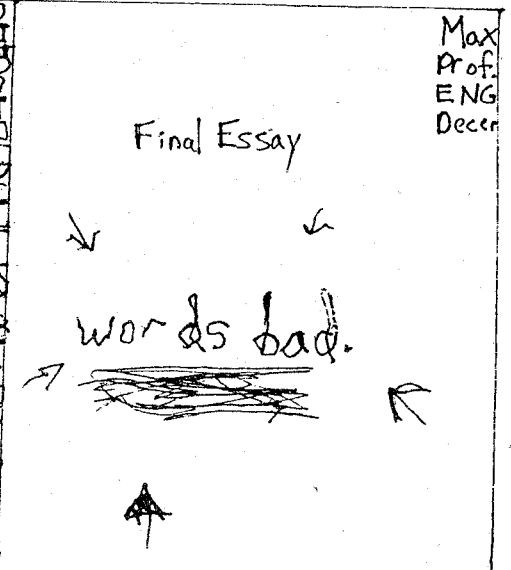


Mr. Jimmy Dean

Jimmy Dean. She didn't remember his work in country music. "I just thought he was the sausage guy," she said. Me too, Me-Me.

It seems most people have forgotten about Jimmy Dean's prolific career in country music. The website, <http://www.tsimon.com/dean.htm> confirms Papa's information about Jimmy Dean's life pre-sausage, and adds some other interesting tidbits to the mix. Born in Plainview, Texas in 1928, Dean was the lead singer of his own country music band by 1953. Later, he hosted his own television show out of Virginia, WMAL, boosting the career of WMAL regular Patsy Cline. Wow! In 1961, "Big Bad John" became his "greatest hit ever," going to "number one on the country and pop charts, and gain[ing] him the Grammy for Best Country & Western Performance." As an actor, Jimmy Dean has appeared in small roles on such programs as *Daniel Boone* and *Candid Camera*.

So, the next time you see a commercial for Jimmy Dean Pure Pork Sausage, just know that you are watching a country music legend peddle pork.



much of a good thing." KARL ROVE, Bush's long-time

TODAYS LESSON: I thru Q

**W**IT'N **Dubya** **B** **A** **B** **C** **S**

**I** **IS** **FOR** **Independence:** "People make suggestions on what to say all the time. I'll give you an example; I don't read what's handed to me. People say, 'Here, here's your speech, or here's an idea for a speech.' They're changed. Trust me."

**N** **IS** **FOR** **Nihilism:** "If you don't stand for anything, you don't stand for anything!"

**J** **IS** **FOR** **JIBBERISH:** "Missile defense is a big scary thing and I want Mr. Pootan [Putin] to understand we have neat expensive rockets and my friends want to build more and I'm not here to understand what it all means even though I still know how to drive!"

**O** **IS** **FOR** **Oral Sex:** "This campaign not only hears the voices of the entrepreneurs and the farmers and the entrepreneurs, we hears the voices of those struggling to get head"

**K** **IS** **FOR** **KIDS:** "Laura and I really don't realize how bright our children is sometimes until we get an objective analysis."

**L** **IS** **FOR** **LINGUIST:** "They underestimate me."

**P** **IS** **FOR** **Philosophy:** "I think if you know what you believe, it makes it a lot easier to answer questions. I can't answer your question."

**M** **IS** **FOR** **MIND CONTROL:** "...I don't need to be subliminable..."

**Q** **IS** **FOR** **Questions** [why all these questions!]: "I would have to ask the questioner. I haven't had a chance to ask the questioners the questions they've been questioning."

political guru and White House advisor: "As people do better, they start voting like Republicans... unless they have too much education and vote Democratic, which proves there can be too much

**DASTRÖBLE KATZ**

**HALLO!**

**DU PIST SO DIE VEENERSNITZEL**

**BOY FRIEND GIRL**

**EIN SNITZEL. MEIN SNITZEL.**

**WHERIN IST DER VEINER SNITZEL?**

**UNT BOMB LOCK.**

**HALLO PIERRE.**

**DAS HELICOPTER**

**HALLO TRÖBLE KATZ. ES IST MEINE BIRSTAY.**

**NO... DIE VEENER SNITZEL.**

**OOH! SPATZ!**

**TRÖBLE!**

*my back pages...*

send submissions to y096@truman.edu

*\*long sigh while collecting thoughts\**

Stiff upper lip, chin up. Blah, blah, blah, bleech. Life is like a box of chocolates? Then mine have melted. I hope yours are still fresh. Has our society gotten to the point where life is no longer an adventure unless you do something really drastic? I think so. Right now my life is like old reruns: I've seen them all before, and after the umpteenth time, there's no use seeing them again. Not even the ones you really like (you remember the one where Wally and the Beave...oh wait...they're all like that).

It's not that I hate life, I know there's much to live for. It's just that, well, I'm not living it right now. If it wasn't for my watch, I wouldn't know what day it is because they all seem the same. Nothing exciting, my world is painted in shades of gray.

Stiff upper lip? Chin up? Only because life has knocked me clean on my ass because it decked me right in the mouth. I'm down for the count right now, and I don't really feel like getting back in the ring.

-Michael Harris

**Thank you, Stephen**

Breaking the barrier of light speed  
Actions mutate through reality  
Thoughts like seeds that manifest  
Who can brave this whirlwind mess?

Bop  
Bop  
Bop  
Bop

The moles in a carnival game  
Keeping up drives me insane  
Playing along is giving up  
And giving up is playing along.

"Tied, tied, tied to the tracks...  
Just remember the facts,"  
"Simmer down" and "type slowly,"  
Stephen reminds this roly poly

-Cameron Moore

**a non-autobiographical haiku**

i recently learned  
my ex-girlfriend's a slut  
it burns when i pee

-subrock

Thanks to all that attended my first Poetry Reading in the 1st floor SUB women's restroom. A great time was had by all. Let it be known, however, that this juggernaut of poetry will not stop, and that future illegal gatherings are planned and will be conducted until all that will be left in this town will be pretty words. Either you are with or against us, and all that are against us shall perish.

**No One to Blame**

In too many pieces to ponder, I sit alone and wonder.  
Wandering yonder never seemed better  
but here i sit and put these letters to page  
this pen: one more bar in my cage.  
In case you missed it, this one's for You.  
If my name were Miles, i'd be kind of blue.  
Kind of? I wish it were that simple,  
like smiling, but hiding those bashful dimples.  
But who i am kidding? Alone in a gazebo,  
surrounded by old wood, a rotting placebo  
of life forsaken, or never quite lived;  
incipid impression of one who must give  
all to everyone, and not to himself  
like Campbell's i sit in the back on top shelf  
and wait for my label to peel.  
Perhaps then i'll escape this word we call feel.  
To feel? What is that? I've long since forgot  
how to blend, so i blemish; they call me a knot  
or tight muscle refusing to yield  
to dexterous digits; a wrought iron shield  
that was cast in remniscent shape of a heart  
which was whole, but then forced to break  
into pieces i referred to before.  
I once heard it was time to settle the score.  
But could i, just once, in my life be ahead?  
Or at least tied (up and bound 'til i bled)?  
Like Jesus who died and then rose for my sins?  
That still don't put me in a position to win.  
Sometimes i find i lose track of my thoughts  
with my lights on while i'm tryin to drive through some  
fog.  
But if i half close my eyes, and squint 'em real tight,  
then maybe i'll almost see through to the light.  
Except it seems to be comin from artificial source,  
searching for freighters too far off course.  
So, i guess i'll keep striving, surviving and reaching  
for whatever's out there, be it eternal or fleeting;  
cause looking 'round now, i've got nothing else  
and no one to blame for this shit but myself.

-zach jackson

...it's slim pickins