

# THE PERSPECTIVE

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**The Spritely and Most Noble High Council of the Perspective**

Megan Kennedy, Leftmost Chancellor  
 Dinusha Warusavitharana, Most Accentric Chancellor  
 Joyce He  
 Loren Depenthal  
 Sadye Scott-Hainchek  
 (Katie Jennings, Minion)

## ALL NEW PERSPECTIVE—NOW WITH STANDARDS!

By Megan Kennedy

Welcome, gentle readers, to the all-new, all-edited issues of the The Perspective, your Writing Center Newsletter. Why is it all new all of a suddenly? When did we start editing? When we discovered the benefits of censorship, that's when!

Apparently our September issue contained some potentially inappropriate content originating from one of the newer consultants. We at the Perspective are deeply aggrieved by this, but were initially uncertain as to how we could possible prevent future instances of the problem. That was when we discovered censorship. Through censorship, we can turn any submission from an inflammatory manifesto from the political fringe to a story about fluffy bunnies learning to share. It's not that difficult—just delete, "correct" and occasionally rearrange words into all new orders. Unethical, you say? Hardly! See, everyone has at

one point or another said just about any word in the English language; we're not putting words in your mouth, just putting the old ones in new and more acceptable orders. Fun for the whole family!

If, for some reason, you don't want to participate in the new censorship craze sweeping the Center, here are some guidelines for future submissions:

1. Submissions should not talk about the Fight Club.
2. Submissions SHOULD NOT TALK ABOUT THE FIGHT CLUB.
3. Lavish praise of Fearless Leader Mary Lou Woehlk is encourage. Bonus points per adjective.



Remember, Comrade Knows Best

4. Mentions of punched babies are strictly forbidden, even if they did totally deserve it.
5. You probably shouldn't curse too terribly much.
6. Submissions in languages other than English will be subject to Babelfish.

Храбрость, товарищ! The glorious revolution proceeds apace!

## WHY NOT HARVARD?

By Katie Jennings

Sadye stopped me on Friday to tell me that she had read the article in the Index that mentioned my acceptance to Harvard. She wondered why I decided not to go. I thought I'd share a few of my reasons.

My mom and I flew to Boston to visit Harvard's campus in

March of my senior year. I immediately noticed that it was freezing in Boston. I felt like a popsicle for most of my visit, and I declared that I would never go to school some place so cold. I chose the balmy town of Kirksville instead...oops.

When we weren't wading through snow drifts to get around the campus, we were dodging

traffic. Mom and I would stand on the curb for several minutes, wondering if there would ever be a gap between the cars wide enough for us to cross the street. Natives, however, would appear to step into the street without even seeming to look, and the cars would miraculously screech

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## A White Upper-Middle Class Girl Experiences Bigotry

By Sadye Scott-Hainchek

Yup, bigotry. Not to diminish actual bigotries – sexism, racism, etc. – but I’ve honestly run into some real “-ist” people. It’s taken me countless days at Truman and many showers to realize this, but a revelation did occur to me in my toilet-stall sized shower a few minutes ago under the sub-par campus water pressure.

I have this friend from a foreign country. We’ll call him “Mike” from “Canada.” Mike likes to talk about how great Canada is, especially compared to the U.S. Some of our mutual friends find it irritating. Sometimes I do too, but a little light bulb popped up during the aforementioned shower after my mind went off on a tangent.

Tangent: St. Louis people are the same way ... and many of said people mock Mike’s Canada obsession! Right now, St. Louis residents have stopped reading, but anyone outside of “The Lou” is weeping tears of joy (I hope).

See, I’m not from St. Louis. I’m not even from Missouri. I’m from a town of 10,000 in northern Illinois ... which borders on a city of

20,000, which is a suburb of the fourth-largest city in Illinois, which is 30 minutes outside the Chicago suburbs. Roscoe – my hometown – has running water and electricity and cars and civilization. But for St. Louisians, that apparently isn’t enough.

It’s funny because I’ve actually been to St. Louis twice, and from what I can tell, it’s the same thing as Columbia, Mo., except everything is spaced out more so it takes longer to get around. Talking to those poor displaced St. Louis people who wound up going to college in Kirksville (um, no one held a gun to your head), you’d think that St. Louis had all seven wonders of the world (modern and ancient, thank you very much) and a monopoly on civilization, spoken language, etc.

I’m just a backwoods redneck, but my teachers done learned me that towns like New York, Los Angeles, Chicago and this little unknown hole-in-the-wall pit called Paris are fairly bustling, interesting places, too. Oh, but I forgot: They don’t have an arch, so it doesn’t count.

And don’t count me as a guest at the city-slicker-abandoned-in-Podunk-Missouri pity party, either. Kirksville isn’t bad. First of all,

we all picked it. (If you actually didn’t pick it, my apologies.) Second of all – I think Andrew Gant wrote about this in the Index last semester – in addition to not being that all that bad, the ‘Ville has some damn nice people.

That’s what rocks about Kirksville, and that’s what makes it superior to St. Louis. That’s right, I said it: Kirksville is better! St. Louis people, to be honest, can be awfully rude. They’re quick to attack your hometown and your home team even if you make it clear you don’t trash talk and expect you to talk up their city at your city’s expense.

Not Kirksvillians. They’re friendly and unassuming and have a neat drawl. They even ask me how I like this part of the country after learning I’m obviously not remotely local. How revolutionary – asking how I like it, not telling me how fantastic it is compared to everything else. Ah, small town civility.

I vented about this topic to a high school teacher after my first semester here, and he told me that maybe I should cut the StL’ers some slack because after all, they’re probably homesick too. Sounds fair to me if I get some respect in return. Hometown-bashing isn’t nice, OK?

*Talking to those poor displaced St. Louis people who wound up going to college in Kirksville, you’d think that St. Louis had all seven wonders of the world (modern and ancient, thank you very much) and a monopoly on civilization, spoken language, etc*

## A ST. LOUISAN REBUTTS

By Megan Kennedy

I have sympathy for Sadye and all the other backwoods rednecks who aren’t fortunately enough to dwell in the St. Louis Metro Area. Certainly from the outside the hubris of my fellow citizens may seem excessive, and I suppose that to casual eyes The Lou may look like little more than Columbia’s badass older brother

(the one with the tattoos and the gold tooth). But realize, comrades, that St. Louis has so much more to offer if you get to know it—it opens the door for old ladies and gives to United Way between knife fights. There’s toasted ravioli and Ted Drew’s, Beetle Bob and the **2006 World Champion Cardinals**, and gooey butter cake. Oh, and that big silver thing, too.



## WHY HARVARD? CON'T.

to a halt inches from the oblivious pedestrian. My mother and I would scurry along behind them, praying that traffic didn't start moving again before we got across. I grew up on a gravel road, where it was an event to see the same car more than three times in one day. Crossing the street in Boston nearly gave me a heart attack.

When we got to campus, I nearly broke my neck tripping over a broken place in the sidewalk. There were several places where the sidewalks were in rather obvious disrepair, and I was unimpressed. For \$40,000 a year, gold sidewalks would seem appropriate. Cracked ones were unacceptable as far as I was concerned.

I was also unimpressed with the bookstore. More specifi-

cally, I was unimpressed with the name of the bookstore. It was called the Cooperative, but everyone shortened it to "the coop." I have grown up around co-ops, and I know that the word should be pronounced with two distinct syllables. Harvard students, however, referred to it as the Coop, like the place where chickens sleep. No way was I going to buy books that chickens had been sleeping in!

Now don't get me wrong, there were some pluses to the Harvard campus. The freshman dining hall has more stained glass than any other non-religious building in the United States. One of the science buildings is supposed to look like an old-school digital camera. Student organizations get school money, and students are free to create their own organizations if the ones available don't appeal to

them. Therefore, both the Arnold Schwarzenegger Fan Club and A-Crap-Ella are both receiving school funding. What is A-Crap-Ella, you ask? Why, it's a group formed by students whose musical ability wasn't worthy of the other musical groups on campus, so they go around singing very badly and without any musical accompaniment.

These factors were nice, but they weren't enough to convince me that Harvard was where I belonged. I'd rather be shivering here at Truman, where the cars move slower and the bookstore is chicken-free.

## MAGPO A GO-GO!

pursue change together  
power up on strategy  
problems in knowledge  
yet we never ask why  
the information crash is full  
of corporate organization  
success to me through cash  
but will you live there & hear  
a statement like profit  
saying our staple stronger  
as big or hot when  
system did integrate  
all will nap at business team



never pursue  
knowledge  
or  
information  
through  
Power

Please know no more  
solution that create copys  
see opportunity above life with  
stress  
you go and think smart  
must go and build important  
men  
always about time  
identify with suit office work  
emerge a machine  
want to be retired  
like old partner  
boss shift vision.com  
after under from

her monday mission  
maximize small ideas  
Over share  
have serious goals  
dress effective ly  
let out some sound  
give in  
feel high  
for the future is come ing  
be young & robust  
while you can



strong  
management  
will  
crash  
big  
business  
but  
a  
client  
hot  
staple

*For \$40,000 a year,  
gold sidewalks would  
seem appropriate.*

## THE GHETTO BOOTY By Emily Murdock

*\*This essay has been lightly edited for content, length, and the Chancellors' own amusement. The opinions expressed herein do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the High Council. All rights reserved. Void where prohibited. Do not expose to open flame.\**

Whenever I go to a party or club, I am never approached by white men—only black and Hispanic men. The reason is obviously “the ghetto booty.” For those of you who are unfamiliar with this term, allow me to explain. The ghetto booty refers to a posterior of a certain shape and proportion—large and round. The key to identifying a ghetto booty is to discreetly observe a “pear-shaped” woman. Notice how her clothes fit her. Do her pants appear to have been painted on? Can you blatantly see panty lines? Does her butt stick out at least five inches from her back? If so, she probably has a ghetto booty. However, I feel I should mention here that the ghetto booty is not something to mock or abhor; instead it should be respected and admired. Besides, women with ghetto booties probably have birthing hips as well, which means their labors will be far easier than those of any size two jean-wearing crackpot with a flat butt.

I personally have had the ghetto booty for as long as I can remember. It's always been difficult to find jeans to fit a girl who's “little in the middle, but she got much back.” Actually, I come from a long line of women with the same physical tendencies, and in our family it is affectionately referred to as “the Bauman Butt.” Although I have met many ghetto booty-clad women who associate negative feelings with their derriere, I have never met a woman with a ghetto booty who was not, at least slightly, obsessed with it. Interestingly, I'm noticing that this obsession is now crossing into flat-butt territory. I find this

incredibly amusing in light of recent trends and crazes—namely, butt implants. They usually cost over 3,000 dollars, the procedure takes two to three hours, and the patient can't go back to work for two to three weeks. Call me crazy, but this seems like a lot of trouble to get a ghetto booty. If a woman is absolutely desperate for a supple posterior, I would recommend a butt push-up bra. I'm not kidding—these things actually exist. A clothing line called “Bubbles” currently offers butt boosting lingerie, and ladies, if you visit [www.lovelybubbles.com](http://www.lovelybubbles.com), you too could be the proud owner of a butt booster for the low, low price of \$15.

To be completely honest, I'm not too thrilled with flat-butters acquiring ghetto booties through surgery or trade. Although I am incredibly enthusiastic about them, I feel they have to be earned. A woman must go through the pain and torment of a large ass in today's society before she can fully appreciate her butt and the struggles it has represented in her life. For many women, their ghetto booties are far more than a physical attribute—they have become a part of the women's identity and are not fastened onto their thighs or implanted under their cheeks for cosmetic purposes. Unless a woman has the appropriate attitude and demeanor (which can only evolve through time), her ghetto booty will be useless to her and she will forever carry a trunk of lies. To quote Destiny's Child, “I don't think you're ready for this jelly.”

Of course, I understand their desire to have a plentiful posterior, since it has given me many advantages over the years. For instance, it's really useful for acquiring free drinks. This is particularly beneficial for me because my endowments up top are somewhat below par. Also, I'm fairly poor at the moment and I tend to like expensive drinks (have you ever had an amaretto and sour? I highly recommend it), so anything

for free is gladly appreciated.

In case free alcohol wasn't enough of a perk, I have received many compliments from men of different races, levels of sobriety, and sexual orientations throughout my life. For instance, my friend Matt once yelled out to me, “I like your [booty]!” in a public place. And I realize that as a feminist of the 21st century, I should have been offended. How dare he objectify me like that—especially in public! To be honest, though, I had a spring in my step for the rest of the night because my gay neighbor thinks I have a cute butt. I should disclaim, though, that the two reasons I was enjoyed these comments were: 1) Matt is a homosexual, and as such, I know his remarks were not meant as sexual or demeaning; 2) Matt's nipple rings really fascinated me and I touched them all the time, so I thought it was only fair that he could look at my butt. I feel it is my responsibility as a ghetto booty educator to inform all of the men out there that it is very difficult to compliment one unless you are gay or in a relationship (hopefully with the girl you want to compliment). A poor example of butt flattery is this: “Hey, I saw you walking, and...” This was actually said to me my freshman year of college. And, like any self-respecting woman with the ghetto booty, I punched him and walked away (Okay, so I didn't really punch him, but boy did I fume while I was walking!). The only ghetto booty-clad woman that would actually let you touch her butt after that comment is the woman who just got out of implant surgery and is so happy to have an ass that she'll let anybody touch it. Stay away from that—you don't know where it's been.

Of course, many black and Latina women are lucky enough to be naturally endowed with the ghetto booty and therefore have no need to buy them. Consequently, the ghetto booty encourages multiculturalism since it is

*To quote Destiny's Child, “I don't think you're ready for this jelly.”*

not often found on women such as myself; let's face it, if I were any whiter I would be clear. Although I personally am a cultural anomaly, other women who actually come from ghetto booty traditions are still found fascinating. In fact, a very curvaceous black woman named Sara Baartman was captured in Africa in 1810 and taken from her tribe to England. There she was put on display and forced to wear little clothing so that white spectators could see her curves more efficiently. They were shocked to see a woman with that kind of figure. In some ways we still have an obsession with large butts since they are not what mainstream white society considers "normal." Therefore, a white girl such as myself with a ghetto booty can create quite a stir in the black community. For instance, one of my best friends from high school, who happens to be a

black male, goes to an all-black college in southern Texas. He has pictures of me in his room, as most friends do, and on more than one occasion his fellow black male students have asked for my phone number and if I'll be coming to Texas any time soon. I do not often get this reaction from white guys because, as I mentioned before, they're not ready for the jelly. This not a criticism—just an observation.

When it's all said and done, though, the ghetto booty is about identity. For many people it's a defining characteristic, although that definition can be positive or negative, depending on the perspective. I choose to look at it optimistically since I don't see the point in hating and criticizing something I'll probably have for life...and because I don't want to give up chocolate. I have always preferred to reap every benefit I could from

my ghetto booty, and somewhere along the way I grew to love and respect it as well. It's always set me apart, as it does many women, and I now realize that's not a bad thing. It makes me a little more culturally aware and a little more prone to "shake it like a Polaroid picture."

So, for all ladies with ghetto booties, make peace as much as possible and buy one really great pair of jeans to show off your endowments. And the next time someone sings "Fat-bottomed girls make the rockin' world go round," as you sashay down the street, just smile and wave and realize that a butt is a terrible thing to waste. For all of the gentlemen that like ladies with ghetto booties, give me a call.

## MY LIFE IN THE BUSH OF THE PANDAS

### A Confession by Eric Scott

I suppose the secret's out. I've done my best to conceal it, but there's little left to hide. You've hounded me, ferreted out every last detail to satisfy your sick thirst for knowledge. I just wanted to live a normal, happy, human life. But I can't. Not now, and not ever.

It's because I'm actually a giant panda.

There. I said it.

I suppose you have questions. "How did a panda end up going to Truman?"

"How do you acquire all that bamboo?" "Did you just steal my pen?"

I don't have to answer any of those, you realize; they're all superfluous to the issue at hand.

You may ask: "How can you talk? And, uh, type? I thought pandas didn't have opposable thumbs." Well, you

thought the Earth was flat for thousands of years, too. Of course pandas can talk and type. Lots of animals can. The koala is noted in the animal



Consultant Eric Scott enjoys a snack in the backyard of his Kirksville home.

kingdom for its love of Modernist poetry. The Bengal Tigers have written several well received tracts condemning deforestation. And of course, the orangutans are the foremost pornographers on the planet. I digress.

Right now there are numerous people in your daily life who are actually animals. I'm not special, except that my particular species is noted for

its cuddliness and apparent lack of interest in nookie. (And no wonder: whenever some pandas manage to have sex, the zoologists take all the credit. Ron Jeremy would never stand for this.) George in the C-Hall cafeteria? A wombat. Dr. Harmon in Art History? A komodo dragon. Daniel Tucker? Actually just a really weird guy. My point is that there's nothing all that strange about you having a panda lurking

in the Writing Center. I'm here to edit papers, not be the focus of political deals with the People's Republic.

Now shut up and get me some bamboo. I'm hungry.

*I'm here to edit papers,  
not be the focus of  
political deals with the  
People's Republic.*

Truman State University

Primary Business Address  
Your Address Line 2  
Your Address Line 3  
Your Address Line 4

Phone: 555-555-5555  
Fax: 555-555-5555  
E-mail: someone@example.com

We're on the Web!  
example.microsoft.com

*Your business tag line here.*

  
**Organization**

## CULTURAL PERSPECTIVE: THE MWCA CONFERENCE

By Dinusha Warusavitharana

Okay, so this is a longer cultural perspective than I usually write but I have more to talk about:

Last Friday I attended the MWCA Conference 2006, a somewhat informal but certainly informative event. I had never attended a conference before and I was expecting an incredibly boring event but was pleasantly surprised to find that my previously held stereotypes about sessions were unfounded. First of all, I didn't have to attend the sessions that didn't interest me (which was nice) but also there were numerous ones that really opened up my eyes to a new perspective.

One of the sessions was about a really progressive high school that had recently set up a Writing Center. It was an immensely interesting presentation on the amount of creativity that kids can come up with if they're given the power. This English teacher of an AP English class set up a Writing Center in the high school and basically handed the reins over to the kids, with guidance on what they had to do. He was merely a supervisor and the kids did much of the work. He was also in charge of the yearbook and incorporated the two together so that these kids not only helped other high school kids with their papers but also held fundraisers for the yearbook (which they organized on their own) as well as teaching for a week at an elementary school. This seemed like a true bonding experience, and you could see from the way the presenter talked about the kids how much he loved and admired them. It was very moving and at that moment I desperately wished I had gone to that high school. School would have been tense and stressful but it would have been extremely interesting and provided a lot of well-needed skills (my school wasn't very forward about providing any skills except memorizing and regurgitating on a test).

Another session I attended, which I thought was also thought provoking, was a special interest group on anti-racism. I was the only international (basically non-white) person at that discussion. The discussion about racism was interesting in that these people, all very experienced professors and directors of Writing Centers (I was the only consultant) seemed to perceive more racism in their settings than I ever did in my entire academic career at Truman, or among my fellow Writing Consultants. This is not to say there was no racism on campus, because I have encountered a bit of it, but I did not perceive any intended racism on the parts of the consultants. This draws on the interesting perspective of the "intended" vs. "unintended" types of racism. Unintended racism is much more rampant I believe, not only because racism has become more taboo but also because it has become more subtle since the civil rights movement. It is a trend now to frown at those who vocalize or act out racism.

One of the more interesting, and I think perhaps a little ambiguous, examples given by one of the directors was when her consultants complained that the papers sent from another college, which I believe was primarily black, were not proofread. She got upset because those papers were proofread before they were sent but they did not have the same standards as their own, primarily white, college. I thought that perhaps she might have been over-interpreting this scenario as racism; consultants frequently complain about non-proofread papers and this seems like one of those times when they were verbalizing their frustration. From the way she told her story it didn't even seem like race was an issue here, just misperception. However, I might be wrong since I was not in that scenario and did not know all the details. Perhaps the consultants were also frustrated about the extra work from the outpourings of another college. Perhaps they were having a bad week. However, people have to be careful not only in preventing racism but also in interpreting what seems like a simple harmless remark into a racist one, simply because of the overwhelming consequences that can result from it. If this was racist, it was unintended. But just because it was unintended does not mean it was appropriate and I guess what I'm suggesting is that in a professional setting people have to be vigilant about what they say and do, always thinking about the audience and how they may perceive it.

