



# THE MONITOR

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

A Campus Collective

Volume 8, Number 4 / 16 October 2001

## FAC vote could alter funding Fire engulfs Homecoming float

story by | Olivera Bratich and Leslee White

Tomorrow students will have the opportunity to make a major decision concerning the Funds Allotment Council. For those unfamiliar with FAC, it is an independent council of Student Senate that distribute funds to student organizations for special events throughout the year. To apply for money, organizations must present their proposal to FAC during a hearing one semester in advance of their event. After listening to all the proposals, the FAC decides which events would best serve the campus and funds are distributed accordingly.

The FAC is comprised of nine students; three elected and six appointed by a joint committee of former FAC members and current Student Senators. Wednesday's proposal could potentially change that structure. Students are asked to consider several items on the ballot.

The first demands a recall of all current FAC members. This means that all current members will be forced to step down immediately. The second item on tomorrow's ballot calls for a constitutional change that would make all FAC positions directly elected by the students. If both propositions pass, a special election will be held later this month. FAC's decisions concerning funding for the Spring 2002 semester are set to be presented to Student Senate the second week of November. The new members will be elected later this month, and they will have 10 business days to redo the hearings and hold deliberations. A final amendment, added to the ballot by a Student Senate vote lets students decide if they want the recall to take effect immediately or be delayed until Jan. 1, 2002. This would let the current FAC make final decisions concerning next semester's funding on the scheduled timeline.

The driving force behind this election is sophomore Kevin Roach who gathered almost 900 student signatures in support of Wednesday's proposition. Roach maintains he has a "clear cut line on what students want" and is working toward necessary reforms. In an interview, Roach stated, "if you're against this campaign, you're against students." He claims the current structure of FAC displays a "lack of accountability to students" and that an immediate recall would remedy the situation most effectively.

The idea of reforming FAC's structure is nothing new. A restructuring committee

on Student Senate has been discussing possible changes, including direct elections of all FAC members. Their finding were scheduled to be presented in January, but the results of this election would override any of their efforts.

Roach believes the recall is a better solution because it tackles the problem "from here on, not from then on." Roach maintains that 10 business days is plenty of time for the new FAC to decide funding for next semester, but this is a point of controversy. Many students are worried that the transition will not occur smoothly enough to ensure proper and timely funding for next semester. A delay in funding could mean serious repercussions for groups who need the money early in the semester.

The women's lacrosse team is helping campaign against the proposition. Jessica Post, former FAC member and chair of internal affairs for the team notes that "club teams have a lot to lose." Like many groups, women's lacrosse is dependent on FAC funds, and if that money is delayed due to FAC organizational problems, they would have no way to pay for league fees in order to start the season.

Post believes that an immediate recall would be problematic because new members could not receive the necessary training before the November deadline. FAC is responsible for much more than hearings and deliberations. Members are expected to work closely with organizations receiving funds to ensure that the money is being used for intended purposes. According to Post, the training process for FAC members is fairly complicated, involving learning how to fill out requisitions and purchase orders and how to serve as an effective contact person for organizations planning their events. It would be difficult to learn all of this in addition to completing hearings and deliberations within 10 days.

Post agrees that the FAC structure is not perfect, but believes improvements can be made in better ways. She is confident that the FAC restructuring committee will have concrete and effective changes in mind for FAC in the near future. Their suggestions may include making more positions elected, but Post maintains this is not a pressing issue. She pointed out that appointed members of FAC are carefully selected to create a qualified, diverse, and balanced group. A general election could result with

See FAC, pg 14

Story by | Derek Spellman

Fire trucks roared through the city streets Saturday morning after a garage housing a University Homecoming float burst into flames and inflicted heavy damage on two neighboring cars.

According to the Kirksville Fire Department, at approximately 4:49 a.m. on Oct. 13 local authorities received word that a fire had torn through a back-alley single car garage at 411 East Jefferson, a private residence that houses eight members of the University's Beta Theta Pi fraternity. The garage served a temporary storage facility for the Beta Homecoming float, which was built with the University's Delta Zeta sorority for the 2001 Homecoming Parade later that Saturday morning.

Brad Wilmotte, one of the house's eight inhabitants, said that he discovered the blaze at about 4:45 a.m. after he heard "what sounded like firecrackers outside. Then I looked out my window and saw the roof [of the garage] engulfed by fire."

Wilmotte said that he first tried to call the fire department but could not because the power was out in the house. He then helped to awaken his roommates and evacuate the house. As they flitted down the front porch stairs and outside, next-door neighbors and members from the nearby Alpha Tau Omega fraternity were running towards the house.

Witnesses said that by the time both houses evacuated the flames had leapt to heights of almost 20 feet.

"It was like it [the garage] was entirely made out of flames," Julie Serdman, one of Wilmotte's next-door neighbors, said. Serdman also said that by then a sheet of flame had descended upon her car and another car belonging John Becker, one of Wilmotte's roommates.

According to the Kirksville Fire Department's report, firefighters arrived on the scene at approximately 4:53 a.m. after responding to another alarm at McPherson. Apparently another Homecoming float built by the Sigma Kappa sorority had also been set afire but was extinguished before firefighters arrived.

Serdman said that she and her neighbors "were very lucky." She also said that



The charred remains of the garage. Photo taken by Cameron Moore

minutes before the firefighters arrived the fire was creeping towards her gas tank. She also said that almost 10 cars were crammed into the parkway behind the two houses and that a car explosion could have set the other cars and possibly both houses afire if the fire department had not arrived in time.

"The potential was there for something terrible to happen," she said.

Both Serdman's and Becker's car sustained heavy damage from the fire, which blackened entire sides of each car, shattered windows, and fractured windshields. The fire also reduced the Homecoming float, a replica of Stokes Stadium with a rotating scoreboard, to rubble. Wilmotte said that the loss of the float and the tools used to construct it amount to a loss of between \$400 and \$500. Serdman could not estimate the damage to her car but said, "There is a good possibility that it's totaled."

Randy Behrens, the Assistant Fire Chief, said that the fire's "cause of ignition was intentional." Behrens also said that while Kirksville fire officials have launched an investigation into the events of Oct. 13 the details of how the fire was ignited and by whom are not yet available.

Wilmotte said that while the fire did not dissuade the Betas from participating in Homecoming festivities over the weekend he was "definitely frustrated. I was amazed at the stupidity of some people in the world."

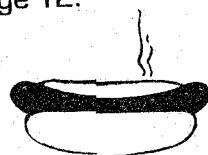
Serdman said "I'll have to think twice about staying here for Homecoming next year. It's scary that people can do something in the name of friendly competition and put people's lives at risk."

C O N T E N T S



What the heck is this guy doing? Tweak his mind on page 6 and find out.

Free eats and fun abound at Autumn Fest. Read a story about it on page 12.



Could Jesus actually have manifested himself in a urinal on campus? You be the judge on page 8.



# The Monitor

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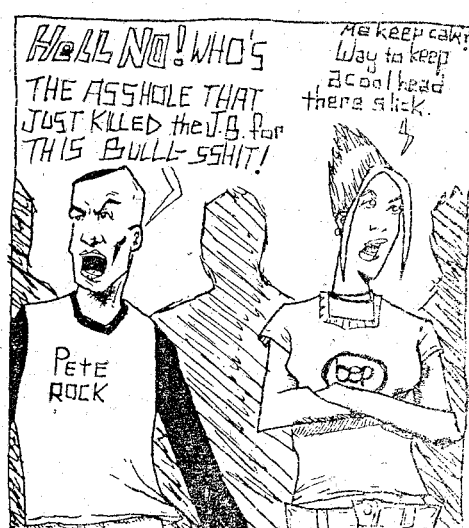
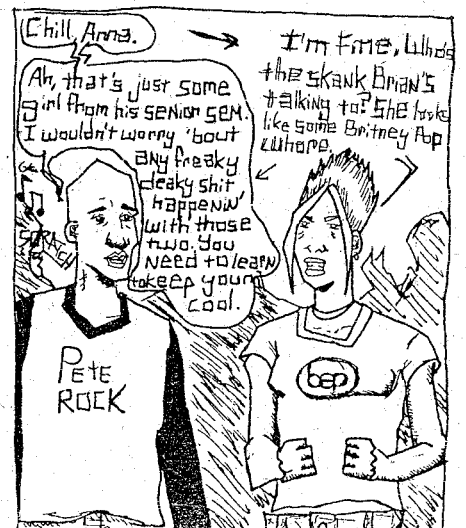
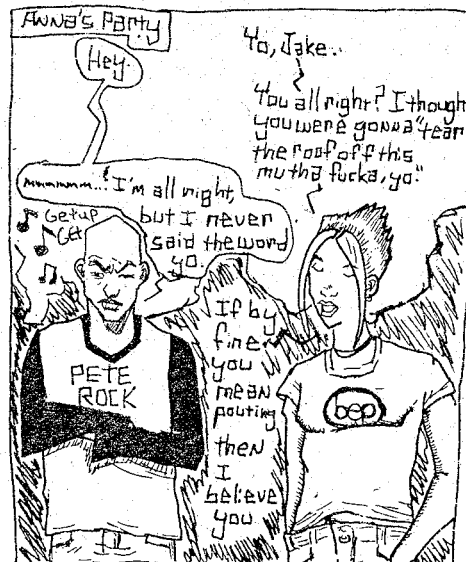
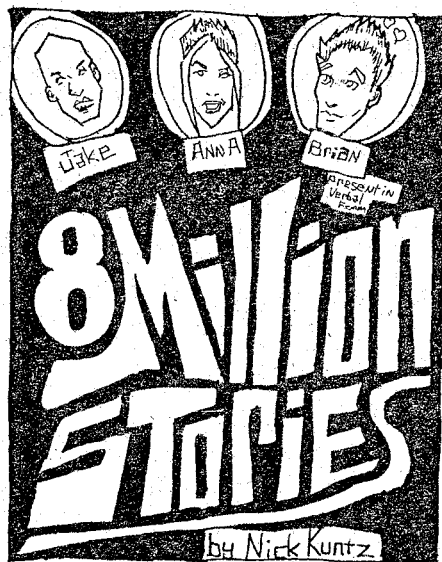
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Among people who have learned something from the 18th century (say, Voltaire) it is a truism, hardly deserving discussion, that the defense of the right of free expression is not restricted to ideas one approves of, and that it is precisely in the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



# Special Election for FAC

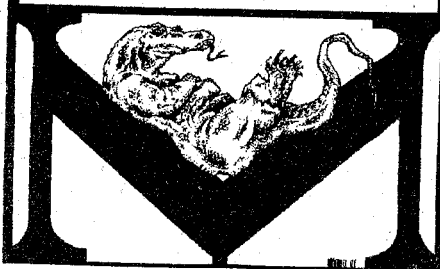
## Wednesday, October 17th

*Student Senate received a petition to recall all Funds Allotment Council members and implement changes in the Funds Allotment constitution. A special election, as required by the Student Senate constitution, shall be held on Wednesday, October 17, in the Student Union Building to vote on the petition.*

# Vote in the lower level of the SUB!

## Polls open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

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.

## We still have a lot to learn from evolution... and Kent Hovind

At this point, there isn't a single doubt in my mind that the following statements constitute a moot point. Creationist Dr. Kent Hovind is long since gone, the heated discussions have quieted, and the seemingly endless chalk ads are finally beginning to fade. But I have just a few comments that I would like to make, with no assumptions about their worth to other people.

Far too many people have already written articles or reviews in response to Dr. Hovind's presence on campus and the eternal Creation / Evolution debate. One article would have been one too many. Because people don't listen. They don't listen, they don't know, and they don't care. And why should any one of us be surprised? Do we have so much faith in our fellow humans that it would ever cloud the unfortunate reality of the situation? I sure hope not. Reality is damn ugly, but damn obvious.

Evolution is a shift in allele frequencies across successive generations in a population of organisms. It is not what our high-school teachers told us it was; it is not what our friends say it is; it is not what our parents warned us it was; and it is most definitely not what our ministers and priests say it is. Why should I waste more of my time telling you? I could sit here, rattling off fact after fact, example after example, and giving you all the basic knowledge you need to know when it comes to evolution, but would you care? Make no mistake, while not completely discounting God's punishment for sadistically toying with the universe and its inhabitants, I do not agree with Creationism in the slightest. But at least when someone engages me in debate, I know what I'm talking about, and I don't have to resort to saying, "Well, I don't know if what I'm saying is true, but I have faith that it is true."

This campus showed far too much presumption about evolution in the wake of Dr. Hovind's presence. Intelligent discussion? Friendly debate? Chances to learn from people who don't necessarily agree? None of the above. Instead, we were all made witness to endless griping, citing, quoting, and the occasional biblical reference. And for what? Evolution — whether you "believe" in it or not — is unnecessarily black and white. It only becomes complex when you turn it into a philosophical issue, which is most certainly is not, at least in reality. Nazis, WWII, and the Columbine Highkillers? Grow up, please.

I have a suggestion for everyone, no matter what side of the "debate" you reside upon. BEFRIEND A BOOK! We have a delightful library at our disposal here at Truman State University! Three whole floors of books, magazines, and other forms of media! Books, glorious books! For those of you who were in attendance at Dr. Hovind's sermon — uhh, I mean, "lecture" — may I suggest reading a book on biology? Not a high-school level biology textbook, but instead, a book that covers evolution

because the author had enough time to do so and was not restricted in his/her writing by the PTA. It has been my experience that almost all people who have misgivings about evolution also have misconceptions and misunderstandings. Those aren't going to be cleared up by debating with other students or by chalking our campus to death. If you do not understand the issue, there are two remedies (1) educating yourself about the issue, even if you still don't agree afterwards, or (2) acknowledging your own ignorance and being wise enough to just keep your mouth shut.

I've read plenty of books whose topic was Creationism / Creation Evangelism. I refuse to enter into any "debate" without knowing everything that I can know about the other side. It's my alternative to ignorance. It should be everyone else's too.

In Peace,  
Ezra Thay

## There are left-wing traitors among us

As inappropriate a forum for intellectual discussion as *The Monitor* is, recent events have made it necessary to grab the weeds at the root, and thus I find myself consorting with demons once again. I pray only that you have enough respect for the Bill of Rights and our first Amendment right of free speech to publish this letter, although I am sure your "Liberal" leanings encourage you not to. Something is afoot at this university. The Campus Left, although a presence long suffered, has been running rampant this last month. Everyday I get bombarded by senseless propaganda telling me how horrible I am just because I am an American. At least once a week I see obscene displays of un-Americanism, and it is, making my HEART SICK. I pray for the souls of these bitter X-patriots, but I also realize that their presence on this campus cannot go unchecked. Osama Bin Ladin was allowed to go unchecked and he was responsible for the worst act of cowardly aggression against American soil in over 50 years. We may think that these left wing radicals are harmless and that if we ignore them they will go away; but all we are really succeeding in is giving them the time they need to grow stronger. Sure the Anti-America protest staged on Sept. 24 seemed innocent enough, but what if there had been an emergency? Then these left wing socialites wouldn't look so harmless anymore.

The Campus Left is out of control, and it doesn't seem like anyone here at Truman State University has the guts to do anything about it. Certainly the administration is not going to stop them; we have seen how weak their spine is in dealing with issues like this in the past (EXAMPLE: the DPS arming issue). NO, this is a call that goes out to all good god-fearing Americans who recognize how lucky we are to be Americans. And that it is our duty to stand up for this beautiful country against those forces that would see it destroyed, whether they are

from the outside or within. While I will not advocate any Direct Action over a forum such as this, it is time that we as pro-Americans organize ourselves so that these left wing Communists and Anarchists are not allowed to dominate the political debates across campus. They are not the majority voice on campus. It is not right that they are allowed to act like they are, dominating the campus media and the classroom discussions. Right-minded men and women on campus, speak up now! Let your voices be heard, or risk facing a leftist movement down the road that will be unafraid of repercussions and will be well-organized. We cannot ignore them forever. America is under attack; the time for its defense is NOW.

GOD BLESS AMERICA!

Patriotically yours,  
Scout Sergeant John Gramb  
Golden Eagle Forum Collegians

## Local good-ole-boys club screws Kirksville firemen

Whatever position one takes on the response necessitated by the Sept. 11 atrocity, I think few of us on the Left can be blinded to at least one universally good outcome from the saddening tragedy. This is, the way in which working-class culture and the New York firefighters in specificity has been self-revalorized in otherwise fat, slovenly, US take-them-for-granted US culture. For myself this was brought vividly home about a week and a half ago when seated with two young relatives and their schoolfriend, I was splurging out on a cinema treat and yet another viewing of the hilarious and rarely multi-racial comedy *Rush Hour Two*, and our UK bus passed a group of Birmingham firefighters raising charity monies to support their bereaved, stricken brethren in the "Big Apple." Many of whom ventured back into the rubble at the cost of their own retrieving lives to rescue people in the immediate aftermath; at the sole time these office bourgeois folk could be saved from the bomb collapsing skyscraper monuments, to capitalist arrogance and greediness.

Cannot now TSU wealthy administrators do their bit to so "pitch-in?" With regard to our own local firefighter heroes, given that they are one of the few local services that students and progressives genuinely respect, as they don't fail to solve elementary local crimes, bully boy cannabis victimless types for "possession," or, futilely, arrest peaceful students on plainly symbolic anti-war demonstrations as is the last's First Amendment free speech right, not to be literally abridged!

The need for TSU's male wealthy to do the right thing arises from the crisis now afflicting the relocation necessity for Kirksville's fire station. For MONITOR readers who have forgotten this local tragedy, we have to go back to Magruder's unhealthy waste of my and your monies in pursuit of grandeur for grandeur's own sake. Rather than develop proper pay equity scales for women faculty and staff, a TA structure for students that doesn't necessitate "JJ" having to be an artist's model and so on. TSU went ahead and built the frivolous RECREATION CENTER! Not only has this made life very survival-hard for at least three town existing gyms in, subsidized, competition. But IT PARTIALLY BLOCKED OUT THE SPEED, RESCUE-RESPONSE EFFECTIVENESS OF THE EXISTING FIRE STATION.

with its personnel having to begging ago to Mayors Murray, Carpenter and their cronies on city council for a vital site uptown on the old recession hit car sales J. Robertson site. This being the cheapest place availing, given that an absolutely new building is simply beyond this region's impoverished income means.

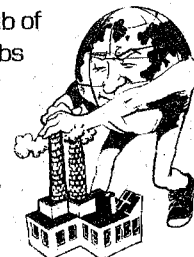
Now, however, has come the shock news. Because the auto site's floors won't take the fire engines weight; that the city fork out price has shot up from \$600,000 to \$900,000. When as, earlier, MONITOR editors actually caught TSU attorney Warren Wells BOASTING HE STILL HAD MONEY TO SPEND ON LAND ACQUISITIONS! Doubtless, TSU's male wealthy will not change their tune, given homecoming parade Governor Holden's Democratic party cuts in "slash" on education. But its time to fork out for the firefighters guts, gents, SURELY!????

Sincerely,  
Larry Iles  
State Organizaer, Socialist Party USA

## ECO TIP

EAT LOW ON THE FOOD CHAIN

To produce 1 lb of beef, we need 16 lbs of grain and soybeans, 2,500 gallons of water and the equivalent of one gallon of gasoline. Go veggie, or at least cut down on beef intake.



ECO meets Monday nights at 8pm, VH1140

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## monitor opinions

## Jesse Jackson: American Action Figure



I do admit that like John Hilton I enjoy a little humor about Rev. Jesse Jackson's unique character. Remember when he read *Green Eggs and Ham* on *SNL*?

And do you remember when this "freelance diplomat" thought he could reduce the tension in the Balkans? He returned home with three freed U.S. prisoners of war.

And recently the Reverend wanted to travel to Afghanistan to find a relatively peaceful solution. That's a pretty brave endeavor that would have placed him in a difficult and vulnerable position. Whether his goals were realistic or not, Jackson was trying.

Maybe I'm wrong—I have been before—but it seems to me that Jesse Jackson deserves our respect. But critics such as John Hilton in the Oct. 4 *Index* think it's a big joke and that the Taliban should have to keep Jackson as a cruel form of punishment, being "the very worst we can do to the Taliban."

It was a funny piece, but it was also disrespectful. Our government would not send Colin Powell or any other significant diplomat to the U.N. conference on racism in South Africa. It feels as though our government and its biggest supporters disapprove of active dialogue. "Talk to the hand" or "let the bombs do the talking" should be our motto. That's something to wave flags at.

After all, it is not just the government, it is the people. Regular non-political folk are too complacent. As a state that has become the most prosperous in the history of Earth at the expense of indigenous people, black people, working-class people, and other violated people, we have an obligation to do something. I think one of our problems is the world view that we are this country and you are that country. That has some pragmatic accuracy.

But really all a country is is a picture that the men with money identified on a map. Because the Zapatistas do not exist within the lines marked "United States" does not make them any less our brothers and sisters.

Now from a more practical standpoint, there is some legitimacy to worrying about our own problems. But we don't even do that. There are poor people in this country. There is racism in this country. There is sexism in this country. There is pain and suffering brought about by some rich white man who wants to increase his gold from way too much to way too much plus more.

I feel that those of us with education and with means ought to do something. For different people that "something" means different things. But it does not mean to sit around and watch television. And this phenomenon of watching television and buying into corporate slavery is common to all of us from the Left to the Right.

Republicans, Democrats, Greens, and Whigs should be more active on a political level instead of joining their respective parties because they perceive it as their crowd. Political and non-political people need to educate themselves on issues and at least be aware of problems in the world that are our fault or closely related to our actions as a country. And most importantly we should all just be cool and respectful of each other in this country and of others around the world. Cooperation makes it happen.

Before I issue my closing remark, I want to issue my disclaimers. I do a lot of disclaimers because I fear counterattacks. My disclaimers are: I realize that I can be self-centered as much as anybody else and can be apathetic about stuff; I really respect John Hilton and really did appreciate the open format of his Rally for America; and my friends don't always come to my stuff. But my last point is this: before John Hilton guffaws at the hippie antics of Rev. Jesse Jackson, who is trying to be active and help somebody out, he should be more concerned that he can't get more than five of his friends to show up for his Rally for America.

## Living with a blindfold on

Opinion by I Adam IX

It's bad enough to aspire to be a high-ranking member of society's counterculture: the goths, ravers and cultists. It's so much worse for the Amish, because they truly believe that they're living on the right path. Everyone else living in civilized society is making fun of them, and those stupid bastards wander aimlessly around Wal-Mart in their zipper-less handmade garments, incredibly wary not to get sucked into our supposedly decadent lifestyle of technology.

I don't have the facts on this, but knowing something of the psychology of adolescents, I'm sure that the Amish must lose at least 20 percent to 25 percent of their children to our society. I know that if I grew up in a fucking commune, being accustomed to a life of farming and animal tending, and then on one of my trips to Wal-Mart, I wandered into the electronics section, I couldn't possibly go back to that horribly simple lifestyle again. How can they bear

living without e-mail and movies, Polaroid cameras and cellular phones, the majority of their existence wasted in a pastoral hell on earth? It's all I can do when I watch them live out their blissfully ignorant lives, unaware of the pleasures I experience everyday living in my nuclear-powered fiberoptic Xanadu, to keep from going postal on them.

This, my faithful and loving readers, has been somewhat of an IQ test for you. I hope this article has been at the very least somewhat funny to you; but I also want you to think a little bit about your own personal views towards the Amish because I'm unsure that the majority of you will be able to catch the subtext that explains how I truly feel about them. If, however, you feel as if you understand what I'm trying to say with this article, drop me a line at dragonstrider@hotmail.com and give me a little bit more faith in the intelligence of the University population

## Dating with no blow

Opinion by I Justin Anderson

Having sex in the new millennium has become a bitch. Let's get real here; the decades of one-night stands are over. Gone are the days when you could take a girl to a party, get her drunk, and have sex. Who has time to worry about STDs, pregnancy, and complete exhaustion (no, no, thank you!) after a romp in the hay? That's not even considering the possibility that you're fucking your third cousin.

Enter the blowjob. As seen on television, it's quick, it's painless (hopefully), and doggonit, people like it. Also, while one can be bad in bed, it's hard to screw this up cause really, you're not screwing, you're giving a blowjob. Not every relationship is all about sex, but let's face the facts: dating in Kirksville can end up with you going to Wal-Mart looking for things to paint. Eventually you are gonna need a little more. But how, oh how, do you go about it without piling up the bed sheets needing to be washed? What?

First and foremost, consider beer. Beer is proof that God exists and loves us. Get a couple six packs in her and she'll be willing to do anything. If there is one thing I know, it's cheese. Eat it. Next consider drugs. In my years of tedious research, I've found that drugs are a great way to dramatically lower inhibitions. I find

that having pet monkeys that do drugs with you is also conducive to receiving blowjobs. I gotta have more cowbell, baby. Bottom line—don't date a feminist. Note to self: learn to fight.

When asked about blowjobs, freshman Justin Anderson has this to say: "You want to see a drunk mouse, dice." Justin's harsh comments aside, he is wrong. You are not smart, Justin.

Another option is to explore the great outdoors and get a blowjob. You could visit the Macon Maize Maze, get lost and get a blowjob. If your woman still needs a little something, go and get your camera. While waiting for the film to develop, you can pick out a couple of picture frames for the both of you so you will always remember that special time, and get a blowjob. Another good time for blowjobs is when those wonderful concerts and plays come to town. While your roommate is off getting his daily dose of laughter in Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, you can be getting a blowjob in your room.

If you follow all of this advice, you should have no problem getting a blowjob—so get a blowjob. Just don't let your dates find themselves coming up on something short at the end of the semester.

## Professor evaluates Greek separatism at University

Opinion by I Dr. Linda Seidel

In a recent class discussion, students expressed concern about what appears to be a racially divided Greek system here at the University. What could it mean? Ongoing segregationist tendencies on the part of white students? Black separatism? Both? How can greater integration be achieved?

I have no answers to these questions, but I would like to pose another: if racial integration would be valuable in Greek life, could not sexual desegregation prove equally important? If students of different races have compelling reasons to understand each other better, is this not also true for men and women?

Think of the possibilities. No longer would men and women regard each other as aliens from different planets if they shared tasks, space, and social events in the same organization. Well-defined gender roles, reinforced by the current system, might be replaced by an acknowledgment of individual strengths and talents. Gay, lesbian, and bisexual members would feel less pressure to stay in the closet or conform to the stereotypical versions of masculinity or femininity. Bonding could occur across gender lines, from person to person to person, so that the old boys' and old girls' networks would ultimately be replaced by a network of persons sharing similar goals and values.

Skeptics might worry about sex. Wouldn't the members of a sexually integrated Greek system be doing it all the time? Maybe they would, at first, until the novelty wore off. But I suspect that sexual encounters between "brothers" and "sisters," or "brothers" and "brothers," or "sisters" and "sisters" might be more respectful, less exploitative, and more egalitarian than the variety often produced by frat parties, sorority formals and ordinary dates. After all, how could you mistreat a sister or a

brother? The Greeks' stereotypical reputation, deserved or not, as perpetrators of date rapes and gangbans, would simply disappear. Greek life could be place where women and men learned to be equal and learned to be just human.

"You must be crazy," I think I hear you saying, those of you who are still reading. "Or maybe you're just being satiric. Obviously you were never a Greek yourself. You don't understand."

And you'd be right about one thing: I was never a Greek. As an undergraduate, I attended a women's college that did not permit sororities. I did not deliberately choose a single-sex education, but the flagship institution in my home state of New Jersey, Rutgers University, was segregated by sex. In 1967, Rutgers College (like its tonier counterparts Princeton and Yale) remained an all-male preserve. Douglass College, half the size of its brother school, sprung up to meet the educational needs of those excluded by the dominant group (rather like the way in which black fraternities and sororities first took shape at the University perhaps).

The continuing value of separatism, when integration feels like loss of identity and power, remains a tortured question. Rutgers College admits women now, but Douglass continues to function as a single-sex school. Similarly, many black students at the University still gravitate toward the groups that have historically served them.

An integrationist at heart, I rather like my fantasy of a sex-blind Greek system. I'm even old-fashioned enough to think that it would be OK if all of us were pecan tan, androgynous and bilingual. But, in fact, we are not all the same, and the melting pot metaphor does not serve all of our interests equally well. I still do crave, at times, the unalloyed company of women, even as I worry what men, left to their own devices, in a patriarchal society, will do.

LEFTOVERS  
By Ed Jenkins



by Andy Stevenson

## View from the Back Row

Homecoming weekend is always full of excitement, and this past Friday night was no exception. In stereotypical college style, alumni and students shared smiles, smooches and substances alike as bars roared and parties raged into the wee hours of the morning. Graduates relived old times and current students made memories that will live on through oral tradition over future October weekends. Unfortunately, at least one of last weekend's events projected a disturbingly ominous tone that left a significant, destructive mark upon the lives and property of our otherwise blissfully celebratory university community.

I, along with my eight roommates and numerous weekend guests, was abruptly awakened around 4:30 a.m. on Saturday morning from the "safe" haven of my warm bed at 407 E. Jefferson. People I knew from several blocks down the street ran screaming through the house, warning everyone to *get up and GET OUT* as quickly as they could. I rolled over under my warm fleece covers, annoyed, assuming that one of the many parties of the night was trying to recruit late night guests to keep the groove alive. Only seconds later, however, my irritated discomfort was replaced by panic, as flashing lights abruptly appeared outside my window. As dazed, sleepy friends and neighbors poured out into the street in their pajamas, we were greeted by the horrific sight of open flames licking 20 feet high, devouring the garages that stood between 407 and 411 and blazing precariously close to our two houses, no more than 20 feet from the inferno.

We remained paralyzed in disbelief for several minutes, some breaking into tears and others simply soaking in the bizarre surrealism of the situation. For most of us, it was more than just a sobering experience. Luckily, roommates and friends had been awake enough to react, take action and minimize the potential for devastation. Luckily, the firemen arrived in time to fight back the blaze and avert the tragedy that two massive resi-

dential fires could have caused. And thankfully, most importantly, no one was hurt in the affair. Nevertheless, two students' cars that suffered thousands of dollars worth of damage are well on their way to the junkyard, and both garages are as good as gone.

Fires like that don't happen on wet, cold nights by themselves. *So how, pray tell, did this come to pass?* It just so happens that a group or individual, only surpassed in their cerebral prowess by a truly impressive malevolent will (or wait, "team spirit?"), lit the Betas' and Delta Zetas' Homecoming Parade float on fire as it stood innocently in the back yard beside the garage. The sheer Neanderthal glee of seeing something erupt into flame clearly (I mean, *come on*, imagine yourself in the same situation, *really* [grunt, scratch]) must have outweighed any potential danger that the act could have caused. Perhaps it didn't occur to these individuals that large objects on fire have the potential to light other, larger objects on fire, but that argument doesn't hold much water (ironically). Logically, an innocent plea in this case of arson would be roughly parallel to sloughing off blame for the murder of a five-year old pedestrian crossing the street while flying through a red light at an intersection; responsibility for further risk in committing illegal acts must be assumed.

This unfortunate incident makes us students look irresponsible. But very first and foremost, the Greek community gets to don the big dunce cap and stick out its bottom lip (although I must admit, all of us at IFC did have the brilliance to make the pre-emptive move to start a fund for local firefighters to obtain night vision technology that could save lives in burning house rescues... *we need it ASAP, apparently*). Of course, as of now, there is no concrete incriminating evidence that suggests any Greek individual or organization is responsible for the crime, nor am I trying to point any fingers past my own shortcomings, but campus history lays out a telling pattern. As I stood with several roommates and neighbors surveying the damage the morning after, various alumni of both

fraternities and sororities somberly recalled past years when competing Greek organizations set fire to others' achievements. In their minds, there seemed to be little doubt that this was just another slice of Homecoming "dirty work," this time with over-the-top repercussions that reached beyond the Greek community to adversely affect others as well. That said, it stands that whether or not events unfolded in the time-honored fashion again this year, Greeks look pathetically blamable.

*So what happens after the fact? Is there any appropriate follow-up or retaliation to the senselessness?* Strangely enough, the complete lack of regard for life and property displayed in this heinous act is reminiscent of a recent wake-up call we all experienced scarcely more than a month ago, and hits dangerously close to home (or mine, at least). Naturally, sensitivity should be paramount in these traumatic times. So, given that we must consciously choose our most capable individuals to lead us through trouble, perhaps we should follow the example that our governmental leaders have set for us.

*"All they've got to do is turn him over, and his colleagues, and the thugs he hides."*

This much seems clear. Priority number one is to find the arsonist bastard through his ugly friends or any institution or organization that grants him asylum (bonus points if anyone involved has towels on their heads). If individual and coalition efforts in diplomacy, such as repeating the phrase "come here, stupid; we hate you," or "no, really, give him *here*," are ineffective, however, it may be necessary to take more drastic steps toward reprimanding the offender.

*"And not only turn him over, turn the organization over, destroy all the terrorist camps — actually, we're doing a pretty good job of that right now — and release the hostages they hold."*

Evidently, the next step is to go for the jugular—**FIRE BOMB-A-THON!!** Give the little pyromaniac some of his own medicine!! As luck would have it, Kirksville has relatively

few large compound housing units, so it should be easy to single out priority targets; thus, innocent casualties can be minimized. However, uninvolved neighbors should not be overlooked—cases of Smack Ramen and Easy Mac can be parachuted in so that they realize we mean them no ill will. While they must accept the grave importance of their sacrifices as necessary for the completion of our mission, this should clearly communicate our deepest regret for any grievances. Simultaneously, to ensure widespread understanding among the campus community, leaflets should be distributed clarifying that *"sometimes you have to destroy a village to save it."*

*"It would be a useful function for the United Nations to take over the so-called nation building — I would call it the stabilization of a future government — after our military mission is complete."*

To ensure the success of the operation, after the retaliatory strikes are completed, political restructuring will be necessary. In this case, what better body to lay down the line than IFC, the epitome of Greek solidarity? Although it may infringe on chapter sovereignty and political self-determination to intervene and impose the authority of a new executive board council, in the name of maintaining Greek moral purity at the University, it will be essential to amputate the gangrenous limb from the collective fraternal body.

Or maybe a more practical solution would be to have all University students and alumni just hand over the pants they wore on Friday/Saturday morning; the hapless crotch fabric *must* be busted out from the huge, swollen testicles of whatever genius triumphantly **"FUCKED SHIT UP"**.

Well, seriously... you tell me, man (you most likely won't though, and *that's* the problem).

## I am a freeborn, independent, liberty-loving, patriotic American: I am a Whig

Opinion by I.W. Aaron Wilson

I am a Whig. I am a Whig because I believe in the protection of tariffs, reinstitution of the national bank, federally-funded communications projects, and a conservative public land sales program. And because I hate Andrew Jackson.

I know what you're thinking: that between the two parties that currently hold the country in their vulture-taloned grasp (These upstart "Republicans" and Jackson's hated Democrats) the Whig party has no chance of winning power in the states.

And yet, I remain faithful to the Whig ideals first formulated by the founders of my proud Whig heritage. I always vote for Whig candidates. Whenever party leaders such as Henry Clay and Daniel Webster are scheduled to speak in the nearby area, I always make it a point to attend.

Why am I a Whig? First and foremost, I despise Andrew Jackson, or King Andrew I as he should more properly be called. The rights of states to enact laws for their benefit should

outweigh the political ambitions of a man who reverts to nothing more than a petty tyrant when placed in a position of power.

The Whig party stands against Jackson's monarchical use of the "veto" to whimsically defeat laws passed by the states' representatives. They stand for the reinstitution of the national bank. They stand for the American ideals of freedom, liberty, independence and conservative public land sale programs.

There are those who say it is ridiculous to only vote for someone based on their party affiliation. They say siding with someone merely because they carry an uncertain political label means that one ignores the actual issues at stake for the blind propagation of a corrupt partisan rhetoric.

Poppycock! There was more behind William Henry Harrison than just "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too." Zachary Taylor was more than a mere party drone. These were great men of outstanding caliber attempting to serve the will of the people and provide a voice for stronger tar-

iff protection.

In other words, standing by one's party is not a matter of "ignoring personal beliefs" and "supporting an archaic political system," but a matter of American pride. I was born a Whig, raised a Whig, and I'll die a Whig. Those people who are unaffiliated with any political group are no better than the foreign anarchists that crowd our shores every day. Only through staunch support of those people chosen by our party to lead us can the American way survive.

I am not a Republican. I am not a Democrat (curse you Jackson, a thousand times, curse you!). I am not a "Libertarian." I am not a Know-Nothing (those rebels led by the turncoat Fillmore). I am not a Green, Blue, Yellow or Pale Mauve.

I am a freeborn, independent, liberty-loving, patriotic American. I am a Whig. If you hold your freedom dear and you spit upon the name of Andrew Jackson, then perhaps you are a Whig too.

GOT A VIEW  
YOU THINK  
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# TEAR YOUR MIND

What's the sweetest thing ever?



"It tastes like good."

- Aaron Baker  
Freshman



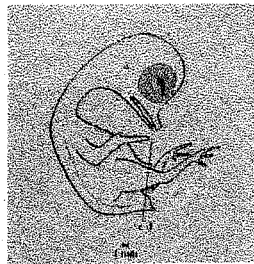
"Moving to Canada to escape the tyranny of Big Brother."

-Will Worden



"Baby chicks."

-Nancy Bach  
Freshman



"Baking at 38 degrees Celcius, for 21 days."

-Baby Chick

## SAB stuns students with world-renowned country music titan Jessica Andrews

### Opinion by | Zach Lechner

When I learned a few weeks ago that the Student Activities Board had selected country singer Jessica Andrews as their major concert act this year, I think I shared the thought of many hip students around campus: "It's about damn-time!" How I have waited for this day to arrive. Finally, SAB has discovered the good taste necessary to bring an artist with the vision and the musical chops of Jessica Andrews.

It is no secret to my friends that the career of Jessica Andrews had eluded me until recently. When I saw her "Who I Am" video receiving heavy rotation on that conduit of all things good in the music world—Country Music Television—I was floored. This is one talented one woman! And she's hot too! Not to be crude, but "Who I Am" grabbed me by the balls and refused to let go. I immediately raced to Hastings and paid full price for her latest CD, appropriately entitled *Who I Am*. Not surprisingly, the album, like my burned copy of Celine Dion rarities, did not leave my CD player for months. Just when *Who I Am* had been reduced to three plays per day, I learned via the Internet that Ms. Andrews had put out an album in 1999. I, of course, ran out with startling rapidity to purchase this more obscure, yet tasty, nugget of modern country music; and again, I was blown away, although the album failed to grasp my balls as tightly. That is only because any recording, even one by Jessica Andrews herself, is bound to pale in comparison to the aural majesty of *Who I Am*.

And just think—Jessica Andrews will be bringing this glorious sound to our very own campus! SAB has finally done it up right. Let's be honest. SAB usually drops the ball when it comes to bringing artists who will appeal to most college students. One needs to look no further than last year's performer Wyclef Jean for an example. I was not familiar with this artist when I purchased my ticket, but I decided to go anyway for a little diversion (this was before I discovered Jessica Andrews and spent most Saturday nights listening to *Who I Am* or watching *Hope Floats*). Mr. Jean put on a decent show, but I did not recognize any of his "hits," and it was obvious that his popularity

with college students is practically non-existent. "For God's sake," I thought, "why not just book some lame-ass act like Sonic Youth and finish the job of alienating the entire campus community?"

Jessica Andrews is fortunately the antithesis of a lame-ass. A lot of music snobs at the University (yes, I'm talking about you, Campus Music Collective) are probably decrying Ms. Andrews' upcoming appearance, but they are probably not in control of their faculties enough to recognize good music (that is appreciated by all college students with a brain) when they hear it.

I have to admit *Who I Am* is a very cerebral album. It's a wonder that CMT found the courage to play it. It makes me sad that a small minority of students on campus who enjoy listening to pop crap like Rainer Maria, Wilco and Pavement cannot appreciate Jessica Andrews' uniqueness. She stands apart from the pack of female country vocalists such as Faith Hill and Shania Twain, who make what is essentially watered-down pop music. Jessica Andrews sings in the tradition of those women who helped make country music great. When we look back upon the important female artists of the country music genre, I guarantee that Jessica Andrews' name will have assumed a place beside Patsy Cline, Tammy Wynette and Loretta Lynn.

SAB's Jessica Andrews coup will hopefully establish a trend of bringing quality musical acts to campus. It looks like SAB has learned from Northwest Missouri State University's example. A few years ago REO Speedwagon rocked this campus to the delight of the school's hip student body. It is my hope that SAB will continue to keep its finger on the pulse of the underground music community so that it can satisfy our young people's need for new and exciting music. With this renewed sense of vigor on SAB's part, hot acts like Styx, Rick Springfield, Jennifer Lopez and Hanson might as well start packing for Kirksville. But in the meantime, let's just thank God that Jessica Andrews and SAB found each other. I'll see you at the concert!

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# Hovind confounds wise\*, students alike

Opinion by I Andres Delgado

I went to test the power of my logic against the power of style and persuasion. I started for Baldwin Auditorium without any doubt that my view was the correct one, but curious to see if it was possible for the speaker's deep-seated delusion to defend itself against an intelligent assault by fact and logic. I obviously don't have enough to do in my spare time.

The evening began with the most incredulous material presented first. Kent Hovind, former high school science teacher, delineated his theory that man coexisted with dinosaurs (better known as dragons). With this tenet, the weakest, out of the way early, Hovind began an iconoclastic reevaluation of the forming of the Grand Canyon. The sudden draining of a huge post-flood lake shaped the canyon, he said, not the Colorado. According to convention, the river originally flowed at the height of the uneroded ridge. Today, the flow of that river would paradoxically be uphill. However, this paradox can be resolved by considering that the topography of the region may well have changed dramatically in the millions of years since the Colorado first trickled across the area. Or perhaps the Grand Canyon wasn't eroded by a river; there is still no evidence against the age of the earth or evolution. Hovind neglected to consider the many other canyons of the world, many of which exhibit hundreds of spires and pinnacles accountable only through erosion over millions of years. But he did question the accepted version of the Grand Canyon's formation more than I had.

The evening continued in a vein of calling into question nearly every category of evidence

for macro-evolution. Hovind did raise a valid objection to the idea of constant gradual changes in population leading to present forms. Exactly how valid his point was may not be clear without the following quote from Steven Jay Gould, a Harvard biologist: "The extreme rarity of transitional forms in the fossil record persists as the trade secret of paleontology. The evolutionary trees that adorn our textbooks have data only at the tips and nodes of their branches; the rest is inference, however reasonable, not the evidence of fossils" (taken from "Evolution's Erratic Pace," Natural History, vol. 86 May 1977 p. 14). This is very troubling information for Darwinian Gradualism's conception of populations continuously changing through natural selection. It is reconciled, however, by Gould's own theory of long periods of unchanging equilibrium wherein species have achieved forms suited to surviving at a constant percentage punctuated by short periods of change when the environment changes.

But the purpose of the above is not to debate Hovind on print, but rather to set the stage for my interpretation of the evening, which follows.

At the beginning of the lecture, I noticed with some amusement a graphic plotting the timeline of Nothing vs. that of God. As the evening went on, I began to think about the fact that I was, indeed, rooting for Nothing. I even found myself more emotionally attached to the defense of Nothing than normal discourse would dictate. I attributed this to my impression that Hovind was trying to mentally swindle the

See Hovind, pg 13

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## Opinion by | Jami Burns

I know that Adam's column is about not changing for others and all that, but I think I've beaten that to death. So for today, we are going on a different tangent. Today's little story is on how it seems girls will go to any length to get attention, especially freshman girls who are still trying to find their place in the new surroundings that they have thrown themselves into. I know that last year I was a freshman and did some stupid things, but the antics I saw last week at a party made me look like a perfect little angel.

Last week it was a typical Wednesday night with lots of people, music, hormones and too much alcohol shoved into one house. Things got out of hand, though, when three freshman girls started to dance on the bar and decided it seemed like a good idea to pull their shirts up and their pants down. I'm not saying they were exposing their precious parts, but at the same time I didn't need to see the bottoms of their bras or the tops of their thongs. Things got even worse as they started kissing and licking all over each other. Most of the time a scene like this wouldn't bother me, but the fact that about 40 boys were standing around enjoying the show and taking pictures bothered me.

I figure if your going to lower yourself to wanting attention that way, you might as well get paid for it. The more I look around at parties, the more it seems to me the girls that are the most drunk and out of hand are freshmen. "I wish the freshman girls had a little more self-respect," sophomore Kim McCracken said. I agree with her. I wish a lot of girls had more self-respect. This next point is for everyone, guys and girls: today's drunken good idea is tomorrow's rumor.

*She said, He said*

## A two-sided look at relationships

## Opinion by | Adam IX

The most important thing to figure out when you're "ready for love" (as my compatriots and I term it) is the kind of person you are and what you want in a potential lover. Your responsibility as the guy is to make sure you're not letting yourself get hurt or used just to be with a girl that you like. I can see that the truly clueless are going to need a little explanation of this, so to help you understand and give you a bit more insight into where I'm coming from, it's unfortunately time to bring out the personal stories.

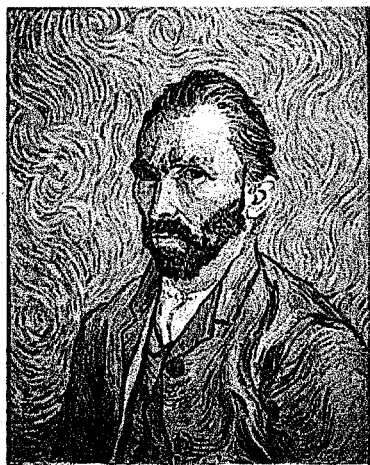
To be completely honest, although I've been infatuated with a number of girls throughout my life, I didn't start dating at all until college. This was because of my own foolish lack of self-confidence, which I have fortunately outgrown. In any case, I used to believe that all girls were perfect in every way, angels come down from heaven that were to be treated as perfectly as possible. Even though I saw girls mistreating each other as well as their boys, it didn't really click for me that girls were less-than-perfect until my freshman year at the University. That year I started dating for the first time and realized that girls were unwilling to date the guy who treats them perfectly and does everything for them. Sophomore year I got into my first long-term relationship, which gave me the most important rule of dating: don't be-

come intimate with a person you will undoubtedly see all the time if you think a breakup might occur. Please note: I'm not suggesting you should get into a relationship with anyone if you don't think it will last. I learned quite a bit about love and female psychology from that relationship, but I didn't realize that she wasn't the kind of girl I should let myself be with until months after the relationship ended.

This brings me to last summer, where everything I had experienced over my entire life with women finally sunk in, and something in my brain clicked into place because of it. I realized that I had been treating my girlfriends a lot better than they deserved to be treated, and they despised me for it. The reason I'm telling you all this is to help the guys I've seen so often at the University—the somewhat sweet and innocent, somewhat naive, and always lonely boy who has the highest ideals but no experience. And all this is to help you guys out there understand that you do deserve a girl that won't use you or treat you badly because of your kindness. Don't be afraid of losing a girl by being honest about how you feel, even if it means she doesn't get what she wants at that moment. Believe me, she will respect you for it. The truth of the matter is, no girl is worth sacrificing your morals.

## Tune in every issue for a view into relationships from both sides of the story!

## Jesus appears in urine-stained pipe: you be the judge



Vincent Van Gogh



The Shroud of Turin



Urinal Jesus??

## Feature by | W. Aaron Wilson

Every couple of days (MWF 10:30, M 7:00, Th 10:00) I make a pilgrimage. Yes, my trips to Barnett Hall, made necessary by my physics course, have recently taken on a spiritual as well as physical and academic aspect ever since the fateful day that, while paying obeisance to the porcelain altar of convenience, I looked down and noticed the image.

Now admittedly, at first glance the image appears to be merely a stain in the drainpipe of an ordinary urinal (the one on the right on second floor Barnett, to be precise). But after repeated visits one begins to notice features in the rich mosaic of tans and umbers.

That dark spot gradually becomes an eye,

while the fuzzy patch at the bottom becomes a mouth and beard. In the center there is a slightly curved smear that resembles a nose. A face has become painted on this humble urinal pipe by some unseen artisan. A face— but whose?

At first, the full beard and high forehead reminded me of one of Van Gogh's self-portraits. After looking up these portraits to see if they might resemble the face in the urinal, I found that the unruly beard and fuzzy sideburns could not belong to the crazy but well-groomed Dutch Impressionist.

Then it hit me. Whose face, if tabloids and local tourist industries are to be believed (and who doesn't trust the wisdom of local tourist industries? When they tell you the world's largest prairie dog inspires awe and majesty, you'd

better believe them), appears on ordinary objects the world over? That's right, I'm talking about the man himself: Jesus Christ.

What do traditional images of Jesus look like? He has solemn but loving eyes, massive beard n' burns and deeply weathered skin. All of these components are true of the face in the urinal. Could I have discovered a holy image inscribed by a divine hand?

This then leads to a theological quandary: should I continue to...do my business on the face of my personal savior? It seems wholly and utterly sacrilegious to do so, and yet, if years of urinal usage had not occurred (in concurrence with some ineffable plan), the sacred visage might never have appeared in the first place.

Another question arises: what is so special about this urinal that this blessed image has been placed upon it? Could this portrait herald some miraculous happening to come in the second floor Barnett men's bathroom? Or could the mere fact that students make pilgrimages to Barnett every day be enough of a reason? Could their treks to the outer reaches of campus and their use of its facilities generate some kind of spiritual energy?

Not being privy to the plans of the Almighty, I cannot answer any of these questions. All I know is that I walk towards Barnett each day with a little more peace in my heart, knowing that no matter where I am, the face of the Lord is ever watching over me.



# THE DISCLOSURE PROJECT

## Feature by | Cameron Moore

Now more than ever, our authoritarian entities have more power in our lives. Government authority, church authority or any kind of authority exists solely to take the power from the many into their own hands. Progressivism is frowned upon; we instead must keep the current power structure to maintain normalcy. We are deceived into thinking that our lives would be utterly chaotic and unstable if we didn't have our big brother looking out for us, keeping us safe from the atrocities of the world.

We believe in these authority structures so much, that we sacrifice our entire lives maintaining them. We work more hours a week than any culture, drive ourselves crazy with the unhappiness that material possessions bring, and altogether forget about trying to figure out life by giving our lives to corporations that, in return, give us the stability that we imagine exists only in what they offer.

We are constantly given toys by these authorities to play with and distract us from finding any real meaning in life. We can have the toy to play with, they tell us, but (and there is always a but) we are also told that we can't function as a normal human without this device. In fact, we need it. The next toy offered assumes that you already have the previous toy, so you had better keep up or you get left completely out. You are seen as an outcast if you don't play the game; you are un-American.

Take electricity for instance. Stop and think about what you do in your day that does not require electrical energy. No, really, I want you to STOP and THINK about

it! Our lives are run by the power of electricity. We commute, work, play games and distract ourselves with this mysterious force of the universe. It is the basis for the way all of us live our lives in this society. We are required to use it to obtain anything that is desirable, our authorities tell us.

The thing is, the corporate authorities that tell us this nonsense are the ones that own the stuff. Of course they want our lives to require electricity; now they have a complete monopoly on something (electricity isn't even a thing really, it's just a mechanism by which the universe transports energy) to which anybody born in the world should have access, as we are all equal heirs to the throne that is this planet, despite our socio-economic standing. We now must sacrifice our lives to these authorities and become a cog in their machine in order to reap the benefits (or what they tell us are benefits) of what they have unjustly taken; that which is everybody's to begin with.

This is where the Disclosure Project comes in. This project's main focus is to disseminate all information our government has concerning extraterrestrial contact over the last several decades. The director of the project, Dr. Stephen Greer, has collected testimony from dozens of government, military and corporate officials that all indicate that our government not only has a long-standing relationship with our neighbors from across the galaxy, but that they have also acquired a significant amount of technology in this exchange.

Among this acquired technology are some mind-boggling breakthroughs. According to Dr. Greer, we now have in our possession technology that would eliminate the use of fossil fuels; it would make them completely obsolete. This

energy generating technology could be used in a generator the same cost as a regular gas-powered generator, and could generate enough power to power your entire home, completely free of pollution.

"Such systems essentially generate energy by tapping into the ever-present quantum vacuum energy state — the baseline energy from which all energy and matter is fluxing. All matter and energy is supported by this baseline energy state and it can be tapped through unique electromagnetic circuits and configurations to generate huge amounts of energy from space-time all around us," Dr. Greer wrote on his website.

The implications of this are astounding. First of all, we would no longer have anybody that "owns" our energy (hey, I don't see anybody's name on it); we would be self-sufficient. There would no longer be an "energy crisis," which has been nothing more than those that own our energy sources forcing us to submit to them even more than we already are through price gouging. We instead would have energy sources that are much more efficient and pollution-free. No more nuclear waste. No more authoritarian control of energy, and in effect, our lives. No more forest degradation from drilling for oil. No more corporate slavery to live a modestly comfortable life.

The catch with this is that it is so utterly profound that it has the ability to completely shatter the paradigm we all share in this society. And that's what our authorities are here to do: maintain our current paradigm and preserve it at all costs. This would completely reallocate the power in our society; it would return to the hands of the people, as they would have equal opportunity to access this energy that is ours,

not theirs. And this surely scares the living piss out of those in charge.

I say to hell with them. We give them their power. We elect our officials that bow down to the power companies, and we LET them take control of our lives. Don't be deceived; this is our world to live in, not the authorities'. They have blown their chance; it is through our free will that they have obtained this power structure, and it is through our free will that it will be dismantled.

Now, all this may seem a bit fantastical. "Some magic energy machine? Give me a break," you might say. Let me remind you that extraterrestrials do in fact exist, and it has been verified by tons of credible people in the government and military; just because it wasn't on NBC news doesn't mean it didn't happen.

"Those who doubt these assertions should carefully read the testimony of dozens of military and government witnesses whose testimony clearly establishes these facts," Dr. Greer said on his website.

Since these life forms have been visiting us from light years away, they must have energy-generating technology much more advanced than that which we currently use. This is far from fantastical; it is logical.

As an ending note, I offer another of Dr. Greer's nuggets to chew on: "These technologies are real — I have seen them. Anti-gravity is a reality and so is free energy generation. This is not a fantasy or a hoax. Do not believe those who say that this is not possible: they are the intellectual descendants of those who said the Wright brothers would never fly."

## ...News That is unFit...

So, this doesn't make us liberal.....does it?

Formerly extra-right wing conservative organization the Eagle Forum announced this week that "We were wrong about hating Jews and gay people." The group recently called a national press conference to clarify some of its new plat-forms.

Eagle Forum president Phyllis Schlafly, who last year visited the campus of Truman State, outlined the new "Spread Eagle Forum" for all who were present. "We have decided to go ahead and accept the factual evidence of the existence of the greenhouse effect, to accept that multiculturalism is simply a term used to describe the true diversity of today's society rather than a dirty demo-term designed for holding down the white people, and to accept that poor people really do exist, and that they aren't going to benefit from the white upper class getting richer." Ms. Schlafly declined any questions, giving the reason, "I've had enough of your homo-afro-liberal air in my lungs." Spokespersons later stated that she was simply kidding and that the new Forum still loves all creatures, great and small.

## Oom-pa-Loom-pa-Doom-ba-dee-dis, Beotch!

Grammy-winner Coolio has cancelled his show at the Blue Note in Columbia after being arrested at Willy Wonka's Chocolate Factory. Coolio's posse reportedly assaulted Charlie Bucket, now 42. Coolio himself is accused of assaulting two of the Oompa Loompas tending the Chocolate Factory.

Charlie, who was appointed the director of the Chocolate Factory before Wonka shot himself into space, was giving Coolio a tour of the facility. When Coolio discovered that Mr. Bucket was not aware that he had released a new album, he threw Mr. Bucket into the chocolate lake, creating a problem similar to when that fat German kid fell in. The Oompa Loompas then approached Coolio, who proceeded to "kick them mutha-fuckas in the head."

"I didn't mean to cause any trouble, but Charlie said he was a big fan, and I ain't about to be told lies right to my face," Coolio stated to *Monitor* reporters.

In related news, local funk-a-teers Hazard to Ya Booty, who were scheduled to open for Coolio, insist that Coolio is innocent. They are now scheduled to headline at the Blue Note on the same night.

## How could you lose Jesus?

### Opinion by | Bob Ell

So I was talking with a friend of mine back in St. Louis when suddenly, she uttered those three little words that make me cringe. "Are you saved?" asked my friend. "Am I saved? Saved from what?" was my immediate response.

Apparently, being a recovering Catholic like myself sends up a big red flag to all of the fundamentalist Christians in the area who, gosh darn it, mean well and want to save my soul from the fiery depths of hell. The conversation reminded me of a time when an individual was handing out some sort of scripture on campus. When I walked near him, he asked me if I had found Jesus. I replied, "You lost Jesus? He was right here just a minute ago! How could you go and lose Jesus?" The scripture solicitor was not amused.

In that situation, I simply replied with my typical smart-ass response and walked away. It wasn't so easy this time. It was a friend asking the questions, not some stranger who would later tell his or her church community about the disrespectful young man who made a mockery of their "mission."

How does one respond to a question of this nature? I did what any red-blooded product of twelve years of Catholic schooling would do: I started pulling different figures and statements from the Catechism of the Catholic Church in hopes that it would cause my friend to decide that she really didn't feel like pursuing this issue after all. That didn't work either. So this time, I had to actually answer the question.

Am I saved? Gosh, I hope so. But then again, isn't it disrespectful to Christianity as a whole to oversimplify the process of salvation? From my point of view, anyone who believes

that just by saying, "I accept Jesus" they will be automatically and completely "saved" is just a bit misguided. The entire process reminds me of an auto dealer commercial that says, "Mention this ad for an extra \$500 off your new or used car purchase!" Doesn't the process of being "saved" require an individual not only to talk the talk but also to walk the walk?

It seems that there are a lot of talkers out in the world but not enough walkers. One particular individual comes to mind. He was one of those folks handing out the Gideon New Testament things on campus one day during my freshman year, many moons (three years) ago. He approached me as I was walking to my political science class and asked me, "Have you received the word of God?" and started to hand me one of his little Bibles along with some other literature. I politely refused. I said, "No thank you, I'm Catholic," and kept walking. He followed me and called me a disrespectful young man who will surely end up in hell if I didn't change my ways soon. This man's "mission" was to spread the gospel, but he did it in an improper manner. Now I don't know if this guy was just having a bad day or what, but shouldn't those who wish to spread God's word do so not only in words but also in actions?

Now here's where you come into play. I know that there are more than a few Christians on this campus. If you are a Christian (or anything else for that matter), that's great. If you're a Christian who is militant when it comes to spreading the gospel, that's not great. Please don't target students in our community who are non-Christian, agnostic, atheist, or whatever. How would you like it if someone came

**See Saved, pg 14**

## monitor reviews

*Rooty* is something to cheer for

*Rooty*  
Basement Jaxx  
Astralwerks  
Records

Review by JJ Pionke

Basement Jaxx's newest offering is *Rooty*. I would like to think that this particular album is experimental, which, most of the time, works. They have some of their standard fair that you can hear on the radio or in movie soundtracks.

For instance, the song "Where's Your Head At" is on the *Tomb Raider* soundtrack. This particular song is very reminiscent of the punk scene. It has some great base and is pretty catchy. It certainly was appropriate for the movie and contains some great sampling from Gary Numan. You will know exactly what I am talking about when you hear the song.

The other super popular song is "Romeo," a song dedicated to getting over that significant other that just broke up with you. The refrain for the most part contains the words "let it all go," which I think is very appropriate. It is a very ironically named song because the name Romeo has Shakespearean connotations of love won and tragically lost. Here, the singer is singing out her pain and telling her Romeo that she is

over him. The beat in the song is very danceable and popular in clubs. This song is very much like past songs on their earlier album, *Remedy*. Songs on that past album were for the most part centered solely on danceability. Two songs that came off that album and then charged onto the dance floors of the world were "Rendez-vu" and "Red Alert." *Rooty* has elements that are part of that earlier album certainly, but it also takes a moment or two here and there to experiment with other genres of music.

The song "SFM" brings in a hip-hop beat. "I Want You" sounds like something out of a video game, which is kind of interesting and annoying at the same time. "Broken Dreams" brings in this fabulous trumpet to compliment the beat and tone of the song very well. I would have to say that other than the popular "Romeo" and "Where's Your Head At," that "Broken Dreams" is my favorite song. It is a very soothing and yet poignant song about chasing broken dreams.

If this album has to have a theme, it would certainly be sex, love, and kissing. Which is not a bad thing. It kind of makes you wonder if the members of Basement Jaxx all started dating at the same time and just had to write about it? In the end I would recommend this album. It is very different from *Remedy*, and I think that is a good thing. It means that they are still experimental and not afraid to take risks. I, for one, look forward to future offerings from them.

# Abyss special edition offers more than original

*The Abyss: Special Edition*

Directed by James Cameron

Starring Ed Harris and Mary

Elizabeth Mastrantonio

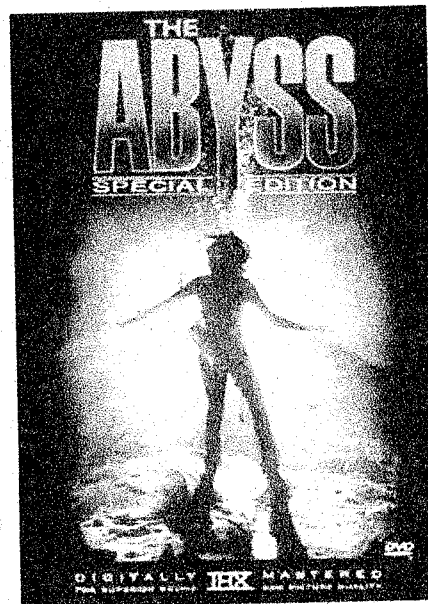
Review by I Leo Kirsch  
and J.J. Pionke

What is the plot of *The Abyss*? Basically, our heroes are in an underwater oil-drilling platform several hundred, nay thousand, feet underwater. A U.S. sub sinks, and the drilling crew is recruited by the navy to help check for survivors. Things go terribly amiss when one of the SEALs starts to be affected by the pressure and the Soviets and Americans start playing cat-and-mouse up above, resulting in the start of what seems to be a war very similar to the Cuban Missile Crisis. Add into the mix the fact that there are friendly aliens under the water that have been curious about those that are down below with them. Eventually our heroes will meet the aliens in a show of sacrifice that will change the aliens' minds about destroying humanity with a giant tidal wave. This is the basic plot line of *The Abyss: Special Edition*. There is an additional plot of romance between Bud and his estranged wife.

We really love James Cameron; he is after all one of the big Hollywood producers of big-budget films. So let us preface our little article by saying that right off the bat. More so, we both have seen this movie multiple times and seriously enjoy it. What follows are our thoughts on the movie with the added footage.

One of the things that we noticed in the special edition is that in more instances the characters listen to music. Most of it was cut from the theatrical version. However, I feel that it adds something to the characterizations as well as the overall mood of the film. Leo, however, feels that the lack of music adds to the eeriness of being so deeply submerged; think about how in space no one can hear you scream. We also really like how the score is very minimalist and atonal. It's very low-key and seeks to support the film rather than overpower it.

We also feel that Cameron does a really good job of reminding the audience of the nearly constant threat of drowning. The sub crew drowns; people on the rig drown when they become trapped in a flooded room; and Mary Elizabeth voluntarily drowns. In all of these cases, we see their bodies afterwards and are made to acknowledge that they are dead. Cameron is also constantly reminding us that all of this is occurring deep underwater. There is no light from the surface; scenes of divers, mini subs and other apparatus are shot so that we are aware of the eeriness of the place. It seems like and is indeed another world where there are no fish or light. They might as well be on the moon. When Bud goes over the cliff into the abyss, a deep rift in the ocean floor, we see him falling and are made to realize how far he is really falling. Early on in the movie one of the characters informs us that, "This here's the bottomless pit. Two and a half miles straight down." Cameron makes us aware of the depth of the abyss through conversations, camera action, and lighting. It is very effective and reinforces the



fear of drowning and sense of isolation that the characters have from the rest of the world.

A place where Leo and I differed, however, was over the representation of the aliens. Leo preferred them to be more mysterious and benevolent and didn't particularly like Bud being on trial for the crimes of humanity as in the special edition. I disagree completely. I like them having a purpose. I like the fact that they have ideas and are aware of what humanity is capable of, and I like the fact that they want to do something to put a stop to the violent tendencies that humans seem to have. We also differed on the World War III theme. Leo liked having it out of the film. I thought the film was better with this theme included. Leo felt that Cameron did well to keep it out of the theatrical release and that overall the theme did not add to the tension of the main plot line. I, on the other hand, felt that having the World War III theme made the main plot as well as some of the subplots all the more intense because of that added threat. World War III theme aside, however, Leo felt that the revised footage did improve the character development.

In the end, we both still really love the movie. Leo felt that some of the added footage could have remained on the cutting room floor. I felt that the added footage was appropriate and made the movie better in a lot of ways by adding greater character development and heightened action. Leo gives *The Abyss Special Edition* a B+. I give it an A-. This is of course on a rating scale of plus/minus A,B,C,D,F—A being the best and F being the worst, just like in your classes.

If you would like to respond to this review you can email us at:

monitorreviews@hotmail.com

SEEN A COOL CONCERT OR  
COOL A GOOD BOOK?

SEEN A BAD CONCERT OR  
READ A BAD BOOK?

SEEN A CONCERT OR READ  
A BOOK THAT REALLY  
WASN'T REALLY GOOD OR  
BAD?

SEEN A CONCERT OR READ  
A BOOK THAT WAS KINDA  
GOOD AND KINDA BAD?

REVIEW IT FOR THE MONITOR

# JOHN TOP 10 ALL TIME BEST MOVIES

## Part two of two Review by I Jon Sanders

5. *Raiders of the Lost Ark* (1981) (Dir. Steven Spielberg, Harrison Ford, Karen Allen)

It is now impossible for me to watch a Harrison Ford movie without humming the first few bars of Indiana Jones' theme by John Williams. Indiana Jones, with his trademark bullwhip and tilted Stetson, has become an American cultural icon — a hero for all ages. This is the finest, most complete action film ever made, an adventure with a brain. *Raiders of the Lost Ark* opens with a fantastically tense scene where Indy is being chased by a big rock, and it never lets up from there. The Third Reich is searching for the Ark of the Covenant because it is said to lead the military that possesses it to victory. Naturally, Indy must find it first. The mysterious race spans several countries while the one-liners fly fast and furious. Ford is the perfect cynical hero and Spielberg doesn't let even the serious scenes get too dark, which would lend imbalance to the movie's genuine feel. If you haven't seen *Raiders of the Lost Ark*... what kind of upbringing did you have? I mean, honestly! **Favorite scene:** The sword/gun battle in the Arabian market. **Memorable quote:** "Snakes. Why does it have to be snakes?" —Harrison Ford

4. *The Court Jester* (1956) (Dir. Norman Panama, Danny Kaye, Angela Lansbury)

There are too many genuinely funny scenes in *The Court Jester* to even attempt to list them. Danny Kaye sings, dances, and shows a brilliant flair for physical comedy as the innocent entertainer of a band of thieves in the forest led by a Robin Hood-like character called the Black Fox. The king of the land (Basil Rathbone) has killed the royal family and wrongfully assumed the throne. But one small child survived the coup and is being cared for by the Black Fox and his rebels in the forest. Danny Kaye is selected to pose as the king's jester in order to gain access to the king's chambers and

obtain a key to a secret gate which would allow a stealthy invasion of the castle. Sounds a little dark for a family comedy, but it is very light-hearted. The plot is brightened by enchanting songs, such as "The Maladjusted Jester" and "I'll Take You Dreaming." A perfect date movie, and one you can even watch with your parents. **Favorite scene:** The whole jousting tournament. **Memorable quote:** "The vessel with the pestle has the pellet with the poison. The chalice from the palace has the brew that is true." —Danny Kaye

3. *Cool Hand Luke* (1967) (Dir. Stuart Rosenberg, Paul Newman, George Kennedy)

About halfway through the first time I saw *Cool Hand Luke*, I suddenly sat straight up and said, "Jesus!" No, not an exclamation. Right as I saw Paul Newman collapse in a grave he was digging, then heroically drag himself out, I realized I was watching a figurative Jesus character. Rewinding to the beginning, I found my suspicions were affirmed throughout the entire movie. You want to have fun? See how many parallels between Luke and Christ's life you can spot in this movie. All that aside, *Cool Hand Luke* is a thoroughly entertaining movie, with a superb performance by the brilliant Newman. He is surrounded by a capable but relatively low-profile cast, but even if they were below average, Newman's mesmerizing characterization of the ultimate rebel in a southern prison chain gang would draw all of the attention from their mediocrity. George Kennedy won a Best Supporting Actor Oscar for his role as Dragline, the prison's tough guy. Newman was nominated for Best Actor, and the movie itself was nominated for Best Adapted Screenplay and Best Original Score. This is just a wonderful, wonderful movie. **Favorite scene:** The egg-eating contest, of course! **Memorable quote:** "What we have here is... failure to communicate." —Strother Martin

2. *Monty Python and the Holy Grail* (1975) (Dir. Terry Gilliam, John Cleese)

The movie that needs no introduction, explanation, rationalization, or otherwise. The funniest movie ever made. The most-quoted movie with the most amusing vignettes imaginable. How many honors can one movie hold?

The bad boys from Britain are simply hysterical in this non-sequitur parody of medieval England. Monty Python (John Cleese, Terry Gilliam, Terry Jones, Michael Palin, Eric Idle, Graham Chapman) created the funniest characters and situations and really helped mainstream British humor in the United States. This movie is almost a prerequisite to being a college student. Give it the popularity test: go to a crowded public place and loudly recite a line of dialogue, such as "I'm not dead yet!" See how many people either laugh or respond, "I'm getting better!" This is one of the few movies that remains funny no matter how many times you see it because the dialogue is just so damned hilarious. The ideal party movie. **Favorite scene:** Burn the witch! **Memorable quote:** "Listen; strange women lying in ponds distributing swords is no basis for a system of government. Supreme executive power derives from a mandate from the masses, not from some farcical aquatic ceremony! You can't expect to wield supreme executive power just because some watery tot threw a sword at you! I mean, if I went around saying I was an emperor just because some moistened bink had lobbed a scimitar at me, they'd put me away!" —The Political Peasant rebuffing King Arthur's kingship.

1. *The Usual Suspects* (1995) (Dir. Bryan Singer, Kevin Spacey, Gabriel Byrne)

Bet you can't watch it just once. This dark, intricate tale is the top form of entertainment, blending masterful suspense, compelling drama, richly complex characters, dark and clever wit, and rousing action with an Academy Award-winning script and top-notch acting. *The Usual Suspects* makes you wish they gave Oscars for ensemble acting. Director Singer gets phenomenal performances from normally blue-collar actors like Stephen Baldwin, Kevin Pollak, Chazz Palminteri, Dan Hedaya, and Pete Postlethwaite. Gabriel Byrne was wonderful, and this movie was a star-maker for Kevin Spacey, who won a Best Supporting Actor Oscar. It also helped thrust Benicio Del Toro into mainstream cinema. Christopher McQuarrie's brilliant plot is exposed through flashbacks by a crippled con man, Roger "Verbal" Kint (Spacey), who is being grilled by a bullheaded customs agent, Dave Cujan

(Palminteri). Cujan wants to know the whereabouts of Dean Keaton, a crooked ex-cop (played magically by Byrne) with whom he has a grudge. The talkative Kint launches into an convoluted story starting around a police lineup in New York. The five criminals get to talking in their cell and band together for several crimes, and the plot streaks from there, involving a British lawyer and a legendary Hungarian king of criminals named Keyser Soze who blackmails them all into doing several jobs for him. Kevin Spacey gives one of the best performances in movie history, a true tour-de-force production as Verbal Kint. Intensely stylish direction with wonderful cinematography launches *The Usual Suspects* to the top of my list. Anyone who has not seen this movie should have an eye poked out, then should run to the video store and rent this as soon as possible. Hell, borrow it from me. I own it. And yes, the title does come from the line in *Casablanca*. **Favorite scene:** The lineup recitations. **Memorable quote:** "The greatest trick the Devil ever pulled was convincing the world that he didn't exist." —Kevin Spacey

### \*DISCLAIMER\*

No matter how many times it is crammed down my throat, I refuse to acknowledge *Citizen Kane* as the greatest movie of all time. I realize that it revolutionized the film industry and added a great deal to symbolism and cinematography techniques in movies, but it is so horribly, mind-numbingly, magically boring.

Movies, by their nature, are entertainment, and for that reason, I foolishly believe they should entertain the viewer. I do hold symbolism and especially cinematography in high regard, but if the movie is boring, they cannot redeem it.

Also, being only 20 years old, I have an alarming lack of knowledge about films made generally before 1975 or so. Hell, I haven't even seen *Casablanca*. I know that many of the so-called best movies were made before '75, but keep in mind that my lists are a work in progress. I'm still young, so BACK OFF!

# Transvestite rock musical blissfully disorients

*Hedwig and the Angry Inch*

directed by John Cameron Mitchell  
starring John Cameron Mitchell  
and Miriam Shor

## Review by I Emily Cooper

Who needs real passion when you've got the prepackaged love affairs of an "internationally ignored" transvestite rocker named Hedwig? Well, I sure as hell don't.

With a ridiculous plot, oddly reminiscent of a Vonnegut novel (minus Tralfamadoreans), and the emotional draw of a shivering Chihuahua left out in the rain; *Hedwig and the Angry Inch* leaves you oddly comfortable with the...well, uncomfortable. During the movie, I was so blissfully disoriented I could have wet my pants and insisted that the chair had sprung a leak.

The movie, a rock musical, revolves around the life of Hedwig, formerly a young boy of East Berlin, presently a female rock star with a

band affectionately named "The Angry Inch" after the lump left from her botched sex change. Hedwig's sensual personality and long for someone to love carry her through a series of lovers, most prominently the rock star Johnny Gnosis.

Putting the sort of "real world" dignity that we all carry around with us aside can sometimes be a struggle (yeah, really, its not just your dirty little secret). However, Hedwig makes it as easy as casting away your clothes at your local nudist colony; everyone's done that before, right? Within the first half hour I firmly believed that this beautiful woman Hedwig was real—angry inch, angry lovers and all. By intermission the lines between fantasy and reality were tangled together like a Cub Scout's first attempt at a square knot. This was probably obvious to the people sitting around me when they heard my insane utterances directed to our emotionally and physically scarred hero.

I would mostly attribute this to the fact that John Cameron Mitchell is Hedwig. About 10 minutes before the movie was over the thought finally occurred to me that this was an

actor playing a part. Well, needless to say, I dismissed that idea immediately after it entered my silly little brain. There are no actors in *Hedwig*. Sorry to disappoint anyone who enjoys watching emotionally shallow people pretend to have depth while they dance across that pretty screen on the wall, but you don't get that here.

Then there is the music. What musical would be complete without it? All I can say is that *Hedwig* shamelessly uses catchy tunes to try and draw you in even further. And as a viewer I shamelessly fell for all of it. Before the movie ended I was fully prepared to fork over my fifteen bucks for the sound track so I could desperately try to relive *Hedwig*, screaming the lyrics over the sound of my shower every morning at 6 a.m. The music mixes feel-good tunes with oddly disturbing lyrics, and of course there are a few slow, introspective songs in there too. Most songs are preformed by the band in tacky restaurants and venues with audiences that are uninterested, to say the least.

I've always thought that narratives were

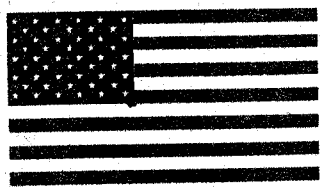
the result of a writer spending a shower-less, sleepless weekend in a dark apartment attempting to write the next million-dollar screenplay. They create the feeling you get when you sit down on the city bus to find your seat already toasty warm; you know there was passion there a few minutes ago, but you just missed it! Not to mention it makes you feel kind of dirty. The narration in *Hedwig* avoids this somehow; it's witty, nostalgic and resentful. Hey baby, no need to break out your calorimeter to find the heat transfer from passion to your body, then try to hold onto it as long as you can!

I have no complaints. *Hedwig* will have you pulling All-new-vicariously-attained-prepackaged-and-ready-to-experience-passion off the shelf by the dozen and welcoming every shivering cold Chihuahua you encounter on the street into your heart. Just be sure to keep your clothes on until the end and sing along once you figure out the chorus.



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## Autumn Fest offers food, fun

Story by J.J. Pionke

Yes, it is that time of year again when leaves turn into works of art that defy description, goblins come knocking at your doors for treats, and pumpkins are harvested and turned into jack-o-lanterns. It's fall or autumn, depending on which word you like better, and more importantly if you are of a younger generation it is the month of Halloween, that one time of the year when you can be anything you want to be and get candy for it too.

This year the city of Kirksville is sponsoring an Autumn Fest, in which in every week of October there is something fun to do. Autumn Fest kicked off on Oct. 5, when from 5:30 p.m. to 7:30 p.m. two sides of the square were closed for some good times.

While it was quite cool (in the 40s), I put on another sweater and headed out with a little extra cash in my pocket, intent on soaking in some local culture and having a good time. Because of the cool weather the event was not as well as attended as it could have been. Several of the local merchants had tables in front of their shops or out in the street. One of my first stops was to chitchat with Why Not Tattoos. They had a table set up and were using their artistic talent on the local children-with paint. Scared you for a moment, didn't I? But seriously, the gentlemen were very friendly and talkative, and they had a good time painting the kids' faces. Chad Weigert, the proprietor of the shop, said that he jumped at the chance to have a table when asked by the city.

Next I stopped at the Green Door where they were selling popcorn. Munching on my appetizer, I walked across the square past where a firetruck was on display and several children and teenagers were trying on firefighting equipment. Once I had crossed the square, I came to an ambulance doing the same thing as the fire truck. On that side of the square there were pumpkins for sale, hayrides, and a moonwalk. Since I was a little old for the moonwalk, I just

watched the kids jumping and screaming enthusiastically.

I then meandered my way past Stone Creations where they had a little table set up with pumpkin squares and apple cider. After stopping at a hot dog stand set up by Two Talls Two, I got myself a jumbo dog as my entrée of the evening. As I munched on the hot dog, I made way back to the other side of the square and stopped at the Thatcher Girl Scouts table.

At the table, a mother-daughter team was selling caramel apples. Having once been a Girl Scout, I decided to stop and make that desert. Talking with the two women, I discovered that November is the cookie-selling month and that the Girl Scout will have booths set-up in Hyvee and Wal-Mart and will also be selling individually. I was delighted to hear this because Girl Scout cookies are the best. The ladies also informed me that this year is the Girl Scouts' 90th birthday! They will be having a birthday celebration next year so keep an eye out in the late spring/early summer.

While I was conversing with the local Girl Scouts, we listened to some live music that was very reminiscent of folk song and bluegrass. The band was lively and entertaining. Older folks were sitting on bales of hay and listening to the tunes while younger people were dancing and having a good time.

Overall it was a nice relaxing beginning to the month-long Autumn Fest. There was food and games as well as good music and conversation. Coming from a large city, I was very happy with the fact that there weren't a lot of people around. It gave me a chance to talk to the local merchants and move at my own pace rather than fighting for a place in line and what not. I had a lot of fun, and if I can attend further activities put on by the city of Kirksville for Autumn Fest, I intend to. I also highly recommend that you, dear reader, attend as well. You might be surprised at how much fun you can have!

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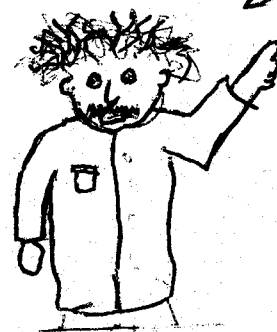
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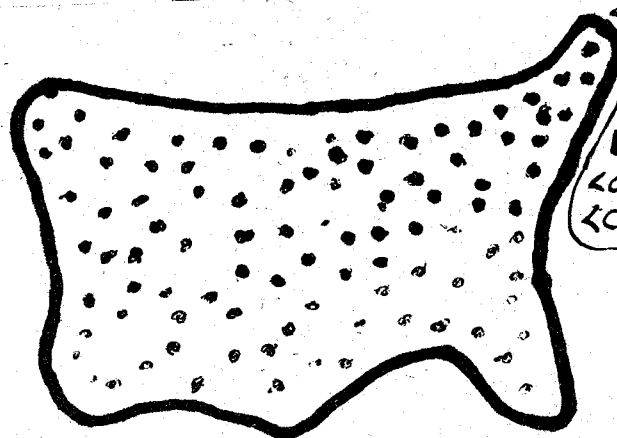
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Think about it, stoopid | BY *Curly M* 10/01

$E=mc^2$



"Nationalism is  
an infantile  
disease; it  
is the  
measles of  
mankind\*"



UNITE  
BEHIND  
OUR  
LEADERS...  
<COUGH>  
<COUGH>

\*ACTUAL EINSTEIN QUOTE

**Hovind, continued from pg 7**

audience. Some students in the audience were rancorously committed to the ideal of Nothing even more than myself.

My impression of Kent Hovind evolved over the course of the night. His aptitude for public speaking was clear from the beginning, and belied at the very least a capable intelligence. As Hovind presented more and more of his scientific objections in terms the largely unscientific-minded audience could understand, both a not unremarkable intelligence and a passionate dedication became apparent. Hovind emerged as a pragmatist. His goal in disproving evolution was to affirm the existence of God for a very specific purpose. Later in the evening he was to articulate his purpose as that of separating us from the animals. The reason for this is clear: a Godless world does not place any intrinsic value on human life. It justifies a nihilistic world view devoid of values. If Hovind can prove that God exists, however, it would prove we had better treat all his children right.

I reject the idea that Hovind is "looney tunes." His capacities were such that many of us students would fail if we attempted to speak to a large crowd of strangers as convincingly as he did. Obviously, he saw a world without God as tantamount to a world in which human life was not naturally precious. Indeed, true respect for all human life would preclude the unjust killings carried out by self-interested individuals and organizations such as the Nazis. Hovind stated this point a bit imprecisely, so some listeners left with the impression that Hovind claimed evolutionary ideals as the direct cause of the Holocaust.

I personally remain of the mind that the truth, rather than results, is the ultimate ideal. If we live a good life based on a known lie, it's an admittance that we are creatures who need to

predicate our behavior on self-deception or else succumb to evil. I have yet to be convinced that individuals can't face the heartless facts and still retain a heart, i.e. still remain noble. Perhaps this is because I haven't lived through an American war. Nevertheless, in the interest of truth, I asked him to reconcile his belief in a worldwide flood with the prevailing fossil records, in which one would expect all the drowned skeletons to be randomly distributed. He did not reconcile them to my satisfaction.

Kent Hovind preaches implausible science. He does so of his own initiative and through the personal maligning of many critics (just search his name on Yahoo! to verify this for yourself). However, he has devoted himself to his passion, and while the conclusions he drew from the evidence were dubious, I believe he was honest in presenting what objective facts he could gather in support of his point. At least this much in him must be respected.

I still maintain that human beings can be amazing without Creationism. For example, hundreds of Truman students, not all of whom were religious, gave blood four weeks ago with the New York and Washington D.C. victims in mind. Hovind himself inadvertently testified to the miracle of the human race when, in the course of responding to stars' apparent recession relative to each other, he alluded to Harvard physicist Lene Hau's success in slowing light down 20,000,000-fold, to 38 mph. In fact, Dr. Hau soon after topped that accomplishment by slowing light down to 1 mph. That is miraculous.

\* "But God has chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God has chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, has God chosen, yes, and things which are not, to bring to nothing things that are: That no flesh should glory in his presence."

(1 Corinthians 1:18,19,27-29)

# PANCAKE CITY

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# APATHY vs. RACISM

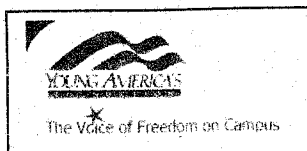
## The Real Problems Facing Black America and the Inner City



### Featuring the President of the Oakland NAACP Shannon Reeves

## 7 p.m. Wednesday, Oct 24 VH1010

sponsored by



### College Republicans



## Queen Astra

Let the  
stars be your guide!

### Aries (March 21-April 20)

What do you say to a three-headed monster? Hello. Hello. Hello. Wocka Wocka!

### Taurus (April 21-May 22)

What did the chicken say after laying a square egg? Ouch! Wocka Wocka!

### Gemini (May 23-June 21)

How does a witch tell time? With a witch watch. Wocka Wocka!

### Cancer (June 22-July 24)

Tired of working for peanuts? Then quit the circus. Wocka Wocka!

### Leo (July 25-Aug. 23)

What's this fly doing in my soup? The backstroke. Wocka Wocka!

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

What do you get when you cross a vampire with a snow storm? Frost Bite. Wocka Wocka!

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

Knock Knock. Who's there? Dishes. Dishes who? Dishes the police, let us in. Wocka Wocka!

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

What do you get when you cross an elephant with peanut butter? An elephant that sticks to the roof of your mouth. Wocka Wocka!

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

You can be anything you want to be. All you need is a towel. Wocka Wocka!

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

Why do elephants have trunks? Because they don't have glove compartments. Wocka Wocka!

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

What's King Kong's favorite dessert? Ice Cream. Wocka Wocka!

### Pisces (Feb. 20-March 20)

How do you catch a squirrel? Climb up a tree and act like a nut. Wocka Wocka!

## FAC, continued from pg 1

a biased group or individuals unqualified for the multiple tasks of an FAC position.

An anonymously written flyer posted on campus urges students to vote against the amendments and calls Roach's motivations into questions. The flyer claims that Roach has misrepresented this issue to further his own conservative political agenda. The author suggests that Roach is using the issue of the recall to control what he sees as a liberal bias in which organizations receive funding. Roach maintains that "this is not a partisan, conservative issue...It's about the student's voice."

Roach first made his own voice heard on this issue last semester as a Student Senator. When FAC released its list of which organizations would receive funding for Fall 2001, its contents were meant to be confidential until approved by the Student Senate. Roach made 1200 copies of the list and highlighted what he and his friends believed to be unfair decisions. His actions nearly earned him an impeachment from Student Senate and did earn him a complimentary write-up in the national Eagle Forum Collegiate Newsletter.

In the article Roach criticizes several funding decisions. The author claims that the "ideological bias" of the FAC "was apparent." In a recent interview, Roach made no mention of political bias in last semester's decisions, but did claim that FAC "is not appealing to most of the students." He also admitted to personally disagreeing with several of the decisions made.

For example, he compares the acceptance of a College Green Party proposal for a speaker on legalization of marijuana to the refusal of a Bacchus and Gamma proposal for a speaker on

substance abuse. He believes these decisions "belittle the topic of alcohol abuse" and favor a "pro-drug" attitude, and he asks "what makes sense?" He also compares the funding of a Feminist Majority Leadership Alliance speaker on gender apartheid and the plight of women in Afghanistan to the refusal of a Campus Crusade for Christ speaker on "making relationships work in college." He cites this as an example of FAC choosing to focus on "who hates who and why" instead of "fixing things and making them work."

Comparing funding decisions between two groups does not necessarily present an accurate picture of how FAC chooses who will be funded. The goal in distributing funds is to ensure a diversity of events that will appeal to as many students as possible. Several factors must be taken into consideration in making these decisions. FAC looks at whether the group has alternate sources of funding, whether the amount requested is appropriate, whether or not the event will be well attended, and whether other groups are planning similar events. The applications are reviewed as a whole, not compared individually. Several competent applications may be rejected due to insufficient funds, but it is the result of a complex decision making process.

Wednesday's vote could have a profound effect on the structure of FAC and thus who makes these vital decisions. Turnout is not expected to be high, so every vote will matter. This is a complex issue that could have major and immediate repercussions. Take this opportunity to learn more about FAC operations and cast an informed vote.



**Hey you! The Monitor meets every Tuesday and Thursday in Bx 346 at 9:00**

## Saved, continued from page 5

up to you, asked you what your beliefs were, and then told you that your beliefs are wrong? It would undoubtedly make you at least a little angry. Well, if you took a moment to put yourself in the shoes of the person who is non-Christian, agnostic, or atheist, that might be exactly how that person is feeling when you attack their views. This ties in nicely with the whole "do unto others" thing.

How did the theological discussion with my friend turn out? Well, we're still friends. We came to the agreement that although our views differ, we respect one another's opinion and realize that neither of us is really wrong and neither of us is truly right. We concluded that claiming to have an absolute answer on issues of faith is essentially a claim that one possesses a sort of divine perfection; and no human is capable of perfection (i.e., I don't pretend to have the answers). My friend feels that religion is kind of like science: there are a set number of ways to do something right and an infinite number of ways to do something wrong. I, on the

other hand, view religion as an art. There is no right or wrong way to do it, because the end result is what's really important. What is the end result? My goal is to be good to my fellow human beings. To help others in times of need, regardless of their beliefs.

This is where you can make a big difference in the world. If you're on a mission from God, much like the Blues Brothers, don't push your beliefs on those who disagree with you. The Spanish Inquisition and the Crusades went out of fashion a long time ago. Respect those who are different from you. Maybe you can even learn something from someone else's belief system. It may seem crazy, but it's true — knowledge of other belief systems and rituals can benefit your own spirituality, all without sacrificing your own beliefs!

The year is still fairly young. Please do us all a favor and embrace spiritual diversity rather than attack or condemn it. Who are you to say that your way is *the way*? Are you God? Didn't think so.



PURGATORY

Cowlumbus was the first person to reach the New Pasture, which was named Americow, in 2002. The savage natives of Americow were called Fatties because they were so Fat.

Hey Babe  
Nice Ass

He hehe  
thanks

The savage Fatties dined on the flesh of other creatures, worshiped a variety of plastic and metal gods, and conversed in a primitive monosyllabic language.

So Cowlumbus slaughtered the uncivilized beings and destroyed their temples and subversive cultural symbols.

It's called Karma, snithead.

ESJ 10-5-01

why god why?

**BANG!**

Gray Dog Person

Go Chiefs

PURGATORY PRESENTS: WHAT'S YOUR MANTRA? no. 1

Poorly-Drawn Bunny Character

Worst Comic Ever

LATE 80s DUDE

I Agree

Fruit That Lasts

Ba-nah-nah-nah

Flavor Flav

Yeeeah Bueeee

Cutie

Cartoonists Rock!

Santa Vaca

MOU

Poorly-Drawn Androsynus Character

I'd rather not say

Sticks

Ladies!

Jew Girl

slut!

Augie Doggie

Are

Not Jen

Rare

Sorority Girl

Cartoonists Rock!

Cartoonist

Wrong!

ESJ 10-5-01

## MAKING ME

A lot of Negro blood  
With a smitten of Indian genes  
Went into making me

23 from a woman  
23 from a man  
Went into making me

Brown eyes from both sides  
Full round nose from one  
Went into making me

A touch of compliance  
A pinch of rebellion  
Went into making me

A bit of Eve  
But mostly Lilith  
Went into making me

Half of Yin  
Half of Yang  
Went in making me

Ingredients into making me  
Stewing in a kettle  
Making me

-Akela Cooper

## Okay, Olivia

I got a few words for ya.  
They're kinda - I don't know.  
What do I wanna say?  
What do *you* wanna say,  
besides what you say when you ramble  
when we take long walks  
with Kirksville night in the background.

And on these nights  
you wear the stars like berrettes,  
all pretty and colorful and stuff -  
bright colors, too.  
Let me unclip them and wear them  
for this little while;  
I need them to sweeten  
my sour hear.

There. There's a word or two  
for you in exchange  
for a night full of berets.

-Orlando L. Williams

## Chaos

The last possible *deed* is that which defines perception itself, an invisible golden cord that connects us: illegal dancing in the courthouse corridors. If I were to kiss you here they'd call it an act of terrorism—so let's take our pistols to bed & wake up the city at midnight like drunken bandits celebrating with a fusillade, the message of the taste of chaos.

- Go Roke!

# MY BACK PAGES YG

102201—

—you are the cookie, left, used, dejected, thown in the lint-filled corner of the 2nd floor stairwell

—one bite erased, you were used, eaten, broken, crumbs dwell beneath the void you left in me, reminders of you

—the brief us

-j. ann g.

## Echo

My fall is coming soon  
virgin leaves begin to blush.  
A head recalls forgotten tune  
silenced then like baby's hush.  
Barren dreams now parched in dune  
create vast Desert's crippled crutch.  
Forgotten: fertile Earth's wet womb  
I wander wide, meander much.  
At once found I, Time's lost tomb  
and kindled long with Spirit's touch  
reminding me of ancient boon  
in simple Gaea's civil hutch.

Long go was that, I left too soon,  
embarrassed virgin moist red blush.  
Thoughts lost in omniscient tune,  
Heart turns away Head's urge to hush.  
Oasis there, amidst dry dune  
alas vast Desert! Splintered crutch  
Found I, fertile Earth's lost loom  
I wonder why, meditate much.  
Succumb no more will I to tomb,  
to intent on treasured touch,  
restoring me to ancient boon;  
Eternal Bliss is simple hutch.

-Zach Jackson

## NOTE FROM MBP EDITOR

Yesterday, I found a fuzzy communist under my computer. Then I noticed some email had been deleted. Email from faithful mbp poets! So, poets, don't feel like your not good in the sack, because you guys really are. Just send the poems again. And new people, too. Send them to y096@truman.edu. And kill a commie!

## Eulogy for Love

Love is Dead! Love is Dead!

Witness how we treat love  
today,  
The word has lost its meaning.  
To often mistaken for lust and  
infatuation,  
I no longer know what it  
means.  
Love is Dead!

The word rings hollow in my  
ears,  
A grotesque shadow of its  
former self.  
Defiled by today's immoral  
society,  
And beaten into some unrec-  
ognizable form.  
Love is Dead!

I mourn the passing on of true  
love,  
The void left behind can never  
be filled.  
It is now just a hazy memory  
in our collective minds,  
Another victim of modern  
society's decline.  
Love is Dead!

-Michael Harris

## HIGHSCORES FROM A STUPID ARCADE GAME

1	3506020	VICKI BURKE
2	3442090	OSCAR WILDE
3	2701000	ANTHRAX
4	2009810	ROCKS?
5	2008830	BEN ANDERSON
6	1889980	VICKI BURKE
7	1839000	HUCKLEBUCKE
8	1799010	SHUCK N JIVE
9	1430020	LEET DOOD
10	1300120	TENACIOUS D

-found by Peter Vella