



THE MONITOR

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

A Campus Collective

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Tom Thumb lets students, professors show art, break stuff

Story by | Aaron Baker and
Cameron Moore

Mayhem and destruction combined with artistic creation to make this year's exhibition of the Tom Thumb Gallery a great success. The exhibition, in its sixth and final appearance, displayed student and faculty art in a format unlike any other.

Seniors Kjell Hahn and Jimmy Keuhnle decorated their house with displayed artwork on Friday, Oct. 26, to give students and faculty a unique outlet for their work. The gallery has a reputation of creating a lively environment in which people can view, as well as participate in, a wide variety of artistic endeavor.

"It generally crosses the line between life and art, making it fun and accessible to the public. It's not a catharsis or a football game style of entertainment. It's still art," Keuhnle said.

This exhibition was a far cry from a traditional art gallery. Keuhnle and Hahn filled their back yard with old TVs and other various electronic media devices for an audience-participation smash-a-thon. Anybody with functional arms and the gumption to smash stuff was invited to pick up the sledgehammer, don safety

goggles and let go of their aggression.

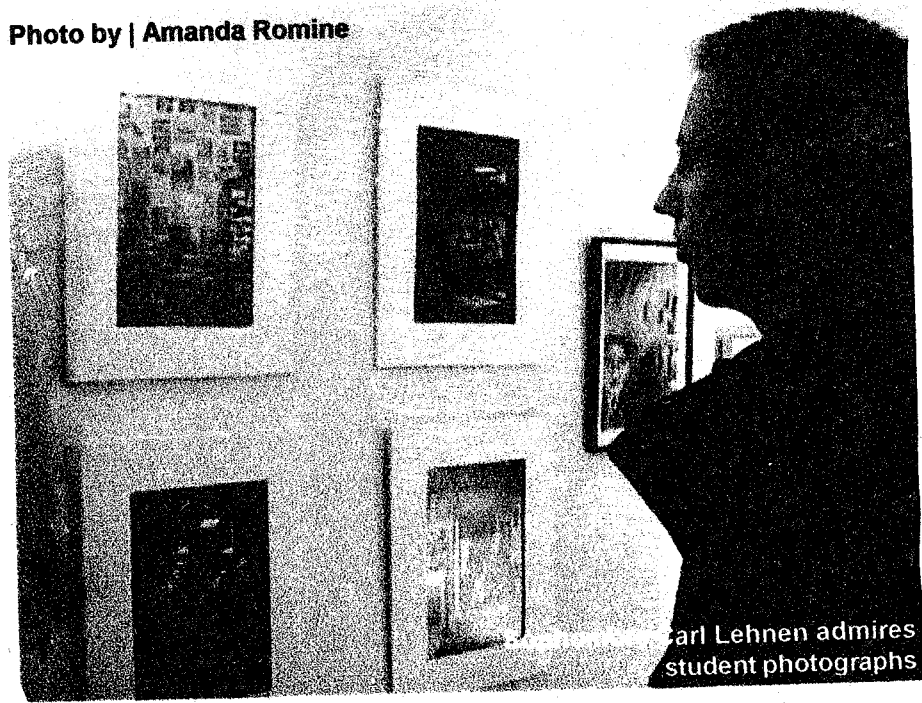
The smash-a-thon was a one of the main attractions of the gallery and was a huge "hit" with the crowd. Freshman Kelly Hewitt took advantage of the opportunity to be destructive. "It makes you feel all cleaned out," she said. "There's a good vibe here. There's no tension," she added about the event as a whole.

The destructive aspect of the gallery was complimented with various art displays. Among the paintings, photographs and sculptures, there were more innovative forms of artistic expression. These ranged from video and robot performance art to one of Keuhnle's own creations, a "Franken-bike," measuring more than ten feet in length and welded from old bike frames.

The variety of art, in combination with free food and drink, gave visitors a smorgasbord of sensations. While each piece was captivating in its own right, most attendees had a single favorite attraction. "The video art was a good time," senior Bob Sherron said. "It was good stuff."

Many things can be said about the gallery, but perhaps a quote from Afro Mike sums it up best: "Tom Thumb is good like!"

Photo by | Amanda Romine



Carl Lehnen admires student photographs

SAB to bring activist speakers, give campus Woody

Story by | Ed Jenkins

In the wake of Jessica Andrews, some Truman students want more, others want something different. And for that SAB has a solution: the Spitfire Tour.

The Spitfire Tour is a college tour that promotes activism and discussion of global affairs through actors, musicians, activists and other speakers that have a level of appeal with college students. On Friday November 9 Truman State will receive a leg of the tour featuring Woody Harrelson, Howard Lyman, Julia Butterfly Hill and Tom Ballanco. These speakers intend to educate and entertain students as well as encourage them to be more active.

"We have been trying to bring diverse events to the campus to reach out to a bigger and wider variety of students," said student Nil Chatteraj who is coordinating the event for SAB. "The spitfire tour is a very different event, an entirely new approach to campus entertainment. We have never had anything like this come to Truman before."

Woody Harrelson is an Oscar-nominated

actor who has acted in support of various environmental causes as well as for the legalization of industrial hemp and other forms of the plant. After a tumor paralyzed Howard Lyman from the waist down, he has devoted his life to fighting for that which he feels is right. He is a supporter of and lobbyist for family farms. Julia "Butterfly" Hill is a 27 year old activist who spent two years on an 8 by 8 foot wooden platform atop a redwood to protest the logging of ancient forests. Tom Ballanco is an attorney for Harrelson as well as the Ogala Sioux at Pine Ridge.

Chatteraj and SAB expect a good response to the Spitfire Tour from students. "All other colleges, universities we contacted about spitfire gave us really cool feedbacks on Spitfire. So it was a good opportunity for us to bring a new, different kind of event to Truman," Chatteraj said.

Zach De La Rocha, in addition to other entertainers and activists, formed the Spitfire Tour in 1998. De La Rocha found initial success when he reached out to friends such as Amy

Ray (Indigo Girls) and Krist Novoselic (Nirvana) and took the show around to colleges and concerts. Over two years later, Spitfire is active with a veritable cornucopia of respected speakers and it has officially switched to non-profit status.

The Spitfire Tour will hit Baldwin Hall Auditorium on Nov. 9. Doors will open at 6:30pm and the show will begin at 7:30pm. Tickets for both the students and the general public are free, but students get priority seating. Tickets became available for students yesterday at the SAB office in the lower level of the Student Union Building. The general audience can get tickets next Monday.

Various campus organizations will also be able to have tables outside the auditorium for an hour before the show. Chatteraj adds, "This is done to bring the entire community together for these organizations to promote their cause and educate and enlighten people about themselves, and try and instigate action - exactly what spitfire wants to do."



Actor, activist Woody Harrelson

Did you see this picture? If so, look at it again. And again. And again. OK, you get the picture. (Get the picture... haha get it?)



Getting bored raping the earth or just more concious of the fact that actions have repercussions? Get your ECO tip on page 11.



This dude loves poontang! Tweak his mind on page 6.



C O N T E N T S

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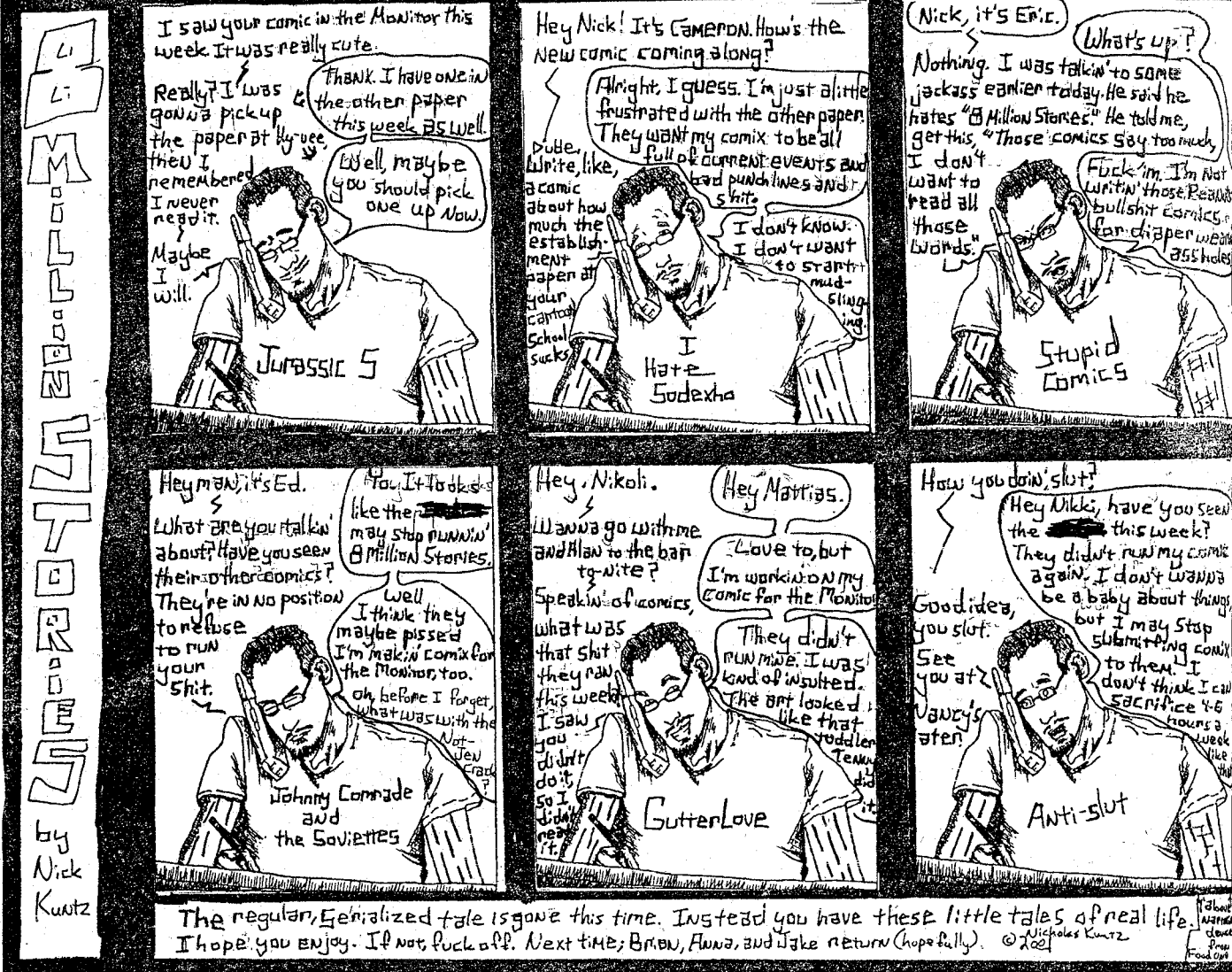
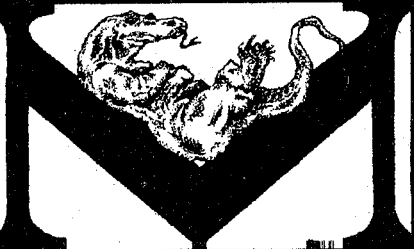
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Among people who have learned something from the 18th century (say, Voltaire) it is a truism, hardly deserving discussion, that the defense of the right of free expression is not restricted to ideas one approves of, and that it is precisely in the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



Open positions:

Applications due to the President's mailbox in the Student Senate office no later than 5 p.m. on Thursday, Nov. 1, 2001

Representative @ Large

Campus Environmental Committee Chair

Food Advisory Committee Chair

Food Advisory Committee Members

University-wide Sober Driving Exploratory ad hoc Chair

Student Senate election/ethics ad hoc Chair

Student Senate election/ethics ad hoc members

Applications available outside Student Senate Office

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. Letters may be edited for length.

I was thinking...

If our desires are constructs, if we are indeed the products of our environment, then our freedom is measured by how much control of these environments we have. It is nonsense to say a woman is free to feel however she wants about her body when she grows up surrounded by diet advertisements and posters of anorexic models. It's nonsense to say a man is free when everything he needs to do to get food, shelter, success, and companionship is already established by his society, and all that remains is for him to choose between established options (bureaucrat or technician? Democrat or Republican?). We must MAKE our freedom by cutting holes in the fabric of this reality, by forging new realities that will, in turn, fashion us. Putting yourself in new situations constantly is the only way to ensure that you make your decisions unencumbered by the inertia of Habit, custom, law, or prejudice and it is up to you to CREATE these situations. FREEDOM ONLY EXISTS IN THE MOMENT OF REVOLUTION.

So forget about whether "the" revolution will ever happen—the best reason to be a revolutionary is simply that it is a better way to LIVE. It offers you a chance to lead a life that MATTERS, gives you a relationship to injustice so you don't have to deny your own grief and outrage, keeps you conscious of the give and take always between the individual and institution, SELF and community, one and all. No institution can offer you freedom—but you can experience it in challenging and reinventing institutions. When school children make up their own words to the songs they are taught, when people show up by the tens of thousands to interfere with a closed-door meeting of expert economists discussing THEIR lives, that's what they're up to. Rediscovering that self-determination, like power, belongs only to those who exercise it.

Go Roke!

Monitor, media go soft on "war" coverage

I am very perplexed! Why had even *The Monitor*, to judge by the rather somnolent contents of the issue before my gaze, gone quietly somnolent! About the so-called "war" being waged in all our names against one of the poorest countries on earth, Afghanistan. Already, massive amounts of evidence are coming out about lies on a colossal scale surpassing the Gulf War and rivaling both Vietnam and WWI in depths of duplicity by us, the so-called "good guys." And yet, where are America's vigilant young and academics, with your tenure protection, when you are the most scholarly needed in such falsities detection? Contrary to a great African studies "Liberal" professor friend of mine, at what should be Josephine Baker liberal campus locally, now, is the time when speak-to-truth to power," as the old Quakerism dissentingly put it, is most requisite. Writing about one's "dissent" 20 years after in

obscure, careerist journals is not going to, ever, stop the monumental disaster engulfing our world. NOW! Simply, because Bush and Blair are overgrown, privately educated alike, schoolboys in instant of over-reaction: to an act of, in fact, quite sophisticated terror designed to trigger exactly the over-kill bombing, in "retaliation," against a whole country it has Pavlovianly, sure enough, entailed! The "Black Hand" Serbian terrorists operating abroad in 1914 suicidally are the real worrisome analogy. Yet Bush, with his poor grade "C" history Yale BA, and "Tony" with his last but one lowest rank BA Oxford law degree "pass," appear not to have read Barbara Tuchman's superb studies of that ESCALATORY WWI. And the way it wrecked our last century far worse than the better known '39-45 namesake. By the wrong alignments and immoralities in the name of statecraft it ignited.

Think I am exaggerating on the basis of, barely, a fortnight? Try thinking just on the basis of over a week's news such as we have all been permitted to, scrappily, hear it. If you get accusatorily "alarmist" in shut-off tendency, out of sight, out of mind as the two "BS" in US/UK would prefer you apathetically to be! Give or take, a few anthrax attacks from "somewhere" in Florida and the FBI seems to have a worse time locating than Bush's real voters, last time it mattered!

Consider: early last week, CNN and MSNBC Bush loyal alike, told us "all Taliban air defenses were out," by week's end valiant boy millionaire Rumsfeld admitted the reverse was true. And, indeed, incredibly, that initial spy US plan had "gone-down," as initially the Taliban asserted in success from their out-missiled perspective! Or worse, and I assure you its causing ridicule abroad even in the USA's staunchest allied high command structures, there's these "food drops" Bush keeps on prattling on sanctimoniously about. Even as he pounds Kabul yet further into a ten-year already war dust! In fact, the "air drops" cannot hit an estimated 4 million refugee in Afghanistan, and TV5 FR2 news sent a TV camera into Kabul last week. Wherein, we saw for our six million world-wide viewer selves that it was indeed A HOSPITAL, no the "ministry of information" as US domestic TV Pentagon claimed that we whites, so "brave," had "disabled!"

In conclusion, like many other things you are not being told in the USA, such as for instance the Northern alliance contains "warlords with global terrorist records the equal of nemesis bin Laden's notoriety, the first week of this pathetic war of flags is yielding nothing. But alienation from the poor non-white world side we really new century, at last, should, more validly, be on. Charles Masterman, the journalist rather naively sucked into headship of 1914-1916 UK WWI STATE PROPAGANDA, whose papers I processed, once confessed to a very distinguished "PHD" academic informant of his among the, alas opposition, "peaceniks" of his bloodthirsty own day (Classics prof. Gilbert Murray, papers in Oxford): that a reply he "authorized" (Murray) to give to an irate Danish professor as to why a harmless ship in

his "neutral" waters had been ALLIED blown up, would "NOT HAVE CONVNCED, RIGHTLY, YOU AND I IN OUR YOUNGEST DAYS OF THE BOER WAR, THE SLIGHTEST, IN OPPOSITION!"

Too late, in his later there is enough evidence Masterman realized he, probably, should have sided with the Dane and Murray to be less "patriotically" mindless! *Monitor* readers, with this paper web site globally open, can act, now, to query these lies in our current US/UK bad name. As, finally, for the charge of "do something!" Do, indeed; sack the existing CIA, FBI, MI5 & 6 intelligence heads who fail to stop greedy, sports club training fanatics, just because they have repressive RIGFHT WING male chauvinist SAUDI AND DRUG CONDUIT UNITED ARAB EMIRATE, apparently, "acceptable" passports! And impose compulsory passports on US lawyer-predominant and insular members of Congress: so that, never again, can a majority of them boast, as Senator Helms has all, too respectfully, don. THAT HE NEVER "NEEDS" ONE AS HE "NEVER," TRAVELS OVERSEAS! NO wonder the "Taliban," whose name is one Pakistani dialect means "student," has things, alas, real world to teach US nationalists now assaulting their country in OUR game. Now, is the least time for quietness. I await the Richard Nixon "funny-house" prescription for truth—2001 Ad telling with pride, pleasure, and flourish! HOW ABOUT YOU, LIBERAL ARTIST, SCHOLARS, TOO! It's time, TSU, to witness: Not to funk, evasively.

Sincerely,
Larry Iles
State Organizaer, Socialist Party USA

Monitor editor is a jerk, I was singing on the toilet!

I would like to express my extreme distaste for *The Monitor* at this point in time. First of all, you publish a picture of me which obviously suggests that you caught me on the toilet singing *Mr. Roboto*, by Styx (for those unfamiliar with the band, Styx is widely considered the best band to come out of Brazil since ABBA) and reading the latest issue of *Martha Stewart Living*. Fine. I like to sing classic innovative rock tunes by the band that, aided by God, also wrote *Come Sail Away* and read up on the latest ways to make women never want to have sex with me while I go to the bathroom. It's dirty to burst in on me, but I'll let it slide, as long as it never happens again. But to add insult to injury, you quote me as saying "It tastes like good." Now what, for fuck's sake, does that mean? It tastes like good? Whoever said that must have been drugged out on Peter Vella boxed wine and eating some bizarre concoction of Sodexo soft serve, Cinnamon Toast Crunch and honey, which is actually the greatest creation since Ben Franklin invented electricity with the help of Marty McFly in *Back to the Future IV* (yet to be released, it can only be watched by pressing the following buttons after defeating M. Bison on Street Fighter 2 Turbo: up, down, b, a, y, a, b, b, y, left, right, and then screaming "Adrian" at the top of your lungs; it should work). You make me seem like the most uneducated piece of human fecal matter that it seems degrading to the University to think that the accepted me. Okay, you make me ugly and uneducated, but the wounds will heal with time. But THEN, you print such a piece of garbage as

Justin Anderson's piece on blowjobs, which I felt was a great insult to the Macon Maize Maze. Oh, what sad times are these when college students feel that a maize maze is only good for taking a girl, getting her drunk, and making her place her mouth over your penis. Back in my day we would look forward to October with anticipation all year, because we knew that soon the corn would be harvested and nothing would be left to do with the cornfield besides the most obvious thing: turn it into a fucking maize maze. The idea really is a-maize-ing, get it?

And finally, to pour salt on my already pussing wounds, several days ago, Cameron Moore, beloved co-editor, ATO and all around jerk, has the audacity to steal a cookie from Main Street Market, right in front of me. A cookie! My God, is this what college has come to? They take all of our money and we have no choice but to steal cookies to survive? No, it has not come to this. Mr. Moore's alternative behavior represents an overall degradation of character unseen since the days of ABC, Another Bad Creation if you will. It would seem that we have no choice but to expel Mr. Moore and force him to wear a sign that says "Color Me Badd" for the rest of his life. If the quality of *The Monitor* does not improve by the next issue, I assure you I will drop out of school, move to Canada, change my name to Waldorf McWinkles, run for president and export Canadian bacon in peace for the rest of my days.

Sincerely,
Aaron Baker

Dear Man-hater, I mean Monitor

It has come to my attention that the radical campus left is far more organized and committed to extremist tactics than previously thought. As can be seen in the complete disregard for campaign ethics in the FAC Special elections. FAC and their puppet organization: Student Senate manipulated the facts about this election, and ran a smear campaign to discredit Kevin Roach (one of the few students on campus dedicated to maintaining an academic environment on a campus that is quickly deteriorating into a Radical Feminist hotbed, and Anarcho-atheist playground.). And yet the only organization facing repercussions is the Eagle Forum Collegians, OUTRAGOUS! My sense of pride in our democratic system has been barbarically undermined. The lesson the Left wants us to learn from this fiasco: Any students who demonstrate the courage to stand up against the intuitions causing harm to their community, either physically or intellectually, are to be put upon a stake in front of the entire, so-called "Academic community" and humiliated. And do not be mistaken, FAC is responsible for unquantifiable intellectual damage, in the tens, if not thousands of dollars that they have given to organizations, to bring Environmental Terrorists, Criminals like Bobby Seale, and other extremist parading under the guise of "Public Speaker."

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monitor opinions

Ignorant Zeal: Break It Down



On Sept. 11, 2001, an undeniable force removed 8,000 lives from our planet. Those

people did not need to die. We, the United States of America, could have prevented a large amount of those deaths. We know how, but chose not to do so. We don't care about those people.

On Sept. 12, 2001, that same force destroyed 8,000 more of our brothers and sisters. And we still don't care. Oh, but I tricked you. You thought that I was talking about the terrorist attack. No, I'm speaking of the global AIDS epidemic. In the year 2000, a solid 3 million people died of AIDS, 2.4 million of which were found in Sub-Saharan Africa alone.

And when I was watching the TV on Sept. 11 that was the third thing I thought about. The first thing I thought when people

told me that two planes crashed into the two main towers of the World Trade Center was that, considering the way humans tend to act with self-interest and the way in which our government enacts narrow-minded, greedy foreign policies and employs a form of globalized corporate slavery, the attacks seemed to make sense relative to the flow of things in this world. My second thought was grief for the loss of human life. I don't condone the loss of any animal life and especially not of my human brothers and sisters. My third thought was how all of these "Americans" were shocked and overwhelmed that such a terrible thing could happen in this world. People were desperate for religious and social support to cover up the vacuum that was now letting reality seep into their minds.

I thought about how stuff similar to the attacks, though not so rare in delivery and bold in magnitude, happen every day. A brainstorm: AIDS in Africa; GM moves factories to Mexico; a racist war on drugs; one third of all U.S. foreign aid goes to Israel; oil lobbies defeat plausible forms of renewable energy; the military-industrial complex starves social programs. We live in a society where money and political power take precedence over the well being of others.

In the immediate aftermath of the attack my mind and those of my peers were as aware as ever. I noticed the beautiful weather we had all week. I noticed how important my friends are. And I noticed that we need to actively improve ourselves on individual and community levels. And I told all of my friends that I was mostly scared because I thought that people would not realize how much bad stuff goes on and that we can fix that bad stuff. I was also scared that "Americans" would rally behind the easiest, most physical, popular movements.

And that is what happened. Everybody has a flag whereas they didn't have one up before the attack. Everybody goes to church. Everybody's dropping bombs. Nobody is thinking; just following. We as a nation of people might as well be wearing shirts that say in bold letters, "Follower" because we are all following. And not in a good way like with Jesus or Gandhi, but in a bad way, like without thinking first.

I guess I am trying to say that we are clinging to things like retaliation, charity, church and flags in an attempt to put triangle and square shapes into circle wholes. (Does anybody else think it's funny that I tried to clarify my enumeration with a metaphor?) Kind of like that Pascal thing about having a God-shaped vacuum, then filling it with things that aren't God. Well we're filling our spiritual vacuums with materi-

alism, our social vacuums with television, our educational vacuums with lies, and our food vacuums with carcinogens.

The solution is more than just putting together shapes and pieces. First we have to notice that the pieces are in the wrong order. Then we have to remove the pieces from their improper position. Then we need to place them in their proper position.

First we have to see that we are miseducated and unaware. Then we need to break down our indoctrinated worldview. Then we need to establish the way that we should be. For now we can stop giving money to support the victims of the attack.

If there is any needy group of people that will get what they need, it is anybody remotely related to the terrorist attacks. The terrorist attacks deserve our attention, but so do other things like Missouri racism, Kansas City and St. Louis public schools, and your and my social and spiritual deficits. I realize my words have been all over the place, but I guess the underlying principle, if any can be found, is that we must give in to that which is really important and not give in to ignorant zeal and propaganda on all levels.

If read correctly, Bill of Rights would mandate gun ownership by everyone

Opinion by I John Hilton

If liberals read the Second Amendment the way they read the rest of the Bill of Rights, then owning a gun would be mandatory. In drafting the Constitution, the Founders meant to create a clear, concise document to limit the power of the federal government and protect the rights of the citizens. Hence, the Founders left little room for ambiguity or misinterpretation when they wrote, "A well-regulated militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms, shall not be infringed."

In order to understand correctly this much-debated piece of legislation, we must first understand a militia in the context that the Founders did. In 18th century parlance, a militia was nothing more than the body politic. Every citizen was a member of the militia and should be prepared to defend the country at any time. Properly understood, the militia was not a permanent entity, but an informal association that could be called into service as necessary at any time. In modern English, the Second Amendment "translates" as follows: "Because from time to time the people may need to defend themselves and/or their country from internal/external threats, they must be armed, so when that time comes they will be prepared."

The concept of a militia is not an antiquated idea; it is just as relevant as it ever was (given current events, maybe more so). As Lord Acton once said, "Power corrupts, and, abso-

lute power corrupts absolutely." The tendency of government to infringe on the rights of its citizens has not changed since Revolutionary times, and I don't expect that it ever will. Unlike some conservatives, I am not shocked by the number of times the government has encroached on our Constitutional rights over the last two centuries. To me, the amazing thing is that we have any rights left at all. We are a free people because we are an armed people, and we have the Founding Fathers to thank for their foresight in adding the Second Amendment to the Bill of Rights.

Like most Americans, the horrific images of Columbine are permanently etched in my memory. However, it is all too easy to blame guns offhand instead of taking a hard look at the real culprit in the tragedy. I have yet to see a handgun barge into a school, murder 13 people, and then shoot itself. Evil doesn't need a firearm to do its work. Something else, something that passing another piece of legislation won't solve, is wrong with the conscience of this nation.

By definition, criminals do not obey the law. The perpetrators of the Columbine massacre broke dozens of state and federal firearm laws in the process of committing their heinous crime. More gun control will not make our society a safer place to live, because guns are not the problem. People are. Trade liberty for security, and you'll end up with neither.

Anthrax, rugged individualism collide

Opinion by I Dr. Linda Seidel

Americans are brought up to be rugged individualists. Many of us believe in the "survival of the fittest" (a phrase coined not, as popularly believed, by Charles Darwin, but by Herbert Spencer, libertarian sociologist whose rhetoric seeped into *The Origin of Species* in a revised edition). It is not our job, we think, to help along weaklings who can't make it on their own. So if you're working full-time but still earning poverty wages or you can't afford health insurance or your kid has asthma because of the pollution in your neighborhood—well, that's tough, man, but that's life, so buck up and deal with it.

From the rugged individualist's point of view, only weaklings have problems they cannot either solve or grit their teeth and stoically endure (even if it kills them). After all, problems are personal and private and nobody else's business. Occasionally, but not often enough, an inspiring communitarian leader or two will offer a different vision, and we will follow Eleanor and Franklin or Martin Luther King or, perhaps, Ralph Nader for a while, before we forget our interconnectedness (yet again) and return to our own individualistic paths.

But now we have an opportunity to see more clearly, courtesy of the criminals who have brought us anthrax. An AIDS victim without health insurance represents a merely personal problem, but the anthrax patient is a national security issue. No person exposed to anthrax will be denied appropriate medication, hospital care, or medical leave from his or her job. All the resources of a rich, technologically advanced society will be marshaled to minimize the loss of life from anthrax, even as we continue to

accept many other preventable deaths.

What if we made a similar effort to reduce infant mortality by enabling every pregnant woman to obtain adequate prenatal care? What if we thought it a national security issue, *which it is*, to reduce gun violence (and put the NRA in its proper place)? What if we thought it was more important to treat drug addicts rather than to simply lock them up? What if the state of Missouri would spend a little more money improving our bad roads so that fewer of us would die while driving on them?

All of us are vulnerable every day to a myriad of accidents and contingencies, which means that we cannot always be rugged individualists. Whether we get the help we need will often depend upon our class and race and on the social vision of our community. Those of us with good incomes will live longer than those without. African-American men living in the U.S. (at risk for racial profiling and a variety of other discriminations) have a shorter life expectancy than that of men in several Third World countries (with more egalitarian social services).

Don't get me wrong: I am happy to be protected from anthrax spores and suicide bombers. But I cannot help but wonder how protected I am from maladjusted children who manage to get guns, disillusioned white guys who join the KKK, or even bland politicians who give me a tax cut rather than use my money wisely to do what needs to be done.

With anthrax or without, we all need and depend on one another. Many problems that now look intractable can be solved if we have the collective will to solve them and forgo our rugged individualistic ways.

I'm sick of forgetting, you?

Opinion by I Cameron Moore

I was reading the article by Dr. Linda Seidel the other day (hey, I'm one of the editors; reading stuff early is one of the perks of the job) and it inspired me to write something. In particular, one line inspired me to write this article. It's the last line of her second paragraph (check it out for yourself, it's a good article). Part of it reads, "Occasionally, but not often enough, an inspiring communitarian leader or two will offer a different vision ... before we forget our interconnectedness (yet again) and return to our own individualistic path."

We are interconnected. It is a fact from which we cannot hide. As I type this article, as I press each key, I can feel what I am thinking being imprinted on your consciousness. RIGHT NOW, JUST BY READING THIS, WE ARE CONNECTED! It's as simple as that. It is Thursday as I type this, yet you are reading this, at the very earliest, on Tuesday. Time and space are no boundary for communication, just as they are false boundaries for our interconnectedness. Just think of what happens when we talk in person, face to face!

Right now, you might be a little put off by the way in which I am addressing you. It is generally a journalistic *faux pas* to specifically address you, the reader, like this. But I'm throwing that out the window; this is not a "regular" publication. I can sense your unease. I am invading your precious little bubble. It scares you. It scares me. But the degree to which it scares me is negligible compared to the degree to which I am frustrated. I am frustrated because I, well, we, keep forgetting our interconnectedness.

I'm sick of forgetting. I'm sick of getting pulled in by the undertow of my mind's unnecessary worries. You're sick of forgetting, too. I know you are. We all are. Radiohead didn't call their last album *Amnesiac* just because it's a cool word. But we keep ignoring it. I ignore it. You see me ignoring it, so you ignore it. I see you ignore it, so I ignore it once again. It's a vicious cycle.

Last time we talked, we probably talked about current events. We talked about the "war" or the weather or probably something more inane like something that didn't go the way I wanted it; something that I should have already gotten over.

Last time we talked, we probably set up barriers between our interconnectedness. We judged each other and decided that something the other said was not in accordance with the way we think. We judged each other about what the other was wearing. We set up an invisible wall, a seemingly impenetrable force field that we did not let the other enter.

Last time we talked, we didn't talk about this. We were too distracted to talk about it. We were too caught up in our own opinions, our own crutches. We were too caught up in our

differences to talk about our striking similarities. You thought your ideas about God were right and I thought mine were too. We thought these couldn't be reconciled. We got tangled up in semantics and we thought only one person could be right. We were both wrong about the latter part.

Let's talk about what matters. We are all in the same boat, and there's no doubt about that. We are all lost at sea, yanked in every which direction by the swirling winds of our egos. It is happening to me, it is happening to you, and it is even happening to that guy next to you while you are reading this. We are all human. We all came from the same place; that much should never be forgotten. We are all equal, despite what we believe or think, what we own or what we do not. If you want, you can throw a fit about what you want to call the source of this mess. Stomp your feet and say that you're right and that nobody else is. I know I've done my share. Then realize how pointless this is and let go of it. It is the hardest thing we will do, and yet it is only as hard as we make it. It is rather fulfilling to drop your self-imposed prison cell like the bad habit that it is.

Everything aside, you are here. I'm here too. There is no arguing that. We are all interconnected. Look at it romantically and say it is destiny. Look at it cynically and shrug your shoulders and forget about it again. But the fact remains that we are all here and we have to deal with each other. We can learn something from everybody here, and there is no exception to that. This publication is a physical manifestation of that concept.

These are just a few of the thoughts I have been wrestling with. They are nothing special, or maybe they are equally special; I'm sure you've got something rather dandy to share as well. I spend a good chunk of time helping make *The Monitor* happen because this is our forum. It is a place where we can freely exchange ideas, either sincerely addressing each other personally as I have done here, or impersonally addressing the student body as most articles are written. Either way, what is written gets put in here so that you (yes, YOU specifically) can read it. It is here so that you can extract something entertaining or informative, maybe even both, but hopefully thought-provoking nonetheless.

So you can read this article and think it was lame or a cool idea or whatever you want, but I don't really give a hoot what you thought about it. What matters is what it inspires you to do. Will you fold this up and forget about our interconnectedness once again and crawl back into your hole with the hope that nobody bothers you? Or will you stand up and agree with me that you are frustrated and tired of this charade and speak your mind about something positive that we can all relate to? The choice is yours.

Treasure used books

Opinion by I J.J. Pionke

Oh to read a good used book! Used books have history; they have character; they are cheap! We like cheap. Cheap is good. When I browse through a used bookstore, I look for a book that has clearly been well loved. Now well loved does not mean ill used. It means a book that has been read many times by someone(s) but still taken care of. There aren't splashes of what could be pizza sauce on them (or maybe that was grape jelly.) But more than that, a good used book should be old. It should have the scent of ages upon it (that would be book mold). Reading an old book is like touching the pyramids of Egypt or walking through Canterbury Cathedral. It should give you a sense of age and of time (past and present). An old used book should move your soul with its spirit and its words. I will give you an example.

Recently I have become enamored with the short stories of Vernon Lee. She was a late Victorian writer who isn't read anymore by much of anyone except by the curious few. Deciding to write a paper on her, I went through MOBIUS to get copies of her works from surrounding libraries (because of course we don't have much of anything). There arrived from Columbia, MO a very old copy of *Hauntings*. Not really thinking much of it, I grabbed my library books, threw them casually into my book bag and walked home. I then tossed the bag on the floor and went about my life. The next day, I pulled from the bag the books that I had so carelessly treated. Seeing *Hauntings* and its overall shabby state, I opened it first. On the very first page there was an inscription written in an elegant hand. The ink was faded, but legible.

An indecipherable name.

American

Legation

Brussels

October

1913.

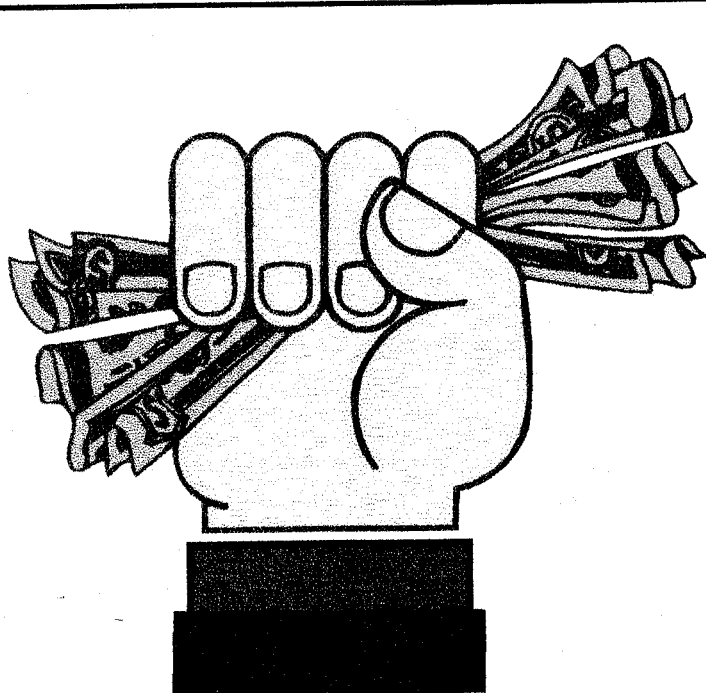
I touched the words reverently. Here in my hands was a book that had been on this earth before my late grandmother was born. This book had traveled. Other than America and Brussels, where had this book been? I turned the page. The University of Missouri-Columbia had acquired this book in May of 1964. Interesting. So it has been in their library for a couple of decades. Idly I flipped the book over and opened the back cover. That university still uses a due date strip in the back. I looked at it with some

interest. There was a 22 year gap between 1971 and 1993 where this book had sat on a shelf, forgotten. I wondered what had happened to it between 1913 and 1964. I'll probably never know, but it was nice to wonder about it for a few moments.

I settled comfortably into my chair, the sunlight upon me, warming my flu-stricken body. I ran my fingers over the cover. It felt smooth, like a thousand fingers had caressed it. There was visible wear on the spine, but it gave the book character. I held the book in my hands and knew that this book had been well loved by someone. I opened to one of the stories contained within and was rewarded with the feeling of heavy pages between my fingers. Today's books are printed on lightweight stock and will undoubtedly wither and fade before a century has passed; but this book, with its heavy pages and sturdy binding, was almost 100 years old. It showed no sign of disintegrating soon. I brought the book to my nose (it had not yet stuffed up) and inhaled deeply. This was a very old book. You could smell its age on the pages that had been browned with time. I wondered what this book must have looked like when it was new. I spent the afternoon in the sun, lovingly turning every page, reading every word, entranced by Lee. It was a perfect moment. I sat reading a book of ghost stories during the month of October, ghost stories written a hundred years ago in a book that was nearly that old.

That is what a used book, an old book, should evoke from you. When you open a used book that you want to read, you have to wonder, at least for a few moments, where has this book been and who had it before you. You have to love it as the previous readers loved it. Each book tells a story, has a history. You have to accept that you will never know that history, but that you can add to it. You can love the book as others loved it and then you can pass it on. You have to let the words within and the book itself, move you.

It is with great sorrow that I must soon return *Hauntings* to the library, so that it may be returned to Columbia, where undoubtedly it will sit on the shelf forlornly. Maybe it will sit there for a month or for a decade until the next lover of words picks it up and takes joy in reading it. I, like others before me, have loved it, leaving only my fingerprints upon its pages and my breath upon its spine.



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TWEAK YOUR MIND

What rocks your face?



"Yo, chillin' wit' my peeps, yo!"

- Tom Harper

Junior



"Stealing candy from little kids on Halloween."

-Collin Ashmore

Freshman



"Poontang!"

-Bryan Vanderhoof

Senior

Unplugged night fills Aquadome

Story by I.W. Aaron Wilson

On Oct. 13, a group of students celebrated a little known holiday in an innovative way. Gathering at the Aquadome as evening settled over downtown Kirksville, they turned the fluorescent lights off, lit some candles, and celebrated Unplug America Day with an "Open Not-Mic" night, which lasted for over three hours.

Unplug America Day was established in 1992 by Indigenous Peoples in order to encourage all Americans to "give Mother Earth a rest." The proper way to celebrate Unplug America Day is to unplug appliances, turn off the lights, leave the car in the garage, and break out the acoustic version of your favorite instrument.

The event was organized by ECO, the University's Environmental Community Organization, in conjunction with the Aquadome. "Our goal was to raise awareness of the extent of energy use and misuse in the US and of the simple ways that each person can reduce their energy use/misuse," Theresa Conley, one of the event organizers, said.

"Knowing the success of the Aquadome in recent years and the great creative outlets open mic events provide for Truman students, ECO thought that an unplugged event would be a great way to recognize the day."

ECO also recognized the day by posting fliers on electrical outlets, televisions, and switches. These fliers warned about excess energy use and gave tips on how energy consumption could be easily reduced.

The open not-mic began with student John Nguyen, who refused to play until the electric lights had been turned off. Rocktober (soon to

be Rockvember) followed Nguyen, performing two-person acoustic versions of classic rock songs. Johnny Comrade and the Soviettes, minus the Soviettes, came next, providing a mellow contrast to Rocktober's wild energy. Dr. John Rutter of the University biology department next performed a mix of covers and originals, including a tribute to summer in Kirksville.

Rutter was followed by Todd Rocket and the Get Well Soons. This band opted not to perform completely unplugged by including an electric keyboard in their ensemble. When asked what penalty should be imposed on the band for using electricity, a chant went up for, "Plugged in, plugged in...no pants!" Despite the urgings of the crowd, the musicians kept their pants on.

"I think it's cool that we got everyone to come out," Todd Baran, a member of Todd Rocket, said about the evening. It brought together a kind of diverse group to play and watch."

Rayna Matczak and Sarah Stanze continued the show with a selection of songs by Dar Williams and other female artists. Cameron Moore and Will Worden finished the show, having decided to play at the spur of the moment.

"Sometimes I just like to chill and listen to some good acoustic tunes," Karli Kujawa, a student, said. "I think they should do shows like that more often."

Between the magical atmosphere of candlelight and the talent of all the musicians involved, the open not-mic proved to be a huge success, promoting its message of energy conservation and providing everyone who attended with rocking, unplugged music.

photo by | Kathy Widitz



Rayna Matczak and Sarah Stanze play a tune

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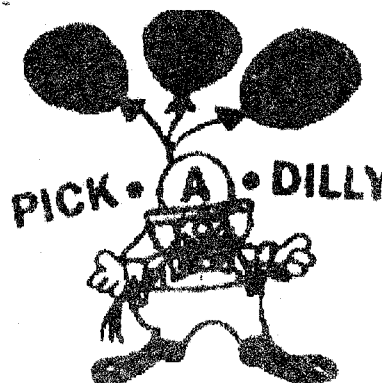
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Stephen Gaskin to speak on campus

Story by | Ed Jenkins

"I was a good shot at 18. With the M1 rifle I was able to put 10 shots out of 10 into a 20-inch bull's-eye at 500 yards," reads a line from *An Outlaw in My Heart*, Stephen Gaskin's most recent book. "With the Thompson submachine gun, the M2 carbine and the A-6 machine gun, I could fire off one shot at a time while set on fully automatic and I was very accurate firing bursts of two and three from the hip."

But when Gaskin saw combat in Korea, he found himself shedding the guns and carrying stretchers. It is with this kind of attitude that the 66-year-old political "beatnik" and religious "hippie" leads his life. He has gained experience from war, prison, service, travel and a variety of other ventures.

The most recent venture of his was in 2000 elections, when he ran for president of the United States with his own Outlaw Party. Gaskin attempted to run on the Green ticket, but Nader dominated the voting, with Gaskin and Jello Biafra tying as runners-up. His 10-plank platform included a lot of common Green values in addition to issues such as the decriminalization of marijuana and improvements in veterans' benefits.

So why did Stephen Gaskin want to be president? "I wanted to be president because the country that I've lived in for 65 years is not as free as it was when I was born, and it's gotten less free all my life." But what qualifications does Stephen Gaskin have? Some argue that he does not have the political preparation for leading this country. But others make a case for him by citing his various experiences.

Aside from serving in Korea, Gaskin spent time in San Francisco in the late sixties teaching

the weekly Monday Night Class that began with 6 attendees and swelled to almost 1500 by its third year. Then Gaskin and supporters took the class on the road and spent several months on a U.S. speaking tour with a caravan of 60 campers. In the end the natural thing to do was to park the caravan in rural Tennessee, buy 1750 acres of land, and found The Farm, the largest intentional community in the world, which still operates 30 years later, free from alcohol, tobacco, animal products, and welfare. The Farm itself, which popularized soy products and established an unprecedented midwifery program, is the subject of a own book. But there is still more to say about Stephen Gaskin.

In 1974 he founded an international relief group called Plenty International, which rebuilt 1200 houses in Guatemala in 1976 among other projects. In New York, Plenty formed the South Bronx Ambulance service, which had a response time of 7 minutes as opposed to 45 minutes for the status quo service at the time. Gaskin also served two years in the Tennessee State Penitentiary when some members of The Farm decided to grow marijuana in the mid-seventies.

Listing his occupations as Hippie Priest, Spiritual Revolutionary, Cannabis advocate, shade tree mechanic, cultural engineer, tractor driver and community starter, Gaskin never believed that he had a shot at presidency. But he stood up for his beliefs nonetheless. "I still believe in the Constitution that I learned about in third grade, and I would like to see that be what we live under, and not this patched-together thing that the corporations have bought."

Stephen Gaskin will be speaking at the University on Wednesday, Nov. 7 at 9 p.m. in Violette Hall 1000.

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To shack or not to shack? That is the question

Opinion by I Jami Burns

Shacking, pure and simple, is spending the night in the same bed with a member of the opposite sex. It doesn't have to include sex; that's shagging. Hell, shacking doesn't even have to include any physical contact, although that makes it more fun.

I am a personal fan of shacking. I like the feeling of spooning, and a good old make out session never hurt anyone. I have had three separate experiences with shacking in the past month and I am totally confused about what the guy side of this is. The problem with shacking is the awkward moments when you see the guy on campus and all you can think is: "Should I call him or wait for him to call me?" Its not like you don't know where the other person lives after all.

In the past month my experiences have been varying and so very confusing. The best shacking experience was just a friend and I sharing the same sleeping space, and it involved nothing more than that. It was nice though to know someone was next to me. That's the cool thing about shacking: you know that for at least a little while some one cared enough to sleep next to you when you are both totally vulnerable.

The second experience was great. A cute boy and I shared a sleeping space, a twin dorm bed that I find too small for just me. It started as a drunken good idea (yeah, today's rumor) and it wasn't awkward the next morning since we had met before that night. Here's the deal: we don't talk, and I still have the shirt he let me borrow, since sleeping in a glitter tank top is uncalled for.

I was talking to a guy friend about this, and as he put it, the guy already has a notch

on his belt why would he call? Well my question is, don't guys want more notches of the same size? I have also heard of guys in relationships asking girls other than their girlfriends to go home with them for a night of innocent fun. What's up with this? They already have a shacking partner!

The last part of shacking that bothers me is the "walk of shame." Walk of shame my ass. It should be referred to as the "walk of I-got-some-and-you-didn't." Again, getting some doesn't have to be sex (get your mind out of the gutter). Quick note to the girls: if the walk of shame is a problem for you, a good solution is to borrow a shirt; you will have a good excuse to talk to the guy again. Or, stay at your place; it might be safer anyway with home court advantage.

One more thing: I know guys go out with the intention of bringing a girl home with them (cute in a drunken state girl), but do they ever go out with the intention of bringing a certain girl home? If you want to stay with a certain girl, call her and ask her out, 'cause more than likely if you got her to spend the night, she'll not refuse a legitimate date. I know I wouldn't.

Opinion by I Adam IX

When Jami suggested that we tackle a point-counterpoint view on shacking for this issue, I was dismayed to discover that my definition of shacking was incorrect. Just from the sound of shacking, I thought it meant screwing, while in fact it is sleeping beside someone else without actually becoming emotionally attached to him or her. I of course then realized that the reason I had never heard of shacking is because such a thing cannot possibly exist in the real world...

Truth be told, however, I have tried shacking in the past: twice last year in fact, although I didn't know it was called shacking at the time. In both cases the girl wanted the shacking to lead into something

further, while I just wanted someone to hold and not be in a relationship with. Even so, I did get emotionally involved with them, and therein lies the problem. I believe that it is virtually impossible for two people who are not interested in each other to both decide to shack with one another, and on the off chance that this does occur, I doubt that both parties would continue their emotional ambivalence (not to mention a lack of awkwardness) towards one another after being intimately close for such a long time. Chances are, one of the people involved is already interested in the other before the shacking takes place.

To wrap things up, I believe that the only reason that two people would decide on shacking in the first place, assuming they didn't have ulterior motives, would be loneliness, and loneliness should never be used as an excuse for doing anything. I can honestly say that I still have feelings for every girl that I have ever slept with, or kissed, or even held close for an extended period of time, and I believe that both sides of this unscrupulous gender war called love would admit to the same. This said, both guys and girls should be careful if you're shacking with someone else that you don't have intentions of getting emotionally involved with because chances are they might have developed feelings for you that could cause them to get hurt easily.

She said, He said



A two-sided look at relationships

tune in next issue for more stuff about relationships

THE FILLET-SHOW: STARRING THE CUNNING-LINGUISTS

Feature by I Rory Rohrerton

In a recent *Monitor* article, the greatness of fellatio was exalted. While I do not deny that fellatio is nice, it is a mere drop in the bucket of sexuality.

Fellatio is the means, not the end. It should be used as foreplay, for if the man has an orgasm in the beginning, the following sex will last much longer. In the previous article, fellatio was seen as a way to fulfill sexual desires without having to worry about sexually transmitted diseases. This is untrue. There are just as good odds of getting herpes from another's mouth as from their vagina. If you want to have oral sex, you might as well have real sex. Condoms are 99.9% effective, so one in a thousand times it will not work. Merely count how many people you have sex with and make sure that every thousandth person does not have any diseases.

Also, you could give up worrying about diseases completely. There are spermicides, diaphragms and sponges that will stop pregnancy, so you won't have to worry about getting anyone pregnant. The diseases you might get aren't that bad. What real man goes through their life without getting the clap once or twice? And even if you do have sex with someone with a disease it is not definite that you will pick it up yourself. It may not be transmitted at all.

So as you can see, as long as you are going to give fellatio, you might as well have sex. The only people who are giving fellatio are lazy and indecisive. Either they do not want to waste their energy having proper sex, or they feel that having regular sex would give them a reputation they would not want (like Blowjob Queen is a good reputation). Instead of respecting you less for having real sex, people should respect you more. You have moved beyond the easy decisions and have made one both you and your partner can enjoy.

I want to give one disclaimer before I go. There is a time that fellatio without sex is OK, even beautiful. Following, proceeding, or even during cunnilingus, fellatio is a great thing. This shows that both partners have put an effort into each other's pleasure, and oral sex was the goal all along, not sex. I can't believe that some women do not want cunnilingus. I myself have offered cunnilingus following fellatio in accordance to my own mutual satisfaction principals but have been turned down. In these cases, there is nothing to do save clipping out this article and show it to the girl. Perhaps she will learn the err of her ways and either enjoy the cunnilingus or even better, have real, healthy, normal sex with you. I hope I have been helpful, see you next *Monitor*!

Five easy ways to be a patriot

Feature by I W. Aaron Wilson

Recently many people have been feeling an upwelling of national pride, as if a fierce, patriotic fire has been kindled in their guts. Some younger people, having up to this point lived in a state of jaded angst, may be uncomfortable dealing with these new feelings. In order to help relieve the confusion of many of my peers I offer the following surefire ways to become a true patriot:

1. When evil Colonel Tavington kills your son, lead a ragtag group of backwoods militia on a successful guerilla campaign against the British. Eventually lead your men to an action-packed victory in which you battle Tavington with a tomahawk, an American Flag and a bullet created from one of your slain son's toy soldiers.
2. Become an all-star quarterback at an early age. Major in education at Washington State. Enter the 2001 NFL season with a 29,257 career passing yards from 2,504 completions. Change your name to Drew Bledsoe.
3. Encase yourself in a 5.3-meter long aerodynamic metal casing. Replace your head with a single 90-kilogram warhead and the rest of your body with a single-stage propellant rocket motor. Launch yourself at an aerial target up to 70 kilometers away, using command guidance and semi-active homing to find your way.
4. Blindly support the actions of every member of the federal government. Proclaim that anyone who questions the motives of any elected official is a traitor. Willingly surrender personal freedoms for the security of the nation.
5. Start a company selling something, anything, with either an American flag on it or a red, white and blue color scheme. Shame people into buying your products by implying that the pur-

chase will also make them patriotic. Make lots of money.

In closing, I'd like to comment on methods four and five. First of all, I'm tired of people assuming that patriotism consists of meekly "supporting" elected officials. While I agree that in a time of crisis people need to support their leaders, it shouldn't be unpatriotic to question, say, the FBI's request for greater email screening and phone tapping capabilities.

All my life I've heard stuff like, "Be thankful you live in America where you have the freedom to say what you want." If one of the things that makes our country great is the fact that we can speak out when we disagree with the government, doesn't that make disagreement, in a way, patriotic?

And as for all the garbage emails I've been getting about purchasing my "patriotic display," I can't begin to express my anger. I love the fact that I live in America. I love the fact that I can gripe about our lawmakers any time (okay, so I do it all the time) I want to without fear of vanishing in the night. But don't try and profit on a national tragedy in the name of patriotism.

Somehow I think patriotism should be seen in the way you act, not in what you wear. I think patriotism should come from our hearts, not from our checkbooks. If you want to tape an American flag to your door, go ahead, it's a noble gesture, but our obsession with "patriotic" trinkets has gotten out of control (As when the *Post Dispatch* reported that the St. Louis International Fair spent its first half talking about "patriotic" gewgaws for sale.)

Now, if you will excuse me, I must be leaving. The other rebels will be meeting me at the old Spanish mission in the swamp soon.

USA PATRIOT ACT: WHAT IS IT REALLY FOR?

Feature by I Will Worden

On Friday, Oct. 26, President George W. Bush signed into law the Uniting and Strengthening America by Providing Appropriate Tools Required to Intercept and Obstruct Terrorism (H.R. 3162, the "USA PATRIOT Act"). According to the ACLU, the PATRIOT Act "gives the Attorney General and federal law enforcement unnecessary and permanent new powers to violate civil liberties that go far beyond the stated goal of fighting international terrorism."

This anti-terrorism legislation received very limited attention from the mainstream news, allowing it to be improperly rushed through the Senate (many senators allegedly did not have an opportunity to read and/or research the bill as the Senate offices were closed due to an Anthrax scare) with little opposition from the people whom it is supposedly intended to protect: that is, you and me. It is questionable, however, what ends the bill will actually serve. Will it be used to protect us, or will it be used to control us? You be the judge.

Section 802 of the Patriot Act creates a broader definition of domestic terrorism. Under Section 802, a person commits the crime of domestic terrorism if within the U.S. they engage in activity that involves acts which are intentionally dangerous to human life and violate any state or federal law. This includes: (i) the intimidation or coercion of a civilian population; (ii) influencing the policy of a government by intimidation or coercion; or (iii) affecting the conduct of a government by mass destruction, assassination or kidnapping.

This overly broad definition sweeps in people who engage in acts of political protest if those acts are dangerous to human life. Since law enforcement chooses to break up protests with force, human life is often threatened, as should be expected in these situations. People associated with organizations such as Operation Rescue, the Environmental Liberation Front, and the WTO protesters, have all engaged in activities that could now subject them to prosecution as terrorists. Furthermore, once you are deemed a "domestic terrorist", those who support you could also be arrested for "harboring" a terrorist or for "providing material support" to terrorists. We already have laws for those who threaten human life, and we already have laws for those who damage property; however, these crimes are not "terrorism." Learn more at: <http://www.aclu.org/congress/1102301d.html>.

Section 141 provides "Immunity for United States Officials that Act in Good Faith." This provision gives any officer or employee of the U.S., who conducts a customs search of a person or property, immunity from "any civil

damages as a result of such search if the officer or employee performed the search in good faith."

The term "good faith" is not defined in the bill, so it is up to the officer in question to determine if he was acting in "good faith." This in effect gives the customs official the freedom to engage in racial profiling, unlawful searches, or any other inappropriate procedure without any possible legal repercussions. Furthermore, it will have little impact on fighting terrorism because U.S. customs does not search people before they board planes. It is also highly unlikely that a terrorist would carry any identifying contraband when simply entering the country. Although President Bush has repeatedly spoken of fighting racial profiling, he has now made it a legal practice for U.S. customs officials, who already have a record of performing discriminatory searches.

Section 144 allows "Border search authority for certain contraband in outgoing mail." This section mandates that "mail sealed against inspection under the postal laws and regulations of the U.S. may be searched by a Customs officer [without a warrant]...upon reasonable cause to suspect that such mail contains" contraband such as monetary instruments related to currency smuggling; drugs; firearms; obscene materials; and other illegal items. This section clearly targets the American people much more than it does terrorists, and according to the U.S. Postal Service, it will not "bring any significant law-enforcement improvements" over current procedures. Learn more at: <http://www.aclu.org/congress/1102501b.html>.

Section 213 allows law enforcement officials to enter a house, apartment or office with a search warrant when the occupant is away, search through his/her property and take photographs, and in some cases seize physical property and electronic communications, and not tell them until later. This goes directly against the Fourth Amendment protection against unreasonable searches and seizures, which requires the government to both obtain a warrant and give notice to the person whose property is being searched. This section is not needed as there are already provisions that make uninformed searches possible when they are necessary. Learn more at: <http://www.aclu.org/congress/1102301b.html>.

Section 508 of the Patriot Act allows law enforcement to access the student data collected for the purpose of statistical research under the National Education Statistics Act. This is confidential information, which is entirely unnecessary, as law enforcement has faced few barriers since Sept. 11 in accessing student information. According to the American Association of

Collegiate Registrars and Admissions Officers (AACRAO), about 200 colleges and universities have turned over student information to the FBI, INS and other law enforcement officials. Learn more at: <http://www.aclu.org/congress/1102301c.html>.

Section 216 limits judicial oversight of electronic surveillance by: (i) subjecting private Internet communications to a minimal standard of review; (ii) permitting law enforcement to obtain what would be the equivalent of a "blank warrant" in the physical world; (iii) authorizing scattershot intelligence wiretap orders that need not specify the place to be searched or require that only the target's conversations be eavesdropped upon; and (iv) allowing the FBI to use its "intelligence" authority to circumvent the judicial review of the probable cause requirement of the Fourth Amendment. In short, this provision takes away any right to privacy you previously had while on the telephone or Internet. For a more in-depth discussion than I can offer of what Section 216 means, I urge you to read more about it at the ACLU website: <http://www.aclu.org/congress/1102301g.html>.

Section 412 of the Patriot Act permits indefinite detention of immigrants and other non-citizens. Under this section, immigrants who are found not to be deportable for terrorism but still have an immigration status violation, such as overstaying a visa, could face indefinite detention if their country refuses to accept them. Although there are terms that must be met to necessitate detention, these terms are very loose, and whether or not a person meets them is at the discretion of the Attorney General and is not subject to judicial review. Furthermore, there are no requirements that detainees ever be given a trial or a hearing in which the government would have to prove that they are, in fact, terrorists. This section is clearly unconstitutional, as was ruled in the Supreme Court case of *Zadvydas v. Davis*, when it was decided that a law allowing indefinite detention of immigrants who could not be deported would pose a "serious constitutional problem." Learn more at: <http://www.aclu.org/congress/1102301e.html>.

Title III of the Patriot Act continues the trend of expanding government access to personal financial information. As a result of the Patriot Act, financial institutions will monitor daily financial transactions even more closely and will be required to share information with other federal agencies, including foreign intelligence agencies such as the CIA. This will in effect put the CIA back in the business of spying on Americans, and law enforcement agencies would have access to a large range of personal financial information without being re-

quired to show good cause as to why it is relevant to an investigation. Title III, combined with other Sections previously discussed, gives the CIA access to a scope of highly personal and potentially damaging information about any American citizen they desire to investigate. Learn more at: <http://www.aclu.org/congress/110231f.html>.

Section 411 of the Patriot Act permits detention and deportation of non-citizens who provide assistance to a group that the government claims is a terrorist organization, even if the group has never been designated as a terrorist organization. The previous law (INA Section 219) permitted the Secretary of State to designate foreign groups with various procedural safeguards. This section of the act broadens this mandate to include foreign and domestic groups; it also removes those procedural safeguards. This means the Secretary of State could designate any organization that has ever engaged in violent activity a "terrorist organization," whether it is Operation Rescue, Greenpeace, or People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals. This section also allows for detention and deportation of individuals who provide lawful assistance to groups that are not designated as terrorist organizations. It then requires the individual to prove that he did not know and should not have known that his/her assistance would further terrorist activity. This means that any non-citizen associated with any organization is at risk of being detained or deported at the discretion of the Secretary of State, without judicial review. There are several Supreme Court cases (*NAACP v. Claiborne Hardware Co.*, *United States v. Robel*, *Aptheker v. Secretary of State*) that demonstrate the unconstitutionality of guilt by association, which is generally forbidden under the First Amendment. Learn more at: <http://www.aclu.org/congress/1102301h.html>.

This has been a brief description of the problems created by the passing of the USA PATRIOT Act; more reading on your own is required if you want to truly understand the effects this will have on your life (the best source for this information that I have found is www.aclu.org/congress). This is not something we can just ignore if we value our freedom. More and more freedom is becoming a mere word without any realistic meaning in our lives, a word we throw out to justify our American pride. It's time that we ask, "Do I have freedom of speech, or am I just talking quietly about things the government doesn't give two shits about?" Think about this last question. It can be applied to more than just our freedom of speech.

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Anthrax: good or bad? This reviewer says "good"

Review by I Justin Anderson

Anthrax is one of the best bands ever. Send some to your senators, spread it throughout the nation, because Anthrax rocks. I can't get enough; I want more.

Now, certainly you might be saying, "Justin, won't Anthrax hurt me?" My response is, "You are not a man." I will say that even if it's a man asking me. Granted, Anthrax could hurt you psychologically, as they are pretty powerful, but that is no reason to shun them. I embrace Anthrax with open arms. While they may be difficult to carry around with you 24-7, I'd recommend you try them. Bring Anthrax to the office to share with your work buddies. Bring some to class for show-and-tell. Once you get a taste of Anthrax, you'll want some with you at all times.

With today's modern technology, it shouldn't be a problem to transport Anthrax, say, for example, onto an airplane. You need something to pass the time on those long flights, don't you? To say that Anthrax hasn't influenced others would be a dirty, dirty lie. Without Anthrax, where would Ebola be today?

Anthrax first gained some popularity in 1982, but their debut wasn't as killer as some would have hoped. Although they had few hits in the 80s, Anthrax still seemed to pop up all over the place. And when Anthrax popped up, you can be sure hysteria ensued. It seems that Anthrax is synonymous with fear these days. Every time Anthrax shows up, it is almost guaranteed to make the front page. With the over extravagant, almost painful, live shows, Anthrax is hard to top. And to those who are in the front row, my heart goes out to you. Although Anthrax seemed to be dormant in the late 90s, I have a feeling you'll be hearing a lot about Anthrax in the future.

With fame comes controversy, and who can forget *Spreading the Disease* back in 1985? Although not Anthrax's best work, it certainly holds true today that it is what Anthrax was made for. Bottom line: The future is looking good for Anthrax, and I can't wait for Anthrax to visit my town. Until then, I'll be content with building up my own Anthrax reserves; only 3 more albums and I'll have them all.

Allstars return with two releases

North Mississippi Allstars

The Word

51 Phantom

The Word

Tone-Cool

Atlantic

Review by I Zach Lechner

The North Mississippi Allstars have been busy recently. The dynamic trio, composed of Luther Dickinson (guitar/vocals), his brother Cody (drums/samples), and Chris Chew (bass), has made contributions to two recently released albums that prove that the potential demonstrated on last year's *Shake Hands With Shorty* has not gone to waste.

The first CD is a project called *The Word*, which features the Allstars along with organist John Medeski (yes, from the progressive jazz group Medeski, Martin & Wood) and 23-year-old pedal steel guitarist Robert Randolph. The group's self-titled release is strictly an instrumental affair, but this is hardly an impediment as it allows all five members to stretch out on a collection of gospel and blues numbers. Despite the immense talent that oozes from The Word, Randolph is clearly the star of the band's recording. He perfected the difficult art of the pedal steel guitar while a member of the Pentecostal group Sacred Steel, recording two albums of unconventional gospel music for the Arhoolie label.

The Word pays tribute to this group, covering two of its songs at the beginning of the album. Randolph's chops are flexed throughout as his pedal steel alternates between the delicate whine of "Call Him by His Name" and the more upbeat growl of "Waiting on My Wings."

Medeski and the Allstars adapt to the gospel atmosphere very nicely and make music that even an atheist can appreciate. They shine the most on the secular tunes that bookend the album: the infectious "Joyful Sounds" and an untitled track. Along with Randolph, Medeski and the Allstars succeed in making *The Word* one of the best and most interesting releases of the year.

As if that were not enough, the North Mississippi Allstars have also recently released their follow-up to *Shake Hands With Shorty*. On the latter release, the band paid tribute to the blues of the Mississippi Hill Country and its practitioners, including R. L. Burnside and Junior Kimbrough. The Allstars mixed the trance-like drone of the region's music with an alternative rock aesthetic, which made the record sound like a successful collaboration between Fred McDowell and Jon Spencer.

The Allstars new album, *51 Phantom*, expands on *Shake Hands With Shorty* stylistically. With mostly original material, they tackle a number of different musical genres, including gospel on the call-and-response of "Ship" and psychedelic rock on "Sugartown." The appropriately titled final track, "Mud," is the sonic equivalent of filtering blues-rock through the land of northern Mississippi after a driving rainstorm. It is the cover of the Staple Singers' "Freedom Highway," however, that takes the prize for the most unexpected addition to the album. Still, the Allstars make it clear that they have not abandoned their old sound, as the nasty slide guitar work on the title track demonstrates.

The success of *51 Phantom* is due in no small part to the knob twisting of legendary Memphis producer Jim Dickinson, Luther and Cody's father. Dickinson's credits include such diverse acts as Screamin' Jay Hawkins, Big Star, and the Replacements. He leaves his sons and Chris Chew plenty of room to explore and adds some polish to the group's raw sound without taking off too many of the edges. Dickinson realizes, fortunately, that the blues tends to lose some of its emotional grit when it is given too much of post-production sheen.

The Word and *51 Phantom* will soon be followed by a collaboration between the North Mississippi Allstars and Jon Spencer. This brings to mind the question of when the brothers Dickinson and Chris Chew will take a rest. In light of the quality of their latest two projects, let's hope it will be awhile.

Kolya combines good camerawork, plot to give warm, fuzzy feeling

Kolya

Starring Zdenek Sverak and Andrej

Chalimon

Directed by Jan Sverak

Review by I John Becker and Anna Koehne

Kolya is a very impressive movie, although the basic scenario doesn't challenge us much, nor does it break new ground. We have Louka, a 55 year-old bachelor musician, broke but independent all his life, suddenly burdened with responsibility — specifically, the responsibility to look after someone else's child. Louka, played by Czech actor Zdenek Sverak (who, incidentally, bears a strong resemblance to Sean Connery) can't even keep himself in clean socks, so how is he going to care for a five-year-old child? How will this experience change him?

Our questions are, of course, answered as both Louka and Kolya, the child and title character, played by Andrej Chalimon, develop their parts and the story unfolds.

But first, some background. At the outset of the movie, Louka has been relegated to playing funerals and refurbishing gravestones in order to fill his stomach after a flippant comment got him kicked out of a major Philharmonic. In order for him to earn some extra cash, help fix up his mother's house and buy a car, he agrees to an arranged marriage with a Russian woman so that she can get Czech papers, and be free of Communist Russia. Louka goes into this arrangement against his better judgment as it's illegal and there is a great deal of tension between the Czech people and the Russians. The tension stems from Russian occupation of the Czech Republic and Czech resentment of the Russian military presence.

The wife character, played by Stella Zazvorkova, has a very small presence in the movie, and doesn't even speak Czech, making the "marriage" very obviously a farce. Louka refuses to speak the little Russian that he learned in university, so no communication takes place between him and his new wife except through her aunt. She is a loud, crass woman with an interesting talent of smoking cigarettes through a large gap in her front teeth. Immediately after the "wedding night," husband and wife go their separate ways, he to his apartment and she to wherever her newfound freedom can take her.

One day, quite unexpectedly, Louka answers a knock on his door to find two paramedics and a young boy waiting outside. He is informed that his "wife" has left the country, leaving the child with her aunt, who has just suffered a stroke. The aunt has directed that the boy be left with Louka until she gets out of the hospital. She never does make it out, so it is left up to Louka and Kolya to sort out the rest.

Anna: The film didn't have much dialogue, which left lots of room for the acting and soundtrack to fill, which they did very well.

The lack of dialogue accentuated the fact that Kolya and Louka had to get to know each other without much talking anyway, since they speak different languages. Both boys are stubborn at the beginning, and hesitant to like or trust the other. Each progressive move closer is a simple gesture by one or the other, when both seem ready to make the step.

John: In addition to the soundtrack, the camera work of Jan Sverak, Zdenek's son, works well to take the place of dialogue. For example, there is very little dialogue in the scene where Kolya is dropped on Louka's doorstep, but the fact that they are obviously starting from opposite corners is not-so-subtly brought out by the low camera angle, showing the old man towering over the young boy. Later on, in an inspired piece of acting by Andrej Chalimon combined with excellent cinematography by Jan, Kolya is shown taking a bath and using the shower attachment as a phone to "call" his aunt, or grandma as he calls her, really bringing out the loneliness of a young child completely out of his element.

Anna: Another cool camera shot is when Kolya and Louka are at a street corner. Kolya looks up at the walk sign, showing two stick figures, an adult and a child holding hands. He takes Louka's hand, which he had refused to do earlier in the movie. The sign and the characters mirror each other as we look on through the camera. The shot shows a clear step forward in their relationship. It's a cozy, family shot.

Overall, I was surprised by the political content of the movie. The boy invading Louka's home mirrored the Russian invasion of the Czech Republic in a way. Louka, like the majority of Czech people, wasn't ready to accept or invite the Russians into his home or country. His mother was evidence of this mentality, refusing to let Russian soldiers wash their hands in her house.

John: This movie does make quite a political statement. An interesting theme that I could see fairly easily was sort of the universal sentiment that we're all human and we need to accept and understand each other as such. It was interesting to see the portrayal of Kolya's mother, using Louka to escape Russia, using him to care for Kolya until she wanted him back and then simply coming back and expecting him to hand over the child. Perhaps that was exactly what Louka needed, though, was a situation to force him out of his selfish, egocentric stage and help him think about the well being of someone else for a change.

I really enjoyed this movie, it was definitely worth the trip over to One World to get it. I was glad to see it was subtitled, not dubbed. The producers even took the time to make the difference between the Russian and Czech obvious in the subtitles, which helped to understand parts of the movie a little better.

Anna: I agree that this movie is worth watching. If you're in the mood for a warm, fuzzy feeling, then check it out.

Britney Spears wants to be a Slave 4 U, get busy

I'm a Slave 4 U

Britney Spears

Written by The Neptunes

Review by I Will Worden

Is Britney Spears the next Madonna? As the popularity of her latest single "I'm a Slave 4 U" reaches levels that reflect only our own overwhelming stupidity, this is a question that is obviously on everyone's mind but for some reason can't even get a spot on CNN's "rolling ticker" at the bottom of your television screen. Apparently the far-left assholes at that news station have more important "issues" to report on.

To this reporter, however, it's clear that Britney has far surpassed the musical accomplishments of Madonna. After all, on her latest album Spears co-wrote *five* of the twelve songs (one of the major changes she was in charge of was the decision to change the title of the single "I'm a Slave For You" to "I'm a Slave 4 U" ["That way, um, people can read it faster, cuz there's less letters to read," Spears said]), and sang *all twelve* of them.

The lyrical genius behind "I'm a Slave 4 U" comes from a "band" called The Neptunes, which has also written for N'SYNC, The Backstreet Boys, and other bands on the Jive Records label. Although no information on The Neptunes could be found, one might assume that since the title/content of the song suggests bondage and/or sadomasochism, they are probably middle-aged white males who beat off to photos of Britney while they write songs for her.

The song starts out with Britney reminding her horny male audience that she is a "little girl" and she loves to dance (dirty) in clubs. She then tells us to "get it get it" several times and asks, "Do you like it?" after which she asserts, "This feels good." A few lines later she reminds us that she is indeed "a slave for you," and then goes on to say that she "can't control it" and "won't deny it" (where it = sex with you).

The next verse asks a very sensitive question: "Baby, don't you wanna dance upon me?" I know what we are all thinking: "Doesn't that involve a commitment?" Fortunately she inserts a disclaimer a few lines later to inform us that we may leave behind her name and age, reassuring us like the old saying "If there's grass on the field..." This is followed by a chorus of more "get it, get it" and some sexy panting before going into the next verse, which is my personal

favorite.

When I hear that "little girl" sing the lines "I just can't help myself / I really wanna do what you want me to," it makes it hard not to think of that prostitute costume that she wore in the video for this song (you know the one; it's real skin-tight and skimpy, the pants are dark and she has a pink or red thong on over them which creates a very defined focal point right on her crotch [I think the video was directed by Larry Flint]). Apparently she wanted to show her Halloween spirit. It really reassured me that if I just had enough money... Anyway, if you haven't seen the video, you're missing out on some great soft-core porn.

After one more run through of the "Baby, don't you wanna dance upon me?" verse, Britney takes it up a notch on the dirty scale and says just about everything she can get away with while still selling her record to young girls with shrinking self-esteems and young guys with swelling cocks: "I'm a slave for you / (Take that) I cannot hide it / I cannot control it / I'm a slave (It just feels right) for you. (It just feels good) / I won't deny it; I'm not trying to hide it. (Baby) / Get it get it, get it get it (WHOOOA) / Get it get it, Get it get it (WHOOOOOA) / Get it get it, get it get it (OOOHHHH) / [PANTING] / Get it get it, get it get it (WHOOOA) / Get it get it, Get it get it (WHOOOOOA) / Get it get it, get it get it (OOOHHHH) / [PANTING] / I'm a slave for you. (Here we go now) / I cannot hold it; I cannot control it / I'm a slave for you. (Here we go) I won't deny it, (Yeah) I'm not trying to hide it / (Like that)." God, I'll bet her and Justin Timberlake had a lot of nasty sex. Can't wait 'til those porns come out.

What I like most about this song is how The Neptunes cleverly insert undertones in the lyrics that could be taken to suggest that the song is about dancing and being a slave to the dance! I think they even managed to convince Britney that she was singing about dancing! I guess you learn to trust your producer when they've made you that much money and you're just a "little girl."

All you have to do to see what is obvious to most people is replace every [metaphoric] occurrence of "dance," "dance upon" and "dance next to" with the word "fuck." Because you know what they say about people who can move it on the dance floor! Only this change kind of ruins the song; how could I think of her as a "little girl" if she were to use such "grown-up" words? No thanks. I prefer to think of it as "dancing."

Red Planet not very hot

Red Planet

Starring Val Kilmer

Directed by Anthony Hoffman

Review by Leo Kirsch and J.J. Pionke

This big budget science fiction thriller begins by stating the objectives of a mission to Mars: find out why terraforming algae growths, which were sent to the planet and temporarily flourished, have suddenly died off in time to establish human colonization and move humanity off of earth, which has been nearly destroyed by the middle of the 21st century. To us, it seems like a fine enough plot to fill with special effects and action. Of course nothing goes quite according to plan (or at all according to plan) because this is Hollywood in space and things are a whole lot more exciting if they do not. This is also okay with us because movies of this nature are more about entertainment than fiction.

Keeping this in mind, we both agree on several positives with the film. Terrance Stamp and Carrie-Ann Moss both give credible performances as the crew's moral center and the mission commander, respectively. We also both agree that Stamp's character, Chantilas, was eliminated far too early, which undermines the notions about God and Science inserted into the narrative by him. It seems that if these high-minded ideas are going to be introduced, they should reach some type of

fruition. The rest of the crew, in my (Leo's) opinion, is unfortunately drab. They all act as though they are a collection of high school juniors on a science field trip to save the planet. They chew gum and stick it to keyboards, punch each other on the shoulders, flirt, and pump techno music out of the computers. I find this aspect dismal enough to kill my enjoyment of the majority of the film. Why did Val Kilmer take on another role he could sleep-walk through? We both enjoy the various hi-tech doo dads, especially AMEE, a catlike robot, which takes to killing the crew when it is damaged in the Mars landing. We also agree that the score by Graeme Revell (also responsible for the music in *Dark City*, *The Crow*, and *The Craft*) brings a welcome aspect to the film. It is a well-blended mixture of sci-fi staples soaring classical and electronica. JJ also appreciated the humor in the film, citing that it helps make it truly a geek film. I found the humor, well...not humorous.

JJ did however have trouble reconciling some of the plot elements, including several points regarding plausibility. For instance, the amount of oxygen that the space suits are capable of holding and how the findings of the mission will really help save doomed planet Earth. I figure that thanks to Hollywood and Industrial Light and Magic anything is possible, but I just wish that even the smallest percentage of the money spent on F/X and talent could be diverted to finding a more developed script.

JJ's grade: B Leo's grade: C-

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Selling God door to door: Jehova's Witnesses at it again

Feature by I Arliss Gammill

Despite the bad reputation they have in my house, when conversations turn to Jehovah's Witnesses, as they sometimes will, I try my best not to contribute to the insults. I try to forget those times as a child when, ducking and hiding behind any piece of furniture, we PRAYED for God's servants to GO AWAY. My mother would hold me close and whisper comforting words like, "Don't worry dear, it will all be over soon." I overcame this and developed a certain respect for them; they seemed to do things in the manner of Paul by bringing HIS word to the people whether they want it or not. I'll argue their case by saying things like, "I think it shows dedication" or "Whom do you think you're crackin' on? You're a Mormon!"

Flash to Thursday, my "I scheduled my classes so I can sleep until noon" day. KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK! I'm thinking, *who dares disturb the slumber of the great and powerful me?* Had I known God's messengers were at the door in their Sunday best, pamphlets in hand, I would have thought nice, docile, obedient servant things. I'll omit the dirty words that crept into my mind as I threw on anything (backwards and inside out) and stumbled to the door looking like Buckwheat's momma.

"Hello?" My morning breath of doom nearly toppled the first lady.

"Oh! Did we wake you?" They wore these ultra-innocent expressions that I didn't buy at all.

"Err...no?" Nasty lie number one.

"GRRREAT!" (Tony the Tiger makes house calls?)

"I was just getting up for class." Nasty lie number two.

"Oh! We're students too!" the first lady, still recovering from the noxious odors, said.

"Students?" (Neither of them will ever see 45 again and I realized that the rumor is true: no one EVER graduates from this university.)

"Students of the Bible!"

"Oh." I was feeling pretty dumb. What did these people want?

"Now, I'm not sure, but are you a Bible reader, too?"

She shoved this booklet into my hand and I was thinking, "Boy, that's awfully small for a Bible." And then I read the title, "*Jehovah: Who Is He?*" It was about right then that the full extent of my predicament hit me: They weren't cartoon characters peddling cereal door-to-door or even the rare and elusive 20-year university student (Omni-Seniors). These people wanted to drag me kicking and screaming all the way to salvation. They wanted to cleanse my obviously filthy soul. NOOOOO! ANYTHING BUT THAT!

I flashed back to those childhood years and longed for my mother who made the scary zealots disappear by ignoring them time after time after time. Where are moms when you need them most?

I stared at the booklet with its lovely picture of vibrant sunlight crashing through a serene forest. Yuck. So what does it say? Here's a brief summary:

God is good. God is great. If you don't think so, you suck, so saith the LORD. In any case, everything is okay because eventually God will smite everyone who has ever pissed him

off, but it's a long list and you don't want to be at the top. Amen.

"Ummmm...thanks?" I know there is a protocol, that I should invite them in; but classes call, as do the totally fun, sinful things I could be doing.

"We wanted to talk to you about God. His name is Jehovah. Did you know that?"

I smiled stupidly at them, unwilling to commit nasty lie number three and thinking about the scene from *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade* where our hero almost falls through the floor after misspelling "Jehovah" in Latin. I wonder if these ladies have seen the movie and whether they thought Harrison Ford was sexier in #1 or #3 (#2 was pretty bad, so I don't count it). I think it was about then that they realized I was hardly salvageable material. They reacted quickly.

"Well! We'll just let you get back to doing whatever you were doing." Translation: *Boy! Aren't YOU gonna burn!*

I closed the door on them and listened as they marched down the hall to my neighbor's apartment. KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK! Ah, the sound of God working in not-so-mysterious ways. I found myself questioning my respect for them as I stared at the dark circles beneath my eyes and wondered: is THIS the Apostle Paul's style? Could I see Paul, toga and all, traveling around knocking on any random centurion's door?

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK! The poor Roman soldier rolls off his stone mattress, leaving his wench behind to throw on anything, and comes to the door with his brush-helmet on backwards and his shield looking a bit tarnished.

"Hello?"

"Oh! Did I wake you?" He wears the same innocent expression as the Witness; only it's reinforced with a halo.

"Hell yes! Who are you and what do you want?"

"I'm the disciple formerly known as Saul and I have this really great scroll I'd like you to look at!" Paul extends the piece of parchment to the unimpressed soldier who's a bit put out because this was the day he slept in late after a hard week of persecuting Christians.

"Hmmm," says the soldier.

"You see, I'm a student of the Scriptures, and I'm head and shoulders above my peers! I wanted to talk to you about God. His name is Jehovah. Did you know that?"

"Is that so? Well, I'll tell you what. How about you just stand right there in your little sandals while I run back in and get my sword so I can start the day off right?"

Paul reacts quickly.

"Oh! Well, I'll just let you get back to doing whatever you were doing." Translation: *Shit.*

Okay, so that's probably NOT historically accurate, but the sword thing made me happy. So NOW what do I think of Jehovah's Witnesses? I still respect them-when they go to other people's houses. I did learn the value of peepholes, which I am asking my landlady for ASAP. Until it's installed, I might just hide behind my sofa whenever there is a knock at the door and rock back and forth while cooing meaningless words to myself: "It's okay, they'll go away soon, it will all be okay..."

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<http://www.kcandthesunshineband.com>

Review by I Aaron Baker

As a person who owns a computer and uses it occasionally, I feel I am at liberty to order everyone reading this to immediately visit www.kcandthesunshineband.com. This is quite possibly the most in-depth website featuring KC and the Sunshine Band since, well, www.kcandthesunshineband.com. It offers photos, covering a span from the seventies when KC and the Sunshine Band sucked a lot, all the way to 2001, when KC and the Sunshine Band sucked even more, and are even more pathetic for still being together and making music. You can send postcards to your friends, but more importantly, you can send postcards with music to your enemies. You can read up on KC news, join a fan club, buy merchandise and much, much more. But perhaps the site's most redeeming feature is the chat room. KC promises to visit the chat room when he can. Sometimes he'll just drop in, other times he'll announce an upcoming visit. How fucking awesome is that? The mere idea that I could be chatting with other obsessive fans of KC and the Sunshine Band, and suddenly, without warning mind you, and KC, the man himself, may just walk into the chat room, it gives me goose bumps. I'm going to drop out of school tonight and spend the rest of my life in that chat room.

www.fuckingfreemovies.com

Review by I Josh Jackson

Fucking Free Movies. I mean, do I really have to say anything else? If you settle for nothing less than quality video entertainment, this is the place. The TRICK to this site is knowing what to look for. Find your fetish in the list of movies, click on the link, and GO DOWN ON the next page until you find the movie. It's that EASY. Make sure to use your "Right-click, Save-Target-As" combo not only to avoid dead end links, but also to save clips to your HARD drive. Whack in peace.

[http://www.websitereviews-monitor]



the Queen

Queen Astra

Let the

Aries (March 21-April 20)

Your self esteem is at an all-time low. Stop thinking so much about what people think of you,

Libra (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)

Anthrax be damned. Fuck airplane hijackers. Don't let "fear" or "respect for victims" ruin your soap-opera convention.

Taurus (April 21-May 22)

This week you will find yourself in a

Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)

In the coming weeks you'll be feeling especially private, keeping secrets from even your closest friends. An alien probe isn't really

Gemini (May 23-June 21)

It seems like you are the only non-lame-o that is going out and having fun. So it's up to you to make the phone calls and organize the swing

Sagittarius (Nov. 23-Dec. 21)

You are in a totally peaceful and loving mood. Maybe it is because Venus, the planet of love and harmony, has entered the third house of your star alignment. Or maybe it's the mush-

Cancer (June 22-July 24)

Your pats have feelings, too. Maybe they would like to dress up and go trick-or-treating with you. Pets like

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 20)

When WILL you come to your

Leo (July 25-Aug. 23)

A certain family member will frustrate you this week. But don't feel bad. Hey, we've all felt the hurt of "whisky dick" at one time or

Aquarius (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)

For those of you that plan to smoke a doob with Woody when he comes,

Virgo (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)

Pisces (Feb. 20-March 20)

This week you will be followed by a

Hazard to ya Booty is back, baby

Story by I Ed Jenkins

It was a beautiful Columbia evening with the trees shedding their golden leaves through the soothing breeze. But it wasn't too peaceful. That's right, Hazard To Ya Booty made their second appearance at the Blue Note on Friday Oct. 19, but this time they were the headliners.

But how does a sub-par funk band get to headline a happenin' gig at the Blue Note on a Friday? Well, dude, they were scheduled to open for Coolio. Coolio cancelled, and Hazard To Ya Booty got the spot. And even though they wouldn't get to hear Coolio play both of his songs, the true Booty fans made the trek for a long and funky set of originals and covers.

The concert was primarily a success due to the real fans, who came all the way from Kirksville. There was the James Brown Squad up front chanting "soul," and of course ladies were there because sophomore lead singer Ben

"bsmooth" Stewart is really sexy.

But the true test will come when Hazard returns to Kirksville this Friday to play at Arnie's Place with opener First and Normal. "I just hope my mom comes," sophomore trombone player Ken De Arman said. Other members are already nostalgic for the last local show, when nearly 250 people crammed into the Aquadome.

But what can old fans expect from this coming show besides that rockin' new band, First and Normal? "Well, I might not be wearing pants," said keyboard player "Crazy Horse" Irwin. "But then again he might," said guitarist "Big Baby G sus 4 Chord" Bush. I guess the only way to find out is to attend the show, which will be a save-your-costume theme funkfest on Friday, Nov. 2 at Arnie's Place, located two blocks north of the square.

Who needs 'em?

Opinion by I Justin Anderson

Waking up this morning, I was refreshed with a warm cup of bullshit. That's right, I'm talking about feminists. What the fuck are they trying to prove? I've known smarter monkeys for crying out loud. Feminists? More like shit with feet. Ugly shit with feet. No hot girls are feminists, which leads me to believe that feminists are ugly, deprived women who have nothing better to do than take their ugliness-induced rage out on men. All I know is that I went to sleep just fine knowing that tomorrow was another day with men in power. You want to talk politics? Fine. Just don't un-cross your legs when you're sitting down to the discussion, bitch. Nobody wants to see that. Nobody. You want to talk about raising kids in the modern world? First you need to lose your virginity. I'm so sick of all these virgins walking around like they own the place. Most of the time it's

butt-ass ugly girls who are proud that they've kept their flower. Those girls can go eat shit and die because no man on earth wants to tap that ass. It's the friggin' hot ones who upset me the most, especially the ones who don't drink. How can anyone say the monkeys don't come from Mars? Who are we to play God? I'll give them an izz alright, when I jizz all over their album. But enough bout me, what's up with you? Still have that vaginal itch problem? Really? Me neither. So logically, Norm from *Cheers* would have been the perfect lead in *Boogie Nights*. Both me and the horse I road in on agree that when I read *Major Problems in American Women's History*, by Mary Beth Norton and Ruth M. Alexander, it became clear that all of America's problems are the fault of women. From Pearl Harbor to tax fraud, women are the problem with America's history. In summation, mules are sterile and therefore so are feminists.

Letters, from page 2

The fact that FAC and Student Senate were so able to pull the wool over the eyes of the students so easily is of great concern to me. Have the youth of America been so contaminated with left wing propaganda that even in the highest levels of public education this country has to offer, they are not able to use cognitive reasoning skills to tell the difference between worthwhile academic endeavors, and hedonistic pursuit of sin and debauchery? With the exceptions of Students like Kevin Roach and his Eagle Forum, and John Hilton and His rally for America, I am afraid so.

Patriotically yours,
John Gramb, Master at Arms
God Bless America

Residential Living sputters rhetoric

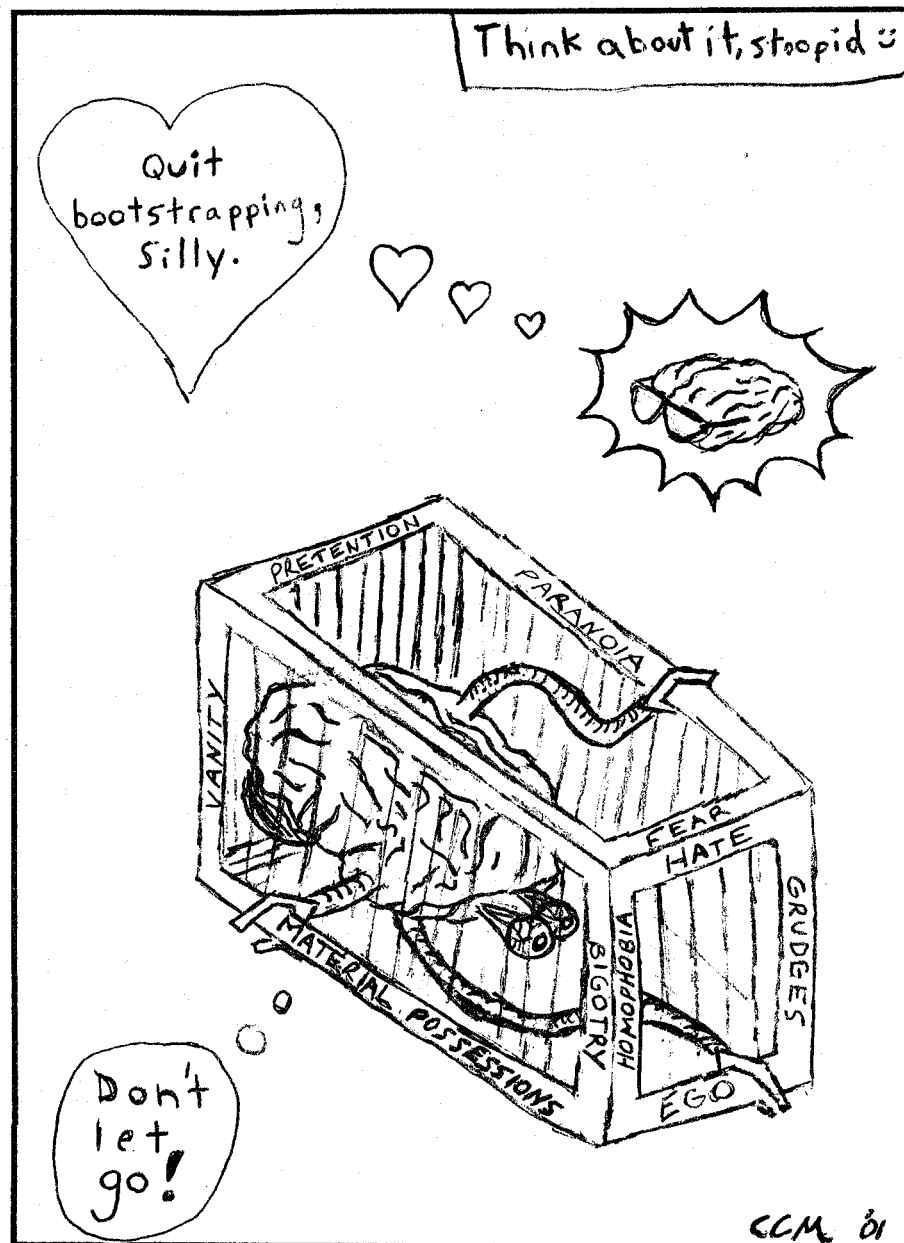
I am writing today to discuss something that has really bothered me lately. I get sick and tired of hearing that students are the focus of Truman when students are only rarely the focus and more often than not are only an after thought. While many offices are guilty of sputtering this type of deceptive rhetoric, no office is guiltier than Residential Living. This office has continued to show disrespect for student ideas and concerns. It operates more like a Central Intelligence Agency seeking to squelch any opposition to its policies than an office dedicated to the development of students. The Residential Living Handbook boldly asserts on page three that "you will have both freedom and responsibility in Residential Living." I find this statement to be frankly bullshit.

What freedoms does one have when living in the dorms? Students are inundated with rules and regulations from day one and are now even being fined! Residential Living is a lot less about providing students with freedom and a lot more about restricting what students can do or participate in. Student Advisors are even made to sign a contract that obligates them to put being an SA above all other interactions and involvements. Does that sound like a freedom-giving caregiver or a Nazi-like dictator seeking to keep its employees on a tight leash? I think I go with the latter for 500 Alex!

What responsibility does one have in Residential Living? Dormies certainly are not encouraged to bring concerns to the attention of this office. Instead, they are lied to or stage-managed into accepting whatever pathetic attempt is made at justifying a policy. Students are made to feel guilty for challenging the wisdom of the all mighty Residential Living hierarchy. Students are made to feel guilty for burdening this office with such petty concerns. Rather than reevaluate its policies, Residential Living finds it much easier to fend off opposition and pretend that no problems or discrepancies exist. This type of close-minded, immature attitude leaves students worse off and a whole lot more frustrated than if they were told the truth from the beginning.

Concerned,
R. Byrnes

The Monitor editors sincerely apologize for any letters not published due to lack of space. They will be printed in our next issue.



...News That is unfit...

Those little stickers will cost you some knowledge

New special elections are scheduled to take place immediately. The recent FAC election has shed light on a number of issues which are in desperate need of attention from the student body. The following elections are set to have taken place by the time you read this paper.

Over one thousand signatures were gathered on a petition that requested that all advisors be required to complete some form of training before they are put in charge of the futures of their advisees. The exact language on the petition was, "My advisor is a big fat terd." Student Senate added an amendment that would require advisors to be available more often than never.

Almost 3000 signatures, and a good amount of controversy, were collected by a petition having to do with the election of Student Senators. The petition accused that students were not well-enough informed about candidates upon reaching the voting booth. The main evidence presented was the common understanding of the Bulldog Party's stance on issues: The Bulldog Party stands for issues. The items on the ballot, if passed, will ban the party system and encourage knowledge of individuals up for election. While most of them support the changes, one senator reacted, "We'll be lost without the party system! We'll be forced to have stances on things, and will have no mysterious ambiguities to hide behind!"

But there is no decorative fountain...

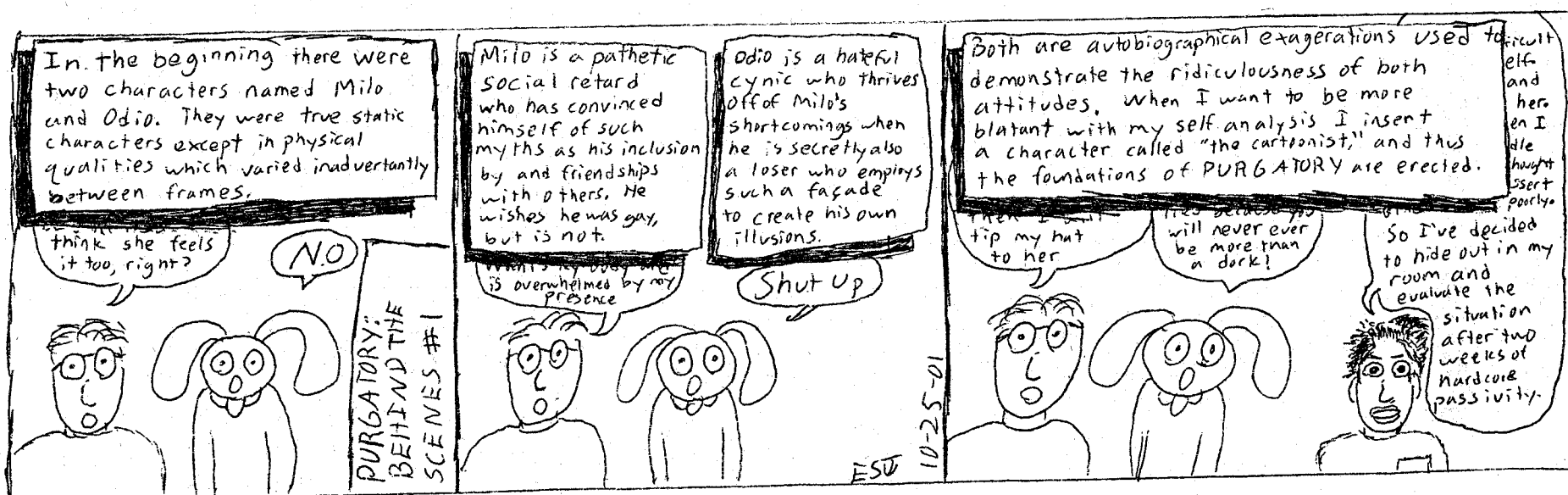
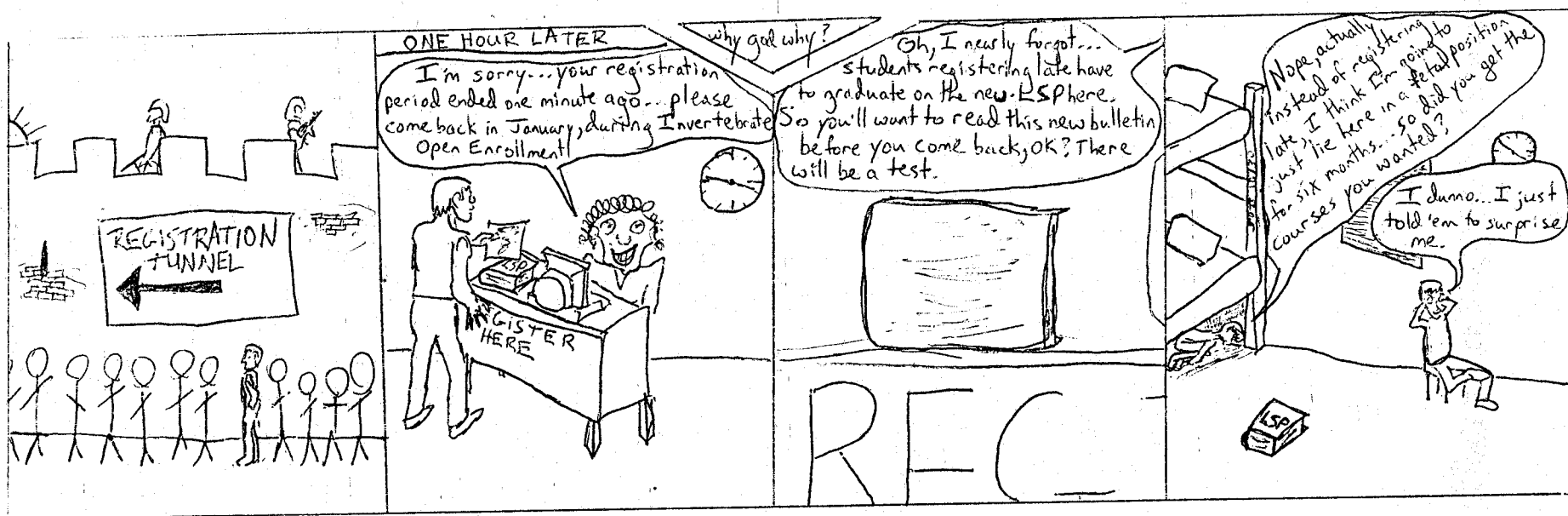
The new Ophelia Parrish building has been a popular spot for dogs and homeless people alike. It has been reported to *Monitor* staffers that the building is the new favorite public bathroom in the neighborhood. "Apparently there's something really attractive to dogs and hobos about peeing on a brand new building," stated Randy Wiffle, foreman of the OP construction and witness to many urinations.

According to the contractor, the increased frequency in peeings will not affect the final stages of construction on the building. It might, however, stain certain parts of the building a dirty yellow. Dogs are reportedly looking forward to the completion of the building moreso than hobos.

Celebrity visit brings excitement, pot stickers

Anticipating the visit of celebrity Woody Harrelson, many of the folks in Kirksville are making special preparations. Before speaking as a part of the Spitfire tour, he is scheduled to be a part of the groundbreaking for the University's new Greenhouse and Hydroponics Center.

He will be spending time in and around the town square, and it is expected that he'll enjoy lunch at the China Palace. Chefs told *The Monitor*, "We made special recipe 'Smokin' Pot-Stickers' after we read in a magazine that they are his favorite thing." It is also expected that Mr. Harrelson will make a stop at the Courthouse. It is unsure how long he will be staying there, but it is likely that he will make a contribution to local law enforcement if things go as projected by event organizers.



shhh....my back pages

send submissions to y096@truman.edu

I a luna,
my moon, a
soft white lantern
guiding me home.
A porthole window to paradise.
A dusty pink painting,
on circular canvas,
hung snugly on a vast,
washed blue wall.
So close to me,
nearer than Africa, it seems
I could ascend a velvet staircase
and embrace you,
pulp and flesh
to my milk-white breast,
and rest my cheek
in your satin crevice

-Rachel Carrico

M13: Change in the House of God

subconscious/overweening
hand reaches out to bring about a
change, but gets pricked
by the felt-tipped needle, desirous of
finding a middleground vein
and is disgusted cold-dead in a midrealm
of confusing counter-logic and
mindful of the subconscious
it moves and stops, moves and stops on
sideways mirror

-Russell V. Disbro

A TASTE OF FAITH

i feel like im standing in traffic
knots in my throat make me red,
(nothing was really there).
i never learned to escape
until tomorrow,
optimism was pessimism
until i tasted condensation.
the glass was filled with us.
now stick your tongue out and close
your eyes
and walk home with me.

-anon.

Vicki Burke is My Mom, Now Who's Your Daddy?

Kidnapping is okay.
Let's burn something down.
Got a brick? Let's "terror"ize.
Got a whim to dance with me tonight? Bush will be "terror"ized.
I challenge "fag-haters" to a boxing match

Today, I wrote the poem that will send me to prison. Oh, this isn't it. This was simply a silly attempt to strike fear into a populace, to coerce society through words (and maybe actions). Let's bomb the Capitol building with rock'n'roll. Wrong kind of anthrax, dummies. Let's infect Senators with Jes Grew, this shit's airborne, more like vibeborne. Let's dance (and mosh and pound and rave), spread the vibe-spores, and listen to the poem that will send me to prison.

-Peter Vella

I WISH I WERE A REAL POET

I wish I were a real poet,
Then I could smoke clove cigarettes
And claim I'm Ms.understood

I wish I were a real poet,
Then I could be sad.
Using my vocation as an excuse for
depression.

I wish I were a real poet,
So when a boy me
dumps
I'd write fancy sonnets to insult him.

I wish I were a real poet,
So I could h with Alanis Morissette
a
n
g
Pretending I know what she's talking
about.

But, if I were a REAL poet,
I'd probably die lonely,

And of lung cancer.

-Akela Cooper

An October Afternoon

Out of class early,
strolling leisurely
in the sun and breeze
beneath and over and through
swirls and scatterings
of red, yellow and brown.

A thought
prods at my mind
of a task I ought to be doing.
I close my eyes
and let it drift, fuzzy.
I've lost it again,
and I smile.

-Michelle Lilly

A Haiku to the Guy in the First
Floor of the SUB who always has
the TV on the WB Matinee at noon
on Mondays, Wednesdays, and
Fridays

Change the damn channel!
You are the only one who
Likes those lame movies.

-Bill Walton

British Funk

Mindless gobbledygook
Words without meaning
CAPITALIZATION FOR EMPHASIS
I read and read and read.

ANDREAD.
Punctuation; not a right
Making no sense
What a sight

Rec Center BAD!
Just like fire
If I said he was rad
I'd be a liar

Larry lles
A hero to all
For writing so muddy
Reminds me of Sterling Ruddy

-Chris Foosman

Childhood

You can try to recapture your youth,
And act as if you're young.
You can wax nostalgic about the things
you did,
The friends you had, and the games you
played as a kid.
But that was long ago,
And at a different time in your life.
But it doesn't matter what plans you
begin,
Because you can never go home again.

Another day has passed before us,
And another one lies ahead.
Another day over, another day older,
And one day less to live.
And we never seem to have enough time,
To do everything that we want.
And even though we need it the most,
We can never go home again.

Many miles away,
And too many years ago.
The last time that I was there,
Was the last time I saw home.
I've been gone too long for words to
explain,
And so long that I don't know where to
begin.
I guess it's true what everyone says,
I can never go home again.

-Michael Harris

Imagine yourself confronted by a
sorcerer who stares you down balefully
& demands, "What is your True Desire?"
Do you hem & haw, stammer, take refuge
in ideological platitudes? Do you
possess both Imagination & Will, can
you both dream & dare—or are you the
dupe of an impotent fantasy?

Look in the mirror and try it...

-Go Roke!

So I find this kid sitting, not laying, sitting, on a park bench, doing his best
to take up all the room
So I says to him, I says, I says to him, I says
-Excuse me, my grandmother has a broken hip, would you mind it terribly if I
asked you to cut off your legs so she can sit down?

I thought it was reasonable....

Well he went berserk. Gets up and starts breaking shit, throwing rocks at my
grandmother, ripping trees out of the ground, turning green like someone we
know

-So you think you're superman or something do ya? Well you're not, I got a dog
back home who can eat pie faster than you could read War and Peace, jerk.

Didn't phase him....

He starts painting pictures of JFK and punching children in the face and yelling
something about Cubans. I tried to calm him down.

-Excuse me, if this is a problem I could just rip your arms and feed them to the
squirrels or something, all right fatso?

Then I realized something....

-Excuse me sir, just remembered, my grandmother moved to Alaska two years
ago.

So he sits down and we eat ice cream together.

-Aaron Baker