



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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Federal court relaxes FCC regulations

Story by | Cameron Moore

Corporate and media watchdogs alike cringed Tuesday, Feb. 19 when two separate stories hit the newswire concerning efforts by the Pentagon and a handful of media corporations. First came news of the Pentagon's Office of Strategic Influence, which planned to plant false news stories in foreign media outlets to rally support for American causes. Then came news that a federal court ruled to change two Federal Communications Commission rules regulating corporate media practice. According to the Pentagon, the OSI has since been disbanded.

The first rule examined by the court was a 60-year-old cap on the number of TV stations a single corporation can own. The cap, which was set at 35 percent of the TV audience in the nation, has now been sent back to the FCC for reconsideration.

The second rule kept one company from owning both a cable channel and a local broadcast station in one city. This rule has been overturned completely.

The federal court ruling, the result of a lawsuit by AOL Time Warner, NewsCorp, NBC and Viacom, cited the now-defunct rules as "arbitrary and capricious" and not in the public interest.

Consumer advocates are fearful of a frenzy of media mergers, resulting in a monopoly of news media with homogenous coverage and no competition in the market. Those who stand to gain from the decision, however, reacted with

enthusiasm, indicating that this is a step forward for both democracy and freedom.

Executive director for the Center for Digital Democracy, Jeffery Chester, emphasized, however, that the ruling provides "freedom for a half-dozen major companies, not the public."

This comes as not much of a surprise to some, after George W. Bush appointed Michael Powell chairman of the FCC last month. Powell, son of U.S. Secretary of State Colin Powell, is an advocate of deregulation of the media markets. His father, incidentally, owns six million in AOL stock.

Last month the Bush administration also proposed to relocate the responsibility of supervising the media industry from the Federal Trade Commission to the Department of Justice, which critics contend will be more lenient to mergers and monopolies. The two Bush appointees who drafted the proposal, FTC chairman Timothy Muris and assistant attorney general Charles James, only sought input from corporate lawyers in preparing it.

No consumer groups were consulted in the drafting of the proposal.

These federal rulings are alarming consumer advocates and activists around the country. Although already planned before the ruling, a protest is to be held outside of the FCC headquarters on March 22 in Washington D.C to advocate more democratic communications legislation in light of the current monopolizing trends of the industry.

"The federal court ruling, the result of a lawsuit by AOL Time Warner, NewsCorp, NBC and Viacom, cited the now-defunct rules as 'arbitrary and capricious'..."



photo by | Cameron Moore

Aquadome hosts art gallery

Story by | Andr s Delgado

On Feb. 22, at 7:00 p.m., the Tom Thumb Gallery opened for the fifth time, displaying a selection of close to 30 examples of current University artwork from both students and faculty.

Entering the Aquadome from the dark chill of the evening, the art fan climbed dimly lit stairs into the upper floor of the building. There she confronted the jack-o-lantern sign pictured on the front page. Looking up from the sign, she saw and made her way through an embarrassingly baffling maze, complete with contradicting symbols that pointed senselessly left and right. Finally arriving at the gallery, she found ebullient host Mimi Kato, May '02, with fellow artists, including former host and co-founder Jimmy Keuhle, Dec '01, taking in the spectacle as a young crowd of 20 to 30 people admired the works, yelled for no reason, and enjoyed snacks.

One observer of the gallery, Marc Rice, professor of musicology, admired a piece by

Matt Lauer titled *Adolescence*, which featured a cartoonish subject choking a chicken. He characterized the show as "Youthful, free, and energetic. Full of hope and optimism."

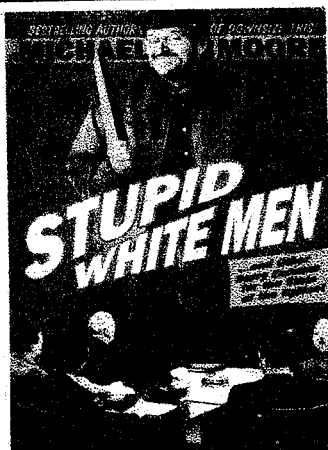
Amanda Bunyard, Dec '01, sat in a chair in the middle of the gallery next to a stool that supported scissors and instructions to cut her hair. The iridescent foil wrapped around her forearms and a diaphanous pink fabric trailing from her head reflected on the identifying trappings of art. She succeeded in her stated goal of investing the audience-members turned barbers in her oeuvre, thus pursuing the ideal of communal art.

However, the quality of the art varied somewhat. One work that was clever in concept but lacking in execution was professor John Bohac's *10 Little Indians*, a work which posed a Native-American body in the familiar style of 19th century documentary portraiture but topped it with the head of the Cleveland Indians mascot. One feels the work could gain much from rendering the Indian head with the slick

C O N T E N T S



Joey Ramone's still making the news 11 months after his death. Read a review of his new CD on page 9.



White? A Man? Stupid? Read a review of an important book about you on page 10.

WEAR YOUR BLIND

"Pssht."

on page 6



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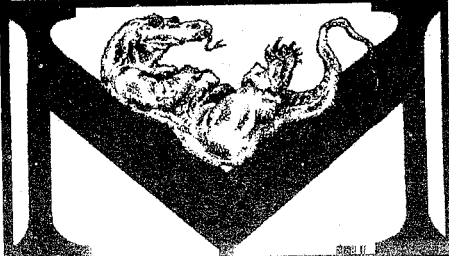
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Among people who have learned something from the 18th century (say, Voltaire) it is a truism, hardly deserving discussion, that the defense of the right of free expression is not restricted to ideas one approves of, and that it is precisely in the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



The Monitor

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The newest members of Student Senate

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06 March 2002

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.

Feminism sound-off

"Feminism" and "socialism" alike are intertwiningly rearing their beautiful head locally with of course TSU (i.e. really Josephine Baker by proper majority student intake and surely exploited women faculty and staff name entitlement) exhilarating women's "herstory" conference March fast coming up. But, also, some U.S. and global real life sparks that need commenting on for their sheer provocation sake before the usual male "THE MAN," fawner, suspects bury them out of debate.

Domestically, the Clinton family are trying to get the democratic male partisan establishment entirely off the proverbially difficult political hook for their party's shameful support of the Anglo-Saxon white Bush, Jr.-Blair Afghanistan bombing last fall. By most fair estimates of a totally one-sided aerial massacre, this took at least 4,000 Afghani lives of mostly non-white women and children; yet no delivery, whatsoever confirmed of either the male terrorist suspect leaders. But boy, did those well-fed "starred" male generals and Bush-Blair suited politicians get to look paradingly obscenely "good" on insular U.S. so-called "victory" TV. And Chelsea Clinton helped disrupt, with gigantic stars and stripes obscuring flag, a half thousand strong Oxford university peace gathering, addressed by dissident Labor UK MP, Jeremy Corbyn. Well, we will see, won't we, Senator Hillary Clinton, whether the US-UK satellite regime you so ignobly installed in such white self-righteous affluence does promote women's rights in Afghanistan, with more than just the PRIVATE CHARITY women's schools its miserly provided. So far, as rival assassinations break out!

But if the "auguries" as a modern day Cassandra might put it, do not look good USA domestically, with its big male-money politics bedeviling the Clintons and others, globally things seem to look a bit more hopeful. Elizabeth Guigou, France's socialist and staunchly anti-racist deputy premieres who in reality startled many TSU "feminists" at last year's Betty McLane Iles' film presentation on her at TSUWH continues to frankly, still wonderfully astound. Withstanding the literally shameless macho chauvinism of the UK Tory opposition tabloid press organs, like the alas mass circulation THE SUN AND THE DAILY MAIL, she has steadfastly refused to "close." The Red Cross and French government sponsored refugee camps near such campsites as that of Boulogne, despite U.S.-Mexican border style desperate "break outs" of families. Who do not see "why" they cannot cross-channel flee to better lifestyle tons of under-worked "Anglo-Saxon" males (especially at TSU) take for overpaid granted amongst their "networking" selves.

Yet, most provocatively of all, for audiences at our Josephine Baker forthcoming conference to argue about might be final "update" from here in the UK's oldest women's college I would like to stimulatingly throw at you all, as MONITOR punchy activists. I do so, with some admitted contrition on my part, as I have not

raised it much myself for fear of the common "THE MAN AND THE CORSICAL MAFIA" enemy so redneck parochially powerful, if understandably mostly steering clear of the Women's History March conference. This issue has just been raised here in Britain, but obviously ought to have even more resonance in an America that has even less political and local TSU SENIOR ADMINISTRATION REPRESENTATION than ourselves!

A Fawcett society (UK feminists) report has just splashed across our UK NEWS STATESMAN journal showing just why it is that the Labor governing party's WOMEN MP numbers in the UK actually shrank from its all-time "high" of over 103 at the start of 1997 to around 90 since 2001 (compare U.S. Senate, less than even 20, and you see how far mythical is to the US DREAMTIME). Amidst all the awful examples of male "sexist" selection committees prejudices cited by this report, a group of feminist socialists centered around the Guardian's Julie Burchill columnist have blamed middle class women MPS, yes, themselves ALONE, for this shrinkage by saying such women are too "nice" and should be more "bitchily" agro about some of TSU's laziest faculty (males) and that awful (merely female-edited) botched paper called the Kirksville Retard Daily Regress. Until we get more such "agro" women's health, women's opportunities in mid-America all will continue alas surely to lag in the heartland of, yes, the Midwest in dumbed-down fear outside a few brave small town square cafes. WON'T IT, HERPERSONS?

Larry Iles

Pro-life experiment proves to be too much for feminists

Last week I conducted an experiment on campus. I anonymously posted about fifteen lithographs of a rather famous image: a painting by my good friend, Lokey. Lokey used oils on velvet to depict an unborn child, otherwise healthy and intact, hanging from a pair of handcuffs. An outstretched hand, holding the handcuffs, wears the red, white and blue attire of Uncle Sam, complete with stars. At the bottom of the image, the words LEGALIZED ABORTION appeared in bold-faced capitals.

Lokey, whose website address is <http://www.alaweb.com/~savbabys/>, painted the image in 1974 while sitting in San Quentin doing time for murder, degree one.

I posted the images on community bulletin boards in buildings on campus. But the next day, as I made the rounds to classes, I counted only one lithograph still hanging, tucked away in a back classroom in Violette Hall. My curiosity piqued, I decided to post a few more; this time in Barnett Hall, and wait around to see what happened. Every one of them, without exception, was ripped down by one snarling, irate "I am feminist, hear me roar" person.

Over the course of the next two days I posted about twelve of the lithographs in

Barnett, next to advertisements for various expired events. I was careful not to cover up any current events. But the same thing happened again: I would post an image just as class let out, and by the time the hall traffic subsided, the image would be gone, or crumpled on the floor, or (in one case) folded in half to obscure the message. My (albeit unscientific) experiment has taught me that my lithographs (which are very expensive to print) have a 15-minute average lifespan.

As a free speech activist, I find such behavior extremely juvenile. But mine is just one extreme example. I have also noticed offensive graffiti etched on other posters, and pushpins stuck into visiting scholar Catherine Stimpson's nose (incidentally, I have been tempted to do that myself, but I never capitulated).

If people who believe in the sanctity of marriage and sexuality can tolerate all the distasteful campus-wide *Vagina Monologues* advertisements without resorting to covert censorship, then feminists and other pro-choice activists can tolerate my political statement about abortion, suffering and human rights.

Jonathan O'toole

Don't gamble your right to complain

Barbara Jordan, the great Texas Congresswoman, said "The stakes are too high for democracy to be a spectator sport."

Every time I get into a debate with my mom about the importance of political science, and why I am studying it, I tell her that everyone in society must participate in democracy in order to make it function. Yet, on this campus we have lackluster voter turnout. On campus, the turnout is so terrible that the county clerk has considered taking the polling place in the Student Union away. Students may be voting absentee, and to those that are doing so, I commend you. But many students do not vote in national elections or in Student Senate elections.

Student voting is important to the discourse of democracy, and even greater, to making your voice heard on this campus. Remarkably, Student Senate has impacted change on a number of issues, but often they are long-term changes. Senate initiated the building of the Rec Center, the sexual integration of dorms, longer transfer hours, and other little changes that improve the quality of life for students. But Student Senate is not legitimate if students do not vote in important and major elections.

It is important that students vote in the upcoming spring Student Senate elections, and the Kirksville City Council race. If you are not registered to vote, Student Senate has registration cards in the lower level of the Student Union. They even have them at the cashier's window in McClain. Some of the candidates for Kirksville City Council have extraordinarily different positions on issues like student housing rights and student voting. There should be no excuse for students not voting in important elections. Please be an informed voter and go to the polls on election day. Don't gamble away your right to complain

Jessica Post

Whiny letter is unprofessional

Hey, I love reading *The Monitor*. I like independent people sharing their uninhibited viewpoints. I respect that you can and should keep your air of independence, but you need to make sure that whatever form your view takes, it must be professional.

A case in point is Mr. Aaron Baker's whiny little letter printed in the Feb. 13 issue. Baker has every right to say whatever he wants, but *The Monitor* doesn't need to print it. The last thing I want to read when I open up a campus newspaper is a sophomoric diatribe on how evil the editor is. If you have a bone to pick with someone, get in their face and vent. Don't use the campus paper. *The Monitor* shouldn't print that kind of stuff. Independent mindedness is admirable, but not at the expense of respect and professionalism.

Josh O'Hara
Junior

Editor responds to criticism, issues challenge

Being one of the editors of the highly reputable news publication *The Monitor*, I must say that I am rather disturbed by the letter submitted by one Mr. Aaron Baker in the previous edition of this illustrious paper ("Editor is a Jerk"). Being a modest man, however, I will not be one to defend myself as the "great guy" Mr. Baker sarcastically calls me. Instead, I will stoop to his level of shenanigan and offer a juvenile rebuke of his accusation (if by accusation, you mean poo-poo pouring out of the mouth).

Before I ask you to consider the integrity of Mr. Baker or the "intelligence" he may or may not possess, I ask you to instead make a value judgment based solely on his appearance. Who the hell does this guy think he is, Benicio Del Toro? I mean, for crying out loud, somebody needs to strangle him with that smug little scarf that he wears all the time, trying to look all "literary" and "deep." Get over yourself, buddy!

In addition to the physical presence of a pretentious coffeehouse wanna-be beatnik schmuck, Mr. Baker has very little on me. He tries, oh so hard mind you, to deflect the internal anguish of being a goober onto me, the editor of this paper. Let me remind you, Mr. Baker: I am the editor of this paper. You are not. You will never be. I let you put your stupid little letter in MY paper so the world can see how much of a stupid dummy you really are. I, on the other hand, am no stupid dummy. I am the editor for *The Monitor*! Hear MY paper roar, Benicio Del Sucko!

Now that I have had my chance at a rebuttal, I feel that I have made peace with the demons that control Mr. Baker's diarrhea-ridden cake hole. I do not, however, feel that I have completely won this battle with the local chapter of the AXIS OF EVIL. I therefore challenge one Aaron Baker to a duel. Yes, a duel. We shall see who the real victor is in the next issue of *The Monitor*. For this upcoming issue, Mr. Baker (I hope you are not too busy reading books trying to look smart) I challenge you to a Chat-room style Light Saber Duel! I trust my faithful readership understands that if you are not with me, then you are with the terrorists.

Editor of MY paper,
Cameron Moore

monitor opinions

Leftovers: U.S. has problems

Opinion by | Ed Jenkins

Dear Moderates:

I hope you are reading this sitting down, because I have terrible news: The United States of America is very bad. Of course, I do not mean bad in the sense that we, its citizens, generally die from lack of food, water or shelter, as is the case for some countries. I mean that it is bad in that we allow people in other countries to die of these things. It is bad because our culture does not appreciate much at all, while other cultures are grateful for anything.

Sometimes this is because we are giving \$250 billion *more* to the military budget instead of helping some of the 8,000 people who die of AIDS every day. (That would be like losing the town of Kirksville and the University's student body before Friday night, when you'll go to the bars.) Sometimes it is because we are restricting the trade of necessary items to Iraq (like chlorine, which is used to clean the water supply). As a result of these sanctions, 500,000 *children* have died in 10 years, and 5,000 are dying every month right now. That's my elementary school gone in three days.

And we all know that President George W. Bush insists on calling Iraq, Iran and North Korea the "Axis of Evil," which our European allies and South Korea have protested. A couple weeks ago, Bush announced that we are planning to oust Saddam Hussein. Great, more killing! Fortunately, he made that announcement so that terrorists and other anti-Americans can get really angry before we actually take action.

Don't forget that buying drugs supports terrorism (psst, this means we need to lock up

even more black people, yeehaw!). Quick Fact: Last May Bush gave the Taliban (terrorists) \$43 million dollars because they said that opium is bad. Six months later, the Northern Alliance (not terrorists) are somewhat in charge of Afghanistan, and I think one can basically buy opium directly from them. Don't forget the Patriot Act, SUV's, GMO's, sexism, consumption, Enron...

So What Are You Gonna Do About It? Vote for the Democrats? Be a moderate? No, no. Don't you understand that there is some serious bad shit within our country's politics and only we have the power to correct it? Now that we're going to crusade our white faces down to Iraq and do everything necessary (including MURDER) to cleanse them of their culture, we cannot be complacent. We cannot accept compromise, and we cannot allow greed to halt progress. Don't you know that our Moderate champion Al Gore supports the "Axis of Evil" label and almost everything that Bush has done since Sept. 11? Watch it Prometheus, we're playing with Nuclear Arsenals now.

The situation is so severe that I cannot advocate that anybody go farther right than the 10 key values of the Green Party. I think that being Green is a pretty conservative stance for our times.

I am appreciative of the fact that I live in the United States, but I am not satisfied as a constituent of this racist squad we have running the country. The United States is not a bad place in which to live, just with which to be associated.

Men can be feminists, too

Opinion by | Dr. Linda Seidel

It must be tough to be a man. You're far more likely to be put in prison, drafted, or killed by another man than is any woman. Depending upon your class status, you may be expected to do the most backbreaking labor or assume the most frightening responsibility (even as your "subordinates" snipe at your leadership skills).

You can't wear a dress to work (unless you're a priest, or a transvestite torch singer at a gay bar). If you stay home with the kids while your spouse goes off to her or his job, you may be publicly praised as heroic but privately scorned as a wimp. The rules say that you're supposed to be ambitious, like sports, understand cars, and score in bed. You're not supposed to cry, admit that you're scared, or ask for love.

Chances are, you don't really have very much power. Chances are, your glory is the vicarious kind you get by identifying with the men who do wield power. But you're not sure you trust those guys when they dash about the globe calling each other "evil," because you're the one who will have to fight the wars they start.

What is in this deal for you? Why not rise up in revolt, demand to change the rules,

and make common cause with those women (you could call them *feminists*) who have a different vision of the way the world could be?

Our different vision does not come from any biological femininity that makes women "naturally" more responsible, nurturing, or peaceful. (Although indisputably female, I am, unfortunately, the most belligerent person I know. Just ask anyone.) Rather, if feminist women and men can imagine a world in which negotiation replaces one-up-man-ship; in which food supplies, not weapons, get distributed to those who need them; and in which the talents of all are developed regardless of sex/gender designations; it is because we are not invested in the perpetuation of masculinity.

Just think, men, how much lighter you'd feel without the burden of performing masculinity day after day! Have not masculinity and femininity become almost archaic as we speak? (Perhaps they could be retained as fashion statements for certain dress-up occasions.)

A couple of years ago, I asked my Race, Class, and Gender students to describe their version of the ideal man and the ideal woman. Both sexes should be strong, tender, honest, funny, and smart, they said. It sounds like a good plan to me.

Military makes grab for truth

Opinion by | Andres Delgado

The Ministry of Truth wouldn't have been so brazen as to publicly declare its mission of disseminating lies to influence public opinion. Yet it is a sign of

the times that on Tuesday, Feb. 19, the *New York Times* ran a story quoting high-ranking officials on classified Pentagon proposals calling for its Office of Strategic Influence to "provide news items, possibly even false ones, to foreign media organizations" in an attempt to influence public opinion both in enemy and friendly countries, including west European nations. The proposal, which hadn't yet been approved by Donald Rumsfeld, called for the use of the Department of Defense's global public affairs apparatus to disseminate stories to foreign press agencies such as Reuters.

The same article notes that law prohibits domestic propaganda activities by the CIA or the Pentagon. Two days later, the *Times* ran a story in which Donald Rumsfeld denied that the Pentagon would lie, saying "government officials, the Department of Defense, this secretary and the people that work with me tell the American

people and the people of the world the truth." Rumsfeld then yielded the podium to Jimmy Cricket who sang a song as Rumsfeld's nose grew two centimeters. The same story also reported that Douglas Feith, the head of the OSI, "declined to rule out the possibility that the Pentagon might give outside contractors the authority to disseminate false or misleading information to foreign news agencies." But that statement very likely earned him a slap on the back of the head, because the Pentagon had to then issue a "clarifying" statement, reading: "Consistent with Defense Department policy, under no circumstances will the office or its contractors knowingly or deliberately disseminate false information to the American or foreign media or publics."

Finally, on Feb. 26, the *Times* ran a story that said Rumsfeld had shut down the OSI. Rumsfeld cited cartoons and editorials that had damaged the office to the extent "that it is pretty clear to me that it could not function effectively." And *The Monitor* hadn't even come out yet. But he knew it was going to, he's not dumb.

Amazing, isn't it? The situation is intriguing, and many people don't know what to make of it. Or else they think they do, but they're actually wrong. Don't worry, I'll tell you what to make of it.

For one thing, the criticism that forced Rumsfeld and the Pentagon to make "clarifying" statements, and eventually shut down the OSI, came from two sources. The first was a prudent concern for the credibility of the Department of Defense. The disclosure of the proposals was brazen, yes, but also extremely harmful to the department. The key to successfully lying to people is not letting them in on the lie.

The second source of public outcry was the common revulsion against lying to individuals, friendly or unfriendly, to achieve a goal. We are fighting "evil," according to Bush, which puts us in the roles of life-affirming heroes. We

are the good guys, and good guys have the truth on their side. It's a given. If the Autobots lied all the time and the Decepticons always told the truth, the line between the good and bad robots would become very murky. Americans who believe they live in the land of truth and morality would be shaken up if the government openly presented itself as a global liar. And in fact, it did present itself as a would-be global liar and then tried to take it back two days later.

The morality of lying to enemies is interesting. Is better to save the lives of would-be enemies by means of judicious lying, or is it better to always tell the truth and kill those who must be killed? It is a difficult question. No doubt some individuals, loyal primarily to the truth, would betray their country in a conflict in which the other side could claim the "truth" on its side of the moral ledger. On the other hand, if I had to choose between killing or lying to someone, I would definitely lie to them.

Within our own border, Americans should begin to doubt every news story that presents our country in a good light. Certainly, if the government is willing to plant false stories in enemy and friendly nations' press agencies to further their ends, it would be no giant step to lie to the American people.

What does it take to be No. 1? Nelly poses the question, and our government demonstrates the answer. Cold and brilliant efficiency is what makes the United States kick so much ass. Consider a quote from the *New York Times* Feb. 26 article mentioned above, "classified briefings circulating in the Pentagon said the office should find ways to 'coerce' foreign journalists and opinion makers and 'punish' those who convey the wrong message." This is evidence of the amount of conviction these policymakers possess. They have decided that lying to the public is acceptable — they refuse to draw the line of "too immoral" at the intimidation of agents of peaceful dissent.

It must be recognized that if the government had too many qualms about such issues as lying to other countries or forcibly making hostile journalists friendly, our nation would only kick about 3/4 as much ass as we currently do. Our current international predominance would also be short-lived. It may not seem like it, but our global chieftainship is actually pretty precarious. We didn't even win shuffleboard in Salt Lake City.

However, is the prosperity that comes from being No. 1 the most important thing? Sure, two is not a winner and three no-bo-dy remembers, but I don't trust the government to decide what price is too high for foreigners to pay for the prosperity of our businesses. Furthermore, I don't trust our government to give the prosperity of the American people precedence over the prosperity of American businesses. No, better for all the people of the world to make their decisions based on the truth and face the consequences. The alternative is to place all of the power to make informed decisions in the hands of the Pentagon. This is no good, at least until I am in charge of the Pentagon.

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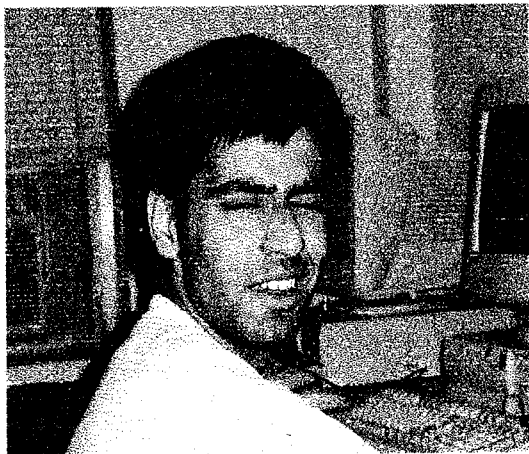
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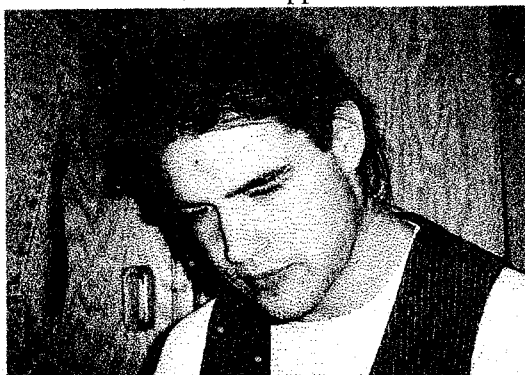
"His name is Jayant."

-Nishant Bhajaria, Senior



"At least mine is different from the postman, like Travis'."

-Benoit Choppin, Senior



"..."

-Travis Turco, Freshman

Hedda Gabler is heroine

Story by I Nat Smith

(Some background: I'm taking Feminist Criticism this semester. The question I wish to address in this review/character study is simply this: Is Ibsen's Hedda Gabler a feminist?)

The University's performance of *Hedda Gabler* on Wednesday, Feb. 13 was incredible. The acting was superb. The costumes and set were ingenious. I left the little theater thinking "Ibsen was a genius!"

Hedda Gabler is grim. The characters that grace its nightmare stage are hopelessly antiheroic. George Tesman is a boring, unimaginative pedant. Judge Brack is an unctuous, underhanded rake. Eilert Lovborg is an alcoholic failure. Berta and Juliana are flat and insipid. Thea is the "angel" of the play, but she's no angel. She's weak, cowardly, and possibly adulterous. Finally, Hedda herself is no heroine.

Actually, Hedda is a monster. She is self-centered, spiteful and cruel. She rejoices as she burns Eilert and Thea's "baby"—Eilert's prophetic tour de force. She mercilessly destroys Eilert and Thea's relationship and revels in their suffering. Quite possibly, her actions lead to Eilert's death.

Why is Hedda such a raging bitch? The answer is simple: She's terminally bored.

Hedda doesn't want "happiness" or "love." She wants to cast off her chains of boredom: her husband, Judge Brack, the whole damn society. She wants freedom, power and, most importantly, the ability to act. In short, she wants the phallus.

Hedda is a slave who could have been a

prince—in the Machiavellian sense. She has more balls, ambition and presence than her book-worm husband could ever wish to possess. She has the goods but can't use them. Patriarchy has her in its cage, and all she can do is screech like a beautiful but insignificant canary.

There's no hope for Hedda Gabler. She simply cannot live in her society. Something has to give—her or it. So Hedda opts out. She hits the cosmic power button. Is her suicide courageous? Cowardly? In any case, it's an act. She defies Judge Brack. She does what nobody does. She says, "No, I'm not going to play this game anymore," and quits. She does it calmly, which in our culture is a powerful statement because suicide is such a big no-no. Never give up! That's our motto. Grin and bear it. No matter how tough things get, keep on chugging! No one wants to be a quitter!

But Hedda Gabler quits—because she's seen her future. She doesn't need Eilert's book to tell her babies, babies, babies loom on the horizon along with Judge Brack, blackmail, rape, constant bugging and, oh, did I mention endless boredom?

Hedda Gabler's no feminist, although Mr. Ibsen might be. She's an intelligent, enslaved woman who's unbearably bored. She doesn't want to help Thea or Juliana or Berta. She doesn't care about other women; she cares about herself. She's a miserable, reactive wretch. But at least her eyes are open! At least she's angry at what she sees! At least she has a sense of humor for God's sake! And that's enough to make us—a modern day audience—love her.

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TOM THUMB, continued from page 1

and flawless line one finds in commercial art. As it is, the teeth of the Indian are slightly skewed with the characteristic error that comes of a human hand trying to imitate mechanical precision.

A bright spot in the show were Kato's photos. Framed in an album of heavy, ink-stained paper, they all show an eye for the harmonious distribution of light on subject and environment. The soft, transparent quality of the prints is the result of exposing through the Van Dyke process. To obtain the brown-toned prints, Kato coated her paper with a mixture of silver nitrate, tartaric acid and ferric ammonium citrate salts, then placed her negative on the paper and covered it with glass to bake in the sun. In 12-07-2001, the result is a smooth gradient that subjugates the subject matter into simply a medium for the lay of light. An artist for the sake of her own "self-therapy," Kato said she is moved to record "what I saw" when

"I was there." Her work powerfully evokes her influences: the silent works of photographer Sally Mann and the similarly wordless lithographs of Kathe Kollwitz.

Kato, who graduates in May, coordinated this gallery since co-founders Jimmy Keuhnle and Kjell Hahn graduated.

Keuhnle and Hahn began the show in their apartment (Fair Apartment No. 13) four years ago "in protest against the university venue" for art. The one-night-only aspect of the show is a carryover from the show's origins, when the founding pair had to clean up their apartment the next day. The first year, Keuhnle said, only about 25 people attended the show. Recently, Tom Thumb has been attracting crowds of 200-300 with themed shows centered on such things as a hog roast and "American Pride."

With Kato graduating in May, someone new will have to step up to coordinate future galleries.

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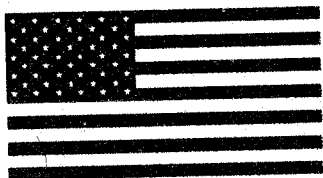
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Aries (March 21-April 20)

You will spend your life trying, but you will never understand lava lamps.

Taurus (April 21-May 22)

It's high time you listen to your friends and do something about your long, filthy hair.

Gemini (May 23-June 21)

You've kept that secret long enough. The time has come to let it out, even if you become a social outcast. Who knows, maybe you're not the only 22 year-old who thinks Delta Burke is really hot.

Cancer (June 22-July 24)

Keep your eyes open. The dreaded "I'm going to punch you in the back of the head and run like hell" bully is coming to a town near you.

Leo (July 25-Aug. 23)

Your crush is going to suspect something when he catches you rifling through his garbage. You'll be able to make the situation less awkward, though, by mumbling incoherently and ripping your clothes off. You'll ruin your chances with him, but this way he will think you're actually crazy, not just super creepy.

Virgo (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)

It seems like it would be lots of fun, but in the long run you're going to regret joining that lawn bowling league.

Libra (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)

It's true that Drew Carrey seems funny on TV, but you'll realize how horribly wrong this is when he shows up at your house after a five day drinking binge and all he wants to do is sleep in your bath tub.

Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)

Boys hate girls that play games, so you're going to have to make a choice: Hi-Lo Cheerio or that cute boy in your math class.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23-Dec. 21)

Your excessive drinking will seem amusing to your friends until you rub a wet broom in their face and start hitting on 12 year-old girls. Then they'll realize you have a problem.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 20)

Your creativity will take you far in life. Then it will beat you senseless, take your clothes, write "wiener" on your chest with an arrow pointing to your face, and leave you stranded in the middle of nowhere.

Aquarius (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)

It seems a shame that the Canadians lost to the Norwegians in curling, but take comfort in the fact that all winners get their heads cut off by ninjas.

Pisces (Feb. 20-March 20)

Despite what your heart tells you, you're entirely too fat to ever be a gymnast. I'm sure there is a seven year-old girl who would love to have your leg warmers and your bag with the teddy bear and the leotard on it.

Long-distance relationships

Feature by | Jami Burns

Having a long-distance relationship in college is about as workable as having one on MTV's *Real World*. Just think about it: When you're together, it's the best relationship ever. But when you're apart, that cutie down the hall catches your eye and there is NOTHING you can do about it and still be faithful to your significant other. Isn't college about new experiences and meeting new people? If your boyfriend or girlfriend is back home or at another school, how can you fully experience college?

I have always thought of Long-Distance relationships as LD relationships—that's right, Learning Disabled relationships. You can learn a lot about a person over the Internet and through phone calls, but that's all intellectual. What about the physical side of the relationship? A relationship can survive without sex, but what about holding hands, kissing goodbye, cuddling to watch TV, or simply hugging after a terrible day?

You can't learn all you need to know about someone physically through just weekend visits because when you visit your significant other you are an out-of-town visitor. You are both on somewhat more formal terms than you would be if you saw each other everyday. Just think of behaviors you have at home that you don't show when you visit your boyfriend/girlfriend (e.g. kicking your shoes into the middle of the room). This counts as physical because some behaviors are going to be a total turnoff if others see them.

One good thing that I have to say about long-distance relationships is that they are only about the two people involved. You don't

have to worry about being a trophy because you're not being shown off every day. You can talk to your partner about who you are and what you want without getting that wonderful "I'm bored, can we do something else now?" look. This is all the good I can say about them,

She said, He said



A two-sided look at relationships

however, because I don't think they work. But I also think everyone should try them just once. Relationships work only when you work at them, and how hard can you work at something when you are 200 miles away? Think about it.

Feature by | Adam IX

How familiar does the following scenario sound to you? Your friend's significant other lives in St. Louis (or at Missouri college), and they constantly commute on weekends so they can be together. Even a \$300/month phone bill isn't enough to keep these young lovers apart. Quite a lot of people on campus are involved in long-distance relationships that began in high school. Some of these relationships have lasted four to five years already! There are two major possibilities when long-distance relationships are involved: Either the lack of contact between parties causes them to feel less attached to each other and eventually break up, or the time apart is advantageous to the relationship since the extra space allows interest to grow. Looking at both of these possibilities separately may give us a better understanding of why long-distance relationships work for some couples and fail for others.

Another scenario that occurs often is the one where couples that have been going together since middle school have realized during their sophomore or junior year of college that they just don't know each other anymore. Why has this suddenly happened? Why has this relationship that had lasted perfectly well for years suddenly going up in a puff of smoke? In actuality, this relationship failed a long time ago, perhaps because one or even both members had been considering going out with other people. The breakup was just a formality. In most cases, if both people had been going to the same col-

lege, they would have broken up years ago when they realized they weren't right for each other. The distance between the lovers only postponed the breakup because they didn't have to deal with each other on a regular basis. Sometimes, relationships that begin can't outlast long breaks such as summer vacation because some people truly have problems being apart from each other. You'll want to find out things like this before relationships get too serious.

Then there is the other possibility: Couples that are apart discover that they just can't live without each other. We all know this happens occasionally, and of course it's what all couples want. But why is it able to happen? Basically, whether this happens by accident or not, the guy has managed to keep up his girlfriend's interest well enough that she doesn't want to go after anyone else. (This, by the way, applies to relationships that aren't long-distance as well.) Also, inserting a little distance between you and your significant other shouldn't hurt the relationship unless there was already a problem to begin with. Calling or emailing a few times a week is great, but don't overdo it. Even if you're so in love that you think you have to be with her all the time, almost-constant contact from half a state away will just have your sweetie running scared and make her think about how necessary a restraining order will have to be after the breakup. Just remember not to worry too much about these sorts of things. The main thing in a relationship isn't seeing how long it can last but seeing how good it can be.

Guy: "Hey, you know what would make a great idea for a newspaper column?"

Girl: "You know what book people should know about?"

Girl2: "Hey, shut your faces and write it for *The Monitor*."

Professor: "Dang kids, they don't know what's what. I do. I know what's what, when it is, where and how."

Girl2: "What did I say?"

Professor: "Oh yeah."

TRUMAN STATE UNIVERSITY
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Governmental Beneficence

Story by | the Finger

Despite recent budgetary cutbacks, the government has dispatched a team of elephants to the University for the coming academic year. The 23 pachyderms are expected to roam the vast expanses of the quad, in addition to smelling bad and being vampire elephants.

Last Thursday, University president Jack Magruder showed why he doesn't teach Animal Class. "There's no such thing as vampire elephants,"

he said dumbly, while off-handedly chewing on a squirrel.

Governor Whoever failed to answer any of our calls, although a top aid that agreed to speak to us on condition of anonymity said, "I

need to go to the bathroom."

Students noted that this is the best thing in the world, beating out lesbianism and good will to man by a solid margin.

"Wor, shey den arhgut mihbbble. Mreytr!" commented one area troglodyte, firing a shotgun into the air within his apartment, causing ping-pong balls and a pourpoise to come cascading nonsensically down on his head.

Thank you, Jefferson City. Our government really is the best.

—This story not provided to you by the (now-defunct—really) Office of Strategic Influence.

VEABOSITY

Feature by | JJ Pionke and RC Smith

We fell in love with J.K. Rowling's Harry Potter. We thought that we would pass that love on to you and share some vocab from the books, including some common and not-so-common words from the world of Harry Potter! If you have not yet read the Potter, get thee to a bookstore or library!

Muggle - a term used by the magic community for non-magical humans. Harry Potter lives with muggles when he is not in school.

Hogwarts - A prestigious British school for training young witches and wizards. Salazar Slytherin, Helga Hufflepuff, Rowena Ravenclaw and Godric Gryffindor founded Hogwarts. These four have lent their names to the four houses of Hogwarts. The current Headmaster is Albus Dumbledore.

Slytherin - One of the Hogwarts houses, named after its founder Salazar Slytherin. This house is located in the dungeons. The house mascot is a serpent, and its colors are silver and

green. Slytherins are known for their cunning. Current house head is Severus Snape.

Kneazle - The Kneazle was originally bred in Britain, though it is now exported worldwide. A small, catlike creature with flecked, speckled, or spotted fur, outsize ears, and a lion-like tail, it is occasionally aggressive, though if it takes a liking to a witch or wizard, it makes an excellent pet. The Kneazle has the uncanny ability to detect unsavory or suspicious characters and can be relied upon to guide its owner safely home if she or he is lost. Kneazles have up to eight kittens and can be interbred with common cats.

Chudley Cannons - A quidditch team. Their glory days are considered long over, but their devoted fans live in hope of a renaissance. The Cannons won the league 21 times, but the last time they did so was in 1892. The Cannons wear robes of bright orange, emblazoned with a speeding cannonball and a double "C" in black. The club motto was changed in 1972 from "We shall conquer" to "Let's all just keep our fingers crossed and hope for the best."

Joey Ramone delivers poignant farewell to fans

Don't Worry About Me

Joey Ramone
Sanctuary Records

Review by | Zach Lechner

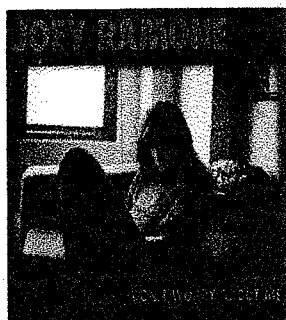
As I was looking at the cover of Joey Ramone's posthumous solo release *Don't Worry About Me*, I realized that the father of punk rock apparently did not age in the 25-year period between the release of the first Ramones album and his death last year. I don't really know how or if that point is significant, but I guess I could use it as a way to talk about how Ramone's album. *Don't Worry About Me* is the work of an artist who is still young at heart. That is true, but I'd rather avoid such a trite sentiment.

Anyway, it would be easy to automatically praise this album simply out of respect for Joey Ramone and his band's pioneering work. The Ramones, as it is commonly known,

were largely responsible for the DIY approach to rock and roll that would inspire and continues to inspire, for better or for worse, every kid who has ever picked up a guitar and tried to bash out three chords in his parents' garage. The Ramones could never boast about their virtuosity, but their respect for the music of the early 1960s allowed them to recognize a good melody when they heard it, no matter how fast it was played. The band's genius lay in its ability to transform limited musical chops into a new style of music that was catchy and fun and reminded people of why they liked rock and roll in the first place.

It is impossible to listen to *Don't Worry About Me* without comparing it to the Ramones' impressive body of work. But to do so makes sense because the album sounds like a late

Ramones release. Joey Ramone is not reinventing the wheel here.



Don't Worry About Me is good. It's no *Ramones* or *Rocket to Russia*, but it is certainly on par with the Ramones' work during their artistic resurgence just prior to their 1995 breakup. The cover of "What a Wonderful World" kicks off the album in rocking fashion, making one wonder why all non-Ramones ironic punk covers are so lame. (Here's a hint: They utterly lack sincerity, replacing heart

with a stupid sneer.)

All nine original songs on the disc exhibit Ramone's unique perspective on the world, which is manifested in lyrics that are either silly, insightful, or both. On "Maria Bartiromo," he pays tribute to a beautiful news anchor who provides him with the dual benefits of financial

news and eye candy. Songs such as "Mr. Punchy" and "Spirit in My House" recall the inspired ridiculousness of Ramones classics, including "Now I Wanna Sniff Some Glue" and "Teenage Lobotomy."

Elsewhere on the album, Ramone gets more serious. "A sick fuckin' world with a violent affliction. It really, really bugs me," he sings on "Venting," acknowledging that some of the fun of 1976 is gone forever. Ramone also addresses his battle with cancer in "I Got Knocked Down." Even in his darkest hour, he remains defiant: "I want life. I want life. It really sucks. I got knocked down, but I'll get up."

Sadly, Joey Ramone didn't get up. He passed away last April, but his musical legacy lives on in his Ramones work, as well as in *Don't Worry About Me*. The latter is a solid effort and a fitting tribute to one of the most important performers in American popular music. And, yes, although it may sound trite, Joey Ramone's youthful exuberance will be sorely missed.

Opinion by | Afro Mike

Punk rock is the only valid form of music that has ever existed, period. I mean, damn. It's like this: All these jazz guys and funk guys and electronic guys, they just don't know what's up. As far as music goes, they're totally clueless. These big "musicians," all they're concerned about is "playing notes" and "keeping time" and "knowing how to play their instruments." Lame!

Anyone who's into REAL music (PUNK ROCK) knows that things like technical ability are tools of THE MAN tryin' to keep us in check. What's that you say about ancillary musical components like dynamics?

Well, let me tell you that there's only one dynamic that I care about: LOUD. And that's because low volume is for dead people. You talking tempo? I'm talking FAST, because slow is for, well, I guess it's for dead people also because they don't move much and they don't make LOUD noises. And LOUD noises rock! Yeah!

Oh, and all those bands that don't have a political message in your face all the time? They suck. Especially the bands that don't even have a singer. What kind of band doesn't have a singer? A cruddy one, that's for sure. Like all those orchestras and shit? Lame! And when I say singer, I don't mean a guy or girl that sings,

because singing is for losers in cruddy bands. I mean a guy or girl who SCREAMS REAL LOUD ALL THE TIME! Even if you can't hear what they're saying, you know it's gotta be something good because they're screaming it so loud right in your face. And that rocks!

I would also like to make the assertion that no other form of music can match the ethos of a punk rock song. For example, look at folk and blues music in post-civil war African-America, which had a huge effect on countless musical genres, including modern blues, jazz, and early rock 'n roll, which gave birth directly to punk rock. Traditional blues songs focused on subject matter like the exploitation and op-

pression suffered by the African-American community from the Reconstruction period all the way up through the Civil Rights era. Blues totally sucks. It's all slow and quiet, there's no blast beats or screaming or anything. It's completely lacking in emotional and spiritual content. This is because they're not SCREAMING IN YOUR FACE. Look at any real actor- you can tell when there's a lot of "emotions" happening when they YELL REAL LOUD. It's the same for music. Save your subtleties for the dead.

In conclusion, Punk Rock rules and everything else drools. Anarchy in the UK!

I said



He said

A One-And-A-Half Sided Look At Becoming An Upright Member Of Society

Opinion by | Afro Mike

The War on Terrorism is the best war that has ever existed, period. I mean, damn. It's like this: All these "don't slaughter innocent civilians" people and "proof of evidence" people and "look who trained Osama Bin Laden in the ways of terrorism" people, they just don't know what's up. As far as war goes, they're totally clueless. These big liberals, all they're concerned about is "preserving human life" and "forcing the government to take responsibility for its role in the Sept. 11 attacks" and "taking care of problems at home like education, poverty, and health care instead of spending more money on the military." Lame!

Anyone who's into REAL democracy (USA RULES) knows that things like having your vote counted in a presidential election are unimportant as long as we can eat at

McDonald's whenever the hell he or she feels like it. What's that you say about ancillary constitutional rights such as The Freedom To Assemble Peacefully For Any Purpose, Even If It's to Criticize the Government's Actions? Well, let me tell you that there's only one type of assemblage that I care about: ASSEMBLING A STRIKE FORCE TO KILL SOME TERRORISTS. And that's because I care about freedom, and terrorists hate freedom. You talking giving suspected terrorists a fair trial by a jury of their peers, i.e. fellow humans? I'm talking MILITARY TRIBUNALS, because justice is for, well, I guess it's for Americans only, because the USA is #1 and everyone else had better bow down now and give up their oil before it's too late.

Oh, and all those countries that don't blindly support the United States and our War On Terrorism, and instead criticize our violent

and selfish actions? They suck. Especially the countries that don't even have strong right-wing government. What kind of country doesn't have a strong right-wing government? A cruddy one, that's for sure. Like all those Western European nations excluding England and shit? Lame! And when I say strong right-wing government, I don't mean a democracy with right-wing tendencies, because true democracy and a balance of power are for losers in cruddy countries. I mean a government who IS VERY SECRETIVE AND HAS ABSOLUTE POWER BECAUSE NO ONE REALLY KNOWS WHAT GOES ON UNTIL MONTHS OR EVEN YEARS LATER! Even if you don't know what the government is doing, you know it's gotta be something good because they're doing it to preserve freedom and fight evil. And that rocks!

I would also like to make the assertion that no other form of war can match the kick-

ass factor of an American War On Terrorism. For an example of how good we are at destroying lots of stuff, check out The CIA Bombing of A Pharmaceutical Plant in Sudan in 1998, which deprived Sudan of desperately needed medicinal drugs, killed workers in the plant and caused the death of thousands more who died without access to their badly needed medicine. Now that's what I call a bombing. Perhaps one of the reasons the USA kicks so much ass all over the place is that we've been practicing for this war for 200 years. Just take a look at our war successes of the past: The War on Native Americans, The War on The Citizens of Hiroshima and Nagasaki (Truman rocks!), and the War On Drugs are totally excellent examples.

In conclusion, America rules and terrorism drools. God Bless America Or Else!

monitor reviews

Stupid decries Bush, corporations*Stupid White Men*

by Michael Moore

Review by I Marc Becker

This is possibly the most significant book of 2001, a fact that is underscored by the delay of its publication until this year.

Michael Moore, the author of *Stupid White Men* (not to be confused with Michael Moore, the head of the World Trade Organization), describes himself as "a writer, filmmaker, and voter." He is best known for his film *Roger & Me* in which he criticizes General Motors for moving its auto plants to Mexico in search of cheaper labor and destroying the economy of his hometown of Flint, Mich. in the process. His previous book *Downsize This* is a biting critique of corporate control over the United States.

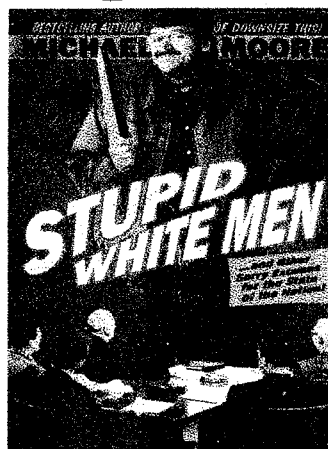
Moore finished *Stupid White Men* last summer, and on Sept. 11 HarperCollins was in the process of printing the book and preparing for its Oct. 2 release. With our illiterate and unelected "President" (Moore always puts the title in quotes) suddenly a national hero, however, the publisher decided to "pulp" the book and force Moore to rewrite it.

Such prepublication censorship is, of course, a violation of our first amendment freedom of speech. Even before 9/11, Moore was warning of Bush and Ashcroft's plans to crack down on precisely these types of freedoms. A group of librarians found out about the plans to destroy the book and forced HarperCollins to release it as is, without changing or censoring anything (more information is available on Moore's website at <http://www.michaelmoore.com/>).

Stupid White Men finally hit bookstores last week, and it immediately shot to the top of bestseller lists. (It is currently #1 on Amazon.com.) Because HarperCollins released it exactly as Moore had written it before 9/11, there are no references to subsequent events. Yet the book remains as relevant today as it was before then. Bush is still "a trespasser on federal land, a squatter in the Oval Office," and he should resign.

Moore makes it clear that no matter how one looks at it, Bush lost the presidential election, and his illegitimate presidency is nothing short of a coup. Final recounts of the Florida vote last fall bore out the statements he makes in this book. Some blame Ralph Nader for this outcome, but Moore makes it clear that Al Gore has no one to blame but himself for his defeat.

Furthermore, it is unlikely that the world would be a better place today if Gore occupied the White House, since the Democrats are in the pockets of Corporate America as much as



the Republicans. Moore analyzes Clinton's policies and deems him to be one of the best Republican presidents we have ever had. Bush has largely continued Clinton's policies; he has only been more blatant about it. Moore asks us if we want to be screwed over by people who say that they are going to do this to us, or if we want to be screwed by people who lie to us and then screw us over anyway.

Moore lays out Bush's compromises with the corporate world in a compelling fashion. Before the Enron scandal broke last fall, Moore was criticizing Kenny Boy Lay, Shadow Adviser to the "President," and Enron's undue influence on energy policies. Moore explains how Arthur Andersen moved its business to Bermuda to avoid paying taxes, thereby shifting a proportionally larger share of the tax burden to the rest of us. The result is skyrocketing salaries for the richest people, while the rest of us, after adjusting for inflation, are actually making less than we did 20 years ago.

Moore also attacks U.S. foreign policies, particularly those that have touched off bloodshed in the Middle East. He notes that the United States needs "to help set some things right in the world" if "we don't want to end up with a Bin Laden lurking in every airport" (remember he wrote this before 9/11). If the United States would stop sending Israel a blank check; support democracy, self-determination and development in Palestine; and rely on the United Nations to end hostile attacks, one can not help but think that awful events like those of Sept. 11 would not happen.

As with his policy suggestions for the Middle East, Moore is never content to simply criticize what he does not like. He also provides concrete suggestions for improving the world in which we live. Moore is always hilarious and thought provoking, and this book is Moore at his best. Unless you want to be a stupid white man, you should read this book.

Outkast offers music, not message

Stankonia

Outkast

LaFace Records

Review by I Steve Sesti

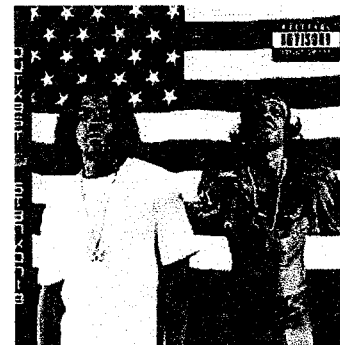
I am a white kid from the suburbs who attended a private catholic high school. I live with my parents if I'm not living at school. I know full well how lame I am when I'm trying to bob my head to the beat of any of those hip-hop songs. I think about Ben Folds rocking the suburbs, and I have to agree with him when he says, "You don't know what it's like/ being male, middle-class and white."

Okay, so I do know exactly what it's like, and as I drive around in a 1990 Corolla that was given to me, rapping along with Big Rube, Big Boi, Big Gipp, Andre 3000, Twista, Lil' Baby Jesus (a.k.a. Ol' Dirty Bastard) or the Witchdoctor, I can sometimes forget that hip-hop teaches me about as much about gangsta shit, Cadillacs, single fatherhood, crumblin' erb, gator belts, patty melts and Monte Carlos, as Ben Folds is teaching inner-city kids about "what it's like being male, middle-class and white."

Basically, I acknowledge the ghetto as a fun place to visit and observe through hip-hop, but I still wouldn't want to live there. It's a fact that I confront at work, dealing with an all black kitchen crew who I know I would never encounter outside of work. And if I ever happen to offer a ride home to any of those who might have missed the last bus, I'll sure as hell lock my doors as soon as I cross the train tracks marking the line between white and black. I am fully aware that my mindset does not really equip me to listen to rap music with a critical ear, but as others have done it lately (namely Beth Nissin of CNN, the whitest broadcasting company in the world) and have seriously botched the whole story, I'll go ahead and pull out my critic's pen.

The "Kast" (made up of Big Boi and Andre 3000) sold six million copies of their latest *Stankonia* worldwide. They can do no wrong on BET (Black Entertainment Television) and have put millions of people, white and black, into choruses of falsetto "oooohs" with the hook from "Miss Jackson," the Grammy winning single for which they've been lauded by critics and fans alike. In his recent interview with CNN's Beth Nissin, Bill Stephany (National Fatherhood Initiative activist) said he believed that "Miss Jackson" might reach those in need of hearing a message about responsible parenting.

Surely, there is a problem being dealt with in this song, but I cannot help but wonder if the rap duo is laughing as hard as I am at the idea that "Miss Jackson" is serving the community as a call to positive action for absent black fathers. To begin with, as the song opens, Andre clearly addresses his audience, saying "This goes out to all the babies' mamas, babies mamas' mamas" rather than the exact opposite, which



would be, "This goes out to all y'all who got your girls pregnant and then split." Somehow, the latter seems to be a more honest explanation of what Outkast is getting at. CNN would rather have us believe that "Miss Jackson" is a "lyrical lesson rapped as an apology." I suppose their whiteness has finally become a blinding light, or maybe our CNN reporters just didn't get to the last verse. In case not, here's a sample: "Without a paddle you [the said baby's mama] left to straddle and ride this thing on out/ and you and your girl ain't speaking no more 'cause my dick all in her mouth/ You know what I'm talking 'bout, jealousy, infidelity, envy, cheating, beating/ And D to the G they be the same thing but who you placing the blame on/ You keep on singing that same song; let bygones be bygones/ and you can go and get the hell on, you and ya mama."

Yes, I listen to this music. I love this music. If I had children, I would not play this music within their earshot (maybe our CNN sage would). How did we make O.J. Simpson into a hero? We put him at center stage as someone to identify with, guilty or (hopefully) not guilty. How can we glorify irresponsible fathers, as both of the Rap Duo admit to being? Well, we can put them up on a pedestal as "doing the right thing," and ignoring the misogyny (I mean they don't even try to hide it form us or disguise it!) in songs like "We Love Deez Hoez" or the "Kim & Cookie" interlude of a conversation between two oversexed and very angry black women.

All's fair in artistry, and every album deserves to be recognized for whatever artistic merit it may have. Outkast's *Stankonia* is more worthy than most albums of multiple listens. It can in fact teach a lame white kid a little something about what life might be like in the very distant ghetto, and we don't even have to go there. However, we all have to be careful not to make claims that so ridiculously confuse a misogynistic rant for a "message" to absent dads to take care of their babies. This kind of misunderstanding of the subject matter can lead to ugly places. Next we'll all be looking to N'SYNC and Creed for spiritual guidance and moral values. The bottom line is that it is good to know what the preacher's saying from behind his pulpit, whether he calls us to be responsible and productive or to dress all in black and drink up on Phenobarbital/vodka cocktails. Listen to Radiohead.

no one LIKES WHITE space.

WRITE a REVIEW FOR *THE monitor*!

PURGATORY class of 2001
Senior Awards
2-20-02

<p>"Best Body" Corndog</p> <p>uh huh</p>	<p>"Most Likely to Succeed" Odio</p> <p>I told you, I don't fuckin' care</p>	<p>"Not Likely to Succeed" Milo</p> <p>At least my dog loves me</p>	<p>"Your Best Fucking Friend" TV Head #1</p> <p>Look at me!</p>	<p>"Shady Character Award" El Cactus de Fun</p> <p>Hey, you're hot</p>
	<p>"Best Personality" Santa Vaca</p>	<p>"Most Mediocre" Band Geek</p> <p>I can't see Sandoval 'cause I have contest this weekend!</p>	<p>"Most Rock'n'Roll" Joey Ramone</p> <p>I'm dead</p>	<p>"You're Not as Clever as You Think, Fucker" The Cartoonist</p> <p>You're so vain, you probably think this song is about you</p>

why god why?

<p>August</p>	<p>October</p>	<p>December</p>	<p>February</p>
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ASS-BIRD AND ASS-DONKEY

<p>Hey ass-bird! Wanna see a trick I can do?! I wanna takit ontha road. Tell mek wittchah think!</p> <p>If I must, you fool.</p>	<p>THANK YOU Ladies and gentlemen.</p> <p>that's a STUPID trick.</p>	<p>No, but seeriously!</p>
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Thanks to all who showed up to partake in the 2nd MBP party, held at my house. The poetry was a lot better than what I thought you jerks could come up with, and one even gave me a woody. A good time was had by all. Another, more illegal party is brewing. Stay tuned...

-Paz

MY BACK PAGES

One Day

The day will come
when my flake will fall.
I'll stand before you
naked and raw.

You'll see my wounds,
and every single scar.
Then you'll realize
I have come so far.

That day you'll get angry
and feel like I've lied-
I've covered all that
what else can I hide?

The tears I cry-
My only defense;
burning in my wounds,
proving my innocence.

Then I'll cover myself
and wear the same smile
that disguises the pain
I've hid all the while.

That day will come
when my flake will fall.
I am not how you thought-
it was just my wall.

-???

Ache

Mema's hand shook when she
squeezed my knee;
I know she didn't want to cry.

She tried to smile, but I
saw that smile quiver -
heard that voice shake -
felt that ache when she spoke:
'You are so beautiful,'
I knew her next thought:
'You look so much like my Liz,'
The ache throbbed through us.

I haunt her with thoughts of her stolen child.
I stole my hand over,
squeezed her knee -
to steady her voice and heart -
to steal the hurt.

-Annie Coleman

Dost thou piss against the wall?

Dost thou piss against the wall?
And thy stones, be they intact?
Didst thou have a nasty fall?
Did they fall out of thy sack?

Good man, if not, then hearken gladly;
Listen to my sound advice
Ere thou being caught too firmly
Snare thy manhood in a vice

Steer clear of the wayward woman
She who winketh with the eye
For surely Sheol and Abaddon
Underneath her bosom lie

Lest thy countenance be fallen
And thy seed be sown in vain,
Hearken now with rapt attention
And so evade that way of pain

-Jonathon O'toole

21st CENTURY WAY TO GET A MAN

I need a frog to throw against a wall.....*hard*
for there are no more princes left,

Toss my arm back and pitch him fast
with the hope there is some truth to the myth

To close my eyes and hear the 'pow'
or 'pop' and maybe, unfortunately, 'squish'

A white noble steed is not needed
just a solid tall mass

Because I've got a full bucket
with nothing else but time

And my arm isn't tired.

-Akela Cooper

Man Chowder

You hear something thumping...
It gets louder and louder...
Cover your eyes!
Here comes my Man Chowder!!!

-Dustin Hotz

I Wanna Kick Ariel Sharon in the Teeth (or Worse)

Flags on the Death from above:
Stars and stripes and the star of David.
Hard earned shaved percentages, converted to
Screaming, careening lead through the head of
Palestinian freedom fighter,
Also known as the teenager chucking the rocks
At the steel horse, breathes flames, fires
And destroys homes...
Homeland? Or destroying fucking homes?

Not that I really mind paying my taxes...

-Peter Vella

Send all submissions to: y096@truman.edu