

The Monitor

Volume 9
Number 3

Friday, October 8, 2002

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

Tim Murphy of Hannibal demonstrates his art of flint knapping



Evalyn Brady of Salina, Kansas dazzles onlookers with her handmade puppets



Top center: Garlyn Saupe of Greentop at a weaving demonstration

Bottom center: Betsy Armstrong-Tornatore creates an oil sculpture of her daughter, Joy

Around the world in 500 words

Compiled by I W. Aaron Wilson

Recent stories gathered from news.bbc.co.uk

Africa: Capsizing Senegalese ferry kills nearly a thousand, forcing the resignation of the nation's ministers of transport and the army. Senegal's president promises a full inquiry. Ethiopia arrests hotel bombing terrorists with alleged links to Oromo separatist group OLF; faces a looming drought. A teachers' strike in Kenya threatens the control of the ruling party. South Africa government denies that Iraq approached it for enriched uranium, ignores union strikes protesting privatization practices. Morocco prepares for Parliamentary elections, which will give the first indication of the nation's attitude towards their monarch of three years.

Americas: Argentina threatens to default on all international loans if its economic crisis does not improve. Columbia steps up in its war on terrorism, cracking down on various militant groups in an attempt to win American aid for weapons and training. The Vice President of Peru declines invitation to a duel from a political rival who alleges that his wife was insulted. American government dismisses the suggestion of Iraqi official that Bush and Hussein end dispute with a duel. Cuba and US Gulf Coast weather the wrath of hurricane Lili.

Asia-Pacific: Indonesian soldiers attack an Indonesian police station, kill several police officers, and are sacked by top military officials for act of brutality. North Korea visited by a US envoy, lighting hopes that a political thaw will occur between the two countries. Tokyo battered by typhoon Higos, one of strongest storms to hit the Japanese capital in decades. China reestablishes diplomatic relations with Dalai Lama, considers the spiritual leader's call for an autonomous Tibet within China.

Europe: Ukrainian president survives outspoken protests calling for his resignation, but has lost American funding due to rumors that he approved the illegal sale of radar equipment to Iraq. Brominated Flame Retardants found in increasing quantities in Norwegian Arctic wildlife, leading to higher animal mortality. French military evacuate international students from rebel-controlled Côte d'Ivoire.

Middle East: Chechnyan rebels clash with Russian military after being driven from Pankisi Gorge area of neighboring Georgia. Iraqi Kurds factions join together, end bloodshed in region. Iran religious leaders jail media leader after newspaper poll indicated support for US/Iran talks. Talks continue concerning the return of weapons inspectors to Iraq. Saudi Arabia recalls Qatari envoy because of the television station al-Jazeera's criticism of the monarchy.

Science: International team unravels the genetic code of malarial parasite and its carrier-mosquito. US report indicates the possibility of high altitude microbes living in Venusian atmosphere. New calculations show that moons of Saturn, Neptune, and trans-Neptunian objects may have subsurface oceans.

South Asia: Violence against Hindus breaks out in Indian Gujarat province, as well as in Indian controlled Kashmir. Indian accuses Pakistan of funding terrorists and kills militants suspected of violence. Pakistan and Malaysia protest American policy of registration for all potential emigrants coming from select Muslim countries as "anti-Muslim hysteria." Nepalese king seizes executive power, disbands parliament, after Maoist rebel attacks cause election postponements.

Bright, cool autumn day welcomes festival goers

Story by I Andrés Delgado

On Saturday, October 5, the 29th Annual Red Barn Arts & Crafts Festival took place here in Kirksville, bringing hundreds to the Downtown Square to partake of food, music and crafts of all kinds from Missouri, Iowa and Kansas.

The Kirksville Arts Association sponsored the event, which featured all manners of homemade and homegrown items. Homemade soaps were sold in no less than three booths; regional apiaries offered an astounding variety of honeys (among them cherry and mustard honeys); wood-crafted furniture, clocks, signs and lawn art were displayed; and food vendors offered pies, preserves, and vegetables for sale.

Additionally, artisans from out of town, local residents and students all demonstrated their various crafts for absorbed crowds.

Tim Murphy of Hannibal, MO, sat and exhibited the immemorial technique of using "flint knapping" to shape rocks into primitive tools of the kinds used by many ancient cultures. Murphy, a flint knapper for ten years, demonstrated the technique of percussion flaking – striking off the edges of his stone with a tool. Murphy will perform this and other techniques before an international archaeological symposium next year at the University of Florence, in Italy, he said.

Garlyn Saupe traveled from Greentop, MO, to demonstrate the spinning of yarn from wool on an old-fashioned, human powered spinning wheel. She appeared with the North Missouri Fiber Artists Guild, a Kirksville weaving group she helped found in 1994.

The guild's 19 members weave, knit, crochet and work in felt. They meet monthly at the Episcopal Church in Kirksville to discuss technique and design.

"Part of our goal is to help children and other people learn about what we do," Saupe said, explaining the purpose behind the many

demonstrations and educational posters the guild exhibited at the festival. The group's next meeting, on the third Saturday of November, will focus on tessellation designs, and visitors are welcome, Saupe said.

From Kirksville, The Clay People, the University potter's club, threw pots before curious onlookers. The group attends the fair "every year," according to senior Jennifer Teter. She said the group sells its works at the fair and other venues in order to raise money to attend the National Ceramics Convention and bring artists to talk to on campus. However, this year

the group was faced with a shortage of new ceramics to sell as a result of an out-of-commission kiln.

Betsy Armstrong-Tornatore, a Kirksville resident, demonstrated to bystanders her technique of portrait sculpture. She was in the process of making a remarkably accurate likeness of her daughter, Joy, using oil-based clay mounted on pipe armature.

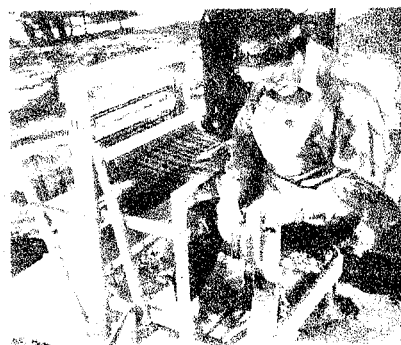
Tornatore explained that she used contours from various perspectives to accomplish her fidelity to the subject.

Walking around the square, students and local residents alike basked in the festive atmosphere. University freshman Jon Zimny and his mother Denise were first-time attendees. The jewelry and pottery particularly impressed them, Denise said,

and Jon said he appreciated the performance of the TrueMen, the University a cappella troupe that sang at the festival.

Local resident Dale Slaughter said he buys something every year, and happily showed off this year's take of two beaded necklaces.

Mary Ludden Hoecker, a resident of Adair County, summarized her admiration for the fair and its artisans as she admired a display of stained glass. "It's really one of the best in the country," she said. "All the potters' work is beautiful. They're so talented ... [this festival] is special."



The Monitor

Campus Collective
Independent Quality Since 1995
Volume 9, Number 3

CAMPUS ADDRESS

CSI SUB
TRUMAN STATE UNIVERSITY
KIRKSVILLE, MO 63501
FAX [660] 785.7436

OFFICE ADDRESS

MONITOR TOWER
216 JEFFERSON STREET APT. D
KIRKSVILLE, MO 63501

MONITORTRN@HOTMAIL.COM

MANAGING EDITORS

ANDRÉS DELGADO
CAMERON MOORE
W. AARON WILSON

MY BACK PAGES EDITOR

ZACH JACKSON

ADVERTISING ROYALTY

SAM MCPHERSON, CAMERON MOORE

DISTRIBUTION

CAMERON MOORE

STAFF WRITERS

AARON BAKER, SUZANNE
CHAPPELOW, KEVIN CHASE, LARRY
ILES, ZACH JACKSON, ZACH
LECHNER, RYAN KELLY, SAM
MCPHERSON, ADAM PETRY, TODD
RUECKER, CHRIS SCOTT, DR. LINDA
SEIDEL, JOSH SISSON.

All contents Copyright © 2002
The Monitor Campus Collective unless otherwise noted.

The Monitor is published every other Tuesday. We meet every Tuesday and Thursday at 9 p.m. in BH 249. Each writer is responsible for his or her own work.

Subscriptions are available to out of towners - you just pay for postage. Send a check or money order for \$10 to the address above for a semester's worth of Monitors. That's really cheap, huh?

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."

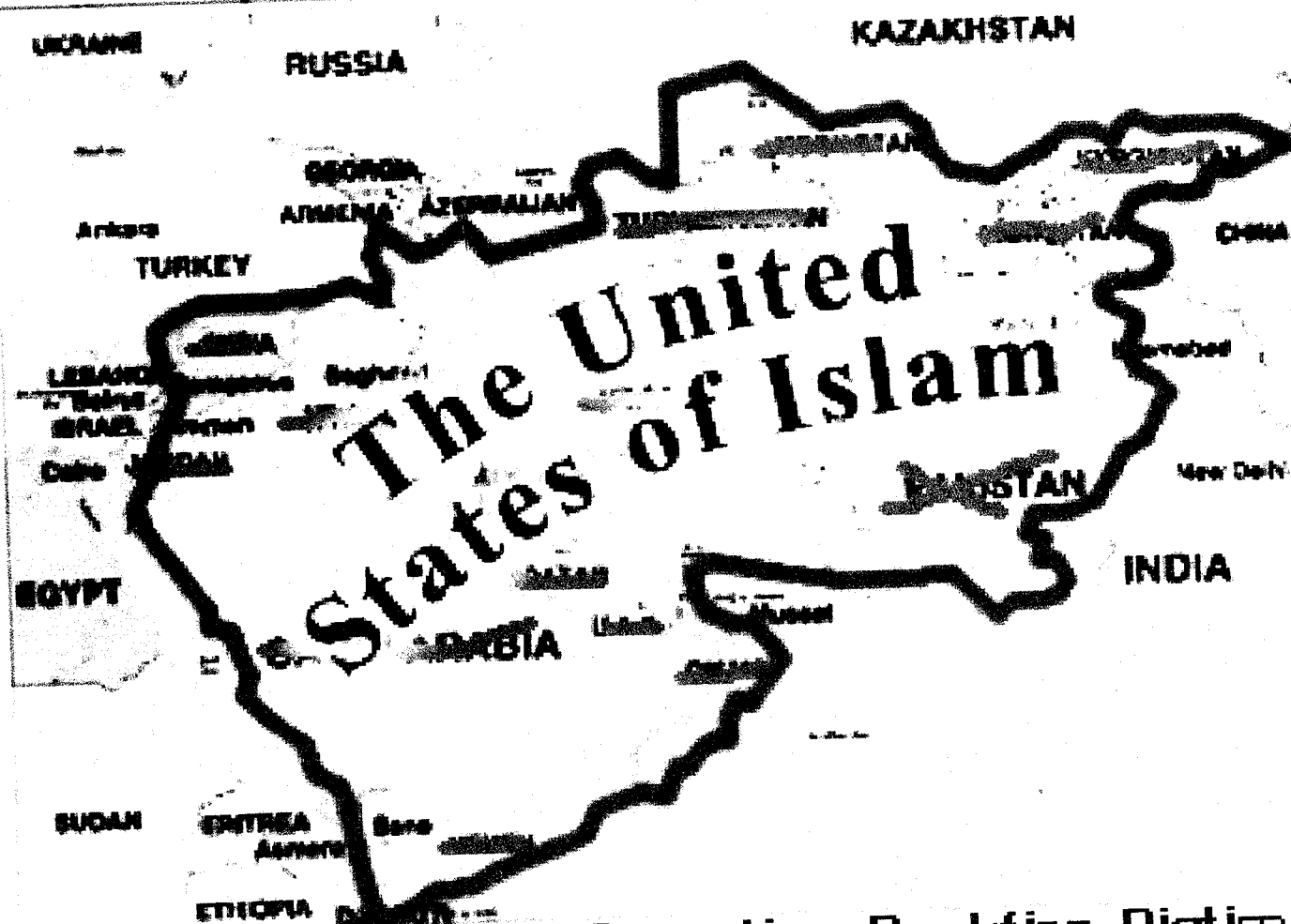
-- Noam Chomsky



When "Gulf War II" starts, and Donald Rumsfeld is on CNN bragging about "hammering Iraqi troops," please recall this picture in your mind's eye. These are "troops" who will be burning in their bunkers under U.S. tax-payer funded bombs.

pictures courtesy www.gwbush.com

The CIA's Next Masterpiece



code name: Operation Backfire Bigtime

L E T T E R S

monitor

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 email us at monitortrm@hotmail.com. Letters may be edited for length.

Monitor, US indy press miss important issues

(mailed August 22, 2002)

I read Cameron Moore's frontispiece for today's "Freshers" issue. As an aside, the UK slang term for the US "Freshmen" is so much friendlier and inclusive of both genders, too, don't you guys think? I read it with usual agreement in his bewailing "corporate media" non-information, as he puts it, in ironic-twist-on-irony, and in his resolution; your remit is to be au contraire! But, then, I started to ponder anew two thoughts that are growing on me more worryingly, and making me really want to challenge you, yes you guys - not so much as is customary with this campus' elites because you are "THE Monitor" in supposed "irreverence." But rather, because I am beginning to wonder whether the so-called "alternative" US press (of which, on good issues, I feel you are a more than worthy exemplar) is, symbiotically, linked to the "very corporate media" you deplore. That you deplore for its almost total dominance, in this country, of the ways "Americans" are passivised into hopelessness about any kinds of real change but "personal" growth!

What has got me, oddly as ever for you Back Pages "creeps," in the sons-of-Nixon-Reagan sense, on this vein? Well, it is not anything in that issue that you did! It's rather what you outright didn't, in lost opportunity, and that the so-called "alternative" media go on and on repeating, artificially, in just this hell-hole, too much, of a country! This has struck me with renewed force, as I was down in Columbia the same week, and wandered, as is my custom, into two favourite places! The press building to, as usual, rescue a whole tranche of the world's recent quality press: *Le Monde*, the *Guardian*, the *Independent*, the *Straits* and *Australian Times* - full of "trash" like Pinter, Rendell, major French intellectuals and so on from the USA "DISCARD" boxes!! Then, over to the Peace Nook, to purchase your USA counterpart alternatives like *Confluence*, *Independent Press*, *Une Reader*, *In These Times*: in a valiant effort to help my pennyworth keep the struggling last-mentioned publication alive, for fear of Cameron's dreaded "corporate's" mindlessness.

Yet you know something, I found the last lot, the so-called "alternatives" to be just like their ugly corporate brothers, full of narcissistic evasion, and absence of not just ANY politics or educational institutional reform advocacy. But absent also of the very real world and fractured culture of this planet which your president, and my prime minister, are proposing "righteously" (IMMINENTLY) to ecology-and-airline-travel further crash. To crash by an invasion on a colossal scale of a tiny but oil-rich state called "Iraq," after bizarrely congratulating ourselves on what? Pounding yet another Muslim, non-white poorer country called "Afghanistan" with 40,000 cluster bombs to go off like toys all this century, and yet still let bin Laden's CIA-trained wealthy Saudi misogynists escape, scot-free, to be the Tom Paine freedom fighters in the south! Meantime, at home, tear-up anything that was good in eighteenth-century USA constitutional anachronism. Destroying it by that scion of the Missouri Confederacy, John Ashcroft, detaining, without trial,

over 1,000 non-USA legal visitors. While, too, Disney Corp., which owns ABC, bans real news correspondents for TV USA fear of reality, Vietnam resistance style, of "the coons" depiction to you. But now ABC signs up with the Pentagon and Jerry Bruckheimer (THE GLADIATOR) for a 17-part-"special effects"-WE-WON-AFGHAN WAR documentary to piously bedew the American public (yet more)!

In conclusion, it un-humbly, unapologetically, seems to me that until The Monitor and its mentioned counterparts can get at least as near corporate Disney's very nasty (but oh-so-on-the-greedy-US-male-ball) "reality," of selfish, pollutant usury (look it up Back Pages). THEN, ALAS, YOUR INDIFFERENCE is as much part of the "reason" all those "freshers" march in the TSU old man's flag-twirlings and toga-parties (how very, REVEALINGLY, Roman fascist) AS ANY hated TV ownership corruption. Culture, even lingo, is, mates, about politics and economics, too. Else, it's just evasive, capitalist self-gratification. And I'm sure even atheists don't really need me, or dear Sterling Ruddy, to tell you how belief in too little will ensure corporate USA's continuing pulverisation of all Monitorees, by the time they realise that more than the coverhead needs some real such Bulldog punchy substance. With perhaps, dare I say it, your trying some reviewing and writing on more than music, meeting speakers, and with some coverage of the 96% of the world's peoples who are NOT American (and who consume the 70% of energy and food etc. you care at all to, non-war, leave us): in your, alike, absorption with narcissistic nothingness. Still a Monitor fan, I think!

Sincerely,
Larry Iles

EDDIE'S BOOKS

NORTHEAST
MISSOURI'S
ONLY TRADE-A-BOOK

WE WANT YOUR:

*HISTORY BOOKS
*FANTASY / SCI-FI
*CLASSIC LIT.
*ENGLISH LIT.
*PHILOSOPHY
*NON-FICTION

PLEASE NO STANDARDIZED
TEXTBOOKS
BOOKS MUST BE CLEAN & IN
GOOD CONDITION

ALL AT AFFORDABLE
PRICES
217 S. FRANKLIN STREET
12 NOON - 6 p.m.

Millennium HAIR SALON

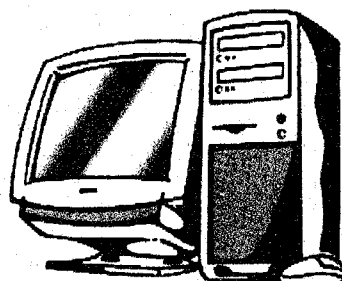
✂ 660-665-1700 ✂

Creative coloring * Nails * Hi-lights
Haircuts * Perms * Ear Piercing

Anna
Locke

616 N. Marion
Kirkville, MO 63501

Donna
Western



R & D
Technologies

Computer Service & Repair

660-665-2355
211 W. Washington St.
Kirkville, MO 63501

Pancake City

665-6002

** The Late Night Student Hangout for 19 years!!! **

** 150 Menu Items **

** Huge Portions **

** Smoking and Non-Smoking Dining Rooms **
Credit Cards Accepted **

** Video Games

** 14 Different Appetizers **

** We Fresh Grind our Coffee for Each Pot! **

Late Night Specials

Sunday: All-U-Can-Eat Pancakes \$1.99

Monday: 50% off All Appetizers

Tuesday: All-U-Can-Eat BNG's \$1.99

O P I N I O N S

monitor

LSP class enrollment form not so ROTerrific

Opinion by | Linda Seidel

Did you know that all students in Military Science 100 (a course included as an option in the LSP) must fill out the Cadet Enrollment Record? That the form in question asks the unsuspecting student (among other things) whether she has ever used drugs, gotten arrested, or gone to jail? That it spells out the policy of the Department of Defense with respect to homosexuality: we won't ask and you shouldn't tell, but "homosexual conduct" can get the cadet "disenrolled" from ROTC? That it tells the dutiful reader that conscientious objectors are not "eligible" to take the "basic course"?

Did you know, in other words, that signing up for MS 100 is to be regarded as a potential ROTC recruit whose privacy can be invaded, whose sexual orientation is put at risk, and whose right to a particular point of view will not be honored?

These facts were brought to my attention early last school year when a student I respect came to me in a state of outrage produced by having been told to fill out the Cadet Enrollment Record. She had enrolled in MS 100 searching for viewpoints different from her own, but decided that her dignity had been violated and subsequently dropped the course.

My response was to contact the MS Division and ask for a copy of the Record. Within a day or two, LTC Dirkse graciously called me, offering to address any concerns I might have. He noted that the Record had been used in MS 100 classes for years; perhaps I imagined it, but I thought I heard him chuckle when he said he had wondered when someone would call up and ask about it.

"Couldn't you remove that form as a requirement of the class?" I asked hopefully. The answer was "no." That would really change the character of the class, and all sorts of interesting activities would have to be omitted. In other words, the course would no longer be nearly so effective as a recruitment tool for the ROTC program.

I was all set to tell you this story at the time I experienced it, a few days before Sep-

tember 11, 2001. Then the world changed, the military was valorized, and it became "unpatriotic" to make any comment that hinted of criticism of any part of the institution. Besides, you would not have cared about a mere enrollment form, even if it did appear to threaten your rights, at a time when you were mourning the loss of your fellow citizens. Now, a year later, perhaps we can think more calmly: not only about our rights but also about the institution of which we are a part—the University—and its role in protecting them.

MS 100, in its current manifestation, with its required Cadet Enrollment Record, is problematic because it is no mere elective, but an option in the LSP. Thus, an element of coercion enters the picture. Does the offended student have time to drop MS 100, pick up Lifetime Health and Fitness, and still graduate on time? What sort of secrets (or lies) must the gay student, or the conscientious objector, or the occasional marijuana smoker keep (or tell) in order to fit in without difficulty? What sort of signals are being sent about what students can be asked to divulge about themselves in the service of a general education requirement?

Never mind that gay students cannot be disenrolled from *the course* for being gay; they are being forced into a space in which they are told to remain closeted and in which, by implication, their classmates are told gay people are fair game.

To me the options seem clear: ask Military Science to drop the Cadet Enrollment Record from the MS 100 syllabus or, if that is impossible to do, remove MS 100 from the LSP. Although many disciplines may sometimes use LSP courses to recruit majors, it is never legitimate to allow the direction of the course to be shaped by the desire to recruit.

Rather, it should be the role of the course to meet the agreed-upon objectives of the general education program. Surely one of those objectives must be the preparation of citizens for participation in a democratic society in which their rights will be honored and their privacy respected.

Jerry Falwell provides valuable lesson on what not to do

Opinion by | Greg Brenner

Here he is, ladies and gents, America's favorite spokesman for the extreme right and favorite punching bag for the left. The same man who a year ago said that pagans, abortionists, feminists, homosexuals, and civil liberties groups helped cause 9/11 is at it again. Now he claims in a 60 Minute interview that Muhammad, Islam's Prophet, was a terrorist. He said he came to this conclusion after reading "Muslim and non-Muslim writers." Wow Jerry. You made it too easy this time. Knocking you down isn't even a fun sport anymore. It's just sad.

It is sad because these views do exist in America. People who believe this will continue spreading prejudice and hate to people here now and on to the next generation. It is the same bigoted rhetoric that real terrorists use against America. It is the same sort of nonsense that Protestants passed down about Catholics. It is the same garbage Catholics passed down about non-Catholics.

Jerry Falwell seems to forget all of the violence perpetuated in the name of Christian-

ity throughout history. The Inquisition? The Thirty Years War? The Crusades? Don't even get me started.

It is also sad because Jerry Falwell has a niche in today's society. You see, America needs people like Jerry Falwell. He's a great example of religious intolerance that is unrealistic in today's interconnected world. If Ozzy Osbourne can be a walking anti-drug message as an example of what *not* to do, then Jerry Falwell fits in the same type of role. Falwell is the type of person you *do not* want to be, or let your younger siblings associate with.

We also need Jerry Falwell to show us what the First Amendment means. God bless him, he has the right to be as big of a bigot as he wants, within the bound of the law. We can get angry at what he says, but it is still the country's duty to defend his right to say it. Even if what he says is an embarrassment.

In all fairness, he also did say he believed most Muslims are people of peace. Falwell just has a funny way of expressing this sentiment. Finally, some people need a guy like Falwell to pick on. He gives people like me something to write about.

Political parties that deserve equal chance

Opinion by | W. Aaron Wilson

Recently it became apparent to me that the United States needs a multi-party electoral system. I mean, we live in a country with more varieties of peanut butter than legitimate political parties. By legitimate, I mean the ones that have more than a snow cone's chance in Hell of getting elected to higher office (When it comes to third parties, I'm with Kodos from the Simpsons, when it said, "Go ahead, *throw* your vote away!").

So anyway, to follow up on that idea (as expressed in the last issue of the Monitor) I thought I'd compile a list of some parties that I'd like to see get an equal shot at placing members in office. I'm leaving off such parties as the Greens and Libertarians, mainly because I feel it should go without saying that as nationally active parties they should get a better chance at occupying elected office.

Some of these parties are real, some of them are just really cool ideas.

Expansionist Party of the United States: Think Manifest Destiny was a great idea, but just didn't go far enough? Then this is the party for you! The EPUS wants the United States to conquer the world and stop Latin American and Islamic countries from whining that the US screwed them over.

Prohibition Party: Founded in 1869, the Prohibition Party is still alive and kicking. Aptly symbolized by the camel, this political party is interested in conservative reform and a ban on alcohol, which will hopefully put the mobsters back in control of all of our major cities.

American Federation Party: This party bases its platform on the utopian ideals set forth

by the television series *Star Trek*. First on the agenda: replacing army fatigues with those nifty pajama-like uniforms. And, you know, creating global harmony and ending hunger using technology that we don't have yet.

Alaskan Independence Party: The name of this party pretty much sums it up. The AIP boasts a growing membership of people who want guns, zero property taxes, and a vote on whether Alaska should remain a state, become a territory, or declare their independence.

Royalist Party of American: This party dares to ask, "Would a monarchy be better [than a democracy]?" While they view an American monarchy as unrealistic for the near future, they continue to support monarchies overseas and try to get people to question the fitness of the American republic. For those whose lifelong ambition has been to become a serf, you should definitely join this party or never have a chance to follow your dream.

Party for People Who Don't Want to Think About Who is Representing Them: Another party whose name sums its position up! If you like being able to vote for people without thinking about the issues they represent, based solely on their party affiliation, then you should sign up with the PPWDWTAWRT, and vote for their candidates in every election.

In the final analysis, maybe the United States doesn't need an excessive amount of viable political parties. Maybe we just need an informed, engaged public that votes based on their personal beliefs and not party affiliation. And maybe, just maybe, we should become an absolute monarchy and get rid of all this tiresome "voting" business once and for all.

**THE MONITOR
WANTS OPINIONS
WRITERS...
AND WHAT THE
MONITOR WANTS,
THE MONITOR GETS!**

Damn the arms inspectors, full speed ahead: Leftists should call for regime change in Iraq

Opinion by | Alan Thomas

To hell with arms inspections. Screw negotiating with Saddam. Damn the torpedoes, let's invade Iraq!

What, you say? This guy must either be a rabid right winger, or else has his tongue planted firmly in cheek...right? Well, no, not really.

My name is Alan Thomas. I'm a "liberal" (though I prefer the appellation "leftist"), and I am *not* (categorically) opposed to this coming war.

Before laying out my case—my *causus belli*, if you will—I feel I ought to establish my left wing bona fides, as I have no doubt that my hawkish stance inspires skepticism among many readers.

To wit:

—George Bush is an idiot and a liar who stands for intolerance and corporate greed. And he stole the election.

—I was delighted to help get rid of John Ashcroft—until he popped back up, like a whack-a-mole, as our nation's premier anti-civil libertarian.

—Things I'm for (besides invading Iraq): A much higher minimum wage, universal health care, stringent environmental safeguards, public transit, renewable energy, and other "green" programs. Ultimately, ideally, I also advocate a unique (so far as I know) brand of international socialism (albeit with market elements)...but that is beyond the scope of this piece.

I hope this establishes that I am no right-winger—far from it. So why, you ask, am I

supporting the president on this war? Well, hold on a second—I don't support the president and his gang; not really. I foresee them engaging Iraq in the same unacceptable way as they did in Afghanistan. That is, way too much bombing; way too little concern for civilian casualties. Disingenuous talk about concern for human rights as a prelude to, and excuse for, war; scant attention paid to those concerns, or to rebuilding Iraq after the military battles have been won.

But it is precisely because the Bush administration is likely to do this all wrong that I believe the left needs to agitate for it to be done *right*. If liberals instead argue only for it not to be done at all, they will surely be written off as naïve pacifists who think we can all just hold hands and chant "Kum Ba Ya," and make everything okay. This is a sure path to becoming ineffectual and marginalized.

Yet political expediency counts for only so much. If opposing the war is the just cause, principle should come before pragmatism. But I argue that the Iraqi people deserve liberation—that if we claim to value human rights, we've got to go beyond writing letters. A wise man (well, a comic book writer—close enough) once said, "With great power comes great responsibility."

The United States clearly has great power. Unfortunately, it has not often used that power toward noble ends, despite what jingoistic Republican gasbags would have you believe. Read Chomsky or Zinn for examples of the many occasions on which the US of A has used

its military might on behalf of the bad guys. Too often, we choose a pliant dictator over the messiness of democracy and its attendant protections of human rights and free speech.

There have been notable exceptions, however. The obvious example is WWII. Not only did American GIs famously liberate concentration camps, their subsequent occupation of Japan forced upon that people an admirable constitution which provided heretofore unknown guarantees of civil liberties and women's rights.

Also instructive is a much more recent instance of a just use of American military muscle. In 1991 a right wing military coup in Haiti forced the popularly elected leftist president Jean-Bertrand Aristide into exile. Three years later, then-president Clinton laid down an ultimatum: Allow Aristide to return to power, or we're coming for you. And he backed this threat with action: Navy ships and troop transports were steaming toward Port-au-Prince. The military junta relented, and Aristide returned to his rightful position of power. (There have been some problems since, but it is undeniable that Aristide was the rightfully elected executive.)

I would love to see a similar action taken vis-à-vis Iraq (and indeed, against other dictatorships). Let's transcend selfish concerns about whether or not Iraq poses a threat to US security or national interest. Let's do more than get rid of Iraq's weapons of mass destruction—let's liberate the people of Iraq and provide an example—and a warning—to the rest of the

world.

I hasten to add that this does not have to mean actual war, just as in Haiti. But it should go beyond a weapons inspection regime that leaves Saddam in power but does nothing to alleviate the brutal oppression of the Iraqi people. No, Saddam has to go—but let's offer him a way out as an incentive not to engage in a final paroxysm of scorched-earth violence. Let him go into comfortable exile in return for a peaceful surrender of the reins of power. Short of this, however, I see no other morally defensible option than war.

We on the left raise bloody hell—and rightly so—when we discover that the FBI is monitoring what we check out from the library or that the city police are racially profiling and terrorizing the population they are sworn to "protect and serve." But most of us would not propose to do away with law enforcement altogether (anarchists excepted). Rather, we foment for reform in the way criminal justice is administered.

So why can't the left do the same when it comes to the use of our military? For, make no mistake—Saddam Hussein and his henchmen submit the Iraqi people on a daily basis to the kinds of privations and abrogations of basic human rights that Ashcroft can only envision in his wildest (wet) dreams. They need our help. We should not let them down.

Cigarette tax proposal unfair to hard working tax payers

Opinion by | Elizabeth Roberts

If you've been awake lately, you have probably noticed somewhat of a budget crisis going on with everything government affiliated in our society. Everyday, we are being taxed unfairly in effort to compensate for our government's gross expenditure of military spending (\$343 billion annually!). More and more money is being pumped into an ineffectual government machine, with more and more of that money being wasted.

I am not totally against taxes that would, for instance, be used towards stabilizing a system that *successfully* benefits every individual. But I am not going to support unfair taxes that serve little purpose.

Citizens petitioned Proposition A onto the Missouri ballot this November, which gives voters the choice of levying a \$.55 tax on every pack of cigarettes. This is a 324 percent increase from the current cigarette tax.

The tax would supposedly replenish \$436 million into our state's wasted funds. The tax is being pushed under the assumption that it hugely benefits child care issues. But of the money collected, only seven percent of it is will be allotted to child health care. Another 23 percent of the money will be spent on health care, but 43 percent is going to be spent on prescrip-

tion drug plans.

Fourteen percent will be spent on life science research and a remaining seven percent is saved for stop-smoking program efforts.

The proposal doesn't seem completely rotten; but considering the state squandered its earlier settlements from big tobacco (money that was supposed to fund the same health care related issues), under Governor Holden, I don't know how sure we can be that the tax money won't be thrown in a different direction altogether.

The cigarette sin tax trend has already caught on in 18 states. What does this tax really accomplish? This tax takes advantage of the consumer. The average smoker in Missouri makes \$26,000 a year. Although cigarette smoking is a preventable addiction, taxing the smoker wrongly collects their income and diverts it to God knows where. By taking the money out of the working man's pocket, and more than less burning it away, our government expects us to believe it can solve problems.

Perhaps our government thinks throwing money into the fire will eventually suffocate the flames, but I highly doubt it. But the wonderful thing is, we can vote to prevent another such measure on November 5. Please go to the polls.

Why Not Tat2's



Featuring Custom & New-school Designs,
and Body Piercing

214 N. Franklin
Kirkville, MO 63501
(660) 665-8110

F E A T U R E S

monitor

Arrested at Freedom Plaza

On September 27, 2002 hundreds of people gathered in Pershing Park near Freedom Plaza in downtown Washington DC to rally against corporate globalization and a war with Iraq.

There were all kinds of people there, activists of every kind, twenty-somethings, punk kids, hippy chicks, old people, drummers, dancers, bicycle riders, media, progressive candidates for office, onlookers and passerbys. There was drumming and dancing. And media was covering the event, some national.

At around 9:15 am hundreds of DC Metro Police surrounded the peaceful gathering with full riot gear on, batons at the ready. The police blocked any chance of exit and refused to let anyone out, except those with corporate media identification. I, and many others, asked repeatedly for two hours if we were being detained and if so for what charge. No answer was ever given, no response. We were not allowed to leave and we never got an answer why.

There was nothing illegal going on at the park. There was no violence, no civil disobedience, no property destruction of any kind, just a gathering of activists getting media attention. The Police held everybody, hundreds upon hundreds, in the park for two hours against their will, keeping us tightly surrounded. Then the mass arrest.

No charges were given. No reason. In-

nocent or guilty, it didn't matter. Fifteen off-duty DC Metro buses arrived and were filled to the brim with anyone that happened to be in the park.

I was loaded on the last bus at approximately 11:00 pm. We were driven across town to a parking lot at the DC Metropolitan Police Academy on Blue Plains Drive, in Southwest DC.

We were kept handcuffed for 14 hours on the bus. It was seven hours before we got any water, and then just nine ounces. The only food we got in 12 hours was two sandwiches split between the entire bus of detainees. And that was the bus driver's own lunch, who was not a police officer but a metro bus driver.

While held on the bus we asked repeatedly what the charges were against us. We were not given an answer. Our legal council from the National Lawyers Guild was not allowed to speak to us on the bus. They tried to shout some legal information to us from across a sidewalk while we were in the bus with the engine running. When that happened, the police moved the bus a few dozen feet down the street so we could not hear our lawyer anymore.

At 1:00 am we were processed into a holding facility which was a gymnasium with a wood floor and some old beat-up gym mats. Two hundred of us were held all night in the gym, half hog-tied all of the time. Our right wrist was handcuffed to our left ankle so you

had to remain hunched over or stay in a ball. There weren't enough mats so I ended up with half my body on a mat and half on the wood floor. I curled up on my side in a ball all night as I tried to use my boots as a pillow so as not to wrench my neck. No blanket. Some people unfortunate to be near the huge fan were freezing. For those who wore contacts, there was no eye drop solution or anywhere to put their contacts. Eyes were burning. No aspirin for anyone who got a splitting headache. No soap and water available after a bowel movement in the dirty port-o-potties.

We got a terrible meal at 9 pm that consisted of two slices of white bread with a thin sliver of what I thought was baloney, whatever it was I got sick for two days.

We were held in the gymnasium with no windows, no clocks or anyway to tell how much time was going by, constantly guarded by a minimum of 30 DC Metro Police in regular uniform. Most were armed.

The bright overhead lights were on twenty-four hours and we were woken up every 15 to 30 minutes as they called out names all night long. Sleep deprivation hit everyone and made me unable to think clearly. This treatment was in violation of the Geneva Convention.

Some of the police were sadistic and mean. Guards metered out punishment of cinching the hand cuffs so tight hands would turn

white and you'd be in pain. One guard used profanity, telling a kid to "fuck off" when he repeatedly asked to make a call. Another smoked a cigarette on the crowded bus standing directly under an "It is against the law to smoke" sign. When we asked him why he was smoking on the bus when it was against the law, he replied "fuck the law."

I was told by one of the DC Police officers that Miranda Rights were a privilege, not a right.

Most of us had our prison tattoos: the Legal Aid number for the National Lawyers Guild that we had hastily written on our arms with a permanent marker that we passed around just minutes before our arrest at the park. But as time dragged on and the abuse got worse, the guards started to hover over the phones and watch what number you dialed. They then forbid anyone to call the legal aid number anymore. That was sometime in the night.

In the end I was charged with one of the lowest misdemeanors there is, "failure to obey," equivalent to a traffic citation and released with a \$50 fine. For those who did not have \$50 in cash in their pocket and a form of ID, they were not released.

I was incarcerated for 24 hours. When I was finally released at almost 10:00 am the next day, the gymnasium was still full with 200 people.

New practice rooms in OP receive criticism

Feature by I Greg Brenner

Last week was the official ribbon-cutting opening for the revamped, refurbished, and revitalized Ophelia-Parrish, the new performing arts building. If you have been here long enough you will remember when OP had all the charms and atmosphere of a high school or junior high built in the 1940s. Little of the old OP remains, except for a small staircase at the north end of the building that still features the old yellow, stained bricks and white plaster. Even a large mural in the style of Thomas Hart Benton that depicted scenes from Mark Twain classics did not fit into the new OP.

Who can forget the dark days of OP, when some classrooms lacked heat during winter due to the construction, and students huddled around tiny space heaters provided by the University to take the winter chill out of classes? It didn't take long to find out that those space heaters only worked if you were two inches away from them. I think I saw a freshman freeze to death in a literature class there. No joke.

Those days are long gone. In their stead we have a brand new facility. Truly, the transformation of an old building into what appears to be a totally different structure on the inside while at the same time keeping the outside intact is marvelous. It is easy to "ooh" and "ahh" over the newness of OP when one first walks into the building. Everything looks fresh. The Art Gallery looks great. Yet the new OP has one Achilles heel. Actually, there are several of

them, and they are located on the second and third floors. Students began complaining about the practice rooms as soon as the semester started. Many have noted that the sound in these rooms is too loud; the sound resonates on the bare floor and walls and leaks out into the hallway.

"It sounds like I'm playing in a bathtub!" sophomore Elizabeth Vanderhoof said. "But they are pretty."

The rooms do look nice with hardwood floors, unstained white walls, and doors that match. The problem comes from the soundproofing in the rooms. To put it simply, there does not seem to be much soundproofing at all. Walking down the hall one can hear the sounds of people practicing.

The rooms are also sparse. Except for a piano in some of the rooms, there is nothing to keep the sound from bouncing around. The sound one produces out their instrument bounces around the room like ping pong balls, making the rooms sound too "live."

"My opinion on the practice rooms? They're wonderful if you wear earplugs," senior David Capps, who plays violin, said.

Students who play instruments that are generally louder than stringed instruments, such as wind instruments and pianos, have difficulty hearing themselves practice. One student noted that this causes a discrepancy in volume when one moves from the practice room to the rehearsal hall. One has to play much louder to get

the same kind of volume level one would get in the practice room. Wearing ear plugs was one solution students noted.

Some students also said that they sometimes went to the old practice rooms in Baldwin to practice their instruments.

Dr. Bob Jones of the Fine Arts Division office also pointed out the health risks of these rooms. Playing a loud instrument in such conditions could impair hearing over time.

What caused this problem? According to Dr. Jones, an acoustician hired by the university to investigate the problem concluded that the problem came from the design of the rooms by the architect, who apparently thought a more "live" sound would be better.

Other members of the music faculty have heard student complaints about the loudness, although they generally practice their own instruments in their offices to keep the practice rooms upstairs open to students.

Dr. Sam McClure, who teaches violin and conducts the symphony orchestra said that there are plans to correct these problems. Dr. Jones, who was generous in answering questions regarding the rooms, said that soundproofing panels have been ordered and are tentatively scheduled to arrive October 11.

These 4' by 6' panels will dampen the sound in the room and reduce the volume level. Installation of these panels will begin as soon as they arrive. The rooms should be completed by midterm break.

Despite these problems, both faculty and students seem to be happy with the new facilities. Some students noted that the rooms are much nicer than the old practice rooms in Baldwin Hall. Dr. Jones pointed out that there are always some problems and inconveniences that come with getting used to a new facility. As the first year of use for the music and theater section of OP moves on other inconveniences will be dealt with.

Many people then have the same problem I have with the new rooms. When I take out that piece of flimsy wood with four strings and begin playing in these practice rooms I sound awesome. Actually, it gives me a head rush and it blows up my ego as I run through my Mozart Concerto in G Major. I start to think "I AM THE LOUDEST VIOLINIST EVER! I AM KING OF THE WORLD! EAT YOUR HEART OUT ITZHAK PERLMANN!"

Then, when I don't play in a practice room, such as at my violin lesson, I sound weak and puny. "How can I sound so bad? I sound awesome upstairs." It's like expecting Ah-nold to show up at a body building competition and Rick Moranis shows up instead.

To be honest, much of the fault probably lies in my own limited talents and abilities in music. But blaming someone or something else is the American way. Damn practice rooms.

NEWS THATS UNFIT

In a crudely worded proposal, the Division of Cave Dwellers called upon University administration officials to drop LSP Speech from the requirements of Cave Majors.

"Course load too big," said Brubba Ooga, head of the division. "Students work hard. Speak [sic] class too much."

Observers are skeptical that the proposal will be considered, as it follows close on the heels of proposals to drop the Fine Arts, Math, Science, and Foreign Language requirements for future cave people.

"Some speak [sic] minded. Other[s] not," commented Ooga. "It too hard, speak right. Not even (University of) Bedrock make learn speak."

Many Cave Dwelling majors agreed with the proposal.

"Me work hard for school," said sophomore Unga Grrr. "Me never use speak [sic] in cave world." Unga proceeded to show anger by flinging rocks at a nearby squirrel.

Massachusetts Puritans from the year 1641 sent a delegation to a recent meeting of the University Planning Commission, which resulted in the unplanned adoption by the University of several articles from the Massachusetts Body of Liberties. Officials and students present at the commission seemed enthusiastic about the delegation's suggested new policies, all of which gained adoption under the non-existent authority of the Commission to create policy.

Among the new policies adopted Sunday:

If any man after legall conviction shall have or worship any other god, but the lord God, he shall be put to death. "Tough, but ultimately fair," conceded Ray Zotos, freshman, when informed by a reporter of the newly adopted rule.

No mans Cattel or goods of what kinde soever shall be pressed or taken for any publique use or service, unlesse it be by warrant grounded upon some act of the generall Court, nor without such reasonable prices and hire as the ordinarie rates of the Countrie do afford. "What? That's total bullshit," President Magruder said, in attendance of the meeting. "The University can't afford to wait for some arrogant judge to say yay or nay before we commandeer the students' cattle for publique service." Magruder's objections were overruled by the vote of the commission, however.

If any man or woeman be a witch (that is hath or consulteth with a familiar spirit) they shall be put to death. "About time. No more clowning around now," observed Shelly Keane, an elderly man who has convinced himself that younger people are in a moral decline. "[The article] will put an end to that monkey business here and now," said the man, whose pants were on backwards.

The final article to be adopted passed quickly and without much discussion. It read, *If any man or woeman shall lye with any beaste or brute creature by Carnall Copulation, they shall surely be put to death. And the beast shall be slaine, and buried and not eaten.*

Many people turned to look at City Councilman Zach Blumens, 32, as this last article was declared. "Fuck all of you," Blumens said.

**THE MONITOR
WANTS FEATURES
WRITERS...
AND WHAT THE
MONITOR WANTS,
WELL, YOU KNOW
WHAT THAT MEANS**

Queen Astra



the Queen

*Let the
stars be your guide!*

Aquarius (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)

People constantly tell you that you remind them of Joey from N'Sync, though don't be fooled, that doesn't make you cool in any sense, it only means that in your circle of friends, you too are characterized as the "Fat One."

Virgo (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)

You going to find yourself facing theft, breaking and entering, and "being an absolute ridiculous person" charges after stealing four pigs and breaking into an ice skating rink to find out how independent a hog really is on ice.

Taurus (April 21-May 22)

The stars continually indicate that you are an ambitious, felicitous, wondrous, and fabulous person, but this only confuses you, as most people only describe you as pestiferous and gratuitous.

Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)

Maybe I am disgusting, but that gives you no right dammit, no fucking right!

Aries (March 21-April 20)

One of theses days you will have to accept the fact that it is your fate to be the guy who follows the horses in the parade.

Pices (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)

Naked is the man who steps outside without any clothes...

Sagittarius (Nov. 23-Dec. 21)

Your constant argument that people are always upset and annoyed by you because they do not understand your sense of humor is somewhat flawed: people understand your sense of humor, but it doesn't take a rocket scientist to understand sarcasm. The problem is that your sense of humor really isn't funny.

Gemini (May 23- June 21)

After a series of delightfully unexpected events, you will be befriended by the dreaded "I'm going to punch you in the back of the head and run like hell" bully, though you will find yourself disquieted when he dubs you the "I'm going to pee all over my hand and try to rub it all over you, but I am going to announce this fact ahead of time, giving you a chance to run like hell" bully.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 20)

What you thought would have been a passionate summer filled with love espionage turned out to be a humid, boring, sweaty summer filled mainly with ice cream and sticking your head in the freezer. Avoid the frozen foods section, buy more gadgets and try again next summer.

Cancer (June 22-July 24)

It is becoming increasingly clear to you that your boyfriend is probably gay, but look on the bright side, now you don't have to go to his mother's pumpkin carving party.

Leo (July 25-Aug. 23)

Your roles in *What's Eating Gilbert Grape?*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and your upcoming role in *Gangs of New York* will never alter the fact that you were on *Growing Pains*.

Libra (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)

Throughout the next week, you will encounter people who only support your theory that you are the only person in the Western Hemisphere who really appreciates what Flava Flav did for fashion.

R E V I E W S

monitor

Incubus circumvents conventionalism

Incubus

Sandstone Amphitheater
Review by | Josh Sissom

Brandon Boyd, Mike Einziger, Dirk Lance, Jose Pasillas and DJ Kilmore make up the rock band Incubus, a rising star in the music industry. They have a sound and style that's all their own, but according to Iamm Robinson of mtv.com, don't label it "New Rock." Incubus has toured with the likes of Korn and Limp Bizkit.

They're just a metal band, but their sound has matured and refined itself since the release of their break-through album, *Make Yourself*, which came out in 1999. Hit singles, "Pardon me," and "Drive," put Incubus on the map, but after two years and two million records, it was time for something new.

The guys rented a Malibu beach house, used their living room for a studio and cranked out their latest work, *Morning View*. The band believes that living together and jamming together on the beach is what refined their sound. It's not the conventional way of recording, but that's exactly what Boyd was after. He says in a bio, at www.enjoyincubus.com, that one of his main goals in music is to "circumvent the conventionalism," which is exactly what Incubus has done. Boyd goes on to say that he has always been fascinated by the eccentric.

In his quest to seek out these eccentric people and their actions, he was lead below the surface of everyday life. This is where he found his desire to make music and the people to help him. So, we know that Incubus is a charismatic group of guys, but what are they like live? Let's find out.

On their current tour, Incubus played at Sandstone Amphitheater in Kansas City. I got a chance to talk to someone who saw it. Kaleb Unger, a junior at the University, made the trip to KC. It was well worth it. As soon as the guys came out, everyone was on their feet; a capacity crowd.

"I stood the entire time," Kaleb said. The crowd was intense, and everyone sang every word. Every song had its own feeling and energy. "It was super tight!" Kaleb said.

There was a light show on a huge monitor behind the band, which coincided perfectly with each song. The band goofed around a little bit, too, busting out with an acoustic set and playing some Lionel Richy.

"It was just five guys doing what they love to do," Kaleb went on to tell me that of the 40 shows he had been to, this one was the best, "hands down."

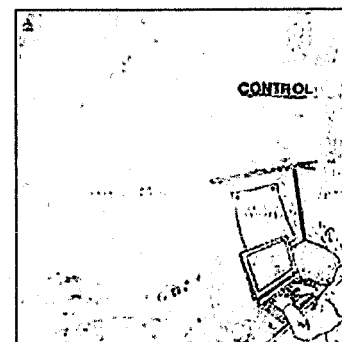
In the bio I mentioned earlier, Brandon Boyd said, "If two of you out there enjoy the new album as much as we did making it, then I'll feel like we've accomplished worlds." I would say that the guys have accomplished much more than that.

Pedro the Lion proves to be Christian rock's strongest voice

Pedro the Lion

control

Jade Tree Records



Review by | Chris Scott

"Wouldn't it be so wonderful if everything were meaningless, but everything is so meaningful, and most everything turns to shit. Rejoice."

With tough lyrics like that, it'd be hard to imagine that the band behind it is arguably the strongest voice in Christian rock to date. But it is. And not only that, but it is probably one of the best bands out there that you aren't listening to.

Pedro the Lion consists of singer/songwriter David Bazan, with the assistance of Seldom's Casey Foubert. The two succeed at breathing life into a genre of music that desperately needs it, by creating low-fi rock that's complex, heart-felt, and most importantly, relevant.

True, Christian rock does in fact suck. Though contrary to popular belief, not because of the subject matter, but rather the utter lack of talent present in so many Christian bands. For a genre of music that's content with relying on tired, trite, and shallow Bible Camp anthems, it's no wonder Christian rock will never really "take off" in the mainstream.

But fear not, believers. Pedro the Lion actually has something to say, and for all intended purposes, they say it quite deliberately, quite severely and quite beautifully.

Pedro the Lion's new release, *control*, like all of their albums, tells a story from beginning to end; this of a modern marriage doomed from the beginning.

The opener, "Options," finds the husband vowing to his wife "I could never divorce you/ Without a good reason/ And though I may never have to/ It's good to have options." Pedro the Lion cleverly weaves a gripping tale of infidelity, sin, and lies bound for certain tragedy.

For some, the story may be a little tough to swallow, the language a little rough; but the message is crystal clear: cheating is wrong, greed

is self-destructive, and losing sight of what's really important in life will inevitably fuck all of us over. Big time.

From a religious point of view, *control* is slightly more complex than Pedro the Lion's other albums. In fact, the first time Jesus is directly mentioned is during a particular climax in a cheap hotel room, further thickening an atmosphere of sin that encompasses all of *control*'s characters.

The songwriting itself is grainy and simple, rocking harder than their previous endeavors. At the same time, it is somewhat less accessible, making it nearly impossible for fans to accuse them of selling out. As a band, they come off sounding like a mellow indie-rock Radiohead.

The emotional one-two punch of "Magazine" and "Rehearsal" stand as Pedro the Lion's most stirring work yet. On "Magazine," Bazan croons in his baritone Eddie Vedder-esque voice "Oh look you earned your wings/ Are you an angel now, or a vulture?" highlighting the negative aspects of even the most innocent of God-given gifts.

This brings up the only negative aspect of *control*. Does Pedro the Lion ever see the lighter side of anything? Maybe not, but nevertheless one of Pedro the Lion's albums of gloom is a hundred times more meaningful than anything Christian rock has produced to date.

In actuality, Pedro the Lion does Christianity its greatest service through constructive criticism. Not so much criticism of Christianity itself, but rather our misconception of it. It's not Pedro the Lion's message that makes them so appealing; it's the fact that they don't beat you over the head with it.

For anyone willing to listen, there is a point embedded in the sin-centered stories, a point well worth listening to and one that is very much the foundation of Christianity; a point that is just as relevant now as it was two thousand years ago. Rejoice.

SOUND SHOPPE

112 S. Franklin
10 a.m. - 8 p.m. Mon-Sat
Noon - 5 p.m. Sun
665-2565

Your New & Used CD
Headquarters

TRADE 4 USED DVDS
FOR 1 NEW DVD UP TO
\$34.98

OR

TRADE 2 USED DVDS
FOR 1 NEW DVD UP TO
\$19.98

WE HAVE A HUGE CD AND DVD SELECTION!

GUESS WHAT..

THE MONITOR WANTS

REVIEW WRITERS TOO

Ivan Okay! gets funky in K-ville

September 27, 2002

Sweetwater Abilene & Ivan Okay!

The Aquadome

Review by I W. Aaron Wilson

On Friday, September 27, Jimmy Eat World played to a packed house at Pershing arena. Less than 24 hours later, Ivan Okay! (a.k.a. Ivan Klipstein) played to a somewhat smaller crowd that likewise packed the Aquadome. For those unimpressed by the pop-punk that rocked Pershing, the September 28 billing of Ivan Okay! and Sweetwater Abilene provided a refreshing change of pace.

Sweetwater Abilene opened the show. A band advertised as "the danciest garage rock from Hannibal Missouri," Sweetwater presented a more experimental side to the audience than they have on previous trips to Kirksville.

While the band still played their eclectic mix of rock, blues, and folk/country, they have made some major additions to their music. Most notable were the additions of eerie background vocals, a seething undertone of electronic blips and squeaks, and a truly piercing harmonica solo.

Sweetwater Abilene appeared to be in transition from its earlier musical style, and the new instrumentation didn't always work to their advantage. The electronic background especially seemed to distract from otherwise solid rock/blues tunes.

Despite the changes (and an amp tuned into a local oldies station), Sweetwater didn't fail to disappoint those looking for something a

little deviant from the mainstream, and didn't fail to get the crowd dancing. As far as dancy garage bands go, they certainly have no equal.

And if there was one act that they could open for that epitomized eclectic, deviant music, Ivan Okay! was it. Making his fifth appearance in Kirksville, Ivan Klipstein once again proved his unmatched talent as a performer.

Traveling from Madison, Wisconsin, the singer/songwriter/funky hip hop acoustic guitarist had the audience grooving to a mix of songs mostly drawn from his upcoming release *Cartoon Club*, and his previous release, *Lifestyles*.

At once personable and utterly focused on the music at hand, Ivan put on a mesmerizing performance that was followed by a string of successive encores, the most notable of which had people literally dancing in the street (much to the annoyance of passing traffic and the Kirksville Police Department).

Although with solo music such as Ivan's it is difficult to predict what live songs will sound like once recorded, he too has seemed to make a shift in his musical style. Many of the songs identified as coming from *Cartoon Club* seemed much tighter than Ivan's previous hip hop/folk rambles.

One, a song called "Rock Party," was composed on Ivan's last visit to Kirksville and aptly described the atmosphere of the show. Regardless of this slight change in song length, fans will probably find that when *Cartoon Club* is released, they will enjoy it as much or more than *Lifestyles*.

Overall, the Sweetwater Abilene/Ivan Okay! show was a huge success, and while it didn't have the drawing power of Jimmy Eat World, it still rocked just as hard.

Best movie ever made

Sweet Home Alabama

Dir. by Andy Tennant

Starring Reese Witherspoon

Review by I Chris Scott

Pulp Fiction. *Clockwork Orange*. *Evil Dead*. *Reservoir Dogs*. All of these films are infamous for their excessive violence, as well as artistic magnificence. And as of last weekend, there's a new film to add to the short list—the gut-wrenching *Sweet Home Alabama*.

Reese Witherspoon gives the performance of her career as Melanie, a hopeless romantic cocaine-addict, trying hard to make it in the fashion industry. Smitten over her fiancé, Andrew (Patrick Dempsey), Melanie witnesses a marriage proposal as her only chance to escape from her life-draining trap of drugs and promiscuous sex. However, one thing stands in the way: her husband, played magnificently by Josh Lucas, a depressed homophobe whose own tragic life seems bound for tragedy.

Melanie sets forth to seek a divorce from Jake, before the jealous and deceitful Andrew learns of her indiscretions. The story then shifts to the cultural landfill that is Alabama, setting a backdrop of despair and hopelessness.

Much like the 1997 film, *Boogie Nights*, director Andy Tennant succeeds at creating a cast of characters that are on the one hand completely despicable, yet you can't help but feel sympathetic for—in a sense creating a love/hate

relationship. It is Earl (Fred

Ward) and Pearl (Mary Kay Place) that ultimately steal the show as Melanie's strict, abusive parents.

In a chain of ultra-violent flashbacks, Tennant offers a glimpse into Melanie's past of domestic violence that in a way explains her drug habits and, at the same time, turns Melanie into a sympathetic character, as opposed to the one-dimensional drug abusing crack-whore she appears to be.

Candice Bergen rounds out the stellar cast as Kate, Andrew's mother. Her role as an aging prostitute, coming to terms with her tormenting past, stands as the highlight of her career, and gives her the chance of a lifetime to spread her acting wings.

As the characters weave in and out of each other's lives, Tennant casts a shadow of gloom and foreshadowing, leading to the tension-filled climax—a drug-induced shooting spree that will, quite simply, leave you breathless.

However, unlike some directors in this day and age, Tennant refuses to let his excessive use of violence overwhelm the film, but rather it is the characters, a cast that is hauntingly reminiscent of, say, *Requiem for a Dream*, that carry the movie, start to tragic finish. *Sweet Home Alabama*, a tale of lies, deception, and tragedy stands as a testament to everything that is wrong with modern day America, and just how desperate we all are for our own Sweet Home Alabama—a metaphorical state of redemption and salvation.

FIRST DVD ON MARS

<http://spacekids.hq.nasa.gov/2003/nameform.cfm>

Review by I Andrés Delgado

I almost don't want to review this web site for The Monitor, just because I don't want all of your scuzzy names to accompany mine to Mars. It kind of taints the experience for me. But we're short on material, so here we go:

<http://spacekids.hq.nasa.gov/2003/nameform.cfm>

is the URL for a page that allows you to add your name to over 2.8 million others that will be stored on DVDs and sent on the Mars Exploration Rover-2003 Mission. A pair of twin surface rovers will each place a DVD on the surface of Mars, and send pictures of it back home. This truly is a historic opportunity. History has brought us to the point where you can send a representation of yourself to rest on the Red Planet. If I were a chick, it would probably move me to tears. As it is, my manly chest is heavy with emotion. Deadline for submitting your name is November 15, 2002.

GATORLAND: THE WEBSITE

<http://www.gatorland.com>

Review by I Aaron Baker

Ever since I went to Florida last Christmas, my friends have all started to hate me. "Aaron," they say, "nobody gives a crap about stupid alligators." How wrong they are! I care about alligators! I can't stop thinking about my trip to Gatorland, Florida's best half day attraction...ever! And when I found out that there is a website and I can relive the action I thought you could only experience in person, I pooped my pants, literally! I can't get enough of this website! They have a Gatorcam that is updated constantly! And other kookie pictures of alligators doing what they do best...being alligators! I love this website! I recommend it to everyone I see, even strangers! I bet the Crocodile Hunter set this as his homepage! I don't blame him!

Jimmy eats world, University

September 26, 2002

Jimmy Eat World

Pershing Arena

Review by I Tim Linn

I hope Jimmy doesn't take offense at my referring to his music as "emo." Some bands try to hide it. But there's nothing wrong with emo; the guys tend to put on a heck of a show. Such is the case with Jimmy Eat World. I thought at first that the show would be disappointing; after all, these guys probably have to play tomorrow, too. I was swiftly corrected, as Jimmy proceeded to bring the damn roof down. But first I had to sit through the dreaded opening bands.

In this case they were Schatzi and Appleseed Cast, respectively. Schatzi mixed heavy rock riffs with, for the most part, slow-tempo songs, and the result left a little to be desired. It was like listening to the faster Weezer songs on valium. Appleseed Cast came next and, admittedly, all I really noticed about the band was that the lead singer looked like Jesus.

And then, ah, the sweet, accessible emo of Jimmy and his eating disorder. The band told the audience before the show that they were

playing a good mix of songs from all of their albums. Once again, playing the part of the cynical music critic, I didn't believe them.

I was quickly proven wrong, however, as soon as the band ripped into "Praise." They continued playing older songs intermittently throughout their set, with random spurts of *Bleed American*, and crowd couldn't have been happier.

In fact, "The Middle," probably their most popular song, was left until last. And then, for the sweat drenched encore (yeah, it was intense), the band slowed down the pace somewhat, before blowing the crowd completely away with "Sweetness." It was a lot like that tantric sex that Sting is always talking about. All in all, these guys knew how to work a crowd.

But not all was as grand as Jimmy's stage presence. I'd like to take issue with the SAB press pass. C'mon! I received zilcho privileges with it (aside from being granted the opportunity to copy the set list; yeah, they wouldn't even give me the actual paper).

The only pictures that could be taken were during the first three songs of each set. This was disappointing, especially because at the end of the show, Jimmy would probably have produced some dramatic, sweat drenched pictures.

So, Jimmy, from all of us here in Kirksville, "Y'all come back now, y'hear?"

[http://www.webstiterreviews.monitor]

Estimated 300,000 gather in UK to protest Iraq oil war

Story by | Larry Iles

Feet still aching from a nearly four hours' trot among masses of people and having conducted a careful taping of speakers from the march's final destination, Speaker's Corner in Hyde Park, as well as of ordinary folk, in interviews "for mid-west ears," as I told them, I pen this account of what even London's traditionally skeptical police admit, at 150,000 strong (their estimate; I'd say 275,000 to 300,000 at minimum), to have been the biggest British peacetime anti-war demonstration in history, last Saturday afternoon.

It was, as Wordsworth and Dickens have put it in speaking of the French revolution of 1789, all of "bliss" and "the best" and "the worst" of times to be alive! After all, there we were, from all the big cities of Europe and tiny semi-rural seaside towns like my Sussex own, en masse.

There to say, "NOT IN OUR NAME," as hundreds chanted or poster-placarded to our dumb, macho-boy leaders' intended aggression against an already starved and basic-defense-weapon-destroyed Iraq. Proud; as we know public democratic opinion is in our favor, with clear majorities of both UK and even US public opinion saying that only with the fig-leaf approval of the UN will they countenance this needless oil-grab war. A war to keep Saddam's contracts from going to Russia and France rather than Bush's "terroristically" imperiling friends, Exxon and the Saudis! Frustrated; because we know Bush and Blair are, anyway and despite us, going to flout Article 2 of UN charter law regardless. Flout it by attacking this ancient civil-

ization, and flout it in the shape of the awful Donald Rumsfeld, US millionaire defense secretary. Flout Germans and others who act impertinently "UNHELPPFUL." Unhelpful, that is, when their voters democratically elect anti-war leaders like Socialist Schroeder and Green Fischer, as they have just done an in incredibly brave snub to US imperialism, and gloriously so!

But march on we did, wholly veiled young Muslim women shouting at your president "Daddy was a killer too!" Mosques with more elderly immans more quietly refraining "Bush and Blair are murderers." And a gorgeous middle class "White" ladies choir, on the outskirts of Big Ben, who sang for my tape a rumble of "Listen to the Drums of War" and Christian anti-war songs including Martin Luther King, Jr.'s "We Shall Overcome."

On we went, up past Whitehall - wilder and more athletic spirits than myself rudely commandeering statue horses to parade anti-war slogans on this and that forgotten nineteenth century imperialist UK general: in dead empire. US tourists scattering, or joining us if not yet too bored and bought-off in the jaded ennui that living in the States can easily breed in sheer, fat, unquestioning laziness!

Finally, we reached a packed, well-ordered Hyde Park. There, in spite of a hovering police helicopter's best attempts to drown him out, my acquaintance Ken Livingstone, London's mayor, delivered his protest oratory on behalf of "all the London soldiers about to Iraq-invasion die!" Flinging myself to a coffee stand, I thrust up my tape to hear Australian anti-war

journalist, John Pilger rail against "the suffering" the two B's are about, the suffering their impersonal stealth bombers about to inflict on Baghdad, whose theaters are even now full of wry comedies about war - a nation ready for the nightmares to come!

As he left, I recognized a not-very-radical old tutor of mine, a Royal biographer no less, even there, head nodding slowly in agreement with Pilger's parting assertion: we the protesters are "The Moderates now!" While other speakers, on a giant TV screen, more fiercely denounced "US/UK hypocrisy" in letting Israel's murderous Sharon get arms from us to flout just as many UN resolutions as Saddam! Much oratory ending with Scott Ritter of the US, the former UN inspector, just back from Iraq, who pointed out that this war "would not be worth the blood of one US/UK soldier or any of Iraq's further assaulted 23 million people (only 1 million of whom are in Saddam's Imperial Guard)."

Me? I could not help reflecting how the ghost of Richard Nixon must be nastily chuckling. That disgraceful burglar and smearer-in-personal-attacks of all who opposed his "Red Scare," rise spent the last years of his still-momentarily-profitable life persuading Rumsfeld et al that "Islam" was the next "ism" to frighten people into war again. To motivate them in ill-feeling against the world's poor but resource-rich. By God, but not Allah, didn't the wicked old Quaker oath-liar succeed, thanks to dumbed-down US TV!





CUSTOM MUFFLER

of Kirksville

Complete Automotive Repair

exhaust	brakes	front end
converters	brake hoses	axle bearings & seals
custom dual exhaust	complete brakes	ball joints
exhaust pipes	drums and rotors	CV boots & axles
flex pipes	pack bearings	rack & pinion
lifetime warranty mufflers	wheel bearings	shocks & struts
tailpipes	wheel cylinders	tie rods

10% off for students and faculty w/ ID

Full A/C Service* Batteries* Computerized Alignment* Tire Balancing, Rotation, & Sales*
State Inspections

SAME DAY SERVICE ON MOST REPAIRS

"OPEN SATURDAYS FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE"

tow service available

no appointment required for exhaust services

VISA
MASTERCARD
DISCOVER
AMERICAN EXPRESS
ATM
and DEBIT
CARDS ACCEPTED

665-1411

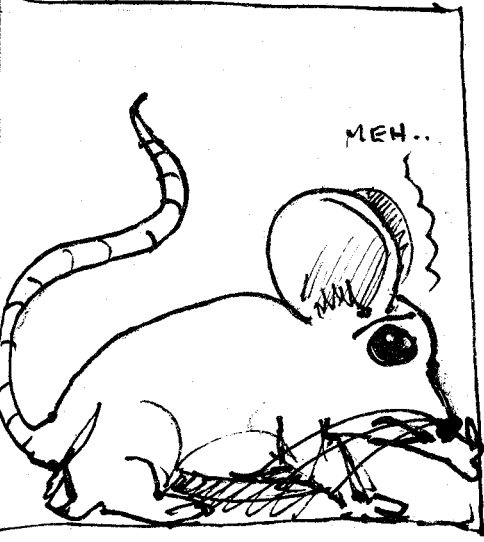
1901 N. Baltimore

Kirksville, MO

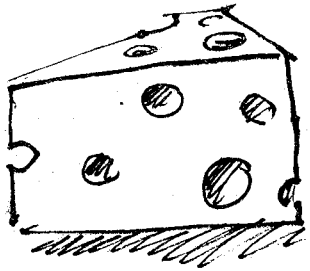
Monday thru Friday
7:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.
Saturday 8 a.m. to 2 p.m.

NEXT
TO
WENDY'S

MOUSE + CHEESE

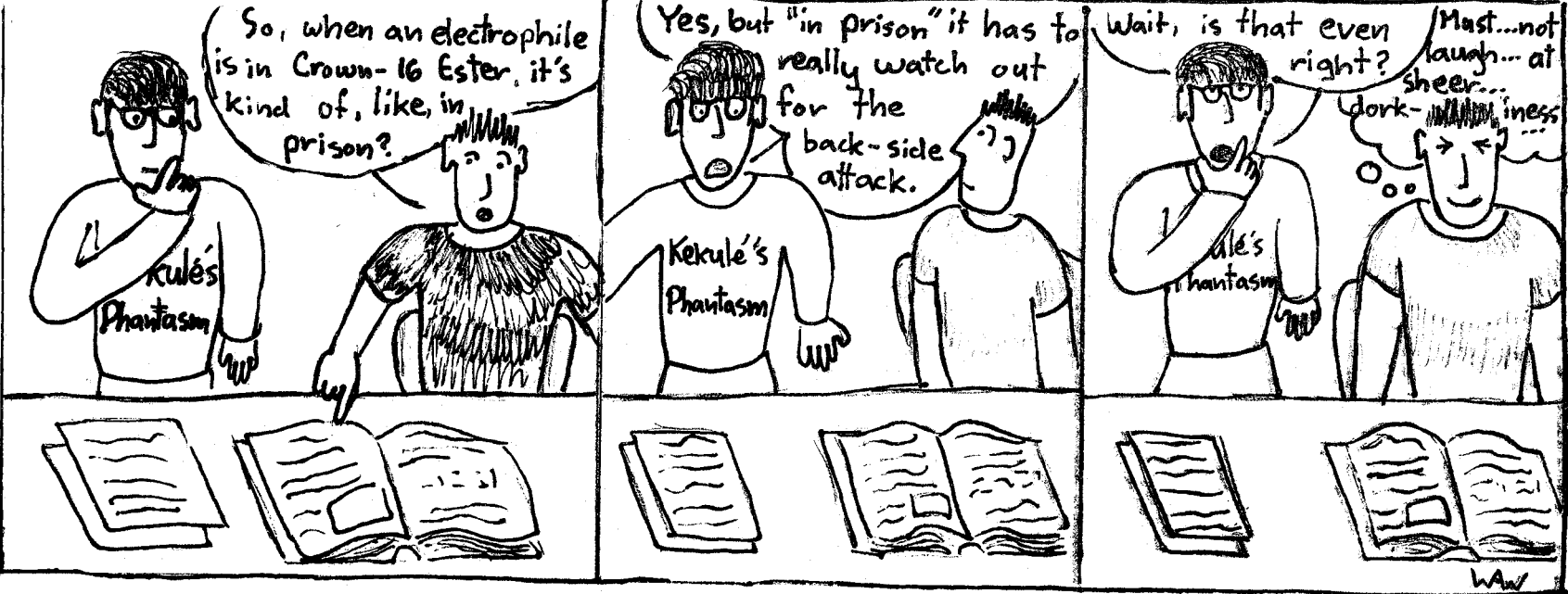


Heh Heh - woops!
Cheese don't talk.

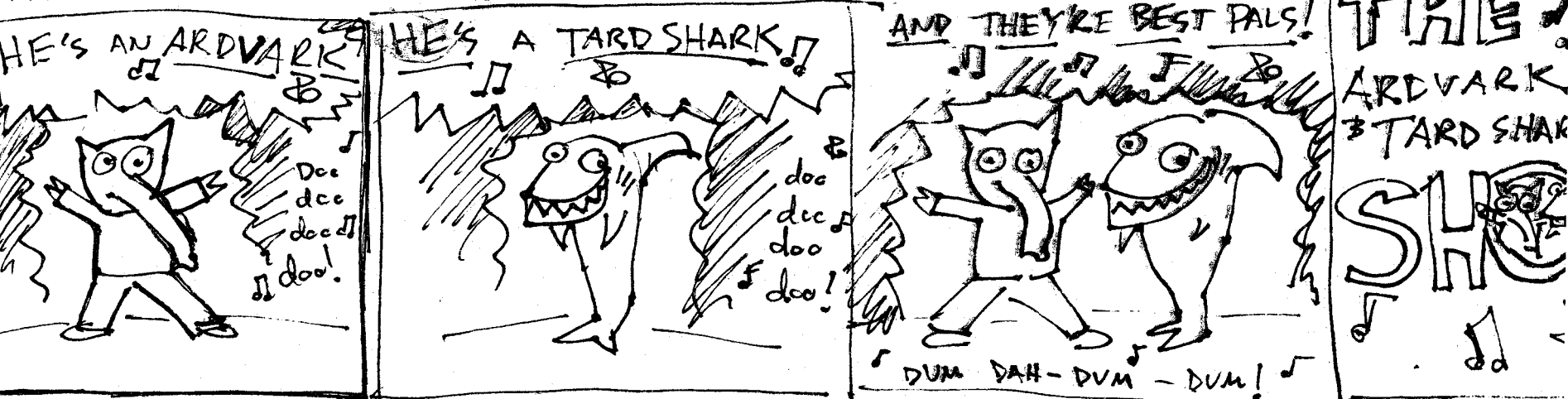


Joe
Moccia

Comics For Chemists



ARDVARK AND TARD SHARK



My Back Pages...

Your presence
Has made all the difference
These memories
Flood my mind as tears stream down

My babble
To which you have always listened
Your knowledge
Given to me opened the world

The music
Produced from that man in the crowd
Is what fills
The room and my heart joyfully

Yes, you had
Hardships to face, riddles to solve
It was I
Who listened, tried to understand
Strong feelings
Passed to me created my sight

Years go by
Rarely do we speak or pass time
Caused simply
By distance, needing to explore
On my own
I see your face and hear your words

I do miss
Your excitement of summer games
The pleasure
Of sitting next to you each night
Your kisses
Holding hands and exchanging dreams

Let's go back
When it was uncomplicated
Unlike now
Life has caught up to both of us
But do know
You live on in me forever

Glowing flaxon aura halo
reigns its nourishing drops
down creamy silken shoulders
slendered in perfection
possessed casually.

-me

It Was Just a Feeling

Where have all the twinkies gone?
Long time passing
Where have all the twinkies gone?
Long time ago
Scraped my wrappers, nothing left
All the stores are closed
Hopeless calls at 1 a.m.
No one knows nothing
Billboards haunting my dreams
Door to door, No score
Hurts to the core

Fuck you DEA!

-A Hostess Fiend

Some may call this a conflict of interest but in about three weeks on Wednesday, October 29 there will be a revolutionary Open Space/Poetry Slam/Sorta Thing at the Washington St. Java Co. starting at nine o'clock and hopefully going til eleven. Updates in upcoming issues, but you should go, bring a friend and creative work to share. No microphones, they weird me out. Maybe you could practice by sending any of your creative writings to countzachula@hotmail.com or dropping hard copies in the Monitor mailbox in the CAOC (basement of the SUB). Holler if ya hear me! zach

Me Tangenting About the Modeling Industry

I was in the shower the other day
thinking about reincarnation
and the human population explosion
wondering where all the new souls
for all these new humans were coming from
and it occurred to me that there is this parallel
spiritual universe and just like our universe
matter cannot be created or destroyed
so it's impossible that new souls have been
created for human beings. We have merely
taken over the souls of eradicated species.
What are most humans anyways? Are we
anymore than flightless dodos with huge
complex egos and cooking utensils
and bulldozers and rocket launchers?

No. And it's not that I dislike dodos, either.
But hopefully soon there will be nothing left
but humans to fill up the souls
and we'll all have our sterile-ass
medicated version of heaven
and then we'll all melt
and we can try this again
from the top.

-zach

Naked and Hungry

Americans misconstrue conceptions of identity
as displaced natives fall through continental cracks
in gravitational space, sun seerin this place like a
cactus while capital conceptions mean much money
getting. One race, a rat race, just chasin after pellets
fed down from appellates enforcing unnatural law, why
these crimes against nature must be one cultures flaw.
to conquer and rule? these confounded fools flaunt power
posing as gainful employment and strange T.V. noises.
Their status is stacked in racks toward the stratosphere
with fire and brimstonings dragging their lavish fears
and clearing the brushfire with briars and thorns
these scornfilled door-morguers beseech this oak throne
laid down in distasteful unrest. A life lived in vein.
A wave with no crest.

-Guess