

the monitor.

truman state university's only source for thorough coverage
of community issues, student affairs, politics and culture

volume 9
issue 2

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used to be good?
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Missouri lawmakers override vetoes, legalize concealed weapons

Story by I Cameron Moore

Two vetoes were overridden last week in the Missouri Senate, allowing controversial laws to go into effect.

Gov. Bob Holden originally vetoed the two bills, HB349, which allows for concealed guns to be carried in Missouri, and HB156, which requires women seeking abortion to wait 24 hours after talking to a doctor to have an abortion.

Because of a law passed earlier this year, there will now be a 30-day delay before the laws are enacted. Overridden vetoes would previously have gone into effect immediately.

After the 30 day delay, applications for a permit to carry a concealed weapon will become available. Permits will be issued to those who complete a gun training course, pay a \$100 and pass a background check.

Concealed weapons will be prohibited in police stations, polling places, prisons, jails, courtrooms, airports, hospitals, and stadiums with a capacity over 5,000.

Gov. Holden's veto of the bills was overridden with a Senate vote of 23-10, while the abortion bill was overridden 25-8. The

Prop B

Minimum Age for
permit: 21

Required:
12 hours training
\$80 fee
background check

Public inspection
of records of
permit holders
allowed

New Law

Minimum Age for
permit: 23

Required:
8 hours training
\$100 fee
background check

Records closed

source: St. Louis Post Dispatch

Senate also voted 23-10 to override Holden's veto to a bill that would protect gun makers from lawsuits.

Proposition B, a similar, but less restrictive according to Holden, concealed weapons bill, was defeated four years ago by Missouri voters. That proposition, which was on the ballot on April 6, 1999, was voted down 52 percent to 48 percent.

Senate Majority Leader Mike Gibbons,

R-Kirkwood, said "I'm doing the right thing for the people I serve" after voting "yes" to override Holden's veto.

Proposition B was defeated with 70 percent of the voters in St. Louis County voting against, including in Gibbons' district.

The abortion law will take effect along with the concealed weapon law on October 11. It will require women considering an abortion to wait 24 hours after speaking with a doctor about risks associated with the procedure. Both the woman and the doctor will now have to sign a statement that the woman was informed of all physical and psychological risks of abortion, and the woman will also have to agree that she was not in any way coerced into the decision.

Similar laws exist in 21 states across the US, and Missouri's law is modeled after legislation that has been upheld by the US Supreme Court.

Holden is now the fourth Missouri governor in over 50 years to have a veto overridden, and the first to have it happen twice.

All information contained in this article was gathered from the Sept. 12, 13, 14, 15 and 16 issues of the St. Louis Post Dispatch

monitor newswire

compiled by Nicole Rainey

Cancun

Last week, the World Trade Organization attempted to meet in Cancun, Mexico. Their efforts were thwarted in part by a massive protest composed of campesinos, students, international activists, NGOs, and a strong contingent of the Mayan Gods and Goddesses (in the form of giant puppets.) The collapse of the talks was a dilapidating blow to the WTO and officials are claiming that negotiations have been set back 2 years. Developing countries are considering the collapse of the talks a victory against oppressive Western Money.

(Starhawk, cnn.com)

Estonia, Lithuania, Malta, Poland, Slovenia, & Slovakia...

officially joined the EU last weekend! Shit howdy! In celebration, there will be borsht at both Monitor meetings next week. (Tuesday & Thursday in Baldwin 346 @9:00!)

(bbc.com)

Israel

In an interview Sunday, the Deputy Prime Minister of Israel, Ehud Olmert, publicly stated that the state's intention to possibly kill Yasser Arafat. Olmert explained, "his

expulsion is an option, his liquidation is another option. It is also possible to confine him to prison-like conditions." Palestinians turned out in the thousands in the West Bank to support their leader. Olmert's statement has been condemned by many countries including: Iran, Syria, the EU, and the United States.

(bbc.com)

Paris

Monday afternoon, Yoko Ono ended up completely nude on a Paris stage. For the opening of her one-woman show, "Cut-Piece," the 70 year old avant-garde artist allowed spectators to remove pieces of her clothes. Ono stated: "come and cut a piece of my clothing wherever you like — the size of less than a postcard — and send it to the one you love." It just never gets old, does it Yoko?

(Reuters)

San Francisco

Last weekend, Nike agreed to pay 1.5 million dollars to settle a claim held against them by Marc Kasky, an activist with the monitoring group Fair Labor Association (FLA). Kasky sued the corporation in 1998 under California's Truth-In-Advertising Laws, claiming Nike's public relations campaigns dealing with the treatment of their Vietnamese, Chinese, and In-

donesian workers were wildly misleading. Nike claimed that their statements were protected speech. The California Supreme Court sided with Kasky.

Kasky will give the money to the FLA to help better worker's conditions, and for further corporate monitoring. The FLA was hoping the US Supreme Court would accept the case and rule against Nike, but the court remained stodgy and would not touch the case. This means that you are STILL a poseur if you continue to wear your new Nike-made Chuck Taylors. Just give it up, friends.

(bbc.com and fairlabor.org)

Vera Cruz, Mexico

September 12, two Greenpeace activists bodily stopped a ship carrying 40,000 tons of genetically modified (GM) corn into Mexico. Following this act of resistance, Mexico's government ratified the Cartagena Protocol on Biosafety, asserting their right to safeguard their countries against augmented crops that pose risks to biodiversity, human health, and the environment. So, write a letter to Sodexho saying: "If genetically modified food ain't good enough for the Mexican government, than it ain't good enough for us!"

(Greenpeace press release
commondreams.org)

The Monitor

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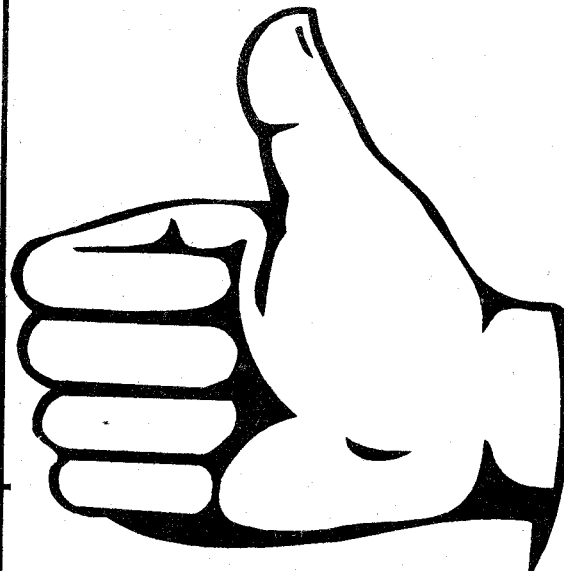
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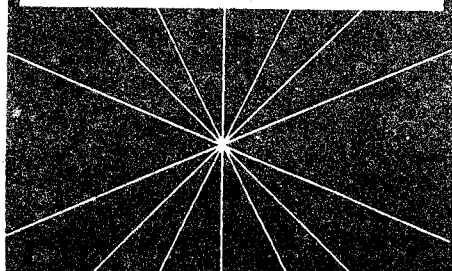
The Monitor Campus Collective unless otherwise noted.

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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



monitor

LETTERS

Got something to say? Write a letter to *The Monitor*. Send complaints or praise to *The Monitor* mailbox in the CSI, or email us at monitortrm@hotmail.com. Letters may be edited for length.

Is Dixon Hobbled?

Dear Monitor,

Has she been "HOBBLED" I muttered, at various times, to good old friends like the inimitable and perennial council (KIRKSVILLE) candidate Sterling Ruddy in recent library encounter with the battler-extraordinaire, Korean war vet, and don't you ever, forget!! But What's hobbled mean: they, to a USA woman and man rejoinder, which put me in my Brit what-the-hell-am-I doing-here-with-these-Flintstones, temporarily, depression mood? So for those of you not even slightly "hobbit" Europeanized in the context I was bleeding them about, I mean! Has Totally Stupid University's very first woman PRESIDENT OUR NEW DIXON OF BOBBY GREEN, to adapt the famous BBC first police TV drama, already, fallen into the status-quo traps? The departing "THE MAN" and his administration over-paid but. Abiding fatso, flunkies have, none too astute brightly, laid for her first, full semester office start?

This, I trust fleetingly, despair feeling was brought on by several ominous signs which braver TSU students faculty, staff and community encounter. First, was the ungainly sight of two SUB elderly officials speaking at decibel levels, heights of over-audibility, near the entrance portals BEFORE Joan of Dixon herself arrived in July! Not making too clear "who" they wanted us, passers-by, to identify, these

two were in full verbal flight: "But does "she understand our culture?" I mean is it even possible given where she comes from? "I dared not stop: to tell them to "can-it-all guys" at least publicly, as their overpaid paranoia was not only grossly unprofessional, but insulting to the students who forced "her" choice on grounds as Spring 2003 even the INDEX didn't conceal! She proposed to halt TSU's chronic "poor retention" enrollment after each freshman year!

But just as I was hoping this was an isolated "grouse" incident whilst you MONITOR types were all conveniently away, lo and behold "the Man" sent around to all and sundry a final circular before the final celebrations for his departure! That, in-alleged consultation with his successor, they wanted these then-listed TSU dean and such like appointments! Now veteran MONITOR readers know that since DISGRACEFULLY 90% plus existing appointments are MALE at a university over 60% of whom YOU are Women, what this means, disastrously! Before Dixon even starts to see you as is already her wont in dining with we ordinary folks. Sure enough, already disastrous enforced "resignations" and cuts in the wrong non-male, fatso areas in bad news have started to afflict your 2003-4 education. You will be able to work them out yourselves. BUT LET ME CITE JUST COLLECTIVE "ONE" WHICH CANNOT BE COVERED-UP, BY MALE PARASITICAL DIVISION HEADS, WHO DO ZILCH TEACHING WHILE PREACHING FEE-RAISES AND

"SACRAFICE" ON MANIPULATED AND LIED-TO YOU!!

The fact is: that French has now joined the two other large Language sections, DLL, of Herr HWS empire, in Spanish and German, in being wickedly deprived of what YOU DO need for a globally competitive world. That, contrary to some fools, will not necessarily speak English for you or fight insane wars either, obligingly for gas-guzzling racists! IN SHORT: FRENCH, NO LONGER, HAS ANY FOREIGN- BORN, ONE-YEAR NATIVE LANGUAGE SPEAKERS AND HAS TRAGICALLY AND SEXISTLY LOST THE SERVICES OF TWO WOMEN ASSOCIATE PROFESSORS TO EXHAUSTION AND MISMANAGEMENT PRESSURES. That made neither feel happy, anymore, despite being outstanding, student-friendly teachers, alike. Meantime, good female language professors and instructoress types who I will gladly name Davis, Piper, McClain struggle on. Into, too often, the wee hours: to give you the honest, tough instruction you world economy-class future job need. While, note, all the time, having to put up with some lazybones who can be seen wasting away the hours every refectory morning on "power-politics?" Shouldn't the last be the ones whose salaries are "cut" in time of state-budget "crisis," Dr. Dixon? Or have not they told you: that students en masse who are TSU's finest leave here as WOMEN in droves at the end of each year in lost revenue? Because they have had ENOUGH of these injustices by the fatso, good-ole-white-boy

clagues in TSU that you must challenge more than "the MAN" ever could. If new entities like UMC are not to always swamp-out the decline built into the (bad) management practices by TSU Divisional excrescences!

In conclusion, then freshmen TSU types as veterans will soon tell you, thanks to the monthly Monitor's penchant for tres honete candor, "welcome," to a place at times too repressively too smug male and quiet! Because, helas, a tiny few like it that way. But good Dr. Dixon be wary, there really is no satisfying the old-guard as the only other "outsider", Dr. Warren, whose ever been permitted by them to be a President found out: to his short-lived, and resigning, own cost, from here. ONCE YOU DO WHAT THEY WANT, THEY NEVER STOP! In the long run, it matters sadly little in the sick pot-bellied lives of the claue if by 2203 AD there is no TSU left as by then they will long be themselves loot-nicely gone. But more hopefully, even for an "outsider" president, achievement is attainable, as African Americans presence on our campus shows in radicalizing zest today thanks to Warren's recruitment. Nevermind, this town being a sinisterly male chauvinist lingeringly Confederate racist battle "sight" and TSU Governor's Board corporate meetings having excessive "expenses" etcetera you REALLY ought to fat-cut, My DEAR LADY! Be a progressive New Yorker Woman Self if you can, Luv!!

Sincerely, Larry Iles (AM, MA, BA, PGCE, ABD) State Chair,
Socialist Party USA (Lafayette Sq. NY)



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September 11 thug coup

Opinion by | Dr. Marc Becker

On the morning of Tuesday, September 11, the first rocket slammed into the presidential palace. And then another. And another. Another. The building burst into flames and crumbled to the ground.

By the time the smoke had cleared, over 3000 people were dead and more were missing. The president was dead, and with him died our hopes and dreams for a better future. Salvador Allende had been elected president of the South American country of Chile in 1970 on a platform of using Chile's rich natural resources to alleviate the deep and persistent poverty that plagued the country's poor worker and peasant majority. Under his government, worker income rose, unemployment fell, and people gained access to education and health care.

The novel idea of using the country's copper mines and other resources to benefit the local population rather than to line the pockets of wealthy multinational corporations did not go over well with another president of richer and more powerful country.

"That SOB! That SOB!" Richard M. Nixon shouted as he pounded his desk. "I don't see why we need to stand by and watch a country go communist due to the irresponsibility of its own people," Henry Kissinger, his Assistant for National Security Affairs, stated. Kissinger warned that the U.S. would not be bound by pieces of paper cast into a ballot box in a faraway land. "Make the economy scream," CIA Director Richard Helms simply noted on his pad of paper.

Nixon engaged in a variety of tactics to subvert the democratic will of the Chilean people, but they all failed, and Allende's socialist government grew in popularity. Kissinger

advocated a military coup to remove the government, something that was unheard of among Chileans who were deeply proud of their long and solid democratic tradition.

But finally on that dreadful Tuesday, September 11, 1973, Washington gained its wish with Augusto Pinochet's bloody coup that abolished Chile's congress, supreme court, and other instruments of constitutional governance. Far from being a force for peace, democracy, and civility in the world, the White House demonstrated that it ruled at the behest of corporate capitalism that always places profit over people.

The dark mark of September 11 that demonstrates the role of the U.S. government as one of the primary terrorist forces at play in the world is not distant history. Last year, on April 11, 2002, conservative business leaders led an attempted coup to remove Hugo Chavez from the presidency of Venezuela after he used the country's rich oil reserves to fund education, health care, and land reform programs. Within days, an unprecedented wave of popular support placed Chavez back into power. Rather than denouncing this extra-constitutional power grab as required by the Organization of American States, *The Observer* in London reported that senior officials in the U.S. government were not only aware the coup was about to take place but also had sanctioned it. Statements from the Bush administration indicated that it would support democratic and constitutional systems only when it serves their own imperial purposes.

Peace, prosperity, and democracy will not flourish in our world until we rid ourselves of the thugs who have taken over our government and are using it to rule in their own selfish economic interests. That is the task that faces all decent and civilized people.

Iraqis have not been freed

Opinion by | Chris Scheets

On May 1, 2003 George W. Bush lied to the world, again. This time, his statements were not concerning attempts by Saddam Hussein to obtain uranium for nuclear weapons, or even of the imminent threat posed by Iraq's weapons of mass destruction. No, this time Bush lied by claiming that the war in Iraq is over. By simply reading the daily news it is easy to see that this is a bold faced lie. No evidence proving the existence of weapons of mass destruction has been produced, Saddam Hussein has not been captured, and most importantly fighting between U.S. occupation forces and Iraqi freedom fighters is still taking place.

In fact, more U.S. troops have died in the occupation of Iraq than did in the entire invasion. With 139 troops dead during the "peaceful" occupation, many from "non-conflict gunshot wounds," compared to 138 dead during the invasion, it is becoming all too clear that the war in Iraq is not over.

These numbers also indicate that despite the efforts of the U.S. military, Iraqi resistance to the occupation is growing. Recently, Bush stated that Iraqis resisting the U.S. occupation are "terrorists" trying to "undermine the advance of freedom." However, what Mr. Bush does not understand is that freedom is something that is inherent in all people. Freedom can not be given; it can only be taken away. And when that happens, it is the duty of the people to fight, with their lives if necessary, to get it

back. I'm not claiming that the Iraqi people enjoyed any semblance of freedom under Saddam's dictatorship, but they are certainly not free under the rule of a military government.

This is clearly shown by the fact that four million people in Iraq are being kept out of work by the new military regime and its corporate counterparts. Some of those four million unemployed workers have organized themselves by creating the Union of the Unemployed. However, the union's protest actions have been deemed illegal by the occupation government. Union members were recently arrested for protesting the treatment of unemployed Iraqis by occupation forces and the policy of giving rebuilding contracts to U.S. corporations that don't hire Iraqis. This is a blatant attack against the Iraqi people's right to free speech and free assembly.

By conducting hundreds of raids into Iraqi homes and detaining over a thousand Iraqis, the occupation forces are only serving to further alienate the Iraqi people and add to the atmosphere of hostility in the Middle East. By attempting to cover the Iraqi resistance with the blanket of terrorism, Bush is trying to redefine what words mean. Freedom is not being forced at gun point to live under an oppressive system. Terrorism is not fighting for basic human rights.

Orwell was right; he was just twenty years too early.

Temper faith with doubt

Opinion by | Jon Lawinger

Knock, knock. "Hello my friend. I'm sorry to bother you at home but I have a quick and easy question for you. Are you saved? Your hesitation tells me that you surely have yet to discover the awe and wonder of our Lord Jesus Christ, whose blood has opened the gates of Heaven to you if you merely repent from your sinful ways and accept him as your savior. Surely you have not, for if you had when I asked you if you were saved you'd have shouted, 'AMEN MY BROTHER I AM SAVED!' But it's not too late to save yourself from eternal damnation." Slam.

Along with most people, I'm not fond of these kinds of encounters. But when it comes to religious fanatics, most people will agree; their actions are unacceptable, but you have to admire such strong faith. My problem is that by that logic I can't really condemn their actions either. I mean, if I truly, honestly, and completely believed that those who are saved will be taken by God to live with Him in eternal bliss while the rest are eternally tormented, I don't see how I could justify not spending every waking minute trying to shift human tally marks from the eternal damnation side over to the perpetual bliss column.

But there's an even simpler factor to consider here. If you really believe in an absolute and perfect God, and you are willing to invest complete faith in that God, whatever you believe God wants you to do is beyond question. If you have faith and you believe God wants you to go door to door convincing people to follow Him, you do it. If you have faith and you believe God wants you to sacrifice your son, like the God of the Bible tells Abraham to do, you do it. Or at least you do it until God lets you in on the fact that it was just a big test. If you have faith and you believe God wants

you to destroy the city of Jericho and kill every man, woman, and child in that city (but keep the gold and silver for Him), like the God of the Bible commanded Joshua to do, you do it. Then you do it over and over again to nine more cities, hunting down any who try to escape so that not a single survivor remains. If you have faith, there are no questions to be asked and there are no other actions to consider, unless you think your wishes and decisions are better than God's.

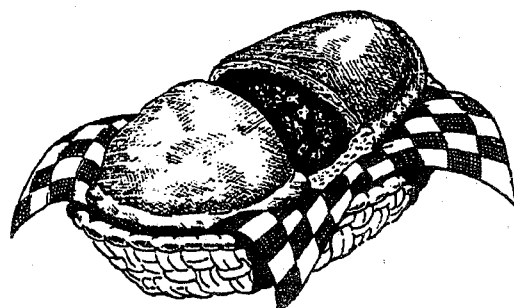
So it shouldn't be hard to understand, as I write this on the two year anniversary of the September 11th terrorist attacks, that if you have faith, and you believe that God wants you to hijack an airplane and fly it into a skyscraper, you do it. Why do you do it? Because you have faith. And as long as we go on believing that complete faith is an admirable trait, we have no grounds to oppose the actions that are based upon it.

Faith is a necessity of life. We cannot be entirely sure of anything based purely on personal observation, so we must make decisions in part based on faith. However, the commonly held belief that faith is an ideal trait, which we should aspire to the highest possible degree of, is, as shown by the examples above, an irresponsible and potentially dangerous belief. The solution to this problem is doubt. While elevating doubt to the current status of faith would plunge us into a sea of paranoia and ignorance, a lesser degree would be highly beneficial. I encourage you to give doubt and faith equal roles in your life, in order to maintain a proper balance. This greater acceptance and encouragement of moderate doubt would save us from allowing our decisions to be controlled by our inevitably flawed interpretations of God's wishes.



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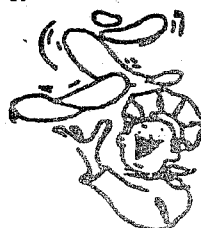
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Two UK books to read

Opinion by I Larry Iles

While pondering over the more obscure items on the reading lists that your usually too-conservative male TSU professors assign you, it will occur to you that a book interpretation is as much an exercise in opinion by a reviewer, YOU, on the subject or topic at hand as by the original author. These two books in their unaltered American versions just out this year almost inevitably demand such a personal response, as both these works are written in a way insistent on agreeing with their premises or views of the very facts in the first place. They are *Free Radical*; *New Century Essays* by Tony Benn, Continuum books, New York, 2003, a reworked compendium of columns he writes weekly for Britain's *The Morning Star*, newspaper of the Left, and Peter Stothard's *Thirty Days*; *History and Tony Blair*, Harper-Neilsen books, New York, 2003, a reworked diary of access he was allowed to make by observation of the Blair and Bush portals of power as they started the now ongoing and UN illegal occupation war of Iraq.

Of the two authors, the book really worth reading, in my own sympathetic opinion (I am, as he is, an active and published member of the UK Labour party), in honest bias, is that of former Cabinet minister Benn. This is his first "reflective" work since his voluntary retirement from Parliament before the 2001 general election that saw Blair returned to a second term of Socialist governance. Indeed, even his internal arch enemy Blair gave tribute to Benn for his Labour movement "principles" before the House of Commons on that retirement day, despite their "presentational" skills differences. For sure, Benn distills in this work many of the themes that those of us who have worked with him realise to be his passionate causes, from abolition of the House of Lords and the war-making prerogatives of the Crown, to workers' needs for a statutory warning, French-style, if their stock-bloated administrators budget-cut them off the payroll in arbitrary USA-copycat ruthlessness. Not for naught, were they in sheer experience alert to our hard lives, Benn's personal ancestors, strong-conviction Liberal and Labour MP's [members of Parliament -Eds.], and peers. And by contrast Blair's own ancestors were only rootless but comfortably rich lawyers who were, as Blair was in youth, openly Tories, in greedy over-ambition, in egotistical inexperience, and lack of real history and genuine progressive pedigree.

Yet "Bennery," as his critics often dubbed his philosophy at his highest period of ascendancy in our Labour movement, chronologically, that of 1980s and early 1990s, period of Thatcher-Reagan domination of transatlantic actual power rule for the male white rich few elites, is now 2003 version revealed to be at base a lot more about ethical socialism than over-clashing semi-Marxism. However, rightly Benn never repudiates the truth Karl still teaches us about how money tyranny will always win out cruelly and sexistly if you give too much power in budget crises to a few bloated executives. Indeed, such is the elder Benn's mildness that he dares to argue at one point for only selective strikes that will aid workers in winning media and public sympathy, not alienate it. For exemplification, if your teachers just cannot endure their poor pay, yet get deposited on them by their boss "extra marking loads," and so strike in protest, Benn NOW says don't hit the job-dependent graduate classes exams but even allocate worker extra tuition to them, as they don't deserve your hit.

Pity, Tony, this reader feels that you could not get yourself reincarnated back at the

time of the coal miners' strikes we both in our more youthful incarnations supported. This would have told one of their leaders to have gotten a strike ballot first before the 'yes'-still-justified-fight against the bitchy regime of Thatcher cuts back in the time of real crucial struggle, then. But, Tony Benn, as Alec Guinness or Richard Harris-style Marcus Aurelius with his soothing "meditations" seen in films on the Roman Empire, becomes more comprehensible and appealing too, not only when you realise the comradeship of proven struggle from which he speaks. But he is now also a hit with the radical UK middle classes reminiscent of Charles Dickens' theatre audiences to whom he gives raconteur talks - performances to add to his pension nowadays.

North American readers might marvel, too, given how your poor male teachers and TV types portray all socialists as destructive, crazed demons, how Benn's essays reveal he constructively knows so much about our fights over here in the USA for even basic dignity and a hearing opportunity. Well it is not just because, as he boasts, he as a technology wizard built LONDON'S magnificent spiral post office tower as a 1960s swinging era minister and knows today's internet etcetera types better than my MONITOR colleagues. It's also because until she went tragically of cancer, he was progressively married to the US radical educationalist and historical biographer like myself, Caroline. Indeed, bigots here should note that despite being UK based, she never forfeited her U.S.-own Penn State, Quaker citizenship and yet still was equally involved in every struggle and fight for the underdog back here and abroad, despite great family wealth, herself in no apparent need to be so self-appointed. This is a fact, of course, which progressive religions like Hinduism have long authenticated.

All of which happy analysis brings me to the Stothard tome, in favor of the other Tony, often characterised by comedians at U.K.-home as a saint in his own fawner's eyes. Sure enough, out of the two books this is the one the US establishment wants you to more expensively read, with Chicago's Borders Store front-shelfing it when I first, easily, digested it - as in reality it's so flimsy and sensationalistic. We, to Benn principled anti-war demonstrators, are, of course, reduced to "howling mobs." And cool as a callous cucumber Blair, the silky phony-voiced hero, says he will gladly "meet his maker" to account for all the Iraqis he as a born-again Christian has got killed: 277 US troops, of course, now added to at least 4,600 in Basra and Baghdad hospitals alone. It is what Stothard leaves out that is mostly disturbing. For example, for all the bribery-signed bottles of beer which he enjoys watching his "Tony" give out to Labour MPs in the hope that they will vote, back last spring, for the Bush, Junior War, he leaves out for his impressionable general readers the following crucial fact: a majority of these backbenchers without office bravely and properly voted against today's unwanted carnage with 140 actual votes, over 20 abstentions and the greatest number of cabinet and junior ministers' actual resignations in any UK socialist administration in living recall of memory. So for truth and integrity about the real old Europe, buy Benn. For how a US clone trickster clings to God-self-inspired power, don't waste your student dough on Stothard, however. And if you must read violent male war pornography, take a stiff drink first, as you used to do vigilantly against any past Dick Nixon or the present smirking Bush Junior speech in forewarned vigilance.

Apocalyptic tidal wave: pro

Opinion by I Cate W.

While watching television as the Ten Commandments monument was removed from the Montgomery judicial building, I couldn't help but think: "Why, oh why doesn't a catastrophic tidal wave sweep across the Bible Belt and rid the rest of the U.S. of those crazed fundamentalist Christians?"

This thought was wiped away by incredulosity as I watched two men make statements that made me gape at the brainwashing powers of Sunday schools, and fully understand why the rest of the world so detests Americans.

What were these statements, you may well ask? The first, which was actually multiple statements, was uttered by a Californian minister, who asserted that the U.S. was founded on Christian principles; that Christianity has been the driving force behind most of the positive changes that have occurred in the U.S., including the abolition of slavery, and that Christianity, and the dictates of the Ten Commandments in particular, keep people from murdering one another. The second was screamed by an irate Alabamian: "Get your hands off our God, you bunch of God-haters!"

I shall address the first set of statements, simply because if I begin with the second, I will go into a furious diatribe and never finish this fine column.

As for the U.S. being founded on Christian principles, there is a *reason* why a separation between church and state is explicitly mentioned in the Constitution. A good number of our fine Founding Fathers were atheist, agnostic, or highly moderate Christians. John Adams wrote that the U.S. government was *not* formed "in any degree under the influence of Heaven...[but] contrived merely by the use of reason and the senses"; Benjamin Franklin questioned Jesus Christ's divinity; George Washington never declared himself a Christian; Thomas Jefferson found "not one redeeming feature" in orthodox Christianity. Nuff said.

As for Christians as the impetus for abolition, this is partially true. Some Christians did fight ferociously to free slaves. However, many Christians owned slaves, and they and many other Christians used religion as justification for slavery. They reasoned that Africans and African Americans were lesser beings, and that the state of slavery, wherein they were introduced to Christian teachings, was immensely favorable to their previous free, hea-

thenish state. Furthermore, they argued that God created dark-skinned people as an inferior race to be governed by lighter-skinned races, and that the ownership of slaves was merely fulfillment of God's divine order.

Finally, the notion that one of the Ten Commandments is the only thing keeping all of humanity from breaking into a murderous rampage is completely absurd. Human beings are not kept in check by a sentence in the Christian Bible, which most people either have never read or heard, or do not trust the authenticity of. Edicts against killing one another were codified way before the bible was written (Hammurabi's Code is one that predates the bible by several hundred years), and it absolutely does NOT require a spoken or written law to keep people from killing each other. Taking the life of another person is something that a very small percentage of the population would willingly engage in.

Now, on to that little comment about God-haters not fondling God.... This offends on multiple levels. In the first place, it implies that God resides within a hunk of man-made concrete. One must first acknowledge the existence of God before this can even begin to be true; then one must believe that God inhabits certain objects. Assuming God *does* inhabit the said monument, wouldn't one feel compelled to worship God, and hence worship the monument? But part of one of the Ten Commandments (the *Protestant* version) is not to make any graven images, and to fall on one's knees before a manmade object, as some protesters were doing, seems a violation of this very rule.

As for the term "God-haters," it is doubtful that many people can genuinely profess to hate God; some may deny or question the existence of such a deity, while others may not prescribe to a belief that would term such a deity "God," but few can outright say that they hate God. The argument about the removal of the Ten Commandments from a judicial building is about many things, but it isn't about hating God. It's about placing a religious monument in a government building in a nation that outlaws the union of church and state. It's about placing a monument that emphasizes one particular religious group in a public space where other (non-) religious groups should not be made to feel unwelcome or inferior.

Mostly, it should be about a really big damn tidal wave.

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F E A T U R E S

monitor

Mommas, don't let your children grow up to be Brad

Confessional by I Brad

My name is Brad, and I am an outlaw, a hardened criminal, a burden on your society. I wasn't always a bad kid, but you know how life is. One day you make one bad choice, the next day you make another, and soon you're on a slippery slope towards the wrong side of the law. Like I said, it wasn't always like this. I guess my story starts where most stories like this start: at Wal-Mart.

It all started with the purchasing of a backpack.

My friend Hal was one of those people who you call your friend even though he gets you into trouble. Hal was a bad egg, rotten to his delicious yellow center. He had been rotten his whole life. He was born rotten. Rotten all along with no regard for the rules. When he was in eighth grade, he was once late getting back to the bus during a band trip. I've also seen him assist in vandalizing school property with ketchup. These are only samples of the atrocities Hal has caused. So I should have seen trouble coming the moment Hal said he needed a backpack.

I drove. I knew then that I shouldn't. I knew something was wrong. Still, I chose to ignore that little voice of reason. It's what we hardened criminals do. We learn to shut out the guilt, the reason, so that we can keep committing the heinous acts we commit.

I went off to look at electronics, videogames I couldn't afford, CDs I wouldn't want, DVDs that were reasonably priced, leaving Hal to finger the backpacks. When I came back, Hal showed me one on the back of the rack. It was gray, and it seemed to be calling to us. It was like something sent down from Heaven, like manna. It was like a holy grail.

It had speakers in the sides.

Yes, this backpack had fully functioning speakers built into the sides of it. I suppose it was made so people could have their own entrance music when they walk into a room, or maybe it was designed for the person on the go that likes to annoy large groups of people—I don't know. Not only did the backpack have speakers, but the speakers—get this—lit up. Does anyone need a backpack that lights up? No. Does anybody need speakers in a backpack? No. Does anybody need light up speakers in a backpack? Heck no! Are light up speakers in a backpack darn neat? Heck yeah! So Hal bought the backpack.

And that is when things turned sour.

Like I said, I wasn't always a bad kid. I guess part of me still isn't. I went to church my whole life. My parents—they were good people. I have to fight back tears as I write this. I guess part of me can still feel ashamed. Or maybe I

just care too much about my mother—it'd break her heart, should she ever read what I'm about to write.

We took the backpack back to Hal's room in Dobson Hall. After putting batteries in it, Hal hooked his CD player into the backpack, and it immediately started blasting System of a Down with flashing red lights blinking to the beat. It was like an omen—when Serj Tankian sang "Pepperoni/Angry peppers/Mushrooms, olives, chives" I should have known right then and there I was about to cross a line, and I would never be the same again. I was a pepperoni, a blind, foolish pepperoni in this angry pizza called life.

I—it's hard to type this—I blurted out, "Dude, Dave needs to see this!" Dave is my roommate. He lives two floors below Hal. Hal said I could show Dave, so I strapped the backpack to my back and paraded down the hall, System of a Down blasting as I went.

And that's when things turned bitter.

When I reached the room, no sooner had I said, "Hey, Dave! Check this out!" than a figure appeared at our door. It was a student advisor, an S.A. (or "essay," I'm not clear on which it is), and he had a finger over the mouth, and he was trying to say something. He looked alarmed. Startled. If he had a gun, I'm sure his finger would have itched for it. He was facing a situation that no man—S.A., policeman, or John Wayne—should ever face.

"You're violating quiet hours," he said.

I looked down at my watch. It was 10:38 PM. Quiet hours start at 10:30.

"We have a policy where if we can here you from two doors away, you're being too loud," he added. "I could hear you from eight. I'm going to have to report this."

I stood there, my heart plunging into my stomach. I couldn't believe it. So this was how it was going to end. This is how I was going to lose my soul. Like I said, I wasn't always a bad kid. Now, though, there was no denying it. I was an outlaw. Now there was no turning back. Things had just turned salty. That overbearing kind of salty. The kind of salty you only experience from breaking the law or eating anchovies.

As he took my student ID and wrote my name on his clipboard, I said a silent prayer, hoping that my family would never find out. I'm sorry, Mom. I'm sorry I broke your heart. I'm sorry I disappointed you, Dad. I'm sorry that your son turned into a bad apple that fell so far from the tree.

I'm sorry. I've crossed a line, and I know there is no going back. Though I would give everything if I could.

Letters from the underground

Column | Mr. Rory Roherton

Dear Rory,

I have a problem and I figure I'll get right into it. You see, at home I was accustomed to a certain level of sexual gratification. To be blunt, I got laid on a regular basis. Since I have come to college, however, I have yet to even make out. What do you suggest?

-Sexless in Centennial

Dear Sexless,

Well, sounds to me like you're a damned liar. I don't think that you used to get laid often at all! And I don't print letters from liars... well no more at least. Next!

Dear Rory,

I'm putting a moratorium on all BLOW-JOBS (sic) this semester. What will my friends think?

-Hell no, I won't go... down

Dear Hell,

I don't know what your friends will think, but I'll tell you what I think- I think you're a mean she-devil. I doubt that you have imposed a moratorium on being eaten out, you greedy bitch. Don't think that I'm a misogynist, because I am not. I would say the same thing to a man saying that wouldn't eat out a chick. The thing is, in this world of ours it's an eye for an eye and a tongue for a tongue.

Dear Rory,

I know this is so third grade but I think my teacher is totally hot. Is there any way to find out if she's dating someone without seeming like a perv? Also, can students date teachers?

-Embarrassed Dude

Dear Embarrassed,

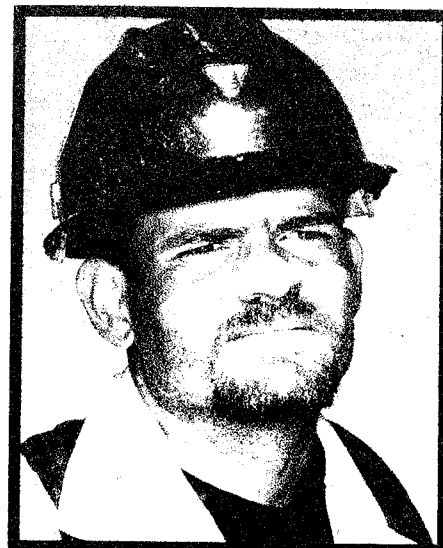
Man, just slap her on the ass. I'm sure you'll find out soon enough. Or, if you're actually serious, have a dinner and invite her and her boyfriend/husband. If she shows up alone, you'll know. I think you are allowed to date a teacher, so long as she is not influencing your grades by teaching your classes or something. So you may have to wait until next semester anyways. But don't just rely on that, you should look it up in the student code of conduct if you are really curious.

Dear Rory,

I hear that you're hott!
- A Cute Chick

Dear Cute,

I usually won't print letters like this, but I don't have many and it helps my ego. Next time include a phone number. Rawr.



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Story by | Andrés Delgado

Benevento, a Queens native, infuses the book in more ways with New York. Most characters have pronounced accents – Brooklyn, Cuban, Italian-American, Black. The author wrote with the pace and style endemic to his hometown. A customer reviewer on

Benevento is a University Professor of English and edits the Green Hills Literary Lantern. He will be giving readings around the country sporadically over the course of the semester. *Plumbing in Harlem* was released in May by PublishAmerica, Inc, 188 pgs.



Great Scott!

Story by I Scott

Yes, the minion of Lucifer himself: the flip flop. Don't be fooled by its laid back appearance! Although the flip flop might look re-

I therefore declare a holy war on the footwear of the beast. We can and must defend this hold land from really fucking dumb things like flip flops.



10 pm - 4 am

48 hours back in Kingsville

Feature by | Andrés Delgado

If you spend a summer charging yourself spiritually and refining yourself as a person it can be stripped away almost instantaneously when you get back to school. Here:

3:25 am. It seems you have awoken. That's odd, because you have been well the past few days and you're away from it. You think better than that you're out there with a little more. In fact, you're at one of our many many many many many huge things. I think you're a little bit more don't think about it. You're a little bit more crazy to me. I think you're a little bit more

time to get the job done. It's time to be the boss of your own destiny. It's time to drink.

senses. It's like being in a room that's ninety-five degrees in your room. You know, it's like being Outside it's only like ninety-four degrees in the butt of an elephant with a fever. It's like being in the butt of an elephant with a fever, plus humidity. Just an interesting fact.

3. Refreshing. What would so water. Could be great is a drink of water. Cool, refreshing, mouth hydrating water. That problems. You didn't bring any bottled

drink the
Post-Dispatch
sperm counts, most likely
water

Stop pacing and get back in bed. (Pause) FLUSH.

4:30 am. Realize that this is not definitely, but most likely part of a scheme by agents of an illuminati to crush leaders of the coming rebellion in their adolescence. Give finger to the blinking red light of the fire alarm, which is probably a camera in reality.

5:50 am. Oh, my God.

R E V I E W S

monitor

quebec catches Ween full stride

quebec
Ween
Sanctuary records

Review by | Cameron Moore

Often written off as musical pranksters, Ween's eclecticism and proficiency are almost never given credit. Rarely does a band emerge that can encompass the vast musical range that Ween can, spanning chasms from psychedelic prog rock to country, in one clean swipe no less. With their latest effort, *quebec*, Ween prove themselves as musicians extraordinaire.

Gene and Dean Ween (real names Aaron Freeman and Mickey Melchiondo) first met in a junior high typing class in New Hope, Pennsylvania almost 20 years ago. They have collaborated on their musical endeavors ever since, evolving from teenage drug-influenced experimentalists to accomplished musicians who eat Jimmy Hendrix and Hank Williams for breakfast and crap them out in a beautiful display of insight and talent before lunch.

Indeed, Ween can tap-dance and do back flips over their vast encyclopedia of influences, gleaming the best from the best and making it better; this is what makes them so awe-inspiring.

"It's Gonna Be a Long Night" rips open *quebec* with raw rock n' roll power. Upon first (and perhaps second and third) listen, this track genuinely sounds like the band Motorhead (think "Ace of Spades"). Their chameleon-like ability to shape-shift into other bands is really exemplified here.

Like actors in a dressing room with infinitely many costumes, Ween can pick up any character and set and run with it, achieving a Shakespearean perfection every time. From a hard rock opener, Ween quickly downshifts into "Zoloff", a spacey lounge tune about antidepressants. "Gimme that z, o-l-o-f-t / Gimme a grip, make me love me", Gene sings of the popular prescription drug of the same name.

Track three picks it up again with "Transdermal Celebration", diving head first into a wall-of-sound psychedelic rock anthem that



is sure to make your feet tap and head nod. From there, the rest of the album is like a trip through a carnival, colorful and exciting at times, rather somber at others. A persistent feeling of despair permeates this album, most probably due to Freeman's recent divorce, but all of the lows are broken up with fits of pure bliss that wash over all past sorrows.

One persistent theme on this album is that of 60's and 70's psychedelia. It starts with the pink and orange cover that looks like an illustration straight out of an old copy of *Highlights* magazine, and continues through "Tried and True," a song reminiscent of "(Listen to the) Flower People" from the movie *Spinal Tap*.

"Chocolate Town" sounds like a 60's country song taken straight from a Quentin Tarantino soundtrack, while the 70's guitar rock "Captain" is a meandering psychedelic dirge, with "Captain, turn around and take me home" being the only lyrics.

The highlight of the album, "The Argus," is the definition of a complete package. An epic tune named after the Greek mythological monster with 100 eyes, this song really captures the magic that is Ween: impeccable lyrics matched with truly masterful arrangements. "Swirling with visions of man's confusion / All of the work done just to appease him / The Argus he cries, though love has its place in the sun / It's only man's confusion that carries him on..."

Listening to *quebec* leaves one with the impression that they are witness to a freeze frame of a band in their stride. Luckily it appears that Ween are born marathon runners, and they ate their Wheaties this morning.

Remember when movies used to be good?



Review by | Chris Scott

Gigli- I know the critics have been raving all summer about how incredible this movie is, and I guess I'm sort of going against the grain here, but between you and I- I just didn't think it was that great. Having said that, however, kudos to whoever's idea it was to change the film's original title- "True Love"- to something nobody could pronounce. Ballsy, ballsy move.

2 Fast 2 Furious: The Fast and the Furious Part 2: Faster, Furiouser- I don't know why, but I just couldn't get that into this movie. Partly because I have an IQ that exceeds 30. I bet white guys who listen to Ludacris and wear cheap imitation Tommy Hilfiger clothing were super-excited to see this, though.

Full Throttle: Charlie's Angels Part 2: Charlier, Angeler- If the first film didn't do it, then its sequel successfully places the tombstone on the feminist movement. Also, I don't like Lucy Liu's eyes.

I once knew a girl in the fifth grade named Katy that had eyes just like Lucy's; she would throw apples at me during recess and sneak back into the classroom to put sand in my lunchbox. The moral of the story is that neither Katy nor Lucy Liu should be making movies, or while we're at it, anything.

The Matrix: Reloaded- I've put a couple months of thought into it, and

I've decided that this is probably the worst movie I have ever seen, and I could literally give you one hundred reasons why (one for every Agent Smith - cha-ching!) Not even a cameo from Colonel Sanders himself during the last 10 minutes could save this movie - I don't know about you, but I kept expecting him to offer Keanu a bucket of original recipe. Instead, he just said a bunch of shit I didn't understand, and the rest of the audience pretended to understand. This movie was finger-licking retarded. Seeing shit explode in slow motion should impress you if you're an eight-year-old boy with short-term memory loss, and if you're not, you have no excuse to like this movie. None.

One day your grandchildren will watch this and comment on what a bunch of idiot Ridlin junkies we all must have been to have actually enjoyed this shit. And you'll try your best to deny it, but deep down you'll know it's true. Get ready to be laughed at, you fucking morons.

Lara Croft: Tomb Raider 2: The Cradle of Life- Hey, I just realized this is the fourth sequel in a row that I've written about. Way to go,

Hollywood!

Terminator 3: Rise of the Machines- I really wanted to like this movie. Actually, that's a lie. I had this really weird, prophetic dream the other night though. It's sort of complicated, but the gist of it is that Arnold Schwarzenegger needs to be stopped. He needs to be stopped right now.

X-Men 2: X-Men United- This movie kicked off the summer of the colon, and it's about time, what with the colon being such a vastly underused form of punctuation and all. There's not much I can really say about this movie that everyone hasn't already said. That's assuming, of course, that everyone hated this movie.

28 Days Later- When I first saw the 1999 "dramedy" featuring Sandra

Bullock as a charming single woman with an embarrassing alcohol problem, I thought, "Now here's a movie that really needs a sequel." Well, I only had to wait a few agonizing years, but inexplicably, Sandra Bullock never appears in this movie, nor is there any mention of her character. Instead, I got a shitty low-budget horror movie about zombies roaming the streets of a deserted London. A creepy premise like that would theoretically be pretty difficult to fuck up, but somehow whoever was behind this managed to. Perhaps it was because it was all shot on a handheld camera, but I'm more of the opinion that it would have been a stupid movie either way. I'll take a drunk Sandra

Bullock over this any day of the week.

Alex & Emma- A good way to make this movie tolerable? Gin & Tonic.

Down With Love- It wouldn't really be fair of me to bash this cutesy romantic comedy, because I spilled a large soda on my lap just minutes before the film started and it kind of ruined it for me. Some other things that ruined the movie for me: The acting, the directing, the writing, the plot, the theme, the genre, the dialogue, the lighting, the super hip costumes, Ewan McGregor, Renee Zellweger, Renee

Zellweger's outfits, Renee Zellweger's acting, and Renee Zellweger's face.

Finding Nemo- Part of me didn't want

continued on page 9

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continued from page 8

to see Finding Nemo, and the other part totally agreed. Cha-ching!
Hulk- It should be noted that I never really got around to watching this movie, but just pretend I said something super clever about the Hulk looking a lot like Shrek. It should also be noted that I hated

Shrek.

Bad Boys 2- I didn't see this movie either, because I never saw the first one, and somebody told me that in order to really understand what was going on in it, I would have to go back and watch the first one before I saw the sequel, and I didn't think it was worth the trouble.

Also, I fucking hate Will Smith, so that might've factored into it.

Exclusive Music Section:

Deftones, *The Fucking Deftones-* Their self-titled album wouldn't have been such a disappointment if it weren't for the fact that *White Pony* was so good. Hexagram is good-the rest is total shit. Hey Deftones,

Korn called; they want their mediocrity back. Cha-ching!

Radiohead, *Hail to the Thief-* A lot of people don't realize this, but

"Hail to the Thief" is actually a play on the phrase "Hail to the Chief." Apparently, Thom and Co. don't like our commander in chief too much. Well who the fuck asked them? And why the hell are people still bitching about the 2000 election? Come on! It was just a presidential election! It wasn't the fuckin' American Idol finals or something! I hear Radiohead are planning on touring with the Dixie "Traitor" Chicks.

They had better not be playing any shows

around where I live- I've got the signs and patriotic bumper stickers all ready to go. When *Hail to the Thief* came out I bought ten copies, laid them out on the road in front of my house, and ran over them several times in my Toyota Camry.

Nobody saw me except a 9-year-old girl named Rhoda from down the street who had never heard of Radiohead. She did offer me her gum though. USA!

USA! USA!

Linkin Park, *Meteora-* No.

Madonna, *American Life-* Yeah, I had forgotten about this album, too.

Madonna's refreshing though, because these days it seems as though so many artists owe their entire careers to calculated publicity stunts and marketing tactics disguised as "controversy." Not Madonna though.

No fucking way.

Dashboard Confessional, *A Mark, A Mission, A Brand, A Scar-* It's too bad I didn't discover Chris Carabba when I was 12, because I'm sure I would've loved him. Not that I'm saying Dashboard Confessional sucks or anything, because I assume that's just sort of common knowledge by now.

If Chris really confesses his sins to a dashboard, then why the fuck do we have to hear about it?

Weezer,?- I'm just going to assume that Weezer released a new album this summer, and that I never got around to caring enough to look it up.

Personal note: I'm seriously considering throwing together a politically conscious rap group, currently slated to operate under the working title "Coalition of the Illing." If you're at all interested and/or have access to a recording studio, throw me an e-mail at

cas579@truman.edu. Lots of love, Chris

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the Queen

*Let the
stars be your guide!*

Virgo [Aug. 24-Sept. 23]

A Wal-Mart Shopping Spree will lose some of its appeal when you learn that you have an hour to grab all you can, but you are limited to the vitamin aisle.

Libra [Sept. 24-Oct. 23]

Libra, more like Zebra. Fuck. I used that before.

Scorpio [Oct. 24-Nov. 22]

You can take comfort in the fact that there are lots of people in this world who have a problem with pooping in their pants...they're often referred to as infants. loser. HAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHA

Capricorn [Dec. 22-Jan. 20]

It will take years and years, but your prayers will finally be answered in the form of Val Kilmer and Mark Walberg. Savor the moment, savor it for all it's worth.

Aries [March 21-April 20]

Wise Man once say, "Don't count your chickens until you've pried the eggs from their cold dead bodies," but it turns out, after years of research into his life, that he was more of a drunkard than a wise man.

Aquarius [Jan. 21-Feb. 19]

Whatever.

Sagittarius [Nov. 23-Dec. 21]

Lucky bastard, I wish Christmas coincided with my sign. I'm asking Santa for a pony this year, what are you asking for? Oh, a football, that's neat.

Cancer [June 22-July 24]

The dreaded "I'm going to punch you in the back of the head and run like hell bully" will try and start this bullying season on a positive note, by punching you in the back of the head, and then he will run like hell. The humor lies in its simplicity.

Taurus [April 21-May 22]

You keep telling yourself that it's a great economy car, even if it isn't that cool, but be honest with yourself, for once. Your car is lame. So are you. Go join the circus or something. I'm tired of driving past you in my Ford Windstar. I love cruising around town in that mean machine. You're just slowing me down.

Gemini [May 23- June 21]

Your dreams of being an opera singer will be shattered when you come to the painful realization that not only are you in inadequate singer, but you also lost control of you bladder in that boating accident.

Leo [July 23- Aug 23]

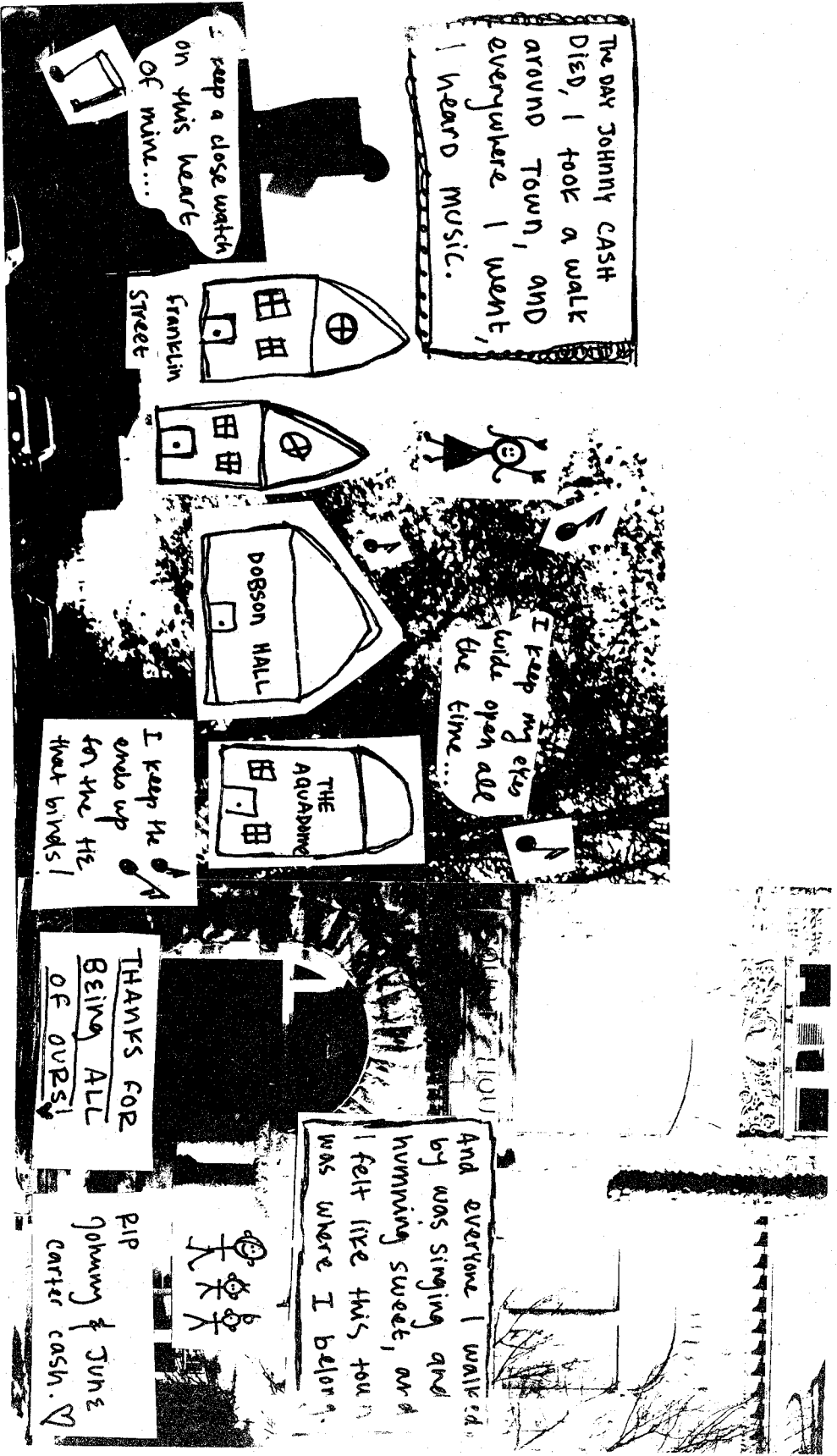
Your follies will make national headlines, much to your dismay.

Pisces [Feb. 20-Mar. 20]

That coupon for free soymilk will become less exciting when you piss your pants from excitement, then get in a car wreck and become the laughing stock of Franklin Street.

COMICS

monitor



MY BACK PAGES

Clandestine

I kneel down before you,
Goddess clad in white,
A repentant devotee
Come to atone for my sins.

You alone will hear my confession,
You alone can bear away
The proof of my transgressions.

Goddess, let me close the door to
your chamber,
Let me assume the posture of
penance.
Knees bent beneath me,
Head bowed,
Mouth open, fingers thrust down
To disgorge the secret sin.

Please, Goddess,
Tell no one.
Let my worship go unspoken,
My wrongdoings unseen and un-
heard.

—Rah Dan

TRAVELING

If you could travel back in time
Would you
Try to rectify a million
Of what you label "mistakes?"
Or would you choose
To live in the now,
Allowing time to take its toll?
It's a difficult choice,
But it must be made.
Me? I would choose now because
NOW

Holds exciting, brand new,
Unpredictable, unexplainable
Unthought of chances and choices
For the future.

If I stayed in the pasdt,
I believe I would stop breathing
And become so entwined in your
arms.

I would allow you to make me your
Slave--
With no complaints or questions.
I would simply become YOURS.
So instead, I must live in
A realistic NOW
And hope for an exciting future
Without you.

—Tamaka Mann

Luther

One Foot Up

One foot down

I'm a'movin

Through this town

One foot up

One foot down

cuz there I go

I'm a basset hound

there ain't no shame

In movin' slow

There I go

Watch out I'm low!

I'm sort of nasty

But doubly sweet

I trip on my feet

I'm fun to meet!

I don't do much

like tricks and such

But there's no love around

Like the love of a basset hound.

--Andrea Owen, a proud mother

"Sounds of Silence"

Curled on the bed
alone, as usual.
The smells and sights of outdoors

drift in through opened windows.

I strain my ears
and long to hear the sound
of your footsteps in the hallway,
the telephone ringing,
my heart...
skipping a beat

But the days drag on,
absent of affection
empty of all but
my tears
and your apathy.
And yet, I sit and
focus on you
and all the times
we curled up together
and the intimacy
such closeness implies.
But all I hear now
(and maybe all I'll ever hear)
is the horrible non-sound
of no footsteps in the hall,
no telephone ringing
and my heart
not
skipping
a
beat

-Emily Tucker

The Gateway to Jambonia

SPLIFF KABOBAIN'T is PACMEN,
AN8QUISPb8Hivecandbly, herbaceous?
Lanonymous KaHFgatorous,
a smorgosbord of gorgeous oranges!