

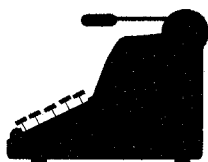


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GPAN caucus finds community in Kirksville

Story by | Nicole Rainey

Last weekend, nearly 50 men and women (and one little boy) gathered together in Kirksville for a caucus of the Great Plains Anarchist Network (GPAN). The caucus consisted of meetings, workshops, zine-trading, soccer, and a lot of eating and dancing and story-swapping.

GPAN is a young organization (only one year old), and although the turnout was high (folks came from Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska), the organization continues to grow and reach out to anarchists in other places. Because of the youth of the organization, much of the weekend was spent discussing its structure and detailing goals and hopes that it has for the future. The meetings were all consensus-based, meaning that they were run completely without a hierarchical structure. For example, rather than using a voting system, each individual must agree on a decision in order for it to become official.

Perhaps the most exciting idea discussed by the caucus is their plan for a summer tour. They plan to fill school busses with rock bands, anarchist literature, art supplies, and lots of excited people, and tour the Midwest with the intention of spreading their political message

(and lots of real good music) throughout the land.

GPAN was founded out of the Kansas Anarchist Organization (see website below), to bring the small anarchist communities throughout the Midwest together in order to create a larger sense of community. Ben Garratt, one of a group of local individuals that organized the conference explained that, "because nobody knows anything about anarchy, especially in small Midwestern towns, it's important that anarchists feel supported by one another and that they have resources when they need them."

Chris Scheets, another one of the conference's organizers, felt like a sense of support was the highlight of the conference for him. He was excited about "getting to know other anarchists from around the Midwest that deal with some of the same things I do."

Although the more formal workshops and the meetings were important to the conference-goers, to me, it seemed like they mostly just wanted to share information and solidarity with each other and enjoy being in a group of likeminded people.

For more information about GPAN, check out www.kansascityanarchist.net.

News wire

compiled by Nicole Rainey

Australia

President George Bush's current international jaunt won't bring him to Australia until Wednesday, but Australian officials are already irritated with him. Our cowboy president made officials cranky by referring to the Australian Prime Minister John Howard as his deputy "sheriff" in the war on terrorism in Southeast Asia. This incident of tough-talkin' isn't isolated. Bush's rowdy mouth is reported to have gotten first lady Laura Bush upset when he said he wanted Osama bin Laden "dead or alive."

(Washington Post)

Britain

Authorities in Britain cancelled plans for a procession that was supposed to take place during President Bush's visit to Downing Street next month due to fears of anti-war protests. Bush and the Queen were planning to make a procession along the Mall, but will instead be photographed having a nice tea together at Buckingham Palace. Bush is scheduled to take a helicopter to the palace because protesters already plan on blocking the roads. The President and White

House officials are reported to be very disappointed.

(Reuters)

Thailand

Ironically, President Bush has let the war on terror get in the way of the international free trade agenda, says BBC reporter Chris Hogg. Throughout the Pacific Economic Co-operation (APEC) forum currently going on in Thailand, Bush has been pushing security issues rather than allowing his fellow Pacific Rim conference-goers to pick up where they left off in Cancun last month. Fortunately, although Bush refused to make a formal pact with North Korea against aggression (the main security issue discussed), he claims "We're making good progress in peacefully solving the issue with North Korea."

North Korea reportedly test-fired several short range missiles Monday morning.

(BBC)

Japan

International journalists were muddled when Japanese Prime Minister Junichiro Koizumi called the president "Beefman" in

the middle of a photo session last week. Picture the president flying over Japan with a cape and BM emblazoned on his chest. Apparently, a Japanese interviewer asked how Bush felt about sushi, and the President replied, "Well, I'm a beef man. You know I like good beef. Japan's got some of the greatest beef in the world." Bush later joked about the nickname, saying "It's better than Chicken Man."

(Washington Post)

Washington

You always *knew* President Bush had to be tied to the Nazis somehow, and here's your proof! His grandfather (Prescott Bush) was a director of an American branch of a Dutch bank that helped bankroll the Nazi party. The American bank was eventually shut down by the feds, in October 1942 under the Trading with the Enemy Act. Don't believe me? Check out the recently declassified document @ the National

Archives website—
www.nara.gov.

An effigy of US President George W. Bush is carried during an anti-APEC protest at Chulalongkorn University in Bangkok. The US and Thailand will launch negotiations aimed at crafting a bilateral free-trade agreement, Bush announced as he began a state visit here. (AFP/ Toshifumi Kitamura)



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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

A FRESHMAN PERSPECTIVE

Man, I am so ticked at Van Wilder and Animal House and all those stupid movies right now.

Why?

We've been in college for a month now, and I haven't been to one toga party, I haven't streaked once, and I haven't had beer poured on me by horny sorority girls either!

Maybe you're just a loser...

BRAD BROWN

"No, I think those movies are lying liars. That, and I shouldn't have turned down Mizzou..."

"I dunno... I honestly think a bulldog could take a tiger if he was super-pissed enough."



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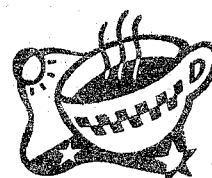
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L E T T E R S

monitor

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.

Defending President Dixon some more

In agitated, quelling rebutting, or, last from least, repartee sans regard to one-alack, not deterred or belated in his shovel-stick-style rapier ratiocinations- Wiley Iley, that prince of paupers and punk puddykat of popular pilory, prosaic pirouettes, and pertinacious, paltry peck-henning of our president— I hereby decree, without shilly-shallying, the man, name-sake notwithstanding, though once in good standing, and his masculinized pitpourings, defunkt within the domain of public letters.

For some ages thence, the caviling, puisant, hang-ye-the-whigs, "liberal-minded" (mind you, beclouded) Larry Iles has subsisted in a class of teenage-angst-socialism all his own. Drawing from his swampy memory of disiderata, he has contrived an unparalleled methodology for casting aspersions, perversions, and contortions of psycho-contumacy upon whom-ever he, regardless of his own veritable cage-shit-throwing shame or injured sentiments of his victims, was irrevocably drawn towards by the strings of his puppeteer: Betty. Query, if you venture so far, why would the puppet, in his hellish tangle of strings, grant care or whit about French Faculty pawns— removed, en passant, as it were, from their offices—?

The source of his revilings will he ne'r reveal, nor could psychological seminars chuck the roots of his zoon politikon, cobra-tongued pa-limp-sestual ideas; thus the commoner, Frat-mensch, or sorority jean-squeezer, may think his quirks and stodginess unrivaled and innocu-

ous. Confessedly, did this once naive author similarly opine, through-and-through in a state of Fairy Queene dreams and puckish besottedness— when good Jack lit his candle for our University. However, being coterminous with the fresh and profound matriarchy of president Dixon, who, while having more talent in her momentarily trilling pinky than Iles will plunk out in the remainder of his unfortunate life, is neither foreign to our cline, barbarian, or "Barb" (as Puppet Iles dubbs), such maladroitness from the trapezoidal-headed, vicariously bad-breathed, flunky lecturer, with non-existent following in tow, is unweelcolming, inappropriate, puerile, futile in its purpose, and peevish to the leafing majority, whose humanities and attentions are yet intact.

Sincerely,
Phil Schiff

So, where's the ladies?

Paging through the past few issues of the paper, I've noticed a nasty lack of lady-centered articles. I mean, shit-- the keeper piece was golden, but what's up with that Rory kid parading his penis hither and yon through the countryside?

I don't want lipstick reviews or flower arranging lessons. just a few solid women's voices. Or else, less dick.

A little cranky,
Marta Emerson

Editor's Note: Anyone can write articles for The Monitor. So, hop to it, sister!

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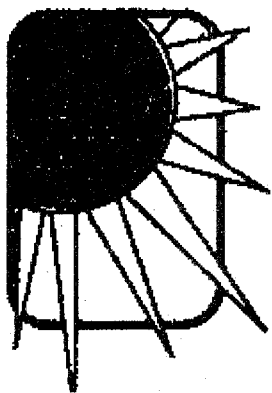
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Gays psychotic perverts

Opinion by | Horace P. Nugent

It seems that most people around here don't know about the latest act of our great nation's chief executive. President Bush recently declared the week of October 12-18 to be "Marriage Protection Week," and set it aside to remind us all about the important of the "sacred bond between man and woman." A lot of the people are rip-roaring sore about this, but I for one applaud the president's decision as an effective defense against homosexuals, atheists and space aliens.

I've been married for twenty-three years, but my wife Edna and I feel like prisoners in our own home lately. Every time we turn on that Em Tee Vee, we see naked teenagers fornicating with one another like nobody's business and trying to seduce our youth with their condoms and their mints and their iMacs. Them lawyers call us up at all hours, asking why we're still married and threatening to sue us if we don't divorce. Every time we go out together, roving bands of heavily armed homosexuals follow us and shout things like "Hetero!" and "Breeder!" I truly believe that if the President hadn't declared Marriage Protection Week, why, plain folks like Edna and me would've been kidnapped by queers and forced to commit unspeakable acts as slaves to their godless, deviant king, who (I have on good authority) is a fella named Carson Kressley.

They're all up in arms about the President's decision, of course, being homosexuals and all. A lot of them are saying that it's a slap in the face to advocates of gay rights, being that it excludes the possibility of gay marriage, and because the groups that sponsored it are anti-gay. They say that the President is imposing his religious values on the whole country. Personally, I say, why not? The country could do with a good moral shake-up, and everyone knows the best morals are Christian morals.

Three-fourths of Americans are Christians (and I'm even being generous and counting Papists and Mormons in that) and isn't democracy about majority rule? The other twenty-five per cent of the population call themselves Jews, Muslims, Buddhists, Wiccans, Unitarians, Hindus or Taoists, but we all know that's really secret code for "godless heathen." And if we let the heathens rule, well, we'll all just go to Hell in a hand basket then, won't we?

Besides, everyone knows that homosexuals are moral perverts and sex psychopaths. They seduce and subvert our children, they spread horrible diseases, and worst of all, they're in league with the space aliens. Most people don't know this, but vast armies of covert queers are laboring as we speak to prepare this country for eventual invasion by hordes of lizard-like monsters from another galaxy who will eat our children, molest our women, and take away our guns. It's true, too, 'cause I read about it in the Weekly World News.

Now, some homosexuals are really fired about the timing of the Week. They're upset that it starts on October 12, which is apparently the day some queer named Matthew Shepard went to hell. They say this faggot got kidnapped by some straight boys, pistol-whipped, and left for dead tied to a fence post somewhere in Wyoming. As if we give a damn! Personally, I think any red-blooded patriot would agree that the occasional savage beating is necessary to protect ourselves against immorality, godlessness, and the possibility of being exposed to a new idea. Anything else is just un-American.

Remember, folks: Queers are bad! Heathens are bad! And Marriage Protection Week is our last line of defense against space aliens! This is Horace P. Nugent signing off! God Bless America!

University experiencing lion shortage, Christian surplus

Opinion by | Adam Mutz

You hear a lot of people talking about the minority ratios on campus. But, there is another ratio that I am much more concerned about. The lion to Christian ratio is way too low. WE OBVIOUSLY NEED MORE LIONS! What ever happened to the good ol days of Romans throwing some helpless Christians in an arena with some blood hungry lions? The pit by the library would be a perfect place to hold this activity with both balcony seating and up close gore from the basement library windows. On special days we could mix things up a bit by tying bibles to the lions paws to put an ironic twist on bible beating. I don't see why the Christians would have a problem with this. They could just all hold hands in a circle and expect God to save them if they are righteous enough. Call it a test of that "faith" thing I am always hearing about. How can you put all your "faith" in this one little book that is written so

vaguely that you could interpret it to mean that you should take a shit on the salad bar at Wendy's? Do I really have to hear about all these biology majors who don't even trust their own major because a book written back in the stone age to give people meaning to their pathetic little lives tells them so. At least Catholics haven't been so brainwashed that they can't recognize modern science. This also goes along with the why do you think people are always surprised when someone they have known for a while turns out to be Jewish? It could be because they aren't shoving it down your throat all the goddamn time. I mean is anyone else concerned about CCF? Can we all say WACO? Christian Fellowship should not have anything to do with the word Campus. Has anyone noticed how convenient that this cult has its meetings on a Sunday? After two nights of boozing and fucking I would want to wash away my sins too. Bring in the lions!

REVIEWS

monitor

New Wainwright album a travelogue of emotion

Rufus Wainwright

Want One

Dreamworks



Review by I Tom Useted

Something happened to Rufus Wainwright since the appearance of his second album, *Poses*, a little more than two years ago. He became something not quite approximating a pop star, with a small but devoted legion of fans hypnotized by his classicism, his modernism, his puzzling gift for melody, and his (hehe) dashing good looks. With his third shiny, silvery disc, *Want One*—like the brilliant *Kill Bill*, it got chopped in half so we'll have to pay to get the rest of it next year—Wainwright, fresh off a stint in rehab, offers us the reassurance that he's alive and well and still picking at the lice of life and love with a fine-toothed comb.

Allow me a brief transgression into historical mode: The third album, on more than one occasion, has been the moment at which the true purveyors of rock and roll as "art"—usually a matter open to debate, but not here—have made some of their grandest statements and most dramatic stylistic changes. Dylan's third album of original material saw him shift from finger-pointing songs to impressionistic ruminations on the nature of the self. Neil Young, Led Zeppelin, and the Velvet Underground all softened their volume. The Beatles made a whole album featuring nothing but Lennon-McCartney compositions. Rufus Wainwright has given us a record that includes a song about a pulsating cellular telephone.

Fortunately, most of *Want One* does not suffer from the inanity of "Vibrate," which dates itself—and not even as recently as the year 2003—by referencing Britney Spears. This is a joke of a song, a far cry from the White Stripes ending *Elephant* with "Well It's True That We Love One Another," if only because Rufus displays so little of his sense of humor and so much of his sense of self-importance in this pseudo-serious throwaway.

But as I stated earlier, this is truly the most piddlyshit thing on the disc, and it's still rather pretty. It just also happens to be dumb. Most of what's here is rather good, and will probably prove to be even more so as the album ages. Overall, *Want One* has a finer balance between ballads and uptempo numbers than *Poses*, which boasted approximately two bona fide foot-tappers. The harder rocking numbers benefit from the guitar of Charlie Sexton, late of Dylan's tremendous touring band. Musically, Rufus remains rooted in Broadway, opera, and pop. Some things never change.

Lyrical, however, Rufus Wainwright seems to have either developed or regressed. Gone—almost—are the heinous mangleings of basic grammar that had me wanting desperately to bring him an edited lyric sheet when I saw him perform last spring. So too is much of the general inscrutability. The lyrics this time around, while not necessarily stripped down, are at least a bit more lucid. I'm still not sure if

this is a good thing. But rehab seems to have matured Rufus somewhat, and not just artistically. I offer to you evidence in the form of three songs: "I Don't Know What It Is," "Go Or Go Ahead," and "Dinner at Eight."

The first of these is the one song I've listened to more than any other of the course of the past month. It is a rolling, hypnotically swirling travelogue of emotion, beautifully sung and produced, all building up to what is unfortunately a rather predictable Rufus Wainwright type of climax. The last thirty seconds notwithstanding, "I Don't Know What It Is" belongs on a very short list of his finest pop songs.

"Go Or Go Ahead" is something else entirely. Pushing seven minutes and transforming itself from the near silence of Rufus' acoustic guitar into a stinging cry of desperation. It reminds me of "Nobody Girl," the breathtaking centerpiece of Ryan Adams' *Gold*, a derivative, excruciatingly long album that many critics fawned over a couple years back. The similarity isn't so much in the subject matter as it is in the sonic scope of the recordings, and the fact that songs of this length are rarely so nakedly emotional and unpretentious.

Rufus sings the album's closer, "Dinner at Eight," to his father, with whom he has had, at best, a rocky relationship. He challenges his father to provide him with the kind of acknowledgment that a child should be able to count on from a parent, with all the fervor of someone deserted long ago. This is the most grown-up song on the album, tenderly executed and almost unexpectedly understated, eschewing both the long fadeout and the instrumentally amorphous ending, which are the dual plagues of much of *Want One*, in favor of something much simpler.

When *Want Two* appears in the spring, as planned, it should be interesting to see whether this whole *Want* project would have been better if whittled down to one really good album, as is so often the case, or if the two albums truly are better as a pair, or if they'll stand just as well on their own. For my money, *Want One* has yet to replace *Poses* at the top of my Rufus Wainwright list, although I admittedly take longer than I probably should to get into his records. I hated *Poses* for months, in fact, before I inexplicably purchased it, probably just to get his version of "One Man Guy." I'd been waiting for *Want One*, and while I've warmed to much of it, it still has its shortcomings. Fortunately, Rufus Wainwright is still youngish, and I'm not afraid of him washing up any time too soon. Although it isn't *Poses*—or maybe it is, depending on who you are—*Want One* is no small feat. It's a good Rufus Wainwright album, full of songs that sound pretty much like Rufus Wainwright songs tend to sound. Except for "Vicious World," which sounds pretty much like something by Bread.

Guilty Pleasures

by Chris Scott

Oh, you're so hip. Look at you, all sitting around listening to your old Minor Threat demos. Kicking back with your hipster friends spinning some scratchy Woody Guthrie on vinyl. Lamenting about how you were into Saddle Creek long before anyone else, long before they picked up shitty pop-acts like Rilo Kiley. Look at you, all smickety-smackin' of coolness and pretension. But the façade's falling apart, isn't it? Your girlfriend came dangerously close to discovering the Dashboard Confessional albums you thought you had hidden so well in the back of your closet, and when interrogated intensely about the song you've been humming all day, you finally confess that it is, in fact, Avril Lavigne's "Complicated," but to avoid losing any "street cred" you're quick to add, "but you know, I'm only, like, into it in an ironic kind of way." And every once in a while, you wake up in a cold sweat, fearing the worst if your friends found out you bought the October 2 issue of *Rolling Stone*, NOT because of the excellent article on George W. Bush, but rather Britney Spears' irresistible cover story. What's a cool cat like you to do? Well fear not you "too cool for emo" mother fucker, you! I've taken the liberty of putting my own, er... "street cred" on the line to compile a delicious little mix of great recent pop songs from bands, cool and uncool alike, so that maybe you can sleep a little easier, knowing you got your daily fix of guilty pleasure. And it all fits on one CD! Just write "Lou Reed Bootleg" on it, and your friends will never suspect a thing.

1. Josh Rouse, "Love Vibration"

What better way to kick it off than with a pretension-melting throwback to the '70s? Rouse pulls off what would otherwise be considered a cheesy throwaway with his unique brand of earnest charisma, sexiness, an irresistible groove, and (refreshingly) not an ounce of irony. Dig it. Besides, from the looks of it, you're already influenced by the '70s anyway. Put your money where your vintage t-shirt is.

2. Bright Eyes, "Loose Leaves"

See? If pop is cool enough for Conor Oberst, it's cool enough for YOU. This often overlooked gem may not be Oberst's finest hour, but it is catchy as hell, and probably the best pop song written about drugs and alcohol so far this decade.

3. Missy Elliott, "Work It"

There was a time when Misdemeanor released nothing more than run-of-the-mill garbage, but those days are over. Boy are they. This track is sick; wholly unique. Nobody does it like her, 'cause quite frankly nobody else could pull it off. And when she puts her thing down, flips it, and reverses it? Golden. Every time.

4. Death Cab for Cutie, "The Sound of Settling"

You knew it was coming. Hands down, the best indie-pop band around. And now that they've fully embraced their pop sensibilities, and Ben Gibbard has traded in his complex, allusion heavy lyrics for a 'sincerity is the new poetry' approach, including "Settling" on this list just makes perfect sense. Not the best track on *Transatlanticism*, but easily the catchiest. Hand claps and all.

5. Jay-Z, "H to the Izzo (Unplugged Version)"

Great song, but you should already know that, and I'm not going to dock Jigga points for standing on the shoulders of giants with this one. In a weird way, stripping it of the Jackson 5's groove, and replacing it with the excellence that is the Roots for the MTV Unplugged series, may just be the best move of his career so far.

6. Beyonce Knowles, "Crazy in Love"

This song's got me hopin' you'll page me right now. 'Nuff said.

7. Damien Jurado, "Like Titanic"

A clever little ditty from a clever little singer/songwriter. A song so excellent that it doesn't really fit in with the rest of his bombastic, completely inconsistent full-length *Break Chairs*. Tap your toes and sing along (I guarantee that you have a better voice than he does.) But he does have something over Jack

Johnson, John Mayer, and Dave Matthews, in that he actually knows how to write good songs.

8. Saves the Day, "Tomorrow Too Late"

Ah, those crazy New Jersey kids that everyone loves to hate. What's that you say, asshole? *Through Being Cool* was good, but you hate everything else of theirs? Congrats, but you don't exactly get any points for originality. "Anywhere With You" gets all the airplay, but it's "Tomorrow Too Late" that best falls under the "icing on the cake" category. Chris Conley starts it out all Beatles-like (or is it "Elliott Smith trying to be Beatles-like") before breaking into the snazziest chorus of the year. You'll laugh about it mercilessly with your friends, but when you're alone, you'll be singin' right along like a 14-year-old girl at a Good Charlotte show.

9. Postal Service, "Against All Odds"/Dentel, "(This is the Dream Of) Evan and Chan"

The former is an electro-glitch-what-ever cover of the Phil Collins classic. The latter might just be the best, most unheard, record of 2001. Both are Ben Gibbard/Jimmy Tamborello collaborations (the duo that eventually struck gold with this year's pop masterpiece "Give Up.") Both are amazing. You can't go wrong. Or can you?

10. Rhett Miller, "Our Love"

I know you're too good for country music. So am I. So is everybody. And without Jon Brion's (the wiz-kid behind the Punch-Drunk Love and Magnolia scores) production, this might just be yet another shitty alt-country kinda thing. But it's so, so, so much more than that. Grab your ten-gallon hat and let the good times roll.

11. Britney Spears, "I'm a Slave 4 U"

In 2001, Britney finally aborted her awkward attempts at actually singing, and shifted directly into her 'straight up, unabashedly moaning like a cheap whore' mode. Well, more power to her. And kudos to the Neptunes for proving without a doubt that they are capable of turning literally anything into gold. Does it get any better than this? Yeah, probably, but get the fuck out of the way and just let Britney do her thing.

12. Badly Drawn Boy, "You Were Right"

With a heart-warming dedication to a girl, the ol' BDB embodies everything that makes pop music great. Simply put, it's the best song Brian Wilson never wrote. You'll laugh. You'll cry. You'll remember where you were the night Sinatra died, and then you'll listen to it all over again.

F E A T U R E S

monitor

POINT

I Won Point/Counter-point

Point by I Phil Spear

Who won? Who got the electoral votes of Florida? Which way will it go? Who will lead our people into freedom? Will the forces of good triumph over the forces of Evil (Knievel)? Who won the last point/counter-point? I suppose it's a rhetorical question. And my rhetoric was approximately 10 times stronger, so it's me. I win. I'm declaring myself king of point land in addition to my existing kingdom of counter-pointsville. Your people have suffered long enough under your reckless and Godless rule, Rhorey. I won the counter-point/point argument, which is why my counter-point is before your point. Scratch that, this is a "pre-emptive point."

Why do I declare myself the winner? This question ignores the obviousness of the situation, the obviousness of my victory, but I'll answer it anyway... in the international language of love.

(two minutes later)

Ahh, yes. That was alright, but I've had better.

I clearly won as is evidenced by the fact that no point/counter-point argument occurred. Neither of us actually made any real points. Take away the taglines of "point: I'm Rory and I'm a whiney bitch" and "counter-point: some other stuff," and you have just two blocks of writing that make next to no sense. It was not a point/counter-point, it was pointless drivel. Just like your mother. Shake it like a polaroid picture, rory's mother. Speaking of your mother, why on earth would she name you "Rory Rhorerton." But I digress. True point counterpoints should stand on their own merit, opposing each other in a tug of war of words. What we wrote was no battle of brains, no skirmish of sentences, no engagement of english, no dichotomy of diction, no competition of composition, it was a tangle of thought, a wreck of writing, a stalemate of syntax, an impasse of ideology. You lost the point/counterpoint because there was no point/counterpoint, and you were arguing that there should be a point/counterpoint. Now I'm going to point and laugh.

Lest you try to make the point that the fact that I'm saying I won the point/counter-point says that in fact there was a point/counter-point and thus my point that I won the point counterpoint because my counterpoint was that we should not do a point counterpoint, I'd just like to point out that by pointing that out, you would win, meaning that my point about there not being a point counterpoint is pointless and therefore I would be incorrect in my statement, meaning that my point on which you based your point to claim winning the last point counter-point was incorrect and thus your point would be lost too and thus I would still win both point counterpoints point point counterpoint pain. Hey kids, I've actually made less sense than Larry Iles! High five for me! Phil: 2 points. Larry Iles, Rory, and the rest of the world: 0 points. YESSSSSSSS!!!

COUNTER POINT

I Totally Won the Last Point/Counter-point

Counter-point by I Rory Rhorerton

I don't know what the problem is; the simple fact is that I totally won the last point counterpoint. In fact, I am so confident that I won the last point/counter-point I'm assuming that the intelligent readership of *The Monitor* will also realize this. So, instead of actually making any arguments for my case, which I see as unnecessary, I am going to just put some Rush lyrics.

"Fly By Night" by Rush

Why try? I know why
The feeling inside me says it's time I was gone
Clear head, new life ahead
I want to be king now not just one more pawn

Chorus
Fly by night, away from here
Change my life again
Fly by night, goodbye my dear
My ship isn't coming and I just can't pretend







Moon rise, thoughtful eyes
Staring back at me from the window beside
No right or hindsight
Leaving behind that empty feeling inside

Chorus

Start a new chapter
Find what I'm after
It's changing every day
The change of a season
Is enough of a reason
To want to get away
Quiet and pensive
My thoughts apprehensive
The hours drift away
Leaving my homeland
Playing a lone hand
My life begins today.

Chorus

*Feeling Sassy, Please!*This Monitor wants
YOUR brilliant

-  Political Commentary
-  News Reports
-  Love Letters
-  Poems and Stories
-  Groundbreaking Equations
-  Rocknroll Rants

◆◆◆

Send work to the Monitor Tower
via monitortrm@hotmail.com, or
drop it off in our box in the SUB.

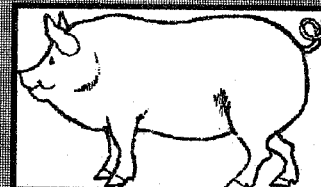
The 24th hour of the day
after tomorrow

*Impressions from the desiderata of late
night notions*

*Has anyone noticed a squirrel sitting
like a gargoyle on the corner of the roof
of an old building, munching on some-
thing? The gnawing of squirrels sounds
like the grinding of bones from bodies
long past dead.*

*Everyone has a shade of that pale color
of life and reflects, like a chameleon,
the world around them.*

Amanda Hackney



The Man Pig

I know what some of you are saying as you are reading this: this article is merely a joke, an attempt by the staff at *The Monitor* to fill space in their paper. You my friend are terribly mistaken, I am real and I am a student and I am tired of all the bullshit. For too long now men have been taught that we are evil and dangerous. We are taught that we are sexually sophomoric even though the sexual conversations of women far surpass any of ours in sheer vulgarity. We are told that we are slobs yet a careful inspection of housing will show that women can be just as bad as we can be. Women can enjoy female exclusive membership to organizations but the existence of all male organizations is seen as archaic and barbaric. The mere fact that my identity must be concealed shows that there is a problem in our world today. If I was a woman posting feminist rhetoric to the point of stereotyping men then I would be promptly greeted with cheers from the Women's Studies Committee and/or the dateless wonders of FMLA. Yet because I am a heterosexual red-blooded American Man, I must hide my identity. Having views such as mine made public became a problem when looking for a job.

Sadly this is the direction of our society. Throughout this we men can't seem to get things right can we ladies? We are told that we are to be sensitive, caring, romantic, individuals when in truth such types are merely doormats for women to wipe their feet with. Odd isn't it that the feminist messiah Gloria Steinem married a rather

powerful entrepreneur by the name of David Bale? Oh I am sure he is a sensitive individual and that his wealth took no part in their union. Just as I am sure that the majority of the brain-washed hopelessly romantic men on this campus have never been crushed by a female interest.

Some of you are probably wondering, does he have a point? Yes I do, I am calling on all men on this campus to be proud of being men. I am calling on all "Nice Guys" to snap out of their perverted state of mind and realize that they are merely in the process of being kicked to the curb. I am calling on all guys to realize that if women want to be seen as equals such things as paying for the fucking check when the dinner bill comes should be demanded. I am calling on all men to realize that we have nothing to be ashamed of, we have done great things in history, we have accomplished many great things and its time that we stop apologizing for how we are. We have our share of sins in our past but ironically so does the feminist movement. A simple check in history will show that one of the initial arguments for women's suffrage was the fact that black men already had the right to vote. Surely the government couldn't trust black men over virtuous white women? The time has come for an awakening, it's time for us to be proud of who we are. For all of you who have been called pigs in the past, be proud, for you are the role model the rest of the male campus population should follow!

Stay tuned for
more.....

*If you wish to share a grievance with me
you may send an e-mail to
manpigtst@hotmail.com
I await your response*

Letters from the underground



Column by I Mr. Rory Roherton

Dear Rory,
Why, when I spooge [sic] in a girls mouth, why [sic again] does she act surprised? Doesn't she know how it ends before she starts sucking?

Signed,
Tony "Boner" Zieller

Dear Boner,
First off, let me say that I would say that your nickname is totally gay, except that would be unfair to those homosexuals out there who are actually mildly intelligent. Seriously, your nickname is boner. Either you are compensating for your miniscule dick or you are craving some hot beef injections.

To actually answer the question, it's like seeing a suspense/horror movie. You always know just who is going to die, but you don't always know when or how, and that can be scary at times.

Rory

Dear Rory,
I hear you're gay, and I was curious what exactly anal sex feels like.

Signed,
I'm a Virgin, in My Butt

Dear Butt Virgin,
I'm not gay so I couldn't tell you, but try asking your mom. She seemed to enjoy it when I fucked her last night.

Rory

Dear Readers,
Sorry for the lame mom insult, but seriously, how could I pass up such a great opportunity?

Rory

Dear Rory,
I have heard tale of your adventures in the great Outback. Is it true what they say?

Signed,
More Gang Bang for your Buck

Dear Gang Bang,
Yes, it is true. The Bloomin' Onion® from Outback Steakhouse® is both delicious and affordable. Plus what vegetable isn't good if you batter it and chuck® it in a deep fryer, especially a large vegetable like an onion. My only hope for the future—make more things bloom! Bloomin' Salad, Bloomin' Watermelon, and Bloomin' Whole Pig are near the top of my list.

@o@y

Dear Rory,
What the fuck is up with Fat Gay Phil[?]
Signed,
Pissed off in MO Hall

Dear Pissed off,
Dude, Fat Gay Phil? Don't you mean

Phat Gay (i.e. Happy) Fill? Cause that dude is AWESOME! I once saw him bite the head off a kitten and then drink a whole fifth of Everclear!! Then he fucked 5 hot chicks at once while making the world safe for democracy. But that's a story for another day....

Rory

Dear Rory,
I have been erect since 1965—HELP!
Signed,
George Morrison (Grand Master of Erection, MO Hall)

Dear George,
It sounds like you have a priapismic erection. This is a serious medical condition and I suggest that you seek medical attention immediately, unless you dick fell off 35 years ago, which is likely.

For those of you who don't know, I will share my knowledge so that you might steer clear of this humiliating and debilitating disease.

Priapismic Erection is named after the son of Aphrodite, "Priapus", the Greek God of fertility. Look for a statue of this guy, he has a giant wang and its always ready to party. (The ultimate date, eh ladies? [of course that's excluding the author of this article, of which the description also applies, only more so])

If you have a priapism, you most likely took a few too many Viagras, but it may just be a side effect of other medication, such as some anti-depressants. The other causes of a priapism are diseases that affect the blood like sickle cell anemia and leukemia, in which case you have other more important problems, which will not get into right now. The point is, after a few hours or even days, your dick is going to seriously start to hurt. GO TO THE DAMN HOSPITAL. Yes, having to have a doctor stick a needle in your manhood to drain out the excess blood seems painful and embarrassing, but that is better than being permanently physically

scarred and impotent.

I hope I have been of help!
Rory

Dear Readers,
Wow. Thanks for the response to the call for letters, but remember to keep them coming! roryrobertson@hotmail.com is the email; put something in the subject about the Monitor or Letters from the Underground so that I don't think it's just porn spam.

For those of you who are curious, after asking for hot chicks to write, only one did. But she wrote stuff like this...

"One day, I will walk up to you and I will not say anything, I will just keep walking towards you. That one time, that one single instance, I will walk and walk and when I get to you I will put my lips on you and my hands will follow. This one time, you will not stop me.

There will be other, more friendly times, that nothing will happen. Those are the times, you will wonder, is this it? Will she do it? Will I stop her? You will want me to.

The time I kiss you, and touch you, you will know what it is like to be with me, and it will arouse you. When you touch me, when I lay my hands on you, you will know what happiness is. And when it is over (when what is over?) you will know what you have wanted all this time. This is it.

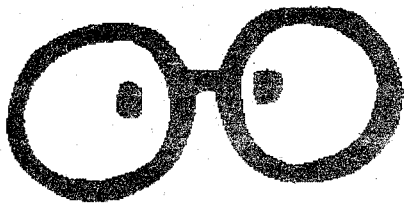
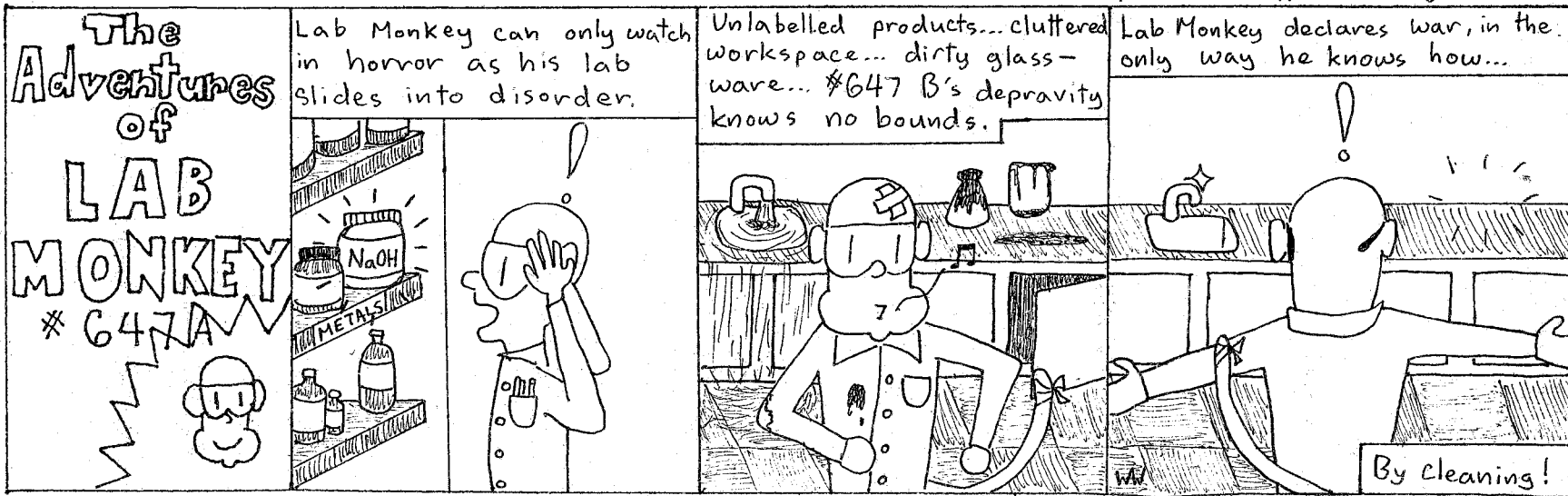
When I put my mouth on yours, after years of forcing things normal, you will think 'tonight is the night tonight is the night tonight is the night.'

Until then."

Ha, I bet you wish you wrote for The Monitor!

Rory.

by a Born(Oppenheimer)Asian Chemist



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MY BACK PAGES

All right kids, i know you're tired but think about this: you're on your way out of the woods now. you can only go half way into the forest before you start heading out of it. maybe going to the dukum on thurs. oct. 30 at like say... 9 pm for a poetry slam would help raise your spirits. if not, try sending your submissions to countzachula@hotmail.com. carpe booty!

Boot Up

I open the front door
And see her
eyes in the light
of the monitor

I want a giant black boot
(with steal in the pointed toe)
...to jump up
on the wood desk,
Pull back my leg,
Feel the weight hanging on my
foot,
the potential energy force, and
...wiwham!
into the screen

she stares at every day
every night
she can't leave it
even to sleep
she doesn't sleep anymore

Like an axe
my foot could smash through
the plastic,
microchips,
and metal
Or just kick the thing
out the

sliding glass window
shards flying
metal smashing
on the concrete patio

I want to kill the thing
that has taken her away

Maybe she'll come back to life

-Frances Dusseault

Not A Poet

You say I'm afraid to show it,
And you believe I'm a poet,
And you are sure that I know it,

But I am not.
My words may burn hot;
I'm no Frost or Dickinson;
I can't scribe like Shakespeare,
Or like a single contemporary.

Don't call me what I am not.
Call me romantic masochist,
Or say I'm crazy or a fool,
But poet, no not that.

Any honor but that, for I'm not it.
My words lack elegance
and passion.
Yes, my words can burn, but
never for love,
I won't let myself say words for sex
They repel all, except you,

Who says my words rise to heavens
Your thoughts are of love.
I am only your word sayer.

-Jesse Dowell

Naturally Cursed

Divinely casted bodily beauty
Serves as tainted inspiration
Of impure intentions
And desperate desires.
Awe yields to aggression.
Deference to dedication.
Against my weak will.

The stirrings have long since arrived.
I want my fucking pill.

-not jonas

Sometimes when we talk
like just now, a little bit ago
I have trouble looking at you
while we're talking

and it's not like I'm undressing
you in my mind or anything
which I'm not saying I wouldn't do;
but it's much deeper than that.

It's like I want to drink you all up
and keep drinking
and keep drinking
and revel in your slendor forever.

But I can't do that.
It's socially awkward
like smelling your hair
in the trashcan
and telling you about it
in front of others.

I'm sorry about that, by the way
but look here:

I wrote you a poem
to make up for it.

-Samson

Talk to Me Nicely

you talk to me nicely now
not your usual sex filled banter
you sincerely ask how I am
there's no inquiry to how my bed-life
is
we talk about things
not just the cut of my clothes

you stand closer to me when you
talk
it's more comforting without the heat
you won't let me touch you as often
when I reach for you
you dart from my hand
like it's an offer to my bedroom

I'm unsure how to react to you now
I've never been in this position
where words words are too strong
at least for what you feel like
as if I take it all literally
at the heavy rated face value
you present.

I'm not sure it fits you
this polite costume you wear
it's like the colors clash
or the sequence are too dull
or maybe it's just the style
you picked
but it's not working at all

There's no excitement in your words
a certain lack of participation
like your sex drive is missing
from this potential sticky situation

It's like if you were to bite me
it wouldn't hurt
or if you kissed me
I couldn't feel it
and if you slipped out of your
silly costume
you might disappear

But your substance is spilled out
on the floor
along with your sexual tension
and the words aren't spoken
are dying, wasting away
becoming dust bunnies in your mouth
all the while
you talk nicely to me.

-That Girl That Writes Poetry