

the monitor.

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

volume 10
issue 8



Assassination attempt on Ecuadorian leader

Story by | Marc Becker

On the evening of Sunday, February 1, two gunmen shot at the leader of Ecuador's main Indigenous organization when he returned from a meeting in Cuba against the Free Trade Area of the Americas (FTAA). Leonidas Iza, the president of the Confederation of Indigenous Nationalities of Ecuador (CONAIE), escaped unharmed but three of his family members were injured.

When Iza and his family arrived at CONAIE's headquarters in Quito, the capital city of the South American country of Ecuador, the two assassins shouted, "We will kill you!" and opened fire, but the party managed to take cover inside the building. In the attack, Iza's son Xavier was seriously hurt by the gunfire that penetrated a metal door at the entrance to the office. Iza's brother and nephew received minor gunshot wounds in their legs and feet. The attackers also struck Iza's wife on the face.

It appears that the attack was politically motivated, and that the assassins had followed Iza from the airport to CONAIE's office. Iza and other Indigenous leaders immediately placed blame on the government of retired Coronel Lucio Gutiérrez as the intellectual authors of the attack, and announced an uprising calling for the president's resignation. Ricardo Ulcuango, a representative of the Indigenous political party Pachacutik in the national congress declared that "the government has the obligation to defend the lives of all Ecuadorians, and especially those of Indigenous leaders who have been receiving threats for quite some time."

Gutiérrez also denounced the attack, and

announced that he would launch an investigation. Ecuador has been seen as an island of relative peace and stability surrounded by Colombia and Peru that were plagued with violence, but such political attacks seem to be on the rise. Two days before the attack on Iza,

Patricio Campana, who was investigating corruption in the state oil company, was also killed. In December, Humberto Cholango, the president of Ecuarrunari, the country's most radical Indigenous organization, was briefly imprisoned for his pointed attacks on Gutiérrez's policies. Ulcuango and Gilberto Talahua, Pachacutik's coordinator, have also recently received threats because of their political activities.

In response to the attack, CONAIE announced a "state of national mobilization" and called on its members to occupy symbolic locations in the provinces. It declared that this was "not only an attack against the president of CONAIE, but a repressive action against everyone who disagrees with the inhumane, and perverse policies of the current regime." The mobilization began with a demonstration in Iza's home province of Cotopaxi in central Ecuador on February 10, and spread to the rest of the country a week later with the blocking of highways.

On February 16 in the southern province of Azuay, the police and military launched tear gas against the crowd and shot four demonstrators and detained nineteen protesters, including two Indigenous leaders. A 63 year-old woman, María Doraliza Lalvay, subsequently died from bullet wounds to the stom-



Leonidas Iza, president of the Confederation of Indigenous Nationalities of Ecuador (image from ecuador.indymedia.org)

Bindner benefit a success

Story by | Suzanne Leslie and Nicole Rainey

Last Friday night, (February 20, for those of you keeping track) the Dukum Up hosted a benefit concert to raise money to help pay for the hospital bills and babysitting costs that have accrued since English professor Linda Bindner's stroke in early February. This event was heavily supported locally, from the appetizers donated by Il Spazio and Java Co that began the evening, to the long list of area bands that gave up part of their Friday night to be a part of the five-hour show.

Tickets for the evening were set at \$10 for students and \$20 for adults. Besides providing the location for the event, the Dukum also generated extra funds by donating 25 percent of the upstairs bar sales to the cause. In spite of the somber reason for the evening, a diverse audience ranging from little children to college kids to faculty to community members packed the place and enjoyed expanding their musical horizons with a list of bands representing genres spanning folk, funk, jazz, blues, bluegrass, rock, jam rock, and all the mixes in between.

Everyone that attended the show left struck with a strong sense of the strength of Kirksville's community. Event organizer Royce Kallerud reported that the show felt "like it was in someone's living room—it was just this neat thing where there were people from all over the University, KCOM, the town..." Chris Miller, a senior at Truman, and a member of the band Deadwood echoed Kallerud's satisfaction with the event's positive mood. He explained, "all the groups were worried about what we would play, and we got there, and everyone was so upbeat, and we played our regular set."

The evening was a success both because it brought the community together for support and comfort during a difficult time, and because the fundraising efforts were very fruitful—Christine Harker (one of the event's primary organizers) reported that they exceeded their goal for the evening. However, support is still needed.

Please send any donations
c/o Jennifer Creer, MA
A.T. Still Research Institute
800 W. Jefferson St.
Kirksville, MO 63501



Photo by | Tessa Bernhardt

Eve Ensler
& the WRC's
Monologues
inspire some &
alienate others,
but leave
everyone talking
about that one
word...

See Page 9

Republicans stage pro-life event

Story by | Andrés Delgado

The College Republicans brought two speakers to make a pro-life presentation and moderate a question and answer session for around 50 students in the Baldwin Little Theater on Thursday, Feb. 19.

Junior Rebecca Knefelkamp started the session, entitled "Fetus: Person or Property?", by introducing the speakers: Patty Skain, executive director of Missouri Right to Life, and Chris Bushéy, an ultrasound technician and president and founder of Initial Images, which his website, www.initialimages.org, describes as a "non-profit, tax-exempt, educational corporation dedicated to educating everyone about diagnostic ultrasound."

Skain spoke about the history of abortion legislation, dating back to pre-colonial British common law and early American common law, under which judges deemed abortion illegal beginning at "quickening," or the first movement of the baby. Skain said American legislatures began writing actual

laws on the subject beginning in the 1800s.

She described the Roe v. Wade ruling as the evolution of the abortion-legalizing movement's state-by-state campaign stalling without success in 30 states in the 1960s and changing to a judicial approach. "Over 30 states rejected abortion...They turned to the courts," she said.

In the wake of the ruling, which she said defined health very broadly, she said "We know as pro-life groups that we can't get legislation passed and upheld in the courts." "That is why we have abortion on demand through all 9 months in this country," Skain said. She said the laws that have been allowed merely regulate abortion, addressing issues of safety and reporting.

Skain finished by reflecting on her own history with the issue of abortion, saying, "I've been a

Pro-life continued on page 10

Assassination continued on
page 10

Feminists take Washington 5

The Queen Returns! 7

A Metal Odyssey 8

Laramie, Performed 9



The Monitor

Campus Collective
Independent Quality Since 1995

Volume 9, Number 8

CAMPUS ADDRESS

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

OFFICE ADDRESS

MONITOR TOWER
511 E. SCOTT STREET APT. 1
KIRKSVILLE, MO 63501

MONITORTRN@HOTMAIL.COM

MANAGING EDITORS

ANDRÉS DELGADO
CAMERON MOORE
NICOLE RAINÉY

MY BACK PAGES EDITOR

ZACH JACKSON

ADVERTISING & DISTRIBUTION

CAMERON MOORE

All contents Copyright © 2004
The Monitor Campus Collective unless otherwise noted.

The Monitor is published every other Tuesday. We meet every Tuesday and Thursday at 9 p.m. in BH 346. Each writer is responsible for his or her own work.

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

Among people who have learned something from the 18th century (say, Voltaire) it is a truism, hardly deserving discussion, that the defense of the right of free expression is not restricted to ideas one approves of, and that it is precisely in the case of ideas found most offensive that this right must be vigorously defended. Advocacy of the right to express ideas that are generally approved of is, quite obviously, a matter of no significance."

-- Noam Chomsky

FAC

FUNDS ALLOTMENT COUNCIL

for more information, please call 276.75.

Newsire

compiled by Nicole Rainey

My Heart

God bless Ralph Nader. Defying everyone's expectations, he announced his bid for president last weekend. Although surely no one will vote him, he is already getting boatloads of publicity for his progressive agenda. Candidates from across the board who would have never given him a second thought are viciously attacking his decision to campaign, while shamelessly pandering to his progressive contingent of voters. Nader insists that his political stance makes him the best candidate to beat Bush—the BBC reports him as saying, "I'd go after Bush even more vigorously... in ways that the Democrats can't possibly do because they're too cautious and too unimaginative."

Ironically, the Reverend Al Sharpton (an old buddy of Nader's) told *The New York Times* on Monday that "The only reason he's running is either he's an egomaniac or as a Bush contract. What's the point? This is not 2000 when progressives were locked out. I'm going on a national crusade to stop Nader." Whatever, Al. Anything that gets universal healthcare and corporate crime on the tip of the national tongue is a-ok by me.

The Netherlands

Monday, February 23rd, Palestinian activists gathered at the International Court of Justice at The Hague to challenge Israel's newly completed wall in between the Israeli and Palestinian territories. Lkening it to the Berlin Wall, the Palestinians claim that it destroys their unity, squelching the creation of a viable Palestinian state. Although hearings were held all day Monday, it could take months for the court to come to a decision. 14 countries represented in the court, including South Africa, made statements condemning the wall. The Israeli contingent flew in the remains of a bus that had been bombed by a suicide bomber.

In an essay published in the *New York Times* on Monday, Noam Chomsky writes, "what this wall is really doing is taking Palestinian lands. It is also—as the Israeli sociologist Baruch Kimmerling has described Israel's war of "politicide" against the Palestinians—helping turn Palestinian communities into dungeons, next to which the bantustans of South Africa look like symbols of freedom, sovereignty and self-determination."

Other direct actions were held in Israel, near the wall itself, including a false wall erected in front of Ariel Sharon's home in Jerusalem. Also, Palestinians threw stones at Israeli soldiers, and were countered with tear gas.

(bbc.com, indymedia.org)

Washington

Sadly, George Bush's beloved dog Spot has died. You should write him a nice card. At the end, you should say: because of your empty (or non-existent) efforts towards environmental legislation, many other animals (some cuter than Spot) are currently dying long, painful deaths.

Send your kind words to:

The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue NW
Washington, DC 20500

In other non-related, Bush-bashing news, on Monday, the administration's education secretary called the National Education Association (the country's largest teacher's union) a terrorist organization during a conference on the No Child Left Behind Act. You can blame terrorism for a lot of stuff, but not your shitty education policy.

(AP)

from the desk of the editors...

OK folks, it was another long damn night here at the monitor tower. Well, maybe we shouldn't be so bitchy. But geez... there's a lotta stuff in here. It's packed tight like sardines in a can, and Phil's Bad Comics for Biologists still didn't even fit in (sorry Phil). We probably have a pretty good issue here, though.

So, yeah, keep 'em coming, and try to get them to us in a timely manner so's we can do our best to accommodate all the great submissions we've been receiving. Our next issue, we do believe, will be out about a week after spring break. Speaking of, Andrés is already working on his tan (look out ladies). SPRING BREAK!!!!!!!!!!!!

Oh yeah, FAC has been kind enough to provide us with funds for printing our paper this semester!! Thank you FAC for your support, it helps a lot and we appreciate it.

We hope you enjoy the picture below. We changed it because our last picture (with the blob that didn't look like, but was, a cat) only got a 7.7 on www.hotornot.com.

Also, we're going to have another short story contest this semester. The deadline is a secret still, but start sending them in so we can accept as many entries as possible for our end of the year short-story-extravaganza where will give away \$50 (that could be you!). Otherwise, we will *all* egg your house. Not just Cameron.

Love and stuff

Andrés Delgado
Cameron Moore
Nikki Rainey

Andrés, Cameron, & Nikki



Uh oh... Its another short
story contest from *The
Monitor...* send us your
short stories of
approximately 1000
words for \$50 top prize.
Deadline t.b.a.

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.

Is long column rude?

First off, as a loyal reader, I have to say that I love the stuff you do. Keep up the good work. Now that the pleasantries are over, let's get down to business. PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE do something about Larry Iles. Please. I think I speak on behalf of all your readers except Iles when I say that I don't read his stuff. Believe me, I've tried. On several occasions. But no matter how many second chances I give the man, he just keeps disappointing me. Now, that parody you had of him a while back was pretty funny. But that's not my point. The point is, Iles took up a whole page of *The Monitor*, that I'm sure could have been put to some use, even if it was the "if you're out of toilet paper please use this page" page. Not that I'm advocating the use of your fine newspaper as toilet tissue, but essentially that's about all the use I could find in Iles' thing. Don't get me wrong, I'm sure Mr. Iles is a nice guy, and this is in no way, shape or form supposed to be critical of the man himself, but he consistently puts out pieces of work that readers don't read. I know for a fact that your readers don't read it because I've talked to several of them and they all say that they skip Iles'

stuff. And here I thought the point of writing was so that someone would read your work. Honestly, you could use the page to make a ransom note out of. Or at least, I'm pretty sure you could since I managed to make it through about the first two lines before I gave up. Again. Now, I'm not asking you to do anything drastic, like send the Deadly Viper Assassination Squad after the guy, but could you please have him cut it down a lot? Like to maybe 500 or 1,000 words? Or even less if you can manage it. Better yet, just 1,000 characters. I know I sound like a horrid, femi-nazi bitch, but really, I'm just doing this for the sake of my sanity, your sanity, and everyone who reads *The Monitor's* sanity. Thanks.

This has been a polite hissy fit by:
Liz Fergus

Gay Marriage: not even an issue

Anyone who has been watching the news, reading the newspapers, or listening to the radio knows all about the hullabaloo over the topic of gay marriages. Yes, that's right. I said it, hullabaloo. Cuz this editorial is going to get a whole lot pissier really fast. What I want to know is why people have such a huge problem with gay mar-

riages. No offense to those people, but it's NONE OF THEIR FUCKING BUSINESS. Why is it that people feel the need to exclude gay men and lesbians from marriage. Seriously, what the fuck is wrong with Americans? Marriage is a privilege allotted only to straight men and women? Are people listening to themselves?! WITHOUT including the words, god, Jesus, lord, He, etc., I want people to explain to me the reason why gays and lesbians should be excluded from such basic amenities such as marriage (hello, separation of church and state—as far fetched as that concept seems to the government). For 2005, you'd think that Americans would have outgrown the ideology of having second class citizens. Banning gay marriages only fosters the attitude that homosexuals are lesser people than a 'straight' man or woman. Haven't we, as people, progressed past such barbaric behavior? I thought that as human beings, we have grown to be accepting, striving for such ideals as equality. Yet, this struggle to ban gay marriages only seems to be a step back in our social evolution. It's really sad that all these people say that they tolerate or accept homosexuals in society, yet at the same time those people are against gay marriages. I'm not going to say that they are hypocrites...I'm just saying, don't say one thing when you mean something else. Get my drift? But hey, I guess it's none of my fucking business right?

Bill Chong

Re: Nadine Strossen

Your recent issue was a juicy bit of controversy. I particularly enjoyed your detailed content coverage of the Nadine Strossen presentation. It was a substantive and intelligent piece of reporting.

I would like to note that there were close to if not more than a thousand people who went to hear her speak. I know this because we were told by the manager of the Baldwin Auditorium that it seats over 1200 people, and well over two thirds of the seats were occupied. I could see this was so as I faced the audience and made strong efforts to choose fairly from among the many people who had raised hands for questions. This is a tribute to our student community who reflected such a strong reception to and desire to hear her speak and to local businesses, media, student and faculty activists who helped let it be known this speaker was coming. I also am very impressed by the fact that support for this talk was given locally by individuals representing all points of the political spectrum.

Dr. Betty L. McLane-Iles
Professor of French
Co-advisor of Truman Chapter
Amnesty International



You're invited to explore your graduation announcement options at

Originals Paper Art

Design your own custom graduation announcements with guidance from our friendly and creative staff.

Visit Originals today to discuss custom graduation announcements that are a reflection of you!

Originals Paper Art
110 W Harrison St
on the Kirksville Square

call 660.627.4696
originalspaperart.com

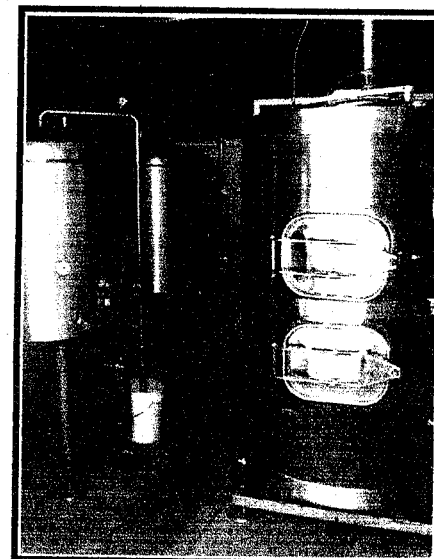


Brewery • Pub • Restaurant

featuring woodfired
pizzas

**Pint Night
Every
Wednesday
Night**

**Discounted pints of
your favorite beers**



Located at the corner of Washington & Main
(660) 665-8484

O P I N I O N S

monitor

Chef Jon's Entree: Bush

Opinions by | Jon Lawinger

While I generally tend to write about political happenings, this time I seem to have unintentionally selected all stories with a presidential theme. I'm not a big fan of repetitive Bush bashing, but I think these are noteworthy events worth considering, so I hope you enjoy.

First up, recently the Bush administration, in the annual Economic Report of the President, projected that 2.6 million jobs would be created in 2004, more than making up for the 2.2 million jobs that have been lost since the president took office. More recently, the White House has been desperately attempting to distance itself from that estimate. Considering that such a feat would require an average creation of 335,000 jobs per month for the next eleven months, compared to the 112,000 created in January, pretending like they never meant for people to believe the original numbers is probably a good move for the White House. However, it doesn't make up for publishing an official economic report with such absurdly inflated projections.

Maybe factual data just isn't a strong point of this administration in general, considering that The New York Times has reported that on February 18th "about 60 influential scientists, including 20 Nobel laureates" issued a statement claiming that the administration "has deliber-

ately and systematically distorted scientific fact in the service of policy goals on the environment, health, biomedical research and nuclear weaponry at home and abroad." A separate 37-page report details the accusations. I haven't read through the specifics, so I can't make any personal judgments on the administration's manipulation of science, but when 20 Nobel laureates are telling you someone's not being scientifically accurate, I'm inclined to agree.

There's no dodging or twisting one piece of recent data though. As of February 18th, the national debt exceeds 7 trillion dollars. Now to be fair, Bush's massive deficits amount to only a small portion of the total debt at stake, and they follow a long tradition of piling up owed money and pretending it'll disappear someday. But, you ask, don't we need to constantly run a deficit in order to provide adequate social programs, or adequate tax relief, or adequate dictatorial ass-kicking? And I ask, do you realize how much the interest on a \$7 trillion debt costs? In 2003 it was \$322 billion, 18% of federal revenue. So part of the reason we seem to always need these deficits is that we start with over a \$300 billion handicap, which will continue to increase over time. With that much extra money every year we could have a pretty wild orgy of social programming, tax cutting, and war mongering. Or a

balanced budget.

So you'd think with a massive deficit and a war-loving president our military forces should at least be well funded. Well considering the pentagon's massive yearly budget I'm certainly not going to claim we don't spend enough money on our military, but it makes me wonder why ABCnews.com is reporting that many troops being deployed to Iraq are buying their own armored chest plates because the government is failing to 'provide enough of them. Now maybe I'm off base here, but it seems to me it would be worth diverting a couple million dollars from the development of bigger, better, faster, and smarter weapons, tanks, aircraft, and bombs in order to provide all the soldiers currently risking their lives with chest armor. Maybe it's too much to ask the by-far-best-funded military in the world to provide all its grunts with a complete set of basic equipment, but excessive idealism isn't an accusation I get very often.

Of course Bush didn't enter Iraq as a virgin war-wager. As the country seems to so easily forget, the freedom, love, and democracy tour had already stopped in Afghanistan. Even though we're not hearing about it, things are less than stellar there. A Valentine's Day New York Times editorial discussed the state of women's rights in Afghanistan. It cited such encouraging examples as the Afghan Supreme Court banning female singers from television, banning married women from attending

high school, and restricting the hours women can travel without a male relative. A 16-year-old girl was recently sentenced to 2 and a half years in prison after fleeing her 85 year old husband, who she was married to when she was 9. Outside Kabul bandits and rapists make it unsafe even in daylight for women to go to school or leave their houses for other purposes. The editorial reports, "Amnesty International quoted an aid worker as saying: 'During the Taliban era, if a woman went to market and showed an inch of flesh, she would have been flogged. Now she's raped.'" And a woman who has been raped risks an honor killing by her own family. Is this all the freedom we have to offer? Regardless of whether or not we should have gone to Iraq, we should have finished the job in Afghanistan first. But we didn't even come close to creating an environment of freedom and equal rights because once we got rid of the Taliban we wanted to move on to the next big thing. Now people are calling for us to get out of Iraq as fast as we can. This ADD method of fighting wars is not unacceptable. It doesn't take long for us to tear a country down, but rebuilding a country takes a lot of time, a lot of effort, and a lot of money. If we were unwilling or unable to commit all three of those things to Afghanistan and Iraq, we have no right to claim that freedom and democracy had anything to do with our military campaigns that took place there.

Continued on page 11

Community must unite

Opinion by | Nicole Rainey

It was amazing to see how many people came to hear Ms. Judy Shepard speak in Baldwin last Tuesday. I've been going to all kinds of speakers and events for the three years that I've attended Truman, and I don't think I've ever seen the auditorium that packed, or sat in the middle of a crowd that hung so rapt on every word.

She didn't teach us anything we didn't already know, and she didn't speak with any kind of finesse or genius, but thousands of us sat spellbound by her sweet stammering because the words that she spoke contained a tone of honesty that few of us are used to. She has been giving that same talk for three years, but you wouldn't know it—every thought floated out of her mouth like it was something she was issuing to us, personally.

Because her talk was so touching, a huge part of me does not want to write an editorial focused on the negative finale of her presentation—I don't mean to divert attention away from her positive messages of promoting gay rights and anti-hate crime legislation, political savvy, and holistic acceptance.

I thought she was perfect.

Instead, I want to address the community issue of what happened at the end of her talk. For everyone that wasn't there, at the end of her question and answer session, an older woman stood up and spoke (demure, but pointed) into the microphone concerning what the bible says about homosexuality.

For a moment, the words, "but...Sodom

and Gomorrah," hung nasty in the air, followed by a collective whispered "o, fuck," shooting through the audience.

Then (chaos-minute) folks from all parts of Baldwin stood up in their seats, and asked the woman to please sit down. Unintelligible, she continued for a few more seconds until a student (Mary Burford) pulled the microphone away from her, and demanded that the audience complement Mrs. Shepard on her bravery and honesty. The audience stood and clapped, and Mrs. Shepard forgave the woman and asked for the audience's tolerance. Mrs. Shepard did not want us to succumb to that woman's level of hate.

The next day, everyone I talked to bemoaned the negativity of the audience. Folks all over campus were disappointed with the kids who yelled at that woman, and felt that Mrs. Shepard's message of love and acceptance was lost.

But I admit it. When that woman employed the religious Book that I grew up with as a tool for hate, and specifically directed it at another woman whose child had been brutally murdered because of the same misuse, I stood up out of my chair, and from the back of Baldwin Hall, I yelled at her to please sit down.

I didn't do it because I hate that woman. Shit, I don't even know her name, there's no way I can even conceive of her as a person to hate. To me, she was a stream of horrifying words spoken in the already delicate (and already teary) context of Matthew Shepard's Mother. I didn't do it because I believe in censorship—just because her words were inappropriate does not mean she shouldn't have the right to say them.

However, I am not a saint like Judy

Shepard—I yelled loud at that woman because my belly will not allow me to accept the lens she sees the world through. I could not stand to sit there surrounded by thousands of members of my community (whispering, hard breathing, scared) and quietly 'tolerate' her.

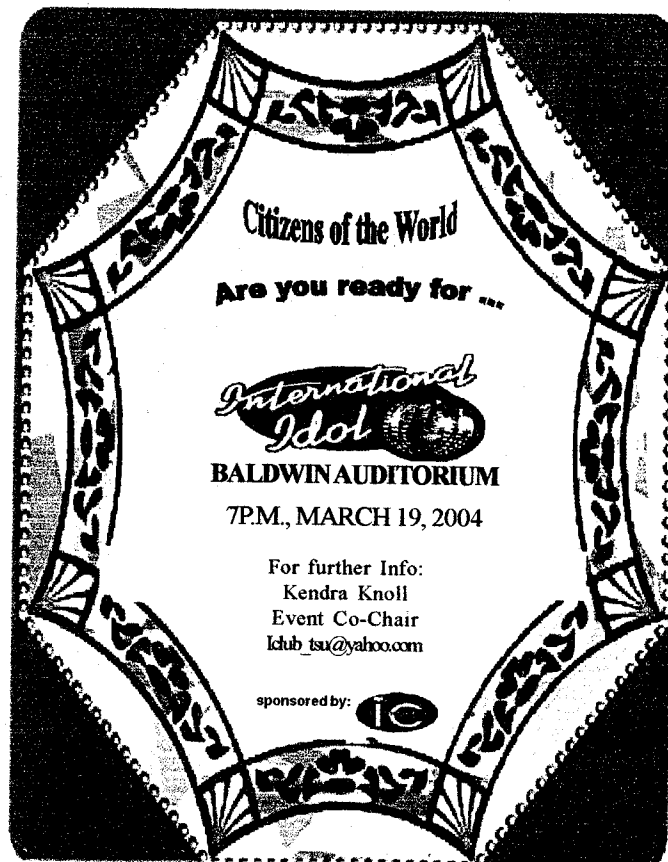
Tolerance is phony acceptance. It is patronizing and dishonest, and does not promote any change. Tolerance is easy—if we are 'tolerating,' something, it means we are examining it only logically and not allowing our emotional selves any room for expression; we are neutral; disconnected; benignly helpless.

I knew no one was going to change the way that woman read the Old Testament—religion is funny like that: 10+ years of serious Jewish education, and I still have tattoos, am comfortable with the theory of evolution, and do homework on Saturdays. I yelled at that woman because I belong to a community of people who were hurt and scared by her words.

The word 'hate' is too specific. I'm talking about honesty. If our cultural fear of anger and raw feeling drives us to smother our emotional reaction to the political world around us under a

cloud of 'tolerance,' we are denying ourselves an opportunity to truly communicate with ourselves and other people.

Really, all we have to give each other is our words—our mouths are political tools; we need to use them to share our loves and fears with each other and join together to support the people around us, so we can use the beauty and power behind our collective voices to ignite true change.



Strossen, revisited

Opinion by | Larry Iles

In sending her as promised personal thanks and a copy of *THE MONITOR* report of her speech to us in Baldwin hall auditorium which I had the honor to introduce, I let ACLU head and NYU Law professor Nadine Strossen know this about her accomplishment: The careful research she gave us last month on the Bush junior/Ashcroft Patriot Acts was not only the only lecture that all year here in this benighted place will make history in we auditors recollection, but also that I was personally, rarely moved! Since as far back as the early seventies when history textbook writer Carl Degler turned up at my BA alma mater Newcastle upon Tyne university in northernmost English isolation comparably talking about "then healthier LIBERAL US "exceptionalism". I like him, she struck me as impressive on both solid empirical content and, better still, non-patronizing egalitarian contact warmly with all of us afterwards, especially as some folks had traveled all the way from as far as St. Louis and Columbia to hear her speak as one of America's meritoriously top 100 women.

This has got me reflecting on 3 fearlessly pertinent women and their enduring, too little heard lessons for us amidst the male garbage dominance! Yes, folks. At a feminist majority campus community, a whole column horror of horrors devoted to intelligent dames! Strossen's telling thrusts were contentiously twofold: One, that even conservative Republicans are as worried as liberals and radicals about librarians and teachers being PA statutorily obliged to hand over your grade incomplections uncareeristly and riskier book reading lists to BIG BROTHER CORPORATE BUSH-CHENEY government dumbheads perusal, at will! Two, that for all the reservations legit-wise we have about the white male, slavery condoning US constitution wealthy Founding Fathers, their checks and balance notions

were right, compared with the pro-Bush war television media's absolutist fearmongery. Unfairly attacked by a rarely bumptious audience member for her Holocaust survivor daughter's status in disliking his commander-in-chief's such absolutism, Strossen buttressed her case impenitently! By reminding us of former WWI U boat commander and Hitler outspoken opponent Pastor Niemöller's famous aphorism: that is, why do we wonder if no one protests our eventual imprisonment arrest by false commanders? We never did protest others' arrests ourselves, because unlike others we were not Jews, gays or Socialists, ourselves! Updating as she did so, the last categorisation to cover the 1,000 plus Moslem students whom Gauleiter AG Ashcroft has had deported from the US since nine/ eleven, nearly all of whom have not had a SINGLE terrorist charge proved at ALL against them. And they have been denied also proper access to lawyers for just minor offenses like library and gas station work visa violations to feed their college tuition costs!

Two analogous dead spirits akin to Strossen's outspoken fire since their own high school days in areas just as regressive as this campus and community were Mary Agnes Hamilton whom I lectured on pioneeringly at last year's TSU Women's History conference (see the *UK LABOUR HERITAGE QUARTERLY BULLETIN*, Spring 2003 write up by editor Councilwoman Barbara Humphries, PHD). And the more recently late Joan Maynard, nicknamed "Granny Stalin", whom you can read about latterly in a fawning biography by sociologist, K. O'Connor's *JM: PASSIONATE SOCIALIST* that has just admirably, unexpectedly turned up in the latest acquisitions part of our own Pickler Library from also publication from last year.

Let's instance the last more OPENLY than her biographer doesn't! Maynard, unlike Strossen, was usually charmless to the point of intolerant tactlessness, and even O'Connor cannot hide Maynard's lack of sympathy for modern movements like feminism! Indeed, a friend of mine who was effeminately, bravely, openly gay at Newcastle Political Science major classes dared to clash with granny Stalin at Labour UK National Executive sub-committees. This was over his pro-Europeanism,

which comrade Maynard, in its European Community form, regarded as an anal entry US NATO, multi-nationals backdoor rape, and he often came back literally shivering from her bile in result!

Yet, for all this unwarranted nastiness, O'Connor has been given by cancerously taken Maynard, over the last two years of the last's retirement as Sheffield city's first ever WOMAN Labour member of parliament, complete access to the "real" figure beneath this acid activist. One who was a poor Yorkshire rural woman in an area not dissimilar and just as conservative as our Kirksville, who not only self-taught herself up thru the labour trade union movement! But who took care of often awful relatives on an income pittance herself, championed Catholic victims of still force occupied British Northern Ireland, and never once abided the posh sell-out to the Bush oil US dynasty that in her view corruptly mars the ex-Tory Blair premiership, considering him a total Benedict Arnold in reverse whoredom! Memory of such figures as Joan is even today enough to reduce Blair to visible palpitations!

More capable like Strossen of real charming comradeship and her sheer erudition, shimmering sexy dress, was Hamilton. Her gifts like Strossen's were those of a scholarship won into elite, Girton Cambridge to Strossen's Harvard's. Where as a trained economist Hamilton could demolish the nonsense that Bush still peddles, that "profits" are good for everyone, a fallacy that suits his privileged few only, and in its ultimate war making folly Hamilton took on. As a slowly being rediscovered WW I novelist and indeed a founding member of the understudied UNION OF DEMOCRATIC CONTROL. Hamilton worked tirelessly even to the point of her final jobs as a BBC woman governor and editor of the English Speaking Union journal publi-

cation to insist, people, that we must take an interest in what is done in our name in that title "Overseas Now"! I can just imagine how scornful her ghost must have been if it was sitting next to me at a recent all-male US TSU DSS hall panel on Iraq, at how all of them started talking unchallenged about "a clash of civilisations" abroad, marking our also badly overseas begun century. BUT NONE OF THEM HAVING THE ELEMENTARY ELUCIDATION ABILITY TO MENTION THE RICH CALIFORNIAN CONSERVATIVE HUNTINGTON BROTHERS' LIBRARY NONSENSE THEORY ORIGINS OF SUCH RELIGIOUS CAPITALIST CRACKPOT MACHISMO TRASH ANIMATING TODAY'S USA NEO CONSERVATIVES! Just as Hamilton did in her articles on US private enterprise monopoly media she would have mercilessly ridiculed the idea any truth was possible from such male arrogance, and that too from someone vehement in our own mutual Labour party against the granny Stalin wings!

To conclude my deliberate linking of these 3 women together is not just to urge you to write and research all three's vast journalistic output, as better than most male mandarin textbooks ever will be. The purpose too is to urge you to value the aggro in feisty women, to find irrespective of your own gender more heroines less heroes, even spiteful ones like Maynard whom I am ninety per cent sure I would not have liked if I had met her. Because it is these 3 women's decision not to go with the male herd like Strossen's palpable distaste for all her humor about it wittily for piano leg statue-draping Ashcroft that is a real liberal arts education, providing as Professor James Harmon put it in his own afterglow from her talk some ray of "hope" for the future.

Get on the demonstration bus

Opinion by | Linda Seidel

I have talked about politics nearly all my life, but I have not done anything. Even during the turbulent and idealistic '60's, I was a bystander, letting other people put their lives on the line while I passively hoped our country would become more just. Since then, I have written a few editorials and a few more checks, but until recently I have been loathe to inconvenience myself by taking action.

Now, that has changed. For me, as for many progressives, the spur to activism has been the ideological assault upon us by George W. Bush and his supporters on the far right. Let facts be submitted to a candid world:

- He has declared war upon the world's women by instituting the "gag rule" on international family planning clinics (prohibiting them from even mentioning abortion if they receive U.S. funds);

- He has signed legislation limiting the options available to doctors trying to save the lives of pregnant women and jeopardizing women's freedom to choose;

- He has continued the war on America's poor (begun during the Reagan Administration) by cutting taxes on the wealthy, reducing the access of the working poor to earned income tax credits, and seeking to further complicate the requirements to receive Temporary Aid to Needy Families;

- He has invaded a nation that posed no threat to the United States and lied to the American people about his reasons for doing so;

- He has eroded the separation of church and state through his advocacy of faith-based social services and his arbitrary restrictions on medical research;

- He has declared his intention of denying lesbian and gay people their civil rights by supporting a constitutional amendment against gay marriage;

- He has threatened our future prosperity by creating budget deficits that must inevitably re-

duce the financial investment necessary for economic health and destabilize the government's ability to support an aging population.

I could go on. This is not an exhaustive list. Suffice it to say that, from my perspective, my gender, my generation, and my freedoms have been put at risk. This is why, a few months ago, I participated, along with several other women and men, in resurrecting the local chapter of the National Organization for Women (NOW).

In part we were inspired by the vitality and idealism of Truman's Feminist Majority Leadership Alliance (FMLA) chapter, and we thought that older feminists and progressive egalitarians of all genders needed an organization through which we could help shift American political discourse back to the mainstream values of fairness, equality, and freedom of choice. We do not imagine that a group of 25 members can accomplish these things all by ourselves, but we do believe that, in coalition with many other groups, we can have an impact.

This April 25, NOW, FMLA, Planned Parenthood, and NARAL are sponsoring what will be one of the largest demonstrations in our nation's history, the March for Women's Lives in Washington, DC. Women and men, a million strong, from all over the country will stand up for our rights. We will emerge from our rented buses a bit ruffled, perhaps, but firm in the belief that free speech still matters and that citizen participation remains vital to a democratic society.

On April 25, Northeast Missouri NOW will be on the Washington mall, making common cause with thousands of other people who are similarly worried about the future of this country and of the globe. Won't you join us on our journey and add your voice to our roar? (For more information about getting on the bus, e-mail me at lseidel@truman.edu.)

Dr. Linda Seidel is a University professor.

Beer * Wine * Kegs

PARTY MART

"Where the Party Starts"

At the corner of Jefferson & Elson

No Fancy Slogans,
Just Good Tattoos.

Why Not Tat2's

State Health Inspected - State Licensed

214 N. Franklin

(660) 665-8110

www.whynottat2s.com

F E A T U R E S

monitor

POINT

George Bush for President

Point by | Rory Roherton

How could I do justice to this, our 43rd president? Now I know what you are thinking, that in this liberal rag that is *The Monitor*, in a column written by a humorist (and a bad one at that), anything pro-Bush can't possibly be honest. I am, however, by the end of this article, going to turn even a Kucinich voter into a hard core Bush fan.

The biggest thing that Bush has done is to actually take a stance against evil. Sure others will say they don't like evil, but how often do they take the fight to evil's doorstep? Sure we have lost some in the fight against evil, but don't you think Michael lost some of his angels in the fight against Lucifer? We have completely and utterly destroyed two inherently evil regimes, and did it with enough force to keep other evil ones in fear of showing their faces, the faceless cowards. He has pledged to bring in Osama Bin Laden dead or alive, and you haven't been attacked by that guy lately, have you?

Now you may be saying, many people have fought against evil, what makes Bush so great? I say to you, others may have fought evil, but none have set the records that Bush has. (if they had, they would have the records and not Bush, duh) What records? Well how about these: An annual deficit record was smashed, he has set an all time record in the amount of change in the stock market in a certain direction, wasted the least time of God

fearing American citizens by having the least press conferences since the advent of television, and a bunch of other good stuff that he doesn't even need to tell us about.

What is the common criticism about Bush? He doesn't care about the common man. This is utterly ridiculous!! Think to yourself, who is the most common of common men? The criminal of course. While despised by many, Bush is on their side. Hell, he entered office as one of them. Criminal does not mean evil. Bush has set himself to the task of sorting the truly guilty from the relatively innocent. He has been the first president to execute a federal prisoner in years, and has appointed the most criminals to executive positions. Even people who have made a few mistakes in the past can lead our country into the new century.

I know all you liberal freaks will see something wrong with all of this. Do you like evil or something? Would you like a more mediocre president who doesn't swing for the fences and set records in the process? Do you think that just because a person makes one mistake they should be kept from being an important person the rest of their life? You are one sick, sick motherfucker.

I will leave you now, with this final idea. If Bush wasn't the greatest president ever, how would he be able to spend more of his first year on vacation than any other president? It's because he works hard, and therefore can play hard.

COUNTERPOINT

George Bush not for President

Counter-point by | Phil Spear

As a republican, I'm sick and tired of my party not standing up for itself. We have taken all the abuse of the liberal leftie leftists without questioning that maybe the not-going to war in Iraq is wrong, without suggesting that maybe... just maybe we do need ridiculous crackdowns on our personal freedoms. Our current front runner, George Bush, is too middle of the road and boring to ever have a chance against Kerry. We need someone who is not afraid to say stuff. About stuff.

Enter from the far right... or wherever, I'm not sure where he is as I haven't actually read any of his platform views. In fact I'm not republican at all, and I actively try to avoid being informed as to current events. But I digress. Actually I like digressing better than actually staying on point. Why did those bastards cancel the Brak show? Why did comedy central drop Saturday night live to pick up the terrible poor-man's version of an even poorer man's version of SNL, MAD tv. Why is Absolutely Fabulous still on the air in some form. Its crap. Anyone who says otherwise is an idiot. Why is JAG still on the air? Why is it Truman can't afford to keep the library open, but can afford to have a football team? I have yet to meet a student who has gone to see a Truman football game on purpose. How is it that people

aren't impeaching Bush for lying about weapons of mass destruction being in Iraq and using that as an excuse to start a war that killed innocent civilians, yet they impeached Clinton for lying about oral sex. Granted many, many more innocent civilians died when Monica went down on Bill, but still...

And now I've come full circle with my complaints. Actually, a little bit more than full circle. Lets rewind. ...llits tub, lliB no nwod tnew acinoM nehW deid snailivc tneconni erom ynam ,ynam detnarG Okay good enough. So bush, he sucks. I know Rory did a decent job convincing you that bush didn't suck that badly. Decent being terrible. I don't even really need to write anything else in fact, Rory always manages to lose without my help. Regardless BILL WYATT DESERVES THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE NOMINATION! Go to his webpage, <http://www.billwyatt.org>. I love power. I invented the internet. I hate the environment. Here is a true republican. He's not afraid to say what other candidates just imply. Very blatantly. Except for that bit about the internet. They imply that Gore said it. They'd take credit for it if they could though. Bill Wyatt: the other white meat.

Continued on page 10

Christianity and Science



Feature by | Shane Griggs

Let me be the first to admit that I don't boast a monopoly concerning all things Christianity...or anything for that matter. During the three week interim since I composed my opening column, my formal and informal studies in the philosophy/religion discipline have led to frequent late nights. A Harvard Theological Review essay here and a few paragraphs of Dietrich Bonhoeffer there have debunked mine illusions of comprehensive knowledge. It is truly a humbling experience to recognize that my endeavor here is a tentative step into the kiddie pool of the *great human dialogue*, as a dear friend of mine deems it. This dialogue is a vast epistemological sea that swiftly rebukes the naïveté of any reckless mariners. Nevertheless, it does not strike me negligent to elucidate a central flaw that has garnered common *de facto* approval in the halls of academia. That flaw is the specious divorce of science and religion.

Even as we trend toward the postmodern, science (the systemized, rational process of obtaining knowledge based on cer-

tain governing principles) is widely touted as humanity's beacon of hope and progress. Religion (the systemized beliefs, attitudes, and practices of serving and worshiping God) lags behind, its proponents seeking the proper way to assert its authority in an increasingly secular era where faith seems antithetical to the *zeitgeist*. I suppose it's fitting to posit disharmony between the two schools of thought. The perceived message is this: religion must bow to the findings of modern science, freely admitting its preposterous errors on issues such as origins and the paranormal. The "mythological" motifs of the Bible must be abandoned due to their pre-scientific takes on cosmology. Thus two trends develop. The first wholly/partially abdicates the religious perspective and through the scientific mind works to salvage whatever beliefs/attitudes/practices are possible. Sacred texts and traditions are ingeniously appropriated to suit the times. Academia opens wide its arms to this solution. The second wholly/partially redoubles its commitments to religion, even if this renewed allegiance seemingly contradicts scientific conclusions. Sacred texts and traditions are treated with orthodox relevancy. Academia spurns this movement and often derides it employing the pejorative label "fundamentalism".

Before I opine any further, let us consider the underpinnings of the problem. Within this context, science is appraised rational, objective, and empirical. Religion is dubious, subjective, and mythological. I know some of you

Continued on page 10

The Monitor sex columnist

Makes Debut, Bids Adieu

Feature by | Aaron Baker

In these days of turbulent political agendas and, dare I say intrigue?, one thing is becoming increasingly clear: sex, more so than weapons of mass destruction, is the key issue we must needs turn our attentions towards.

The happy idea of Aristophanes' comedy *Lysistrata* was that the women of Greece and Sparta should withhold sex from their warring husbands until peace had been achieved. Aristophanes had stumbled onto a great idea there, but he was too dumb to truly realize it. Once peace had been achieved, all involved, men and women, Greeks and Spartans, got *really* drunk and fucked like chickens, and in doing so obliterated the "happiness" of his "idea."

I myself have recently stumbled onto a happy idea of my own, and it is as follows: sex makes babies, babies make people, people have sex, sex makes babies, babies make people...the pattern is clear.

"But Edward," you might say, admitting that you are too stupid to remember that my name is Aaron, "What are you suggesting here?"

Well, I'll tell you reader, whose name I do not care to remember, because I am too important and too busy to burden myself with such trivialities. If we all stop having sex, then we will stop having babies. It is as

simple as that.

When I had first decided to become a sex columnist, after much internal turmoil, I was concerned about the challenges it presented. First and foremost, I have never had sex, nor have I seen a grown woman naked, and if I ever do, I won't know what to put where. I don't know what a "penis" does, or what to do with it when I am "done." The dilemma is clear. But I relish in a good challenge.

So I took off all of my clothes, stood naked in front of the mirror and pondered this crucial turning point in my life. A sex columnist is needed at this point in time, and deep within I knew I was the only person for the job. So I stood there naked, cold, lost, and made a mental inventory about what I did know about sex: people "have" it, boys have, which I could see as I stood there naked, shivering, alone, and terrified for the future of the world, "things" and girls have, as I have been told, "cuckoos," boys get together and "have" something together (sometimes they love each other, but this is only a formality) and three weeks later a baby is born.

This last fact is evil, pure and simple. So I urge each and every one of you. Stop having sex and you will solve the following problems: hunger, terrorism and/or tyranny, over-population, jealousy, broken hearts, and crabs. Seriously, stop being selfish and quit having sex. I mean fuck.

Letters from the underground



Column by | Mr. Rory Roherton

Dear Rory,

I think making it with Republicans sounds kinky. Is it worth the risk?

In Solidarity,
M. Emerson

Dear M.,

Oh God. Politics. But what else can be expected with the primaries on everyone's minds and an election coming up in a mere nine months? So I guess I can mix love and religion and politics. Did you notice the religion in there? That's because while it's not an obvious consideration, it has a lot to do with your question. You see, Republicans don't get many converts. The only way for the party to continue to exist is to breed new Republicans into existence. In order to do this, they have formed an alliance

with religions that promote breeding conditions that are optimal for the production of more Republicans. This is where your kinky foray becomes quite risky indeed. You see, their religion will require that you sign a contract that says you will bear them children and only their children before you can make it with them. This is called a marriage and should be avoided at all costs, especially with Republicans. My advice is to not act on this fetish (which is actually considered a perversion by some) and to find a safer fetish, such as S&M. Republicans are wily creatures and have caught on that many are scared by them. Thus, many have come to calling themselves democrats. Do not be fooled, Democrats are the cleverest Republicans who have learned to disguise themselves to the general populace, but have the same insidious plans. You may ask, "Who does this leave? Greens and Libertarians?" Stay away from them as well. While they might not have the same plans, they are just plain crazy and could be committed at any moment. My advice would be to look for a Populist or a Whig, if you can find one. If you cannot, we evolved opposable thumbs for a reason—that reason being masturbation. Speaking of...

—Rory

Dear Rory,

Seventeen FULL days before Valentine's Day, you gave me the most romantic gift I could have imagined: two N batteries for my favorite tiny vibrator. Now: what in the world can I give you, that will rival the gift that keeps on buzzing?

Signed,
Randy for Ror-Douche

Dear RFR-D,

You're welcome.

Now how shall I answer this? My sugges-

tion is to stop spending so much time with your vibrator and start spending more with me. I've been so alone ever since I gave you those batteries.

—Rory

Dear Rory,

MY ROOMMATE OFT SLUTS AROUND AT NIGHT TO A PARTICULAR BEAST'S LAIR, I SORT OF AM IN LOVE WITH MY ROOMMATE, MOSTLY BECAUSE SHE SCORED ABOVE 1420 ON THE SAT, AND I HAVE ISSUES WITH JEALOUSY AND I MISS HER, SO SOMETIMES I, LIKE, I KNOW THIS IS GOING TO SOUND GROSS, I JUST CRAWL INTO HER BED WHEN SHE IS AWAY ON THOSE NIGHTS OUT WITH THE SAID BEAST. IS THAT OKAY?

SIGNED
COOCH BANDERSNATCH

Dear Rory,

Lately, I have been slutting around with a bestial guy every night. This isn't a problem, but what throws a kink into things is that I think my roommate might sorta be in love with me. Every morning when I return home, she is curled up in my bed and the words "He can never love you like I can" are scrawled across the bathroom mirrors in my lipstick. Does this make me a lipstick lesbian? If so, do I have to stop seeing men?

Signed,
Snatch Bandercooch

Dear Cooch and Snatch,

Answer A: I think I can solve this problem with eleven simple words.

Answer B: (Did you get answer a? Funny?) So it seems to me that you have your roles all mixed up. The girl who is slutting around is obviously the true lesbian. I very much doubt that you enjoy men at all, and should begin your new life as a homosexual as soon as possible. The girl who is sleeping in the other's bed is not a lesbian. She has subconsciously known about her roomies homosexuality, and in an attempt to both make her roomie more comfortable and in order to not lose a friend she has begun these pseudo-sexual behaviors. It's all so obvious.

—Rory

Dear Readers,

I must apologize to the person who sent me a question and does not see it in this issue. I accidentally erased your email while cleaning out my email inbox. If you would like to resend it, or if any of you would like to send your first Dear Rory question, I look forward to it. Once again, my email is roryrobertson@hotmail.com. I hope to hear from you!

—Rory

Queen Astra



the Queen

Let the

stars be your guide!

The time has come, ladies and germs, for Queen Astra to make her triumphant return. All my loyal readers may, or may not, have noticed, that the Queen has been away for a period of time. I apologize once and for all for this absence. Do remember how in *Lord of the Rings* Gandalf died and then he came back and he was different? Well, something similar happened to me, except I didn't die, and I didn't fight a Balrog. Truth be told, I got *really* drunk, and then I passed out in a gutter for a while. Port wine does some pretty fucked up things to people, and the Queen, despite her powers, is no exception to the rule. And do you remember how Gandalf was Gray and then he came back White? Well, I came back a different color too! Only I didn't really go through a color change so much as I came back dirty and smelled like urine, but I'm not really sure if it was my urine, or someone else's! Isn't that funny! I'll tell you, the weirdest things happen to people when they get really drunk. All you Aquariuses know what I'm talking about. Give me a "hell yeah!" if you know what I'm saying. Hell yeah! Thanks guys and gals. I think I should probably cut this one short, and I won't be able to get to all of you this time. My head really hurts, and I need to vomit, so keep your eyes peeled for your horoscopes next time. By the way, Alex, the stars came to me in a vision when I was passed out, and some dude, from what I've been told, is going to punch you in the back of the head and run like hell. I think they told me his name was... THE DREADED I'M GOING TO PUNCH YOU IN THE BACK OF THE HEAD AND RUN LIKE HELL BULLY!!!!



Great Scott!

Feature by | Scott

So I was digging around some old boxes the other day and I came across my great-granddaddy's journal from back around the turn of the century. His name was Scott von Scott, a real gentleman he was. He came to Kirksville a few years before that twister rolled through town. And, in case you were wondering, it's a family tradition to continue his style of dress, which is why I have a hat and bowtie (I can't grow a moustache yet... I'm only 10 months old).

All I really know about granddaddy von Scott is that he really loved to ride his bicycle, he loved mint juleps, and he sold herbs on the square. That's why it was so great to come across his journal; now I can learn about all the hijinx he used to get into that my pappy never told me about. So, given this great occasion, I suggest you sit yourself down with a nice frosty mint julep and read away; I've decided to run a few excerpts from his journal this issue so as to share with you a little Scott family heritage and Kirksville history. Hooray!

12 March, 1901

Today was a lovely day in Northeast Missouri, I must say. I just got a new bicycle, and I'd bet an albino gorilla on it that its so big old man Johnston down the street couldn't look up at me without his withered old head just popping right off, which is good, because I don't want him riding my bicycle, but I sup-

pose if he did ride it, he would probably fall off and die, which wouldn't be too sad because his old lady has been looking mighty fine these days, what with her big buxom...

Okay... I guess great granddaddy von Scott had a thing for the ladies. I think that we can all see where this journal entry is going, so we can cut this one a little short. I know that he was just full of love for everybody, that's what pappy used

to tell me, so maybe old man Johnston did something bad to him once. Oh well, this is fun, lets read some more entries. Hooray!

15 March, 1901

Today was another lovely day in Northeast Missouri. A beautiful cool breeze blew through Adair County and washed over all our sins, carrying them away to the heavens for Jesus to deal with, which is a good thing too, because I was out riding my bike today, and it's so big that I can ride right past old man Johnston's place and peek into his old lady's



Great Granddaddy Scott von Scott ca. 1904

changing room, where I think there was some hanky panky going on, and I think I saw Burt and Charlie in there too...

Yikes! Okay, maybe we should skip a few pages. I mean, I knew that great granddaddy von Scott was a widower, but I didn't realize he was that feisty. I guess they didn't know what neutering was back then. Oh well, it's a good thing he didn't get chopped before pappy was born. Anyhow, I bet he calmed down in his older years; we should skip ahead. Hooray!

23 July, 1914

Today was a sweltering hell in Northeast Missouri today. It was too hot to ride my beautiful bike around town, so I had a few delicious mint juleps, and I took a walk around the lake down the street, where I saw old man

Johnston keeled over from heat exhaustion, so I tried to help him up, but he didn't have it in him, so he just laid there practically lifeless while I broke it to him that me and his old lady had a few children together, and that she really knew how to...

Great Granddaddy von Scott!! No! I'm sorry, but I believe we will be cutting this article off short while I go restructure my family tree. I hope this teaches you all a valuable lesson: the past was no golden age to which we should all hearken back... in fact, it was just the same as it is today.

R E V I E W S

monitor

Clutch rocks Columbia

Clutch, Nebula, Mastadon,
& Disrhythmia

The Blue Note

February 2, 2004

Review by I Eric Tumminia

Sometimes you've just got to fuckin' rock. Like on Groundhog's Day, for instance, when you've been sloshing around in a muddy, slushy, nasty, icy muck for the last two or three months and the sky has been gray for longer, your turntable just broke and you don't have enough money to fix it, buy a new one, or even buy beer and you have a nagging pessimistic suspicion that whatever schmuck the democrats come up with this year is going to get his ass whooped by the Bush monster.

So I got in my machine Monday night after a day of watching snowflakes the size of bottle caps try to bury my rocknroll dreams and drove ninety slushy miles south to Columbia and the Blue Note. By the time I got through all the ticket hassle and proved that I was old enough to spend all my money on booze, Disrhythmia had already popped the top, sounding like the futuristic rocknroll robots that they are.

This northeastern band, currently touring in support of their critically-acclaimed first release on Relapse Records (prominent indie metal label to which Mastadon is also signed), *Pretest*, play blisteringly complex instrumental prog-core (imagine the music of Yes or King Crimson minus bullshit plus punk energy and performance aesthetic). If you don't know Disrhythmia, you should — both because they play innovative music with incredible energy and because they've played two great shows in Kirksville over the past couple of years, both times at the Aquadome.

This night, Disrhythmia quickly captured the attention of the devoted (or bored) few who turned up to see them play at 7:00, four hours before Clutch would even take the stage. Bassist Clayton pogoed, crawled, and bounced while trading schizophrenic melodies and licks with guitarist Kevin. Halfway through their set I caught a glimpse of Clutch guitarist Tim Sult hiding behind a stack of speakers, grooving to the mayhem.

Following Disrhythmia and looking like a bunch of heavy metal prehistorics that had just slain one and eaten its heart, Mastadon

took the stage. These guys mix melodic harmonized guitar leads and interesting chord progressions that reach beyond run-of-the-mill doominess with slow lumbering detuned heaviness that makes you reach for the glue. What impressed me most about Mastadon (beside the fact that they're incredibly loud) was their tasteful songwriting. The band, whose songs are long and labyrinthine, understands how to pace themselves, building tension over a period of minutes to finally kick in the big heavy riff and, at least in the case of the Blue Note show, set the crowd to beating the crap out of one another.

The penultimate band of the evening, Nebula, looked a little like Foghat with the bassist from Spinal Tap on drums. This three-piece proceeded to summon, from amidst a continuous fog-machine (and what else?) induced haze, the grotesque lumbering demon of seventies heavy blues rock. Fists pumped, devil horns were raised, heads banged slothfully like hairy Texas oil wells. Although I am usually receptive to that kind of throwback rock, Nebula's riffing and endless wah-drenched solos seemed tired, much less engaging than, say, Fu Manchu (Nebula guitarist/singer Eddie Glass's original band) or...Clutch!

Goddamn, man! After a painfully long soundchecking process, Clutch finally went on, Neil Fallon taking the mic in a deathgrip, his bloodshot eyes reaching through the haze to grab everyone's attention in turn, and when he bellowed his first bellow the place exploded. I have seen some heavy bands, but very few have pits as rough as Clutch. Their songs swagger with drunken belligerence. However, as the show raged on it became clear that Clutch, unlike many of their counterparts in metal, understand something of groove and melody. The setlist for this show consisted primarily of the popular favorites from all the Clutch albums, including two new songs that are to be part of a new album that will be released in late March.

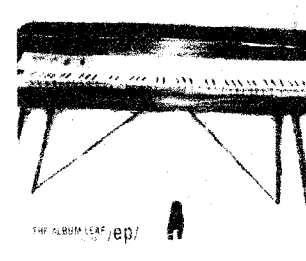
After the show I waded through the spilled beer, trying to get some second opinions on the bands' performances. Morgan sat on my lap while he tried to decide who was better live — Clutch or Iron Maiden. Clayton of Disrhythmia, who had not seen Clutch since '94, commented that it was interesting to hear Clutch playing their older, more aggressive material now that their sound has matured. Finally the Blue Note crew told us to head home, so we pointed the car north and threw on some Slayer. Metal James ate raisins. Suzanne slept. I wondered whether I had finally ruined my hearing. Rock is dead? You must be dead.

Seal Beach washes with bliss

The Album Leaf

Seal Beach

Acualera Discos



Review by I Cameron Moore

There are so many prefixes for music today. Gone are the days when "alternative", "rap", or "country" were the three labels could break popular music down into easy to swallow tablets of genre. After the rise of indie rock, we now have an alphabet soup of prefixes, like emo-, neo-, math-, garage-, and post- to supplement our rocking, refracting indie rock into a spectrum of aural hues.

Now, I like to rock just as much as anyone else. Rock and roll, I do believe, saved many a person's life. But, I must confess, there is something about the post-rock movement that touches something much deeper inside me than a straight shot of rock and roll ever could. And *Seal Beach*, the new EP from The Album Leaf, is a shining example of the more subtle side of what post-rock has to offer.

Post-rock bands generally take elements of rock music and incorporate them into a collage of sounds, abandoning the rigid structure of most rock music, often foregoing lyrics altogether. Many kinds of bands may get labeled as being post-rock, but the hallmarks of this genre are golden guitar arpeggios, either very complicated or very minimalist percussion, and ambient electronic sounds. Chicago-based Tortoise is often credited with building a blueprint for what is commonly called post-rock, with strong jazz influences, angular guitars, xylophones, outstanding percussion work, and a healthy dose of electronic soundscaping.

Other bands that might be labeled as post-rock are Godspeed You Black Emperor!, a nine-piece Canadian band with wall-of-sound orchestration that climaxes in a crescendo of triumph, or San-Diego-based Tristeza (Spanish for "sadness"), who use repetition of beautiful looping angular guitars like salt on fries to create a melancholic and contemplative post-rock sound. And this is where The Album Leaf was born.

Former Tristeza guitarist, Jimmy LaValle, left the band in search of a project to call his

own. His one-man effort, which he calls The Album Leaf, has given him a chance to explore on his own, outside the bounds of the democratic confines of a group endeavor.

His latest release, *Seal Beach*, is an exercise in creating rich, textured instrumental soundscapes, with a mellowness that evokes calm mindfulness and washes over with bliss. LaValle's use of ambient piano sounds and guitar loops is particularly strong, sometimes accompanied with complicated electronic beats that click and stutter to awaken the higher mind, and sometimes accompanied with a solid drum kit that drives straight through.

"Malmo" opens *Seal Beach* with a meandering piano and the crackle of a phonograph, but quickly develops the click and stutter organic beats that come to really give this song depth. And with the crash of a cymbal, "Malmo" really takes off, pumping energy in every which direction.

"Brennivin" follows up, using a light ambience that builds with a strong drum kit until the wave breaks, and reaches a peaceful end. "Seal Beach", the EP's title track, is also very ambient, with no percussion to speak of.

The last two tracks on *Seal Beach*, "Christiansands" and "One minute", even out the ambience of the previous two tracks with more concrete guitars and melodies. The former evokes a bit of Tristeza's repetitive melodic guitar work with a driving drum kit, while the latter is an acoustic number sans percussion, repetitive in a lovely way, bringing to mind Nick Drake.

Seal Beach clocks in at just under 25 minutes of shimmery dreamlike delight. Although LaValle has appeared on many compilations and has released a few EPs, his third full-length album, which he is currently recording with the help of members of the Icelandic band Sigur Ros, among others, is due out in June.

In the mean time, I will continue to rock out as usual, and occasionally turn to my post-rock heroes for a dose of prefix-laden refreshment.

Elvis: The Early Bird Special

Elvis Presley

Self Portrait

Part II of V

Review by I Tom Usted

My meeting with Elvis was not unusual, except that it was a meeting with Elvis, supposedly the finest maggot buffet in Dixie, and it was arranged due to a chance encounter in a Michigan bar with a bum who regularly raids the trash in Elvis' neighborhood. Far from being the sustenance upon which feed the creatures

the Lord condemned to crawl the earth, with their tiny legs and short life spans, Elvis is in fine shape for a sixty-nine-year-old man, sort of the Iggy Pop of his own subterranean punk universe, and surely hasn't looked better since the days of leather and pomade. He's kept up his appearance almost comically, though—I dare you to name another man of his age with a full head of jet black hair—and the old wardrobe, that is, the attire of the Vegas years, is still his dress of choice. And that's just around the house, which should

serve as a more than reasonable explanation for his lack of public appearances since he took his last trip out of Graceland. He just ain't that subtle. But all that blubber that he jiggled around with him for most of the Seventies is gone, and if he decides the time is right for a tour, he'll be a sight.

When he told me with a straight face that he was calling the new record *Self Portrait*, I opened my big mouth and started spewing forth the obligatory Dylan jokes that I excitedly reserve for such occasions, infrequent and generally inebriated as such happenings are, but Elvis was not amused. Apparently it represents the pinnacle of Elvis' relationship to Dylan, both musically and emotionally. I said he was full of

shit, not entirely sure whether I was referring to Elvis himself or to Dylan and not really caring one way or the other, and I told Elvis that I finally understood the rubbish he perpetrated throughout much of the Seventies. His only response was a declaration that I would no longer be allowed to hear the tapes of his performing the entirety of *Self Portrait*, the Dylan version, alone at the piano. The prospect of hearing rock and roll's greatest singer interpret even the likes of "All the Tired Horses" was quite the tantalizing trip for my wildly imaginative brain, soaking in a bath of alcohol as it was or at least probably should have been, but begging would prove to be no use.

Two Vagina Monologue Monologues

Commentary by I
Suzanne Leslie

I first came across the Vagina Monologues three years ago. Actually, I think I wondered across a practice session for them in the SUB one night as I was passing through. I'd remembered seeing signs for the show and being both confused and intrigued, so I thought I'd stay. As the night progressed, I found myself thinking, "If I stay here, does that mean I'm a feminist?" Then, "If I stay here, does that mean I'm gay?" And then finally, "If I stay here, does that mean I have a vagina?"

Well, two of the three turned out to be true (though, I'll leave to the diligent reader to discern which), and by the end of the evening, I was really glad I'd stumbled across the performance. Since then, I've seen two more productions of the Vagina Monologues and I'd say that each time I leave feeling more ... exposed to women's issues like domestic violence, equal rights, and perceptions about sexuality and sexual expression. I think that the Vagina Monologues are one of the experiences that I've had here at Truman that have really helped me to see feminism not as a man-hating doctrine, but rather as an ongoing fight to stand up for the rights of women throughout the world in the workplace, in the home, in the classroom, and in the bedroom.

And now, as I prepare for my first political march (the March for Women's Lives in Washington D.C. this April), I can't help but think back to the miscon-

ceptions I had about feminism upon my arrival here at Truman, and how they and I have changed over the time that I've been here. I believe that the Vagina Monologues in part served as a catalyst for this change, and these days, I think I have to agree with Ani DiFranco, that "the coolest f-word ever deserves a fucking shout." So, I guess I'd like to offer my thanks to Eve Ensler



and all the members of the Kirksville community who have worked so hard these past few years to bring the Vagina Monologues to Kirksville. I, for one, can say that I've really appreciated the exposure.

Commentary by I
zach jackson

Eve Ensler wrote and began performing the Vagina Monologues in 1998. Since then, the production has become wildly popular, winning awards and rave reviews. Ensler has gone on to create V-Day, a "global movement to stop violence against women and girls." V-Day tries to increase global awareness to women's struggles through activism, fund raising and workshops. The theme of this year's Monologues was "Vagina Warriors: An Emerging Paradigm, an Emerging Species."

And that pretty much brings us up to me, a man, walking into Baldwin Auditorium on February 13, 2004 to see the Vagina Monologues. Even before entering the auditorium, I was berated by a bunch of "yonic" art, meaning hundreds of perfectly good 8.5" x 11" sheets of paper being used so women can artistically render their own vaginas. Plus tables and tables of ribbons, and patches, and "choc-clits" and signs and causes and has anyone ever read C. Rosetti's Goblin Market? That's not how I really feel actually, but I'm trying to make a point. Point being that the Vagina

Monologues are ultimately pretty classist even though they're situated within a rhetoric of liberation for all women, world wide.

Don't get me wrong, I'm not trying to be a hater here, just a realist. As a theatrical production, I really enjoyed it, it's very engaging, I know a lot of time and effort went in to making that production

Vagina continued on page 10

Tell them a story: The Laramie Project

Review by I
Frances Dusseault

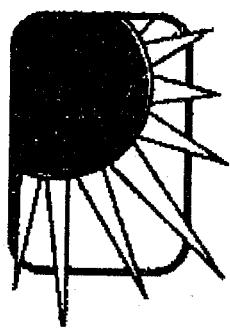
The play, which was longer than I expected, captivated me. The expertly arranged set of interviews and re-enactments stuck to the facts of what people really said. It presented their voices in such a way that it gave them each a fair chance at the spotlight. This element of sticking to "what is true" allowed the audience to reflect on situations and people they would have never paid attention to before.

Throughout the Laramie Project, each actor played at least 5 people. And by people, I mean real live people from the Midwest like you and I, who really exist and are not just made-up characters for a play. Each actor did their best to reincarnate the character of these people. The Laramie Project was scenes from reality strung together, but it was not fabrication. It was fact. Real people were telling you a real story.

The most riveting part in the play was when they were re-enacting the vigil for Mathew Shepard and a girl got up and said: "it's not 'those people in Laramie' that are like this. We are just like everyone else. We are like this. WE ARE LIKE THIS!"

Using an in-your-face style, the play presented "what is true" about gay people in the Midwest and in most of America. It even

Laramie continued on page 10



Hours
Mon - Fri: 9 am to 8 pm
Sat: 10 am to 2 pm

Touch of Class
welcomes our newest stylist
Mike Mosier



Wanna Look Hot for Spring Break?



Mike Specializes in everything
you need for spring break:

- HiLites •Nails •Waxing
- Color / 2 Color Foils

Tanning packages:

super bed: 12 tans / \$20

extreme bed: 5 tans / \$18

10 tans / \$32

1 month unlimited: \$35

**where the fun is free and
walk-ins are welcome!**

1111 N. GREEN

KIRKSVILLE, MO 63501

660-665-0056

just north of the "S" curve!

Assassination attempt

Continued from page 1

ach. Another man was reportedly killed in Cotopaxi. For Pachakutik's coordinator Talahua, this was further evidence of Gutiérrez's repressive nature and that he was a danger to democracy. "We are living under a military dictatorship," local priest Francisco Jara noted. As the situation became increasingly polarized, Indigenous leaders declared that the mobilization would continue until the president resigned.

The next day, however, CONAIE's leaders announced that in the face of the militarized response they were temporarily halting the uprising in order to reassess strategies. Nevertheless, they still demanded Gutiérrez's resignation whom they considered a traitor because of ruling in the interests of international capital. The International Monetary Fund (IMF), Iza declared, was "the true destabilizing force." Social organizations issued a list of demands that included not only an investigation into repressive activities against leaders, but also credit for small farmers, rejection of U.S. militarization of the conflict in neighboring Colombia, withdrawal from free trade agreements, suspension of payments on the foreign debt, and more funding for education and social services.

Feeling the political pressure on the streets, Gutiérrez finally agreed to meet with the Indigenous leaders and conceded on some key economic demands including increasing funding for agriculture and turning over to a municipality an electrical company that was on a list of utilities to be privatized.

This protest appears to represent a definitive and irreconcilable break between the Indigenous movement and Gutiérrez. CONAIE joined Gutiérrez in 2000 in an Indigenous-military coup that overthrew the government of

Jamil Mahuad after he attempted to impose very unpopular neoliberal economic reforms including raising the prices of bus fares and cooking gas and adapting the U.S. dollar as legal tender. In 2002, CONAIE through its political wing Pachakutik supported Gutiérrez's bid for the presidency—which he won—but subsequently broke from his government after the former Coroneel imposed the same conservative policies that he had previously opposed.

Since its founding in 1986, CONAIE has been at the forefront of social mobilization against neoliberal policies in Ecuador. In 1990, it launched a nonviolent "levantamiento" or uprising against the government calling for extensive social, political, and economic reforms to end five hundred years of exclusion and exploitation of the country's large Indigenous population. Street protests thrust the marginalized masses onto center stage and into the dominant culture's consciousness. Ecuador's Indigenous movement subsequently became a model for how civil society could organize itself to fight for its rights.

In recent years, Indigenous leaders in Ecuador have emerged at the forefront of hemispheric struggles against neoliberal economic policies. In Cuba, Iza had been participating in the Third Hemispheric Encounter of Struggle Against the FTAA. From an Indigenous point of view, these policies that place corporate profit over people's social needs are an extension of the European conquest of the Americas that destroyed native communities. "If the leaders are killed," CONAIE's communication coordinator José Yungán noted, "many more people will rise up to continue fighting for the ideals of the Indigenous people."

Dr. Marc Becker is a University professor.

Pro-life

Continued from page 1

Catholic since the cradle and pro-life until 35." She said she was a staunch women's libber, and that, "I bought into that you have to have abortion to have rights." "The two things are not equal," she said.

Bushéy followed Skain with a presentation that he said would limit itself to factual discussion. "My point is not to argue. I'm here to give objective information," he said.

He described the mechanism of ultrasound imaging — 152 crystal transducers vibrated at 3.5 megahertz and at extremely low power levels produce a composite image that shows black for fluids, white for bone and cartilage, and greyscale for soft tissue.

Bushéy's presentation included testimony from a Harvard-educated professor that a fetus is indeed of the human species from conception, and doesn't develop gills as Bushéy says some people still believe.

The session ended with a lengthy and polite question and answer session with audience members from either side of the debate asking and responding to questions.

Kevin Chase, sophomore, said attending the event changed his perspective somewhat on the issue of abortion. "I'm not as sure if the idea that the thing that makes us human is so universal." "On the other hand, I'm perhaps more certain that the life beginning at conception argument doesn't hold any weight," he said.

Kirkville resident Chris Humphrey, 21, attended the presentation and praised the exchange of ideas saying, "I thought I'd like to see more of this kind of thing go on here." "From the community's perspective we are very unrepresented," said Humphrey.

More information on Missouri Right to Life can be found at www.missourilife.org.

Vagina

Continued from page 9

happen. I think the message the Monologues deliver is important; I'm just saying that message doesn't always get to the right ears, mainly poor and working class women in "impoverished" or "developing" countries, including our own. (let's face it, the U.S. is still "developing" in a lot of ways.) In the Monologues, women from different cultures and classes offer their testimony as they overcome the common oppressor, Patriarchy. But only certain groups of women benefit from the Monologues, namely middle class feminists. They're the ones in the theatre, behind the curtain, making the fliers. We wanna talk about including everybody, but a certain amount of economic stability needs to be in place before you can even think about participating or attending a theatre production. Also, a certain amount political agency already needs to be in place before a production like this can proceed. And I know about the V-Day stuff, and again it's in the right direction, but is it enough? That's not my call.

But what I do know is that we're all safe and sound cozy like up here in the ivory phallus palace, hoo-hawin over our vaginas and patting each other on the back while women in Juarez are still disappearing and women in Kosovo are still being raped and women in Rwanda are still being disfigured and women in the US are still battered and still still feel like it's somehow not wrong. For me, it's all somehow bound up with the way we treat the Earth, right. The Earth is Woman, and until She is safe, and treated with respect, then no woman is safe. And it's gonna take a lot of refiguring, and reworking, maybe some destroying first, I don't know. But Earth Day comes and goes and for little bit people pledge to care, or not drive a car, and it's great but nothing is really challenged; nothing really changes. It doesn't mean Earth Day is not a good thing, and not in the right direction, but it leaves me wondering. Can we do more? Can I do more? This is the shit that keeps me up at night. I have to believe there's a solution to all this. I have to know that it starts right now.

Corey would probably call this "hopeless self contained dialogue" since the whole irony of this is my only readership here is mostly white, mostly middle class feminists, men or women. but I have to believe this makes a difference, that its making a difference. It's all that holds me to this planet. This is just one man's opinion. If you would like to visit the V-Day web site, it's www.vday.org. If you would like to respond to this article you are strongly encouraged to do so, monitortm@hotmail.com.

Counterpoint from page 6

Bill Wyatt wants to decriminalize marijuana. George W. Bush doesn't want to decriminalize it, but he wants to smoke it anyway. George Bush is clearly the worse candidate right from the start. Do we want a masochistic hippie for president? Apparently.

Wyatt wants to "abort the zealot" and stop running the government like a religion/corporation. Bush doesn't. And he doesn't shower regularly. Do we want a dirty, priest-like, CEO-like dude as our president? Apparently.

Other than that, Bill Wyatt seems to almost be serious in his campaign to be nominated as Republican national candidate. I'd say some more stuff, but I'm really tired. Also politics suck. To all my loyal fans, I sincerely apologize, I wanted to make some funny joke, but I'm really falling asleep right now. Blah blah blah bhlah. Worst point/counterpoint ever. Ride the Snake.

Note from Rory: Ok, Phil seriously got very tired at this point and asked me to fill in some gaps that might be there. This was going to be a George Bush v Al Sharpton thing, but

then I was checking the primary results and saw this guy's name running against George W. And you know what? Nothing we can write can do this guy justice. Here is a quote from his website that I'll leave you with.

"I am against everything, even the environment. All it does is just sit around with all of its air and weather, with everybody acting like they love it. Well I'm not like those other candidates, "I HATE THE ENVIRONMENT" and I'm willing to wear it on a t-shirt, which means it must be true." —Bill Wyatt

Laramie

Continued from page 9

presented the bible bearing preachers.

For this part, the actor preserved the classic and very convincing effect these preachers have on their audience. Mostly because they really believe what they are saying. It's not manipulation if you are being honest. And you're not gullible if you listen to someone when they are clearly being honest. The convincing nature of these sermons does not lie in calculated manipulation, but in honesty, in their view of what the truth is. The center of his sermon: "the bible is either sufficient or it is not."

In contrast to this classic protestant preacher, there were the people who openly supported all gay rights. In one scene, a man watched the Mathew Shepard memorial tagged on the end of a parade. From his apartment window, he saw it grow a tail of hundreds of people, who just started walking in it, who

wanted to be behind it. He was in such awe of this rapid growth that he began to weep.

Then there were the kids who fall somewhere in between. There were college kids getting harsh criticism for being in Angels in America, (which has homosexual themes.) There was the mountain biker who found Mathew Shepard in the field, who talked mostly about why god would want him to be the one to find Mathew. He talked a lot about his religion. And there was the Muslim girl who really put things into perspective for the audience. She was the one who yelled "this isn't just the kids in Laramie, we are like this." Tolerance is based in love and turning your head is based in fear. The reality is that most people are afraid. The reality is that WE are afraid.

The Project seemed to say that it's more important to say what you think and feel even if you are not on a side. Even if you think your thoughts and feeling are not smart enough, or too emotional, too strong, or too weak. We live in a democracy. We're all about speaking up.

Even if you're not on any 'side,' of this issue it's important to say what you think and feel. To raise your voice and be heard. People see stereotypes of queens being as 'inappropriate' as Brittany Spears and Madonna, then turn around and see bible beaters implying (but never actually saying directly) that hurting or killing gay people isn't so bad because being gay is wrong.

Well, I don't consider myself a part of either of those groups. So where am I? What am I? In watching The Laramie Project I came to realize that the truth is a field of gray. And that's ok with me. That's where most people are.

The beauty of this play was that it brought out the voices of everyone on all sides, all facets of the issue. To relate to people they would have never considered even listening to before. The play didn't try to take on a life of its own; it didn't try to make a political statement. It just tried to be honest and celebrate the honesty of others. No matter what they had to say or how they had to say it.

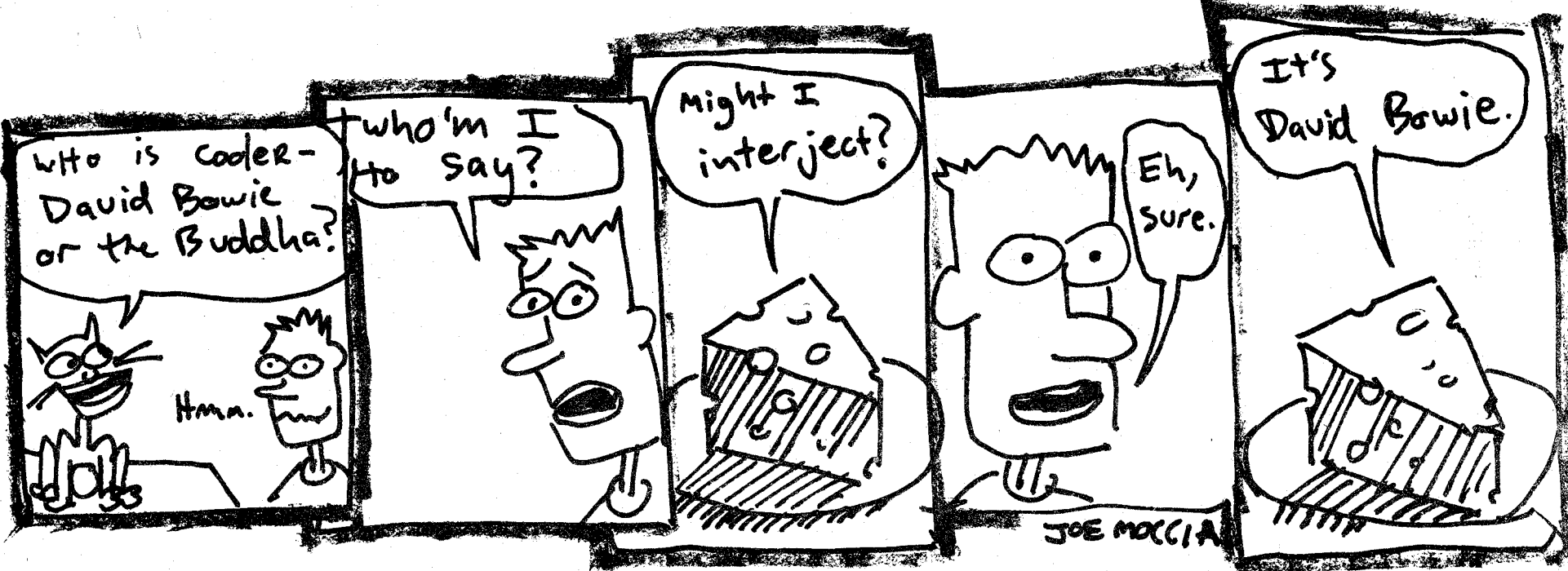
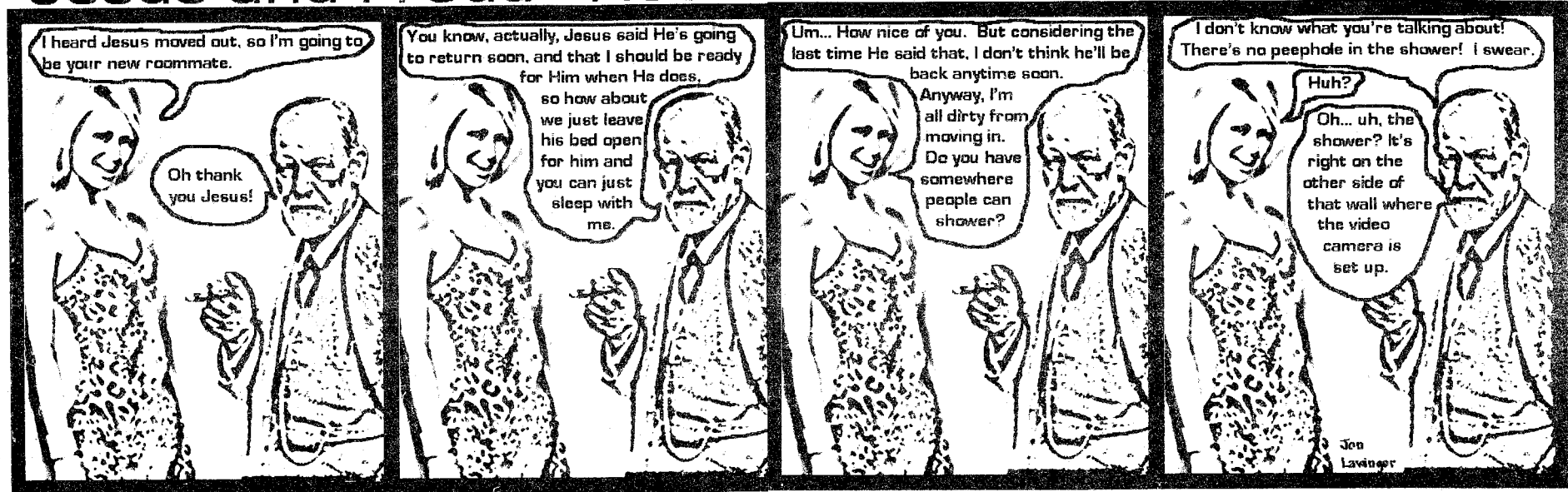
ECO

Tip

Fill 'er up: We all need to reduce the amount of plastic we buy.

If you must buy bottled drinking water, save empty bottles and refill them rather than recycling and buying new bottles each week. Many grocery stores now have filtered water vending machines where you can fill-up for about .25 cents per gallon.

Paris Hilton Jesus and Freud - Roommates



Christianity

Continued from page 6

understanding is a rosy, secularized deception whose real practical value lies in undermining the uncritical "faith" that many possess. I'm boldly going out on a limb to suggest this, but I judge it better, on balance, that such individuals have this faith ruined in order that they may truly appreciate what faith is. The famous definition put forward by an impish child some time ago "Faith is something that you believe in that you know ain't true" summarizes the attitude same have toward faith. If that were the case, repulsion toward an unreasonable, blind faith is understandable. After all, why should we put faith in Christ and not in David Koresh or Adolf Hitler? And why don't we believe in pink elephants or eagerly wait for the tooth fairy to visit us?

This misunderstanding must be debunked. A careful reading of the New Testament demonstrates that Christians were never expected to have a credulous, unfounded belief. The twenty seven books were not written to serve as the myths to live by in an existential wasteland. There is a reason why the tone of Acts of the Apostles starkly contrasts with the fables of Aesop. Let's switch gears with that in mind. Perhaps you are familiar with the expression Doubting Thomas. The Apostle Thomas remains skeptical when the other Apostles claim to have

witnessed the Resurrected Jesus. Is Thomas denounced for his doubt? Does God condemn Thomas for his request of infidelesque proportions?

The Gospel of John records Thomas's astonishment when he sees Jesus with own two eyes. In a stunning blow to our snide conception of faith, Jesus says two important things. First, "Stop doubting and believe." (John 20:27) Only after the proof is verified is Thomas encouraged to forgo doubting and to affirmatively respond with belief/faith. Second, Jesus pronounces a beatitude on those who would not receive the miraculous encounter Thomas obtained. He remarks, "Because you have seen me, you have believed. Blessed are those who have not seen and yet have believed." (John 20:29) So what does this mean to us? Perhaps legitimate belief may extend beyond the scientific laboratory. Maybe we don't always have to see the truth in order to believe it? Consider also the words of Augustine, the 5th century bishop of Hippo—"Doubt is but another element of faith." Add to that these lines from Robert Browning's whipsmart poem *Bishop Blougram's Apology*.

"We're back on Christian ground. You call for faith:
I show you doubt, to prove that faith exists.
The more of doubt, the stronger faith, I say,

If faith o'ercomes doubt...."

As a Christian, I loathe the counterintuitive mentality that advocates severing ties between rational processes and sacred beliefs. To stack the cards in such fashion trivializes religion and deifies science. Jesus didn't command "commit intellectual suicide—blindly accept my message without a second thought." Instead, he reemphasized the Decalogue's foundation, teaching, "Love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul and with all your mind and with all your strength." (Mark 12:30) To love God with the entire mind may very well necessitate showing doubt, to prove that faith exists. It does not require indiscriminate acceptance of all scientific theories. Just as the Christian religion isn't merely a frivolous moral fable that excuses mental atrophy, science isn't necessarily rational, objective, or empirical in its broad scope. Aside from the philosophical observation that no formal standard of objective proof has been universally recognized, we delude ourselves to single out religious practitioners as theological axe-grinders. Scientists, as fellow occasionally self-

interested human beings, may have their own theological axes to grind. Don't be fooled. The framework of Neo-Darwinian (and other brands of) evolution has dogmatic implications too! Perhaps next time I shall explore the topic with greater justice, unless there are necessary responses to prepare. Now, for some final notes, in the near future are some excellent opportunities to learn more about Christianity. Ekklesia is sponsoring "The Calling", Eric Wilson's dramatic adaptation of Mark's Gospel on February 28 at 6pm in Violette 1000. Of course the other is the controversial Mel Gibson film *The Passion of the Christ*. I'll stop here. Grow in the grace and knowledge of the truth!

Crumbles & Cream

301 S. FRANKLIN ST. 660-627-3800

Bring this in and get 10% off any purchase!

Fax: 660-627-3800 • Email: icecream@kvmo.net

MY BACK PAGES...

Okay, now! that's a back pages! lots of submissions to pick from, good soundin stuff people, i'm a happy camper. Mad props to Mary Burford for rockin the mic at the Judy Shepard show. keep those submissions comin people. countzachula@hotmail.com Jah live. Peace.

A Childish Thought

Stretched across the aeons of time sit our children's minds,
brought so far back as to enter a haze;
a fog of reasoned complications to cover false theories
and amaze upon the child a sense of minute worthlessness as a cog in the dust.
Given enough time, he is told,
life springs from non-life,
something comes from nothing,
everything explodes in a cavalcade of warm ordered life
from a tiny dot of infinite empty.
Given enough time, she is told,
she will understand,
and stop asking childish questions
and enter into life too burdened to stop to think
and lies so thick it is a comforting coat to hide in;
becoming a twinkle of no consequence in the expanse of the universe.
Enslaved to a god of time that, given enough of,
makes the absurd fade into a precarious knowledge;
a ceaseless wheel that grinds down reason and rebuttal, giving all possible worlds
a possible window to exist.
But given enough time, some say, we will all understand,
and every knee shall bow to the Truth.

-Daniel Sem

mournful despair

i am a gothic poetist
whose vile tears BURN
LIKE JUSTICE
flooding the rivers of
man in
desolate crimson.

my darkest convictions
convey no sympathy
for the rampant mani-
festations
of suicidal star-
crossed lovers.

although no providence
shall ever
pierce the ethereal
being within,
i stand ravaged and
bleak.
death
death
death
ETERNALLY.

-Count Bones.

Echoes

Look around you far and near
Ignore the voices that you hear
But when the Meloncholy dew
seeks far down and captures you
You'll forget to close your eyes
Darker then, you'll hear their
cries.

-jana

Loneliness of the long distance Runner

Eyes caught on the split hem of your dress
Falling to the waist side Cliff
Fact of the matter you're the entire that I lack.
Brief as we were but no less important and lasting.
Just run out of reach till I'm out of breath.
Caught up, choking on the ground.

-Dru Parrish

A POEM WRITTEN TO AVOID HOMEWORK

also titled
FROM THE MUSINGS
OF A BLUE WANDERER
by Arthur
Harrill

And I travelled to the
hither lands
beyond the foaming sea.
And I crossed beyond the
roaming sands
where no men were meant
to be.

There did I find a crim-
son sword
forged in some ancient
vale.
And a harp that could
play somber chords
where fell a sandy hail.

Then I girded on its
scabbard
and I took that silver
harp.
And yet I still looked
haggard
though my new blade yet
stood sharp.

And I wondered what had
thence become
of the maker of these
things.
With this harp were there
once drums,
and minstrels there to
sing?

But these answers I may
never know,
though quest the world I
would.
So with a sword and harp
in tow
I left those sands for
woods.

Should you find somewhere
a sage, my friend,
please ask these things
for me.
For even if I should
never know
I would wish these things
be seen.