

THE MONISAUR.

volume 9 issue 10

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

Dinosaurs descend upon campus one student's act of heroism saves all

Story & pictures made up by
Cameron Moore

Several dinosaurs were seen on campus as recently as Tuesday, news reports confirm. A Brachiosaurus and a Utah Raptor were seen causing mayhem around the University on Tuesday while most students were attending University Research Conference talks, and one student's acts of heroism saved the campus.

The first reported sighting of a dinosaur on campus in over 20 years occurred on Monday at twilight, when an apparent Brachiosaurus was seen walking down Franklin Street between the Student Union Building and Centennial Hall.

Authorities believe that the Brachiosaurus went out and slept at the University farm, since nobody interacted with him until Tuesday.

"Well, it started out when he started talking smack about my mom," senior Visual Communications major Joe Moccia, 21, said of the Utah Raptor. Moccia then reportedly challenged

the raptor, Gregory Jennings III, 327, to a fistfight in the pit by the library.

"Frankly, Greg didn't stand a chance," said Moccia of his adversary, shortly after pummeling his balls and face.

Nobody seems to know from where the dinosaurs came, but some speculate that it has to do with the recent unearthing of Monisaaur bones on campus (see story on page four) that coincided with the Monitor Lizard's dreams of devastating the campus in his dinosaur alter-ego form.

"Yeah, that would probably explain it," Moccia said. "I bet it was some weird thing with the planets in alignment and that lizard's dreams and them bones bein' dug up," he continued, adding "That kinda stuff happens all the time, but you never hear about it on the news."

In addition to beating a Utah Raptor in hand-to-hand combat, Moccia also defended the campus from a Brachiosaurus.

"After beating that weak-ass raptor in the pit, his homeboy Malcolm came at me all pissed," Moccia said.

Brachiosaurus Malcolm Stenson, 432, reportedly charged Moccia in front of the clock tower by the library in a threatening manner, according to witness reports.

Moccia then reportedly ran to the nearest emergency phone on campus and called DPS.

"I mean, I'll unleash some sweet kung-fu on a raptor, but I ain't stupid," said Moccia of his decision not to challenge Stenson. "I'll let the professionals around here take care of that," he added.

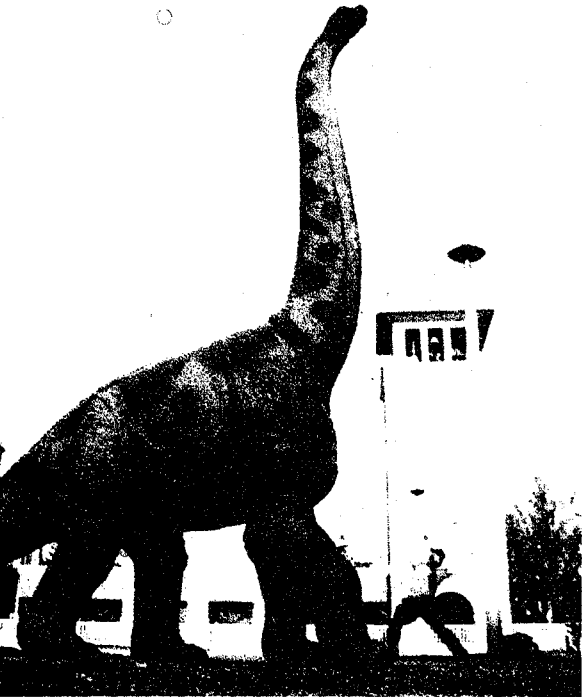
Stenson was captured by DPS using a grappling hook and a big net, in addition to a barrage of "Yo' mamma so old..." jokes and a good ol' fashioned billy

clubbin'.

Stenson is currently being held on the University farm in a big circus tent where interrogators are trying to break his will by forcing him to read issues of the *Index*.

"I've seen worse," said Stenson, "Their satire page was pretty good, but Christ almighty, who makes their comics?"

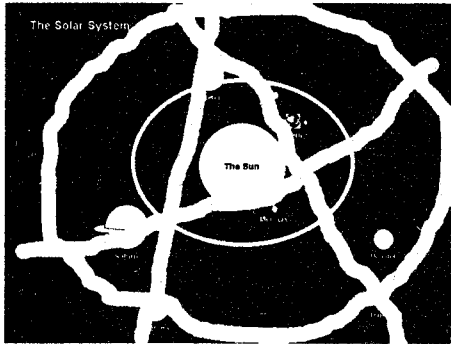
In related news, coinciding with the Raptor and the Brachiosaurus sightings, have been reports of the newly discovered Monisaaur around campus. Although no pictures of this adult beast are known, two baby Monisaurs wreaked havoc in the SUB earlier this week. See page four for the story.



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The Monitor

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APRIL FOOLS!

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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

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for more information, please call 2834.

BABY MONISAUR ADVENTURE CLUB!



Welcome to the Baby Monisaur Adventure Club! The baby monisaurs (thats us) were sent from prehistoric times as messengers of mischief and Truth. Our father came to Kirksville, answering the call from the Monitor Lizard's dreams, which coincided with a curse placed upon his great great grandfather's remains, and a remarkable planetary alignment. We have come to fulfill a prophecy of providing mischief for all of Kirksville as informants for *The Monitor*.

Enjoy our photos (listed clockwise):

- Billy welcomes KTRM DJ of the Month Mario Warner to Baby Monisaur Adventure club. Yay!
- Billy can't get enough Galaga
- Jane, wine drunk in the Index office with the Katies

See you next time at Baby Monisaur Adventure Club!

Billy & Jane

from the desk of the editors...

Man, we have a lot of room to write our April Fool's Editors' Box. Fortunately, we have a lot of issues that are important to us lately. Let us start by complimenting FAC. FAC, we appreciate the time you put into the very important job of disbursing student funds in order to bring some level of culture to the University. Yeah, there's an article in this issue ticked about the relative level of funding that it took to bring David Limbaugh to campus, but sometimes we have to publish stuff even though we still love FAC and what they do for us.

Speaking of David Limbaugh, you won't find a serious report of his address in this issue of *The Monitor*. For that, you'll have to wait a couple of weeks for the next issue. In this one, a contributor has penned an article titled "David Limbaugh flaming pinkosaurus." Enjoy *The Monisaur*, our most intentionally ridiculous issue that is kind of an accompaniment to the arrival of spring.

You all might be interested to know that this Monisaurus issue is so hot we managed to impress ourselves, and Nikki's house actually caught on fire, probably as a result of faulty wiring.

It is probably for the best that her house caught on fire, though, all things considered. Because she is now more likely to be outside as flowers explode like gunshot into spring air. In fact all of us editors are not a little surprised to discover a spring in our footsteps and an incandescent energy focused in our chests. Everybody except for Nikki, who tells me to speak for myself.

If you are still reading, here is a bit of advice, as a reward. Track down Zach Jackson, the My Back Pages editor, and have

him read his MBP blurb to you out loud. The thing is, it's really funny, but he has to do it in a funny voice, which doesn't come across on the page.

Oh, and this Editors' Box can't come too close without addressing some recent issues surrounding *The Monitor* in this press. Index, your feeble attempts at humor were a welcome addition to your paper. But if you're gonna run with the big dogs, you gotta stay on the porch. Or something. Anyway, behold the almighty wrath of the Monisaur in all his glorious comedic genius, as you weep in shame. Oh yeah, AND we came up with the name "Spindex," burglars.

We want to thank John Fenton for his considerate support in the letters section of the *Index*.

Matt Fitchinson (see Letters page), hopefully one of your friends who still reads *The Monitor* can communicate this to you:

censored

Finally, a little peek into The Monitor Tower window as we produce this April Fool's edition. Nikki reclines on the couch, correcting my generalization that *everyone* has a spring in their step. Cameron dips a Tostitos Gold chip into a mixture of guacamole and salsa. What *The Monitor* does, it does right, and Cameron has brought primary resources to ensure the Scott centerfold coup is perfect. I am looking down at one such resource, an issue of "PLUMPERS and Big Women," specifically, an article entitled "Big Ass Babes." It is actually a full article, with more text than picture space. "From the standpoint of biology, huge female asses serve two purposes," Nikki: "You need to work on the issue, instead of looking at porn." Andrés: "I am working on the issue. I'm doing the Editors' Box."

Happy Easter & Passover, EVERYONE!

LOVE,

Andrés Delgado

Nikki R.

C. Moore

9 April 2004

LET

monitor

Got something to say? Write a letter to *The Monitor* in the CSI, or email us at monitortrm@hotmail.com

Holy shit, guys, what are you talking about?

I'd like to help but I won't even be in town until Friday (I'm in Santa Barbara now), and to be honest I am not quite hip enough to know what 'street cred' means. Street credulity? Credence over the street? As you can see, I do not quite rock it old school like you and Nikki manage, with a boogie-woogie here, and a bip-bop around the corner rock.

-David Capps

Mail confusion

hi.
could u ignore the mast mail u received? i see there is some error in the copy paste part. i will send u a better edited copy soon.

Please stop sending us sex-toy links

http://www.escort.com/sex-toys.html
http://www.escort.com/sex-toys.html

-A
(What's wrong with me?)

Scott's stalker reveals self

Hey, Scott, I'm tired of constantly buying these notebooks, so, according to my dated and timed pictures I keep of you, you go to the grocery store every Tuesday at 2:07. Would you mind picking me up some? You see, I've had to switch from the 70-pagers to the big, thick 5-subject notebooks to save time. I need more space to tape in your catty musings and write you poems and draw hearts around your furry little face. *Swoon.* It gets boring sometimes, sitting in that bush outside your house, waiting for you to come out. Oh wait...uhhh...not that you're boring. Oh, shit. I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to insult you. Oh no, I've hurt your feelings! You'll never not look at me again! And now you'll hate me, too! That letter-guy, who's not only behind every corner, but he's an asshole, too. But, I guess that's ok...I mean, if you hunt me down and kill me (like the tiger you are), then it'll be...a dream. 'Cause to kill me, you'd have to touch me. OMG. Yeah, so that's me, waving at you from that bush over there. Could be my last few breaths, but they will be so sweet, dying in a flurry of Scott's - Scott's!—fur. And claws. Claws?! Oh, sexy.

- Me, over there

Just because we didn't use this article idea doesn't mean we don't appreciate your suggestions! Creativity in all forms is valued at the Monitor!

Howdy, howdy, Monitor folk!! Now that Mel Gibson's film "The Passion of the Christ" has arrived, I was wondering if anybody from The Monitor would be interested in having a roundtable discussion of the film, kind of like the ones that larger papers (like the New York Times and the Kansas City Star) have had concerning the film. I hope that I am sufficiently clear on this idea: the sort where the general question (e.g. "Is it history or hollywood?") is thrown out and the participants give their responses, whose answers are printed in full in the paper. I think that it would be a wonderful way to calmly and thoroughly discuss the many issues surrounding this controversial film. Would you be interested in such an event? It would certainly inject some rational discourse into a debate that has otherwise been pitted with nasty incidents of misinterpretations and intolerance on both sides of the issue. Additionally, I think that it would certainly enhance The Monitor's position as a reputable source for campus news and politics. I look forward to hearing your response. Thank you and God Bless.

**My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown,
and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy....**

Dear Nicole,

You are the coolest person I've ever met. I can't think of anyone as cool as you are. At the risk of sounding a little creepy I'm even willing to admit that I have posters of you on my wall, proclaiming your coolness. Such coolness is difficult to comprehend, let alone express to someone not acquainted with it. But Nikki, I have to admit that I have a couple small issues I wanted to raise with you, and sadly, I might even have the need to gently rebuke, but since you are such a good friend I'm sure you'll understand.

You see Nikki, the thing is, you're a horrible person. I mean, at first I wasn't sure. In light of your immeasurable coolness I thought I must have just been mistaken. But it turns out my suspicions were cor-

David Limbaugh flaming

Trumanosaurus

in Chase

Trumanosaurus

Story by I Elizabeth Fergus

outright attempts to teach it in public schools. He claimed this was "nothing more" than an attempt to "force church teaching" into state-sponsored education. Limbaugh was visibly disgusted by the excruciating booing and hooting coming from the audience. Eagerly realizing he was off the topic of the night, Mr. Limbaugh next turned to revisionist science.

Limbaugh claimed that the religious right was "throwing every hair-brained idea" the political debate attempt to raise the idea of life.

Friends

HI this
like to come to your meeting on Tuesday the 30th and bring a couple friends and my mom with me, my mom attends Moberly Community College and one of her teachers is on the city council so she is going to see about getting us in on a city council meeting and also we have support from the advocacy center for the skate park. my mom said she would write an article for your paper after we come to the meeting. we would like to get as many people involved and get support from the community for this project. we have done some checking on size and cost so we do have some ideas about it.

thanks tony

Monitor, stop being such a poseur

I picked up the March 24th issue of The Monitor, and it will be my last. I used to have a great deal of respect for The Monitor because it would often address issues that many major newspapers and the Index would often not cover. I was greatly appalled when I read the comic featuring Jesus and Paris Hilton, however. The comic shows a complete lack of respect and tolerance of Christianity. As a Catholic Christian I found this comic to be very sacrilegious and it greatly offended me. It was a complete display of disrespect for anything Christian. From a newspaper that claims to respect all opinions and peoples, I expected not to see something so awful and disgusting. How can you run articles calling for the end of racism, hatred of other cultures, and respect for all life, and then run such a horrible, offensive, and disgusting comic? Even though some "Christians" have been viewed in the past as being intolerant of other religions and peoples, it does not give The Monitor the right to attack back. It is hypocrisy, plain and simple! Even is

Winger and Corey
LETTERS, last Monitor that are impressive defenses of the right of absolute "free speech" even for homophobic, religious extreme Right wingery against perceived reporter Rainey and activist Burford backslidings. When the last two said "enough is enough" to the very proud of herself lady who ranted against the mother of a homosexual murdered. Because he was GAY mum; her publicly expecting civility of debate about her CRIMINALLY extinguished son at the state's designated liberal arts campus, in REAL "tolerance!" Chomsky, himself, got into your "motif" such defense problems when he defended French holocaust-denying extreme right historians, so to "free speech" expostulate, a few decades ago, SIMILARLY.

But in legitimization of both the Rainey and Burford suggestions, in the JS MILL (on liberty) tradition of respect for real living people like Shepard's mum you do have to call the line! Against communal bigotry whipping-up hatefests SOMEWHERE as Mill implies in terms of the real HARM such evangelists know they wage in bad intent, exhibitionistically. So that lady has actually had published an Unsolicited defense of her act of abuse and homophobia locally in the Express! Why aren't Jon and Corey more upset about that, given its greater LOCAL monopoly capitalist advantage of ONE-SIDED thus hatefest-spreaded, thereby poison! Can't U.S. "liberals" defend real liberalism?!

Sincerely,
Larry Iles

The Early Bird doesn't get shit

Hey Cameron,
Ya know, we have meetings every Tuesday and Thursday. They start at 9:00. Not 9:45. Not 9:30. Not even 9:05. Nine O'Clock. I hear you're the editor in chief of this paper, so I figured maybe you might want to come every once in a while. Thanks. Maybe I'll run into you around campus.

- Andres

N E W S

monitor

Trumanosaurus Prehistoric Student Senate Contender

Story by | Elizabeth Fergus

Last week on Trumanosaurus State University campus was an active one. Possibly the most notable event was the Big Dinosaur on Campus. Dinosaurs, sponsored by their fraternities and sororities, danced, sang, and generally made fools out of themselves on stage. Several of the males stripped down nearly to their pebbled skin, eliciting roars of laughter from the audience.

Another event was comediasaurus Lyden, who packed the Jurassic room with students. His "good clean humor" included lots of dung jokes, and managed to at least shock, if not offend, many of the females in the room.

Registration for summer classes began last week, marking the first time the internet had been used on Trumanosaurus's campus. Many dinosaurs were uncertain about the process, but soon discovered that with only a few taps of the claws and clicks of the rodent, they were able to register. Freshdinosaurs probably had the easiest time figuring out the system, unlike the sophomorasaurus and upperclassasaurus who had to unlearn the now extinct registration techniques.

Story by | Nicole Rainey

Monisaur Resurrected, Runs for Student Senate

Although many had their suspicions, few University science students really comprehended the brevity of the construction goings-on around Magruder Hall until yesterday at 5:00 p.m. when a motley (but intensely dedicated) troupe of Truman professors gathered together to divulge an incredible breakthrough in prehistoric archeology — a new species of dinosaur has been discovered beneath the old parking lot south of Magruder Hall. For now, this amazing monstrosity is being referred to as: *The Monisaur*.

The bones unearthed have been determined to be approximately 90 million years old, and look completely unlike any other dinosaur ever encountered by mankind. Experts suspect that the Monisaur probably weighed around 80 tons and walked low to the ground in order to eat the ancient acorn-like vegetation that grew in this region. Further, experts claim that with the aid of nimble feet and a large tail, the Monisaur seems to have had an uncanny aptitude for climbing, despite its incredible mass.

Dinosaurs Descend Upon Town

It was later that day when the live dinosaurs began to appear in Adair County. Some blame the aliens, others blame the full moon—but nobody knows the true source. All experts can conclude is that the discovery of the Monisaur must have somehow opened a cosmic portal allowing an influx of prehistoric monsters into our back yards. Residents have locked up their cows, the cops are hanging on to their tasers, but so far, the dino-descendants of the Monisaur have proved harmless.

There have even been two little dinobabies newly hatched here in town. See pages [] for their pictures.

One even intends to run for Student Senate.

Fannie Fancytalkasaurus

Has no Student Senate experience, and has not formerly been involved in any post-Proterozoic on campus activities, but is fully and passionately committed to getting more meat (and acorn-products) served in the Sodexo lunchrooms, and working on the nondiscrimination policy to include the acceptance of dinosaurs of all weights and tail lengths.

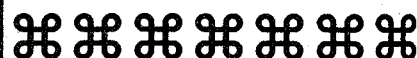


The 24th
hour of the
day after
extinction

*t he journal of
an insomniac*

**We could learn a lot
from dinosaurs...
They know how to
strut their stuff. none
of THEM ever com-
plained of having too
large of an ass!**

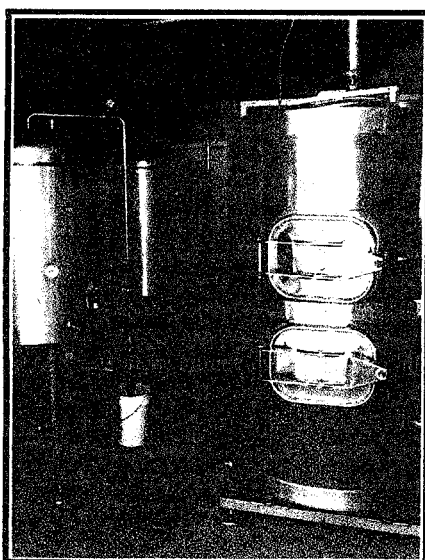
**What is it with people
and utensils? Did T-
Rex ever need a
"steak knife"? Did a
Brontosaurus use a
"salad fork"? No!**



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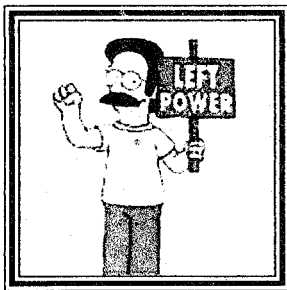
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Republican dinosaur attracts pre-historic-sized crowd

Opinion by I Narissa Webber



Prominent Republican dinosaur, David Limbaugh, drew a prehistoric-sized crowd to his Wednesday evening College Republican-sponsored address on the liberal left's oppression of the American Christian majority.

Approximately 60 souls were in attendance, which is roughly equivalent to the world's population back when humans were inventing the wheel, discovering fire, and hoping that their unavoidable inbreeding wouldn't screw up the human race beyond repair (Aside: it did.).

According to the Funds Allotment Council's spring 2004 slate, \$3,650 Truman student dollars were dedicated to Reverend Dinosaur's sermon: ap-

proximately \$60 per person in attendance.

The website of Keppler Associates, the "Microsoft of the Speaking Circuit" agency responsible for contracting Limbaugh's speaking engagements, lists Limbaugh's fee as \$9,000. At this rate, the College Republicans would have forked over approximately \$160 per person in attendance. These figures contrast with typical Republican claims to financial prudence and lends to Democrat claims about the fiscal excesses of the American Right.

On another note, the simultaneously-scheduled TSU International Student Human Rights Panel (co-sponsored by International Club and Amnesty International) drew a crowd of 45. The total expenditure for the event was \$1.80, from my University printing account, which can be accounted for as follows:

\$1.00 — 1 color printout of a poster, hung outside Mainstreet Market

\$0.80 — 8 black'n'white printouts of same poster, hung around campus.

Amnesty and I-Club spent 4 cents per person in attendance.

A Cache of Dinosaur Sites/Sightings

Compiled by I Amanda Hackney

All intelligent people will cease to be open-minded about "science" and realize that the following accounts by these good people are factually accurate. There's no questioning the truth: dinosaurs are fake!

"The dinosaur industry needs to be investigated and questions need to be asked. I personally do not have any reasons to believe dinosaurs ever existed and I believe they may be a fabrication of nineteenth and twentieth century people possibly under Satanic control pursuing an evolutionary and anti-Bible and anti-Christian agenda. People should attempt to question what they are being told instead of blindly believing the dinosaur story... for the sake of "good science"."

-David P. Wozney,

<http://internet.ocli.com/~dpwozney/dinosaur.htm>

"The following is an excerpt from a radio sermon by a Tennessee country preacher:

"Friends, the work of the Devil is being carried on under many guises, right under our

very noses. I was walking down the streets of one of our great cities, and I came upon this establishment, "The Museum of Natural History." There was a sign out in front of this edifice that said, "Come, see and hear about dinosaurs." I was curious about what went on in such places, so I walked in there, and there was this man, a tool of the Devil, preaching about monstrous creatures to all these little unsuspecting children from a school. He was holding in his hand, and reading from, a book called Prehistoric Animals.

Now, nothing prehistoric could possibly be Christian. So, I snatched the book from his hand. I was totally upset, in these perilous times, when the Anti-Christ in our government says, "No, you children can't have prayers in school, but you can have dinosaur religion taught every day." And here in this unholy temple of dinosaurs children are being preached to from false bibles and taught to worship idols that never existed. And in their minds belief in these creatures is taking the place of the knowledge of God and God's Word.

So, I cast the book down the steps, and stomped on it. And I tried then and there to plan how I might mount a crusade against this new

Devil religion of dinosaur belief. Dinosaurs are the work of the Devil. They are the Devil's plaything. Such godless, communist dinosaur information must be destroyed before it carries us all to perdition."

-Conrad Hyers,

<http://www.asa3.org/ASA/PSCE/1984/JASA9-84Hyers.html>

David Limbaugh flaming pinkosaurus

Satire by I Kevin Chase

David Limbaugh, a syndicated columnist and attorney practicing in Cape Girardeau, MO, spoke on campus Wednesday night, March 31. Mr. Limbaugh's speech was about his forthcoming book, "Persecution: How The Religious Right Is Waging A Culture War Against Social Minorities in America." The book highlights the religious right's — particularly the Christian right's — staunch opposition to the gay and women's rights movements, liberalization of sexual mores, and teaching of evolution in public schools.

Before touching on those issues, however, Mr. Limbaugh spoke briefly about the founding of the United States. He lambasted those who attempted to bring religious doctrine into public schools by claiming that Christians were the founders of America. Mr. Limbaugh said it was only "half-true." "Sure, some of those dead white men were Christians, but many of them were deists. Ben Franklin almost certainly was, and there's no hard evidence to indicate Thomas Jefferson was a Christian."

Mr. Limbaugh inadvertently provoked hecklers in the audience when he brought up the curiously politicized theory of evolution. Claiming that creationism had "no scientific merit whatsoever," Limbaugh rejected

outright attempts to teach it in public schools. He claimed this was "nothing more" than an attempt to "force church teaching" into state-sponsored education. Limbaugh was visibly disgusted by the execrable booing and hooting coming from the audience. Eagerly realizing he was off the topic of the night, Mr. Limbaugh next turned to revisionist science.



David Limbaugh promotes new book:

"Persecution: How the Religious Right is Waging a Culture War Against Minorities in America"

Limbaugh claimed that the religious right was "throwing every hair-brained idea" into the political debate in an attempt to raise doubts about homosexuality. Identifying the idea that gay men have a life expectancy of 40 years as one of the "most-ludicrous and poorly-constructed statistics" cited by the religious right. It's something that Nick Eberstadt of the conservative American Enterprise Institute described as "just ridiculous," according to Limbaugh (Eberstadt's actual quote). "And these historical revisionists are even worse!" he proclaimed, citing as evidence the fact that many history books have had the homosexual conduct of Greek men edited away. "Perhaps more egregious" said Mr. Limbaugh, "is the claim that homosexuality is un-

natural." He cited as evidence for his point the tome, *Biological Exuberance*, which is a "well-researched expose" of extensive examples of homosexuality, oral sex, masturbation, and even same-sex parenting in the animal world (an actual book).

At one point in his speech, Mr. Limbaugh spoke about the current debate over the phrase "Under God" in the pledge of allegiance. He first gave an overview of the opposition's argument that since the founders had prayer in public school and Limbaugh skewered this argument as blind obedience to the "petrified logic based on guesses about the original intent" of the framers. Mr. Limbaugh also rejected it as based on the "assumption that American society can't evolve or—to use a term creationists might like better—grow beyond our roots." In sum, Limbaugh said that the phrase was an "impermissible injection of particular monotheistic dogma into a pluralistic society."

Limbaugh finished by taking a few brief questions from the audience, most of which was actually conservative opposition. One unidentified man who had earlier heckled the speaker asked him about a number of issues related to gay marriage and then continued to yell comments and questions and even had a protracted argument with the speaker from his seat.

David Limbaugh's appearance was sponsored by Funds Allotment Council, Campus Democrats, Campus Greens, and contributions from local progressive citizens.

ECO

Tip

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photography by Betty Fantastic

R E V I E W S

monitor

American jihad goes after Barney (really)

*www.jihad.net*Website review by |
Nicole Rainey

Okay all you hateful geeks out there, this is some exciting shit. An entire, overly complex internet community exists solely based on a doctrine of Barney destruction. They don't seem to be anti-PBS, or really even anti-cheesy children's programming, and they really aren't at all interested in actually knowing anything about the Islamic faith. They just really hate Barney. The passion overflows.

Remember back in 1991 when Barney first came out, and all the best nerds at your high school had those Barney T-shirts portraying the dinosaur with a massive bullet hole in his forehead? Seemingly, every one of those nerds in this fine nation has joined forces and created an incredibly complex role-playing game.

The game is based on the "Threefold Truth" generated by one of the founding members of the website (or Jihaddi prophet). The Truths are as follows:

- 1) Barney is the demonic incarnation of all hell on earth.
- 2) Barney seeks to make the world his Purple Kingdom, and does so by corrupting the innocent and weak into Sponge Minions.
- 3) Barney must be destroyed. All else is irrelevant.

But really, the Jihad against Barney isn't all about hate and destruction. The website also contains academic articles discussing TV's tendency to stunt children's creativity. They seem to be especially frustrated with Barney because it encourages submissiveness in children and seemingly promotes commercialism (despite the fact that in the states, the Barney show is only shown on PBS).

Although *www.jihad.net* is massive, and there was no way I could explore it all (too much medieval/anti-Barney historical descriptions can make you woozy), my favorite section was their relation of Barney to the Illuminati. In the Jihad game, the primeval freemasons in the lost city of Atlantis referred to Barnean forces as "The Ancient Enemy." And, shit, if the Illuminati weren't comfortable with PBS's loveable purple dinosaur, no self-respecting internet community could be.

I have to admit—as an individual unfamiliar with role-playing culture, this website is kind of scary. Under the link "Rules and Laws of the Jihad Universe," completely out of the blue, the website informs me: "Munchkins are pariahs, period. Exhibit munchkinism, and be executed." It makes me



feel as though I've accidentally stumbled onto a covert bastion of neo-nazi propaganda. The blatant, excessively offensive mis-use of the Muslim concept of Jihad doesn't help any, either. I mean come on—they refer to another hated dinosaur as "B'Habib B'Hopp."

But really, between academic essays about what it means to be in a community, dense historical records on the changes that the game has gone through (including detailed descriptions of their ever-changing favorite internet languages and servers), and some really lovely Barneykill fic, it might make you be kind of down on Barney, too. So, watch out Sponge Minions. They've got the Masons on their side.

But for the love of everything holy, if you're going to check this website out, please attempt to avoid *alt.sex.bestialty.barney*. That shit is just sick.

The
Dinosaurs

A Play

Pièce bien fait by | Andrés Delgado

A tropical forest clearing. Moisture hangs so laden on the air that it makes a visible mist and water beads on the handful of dinosaurs congregated at the center. Dinosaurs present include T. Rex, Stegosaurus, Brontosaurus, Velociraptor (asleep), Peetree, and Ducky.

Enter Donatello

Stegosaurus [coping with teen pregnancy]: So then I said, that would depend on what you mean by "rape."

Brontosaurus: How ironic.**All**: (Laughter)

Peetree: (Falls from perch in laughter and starts flying in manner of a dumbass) I-I flying! I flying! (Disappears to right)

Donatello: Your troubles are over, Stegosaurus. Behold my latest invention.

Stegosaurus: A coat hanger?**Donatello**: Bossa Nova!

Stegosaurus: I just laid an egg and it's gestating in a nest. This is superfluous.

Donatello: Chevy Nova?

Homosaurus: (Enters from left) Hey, guys. What's up?

All: Hey, Homosaurus.

Ducky: Peetree? I stole Littlefoot's tree star. Peetree?

T. Rex: (Murderous laughter)

joke:

submitted by | Philip Gosu

They were married, but since the argument they had a few days earlier, they hadn't been talking to each other.

Instead they were giving each other written notes.

One evening he gave her a paper where it said:

"Wake me up tomorrow morning at 6 am."

The next morning he woke up and saw that it was 9 o'clock.

Naturally he got very angry, but as he turned around he found a note on his pillow saying:

"Wake up, it's 6 o'clock!"

send a joke to monitortrm@hotmail.com

Beer * Wine * Kegs

PARTY MART

"Where the
Party Starts"

At the corner of Jefferson & Elson

Queen Astra



the Queen

Let the

stars be your guide!

So, I know what you're all saying. You're saying, "Man, the Queen is losing her touch! First she tells us about getting really drunk, making excuses for not writing horoscopes, then she starts rambling about some guy named Nostradamus, and she still isn't writing horoscopes!" Yeah, I know what you're saying. But do you know what I'm saying? No! You don't. But I'll tell you. I'm saying "Fuck You." That's what I'm saying. You want horoscopes? Write them yourselves. Being the Queen is a cold, lonely occupation, and I spend many sleepless nights worrying about what I know is going to happen to all of you. It's terrible. Jennifer, you, for instance, are going to run over a dog tomorrow, and then have to apologize to a crying six year old. And Adam, God, if you only knew! The things in your future are so terrible I can't even say them. Hey Cory Hart, I'm telling you now. Stop wearing your sunglasses at night. Beware! Look out Abe Lincoln. Your love for the theatre is going to catch up with you! I mean, jeez, I'm telling you Charles Lindbergh, tell your children you love them! Do you understand what I have to deal with! And no one listens. You should have heard Caesar laugh at me! I hate my life! Fuck!

Write your own review of
this play here.



Jon Lawinger

I recently discovered that I lack a solid system of guidance for my actions in daily life. I found myself in need of a good moral compass, a solid rule or standard to base all my decisions on. I especially needed a system for resolving confrontations and conflicts.

At first I researched the many religions of the world, but they didn't satisfy my quest. Oh sure, they offered guidance for how to live my life, but they all seemed to waste so much time on traditions and customs. And they all seem so concerned with this God or Yahweh or Allah or Great Spirit fellow. I don't care about glorifying some greater being, I care about me. Besides, it all seemed so silly and imaginative.

Next I delved into the tomes of philosophy devoted to ethics, but I wasn't content with what I found there either. Yeah, these guys all sound real smart and all, but all that thinking makes everything real complex. I mean, when I gotta make a decision I don't want to have to evaluate the merits of subjectivism, or categorically apply my decision to the entire population, or question whether my actions are causally determined. I want something simple and catchy, like a slogan or a buzz phrase, to base my entire life on.

Upon carefully pondering the situation I made some brilliant observations. Maybe I'm looking in the wrong place. Maybe humans don't really know the best way to make decisions. Maybe some other creature has the answers for how I should live my life, like a telepathic gorilla, or even better, dinosaurs! It might sound funny at first, but when you think about it, dinosaurs are probably better at making decisions than we are. I mean, we control the world now, but we've only been around for a couple million years, and it looks like after another century or so we'll have destroyed the entire planet. But dinosaurs ruled the earth for over a hundred and fifty million years, and they still would be if it weren't for that asteroid that killed them off. You can't count the whole asteroid thing against them because we wouldn't survive that either, no matter what Bruce Willis and Ben Affleck tell you.

So once I had decided that dinosaurs are clearly of superior moral character, things came rather naturally. Since my knowledge of dinosaurs was attained almost entirely from 5th grade science class and two viewings of *Jurassic Park* it didn't take long for me to choose which dinosaur was most worthy of my emulation. From there I developed a new standard of decision-making for any difficult situations: What would tyrannosaurus do? I vowed that every time I didn't know what to do, I'd just ask myself: WWT-RexD?

At first things seemed like they might work out. Two guys started making fun of me at a party, so I asked myself: WWT-RexD? Of course, with a show of strength he would scare his attackers away. So stretching to my full height, I arched my neck and back and let out a warning roar, while planting my elbows at the sides of my chest and thrashing in wild small-circumferenced circles with my short stubby arms. They didn't seem very scared, but they did go away quickly and not bother me, or even come near me, the rest of the night.

However, my new moral compass didn't continue to be so successful. While lying out on the quad, someone grabbed my iPod that was sitting next to me and ran with it. I stood up and paused for a split second to wonder: WWT-RexD? I then bolted after him, my arms assuming their appropriate position and angry motions, leaning far forward while running, leading with my head like a tyrannosaurus. I quickly noticed that without a large tail to counterbalance my weight, this was a challenging way to run. I did ok, until he went down some stairs. I lost my balance and started falling at the top of the flight of stairs. My face didn't hit the ground until the bottom, stubby arms flailing in a futile attempt to cushion the fall.

I decided that maybe tyrannosaurus wasn't the best choice of dinosaur. My *Jurassic Park* knowledge reminded me that there was a much smarter dinosaur for me to emulate. So I quickly revised my rule. The next day in class, the teacher asked me if I had the paper we were supposed to hand in. Not having completed the paper, I wondered: WWRaptD? I stared her in the eye menacingly, then let out a bloodcurdling nails-on-chalkboard scream. That didn't work out very well either, but I don't blame velociraptor. I figure it was my fault for half-assing it. The stare-down and scream just aren't very effective when you don't following through by pouncing on your target and ripping out its jugular. Maybe next time I'll get it right.

WWTREXD



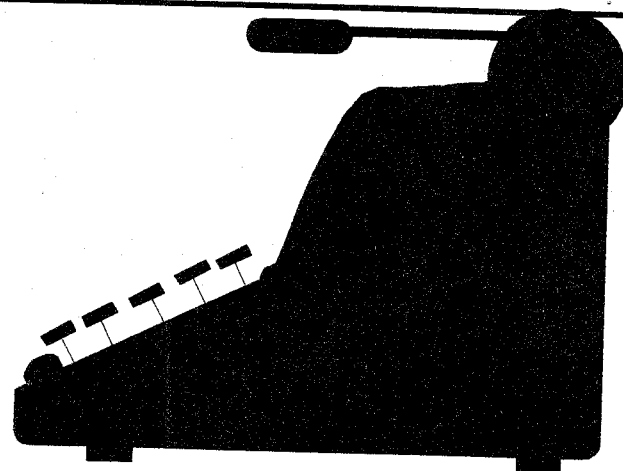
The Monitor presents its second

SEMESTER-LONG

SHORT STORY CONTEST!

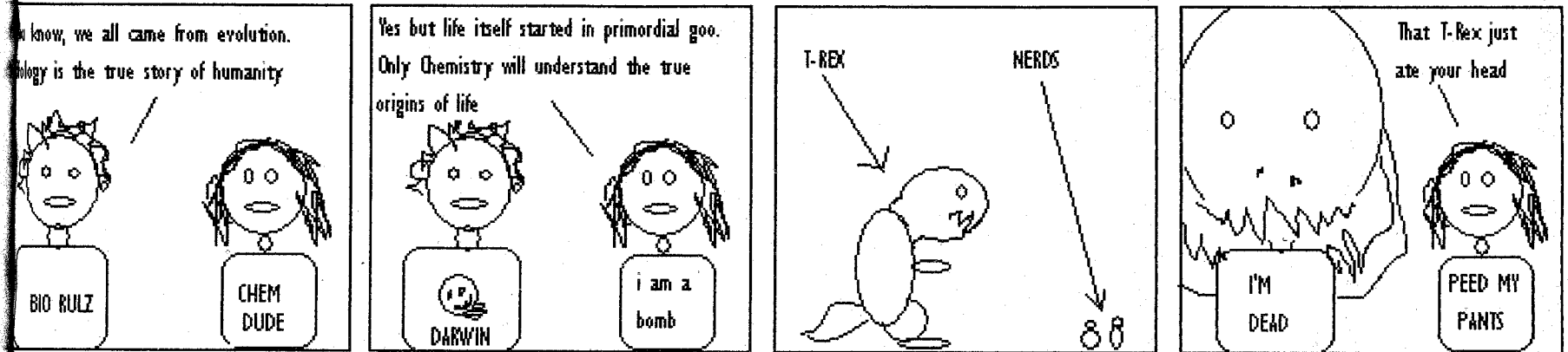
THE BEST STORIES WILL BE INCLUDED IN THE END-OF-THE-SEMESTER ISSUE, AND OUR PANEL OF EXPERT JUDGES WILL CHOOSE ONE SPECIAL STORY @THE END OF THE SEMESTER FOR A \$50 CASH PRIZE!!!

Please send submissions to monitortrm@hotmail.com by Friday, April 30th. Thanks!

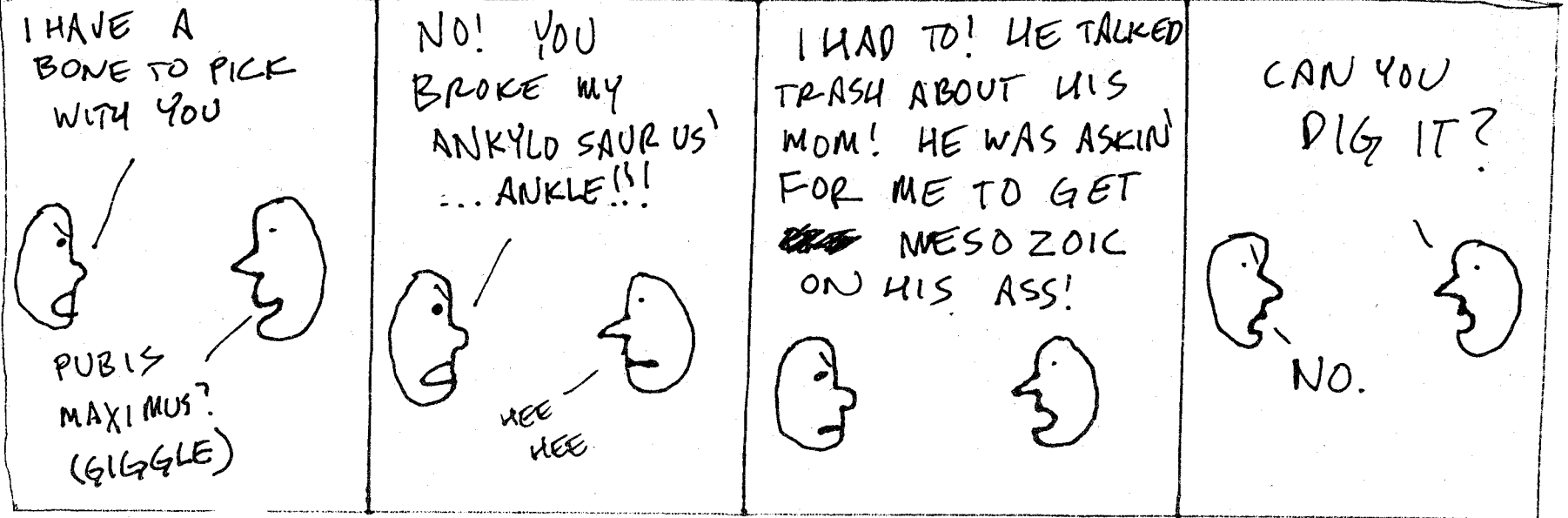


~~OT-LO~~ ~~DAD~~ COMICS FOR ~~CHEMISTS~~ ~~BIOLOGISTS~~ DINOSAURS

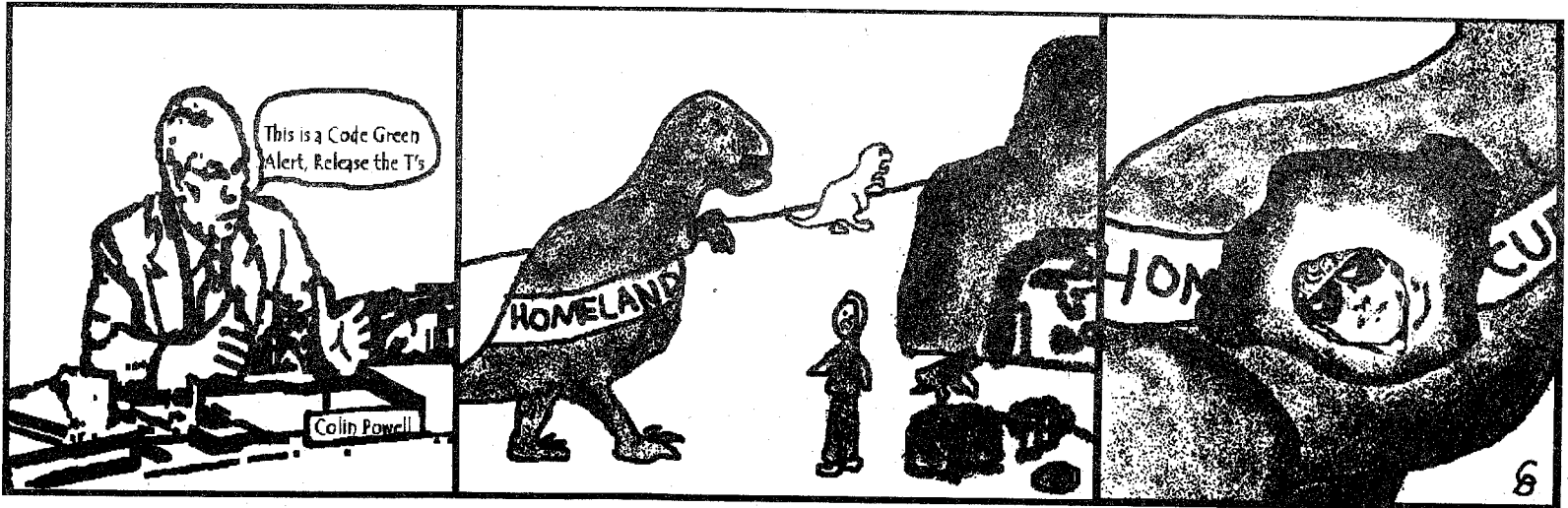
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RORY



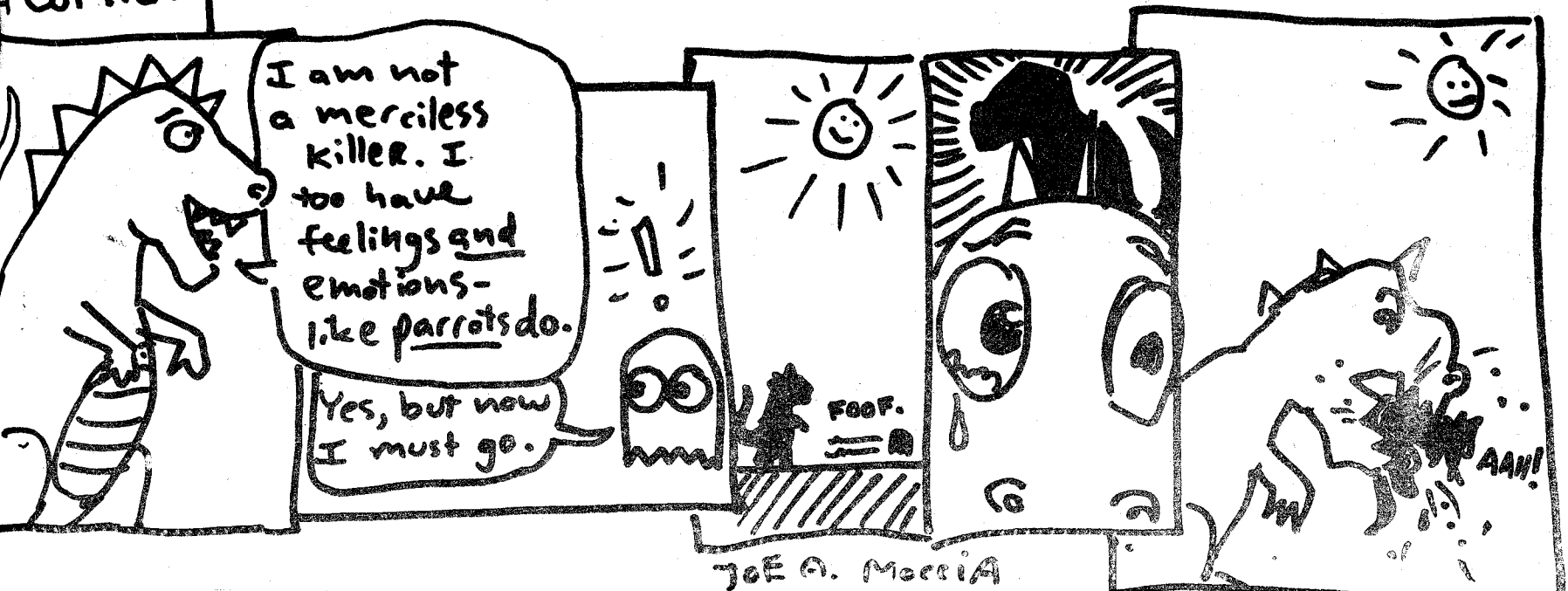
PATHETIC COMIX FOR PALEONTOLOGISTS! PHIL SPEAR



Code what? - Dill - sixty nine



A COMIC.



JOE A. Moccia

MY BACK PAGES

Behind

Born into a dark house, it was all I knew.
It became my light.
A black light, shrouding over thought,
deed, and soul.
My life, my pride, my way; all cast from
its still-born shadows.

Lost in a dark house, I was all I knew.
We were all we felt.
To touch her, it meant I was not alone
in this darkness.
Breath heavy, bodies tangled, empty
warmth in an empty place.

Loving in this dark house, our gods were
ourselves.
Our lies were our own. We were our
lies.
Stumbled thoughts,
patched over again and again to steady
a foundation of sand.
Wicked seductions, patched over with
stumbled thoughts.
Nothing right nor wrong; all just differ-
ent deeds in a uniform darkness.

A sameness of choices;
but everything looks the same when
you can't see.

Wandering in this dark house, something
was felt beyond the walls.
Felt for no more reason than an aching
hidden pain.
Trickling change barely conceived;
I could only know it as opposite to
everything I knew.
An uncomfortable itch in thought;
uneasy, shifting away, running away,
hiding.
Hiding from it, that opposite.

Trapped in this dark house, I once saw
the real.
Lies laid bare, horrible truths;
a past skinned and nailed to the wall.
Fear mingled with shame;
remorse before finally stepping into that
glaring field of white.
Uniform in itself; but to see it means to
accept it all.
Stark, outlined cutouts arise;
figures now cast shadows on a discern-
ible backdrop.
The darkness can no longer swallow
shadow, hide shadow;
tuck its secret in the folds of deep
longing and regret.

Black on white is now all too plain to
see.

Born into a dark house, I now gaze at
an endless field of white;
And left behind are all I knew.

April 17th, 2002.

-Daniel Sem

Boob Tube

Through Iridescent
semi-memory I steal
you but you don't mind

-Charles Weaver III

"Good Morning"

All day and night
I dream about God.
And when I wake up
She's lying
Right
Next to me.

-SLP

The Tao

As I walk past him
the monkey under the
tree
says "The Dow is up."

-SLP

Cutting down Christians with my atheist lyrics,
my rhymes are so harsh
that they don't want to hear it,
I dedicate on their faith
and their concepts of souls,
I get my bread from the streets; not from their bowls.

My eternal brothers in the logical struggle
look God in the face and begin to chuckle.
From Marx to Nietzsche I got my whole crew with me,
and we're blowin' shit up like we was Ted Kazinsky.
Because it's all a joke that heaven and hell shit,
made up by man to understand what life is.
You're born, you die and that's the only duality
don't look further than that
because it's your only reality.

While separating fact from fable, I'm meek like Abel,
I drop rocks like Cain on the head of the papal.
Repent or else? Well I say check yourself.
This ain't a police state where you can suffocate
the expressions of my person and discriminate.
Cause if you want to battle, a one on one deliberation,
I'll cut you down faster than Ninja Gaiden.

-MC Heathen

"Terry Pendelton hit very very many home runs for St. Louis Cardinals in 1988. Terry Pendelton, throw left, hit left, wear jersey #9 in 1988. Terry Pendelton go on to play for San Diego in the early nineties. Terry Pendelton currently third base coach for Atlanta Braves." countzachula@hotmail.com
"Did I ever tell you about Kirby Puckett? Kirby Puckett play centerfield.."

Avoiding the temptation to look in
your eyes
Knowing that it will only bring false
ambition
Full of fading promises and tenacious
lies
Consuming me, altering my percep-
tion

Instead I turn towards an empty
darkness
Full of shallow thoughts lusting for
something
Anything, as long as it's emotionless
Vacant of feeling left in wake of our
last fling

All I want is what we had before,
before here
Before I realized your fading prom-
ises and tenacious lies
But now you are gone far away, or
so I fear
Leaving me only a mirror as a guise
Of many question behind my tearful
eyes

GPB

Tom Thumb

swing me the nest of
that seismic transgressive
backdoor bellyup art gallery.

Friday April 30, 8PM to sunrise,
the sun is in my eyes
or maybe its that monster
in the *come over* guise

of instillation painting poem
wedding hootenanny exorcism
sculpture film acrobatic
bionic clowns from heaven.

submit to me, baby.
tuesdays OP drawing room, 8:30p.

if
is a subjunctively dis-
gusting idea.
a bastard son of when
used by fools to compare
aimlessly.
if is at best a guess
meant to waste my time
and I have no patience
for the idle chatter
of empty ideas.

If I wouldn't have writ-
ten this.
if if were not...
if's existence
contradicts itself.

~Bryan O'Brien