

t h e M a campus collective MONITOR

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Welcome to The Monitor

Story by | Andrés Delgado

Welcome to Truman. We are The Monitor. We observe and report on our surroundings in hillock-y Kirksville. We are beholden to you only. Truman, we are you. This Monitor newspaper is yours, friends, to fill and enjoy as you please. Take advantage of this opportunity, without corporate fetters, without institutional bias, to say what you feel needs to be said. Report the unreported story, call the campus' attention to a retarded album, please try to say something intelligent.

Because we are a newspaper full of your contributions, the question "What would you say if you could say one thing to the University?" is not a hypothetical one. You can answer it by having your words published within these pages. One contributor in this issue has

interviewed the recent subjects of front-page stories in the New York Times and St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Our article on the young Kirksville residents who were tailed by the FBI in the run-up to the Democratic convention is to the right of this piece. Nightline airs their interview with the anarchists also this week.

We have a lot of variety, because we publish whatever it is you as contributors wish to see in print. This is the source of the campus collective claim on our headline. Ordinarily your contributions include news pieces, letters to the editor, a miscellany of features, reviews, vulgar and/or nonsensical comics, and poetry.

If this sounds like a good use of your time, you are invited to our first meeting on Thursday, September 2, in Baldwin 346.

The Monitor on Kirksville

Story by | Andrés Delgado

Freshmen, this is The Monitor, and it resides, with you, at Truman State University. So some remarks are in order from the Monitor lizard regarding our home. What is there to say about the place? There are some things you will notice about it as your initial giddiness ebbs, maybe three or four years from now.

The campus is set off from, though still within shouting distance of, a main thoroughfare. If you walk off campus toward the east, you'll come upon the mildly caustic fumes of Highway 63, and many travelers in the middle of a four or five-hour drive elsewhere. The city's permanent population is aging – between 1990 and 2000 the percent of the population over 85 increased by 20% and declined for all age groups (except 20-24 year-olds, due to higher University enrollment) under 45 – but progress is still evident, as you'll notice the sidewalk-ends lining that road are in the process of being improved to allow wheeled travelers to traverse them. Before you leave, those sidewalks will support at least one demonstration against abortion.

Walking a little westward, then north, by contrast, one finds the shell of the old Kirksville town square filled with many newer tenants whose stores you might be too excited to distinguish one from the other, right now. A museum located here recalls a devastating cyclone of 1899, and neglected continues to announce the twister's 105th anniversary, which passed in April. The slogan "Kirksville, Where People Make the Difference" is everywhere. A resident won a cash prize last year in an open contest for coming up with that.

That's great, but what about the hoes, you ask? The 2002 enrollment figures show women outnumbering men 58:42. And you know what

they say about a place that, like China, has a bunch of women, don't you?

"If there are a lot of men for young women, then the women will trade sex in exchange for what they value, which for most women is a stable relationship – that is, marriage and two-parent child care. But if men are scarce and women abundant, then women will lose their bargaining power and exchange sex for whatever is available: one-night stands, illegitimate children or even prostitution. In the U.S., African-Americans have a very low sex ratio, and the consequences of that fact are obvious."

This is from James Q. Wilson, a Harvard professor writing in the Wall Street Journal this July.

At Truman, there aren't very many African-Americans (3.7 percent in 2003), nor are there many Hispanics (1.8 percent for the same year), and there might be one American Indian and he has a cold (actually 26 were enrolled last year). Be wary of blanket statements, though: diversity is to be found, and in front of Baldwin Hall on a weekend look for a loud game of cricket to play out with regularity.

To make too many assumptions about the place and its people would be unwise. Just last week I saw this guy standing in front of a computer in the lobby of Pickler Memorial Library. His remarkably torn overalls clearly showed his ass cheeks. What could that guy possibly have been occupied with? It turns out he was in the process of running for the House of Representatives (see page 3). What were you doing with your time?

Truman is pretty rich at the end of the day, and a lot of those calories can be found here in the paper. Hopefully you take it upon yourself to add to the deliciousness of this concoction and send us an article or join our staff.

Local anarchists tailed by FBI

Story by | Cameron Moore

Three Kirksville residents in their early twenties were thrust into the national media spotlight on Sunday morning when they appeared on CBS Morning News during a segment about an open investigation by the FBI into their plans to protest the Democratic National Conventions. A similar segment was scheduled to air Tuesday night on ABC's Nightline.

The three men, current Truman State University graduate student Daniel Coate, and former University students Ben Garrett and Chris Scheets, were under FBI surveillance in July and were subpoenaed to testify before a Federal Grand Jury on the same day that major demonstrations were sched-

uled to begin in Boston at the DNC.

Coate, Garrett, and Scheets believe that they were targeted because of their political beliefs and that the investigation was an attempt to use "fear tactics to stifle political and social dissent," according to their press release.

The investigation coincided with visits by the Joint Terrorism Task Force (JTTF) to anti-war and other political protesters around the country leading up to the conventions.

Contact

On July 20, a US Marshall and an FBI agent
Continued on page 2



Chavez wins referendum

Story by | Marc Becker

Caracas, Venezuela woke up early on Sunday, August 15 to the sounds of bugle calls, fireworks, car horns, music, and slogans with activists rallying the public to participate in a presidential referendum. By 5 a.m., voters were already queuing up at polling stations to decide whether or not to recall Hugo Chavez, the South American country's charismatic and controversial president.

A record number of people voted in the referendum. Some people waited up to thirteen hours to vote, and the polls that were initially to close at 6 p.m. were held open until midnight. At 4 a.m. on Monday morning, fireworks and shouts on the streets made it clear that Chavez had won an overwhelming victory. In a pouring rain, his supporters converged on the presidential palace to celebrate. The festivities continued through Monday night, with caravans of cars and trucks loaded with people waving flags and honking their horns parading through the streets of Caracas.

Venezuela is the world's fifth-largest

oil-exporting country, and the largest producer in the Americas. These oil revenues previously only benefited a small, elite class. Chavez, however, began to use these resources to fund social legislation designed to attack endemic poverty. Government priorities that emphasize education, health care, and nutrition have provided the lower class with a sense of hope and optimism.

Chavez's policies have alienated Venezuela's traditional ruling elite. In contrast to previous political leaders who have always come from the White upper class, Chavez is an outsider who is proud of his Indigenous and African roots. He appeals to those who feel as if they never before have had anyone in power who understood their needs or represented their interests. For these disenfranchised and marginalized people, he is their champion, and they are willing to defend him to the death.

From their privileged gated communities, the opposition could not believe and would not accept that Venezuelans would vote 58 to 42

Continued on page 2

THE MONITOR

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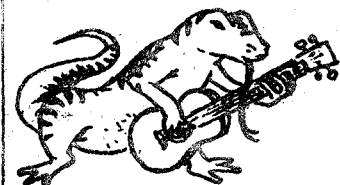
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Among people who have learned something from the 18th century (say, Voltaire) it is a truism, hardly deserving discussion, that the defense of the right of free expression is not restricted to ideas one approves of, and that it is precisely in the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

-- Noam Chomsky



NEWS

Anarchists

From page 1

arrived at Scheets' parents' house in Jacksonville, Illinois, looking for Scheets. His parents gave his Kirksville address and phone number to the agents.

An FBI agent, Keith Kohne, arrived at Scheets' Kirksville address on July 22 with a list of 13 individuals with whom he desired to talk. The list included Coate, Garrett, and Scheets, as well as some roommates and other friends. They were instructed to contact Kohne or else be sought out by the FBI.

Garrett, who was in St. Louis at the time, called Kohne on July 24 from his friend, former University student Ashley Sell's home, and set up an appointment for the following morning. "I wanted to be clear that I'm not trying to run," Garrett said.

While at a movie that evening, agents visited Garrett's parents' house, as well as Sell's house, despite the appointment he had arranged. They came by again later that night. "I was really upset," Garrett said, "It was really intense."

Garrett said that the agents were trying to intimidate him, and get him to contradict himself since lying to an FBI agent is considered perjury. He said they did this because he told them that he would not answer questions until he contacted a lawyer.

Being followed

Through the next day, a number of harassing phone calls were received, which they presumed were coming from the FBI. While helping Sell's parents move furniture on July 25, Garrett and Sell realized that they were being followed.

"They just wore polo shirts," Garrett said, "We asked them for ID's just to make sure they were agents." Garrett said that they would follow them everywhere they went.

"Everything got kind of paranoid," Garrett said. "We felt like we couldn't go anywhere. We were afraid that going to any friend's house would be

to invite the FBI to harass them as well."

At times, as many as four cars followed them, with one car in front and a few in back, and "[the FBI] said things on the phone and in person that pretty clearly established that our phones were tapped and that we were being surveilled," Garrett said.

It was on that day that Coate and Scheets arrived in St. Louis, still intending to leave for Boston to protest the DNC.

Federal Grand Jury

On July 26, Coate, Garrett and Scheets were served a subpoena to appear before a Federal Grand Jury on July 29, which was when they had planned to be in Boston. The reasons listed on the subpoena, however, were incorrect: mail fraud, identity theft, and credit card fraud.

"It freaked us out real bad because this wasn't even what they asked us about," Garrett said. "We were thinking that maybe there was a time when somebody sent mail to our house and somebody threw it away instead of writing 'return to sender' or something like that, just looking for anything to mess with us."

This "created a great deal of confusion and additional anxiety in" the three men, according to their press release.

"We sat around and played board games and tried to keep from going crazy due to the fact that we couldn't go anywhere without being followed and being really upset that weren't able to go to Boston," Garrett said.

After receiving the subpoenas, they decided to seek out legal representation. After pursuing a few options, Denise Lieberman, legal director for the ACLU in eastern Missouri, picked up their case pro bono. She found out that, according to the FBI, their subpoenas were form letters, and the incorrect reasons listed on the subpoenas were a mistake left over from another investigation.

On July 29, all three men appeared before a Federal Grand Jury.

"The Grand Jury is the most terrifying court in America," Garrett said. There's no judge, you have no lawyer; there's a stenographer, a bailiff, a prosecuting attorney, and a jury of your peers. Everything thing said in there never leaves there." The purpose of such a hearing is to determine if enough evidence exists to pursue a case.

Moving on

After the hearing, Garrett went to Columbia, while Coate and Scheets returned to Kirksville. Although they were followed to their respective destinations, the trailing stopped. The case is not closed, however.

"The investigation on us is still open. We have no reason to believe that the FBI is not still trying to collect information on us," Garrett said. To this day, no one has been charged with having committed any crimes.

"The FBI has insisted that its investigation of political demonstrators ... was based on legitimate information that someone was planning a crime during the [DNC]," according to an August 31 article in the St. Louis Post Dispatch.

The three men contend that the investigation was meant to intimidate them and to keep them from protesting at the DNC in Boston, which they say hindered their ability to stay politically active and exercise their right to free speech.

Coate, Garrett and Scheets feel that they were targeted because they are openly vocal about being anarchists, which Garrett says is "striving towards a non-hierarchical society where people take care of each other, no one tells anyone else how they have to live their life, they just live their lives the way they want to and help other people live the lives they want to." As he defines it, anarchism does not include violence as an acceptable way to solve problems.

Referendum

From page 1

percent to keep the president. When the electoral commission declared Chavez to be the winner, the opposition cried fraud. They called on international observer missions to denounce the results. Instead, the Organization of American States (OAS) and the Carter Center declared the election to be the most clean, transparent, and accurate in the country's history.

The Carter Center's certification of Chavez's victory is rather ironic, given that through the National Endowment for Democracy (NED), the U.S. government helped fund the opposition in their recall effort. Chavez has stridently condemned U.S. imperialism and neoliberal economic policies, and is one of the most significant blockages to Bush administration plans to implement the Free Trade Area of the Americas (FTAA) by 2005. With the Iraq situation of control and the oil prices rising to unprecedented levels, however, the U.S. government appears to prefer a Chavez administration to the continuing political instability that the right-wing opposition represents.

Maria Egilda Castellano of the Universidad Bolivariana de Venezuela (UBV) notes that "Chavez is just a leader, but is the process that is more important." Venezuela is building a new form of "participatory protagonistic democracy" in which people have a real voice in the political process. It is replacing a "representative democracy" that has entrenched wealth and power in the hands of a



Venezuelans celebrate the results of the referendum.

Photo by Marc Becker

ruling elite. Chavez's defeat would not have represented to much the loss of a popular leader as it would be the loss of social programs and a government that listens to and cares about the people.

If the Chavez government is to be evaluated according to the biblical standard of how it treats "the least of these my brethren," it indeed is an experiment to be supported. His victory provides an opportunity to build broader participation and deepen the political process of creating a more human, more just, and more

internationalist culture. The defeat of the recall referendum was not only a victory for one man or for a country, but it is a victory for all who desire a more peaceful and just social order.

Marc Becker teaches Latin American history at Truman State University and was an observer to the Venezuelan recall referendum in August 2004.

FEATURES

THE MONITOR

If you must throw away your vote, do it *intelligently*

Feature by | "Paid" Paul Kingston

Okay, so here's the deal. This summer I turned twenty-five, which means I have a constitutional right to run for the House of Representatives. So, I'm encouraging all ya'll out there to just go ahead and write in "Paul Kinston" or perhaps "Paid" Paul Kinston" this year when ya'll go out to vote (just "Paid" Paul probably wouldn't work, 'cause I bet they need a last name). Now, I bet you're asking just why you should vote for me. That's okay; so am I. Here's what I've come up with so far.

First of all, I'm sure that a lot of you have that deep primordial instinct to throw away your vote on some radical third-party candidate. Now don't get me wrong, I love to waste my vote just as much as the next guy. Like many of us, I voted for Nader in 2000. And look where that got us. Now hopefully, we've all learned our lesson. But how can we express our disgust with the "two"-party system, but still kick that little shit, Dubya, our of the Whitehouse?

Well, that's where I come in. You see, if you throw away a much less crucial vote for the House, but vote for Kerry, we can get rid of Bush while still expressing our general outrage at the state of politics in general. See, you can have your cake and eat it, too.

But I bet you'd like to know just what platform a vote for "Paid" Paul Kingston would endorse. Well, for starters, I'm an Anarchist (the peace-loving hippie commune type, not the pipe-bomb type, mind you). I am very much in favor of legalizing marijuana (I *did* inhale) and decriminalizing most, if not all, other drugs. I oppose the death penalty, corporate welfare, and the Patriot Act. But my big issue is peace.

I can whole-heartedly promise that if elected (no, really, it *could* happen), I will vote against any war, policing action, or anything else

that involves sending children into another country with guns. Also, I will oppose any expansion of the death penalty or prison sentences (I see confinement as a form of violence). Furthermore, I will strongly support any foreign aid programs (so long as they actually provide aid to the people, as opposed to the governments of whatever country they are intended for) and any restrictions on the death penalty or measures to take a more rehabilitative approach to crime. Oh, and I'd also be against economic sanctions that create starving populations and all that jazz.

Anyway, that's about it for now. I hope to further elaborate on just what I stand for in future articles. So remember, vote "Paid" Paul Kingston.



Image by | Joe Moccia

Kirksville, someone loves you

Feature by | Cameron Moore

Tonight, I fell in love with Kirksville. Don't get me wrong; I've *loved* Kirksville for a few years now. But tonight, I fell *in* love with this small Midwestern town. Let me start at the beginning.

Late this afternoon, I was sitting on the third floor of Baldwin Hall, doing math problems for my summer class by the big windows over by the elevator. The beginnings of a pleasant sunset soothed my mind and alleviated the mounting frustration of my inability to sufficiently solve some homework problems. I realized it was time for a break, so I went to the first place that came to mind: the roof.

Now, I'm not going to tell you how to get onto the roof of Baldwin Hall. But the diligent and intrepid explorer shouldn't suffer too much trouble to discover that not only can you get on top of certain parts of the roof above the second floor, you can also keep going up until you are on top of Baldwin Auditorium. This just might be the highest point on campus, but I'm not really sure.

So there I stood, overlooking campus and the square, at eye level with the top of the library, as a small group of birds danced in the sun's last rays of the evening. They swirled in and out of each other, about six of them, just playing like children. One would circle a few blocks and come back to the game, chasing and darting in the golden haze of twilight with her friends.

As I watched this, I looked back down onto the trees of Kirksville. Aside from the buildings that poked up occasionally, that's all I could really see: lush green trees. And this is when it struck me: hidden in those trees are the roads and walks that I traverse daily; hidden in those trees, I get lost in my daily shuffle, my daily worries of homework and relationships; hidden in those trees, I get lost.

But here were these carefree spirits, winged friends of peace, soaring above it all and completely unaware of the complicated sufferings plaguing the minds of those lost in the trees. Life is just a fun game to them, a game for them to play with their friends and enjoy these last moments of the sun's warmth before darkness descends, before returning to their nest for slumber. For a brief moment, I was no longer lost in the trees, and it was then that my worries dissolved.

It reminded me of something that my math professor for my summer class, Dr. Kevin Easley, would try to remind us of often in class: we can't get bogged down in the details here; we need to keep a wider perspective on things and keep going. Sure, he was talking about partial differential equations, but it makes just as much sense here as it does for infinite-dimensional Hilbert space.

Standing up above the daily hum, with a bird's eye view of Kirksville, I no longer cared about my pesky math problems and other worries that lurk in the shadows of the trees below. As the sun finally disappeared behind the horizon, I knew that I had just fallen in love with

peaceful, summertime Kirksville for providing the gift of that moment.

I descended back down the roof with a smile on my face and a glowing feeling in my chest, knowing that Kirksville had just opened up to me in a new way. I sat back down and opened my backpack to return to work on my math problems. I was still stuck, and became slightly frustrated. Ugh. At least summer classes are only eight weeks long, and then I would be free to be with my new lover, Kirksville.

Socially Awkward

Column by | Frances Dusseault

So I'm thinking about writing this column called 'Socially Awkward.' In the future, it would be a little more coherent, but still stream-of-consciousness. What do you think? Write me at monitortrm@hotmail.com. Thanks and enjoy.

Don't be 'That Guy.'

Yeah, so there's this guy who I see all the time. He's kinda cute, but it's actually kind of annoying. Cause I see him so much he's actually started to get on my nerves. Cause I'm to the point where I want to say hi, my name is blahblah and thus make the stranger I see all the time a friend I see all the time. I think our studying habits both revolve around the library and the SUB, cause I see him at one of those places like *everyday*. Seriously, no matter where I choose to sit and work, it's guaranteed that I will look up and see him in the same room, the same space that I am in. Today, he was at the computer across from me. I don't know if I was there first, or he was, but I looked up and 'Hey, it's that guy again.' You're like the little brother who follows me around everywhere. Get out of my spaces.

Ode to Freshman year.

What did you write? Well, I wrote. Just to write. Lots of things. Things that would embarrass me cause they are like not little casual beeboops of writing, they are huge conceptual analyses of the meaning of life and stuff. I'm embarrassed by my own intelligence. I end up intimidating people. I don't want that. I don't want them putting me up on some kind of pedestal. I want equals who will challenge me and encourage me. The secret to life is don't hold back. I know this, but like everyone else, I do hold back. That's what makes people who don't hold back so special. They're not like everyone else, who shares that common 'I'm not giving you all of me' look and feel. They've got their own feel, unhidden by the common denominator. See, it's that kind of stuff I write. It's like forbidden fruit. I want to blame it on others, the fact that I hold back. If people weren't so this or that. If he was just more like blah. If her personality was more blahbleediblah. Then I would feel free to be free. To just flow, to let go. To speak, and say whatever I want. If only the world were different, then I could be me. When the truth is, that feeling comes from me. And always has, and always will. I just don't know it.

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(BH346, Every Thursday @ 8:30)

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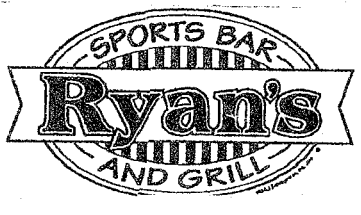
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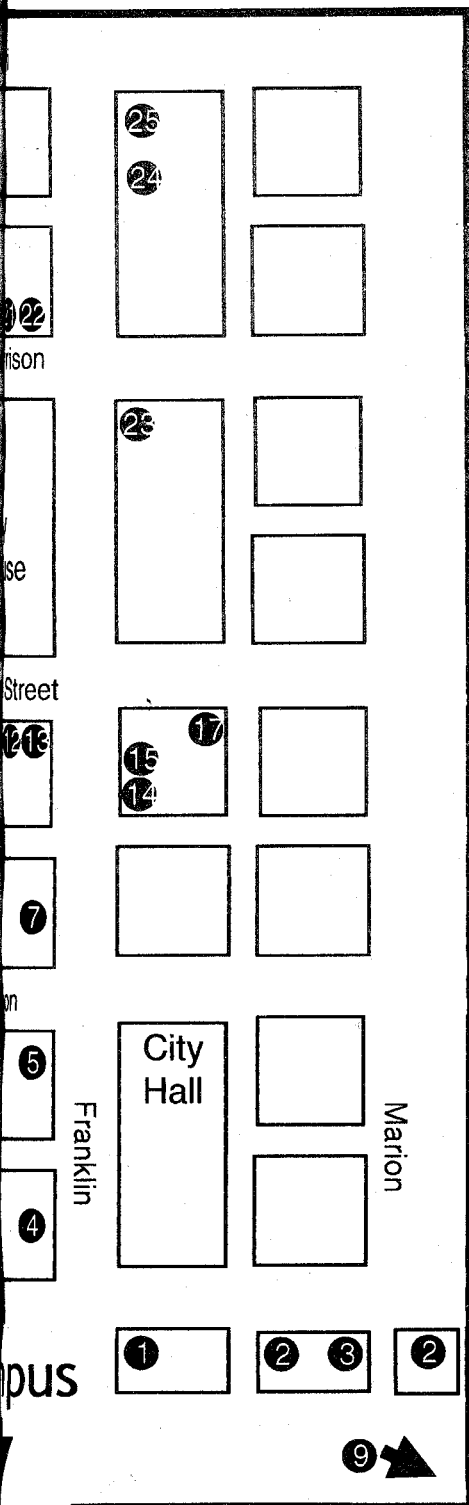
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OPINIONS

THE MONITOR

Moore's moral superiority just more self-righteousness

Opinion by | Jon Lawinger

Michael Moore has been riding high ever since he became a household name with his critically acclaimed and highly successful film, *Bowling for Columbine*. After being hyped by months of controversy, his feature length attack on George W. Bush, *Fahrenheit 9/11*, has grossed over \$117 million in the U.S. and another \$50 million overseas since it was released two months ago. In the process, Moore has become an icon of the American political left and a force more polarizing than any but George W. himself. When it comes to Michael Moore, everyone seems to either love him or hate him. Everyone but me.

Over time I've grown convinced that Michael Moore is an exceptionally talented filmmaker who can't resist using his powers for evil. You see, I really ought to be a big fan of Moore. I'm generally inclined to agree with his political views and I've yet to see anyone match his unique style. In *Bowling for Columbine* I was floored by his ability to glean both humor and insight from interviews with non-traditional subjects including the Michigan Militia, Marilyn Manson, James Nichols, "South Park" creator Matt Stone, and a trio of teenaged school-cutting Canadians. His depiction of gun violence as the consequence of a culture of fear was well developed, and much more intellectually satisfying than the normal partisan rhetoric.

The problem is that Moore is so con-

victed of the righteousness of his causes that he's willing to be manipulative in order to be persuasive. In *Columbine* he crosses the line with a cartoon that correlates the outlawing of the Ku Klux Klan as an illegal terrorist organization with the formation of the National Rifle Association. Now of course the narrator in the cartoon doesn't actually claim that the KKK became the NRA. The cartoon merely states that one was outlawed in the same year the other was formed, then illustrates the two groups coming together to burn a cross, leaving it up to the viewer to finish the miniscule task of connecting the dots from there.

However, there isn't any evidence to suggest those dots should be connected. In fact, all indications are that the Klan and the NRA were enemies. For example, it was President Ulysses S. Grant who signed and vigorously enforced the law outlawing the KKK, and shortly after leaving office he was

elected president of the NRA. In Moore's eyes, this isn't important though. What is important is that he believes the NRA is an evil organization, and by associating it with the KKK, he can convince others to agree with him. He



of Americans were convinced that Saddam and Al-Qaeda were working together, without any legitimate evidence to support such a claim. You see, Bush and Moore are actually very similar in the absolute conviction they have in the moral superiority of their beliefs. Because of this they also share a willingness to use dishonesty (without directly lying) in order to promote those beliefs.

Now, in *Fahrenheit 9/11* Moore is back in similar form. He's still incredibly talented. He still offers many pieces of excellent filmmaking that are both entertaining and insightful. And he is still making dishonest associations that rely on innuendo rather than evidence. A substantial portion of the film is spent connecting Bush to the Bin Laden and Saudi Royal families. Moore is careful not to make any direct statements about what these associations mean, but the constant unsupported implication is that Bush was somehow connected to and responsible for the Sept. 11th attacks.

In spite of this, the left has continued to adopt Moore as its spokesman and mascot, while at the same time condemning the Bush Administration for its manipulative ways. As much as I wish I could commend Moore for his political and artistic accomplishments, I cannot endorse his flawed credibility and misleading tactics. Liberal America needs to find a new public figure who will promote its ideals without embracing dishonest means.

Evangelical arrogance as national policy driver



Opinion by | Larry Iles

Unlike here in America, something wise is awakening in the public perception in my native Britain. This June saw people catching on to the unsavory fact that *Christian* religious bigotry is malignantly afire, here in the west. It's not just in the "Arab" fundamentalism-sphere, presented by TV as demonic and "over there," from which we steal oil. It's in Bush Jr.'s crazed, Born-again, ex-alcoholic lack of rationality, and in Tony Blair's (the failed Oxford pop star) pompous, similar mindset. UK people are joining their more skeptical, Cartesian, French neighbors in demonstrating their rejection of the duo's unreasoning arousal of fear as a tool of

leadership, since this is what their faith-based homilies amount to. In June, these people pushed Blair's governing Labour party into a bottom, third place in local government elections. This our disgust for his deception, in which Bush was complicit, over the needless and worsening invasion of Iraq for non-evident "weapons of mass destruction." This result in the national elections was the worst showing for the party, to which I still belong, since before World War One.

Now let's not deceive ourselves. This self-liberating realization, in a country with a state church (Episcopalian), of which Blair is himself nominally a practitioner, has been a long time coming. His fanaticism has been a known fact for a very long time. My own proxy-voter for when I am away from the country is normally a loyal Blair-ite and an ex-Labour mayor. Even she, a devoutly human atheist, expressed to me once, in 1997, her shock: "Lawrence, I kid you not; he was on his knees the whole service time, in absurdity!" This was when she had seen him attending his first all-creeeds service at his first Labor conference since becoming the premier. More poignantly, Blair remains president of the UK Christian Socialist movement, in spite of protests by some of us after his and Bush's sustained bombings of Bosnia, Afghanistan and Iraq. He's protected by a group of young, careerist, wealthy males – praetorian guard-style – in a manner reminiscent of the elitist guard

that has been described by U.S. writers Woodward and Phillips (the former with praise, the latter with criticism) as surrounding Bush.

So why has the disgust in Britland, where we are supposedly more conservative than the U.S., only now turned profound? Last July, a Leicester city Congressional MP seat, that for five decades had been held by mixed-race Labour, went anti-Iraq war Liberal Democrat Asian – by a huge majority! It's not because Blair and Bush are Christians, per se; rather, it's due to the regressive, irrational, evangelical variety of Christianity that they insist upon espousing – as if they and they alone know god. Take Blair's recent tact of denouncing "the Sixties" and its values as the source of all our woes. The problem with this is that his words on the era carry as little credibility as do AWOL-with-permission Dubya's. Most folks know that at the time in question, Blair himself was a self-indulgent aspirant popstar and then manager, even while an avowed conservative, like his barrister dad. Thus, he was one of the prime conformists to the values of the era of the Sixties.

Further, we rational-religious types – who believe that god or goddess endowed us with minds to accountably think, and that people like Christ, the Buddha and Mohammed spoke in parables to emphasize both change and what Evangelicals call "situational ethics" – we have started to hit back, at least in the UK, at Blair's war-mongering paganism in practice. The Epis-

copolitan head Dr. Rowan Williams, Archbishop of Canterbury, and a clear majority of his liberal bishops have not only joined the Pope and the U.S. Roman Catholic Bishops Conference in their condemnation of the Iraq violations. This summer they also have attacked and dangerous fantasy "the Christian Zionism" of "certain Born-again" American Evangelists as a war-causal doctrine inflaming, not lessening, world terror. Inflaming it by its unreasoning demand that the expansionist Israeli Right be even more armed (profitably), by Messrs. Bush and Blair alike as they are doing to this very hour of your reading this column, to the tune of record numbers.

In conclusion, is it too much to, dare I say it, "pray" that even this insulated part of the planet, here in over-churched but under-ethical Missouri, we too start to emulate Dr. Williams, instead of our two fundamentalist, secular mis-leaders? Simply by not beheading our reason and exporting/imposing our self-righteous, self-referential notions in wars that exacerbate the fundamentalism of others, simply for the electoral gain of our two great non-fighters, Mr. President and Mr. Prime Minister. Whatever mental insecurities have led them to primitive-warrior views of their lives should not be irrationally and unthinkingly, in contrived fear, be ours too!

Larry Iles is an Independent Scholar and Historical Writer

Welcome High School Students

Feature by I President Kirk

The TeachersCollege community rejoices in the gathering of the 1200 high school contestants and their friends coming from the towns and consolidated schools of northeast Missouri.

You come from good homes, good towns and good schools. You represent the educational highlands of a great state. By contact with larger crowds from larger and smaller towns you are to have a better measure of the high merits of your home schools.

I for one am for the "old home town," the town having from 500 to 5000 people, the town of the type that was the home of William Shakespeare, Mark Twain, Eugene Fields and Anna Howard Shaw, the town of the type that produced a majority of the great people of our country. I believe in the "old home town."

It was in "the country town" that I came into personal contact with men and women most worth while. It was there my professional life was dreamed into form. It is there that the ideals of moral character and conduct are highest.

It is a great trip you make to the contests once each year. You join the crowd that stands for the simple life and the high thinking, where the old and the young make and mature their plans and decide

through individual choice what is best to do in life.

I hope you will not soon rush away to the great city where so many go to bury their talents and waste their lives and be repressed and reduced to the commonest level. Oh yes; you should see and understand the city. Everybody should. But high character and capabilities are more easily and more permanently attainable in the smaller cities.

The highest average of the educational curve is in the smaller cities and consolidated school districts where 20% of all the children reach the senior high school as against 8% in the big cities.

I hope you will carry home more definite ideals of school and college because the school and the college are the most powerful promoters of moral character, personal integrity and unformulated religious convictions and ideals.

The crowd on the Teachers College campus welcomes the great gathering that represents the cream of the greater community life in Northeast Missouri.

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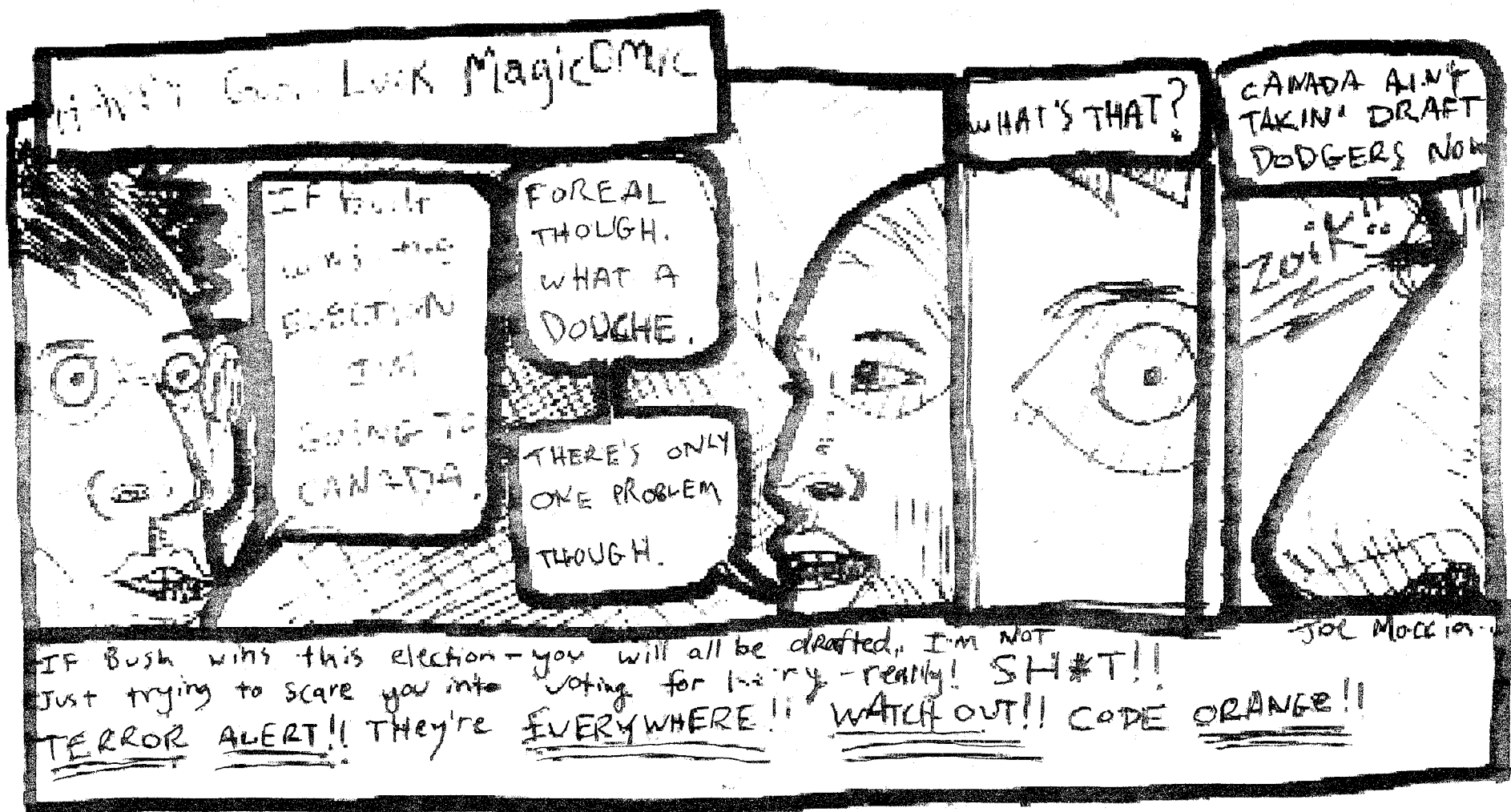
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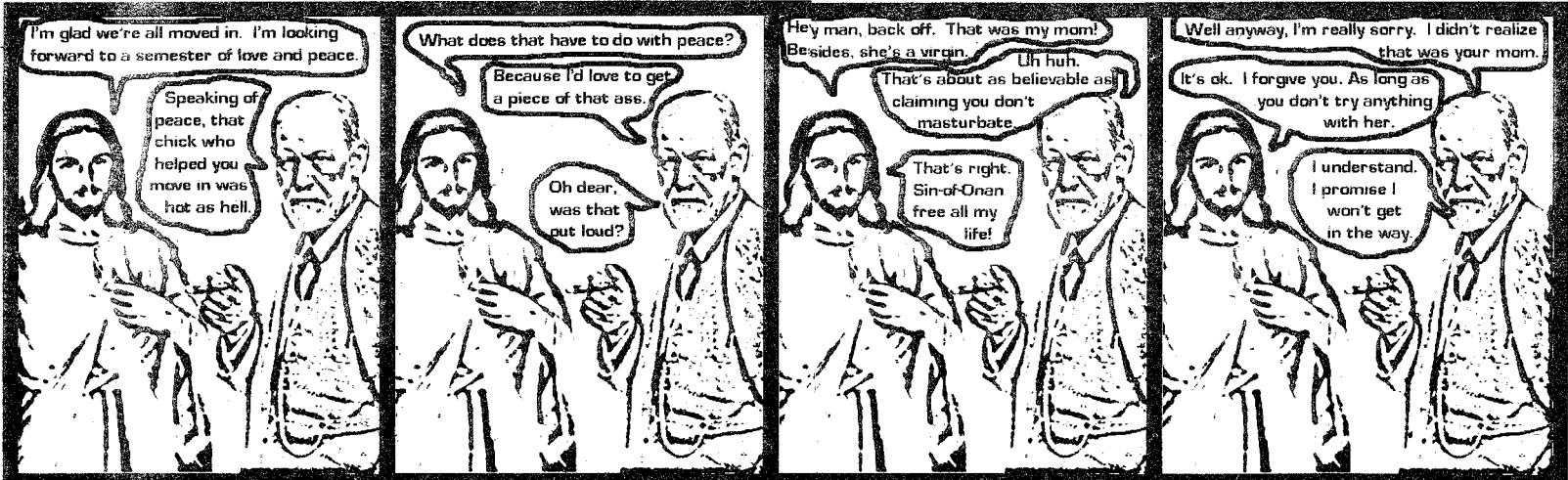
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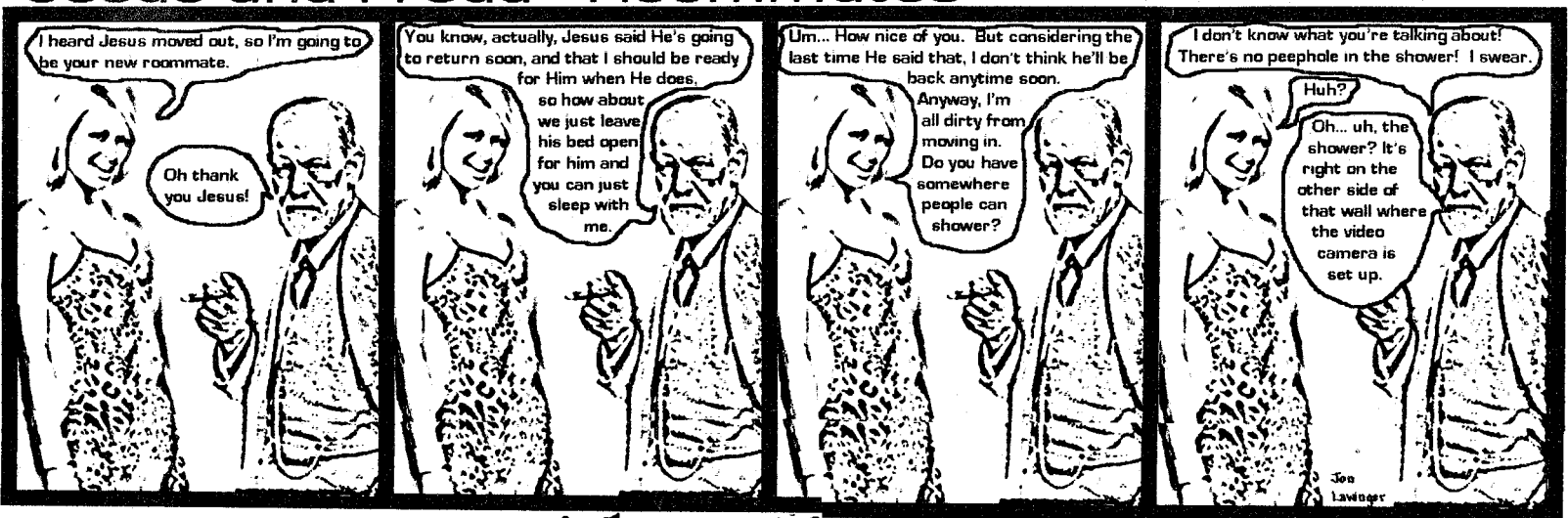


These four comics were originally published as an ongoing series last year in The Monitor. Usually this space is occupied by My Back Pages, an assortment of reader-submitted poetry. God and Zach Jackson willing, such fine poetry will once again grace the back pages of The Monitor, as long as you do your part by sending your poems to countzachula@hotmail.com.

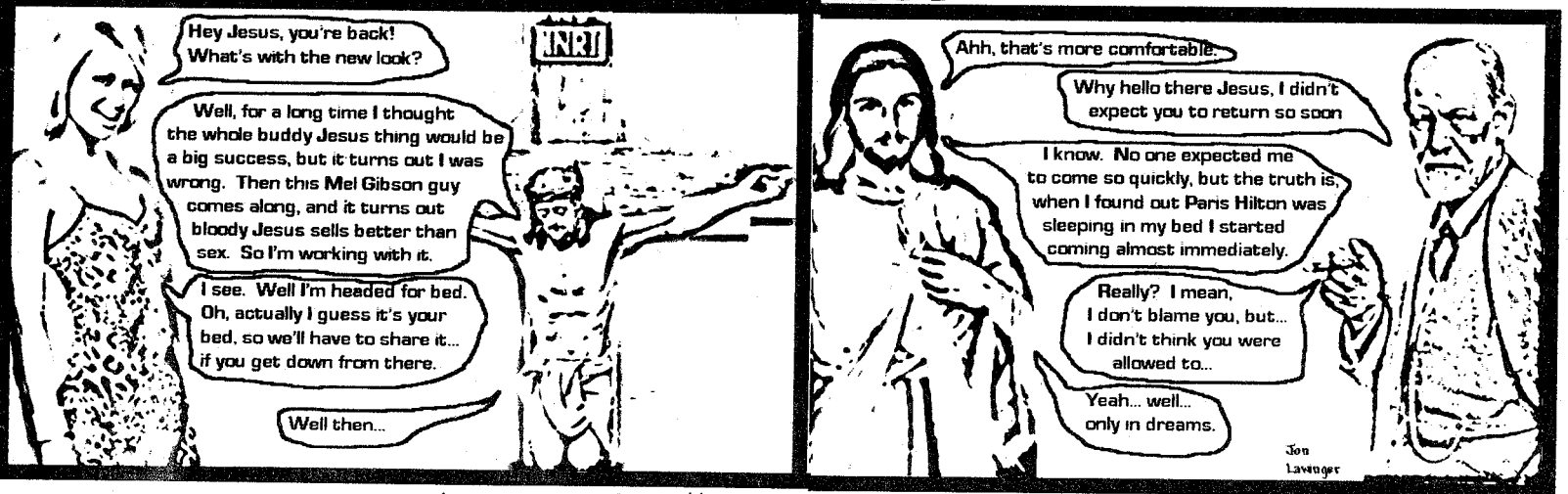
Jesus and Freud - Roommates



Paris Hilton and Jesus and Freud - Roommates



Paris Hilton and Jesus again and Jesus again Jesus and Freud - Roommates



Paris Hilton and Jesus again Public Service Announcement: Jesus and Freud - Roommates

