

**Movie Rental
Reviews**
>>> page 8

Comics
>>> page 15

BEAR CREEK

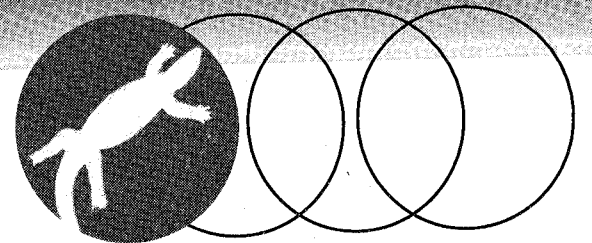
BAD. BETTER. GOOD.

PAST. PRESENT. FUTURE.

Cover Story
>>> page 4

Poetry >>
page 16

the monitor.



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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

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Editors' Box

Hello, and welcome to the morphed layout of *The Monitor*. As always, enjoy. This is a place for all voices to be heard. So c'mon already. Send us stories, come to our meetings (BH 346, 8:30 pm, Thursdays), get involved, get crackin'.

In addition to the front cover, many other changes have happened here at the Monitor Tower. We have a new computer, new layout software, and a new printing house.

Thank you so much Ottumwa Courier, Dell Computers, whoever makes Quark, Truman FAC, and Joe Moccia. You've all breathed new life into the pages of this paper.

We hope the sharp, fresh designs of these pages revitalize not only our "look," but also your inspiration to enliven the Truman community through writings, drawings, photos, and any other expressions of yourself.

We'd also like to note to readers, writers, all artists - especially photographers - that we are now printing on a very high-quality printer. So we will be sure to accurately reproduce in fine, fine focus all types of pictorial submissions, should you choose to accept.

Bring it on.



photo by >> Jon Lawinger

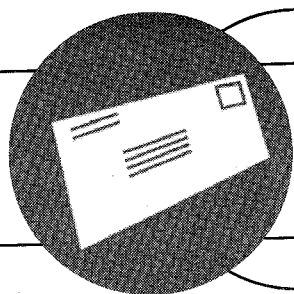
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letters



Prof. pleads: top incompetent bookstore

The Truman University bookstore's general manager Terry Woodring's contention in the October 5 issue of *The Monitor* that the bookstore is hard to get textbook information is a joke. The corporate Barnes & Noble bookstore has repeatedly demonstrated its incompetence and its contract with the University should be terminated.

Every semester I have problems at Truman University Bookstore with at least one book for my classes. At times it becomes a comedy of errors. Last fall I had to call a publisher to verify availability and call the bookstore to provide them with the necessary information, call the publisher to see if they received the order, call the bookstore to ask why they had not submitted the order as promised, call the publisher again, etc.

It is always students (and never the bookstore) who inform me that there is a problem with a book order. This semester when students complained that a book was not available at the University bookstore I called to ask why they did not have it. They claimed that the publisher did not have the title. It turned out that they had requested the book from some publisher in Ithaca, New York, even though the book was published in London, England! Last week at a conference I met with the publisher and they told me that they would have no problem providing this title. The bookstore has yet to confirm that they have received this book. (The book is *The Battle of Venezuela*, the ISBN is 1 899365 62 1, and my phone number is x6036 if anyone from the bookstore would care to confirm receipt of this book.)

The bookstore's method of verifying book information that Woodring mentioned in the article entailed having a student worker read back to me over the phone the form that I had filled out myself. But when they could not find a book, they did not inform me. Furthermore, with the ISBN information

I provided on the book form, anyone can verify publisher, price, and availability in Books in Print, the standard online resource for availability and ordering information. The bookstore's failure to do that or to contact me when they had an order problem illustrates their gross incompetence.

Although my experiences are anecdotal, from my colleagues' comments I know that they are representative of a broader and systemic problem. The small amount of money that the University Bookstore gives to the University in no way counteracts its high prices and lack of service.

There are alternatives that would be preferable to having a corporate-run Barnes & Noble bookstore on campus. A locally owned and run bookstore would provide superior service with textbook prices that are no higher than what we currently have. While student-run cooperative bookstores are notoriously difficult to maintain given the transitory nature of the population, they provide significantly lower prices with a higher return to the University. Perhaps it might be worth considering closing the bookstore and moving to an entirely on-line ordering system.

The current situation with Barnes & Noble is worse than any of these alternatives, and its contract should not be renewed.

Marc Becker

Associate Professor of History

Profligate republican posters try to purchase conformity

Hopefully, a trenchant *Monitor* editorial will be on its way before November 2 momentousness vote wise! But in case it too lazily ain't, let's not two phenomena! Both locally and globally in this contest in the world's greatest plutocracy, by putting them on the discussion record in the tri-states' sole alternative paper issue. Before it is far too late for actions to merit any electoral consequences, whatsoever.

Firstly, the local establishment and Right wing continue to exert their do-all

they can worst. To discourage local anti-Bush-Cheney dissent turnout, despite big money already buying them a visible 60 per cent to 40 per cent poster presidential advantage all around us in drowning out, intimidatory-designed intent!

The latest indication that we are seeing big money, not genuine local democracy, in vile expression in the strange poser sites, almost entirely devotional to the thick, little Texan man and the overbearing thug who's his VP controller in real, hard-line "toughie" thinking! The vast site outside Hy Vee's two or three, if we count the garden and gas outlet ones, is, presumably as stated by the local proud store, "Employee Owned!" Yet, has there been any such workers' poster vote held? Unbelievably, instead the whole area is flooded with little and overbearing man presidential votes posters. As, too, strategically are a whole line of nearby Baltimore main highway-to-Iowa houses in a contrived daunting effect. We know: the republicans, ideally, would have a ninety per cent Bush Jr. dumbbell "turnout" in Adair County up here in order to offset likely Kerry big cities' Missouri turnout wins! But this conformity effort beggars belief.

If a distinguished anti-war ex-UK foreign secretary could thus fairly describe to me, as he did whilst we were speakers' killing time together between meetings we addressed at the recent national UK Labour convention, the system here as thus in effect "utterly corrupt," what about one other, big-money claim doing the local rounds? In order, too, to off-put you from voting "nay" to the oil and wars abroad Bush dynasty locally. Time after time, little man and overbearing duo, thus, assert: they have both made by such wars the USA "safer" and more respected "globally." If so, how do they explain the fact that at that same convention, I and Robin Cook were associate meetings often bumping into each other, we found! That even the "Blairite" rank-and-file were aiming to, very disrespectfully, help guess what on November 2, Kerry, not mentally-challenged Texan Born-Agin drawler! To wit, UK "Labour Student" a rigidly controlled besuited outfit of Saint Tony's young careerists has whole sections in its newspaper recounting their trips to here for Kerry. And deputy UK PM, Prescott, made a

final day convention process speech, ridiculing the notion of, yes, Bush "conservative compassion," as oxymoronic!

Thanks for printing just a little truth counterblast to the local rich one-sidedness: before Bush-whack two reoccurs in this part of the rural tri-states. Its equity vital.

Larry Iles

Man attacks tree. Frank reports

Today, as I was walking around campus, I noticed a guy kicking a tree fervently. Bemused, I walked up and asked him what the tree had done to him? His response was only to take off his shoes and kick the tree even harder. At that point, it became very awkward, as though I was watching someone who had stopped alongside the highway and was urinating due to lack of other facilities. I started to leave, and he yelled loudly! Turning back, he was clutching his foot yelling about a splinter. Stupid? I say genius!

Frank

Bed-bailing frosh baffle reader

Just read the front page of the Index on October 7. What's up with all the freshmen falling out of their beds? Man, some highly selective school we go to, huh?

Justin Anderson

Send your letters to *The Monitor* mailbox in the CSI,
or to
monitortrm@hotmail.com.
Letters may be edited for length.

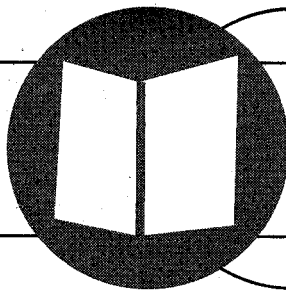


photo by >> Tessa Bernhardt

Bear Creek's health on the upswing

Part one of a binary series
story by >> **Andrés Delgado**

Last spring, students in Michael Kelrick's Biology 444 class assessed the health of Bear Creek, the storm water-fed stream that runs through University property, including a stretch behind Centennial Hall. Their data confirmed what the casual observer might conclude: Bear Creek was in bad shape.

Structurally, the data showed that "bank instability was the norm for virtually the entire stretch within the University's property," said Kelrick. Limited biological testing found "at one sampling point, at one time, fecal coliform counts were high enough to be a potential health problem." "By all measurements that we could come up with, the stream was in 'poor' condition," said Kelrick.

The students identified some causes for the stream's foulness, and these led back to University actions. For aesthetic reasons, the University had for years followed a policy of weed whacking all the new plant growth that came up within the creek, to the edge of the water itself, with a deleterious effect on the creek's ability to resist erosion. Additionally, the University's abundance of concrete sidewalks, parking lots, and rooftops made for an extremely high percentage of University ground surface that was totally impervious to water. When rain falls, such surfaces drain vast amounts of water at harmfully high speeds compared with grass and brush, raising water temperature and hastening erosion. "Once you get beyond about 10% of the land surface that is the catch net for a stream, you end up with impact on a stream that is moving it toward degradation," said Kelrick. "The amount of impervious surface is way beyond 10%. The parking lots alone are twice 10%."

The class presented their troubling findings at last April's Environmental Studies Conference, in a presentation attended by both President Barabara Dixon and Karl Schneider, director of the Physical Plant. At the conference, the students advanced some recommendations for actions the University could take to improve the status of its stream.

To stabilize the stream banks, students suggested cessation of the weed whacking within the creek and the active planting of trees and brush alongside the banks. To address the rapid storm water influx from impervious surfaces, the students made their most ambitious recommendation, for a detention facility to hold water and then overflow to the creek. Such a facility, which might take the form of a pond, would receive runoff first, treat it with plants, and release it more slowly into Bear Creek. "[The facility] is our big

pie in the sky dream," said Kelrick.

But six months after the conclusion of the course, what has been done? Karl Schneider confirmed that the Physical Plant has stopped weed whacking within the banks of Bear Creek. "All that stuff is coming in naturally," he said. "That came out of the course for sure," said Kelrick.

As for the tree plantings, senior Adam Mutz said he has been working with the Missouri Department of Forestry and applying for FAC funding to help with such a project. He plans to raise about 150 shrubs and 300 saplings at the University Farm for future transplantation to the banks of Bear Creek.

Finally, Karl Schneider said of the retaining facility, "It would cost money to have someone design it to begin with." "I don't know that there's definitely an agreement that that's necessary," he said. "Also, the location would be a factor."

President Dixon said the University has not of yet taken a policy stance on the issue of Bear Creek. "The University as an entity has not come out with any plan that is specifically related to Bear Creek. That doesn't mean we won't," said Dixon.

For now, this has been the extent of change adopted by the University to improve the health of its creek.

A special issue illustrative of the University's interaction with its creek is emerging with the construction of the new residence hall adjacent to Centennial Hall. "Right now I think the brunt of our activity for our interest in Bear Creek is intertwined with the new residence hall construction and the planning for that," said Kelrick. The second article in this series will address that special concern.

Troubling Violence Performance Project to present monologues

story by >> **Anne Zager**

According to a 1998 survey by the Commonwealth Fund, nearly one-third (31%) of all American women will report being physically or sexually abused by a husband or boyfriend at some point in their lives. October is dedicated to the awareness of this pervasive problem and the Feminist Majority Leadership Alliance and Women's Resource Center have teamed up to bring a group to campus that is equally concerned about the issue of domestic violence.

The Troubling Violence Performance Project is a group of University of Missouri-

Student groups plan AIDS week

story by >> **Ashley Coleman**

At the end of the December the US Center for Disease Control (CDC) estimates that 38 persons were living with AIDS in America. Many people think HIV/AIDS won't happen to them, but AIDS and HIV are not selective diseases. They can and will attack anyone.

The week of Nov. 29th through Dec. 3rd, Voices of Planned Parenthood (VOX) and the African Student Association will be sponsoring AIDS Awareness and Sexual Health Week. During this week, several groups will be putting on informational sessions and activities to raise awareness for the AIDS epidemic.

VOX will be putting on a fair with all participants on World AIDS day, Dec. 1st. During this time, participating groups will give information on the AIDS and HIV epidemic and their views on prevention and awareness. VOX will present ideas on prevention, education, and protection as a way to fight the AIDS epidemic.

This will be a fun-filled week of events including a concert, a fair, and a vigil, with hopes of community involvement.

Columbia students and faculty that present monologues based on real cases of domestic violence. The true stories come from MU English Professor Elaine Lawless' book *Women Escaping Violence: Empowerment through Narrative* and from the experiences of troupe and audience members who chose to tell their stories along the way. A discussion will follow the monologues and a member of the University Counseling Center will be present.

The performance is this Wednesday, October 27 at 7:30pm in the Baldwin Hall Auditorium.

Miss Marquis...

I hope everyone got through their midterms with all of their bits still attached. Did you enjoy your breaks, my darlings? I hope you spent some time satisfying yourself, or someone else. What better way is there to get rid of the stress of your tests than a little time spent on reaching the big O? Well, there just isn't one, of course.

Dear Miss Marquis,

Yesterday I met my girlfriends for coffee, muffins, and conversation. The topic quickly turned to sex and I was surprised to find out that I'm the only girl who doesn't own a sex toy. They all spoke very openly about the tools they kept in their nightstand and how sometimes they sacrificed TV remote controls for battery power. When they turned to me I had nothing to share. I'm feeling left out. There are so many choices, where does a girl start?

Signed,

Picking up no vibrations

Oh dear! Well, the fact is that, in my own humble opinion, every woman should have at least one vibrator. At the very least. They're invaluable for a woman, for several reasons. First, they feel quite nice. Second, they're fun to share. Third, well, women aren't as lucky as men are when it comes to

reaching orgasm - and for a lot of women vibrators make all the difference.

Now, as for what you should do, there are an infinite number of sex toys to choose from, and what you buy depends on what you like and what you'd like to try. There are sex toys out there for two - strap-on dildos, leather cuffs, scented body oils, feathers, etc. Then there are others that work when you're flying solo as well - dildos, vibrators, and the dubiously named 'masturbatory aids' for men, the most disturbing of which is the "Fleshlight" - boys, look it up at your own risk.

If you like penetration, a dildo is your best bet. They are made from an amazing range of materials: plastic, gel, rubber, silicone, even metal and glass. In addition, dildos seem to come in every shape and size you could come up with - from realistic ones that you almost expect to ejaculate (and at least one that really

does, it comes complete with a recipe for making your own) to stylized ones reminiscent of artwork.

Penetration may not be your thing, though, and as I've said: every girl should have a vibrator. I think the variation for these is a teensy bit less important - pay more attention to the intensity of the vibrations, and whether or not they're adjustable. If you want to move into a higher price range, you could get one of the spectacular Rabbit vibrators, though they are quite expensive.

Quality, in anything you buy, is very important. I recommend silicone whenever you can get it, because silicone is the only material you can boil to disinfect. Otherwise, always remember to use condoms on a sex toy when you're with a partner - your dildo can transmit std's otherwise, especially if it's made of a porous substance like plastic or rubber.

Kirksville is lucky enough to have our own sex shop: Eclectics. I'm all for supporting the local economy, and it's likely that you might find things cheaper there than elsewhere. However, for a lot of women, buying sex toys (or, heavens forbid, pornography - which Eclectics also carries in abundance) is very embarrassing. You might have a little more luck with an online store - certainly you'll find a higher selection. I recommend "Toys in Babeland" - it's a store run by women, for women, and it's by far the most tasteful, non-frightening site I've found. In addition, most of the items there have been reviewed by buyers, so you might find that helpful.

That's it for this week, my luscious lollypops. Hope you found it helpful, and remember to send your Mistress Marquis all of your questions at: themissmarquis@hotmail.com

O'Reilly accused of sexual harassment

story by >> Ian Florida

Bill O'Reilly, host of Fox News' "The O'Reilly Factor," has been accused of sexual harassment by Fox Associate Producer Andrea Mackris. Mackris alleges that O'Reilly has made numerous inappropriate and unwanted comments about masturbation, phone sex, sexual fantasies, and his penis. Mackris also alleges that O'Reilly abused his power and "star status" with numerous sexually suggestive innuendos and even alluded to having ménage à trois with Mackris and her friend from the University of Missouri-Columbia. Mackris also claims to have tapes of O'Reilly leaving lewd messages on her answering machine as well as recordings of O'Reilly's constant nagging for a bit of phone sex.

Mackris left Fox News to work for CNN after the initial complaints. However, she was lured back to Fox News with a large raise and a promise that the rude and lewd conduct was through. When confronted with the fact that other people had experienced what she had gone through and that they might talk about it, O'Reilly reportedly said words to the effect, as quoted in the

Complaint to the New York Supreme Court, "If you cross Fox News Channel it's not just me its Roger Ailes who will go after you. I'm the street guy out front making loud noises about the issues, but Ailes operates behind the scenes, strategizes and makes things happen so that one day BAM! The person gets what's coming to them but never sees it coming. Look at Al Franken; one day he's going to get a knock on his door and life as he's known it will change forever. That day will happen, trust me."

During the course of the same conversation O'Reilly implied that he and Ailes "knew people that went all the way to the top." When asked to the top of what he responded, "The country."

During the most grotesque event of the allegation, O'Reilly asked if Mackris owned a vibrator, then told her he owned one and hinted that he was pleasuring himself. At the climax of the conversation he thanked her for everything she had done, and hung up the phone.

O'Reilly contends that any tapes Mackris may have are fake and that this whole accusation is a case of fraud. A New York City judge has ordered Mackris, O'Reilly, and their attorneys to appear at a hearing to ascertain the validity of such tapes.

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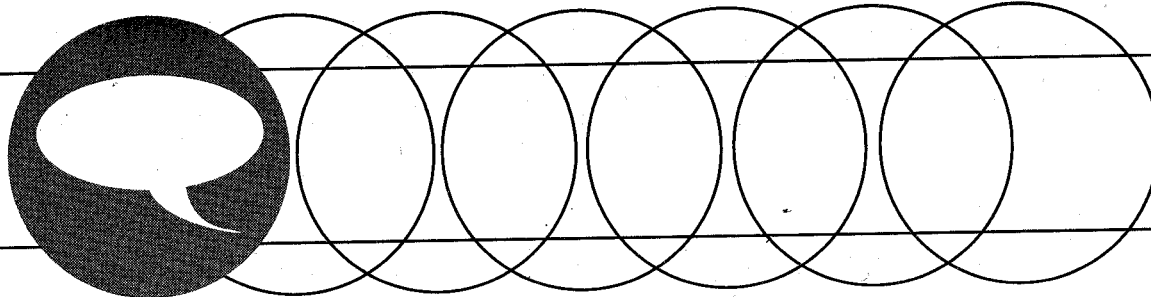
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Better than voting: rock the direct action

opinion by >> **Chris Scheets**

People in the U.S. are preoccupied with voting to an unhealthy degree. This is not to say that everyone votes or thinks voting is effective or worthwhile; on the contrary, a smaller and smaller proportion of the eligible population votes every election year, and that's not just because more and more people are in prison. But when you broach the question of politics, of having a say in the way things are, voting is just about the only strategy anyone can think of voting, and influencing others' votes.

Could it be this is why so many people feel so disempowered? Is anonymously checking a box once a year, or every four years, enough to feel included in the political process, let alone play a role in it? But what is there besides voting?

In fact, voting for people to represent your interests is the least efficient and effective means of applying political power. The alternative, broadly speaking, is acting directly to represent your interests yourself. This is known in some circles as "direct action." Direct action is occasionally misunderstood to mean another kind of campaigning, lobbying for influence on elected officials by means of political activist tactics, but it properly refers to any action or strategy that cuts out the middle man and solves problems directly, without appealing to elected representatives, corporate interests, or other powers.

Concrete examples of direct action are everywhere. When people start their own organization to share food with hungry folks, instead of just voting for a candidate who promises to solve "the homeless problem" with tax dollars and bureaucracy, that's direct action. When a man makes and gives out fliers addressing an issue that concerns him, rather than counting on the newspapers to cover it or print his letters to the editor, that's direct action. When a woman forms a book club with her friends instead of paying to take classes at a school, or does what it takes to shut down an unwanted corporate superstore in her neighborhood rather than deferring to the authority of city planners, that's direct action, too.

Direct action is the foundation of the old-fashioned can-do American ethic, hands-on and no-nonsense. Without it, hardly anything would get done.

Voting consolidates the power of a whole society in the hands of a few politicians; through force of sheer habit, not to speak of other methods of enforcement, everyone else is kept in a position of dependence. Through direct action, you become familiar with your own resources and capabilities and initiative, discovering what these are and how much you can accomplish.

Voting is only possible when election time comes around. Direct action can be applied whenever one sees fit. Voting is only useful for addressing whatever topics are currently in the political agendas of candidates, while direct action can be applied in every aspect of your life, in every part of the world you live in.

Voting is glorified as "freedom" in action. It's not freedom. Freedom is getting to decide what the choices are in the first place, not picking between Pepsi and Coca-Cola. Direct action is the real thing. You make the plan. You create the options. The sky's the limit.

Ultimately, there's no reason the

strategies of voting and direct action can't both be applied together. One does not cancel the other out. The problem is that so many people think of voting as their primary way of exerting political and social power that a disproportionate amount of everyone's time and energy is spent deliberating and debating about it while other opportunities to make change go to waste. For months and months preceding every election, everyone argues about the voting issue, what candidates to vote for or whether to vote at all, when voting itself takes less than an hour. Vote or don't, but get on with it! Remember how many other ways you can make your voice heard.

This being an election year, we hear constantly about the options available to us as voters, and almost nothing about our other opportunities to play a decisive role in our society. What we need is a campaign to emphasize the possibilities that more direct means of action and community involvement have to offer. These need not be seen as in contradiction with voting. We can spend an hour voting once a year, and the other three hundred sixty four days and twenty three hours acting directly!

Those who are totally disenchanted

with representative democracy, who dream of a world without presidents and politicians, can rest assured that if we all learn how to apply deliberately the power that each of us has, the question of which politician is elected to office will become a moot point. They only have that power because we delegate it to them! A campaign for direct action puts power back where it belongs, in the hands of the people from whom it originates.

Upcoming events presented by The Don't Just Vote Committee for Anti-Campaign Reform:

Saturday, October 30 Concert: Knife, Critical Massacre, Pussy Posse 8:00pm 115 W. Jefferson

Sunday, October 31 Film Screening: Fourth World War (global resistance to capitalism and imperialism) and Afro Punk (race identity in punk) 4:00 Baldwin Little Theater

Wednesday, November 3 Reclaim the Streets: If the next president is Bush (white, wealthy warmonger #1) or Kerry (white, wealthy warmonger #2) come express your dissatisfaction with the farce of American democracy. Meet at the corner of Franklin and Normal at 4:30pm.

I saw the sign

opinion by >> **Ian Florida**

I would like to discuss a website I found after driving to D.C. So I'm on the road to Washington, D.C when I enter into Indiana. Just before I hit Indianapolis I come across a series of signs advocating gun ownership. There are three signs: "be a patriot," "own a gun," "gunssavelife.com." When I get to D.C I decide to look up the website and see what it is all about.

The url pretty much gave the gist of the site, but I wanted to know what they had to say. I found several articles "promoting" gun ownership, mostly through fear. One, entitled, "Dial 911 and Die," says that the police have failed to protect individual citizens. The solution they have devised to defend America

from crime is outlined in the next article "the Five Rules of Defensive Shooting." The first rule: Always Have a Loaded Gun. The last rule totally defies the definition of defense: Rule #4 Get the Job Done, Attack!

I found this site disturbing. They claimed Nickelodeon is brainwashing our children and that anyone pro-gun control is also pro-criminal. Albeit, there were many links to sites advocating the teaching of children about the dangers of guns, but, according to those links, the best method to teach children about the dangers of guns is to teach children how to use guns.

Most of us that are "pro-criminal" don't have a problem with Joe Average owning a shotgun and going duck hunting or owning a handgun or a rifle for hunting purposes. Our main objection is to the need for "high capacity magazines." This site's only defense to owning a clip that holds thirty rounds is that you

might be attacked by multiple assailants, or your attacker could be "doped up on PCP" in which case it would take ten bullets just to drop him.

My question is: Why do I need a gun?

We can rule out the need for self-defense. For each time a gun is used in self defense there are 42 non-defense deaths from a gun and two accidental deaths. For each one of those deaths there are three accidental injuries which cost America, on average, \$4 billion. The gun as a required mode of self defense is preposterous. When in the hands of the average citizen it does more harm than good.

If you're a hunter, I can cede the point that you might need a gun, it would be awfully hard to hunt a deer with your bare hands. However, I think if you need an M-16 to gun down Bambi, you don't need a thirty round clip, you just suck at hunting.

Socrates to sodomy: an argument for Justice

opinion by >> Ian Florida

Two thousand years ago Socrates attempted to define justice. Forty years ago, Martin Luther King, Jr. attempted to show us justice. Webster tells us that Justice is "the principle of moral ideal rightness; conformity to the law; the abstract principle by which right and wrong are defined." But what if the law is unjust? What if our heart tells us it is wrong but our law tells us it is right? What if we don't know the difference?

According to this definition one could ascertain that justice depends heavily on the culture where one is seeking justice. Justice in nations heavily influenced by Islam will perceive justice differently than those built on Judeo-Christian foundations. Justice here in America is equality. Justice should be a reckoning of things; it should bring balance to a situation. In America, the scale of justice has often weighed races and genders differently. Because justice seeks a balance, it seems only plausible that Americans should seek a balance, equality: justice. Americans have sought that balance in the Women's Suffrage Movement and the Civil Rights Movement.

We have another movement that will shape our Constitution and define who we are as a people. There is a question being posed to America: Are we people of justice, of equality, of democracy, or are we hypocrites?

Let us pretend for a minute that the United States in all its benevolence passes a law prohibiting all Christians from marrying another Christian. Would this be wrong? Would people be up set? Let us pretend for a minute that the United States passes a law prohibiting African Americans from marrying Caucasians. Would people be upset? Well here we are in the United States and laws are being passed which prohibit people from marrying other people. Does it really matter if it is because they're black or white or Muslim or Christian or gay? Did we give women and minorities equal rights to simply pander to them or persuade their voting bloc? Or are we a nation that is sincerely interested in equality? IF we are a nation based upon equality and freedom then the rights of all Americans are in jeopardy with these laws being passed. For if even one person is discriminated against, then discrimination exists in this land and no man is free from prejudice.

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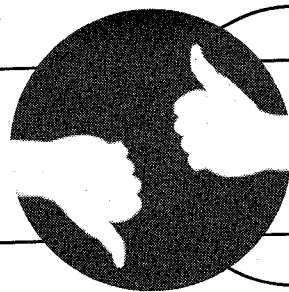
THURSDAY

**ALL YOU CAN
EAT PIZZA**

3⁹⁹

with drink
purchase

reviews

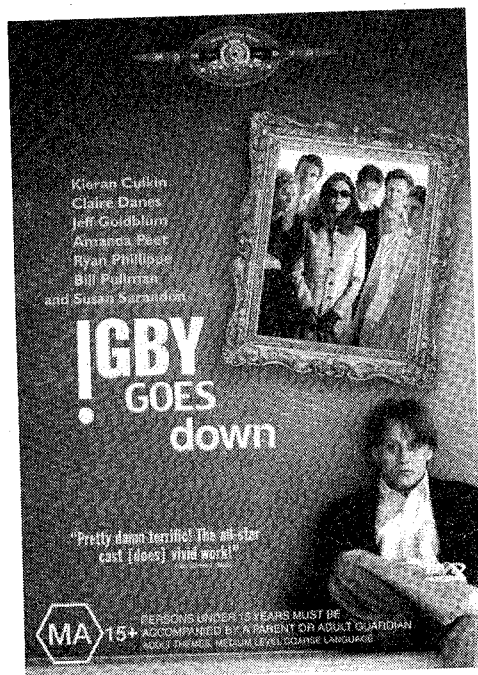


Jon's picks for rental flicks

reviews by >> Jon Lawinger

This issue's rental picks have a special "misclassified by Hastings" theme. For some reason Hastings is convinced that the terms "independent" and "foreign" are interchangeable film classifications. Therefore, all three of the American-made independent films I'm recommending here, can be found on the foreign film shelf at Hastings. You know, back in the corner next to the porno flicks. If you decide to stop by and pick one of these up, be sure to thank Hastings for their convenient lumping of non-mainstream movies into one inaccurate category.

Igby Goes Down (2002)



This tale of a rebellious minor raging against the expectations of his elite, east-coast, dysfunctional family is a treat for lovers of dark comedy. Igby, intent on escaping the privileged but stale life that's been handed to him, gets himself kicked out of every school his mother bribes into admitting him. On the cab-ride to the school that everyone considers his final chance, Igby flees into New York City, planning to survive entirely on wit and sarcasm until he can make a break for his real destination, California. As the movie's title would suggest, his efforts are less than successful.

Igby, played by Kieran Culkin, is essen-

tially a spoiled brat in many respects. When his older brother tells him, "I think if Gandhi had had to hang out with you for any prolonged period of time he'd have ended up kicking the shit out of you," it's hard to disagree. Still, his desperate independence and refusal to conform to familial or societal expectations, even as he descends into self-destruction, makes him somehow likable. In addition, he remains fully committed to being a smartass through it all.

The many vivid characters Igby encounters on his coming of age journey flesh out the story well. The surprisingly big-name cast all fit their roles beautifully, and Culkin makes for a perfect Igby. Bill Pullman plays Jason, his schizophrenic father, and Susan Sarandon plays Mimi, his pill-popping mother. DH (Jeff Goldblum), his rich godfather who believes all the best relationships are governed by contracts, is described as "a parody of himself" by Oliver (Ryan Phillippe), Igby's brother. Oliver himself is identified by one character as "the fascist older brother," but Igby quickly points out, "He prefers 'young Republican.'" DH's flirty mistress (Amanda Peet), a flamboyant, drug-dealing, performance artist (Jared Harris), and the dry-humored, jaded college student (Claire Danes) Igby falls for round out the bunch. Their caricature-styled personalities make for both fascinating and hilarious interactions throughout the film.

Tying it all together is a clever style that emphasizes the humor found among the darkness and absurdity. As an indication of what to expect, one of my favorite scenes comes after the assisted suicide of Igby's cancer-ridden mother (which happens in the chronologically displaced opening scene). In it, Igby calls up family members and friends to inform them by happily spouting off variations of "Hi. Yes I'm doing well. Oh, I'm sure she'd love to talk to you," then each time quickly adding, "But she's dead," and slamming the receiver down for only a moment before dialing the next number. If you can find humor in that, this is your kind of movie. That's not to say that humor is all the film has to offer either, as it offers enough intellectual and emotional substance to be ultimately fulfilling on several levels. Check it out. It may be the best Catcher in the Rye since the original.

Available at Hastings on VHS (in comedy) and DVD (in foreign)

Available at Movie Gallery on DVD

Secretary (2002)



Brace yourselves; I'm about to recommend a romantic comedy. Is it possible that the most putrid of genres contains a worthy film? Well, perhaps I'm being a bit harsh. Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind was excellent. But that film was a rare exception in a genre renowned for producing generic, commercial, easy-to-swallow crap. Secretary transcends this tradition of horrid movies by undermining and twisting the formulaic elements standardized amongst romantic comedies. The result is a unique film that stands far above its peers and challenges its audience with its unabashedly politically incorrect story of sado-masochistic triumph.

Yes, that's right, I'm recommending a movie about sadomasochism titled "Secretary," but no, it's not porn. It is the story of Lee, a cutter who, after spending some time in treatment at an institution, returns home, where as a grown woman she still lives like a child. In an effort to enter the "real world" she gets a job as a secretary for a quirky lawyer who insists on using only typewriters. Her boss is kind at times, but irrationally demanding or degrading at others. When he notices her cutting one day at work, he earns her trust by explaining his unusual understanding of what she is doing, but then convinces her, or more accurately, commands her not to do it anymore. As their relationship progresses, he soon begins to punish her for typing errors and other mistakes, and a game of dominant and submissive eroticism is born.

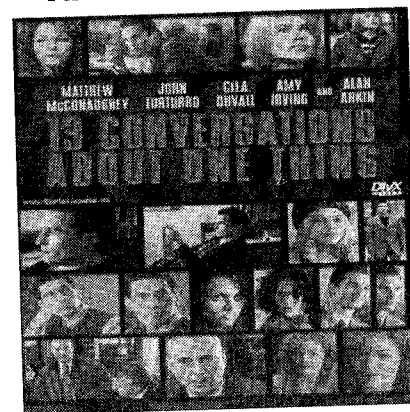
This film has guts, flying in the face of both traditional concepts of perverted, sinful sexual practices and modern concepts of proper workplace relationships and equal power structures in relationships. It openly challenges the way its

viewers think about sex and what can or cannot be sexual, and it does it all with a steady smirk. If you've ever thought that an intellectually stimulating romantic comedy that challenges social norms rather than reinforcing them would be a breath of fresh air, this is the movie you're looking for. Available at Hastings on VHS and DVD (both in foreign)

Available at Movie Gallery on VHS and DVD

13 Conversations about One Thing (2002)

For those interested in a more somber



selection, I've got a purebred drama to recommend as well. It tells several characters' stories in an achronological overlapping plot like those seen in Pulp Fiction and The Safety of Objects. However, the stories are more closely tied together by their thematic focus on the title's "one thing" than their events. That one thing that each story revolves around is happiness, or more frequently the lack thereof.

A dramatic analysis of happiness is certainly a formidable undertaking, and this film pulls it off well. It explores what the roots of happiness may be, and how they contrast with what we so often think they are. It considers the related issues of guilt, selfishness, adventure, ignorance, success, and human interaction, and how they form and influence our concepts of happiness. It doesn't seem concerned with giving us any definitive answers. Instead it provides us with a series of happiness case studies, each providing different elements of truth that don't really combine into a coherent whole or contradict each other either. The result is highly thought provoking, but like real life it doesn't come to tidy conclusions.

This rather slow-paced film, while only 100 minutes long, is fully assured to not lead you on a side splitting adventure or an action-packed thrill ride. So I highly recommend it, just as long as you know what you're getting into.

Available at Hastings on VHS and DVD (both in foreign)

Available at Movie Gallery on VHS and DVD

Rotten.com Library: Yummy

review by >> **Zhian Kamvar**

Have you ever wondered what the term hybristophilia means? Or, maybe you would like to know how human flesh tastes. Did you ever want to know where to find the story of both George W. Bush and of "the nigger?" Well, the rotten.com library is the site for you.

Many people are unaware of the hidden plethora of information that is in the rotten.com library. There are no direct links from the main page or their news site: www.dailyrotten.com. The general image of rotten.com is a site where sick people go to look at pictures of people who aren't living any more.

Rotten.com was introduced to the world in 1996 and has been known for its pictures of people who have been decapitated by trains, have people with very nasty gunshot wounds, and one of a man eating a carcass of a fetus (which was later proven to be an art exhibit in China, the baby was fake.) From the main page, you would never figure out that the people who made this site were ever remotely intelligent.



Sometime between 2002 and today, the rotten.com staff started to write articles on various subjects. These articles make up the library of rotten.com. The first version of the library contained and a gallery of art ranging from the 14th century to the 20th century containing such works as Caravaggio's "Judith Beheading Holofernes" and Frida Kahlo's "A Few Small Nips" (no longer on the library site, the art gallery is at www.rotten.com/art). Today, the library contains hundreds of articles written by the staff about varying subjects ranging from a link between Kellogg's Corn Flakes and masturbation, to a minute by minute analysis of the WTC attacks on

9/11/01. It would take an average adult many, many hours to read all of the information located in the rotten.com library.

So, if you ever wanted to know the various discrepancies within the Bible, or just wanted to browse through a large portion of the McCarthy hearings, just head over to www.rotten.com/library and look around. You may learn something you never knew.

The Sun shine with latest release

review by >> **Cameron Moore**

Ever since The Strokes hit the scene a few years back, the music industry has witnessed a musical shift that is almost as momentous, and just as lucrative as the grunge movement: the resurgence of the "The" band. We've got The Hives, The Vines, The Yeah Yeah Yeah's... the "The" list goes on and on. But while all of these bands have used the "The" as a trademark throwback to garage rock bands of yesteryear, none have made quite a bright and shining example as the Columbus, Ohio quintet The Sun.

After being signed to Warner Brothers Records after just their first show, The Sun recorded an EP with former Wilco member Jay Bennett that was released in early 2003. A year and a half of sporadic recording followed, and the band almost broke up. The Egyptian sun god Ra must be smiling upon Columbus, however, because The Sun has returned to shine another day with a brand new EP, "Did Your Mother Tell You".

"My Girlfriend's Best Friend," the

first track on the EP, opens things up in true garage rock form with hip, danceable guitar strumming and a driving drum kit. But what really tears this song open are frontman Chris Burney's ripping vocals. "You're lookin' tired, like you tried to kill yourself again / You'll probably be strung out tonight," Burney yells with a sense of urgency.

After the first track on this EP, it is quite apparent that The Sun can and will be a "The" band as far as garage rock is concerned. But the rest of this EP illuminates the versatility of this particular "The" band and really makes them stand out as a band capable of producing sounds from psychedelic dancey pop rock to meandering folk.

Following the opening track, "Valentine" has the words "hit radio single" written all over it. From the wall of sound guitars to the morphing synthesizer sounds and some catchy "bells and whistles," so to speak, it isn't just catchy, it is a damn good song.

Other highlights of this seven song stint include a short acoustic ditty called "Demons" and the dance-a-licious "Sandy".

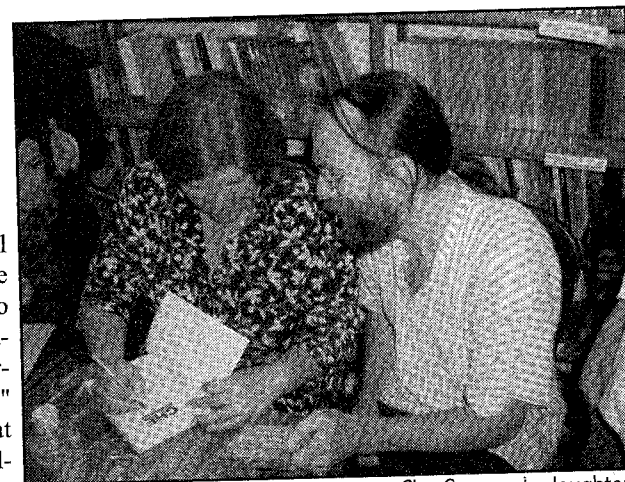
Motorcycle Diaries follows Che's early years

review by >> **Marc Becker**

"Be like Che," school kids in Cuba are told. The "Che" they are supposed to emulate is the famed revolutionary leader and heroic guerrilla leader Ernesto "Che" Guevara. Rather than that mature, unselfish, internationalist who fought for a socialist revolution in Cuba, the Congo, and Bolivia, this film is a coming of age tale of a 23-year-old medical student who leaves the comfort of his middle-class existence in Buenos Aires. It is the story of Che before he became Che.

The Motorcycle Diaries chronicles Che's second of three forays toward a discovery of Latin America. The first trip in 1950 took him to northern Argentina where he observed first-hand the depths of poverty that plagued the region. The third trip in 1953 led him to witness the aftermath of the 1952 MNR revolution in Bolivia and the fall of the leftist Jacobo Arbenz government in Guatemala in 1954. Those events politicized him to the point where in 1956 he joined Fidel Castro's guerrilla war against the Batista dictatorship in Cuba.

On this second trip in 1951-1952, Che traveled with his friend Alberto Granado on a motorcycle nicknamed "La Poderosa" ("The Powerful One"). Within a year of finishing medical school, the future revolutionary is a



Marc Becker sits with Aleida Guevara, Che Guevara's daughter

college dropout looking for adventure. This film is based on Che's diary as they journeyed from Argentina in the southern part of the continent through Chile, Peru, Colombia, and finally ending at Venezuela in the north. The film is perhaps mistitled because after crashing the overloaded bike as many as nine times in one day it

finally gave up the ghost in Chile, only about a third of the way into the trip.

From there, the chronically broke friends hitched rides on the back of trucks and bummed food and shelter off of friendly souls they met along the way. This, however, also put them in much more intimate contact with their surroundings.

Movies often pale in comparison to their written counterparts, but this film does justice to Che's published diary. Che was an avid amateur photographer, and the film excels at recreating these images as it takes us on a tour of the stunning Andean landscape. More importantly, it captures the personal characteristics that made Che a heroic guerrilla leader.

The film ends with Che leaving Caracas, Venezuela as a passenger on a cargo plane. He has discovered a very diverse continent, but proclaims that its destiny is intimately linked together in a pan-Latin American identity. The film projects Che forward to his key leadership role in the triumph of the Cuban Revolution eight years later and then to his death at the hands of the CIA in Bolivia in 1967.

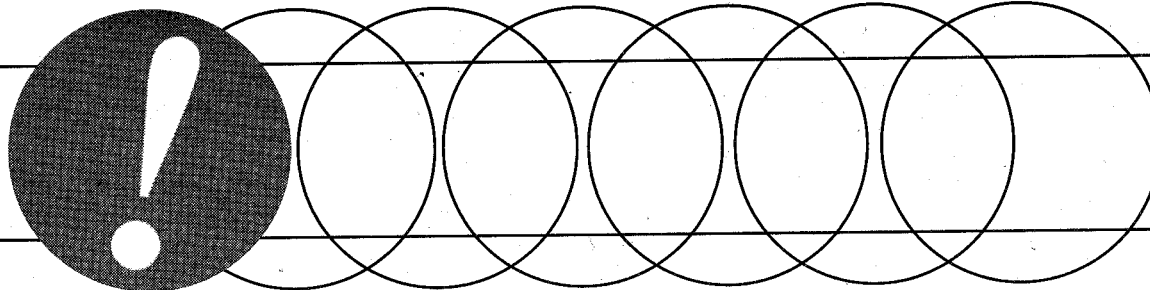
Although this film presents a "pre-political" Che, it also reveals the roots of his ideology in formation. As he visits a mining camp and leper colony, the poverty and injustices radicalize him. It awakens a desire to end oppression, exploitation, and class divisions. Che was a very demanding man, but he demanded more of himself than he did of others. He did not let his asthma or other roadblocks stop him from realizing his goals. That passion and drive is what makes him a model for Cuban school children, as well as a hero for idealists throughout the world.



"You've got greed written on your face, like a woman possessed / Demons come and demons show the face when addressed / Oh, will you fall like all the rest?" Burney sings at the beginning of "Demons", which just features some nice folk guitar picking and Burney's bare voice.

On the other end of The Sun's spectrum is "Sandy". A blistering guitar melody breaks into a blood-pumping, foot-stomping synth groove to kick off what is perhaps the most memorable song on the EP. The chorus

Continued on 13



Chomskyite, Eastern spiritualist student's life changes after China visit

feature by >> Daniel Sem

I write because I am dying. I write because so many blindly pass this way. I will write until they make me stop. Overly dramatic? No. Don't you know? As you read this, you are dying as well. None of us get closer to birth. All of us move yet closer to death. How soon? Soon enough to stop and think. To pause in the maddening rush of ambition, desire; pursuits elusive, yet persistent, of those things that will not last, that rend you empty.

Who am I to say such things? I used to think I was somebody. Now I know I am nobody; just another voice hoping the deaf will hear. When I first came to Truman three years ago, I was not as I am. Already two years of college behind me. Already deeply involved in Taosim, Qigong meditation, seeking for answers in the myriad of cryptic Eastern traditions.

Gleanings of a political activist; the vice-president of TSU's Amnesty chapter before it went defunct for a time. Fed on a diet of Chomsky, Krishnamurti, Lao-Tzu. Seeking truth for years, battling the forces of "ignorant religion," particularly those of Christians arrogant enough to say they knew truth. I'm boasting, you say. No, simply setting up a contrast; knowing also some of you reading this could very well be me those years ago.

I went to China in '02, looking for answers I knew weren't in America. They weren't in China. They weren't in me. A realization: Self-proclaimed truth-seeker in reality running from the truth. What...? Don't you see? So many of you nod a head of assent to those "stalwart seekers of truth," yet in the same breath decry any so foolish as to claim they found it. Who is more foolish? The one who is looking for something they vehemently state cannot be found?

Well, it's a noble pursuit in itself, you say. Ah...but that's not really it. You know, I know, that if one were to find the truth, that's it. Once Truth is found it must be submitted to.

I'll submit to nothing, you say; I'm the master of my own will, my own life. Have we not all a God-self, some of you say, an infinite potential of goodness locked away in us? What need have we of God?



illustration by >> Shaun Gaynor

The problem then is not one of seeking what can not be found, but of seeking what you do not want to be found. Running the other way.

I went to China, and saw the opposite of all once thought true to be true. Where? In recorded accounts written through men who died rather than deny their absolute truth; in a book banned for centuries by religious authorities to keep it from the eye of "commoners," whose true followers have been burned, beaten, scorned, whipped and ridiculed. What? In the Bible.

Ah, I've heard this before, you say, and move to read another article. No! Hear it again, and think! I'm not talking about some little "religious experience," a tingle or a trance and then "oh, pleasant thought of a god elusive, perhaps this is the way to go." Truth is not some abstract theoretical concept; it is not just deciding, "OK, I'll think

this way now," and giving consent to this thought or that while life changes little.

Listen! I'm not talking about religion; dead men's rituals pointing the way in darkness to darkness. I'm talking about reality, about a life, a light that's real. Something happened out there. Listen! It was real; not just wrestling with the Bible and coming out a little more moral, but stepping into traffic and getting hit by a semi-truck and being so changed as to be unrecognizable; beginning to really live.

Turning from a thick blanket of lies once wrapped up in. Stepping away from all that once was into a light that had always been. Turning from rebellion and submitting to Truth.

Look around; something's wrong in this world. Look inside; something's wrong with you. You know it is! Look at religion; what truth is in the liturgy and the ceremo-

ny, the rite and ritual? Just a form, a husk many of you even see that. Mankind futilely working his way towards God, in their pride making God to owe man through the "good" acts they do. What answers are there? None; the dead leading the dead.

But Jesus Christ stayed not dead. The man many of you may begrudgingly admit was "a pretty good teacher" taught He was the Truth, the only Way, God. I cannot make the blind to see, but I can say that after almost three years, and a life of lies before, I yet am fully convinced Jesus Christ is that Truth we all run from, the God you all rebel against.

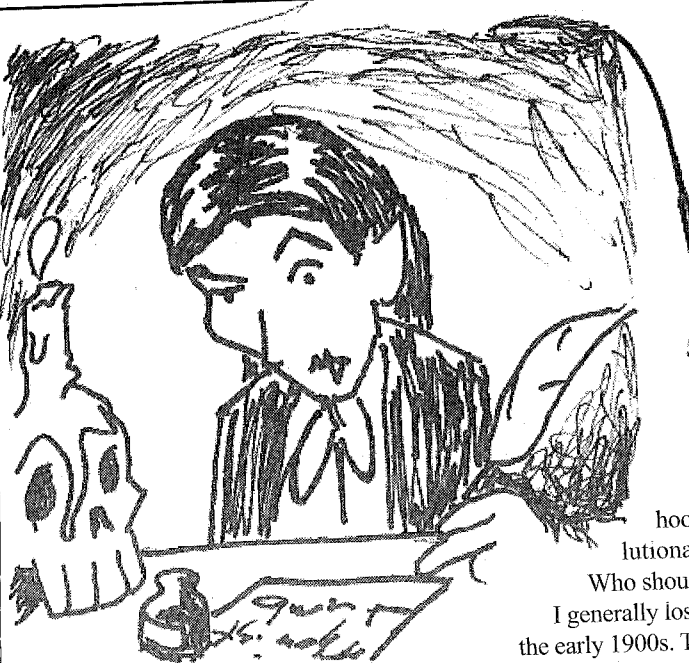
Good for you, you say; you've got yours, I've got mine. No. If there is a Truth, all men and women everywhere fall under the same. What? You think I am no post-modernist? I know the arguments, the delusions; I grew up in the same lies you all did. But so many of you are still there, and happy to remain.

Stay with the dead and so shall you die with them, as you placate yourself on the path to hell. But some of you...I know there are some of you looking for more, for what's real; something in you cries out, yearns against the insanity of this place, the emptiness.

Who am I that you should listen to me? Nobody; but I know what I have seen. Listen! It is just like it said: "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new" (2Cor. 5:17). What I once hated I now love, what I once desired I now despise; my very nature was changed and I have no explanation for it other than the truth revealed in this text and others.

Fool, you say, thinking you know the truth. I'd rather be derided a fool in the truth, than one lauded wise in lies. Consider; if what's written here is true, then it is on you to do something about it. Close your ears or stop and think; which one?

I write knowing the time is short, and I write for any who will listen. Yet a few months and my time is past at TSU, perhaps off again to China, perhaps eventually to Iraq. I am not a PHRE major; I am a journalist, and thus I will write just that which I have seen and heard of Jesus Christ, and hope someone may hear.



Good Evening.

As I sit here in my chamber, I realize that many of you people out there have questions for the undead. I also realize that many of you people are quite uneasy about approaching one of us to gain answers. I don't blame you. Many a dark night, after a fresh hunt, I enjoy sitting down with a fresh glass of O positive and answering your questions. If you have any questions, send them off to Z.VAMPIRE@GMAIL.COM and Embrace the darkness.

Dear Vampire,

Can you turn into any animal you want, or just a bat?

- **Beast Lover**

That is a very good question indeed. Many people assume that we vampires only have the ability to change into bats in a huge cloud of smoke as if we were some two-bit magician conjuring up silly card tricks. We have not limited ourselves to mere bats. I, for example, have mastered the black cat, the hellhound, and the waterbear. Oh, you say that is not impressive? Have you ever SEEN a waterbear? Those things don't mess around. Why do you think that they live so long? All of them are vampires. The only trick is to conjure up the right ingredients and remember the long-ass transformation spells. Hell, I don't even like transforming into animals. It makes me sick afterwards. Anyways, the lesson here is, don't try it at home.

Dear Vampire,

Is immortality boring?

- **Signs of Life**

Immortality is the most boring thing ever. I would give anything to die right now. It's pretty cool for the first 200 years, but then it just gets annoying when you realize that all of your friends die and you have to go and make new ones. I began to realize the trend of

progress when I was about 450 years old. It was like, "Woo hoo, something totally revolutionary has been invented. Who should be my dinner tonight?"

I generally lost interest in things around the early 1900s. There was a period of time in the 1960's when I tried to re-invent myself. Man, that was a really bad period. Most of the time, I was living off of the blood of the "pigs" we were up against and they tasted really horrible. Most of the time I was spaced out on oregano (that was my drug of choice). If you are ever given the choice by a vampire when you are bitten to live forever or to die...choose death. It will save you a lot of trouble. Peace Out.

Dear Vampire,

Do you have to drink blood to survive, or just cause u r thirsty?

- **Tender Neck**

It all depends on the vampire. We all need to drink blood to survive, but it just depends on how often. I, for example, need maybe 2 pints a week to survive. Some vampires I have met are up to two humans a day. My friend Trevor is like a bloody snake, he can go weeks without a single glass. He drinks occasionally, socially, if you will. About the taste: it all varies on the purity of the human. I've notice that about half the people I bite have a very metallic taste to their blood, the other half are an assortment of flavors. Some people will taste very disgusting because they eat too much meat, others will taste a bit bland. A certain few will actually have sweet tasting blood, which just happens to be the subject of the next email.

Dear Vampire,

I read in my textbook that it was found that diabetic people have sweet tasting blood attributed to their high glucose levels. Is this true? If so, do you prefer diabetic people to non-diabetic people?

Signed,

Sherman Djughshivili

I did not know that, but that is very interesting, and it makes sense that some blood I have taken has had a taste comparable

to a fine Port or Muscat (yes, yes, I know, Muscat is a white wine...it's sweet, so fuck off). I guess that blood came from people with diabetes. I can't say that I prefer diabetics to non-diabetics, because sometimes it can be too sweet. I like to have variety in my meals.

Dear Vampire,

Do you kill Goth kids for fun?

Signed,

Shaun Gaynor

This, by far, is the most brilliant question I have received in my 786 years on earth. Not really, though. That is quite a notable question, though. I dare say, the thought hasn't even crossed my mind. It could be fun, though. They would be willing to become a vampire, so I could just easily walk up to them and bite them instead of just sneaking up on them. They could become my ghouls, and when I get tired of them, I could simply just send a blade through them. Ahhh, yes, that would serve me quite well. Thank you for the suggestion.

Dear Vampire man.....

I love Jesus. He is the way. The only way. Amazing Grace... etc... I stumbled across a verse, your demon possessed ass should sink your fang-like teeth into, bitch.....

"Then I saw three evil spirits that looked like frogs; they came out of the mouth of the dragon, out of the mouth of the beast and out of the mouth of the false prophet. (Rev 16:13)"

Aren't so scary now if even frogs can be evil spirits, are you? Perhaps I should be more afraid of a frog bite than a vampire bite. See Jesus doesn't let me down. He gives me things to say to smartass vampires like yourself from his everlasting word that is infallible..... The Westminster Catechism..... etc..... So take my 95 theses against your black magicking ass and shove 'em! Ha..... See, God's people can be badassess too. Just like DC Talk. I'm not afraid to be a Jesus Freak.....Bible.....etc.

- **Anonymous**

My Dear Freak who came forth from Jesus,

You don't exist.

column by >> The Vampire

Getting to know "Paid" Paul

feature by >> **"Paid" Paul Kingston**

I'm back. It's time for my final piece, my last chance to convince all you fine folks to write in "Paid" Paul Kingston for the US House of Representatives. Well, I've told you a bit about my views and politics, so I guess I'll wrap things up with a little bit about me.

I was born in St. Louis, where I lived until I left for college. In high school, I got mostly A's and B's without any real effort because I'm wicked smart (I know that sounds narcissistic, but really, I just got a very good brain. It's not like I did anything for it. I'm just lucky, I guess). Sometime in high school, maybe a little earlier, I decided I wanted to be an author. Which I am to some extent, although I'm unpublished and really-don't spend nearly enough time writing. But, hey, sometimes the words flow, sometimes they don't.

Yeah, none of that's really very exciting, is it? I'll try and pick up the pace.

I drank alcohol and smoked pot for the first time at the age of fourteen. Later on that year, I also did LSD for the first time. On a school night. I'd say that experience had a very profound, yet indefinable impact on my life. But then, most hallucinogenic experiences tend to be profound, yet indefinable.

Later, during high school at some point in time, I decided that I was going to run for the House when I turned twenty-five, the Senate at thirty, and President at thirty-five. I mean that's my constitutional right, so I don't want to waste that, now do I? Okay, I realize this might be boring you, so I'll try and finish up the biographical details as quickly as possible.

In high school, I never had much luck with the ladies. I very occasionally would date a girl, but never for more than a couple of months and usually only a few days, so obviously, I masturbated furiously all the time. I lost my virginity my senior year one night after a whole lot of drinking. At the time, I thought it was a mistake, because I was all into that whole "saving yourself" thing. But, looking back, I realize that letting my guilt about the whole thing make me throw away what was a very good friendship was my real mistake. I basically didn't talk to the girl for like five or six years, but towards the end of last year, I saw her again and we've re-established contact. So I'm very glad to have her back in my life.

Continued on 12

"Paid" Paul

Continued from 11

Sometime after high school, I gradually began to tear down my original puritanical system of values about sex. (See my previous article on love for some idea of what my current value system is like.) Also, after high school, I did two years here at Truman before dropping out because, as the Ramones once said, "It's not my, not my, not my place in a ni-i-i-ne-to-five world." And that, in a nutshell, is my life.

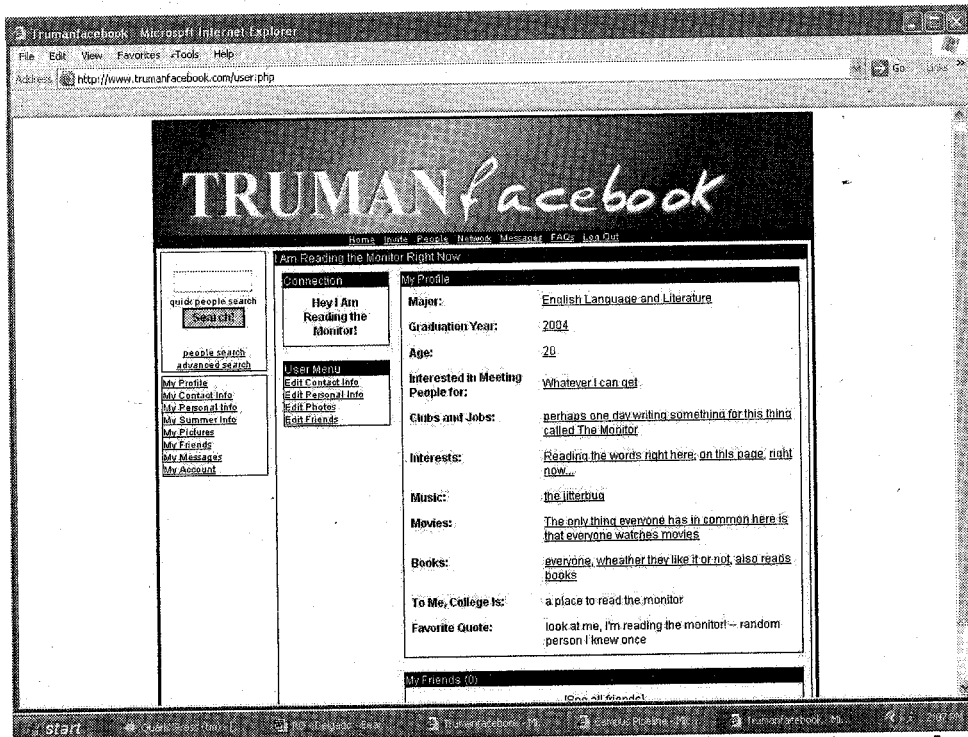
Now let's talk about me as a person. For one thing, I am generally a pretty happy-go-lucky kind of guy. The bad stuff of my life has never really been able to bring me down, or at least, when it has, I've always bounced right back pretty quickly. And it seems like this general good mood of mine tends to rub off on the people I hang out with, so most people like to hang out with me. The downside is that I think it also tends to give me a somewhat addictive energy (or aura, or whatever), so my friends tend to miss me a lot when I'm no longer around. But, eh, what're ya' gonna do?

Sometimes I have a tendency to think about myself a lot more than anything else, like what someone might be saying to me. But in my defense, a lot of that has to do with the fact that I have the balls to admit that I am the center of my universe (just like you are the center of your universe, whether you wanna face up to it or not), and accept the responsibility of making that universe as good as I can. Naturally this would require a good deal of self reflection. Admittedly, I may take it too far at times, but I do make a good deal of effort to be aware of the thoughts and feelings of other people. It's just that, relatively speaking, those thoughts and feelings are so much farther from me than my own. In any case, I do believe I am getting better about the whole "thinkin' about myself" thing.

I also have a lot of faith in the basic goodness of all people. The main reason for this is that I have consistently been able to depend on that basic goodness during the various times in my life when I've been "down and out," as they say. No matter how dire my straights have been, there's always been a friend, acquaintance, or even a complete stranger there to help me stay fed, give me a place to stay, or even just give me a ride or a cigarette.

Anyway, I could probably go on and on for volumes (after all, I do love to talk about myself), but I think I've given you all a pretty decent idea of who "Paid" Paul Kingston, the person, is. So I guess I'll just sign off. As always, remember to write in "Paid" Paul Kingston for the US House of Representatives.

Website allows stalkers to connect with University



story by >> Emily Randall

Truman Facebook is the latest online "friend" network to infiltrate our computers. It joins the ranks of blogs, online journals, Friendster, STL Punk, MySpace and a myriad of other specialty groups. What the difference is with this one, however, is the relatively small community of people it is drawing from. It's not like other networks, where if someone from Bulgaria is leaving me creepy messages, I just remind myself that they are across the ocean, and all my info is fake anyway.

Here is how the Truman Facebook is set up: You fill out your profile, which includes such stats as your name, phone number, residence, favorite movies, and quotes among others. You can search by name for anyone on the

image by >> Frances Dusseault

network, look at their pictures, and message them or request them as a friend.

It's only a matter of time until we all just call it "Truman Friendster." Don't get me wrong, I mean no offense to Friendster, I'm on it, but we all know it's one of those novelty things that, once we get tired of showing off to others how many "friends" you have accrued, we just abandon it. I was really into it for about two months, and probably have about thirty Friendster friends, but now my account has been inactive for months. Or rather, it's been inactive save the one time I logged on to copy my Friendster profile question responses to be pasted on my Facebook.

Now, to the issue at hand. This is a potential stalker-central. Some may argue that you can choose how much

you want to divulge about yourself on Facebook, that you can exclude your phone number and address, but this matters little when coupled with the search power of the Truman online directory. It takes very little information to find you on there.

So now you're thinking that if this directory was already in place, what more harm can Facebook do? The major aspect here that bumps Facebook up on the stalker scale is all the photos people post. For example, at William Jewell University in Liberty, MO, when pictures were added to the directory, it quickly became notorious for its stalker qualities, according to my friends.

Consider this hypothetical scenario: I post a bunch of wacky pictures of myself with the intention of my real-life friends who I am connected to seeing how creative and funny I am. Meanwhile, some hermit on-liner comes across my profile, decides that because I like all the same movies as him or her and appear to have the same pet-obsession for my fish (judging by my photo with said fish) that s/he is meant to be with me. Noticing, however, the "relationship" status, s/he gets really jealous, looks me up in an instant on the directory, comes to my room in the night, and stabs me in the chest.

Okay, this never happened and likely never will. In fact, I have no serious fear of this occurring, but you have to admit it is still a possibility. Of course, all this complaining has not kept me from making my own Facebook page. I guess I am a sucker for this stuff. At least I have the consoling thought that my time will once again be mine when this fad wares off in about two weeks.

Refrigerator keeps beverages cold

story by >> Eric Null

After resting on the top shelf of a Sanyo SR-1730 refrigerator for several hours a can of Pepsi became strangely cold. According to investigators this phenomenon is possibly due to some kind of voodoo by the name of "thermodynamics" or by the mischief of a close relative of the "dryer gremlin." Agents with a secret government organization affiliated with John Ashcroft have been collecting evidence since 3:00 p.m. today and are not ruling out either of the two possibilities. According to an agent, "While the removal of energy from the

refrigerator by expansion of a compressed gas seems plausible, the activities of gremlins have not been ruled out."

Investigators hope to close the case within several weeks and force the culprit to cool several cases of soda in time for the Halloween office party.

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Continued from 9

really only consists of Burney shouting "Then I found you" and "Because I was dancin' with you", but the simplicity of the lyrics, combined with some well-placed hand claps, just make this song all the more danceable.

Overall, the latest release from the The Sun is very well rounded. Burney, who grew up in north St. Louis County, has matured as both a lyricist and a songwriter, and the whole band sounds even tighter than on their debut "Love and Death". "Did Your Mother Tell You" was produced by John Goodmanson, who has worked with bands such as Hot Hot Heat and Blonde Redhead, as well as Ben Hillier, who has worked with Blur, Clinic, and Elbow.

The first full-length release from The Sun is due in February 2005.



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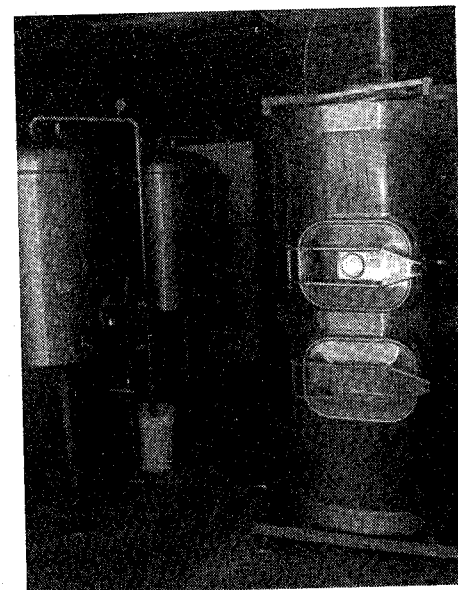


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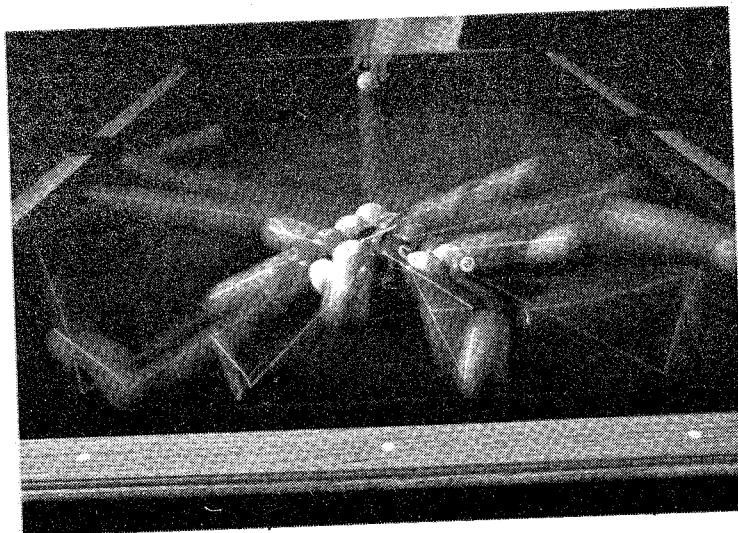
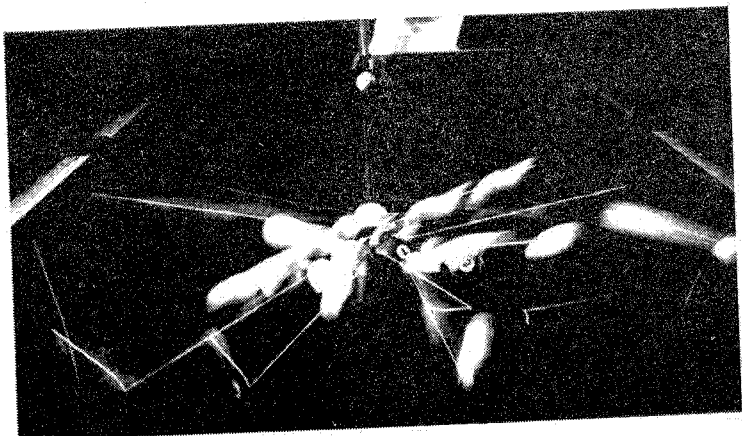
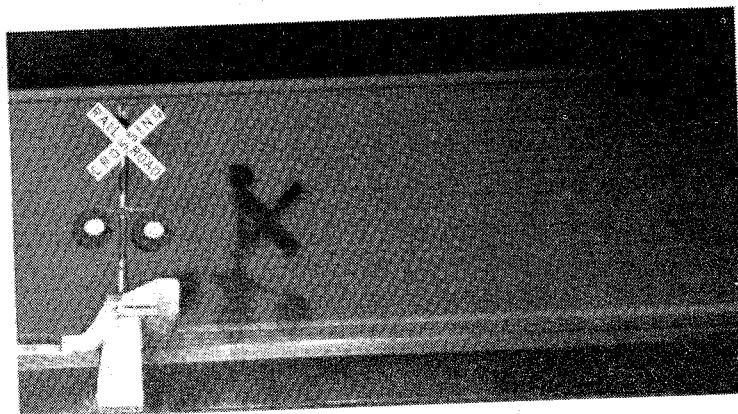
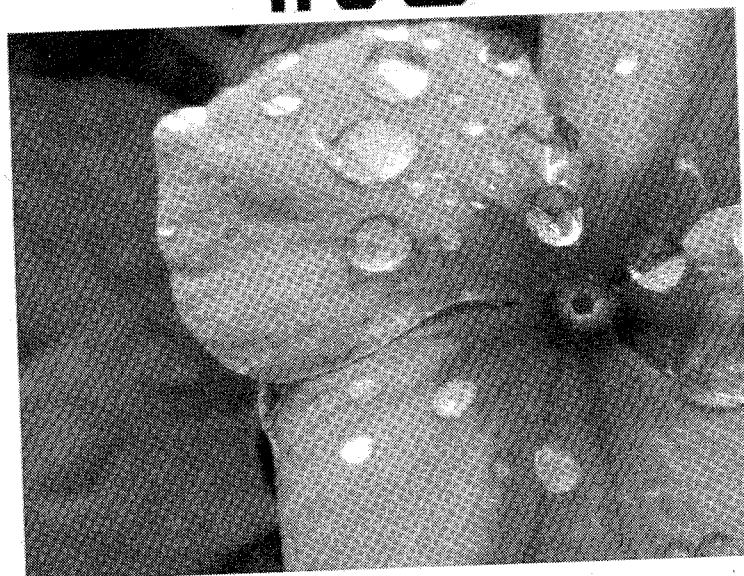
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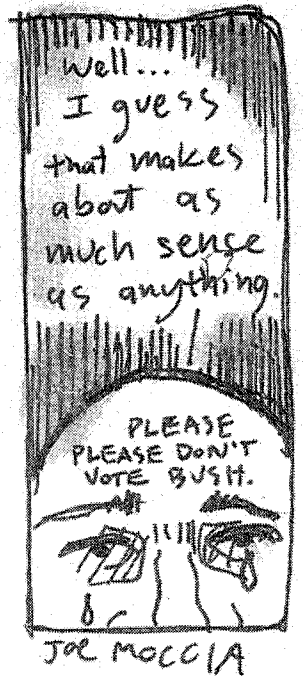
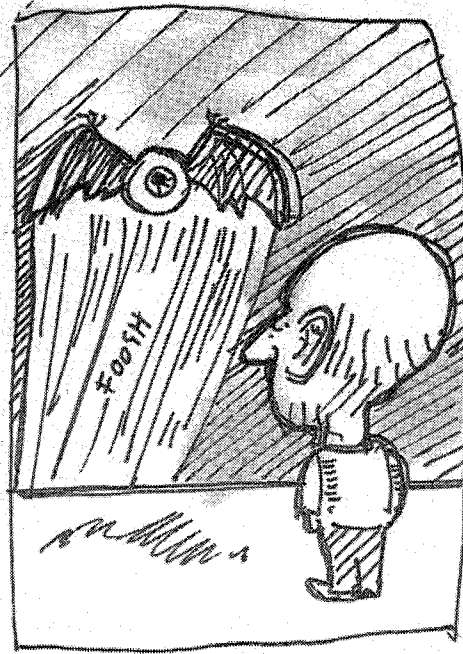
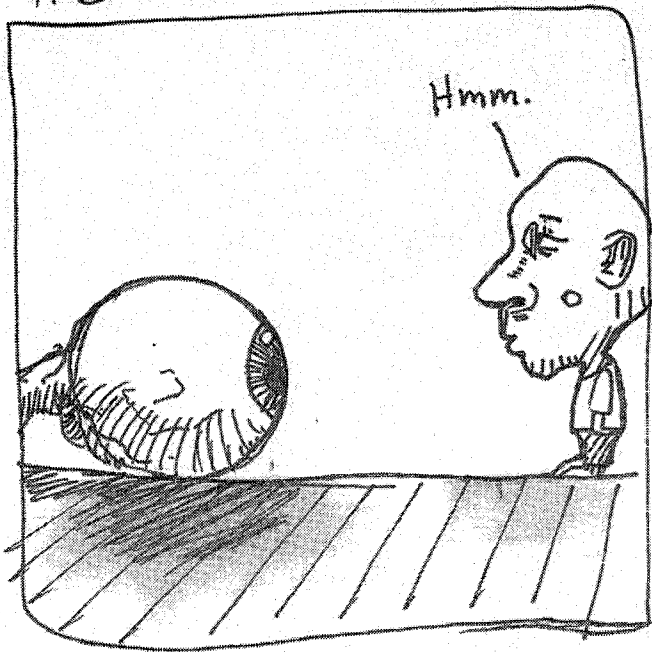


THE MONITOR: IT'S NOT JUST FOR WORDS ANYMORE

Want something photographed for submission? Email us and we'll gladly set something up.

monitortrm@hotmail.com

A Comic.



"LONG"



Created by:
Justin Anderson

Eager Cadot & the Giant Octopus Pt. II!!



Written & Inked by Ethan Brammer

My Back Pages....

Someone thought I only wanted collaborative poems, but that simply isn't true. These submissions are all one person poets, soundin off.. Send mono or poly submissions to countzachula@hotmail.com. peace.

My Fear

wanted to cry,
When I heard the alarms.
But mostly I wanted
to be in your arms.
They searched for you frantically,
But you couldn't be found.
And even as they told me
I heard not a sound.
The 'Commander and Chief'
Drafted you to see gore.
And away you went,
Off into war.
They didn't send their daughters...
Their 'sweet little doves,'
For how could politicians
Send in someone they loved?
No they didn't send their daughters,
We got no politicians' sons.
They went and took away our men,
They took the greatest ones.
They took you far away from me,
Now all I have of you
Are my memories and some silly card
You got me from the zoo.
I also have this letter
With words so long and curved,
Thanking you for all the time
They forced you to go serve.
Well they can take that letter,
And shove it up their ass!
And they can go and turn back time
And give my soldier back.
But that will never happen.
I shall see you nevermore,
For they took you away from me to die
In this 'noble cause' called war.
For some great force,
They said you were a part
But they took you away my cause to live
My 'matter of the heart.'
I sat up so straight and suddenly,
My face was soaked from tears.
For all of this was but a dream...
It is my greatest fear.

A Winter Poem

Your love is cold.
Freezes bones.
I reach out
To beg for more.
I get colder.

Your love is fire.
Flames hypnotize.
I reach out
Burnt flesh slides
From frozen bones.

Your love is beauty
Flawless form.
I reach out
To callous stone.
My bones crumble.

- mostanybody@hotmail.com

Baseball and Chipmunks

It's hard to play baseball
with a Chipmunk.
cuz if you forget to catch
and hit a homer instead
the Chipmunk
is pretty well fucked.
So please
don't play baseball
with Chipmunks.

-- chafa

Vapor

When your soul shall flee
life's grasp,
When all seen melts away;
To what then shall you hold?
Slipping, slipping, to that day.
Clocks cease, hearts stop.
A final gasp; what lasts?
Wax afore the fire;
So is all you did once desire.
Reckoning all drawn to;
Sickle, it shall yet reap you.
O, while alive yet strive for
dust and wind;
Temporal vanities fade, fade.
Cut off in one day, an hour, a
moment.
Passing, passing, quickly;
hear!
Your next breath is not prom-
ised;
Time's end surely draws near.
Eternity looms.
Fear that you don't fear.
Think why you won't think.
Wonder that you don't won-
der.
Ask.
What grasp I at time's brink?

-Daniel Sem

Me: You want to know
the weirdest thing I
found in the library?
Dru: David Capps.

--Laura H.