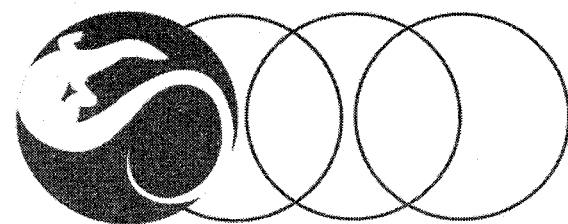


I took the road less trampled on
I took the path less trodden

The trail less
trampled on

the monitor.



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Each writer is responsible for his or her own work.

"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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Pope instructs: no gay seminarians

story by >> Ian Florida

The Vatican has regularly made clear its opposition to gay priests, calling homosexuals "intrinsically disordered". However, celibate homosexuals are commonly allowed into the priesthood. Some estimates on the number of homosexual priests reach as high as 60 percent; however, the most commonly accepted estimate is between 25 percent and 35 percent. The Catholic position on homosexuality is best summed up in the Catechism of the Catholic Church (#2357-2359). These passages on homosexuality state that homosexuals "must be accepted with respect, compassion, and sensitivity." They relate the homosexual as a person struggling with a powerful demon, a demon they must keep shackled at all times, a demon which threatens to overthrow their very humanity and con-

demn them to hell.

The church has begun to crack down on gays in the seminary and priesthood. For centuries the church has allowed celibate homosexuals to attend seminary; this has continued despite a 1961 church law prohibiting homosexuals' entry into the seminary. However, a new papal instruction disallows people with a homosexual orientation from entering the seminary even if they take a vow of celibacy. I am not an expert on church law, I am just a philosophy major who happens to have a decade in Catholic school, but something does not seem to fit.

The Catechism of the Catholic Church (#2358) states that "every sign of unjust discrimination in their regard should be avoided." It states this in direct regard to homosexuals. Would this new papal instruction not be in open defiance of this direction? It further states that "these persons are

called to fulfill God's will in their lives." If they feel God's will pulling them toward a life of celibate service to their community and their God, how else can they act but to acquiesce? The Catechism admits that homosexuality exists across cultures and times. The Church admits homosexuality's "psychological genesis remains largely unexplained." But even their own laws cannot prevent their prejudice, only enflame it.

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letters

Reader thankful for alternative paper

Dear Editors of The Monitor,

Thanks for letting students know there are other alternatives to Wal-Mart! I was getting tired of the "pesticide-choked vegetables" from Wal-Mart last year and decided this year I would try the Farmer's Market and have enjoyed it greatly. However, I believe it is open through October, not September, which was printed.

I also wanted to respond to "Racks moved, bikers rebel." I was furious (okay, maybe not furious, but pissed off) the first day of classes when I couldn't find a bike rack outside Baldwin. I bitched for a couple of days to family, friends, etc. until I found the article on TruView that stated DPS moved the bike racks so it would be safer on the inside of campus and

more convenient for off campus students. I too, was happy to see students rebel and chain their bike to any tree, railing, or lamppost nearby. DPS is striking back by putting notices on bikes that are not parked at a bike rack that says they can impound bikes that do not comply with DPS rules. The nerve!

So...basically thanks for your interesting articles and giving students a choice in their campus newspaper.

Sincerely,
Laura Day

Send your letters to The Monitor
mailbox in the CSI, or to
monitortrm@hotmail.com.

editors' box

We humbly present to you: Issue 2. Tis not a perfect issue - for what issue dare claim perfection? - but we are confident that the university community, when gazing upon what it hath made, will see that it is good.

Enough bullshit. Anyway, we're just going to say that this has been a good issue to put together. Thank you to the new contributors! We need to send a shout-out to Zia for her splendid cover art.

Enjoy!

Love,

Jon, Emily, Ian and Tim

Emily Randall
Jon Linn
Ian Florida

Student workers overwhelmed by wage increase

story by >> Jon Lawinger

It was recently announced that the roughly 1000 students employed by the university will no longer be paid minimum wage. Student workers have received a \$.15 per hour raise - the first raise since 1997.

The surprise 2.9% raise has left many students stunned by the university's generosity. "I'd heard rumors of an upcoming raise, but I never expected it to be so big," commented senior economics major Horace Bender. "A fifteen-cent increase since 1997 is almost one sixth the rate of inflation over that period. I was hoping for one tenth at best."

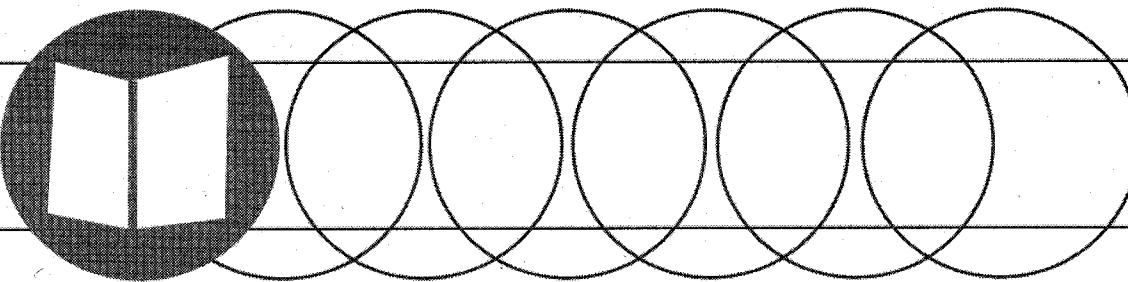
The raise has brought a bit of a dilemma for sophomore night monitor Carrie Slimp. "I really don't know how I'm going to spend the extra money. That new iPod Nano looks pretty neat, but a bigger TV would be nice too. I just hadn't planned for the extra income so I don't know what I'll do with it." Slimp is thankful the university is giving her plenty of time to decide. "It's a good thing I don't get my first paycheck until the middle of October. By then I'll have had seven weeks of sitting at a desk from 1 to 6am twice a week to think about it."

Fellow night monitor Jared Kinty has no such troubles with indecisiveness. "Dude, this raise is going to be great for my 10:30 to 6am shift on Friday nights," Kinty excitedly observed. "After scholarship hours that's only two-and-a-half hours of pay, but the extra 37 cents will almost cover a soda to keep me awake. Thank you TSU!"

Not everyone was thrilled about the new raise though. Junior library worker Amy Marshall nervously acknowledged, "I'm not comfortable with being paid more this year. I mean, I'm not working any harder or getting more done this year than I did last year. It just doesn't seem right." Marshall has decided to donate all the extra money she makes this year back to the university. "I'm sure they can put it to better use than I can," she explained. "What do I need more money for? I can easily make enough on minimum wage to cover tuition and books and rent and bills and food. I'm sure I'd just blow the extra on meth and hookers."



photo by >> Amanda Hackney



False advertising draws students to Centennial sex forum

story by >> Ian Florida

The sign was draped next to the front desk in Centennial. Passers by would gawk in disbelief, slyly turning their heads and hanging their mouths, not wanting to be caught voyeuristically peering at the naked black silhouettes of couples copulating in various seemingly entertaining positions. The sign declared in thick black letters "Ten Sexual Positions from the Pros." Aside from the usual information: time, date, location, there were two recommendations which caught my attention. The first was to wear comfortable clothes, a suggestion I live by in all but the most formal occasions. The second piqued my curiosity like only a dead body could do. "Bring a pillow and blanket." A pillow seemed like a good idea, after staring up at chalkboards and moustaches all week, I could use a pillow to support my neck. I read that and immediately had a particular pillow come to mind; it's beige and I bought it from Pier One two years ago. The second proposition could get a person in serious trouble. It said to bring a blanket. 'A blanket?' I thought. Yeah, that could be cool. Did I mention the ten perfectly shaped outlines of people doing it? To my unending joy my beautiful girlfriend was even more eager to attend than I.

We arrived at the forum and were immediately sure we were in the wrong place. After counting the line of seemingly respectable people in front of the audience I perceived that there were ten persons. Maybe each one would teach us a different position. I was to shortly learn that they would relate their "position," and that the only thing scandalous about this seminar is the false advertising used to lure unsuspecting couples into this den of information. The couches and chairs of the Ryle main lounge were arranged in a semi-circle around the distinguished speakers. There was no need for a blanket, there was no room to stretch it out.

The speakers began to relate their positions on sex, relationships, and safety. Representatives were there from Planned Parenthood, the Student Health Center, DPS and the University Counseling Services, also the Director of Grimm Hall and the Dean of Student Affairs were present. The topics presented by these speakers ranged from advocating abstinence, to safe sex, to a discussion of rape awareness and homosexuality. The forum closed with a demonstration of how to properly put on a condom as well as an appearance by Condom Man. He threw out free condoms. All in all, not what I expected, but it was okay in the end because I learned something, and isn't that what we are here for anyway?

The Four State News

news by >> Ian Florida



Blunt Signs Toilet Paper in Sedalia

Gov. Matt Blunt is currently touring the state of Missouri planting his John Hancock on copies of the Anti-Abortion Bill he championed during the recently concluded session of the state legislature. However, implementation of that law is on hold as a result of legal challenges. The legislation was supposed to take effect earlier this year, but was put on hold because of recent challenges to the legality of the bill.

No Need to Squirrel Away Gas

Fuel supplies in Missouri appear to be adequate to meet demand despite the effects of Hurricane Katrina and the expected devastation of Rita. The Department of Natural Resources' Energy Center keeps track of prices, supply, and demand, in the state of Missouri. A recent report coming from the organization claims that recent supplies, "will be sufficient," to meet the demands of Missourians across the state. Although prices may increase, they will not be to the extent immediately following hurricane Katrina.



Currie Carried to Safety After She Flips Her Car

State House Majority Leader Barbara Flynn Currie was injured when her vehicle rolled over while driving through the South Side of Chicago, police said. She was taken to Northwestern Memorial Hospital after the accident. Currie is in good condition with no serious injuries, and required only minor stitches, hospital spokespeople claimed.

Price Gouged at the Pump

Rod Blagoyavich is one of eight democratic governors taking aim at the "excessive profits made by oil companies." The chief claim in a recent letter written to the president from these eight governors is that oil companies are "taking advantage of this crisis," to turn a quick buck at the expense of others. They cite recent reports from the University of Wisconsin which claim that in order for the price of gasoline to rise over \$3.00 per gallon at the pump, the per barrel price would need to touch \$95.00, which is \$30.00 more than the current price.



The Price of Perfection

KU has begun to offer the first scholarship package for Kansans with perfect ACT scores, valued at \$50,000.00 over four years. In order to qualify for the scholarship the applicant must have a 36 on the ACT or a 1600 on the SAT. KU Chancellor Robert Hemenway explains the reason for the new scholarship: "We offer this new scholarship as part of KU's ongoing mission to recruit the top students in Kansas and to encourage them to stay in Kansas."

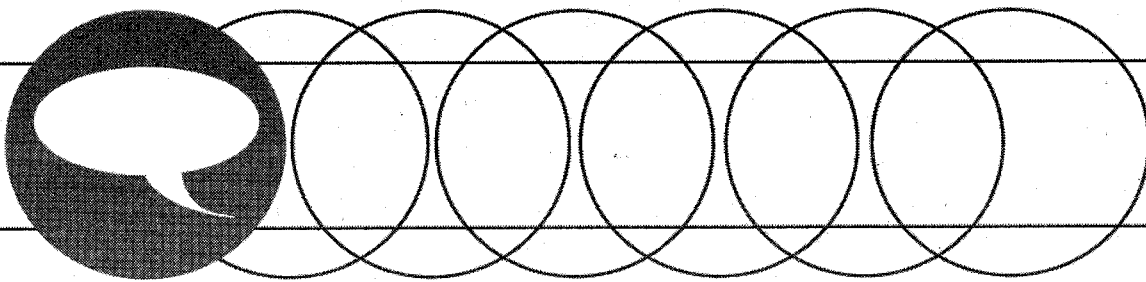
Museums Find Problem with Creationism

"Museums aren't focused on education. They're focused on indoctrination," claims John Calvert. Calvert is one of the founders of the Intelligent Design Network. He is an attorney with ties to the recent debate over intelligent design taking place in Kansas, particularly in the board of education. The recent debate over intelligent design has been causing problems for museums in Kansas. Jerry Choate, director of the Sternberg Museum of Natural History in Hays, claims that workers keep finding Creationist brochures in the restrooms. Also, guides at the museum are being increasingly confronted by angry patrons about exhibits using only evolution to explain the history of dinosaurs and fossils. Tour guides at the University of Kansas Museum are having the same problem with confrontational visitors.



Food Miles

"Food miles" refers to the number of miles that the average piece of produce travels from the farm to your plate. There are several reasons to support food grown close to home, the most basic of which is price. Produce grown and consumed within the state of Iowa travels just 35 mile on average from farm to belly. However, for produce grown outside the state, the average travel distance is over 1700 miles. Rising oil prices gives the issue of food miles newfound importance. Transportation costs account for 6 to 10 percent of the retail cost of produce. If one lowers the distance from which the food is brought, one lowers the price.



Racism, anti-government extremism not the same thing

opinion by >> Benjamin Garrett

Confronting Racism has been a central platform of my politics since I was in third grade. As a Jew, I have had to cope with an irrational fear of Nazis since I first learned what the word meant. In High school I would attend counter demonstrations to Klan and Nazi Gatherings, trying to drown out their hate filled speech by any means necessary, short of state intervention. I do not believe it is the role of the government to decide what is or is not acceptable language or behavior for my community, but that is an article for another time. Instead there is a more pressing issue that started to draw public attention, and it is important to me that we avoid white-washing the problem with a happy-feel good rhetoric, as well as steer clear of confusing language that disguises what the threat of organized racists and fascists such as Alex Linder pose to our community.

Recently, we were fortunate enough to have Karen Aroesty, the regional director of the Anti-Defamation League, speak here at the University, the High school, and to the community at large, in the First Christian Church. This was a good first step in educating ourselves about the dangers of organized hate groups. However, after hearing her speak, I was alarmed at the inadequacy of the Definitions presented by Ms. Aroesty. And while I regret having to bicker over semantics while there is a pressing need for action; in the process of confronting hate speech, words can be everything.

In her presentation entitled "Know Your Enemy: An Update On Extremism in the Midwest," Karen informed us that the danger that hate groups present to us as a community is their stance as anti-government extremists, where Anti-Government is defined as having any ideology that places one in active conflict with the current system, and extremism is the willingness to kill for one's ideology. Beyond the inaccuracy of all of these definitions, and the fact that Ms. Aroesty then used the words extremist and Anti-government throughout her presentation in situations that contradicted these definitions; the whole

validation of confronting Hate groups on the basis of their classification as anti-government extremists is just plain wrong and misleading.

Nazis and other organized Hate groups are not anti-government. Government, defined as the Exercise of Authority in a political unit, is exactly what Nazis and other hate groups are advocating. Their disagreement with the current government of this country is not that it exercises authority, but that it exercises authority over them. A society in which they, as white men, exercise authority over everyone else is not what one could call the political vision of an anti-government extremist. Grouping together all those opposed to the government that is currently in power as anti-government extremists is a frequently used ploy of dictators and Authoritarian regimes, and I am not sure what benefit the Anti-Defamation League sees in employing such a strategy. Except to legitimize their work in the eyes of the current administration; a pathetic goal for an organization that claims to value identifying and eliminating bigotry at its root.

This leads us to the second most troubling definition presented by Karen Aroesty. In her own words, "I define Extremism as a willingness to kill for ones Ideology." This definition flies in the face of the root word, extreme, and destabilized the entire presentation as an attempt to inspire support for her organization through paranoia, that Anti-government Extremists are a danger to the community because they are fundamentally out to kill you, and only the Anti-Defamation League, working in conjunction with the government, can save you. The trouble with this ridiculous definition was highlighted beautifully by Linda Seidel when she asked if the government itself was extremist in nature, as it is willing to kill both domestically, through the death penalty, and internationally, through war, and if it is indeed the case that the government was itself-extremist, than opposition to extremism must inherently be anti-government. As much as I agree with this sentiment, I cannot ignore the fallacy that statement exposes. Extremism is inherently a subjective term used to dif-

ferentiate the normalcy of ones own Ideology from what one identifies in another's Ideology as immoderate, uncompromising policies. The evils of extremism, used as a justification to oppose racists and fascists serves only to reinforce notions that the status quo is not inherently racist or authoritarian, and is something which all of us should embrace.

We don't need to force-fit hate groups beneath a label of marginalized wing nuts capable of desperate acts of violence, to justify opposing them. If we truly value freedom and equality, then we must stand opposed to them at every juncture, because it is their stated goal to undermine freedom and equality as they apply to every one, and employ them specifically for the benefit of the white race. Hiding our goals, as proponents of freedom and equality, beneath confusing and misleading rhetoric is a tactic often employed by our opposition - because they recognize the fucking stupidity of their Ideology as anything other than a means to personal empowerment through belittling others and forming secret clubs. Maybe this is the goal of the Anti-Defamation League, as they labeled every one from tax resistors, to Environmentalists, to Anti-Racist Action, as Anti-Government extremists whom they are gladly willing to use your monetary donations to surveil and inform upon to the FBI or even more ironically, frequently racist local law enforcement officials. However, it is not my goal, and employing tactics of misinformation, strikes me as contrary to the process of eliminating the ignorance that breeds fear and hate in the first place.

Confronting Racism and Fascism, Overt, Institutional, and Sub-Conscious is the job of every one of us as people who define equality and freedom as our values. Expecting institutionalized non-profit organizations to lead the way in this effort was proven ineffective by the incompetence of Karen Aroesty's performance as a supposed expert in the field. Developing strategies to foster freedom and equality, while simultaneously protecting ourselves from those opposed to these values is not something I am willing to trust to anyone who has made a career profiting off of my values. It is a task for all of us to

be engaged in, every day, until we no longer feel like we have to bring in outside authorities to tell us how to deal with the Alex Linder's of our world. How to best accomplish this is a discussion that must continue beyond the confines of alternative media sources and Ivory towers, and will take much more time and space than the monitor is capable of allotting to a single issue. Hopefully, this is only the beginning.

By Jeff Keelium

"Christian Right" is a worthless term

opinion by >> Joey Puricelli

"The Christian Right" is easily one of the stupidest terms in the history of politics. It manages to insult so many people so effortlessly. Christians who aren't right-wing and conservatives who don't worship Christ are plenty more numerous than "The Atheist Left" would have you believe (I needn't even point out that the entirety of Al Qaeda is hyper-conservative, and every member therein would kill you on the spot if you called them Christians). Did you find that phrase I just coined offensive? You should, it's just as stupid and inaccurate as its counterpart at the beginning of this piece.

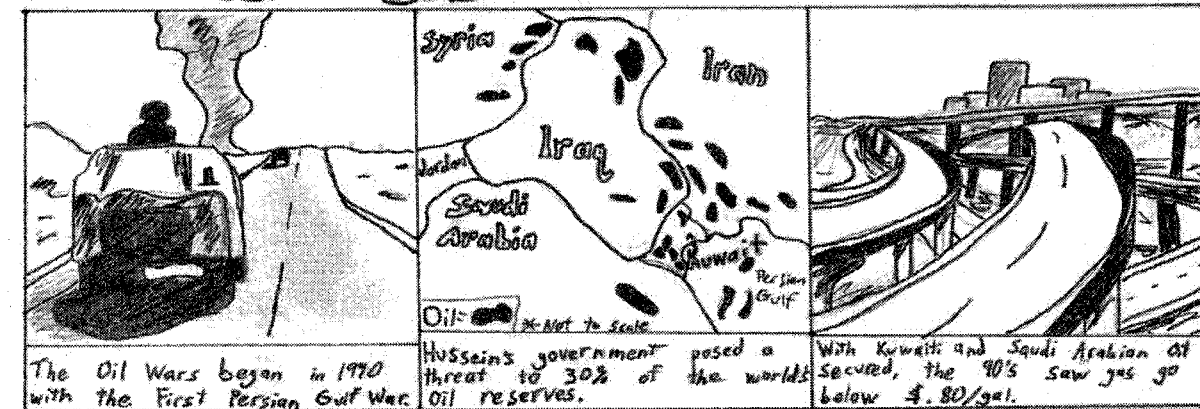
I know where the stereotype comes from, too: televangelists. Pat Robertson and his colleagues are pockmarks on the face of Christianity; charlatans & salesmen, the lot of them. They are the merchants in the Temple, turning God's house into a den of thieves on a weekly basis (or nightly, in The 700 Club's case). Whether they are intentional con artists, they honestly don't realize that they're driving people away from the faith with their copious levels of ignorance, or they're actually agents of Satan sent to discredit and/or deceive Christians, it's hard to say.

As for the pro-lifers, many of them aren't. A true pro-life supporter is against war & execution as well as abortion; unfortunately, we don't have anybody to vote for (a problem which will be addressed in a minute). And let us not forget the liberal anti-abortionists-I see you scratching your heads. They DO exist; I've met some! They just don't like to call themselves pro-life because of the conservative connotation unfairly attached to the group.

Getting back to that party problem, from some of the things I've said here regarding Christ or opposing abortion, you may assume that I'm a Republican or at least a conservative, for which I would have to slap you upside the head. I loathe the right wing almost as much as I loathe the left. The partisan jack-holes sharing a stranglehold on our political system are running the country into the ground with their asinine donkey stubbornness (pun intended) and elephantine thick heads. That's why the true pro-lifers are left in the lurch when Election Day rolls around; the Dems will never nominate someone who opposes abortion, and the GOP (an ironic name, since they're actually the younger party) will never nominate someone who's against the death penalty. I would proclaim myself a moderate, but that often carries with it a connotation of wanting to compromise on everything and never having a firm stance on anything, which just isn't true.

Anyway, my point is this: stop using ignorant propaganda buzzwords like "The Christian Right", because otherwise you'll become the bigots you allegedly hate, and because otherwise you'll have to sit through another rant like this.

Oil Wars: Past

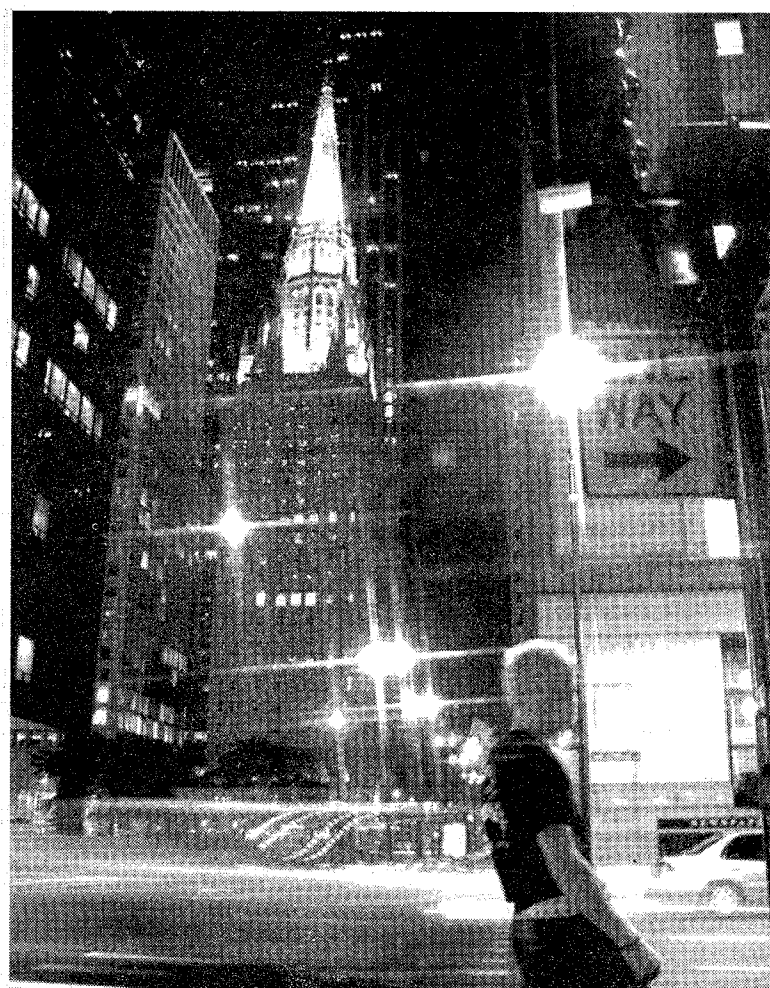


Photography

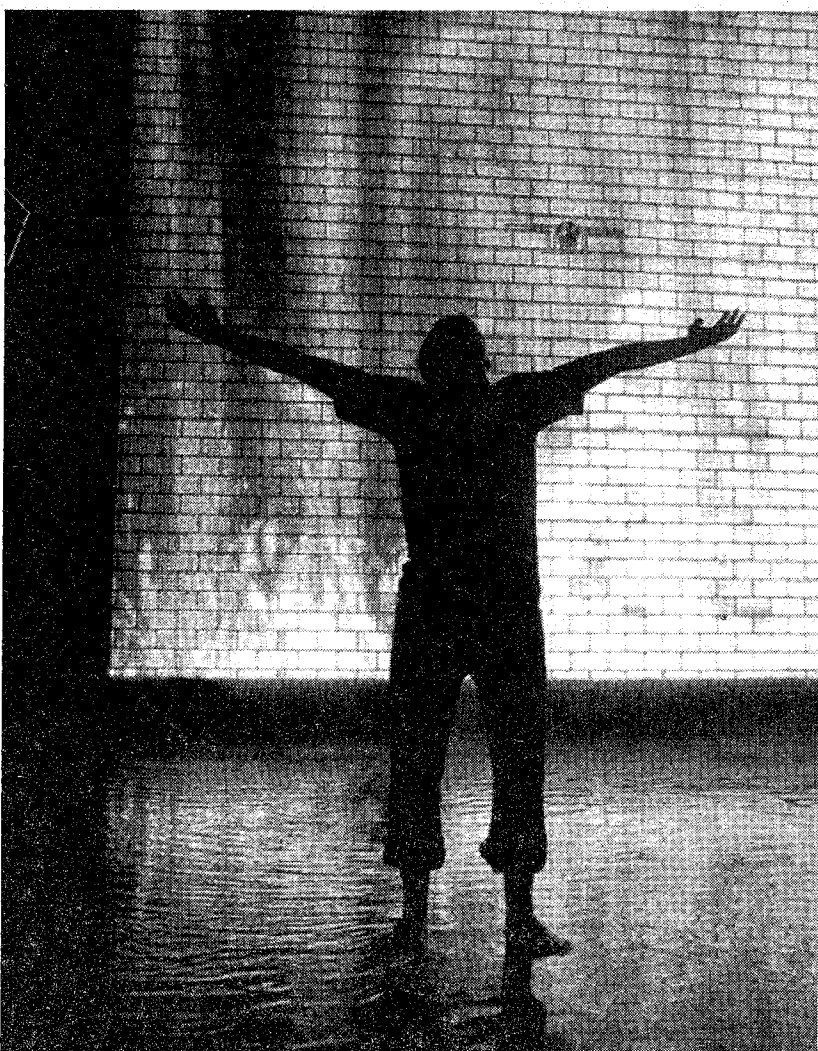
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Jon Lawinger

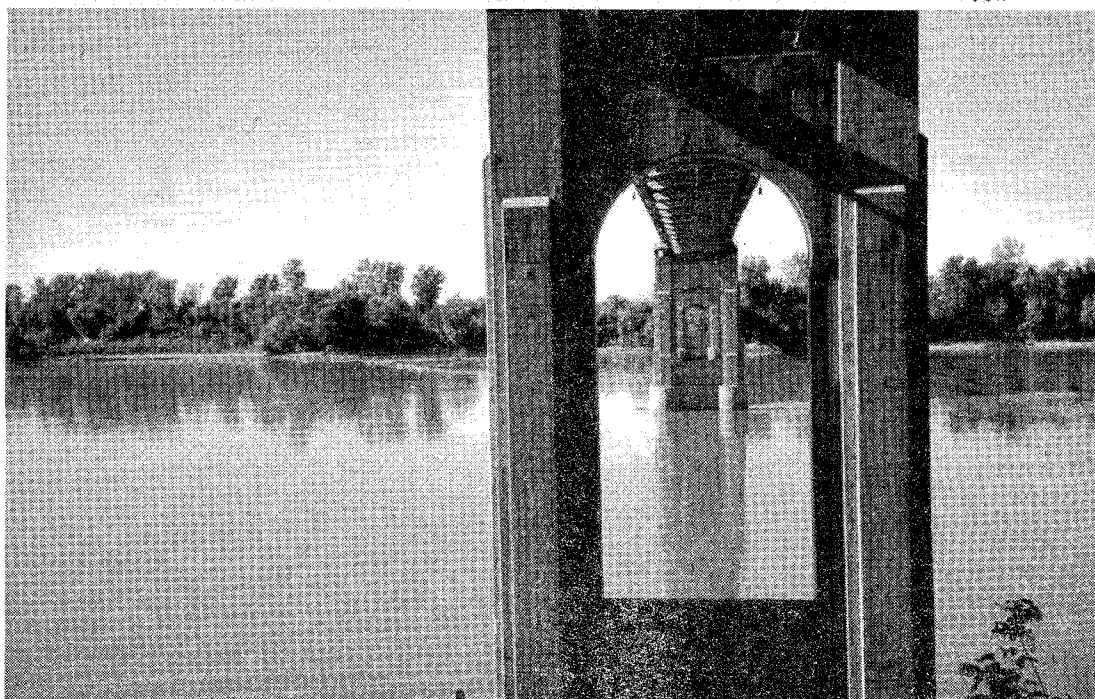


Phil Jarrett

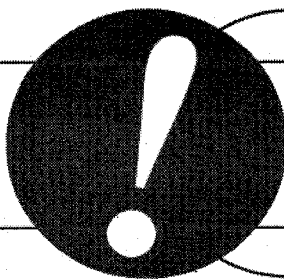


Phil Jarrett

I'm not sure why scaring up submissions for this page is such a challenge. 160 people on The Facebook have photography listed as an interest, but rarely does someone I don't personally know submit their photos. Maybe a lot of you are just taking snaps of your friends at parties, but there's got to be at least a handful of you trying to capture the unique way you see the things around you. If you shoot film just swing by a Monitor meeting and I'll scan them and return them in a few days. Any questions, comments, or submissions: email me at monitorphotos@gmail.com -Jon



Amanda Hackney



Dumpster diving filled with untold joys

feature by >> Go Roke!

Warning: This article was written by a white boy with entirely too much time on his hands and a clean police record. Results of experimentation most certainly have cultural variables that will fluctuate accordingly to the experimentalist in question. The consequences for breaking the law and engaging in behavior outside traditional social parameters are directly affected by one's race, gender, age, class and culture, hence the relevance of this information about the author as a prelude to the article itself.

Nothing compares to the feeling of elation, of burdens being lifted and constraints escaped, that I feel when I slide that lid back and hop inside a dumpster stocked with possibility, when the mountains of trash produced by this filthy society cease being mere refuse and become *materials*. In the immediate world of survival and resistance to the pressures of daily life, dumpster diving becomes an expression of tact and savvy. It is pure evasion. Everything that sucks about Capitalism is usurped when the late night dumpster diver finds her score. Loss becomes gain. Despair becomes hope.

Tact and Tactics:

The first objective is to find out who in your town is wasteful. Unfortunately the most obvious answers are also the ones so absorbed in the process of consumption that they have already put too much thought into waste management for post-commercial subversion. Such behemoths of refuse as Wal-Mart and Hy-Vee, for example have self-contained trash compactors with no external access that can be achieved with any means short of a dump truck. Even so, Commercial Dumpstering in Kirksville is ripe for opportunities and creative tactical employment.

As Kirksville is a college town, the second most profitable source of free second hand products are the students themselves. College kids throw out more useful garbage than any other class of people on earth, especially at the end of the semester. Near the end of spring, Kirksville becomes saturated with scavengers of all kinds. A fellowship exists among us; but there are no rules, no traditions in this game of find-to-keep. Some Secrets are shared, others we will take to our grave. It is not only a question of where but also of when.

Successful dumpster diving involves precision timing, especially when it comes to frozen goods and other perishable items. There is a story that tells of a storm that hit this town once, cutting the power for a couple of days. Many businesses were throwing out their frozen goods because their freezers were failing. This constituted an opportune moment for the dumpster diver to access otherwise unheard of finds. Two "friends" were able to dumpster 10 pizzas, 5 apple pies, 12 packages of morn-

ing star vegetarian corn dogs, 6 boxes of Boca burgers, 16 quarts of almond bark tofutti, not to mention 13 back issues of *Seventeen* magazine (so that the two "friends" could improve their hither to non-existent love-lives). While such an expedition can take three and a half hours and six trips on foot to the dumpster, such a bounty could feed two such "friends" for weeks.

Psychological Effects:

Among other things, dumpster diving is a powerful anti-depressant. In the middle of one desperate night, I left the house in disgust to go for a walk and try to clear my head. I was listening to Black Sabbath and grumbling to myself when I ran into a friend on Washington Street. On a whim I mentioned, "Hey! Wanna get shit out of the trash?" She had never been dumpstering before but thought it sounded fun. We left the world of despair for the back alleys of the square. In the end we walked away with half a cheese pizza, a bag of potato chips, 3 cookies, a couple of raunchy magazines, and flowers, oh my God the flowers! We took them back to her apartment and made a bouquet on the back porch. It was so romantic I felt like holding hands or kissing or something just to get caught up in the moment, but of course I didn't...

While we were behind the florist sifting through scraps, a KPD officer pulled by the entrance to the ally and shined his light on us. "What are you two doing?" he asked. For a minute I thought about using the tried and true, never failed escape of declaring myself an art student looking for found objects that exemplify the plight of post-consumer reproduction from a post-modern critique (I have no idea what these words mean, but neither would the officer, except that I was in someway related to the university and involved in a potentially university related activity.) Instead, swept up in the beauty of the dumpstered roses and tulips, I sauntered over to the enemy and offered him a carnation. He refused. "I am allergic to flowers" was his response. His eyes never met mine and his hands never left the steering wheel. We gathered our flowers and left the scene; it was obvious to all what had just transpired.

On the other hand, Dumpstering can at times be risky for the recovering bourgeoisie. Once I was climbing out of a dumpster behind a now defunct bagel shop, drooling and giggling at my good fortunes, when a shop attendant came out the back door to throw away some unused dough. She looked at me, and I looked at her and then we both looked at the huge bag of bagels I was totting over my shoulder like Santa Clause, "I... Ughh..." started to explain, but before I got another word out she turned and went back in the door of the store. She had looked so appalled I felt really weird. I don't think it would have bothered me that much except

that I recognized one of them to be the little sister of a kid that I was in drug treatment with a number of years earlier. I tried to shrug it off and set about my way, but before I could make a clean break she reemerged from the door with a bag of fresh onion bagels to give me. "Um, thanks" I said. I don't think she recognized me.

Sustainability:

I try not to be noticed in my nightly escapades, but war is war. In my experience it always serves the dumpster diver best to go unseen. I usually make my rounds after store hours and try to pick up around the dumpster to leave it cleaner than when I found it. However, sometimes when store owners find out folks have getting for free what they are attempting to profit off of, they get hostile. When push comes to shove, I say it is time to fight back. The most usual response will be the chain and padlock defense. This can boldly be confronted with a pair of bolt cutters, but I have found greater sustainability in playing along with the owner's delusional fantasies. Picking locks is way easier than it at first seems. MIT has a website that is very helpful and informative on the subject. I highly recommend learning the "raking" technique, as it is both fast and easy. If the owner attempts any additionally decivious defense tactics such as pouring bleach on the food items or scattering rat poison, then in addition, locks, super glue, wheat paste, manifestos, and death threats are all weapons that have potentially creative applications.

Superstitions:

First and foremost: never be afraid to get inside the dumpster. The dumpster gods do not like window shoppers of the feint of stomach. Secondly: If a dumpster appears fruitless, do not assume it always to be so. The dumpster gods smile upon those who show persistence. Thirdly:

Only you can decide what you are willing to take or eat. If you think something looks good enough to eat and doesn't smell of bleach, than eat it. DON'T TAKE NO SHIT FROM NOBODY FOR LIVING YOUR LIFE FOR YOURSELF.

Warnings:

Some dumpster divers have had a problem with scabies in regards to dumpstered mattresses. Scabies are little bugs that get in your skin and try to eat you. Plastic sheets underneath bed sheets can defend against this, but be careful.

Rat Poison. Much more common in big cities, employees may scatter various poisons over the contents of the dumpster for any number of reasons. The only place in Kirksville this has ever happened to me is the Salvation Army. Apparently enacting homophobic policies just didn't make this organization big enough assholes.

Dumpster juice. Chances are that it won't kill you to stand in, but sometimes you just don't need to dig in any deeper.

Scavenging:

Trash picking is a fine art. It takes experience and intelligence to cultivate your skill. There is something that changes in the mind of a scavenger as she becomes an expert, something strange and hard to define. Where others see garbage, she sees opportunity. Where others see junk, she sees valuable resources. There is a moment in the life of every serious dumpster diver when we realize that our hands and feet have super powers and are capable of incredible things, if they are in the right place at the right time. It is a mastery of the resources at hand that gives the scavenger her power. To the extent that she can match her wild imagination with the sea of trash before her, is the extent to which the dumpster diver can realize the true possibilities hidden from the rest of society, hidden in the trash.

You think *YOU* have it bad?

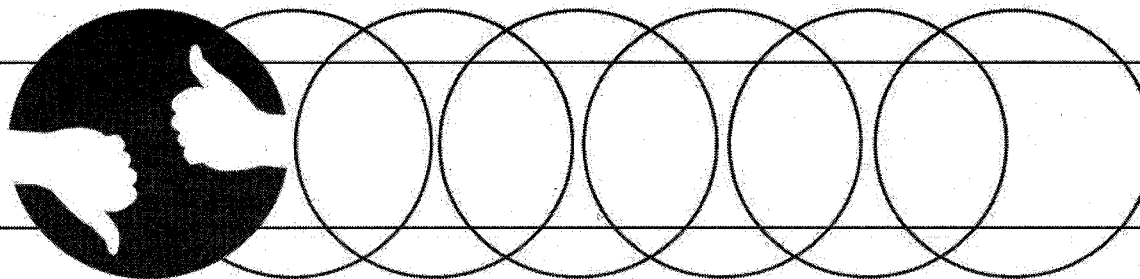
feature by >> Jennifer Neiman

While you're worrying about classes, money, relationships, the future, and all those superfluous material possessions, you could be...(dramatic music) Duh Duh Dunnnnnnn! A sign post...

Another fucking lost dog! That's the fourth one this week! Gee, pup, ever hear of an electric fence? Maybe I could arrange a meeting! And oh, look - little Tiffany's turning 12! La dee freakin' da! You know, Mom, I'm gonna have these tacks in me 'til the end of time. Woody across the street gets almost no atten-

tion-why do I have to catch all the shit? I've got enough rummage sale signs to cover Rhode Island! Just because I'm on Main Street doesn't mean I have no dignity and that I'm just a run-of-the-mill telephone pole. Show some respect! I mean I'm still an upstanding citizen of Kirksville. Ugh, I've still got that nasty duct tape from that barbeque sign last month. And all these garage sale signs, so tacky! Today I'm forced to bear another message - Hmmm...What's this? The Red Cross needs your help? Hurricane Victims? Many are left with nothing but the clothes on their back... Hell, maybe my life isn't so bad after all... Whoa there, Mustang! Getting a little too close for comfort! Does he see me at all? Man, people drive like maniacs. I tell you he's coming this close to hitting me. What an idiot! He'd better watch-CRASH-BOOM-SPLIT-SMASH.

Next time: The Life of a Bathroom Stall



Tech N9ne offers uniqueness, skill

reviews by >> Ben Dansby

Tech N9ne - Absolute Power



After being dropped from his label following the disappointing response to 2001's *Anghellic*, Tech N9ne, the maniacal, red-haired rapper from Kansas City, MO, came roaring back the next year with *Absolute Power*, the closest thing Nina has had to a breakthrough in his decade and a half in the game. The album's title is most apt, as this record practically screams with energy, emotion, and anger.

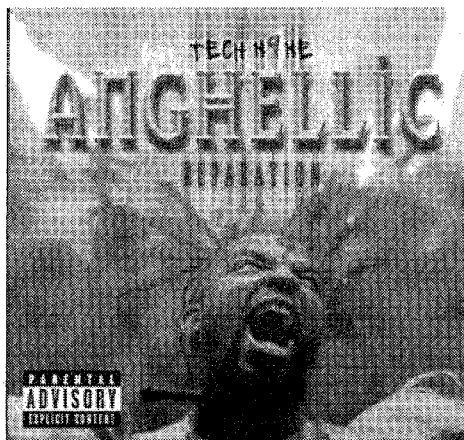
Following the obligatory intro, Tech kicks things immediately into high gear with "Industry is Punks," a scathing attack on the complacency and hostility of the rap industry in appreciating true talent. Tech N9ne immediately quells doubts (if there were any) about his skills on the mic with a constant, mile-a-minute flow that never lets up. But the Kansas City rapper isn't all about speed, which he proves on tracks like "Slither," where T9 flows like molasses over a kinky downtempo beat.

Throughout the album, Tech impresses with his rapping ability, as on "Imma Tell," where he goes back and forth between a mid-tempo bravado chant and a lightning-fast chatter every verse. *Absolute Power* is filled with enormous sing-along choruses that just beg to be blared out the open windows of your sweet ride of choice. Some underground heads may see this as an attempt to appeal to the mainstream, and maybe it is, but the hooks are delivered so well and fit so well with the songs that it is hard to complain. The beats too are bump-worthy, never getting in the way of Tecca Nina's amazing voice, but always perfectly complementing the tracks and setting their mood.

Lyricaly, Tech N9ne runs the gamut on *Absolute Power*, from vitriolic attacks on the music industry, to tales of lust and violence, to ruminations on his personal demons, to crunk anthems of gangstahood. Whatever he's talking about, Tech says it with a wit, humor, and intelligence that most rappers don't even dream about. *Absolute Power* is a triumph of the rap genre, and shines with quality

and craftsmanship in all its aspects. This oddball MC from the Midwest can teach a thing or four about what hip-hop is all about to his peers in the West, East, and South.

Tech N9ne - Anghellic



In contrast to *Absolute Power*, Tech N9ne's nationwide debut is much more of an "underground" experience. Not that *Power* isn't weird or unique, but *Anghellic* has a noticeably lessened finish to it. The lyrics are stranger, the beats are woozier, the album is altogether more twisted, which coincidentally, is the title of the closing track on the album. "Stamina" is a 16-second near-a cappella track where Tech ironically shows not his stamina but his speed as he hits the listener over the dome with a rapid-fire onslaught that must be heard to be believed. "Einstein" rocks with an almost hypnotic vibe that makes violent and arrhythmic head-banging a necessity. Tech goes where few rappers dare tread with "Suicide Letters," a song whose title is quite self-explanatory.

Nina delves into the disturbed portion of his consciousness with shocking regularity on *Anghellic*, with "Tormented," "Cursed," "Suicide Letters," "God Complex," "Going Bad," and "Twisted" showcasing Tech N9ne's very real emotional struggles. He even has a song about the failure of a marriage on "This Ring." What makes these songs so shocking isn't so much their content (pick up any grunge album and you'll hear worse), but the fact that they're coming from a rapper. The tormented MC is a creature rarely heard from and even more rarely yet outside the underground. It's really not surprising that this album was received so poorly by rap audiences upon its release. It's a strange, shocking rap album that mainstream audiences simply aren't going to embrace. Which is exactly why it's incredible. *Anghellic* is the work of a man concerned with his craft first and any other considerations second. *Anghellic* is dark, deep, dizzying, and damned good.

Brief, spontaneous party fully satisfies

review by >> Tim Linn

On September 14th I attended a party at 511 N. Florence. Actually, to be more accurate, I happened upon a party at said address. I walked in the door, expecting to see homework being done and perhaps food being made. I got much more than I bargained for. Food was being made, bought at Hy-Vee by party-meister Chris. Among the items bought were: Tater tots, a frozen pizza, and a hearty apple pie. Though there had been some alcoholic consumption that night, most of the atmosphere was through some sort of "contact high" acknowledged by all attending.

Speaking of which, attendance was a bit sparse on this particular night. Fortunately, this did not deter party goers, who made up for the remaining space with general craziness. One gentleman decided to throw things at the wall and break them.

At some point, the music began. The soundtrack was very experimental, with two stereos at one point playing both Slayer and Danzig, in an effort to simulate conditions in the film *Wild at Heart*. The soundtrack continued to evolve throughout the night, growing to include party classics such as Kiss and the Stooges.

By the end of the night (a blistering half an hour or so later), party goers were walking around with pots full of tater tots smothered in barbecue sauce, wearing Willy Nelson on their heads (long story), passed out, or doing dishes. The music was more subdued now (David Byrne and Brian Eno's *My Life in the Bush of Ghosts*). Was it a barn-burner (whatever that means)? Maybe not. But it was a solid half hour of partying that would satisfy anyone looking for a good time.

I highly recommend this party, and I feel as though future parties at this same venue will continue to be as rewarding.

When Wilco hits streets of Columbia, rock and roll lives... sort of

review by >> Emily Randall

I found out last week that the lead singer of Wilco looks that guy Bruce from *The Kids in the Hall*.

Wilco played last Wednesday outside the Blue Note in Columbia as a part of the summer concert series. The band sounded good, despite my having realized that they really are better as background music than as the central focal point at a show, and despite the fact that the opening band was boring. What was really more interesting than the music was the setting of the show.

It was pretty cool that the one block's length of Ninth St. in front of the Blue Note was blocked off for this show, but it also had that old uncomfortable amusement park feeling - trapped on a dirty street surrounded by a crowd of overly-excited people.

The crowd was one of the most diverse I have seen in a while. You had your few Kirksville kids, typical Columbia hipsters, aging hippies, sorority girls, 14-year-olds getting suckered into buying overpriced tees, yuppies, and an abundance of hugging couples. What exactly is it about Columbia that makes people think it is okay to make out in the middle of a crowd?

One of the strangest sights I saw was a hippie couple: him in the cliché tie-dyed shirt and shoes made of ropes, her in a sparkling purple skirt. They were doing the close-eyed, swaying, acid-trip

dance totally inappropriately during the opening band.

One of the cutest things I saw was a forty-something couple with their middle-school aged son rocking out together. Wilco would play a new song, and the mother and son would look at each other enthusiastically, both knowing which track it was by the first chords.

Despite the few enjoyable sights, the crowd was basically full of idiots, which is to be expected at a show that size. A group of recent MU graduates with the biggest heads I have ever seen managed to stand directly in front of me. They managed to spill beer all over my feet and drunkenly demand to know whether I "like" or "love" Wilco.

A group of deeply illusioned people held up a huge sign reading "rock and roll lives." My friends and I just smiled at this. Wilco is a pretty cool group, but they were acting like a glorified jam band. I do not believe they are the saviors of rock and roll.

To conclude, the show was not that fun, but then again, fun is illegal in Columbia.

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MY BACK PAGES.

"more ways than 6"

Dig if you will the picture--of you and I engaged in a kiss. The sweat of your body covers me. Can u picture this my darling? An ocean of violetes engulf our persons. A bird screams. At 1st I think its u And u thought it was me. O, if only violetes could talk. Insecurities. Do u know who u are? Then it doesn't matter who screamed 1st. Did it matter who ate the apple 1st? The end result was negative. Can u pass me the pepper? Why because u told me salt was bad 4 me. I thought u liked eggs. I thought u liked me. Well, eggs are the only thing I can make besides a baby. Why do you look at me like that? What are u thinking? I know u better than u think I do. There's this purple suspicion that lurks in the anals of my mind that u and I are alike in more ways than 6. Can u relate? Oh yeah? Than what's the difference between a beautiful man and an ugly man with money? Nothing--As far as you're concerned. Do you still want 2 spend the night? Good. Come on. U said u would wash my hair. Shall we go swimming 1st? U can't swim. Wonderful. I'll teach u. "I'll teach u 2 swim, I'll teach u 2 try, I'll teach u 2 laugh, but not 2 cry. I'll teach u 2 trust me when u think I lie, I'll teach u 2 love me until we die." It's from a song I wrote. Do u believe that? U do? Well, I lied. I just made it up. Pretty good, huh. It's not nice 2 lie. I think we're on the right track. Shall I wash u 1st or shall u wash me?

- Harry Burson and Ethan DeCota

A Kirksville Saturday Night

bird legs, slutty skirts
voice messages to forget
drunk dialing whore



walk straight, girl, aim true!
your dormitory awaits
your drunken good night

-Holly Rudolph

My hands reek of day-old dish water
And the SERVANTS SMELL LIKE LAVENDER & grapes.

After all, poison is the God of trolls
And your God is poison to my soul.
God, what god do you know, beast?
The God of a million ants, a trillion mushrooms.
And I vowed to never again try my luck
For, as the poets say, death is beauty, beauty death

FUCK THE POETS!

Who wrote this in the first place!

-Sam Pounders, Emma Williams, Christian Muckerman, Tim Linn, Keith Watson

YOU KNOW I DO NOT
HAVE TIME TO NOT EAT DINNER
IN THE LIBRARY.
-SEA

closet self-portrait

me w/ stuffy nose premature
ejaculation American
leaving Jen alone in bed
to write I wonder
if she's sleeping now;
me w/ cut up legs bleeding
gums student
chainsmoking until dawn
for what I wonder;
me w/ dirty mattress ingrown
toenails Buddhist
notebooks filled w/ Marx & Ginsberg I
wonder
if it's their voices I hear
when walking silent across machine
Kirksville,
when coughing marijuana overload,
when drunk screaming, when laughing.

-Asbury Townsend

A Communiqué from the Wasted Youth of America

That white skin and dick dankling between your legs
Attempt to exert their authority over every thought and desire
That doesn't fit in your "God I wish this night would end,
so I can go home and Masturbate myself into a coma" Job description.
Tell me my rights asshole.
And watch me jump over that scrawny ass skippin' rope you keep swinging around,
But whether you call it your whip,
Or choke it up stiff,
It still won't make our behavior any less embarrassing.
We're way too loaded, sexually frustrated and bored to pretend
like your rules are anything but an another opportunity to prove that nothing fun is legal
and Guys with Authoritative name tags are always the enemy.
If that doesn't sit well with you,
I would suggest that next time you call in the big boys to handle the situation.
Send us to the ever-popular Assitant dean of belittling student affairs.
I got a three page paper with detailed instructions on how to solicit better blow jobs from
minors with his name on it.

Sincerely the sub-committee for the propagation of illicit and deviant affairs

my, my back pages
i think i'll go a little
but then i go far

send it to me!
come on!

ahugemanatee@gmail.com

-annie

Hari om namo Sivoye

Let's all calm down sit down
& smoke a cigarette
& raise our eyes our voices to God
& sing silent prayers
for the third world country that is New Orleans,
for those redeyed on rooftops,
for those in bathrooms with urinefilled condoms
strapped to their legs,
for the starving children on latenight infomercials,
for those replaced by computers,
for the computers who replace them,
for more sex, for less sex,
for those we don't yet know,
for those who rarely dream & awaken confused,
for those who hate the sunrise,
& for those dead in heaven
laughing at it all.

-Asbury Townsend