

ELECTION 1820

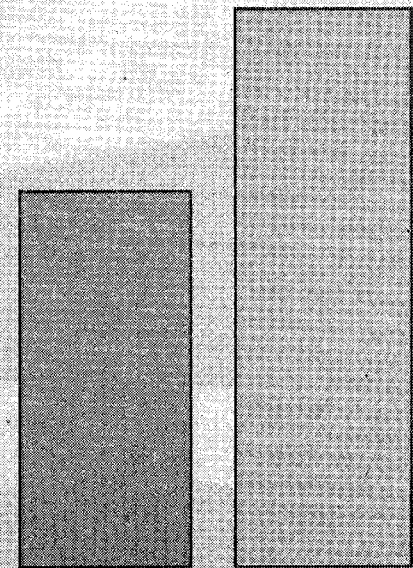
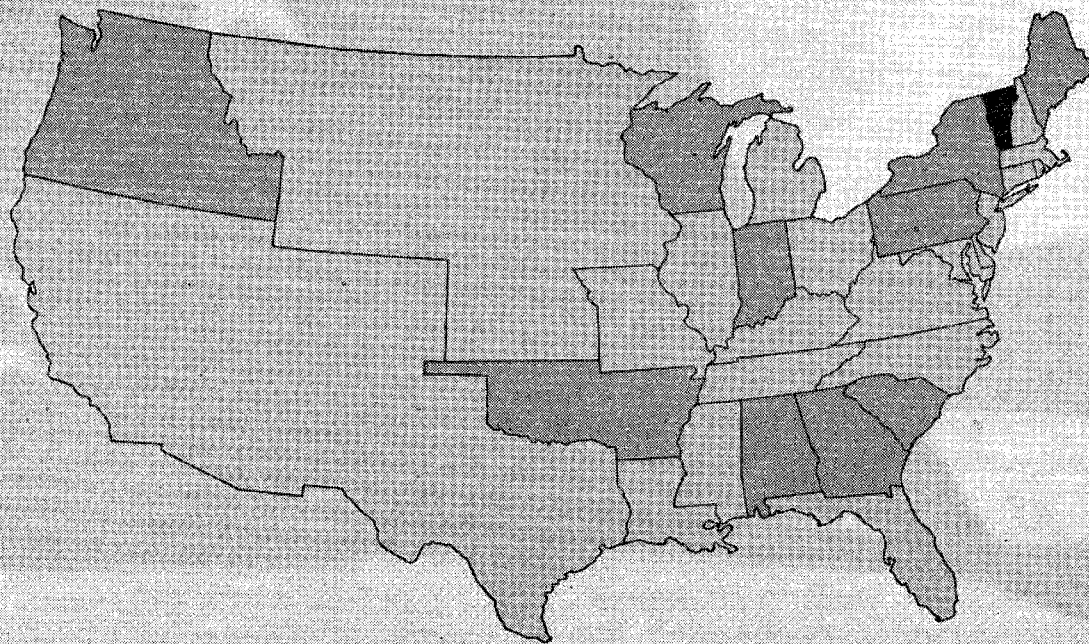
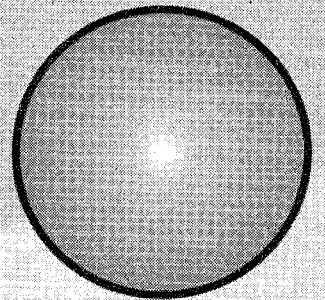
Team Coverage from *The Monitor*, the Worldwide Leader in Electoral Politics Involving Washington Irving



Ichabod Crane

VS.

The Headless Horseman



The Race Heats Up

Source: Gallopin' Hosses
Margin of Error: +/- 10 folks



Crane

Horseman

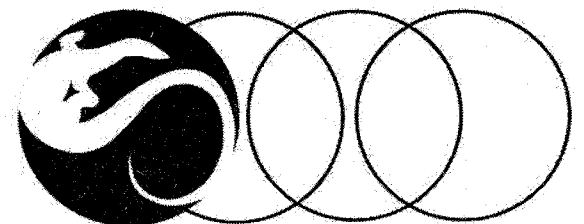


Brom Bones

Inside >>> Our analysts answer the question: who is the more likeable candidate?

PLUS - Brom Bones: could he split the Van Tassel vote?

the monitor.



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The Monitor is published every other Tuesday
meet every Thursday at 9:00 p.m. in BH 312.
writer is responsible for his or her own work.

"Among people who have learned something
the 18th century (say, Voltaire) it is a truism, I
deserving discussion, that the defense of the
of free expression is not restricted to ideas or
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
is, quite obviously, a matter of no significance
--Noam Chomsky

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Editor's Box

This week, the gods were not working with us. Everything just went wrong. The Monitor tower was rendered unusable because of some nasty computer virus or something. Also, Tim's bike broke down. It sucks. However, with perseverance and Szechwan tofu, we actually came out on top, finishing the issue earlier than we EVER have before. How is this possible? I'll tell you.

We, under the guidance of the Great Dansby, moved production over into the Teaching and Learning Center in the library. (Thanks to those people for putting up with our presence.) There, we were actually able to work on multiple computers. It is almost like a real newspaper. Sigh. Ours is a sweet life.

If anyone is wondering what the cryptoquote on page 10 is all about, it is a clue to Ben's comic from the last issue with the box creatures with oval shadows. Very mysterious. It should be noted that Ben did not condone the puzzle taking up all of the page. Sorry about that. We got a weird amount of content: too much for an 8-pager and not enough for a 12-pager. So that was the solution. Deal with it.

Thank you to new contributor Joel Anderson. We are happy to have him with us. And now, we present a graphic-licious issue!

Love,
the editors



Missouri Senator Jim Talent shows off his Halloween costume Sunday at a press conference. He charged Claire McCaskill with planning to dress as a Ninja Turtle.

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THE MONITOR

OPEN SUBMISSIONS

if you're reading this, the monitor wants your submissions. we don't have any official staff of content providers. anyone connected to the university community can send us something and we'll publish it. it's that simple. try it. monitortrm@hotmail.com

NO CENSORSHIP

the monitor doesn't censor submissions. we only edit for spelling, grammar, and clarity. short of libel, if you want to be explicit, profane, or just downright mean, you can. we don't necessarily encourage it, but we'll leave the decision up to you.

NO AGENDA

the monitor isn't pushing any political ideology, religious belief, social theory, or opinion of the university. contributing individuals are free to support or oppose anything they want and we encourage contributions from all perspectives.

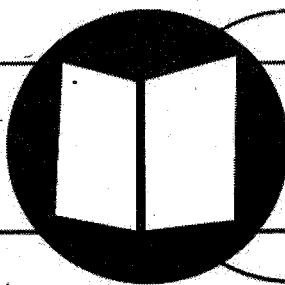
NO RESTRICTIONS

our practical limits of space and printing format are our only restrictions on types of content. we regularly feature things like news, opinions, photos, and comics, but we'll gladly include recipes, manifestos, sketches, and anything else you can come up with.

NO HIERARCHY

we're all in this together. the monitor is put together entirely by whoever volunteers to help out. the people who take on the responsibility of making sure everything gets done are called "editors", but it's a title of appreciation, not authority. if you want to get involved just show up to BH 312 any Thursday at 9pm or send us an email.

MONITORTRM@HOTMAIL.COM



Teacher's revolution in Oaxaca spawns mega march; pr

story by >> Zapata lives!

"Compañeros, the enemy is the State."

A message broadcast on Radio La Ley in Oaxaca, Mexico

On May 21, The Oaxaca Democratic Teachers' Union - Section 22 of the National Union of Education Workers went on strike as part of an ongoing strategy to defend gains and win improvements in education and teachers' salaries. This year, the strike has lasted longer than usual, due to the government's defiance of the teachers' demands. They have therefore maintained their pressure on the government with an unending occupation of the Oaxaca City center - some 40 blocks.

On June 2, Oaxaca Governor Ulises Ruiz gave the teachers an ultimatum, demanding they return to work by June 5, and threatening to dock their pay, sue them for breach of contract and cancel a \$5.2 million dollar package that had been proposed to solve the problem.

The teachers decided to remain on strike. And so they doubled their guard in the city center in preparation for an expected violent intervention on the part of the state.

On June 7, more than 70,000 Oaxacan teachers participated in a mass march in support of the strike, along with teachers from other states, parent associations, students, social organizations, indigenous people, and others. According to the teachers' union, there were a total of 250,000 marchers, making it one of the most important demonstrations in the history of Oaxaca.

At the end of the march, Governor Ruiz was symbolically tried and hung and burned in effigy. The protesters accuse Ruiz of rigging the 2004 election to win office and of using armed gangs against his opponents. The march's main theme was the resignation of Ruiz, but there were also demands for better-quality education, funding and supplies for the most marginalized and poor communities, as well as a pay increase for the teachers, an end to repression directed at education workers, and the liberation of political prisoners.

After refusing to negotiate with the teachers' union, Governor Ruiz sent the state police into Oaxaca City's central plaza to remove the teachers' protest camp with tear gas and police batons. In the early hours of June 14, state police forces brutally and violently attacked the estimated 50,000 people who were occupying streets and the central square of downtown Oaxaca. The police also destroyed the radio equipment of Radio Plantón, a wireless radio station that had been continuously transmitting on the situation of the teachers' movement.

Hundreds were injured in the conflict that resulted, and after a few hours the teachers, supported by outraged local residents, forced the police out of town. They have not been back since.

Government and commercial media, both radio and television, tried to increase social irritation against the teachers. Due to the destruction of Radio Plantón, groups of students and teachers took over Radio Universidad, the station of the Independent University of Oaxaca, and began transmitting minute-by-minute updates on what was happening in the streets of the city. The University itself announced its total support of

"We came out to prove that this city is ungovernable right now,"

- Ruben Villavicencio

the teachers, declaring that the conflict had taken on a widespread social character and inviting the entire society to join the movement.

In response to the police attack and media representation, unions, neighborhood organizations, peasants and indigenous groups have set up a Popular Assembly of the Peoples of Oaxaca (APPO), which has organized several large marches, surrounded state government buildings with protest camps, set up barricades for self-defense, and held public meetings to discuss the current situation, formulate demands, and debate the nature of their emerging social revolution.

In early August the APPO took over the Channel 9 television station which previously belonged to the Oaxaca state government and made several broadcasts until Aug. 21, when heavily armed police shot at people guarding the television antenna, wounding one activist and destroying the transmission equipment.

The tension shot up again in late August when a convoy of armed gunmen opened fire on the protesters' camp outside Radio La Ley, killing 52-year-old Lorenzo Cervantes. From that night on, striking teachers and members of the APPO have built massive barricades across all the streets surrounding the radio station and other strategic points near protest camps around the city.

From September 27 to 30, the first state-wide Assembly of the Peoples of Oaxaca convened and included resolutions for the formalization of a State Assembly of the Peoples of Oaxaca (AEPO). The discussions on how exactly

to form this new assembly are scheduled to take place November 10, 11 and 12 in Oaxaca.

To date, the APPO has been a temporary structure run on an ad hoc basis. The new AEPO body will be made up of delegates chosen by neighborhoods, indigenous villages, social organizations, towns, and municipalities. All these representatives will be chosen in face-to-face participatory meetings.

The prologue to the convocation of the November meetings reads: "This is a movement that acquires a national dimension in its demand for the departure of Governor Ruiz, because he symbolizes repression and assassinations, the embezzlement of funds, corruption, and the misery of hunger; a situation which is lived out not only in Oaxaca, but also across the length and breadth of the country." Additionally the document states that, "the character of the AEPO should be popular, inclusive, democratic, anti-imperialist, anti-fascist and anti-capitalist. All decisions will be made by consensus. All members of the AEPO are equals, with the same rights and the same obligations, independent of creed, sex or social condition."

Many who wondered what will fill the power vacuum if Ruiz leaves have assumed that the lawful installation of another governor would be the answer, with the continuation of the same executive, judicial and legislative powers. Not according to the APPO plan. As the APPO document points out, "The central demand, for the departure of Ulises Ruiz, does not signify a struggle against one person, but against the entire economic and political structure."

Since the beginning of October, there have been mobilizations of troops from the Federal Police, the Army and the Navy as part of preparations for a military intervention. Facing pressure from the federal government, Ruiz attempted to show he is in control of the city by painting over graffiti and reopening several government offices. In response, the protesters blocked highways leading in and out of Oaxaca, occupied more government offices, and seized public buses. "They were wiping away our slogans, so we came out to prove that this city is ungovernable right now," said teacher Ruben Villavicencio, clutching a can of spray paint.

Due to the unrest, a group of Mexican senators who planned to visit the city on a fact-finding mission were forced to cancel their trip. If senators decide Oaxaca's government has lost control, it could lead to Ruiz's ouster by the federal legislature. The teachers have stated that they won't even consider letting police back into the city until Mexico's Senate rules on their main demand for Ruiz's resignation. Ruiz, who is a member of Mexico's conservative party, the PRI,



Protestors rally around the body of Panfilo Hernandez, who was killed during the protests in Oaxaca.

Photo by >> Eduardo Verdugo

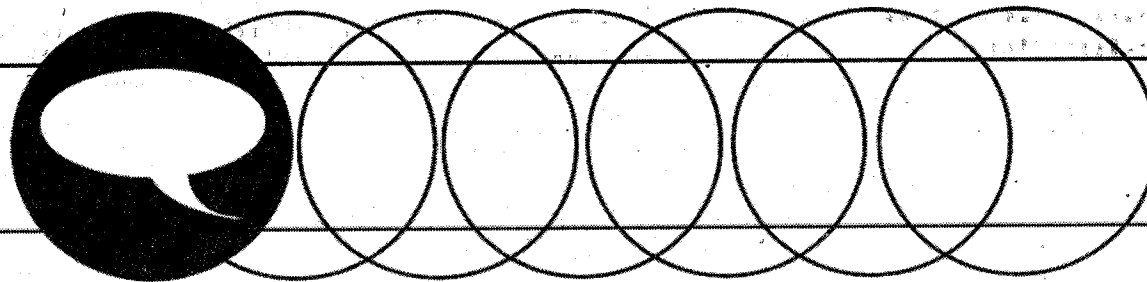
has called for the army to act against the protesters, a request that has so far been denied.

The APPO hopes that with each passing day more of the nation and more of the international community will put a damper on the Mexican Department of the Interior before any federal crackdown begins. Part of their strategy is to publicize a national slogan "If they try to crush Oaxaca, all of Mexico will rise up," in order to establish a political position of total solidarity. The movement has also issued a flyer directed to the police and soldiers with the title: "You should be with the people: don't obey orders for repression."

The opening lines of the most recent statement from the APPO to the people of Oaxaca and the world reads:

"Brothers and Sisters, The federal government is preparing a massacre against the people of Oaxaca. Thousands of military units are already in the state, hundreds of bulldozers have arrived, helicopters, tactical reconnaissance planes, warships, and even a bomber! This is the response from a fascist government to a rebellious and dignified people. They think that in this way they will bring the APPO to its knees, that with this they will scare the people of Oaxaca. They believe they can impose themselves once again, at whatever cost, on a people who have already awakened. They want to put an end to the struggle and resistance of the Oaxacan people in order to implement the economic plans promised to their imperialist bosses.

The APPO responds by declaring that we are ready to give our lives for the sake of democracy for our state, that the dismissal of the tyrant Ulises Ruiz Ortiz is not up for negotiation, and that those in power are now looking to drown the struggle of the Oaxacan People in blood: but may our blood serve to drown the treasonous fascists, and to fertilize democracy for our country. . ."



An independent voice sounds off on censorship practices at Index

opinion by >> Joel Anderson

The Index and I broke up. Like most breakups, it was caused because I found out that the Index just wasn't the paper I thought it was. It has excellent writers, a top-notch layout and design team, and great photographers, but their editorial board leaves something to be desired.

When I was still writing for the Index, I was under the impression that I was an independent voice, hired to espouse an opinion and encourage debate. Always the serious one, my opinions usually ranged from such insightful topics as flying spaghetti monsters to sexy Halloween costumes. However, when I tried to write a column about the plagiarism incident that occurred within the Index ranks, I found out very quickly that my voice wasn't as independent as I thought it was.

After three drafts and two meetings, the editorial board shot down my column saying that it wasn't timely, relevant to the student body nor purposeful and that my claims were unfounded. I'm certain that the fact that all the columnists were initially told that the topic was off limits because the Index wanted to distance itself from the plagiarism incident played no role in their decision not to run the column.

But you know, I can see why they wouldn't want to run it. Even though four other columnists, (one who quit over the issue) told the editorial board that they thought the column should run, the editorial board ran a much more relevant column about photo collages instead.

My column met all the previous criteria, and whoever the Index hires to replace Chris Mathews and me should use it as a template for all their future endeavors. I know I'm go-

ing to keep a copy of it by my desk. I plan on using it as a bookmark for Chicken Soup for the Writer's Soul, and whenever I feel like I'm losing purpose as I columnist, I'll turn to it for guidance and inspiration. Either that or I'll use it to stab myself in the eye, whichever seems less painful.

Sarcasm aside, the main point I was trying to make in the column about plagiarism was that you have a right as a reader to be cautious. To quote the article that never ran:

"For some time, the Index should be under scrutiny. It should be under scrutiny not only from the community, but from the staff as well. A plagiarism incident can be permanently devastating to the reputation and credibility if not properly handled. Not only must the Index prevent this from happening again, but they must also strike that fine balance between trusting its writers and checking up on them too."

I stand by my previous statement that you have a right to be cautious, and in light of these most recent events, perhaps more so. The column I wrote about plagiarism is fairly ironic now, and given the circumstances, I can't help but chuckle a little bit when I read it.

Even though the Index and I broke up, I hope we can still be friends. Maybe I'll write a letter to the editor from time to time, but the days of being in a committed columnists relationship are over. I've found another paper on campus that is more sensitive to the ideals of the First Amendment.

Also, to quote the great Ben Folds, "Give me back my black t-shirt."

Milestone birthday has more significance than just boozing

opinion by >> Joey Puricelli

October 12, 2006. For some of you, it was Drinking Day, with midterm break beginning the next morning. For others, it was Sleeping Day, for much the same reason. For still others, it's Columbus Day (the REAL Columbus Day, not just the closest Monday), a celebration of Italian pride courtesy of Spanish money. In the Puricelli household, however, the twelfth of the tenth is Joey Day.

That's right; your J-MAN has just turned

21, an occasion celebrated by a parade through the Hill in St. Louis (okay, the parade is for Columbus Day, but I'm Italian, so it counts). And with this newly-attained age come newly-attained fringe benefits.

First of all—and I'd like to thank Robin for pointing this one out—I can now rent a car. This means no more being stranded somewhere if I have to go a long distance for some emergency reason. If ever a car needs renting, lo & behold, I can rent it, and being one of the

Fair trade not perfect, but it the best plan for the future

opinion by >> Rachel Hogan

The last issue of the Monitor featured an article by Ian Florida titled, "Fair trade hurts those it seeks to help." In this opinion piece, Florida argues that fair trade rigs the market and creates increased competition among poor nations to appeal to the fair trade standards. He calls it a surface attempt to encourage equality in the markets, but beneath the surface, he argues, it falls flat. While Florida raises some valid concerns to the effects of competition in developing countries, his overall view of fair trade is incomplete.

In our existing paradigm of free trade, the wealthy, who already have the most market access, will continue to perpetuate a system that increases their personal profits. Promoted and enforced by the World Trade Organization, free trade lowers the barriers to profit for large companies. When these companies gain access to the labor forces and resources of poorer countries, market enthusiasts contend that everyone involved benefits. Yet, the classic "a rising tide lifts all boats" rationale overlooks the extent to which each party benefits.

Free trade has indeed resulted in overall increase in welfare, as countries with previously high unemployment rates boast more opportunities and thus, higher standard of living, by some definitions. These definitions neglect the social, environmental, and long-term consequences of letting corporations filter into developing nations. These corporations have no incentive to consider the interests of the laborers nor are they compelled to minimize damage to the surrounding biotic community.

By allowing the market forces to operate with no moral input or consideration for environmental well-being, we lock our world into a system of inequality and severe inequities in

the distribution of harms generated by corporate practices. The impoverished areas of the world will sink lower into their poverty. The environmentally degraded land will bear more and more of the burden of unsafe practices. What the WTO and agreements like NAFTA enable is an almost irreparable schism between those who suffer and those who profit.

Common sense tells us that when a market opens, it relies on demand to keep it open. In labeling fair trade schemes as inefficient because they exclude some desperate farmers due to the limits of the market's size, one neglects supply-and-demand logic. As a market gains more support with consumers, it is able to offer its promises to more and more producers. What's more is that the Fair Trade alternative market has shown that it's lucrative. As more conventional big business sees a demand from consumers for corporate responsibility, the entire unjust system can begin to be replaced.

Florida states that the countries with the fewest tools will always be excluded. But as the fair trade market has gained support, more countries who offer a greater variety of goods have been integrated. This trend will continue.

Fair trade is one of many alternatives to unethical business. It challenges the great disconnect between consumer and producer. The more visible the conditions of the work force or the environment in which they live, the more likely these conditions will remain healthful and safe. It offers access to tools necessary to emerge from poverty through a healthier work force, price stability, sustainable agricultural practices, and micro-lending practices that invest in the community.

Though in its current manifestation, fair trade is not a sufficient tool to solve poverty, it provides the blueprint for a more fair world.



Conservatives latch onto Canada

opinion by >> Larry Iles

I visited Montreal the first weekend of October, the most recent of well over a half dozen working Canadian trips since 1987, when a mini-bus from outside the Security office car park here on NMSU inaugurated the TSU Laval University exchange program still flourishing. And in real Canadians' encounter en masse, my first contact since I was a teenage short-wave radio CBC-enthusiast in the late sixties when its station identification music was "This is the Age of Aquarius." And ex-Socialist Progressive Liberal Premier Trudeau was defying Nixon by providing sanctuary for your student Vietnam war draft-dodgers in Her Majesty's haven to the North from that futile war.

On the surface, Montreal seemed to have badly changed almost all the progressive things I love. The fabulous bookshops in both the country's official languages were resplendently full with global choice of stock so rare in the culturally impoverished narcissistic U.S. The three big university campus halls were crowded on their noticeboards with political protest calls and meetings to mass resistance (to U.S. imperialism, globalization and sweatshops), and a huge musical and sexual liberation conference of events called the Black and the Blue Festival was pulling in multi-gender tourists from East Coast U.S. to Parisiens and Londoners in beauty-seekers.

But one is a fool if one believed in an immunity of paradise attained from right wing viral nasties thereby! Because, in irony just as it would seem stoical, Americans, as much as we raging progressives might be on the healthy verge of dismissing Bushites like Missouri's talentless Sen. Jim Talent from U.S. congressional control, confronted as we are by failed Iraq/Afghanistan war bills, the sister right wing minority Canadian Conservative Government in Ottawa is craftily attacking the whole basis of such Montreal liberalism as I have been admiring it so thirstily. Indeed, the grant customarily from the Federal Government to the Black and Blue Festival was just without any adequate warning planningly slashed altogether by these

lookalike Talentless Tories. Whilst at almost the exact same instance, their leader Steve Harper announced an unprecedented grant to what he labelled "religious groups". To a supposedly level playing field campaign against the previous Liberal government's recent same-sex couples' union rights legalisation success, despite all opinion polls showing a national all-party majority in favor of this modernisation. If granted, it will not be in Harper's Alberta cowboy province of oil-soaked tycoons!

This blatant homophobic move is not even the beginning to the U.S. admiring Harper's assault, despite no majority mandate whatever, on traditional Canadian liberal left center secular

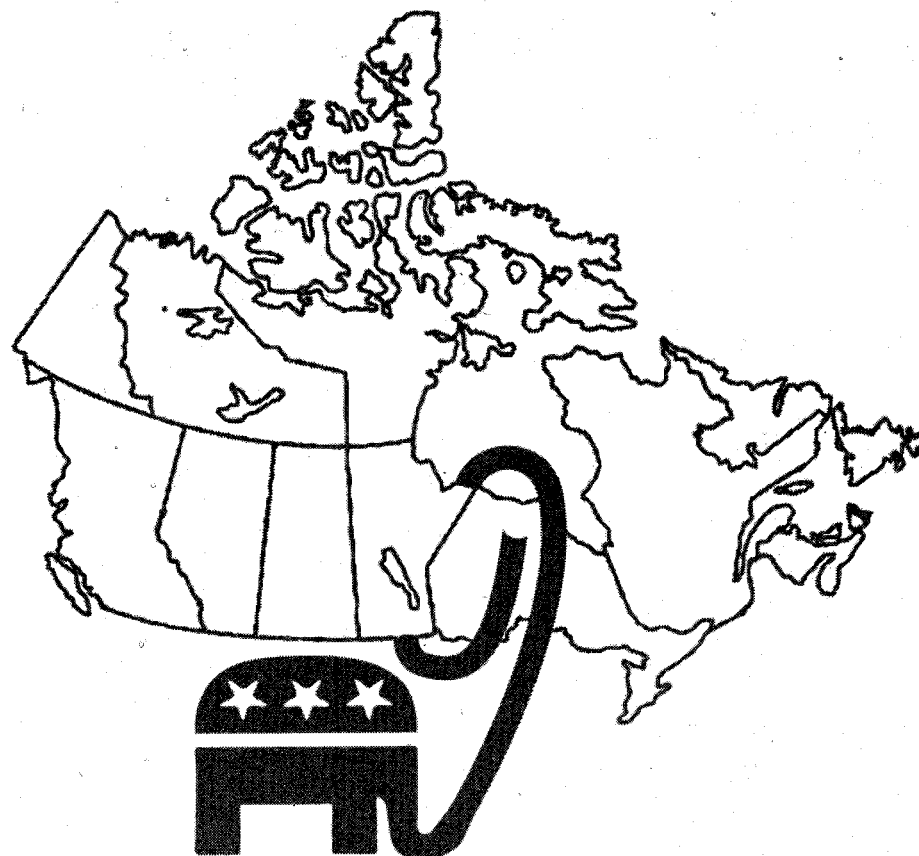
cultural values which Trudeau modernisingly started, in line against those of the female-minister friendly majority United Church and Episcopals who realise the Bible ain't about selective Old Testament bigotries.

Despite the fact that in millions of especially urban votes and poorer provinces than Alberta, his party is outnumbered by a combination of three highly articulate Opposition parties with, in the NDP's case, half its House of Commons members are women. Harper, a former business lobbyist, is hell-bent in his right wing American-aligning agenda. Canadians have suddenly found themselves landed like the Brits with trying to prop up southern Afghanistan by force. This was after, CONCEALED BY THE U.S. PRESS, BUSH ABANDONED IT FOR FEAR OF LOSING CASUALTIES by his alienating "search and destroy the Tal-

iban" misoccupation. The Tories railroaded all this misguided militarism through the Ottawa Commons, after a mere six hour debate. And they took advantage of the cowardice of seventeen Clinton-like frontbench opposition liberals voting with them on "patriotic" flimsy grounds, to narrowly, with less than five votes, authorize the quagmire for three years in nightmare casualties of dead troops, the biggest since WWII, for Canadians.

And Canada's vital lumber export trade went down the tube. So much for the new century good start after Harper negotiated a sell-out to rich U.S. nearby states which were actually more dependent on the Canadians' sawing and other real skills. And he then had the effrontery to present it as a capitalistic free trade good deal. Even though he's only getting this passed, despite international court trade dispute rulings against the U.S., even by Western judges, and because he's managed to persuade Bloc Quebecois normally saner MPS to vote for it. After all, they don't want yet another election as close as last year's was, against a lavishly business financed Tory party, do they?

Well amidst all this gloom, in the vibrant old streets of Montreal, in all its party-going concealment, is there any hope of resistance to Bush's Harper clones? Can Canada stop the Bush takeover of its soil? If Canadians of progressive disposition can so resist, it will be because, in the words of Francophone-born and high school drop-out liberal politician and last Government House Leader Don Bou-dria's grandmother's fear of "HUNGER AND MISERY". Every time in his youth the radio announced such pro-U.S. Tory governments in the past, for their old mill town. In short, Canada's left and center parties have the support still to stop the Bush clones, and in both Trudeau's words and in those of a great Canadian socialist leader, actor Kieffer Sutherland's granddad no less, Tommy Douglas, "the mice" kinda like fighting both the U.S. fat "elephant" and their own rich fat "cat." Anything for a buck. MAYBE FOR ONCE THIS NOVEMBER AMERICANS MIGHT SHOW THEM RESISTANCE OF HOW, EVEN IN MISSOURI, ELECTION OVERTHROW OF BUSH HARPIES DOWN HERE IN REAL REBEL SPIRIT OF 1776 new world reborn, "eh?", as Canadians would say!!



continued from >> page 4

any industry without a special permit of any sort. (If I could just get a job in general, that would be nice.) Not only am I free of the Coogan laws, but I can even bartend without being arrested or move to Nevada and become a male prostitute.

And number four, now I can gamble in any casino in the country. Yup, there's no thrill on earth quite like taking money I don't have and throwing away huge sums of it on games I can't win. It should be our national pastime. Remember, kids, gambling is good for you.

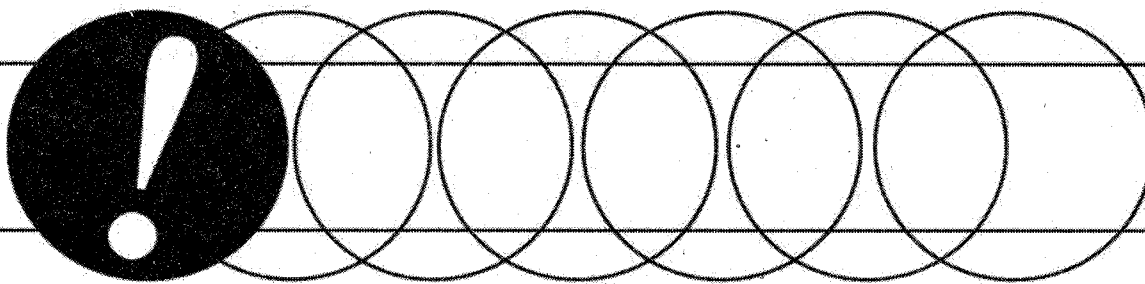
Those are some pretty awesome freedoms, don't you think? Yup, my life is now rife with possibilities now that I've hit the oh-so-vital-and-revolutionary age of 21 years, a.k.a. one-of-those-birthdays-between-when-you-can-vote-and-when-you-graduate-college.

"But Joey," says the inevitable, "what about being able to drink?" Well, alcoholics, I don't like drinking. It's not a religious thing,

and it's not a dietary thing; it's an 'I don't like drinking' thing. Beer smells like urine, wine gives me heartburn, and why would I ever even want anything stronger? I spent my birthday weekend chugging A&W with my family and friends and listening to my present, Weird Al's rendition of *Peter & the Wolf*, a record that I've been looking for since eighth grade. My 21st was memorable not because of any newfound legal rights that ultimately amount to nothing because I could already vote. It was memorable because I can remember every second of it, and the memories are good ones. Now back to the homework sweatshop.



Comic by >> Tim Linn



Wolf Eyes: a primer to the new (not nu) heavy metal

review by >> Tim Linn

Dear 'Metal' James Ginn,

A few weeks ago, it was brought up at one of the weekly Monitor meetings that you, 'Metal' James Ginn, host of the metal show on KTRM, no longer considered heavy metal to be pushing any boundaries, and subsequently abandoned your nickname, as well as your radio show.

This seemed an awfully severe action to me. I mean, to denounce the music you love would mean that you have explored every available option, and yet still come up short.

I dare to present an option to you, James Ginn, which may or may not change your mind about the state of all things heavy: Wolf Eyes.

Wolf Eyes is a group from Ann Arbor, Michigan, who play some of the most punishing sounds in recent memory. Their setup is somewhat unorthodox in metal terms: Nathan Young on vocals, electronics and programming; John Olson on electronics, tapes, and saxophone; and Hair Polices' Mike Connelly on guitar, electronics, metal, and vocals. On paper, this sounds somewhat tame, but either live or in their home studio (the Terror Tank), these elements are manipulated beyond most recognition. The drum machine flutters between the brooding drums of death and the heartbeat of a murderous demon. On the newest Wolf Eyes' release (their second with indie mainstay Sub Pop) Human Animal, the drums of "Rusted Mange" actually do a pretty good impression of a blast beat, and end up sounding like a broken drum and bass record.

But most of what makes the band metal is contained in what is piled on top of that. Nearly everything is caked with delay, furthering the dread on the atmospheric pieces and disorienting the listener on the faster passages. The group is the proud owner of many crappy synths and drum machines, and combine these with



Wolf Eyes is kick-ass.

their own homemade noise machines to create horrorscapes that, it seems to me, would make Satyricon jealous.

The songs are often so thick with these cicada death rhythms that "heavy metal" itself becomes deconstructed and rebirthed as a hulking, steam-punk monster bear.

That being said, it's hard to headbang to a lot of these songs. They frequently move to such a sludgy pace as to be more trance-inducing than movement-inducing upon first listen; however, as your ears become acclimated to the tempos, you'll find yourself swaying uncontrollably, much like a zombie, to the tension-release cycle the band sets up. Songs like "Village Oblivia", from Burned Mind, or "The Driller" from Human Animal, or especially "Dead Hills" from the ep of the same name, absolutely obliterate anything their respective paths with structures that build into driving, positively lead-ridden climaxes that, believe or not, will have you reaching for the back button to listen again (note: do not do this during your metal show. Music directors for radio stations dislike this).

The songs between those are usually build-ups, making the release that much sweeter, although they too have their virtues. The textural experimentation in these pieces often rivals

the grandiose layering of classic black metal albums, albeit done entirely with machines and droning noise, and thus conjure completely different images. Ever wonder what a swamp full of razorblades sounds like? Rationed Rot (also on Human Animal) has got you covered. How bout the sounds of being dead in a boat? Well, Wolf Eyes has a song called, uh, Dead in a Boat. I consider it damn near a public service.

In line with this altruistic approach to the greater good are Wolf Eyes' live shows. Often, the band "plays" their "songs" live, but stretch the cycle of tension and release to create a palpable wall of noise with fervent religiosity. Tape and sax abuser John Olson bought and nearly killed his damn self with a mace club at a show a couple years back. He hit himself in the back of the head, and, bleeding all over his equipment, finished the show.

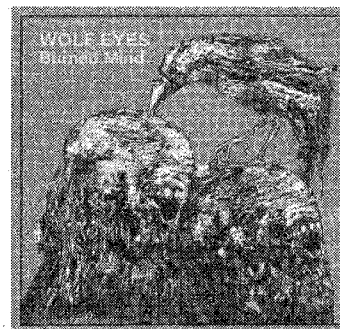
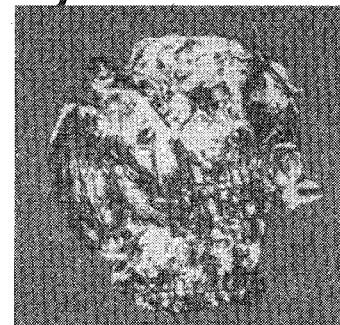
Wolf Eyes is certainly a band worth checking out if you're looking for a redefinition of heaviness. Their discography is unmatched in terms of imagination and near atmospheric perfection. And it's actually kinda scary but can be really beautiful. I mean, I experimented a lot with listening to this band in different scenarios. I listened to "Dead Hills" during a thunderstorm and it easily amplified my perception of it. I listened to it as the soundtrack to "Evil Dead", and it gave the movie that extra little push over the cliff. Wolf Eyes, head to gangrene-afflicted toe, is simply the perfect remedy to a stale metal culture. Please, James, give Wolf Eyes, and the new (not nu) school of metal a chance.

Thank you,

Timothy Linn

Selected Discography:

- Dead Hills. (2002). Troubleman Unlimited.
- Burned Mind. (2004). Sub Pop.
- Human Animal. (2006). Sub Pop.



South African film defies convention

review by >> Christopher Stone

Rotaract Club has yet again demonstrated excellent cinematic tastes by their October 8 showing of "Tsotsi", a South African film that won the 2006 Academy Award for Best Foreign Language Film.

"Tsotsi", which translates roughly into "thug", follows a few turbulent days in the life of a South African gangster who lives in a shantytown outside of Johannesburg. Dark and provocative, the film problematizes the demonization of the main character whose initial portrayal would seem to make him unpardonable. While many of the characters are stereotypically flat—the rich being pure, while

the poor are oftentimes seen as cold, calculating, or simply evil—the *tsotsi* that the film follows seems to float somewhere in between the two extremes.

The film is not overly critical of the South African institutions used throughout; the police, while recognizing their own general incompetence and uselessness, seem just and reasonable throughout the film. The shantytowns and poverty that permeate the film are used principally as scaffolding onto which the characters are



draped and are used more to define the poor characters' contexts than to be critically examined.

The film uses several languages throughout, including Zulu, Xhosa, Afrikaans, and a creole of about five languages which includes English. Afrikaans, some native African languages, and at least one click language. Overall, "Tsotsi" does an excellent job at evoking emotion from the viewer—whether that emotion be shock,

sadness, tenderness, or anything else the film chooses to use.

Three films remain to be shown this semester by Rotaract Club: To Live (China), Water (India), and Joyeux Noël (France). They will be shown on October 28, November 4, and December 2, respectively; all three will start at 6:30 p.m. and will be shown in VH 1010.

Did you know there was a national yo-yo c

story by >> Adam Dorhauer

Yo-yo's are more than child's play.

On October 7, the top yoyo players from around the country gathered in Chico, Ca. for the National Yo-Yo Contest. The competition consisted of a 1-minute preliminary freestyle by each contestant followed by a 3-minute final freestyle by the top preliminary scorers. Players competed in one or more of the five championship divisions, numbered 1A-5A, each of which is explained briefly below.

2006 National Yo-Yo Contest Results

(for complete results, see <http://www.nationalyoyo.org>)

	1A	2A	3A	4A	5A
1	Paul Han	John Ando	Kentaro Kimura	Tsubasa Onishi	Dana Bennet
2	Mark Montgomery	Joseph Harris	Paul Yath	Jake Bullock	Augie Fash
3	Augie Fash	Kentaro Kimura	Grant Johnson	Jeff Coons	Jake Bullock

1A is the most common style. It consists of the player manipulating one yoyo attached to a string which is tied to the hand.

2A consists of two handed looping tricks. These freestyles are fast, and unlike other styles, they involve very responsive yoyos and almost no interaction between the string and the gap of the yoyo.

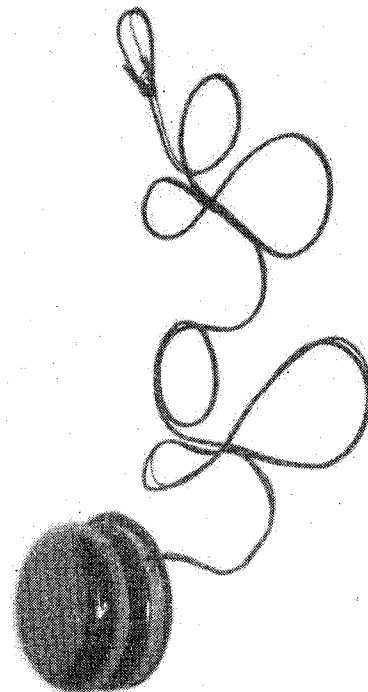
3A also consists of two-handed play, but unlike 2A, unresponsive yoyos are usually used and instead of looping tricks, string tricks

are performed. This division is basically the same as 1A with two yoyos.

4A, also known as offstring, consists of throwing a yoyo that is not attached to the string. Oversized yoyos are usually used to make catching the yoyo on the string easier.

5A, also known as freehand or counterweight, consists of a yoyo attached to a string with a counterweight attached to the other end instead of being attached to the player's hand. Sometimes a second counterweight that can slide freely along the string is used.

Video footage of many of the free-styles can be seen on yoyoing.com/videos or on Youtube.

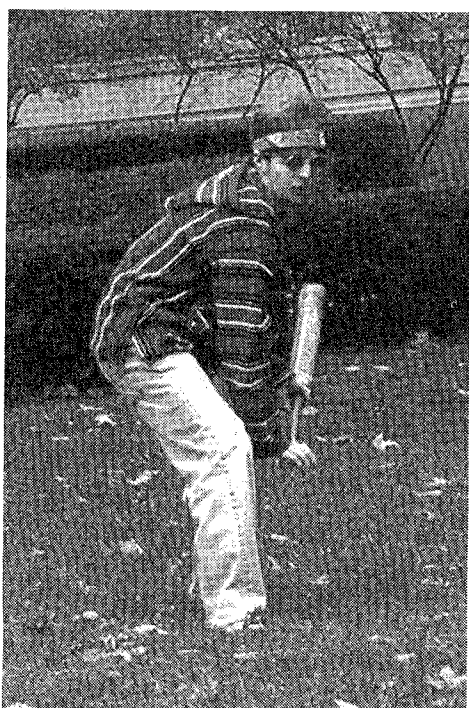


Club proclaims, 'swords, the good kind of s-words!'

story by >> Teresa Kerhawy

You are a boy/girl/professor in a light blue shirt, biking unassumingly across the quad. Suddenly from across the lawn, a seemingly crazed, springy young man lacking a shirt barely misses offing you in an attempt to assault another poised fighter with his duct-taped "sword."

What is going on? This is Truman. This is the 21st century. We're supposed to be civilized.



Ryan Littleton can hurt you with his killer combo of sunglasses and a sword.

These young hooligans are actually members of the Historic Swordsmanship Club, a small yet ostensible collective that frequently spars on Truman's campus. Founded by Colin Ellis two years ago, the club is more business and less nonsense than is apparent to the ignorant viewer.

Meetings begin in Violette Hall before members of Historic Swordsmanship regroup on the quad or in front of McClain for sword-play and instruction. Colin Ellis, the club's founder instructs members on various styles of swordplay, using two highly reputed books in the discipline, The Book of Five Rings and Treatise on Defense. He also has other more obscure sources to supplement this curriculum.

Anything from various styles and weapons can be discussed at each member's prerogative, but most time in the club is spent learning balance, footing, sword handling. The club's weapon of choice, a "boffer" or "boffer sword" is made mostly of PVC pipe and insulation. This type of weapon is a standard for the discipline, but the specific one used by Historic Swordsman is the product of numerous innovations.

Drills using balls, ropes, and cones help participants hone their skills while sparring gives members the chance to learn in a physically demanding environment and gain instruction from Ellis.

In terms of off-campus opportunities, there is not much reception to this discipline in the U.S. The closest off-campus event occurs in Kansas, thus, the club remains largely active within the confines of Truman's campus. Further, Ellis notes "we do not bring in real weapons due to university policy." However, he furnishes a summer camp in which participants are given the opportunity to handle actual weapons.

The club itself is made up of a variety of people with a variety of interests and majors. While watching them practice, discussion of yoga, Tibetan Buddhism, and anime were heard, suggesting perhaps a common interest. But one can't be sure.

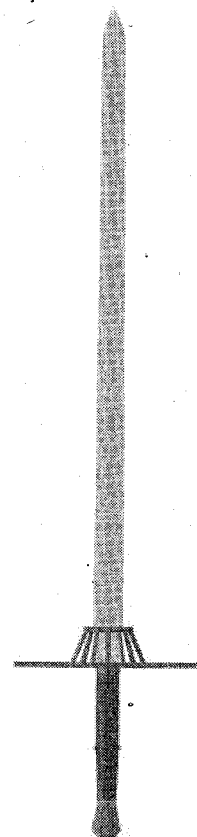


Zachary Zamora stalks innocent passersby in a tree on the quad.

There is much athletic talk, instruction from Colin, and comments from spectating members regarding style and safety. Both of these elements are important to this club in which each member ultimately develops a unique physicality. For instance, take Ryan, the springy man, or Matt, the lanky man who often churns his legs behind him like a speed-skater. Most notable is Colin, whose style has been evolving for seven years now. He uses his body as if he were more of a ballerina and less of a fighter. Each swordsman strikes a distinct pose at the beginning of the match.

There are also a few swordswomen, although they are admittedly less common, making up only about 25% of the club. Nonetheless, a few women come and spar or at least watch and gain instruction. When asked if they considered this activity a sport, club members said no. While some members are athletic, none describe themselves as athletes. As Ryan, an ex-wrestler, stated "I don't like getting yelled at by coaches. That sucked pretty bad in high-school."

No doubt this club has character.





JERRY JONES



ERIN GIVARZ



SUBMIT IF YOU DARE

m o n i t o r p h o t o s @ g m a i l . c o m

PHIL JARRETT

Chris Lindley

MURDER BLOOD MURDER BLOOD MURDER BLOOD MURDER BLOOD MURDER BLOOD

Semi-Weekly CryptoQuote, by Ben Dansby

DB ' N

XSPHB

XUDADNA.

PO DN DB?

To uncover the meaning of last semi-week's cartoon, solve the CryptoQuote

Help

Example: AXYDLXD
is JOHNSON

One letter stands for another. In this sample, X is used for the two O's, D for the two N's, etc. Single letters, apostrophes, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each week the code letters are different.

Mad Chad astonishingly rad

story by >> Emily Randall

Even though he only juggled three chainsaws (the SAB fliers showed four airborne saws), Mad Chad amazed the crowd.

The comedian-juggler performed as the family day act, delighting both students and their families. He performed such stunts as juggling tasers, juggling atop a six-foot unicycle, and at one point simultaneously juggling an egg, a shot-put and a Baldwin auditorium theatre seat.

In that stunt, Mad Chad asked the audience to produce the third item. While much of the crowd cheered for him to juggle a tampon, the seat won for its obvious level of difficulty. He struggled, guessing the seat weighed around 30 pounds, and only managed to get in one toss before giving up. Mad Chad said it is actually extremely rare for an audience to suggest tampons, despite the fact that it is probably one of the most common items people have with them at a presentation.

At one point in the show, the funny-man feigned dropping a dozen eggs on an audience member, showing that he does not in fact juggle real eggs, adding to the comedy of the act. When asked if he performed with fake eggs for any political reasons, the performer denied being a vegan.

"[I juggle fake eggs] because I got sick of them breaking and making a mess," Mad Chad said.

The taser feat was one of the most harrowing for the audience. Gasps rang through the room as he flung three of them through the air, describing the pain and debilitation he would incur if he were to be touched with one. Mad Chad has only once injured himself with this act, back when he was first learning it.

"It is quite a jolt," he said. "It hits you right in the heart."

Of course, as promised, the daredevil's grand finale was to juggle three chainsaws, followed by a chainsaw with two other items atop a skateboard balanced on a ball. It is hard to say whether the chainsaws actually had blades, but they most definitely were running, as was evidenced by the gas that filled the auditorium.



Don't try this at home? Hell, I say give it a whirl, kids!

Short Stories is Stories Short is Shorties Store.

Write a short story (≥1000 words).

Win plenty of cashola (= \$50).

monitortrm@hotmail.com

Bloody Gums by FKRC

Allen Ginsberg
came to me
in a dream
last nite.

He mocked what he
percieved to be my
Obsession with
Literature.

I suggested he
read A Tree
↳ Grows in Brooklyn.
Why? I don't know.
I've never even
read it.

He wasn't happy
being in my dream,
he treated me with
disdain.

My Back Pages...

I don't understand why the most important issue for people isn't the destruction of the planet
I mean
What is more important than that?

-Ben Dansby

Blanketc.

Crystallized
Hexagonal
Mesh:
Shine forth! Light of misty snow:
Project yonder!
Yours are mine,
Mine be yours;
Beauty comes forward,
I'll take the tour

Friction

Sliding down a rocky hill,
So conscious of
The friction,
Between me and
The Earth

Southern

Nobody mooched upward,
Simple jettison onward
Nuance after Nuance,
She was the rear Sprocket;
Nicely-spicy
Shaking in that way:
Nerd-style, not
Southern

Not Yeat!

Caps on heads
Red blue-green
Great betrayal
Pretty-petty Road
Get out of our woods
Leave our world
When will we?
Who shall?
Good job,
Not yeat!

Repetitious

17 intervals of
Love-flinging
Action, the
End appears,
We drink 3
Beers, sleep...
Awake ready to do the same the next day

Stalactites creep
-lifty lifty-
Through my perforated skin,
selling me pomegranate-shaped
contraband.
(a bow around your coccyx)

I reach to pluck
-shining orb fecund-
O hand of Janus!
Withdraws a bulb of hollow glass.

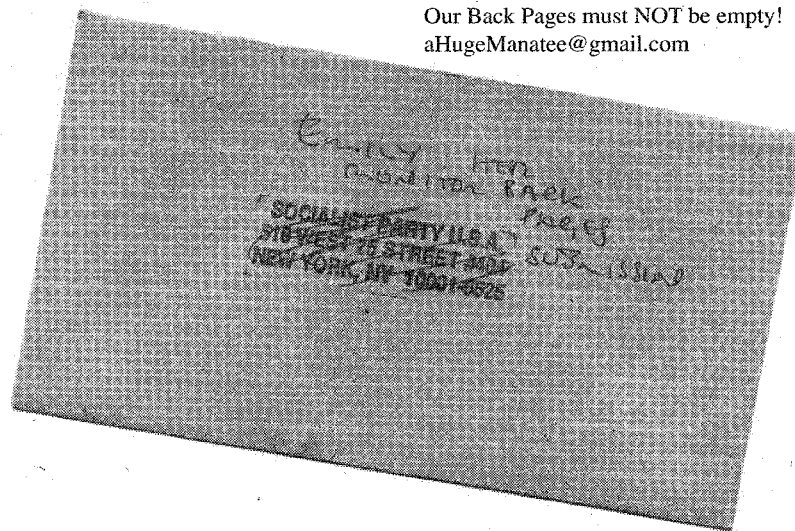
-Zia Luehrman

3 Unwise Anti-Lifers: Talent, Hulshof, and Behnen:
Fraudsters!

It's election time 3 boys A-comin Around and WOES
Our Bushie Ain't got the winnin'shit
Tail
So we 3 Good Ole White GOP Boys Mizzou
Ain't Got the means of Election Retrieval!
So Hell Pull in tha' Base Boys
In Descent to Mudslingin' Hell
It's lie to revive Issue "Pro-Life" (i.e. DEATH to
Women!)
Otherwise, we 3 won't have no Electoral Life
Will we 3 in Beans Pension Soys?
Hit the women first cos Intelligent Ones
are anyway Greens and Democrats
An' don't vote for We 3 Masculine Suits so we Don't
Them Root!
While the Poor, well they will Bank
Us to the Anyhow lipstick Walmarts Anti-Unions,
So here's we go Boys "Damn the EVEEL Abortion-
ists, the stem-cellers and YEP kill the rest, whoops we
means the Criminals
"Life" is so Precious for US 3 we wants
it to go On and On in Public Payroll for Eternity in
NRA Way.

And if George and Karl Rove Ain't Popular
Why, Hell, we'll lifers make ourselves Our own Tal-
entlessness Hay.
"Beep," it's Chaney on the line of late
Ronald Reagan Fame in Spousal Game
She wants to Prattle to "Kenny, "Jim," and "Bob," of
Integrity: About how Ronnie Died of AD cos there
wasn't no Stem Cellular in Research legal Operation!
So, what the Bejesus Are you "3 Artlessness A's" Doin'
Issuin' forth the "Pro-Life" slogans
Hell, we Reply, All 3 Arguments to shift Attention:
Madam Former President Wife
You Ain't got no vote in Kirksville the apathetic life-
less, have you man?
But we 3 sure got Careers to lyingly sloganeer in
Capitol Hills
Perpetually, By any means Lowly
Snigga, Snigga!

-Larry Iles for The Monitor



Our Back Pages must NOT be empty!
aHugeManatee@gmail.com

Not to Put Too Fine a Point

I utterly loathe & despise writing sonnets,
Pentameter just neyer sounds natural to me,
And the strict rhyme scheme is rather gloomy
When trying to graft a coherent thought on it.

Especially when you choose a word like 'sonnet',
Where the rhyme list isn't very roomy,
"ABBA ABBA CDDC EE" so knew me,
I have to end the stanza with the word 'bonnet'.

Reading sonnets too can be a fright,
Many are absolutely bland,
Not to mention boringly similar and
Rarely worth turning on the light.

It seems that only good-ol' Estlin Cummings
Can write these things without my brain numbing.

-Joey Puricelli

Description Assignment

Metal death machines and more.
Is and Os aligned for humannihilation.
They will fly, they will walk, and they will travel at 6448.666 k per second.
They talk in specialized languages with no exclamation points and only one
possessive modifier: OURS.
They are the cold hard facts pushing us into our place in the history books.
They have no lies, no ambiguities, no possibilities; only percent chances of
success and error.
They were modernity's dream, and so we made them.
They were so immediately useful that we gave them everything that we wish
we'd have been given ourselves.
Logic, reason, built in cooling fans, upgrades, removable memory, purpose.
We have been told they will save us,
from ourselves, from each other, from this world, from God,
but not what we are being saved for.
To them we will taste like breakfast.
Can anyone have actually believed that technological advances designed to
replace humans, could ultimately do less than surplus humanity?

-Benjamin Garrett

THE POOL PLAYERS
SEVEN AT THE GOLDEN SHOVEL.

We real cool. We
Left school. We

Lurk late. We
Strike straight. We

Sing sin. We
Thin gin. We

Jazz June. We
Die soon.

-John Priest

The Red Wheelbarrow

so much depends
upon

a red wheel
barrow

glazed with rain
water

beside the white
chickens.

-John Priest