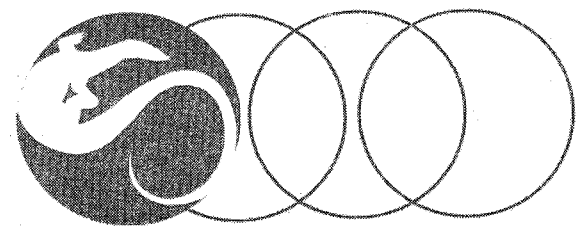


WE YOU.

the monitor.



volume 10 >> issue 9

a campus collective.

30 march, 2005

the monitor.
campus collective
independent quality since 1995

volume 10 >> issue 9

CAMPUS ADDRESS

CSI SUB
Truman State University
Kirksville, MO 63501
Fax (660) 785.7436

OFFICE ADDRESS

Monitor Tower
804 East Line
Kirksville, MO 63501

monitortrm@hotmail.com

MANAGING EDITORS

Andres Delgado
Jon Lawinger
Frances Dusseault

LAYOUT DESIGN & COVER ART

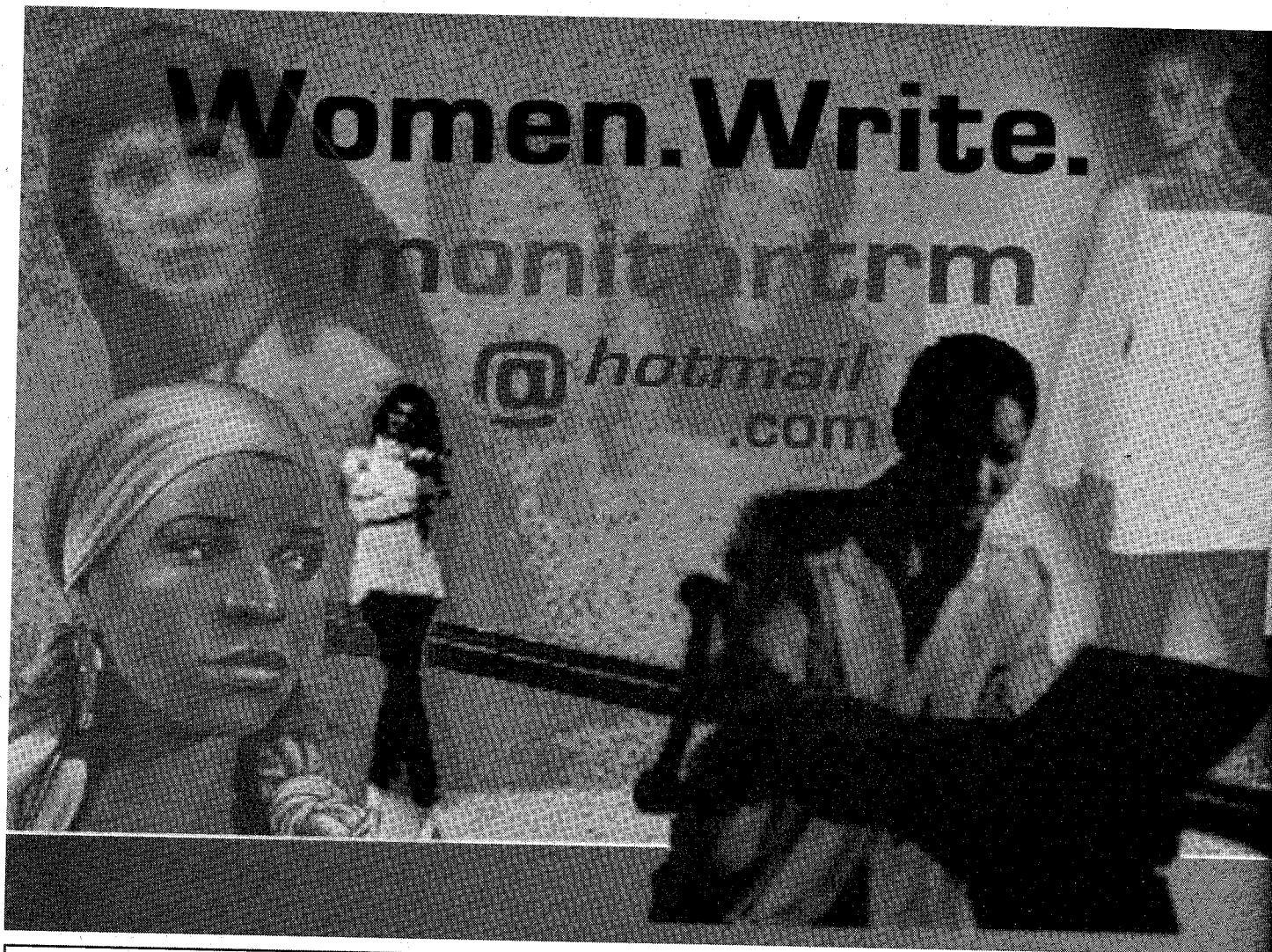
Joe Moccia

All contents Copyright © 2005
The Monitor Campus Collective unless otherwise noted.

The Monitor is published every other Tuesday.
We meet every Thursday at 8:00 p.m. in BH 346.
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

FAC
FUNDS ALLOTMENT COUNCIL



EDITORS' BOX

Well, it's been almost a month since our last issue, but your *Monitor* fix is here at last. I know; we've missed you too.

First off, flip this page back over and take another look at our cover. Go ahead, gaze longingly for a while and let it sink in. It calls to you. It beckons your very soul. "WE ARE YOU." No truer truth has ever been uttered in three words or less. We checked.

Seriously, take it to heart. Whether you like it or not - no matter what your name, age, major, ethnicity, religion, grade point average, sexual orientation, political affiliation, or level of intoxication - you are a part of *The Monitor*. Every issue we print contains either your voice or your silence. The choice is yours.

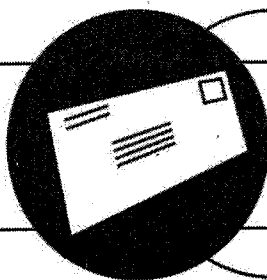
In this issue you'll find a grand assortment of your news, opinions, recipes, satire, photography, comics, letters, and fiction. Poetry lovers fear not; "My Back Pages" will soon return in all its glory. (Feel free to send your poems to monitortrm@hotmail.com in the meantime.) Fiction fans should take note of our upcoming 1000-words-or-less Short Story Contest. We've already begun accepting entries, so make haste with your shot at the \$50 first prize. And speaking of prizes, take a look at the results of our short answer contest in which Brad Brown met no competition (literally) in claiming a \$25 victory.

So read, enjoy, soak up the *Monitory* bliss, and then dive in. All are welcome at our meetings every Thursday at 8:00 PM in Baldwin 346. Or just send us your lack of silence at monitortrm@hotmail.com. We're waiting.

Jon Lawinger *Andres Delgado*
Frances L. Dusseault



letters



Reader recommends inept author adopts man-hating manifesto

John [sic] Lawinger's fiction is sophomore. The trite tripe of his which you print corresponds in banality with the content existing in any 15-year-old's online diary. Tell him to quit reading Chuck Palahniuk and pick up that short Valerie Solanas volume, "Scum Manifesto," in order to understand his condition.

In more favorable news, Marc Becker still rocks.

- Mary Burford

Proselytizing preachers forego fiery predictions when facing frosty forecasts

Have you noticed how there aren't any of those "Repent or Burn" people standing on the corner holding signs during these chill winter months? I guess their faith only stands strong when weather permits. On a side note, don't you hate those guys? And their little cultists too.

- Justin Anderson

Send your letters to The Monitor mailbox in the CSI, or to monitortrm@hotmail.com. Letters may be edited for length, but never are.

2004 Monitor Person of the Year Contest

The instructions were to submit an alternative to Time Magazine's 2004 Person of the Year selection of President George W. Bush, with a very short explanation. Entries were to be kept to fifty or less words, and there was to be a \$25 prize. Two people submitted on time, and of those two, one of them, (see if you can figure out who), submitted an entry of 133 words. The winner by default, and new undisputed welterweight champion of the world, is Brad Brown!

Which particular nomination of his did Brad Brown win for? Barbara Dixon! Ladies and gentlemen, your 2004 Person of the Year: President Barbara Dixon, whose sex appeal Brad Brown sings in exactly 50 words, no more and no less. Here's \$25 toward the hacienda in your heart, Brad. Follow your dreams.

I think my daddy should be the MONETER'S person of the year because he is strong and helps me with my homework. Sometimes he builds forts for me and takes me to ball games. Mommy really likes him to but she spanks him even when he's not bad. — Bradely Brown Age: 5

#1

Barbara

Dixon is my person of the year. Her auburn hair reminds me of autumn, and her eyes burrow into my soul, build a hacienda in my heart, and live there every day, playing the songs that make the birds of my love go tweet-a-tweet. I yearn for you, Barbara.

Brad Brown

I nominate for person of the year **Wesley Willis (RIP)**. This lovable 300-lb schizophrenic croons his way into the hearts and minds of the young people with such tunes as "Fuck You," "Whipped Batman's Ass" and "Rock n' Roll McDonald's." Rock over London, rock on Chicago. Pioneer, the best in entertainment.

Brimble Mosey

Dear Monitor,
I would like to nominate those nice Christians that give out lemonade on the quad as the Person of the Year. I know that they are more than one person, but they all deserve the prize. I love lemonade & hot chocolate. And they're always really nice! Also, I would like to use this opportunity to give them a message: Guys! It's okay to tell people that you are giving out lemonade through the BSU! This is nothing to be ashamed of! Really, more people would want your lemonade then. Thanks for quenching my thirst.

Yours,
Emma Markinson

2004 was a big disappointment. It was the worst. I nominate **Godot** for the 2004 Person of the Year.

Andrés Delgado

I nominate **Bill Gates** because he pledged \$3.4 billion to charity in 2005. The following causes will benefit from Gates' philanthropy: global health, education, and libraries - important and worthy causes, all three. \$3.4 billion.

Andrés Delgado

My person of the year would have to be the dead squirrel I saw on the side of the road today. By sending a powerful message to the people of US with his noble martyrdom, he has taught me and the rest of the world that things could be worse and that we should all look to the bright side. And that dead things are smelly.

Thank You,
Boomer B. DeRogatis

My replacement Time choice for their Texan thickest Bush fiasco is both local independent French Vietnamese specialist scholar and Truman Amnesty International Joint Community Liaison officer, a post which I share, **Ms. Gloria Kwok**. She has published in Human Rights Journal (Vol.3, no.1, Summer 2004), in an article on Duong Thu Huong itemized the life of the Communist persecuted and French exiled Vietnamese writer. Just as Time's founders originally intended in overseas focus. Kwok herself has surmounted former TSU's indifference, despite three of them having less degrees and Midwest MLA panel papers than her as a former TSU Associate Professor. To Kwok, all her ex-students and we her peers say, "Carry on, exemplary, as you are, and Dixon, save some money by rehiring Kwok to cover thus expertly Betty McLane-Iles' sabbatical, itself long sexistly denied!

Larry Iles

In no uncertain, nor certainly any questionable, terms, **Larry Iles** yes, The Monitor and Index's own, the great orator and scribe, who with mastery and wit, battles the evils and vileness of conservatism (some would argue fascism) should be bestowed the prestigious person of the year title by this paper.

Brad Brown

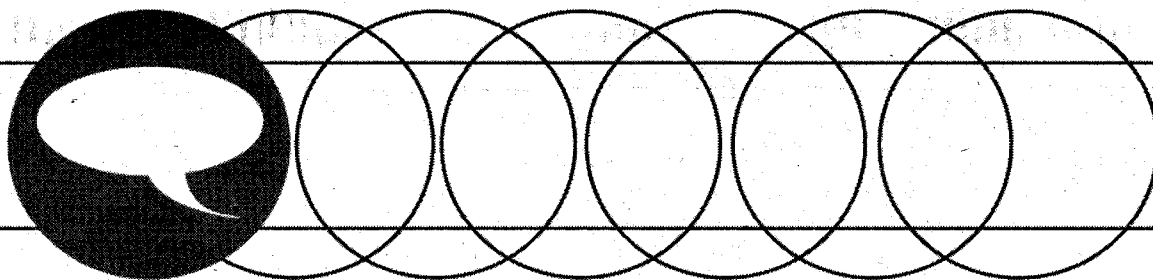
My friend **Courtney Bonny**- whose personality is indeed a spectrum. From apathic to human enlightenment. From "nun" to supermodel. From genius to not-getting-it. From my friend to grrrr... I admire who you are - a person who quietly comments on other people behind their back - but all sorts of good things or interesting things - like that "Hey - that person has a nice walk - they kind of swing along - like a muppet." And I'm thinking "They can hear you."

Frances
Dusseault

I nominate **Pac Man...** Man, he could pack it!

Brad Brown

Shannon Hunter Lilos, PhD, Esq., OB-GYN



Late British feminist Dorothy Jewson could serve as valuable model for modern American left

opinion by >> Larry Iles

Understand that the just concluded, generally excellent, Linda Seidel founded TSU Women's Herstory Annual Pow-wow Conference, itself, became to a lot of secular Monitor types worry bogged in anxiety about the US religious patriarchal political Rights' suffocation of its debate options! Then, you will realize why I have got to modifying counterculture historicize, pronto now. Because ex-Communications Professor J.Davis, sort of, hit the nail on the feminist head by suggesting in response to the rise of these bigots, that we retrieve British Victorian anti-prostitution campaigner Josephine Butler's intensely religious rhetoric combat and bolster lingo. As a way of being able to detach at least the semi-rational, evangelical "poorer classes" than probably her and certainly economically me, from the FUNDY total bible absurd literalists.

Goodness knows, that Davis had sanity on our side! At the Friday session, a Roman Catholic both sexes, shameless majority, had ghastrly skewered a general "LIFE" debate into their preaching almost solely on their terms, their own celibate male-run church detestation of women who courageously abort fetuses. Fetuses they either cannot support outside the womb or fetuses they simply do not want, pre-

ferring in equal dignity what Professor Hirsch publicly defended correctly as "nonsacramental sex" on their part, honorably, non-nurturingly, and joyously as men have always done!

Earlier that Friday, Davis had afterwards tried caringly after attending my own presentation on the later than Butler, more socialist first UK MPs Dr. Ethel Bentham and Ms. Dorothy Jewson, to tell me, oddly, that I would not like her later presentation on Butler. I did! But I have finally realized why, in the final analysis, I finally do have to opt for Jewson as a better forerunner for today's endangered US Left than either JB or EB! It's a matter, primarily, of what Marc Becker more Marxistly than either of us would join me in calling the macro, social reality, or bigger picture.

Butler was indeed married to an Episcopalian minister, yet often ostracized by her conservative male nominal Christian opponents. But, as I pointed out in the conference, she was also privileged in that she had access to the robust, Dissenter, Nonconformist Liberal Party and their own Victorian Anglican renegade, the frequent Premier Gladstone. Indeed, see my summer quarterly UK Journal of Liberal History home article, "Herbert Gladstone, Political Organizer par excellence." To gauge the contrast between that kind of clout and our sheer US Left lack of it in sheer,

not necessarily modern feminist, sexuality appreciative power, Sister Davis! Indeed, the first medical doctor in the House of Commons, Bentham 1929-1931 remained trapped as I showed in my paper in such Victorian Quaker lingo constraints. Even mentally, as she opposed free public contraception information. Since she Fabian over-moderate style feared Havelock Ellis and others benediction findings on sexual joyousness, probably for both sexes. Ironical, as Bentham is most likely to have been mine and Davis's country of origin's first platonic lesbian MP. And unlike today's awful Fundamentalists, she did healthily campaign for divorce reform and at the community college level in "non-mystery", as she put it, she favored greater ordinary folks' sex education information provision in brilliant 1910 and 1916 The Labour Woman articles.

continued on page 11

Bush's faith rhetoric alienates

opinion by >> Shirley Luong

I want to know if I am the only one who finds George W. Bush's faith-based rhetoric stifling. I often find myself feeling suffocated with his constant references to God and his faith. At times, it even makes me uncomfortable, almost as if being anything other than Christian would be un-American. You see, Mr. Bush is the embodiment of all that is good in America. It is only right that people look to him to be a role model - THE American. He is fighting terrorism, bringing freedom to all in the world whether they want it or not. He is even trying his best to thwart the homosexuals and save marriage and our kids. (God would have wanted it that way.) Bush and God are like this *, and if I have a problem, I might as well be a dirty terrorist. Is that why I feel the uncomfortable hovering of Big Brother? Because I'm a big gay un-Christian, un-American terrorist? Maybe who I marry really WILL destroy the planet. Everyone will revert back to our ape-like ancestral forms and then die from eating our own shit all because I, along with millions of others, was too blind to see that it's Adam and Eve, not Adam and Steve.

Medicare reform essential, Social Security overhaul less necessary

opinion by >> Ian Florida

Social Security is currently in a surplus. Despite what the Republicans or Democrats are saying, Social Security is in an eleven digit surplus. According to Steve Goss, the Social Security Administration's chief actuary, Social Security will begin to give out more money than it takes in around 2021. At that point Social Security will take another twenty years to be depleted, but it will still be in a surplus. This is assuming someone in Washington doesn't do something to really fix it by then. The deficit between what social security takes in and puts out will be \$4 trillion over the next 75 years. This is according to the chief number cruncher of the Social Security Administration during a recent interview with the San Francisco Chronicle.

There is a far greater threat rising: Medicare went into the red last year. It is currently taking in far less than it is paying out and the estimated deficit between money in and money over the next 75 years is \$28 trillion. One other important factor which makes Medicare much more important to overhaul than Social Security is that lives literally hang in the balance.

Bush does have a plan to fix the easier of the two. His plan would require a dismantling of the current Social Security structure. However recent statements from inside the Social Security Administration state that if the tax cap on social security were to be removed, the program would maintain a large surplus at least to 2090 and with a little tweaking, much, much further.

Currently, only the first \$90,000 of income is taxed by social security. This means that if you make \$35,000 all of your income is taxed by social security; however, if you make \$270,000, only 30% is taxed. If you are Bill Gates only \$90,000 is taxed by Social Security.

Medicare is spiraling downward towards a crash that could eliminate health-care for millions of Americans.

Flag controversy requires distinction between patriotism and nationalism

opinion by >> Ian Florida

There is a difference between Patriotism and Nationalism. Patriotism is love and devotion to one's country. Patriotism sees Americans lay down their lives for a great and beautiful land. Nationalism is only the devotion to the interests or culture of one's nation. In January of 2005 the University of Oregon ordered one of its maintenance staffers to remove a "Support our Troops" decal from his truck. The reason: the truck is state property. It is not his truck and Oregon has a law prohibiting the display of decals, bumper stickers, or signs of any nature on state vehicles. The request came after a number of complaints by students at the University of Oregon. The staff member quickly removed the sticker without fuss.

Jonathan Burns, editor for the Missouri

Statesman, claims that Truman has a policy of harassing patriots. He has been forced to remove the American flag from his window several times and does not like it. He cites a second victim to Truman's *despotic* rule; his managing editor, Shannan Anderson. Their only desire is to proudly wave the flag from their window. Truman State University has a code against displaying flags or banners in dorm windows. They claim it is a fire hazard. Johnathan Burns claims that this rule, as well as the university, are hampering his patriotism. A true patriot would be content to hang their flag on the back of the door, above their bed, on their wall, or any where else inside their room. When I first moved into Dobson Hall I was informed that we were not allowed to hang posters, flags or banners in our windows. I accepted that as one of the terms of being here.

SPECIAL UNILATERAL EDITION - AMERICAN NEWS ONLY
stories by >> Mary Burford, Frederick Manzi, and Narissa Webber

Washington, D.C. - On the eve of the 2nd anniversary of the commencement of brutal U.S. colonial efforts in Iraq, the Pentagon announced that the U.S. will include its allies in secret strategic defense meetings. Deputy Secretary of Defense Paul Wolfowitz, sneered, "This will put a cruel, unilateral spin on all that bullshit multilateralism!" Wolfowitz lackey Douglas Feith marveled at the decision, citing that "...it'll be so much easier to run this puppet show with all the puppets around one, red-white-and-blue conference table."

Washington, D.C. - George W. Bush, campaign manager for Paul Wolfowitz's run for Student Body President of the World Bank, stated in a March 18 stump speech: "Vote for Wolfie! His compa\$\$ionate con\$ervati\$ism will reduce poverty in lazy countries if they PROMISE to relinquish their energy infrastructures to power the NEW vending machines he'll put in our school's cafeteria!"

Cambridge, MA - Larry Summers, another loud-mouthed World Bank jerk, recently received a vote of no confidence from the Harvard University Faculty of Arts and Sciences for stating that women reject careers in science for motherhood - jobs for which they are not intellectually equipped, he claimed.



Larry Summers

After stepping down at Harvard, Summers says he looks forward to seeking the presidency at a Seven Sisters college, "Because, let me tell you, all those girls in one college? You know what I mean? Y'know? Never mind, you reporters are all fags."

However, it is also rumored that Summers will pursue pioneering the transnational trash dumping industry. In 1992 as a chief economist at the World Bank, he argued in a memo leaked to the Economist that African countries were "vastly underpolluted." Summers claimed, "The economic logic behind dumping a load of toxic waste in the lowest-wage country is impeccable and we should face up to that."

Santa Maria, CA - Testimony continues this week in the trial of alleged child molestAR Michael Jackson. MoleSTAR. Get it?

Washington, D.C. - The Clear Skies Bill, the Bush administration's best Orwellian legislation to date, continues to offend oxygen users everywhere. Though the bill is deadlocked indefinitely in committee, parts will still be enacted under covert EPA rulings. The Clear Skies Bill proposed a free market approach to pollution, allowing companies that reduce more

than their share of emissions to receive credits that can be sold to companies that exceed their emissions limit. Companies needing to buy permission to pollute extra should have no problem working it into their budget - they can use the taxes they evaded by incorporating in Bermuda, or the tax kickback they'll receive as thanks for supporting Bu\$h 2004. And, if nothing else, we hear those EPA fines aren't exactly crippling in the first place.

Washington, D.C. - President Bush pushed hard for the privatization of Social Security, kicking off its ad campaign in a press conference on Saturday. Specifically, the campaign designs to sell the selling of Social Security with a TV spot entitled "Iceberg". The ad likens the assertion that the Titanic was "unsinkable" with claims made by opponents of Social Security reform maintaining that there are no significant problems with the Social Security system. However, the imagery falls short and does not correlate Bush's intelligence with a block of ice.



Mario Mario

Aladdin's Castle, U.S.A. - Midway Games is releasing the drug-fueled frenzy game NARC for Playstation 2 and Xbox this week, to the furor of family groups nationwide. NARC will allow players to act as vigilante law enforcement officers who use crack cocaine to make crack shots (all in the name of justice, of course) and speed to run super-fast. Former video game stars Mario and Luigi commented from their room at the Princess Toadstool Rehabilitation Center: "Big fucking deal. We've been eating 'shrooms for years."

Washington, D.C. - Speaking of drugged up caricatures, some of the biggest names in Major League Baseball (MLB) were summoned to a March 17 Congressional hearing on the use of steroids. Atlanta Braves catcher and union representative Johnny Estrada called the hearing a waste of time, insisting that the MLB's steroid intervention program just needs time and "a chance to work". Hey, Johnny ... Social Security called. Just wanted to let you know that it looks like no one's giving out chances in Washington.

Aladdin's Castle, U.S.A. - Nintendo Games, Inc. has announced its plans to augment its popular game "Major League Baseball" with Ken Griffey, Jr. with secret codes allowing players to shoot 'roids in the locker room with a buddy or pull a Strawberry. Okay, not really. But watch this space.

[BBC World Service, Bloomberg News, Yahoo! News, Los Angeles Times, Kansas City Star, San Jose Mercury News, MSNBC]

for the people

Marburg Epidemic strikes Angola

story by >> Emily Randall

In the African nation of Angola, 114 people, mostly children, have died from an epidemic of Marburg.

Marburg is a deadly hemorrhagic fever similar to the Ebola virus. There is no cure known. It is possible there are more than 114 deaths because only hospital cases are known.

This epidemic could be a huge challenge for Angola because their health system is weakened from decades of civil war.

Luanda, located directly north of Angola, runs the risk of an epidemic of Marburg as well. Six people in Luanda have died already, and four more are suspected to be infected.

According to the Health Ministry, Angola is currently in need of cleaning materials, medicine and protective clothing from wealthier nations.

Politics influences U.S. aid

story by >> Andrés Delgado

The head of the US Agency for International Development (USAID), Andrew Natsios, commented on the pragmatic attendances of foreign aid decisions recently. He noted immense gains against US hostility in Indonesia - that he estimated to have decreased by half since the commencement of tsunami relief efforts, to 35% - but called such progress secondary to humanitarian concerns.

Nevertheless, Natsios speaks plainly about USAID's important role in achieving some of the foreign policy goals otherwise pursued by military and diplomatic means. He has called for agencies receiving US money



Hero fiction by >> Jon Lawinger

"Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee." The fighter thought to himself as he ducked a wild left. But he didn't; he stung like a crowbar. He burst from his crouch with a left uppercut that rendered his off-balance opponent unconscious before his head finished snapping back from the blow. Which means he couldn't have felt the crushing right hook that twisted his limp body 180 degrees and left it to hang face-down over the second rope, gloves dan-

Torture persists in Georgia

story by >> Jon Lawinger

Law enforcement officials in Georgia continue to torture detainees there, according to a U.N. human rights inspector.

Sure, you thought the cops were all nice and polite on your vacation to Atlanta last summer, but in the former Soviet state of Georgia you might not have fared so well. That's where Manfred Nowak - an Austrian law professor as well as everyone's favorite U.N. special rapporteur on torture and other cruel, inhumane or degrading treatment - spent a week investigating detention centers after being invited by the government.

Nowak not only reports that "torture and ill-treatment by law enforcement officials still exists in Georgia," but that there is an "apparent culture of impunity for perpetrators of torture." In spite of multiple established cases of torture, no one has been brought to justice for such abuses. Nowak also decried the conditions at detention facilities, including overcrowding at pre-trial centers.

Nowak met with various government officials, including President Mikhail Saakashvili, who assured him they recognized the problems and committed to improving the situation.

to make public their source of funding. As the head of a government agency dedicated to providing aid to less-prosperous nations around the world, he consciously operates in a political climate.

Even though the US gave \$950 million in emergency assistance in tsunami relief efforts, regularly budgeted aid is lower, as a GNP percentage, than in any other industrialized country. Strapped for money, the agency must necessarily designate winners and losers in the battle for aid. Consequently, lower-profile tragedies, such as 3.8 million dead in the Democratic Republic of Congo, receive less money proportional to the number of people affected (\$32 million for the Congo) as compared with more-publicized, and thus internationally image-affecting, causes.

gling towards drops of blood spattered and still dripping onto the concrete below.

The champion thrust his arms into the air, basking in the roaring chant of his own name. He savored the fading adrenaline in his veins as the rush of combat was replaced with the lesser bliss of victory. The trainer checked for a pulse that wasn't there. The roar continued as the stretcher-bound body was carried out. The victor smiled and waved at the frenzy of question-yelling guilt-demanding reporters as he passed. Before he went to sleep that night, he kissed his wife softly without waking her and thanked God for his strength.



Caucus Crashers

fiction by >> Mary Burford

My girlfriend was still lingering in the bathroom, psychopathically pressing powder onto her face to conceal her residual tenth grade acne. This annoys me. I lurk back into the Kum 'N Go to pick up a Des Moines Register. She pops back in, new face. I picture the two of us there tomorrow at that same Kum 'N Go. On our way back from a night in a correctional facility, she would be gabbing on the phone explaining several times over why we needed that money wired. Again I would be with a newspaper in hand with her and me staring back under the headline: CAUCUS CRASHERS.

Of course, this is only a daylight fantasy--I'm sure we're not the only ones bleeding through state lines to corrupt a caucus. Corruption, that perfunctory part of politics, and we were not going to get caught, I assure her:

"We'll go to the University of Iowa, we will blend right in, college girl." She buys her Kum 'N Go lighters for some creeps she met on the internet and we continue our petroleum-powered northward migration through Iowa in my Volvo.

We drive through the Iowa flatland, past the fields of hay and phallic corn silos, at a certain perspective hay balls look like testicles for steel erections in the distance. The road is rough and ill-paved; in the rearview mirror, the silos seem almost to heave in undulations mimicking the rolling landscape. Sometimes shorter, appearing in pairs, more proportionate in length and width, these mammary silos house the sustenance of rural America.

I have her read me *The Second Sex* as I drive, distracted by the simultaneous activities. Dreams of universal health care and a slashed Pentagon budget seep through my head and I almost skid off the road.

Another daylight fantasy--President Kucinich. She found a Kucinich rally on the internet, motivating our caucus crash. In a quaint church, abandoned long ago and just old enough to harbor stale air and pulsating, optimistic energy, we wait for our man.

She scans the crowd, wryly grimacing at the overriding stench of patchouli: "So many hippies, just one candidate."

And the repugnant hippie musk continues to offend her, their unclean bodies in motion, as the dreadlocked legion gyrates to the stylings of *The Dream Team*. The two newly-married California redheads, clad in a cut-up American flag, recount their travels with our candidate and delight us all with a few songs.

"California. Oh my god. I'd love to see their bus. Who are they - the Merry Pranksters?" she points to a girl in a homemade patchwork skirt, "She's passed The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test, clearly."

"Show some respect, um, this is a church. Kucinich will be here in ..."

Before I can finish she snidely interjects, "You mean, Kesey, psycho?"

"Ken Kesey is dead." I say and I sulk off. I love hippies. I look around.

Poster board signs contrast with the faded stain glass depictions, offering a different call to action. Banners proclaim the newest savior of our earth: Dennis Kucinich, who bounds onstage with a cry of "I love you all!" to sup-

plant God in His own house:

Dennis is shorter than the average presidential candidate, but as is often the case with those of diminutive stature, his energy more than compensates for any vertical deficiencies. He adjusts the microphone purposefully, with a benevolent smile that conveys a good-natured humility; this act of self-deprecation flatters the audience, and several of the "hippies" erupt into cheers. Dennis nods. "I'm glad you're ready," he quips, to more cheers. "Because this whole nation is ready for the message you'll send today at the caucuses."

Dennis captivates the "hippie" crowd in an idealist language we understand - telling of peace and love he describes how we can build a better world from his platform. Dennis deals the President droll yet sharp criticism, proclaiming his planned "Department of Peace" he raises his paci-fists. To then flex his tiny biceps, deepen his voice and justify: "My administration doesn't need to be MACHO."

Laughter abounds then quells, and Dennis transitions into more domestic issues. Even my sardonic girlfriend falls to the meek Ohioan's charms; she grins widely and grabs my hand as Dennis pays LGBT rights unambiguous support. Dennis takes a firm stance, "I go further than supporting civil unions for same-sex couples at the state level. Unlike other candidates, I believe - like the civil rights laws of the 1960s - federal law must protect civil unions. No state has the right to abridge basic rights to privacy. To suggest that same sex marriage is a state issue is like saying that women and African Americans should enjoy civil rights...but that such decision should ultimately be left to the states. That's not a pro-civil rights position." As a member of this marginalized group, Dennis's sensitivity and sensibility touches me profoundly.

Dennis winds down his speech and tells of his own marginalization, detailing his childhood rendezvous with poverty. Dennis is a man who couldn't be president, and that is precisely why he should be. Not an "impressive" resume, a Yale business degree and a President father, Dennis is a real American. Putting himself through college and not getting by on his name, living in a car and not doing coke in the back of limousines, refusing big business takeover as Cleveland Mayor and not allowing big business money to take him to presidency, these are the credentials that qualify him.

However, the humble candidate doesn't state these ironies in relation to the incumbent, rather, softens his voice, sobers the crowd and relays his hardships gently. Telling of his father's long hours as a truck driver, Dennis reflects on the blue collar life. My girlfriend capitalizes on Dennis's contemplative pause and yells "We love you, Dennis!"

And the smile that the crowd loves returns to Dennis's face, "I love you, too! Please go show your love at those caucuses tonight, thank you, Iowa City!" and the gentle man exits into his audience.

In the spirit of our vegan candidate, my girlfriend and I venture off into the wilds of Iowa City in search of a vegetarian restaurant for a quick dinner. Derailed by my directional deficiency, I pull my car into a parking lot. In frustration, I put my head to the steering wheel and close my eyes. I hear my girlfriend grunt and struggle to crank down the old window. I look up and spot a Howard Dean leafleteer. My girlfriend probes him for help, "Hey, hey, do

you know if there is a vegetarian restaurant around here?"

"No, sorry, I think there is some crazy organic food coop a few blocks up, though," replies our fellow democrat.

"Great, thanks a lot, Dean dickhead," screams my girlfriend, who grows as unstable as she is hungry.

I throw my car in reverse and hear "Fuck you, hippie!" Perhaps the VOTE KUCINICH signs she taped in the window after the rally cued the Deanite. As much as I want to stop and apologize to him, I know before I get out a word that my hungry, angry girlfriend will get out of the car and punish him for his "hippie" affront.

However, it surprises me when she rolls the window up and comments to me, "this hippie for Kucinich wants a vegan dinner, off to the coop!"

Getting lost in the five block sprawl surrounding the Iowa City campus loses us time, but with forty-five minutes before the caucus I find the coop. A few recycle bins and a full bike rack flank the doors. I pull into an almost empty lot, next to the only car, a Volkswagen with a Kucinich sticker, and tell her "time is short, no frocking, gawking, fighting or gift shopping for internet friends; we must register at the caucus, Iowa girl!"

My girlfriend decides we should both get bowls of Minestrone, I grab a bag of Newman's Own cookies, all organic. We scoff at an offer for a bag; she was already half way through her soup as we are paying on our way out. Our friendly, 20-something cashier wears a lip ring and a Kucinich sticker, I ask her for directions to the campus. We are three blocks north of the union, of the caucus, she informs us, and assures us that we will see her there, in the Kucinich corner.

The university's student union is large and teeming with young Iowans. One half hour until the caucus and the registration line snakes down hallways and out the door. A student for Howard Dean, as denoted by his tee-shirt, stands at the door and directs incoming traffic with a megaphone, "Registered caucusers to the left, if you need to register now, LINE STARTS HERE!"

A girl in front of us, clad in Kerry garb, screams back, "If this how you want your country run, lots of orders and yelling, vote for Dean!"

My girlfriend steers me to the left, bypassing the registration line. Maybe she has to pee, she has that look of determination on her face. I grab the back of her shirt, to not lose her in the throng and to no avail. A boy, his vision obstructed as he carries pizza boxes stacked over his head, remnants from the Dean pizza party, knocks into my extended arm. I lose my grasp on her shirt and drop my soup. His pizza box tower topples and I step over him and the parboiled mess - I see the back of my girlfriends head under a sign, "Check your email here!"

"Shit, it won't let you out of this Iowa State page! I wanted to email EVERYONE about this!" she laments to me, and clicks a small "directory" button at the bottom of the screen. Last name, she keys in "Smith" for two pages of results. "Okay, Miss Smith, we live in Stanley Hall - I'll register first, just copy my address and fabricate your own name and social security number."

We're able to weasel our way to nearly the front of the line, telling an unscrupulous

organizer in a Dean shirt we're caucusing for Howard. We ask him where the line starts and he ushers us to some "friends" of his, two guys with Dean buttons, gives us Dean lapel pins and we blend in with his cronies, "Line starts here, for you, ladies."

A blue piece of paper circulates down the line - it is rumored that the organizers ran out of registration cards and writing pertinent information on this suspect sheet will suffice for registration. Our new Dean friends tell us not to sign it, and my girlfriend confirms "it looks like a John Ashcroft trick."

A trick indeed - we reach the sign in table, staffed by John Kerry supporters. One Kerry girl spats with a Dean organizer, "Your campaign needs to stop lying. You sent around these blue sheets. These blue sheets are not official. You sent these down and told your friends not to sign them, and told the Kerry kids to sign them. Just," she stutters irately, "just, just, so we'd lose. STOP LYING ALREADY!!!!!!"

I swear she is going to cry and gawk on, as the Dean boy throws his hands up disgustedly, "Listen, I don't know what you're talking about."

My girlfriend nudges me: we're at the registration table. While these college student organizers did in fact run out of registration cards, white sheets have been arbitrarily designated official replacements. Name, birth date, address, social security number and signature columns are penciled on computer paper and I sign after my girlfriend, copying her fake address.

Finally, caucus time, I think. Stopping at the restroom to ditch the Deanites, my girlfriend encounters a mirror and decides she absolutely MUST caucus in lipsticked style. I step outside and survey the crowd, the registration line is still so long. She emerges from the bathroom in full caucus camouflage, and we follow the masses into the conference room.

An occupancy posting tells us the room can accommodate 700 people standing, 500 people sitting, and 300 people dancing. The sign fails to mention how many people can fight democratically to the death in the room, but we push onward with naïve fearlessness. Our fresh-faced innocence is stripped, as we slowly realize a caucus is just a big, dirty fight.

The caucus starts an hour later than scheduled, the Pecksniffian student-organizers purportedly wishing to register all braving the Iowa cold this January night to caucus, but depravedly hoping only to convert them into another listless being in the corner for their mainstream candidates. The line wanes as the assemblage streams inside the conference room, which soon becomes the confrontation room.

"Oh, yeah, Dean is an M.D."

"Yeah, well, Kerry was in Vietnam"

My girlfriend inadvertently bumps into and off of two pale, corn-fed University of Iowa caucusers. Both turn around and are clad in slightly different uniforms - a blue shirt Dean and a red shirt Kerry, two girls with blonde hair and blue eyes. My girlfriend is pissed from being knocked around like a pinball between these two buffers, "and they BOTH do not care how many more people DIE in the WAR," she belts out.

"Come on, that's absurd, one is a doctor and the other is a veteran," I joke to her and we

continued on page 11

Fleecing the mayor

fiction by>> Nate Moore

I write to you from sunny Cancun one million dollars richer and feeling saintly as hell. But don't allow the facts of my involvement in this tale to impede upon your ability to fully imbibe the lurid details of the contrived entropy of a money-mongering small town politician who embezzled cash from the poorest county in Missouri...she deserved to be robbed, believe me. And don't think me hypocritical; all of Ahduh County's funds are being sent back once the fascist queen has been dethroned. Except for the insurance money from the bar, that's going to be used to open up my barbeque stand and keep the cocktails coming.

It all started the day I woke up and finalized myself from the grips of a particularly adept claw hand of a four-day alcohol binge. Having attended both of my classes on Tuesday and Thursday I was left with, what shall we say...a bit of free time. The intrinsic worth of this slice of space in my life being intensified by the fact that the real world lingers: cold, daily, daily, daily, wake, work, sleep. The bills have piled and it's time to pay. Make money money money to pay the loans loans loans buy a car get a house find a job get a mortgage. These few tender weeks before the reality of obligatory chains.

Katie. The childhood intertwinement, our lives intersecting at every juncture, and the bland feeling that this person is who everyone knows you will be with. When the on-again-off-again college flings failed simultaneously, and we were back home, it was a constant over the last four years.

"Nathan, this is going to seriously freak you out."

"No, no, what it is it?"

"Ok, but don't freak out."

"Yah yah, what?"

"I wanna be where you are when I get back from Italy."

"But uh I uh thought you ummm said uh you're going to California for your ummmm internship thing, and uhh I am umm probably going to be at grad school, uhuh not in you know umm California."

"You don't understand. I will move to where you live: I wanna be with you, seriously."

"Let's talk when we get back."

I couldn't say no, there in her face, after a month of Christmas break passion. Better give it some time, let it cool.

Me and Collin, my partner in crime, smoking cigarettes after lunch, hunched over trying to subvert the stinging ice winds of the great desert prairie, attempting to verbally unwind a stretch of time and space to recall actual occurrences.

"Was that the mayor snorting coke at that party last night?" I said.

"Yes...yes, I believe she was," Collin said, reflecting sternly.

"That's unbelievable."

"Yes, it is."

At four a.m. after six hours of bars and parties and after-parties and after after-parties, me and Collin found ourselves with a thirty-something makeup queen, the lines under her

eyes becoming obvious, all friz-haired and pudgy with new old age. We were too drunk to care about what time it was, we just wanted to keep going and be awake.

She hugged us around in a cherry Mercury Topaz and weaved us through every smoke infested meeting of drinkers in the town of Irksville. Me and Collin were ready to jet when we arrived at a house that was near ours. Old Delilah, or some such name, strolled her proud little trailer trophy ass into a three story French chateau without an inkling of shame, dragging along two barely legal disheveled and despondent drunkards. Wine toting wool vest paraders turned their nose up to see through the lower half of their spectacles, and began chattering with agitated tones. Delilah stumbled over to the refreshments and began chugging some Pinot Noir from the bottle.

Me and Collin looked at one another and kept walking straight ahead through the gaudily extravagant mansion. As we were escaping silently through the back door we saw a shadowed figure raise its head from the cover of a Rolling Stone. We looked at the powdery white nose, and fiendish sharp green eyes of the mayor of our town. She had a bottle of Hendricks Gin that was half gone to her left, and Mad Dog wine in a bag to her right to help wash it down. She was wearing the excited half smile of a typical coke head that really wanted to tell you about the price of tea in Mongolia, but her lips curled instantly downward and her face froze with embarrassment as she saw her former employee, Collin. We busted out laughing and kept walking.

"You work at her bar, don't you?" I asked, playing stumble-o on our way back to the apartment, and kicking ass at it.

"Yah, before it burned down. That dumb bitch kept bouncing my check," Collin explained proudly, "so I got her back. I purposefully got overcharges at the bank right before payday, and showed the bank it was the mayor's fault with her bounced check, and they would always take off the charge. Then I would go back to Raven and show her the overcharges on my bank statement and make her pay up."

"That's interesting."

"Yah I know I thought of it all by..."

"No, I mean that our mayor is a struggling cokehead."

"Yes it is."

Next day. Me and Collin smoking cigarettes after lunch.

"Have you seen this?" Collin said, running his scarred hands through gangly curls of hair, handing me a newspaper.

"What happened?"

"Read up."

It just so happened, that the day after our little run-in with the mayor, the bar she owned, Too Counts, burned down, and she also had suddenly become a very action-oriented politico. Three parallel articles appeared in the Irksville Daily Express on January 25, 2005, with the headlines, "Too Counts fire intentionally set, police report," and "Council approves water management plans among Hazel Creek protests," and "Concerned citizens committee drafts resolution launching petition drive." I read the articles and said, "That bitch."

Hazel Creek. The last refuge of Nature five miles to the north of Irksville, Missouri.

After over 100 years of clearing, cropping, planting, culturing, feeding livestock, livestock shitting, building, concreting, suburbanizing and urbanizing, the flat machine whose man-made prairie left no asylum for the crisp moist smell of dew on pine. Except for my little spot on the west bank of Hazel Creek. A corner of paradise, where I stretch my eyes and watch the infinitely distant sun lurch elegantly over the light undulations of virgin woods while I lazily swing line to meet with the sparkling bass that swim defiantly through its pristine aqua. And it's the drinking water for the entire community.

Mayor Raven had apparently sold 827 acres of land on Hazel Creek to a livestock owner. With no safeguards for purifying animal dung, the town was naturally perturbed. Concerned citizens became aware of the deal and protested during the vote for final approval. Over 500 people were there along with experts in water and land management, who fervently pleaded the case of drinkable water. They didn't listen.

And her bar burned down. At 2 a.m. on the first day of the year, Too Counts Bar and Grill was reported to the fire department as "spewing flames." The firemen put it out within minutes, but the damage was done. The bar was in complete ruins.

Something was amiss. My head began churning through the muddled and thick swirls of alcohol that were still lingering all tangled-up in my brain, and it all suddenly became clear.

"Collin, I have an idea."

"O.K."

"But I'll only tell it to you if you agree to two pretenses."

"Bring it on."

"First, you can't tell anyone what I am about to say. Second, you have to be willing, at any moment, to leave everything behind and go to a different country, no questions asked, pack plane never back. Get it? So tell me Collin, can you acquiesce to my simple requests?"

"Let me check my day planner...ummm...looks like I'll have some free, yes yep I'm in," Colin said, drawing horizontal squiggles on an imaginary planner in his left hand with the imaginary pen cigarette in his right.

Quasi-brilliant and equally righteous plan to fleece Raven:

You must understand, above all else, that this is a plan of dependencies. If there is one falsity in my assumptions, if there is one crinkle in the eyebrow of suspicion, the deal is off. Now, the facts. Raven sold the land surrounding our only water source in this town to sister and sister fat ass, the piggy landlords of our humble abode, and for the rest of Irksville. We were at the house of said sister swine when we saw Raven doing blow. Raven bounces checks. Raven's bar burned. Raven sold land to her acquaintances for 1/4 of its actual value, land that was mine on mornings of infinite sunshine. And concerned citizen have already started the petition to condemn the land, which would thereby negate the sale, which would mean the city would be able to buy it back.

But as we know, fair pricing laws require government organizations to buy land at its assessed value. The 427 acres of lush land was sold by the city at \$1000 an acre for a total of \$341,600. 427 acres of land at its buyback price,

say, \$4,000 per acre, is \$1,708,000. That's \$1,366,400 in the piggies' bank account. And I'm willing to bet my mother's future grave stone that it ain't gonna stay there. But you haven't met my landlords...

Greed 'n' Lard #1, NAME HERE. Her skin has enveloped the gold bands of each of her five diamond rings, so that only a thin sliver of glimmer twinkles from the depths of her bulbous hands. What should be belly button touching pearl necklaces are propped up confoundedly by un-bra-able dugs. Her steel gray peepers look somehow partially cross-eyed with her right iris pointing dumbly towards her nostrils. She pets her left hand psychotically with her right as I walk in their office...

Greed 'n' Lard #2, NAME HERE. Her ornately sequenced moo-moo must have seemed like a good idea in its nascent stages, but I imagine that at some point, as it grew to become its current monstrous size, the seamstress giggled at its ridiculousness. And she's growing out of it. The thousands of gray shimmering ornaments glance light at different angles from the wavy surface of her body, and look ready as hell to jump ship. Once I fight through the fire flashes of reflection I can only notice her blatantly mustachioed lip, a dark fur-lined stretch of ohmygod I can't stop looking at that. Her forefinger and thumb trace its path as I walk in their office...

"Betty!" mustachio grunts. "Who let this boy in?"

"Listen miss," I plead in a frantic voice, "I've been calling your office for weeks and never got any help, so I snuck in here to talk to you myself..."

"Betty, call the police." Lazy eye shouted.

"Just listen for one second, we haven't had a working shower for five weeks, our toilet is irreparably clogged, and the broken window you didn't fixed has caused the pipes downstairs to burst, and the water has been left standing for days. Please help me, it's unlivable."

"Get out." Moo-moo said. "Betty, have you called the authorities yet?"

"Yes Miss _____," answered a timid elderly voice.

It is not beyond them to rob. So I think it's believable, no, probable that Raven is getting a substantial kickback from pork squared after the city buys the land back. Combine that with the fact that someone happened to set fire to her struggling bar and the realities of her drug addiction, and you start to have something.

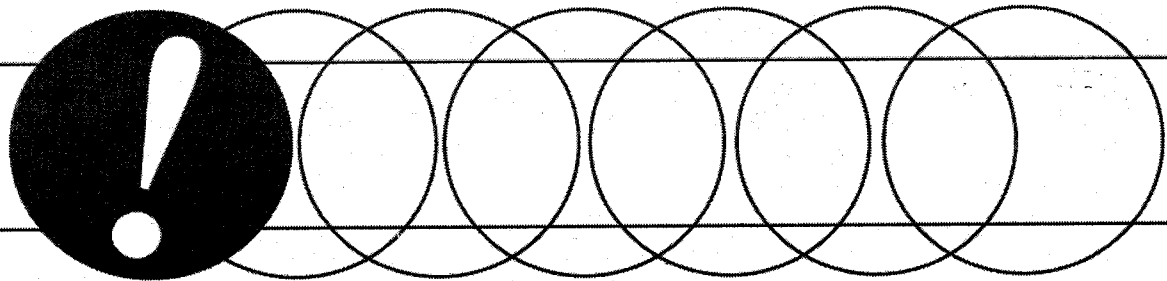
"Collin," I said, deepening my voice to the baritone shout of a crusader preparing his troops for war, "I believe we have an obligation of a lifetime."

"I'm in," Collin nodded approvingly.

So I laid out the plan. We bought binders and charted graphs of different responsibilities and things we needed to find out and people we needed to talk to. We set up camp in the library and studied laws for starting businesses in Mexico, the exact process and rules for foreign bank accounts, and the methodology of spies. We were educated higher lawmen at the top of our game.

It all went too perfect to stop. I spoke with Brent and Jeff, friends of mine who were the bartenders working at Too Counts the night of the fire. They informed me of Raven's agitat-

continued on page 11



Vegan recipes: the complex protein problem, and some simple solutions

feature by >> **Cassie Phillips**

One thing that vegetarians and vegans must be aware of is proper nutrition. By making a diet-based decision to abstain from certain foods, regardless of supporting ideology, it automatically forces you to think about your diet. True, non-meat and animal-product eaters are at less risk for heart disease and cancer, but there is risk involved if the right kinds of foods and the right combinations of foods are not consumed. After feeling lethargic for a longer period of time than I was comfortable with, I arranged for a meeting with Truman's nutrition professor, Teak Nelson, a registered nurse practitioner, to discuss my diet and possible connections between what I ate and how I felt. She explained the importance of eating combinations of the right foods throughout the day in order to ensure I was getting the right amount of complex proteins. In order to get the kind of protein that the body requires for proper functioning (and energy levels), you must get all of the eight amino acids that make a complete protein. Animal products automatically have

complete proteins, but a vegan diet poses a slight challenge. In order to get all the amino acids, make sure you eat combinations of grains and legumes, both of which are high in amino acids. Some examples of good meal combinations are: pita and hummus, a peanut butter sandwich, beans and rice, or lentil and rice pilaf. Soups are another very easy way to get great combinations of amino acids in addition to lots of nutrients from veggies. I encourage you to create your own soups or find hearty recipes. This is exactly what I did to get the following recipe.

Note: Vegans should also take Vitamin B12 supplements or drink enriched soymilk regularly. In the winter, a Vitamin E supplement is recommended. The body can only get these vitamins from animal products, except Vitamin E can be obtained through sun exposure during summer months.

Barley, vegetable, and bean soup: a complex treat.

1 onion, chopped
3 cloves of garlic, minced
6-8 cups vegetable broth or bean stock
1-cup barley
3 cups black beans
1-cup garbanzo beans
1-cup corn (frozen)
1-cup broccoli (frozen or fresh)
Season with onion powder, granulated garlic, salt, pepper, and bay leaves (whole)

Sauté onion and garlic until onions are clear. Add veggie stock and barley, bring to a boil and simmer for an hour and 15 min. (until barley is near done). Add veggies, beans, and seasoning and simmer for a little longer, about 15 minutes. Please note that you are encouraged to make variations to your taste. If you like your soups liquidy, add more stock. If you like it chunkier, add less. If you want more or less beans or veggies, cater it to your taste. Innovation in cooking is fun! Remember, you can always freeze soup for a quick meal later!

Letters from the underground

feature by >> **Rory Rhorerterton**



Hello, readers! Have you missed me? I must apologize for my absence, I was a total dick. You should hate me. But just for a few seconds, then you can go back to loving me. Well, same as always I have a batch of letters for ya. If you want your letters answered, email me at roryrhorerterton@hotmail.com and you can see your letter in the next issue of the Monitor!

Dear Rory,

I have a persocom sitting in my room. It won't do anything and I can't even look at porn

with it!!! Please help.

-Pornless in Pershing

Dear Pornless,

This is a serious article. I do not have time for your anime/manga references. I am not insulting your fine taste in the arts, but this is not the appropriate place to make such jokes. I am trying to actually help people with this. Please forward all questions such as this one to that knock off of me, that vampire guy.

Disgusted,
Rory

Dear Rory,

I've recently put a moratorium on toe sucking. It made me feel empowered, but now I can't get any dates! What should I do?

-Foot in my mouth on Fible

Dear Foot,

What you have to ask yourself is: Why did I stop sucking toes? If you simply stopped because you felt dirty about it, buck up! Some of this nation's greatest men and women have been toe suckers. George Washington was a toe sucker. Neil, Lance, and Louis Armstrong are also in the legions of toe suckers. Hell, Lance can't even get it up without sucking a few toes

first. However, if you stopped sucking toes because you started to gain a reputation as a "toe slut," perhaps it's for the best that you stopped for a while. If you're worried about not getting dates, perhaps you should just start putting out more. Everyone loves sex, and it doesn't come with the "toe slut" title.

Still sucking,

Rory

Dear Rory,

Who's your daddy? I mean, seriously, there're a lot of crazy rumors flying around.

-James McPherson

Dear James,

My father is in fact Rory Rhorerterton Sr., you may have heard of him. He invented the tubeless sock, the tubeless inner tube, and the tubeless enema.

Proudly,
Rory

Rory,

Is there a way to break up with my boyfriend without hurting his feelings?

[Not Signed]

Dear Anonymous,

Why yes, there are a few very simple methods for breaking up with your boyfriend

without hurting his feelings. The first is to dump him at the moment of his climax. Like Pavlov's dogs, he will associate your rejection of him with a glorious feeling. Instead of feeling sad every time he remembers you, he will feel great! Either that, or every time he is about to cum in the future, he will break down crying. And while that might not be great for him, it makes me laugh and that's all that matters. The second method is to have one of your friends have sex with him. That way he will feel guilty instead of sad. The only way to do this without making him feel guilty is to select a friend that is of a sex that he would normally not have sex with. Your dumping him is just a natural thing if it turns out he is actually gay/straight. The final method is to kill him. Corpses don't have hurt feelings.

Awesomely,
Rory

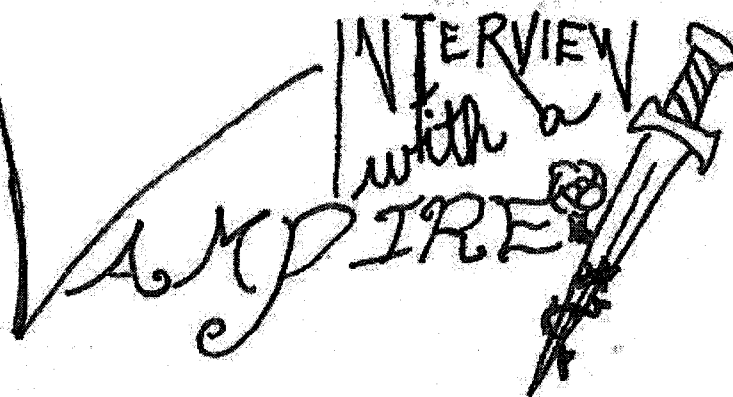
Dear Rory,

Thanks for your dedication.
-Andrés Delgado

Dear Dr. Delgado,

I am equally impressed by your dedication to quality newsmanship. However, if you do not increase my importance in this paper I may be forced to write for another publication, such as the Missouri Statesman.

Ultimately,
Rory



April's perils underestimated: showers bring "May Flowers," cruel death

story by >> Tim Linn

As March nears to a close, the world looks forward, towards summer and the pleasures of a late night's swim in the lake, or for some the freedom from school, or perhaps the frequent visits from the ice cream truck, a friendly face reemerging after a long winter, coaxing a smile from many a golden faced child. Unfortunately, before we get to those sun-drenched fun months, we have to endure the most dangerous month of all: April.

Many people are completely unaware of the perils associated with the fourth month of the year. How much do we really know about April? More importantly, can what we don't know hurt us? The answer may shock you.

Recent studies suggest that April may in fact be much more dangerous than we all initially suspected. T.S. Eliot, a renowned scientist, called April "the cruelest month." As if this weren't bad enough, W. B. Yeats, an expert in April, claims it is the month in which "a terrible beauty is born."

These claims are bad enough, but the actual truth is perhaps more frightening than even these men will admit. Studies have surfaced recently that show the occurrence of a phenomenon known as "April Showers." These showers, while reportedly being the catalyst for the phenomenon known as "May Flowers," seems to be very harmful. The intense rain caused by the April Showers has been shown to cause erosion, and in extreme cases, such as the disastrous floods of 1993 in the Midwest (which began innocently enough as April Showers), can even be deadly.

Scariest still is the fact that while it is known that April usually only happens once a year, scientists can no longer assure us we will only see one month of these horrible rains. As the world becomes increasingly unpredictable, the citizens of the world may see the month of April start to recur over the course of the other 11 months as well.

For now, it seems there are no easy answers to the April problem. Scientists have been working around the clock to figure out a solution to the April Showers phenomenon. Several progressive universities have begun offering grants to students to fund studies to figure out the answers, like exactly what terrible beauty is born in April, and how we can stop the month's cruelty and, hopefully, its relentless charge.

This is not going to sound pretty, but I've been in this situation and what you have to do is give the dog an enema of kitten blood. Yes, that's right, I said ENEMA. This could work with any old sort of blood, but works especially well with kitten blood if you use it on a dog. All you have to do is just take about half a pint of kitten blood, warm it up in a shallow saucepan and then take it up in an enema bulb (or a similar kitchen utensil if you don't have that) and slowly squeeze the contents into the dog's rectum while he/she/it is hanging upside down and leave the dog that way for 12 hours and by that time your dog should be as good as new.

Good Luck,
The Vampire

Vampire,

Have you even talked to Blacula? Is he pretty cool? Is there a lot of racism in the blood-sucking community?

Signed,
Blackenstein

Of course I've talked to Blacula! He joined me for a meal last night. We killed this football player and knew that it was too much for one vampire to handle. Blacula is the coolest mofo fo sho. As far as the racism within the blood-sucking community, I'll quote Blacula on this one and say "It ain't no thing."

Peace out, Bitch-
The Vampire

PS: You were in pieces over some dead chick last time I saw you. Have you put yourself back together?

Dear The Vampire,

Do Vampires enjoy animal blood as well? What about alien blood?

-Andrew Gaits

As I may have state in a previous column, we vampires have different tastes in blood and it varies from person to person. Most vampires stay away from animal blood because it's frowned upon to kill anything with more intelligence than a human. So, I think that might even answer your inquiry about alien blood, although they haven't been coming around since the 1700s.

-The Vampire

If you have any questions for the Prince of Darkness, he has an email address. That email address - are you ready for it? - the very knowledge has been known to drive people mad - it is: Z.Vampire@gmail.com . If any of you are still sane, direct your questions there, and look in a mirror.

Dear The Vampire,

Recently, I have been feeling listless and seemingly bloodless. I don't have much energy or motivation. I guess what I'm saying is quit drinking part of my blood, or just drink all of it.

-Some Guy.

Are you accusing me of drinking YOUR blood? My good random person, I would not even dream of drinking YOUR blood...probably filled with all sorts of colourful diseases and the like. You say that you have not much energy or motivation. It's called being a college student. Get off your ass and study and you might not feel so listless. As for the bloodless part, it might just be that other vampire. You know...the one who works at the radio station. I have no clue what's going on with that guy. Some damned bum, I suppose.

Yours,
The Vampire

Vampire,

When you get really nervous, do you sometimes accidentally POOF! Into a bat? Or at least pee your pants a little? Do vampires pee?

- Curious in Centennial

Funny thing there. We vampires do pee, but it's not normal nitrogenous waste that you humans pee. We excrete pure evil. It's not a pretty sight. But, when I get nervous, I do pee a little. I remember one time back in 1846 when I was in Birmingham, England and someone had died and they were searching for a vampire who did it. Naturally, I was watching everything I did and fearing each footstep that sounded like it was carrying a stake. Whenever someone jumped out from a corner at me, I would both pee A LOT and turn into a bat. One time, the evil formed into a figure that looked like a cross between (in retrospect) Hitler, Idi Amin Dada, George W. Bush, and Pol Pot. That sure scared the batshit out of my friend Bartholomew Higgins. It was usually he who would jump out at me. That right bastard got his when the mob killed him when they thought he was a vampire. That sot still owes me 4 quid.

-The Vampire

Dear Vampire,

I left my pet vampire dog out in the sun too long. He's not dead but he's kind of deflated. I keep trying to feed him kitty cat blood (his favorite) but it's not working. What should I do?

- Withering on Washington

Exploring the mythical land of Rolla... posse style

feature by >> Tim Wittmann

In all the world, there exists only one place whose reputation is all anyone knows. A place so steeped in myth and mystery that it was only a matter of time before some idiot screwed up and began selling myth as fact. This was years ago; now, the myth-as-apparent-fact has had time to incubate within the minds of the general populace. Plenty of time and body heat. We are now looking at a widespread epidemic. Opinions are hatching rampantly--little, evil baby chicks of dubious belief about this ONE minor place that doesn't even show up on most maps. It seems that everyone has their own impromptu folk tale to relate about said place when prompted. What's sad: how seriously everyone takes these stories. What's a flippin' tragedy: I took the stories seriously myself, and began spinning my own distorted reality of what the place must be like.

The place in question is Rolla, formerly a podunk mining town in south-central Missouri, currently a podunk college town in south-central Missouri. The place is a nerd magnet (it's an engineering school, so I guess that's to be expected), 8 guys to each girl enrolled. You go there to die, as far as I'm concerned. There is no salvation once you turn your back on the rest of the world. You might as well kiss that starry-eyed vision of yourself getting laid constantly sayonara and prepare to start buying Kleenex in bulk. Cuz you're gonna need it, behotch!

But, see, this is only one of those many myths that are floating around out there. The difference between this one and the others, though, is that this one's pretty much true. I went down there Friday (the 18th) with "The Posse" (shame on those who aren't privy to what posse membership entails. But, since this is the first I've mentioned it here, I suppose I will entertain your undernourished curiosity. To be a member of the posse means that you're either Ben, Kevin, Brandon, Jonny, or me. We are an exclusive organization, though new membership isn't completely out of the ordinary. One Jeremiah Beers, for instance, served in our ranks for almost 9 months before being absorbed into a life of barn making and buttonlessness; the man was Amish) and confirmed as much with a cursory observation of the dorms. The female gender might as well have been outlawed, because I certainly didn't see any fine-ass chicas.

Anyway, our primary reason for coming down to Rolla was to visit Posse Ben, who has recently acquired a girlfriend there, against all odds (not saying the man isn't cool, it's just he has tons and tons of

competition first off all, and, secondly, any available girls there are just overwhelmingly likely to be, umm [in a well-timed appeal to the gods of tact], less than desirable). Now, by implication of Ben's being a Posse member, any relationship of significance with the opposite sex would necessitate Posse approval. Our mission was clear; a Posse Inquisition would be in order.

In keeping with mission objectives, we arranged to meet the girl in question, Meghan McGrath, Saturday afternoon (yeah, we stayed two days... more on Friday and our lodging later). And meet her we did--right alongside her best friend, Micah, Ben's gay shadow. Nothing in the mission protocol could have prepared us for Micah's presence. Posse Jonny shut down; he couldn't handle the gayness. Posse Kevin froze up; his capable sense of feng shui became utterly discombobulated as he realized that he could not one-up Micah (though in all fairness, he didn't really try; he just assumed he couldn't one-up a gay man when it comes to home decor). Brandon and I, meanwhile, remained calm, unshaken by the apparent attempt at sabotage. We were, after all, bound by Posse Law to follow through with the approval process, and we would not forget it.

The verdict? Meghan is cool, maybe a bit on the cutesy/sentimental side (she was playing paddycake with Ben, which was somewhat alarming and somewhat entertaining all at once), but nothing to get too riled up about. She didn't seem to really approve of the Posse's brand of humor, though, which is tolerable, I suppose, but only because Ben is our boy (we couldn't help it that Ben's roommate is named Chancey, which I'm pretty sure is a Pokemon). Plus, she makes t-shirts for fun, which I have to admit is pretty righteous, mainly because I have so many ideas for t-shirts I'd love to wear but that do not yet exist (can you say, "hook up?"). This Micah kid, on the other hand, has got to go. I can tell he's ruining Ben's mojo. And when you ruin one Posse member's mojo, it's like ruining the whole Posse's mojo, so I have something invested in this, you see (good ol' Brandon's working out the assassination

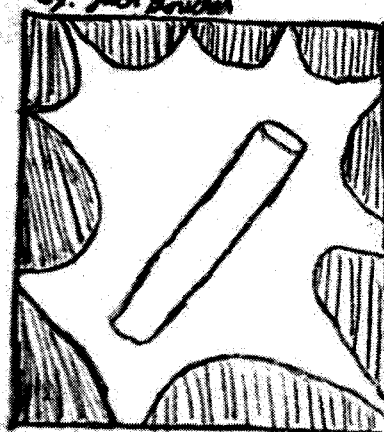
plot as we speak).

Ok, so I realize this is skipping around somewhat, but since when have I been worried about coherency? Back to Friday with the lot of yous! Friday, as you may have noticed, was the day after St. Patty's Day. This means that Rolla should have been party central (in 1990, Rolla had a student organization whose manpower was entirely devoted to planning the St. Patrick's Day festivities that year; the board was dissolved when certain members died choking on their own vomit after an episode of binge drinking). Jonny told me that he heard Rolla was rated the number 1 locale nationwide in terms of alcohol consumption per capita on for St. Patrick's Day weekend. My stepdad, who almost didn't permit me to go on this excursion (yea, this adult's still not immune to parental authority, sadly), warned me, "There are going to be drunks all over the place. They're going to want to get in your car and they're going to have beer with them. They're going to want to take the wheel and drive the car head-on into a tree. And don't think about going pedestrian either; there are no sidewalks. There's no stopping a drunk driver from ramping the curb and plowing you down if you're on foot. So, car or not, you're pretty much going to die." I find it amusing how the man claims to know so much about Rolla. Just like all the others, he's never even been there.

But I fell prey to the myth, so when we got into Rolla, everyone was shocked to find that we weren't wading through an amorphous glob of passed-out drunks and their vomit, much like I imagine Dante's second (or was it third?) layer of hell to be. Heck, it wasn't even party central. All the "bumpin' parties" that are supposed to make Rolla a great place to spend a St. Patty's Day weekend were nowhere to be found (here, it should be noted that "party" consists of alcohol and girlies. We weren't too worried about the alcohol; if we looked hard enough, we could get a beer, no problem. It was the absense of girlies that was getting us down. Plus, the Posse have somewhat refined tastes in alcoholic beverages. We'll drink a fine Merlot, a nice summery Tanqueray, or some warmed Sake, but never an ordinary beer. At least, not Brandon or Kevin. Jonny and I are less picky, though).

So, we pretty much just ate a lot of pizza and watched lots of cop videos and extreme sports on Ben's TV. And slept at the Sooter Inn, which we all expected to be pretty raunchy for just \$34.99. We even brought sleeping bags, just in case. Hey, our wallets thanked us, but would our personal hygiene? In the end, neither yes nor no! Which isn't too shabby! It wasn't quite Holiday Inn caliber, but we couldn't really complain.

Cartoon
Personals
by: Zach Bruden



Name: Inanimate Carbon Rod
Age: 36
Likes: work, laying around, not doing anything
Dislikes: activity, Homer Simpson, pipe-bending machines
Comments: I work in section 7G at the Springfield Nuclear Power Plant. I am looking for an Inanimate Silicon Cylinder to make little nuts and bolts. Or a really, really hot girl who needs a long rod for some reason.

Caucus crashers

continued from page 6

navigate towards a small Kucinich congregation.

A boy, introducing himself as the eighteen year old University of Iowa, Iowa City Howard Dean campaign coordinator, steps up to the podium and welcomes all to the caucus. I recognize him, he ushered us to the front of the registration line. Quickly he introduces the nuts and bolts of a caucus, as he will oversee the evening's proceedings. Seriousness looks silly on this kid's face; sternness sits uneasily on his rosy, baby fat cheeks when he deals orders to the crowd. The young grandmaster breaks down caucus lexicon for us, explaining a preference group will need fifteen-percent, 55 persons, for viability. The top three most viable candidates have their percentages reported. If a candidate's preference group is not nearly viable after the first alignment, caucusers are to realign until all present vote by show of hands to discontinue the caucus.

The Deanie Baby designates preference group areas from the stage. Finally, this Martin Luther King Day Iowa City caucus commences, the chief points the Sharpton crew to the back of the room, and my girlfriend makes a snide remark about Rosa Parks. I am about to chastise her, but the din of a now mobile crowd necessitates an attentive ear; Kerry is given a cluster of folding chairs by the doors, Edwards inherits the cheap plastic-tables on the East wall, and Lieberman is assigned a cold patch of nothing in the room's center. Dean followers are directed to gather around their puerile conductor in the front. For a moment, I fear Kucinich will be omitted entirely, but we are relegated with a hasty rolling of the eyes to assemble near a series of posters touting respect and community on the Iowa campus - the very farthest back left, practically in Sharpton's corner. I mentally note the irony and let my girlfriend take the lead.

First alignment surprises the Dean camp, they turn out just barely viable with sixty constituents. Not dramatically behind, our very own Kucinich takes fifty-one, forty-nine of which are legal. John Kerry's kids make up a huge bloc, a solid 151. Leaving forty to Edwards, twenty to Clark, seven to Sharpton and a lonely one to Lieberman. All preference groups vote for realignment, aside the Deanites, knowing the mighty Dennis threatens their viability.

Constituents plot and rumble realigning, conceding to a particular issue as to consolidate their power. I figure the Sharpton schism will join with us without much of a fight. I stand on the Kucinich fringes, almost at the Vote for Denis/Vote for Al folding-chair boarder. A Sharpton boy with big Al Franken glasses and pallid skin accosts me, "What can Kucinich give us?"

"Um, free healthcare," I am taken very much aback.

He just stares, "What about right now?"

Stuttering, "I-I've got some Newman's Own organic cookies."

"Bring them over to the others; that might persuade some" with that I follow him to his small cadre.

I offer my cookies and six of the

Sharpton seven accept, pledging support to Kucinich during the next count. One protests, "I don't want this hippy shit" and scampers off to the Army of General Wesley Clark.

My girlfriend tracks me down and tells me she has failed to sway the lone Lieberman supporter to Dennis, "He enlisted with Clark." She uses her cell phone's calculator and figures we're fifty-six strong, including two illegals.

We see a few people in Kerry regalia waiting to be counted as Kucinich supporters. Apparently Kerry strategizers wish to smother Dean's viability by making the closer extreme candidates more viable. We conjecture Kerry emissaries have been sent to enrich the two preference groups closest trailing Dean - Kucinich and Edwards.

Soon, our speculation is confirmed, we overhear a stray Deanite squabble with a Kerry constituent standing in Kucinich territory, "You don't care about Kerry, you just want Dean to lose."

To which the more rational [but wrong word - I mean "thinks about the big picture"] Kerry supporter retorts, "I do care about Kerry that is why I want Dean to lose."

My girlfriend and I are elated, certainly the wily Kerry youth has precisely allocated numbers to tip the second majority from Dean. The young moderator, however, looks pressed and calls for the end of realignment minutes before schedule. He issues an ultimatum in a nervous monotone, "Pick a candidate or do not get counted, you have thirty more seconds," and people confusedly hasten off in all directions.

The counts begin to come in from the floor, Dean campaigners running numbers to the podium. People on the Kucinich side keep their own count, three more than that announced from the stage, two more than the official Dean figure, one more than Edwards.

"Those fucking Kerry idiots, they didn't send enough kids over here!" spews my girlfriend.

The moderator prefaces his procedural realign query, "If we realign, we're going to have to stay here for another hour. I do not want to stand here another hour."

He motions for all to vote, and from his view at the top he announces there will be no realignment. Kerry, Edwards, Dean - the winners.

Jewson...

continued from page 4

No, it has to be Dorothy. Not these other two whom I would most recommend as a model for today's eliminated US religious Left. Why? Because, while a Baptist to Quaker convert, the first Labour congresswoman and councilwoman for Norwich cathedral city and campus today, Jewson knew how to do two progressive things of which the US Left has lost its memory. Because we overdose on false campus careerism, rather than write for popular journalism or TV, as our overseas counterparts on the Left still punchingly do in sometimes perforce inelegant prose. In a proverbial nutshell, do yourself, read, in TSU Pickler's Library, old parliamen-

Fleeing the mayor

continued from page 7

ed state as she walked back into the bar after close because she 'forgot her purse.' A paper trail of Raven's relationship with the miss fatty McGee's led to a similarly sweetened deal two years ago for land designated as recreational that was used as a site for a Home Depot. We found out that Raven had amassed the original capital to build her bar by way of a lawsuit against Bomblover University...

She was a volleyball coach, and by speaking monetarily to a feisty librarian we caught some wind from the old rumor mill. Apparently, Raven was ear-deep in a homosexual relationship with one of her athletes and things were about to become known. Then she complained vehemently to the university about the scholarship distribution for the different sports, her girls receiving one less than the others. She protested fervently day and night, made her views public by writing an editorial in the newspaper, called the dean at his home late at night to curse him, and finally, she was fired. She sued the next day for wrongful termination, and was awarded the sum she would have made if she had coached volleyball there until retirement: 1.6 million dollars.

The money had run out, and she was at it again.

We assumed that she would want to get out of town while the heat was on with the fire and land deal, so we used it against her. Collin followed Raven and found out she used a Visa card to buy everything. We sent her a UPS delivery that was required to be signed, and inside was a package from Visa, which informed her of a trip she had won. We filled the box with salsa and chips, a sombrero, sunscreen, a mini-donkey piñata, a Visa logoed key chain, sunglasses, and visor that we ordered off the Internet, and one plane ticket to Cancun. The letter read:

Dear Mrs. Raven,

Congratulations! Visa incorporated and Hombre Recreations are pleased to inform you that you are the winner of our Spend n' Sun joint promotion. As a valued small business owner, you were automatically registered for the drawing on January 25, 2004. Your name was randomly chosen from our database and you have

tary papers, to look up Jewson's way, her three hit prose major speeches in her 1924 sojourn as an MP, including an official query, in support of striking Woolworth Welsh store workers. Or go into the old newspaper conference reports to see her and her feminist band, as he taunted them, take on verbally directly their own anti-birth control information Prime Minister MacDonald. The secular Left, too, can ponder her semi-Marxist trip in praise of infant Soviet maternity and nursery child care, provided free by the state. And we can marvel at her case for state elimination of war by abolishing private arms manufacturing altogether. Essentially, Jewson's radical Christianity and semi-Marxist Democratic Socialism ought to be our "cri de coeur" for this new century's fulfillment against Bush patriarchal regression.

been awarded a free trip to Cancun, Mexico for six nights and seven days. Call 1-800-Visa to confirm your reservations and receive details.

Sincerely,

Robin Hoodstrom

Senior Promotions Manager

She bit. Called to confirm the same day. We set up the vista we had rented in Cancun and sipped drinks for two days before the money walked through our door.

Me and Collin sat in stuffy chairs with our legs crossed like we thought rich people would, and smoked cigars while we clanked the ice around in a Singapore sling, laughing heartily. We hired a cab driver to pick her up at the airport and gave him a phone to call us with when he was about to arrive.

Ring ring.

We slipped the ski masks over our face and welcomed her in with some handcuffs and rope. Collin sat her in front of a coffee table, and I laid out the evidence: pictures of her buying coke, a tape recording of the conversation in which she agreed on the one million dollar kick-back with the lard lords, and the price assessment used for getting the money from the insurance company that we got a copy of from a secretary at her cousin's construction company. After we had played the tape and let it soak in, I sat a laptop in front of her along with written instructions for transferring 1.5 million dollars to our Swiss bank account.

We never spoke a word to the devil woman until she was walking dazedly back towards the cab that was still waiting with her bags in the trunk, and I screamed, "This is for Hazel Creek, bitch!"

Me and Collin wrote an unsigned letter to the two City Council members that voted no on the land deal, and told them we had a good bit of the city's money, and some rather interesting photos of the mayor. We told them they could have the money if they agreed to: 1. Force Raven to resign with said photos, 2. Force Mr. Strangelove and Mr. DWight, the councilmen who gave a yes vote in the crooked land deal to resign, and 3. Designate Hazel Creek land as forever untouchable.

After it was said and done we still had half a million to open up the barbeque stand on the beach, pay off the loans, and keep the cock-tails coming. I had the glorious opportunity to ditch rent on some obese greed oinkers. And a few weeks after the affair I went back to Hazel Creek and sat with Katie on the west bank, watching the sun rise through gray and burn the fog with its fire rays that shock Missouri winter dawns. I held her hand and explained to her that I'm twenty-two and damn restless and damn clever and that I love her but I got to keep on keepin' on. She was chill with it. I think the image of me was dulled in the shadows of Italian men and the worldly sensibility that arises from living abroad.

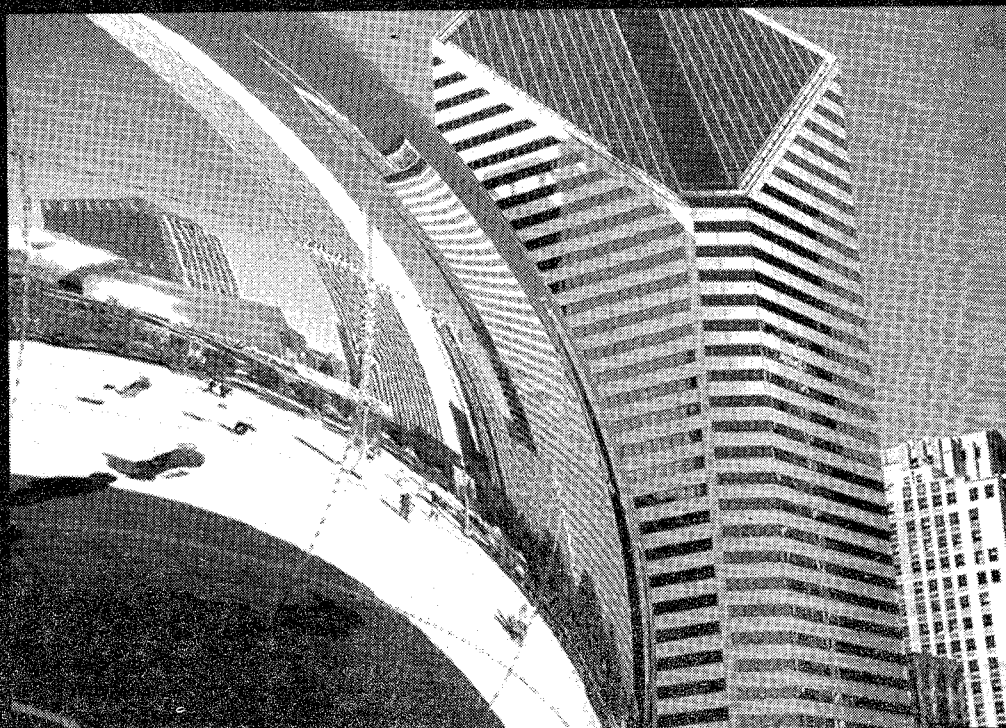
As I close this letter, the sweet breeze of Cancun sands sweeps gently across my face, the smell of barbeque is wafted in waves by my nose, and I'm feeling saintly as hell. I got away, I got the crook, and now I got the time to muse the days away at my fancy.

Photography

send your photos to
monitortrm@hotmail.com



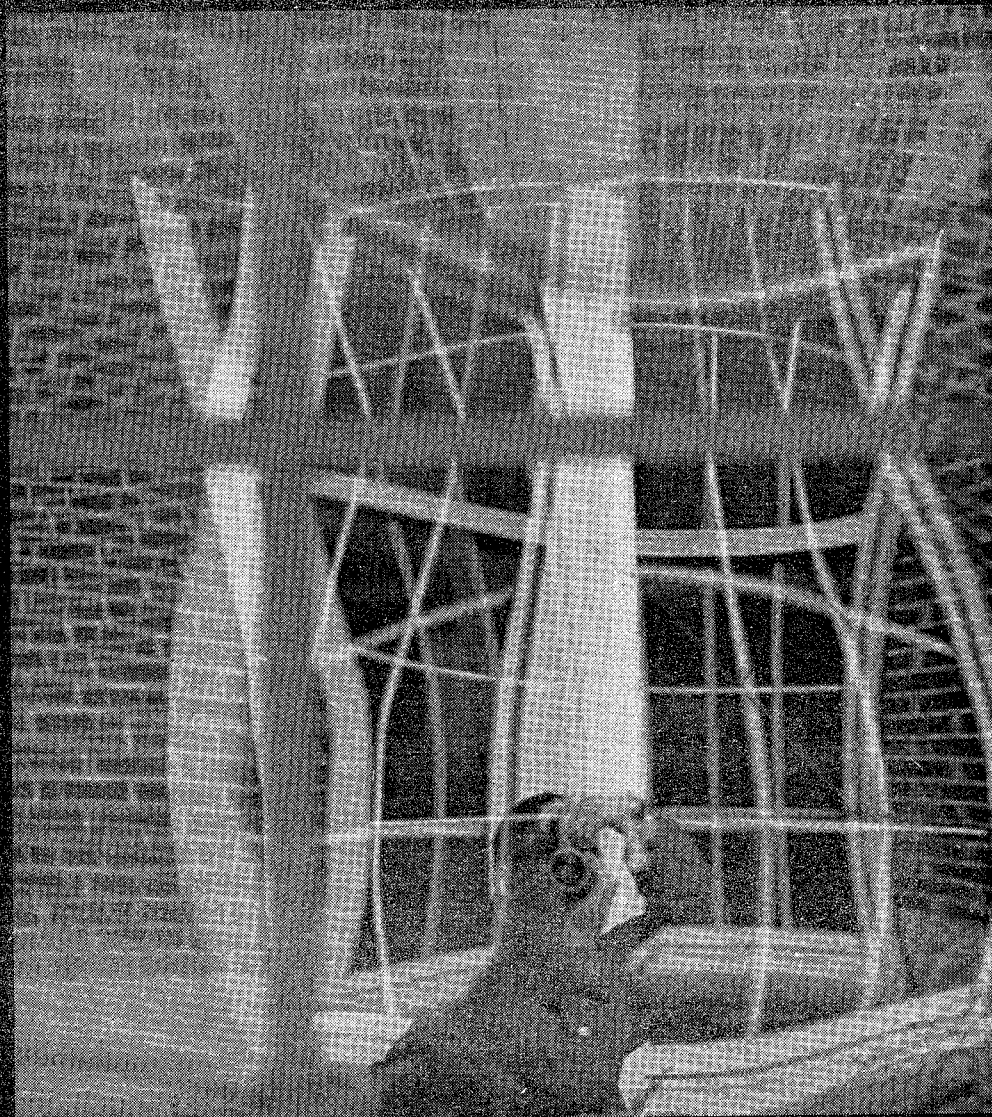
Tessa Barnhardt



Phil Jarret



David Yonce



Jon Lawinger