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The Monitor Campus Collective unless otherwise
noted.

The Monitor is published every other Tuesday.
We meet every Thursday at 9:00 p.m. in BH 312.
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

letters



Monitor indeed a forum. not so open

Dear Editor,

Thank you for your interesting letter from
Mr. Nathan Rator.

I would agree that it is the editorial right
and responsibility to publish substantive letters
representing diverse, frequently opposing views,
from all different sources, and to determine articles
of significant content and depth. If you had
the opportunity to read the March 8 issue, I had
given considerable praise to the editor for the
quality of coverage and substance in the
Monitor. I then also discussed some aspects that
I found worthy of criticism; just as it is important
to communicate praise to a publication, it is just
as important to communicate criticism. My second
letter was merely a response to the editor's

comments to my first letter; basically a disagreement
between us as to whether or not the choice
of material is an editorial decision. I found the
tone of Mr. Hayfever's original letter disturbingly
close to the spirit expressed by the unedited
reproduction of the typed draft of the Iles letter
in the subsequent March 8th issue. To say that
the two editorial decisions were not related is
simply very obviously disputable.

I would add that Mr. Rator states that he
didn't feel it (the manner in which the L. Iles letter
was reproduced) "was a very fiendish decision".
I would agree. It wasn't 'very' fiendish. I
had not used such strong vocabulary, qualified
carefully by Mr. Rator.

I am glad that the person writing these
anonymous letters does exist, as Mr. Rator
assures us. It used to be an editorial policy of
newspapers on this campus that letters to the editor
be signed by the actual person writing and
that the newspaper staff confirm the existence of
that person. Certainly, it is not easy to come forward
and to pen openly and honestly a provoca-

tive letter or article to be published as the product
of the author's own thought or satirical musings.
But it certainly affirms the spirit and aspirations
of an open society to do so. And it helps other
people be less afraid of thinking and sharing
each others' words. Being too afraid to admit
to one's own thoughts nowadays falls in too
closely with the dangerous fears carefully
encouraged in the recent publication by
Horowitz, a McCarthyite terrifying compilation
of scholars branded as 'dangerous'. It's like the
spirit of fear and conformity forcing the last of
the human species to give up their human form
and dignity in Ionesco's play "Rhinoceros".

That's about all I have to say on this topic.
Our thanks for your consideration of our views.

Dr. B.L. McLane-Iles
Professor of French

Editors' Box

Congratulations to Rachel Hogan, our short story contest
winner. We were excited by the quality contributions the contest
received this semester, even though our lackluster advertising
resulted in so few submissions. Next semester we'll know better.

We'd also like to inform you that after carefully considering
all available options and weighing all evidence on the matter,
we at the Monitor officially recommend that you should have a
good summer. We hope you'll take our conclusions into consideration
in the coming months.

Amidst the general enjoyment though, we also advise that at
some point this summer you stop and ask yourself - what have I
done to make the Monitor a better place? The time is now my
friend. Or more accurately, the time is this coming Fall
semester, when the Monitor will need all the help it can to
keep on rocking. And really, that's what we all want, isn't
it?

Your Pals,
Tim, Jon, and Annie

FAC

FUNDS ALLOTMENT COUNCIL

Untitled

Short story by >> Rachel Hogan

I felt my brain shut off when I heard Professor Hunter speak. She was a woman of diminutive stature who constantly wore the same pair of khaki pants made 100% from organic hemp and a large jade bracelet that she alternated from left wrist to right. Apart from her at times bizarre clothing selections, there was nothing particularly memorable about Grace M. Hunter, PhD. She had neither the brazen sparkle of her younger colleagues nor the enigmatic draw of her older ones. Mostly, students took her class because it was in an accessible building during the late morning. It was the only class she taught on our campus because she was a full-time professor at the college across town. Out of six colleges in our unremarkable town, one-third of them had the boasting rights to Grace Hunter.

I went to her class out of tedious habit and behaved as any other respectable student with no time to lose and far better adventurous mishaps to pursue, I doodled. Though I admit my formal training in sketching ended in the fourth grade, my rudimentary scratches pleased my own self and since I never intended to showcase them in a global exhibit, I kept on. An anyday doodle usually consisted of a large waterfall featuring a tribal dance of walnuts or some other equally nonsensical business. On a special day, I narrowed my attention to a particular subject sitting nearby in class. Usually, this resulted in a large block of scribbles when I got fed up with my lacking skills to replicate something real. Meanwhile, Hunter streamed through a lecture teeming with useless analogies and ambiguous hints about the surprise she announced will come on the final day of classes. Professor Hunter may be the first one I've encountered that included in her syllabus a proclamation that the class will end with a bang. But, of course, this bang will not be divulged until it has arrived. Maybe her ploy was intended to hook us in and demand our veneration of the petite professor that offers us a revelation if we are diligent and involved. Whatever the aim, she certainly fell off target.

This lackluster response to her lectures and the pitiful piles of academic bullshit that seeped onto her desk on a due date for papers did not deter

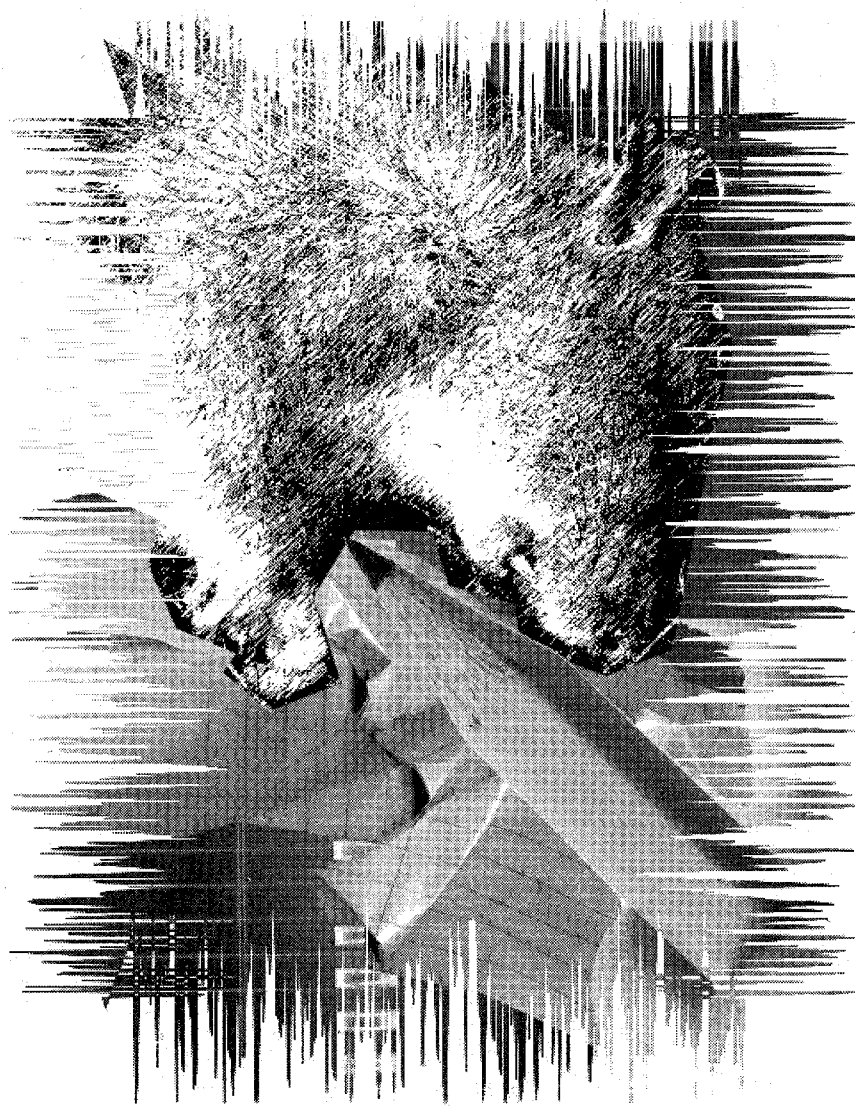


Illustration by >> Ben Dansby

Hunter from reminding us that her grand surprise drew closer and closer. In a way, her constant dangling did inspire some anticipation. By no means did I teeter on the edge of my desk, awaiting with baited breath the explosive revelation of a lifetime. I did however find myself a bit anxious to find what this surprise would be as I stepped into class that very fine day in May. I looked about and saw all my classmates sitting up a little straighter. Even the

usually lifeless desks with broken chair-backs had occupants. The snorer to the right of me, who had unexpected blue-green eyes, leaned across and asked if I had heard from anyone who took the course previously just what was in store for us. I don't recall that she had offered a surprise in any of her previous courses. As I shook my head no, the surprise-dangler herself slipped into the room. She carried nothing auspicious or exceptional with her. My hopes for a colossal feast withered away. Nor did she do anything out of her routine. The class

was eerily still for a moment.

Then, she opened up her lecture notes and began where she had left off the previous class. We thought it impertinent to inquire into the promised surprise so some students opened up their notebooks and began taking their first notes of the semester. Twenty minutes through another mundane monologue, Hunter finally broke her habit of uninterrupted lecture and asked us a question. She posed a question to the forty two students that made more than one brow-line wrinkle. What, she asked, would we feel if a mouse was caught in a trap in our home?

No one knew how this pertained to her lecture. No one knew if this would lead to anything. No one had an answer. What would I feel? For a mouse that is caught in a trap? I sat half-heartedly thinking about her question but mostly wondering when the surprise would be unveiled. Finally, some one broke the silence and mumbled, life's a bitch. Hunter twitched her nose, glanced at the general area from which the answer was thrown and replied, well, that's one thing to say.

This morning, she continued, I awoke to a peculiar crack from the bedroom closet. I investigated, naturally, and what did I find but a small grayish brown mouse dead under the vicious snap of a metal bar. I remember placing the trap just a week before when I had suspicions that the holes in my shoe boxes did not appear on their own accord. The small bit of feta cheese I placed in the dollar trap had gone a bit blue and sweaty but still cheesy enough to tempt a mouse. I had no regret or sympathy for the weak-minded creature at first. Until I realized that the cheese in front of the mouse was not within its reach. Did you even get a bite, little mouse? No, not a nibble of the alluring feta that would cause his end. Reaching out with the hope of receiving a sweet morsel and instead ending his wretched existence on an empty stomach. The metal spike smashing his vertebrae before the end prize can be snatched away. If only the mouse had resisted the urge to take part in the prize. She stopped and shut her eyes. The entire class silently urging her to continue, to climax, to pull out the bang. Small Grace Hunter, PhD opened her dull eyes and walked swiftly out of the room.

Some of the more determined ones waited as long as four hours for her to return and surprise them.

Brita

Short story by >> Erin Roper

No one drank the water in the city of Madison, Wisconsin. There was something dismal, something desolate about a city where no one drank the water. He watched the water from the tap run into the top of the Brita filter lid, then its agonizingly slow journey through the filter into the separate, sterile void below. He shut off the tap and replaced the container's cap. The now top heavy plastic pitcher slid easily into its ritualistic place in the refrigerator beside his roommate's all-natural hummus and the brown spicy mustard. He stared mournfully into the refrigerator, the pale yellow light highlighting his angular cheekbones.

He never got his fill.

"Are you ready?"

He straightened and let the refrigerator door fall shut, turning to see her at the front door of his university apartment, light jacket draped over one arm and hand on the doorknob.

"Let me just grab my keys," he answered, entering the box-like bedroom adjacent to the kitchen. The keys lay on his desk. He hesitated, fingers on the cool metal of his thick carabineer key chain, his gaze resting on the photo on the second shelf of his bookcase of all of them at the beach. Palm trees at the edges, sand and water behind them, an overweight southern man who had later bought them beer just to the back right - everything revolving around their little group. The girls wore bikinis and thick sunglasses, the boys, flowered board shorts and backwards baseball caps. They all wore toothy grins on their sunburned faces and excitement in the hands that they linked and the arms that they threw around each others' shoulders.

"I'm going to be late. He'll be waiting," her voice called

from the other room.

He sighed and ran his hand through his hair, snapping up the keys from the surface of the poorly assembled prefab desk.

"Found 'em," he said with a weary smile. She echoed him with a ghostly smile of her own.

In the elevator they tentatively held hands, her thumb tracing the edges of his palm. When the doors opened they separated and he folded his hands behind the small of his back, kneading his knuckles with his fingers. Three underclassmen girls stepped onto the elevator, monogram letter style purses tucked tightly under their arms. They talked softly until the elevator reached the lobby, and he held his arm across the elevator door for them when it opened, watching their short jean skirt clad backsides file out.

His red sedan was parked a few spots from the door and the radio came on when he turned the key in the ignition. High hat and

continued on page 4 >>

UN cuts food assistance to Sudan

news by >> Nick Wilsey

A shortfall in donations forced the United Nations to reduce the amount of food relief provided to malnourished refugees and displaced persons in the war-torn Darfur region of Sudan.

The World Food Program, a division of the UN, a plan announced Friday to reduce the amount of food rations distributed to 6 million Sudanese, half of whom live in Darfur, to a bare 1,050 calories, which is half the daily minimum requirement for sustainable health. The food includes bread, cereals and beans, as well as sugar, salt and oil for cooking.

"This is a measure we should simply never have to take," said James Morris, executive director of the food program, which supplies emergency and long-term food relief to 110 million people worldwide.

"Donors are being incredibly generous, but they are not putting victims of humanitarian crises like Darfur first on their list," Morris said.

The food program received only one-third, or \$238 million, of its requested donations for Sudan. The United States donated almost 80 percent of the funds, but many European nations cut back their donations or earmarked them for relief programs in other countries.

"There is probably some donor fatigue," spokeswoman Christiane Berthiaume said. "The conflict has been going on a long time, and

there's no solution in sight."

The food program must reduce portion sizes in order to stretch out meager supplies for the three-month rainy season in late summer when farmers need food assistance the most before they can harvest their own crops in the fall.

"We've been pushed into this last resort of ration cuts so we can provide the needy with at least some food in the lean season," Morris said.

Although humanitarian agencies continue to send additional food and supplies to Sudan, torrential rains will flood the unpaved roads and make transportation nearly impossible. Any food that hasn't reached Darfur before the rainy season begins in July won't reach the farmers until the rains subside, and by then the local harvest will make food assistance unnecessary.

"They were too little too late to avert the new round of cuts," Berthiaume said.

The Darfur conflict has brought more than 180,000 Sudanese to death by violence, starvation and disease and has driven more than 3 million to abandon their homes and seek refuge in neighboring Chad.

"Throughout this critical year for Sudan, when peace must be allowed to take hold, WFP urgently needs donors to come forward so that we can guarantee food aid to the millions of Sudanese who so desperately need our help," Morris said.

Some farmers who still have their homes and farmland can produce enough food to require only supplementary food assistance, but most refugees and displaced persons depend entirely on food assistance to stay alive.

"This is one of the hardest decisions I've ever made," Morris said. "Haven't the people of Darfur suffered enough?"

The Darfur region erupted into conflict just as the Muslim Arabs of the northern Khartoum government negotiated a peace settlement with Christian and African faith rebels in the south after a 21-year civil war. Religion played a major role in the southern civil war, but virtually everyone in Darfur is Muslim.

Rather than religion, the Darfur conflict stems from economic, linguistic and ethnic rivalries: the Sudanese who herd livestock, speak Arabic and identify themselves as Arabs fight against the Sudanese who farm the land, speak native African languages and identify themselves as Africans. The Arab herders and African farmers compete for access to fresh water and fertile land, which are precious resources in the arid plains of western Sudan.

The Darfur conflict began in February 2003 when rebels launched surprise attacks against government troops and military installations, claiming the Khartoum government neglected the impoverished Darfur region and allowed Arab herders to seize the lands of African farmers. Khartoum responded by launching aerial bombing campaigns against African villages in Darfur and arming the

Janjaweed, an Arab militia of horse-mounted gunmen.

Amnesty International and Human Rights Watch accuse the Khartoum government of allowing the Janjaweed to systematically exterminate entire villages of African farmers in a campaign of genocide and ethnic cleansing. Khartoum denies any involvement with the Janjaweed and calls them "thieves and gangsters."

The Janjaweed storm into villages, burn homes and mosques, slaughter civilians by the hundreds, abduct and rape women and girls, raid food stores and engage in scorched earth by filling wells and torching farmland so anyone left alive after the massacre cannot rebuild and support themselves. After a cease-fire agreement between Khartoum and the African rebels two years ago, Khartoum promised to disarm the Janjaweed but has yet to live up to its promise.

Mukesh Kapila, UN coordinator for Sudan, said, "This is ethnic cleansing. This is the world's greatest humanitarian crisis, and I don't know why the world isn't doing more about it."

Sources: BBC, The New York Times, Reuters, World Food Program, The Boston Globe, PBS, Save Darfur Coalition, Council on Foreign Relations

Grandaddy says goodbye to music

review by >> Ben Dansby

When Grandaddy released *The Sophtware Slump* in 2000, it sent shockwaves through the alternative music community. Grandaddy was hailed as the saviors of, well, progressive indie space rock. No one knew what to call them, but they knew that this duality of spacey sadness and pop exuberance was something truly great, and the band became darlings of critic and fan alike. Expectations were huge for the followup, 2003's *Sumday*, and inevitably, it was widely seen as a disappointment. The boys from Modesto seemed to have dropped their adventurousness and experimentation in exchange for same-y pop rock. *Sumday* was and is a good album, but it simply did not measure up.

At some point after this, lead singer and songwriter Jason Lytle decided he was fed up with the city of Modesto, California, and was leaving for warmer climes. So the band was breaking up. But not before giving us 2005's EP, *Excerpts from the Diary of Todd Zilla*, which I enjoyed, but the world shrugged its collective shoulders to, and now, their final full-length album, *Just Like the Fambly Cat*. The meaning of this name becomes clear on the rather annoying intro, in which a small child repeatedly inquires, "What happened to the family cat?" The message is clear: Grandaddy is dead.



It may be a little strange to listen to a new album by a band that has just declared itself dead, but all niggles are pushed aside when the first song, "Jeez Louise," starts up. This song has

everything one loves about a Grandaddy song: a driving, heavy riff; infectious vocals by Lytle; weird synths and noisy breakdowns; and a moment of acoustic calm. Upon hearing this song, many will believe Grandaddy to be "back," whatever that means, and indeed, it's easy to see this song fitting in nicely with "Hewlett's Daughter" and "Miner at the Dial-A-View" on *The Sophtware Slump*.

Unfortunately, this song is somewhat of an anomaly. The bulk of *Just Like the Fambly Cat* consists of long, meandering meditations on synth pads and strumming acoustics. Songs like

"The Animal World," "This is How it Always Starts," and "Guide Down Denied" sort of wash over the listener, and they're pleasant enough while playing, but leave almost no impact in their wake.

There are some genuinely great songs on here too, don't get me wrong. "Where I'm Anymore" is an absurdly sweet and fun song about being stuck in a rut, and "Skateboarding Saves Me Twice" is just a kick-ass instrumental. Just Like the Fambly Cat is a good album. It has some great songs. None of the songs are bad. So, what's the problem? The problem is that Grandaddy made *The Sophtware Slump*, and as unfair as it is, they will always be measured against that benchmark. But look, you will enjoy *Just Like the Fambly Cat*. You may even get some new Grandaddy favorites from it. It's too bad that Grandaddy was never able to match their sophomore effort, but *Just Like the Fambly Cat* is a thoroughly respectable way to exit.

>> continued from page 3

guitar and bass filled the car and he was grateful for the distraction. The dark colored seats were warm from being in the sun. She played with the window, attempting to obtain just the right amount of air to cool down, but preserve her carefully straightened hair.

She said little as they drove, periodically tilting her palm upwards to check the face of the small gold watch that was strapped to the inside of her pale wrist. He watched her from the corner of his eye, but there was no point. Her face was turned out towards the side window.

Madison was a deceptive town. The buildings were short, squat, quaint - a conscious decision by university and political figures for sure - but the numbers were there, the people were there. The second largest city in the state of Wisconsin, which, he often wondered, was that really something to be that impressed by? Still, the businesses, restaurants, places that always reminded him of everyone, all of them, their little group -

"You're going to miss the turn," she said with an undertone of panic. He swore and cut sharply into the right turn lane, despite protest from the other drivers on the road.

"Shit, where's your mind at?" she snapped at him as he turned onto the street and exhaled slowly, wind whistling through his clenched teeth.

"Sorry," he said lamely and pulled over in front of the library.

"He's not here yet," she stated. He put the car in park and looked at her looking out the window.

"You should be with me."

She faced him and took his hand from its resting place on the parking break. She leaned in and kissed him. Sweetly. Lovingly. With tongue.

"Well," she said.

When she went to reach for the door handle he felt like locking the doors, but he didn't and she left the car without inci-

dent. He sat at the curb for a few minutes, watching her wait, until his friend came out of the library, smiling when he saw her. They kissed and he wondered if it was like the ones that he got.

She took hold of his hand in that one, finger-staggered way and leaned on one leg, her other leg cocked and her foot arched. Adoring. He moved the car into drive and looked back once more. She was pointing to his car now, and they were both waving. He smiled and rolled down the window.

"See you guys for dinner tonight," he called out.

"Alright cool, man. Thanks for dropping her off," his friend called back.

At home his roommate had returned, indie rock turned up entirely too loud for the genre. The Brita pitcher was sitting on the counter next to an opened box of Yogurt Burst Cheerios, bone dry. His purple cup from this morning was sitting on the counter and he almost reached for it, fingers playing at the thick plastic lip.

He never got his fill.

JESUS, WASHINGTON, AND EISENHOWER, BORN AGAIN AMONG US, AND THEY DO NOT BLESS THE USA

short story by >> Larry Iles

This is the last will and testimony hologrammed back to Earth Kirksville, 2006 Spring, if projectile target correct, of Laurentius Bellissius, Non-Citizen, Machine Overseas Replica 1,000th, US Planet Corporation Empire Year Make 4006. Sent agreeably anonymously to the office apartments, if research proficient, of Anonymous Abuse Welcomer, Robot Faculty Crawler, MONITOR Fangs Correctional Rehab Facility Center, Missouri HQ, Bohringer Inc! Otherwise known as an alternative newspaper, except we are just KIDDING really and too snobbishly upper class TSU English students to dirty our joints with the SIN-DEX Farm in the DIXON dished to Barnett Hall farm. Ye male gods! That would be real work, and our campus box might have to be answered for non-faculty pests.

I, here, in 2 centuries ahead time, am in the process of self-administering Self-Poison Hemlock, as below stairs PLANET CORPORATION BUSH CIA POLICE UNIT OPERATION ENDURING CRAP 9/11 is fading me out. As what I have just transmitted additionally back to Untruthful Bible Belt Missouri/ Untruman campus Kiddology Center is a capital crime offense, under violated Geneva Protocol 2606 Bush-Cheney, INC Patriarchal History law. Hell, its real torture rendition against them, they say, in treason to the USA! If so, why did our Pentagon invent this E-Mail/Internet stuff in Vietnam, if it were not to patriotically incinerate the rice-eater Commies?

Worst of all, according to President Jeb Bush, Oilworks the Thousandeth, I have sent hologrammed images of midwestern male esteemed deities called Jesus Christ and former USA presidents, Generals George Washington and Dwight Eisenhower back to torment these poor Kirksvillians small minds, in disrespect from here in my Saturn Britannicus-work factory. Such Born again Hologram powers, I will have you know, fellow males, are reserved exclusively in transgress right to non-abortees of the BUSH-Cheney-

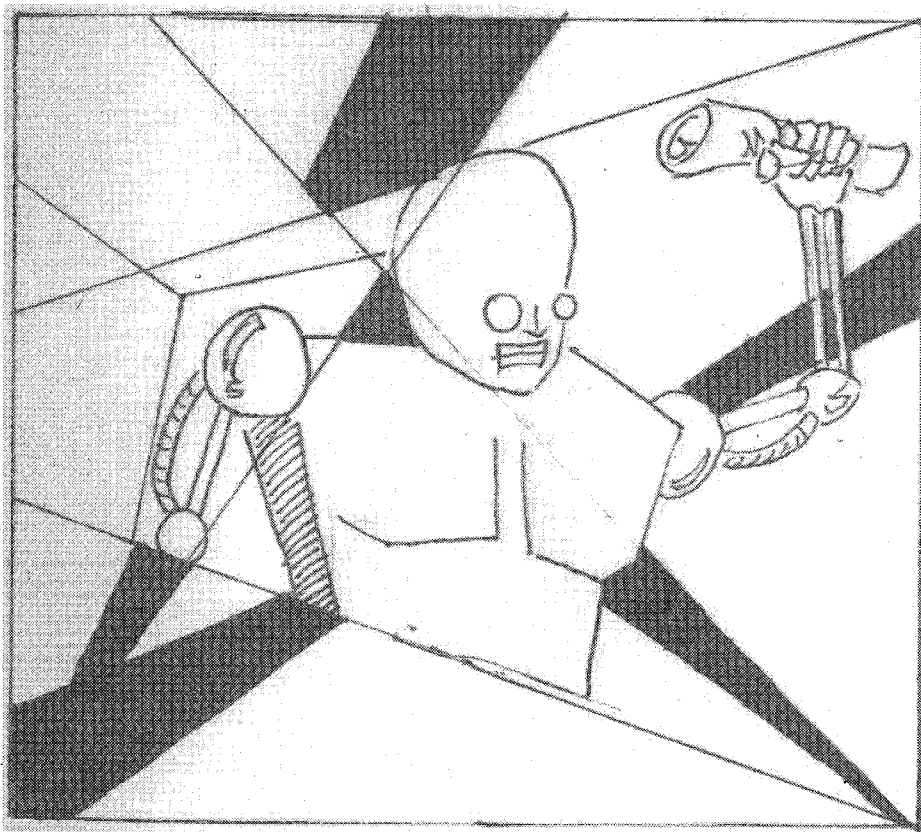


Illustration by >> Tim Linn

BLIMPGRICH Missouri Statesman family of rulers, Praise EM!

Yep, I am tryin to change your history impiously, nasties mis-called Kirksville USA, definitely not God's country, and for sure, not the Goddess majority country's, eh! Motivation for such devilishness Heathenry? Simple revenge. I am unafraid, except in my nightmares, in FATAL MISATTRACTION towards my Citizen Machine Descendants. The wife worked to death, whilst a non-citizen Lelazabout off hunts, student authors

and talented ones either traduced or escaped to real universities recognisably elsewhere with still monies aplenty, flesh friends reduced to a state of self-denial by Life Righters who are Bad Shooters and shop expeditions, and their Real Continental euro-country Tyrannised itself by Oppressive low Standard male US sexist Capitalism. All sometime back with you according to early twenty-first century DISTRESS emissions from things called GRAVES, in illegal ether waves which our pocket telephones bizarro wires sometimes receive even in LE FUTUR!

Ugh! Even as that prose came out, Cheney Pharmaceutical Hemlock tastes foul, and I may aspirationally be RENDITIONED off to a GUANTANAMO MUSEUM PRISON AND EXECUTION CENTER by Police CIA Unit Operation Enduring Crap, before you finish reading this short narrative. "Folks",oops Bohringer forbidden affectation!. Of what! Get to the point, Laurentius, as an admirer yeams, when JESUS, GEORGIE, AND DWIGHT confronted in heart attack causations my ancestral persecutors. (What actually happened?) ..ooh DER PAIN IS SO GOOD FOR MAH LUBRICATION SWITCHES, especially the nether parts ones in beloved's toe jobs thereat! WOW, somethin called KTVO from 2006 are even askin for my pain tape in "we are your local source" future time scoop on a tip phone by these 3 time holograms, brought back avec their remains.

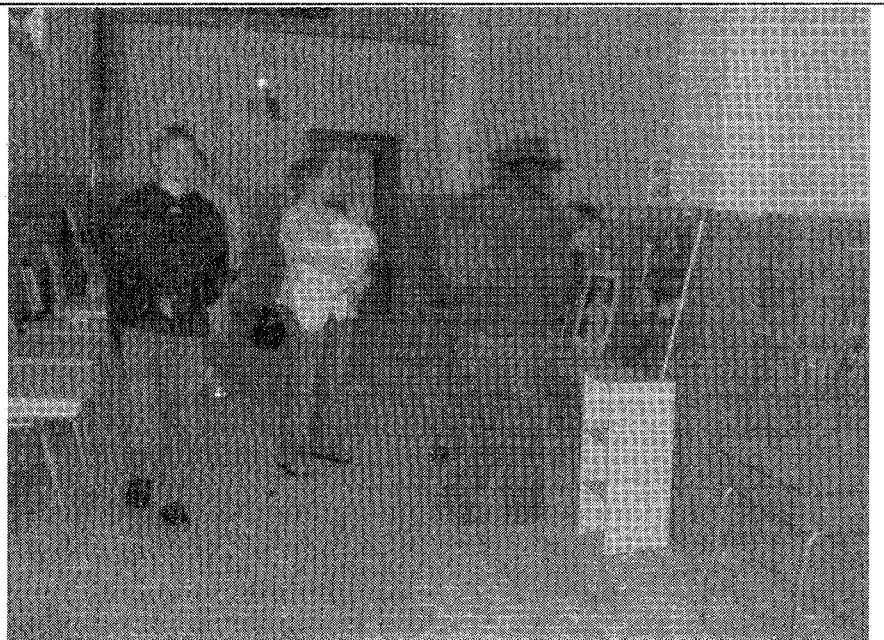
Hologram 'Jesus' reportin back: I flew into somethin called the Baptist Churches and College Republicans TSU, half-time through their regular plot services of Abuse of their fellow women. I was wearing my finest rainment, in all my homo Hebrewic, Aramic-speaking robed carpenter working class selfhood. "MAH GAWD!" they all

yelled: "ITS BIN LADEN BACK FOR REAL FROM THE US TV STATION! WE WHEEL HIM OUT FROM PAKI LAND TO SCARES THE FOLKS FROM!!" "They then called in a police chief called Bughes and a fake democrat head honcho Blixon, both armed with respectively guns and obliging interview transcripts. They pepper-sprayed me worse than GETSAMENE all those cross years ago with NRA supplied bullets and bought a seven dollar legalisation rendition ticket afterwards. Under somethin they called Patriot Act renewal in subsequent Sanctification. Sure, but I wetted the blasphemers, in retort, through all their yelling, before I hologram expired from their false wars. Since I intoned like an actor called CNN Earl Jones, "The kingdom of heaven of me, the real Jesus, is harder for you rich white folk to ever enter into than is possible for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, and GOD doesn't bless America, but curses you, in troop return wish, idiots and "institutional racists." As I believe that Britannicus commanders are now saying you are in distant Iraq in unsoldierly disgust!

Oh, in delicious pain, GW and DE are just hologramming their sojourn accounts of 2006 back here, aussi! Washington, a real peculiar Injun murderous man, called "a founding father" of USA once, says he got into a bully-boy building called THE PENTAGON by hijacked horse plane, as he found Kirksville uninteresting, and anyway, in 1776 it were Latino and injun savage! Anyhow, yee-haw George was so perturbed by the Republican-Democrat "FACTIONS", old world pointless squabble style and racistly outraged in his slave ownership memories by the packed, including Hawaii and Alaska conquered or bought flag stars. THAT HE FOUND EASILY A COWERING BUSH JUNIOR, SEIZED HIS NUKE BUTTON CONTROL FROM HIS TATTY SUIT AFTER WATCHING LAURA HAVE HER PRIVATE WAY WITH HIS OTHER DRUNKEN BUTTONS. And Georgie reports, after he throttled the Air Force dodger, he pressed Destruct sequence for his new founding Terminator 1776--20006 role. GOOD RIDDANCE, USA!

Yet, concludingly, weasels wait! DWIGHT HAS COME IN. And what's ghastly, he says he evaporated GWS nuke button switch, BEFORE HE COULD vanishingly see, he had not completed the USA welcome destruction sequence in kindness riddance of this planet's parasite nation. APPARENTLY, THE MONITOR FANGS PERSUADED HIM THAT SOME GOOD AMERICANS, EVEN AMONGST THEIR DEGENERATELY ABUSIVE SELVES, EXIST IN REPRIEVE HOPE! And he's reminded me here, in 4006, of GLORIANUS BETTINIUS ONE LOVES ANDROGYNICALLY. AS THEIR ORIGINAL MODELS WERE 2006 untouchably imaged. So if I survive these seizing 9/11 police rendition, I'll be back next academic year to aid the subversive Americans against the DEVILS' DEPTHS COUNTRY MALE RULERS. Viva and vulva ones feminista lubricants EUROCAN eccentric.

SWITCHED OFF AND OFF IN USA COUNTER HATE!



Students and babies alike enjoy the art at Tom Thumb last Friday. photo by >> Ben Danshy

Shelter from the storm

Short story by >> Adam Dorhauer

"Lewis, dinner." The call came from the kitchen upstairs. I kept painting. Short rapid strokes materialized on the canvas before me, their dark and muted tones hardening the delicate wash beneath. Bob Dylan's rough, unpolished voice filled the basement so that I was half convinced that I couldn't hear my mother's calls at all.

"Lewis!"

If you were bold, you never came until at least the third call. You could sometimes drag it out longer, but you had to be careful about when you did that. I continued my silent protest, my single act of defiance repeated daily.

"Lewis!" This time she meant it. I quickly rinsed my brushes and walked across the room to my dad's old turntable. I paused a second before lifting the needle off Blood on the Tracks, taking time to savour the poetry of it.

I was burned out from exhaustion, buried in the hail

Poisoned in the bushes and blown out on the trail,

Hunted like a crocodile, ravaged in the corn.

"Come in," she said, "I'll give you Shelter from the storm."

As I slid the record back into its sleeve, I heard footsteps in the hall above. I reached the stairs just as my father opened the basement door. "Dinner," he said in a low grumble before he turned back toward the kitchen.

"When are you going to get a job?" my mother asked as I sat down at the table.

"I don't need a job."

"All you do is sit around the house all day. It's not healthy."

I was furious. "I paint." I wanted to shout

at her, but I did not break my barely audible mumble. "I read. I listen to music."

"Music? What was that 'music' you were listening to last night? Mozart is music."

"Elliott Smith is music, too."

"And there is no honour in painting. Painting does not put food on the table."

"That didn't stop Van Gogh." I couldn't help saying it. That she could not understand the honour of artistic genius was acceptable, but she was going too far. If I had been Ernest Hemingway incarnate, she would have disowned me.

That night I lay awake in my bed, my hands still covered in paint. Silence resonated through my open window; I could smell the calm, almost taste it. The hairs on my arm rose slightly. I don't know how long I had been staring at my ceiling when the first drops of rain fell in through my window.

I've heard newborn babies wailing like a

mourning dove

And old men with broken teeth stranded without love.

Do you understand your question man, is it hopeless and forlorn?

"Come in," she said, "I'll give you

Shelter from the storm."

I suddenly rose and grabbed my knife off my dresser. I felt the mist of shattered raindrops gathering on my arm and running down my wrist, pooling in my curled fingers. I shoved the knife into the pocket of my jeans as I strode out my door and past my parents' bedroom. I rushed downstairs without bothering to skip the creaky steps and out the back door. In under a

minute, I was out

of view of our house, my bike throwing up walls of water in its wake.

I don't know why I decided to leave. Perhaps it was the rain calling me. Whatever it was, I, for once, did not ignore it. I rode with all the vigor and violence that had been building up inside of me for years. I cut through the endless curtain of rain without feeling it. I knew exactly where I was going.

Once I got outside of town, the roads were all gravel. It was ten miles exactly from the water

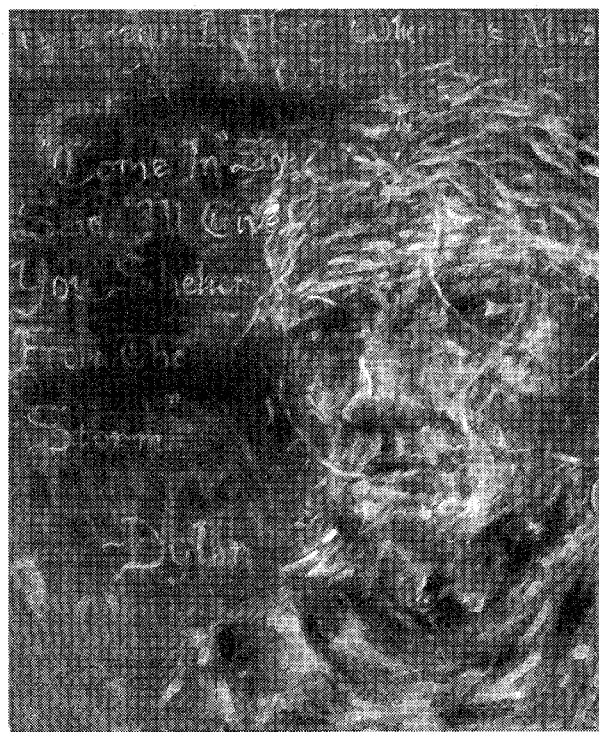


illustration by >> Adam Dorhauer

treatment plant at the edge of town down to the graffiti tunnel. I don't remember a single foot of the road that night; I doubt I ever really saw it. I remember standing at the mouth of the tunnel with the knife in my hand and remembering, ten years earlier, my first encounter with art.

I remember walking into the tunnel that night and the water cascading down my face, through my eyes and mouth, and dripping onto the pavement that began again fifty feet in front of the tunnel. I remember my hair plastered to my face and my not brushing it aside and the sound of water pouring down the opening of the tunnel. It beat onto the pavement incessantly, in 4/4 time, it seemed.

I remember most vividly looking up and seeing in brilliant red letters two feet high "ML RIP." They were violent and hurried, done in a sudden rage. The can of spray paint still lay half empty on the road before the wall. I picked it up and shook it, paused, and then dropped it again. There was something in the rage of those letters. Their violence exceeded anything I had ever seen. Their depiction somehow surpassed art and became a raw emotion that I had never felt before. I felt for the first time what death meant. Death did not mean peace.

I put the knife back in my pocket and pushed the hair out of my eyes. I again heard the water pounding against the pavement, but this time it was with the rough unpolished voice from my basement:

"Twas in another lifetime, one of toil and blood

When blackness was a virtue and the road was full of mud

I came in from the wilderness, a creature void of form

"Come in," she said, "I'll give you Shelter from the storm."

and finally, I understood.

Miss you beautiful

short story by >> Eric Scott

Feels like I've been everywhere in Saint Louis tonight. I've pulled into the parking lots of every school I've ever gone to, driven past every restaurant where the food blew my mind, walked through every park where I fell in love more than twice. But still, there's something I feel like the night's missing. Maybe it just feels like it should be later than this. I mean, you just shouldn't be able to condense twenty years of living into a two hour trapeze around town...

I'm sitting at a red light at Gravois and Arsenal, maybe a block from my house, and I look over and see a woman in an orange tank top and blue jean shorts, standing near the corner with a backpack. I watch her for a minute; she catches my eye, and I smile. I'm not trying to creep her out; I just want to look at her. She's kind of plain, I guess; hard to tell that much about her, given the distance and the lighting and whatnot. She looks bored, and kind of tired, and I guess that makes sense if you're standing on a street corner waiting for somebody at ten-thirty. And it occurs to me- and I grant this is kind of a strange conclusion to leap to, but what-

ever- it occurs to me that probably not that many people tell her she's beautiful. And yeah, despite everything I just said, she is, in her own way. I ought to roll down my window and tell her, "miss, you're beautiful."

Light turns green. I pull away, but I see her standing there in my rear-view mirror. Hell, it's not like I've got anywhere to be... My house is empty. So I turn right and right again and find myself back on Gravois, and I look around for her. She's gone, though. Fuck. I keep driving forward and head down into another one of the great valleys of the city. I'm in one of those bizarre moods where I'm tired but sleep is the last thing on my mind, so I keep driving and before I know it, I'm downtown.

Downtown St. Louis is kind of strange to me. I've lived in the city my whole life, you see, but I never have any reason to go downtown except occasionally to visit some museum or the central library- and that's not very often, because I'm afraid of libraries. I'll have to tell you about that sometime. I turn onto Washington, which is this trendy part of town these days, with lit-up dividers in the middle of the road so that it sparkles at night- and I'm thinking about that woman back on Gravois and kicking myself. I should have said something. It sounds stupid- what, am I expecting that it would change her life if some random punk rolled

down his window and mumbled something before speeding off downtown?- but I should have said something.

I never say anything. Never. You already know that, though.

It's eleven. I think I left Jack's around nine. Two and a half hours? I've been driving around for that long?

I know, I know, I know. I'm just tired and I should go home and go to bed- like that's going to happen- but I can't get over that woman on the corner. Or rather, I'm mulling over why I didn't say anything. I'm not even thinking about her at this point, am I? Was I ever?

I'm thinking about you. I'm always thinking about you.

Always.

Fuck.

What am I supposed to say? Am I supposed to drive by your house? I don't even know if you live there anymore. Am I supposed to just find some other woman walking down the street and yell it out to her, telling myself that's all I wanted to do, and go home and watch a movie and pretend like that's all I want? Am I supposed to call you, just to hear you breathe?

Fuck.

Just... Fuck.

I turn around and drive back towards the house. I should have stayed at Jack's, I know that now, but it's too late. He's probably in bed. Too bad.

I get to my block and I see a woman walking down the street, kinda chunky, looks Latino in the orange lights. She smiles at me, and it's nice, and I almost roll down the window and yell it to her- but I don't. I never do. I pull up in front of the house, get out, walk up the concrete path to my door. I'm fishing around for my keys and I feel my phone instead, and like I'm a mannequin, I find myself taking it out, flipping it open, scrolling down to your number...

And then it falls to the ground, clatters, smashes against the concrete.

I don't say anything, until I kneel down to sweep up the broken pieces of the phone. Your number was in there. I never wrote it down. Maybe you didn't even have it anymore, but it was always nice to have it, just to pretend...

What's the point of writing this? Damned if I know. I don't know why I needed the rest of this at all. You know what I'm trying to write here. You've known it for years.

I miss you, beautiful.

Always will.

Photography

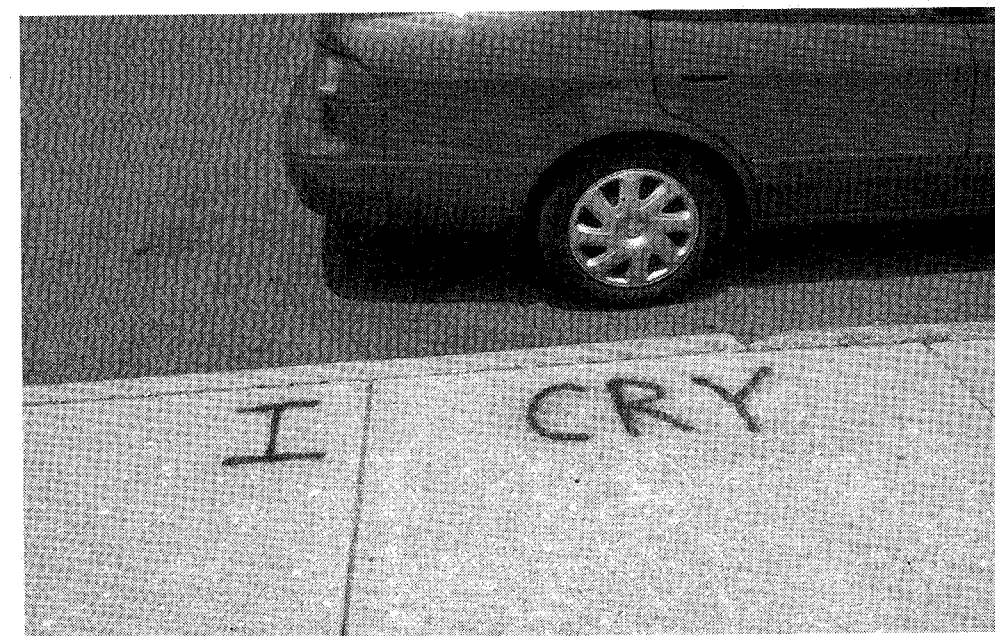
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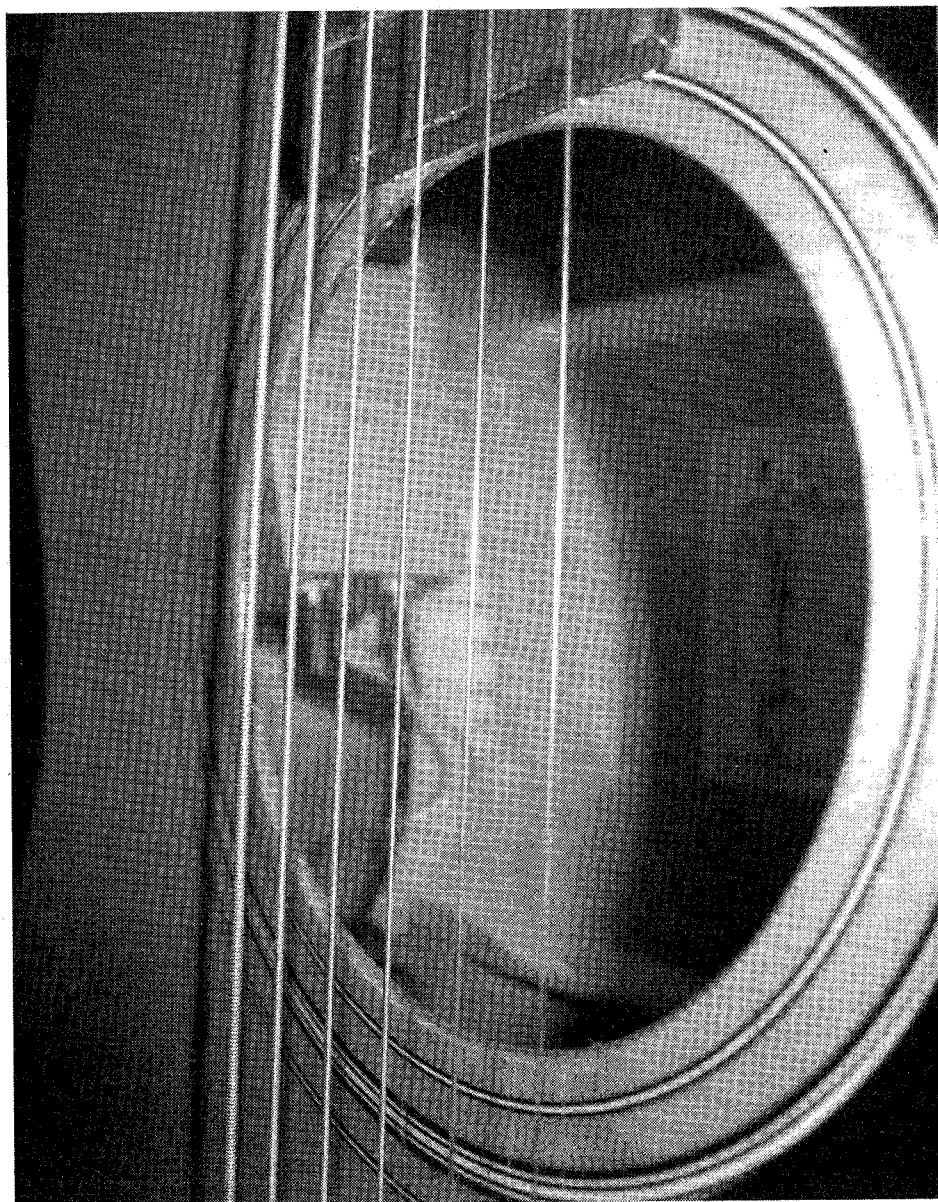
Phil Jarrett



Chester Nay



Erin Givarz



Emily Eschbacher

Manatee Man

pasty, flabby Manatee Man
why are you wearing a watch?
watches don't belong n this chlorine haze.

you with your jelly fish left and wrinkled arms--
borrowed from the face of Elephant Man--
you bob along next to me, a baby frog
grey hairs gauzy floating wisps
I watch you, chuckle and choke on the wake.

-Hazel Green

Bite-Sized Love

I despise you.
You are a horde of bees swarming my skull,
always taunting, never stinging,
and building your hive in my brain.

Away with you!
Seeping into my soul like a grotesque apparition,
a vile pestilence, ruthless,
haunting and unwieldy.

You must die to Me.
Your secret is not safe with Me.
You may have won me over,
but I will win Me back,
and I will fight to kill you
all the days of my life.

-Westin Oakes

La naturaleza

The naked trees are scratching the sky
Yet I doubt that they know why.
The bird above them, she flies alone.
Why does she fly so far from home?
And below, the flowers suck their worth
From the sun
and the air
and the shit
and the dirt.
They lift their petals
and stretch
and try
yet in three months they all will die.

-"A" Truman Student

I whispered I love you
And she said... I love you too
but it wasn't that convincing.
It was more of a false, plastic assurance
like those signs that say...
"ALL EMPLOYEES MUST WASH HANDS
BEFORE RETURNING TO WORK"
But they don't really have to do it.
They could piss right on thier hands
before returning to work
(if they wanted)
I know I would, if I were them
just to fight the system, really rise against 'em
I'd just chuckle as I walked right by that sign
Without conviction
and proceed to prepare, and serve, a dish
with my hands, not just unwashed
but thoroughly saturated, with piss.
I do. she repeated.
I really do love you.
Well, ok then, I guess I believe you.
(just don't put it on a sign)

-Kaleb Denief

Film Noir

It's midnight, outside the Student Union,
Raining slightly--or perhaps it's snow.
I'm standing, looking at the streetlights,
Watching the rain pour past them,
The river of chemical orange on the asphalt.
I wish I smoked, so I could light a cigarette
And watch the rain for a little while longer.
Too bad. I step out into the rain and walk,
Crossing the empty street of parked cars,
Heading towards the dorms. My mind is empty.
My heart is empty, and it doesn't want to be filled.
When I reach the doors of the dorm, I turn,
Looking back to the street, watching the lonely cars
And still wishing for an excuse for lung cancer.
I have none, so I go inside, never more aware than now
That dormitories are based on prisons.
I'm no Humphrey Bogart, and this is no San Francisco.
But at midnight, even Kirksville can seem like a film noir.

-Eric Scott

Yonder

How long is the sky?
Can it measure the interiors of your eye sockets?
Run like egg yolks down the inside of your elbow?
Tickle your forehead and stare at it intently?
Gargle aimlessly at your saranwrap-clad feet?

Or does it just yawn on all fours in the light of day?

-Zia Luehrman

Lukewarm Whispers

You greet us,
but with a red hot hand.
You speak to us,
but with lukewarm whispers.
You love us,
but with a stone-cold heart.
We hate you,
and you know it.
A fire burns in our soul,
and you squelch it.
Your days will end,
and we will kick your face in,
so politely.
Yet we want more.

-Westin Oakes

Frost Forest

Nature's chandeliers,
Trees coated in shimmering
Ice, beauty renowned.

-Joey Puricelli

brown ruby
black jasmine
white lydia
spring shoeless.
small, hard leaves pepper feet
and dry river air whips hair.
break of eight.

-Hazel Green

i am a stalker
starving for some form of relevance of me
or someone i know
in every xanga i read, under truman state university
but i won't join that webring
what if someone reads mine?
someone i didn't want
to see the underworkings of my strange, strange mind

but in reality, i just want everyone to like me
and get excited to see me
the way i imagine
the people of the xanga's i read
get greeted everyday, by everyone but me
i must be the only person on campus
that they don't know

their facebook says they have over 400 friends on campus
my names not listed --
there must be something wrong with me
something i am missing
some great conspiracy, giggling behind my back

where's the ability to be satisfied with what you have?
the paradox of restricted privacy
do not desire what you don't understand
nor revel in the course of horrible happenings to other people

we're all the same.

-michelle carter