

bike co-op lives | rumbley tummies abound | queen astra predicts



the monitor.

volume 14 | issue 1

a campus collective

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from the editors



the monitor

a campus collective
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The Monitor is published every other
Monday. We meet every Wednesday in the
SUB Down Under. Each writer is respon-
sible for his or her own work.

"Among people who have learned some-
thing from the 18th century (say, Voltaire)
it is a truism, hardly deserving discussion,
that the defense of the right of free expres-
sion 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

Welcome Back.

Hi. Haven't seen you in a while.

It's been over a year since *The Monitor* last appeared on campus and, boy howdy, have we missed you.

What's that you say? You don't remember us? You have never held a crisp new copy of *The Monitor*—hands trembling in excitement as you stared at the cover, imagining the unknown pleasure that would change your life within?

In that case, let's get you up to speed.

A group of students started this fine publication way back in 1995. In the following years the pages were filled with news,

humor, fiction, art, poetry, photography, comics, opinions and all around good stuff.

The paper was founded and continues to be run on a completely open-submissions basis. Editors don't censor or assign content, they simply make sure that issues keep on a-coming.

In the fall of 2006, with thirteen volumes under our belt, we lost university funding through a hilarious sequence of misunderstandings and errors. Plans for an online edition were discussed, but the website was never created, leaving Kirksville with a giant *Monitor*-shaped hole in the middle of its heart.

Until now! That's right, we're back and better than ever. In fact, interest and sub-

missions have been so strong that we don't even have room to print all the great stuff we got! But have no fear, another issue of *The Monitor* will be out in a couple weeks, and we'll be sure to print everything then.

So keep on sending all your writing, poetry and art, and come to meetings every Wednesday at 9 p.m. in the SUB down under. We'd love to see your smiling face.

Seriously, get involved. We could always use more people to help us with designing, advertising, or just having a good time.

The Editors

P.S. So we can print more people's work, please limit submissions to 1000 words or less

letters



send your letters to: monitor.truman@gmail.com.
letters may be edited for length.

*I think The Monitor sucks.
Everything in it is crap.*

Sincerely,
Chris Burns, Freshman

Well Mr. Burns, I happened to disagree with you. But if you think it sucks do something about it. Write for *The Monitor*. Say what you need to say. Make it what you want it to be. The ball's in your court, friend-o.

-The Editors

Hey, I was going through my old copies of The Monitor and noticed that the last printed issue was issue four of volume 12. But the front cover of this issue says its issue one of Volume 14! What the fuck, man?

Respectfully yours,
Gerald the Profane Clairvoyant

That is a very astute and clairvoyant observation, Gerald. If you had

taken the time to go even further back through your immense collection of *Monitor* back issues you surely would have noticed that the issues from the 2003-2004 school year (what should have been the tenth volume of *The Monitor*) were occasionally mislabeled as volume 9. As a result the issues from the 2004-2005 school year (which should have been volume 11) were incorrectly labeled as volume 10, starting a three-year period of unwitting mislabeling.

With a fresh start, we decided to correct this relatively minor clerical problem labeling this volume 14 to accurately reflect the history of this publication.

Also, it's fun to make casual observers think we're all superstitious in avoiding the number 13. Also, Harry is totally anal.

-The Editors

**That wraps up this letters section,
see you next time folks!**

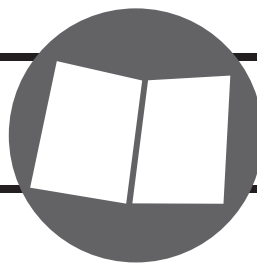
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compiled by | ben wesselschmidt

Displaced Kenyans—

Upwards of 300,000 Kenyan refugees are living in tents, mostly outside of the capital, Nairobi. The displaced population fled their homes in the Rift valley after political violence following a disputed national election. Aid is lagging, and there are no long-term plans for their return.

Hail to the New Pope—

Max Beauvoir, a U.S. educated Haitian native, has recently been named the Supreme Master of voodoo, a newly created position. Voodoo has traditionally lacked a formal, organized structure amongst its clergy, known as houngans. This new position and the imposition of a more established structure is aimed at restoring voodoo's waning popularity in the Caribbean.

Ethnic Unrest in China Continues—

Ethnic strife continues in Tibet as Tibetans riot over Chinese rule. Eight have been shot by police. Chinese authorities have placed blame on the exiled Dalai Lama, due largely to the support protesters are receiving from Buddhist monks. Several monks have been arrested simply for possessing photographs of the Dalai Lama.

Hasselhoff: Myth Busted?—

The common cultural assumption of David Hasselhoff's popularity in Germany appears to be simply an urban legend, perpetuated mostly by Norm Macdonald. Hasselhoff has only had one number one single on the German charts: "Looking for Freedom" (1989), and most German youth cannot identify him by either name or face. His career has fared better in both Austria and Switzerland, however.

Removed from the Market—

The famous used panties of school-girls vending machines once popular in Japan are no longer available. The machines first appeared in 1993, and were largely met with public disgust, but no specific law banning their sale could be found. Laws have since been passed and the machines have disappeared.

Bike Co-op Rides Again!

story by | cassie phillips

March 28, 2008 marked a notable day in Truman's history: The Kirksville Bike Co-op officially opened its doors to the public for repairs and education. After two and a half years of planning, amending, persuading, sweet-talking, and running around, the Bike Co-op founders received the green light from the Truman administration.

The Bike Co-op, located between the Multicultural Affairs Center and Grim Hall, is a workshop space where people can come to learn to fix their bike or use the tools to do their own repairs. By providing this very basic element of self-sufficiency in repairs, we hope to enable more people to ride their bikes more often.

Our services are free with a



photo by | cassie phillips

membership (free for Truman students), providing inexpensive access to healthy, environmentally-friendly transit. This student-initiated project is a model for interdisciplinary, hands-on learning with an emphasis on service and education.

The Bike Co-op currently offers several services to its members and to customers in general.

The Co-op stocks common replacement merchandise for purchase at a reduced retail price:

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Midwest Social Activists Hold Teach-In

story by | marc becker

Over 150 activists from throughout the Midwest gathered during the last weekend of March 2008 for Organizing Communities Across Boundaries: An Organizing Teach-in. The weekend sought to build collaborative relationships and develop organizing skills to bridge the divides that segment social justice movements.

A struggle that social movements face is to break from hierarchies and out of "silos" that divide people from each other. Activists need to move from protest actions, which often react against oppression, to developing and presenting visions of where we want to go. Social movements are also moving away from the control of foundations that often limit activism through funding restrictions.

Planning Committee member Patrick Barrett noted that not only are

skills important, but we also need to build relationships. Big gatherings are good for gaining a sense of being part of something bigger, but small gatherings are designed to help us build relationships.

Those who have been impacted by issues, especially young people and people of color, are now in leadership positions. That was reflected in the composition of the participants, with an overwhelming presence of people in their 20s and people from the inner cities of Chicago and Milwaukee.

Workshops covered a range of issues from the basics of community organizing and strategic campaign planning, through more advanced topics of fundraising, how to democratize our campuses, and building a queer left in the Midwest. While most workshops were planned ahead of time, at the teach-in participants from

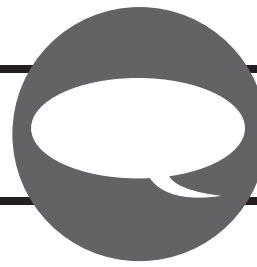
Chicago and Milwaukee organized a powerful and well-attended session on the prison industrial complex.

In addition to the workshop, the teach-in also featured relationship building cohorts and caucuses. The cohorts were 10 small groups that cut across race, age, and issue divides. An objective of the cohort groups was to break people out of their comfort zones and "silos" in order to build ties across communities and issues.

In addition to the cohorts, participants gathered in 5 caucuses for people working on the common issues of youth, environmental justice, immigrant rights, LGBT, and students.

Three plenary sessions were also spaced throughout the weekend. Rose Brewer from Project South and Adrienne Maree Brown from the Ruckus Society facilitated the opening plenary session on

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Television: “Well-Done Medium Not Rare”

opinion by | **joey puricelli**

“Theatre is life; film is art; television is furniture.” I have no idea who said that, but it’s wrong. That’s tantamount to if I said something idiotic like, “Photography is life; painting is art; sculpture is furniture.” Here’s the truth: Television is miniature film; film is prerecorded theatre; theatre is art.

“But, Joey,” and I sigh with frustration as hypothetical-elitist-snob-reader chimes in, “how can you find any value in television? It has commercials/real-ity shows/dumb sitcoms/shallow dramas/countless rip-offs/biased news/edited movies and/or is numbing our children’s minds/desensitizing society to violence/insert another repetitive straw man argument here!”

I’m not going to argue against such claims, because to be perfectly honest, the claims are true. Such claims are also true for film and for theatre...and for photography, painting, and sculpture...and for poetry, books, magazines, newspapers, music, dance, video games, the Internet, and any other medium you can or can’t think of. As stated by Sturgeon’s Law, “Ninety percent of everything is crud.”

The biggest difference between TV and the other mediums is ease of distribution. It’s a farther walk to the morning paper than it is to the telly, and once you turn on the set, there’s anywhere from 5 to 500 stations all instantly accessible and chock full of nuts.

No one knew about Manos: the Hands of Fate because no one went looking

for it: The Swan, on the other hand, came looking for us. Still, avoiding the drek is as simple as flipping the channel to something better (Before you ask, there’s ALWAYS something on better than The Swan).

What’s more, the artistic landscape always looks bleakest in the moment. I guarantee that 30 years from now, no one will remember The Moment of Truth, just like they won’t remember White Chicks or any new play that closes on opening night. The only reason they’ll remember Survivor is that it will still be running.

The works that last are the ones that are phenomenally good, phenomenally successful, or just inherently phenomenal; the cream rises to the top of our collective cultural memory. That’s why people remember the “golden age” of Hollywood or Broadway as better than they were, because they’ve long forgotten all the terrible films and plays. The same holds true for television; we ultimately remember only shows worth remembering.

The thing that’s really ticking me off, though, is that the hypo-snob-reader got all worked up over my correctly identifying TV as a legitimate medium for art, causing said reader to completely miss the part about theatre. We who live lives of the stage do often have a hard time remembering that there’s life beyond it, but that’s not what “theatre is life” means. It’s also not a Shakespeare “all the world’s a stage” reference.

Afghanistan: Escalation must be resisted now as its WORST than Iraq!

opinion by | **larry iles**

Craziness, in the eyes of most of us in the planet majority, is fast enveloping the US presidential primary debate and November general election. Spurred on by the now awfully right wing, mud-throwing Clinton campaign and overweight MSNBC white male anchormen, doubtless the last with an eye on the Pentagon contractee firms who own them, a domestic elite consensus has narrowly virused the “foreign policy” so-called “debate.” Badly, to adapt, my great fellow UK Labourite George Orwell’s ANIMAL FARM totalitarian, conformist nightmare for similar reverse Stalinist debate shut-downs for war, perpetual, it is this slogan, for we all to be servile-style chanted: “All Things Iraq War Involvement, Bad, Unless You Are The Hundred Year McLane Candidacy, All Things War, War in Afghan Good, Rah, Rah! We Are Americans!!!!”

In fact, the stark reality is that Afghanistan is an even worst defeat site for the so-called “west” than Iraq is, and only the willfully blind US television networks and US PhD neo-conservative academics, pundits pontificate otherwise. Go into the moderately left win CANADIAN web site such as the socialistic New Democrat or Quebec Bloc Quebecois Ottawa House of Commons ones and reference speeches, resources under AFGHANISTAN. And along with the UK sources like The Inde-

pendent, The Observer, The Guardian, you will begin to get an eye-opener into how abysmally awful and unwanted, outside a small collaborationist Kabul capital city elite, “the west” really militarily is in that blood-soaked for nearly two centuries country we are in, in the proud Islamism.

Excusistly, “off the record” of course, the real reasons the USA establishment wants your relatives’ body-bags ongoing in Afghanistan is oil and Bin Laden somewhere holed up on the country’s southern extremity with neighbor state collusion from the conniver of Mrs. B. for Dubya in his retirement this January coming from the Oval Office he has shifted on, in Afghan oil “projected” pipes this century than on Iraq ones they have forced privatization upon, stealing, the indigenous two occupied peoples.

Forget, too, “Clintonite” feminists amongst you readers who prattle about our western troops being there since later 9/11 invasion “to protect women’s rights.” Study instead the Danish, National Film Board of Canada, or your own US Sundance Acclaimed MAHA JOVAL of 2004. This brave young woman is still alive; despite the documentary audacity, in revealing the sad of truth of what has NOT happened for most Afghan women under the US led “west,” anymore than it disdainfully did for the rural majority of woman under the Soviet occupation we funded Bin Laden and the Taliban /then allied NORTHERN ALLIANCE, KARSİ REGİME to oppose! Simply, Maha has survived only with armed bodyguards, as the youngest elected woman Afghan Congresswoman, in spite of her revelations of abiding forced marriages, rapes, denial of professional women under OUR opium-winking side,

continued | page 11

Super Tuesday Inequality

opinion by | **special eduardo**

I went to the Kirksville post office and saw a man taking signatures for an initiative to stop affirmative action. An older guy with a patriotic hat walked by, and the petitioner asked him to come over and sign. In order to avoid the solicitor, the older man said he didn’t understand the issue so he wouldn’t put his name to it. “We’re just trying to keep that flag on your hat waving so that you can be free,” the first man replied.

Measure 009, or “The Missouri Civil Rights Initiative,” as it is deceptively called, would “ban local and state affirmative action programs that give preferential

treatment in public contracting, employment or education based on race, color, ethnicity or national origin unless such programs are necessary to establish or maintain eligibility for federal funding or to comply with an existing court order.”

Though affirmative action is by no means a panacea for systemic inequalities in civil society, it is disturbing that a movement would seek to eliminate such programs at a time when educational, political, and economic institutions continue to alienate people of color, while the prison-industrial complex over-represents them. And to pass off such injustice as a civil rights initiative is offensive.

Wealthy California businessman and anti-affirmative action crusader Ward Connerly has created the organization known as Super Tuesday Equality to add to the November ballot Missouri 009 as well as similar initiatives in Arizona, Colorado, Nebraska, and Oklahoma.

Shanta Driver of By Any Means Necessary, a pro-affirmative action group, believes that “they’ve targeted states where there’s a white majority electorate and a vocal, if small, extreme anti-immigrant right wing.”

Opponents to the initiative, such as the coalition WE-CAN (Working to Empower Community Action Now) suspect that Super Tuesday Equality believes

that a ballot containing a black or female candidate could imply the fallacy that affirmative action is no longer necessary. Or perhaps more voters will turn out who feel threatened by people of color and women.

Regardless of its proponents’ strategy, Missouri 009 is an attack against civil rights, contrary to its claims. The notion that legislating possibilities for minorities inhibits the freedom of other citizens is unbelievable at best, and white supremacist at its core. If putting an anti-affirmative action initiative on the November ballot is going to do anything to those flags on our hats, it is going to make them burn.

Hillary and Me

opinion by | linda seidel

An elderly lawyer, probably a Democrat, sits in a local coffee shop and says to the Republican proprietor, “Hillary is just not likable. She just doesn’t give me the warm fuzzies.”

Jonathan Alter from Newsweek says on the Charlie Rose Show that, even though people don’t like to talk about it, there’s the issue of sex appeal. Male politicians, he opines, can generate excitement on the rope line, but a woman can’t. Whether he means that Hillary isn’t sexy or that no female politician in the United States could afford to be sexy if she wanted to be taken seriously isn’t clear.

My son Rob sends me an e-mail telling me that he is going to vote for Obama in the Maryland primary because he is more electable. Hillary is “too polarizing.” In the spirit of fairness he adds, “Of course it is not her fault that she is polarizing.” Meaning: if people were less sexist, she wouldn’t be polarizing.

A young woman tells me that young feminists cannot support Hillary because she has remained married to a cheater when the orthodoxy of the day requires that she dump him. A recent Nation article agrees, claiming that Hillary should have jettisoned Bill before she ran for the Senate. Never mind that she might love the guy! What bad taste! Meanwhile, think about what people would say had Hillary divorced Bill to advance her political career.

On late-night TV, Jimmy Kimmel jokes that the Clinton campaign had accused the Obama campaign of trying to pour a bucket of water on Hillary to melt her—you know, like the wicked witch of the West—get it? We have all heard these misogynist comments about Hillary: she’s a witch, she’s a bitch, she’s a monster.

This constant stream of sexist commentary acts as a sort of low-level but pernicious pollutant of the atmosphere that you can ignore—like a toxic level of carbon monoxide—until it knocks you out, or so pervades the air that you hardly notice when these phrases become part of your own vocabulary or way of thinking. Or, if you are an aging feminist, with significant training in resisting sexist language and ideology, you find that there is no safe space any more where misogynist attacks cannot reach you unless you turn off the computer, turn off the TV, quit reading newspapers and magazines, and generally go into hiding.

It would be tempting to do a catalogue of all the poisonous sexism saturating the airwaves and cyberspace (rather than this brief sample)—because, you know, I take it personally. Hillary may be smarter than I am and a lot more ambitious, but I am a lot like Hillary. I daresay that many of the “older women” who have been voting for Hillary feel the same way. Oh, we think she shouldn’t have voted to authorize the war. And maybe we think we wouldn’t have fallen for Bill; for myself, I am not so sure. Yet, whatever our differences from Hillary, we claim her.



We claim her because she wants to change the world for the better, and she hasn’t allowed anyone to tell her that she can’t do it because she is a woman. We claim her because she is strong and not easy to intimidate; she hasn’t allowed any man to tell her to drop out of the race and go back to the sidelines where she belongs. I’ll go further: we not only claim Hillary; we look at Hillary and see ourselves.

Twice in my years here at Truman, male colleagues have accused me of being power hungry. Perhaps that description has been used more than twice behind my back, but I wouldn’t know. What I do know is that both times when I was attacked in that way, I retreated immediately and withdrew from the contest, whatever it was, thinking that I wanted rewards for my efforts, not insults. I daresay that every professional woman of a certain age has had similar experiences, which suggest to us how difficult it is for an ambitious woman to persist. Men will call her names, and women will too. The attacks will be personal and mean. If Hillary has become a fighter, if she seems too tightly controlled most of the time and not soft enough to qualify as feminine, if she feels paranoid because people are out to get her—well, people are out to get her, and that’s no joke.

But misogyny is not my only topic, although it is related to everything else I have on my mind.

I want to talk about demographics—about the fact that nearly every woman my age in my circle of friends voted for Hillary. And I want to speak about the fact that “older women” are not the only voting bloc of interest.

This fact was illustrated for me with ironic clarity when I had an enjoyably heated argument with two young white men at Democrat Days in Hannibal a few weeks ago. When they twitted me with having voted for Hillary, the old-fashioned choice according to them, I good-humoredly explained that old ladies vote for Hillary, that I fit into that category, and that they should let me alone. Oh, but group identities like that should make no difference, they declared, not seeing their own votes for Obama as counter-evidence to their argument.

But why should group identities make any difference? Why should black people vote for Obama (except for a few older women and long-time Clinton supporters of both sexes)? Why should middle-aged white baby boomers vote for Hillary while their 20-something offspring vote for Obama?

We project our dreams and fantasies onto these candidates—and the race and gender and age of the candidate may make a difference in the dream we can project. We vote on the basis of who we are as much as, or more than, on the details of a health

care plan that will be changed by Congress anyway. Pollster John Zogby says that older women feel a “sense of destiny” in connection with Hillary’s campaign. For us, Hillary represents the “last chance” we have to see a woman president in our lifetimes. Many black Americans must feel the same about Obama: finally, their time has arrived; one of their own has a chance.

Young white and black people vote for Obama, believing, as his rhetoric suggests and as he, no doubt, wishes to be true, that he represents transcendence over the identity politics that seems so old-fashioned to them, yet Obama would not enjoy the strength he does without the still-needed identity politics of older black Americans.

This is not to say that, whenever we support, we cannot rationalize our choice. Obama voters are inspired by his soaring rhetoric, his long-term opposition to the war, his nice-guy appeal, and perhaps, as Shelby Steele argues, his ability to assuage white liberal guilt. Hillary supporters point to her superior understanding of policy detail, her focus on bread-and-butter issues, and her painfully acquired knowledge of how to work the system.

Recently, Tavis Smiley, one of the more thoughtful talk-show hosts these days, said that he was not sure that Barack Obama was the right black man to be the first black president or that Hillary was the right woman to be the first woman president. I am grateful to Smiley for his brave, honest words, but it seems to me that any candidate who is making history in this way will not seem like the right candidate. Barack Obama has been alternately criticized as not black enough or, more recently, as too black—at least to some nervous white folks. Hillary, quite clearly, is too battle-scarred and not feminine enough to suit all the people who call her bitch, witch, or monster. They, no doubt, think they would vote for a woman if only she were softer and sweeter, not so feisty (and maybe a little younger too). But we also know that women in public life who have seemed softer and sweeter have elicited a whole different set of descriptors: hormonal, hysterical, erratic, ditsy, and dumb. There’s no way around it: the very qualities that allow Hillary and Barack to be the first in their group to compete for the presidency are also the qualities that subject them to criticism.

For all the young people who support Barack Obama because they believe he is the one who will change the world, I can do nothing but wish them well and hope this may be true. But for all the young people—especially the young women—who believe that, sure, they would vote for a woman for president if only the right woman came along, but that Hillary just isn’t it, I want to say, “How many more decades will it take for us to recognize the strong women among us who could do the job? How long will it be before we can see a woman running for president as the right one?”

When Hillary was in junior high, she wrote to NASA to ask what she would have to do to become an astronaut. NASA wrote back that girls could not become astronauts. Now, girls can become astronauts, but it remains to be seen whether they can become presidents. I am still waiting.



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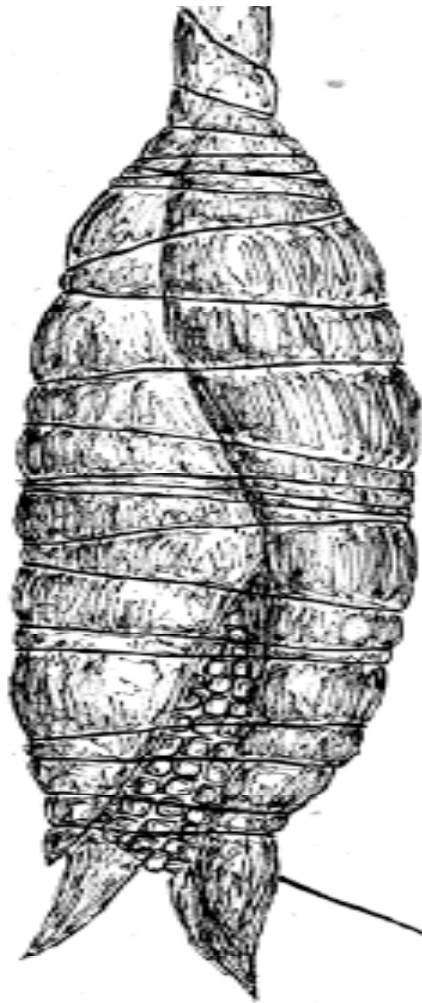
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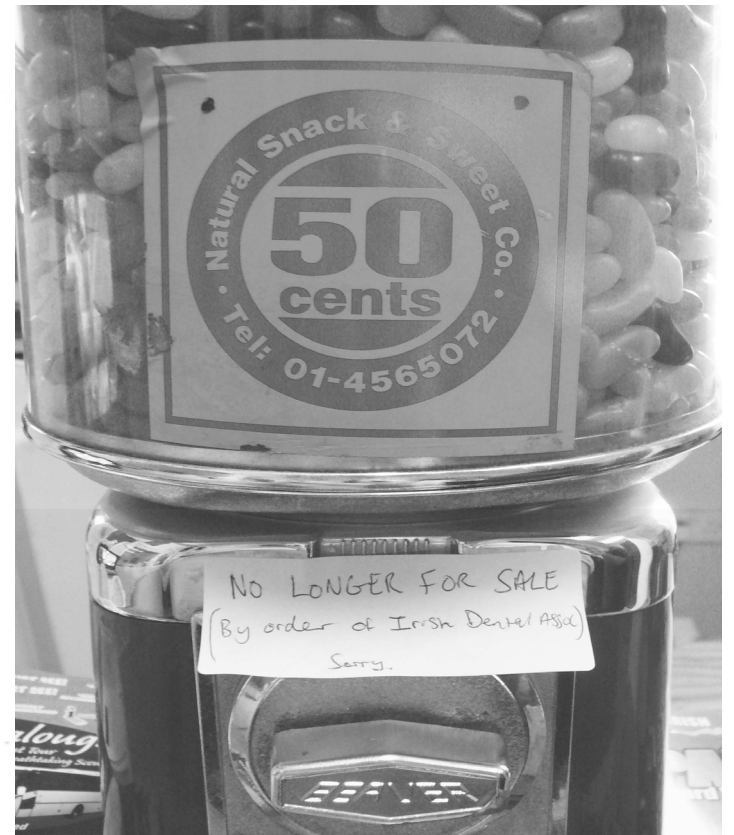
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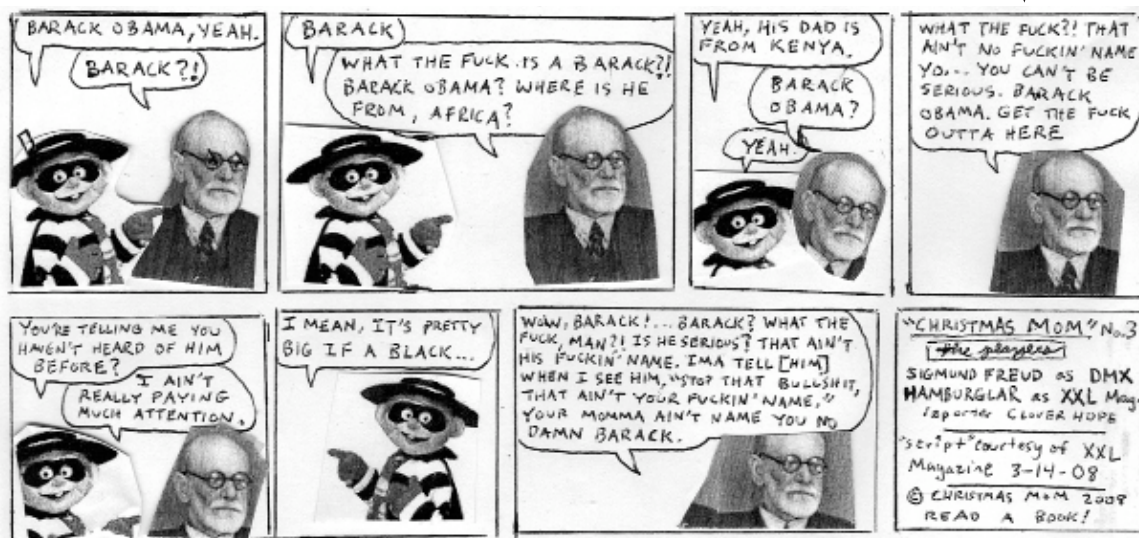


renewal is a devout citrus by | erin givarz



50 cents by | katharyn reed

MONITOR COMIX



comic by | ryan moore



features



Local Convenience Store Proves to be Convenient

feature by | erica foster

It's amazing how the phrase "24 Hours" can lift someone's spirit when it means that, yes, you can satisfy that caloric craving that usually comes around 2 or 3 am. Frozen, sweet, salty, crunchy, it's all there at Kum & Go. And don't forget the seemingly endless amount of alcohol large enough to kill me roughly 168 times.

The variety of beverages are second to none.

"I can just go over there and get a Wild Cherry slurpee whenever I want, it's really awesome," said 22 year old Kelly Moore, who lives just across the street.

Moore was recovering from a brain freeze that always seems to come "so much faster than last time."

A nearby party house was really excited to share their appreciation of "Jizz & Jet" as one guy liked to call it.

"We never have to worry about chicks leaving our parties because we ran out of booze. Like, I can be there and back with a case of beer faster than a tub of jungle juice during freshman week," said the local fraternity member.

He also mentioned how he loves their M&M selection.

"The dark chocolate ones are to die for!" he said.

And just when you thought it couldn't get any better, Kum & Go can be a lifesaver at times. Beer pong champ

Lizzie Klass says that she would have urinated on herself if she hadn't seen those glowing lights and open doors.

"I was really worried because I've heard that it's really dangerous to hold it for too long. Every step was more painful. There was even a guy waiting in line who graciously let me in first," said Klass.

She then continued to enact the way she was standing, er hunched over, and reproduced the painful smile on her face that won him over.

"I've got a way with guys," she said.

Some things are free, too. Along with a fresh muffin you can get a fresh piece of gossip.

"I see it as a watering hole," says Christopher John Moore, a nearby Kum & Go enthusiast. "I mean, everyone [cool] gets a hankerin' for a sweet snack every now and then, so that's where I see the regulars. I know all the cashiers' names and I'm okay with that."

Moore (no relationship to the slurpee-guzzler mentioned earlier) can usually be found smoking Winston Lights outside the entrance chatting it up with the local police officers.

And those police officers are probably more frequent visitors than the locals. They seem to enjoy the pastry collection and the local low-down on who's getting busted and blazed around town. And to let

you all in on a little secret, you can almost always catch an officer giving you a stare-down with a beverage in his hand because at Kum & Go, police drink for free!

Shahr Rezaiekhalthigh, one of the cashier workers, has been working at Kum & Go for 14 years and said she "knows her shit." She claimed to have eyes on the back of her head.

"I can spot those sticky-fingered rascals the second they make that door bell ring," she said, relaying a story of a not-so-discreet customer who blatantly attempted to snatch a Jose Cuervo and walk out. Unluckily (for him), there was an undercover cop who courageously set down his fountain drink just to tell that boy what's up.

Rezaiekhalthigh appreciates the cops on nights where she is the only worker. She knows them all by name and they know her the same.

So next time you find yourself at Kum & Go, really make the most of it. Get to know the cashiers, really appreciate when the toilet paper is fully stacked, and hell, maybe even remember your next interaction with a Police Officer.

And let me not forget to stress the convenience. I mean, what is more convenient than a full tank of gas (did I mention this was a gas station too?!) and a lit cigarette at a place that clearly had no perverted undertone when they decided to name it Kum & Go?

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Monitor Monaghan: The Best Free Advice You Can Get

feature by | katie monaghan

Dear Monitor Monaghan,

I really like eating babies, but sometimes people look at me like I just told them I ate babies, which I did. What should I do...stop eating babies?

--Babyface Bob

Dear Babyface,

I see nothing wrong with eating babies. The nutritional value of a 12 month old baby is at least three times that of eating cardboard or paperclips. In fact, scholars such as Jonathan Swift have actually recommended the consumption of babies. You are not in the wrong and should be allowed, as

an American, your right to eat whatever you so choose. As for the looks you receive, I think the best possible decision you can make is to wear something strange to offset your statement. If you decide to wear a fake mustache or a foam finger, people's reactions will match what you've just told them, because, as I've mentioned before, baby eating ain't no big deal and people should learn to be more desensitized to life.

Dear MM,

There's a boy I like in my WACT class. For weeks I've wanted to ask him out and I finally did last weekend, but when I asked if he was free, he said no and quickly walked off without any excuse. Should I go

ahead and call our love a lost cause?

--WACT Wendy

Dear WACT,

I know it may seem like giving up is the best strategy, especially since he sounded unresponsive to your advances, but fear not, it is a well known fact that "no" means "yes" and he was just playing hard to get. Men never mean what they say. If they tell you "Get the hell away from me, you crazy stalker!" it really means "I'm hurting right now from a previous break up, but I would like to get to get to know you better." The best advice I can give you is to Facebook stalk him as much as possible to find out what his interests are and then write them as your own. This will show him that you are willing to give up your identity for him. And who doesn't like sacrifice?

Another good plan would be to superimpose pictures of yourself in his pictures and then tag them, to remind him of what a cute couple you would make. Men, by nature, are sentimental, and this gesture will prove to him that you'll always remember your memories together... regardless of the fact that they didn't happen.

If all else fails and he's particularly good at playing hard to get, go ahead and legally change your last name to his and then start telling people you guys secretly got married two weeks ago. It will prove to him that you're dedicated to this relationship that hasn't started yet for the long haul. This advice is a sure way to bring romance into your life and his. Good luck and remember: "I hate your stinking guts" translates to "you are the wind beneath my wings" in man-speak.

Study says chewing on hair indicates malnutrition, weirdness



Local experts found in a recent study that school children chewing on their own hair show signs of malnutrition as well as weirdness. Child expert and Kirksville resident Nurse Lucy Williams lead the study at an elementary school. Williams felt that there is much to be read in between the lines with this behavior.

"I see kids coming and going from the office with hair in their mouths, and can't help but think 'golly, that sure is

weird,'" Williams said. "I've also noticed that these kids come into my office whining about 'rumbly tummies,' and they've damn near eaten all of my crackers!"

Williams' study raised eyebrows in the school, as some students voiced concern about their fellow classmates. Jenny Hopper, 7, offered her insight on the issues with her classmates' diets.

"Tiffany Albert is always chewing on her hair and her pencil," Hopper said. "Gross!"

When approached, Albert, 6, was defensive toward Hopper's accusations.

"My mother tells me I shouldn't talk with strangers," Albert said.

Hopper proved to be an excellent observer as she further revealed the troubling state of child malnutrition and weirdness in her class.

"Jonathan Raymond is so yucky," Hopper said. "He picks his nose and eats the boogers. Then there was this one time I caught

men are given such a right. This movement has become popular and succeeded throughout Europe, Australia, and Canada. Today babies/fetuses/twinkles-in-daddy's-eyes are having their rights fought for in the Pro-life Movement, and the LGBT (Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, and Transgender) Movement is large and growing still. In Oregon and other jurisdictions around the world, terminally ill people have been given the right to die when they want to. All of these new and continued social movements make me wonder which will be the one to define our decade, as civil rights did the 1960s, and women's suffrage, the 20s.

In the March 2008 issue of National Geographic, journalist Virginia Morell wrote a fascinating article on mankind's growing knowledge of animal intelligence, emphasizing the fact that higher mental abilities which we've always believed to be inherently human are now being seen in the rest of the animal world – qualities such as good memory, a grasp of grammar, self-awareness, the understanding of others' motives, imitation, and creativity. Yet more surprising is that these abilities aren't just being seen in chimpanzees and orangutans, but in sheep, elephants, parrots, dogs, fish, and so on.

Scientists have concluded that Edward the Sheep of Hopping Acres Farm, West Virginia, is able to recognize individual sheep and human faces and remember them long term. Shanthi the Asian

him sniffing my hair, and I screamed!"

When asked if she had screamed out of fear of Raymond eating her hair, she ran away in tears.

In order to develop a better understanding of the issues with child malnutrition and weirdness, Andrew Gelstein, a sophomore exercise science major at Truman State University offered his insight.

"Ryan, you can't be serious," Gelstein said.

Beyond the collection of very questionable accounts, this study remains largely inconclusive. No other study in the child health and science field resembles one like Nurse Williams'. She believes more is to be found in this field.

"You better believe I'm bringing up this at the next PTA meeting!" Williams said. "I'm not having it anymore!"

The school's administration has yet to take action on this issue of child malnutrition and weirdness.

Elephant of Washington, DC's National Zoo can see herself in the mirror, an ability previously known only in humans, dolphins and apes. In one study used to prove her self-awareness, Shanthi touches a mark that scientists placed on her head, a mark which she sees on the head of the elephant in the mirror. Kanzi the Bonobo of Des Moines, IA, understands thousands of our spoken words, can form sentences, and has even played the piano with Peter "In Your Eyes" Gabriel. Dreamy, I know.

Morell begins her article with scientist Irene Pepperberg's purchase of Alex, an African gray parrot, from a Chicago pet shop in 1977. Though chimps and apes were considered better subjects at the time, Pepperberg chose Alex for his vocals. After thirty years together, he had learned the vocal tract for over 100 words and was able to distinguish colors, shapes, sizes, and materials which Pepperberg put before him. When the other avian subjects in Dr. Pepperberg's flock mispronounced words they were learning, Alex would screech, "Talk clearly!"

Dr. Pepperberg began her unconventional studies with Alex thirty-one years ago, hoping that with basic skills, Alex would be able to tell her of the world from a bird's understanding. Alex died in September 2007 before he was able to tell Pepperberg if fish get cramps after they eat, or why people who know the least know it the loudest.

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Queen Astra

Let the stars be your guide!



Aries (March 21-April 19)

No two ways about it, you're going to be one of those crazy-ass cat people. The kind that lives alone in a house, with a dozen feline friends to keep you company. I don't make the future, honey, I just read it.

Taurus (April 20-May 20)

You aren't imagining things, that professor is totally hitting on you. Tap that.

Gemini (May 21-June 21)

Start buying all of the Precious Moments figurines you can. In twenty years, those things are going to be worth so much money. Oh, and Beanie Babies, too.

Cancer (June 22-July 22)

You have a strong career in hand modeling awaiting you, if only you pursue it.

Leo (July 23-August 22)

Ugg boots and sweatpants are the new little black dress, sweetie. Embrace it.

Virgo (August 23-Sept. 22)

Your singing career will never resemble that of Conner Oberst, no matter how hard you try. You're more of a Brett Michaels, actually.

Libra (September 23-October 22)

Don't eat from that bowl of leftovers in the refrigerator. Eating something that old is frowned upon in most civilized countries.

Scorpio (October 23-November 21)

I hate to break it to you, but looking at porn on a computer all day is not going to get you anything in life. Except carpal tunnel. **Sagittarius (November 22-December 21)** For the love of God, wear a clean pair of underwear when you leave the house. Its going to be one of those days.

Capricorn (December 22-January 19) Good News: Mr./Ms. Right is in your near future. Bad News: He/She has herpes.

Aquarius (January 20-February 18)

You should really get that looked at. It's totally gross.

Pisces (February 19-March 20)

You should submit things to the monitor. Seriously, its in the stars.

Today's Birthday: Your future in one word: Cankles.

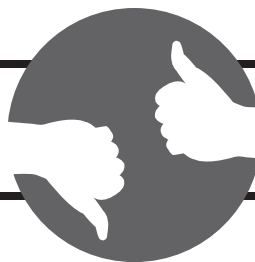
In Search of the Next Social Movement

feature by | tony bell

On July 4, 1776, a bunch of rich, newly-American men proclaimed that they were all created equal. Thirteen years later the winds of the Atlantic carried the idea to France, where rich, landowning Frenchmen took it a step further and proclaimed that "men are born and remain free and equal in rights."

These declarations neglected to mention slaves and women; it took another seventy-six years for the idea to translate to slaves with the passing of the Thirteenth Amendment in the US. In the 1920s women won their equality, and in the 1960s African Americans fought for theirs. Though African Americans are still underrepresented in politics and other occupations, and women still receive \$.76 to every man's dollar, according to Truman's Women's Resource Center, I think these two social movements have reached their political pinnacles; kudos to those who continue to fight for more meaningful and real socioeconomic equality.

One such example is Topfreedom, a social movement to give women the right to be topless in any place where



Black Keys falter under Danger Mouse

review by | **grace schneider**

Listening to The Black Keys as a woman is an entirely physical experience. You have to be ready to receive The Keys



into your sockets and pores; you have to know how you want it – flat on your back outside with fistfuls of

grass, against bathroom walls or messing up the fitted sheets – they will lay you down, and they will not hesitate to get you off.

For five albums, The Keys' repeated entry into my psychomusical awareness has been simple, hard and rocking. Their sixth, *Attack and Release*, came out on April Fool's Day, and I have yet to develop a sense of humour about it.

It is admittedly too good to be a joke, but the modified nature of the album, courtesy of a new beyond-the-band producer, has complicated and befouled my access to the sexiness of the album.

Under the hand of producer Brian "Danger Mouse" Burton (Gnarls Barkley, Gorillaz), The Black Keys have officially ventured from raunchy minimalism to Baroque modernity. *Danger Mouse* is a cock block.

The development of guitarist Dan Auerbach and drummer Patrick Carney on this newest record linger between genuine improvement and studio-generated clarity; Dan's voice assumes the tone of a tortured canine Bill Withers, and Pat continues to be all over it, "beating the drums like they ran off with his grandma's purse," as has been suitably written on their website.

Danger Mouse, however, is tactless in his decisions about the album; at one point or another the musical gall of both instrumentalists is tuned out, turned

down, or overshadowed by some Mousy selection, abusing – however tastefully – one of the most important and distinctive facts about the Keys: that they do not have a frontman.

Danger Mouse takes it upon himself to dilute and translate the sound of The Keys for their audience, affixing unnecessary moments of clarification and extending their sound inappropriately inches beyond the loose sketch that frames them. His additions range from Scooby-Doo rate whinings to ambient Beck-esque drips and taps.

The album is a too-big-for-its-britches masterpiece, peppered with the indigestion sounds of a pixellated cosmos. I found myself not reaching for the Bass or Treble dials, but for the In-the-Way-of-my-Action knob. I didn't want to strip; I wanted the album stripped.

Keys fans are in tune with the nature of their songs; we don't need an auditory outline. "Psychotic Girl" is still

nightmarish without the siren howls; "Oceans and Streams" can reminisce about childhood and not include patty-cake handclaps. "So He Won't Break" is still danceable void of xylophone and "Same Old Thing" oozes masculinity and primitivism without featuring the pan-flute or being backed up and stomped rhythmically upon by a rugby team in tiki skirts. The third and fourth instrumental and vocal parts do not need to be represented in our ears for the message of the Keys to pass. The secondhand swamp-spirits, the industrial tap and bleep of modern technology are implied, and we understand.

This album, compared to the band's career up until they went public, identifies the space between urban and gravel distortion, the difference between turning on and getting off, a spoonfeeding and a feast. Until they fix it, I'm fully clothed and awaiting the stripped version.

VW rocks sweaty backseat

review by | **clare echterling**

It's hard work being a music snob. I tried, once. When I was about sixteen. As the joke goes, I knew about bands that hadn't even been formed yet.



After about six months, I decided maintaining my music snob status was

way too much work, that I was morally against MySpace, and that I could simply rely on my friend Kevin to give me all the musical education I needed to survive in an über-hipster jungle. This worked out well for me – I maintained my musical credibility and free time.

That plan worked until this semester, when even the internet couldn't span the distance between me in little old Kirksville and Kevin in, as he describes it, "amazing" Chicago. So, over Midterm break, I found myself jonesing for some new music. Flipping through my father's copy of *Spin* (yes, my father's copy), I came across a review for the self-titled album by Vampire Weekend.

After reading the article, I bought the album on iTunes, listened to it once ... and then went back to listening to Spoon, like I always do. It wasn't bad, per se. It just didn't grab me.

A week later, I climbed into the backseat of Kevin's ancient Isuzu Trooper, only to be assaulted by men, through the speakers and up close and personal, screaming about oxford commas and English dramas. Kevin had discovered Vampire Weekend. I expected we would listen to the album once, and then move onto something tried and true.

False. In the forty-eight hours I spent with Kevin and our other guy friends on Ea ... ahem, Spring break, I heard the entire Vampire Weekend album at least twenty-five times. And you know what? I learned to love it.

Those boys sing about their East Coast angst (another one of Kevin's terms) and it rocks. It rocks in the way you can sing along in a silly falsetto, cruising down suburban streets, crammed into the bitch seat between two smelly boys and still want to dance your heart out.

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Co-op from | page 3

tubes, some tires, patch kits, locks, lights, break and shifter cables etc. Should the shop not have what you desire, you may pre-order any item from our catalog; orders are placed at the first of every month.

The shop will be staffed by someone knowledgeable in bike repairs; however, we do not guarantee that the shop mechanic will be able to help you with more complex issues. We have a growing library of guides for bike mechanics that we encourage members to utilize.

The Co-op will offer workshop programs for the community to educate on basic mechanic skills. If you do not have a bike, we encourage you to rent a bike through the Bike Co-op. Bikes will be rented as they become available.

The initial program with the sloppily spray painted fleet of about ten bikes has blossomed into a highly organized, long-term plan to foster bike culture in Kirksville.

The Co-op is now a network of organizations and university departments that bring bike maintenance services to the students, faculty, and staff of Truman, as well as the residents of Kirksville.

The Bike Co-op partnered with the Health and Science Department to receive the benefits of being under the umbrella of the university. It is now considered a non-profit meaning that the Co-op is not charged sales tax on its purchases and donations are tax deductible through the Truman Foundation.

The Bike Co-op teamed up with Student Senate for funding, promotion, and political support in the Truman administration. The Co-op is also supported by the Presidential Environmental Advisory Board, the Environmental Campus Organization, and the Dobson Senate. We have had some interactions with the community through a Service Learning group in the class Grassroots Environmentalism that organized a week long after school program for the Kirksville middle school. The Bike Co-op also has been relying on the support and consultations from Ethan Hughes of the Possibility Alliance, a newly established group in La Plata, MO.

To obtain more on information on The Bike Co-op, please visit our website: bikeco-op.truman.edu or come to our weekly meetings: Wednesdays at 5:30 p.m. in MG2050. Open hours are currently 12-3 p.m. on Saturdays; Hours will expand as soon as our mechanic base allows.

Cassie Phillips is the co-founder and coordinator of the Bike Co-op.



Teach-In from | page 3

“Can We Win it All?” Rose and Adrienne emphasized the importance of intersectionality—how struggles over race, class, gender, sexuality and others are informed and shaped by each other. Organizations come and go, but key to realizing success is to build movements around networks of people.

Friday ended with an intergenerational fishbowl on cross-cultural best organizing practices. Organizers began with one representative of each of 4 age groups in the fishbowl (under 21, 22-35, 36-50, and above 50) in order to begin a conversation about commonalities and conflicts across these boundaries. As the conversation advanced, people in the audience tapped out those in the fishbowl so that a constantly rotating source of knowledge was on the floor.

One person noted that the young and the old are the most disrespected in our society, and that they needed to talk to each other to learn from each other and to organize around common concerns. Another person talked about the problems with the professionalization of radicalism. Activists need energy and passion—they can learn the other skills. A problem is that after the civil rights movement, activism became a job which killed movement building.

A final closing session brought together the threads of what had been covered during the weekend, and asked participants to reflect on how to move forward.

The long and very active days ended with artistic performances, includ-

ing “Invincible” performing powerful spoken word pieces, and Cecilio Negrón leading a drumming session that extended late into the night.

The teach-in was sponsored by the Midwest Social Forum. Social forums provide open spaces for exchanging experiences and information, strengthening alliances and networks, and developing effective strategies for progressive social, economic, and political change. The weekend gathering was held at the Wonderland Camp and Conference Center in rural Wisconsin just north of the state line from Chicago.

Afghanistan from | page 5

just as much as the one-third Taliban held territories in national resistance to our arrogant “Christian” selves.

No, none of this unsavoury realism I am trying to hammer home into the too sanguine US television media’s proudly sanctimonious portals of consciousness, means nothing can be done. To PEACEFULLY help the likes of the formidable “all-foreign-troops-out” JOVALS of the ancient wonderfully country at the northwest extremity of the Indian sub-continent. Overseas aid—in the form of schools, food, women’s rights courses, and roads—is a desirability most Afghans want. And despite fierce GATES CIA US PENTAGON militarist obstruction to such efforts, certain giant government, like GERMANY’S SOCIALISTIC CONSERVATIVE COALITION one, are insisting on pushing the bulk of their modernization effort for Afghanistan under the area of rubric vitality!

Yet the essential problem, alas, is your mindless corporate warfare ruler males here. WAIT FOR IT! Even president Karsi,

the western-educated, clone-head of the powerless Kabul regime we so stupidly back, is on record as believing “ultimately that the Taliban must be part of a negotiated new government.” This is not simply just because the Northern Alliance rural opium warlords cannot any longer stand him, for his “rah-rah” pro USA/UK stances! It’s additionally because he, like most Afghan sages, knows history and today’s geography better than your PENTAGON war greedies! As Mike Moore showed in his famous anti-Bush documentary, once even the BUSH and Bin Laden oil dynasties have nearly pulled off black oil deals with, guess whom, the often MBA-possessing Taliban! In fact, in the long history of the mountainous, impenetrable land, only under the TALIBAN and then just by them for a short, mercenary while, did AFGHANISTAN cease its present world heroin trade “hq” reputation in cash-crop far exceeding US client anti-labor union state, COLUMBIA!

To conclude, the next time you hear “Democrats USA” try to counter “Republicans USA” as to whose “stronger,” mummy TV viewer than I, on defense then the ‘tutother! By citing AFGHANISTAN, do not just, helplessly, writhe uselessly in your easy seat, muttering “here we go Iraq all over gain unwinnably!” Instead, get to our Congress idiot and local TV station banality. Do not, just, cut off any campaign or institution cash you give. But point out not just realities I have sketched. But, too, Neither The Nineteenth Century Victorian And Tsarist UK And Russian Empires Could Conquer The Rightly Self-Determination Own Insistent Afghans. And When The Fallen Soviets Tried “It” On Kabul They Lost More Young Men And Women Like Yourselves In A Shorter Time, Than You And the French Lost In All Of Your Unhappy Vietnamese Meddlesome Ventures For Our So-Called Better Civilization! Don’t forget it, you read the future here in the returned, internationalist Monitor first!

Search from | page 9

And in October of last year, the death of Washoe the Chimpanzee made media headlines. It was claimed that Washoe was the first non-human to learn a human language, American Sign Language. Washoe is survived by her adopted son, Loulis, supposedly the first non-human to have learned a human language from another non-human. Now that American Sign Language has breached the chimpanzee community, who knows what will happen?

I guess once animals gain their long-deserved rights to citizenship, suffrage, and equality before the law, the next pressing question will be: what, then, about fish? (Oh, you crazy Catholic Church, you...)

My Back Pages

This campus has a pulse! We asked and poetry poured into our inbox like syrup on pancakes. And it was good. Remember, we're all in this together. Submit! -FKRC
email your poems to fkrc@truman.edu

Interference

That gaze is the unabashed lumbering
of slow moving, slow thinking, slow cluttering,
kudzu interfering with
my brick walls.
This soft drape of eyelashes on
my skin
is indeed the ruinous moss
of ancient Mayan pyramids.
Every twiggy little word
hops a little jig,
weaving impropriety.
That smell is reminiscent of bread
Enticing, inviting
my inhibitions
to unlace themselves thread by thread
and slake.
Those needle fingers stitch lust
along the knobs of
my spine.
Rust dotting the knobs of a bicycle chain,
my nerves
creak and threaten to break.
My ribs,
the hull of a whaling ship.
These palms, the rip of a crisp white sail.
My body static,
the smolder of moisture,
my groundswell.

- Clare Echterling

Scop

And you sigh,

it wafts heavenward to

scoop icecream novas from thick dark blankets.

Your abbreviated stomach gurgles sink into me like Tyson punches

And smooth the gravel beneath my feet. My fingers

play clarinet up your spine. Holding a wine
dark C Sharp longer

than creation. We do not rest on the seventh.

The air, pilfered from my lungs:

I'm trapped underwater, crushing blue hues, trying to

find a hole in the ice. Breath! Final release,

I gasp urgently between your lips.

-Arthur David Gregg

I saw you yesterday

riding your bike in the rain

and I was thinking about something else about somebody
else about something important probably until I saw you
yesterday riding your bike in the rain

and your bangs were plastered down, pasted to your
forehead

and your soft cotton t-shirt was clinging to your breasts

and you were laughing

and there I was with my umbrella and overcoat, overcast,
gray dirty sky, gray dirty town, gray dirty thoughts with
jeans soaked below the knees, standing

still on the sidewalk and I - and I -and I
And I wanted to BE you
but there you were
riding your bike in the rain and
you were already gone.

-Crystal Buffaloe

The Idea of Key West

Love doesn't notice that order takes
time.

-Emily Sjogren

Minimalist Mud Wrestling

One grain of sand.
And they just
look at each other.

-Jamie D'Agostino

Hot for President

Who really thinks about the Founding Fathers these days,
Or of old bearded men like Rutherford B. Hayes.
Or even a man like Adams, John?
Well I'll tell you, I DO! 'cause they turn me on.

These old and dead men, tucked away in a grave.
I admire their busts and can hardly behave.
Just look at Lincoln and admire those cheeks?
Those jowls will remain in my mind for weeks.

And the pale, striking features of John Quincy Adams
Were sure to arouse all the Puritan madams.
Why that man, he swam nude in the Potomac River
Just to send through my loins a most monstrous quiver!

And every American loves Washington, George.
Why upon his privates, I'd love to gorge.
And even as he lie dying, being sucked on by leeches,
I wanted nothing more than to get into his breeches.

And many years later came the first Roosevelt
Who's skin, to the touch, was as soft as felt.
I look at those glasses atop his nose
And imagine him prancing in tight pantyhose.

And at the end of war came Harry S Truman
His good looks, so dashing, he could not have been human.
That man, more attractive than nine apple pies,
He just dropped an atom bomb upon my eyes.

And to think of the sultry James K. Polk
Without his attention, I only could sulk.
His mullet, majestic! Atop his head most fair.
I'd pay many a shilling to comb through that hair.

And now I'll come back to 2008
To speak of a president I truly do hate
That jovial nuisance, George W. Bush
I'd like to put it right in his tush.

-Joey Risch

Exposition

I was originally a violin solo reduced to
four minutes with a closed mouth.

-Jen Miller