



the monitor.

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a campus collective

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letters



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

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The Monitor is published every other Monday. We meet every Wednesday in the SUB Down Under. 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

Contributor Questions Careless Cut-Off

Hey guys-

What happened to the end of my column? Half of the last paragraph seems to have gone missing!

Peace, chill, & etc.,
Joey Puricelli

We apologize to you Joey! We accidentally cut off the end of your piece! Fear not, now for the first time ever, the thrilling conclusion to Joey's piece "Television: Medium Well-done Not Rare." Cut it out and paste it in your old copy of the Monitor:

Playwrights & directors, critics & historians, they all credit drama as being inherently more real than other media. Stuff and nonsense. Theatre is an art, and art reflects life, just as life reflects art. Each is necessary for the other; I will defend that belief to my grave, but they are not identical. Theatre is art; film is art; television is art. Good night, Gracie; tomorrow is another day, and Robin shall restore amends.

Angry Reader Attacks Bungling Monitor Editors

Well, well, well, so the Monitor is back at last. I really should have counted my blessings during last year's respite, which proved to be all too brief. This publication, in

its prior 12 years of existence (or was it 11? or 13) continued to set new lows in reporting, photography, writing, and especially editing with every new issue, and this seems to continue to be the case.

Take, for example, Mr. Iles' opinion piece, which began on page four and continued to page 11. The inept editorial staff, however, labeled it as beginning on page five, proving that counting above three is for them, at best, a shot in the dark. Or take, for another example, Ms. Foster's celebratory report on Kum & Go. At least the DuKum paid for their advertising. Never have I read such rampant amateurism. Thank you, Monitor, for once again lowering the bar in the limbo of Kirksville news reporting.

Sincerely,
Angry Dude

Res-Hall Resident Requests Inferno Rehearsal Refund

As many of you have heard, MO Hall has experienced a string of fire alarms this past year. Fifteen times, the building has been evacuated and at all hours of the day and night. The point of this letter is not to complain. Rather, I would like to submit a modest proposal to ResLife. For the stereotypical college students, concerned with every last dime they have to spend, I have put together a glimpse into the cost of these evacuations.

The cost of a standard room in MO is \$3,100 per semester. Estimating from the Sodexo (note, not Sodexho any longer) website, a meal plan costs \$915.20 per semester. Subsequently, the total room cost per year works out to \$4369.60. ResLife permits students to stay in the dorms for 214 days of the school year (i.e. excluding midterm break during which we cannot enter the building). A few unit conversions later, and the room cost per minute comes to just over 1.4¢.

Now, back to the fire evacuations. Assuming that the duration of each is 20 minutes (though this figure has been highly variable), MO Hall residents have been denied entry into their rooms for a total of 300 minutes. State law mandates that one fire drill be conducted each semester; therefore, the total time attributable to excess alarms is 260 minutes. If this excess time out of the building is multiplied by the room rate, MO Hall residents have overpaid for their rooms by \$3.67.

So here I sit, at my desk in MO hoping to finish this letter before the next alarm. As I peruse my student account, I notice that \$3.67 is mysteriously absent. Should ResLife refund me for this?

Perhaps, perhaps not. At least I won't lose sleep at night worrying whether or not the fire alarm will go off in the event of a real emergency, and to me that's worth maybe \$3.50.

-Will Petry

from the editors



See You Soon.

Wow! Can you believe the year is already over? It seems like just yesterday when freshmen arrived on campus full of vim and vigor and questions pertaining to the location of Ryle Hall.

And now we face the summer. Let's all go the pool and watch as much MTV summer programming as possible!

More importantly, let's get excited for next year, as the Monitor returns in full force for its glorious fifteenth year.

That's right, we're gonna be back. The FAC is helping us out with

funding, and we sure are excited.

But, you know what that means: we're going to continue to need your help. We don't write the paper, you do. So keep on sending in all of your great stories, poetry, and photos, and keep a lookout for brand new issues next year.

More importantly, get involved. We always need people to help with all sorts of editorial duties. So if you want to get involved with the coolest paper on campus, shoot us an email. We're all really nice, seriously.

And be sure to tell all your

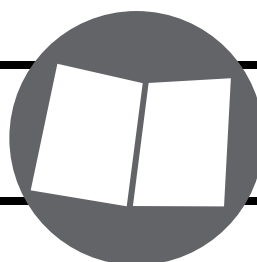
friends about the Monitor. They could really use it, they're kinda making you look uncool, you know?

By the way, this is another great issue. There's tons of cool shit within these pages, so get fucking excited.

Speaking of which, have you heard about the new Iron Man movie? Dude, Robert Downey Jr. is going to be in it. How bananas is that. I can't wait. I'll be first in line, no doubt. He's been so on since Kiss Kiss Bang Bang.

Until next semester.

The Editors



the world in brief(s)!



compiled by | **ben wesselschmidt**

Religious Intolerance in Russia—

The Russian government has continued to crack down on Protestant sects in Russia, particularly in the South, turning the Eastern Orthodox Church (the former official state religion prior to the 1917 revolution) into effectively the new state religion. Methodists have been especially hard up, requiring government permission for any kind of public assembly.

Workin' in a Coal Mine, Goin' Down, down...—

As oil prices continue to rise, especially in Europe, some European power producers, most notably in Italy, are beginning to return to usage of coal. This has led to considerable concern from environmentalists, as coal is universally considered to be the dirtiest fuel on earth with respect to carbon emissions,

the leading contributor to greenhouse gases.

Turtle Smuggling—

Jorge Caraveo of El Paso, Texas, and Carlos Leal Barragan of Jalisco, Mexico, each of whom plead guilty earlier this year to smuggling exotic turtles across the Mexican border into the United States were set to stand a sentencing hearing this week for their crimes. The turtles were apparently meant to be skinned for cowboy boots.

Shrimp: From Bubba or Slave Labor?—

The average American consumes three pounds of shrimp every year, however, the origins of said crustacean can be difficult to determine. A significant percentage comes from plants in both Thailand and Bangladesh, both locations have a history of sweatshop labor in the industry. Wal-Mart, a major seller of the shrimp from these regions, has pledged to launch an investigation into the production of its product.

Stunt Priest feared Dead—

Rev. Adelir Antonio de Carli, a Brazilian priest, has been missing for almost a week after having strapped himself to 1000 helium-filled balloons and drifting away. His family and parish commissioned a private search plane, after the Brazilian Air Force discontinued its search earlier this week.

Art for All at Tom Thumb XII

story by | **zhian kamvar**

In my five years here in Kirksville, I have seen many things that only this fine town has to offer: Dr. Salt's delicious produce at the farmer's market, Farmageddon on the 4th of July, and (getting to the point) the Tom Thumb Annual Floating Art Gallery.

The history of this annual extravaganza of art, music, and people is fragmented and scattered around like so many pieces of the triforce of wisdom. I have participated in Tom Thumb for the past five years, and yet, never knew of its origins until now.

Tom Thumb was started by two students (Jimmy Kuehnle and Kjell Hahn) who were frustrated by the "lack of art venues in the small liberal arts college town of Kirksville, MO." So they decided to clear out their apartment to use it as a gallery for a night and invited submissions and guests to the first Tom Thumb in what I have determined to be 1997. Essentially, this gathering was a small get-together among friends that has exploded over the years into the monstrosity that we now call Tom Thumb.

Eventually, as the Thumbs continued, they grew rowdier and rowdier and one of the main themes of them became "improving the art." Art that was (comically) deemed "unworthy" would be subjected to a battery of additions depending on the artistic taste and mood of the event attendees.

There were many antics at Tom Thumb in the following years. Tom Thumb IV featured a pantsless Carlo Rossi as the Keynote speaker, Tom Thumb V had a 150-pound hog roasted in the dead of winter, Tom Thumb VI (Amerikan Pride) featured the destruction of many television sets, Tom Thumb VII was host to a murder mystery maze and a bowling alley at the Aquadome, and a Fairy Wedding was a highlight of Tom Thumb VIII.

This brings us to Tom Thumb IX, the first Tom Thumb to take place in a venue that was not occupied by student. Ironically, it was also the first Tom Thumb to take place in a school.

The historic Washington School was host to our humble gallery thanks to a wonderful man named Charles, who owned the building and was planning to convert it into a museum. It was a place perfect for Tom Thumb: old, filthy, and slightly smelly. It introduced the concept of having a set of bands play at the event, thanks to the large auditorium space in the middle. Charles only had one rule for the people attending, and that was to act under school rules: no smoking and no drinking. This was definitely a change

from Tom Thumbs of old where there was a sense that it was not only a gallery showing, but a party as well. The subsequent year was kept at the school until it was whisked away to the Kirksville Arts Association for Tom Thumb XI.

This year's Tom Thumb was held in a very large residence on the corner of Haliburton and Patterson. There were many art pieces submitted at the very last minute and a full list of very good bands including Please Please, Jonny Numbercruncher & His



photo by | **lisa margetis**

Moist-Eyed Mothers, and Jesse Witherall. It was the first Tom Thumb in four years that had the same party atmosphere that I had gotten at my first Tom Thumb in 2004 (Tom Thumb VIII in the Dollhouse, aka the Maniac Mansion, aka the place next to Vintage Grooves). There was a bit of fear as to how people would take the different atmosphere.

Overall, I would say it was a huge success. There were very many people in attendance, and everyone seemed to be having fun. The walls in the halls of the house were covered with art as well as everywhere else. Unfortunately, I was unable to see much of the interaction between attendees and art for much of the night, as I was performing music in a hot tub in the south end of the house, oh well.

A few people I talked to mentioned that they felt a lot of the focus was taken away from the art and placed more on socializing. It seemed to me that people who had seen it at the Washington school were more approving of it than the people who had only seen it at the Arts Association.

continued page 11



112 W. Harrison St.

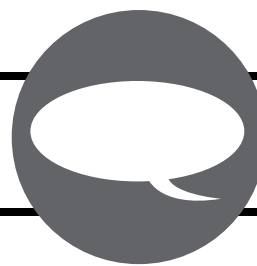
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Index Welcomes Pirates to Kirksville

opinion by | dan fister

In the April 17, 2008 edition of the Index, a reporter jovially welcomes corporate-seafaring criminals to develop "The Cove," essentially welcoming murderous Pirates until all the community's booty that's got to be get IS GOTTEN GET!



"The Cove" is a new luxury housing development that MLP Investments Inc. is planning to construct on Halliburton Street as soon as fall 2008! Fuckin' Panic!!! You may think this alarming tone is inappropriate, but consider the numerous victims when pirates come to town:

1. Local home owners and real estate companies alike cannot compete with the low, LOW prices of international corporate exploitation, just listen to Pirate/developer Eric "Red White & Blue Beard" Kaemmerer in the Index article: "MLP Investments...is a large company that builds hundreds of apartments [pirate coves] every year, and this is one factor that allows [us] to set rent so low for The Cove...When a company builds as many apartments [pirate coves] a year as MLP Investments does, [we] can buy its commodities for wholesale prices." BYE-BYE SUSTAINABLE LOCAL ECONOMY!

2. People of lower-economic status already have trouble finding affordable housing, and pirating existing homes and land that is inexpensive decreases the options for low-income housing EVEN MORE!
3. Large Pirate Corporations exploit most intensively outside our nation's borders, docking their economic boats in third world countries where they plunder so-called "developing nations" natural resources for lavish, inexpensive construction materials.
4. A SHIT-TON of waste is created in demolition/construction, adding to the mountain of garbage in the Macon County landfill that everyone ignores until it leaks, explodes, or falls IN OUR SOUP!
5. The natural resources and ecosystems being destroyed across the globe and our entire environment is threatened by climate disaster as construction like this creates emissions and high-energy-use housing!
6. APPALACHIA, ALWAYS APPALACHIA! 70% of our electricity in MO is from coal, which is mined by destroying mountains and communities in the Appalachian Mountains—contributing to global climate disaster!

Instead of cooperative housing projects developed By Our Community For Our Community (BOC-FOC), that benefit many being our Kirksville community (and its journalists) are welcoming exploitative, huge-profit-for-few-people housing developments By Abhorrent, Distant, Awful Corporations, For Abhorrent, Distant, Awful Corporations (BADAC-FADAC).

Just to try and create a sustainable planet, we need a systemic and dramatic change from the colonial-capitalist-pirates practicing free trade at the expense of people and ecosystems everywhere. Say NO to corporate exploitation, say YES to local cooperation! Other peoples' problems are our problems, How many more must suffer?! Stop Capitalism from oppressing undeveloped nations now! Fuck BADAC-FADAC! Yay BOC-FOC!

"i.love.you": Love Defined

opinion by | phil schaefer

The three most meaningless words in the human language when laced together like so. We fathom the I and you as pearls on a necklace, with love being the string that connects them. How silly. Should I ever have the misfortune of succumbing to marriage and other nonsensical institutions, or even if I adopt the title of "relationship" with someone of interest, I shall never strip myself or anyone else of such worth by uttering those three words. I will not demean the connection that we share, the only abstract feelings incapable of definition or confinement.

Why should I? Why should I forfeit the most ecstatic, intangible reality humanly possible by naming it? Why would I tell the object (or rather subject) of my scarcest, most radical emotions and beliefs something she already knows? Love is an unspoken symbol, and as soon as its reality is unhinged and uttered aloud, the symbol vanishes like a ghost in the clouds.

If love is the highest form of human relationships, then to speak the word is to universalize that which is uniquely personal. It's much like sitting under a star-painted sky on a riverbed with your best friend in the whole world. You share the moment, wrapped in silence like flesh around your soul, because it's louder than words. By whispering, "this is beautiful" you are breaking the spell. The meaning begins to fade with the words in the air. Likewise, to force an "i.love.you" out of the holes in our faces merely because we're too insecure to let the moment, indeed the reality, captivate us, seems robbing and meaningless.

Let me contextualize my argument. I understand that love is more than a mo-

ment, more than an episode of emotion. It is a lifetime experience that both soars through treetops and gets trampled under foot. And in those moments when love is beaten and tortured, leaving scars almost too bloody to bear, then words must come into play. When doubt is so high and the relationship is held together merely by threads, then reassurance is necessary. Meaning can come from these words. But do you know why this is? It is because when shit is tough, we create the meaning for these words. We are not letting our society define our situation. We're saying, "This fucking hurts, but we're going to push through...i.love.you." You allow the words to blossom as they work from the roots of human drama upward. The meaning is in the affirmation of action, not the three syllables dancing on our lips.

Yet when we fight our way out of the mire and float up into those euphoric instances that tempt us to say i.love.you, we are stripping ourselves of that very meaning that we fought and waited for so long to desperately achieve. It's like taking the yellow out of the sun or the harmony out of the tune. It's still there, but so much dimmer. Why then, I wonder, have we all become so lax in our perception of human interaction and the rational emotions that come with it? If our bond, our connection, is so valuable and free, unscathed by the forces of society or depleted by conflicting emotions, then why should we take an active role in tampering its worth? I lobby for a release of these words in which we let love find its real meaning in the absence of itself. Only then will it evolve into that limitless, abstract divinity that we all crave so much. Only then will it properly and effectively wash over us, swimming through every cell in our blood and oozing out of every pore in our skin. We will no longer be confined to the masks of our language and that meaningless phrase that vanishes like dust in the wind.

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A Feminist Critique of Hillary Clinton

opinion by | larry iles

The Monitor, last edition, did us all as a community a great honor by reprinting in substance Dr. Seidel's masterly, eloquent defense of Hillary Clinton's of course right to be a woman major party presidential candidate this year. I heard it just before my own customary UK focal presentation last month at the Women's History Month conference. And so wittily pungent was its characteristically sparkling delivery by Linda, that I had visible trouble afterward in refraining from commentary on its sheer robustness. Many of her general points scoffingly about the US male media's double-impossibilist standards on female politicians, it would be idly redundant as a feminist generalist, globalist historian to deny her validity of anger upon! An Australian Deputy Premier like J.Gillard, Welsh born, and current New Zealander PM, both Labour staunch peace socialists and FEMALES proud, will, one feels, be impossible in this backwards country if you persist with your too unfair private enterprise TV monopolies for war, male non-values and overspend on guns thereby.

But here's the dissent rub, Professor. There is a very serious, sustained correct

feminist case AGAINST Hillary's continuing quest for the White House in her Presidential, as opposed to past semi-spousal right. And I think it's highly revealing, that Linda's full text illustrates marked evasion on this recent campaign, which is proving nothing less than a disgrace and a blot on the landscape for future women. Yes, indeed, if I were a US citizen, the thought of Hillary by super-delegate unelected chicanery, actually getting the Democrats nomination on such MALE terms of over-manipulation, would do what? It would actually impel me to support former Texas Radical Congresswoman Cynthia McKinney who is running as the anti-war Green Party presidential candidate in already over 15 states ballot, too, this assured candidacy this November. She, not Hillary, comports with dead Congresswoman Shirley Chisholm in both her color and peace values alike.

Firstly, let's take the issues Seidel thus largely ignores. Because they do not comport at all with the feminist imagery with which Hillary impurely ,rhetorically wraps herself endearingly in self-love herself within. In fact, former Congresswoman and internationalist New Yorker Bella Abzug, whom twice I heard, myself, in US history TA past

Now, to summarize how I came to my current line of thinking, I should establish what I was interested in. I was interested in why 1) anyone would participate in something like this, and 2) why people are so fascinated by it. This essay does not intend to explicate those questions; however, during my research I uncovered a presumably farcical essay, (http://farm3.static.flickr.com/2118/2086073362_b9ca71a07e_o.jpg) that argues that the video in question is, in reality, an empowering, feminist manifesto.

Naturally, I found the essay to be a rather funny jab at the expense of academia, but then I began to think more about the issue at hand. While this essay is obviously a joke, what if the video had originally been screened in the Guggenheim museum? Given that the museum is notorious for its avant-garde expositions, perhaps this would have been displayed in the selfsame fashion the essay presented the video.

Therefore, what I conclude from this line of thought is that what is and what is not art is highly contextual—nothing special there, any critic worth her Marxist-Reader-Response salt could tell you that. But the more salient point is this: with the advent of the internet academia especially should be troubled by the brewing crisis in the arts: the availability of mass-media to, crassly put, the masses. This phenomenon foists a crisis upon the academy because it will force us to radically redefine what we term "Art."

Of course, our definitions of what

life, must be turning in her grave. Against some of the ultra right wing propositions Hillary has been throwing up AGAINST Obama's social change audacity of ousting her from her past throne femdom status.

Most recent, Hillary has accused Barack of elitism for daring to try and ask WHY so much guns/violence and FUNDAMENTALIST irrationalist religion in areas like our Kirksville rural own. Now, this blatantly Bill O'Reilly abusiveness is doubly unforgivable by Hillary, as not only thus does she wickedly seek to suppress an anti-NRA debate, but, of course, seeks mainly the hard hat WHITE MALE Pennsylvania bigots' vote in arousal of class, phallic hatred against both Obamas 'uppitinesses.'

Why shouldn't the Obamas, who alike have been nearer Southside Chicago, CHURCH ATTENDEE poverty than Hillary and Bill as whites have ever had proximity to, suggest that this white GOP past connection is not disturbing. As I said myself in public WHCTSU, in all the years I, a Unitarian Christian peace protester, have been active here, only three at best of Adair county 50 estimated churches with their overwhelming MALE ministers

have ever joined our rallies herabouts in war connivance.

To conclude, I could easily write a piece as long as Linda's own in listing yet more issues where Hillary has sold the feminist past, as of course women with kids are the main victims of guns and of ELMAGANTRY false preachers after their doting monies. FROM THE PRE NEW HAMPSHIRE PRIMARY TO TODAY, HILLARY HAS USED EVERY RIGHT WING CHAUVINIST JIBE SHE CAN. BE IT LBJ RATHER THAN MLK ON CIVIL RIGHTS HISTORY REWRITES, TO DEFENSE OF HER AND THE GOP AS MORE QUALIFIED ON YET MORE DEFENSE WE THE WORLD HER EXPERIENCE FEAR. It's been one long mess up that Linda fails to address, reminding me of Hubert Humphrey abusing George McGovern on nastily chauvinistic lines in the 1972 primaries, and then oddly wondering why Nixon using Humphrey's lines won later so handsomely. ALL TRUE FEMINISTS OF BOTH SEXES SHOULD WANT NOUGHT TO DO WITH THEE PARIAS LASS CLINTON ANYMORE THAN EJECTINGLY WE'VE DONE WITH THE CLINTONS' FIENDISH FRIENDS THE BLAIRS BACK IN UK.

2Girls1Cup: Toward A Defense and Lament of Cultural Studies

opinion by | tom topping

There is a video on the internet, doubtless, that the majority of our campus is aware of entitled "2Girls1Cup." (SP?) Indeed, this pornographic film has ballooned into a veritable internet cult sensation. For the sake of some readers' stomachs, I shall forgo the particulars and give an overarching summary of the film—"film" being used here in the loosest sense of the word.

Essentially what it breaks down to is two girls appear on screen, they then engage in relatively conventional erotic acts until one of the partners produces a cup and proceeds to shit into it. From then on, they engage in various sexual activities involving the excrement, everything from smearing it on themselves to eating it. Giving in to my baser curiosities, I watched the video in full not quite knowing what to make of it. It certainly did not arouse me in any shape or form, I felt more like I was watching an exceptionally violent film that disturbs the viewer, but she cannot look away simply for morbid curiosity. Naturally, after that experience, I set out to study, for myself, what I thought I had just experienced.



are and what are not literature, art, films, poetry etc. have been under a deconstructive lens for some time now: witness the birth of the radical contextualization of Cultural Studies. Nevertheless, at least for my part, this conundrum evokes feelings of intense anxiety. What, if anything, is the role of artistic studies? Is there a "higher" nature to certain humanities? Is "high" literature or art even worth studying anymore? Does "high" art and thought simply boil down to bourgeois pretension? I certainly can not answer them in this essay.

Nevertheless, I think that this internet sensation should give us pause. Furthermore, I think that this nagging prospect, especially in the humanities, possesses possibly excit-

ing, possibly dark conclusions. For example, presuming that the humanities moves in the direction of Cultural Studies and contextualizes and deconstructs the boundaries between all forms of expression, that should lead to a richer understanding the human condition, right? On the other hand, if the humanities are necessarily passive and standardless, is there anything that the humanities can comment on, or argue for or against? Shall the humanities simply boil down to journalism?

It seems that this composition only presents more questions than answers, but I think the gauntlet for the academy has been thrown down—nevermind whether or not the faculties at Oxbridge or Princeton recognize it.

art on a wire



untitled by | josh brooks



public urination by | zia luehrman

please submit
more art... <3 jess

conch by | brooke ratterree



**no need
for an ambulance
by |erin givarz**



backdrop by | jerry jones



border by | mark hardy



untitled by | katharyn reed





The Superhero Nobody Wants: I'm Screening My Calls and I'm Not Sorry

feature by | **tamara sack**

Faster than McDonald's during lunch rush (30 seconds or free Big Mac coupon)! More powerful than the professor of a required take-only-once-or-you-don't-graduate class! Able to piss off listeners in 2 seconds or less! Pick up your phone! It's your mother! It's your ex! No, it's...

The pre-recorded political message!

Yes, it's the politician's voicemail come to life! A strange breed of humans whose morals came from another planet with powers and abilities far beyond the tolerance of mortal man! Politicians! Who can change the course of this country...able to bend the truth with their bare hands!

And who, disguised as an important, mild-voiced advertiser for the Democratic or Republican Party, fights a never-ending battle for half-truths and subjective justice, proclaiming it the "American way!"

* * *

The phone rang and there was a short pause while I called out "hello" about five times. Finally, just as I was about to hang up, a tinny voice creaked over the line.

"Hello, I'm (insert politician's name here) and I'm coming up for re-election, just a short month away!..."

"Excuse me?"

"...as you know, I have been very focused on increasing the quality of the schools..."

"Um, sir? Hello?"

"...my opponent has voted against such beneficial measures as..."

At this point, I finally figured out that while it was definitely not Operator Olie on the other



line, the mechanical voice that is annoying and very bad at distinguishing anything but high-pitched tones, the "real" person on the line had hooked up a recording on one end and my number at the other.

Needless to say, I hung up and went online to sign up for the no-call list with my cell number. A week later my phone rang again.

"Hello valued citizen of Missouri..."

I started laughing before the recording had a chance to figure out what was going on. I'm a valued citizen? First of all, can we say GENERIC OPENER? If you are going to annoy me, at least be original about it. Second, if I'm so valued, then why are you calling me during Sunday dinner? You talk about bringing conservative values and respect to the community and yet you call me automatically during one of the biggest "taboo" times of the week.

The junk mail is bad enough—I don't even want

to think about all the pollution caused by those quickly tossed leaflets, this year mostly featuring partially-aborted fetuses that make my stomach flip several times.

The politicians did figure out one thing about the automated calls though—you are fairly guaranteed at least a few seconds of the person's attention. When the phone rings, even if you don't recognize the number on caller ID, you still answer most times. The person could be using a calling card. It could be Ed McMahon with your prize, but you have to pick up the receiver to claim it. The hospital could be saying that, God forbid, someone's seriously hurt or dead. So we answer and get ticked off. Interesting technique, politicians...inciting fury on the Lord's day while claiming you want Christian morals in our legislature to correct the spreading immorality contaminating our young people. Since when am I contaminated goods? Don't you think those generalizations alienate more than they include, not to mention insult more than they sway?

The calls only get worse when November first, otherwise known as All Saint's Day, rolls around. I can only think of those inspiring souls spinning in their graves as their protectees are being harassed by those who want to be in power. The calls increase to sometimes five or six a day, the tone changing as the message rolls off the digital tape:

Happy, cheerful: I'm ____ and running for ____ in your area.

Teacher voice: It is your responsibility as a citizen of our great country to vote on ____.

Getting ugly: My opponent...(insert various

negative comments here, anything from (s)he hates seniors, screws children's chances at education, to supports immigrant rights over natural citizens, rapes and pillages on the weekends with best bud Satan, etc.)

And they wonder what's wrong with our society today.

I'm tired of the mudslinging (although I can definitely think of a better term for it). I'm tired of having pictures in my mail that I pray no child ever sees before the age of fifteen. I'm tired of having dinners, naps, and massive homework sessions interrupted by people who think they know me.

I'm voting this year for president. I've researched, read, and discussed. I know who most closely represents what I believe. I'm not slamming anyone unnecessarily just so that my side wins. I know I have the power of one—that's all I'm going to use. Whoever wins, I pray that they will make smart decisions and help create a world where communities are more cohesive, people help each other, and discrimination is a thing of the past. I pray they will let everyone have a chance, maybe even two, at success, no matter who or what they are. I pray they will help create laws that are tolerant of other cultures, languages, and worlds in a country that is not white or English-only speaking in reality. I pray that we get in touch with reality instead of clinging to notions and theories that sound great on paper but are ludicrous in practice.

May the best person win...not the most popular or the one with the sharpest claws. We're not in high school anymore. Let's act like it.

In Defense of Marijuana: Happy April Twentieth

feature by | **pooblius**

I don't know why, but the number 420 has come to refer to marijuana, as well as the marijuana culture at large. And guess what, kids! This past Sunday was April the twentieth. Some people call it National Pot Smokers' Day. Most just call it four-twenty.

So what's the point of a bunch of people who already smoke pot taking a day to smoke an especially large amount of it? Well, that's a loaded question (or should I say "dude, wait, what?").

I'll start with the basics. Marijuana is a plant. It grows wild in many places across the world, including the Americas (yes, even Missouri), Europe, Asia, and Africa. It is illegal to grow, sell, and possess in most countries. Nonetheless, it's used by a large and diverse group of people all over the world. Marijuana is relaxing.

Its effects can include giggle fits, sleepiness, paranoia, confusion, an intense inner narrative, and other various effects on the way the mind works (varying from person to person). In my experience, marijuana does not just make things

funnier, but it increases one's ability to pick up on the comic timing of human communication.

Many smoke marijuana because of the ritual involved. You take it out of the bag, break it up, and then put it into a pipe or roll it into a marijuana cigarette/cigar (joint/blunt). Marijuana mixes well with all types of friends.

To this day, nothing can beat the sense of relaxation, comfort, and satisfaction that accompanies getting high with an old friend. It is nostalgic, and familiar. At the same time, few joys compare to getting a newbie totally ripped.

I drive high. I go to class high. I do homework high. I make love high, go to meetings high, fart around on the internet high, ride my bike high, party high, et cetera, et cetera. And you know what? It doesn't make sober existence any different.

When I'm away from weed for a couple weeks, it's no problem. I barely even think about it. That's one of the great things about pot. It's great when you have it, and when you don't, you don't have to miss it.

As one would guess, I think marijuana should

be legal. But that's not what I am writing about. Because legal or not, I am going to smoke it. And I am going to enjoy it. So are many many millions of people across this green planet of ours.

It's not looking like pot will be legal any time soon, so be careful you fucking stoners, because the

system still puts marijuana dealers behind bars.

Anyway, this is to the subculture/counterculture of pot smokers out there: gather your close friends, blow the dust off that ritual bong you have hidden in your closet, and load it with your sweetest cheeba. Happy belated four-twenty.



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Our Song - Vol. 1 fiction by | david wilkee

As the Subway employee begrudgingly assembled my sandwich today – simplistic ham and swiss (a common combination and familiar to the general public – as I wish us some day to be), tomatoes then toasted before the condiments are added: plain mustard, mayonnaise, and oil preferably evenly distributed through the breadth of the rye bread instead of concentrated in the center as seems to be the custom many days– I saw you with him.

You didn't look good. Then again, who could expect even you – my Beatrice, my Juliet, my Muse – to look good on the arm of such a vile creature? Evidenced in your eyes (beneath which sagged heavy gray bags con-

cealing your naturally prominent and beautiful cheek bones and distracting the eye from the natural hue of your porcelain skin) was a previous night of screaming (in pleasure? In conflict? In regret?). Screaming for the best sex ever dreaded by any girl; the bitterest chocolate ever licked off the teat of reluctance. He made you want it, didn't he? I can see that he reduced you to a smoldering pool of lust and passion before delivering his final death blow and in one swift gesture sweeping away the Seraph's fiery blade thus granting his gluttonous member full access to the garden.

I can imagine now what your eyes must have looked like last night: widened at first, pupils dilating in the white light ecstasy, letting love in along with the sight of his body heaving his demands upon you. Of course this brute does

not use words. Speech is too weak a messenger. Instead, he uses the staff, the rod, the scepter. "Spare the rod, spoil the child", his body screams. Then your eyes clench shut: the sun sinks in an instant, the world goes dark. However, you feel the scepter, you've experienced it now, and all you've done by trying to shut it out is trapped it, buzzing wildly around your head past synapses, memories, associations, until it finds its home basking in the glory of itself and its power in the center of your thoughts.

Your eyes tell it all. And my eyes, darting wildly from you to him, express fear: fear of the scepter. I won't give up. Goddamn it! All of the mustard is in the center of this fucking sandwich and now one bite is destitute of any condiments and the next is chocked fucking full of it!

After collecting what was seemingly a substantial amount of change, at least for the ghost anyways—remember, he usually doesn't pay for things—he plopped the change on the surface of the bar.

He separated out the change into piles of coins that equaled around fifty cents each, so he could easily count out five piles instead of having to individually count out two dollars and fifty cents in coins, which, albeit isn't the hardest thing to do, and it wasn't really necessary, but it would make him look smarter and would be easier to remember the total of his entire change pile if it was in smaller piles. After pointing at each pile, and counting aloud the totals after each point, he slid the piles in the direction of the bartender.

"Oh, there's also going to be some local taxes involved," said the bartender. "Let me figure those out really quick." So the bartender reached under the counter, and grabbed a calculator. He calculated the taxes to be about twelve cents, like they usually are. The ghost reached in his pocket, but this time he didn't take out coins. He wasn't planning on paying the taxes anyway, so it wouldn't have made cents for him to take out coins.

It wouldn't have made cents.

End.



illustration by | harry hurson

bartender poured the ghost a glass full of the usual drink. The ghost proceeded to sip on his drink for a while. He didn't really socialize with anyone, just eyed some of the people playing games and sat patiently. He was waiting for the event that was about to take place that no one knew about except him, who had heard about the event earlier from a friend and decided that he would come to see that event take place.

"Thanks for the drink," said the ghost.

"No problem, I usually serve drinks to people, so its not really a problem," said the bartender. "But your drink will cost money."

"How much?" asked the ghost.

"Oh, something like that, the usual that is, costs about two fifty," said the bartender.

"Oh, ok," said the ghost. He reached into his pocket, and fished around for about two fifty.

Ghost Story Part II fiction by | ryan moore

It was a night like most, in a place like most places, where the people were like most people. As the sun slid down the horizon, night fell onto that place, and all the people of the place went to their usual hangout: the bar. They had drinks, told stories, made jokes, and talked about stuff. They did that for awhile, and when they got tired, they went home to sleep. Then they woke up so they could work and then get money, buy things, like food, and also for the bar. The bar costs money. But one night, a ghost came to the bar. He looked like he had had a hard night, so the bartender said:

"Hey son, want a drink?"

"Yeah. I do," said the ghost. "I have had a hard night, and I need to have a drink."

The people at the place took notice, but for the most part went back to their games and jokes and stuff.

"What drink do you want to have?" asked the bartender.

"What the people around here usually get," said the ghost. "I guess I just want the usual, like someone who would go here usually would get."

"Ok, sounds good," said the bartender. The

Monitor DIY: Make Your Own Buttons Out of Random Crap

feature by | jess wright

Here's how to make your own buttons out of crap in the bottom of your backpack/purse/European carry-all.

Whether you are looking for creative promotional merch for the cause you are promoting on the quad that nobody else seems to care about, or just some cheap accessories, these one-of-a-kind buttons are just the ticket.

Just remember: safety first! Ask mom and dad before doing anything dangerous.

Happy Button-Making!

Supplies you will need:

Bottle caps – start hoarding them at parties, it's a good conversation starter...or ender.

Pull tabs – blow all of your remaining meals on soda.

Safety pins – choose a small size.



Primero- take a safety pin and attach it to the pull tab like this:



Next- place pull tab on the inside of the bottle cap. It should fit nice and cozy-like.



Then- use small pliers to bend the edges of the bottle cap to secure the pull tab.



Dunzo- paint the front of the bottle cap to your liking. You could also put stickers on them or hot glue treasures like feathers or acorns.



Queen Astra

Let the stars be your guide!



Aries (March 21-April 19)

You'll finally discover why no one's showing up to your parties. You are an asshole.

Taurus (April 20-May 20)

Your parents' approval of your new boyfriend will fade when they discover that not only is he Catholic, he's the Pope.

Gemini (May 21-June 21)

Your foray into bikini waxing will abruptly end when your roommate wakes up.

Cancer (June 22-July 22)

Looking for an edgy, one-piece summer style? Buy a romper. I recommend velour.

Leo (July 23-August 22)

Propositioning your professor for sex in exchange for a decent grade isn't a good idea. But it might work.

Virgo (August 23-Sept. 22)

The ladies will eventually come around, so don't give up on that fivesome dream. Also, the line about the fashion blog totally works.

Libra (September 23-October 22)

The good news: you'll set the record for eating the most POGs. The bad news: you'll die.

Scorpio (October 23-November 21)

Your neighbor's been watching you shower.

Sagittarius (November 22-December 21)

The world needs your talent. Perform whenever and wherever possible. Everyone loves improv.

Capricorn (December 22-January 19)

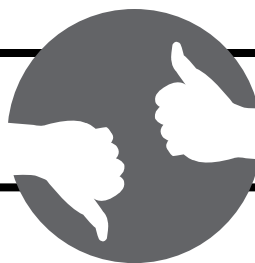
You've always said not to count your chickens before they hatch. Well, they've hatched, and they're shitting everywhere.

Aquarius (January 20-February 18)

Litter as much as you want, you've earned it.

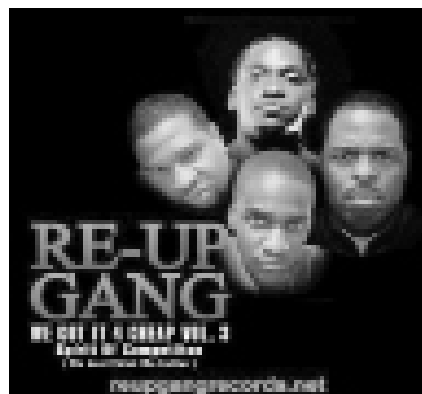
Pisces (February 19-March 20)

Send an envelope containing fifty single dollar bills and a fresh tube of Neiman Marcus Lipstick 23 to: Queen Astra, P.O. Box 69, Celestial Encounters Court, Kirksville, MO 63501. Or be doomed. Seriously. I mean, fuck.



Clipse Bring Friends, Blow, and Smooth Flows to New Mixtape

review by | john mcdonough



The Re-Up Gang

"We Got It 4 Cheap Vol. 3 Spirit of Competition"

On "We Got It 4 Cheap Vol. 3," famed Clipse emcees Pusha T and Malice return for the first time since 2006's "Hell Hath No Fury," carrying in tow pals Ab-Liva and Sandman to weave tales of illicit drug trafficking over commandeered beats. Displaying sharp ears and nimble tongues, Vol. 3 is a treat for fans of Clipse and a worthy addition to any hip-hop fan's catalogue.

A great deal of Vol. 3's success rests in DJ Drama's fabulous selection of beats for the Re-Up Gang to rhyme over. In raiding two of Kanye

West's best efforts from 2007—"Roc Boys (And the Winner Is...)" and the underutilized "Good Morning"—along with sources as diverse as Pharell, Cuban Linx-era RZA, and Doggystyle Dr. Dre—the album is a sonic fusion varied in both texture and influence. Despite the inclusion of such star power, however, the real highlight turns out to be "Cry Now," the soulful second single from Obie Trice's sophomore outfit.

While we're at it, "Cry Now" isn't just the best beat on the album; it's a prime example of what the Re-Up Gang is capable when they are running on all cylinders. Lyrically, all four emcees spit at their fiercest—from coke slung riches to the current state of hip hop. Pusha T expounds his thoughts on rap in the regrettably succinct first verse:

"Two albums in with the hunger of a draft pick / flow so scattered the cohesion like magic / death is all that's left I know the feeling of classic / ask it amongst any one of your peers / who ain't got a drop in years and still feared? / who ain't got a record out magazine niggas talking 'bout? / in a climate where most rap niggas just Walk it Out."

Ab-Liva follows with the weakest verse on the song, but serves as a testament to the other three that they are far from his worst lines on the album. Sandman flashes his potential with a gritty performance that manages to rhyme 'eti-

quette' to 'rhetoric' and 'tenement.' Even Malice seems to break out of the daze he was floating through in the last few tracks, jumping from faux pas and Mozart to OnStar and W.E.B. Dubois.

Though "Cry Now" serves as the album climax, it's not the only track that will get your head nodding. "Roc Boys" does the original justice, but these fellas can hit drug-dealing anthems out of the park in their sleep. So it's no surprise that another coke-soaked track, "20k Money Making Brothers on the Corner," finds Pusha T channeling the brash braggadocio of a young Jay-Z in lines like "from yay tall / I was MJ G with the eight-ball / a living legend / I play them keys like Ray Charles / you can't copy this style / or even trace off / they want a Pusha T Mardi Gras mask / like in Face-Off."

Later in the song Malice attempts to claim, "I'm not a part of your coke-rap genre," a bold stance considering his earlier claim (on "Roc Boys") of "more powder than Maybelline / push pounds like the Medellín." But if only it were true. Frankly, what hurts Vol. 3 the most is simply its near-complete single-mindedness. Although some verses stray into territories such as rap criticism, legacy, and simple boasting, still almost every song references drug trafficking at one point or another. And despite attempts at showing a more meditative side to the dope game on tracks like

"Good Morning," "Rainy Dayz," and "Emotionless," frankly, the game becomes rather tiresome after 15 songs. As talented as these lyricists are, there is no reason they should continue to coast on rhymes they've been writing for a decade.

Already having praised DJ Drama for his superior selection of beats, it must be said that his track ordering leaves something to be desired. While putting the three above-mentioned slow, reflective songs in a row may seem logical, in practice it backfires. It's easy to fall into their detached vibe and lose focus on what proves to be the most emotionally meaningful songs on the album. Furthermore, Malice struggles to match his usually energetic style to these more laid-back tracks, resulting in verses that feel lazy and apathetic. And with the three linked up in a row it's easy to forget how hot he was earlier in the album.

Considering that Vol. 3 is a free mixtape, it's difficult to justify holding its faults against it—especially since multiple tracks ("Cry Now" "20k...") are of high enough quality to fit either of Clipse's previous albums. With a new Clipse album due out in October, it's both impressive and promising that they had enough quality material to fill up an hour. And did I mention Vol. 3 is free? Like, free free, not illegal-file-sharing free. "We Got it 4 Cheap Vol. 3"—I got it for cheap and so should you.

Facebook Chat Incites Revolution

review by | harry burson

Zuckerberg, you've done it again! I logged on Wednesday, August 23, to find the biggest innovation to hit Facebook since the news feed. That's right, I'm talking about Facebook chat.

Jeez is it great. Remember all those hours you would spend frantically refreshing the inbox page as you tried to carry on some semblance of a conversation with your special friends? Oh, the pain and boredom! You would have to spend so long to wait for a response, and the worst part was, you couldn't even surf Facebook while you waited.

No longer! Now you can talk to your friends while you stalk/fuck around on Facebook. Think about it! You can criticize your friends about their lame choices for favorite music in real time while you look at their profile. Hot diggity damn!

In case you haven't used the chat function yet, let me break it down for you.

At the bottom of the screen, there is a small bar that gives you the option to "go online," so you aren't annoyed by messages when you don't want to gab.

When you are ready to chat, your friends' conversations appear at the bottom of your browser window, conveniently organized by when you started the chat. The best part is, the chat stays

above whatever else is happening on Facebook, so you can click around without worrying about losing your important conversations.

So far, I don't think there is any limit to the number of conversations you can have at any given time, and did you know that if you close a window and then open it up again, the text is still there? Even, like, the next day! You'll never forget the fun times you have with your friends ever again.

Sure, there are you nay-sayers out there who live to complain. "But Harry, I am used to my old chat application. I prefer AIM."

There's only one thing I have to say to you: Shut up you fucking nerd. No one cares about AIM. That is for nerds. Go play WoW or something, leave Facebook to those of us who aren't nerds. Get on MySpace, where nerds like you belong.

Anyway, my point is that Facebook chat is awesome and easy to use. Unlike news feed, there are like no groups against it, and you know why? Because it just makes sense. Facebook is essentially about communication, and Facebook chat lets us communicate faster, although so far I think all of my chats have been solely about Facebook chat itself. How meta!

Let us go forth into the glorious new future that Zuckerberg has given us. And let us not forget the wise words of Thomas Jefferson:

"Every generation needs a new revolution."

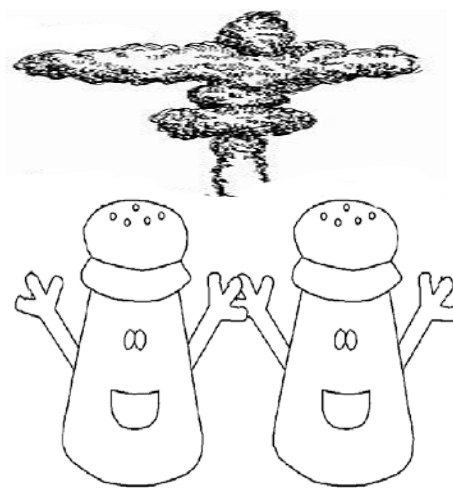
Eight-Year-Old-Penned Salt & Pepper Comic Teaches Valuable Nuclear Skills

review by | harrison parks

I normally hate comics. Unlike many of my colleagues, I find many of the storylines trite, the graphics too stylized, the characters representing all the hyperbole that sickens one to even glance upon the seemingly endless, dreary perfection permeating each page.

So it is quite odd to finally discover a comic, supposedly written by an eight-year-old, just slightly off-beat and sadistic enough to enjoy. Kirksville's own Black Unicorn Press is to thank for unearthing this gem.

Crossing the graphical style of a Xeroxed Aqua Teen, with the typographical skills of, well, an eight-year-old (love the Comic Sans MS mixed with the serif subtitles on the front), this comic will please the ADHD nihilist in all of us.



Salt, a salt shaker, hears that Pepper, a pepper shaker, is now the most clever shaker on the block, and decides that detonating a stolen nuclear weapon is the best deterrent for that wily condiment receptacle.

Pepper quickly comes up with a plan to disarm salt, which involves movin' with your Auntie and Uncle in Bel-Air.

But when he whistled for a cab, and it comes near, the license plate reads 'Fresh' and dice hang in the mirror. If anything Pepper could say that this cab is rare, but he thinks:

"Nah, forget it. Yo homes, to Bel-Air."

Thumb from page 3

I can understand the mentality. In the Arts Association, the only thing that you could pay attention to was the art, but at Halliburton, there were many other things distracting one

from the art. However, in the Tom Thumb environment, you'll be drawn to the art that means something to you. And you'll have a deeper connection with in that vibrant atmosphere rather than in a stuffy gallery.

Art is for everyone, and that, I believe, is the essence of Tom Thumb.

MONITOR COMIX



comix by | matt welker



comix by | ryan moore

Why Not Tat2's Ten-Year Anniversary Bash

CELEBRATING
10 YEARS OF
THE BEST INK
IN THE VILLE

May 24th, 2008

Theta Psi

Live Music with the Coldbugs, The Hooten
Hallers and the Pale Family

Hog Roast, Volleyball, and Auction to raise
money for the Ronald McDonald House

Doors open at 3:30 p.m.
for family activities

Evening entertainment for the
18 and older crowd at 6:00 p.m. until ???

Why Not Tat2's
303 S. Franklin St.
(660) 665-8110

My Back Pages

Drugs, zombies, Monkees references,
sex: we've really got it all this time
around. And that's it for Volume 14. Stay
American! -FKRC
email your poems to fkrc@truman.edu

What to do with our afternoons

Come out onto the city with our new clothes
they are flashy flashy bright and controversial
they let the people know about us before introductions.

Did you bring the drugs?
Well did you?
Not here,
no, we'll find some place.

We walk on— you're a little bored
Or maybe just suffering from over stimulus—
it is a new city
and you do need time to adjust.

If you're just going to be bored or distracted
then how should I fill up my afternoon?
The train is a waste if I go where I can afford I can't get out of the state.
I guess I could paint?
I'm a terrible painter you would laugh but that's what I like about you

Oh! You! I could fill up my afternoons with you!
We could loaf and cook and not clean up after
and we could watch TV— or read. I'm kidding,
we could talk in circles
we do
and when we do we love the way we argue.
I don't think we disagree as much as we love to cock
an eyebrow and go oh ha! well then!

Woe be to we who nothing!

Well we're in a safe spot
now with the drugs and we should do them.

-Rich Smith

Crossfade

Picture yourself on a broom by the window,
Flying right over the tornado round.
The magic barstool stands near on the floor,
Waiting for something not yet called profound.

Soaring & sailing a hawk passes by you,
Red-tailed or purple it works either way,
Changing and shifting it winks as it plummets,
Don't worry the bird will live to save the day.

Soon you discover a nymph/glorious angel,
Her Lucky eyes prompt you to give quite a chase,
But as you'll soon find through Kevin & Evan,
You must wait 'til she wants you to win the race.

Soon thoughts of pigeon-ducks, dancers & artists
And phantoms & hockey pucks float through your mind.
The sharks & the dragons and bulldogs all spinning,
Reflected in symbols of melodies kind.

Yesterday I'll ask the Lucky to love me,
Tomorrow she told me it may someday pass.
But when I hug her we both end up smiling,
Perhaps after Murray I could woo the lass.

Nathan & Samuel their balance eternal,
Alex & C.J. the ying-yang in me.
But autobiog is not my strong suit,
As for the pen & screen we'll someday see.

And now I leave you with Steve the mean average,
A spotlight, an uncle, an all-purpose guy.
As for next weekend in the pleasant valley,
I weirdly suggest looking to the circle sky.

-Joey Puricelli

BABY, WE GOT MARRIED TOO YOUNG

The sun bears down on us through a window
And we sweat,
Like there is somewhere we are supposed to be.
I am a bartender in the seedy
Slump of my wife's hips
I slump behind the line
With a towel draped across my wrist
She is so wet
Where it is dark
And dry where her lips part
To say
“Baby, we got married too young
But at least I love you.”
I run my mustache like a motorboat
Between her thighs
And she laughs.
Us two in a bed, behave
Like bees in a hive
Honey dripping out the holes in our eyes
I want out!
Of her soft landscape
Caught in the fog
Of the butt of a fag
Hanging loosely from her bottom lip
My ass cheeks are
Two blushing pilgrims
Bare and pushing into her
Her breasts leak, and our baby is already crying
For the woman I can't release.

-Brie Vonyo

Everything that is remembered,

Not necessarily everything,
Though it may seem like it always.
(Even when half in love with death)

Or is it dancing? Sometimes
It's hard to tell the difference, anymore.
Rain falls fast from nowhere

-clowns piling out of a car-
Happiness stays static, remains
Liquid:

Don't doubt the dark humor
Of knives screaming from faucets,
Gravity's ugly push.

-Franklin K.R. Cline

“I won't go down like this!”

It's finally seventy-five degrees –
the ladies are pretending to read,
but really they're waving their Earth Week hairy
legs around for all the boys to see.
It's a shame those bandana wearing humans
and zombies are interrupting their skin-burning
with really loud war screams.

-Clare Echterling

Graveyard Blues

Fiction isn't sick
because the great wordsmiths have all
disappeared.
We've just found our fiction in reality,
next to the coffee shop and the supermarket and
the liquor store
in alleyways and on interstates
lodged on the bookshelf between hope and despair
preceded by the epigraph of 'effort isn't enough.'
He slurps from half-empty bottles
claiming this isn't his fault
that Fiction is fiction,
that the Page is an age outside itself
because everything you read you see
and everything you've read you've seen.
We watch him stagger eastward
through the gates and up the hill
curled leaves kick up in his wake,
tumbling in the breeze
like so many loose sheets of paper.
The wizened grandmother
shuffles noiselessly towards the exit
deaf to my call
I take her by the arm,
and go where she leads.
As the cemetery comes into sight
I tug and I pull and I plead
but her frailty is fiction
and my effort isn't enough.
We reach the gates
she stops—
and turns to me
these bars are steel
she says,
and strong.
But they always have been
and always will be.

-John McDonough