

the monitor.



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special truman week edition | news | opinions | reviews | art | kirksville

from the editors



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The Monitor is published every other Monday.
We meet every **Thursday at 8pm** in the **BH 312**. Each writer is responsible for his or her own work.

"Among people who have learned something from the 18th century (say, Voltaire) it is a truism, hardly deserving discussion, that the defense of the right of free expression is not restricted to ideas one approves of, and that it is precisely in the case of ideas found most offensive that this right must be vigorously defended. Advocacy of the right to express ideas that are generally approved of is, quite obviously, a matter of no significance."
— Noam Chomsky



Welcome.

Hey, how's it going? Here's a special Truman Week edition of *The Monitor*, just for you. Never heard of *The Monitor*? Just curious and picked us up, but want to know more? Well allow us to explain.

The Monitor is a completely open-submission campus and community newspaper. That means that we have no editorial bias or agenda. As "editors" we do not shape the content or censor your work. We simply provide a public forum for people to say whatever they think needs to be said.

Don't like what you see? Fine. Change it. You have the opportunity to say whatever you want here. You also have the opportunity to say whatever you don't want here. It's up to you.

The point is: You send it. We print it. We only ask that your pieces don't go too far beyond 1,000 words so we can fit as many voices as possible in these few pages. Email all of your beautiful work to: monitor.truman@gmail.com. Do it!

And if you want to get more involved, we could always use help putting the issues together. We meet every Thursday at 8pm in Baldwin Hall 312. Come by, it'll be fun. Sometimes we have snacks.

This spring *The Monitor* will turn fifteen years old. Dude! That's a lot of years!

You can read old issues online at: monitor.truman.googlepages.com. We're still working on putting all of our old issues up, but hopefully what we have so far should keep you busy for a while. We're also experimenting with special online content—you know, trying to stay current and what not—so check out our site, it's a little Internet 1.0, but it's fun.

But enough about us, let's talk a little about Kirksville.

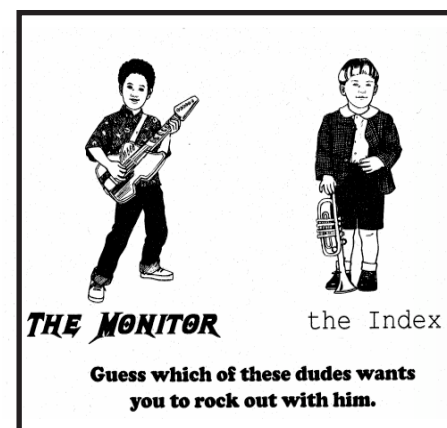
A lot of you new folks probably come from somewhere a little bigger than your new home for the next few years. Perhaps you were a little underwhelmed when you first visited? Like, dude, there's not a Chipotle, or even a Starbucks!

Rest assured Kirksville is a great place with amazing people. You will probably never live in a place quite like it again. So go out and explore, get to know the place. If you spend the year in your dorm room, you're going to hate it. You'll be one of those people who clap when the SAB comedian starts his set with the perfunctory small town joke. You don't want to be one of those people. Kirksville's the best. Seriously. Just ask the editors, we've been here for like eight years or something.

Also, make sure you check out the other fine publications on campus. Be sure to peruse *The Index* to stay on lo-

cal and campus news. Track down a copy of *Gadfly* for some fun cultural writing. Check out Truman's yearly literary magazine *Windfall* for some good fiction, poetry, and art. *Detours* covers exciting travel destinations in the area, and if you're really in the know you'll perhaps be lucky enough to find a stray issue of *The Truman Truthette*. All good publications in their own right, and all totally free.

Can't think of anything else to say, so here's a vintage *Monitor* advertisement first printed August 22, 2002. Enjoy!



A special thanks to the FAC and our advertisers, we couldn't do it without you.

Until next time,

The Editors

letters



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

Facebook Fan Finds Online Faction Insufficient

Hey people, I was on Facebook the other day (as I so often am, right?) and I stumbled across the Monitor group. There's nothing I love more than joining groups for things I love, like after I saw "Superbad" I was like, man, I gotta go find a Facebook group to join so that people know that I love that movie, you know? I am McLovin!

Anyways, when I found the Monitor's facebook group--I think it's just called "The Monitor" or something,

I was kinda dissapointed to see that there were only like thirty people in the group. What's the deal with that, you know?

I just think that more people should join that group because it's pretty cool. I mean I haven't submitted anything yet, but I'm working on this Harry Potter fan fiction, an alternate ending to the Deathly Hallows where the Sorting Hat marries Dumbledore.

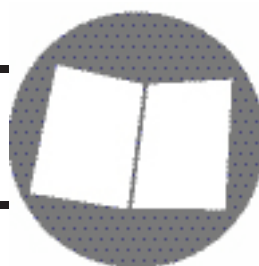
The point is, let's all join the group so we can talk more online. And anyone who wants can totally friend me!

Chris Burns
Sophomore

Reslife Takes Cue from Orwell, Reader Reports

I was extremely disapointed to have been forcibly ejected from Missouri Hall the first night of Truman Week. Reslife has degenerated into a totalitarian nanny-state in which new students are "sheltered" from the very people they will be forced to interact with over the next year. I do not know if this particular second floor south side SA was just racist or if the campus issued an order to keep minorities out of the building during Truman Week. I would hope to expect more from a "liberal" arts university.

-Anonymous



the world in brief(s)!



compiled by | **ben wesselschmidt**

Stupid Whale Gets Confused--

Just off the coast of Sydney, Australia earlier this week a one to two month old baby whale became lost and disoriented, eventually following a yacht which it believed to be its mother. The calf is now in the custody of local marine biologists, but as it has not been weaned, they have no idea what to feed it. The outlook is, to say the least, grim.

Sumo Wrestler gets Narced--

Russian Sumo wrestler Soslan Aleksandrovich Gagloev, better known by his stage name Wakanoho, was caught last June with a third of an ounce of marijuana in his wallet, which violates both national and league drug policy. This is the most recent of a line of public humiliations of the sport and its top athletes. He claims he was holding it for a friend.

Busta's Target Audience?--

Busta Rhymes' new single—"We Made It" which features Linkin Park, climbed up to number 9 on the Latvian pop chart this week. This top ten position is remarkable, considering that the song failed to make to American chart at all. Tour dates and venues are currently being considered.

25th Time a Charm--

Ramchandra Katuwal, 49, of Nepal has finally gotten it right in his long and tiresome love life. Katuwal was first married at the age of 26, but that wife ran off with another man. Various other circumstances conspired against him in his subsequent 23 marriages, over the course of as many years. He now, however, has found love in his current wife, Sharada, in a marriage of 7 years.

Bear Steals Hubcap, Gives it Back--

Mrs. Azra Noonari, of Luton, England was driving through a wildlife park with her children when a bear stopped the car by blocking the road. It then proceeded to remove the hubcap and bring it to the driver's side window, as if returning it to its owner. Mrs. Noonari speculated: "Maybe the bear thought I needed the hubcap."

An Investigation of Local Dairy Operations: Part 1

story by | **cassie phillips**

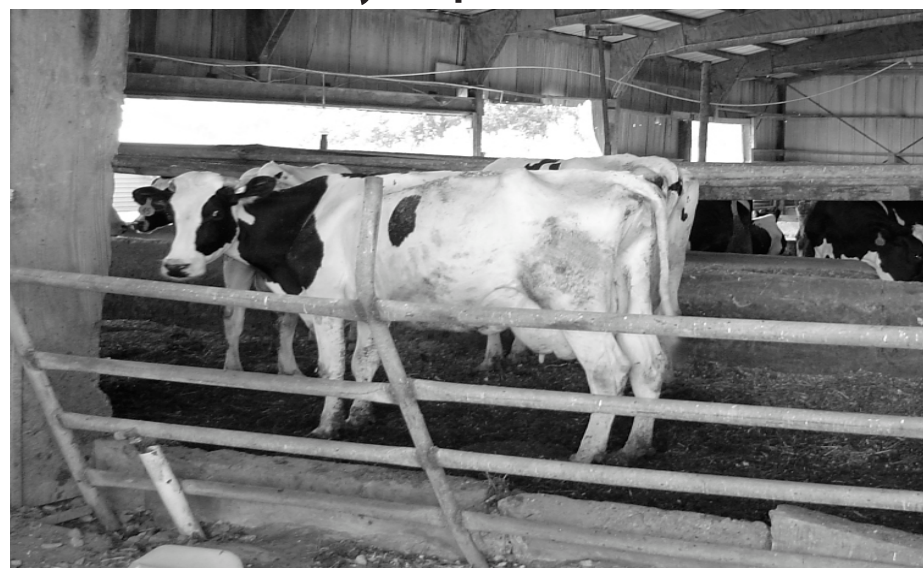
Standing in the dairy section of Hyvee, I go back and forth between Heartland and Weiler. I know both choices are local, produced within an hours' drive, but that's all. Both products come in characteristic glass jars; a \$1.50 deposit ensures their return. The price, though not historically the same, is \$2.39 per ½ gallon. What other factors can I base my decision on? Is there any difference at all?

Determined to learn more about my food choices, I tapped into one of the most important benefits of local food: the ability to see firsthand how the items are produced. Agrotourism—visiting small farms in the region—has actually been flourishing in Missouri as more people want to see food at its source, as well as sample regional delicacies. While the Northeast Missouri agrotourism industry isn't quite as developed as, say, California's vineyards, small farmers and food producers welcome visitors. Most are set up both for accommodating visitors and selling items onsite. Without too much trouble, I arrange visits.

Heartland is the first destinations. I am one in a crowd of chatty gardeners, participants in a Master Gardeners' Conference. The members—mostly retired senior citizens—are eager to see the hydroponic greenhouse Heartland had recently added to its ventures. I am interested in the dairy.

A large water tower with an equally large cross mounted on top protrudes from the moat of cornfields as far as the eye can see, which sections off the inner community from the rest of the world. Like many of the water towers sprouting in small towns across rural America, this monument is the tallest structure for miles. Yet unlike those other towns, this is the project of one man, Pastor Charlie Sharpe, whose vision includes creating a community for two kinds of people: those seeking rehabilitation from addiction and those there to help them under the direction of God himself.

I try to tuck my personal beliefs and prejudice into the far corner of my mind—along with the baggage of rumors about the cult-like structure and brainwashing of the Heartland Community—in order to investigate a different aspect of their project. In an effort to work towards both rehabilitation and communal sustainability, Heartland has developed many different "projects" or "businesses" on their expansive 20,000



weiler dairy | photo by | cassie phillips

acres across three different counties. They are working towards a community that can rely almost solely on the products the land can provide and the people can create. For example, their 35-acre garden yields organic produce that feeds their community. The surplus goes to the onsite cannery where it is processed and preserved for the winter. They supplement the seasonal garden with a hydroponic greenhouse that grows perfectly engineered tomatoes all year round, some of which they sell for premium prices in the winter markets.

Heartland boasts 3200 cows milked daily, in addition to a smaller herd of goats: 1200. They add value to the milk through culturing their own line of gourmet cheeses (samples are a highlight of the tour). The community is able to get the top dollar for their product, as they use anti-biotic and growth hormone-free milk.

Shocked a little by the scale at which they are able to run the operation, I doubt the ethical treatment of the animals. Shortly, however, we arrive at the dairy where we see long open-air barns with cows walking around freely, munching on the hay and grain in their feeding troughs, most of which was produced in the immense fields that surround the property. We are told that the cows are content to stay in the barns during their milking cycle, but the goats stubbornly require pasture. According to their wishes, the goats have all day access to pasture and can come and go as they please.

I quickly learn that I share many of the same food ethics with these people that I would otherwise consider quite different from me. We hear over and over

again that there was never any question about using pesticides on crops or hormones and antibiotics on their animals. When they are eating the food themselves, or when they know their families and friends will eat the food—why would they put them in danger? At the cannery, the woman explains that they probably are not saving much money by canning all of the surplus produce (cucumbers, squash, apples, peaches, berries, tomatoes, beans, corn...), but in her own words, "You can't beat home grown. Ya'll know that."

I couldn't agree more. And the agreement doesn't end there. Our guide, David (with the Mr. Potato Head mustache), explains that there are plans to extend the dairy, but they cannot do that until they have more land. They take care of their own animal waste here by composting some and spraying the rest as fertilizer on their corn and alfalfa fields, the same fields that provide all of the food for their livestock. He explains, "They all have to grow at the same rate. Otherwise our operation will no longer be sustainable." Instead of the philosophy that the waste is someone else's problem, they deal with it onsite in a responsible manner. Here, they use livestock to complete the cycle of life that used to be commonplace on the farm.

Returning to Kirksville, I try to process all that I have seen and heard. My investigation is only half through, so I withhold judgment until after the Weiler dairy visit.

**read part two online at:
monitor.truman.googlepages.com**



You Got Your Cover in My Remix! You Got Your Remix in My Cover!

opinion by | **zhiam kamvar**

A short while ago, a friend of mine had heard Scooter's rendition of the Supertramp classic, "The Logical Song" on the radio in England. If you are not familiar with this version or even Scooter, then congratulations, you probably care about more important matters. In short: Scooter is a 3 member electro band that plays, you guessed it, electro/techno. In 2002, the released an album entitled "24 Carat Gold" that contained a song called "The Logical Song" as the second track. This was the track that my friend heard on the radio.

It begins with a synth pad under some chipmunk-esque vocals of the first four lines to Supertramp's Logical Song and then goes into the same generic techno stuff you've heard with the guy yelling random things off of his grocery list. In any case, there is some debate between my friend and I on the classification of this track. My friend insists that it is a techno remix of the original track and I make claims that it is either a cover or a different song that relies heavily on a sample. Of course, this is something that can not be taken lightly, so I present to you an analysis of the fundamental differences between remixes and covers.

As an electronic artist who enjoys making the occasional remix, I feel that it is necessary to be able to differentiate between these three techniques of sound creation/manipulation. I will be relying on my conversation with a freind on July 20, 2008, conducted through facebook, for the majority of this article.

There is some merit in calling it a remix. Through manipulation, a remixing if you will, of the tracks original vocals (which I assume he did as opposed to recording new ones), he was able to obtain a new and unfamiliar sound in the realm of Supertramp songs. It is my own personal bias that prevents me from realizing this as a remix since he only used the vocals and what seems to be nothing else from the track. When everything else is manufactured, a song starts creeping into the hazy world of the cover. In the cover world there are three ways to go about it. You can recreate the song exactly how it sounds (almost any cover of "Anarchy in the UK"), do it with different mixing and syncopation (Metallica's Garage Inc.), or just do it completely different (Chuck D, "Wake Up The Sleeping Giant"). Most techno covers, met-

al covers, and DEVO covers elect to apply the latter theory into the mix. Sometimes, using the 'do it different' approach works (DEVO, "Satisfaction"). Other times it just kind of falls flat (Marilyn Manson, "Suicide is Painless"). They are always tricky.

I would like to reiterate my point, which is that I consider the track a cover with a sample embedded into it and my friend considers the track a remix that uses very little of the original source material. Remixes that use very little original source material are still remixes nonetheless (Not Jeremy Jones, "Sunday Drive (Ashbury Townsend's "five cigarettes, two lucky mix") as well as countless Aphex Twin 'remixes'), but give me qualms for the fact that the whole piece of work is not strictly a reworking, coaxing, and nudging of the virgin sounds. That is what I think a remix should be.

If you listen to the Buttface EP and Teargassed By Hookers: Live at ATO with six remixes by DJ Poopslice, you will find that only one of the tracks contains material that did not come from the first recording (I used a color-note organ to convert pictures of the Hookers' fac-

es into sound on the sixth movement of TBH:LAATOWsrbdJP). Another good example of using the track as a whole for remixing is the album "Motown: Remixed" that featured several tracks of remixed and reworked songs using mainly the original recordings and outtakes from the recording sessions to find new hooks and melodies to bring into the limelight.

There is, however, one fairly reliable way to distinguish between a remix and a cover. Most remixes will appear on singles of the song that is being remixed and will have in the title of the song the word "mix". There are some variations to this as well, and it ultimately depends on what the artist feels like calling it.

Overall, remixes and covers both overlap in their overall goal (from a extremely cut down, minimalist perspective), which is to revisit an already established work of music. The means are simply different. So I would say that this is simply a matter of preference as opposed to who is right and who is wrong. Yes, Scooter's Logical Song is a remix. Scooter's Logical Song is, in another context, a cover. And that's all I have to say about that.

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Faith, Violence, & Margarine

opinion by | **joey puricelli**

There was (and still is) this popular idea that beliefs can be "spread by the sword." Muslim conquerors, Christian crusaders, Roman lion pits, & even Big Brother's Ministry of Love are just a few of the methods we've seen to use the threat of severe bodily dismemberment to convert one's ideological opponents to one's way of thinking/believing/unthinking/disbelieving. Here's a fun fact about all of those indoctrinations, though: They didn't happen.

"But, Joey," says hypothetical-historian-reader, "how can you possibly claim those slaughters didn't happen? How blind & deluded can you be?" Well, hypo-historian-reader, go back & read that sentence again, this time paying attention to what the actual words are.

Of course the killings happened; only a great fool would say the killings didn't happen. I said the indoctrinations didn't happen. There is no such thing as true conversion by force.

Obviously there were those who, when poked by the point of a gun, blade, or gunblade, agreed to burn incense at the altars of their aggressors' deities. But let's not confuse ceremony with belief. Any coward

can tell a lie to save his life. Any nervous person can give a false confession. Any cynic without convictions can go through the motions of belief to fool a nutjob zealot. That, however, does NOT mean that one has actually accepted the doctrine that they are proclaiming. Does it mean they've forsaken their existing beliefs? Possibly. But it doesn't mean jack squat about what they're supposed to switch to.

Now that I think about it, though, there might be a handful of people who actually have their minds changed by such an experience. But are these the kinds of converts one wants, those whose faith is so shallow that they can be taken away by the next violent force to stroll through town? I would certainly hope not. Those new recruits would be a massive liability for the cause as it progressed and eventually met with resistance from others.

Swords have many uses. They can be weapons, dance props, decorations, jungle exploration tools, & sports equipment. They can even be eating utensils if there isn't a knife handy on the battlefield.

But they cannot be used as instruments of spreading belief. The only thing swords can spread is blood....well, blood & butter.

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.

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 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 exciting, 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.

“2Girls1Cup: Toward A Defense and Lament of Cultural Studies” originally appeared in Volume 14, Issue 2 of *The Monitor*, published April 28, 2008.

Jay Mariotti: Too Big For His Britches

opinion by | robert samuelson

For those of you who know me, you understand that I am hopelessly obsessed with one thing above just about everything else: the Chicago Cubs. It may be difficult to hear considering most of you here at Truman hate that team with such vehemence but I can’t (and won’t) help myself. I bring this up because, a few days ago, I was reading up on my beloved Cubbies when I saw a video post of Chicago Sun-Times sports columnist Jay Mariotti telling of his encounter with Chicago Mayor Richard Daley at the Beijing Olympic Games in which Daley asked him what he thought of the “other” team from the Second City: the White Sox.

Mariotti proceeds into a tirade about how Chicagoans care only about how “their teams” are doing and wants us all to consider Michael Phelps and his staggering feats at the Games. Yes, what Phelps did in winning 8 gold medals was unprecedented and amazing, but do I care? Not really. Watching muscular men in

Speedos get wet really isn’t my idea of a grand time. The same can be said about sports like fencing, weight lifting, and rowing. Seriously, rowing? We’re supposed to be an enlightened world and we’re celebrating men and women who are performing tasks once reserved for slaves.

The bigger issue to deal with is that of the hyperbole that Mariotti is known to use as a crutch. This is a quality I normally enjoy while reading his articles because he displays the same fair weather fan glee and frustrations we all feel, whether Alfonso Soriano is hitting 6 home runs a week or straining a calf muscle while catching a fly ball. Jay spends the majority of the video in question, though, proclaiming Phelps to be one of the all-time great sports stars, comparing him to Michael Jordan, Tiger Woods, and Babe Ruth. That simply is not the case. What this young man does over the course of a week every 4 years is admirable, even astonishing, but what those three superstars did throughout their long and storied careers cannot be touched. This is not 6 NBA championships in 8 years; it is not 14 Majors victories; and it



is not 714 career home runs, changing the course of an entire sport. In short, what Phelps lacks is the day-to-day consistency those three achieved. He may be the Michael Jordan of swimming, but he will never be able to perform at such superhuman levels each year like Jordan, nor match his cultural impact. There are going to be no Looney Toons feature films starring a half-naked merman; I just don’t think Warner Brothers would go for it.

Mariotti’s comments come in a summer when both Chicago baseball teams are in

first place at the same time—something that just does not happen—and when the Bears are trying to get an offense in place that can complement their now-healthy defense in the hopes of returning to the Superbowl they lost a mere year and a half ago. What Mariotti is saying, essentially, is to drop all the interest he himself has helped build up over the past several months to focus on sports that the general public only cares about two weeks out of every four years.

It’s nice to say I saw history being made watching Phelps, but in a year in which the Cubs have a legitimate shot at a World Series title for the first time in 100 years, nothing compares to the excitement they instill in me. I’ll take Woody, Fonzy, and The Riot over a Phelpsian feat any day. “The Cubs and the Sox will ALWAYS be there,” says Mariotti, but not like this they won’t. But, in a way, that’s just the point. They are always there for me and I am going to enjoy this special ride while it lasts, even if it means spurning sports I’ve never cared about in the first place.

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-jess



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EXCURSIONS

on a WOBBLY RAIL

popular music and crap...



column by | **harry burson**

“Rivers Cuomo’s Self Portrait”

As I remove the shrink wrap, the group’s intentions are clear. The color-coded title is to reassure their base that this is the same beloved band that produced some of the best pop music of the 90s, a tacit apology for “Make Believe.” The photo itself—the now-familiar faces of Cuomo, Brian Bell, Patrick Wilson, and replacement bassist Scott Shriner—promises the band is not taking itself too seriously. They’re trying new things. After almost breaking up (again), the band is said to have changed their entire approach to writing and rehearsing. For the first time Rivers is letting everybody not only sing lead, but write their own tunes. Oh my!

Cuomo opening his vaults with last year’s collection of demos seemed to be a sign of artistic purging and, hopefully, renewal. What unknown pleasures could this reinvigorated Weezer have in store for a disillusioned fan still willing to spend the money on his own copy of the album?

Not much, it turns out. Cuomo has somehow digressed further as a lyricist, with painfully simplistic couplets describing songs he’s kinda dug and vignettes about rebel teenagers who nonsensically have an aversion to chocolate ice cream. The lifeless production and rote I-IV-V chord progressions are tedious. This seems to be a hastily written album routinely recorded. Even the video for “Pork and Beans” betrays the lack of inspiration: “Hey, let’s put Weezer in some zany, pop-cultural situation [Happy Days, the Muppet Show, the Playboy Mansion, among Youtube superstars] and watch hilarity ensue!”

Literally, Rivers has shied away from the incredibly vague niceties of “Make Believe” in favor of direct [semi]-autobiographical storytelling. Two of the tracks, “Troublemaker” and “Everybody Get Dangerous,” follow closely in the ponderous vein of “Beverly Hills,” in which Cuomo adopts some alternate persona—in this case an obstinate youth with a vague fascination with violence.

The few relative high-points on the record are also a mess. “Pork and Beans” is a limp “El Scorcho” rewrite. The six-minute, multi-part suite “I Am the Greatest Man Who Ever Lived” achieves some of the highest musical moments on the album by biting the melody of the Shaker hymn “Simple Gifts.” Like a post-Beatles McCartney tune, the enjoyable melodicism is ruined by the frustratingly arbitrary way the different sections of the songs are mashed together. Also, I don’t know what I’m supposed to make of the



(tongue-in-cheek?) boasting, although it’s nice to finally hear Rivers rap on a Weezer album.

After a few listens and some thought, structure reveals itself in this mess. From the overwhelming cover, to the mediocre songs, and the strangely classicist video, the entire album-as-event starts to make a certain sense.

“Conceptually, this is a brilliant album which is organized, I think, by two central ideas. First that “self” is most accurately defined (and depicted) in terms of the artifacts—in this case pop tunes and folk songs claimed as personal property and semispontaneous renderings of past creations frozen for posterity on a piece of tape and (perhaps) even a couple of songs one has written oneself—to which one responds. ...”

That’s Robert Christgau from way back in 1970 interpreting Dylan’s infamous “Self Por-

trait.” Dylan was probably just trying to shun his overly earnest folkie-cum-hippie fan base, with a record he described as a sort of odds-n-sods official “bootleg.” The album boasts a few new substandard originals with nearly-uniformly awful string-laden renditions of old folk and pop songs. He also pokes fun at the work of some of his acolytes, Paul Simon and Gordon Lightfoot, with terrible renditions of their famous songs. The sprawling double album is rounded out with some limp live renditions of Dylan’s own tunes, most notably an applause-heavy run through of “Like a Rolling Stone.” The album cover is a sloppy, silly painted self portrait. Dylan subverts his fans expectations with an album of recycled material—folk songs, pop tunes, and his own compositions—delivering the product they want in a manner that no one really enjoyed much. The album is entirely self-aware as Dylan writes a love-letter to himself by celebrating the things he loves, while confronting his audience with a snide “fuck you” as he so often has through his career.

The Red Album is as self aware, and is as much as an homage to Cuomo as “Self Portrait” was to Dylan. The parallels between the covers are obvious. The song choices, not as much so. In the aughts, one cannot simply cover the pop standards of the day as was the case in the 50s, 60s, and 70s. Instead, Cuomo simply and straightforwardly writes about them in the hilarious “Heart Songs.” Instead of covering “Smells Like Teen Spirit,” Cuomo writes a song about it.

continued page 11

Welcome High School Students

feature by | **president kirk**

The Teachers College community rejoices in the gathering of the 1200 high school contestants and their friends coming from the towns and consolidated schools of Northeast Missouri.

You come from good homes, good towns, and good schools. You represent the educational highlands of a great state. By contact with larger crowds from larger and smaller towns you are to have a better measure of the high merits of your home schools.

I for one am for the “old home town,” the town having from 500 to 5000 people, the town of the type that was the home of William Shakespeare, Mark Twain, Eugene Fields and Anna Howard Shaw, the town of the type that produced a majority of the great people of our country. I believe in the “old home town.”

It was in “the country town” that I came into personal contact with men and women most worth while. It was there my professional life was dreamed into form. It is there that the ideals of moral character and conduct are highest.

It is a great trip you make to the contests once each year. You join the crowd that stands for the simple life and the high thinking, where the old and the young make ma-

ture their plans and decide through individual choice what is best to do in life.

I hope you will not soon rush away to the great city where so many go to bury their talents and waste their lives and be repressed and reduced to the commonest level. Oh yes; you should see and understand the city. Everybody should. But high character and capabilities are more easily and more permanently attainable in the smaller cities.

The highest average of the educational curve is in the smaller cities and consolidated school districts where 20% of all the children reach the senior high school as against 8% in the big cities.

I hope you will carry home more definite ideals of school and college because the school and college are the most powerful promoters of moral character, personal integrity and unformulated religious convictions and ideals.

The crowd on the Teachers College campus welcomes the great gathering that represents the cream of the greater community life in Northeast Missouri.

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Untitled Fiction [part 1]

fiction by | john mcdonough

Todd was, in most ways, a lucky man. He walked home from his cozy job to a comfy apartment with a full kitchen and an adoring dog. His neighbors were quiet and private, his bills were never troubling, and crime was noticeably non-existent. Simple contentment was plenty for him, thus an evening of sitcoms and the news allowed his head to rest lightly and his dreams to flow peacefully. He was even mostly unperturbed by his difficulty in dating. He was confident in his ability to be happy with or without a spouse, and therefore put little pressure on himself to force a malfunctioning relationship. Although just marginally handsome himself, his infatuations tended towards too-women. Whether too beautiful, too smart, or too easy-going, Todd found himself promptly rejected by the many women who sincerely caught his fancy. On the other hand, he frequently dismissed more compatible choices on grounds of such devastating character flaws as extreme humility, diffidence, and in one case, a particularly obnoxious birthmark that peeked out from the lower limits of the shortest of shorts. Needless to say, he was what some would call picky (and generously so), but yet demanded the opposite from his mate.

While his failures rarely stayed with him for more than a few days, frustration usually managed to seep into his persona for several hours following a poorly executed date, as was the case on this night. The girl, Jenna, no, Jenny was a typical Todd—good looking, well-dressed, ambitious, but too funny for her own good. Not to her disadvantage certainly, and not for you or I or her grandmamma, but for a man of Todd's composure her forceful personality proved irreconcilable. A man who doesn't so much laugh as snort, it was difficult for Todd to show his true appreciation for Jenny's wit. After a few ice-breaking quips were met with short chortles and what was (understandably) misinterpreted as only a half-approving smirk, she lost the self-confidence so central to her personality and reverted to the reserved acne-speckled girl she had tried so hard to leave behind. One may wonder how such a middling bore as Todd could possibly make a fine young woman self-conscious, well, it likely has to do with his nearly stoic demeanor. Thinking it somehow attractive and remarkable to show no extremes of emotion, Todd made it a point to assume a façade that was unaffected under all circumstances. Naturally, this could be quite unsettling in what was intended as an intimate setting. And so—he not exactly adept at creating interesting conversation—once Jenny clammed up so too did the majority of the dinner table banter. An awkward forty five minutes later she was politely thanking him for dinner through a passenger-side window, and both were looking for any sort of manner in which to convey the always uncomfortable 'there's no need to call me again' conclusion.

It was this short term frustration Todd felt as he cracked open a can of mid-

range beer and flipped on the TV. Though some might argue otherwise, I've always believed it to be that innate ability to empathize and comfort that is the canine's true sixth sense. As such, it was not the bland television programs that calmed Todd this night, but rather the warm heartbeat pulsing beneath his forearm. Hours passed in the therapeutic stroke of fingers on fur, until Todd suddenly found himself awoken by a wide yawn from the ball curled next to him. Surprised and content with his unintentional nap, smiling, he said "Good dog Layla."

Layla <layla76>



3 years, 6 months/female/MO

Suddenly, the apartment's quiet was broken.

"Todd, there's something I need to tell you."

Bewildered, Todd looked alertly for the source of this unfamiliar voice intruding in his home. Finding his surroundings as still and undisturbed as ever, he assumed it a fleeting remnant of some forgotten dream-state only now fully emerged from. His perplexion both subsided and intensified as he heard a throat clear and realized its origin was nearer than he had realized.

"Layla?" he started slowly, amazed, "but—what—how—?"

"That's exactly it Todd, don't you see?"

"How—?" he barely whispered.

"Don't you see though? Only by the transcendent power of love could such a miracle occur."

Computer-generated effects have led us to imagine a certain way animals' mouths would move were they to speak; however, as Todd watched Layla converse in perfect English it became clear that this idea is pure fantasy. Rather than mimicking the manner of sound production in humans, with all its wild lip and tongue slapping, Layla's voice was the combined effort of her throat and nose. With little actual mouth movement, she appeared no different than if she were whining or growling as some dogs do, but

with perfectly dictated words replacing the high or low pitched tones.

Todd unable to yet respond, Layla was forced to continue. "I know it's probably too much for you right now, but I love you Todd. And not in some man's best friend sort of way; not even in a fed-and-cared-for, child-like sense. I've seen your dating struggles, I know how it eats at you—what I'm trying to say is that I'm ready to love and ready to be loved."

Still unable to deal with such a situation, Todd simply continued stroking Layla behind the ears and turned his attention to the television, as if the whole ordeal could just be ignored away.

"Todd please don't treat me like this," Layla implored, "I've bared my entire heart and soul to you and you don't even respect me enough to respond?"

Finally realizing that Layla wasn't going to suddenly go back to not speaking, Todd again looked down at her, but could see nothing but the puppy he had raised and whose poop he had been picking up in newspaper bags everyday for years.

"Look Layla," he began tentatively, "you're a great dog. And I care more about you than anything else, but it's like a mother loves her children. I've raised you from a pup, and uh, well, you are still a dog after all."

"Why should it matter that I'm a dog? Dating other humans doesn't seem to be working—are you so shallow as to deny that love can come in any shape?"

"Layla I haven't even given up on dating women yet, much less the entire human race! Wouldn't you admit that your solution might be a little drastic?" Recognizing the absurdity of such a discussion even being allowed to happen, Todd decided to go on the offensive and end the conversation once and for all. "Look Layla, even if I would consider inter-species dating I treasure you and our relationship the way it is too much to risk damaging it with some sort of, uh, romantic involvement. Come on girl, let's just go to bed, I'll take you to the park tomorrow."

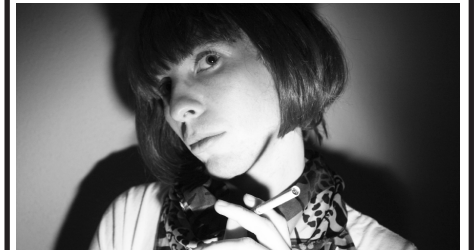
As she began making the natural whimpering noise heard so many times before, Todd momentarily assumed that his rejection had broken the spell and his dog was back to the way he wanted her. It was not so. Although she had somehow learned to talk, and accumulated a surprisingly sophisticated vocabulary, Layla had not learned the human manner of crying. Instead she was forced to convey her distress in the only way she had ever known—a glaring reminder of her true nature.

"You, you turn me down" she uttered between whimpers "and expect everything to go back to normal? Can't you see what it took for me to tell you this?" her voice began to rise now, "Do you think I have no self respect for myself? That I'll just let you walk all over me? Just go to bed; I'll stay right here, nursing this broken heart."

Again Todd scratched Layla behind the ears, easily, thoughtfully. Standing up, he tread slowly to bed, living room whimpering following him all the way to sleep.

Queen Astra

Let the stars be your guide!



Aries (March 21-April 19)

Bad financial luck waits in store for you this month. Keep your money buried in a coffee can in the front yard just to be safe.

Taurus (April 20-May 20)

Your pending lawsuit will be dismissed as the Americans with Disabilities Act is ruled unconstitutional this month.

Gemini (May 21-June 21)

"The House Bunny" will fail to live up to your lofty expectations. Lower your standards!

Cancer (June 22-July 22)

You will find yourself overwhelmed with the desire for a higher thread count.

Leo (July 23-August 22)

You will be disheartened when the asshole in your social circle dies and you are promoted to new asshole.

Virgo (August 23-Sept. 22)

Don't be afraid of new opportunities, even if those opportunities are of the same sex.

Libra (September 23-October 22)

I swear, you will finally be able to get two sodas out of the machine this month if you stick your hand far enough up there.

Scorpio (October 23-November 21)

This month is the perfect time to reinvent yourself. Try not being a bitch this time around.

Sagittarius (November 22-December 21)

Are you walking the dog or is the dog walking you?

Capricorn (December 22-January 19)

If this world runs out of lovers, we'll still have each other. Nothing's gonna stop us now.

Aquarius (January 20-February 18)

How many of these god damn zodiac signs are there, anyway?

Pisces (February 19-March 20)

Today's the day you're finally going to give that police officer a piece of your mind. Go for it!



The End to Boredom: Morton's List Game Review

review by | james ginns

The game Morton's List (by Dark Carnival Games) proclaims itself to be the cure to boredom itself. It does not have many rules: the bulk of the instructional booklet is a series of lists of activities one could engage in. It can accommodate as many players as the situation demands, but is best played with a large group. When the game begins the players join a pact called the Inner Circle. The game begins with players dicing off for the position of table master. The table master then rolls a 30-sided die, known as Morton's Boulder, and follows a set of lists until a specific task is selected. Unless there are serious objections, the Inner Circle agrees to do whatever activity they've rolled for at least an hour under the supervision of the table master. These are the basic rules.



You may, at this point, be wondering just what these activities are. If Morton's list is boredom's antidote, what does it suggest you do? The book is 360 pages long, so explaining things systematically is somewhat impossible. However, having played it several times, I can give you a rough idea. Some

quests are innocent. You might find yourself playing old childhood games, or finding some old friend you haven't talked to for awhile. In these quests the list just helps loosen your inhibitions. Some quests find you doing slightly dangerous or illicit activities, like trespassing and petty theft. Then every so often you get a quest that is just plain mean like stealing your roommate's clothing while they are in the shower. The key thing to remember is all of this is voluntary—the table master can always reroll. So the nature of a Morton's list quest is dependent on just how much “fun” you wish to have.

Of course, I can't finish this game review without a crazy story about just how much fun Morton's list can be. I did not actually take part in this particular quest, but I do know the group contained more than a dozen people. The quest? Create a public dis-

turbance. And it was perfect timing: that day was election day. So seven minutes before the polls closed, the group decided to hold an anti-voting rally. An anti-voting rally intended to look like an anti-abortion rally with such inflammatory statements as “Jesus didn't vote, why should you?”, “God wasn't elected.”, and perhaps my favorite “I'm so glad you didn't vote. That's one life saved.”

So is Morton's List really the end of boredom? Probably not. It's a game best played with 5+ people. And honestly you have to be in the right mindset to play Morton's List: ready to risk looking stupid, getting caught, and/or finding the materials necessary for the rolled quest. That being said, it's really fun. Dropping \$30 on Morton's List instead of \$50 for a keg might not be a bad idea. You can have wild night and the book is never consumed after use (I could be wrong.)

Chen's Palace Restaurant Review for Vegetarians and Omnivores

by | daniel curtis, vegetarian

One of my favorite places to eat in high school was a Chinese buffet. The combination of a cheap smorgasbord of unfamiliar flavors with the excitement and mystery of a fortune at the end of the meal (which inevitably everyone involved would add “in bed” to the end) made for casual dining suited to groups of obnoxiously loud teenagers talking about concerts, high school sports, and other pressing matters.

Chen's Palace offers this same experience, as well as a diverse menu to order from. Since switching over to a vegetarian diet, I've tried to stay away from the omnivore-friendly buffet due to a lack of vegetarian entrees. Chen's menu does offer a selection of vegetarian entrees, including the menu item that I chose to review: General Tso's Tofu.

While I can be fairly picky with tofu, I found the General Tso's Tofu to have a consistency slightly more solid than cheese-cake, making it neither too soft nor too firm. The tofu was served with broccoli and a sweet brown sauce with chopped green onions and dried chili peppers, as well as a side of either steamed or fried rice. The whole meal is served in a pretty generous portion, easily leaving enough to take home for another meal or split with a friend. Although Chen's Palace offers nothing new in the world of Chinese American food, it still provides a familiar and pleasant taste.

by | harry burson, asshole

You know what I fucking love? Chicken. Jesus Christ, I can not get enough of that shit. Seriously.

Like anytime I go to a restaurant I always go straight for the sandwich section right away. Especially whenever its like covered in spices and sauces and stuff. Grade-A Yummy!

As you can imagine whenever I go to Chinese restaurants I always go for the deliciously marinated chicken. Sweet and Sour is good, but the best is always General Tso's. Boo-yah!

There's nothing I hate more than going out to eat, ordering the General's chicken and getting something that is not covered in delicious General's sauce. Sometimes it's not fried and marinated but is, like, grilled and not, uh, marinated. Boo! Hiss!

Sitting at Chen's, I ordered with some trepidation. There weren't many people in the place, and I wasn't sure if I would get the delicious chicken I so craved. Luckily, I was promptly served with some delicious food. The food was well-prepared, and one serving was easily enough food for my lady-friend and I to share. Very nice! I can't really vouch for the buffet, but it looked about as good as any other place at a glance.

Chen's palace is located just north of the square on Franklin St.



112 W. Harrison St.

Taco Tuesday
5-10 p.m.

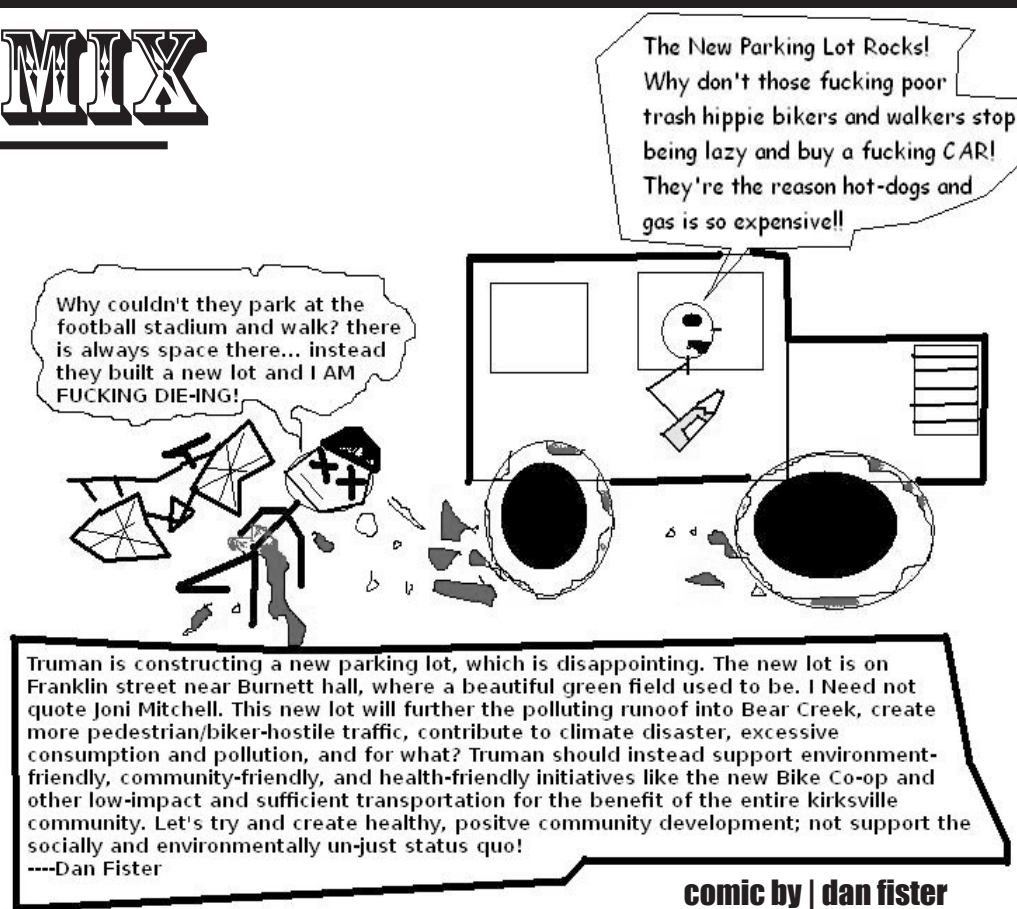
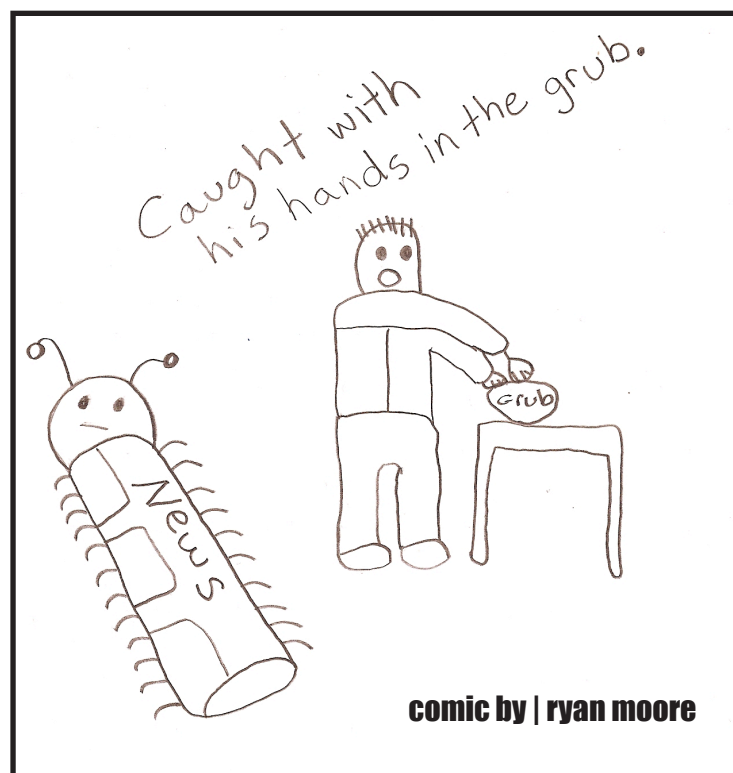
Burger Buck Night
thursdays 6-10 p.m.

Beer Specials
thursday, friday and saturday
4-7pm longnecks \$2
7-10pm pitchers \$5.50
10-Close draws \$1.50

Hawg Wings Night
wednesday night

located on the north side of
the kirksville square

MONITOR COMIX



Cuomo from page 8

Similarly, for the first time Cuomo lets his bandmates do some some writing. He is obviously comfortable enough with his public image and legacy--he effectively is Weezer--that he is willing to share the spotlight, highlighting his own gifts with the shortcomings of his songwriting progeny--clearly Cuomo has influenced Bell, Wilson, and Shriner as Dylan similar-

ly influenced Simon and Lightfoot. Cuomo is no longer interested in content, just artifice. Here's the catchy single lazily written about writing a catchy single. Here's another silly video. Here's the colorful album cover. All of which should be fine if didn't seem so...soulless.

Maybe he took the 0.4 on Pitchfork too hard? There he is smirking behind his mustache on the cover "If this is what you want, here it is." And it seems like it's worked. The Weezer die-hards are so starved

for product they happily lap up whatever the band delivers, unable to distinguish a bland simulacra from the real thing.

Of course, Cuomo isn't Dylan. I'm just disappointed, and would like to believe that Rivers is just not trying rather than to face the possibility that he is--that he has just lost his melodic gifts. In 2008, Weezer has released twice as many albums since their hiatus as before. It seems unlikely now that they will ever reach the dizzying highs of the Blue Album or "Pinkerton" ever again.

It was refreshing to see Cuomo breaking from the mold on "Alone." I hoped he would branch out and make the great pop album he just might have in him. Here he tries new things, and fails in the same old way.

I now doubt that Cuomo has another great album in him. There will probably no Blood on the Tracks ahead for him, but I can still at least hold out for a New Morning.

My Back Pages

Hey, kids. Franklin's hopped the pond and put me in charge. Do me proud: send me your best, brightest offerings. —CE

email your poems to:
clareechterling@gmail.com

The city on the hill

Outside the U.N.

I saw an embarrassing sliver of chicken skin
stuck to the tooth of the ambassador
Oh god! the ambassador! I want to be the ambassador!
Cushy job yeah, but travel wears on you and it
shows and I'm not sure
that you step into yourself
but press yourself up to a fence.

-Rich Smith

Walk

His magnetism belongs
to the length of his stride,
the easy manner in which his hips never sway.
His knees never tell their secrets,
but the soles of his feet roll from heel ball toe
as if the earth were a treadmill,
politely churning beneath him.

-Clare Echterling

On the (Untimely?) Death of the New Year's Baby

Finally,
incontrovertible proof that Satan is real:
the first child born in this year
of our Lord, 2008,
murdered (shaken to death) by
an irresponsible, irascible, ignorant father.

Is it irredeemable to suggest the
metaphorical implications of the death
of this boy are sadder than the death
itself?

What's left of the metaphor of 2008 is
buried somewhere in Ohio, rotting
in a small oak coffin. Things
won't change, perceptibly: traffic
will neither speed up nor slow down,
the skyline will remain jagged,
billboards still everywhere- but
oh, that child will never know the sad silence
of a beautiful woman sliding out of bed
and slowly redressing.

-Franklin K.R. Cline

On Being "Cool"

If the giant jelly monster had grown up in Chicago, instead of St. Louis, he probably wouldn't be a vegetarian. As it is, he lives on the second story of a square building with his mother. They go down one flight of stairs each morning to work at her beauty shop. The houses in his neighborhood are very close together, and in the crevasse between them alley cats knock over the trash cans. The giant jelly monster leaves work hairy, because hair sticks to his complexion. Sometimes he leaves in burnet, and other times he feels very red, and walks right across Locust Street to smoke a cigarette at the bus stop with the commuters. On one day like this, Rene, who goes to the community college, looked at the giant jelly monster to say he doesn't even inhale and that smoking can't make him "cool". The giant jelly monster didn't think he was "cool" either way.

Brie Vuagniaux

Ballad of a Sailor's Wanderings

In your hours of cave-ish night, I wish you would cry
A violent river of tears that would cover the Midwestern landscape
With saltwater, and ocean friends would come into the water to live
Naturally, and they would know the path of the river,
The grooves in the once carpeted prairies,
And know which way was up and which way was
North, and our whale would call to me from your window,
Acting a soothsayer,
Letting me know of your impending adventure.

The winds blow with your shouting,
In my imagination, and they fill a makeshift sail
Like gunpowder used to fill barrels, and probably still do
Somewhere. Every blast pushes you closer to my coast, moving
A splintered raft with you on top of it.
I'm sorry that I made us this way, I'm sorry
That I made you do this, you are now a creator
Of something wet and old. A bearded face with skin
That wrinkles with the tide and imperfect flecks of life swimming below the pores.
This
Is to me beautiful, though, this drowning joy
That splashes its arms like a goose leaving its watery perch. White
Suds float on top of the surface
Reminding me of the time we went to the Grandfather Tree and smiled
At each other, two wrongs trying to make something right. And now
I think that was good.

Without a camera it is hard to say
How we felt that day, under the sun's mustard beams, hearing the screaming of
A million beings of dirt that we sat on. I have a bad memory
And you know that. Plus my mind likes to travel, and
I am, at times, hard of hearing. But despite all of my canyons,
My gaps so graciously filled with unsatisfactory attributes, you still care
About me, and sometimes that scares me. Children fear the dark
Because they fear what is hidden in its jungle leaves, and I fear
Space. It is big and it reminds me of a lake, the stars
Are fishes who light up the water with life and
Ripple forever. Aliens probably
Look at these animals the same way that humans look at
Rabbits. The stars are eating up Martian cabbage gardens
And reproducing at light speed. Vermin.
With each stroke of my milky eyes across the galaxies
That I cannot pronounce, my knees become weaker,
I fall to the grassy floor that lies under a film of plastic. One slit will kill
The freshness. Another crying moment. I don't
Want to be stale, a crackled desert of everything that used to
Be now and is currently then. Things you can't see
Are stale. All I am is ideas, a head on top of a head, and ideas cannot
Reach out with fleshless fingers to act a
Bandit and steal the mind of a reader, hide it away
In a more comfortable place than the last one. Ideas will never
Use their dotted tongue to strip paper layers from a dome
Of ice cream, because ideas don't have faces,
Because they are not human. All they have is vapor,
And they ask the winds to move their bodies into
Shapes of principles.

I wish that I could tie worms around my fingers, and birds
Might swoop to meet them,
And they would lift me up into the air by my
Attachment to the worms. I feel
Like then we could just smile at each other, me up high
And you underneath me, and we would relax. But I can't
Tie myself to worms, because worms are slimy looking
And I am afraid of them.

-Raymond Holmes