



# The Monitor

"All the News  
That Fits the Budget"

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a campus collective

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## LOCAL NEWSPAPER STILL IN A ROUGH SPOT -- GET OVER IT

By THE EDITORS

Hello, Monitor folks. We've returned with another Recession Edition, but we're hoping our next issue will be back to the 12-page format. Thanks to everyone for the donations and help during last week's bake sale! All the support we've received is deeply appreciated.

However, we're still scraping funds together, so if you feel even remotely inclined to donate to The Monitor's cause, e-mail us at monitor.truman@gmail.com, and we'll come to you. No kidding, we want to make as simple as possible the transfer of money out of your hands and into our printing account! Otherwise, keep submitting your creative work and come to our Thursday night meetings at 8 p.m. in the SUB Down Under.

And finally, WOOOOO!  
SPRING BREAK!!!

## STOP!

By ROB SAMUELSON

Isn't it so ridiculously ridiculous how many times you hear the word (referring to an up-and-ridiculous each day? Ridiculous! There, I said it. Five times in two sentences. That's five more times than I've said in two years, and I am not kidding. And that is about how many times I hear people say it in an hour. Oh yes, I count; ask my girlfriend.

The word "ridiculous" (no longer counting my hatred and no longer using it in passing) is far and away the most over-and incorrectly-used word in the American young persons' lexicon (copyright 2008 Rob Samuelson). I despise it. I don't hate it because of what its meaning is, nor what

it connotes. I hate it simply because I hear it out of the mouths of so many people so many times each and every day that it makes me want to strangle the next person who says it.

Seriously, for a word with so many synonyms, why is it used, on a slow day, 5-10 times, and on a particularly heavy day, 32 times, so often? A quick search on HYPERLINK "http://www.thesaurus.com" www.thesaurus.com revealed THIRTY-THREE synonyms. For those who try to sound smart by saying the four-syllable R-word, why not try on its literary cousins "ludicrous," "absurd," or "outlandish?" Trust me, expanding your vocabulary will do wonders to make you seem smart.

The other thing that gets my goat about the dreaded word is how confused everyone seems to be about what it means. Essentially, the word is saying "worthy of ridicule." Not everything in a person's life is worthy of ridicule, especially when you're referring to a good thing. "His eyes are so blue it's ridiculous." Nope. "I feel so ridiculous!" Um, all right. "He's ridiculous" (referring to an up-and-coming baseball player) Ridiculous in the field." No, he's good. I think I've made my point with actual testimonials on the word.

So yeah, please, for the love of whatever it is you people believe in, stop saying ridiculous. If not, I'll ridiculously beat your ridiculous heads ridiculously in (Shit! 7, 8, 9).

TEENAGER BEGS  
INCESSANTLY FOR  
KEYS TO MOM'S VAN

MOM FROWNS, LOOKS ON

CHORES INCOMPLETE

## MENS REA

by TOM TOPPING

I woke up in the back of a Hi-Tech security car feeling heinous. There was the taste of stale olive brine and pot resin on the roof of my mouth. I don't recall the name of the officer, but he seemed nice enough if surly remote. I asked him about his wife. Then I told him he was emotionally unavailable and that I wished I had never married him. He grunted and I told him that was six years ago, a fling, she never meant anything to me. He was the one I wanted, baby. I knew we would be together forever after this; this was simply a flaw in our vain glorious monument to the monogamous institution.

Bizarrely, outside of myself, I watched myself raving and jabbering at the passersby. Our car stopped at a stoplight. I was annoyed that my brain was apparently unable to communicate with the rest of me. I pressed the diode that controlled the electric window: it, oddly enough, worked. I spotted a man standing at a bus-stop. I yelled: "and what are you looking at? You think you're better than me you purple shirt-wearing faggot?"

He said nothing, only looked at me sideways. I felt contrite. I needed to make amends with this man. I knew for certain that if I didn't I would kill myself as soon as the goon at the wheel was out of sight. I said: "oh, I'm terribly sorry, I am sure you have a lovely lady at home. You see, I am a tad schizophrenic. You understand?" He said he did, but I could plainly see he didn't. I felt wretched. The guard noticed and rolled up the window, locking out my switch electronically after the

window closed.

I decided it was time to regroup; clam up; take time to better observe the situation. My mind began to wonder. I thought of my son. I wonder if he ever forgave me for stealing his student loan check—we have the same name, you see. My right incisor felt loose; it was going to come out soon I was sure. It's cold now. I began to wonder where the love of God goes when the witch of November comes. Then I thought of my wife, and how she never really existed. Maybe the lady at the Post-Office would marry me. She would see it my way, I think, if she didn't have that fancy plexi glass shield.

I told the driver that an eight year old was being raped in Wellston right now, did he understand this? Why wasn't he, a pseudo-officer of the law, turning his attention immediately to this? He told me that if I opened my mouth again he would pistol whip me. I wondered if I could get my job at Whole Foods back.

MR. OBAMA'S  
APPROVAL RATING  
PLATEAUS AT 68  
PER-CENT

MSNBC REPORTS

SEX ENTHUSIASTS,  
IRONIC JOKESTERS  
LAMENT  
SHORTCOMINGS

## THREE WAYS TO REPEL A PROSPECTIVE (FILL-IN-THE- BLANK)FRIEND

by JENNY JALACK

Having been victimized by a number of the following misdemeanors far too many times, I will admit as both a connoisseur and general observer of edgy college culture that we students are often entirely too impressed with ourselves. This conceit will often lead us to insist on displaying how intensely interesting we are to helpless segments of the population, including new friends and prospective dates. I encourage you to take caution, however, and consider how exasperating your "uniqueness" can be for those of us who are still trying to figure it out.

Playing your guitar, especially original tunes with not-so-killer lyrics. We understand you're "like so into music and creativity and expression," but please save it. The bottom line is that the only one who can participate in the I-can-play-my-guitar activity is, well, you. I'm left here for two hours trying to figure out how to politely communicate PLEASE STOP without wounding your sensitive, artistic heart. No one comes out clean in this scenario, so if you wish to exhibit your skills, limit yourself to the infrequent one-song private gig. That'll be sufficient to establish your talent, I assure you.

My last glittering words of advice for this scenario: confidence in your novelty be cool, stay focused, and, status. Be forewarned that by all means, get some though you are forever new hobbies.

manufacturing trite statements about politics, film, and emotional desensitization, this kind of behavior does not necessarily identify you as a deeply profound or authentic individual. Statements such as, "I'm trying to channel what I'm feeling right now" and "I don't do fashion" just code more self-deprecating (and honest) equivalents, namely: "I'm initiating the launch sequence for a superfluous, uber-neurotic breakdown" and "I dress really poorly... respectively. Trust me, this usually fails to impress though it generally succeeds in revealing facets of your pretentious self-concept.

Telling mundane stories about the not so adventuresome adventures you embark(ed) upon with your rad friends. I have yet to understand the purpose of this tactic. Much like the first misdemeanor, the narcissism necessary to cultivate a self-perpetuated myth of group identity surprises even those who might admire the enterprise. Telling a not-so-brief anecdote about the birth of the great inside joke involving president memorabilia and the lazy-eyed kid only expresses a deep-seated desire for others to validate your cleverness. Resist the urge for validation; pursue other methods. And under no circumstances should you incorporate tales from high school. Those are doubly as bad, and as such they're typically unforgivable.

## The Monitor's Classifieds

HELP WANTED!! -- ARTISTIC -- CREATIVE -- INTELLECTUAL -- INTELLIGIBLE?

The Monitor is seeking for the essential--but lost--fragment of the liberal arts experience in you--the pretentious, arty-type--with your dated defense of Radio-head's *Amnesiac* or--even worse--Belle and Sebastian's *Tigerlily*. We demand your superfluous use of the double hyphen--as means to separate even more superfluous thoughts--as well. We require everything that is wild and extraordinary not limiting your "groundbreaking" insight on a German translation from an English translation of a Foucault essay. All levels of experience with art are encouraged to SUBMIT. If you haven't noticed, we take it all. Please submit at monitor.truman@gmail.com! Seriously. We want your art, your words, and your poetry. Don't waste!

*SOUTH KOREAN  
CRAP ART DAZZLES  
AMERICAN ARTIST*

by ZHIAN KAMVAR

What is crap art? Crap Art is the worst and best form of art at the same time. Crap art is the very definition of art by production and the very antithesis of it by product. These are both very vague definitions of it, but they are important nonetheless. Taking a look at what art is becomes another topic in of itself. The question of what is to be considered art is always on everybody's lips. The easy answer is that no one knows. The more difficult answer that requires more time and consideration is that art is determined by all factors surrounding it. It depends on the time of creation, mostly because that dictates how the populace will feel about the work, and more importantly, it will dictate how the artist creates the art. Whatever societal changes are happening or whatever social norms, stigmas, or customs exist will be reflected in or completely ignored by the potential art.

But, even at that, none of the things that were mentioned matter. What really matters is the balance between the authority of the viewer and the authority of the artist to claim a piece of work as art. The artist has a responsibility to the art to claim it as art, to make sure that s/he makes it clear that it is to be considered art by the masses in the simplest of definitions. This is not necessary, though, as many works of art have been deemed as art by the viewer and not the creator. Found objects are a perfect example of this concept (see Duchamp's "Fountain", 1917). And on the other side of the coin, many creators of art have called their works art and it has been rejected as art by the viewer.

The Viewer's responsibility lies with the knowledge of the artist, and the era that the art was created. Most viewers shirk this responsibility and call it art based on the

'authority' of other viewers. The 'authority' that these viewers (an authoritative viewer or 'AV' as I shall now refer to them) carry can be based on a few factors such as attendance of a university or graduate school, if the AV has created art in the past, or even if the AV has viewed art in the past. In the realm of the viewers, the AV is at the top of the food chain. It must be restated that the AV can be anyone at all, as long as that AV labels themselves properly and conducts themselves in the proper manner of the AV. The AV is the one who decides that unintentional creations are art.

The balance between what the artist says is art and what the viewer says is art is not thin, it's just not present at all. There is so much overlap between the two that it's very difficult to distinguish the authority between viewer and artist most of the time. If this is true, then there might not be a reason to separate the two authorities. If both of the authorities of the artist and the viewer are the same, then that authority is pointless. Following that with false logic, if both authorities are pointless, then nothing can be claimed as art. If nothing is art, then anything can be art.

This is where Crap Art comes into play. Crap Art is the concept of art and artists being taken out of the traditional ideas of what art and artists are. Crap Art is the concept of creating art without thought or process. Simply, it is creating art with just the idea of creation. It uses the "20-80 rule". 20% of the effort for 80% of the quality. The beauty of Crap Art is that with it, everyone knows that most of it will be crap, so we can all save the time and effort of trying to filter through everybody's authoritative bullshit. Once we do that, we can recognize the few pieces that stand out as actual good art. Crap Art bases itself upon the concept of discovery through just simply creating. It's one of the purest forms of art possible.

To read the entire manifesto, visit <http://crapartdaegu.wordpress.com>.

**TEEVEE SPOTLIGHT:**

*LIFE ON MARS*

by HOWARD CANARD

You mean Howard decided to review a show that is less than a year old? How novel.

Life on Mars is, in fact, not a new show. Devotees will recall this show was originally made in England in 2004ish. The premise is kind of a good one: the detective Sam Tyler gets hit by a car and is transported back into 1973. He must figure out how he got there and how to get back, all while helping the local police department solve crimes. The title is taken from the David Bowie track that is any indication so I will give you my that the main modus operandi of the series is to emulate the feelings and environments of the 1970s. Not to mention the 80s spin-off Ashes to Ashes. I only wish I were joking.

Basically, the idea is that a modern cop is a complete fish out of water in the 70s. Cops back then were not above morally gray areas of policework, but it cracking skulls of punks or planting evidence or whatever, and it is difficult for Tyler to adjust. The best part of either show is 'does bad things for the right reasons' Lieutenant Gene Hunt, who is the superior officer and overall ass-kicker of the department. Philip Glenister took the role in the original series, and everybody's favorite Wolf, Harvey Keitel, takes it in this one. I hate to say it, but Glenister set the bar pretty high on this one and Keitel is still searching.

Another thing. America seems to be in the habit of adapting brit-

ish TV shows. I assume this is because its better to make your own show and have full control over it than to essentially syndicate one from overseas. But the problem here is that british shows tend to be intentionally shorter lived. The Office was 12 episodes and a special. Spaced was 14 episodes. Life on Mars is 16 episodes. All other british shows, but none are even a full season in America. The american Office is going strong at 89 episodes. Makes it feel a bit watered down?

Anyway, long short, Life on Mars is a crime procedural with a fantasy element that is not super shitty.

Eat: I remember they went out for curry often, so I will give you my thai curry recipe, which is a bit different from Indian curry. First, in about 2 tbs oil simmer some shallot and garlic, you gonna want a wok or a huge ass skillet.

Add curry paste which you can buy pre-made but its basically ground up chile peppers, lemon grass, and a few other choice herbs. Then add your protein. I use chicken usually, but it should probably be seared beforehand if that's your thing. Add veggies last and get it mostly cooked through and then add enough coconut milk to come about ¾ up into the food (this will take about 1 can for two people's worth of food. Then, and here's where I take an alternate route, add in a cup of chicken stock on top of it. It should now take on the color of the curry you are using, but you are gonna reduce it quite a bit now to account for the extra water from the chicken stock, result in a rich brothy stew. Serve with steamed rice and there you have it.

**"MY BACK PAGES"**

*THIS BIRD HAS FLOWN*

by BRAD DAVIS

a poem in three movements  
(VIEW MORE AT [TRUMANMONITOR.COM](http://TRUMANMONITOR.COM))

1. birthday

"Twenty-two is quite the worthless age, wouldn't you agree?" he asked me as we gazed out over the balcony smoking our cigarettes watching the cars pass "Can you believe it? I'm finally eighteen!" she exclaimed as we gazed out over the balcony smoking our cigarettes watching the cars pass Beer's here, I think I'll have just one Remember I've gotta drive your drunk ass home I told him as he finished his fourth chug of whiskey I'm so glad so many people are here Your past parties have been a little bit pitiful (no offense if none taken) In fact it is simply by chance, by negligence by incompetence by skillful negotiation that I could be here this evening No thanks, I've had enough beer I've got to drive home soon. I've got to drive home soon. I've got to drive home soon. Can't you hear? Grab my wrist as tight as you can and plead with me on your knees and in sexy positions on the bed and promise we'll lie like spoons all night if I only stay but then it's all like whiz-bang-pop and I wonder if you'll remember this in the morning

*FORGIVE THEM, FOR THEY  
KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO*

by JEREMY TRIPP

While thoughts of faith surround our mind's retreat, I hold my tongue from its belov'd satire. Content while the war is fought; we defeat Our selfish souls, our most selfish desires. At the moment's end, we bend at the knee, To summon our spirit by wood and nail And follow His guide by our heart's decree, Destined to succeed, determined to fail. But was the war not won? It might have been, Except winning comes at a greater cost. Behind our bars, eternal in our sin, On land we remain, at sea we are lost. Lesser than love is wasteful at love's best, And of our love, nothing more, nothing less.

Bring your poetry-crystal to a bubble and inject it into my good vein: [clareechterling@gmail.com](mailto:clareechterling@gmail.com). Feels good man.



**the monitor**  
a campus collective  
independent quality  
since 1995

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CSI SUB

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"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