

the monitor.



volume 16 | issue 1
a campus
collective
27 october 2009

our midterm debut | news | opinions | reviews | art | more

from the editors



the monitor
a campus collective
independent quality since 1995

volume 16 | issue 1

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cover photo by | **erika halsey**

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We meet every **Tuesday** at **9pm** in the **SUB down under**. Each writer is responsible for his or her own work.

"We have a natural right to make use of our pens as of our tongue, at our peril, risk and hazard."
~Voltaire, Dictionnaire Philosophique, 1764

Introducing the 2009-2010 Monitor

So it's a new year here at Truman and, therefore, time for a new issue of the Monitor.

Well, okay. The year isn't so new anymore. But this is our first issue of the 2009-2010 school year, and if you're a new student (or a less-than-observant upperclassman) you may not be familiar with the Monitor. Well, let me tell you, you're in for a treat today. We're an open-submission collective, which means that anybody can contribute to this publication and we as the editors must sit back, impartial, and let it happen. Really, we'll publish anything. What you're holding in your hands is about as diverse and uncensored as anything you're ever likely to pick up from a newsstand.

Many apologies for our lateness. Let us explain-- the Monitor has undergone a lot of changes in the past year and it's been a little rough getting back up off the ground again. For one thing, we're broke. That's not your fault but it does mean that our issues will be fewer and farther between until next semester when we secure our FAC funding. Also, if you're a part of any organization that needs to publicize an event in

the next few months, we can sell you some super-cheap ad space. Just a thought.

We're also in the middle of a big transition in leadership. Last year's graduating class left with a lot of our hardest-working contributors. See how there's only four names in that column to the left? That's essentially everyone we've got working on this thing right now. Not that we're complaining--we just think that this could be a great opportunity for *you*. Do you dream of becoming more involved on campus? Are you tired of sitting in your dorm room at 9pm on Tuesday night when you could be out there making things happen on campus? Do you want to fool your friends into thinking you're a hip creative type? Do you need another line on your grad school application? Then this is the organization for you, my friend. Just show up. We take all kinds (even you).

Finally, we need content. We can't go to press with nothing to put in the pages, kids. So if you like to write or draw or make dumb connect-the-dots (see page 9) feel free to send your stuff our way. If it's under 1000 words it'll be fine. You'll be helping

us out, enriching the cultural experience here at Truman, and maybe even making a name for yourself on campus. Our e-mail address, where you can deposit any news, fiction, opinions, artwork, or angry letters that you want us to publish, is

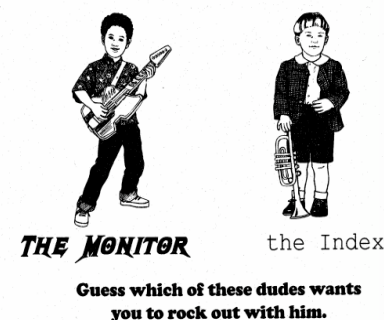
monitortruman@gmail.com

We'll be watching for your submission! Go ahead and do it; think of it as doing your part to stave off the death of the American newspaper for another few weeks.

Love,
The Editors

P.S. We have a facebook group, if you're into online networking.

P.P.S. Our logo is a lizard. Like a monitor lizard. *Get it?*



letters



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

Senior Snubs Monitor

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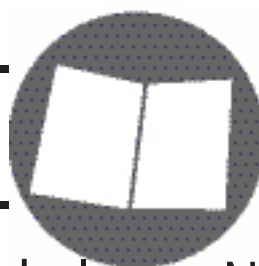
Dear Editors,

I have no idea what I would want to talk to the editors about.

Yours Truly,
Ben Sells

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- anonymous

Thanks!



the world in brief(s)!



compiled by | **chris drew**

First-Degree Roadkiller --

After jumping out of a police car and stomping an opossum to death, a 23-year-old Virginian man has been found guilty of animal cruelty. Evan Bryce Schuler was on a police "ride-along" when he exited the car, climbed a fence, and began stomping the opossum.

And the Winner Is... --

The first place winners of a quiz in Somalia walked away with a rifle, two grenades, a landmine, and office supplies worth \$1,000 as their grand prize. The quiz, organized by Somali terrorists, took place over the Muslim holy month of Ramadan.

Repentant Robber --

After robbing an Indianapolis cash-checking business of \$20, police say a robber spent 10 minutes on his knees praying. Security cameras caught video of the robber trying to console a crying clerk by praying with her.

All Grown Up --

Khagendra Thapa Magar, a Nepalese man, had his 18th birthday this past week. This officially makes 22-inch-tall Khagendra the world's shortest man, a record he has been waiting four years for.

Planned Parenthood closes November 11

story by | **brie vuagniaux**

Our convenient neighborhood health clinic is set to close next month due to limited resources, after 38 years of serving the Kirksville community. I find my head in my hands, realizing how much I need Planned Parenthood as it approaches vacancy. There are so many times the center has assisted me, and for so many different things! It was Planned Parenthood where I consulted a nurse practitioner on my birth control options, for practically no cost. An-

other time, I was in the center as many women received the \$360 HPV vaccine for free. The Women's Recourse Center (as well as many other health-oriented organizations on/off campus) used Planned Parenthood's health specialists to educate students on sexual health. Now many of us are dealing with the idea that it won't be in Kirksville anymore. HyVee and Walmart, a grocery store and a mega-beast, cannot replace Planned Parenthood. There are other branches, and that is where I will look

to assist me in not getting pregnant, and educate the community I live in. Unfortunately, those of us without a vehicle and no source of public transportation will find it difficult to reach the other locations.

Our Planned Parenthood in Kirksville was a diverse establishment with members of many different opinions, united in their goal for cheap health care. I'm a lot of different things: a woman, a catholic, a soccer player, a guitar player, a daughter, a vegetarian,

CONT p 9 'planned parenthood'

A thought to consider

story by | **ryan dalton**

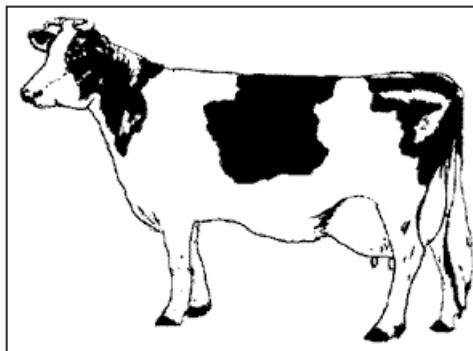
Yesterday, Johann Hari, an opinion commentator whom I admire, had an article published on the harms of factory farming and the swine flu pandemic on the horizon. After reading it, many thoughts came to mind. First, let's offer the main points of his argument:

Hari first shared an anecdote to demonstrate his credibility in refuting the viability of factory farming. As a young boy, he often visited his grandparents' family farm—a farm that housed 20 pigs. These pigs, living on a low population-density farm, lead relatively healthy lives with fresh air, open areas, natural feed, and low stress. Hari—without much of a need for scientific evidence to prove himself—declared that these pigs would have had a substantially more robust immune system than, say, 6,000 pigs in a factory farm. Let's not forget that this 6,000-hog farm is a closed, dark space, with pigs packed tightly in caging, and their snouts buried in feed loaded with antibiotics as well as the feces of some other pigs.

It's a foul place to be for even a moment, which is why it has the greatest turnover of any business. I hear about this all the time, living in the Heartland, the Bible Belt, the Bread Basket. Mass hog farms, or simply all concentrated animal feeding operations (CAFOs), have been the source of all of the worst horror stories I've heard about employment. Friends with experience with Hablantes Unidos, an organization concerned with helping new Mexican immigrants adjust to American life, have told me the stories of families torn apart by the practices at these farms.

Often, when looking for work, many recent immigrants who have come to Missouri end up working in these farms. The labor is unskilled and has a high turnover rate, and it's no mystery that America's farmers have started turning to the tireless Mexican immi-

grant workforce. There are stories of women who come to Hablantes Unidos on the verge of tears. They have no other resources to find help with calming their husbands when they wake in the middle of the night, panting, yelling, and crying because their dreams are filled with the images, smells, squeals and screams of confined animals in constant, putrid torment. Men sometimes seek hygienic assistance at HU to clean blood and animal feces from their clothes. The impact on Missouri communities doesn't stop with Mexican im-



migrants either.

I once saw a man speak at a CAFO debate who had traveled to the US from Germany, searching for his own American Dream. His idea was to start a great farm where he would enact true Christian morals in raising his animals, using love and care. His name was Rolf Christen, and his German accent was still prominent in his soft, articulate voice. He started his farm with the help of his neighbors in Greentop, Missouri. Some of these people were his soon-to-be competitors just as some would be his future suppliers of feed and other resources. His business flourished, his community flourished, and Greentop enjoyed local prosperity. However, Christen described the future of Greentop as dismal. Since a CAFO had been built in the area, business plummeted, and some of Christen's competitors went

out of business. There was also another disruption in the community. It was the smell.

He spoke about how unpleasant it was to be outside because of the stench emanating from the agribusiness property. The most moving anecdote he offered was of the local church's Sunday school. The children used to love spending the late mornings playing on the swing sets and jungle gyms, but now no one could convince the children to go outside. They complained of the smell. The burning sensation in their eyes, nostrils and throats from the scent drove them inside. Christen was nearly driven to tears by his own story; the thought that these practices are destroying the happiness of children is unbearable.

But we have even more to worry about than burning sensations in our throats and nostrils from rancid farm smells. We have to concern ourselves with the breeding grounds they have become for super-strains of viruses and high-resistance bacteria. Hari continued to discuss how the high population density of CAFOs allows for an evolution that's far more rapid and advanced than what we would find in a more natural, open space setting. Cases of this swine flu, or pig flu, or swine-bird-pig flu, or whatever they're calling it are becoming a serious threat to not only this way of living but our lives altogether.

So what's the true cost of this cheap meat in the end? Is this business truly viable when the workers and their families are feeling a perpetual trauma from its hazards? Is this business truly balanced and fair and not predatory to similar meat markets with very traditional and arguably healthier practices? Is this business worthwhile when it diminishes the prosperity and happiness of the local community?

Somebody's going to have to sniff out the answers and fast, because with a pandemic on the horizon, we're going to need a plan when the shit hits the fan.



Silken Snares and Stiletto Shivs

opinion by | joey puricelli

Today I'm here to talk about the difference between going to school and learning, between recitation and understanding, between knowledge and reason. I'm an Education student. Some of you may know this, some of you may not.

"But, Joey," the hypothetical older-student reader asks, "I remember 3 years ago you said you were a Math and Theatre major. What gives with that? For that matter, what are you still doing here?" First of all, already interjecting? I mean, I've barely said anything yet. Secondly: Well, old-reader, I'm a grad student now. So that's that.

Back to the topic at hand: some people have a poor understanding of mathematics. They think back to poor teachers and boring classes they may have had in high school algebra or geometry, or even middle-school arithmetic, classes based on nothing but memorization of formulas or rules which with little justification beyond "know this because I'm your teacher and I said so." That's not what it's supposed to be about. Math is logic; it's reasoning through problems to find a solution or to understand how something works. Good mathematicians are intensely creative people, eternally pondering different approaches to proofs and different ways to look at the world.

The theatre is also misunderstood. There's more to stage life than just dressing up and pretending to be someone else, reciting dialogue. Actors,

writers, directors, designers, etc-- they all need comprehension, understanding. They need to be able to interpret what they see beyond the obvious, to look past just the surface of everything. A pretty set is more hindrance than help if it doesn't serve the story. Good thespians are intensely creative people, eternally pondering different approaches to plays and different ways to look at the world.

Teaching has its share of misunderstandings as well. Too many of my acquaintances hear about my degree program and ask, "How hard can it be to explain things from a textbook?" That's not what education is about; there's more to it than that. Education is about building reasoning and understanding, a task which changes with each batch of new students. Good teachers are intensely creative people, eternally pondering different approaches to lessons and different ways to look at the world.

Right now I'm performing my internship at Centralia High School. Unfortunately for somebody like me, the educational community is forced by both internal stagnation and external conditioning to operate more like the formal business world than like the more creative fields with which educators should be associating. Teachers are made to behave like businesspeople, to dress and behave according to a code which alienates most students, which is absent of the creativity seen in other areas. Businesspeople don't use mathematics; they use statistics. And you know how I feel about that.

The Case Against Lyrics

opinion by | james ginns

As a diehard metalhead, every so often I am charged with the task of introducing people to the genre. There are a number of perfectly valid reasons for not enjoying this kind of music. A distaste for angry music in general; its extensive use of non-melodic elements, both in vocals and instruments; and its over-the-top, pound the shit out of you mentality. The most obnoxious objection I come across is "but I can't hear what they're saying!" Acoustically, this issue is inherent result of a cardinal rule of metal, which is to never turn down the guitar. It is often difficult to hear the words of a clean singer with such prominent guitar, and it is easier than you might think to understand the guttural vocals when the guitar is absent.

But acoustics are not my concern here. The thesis is that lyrics are unimportant, that they are just poetry set to music (and I can't stand poetry). And if you want poetry, you might as well take an English class or go to a poetry slam. Most lyrics come locked and loaded with an army of clichés, trying to attach to your memory in the most bland and generic way. I think my strongest case against lyrics is that often when I do hear some moving lyrics and go to look up the lyrics for the song, the actual lyrics are not as cool as the ones I originally heard. Some examples:

Acid Bath's "The Bones of Baby Dolls" I hear the phrase: "Tender liquid, screaming need/ Heaven's gold beneath my feet." Tender liquid: a liquid easily harmed but also—as humans are mostly liquid—the weakness and sensitivity of being. Add to that the sexual innuendo of a "tender liquid". "Screaming Need"—the desperate call for something, whether received or not. "Heaven's gold" here being that which

is received as a result of screaming your needs. Together we have the weakness of being screaming its needs. How empty and hollow is the promise of streets paved in gold to a living being. How terrible the shift from tender liquidity to solid gold. How inappropriately our most desperate desires are fulfilled.

Now here are the author's lyrics: "Techno liquid, screaming meat/Heaven's gold beneath my feet" How disappointing. Let's continue: Naglfar's "Breath through me": Set my spirit free/allow me to see/death the mortal foe of eternity. "Set my spirit free" is an obvious reference to death, and "spirit" implies some form of afterlife. But if one supposes that the poetic voice is already dead, then "set my spirit free" is a request to leave the after world and "Allow me to see" confirms this. "The spirit here wants to know something other than existence, which is of course death. So death is the enemy of permanent existence (or eternity). "Mortal foe" can be read as a simple twist of words, or it can be taken to be believe that death—as something apart from eternity—is itself it too is fated to die. Lastly it could be that death and eternity are in constant battle (that is they are mortal foes). Now the song's actual lyrics, "Set my spirit free, allow me to see/Grant me the key to eternity." Again disappointing.

If such subtleties are possible by my mishearing lyrics, in what position should one put actual lyrics? Scat. For those of you unfamiliar with this term, it involves the use of improvisational nonsense syllables. Perhaps there might be a moment of genius, like the proverbial monkeys who eventually hammer out Shakespeare. But in vast majority of the rest, it is my view that vocals should occupy their rightful place as just another instrument.

[If you don't know how I feel about that, head into the Monitor archives and read "Got STAT 290 on My Mind", volume 12, issue 8, 2/3/06.] Businesspeople don't look beyond the surface of a person; they judge you by your suit, by your posture, by your hobbies, by your friends-- by a million things that are not relevant to your ability to do the job. Businesspeople look at the world the same way. It's not a wrong way, but it's just not the only way, and it's hard to get the whole picture always looking that way.

I hate wearing ties. Unless I'm going to a wedding, I feel dirty every time I put one on. The necktie is a relic of a long-dying era of formalwear being tied to social status. Why, in the modern world, do men still willingly tie silk nooses around their necks? I can't speak for everybody, but I used to walk home from school through a very dangerous neighborhood. I was nervous enough having a backpack to slow me down if trouble ever started; the last thing I needed on top of that was a nice big handle tied to my throat for some thug to hold me by and either choke me or pull me into a wall/dark room/punch/weapon! And speaking of weapons:

I hate seeing women in spike heels. With the exception of a few ballerinas, absolutely no one I know can walk in those things, and not even the dancers can run in them. If trouble arises outside, stiletto-wearers are either going to break their ankles with the shoes on or grind up their feet with the shoes off. And those suckers aren't just hazardous

to their wearers, either; there's a reason "stiletto" is also the name of a knife. The worst death in Snakes on a Plane wasn't caused by any of the serpents, but by some dolt who didn't take off her heels when running through the cabin, breaking off one of her heels after accidentally shoving it through the brain of some poor sap who had fallen over. Our emphasis on keeping up formal and professional appearances is flat-out DANGEROUS.

"But, Joey," hypothetical-formalist-mouthpiece-reader interrupts, "this is tradition! Sometimes you have to be what others want you to be if you want to—" Shut up, hypo-form-mouth-reader; daddy's talking.

As children, we are taught to be ourselves, to think freely, to rise above peer pressure! We are taught not to follow trends just because everyone else is doing it! We are explicitly taught not to judge others based on their appearance or their clothing! Sadly, we ex-kids are growing up to find a business world where conformity is not only expected but demanded, where one's appearance is placed above one's abilities, where popular trends are treated as the Word of God! The business world is one where cowardice, not courage, is the best way to the top. Sorry, but my parents raised me better than that, and I will not cave in to the demands of those who are wrong. I've only just dipped my toe in the murky waters of that world, but I'm already desperate to wash off its filth.

A Partyin Guide: Fall/Winter 2009

by Dr. I. B. Partyin

Hello Kirksville. It's that time of the semester again. Professors are assigning loads of homework, projects that seemed so distant at the beginning of September are looming large in the horizon, and Kirksville's starting to take on that desolate winter look we all love so much, making this the perfect time to start talking about hot new party trends for Fall and Winter 09-10.

Much like fashion, partying is constantly in a state of flux, new movements and styles springing up quicker than you can say cut-off jean shorts. I must say that Kirksville's party scene has vastly improved since the summer, when merriment was quite scarce. Of course the smaller crowds over the summer allowed for more experimentalism, a slew of avant-garde parties popping up around the Ville to varying degrees of success. One such party centered around the displaying of a pornographic video of two women pleasuring each other orally. Excited about the boundaries of party behavior this might break down, you can only imagine my disappointment when nothing of the sort actually occurred at the party, the theme startling but ultimately a failure in its call to action. The blockbuster of the summer was of course the all-G@eek party near the middle of July. Yaaaaaaaawn. More Transformers 2 than The Dark Knight, this party was

a largely staid affair, no challenges to party form or theme. Several of the people I talked to at the all-G@eek party did admit that their attraction to the festivities was "mostly ironic." Despite their passé party, I do commend the hosts for having a large darkened back yard to urinate in.

Enough about the past, though, let's talk about the future. The current recession seems to have affected overall party demeanor in Kirksville. Or perhaps this is just a new trend in party philosophy. Anyway, what I'm getting at is a radical shift in how we party, a stark and bold challenge to the traditionalism that has for so long dominated party theory. I have seen hints of this new approach at several parties this fall. Listen to me on this one folks, I've got a strong hunch about this, laughing and having fun at parties is so last year, the new trend for fall and winter is crying. Many different techniques are available; weep, sob, wail, mewl, bleat, or bawl, all will establish your position as a person in the know about the latest trends in partying. One of the most exciting aspects of this new trend is its lack of gender discrimination, both males and females free to cry without remorse. In fact the most effective criers I've seen have worked in pairs, one comforting the other in a scene not unlike Gustav Klimt's "The Kiss", or both crying at the same time for maximum impact.

CONT. "partyin" p. 11

monitoring myself on frederic mackarness in antiimperialism

opinion by | larry iles

I have been reflecting as to why so many of you readers out there do not contribute to Truman community's very unique alternative press like THE MONITOR and GADFLY.

Sometimes particularly in the case of avowedly progressive, tenure-protected faculty your abstentionist laziness hereby is totally indefensible. Since even by self-interest careerist, safety-first standards not only cannot male chauvinist old guard administrators not ejectingly touch you, but, by publishing, you actually do yourselves pedagogical favors. Not just for your TSU students and their relatives in speak-up truth respect eyes, but also for regularly elsewhere your professed discipline, as Pickler Library files both MONITORs and GADFLYs, whilst internet services occasionally do pick up pieces of worldwide importance inside such alternative wisdom publications.

More forgivably, why do students and we wider local community not contribute more than we do, especially as THE KIRKSVILLE DAILY EXPRESS nearly always remains a barrier non-expressively to forward-looking stances of "Vive la difference" viewpoint, and alas sometimes THE INDEX and TRUMAN TODAY also get shameful non-print cold feet "shyte" fit towards dissent from wealthy boards of trustees and local bigwig institutions. Many younger MONITOR and GADFLY friend colleagues tell me resigningly your own inertia is inherently rooted in despair that you cannot ever do anything to change the capitalist night-

...still opinions...

mare of dullard conformity ever at all, get it MAN. But I have come to a considered yet more simplistic fear as to why you give up before you even could start. Namely sheer bourgeois nerves of making factual mistakes embarrassingly on public record for all freezing record permanence of time. Well, am I in error, especially granted your previous high school or community college beloved mentor of a teacher set likely gave you an impression that such errors are witchburningly, so,so HUMILIATING FOREVER, eh,folks? Hell, no, would be contributors, you are wrong. In April 12 2006 MONITOR on my native GB early nineteenth century Radical Frederic Mackarness, I made two factual errors I am now going to hereby publicly attone for. But here is the vital point, not too much in no shame whatsoever in having helped kick-start new interest in him, extending right up to 'Google' attempts to now claim public domain reprint 'rights' on his long-dead,1854-1920,FINE AND LIVING writings and lectures. I called him inaccurately a lifelong knight. He was not so. I had him defeated in the general elections of 1910, when in fact he did not STAND again in either of that momentous year's Commons versus Lords contests. Firstly, others in far more lucrative professorships than he ever attained, he was inaugural Romano-Dutch Law Professor my alma second MA UCL CAMPUS, have made exactly similar errors, including even having one chap be a judge when he had become 1906 Newbury Commons Liberal MP in unconstitutionality. Secondly,my own cavalier sloppiness reflects generations of deliberate repression of his Radical anti-imperialism since his fellow 1906 Bath MP, the fortunately long-living independently rich historian critic of WWI GP Gooch tried to keep his memory alive with a privately 1922 printed book. We still for example do not really know whether his decision in 1910 not to re-stand for his Berkshire seat was voluntary or national

party elite engineered deposingly, as confusingly later on his local Liberals held an awards ceremony for him in his presence honouring his "Progressive"causes fearlessness travails. This last defiantly too by these unknown men and women at a time when he had been sensationally attacked by the Westminster Liberal leaders and pamphlet banned inside India for attacking torture by we British police there routinely. Nor do any of we so-called specialist writers either have certainty as to whether Mackarness acceptance of my native resident Sussex judgeship 1911 was through poverty and bribery by the same 'shut-him-up' sources suppressively. The fact that it was not the highest grade of such position penuriously for an ex-barrister/professor of his prominence suggests Whiggishly 'yes, shut up.' However, the remarkable other more hopeful reality is 'au contraire.' He refused to so shut up with prior to WWI a TSU CONTEMPORARY REVIEW available article as a judge updating his condemnation of British Indian torture and misrule, and by the end of his life local Eastbourne press reports to the effect, arising out of his cases and MP so-called past, that Winston Churchill his old minister friend/antagonist must build more cheap houses for the workers in social justice redress.

In conclusion thus folks, write, risking the errors. After all, in Mackarness we have a guy who literally refused to shut up once his OBAMAS were elected, telling Churchill, for instance, that slave compound importing Chinese labourers into dangerous South African UK empire mines was wrong under their Liberals as much as under their ex-Conservatives as it had over-aggressively been initially in dastardliness. If YOU NOT do not opine, such dissent facts become irretrievable for silence good, so do speak up and contribute, whether by poetry, fantasy or prose, NOW.

filed august 6 2009

LOOK FORWARD TO:

NATHAN'S FAMOUS HOT DOGS

OTIS SPUNKEMEYER COOKIES

MISS SCARLET'S BUTTER CROISSANTS

PIERCE'S PEANUT BUTTER PIE

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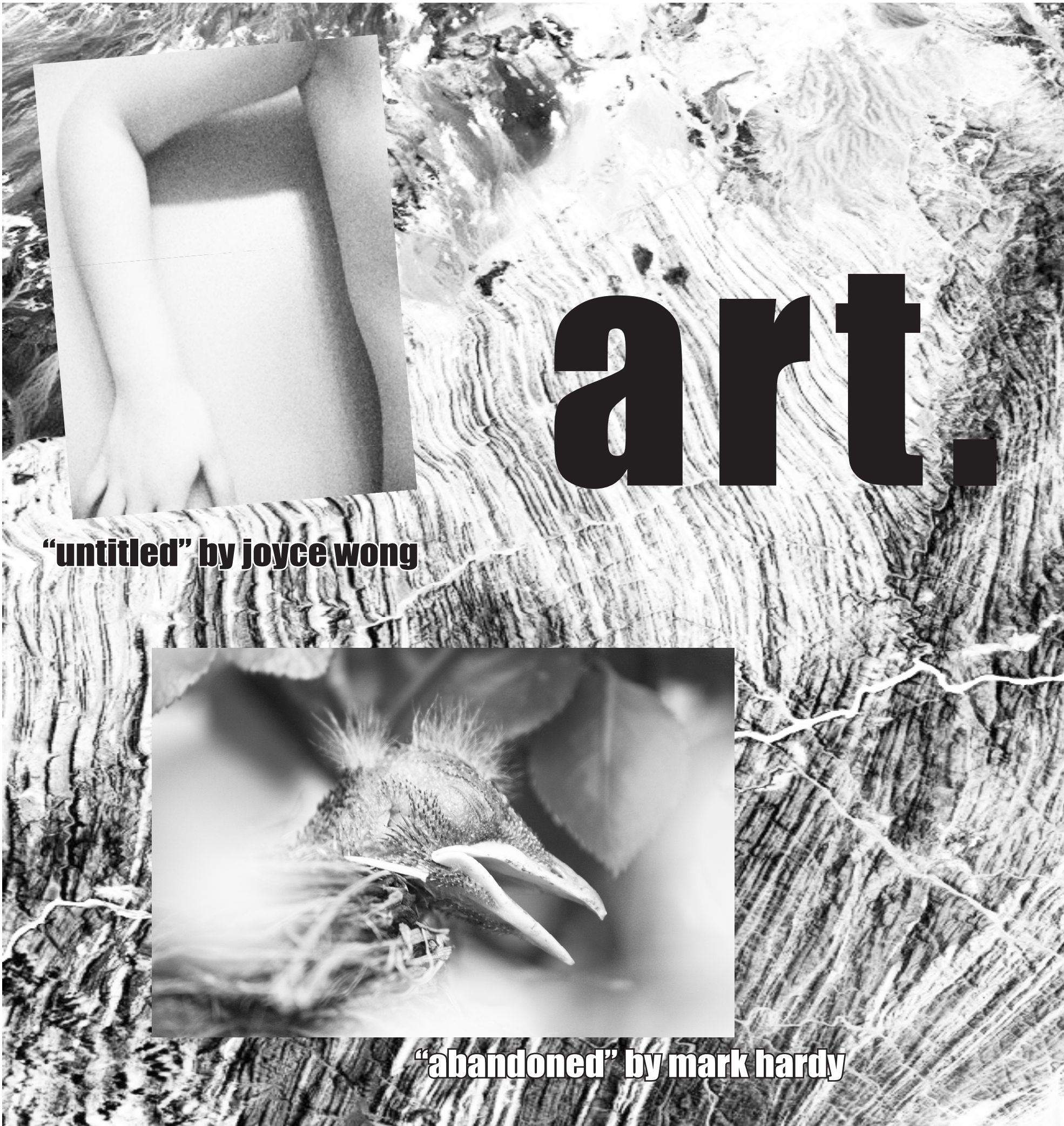
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art.

“untitled” by joyce wong



“abandoned” by mark hardy



“mad cowgirl disease!” by julia curran



**“day of the dead”
by christi schwaller**



“untitled” by christian schaefer



graffiti on the beach

fiction by| brie vuagniaux

The beach is just right, under a sun that is much too big for the girl with the outward tummy, whose feet tramp shyly facing ever so towards one another over fruitless seeds. In a stumble her suit squeezes her pudge like her grandma does with her cheeks. The ocean breeze lifts her hair. It is a sweet heat like cat breath. She thinks the beach is just right and sandy.

She bought a 25 cent ice cream cone from a gay street vendor and when she presses her tongue to it she tastes salt and the vanilla of whipped clouds singed by the sun. She can also taste sun, as the ice cream melts down her hold of the cone. Her hair is matted at the top of her head, and the ends fall limply into pigtailed. The heat buzzes like a swarm of fruit flies around her, and she hops with furious activity towards the edge of the ocean.

Far behind her, a boy is leaning back against a wall, smoking a joint to the hiss of his inhale. The beach is the space ahead divided into layers of flat sand, the expanse of water, and then the beginning of the sky. The sky is big, and he sits staring up into it, occupied with his own courage to stare back at the sun. His face squirms, fighting to keep his eyelids from squinting shut.

The air is bloated with hot thickness. Heat collects sweat on the few hairs of his upper lip. The sweat takes its time to sink down onto the paper between his lips; the end of the joint is fire. He thinks he has melted into the sand. Like the little girl had been burying him beneath it all this time! Bucket after bucket of warm sand surrounding him like the comfort in dying.

The girl drops her ice cream to the furthest reach of a wave spreading very thinly towards her toes. It carries the sweet puddle away from her. Layers of graffiti cradle the boy into the wall. He sprayed the last colors against a stencil of a dinosaur slipping on a banana peel. At once, the girl and the boy stop to think, simultaneously aware of their being stretched inside the hottest moment of the long summer day. The sun just hangs above, pausing at its peak, slowing its highest moment to a crawl. It finally releases, and time moves along again.

Throwing down the joint, the boy gets up, and walks over to the ice cream cart to buy some more weed. He walks back to the wall, letting his spine slide down it, into his previous position. He looks ahead. The ocean lies on the earth, far in each direction. The girl is gone.

Clarissa Explains Sex and Drugs

fiction by | keenan schott

I'm the narrator, Max Mahoney, and no, I won't put myself in quotes. I'm not going to pretend like I remember anything I ACTUALLY said... that's just silly... but I will tell you my tale, children, 'cause it's what you need to hear.

October 1, 2364. We were all gathered around the fire in that "Turn of the Screw" type of way and it was my turn to tell a scary story. Sure, I'd had enough 7 & 7's to kill a small goat, but rules are rules and it was my turn and I told them it wouldn't be perfect spot on, but they didn't care... they were too fucked up to care, so

Here's a story:

Clarissa had always wanted to have children of her own, but her first lover had given her herpes and he refused to go out with a 'VD chick,' much less have a child with one (he just wouldn't believe that he was the initial carrier, even after the doctors told him so). Anyway, that asshole's swimmers didn't even have what it took to get Clarissa knocked up, so she basically became used goods for nothing.

"WHATAJERK!!!" Lena shouted as if the ex-boyfriend were a real person. At that point she began to walk back to her tent in order to go shoot up some of that BlueDragonOpiumApocalypse you know she was so fond of. "This story's gonna suck. It reminds me of my first boyfriend, and he sucked. He did that same exact thing to me and it friggin' sucked. Luckily, the courts found in my favor and blew his head off with a shotgun." (Editor's note: The STD laws of 2345 were among the most deadly legislation in American history. Just like the anti-drug laws of the 1900's, they were put into effect so rashly and unintelligently that the negative side effects had to reach a disgusting level before the laws were finally repealed in 2507. The American government never officially said that the laws were meant to put an end to overpopulation, but the laws of 2345 were the single most effective means of population control ever put into practice by a government. See my other book Inequality of Gender throughout History and How it Made Stupid People Look Smart for a more in-depth look at that 162-year fiasco.) "I'm gonna

go ride that Blue Dragon. Anyone wanna join?" George hopped up like a school girl who just got asked out by the hottest boy in town and followed, but with the intention of riding something other than a blue dragon.

I had a chuckle as everyone else around the fire ooooo'd in that pre-teen 'you like so and so' type of way. I pounded down another 7 & 7 and continued on with my ghost story:

Anyway, so she can't have a kid, but one day the greatest gift she could have ever wished for arrived on her doorstep. It was a baby Manrook! (Editor's note: Manrooks are small animals with super powers (much like the fictitious pocket and digital monsters of the late 20th, early 21st century) created in 2450 after years and years of cross-breeding and in-breeding and magic-ify-ing squirrels and rabbits and turtles and such by the shady but highly innovative scientists at the Tele Corp. See The Tele Corp. by Keenan Schott for more details.)

"Dude, those things are expensive as hell," Jeremy cough-shouted as he passed the blunt in my direction sloppily. "That girl must have been

stoked as hell!" he said as if that wasn't implied and he was so clever for making the observation.

I'm trying to tell a friggin' story here, Jeremy. Could you PLEASE stop interrupting and pass that shit to someone else?

"Right. Right. Sorry," he stammered back sincerely.

You're forgiven... anyways... um...

"Yo, Max, you ok, man?" Jeremy asked in that half-concerned way that he always does when people come to after they've passed out.

Huh? The Manrook-

"Bro, you just blacked out for, like, 15 minutes," a voice like George yelled from nowhere.

Screw you, George, I'm trying to- "No, Max. Jeremy's right," Lena said as her face stumbled into my line of vision. "You were all blue and floppin' and crap for a good 10 minutes straight and then you were just laying there pulseless for another 5 or so. We were gonna call an ambulance, but then the cops would have shown up and... you know... BlueDragonOpiumApocalypse is a controlled substance."

Arctic Monkeys: In Return to the Metro, Band Grows Up

review by | rob samuelson

I have had a nearly unhealthy obsession with Arctic Monkeys since English music magazine NME began hailing them as "the next Beatles" when I was 16. I saw their first ever Chicago show at the Metro later that year, when they played a blistering 35 minute set that showcased their debut album, Whatever People Say I Am, That's What I'm Not.

Nearly four years later, on August 7th, Arctic Monkeys returned to the intimate Metro, as part of local radio station XRT's "Lollapalooza After Party." They brimmed with confidence as they took the stage at a quarter past midnight, clearly in a good mood thanks to the several bottles of Heineken they brought with them. "We've missed you; you've grown," said a grinning Alex Turner as the band launched into "Pretty Visitors," a song from their upcoming album Humbug. The song, much like the rest of the new material they played, has a distinct psychedelic feel to it, perhaps explaining their new long hair and rock star clothing.

The band clearly knows exactly



what to do in all situations, as shown by their ability to stop and start songs for dramatic effect, as well as their skill with squeezing several tempo changes into one song, like they did on the Favourite Worst Nightmare track "Fluorescent Adolescent." That song was transformed from an exciting pop song into a Motown-esque crooner, then back again. They even had a big surprise up their sleeves, as they played a heavy cover of Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds' "Red Right Hand."

Turner was in fine form throughout the whole hour and a half set, bantering with the crowd the whole time, asking the late night crowd if they thought they could stay awake all night. He even had the Chicago accent down, saying "Chi-CAAAH-go." Later, a fan

jokingly shouted "Slayer!" after which Turner and the rest of the band burst into laughter. "Did someone just say Slayer? Sorry, not happening." On the musical side, his voice has improved to a relaxed, confident quality, and the playing of the rest of the band, particularly drummer Matt Helders, was impeccable; he's gone from simply talented to one of the best drummers in rock.

The set was heavily composed of tracks from Favourite Worst Nightmare and Humbug, but the biggest crowd reaction came from 2005 UK Number One hit "I Bet You Look Good on the Dancefloor," during which the entire crowd drifted and flowed. "... Dancefloor" was one of only three songs they played from their first LP, showing they are moving away from rambunctious indie punk and into more mature territory, a move I could not agree with more. They're well traveled now and their music is beginning to show it.

After watching them grow and change through two albums and the three concerts attended, I can assure you that Arctic Monkeys have arrived. Now that they're here, they won't be checking out any time soon. They're rock stars.

MONITOR ACTIVITY PAGE!

Queen

Astra

Let the stars be your guide!



Scorpio (October 23-November 21)

The stars give you their blessing: It's your birthday, you can _____ if you want to.

Sagittarius (November 22-December 21)

You will do well this month to put on your monster suit and rumpus about. Don't bite your mother, even if you feel abandoned.

Capricorn (December 22-January 19)

While climbing up the ladder, dear Capricorn, you may end up walking beneath it.

Aquarius (January 20-February 18)

You'll lose the remote control and find it on top of the television. Moron. But, luckily you didn't find it in time to see 'the snuggle' on an infomercial—your wild eye is searching for small luxuries.

Pisces (February 19-March 20)

Dukum's closed, stumble back home.

Aries (March 21-April 19)

The time for talk is over – if you're going to start the band, learn how to play the instrument. Your great energy guarantees that you drool on your pillow at night.

Taurus (April 20-May 20)

You will gaze at the stars on a clear night and have an existential crisis.

Gemini (May 21-June 21)

This month: stop answering questions with questions.

Cancer (June 22-July 22)

Something weighs down on you like a wet blanket. It is time to go to the Laundromat, and put that blanket in the drier. Scrubby Duds has a TV and reclining chairs for you while you wait.

Leo (July 23-August 22)

You would do well to avoid squirrels today, dear Leo. When the first choice is presented to you, choose the second.

Virgo (August 23-September 22)

Everything you hope for this week will happen—a decade later than you need it to. Continue to give swine flu the stink eye.

Libra (September 23-October 22)

Take a stroll around town; something will pop out at you from inside a dumpster.

RIPPED FROM THE
HEADLINES EDITION!

PUZZLE

CUT OUT THE PIECES
AND ASSEMBLE THEM
TO DISCOVER THE
IDENTITY OF THIS MYSTERIOUS
MAN!



BY OLIVIA SANDBOTHE

HEALTH
CARE

J
U
M
B
L
E

ALMOST
AS
CONFUSING
AS ACTUAL
HEALTH
CARE!

MEFROR

GARBATEEG

CVBAUS

ICMERADE

APCOY

LOSSIAMIC

CONNECT THE DOTS!



HINT:
CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT?
NEITHER CAN U.S.
GENERALS!

TRANSFORMING GENDERS/TRANSGENDERING FORMS: TRUMAN'S 15TH ANNUAL WOMEN'S AND GENDER STUDIES CONFERENCE October 29, 30, 31, 2009

[Pre-conference related event: XXy at the Downtown Cinema 8, October 28, 6:45 pm, sponsored by the 2009 International Film Festival at Truman. Admission is free.]

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29 (VH 1000)

10:30-11:50 Transborder travel

Panel discussion: Monica Barron, Sara Orel, Cole Woodcox, and Natalie Alexander

12:00-1:20 Transgender subversion and assimilation

Larry Iles, "Fast Transforming Genders But Slowly Subverting Gender Forms: The Socialist Sisterhood Advocacies of Leah Manning"

Brad Davis, "'But You Should Know That I Go Both Ways': How of Montreal 's Kevin Barnes Is Popularizing Gender-Bending"

Jackie Gonzalez, "Leiomy and Kate Plus [Channel] 8: A Look at MTV and MTF Acceptance"

Erica Wiley, "Two Perspectives on Transsexual Assimilation"

1:30-2:50 Trans movie magic 1

Clare Echterling, "Drag and Gender Performance in National Velvet"

Adam Conway, "(Trans)forming Bodies, (Trans)gendering Machines: Gender Assignment, Fluidity, and Performance in The Terminator Trilogy"

Rachel Kempf and Nick Toti, "Vampirism as third Sex: Sexuality and Brutality in Twilight and Let the Right One In"

3:00-4:20 Trans movie magic 2

Lauren Robertson, "The Rocky Horror Picture Show: The Transylvanian Transvestite, a 'Full Frontal' Character Analysis of Dr Frank-N-Furter"

Allison Coffelt, "Hedwig, A Portrait: A Transgender Analysis of Hedwig and the Angry Inch"

Corinne Schwarz, "Queer Drag Versus 'Normal' Drag: The Evolution of Hairspray"

Chris Boning, "Transcendent Gender Norms: Making the Case for Buck Angel"

4:30-5:45 Textual trans

Ernst Ralf Hintz, "Gendered Attributes for Spiritual Warfare in the Heliand"

Hena Ahmad, "Intersexuality in Sports and Literature: Reading Caster Semenya and Calliope Stephanides"

Janee Johnson, "Identity in All Forms"

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30 (VH 1000)

10:30-11:20 Trans in Bollywood and Hollywood

Amanda Jackson, "Men in Saris: The Role of Hijira in Bollywood"

Holly Fling, "Cross-dressing the Motion Pictures: An Analysis of Patrick Swayze, Male Sex Symbol, as a Drag Queen in To Wong Foo, Thanks for Everything! Julie Newmar"

11:30-12:20 Personal testimony

Daniel Heagney, "Then Lyndon Came Along"

Josh Soto, "My Brother and Me"

Katibeth Lee, "One-Woman Femme Mafia"

12:30-1:20 Cather and Wharton

Amanda Happy, "Willa's William"

Emily Murdock, "A Gender Fender Bender: A Butlerian Analysis of The Custom of the Country and O Pioneers!"

1:30-2:20 Shakespeare and West

Arnie Preussner, "Three Faces (and Bodies) of Viola: Staging Transgender in Twelfth Night"

Alanna Preussner, The Gender Flip Flipped: Charade and the 'Ewww' Factor in Nathanael West"

2:30-3:20 Trans/disabilities art and beauty

Melinda Gross, "A Tale of Two Portraits: Portrayals of Gender in the Works of Frida Kahlo"

Jill Kuanfung, "Room for Flaws: Sexuality, Beauty, and Disability"

Joyce Wong, "Plastic"

3:30-4:20 Trans-language and discourse

Breanne Palmer, "Gender Neutral Pronouns and the Creation of Unique Gender Identities"

Angela Carter, "Channeling My Experience: YouTube, Dating, and 'Real Life' Trans-Discourse"

4:30-5:50 Keynote lecture

KAND MCQUEEN, "IDENTITY: TRANSGENDERISM, INTERSEXUALITY AND THE ASSUMED DICHOTOMY"

Introduction by Elise Dunham and Lakeisha Joyce

[Related event: Drag King Rebellion, 7:30 pm, SUB Georgian Room A, sponsored by New Student Programs and Prism]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31 (SUB ALUMNI ROOM UNTIL 4:30)

10:30-11:20 Trans in the media and in language

Hannah Rackers, "XXY: What am I?"

Megan Norlin, "Genderization and Identity in Transgeneration"

Christi Schwaller, "Gender Conquest, Language Conquest: Components of Social Imperialism"

11:30-12:20 Personal visions

Katibeth Lee et al., "Changing the Pronouns"

Meg Burik, "Another Stripe of the Rainbow" (an original film)

12:30-1:20 Lunch (on your own)

1:30-2:20 Queer space

Connie Huynh, "Creating Trans Spaces Through Private and Public Advocacy"

Leia Penina Wilson, "Designing for Queer(ability): Writing On Walls" 2:30-3:20 Aristophanes and Sexton

Janet B. Davis, "Political Cover: Cross-Dressing in Two Comedies by Aristophanes"

Erin Neuman, "'Tired of the Gender of Things': A Comparative Glance at Anne Sexton and Aristophanes"

3:30-4:20 Theorizing experience

Sarah Ehrhard, "They Beat This Idea into My Head: A Deconstruction of Eve Ensler's Transmonologue"

Courtney King, "Woman Seeking Other: Why My Preferences Are Too Specific for Craigslist"

JJ Pionke, "The Gender and Sexuality Wars in the Academy"

4:30-5:50 Keynote workshop (SUB Activities Room)

KATE BORNSTEIN, "HELLO, CRUEL WORLD: SURVIVAL TIPS FOR SEX AND GENDER OUTLAWS"

Introduction by JJ Pionke

Sponsored by the Jonny and Dave Eisenberg Speaker's Fund, the Office of Interdisciplinary Studies, the School of Arts and Letters, the Department of English and Linguistics, the Multicultural Affairs Center, and NEMO NOW

Monday Night Trivia 10pm



Skardoko Party

Tuesday
October 27
10pm

Music, prizes, and
mouthwatering good food!

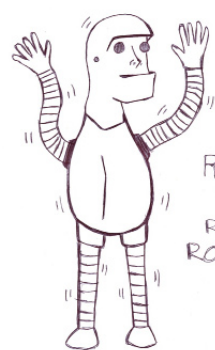
~~DRINK UP! IT'S A BEERAGE~~
we'll take it off...

Thursday
October 28



Meet you at the DuKum.

MONITOR COMIX



Rock and
(POSSIBLY)
ROLL
ROBOT

Christian S

comic by | christian schaefer



suspects

comic by | christi schwaller

"planned parenthood"

cont. from p. 3

a farmer... and Planned Parenthood meant a lot of different things to me. The closing of an establishment that offered many women in my community cheap birth control is something I'm going to be disappointed over for as long as I'm in Kirksville. Whenever I pass its cozy niche in the strip mall, I'll reminisce of brighter and easier days.

Other Planned Parenthood locations can be found at <http://www.plannedparenthood.org/>

"partyin"

cont. from p. 4

I, Dr. Partyin, have considered adding this innovative new technique in addition to my traditional annual cry (which I practice every year on February 19th, the anniversary of Bon Scott's death). The effect this new movement will have on Kirksville's larger party scene remains to be seen.

Another piping hot new trend across Kirksville is moderation. I know last spring I predicted that drinking hella beers was going to be the norm for years to come, but that movement has apparently flared out in a beautiful beery blaze. Perhaps this is another indication of the trying economic times we've found ourselves in, but a high-ranking partier confided to me just a few weeks ago that having "only two beers" at a party is the way to go this fall and winter. Of course if you're inclined to drink hard liquor you can make the appropriate conversion. While I remain understandably skeptical about this party approach (I like drinking hella beers), I feel the Two Beers Declaration of 2009 could bring a much-needed counterpoint to the more common hedonistic party practices of Kirksville.

There you have it folks. Two trends; crying and two beers. Stay tuned for next month's installment where I offer tips for partying during class.

My Back Pages

email your poems to:
monitor.truman@gmail.com



Hastily Written, For Christi

This is what happens when we sit at bars
and drink screwdrivers, orange juice purely
for color: last night i had a dream
in which every member of the Vankees
were Angels so they were playing against
themselves; their uniforms were their skin--
in other words, they wore their skin
like all angels do, pools
of eyes and mouths. Isn't it funny, angels
are like Taco Bell commercials.

WEDDING OF BEER TO BAR

The taps
they look artisan-made,
like pipes out of
an organ

once
a beer tap poured itself inside out.
but do not weep for spilled beer,

for the law of constant matter means
its yeasty essence is still in the floor boards
of that hundred-year-old brick building.
that liquid grain is a part of it
now and for the next hundred

And then the organ, if we had it,
wouldn't play bridal march
but some kind of something
Nina Simone, maybe
or Linda Ronstadt

- Christi

HIGHWAY 44

The highway is littered
with orange Joe
And orange Frank
Poker picking the flies
swarming the trash lying
Dead as deer.
They stare
Trucks roll by like the
large women
On Joe's mind.
Every car hisses,
That Frank will never almost
run out of gas
Again.

-Brie Vuagniaux

FOR A BLUE BARISTA OF THE FRONT PORCH

YOUR EYES TEND TO BRUSH MY GLANCES AWAY
ALL THE CARE SAVED UP FOR THE COFFEE BEANS,
NEVER QUITE NOTICING WHAT MY SMILE MEANS
THESE LIGHTNING HANDS UPON THE COUNTER SILL
SWIFTLY, SOFTLY LIGHTEN MY MORNING GREY.
A SINGLE SPUNKY HAIR STRAND OUTWARDLY LEANS
SURPRISING THE SENSES COMPLETELY STILL
A WEIGHT IN MY CHEST FOR THE EASY WAY
WHERE YOUR EYES, LOVELY, MAY TENDERLY CHILL.

- PETER JOHNSON

Home Again

The road is long, straight, and flat along this river plain,
And in the distance bluffs rise above the cloud-splotched
hills

To show me their rocky faces.

I'm almost there as I cross the bridge over the river;
Its currents churn slowly past as if to wash away
My quiet longing for home.

-FKRC

A few turns later and I am on my avenue,
Slowing down to roll past neighbor's houses.
I take in the comfort of familiarity.

Our lawn is like a patchy forest,
Overgrown and unruly and beautiful:
The fortress of my past and home of my memories.

But now the king of the lawn, the Oak, is cut down.
In its place is a flowerbed of marigolds
And our forever-napping orange cat.

A sadness rushes over me at the loss of this grand
friend

Until I see the dogwood that had almost perished
Under its gigantic neighbor's shade.

Its delicate flowers seem to float on slender branches,
Reaching joyously to new heights
With its newfound sunshine and warmth.

I'll watch this tree for a little while and remember
To look forward to coming home each spring

To see its white petals bloom again.

-Joan Williams