

bike coop under pressure | world social forum coverage | best of kirksville

the monitor.

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a campus collective

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from the editors



the monitor
a campus collective
independent quality since 1995

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ADDRESS

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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

The Monitor is Truman State University’s longest-running independent publication — although you may not have seen much of us in the past year. We are not subject to school oversight, which means that we will print fuckin’ whatever. We have an open editorial policy, which means that everyone’s encouraged to submit literary works, poetry, humor, photography, art, news, opinions, reviews ... the list could go on forever. And the editors will never censor your work. We’re not motivated by some special interest or particular format — we’re merely interested in getting your work out there! The point is communication. Someone submits an expression, and we put it into our collection of expressions, and this paper gets bicycled all around town so that Kirksville becomes engaged in a multidimensional conversation. What are we talking about? The conversation reflects those who use their voice. So, make yourself heard. Join the conversation. If you’re interested in submitting to the Monitor, please e-mail us anything. Drop us a line at monitor.truman@gmail.com.

The Monitor has been around since 1995, when it was created by a group of people who were enthusiastic about uncensored news sources, and placed their crafted paper right alongside The Index. All the older issues can be found in the online ar-

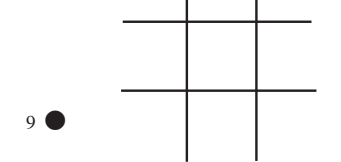
chive at trumanmonitor.wordpress.com. There are over 155 issues and O! the things that lie within each. Take April 4th 2004 for example, which was dinosaur themed and covers the heroism of one brave student who saved Kirksville from the prehistoric beasts and has a kitty porn centerfold. In October 2003, we got ourselves in some trouble with a detailed how-to on shoplifting from Wal-Mart (but the article’s still in the archives, wink wink). At the same time, the Monitor can, and does, get serious. Direct your attention to the October 5th issue, 2004, to the articles discussing how “Students Rebuke University Bookstore for Anti-Competitive Sales Prices” and the “Genocide in Darfur”. We’re a newspaper, we’re a magazine, we’re a big joke, and we’re a source for some of the vital news and opinion that you won’t see elsewhere in this town.

This issue has a jukebox of classics in it. There’s Queen Astra’s celestial paganism, a collection of locally inspired photography, a peeksy into the ‘Best of Kirksville’, and a fascinating look at the student senate’s decision on bike-coop funding. Let yourself wander and become apart of the conversation.

Look for a copy around campus at least once a month.

activity space

tic tac toe



9 ●

4 ●

connect the dots

1 ●

2 ●

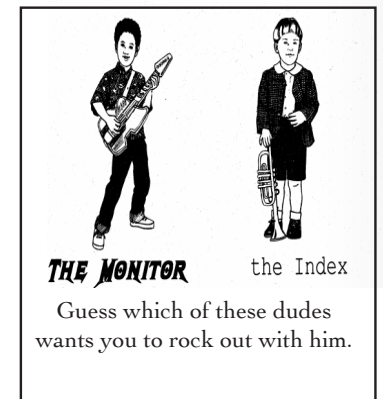
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letters



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

Dear Monitor freaks,
I hear there is talk of starting a new music venue in the old Aquadome space in downtown Kirksville? Since, yall are so artsy freaky I thought you may know something about this. What’s the deal? Is Kirksville really going to get a music/ alternative DIY community space? I’m just squirming in my panties thinking about this, and ideas are overloading my mental inbox. Please put my inquiries to rest.
O ya, and how can I get involved?
Sincerely,
Syphilus Snodgrass III

Thanks!



The World Social Forum Returns to Africa

editorial by | marc becker

Fifty thousand activists from around the world descended on Senegal's capital city of Dakar at the westernmost point in Africa the first week in February for the World Social Forum. Meeting on an almost annual basis since its first gathering in Porto Alegre, Brazil in 2001, the WSF provides a space to debate proposals and discuss collaborative actions to build a new and better world.

The WSF first met as a response to the World Economic Forum in Davos, Switzerland. Instead of exclusionary spaces that placed corporate greed over human needs, the WSF championed the daring proposition that indeed another world is possible. For a decade, the WSF has brought together social movements dedicated to a struggle against neoliberal capitalism and militaristic imperialism, and in favor of constructing a world based on humane fairness and social justice.

Through a sequence of global meetings in Brazil, India, Kenya, and now Senegal, as well as many more local, national, and regional forums, the WSF has fundamentally shifted political discourse to the left. Bringing the forum back to Africa helped refocus attention on the region as well as linking local realities to a global struggle.

To confront these issues, the Dakar forum was organized around three main themes of deepening a critical analysis of capitalism, strengthening struggles against capitalism and imperialism, and building democratic and popular alternatives to these systems of oppression.

The six-day meeting began with a massive march from downtown Dakar to the Cheikh Anta Diop University where the forum subsequently held its events. Participants were in high spirits, and their chants and banners revealed a wide range of social justice issues they had come to champion. The march culminated with a rally at the university featuring a speech from Bolivia's leftist president Evo Morales. Morales denounced imperialism, and pointed to the importance of the forum as a school where activists could come to learn how to build stronger, more powerful, and more effective social movements.

A thousand activities were planned over the course of the forum. The first day of meetings focused on Africa and the African diaspora, including a session with the daughters of Franz Fanon and Malcolm X in which they debated the legacies of their famous fathers for today. A meeting with former Brazilian president Luiz Inácio Lula da Silva emphasized his work to build closer relations between Africa and his South American country. Not only is Brazil home to the forum, but it is also home to the largest African diasporic population.

The following two days featured self-organized activities representing the wide range of interests and concerns that activists brought to the forum. Evenings were filled with musical and cultural events as well as informal networking. The final two days were dedicated to convergences of organizations, networks, and international movements during which participants proposed actions around

common themes for building a better world. The forum finished with a closing ceremony at which organizations presented their statements and programs for action. As with all WSFs, most of the participants came from the host country, with large caravans also bringing delegates from neighboring West African countries. Senegal's former colonial overlord France also contributed a significantly large number of participants. In comparison, Asia and the Americas contributed relatively small delegations. Many WSFs are multilingual events, but in francophone Africa, French became the lingual franca leaving some participants from the former British colonies of Nigeria and Kenya feeling excluded.

A series of logical problems plagued the Dakar forum. Due to an earlier strike classes were still in session at the university. Students displaced activists from planned meeting spaces, leaving some participants wondering why the forum could not have done a better job of incorporating students into the events. Organizers quickly set up tents to house the sessions, but the chaos and a lack of space led to the cancellation of many sessions.

In the aftermath of popular uprisings that toppled authoritarian governments in Tunisia and Egypt, Senegal's president Abdoulaye Wade feared the arrival of well-organized social movements that could similarly place his government under siege. The expense and logistical difficulties of hosting such a large meeting require the tacit consent if not outright support of the host government, but in Senegal an antagonistic president sought to sabotage the forum.

A running debate within the forum is whether a world meeting of social movements is worth the financial cost, environmental consequences, and logistical nightmares involved in organizing such a massive meeting. Too often only well-connected non-governmental organizations (NGOs) with access to the time, financial resources, and visas necessary to travel can attend the forum instead of grassroots organizations that are its intended base. Some activists have proposed holding a virtual meeting instead, yet (as many universities find as they move away from online education) much value is to be had in face-to-face meetings.

After a successful run of ten years of meetings, the future of the WSF is unclear. At the close of the meeting in Dakar, the forum's international organizing committee met to plan future strategies. When the forum first met in Porto Alegre it embraced a novel strategy of organizing around social and economic justice issues from the perspective of the global south. Although logistical problems have worn some of that initial shine off of the meeting, for many participants coming together every two years in a global meeting still holds much value. As long as the WSF continues to meet, the global justice movement shows no sign of abating.

truman professor on the ballot for city council by larry iles



Speaking to a packed Truman College Democrats meeting at their invitation Monday, February 28, the sole female Kirksville city council candidate Dr. Betty Louise McLane-Iles said that she was resolute to reverse the decline of progressive women representatives in Adair County generally and particularly in Kirksville-- as symbolized by the unfortunate and undeserved defeat of state representative Rebecca McClanahan last fall and the lawyer Martha Rowe's retirement from city council this year. She was tired with progressives always being on the defensive around here, and said that as the daughter of a Presbyterian father of Fairfield, Iowa and a Chicago working mother, she had no choice but to stand for the April 5 contest after no other woman stepped forward.

Proceeding to elaborate on her policy goals, she pointed out that "I am the only candidate, so far, who has detailed any policies at all, and many of them come from you-- we have had two meetings at our house to consult with you, and there was real community input. The rival guys, by contrast, have said-- as we say in French-- RIEN! Nothing!"

She narrowed her policies to three specific proposals.

First: weekly recycling pickup. "It does not make sense for the refuse company here to pick up the blue curbside recycling bins only every two weeks, rather than weekly as they already do with the ordinary waste."

Second: to deal with 'eyesore' vacant properties and property speculators. "Why shouldn't TSU and ATSU, two relatively rich campuses, work to end town-gown resentments with an accommodations office such as exists at U.S. East coast campuses? It would advertise local rentals, assisting local realtors with low-use properties. TSU under-uses local assets like the old Greenwood Elementary School opposite Ophelia Parrish. To turn these buildings into much needed office space or the like would be a boon for both property values and environmental concerns."

Third and finally: forestry. "Kirksville needs someone to assist and advise in tree planting following these dreadful winter storms. Trees beautify our city and replenish oxygen and ozone, but many of the ones we have standing are fallen or in bad shape."

what's up with the kirksville bike co-op?

shout out by | brian o'shaughnessy

The Kirksville Bike Co-Op is a small shed between Grim Hall and the Multicultural Affairs (MAC) building. It's the ultimate bike resource on campus! It has every general tool and a majority of the specialized tools you would need to fix any bike issue!

In December of 2005, a heap of bicycles were reclaimed from university surplus before the surplus sale for use in the Community Sharing Bike Program (CSBP), a service dreamed up by Environmental Campus Organization (ECO) and the Mountain Biking Club. These bikes were fixed up and painted yellow. The goal was to have bikes located at different residence halls, and students could go to a desk and get a key for a bike in return for their student ID, similar to loaning a book from a library. Essentially a free way for students to rent bicycles. Though after the summer of 2006 an issue arose in this program, the bikes fell into slight disrepair and needed maintenance. These bikes were pulled from campus until they could be fixed.

This maintenance issue was a commitment larger than the partner organizations were ready to handle. Thus the CSBP filed for its individual organization, and the Co-op was born in 2006. Its primary mission to establish a space on campus for bike repair and for students teaching students and community members how to repair their own bikes. Also, we take in donations bicycles and bike parts, fix them up and then sell them

for very reasonable prices. Since then, fixing and selling bikes has become the mainstay while the Bike Sharing program has been discontinued.

I have been to many professional cycling shops and they have ranged from incredibly helpful to rude and standoffish. In a pro shop, they are a business that has overhead they must meet and profit margins. Generally the advice they give to you is helpful, but they are always considering the bottom line. With the Bike Co-op, the prerogative is to teach the user how to fix their own bike. I like to consider it an open shop policy, as anyone who comes in, from those looking to use the Co-op's tools to those who need assistance with maintenance, we will help! Many people ask when they can come back to pick up their bike, and they are generally surprised when I say that it's our policy not to store bikes in our shop. People are required to work on the bike themselves. Our mechanics are always eager to guide anyone through a repair but you must at least be introduced to the concepts of the repairs being made. This is what makes the Co-op unique; it is our job to educate on cycling maintenance rather than just provide maintenance services.

The big crazy bike ride that happens the last Friday every month is the Critical Mass ride. This ride happens in over 300 cities in the world. The ride was originally founded in 1992 in San Francisco and has spread from there. The inspiration behind the ride was to create social space via the bicycle. It is not of-

ficially affiliated in anyway with the Kirksville Bike Co-Op, but many of our members participate in it.

Because of the work we do on campus the University requires that we have a \$2 million dollar per incident insurance plan. This is to cover the costs if anyone was to be injured at an accident in the shop. Our current insurance plan is \$1,400 a year, and for the past 3 years senate has funded this. For this year though, senate has decided that they are not going to continue paying our insurance. It was their intentions to jump start the Co-Op and it should eventually make it's way towards financial independence. Our mission has always been fixing bikes on the cheap, and to help make ourselves more independent we would have to start charging substantially more for parts and possibly charge for mechanic labor. This would make the Co-Op less accessible to those who do not have lots of money to invest into their bicycle.

Some members of the senate felt that the Co-Op



budget!

Karli-Rae Kerr, co-op president: could senate help advocate for us? We're Truman students, too! Senate should partner with us in order to fully help us make the co-op sustainable! We need more man-power and support to help us survive. We want to continue to serve the Truman community

Kathleen Barbosa: not about your mission, it's a financial issue

Molly Troop: we can help with some of the money, but what have you tried to keep your income sustainable?

Isaac Robinson: our job is to advocate for students. BOG meeting this weekend is on University-wide budget. Will take responsibility for budget, I made the decision to eliminate the insurance money. I did that because you have had several years to become self-sustaining. I find it difficult to believe that the bike co-op is trying hard enough to become self-sustaining as we have given the co-op more than enough time. This is a big budget issue and it takes over 2/3rds vote to change it. If it were a university sponsored event/org, the university-wide insurance should cover it.

Erin Blankers: sustainability important; however, there are other avenues to address for support

Karli-Rae Kerr: does not believe workers

should work so hard to make money for the co-op

Luke Booth: things need to be better than cost-efficient on campus especially for the next couple years. There needs to be a plan set into action before we can show support

had not done enough outreach or fundraising. That they had relied to heavily on the senate for insurance funds and could have explored more outlets for support. My thoughts on this were that a vast majority of the people on our staff are mechanics, we spend our time developing maintenance skills and learning the tricks of the tools. We had less of a focus on advertising and fundraising and more just getting as many bikes on the road as possible.

With this sudden disruption in funding it's hard to imagine what is next. Even though senate has dropped us, many senators were sympathetic to our mission and felt that student senate was just not the right avenue to find permanent funding. That we could seek more long term financial assistance from other bodies within campus. Right now we are exploring these, but also outside of the university there are many grants out there for organizations like ours and we are hopeful that this will only be a slight hiccup in the life of the Bike Co-Op on campus.

student senate to co-op: turn a profit or drop dead

reporting by | olivia sandbothe

The student senate records regarding the decision not to renew insurance for the bike co-op are worth a read. These discussions reveal that the action was prompted by both a misunderstanding of how the co-op operates and by a profit-driven ideology that in this case at least has proven fatal for some of our community's most valuable resources. We editors were dumbstruck by the coldhearted logic at play here and we think that our readers will agree. These are the meeting minutes as they appear verbatim on senate.truman.edu/records.html. We've added last names where we could identify the speaker; feel free to report any errors.

On Jan. 23:

Slok Gyawali: Senate has financially helped out the bike co-op for the past 3 years. Bike co-op cannot survive without Senate's help. Senate should continue to support the bike co-op and how they serve Truman's campus. We have passed resolutions before unanimously in support of financial help to the co-op.

Brett Cline: Is there a reason why they don't apply for FAC funding?

Molly Troop: Not our job to fund them every year.

Slok Gyawali: They are Student-initiated and we should save them because of that.

John Nolan: good thing to keep supporting because it is the first student-initiated org that has a green roof, is heavily utilized, and im-

portant to this campus.

Isaac Robinson, president: does not believe senate should keep funding

Erin Blankers: In order for us to keep funding, don't they have to have a plan of sustainability without our help?

Slok Gyawali: That is part of what we passed – the director of the co-op should continuously work on independent financial stability. No more than \$1300 to fund the co-op for this year

John Nolan: Important to decide on this as soon as possible. See if co-op has other funding plan without our help, or if we could lend them money and they could pay us back. We should let them know that they don't necessarily need our funding and see what their back-up plans are.

Patrick: I have used the co-op before, prices are high. I'm all for basic maintenance

Luke Booth: A lot of maintenance is do-it-yourself, anyway

Jan. 30:

John Nolan: I got a hold of revenue estimate, students would be affected on co-op price increase because they would have to increase their prices by about 30%. We should help them for sure, they could even reimburse us later.

Michael Dijak: waste of time, budget has already been passed.

Kyle Olmstead: the bike co-op made a promise that they would be able to pay their own insurance soon without our help.

Slok Gyawali: changes can be made to the

for the co-op's case

Brett Cline: We cannot fund the co-op entirely because that is not fair to other organizations on campus

Attendee: the bike co-op does not just work for Truman, it helps cities all the way to Columbia, MO. This is the only place in Kirksville where you can get your bike repaired. We have no funding from the university. The university should do something to set up funding for all clubs that need insurance.

Matt: co-op should realize that they are administering a service and should appropriately charge for it. They should go out and fund-raise for the organization. They are required to meet the needs of a vast amount of students. Perhaps it is time to ask the students if they are willing to still pay for something like this.

The student senate budget is also available online. It should be noted that senate currently has an unspent balance of \$23, 531. This includes \$7, 927 that was rolled over after remaining unspent in the 09-10 school year. What kinds of expenses make the cut under president Isaac Robinson? This year, \$848.42 was spent on "Student Gov't Promo Items." \$497 on membership in the American Student Government Association, \$1,392 to attend a conference of that association, \$161.60 on senate nametags, and \$68.88 on a "ceremonial gavel." The bike co-op, which provides an array of valuable services to our community, seeks only \$1,400.

DIY education in CoMo

by joey risch

Columbia Freeskool is a FREE, community based alternative to the strict curriculum of state monopolized higher education. Still in its early stages, Freeskool offers a range of events/classes lead by members of the community who submit their ideas for upcoming months at the Freeskool forum held in Como. Freeskool is whatever the members want it to be, and if anyone is willing to teach a skill or host an event, it goes on the calendar. In addition, if people want to put an event on the calendar, they can email:

columbiafreeskool@riseup.net

Here's how it works: People pick the locations for their events, either hosting them in their own homes or getting permission from some kind of local venue. The schedule is then made and posted, with outcomes ranging from as few as two and as many as forty people at events. The classes may vary greatly, depending on the individual interests of the supporters. In the past months there have been DIY brewing workshops and Wild Missouri Hike Days. Freeskooler Hannah Hemmelgarn put a DIY-make-your-own-hula-hoop on the schedule for this month.

photos by hannah hemmelgarn

the food to raise your spirits- how to cook to glow

food | kevin weiss

Qualifications: I have been practicing Yoga and meditation for 6 years, have read a few books on ayurveda, but most importantly have paid attention to the effect that food has on my system and can validate the claims made by Ayurveda with my own experience to the extent that I am able to grasp them.

A seeker of Truth once asked a great sage, Ramana Maharishi: "of all scriptural injunctions, which is best to follow?" to which the Maharishi replied, "that of taking modest quantities of sattvic food is best."

According to Ayurveda, three qualities pervade the Universe. These qualities are named Sattva, Rajas, and Tamas. These three qualities will be found in the food we eat and have specific effects on our minds and bodies. The quality of the food we eat is affected by what environment it is grown in, how it is processed, the emotions and thoughts of those who handle the food before it goes into your digestive system, the environment the food is prepared in, and the state of mind it is eaten in.

Sattva is the quality of purity, illumination, joy, and balance. Sattvic food can be defined as food that is clean, pure, wholesome, and life supporting. One who partakes of sattvic foods will tend towards compassion, selflessness, peace, centeredness, and joy. Organic fruits and vegetables are mostly sattvic (those that aren't are outside to scope of this short intro but a quick google search on sattvic foods will yield plenty of information). Whole grains are also generally sattvic as are legumes, nuts, and dairy products. Be forewarned that the way dairy is derived and processed in the United States makes most dairy found in your local supermarket rajasic or tamsic. Food grown in an unpolluted environment (hence organic is recommended) by people who are committed to bringing healthy nutrition to the dinner table for others, cooked/prepared with love and eaten in a state of gratitude is ideally sattvic. It is important to give the body as much food as needed - no more and no less. Over eating is definitely tamsic and thus leads to dullness, heaviness, lethargy, and inertia. Think of a time when you ate a fresh salad in the summer time with an olive oil based dressing that wasn't too fattening. How did you feel afterwards? Generally, after eating a salad you will feel refreshed, energized, and balanced. These qualities are consistent with sattva.

Rajas encompasses the qualities of over activity, impul-

siveness, and too much passion. One who eats rajasic food will be inclined to restlessness, anger, lack of clarity. Rajasic foods tend to be too spicy, too sour, or to salty. Eating too quickly may give the meal a rajasic quality. Freshly killed meat is generally rajasic.

Tamasic (or tamsic) food lends to dullness, lethargy, heaviness, delusion, and greed. Tamsic foods are stale. Onion, garlic, mushrooms, street drugs, alcohol, shallots, leeks, meat and fish is tamsic. Nightshade vegetables are generally tamsic such as potatoes and eggplant.

The gunas of sattva, rajas, and tamas refer to qualities of the mind for the purposes of this article. It is possible for some foods to have a different effect on the body and the mind. For instance, garlic is a well known natural antibacterial and thus has a beneficial effect for the body. However, it will make the mind dull and heavy because garlic is tamsic.

Taking sattvic foods in moderate quantities leads towards health, happiness, and spiritual evolution. Now that you have an understanding of how foods affect your mind, it is suggested that you pay attention to the effect of the food you eat on your system. You may begin to notice that the quality of the food starts affecting your mind immediately. You also may notice that eating too much sattvic food becomes tamsic if you indulge in too much food and fall into a "food coma."

To lead a happy, and stress free existence increase the intake of sattvic foods and decrease the intake of rajasic and tamsic foods. A few more tips on making your meals sattvic are to eat in a clean environment that is pleasant to the eye and smells nice. Preferably eat in good company and in an environment that is settled. Also cook food lightly or take it raw so that you don't destroy all the nutrients. You will digest your food best between 10am-2pm which is why lunch should be the largest meal of the day. The "fire" in the body is highest around this time. Interestingly this same fire comes back between 10pm-2am which is why when we're up late we tend to get hungry around that time. However, that fire is better spent to burn off negative energies during sleep. Eating completely sattvic all the time is near impossible in our busy times. However, if you take anything away from the article know that the food you eat has an effect on your mind. Observe these effects in your own system and make adjustments as possible to increase the happiness quotient in your life :)



the basics of digital djing and how it applies to you

self-help by | jared cline

There are those who consider the ways of the DJ to be befuddling, and yes, even mysterious. In the same way that ninjas can kill a foe with the tip of a finger or jump weightlessly from one rooftop to the next, DJs have perfected the Friday-night-enhancing skill of blending song after song into a seamless mix of indeterminate length, applying effects along the way that boggle the ears as well as the mind. With this kind of ability, you'd think they would be able to hover above the ground for at least several minutes at a time, but I am here to tell you differently. In fact, I intend to shed light on the not-so-dark arts of spinning and divulge exactly what you can do now to increase your DJness tenfold. For the first step, all you have to do is do what college students do best: download free shit on the internet.

The Software

Digital DJ software is the driving force behind every effect, every mix, and every live show, the control center from which all commands – add a “chika chika” here or implement a “wa wa” there – are sent out and almost instantaneously executed. The software can either be

manipulated with the mouse and keyboard or a flashy DJ controller (more on that later), depending on your budget and penchant for flashiness. With the programs listed below, you can take control of your music in ways you never thought possible, cutting out the high, mid, and low tones, looping parts of the song, and, most importantly, playing two tracks at the same time.

Even for those with no aspirations to rock the clubs and/or biggest house parties, DJ software can serve a useful purpose: rocking your weekend klatsch. Say you've got a few friends over and you're desirous of some background beats to liven things up. iTunes, with its limited options and a shuffle feature that seems to play favorites, can be cumbersome, and while it may get the job done, with DJ software, you can do better. Using all the playlists from your iTunes library, programs like Virtual DJ Home allow you make fresh sets on the fly and control the type of transitions in between tunes. This can be extremely helpful when you want to ratchet up the intensity level; relatively smooth blends – like ones that play the intro of one song over the outro of another – will

keep the energy level high and the vibe ultra-fresh.

As previously mentioned, the brain power and motor skills required for the task of acquiring this software involves sending a message from your gray matter down to hand instructing it, in no uncertain terms, to click on a link labeled “download.” Now, how you come to find yourself in this remote region of the internet occupied by links to free DJ software is up to you. You can either google “best free digital dj software” or save yourself the trouble and take your pick between these two:

Mixxx: Mixxx's mission is simple – create quality DJ software and give it away for free. It doesn't impose intentional limitations in an effort to entice you into buying a “full-featured version.” They keep it real, providing the ability to auto-mix, control various effects, and record. What's even better, Mixxx is compatible with over 20 MIDI controllers and comes with swappable skins for those who think their computer screen ought to look as sexy as their scanty weekend attire. Check out Mixxx at: <http://www.mixxx.org/>

read the rest of Jared's article online at monitor.truman@gmail.com

a damnable spirit

nonfiction series | jessica phillips

Down in the bottom drawer of my childhood dresser, underneath a carefully spread layer of old, musty clothes, lays year fourteen of my life – a collection of sermons on audio tape, pink pamphlets detailing the sins of cigarettes and high school dances, and an old church directory of names whose prayers I still fear as much as their disapproval. It would be wrong, however, to say this year of my life is hidden away, because I seem to remember it more vividly the longer these mementos stay buried... alive.

Church was a somewhat sporadic occurrence in my young life, life before year fourteen. My mom and sister and I – sometimes together, sometimes separately – seemed to go from church to church, usually Baptist or non-denominational ones, although there were a couple that one or all of us stayed at for a while. The most memorable were a First Baptist Church and a Church of Christ that I attended for fairly long stretches of time. I was exposed to many, though, including Methodist, Assembly of God, and Church of the Nazarene.

People were so kind at churches. This is what I remember feeling the most be-

fore year fourteen. Particularly when you were a new person, you were given much attention. Older ladies would come up to you after the service, “God bless you, God bless you,” and shake your hand or sometimes wrap warm, shrunken arms around you. There was often a recognition of new people by the pastor, or a perforated check-mark sheet in the church program to be set in the offering plate. This sheet outlined the choices available to a Christian soul, which tended to include, particularly in the Baptist congregations: “I want to take part in believer's baptism,” “I want to become a member of the church,” “I have accepted Jesus as my Savior and would like to announce this to the congregation,” “I would like to have someone talk to me about being saved,” and, “Other.” Usually there were several lines after the “Other” choice for the spiritually deficient to fill, a consideration not given for the rest of the choices. Maybe it was a mark of my spiritually rebellious tendencies, but I always found a certain appeal in the “Other,” and when year fourteen arrived, I would feel inextricably bound to that final, open-ended

option.

However, I proved to be a difficult pupil long before this.

Even as far back as year three I was prodding spiritual boundaries, according to a source I'd trust as much as my own memory: my mom. At year three I asked her one of the questions all parents dread, a question at the same level as “Where do babies come from?” and the simple but deadly “Why?”

I've seen pictures of myself as a child. I was cute back then, there's no doubt. Imagine how it would have been if you were my mom: your three-year-old daughter comes waddling up, her dark Cherokee hair already long and framing a round, freckled face. She looks at you with wide, green-brown eyes, glistening, before the question has even been asked, with premature tears.

Then it comes: “Mom, will you die someday?”

Now, my mom couldn't very well blame it on the stork, and a flat-out lie could be found out much too quickly: a pet dies, a relative passes away, and suddenly you have a murderously indignant toddler on your hands. So she replied in much the same way as I think

any American Christian mother would have: “Well, yes I will, but I'll go to heaven when I die and be with Jesus.”

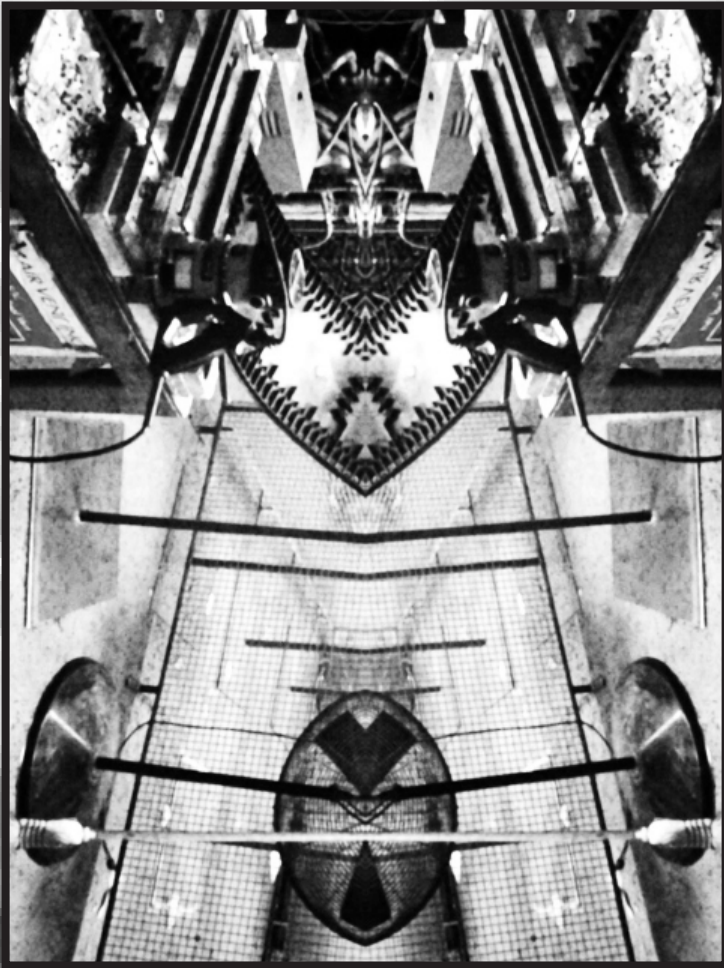
I'm not a mother. I don't have any children. I honestly don't know how most children would have reacted to this answer. I do know that my own reaction was to burst into tears and tell my mom that I didn't want her to die, and I didn't want her to go to heaven. Furthermore, I didn't want to die, and I didn't want to go to heaven, either. It took her weeks to calm me down.

Whether this event seems telling or merely coincidental, the fact remains that I was only three years old. I wouldn't venture to say that this was the seed of my spiritual turmoil. I would even guess that some Christians have had similar episodes as a child and “grown out of it” with relatively few qualms of faith in their adult lives. I'm also sure I had no doubts that heaven existed at the time. Concrete doubts about my faith would not come for a few years. I think what it does show is that even then I was not easily placated by stories of pink-skinned angels playing harps in the sky. Even if I believed the stories were true.

>>series to be continued

the art page

michael gardner



maurine pfuhlakov



maurine pfuhlakov



brie vuagniaux



the finest that our fair town has to offer

best of kirksville



Best Food with Layers- Steve's Deli

For everyone unsatisfied with just one layer of sandwich, Steve's Deli, a newish blip on the Kirksville townsquare map, offers the best local sandwi-stacks. To give Steve's authentic edible formulas the deserved attention and space of mind, you'll have to think with me for a minute. So just close your eyes and imagine one single bite...the cascading lettuce piece, plump tomato bursts, wheaty rich bread weaves, tangy cucumber-wasabi sauces and probably other edibles. Now open your eyes, follow your feet to Steve's.

Best Place to Grind- Round Barn Blues Festival

Have you ever been mistreated? Ever feel like the world's gone crazy? Did you wake up this mornin'? Pulling in headlining acts from across the country, Round Barn Blues Festival raises spirits and keeps Kirksville rockin' twice a year. A slice of local americana where local musicians can get a leg up while helping everybody else get down, all it takes is a short shuffle east of town in spring and fall to kick out the jams while sampling local cuisine provided by The Wooden Nickel.

Best Diner Ladies- Uptown Café

The Uptown ladies have a baseball bat – if you get too rowdy they pull it out and shake it at you. Most of these women like motorcycles and can give you scenic descriptions of their last ride. They have tattoos. They are bad ass— so are the lunch specials and their habit of refilling your coffee cup every 30 seconds. Uptown Café is only open from 5 am until the early afternoon – probably because these women need to feel the wind blow through their hair on the open highway. It's located on the East side of the square a few doors from China Palace.

Best Place for Native American Ponchos- The Green Door

The Green Door is for the rustic Kirksvillian. This little shop has countless Native American made products like hand-woven blanket, bags, ponchos, carvings, jewelry, drums, dream catchers, saddle bags etc. The Green Door doubles as a tobacco shop with many different blends of pipe tobacco and a hookah lounge in the back. The Hookah lounge rate is fairly steep (one for \$12/ two for \$15), but this new addition is the first of its kind in Kirksville, and it is decked out with leather couches and pictures of grimacing cowboys. Finally, The Green Door sells beer and liquor brewing kits. In Summary, with a little help from The Green Door you can smoke, ride, dance, and drink. Yeehaw! The Green Door is located on the South side of the square.

Best Nomadic Art Orgy-

Tom Thumb

tom thumb comes but once a year. ask your friends- it definitely leaves an impression. this year's artistic explosion goes down the weekend of April 8.

Best "WTF?" Place- Rhinehearts

The Rhinehearts cat drags its tail across the spines of dusty records, past the display cabinet of old nintendo consoles, it hops up and nuzzles its cheek up against the corner of a stack of vintage books, setting its eyes to the hookah tobacco collection, and then onward, towards its favorite place to nap... beneath the hippy skirts. There's porn, smokes, books, games, VHS, DVD, records, tapes, all the hasbeens that we cling to because they retain that nice 'vibe'. WTF?

Best Free Date Place- Truman Observatory

A few days every month you can take your date down to the Truman farm, zoom that big telescope into the starry sky, and contemplate the universe. Look at the moon's mysterious surface and learn how the big telescope works. The farm is set amidst the wide and open Midwest landscape, and behind it sits Rainbow Basin (the abandoned and dilapidated ski-resort). The observatory building can be easily seen from the larger parking lot on the farm. Consult <http://observatory.truman.edu/> for the open-house dates and directions.

Best Smell on the Street- Chen's Palace

You're walking and then your nose overrides all your other senses, the smell is strong, you come to halt. You stand there smelling Chen's Palace for a few minutes, forgetting where you were going in the first place. It's the best smell on the street. Even if you're too poor to eat at Chen's Palace, just smelling the food is pretty satisfying.

Best Cheap Hair Cut- The Hair Acad- emy

They'll turn you into their guinea pig, but you'll have the last laugh (unless they mess up your hair). Don't worry, there are specialists keeping a fairly close watch as hair-care students learn how to master their trade. If you can handle the risk... they'll do a lot of styling for less green. Located on the East row of the square.

BEST \$1 COFFEE- Mocha Hut

Across the street from the post office and only three blocks north of campus, Mocha Hut serves up an impressive array of teas and imported coffees. A cozy atmosphere, good tunes, and the best-pulled Espresso in town makes this the place to fuel up in the morning or take your crush for a cheap drink and good conversation. Try their dirty chai for a jolt of inspiration, or eat a dunken donut for a jolt of sin-spiration.

Best Concept for an Establishment- Geno's 70's Club

Nothing says "Party Like It's 1999" like partying in 1979. Geno's 70s Club dials back the clocks to a time when going out to dance meant light-up dance floors and music that would become classic. Careful not to anger the silhouette dancer.

Best Film Festival- Truman International Film Festival

This film festival is the shit. Back me up film buffs. At the 2009 Truman International Film Festival: Il y a longtemps que je t'aime (a film about a woman returning from a 15 yr prison sentence), Eldorado (two men, one road trip, lots of cross country growing up to do), XXy (a tender film about conflicts that plague a 15 yr old intersex person), Les chansons d'amour (a French musical about fluid sexuality). After you see these films talk them over with some pie at Shitties.

Best 24/hr joint- Pancake City

For those late nights that turn into early mornings, or if you just want the best Southwest Omelette in town, followed by a pile of cheddar nugs and a country fried steak, Pancake City is the sitdown holy grail for everyone who loves the nightlife as much as they love soul food.

BEST THING TO SEE WHEN LOOKING UP- Statue on Top of the Court House

Lady Justice is blind, so who knows what she sees as she watches over downtown, sword at the ready. But we take comfort in her unwavering resolve to administer justice free of outside influence. Embodied in her are the ideals of American justice embodied in our legal system: partying like there is no tomorrow, and hoping you don't get caught.



reviews

patti smith: just kids book review by | brie vuagniaux

Patti Smith, considered ‘the godmother of punk’, isn’t pretty. She has brown teeth— open wide on stage leaking a husky tone busted by bloated words and strung-out over electric guitars. Her hair is electric. It frizzes out in all directions like snakes. It is gray now and her teeth under a few more stains, her tour schedule is online. Just Kids is her memoir, released in 2010.

It revolves around her dynamic relationship with photographer Robert Mapplethorpe, a story he asked her to tell but was not able to read before his death. Just Kids begins in a small town – Germantown, Pennsylvania—with Patti Smith playing war in an abandoned field with small friends; two more pages and she is a pregnant teenager; a few more still and she is homeless in New York City. I hope I didn’t spoil anything for you, after all, it’s only the first 20 pages. More important than plot (because if you’re a Patti Smith fan you already know the plot) is the poetry. Her writing puts me in the grips of a panic attack: why am I not grinding harder against life?



Her poetry lingers over the hard realities that she and Robert Mapplethorpe explored to get out of obscurity (and ignorance) and into the New York City art scene. Following their calling as artists, they cling to the commandment— ‘know thyself’ —and through their respective careers filet their inner-worlds. Just Kids is on sale at the Truman Bookstore and a copy exists in the Truman Library.

LOCAL BAND SPOTLIGHT band review | john hitzel

January 14th was a night to be reckoned with, a night the heathens came out to romp into bluestown, a night the dejected stared heavy-eyed into the bottoms of shotglasses. The DuKum Up hosted a double-headed force the likes of which had not been witnessed since Blueshog broke up...again. Anurag Pant’s volcanic presence set the crowd a’grindin’, stirring up the swarm of souls into cobalt dust, summoning demons to aid his message of frustrated love. He’s too loud for a bluesman. But who said the blues shouldn’t be wailed? Whoever they is, they ain’t got the blues.

They covered a slew of blues standards. Double-lead guitarists Manish Joshi and Gaurab Rimal laid back into Stevie Ray Vaughan and Hendrix, melting faces with their guitars. Opening with the king’s “Jailhouse Rock,” they trekked with Muddy Waters through the delta and up into Chicago, taking us across the pond to the staging grounds of the British invasion via The Yardbirds and The Beatles. Drummer Jeremy Little and keyboardist Devin Cline held up this crooked spine on classic rockers like CCR’s “Susie Q” and Cream’s “Sunshine of Your Love,” Pant pushing, urging, shoving the band into a repeat double-encore of “Why Don’t We Do It In the Road?”

Witness the sexaphonic tectonics that is Smoke Signals at the benefit concert for The Monitor sometime next month at the DuKum Up.



ACTivism Corner

January 20, 2010- L. I Iles
Book Reading

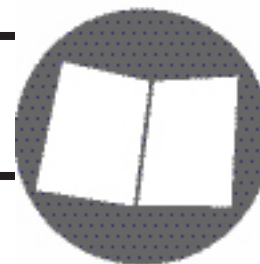


Larry Iles is a common character on campus as a well known intellectually interactive and leftist force. Simply say “Hello” to Iles and you will likely be off to the races discussing Kirksville and international political agendas regarding the environment, women, and animals— basically any group that is under-voiced in the political ring. Iles has just published his first book titled *The Progressive Left Centre Animal Lover Legacy*.

Iles’ book spotlights animal activists George Greenwood and Vera Terrington in their battle in the 1920s British parliament against animal cruelty. Among their accomplishments, Terrington investigated the horrific state of the popular British circus and discovered the performing animals being routinely mutilated, as the circus women were simultaneously sexually exploited. Larry trumpeted, “...children shouldn’t be made to laugh at animals doing strange things...”, as he connected the normalizing of this behavior to the demoralizing of both humans and animals in British society.

The Progressive Left Centre Animal Lover Legacy directs our attention to the state of animals, and further, shows its reader how our treatment of the natural world affects human-to-human relations. Can anyone say Eco-feminism? Like, if you mutilate an elephant, you hold less regard for life in general and will be more likely to abuse members of our species. This book relays the strong message to being more inclusive towards our marginalized members and towards other species, and to do this in the political arenas, where the battle against commercial interests is a hard one indeed.

Copies of *The Progressive Left Centre Animal Lover Legacy* can be found at Hastings, Hidden Treasures, on Iles’ person. Copies exist in the Truman Library as well. In reading this book one can take notes on how to think like an activist by extending sensitivity as Iles repeatedly does.



CHECK OUT THE BLOG AT TRUMANMONITOR.WORDPRESS.COM FOR EVEN MORE CONTENT! LEAVE US YOUR COMMENTS, BROWSE PAST ISSUES, AND JOIN THE FOREVER PARTY THAT IS THE INTERNET.



He Made A Picture Of Satan by Chris Drew

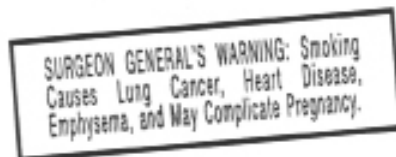
The Boy sat in front of the stove fire place in his family's living room. He sat there lighting more and more bits of things and shoving them into the iron stove, but they did not start the logs and he was running out of matches. He found a news paper. He split it in half. He split one half into thirds. He coiled the whole half and shoved it under the logs. He spaced each of the three sixths intermittently under the logs as well.

He lit a match and in one series of elegant dips lit each of the three sixths. They were dry and caught easily. The flames danced with each other. The dancers ignited each other. The half roll caught and sputtered out flames of greens and blues that the boy smiled at.

He watched the fire. The plas-matic bursts of impossible shades of color bending around themselves.

He made a picture of Satan out of two twigs that had finally begun to burn.

The Smoker's Lounge Olivia Sandbothe and Aaron Roberts



Raves (L - F)

Aaron's Thoughts:



Despite being the second cheapest brand available at your local gas station, Raves pack in the taste of more expensive options. True Americans will appreciate the red and white box designed to evoke a sense of patriotism, I'm certain. Despite some positives, Raves serve primarily as an efficient nicotine delivery system.

Olivia's Thoughts:



These evocatively-named smokes are a little bit harsh, but in the cold weather it's nice to have something that burns. Good nose, slightly flowery. You can tell they're cheap but not in that are-these-made-of-garbage way that you might get from something in the Decades range. The biggest drawback is that they smoke too fast.

Newport Non-Menthol (L - F)

Aaron's Thoughts:



Long term readers will remember my trashing of the original Newport Menthols. The removal of the menthol flavoring strips Newports of their only redeeming trait. The new Newport Non-Menthols have managed to create an entirely new smoke taste—bland. These cigarettes are *the worst!*

Olivia's Thoughts:

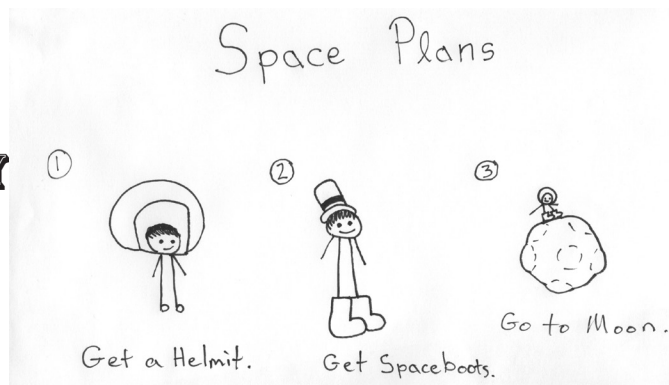


With this new non-menthol edition, menthol haters like me finally get to taste the Newport experience. It turns out we weren't missing much. The super-short filter makes this a kind of cool-looking cig but the flavor just isn't there. If you want to spend ten minutes smoking a cigarette that gives nothing back— well, they're cheaper than Spirits.

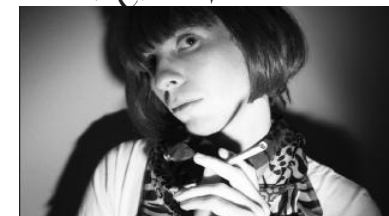
Legend

M—Menthol F—Filter NF— Non-Filter C—Clove
L— Low Cost A— Average Cost E— Expensive

COMICS BY RYAN MOORE



Queen Astra



Let the stars be your guide!

Aries (March 21-April 19)
Buy it! Buy it now!

Taurus (April 20 - May 20)

I know you haven't checked your email, but you've already been dropped from two of your classes for poor attendance. On the bright side, your avatar had a awesome week.

Gemini (May 21 - June 21)

All of your friends are pissed that you blew off the road trip you've been planning for months. Probably shouldn't have interpreted that 'Visit Kansas' ad so urgently last night.

Cancer (June 22 - July 22)

She's probably secretly into you but just real shy or busy or something. Text her again.

Leo (July 23 - August 22)

This very week at work you are going to make a very clever and witty observation. It will be poorly received the next forty times you try and retell it.

Virgo (August 23 - Sept. 22)

You will be in a bad mood. You are always in a bad mood and too sensitive about what gets published in the paper.

Libra (September 23 - October 22)

Shut up! You are like... so totally pretty. oh my god :)

Scorpio (October 23 - November 21)

You're right. Your significant other is cheating on you. Break into their facebook account and change their name to "Turd Cocoon" before you kids talk it out. Again.

Sagittarius (November 22 - December 21)

Your significant other will complain that you are becoming too distant and detached. You will ignore the text message.

Ophiuchus (November 29 - December 17)

See the other dates in parentheses? This is not your sign. This is not a real sign. Nonetheless, you will find luck in the number 13! Finally. Unless, of course, this is your sign.

Capricorn (December 22 - January 19)

Do not stop in Soda Springs. Keep up the grueling pace. You can still hunt squirrel and rabbit to feed your dysentery-prone party.

Aquarius (January 20 - February 18)

This month you will eat lots of Ramen and spaghetti. Consider changing your political affiliation to the "Rent is Too Damn High" Party.

Pisces (February 19 - March 20)

Remember all that really cute stuff your cat did this week? Nobody cares about any of that. Not even the internet. Not even your cat.

The Monitor wants your funk, your stank, your sweat.
Your words. Hear that? Thats the sound of your mama.
Submitting to the Monitor. Yeah. Send us all your
sexiness. No, too low. Higher. Yes. Right there at
monitor.truman@gmail.com. M-hmm.
Oo-hoh yeah. --JHH

Iron Lung

I guess there are a few ways to say this
If I were my mother I'd tell you that
You were my sunshine.
The large saffron sphere that I diligently orbit
around year after year.
But that doesn't quite work, since you're far
From ever being considered warm or brilliant.
If I were my father I'd say that you're my
Sweetie-Pie—homemade and all-american.
But I know that you don't like desserts,
And you always seem to fall short of being sweet,
Or even comforting.
My brother, he would probably call you
Righteous-- but that couldn't be further
From the truth. You're always wrong, twisting and
Turning every word tighter than the knot
On the top of a noose.
But I've thought about it, a little bit.
I've let the words fester for awhile
Let the infection set in.
And to tell you the truth, Darling,
You're nothing if not my iron lung
My very own negative pressure ventilator.
Cold and hollow and darker than the bruises
On the knees of the boys outside.
You force my breath in and out
Alternating intrathoracic pressure,
But I don't want you to get the wrong idea
All I'm saying is, you keep me breathing.

Maurine Pfuhlakov

Still Life Of A Broken Heart

A rusty harmonica lies
At the bottom of a box
Wailing the faintest ghost of the blues.
And dying to a bent note in E major
Is a chain of wilted white daisies,
Tied together by brittle stems,
Yearning once more to adorn
The crown of someone's head.

Meredith Rupp

Before Dreams

Lady Sleep is after me. She rowed through black water in a wooden canoe and now she stands before me. She whispers a siren song, a siren song so peaceful, so peaceful that I think of my grandmother's apron and a snow-covered forest and the first time I saw a butterfly. The wind wraps her hair around me, tendrils of cherry-colored curls and I am caught. Her pale blue eyes are a lullaby and her canoe a bed. We drift away and I remember a daydream I once had a lifetime ago. I smell cinnamon and I see rocky cliffs and rusty nails and white cotton balls. Somewhere in a different universe, a harp is plucking its own strings. I am sinking into the night sky as the stars smile and Lady Sleep hums.

Meredith Rupp

Waving my arm.

The winter-bleached tree was not made to die
In waving winter wind.
Like the buried bones of Goliath's hand
Gesturing from earth to sky.

The waterfall of fire-visions:
In red sour summer
The sun's yellow acid
Melts through placid iron
Riverbeds which
Crackle as I pass,
A flaming river
Undying, unerring, unfading,
As earth-borne rivermade scars,
In the flame my flag's cloth cannot be moth-eaten,
In the flame my spirit is the rock that does not erode,
In the flame my heart sees a procession coming.

Sons and daughters of the spinning stone,
Dress, quickly dress.
Array, arrange, ornament,
You think some deity passes
Dress, quickly dress
My heart sees a procession coming
Sons and daughters of the spinning stone.

Too many bright songs lit you,
You sequin-dotted peacocks
You hens of tinsel drape.

Where is the grey garb you left behind?
Where the red knives you gave my breast?
In the water, in the valley, in the river flowing red
From destiny kept hidden,
Hidden from the light,
From the tiger no deer can hide,
From the wind no refuge for the tree,
From you I can not be alone in any place,

The lamp within revealing the location of the cave
The sky-waving hand marks the grave,
Even when in the ground, buried, I am
By my own branch betrayed.

Zeeshan Reshamwala

Ehe Blind Behemoth

Brooding flicks at ivory keys beg the ice to
Melt bits of sky falling on pasts remembered through
Open windows, closed on caution to move into
Temporary philosophies grazing blossomed fogbells
Hung on haloed candelight

Claire Bowman, John Hitzel, Andrew Kindiger

Teddy Bear

What a childish whim I have! To
Cling to this possession; white fur that
Smells of thick jungle and a memory
of a man with eyes as turquoise
as the dark veins that line my arms,
Shooting life through narrow paths into me;
The bear's predecessor sits behind it;
Nothing but it's designated stool
Surrounded by nothing but memories and

empty

space

waiting to be filled.
Isn't it a shame that the hole will never close?

Melissa Aholt
Editor: David Winn

Willing to Try Anything (Except Hamburger)

Ten thirty shouldn't feel so early
I woke up, but kept dreaming
Living life sporty, but damn lazy
Did not pass go, collected anyway

Just trying to savor every moment
Willing to try anything (except hamburger)
Hungover, is class almost over?
I'm forgetting by remembering other things
Still haven't grown up yet...

Mirror Image: Smile slowly diminishes
Tears are a part of growing up
Snow underfoot, fake on my face
Dancing endlessly, annihilating my stress entirely
Seeking mirror, not in a funhouse

Learning to fly, despite broken wings
Have liftoff, expect turbulence, dread landing
Feet can drag, but Angels carry
Falling behind, I will catch up

I live in a box, tragic

by English 204-05:

Recreation Sky

Lunging forward on the blue
track, I think about all
the genuflecting I did
in my youth. Looking up
to the divine metal
of recreation sky,
sweat skis the slaloms,
the tired terrain of my morning
face. How can I

seek the fullest
expression of myself
as a human
being on earth when
I'm not sure earth
is where

I belong.
I plunge into one
last lunge.
Wiping perspiration,
I move
forward.

Matt Felzke