

the monitor

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a campus collective

from the editors

the monitor
a campus collective
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We meet every other Tuesday at 8 pm in the 2nd floor computer lab in Pickler Library. Contact us to learn more about getting involved.

Work may be submitted to the Monitor via e-mail. All submissions will be considered for publication. Please limit your writings to 1200 words. 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

So you are holding in your hands the second Monitor to be published in the space of a month! You heard that right. *Shit*, we are on top of things this year. In fact, we had more than enough material to print this time around, so we've actually, like, edited (most) everything that you're reading. Brace yourself, because this may just be the best monitor *ever*. But we've got some work to do unless we want this one to go down in history as “the one where we blew our whole load and never published again.”

First, we entirely plan on printing one more edition before the year is out, and there's much space to be filled in those pages. Are you an artist? We haven't been getting as much artwork as we'd hoped for this semester (and what we have gotten is almost entirely photography, which is a little short of our diversity goals). So send us what you've got (even if it is more photography). We know that you have journals full of embarrassing poetry lying around and we won't laugh, we promise. We love your poetry, baby, and we always have. If you're creative in any conceivable way and you've just been waiting for the motivation to go public with it, consider this your sign.

We are also in search of some timely news and opinion. The Monitor has a long history of oscillation between newspaper and zine territory but right now it's our editorial goal to be as current and as world-conscious as possible. We live in interesting times, my friends, and that makes for some very interesting writing. If you know

about a cool project (or an outrageous travesty) going down here in the community, we want you to tell us about it. And if you've been shaking your fist at CNN for the last few weeks, this can be your space to vent. Don't worry if you're not a journalism major-- the whole idea behind this collective is to get ordinary citizens thinking and talking about the events that effect us. Students, faculty, Kirksville residents-- we want to know what YOU think (and don't let a few goons in Wisconsin scare you away from our fine institution, lefty profs!).

We also need financial help to keep going at this pace. It's only thanks to some extraordinarily generous alumni and professors that we are alive at all this year, and we need more support to keep going in the future. You may see us panhandling on the quad in upcoming weeks, so be prepared to open your hearts and your change purses on behalf of a Truman institution. A few dollars isn't much to give in the name of having an alternative voice in town. We humbly assert that the Monitor is a little more interesting than most college papers, and having it around makes us feel a bit more optimistic about living in Kirksville-- that's why we decided to devote our time to this thing in the first place (what, did you think we were planning on putting this on our resumes or something?) and we hope that you feel the same way. You're already reading, and thank you for that. You might as well join the effort. See you next month.

illustration by linh dao

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in the news

Egypt's people demand equality, not just change

by omar sheira and ahmed khalifa

In light of the extraordinary events revolving around the 25th of January Revolution, it became evident that a corrupt and ineffective regime would soon come to an end. Those who took to the streets were unified in one sense: they all sought an end to a repressive system, which crippled their livelihood for too long. With poverty, unemployment, corruption and despotism being an inherent element within the life of an average Egyptian, the masses mobilized in an impressive display of solidarity. The main intent was to express the collective anger and defiance of the nation, demanding immediate change. Although the Tunisian Revolution played a decisive role in igniting public sentiment within Egypt, one must consider and take into account the daily hindrances and impediments faced by the average citizen. Traits and symptoms of an authoritarian presence in one's daily affairs are all too familiar. Whether one is coerced to pay a bribe to fulfill an errand or avoid a fine, or whether one has to have state connections or contacts to get a decent job or complete a bureaucratic process, these issues remind one of a negligent and unaccountable government. Instead of the value of a citizen being accorded to what one accomplishes and provides for society, it is instead measured with what one has and whom one knows.

It has become evident for anyone with eyes to see, that the disparity in living standards between wealthy and poor is appalling and increases exponentially. One has come to realize how deeply rooted nepotism and institutional corruption is in this hierarchical system. Despite this, all different colors and forms of Egyptian society assembled on the 25th of January, in an inspiring fashion of organization and unity with each another. Perhaps what made this revolution such a groundbreaking and momentous movement is that all different segments and strata of society showed up to express their common grievances. Both Muslim and Christian, wealthy and poor, old and young stood side by side as a cohesive and fused unit. The harmony and collective ethos of the masses in this revolution was unprecedented and revealed something important: a decisive and immediate change in political, economic and societal affairs was imperative and non-negotiable.

Who would have thought that one of the most powerful and resilient regimes in the region would suffer its downfall at the hands of a peaceful White Revolution. Several critics, skeptics and opponents of the 25th of January movement raised the same question: after Mubarak, what next? The same question lingers in the mind of many Egyptians till this day. Due to Mubarak's



lengthy and long-lasting reign, people found it inconceivable to picture a different leader, for Mubarak portrayed the “eternal father” of the nation. It is essential for this mentality to change in order for equal representation to occur in a new democratic Egypt, where human rights and dignity are treasured. Instead of being subjected to social harassment or discrimination, a national should understand his or her importance, responsibility and value in society. Yet due to governmental corruption, industrial monopolies and an exploitation of national resources, both the country and its citizen have been unable to benefit from their nation's wealth. In fact, Egypt finds itself in a detrimental deadlock, importing many commodities, which it has the capacity to produce, and relying on foreign industries instead of nourishing its own.

Now that the regime has crumbled, a new day may dawn for Egypt, where finally people have a say in national affairs, where human rights, equality and unity is preserved regardless of one's status, background or wealth in society. When asking the Egyptian people “what's the one thing that bothers you the most in your country?” the immediate and most frequent answer is not poverty, unemployment, illiteracy, pollution or inflation. The most frequent response is that there is such a disparity between Egypt's potential in terms of output, development and wealth, and the actual reality on the ground. With Egypt being rich with resources, scientists and intellectuals, cultural civilization and a potent and hungry workforce, all the right ingredients are present for a great nation to exist. Yet sadly, things are easier said than done. Now that the old structure of power has fallen, a new system with fresh principles and values can be born, where we can realize our true potential. Yet it is up to every individual to embrace one's duties and responsibilities and work towards rebuilding and nurturing our motherland.

Why Wisconsin Matters

by marc becker

Labor protests stretched on for weeks at Wisconsin's state capitol building in Madison after the Republican governor Scott Walker and Republican-controlled senate and assembly pushed for legislation that would eliminate most collective bargaining rights for most public workers.

This assault on workers' rights is an assault on all of us. We all need to pay attention to what is happening in Wisconsin and fight against it.

Republicans rule on the principle that poor people have way too much money and corporations do not have nearly enough. Their solution to that problem is to give humongous tax breaks to wealthy corporations and then claim a budget crisis to reduce the wages and benefits for public workers. That is exactly what Walker did in Wisconsin.

Downward pressure on the wages of public workers in one state creates downward pressure on workers everywhere. Strong unions with collective bargaining rights, on the other hand, increase income for everyone and are what made the middle class possible in the United States.

Truman State University faculty are not unionized and among the worst paid faculty members not only in Missouri but throughout the United States. Across the border in Iowa, faculty members at the University of Northern Iowa, an institution very similar to TSU, have collective bargaining and therefore receive much higher salaries.

Wisconsin governor Walker plays on a politics of fear in which he wants the rest of us to resent public employees who have collective bargaining rights and as a result receive higher compensation packages than those of us who do not have those rights. The reality, however, is that those collective bargaining rights put upward pressure on everyone's salaries. If it were not for collective bargaining at UNI, TSU faculty would be paid even less. And that is why Republicans are so desperate to break unions.

The country is not broke. We are only seeing an unprecedented upward redistribution of wealth. The result is skyrocketing income inequality, with worker wages stagnating and even declining as the wealth of the upper one percent of the population rises quickly. The result will be the destruction of the middle class. Republican policies assure that this happens not only in Wisconsin but for everyone across this country.

When Republicans promise to create jobs, they envision creating low-wage jobs to replace ones that are paid much higher salaries with better benefits. Their goal is to increase corporate profits, but even that goal is shortsighted because low-wage laborers have less money to spend that would help pad their bottom line.

more news

Student Senate candidate emphasizes new leadership style

The Monitor spoke with Ryan Nely, the sophomore challenging Isaac Robinson for the position of Student Senate President.

Monitor: What prompted you to run? What do you hope to change in the way that Student Senate works now?

There are problems with priorities in Student Senate now. The senate is not in line with the wishes of most students and it's uneasy with new student programs. I wasn't really motivated to run until this incident with the bike co-op. To me that revealed a lot of the issues with the current leadership. They were unwilling to spend the money that the co-op needed, when that's a program that people all across the Northeast Missouri area really need. But at the same time they spend too much money on the Senate itself.

Monitor: You're already a member of Student Senate. Why couldn't you simply push for these changes from your current position?

Most students don't know how the Senate works. The president is pretty powerful-- that's who appoints the committee chairs, who have most of the decision-making influence. The rest of us get to approve those chairs, but he appoints them. Also, he can veto anything that the Senate passes, and it takes a two-thirds majority to override that. We had voted almost unanimously to make Truman at the Capitol a standing resolution, which would mean that it would be automatically included in the budget each year. But Isaac vetoed it, and after that, many of the people he had voted in favor originally decided not to vote for the override. That's the influence that the President wields. He also has the most control in writing the budget, which is the most important thing that we do.

Monitor: So what kinds of changes in Senate policy would you make?

I would make the bike co-op a permanent budget item, for one. They had even cut their needed costs to six hundred dollars. That's a drop in the bucket with our budget. My top priority is sustainability. Right now that seems to be the last priority for Senate. The top priority now is bolstering the Senate's own image.

By sustainability I mean both environmental sustain-

Oppression of the Internet and Why it Sucks by anonymous

In light of the recent upheavals in Egypt and other Middle Eastern countries, along with the massive leak of government information by WikiLeaks, corporations and the government alike have sought to put a leash on the information superhighway.

Last year congress pushed a bill called the Combating Online Infringement and Counterfeits Act (COICA, S.3804). The bill would have created two blacklists of Internet domains that Internet service providers and other media outlets would be required to block. The first list would require a court order to add to, but the other one would be controlled directly by the Attorney General, without any oversight. The lists would be used to block sites "dedicated to infringing activity," and that terminology is open to interpretation. Even websites like YouTube could end up being blocked because some, not even most, of the content could be considered copyright infringement. Luckily the bill came late to the 2010 congress, and so was defeated when the



ability and financial sustainability. But frankly, cutting the budget does not need to be the means to that. The OAF report does not change the Student Senate budget this year. We have the same amount to spend as ever. It's frustrating that Senate is trying to conserve so much when that money will just sit there as a result. In ten years, no one is going to remember that Isaac cut the budget to its lowest level. But people would remember if this was the year that the bike co-op or another sustainability program died.

Monitor: You say that you want more student input. How do you plan to get that?

Right now I think it's unclear for most people what the Senate does. In the past we've taken suggestions and gotten some pretty useful ideas-- simple things like making more convenient office hours and making the budget more available to students. But the idea has always been that a student that wants to give input for us needs to come to a Senate meeting, which can be a really intimidating experience. Not everybody is free at the time when we meet. I want to have open forums once or twice a month in a central place like the SUB. Maybe we won't get that much more feedback than we do now, but at the very least people will know more about what we're doing.

Monitor: What else should students know about you before they vote?

I'm going to be approachable. I will take this job seriously, but I will never take myself too seriously. That's something we have a problem with now. I just want to serve my year and step aside gracefully.

In honor of hopefully the only deferred TSU Annual Gender Studies Conference, A REMINDER OF THE POLITICAL PIONEERESS THAT WAS G. SAND by Larry Iles

Alert MONITOREERS will be, rightly, missing something this last March. The famous, customary TSU Gender Studies Conference has had to be "deferred", in event up until later this year. This is no fault due at all in originator status to its veteran, English Professor Dr. Linda Seidel who, sagely, long ago "forewarned" colleagues and regular contributors like myself, that sheer exhaustion in preparation "tire" would preclude her from this Amazonian task, in future! Nor is this to let off the lazy hook, other professors and instructors like Frenchist and Russianist teacher couple, P. and F. Leaque and F. Beane, whose public catalog TSU timetable freedom, pay scales, both show plenty of free time to organizer step into the organizer breach; if indeed politely they could be so student/administration bestirred to step into the vacancy breach.

In an effort to, NOW, fill the consequent gap, ranking senior French and Quebecois feminist TSU professor, Dr Betty Louise McLane-ILES, and her students' French Survey Literature Class invited me, as a published US THE CHARTIST journal independent historian on French novelist G. Sand the last decade. To March 17 last talk on her to round off their segment on the early French writer nineteenth century Romantics; to talk specifically on her as A POLITICAL PIONEERESS. Despite indeed three book English language biographies alone of Sand in the last quarter century, Sand as a political writer is herself still vastly a neglected item, not least by Lecaques' own chauvinistic French themselves. Many of maledom whom, do too openly "Right" and "Centre", repine her as in all senses, "Leftist", a smoker deviant, or, contradictorily, an ineffectual "girlish" only emotive "sentimentalist", destructive of their nepotistic and do-nothing, over-comfortable existences!

In fact, Sand us today better known, if at all, for her lesbian bisexuality in Parisian saloon, cafe worlds and her ill-fated love affairs with music composers like the Pole, Frederic Chopin even in pursuit of him over rocky Alpine Italy. Than for any of her far greater more amazing, political accomplishments, that both arguably foreshadowed democratic, modern peaceful Socialism, and, yes, all kinds of non-Andrea Dworkin, non-Puritan "sexy" brands of enjoyable sexual liberationist feminisms. All of the 3 most recent Sand film blockbuster versions from indeed the chatty Anglo-Australian, USA impromptu to the very French colourful CHILDREN OF THE CENTURY and the anti-female, dark scenario Polish defensive CHOPIN all, alas, fortify the anti-political, ever birdbrained imagery against her integrity reality. They are thin caricatures.

switch." However, this year the bill was revised and reintroduced specifically prohibiting "any officer or employee of the United States Government [to] have authority to shut down the Internet." This sounds like a win for us information liberals, however the main purpose of the bill is to grant that "kill switch" power to portions of the Internet in case of "cyberemergency." So basically if even some high school script kiddie decides to poke around the government's servers a bit too much, all of his town, region, or even his whole Internet service provider could be taken down.

All of this legislation, failed or in progress, evidences how the current administration, legislation, and even courts are against the very nature of the Internet: freedom of information. What we need to do as informed individuals is help spread the word about these oppressive actions, educate the public, and let our representatives know that WE DO NOT STAND FOR THIS.

the serious backpacker's guide to Europe by Sabrina Shively

Sabrina has spent 6 months backpacking across Europe, 11 months traveling thru Europe in total. Most recently she backpacked 3 months straight on a \$5000 budget. Sabrina works in the study abroad office, which holds a travelling-abroad info session every Wed. VH 1140 at 6 PM. You can contact her at sms4358@truman.edu.

Companionship

- If you are comfortable with logistics, go solo.
- It's easier to be in a pair with a ying/yang-- NEVER go in odd numbers (best as 2 or 4).
- Burn out is possible. Talk about splitting up on good terms and meeting back later.
- If you go with a "significant other," you must want to see the same things.
- Your companion will be your "traveling roommate"-- a very intense relationship.

Money

- Log all spending in a small journal for detailed budgeting, then cut costs.
- Hostel kitchens almost always have leftover food.
- \$5000 for 3 months of backpacking was a "tight" budget- It all depends on how you want to live.
- Get global bank account and tell bank which countries

age of e-nlightenment: digital love for the liberal-arts snob editorial by olivia sandbothe

Every time I'm home for break I have this conversation with my mom at least once:

"Twenty minutes ago you said you were almost done with the computer and you're still on the internet. Stop fucking around."

"Mom, I'm reading the Atlantic. The articles are very long." (long pause, because she can't get mad at me for doing something smart)

"Oh sure. You're on facebook, aren't you?"

This is one of my least favorite things about the internet, especially if you're using a laptop. No matter what you're doing you get the same look in your eyes, the same hand motions on the scroll pad. There's no outwardly visible difference between FreeCell and serious stuff (or, failing that, between FreeCell and the casual appreciation of long-form journalism, which isn't nothing). This has been an occasional point in the "how the internet is changing everything" discussion, but usually the concern runs in the opposite direction-- with a screen to yourself, no one will know when you *aren't* doing something worthwhile. I mean I guess sometimes people joke that e-book readers make it impossible to show the world that you're reading *Ulysses*. But mostly when people talk about it they're talking about how computers let us sneakily dick around, like that tetris scene in "Office Space."

Which is weird because the internet is the ultimate tool for being sneakily smart. Have you seen Google Books lately? Last semester I had to write a research paper for which I needed to get my hands on some special archives and manuscript collections. Truman's library couldn't get the materials on loan from the library that had it and the state archives weren't willing to help me. I thought that I'd just have to go to my professor empty-handed. But then I thought to Google those things-- and like half of the stuff that I needed was just hanging out in full form on the internet. Whoa. Using your laptop to assess the political apparatus behind Westward expansion while you're sitting in your living room with Kid

features



Sabrina has been to all these places.

you will be in (by phone), or they will shut off your account.

Travel

- Use "Lets Go Europe" or "Lonely Planet" travel guides.
- "Post up" in peak seasons (they are most expensive); "travel" in offseason (it is less busy and you get the 'local' experience).
- Don't look American- no sneakers, sweats, or t-shirts. Wear fashionable cloths
- Store email, phone number, headquarters of bank, contact for embassy, future and current hostel contact, copy of plane and train confirmations on your person at

all times.

Gear

- Backpack-- NOT a rolling bag-- and a day pack that fits inside backpack
- Miniature everything (even toothbrush) you can replenish at hostels
- A bag scale (\$10 online) to avoid fines and tossing stuff
- A camping towel
- Tide packs for hand washing cloths
- A personal lock to put on hostel lockers (the hostel locks are often scams)
- Store cash and important info in secret pockets to avoid pick-pocketing.

Highlights of Europe

- Croatia- untouched, not full of tourists, friendly locals, beautiful place.
- Rome- spend 4-7 days. Enchanting city.
- Barcelona- great nightlife. Go to the Alhambra castle in Grenada. It's a jewel.
- Porto, Portugal- laid back city, home of the Porto wine. Beach city.
- Paris - for the art.
- Budapest, Hungary- baths, culture, and nightlife.
- Prague- go outside the city to the surrounding villages and see the concentration camps.
- Berlin - global melting pot for free thinkers.
- Brugge, Belgium- beer capital. Every flavor, type, blend, brew. Visit the monks' breweries.

pretentious (not that that's incompatible with being pasty and dead-eyed). It takes maybe ten minutes to figure out which written work represents Bertrand Russell's most essential contribution to the theory of whatever and then to find the full text and two scholarly articles explaining what it means, and within a couple of hours I sound like I have a deep background in snooty intellectualism. I'm not sure if that's faking it or not, but there's nothing wrong with learning a little about something new. Even the most superficial exposure to other people's ideas can kick-start our own creative processes. My mom probably doesn't realize how many of the dinner table conversations I've impressed her with are based on leisurely internet reading, not class work.

I guess what I'm trying to say is that "fucking around on the internet" and "being an informed, culturally enriched citizen" have pretty much merged, and so I don't understand why the internet still gets so much shit. We now have an entire genre of bestsellers and magazine cover stories (there was one in the Atlantic not long ago; you can read it online) devoted to hand-wringing over the information age. By these accounts the internet is an occasionally useful time suck at best and at worst a seedy morass of copyright infringement and soulless interactions. There's still the general assumption that those of us who read on paper are more educated than internet users. That's bullshit. There is just more good stuff to read on the internet than on paper. Maybe it's possible to have a wi-fi connection and gain nothing from it but a Farmville account and some bootleg James Cameron movies, but you'd almost have to try at it, wouldn't you?

Maybe I should be on the internet less than I am. I should do my homework instead of watching all of Carl Sagan's "Cosmos" on youtube. I should do actual research instead of just plugging interesting search terms into JSTOR to see what I get back. But that's an issue of my own time management skills, not a reflection on the value of the internet. The internet may or may not be the best thing about being alive in this era-- abolition of slavery and modern sanitation could give it a run for its money-- but it's way, way up there, and I don't see anything wrong with taking advantage of it.

alternative lifestyles

Shade Tree Collective brings urban sustainability to Kansas City

interview with rachel hogan by michelle martin



Even in the midst of broken urban neighborhoods, you can occasionally find a mission so filled with hope-and-goodness that it makes you giddy. I eagerly traipsed into one of these bright spots last summer. The Shade Tree Collective is a project that sprang up last fall in midtown Kansas City, Missouri. Last year Rachel Hogan and Jonathan Thatch, both Truman graduates, bought an abandoned house with the intent of modeling a sustainable urban home while giving back to their community. When I visited, I found a huge yard, with no lawn space wasted. The crops sprawled over all variety of patches and poles. I recently spoke with Rachel to learn about the progression of the house's mission since my visit last summer. Rachel, like two of her roommates, has previously lived at La Plata's homesteading experiment, the Possibility Alliance.

MONITOR: What is your vision for your project?

In Kansas City, as with a lot of urban areas—especially in what's called the urban core—there's a lot of neglect of the communities and people who live there. A lot of the people who live in our neighborhood are low-income households. Our goal was to take land that had become neglected and abandoned and turn it into something productive and beautiful for a whole community to share and be part of. This year we bought three naked lots that are adjacent to our property. Our land is now a half acre. Before we moved in, it had been sitting fallow for years growing mostly overgrown weeds and that's not something a community can take pride in.

We wanted to live in a community where traditionally people haven't had access to fresh foods. The grocery store that's nearest to us hardly sells any produce. One of our goals is to increase the availability of produce to low-income families in our neighborhood. This year we are planting about 20 fruit and nut trees, a huge wildflower patch, asparagus, and a blueberry patch. Last year we really focused on our garden, which produced a lot of vegetables and fruit, but this year we are digging into more perennial things that will be longstanding features for the ground.

MONITOR: Can you explain how your project can help meet the needs of your community?

One of our focuses is to cut out violence in our community. This is a neighborhood where you see police pretty much every day. There are drugs, there's prostitution. One way we are trying to address that is by adopting a more simple, self-sufficient lifestyle and really being open about it. We have a lot of neighborhood kids that are coming by and getting excited about being in the garden with us or helping us cut down some brush or manage the chickens.

The largest need I see is equal access to health, including mental health, diet, and the ability to connect with a beautiful space. There is not a park in this neighborhood. That would be totally unheard of in a wealthier part of town. There are spots for people to hang out on the bench under a tree, but there's not a park. There are empty lots that no one looks after, and there are buildings that fall on people, and I don't really want to live in a community that doesn't try to adjust those things.

MONITOR: How are you spreading your produce throughout the community?

We are not planning on developing a CSA or a farm because that requires a lot of presence, especially when you're doing everything organic. It's hard to say you're going to sell a crop and that you'll have it again next week. We have definitely talked about it for next year, and I think that the model that we would all like to see is a CSA, community supported agriculture, where we would have sliding scale memberships so a family who could pay the whole price would pay it and get their weekly drop off of fruits and vegetables and the families who couldn't would have a reduced membership rate.

And what we did last year that we plan on doing again this year was planting tons of extra and going out to our neighbors, our friends and families, and we dropped off loads at soup kitchens and the community food bank. One thing we are really passionate about is inviting people into our garden. People walk past us several times an hour when I'm out around the garden.

MONITOR: Have you encountered trouble with laws that limit urban farming?

Fortunately, Kansas City has a really great group of community activists on behalf of urban farmers. There's something called the Kansas City Center for Urban Agriculture, which is run by Katherine Kelly and Daniel Dermitzel, and they are two of the loudest, fiercest voices for farmers within city limits. I was actually part of a commission last year that addressed some of the zoning limitations within Kansas City, and one issue was the restrictions on the row crops in front yards. Another was zoning restrictions on having chickens within the city, and we were successful. There are restrictions on row crops in your front yard if they reach a certain height. Neighborhoods are able to make their own rules and regulations and if you fall on the other side of that they can fine you or take it up with the city council. Fortunately our neighborhood association doesn't really have a problem with urban farmers and we are off the beaten track a little bit, so our front yard has tons of crops in it and our gardens looks huge and sometimes overgrown, but we never encounter any issues.

You can contact Rachel Hogan at racheleehogan@gmail.com. The Shade Tree is located at 1310 E. 33rd St. Kansas City, MO.

Rot Riders bike food scraps toward compost bins

by michelle martin



A strong rumor persists that superheroes stealthily roam the suburban streets of Kirksville, MO. If you are vigilant, you might spot them on Sunday afternoon in their fleet of bicycles, furtively leaping from their vehicles to grab cartons of compost from select porches, then dumping the precious rotting food into one of the crates on the backs of their bicycle trailers. At the end of their quest, the Rot Riders distribute the rich compost amongst various community gardening programs, including the Communiversity Garden, Ray Miller's Green Thumb Garden, The Community Action Agency Garden, the Kirksville Permaculture Education Center and various local gardeners.

The Rot Riders' quest ends happily every week with the successful diversion of 80 gallons of food/yard waste from landfills (where the trapped, non-rotting food would emit unfriendly greenhouse gases into our air), the replacement of car fuels with non-carbon-emitting human power, and the distribution of compost amongst the community.

For ultimate clarification, the Rot Riders are a bicycle-powered community service program that picks up food scraps and organic waste from houses around Kirksville, transforming waste into rich gardening fertilizer. They ride every Sunday at one, with two bike trailers in tow. Currently, the Rot Riders pick up about 80 gallons of food/yard waste at 30 houses every week.

The Rot Riders' concept of a bicycle pickup service was born of the fertile ground of Grassroots Environmentalism, a student-taught course emphasizing hands-on solutions to environmental obstacles. The inspiration rose from the Pedal People, a bicycle-powered delivery and pickup project in Northampton, Massachusetts that started small but eventually became a business which now picks up trash, recycling, and compost for about 400 clients.

The Rot Riders will pick up your unwanted waste for free if you e-mail them at: RotRiders@KVPermaculture.org.

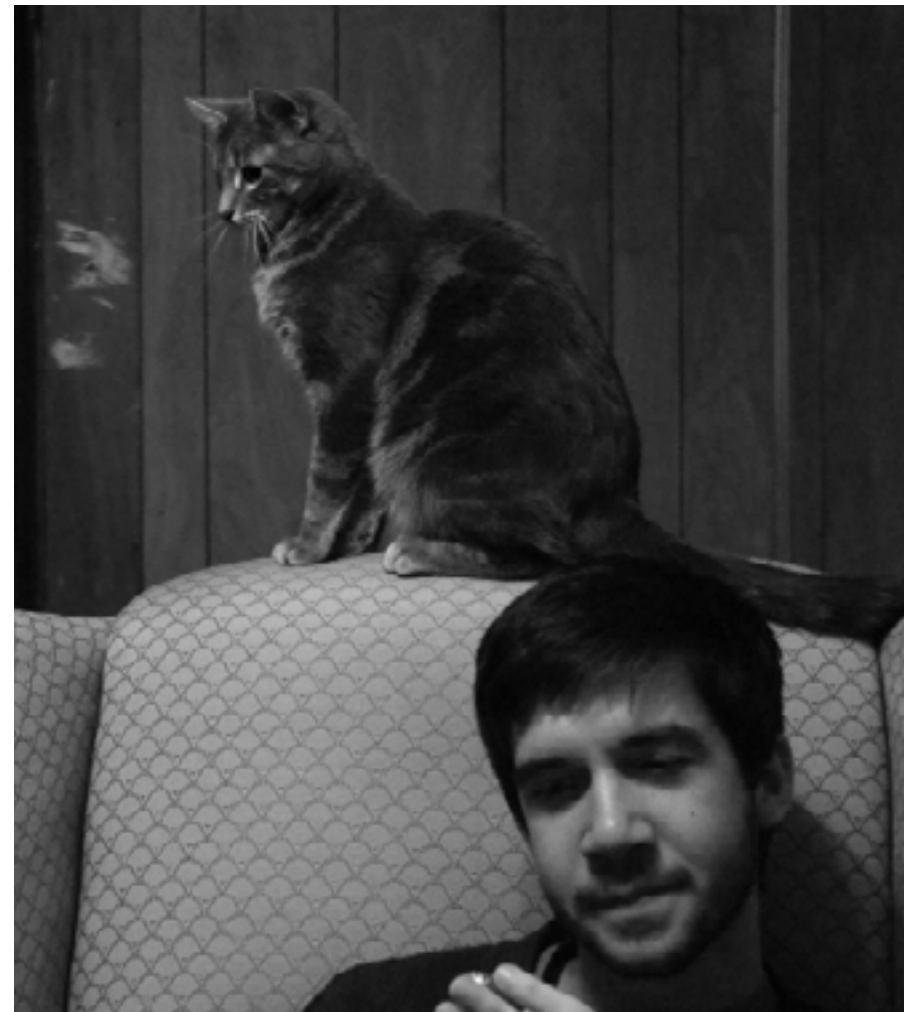
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josh wangler



amanda vanderheyden



josh wangler



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reviews

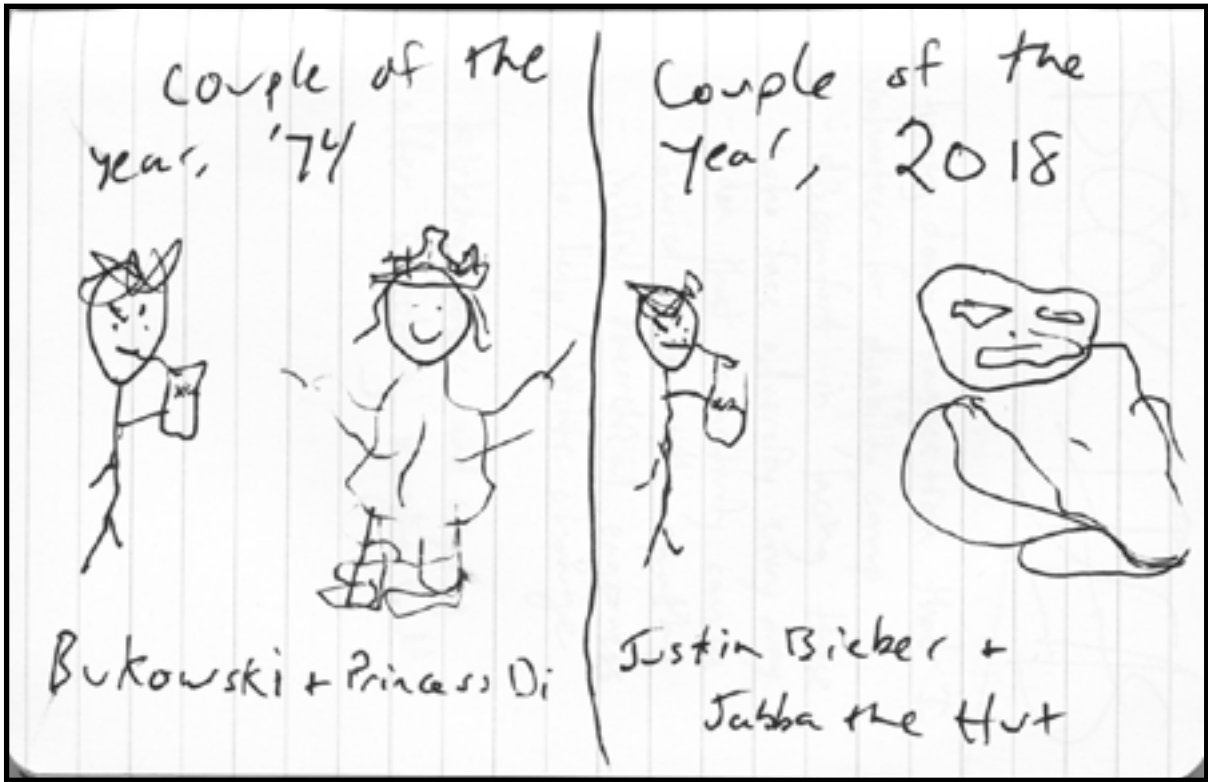
Band Spotlight: The Fairgrounds Album: **I Don't Know What You Call Happiness** review by dylan moir

On a humid night in the fall of 2010, a group of friends gathered in a small basement in St. Louis, MO to release their final album. The room was packed wall to wall, making any movement arduous at best, but that only augmented the atmosphere for their last show as a band. Many old songs were played, but the majority of songs came from their newest album, which would effectively knock The Appleseed Cast on their backs. It had been a work in progress for about a year or more and one can tell how much blood, sweat, and tears was poured into this prodigious masterpiece.

There is no shortage of effects in this band. The guitarists, Nick Bitikofer (a local Truman student) and Jordan each have a plethora of pedals at their disposal to create everything from screeching feedback to the subtle delay and reverb combo. “I Don't Know What You Call Happiness” will take the listener on a cosmic journey as tracks shift from hard to soft without a second thought. There are three tracks on the album that showcase this transition: “The Eternal Rocketship of Death Parts I, II, and III”. Eric Williger’s voice echoes a dangerous whisper straight into one’s cerebellum as his fingers pluck the strings of an acoustic guitar. They are indeed standalone tracks, but they also mesh cohesively with the rest of the album.

Separating these songs are tracks like the heavily distorted “Walking on Eggshells”, written by Nick, which showcases the avant-garde attitude constantly driving The Fairgrounds into the realm of breathless despair while pushing their skills to the limits of possibility. Arguably, this track is the best on the album for its sheer energy, waiting to explode on the audience until Eric’s drums crash chaotically throughout the end of the song. Nick has copies of the album for sale and it is well worth the purchase. After all, there’s nothing like a good roller coaster ride, and this album supplies it.

Are you going to Tom Thumb this year? Of course you are! It’s at 199 N. Main St, the Aquadome (which is in new hands, thanks to some friends of the monitor, and where you can expect to see more cool events in the future...) and it’s on April 8 and 9th. The event is FREE and it’s sponsored by Print Club. Prepare for some amazing performances in sick visual arts. Also, remember your costume-- this year’s theme is Quinceañera (this being the fifteenth installation-- hey, it’s almost as old as the monitor!), so your poufiest pink ball gown is the obvious choice of attire, but we’re sure that that space-lizard costume you have hanging around will work out just as well.



comic by bill fishback

featured flavors: best picks from the monitor crew

Brie recommends:

- Crystal Castles, *Crystal Castles*
- Cheap liquor from the back of Smitties Westport
- Watching *Thelma and Louise* while eating a dark chocolate Kit-Kat

Jessica recommends:

- I Am Not a Serial Killer* by Dan Wells

Dylan recommends:

- The Doors of Perception* by Aldous Huxley
- Hiking at Thousand Hills

Olivia recommends:

- Various artists, *Roots of Chicha: Psychedelic Cumbias from Peru*
- Popular across the Andes in the 1970s, ‘música chicha’ combines funky cumbia beats with

face-melting guitar solos.

- Tuesday night bingo at the Kirksville VFW Post off Hwy. 6
- Scrapper’s Den thrift store at the corner of Marion and Illinois

John recommends:

- The Sandman* by Neil Gaiman
- Any of Alan Moore’s graphic novels
- Jojo Mayer & Nerve

Electronic music performed by a live band led by a sick drummer.

Josh recommends:

- Dogwalker: Stories* by Arthur Bradford
 - Keep Shelly In Athens, *In Love With Dusk*
- Chill downtempo with some soul.
- Hyvee brand rootbeer-flavored milk

Beat Up the Pretty Things fiction by bill fishback

Ernie thought Ray was coughing. Maybe there was something in his throat that was persistent. All kinds of shit can get inside your organs, Ernie thought and patted Ray on the back. Ray, you okay? But Ray was laughing. He started laughing when Ernie cast his line. The invisible line crossed over his own and probably scared the hell out of any of the poor bastards swimming down there.

Everyone wants to get caught you know, the man at the gas station said. You best be careful, there’s only so many worms. He handed them both their licenses and a tub of worms. By everyone you mean the trout, right? Ernie asked. Sure thing, said the man behind the register.

Ray was mulling this over when Ernie cast over him. You remember high school, right? I remember some of it, Ray said. That was the spot, he said and pointed at a little clearing beside the shore on the other side of the lake. We used to wear shorts out there like complete fools, then ivy and shit on the ground would start growing on our legs like totem poles.

Maybe for you, Ernie said. I always wore pants. Don’t forget about the time when you fell face first on the trail, then. You had grass in your teeth and looked like some queer that had just given the Jolly Green Giant head. You remember that?

They both had a backpack slung over their right shoulder. In each were several beers, bait, tackle, a tarp and chewing tobacco. Each backpack. They both hiked a mile or so before they reached the lake, and sometimes, while scaling the side, Ray would take the last glug of a beer and throw the bottle cap onto the lake’s surface.

Stop doing that, Ernie said. You’ll jinx the whole damn catch. Alright, already.

When they reached the spot they both put down a tarp and laid all of the contents of their backpacks on top of it. Everything was to stay dry. Ray threw his line out first. It arced beautifully and the bobber went down in time with his arm and up pulling itself above the water when he finished the cast. He placed the bottom of his rod into the sand and sat back.

Gonna catch anything? Ernie asked. There’s just minnows and little guys over there.

Sure as hell will, thanks for asking, Ray said. Ernie casted way to the right but the wind caught it and it perpendicularly laid itself about Ray’s line. That’s where all the toads and mudpuppies go to fuck, Ray said. Don’t reel any of that in over my line if you can so help it. When he made the request, Ray’s bobber went down again.

He leaned in forward and there was a true genuine tug on it so he grabbed it and stood up. He saw a trout jumping about when it came in closer. It was getting near stuck on Ernie’s line but Ray pulled through it and he reeled him in a nice trout. There was no struggle after he crossed over Ernie’s line.

This Rainbow Trout had not the full spectrum of color but was still a spectrum of sport indeed; Ray watched it flap pescally about the sand on the shore. He walked up and stepped on it and watched the sand get into its eyes as he forced it deeper into the sand.

Is that how you fish? Ernie asked.

It’s how everyone fishes, Ray said as he picked up the dead trout. This little bastard struggled only because he had it coming to him. He looked at it and poured the rest of his flat beer on it to wash away the sand and see the eyes. He placed it again on the ground. Ray stepped on the trout’s head and fins until they were near pulp beside some stray wildflowers that he thought were like the hands of the dead springing forth through the top of the earth while still in their caskets, like in old horror films. He put his hand on the abdomen of the fish and he named it Adam and cut through its side, gutting it and breaking the ribs and separating the head from the rest of it. He found the heart, too, but left it inside of Adam.

Would you look at this poor bastard? Ray asked as he took all of what he caught back into his hands and granny-tossed all of into the lake. Maybe the next person that comes out here will be looking for a good catch, all right. He laughed as he said but stopped when the pile of Adam splashed into the lake.

prose

Losing Control nonfiction by Jessica Phillips

I was playing a game on my home computer, and (at my persuasion) my boyfriend Neil was my unenthusiastic audience, awkwardly positioned in a chair slightly behind me and in front of the arm of the couch that faced him. As enthralling as gaming can be for the person in control, for the spectator it often loses that thrilling edge. In particular, the game I was playing was the third installment of The Sims, a great game series in my opinion, but probably one of the least interesting to watch. Action flows at a halting pace, as the player pauses the game time constantly in order to set up a string of commands for the easily manipulated characters. It isn’t just their actions that you hold dominion over - you can control everything about these poor digital puppets: clothes, hair, facial features, even personality.

But for Neil, whose interest in The Sims extended to how many toilets could be flushed simultaneously in-game, the extreme control I so enjoyed wasn’t just a slight bore - it was downright soporific.

Raptly focused on the flashing screen, I didn’t notice the scene unfolding behind me. My mom, busy with her own activities, kept heading in and out of the room. The first time she walked in, Neil was sitting in the chair, head tilted back so that he faced the ceiling, mouth agape, eyelids fluttering in a half-awake state. Amused but unwilling to embarrass him, she walked out of the room without comment. A few minutes later, when she passed through again, his head had drooped forward, nose pointing to the floor, forehead cupped in one hand, and his feet were splayed out in front of him, as if in an attempt to anchor himself to the ground. Again, she proved her loyalty by walking on by.

By her third entrance, his condition had deteriorated further. He was leaning forward even more precariously, until his skinny behind almost left the seat. His arms were wrapped around the arm of the couch in front of him, and his head rested against the side at an uncomfortable angle. With an enormous force of will-power, she



once again controlled the urge to laugh. Upon reflection, what was perhaps more amusing than his rapid descent into boredom-induced unconsciousness was my own ignorance of the situation. I held the naive assumption that he would like The Sims as much as I did, simply because I wanted him to. Despite my mother’s valiant efforts, the fourth, and final, stage of his sleepy condition proved to be too much for her. Neil’s anchoring feet had finally given out, causing him to slide knees-first to the floor. Poor guy. He had finally found a comfortable resting place for his head on the top of the arm of the couch, only to be woken by my mom’s long-contained laughter.

Life isn’t like The Sims. No one of us has all the control, and probably none of us should. Sometimes, we have to humor people, placate people, respect other people’s opinions... We can’t make them go to school, get a job, fall in love, or even like the same video games we like.

That’s why, at this moment, I’m perfecting an in-game Sims video to be sent to my lovable, all-too-complacent boyfriend. The video features eight Sims, the max number allowed in a household, and eight beautiful, white “porcelain thrones,” all arranged to be flushed at the exact same moment. It’s ridiculous and immature and something I would never do - if I had all the control in the world. But sometimes, we have to give some of our precious control away.

um, so yea fiction by matt ziegler

Damnit Mike, you’re blocking the TV again. Move your fuckin head or I’m gonna do it for you. Fuck man, I’m just tryin to sit up a bit. I been reclinin too damn long and my ass is getting sore.

Well I can’t fuckin see when you sit up like that.

Will you two shut the fuck up? I can barely hear the whats goin on.

Tell Mike to move his fuckin head.

SHUT UP!

I slouch back down with my ass at the edge of the couch, my legs sprawled outward with my head looming over the crest of my work station. This show never changes. It’s like they established the characters with a lacking sense of depth and then started the narrative off on a meandering path that the writers can offshoot anytime the show starts to feel a bit too close to reality. It’s not that real though. It’s about some band back in the 1990’s touring around the world, playing real instruments, fucking real girls, and doing real drugs. They have all these classic twentieth century problems like flat-tires on their bus and venue owners not paying enough to buy food and drugs at the end of the night.

They’re all so goddamned whiny. Aw, my girlfriend’s pissed cause I didn’t let her in on the coke and craps last night. Aw, this coke sucks and I can’t find a solid hookup in this town where we have to make a three-night pass and all drugs we can find are so loaded with baking soda and baby laxative that I can’t get off all night without running out of stock, so I leave that dumb bitch outta my supply so she doesn’t Hoover up the whole fucking pile. Like I said, bullshit twentieth century problems for a bullshit twentieth century life.

In case you didn’t pick up on it already, we’re hangin way out in the future right now. Too far off for you or me to realize how much time has really gone by. All I know right now is that my ass is itchiin cause I’ve been sitting on this fucking couch for 70 hours straight and the only thing I can seem to process right now is the enigma of why the bassist decided to dye her hair blue and get a tattoo that says “Rebels R Beautiful” in some stupid cursive font across the top of her ass. Why don’t you just cut your tit off so you can be the amazon warrior princess you’ve always dreamed so you can hunt jaguars and poison frogs to keep your starving children safe from the robo-poachers trying to collect your teeth to sell to the over-bots whose only desire in life is to eat a steak and fried potatoes like the fucking Reagans.

continued on next page

more prose

...continued from page 9

Goddamn the future is a fucked up place, if you only knew. It's gonna take a while but goddamn its juicy. There's some primo shit lyin ahead. Before we start talking more about food and robots though, lets talk about my favorite topic, future drugs. That's what they're actually called. Future Drugs. It all goes back to the time when people could get good drugs on the streets and shitty drugs in the stores. Cocaine, heroin, ketamine, MDMA were all illegal because everyone thought (ok,ok the high executives thought) that you can make more money through penal colonies, rehab clinics, and law enforcement units if you keep the good drugs illegal. Sure, you could still get decent shit in the stores like morphine, benzos, and study-drugs but you had to know a doctor to bribe, and either way there's a lot of money to be drawn out of the pocket books of all the insatiable masses. Eventually this guy named DocNick who was a chemist from like Cambodia so he couldn't get full citizenship after college and ended up selling drugs on the street to pay rent. He didn't see any risk in that cause if they caught him they would just deport him for not getting the fuck out of the country after school. He was working in the lab late one night, so the story goes, and ended up synthesizing a pharmaceutical, based on the chemical structures of other pharmacological anomalies like Tums and Flintstones™ Vitamins, with a substrate that he could apparently mould into the chemical structure of other drugs to no limit. DocNick started pumping out new drugs like a chocolate factory, testing them on the sickly, drug-craving masses. He had no moral qualms because his early patients were the likes of chimney sweeps and the former members of grunge bands who were already so physically and psychologically

fucked up that whether the drug or any of its twisted adverse effects killed them, no one would really give a shit. Needless to say, DocNick directly contributed to the decline of grunge and the chimney sweeping business. It turns out that all this stuff I'm telling you is highly classified information that the over-bots covet like a bunch o'bananas. The only way I can relay this information is from a vision of my even more futuristic professional undertakings induced by a month long stretch of omicron I took a while back where time seemed to stretch out in front of me like a virtual landscape where the events of my life stood out to me like the peaks of mountains, some of which were completely covered by thick cumulo-nimbi, but others were so clear that I could see goats atop staring down at me with their Nikons hanging from their necks and hats that read "Suck It Vonnegut." As I already said, some crazy shit happens in the future. All I know right now is that the Eta's been dryin up in my system and I'm startin to lose my shit. Oh fuck, speaking of eta, my future drug of choice, I should probably try to relay some sort of idea of what future drugs actually do. It would be a travesty to try to describe future-drugs in terms of the illegals that you're familiar with, but I'll try to give you the haziest picture possible, cause that's all you ever really get with future drugs. With eta, every sensation feels plastic and reflective of some offsetting light darting off a leaf of foil, yet there's the anticipatory feeling of being at the top of the Rocafella Rollacoasta at Kanye's Wild West Funzone right before descending over the top and rocketing hundreds of kilometers underwater toward binges of pi's, phi's and psi's with an after-effect only comparable to the fart currently pinched between my asshole and left-cheek that I can't liberate without pissing off senor fuckoff and shutup over here. It's not really like any of that at all, but it's the best I can do. In fact, I could write this whole serialized bullshit story for you just

about what it feels like to stay up for two weeks straight watching past and future reruns of all the great shows we have now (my favies are North-Northwest Park, Gender Binary, and Die) to the point where you begin placing yourself in the shows so that the monotony of vegetating on a couch with such sarcastic and sardonic dialogue keeps you guessing whether Archie will ever get that donut or if his latest and greatest attempt to win the top talent show in the world will all be for naught. Eta simultaneously quickens your mind and slows all other bodily processes to the point where one dose keeps you up for a week because it provides all the nutrition your body would ever need running at that speed for that time span. All we need is a place to veg out so that we don't burn too much energy in the process of actually getting off our asses. The best part is that when the mind works at that speed for such a long time, it starts to require the recharge that one would have originally received from sleep. Instead of granting it such determinacy we stay up and watch as the world blends into the haze of a dream to where time passes in an even more relative manner that can span out and make second feels like lifetimes. The other extreme is that time contracts in on itself and suddenly you're 40 and ready to kick without ever having the sweet taste of anchovies or the chance to tell your favorite character on Mumford: Attorney and Law that you really thought their hair looked good on the episode where the young child goes ape-shit when somebody steals his favorite sweater in an act only describable to a past audience as utter hilarity. Am I getting this across because in the time it's taken you to read this little anecdote about the inevitability of fecal stains I've already died several times, each with the bitter realization that I'm probably still echoing somewhere in your pitiful unconscious because you've already followed me this far into the cavern of my own thoughts. Welcome. I hope you remembered a flashlight.



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diversions

things to do with this paper other than reading it: the manicure

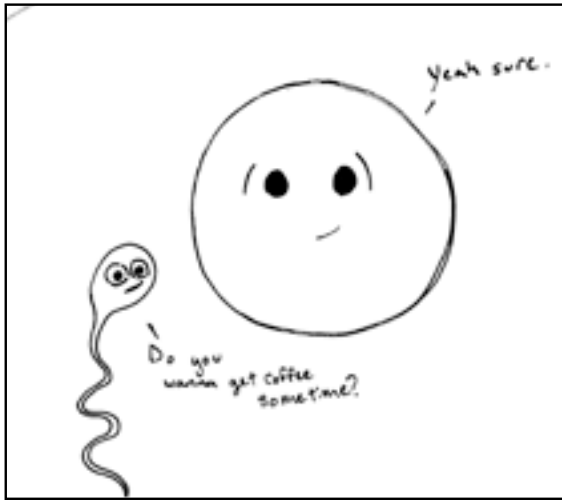


by olivia sandbothe

They print it really tiny, and the subject matter will give you some nice “money on my mind” swagga. Now fill a shot glass with rubbing alcohol. We’re doing a shot glass because it’s an ideal shape for dipping your fingers into, not because we’re going to take the shot, dumbass. 5) Dip a finger into the alcohol. It will make the surface of your nail slightly wet but it won’t make the polish sticky. Grab one of your squares of newsprint and center it with the most attractive section of print centered facing down over the nail. Press it down so that the paper is completely in contact with your nail and hold it in place for about 30 seconds. The alcohol should soak through the paper. 6) Peel off the newsprint. You now have a perfect transfer of news ink on white polish. The words are backwards but no one will notice. Repeat with however many other fingers you have. 7) Paint over the transferred ink with a clear top coat. This is important, as the ink will rub off in a few hours if left exposed.

That was easy enough, wasn't it? Your nails are beautiful. Spend the next few days looking at them and making others look at them.

comics by ryan moore



Queen Astra



let the stars be your guide

Aries (March 21 – April 19) When the chef asks if you want it on rye or sourdough, surprise him by saying “My own ass.” This will shake him to his core. You will never be able to look him in the eyes again, so when forced to interact, just order a water and leave, pretending to be busy.

Taurus (April 20 – May 20) Your significant other is going to accuse you of being emotionally unavailable, again. Move back to Colorado and start using your real name for a few months.

Gemini (May 21 – June 20) The Internet will invite you to win a free \$1000 Wal-Mart gift card. It's a scam, but you're smart enough to beat it. Still remember your Mom's PIN?

Cancer (June 21 – July 22) After spending your weekend watching The Notebook twice every night before bed, you'll be in a bad mood on Monday. Go figure.

Leo (July 23 – August 22) Post a video of yourself talking about your favorite things to do on a rainy day. Get really excited when you see that it got 12 hits, then cry when you realize you had forgotten the 12th time you checked to see if anyone had watched your video yet. Finish off the bottle of wine. Wine really is your best friend, isn't it?

Virgo (August 23 – September 22) Charlie Sheen is a Virgo. Sorry.

Libra (September 23 – October 22) You will finally settle your internal debate about whether or not you can go another week without doing laundry when you remember your swim-suit drawer!

Scorpio (October 23 – November 21) Charlie Sheen is not a Scorpio. High Five!

Sagittarius (November 22 – December 21) When your significant other asks what you want to do this weekend, invite them to the 24-hour L.A.R.P. rally you and your guild have been planning for months.

Capricorn (December 22 – January 19) The government is taking NPR away. Time to write a check...

Aquarius (January 20 — February 18) Watch The Other Guys again. It's way better the second time.

Pisces (February 19 – March 20) While cleaning your bedroom over break, you will find a joint you rolled in junior high. Do not smoke this. It will be dry, tasting of dust and dehydrated childhood dreams. Give it to your younger sibling or pet.

my back pages

reaching in the dark for rest or
something to rest my hands on, seeking
three black stars across her sternum

each one like a whisper of energy
vomiting out of the cortex in accordance with
time to mark another new year, which will pass

unconscious and pale, enduring fragments of
expanding space, as we image it,
loose and shinning:

I have no idea what I'm talking about

pacing, alone in a room furnished by walls
reading messages in lilac to match the
shape of candles gleaming off the cold

a strange flame of dust crosses the pain
from a leak in the ceiling where the sky
pours through in March or December

-Andrew Kindiger

Secondly

“Obviously, we have opportunities to find points of differentiation—things
that no one has but Applebee's—and I think the future is very bright.”
-Julia Stewart, DineEquity's chairman and CEO

Secondly, the ketchup is empty.
Nevermind the first thing—but if you really must
know, we are sad on cellphones at a chain
restaurant and we want ketchup with our unfinished
fries and there is this strange unspoken tiny happening

(despite somebody's birthday and the way in which his eyes
dart sideways beyond the tired, well-meaning polos toward
the hopefully soon celebration of the existence of the exit door.)

I would not fuck the waitress
for once,
even though when she brought more ketchup
she smiled and didn't blink so it seemed genuine, as if she had it her way
all the tomatoes in the world
would be squished and ours.

-Franklin K.R. Cline

Amirite or amiright?
I bleed and call it the drain of pain
I double up and howl
I stare at the sun until I have halos in my eyes
I squint till your face deceases from vision
I fall and gash the patchwork knee you gave me
I rub of the sand, not rubbing but etching it in
Would you care for me to toil
Like me to tan sleeves, would you
Mother to my baby you say
But feel it have you?
I alone walk, my legs are separate
Invalid are those that say “United we stand”
I have tried walking with both my legs in the same
sleeve
Hold my hand at least, and let's call it a day
But make sure your vice like grip breaks them bones
Break it so that you may always leave a mark
And bend and wreck my hand till I have no use for
these bins
Just make it right, leave it longing
Leave it waiting to be filled
By that vice like grip of yours again.

-Anurag Pant

The Man Who Was Horny

Is me. I can't even drive.

-Matt Johns

Leaps of the eye

A man with gray hair is on the porch with a glass in his hand
waiting for something but one thing keeps happening, the droning sound of midday
there was a swing in the backyard that writhed in tornado winds and was probably lost in the flood
that almost took your house. No, his hair was taupe, sandy, as if every strand was a different color.

A casino flashes just up the dirt road, built to look like a boat on dry land, reminiscing
a time when we were only allowed to take risks on the water
the Missouri river licks her lips and swallows whole
every other sound
laughing
We search for a place that makes the soul feel comfortable enough to kick off her shoes
the feeling crawls inside your belly and takes a nap like a lazy cat
the blades of grass underfoot will spring back up when I leave
a piano string will vibrate one note onto the air
and we will feel it hit our bodies and we will know

that this was the place we learned to cough up our love like sick children

-Claire Bowman

Cremated

My father is a man of composure when
he stands in lines. He stands there silently and sometimes
he converses with those in lines who aren't
as composed as him. The cheap art that
sits on the walls and on the tables and cabinets
he admires quickly and loses interest quickly.

The coffee is always cold and stale and the cookies,
though dressed well, are lifeless, which is symbolic. The
colors are always pale and worn which is by no means
symbolic and
the guestbook doesn't even serve the event past a
symbolic gesture because he can't even
see it.

He didn't say much in the line except when
his daughter started crying or his cousin or
other close relative and even then
he didn't say much except when
he choked back tears himself and then
he would take his glasses off and rewrite history as
he whipped the tears out of his eyes.

There was a looming silence in the church
filled with only delicate sounds and you wouldn't think
the sight of my father would make someone
cry like she did because she cried and my dad cried
with the casket behind them sitting silently
as they sobbed through the memories of
the man they both loved.
He was hoping for an open casket so
he could say goodbye to something real and tangible,
but he was cremated.

He was never able to stand in a line
before this and he didn't want to stand in a line
before this. He would rather be golfing.

-Patrick Kramer