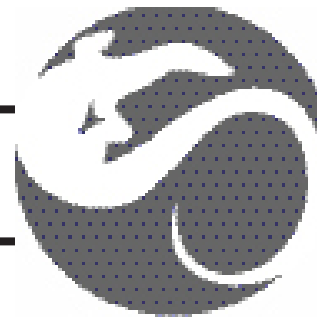




volume 19 issue 2 october 2011 a campus collective
occupy wallstreet | halloween | reflections of living abroad

the monitor

from the editors



the monitor
a campus collective
independent quality since 1995

volume 19 | issue 2

ADDRESS

CSI SUB
Truman State University
Kirksville, MO 63501

ONLINE

trumanmonitor.wordpress.com
monitor.truman@gmail.com

EDITORS

elliott roeder
brie vuagniaux
olivia sandbothe
chris drew
matt ziegler
dylan moir
alison stagner
adam boughtan

cover photo by | Calli Loskill

All contents Copyright © 2011 The Monitor Campus Collective unless otherwise noted.

We meet every **Tuesday at 8pm in the MAC lab in the library.** 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

Editor's Box

Hello again, Kirksville, your friendly local newspaper is back, for another round of uncensored creations, opinions, and whatever. We're here for you Kirksville, ready to deliver the goods.

This issue has many interesting qualities. We have news stories about the protest in Wallstreet, profiles on figures around town as well as figures from history, visuals galore, and gritty poetry. Peruse the pages, and try submitting some material for our November issue. All submissions are due by the first Tuesday of the month.

Keep it real, stick to your guns, and thanks for picking us up!

-The Editors



got something
to say?

The Monitor
is your voice.

use it.



THE MONITOR



the Index

Guess which of these dudes wants
you to rock out with him.

letters



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

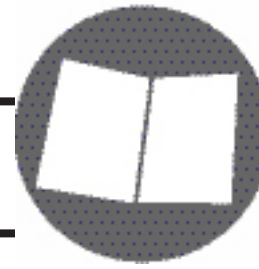
I think that you guys should copyright your newspaper under a creative commons license in order to encourage less restrictive distribution of creative material.
-Alex

Dear Cole,
Please stop submitting your math homework, we are not that desperate for material.
<3 The Monitor

Dear Monitor,

Having received your September 2011 issue, I have some comments. This criticism is intended for your improvement. You make a commendable attempt at designing a newspaper. You have great potential. I respect your fierce attitude. Your statement, "completely uncensored" is good for your ethos, make it more obvious. The Monitor lacks a coherent public image. Increase your charisma: put more of your identity and what you are about on the front page. Don't bite off more than you can chew; page five is completely illegible because your resolution is too low. Say less and put it in larger print. Overall, your newspaper is lacking in class, quality, and professionalism. The layout is confusing. There is no index to the different sections. The paper is poorly organized. It has no predictable pattern of articles and advertisements. All of that having been said, the articles are well-written. The comics are good, but poorly displayed. In summary, with a whole month to plan, I expect more from you.

Benjamin Easley



Occupy Wallstreet to Occupy Kirksville by Elliot Roeder

The relative apathy with which the United States of America has greeted growing economic inequality and corporate corruption of government may be about to end. A diverse group of activists, dubbed Occupy Wall Street, has gathered in New York City to protest the current economic situation. While the group does not yet have long-term goals or a comprehensive list of demands, their camp in New York, ongoing since September 17, has received national media attention and sympathy demonstrations from around the nation. Last week, the protest, which until then had received little media attention, began to get coverage in mainstream media due to accusations of excessive force used by police officers. A viral video on the Internet showed a police officer, Anthony Bologna, walking up to a group of unarmed, fenced-in women and spraying them with mace.

Events in New York have been escalating quickly. On the weekend of October 1st, police diverted a protest march onto the Brooklyn Bridge and proceeded to arrest more than 700 people. The Guardian reports that as of October

4th, a class-action lawsuit has been filed against the New York Police Department for their actions regarding the march.

In addition to the protests taking place in cities nationwide, a tumblr account called "We Are The 99 Percent" has been started, on which people are posting photographs in which they face the camera, holding up a piece of paper with a short story about their financial problems. Of the forty-six pages of stories, many describe massive student debt, including one woman who, as a first-semester sophomore, is already \$45,000 in debt. Some also mention prostitution as a means of survival. As one poster puts it "I am the 99% and I like taxes. They (used to) buy me civilization."

The Occupy Wall Street movement has as of the weekend of October 1st gone nationwide. www.occupytogether.com lists over 70 events, including protests in Kansas City and St. Louis. Similar to the Arab Spring protests, the groups are loosely organized and using social media to communicate. In addition, the Occupy Columbia group has 868 people on Facebook.

Resolution for Extended Benefits Falls Short by Chris Drew

This past year Truman State University's Faculty Senate passed a resolution to support extending faculty and staff insurance benefits to domestic partners. Student Senate supported the resolution and it was presented before President Troy Paino at the end of last semester.

Missouri Governor Jay Nixon, in an executive order issued July 9th 2010, declared, "The executive branch of the State of Missouri shall ensure that all present and prospective employees are afforded equal opportunity". The resolution quotes this order as legitimacy for their argument, but the conservative air of Missouri politics and some might suggest Truman State's Board of Governors prevented this order from being carried out. Paino did not opt to alter the possibilities for the University's insurance plan.

Professor of Sociology Bonnie Mitchell was president of Truman's chapter of the American Association of University Professors last year when they began work on the resolution. According to Mitchell the resolution ultimately passed by Faculty senate was not the AAUP's original. Mitchell said

they were unable to pass an original resolution and had to instead pass a resolution supporting and endorsing an already existing resolution. In 2009 and 2010 the University of Missouri-Saint Louis and the University of Missouri-Columbia each passed resolutions recommending that "same-sex partners of active [employees] be allowed access to all of the same rights, privileges, and benefits to which opposite-sex spouses currently are entitled." Mitchell admits approval was not unanimous, but Faculty senate passed the resolution and asked that Paino consider it and communicate with other Universities in considering the possibility of extending benefits.

Paino said it was important for him to "take the temperature" of other universities in hopes of preventing Truman from "going it alone". Paino explained that no other Missouri public University has policies extending benefits to domestic partners. He said that given the polarizing qualities of the issue he thought Truman might receive flack for seeming exceedingly liberal.

continued on page 5

News Briefs: Descending into Obscurity

Arab Spring turns to Autumn

As the Assad Regime of Syria tries to crush the long-running political protests, the opposition has begun organizing and planning for a post-Assad Syria. The newly formed opposition council is receiving support from the European Union and the UN. Though reluctant to intervene, Western powers deplore the Assad Regime's violent response to the mostly peaceful, populist protests. The UN claims that over 2900 people have been killed by the regime in their crackdown, but since the country is closed to the international media, accurate estimates are difficult. So far, no countries have officially recognized the opposition council.
[Al-Jazeera English]

Stockholm misses Steinman

A new round of Nobel Laureates have been announced, but one of them will not be present for the ceremonies. Dr. Ralph Steinman died just hours before the Nobel committee selected him and two others for the prize in Medicine and Physiology. Steinman was selected for his discovery of the dendritic cell and its application in cancer treatment. The dark irony of this story is that Dr. Steinman died of pancreatic cancer while undergoing his own treatment. On a positive note, he survived much longer than most who are diagnosed with pancreatic cancer and he is the only person since 1961 to receive the award posthumously.
[New York Times Online]

Short-sighted Economic Bill

Florida legislator Bill Workman has been tirelessly crafting a bill entitled "Leave No Tossed Dwarf Behind" to save his state's ailing economy. His ingenious plan would repeal Florida's ban on the age old bar sport of 'Dwarf-Tossing,' claiming that it is a job killer. The Senator, though slightly misguided, does make a relevant political statement, as he does not allow his personal tastes and judgments to affect what he believes is the right plan of action for his state. He calls the practice of dwarf tossing "repulsive and stupid," but believes that the ban was an egregious move by the state that merely (excuse my pun) brings down the little man.
[New York Daily News]

The Cardinals did WHA???

By the time you read this, they will have either blown it or blown out the National League Championship Series, but as of right now, no one can foresee which. Either way, it's a sweet fog of luck that passed over the St. Louis Cardinals in the last few weeks, lets hope it doesn't (or hasn't already) go(ne) tepid. That's right, the Cardinals barely took the Wild Card on the last game of the regular season, and managed to slip by the Phillies in the DLCS. So far, the Brewers are up 1-0 in the NLCS, but the Cardinals have an unspoken motivation that keeps the hard determinists hard: if they win the whole kaboodle, Pujols might stay.
[My own dirty a**hole]

features



Rediscovering Home: Reflections on Living Abroad

by Kathrine Olsen-Flåte

The colors are strong, much stronger than the scent of pee. The traffic is wild and enchanting. The poverty is dark and grey, but made softer with the beautiful colors and happy smiles everywhere in New Delhi, India. I have now lived in New Delhi for over two months. I find myself feeling like New Delhi is my real new home, and I find myself trying to unwrap it's complexities while commuting to and from work everyday.

The traffic is one of my favorite things about Delhi. Or rather being in the traffic and seeing new images every day. In the mornings I am met by the regular auto-rickshaw driver who drives me to work. He always greets me with a big happy smile on his face while singing the whole way to my workplace. On my way I learn and discover new things about India. I can see all the beautiful saris in bright happy colors, smiling children, mothers and children holding hands, men in jeans, men in traditional skirts, men holding hands and radical couples of the opposite sex holding hands. There are also the sad images of the colorfully wrapped bodies of a funeral procession walking along the highway while someone takes a piss off the road with another person sleeping a few meters away.



Indian society is very complex and the layers so many. My daily ride in the traffic shows all sides of it. I see the latest fashions from the runway on a stylish woman with tended hair and manicure next to a woman wearing a worn out sari with no top underneath. It's hard to comprehend how such material wealth and poverty can live side by side.

Beggars are a daily challenge in the traffic, and worse when they are street children, with their big beautiful brown eyes staring, putting their hands to their stomach and up to their mouth. It's heartbreaking, especially when I look over at the car right beside me with a child in well dressed clothing talking with his or her parents.

I've only just begun un-peeling the surface of Indian society while trying to find my own place within it. One thing that really stands out to me, no matter how the inequalities are structured, is the striking level of happiness I see. People care about one another and seem to live in the present, and they smile.

Kathrine is a Truman alumna and has a blog chronicling her experiences that can be found at acrossplaces.blogspot.com

Female Health Taken Seriously

by Brie Vuagniaux

The average woman does not take care of her health. You've seen it; you have even been there. Picture the scene with me: she is running around, eating crap-food, taking care of everyone else, on the verge of an emotional breakdown, looking at herself from the outside-in a highly critical manner. I think it is time us women, if you haven't already, try and center ourselves in order to achieve mental health, and as a byproduct, physical health.



Step 1: Sit alone, and conduct a silent meditation. This is very challenging for most women, because we are terrified of being alone and silent. At your own pace, situate yourself comfortably, Indian-style, palms turned up and resting on the knees. Make sure the environment is quiet/ has only natural sounds. This sort of thing is suited well on a piece of grass at Thousand Hills by the lake. Next, challenge yourself to sit still, allowing whatever comes into your mind to come (like

bubbles popping up to the surface of water), accepting the thoughts (however violent or bizarre) will let them pass. Keep committing yourself to the stillness and silence, by focusing on it and your breathing. Try doing this for 20 minutes, and work your way up to an hour. This exercise should expose you to what you are actually thinking, so that you can be aware of your thoughts, and centered in how you are experiencing YOUR life.

Step 2: With the awareness brought about by your meditation, work to feel through the mess. What is satisfying you? What is making you estranged? What part of your body feels good? What part of your body is hurting? What do you want? Slowly, and with much acceptance, learn to be good to yourself. In small steps begin to understand what you need. Maybe that is a lover who knows where your clitoris is and doesn't mind putting their mouth on it. Maybe, that is going to the grocery store and taking time to cook a fresh meal. Maybe you need to yell at that one person who has been taking advantage of you. Maybe you need to connect to family. Try and take the bad things you realize (like if you hate your body) and embrace them (start to love your blubbering beer belly and think its hot). Own your shit.

Step 3: Consider this idea- you are going through your life connecting and detaching from people, learning and experiencing. It is a breathing, evolving organism in itself, your life. Allow things to change. Let yourself let go and attach elsewhere. Let yourself be alone, in order to discover how impossible it is to truly be alone.

If you complete this exercise I would enjoy hearing your feedback. Send it to bcv4871@truman.edu.

**NEED SOMEONE TO TRY
THAT NEW PRANK CALL ON?**

**WANNA ADVERTISE IN THE
MONITOR?**

**CALL CHRIS AT
660 988-3840**

more features...

KTVO Abandoned Script discovered by Dr. Love

MARLENE: GOOD EVENING, I'M MARLENE SPEAS...

JOHN: AND I'M JOHN HOLMES...

BOTH: THIS IS EYEWITNESS NEWS.

JOHN: A MAN IS KILLED IN A MOTORCYCLE ACCIDENT OVERNIGHT IN CHARLESTON.

MARLENE: 55 YEAR OLD KYLE FLINCHUN DIED SHORTLY AFTER MIDNIGHT. CHARLESTON POLICE SAY THE ACCIDENT HAPPENED ON WOODHARD DRIVE IN NORTH CHARLESTON. OFFICERS BELIEVE GRANDMA'S HOUSE MAY HAVE BEEN A FACTOR WHEN FLINCHUN WENT OFF THE ROAD...INTO THE WOODS AND DOWN THE HILL.

JOHN: FLINCHEN DIED ON THE SCENE.

MARLENE: SINGLE-ENTITY DATING TAKES KIRKSVILLE BY STORM.
A GENERATION RAVAGED BY ITS PARENT'S RELATIONSHIP FAILURES HAS
TAKEN LOVE FOR A NEW TRIP, JOHN.

JOHN: THIS ON THE RISE, CRAZE COUPLES COMPANIONSHIP WITH THE SEARCH FOR COMPANIONSHIP IN A TEST OF HUMAN WHOLE-HEARTEDNESS. SINGLE-ENTITY DATING ASKS THE QUESTION: WHY DATE ONE PERSON WHEN YOU CAN DATE TWO PEOPLE ACTING AS ONE? YOUNG TEENS ARE TAKING ON THE LIFESTYLE IN THE FACE OF DIRE STRAITS, WORKING OUT THE KINKS IN THE HOSE OF LIFE BY WORKING TOGETHER.

MARLENE: ALMOST ONE WEEK LATER, AND STILL NO SIGN OF THREE YEAR OLD ALIAYAH LUNSFORD.

BOTH: VOLUNTEERS CONTINUE TO SEARCH, WHILE INVESTIGATORS SMELL
THAT SOMEONE KNOWS WHERE SHE IS.

JOHN WE'LL HAVE A LIVE BROADCAST FROM

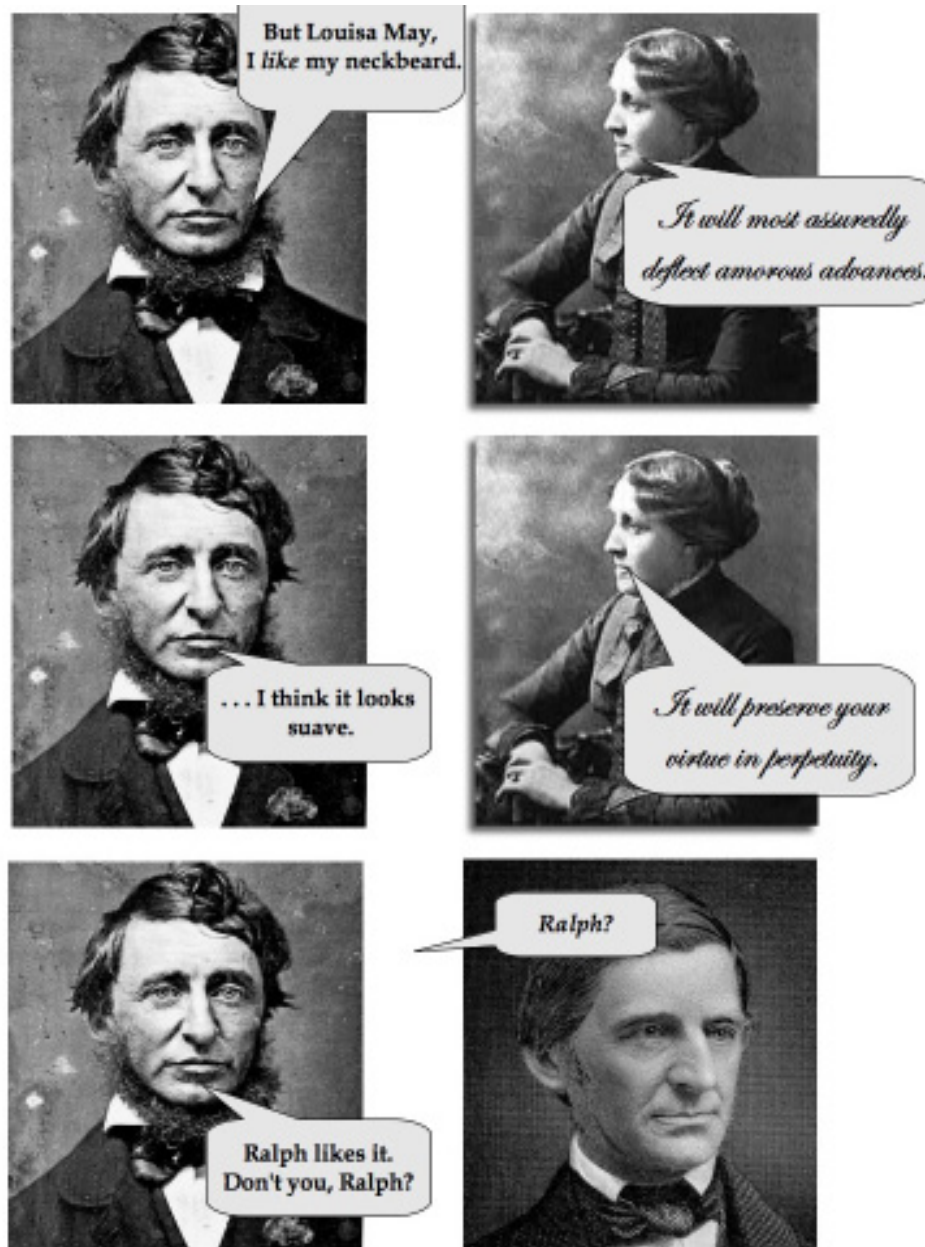
MARLENE: FLINCHEN'S SITTING SHIVA, AN INTERVIEW WITH TWO SINGLE-ENTITY DATERS,

JOHN: AND MORE ON THE SEARCH FOR LITTLE ALIAYAH COMING UP TONIGHT AT 10

BOTH: AND 11. LIVE IN THE NEWSROOM, KRISTIN KEELING, EYEWITNESS NEWS.

Thoreau's Neckbeard

comic by Allison Staggner



from page 3

Truman State University as a public institution receives much of its funding from the state of Missouri. Paino and Mitchell both agreed that the conservative nature of the State government did not necessarily lend itself to supporting this sort of change. Mitchell went on to place similar accountability on the heads of the Truman's Board of Governors, and explained that to her it seemed a long-term consolidated effort by Missouri public Uni-

versities and activity amongst students was necessary. Mitchell said that while she is discouraged she has hope believing "there comes a time when you have to say this is the right thing to do."

Paino also indicated that this is by no means a dead issue, and explained that he thinks there's been considerable development since 2004 when Missouri passed a law defining marriage as between a man and woman. "Maybe in the future this becomes less of an issue," he said.

don't forget to check out the monitor online for more goodies
@

**twitter.com/trumanmonitor
and
trumanmonitor.wordpress.com**

and take the first step in getting involved by e-mailing us at monitor.truman@gmail.com

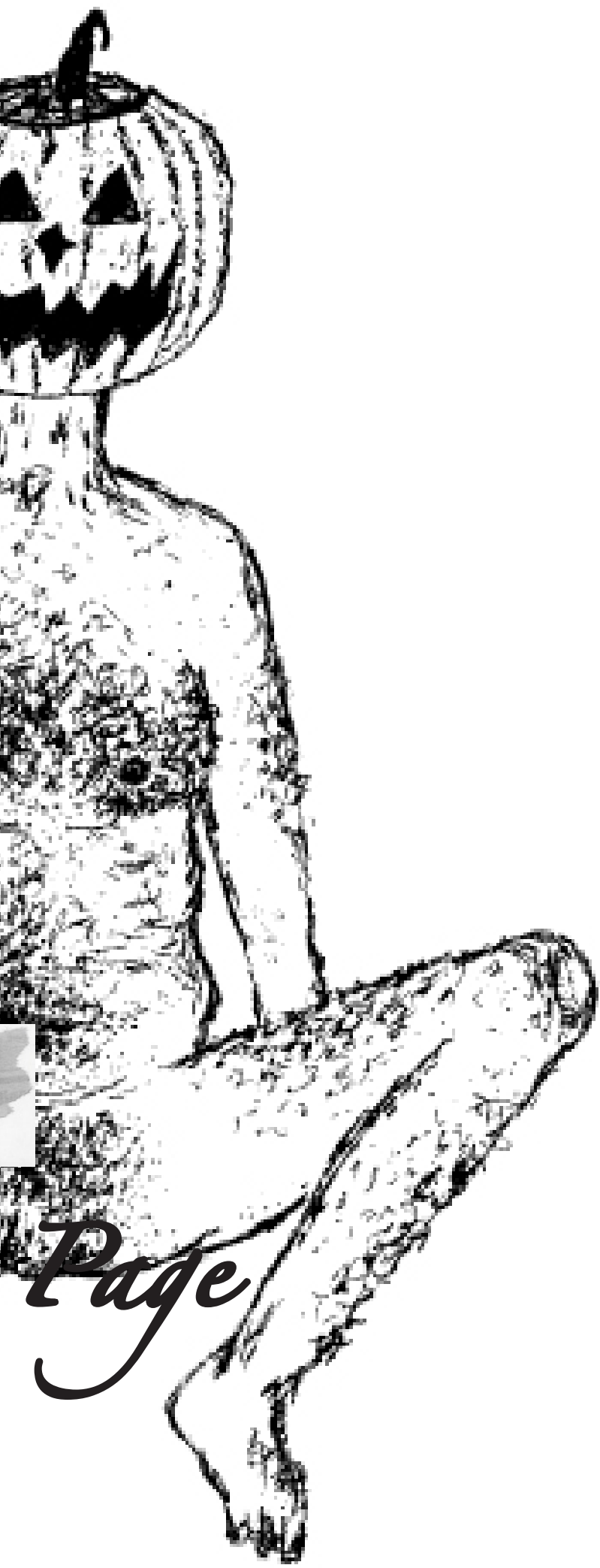
[illegible]



Shelia with Pin
by *Hannah Copeland*



Flapjacks
by *Erin Grueneberg*



Holister by *Hannah Copeland*



12

Page

reviews



People Review: Ivan the Terrible

by Dylan Moir



Russian history is marred with violence and revolution. We all know about the Bolshevik Revolution and the nasty work Stalin did on the Soviet Union, but initially, things weren't all that bad...discount-

ing the extreme fucking cold and complete lack of any arable land.

But seriously, in the glory days of Kiev and Novgorod the law codes stressed fines as the main form of punishment and the feudal system hadn't been fully developed. That's right, peasants could actually go vacation in the Baltic if they had the luxury of knowing what that was. Torture was for the most part an unfortunate cost of getting your sorry ass kicked in all-out warfare. So naturally, things couldn't get much worse, right?

Wrong. Wrong. Fucking WRONG. Ivan IV Vasilevich, or as some of his fans (*cough* Stalin *cough*) lovingly refer to him, Ivan the Terrible, came and kicked the shit out of Russia. This dude came to power as Grand Prince of Moscow and Tsar of all Russia. Actually, he was the first person to use the latter title. His parents died when he was very young, which some say had a severe impact on his mental faculties.

Since there was no ruler at the time, the boyar elite (they're essentially nobles) ruled in his stead until he was old enough to take the throne, something that would bother Ivan endlessly during his reign.

A few years before taking the throne, Ivan's first wife, Anastasia Romanovna, died. This tragedy was said to have an equally, if not more significant impact on Ivan's mental faculties than the death of his parents. During the Boyar rule, Ivan was heavily neglected by the nobles, bring us to his first badass political move. Basically, he faked an abdication of the throne and left Moscow, but before he left Ivan made sure to tell the Muskovites that he wasn't mad at them and that the Boyars were to blame for everything. Naturally, the masses came flocking back to him, and in a heroic gesture, he swooped the people off their feet and implemented the oprichnina, which effectively stripped the Boyar elite of their power and prowess.

Over the years of the oprichnina, Ivan did some pretty horrible things. One of these was the massacre of Novgorod. Supposedly, a rumor was flying around that Novgorod was getting pretty sick of Ivan's shenanigans, so he took his huge fucking army of oprichniki, and tore the shit out of Novgorod's financial district. Oops.

During the final years of Ivan's reign, things started unraveling. The oprichnina created class conflicts between the oprichniki and the boyar elite, and redistribution of land throughout Russia, as well as disease, left a lot of peasants more or less dead. Furthermore, Ivan allegedly killed his oldest son and heir to the throne (his younger son liked to ring church bells as a hobby) in a fit of rage. Thus, when Ivan died his dynasty shattered into a million little Russian shards. Oh yeah, did I mention that he died while playing chess?

Ivan the Terrible gets 5 bloody limbs out of 5

Kirkville's TRU Alternative
Broadcasting live, 24/7
on 88.7 FM
and at ktrm.truman.edu

ROCK

POP

METAL

HIP HOP

FOLK

TECHNO

the 88.7
edge

NEW MUSIC!!!

by Matt Ziegler

Blink-182, *Neighborhoods*

Just when you got over Blink's derivatives and started getting nostalgic for the "Dammit" days, they reformed and recorded a sweet album. They captured their old, familiar sound while still making the music sound new and relevant. I must admit, I wasn't into the first fews tracks initially, but after listening to the rest, the album definitely grew on me. It's energetic, catchy, refreshingly whiny, and reminds me why I love music.

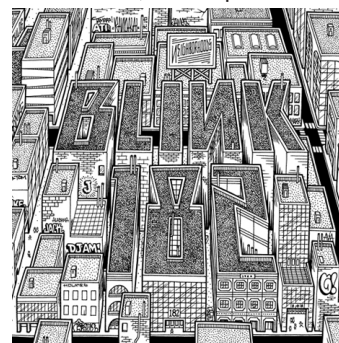
St. Vincent, *Strange Mercy*

I don't know about this one. I liked St. Vincent's first 2 full-lengths, but this one feels kinda bland, like its particular sound

is just overdone nowadays. I don't want to fully write it off because some of the vocal textures and melodies are beautifully composed and make for nice comforting music. I recommend it, even though it's not breaking any strides in my book.

The Drums, *Portamento*

While at times they come off as a generic indie-pop band, the drums write catchy songs with a striking amount of musical depth. They're own brand of dreamy, surf rock takes cues from 90's shoegaze, 80's New Wave and 60's surf riffs (ahem, Beach Boys). Their songs tend to start somewhat stripped down and nicely build into complex rhythmic and melodic patterns. Overall the album laments the end of summer and dreads the coming cold, making it an excellent fall release.



music

Piss Machines Sit Down with The Monitor

Local musical act Piss Machines blends as-saultive noise with obtrusive performance in an often astonishing display of vulgarity. The two man-group performs with the tag line: "everyone is a piss machine," and if you haven't seen them yet you surely will and should. The Monitor sat down with Matt and Keenan to talk Piss Machines:

Keenan: What the fuck type of interview is this?

TM: What inspires your guys' art?



Matt: Drugs.

Keenan: Yeah, drugs and anger, and also ... trying to get bitches. I wanted to be the lead singer in a noise band 'cause I thought that's what girls liked and I thought I'd get hella poon-tang. So far not much poon-tang.

Matt: I do it because I'm pretty sure it makes me better than everyone else. That's all that really matters.

Keenan: ... we got free beer one time and that still motivates me to this day to do what I do.

TM: Where do you see Piss Machines headed? In a year, 5 years, and 10 years?

Keenan: One year: probably be black out about this time one year from now. Five years: I'll probably still be black out, and then 10 years: Savvis Center in St. Louis. I imagine we'll sell out the Savvis Center.

TM: I noticed that was mostly about you, do you consider this band an extension of yourself and your life?

Keenan: I usually forget that Matt's in it.

Matt: That's funny 'cause when I'm performing I usually don't listen to anything else other than what I'm playing.

Keenan: Yeah me too, sometimes I hear it and I actually get angry and turn up the volume so I can't hear other people.

TM: So is this an ultimate egotistical experience?

Matt: Yes.

Keenan: No, I'd say it's the furthest thing from egotistical really.

TM: How So?

Keenan: Next question.

TM: What is generally the reaction to your music?

Keenan: Running away.

Matt: Yeah, but you know usually with a shirt and a CD in hand so...

Keenan: And our signature brand Nikes.

TM: Are there ever people who are into it?

Matt: I don't know because usually I'm not paying attention to anything.

Keenan: Matt's usually off in his own world I tend to run around in the crowd and stuff from time to time and I see some people I think are pretending like they are into it, but they don't really get it ... like I know they don't.

Matt: I think some people do though.

Keenan: No.

Matt: Yeah some people do.

Keenan: Yeah I guess occasionally.

Matt: Some people also want to but don't.

Keenan: I feel like they get it, but not in the way that I get it.

Matt: Yeah, but they still enjoy what's going on

Keenan: Yeah, in the way like a baby enjoys when everyone's laughing, but doesn't get

the joke. That's how I see it. Every fan I've ever seen of ours is a retard. Literally.

TM: What would you say your relationship to your fans is in that case?

Matt: Fuck them.

Keenan: I would say pandering. I am just pandering to the retard audience.

Keenan: So you are just making these questions up on the spot?

TM: You had a performance over the summer where you performed for Joseph Baldwin Academy kids, what was that like/how was that different from your other performances?

Matt: Probably life changing.

Keenan: Yeah. I would say life changing.

TM: And you tried to incorporate them into the show by giving them musical instru...

Keenan: It changed my life.

TM: So, would you like if people started performing with you more at shows, I mean that happens now is that something you want to happen more?

Matt: I mean, usually Wynen's there and he is drunk and he's trying to do something.

Keenan: I mean, if those people were children than yes, but Piss Machines is for children. It is for children to be a part of and enjoy. So if a full grown man were to try and come and make music with me I would be forced to push him out of the way, and invite the little children to come to me.

Matt: Uh... yeah.

TM: When can we expect more from Piss Machines?

Matt: Right now? I don't fucking know.

Keenan: Whenever something interesting comes along.

Matt: Saying that there's like a Piss Machines show on a certain date at a certain

time is kind of... kind of dumb. More or less because everything around us is noise and so we are all the time Piss Machines everyone.

Keenan: Piss Machines is a brand that Matt and I wear. I mean, figuratively to be serious just for a spell.

Matt: I'd never scarify my body for the sake of anything ... that's probably not true ... scratch that whole thing about that not being true.

Keenan: I am always performing as Piss Machines like last night when we were at Taco Bell and that girl said "Hey Piss Machines," and I waved that wave that was a Piss Machines performance.

TM: Anything you'd like to close with/anything I missed?

Matt: Fuck you ... not just you, everyone.

Keenan: Invite us to play your parties and stuff, not just you but everyone.

TM: Is there a contact that people can keep in touch with you through.

Keenan: Uh... 636-675-0154 that's my personal cell-phone number. I keep my phone on 24/7

TM: Can fans also contact you?

Keenan: Yeah, preferably female fans.

Matt: pissmachines@gmail.com I will try and wade through all the spam, actually probably not. Don't use that e-mail.

Matt: This interview's not over.

Keenan: Drink some beer.



Upcoming Events

@ the Aquadome - Your friendly neighborhood anarchy space!

October 29th- Rave to the Grave II - Halloween haunted house and show
Free Guitar Lessons every Sunday at noon (RSVP to Cliff @ 6609883704)

diversions

Queen Astra



Let the stars be your guide!

Aries (March 21-April 19)

Your creative spark will only work this month in situations involving koalas. Move to Australia?

Taurus (April 20 - May 20)

It might be a good idea to spend this month in hiding.

Gemini (May 21 - June 21)

You will never know what that hot girl was trying to tell you at the bar. Shouldn't have had those three bean burritos.

Cancer (June 22 - July 22)

Nothing of note will happen to you this month, except for a particularly amusing episode involving used chewing gum and Engelbert Humperdinck

Leo (July 23 - August 22)

Your long-lost twin will knock on your door at seven in the morning on a Saturday to ask you if you would like to know more about Mormonism.

Virgo (August 23 - Sept. 22)

Beware of huns on unicycles.

Libra (September 23 - October 22)

The growing pile of empty Red Bull cans by your desk should be a sign that you are addicted to computer chess.

Scorpio (October 23 - November 21)

Urban legends will be told about you after this month.

Sagittarius (November 22 - December 21)

Be spontaneous this month, but not too spontaneous. Consider your spontaneity carefully.

Capricorn (December 22 - January 19)

Your sign is a sea-goat. Life is not gonna get much better.

Aquarius (January 20 - February 18)

Plan your month out carefully and you might avoid flesh-eating diseases. Maybe.

Pisces (February 19 - March 20)

Your whole life up till this point has been preparing you for a single moment which will occur this Friday at 2:13 PM. Unfortunately, you're going to screw it up.

The Biggest Inside Joke Ever*

Douglas L. Ball

30. In your own words (not copying down the lecture notes or some other source), explain the frequency/pitch difference and amplitude/loudness difference. Your answer should not focus on the detailed differences but on their abstract/conceptual differences.

Oowise a ihaasee tseenator te sa'o. Senan a hiik to tirakin a tihor-itirak ye oowise. Oonootaa a ihaasee tseenator te sa'o. Ooquaak a hiik to tirakin a tihor-itirak ye oonootaa. Totsin-ti a haahaas te ootseenator.

*Since the joke(s) of this piece is/are especially obscure, I feel that I should explain them. The prompt for question 30 says "in your own words", so I've taken that literally and written the response in Skerre, my own personal constructed language. As I devised all the words in Skerre (and all the grammar surrounding them), I have used "my own words". The prompt also says not to copy lecture notes, but the first four sentences of my response are a translation of the lecture notes. But then again, I wrote the lecture notes I translated from; was I entitled to copy them or not?

Rocky Road Brownies

(or why I didn't have time to write a proper article)

Brownie ingredients:

1 C flour
¾ C sugar
2 ½ tbsp cocoa powder
½ tsp baking powder
2 sticks butter, melted
2 eggs, beaten
1 tsp vanilla
¾ C chopped almonds

Frosting ingredients:

1 ¾ C powdered sugar
2 tbsp cocoa powder
½ tsp vanilla
3 tbsp milk
1 cup chopped marshmallows

Heat oven to 325, grease a suitable pan
Sift dry ingredients together
Stir in butter, eggs, vanilla and beat until just mixed
Stir in almonds
Bake for 35 minutes (or until slightly firm on top)

For frosting, beat all ingredients with an electric mixer
Spread on brownies when cooled
Top with marshmallows
Let frosting set, then gorge yourself!

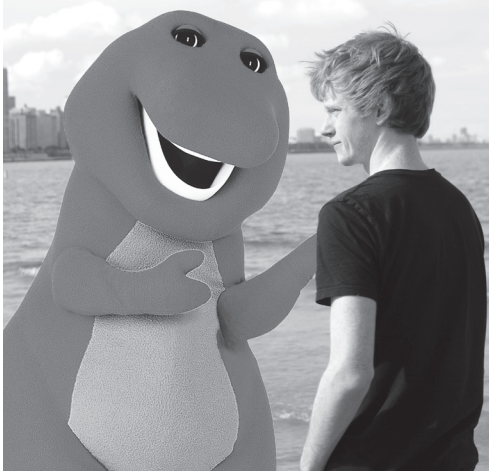




ARTIST SHOWCASE: DANIEL SCHAKE



NOTHING HURTS MORE THAN
REALIZING THAT HE MEANT
EVERYTHING TO YOU, AND THAT
YOU MEANT NOTHING TO HIM..



EXCLUSIVE



MORE CELEB CROTCH SHOTS ON TMZ.COM



Bible Stories from Memory by Adam1

So Joesph is a slave in Egyptland now and he's working for this guy whose name I can't remember. It's one of those old complicated bible names that hasn't really caught back on yet, but for the purposes of this story we'll call him Jesus. Jesus worked for Pharaoh as like an economic advisor or something and one day Pharaoh was having nightmares about the crops drying up and freaking out pretty good because, as Pharaoh, it was pretty much his job to make sure the crops didn't dry up. He asked Jesus about his dreams and Jesus said, "I don't know, but my slave Joseph is really good at reading dreams for some reason and he also may or may not be sleeping with my wife but we're gonna skip over that part for now," and Pharaoh was like, "sweet, why don't you go get him."

So Jesus went and got Joseph out of prison I think and brought him to Pharaoh and Pharaoh was like, "Joseph, I'm having all these dreams about the crops drying up, what do they mean?" and Joseph was like, "Pharaoh, I think your dreams mean that the crops are going to dry up" and then Pharaoh fired Jesus and made Joseph the prince of Egyptland.

So seven years pass and now Egyptland is the only place in the world that has any food so people are coming in from all over to get some. One day, Joseph's dad and brothers came in to get their food, but they didn't recognize Joseph because it had been seven years and they thought he was dead. People didn't live very long in the old days, in fact, his father might have been dead already. So Joseph is kind of torn because on the one hand, he doesn't want his family to starve and on the other, those bastards sold him into slavery, and on the other it was all secretly part of G-d's plan because now he was the prince and they were starving.

So Joseph decided to slip his watch into his youngest brother's pocket and then have the guards search him. They found the watch and Joseph ordered that his little brother was going to be executed by the state for theft, but the other brothers were like, "No, don't kill him! When we were kids we sold our other little brother to gypsies and we all feel really bad about it." and Joseph was lie, "It was me, you dummies!" and they all lived happily ever after, until a few years later when Jesus was remembering what a good slave Joseph was and made all of the rest of the Jews slaves.

THE END

my back pages

(poetry for your soul)

Moab, Utah

by Sean Prudden

In my computer the red arches of Utah are before me.
It is a memory, where I used to be.
1366x768 resolution
32 bit color
Projecting the image, saving my screen.
The picture on my background looks clearer than how I remember it.
I remember it blurry and wavy,
the heat pouring off every bit of the earth
In that desert, Moab.

In Moab, the shade has a form, walls.
I enter in, cool off and look out at the heat
The sky is clear and barren,
The colors saturated under the mass of sun light,
All the red-grey, burnt boulders against the faded mountains
Miles away in Colorado.

One hundred and fifty miles away in Colorado
A man told us it was too hot to travel to Moab in July.
It was eighty-three degrees there.
It is one hundred and two degrees here.
If you dig deep enough into the dirt
You can find water in underground rivers.

If you look hard enough at the rocks
You can find ancient paintings of desert sheep and their herders,
Men who built the Pueblos,
Who lived and fought on this land.
Here am I, with no water, in this land that is trying
To cast me out of it.

This land is rattlesnakes and riverbeds
Where the memory of water has left them hollow
Waiting to receive that blessing any day now
While demon spirits shift out from the ground
And breath hot breath in the air
To make hallucinations of the horizon.

714 S. Fourth: A smile and crude laugh

-N Raygun

I don't really know you,
know you in the sense that never makes much sense
because I can't penetrate that look
you tossed me in the doorway
and I can't reconcile the lusty desire that resulted

But I do know that in that smile and crude laugh
that seemed easier than a drunken walk down Franklin,
there was a serene mistrust
of the distance between our bodies

you must have known that someday
I would be standing on your doorstep
with a medium pie (to watch my form)
and a half-assed hope for a couple of bones
and you must have known
that your smile and crude laugh
would stall my return as I wrote these lines
and you knew that I would be back someday
with poetry rather than pizzas
and more wealth than G. Wash

Ash grey
Fart Stains
Running down fault lines

-Anonymous

Apples to Snapples

Life tree brings seed.
Life tree brings greed.
“Take heed, breed need,”
sang the old life tree.

Why I’m Awesome

by Keenan Schott

I smell like dried beer
And dog shit.
(I think I just caught a whiff of vomit, too.)
The tip of my shriveled dick is covered
In dry semen and scraps of toilet paper.
The sweat on my arms
Looks like an oil slick.
My ass is a geyser.
I burn rubber in the bowels of every toilet I use,
Leaving my skid marks all over town
Like beer cans thrown from pick-up truck windows.
I haven’t changed my underwear in a week.
I haven’t brushed my teeth in several months.
Note: I also considered calling this poem “Why I
Don’t Get Fucked”

Oxygenated

by Meg Burik

A friend and I went kayaking one Saturday afternoon.
Our paddles rhythmically dipped their feet in the lake,
and a small wake spread its legs behind each boat.
From above, the clouds glared at us with black eyes,
threatening rain at any moment.
The rain started so sparsely I asked him why all the fish
were jumping and he said there’s somethin’ bigger after ‘em.
I told him not to say that, it’s creepy,
and he laughed.
He said you ought to only worry when the bigger fish start jumping,
and my mind evolved undulating Loch Nesses beneath our kayaks.
We realized the fish were rain drops,
when they started to fall gently, warmly,
down onto our bodies like confetti, like petals,
and made a million baby kisses along the water’s surface.

As he raised his head up to the sky,
I saw a look of perfect contentment etch itself
into his statue face as water ran in rivulets
along timeworn paths.
The smile jumped onto my face like a spooked frog
and spread warmth
throughout me.

I breathed this moment through my gills,
converting it to sustenance,
giving me life
as I paddle on.

**Poetry is the crust you scrape off your
eyelids every morning before you face
the drear of waking life. Share your
crusty tidbits with the Monitor at:
monitor.truman@gmail.com**

Poetry Felcher, NR

Lawyer

by Codi Caton

I am a lawyer.
Nobody likes me.

It may not be so highly looked upon but please
god just let me bring this case to court.

I swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and noth-
ing but the truth so help you god.

Because you’re on trial.

The jury may not be happy about it but I will
cross examine you til the pieces of our existence
become a cheesy puzzle of an old house with
flowers growing all around.

When this time comes I will enjoy the flowers, but
you will still be on trial.

I apologize for the truth,
Nobody likes me,
But I am a lawyer.

Hey, We Wound Up Here Again

by Elliot Roeder

Hey, we wound up here again. Falling through
lapses of intoxication, terrified
of the ground and its implications.
Escape on silver clouds, sedated.

Laugh at our intoxication, terrified
of countless days that yawn and stretch and dull.
We can’t escape each other, made sedate
by the familiar burdens we exchange.

Can’t count the days we waste, ignore, to dull
the strains of parasite affection.
And the familiar crutches we exchange,
“Here are all the lies I want to hear.”

In our strained paradise, attention
a drug we burn and smoke and live with.
Hearing about the lives outside of here
makes me wonder, did I forgive too much,

as I was dragged through smoke and burning fear?
I will hold your hair back, I will stay
and wonder if I will forget enough
midnight resentments by the coming day.

“Hold your hell back.” “I will.” It is strange,
the ground and its implications.
Might it resemble the first gray light of day?
Hey, I wound up here again. Failing you.