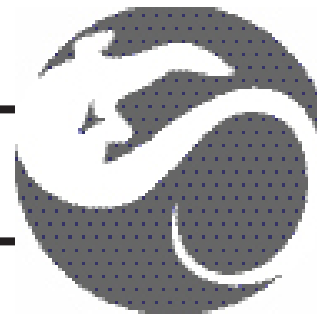


volume 19 issue 3 november 2011 a campus collective

the monitor

from the editors



the monitor
a campus collective
independent quality since 1995

volume 19 | issue 3

ADDRESS

CSI SUB
Truman State University
Kirksville, MO 63501

ONLINE

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

EDITORS

matt ziegler
chris drew
elliott roeder
brie vuagniaux
erin grueneberg
dylan moir
alison stagner
hannah copeland

cover photo by | Connor Fitzgerald

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

Hello Kirksville,

This marks the 16th year of The Monitor's existence as Kirksville's completely uncensored creative outlet! We are working hard to put all your submissions onto the spread, and to do so on a monthly basis. We think it is amazing that a small group of freethinkers has morphed and persevered across such a long spans of time. The underlying factor of all this effort has to be that we believe in free speech, we don't just believe but are fanatics for communication and expression.

You obviously share our enthusiasm, because you are reading the letter from the editors! Please, if you feel comfortable, take the next step! Come to a meeting, send us some of your material, keep the dream alive, so that future-readers can stumble across the paper, pick it up, and be pulled into the intellectual beehive.

This issue has many old favorites, such as madame Queen Astra's astrological forecast and the news in brief. We are proud to present coverage on the Kirksville local music scene, and the FLATS trail construction out at Thousand Hills State Park. As always, if you feel something is missing or would like to voice your opinions about a submission send us your thoughts. If you want to yell/hug us in person, come on down to the MAClab any Tuesday night at 8 pm, we'll be the haggard group with the outrageous facial hair.

Until next time,
THE EDITORS

Submit your prose to the

MONITOR SHORT STORY CONTEST

**Submissions should be 1000
words or less and sent to
monitor.truman@gmail.com
by January 1, 2012**



THE MONITOR



the Index

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

crime reports

11/1- Darby Switchfoot was issued a citation for writing a decent poem and not submitting it to the Monitor. His fine is a lifetime of regret and hesitation.

11/1- Richard Tycoon was arrested for falling asleep while watching reruns of *Cheers*, an offense punishable by castration.

11/2- Raina Rivenburg was given a warning for lookin too fine.

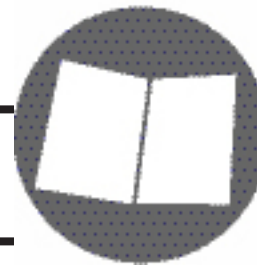
11/4- Nelson Jefferson was (once again) arrested for reading *Doone* in a public space. This is his 4th offense of the same nature. Fucking Nerd.

11/6- The world shuddered as midnight struck, closing the first day in history with no crime anywhere. Scientist worry that someone used Black Magic to reawaken God.

11/7- Eli KeDog was discovered masturbating to *Pet Stars* on Animal Planet by his very ashamed mother. She just doesn't know what to do with him anymore.

11/7- An indescrypt African American male stole a candy bar from the Mainstreet Market in the SUB. The cashier on duty swears.

11/9- The DEA was issued a court summons for artificially inflating the street price of pot above the CPI threshold of \$6.99 per pound



FLATS Trail Construction Begins

By Brie Vuagniaux

When one thinks of our humble town the words "sidewalks, trails, bikes" may not come quickly to mind, but, many active members in our community are setting about to change this. Royce Kallerud, an English Professor at TSU, has conceived a trails project that will take years and hundreds of thousands of dollars to complete. The end goal: to link Kirkville town to Thousand Hills State Park by way of a paved, handicap accessible trail.

Currently the project is in Phase 1, with construction being done on a .59-mile section from the marina to the petroglyph site at Thousand Hills. This section of the trail was half-funded by a \$100,000 grant from the Recreational Trails Program grant, and half-funded by private donations. Phase 2 of the trail will connect Phase 1 to the north campground. Phase 3 of the trail will connect to Kirkville.

Advantages of having the trail are numerous. According to the board, the trails



will raise property value and decrease selling time for surrounding homes, as well as, provide those neighborhoods with an informal neighborhood watch by people using the trail. The trail will allow for members of AT SU, TSU, and the town to easily enjoy outdoor activities such as fishing, hiking, camping and biking. On a macrolevel, the trail will "improve the quality of life" in our town.

It Gets Better?

by Elliot Roeder

Imagine you're lost in a desert. The sun burns down mercilessly, the buzzards circle overhead, and you keep finding your own footprints in the sand. But, miracle of miracles, you have a smartphone and reception. However, the smartphone can only receive calls, otherwise this entire analogy would fall apart. Your friends know of your situation, and while they can't come find you, they send you videos of themselves sitting at an all-you-can-eat buffet and sipping glasses of icewater for encouragement.

In a nutshell, this is how the It Gets Better project works. Bullied LGBT kids in small towns get reassurance and encouragement from internet videos, made both by their peers and by well-known public figures. This isn't a bad idea, as a little hope never hurt anyone, but It Gets Better is at best a half measure. There are many problems facing bullied teenagers, gay and otherwise, that It Gets Better fails to address.

First and foremost, It Gets Better only offers encouragement for the future, and doesn't address immediate problems facing bullied teens. When you're thirteen or fourteen and looking down the barrel of five or six more years of relentless abuse,

**IT GETS
BETTER
PROJECT**
ITGETSBETTERPROJECT.COM

it's easy to lose perspective. Reassurances that "It Gets Better", while helpful, can be a cold comfort when you know you're going to wake up tomorrow and be shoved into lockers and called "faggot" or "dyke", and that tomorrow will most likely be repeated over and over for years.

Another problem that needs to be dealt with is the numerous psychological and mental scars bullying leaves on its victims. I can say this from experience-I was bullied for two years in middle school, and two years later, I was literally too socially anxious to answer a telephone, and I hated going out in public because I was sure everyone who gave me even the slightest glance was judging me. I can't imagine what eight-plus years of bullying would do to a person. Once these bullied teenagers do get out of high school and into more accepting environments, they are still left with low self-esteem and confidence and will have to deal with the considerable stress of freshman year of college in a new city while coping with the emotional damage left by years of abuse. Universities need to address this problem-while we have Gay-Straight Alliances and counseling centers, a program tailored specifically for bullied LGBT teenagers, possibly involving group therapy, meditation classes, and older students mentoring younger ones, would help considerably.

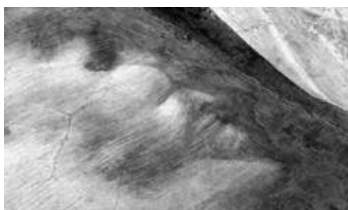
Also, It Gets Better fails to reach many of the most at-risk LGBT teenagers. Those without Internet access, or those who cannot access the Internet in privacy and secrecy are most likely either in small towns or very conservative households, neither of which are ideal places for gay teenagers.

Finally, current programs to deal with bullying in high schools focus mainly on the bullied teenagers. Where are the videos to the bullies? Why don't we have musicians, athletes, celebrities, and political figures making videos telling teenagers "Don't bully or harass other people, because you

NEWS BRIEFS: the newest in news

Devil in the Details

High quality photographs of an 800 year old fresco have revealed the profile of Satan hidden in the clouds. Chiara Frugone noticed the detail in Giotto's fresco cycle within the Basilica of St. Francis in Assisi. The mostly unambiguous figure probably went unnoticed for so many centuries because no one really cared. That, and it's quite minute in comparison to the full fresco cycle. Nonetheless, I smell a new edition of an expensive art History textbook.



Court Rules Against Drug Tests

A federal judge has renewed a restraining order that halts a policy to test all incoming freshmen at Linn State Technical College for illegal drugs. The original suit was filed by the American Civil Liberties Union in September on grounds that the policy is unconstitutional under the fourth amendment. The 2-year college claims that the tests are necessary because many programs involve heavy machinery, and that the policy was instituted to ensure safety for students and faculty. The urine test looks for 11 different drugs including cocaine, methamphetamine, opiates, and marijuana. Unfortunately, only one of those 11 substances remains in urine after a day or two (Michael Phelps knows which!) Linn State has three campuses in Missouri and is the first college in the U.S. to institute such a policy.

Dead Horse+Nudity=Art?



In a story that sounds more like the disgusting shit you people send in to the Monitor, a Portland woman got her kicks by posing naked inside of a horse carcass and posting the pictures to the internet. Remarkably, Jasha Lottin and her boyfriend do not face charges since the horse was killed humanely after it became fatally ill (don't worry, they also ate it). You would think that these pictures would be horribly gruesome, but I can safely say that I have seen much worse. Much.

continued page 4

features



Flat Tax, Regressive Tax

by Marc Beacker

Republicans are back on the war-path to take away everything from us and create a new wealthy oligarchy that will selfishly rule in their own class interests.

The latest manifestation of this is Republican presidential candidate Herman Cain's proposal to scrap the current tax code and replace it with 9-9-9: a 9 percent income tax, a 9 percent sales tax, and a 9 percent business tax.

Cain's proposal led Rick Perry to roll out his own 20 percent "flat tax" proposal. These plans gain a certain amount of popularity because they would replace an impossibly complex tax code with a deceptively simple one: taxpayers take 9 percent of their earnings and send a check to the government rather than stressing out over mind-boggling forms every April 15.

But, as Robert Reich, former secretary of labor in the Clinton administration and professor of Public Policy at the University of California at Berkeley, bluntly states: the flat tax is a fraud; it raises taxes on the poor and lowers them on the rich. It would also drive up budget deficits.

The very rich, those making more than \$1 million a year, make out like bandits with flat tax schemes. Not only do these plans significantly drop the top tax rates, but they also do away with dividend and capital gains taxes that mostly impact the wealthy.

The low rate (currently set at 15 percent) on capital gains--charged on people who make money off of their money rather than earning it by working--led Warren Buffett to observe that he pays less in taxes than his secretary. Cain's plan would eliminate even that small tax on the major source of income for the very rich.

Today's tax code is moderately progressive, which means that the more a per-

son earns the more that person has to pay in taxes. It only seems fair that those who are best off should shoulder more of the burden. Not only does Cain's flat tax plan reverse that thinking, but in shifting the burden to payroll, sales, and property taxes he advocates for an actively regressive tax in which the poor pay a higher proportion of their income as taxes than do the wealthy. Because the poor spend a significantly higher percentage of their income than the wealthy on basic necessities, these taxes disproportionately hit the poor harder than those with high incomes.

Republicans contend that we have to lower tax rates on the wealthy and corporations because they are the job creators. Little evidence exists that this has happened. Instead, wealthy CEOs seek to eliminate employees and replace well-paid workers with low-wage jobs in an endless drive to maximize their profit margin. The rest of us pay for their greed.

The Congressional Budget Office recently reported that the top 1 percent of income earners more than doubled their share of the country's wealth over the last three decades, while the proportion of resources going to the rest of the country continues to shrink significantly.

Flat tax advocates contend that their proposal would simplify paying taxes, but nothing in a graduated tax plan inherently makes for a complex code--it is the deductions that do that. Cain proposes to eliminate deductions that disproportionately benefit low and moderate income earners so that more wealth flows to the top income brackets. This makes his plan doubly regressive.

A flat tax and a simple tax are two very different issues.

To address the problem of rapidly escalating inequality, Robert Reich proposes rather



than raising the top income tax bracket (currently 35 percent for those earning more than \$250,000 a year), that we should create new higher tax brackets for the super wealthy.

But I have a plan that would simplify the process of paying taxes while eliminating the growing budget shortfalls: why don't we eliminate all income and sales taxes entirely on the bottom 99 percent of income earners, and significantly raise corporate and capital gains taxes on the top 1 percent of the wealthy?

This proposal would immediately close budget holes. We are not broke. Far from it. The United States has more wealth than any country at any time in the history of the world. The problem is that all of this

wealth is quickly flowing into the hands of an oligarchy that selfishly imposes policies to benefit themselves at a cost to the rest of us. As a result, they can afford to pay taxes while the rest of us cannot.

Whenever anyone raises the issues of rapidly rising income inequalities, Republicans immediately cry out charges of class warfare. After all, aren't we all just Americans and are we not all in this together? But it is precisely these Republican politicians ruling on the behalf of an extremely wealthy oligarchy who are destroying the rest of us in order to benefit their narrow economic interests.

Republicans have declared class warfare, and it is time for us to fight back.

from page 3

could be partially responsible for the death of another human being, and if not that, you will almost certainly alter their life for the worse."? Are people still going to be making It Gets Better videos in 2111 because bullying of LGBT teenagers hasn't been stopped yet? Giving aid to the bullied is a good and noble cause, but it doesn't treat the underlying problem, it merely alleviates some of the damage bullying causes.

I'm not intending to argue that the It Gets Better project is a bad idea, but I feel

that due to its format and message, it has limitations, and that activists need to create other programs to deal with these limitations. Also, these programs need to receive the same level of media coverage that It Gets Better does in order to be effective.

It should also be acknowledged that bullying is a thorny and complicated issue. While administrators in many cases have been negligent, there is a limit to how much even the best teachers and principals can do to combat bullying. The more fundamental question that we as a society need to ask ourselves is this: Why are our teenagers capable of such cruelty to each other?

COOKS JEWELRY
118 W. Harrison • Kirksville, MO • 660-665-2155

20% OFF



20% OFF

mycooksjewelry.com
We buy gold.

Bring in this coupon to receive 20% off by 12/31/11.

The Monitor Goes Inside a Native American Ceremony

by Brie Vuagniaux

Native American History month was paid tribute all over TSU campus, with Native American meals, discussions and presentations. Personally, I have not visited a reservation or spoken with someone who is connected to our continent's native cultures. For this article I decided to reach out to a friend who regularly attends the Sundance Lakota ceremony of the Great Plains Indian tribe, in order to understand his family's fascination with native tradition and his views on reservation life today. My friend, instead, gave the phone to his father, who began chronicling his passion for Native American culture.

Gilbert Nichols first studied North American Indian history during his Anthropology studies in college. This sparked a 29 year obsession for Nichols, who then began to read volumes on the subject. Nichols explains that only 20 years ago "[native religion] was illegal- native people were not allowed to pray as Indians in an attempt to Christianize them; many of them would hide and do the ceremonies in secret so they stayed alive." He further describes the inclusive nature of native faiths, "Their spirituality considers all dominations good, they don't discriminate. To my knowledge the only religions that are exclusive, in that 'I've seen the light and you haven't' way are the religions that Abraham is the father--the three western religions Judaism, Christianity, and Islam. When you get into Buddhism and Hinduism and your tribal religions, they tend to be inclusive-- 'that's your path, this is my path.'"

Nichols attends the Sundance Ceremony every summer, often with his son. He describes: "The Sundance takes place in a large circle, which is blessed and once blessed is considered a sacred area. The Sundance itself lasts for 8 eight days; four days are preparation and purification, and four days of the actual Sundance." This eight day purification ceremony involves upwards of 300 dancers and 3,000 supporters who camp out and watch the ceremony." Nichols describes the circle within which the dance is performed: "There is a tree, a cottonwood tree with a fork in it, this last summer I would guess it was as high as a 6 story building. They bring it into the center of the circle, they pull it up before they raise the tree they tie all sorts of prayers, in the form of tobacco and

cloth. Every dancer puts their prayers on that tree." Nichols further explains that old maps that the Native people brought forth to congress when proving claim to the Black Hills Land show the Sundance ceremony to be a 2,000-3,000 years old tradition.

I asked Nichols what about Native American traditional culture changes him or what about it he finds transformational. He said, "What I get from the Indian people is their sense of reverence for the land and all living things on the land. It is very personal very deeply personal and it is also the base of the spirituality and their moral value system. Those two isolated incidences that I describe is the base for their morality and spiri-



tuality. It is all encompassing from the stars in the sky to every blade of grass. It shifts your consciousness when you're around such people, I go to a restaurant to eat and it seems strange to me to see people eat and not give reference to the plants and animals that gave their life for their sustenance."

Nichols believes that native people are more conscious of the sacrifice and balance required of all animals to be alive. He shared a story to illustrate this point. He said, "I have a friend who is the great grandson of the medicine person of Crazy Horse. One day I was out with him and two young Lakota boys, mid twenties, young to me, the

medicine person I am referring to his name is Godfry Chips, we go out to gather medicine, his mother, we called her Grandma, at that point is almost 90 years old. We go out to gather medicine there are these plants not high off the ground, not very tall. Godfry picks the three plants we are going to take and we stand back and he sings thank you songs to the plants, we have not even touched them yet, he has thank you songs and prayers. We are going through this whole process of respect because we are going to take their life. And I look up to him and he has tears running down his cheeks. That level of relationship is very personal. The tears are because he is going to take their life. We were

instructed to dig around the root, all around it, so that we can dig it up whole. The root is 3 feet deep, your on your stomach so that you can dig all the way down not to disturb it until you pull it up."

I asked Nichols who he thinks would benefit from going to a Native American festival, such as the Lakota Sundance. He said, "If they are to a point where they want to grow and they are open to having different experiences then that would be good. People tend to get really rude when they are judgmental and these ceremonies should not be disrespected."

Local Pizza Place Vows to Hold Spit by Request

-Jay Leotard



After complaints of excessive amounts of saliva in the food, the management at Kirksville's long established local pizza restaurant has stated

that customers can now request not to have spit in their food. Customers be weary, as you must explicitly state "hold the spit" when ordering, if you want to avoid the abjection.

"We value our customers' wishes," stated manager and head-cook Phoni Spamline as he loudly cleared his throat, "I understand that some people don't like the spit. Pshtooth. They're missing out. They don't get that this is our magic touch. We ain't 'world famous' for nothin," he explains as he shows off a stunningly formed lougie across the face of a sandwich.

Many Kirksville residents wonder why the department of health never intervened when they became aware of the restaurant's questionable practices. They rebutted that, "We do not view this as a matter of public health. Everything that the restaurant makes is cooked in a 500+ degree oven, easily killing any harmful germs that might be transmitted in saliva." The spokesperson for the department commented further with, "if I were you, I'd be more worried about those dusty pizza boxes."

The restaurant promises that if customers are really "that big of pussies," that their requests will be honored. Spamline however made it clear that the restaurant is not legally culpable "if a little spit accidentally gets in." For many, this solution is adequate, but many residents are not convinced.

"What's next?" asks local Ronald Dubbard. "Am I gonna bite into a runza to find a big stinkin' turd? Are they gonna start pissin into the ice machine? Why don't they just act like a normal rest'runt and only spit in the food when people piss 'em off?"

Spamline responded, further explaining how the spit is an integral part of their unique taste. "We are a college tradition. We can't just change the tradition part because some customers get queezy. They're probably just a bunch of floozy faggots anyway. The spit gives our pizza character. If they want a greasy, bland, and unoriginal pizza, they should just go to Paggiai's. Their pizza fuckin sucks."

Photo by Julie Davis



Photo by Julie Davis





Photo by Connor Fitzgerald



reviews

Post-Ashram Reflections

by Michelle Martin

When people ask me what an ashram is, I often tell them that it's a spiritual retreat. However, the true function of an ashram is infinitely much more deep, beautiful and transformative.

Beyond the lushly forested paths and pristinely still lakes of rural Quebec, between 20 and 30 "ashramites" inhabit a sacred little bubble. This is one of the many Art of Living ashrams around the world. I also shared their corner of the world from May through October.

Though all who come can (and should) embrace whichever religion suits them best, the ashram's fabric of existence is spiced and flavored with Hindu traditions. Morning begins with meditation and a puja—an offering to the Divine, and it ends with Satsang—devotional songs and spiritual knowledge. The air of the ashram is bathed in Sanskrit throughout the day, from mealtime prayers, pujas (offerings to the divine) and bhajans (Sanskrit songs). Pictures of Hindu deities and gurus are as commonplace as family portraits in your living room.

During a silence course you might encounter the stillness and reverence of a monastery here, but your chances of finding a joyous atmosphere, peppered with laughter, are higher. The population is one of the most diverse I have ever encountered in such a small group. Ages span from early twenties through late sixties, and at least half of the population is international. A common sampling: Argentina, Lithuania, Italy, Trinidad, India, England, New Zealand. Some emit an infectious sense of joy and love from the moment you meet them, while others have a have a few more steps to go.

The makeup of our daily existences is meant to cleanse our minds, bodies, and spirits. There are absolutely NO drugs or alcohol on the premises, and only vegetarian food is cooked. Our daily structure adhered to a schedule, prescribed by Art of Living founder Sri Sri Ravi Shankar, meant to keep us grounded, mindful, and focused. Each day, we meditated twice, worked for six-to-seven hours, went to Satsangs (devotional singing and spiritual

knowledge) and had spare time in the evenings. Sundays are free. Seva "paid" for our food and housing. Others work in the kitchen, the organic gardens (which supplied a hefty chunk of our food!), the Ayurveda center (Indian medicine), outdoors, or in house-keeping.

The word "Cleansing" has a lovely ring to it. The word evokes visions of some mystical cloth wiping clean

pushed. If you ever go to an ashram, get ready to see your faults in crystal clear neon lights. Get ready for that to affect your interactions with day-to-day life and other people. Expect to encounter those tucked-away patches of pain that you have frantically and unconsciously locked away in your hidden inner chambers. As my friend Raj likes to say, "Everybody burns here."

But after you have been terrified, angry, ashamed, frustrated, insecure, lonely, or whatever else have you, you start learning to accept those aspects of yourself and they don't seem quite so horrifying anymore. You learn that both the highs and the lows are simply changes in the seasons of existence.

And the best news is that when the agony emerges, you are experiencing it because you are purging it from your system. It is leaving you.

Between the wrenching emotional boulders and the glows of boundless joy, my inner tectonic plates shifted a bit throughout those months. While I know that I am certainly not finished dealing with my own negative tendencies, some of them have faded. My fears no longer seem surrounded by such sharp and fierce edges, and I no longer dread their presence with the intensity that I used to. Doing service work for months leaves me with a greater sense of responsibility—I find within myself a burgeoning eagerness to give freely and to rise to my responsibilities. I feel as though there is a little less of me left, allowing the Divine to shine through me in a few a few more cracks.

I am buzzing with the glow of the ashram that will, in all probability, fade with some time. I feel warm with gratitude and shining with an inner joy. I have periods in which I love everyone I see, regardless of whether or not they love me. I still have much work to do yet—the foreboding hand of unhealthy mental constructs still presses down upon me at times. However, some sort of stability is arising that is clearly beyond my own desires and aversions. A clarity that knows, with a little more sureness, that no inner agony lasts forever

Lyceum Fails to Impress

by Matt Ziegler

Vox Lumiere's *Phantom of the Opera* was appallingly bad. I don't see many contemporary stylings of old musicals, but after sitting through an hour of this, I have no further desire to. For those who stayed after intermission and enjoyed the show, well I'm sorry, but it is my sincere opinion that the show was a horrendous piece of shit.

When I heard 'rock opera rendition' I expected something more along the lines of *Jesus Christ Superstar* or *Hair*, shows with half-decent, catchy tunes. I was hoping to leave with exciting melodies repeating in my head and a meager satisfaction with modern culture. Well, I had no such luck. Instead I left Baldwin Hall at intermission wishing that I had spent the time doing something more productive and enjoyable such as splitting logs, cleaning a frat-house after a party, or beating my head against a brick wall.

The show failed most as a mixed-media experience by overwhelming the audience with action and sound, none of which was actually enjoyable. The show combines a silent film version of *Phantom*, on-stage dancers and singers, a live guitarist and drummer, and a recorded audio track. This mixture would be really interesting and enjoyable, *if done well*, but unfortunately the only even remotely redeeming aspect was Lon Chaney's silent film, the blank canvas on which the show threw its feces. With that said, the combination of recorded and live "heavy" metal music was cheesy if not unbarably bad. The producer probably wanted to sound nouveau and edgy, but never cared to listen to the music itself—a textbook example of decent musicians playing total crap because they think it's cool.

I feel like the other performers fall into a similar, unfortunate category. They seemed like good singers and dancers who are paid to perform in a kiddie-pool filled with piss. In addition to the horribly composed songs, the choreography looked like that of a high-school show choir, oftentimes worse. My fifteen-year-old sister could choreograph a better show.

The erratic, maximalist in me really likes the central concept at work in Vox Lumiere's *Phantom*, but the aesthete deep down was ripping its hair out. In the future, Vox Lumiere should concentrate on cultivating simple melodies with emotive force, rather than abstracting a canonized text with diarectic fervor. As for the Lyceum Series, better luck next time.



those ugly imprints that distort one's being. But anyone who has gone through a spiritual growth spurt can tell you not to expect a cascade of roses and honeywater to flow from you before you wade through your share of internal muck. When you ride the highs, you glow. Your heart catches fire and you fall in love with the simplest joys of life. But in order to glow, you have to have your buttons

local scene

SO, What is The Aquadome?

by Hannah Copeland

The Aquadome is a not for profit Arts, Music, and Community Venue existing to create a vibrant, fruitful, and dynamic outlet for the Kirksville community. We are here to offer a place that proudly show cases our community, and give back to it. Just recently re-established in the last 6 months, we have so far hosted poetry slams, gallery showings, and concerts. Band performances at the Aquadome have ranged anywhere from Kirksvillian screamo bands, Christian rock bands from the Nemo area, and rockabilly folk from Columbia, MO.

Who runs da place?

A board of 5 members from the Kirksville and Truman community currently runs The Aquadome. We all have real lives, jobs, and a real passion for all that The Aquadome is. We have the opportunity, and responsibility to keep this place going. The fun parts include: planning shows, interior decorating (spray paint and Christmas lights), contacting talented members of our community, group cleaning sessions, and meeting amazing people who come to events. The not so fun part: making rent.

What we need.

What does every not for profit need? People. Currently, and continually, The Aquadome is searching for people who desire to contribute their time, talents, ideas, or spare change to the establishment. The best part is, we proudly guarantee that your contributions will not go unnoticed. A fresh new not for profit, we are bursting with opportunities to help us meet our goals. What are our goals? So glad you asked!

Our Goals.

We want to provide learning opportunities by having community members share what they know. For example, our Board member Cliff Greanjeans has offered to give FREE guitar and banjo lessons. Truman student Brokell Bridel would like give FREE yoga classes. Furthermore, we would love to have regular "homework" hours, where people could come to The Aquadome to study, or tutor each other. Also, we would love to host regular potlucks, because who doesn't like meeting great people and eating their food?

On the Artistic side, we plan to provide a gallery space (we got lots of space) for student and local artists. With all that space, we want to be able to share it for your sorority's philanthropy event, or to show that new indie flic that just came out. And of course, we want to keep our music scene alive and GROWING by throwing concerts of local and traveling musicians. But, in order to accomplish all these goals, and make new ones, we need to stay open.

Money, Ew.

The Aquadome requires about \$450 every month to pay the Rent and Utilities. How have we been making by so far? Fundraising, admission from shows, private donations, and a lot of scrounging from the board's pockets. All of these sources have worked so far, but right now, approaching these winter months when many people hibernate in their warm homes, or drive back to their family's homes, we are just fresh out of funds. Thus, The Aquadome will be closed for November, December, and January- But, we are open on an event by event basis: we pay our landlord each time we use the space. The Aquadome would LOVE to be open with regular business hours, weekend hours, and be bursting with constant activity from all the goals we've talked about. We are confident this is possible, with help from the dedicated and gifted people that make up our community. If our bare bones description of The Aquadome has inspired you, then please check our facebook page and come out to an event. BUT WAIT, so inspired that you want to contribute?? You're hired! Contact us.

Get Involved!

If you have any time or dollars, a talent you've been dying to share, extra folding chairs, if you can push a broom, if you can paint a masterpiece, or if you have an empty place inside you (The Aquadome can probably fill it) email us at: theaquadome@gmail.com. We are located just behind the movie theatre at 121 North Main Street.

We look forward to meeting you! And to making our community a better place, one day at a time.

Upcoming Events @ The Dome

12/8 - Monitor Poetry Slam and Open Mic Night
12/9 - Piss Machines and Smoke Signals Farewell
12/13 - Globemed's Rave to Save



prose

Little Red Riding Hood: An Epilogue

by Sean Prudden

Berry Sanger walked into the house where he had been assigned to 'gather evidence' from a double homicide. The evidence was quite apparent, however, he was mostly there to keep the crime from the press's eye. Mayor Emanuel was running for re-election and wanted to keep the appearance of violent crime in the city low. So, Sanger walked into the house. The floor in the entry way was covered in blood. That pissed Sanger off when he stepped in it. The bodies were in the bed. The girl was naked and her back was completely mutilated. It looked like a steak that some little kid had cut up but didn't want to eat. Her skin had started to shrivel and decompose. Her bed was drenched in her blood and the murderer had been sleeping in it for a couple weeks so his skin had been stained red. The debris from his self-inflicted gunshot to the head had splattered across the girls face and the wall to her right; little bits of skull and brain that where impossible to pick out of carpet. Officer Sanger was pissed off. It would take hours to clean this mess up and he really didn't want to start touching old bodies. So, he walked back downstairs, following his blood-footprints. The grandmother was in the fridge he was told. He opened it and saw a dozen jars stuffed with raw, diced meat. He could discern a few body parts; fingers, an eye, some teeth. "Shit, it's not all here," he thought. Now he would have to search for the rest of the remains. Some were in a freezer in the basement, some were in the murderer's stool sample. "At least he packaged this one for me." It wasn't until after dinner when the officer made it home, he opened his fridge and pulled out a Styrofoam container with some left-over hamburger.



To Whom It May Concern:

by Micah Wetzel

Hello, and greetings from planet Earth. The year in which I write these words is 2011. The month is October, the wind, crisp and brisk, and my day has been just as boring as ever. My name is _____ and I have 37 years of age (that's about all I have, and no I've never studied French), I'm 5 feet and 10 inches tall and I weigh 150 pounds. My eyes are brown like my hair (which is beginning to fall out, slowly but surely) and I don't wear glasses. Some things I like include (but are not limited to): music, books, sculptures, history, bugs, trees, computers, penguins, hair, movies. Some things I dislike include (but are not limited to): other people (sometimes, especially when they're loud), anchovies, monkeys, the color yellow, Central America, hair, movies. Most of those things I just said aren't true, but I'm sure you don't really care. I mean, who would?

Oh well.

Now that we've gotten to know each other a little bit, I should let you know: I plan on sending this letter tomorrow, just before I kill myself.

~~~

I know, I know, that sounds stupid, right? I probably think I'm the first one to do something like that! Well, fuck you, me. You can't even die with originality.

Oh well.

~~~

If all goes according to plan, then this letter will be sent to NASA, who will then shoot it off in to space in one of their rockets, or something. That's how it'll get to you (the reader). Or, of course, that could not happen. It could somehow be involved in blah blah blah sldkjflkj and FIRE, EXPLOSION, DEATH and it would never reach anyone, but really, shit.

~~~

I'm going to tell you a story now. It doesn't have much to do with things stories normally have a lot to do with. (No bombs, no car chases, no time travel, no romance.) This is going to be the type of story that deals more with the inner-workings/conflicts of a single person (me) in a single situation, which may or may not tell you something true about me. Here's the story:

One time it was my birthday, or something. Maybe it was Christmas. Whatever the occasion, my wonderful grandparents (who had been retired for as long as I was con-

scious of my own existence and interaction within the universe) sent me a card, as they always did. My grandma always wrote the letters, with her barely legible cursive telling me about the weather and what grandpa's been up to. She'd ask how I was doing and was the weather nice where I was? I'd finish reading the letter and proceed to grab the check she'd placed behind the letter. I'd think for a second Wow, that was really nice of them! I knew they didn't have much money, and knowing they would be willing to spare a small amount so that I could enjoy myself on \_\_\_\_\_ (my birthday, Christmas, etc.) really warmed my heart, you know? Then I'd go cash it and forget they existed until next time. The asshole wouldn't even take the time (what, ten minutes?) to write a response letter. Not even a simple Thank You.

Oh well.

~~~

Have you ever thought about killing yourself?* No, not just thinking about dying, or what it might be like if you didn't exist, not trying to detach yourself from the linear sense of space and time and imagine having never existed, but sitting down and understanding that you are a thing that's alive and if you wanted to you could be a thing that's not alive. (Or, rather not be a thing that's living, if that makes more sense. Does it?)

One time I was doing that (wondering why I'm a thing that's alive) and I resolved that, were I ever to make myself not alive anymore, I would choose a way out that was quiet and tactful. No guns. I've never liked guns. A more fitting way, I think, would be to drink Drano®. Poetic, no? No.

~~~

Another story, if you don't mind: I was in a car one time, driving aimlessly through Midwestern America. I had friends, I was with friends. We drove all night and stopped in towns at 4 in the goddamn morning and walked around. We (and by We I mean I) looked at old abandoned buildings and wondered What was this thing 50 years ago? And then it was 50 years ago and I was looking at people as they walked into and out of this building that I still had no idea of what it

was. Some of the people were happy, some were sad, some didn't look like anything except normal boring people and me imagining them meant absolutely nothing. Then we'd search for an all-night diner because we had nothing better to do than smoke cigarettes and talk about God and what was it all about anyway? The sun would come up, the people would come out, and we would leave like rats/cockroaches/snakes hiding from the light.

I'd say to myself Wow, what great times! I'd think about friendship and the connectivity of human beings on a larger scale, and how sharing moments like those with people like that made me happy even though I wasn't sure what happy meant. It was beautiful.

Oh well.

~~~

I don't really know what else to write about. There's not a whole lot I'm compelled to let you know, to be honest. This is my last hurrah and I can't even think of a grand finale.

Oh well.

Come to think of it, those insignificant anecdotes are pointless, too. They aren't connected in any way. They don't let you know anything important about me, or you, or anyone else. But—oh, fuck it, never mind.

~~~

This letter is brought to you by the local folks at Drano®. "Clogged drains don't have a chance. In the bathroom, kitchen or garage — easily unclog your sink bathtub, or shower drain with Drano®."



\*In case the reader is what we here on Earth refer to as an "extra-terrestrial," I'll include this question, because it's something that would be asked by any normal person meeting/corresponding with an alien. The question is this: what is death for you? Is it different than what humans have made it? I like to think that you, Alien, and your people, aliens, have a heightened sense of consciousness. You're lightyears ahead of the human race. You understand. I like to think that you've figured out that time is cyclical, or fixed, or determined, so that me killing myself won't really mean anything to anyone at all.



# diversions

## Queen Astra



*Let the stars be your guide!*

*Aries (March 21-April 19)*

Are you ready for the entire Internet to know your name and a few very embarrassing personal details about you?

*Taurus (April 20 - May 20)*

You will develop a mild allergic reaction to artichokes, but will otherwise have an unremarkable month

*Gemini (May 21 - June 21)*

Events will happen this month which will cause you to question your belief in fortune-telling methods such as astrology..

*Cancer (June 22 - July 22)*

*This is a time for bold decisions, heartfelt conversations, and meeting new people. However, you should take care this month to spend some time alone, not give away too much, and exercise caution.*

*Leo (July 23 - August 22)*

Out-of-context dialogue from your near future: "You should get that looked at." "It wasn't green this morning."

*Virgo (August 23 - Sept. 22)*

*You'll find yourself at a large, vague celebration with 12 people you can't stand to be around, but luckily there will be an entire roasted turkey and pie.*

*Libra (September 23 - October 22)*

*Are you ready to meet the love of your life? Are you ready for a relationship to finally work out? Are you ready to be swept off your feet with heady passion? Too bad.*

*Scorpio (October 23 - November 21)*

The stars are keeping your future a secret this month. Obnoxious bastards.

*Sagittarius (November 22 - December 21)*

You might want to start memorizing the names of all 495 Pokemon. Trust me.

*Capricorn (December 22 - January 19)*  
Spiders! Spiders! Spiders!.

*Aquarius (January 20 - February 18)*

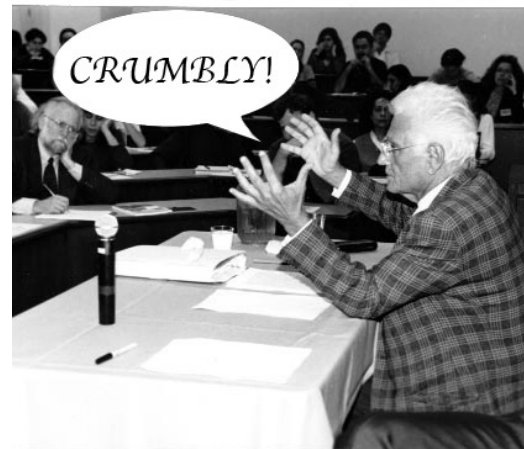
Lower your standards for a romantic partner. Lower... lower... That's not low enough.

*Pisces (February 19 - March 20)*

You're going to need that second parachute.

## Derridian Mad Lib

Instructions: List a word for each number, *then* read your answers into the corresponding spaces of the passage.



1. Noun
2. Verb ending in "ed"
3. Verb ending in "ed"
4. Brand of Shoes
5. Verb ending in "ed"
6. Verb ending in "ing"
7. Adjective describing food
8. Adjective describing poop
9. Verb ending in "ing"
10. Color
11. Adjective describing God
12. Adjective ending in "est"
13. Synonym of "stupid"
14. Animal
15. Pokemon
16. Verb ending in "ing"

Hence, for as long as the metaphorical sense of the notion of \_\_\_\_1\_\_\_\_ is not acknowledged as such, that is to say \_\_\_\_2\_\_\_\_ and even \_\_\_\_3\_\_\_\_ as concerns its figurative quality so that the non-\_\_\_\_4\_\_\_\_ or original \_\_\_\_4\_\_\_\_ designated by it may be \_\_\_\_5\_\_\_\_, one runs the risk, through a kind of \_\_\_\_6\_\_\_\_ as un-\_\_\_\_7\_\_\_\_ as it is \_\_\_\_8\_\_\_\_, of \_\_\_\_9\_\_\_\_ meaning with its \_\_\_\_10\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_11\_\_\_\_, or, in the \_\_\_\_12\_\_\_\_ of cases, \_\_\_\_13\_\_\_\_ model. One risks being interested in the \_\_\_\_14\_\_\_\_ itself to the detriment of the \_\_\_\_15\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_16\_\_\_\_ within it metaphorically.



Comic by Neil Kohne

# my back pages

(poetry for your soul)

## Massage the Earth

by Sara Redel

Come, she pleaded, as she grasped my fingers  
into the firm clutch of her soft, small hands,  
Can't you hear it?  
The distant bellow echoed through my body,  
vibrating into places I didn't know existed,  
calling to something I did not know was lost.  
I held on as she wove me in and out of tall trees  
whipping like madmen, embracing the wild  
rhythm of the approaching roar and mighty rumble  
like the untamed beating of African drums  
as flashes of light illuminated her light yellow hair  
dancing fantastically with a life of its own.  
Little girl, I choked, as the gusts of wind  
uncontrollable and unrelenting thrashed  
against her little body and howled through  
the frenzied forest.  
Pushing her way into a clearing,  
the child sprinted and twirled and sang into the  
sea of thrashing grass,  
lifting her arms up to the electric sky  
as heavy drops of rain cascaded upon us  
seeping into those hidden places  
telling me that our ancient mother  
has become worn out from  
carrying us on her bent back.  
She's so weary! shouted the little girl,  
Oh so, so tired! between cart wheels and  
carefree dancing only a child can do justice.  
Beckoning to me, my body came back to life  
dancing with the rhythmic beating of the indigo sky  
bending and circling and spinning  
as together we massaged the old mother  
with the soles of our feet.

## Untitled

-DNW

## Intervention

-Anonymous

Where is my hanging chair?  
The one covered in flowers  
that dangled there for hours  
hanging hanging in the air  
It's legs just off the ground

The stone field rejects you  
the stone fort rejects you  
God now from castles and stony plains  
Live  
Do not dull your steel on these stones  
For the limestone chips and bends and breaks  
Beating swords to sheers to scrap.

Let the then the boulder rest at the hill's foot  
Free yourself from food and drink

You are an unseeing, unhearing, amoral giant  
among all men.

## Loathing

-Atticus Maas

The Night Mare runs through broken streets  
In parallels running narrow and cold  
And the smoke of autumn which it meets  
Issues from the end of Marlboro gold

This sad creature, this girl in night  
Watches as the beast bears down  
It tears her to pieces, she gives up no fight

And now she stands in egg-white gown  
Gazing on granite crevasse  
The river crimson runs far down  
The deep red walls with thick red mass  
At their peaks seems almost to clash

The valley below begins to flood  
And strange fishes from the bottom emerge  
Up sifts the smell of booze and blood  
And echoes of a funeral dirge

## Bored Winter

-chris drew

correlation commodity language  
lets sum up everything talks  
lets tired  
lets go  
out falling into the worse cold then this evening  
brisk breezes meeting our barely skin  
harshly drawn out across all of the talking skin  
been built up in a day talking skin  
this or that stops in everything glisten under  
starlight quiet never-a-chance thoughts  
like:  
this



**hope benefield is  
the november  
poetry slam winner**

<https://survey.truman.edu/Survey.aspx?s=95d870d97640447fb44bda76e34a2bf2&u=2a0c2eab-40a9-4876-bdeb-2cb3386def57>  
-N Raygun

I was startled by a dead squirrel  
walking to campus this morning  
it lay in the road  
with its legs and arms stretched out  
and its cold eyes leaking blood

**if you're a fan of our back page, then you should come to our next Poetry Slam and open mic Night at the aquadome. you can either perform and compete for our championship belt (pictured above) or sit back and help decide who wins. it costs \$3 but all the money goes straight toward printing the monitor each month. the next slam will be thursday, Dec. 8. we need you as much as you need us. hope to see you there! <3 ER**