



**vol 17 | issue 1**  
**October 2013**



# **the monitor**

**a campus collective**

# from the editors



As mentioned, a few things are different. We have an entirely new (loathsome) staff.

**Grace Stansbery:** Never liked *Pretty Woman*.

**Lauren Kellett:** Hatable because she cannot think of a good reason to be hated.

**April Johnston:** Not funny. She reads too much.

**Melissa Aholt:** Has an affinity for cockatoos dancing along with Lady Gaga.

**Alex Wennerberg:** Too cool to do a bio. Went to a Neutral Milk Hotel concert instead.

**David Winn:** Boring. Name-dropper. Pretentious. Killjoy. White male. Bad writer.

Thanks go to the Monitorians before us. We know you're as contemptable as we are.

There's a decent chance that you are not familiar with The Monitor since it's been on hiatus for a while now. Even if you are, you'll quickly find that a few things are different. The Monitor is Truman's longest running independent publication—a sort of alternative paper specifically made by the Truman students. We, the editors, want to have this open to everyone at Truman as a venue for poetry, prose, opinions, art, photography, reviews, or, really, anything potentially interesting. Or, maybe not interesting. Whatever, we're Millennials.

In the spirit of our 90's punk 'zine roots, you can be assured that we will never censor your opinions or works; And we are always in need of submissions and content. If this seems like your bag, give us a shout and we'll hook you up. To quote a previous issue quoting Voltaire, "We have a natural right to make use of our pens as of our tongue, at our peril, risk and hazard."

We are currently in the process of being chartered by CSI. For the moment though, The Monitor is a sort of hobo organization and survives mostly on sweat and passion. That being said, spread the word, we know you sweat too!

You can contact us at [monitor.truman@gmail.com](mailto:monitor.truman@gmail.com).

Cheers,  
Is "cheers" too cheesy?

**DON'T THROW THIS AWAY!  
LEAVE IT OUT FOR SOMEONE ELSE**

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**The Monitor would like to thank the following organizations:**

**PRINT CLUB ~ TRUMAN CSI  
TRUMAN SLAM TEAM**

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# Bulldog Today

*“A weekly newsletter for students, faculty, and staff to ignore”*

*By Simone de Bulldog*

## **Features:**

- Truman Ranked #1 Public Liberal Arts School in North Eastern Missouri by U.S. News and World Report. The admissions department prepares for applications to skyrocket.
- A Truman organization is doing something ridiculous to raise money for something. They are riding a bike or sitting in a chair or something? Good work Bulldogs!
- Dr. Paino approves wet tailgating for this year's Homecoming football game. Paino and the DPS director hope that alcohol may help students, faculty, and alumni to pretend to care about athletics.
- Truman's United Way Campaign is under way. Judging from the sign that has been sitting on the mall for 3 years, Truman is on it's way to accomplishing some goal.
- Research assistance needed for bird droppings research project. Volunteers interested in collecting fowl feces should contact the Biology department.
- Truman Football team scores big by continuing to exist. Although the bulldogs suffered a humiliating defeat of 44-24, they played in their 97th game against the UMC Mules, proving that despite their record, liberal arts students will continue to fund our beloved Bulldogs.

## **Announcements:**

- “Catch the Wave” this Homecoming! Watch the “Canary Yellow,” “Pacific Blue,” “Palm Tree Green,” “Pink Flamingo,” “Sunset Orange,” “Aquamarine Teal,” and “Lifeguard Red” teams face off in a bunch of ridiculous events irrelevant to most of the non-Greek community

## **Scholarships:**

- The Midwest Pork Coalition is offering a \$100 Scholarship for the winner of their “What Pork Means to Me” essay competition. Applicants should submit 5 pages about the other white meat's impact on their lives (Bulldogs, this is really worth your time).

# **POETRY INTERVIEW: Slam City**

**our own David Winn "sits down" with Poetry Slam  
Winner: Our own Alex Wennerberg**

**So why slam poetry as opposed to any other art form? Why does the form appeal to you? Have you experimented with traditional poetry or prose?**  
This was my first time doing slam. Before this, I just wrote normal literary poetry and prose. In a lot of ways, I prefer written poetry, because I feel like I have the ability to add a lot of ambiguity that is hard to present when you are performing. When you perform, you have one voice, and how you use that voice influences the listener. What I like is being able to connect with an audience. When I read something, and people are seriously moved by it, and (I hope) get something substantial out of what I have to say, it's the greatest feeling ever. I feel like, at least for a second, I have contributed something worthwhile to the world.

**What do you think of the exhibitionist angle in that audience-performer relationship?**

I have a huge ego, so when people clap for me to come on stage, laugh at my jokes, cheer at the end, it's great. Or maybe I have no self-esteem at all so I crave validation. Whatever my feelings are, they probably aren't healthy. I am jealous of people who are able to talk about anything they want and not really be concerned with how the audience feels about it. I don't think I could do that. This question is really pretentious. All your questions are really pretentious, so I feel pretentious answering them.

**It seems like you have an interest in storytelling in your poems. Do you try to create a central narrative? How much do you think they speak about your personality?**

When I use first person in my poems, I am talking about myself as much as a fictional portrayal of myself. I will talk about making eye contact with a stranger, or feeling anxiety about some girl I talked to, and I will write it in a funny, cathartic, sincere way. It's weird, I can yell about feeling lonely or afraid of intimacy in front of a room of people and they appreciate it. I think I like using narrative because you can talk about ideas without being too abstract. It also has a little bit to do with what I said earlier about not telling the audience what to feel - narratives work well for that, because I can just tell you a story and you get whatever you want out of it. A lot of slam is like "this is something I believe/feel and I want you to believe it too", like anti-social media poems or poems about someone who was an asshole to you. Those poems all have value, but they weren't really what I wanted to write when I started doing slam. I haven't done much slam, so really just ignore everything I said in this interview because I don't know what I'm talking about.

# The Pinkerton Personality Test

By David Winn

If you've listened to Weezer's 1996 classic, *Pinkerton*, then you may have noticed that the lyrics are basically a compendium of Rivers Cuomo's personal neuroses ranging from infantile anger toward his mother as an explanation for his obsession with a Japanese girl whom he's never met to breaking into a girl's room and reading her diary because he can't talk to her. Below is a track-by-track analysis of what your favorite Pinkerton song says about your own neuroses as reflected through the confessions of a sexually frustrated and emotionally unstable 26-year-old.

1. Tired of Sex - A fairly self-explanatory track. Cuomo laments his unfulfilling connections with various women and deploys cringe-inducing lines like "why can't I be making love come true?" A fan of this song may have an active social life (though in my experience, this is usually a bit on the aspirational side) but is deeply lonely. As far as the neurotic aspects of the songs go, this is one isn't too damning. This is an anthem for the type of person who complains about feeling alone at parties.

2. Getchoo - Lyrically, this is the most straightforward song on the album and the most in line with the typical pop complaint litany<sup>1</sup>. It largely concerns being with a girl, hurting, and being hurt in return. There are, however a few wrinkles in that. A person who feels a deep connection with this song desires a sort of immunity to reproach in their emotional exchanges ("But if you'd come back to me/ Then you would surely see/ That I'm just fooling around") and will try to cope with feelings of abandonment through bargaining. This sort of desire for complete control is, however, not particularly remarkable.

3. No Other One - This song appeals to people have developed a strong sense of learned helplessness. The lyrics describe the feeling of imprisonment in a toxic relationship, but Cuomo's insistence that he's powerless to do anything about it suggests a marked proclivity



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<sup>1</sup> The author here submits that it may not be a coincidence that, after asking several people about the album. Within the context of the other Philip Roth-caliber confessions of sexual neuroses, this is quite unremarkable.

for self-pity and emotional dependence. Fans of the song are generally serial monogamists who don't feel comfortable with themselves and thus shift the weight of their discomfort to another person. This may also act as catharsis for them, since they can alter the focus of their complaints away from themselves and express their negativity without having to admit to their own problems.

4. Why Bother - A fan of this song is pessimistic to the point of delusion. Generally after being burned once or twice on bad relationships they attempt to swear off the whole enterprise altogether. This is

quite frequently the type who has insane expectations of a partner and thus subsists on fantasies of supposed perfection—the type who may have fanfic or erotic stories on their hard drive which detail their delusional ideas of the perfect lover.

5. Across the Sea - This one casts a broad net in its appeal to the emotionally stunted. Highlights include speculation on a Japanese girl masturbation habits, the creepy idolization of said girl (whom he's only aware of through a single piece of fan mail), and accusations toward his (Cuomo's) mother for making him into a weirdo (You see mom, I'm a good little boy/It's all your fault, Momma/It's all your fault). This is another song for the delusional person who will attempt to enshrine the idea of an ideal lover, though in this case, there is likely to be a specific person who, through some unfortunate circumstance, has turned into a caricature in the delusional person's mind. Other items of potential interest: Mommy issues (possibly as an excuse—an appeal to pop psychology to explain away their problems), an Asian fetish or a mildly unhealthy obsession with Japanese culture, deep-seeded loneliness, mild despair.



al people, not one of them has ever claimed Getchoo as their favorite song from  
ual and emotional dysfunction and dissatisfaction, the song is comparatively

6. The Good Life - Basically a song for the self-pitying and nostalgia-addled. A person who likes this song believes that they've lost something and that there was a beautiful time in their life before a sense of lingering discontent set in. These people generally have a semblance of self-awareness, but it largely acts as means to deflect potential (imagined) criticism and ultimately leads back to the initial complaints (Excuse the bitchin' - I shouldn't complain/ I should have no feeling, 'cause feeling is pain/ As everything I need is denied me/ And everything I want is taken away from me/ But who do I got to blame? Nobody but me). Hints at self-loathing are generally lurking just below this self-awareness.

7. El Scorcho - A song for the hopelessly awkward. (I wish I could get my head out of the sand/ 'Cause I think we'd make a good team/ And you would keep my fingernails clean/ But that's just a stupid dream that I won't realize/ 'Cause I can't even look in your eyes). This primarily applies to males who find girls intimidating and can only allow themselves passive or anonymous displays of affection. These people tend to become heavily reliant on a single designated understander for their constant anxieties. Failing that, this type is also heavily reliant on anonymous confession—the type who's perhaps a bit too fond of the Truman State Confessions page. They may also have an Asian fetish (Goddamn you half-Japanese girls/ Do it to me every time).

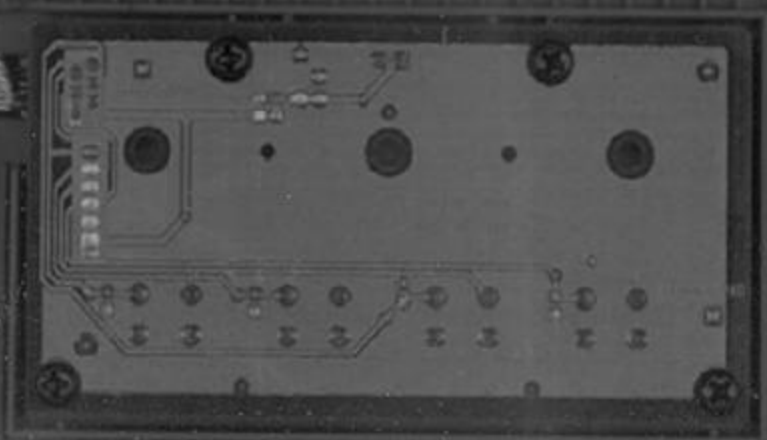
8. Pink Triangle - This song suggests an extreme degree of neediness and misunderstanding of fundamental incompatibility. The song itself is about falling for a girl, fantasizing about her, noticing a pink triangle on her sleeve, and becoming disproportionately disappointed by it. The delusion here is a series of misconceptions and premature assumptions based on a largely incomplete knowledge of a person. Cuomo himself later mentioned in an interview that the girl turned out not to be a lesbian but was wearing the symbol as a sign of support. Fans of the song may have had firsthand experience in crushing on someone who has no potential interest in them. May also have repressed homosexual tendencies and/or experiences (Might have smoked a few in my time/ But never thought it was a crime).

9. Falling for You - A person who likes this song is likely scared shitless by the idea of commitment. This may be due to a suspicion of the person to whom they are (or are not) committing—a sense of mistrust and/or a strong doubt of their own capacity to be loved. There is an underlying fear of being subsumed in the way that some people are in early or emotionally desperate relationships.

10. Butterfly - Fans of this song are perennially plagued by feelings of guilt and shame. When confronted with a situation in which they need to confront those feelings however, they will more often than not resort to excuses and attempt to shift the locus of their control and avoid responsibility (I'm sorry for what I did/ I did what my body told me to/ I didn't mean to do you harm), and their apologies have a certain insincere quality. Likely to be very depressed and deeply self-loathing/has probably been on suicide watch at least once.

The author has no statement as regards his favorite song at this time.

there are bigger things out there than just us. than just me. or you. I want to tell the world "there is something out there for us" and not something bad, or good, or intelligent or wise or rich or curious or stupid or cruel. just something. something big. I wish for an event that would shock all beings. something that would cure our earth. I hope it is knowledge. I hope it is insight. I hope it is this BIG something that people will drop what they are doing and stare, with tears in their eyes and amazed and open and waiting, stare at this star in the heavens. |||| I hope it is purpose. |||| that never ending question of "why?" I hope its an answer. And not an answer for everyone but an answer for you. I hope this purpose fits your needs and wants and desires, yet revolves around the same driving force. LIFE. I hope that in this one star-struck realization that every human realizes their purpose in life. It is to live. It is so simple, and so overlooked and so obvious. Look at the stars and realize that you have a purpose. What could be bigger than this?



# Stillest Harp

by Bill Fishback

There's this other teacher I know, Mr. Tan, that got Aphrodite. He says she just sits there. And sometimes when she raises her hand and looks at him he just has to leave the room for a while. Go and get fresh air. And breathe, deep.

It doesn't make sense why it passed. There's still not enough space in schools to begin with. Then—to introduce these fellas of mythos in the public school system—there's no way the core scores for reading and math will ever go up.

But shoot, I got Midas in my class right now and there's just nothing there. Every time I try to talk to him or explain the basic tenets of the English language or what have ya to him he just stares blankly. Maybe he is unteachable. They do exist. For the government to think that introducing these uneducated fellas of yore into our public school system without them walking through a hundred yards of horseshit on the way to literacy is foolish, I'm sorry. I don't know why they thought it was a good idea beyond the novelty of it. Sure, you see em around. Sure, you can still ignore em even if you got eyes.

We had to have a whole system in place for Midas. He is too tall for any of the kids' chairs so we figured the best option was to fashion him a chair out of cinder blocks. Maybe this is more of a throne, and really, whatever. I don't care. We used

coats from the lost & found as cushions. I didn't check em for lice.

The problem though: it is the dead of August and, damn, he can't take these gloves off. We got a pair of vinyl surgical gloves on his hands and a pair of cotton work gloves on over those. And O, the gilded sweat dripping like lye all underneath. We just can't take the risk of him touching anything. I mean, the second he does my career is on the line. You can't look up some kid's folks, call them and tell them Little Johnny is a gold statue.

I'm sure some of the parents would be okay with that. They could just pawn off that kid they're tired of flooding with amphetamines and Prozac. Forget that little vacuum.

Every moment with Midas I was afraid to leave the room. I even sat with him at lunch. Didn't want him to touch the class pet, the window, the chalk or erasers, despite the inherent increase in their value. We wound up with a few gold notebooks and a gold eraser or two, and their appraised value went right back into the district's budget.

It took a little while for my class to warm up to him, me included. But we did, and that made everything easier.

But still. One day of course he got the wild idea to play duck duck goose with the glove off when I went to take a piss. How to explain that he just gone around *duck duck duck duck duck duck duck duck duck duck*

# REASONS 2 STAY IN KV

## Old ROTC Climbing Tower

**Pros:** Abandoned School bus  
Climbing tower  
Cool road stripes  
Semi-truck

**Cons:** May be slightly illegal

Keep an eye out for the yappy dogs across the street. They won't hurt you, but they will make a lot of noise, so be careful what you're doing on this property (which I think belongs to Truman somehow).

**Directions:** Head north on Osteopathy until you hit the blue ATSU sign after the Casey's or Pick-a-Dilly or Kum N Go, whatever it is. Turn left. Follow. See giant tower.

## Museum of Osteopathic Medicine

See one of only four completely dissected human nervous systems in the entire world. On top of that, you'll learn why ATSU students are in love with A.T. Still— the answer is because he was incredible. I wish he was my uncle! Seriously— worth visiting.

## Hidden Lake

Ok, ok, ok. This is the best. It might be too cold to swim now, but I'm not going to be here to tell you about this in the summer, when you'll need it most. As an extension of Thousand Hills Lake, this little intimate fucker is an enclave of country joy, stars reflected, and dark smooth Missouri mud. The lake is mostly shallow until the very middle, so you can walk out about two football fields into it.

**Pros:** Kirksville stars  
No rocks for your little feet.

**Cons:** One time we found a dead turtle and I accidentally stepped on it.

**Directions:** Take Michigan as far west as you can. Get out and walk the trail you find.

MAP  
I MADE

## Sebree's

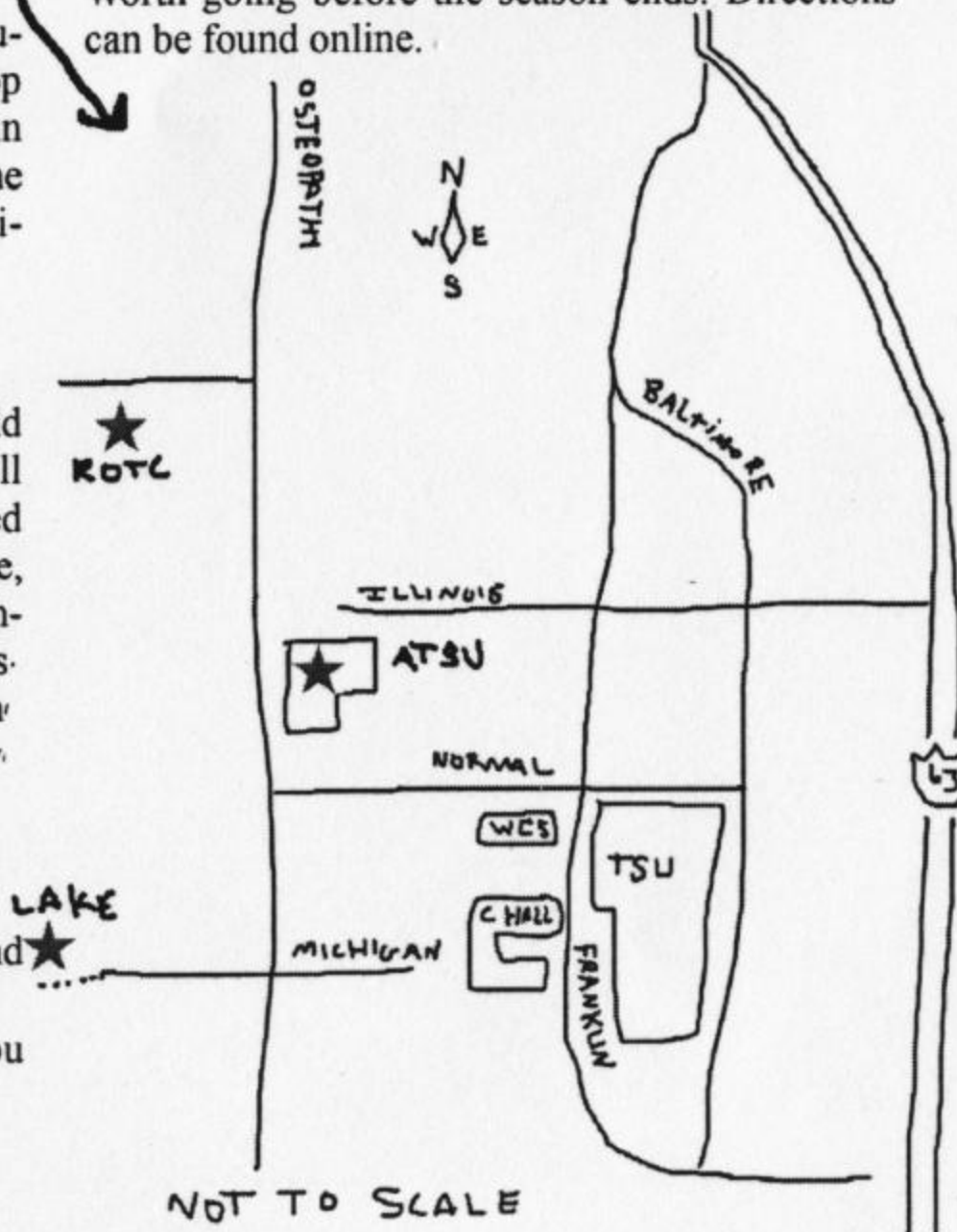
Fresh, local food and drinks. And I mean local food; rabbit, ribeye, catfish, chicken, onion rings. This is a nice restaurant, so prices are a little north of Kirksville thrift, but it's worth it. Great place for a date. Hours are a little picky, so check before you go. Directions also online.

**Pros:** The floor is made of pennies.

**Cons:** No cell phone reception.

## Routledge Flea Market

Have you ever been to a God and dung exchange? I mean— Dog and Gun exchange? They self describe as "Hillbilly Auction" but really, there's a lot of incredible stuff to be found very cheap here. Oct 11th-12th and Nov 1st-2nd. Worth going before the season ends. Directions can be found online.

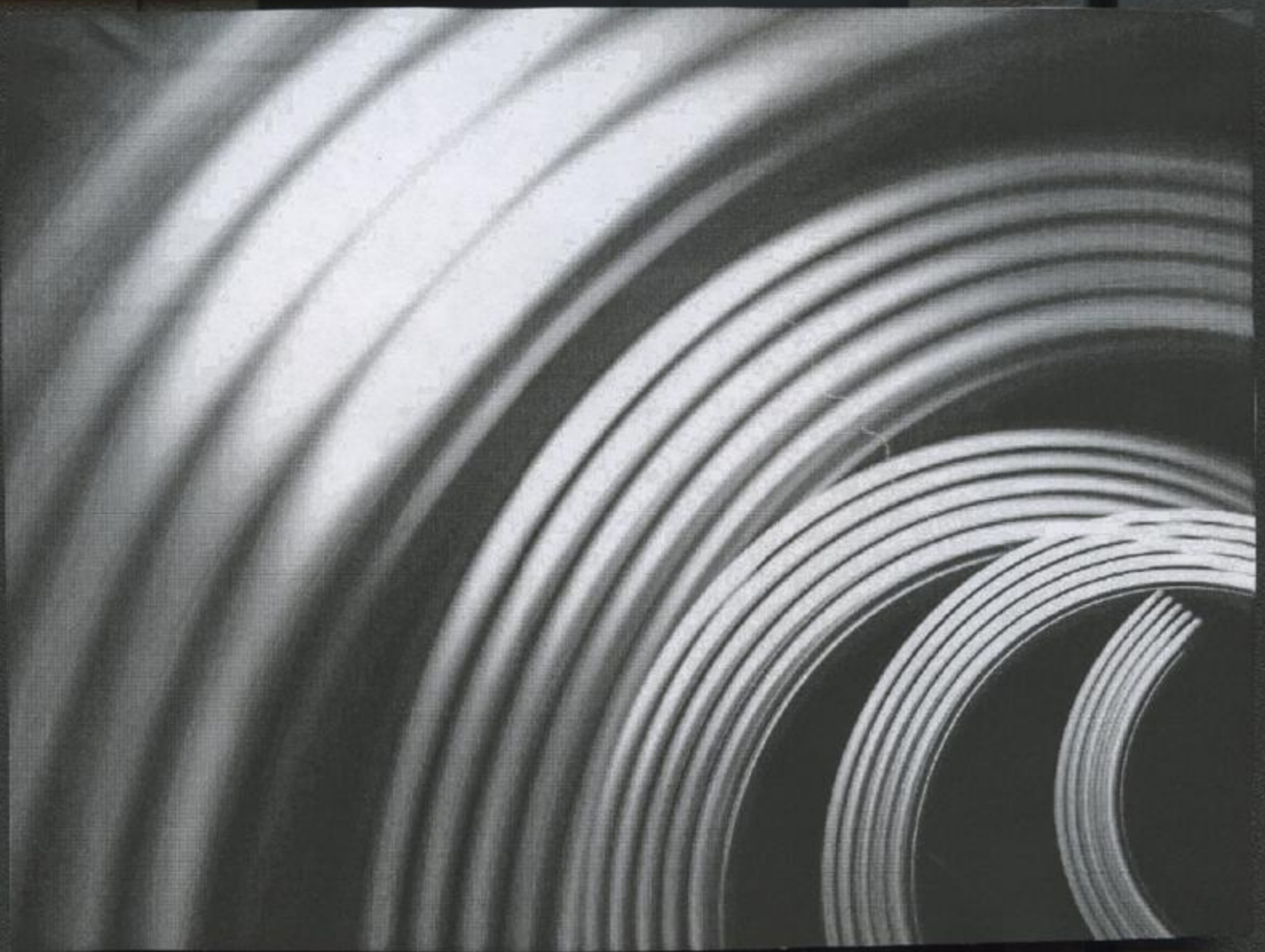
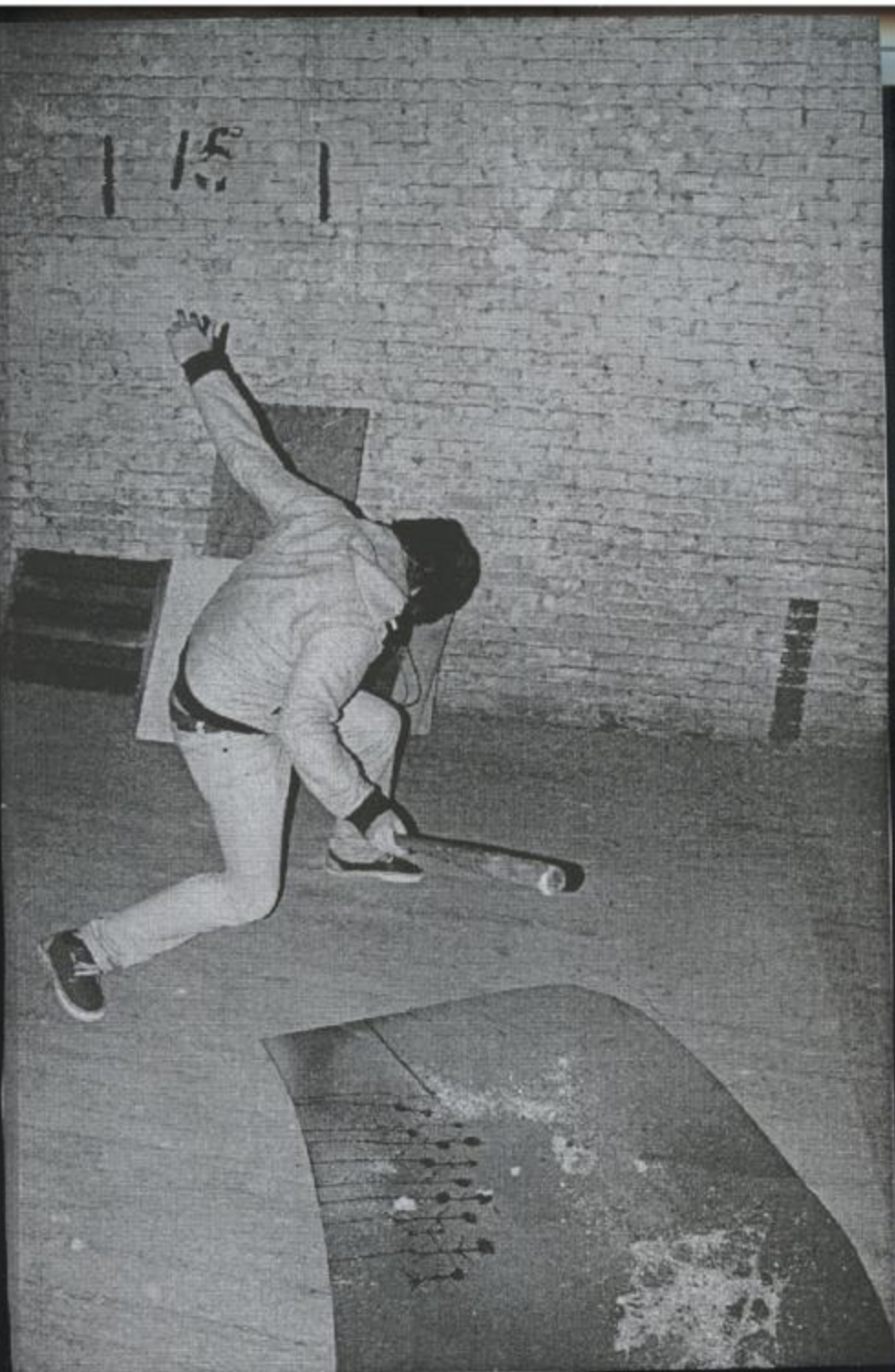


GET OFF CAMPUS-

## Visual Art Submissions

Julie Davis, *Trash Portrait: Ben Flowers*, Photograph

Anne G. Vi, *Particles and Waves*, Photograph



Melissa Aholt, *Untitled*, Stone Lithograph



## Notes for Future Submissions

1. We need more art submissions! Send us your photos, prints, paintings, etc, etc. Submit to us!
2. When submitting artwork, please send titles of your work (or just label it as *Untitled*, if so). We do not want to mess your artwork up in any way!
3. Just as a suggestion, because sometimes art is meant to mean a lot, we would love if you submitted your reasoning behind the images you submit, or whatever story there is. What inspired you? Is there symbolism behind your work? And whatever other meaningful things—of course, this isn't a requirement!
4. Also! For the art section, perhaps artist profiles, art news, and commentary on them (sarcastic, most likely) and whatever else we can think of on top of student submissions! If so, mention it to us on our page or in an email!
5. In the meantime, go check out the art scene on campus and around town; you might like it!

By Cullen Roop

Original research by me confirms that Satanism isn't really that big of a deal.

Senior year of high school, the emo-screamo tumblr kid in me bought Anton LaVey's Satanic Bible for shits and giggles. That book is not a religious text; it doesn't claim to be one, either. Largely unconcerned with what any one god or another might think of his ideas, LaVey's book reads like philosophy. Satan the Beast of the Cloven Hoof and Bright Red Horns isn't a god, or even really a force of any sort; he's a figurehead, like Nietzsche's Übermensch. LaVey wants very badly for you just to do what makes you happy, and because he sees the Church as the most assertive force of silly, unnecessary limitations, he chooses the Antichrist as his champion.

LaVey's fondness for pageantry is likely what makes his Satanism so tough for some people to swallow, but he knows that pentagrams and moonlit rituals are the way to work a crowd. Of course me and my buddies performed Satanic rituals in the woods. Black graduation robes and tea candles from Bed, Bath and Beyond, putting curses on Mitt Romney and dudes from our school who played in bands we didn't like. It was a lot of fun, but you know, I don't hang out with those guys anymore, and I barely think about the upside-down cross I tattooed on my leg. It's not the pagan symbols and the dark, self-indulgent performance art that LaVey is trying to lionize; he doesn't really give a shit if you worship Satan or not, so

long as you're doing what you want to do. Condemning or worshipping Satan based on the assumption that he's an actual supernatural force of good or evil instead of doing what makes you happy is the same as arguing over whether Jesus Christ was the Son of God instead of just following his example and being a good human being.

Here's the point: LaVey chose Satan to speak for his philosophy to

*"Original  
research  
by me  
confirms  
that  
Satanism  
isn't really  
that big of  
a deal."*

get your attention, the same way that Christianity uses Jesus Christ, the Son of God, to tell its story. The characters and the pageantry make the ideas interesting and easy to take, but at some point you have to sit down and just read

what's being said. Whether or not you're offended by the idea of SATAN THE ACCUSER, SATAN THE ADVERSARY in relation to whatever you believe, Satanism as a philosophy is about doing what makes you happy. I'd imagine that we can all get behind that, regardless of whether the Devil is involved or not; if you can't, then don't get angry just because people call themselves Satanists.

**Don't like what you see?**

**Well shit, maybe you should try it out yourself  
(fill in our blanks)**

# #1 Reader-submitted

## mourning star

Lucas Jewell

he's burning hotter than I've ever seen  
white coals of the sun singeing bleach in his hair  
makes me wonder if I can do better  
shoot higher  
fall farther  
burn up my feathers in the atmosphere  
time stops for no  
lovesick homesick hate-rebel boy  
but I can damn well punch out clocks  
'til my hands bleed blue  
Orpheus has got that  
devil-may-care necromantic look about him  
& I've seen the things he's done  
just to raise an eyebrow  
the dead are cannon fodder  
for our token anger  
we punch holes through their memory  
so we can use them like windows  
our faces smeared & bloody  
our noses pressed against the glass  
sometimes they have ribs like tungsten carbide  
& it makes me wonder what it means  
to be a breaker of rings  
I'm a prince for trusting my God in father  
too long  
& too violently  
I could not be reigned in  
when I laughed the people swarmed  
to see the clawed mandolin  
beating in my throat  
push forward to the front lines  
& you'll see the barbed wire  
tangled fishnet-style around my limbs  
my guts hooked & rigged for  
finer sailing on better days  
for now I hang suspended  
dripping grey matter  
all the way down  
to the ocean floor  
& not even flying fish  
wish to jump higher than me

## Legs

Megan Bryde

I sit in a room  
And all I see are  
Gorgeous, long legs  
The skirt cuts at the thigh  
The bare legs cross at the  
Ankles, knees—and  
All I see are fully rounded legs  
Around me, underneath the desk,  
Upon laps, walking....

## The Art that Defeats the Purpose

Megan Bryde

The art that defeats the purpose  
Takes, what may have been  
Details not easily made  
With a steady hand, a steady stroke  
Into the shadows of dresses,  
Curtains, tablecloths, and chairs  
Into every face and hairline  
Turns, what may have been  
A magnanimous piece of work  
Into something too obvious

## Self-Portrait at Dentist

Kirk Schlueter

Slowly relearning what I can and  
can't. Where tongue stops and mouth  
begins. Remembering the helpless  
squawking of infants whose commands  
to their bodies are being disobeyed.  
Already my hands have no answer.  
Like the gazelle, fresh and slick  
from the exhausted womb, legs already  
in a tremor as it fights for order,  
to steady itself in the sky. And the hyenas  
watching lazily in the high grass,  
tanned tongues wet with anticipation.

# Poetry



## Fuck the Internet iPhone Discount

I saw nobody coming so I went instead—  
I came to people who can only speak  
In the certainty that a currency of suffering backs their words  
Each phrase corrected by a tumblr-approved idea  
That values compromise over thought  
A paragraph immune to the takedowns of  
Jezebel and Gawkr. Something that exploits  
Hatred of an abstraction, like patriarchy or religion.  
And so we have been classically castrated in a new way. We can't  
Offend. We dare not overstep boundaries, for the power of Twitter  
And Reddit and Facebook resound and defeat dissent to dissent.



## My Clock of Time Megan Bryde

My clock of time  
was built  
and buried,  
deep within  
my spine.  
While  
I sat,  
it  
ticked  
much of my life  
away.

## Stars (A Found Poetry Project) by Julie Davis

Stars, like people, have biographies.

The first generation of stars could not possibly have sustained life.  
Stars battled the dark matter—the dark energy.  
Black holes were better fed.  
Star food.

But, a whole stellar tribe was born in a cloud of pure, good matter.  
And now, stars live more dangerously,  
Die sooner.  
They've got dramatic life histories with spectacular ends.

Their corpses came from explosions.  
Death throes of catastrophic collapse.  
Stars crushed into cinders.  
Without supernovae, we could not exist.

Thank the dead stars for your life.  
Their beautiful funerals begot you.

## hello stranger alex wennerberg

I don't remember what I  
was thinking before  
my shoulder met yours, just  
rough enough (intimate  
enough) an altercation  
for me to turn around:  
"sorry" we say together  
when we meet eyes and  
you smile and "it's ok," I  
turn quickly, because  
you are the only person that  
exists other than myself  
and I want to forget that.

Send your poems to  
[monitor-truman@gmail.com](mailto:monitor-truman@gmail.com)



## **Bible Story from Memory**

### **by Queen Astra**

#### **Matthew 4:1-11**

So Jesus decided that he had a lot on his plate and a lot on his mind, and that the best way to sort it all out would be by sitting alone in the desert for 40 days and 40 nights, which is an altogether excessive amount of time. (Then again, I guess anyone could survive alone, in the wilderness, with no food, water, or Netflix for 40 days and nights if they were also god-humans.) Having made a plan but forgetting to leave a note at home to keep his friends from worrying about his unannounced and sudden disappearance, Jesus proceeded out to the Israeli desert, picked a good spot, and got to meditating. It took a couple days, but as with any case of an intellectually burdened free spirit going to find solace in the wilderness, his friends finally realized he'd been missing for a while. Seeing as he was their ride to Burning Man and also left no note, the apostles started to freak out a little (see also: Into the Wild, 127 Hours where it takes loved ones just a little too long to identify someone close to them as missing). Satan was not as dense as the apostles, however. His favorite pastime was harassing Jesus and his bros; his spidey-senses were telling him that he could find his old frenemy chilling somewhere lonely and decided to capitalize on this vibe. Out to the desert goes Satan.

Unaware of his coming visitor, we find Jesus in the desert, no less peaceful after 40 days and nights, the human side of him being quite hungry, thirsty, sleepy, and confused (and Netflix withdrawn, he's like a season and a half behind in Breaking Bad and really just wants to catch up so he can engage in the wider internet dialog/Walter White craze with everyone else). The last thing he was in the mood for was social interaction, especially with idiots.

Though his original plan was simply to check up that Jesus was still alive and maybe to spoil the most recent developments in Breaking Bad, Satan quickly realized he had stumbled upon the perfect opportunity to play some mind games with his supernatural adversary/frenemy and affirm his male dominance, playground-bully style. He was always a little jealous of Jesus, in that Chuck-Bass-v-Nate-Archibald, Your-Dad's-Rich-and-Mine-Can't-Decide-if-He's-Dead-or-Alive-and-I-Have-to-Trick-My-Friends-Into-Loving-Me sort of way. To turn the tables and draw Jesus's jealousy re: superior wit/intellect/more clever minions was Satan's biggest social pipe dream. Also, he was constantly angling to get more celestial powers, and it's always easier to get what you want from your friends when they're 40 days

dehydrated. He kept his fingers crossed that the desert-induced delirium Jesus had to be in by now would help facilitate his plan of being crowned the real Prince of ~~Manhattan~~-Heaven before going home. Yay, affirmation.

“Hey,” Satan taunted, sneaking up on the loopy but resolute Christ, “I bet you’re pretty hungry after being out here for so long with no food or water. That was pretty dumb leaving home without at least grabbing something. I know you’re like, fasting or whatever, so you don’t mind if I eat this blueberry scone do you?” (Satan loves blueberry scones and was convinced their tempting aroma would crack the ascetic Christ’s determination to resist using his supernatural powers to just turn the desert rocks into food or something. Jesus rolled his eyes. What a child, doesn’t he get the point of meditative fasting? Headachey but quick to retort, “Man doesn’t live on blueberry scones alone, but from the word of God. Besides nobody likes blueberry scones anyway.”

Miffed, Satan tries again. “If you know so much why don’t you know how to fly? Jump off this cliff and show me you can. If you can’t you’re a terrible excuse for a celestial being.”

“Nobody tests the Captain dumbass. Flying is overrated.” Jesus rolled his eyes. Can you believe this guy? He thinks telepathically to the Holy Spirit. Together they chuckle.

Getting desperate to get under Christ’s feathers and gain a sense that Christ finds him superior in at least some way, Satan grabbed Jesus by the wrist and aparated to the top of the highest building in town.

“So you’re the King of Heaven but not a real King on earth? What kind of a game plan is that? Let me do you a solid. Building Empires is in my family business, and I can tell you right now this city is an Empire in the works. I’ll happily get you on your way to monopolizing this yourself, man...if you bow before me, and recognize my superior powers of wit, leadership, and snappy dressing. Tweet it and we’re golden.” (hashtag VALIDATE ME).

By now, Jesus has had enough of Satan’s useless playground taunts, and found little to no appeal in helping Satan rectify his childhood daddy issues/self esteem complex. Instead, he looked at him pathetically, willed all the rocks in the desert to become blueberry scones, and went on his merry way.

Thus, the Word.  
Matthew 4:1-11



An original comic by: Em Bendet

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# SUBMIT TO THE MONITOR




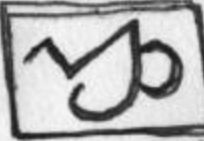
# HOROSCOPES

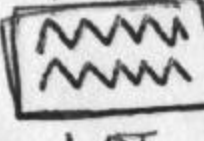
(it's all in the stars)


FROM your cosmic  
Guide, Queen  
Astra


 OCT 24 - NOV 21 /// SOMEWHERE ON CAMPUS THERE IS A BOX OF COSBY SWEATERS WITH SUPERNATURAL POWERS. YOU ARE ONE OF THE FEW LUCKY ONES DESTINED TO FIND IT. IF YOU SUCCEED, REMEMBER THAT SWEATER MAGIC IS VERY POWERFUL. DO NOT MISUSE IT.

 NOV 22 - DEC 21 /// THERE IS A ONE IN 30 CHANCE THAT YOU SHARE A BIRTHDAY WITH STEVE BUSCEMI.

 DEC 22 - JAN 19 /// WHEN YOU HAVE A FRIGHTENINGLY REALISTIC DREAM THAT A BIRD MADE A NEST IN YOUR BED THAT YOU ROLLED OVER AND CRUSHED IN THE NIGHT, YOU WILL WAKE UP & REALIZE IT WASN'T A DREAM AT ALL.

 JAN 20 - FEB 18 /// PREPARE TO STUB A LOT OF TOES THIS MONTH.

 FEB 19 - MAR 20 /// "IF YOU SEEK BENEATH THE FLOORS A TREASURE THAT WAS NEVER YOURS, THIEF, YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED: BEWARE OF FINDING MORE THAN TREASURE THERE."

 MAR 21 - APR 19 /// PREPARE YOURSELF FOR THE WEIRDNESS OF MERCURY RETROGRADE BY LEARNING AS MANY SILLY DANCES AS YOU CAN. PERFORM THEM ON THE QUAD WHILE LOUDLY & PASSIONATELY RECITING PASSAGES FROM "THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV."



APR 20 - MAY 20 /// SOMEONE YOU ONCE THOUGHT TO BE A CLOSE FRIEND IS GOING TO EMPTY YOUR JAR OF DELICIOUS, NAME-BRAND NUTELLA & REFILL IT WITH THE HORRID ALDI-BRAND NUTELLA. END THIS FRIENDSHIP IMMEDIATELY.



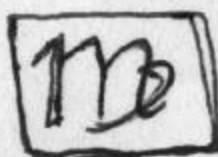
MAY 21 - JUNE 20 /// DO NOT UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES USE THE BRIDGE BETWEEN BALDWIN & MCCLAIN THIS MONTH.



JUNE 21 - JULY 22 /// MAKE A POINT TO USE OREGANO MORE OFTEN.



JULY 23 - AUG 22 /// THE NEXT TIME YOU EXPERIENCE GREAT STRESS, WAIT ON A SECLUDED PARK BENCH FOR AN ELDERLY MUTE ASIAN MAN TO CARRY YOU TO THE HEALING POOL WHERE HE WILL SPIN YOU AROUND IN GRACEFUL CIRCLES UNTIL YOUR CHI HAS RE-ALIGNED. MAKING A TURTLE FACE WILL ENSURE THE EFFECTIVENESS OF THIS EXERCISE.




AUG 23 - SEPT 21 /// GOOD THINGS ARE IN STORE FOR YOU THIS MONTH. A RANDOM UNDERCLASSMAN WILL SWIPE YOU INTO THE DINING HALLS FOR PREMIUM NIGHT & THEN YOU'LL GET AN EMAIL FROM THE LIBRARY SAYING THE MATERIALS YOU ORDERED FROM MOBIUS ARE IN. EVEN THOUGH YOU NEVER ORDERED ANYTHING FROM MOBIUS, GO PICK IT UP... TRUST ME.



SEPT 22 - OCT 23 /// IT'S YOUR LUCKY MONTH!!! YOUR FAVORITE PUBLICATION

## ◀▶ THE MONITOR ▶◀

RELEASES ITS NEWEST ISSUE THIS WEEK. FIND AN ISSUE, READ IT, LOVE IT, COMMIT IT TO MEMORY TO SHARE WITH FRIENDS & STRANGERS ALIKE LIKE THE HOBOS IN THE WOODS AT THE END OF FARENHEIT 451, THEN LEAVE IT SOMEWHERE ON CAMPUS FOR SOMEONE ELSE. YOU'LL REAP REWARDS 7 FOLD.

COSMOS & CUPCAKES,  QA

# EVENTS CALENDAR OCTOBER

Thursday, October 17<sup>th</sup> - Open Mic Night

& Bad Acids Print Show! 7:30pm, free

Friday, October 18<sup>th</sup> - Shenandoah Davis (Seattle),

Anthonie Tonnin (Australia!).

Indran Fernando (Kirksville)! 8pm, \$4

Friday, November 1<sup>st</sup> - Halloween Show! 8pm, free

Friday, November 1<sup>st</sup> - ECO's Rave to the Grave! 11pm, \$5

Sunday, November 3<sup>rd</sup> - Jake Book, Dooley's Men,

The PBJs (all from Iowa) ! 8pm, \$4

Thursday, November 7<sup>th</sup> - TruSlam! 7:30pm, \$3



Tuesday, October 22<sup>nd</sup> - An Illustrated Life  
Art Exhibition Reception! 6pm @ Truman State Art Gallery

Friday, October 25<sup>th</sup> - Observatory Open House!  
8pm @ University Farm

Thursday, October 31<sup>st</sup> - Student Directed Lab Show! 8pm @  
Black Box Theater

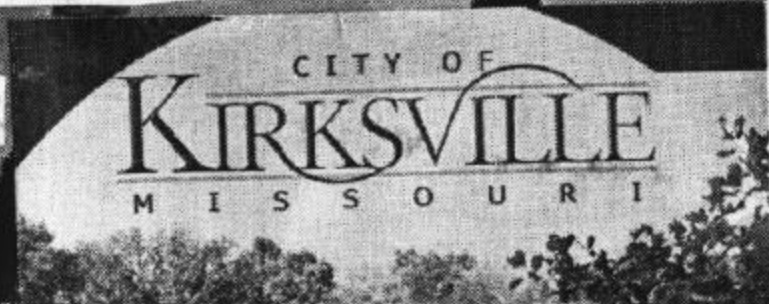
Monday, October 28<sup>th</sup> - Global Issues Colloquium!

7pm @ Magruder Hall 2001

Thursday, October 31<sup>st</sup> - Voice Majors Recital!

7:30pm @ Ophelia Parrish

Performance Hall



Sunday, November 10<sup>th</sup> - MSA Taste of Islam Dinner!

6pm @ SUB Georgian Rooms

Saturday, October 19<sup>th</sup> - NEMO Alumni Chapter's

"Taste of the World"! 5pm @Kirksville Arts Center

Saturday, October 26<sup>th</sup> - Kirksville Fall Festival!

4pm @ Rotary Park

Thursday, November 7<sup>th</sup> - Taste of Home Cooking School!

4pm @ The Crossing

Sunday, November 10<sup>th</sup> - Vintage Fashion Show!

1pm @ Princess Emporium