



# the monitor

vol 19 issue 1

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# dear reader,



Maybe this is your first impression with The Monitor, maybe you are a long-term reader. Most likely, you are a new freshman, sipping on mocktails, learning your dorm's cheers and playing Frisbee with your floor on the quad. This letter is directed primarily at you.

In my first year at Truman, I retreated to my room after Truman Week and never left campus, except for one time when I walked to Taco Bell. I was completely uninvolved in campus life, a part of no organizations, never going anywhere except class and my dorm room. Predictably, I had a rather bleak view of Kirksville. I've explored a bit more since then, and I've begun to appreciate so much more of what this place has to offer, both on- and off- campus.

Culture is not something that just “exists out there” as some strange, alien force – it is something that you actively create as a member of a community. If Kirksville or Truman doesn't have what you want, you can create it – the things that exist on this campus and in this town are not eternal, permanent fixtures, they were created by humans who were passionate about something and dedicated enough to make it happen.

Which brings us to The Monitor. The Monitor is an independent student-run magazine, released monthly, meant to provide an outlet for arts, news, opinions, writing and culture at Truman State and in the surrounding area. This is an ambitious project for a half-page publication distributed on printer paper, but despite our modest appearance, The Monitor has been a fixture, in various manifestations, of the Truman State campus for almost 20 years.

The Monitor exists as a completely open platform – if there is something you want to say, something you want to express, report about or write upon, we seek to provide you with a place to do it, whether you're a student, professor or community member. We want to provide the blank slate upon which you can leave your mark and help foster community. Every issue of The Monitor is different, depending on what you: our readers, help to contribute.

If you have any questions or are interested in joining our team, send us an email: [trumanmonitor@gmail.com](mailto:trumanmonitor@gmail.com) or like the “The Monitor” facebook page and send us a message. You can also contact me specifically through facebook or my personal email [alexwennerberg@gmail.com](mailto:alexwennerberg@gmail.com). We will be having an informational meeting in Baldwin 262 at 6pm on August 28th which you are free and encouraged to attend!

**MUCH LOVE,**

Alex “#1 Monitor Fan” Wennerberg

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# submissions.

## **Art, Comics, Photography**

Due to publication limitations, our art and photography is printed relatively small and in black-and-white (except in the on-line version of the publication). Keep this in mind when submitting your piece. If we like your piece enough, it may end up on the cover! Let us know if you don't want that.

## **Writing**

The Monitor encourages submissions of original articles, essays, fiction, and opinions. Due to space limitations, please limit articles to 1300 words. If you would like to publish something longer than that, send us an email and we'll let you know if and how we can accommodate your piece. For formatting reasons, please submit all text as an attached Word attachment. Include a short one or two sentence bio with your submission.

## **Poetry**

Let us know if you have any specific printing or formatting requests with your poetry. For formatting reasons, please submit all text as an attached Word attachment.

Submissions should include your name (anonymous or pseudonymous submissions are also acceptable) and should be sent by email to:

trumanmonitor@gmail.com

SUBMIT BY SEPTEMBER 10TH, 2014  
TO BE INCLUDED IN THE NEXT ISSUE! Don't be shy, we always appreciate your contributions!

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twitter: @trumanmonitor

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# advertise.

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## **Rates:**

Quarter Page – \$10

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# the monitor is

Alex W3nnerberg

Lauren Ke1let

Jojo Moorhau5

Jake Hurs7

Chris W4cker

Tr1st4 Sullivan

& YOU!

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# The Sega Dreamcast: The Biggest Thing to Happen Since the Xbox 360... Where Will YOU Be in September?

*by Chris Sotraidis*



We're all familiar with the common complaints surrounding next-gen consoles, and this year is more confusing than ever. With Microsoft, Sony, Sega, and Atari all releasing new machines, consumers are finding it increasingly difficult to decide what to purchase. Common questions include:

-Can I access MY-internet on this console?

-Will tabbed browsing be less confusing?

-How many memory sticks do I need to buy to be prepared for release day?

-Will the Atari 2600 offer cross-compatibility with the Atari Styx?

- How am I going to store all my HD-DVD's on this thing?

Luckily for those reading, I was granted exclusive access to Sega's newest console, including a sneak-peek into the future of gaming: voice controls and football games. Turns out, all you have to do is call Sega and ask for a Dreamcast. They were practically begging for me to priority ship one to my house. I rallied up a couple of my friends (roommate and co-worker. I don't have any friends) to get some first impressions. You won't be disappointed. Bruce was disappointed though.

Our first interview is with Bruce. Now, Bruce is not your typical gamer. He's hardcore, he's rough, and sometimes he forgets to wear his D-Pants. However, Bruce absolutely

hates the Dreamcast, and does not share my BURNING desire to play football games on SDTVs.

Chris: Bruce, could you describe your initial impression of the Dreamcast in one word?

Bruce: Awkward.

Chris: Really? That single word is rather vague...could you elaborate?



Bruce: The controller is shaped like a boat and there's only one analog stick.

Chris: Does the shape of boats bother you?

Bruce: What?

Chris: When you look at boats, boats in general, does the shape of them make you upset?

Bruce: Well I'd say they're just awkward in general. I want nothing to do with propellers if possible.

Chris: What about smiley-face hash browns? Do anthropomorphic potatoes elicit a similar response?

Bruce: Huh? No. What? I find smiley-face potatoes to be both crispy and fun. Usually I just bite off the mouth and leave the eyes. Sometimes I stencil in ketchup frowny-eyebrows, to create a sort-of demented smiling potato that looks both happy and woefully dejected.

Chris: So it's safe to say you'd do the same to the Dreamcast controller if it was edible?

Bruce: I'd have to draw on a face and a mouth with ketchup, but yes.

Chris: Alright, moving on. A lot of gamers

are raving about Seaman. Basically, it's a game where you control a man-fish that lives in a private aquarium. The man-fish talks to you and you control it by talking back via a microphone in the controller. What was that experience like?

Bruce: Awkward. My man-fish wasn't the biggest fan of EDM.

Chris: Electric... dance... music?

Bruce: Truth. I kept asking him what he wanted to listen to, but he kept going on and on about how dubstep is dead and how post-dubstep is the next big thing. Personally I can't stand James Blake. My brother and my sister don't speak to me. But I don't blame them?

Chris: That's a song by James Blake, right?

Bruce: Yeah, and that's all my man-fish wanted to listen to. The melody is admittedly catchy, but man-fish refused to eat unless I sang along with him every evening.

Chris: Hmmmm. Did you happen to use the VMU memory card included with the Dreamcast? It's the first memory card to have a little screen and buttons so you can play pong and snake on the go.

Bruce: Yeah, I used it. Perfect for those football games I've been playing.

Chris: I thought you hated football?

Bruce: Oh I do. But on the Dreamcast you can select your plays without the person next to you seeing what it is. The non-backlit screen helps when you're in the dark, too.

Chris: You played a round against Clay, didn't you?

Bruce: \*laughs, followed by a slow sniffle\*. Oh I did, but Clay's controller wasn't even plugged in. He spent the whole time button



mashing on a Xbox original controller.

Chris: What an idiot.

Bruce: Yeah \*sniffle\*. It's pretty OP.

Chris: How would you compare the Dream-



cast to the upcoming Xbox One?

Bruce: Xbox doesn't have Seaman or edible controllers. Microsoft wins. End of story.

Our second interview was with Clay, who recently graduated from Truman State with a degree in Art History. Clay loves the Dreamcast and can't wait to buy one in September.

Chris: Now tell me Clay, what was your initial impression of the Dreamcast?

Clay: WOW. Where to begin? The graphics mannnn, the graphics...just incredible. It makes the Xbox look like a frickin' joke.

Chris: So you didn't find the whole James Blake sing-a-long with man-fish irritating or a deal-breaker?

Clay: Oh, it was definitely a deal-breaker. I'm not going to talk to just any man-fish. I want a man-fish who appreciates good post-dubstep music, like James Blake. In fact, I went as far as to purchase James Blake's debut album on vinyl.

Chris: You mean old records?

Clay: Well yeah, I really enjoy collecting records.

Chris: What the fuck man. Like the FUCK.

Clay: .....it's just a small hobby of mine. Just

because it isn't that popular doesn't mean it's bizarre.

Chris: No, it's bizarre. Why on earth would you collect and rant about a technology that died out years ago? For nostalgia? You need that to get by? Compact disks were the predominant form of music storage when you were born. There's no nostalgia for you here, buddy.

Clay: I'm not your buddy, friend.

Chris: I'm not your guy, buddy.

Clay: \*quietly sobbing\* just give me a minute.

## ONE MINUTE PASSES

Chris: Alright, so what did you think of the Dreamcast controller? Bruce wanted to put ketchup all over his. Or he wanted it to be a potato or something. I honestly can't remember.

Clay: Oh this? \*holds up Xbox original controller\* I found it both intuitive and non-habit forming.

Chris: Right...but Clay, that's not a Dreamcast controller.

Clay: Yes it is.

Chris: No, it's not.

Clay: It can be whatever I want it to be.

Chris: Okay, so it's a Dreamcast controller.

Clay: I know.

Chris: So you liked it?

Clay: I already told you. I fucking liked it.

Chris: Okay, you liked it. Let me ask, what upcoming game release are you most excit-



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ed for?

Clay: SONIC ADVENTURE!

Chris: Oh, that's a surprise. The game looks horrible.

Clay: I just love Sonic man. I can't explain it. I have random urges to play Sonic 2 about once a month. On those days I sit in my room and play it from start to finish.

Chris: You mentioned to me earlier that once every few years your Sonic the Hedgehog urges overlap with your Sonic drive-in urges. How do you handle those days?

Clay: I sit in the parking lot playing Sonic 2 and shove corn dogs down my throat until the urges go away.

Chris: You don't get anything to drink?

Clay: Nah man, Sonic corn dogs are all I need. They're moist.

I hope this article will allow you to make an informed decision come September. Remember, you only get one chance to make the right choice!

*Chris Sotraidis released an album over the summer that nobody listened to! Listen to it here: [demothenes.bandcamp.com](http://demothenes.bandcamp.com)*

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## Welcome to Truman Week

by Kenny Warner

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Fantastic. You made it. Welcome to Truman Week, I can assure you everyone older than you feels enlivened by your presence. Believe me, we've seen some awful winters and worse assignments. We need your smiling, innocent, faces to give us hope. Seriously though, it's great that you're here, we love

having you.

It's a cliché, but college is scary. This will probably be the last time you're going to feel that queasy back to school apprehension because next year you will be excited to come back. You might not believe me now, and you definitely won't believe me in a few weeks when you miss home, but I'm pretty sure I'll be right. Remember that when you've gone back home for the third weekend in a row that in a year you'll be looking for ways to stay here for Thanksgiving. In a year or two you might be planning to spend a whole summer here (unimaginable, I know). We actually have a term for a summer spent in Kirksville, ready for it? It's called "Kirksville Summer," not one of our most creative moments.

You might want to focus on making some friends this week. Believe it or not, not everyone instantly becomes best friends with their freshman year roommate. Remember when you were a kid and had friends just because they lived next to you? I'm not saying that you shouldn't be friends with your roommate, but it's good to have options.

Real quickly, do not alert Facebook the first time you hear a professor curse, that is a huge rookie move. Be proud as you walk around campus with a map in your hand, maybe skip the lanyard. It might be a good idea to explore Kirksville, there is more here than meets the eye (also you can walk almost anywhere). School is important too, I guess, so maybe hit the books sometimes too.

I think that's about all the unwarranted advice I have to give. Probably the best thing to do is probably ignore me anyway and figure stuff out by yourself. Just remember that in college learning happens everywhere, and some (maybe most) of the most important lessons happen far from a classroom. In all I recommend making a whole lot of mistakes, but make sure you learn from them. Otherwise you're just making mistakes, and who would want to do that? Ok, maybe that wasn't actually all the advice I had.

*Kenny Warner is a student at Truman State University.*

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# Albums I can never ever ever stop listening to and don't get that much attention

by Jack Weatherfield

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Fountains of Wayne

Welcome Interstate Managers (2003 - Virgin Records America, Inc.)

Yes yes yes.... Fountains of Wayne - those guys who play Stacy's Mom - everyone's favorite song in fifth grade. But they're more than that. Give them a chance because your attention is well deserved. Adam Schlesinger, the bassist and main songwriter of FOW was nominated for an Oscar and Golden Globe for writing the title track of That Thing You Do.

Welcome Interstate Managers is an album expressing the time and a place that was the mid- 2000s and the vibe of the time shines true. Melodies are simple. Lyrics are either kick ya in the balls sad or slightly laughable but it doesn't matter because Fountains of Wayne knows it. Dare I even say its eclectic? With a country song about being hung up on a girl ("Hung up on You"), a piano jam about your parents going on vacation ("Fire Island") and a rock song about tripping acid and riding around a small town ("Supercolider") all interspersed between sing-along-pop. Yeah - Eclectic

Neil Young

On the Beach (1974 Reprise)

Though the album isn't first on the list, it's first in my heart. The album, fifth in the line-up of Neil Young's solo career, was written while carrying the weight of being famous from a solo career, the loss of some of his best friends and a whole lot of influence from what Neil only refers to as "honey slides" the album makes you want to move out to an isolated cabin on the beach and lis-

ten to it for the rest of your life. Do yourself a favor - wake up early one day, make yourself a cup of coffee and listen to the b-side starting with "On the Beach" and you'll see what I mean.

Mott the Hoople

All the Young Dudes (1972 Columbia)

Proof that even if you have talent, famous friends, and a hit single you can't make it big in the music biz. It is David Bowie who deserves the credit for keeping the band afloat. Bowie is said to have written the title track specifically for the band when they were about to split up because of their lack of critical acclaim. Bowie produced the album himself and offered his saxophone skills to the album as well. "All the Young Dudes" went on to be a glam rock anthem but the rest of the album is spectacular.

The album kicks off with a more rockin, finger snappin cover of Lou Reed's "Sweet Jane" and the Bad Company made famous "Ready for Love" makes its way on the B-side. The sax solo and harpsichord breakdown of "Sucker" is absolutely killer, not to mention the rockin riff throughout the entire song, constant cowbell, and lyrics you think at first are sexy enough to impregnate but turn out to be... just... confusing. "One of the Boys" offers a giant crescendo for a song, building on itself more and more and more until it gets to the lead singer screaming "one of the boys" with all he has in him, then fading out, and finally, back in. Mott the Hoople has the super power to make 7 minute songs feel like they're only 3.

The Kinks

Lola vs. Powerman and the Moneygoround (1970)

I must say that every time I walk into a record store I go straight to the Ks to see if some chump didn't recognize one of the best albums of all time. I first discovered two of the tracks through the soundtrack of Wes Anderson's Darjeeling Limited, "Powerman" and "Strangers," two of the best songs on the album. "Strangers" is by far the most

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important thing about this album to me. I will never ever stop listening to “Strangers”. I remember when I first got the album, I would play it on repeat and the track total of my iTunes reached over 300 in less than a month. I once made an entire playlist of the song to see if I could listen to it 20 times in a row. I could. I did. It never grew old.

The album covers what its like to be a working man (“Get Back in Line”), either in the real world or in the music biz (“Top of the Pops”), as well as a song about a long night with a transvestite (“Lola”) and an old friend growing up to be much more different than you would have expected them to be (“A Long Way From Home”). Some songs are far before their time, sounding more like a mid-90s indie-rock song than a classic rock tune. “Rats” and “Powerman” offer such thoughts about the album.

#### Ulysses

010 (zero one zero) (Eenie Meenie Records 2004)

The only album released by the band – which was actually the side project of Robert Schneider and John Furgeson of Apples in Stereo. Ulysses’s 010 is a product of listening to too much Velvet Underground and My Bloody Valentine on tour. The songs are simple, recorded with only one microphone situated in the center of Schneider’s home studio with a few overdubs. The band was so happy with the demos what they recorded that they released it as is. 010 is a great road trip album, a sing along with high energy and every song you wish you would have written yourself.

#### Poison Control Center Sad Sour Future (2010)

The best band to come out of the mid-west in the past 5 years, PCC... just... does EVERYTHING right. PCC, from Ames, Iowa, often stopped by Kirksville on tour and Patrick Tape Fleming, guitarist of the group, went on to form Gloom Balloon who comes to Kirksville just as often as PCC used to.

The great thing about PCC is that I hear

the influences of all of my favorite bands in them yet they put their own spin on it. For their second album, all of the members of Poison Control Center lived in different cities yet kept the creativity flowing by sending demos to each other. Due to each member working separately but together, every member sings lead on the album (or at least I think they do) (one sounds remarkably similar to David Berman of The Silver Jews) and the album is a wonderful grab-bag of singles with their own independent influences. Favorite tracks (although all of them are baller) include - “Yellow Image” with its 16th note synth part, funkadelic bass line and breakup lyrics the song makes my heart a little weaker with each listen. Luckily that solo/breakdown and sing along fade mends it right back up again. “Being Gone” offers a look of what its like to grow up and move away from home (Its not so easy growin old today even though ya got it all planned out). “Cognac Dreams” feels just like a Silver Jews mid-album track and “Tiny Isles” sounds like a classic Neil Young piano number. I’d love to make a movie that ends with “Eye” where it fades to black and the credits roll in right at minute mark (the rest of the credits would be played to “Start the Revolution”). Definitely check out “Stay Golden” and “Calling Card”

*Jack Weatherfield is a full-time unlicensed therapist and certified life coach from Decatur, IL*



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# Modern Day Andrew Carnegie: A Brief Interview with Kirksville's Claudia Minor

by JoJo Moorhouse

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A few blocks east from Truman's campus, on the corner of Randolph and Lewis, sits a green cabinet. This wardrobe houses Kirksville's own "Minor Library Exchange." The concept is simple, "Take one, Leave one." This exchange is the brainchild of local woman Claudia Minor, inspired by a popular movement called "Little Free Library."

"Little Free Library" began with one schoolhouse model turned into a free library in Hudson, Wisconsin in 2009. The original idea was inspired by Andrew Carnegie's support of public libraries and "take a book, leave a book" collections in coffee shops. It has since taken off as a movement all over the country.

The goal: to build 2,510 free libraries across the country (as many free libraries as Andrew Carnegie supported) and promote childhood and adulthood reading.

I stopped by Claudia's library exchange to talk to her about her book exchange.

JM: How did you get started with your library exchange?

CM: I felt I had the perfect spot and saw a cabinet for sale in front of a house just a few blocks from me. I bought it and the previous owners were very nice to help me transport it to my home. My son and I made a roof to protect it. I painted it and added the books. Last night I bought some clear shower curtains to have a more permanent rain cover (I use them around my chicken pen in the winter). I plan to place hooks around the top for the curtain grommets and use magnets at the bottom to keep it up against the bottom. It



will overlap in front a little so the curtain can be pulled back to get to the doors and books. I also want to put up some post in the back so it will be even more sturdy. Just hope I can find a place without roots! I'll do that this weekend and add a chair, mulch and plants. This is so much fun! I don't care if people just borrow a book. I have tons of books to add to it although I don't have any children's books. I've seen them online made from a mailbox, small refrigerator, phone booth, etc. but this cabinet seems just right for what I wanted to do.

(Here's a place for ideas: [littlefreelibrary.org](http://littlefreelibrary.org))

JM: Can you tell our readers about yourself?

CM: My name is Claudia Minor, I grew up in Kirksville. Went to high school here, went to college here. Most of my career, I've been a technical illustrator for McDonald-Douglas and at Harmon industries in Kansas City and St. Louis. I was downsized and couldn't find work as an illustrator and had to start over with my career, that was in 2000. I decided to move back home and I work for the disabled American Veterans State Department of Missouri, and I love that. They donated some of these books.

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JM: Why do you think it is important to exchange books?

CM: It's a way for people to have access to free books, and I can get rid of my old used books!

JM: What is the collection like so far?

CM: There are many western books. There's a lot of them. I have not read any of these; actually, these were given to me. But what I do not have is any children's books, I would like to get some children's books for the drawers. There is also room up top.

JM: Are there any rules or guidelines associated with the book exchange?

CM: Just take a book leave a book, and if you do not bring it back well... that's okay too.

Do not vandalize obviously

JM: Is there anything else you want Truman Students to know about the exchange?

CM: They are Welcome. I do also have eggs. I have Chickens in the back and I'm going to start selling those for a dollar fifty a dozen and they're free range chickens. So they're very healthy.

JM: I saw on Facebook you were thinking about adding another location, can you tell me about that?

CM: My dad is thinking of putting one up, I don't know how soon that'll be, on cottage grove. I mentioned on Facebook that may well have a trail of them, you know? There couldn't be too many and it might be a nice walking path, or biking path. I saw it on the internet and thought, oh that's gold. I thought about my dad mostly, he's older he was a professor at the university. He has a lot of books he could put in his.

If you've got old books you need to get rid of and are looking for something new (to you) stop by Claudia's "Minor Library Exchange." Engage with your community and read for free.

*Jojo Moorhouse is a senior economics major.*

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## Est. WPM's of Famous Ppl:

*by Wolf "I'm Better Than You" Chamberlain*

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Bob Dylan (1963): We're looking at the upper fifty range here. Well-crafted, sincerity that takes time.

Bob Dylan (1966): Allegedly had a brief but sultry affair with meth during the recording of *Blonde on Blonde*, which does explain a lot. We're looking at the upper eighty range here, folks. He succumbed to what I like to call "The Melvin Cumberbund Effect."

Hannibal (while crossing the Alps): Let me just take the time here to talk about how much I love elephants. They're so god damn dignified. Two hundred words per minute.

Aphrodite: In my case study of Aphrodite I spent the majority of my time trying to determine the hypothetical worth of a pearl in the shell in Botticelli's *Birth of Venus*. Looks like it'd be a standard regulation size Voit® rubber ball, the dodgeball kind we got to break nerds' glasses with. No more student debt, no more paying for dog food, ever. Hell of a damn pearl. Ninety words per minute.

Richard Pryor: Coincidentally performed near Bob Dylan in Greenwich Village in New York in 1963. A recent biography of Pryor described him as "furious." By the early 1970's Pryor succumbed to "The Melvin Cumberbund Effect," giving him the dreamlike ability to crank out seventy funny words per minute and another ten funny ones that make white people uncomfortable. Grand total of eighty.

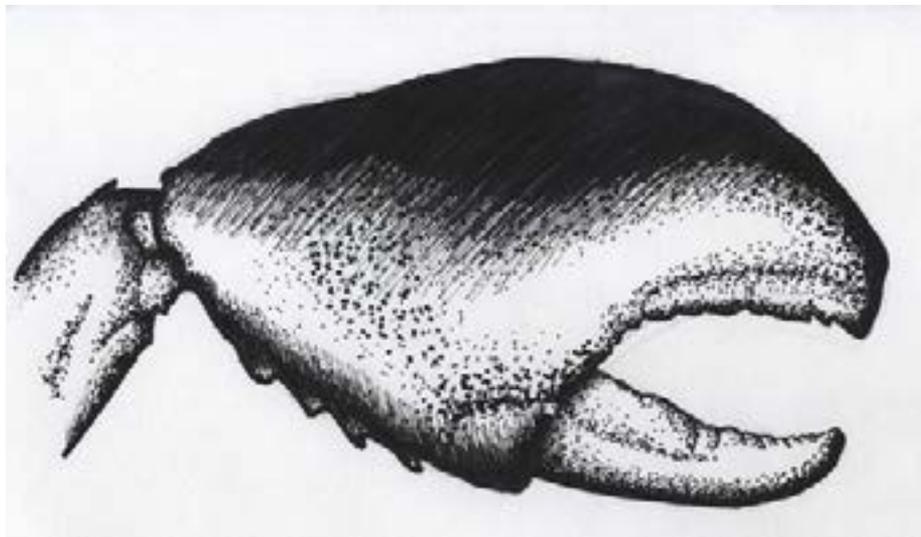
Condi Rice: Plays a mean piano. Worked with the NSA. A minimum of twenty-five words per minute.

*Wolf Chamberlain is currently finalizing an ~80k international business deal and also trying to brush his dog's teeth.*

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# art & photography.



*Sarah Burns*



*Katherine Blanner*



*Trista Sullivan ft Greg Fister*



*Xavier O'Brien*

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# poetry.

## **cute girls**

by alex wennerberg

there is a cute girl in my poetry class there are a lot of  
cute girls in my poetry class every girl in that class is a  
cute girl i think even the guys are cute girls in fact every  
student in all my classes are cute girls wow

yesterday a cute girl gave me a seven-layer burrito through the  
taco bell drive through window the seven-layer burrito was a cute girl  
also there was a cute girl baja blast the drive through window was  
a cute girl my car is a very cute girl taco bell as an institution is  
really just one big cute girl its crazy how they are everywhere

## **Untitled**

by M. M.

When we said goodbye, you said you had a problem with commitment.  
But I counted three commitments stained into your skin  
and I sat in awe,  
knowing that I would always have the memory of you  
tattooed across my brain  
inked into my heart  
branded into my being  
even though you were afraid to have my memory  
last longer than three years.

## **[with streetlights come]**

by Helen Stanley

with streetlights come window shadows and  
orange-walls; right now, I am so tired  
that all I can do is lie here  
and wait as I listen to the world rumble in the distance.  
The trains pass slowly, faintly, and though it is far  
I can hear their groaning  
and sighing  
the whistles rub on air and ripple so slowly  
slowly into my ears  
soft  
like moth's wings.

**(no subject)**

by France Desrochers

CAN I TRUST YOU

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## Last Night

by Matt Ziegler

### YELL AT THE MOON

by christian Wacker

i got married nd we puked on e/o  
soaked r newly ringéd fingers w/  
bile from r innermost pts. this is a  
love that the bible never got right.  
coffee cups w paper spoons nd a  
belief tht peter frampton will rise  
again binds r chunky stomach so  
aked hands w a 'new dignity' ok

I had a dream  
That I was lying awake  
thinking  
about writing this poem  
I was hungry  
So I got up and made a sandwich  
And wrote about this  
weird dream  
I was having

petition to change the words our and are to 'r' so it is easier for usa to write  
petition to change the usa to a nation committed to making its ppl 'happy'

i hav drowned my dreams in stars that my mother said  
'were unattainable'

well i have news for my mom and it is that her idea of conformity is also  
'unattainable'

its a slippery ladder ride down my sickdick  
hop on nd we will journey thru my sickdick  
into a utopian wet dream where yr sickdick

is also mine nd we share popsicles  
beneath evry metaphorical overpass  
that accurately or inaccurately  
exemplifies the things u will never achieve

c'mon ma nd pa look @ my sickdick  
u made it after all  
u snipd it after all

shove my sickdick in my father's face  
force obama to recognize my sickdick as a separate entity of the united states

*christian Wacker was aged in a medium white oak barrel for sixteen years and fed a strict rimbaud,  
dobby gibson, and will eno diet. he is not real, but if he were he would produce theatre that focuses on  
humiliating white men as a whole. pairs well with panic attacks.*

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# poetry ctd.

## **Mister Angst**

by franCES

Hello Mister Angst,  
You're midwest dreaming:  
I know your soggy heart's  
Still bleeding.

Our storm is now past  
Lizards crawl at your feet.  
They beg you each day,  
For something to eat.

You're still starving alone,  
Your bills aren't paid.  
Your ideas are exhausted,  
And your bed is unmade.

You only read a scribble,  
To you, my words were useless,  
Now you look at me:  
Your thoughts and regrets get ruthless.

The water's right there,  
If you jump, you will drown.  
But you secretly know  
You'd let yourself down.

If only I'd come back  
To pull you out of your burrow,  
The way you glare at me,  
Your eyes plead, brow furrowed.

I would have taken you to the beach,  
East or West coast.  
Away from all the mud,  
And the currents you hate most.

I would have stolen you out,  
Could have sailed you south with the dirt.  
But you're too afraid, without change,  
Mister Angst has no worth.

## **Sonnet 18, by William Shakespeare**

A Parody, by Mary Smreker

Shall I compare thee to my uncle's toupee?  
Thou art less ugly and more bearable.  
Rough winds, on occasion, blow it away  
And truthfully it looks quite terrible.  
Sometimes too hurriedly it is adorned,  
And often it appears to be askew.  
And every hair to hair that then is worn  
Appears as though trimm'd by chimps in a zoo.  
But thine own bearing is quite well maintained,  
And if synthetic it does not showest.  
Thou dost look normal and not wholly plain  
When the light thou doth stand in is lowest.  
So long as men go bald, or eyes can see,  
I will despise toupees, but not hate thee.

## **Wordsmith**

by Natalie Welch

You are a wordsmith  
shaping sculptures with your tongue  
Statuesque figures  
With round radial symmetry  
Phrases rolling off  
Caressing with inertia--

but on days  
when it just barely rains  
you spit fire,  
molten metal behind your teeth  
forging iron-alloy statues  
of Zeus, jagged livewire in hand  
I shy from their edges.

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# Don't Fight Don't Win Don't Surrender

by Marisa Gearin

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I am driving home from a dentist's appointment. No cavities! I turn on the radio and hear the opening notes of Taylor Swift's new song.

She has had another breakup. This is nothing out of the ordinary. But when she begins to sing, I realize something is wrong. Her voice is different. Low. A little like Morgan Freeman.

I listen to the whole song, waiting to see if the radio host will make a comment about the change in Taylor's voice. He doesn't.

I get home and turn on the news. They aren't talking about Taylor Swift. I check the internet. Nothing there either. Confused and a little nervous, I decide to call my brother. He answers the phone by saying, "Hello."

"Have you heard Taylor Swift's new song?" I ask.

"No, I don't think so."

"Go listen to it," I tell him.

"Okay." I can hear the song, muffled, from the other end.

"What do you think?"

"Sounds pretty much just like her others," he says.

"What! No!" I shout. "It's totally different!"

He pauses. "I'll get you her new album for your birthday," he says, and hangs up.

"That's not what I meant," I say, and throw the phone on the couch.

I know now what I must do. I must ask Taylor herself. So I buy a ticket—a front-row ticket—to her concert the next night. I sit and wait through the first three songs. Before the fourth, she makes a generic comment about how pleased she is to be in this city. Her voice is still eerily deep. I choose this

moment to act. I clamber onto the stage.

"Taylor, I need to speak with you," I say.

"Yes, alright," she says, and gestures for me to follow her backstage. The fans have stopped cheering, confused.

"Taylor Swift, I think something strange has happened to you."

She nods sagely, and we stop in front of her dressing-room door. "You're right. But I'm afraid I can't explain it to you," she says sadly. "I have to throw you in this abyss." She opens the dressing-room door and I see the bottomless pit.

"Okay," I say.

She picks me up and heaves me over the edge.

I scream—one sustained note. I am not afraid. All is clear.

*Marisa Gearin was born at 3:25 p.m. on Wednesday, April 5th, 1995 at Lawrence General Hospital. Weight: 8 lbs 2 oz. Length: 19 inches.*



*Photo by Jana Zills <https://www.flickr.com/photos/94347223@N07/>*

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# Tinder

by Alex Wennerberg

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A cold blanket covered Chris's body in a small corner of a large room. Gripping the warm rubber casing of his phone, he opened Tinder. The app presented a picture of a girl with long hair and high heels smiling in a college dorm common room, her hands around another girl, also smiling. Chris stared at the picture. He swiped it to the right side of the screen. Below it was a picture of a girl with shoulder-length brown hair alone in a room smiling underneath an Instagram filter. He swiped it to the left side of the screen. He swiped the next picture to the left side of the screen. He swiped the next picture to the right side of the screen, etc. He didn't think any words.

At 12:42 PM Chris looked at the time on his phone and resolved with conviction that he would continue swiping pictures on Tinder until 1 PM. He quickly flicked images off the right side of the screen, holding the phone with two hands and alternating the index finger he used to swipe. Eventually he slowed down, focusing on the images, reading the profile descriptions and reacting. He started to feel an aversion which coalesced into the thought that all the profiles had an oppressive blandness to them – the characteristics of the girls in the photographs could be fully captured by objective, already completely-defined categories: A certain weight. Hair of a length and color. Likes soccer, likes swimming. Likes to hunt, Harry Potter, American Horror Story, Breaking Bad, John Green, partying, “down to earth” guys, “adventure.” Goes to Mizzou, goes to Wash U, UMSL, SLU, Truman State. Reinforced with each profile was the despotic sensation that all human beings are hopelessly dull, that all emotion is trite (“loves [family/Christ/my dog]”) and that his ability to feel anything other than alienation around anyone outside of a small group of people

he already knew at his university and maybe five people he followed on Twitter, was impossible, and if he ever lost these people, e.g. through graduating university or Twitter gradually becoming obsolete, he would be more helplessly alone than he had ever been in his life. Chris went to the settings for the app and checked the box for seeing male profiles as well, then went back and swiped through the photos more quickly.

Chris dropped his phone to the left of his body and stared at nothing. He felt frustration at his inability to react with a sadness that was constructive or fulfilling. Instead it manifested itself as a kind of paralysis. He thought “I am lonely” with sarcastic intensity. He thought ambivalently about Emily, Sofie and Jason. He thought about thinking about something, thought about he was thinking about that thing, etc. until he felt confused and anxious and sweaty. He made sounds to himself, then opened Tinder again. Many of the messages he had received called him cute or hot. A few others directly or indirectly propositioned him for sex.

Most of the messages Chris received were variations on “hi” and “what's up” from guys. He felt almost uncontrollable anger. He knew that, if he responded “Not much how about you?” the boys would respond with something equally banal. He felt uninvested in expending energy on people who seemed, to him, inhuman and dull. He made a joke to a girl who took a picture of herself in a mirror about how much he liked her shirt with “backwards letters,” which she didn't get. A guy with brown hair and glasses asked him what he wrote, referring to how he mentioned that he “liked to write” in his profile and Chris responded sarcastically. Someone else spelled out his words fully, with standard capitalization: “Hello, how are you on this fine evening? :)” to which Chris mocked by responding in a similar tone.

Chris felt embarrassment that the things he had just thought and done were selfish and cruel, and, as if reading them from a novel about a dysfunctional main character,

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thought about them as the clear, easily-solvable problem that was the cause of the main character's vague and uncontrollable angst. Chris felt that if he were to try and explain why the things he had just thought and done were selfish and cruel, his explanation would make the feeling he was describing sound like "somewhat annoyed."

At 1:21 PM Chris rolled over in his bed, refreshed his twitter feed, got up and walked into his kitchen. He started boiling a pot of water while thinking the tune to Aphex Twin's "Avril 14th." Seven minutes later he grabbed the opened box of angel hair pasta and put a handful into the boiling water. Chris learned recently that angel hair pasta was not the same as spaghetti, which is what he meant to buy at Hy-Vee two weeks ago.

In *Kids*, there is a scene in the middle of the film in which a teenage girl who just discovered she carried HIV was in a taxi going home, crying, while the Taxi cab driver, older and with a European accent, noticing that she was distressed, reassuringly told her, after saying she was very pretty, that if she can't figure out how to make herself happy, just don't think. Forget about your thoughts, block it out. The girl with HIV smiled momentarily and started crying less, and the scene changed. Chris paused the film and cried after watching this scene and thought about it every day, usually multiple times each day, during finals week, month after he had seen it.

Bubbles of boiling water pushed their way through the pasta and burst through the surface, steaming Chris's cheeks and impressing upon them a distant redness. He grabbed his roommate's bright orange plastic spoon with a smiling face carved out of it. He held it in front of his head for a second, unfocused his eyes and matched the spoon's expression.

*Alex Wennerberg's twitter is @w3nnerberg*

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## The Opinions of Lauren Kellett

*by Lauren Kellett*

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If You Like The Monitor, I Think You'll Probably Like:

(These first three get their own paragraphs because they are off-campus organizations and they are not listed on Truman's website)

The Aquadome: The closest thing you'll find to Heaven in Kirksville, MO. From 2011 until last Spring, the Aquadome was a registered non-profit, entirely volunteer-run arts music and community venue located at 121 N Main. A few bad storms and a real leaky roof later, the Aquadome is still all of those things minus the building (if you happen to be strolling through the Square, you should check out the carnage inside the building – from a safe 20 feet away). This Fall, the Aquadome will exist as a community event planning organization, still hosting all of the events it usually does, but will rotate venues. Some events you can expect from the Aquadome are, first and foremost, sick concerts from Midwest artists, along with monthly open mic nights, poetry slams, potlucks, comedy shows, improv, the occasional film-viewing and even a karaoke night or two. The Aquadome exists to provide space for those who don't have space to do whatever it is that makes life in Kirksville a little bit better. Have an idea for an event or want to get involved? Email [theaquadome@gmail.com](mailto:theaquadome@gmail.com).

Rural Felicity: A fledgling in Kirksville's art scene, Rural Felicity is on its way to becoming a non-profit community radio station – no commercials, no music that you hear a dozen times a day on other stations, just music that Kirksville wants to hear. The main genres KRFR 106.3 FM will cover are blues, classical, folk, independent Midwest bands, and whatever else the community wants to hear. To tide you over until the station goes live on-air (coming soon!), RF will be hosting a variety of events

throughout the year, which may include anything from square dances and potlucks to concerts and jam sessions. Visit the Downtown Café (an awesome diner on the Square) every Saturday night this year for “Live Music Saturdays” to enjoy performances by local artists and eat really good food.

**Tom Thumb Art Festival:** This isn’t until Spring, but you should start getting hyped about it now. Tom Thumb is an independent art festival started in the 90s by two students who thought the University’s juried art shows were bullshit. For 19 years now, a lot of people agreed. So, in the spring, everyone and anyone is invited to submit absolutely anything that you believe is art – past submissions have included incredible prints, a painted refrigerator door, a cardboard bookshelf full of handmade books and CD covers, beautiful photography and more. To make the show an even bigger event, local musicians and performance artists put on a show throughout the entire day of the festival (sometimes it’s two days, sometimes it’s just one). Tom Thumb has had musicians, bellydancers, tarot readers, a fairy wedding, a fun house maze, comedians, poets, a dude get strapped to a chair with freezing water poured over him – a myriad of cool stuff.

**All Other Cool Things on Campus You Should Check Out:** TruSlam, UpChuckles, TAG, Notes from the Underground, IPAC,



Art Gallery, Student Activities Board, Theater, PRISM, Stargazers, Amnesty International, Women’s Resource Center, Print Club, Beta Omega Beta, Prim Roses, Tau Lambda Sigma, Alpha Phi Omega, Windfall, the sports teams that are actually fun to watch (softball and basketball), Illusionz Danz Team, Bike Co-op, Free pancakes from Momentum on Reading Day Eve.

**If You Like The Monitor, I Think You Probably Won’t Like:**

**Truman State Confessions:** There are a type of people that frequent that page that make it have a certain culture, so it isn’t representative of all Truman students. That page does not summarize the entire opinion of many people who go to Truman. I’d guess maybe the same 100 people post on there and enjoy getting “Facebook famous” by commenting. It’s really bad.

**Students For Life:** Pros: They give out free cupcakes and balloons on the Quad. Cons: They don’t support women’s rights.

**The Phrase “TTS”:** Stands for “Typical Truman Student.” Negatively stereotypes all of campus. Glorifies overworking yourself in school. Traits that TTS’s are said to have include being asocial, extremely dedicated to school at the exclusion of everything else, except avoiding schoolwork. Truman can be difficult, but the attitude that you should feel stressed and obsessed with schoolwork all the time is not a healthy response. College isn’t just about getting a degree, it’s about developing and discovering who you are as a person and “TTS” culture discourages people from participating in things outside of your degree.

**My Thoughts Overall On Being Involved:**

To freshman: Regardless of where your interests lie, you should really get involved with at least one organization at Truman

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or in Kirksville. I've made some of my best friends through the organizations I listed above, and I bet you could too. Finding like-minded people at college is crucial to your mental health, imo. Join something that you're passionate about, where others share that passion. However, don't join something simply to "make friends" --- do some trial runs, join a bunch of stuff, drop out if you hate it. I participated in every media outlet at Truman my first two years here, and finally figured out that none of them were right for me, leading me to The Aquadome, the best organization I've ever been a part of. Don't be afraid of quitting something if you don't like it. This is the time to figure out what you really care about, and it's okay if it has nothing to do with your major. Don't just take classes -- find a passion.

*When Lauren finally colors her hair green, the dye is going to be money.*

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# Jeff Foxworthy's: You Might Be a Rapist

*by Jeff Foxxxxworthy*

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TO BE READ IN THE STYLE OF  
JEFF FOXWORTHY'S "YOU MIGHT  
BE A REDNECK" STUPID JOKES

DISCLAIMER: USE OF THE WORD  
'RAPE/RAPIST' IN THIS ARTICLE IS  
MEANT TO ENCOMPASS ALL FORMS  
OF SEXUAL ASSAULT, WHETHER  
PENETRATION OCCURRED OR NOT

If, while in a clear state of mind (i.e. you are able to walk balanced, construct logical sentences, can make choices independent of substances), you choose to have sex with someone in an unclear state of mind (i.e. is not able to walk balanced, cannot construct logical sentences, has become sick from substances, cannot make clear choices).....

youuuuuuuuuu might be a rapist!

If, while in a clear state of mind, you have witnessed a friend or even a stranger take someone in an unclear state of mind alone into a room, dancing too close, fondling too heavily, and you did not advise them that said person may not at that time be able to make choices about their sex life..... youuuuuuuu might be a rape apologist!

If you think it is okay to have sex with a significant other while they are in an unclear state of mind, because they would presumably choose to have sex with you while they are in a clear state of mind..... youuuuuuuu might be a rapist!

If you request a significant other or a romantic interest to have sex with you in order to show their affection, or persuade them that sex is the greatest way to show yours if they otherwise are unsure about engaging in a sexual relationship with you..... youuuuuuuu might be a perpetrator of sexual and mental abuse!

If you have ever uttered something along the lines of "she/he was asking for it from everyone at the party, I was just the one to give it to her/him".....youuuuuuuuuu might be a rapist!

If you live with the mindset that the only way to have sex in college is by getting intoxicated at parties and finding someone else in an equal or more than intoxicated state.....youuuuuuuu might be perpetuating rape culture!

If you identify with internet articles such as Brobible.com's "How to tell if a girl wants to fuck, just by what she's wearing" or most of the sex advice on TotalFratMove.com.....youuuuuuuuuu might be perpetuating rape culture!

If you find yourself deeply offended by any of the statements above.....youuuuuuuu might be a rapist/rape apologist/perpetuator of rape culture!

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# Canada Invades Florida, Calls Americans Godless Whinny-sniffers

by Nancy Raygun, AP

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When Canadian troops stepped onto the sandy beaches of Florida early Sunday morning, everyone's fears became a reality. In lieu of proper defenses, experts believe that Canada will overtake the entire state by the end of the week. Many Americans have feared this kind of invasion for years now, claiming that former President Obama's socialist policies would render the USA defenseless to such an attack.

According to Noam Chumpsky, former geologist-turned political agitator, this invasion was precipitated by President Obama's 2013 budget plan which called for extreme cuts in defense in order to fund fully-inclusive universal healthcare. In a statement issued by Chumpsky on Sunday night, "Obama traded in our guns for health-insurance cards with his Obamacare scheme. When he drafted the budget—nay, probably ever since he seized the Presidential seat back in 2008—he was in cahoots with these thor-worshipping, snub-wubbling canucks."

After the release of the 2013 budget, spearheaded by Obama and democrat majorities in both houses, most of the nation's military dissolved. Weapons were sold to overseas parties in an effort to cut the national deficit while bankrolling the universal healthcare program. Most soldiers hired themselves out as mercenaries, many of whom made their way north of the border to Canada.

The Premiere of Canada, its Majesty Judith Buttler, the well-known feminist and war-monger has yet to publicly justify the invasion. In the past, Buttler has published books which ridiculously purport that gender is merely a social construction based on internalized cultural performances. But recently, in a document procured on Wikileaks, Buttler repeatedly refers to Americans as "whinny-sniffers who wouldn't

know a true God from a crab-snatching wonker-doodle...All Hail the Mighty Thor." Many feel that Buttler is completely out of touch with reality, citing irreducible differences between men and women.

Floridians, however, fear for their nationality and temperate climate. Chumpsky speculates that Buttler plans on detaching Florida from the USA, "probably with like dynamite or something," and then towing it up to Canada with a fleet of golden, mechanical fish. He presented the following diagram, saying he just happened to StumbleUpon the secret Canadian plot when questioned on its authenticity.

(Picture of a detached Florida being towed by Goldfish crackers with licorice ropes. The top of the picture has child-like handwriting that says TOP SECRET PLAN.)

United States President Neil "Fat Neil" Messmore remains hopeful that the national reserves will be able to stave off the Canadians even though they have little more than sticks and stones. In a nationally televised press-conference last night, Fat Neil addressed the American people, attempting to quell fears. "As we speak, the top military officials are trying to plan a battle of the bulge style counter-offensive, but they have very little to work with. That willy-cricking Obamarama really screwed the pooch for us. For those of you brave Floridians valiantly fighting for your lives, I pray that you won't have to endure the harsh Canadian winters that drive these spooly-hoopkin gibber-gabbers to the shrines of Thor, forever thirsty for human blood. Fight the good fight dear patriots."

Still, the question looming in everyone's mind is why? Why has Buttler, who has managed to maintain a strong defense-force alongside universal healthcare programs in Canada, decided to take Florida? Chumpsky further speculates that Florida, where it currently lays, appears too flaccid and that moving the peninsula up the coast will give Buttler "the porkin-dandy hardon she always wanted." Others say that she is merely appeasing Thor's taste for the blood of septuagenarian Jews and their migrant Cuban pool-boys.

*Nancy Raygun was the first lady under president Ronald Raygun and is the founder of the Iowa-based clothing store RAYGUN.*

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# BRAD (and Julie's) LIB

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1. adjective \_\_\_\_\_
2. body part \_\_\_\_\_
3. other body part \_\_\_\_\_
4. adjective \_\_\_\_\_
5. past tense verb \_\_\_\_\_
6. noun \_\_\_\_\_
7. person's name \_\_\_\_\_
8. place \_\_\_\_\_
9. noun \_\_\_\_\_
10. adverb \_\_\_\_\_
11. -ing verb \_\_\_\_\_
12. noun \_\_\_\_\_
13. verb \_\_\_\_\_
14. same verb as #13 \_\_\_\_\_
15. body part \_\_\_\_\_
16. noun \_\_\_\_\_
17. plural noun \_\_\_\_\_
18. adverb \_\_\_\_\_
19. noun \_\_\_\_\_

There once lived a(n) \_\_ (1) \_\_ girl who was \_\_ (2) \_\_ over \_\_ (3) \_\_ in love with a(n) \_\_ (4) \_\_ boy. So the girl \_\_ (5) \_\_ up a plan to win his \_\_ (6) \_\_. She called \_\_ (7) \_\_ to throw a party at \_\_ (8) \_\_. At the party the \_\_ (9) \_\_ was bumpin; everyone was \_\_ (10) \_\_ dancing and \_\_ (11) \_\_. Eventually, the girl worked up enough \_\_ (12) \_\_ to \_\_ (13) \_\_ the boy, but first she had to \_\_ (14) \_\_ her best friend. This was a messy plan. In the moment, the boy hit his \_\_ (15) \_\_ on a \_\_ (16) \_\_ causing him to see \_\_ (17) \_\_ around the girl's face. From that moment on they were \_\_ (18) \_\_ in \_\_ (19) \_\_

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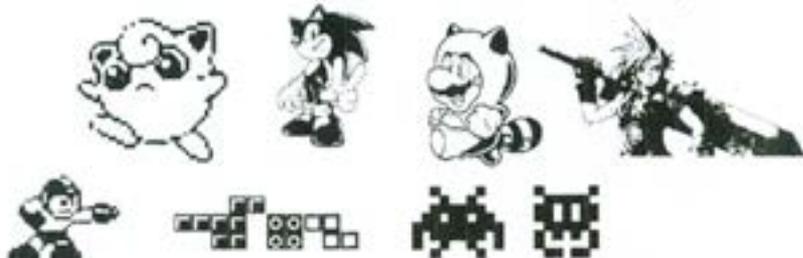
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