

march 2016

Don't follow
me
I'm lost too

let's all agree to stop
talking about the sads

OK?!!



The 17 saddest moments of Jeb Bush's very sad campaign

Updated by Elena Lind on February 20, 2015, 10:00 p.m. ET @ELind
slurpfox.com



sad

/sad/ ⓘ

adjective

1. feeling or showing sorrow; unhappy.
"I was sad and subdued"
synonyms: unhappy, sorrowful, dejected, depressed, downcast, miserable, despondent, despairing, disconsolate, desolate, wretched, gloomy, doleful, dismal, melancholy, mournful, woebegone, crestfallen, heartbroken, inconsolable; More
2. informal
pathetically inadequate or unfashionable.
"the show is tongue-in-cheek—anyone who takes it seriously is a bit sad"

Translations, word origin, and more definitions

the monitor

dear reader,

Thank you so much for picking up this copy of *the monitor*! I hope you feed it and take care of it every day. Us at *the monitor* spend countless hours creating an original platform for your screams and lamentations. This has leant to our mission to ensure that every juicy issue is jam packed with sweet savory content. But this sandwich can only hold so much and occasionally submissions won't initially get into the issue! oh no! I hate that! but don't worry! This content can and will be seen in future issues! Don't be afraid to show us your weird side via our email or aggressively throwing your artwork at one of our wonderful board members.

Oh no! You're done reading already and have stumbled back to the first page Well don't be silly you can always give this issue to a friend in need of some art-therapy, or feed the remaining pages to starving woodland creatures! The possibilities are endless, but I don't have to tell you that.

Most importantly, we at *the monitor* are dedicated to providing YOU with the publication that YOU WANT. We thank you for your service, and are providing you with this *monitor* as a badge of honor for your valiant efforts on the battlefield of making it through the day. We know you can continue to create beauty and ruckus wherever you go!

Love,

The Lowest Bar on Campus, The Questionably Truth, *the monitor* staff

meet the staff,

“if you were an app, what app would you be?”

alex wannerberg : “tinder”

austin stuart: “Clash of clans”

blake buthod : “Spotify”

jacob st. omer : “Plague Inc.”

jillian danto : “the generic calendar app”

jordan waddle : “Kim Kardashian Hollywood”

natalie welch : “Shazam”

ollie ganim : “health and safety information :^) lol just a joke”

suzie nahach : “Probably buzzfeed”

trista sullivan : “Yelp”

will chaney : “Risk”

submit

Words

We encourage submissions of original articles, essays, prose, and opinion. Due to space limitations, please limit pieces to 2,000 words. If you would like to publish something longer, please submit it and we'll try to accommodate your piece. For formatting reasons, please submit all text as an email attachment. Please include a short one or two sentence bio with your submission.

Poems

Let us know if you have any specific printing or formatting requests. For formatting reasons, please submit all text as an email attachment. Please include your name (real, pseudonym, or anonymous).

Visuals

We encourage submissions of original art, comics, and photography. Due to publication limitations, our art and photography is printed relatively small and in black-and-white (except in the online version). 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.

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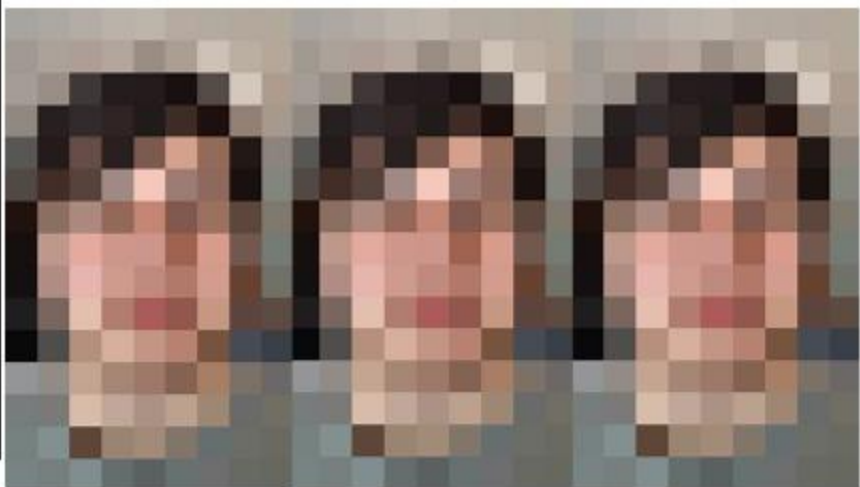
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BARBARA AYRTON-GOULD, FROM WINDOW-SMASHER TO GB MP, THE REALITY OF THEORY INTO ACTION, BEHIND THE MOVIE, *THE SUFFRAGETTE*, OR THE LIMITS OF DRAMATIC LICENSE,

by Larry Iles

The movie, *The Suffragette*, was shown last December month at Columbia's RAGTAG cinema. Doubtless its two fine US stars will also add to their GB counterparts' efforts to ensure it has this New Year store DVD instant availability. Yet there's a problem. The specific working class heroine depicted in our women's national vote struggle against the recalcitrant Asquith Liberal governments NEVER EXISTED. As its writers concede, she is a "composite," "drawn with dramatic, necessary license from such real people as BAG, for whom this writer is himself a world authority upon in such previous venues as two articles in the TSU magazine the late *GADFLY*, and Women's Gender Studies Conference forum.

The whole problem is thus raised anew, as BAG is one of the very few theorists who with partial success managed to translate her utopian socialism and feminism into practice, in a way the over-simple movie fails to more complexly portray. Despite this, this is, a recent attempt by a UK LABOUR LIST writeress to paint Gould as one of the working class "people" suffragette pioneers she vitally was not in a number of key respects. Understanding this enables you to explain ironically a more heroic reality: why she, BAG, was able to achieve such a lot! Listing myself, why she is the only known woman Labour MP, 1945-50, London's Hendon North, to

have served a jail time on remand in the still infamous Holloway Women's Prison for her part in the Regency Street store window smashing escapade by 200 women in protest at capitalist males' vote denial, and the only such MP to be, by 1909, a FULL-TIME WOMENS SOCIAL AND POLITICAL UNION ORGANISER. And yet, by 1941, to have become so superficially respectable as to be Labour's national conference chair official welcomer to French former premier Leon Blum in his call for "solidarity" against the Nazis' overwhelming his own country. All of this establishment attainment, moreover, secured after 4 tries on election as an MP and membership in a panel led by the pro-male and elitist Dr. Dalton publicizing a report on the awful joblessness the Tory dominated National Governments had permitted in the 1930s depression era itself.

Some indeed would argue that her sheer upper middle class privilege disqualifies her as the movie makers did from "representativeness" in the struggle altogether, and others have more cruelly than they perceive put her achievements all down to her over-advantaged social milieu. Yes its all there, the veritable privilege. Her mother was an eminent Victorian scientist, responsible for a famous safety lamp invention that saved countless lives in the coal mines and First World War trenches. Her husband, Gerald, who died in 1936 was an ex-Tory writ-

er, journalist-critic, her son a famous sculptor artist who bizarrely erased his part of her surname, and her half sister, a Zangwill, was like BAG herself a prominent Zionist and *DAILY HERALD* supporter of the new post 1945 Israel state independence bid by force, if requisite. She also sat on the first Arts Council and British Council engaged in arts, culture book distribution *en masse*, despite WWII devastation ruinously in staggered finances.

But looking more closely one sees BAG and her family subverting, even inverting all these over-conventional advantages. HER STATELY MUM ACTUALLY FINANCED HER WSPU ORGANISER ROLE AND HER ESCAPE AS A DISGUISED SCHOOL GIRL TO FRANCE TO AVOID FURTHER HOLLOWAY ARRESTS, HER HUSBAND GOT HER JOBS IN THE *HERALD*, AND HE WAS FULLY SUPPORTIVE OF HER ROLE IN LUNACY REFORM CAMPAIGNING QUERYING AS "COWARDS" SO MUCH POST-WWI EX-SERVICEMEN ASYLUM IMPRISONMENT. AS AN MP, SHE ATTACKED

IN PASSED RESOLUTIONS HER OWN MALE PARTY LEADERS INDIFFERENCE TO ORPHANS AND SINGLE PARENT WOMEN OR WOMEN WHO HAD MARRIED ABROAD. ON THE DALTON COMMISSION, IT WAS SHE WHO SPOTLIGHTED NORTHERNERS' PLIGHT AND WOMENS' JOBLESSNESS.

IN CONCLUSION, it's the real BAG who needs a drama made like Vita Sackville West has had done by PBS, BBC 2, because she defied her expected class, even championing family allowances when too many male trade unionists hated them as detractions from their wage sole earner imagined prerogatives. HER UTOPIAN socialism. FEMINISM MAY NOT PASS Marx male center study focus but ought to pass our own more broadmindedness of criteria in 2016.



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The Best Way to Change the Due Date of a Paper: An Epic Tale

by Prof. William Ashcraft

(The following text was emailed to the students in PHRE 285 - Cults and Sects on Thursday, November 12th, 2015 regarding the comparison paper due the next day)

There once was a king who had 30 courtiers in his court. This king was wise, benevolent, and just in his dealings. One day the king said to his courtiers: 'O favored ones, you know that I love you and hold you in the highest esteem. For the upbuilding of your character, I direct that each of you make a journey to a far land wherein dwells a wise one who can impart wisdom to you for your benefit, and then bring back to me, by the thirteenth day of the eleventh month, a document telling of your adventures with this wise one. And if you do not present this document by the appointed day, then your opportunity to report to me will be forfeit, and I will demote you to a kitchen servant.' The thirty courtiers may have doubted that this was a good thing for them to do, but they didn't want to become kitchen servants, and so they agreed to make their journeys. The king even made this a law of the land, that all 30 courtiers would travel to faraway lands, find wise ones who could teach them important things, and return to the king by the thirteenth day of the eleventh month to report on their adventures, and if they failed to complete this task by that day then they would forthwith be sent to the kitchen. To make the task more manageable, the king provided his courtiers with a list of known wise ones in faraway lands whom they could visit, thus saving them the trouble of hunting down these wise ones themselves.

Time passed. Many, indeed most, of the courtiers lingered near the king's

court, even though they should have been spending that time traveling. The king urged them to make their journeys, but still they lingered. Some courtiers thought 'I will complete this task in time. For now, let me take my ease and enjoy the day.' Other courtiers thought 'This is a great responsibility. Am I worthy to complete this task? O what shall I do?' And by their worrying delayed the actual completion of the thing they worried about. Still other courtiers thought 'I can make this journey, of that I have no doubt. But first let me tend to other of my affairs. There will be plenty of time later to make my journey.'

And so it went. As the appointed day drew near, various of the courtiers came to the king, individually, to make their bargains. They said 'O king, you have been gracious to give us the time to complete our journeys, and I know that I am responsible for my own failure to do as you decreed, but please have mercy on me and grant me more time.'

Now the king felt tenderly toward his courtiers. He did not wish them ill. He wished only that they would become, by seeking and finding a wise one, better versions of themselves than they now were. But he had also established the day of their return, and enacted it into law, and if he now went back on his law, how could he fairly govern all others in his kingdom? He had already, out of his tender feelings, informally told his courtiers that if they failed to bring their documents to him by the thirteenth day of the eleventh month, he would allow them a few more days before finally banishing them to the kitchen. But still they wished for more time, more time.

The king took counsel with himself, and finally decided, 'Here is what I will do.' And so he emailed his courtiers, and told them 'O courtiers, you know that my love for you remains as certain as the rising and setting of the sun. But many of you have failed to take advantage of the gift I have given you, and beseech me for more time to complete your tasks. First one and then the other of you want to make bargains with me, allowing you to complete your task later than the day assigned with little or no penalty. Hear then, my final decree: if you do not give me a report of your journey by the seventeenth day of the eleventh month, it's off to the kitchen with you, to scrub the dirty pots and pans, eat food scraps with the pigs, suffer the heat of the kitchen by day and sleep on its cold floor by night. You will then gnash your teeth in anguish, saying 'O why did I not make my journey when I had the

time to make it?'

This was the king's final word. And so the courtiers were given grace upon grace and rejoiced that they had been spared.

Hear then, the king's final decree, O courtiers: the seventeenth day of the eleventh month will be the day of your reckoning. How will the king find you on that day?

All praise to our king, wise and benevolent and just!



A Portrait of the Artist at 13 by Mars

A Completely Serious and 100% True Story about a Hairbrush

by Jason Yarber

Sierra turned her back and walked out the door, and out of my world forever. It was the worst relief I'd ever felt. The relief that burn victims feel when their nerves have melted and they can't feel pain anymore.

For a while I just sat there, in my now very silent apartment, looking at the door. I couldn't tell whether I was thinking about something or if my mind was blank, and I couldn't tell if that was a good thing or bad. Staring felt nice, though. Quiet.

Undisturbed, my haunted meditation on that plain white door continued for another 10 whole minutes. When I finally snapped out of it I went into the kitchenette and made myself a bowl of cereal.

Honey Bunches of Oats.

I sat down to eat my solitary victory/ consolation meal when I saw it. Her hairbrush on the end of my table. Red, rough, a moderate carpet of her auburn hair collected on the floor between the bristles.

My eyes pinched closed as I got up to throw it away. It plopped into some two week old mashed potatoes I'd thrown away, and that was the last I saw before the trash can lid closed tight over it. Until the next day.

Because it was on my nightstand when I woke up that morning. In fact, it was the very first thing I saw. My alarm clock was able to beep more than twice for the first time in its entire existence as I lay frozen

in bed staring down the brush. It didn't even have potatoes on it. It was clean, except for the carpet of hair between the bristles. That was still there, and perhaps a bit fluffier.

It was 8:00 in the morning. Maybe I didn't throw it away yesterday; maybe that was a dream. I was tired. Plop, into the trash it goes.

Then began Day One without Sierra. I went to work at the Mall, flirted with as many female customers as I pleased, bought a cigar on the way home, walked through the door, and immediately stepped on the brush.

Fear.

She's in my apartment somewhere.

There is a feeling that we humans don't get to feel too often anymore, and it's the feeling of being hunted. Your hairs stand on edge, straight up like soldiers at attention. A relic from a time when we could make ourselves look bigger by doing that. We begin taking quick, shallow breaths. Stomach shrivels and freezes. Shoulders hunch, all muscles tense. The entire body is as ready as it could ever be, nervously awaiting the brain's verdict on whether to run, or kill.

It's a sick game, when the prey is forced to look for the predator. But there I was, stalking from room to room, checking every spot a small 5'4" female frame could fit. No sign of her. And we used to be so close, too. Three years of my life with her, and now we were down to this.

Thud. I snapped around so quickly that I was able to see the brush settle 2 yards behind me.

"Come out! Come out where I can see you, Sierra!" Anger. Fear's dim-witted older brother. My eyes dashed between everything in my apartment. No sound, no movement. So quiet, save for my forceful breaths. I raised my right arm above and behind my head, ready for the strike.

What!? I paused for only a split second, and lowered my arm. I was brandishing her brush. By now, her hair was overflowing from the bristles. It really needed to be cleaned. I dropped it to the floor and stared at it as I backed away. My eyes did not even dare to blink.

Gently at first, and then with more liveliness, the brush began to crawl towards me—nudging itself along my carpet, scooting with purpose and ability. Sierra was not here. I turned and sprinted for my door as fast as I could, ripped it open and ran. I'd only made it as far as the parking lot when I ran into Sierra walking towards me. Scowl. She raised a hand to my crazed face and spoke "I forgot something. Nothing else. Another minute and your 're never seeing me

again." She had already passed me on her way to my door.

"Take it! Take it away, take the fucking thing far away from me!"

She looked back with a raised eyebrow but her pace didn't slow. If a girl could ever gracefully glide with anger, then Sierra just did it. As soon as she was through my door, she was back out, wielding the brush in her left hand.

I watched her drive away, then sat down right there on the asphalt of the parking lot and meditated in my silence once again.

~~

Four months later, we would get back together. She's my wife of eight years now and I can happily say we've never had any troubles since, by some magnificent miracle. My only true demand of her to this day is that she use combs for her hair.



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Lushblood: A Tragedy on Three Post-it Notes

by Rowen Conry

(1) Old man Lushblood's half-dead dog, confused by the change in the day's routine, noses at bone-thin fingers and barks.

"We can't light it, Bo," says Lushblood near the rusted wood-burning stove. "If you'd only listen..."

The dog, near deaf and almost dead, is unable to hear the flap and rattle up above in the rafter pipes, and so does not understand Lushblood's refusal to light the fire. It barks again.

"A bird, Bo," explains Lushblood, "An ash crow, or an old jay. Some evil spirit's carried her from the open skies into our little chimney...the fire would roast her alive."

So the stove remains unlit.

(2) In the Lushblood house, days are cold and nights are colder. At the dim corners in the far rooms, walls peel away and the twilight sky is visible beyond the rotting wooden frame. And underfoot, an ice river running below the earth freezes the thin foundation rock and sends shivers up broken beams all the way into the damp attic. Lushblood, old and numb, sinks deeper into his sagging armchair amid a swirl of blankets: cotton, and wool, and a decaying quilt. He listens to the flap-rattle up above.

Flip-flip-flip-flip-flip, the bird's wings beat, frantic, and then a pause. And then *Flip-flip-flip-flip-flip* once more. Echoing loud down through the rafter pipes.

The dog searches the room with meandering cross-eyes, searching for warmth.

"Just come here, Bo," Lushblood mutters, but the old dog doesn't move. It has forgotten what the words mean.

"Come up, Bo. Up." and Lushblood

pats at the pile of blankets with a bone-thin hand.

The dog wobbles towards Lushblood, unsteady. At the foot of the armchair it casts its hazy eyes upward, staring through the creased blue lines of Lushblood's face.

"That's it, Bo. Come up now."

One quivering paw rises, shaking, slow, towards the lowest lip of the armchair. And then an attempt to shift weight, to spring with hind legs, up and forward, but the dog is old, and dying, and it stumbles, paw slipping, stabbing through the air, and a mad scramble of tangled fur until the dog finds itself sprawled, exhausted, on the cold stone floor.

Flip-flip-flip-flip-flip. The bird struggles inside the pipe. The dog shivers.

(3) Michael built the house. John, half a century later, installed the wood-burning stove.

Laura married Jack Renton, but she refused to give up the Lushblood name. And after the divorce, their son Henry took it back.

Paul Lushblood loved cool winter air and frequently scratched up the back walk with his old metal snow-shovel. You can still see the marks. And it was Grace Lushblood who planted the oak tree out front as a little girl.

Down, down, down. Down to Great Gumma Judith with the fried donuts, and down further to Grandpa Pete with the shifty grin. Lushblood's own father, a quiet man, was buried last along the plot on the yellow-grass hill. All in low graves, with simple stones bearing jagged names. The ice river runs underground beneath them all.

Death becomes a funnel. It swirls cold water and warm blood down into a single drop. The last drop. An old man in a crumbling house, rising up out of a broken armchair to pat his dying dog with bone-thin fingers. Up in the rafter pipes is a bird: an ash crow, or maybe an old jay. If the fire is lit, the bird will die.

"S'alright, Bo," Lushblood tells the dog, "Little cold won't hurt us."

The bird dreams of the open sky.

The dog whines for a warm fire. And the Lushblood house, when all is said and done, becomes property of the state.



Self-Portrait by Stuart "Dino" Wright

poetry.

Silent Poem *by Mars*

the b from lamb
the u from rogue
the c from ascent
the k from knell
the e from glade
the t from soften

Another Me *by Anh Bui*

I have long to take the untaken path
To see, feel, touch the undiscovered
To drown myself in the vastness of nature
When the ground rumbles, when the day breaks
But again, what I have to stake
When I'm me, just another me
Tried to flee, yet chained by my own average
Lock myself in my self-made prison
Dear Genie, if a wish was given
Then I wish to become unloved
To vanish, from myself and the rest
To be gone – poof – like a soap bubble

Twenty *by Jacob Couch*

Life is a stream of constant mistakes
Each misstep digs a deeper hole
Strife follows my attempts to brake
Bad habits haunt me,
Glaring ever daunting as I approach the stage
I could attempt to change my ways
As the rope gets tighter taut
Any way to end the craze
That threatens thought my days
And long nights restless

Turning over a new leaf
Is not a task fulfilled with ease when
winter bares trees to bone
Just as bettering oneself cannot be
accomplished with a head of stone
Perhaps it is time to change myself
Before that time is gone
As I lay in bed, content at last
Oh shit, I left the oven on.

Haiku *by Alan Joseph Smith*

Eyes sewn open thanks
to coffee: I just got done
sharpshooting the shit

A poem to GM *by LI*

OH, oh is there no
retrogressive fib
thou wilt not tell
to yet again chief citizen B
is it progressive or feminist in
background
to on February 16th expressed
report
try to remove a lady professor
historic preservation commission
member
only to be exposed by the same
newspaper
because apparently she didn't
vote your bulldozer way, sir
Oh what a fickle conservative in
lie truth you really are GM

Circular Reasoning

by Korbin Keller

In this great circle that we call home
We go clockwise and they go counter
No one knows why, of course
It's simply the only thing we've ever
known

"Why do we go clockwise?"
It has always been
"What is wrong with going counter?"
That path leads to ruin

We march around, and around we go
Year after Year
We meet them from time to time
Armed with anger and knives

"Turn around, and go counter, you block
our way forward!"
Both sides shout in unison
There's a clash of bodies and metal when
we make our way
Leaving behind the bloodied and blue

"We are right and you are wrong"
We fight and sieve our way through
"You are wrong and we are right"
They sieve and fight their way through

In my confusion I am turned, and pushed
forward along the way
To my dismay, I am now counter
Counter to the one and only way
I am marching the ruin way

Afraid to speak, I just blend in
They don't seem to notice
But I do notice something strange
These people and mine and our ways are
the same

The same sights, the same sounds
The same questions, the same answers
"Why this way?"

"Because this way"

Could this be it?
All of the suffering and hate that exists
Exists because of tradition?
Something as trivial as misdirection

But what other way could there be?
A circle is the only path of life after all
If only there was a way to break the
chain
Of scaling those unsalable walls

When it hits me
"If we work with them, we can escape
together
Clockwise and counter can find a way
out
And we could peer over these canyon
walls"

The others scoff
"We would, if *they* weren't so set in their
ways
So stubborn, insisting only they are right
When we so clearly are"

I've had enough, I stop
They leave me, they don't look back
Then they may be tempted to go clock-
wise
And I sit alone in the dust

I wish beyond hope that I could leave
But I alone, am not enough
For it would take all of us to break the
chain
And work together to climb out

In this great rut that we call home

She is cosmic
by Amy Ehresman

Like the cosmos imploding into universe.
She is February
Sweet reds and soft snows.
Like thirteen story fire escape when feet hover on metal.
She is analog,
Harder to read than digital.
Not artificial, sweetly tipping over the edge of
Beautiful
She is a sea of glass adrift space glitters
Moving in glass motion.
And I am hyperswept.
A black whisper amidst her legato breaths.
She is pulse, offshore on Mars.
Life where life can't exist,
She is more.
Still more.
She is full.
I am empty.
Like hollow belly,
Tears become heavy
On my empty cheeks.
Galaxies exist in her and no one to explore.
Thoughts tumbling off the edge of familiarity
And I catch them and bottle them up for her
And put them on the shelf in her quaint front room,
Where all the thoughts are kept
In the shape of fluffed pillows.

“.. ..”
by Blake Buthod

hunger
by jill danto

i laid my head against your chest
listening to the sound of your mortality

i'm climbing the leaning tower of pisa (pronounced "pizza") w/ a fork + knife.
i'm taking a bite of a window near the top of the tower.
there are a group of people of all ages looking at me like it's wrong or something.
i feel embarrassed so i climb down.
i said, "i feel like the hulk," to this guy who was pointing his iphone at my face.
i lay down on the grass nearby.
i'm crying.

Sticker

by Violet X Odzinski

There's this sticker on the ceiling of the elevator in Baldwin; one of those brightly colored clunky stickers that teachers handpick at Walmart's and Target's to slap onto their students half-assedly completed assignments. It's my favorite sticker. I love it more than my NASA sticker I got in the 3rd grade, or the row of Pokémon stickers slanting down the cracking front door of the trailer I grew up in.

I just really fucking love this sticker in the elevator and I'll tell you why:

It says "Project Due"

How creepy is that?! You're standing in probably the sketchiest elevator on campus. The lights are dim as shit - and they *flicker* so it feels like you're in *The Grudge* and any second you're gonna hear that creaky throat scream. The elevator is shaped like a rectangular death box so that, even if you're not claustrophobic, it still feels like the walls are going to close in on you like in an *Indiana Jones* movie and then you look up and the fucking words 'project due' are *staring down at you*.

Why?

Who the fuck put it there?

I swear it's a metaphor for Truman. You try to slack for one second by taking the elevator and there's that sticker reminding you that you've got shit to do. No forgetting that you have a planner full of obligations and relationships to fix, dreams to work on, goals to fail, and necessities to buy. And all because of that fucking sticker.

I love that sticker. Keeps me grounded.

by ollie sure

"metamorphosis"



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and/or

HERE'S A POEM:

by Thomas Martini

Opera travels pipewise in from the next room, something
about someone having to escape from somewhere, you
say, but honestly I don't care. Rather I think of: moving

south, claiming a stretch of beach, picking up a funky
creole. Before you know it my idiolect will be strange
to you, like an ocelot to your Maine coon. Not that

either one is superior to the other, but come on,
let's get real real real real real real real
real real real. I'll sound like John Cage on a
Hammond organ. I'll sound like double

music. Hell, triple! I'll say to you, I
have to get out of here; I
hate Verdi. Having not

understood, you'll
take up and
fly from me
on golden
wings.

ASPERITAS

by Alan Joseph Smith

It is 12 am when I real-
ize I have peeled the skin clean off
my hands and set it aside, fold-
ed into a fleshly pile

there is no blood—only water
how embarrassing!

monitor poem
by alex wannerberg

mountain dew baja
blast
baja
blast
blast
blast
the monitor sucks
please read my re
sume on my web
site i love you
like the statue of james
baldwin loves being
made of COPPER

bekanntschaft

by Trista Sullivan

do you think that people are too sensi-
tive
to tone, and disregard content and in-
tention?
the overwhelming and over-apologetic
debate
between the offender and the offended.
we had to pack up all of our stuff each
morning, and we showered among the
unashamed, the confident, and the un-
known.
we tried not to think twice about it
as our jeans fell to the puddled floors,
and saturated in displaced locations.
and we will sit on the walls that
run along side the highways to
play judge and contest of bodies
of water. lakes or ponds.
quiet whispers resonate even
in the largest of rooms, where
tones can be heard, even when
words are found to be obscured.
obscured by clouds.
your favorite pink floyd album,
that you tried so hard to convince,
me to like, and i never really did,
quite understand their message.
but i still wore the shirt.

Free

by Blake Buthod

As they wandered through the brush a pretty bird flew past. The occurrence was rare, at least in one facet. Many creatures were pretty in that area, a good portion of them traveling by flight. Birds, however, were more than difficult to come by. And as it would be, it was visible a mere split second before returning to that esoteric place where birds must reside. The event unfolded with very little reaction from the group. For as local canon would have it, those who found value in these small moments – these terrific images and captivating rarities– were viewed as remarkably insecure. For emotion was weakness, and weakness would not be tolerated. It is here that we find May on that day.

Her reaction was at first delayed, long in duration, and ended quite abruptly. May shifted her focus toward the path fearfully, wishing for some conversation. She worried there would be none on that day.

The wind blew through the hair of the children as they walked. They still had a

ways to go, May thought. She wondered when she would get to be alone. A reliable query. Though there was a distinct change of thought as she stepped into the golden meadow, her mind almost drifting into the clouds of that clear sky. It was serene but she felt like running. Small feet stumbling through the long grass that shone without the sun, giving her face a similar radiance. But this was not to be on that day.

Making their way across and emerged in her own sentiment, she had a sudden confidence to speak. And as she said the words, May knew not what was to come. "I think I'd like to die here." The children continued to the end of the field, only coming to a stop near the edge of the thick before turning around toward the girl. She had come to a similar halt and, after pausing a split second, looked up. The faces she saw were unrecognizable.

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Song Reviews: Video Games: Ace Combat: Assault Horizon

by T.J. Mattek

The Ace Combat series has long prided itself on providing classical orchestral numbers reminiscent of classical film composition. Generous use of horns, powerful drumbeats, chanting, and the ever present string number were beautifully rendered in such wonderful songs as "ISAF" from Ace Combat 4, "The Unsung War" from Ace Combat 5, and of course the absolutely wonderful "Liberation of Gracemeria" from Ace Combat 6. Triumphant flourishes and soaring high notes have always accompanied the player and their majestic aircraft through the unfriendly skies. These songs begin with a deceptively soft beginning before moving into a triumphant refrain. But mixed in with this classical sensibility is electronic instrumentation, particularly noticeable in Ace Combat X with songs such as "Fenrir Shock Cannon".

With 2011's "Ace Combat: Assault Horizon", the franchise embarked on a high octane spinoff clearly intended to challenge the Call of Duty series: gameplay was tightened into more linear, intense, quick-time event based gameplay, visuals were punched up, and the setting was moved from a fictional world into a real-world Russian vs NATO conflict. To accompany this change, the series' longtime composer Keiki Kobayashi knew he had to punch it up. What he delivered is nothing short of phenomenal, a high octane blend of his old orchestral compositions mixed in with extraordinarily powerful black metal and electronic elements. Ace Combat: Assault Horizon's score does not merely complement the intense gameplay-it enhances it.

While I'll mostly be reviewing the game as the soundtrack is presented in the official release, the first song in the OST is not the first song heard in game. That song-"Dogfight"-perfectly sets up

the musical tone for the rest of the game. Beginning from a deep, booming bass note, a flurry of notes from the string section plays before immediately segueing into a powerful electric guitar and bass riff. Just when you begin to tire of the metal sequence, the track suddenly quiets, and the game's horn based leitmotif begins to play. This leitmotif starts out quiet and rapidly ramps up in an imitation of themes like "Liberation of Gracemeria" before being joined by the electric guitars, merging into a symphonic metal track which simultaneously invites the viewer to bang their head and take to the skies. The metal and orchestra in "Dogfight" continue alternating between each other, but somehow it works. Just as one style of instrumentation is reaching its nadir, it hands the floor to its partner in a grateful dance of two seemingly opposed musical styles. Fans of symphonic metal bands such as Blind Guardian know exactly what I mean, but hearing it for the first time as I did when listening to the soundtrack is incredible.

From there, Assault Horizon's story transitions to the Middle East and Saharan Africa, and the soundtrack follows with a combination of traditional string instruments such as sitars accompanied by trance style electronica and the one woman wail. The song "Spooky", taken from the sequence on an AC-130 gunship, epitomizes this section of the soundtrack, with short, ominous sitar riffs transforming into a full sitar number underpinned by heavy electronic bass.

The climax of the Middle Eastern sections is accompanied two of the game's best songs-"Rush" and "Beyond the Canal". Both of them transition fully into the game's metal elements with a much heavier bass accompaniment than even "Dogfight". "Rush" starts out with a

full-choral rendition of the leitmotif and a dramatic horn number before descending into guitar laden middle section heavy with minor tuned guitar numbers. Just when you think the song's about to repeat as the horn section plays again, an honest to god guitar solo screeches into the soundtrack which is copied by the orchestra. While the song has an overall slow tempo, the occasional bursts of speed and intensely deep guitar notes manage to make it one of the most exciting tracks, just great for dogfighting in the towers of Dubai. Of all of the

tracks, "Rush" is the most powerful and one of the most majestic as well.

"Beyond the Canal" is absolutely the MVP of the soundtrack. Its

perfect sitar introduction accompanied by a powerful bassline sounds wonderful, but at this point very familiar to the listener. And then all non-electronic instrumentation ceases, replaced by a powerful wail which is punctuated with almost inaudibly low drum beats. From then on it mixes hard rock, choral chanting, and a deliberate static filter, as if the speakers that play in universe are overwhelmed by the hard beats revving through. It's this static element which makes the song work and lends it such a unique sound. It also epitomizes the auditory storytelling, with the choral sections emphasizing triumph over adversity while the metal and electronic sections emphasizes brutal combat. It's a combination of both the earthly and the

transcendent serve to perfectly bridge the gaps. It is an adventure in musical form, and for that it's easily the best track.

Unfortunately, the songs become more pedestrian as the environment moves to Russia. "Naval Warfare" is a standout in this middle part, really showing what Kobayashi can do when he lets loose with a pure metal song, and it helps that it's the fastest track by far. What really makes it work is the coda-the slow fadeout of the electronic elements accompanied by one its rare orchestral flurries manages to make what would otherwise be a one note,



guns blazing track work.

For as weak as this section is though, it is fully made up for by "Keep Alive", the second best track. Like "Beyond the Canal", it blends two contradictory emotions. Triumphant horns and strings are give way without warning to slow, contemplative minor key sections that warn of impending doom. It's also one of the few songs that remains mostly on beat the entire time thanks to the drum and bass accompaniment, until at the very end it transforms into a full black metal number. Unlike the other metal/orchestra songs, "Keep Alive" moves in a gradual progression from full orchestral to full metal, and the story told by the music parallels the increasingly intense in game battle.

The last songs worth mentioning in

detail are "Release" and "Deja Vu". "Release" takes place on the penultimate level, and like "Keep Alive" it focuses on building up intensity throughout the track. Unlike "Keep Alive" however, it is a pure orchestral and choir song, and it's probably the best pure traditional track in the game. "Deja Vu", which takes place during the final boss, is a similar and elegantly simple concept: combining heart-straining wail of the lyrical number "Mrs. Krista Yoslav" punctuated by short metal riffs. While these techniques are at this point in the soundtrack old hat they are lent new life by fusing them with a new style. Whether in its remix or not "Mrs. Krista Yoslav/Deja Vu" stands out for its uniqueness.

These are just the absolute best songs, but there are plenty of others worth mentioning. "Mrs. Krista Yoslav", "Hurricane", "Tower Respond", "Release", "Shall Defend", "Launch", "Eyes", "White Devil", "Rebirth", and "Pipeline" are all quite strong as well.

The soundtrack is so unique because of its fusion. While each individual section is often derivative of other songs and the most common musical elements of the orchestral, electronic, and black metal genres, each of the above songs demonstrate how they can work through a combination of unexpected elements. They truly epitomize that clichés can be enhanced through unexpected combinations.

But it's this storytelling that really makes the soundtrack work. Despite being designed to repeat (a natural limitation of the medium), each song is also composed with a clear beginning, middle, and end. As a result they tell their musical story without being integrated into gameplay. As I continue with these reviews, you'll find that this is always true of the best video game scores. They tell a story without needing to rely on gameplay as a crutch, and as a result they actually

enhance the gameplay rather than merely complementing it. I bought Ace Combat: Assault Horizon solely on the basis of its score, and I can think of few better introductions to how unique video game music can be than this wonderful and eclectic collection of symphonic metal tracks.

The OST cannot be officially purchased, but the Youtube channel RAR 108 has a full playlist.

T.J. Mattek is a junior history major, Economics and Arabic minor, chronic overworker, and a dedicated gamer who is trying to prove once and for all that you can call yourself a "gamer" while also never, ever watching Japanese cartoons.



The Big Man by Overend Neun



by Sarah Forgey

3/3 Biol 315 (oops! Forgot my notebook)

SYMMETRY

Muscle Recovery after fatigue:

- ↳ Resynthesis of ATP, glycogen
- ↳ Reestablishment of ion gradients (Ca^{2+})
- ↳ O_2 consumption stays elevated to do this \Rightarrow "Oxygen Debt"

Muscle Fiber Types:

- ↳ classified according to speed of contraction (myosin ATPase)

2 major pathways for ATP formation (aerobic oxidative or anaerobic glycolytic)

- Slow oxidative \rightarrow uses oxid. (so needs "mitochondria"), maintain muscle tension, slow to fatigue
- Fast oxidative \rightarrow contract fast, intermediate force, ex: walking, sprinting
- Fast glycolytic \rightarrow contract very fast even w/o O_2 , fatigue easily

Muscle cells are a combination of all 3.

Effects of Exercise: (ex: low intensity, long duration = marathon)

- ↳ increase in mitochondria & capillaries
 - ↳ glycolytic \rightarrow oxidative pathways
 - ↳ increase in SO muscle cells
- if exercise is long duration not sprints.

Other (Applications)

Duchenne's muscle dystrophy

- ↳ sex linked (X chromosome)

↳ Castrameres (structural proteins) lack dystrophin so that muscle contraction leads to deterioration of sarcolemma. :(

↳ progressive; typically dead by 20 yrs old [SUCKS TO BE YOU!]

Disuse Atrophy (common in space)

- ↳ Reduction in myofibrillar diameter
- ↳ Lipid droplets

Smooth muscle



nucleus

- ↳ found in "tubes" - intestines, vessels, bladder, etc
- ↳ slow, prolonged contractions

↳ Differences from skeletal muscle: no sarcomeres (but still actin/myosin)

Reduced sarcoplasmic reticulum, Ca^{2+} comes primarily from outside cell, unique excitation-contraction mechanism, innervated by autonomic nervous system (not motor system!), influenced by hormones.

↳ single unit vs multiunit

↳ act as one unit
myogenic "pacemakers"
many gap junctions

↳ acts independently
neurogenic
no gap junctions



FUCK THIS SHIT!

SCIENCE

CALL FOR A GOOD TIME



by Anonymous



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wow !!!

'dome shows !!!

open aquadome meetings: sundays @ 1:30pm !!!

april 7 - house show: Rae Fitzgerald / Matt Kennedy /

TBA - \$3 @ 8pm [@306 n main st]!!!

april 22 n 24: KTRM acoustic and rock night !!!

april 24: Minorcan / Devin Frank Vanishing Blues Band/

TBA \$4 @ 5pm

april 30: FINALS FEVER RELIEVER feat. Christopher

the Conquered / Jack Lion / Funky Onion Bunch \$5

@8:30

mar 30+april 13+april 27 = OPEN MIC NIGHTS@7:30

@120 S MAIN ST - theaquadome@gmail.com

other good things o wow !!!

Woyzeck - april 7-9 @ 8pm @the aquadome - IPAC
play !!! free !!!

Waiting for Godot - march 31 - april 2 @7:45 tickets
available @ OP box office NOW - FREE !!!

Tom Thumb XX Art Festival - april 16+17 - FREE - art
dropoff APRIL 5 SUB 3203 @2-6pm

the end