



the monitor
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We meet every **Tuesday** at **8pm** in the **SUB** down under. Each writer is responsible for his or her own work.

"We have a natural right to make use of our pens as of our tongue, at our peril, risk and hazard."
~Voltaire, Dictionnaire Philosophique, 1764

K-Ville Gets Interesting...

Well hey there, Monitorites! Are you all recovering from the grand soiree that was Tom Thumb XIV? This month the Monitor is taking a closer look one of our little town's most interesting events. Turn to page 6 for more details! Of course, Tom Thumb isn't the only local happening on display in this month's edition. Let's unofficially call this one the "Kirksville's Not Boring" issue. Why? Because we feel that it's our duty as a paper to get YOU involved in this community.

You're already at least half-way there if you're reading this. It must be true, because you decided to pick up the alternative paper. More than that—it's because you weren't one of those people who decided to ditch your Midwestern roots the minute you graduated high school and head off to a big city where entertainment and culture would be handed to you from on high. Instead, you came to the kind of place where interesting shit doesn't just happen on its own—we have to make it hap-

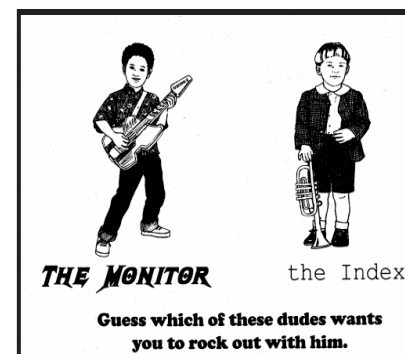
pen ourselves. It's a responsibility of citizenship and part of what makes Kirksville such a great place. The burden of being fun, informed, hip, creative, and productive rests on each and every one of us and from what we've seen there are a lot of people around here living up to that burden.

What's that you say, you haven't seen any of this? You're still bitching about the dull drag of small-town life? Stop complaining and do something! Look a little harder at what people are up to. You should actually go to those events you see advertised around campus! Begin planning an appearance at next year's Tom Thumb. Start a band, start a club, start a party. Figure out what's going on in university politics—those things affect all of us, and if you think of yourself as some kind of passive customer here, you aren't thinking hard enough. Write a letter to the editor (see below). Get out on the square and see what there is to do here beyond Wal-Mart shopping and Pan-

cake City loitering.

A small community like Truman is a half-blank slate with space for anything you can come up with. There's always an idea that hasn't been thought up before, a leadership position waiting to be filled, an issue that no one's advocating for, and a boring night that could use for somebody like you to head out and start shit. Maybe you're already doing all of that stuff, and for that, we commend you. But maybe you still need a little bit of prodding. This is our plea to you. Be interesting. Do something. Make things. GO!

XOXO,
The Editors



letters



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

In response to the editorial entitled "Screw Caribou," by Alex Clipping-er, in the February issue:

As a former Truman student, I had to take a look-see into where The Monitor, a former medium for my linguistic mistakes, has gone. And I am sad.

To the writer of this article, one thing: do you really believe world peace to be attainable by humans if we tried harder? Maybe by a more advanced life form, such as let's say the cockroach, could world peace be attained. But not by us. That may be the real reason we protect these other species: they are the future of this planet. Not us. We

are the meddling past maintained as bodily gas (the gas of burps and farts, not the temporary leader in fight-worthy commodities also mentioned in your "article") that just can't be quelled by any number of medicines.

In short, ending a fight in one location (your Africa ignored by hippies, which said usage by you of hippies is so grossly dumb that I can't even--ugh, hippies were of a time and place, you fucking dolt. Seriously, I can't even but I digress.) does not end fighting everywhere, for all time. We are a petty species, and will never cease to fight over commodities, religion, politics, or the combina-

tion of all three. Which is what the fight in Sudan--I assume at great personal risk you were referring to the Darfur region in Sudan and the treatment of the mostly-Muslim faction of southern Sudan when fleeing and after arriving in Ethiopia (great personal risk due to interpreting the thoughts words and devices of a fucking dolt)--is all about.

So, save the caribou. Save the elk. Save the bison. Save the meese. Just don't save the humans. Or the whales. Fuck those monstrous mothers.

-Matt Welker