

# **the monitor.**

**a campus collective**

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# **THE MONITOR Named #1 Independent Publication in the U.S.**

DEAR BEAUTIFUL READER:

We here at THE MONITOR would like to take a moment to thank all of our readers, writers, artists and contributors for your constant and unweilding support. If it weren't for you, there is no way we would have won the Obama administration's prestigious "Ulysses S. Grant Award for Outstanding Independent Media." It's an honor and a privilege to be able to accept this award and know that, officially, our suspicions are right: we really are the greatest independent publication in the nation. It may seem hard to live up to this reputation, but I firmly believe that with your support we can continue this legacy.

We'd also like to thank everyone who has donated to THE MONITOR for allowing us the opportunity to travel to D.C. to accept the award. We assure you that our remaining funds are being handled well, Alex, our residential financial/investment expert, found a great way to "double or triple your income in jsut 3 months !!" via a highly reputable bitcoin forum. Look forward to a wealthier and more prosperous Monitor in the future! !!

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LOVE

ALEX "A MAN WITH A PLAN" WENNERBERG

NATALIE "PICK ONE I DONT CARE" WELCH

LAUREN "JULIE DAVIS" KELLETT

DYLAN "CROWBAR" PYLES

PHILIP "[WASN'T HERE]" ZAHND

LACY "NO NAME" MURPHY

JAKE "NO SLOUCH" HURST

"BASIC BITCH DESIGNER"



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## BOOK REVIEW: A FORMER, STILL ALIVE BRITISH EUROPEAN MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HIS UNQUENCHABLE SOCIAL JUSTICE AND INTERNATIONALIST LIFE'S FIRE

By Larry Iles

Stan Newens's book *IN QUEST OF A FAIRER SOCIETY* (Memoir Club, Durham, UK, ISBN 978-1-84104-579-5) published end-of-last 2013, has escaped notice of most, EVEN UK, homeland of both of us, reviewers despite the remarkable ex-History schoolmasters' prodigious memory and Dickensian erudition its author demonstrates. In all tally, over 384 pages, teeming with a cast of his internationalist-met characters, ranging from the very oratorically interminable Cuba's Fidel Castro in Communism, to the widow of the last 1930's openly Fascist ex-British Cabinet minister, Lady Mosley, out to break the secrecy of home office records still surrounding her and others' WW2 jailing! This lacuna of attention by the establishment's reviewers and their narcissistically repetitive chat-show telly shows of stock politicians, reporters, is calculatingly snub-deliberate. And a counter-review honor thus to its first American magazine, *THE MONITOR* hereby it is to so more fully review. As in the establishment's vigilant smug eyes, working class-accented Stan, complexly, should, indeed, never, and still not, exist! Also in the revisionist, so-called reformist "centrist" eyes of people like his, my own, former Labour party leader like ex-Prime Minister Tony Blair and your own USA's Democrat's Bill Clinton. Since Newens's life-long Radical Socialist ideas represent an ongoing view that is an alternative Progressivism. One they are both too petrified, and themselves alas by now two, too rich millionaire "fat cats" themselves, to want to globally further, any place foreseeable. Safely, it can be asserted the "establishment" seeks this book to be unnoticed!! The right-center, including universities, do not want their wealth prerogatives ever queried, ever!

Therefore, granted this "Centerist", almost as much as Rightist, fright, 2014, cringing state of censorship non-mention, the wonder I experienced was incessant, as I perused every un-put downable, page of Newens's tome. After all, the self-reflections of a low-income man who in achievement, and thousands of votes, has served as a former UK MP for Harlow, in his Essex of North London in both the sixties then late seventies. And then, in the last, late nineties, early, our last new century decades, as finally LONDON CENTRAL MEP, member of the Strasbourg-France continent-wide's Parliament. For, indeed, the huge area, spanning itself to the him-canvassed Queen's Buck Palace, the whole West End theatre-lights over to the far more poverty-representative North Kensington estates I myself have lived in, too! Wallingford Avenue, to be precise in recollection off Ladbroke Grove Tube Station.

Simply put, its thus a matter of astonishment at how much thereby he in total has attained for all we planetarily of the Left, the Far Left, the chatty Left Center, all of us the dispossessed oxen, else expected to be, all too, dumb by our so self-regarded strong male rich "betters". In spite of hurdles, that the "establishment" have tried to nobble, to trip Newens over with insistent attempted slap-downs, "often behind my back as you know Larry" as he's afterwards often phone/meeting groaned to me! These ordeals, unsilencingly, he's encountered, and the book recounts them in *OLIVER TWIST* detail, including his own unemployment when occasionally he's electorally been defeated by the likes of PM Thatcher's Hard Right Lord Tebbit henchmen. Or by indeed "shout-downs" pursued by our own political side's Ultra-Left "sectarians" as schismatically, rightly, he damns them: in their over-perfectionist island, anti-innovative anti-Europeanism. Sometimes, too Newens got sheer bad luck such as lifestory human-drama told, having a terminally sick first wife. And he was bequeathed with "the



mess", a near-bankrupt dead younger brother legally residued him when vainly trying to keep up their father's small-Londoner business traditionalism in a monetarist-stained near "global economy".

This book itself, too, will be a disappointment for those I will aptly mock as lazy Borgia-devotees; that is who see autobiography or biography as only power/sex lust, "hidden" revelatory, titillating purpose, if anything! NO, Newens never so attained government plush "sexy" office and ministerial free car, or got anywhere near what our last Jewish British PM Disraeli himself, mixed-blessing scorned, as the thereby top "greasy pole" of over-ambition. Such "trendy" traits of all-consummate greed that misguides all too many in ugliness self-failed political types, and professors turned administrators, we all DO know, don't we? But after reading what Newens has to say about "them" as a bureaucratic class, especially those I, too, now as an aging Radical I thought wrongly, I "knew", good riddance. To such over-this world-paid, time-server flunkies! The late Lord, Peter Shore, for whom both I as a fellow orator, and once my retired senior civil servant dad, have labored for both when, and after, his period as our UK Environment Secretary, turns out thus privately: to have been one such chameleon. He was near totally insensitive to ordinary MPs' representations about aircraft noise and pollution towards their sleepless constituents. And for all his left wing rhetoric, he was actually himself, inside UK Cabinet accomplice-pursuant, of falsifying US IMF "loans" to us; predicated on barbarous "cuts". Calamitously, these exhorted "cuts", but rarely to (us-induced) "UK" defence budgets, devastated the UK schools, colleges, universities I and Stan have all worked in. All this bankers-exhorted cruelty, he shows happening, in start from the mid-1970s, well in period BEFORE the systematic worst, further such depredations of Reagan-Thatcher and Clinton-Blair from 1979. To, well, our own dire present levels of college indebtedness and betrayed-your generation, under-graded jobs, or stark joblessness even if you've graduated! Indeed, early premonition about such hypocrisy by the powerful, perhaps, explains why the young Newens in isolation remained a Young Liberal third party "outsider" in skepticism throughout the 1945 Labour-victorious general election. He eventually joined Labour as late as 1949 with only two years left for it in power. And he had, too, so much persecution, both from the Labour Whips and a powerful right wing Labour councilor minority faction group inside even his own congressional district party in "deselection MP" try. When in the supposed freer 1960s he, as a backbench rebel, UK-wide co-led opposition to the initially PM Wilson-backed LBJ Vietnam war, outspokenly!

Severe mistakes, of course, are book revealed. Perhaps they were impossible of avoidance in one so packed with conscientious attention to life's details. Newens remains a firm enthusiast, in his Harlow home abode, for both Voltairean grow-your-own-food gardening, and passionate for records about "local history preservation" wherever he's travel-bound. Surprisingly too given his thus only slow adherence to any uxorious notions of party discipline, he has, nonetheless, proven to be such a Labour Party "unity" fanatic. That he, badly, underestimated the ex-Durham Chorister School Young Tory, Tony Blair's "New" labor faction within our party in pro-the-USA Pentagon and capitalist rising economics malpractice fetishism after 1994. When a more authentically "moderate" Scots pro-European leader, John Smith, was tragically heart-attacked seizure "out" of the then hopeful leadership, Newens' own factional TRIBUNE Group, of mostly ageist male white MPS, loosely congregated around the novelist George Orwell-founded magazine if that title, seriously "fell-out". Not only with these, the opportunistic Blairites' Right of the party, obsessed, as that group was with both Clinton her and Australian Labour's macho tv/media manipulation techniques, attractive to even a BBC bored with the censorious Thatcher-Major colorlessness. Newens, also, "fell-out" with the late Tony Benn, my friend, and a new younger multi-racial and women CAMPAIGN GROUP who wanted everything over-conservative in "ALL" Britain, instant-radicalised. The serial BBC AMERICA: OUR FRIENDS IN THE NORTH, lovingly captures this lot's charisma. Newens, by end of the 1990s, in the European



Parliament, found even himself thereby shouted down, derided as a “moderate” by this perfectionist group, too. Ironically, he was still often much wiser than they! Such as when he defended Labour Leader Michael Foot’s decision, they foolishly hated, 1982-3 to BACK, not oppose, PM Thatcher’s earlier rescue, by arms of the invaded Falkland Islands from “Argy Fascists” (Argentinian Colonels).

Furthermore, additionally in necessary critique, I must say, as one of a later generation myself so some schooled, the trained university College London historian’s over-senses of factual details overmuch and a too narrowly political affairs sole focus dominate in Newens autobiography. In short gets a bad overmastery over coherence and illumination, comes to the fore, which all non-specialists and youngster with demand in second edition greater clarification, about not least of his own motivation for not being so steadfast! The lavish detail, on the ongoing today, crises in the Labour-allied small Co-Operative movement, which he’s tried to make more viable by his advocacy of bigger high street stores and more artisanate accountable regional democracy, managers hence needs to be explained. Since, otherwise, readers will un-comprehend the dire monopoly alternative to such “ethical” trading is, WALMART USA, TESCOS UK or FINAC France in gross, anti-trade union exploitation of we as non-real choiced “consumers” yes. But citizens, pray more, comrades! And for all the ease with which Stan demolishes right wing press labels of him being a “COMMUNIST” stooge, most vehemently by THE DAILY TELEGRAPH, he still does not fully see “why.” Many of, even we, admirers, think he was wrong, for so long, sure to if not excuse, then palliate, some of the Romanian/Cuban one-party left states. Yes, Cuban freer healthy and women’s higher education than in WEST or EAST super powers, and Romanian Ceausescu foreign policy independence, third world peace were, and are, these states’ attractive features. But a chill came over me, when Newens slips in a jibe against “Havana prostitutes,” as useless unsocial 2014 “hangers on”, or his omission of, even suspected at their dictators time, awful Bucharest regime anti-abortion policies; entailing gross poverty-abandoned orphanages. Has not Stan, an ex-1940s Young Trotskyist, Young Liberal in his youth and personally kind to a fault in his extended family life, friends, he has gained as an ex-Leicester miner, rather than serve, forced into the US/Chinese/UK Korean ongoing conflict in its 1950’s Cold War origins, fully realized something, more culturally freedom-loving than in others’ visions?

Both Irish playwright bisexual, Oscar Wilde, in his THE SOUL OF MAN UNDER SOCIALISM polemical essay and, alas, and Russian-Jewish-USA writer feminist, Emma Goldman, in her persecuted, too, anarchism in her words put it better well! I want no part of your “revolution”, she claimed. If it in sheer joy, non-puritan ethic it bans me “dancing” or free thought, leisure, as, for long, Cuba did gays and UK Labour’s Catholic wing free birth control “info” to poor women in its 1924 “free” family clinics first government revival. Yet, usually, the airs of real freedom do manifestly, “emancipationist” burst through this dynamic self-study tome of Newens, the Bethnal Green street – barely food adequate bread boy, who still thanks to inherent decency and resilience against cancer, rails against capitalist uniformity and any human rights cover-ups. It, capitalism, warringly in wasteful over-competition has to senselessly its system promote so to hence generate “profits” for oppressively, always only a mainly male sexist patriarchal few in unhealthy Wall Street oligarchy! To be “historical-minded” his book shows, is, for the Newens clan, is to be truly to oneself, to be knowledge-free and hungry. DAMN BOTH THE CIA/KGB BOSS and religious impositionists contrarians, and deniers of such counter-information, as this book embodies, in its celebration of a, thus, genuine radical’s life and circumstances withal. If not a masterpiece, certainly close to such an approximation in ideal and a superb way for younger non-Brits to understand post 1939 British and European left wing history, as LIVED!





I WORKED AS HARD AS THE REST OF YOU  
FOR MY EMO BANGS WHEN I WAS STILL  
IN HIGH SCHOOL.

MY HAIR  
WAS ONE  
OF THE  
FEW  
THINGS

THAT I  
ACTUALLY  
FELT  
OKAY  
ABOUT



IT'S  
STUPID  
REALLY





## Crossroads

By Katherin Blanner

The early morning light broke through the window in transparent gold spokes, rousing the eyelids of the waking girl in bed. A new day, it was, with all the promise of improvement over its dead sibling (the yesterday).

She awoke with the cotton mouthed confusion and messy haired sentimentality one only obtains from a long hard hibernation. The twitter pated echo of the Coloradoan avifauna became her alarm, the noise to break the barrier between slumber and sentient.

Life was calling, and the girl was all too eager to respond. Vehemently, the girl popped out of bed as if there was a race to plant her feet on the floor the fastest. The day was filled with possibility.

She had a brief reverie, in which she recalled the moment in which the family car approached its destination. She saw strange looking clouds, and notified her family of such.

After a chuckle, her mother stated, "Sweetie, those are mountains."

Baffled by their sheer height, the girl had taken in the majesty of the ranges. The roads the car traveled upon were paved and carved into the great rocks themselves. Trees of many kinds gripped the mountains for dear life, braced for a tumble, yet still grasping with their mighty roots.

Returning from her reverie, the girl devoted her mind to selecting an outfit for adventures. The days past had been cool, even though it was June. So crisp, in fact, that the winter snow had not yet completely melted, and piles of it could be found on the edges of roads or parking lots where snow plows had deposited the powdery drifts.

She recalled the roads once again. Twisting and turning to the top, the pavement carried the car on its way as the altitude increased. In fact, with the altitude, nearly everything had increased. The unopened bags of snacks had swollen, becoming bloated, the air inside pressing at the seems for escape. It was as if the chip bags had drank in a big gulp of air and had yet to exhale. A peculiar spectacle, it was.

In the previous days, the girl and her kin had ventured up the forested mountains afoot, the thin air burning their land loving lungs as they absorbed the impressive stateliness of it all.

Today, as her parents informed her, they were again going for a hike on Mt. Zirkel. This was located in Steamboat Springs, a town about an hour's drive from their residential townhouse in Winter Park. In previous days, they had simply been trekking the mountains that surrounded them, as the town in which they were staying was planted in a quaint valley. The rocks around them were steadfast giants protecting their valley.

The trip to Mt. Zirkel was not of noteworthy description. It was mountainous, filled with trees, and windy. Nothing more to report, although, like what the girl had seen of Colorado so far, exceedingly breathtaking. The arrival was anticipated and appreciated, and as soon as the family had exited the vehicle, lunch was consumed as the trails were conquered.

Everything upon the mountain was in bloom, as if the spring solstice had arrived in the summer. The arbors were budding, the flowers blossoming in the richest hues the girl had ever observed. The trail was dusted in glints of gold, and upon further observation, was determined to be pyrite. The girl felt vacuous for mistaking fool's gold for the authentic mineral.

The elevation Mt. Zirkel was 12,182



feet, and proved to be seven mile trudge. As the height climbed upwards, the air began to thin and taste differently. At lower altitudes, the air had a flavor similar to water, the absence of taste. Upwards with the altitude, the air began to have a sweet savor as it filled her lungs. The oxygen was thin and unsatisfying to a lowlander, and the girl found herself short of breath, having to pause her traipse.

After a brief rest of solitude in the sun--her family had decided at the commencement of the conquering of the rock that they would reconvene in four hours at its base, allowing each individual to find their own way to the top-- stretching herself aware again, the girl marched on.

Deciding to travel off the beaten walkway, as there was no one to tell her not to, the girl found herself pleased in the glory of the day and the unpathed territory. She came across a field. This meadow was extraordinary. The grass was a fresh green, the shade, she recalled, of the grass in her front yard when it first poked through the destruction of a cold winter. The grass was furnished with scattered boulders and tress that looked as if they were stripped naked, their bark bare and white against the elements. A crudely composed fence, of what seemed to be its brother trees, surrounded the meadow. Off to the side, overlooking a cliff, was a humble barn, its wood blackened from water and age. Upon inspection, the barn was entirely abandoned; just a few stalls and reins remained.

The present was so lovely, so greatly gifted, the girl had to dance. The music on her soul was her guide, loud, pulsating and fast. Her movements reflected such. With this kind of joyous exertion, she quickly ran out of breath. Exhilarated and satisfied, she sauntered over to the barn, climbed the ladder to the hay loft, and rested for a moment, gazing out its window to the valley below, thinking of the glory of the creation by the Creator and thanking God for it, for her family, for their gratifying trip. As she thought these things, she drank in the scenery, the mountain clouds and their shadows, the steepness of

its slopes, and the scampering wildlife. At the very bottom of the valley, there was a fat creek, its waters churning and surging with white caps.

After she regained her stamina, she resolved to manage down the steep mountainside to dip her compressed toes in the creek. As she half walked, half climbed her way down to the tumescent rivulet. Near the bank, she observed that the water below was furious and unrelenting. This only spiked her adrenaline and desire to wade.

At the bottom and exerted again, she rested upon a seemingly stable rock at the water's edge. She began to remove her shoes and socks when the rock below her suddenly spoke an awful noise. It was a scraping. Then there was a sinking. The girl scrambled, reaching for anything and everything as the rock beneath her gave way to gravity and floated to the bottom. She was only granted the silt of the bank of the mad creek, and her hand slipped away with a fistfull of shimmering dirt.

The water was freezing. It tossed her to and fro, exerting her already depleted energy. She fought with her remaining strength to return to the shore, but the creek was relentless. It would not let her conquer it, it would take her as its own. Try as she might, there was no winning this battle. Eventually the current tossed her under, the water shrouding her head. Her nostrils filled with the frigid water, and she tried to dispel it. However, this was futile as it only caused her to gasp for air, taking in water.

The last thing she recalled was the shadow of a cloud passing over the creek as she stared at the world through the water, and a firm hand grabbing her own.



The knowledge in languages and the ability to use it in communication involves a lifetime progress of learning which requires patience, effort, and courage. Nowadays, we have more contact with people that have different perspectives of life, which makes language an indispensable skill. Why, then, do we still have wars and conflicts? Because we can't understand the other side of the world where people speak different languages, have different point of views from us; we put our money and lives into getting rid of difference instead of celebrating it.

I recall my childhood in an international primary school; we had foreign teachers in our ESL class. So, I had the chance to be in contact with native English speakers from an early age. I still remember one of the teachers, his name was "Mr. David" and there was one amazing thing about him: He could speak Vietnamese! Fluently (but with an accent)! A stranger, from a strange land, and he could understand us? How fascinating is that? I felt that he was one of us; he was at ease in our "world." Now that I thought about it, he was the person who influenced me the most in my language learning. I tried practicing with basic phrases in English and then I decided to have a

miniature conversation with the foreign teacher. I was nervous and when I ran out of phrases to talk, I just stood there, feeling embarrassed while that teacher had a smile on his face; it must have felt good to hear a little foreign kid making an effort to speak a language that he just began learning for just one year. I tried to talk with him during class, imitate his accent and speech mannerism, and talk to myself in my bedroom every night as if I was crazy. I began to catch up to him after school and talk about random things and I had at least a new sentence every week; he became my English conversation partner. When those ESL classes ended at grade three due to contract expiration, he came to my mom and said, in Vietnamese: Is this your son? Binh knows how to speak English!" Until now, my mom and I could not forget that day.

Fourteen years later, I think I can say that I am at ease in the "world" of

English speakers. I am in the process of traveling to other "worlds" as I am majoring in Romance Languages in Truman State. As you can see, in



order to be at ease in a "world", you always have to familiarize yourself with the soul of that new "world". That is, the language of that "world." In other words, the most valuable luggage you can carry for "world"-traveling is language.



Kiến thức trong ngôn ngữ và khả năng sử dụng kiến thức đó trong giao tiếp cần có một quá trình học hỏi lâu dài mà trong đó sự nhẫn nại, nỗ lực và sự can

nhị mà những người ở đó nói những thứ ngôn ngữ khác nhau, có một cách nhìn đời khác với chúng ta; chúng ta chi tiền và lãng phí sinh mạng của nhiều người vào việc dẹp bỏ sự khác biệt thay vì trân trọng nó.

Tôi nhớ thời học tiểu học, tôi được học trường quốc tế cho nên chúng tôi có giáo viên nước ngoài trong lớp Anh Văn. Vì thế, tôi có cơ hội được tiếp xúc với người nói tiếng Anh chánh gốc từ nhỏ. Tôi nhớ một ông thầy tên là David; có một điều rất là đặc biệt về thầy: Thầy nói được Tiếng Việt! Nói rất chạy luôn (mà có giọng lơ lớ)! Một người xa lạ, từ một nơi

với người thầy ngoại quốc bằng mấy câu vật vãnh. Tôi rất hồi hộp, và khi tôi hết câu để nói thì tôi chỉ đứng trơ ra một cách xấu hổ nhưng thầy chỉ ôn tồn nhoẻn miệng cười; chắc thầy cũng vui khi có một thằng nhóc ngoại quốc tập tành nói cái thứ tiếng mà nó chỉ mới học có một năm. Tôi bắt đầu nói chuyện với thầy trong lớp, nhại giọng và cả kiểu cách nói chuyện của thầy và làm nhảm một mình trong phòng ngủ như bị khủng. Tôi bắt chuyện với thầy nhiều hơn để “tám” và tôi luôn có một câu mới mỗi tuần; thầy trở thành “bạn tâm sự Anh Ngữ” của tôi. Khi các khoá Anh Văn ấy kết thúc hợp đồng với trường tôi vào năm lớp ba của tôi, thầy David gặp mẹ tôi và nói, bằng Tiếng Việt đàng hoàng: Con trai của bà đây à? Bình biết nói Tiếng Anh dzồi.” Cho đến bây giờ, Mẹ và tôi không thể nào quên được ngày ấy.

Mười bốn năm sau, tôi có thể nói rằng tôi đang hoà mình cùng với “thế giới” của Anh Ngữ. Tôi cũng đang khám phá những “thế giới” khác khi theo học Ngành Ngôn Ngữ Roman ở Đại Học Truman. Như bạn thấy đấy, để hoà mình vào một “thế giới” khác, bạn phải hoà mình vào tâm hồn của thế giới đó, và đó là ngôn ngữ. Nói một cách khác, hành trang tối quan trọng khi đi chu du khắp các “thế giới” chính là ngôn ngữ.

đảm. Ngày nay, chúng ta được tiếp xúc với những người có cách nhìn khác với chúng ta, điều đó khiến cho ngôn ngữ trở thành một kỹ năng không thể thiếu. Vậy thì, tại sao chúng ta lại có chiến tranh và mâu thuẫn? Bởi vì chúng ta không thể hiểu phía bên kia thế giới,

lạ kỳ, vậy mà người đó lại hiểu được chúng tôi? Thật tuyệt làm sao! Cứ như thế thầy là một trong số chúng tôi vậy; thầy hoà mình vào “thế giới” của chúng tôi. Bây giờ nghĩ lại, thầy chính là người có sức ảnh hưởng với tôi trong việc học ngôn ngữ. Tôi thử tiếp chuyện





and i run  
by *Mixi Schröder*

your eyes, coffee moons,  
frowning from the tops of the streetlights and  
everyplace

perched judgmentally like haunting hunting  
owls

YOU (with an air of disapproval):

"you should have been prepared for this."

me: "I should have been prepared."

I should have been prepared for you—  
grown my nails and boxed my  
ears and locked my  
retinas

in little glass jars

like fireflies and paper boats

and all other things my childhood remembers

I should have been blind when I met you

I should have been deaf when I heard you sing

and you should have warmed me—

should have warmed me

of all THE MOST important things:

YOU:

"FACT: the sun revolves around the moon,

the moon revolves around the sky,

leaves fall at 90 degrees,

you should never capitalize "I"

and run, always run

because

someday I

am really going to hurt you."

me: "I am really going to hurt you."

YOU: "i am really going to hurt you."

"I am going to hurt," I think

i think

i run from streetlights  
to avoid remembering.

CLEAR by *Natalie Welch*

Defibrillator shockwaves

I race them into your veins, charging

Searching for purchase

A spark in the blackness

FLATLINE

"what're you thinkin' about?"

"nothing."

Brain dead.

rejected from windfall

by *Alex Wunneberg*

have u heard the new vampire weekend album?

Send Submissions to  
HannahScholar-  
@gmail.com

Trust me

by *Marisa Gearin*

you would know if you've met a unicorn

that's not something you forget

magic's not hard to find

just hard to look for

try subway musicians

bakeries before they open in the morning

the miniature cities inside acorns

the miniature acorns inside cities

automatic doors

your own reflection as you pass a shop window

remember:

there's nobody else quite like you

but lots of people are fairly similar



## Reasons Why

by Maddie Edgerley

There are things in life you simply cannot explain.  
Reasons why you did things and thoughts that drive you insane.  
Things that get stuck in your head that should be said  
Instead, meaningless air flows from the mouth.  
They say actions speak louder than words.

When you wonder why you slept with that guy,  
even though HE was the one on your mind  
Yet, you go back and then it sinks in and  
The creepy crawls are under your skin  
They've been trying to tell you all along,  
But the fear itself lead you wrong

The feelings that occur are no longer a blur  
Actions were there, a shadow of care  
Each glance was another chance to realize the passion behind those eyes  
that made me despise every single lie I was telling myself.  
A moment came to mind,  
It was your hand holding mine, fingers intertwined, as the morning sun had risen.  
It was the first time I felt.

Follow us on Twitter  
@TrumanMonitor

## Salt Peanuts

by Connor Gearin

because why  
be down  
when Dizzy Gillespie  
built an entire  
jazz tune  
around the call  
of a man  
selling hot roasted  
salt peanuts  
salt peanuts  
at a street stand  
on a gray  
manhattan  
weekday?

## Four Haiku after Robert Hass's Buson

by Connor Gearin

Pine needles,  
orange in the setting sun—  
a sparrow wheels in the air.

The oak branches  
are the lead lines of the pale stained glass  
of this dusk.

Four birds shift  
the vertices of a tetrahedron  
flying over the field.

How many frosts  
will the leaf-buds survive?—  
The moon does not wait for night.

2.

by Trista Sullivan

1. by Trista Sullivan

we publish anything - someone who doesn't work for the monitor

'you' felt pretty damn guilty when 'you' lit 'your' cigarette  
even though 'you' can't stop coughing from 'your' cold  
'you' felt pretty damn guilty when 'you' sat under a tree  
admiring its beauty, but stuffed the cigarette butt into its soil  
'you' felt pretty damn guilty when 'you' sat outside writing this poem  
instead of in the library, that sat approximately 50 feet from 'you'  
to write the paper that is nearing its impending doom  
why do 'you' keep on doing things 'you' know aren't good for you



# PHOTOGRAPHY



“Snapchat” by Alex Wennerberg





Katherine Blanner



“not like other girls” by Trista Sullivan



Je me demande si un arbre avait des lèvres  
Ce qu'il nous dirait  
la sensation était comme une fièvre  
Un sentiment inoubliable après

Le vent a soufflé dans ses branches  
Comme tes doigts dans mes cheveux  
Je me souviens de tes mains sur mes hanches  
J'ai remarqué que tu étais nerveux

La terre était sans soucis comme la douceur de son rire  
Le soleil et l'eau sont utilisés par l'arbre pour se nourrir  
et l'arbre était utilisé par notre amour pour fleurir  
Ce sont les souvenirs que nous pouvons tenir  
Mais on ne sais jamais la maitresse qui s'appelle l'avenir

C'est le destin qui peut nous guérir et nous détruire  
C'est le destin qui peut nous faire sourire ou souffrir  
C'est le destin qui peut nous séduire ou nous maudire  
Mais l'amour comme le nôtre ne peut pas se réduire  
Hélas, ce sont les souvenirs que je vais chérir

Et l'arbre, que peut-il faire  
Il peut se souvenir  
Notre bien-aimé conifère  
En attendant le jour où elle peut revenir

Je regarde la neige qui tombe  
La silence est brisé par les étoiles qui crient  
Il se sent seul, tout seul dans le monde  
Et c'est parmi les étoiles où tu es libre

Parmi les larmes du soleil  
Les nuages sur lesquels tu dors  
Il veut que tu te réveilles  
T'es trop près, trop près de la mort

Poésie  
Franç

## Un arbre

By Lacy Mu



## Réveilles-to

By Ashle



Leola  
raises

e/Tree  
Murphy



By Lauren Priest

i/Wake Up  
Estep

I wonder if a tree had lips  
What would he say  
The sensations were like a fever  
Unforgettable after

The wind blew in his branches  
Like your fingers in my hair  
I remember your hands on my hips  
I noticed that you were nervous

The earth was without worry like the sweetness of her laugh  
The sun and the water are used by the tree to nourish itself  
and the tree was used by our love to flourish  
These are the memories that we can keep  
But we never know the mistress who calls herself the future

It's destiny who can heal us and destroy us  
It's destiny who can make us smile or suffer  
It's destiny who can seduce us or curse us  
But a love like ours can not disappear  
Alas, these are the memories that I will cherish

And the tree, what can he do  
He can remember  
Our beloved conifer  
Waiting for the day where she will reappear

I watch the snow that falls.  
The silence is broken by the screaming stars.  
He feels alone, all alone in the world  
And it's among the stars that you are free.

Among the tears of the sun,  
The clouds on which you sleep,  
He wants you to wake.  
You're too close, too close to death.



# **A Realistic Resume**

By Alexandra Timmer

## **Objective**

I am a college student with a strong work ethic although college is slowly destroying that quality with a cocktail of too much work, too little sleep and a lot of procrastination. I would like to go into writing, but right now I'll settle for a job instead of a career after graduation.

## **Education**

A Small Liberal Arts College

Somewhere in the Midwest

August 2011 – present

- Bachelor of Fine Arts (Degree expected in 2015)
- Current Overall GPA: 3.55 – It would be higher, but thanks to the liberal arts program I had to take Statistics and four semesters of French.
- Dean's List: Fall 2011, Spring 2012, Spring 2013 – Hopefully, you won't notice that I didn't get it in Fall 2012 or Fall 2013.
- National Society of Collegiate Scholars (member) – Sounds impressive, but doesn't really mean anything.

## **Internships**

Marketing Intern

At Some Firm or Business

Summer of 2013

- Learned to sort of write press releases
- Attended all meetings and tried to look interested and like I knew what was going on in the first place.
- Talked with clients on the phone, but most of them ended up yelling at me for no reason.
- Helped run luncheons with the community, but basically just poured water for people.
- Sold office furniture and office supplies on Craig's List.
- Performed basic office duties, I can work a printer AND a scanner.
- Handled all social media for the chamber, including: Facebook, Twitter, Pinterest, Instagram and their blog.



**Work Experience**

Exam Proctor for online classes

At my College

Two Semesters

- Oversaw students who took exams for online classes in labs, record scores, and sent scores to the professor of that class. But, I got the Friday night shift and basically just sat in a room by myself watching Netflix.

Assistant to a Professor

One Semester

- Graded essays, assisted students with class work, created syllabus, wrote my own midterm exam and recommendation because they were too busy, printed off a ton of stuff, and then got fired after one semester because they were no longer busy.

**Leadership and Community Service**

Social Chair for the International Fraternity for my major

Two Semesters

- Rented a few movies from the library for movies night, but mostly people just use this organization as a resume booster and so that they have cords on graduation day.

**Skills**

- Computer: Microsoft Works, Microsoft Office, Google Docs, Powerpoint, Microsoft Excel, Microsoft Messenger, Document Connection, Outlook, Microsoft Communicator, Adobe Photoshop, Adobe Illustrator- basically everything you can do on a computer and if I didn't mention a program above then I will Google it in earnest.
- Social Media Expert: It sounds better than just saying the I have an account for Facebook, Twitter, Pinterest, Tumblr and Instagram and I spend way to much time on all of them.
- French (beginning) – had to take four semesters in college, but still can't speak a word of it.
- Spanish (beginning) – took it in middle school and still know more of it than French.

**Personal Interests**

- Checking up on sleep and trying not to dwell on my uncertain future.
- Also, Netflix.



# Foodstamp Anarchist to Millionaire Nanny: An Interview with Nicole Banocy

By Lauren Kellett

LK: So, you were involved in the STL punk scene. How long ago was that? How long were you involved heavily in that scene?

NB: I guess technically I became involved probably in 2011, my freshman year at Webster. That was when I first started going to shows other than shows I'd buy tickets for, these were local shows. I had always liked punk music but I had never been to the shows because they were in the city and it was really hard to convince my mom. And I guess I was involved heavily with that for about a year and a half and then I moved out of the city, so sort of fell out of the scene.

LK: How did you first encounter the punk scene in St. Louis?

NB: I just started meeting a lot of different people at Webster, and it was a lot easier to go to shows with friends I had met on my floor or had classes with, just because I would have rides and a way to get there without having to wait on my parents telling me if I could go.

LK: What drew you to it, initially?

NB: To me, what drew me was the fact that punk is just something larger than a genre of music, it's a way to connect with people. You know, people join sororities or clubs or whatever, and punk is kind of the same thing, it's just feeling like you can connect with someone.

LK: What separated that group of people from everyone else?

NB: I think the fact that they weren't afraid to be themselves. I think going into college I was very insecure and I just liked that these people were wearing studded leather jackets and had patches covering their pants or their bookbags and I thought that looked

so freeing, the freedom to wear all those things with pride, things I like. So I liked that they were just themselves.

LK: What element did you feel encompassed the punk mindset the best?

NB: I think first it's mostly about the music, and then probably community. The reason why I say music is because punk originated as a music genre, and then it grew, but I feel like when someone says 'I like punk' the first thing you think of isn't political mindset, it's just what kind of music you like. I think the music is what initially draws people in, so what you look like -- I mean, you can look like a prep or whatever the term is and still love punk music. I think the music is the common denominator.

LK: So can you be a punk without having a mowhawk (dressing punk) ?

NB: Yes. I think there are some punks out there that are kids or adults in a Ramones shirt, and they may not have the mowhawk and leather jacket and everything, but you wouldn't call them a poser because that makes the whole punk community look like a hostile place. So I think that you can be punk without dressing punk, it's an attitude that you identify with and no one can take that away from you. You can wear little frou-frou dresses or a suit and tie and still be punk as fuck, because that's how you identify yourself.

LK: How did you start living at the punk house? Can you describe what that means and what it was?

NB: When I was 19, it was kind of a mutual slash very strictly enforced "you should get out of the house" thing with my parents, so I was kicked out but also chose to leave my house. I was kind of seeing a guy that was going to be living at the anarchist house, so that's how I got my ticket in, we just shared



a bedroom. It was an anarchist house, and that, to us, meant that it was a collective space and a safe space for people to practice their political ideologies without worrying about cops or anyone else. And a punk house is a place where they house shows -- we had a couple shows, but a punk house is just a loud house where a lot of bands play, so we were more an anarchist house.

LK: Why were you called "Family Visions Center"?

NB: We were called FVC because when you look that up online, you think it's an optometrist office. So, you know, when you look that up you don't think anything else is going on there.

LK: So is the first rule about living in the anarchist house to not talk about the anarchist house?

NB: What anarchist house?

LK: Did you guys participate in political action and activism, a lot of planning at the house?

NB: There was one morning where I walked downstairs and there was no one in the house, and I walked outside to the backyard and there was just a huge circle, a huge collective of people talking about a protest that was coming up, and what we were gonna do, who was gonna make banners, just strategically planning how we would get our message across. So yeah, we did some planning stuff like that.

LK: So punk identifies with a DIY ethic. What role did DIY ethics play at the house?

NB: The only thing we did collectively as a house in that aspect is composting, and we had a garden out front, but my ex and I actually would do "drunk DIY nights" up in our room studding clothes or sewing patches on. We would make patches out of my old Science Center t-shirt and his Panera bread t-shirt, we would just kinda do that.

LK: Did the police intervene with your protests often? With the house or you person-

ally?

NB: Me personally, yes. Very much so, me personally. We as a house -- well, I shouldn't say as a house -- I mean, we all had similar political views, but there were certain things we disagreed on, and it wasn't like you were kicked out of the house if you didn't agree. But a couple of members of the house went to a protest on Washington Avenue against police brutality, and that ended up turning very violent, if you can believe it. Yeah, the march against brutality turned very brutal. Myself and a few other people were arrested that night and charged with -- I was charged with rioting, resisting arrest, interfering with arrest, and I went to jail for 36 hours -- I was pretty tough. They took my shoelaces away! So, I did have a couple run-ins with the police during my time at the house, the police personally never came to the house because we never caused that much of an issue, but I know there have been plenty of times at protests where we were approached by cops being harassed.

LK: So you said FVC hosted shows -- did they host any other types of events?

NB: We did have this really cool thing, not planned by our house in particular, but in part with the DIY scene of South City. It was called "Free School" and I remember towards the end of May, my ex was teaching a class on animal rights and veganism, and FVC and the Free School hosted that. There were flyers all over Cherokee Street and Jefferson, so he would teach classes, I took a piano class one time, and it was free! You just came to the house and learned about printmaking or veganism or anything else. Why would you not wanna go learn about something like that, if it was totally free?

LK: Did all the roommates get along? What were some of the issues that came up?

NB: No. There was probably a fight or argument every other day, and there was a house meeting once a week. There was just so many people -- 8 -- three rooms upstairs, so my ex and I shared a room,



another couple shared a room, and downstairs in the basement someone lived where it was divided into two rooms, and it was disgusting, so another couple just stayed on the couches instead of down there, which caused a lot of the problems. I mean, not that alone, but there was so much limited space and everyone's in everyone's space all the time. It gets messy, and you might look at things different ways - it's a lot to take care of your own self and then also having to take care of other people.

LK: Did you have a job? What did you do for money?

NB: Not for most of the time I was there. Not all of the things that I did for money were legal, but legal things included: selling clothes in the loop, photo-spangeing -- pretty much just dressing my absolute punkest with my fire-engine red hair and studded jacket and fishnets and everything, and charging people a dollar to take a picture with me. We would do that, we would sell food stamps to other people in the house or community and we would trade, and I painted someone's house for rent money once. Pretty much anything we could do. I sold clothes every month so by the end of my time living there I had maybe four t-shirts. It was definitely hard to pay rent.

LK: Do you still feel connected to a punk ethic now that you've moved out?

NB: I do not feel connected to the scene, but I feel connected to my own personal punk identity. It's funny here because I wear nothing but band shirts around the house, and one of the girls I nanny loves to color princess coloring books, and I always make mine punk with crazy hair and piercings, and it's cute because she started coloring hers with colored hair too. I still feel like it's a big part of me, it's just something that will always be there.

LK: Do you think any DIY efforts are inherently punk? How far would you stretch the term "punk"? What I mean is, say Hoodie Allen is playing at your University, and you choose to go to a community organized

square dance instead -- is that punk?

NB: If you wanna call it that -- I personally don't think that is. I don't think doing a craft you found on Pinterest is punk, I don't think cutting up a t-shirt constitutes as punk.

LK: I guess I mean more of participating in independently run things, like the "Free School" you said.

NB: Yeah, okay, I think there are definitely punk ethics in anything you organize without the government's help. I think if you get together and collectively talk about ideas that are controversial or things that go against the mainstream is punk, anything you can do yourself.

LK: You have a lot of tattoos. How many? Was that a punk thing or just a you thing?

NB: I have over 20 -- maybe 27 -- I think it's more of a me thing, because I've met plenty of punks without tattoos at all, but I also know a lot of punks covered from head to toe. I think tattoos originally started out as a punk thing because it's taboo, even still today is kind of looked down upon. I have a couple anarchist tattoos, cleverly placed government tattoos -- those are pretty punk, but the rest I just consider more artistic.

LK: What role did drugs and alcohol play in living at the house? Was anyone straight-edge? Is that something that's respected?

NB: There was one member of the house that was straight-edge, there weren't a lot of people in our house that drank or did drugs. There were only maybe 3 in the house who did. It's respected, you don't get shit for it or anything. It's different for every person -- there are some punks who don't do any drugs and some who do a lot, just like any other group of people. I honestly think that drugs and alcohol played a big part of MY punk experience, but that's just because it's something I fell into, not saying everyone who gets involved with punk enters into

“at FVC I would eat a can of tuna, a cigarette, with, half an apple, and a bar.”



an addiction stage, but that's just what it turned into for me -- it was something that played a big part in my everyday life and would have been harder to do like, in North County where I lived before with my parents, but no, for everybody in the house it wasn't a big thing.

LK: Did you guys ever sit around and plan anarchist schemes?

NB: I wouldn't call them schemes, I would call them actions. I don't know if I'm gonna -- hmm -- I can't say what we planned, but

would probably  
PBR and a cig-  
if I was lucky,  
e and a granola

there were definitely actions planned in the house, some pretty big that major media have heard about. It's things that -- yeah. I can't say.

LK: What was the best part and worst part of living there?

NB: I would say the best part and worst part were kind of hand in hand. I think the best part was that I had, you know, freedom to do what I wanted and explore that part of who I was and to come and go. I could walk to a gas station when I wanted to, I could go hang out with who I wanted to, whenever I wanted to, I got to put whatever on or inside my body when I wanted it, and the community -- the fact that there were always seven people there willing to talk or willing to smoke a cigarette with me or willing to just drive in my car with me because I was sad. So, that was my favorite part. The community was overwhelming. But at the same time, it was too overwhelming sometimes. The fact that I had complete freedom and answered to nobody, because it was a whole -- if you're an anarchist you look out for yourself and your community and don't answer to anybody else -- that was hard because I was 19 years old. I'm not saying I'm a vast pool of knowledge now, but being a couple years older I -- that total freedom and complete break from my family and any financial security was scary. There were times where I didn't eat for

three or four days, and that was hard. It was hard when I would spend food money on things I probably shouldn't have spent my money on. It was scary to realize "where am I going to live if I don't have rent money." And you know, then it became hard coming home to the same seven people every night, like these people are feeding me a total knowledge of freedom, and life is a constant party. You know, no one in the house had a job and it was very hard to even think about growing up, because at the time I honestly didn't think I was going to live past 25. I thought I was going to be 25 when I die, so why would I want to waste it getting a job? There would be some nights where I thought that was the coolest thing ever, and some nights where I was sitting there stoned thinking "this is really bad. I'm gonna die at 25." So, the freedom was the best and worst part.

LK: What was your relationship with your family like while you were in the house? Is it different now that you've moved out?

NB: My relationship with my family has never been super great. When I lived in the house my relationship with them was essentially non-existent. When I would visit my mom and my brother -- I never visited my dad because I didn't have much of a relationship with him -- I pretty much just went home to see my brother. I remember one time I went over there and I was loaded and I brought a pack of PBR and stuck it in my mom's fridge, while I was 19, and was like "what are you doing?" and she was like "what are you doing" and it was this weird awkward thing where I thought that I was super grown up, and I don't think she knew how to handle it, and we were both just kinda like "you do your thing and I'll do mine" so it wasn't a healthy relationship. They didn't like that I was there and they worried about me. They didn't like that they couldn't control what I was doing there. Since moving out of the house, there's still no relationship with my dad, but my relationship with my mom has gotten better. I don't think it was necessarily the house, it was just that we took a long break in our relationship and we're just rebuilding it now. It's easier now because I'm more stable.



LK: Overall -- would you do it again, or take it back?

NB: I would definitely do it again. I'm a big believer in following through with stuff and finding out who you are. I miss it. I miss the scene, I wish I had left on better terms so that there could be a smoother transition back into it someday. I've never felt such a great sense of community and being a part of something, that to me, meant something. I was free to do what I wanted when I wanted and people were okay with that. So I would do it again.

LK: So, you're living with millionaires now. What's up with that?

NB: You don't even -- it just totally fell into my lap and I wake up every day asking if this is real life. After the anarchist house, it just doesn't seem real. Crazy story how I got it -- I went to this spiritual awakening class with my aunt, and it was all about connecting with your aura and inner spiritual stuff and, you know, hippie stuff, and I was asked to read this woman's energy, and she was going to read mine. She put her hands on my knees and said "do you feel this?" and I said "strangely enough I do" -- not her hands on my knees, obviously -- and so, this was before Christmas, and she asked me to stay with her over Christmas, because I couldn't stay with my Aunt anymore for the holidays, and so Donna -- the woman -- told me to stay with her instead of in a hotel for a week. Towards the end of the week, she asked me what my plans were for the future, and I said "I'm just working at a car wash now, I don't really know my plans" and she asked if I would like to work for her, helping take care of her two daughters with abilities full time as a live-in nanny, and I said yes. And I was very hesitant at first because I didn't think I could take care of someone with Down Syndrome and someone with Cerebral Palsy, I had never been trained or knew how to deal with that, and I knew it would be a big step, but it was just a huge game of luck.

LK: Do you feel any less punk now that there's a movie theater in your basement?

NB: No, now I can just watch SLC Punk in my home movie theater!

LK: What do you guys eat at your millionaire house? How is that different from what you ate at FVC?

NB: Oh my god, well at FVC I would probably eat a can of PBR and a cigarette, with, if I was lucky, half an apple and a granola bar. At this house, we eat things like kale and pomegranate seeds and veal and duck. Tonight, I had short rib with toast that I think cost more than my car. And I made a fresh fruit salad.

LK: How has your physical health changed since living in the different houses? Do you think where you were living played a major role in those changes?

NB: Yeah, I feel like it's true, that people say the healthiest food is the most expensive. This family has three different grocery stores they go to for all their stuff -- Trader Joe's for organics, Sam's Club for like yogurt in bulk, and Costco. Their business is eating healthy, I don't think I've had an unhealthy meal since living here. So my health has definitely gone up, I've noticed a change in my skin and, you know, I can walk up multiple flights of stairs.

LK: How does it feel going from polar opposite spectrums of your life in the past few years?

NB: It's surreal. I had no idea that there I was standing on Delmar begging for money, and now here I am -- it's just insane. I feel incredibly fortunate. I think I've been through and gotten through a lot, and I just feel lucky that this happened. I don't know how to give a good response really, it's just hard to put into words. I just have nothing else to say that how fortunate I feel.

LK: Will be be punk as fuck til the day you die?

NB: Yeah, ride or die, motherfuckers.



# “Do You Fey-Fey, Fark.com?” FANTASTIC BEASTS AND WHERE TO FIND THEM

By Chris Sotraidis



“The Bridge Over Seriously-Troubled Water”

The message is simple. We can attribute Simon & Garfunkel’s success to slow shifts=top hits. Always bring a friend that can harmonize. Seriously.

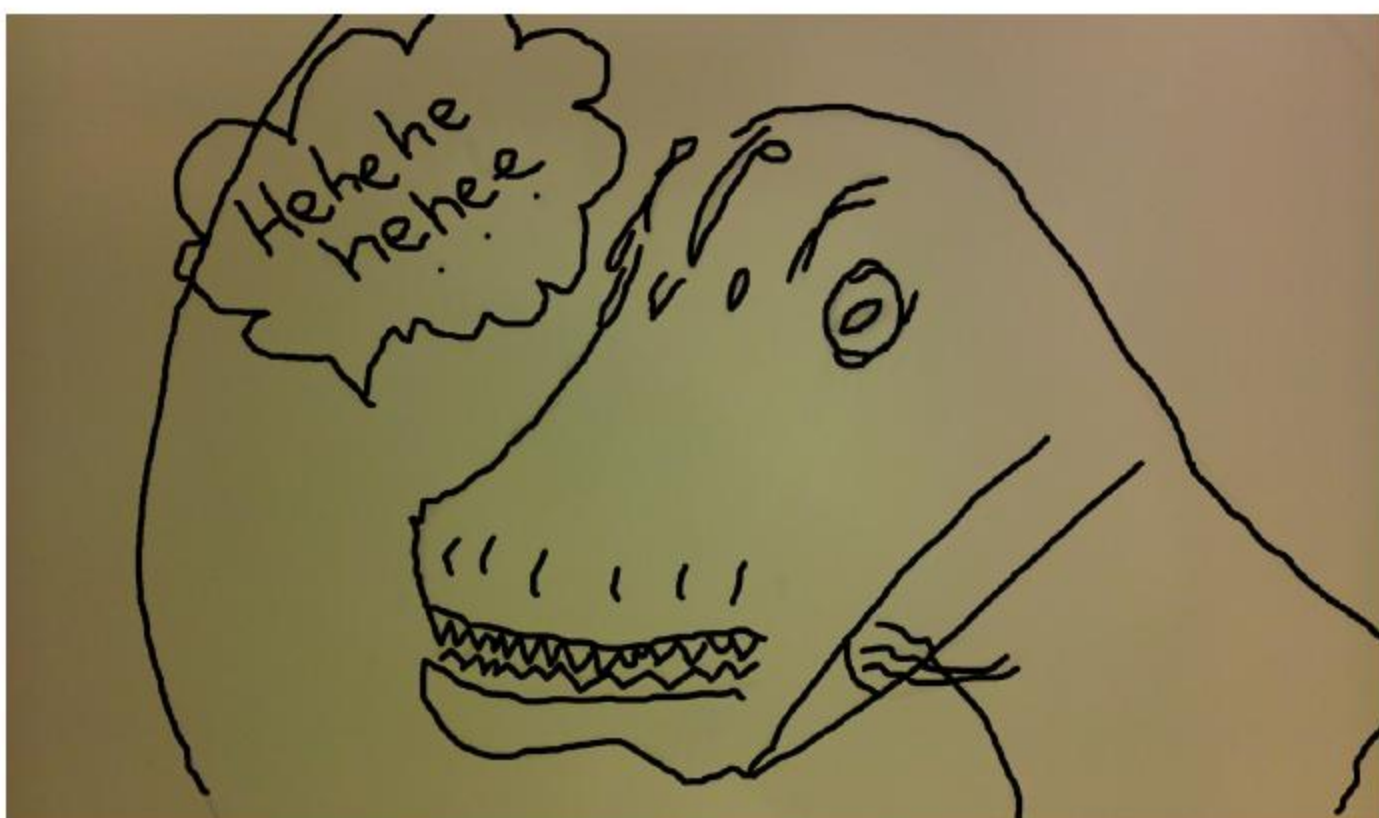
Violette 1st Floor boys\_room, 3 stalls from the entrance.



“UNO: the Sad-Blind Zapdos”

UNO used to spend his afternoons visiting the various chinese buffets in town. But his physician told him that he needs to change his lifestyle. And then he went blind. Violette 1st floor littlemansroom. Dynamic location.





“Te-Hezee, the amiable Edmontosaurus.”

This dinosaur spends half of his time eating peanut butter, and the other half making fun of his genetically superior relatives. He loves apple sauce and Harry Potter fanart.

Violette 1st floor, male dinosaur bathroom.

#### Te-Heeze’s Poem

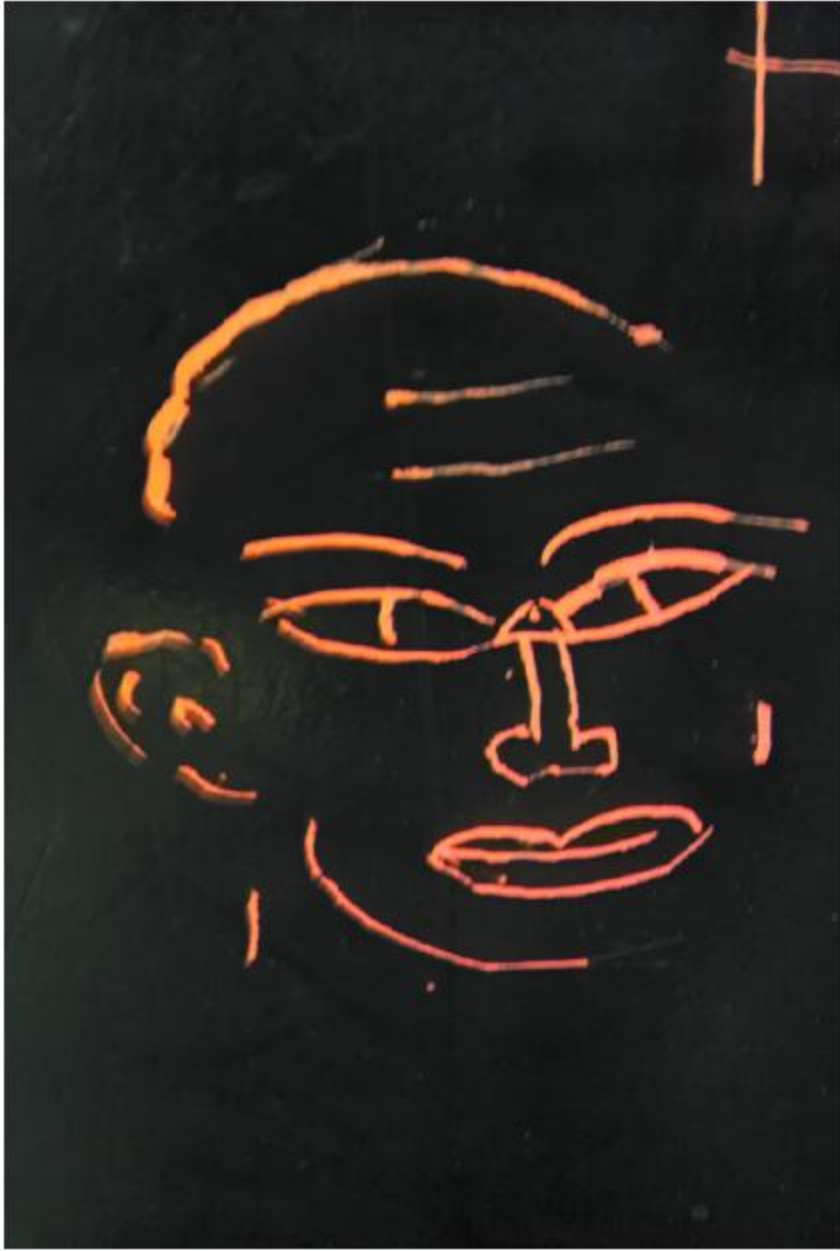
I’ve been thinking Harry Potter-y  
and this thought occurs to me:  
Do Wizards have pornography?  
Having nudie moving pictures could be fantastic  
watching scenes from a stripteaseto something more orgasmic.  
Are there witchy strippers too?  
And magic whores that you can do?  
I’ve been thinking all afternoon.  
And have only one thought: magic boobs.

Barnett’s 2nd floor big boys bathroom, stall closest to the window.





FARK.COM



TU MAMÁ  
Do you mean  
"Tu madre"?

### “Alan, the Penisfaced Alien”

Nobody is sure how long Alan has been on Earth, or when he decided he wanted a penis for a nose. In his spare time, Alan enjoys hosting and maintaining his website, Fark.com, and staring at people taking shits. He rarely smiles and does NOT like apple sauce. McClain, 2nd floor boys room, big boy stall.





Nathan Aden