

the monitor

november 2014



dear reader,



Thanks for picking up this month's issue of *The Monitor*! I hope that you enjoy reading it. As always, when you're done with it, I encourage you to share it with a friend, keep it around your house/dorm or leave your copy in some public space - perhaps a newspaper rack, or the newspaper rack in the library specifically. We have a limited print run and it helps if we can get the most out of each issue.

As always, we welcome submissions from our contributors. The Monitor endeavors to not just be a fixture of the campus - students are not the only ones who can or should submit. If you are a member of the Kirksville community and have something you want to share, please feel free to send us an email.

Also, we're interested in taking on more regular contributors - if you'd like to contribute something for each issue of the monitor as an independent writer, please send us an email about what you'd be interested in doing, whether it'd be an opinion article, regular feature or prose piece. Remember that The Monitor is a space for you, our readers, to express whatever you feel needs a platform for being expressed.

Factually incorrect and vicious,
Alex Wennerberg



submissions. social media.

Art, Comics, Photography

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

Writing

The Monitor encourages submissions of original articles, essays, fiction, and opinions. Due to space limitations, please limit articles to 1200 words. If you would like to publish something longer than that, send us an email and we'll let you know if and how we can accommodate your piece. For formatting reasons, please submit all text as an attached Word attachment. Include a short one or two sentence bio with your submission.

Poetry

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

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

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twitter: @trumanmonitor

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email: trumanmonitor@gmail.com

tumblr: trumanmonitor.tumblr.com

website: trumanmonitor.wordpress.com

email us with the subject line

"SUBSCRIBE" to get on our mailing list

advertise.

As members of the community we are interested and eager to promote local businesses and organizations. If you're interested in advertising with The Monitor email trumanmonitor@gmail.com.

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Us

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Truman Students found local chapter of Students for a Democratic Society

by Alex Wennerberg

Alex Wennerberg: What is this organization about?

Sam Rogers: It's a fundamentally coalition type of organization. Anyone who has what they might self-identify as a "progressive" perspective on politics, we're trying to bring those people together to fight for something very concrete and local.

AW: Ok, so it's less like, focused on ideology, more focused on concrete change and concrete action?

SR: Yeah, definitely. We are interested in those kinds of things of course as individuals but the purpose of the organization as compared to other social justice oriented organizations on campus is to have the activist element of having a focus that isn't about theory. We're trying to keep for now a very local focus.

AW: Could you give some examples of activism that you're looking at doing in a local context?

SR: We're more interested in things that bridge between the Truman community and the Kirksville community at large. Concerns with the conditions and payment for people who live in Kirksville and work for the University and the economic concerns that face students directly in terms of financial aid, that kind of thing.

AW: What can we do as students to help problems that are happening locally?

SR: What we've been looking at is things that concern mostly the people that work here in things like food service or things like physical services who maybe feel disconnected from the university as a community because they're not students and they're not professors and making it clear that students do and should care about their lives and how those are connected to our own experiences, so there's an element of education to what we want to be doing initially. Concrete things like that are both part of the student experience

and the experience of working class people of the community who otherwise have no representation in student activism.

One concern that's coming to me is how local community spaces, as these chain type shops come in like Starbucks, they erode, and those community spaces are valuable both to the local community and to us. Many of these spaces are being run out of the community.

AW: Can you talk about SDS as an organization?

SR: The original Students for a Democratic Society came from the University of Michigan in the 60s but dissolved in '69 and was heavily associated with the antiwar movement. In 2006 the new SDS was formed largely in response to increased troop deployment in the Iraq war. The new SDS has been involved in actions related to justice for people in Palestine, related to Ferguson, and tuition equity and educational concerns. Many of its campaigns are based on student needs but are tied to the world we're about to enter.

AW: If someone is interested in joining where can they find information about that?

SR: We have a twitter account which is @TSUSDS. We also have a website tsusds.wordpress.com and those will have information about getting in contact with us and they will have meeting information. One thing we're hoping to do as we recruit is to find diversity of experience that will improve our work towards our goals.

People may feel unsure about SDS or about what we are doing now. I think the best way to learn about that is to try to get involved, because it is fundamentally shaped by people in it. We don't have an agenda or a campaign that comes down from a national organization, so the answer to the question "What is SDS working on" is whatever you're interested in proposing.

Instructions for surviving the rec center “children’s area”

by Will Holcomb

- Do not make eye contact.
- Do not stare.
- In the chaos, trek out to the eternally-abandoned playpen on rollers in the corner recess, which is in the overseer’s blind spot.
- Sit behind the playpen with your legs sandwiched under the frame and your back firm against the wall.
- Do not listen to the television in the far corner of the ceiling.
- Do not listen to the other children.
- Remember how in *The Subtle Knife* Will knows how to become invisible - a Witch trick he figures out on his own, in this kind of isolation or something like it.
- Dimly gather that it involves looking very bored and feeling not entirely alive or real.
- Replicate it. Only ever get bothered by somebody that one time.
- That one time, feel like something’s gone terribly wrong with the world.
- Now that you’re settled in, take out your book - some piece of YA lit that flew under the radar, or maybe a Calvin and Hobbes collection, or most likely some folklore compendium (Native American or Russian, mostly).
- Be deeply unsettled (in your weird detached baby academic way) by how many of the Coyote stories are about Coyote’s dick. Feel like you must have broken some kind of law for bringing these stories into this place. Compensate by trying harder to be invisible.
- Do not dwell on how little you belong here, how you could avoid the shame if you’d just keep pace on the track upstairs.
- Be OK.
- Forget to bring a book occasionally. Dissociate a little.
- Be OK.
- Think of the arcade on the other side of the entrance. Agonize over how you can see

it through the reinforced glass sliver of a window set in the door.

- Remember the couple of times you and Dad played on one of those Street Fighter (Marvel vs. Capcom? you didn’t check and never really played one of those games again) cabinets.
- Think about Twelve and Shuma-Gorath - the only characters you’d ever play, the only characters you could bring yourself to give a shit about. Amorphous monsters, a living machine and a space god, bodies roiling and churning at the whim of the pathetic approximations of combos your stubby, clumsy little child fingers could manage.
- Think about the one time you played Q and hated it - stiff, slow, refusing to respond any way but feebly as you flailed at the controls. Hate his rigidity, how little sense he makes to you.
- Do not think about the ways these thoughts might be shaping you.
- Do not think about your growing fantasies of melting, flowing, recombining and hardening at your edges.
- Do not think about how you can so easily imagine becoming like unto Will’s knife - sharp enough to cut the world itself.
- Do not fantasize about leaving claw marks in everything you touch. Not yet.

Will Holcomb is a Creative Writing major at Truman State University, a lifelong tabletop gamer, and a recent convert to Genderweird Shock Communism (but has yet to work out how to make the aesthetic work). They are no longer interested in anything Aaron Diaz has to say about anything.

Reflections on Ferguson from the perspective of Latin American social movements

by Dr. Marc Becker



Comments for the roundtable “Starting a Movement: Ferguson Town Hall,” Truman State University, September 24, 2014.

I study Latin American social movements. In my experience, once half the country is out in the streets protesting government policies the government tends to fall. No matter how repressive a regime, ultimately a government only rules with the consent of the governed. When a majority of the people withdraws their support from a government it can no longer maintain itself in power and collapses in on itself.

One of the most empowering experiences of my life was joining in massive protests against Wisconsin’s republican governor

Scott Walker’s anti-worker policies during the spring of 2011. At one point in March over 100,000 people, about half the population of the city of Madison, converged on the state capitol. Even firefighters and cops joined in the protests to defend the rights of collective bargaining for public sector employees.

The protests grew so large that some labor activists seriously began to call for a general strike to force a change in government policy. The idea was that without the consent of the governed, the Republicans would be unable to proceed with their war on workers.

But instead of organizing a general strike, Democratic party and labor leaders

called for a recall election to remove governor Walker from office. After all, we live in a democracy and elections are the best way to make political changes, right? But the recall election failed, and the campaign drained most of the energy away from the massive social movement protests. The possibility of real political change seemed to evaporate.

When the Ferguson protests began, I was reading Herbert Braun's *The Assassination of Gaitán*, a fascinating story about the assassination of a popular leftist politician in Bogotá, Colombia. The murder of Jorge Eliécer Gaitán on April 9, 1948 led to a massive riot called the *Bogotazo* that left hundreds and maybe thousands of people dead.

By coincidence, a young Cuban lawyer named Fidel Castro was in Bogotá and had scheduled a meeting with the politician on the day he was killed. Fidel recognized the anger behind the street protests, and attempted but failed to organize the fury into a revolution that would change government policy. The *Bogotazo* degenerated into a meaningless bloodletting.

Five years later Fidel led his own revolution at the Moncada Barracks in Cuba, and he had obviously learned lessons from the *Bogotazo*. Political change requires planning, leadership, organization, and an ideology. A riot is not revolution. Sustained and permanent political change requires much more

than marshaling the angry masses into the streets in response to injustices.

How to make sustainable social change is a huge and elusive question. A social explosion alone does not make permanent change. As Tavis Smiley, author of *Death of a King* on the last year of Martin Luther King, Jr.'s life, notes, slogans are not substitutes for a strategy for political change. For all the importance of elections, they are too easily bought out by wealthy political operatives like Rex Sinquefeld who work against popular interests.

True and sustained social transformations require multifaceted actions. Heightened political awareness, often achieved through education, is key to understanding the nature of exploitative structures. Massive street protests can bring these concerns into the public consciousness, and keep pressure on government policies. To be effective, these mobilizations need to be planned and to forward a clear political program. But that alone is not enough.

Social movement actions such as general strikes can stop harmful policies, but it is very difficult for civil society to implement positive policy alternatives. To do that requires entering into the very messy and contentious realm of political action. And, yes, this even entails engagement with electoral politics.

PLEASE VOTE

(or staff, faculty, spouses, students, if you can't, unregistered, instead work for them)

The women local Democrat incumbents:

- 1) It matters: If **Collup** (clerk) is not returned, as younger voter suppression might G.O.P otherwise be tempting!!
- 2) It is urgent that **Swaim** be (judge) re-elected as otherwise extreme right wing judicial "interpretation" G.O.P. might occur!! Especially against women!

Paid for by Larry Iles in ad, not the fine candidates above. As indeed, an information source in our family's community social change effort of our support. No TSU apathy is an excuse!

The Preacher Problem

by Sam Rogers

Most college students in the US have encountered folks who travel around practicing “confrontational evangelism”, often bringing signs bearing graphic images of aborted foetuses or listing sinners in fonts ugly enough to constitute a sin of their own. Several such “preachers” have invaded our campus this semester. Like clockwork, young Quixotes circle up to observe or insult them as savvy students walk past. Neither expression of passive discontent addresses the concerns the confrontationalists bring to mind: why they can do what they do, how they hurt our communities, and what we can do to get rid of them.

In fall 2013, Angela Cummings set up shop at the University of Tennessee at Chattanooga, where she shouted down passing heathens on their way to classes, study groups, and other godless activities. UTC student Cole Montalvo paused to offer classic advice on honey and vinegar. He stopped his bike just within a boundary set up around Cummings.

Campus officers soon tackled the cycle-mounted student and arrested him, an incident of police brutality that infuriated locals. His criminal proximity resulted in four charges, including inciting to riot and obstruction of justice. Only resisting arrest remained after a hearing. Cummings stayed several more days, further wasting university security resources to assert her “right” to harass students.

Itinerant bigots enjoy legal privileges created and sustained by courts legitimizing their aggressive presence at public institutions. One confrontationalist sued Tennessee Technological University for requiring outsiders solicit a permit 14 days before speaking in campus public areas. The 6th Circuit Court of Appeals ruled open areas of campus were “designated public fora”, squashing the 14-day policy. The same court struck

down University of Tennessee at Knoxville policy mandating campus group sponsorship for speakers, claiming it “opens the door to arbitrary and discriminatory enforcement.” These cases in my home state exemplify a larger pattern of strategic litigation by confrontationalists intent on establishing immunity for their abusive business.

The presence of confrontationalists disrupts the educational environment and endangers student health. They spew graphic insults at passing students, harassing them for perceived promiscuity, homosexuality, or anything else they choose to call a sin. On our campus, more than one of our esteemed guests has called me a “f-ggot”. Some have offered creative misogynistic names like “semen-slurping sl-t” and “lesbo c-ntlicker” to women who had the nerve to exist in public at Truman State University.

For many young people, college is the first environment in which they no longer have to hide. They can explore style, gender, and sexuality in relation to individual and social identity among peers who are at least tolerant if not supportive and accepting. Such a community is a conversation, its diversity building understanding through interactions that affect both participants and observers.

When confrontationalists use slurs, they don’t know or care who they’re targeting. More importantly, they don’t stick around and come to know targeted passerby as people. Their indiscriminate verbal attacks can drive survivors of abuse and harassment to emotional instability or self-harm. “Sticks and stones may break my bones” means nothing when it comes to the slurs people use when they actually hurt you.

Confrontationalists further undermine community in misrepresenting students’ beliefs. When outsiders push backwards politics as Christianity, they damage the reputation of campus Christians. Where spon-

sorship policies survive, confrontationalists don't find enthusiastic hosts among religious groups. Few Christians exhibit any interest in helping outsiders slander Christianity at their schools.

Once discussion about confrontationism escapes the ritual worship of free speech, it often degrades into some variation on "you can't fight fire with fire", a favorite among those who don't know what a fire-break is. Well-meaning people reject practical solutions in the interest of maintaining moral high ground over bigots who will never recognize or appreciate the gesture. This empty tolerance hurts the community, telling its most vulnerable members we prioritize idealism over ensuring they feel safe walking to the classes they overpay for.

We can respect the entitlement of school community members, such as students and staff, to engage in such tasteless mockery of ministry or to sponsor a confrontationalist formally. Motivation for action against confrontationalists doesn't come from disagreement, but from acknowledging the irresponsibility of allowing them to do what they do without accountability, from a privileged and temporary position. They currently have legal license to victimize students at public universities, which we should fight to revoke later and render useless now.

Though my research reveals cases against the speech classification of public campuses, courts uphold it and create obstacles to ensuring student safety. These rulings disempower working-class students (read: you) who can't afford private schools free of their limitations. In denying public college communities control over outsiders' (ab)use of the campuses where we live, work, and learn, judges continue the American tradition of putting a price tag on democracy. Robbed of institutional options, communities must respond directly.

When confrontationalists appear on our campus, we usually ignore or antagonize them. The latter is a promising approach that suffers from its disorganization. Stu-

dents insult confrontationalists with no further plan, often defensively when provoked by verbal abuse. Though entertaining, antagonism for its own sake feeds into confrontationalists' ideology and fails to protect us.

The question of what an organized response should look like leaves room for creativity. Students could form an "unwelcoming committee" on call to apply continuous pressure until the offending speaker leaves. This pressure could take the form of encircling them, yelling or singing to drown them out. We could write chants matching their level of venomous obscenity, driving them into their vehicles and off campus.

If schools and authorities dislike the way students defend themselves, they need only allow the option of institutional policy. College communities need the power to require advance notice or campus sponsorship and to refuse abusive individuals for the sake of student, staff, and faculty safety. We owe no respect to strangers who waltz onto our campus for the express purpose of victimizing us.

Contribute to *The Monitor!*

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A Dulce Decorum Paradox! (Part 1/2)

by Larry Iles

C. Masterman [an official state propaganda UK head], J. Dobson [a naval battle Jutland sailor], F. Powell [a volunteer western front soldier] apparently “approved” World War One. Yet, their particular actual-time hitherto ignored, even censored life own documentation demonstrates World War One’s 1914-2014 Centenary false “Great-ness” War mistitle!

“War to end all wars,” the Great War,” the first-ever awesome global modern war,” these are all titular, meant-for us exemplary, “lessons” *still* being applied whitewashing-ly, ad nauseum sheer excusingly towards 1914—1918 militarist cataclysm centenary events folks/readers this year 2014. In UK, January last, the present right-wing Coalition Government’s Conservative Party Chief Whip, M. Gove MP, PC himself patriotically re-started such war-reaffirmation by such clichedom terminology in refrain usage. Daily Mail interview, he assailed “1960’s left wing onwards, revisionist dramatists” for alleged fiber-less “WWI ridicule.” In such films, craftily unmentioned by him, because too radically popular, as the now, alas Gandhi late Labour peer Lord Attenborough’s *Oh, What a Lovely War!* [1969], itself a satire against WWI’s generally incompetent disastrous generalissimos, capitalist male politicians en masse. In wipe-out young Jihadists everywhere, however, hereabouts USA/TSU October 2014, though the preferred “establishment” WWI excusist approval tactic is amnesia-fakery! Don’t, therefore, upset or remind we folks, it’s as long ago as 1981’s Reds film epic “flop” by Warren Beatty, that a mass audience was WWI existence, ourselves, social conscience reminder pricked, at all! Apparently, it’s all this being typically a corporation university not part of your education. Not to be recalled, as the film very revealingly meticulously even really excellently does, that President Woodrow Wilson

PhD, campus recent Princeton President, too, betrayed in 1917 a clear, repetitive 1916 re-election pledge by himself not to enter WWI’s carnage, ever! A traitorousness that led to his own more Christian, still Radical left-wing Democrat Secretary of State Will Jennings Bryan’s electrifying protest resignation from the Cabinet thereby.

Academics who, if only retrospectively know much, surely better, have added to this deliberate cultivated ignorance or state of WWI complicit pardoning in such non-mention atmosphere. Laughably, in TSU’s Pickler Library’s latest *The Historian* (UK), a WWI apologist historian G. Sheffield claims, he slyly admits at least “contestably,” that only two UK soldiers were ever “officially” shot by their own side for “cowardice” in their such service refusal and sleep-at-trench posts; still a necessary execution duty in real dereliction he affirms!! Another, M. Taylor much earlier elsewhere, amused and yet more worried me hereby, wrongly by his claiming later WWII bombing of WWI state propaganda HQ Wellington House left us thereby inadequate “reconstruction” WWI records. *Tosh*, sir! Indeed, a building by the name W.H. still stands at the Strand end of Waterloo Bridge.

The academic Left, more surprisingly still, stupidly, often elitistly too, aides such willful forgetfulness. My own home Socialist historians association’s most recent UK Labour Heritage Bulletin [editor Dr. Barbara Humphries] has printed, solely, critiques of WWI by vanity-fair known opponents outright, then and since, in known-enough high already reputations. Instead, here in this Monitor piece it will be shown that the WWI condemnatory reality is more fully in picture shown, from their own documents, often continuingly marked “Top Secret” or “confidential” or place/ship whereabouts disguised elsewhere here. From hereat three

people, who, ambivalently perhaps, overall died professedly all supportive of WWI. But it's their actual time suppressed reservations and even key period later time ones as participant survivors that, crucially, matter. And, to cynics, academic TSU, etcetera careerists most of all, if such testimony does not count in more complex authenticity roots what's your justification for any scholarship self-belief plausibility, ever, at all? Are you just here for any job or salary/degree obtaining pittance?

In 1987, I process published in notification brevity form, for the very first time, *The Papers of Charles Masterman* [L. Iles, Heslop Archives, List Series, The Library, Birmingham University, Edgbaston]. Only, indeed, after a huge access fight or battle, almost two whole years beforehand in start process myself, in finding out about their disgracefully neglected, ex-attic dampened, knitting needles strewn condition! I was supported, in this, my 1987 task of putting these 3,000 plus items into their later professional catalog state, principally by a rare institutional academic moderate progressive, Dr. Erik Goldstein, later of Boston University, USA. And I only survived the awarded fellowship, teaching lectureship and stipend near starvation meagerness. Thanks to lovers, especially Betty, I still gratefully have! More morale raisingly, too, two key figures threw their weight into dispatching letters of recommendation. That must all have helped prise open the previous credential reluctance of both the ultra-Tory Episcopalian UK Birmingham University Special Collection Library and US similar John Olin Foundation Washington University St. Louis in my own scholarly attachment institutional sets. One, was/is Neville Masterman MA, the amazing "Centenarian" plus historian son of C. Masterman. And, two, the other was the late Fenner Brockway, a Labour peer who lived to nearly a similar if more politically activist age. Brockway was a Jimmie Carter type anticipation of earlier generations, of we Brits. As he had headed the 4,000 plus strong WWI

No British Conscription Fellowship, himself enduring woeful, wretched war resister jail-imprisonment consequently. He wrote me, he had "never met C. Masterman" but he retained, despite WWI jail more than a high regard. As he had known Masterman's radical journalist political candidate successor, Williamson. After Masterman himself had first come to national prominence as an Opposition such candidate anti-Boer Dutch war, in the just concluded Dulwich London special MP election 1903 contest. In short, I suspect "Fenner" suspected there was, indeed, what I found, *Monitor* revealed a hidden story within Birmingham's Southby's auction once bought depository despite being under their too long elitist neglect wraps.

Masterman's opposition to the "imperialist" British South African Dutch war had bravely itself come about partly because he, justifiably, resented there the needless loss of a beloved younger brother, if Redcoat soldier invader one. However, by September 1914, au contraire, most inexplicably to feminist observant Radical diary contemporaries like novelist-polemicist Vera Britain [See her also, WWI denunciatory novel, *A Testament of Youth*]. Masterman, by then a Liberal Cabinet minister, had hawkishly unresigningly "turned" sufficiently the last month previous war broke out, "pro" WWI. To become the GB's indeed first-ever state-funded propaganda war outfit. The Wellington House, "Director," the Strand, London. Outwardly, nominally, it was still just him as headquarters chair of his 1912-1913 established National State Health and Unemployment Insurance commission ["Obamacare" UK style pre-WWI HQ]. This bad sinister innovation of illegitimizing a peaceful pioneering state welfarist institution hence was to be copied.

Far more witchhuntingly, propagandistically so, in its mission creep task of countering all widespread anti-WWI free dissent. By another American here ex-journalist, George Creel in 1917 his setting up in Bureau of Information, the US equivalent

HQ of WHGB, where, wait for it, a young employee “patriot,” J. Edgar Hoover, got his post-war FBI start; yes, embryo monster creation notion incepted. So badly more ferociously copy-cat was Creel’s outfit version of Masterman’s WH that, here, USA working-in-hand with Wilson’s fellow Southerner Postmaster-General, the Wilsonian “liberals” crushed. Hereby, illiberally, the USA’s best chances, last century, of evolving a new, even a mild social democratic alternative party as healthily exists most “Western” places elsewhere. You see: it, folks, wasn’t the jailing for mutiny “Sedition” incitement in speeches of the US Socialists’ Presidential candidate Railway Unionist the charismatic Eugene Debbs that did “in” US such normal if frail Radicalism. It was the censorship illegal repressive pedestrian fact that Creel and Daniels’ cronyism alike henceforth denied the US postal mail, to the *Voice of Reason* and crucially that party’s *vast circulation* foreign language press as all unpatriotic anti WWI stuff.

Meanwhile over in Britain, including UK troop-hanging in occupied Ireland after its abortive own anti-WWI brave Dublin Post Office Easter Uprising 1916 in their rebellion-crushing, Charles Masterman was compiling his own pro-WWI dossier-plenitude of abuses. Even if he did have the intellectual’s personal saving face habit attractively of bad conscience self realization. As indeed, he wrote to Oxford Professors like Gilbert Murray, that neither of their younger anti-Boer War selves would nonsense ever have accepted such guff! Therefore, often under “costs” foreign language book edition translations in pretext aid, C. Masterman subsidized, from Foreign Office secret service, very unaccountable funds, pro-WWI contemporary novels piously like H.G. Wells’ *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*, much regretted to the latter’s later self-shame at his and others’ sell-out role. On lavish Wellington House “Top Secret,” “confidential” pervasively marked letterhead stationary in the Oxford University Bodleian Library’s Drs. Herbert Fisher/Gilbert Mur-

ray collections, I’ve visited, Masterman told them a bad lot else! Both for them to “lie” and, too, to exaggerate, to concerned Danish neutralists, their own shocked academic friends. What they all three knew were, he conceded, “indefensible” justifications for British neutral harbourwater shooting down of neutral food ships. The foul reality being, of course, to starve-down, in demoralization, terror-intent, food riotingly causing harm thereby to the inner-landed German, Austrian and Hungarian pro-WWI civilian populations.

Moreover, in open-signed pamphlets like his crisp *The Triumph of the Fleet*, Masterman himself tendentiously so ruthlessly propagandized. To the correct outrage, of in the alarmed House of Commons of both anti-war Radical Labourite Socialists like Blackburn’s P. Snowden and even pro-war rich mineowner capitalist Radical Liberals like Nottingham’s Sir A. Markham, Masterman did not hereby mention how the *Darling & Sons* London printer at the very foot of such pamphlets was concealed in its footnote imprimatur the H.M. Government’s very own printer!

He compiled, too, other shocking traceable secretive misdeeds. Like interference illegally with the domestic internal affairs of both French and American democracies by his subsidizing and blocking “contacts” between future but anti-WWI UK Labour PM Ramsay MacDonald’s anti-war faction of UK Labourites and their anti-war Jules Guesde French Socialist counterparts. By his also planting under novelist cover of book tours tasks, the Canadian ex-Kent Conservative MP Sir Gilbert Parker inside East Coast USA. To thereabouts organize pro-war press “USA” stories. And amazingly, under supposed his Premier Asquith’s “authority,” Masterman front page told the New York Times that there would be no negotiated peace unless “total” surrender.

Ineffectively so, in this message, since by end of 1917, both former Conservative and Liberal Cabinet officers Lords Lans-

downe and Loreburn were calling publicly for just that negotiated settlement chance, worried uncensored about all else future “civilization” chances, forever! Hypocritically, furthermore, after WWI, Masterman would make a profitable buck equivalent by his denouncing in the Canadian Conservative Press *London Evening Standard* and *Express* newspaper organs of press tycoon Lord Beaverbrook’s empire, his former cabinet mentor Winston Churchill. For the last’s failed Gallipoli second-front attack on German-allied Turkey. “Hypocrisy” because Masterman had tried for, exactly, the same second front opener on the Balkans. As both he and “WC” rightly knew, there was, in truth, corpse-laden Flanders fields, on the Western Front, otherwise intractability state, even after US “doughboy” troops’ arrival thereabouts.

All such grimness, yet, becomes palliated significantly proceeding onwards when we dig amidst this caché (hidden) material a little bit more thorough and deeper. Eventually by 1923-1924, a returned, if weak plurality only so, in seniority reattained status, Radical Liberal Outer Manchester Rusholme, MP, Masterman had compiled in needed self-respect and self-identity retrieval process another more attractive record. One that entirely unknown to the outside world, until this *Monitor* article, stretches in dissent, nay too treasonous “non-patriotism,” right back into early WWI itself. Too, almost certainly, it, this new material, explains the real reason why he was, descendingly in authority removed, or “demoted.” So that by late 1917-1918 Masterman had been supplanted in his State Propaganda headship by an outrightly titled Minister of Propaganda, Lord Beaverbrook, and by his fellow if Scottish bellicose Conservative novelist John Buchan [See his *The 39 Steps*], as Literature Director. In essence, it can now be confidently revealingly asserted, that Masterman’s “demotion” was not just because unscrupulously he had not told enough vulgar falsities in pursuit of WWI as lazy too superficial academ-

ics have half-guessingly themselves thought. But saboteur, rather, he had actively tried to subvert the *establishment’s* notions of effective WWI prosecution “loyalty”.

Masterman’s far more small “c” conservative and sometimes far too patrician widow Lucy, who wrote in 1939 her husband’s still definitive biography, lazily re-issued unrevised in 1968 [she died as recently as 1977] realized something nonetheless of this changed process. She sensed something had healthily been going on to prick re-alive a Radical’s conscience, in several passages on, she emotes! That if her husband prematurely had not died from heart failure in 1927, he really would have thought WWI pointless, given WWII’s global cataclysm repeat job! Assuredly, she did not, for all her poetess irritant vagueness, mean that he would have disapproved of WWII, as he had been an early warner and even travel journalist against Hitler’s southern German first attempted fascist coup in 1923, and he was also a staunch foe of Mussolini’s “barbarous” conduct towards the free press from 1922 in Italy. What Lucy, however, never knew, probably, can now, henceforth be revealed.

One, Masterman illegally broke the very censored postal mail he was supposed to rigorously uphold. Under false names on outside envelopes he received, pretty regularly too, missives from the tough likes of neutrality USA-travelling, WWI-condemnatory and for it abused, Quaker Scots Radical Liberal MP, ex-teacher John Howard Whitehouse, a closet gay politician and his social insurance former deputy minister, preWWI, reports of the huge anti-war feeling in big cities here like Philadelphia. From other writer friends like the German-born Ford Madox Ford (See this one’s twice-televised BBC America/PBS DVD *The Good Soldier*) a Sussex-enlisted man, he also got harrowing accounts of what it really was like to be across the water, stuck in gun channel heard stagnant cess-pools of barbed wire.

(TO BE CONTINUED, DEC 2014)



Earlier last month, IPAC presented their annual open canvas activity. Bringing a blank canvas and paint to the quad, they gave passers-by the ability to express themselves however they liked. Pictured above is the result.



“IPAC, or independent performance and arts coalition, is an organization intended to be a resource for the Truman community. We operate by students proposing projects to the organization and then help by funding, publicizing, and manning the events.”

A Letter from Dr. Marc Rice

My name is Marc Rice. I am a Professor of Music here at Truman State University. Like almost all of my colleagues I'm very concerned about the diminishing support for faculty resources at TSU, including salaries that rank among the lowest in the nation. A few years ago, feeling that I had to do something to help my career and my family, I joined the TSU chapter of the American Association of University Professors. Now I serve as chapter President, and this past July I attended a workshop for training chapter members to engage proactively with administration and politicians towards the empowerment of their faculty colleagues.

The workshop was held at Hofstra University on Long Island. There were, by my estimate, about 800 people in attendance from all across the U.S. There were dozens of workshops, 90-minute sessions that included lecture, group discussion, and breakout work. The workshops that I attended enabled me to develop my skills at dialogue and negotiation with administration and politicians.

The first session that I attended, "Introduction to Negotiations" was led by faculty from California State University, who were very experienced at negotiating with administration during times of budget cutbacks. We listened to an overview of their process, and then proceeded to practice our own negotiating skills.

The next day I attended two sessions. In the morning I went to "Building an Effective State Conference," where we learned how to communicate with other chapters in our state, towards forming a unified voice to address state government. There are several AAUP chapters in Missouri, and all of us have been negatively impacted by the diminishing appropriations to higher education. The afternoon session that I attended, "Using Communications to Motivate Action," gave me ideas for building up the

membership in our own TSU chapter, and mobilizing my faculty colleagues to work for our common goals.

The next morning I attended "Press Relations and Messaging." We worked on communicating with the media, including formulating a message and presenting it in print, in social media, and on television and radio in a manner that will garner support. We also practiced the technique of giving a radio or television interview, so I am ready for our local media outlets!

The final session that I attended was personally important for the development of my own teaching skills. In "Embracing the 21st Century Classroom," we looked at the challenges faced by professors as our students become increasingly diversified, and we need to prepare them for a complex, globalized world. I'm a white scholar of jazz history, and this workshop happened weeks before the events of Ferguson, so the ideas that I received in this workshop have been invaluable to the teaching that I'm doing this semester.

This academic year I am striving to put into action at TSU many of the skills that I learned at the workshop. AAUP work is vitally important at this time, because the past several years have been difficult ones for faculty who have committed themselves to Truman State University, its mission, and our community, both on and off of campus. Like many workers in the U.S. we have seen our wages stagnate during the last 10 years, while the cost of living, in particular health care, continues to rise. We have seen a decline in the faculty resources that many years ago had made our University special, including a decrease in faculty numbers that has led to an increase in class size, and a decrease in support for faculty research and travel funding. Things are generally worse for American workers and the middle class than they were 10 or 12 years ago, but because of a variety of factors, including diminishing state sup-

port for higher education, and TSU's commitment to low tuition, TSU professors are among the worst paid in a state that ranks near the bottom for faculty salaries and resources.

This is my 16th year at Truman State. Like many of my colleagues I've had the opportunity to leave. I've stayed because of my belief in an affordable liberal arts education, the wonderful, creative, and intellectual students that I've had the privilege of teaching, the friendships that I have with my faculty colleagues, and the passion that I have for the subjects I teach. I've bought a house in Kirksville, and have transplanted my family here. My daughter will probably be entering TSU next year.

But like many American workers today, I'm faced with financial, professional, and ultimately personal constrictions that should not happen in the most prosperous country in the world. To address these issues and to help my family, I work with the American Association of University Professors because a united voice is a stronger voice. There was a famous songwriter named Joe Hill, who belonged to a union called Industrial Workers of the World. He was framed for murder, and as he was about to be executed his last words were "Don't mourn, organize!" The faculty of TSU are not mourning, but many of us remember better times, for ourselves and our beloved institution. We know that things have been better, and we have hope that the future holds great promise for Truman State. And this is why having an active chapter of AAUP on our campus is so important. Our cause is the University's cause.

A Scary Story

by Marisa Gearin

You gain sentience. "Hello, world," you think. You become aware of your body. It is soft and round, which pleases you. You feel yourself being lifted. "Ah," you think, "I am being lifted."

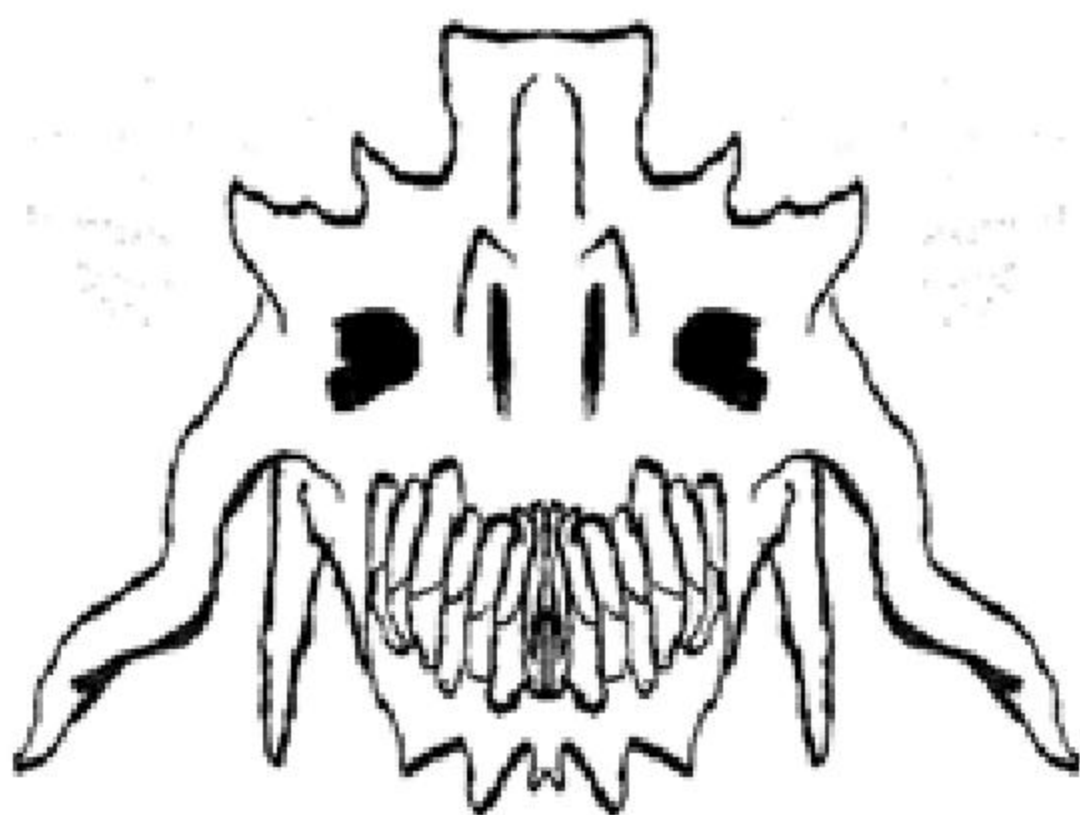
You are dropped into a vat of burning oil. You are in a lot of pain. This is not the scary part. The heat is all-consuming, but you concentrate, and meditate on the emptiness within yourself. A wire spoon scoops you from the fryer, and you relax in the cool air. There is bustle and clatter all around you. You catch the word "doughnut" and somehow know it applies to you and others like you. There are... others like you. Hundreds, all around, indistinguishable from yourself. This is not the scary part. You see a batch about to go into the fryer, and think, "I was as you are and you will be as I am." Icing is spread on your top, with smooth, practiced motions of a knife. It tickles.

You are placed in a display case as people come and go, peering in. You do not know which of them will represent your demise. This is not the scary part. You watch the gloved hand hover over those around you, and you practice acceptance for the moment when you are chosen. And then you are, and you are tucked into a little white bag, and you spot the bottom with grease, which embarrasses you. You are carried, in the gently swinging bag, to a table.

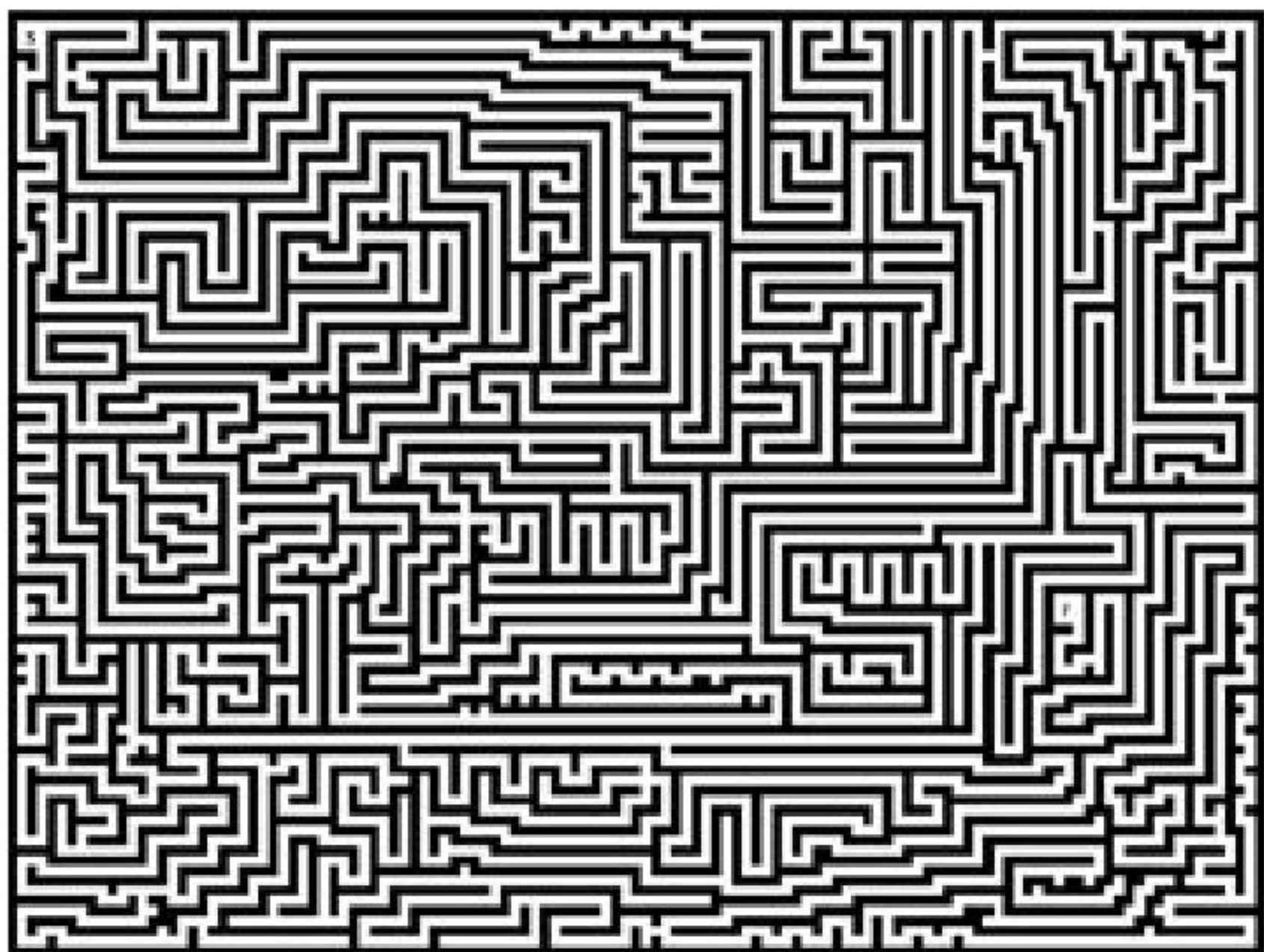
A girl pulls you from the bag, sets you on a napkin. She smiles. You are very aware of her teeth. This is not the scary part. Her face gets larger. Chunks of you are ripped away. This is not the scary part. Here you are, the particles of you reunited in her stomach acid. This is not the scary part.

Over time, over years, the particles of you get further and further apart. You are in the dirt, you are in the water, you are in the air. This is not the scary part.

art & photography.



Will Holcomb



Blake Buthod

A Wind-Beaten Tree

by Emmanuel Carrasco

Few people realized he existed. It wasn't until blood came pouring from his veins that he finally left a distinguishable mark on the world. The young artist had walked into an art gallery full of people crowding around the most famous paintings by a man who had also died a nobody. The middle-aged woman in the red dress holding a two thousand dollar camera she could hardly use glanced at the young artist. She thought he looked odd with his black hoodie and grey sweatpants in a world of yellows, oranges, blues and greens. The second he had entered her life he disappeared, like he always did. The middle-aged woman turned around to try to photograph a non-existent vase full of sunflowers, restless to get to the front of the crowd.

The young artist walked across the gallery to a group of paintings no one seemed to look at. Three paintings held a scenery of the French backcountry, the colors and life of the countryside captured within three wooden frames. He looked at the first scene of a vineyard. The color of the grapes reminded him of the time he stole that bottle of wine from his father's alcohol cabinet so he could feel for the first time what it is was like to be drunk. The memory was hazy, yet the dark purple of that night could never fully fade away. The second frame held the image of hay bales. The young artist lost himself in the brush strokes of the hay, following each stroke and finding the point where one would lead to the other. Near the middle of the third hay bale he forgot why he had come to the museum in the first place. It wasn't until he felt the blade in his pocket that the young artist remembered the thoughts that had brought him to that spot at two thirty in the afternoon on a Thursday as it rained outside the museum.

He then stepped toward the third paint-

ing, that of a wind-beaten tree. The young artist noticed how the branches reached for the yellow sky, the same yellow he had seen a couple of nights before when he had dropped paint on the floor of his apartment. He started crying about how beautiful the tree was. No one noticed that he was crying at the way the tree bent to the right because years of constant wind, never-changing. The young artist could only see a square of yellow and brown as he slit his wrists. Red dripped. It wasn't until a small pool had formed around the young artist's feet that the guard watching the gallery noticed his existence. The guard ran to the boy, calling through his walkie-talkie for help. He didn't know what had happened, but he knew that he couldn't handle it by himself.

The last image the young artist saw was that of the guard yelling for people to move away. He wanted to grin as he noticed that people cared about him now, that he would no longer be a shadow to the world. All he could do was feel the pain in the back of his head from having fallen on the wooden floor of the gallery. The pain stretched, as if he were trying to savor the life that he wouldn't continue.

"Shit."

**Check out the
monitor on
Facebook!**

**facebook.com/
trumanmonitor**

Danny Brown and the Curse of Castle Transylvania:

A Play In One Miserable Act

by Chris Sotraidis

The year is 2018, and Danny Brown's latest album "Ageless" has been released, fostering universal acclaim in a fortnight's time. Being hailed as "the album that The Chronic could have been", Danny Brown is propelled into a stardom that he previously could have only dreamed- with multiple endorsements for anti-aging cream and overly-expensive Adderall-scented cologne.

But Danny's newfound success has not gone unnoticed by the Cereal community. That's right; the corn and wheat puffs we have grown to love are strictly regulated by a super-secret counsel. The FDA handles the nutrition, but it is up to the counsel of the Extraordinary Cereal League (ECL) to decide what characters represent which cereal, and what persona they are to embrace.

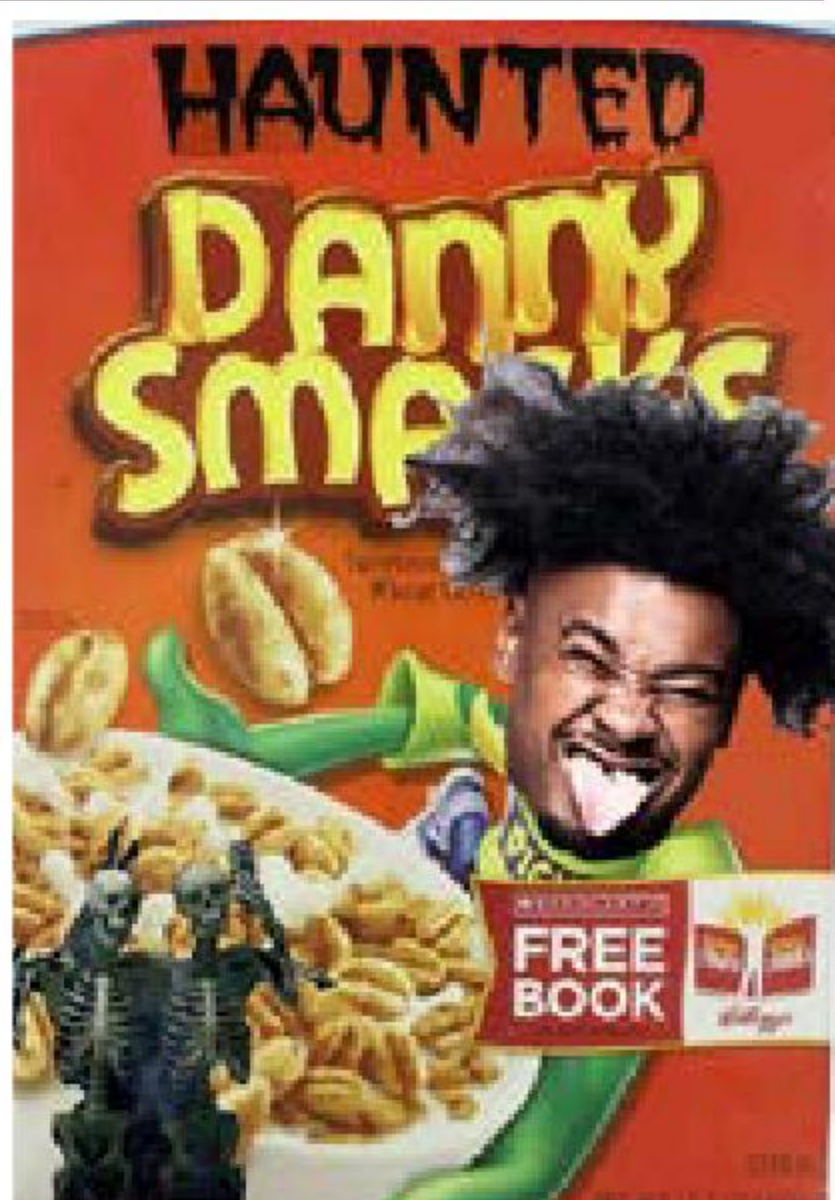
The counsel consists of Count Chocula, Al Franken Berry, Boo Berry, Mr. T, and most importantly Dig Em', the frog from the Kellogg's cereal Honey Smacks. The counsel has invited Danny Brown over for a very special Halloween dinner, to discuss matters of the utmost importance to the corn-puffed community.

Our story begins right as Danny Brown is dropped off by his chauffeur, Tony, who coincidentally is a humanoid Bengal tiger addicted to cocaine.

(Danny stands at the entrance to Castle Transylvania. He taps four times on the metal door knocker, which looks like an enlarged Captain Crunch puff tapping on a smaller Captain Crunch puff. A minute passes.)

DANNY: Shit man, this is taking FOREVER! I ain't got a clue what the ECL would want with me. They know I don't want no part of this cereal bullshit.

(Count Chocula answers the castle door, wear-



ing nothing but exactly what you would expect.)

COUNT: (with a Transylvania accent) Oh, look who it is! Our new ageless star, Danny Brown! I half expected you to forget.

DANNY: Yeah it's me. And Count, have I ever been late for a summons?

COUNT: No, you've never been late. I often forget how punctual and articulate you are.

DANNY: Becoming a successful cultural icon isn't easy. You don't really think I pop addy and xanny on the daily, do you?

COUNT: Danny, I think we were all under the impression that you were going to die very soon, so the answer is yes. But I'm getting ahead of myself! Here, step inside.

(Count leads Danny inside to the main chamber, which looks identical to the Sistine chapel,

except it is notable more spooky and eerie, and the art is sub-par at best.)

DANNY: Shit, this place is ornate as FUCK.

COUNT: Yes, it is. I have spent countless lives in these halls, since 1971. General Mills cereal lets me live here, so long as I turn profits every October. Free wi-fi, too. Needless to say, I am by far the most successful Halloween themed birthday cereal character.

(Enter Boo Berry, who has overheard everything, but is too stoned to remember.)

BERRY: Oh, gosh. Our guest has arrived! Mr. Brown, what an honor it is to finally meet you!

(Boo Berry kneels down and kisses Danny Brown's sneakers, leaving a marshmallowy residue that is sticky and smells like artificial berries.)

DANNY: SHIT SON. Don't be going all out kissing my sneakers, man!

(Danny sprays his endorsed Adderall-scented cologne on his sneakers in an attempt to mask the smell of Boo Berry's marshmallow saliva.)

BERRY: Sorry Danny! I was just so excited to finally meet you. I've been a fan since the very beginning. Your first mixtape. XXX. Old. And your most recent album! Brings me back to my old Tribe days. Al Franken and I can't get enough!

DANNY: (laughing, exposing his teeth) Hahahahaha. I'm sorry man, what? Tribe? You mean like, A Tribe Called Quest or what? Shittt.

BERRY: Sorry. Did I say that? Oh flubbersteins. Sorry, Count. I know we haven't talked him through the whole procedure yet. Or have we?

COUNT: No, we haven't yet. And I'd prefer for you to keep your mouth shut until we do.

DANNY: What procedure?

COUNT: You don't honestly think we spend all of our time here moderating the various cereal characters around the globe... in a puerile Halloween mansion in the middle-of-nowhere Romania?

DANNY: Well it seemed reasonable before you put it that way.

COUNT: Let me ask you this question, Danny.

Where do all the old rappers go?

DANNY: What do you mean? They settle down and have families, or go on tour once a year. Everybody knows that.

COUNT: Or really. Do they? Tell me, Danny, what is your biggest fear?

DANNY: If I had to be honest, running out of my supply of Adderall-scented cologne.

COUNT: No, no. Your OTHER biggest fear. The one you rap about all the time.

DANNY: Gettin' old and dying?

COUNT: YES. THAT.

DANNY: (long and loud rap-sniffle) Oh yeah man, dying is gonna suck hard! I don't want naahhh gray-chesticle hairs on my chest.

COUNT: Yes, nobody likes chesticles. Especially gray ones.

DANNY: So this ain't the typical summons? You guys ain't just gonna give me some coupons to hand out to fans? No cross-endorsement deals? I was hoping for an ad on the back of your box this year, Count.

COUNT: The ad will still happen. And yes, each cereal box will contain a free sample of your new cologne, like we agreed. But this summons is special, and doesn't happen very often. Let's just say that you are at the top of our list of being "considered".

DANNY: Considered? For what?

(Enter a sashaying Mr. T, wearing exactly what you would imagine.)

MR. T: A goddamned cereal deal, motherfucker!

DANNY: Awww shit, Mr. T? You look exactly like you did at the start of the A-Team series in 1983... what's your secret?

MR.T: Cereal, motherfucker! Or, rather, a binding cereal contract that strips me of my individuality and longing for significant human interaction! All I care about is General Mills cereal, bitch!

BERRY: It's true. He doesn't give a fuck about anything else.

DANNY: But you're still Mr. T, right?

MR.T: Sure. But it's been so long that I am unable to distinguish my public persona from my private one. As long as General Mills is making

a profit from Mr. T O's, I'm content with life.

DANNY: So you live here, with the other members of the cereal council? But you seem so out of place. If this is about my rapping, what do you have to do with it? You never rapped, right?

MR.T: Never rapped? Motherfucker, you are wrong on so many levels. I was going to be the next Wiz Khalifa, the next Talib Kweli. Didn't you ever listen to my Funk-Rap EP, Mr. T's Commandments?

DANNY: I can't say I've ever heard of it.

MR. T: Never heard of it?! Motherfucker. I rapped about the realest of issues, saying no to drugs and not talking to strangers. That EP was nominated for the best child rap of 1984!

BERRY: What exactly is child rap?

COUNT: It's when a prominent rapper uses his cultural influence to make quasi-PSA songs about issues that pertain to children. Like eating chocolate and not eating berries grown by a pervert.

BERRY: Oh, lay off the fruit-loops Count. Everyone knows your cereal is just as bad as my Boo Boos.

COUNT: Read the labels, Boo. Boo Berries have the most sugar per serving.

BERRY: At least it's not as bad as Al-Franken Berries.

(Al-Franken Berry falls from the ceiling, and crashes smack-dab in the middle of the conversation circle.)

AL-FRANKEN: Did somebody say my name?

CHORUS: OH NO, NOT AL-FRANKEN!

(cue audience laughter)

COUNT: Al, I thought I told you to stay in your room!

AL-FRANKEN: I know I know I'm sorry I'm sorry! I just heard all the commotion and thought that something was wrong.

DANNY: Yeah, something is definitely fucking wrong. Who the fuck are you?

COUNT: We didn't have time to explain, Danny. General Mills is pulling Franken-Berry from the official list of Halloween cereal. The kids just don't understand. The cereal is being re-branded as a mix of the best of Al Franken and Franken-Berry. A 63 year old democrat/

entertainer, mixed with the tantalizing taste of strawberry.

DANNY: And what exactly does that taste like?

CHORUS: SADNESS. INFINITE SADNESS.

DANNY: So Al-Franken and Franken-Berry have fused together into a single entity that resides exclusively in this castle?

BERRY: Yes. Sometimes we let him go to the supermarket with us, to look at the other more prospective cereals. Mostly for lowering his confidence and well-being. General Mills sells Franken-Berry at a loss, you know.

DANNY: I figured it was at a loss. I mean, I don't remember anyone from my childhood displaying any inkling of interest in Al-Franken or Franken-Berry.

BERRY: Count, we might as well just tell him.

COUNT: Yes, I suppose it would be best to get it over with.

AL-FRANKEN: Oh gosh, the audience is going to lose their minds!

(Cue awkward audience gasping and farting.)

COUNT: Danny, there comes a point in every great rapper's life when they must accept or reject the Cereal Fountain of Youth. The offer comes but once in each great rapper's life.

DANNY: You mean, eternal youth?

COUNT: In a sense. Once a rapper's record sales reach over 20 million, General-Mills forces us to make an offer of fusion.

DANNY: Fusion?

COUNT: You, fused with a famous cereal character. Once the fusion is complete, the rapper and cereal character are forever a single entity, forced to live the remainder of time in this spooky castle.

DANNY: And why would I want that?

AL-FRANKEN: Who wouldn't want to live forever as a hero of children everywhere?

DANNY: Me! Why for fuck's sake would that be appealing?

COUNT: Think about it. You don't really believe you can keep this career going forever, do you?

MR.T: Once your creative juices are no longer

squirting, you're gonna wish you were a cereal character, motherfucker!

DANNY: But Mr.T, you ain't even a cereal character, you're just you!

MR.T: That's because I'm the main character for my own cereal. I fused with myself, motherfucker!

DANNY: Well what about Al-Franken Berry? Al-Franken isn't even a goddamn musician!

AL-FRANKEN: That's not entirely true. I wrote a few songs while I was a writer for SNL back in the 70's. The council simply decided it would be best for an underachieving politician to fuse with an underachieving cereal.

CHORUS: THAT DOESN'T MAKE A LICK OF SENSE!

Danny: So wait...who is Boo Berry?

COUNT: Oh, we forgot to tell you. Berry is Aesop Rock.

BERRY: I infect knowledge gene pool dissented cloud clusters, brushing dust mites off your star-born all revolution sound jugglers.

DANNY: This is all just too much to take in. Who are you, Count?

COUNT: Kanye West.

DANNY: Impossible. Your career is doing fine! Why would you want this?

COUNT: Because cereal is dope, my life is dope, and I do dope shit.

MR.T: Alright, motherfucker, it's time. You don't have a choice!

(Enter Dig 'Em, a walking talking urban frog stereotype.)

DIG 'EM: Is this Danny? I was hoping he would be taller.

MR. T: He will do just fine. Bring in the motherfucking vat of corn syrup!

DANNY: What?! What are we doing?

MR.T: Oh, we doing the fusion. You ain't got a choice. General Mills calls the shots around here. Fuck Kellogg's!

BERRY: It won't hurt a bit, Danny. It'll just take some time getting comfortable in the new body!

DANNY: New body? What? Oh no, I ain't fusing with no smack addicted amphibian.

COUNT: Grab him!

(The cereal gang grabs Danny Brown and straps him to a seat above a vat of boiling corn syrup. Dig 'Em jumps into the vat and immediately melts. The room grows quiet as Count Chocula begins to rub special dark chocolate tribal paint all over his face.)

COUNT: Alright everyone, follow along in the chant. We only get one shot at this, you know.

DANNY: No no no! This is a mistake, I don't want to be a cereal character! I just want to be Danny Brown!

CHORUS: GENERAL MILLS WE PLEDGE TO THEE, MAKE DANNY BROWN A FROG FOR ME!

COUNT: Louder! LOUDER!

CHORUS: GENERAL MILLS WE PLEDGE TO THEE, DANNY IS A FROG NOW CAN'T YOU SEE!

(The new Dig 'Em rises from the vat of corn syrup, identical to the old Dig 'Em except with less teeth.)

DIG 'EM: NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

CHORUS: YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

Mr.T: Don't worry motherfucker, this is what you would of wanted sooner or later!

COUNT: Yeah! You get to live in this fugly-ass castle with us for the rest of time! Writing blasé hip-hop songs and doing cereal endorsements!

DIG 'EM: Am I dreaming? This must be hell! Or worse! A world without amphetamines!

BERRY: Oh don't say that, Dig 'Em. This is real, and you're never going back to your old life. Danny Brown is dead. Dig 'Em Brown is born! Fuck Kellogg's!

CHORUS: YEAH. FUCK KELLOGG'S!

(Dig 'Em Brown and his new cereal friends spend eternity living in Castle Transylvania, and actually have a super-duper time together. Fuck Kellogg's!)

The author farts while being spoken to. He doesn't have many friends.

poetry.

Quick Study Destiny

James D'Agostino

[I saw a silhouette]

by Anonymous

I saw a silhouette of a couple earlier
They were fucking
They seemed happy

This dull poet's pen
Draws inspiration
Not from the caresses of his love
Or the embrace of nature
Nor from the thrills in his life
But from silhouettes of fucking
people
It is sad

TONGUECLUMSY

by Delaney Rose

Words don't fall easily from bottles of ink
They're squeezed from the tip of a pen
And the shivering digits, and dampened visage
And the tongue of a falsified grin.
Words come less easily from dreamy eyes
And mouthfuls of things to say
When the penholder's world had invested itself
In one being, then fallen away.
Words don't fall easily into place
When framed in the breath of regret
When bloodshot eyes are the perfect disguise
To make the world think we'd forget.
Words won't float easily from my soul to yours
Or dissolve like a soluble stone
For my verbiage still lingers through time's twisted fingers
But my darling, please see that I've grown.
Words don't drip easily out of my lungs
And land perfectly into your hand
They're collected through plights of obsequious nights
So please cherish them best as you can.

Ever straddle a caterpillar
at 70? It's the best


thing I did all day
which yesterday was

hear a kid call
headlit icy roads

home to here
black licorice

and it's not **12:03 a.m.**
even fall. by Chevy Chekov

god is only a half-assed thought
by a stonner trying to figure out
who to thank for the full moon
above him

"stay in school"
or "just say 



author: 

“Chamomile’s Lullaby”

by SRW

When the music fades
And all else slips away
I will put on the tea
Don my sweater
And die
Like a man
In love

Smile, honey. This is what you wanted.

by chris sotraidis

encapsulate fizzy mr.pibb
intravenous, no
dark and brooding
be like how I imagine
mr.pibb xtra would be as a person

the opposite of a Rachmaninoff concerto
easy and with small hands
Bruce Banner

I will love you if you come
and defragment my hard drive
reallocate everything
reseat my memories

fragmentation over time
we’re all guilty of it
it’s part of this syncopation
or our plans to be equally miserable

I’m drinking mr.pibb at this
Rachmaninoff concerto I paid for
and nobody cares

“Selfish Love”

Blakelington
you wish.

“We’re having lunch together
ok

No, of course not!!!

No but Im taking medicine

So yeah

Uhhh tylenol? cough drops

Honey lemon i think

Maybe

Arber is not always right
sadly

But I am don’t worry

How was your day?

You told me that yesterday
psych

im dead

yeah I know but yeah

or naw

I type super fast!

I think.. 60

is it the alphabet backwards?

big words ugh

Tigris

I don’t even know what that is

How is steven?

Pretty good still sick but good

Yes I am

Yes because you can read english
good job ashley

much skill. very language.

le fuq that

that was french I think oh well
or naw

Arber is right this time”

poetry ctd.

"selfish wealth"

by Kirsten Benson

some moments i
keep tucked away
for myself.

spreading cocoa butter vaseline
over my cracked lips +
massaging the excess
into my tissue paper cuticles.

sitting in ample stillness with
my noises + thoughts muffled
after rolling into the crumbled driveway,
the ignition having already
rumbled to sleep.

shivering my crinkling skin awake
in the deep rays after
dark hours in a dim theater,
my stomach chock-full of
tart watermelon sugar
+ fizzy orangepop.

spotting how dreamily
your freckle constellations
illuminate your face
from bridge to cheekbone peak
in the early glimmer-sun morning.

[one day]

by Andrew Spooner

one day, andrew spooner said "yikes"
"my facebook wall's sparser than Mike's"
he said "i know, i'll
steal a poem from Kyle"
"and then i will rake in the likes"

subtweets are the new serenade

by @iweartrash

im so fucking glad
l of my only memories
of u
is us watching ur
shitty car get towed away

im v territorial
and i dont want u
anywhere near
my childhood home

i dont even have
something witty/spiteful to say abt u
that's how much
u fucking suck

i unfollowed u
bcuz ur twtr personality
was worse than ur irl personality
and that's saying something

ur relationship
makes me really confused/happy/jealous(?)

going on a mission trip
to a 3rd world country
makes u a piece of shit

y the FUCK
are u riding horses in the ocean?

i want to be ur friend
but idk if i can

i still think abt u
when i hear songs
that have nothing to do w/ u

Toilet Paper

by Anonymous

I think it's a good thing toilet paper is in a cylinder not a triangle because a circle is the most trustworthy shape. You put a circle on your finger at a wedding, but babies also come out of circles. Its complete. But a triangle is the second best shape, because most people choose a triangle for the roof of the house. So the triangle is like the foundation of trust, but the circle is the trust itself.

[Nicotine caffein]

Nathan Shellenberg:

Nicotine caffein ephedrine self medicated. Botox my brain stem tighter than a drum. Pitch quarters against my flaying nerves. Tighter faster go faster fuck fuck fuck i don't want to fucking shit god damn. There has to be something there. I told myself that there was something there. I hope there is something there.

Johnny

by Austin Stuart

The sign said clearly "do not walk on grass". So of course what do I do except walk on the grass? One foot at a time, very slowly. Mother sees though. Ever vigilant mother. Time to run. Away from the grass, away from the shops, down the street. Her following me like a shadow. Then there was the hole. Great place to hide, full of darkness. Who would find me in that? Starting down, feeling around with my feet. One foot hold, two foot hold, no foot hold. Just air rushing past me followed by a swift crack. Maybe a scream or two...I don't really remember...I think they were saying "Johnny". Weird, I wonder who stole my name?

[i just want]

by Christian Wacker

i just want the sun to fall down
into the earth
where i can inhale its warmth, fervor, energy
where poetry incarnate inhales me & the music
can replace my eyeballs
there is only passion
what else could possibly be worth yr time

i am always deported from the united \$tate\$ of amerikkka

by Alex Wennerberg

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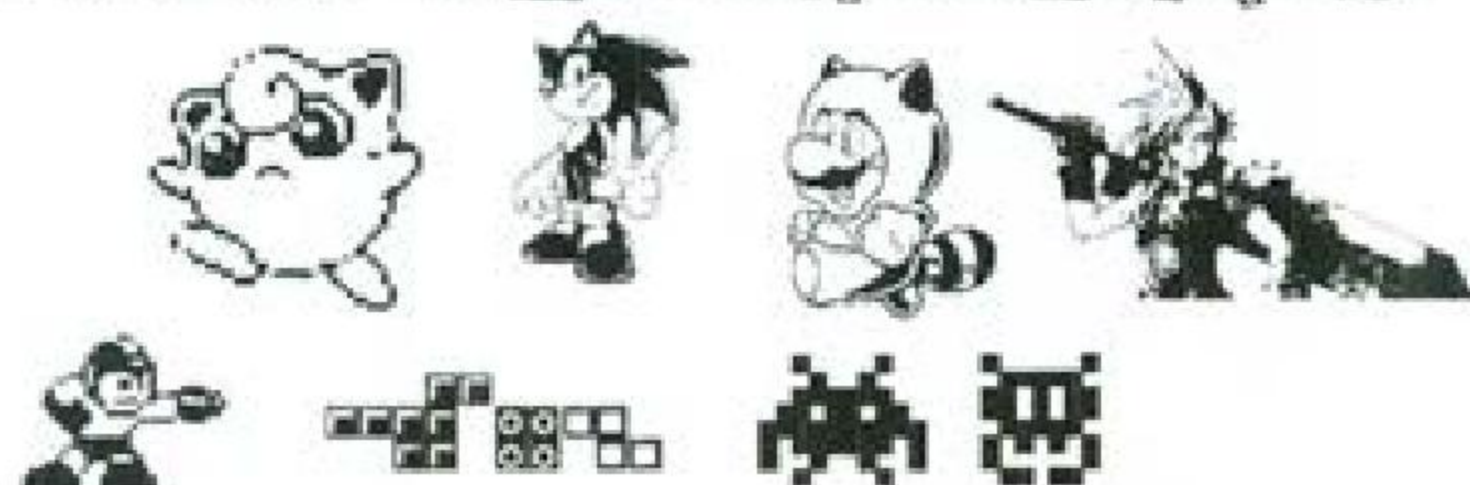
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