



the monitor

february 2015

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.

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.

If you're interested in getting involved, our meetings are open to everyone! Stop by Baldwin 226 at 6PM every Thursday!

Note that articles are the views of the authors and may not represent the opinions of *The Monitor* staff.

Love,
The Monitor



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. Limit to 3 poems.

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

trumanmonitor@gmail.com

twitter: @trumanmonitor
facebook: facebook.com/trumanmonitor
email: trumanmonitor@gmail.com
website: trumanmonitor.wordpress.com

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.

Rates:

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trista sullivan
krishna ganim
lauren kellett
mel aholt
jojo moorhouse
will chaney

poetry.

Blue Need

By Rae Fitzgerald

I need to be blue—
you'll break my cellphone here?

I need to lie
belly toward the stars
on the back deck, joint
in mouth

spearing the breast
of haze.

I need to smoke until
I cry again.

You should call
the tide back in.
The seaweed and flies
need flayed;

the whitewashed moon
needs yellowed again
with tea and
the tang of tar.

Remember
when we drew the poison
out? Remember
when we blew the air
back through
our lungs?

It crackled and rasped like sharp new wind
and pink sacks of burnt ocean.

Collecting

by Suzie Nahach

Tripping amongst the boxes,
I search for my footing amid the abandoned stories
of my grandparents, both dead but not forgotten.
Their legacy lives on
in the junk.

We're in the second house.
No one has lived in the first one for 40 years.
It's just another storage space for the hoarding craze.
If you can't touch it, it didn't happen.

wisdom teeth from '76
credit cards canceled 30 years ago
boxes of unopened toys
meant for grandkids, but never received

The stuff is all you need, right?

You don't need to remember your grandchildren's birthdays
if you remember who gets your Virgin Mary statue
when you die,
right?

You don't need to be able to move
in your own your home
if you can see all your boxes,
right?

cretes

by ishmael

you're cray
like craw
like crawfish
like what everyone studied in 4th grade
like what i see on the streets ran over
on a rainy day
you crazy crawfish crayon creator

Morning, Kirksville

by Trista Sullivan

Spiders, cast circus tent webs upon weeping grass.
A Tuesday, chill air expanding and expelling within your lungs.
Clouds slumber over town, comforting, keeping you hidden from Gods.
The sun, preparing to fight for precedence just beyond.
Its warmth lingers as it waits to kiss your stained, canvas skin.
You are trying so hard to be awake for this.
Awake for the event of night submerging into day.
Spilling coffee onto battered rugs; stumbling away apologetically.
Encores of evening clouds, reflecting untouched rays of light.
Morning birds, singing self composed symphonies to the sky.
Tragic respiration of life.
You are never quite prepared for this.

Things that Break

by Olivia Hobbs

The china plate that hits the floor,
My football team before they score,
A kit-kat bar shared with a friend,
A piece of hair split at the end,

These are things that break.

A wrist after the monkey bars,
The engine in my dad's old car,
The hazy morning sun at dawn,
Concentration after a yawn,

These are things that break.

All of the promises you make,
The trust I gave you by mistake,
My heart on finding you're a fake,
These are things that break.

nature poem 2

by kinda spacey

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Haiku

By Jason Yarber

Open your eyes, child
Welcome to reality
Sign in at the door

Space Age

by Jason Yarber

We take our nature in small doses
We synthesize beauty so we can pretend we're amazed
When all we are is a face in front of a computer monitor
Our phones are our instruments
Our canvas, the Macintosh
Potted plants in sterile waiting rooms
Are all that remain of the deep jungles
Where we stalked, and were stalked.

We've ascended to the space age
So strap in tight, cadet
Our journey was long
And our destination is permanent.

SLC

by Chevy Chekov

learning to walk
in a pale finger forest
voodoo temples
alongside the trail
frantic scribbles on
ice shavings
down the side
heavy with wind whispered
revisions on
mortal names given
to rock faces
a split personality
tree waves along
the silence
on top of the lakes'
exoskeleton
the sky scraped
not by metal fingers
but jagged stone
there is more to it
than a valley

Records

By Bene Clear

I have a question for you dear
As this is sincere
if we move in together
will u let me bring my records

Oh, you don't understand
I've got piles of vinyls
Stacks of plastic plates
On turntables that spin around
That you wouldn't believe
After all these years
Still make sound

Now, they will take up space
But not in gigabytes or interface
Please Forgive me for being rude
Because I'll let you bring yours too

And I hope you won't laugh
At how many I have
Cause I got hundreds
The police and Hendrix and the stones my friends
In boxes begging to be played

I could listen to moon river for days.
watch the needle spin thru a circular maze

And drown in a sea of crackling hymns
Muffled choruses and RPM switches
There's no rewind, no
Just the now
And I think this is what all music oughta be.
No high quality.
just plain honesty.

I hope you won't compare me
To an era-confused kid from the fifties
Who shows up to a sock hop dance
With a shoebox full
of CDs
Id rather you call me an eccentric girl
With a knack for musical history.

I'll show you my collection
Of enveloped imperfections
Prove to you
This world is full of forgotten B sides
And tracks that've been scratched
Too many times
That just need someone to listen.
Blow off the dust and turn them up
To remind them
Buried by time, things can still glisten.

Social Justice in a Rural Area by Every Doorstep Contact **Vote for Dr. Betty Louise McLane-Iles for** **April 7 Upcoming Kirksville City Council Election**

She represents BOTH a progressive agenda and solid experience, an ex-Washington D.C. congressional and small business aide highly engaged, as a TSU instructor who serves since 2010 on two Kirksville city commissions and one City Committee. Above all, she will be: the first woman on Kirksville City Council for over a quarter of a decade, the first ethnic minority (Jewish) for over three decades, and she stands for full LGBT rights, sidewalks, bike paths, and living wage. Nothing can be taken for granted! Help us by leaflet delivery, donations if not registered and adding to our policy ideas.

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Art is Cool, Specifically if it's Made Out of Clay

by Colleen Ryan

The Truman State University Art Gallery's current exhibit "Middle Earth: Midwest Regional Ceramics Invitational" opened in Ophelia Parrish 1114 last month.

Curated by Ceramics professor Wynne Wilbur, this exhibit features seventeen ceramic artists from across the midwest, specifically Illinois, Oklahoma, Kansas, Iowa, and Missouri. Featuring sculptural, thrown, and hand-built pieces, this exhibit is almost a sampler of the many things you can do with clay. Pieces in the exhibit range from creepy doll-like heads to throwing plates more than four times the size of your head and many things in between.

I'm an art nerd. I graduated high school knowing I wanted to work in the arts and I've been the head of the University Art Gallery publicity since Fall 2012. I have some bias here, but this exhibit is the first ceramics only exhibit Truman has held in at least the past four years so it's kind of a big deal. How many times can you say you've seen this much professional pottery in Northeast Missouri? You can't? Good. Now go to the University Art Gallery.



The Gallery is open Monday through Thursday, 8:30am to 7:00pm, Friday, 8:30am to 5:00pm, and Saturday, noon to 4:30pm. The gallery is closed during campus holidays. The Gallery is free and open to the public. Check us out on Facebook by searching "Truman State University Art Gallery."



Cuba: The End of The Embargo

by Dr. Marc Becker

On December 17, U.S. president Barack Obama and Cuban president Raúl Castro dropped a diplomatic bombshell when they announced that they would normalize diplomatic relationships between the two countries. The announcement caught almost all observers off guard. It seemed that this leftover legacy of the Cold War would never disappear.

The roots of the conflict date back to the 1959 Cuban Revolution, and its leader Fidel Castro's determination that major powers would treat the small island country as an equal. Cuba had long suffered under the imperial thumb of colonial powers, first Spain and then after 1898 the United States. The revolution definitively broke the back of imperial control.

The U.S. government did not let Cuba leave quietly and peacefully to determine its own future. Instead, the United States proceeded to engage in terrorist activities, including plotting to kill the country's leaders, to return the island to its imperial control. Relations between the two countries rapidly deteriorated, leading to a break in diplomacy and a United States blockade of the island.

For decades, the U.S. government declared that it would refuse to normalize relations with Cuba as long as Fidel Castro was in power. When Fidel stepped down and passed power to his brother Raúl, United States officials announced that they would not normalize relations as long as a Castro was in power. When Raúl announced plans to step aside and let a new generation continue the revolution, the truth came out: the United States would only normalize relations if Cuba returned to its imperial control.

Given that history, Obama's decision to normalize relations with Cuba while it still embraced socialist economic policies that privileged human needs over the rights of capital was completely unexpected and truly earth shattering.

Theoretically and under international law, countries conduct diplomatic relations on a level playing field. Granting of travel visas, for example, is supposed to be reciprocal. Of course, that rarely happens in real life. Large and powerful countries act at will against other countries they consider to be their subordinates.

Assistant Secretary of State for Western Hemisphere Affairs Roberta Jacobson recently traveled to Havana to negotiate a thawing of relations. She emphasized the need to assure full diplomatic access as the United States interest section is upgraded to an embassy. Ignored in most press reports was that the United States government imposes much more onerous restrictions on Cuban diplomats in the United States, including those at the United Nations, than Cuba imposed on their counterparts in Havana.

In his State of the State address, Missouri governor Jay Nixon announced plans for a trade mission to Cuba. Agro industrial gi-



ants such as ADM, Cargill, and Missouri's own Monsanto have long desired an opening of commercial relations with Cuba so that they can prey on the country. Cuba should reciprocate with a trade mission to Missouri, perhaps to encourage the United States to develop a sustainable, organic, post-petroleum agriculture that privileges human health and needs over corporate profits. The Possibility Alliance in La Plata would be a good partner.

As part of the thawing of relations, Obama demanded the release of 53 political prisoners in Cuba. Castro should have responded with a similar demand for the release of the 100 political prisoners currently held in the United States. Most prominent are Mumia Abu Jamal who was an organizer against police abuses in African-American communities, and American Indian Movement activist Leonard Peltier. Both have rotted for decades in dungeons in the United States after receiving unfair trials, and likely will die there unless international diplomatic pressure forces a change in policy. More recently, Army Private Chelsea Manning was sentenced to 35 years in prison for leaking evidence of U.S. war crimes in Iraq, and

should also be released.

The United States government presses Cuba to prioritize individual liberal liberties, including a U.S.-style electoral system. In response, Cuba should insist that the United States pay more attention to social rights, including providing universal health care to all of its residents.

Obama recognized that a fifty-year policy of regime change in Cuba never worked. Missouri senator Roy Blunt criticized Obama for changing policy on Cuba in the "waning days" of the Castro brothers. That is the type of rhetoric that drove a failed United States policy since before the current president was born. Hopefully we are living in the waning days of politicians like Blunt, and we can now move toward a more logical, rational, and healthy foreign policy toward Cuba.

Marc Becker teaches Latin American history at Truman State University. He travels to Cuba on February 7 to document political changes in the aftermath of the normalization of relations with the United States, and will report on the trip in the next issue of The Monitor.

The MereMinds of Truman

by Austin Stuart

Last Friday while eating popcorn and listening to music, I heard the new rap-project, MereMinds. This group is made up of the two members Max and Daniel.

This progressive group has Max, who is graduating this semester as a math major, to compose the lyrics and rap the majority of the voiceovers within their songs. He also says that he is influenced by the rapper George Watsky. The genius behind their melody is Daniel, who graduated last December as a marketing major and has worked with instruments for a good portion of his life. Together they compose a variety of different songs that span many different types of genres. There is everything from

light songs to heavy dubstep, with incorporated rap lyrics and occasionally guest voices.

This unlikely pair started off their project one morning at breakfast, when Max overheard Daniel discussing his love of making music and asked if he wanted to try and stylize music associated with rap. Though only math and marketing majors, they have managed to create a unique group here at Truman that is worth hearing before they leave. They have been together for a while now and have many songs, and have progressed a lot as a group. If you are interested in finding out more about MereMinds, you can check them out on their Facebook group.

On and Off The Field

by Sam Rogers

In a number of countries, you can guess someone's general political views based on which soccer club they support. In the States, however, many an embarrassing uncle seems to have no political compass beyond loyalty to his favorite team. The year 2014 made it hard for those folks to stay out of touch as sports became more visibly political in the US than they had been in decades.

The International Olympic Committee claims to disapprove of using the games to make political statements. In the summer of 1968, for example, it expelled 200-meter medallists Tommie Smith and John Carlos when they saluted in solidarity with the Black liberation struggle back home in the US. The precedent did not scare the US delegation to February's games in Sochi, which addressed Russia's ban on "gay propaganda" by turning gay people into propaganda. Much like black runner Jesse Owens, who won four gold medals in the 1936 Berlin games, three gay athletes served as pride tokens in a rival's territory for a government that treats them like second-class citizens.

L.A. Clippers owner Donald Sterling finished March Madness as an April asshole when girlfriend V. Stiviano recorded the leather sugar daddy scolding her for bringing black men to "his" games after she posted pictures of herself with various Black athletes online. Eventually, the NBA banned Sterling from the league and imposed their maximum fine of \$2.5 million, a drop in the bucket for the multibillionaire and longest-running franchise owner alive. Similar to the racist, misogynistic comments on the Rutgers women's basketball team that Don Imus vomited into 2007 airwaves, the Sterling incident reminds us that the people who profit from and are entertained by the feats of black athletes do not necessarily respect them as people.

Daniel Snyder, owner of the D.C. area's

NFL franchise, didn't let March slip away without taking his share of the racism spotlight. Responding to pressure to change the franchise's branding, currently based around a colonial slur, he created the "Original Americans Foundation", a charity that also bears the team's offensive name. The condescending PR ploy backfired as many Native American organizations pushing for the name change responded with appropriate disgust. On the brighter side, some fans of the Cleveland Indians baseball team started removing the offensive Chief Wahoo logo from their team gear, which became known as "de-chiefting". The year breathed new life into a decades-long campaign against names and mascots, both professional and amateur, that use racist depictions of indigenous people as primitive and violent.

The NFL grabbed some positive headlines when Missouri's own Michael Sam became the first openly gay player drafted into the league. Sam was initially drafted by the St. Louis Rams. He also spent some time on the Dallas Cowboys practice squad. At the time of writing, he is a free agent. In addition to support from other players, Sam's presence in the draft sparked humorously serious and often disappointing discussions of whether the NFL was "ready" for such a "change".

Summer brought the FIFA World Cup live from Brazil to viewers around the globe. While record-breaking ratings showed gains in popularity among US audiences, mass demonstrations made it clear the event was much less popular in its host country. Crowds across Brazil protested corrupt and wasteful public spending on stadiums in a country where millions live in poverty and hunger. The brutal response involved São Paulo cops appearing at protests dressed like they had come from police-state dystopias like Robocop's Detroit or contemporary

St. Louis County. Preparations for the 2016 Summer Olympics in Rio de Janeiro have contributed to the discontent. (Surprisingly, no one demanded the US apologize for sending Pitbull.)

An unfortunate number of media outlets ignored the protests, even when they happened on the field itself. During the opening ceremonies, three Brazilian children of different ethnicities released doves. As the birds flew off, a Guaraní 13-year-old named Werá Jeguaka Mirim turned the theatrical image of racial harmony into an indictment of 21st-century colonialism with a banner demanding Brazil honor its earlier promises of recognizing tribal lands. Guess which part the sports stations left out.

Back in 2012, Florida teenager Trayvon Martin was murdered by self-appointed neighborhood watchman George Zimmerman, a wannabe cop with no law-enforcement qualifications beyond his habit of racial profiling and domestic abuse. Alicia Garza, Patrisse Cullors, and Opal Tometi organized a response, one of numerous instances in which black LGBT women have worked hard to build mass movements and been erased from the story later. You know the movement as Black Lives Matter, and Rams fans brought its clear demand to the Edward Jones Dome on banners they displayed during a game. They also added “on and off the field”, highlighting how American sports moguls and their audiences treat Black athletes as consumable entertainment and not human beings.

St. Louis County prosecuting attorney Robert McCulloch, son of a police officer, announced in November that the state would not indict Ferguson officer Darren Wilson to stand trial for killing Michael Brown. When records of indictment proceedings went public, legal professionals questioned whether McCulloch and his colleagues had conducted themselves appropriately in presenting relevant laws and testimony to the grand jury.

At their next game, some Rams players

responded to the horrifying news by making the iconic “hands up, don’t shoot” gesture as they took to the field. Players on the D.C. team mentioned earlier had done the same in August. Jeff Roorda, “business manager” for the St. Louis Police Officers Association, responded with anger about athletes expressing opinions on the field even after it took federal intervention to force the publicly-employed members of his “union” to stop wearing pro-Darren Wilson bracelets while in uniform. While the franchise stopped short of endorsement, they supported the players and set the record straight when police chief Jon Belmar falsely claimed the Rams had “apologized”.

Towards the year’s end, NBA players took the court for warm-ups in shirts reading “I Can’t Breathe” in honor of Eric Garner, a Staten Island father choked to death by NYPD officer Daniel Pantaleo. In California, Mendocino High students were banned from the Fort Bragg High School basketball tournament for wearing the shirts. A team was assembled of boys who accepted the ruling, but not enough of the girls would give up so easily. Visibility for politics in sports has continued rising into 2015, hopefully engaging fans in grassroots efforts to level the playing field.

Sam Rogers retired from his athletic career after an improbably successful T-ball game. He enjoys watching hockey and once played Madden at a friend’s house.



Kirsten Benson

ography.



Gabriel Gowen



Lyndsie Burns

What did Karl Marx have to say?

by Will Chaney

Communism. Socialism. Joseph Stalin. Planned economy. U.S.S.R. Marxism. Are you uncomfortable yet? For a long time in this country, an ideology has been built for the purpose of making you feel negative emotions while hearing these words. The most extreme lines include “communism is evil, it killed millions of innocent people.” The chic thing our parents often say is that “communism was defeated when the U.S.S.R. went down, I watched it on live television.” Then there’s the trendy intellectual-sounding truism that “communism works out great on paper, but it will never work because of human nature.” What do we learn from these quick “academic” discussions? Very little.

So let’s put our emotions to the side for a few minutes so we can get back to the O.G.: Karl Marx. In this article, I’m going to respond to Aaron Albrecht’s criticism that we need to abandon Marxism in order to unify the Left. Instead, I claim that the Left needs to organize its thought around Marxian theory so it can better understand our current economic crisis and look to the future of revolutionary change.

The criticisms that Aaron and many others often bring up are very legitimate and should be seriously considered. Communism-hating Americans often rightly point to leaders in faraway lands that claimed to embrace Marx while starving their people and violating human rights. The field of economics is designed to show how central planning, used in many “communist” countries, is much worse than the free market because of its “inefficiencies.” However, these critiques have very little bearing on Marxian theory, because:

1. Marx never said the government should own everything,
2. Marx never said we should abolish

markets, and

3. Marx never said that dictatorship is the ideal form of government.

It seems that there is a substantial gap between what Karl Marx actually wrote and what the leaders who took up his name did. What then did Marx have to say?

In the United States, we are told that Marx was the founder of communism and that his writings and thoughts were all about making a communist society. However, Marx didn’t care too much about speculating into the future; instead he spent his time examining the present. About 95% of what Marx has to say is about capitalism, especially the problems that other authors ignore. The most interesting aspect of Marx’s critique is that it examines *fundamental* problems in capitalism that are as relevant now as they were when his most important work, *Capital*, was published in 1867. Marx’s analysis attempts to be scientific, and his goal was to find general tendencies in the economy, comparable to how scientists look at the natural world. After more than twenty years of research, Marx was able to detail many problems that still occur today. However, the study of the economy is not as straightforward as the hard sciences. Instead of finding “laws” in capitalism, Marx found capitalism to produce “tendencies.”

Some these tendencies include: (1) extreme wealth inequality, (2) cycles of prosperity and then horrific crashes, (3) the replacement of workers by machines or cheaper workers, (4) nations going to war for the profits of a small number of citizens, and (5) the general rate of all business’s profits to fall over time.

Have these claims proved to be somewhat legitimate in the past 150 years? (1) 1% of Americans own 48% of our wealth, (2) “business cycles” as they are now called by

bourgeois economists occur every 10 years or so, including the one we're in now, (3) "Made in China" and continuous outsourcing have become staples of our economy, (4) there is substantial proof that we went to war in the Middle East for oil profits, and (5) the economic growth rate of the United States has decreased from 3.5% in the 1950s to 1.9% today. The facts seem to line up with some of Marx's major points, and this gives his theory a lot of validity.

Now, painting Marx as a stoned Nostradamus-like prophet babbling nonsense in some dirty cave certainly does sound dogmatic. However, Marx did not set out to create a new religion with himself as its soothsayer. It is indisputable that some "Marxists" like Stalin and Mao, did try to create religious-like ideologies, but the fact is that Marx's serious writings are simply a critique of capitalism. Marxian theory is still today accepted as the most developed fundamental critique of capitalism. I now ask Aaron, and all of those who disregard Marx: why would the Left, charged with looking out for the little guy, correcting social ills, and fighting for the people want to distance themselves from such a useful and developed critique? We can use Marxian theory to find new explanations for many issues, including the events in Ferguson, why college tuition is so high, and why the Kraft corporation is throwing 275 Kirksville residents are out of a job this year.

That brings us to the last point: Many super smart people in the past 150 years have built on Marx's original theory. They have proposed new ideas, debated each other and non-Marxists, and answered their critics. The result has been a very rich academic tradition. There is certainly a lot to talk about, with regards to the news, in our classroom studies, and even with our nerdy friends at lunch. So why do our discussions about Marxism degrade into overly simplified axioms?

The purpose of any ideology is to make us accept the current state of affairs. The

people in power want us to look at poverty, hunger, and war, and think, "that's just the way things are." It should not be surprising that capitalism's greatest challenge is kept out of the mind of a capitalist society like the United States, even where free speech is treated like a golden calf.

Marxian theory is suppressed at most colleges and universities, including Truman. As an economics major, I will never be required to read one word of Capital. The only line about Marx in my introductory economics textbook (*Principals of Modern Economics*, page 22 if you have it) is a gross misquotation. If I talk to other economics majors about Marxian theory, they usually giggle as if it is a joke or look confused about something. Should we blame our fellow students, professors, or President Paino? Probably not. The suppression of Marxian theory is a greater problem that is not the fault of any one individual. There are even professors who are open to discussing new perspectives, despite keeping Marxian theory out of their courses.

What we on the Left can do, and really have to do at this point in history, is to begin to educate ourselves. We must rid ourselves of the fear of couching our analyses in Marxian terms like "class," "commodity fetishism," and "exploitation."

It is time to wake up, because capitalism certainly isn't working out real well off paper.

William Chaney is a freshman economics major.

Wrongdaddy's

by Alex Wennerberg

After walking from another bar at 12:45 AM, Ben, with Sidney, Leela, Emily and Kyle, handed his driver's license to an employee behind a black counter, then walked inside Wrongdaddy's. Nearly every surface in the dimly lit bar was black and punctuated by bright, wildly traveling dots of colored light. The dance floor and elevated, smaller dance floor, was on the east side of the room, with a large area of no dancing separating them from the bar. The fast-moving bartenders wore brightly colored clothing that glowed under black lights. "Do you wanna go dance?" asked Emily. "One sec," said Ben. The room was crowded and Ben had to touch people in order to get from most places to most other places. In the bathroom someone said, "If you remember what you did five minutes ago, you should go back to Dukum" to his friend and Ben gazed at graffiti. He heard muffled rap music bass loudly playing through the walls. He went back to the room and found Emily and two other people dancing in a vague circle on the dance floor. Music pulsed loudly filling the air like a large, invisible heart. He jumped up and down and held the back of his head with his right hand and closed his eyes. After an amount of time, he noticed that Emily wasn't there anymore and that he didn't know any of the probably dozens of people within his field of vision. He felt as though he had "lost himself" in the music in a manner that was maybe anxiety inducing or maybe good and felt his body tingle a little. He thought about how music was a physical thing, and he was a physical thing, which made them the same, because of waves, or something. He walked around the bar dancing more to the music and hopping until he saw Leela and Sidney, whom Ben was probably closer with than anyone else at the bar. He asked with open excitement, "How's it going?" Sidney said, "This place is terrible." Leela said some-

thing and Ben responded automatically. He sat down and looked at the people on the dance floor moving up and down approximately to the beat of the music. He watched a guy approach a girl from behind, grinding his hips on her before she looked from side to side and walked forward, then towards other people. One of Ben's friends, Kyle, performed this maneuver, more tentatively and slightly arched over, on a few girls. Ben watched long haired people's hair move anarchically as they danced. Periodically the smoke machine spat out a clumsy blob of smoke which expanded through the room, then disappeared. Ben saw Jennie on the elevated portion of the dance floor and texted her "I see u," in response to a text she sent twenty minutes ago saying Wrongdaddy's was lame. A few minutes later he found himself talking to Leela about the high school they both attended. "I was a huge nerd in high school" "Me too" "I didn't even have my first kiss until I was in college. I just did school," she said with an emotion Ben understood but couldn't categorize. Ben said something in agreement while Leela said something else about high school. She talked fast and with a lot of hand movement. Ben looked at the lint on his clothing, which glowed under black light and made him very uncomfortable, or maybe excited. At some point they became separated and Ben found Emily. They went onto the elevated dance floor and said hi to Kyle, who replied in a loud monotone. Music filled the spaces in the conversation. Kyle said something, which Ben ignored. He found Jennie and said hi. She talked close into his right ear, so her cheek was close to his cheek and her hair, if she didn't brush it back before leaning forward, which she didn't usually, was in his face, tickling a little. A few people danced in his peripheral vision. Jennie said he should probably unfriend on Facebook

her friend Austin, who was “an asshole” according to Leela, Sidney and Emily, and was posting on several of Jennie’s friends’ facebook walls asking about their penis size. Ben said he had already unfriended him earlier. “Good,” said Jennie. They talked a bit more until Ben ran into Emily, who asked if he wanted to do a shot. “Sure,” he said, and they started walking through people and around black tables made of metal grating towards the bar. While walking he thought about how a hundred years in the future or past, everyone in the room would be dead. Emily started getting out her wallet, and Ben said “No. It’s on me.” And handed her a \$5 bill, reaching over a stranger, saying that she should buy “whatever she could” with that money. Ben stared at the sentence “I’m not slurring my words, I’m just talking in cursive” written on a mirror behind the bar and heard the music, which played like something falling over. Emily said she knew the bartender so she could get a pretty good deal, and they both drank pinkish liquid which was very sweet while Ben watched Emily’s banter with the bartender. They walked a few feet towards Sidney and Leela, squeezed together around a crowd of people. While talking, they moved out of the way three or four times for employees trying to get into the bar before moving somewhere else. Ben started dancing and Leela danced very close to Ben, which severely confused him, especially as he stopped and stood still, rubbing and blinking his eyes. His vision was distorted and alien in a way that felt maybe comedic. Ben said hi to Jennie and they talked for a while. He asked Emily where Leela and Sidney went. “I think they went home,” she said. “Are you sure? What if they went to Geno’s?” “No they were talking about going home.” They walked to the bar, where Jacey pointed at him and made a sound that communicated that she was going to buy him a \$1 shot. He took the shot and failed to approximate with his hands how much he drank this night. “Did Leela and Sidney leave?” Ben asked Emily. “Yeah, I think so.”

Music surrounded him like something soft. A few minutes later they left the bar, and Ben took Emily to his house, where she was going to stay in his roommate’s bed, where they talked, before Ben declared that he was going to walk to Sidney’s house to see Leela and them. He locked the front door and walked five blocks to Sidney’s house and entered without knocking. He said hi to Miranda, who was sober, on her laptop in a small chair, Leela, who was lying with her eyes closed on a loveseat-sized couch and Sidney, who was on top of her, with their arms and heads intertwined. Leela mumbled something and Sidney laughed. Sidney said something about how she felt good and pushed marijuana into a glass pipe with her thumb. Ben laid on the ground, his face into a pillow, watching and listening to whatever was on the TV, and his arms and legs spread out in a starfish-like manner. He read Kyle’s tweet about how he was sad that he felt sexually unattractive and hadn’t had sex in six months. Ben woke up two hours later, at 3:30 A.M., to a room empty except for Leela: curled up into a semi-fetal position, lying on the loveseat-chair, in a red cardigan, twenty-three years old and asleep. He stood up, used the bathroom, walked five blocks back to his house, poured himself a glass of water, texted Jennie and went to sleep.

Alex Wennerberg wants you to play on his Minecraft server 24.107.95.93

The Windsor Prince and I

by Chris Sotraidis

Cast of Characters:

Prince Andrew, Duke of York as Honorary Rear Admiral of the Royal Navy

Jeffrey Edward Epstein as American Financier and Registered Sex Offender

Virginia Roberts as Trafficked Teenager and Slave to the Monarchy

Prince as ♪

Act I. Scene I. The North Sea, near Aberdeen. The year is 2001. Our characters have been traveling on a yacht owned by Jeffrey Epstein for the past 6 weeks. It is the early morning and the sea is fair. The Scottish shoreline is to the west, just barely visible on the horizon. Prince Andrew has arisen from his royal bed beneath the deck to sit with his tea and satellite phone on the Poop deck.

Enter Prince Andrew, Duke of York, on the Poop deck.

PRINCE: Oh, ho! What a glorious day to be alive on the sea! Not just alive, I dare say, but teeming, positively teeming with radiant vigor only the cosmic philosopher Ra can deliver! Let his rays hit me like a mantra sung in the thralls of an opium induced utopia!

Enter Jeffrey Epstein, stumbling onto the Poop deck to sit in a white leather chair next to Prince Andrew. Both Prince Andrew and Jeffrey Epstein are sitting on inordinately expensive leather couches, complete with satellite phone holders. The two gentlemen stare at the open sea.

EPSTEIN: (sighing) Why do we do it, Andrew?

PRINCE: To what are you referring, Jeffrey?

EPSTEIN: I mean the struggle. The struggle for the heights, the endless revisions and calculations. The long cold nights spent tucked away attempting to ascend ourselves, filling

our minds with the thoughts of long dead philosophers. I'm talking about the Übermensch, a lengthy climb to God- nay the gods!

PRINCE: My dear Jeffrey, that's what this trip is all about! You're the one that convinced me a neo-spiritual awakening was needed more than ever! And you've been right! How are we to cleanly extrude our inner-complexities if you are in any degree of doubt?

EPSTEIN: I guess I've been so focused on finding some semblance of wholeness on our terra that I've lost sight of our initial endeavor. This was never about perfection! I refuse to make the same comically shrewd judgment of the world like Pangloss. Yes, the world may be flawed, fundamentally so, but that shouldn't stop us from attempting to refine our minds. A healthy mind for the sake of itself.

PRINCE: (raising his tea cup) Cheers to that! Here's to a life of no regrets. A life of inner-purity; a balance of hedonism and intellectual pursuits!

EPSTEIN: Cheers to that indeed! Andrew, you are my oldest and dearest friend, and you know that I would seek you reprise after reprise for advice, no matter how solemn or gay the exchange.

PRINCE: Yes, and I you! No book unread, no stone unturned! I am as dedicated as you in our quest for making sense of this malicious world.

EPSTEIN: Right. (pausing for a moment) The reason I've been so formal this morn stems entirely from my increasingly conflicting thoughts about the mademoiselle we have taking quarter in our spare bedroom beneath the deck.

PRINCE: The slave? What about her?

EPSTEIN: I suppose I'm having second thoughts about owning slaves. All these years, I've lied to everyone. People ask me my profession, and I feel conflicted. Am I a financier, or slave trader?

PRINCE: You're both, Jeffrey. Be proud of that.

EPSTEIN: It just doesn't feel sound anymore. This cultural atmosphere, the year 2001. I'm finally starting to feel again, Andrew.

PRINCE: Feel?

EPSTEIN: Feel.

PRINCE: (scoffing) How can we own slaves if you develop a conscious like that?

EPSTEIN: Maybe I don't want to own slaves anymore!

PRINCE: (gasping) What?! Jeffrey, you can't be serious! Take it back! You know that's not true!

EPSTEIN: Okay, I still want to own slaves. What I said before was a tad batty.... I don't want to be a sex slave trafficker anymore!

PRINCE: (even louder gasp) WHAT?! How will the royal family survive?

EPSTEIN: What the devil do you mean, survive? Your family has been controlling England for almost a hundred years. Do you not have other contacts? I'm sure your relatives can last a good period of time without the assistance of a sex slave!

PRINCE: I'm afraid I haven't been completely honest with you, Jeffrey. I'm afraid I haven't shown you what I truly am.

EPSTEIN: Andrew, I already know that you're a morally corrupt, socially incompetent person. Anyone can see that. It's practically a requirement for having royal blood.

PRINCE: There's something about my

blood that's colder, more elusive and hidden than you could ever possibly imagine.

Prince Andrew leaps up from his ultra-comfy armchair to stand before Jeffrey, and with one swift motion pulls off a large chunk of skin from his face. Underneath the skin is a Komodo dragon looking-face, complete with an inordinately long skinny tongue and two sets of eyelids.

EPSTEIN: Andrew, I already knew you were a Reptilian.

PRINCE: (with a shocked expression on his lizard face) Huh? You did? What gave it away?

EPSTEIN: You told me. Remember last week when we caught that little gecko that had managed to climb aboard? I was about to throw it off the deck and you started hissing at me. And then you blurted out that you were a lizard too.

PRINCE: (YELLING) I'M MORE THAN JUST A LIZARD. I'M THE LIZARD KING, AND THE ROYAL WINDSOR LIZARD FAMILY CAN ONLY SURVIVE BY FEASTING ON THE BLOOD OF CONTEMPORARY WHITE SLAVES.

EPSTEIN: (Keanu Reeves) Woah. I'm presuming that your mother is the Lizard Queen? That certainly explains why all of the white slaves I've been trafficking go missing immediately after your family takes one look at them.

Enter Virginia onto the Poop deck, with a certain swag to her step that could only be described as ultra-sassy.

VIRGINIA: He's not the Lizard King! He told me while we were having non-consensual sex a few days ago! Prince is the real Lizard King, not Andrew!

PRINCE: (hissing) Virginia! How did you escape your jail cell in the lower quarters?

VIRGINIA: You didn't lock the cell.

PRINCE: (hissing) Hisssssssss.

EPSTEIN: Virginia, what do you mean, Prince? Are you saying there's another?

VIRGINIA: Yes, I am. The Purple One. Joey Coco. Alexander Nevermind. The artist formerly known as Prince!

Suddenly, a maelstrom appears on the sea in front of the Poop deck. The swirling vortex turns a bright purple color, more of a fuchsia, and various guitar chords are heard emanating from the center. The sky darkens, and it begins to rain purple. A long "ohhh-hhhhhhhhh!" is heard, and a blinding purple light-beam appears to transport a celestial creature from the center of the maelstrom to the Poop deck.

Yᵒ: WHO DARES TO SUMMON ME? WHO DARES TO CALL ME BY MY FORMER NAMES? SPEAK, EARTHLINGS!

VIRGINIA: (kneeling) Lord Prince, it is I, Virginia Roberts, a slave to the Windsor royal family! I am being mistreated by your brother, Prince Andrew!

Yᵒ: ANDREW, YOU FOOL! WHY HAS ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR SLAVES SUMMONED ME? HAVEN'T I TOLD YOU I AM HARD AT WORK ON MY NEXT ALBUM?

PRINCE: It was a mistake, my brother! It won't happen again! The rest of the family wasn't blessed with your powers. We can't survive solely on the pleasures of achieving artistic success! I just wanted what is best for mother!

Yᵒ: DON'T BRING MOTHER INTO THIS. THIS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THE PLACEHOLDER QUEEN. I AM THE PATRIARCH OF THIS FAMILY, AND I HAVE HAD IT WITH YOU JEOPARDIZING MY DISTINCT MINNEAPOLIS SOUND. YOU DON'T DESERVE TO BE A REPTILIAN!

PRINCE: No, brother, I can change! I'll stop financing the white slave trafficking! I'll stop

making relationships with people who know a great deal about your previous names! I'll stop listening to R&B music!

Yᵒ: YOU LIE! I HEREBY BANISH YOU TO A LIFE OF MORTALITY!

A fuchsia mist engulfs Prince Andrew, and with the blink of an eye Andrew's skin turns from scaly to mushy white human.

PRINCE: No! What have you done?!

EPSTEIN: Now you're just like the rest of us, Andrew. Mortal and weak, with a craving for pizza and hamburgers.

PRINCE: Hamburgers?! No!

VIRGINIA: I think you'll find them quite tasty, at least compared to human flesh and blood.

Yᵒ: MY WORK HERE IS DONE. VIRGINIA, I WILL TRANSPORT YOU BACK TO YOUR FAMILY IN BRISTOL. IN 13 YEARS TIME, YOU CAN TELL THE WORLD ABOUT ANDREW AND HIS EXPLOITS. I WANT TO GIVE HIM TIME TO GROW OLD AND FRAIL!

A bolt of fuchsia lightning strikes Virginia and Prince Joey Coco, and they vanish into thin air. All that is left is smoldering blackened soot on the wood floor of the Poop deck.

EPSTEIN: Wow. I wasn't expecting that at all. Who knew that the key to Prince's youthful appearance was his Reptilian ancestry?

PRINCE: (sobbing) I'm ruined, Jeffrey. I'm done for. What could possibly be good about being a mortal?

EPSTEIN: Pizza. Pizza for breakfast.

C'EST TOUT!

Chris Sotraidis is a Reptilian, which would explain why he's single and unable to find love.

SOMETIMES, HAZARDOUSLY, THE PURSUIT OF POLITICALLY PERSONAL “IDENTITIES” BY BRITAIN’S FIRST LEFT LABOUR AND CENTER LIBERAL PIONEER WOMEN M.P.S

by Larry Iles

Causation due to frail male UK health, respectively 60/90 plus ages of the Mc-Lane-Iles clan, the junior of us cannot attend/contribute customarily to this end-January TSU women gender studies traditional conference event in its IDENTITIES theme pursuit. To help in replacement default such stalwarts as English Professors Delmonico/Preussner and former French, existing French ones Kwok/McLane-Iles who try and keep formal paper deliverers to a strict theme, non-jargoned rigor for we discussion later so disciplined MONITOREE and other ordinary Jill public attendee, herewith in guidance just such a brief self-rigorous support piece. This is especially topical in 2015 as we might, due to the split of the English right wing chauvinistic Tory/UKIP vote, actually get the most female-ministered ever historically of Great Britain Labour government in the likely early general election outcome. This outcome will also possibly be propped up by the even more feminist, Leftist Green and Scots/Welsh Nationalist likely increased lady MP numbers in thrilling enthusiasms of social issues support.

“IDENTITIES” were not as easily obtained, though warningly for these women’s Left/Center forebears in their political persuasion when, during the inter-war period last century, they pioneeringly broke through to get for over half the human race minimally, begrudgingly some beginning MP REPRESENTATION. By easier, lazier too contextual comparison, a male Labour MP or even a Liberal minority third party one was far more likely than they, the female gender, to get either statistically higher frontbencher ministerial or Opposition Spokes MANship in both zenith of position /salary governmentally. This was just by his SIMPLEton ,

IDENTITY boastful stress on either/both his “manual worker” or plutocratic wealthy but masculinist “Radicalism.” Even more so in comparison stakes of measurement, gallingly so, was this the case in these women progressives eyes when it came to their right wing Conservative women rival MPs who started to themselves be returned in bigger numbers from the 1935 general election. Indeed, before then a big, infamously ugly public shouting match had broken out between ex-Radical Liberal, turned Left Labour woman MP, London Islington, Leah Manning and the Tory Plymouth MP Virginia –born Lady Viscountess Nancy Astor. Sick and wearied by the latter’s USA style loud jibes, Manning, a former National Union of Teachers rare woman president appeared to physically advance menacingly. Separated by their mainly male counterparts, Manning exploded that she did not think her husband’s New York rack rent alleged properties entitled Astor to pose as either a British male or female “worker” impoverished person’s champion.

This gave Manning rather unfairly a sexist wild woman and yet rather contradictorily over-intellectual MISIDENTITY image for the rest of her long occasional MP life in the prejudiced misportrayal eyes of England’s Tory male run press. And even more so excludingly until well into post-WWII, BBC radio as that male-run so-called public broadcaster, under its Scottish Director, was ultra-sensitive about anything too politically shrill. This was, even though WOMEN were in blunt figures the majority of the electorate and possibly of radio listeners from their mass previously property-restricted suffrage from its 1928 extension, which Churchill opposed, by such universal enfranchisement.

Unsurprisingly given these barely hidden obstacles to becoming yourself women politically speaking in SELF-IDENTITY self-health, Manning's own Labour woman pioneer predecessor, the more upper class Labourite Fabian moderate Dr Ethel Bentham, became in sheer fatigue the first ever elected woman MP to die on the Commons own precinct space in 1931, after three exhaustive tries the preceding decade, starting from third place result in lowliness to get into the place at all! Well before this terrible mortal expiry, her probable earlier pre-WWI BISEXUAL Kensington lover/housemate PHD Marion Phillips MP Sunderland, 1929-31, described her sadly accurately as PHOTOGRAPICALLY plain, exhausted in downtrodden appearance. All itself, a far cry from the lively "bourgeois feminist," rebellious image they more robustly as "maid Marions" had alike given to working class more northern women in preWWI Socialist conferences they as brilliant London councilwomen electively had both pioneered as organizers. In detective spirit of such RADICAL IDENTITIES examination, it is perhaps now .2015 MONITOR readers' need to work out as plausible and to see as more explicable. Why Bentham made some intriguing final public identity moves. In spite of not being a northern MP, she made her Commons maiden or first speech on largely male northern coalminers' disease proneness under private enterprises, part in admission because she had youthfully in long ago times been an MD up there. She also tried, in work Manning took up as Epping MP, 1945-50, to make it illegal for males of any income class to make wills excluding female beneficiaries from bequests in "trusts" dependent on daughters etcetera conforming to dad's notions of moral, political good behavior conduct.

Centerist, Left center women MPs were more cautious still than these two about wariness concerning their public, private self-identities, especially if sexually upfront they were formally either spinsters or widows in constantly reiterated too often to be innocent Conservative, sometimes too male

run Liberal and Labour daily newspaper scoffer eyes. Edith Picton-Tuberville, Labour, 1929-31, Wrekin MP comes across in her later autobiography LIFE HAS BEEN GOOD as a strong self-assured in IDENTITY "rational Episcopalian Christian" Labour party loyalist woman. The last sort of ancient Norman Welsh borders family kind one would think had any self-IDENTITY or possible rock the boat proclivities. But wait, we the very few souls who write about these women have proved disloyally she nearly became the first woman Socialist MP to defect politically to the Right, as she barely hid her fundamental agreement with such defector PM MacDonal's own such defection and only reluctantly spurned his private invite to so join him. You see, privately Edith could not abide the militant male worker trade unionist protests against his economic cuts, as she too thought them sectionally brutal types akin to the very colliery owners she fortunately more selfishly publicly reprobated. In other respects, her lifelong feminist self identity sense above her socialism, also made her a far from calm conventional religionist. She waged a lifetime struggle to get women clergy ordained co-equally if carefully always priorly getting male bishop prelate prior approval for any such spinster pulpit "laywoman" preaching of her own.. And on Asian prostitutes rights she proved herself way ahead of her time. In the 1930s, she authored a semi-official inquiry report into such Hong Kong colonial women in which she upset religious moralists of both old-fashioned sexes, as she put it. Yes, she wanted its worst enforced private pimpiness aspects regulatorily extirpated, but she stressed that too many poorer entire Chinese families would be capitalistically over-exposed to far worst, unmodern exploitation if all sex aspects and washerwoman, marriage aspects were white culture ethos over-imposed in complete intolerance. Another Centerist MP, the Louth area Liberal MP, 1921-4 ex-school principal, Margaret Wintringham belied too her "English rose" self-confidence "propriety" self public identity by being in fact, as her friend, half-enemy Astor re-

veals in their private Reading papers which I've seen a lot more complex. Wintringham hated many public speeches which she had to make, as privately, she hated in "nerves" even witty loud male heckling. And far from being too placid as she was often Tory and Liberal press alike caricatured even in cartoons cruelly exaggerating her portly bust. She in fact was a ferocious left wing inclined advocate of not only state nursery schools for the poorest youngsters but an avowed friend and defender of her-visited US Eleanor Roosevelt and Lenin's equally radical Russian widow who were such joint nursery statist advocates. Astor's own private nickname for Wintringham in their letters, never denied by MW was "FIFIE," the French can-can semi hussy artiste. This may after all have been more appropriate in real such IDENTITY for Margaret Wintringham.

In conclusion, this leads to a poser for all TSU contributors, including MONITOR readers, those of you from the floor afterwards in space you have increasingly to fight for if grad students only let too much time to the formal presenters, straying from their themes no high school supervisor would incorrectly allow in bogus free speech waffle. How much of these women's identities were SOCIETY or ENVIRONMENT constrained, artificially. It matters in all the papers you will hear. Some of the wildest first Left woman MPs I have not space to expand on did things most uncharacteristically that can only be explained or defended because of the operation of such genderist disfigurement biases. Birth control free information advocate Dorothy Jewson, Labour Norwich MP, 1923-1924, left it to the famous male Liberal Socialist novelist HG Wells to be her public delegation head spokesperson when Catholic Minister of Health the semi-Marxist John Wheatley outrageously declined their request for the new maternity centres to so provide such free information by the supposed progressive state. Labour moderate and first ever WOMAN historian MP "Molly" as augustly only to private elite friends she preferred to be known, Mary Agnes Hamilton, Blackburn 1929-1931, got

herself so publicly involved in some causes that she could not extract herself from later bad contexts ruinously to her own private as much as public self-IDENTITY senses. She as ICONOCLAST authoress, his living biographer wrote so many praising editions as one of only 2-4 Prime Minister MacDonald's semi-official biographers. That even while an economic radical herself and party loyalist she had spurned him wisely as too "cold." Nonetheless, he was forever regarded as not worth a future seat, just a male contrived late 1930s local government Herbert Morrison Alderman London County Council placement. A tragic under-use of her formidable talents up until her 1960s death in near total obscurity of both her past and present IDENTITIES. As a six times novelist, she had worshipped the "camaderie" in her first Cambridge campus similar self-educated Commons, (See her two cozy autobiographies and her novel MURDER IN THE HOUSE). Her work, as begrudgingly her rival Virginia Woolf no less conceded, had in barbed phrase has been thus dismissively seen "as trying too hard" in over-labour ever since. How you construct or allow yourself perhaps impossibly in sexist forces beyond you to be IDENTITIES so defined will be as vital a moot debate for Great Britain's record likely over 100 WOMEN LEFT-CENTER MPs next May this 2015 as it will have been and was for their pioneer forbears in 1921 in numerical start numbers. These are numbers that, alas, USA but not Canada has yet to even begin to either historically or presently match in thus relative NON-IDENTITY. STAGNATION. WHY NOT SUCH NUMBERS, YOUR CONFERENCE WOMEN OF POWER PAPER CONSIDER- EES?!

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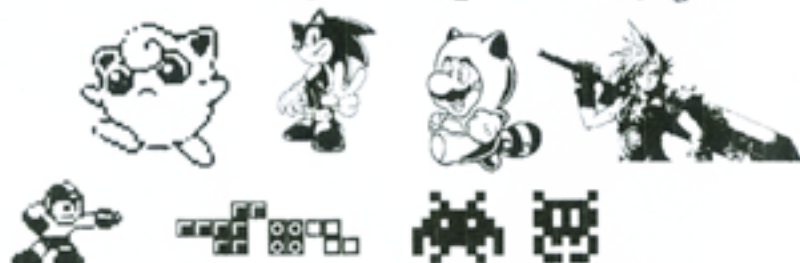
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