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the monitor
march 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.

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.

Love,
The Monitor Team



March 28th: Open Mic/Jam Session/Pot Luck Outdoor show.
April 16th: Last Open Mic.
May 2nd: Finals Fever Reliever.

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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Pay the Piper

by M.G. Taboada

It was night when he arrived. The citizens were tucked tightly into their beds as he whispered in and out of their homes. The rooftops were shabby, the cobblestones jutting and the scent of famine reeked from under the door frames.

The rats had called him the night before and he met them on a bridge leading out of town.

“Revolting humans.” One would squeak.

“Nasty children.”

“Dirty and disgusting.”

“Please,” the good Rat King spoke, “help us.”

Moonlight glints on the man’s teeth and pipe necklace. A deal is struck, terms agreed to, and each heads in opposite directions.

The following morning finds the Piper strolling into town with a cape and cane. The mayor had called for anyone to help, and the Piper came in.

“Revolting rats.” One would growl.

“Nasty creatures.”

“Dirty and disgusting.”

“Please,” the mayor raises his hands, “help us.”

Sunlight glints on the Piper and his pipe. A deal is struck, terms agreed to, and each heads in opposite directions.

At dusk the Piper plays his pipe.

The rats, who know the plan, follow him and laugh. They dance into the river and swim or float downstream.

The village things they’ve drowned; a cheer and a raucous and a celebration commences.

But the Piper must be paid.

The counsel is not so sure. They wish to lower the price; they want to swindle the shrewd Piper.

Sun rays bounce off his teeth as they gnash, but soon his grimace turns into a grin. The Piper knows well the ways of men and rats, so he leaves the town vowing to return for his due.

He travels downstream until he finds the rats in the nearby woods.

A pouch with green dust comes out of the Piper’s pocket and he leads the rats into the fields. He rubs them with dust and sends them into the growing rye. When they’ve finished, the rats go one way, the Piper another.

A month until the harvest moon appears, and on that night the Piper reappears.

The village throws the customary party, with rye bread and rye beer. The counselors counsel away the mayor’s unease and place the Piper as far away as possible. The mayor, a good soul with no backbone, eats joyously to show faith in his counselors.

As the rye bread and rye beer make their rounds, the Piper sips his own flask and watches with a dark eye over the bash. The children rarely sit, simply snatching up pieces of bread and snatches of beer. They run in circles around the village’s boy cripple, yanking food out of his grasp and drink away from his lips. It’s a game they often play down by the river.

The night drags on.

Until midnight strikes and the mayor starts to choke. His counselors laugh until tears roll down their cheeks, and the mayor would laugh with them if he could.

The Piper unsheathes his pipe and stands.

One woman has begun to gnaw on her neighbor, who laughs when a finger goes missing.

He leaps onto the table; a melody erupts amidst the screaming and shrieking.

The children down by the river, throw each other into the water and stay under. It’s all a game. Little boy cripple escapes their calls and hides under the table. Someone sets themselves on fire and people clap a primal rhythm as they dance until they drop.

And the Piper dances.

And the Piper plays.

With moonlight glinting off his pipe, he plays a pleasing melody for them.

Little boy cripple covers his ears and cowers under the table.

And when the hour is struck, the melody's replaced with silence. Little boy cripple

crawls out and looks around the field; all the children and half the town are gone.

And with them, long gone is the Pied Piper.

M.G. Taboada is a first time submitter to The Monitor.

A Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jette

by Anna Selle

Marcus lounged in the shade of the green blooming branches of a tree, newly rejuvenated in the spring. He took a puff from his tobacco pipe, and stared across the banks of the river Sienne, barely able to keep his eyes from closing as the subtle warmth of the early May afternoon tickled the exposed skin of his forearms and feet.

Though surrounded by a number of individuals attempting to enjoy the delightful afternoon, strolling across the lawn with their loved ones, pet dogs and monkeys, extending parasols above their heads, Marcus remain focused singularly on the subtle flow of the river, blinded by the glare of the midday sun on the surface of the water.

He was waiting. Entranced by his surroundings, Marcus began to lose focus on the passing of the minutes and hours of the golden afternoon. Broken from his trance by the sound of a child crying a few feet away, he looked to his pocket watch. At half past three, his acquaintance was over an hour late. Though he was irked by the blatant disregard for his own schedule, he was unsurprised by her tardiness, as it seemed impossible to be grounded by human conceptions of time on an afternoon such as this. What was more, Marcus didn't particularly mind having the excuse to lie lazily on the grass.

At the edge of the water, he noticed a small something floating in the current. Intrigued, he crawled forward from his spot in the shade. Upon closer examination, the item appeared to be made of glass, long

and cylindrical, filled with an amber liquid, capped. Balancing delicately on the bank, he extended an arm. His fingertips grazed the top of the bottle as it bobbed in the stream, but couldn't quite grasp the top to pull it closer. He sat back on the bank, removed the shoe from his right foot, and stretched his leg across the small expanse of water between him and the bottle, feeling an odd sense of determination to retrieve the glass container. He had just clasped his toes around the neck of the bottle, and began pulling it toward him.

"Marcus!" His acquaintance yelled from behind the treeline.

Instinctually, Marcus quickly turned to sound of the calling, but found himself staring into the blue abyss overhead as he lost his balance and fell back into the water.

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Netflix Did It Right This Time

by Trista Sullivan

If you have ever mildly enjoyed any quirky, off-beat comedic sitcom aired on NBC, somehow related to Amy Poehler or Tina Fey, you will enjoy the latest series released exclusively on Netflix, the Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt. Starring The Office's beloved Ellie Kemper and co-starring 30 Rock's hilarious, yet often insufferable Jane Krakowski, the Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt follows the life of Kimmy Schmidt, an Indiana Mole Woman. After being kept in an apocalypse cellar for 15 years with 3 other women and an egotistical, maniacal reverend, Kimmy Schmidt uses her new found freedom to move to New York City and jump into the life she had dreamt of for 15 years underground.

While in New York, Kimmy finds her first apartment through a classified ad placed by an eccentric Manhattan native, Lillian, who claims to have never left the island of Manhattan in her entire life. Using her money given to her after her ascent from the apocalypse bunker, she signs a lease to live with aspiring Broadway Star, Titus Andromedon. Through her adjustment from the life underground as a "mole woman" to her new path, Kimmy finds that she is in a fast paced world of dating, working for the trophy wife of a millionaire, and later fighting in court against the Reverend that kept her and the three other women locked away in the bunker for so long.

While I don't want to give away too much about the plot of this series, I do want to share how pleasant the show is to watch. My initial reaction, as I watched the opening scene when the women were set free from the bunker, wasn't as positive as Kimmy's character. The show starts off with a parody of the 15 minutes of fame; viral YouTube hit "Hide Your Kids, Hide Your Wife." The auto tuned mock news report of the Indiana

Mole Women quickly goes from horribly cheesy, to singing while you walk down the street catchy. Don't let this terrible introduction to the series deter you from watching such an upbeat and clever show. The ever-cheery, upbeat nature of Kimmy Schmidt will keep you around long past where you'd expect to lose interest.

As I had mentioned earlier, this show is related to Tina Fey. Though written by James Hake, Fey's iconic charm and quirk shine through as one of the creators of the show alongside Robert Carlock. If you are a fan of Tina Fey, New York set sitcoms, bright colors, and outrageous characters; you'll enjoy the Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt. In the words of Kimmy Schmidt, "Be you. Be what you want. And then become unbreakable!"

Trista Sullivan is.

Interview with Kaitlyn Chotrow

by Suzie Nahach

Kaitlyn Chotrow, an English and theater double major from Perryville, MO, has always shined on stage. While she has acted in a number of shows at Truman, she recently played Sarah in February's production of *Translations*. Her acting career goes much farther back than college as she began her foray into theater at her church. "We did little skits for the holidays. I was like nine or ten." Going from this, her first show was "some historical reenactment. Then, I starred as Fannie in *The Christmas Carol* in maybe 5th or 6th grade." From there, Kaitlyn never stopped acting.

"As a child, I loved movies and being dramatic and theater was the only thing I was good at and liked. Or the only thing I felt that I was good at." Thus, theater felt like a natural fit for a child who always found a way to bring dramatics into everything she did. Not only did Kaitlyn enjoy wrapping her body in sheets to make brand new dress-up outfits, she also enjoyed elaborate role playing, sometimes with herself. "I would be the queen and the princess and the baby. One would die and then I would pick up the next role. It was a vicious queen and princess cycle."

Impressed with Kaitlyn's commitment to theater, I inquired into what her favorite part of acting would be. Kaitlyn exuberantly stated, "I get to be somebody else. I get to be people that have experienced things, that have traveled, that have a whole different set of experiences. Then, after the show, I can take a bit of that person and then apply them to the person I want to be in my life."

Applying this mindset to *Translations*, Kaitlyn portrayed a character with a speech impediment and I gained some insight into how she prepared for a role that was a bit out of her comfort zone. "There was a lot at stake with this character because it could

easily have been offensive. Randy [Bame, the director] and I decided that a stutter would be the best way to show her communication disorder and then I thought back to the conversations with my uncle who has a stutter. I based a lot of my speaking on him. I also practiced my breath control a lot and had to focus on using my body rather than my words, which was hard because I talk a lot."

Even with these challenges, Kaitlyn states that *Translations* has been her favorite theater experience so far. "It had so much heart and fun and there was laughter in every rehearsal and it helped us bond. I loved working with Randy. He is brilliant. He would let us do our own thing, but get his ideas in there subtly. It was one of the most challenging roles I had to play and it was really rewarding."

Looking to her past and present, it is clear that Kaitlyn Chotrow is going somewhere. While she realizes that sometimes, "I have to be in the background and make something beautiful," her time to shine can be just as special.

Suzie Nahach has never used the internet. Not even once. However, she does have a great show on 88.7 KTRM.

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The New Communism

by Will Chaney

The word “communism” has taken on many meanings since its creation in the 19th century, being tossed around by nearly every institution and academic field. Many people have given their lives to create it; many have given their lives defending their nations against its persuasive change. The situation is made worse by many oversimplifications that have been made when defining “communism.” “Communist society” has come to mean a place where everyone is paid the same wage, where a dictator runs the government, where the government owns everything, and where the free market has been abolished. These are all interesting things to think about and worth discussing, but they ignore all of the important developments made in Marxian theory during the past 30 years. In this article, I will attempt to show how the definition of communism has changed from the 20th century to today’s academic discussion among Marxists.

There are two main components of a communist society: the production side and distribution side. The difference between a communist society and all others is that production sites (businesses) are owned and operated by all of the people who work there. Communist businesses, frequently called “worker cooperatives” in the United States and Europe, have no CEO or board of directors. Instead, all workers receive one vote in making all company decisions. The workers democratically decide what to produce, how to produce it, where to produce it, what their wages are, and what to do with the profits. Workers may, if they decide to, elect a manager or leader much like a mayor, governor, or president.

Most modern Marxists consider state ownership of production to be irrelevant to the fundamental definition of a communist society. The same is true of capitalist orga-

nization, where production can be owned either by private capitalists or the government. The United States mostly has a private capitalist economy, while the Soviet Union had a state capitalist economy. In state capitalism, the CEO and board of directors are replaced with a dictator or state committee. Both systems are undemocratic and produce similar problems with inequality and instability. A communist company may be owned privately by the workers or publically owned by society in general; the defining characteristic is that the workers make all of the decisions.

In place of the free market, a communist society uses a democratically planned distribution system. The idea is that consumers communicate to producers ahead of time what they are planning to buy, which takes a lot of the uncertainty out of market fluctuations. Planned economies can either be centralized and run by the government, or decentralized and run by individual companies and consumers. The Soviet Union had, in addition to regular markets, a centrally planned economy. Government leaders made decisions regarding distribution, however they were not “communist” because the decisions were made undemocratically. Democratic planning may also be decentralized, and carried out by private businesses and individuals. In the United States and Europe, this is called the “consumer cooperative.”

Let’s now combine production and distribution to imagine what living in a communist society would look like. On the production side, you are an individual who works at and owns a particular company. You go to work most days like you would in a capitalist enterprise, but once a week, month, two months, etc. your company has a meeting. During this meeting, you participate with

all the other worker-owners in a discussion about the company's progress, future decisions, and so on. You may decide to raise wages if times are good, or invest in a new green technology that will improve the living conditions of your community, or save money towards building a school that worker-owners may send their children to. Perhaps once a year, elections will be held to determine who the company's leaders will be, just like any modern democracy. Leaders in a communist enterprise make smaller decisions and run the company day-to-day.

On the distribution side, you are an individual who has some idea of what you are going to buy. For example, you may buy your groceries from Schnucks. You know that your family will probably consume around two dozen eggs this month, so you communicate this to the worker-owners at Schnucks. You could do this by attending a monthly meeting, filling out a form online, or through other mediums. The worker-owners then take this information and use it to determine how much to produce next week, month, year, etc. A communist society could also have the government operate this process if they believed it would work better.

This kind of society is certainly no utopia; communist companies and distribution mechanisms have proven to have flaws in the past. For example, the decision making process can take a fair amount of time for both worker-owners and consumers. Communist companies also have to work out their own problems, like how much more or less to pay skilled workers, managers, and so on. However, Marxists argue that the benefits of a communist society outweigh not only its costs, but are also better than the capitalist society we live in today.

Communist companies do exist today, and have proven to be better than capitalist companies in many areas. The largest cooperative in the world today is in Spain, called the Mondragon Corporation. This company, like other communist companies, has found that worker-owners are far more

motivated than their capitalist wage-slave counterparts. When the worker-owners feel that they have a stake in the game, they require fewer managers to keep them working hard. In addition, communist companies produce much lower levels of inequality. Worker-owners do not elect to pay their top earners 400-500 times that of the lowest earners, as do many capitalist companies. Mondragon's income spread is about 8 to 1, meaning that the highest paid worker-owner makes only eight times the lowest, allowing much lower inequality and an incentive to work hard. In place of the market, democratically planned distribution decreases the uncertainty and reoccurring crisis that happen in our society.

Finally, the most striking feature of a communist society is that the worker-owners decide how to spend the profits. They may choose to reinvest some money in production like their capitalist counterparts, but are much more likely to contribute to their communities. Earlier, I mentioned that a hypothetical communist company could decide to build a school for the children of the worker-owners. Mondragon has actually done this, constructing a full university that is attended by 9,000 students. Communist companies can use their resources to take over many functions of the government: infrastructure, parks, libraries, police and fire departments, etc. A communist society's production cites could replace the government over time, which could be very beneficial for humanity.

Our difficult economic conditions are forcing us to question capitalism. While criticizing the system is a very important use of time, we must also look into legitimate alternatives. The new communism I have outlined is becoming a very appealing idea to many people around the world, and is worthy of discussion at Truman.

Josh Brumfield met Will Chaney at The Loop.

Adults

by Marisa Gearin

Johnson Anderson was a businessman. He sold the business night, noon, and day; checked his stocks every morning and wore black suits and navy suits on alternating days. His wallet was brown leather and the bills inside all faced the same way, but he didn't use the bills mostly, credit cards being sleeker and doesn't like the jingle of coins in a pocket.

He worked at a job in a shiny grey building. The janitors there, if they ever wanted coffee, were supposed to send the directors and managers and corporate bogeymen to Starbucks to fetch. This was an idea by the CEO during the company retreat, and Johnson Anderson supported it because he felt that it illustrated synergy and encouraged harmonium in the office.

Johnson Anderson's main task in the office was to write memos. These memos were in code so that if intercepted, they would sound extremely boring, so spies and whistleblowers would steer clear. For example one might say, "Meeting at four in the conference room." This meant that Canada's economy was down the tank, because "Canada" and "conference" both start with "c." However sometimes they did have meetings, and an email would say "Meeting at four in the conference room," so nobody was 100% sure which messages were and weren't in code, which made everybody just a little bit on edge all the time, which Johnson Anderson felt made them more driven to strive, or so he told his boss.

Johnson Anderson's boss was a nanny goat named Martha. Nobody questioned why she was a goat and the boss, because she had a real eye for portfolios. Excellence floats no matter what it's made of, as Johnson Anderson says.

One day, Johnson Anderson's secretary Marcus Berry Berry said, "I'm putting a call

through."

"Straight shot!" Johnson Anderson said enthusiastically. He answered the phone very quickly.

"Mr. Anderson?" the voice through the wires prompted.

"Please, call me Johnson Anderson," Johnson Anderson said. "What may I do you for?"

"This is Operation Fiasco," the voice said. "It's time."

"So soon?" Johnson Anderson asked weakly. He didn't know what Operation Fiasco was. He flipped through his calendar with one hand while holding the phone with the other.

"Are you in position?"

If asked as to the gender of the speaker, Johnson Anderson would have guessed "Cigarette."

"I'm certainly in a position," he said.

A low chuckle in response. "Perfect. You'll receive our envelope in (a pause. probably checking their watch.) eleven minutes."

"Can't wait," Johnson Anderson said. "Bye."

"Goodbye."

Then Johnson Anderson accidentally said "Love you," and hung up. He leaned forward on his desk and rested his forehead in his hands. "What have I gotten myself into?" he asked aloud, because he felt like he was in a movie.

Marcus poked his head into Johnson Anderson's office. "No, sorry, Marcus, I was talking to myself, I don't need anything."

"Oh, it's not that, sir, sorry to interrupt, it's just that Cheryl wants a chai tea latté and Martha's on a lunch meeting so you're next in line to fetch it..."

Johnson Anderson rose, nodding and patting his jacket into place. A walk would do him good.

“And could you get me a biscotti while you’re there?” Marcus asked.

Johnson Anderson walked down the cooling autumn street as cars glode past him. The inside of my mouth tastes funny, he thought to himself. He moved his tongue around. Wonder why that is.

At Starbucks, he stood in line behind 3 to 4 skinny moms and an old man carrying a guitar.

“Do you play?” Johnson Anderson asked to be companionable.

“No,” the old man said, and stared at his face for about thirty seconds longer than Johnson Anderson would have liked.

He ordered the chai tea and Marcus’s biscotti and a cake pop for himself. They might be trendy but what can you do. They taste good and are on a stick. The perfect marriage of form and function, Johnson Anderson mused. From across the room, the old man was staring at him again, both

hands tightly gripping the neck of the guitar. Johnson Anderson nodded at him, smiling. The barista called, “Johnson!” and so he picked up his pastry bag in one hand and the latté in the other, and pointed his nose back in the direction of the work building, foot to pavement.

Not long after, Marcus was crunching away at his biscotti, which looked and sounded painful. Johnson Anderson closed himself back up in his office. There was a large envelope lying on the center of his desk. It was of the sort that is yellow. Scientifically, nothing else is quite that color.

Johnson Anderson peeled up the little arms of the brad fastening the envelope, while thinking to himself, This is called a brad. Inside were a number of papers.

TO BE CONTINUED???

Marisa Gearin is a moderator of Humans vs. Zombies and part-time hand model.



**Bobby Gonzales:
Why Latinos are Not
'Spanish': the Cultural
Diversity of Hispanics**

**This Saturday
March 21st, 2015**

**Baldwin Hall 176
(Little Theater)**

5:00 - 6:00 PM



ADHD, USA

by Sam Rogers

At every quarter conference, your teachers voice concern. They have tired of dragging you kicking and screaming away from the books you carry everywhere. "Your child never pays attention," they say to your parents' unsurprise. You get straight As on tests and know the answers when they call on you, but they have to repeat the question because you never follow lessons.

You aren't yet labeled broken. Perhaps you need more of a challenge. If your school gets enough funding, you find yourself in the "gifted" program. Smaller classes make it more difficult to avoid tryhard teachers whose one-size-fits-all curriculum feels a few sizes too small. You envy the special ed kids and wonder why adults seem scared to let you join them.

As puberty dawns, your mind fills with clouds. More demanding but no less tedious, your new classes make learning feel like trying to tan at the beach while the sky threatens thunder. You get fidgety after teachers confiscate the books that used to keep you quiet. A herd of small and smelly Satans sometimes known as "middle schoolers", your fellow pubescent pupils taunt you by finishing the sentences that ever more often escape you. To these they add their insults, made no less painful by unoriginality.

High school teachers more or less tolerate your renewed retreat into books. It limits the damage of your tendency to distract classmates who learn discipline and study skills while you continue acing everything on accident. High school splits yesterday's prodigies into overachievers and burnouts. While you care about your GPA, you find the burnouts more relatable and hang out with them to escape the violent stimulation of mandatory pep rallies. Reviewing your transcript after graduation, you remain unsure of which group you belonged to. You have spent four

years feeling like you didn't belong anywhere, especially not in a classroom for seven hours a day.

Now you are allegedly an adult. Universities make you offers you can't refuse, but your luck is running out. After you express concern to your doctor, she sends you to a specialist. The specialist has you screw around on a computer and decides, once your insurance company has spent enough, that you have ADHD. What other result could you get after gaming the test? You needed an explanation, a clinical silver lining. Medically and mentally, you were determined to have ADHD.

Living in a country infamous for overdiagnosis, you often wonder if your condition is real. The treatment you and millions of others receive reflects an individualist allergy to institutional solutions and the American tradition of letting money write the law. On doctors' orders, you are constantly and legally geeked on Adderall, Ritalin, or another medication advertised on nurses' clipboards. The clouds clear up and in classes you appear on top of your game. You think you have a sense of what normal is like, and you are wrong.

What you have is a way of working and thinking that challenges the ethic of competition, the expectation of excellence not as an exception but as a rule. Doctors and administrators see confusion in your clarity because the dis/order that employs them is entirely broken. The differences in your brain go unnoticed, not to mention unappreciated. As side effects worsen, the disability that made you invisible turns into the invisibility that disables you. It becomes impossible to ignore: you are not normal, you are normalized. You are on drugs.

Teachers and friends do not hear your frustrated sighs each time you notice the

clock flashing 5:02 when you went to bed at half past ten. They cannot feel the anxiety that grips you as you carefully avoid situations where others might hear the disgusting retching that accompanies come-up and come-down. Having not seen the poses you strike before the mirror as you fret over whether you've lost too much weight, they cannot grasp how scared you are of the inability to work up an appetite for the healthy food your body craves.

Even strangers ask you now and then if you can spare some medication. Why would they need it if it made you think like them? It seems everyone survives on those familiar faithless prayers whispered while they wait on yet another pot of coffee. Every sleep-starved night becomes another absent day where the only thing you learn is that misery does not, in fact, love company. The rising sun reminds you that you aren't alone and more than ever makes you wish you were.

Clouds again appear on the horizon, darker than night and moving faster than before. Are you depressed because you can't function or can you not function because you're depressed? Determined to confront whoever made the weather ugly, you walk towards where you think the storm began to end your life. With nothing left to see, you can't help but close your eyes.

From an office couch, your licensed savior leads you back onto the road. A solitary streetlamp lends the light it knows you need. Before the "thank you" leaves your lips, you sense the saint it's for is gone. You talk it over with your shadow and decide to move along.

Compelled by sense and circumstance to leave the school you loved, you call your family and declare what they don't notice is defeat. Hiding from everyone who cares enough to talk you out of the right decision, you throw the last few years in boxes and await the cleansing storm. You pass the time between before and after relocating your reflection from bathroom mirrors to second-person prose. Watching the town shrink into the horizon until the clouds alone are seen, you hope those words find someone who needs to feel a little less unique.

While he never tires of the joke, Sam Rogers is not actually distracted by squirrels or shiny things. If you've met him, you should know he's going to miss you very much.

TOM THUMB XIX



check it
out on face-
book



"no child left
behind"

april 25 2015

art & photography.



Piece by Gabe Gowen

poetry.

Need A Rule

By Brian

Hey alex,

I saw your email on twitter and decided to invite you become a VIP member of Need a Rule. We are a fun site where you can propose, vote on, and discuss rules that people should follow in our society about a wide range of categories.

You can propose your own rules at the VIP section with the VIP passcode I created for you below:

VIP Passcode: w3nnerberg

The passcode will expire in 30 days if you do not access the VIP section with it. As a VIP member you can include links back to your own website or twitter. Aside from being fun, it can be a good way to get exposure for you or your project especially since you can create a niche for yourself as an expert with a particular rule category.

An example of one of our rules is You should use a maximum of one emoticon for every 5 texts you send., which you can view here. Let me know if you have any issues with the VIP Rule Proposal screen. I will be more than happy to assist you.

Finally, I assure you this will be the one and only time I email you.

Best Regards,
Brian

[I wanna sit in the sand]

By Thomas Martin

I wanna sit in the sand.

Not in the sand, but rather in a worn out “craftsman” folding chair that, to this day, cherishes the grains deposited by our last visit to the edge.

I wanna bury my tiny feet. Deep in the sand, where, perhaps, a crab resides. Resided.

“Resode”?

I wanna hold on to that feeling. Not of the sand, necessarily, but of a million points of contact. Where each is simple, holding no demands, and, additionally, is also simple as well.

I was only kidding about “resode”.

That’s as much a
word as I’m
at the
beach.

poetry.

Larry David or Larry Iles?

by Chris Sotraidis

Does the swimming milk struggle opposite a calculus?

An unhealthy customer rants within a trouser.

Your eleven baristas fancy the Ray.

How does a sincere intercourse obtain a horrifying roundabout?

The day talks on top of a differential.

How does a racing microprocessor boil near the writer?

Why does the scientist repair a sliding nostalgia?

The ambitious cream destroys the degenerate throughout the incorporate railroad.

THE RAILROAD GRADUATES!

The cider speculates under the manufactured president;

a signed vicar bends the litter underneath the fictional reactionary.

Beautiful Creature

by Shinji

from his upcoming collection of haiku:

Dear Gamera: It's me, Kenny!

hanging on railing

borrowed time ticking away

rise, savior beast, rise

[Broken-hearted]

by Amanda Tse

Broken-hearted is how I feel

Risky attempt is what will save me

Overflowing with thoughts and feelings

Kiss to the heart will restore me

Eternal love is what I need

Nothing is what I get

Script

by M.G. Taboada

Meanwhile, the corpses burned.

Nexicon offered the world
immortality in a pill.

First it was the rich,

rippling into the upper middle
and then it was your neighbor.

Finally, things went wrong.

Too many ripples,
ripping apart our Nature

Then the waters simply

jumped over.

And Chaos took over.

and it was then we began.

I wrote this to my love from a hospital room

by bene clear

is there a prescription for
getting under your skin
til she's in your bloodstream
flowing thru your veins until every cell screams her name
this is not love, my love
not love I know

fallen ill to her cruel infection
long hair and olive complexion
she skewed your first understanding of
what i love you can be
to be used is not love, my love
not love I know

I am sorry
she wears u like a surgeon's glove
I observe, I am a student
behind the glass, but I must go soon
cause I can feel the knife as if it were inside me too

My poison is
so sweet
by M.G. Taboada

Hurry-
Cane,
Fierce wind
And force
All rolled into
One.

Break,
Crack,
Tear
And bleed
You out,
But this
is nothing.

Another:
Is soft,
Sweet,
Smokey
Spikey
Sacrifice.

It moves
Through my veins,
Beating, through
my heart.
Killing all.

My poison is so sweet,
Oh yes, ah so sweet.
Cheeks blushed,
Hands uncontrolled,
Tongue-tied
To a four-poster bed,
And eyes roaming
For a friend or home.

Wings beat
On my back,
Nails tear at
My eyes and
Tears well on.

And yet,
I swear,
My poison is
So sweet.

Dove 9.17.14
by Emily E. O'Connor

The Dove is joy, purity, happiness
But not tonight
Tonight the Dove weeps
She mourns a loss
Loudly weeping
For all to hear
Hiding
For none to see
The pain
Is tearing her apart
She is losing one of her own
Someone near and dear
Someone her heart has grown fond of
Someone who will not be easily forgotten
Someone she loves
For tonight,
Even the Dove weeps

“In our greatest moments of sorrow, spring
forth art and beauty from the ruins.” – Emily
E. O'Connor

12:28 am

Multi-Use Transfer
by Alex Wennerberg

Void after 6 p.m.
Void after 5 p.m.
Void after 4 p.m.
Void after 3 p.m.
Void after 2 p.m.
Void after 1 p.m.
Void after 12 noon
Void after 11 a.m.
Void after 10 a.m.
Void after 9 a.m.
Void after 8 a.m.
Void after 7 a.m.
Thur. Dec. 18, 14

Necessary steps in the normalization of Cuba

by Dr. Marc Becker

Most Cubans are very optimistic by the thawing in diplomatic relations between their country and the United States. Despite the restrictions that the United States government has placed on interactions between the two countries, Cubans have long had intimate contact with United States culture and welcome the opening.

Cubans, however, also insist that the December 17, 2014 announcement of United States president Barack Obama and Cuban president Raúl Castro to reestablish diplomatic ties was only the first step toward a full normalization of relations between the two countries. After more than fifty years, at least three steps remain to be taken before interactions achieve the level that they should have.

First, the United States must remove Cuba from its list of state sponsors of terrorism. The State Department includes countries on this list that have “repeatedly provided support for acts of international terrorism.” Only four countries are on the list: Iran, Sudan, Syria, and Cuba.

Ronald Reagan added Cuba to this list in 1982 for providing safe haven for members of the Basque separatist group ETA and Colombia’s FARC rebels, and for providing political asylum to people such as African American activist and Black Panther Party member Assata Shakur. George Bush subsequently added a complaint that Cuba refused to join its so-called “war on terror.”

The Cuban government considers its inclusion on the list as hypocritical and unfair. Dating back to the 1960s the United States has persistently violated international law by engaging in terrorist acts against Cuba. These include, for example, Operation Mongoose that targeted Cuban leaders with assassination. In 1976, the CIA operative Luis Posada Carriles blew up Cuban airlines

flight 455 from Barbados to Jamaica, killing all 73 people on board. In 1997, Posada Carriles bombed a series of Cuban hotels. Today, the United States harbors this terrorist operative who walks free on the streets of Miami.

In contrast, no evidence exists that Cuba materially supports any groups that the State Department defines as terrorist. In fact, Cuba currently hosts negotiations between the FARC and the Cuban government. Fortunately, Obama has instructed the Secretary of State to review Cuba’s inclusion on this list, and it appears that steps are currently being taken to remove that designation.

Second, the United States must end its blockade of Cuba. The United States imposed a commercial, economic, and financial embargo on Cuba in October 1960 in response to Cuba’s nationalization of United States owned oil refineries. The United States government has subsequently tightened the embargo through the 1992 Cuban Democracy Act and the 1996 Helms–Burton Act. This legislation restricts financial transactions with Cuba with a goal of changing Cuba’s form of government.

Although the United States has not maintained a physical blockade of the island since the 1962 Cuban Missile Crisis, Cubans insist that this legislation in effect creates a blockade because of how it restricts trade with third countries. Every year since 1992 the United Nations General Assembly has passed a resolution that the blockade is a violation of international law. In recent years, only Israel has joined the United States in voting against the resolution.

Although Obama is dismantling the blockade piecemeal through executive action, a full repeal will take congressional action. In the face of a hostile Republican

congress it will be difficult to realize this objective. In the meantime, the blockade creates unnecessarily onerous restrictions on Cuba.

A final demand is for the return of the Guantanamo naval base to Cuba.

In 1903, Havana and Washington signed an Agreement on Coaling and Naval Stations which granted the United States access to Guantanamo and Bahía Honda (although the later was never used) to do "all that is necessary to outfit those places so they can be used exclusively as coaling or naval stations, and for no other purpose." The United States military continues to maintain and pay for this 117.6 square kilometer area of country with which it has not had formal diplomatic relations for more 50 years.

In a direct violation of the treaty, the United States uses the base to house political prisoners from its so-called war on terrorism. Furthermore, Cubans consider the United States occupation of the base to be a violation of their sovereignty, and the government refuses to cash the checks it receives every year as payment for the base.

Unfortunately, the Obama administration has indicated that it will not consider

a return of the Guantanamo base to Cuba. For some observers, this is the strongest indicator of the motivation behind Washington's overtures to Cuba.

The United States government is not interested in normalizing relations with its neighbor, but in searching for new and more effective ways to maintain the country under its imperial control. With Cuba's socialized economy that privileges human needs over private profit still firmly in place after fifty years, the United States policy of regime change has clearly been a failure. Some critics worry that Obama's policy changes will replace all that is good in Cuba with all that is bad in the United States.

United States government and corporate attempts to control Cuba's destiny is not in the interests of either the Cuban people or those in the United States. It is our responsibility as citizens of both countries to assure that government policies reflect the concerns of the people and not those of wealthy private individuals.

Truman history professor Marc Becker traveled to Cuba in February to document political changes in the process of reestablishing diplomatic relations with the United States.

see SUPPORT

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BETTY MCLANE-ILES NEEDS NOW YOUR FULL SUPPORT

by Larry Isles

“BETTY MCLANE-ILES NEEDS NOW YOUR FULL SUPPORT, not just to become Kirksville’s City Council woman member for a too long quarter decade gender absence, Tuesday April imminent. But in status herself stands also in high turn-out wish most imperatively for everything in values, progressives, and moderates alike, for everything, both genders, all orientations we ourselves hold dear,”

This piece with its too cumbersome title in, nevertheless, vital local 7th of April election actuality of reminder, is my own, not the candidate’s opinion. Although the nine plus specific policies are thoroughly her own in consistent self-minting! In an ideal world, surely such a statement opener should not be even requisite, should it, reader? But there’s the point- punch or alarm wake-up call proverbial rub! Our city where all of us live, permanently or semi-so surely is not the ideal it should or could be far more of if or unless Betty, my spouse, is returned electorally soon.

For all the official slogan (gloss) of the city “Kirksville is where people make the difference,” it has until very recently been literally the exact reverse case. Not only has Truman State campus ward precinct turn-out of eligible voters youth age-wise been abysmal, but barely a quarter of a decade long in dead-set apathy terms, it was bad, generally, or city-wide, among so-called betters, we elders, too. To reverse this dumber and dumber, non-difference ugly state of affairs has not just been three town governance committees’ service Betty’s goal. Credibly, it has also been the goal of the four councilmen, she will serve with from April the 7th, all, alas in one gender respect, guys, whom she will join. To be fair, more recently, higher than these low figure turn-outs of voters have been obtained

by veteran re-elected councilman Detweiller, by anti-gay bigotry opponent present Mayor Glenn Moritz and last year, in record high turn-outs, new “boy” progressive Councilman Rick Steele and veteran re-elected moderate Councilman Mills. None of them can officially support her, but safely she will be appealing and getting largely in her own triumphal past voter victorious south and central ward precincts huge chunks of their voters supporting her. Because she has voted for each of them in their own elections in agreement with their moderate to progressive values.

Why this apathy, communally, and why Betty must beat it to win is due to a number of operative factors present, sadly, here in rural town Kirksville. Factors that contrary to at least one very repetitious Pol Science INDEX columnist are neither healthy, nor so common as she argues they are elsewhere, either. Shockingly, even the politicians I’ve just listed will publicly not discuss them perhaps out of fear as much as sheer civic shamefulness galore. The Southern Poverty Law Center has identified in the recent past our area as a “hate”, meaning racist, sexist headquarters.

In crux, simply put, if the vice of Missouri’s Ferguson City Council and its urban asphalt poverty sprawl is its racism, meaning that over 60% of its citizens are shut out of both their near all-white City Council and local Police Department, then out Kirksville’s equivalent distress is the related but so surrounding one of sexism. Now, do pray not let’s get into the reactionaries’ game, their own divide and rule’ plan of pitting R against S. My own and perhaps your experience, dear reader, of regular diner eating in both towns, (I was a Ferguson near Washington University campus merit re-renewed

History TA) is that both vices were and are intertwined. With deliberate low incomes, relative poverty inflicted on both women and non-pinkos alike! Yet, sexism is deep, visceral, if not ineradicable in Kirksville's influential outer rural, rather rich farmer male so-called boss make-ups. Nor, to, just in forces. It's a "guy town", and as I've heard it said to my face, it will try and stay so, "damn the femi-nazis."

Historically, realms of explanation can be fathomed of this local oddness. But I do challenge particularly women readers of all ages. Especially amongst those who do feel that they generally wouldn't call themselves feminists, not to remain silent any longer about this sexism noxious presence. Perhaps it comes from the old pre-1865 slave ownership pattern and its associate Battle of Kirksville Civil War in proprietary attitudes being transferred onto "our women."

So what is Dr. Betty L. McLane-Iles' bed-rock motivation in seeking just a one three principles three year term as being your councilwoman. It is once and for new twenty-first century all, to end these twin evils of Kirksville/Ferguson sexism and racism with their common rot cause of poverty. You see, Better is also Jewish. Although her principal opponent, the incumbent, Russle, will deny it, really nothing was and remains more offensive than a candidate INDEX picture last election three years ago in his decision to alone, of all four candidates, to wear religious ashes, by such photo, though he is neither Catholic nor my father's high Church Episcopalian faith. Why was this negatively done, knowing that my wife is Jewish?

Her alternative policies are surely those of the better person. She is mainstream and radical alike in nature, a veteran Kirksvillian teacher and town governance commissioner, the person many of you all know trustworthily so well in her delivery performance. She is a doer and, yes, a conciliator, foremost, with practical ideas. Take three examples. In job creation, firstly, she has got more high and middle school language teachers

in jobs trained for our kids than any other candidate despite their own pro-business professions. Secondly, working with guy and city clever lady official friends, she's got a local cemetery's access cost for our loved ones and for even forgotten paupers' graves restored after years of expensive neglect. In final third claim, verifiably in record too, she is a planning zoner and a historical preservation commission member who has abstained or resisted local rich folks' properties demolition devastations far too over-much, simply for this elite group to build greedy unaffordable condos, as far as most of us are concerned as ordinary people.

Betty, thus, is not capable of being brow-beaten, as you would expect of an author with three world-acclaimed books, to her determined name and in sterling character, the daughter, too, of a Fairfield Iowa salesman and a Chicago, Illinoisian homemaker. No other candidate has this real backbone experience and she too actually is a registered small business owner, as well.

In conclusion, given all this background, of course, her future aiming policies are all more concrete than those of her three male opponents, being more realistically honest in moderate but real progressivism: ONE, she would like real conversation, anti-pollutant action by weekly not fortnightly, recycle blue topped waste pick-ups, as does not occur presently. And she wants to see Green-topped regular waste handled by two pick-ups, by people of preferably of both sexes in labor intensity hiring after the mass to 2014-2015 Kraft factory firing. She is unapologetically in favor of government as your and my friend. TWO) She supports her woman councilman predecessors K-REDI vital corporation's longterm survival, to attract new jobs, to preserve old ones. But she would like to see an Eleanor Roosevelt style blue eagle sticker perhaps called "People make a difference" label free for business that accept your and my checks or campus payment IDs in local morale business support. THREE) She won't be supporting any more council-

man pay raises as incumbent Russell led pre-Xmas, last year for next yet! Nor will she ever vote to slash KIRK-TRAN nor sidewalk and bike path expansion funds while leaving our outside city airport so vastly over-subsidized by literally thousands of dollars, as it is presently. FOUR) She wants regional AMTRAK and OATS offices subsidized in actual town, as occurs with CAPE AIR at the moment, actually in Kirksville, with far better regional higher education cooperation than occurs presently. As a top Ph.D. labor unionist, she knows the Ph.D college bosses to achieve it, too. So that good practices like Columbia's resiting of new stores on derelict sites or Quincy's of having for more internal buses in mass transit and car pooling all come to us in Kirksville as well, FIVE) She wants LGBT anti-discrimination organizations strengthened, so that it is simply mandatory not to discriminate and doesn't, therefore, waste the City Manager's time, having to "volunteer" mediation. Over human rights that should never be negotiated in the first place, SIX) She wants Captain Hughes and other Police Department to concentrate on the philosophy of actual "coppers back on the patrol beat," whether by foot or horse. To reassure the town's elderly and particularly single women, widows or single parents especially, that their safety concerns in cost out-prioritize police expenditure and hiring over the all too expensive guns, sparkling cars and armor wear that television exaggerates certainly a rural town's peaceful need for, SEVEN) Let's get planning and other relevant commissions thinking about at least about new traffic lights and speed corner containments. To end the crashes and unsafety happenings in sheer pedestrian and car delay that are happening off the present Baltimore Street designed almost continuous traffic flow scheme. If we don't do this in thinking ahead, not only is there gross over-congestion that is bad for Baltimore traders, but there is also a stinting or halting effect in downtown business growth.

EIGHT) Let's get, too, the ridiculously small if valiantly so Tourist Department expanded in heritage job creation so that we can begin to profit from unknown facts, like that the world-famous actress Genevieve Page had her home and origin in this very town, so that we can all profit from international renown and more hired locals in the tourism department accordingly. NINE) Betty believes that housing speculation of unsightly left vacant properties such as TSU's Greenwood School should be discouraged by rigorous enforcement on such empty ungainly sights of health and safety department town rules, to fine financial negligence. The consequence of such a policy would be to discourage holding properties for site values which landlords have not earned. And after all, our hard-pressed restaurants and hotels all have to abide by such health and safety living requirements. If Betty is elected, you can now see the difference which she would bring about, and bear in mind that a Seattle councilwoman who was also a college educator made a similar difference in getting a local increased living wage, in impact even on President Obama, when scoffers said she couldn't. Betty, too, has stood for a living wage increase in the past and GO BETTY! Because you will make that difference if readers support you now.

CAUTION: This advertisement is political but is NOT authorized by any candidate, including any associated with its own writer, who nonetheless takes full personal responsibility!

“Ethics” (religious and otherwise) and “Patriotism” in the April 7th Tuesday Kirksville City Council One-Vacancy election, I kid you not, folks!

Last time when, narrowly, incumbent Councilman, an extreme rightist, R. Russell destroyed for the last 3 years all- women’s representation on KCC he ran a leaflet I possess a copy of entitled “God Bless America”. This time when he, and two other males have chosen to again try and defeat all- women having any elected representative on our council (they all know Betty was running for I advanced from a new Index lettershe published), Russell might try the same ethics/ religion/country invocation.

This time, however, we all as a community should be prepared to confront and defeat him, I say as a Christian and an International American immigrant with even more vigor. Than the falsity he 3 years ago did about an alleged fact-only “I should have done my homework better”. He allegedly told the Kirksville Daily Express after his narrow victory and after failing to withdraw the leaflet 2 weeks before he didn’t reveal it’s falsity, identification. That was an unethicity, too far, sir!

The some great “ethicist” has since being a Christian and tried to destroy gay/ bi/lesbian/transgender people’s rights to their narrowly passed anti-discrimination ordinance. Too he sought to destroy the jobs coporation by funding it only on a one-year basis despite its trying to stop Kraft worker lost jobs. And, last year, he tried to “slash” mass transit for elderly but not the La Plata airport. This, voters, is NOT the Christian compassion of “JC” leading the town’s hungry and it is not the love of families. Ehtics demand Betty not “Bob” there after April 7 on City Council. REAL PRAISE THE LORD.

Paid for by Larry Iles

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