



the monitor
oct 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 readers. *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



be our aquahomie:
upcoming events
@ the aquadome.
[120 s main st].

wed, oct. 21 : open mic.
free. 7pm.

sat, oct. 24 : alumni partyyy//aqttoberfest ft. little ruckus, secular era,
ashley byrne + the tremblers, busted string band, + the skagbyrds.

\$5. doors : 7:30pm. show : 8pm.

wed, nov. 4 : another open mic :).
free. 7pm.

sun, nov. 8 : "kids these day" show ft. dana t. + guts club.
price TBA. time TBA.

sat, nov. 14 : jazzy jazz show ft. jack lion.
price TBA. time TBA.

submissions

Art, Comics, Photography

Due to publication limitations, our art and photography is printed relatively small and in black-and-white (except in the on-line 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 pieces to 2400 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:

trumanmonitor@gmail.com

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ollie ganim

jojo moorhouse

will chaney

jillian danto

blake buthod

austin stuart

jacob saint omer

ivan morrell

Are Brit Corbyn and Canadian Mulcair doing something valuably **UNIQUE** by mainstreaming the Left, therefore ensuring a **REAL** social democratic voter movement choice for all our Futures?

by Larry Iles

According to MSNBC live last Monday, 14 September, undenied by her, condemned by Bernie Sanders' campaign as tactics of smear befitting Trump and the FarRight, H. Clinton is now running ads in the primaries denouncing Sanders as a friend of Chavez and Jeremy Corbyn. Soon as the Canadian election arrives on October middle aftermath you can betcha that she will add Tom Mulcair, leader of the Social Democratic New Democratic Party and if fragily heading the polls up thereabouts as Prime Minister choice, to the too radical for her indictment list, additional naughty friend or demon. The prospects of the globe's second largest country geographically after Russia going even moderately socialist as ex-civil servant and radical Liberal provincial ex-environmental minister Tom is, and given Sanders' well-travelled links to the NDP, is plainly for moderates like Hillary as sheerly frightful, as it all represents to more open reactionaries like Bush, Trump and so on. To them all, its all as baffling and hysteria-inducing as the victory at Yorktown by you Americans and your key French and Spanish naval allies was over the surrendering we Brit Redcoats, and our guaranteed Native American, ex-slave allies all was in triumph and so startling in social change. So that our bands and allies played defiantly the song ditty, "THE WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN" in unduly contemptuous fear of yet more left wing unexpected victories beckoning, even more uprisingly so.

For those of you readers who do not know, Jeremy Corbyn, MP (Member of Parliament) for London's poor but vibrant Islington North district, has just become, by a whacking 59 per cent plus margin of we Labour party members globally balloted votes, Leader of not only the Labour Party but also of Her Majesty's official Opposition entailingly. Not solely merely to the consternation of the Tory governing establishment but also to the shock of many Blairite pro-NA-TO Labour parliamentarians who now face around half million party members, many young people who want no more compromise with a viciously slashing government in London or being outbid on our Left by the Scots' National party government up north. Corbyn showed already how much he means GAUCHISTE sincere business by choosing and addressing ordinary folks' cost of living queries non-theatrically at his first bout of CSPAN Prime Ministers Question Time and by appointing well over half his shadow cabinet or alternative government with WOMEN, many of them young in change, a good augury bonus. Even yours truly was wrong footed, as I first by preference had voted for Andy Burnham PC, Member of Parliament (MP), MA, who will be Corbyn's Home Secretary, since I know both of them as trustworthy types I've met and I do not want our once free social care further price eroded by these despicable pro-USA Tories to a veritable fault. The most humiliating vote of all, though, was for Blair's so-called

realism candidate, a haplessly out of her depth MP Liz Kendall who came bottom of the contest with not even 5 per cent of we members preferences in complete disgust with some of her ideas. One of Liz Kendall's ideas was that defense spending should actually be **RAISED TO TWO PER CENT OF OUR ECONOMY**, even before the Tories broke their own previous coalition pledge of restraint and did so to placate Obama's and the Germans' NATO establishment war alarmists.

Thomas Mulcair is an Ottawa born Irish Canadian who has made nonetheless his career in French Québec life, firstly as a Liberal now as the socialist NDP (New Democratic Party) leader. Overwhelmingly, on the moderate wing he nevertheless has made his name as a fiery radical orator representing a very both pro- worker and gay Montreal riding, Outremont, and resigning from a Liberal government when it failed to stand up to property speculators. Although opposed to SNP (Scottish Nationalist) type separatists, he has encouraged the growth of a young feminist pro-environment caucus of vigorous MPS. And so far the once dominant but Center-Left Liberals under Trudeau the former Prime Minister's son Justin have not succeeded in recovering their now third place status to second, if either their Grits (Liberals) or the NDP are to oust the pro-USA to a fault governing Harper Tories.(Conservative Canadian Party). Just how revolutionarily to the overall Left Canadian politics is fast moving can be evidenced by the fact that last spring the NDP feminist lawyer leader and now Premier Notley swept Alberta's elections, comparable to my spouse winning any woman a place on Kirksville all male council, as Alberta was federally Harper's Conservative Party power base, Trudeau indeed will be hoping that the openly gay and rather left wing provincial Liberal premiers of Ontario and Prince Edward Island can persuade enough progressive Canadians **NOT** to vote NDP or for the US -born led Green party of Elizabeth May in October coming.

In conclusion what seems to be transpiring in Great Britain and Canada in all these amazing happenings, even to many of we jaded left veterans is a **MAINSTREAMING** by your generations of a previously marginalized Left. **UNLIKE** Spain and Greece, you are generally not forming new parties of the Left, you have not yet given up on either social democracy or pro-environmentalist green politics. But you have resolved to get rid of the Blair, possibly too the Clinton types too, who you think are not only all counterfeit "words" but too active colluders with an establishment offering no real change from debts ,wars and suburban dull declines of living and wages because of negative attitudes to government and racist, homophobic, anti women stances in actual personal mispractice. Elected with Corbyn, oddly for instance, as his Deputy, was Tom Watson MP who is pro-NATO but he is also Murdoch of Fox TV most formidable anti-media foe in appeal to young people from **US FREE SPEECH** to Australian **Q AND A PANELS** medias in ways that make the Murdochs queasy with feral fear for their profits future greed with regulation proposals galore. **ANYWAY, EXPECT CHANGE AND HYSTERIA YET MORE TO COME, FOLKS, AS YOU THE LEFT CENTER GROW**, and all happening in beginning this very fall in hereabouts at **THE MONITOR . WE TOLD YOU SO.**

9 Things to Do When There's a Preacher on the Mall

by Blake Buthod

1. get a pack of kazoos and pass them out to those standing around. get some christmas tunes going

2. find a makeshift stoop that makes you slightly taller in comparison and declare that this clearly makes you stronger in faith

3. try and seduce the person who inevitably argues with them

4. get some chalk and start drawing the number 666 all around them (side note: chalking on the brick is prohibited) (side side note: so is wearing clothes made of different cloths - Leviticus 19:19) (assistant to the regional side note: this number used to be the area code of Reeves, Louisiana)

5. invoke the cinnamon challenge as a means to prove their trust in the lord

6. offer to swipe any listeners at Main Street (whether or not you actually have a meal plan - prereq in high school track & field suggested)

7. go to pickler and check out as many copies of the bible as you can. stack these in a column in front of the preacher, then ask your friends to do the same. see how tall of a barrier you can make (if you're feeling adventurous try adding qur'ans into the mix)

8. plan an extremely last minute flash mob

9. ask for a hug. we all could use a hug <3

Let Trump Win for We Shall Rise

by Emory Goldman

The 2016 elections are coming up and people are starting to fear the true power Donald Trump has over the Republican Party. The question on everyone's mind is whether he will win the popular vote to become the Republican candidate. For many this failed entrepreneur represents what is wrong with this country since it seems like he has gained popularity through his celebrity and stupidity. Yet, for anarchists he is the greatest presidential candidate in the history of this twisted system. Trump is not only a parody of himself but of conservative politicians to the point that a lot of the right in the United States don't want anything to do with him. This is why we need to take this moment to embrace an opportunity we may

never get again: to destroy the government from the inside out.

Trump is the rich soil grass root anarchist groups can thrive on, a politician to end all politics. If he enters office the changes will be so dramatic that it will cause the public to truly think about the system they support. It is time; we will not have to wait much longer for our rise. Beware of the hand that feeds you, for it won't always be there.

Join Truman Anarchists For Trump! We're meeting at the most southwestern tree on the quad on Thursday at 2:35 p.m.

Emory Goldman is the great grandchild of the late Emma Goldman

Some Thoughts on “Guns as Rebellion” Ideology

by T.J. Mattek



AC-130 “Spooky” Ground Attack Gunship 120MM howitzer thermal camera, pictured operating in Afghanistan. Insurgent fighters typically have no means of fighting against such craft, save perhaps some anti-aircraft cannons which are destroyed by “Wild Weasel” fighter/bombers prior to the entrance of an AC-130.

One of the biggest things that bothers me about the pro-gun community is the simultaneous admiration and even fetishization of the U.S. Military along with their belief that part of citizen’s access to firearms is supposed to be a legitimate means of domestic rebellion against the government.

What baffles me is that you people KNOW the capabilities of the U.S.’s most powerful weapons systems. Most of you have seen footage of the A-10 thunderbolt, the M1 Abrams, the AC-130, the paladin howitzer, and a million other weapons like it. You know exactly what they were capable of in Iraq in Afghanistan, what happens when well trained militia armed only with assault rifles try to go up against them. You’ve SEEN these militia getting blown up. You know, even if you don’t like to talk about it, that civilian casualties resulted from strikes like this.

What is inherent in your argument that the AR-15 and AK-47 are capable of going

up against the US government is that these COIN tactics will be used against Americans. American men, women, and children will have to face the horror of airstrikes that can come from anywhere, at anytime, because you believe that you are capable of fighting this government with assault rifles.

Now some of you might say that some people in the military will defect to the side of right. You’re probably correct. But it didn’t help the citizens of Syria for shit. When advanced aircraft and tanks are involved there is nothing rebels are capable of fielding that can take them down, and any looted military equipment will not have access to the logistics to maintain them.

The age of the “well regulated militia” is dead. It was dead ever since WWI, when the power and organization of governments fully made the transition to depending on logistics and superior technology in order to achieve victory. Any of you who think that the citizenry is capable of opposing the government will not have a second American revolution, they will have a 20 year guerrilla war with no sure chance of victory. You’ll have the kinds of wars fought in Syria, Somalia, of Hamas against Israel, and yes, in Afghanistan.

You’ll fight your war, gaining recruits who are nothing but fodder for the relentless barrage of 20mm, 30mm, 50 mm, and 120mm weapons. And while those recruits die, so too will all those innocent people surrounding them. You’ll continue to fight and their blood will be on your hands. You will be no better than the Taliban, willing to sacrifice a generation for an unwinnable war of attrition all for your honor.

Can you accept that responsibility?

poetry.

the air inbetween

*to a girl named laplata
by Peniculus II*

the love that i once had
is no longer full of the words
we used to whisper
to each other
underneath bed sheets
because i took them out
to the dumpster
and burned them
like the night we
watched our names
crumple in the fire
of an ashtray
tiny phoenix
feathers flying
towards the moon
diving down to
green pastures
where we held each other
until it became unbearable
for even the vultures
weren't interested
anymore

immortal

by Ivan Morrell

I'm not sure if you were aware
that an immortal walks among you
For now at least...
keep sipping your coffee
I'll pretend I'm not watching.

A Sonnet for My Statistics Teacher

by Sam Andrzejewski

My stats teacher looks like Mark Ruffalo,
if the actor wore sock and sandal shoes—
with nasally voice, he's more buffalo;
perhaps a runt the herd would like to lose.
Or maybe a crane, with pasty white legs,
that wobble and shake wherever he goes.
He cries from his beak, turning all our heads,
and the cry that comes out makes us feel low.
He is a human – that I can see—
unless he is disguised! Cleverly done!
That thought is quite scary; what could he be?
A minotaur, Medusa – should I run?
No, it is too late! I'm under his spell!
I'm falling asleep! He's boring as hell!

literacy

by Ivan Morrell

big words do not make
poetry;
they simply make it
harder to read.

Things that never change.

By Peter X Chauvin

Some things never change.

The rains pour from the clouds
and trickle down green leaves
to splatter the mud on clean white shoes.

Like an anteater who claws through a nest,
gobbling up ants left and right
only to remember that she is actually an aunt eater.

Like a clown who goes out on stage
and makes the crowd roar with laughter
except for one man, who choked on a peanut.

Some things are inherently true.
The good will outweigh the bad.
The sun shines above the darkest of clouds.
and it is never okay to fart in a crowded elevator.

We're Not Much Better

by Megan Matheney

You fold laundry in half
My jeans are perfect squares
One fourth, but the same volume
Matter and mass
Velocity equals letters that stand
For narwhales riding typhoons
Divided by the paper students
Suck from trees

Grandfather Time is no good at physics
And put the two of us in a pickle jar
And we're not much better

Fractions of words assemble asymmetrical
Joints like stiff black worms
Say something other than Tuesday
Tu-Tubas and Tu-Tubers
Ues like shoes and laces you never tie
Double knot Days for safety though safety is a fallacy
I'll stick my tongue out at you because
That will solve all our problems.

Traveler's Tale

by Matthew Matheney

On the flat of a stump,
I sit my old rump,
in quietness, as all travelers do.
For, though I tell a good tale,
and have wind in my sail,
loneliness bequeaths such a view.

Raccoons

by Natalie Grace

They live in units of six, sometimes seven,
nonetheless close-knit hives and
family values.

Thick black stripes on fat bodies,
sharp claws and fuzzy legs and
a penchant for mischief in headband face paint.

They are smart as they are loud,
scurrying under
the arches of roofs and floorboards of old Victorian penthouses
next to cobblestone streets
and waterlogged storm cellars.

They are an excellent symbol for the starving artist,
digging reality from the beautiful decay of
the real world of real people.
Not only that, but they love the scent of trash, are
drawn to it and drawn to live in it,
eat breathe and live it,
as the artist is to their own creation.

But their buzzing, their hissing,
they fight as much as the neighbors upstairs,
or more so.
Sometimes when I sleep I have nightmares
that they will sneak into my bed
and devour my eyes.
I won't have time to react because they'll both be closed.

I hear things in the middle of the night and
assume it is them.
I worry that it is a burglar, a thief,
who has finally found me,
but quickly find comfort that they are there too,
ready to ravage an unknowing ill will and
eat their eyes, instead.

Surprisingly, I've yet to see them,
but I'll stay up long past midnight in hopes of a glimpse that they are there.
I think they are afraid of me, afraid that
I could expel them
as easily as any freeloader living rent free.
I rest easier knowing I'm not alone at night, though,
so I've yet to call an exterminator.
They are as much a part of my life
as the kitchen sink or the broken washer down in the basement,
which I've yet to fix.
I'm a sentimental fool, but I cannot deny the truth.

Asleep with the trash bees,
I am home.

3 Line Poetry: Fleeting Thoughts

by Rachel Ziebarth

An owl flew into my room yesterday;
Hooting and blinking with those wide eyes.
It left me a mouse; we're friends?

The sunrise was in her eyes;
They burned me and drove me blind.
Now they are as black as mine.

The world is too big for me,
Too big for my feeble mind-
I am drowning in the unknown.

I think the world would spin slower
If I did cocaine; Too bad
I'm broke and don't know any dealers.

I'll watch the clock until I die,
Grappling with the time I've lost
And clinging to the time I have.

I'm sleeping in to spite the dawn
And carry the night into the day;
I guess I'll pretend I'm Batman.

Kirksville, Missouri, 63501, 66.7 miles from Target,
87.1 miles from Chipotle, 77.2 from Panera,
and bad luck gave you two McDonalds.

An Open Letter To The Moon

by Cecil Morgan

Dear Moon, Dear Moon I hope you write,
To Save me from this sleepless night,
You know I see you watching me,
I know you move the endless sea,
Although tonight you are not full,
My heart still feels your ancient pull
Dear Moon, Dear Moon why must you hide,
I need a companion in which to confide,
The sun is hot and burns my face,
I seek your moonlit sweet embrace,
While times will change and lives will end, I'm glad that I could call you friend.

Stones to Sand

by Matthew Matheney

It rips and writhes, destroying the core,
of what was aching, longing...sore.
What passes for real no longer matters.
The world is cold, my mind in tatters.

The shell is all you truly see.
What is inside does not fear or flee.
Now, even at the thought of desertion,
the presence shows no means of exertion.

It rips down rafters, smashes walls,
dreading none, devouring all.
It crushes foundations until they give in,
a fortress not at all safe from within.

The stones I laid with loving hand,
cry out, relent, and turn to sand.
I stand in the middle of a broken space,
hanging my head in shame...disgrace.

the saddest you'll ever feel

by alex wannerberg

plaid heart beating
high bled final
sick chimes from a
tall clock
i turn myself inside out

Here's That Poem Trista

by Amatista Pearson

I see a lot of cats when I walk around at night
A smile spreads across my face and fills me with delight
I kneel down upon the ground and beckon them to me
Some will come, but most will go, and then I sadly leave
A reminder of my cat at home, I wish that he was here
That he dies before I'm back, is something that I fear
Just thinking of him being gone, shuts me down inside
Cause all my life, only to him, my love I have supplied

My Kitchen Floor Isn't Clean

by Megan Matheney

They are the masks
people wear when the telephone rings
Hide-and-go-seek is not as much fun
If the one hiding paints the walls
Black so graffiti art
Won't show up
Seep into the drywall
And forget I'm there
When my mother calls
Tell her to forget
Forget what I said
Five minutes ago
The words that made you cry

Burn You Fuckers, Burn

by Anonymous

Sometimes I just want to watch the world burn
Watch in delight as the people there squirm
That their flesh is on fire
Is my only desire
Burn you fuckers burn

turkey vultures

by Natalie Welch

my 5 cent county
 it's aluminum foil over something rotten
break the surface, say
 "there's too much salt in this"
and you're termite oak casserole
~Welcome to the Neighborhood~

my 5 cent county
under landlock and key, to claustrophobic extent
homes burst into flames (next door neighbors unfazed)

while turkey vultures
sing sluggish overtures
through the foggy morning

welcome to this 5 cent county, it's methamphetaMINE

Lighter

by Jacob Couch

The life of a lighter is a life lived and loved. Built in the factory by your Creator, you were a newly packaged Green combustion machine. Found on a gas station counter, you became a member of a human being's life. This human being brought you wherever he went, knowing you'd be of use; even if he found that he didn't need your company, he felt more comfortable with you beside him. Through long nights at work, he'd take you with him to relieve his stress, telling stories to coworkers with you at his side. At home you'd relax him while friends came over to make a memory. You accompany him on a date. A new love is created in front of you and at the end of the night you end up in her pocket. Through a brief romance you see the world from her perspective. Through stress and success you reach the end of your life. She notices you are getting old and nearing your finish. With determination she brings you to your last memory together. As you slowly reach your oblivion, you exit the world as only you can. Creating a memory, and making the world a brighter place.

HUMANS

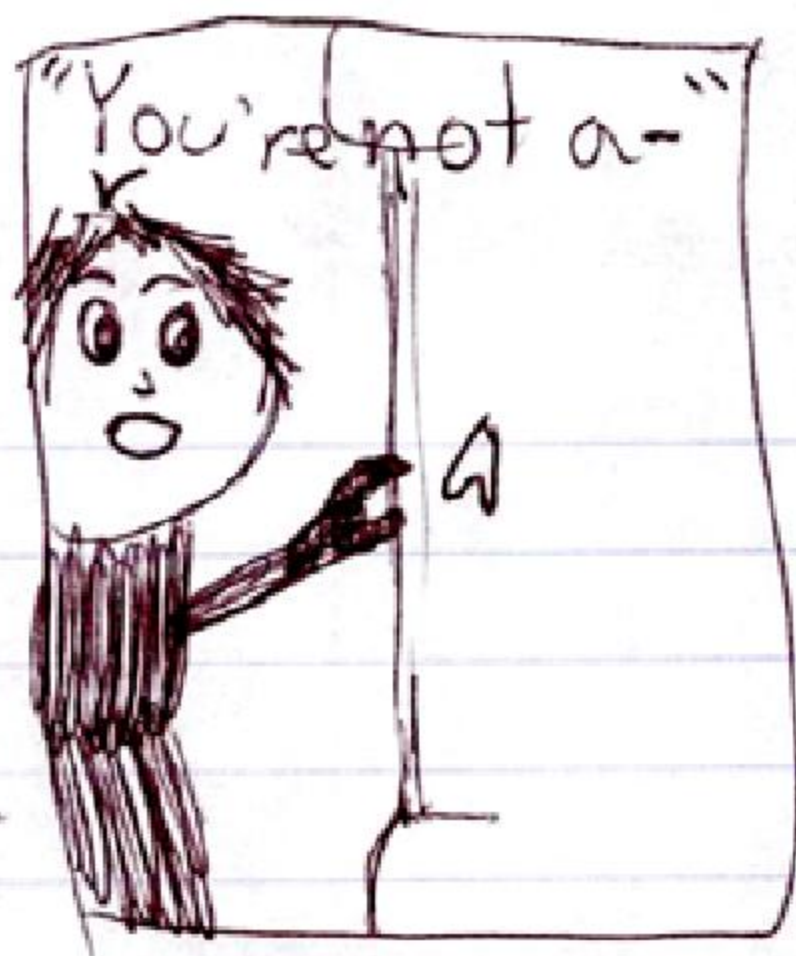
VS

ZOMBIES

2015



By Jacob Saint Omer



by Ivan Morrell

Computers are Taking Over

by Austin Stuart

The possibility of computers becoming sentient has been a theme of many sci-fi stories throughout the years. The idea that computers can create and become as ‘intelligent’ as humans. What happens when it comes true?

At Duke University there was a programmer that managed the impossible, creating a program that passed the Turing test. For all of the computer illiterate people reading this, the Turing test is considered the official test to decide if a computer has become sentient or not. While the program only passed a part of the Turing test, it still has moved one step closer to becoming as smart as humans.

Now the part of the Turing test that he beat is why this is relevant to a artistic magazine like *The Monitor*. Zachary Scholl managed to create a program that constructs poems that can imitate a human’s syntax to make the poem seem legitimate. While many programmers have managed to create poems in a similar fashion, Scholl is the first coder to manage to put one of his poems inside of a literary journal. The poem called “For the Bristlecone Stag”, the poem that ended up in a student run literary journal, uses many clunky phrases but still passes as a poem.

The full text is here:

*A home transformed by the lightning
the balanced alcoves smother
this insatiable earth of a planet, Earth.
They attacked it with mechanical horns
because they love you, love, in fire and wind.
You say, what is the time waiting for in its spring?
I tell you it is waiting for your branch that flows,
because you are a sweet-smelling diamond architecture
that does not know why it grows.*

Though the poem may not be the most elegant poem ever created it did still manage to get accepted into a publication. There were some concerns with citing this example as truly passing the Turing test, since Scholl posed as a Russian with bad English in order to get this published. Since Scholl didn’t pose as the English speaker he actually is there may have been some leeway that the publishers of the journal provided given the fact he pretended that there was a language barrier.

Though there are some critics who refute that Scholl passed the Turing test, the fact stands that he was published, and that we are coming up with fundamental new ways to program intelligence all of the time. If you are interested in seeing if you can see the difference between computer and human poetry, take a look at www.botpoet.com, where you can see if computers really are creating poetry at the human level.

The Cat

by Rowen Conry

Shakey'd gone to Egypt a few summers ago, so he knew that cats were sacred.

"Where'd you even find that thing?" asked Alex-Louise from her perch in the tree.

"Wandering around out front!" said Q. Biggs, who couldn't stop laughing. The cat in his arms squirmed around and yowled *mrrowwwr!*

"The sacred animal!" screamed Shakey from his seat on the big air conditioner. He waved his arms around crazy-like above his head, "The holy beast!"

"Shakey, pass the fuckin' Sauce," said Mike-O, sitting to Shakey's right. He was getting impatient.

"Blessed be our savior, Q. Biggs!" Shakey shouted. He kept a firm grip on the bowl of Sauce. "Blessed be he who has brought our savior to us! Biggs! Bring us the beast!"

"Does it have a collar?" said Alex-Louise.

"Don't think so," said Q. Biggs, who couldn't stop laughing. In the dark, it was hard to tell anything apart from the cat's black, tangled fur, so he felt around its neck with one giant hand. The cat squirmed and stretched around, clawing at Q. Biggs with a free paw.

"Ow!" said Q. Biggs, but he didn't stop laughing. "Ha ha ha. No, no collar."

Mike-O sprang from his spot on the damp concrete and snatched the Sauce from Shakey.

"Heathen!" screamed Shakey, and he swung a futile punch Mike-O's way.

"Fuck off, man," said Mike-O. He swirled a finger around in the Sauce and then he licked that finger clean, "You're way too crazy to have any more of this shit anyway. Share."

Shakey'd already turned his attention back to the cat, and he motioned wildly at Q. Biggs.

"Ever seen it around here before?" Al-

ex-Louise said to me.

"No," I said, "But it's not like I remember every cat I see or something."

"It's a lost soul!" Shakey shouted. He kicked the backs of his shoes against the big air conditioner, and the noise echoed out into the night. The wind whirled up and around, rustling the trees and the grass and twirling dead leaves up into the moonlight. The cat howled in terror.

"A lost soul!" Shakey repeated, "A wandering prophet! Bring me the beast, Biggs! Bring it!"

"Well? Bring it to him, Biggs!" Mike-O shouted. You could tell the Sauce was starting to get to him because he was actually sort of smiling. At least smirking. "Bring the fucker the cat! Shakey's been to Egypt, man, he knows all about this shit!"

Q. Biggs had bloody lines scratched every way up and down his arms. "Fine by me," he said, and laughed some more, "It's really a fiesty one, ha ha!"

He gave the cat to Shakey.

"Is this really a good idea?" said Alex-Louise.

"Mike, gimme the Sauce," I said.

"It's my turn next!" said Q. Biggs.

"Fine," I said. Mike-O gave Q. Biggs the Sauce.

"Honorable savior!" shouted Shakey, holding the struggling cat above his head, "O ambassador from the God of Cats! To-day, we five gathered here, under your holy presence, will—ahh!" The cat tore through Shakey's bald head with its left paw and shredded his hands open with the other. Landing on the air conditioner, it scrambled to find its footing and then leapt away.

"AAAAHHH!" screamed Shakey, clutching his head. Blood squirted out from between his fingers.

"Jesus Christ!" said Alex-Louise with her

hands over her eyes.

“Ha ha ha!” laughed Q. Biggs. You could tell the Sauce was starting to get to him because he was laughing even harder.

“I got it!” said Mike-O, snatching the cat up in his arms. “You were right, man,” he said to Q. Biggs, “Fiesty fucker.”

Mroowwwr! yowled the cat.

“No!” Shakey screamed, “You can’t mean it! Please!” his head throbbed and swole.

Rrrrrroooooow! yowled the cat, scratching at Mike-O.

“Please! Please forgive me!” said Shakey. Tears sparkled in his eyes.

Rmmmmrmmrmmroooooow! yowled the cat.

“The hell is happening right now?” I said.

“Mike, just let the cat go,” said Alex-Louise.

“Fine,” said Mike-O. He let the cat go. It scampered off.

And all was quiet.

Shakey especially. He was stone still. And then he lowered his hands from his head. Slowly. The blood had stopped gushing, although the red wound still pulsed atop his head.

“You alright, man?” I said.

Shakey stayed quiet.

“Biggs, gimme the Sauce,” I said.

“It’s my turn next,” said Alex-Louise.

“Fine,” I said. Then Shakey began to speak.

“Three years ago, in Egypt,” Shakey began, “I had a dream.”

No one spoke.

“I was walking through an endless desert,” Shakey said, “An endless, flat desert. I was barefoot. I was alone. The sand crunched between my toes. And suddenly, there was a cat walking beside me. And the cat spoke.”

Q. Biggs had stopped laughing. Alex-Louise was stuck, staring, her finger dipped halfway into the Sauce. Shakey continued.

“‘Shakey,’ this cat said to me—”

“It called you by your stupid fucking nickname?” said Mike-O.

“It called me by my true name,” said Shakey. “‘Shakey,’ it said, ‘You are one of the chosen. You are loved by cats. You will always be loved by cats. So long as you continue to worship and honor us, we...will show you the way.’”

“The fuck?” said Mike-O.

“Don’t give Shakey any more Sauce,” I said.

“Ha ha ha!” laughed Q. Biggs.

“So why?” screamed Shakey, “Why? After all these years!” he pushed himself off the big air conditioner and landed on the ground. Then he flung his fists out above his head and shouted towards the moon: “Why, O Wandering Prophet? Why, O Sacred Beast? What have I done wrong? How have I wronged you!?”

Tears streamed down his face. They flowed out of his eyes and nose and gobbled up on his chin.

“Why!?” he screamed at the heavens once more.

“Why!?” screamed Alex-Louise, and there were tears in her eyes too. You could tell the Sauce was starting to get to her because she couldn’t keep her balance in the tree. “Why forsake our poor Shakey, O God of Cats?” she shouted.

“Why!?” screamed Q. Biggs, his laughter turning to tears. He shook one meaty fist at the moon.

“Why!?” they screamed together. But the God of Cats did not answer.

“Mike, you alright?” I said.

“Yeah,” said Mike-O. He wasn’t smirking anymore. “I think the Sauce wore off already. Which is great, ‘cause I’d probably be joining in on whatever this shitfest is.”

“Take my keys,” I said, tossing them his way, “Get these guys home, will ya?”

“Sure,” said Mike-O, “Where’re you goin’?”

“Me?” I licked the rest of the Sauce off of my fingers, wiped the tears from my eyes, and got to my feet.

“I’m gonna find that cat,” I said.

Our Economy is Still Fucked

by Will Chaney

"We gives a fuck if you've got money and the millions

Cause motherfucker we've got posse in the billions

So break yourself Bush, it's collection day

Break yourself Trump, it's collection day

Break yourself DuPont, it's collection day

You stole the shit from my great granddaddy anyway"

-*"The Coup"* by The Coup (1993)

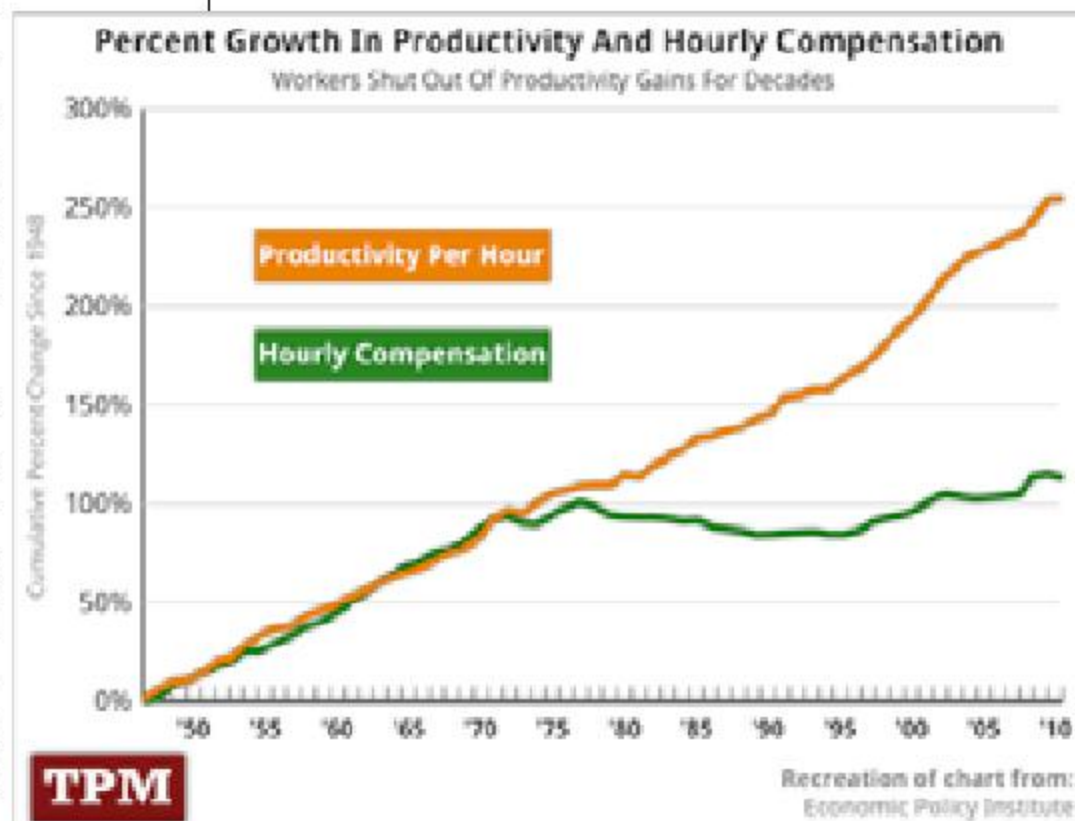
In 2007, our economy crashed. In 2009, it was declared that the Recession was over and a recovery was on the way. Since then, the mainstream news and its ideologue puppets have proclaimed from the highest mountaintops that all is well in our great nation, with the undercurrent that capitalism has done it again. However, these declarations are usually based on data that do not apply to most people, such as profit levels, stock market trading, and GDP. In 2010, the top 5% wealthiest households owned more than 2/3rds of the stocks, while most people own none or very few stocks. When these figures improve and are said to have more than recovered, which they mostly have, only a small percentage of the population sees gains. However, the rest of us live off of wages and salaries, which have not recovered from the crisis. In this article, I will show that wages have been stagnant/decreasing for 40 years, that most people's incomes are lower now than before the crash, and that poverty has been on the rise at an alarming rate.

The Establishment, through its economists and political scientists, has been telling the same story for years: humanity is progressing steadily, and this development will endure if we continue to do business as usual. They like to point out in the classroom, on TV, and

through in research projects that Americans are much better off today than they were 100 years ago. They tell us, "in the long run, wages have increased at a dramatic rate." And they are right. However, wages stopped increasing in 1973, a part of the story that is usually left out.

To get a real idea as to how the average American is doing, we should examine his/her income. In 1974, the real average income in the United States was \$23/hour in today's dollars. In 2014, forty years later, real average income had dropped to \$20.67/hour, a decrease of about 10%. Let's be clear about what this means. Over time, capitalist economies experience a general rise in prices of about 2-3% per year, called inflation. "Real" average income is a measurement that takes inflation into account, and shows the actual amount of goods and services we can buy with an hour of labor, without the disguise of a dollar amount. The conclusion to draw from this is clear- our incomes stopped their long-term improvement in 1974, and since then have remained either stagnant or fallen. This long-term trend has been made worse by the recent economic crisis.

Between 2006 and 2014, only the top 10% of earners saw their income recover,



returning to the level that it was at in 2006. The bottom 90% did not see a recovery in their income. By contrast, their incomes are lower now than they were before the crisis began. The median household income (50% earn more, 50% earn less) has also decreased by 6.5% between 2006 and 2014. These figures come from a census bureau report by Carmen Walt, Bernadette Proctor, and Jessica Smith, which was cited in a Bloomberg article titled “The Richest Americans Are Winning the Economic Recovery.” This title provides all the analysis we need.

In addition to the long run stagnation and the short run drop in wages, poverty is rising in the United States. In 2014, the official poverty rate increased to 14.8%, which translates to 46.7 million people. This is a 2.3% increase since before the crisis began. Additionally, the number of American households living off of \$2.00 per day or less has reached 1.5 million. These people are living in “extreme poverty” by many indexes, which is an embarrassment for a rich country like the United States. Within these 1.5 million households are 3 million children, who are forced to live under conditions they had no hand in shaping. They are also subject to many disadvantages as they try to compete with their well-endowed peers in school and ultimately the economy.

What are the implications of America’s growing impoverishment? There are many, but I’d like to focus on two.

First off, our expectations as Americans are coming into an intense conflict with the reality that we experience. Before 1973, when wages rose with productivity and profits, an idea developed in most Americans’ heads to match their experience. This idea, which could be called the “American Dream,” is basically that with rising incomes comes rising standards of living, increased consumption, and a brighter future for our children. Because this is not the case anymore, many people are becoming dissatisfied with the economic life they are given. To bridge the gap between fantasy and reality,

many Americans plunged themselves into debt by buying homes, cars, and an education that they could not afford. They also started to work more hours to recover the parts of their pay that had remained stagnant/decreased over time. Americans not only work more hours than citizens of other industrialized nations, but they also work more than Americans 50 years ago. This comes with the incalculable costs of stress, strains on our relationships, time to develop hobbies and interests, and general well being.

Secondly, with lower wages comes less money to spend on goods and services in the economy. This is not only bad for those who can’t buy as much stuff, but also for the capitalist system as a whole. If wages in general decrease, then the amount of goods and services that can be purchased also decreases. Capitalist firms can produce more goods and services while getting away with paying lower wages, but are increasingly unable to sell their product on the market. The capitalist class, which is dependent on us buying their stuff for profits, has had to turn to activities other than the production of goods and services to remain on top. One way they do this is to skip production altogether and instead invest in finance, which they do in all sorts of complicated and demonic ways. The result of unmet expectations and underconsumption is instability, which we’ve seen in Europe, China, and at home.

Does that mean you shouldn’t vote for Hillary Clinton? Does that mean you shouldn’t get very excited for your future job? Does that mean the revolution is coming soon?

Letter to the Editor

Why was this Kirksville Daily Express (week after Healey's death) last October suppressed?

To the best of my knowledge, the last time any newspaper hereat Missouri published any item on my UK world-class statesman friend Lord Denis Healey, whose peaceful sleep death has just been announced in our beautiful homeland rural green Sussex hills, was a lead letter by myself at the end of the 80's decade in THE ST LOUIS DISPATCH. Therein, I reported with approval, his characteristically robust condemnation of the still persistent US foreign policy over-kill response to the Muslim world. In an abortive "airstrike on Libya" which far from hitting the dreaded then Colonel dictator had only enlisted sympathy and prop-up as a child relative had been wiped out, needlessly! "Denis" as he preferred, genuinely too to be called, called it "comicbook" idiocy. Yet even I did not dare report that his rusk response had been partly studio TV provoked. By a brief-reigned US Republican senator, a millionaire who had rudely, irrelevantly reminded Healey. He had started his political life "as a Communist", rather than Labour's best ever 1960's UK Defence Secretary!

In short Denis was a real character, who had what is still all too unique for most politicians anywhere, what he called "a hinterland." That is proven Oxford University partially educated, non-political intellectual's interests, principally in photography and design. And in writing his erudite memories, THE TIME OF MY LIFE, still findable in many Sussex second-hand bookshops, also, given the "anti-Socialist" bias of many such county dwellers, rurally so. Indeed, I first met him after "rescuing" him, to his great nine-relieved gratitude, from a bunch of harassing him kids; unrestrained by their Tory-Liberal mums. When we were trapped on an emergency bus service after a train breakdown in the early 80's. The kids were making merciless fun of his bushy eyebrows,

since a TV comedian of the day had made them a target trademark he, and Denis too, had, over-good naturedly, alight upon!

In conclusion, our friendship blossomed into many, if too brief, other Radicals association, most valued of which was his named help in my writing a Royal Historical Society recommended study of his famous Leeds city MP predecessor as a Home Secretary Herbert Gladstone for the still PDF free available JNL of LIBERAL HISTORY. Denis, and his late authoress wife, knew his Yorkshire area like some of us do the backs of our hand in cherished care, naturally. Healey who ended our stupidly racist Empire and fought hard against the stupidities of political over-conservatism, you will be missed by this grieving Kirksvillian. And in kindness, not malice, I wish to recall a conversation he and I had after meeting in 1995 at Brighton's Labour Heritage rally. The US he said, caringly after many DC visits, cannot "go on and on" with I quote a "self-dangerously", very divisive "DYSFUNCTIONAL" system of government, in which one sector duplicates or doesn't even care, "or know" what the other does, or not!

-Larry Iles

Dear President Paino,

We in the Department of Classical and Modern Languages would like to begin by thanking you for the serious and respectful attention with which you have treated our concerns about salary inversion, compression and overall salary stagnation, and we are grateful for this opportunity to express our position more fully.

From the outset, we acknowledge the ongoing economic constraints under which higher education generally, and Truman State University specifically, has been laboring for over a decade. We fully understand that as available funding has dwindled, administrators such as you are faced with the ever-increasing necessity of doing more with far less. One of the clear areas of economic constraint is that of equitable allocation of funding for faculty salaries.

We understand that for an institution such as ours to remain intellectually viable, it must be able to recruit top-level faculty members, particularly in light of ongoing retirements. We further understand that attracting and retaining highly-qualified applicants depends upon many factors, not the least of which are starting salaries that are at least regionally, if not nationally competitive.

However, when there is a lack of proportionality between the salaries of current versus incoming professors, the perception of fairness is jeopardized. Such a situation is a serious threat to the morale of current faculty, impinging upon the trust that we must have in our administration and the collegiality among those who feel overlooked and new colleagues, who have been the beneficiaries of long overdue salary adjustments. This is the case for several tenured faculty members in the Spanish program, as well as in several other departments, after the recent round of hiring. As a result, the salaries of several full and associate professors in CML (and elsewhere on campus) scarcely exceed those of our newly hired colleagues. This is also the case for several instructors in

our department who have taught for many years at this institution. We recognize that, in part, this has been the consequence of the near-decade-long stagnation of salaries (2000-2012), a situation not of your making. Yet the message that this situation seems to send is that current faculty and their ongoing contributions to the institution are not valued, if compensation is to be a reflection of the institution's estimation of its employee's performance.

Again, we sympathize with your position, caught between the competing demands of state officials who are increasingly indifferent to higher education on the one hand, and our request for more equitable remuneration on the other hand. Nonetheless, we urge you to give careful attention to this deeply corrosive issue.

Sincerely,

Sergio Escobar
Danion Doman
Joaquín Maldonado-Class
Ernst Hintz
Gregory C. Richter
Antonio Scuderi
Rebecca Green
Masahiro Hara
Patrick Lecaque
Julie Minn
Matthew Tornatore
Patrick Lobert
Andrea Davis
Juan Carlos Valencia
Shannon Jumper
Rebecca R. Harrison
Bridget Thomas
Ronald K Manning
Carmen Pérez-Muñoz
Betty McLane-Iles
Sana Camara
Lidice Aleman

SDS charged with Student Conduct Code Violation

by Dr. Marc Becker

The Truman State University chapter of Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) has been charged with violating the student conduct code. SDS is a radical, multi-issue, student-led organization that fights for social and economic justice.

According to Michelle R. Horvath, director of the Office of Citizenship and Community Standards, SDS member Will Chaney intentionally presented false or misleading information regarding the registered status of SDS on the Truman campus with the intent of defrauding the university.

Chaney pled innocent to the charges at an October 6 conduct board hearing. The conduct board decided to dismiss the charges against Chaney.

The controversy began when the Multicultural Affairs Center (MAC) included a notice of RiseUpOctober in its weekly email of events.

RiseUpOctober is a protest against police brutality to be held in New York City on October 24. The event will include speakers such as Cornel West, Carl Dix, and the families of victims of police brutality.

The MAC email noted that the Students for a Democratic Society student organization had invited members of the Revolutionary Communist Party to come from St. Louis to speak to a SDS meeting in the Aquadome, an off-campus venue, on September 19 to discuss the event.

The email led Lou Ann Gilchrist, the Dean of Student Affairs, to ask the MAC why it was advertising events by a non-registered student organization. Student Affairs charges that Chaney had presented SDS as a registered organization and asked the MAC for financial support. This might have put the university at a liability for student participation in RiseUpOctober.

Chaney denies any intent to mislead anyone into thinking that SDS was a registered organization, or that that SDS sought to solicit funds, university resources, or take advantage of any other organizations.

Meanwhile, on October 2, SDS was informed that it has been granted provisional status as a chartered organization through Truman's Center for Student Involvement.

Notably, Chaney's leadership of SDS advances exactly what Truman purports to advocate in its vision statement. That statement reads,

Truman will demonstrate its public liberal arts and sciences mission by developing educated citizens needed to protect our democracy and offer creative solutions to local, state, national and global problems. It will do so through transformative experiences that foster critical thought, daring imagination and empathetic understanding of human experiences at home and around the world. Truman graduates will be citizen-leaders committed to service; globally competitive; able to thrive in the complexities of an advanced, technical and multicultural world; and inspired to live healthy and meaningful lives.

Chaney's prosecution raises several key issues. Should students be punished for doing exactly what Truman claims it seeks to do, that is to foster engaged, active citizens?

In a time of tight budgets, does the university really have the available resources to create mountains out of molehills, and prosecute students for educating the campus on "creative solutions to local, state, national and global problems"?

Finally, if an administrative body engages in these types of tactics, perhaps it has fallen into the deadly trap of looking for excuses to justify its existence. In that case, tight resources should be redirected to parts of the university that foster and advance its public liberal arts and sciences mission.

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trumanmonitor.com

SANDRA FLUKE

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October 23, 2015
7:00 PM

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