

the monitor

dec 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

A SPECIAL MESSAGE FROM MONITOR PRESIDENT ALEX WENNERBERG:

This is my last issue as president of The Monitor. It's been a long journey, I've learned a ton and I've made some great friends. But ultimately, The Monitor isn't about me, it's about you all, our readers and contributors. Without any of you, none of this would have been possible. The Monitor is more successful and awesome than I could have imagined and I'm really happy to have had it in my life. I hope that you all continue to be involved in what is a really awesome project.

Thank you so much,

Alex Wennerberg

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

Our contributors retain all rights to their work. Your work may be published online. If you would like your work to not be published online, or would like us to remove previously-published material, send us an email.

social media

twitter: @trumanmonitor

facebook: facebook.com/trumanmonitor

email: trumanmonitor@gmail.com

website: trumanmonitor.com

email us with the subject line

"SUBSCRIBE" to get on our mailing list

advertise

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

Rates:

Quarter Page – \$10

Half Page – \$20

Full Page – \$40

30% discount for student organizations!!

Us

alex wennerberg

sebastian maldonadosun

suzie nahach

natalie welch

trista sullivan

ollie ganim

jordan waddle

jacob st. omer

marisa gearin

blake buthod

jojo moorhouse

will chaney

jillian danto

austin stuart

A Priest Among Paddies

by Korbin Keller

A long time ago, when the European traders and missionaries first began their great race towards Asia, a humble priest heard the calling to find believers in lands as foreign to God as they were to him. He embarked on a ship with the blessing of his home church, and upon arrival, set out to learn the local dialect, customs, and people so that he may better convert the pagans to the one true faith. After spending many months in the relative safety of his fellow countrymen, he embarked deep into the rarely ventured regions of South Eastern Asia, where people more often than not identified themselves based on village or tribe than any national identity.

His wanderings brought him to a tiny remote village, where the spotting of a European by the villagers was as much as a spectacle to them as they were to him. He introduced himself as a humble priest seeking converts in his adequate understanding of the language. He asked that he simply be allowed to live and work with the people and, if some were willing, to spread the good news of Jesus Christ. The village people, being of open-mind and eager to have another body to help work the paddies, agreed.

At first, only a few people would trickle into the priest's evening sermons and teachings on Christianity, mainly out of curiosity rather than genuine interest. But as time wore on, and his grasp of the language and understanding of the minds of the village people strengthened, he began drawing many to his nightly teachings. It wasn't long before the first converts stepped forward to receive baptism and communion, the first outward signs of inward faith.

After two years of living and working and preaching among the villagers, most of them had converted to the faith. Even some of the younger village men heeded "Go, and make disciples of the nations" and travelled far into other villages, spreading the word

themselves. However, some of the people in the village, and those abroad did not like the teachings. The Old Ways were better, their gods and spirits needed worship, and they saw the Priest's teachings as blasphemy to their paganism. Finally, a duo of them agreed that they would find a way to stop the Priest for the sake of their religion, killing him if necessary.

One day, they cornered him in a distant part of the rice paddy, away from any witnesses. They approached him with a large knife in hand, positioning themselves between him and any hope for escape. The Priest saw this and was afraid, for he was still only a man, but prayed for strength and courage. If martyrdom awaited him so be it.

"Priest," they said, "we have heard that you use your tongue to spread the message of your God and to convert many with it. Tell us, what would happen if you were to lose it."

The Priest, now even more frightened, paused for a moment composing himself, before responding with an answer true to his faith. "Then I would use my hands to write sermons for God, so that they may be read and preached by others, spreading the love and majesty of God far greater than any one mouth, and bringing many believers into the fold."

The pagans, surprised by his audacity, nevertheless pressed on. "And what of your hands? What would you do if you lost those in addition to your tongue?"

The Priest replied, "Then I would use my legs to jump and leap and dance for God; so that when others look upon me, they can say, 'this man, even in his sufferings, finds a way to dance for his God, surely there must be truth to his teachings' and many will come to glorify God in this way"

The pagans asked again, "And what if your legs were to be broken?"

The Priest again answered, "Then I would simply use my ears to listen to the downtrodden people of the world. I will hear their cries and I will weep with them. And many will say 'this man comforts those and hears those who normally would not be heard, surely he follows the example of the God of the downtrodden' and many will believe through this."

Again, the duo asked, "and what if your ears were filled with lead, so that you could no longer hear their cries?"

The Priest responded yet again, "then I would simply see the world through my eyes and take in the glory of God's creation. I will be a witness to the people of the world. I will weep at the joys God has given me and also for the sorrow of the world, and many will see this and find faith."

Enraged by the Priest's persistence and wisdom, the pagans demanded, "and what if you had nothing. If we took your tongue, your arms, your legs, your ears, and your eyes, what then?"

The Priest, finding increasing strength, chastised them, "then I would live for God. Like Job I will endure the deprivation of everything and still obey. I will rejoice in the name of the Lord, forever and ever."

... "And what if you lost your life, Priest? What then?"

The Priest rose quickly from the paddy and stood boldly in front of the pagans and confronted them, "Then I would cross over into the eternity of glory and be with he who called me home in the first place. It would not be a victory for you, but a testament to the glory of God."

"And in his kingdom I will use my tongue to sing praises; I will use my hands to embrace my savior; with my legs I will dance before the Lord with all my might like David; with my ears I will hear the multitudes of heavenly choirs singing praise, and the tidings of those who came before, and with my eyes I will behold the glory of the kingdom, and see the promise given to me fulfilled."

"And after my jubilation, my mouth will beseech the lord, my hands will fold in prayer, my legs will kneel in reverence, my ears will hear my fellow saints, and my eyes will weep... all for you. You, those who are still blind and ignorant to the truth. Who do not speak the truth, but lies and curses, who do not do good works but evil, whose legs carry them down crooked and bent paths, whose ears are deaf to the gospel, and whose eyes are blind to what is set before them. My life is and always will be in service for the Lord and for the lost souls of the world. Even through all the pain the Devil and his minions can throw at me, I will obey, I will make disciples of the nations, and I will love. Do what you will with me. It is a blessing to suffer for doing good. And perhaps one day you will remember my faith, and believe as well. And I would call my time here on Earth successful, if but one of you repents."

Two went into a field and made three. Instead of two walking away and leaving one destroyed, three walked out together, one talking earnestly, and the two listening eagerly. And it wasn't too long later that those very three would walk down again to the river. But not for two to kill one, but for one to give life to two.

poetry.

Loneliness (a lifetime of being caught between generations)

by Molly Bower

I'm the baby in the corner
Shaking the presents
With boredom and greed
Candycane rotten teeth
And glaring staring eyes
If you don't give me gin I'll scream
Drinking down the fire of Christmastime

Untitled

by Jason Yarber

I don't know whether
You're a tumor to me or a ghost
I think you're both
I am both killed and haunted
When you cross my mind
Do I miss you or detest you?
I think I've blurred that line

She is electric

by Amy Ehresman

Like electricity in an outlet.
Like heart race upon onset
Of touch.
She is September
When fall rains on summer.
Like leaves melting to copper.
She is three-prong,
Harder to match than two.
Conducting soft blues, embodying lights of
New
She is passive amidst aggressive,
Pulling, never pushing.
And I am softly enhanced
By the rivers in her pounding veins.
She is charged, with music,
Maybe even pulse.
She is blues,
Cobalt rains, maybe even angry oceans.
She is heavy.
I am feathery.
Like bluebird's feather,
Flight becomes fall so sweetly.
Seas of lightening rain in her still more.
Words perpetuating past whisper
And I scream them back at her
And catch them before they hit her,
And hold them in oblivion where all words belong,
Like floating bluebirds before gravity wins.

Love

by Jason Yarber

Contrary to popular belief,
Not all love is love, but all love is grief
We see words on a page
Feel bodies between our sheets
We made a word for that pain
That we only feel later
But that right now we indulge in
Like lonely masturbators

Processing

by Sam Andrzejewski

A library is a morgue
and the brain – it cremates words
uttered from speakers no longer heard.

Streaming off paper, ripping apart,
thin fine font reduced to black stripes –
the world is a zebra coated in letters.

Zooming like gnats, they fly through flesh—
vacuumed by eyes, nose, ears, and pores—
the tram of blood carries them to the head.

Upon arrival, they're corralled into lines
like cattle or sheep.
Here, they are sheered, absorbed, milked, and recorded—

then, when processing is completed,
when pages are blank and words are gone—
we turn on the furnace and forgetfulness settles like ash.

Letter to God

by Sam Andrzejewski

Pushed to the heavens;
our rockets search no more
in vast deepness—
their tips turned inward,
toward familiar land.
Out there, uncertainty.
Stars combust and are born again
while we are stranding ourselves
to this lonely little rock in the middle
of a black ocean.

Above us is the new horizon,
demanding to be seized,
but here we are—
too busy paving roads,
building homes,
paying off loans,
oblivious to what is being shown
in that golden celestial plane.

Adair County on a Dare

by James D'Agastino

I don't know where the sky
scored all this baby aspirin
but I bet somewhere right
now fever spikes in an angel.

Problem isn't the sky's falling
it's how you plan to get your
muddy footprints off it. One
day dawn does quick pink

bear trap trip and snap, and
there's your creation myth.
Another goes blackberry
blow torch sealing sky

to horizon so it's the same
old dome we'll die in, fireflies
in a fruit jar still labeled
preserves, still turning

purple. Light September
morning late. Already I have
watched a leaf's long fall
from no tree near. Like a kiss

in which gum switches mouths,
apple trees in the orchard
try on each other's shadow.
Squat quatrain clouds

graze the terrain from
the west, read left to right,
as I'm facing home. Your
right. My home.

all of the poets

by Blake Buthod

there are poets all around
speaking aloud
to those who will listen

a rotation
of the population

ones searching
ones mourning
ones thinking
ones praying

for something
or someone
or nothing
or no one

why do we turn
to writing
to reading
to sleeping
to dreaming
for fulfillment

i guess we find comfort
in this space
of the abstract
to release ourselves
find company for once
and return when peace is found

**i know it's your first time here but the only rule is not to kill
anything, not to kill even the smallest part of anything**

by alex wannerberg

there's nothing beautiful here
go home

Untitled

by Tom Martin

pine-ladder high
cranberry cream
delight me
river rock
smooth as sunshine
today I'm busy but later I won't be

Untitled

by Tom Martin

crisped-up color
sure to snap fast;
canopy's blush
matches mine,
the sun's insistent warmth
seems fine. The blinds
above falter, and
open up our sky.

For my Tomb

by Sharon Edele

I like to think
That every time I fall to the ground
I'm giving a little bit of myself to the earth;
I'm paying my dues to the dirt.
So, when the time comes
For me to rent an eternal spot in the ground
The earth remembers all the times
I've given it skin from my hands, knees, elbows,
A little bit of blood, and a whole lot of humility
And so the dirt entombs me gently.

“TRUE LOVE ANNIVERSARY”

by Grace Stansbery

Did our
love come down
with the building?

we all notice that the wall bearing
9/11 graffiti

no
the wall with our names on it
still stands

we are painfully aware
this is only because

it is attached to the adjacent building

still,

its all that's left

finally out there

for the whole town to see

“Resubmission”

by Katlin Walker

Almost-black
is my favorite
color.
That tint
of the innermost
circle of a
bruised under-eye.
Women find themselves
inspired
by ones through fours,
and sixes through tens
but you,
my dear,
are a
five.
That shade of
rock bottom.
And that shade
of looking up
from it,
too.
Uninspired,
my muse is dead.
That hue
that strangles,
blue
so dark
of lungs choking
on non-existent air.
Gutted catfish.
He’s average.
My muse
is dead.
Almost-black
is my favorite
color.

president alex

by alex wennerberg

i play chess with india ink and
coconut milk, i’m so grateful to
have in my life so many great flags,
to be a person so singular,
so green

to the nsa agent watching me masturbate

by Savannah St. Augustine

from the unpublished manuscript "Curiously Crooked"

to the nsa agent
watching me masturbate
through my computer cam
sorry sorry not sorry
i’m tired of hiding
the fact that i get lonely
and horny sometimes
especially after longing
for the type of hangover you
get after making out for hours
lips tingling for days afterwards
massaging with fingertips
to remember the pressure
releasing the tension all around
i hope you’re not enjoying this too much
in your four by four cubicle
honestly, turn me off
find a terrorist
be a hero
i understand
that its easier
to click on porn
than it is to
pick up a sword
well depends on
how you look at it
i guess

Kindergarten Voodoo

by Rowen Conry

Miss Sarah made one for each of them, and they were wonderfully accurate, see, Kieran's doll had the little scar he got learning how to ride a bike last summer, and Elise's doll had the cute blue hat she always wore, even on warm days, and since Miss Sarah was a real deal witch doctor through and through they all worked perfectly well as voodoo dolls should, as in, if you were to move the leg of the doll, the real leg of the person would move, or, another example, when you touched the head of the doll, they'd feel a little touch on their head as well.

Miss Sarah kept them all in a little closet next to the cleaning supplies, and if anyone was being mean to anyone, the victim got the bully's doll, like so, and when, say, little Al held big Benny's doll, Benny didn't dare do a thing to him, or, for example, in one case, when stuck-up Morgan started picking on June again, Miss Sarah gave Morgan's doll to June, and then Morgan got very apologetic and sorry and the two became friends, very good friends, and when the conflict was over, the doll went back into the closet.

There was, of course, the occasional mishap, as all practically perfect systems tend to have, like the time Melissa twisted Cal's doll arm back just a little too far and there was a trip to the hospital that day, and, as anyone can tell just looking at her, Miss Sarah's still a bit beaten up over what happened to poor Cody, but for every little incident like that there were hundreds and hundreds of simply wonderful occurrences full of happiness and bliss, and so, on Parent's Day, a beaming Miss Sarah had the pleasure of telling Mr. Stout all about the time his son Erwin had used Ashley's doll to help her finally get across the monkey bars, and the story of Morgan and June's friendship made for a perfect little speech last teacher's meeting, and you only had to take a peek in the big

scrapbook on Miss Sarah's desk to find all the more proof you needed that the system worked, and wonderfully.

Pins and prickers were kept out of the classroom, of course. "Of course, we're not willing to even *chance* something like that," said the young Principle Davis at Wednesday PTA, in a very sharp-looking suit, with his wonderfully combed-back black hair, and he had one of Miss Sarah's dolls in hand, and he pointed to it, "These things are hardy, too, just like your little buggers. Remember, it's not about the pain. It's about deterrence. Teamwork. Building better relationships with each other," and he smiled and looked around the room with his piercing blue eyes.

PTA moms are a notoriously tough crowd to win over, but the dashing young Principle Davis had a winning smile that could melt any heart, even the tightly-wound Mrs. Clark's, and, well, Miss Sarah did look like a very kind lady and her smile was lovely and warm, and those earrings looked nice on her too, and, if you thought about it, poor Cody may have just got what was coming to him, in a way.

If a child was late to school? Miss Sarah had a solution to that as well, of course, see, she'd just let the other kids play around with their doll a bit, and they were never late again, and there were other perfectly wonderful uses, like say, when Kieran hogged all the rice crispy snacks at the Hanukkah Culture Party, Miss Sarah simply sewed his doll mouth shut for a few hours, and it worked very well, and of course, there was also Cal, still nursing her poor, unfortunately broken arm, and she was so afraid of the doll that even the slightest hint that it might be brought out of the closet got her to step in line, really, in fact, she mostly listened to Miss Sarah's every word after that. A model student.

There were, of course, those who disagreed with the whole idea, especially Mrs. Gumman, who taught second grade, and who always brought the issue up at the teacher's meetings, hemming and hawing on and on about moral implications and the like, but Mrs. Gumman was such a strange woman: she was always complaining about little prickles all over her body, and one day she'd staggered into the school ranting and raving about how she'd felt last night that her entire body had been on fire, and soon after that she and Miss Sarah worked out their differences, and she was much more agreeable.

In the end it worked out well for everyone, and everyone was happy, and the parents wrote in frequently to the district newsletter about how wonderfully kind all their children had become, how they stammered a bit more now but they always did what they

were told, good, marvelous, but it worked out maybe the best for Miss Sarah, see, she loved her job and she loved the kids, and the school and the town and the new house that she and the dashing young Principle Davis had bought together, and at night, under a window filled with stars, she would sit there on the bed smiling and thinking of all the wonderful things that happened that day, and she would turn to Davis and he would start up the usual protest, not that, anything but that, but she didn't have to listen to him because the doll could make him do anything she wanted him to, see, and so no matter what horribly mean things he said to her she still ended those nights in a simply wonderful way.

A Somewhat Revealing Conversation With Molly Gearin

by Jillian Danto

I prepared my voice very carefully for her, the way I would for a good friend, thinking hard about what she likes. What I think she likes. What I think she likes based on her sister's interests. I drank some green tea with honey and hummed a B flat, as if I were tuning a timpani. It was 5:30, a half an hour later than I had planned to call, but now I was ready.

I dialed the phone, first using an app that would record our phone call so I could take proper notes. The dial tone buzzed for about a minute before I gave up. The app was a joke. I growled loudly and then noticed that I was alone, with only my dog, Lady, watching. She jumped off the bed and walked away. Lady has never met Molly either, so there was no cutesy back-and-forth between us. She did, however, listen to both of her albums with me.

Molly responded to my failed call with a text, "sorry my phone just went crazy and hung up on you." This was a cool and in-control response, already introducing me to the world in which Molly Gearin operates. I responded with many exclamation points and improper grammar, to prove that although the first call failed, that was okay because I'm a chill person. I called again.

This time it worked. She answered the way I imagined. Immediately, I scrambled to find words, which came out something like, "Um, hi. I'm Jillian, from The Monitor, um, Marisa's friend." We both laughed, probably not so much at the stumbling, but more at the situation itself. Molly Gearin is a fifteen year old garageband producer in St. Louis, and the younger sibling of the well-known Marisa and Conor Gearin. The best explanation I can conjure for her music is

as if Lorde and Mac DeMarco came together, removed most of any background noise outside of vocals, and sang kids songs, oldies, and church hymns. It's lo-fi, DIY, fun stuff.

"So, um, both of your siblings write fiction. Are these albums fictional... In a sense at least?"

"Yes." She said some more as well, detailing how she originally made songs with Marisa, when she received her first laptop in high school, and then in eighth grade, she got her own and just started making albums. The ones I acquired for this review, "GEARIN LIVE" and "Platinum Abdul," were both from her eighth grade year. Platinum Abdul is a reference to Paula Abdul, teasing the way her name sounds like "Platinum Album" (like when an album goes platinum, it's a big deal).

I interrupted, "Do you write any fiction stories of your own, like your siblings?"

"No," she responded, "Connor and Marisa are pretty serious, and I'm more of the goofball of the family." Indeed. We both had been laughing for about five minutes now. Later that week, I found out that at one point in time she considered being a stand-up comedian.

"Do you want to pursue music, as, like, a career?"

She erupted with more laughter, "No. I'm not a singer, this was just a way to make people laugh." She is smart about it though, citing inspiration from The Vienna Boys Choir and Looper, two bands that I had never heard of until she mentioned them. Looper is most similar to her music, creating literal musical loops on garageband.

I changed the subject yet again, "I think the most iconic thing about your music is that you layer your voice, like, a lot. How many times did you have to layer your voice?"

"Well, it depends. For choir sequences, I usually layer my voice three to five times. If it's a solo, it's usually sixteen times. For my song, 'ashes,' I layered my voice 49 times."

"Wow, um, wow, that's a lot."

"Ya."

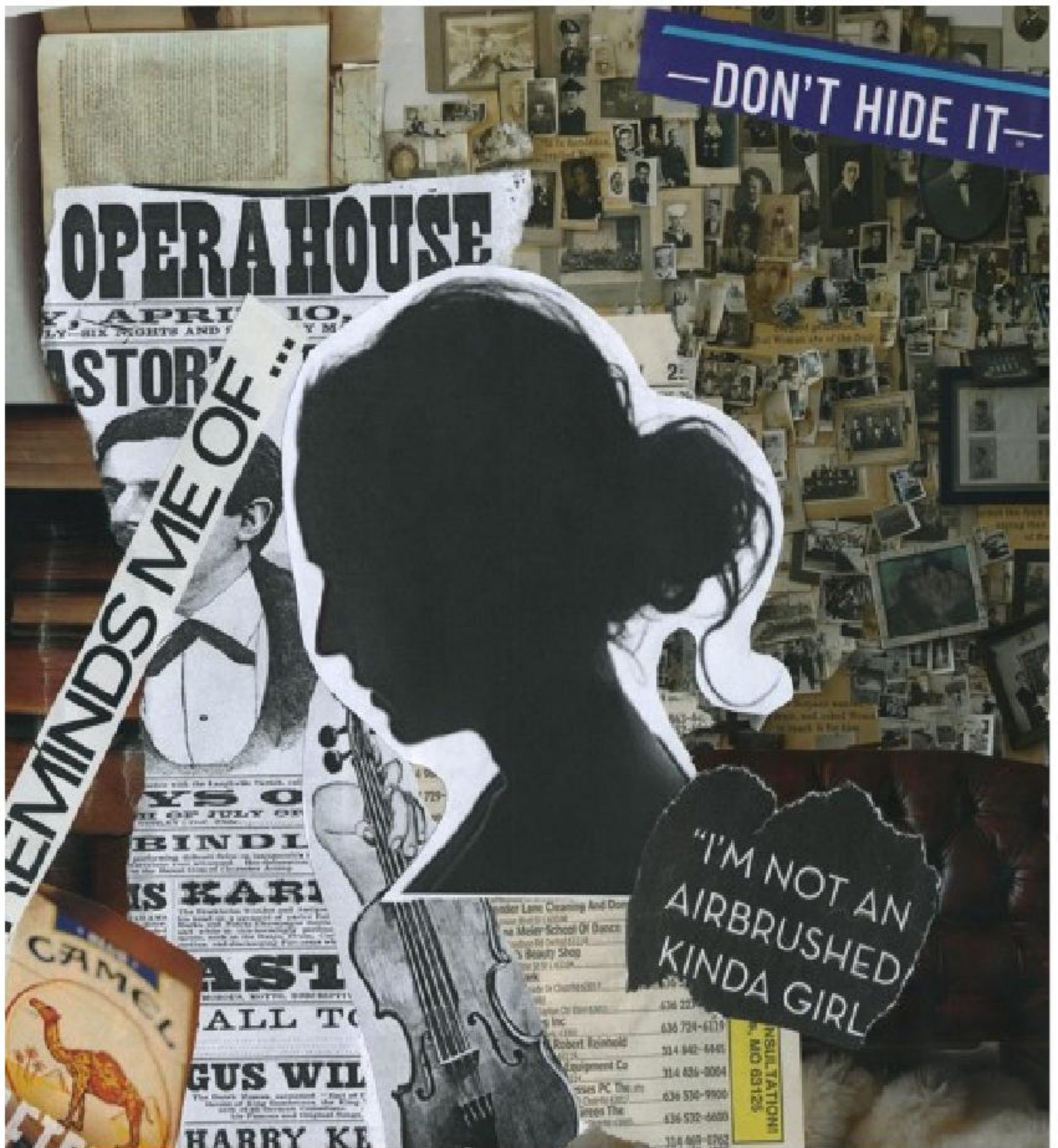
We talked for longer and I told her I enjoyed her covers of "Blue" by Eiffel 65 and "Fifty Nifty United States," which I sang loudly in my car on the way to school. Then, I asked something along the lines of, "Are you on any social media with your music?"

"No, my music isn't available yet.. it's mostly just for friends. I do have an instagram though, I'll text it to you." Molly is different. She sees comedy differently than the average teen. She makes comedy into music, pokes fun at childhood memories, and contradicts the average high school band. Instead of over-played pop or metal covers, she does it all herself, for others to enjoy. She reflects the current generation of innovators, and her music is only the start of what she will do in the near future.

If you're interested in the music and lifestyle of Molly Gearin, you can follow her on instagram @miss_mollaylay.

Jillian Danto is a Jewish-American writer from Detroit, Michigan. She has been published in The Moon Zine, The Holy Glitter Zine, and The Monitor. She is currently based in Kirksville, Missouri.

art & photography.

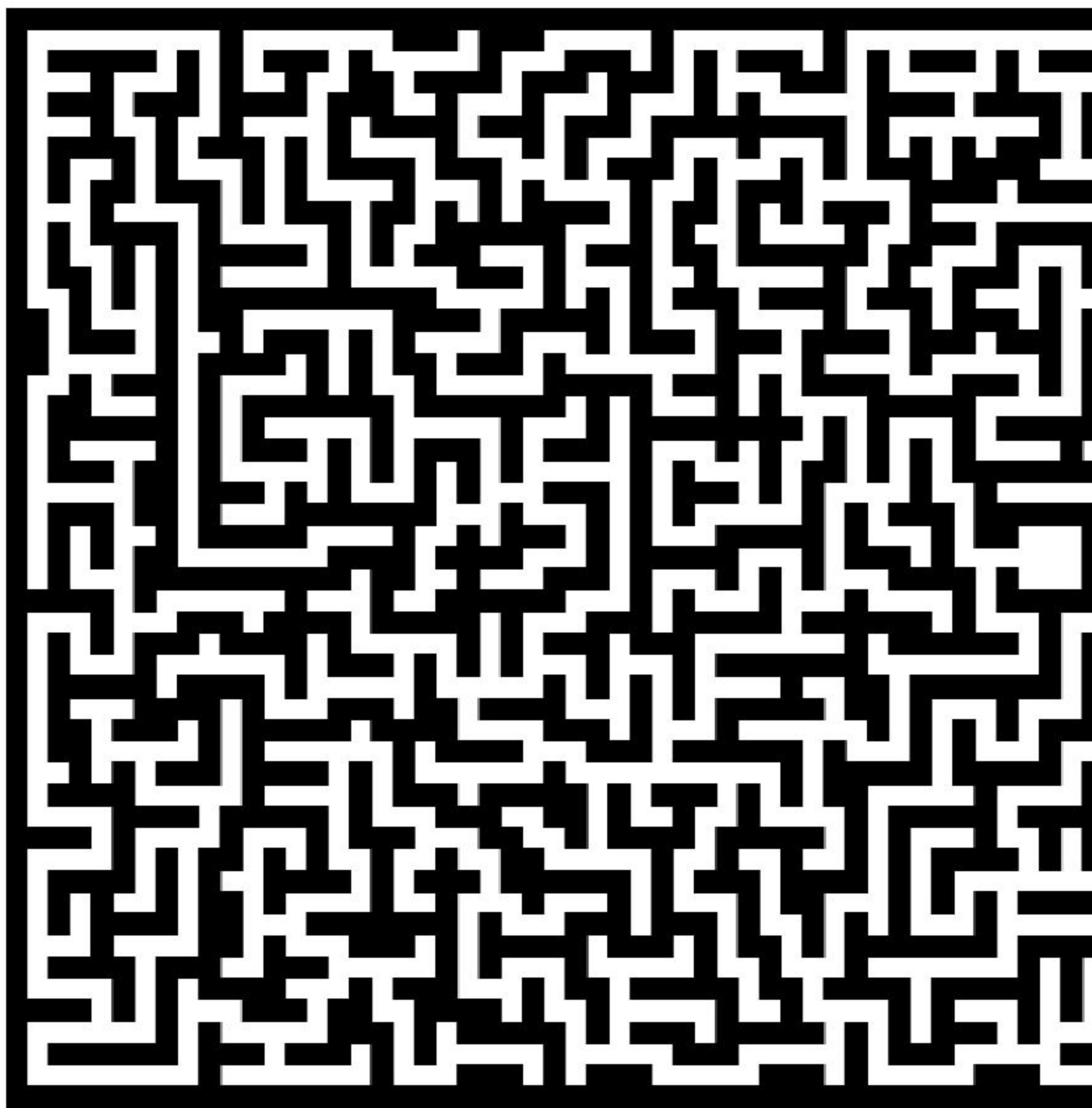


Samantha Holmes
By Sebastián Maldonado-Vélez

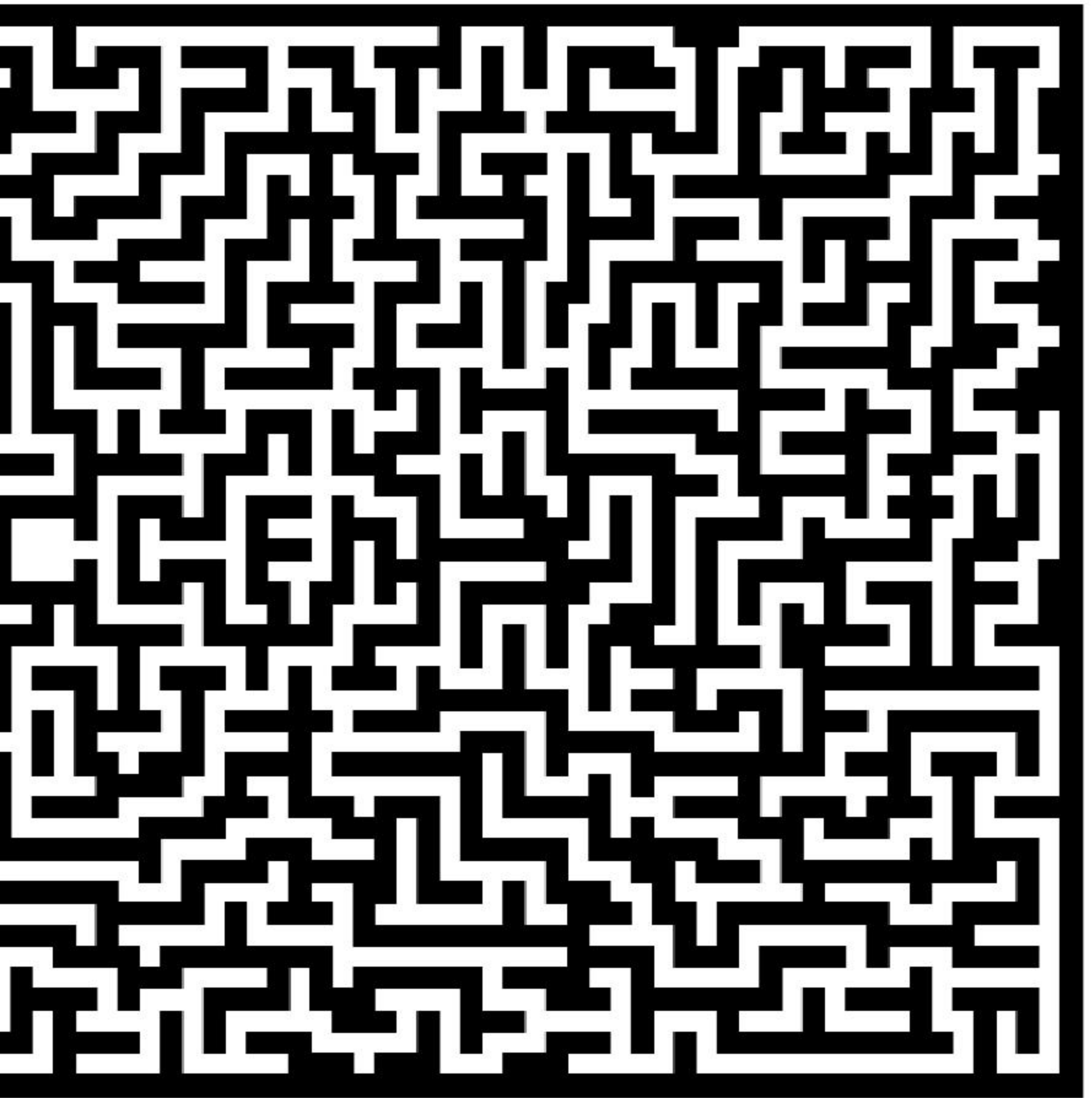


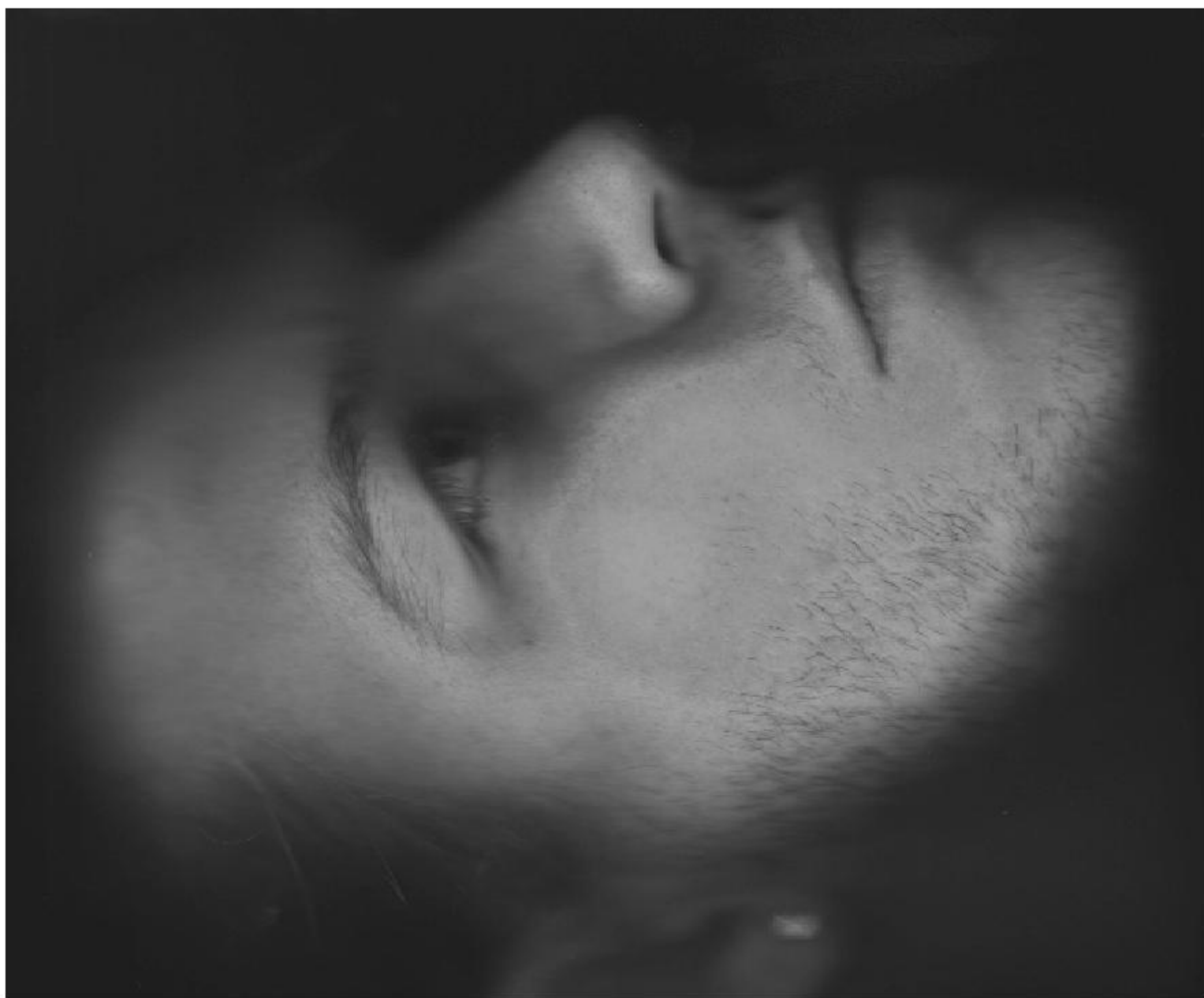
Ghost Flower by Kira Chatham

blake's



s maze





By Jordan Waddle



By Jacob St. Omer



Where Do We Begin

by Amatista Pearson

I think this may be the most perplexing question when it comes to solving any social issue in any country. Everything is intertwined and connected in such a way that finding that starting place would be the equivalent of trying to find the beginning of a bunch of scribbles on a page. The starting point is unclear, unknown, and quite frankly, unimportant. While scholars, intellects, and common people alike are concerned with finding that magical starting point, that crucial beginning that we can definitively say is the root of the issue and the point from which we begin solving it, the issue that needs solving is left to its own carnivorous devices. Instead of thinking where to begin, we need to spend our time figuring out how to begin.

The fact of the matter is, trying to solve social issues at the root of the problem is futile and unrealistic, for there is an entire system of roots that twist, turn, and grow back in on themselves, effectively creating a large, unruly root that has no means of being cut out so easily. We must simply begin tackling the issues at hand, we may not know where, but we can determine how. Okay then, so how exactly do we start to tackle the issues that we see occurring every day? There are an infinite amount of answers to that question, but the power lies in choosing one that is effective, powerful, and guaranteed to start a platform for change. Notice how I didn't say solve the problem. There is no one answer to the problem (Did you miss the sentence up there talking about the infinite amount of answers?). Societal justice is not math; there are no absolute, one size fits all answers that will magically solve all our problems. We must realize that it is going to take a variety of methods and ideas to handle our shit and get it together, and the sooner we realize that, the better.

No, immediate results are not going to happen. However, results will happen, and this is all we can ask for in a time where humanity really seems to have an issue with basic rights, equality, and in general, not being giant dicks to each other. Please also realize that no issue should take precedence over another. This is perhaps the most difficult concept to understand because everyone wants their problem solved first. The line is long, but we shouldn't have to wait for justice. There are plenty of people on this godforsaken planet to have multiple people working on multiple issues at the same time. Yes, I know, much easier said than done, and a lot cleaner on paper, but true nonetheless. While some problems will be solved much sooner than others, we should be glad that any problem at all is getting solved, so we can all live our lives "happily ever after." So the time is now to begin offering up your own creative ideas and solutions for how humanity can begin to enjoy one another's company, but don't stop there. Ideas are pretty useless unless they are put to action, so once you have an idea, engage with others about it, critique it, analyze it, make sure it isn't shit, and then put it into action. If you're lucky, and good at making change, you just might manage to make a difference (for the better) in this world. If not, well, you can hop into the proverbial hand basket with the rest of humanity.

Strangely, wonderfully perverse dystopias like 1960s LAND OF THE GIANTS sci fi TV series offer more resistance, change hopefulness for our century than enduring period rivals like facile STAR TREK or liberal current mea culpae retrospective films like TRUTH, THIS BRAND IS CRISIS

by Larry Iles

A dispiriting way in which the dullard, more “anglo-saxon” mores of middle class North American US and Canadian white male ascendancy societies are resistant in anti-change, anti-intellectual de-energisation process can be exploratorily forayed by looking at my cultural film topics this month. You all see, whilst coping with my father’s and my brother’s respective illnesses of diagnosed dementia and chemical depression last hot summe, and a vicious Tory English-only slight majority government’s slashes on financial aid for them and many others, I found relief in a strange US source. This was a box DVD secondhand set of your cult series LAND OF THE GIANTS. In a manner not even the recent spate of liberal US movies like THE BEST OF ENEMIES, TRUTH, or the equally retrospective mea culpae movie THIS BRAND IS CRISIS have afforded me. As optimistically for change they are supposed to give from one’s societal living hell of ultra-conservative sheer indifference.

The fascination GIANTS exerts, I concede, is very much a minority one, more for those abroad if sales and series history are to be weighed in. It was first shown by ABC around 1968, the year of Nixon’s awful Presidential start and ended after over 50 episodes appropriately enough after his equally

shocking despite Watergate ex-CIA burglary New York Times’ revelations for him, with his re-election in 1972. An ABC executive in THE BEST OF ENEMIES documentary on the Buckley versus Vidal famous presidential TV compered Democrat convention patriotism over Vietnam war clash, indeed boasted. He believed the more such serious fare had finished off GIANTS as a money loser anyway for the network. In Britain, too, the series initially fared calamitously by being placed in kids TV slot on Saturdays by commercial ad ITV network against, of all things, an already living culthood BBC DOCTOR WHO in audience therefore deterrent loss. Nonetheless, thank god, the cast USA kept it alive in syndication, we Brits founded them a commemorative society, and in the final years of our Tory 1990s misgovernments progressive leftist UK CHANNEL FOUR reshown at night, often in its freaky, red light night adult time segment some of the most memorable episodes.

Yes, one of the most intriguing aspects of GIANTS, more resembling the disturbing features of the modern yet more history bound DOCTOR WHO saga, is how GIANTS suggests that bleakness, ugliness is a dictatorial even amnesiacal bad condition of our uprooted capitalistic USA-mismodelled societies with our over-lust for technology.

The opener episode, "the crash" prefigures airline disaster, as supposedly the most modern plane leaps dimensions on a routine LA to London flight by plunging the miniature earthlings into a fascistic, conformist 1950s Nixonian small town, different giant planet. Another episode, which has the same actress who played cut little Penny in the rival LOST IN SPACE series has her cast as a very nasty, near sado-masochistic spoilt teenager Americana, wanting suggestively to do all sorts of horrible things to the little folks, especially their liberated envied women spaceship immigrants, two young women with their miniskirts. Another episode, "O.Reilly," equally subversively casts a well-known cowboy actor as a foolish Irish gullible rural giant who almost sells himself into debt theft slavery by both outlaws from among his own giants and the little folks kinds. Rarely ever, despite financier Irving Allen's attempts to rein them in, do his radical writers miss an episode "go" or "hit" at Nixon-Agnew "silent majority" America types. As giant citizens live in both fear and bought-off over-contentment with their high-policed, regimental fascist rulers. ACADEMICS AND SCIENTISTS ARE NOT TARGET SPARED, MOST OF THEM BEING ALL TOO COMPLIANT FOR GRANTS TO ELIMINATE OR DISSECT THE LITTLE EARTHLING IMMIGRANTS. AFTER ALL, AS BOURGEOIS OBJECTIVITY IS ALL THEY TOO MONETARILY WANT OUT OF LIFE, GIANT-STYLE.

So given all this apparent despair, why on earth do I derive more hope than pessimism from this series which some would clearly like to bury with the whole of the giant CAMPBELLS SOUP critical culture of the 1960s altogether? Well, two reasons, folks, one negative and one positive in futurist-minded thinking. Unlike the movie, TRUTH, about the sort of CBS corporate journalism that kicked out Dan Rather for upsetting their entertainment marketing strategy by his critiquing the re-elected Gulf War II-obsessed Bush II unheroic maladministration. Or

THIS BRAND IS CRISIS which looks at similar misdeeds in Bolivia's recent history, GIANTS is not retrospective nostalgia. Like Swift's GULLIVERS TRAVELS or the later BORROWERS, or even ALICE IN WONDERLAND, the little people always giftedly fight back every day by day full episode, friskily, even sexily so.

So my second and final reason for you to find this precious mini-people masterpiece of a series is positive. IT TRULY SAYS that SMALL IS BEAUTIFUL, RESISTANCE IS PRAXIS, AND EVEN ROGUES LIKE THE CON MAN VILLAIN FITZHUGH, HAVE THEIR SOCIAL REALISM ROLE IN COUNTERING CAPITALISTIC, FASCISTIC COMMERCIAL MISDEEDS ON A GIGANTIC WARRING SCALE. AS WRONGLY OUR UPPER WHITE MALE CLASS AND SOME OF THEIR FEMALE AUNT TOMS PREFER IN ETERNAL SELF-ENRICHMENT AND THEIR OVER-MONOPOLISATION OF OUR PRESENT PLANET'S GOOD THINGS WE SHARE WITH ALL CREATURES, "GOOD" AND "PERVERSE" TOO, FOLKS.

Interview with Presidential Candidate Mimi Soltysik

by Will Chaney

As capitalism continues to deteriorate, more Americans are becoming interested in alternatives. This is especially true of young people, who are seeing poor job prospects alongside rising rates of student, credit card, and housing debt. Our conditions allow us to experiment with more radical ideas and attempt to break out of the current dominant capitalist ideology, which discourages critical thought and challenges to the system. According to the Pew Research Center in 2011, 43% of young people now have a positive reaction to the word “socialism.” In Seattle, over 93,000 people voted for city council candidate Kshama Sawant in 2013, who is a part of the Socialist Alternative party. And of course there’s Bernie Sanders, a self-admitted socialist, is running for president of the United States. The Left in America seems to be garnering momentum, something we haven’t seen since the 1960s.

One of America’s foundational Leftist political parties is the Socialist Party USA, which is known by many as the party of Eugene V. Debs. Debs, who ran for president throughout the early 1900s, sometimes from inside a prison cell, was very popular among the American working class, receiving the votes of over 915,000 people at his peak. The SP-USA currently has about 900 members, and has been growing since the 2008 financial crash. At the SP’s 2015 convention, I was fortunate enough to meet presidential nominee Mimi Soltysik, who has been in the party for five years and is currently the male co-chair (the SP tries to balance gender differences as much as possible, including proportional representation in most of its leadership positions). His running mate is Angela Walker, who ran for sheriff of Milwaukee County as a socialist, receiving the votes of over 40,000 people. Upon joining

the party, Mimi sent me a friend request on Facebook and followed up with a message asking about my political background. His friendly demeanor is backed by a strong commitment to making political changes by forming relationships at the local level; he is truly a grassroots leader. Mimi enthusiastically agreed to do an interview with The Monitor. More information can be found at his campaign’s Facebook page “Soltysik/Walker 2016.”

Will Chaney: What is “socialism” and how is it different from “capitalism?”

Mimi Soltysik: Socialism means worker control of the means of production. It means the workers have democracy in the workplace. In a socialist society, we’d also see socialized medicine and universal education. Our tax revenue would provide essential services, which we see as fundamental rights, whereas a capitalist system uses the tax revenue to finance war/imperialism. Capitalism is an economic system built on the exploitation of the workers and the planet. It allows a small handful of folks to wildly profit off the backs of the people. It’s a failure for the working class. It’s a failure for the planet.

W: How did you become a socialist?

MS: It’s a long story that I’ll try to condense. I spent much of my life not caring much about anything, including myself. Not a good way to live. For a number of different reasons, I came to a point in my life where I felt like it was time to make a choice. I chose to engage life. It took me a minute or two to clear my head, but gradually I started to learn again, to care again. In some ways, it felt like taking a first breath.

W: What kind of socialist are you?

MS: A badass socialist. Just kidding. But not really. I'm a revolutionary democratic socialist.

W: Do you believe the Socialist Party USA should work with other Leftist organizations, and how so?

MS: Absolutely! I think that we can start by getting to know and appreciate another. We have an event every few months in Los Angeles called "Radical Ruckus" where we choose a location, whether it be a bar/restaurant or an outdoor location, and we invite folks from every Left group we can think of. Folks from the IWW, Solidarity, the DSA, LRNA, the Stop LAPD Spying Coalition, Jacobin, the Los Angeles Red Guards, and lots of unaffiliated folks have all come out. We share stories, we laugh, we develop friendships. Those friendships can and do become organizing relationships. I think that kind of approach can go a long way toward breaking down sectarian barriers where they exist.

W: Why should I vote for Soltysik/Walker when a self admitted socialist, Bernie Sanders, is running on the mainstream ticket with a chance to win?

MS: If you think Bernie Sanders makes sense strategically, then vote for him. Our success will not be measured in the total number of votes we receive. Our focus is on the community level. Our focus is on revolution, not reform. We ask ourselves how we can use this platform to make a contribution at the local level. Whenever we have an opportunity to help folks make connections, we do. The kind of revolutionary change we need will not come from above. The people will lead this revolution. If folks would like to learn more about the Soltysik/Walker 2016 Campaign, take a peek at <https://www.facebook.com/Rev2016/>

W: What is the first action you would take upon becoming President of the United States?

MS: I'd fire myself. In our system, for me

to make it to the White House, I would have had to so thoroughly compromise my beliefs, betraying all those who put faith in the Campaign's ideas, that I feel I would be completely unfit to serve as any sort of representative of the people. The system needs to change.

W: Who's your favorite socialist/communist?

MS: Wow. That's a good question. There are so many folks that I find inspiring. I'll start with my comrades in the Socialist Party's Los Angeles Local as well as my running mate, Angela Nicole Walker. It's a pretty amazing feeling to be able to work with so many incredible people.

W: Do you have any comment on the recent actions by students and resignation of the president of the University of Missouri, Columbia?

MS: I sure do. Solidarity to the students!!!

#RiseUpOctober

by Ben Wallis

On October 24th Students for a Democratic Society at Truman State attended the #RiseUpOctober protests in New York City to march against police terror and mass incarceration. The event brought thousands to streets, including many family members of those slain in incidents of police violence in recent years. Speakers such as Carl Dix and Cornel West called for a national mass-movement against the systematic criminalization of minorities and all forms of racial injustice that have been allowed to persist in the United States. Now that the event is over, it is important to realize the enduring claim of this appeal—and that the movement continues.

Brief Summary of Events

Nine members of Truman State's SDS chapter drove to Chicago on Friday, October 23rd, and boarded a bus with the Stop Mass Incarceration Network and Revolutionary Communist Party for a 15-hour ride to New York City. The bus contained an incredible diversity of individuals—students from activist clubs in Chicago, residents of Ferguson, and long-term RCP members. The feeling of intense community and solidarity among those on the bus is something I and other SDS members experienced, and have commented on at length. Food was shared, risk-management material disseminated, and phone-numbers were passed around. Arriving early in New York City, our bus was one of the first to reach the destination at Washington Square Park, where we began to set up. Assembling banners and passing out signs, the feeling of community only increased.

As more marchers arrived, public figures and family members of those killed began

to speak to the gathering crowd. They spoke on the ways that their relatives had been stolen from them in acts of brutal repression, the ways that justice had been systematically abrogated in failures to convict police, and the overwhelming need for a mass-movement to overturn the intolerable status quo. These emotional speeches were greeted with growing enthusiasm from the crowd, which contained members from multiple continents and all manners of ideologies. After about an hour, with energy at a high point, the crowd moved into the streets and began marching to 42nd and 6th street.

The march itself stretched many blocks in length, with chants often beginning in the front and trickling backwards gradually. "No justice, no peace!" "The whole damn system is guilty as hell!" The names of those killed were shouted, their pictures held aloft. Bystanders often waved and yelled in solidarity, occasionally passing into the crowd and talking to the marchers. One New Yorker briefly fell into line with our SDS group, stating "This should happen every day." Though the media subsequently concentrated its attention on the handful of protesters arrested, the predominant character was peaceful. Given the variety of groups that participated, this fact speaks to the solidarity of those united under the cause of ending police terror and repression. As we ended the march at Bryant Square Park, the families and speakers reaffirmed the responsibility of attendants to continue the struggle against police violence and mass incarceration at home.

A Continued Responsibility to Justice

Returning to Chicago on the evening of the 24th and morning of the 25th, those on

the bus reflected on the particular racial injustices that existed in their home communities. Certainly, as recent events at Mizzou have indicated, these issues retain a real, tangible presence at Missouri universities. At Truman State—as everywhere—it is the responsibility of students and community members to challenge both the subtle and overt manifestations of racism—whether that be through opposing racist language

and attitudes, or working to effect changes in admissions policies, or striving to promote diversity and unity on campus. We must be dedicated to breaking the passivity that allows racially unjust systems to perpetuate themselves, both locally and on a broader, national scale. The mission of #RiseUpOctober can be brought home, and it must be. We cannot be bystanders.

Why Aren't You a Radical: Debunking American Exceptionalism

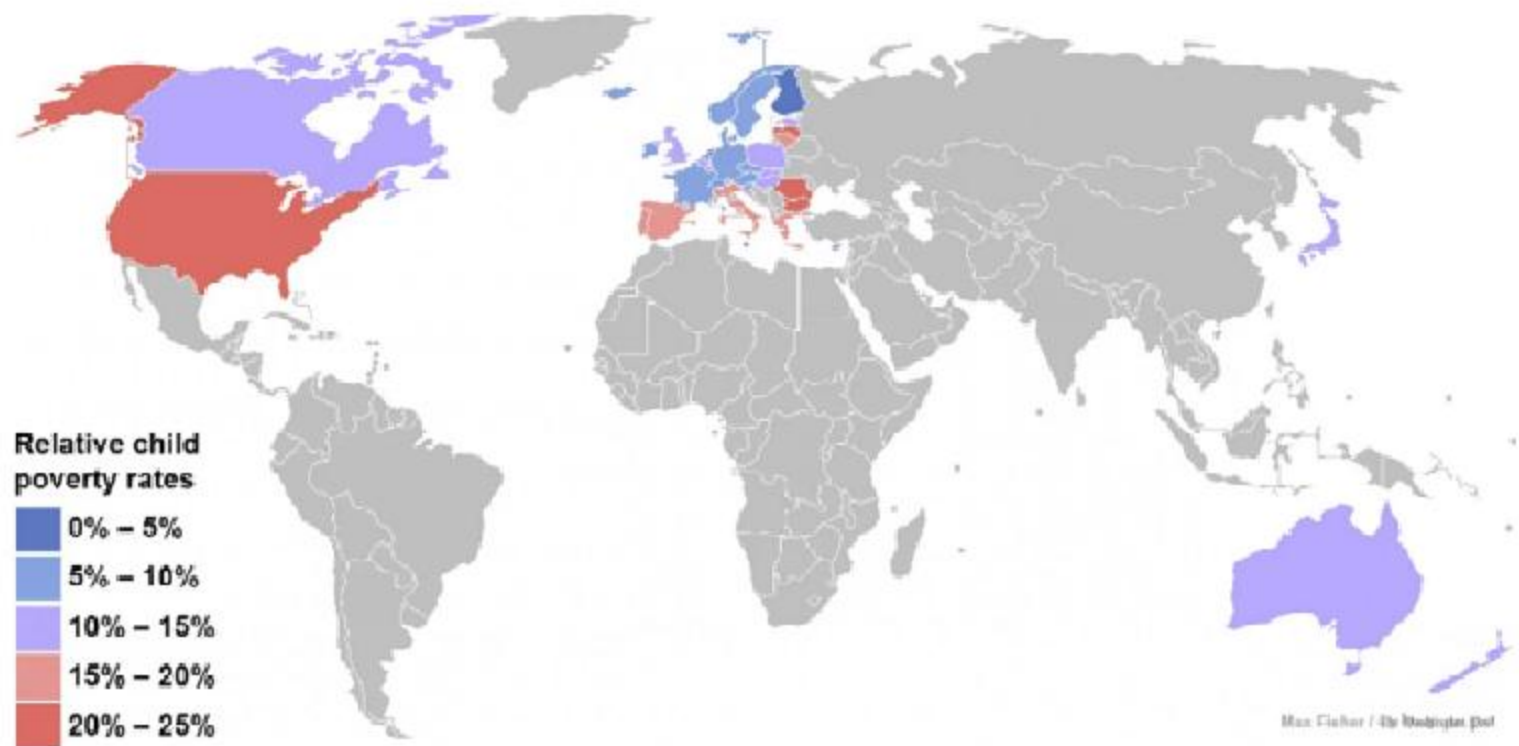
by Trista Sullivan

“In its classic forms, American Exceptionalism refers to the special character of the United States as a uniquely free nation based on the democratic ideals & personal liberty.” - Ian Tyrrell

In the U.S., there is an overarching theme, or idea, that America is the most free, most successful, and more powerful and effective than any other country or developed nation all across the globe. When you think of American Flag snapback (unironically), your neighbor getting drunk off bud light at 1pm on a thursday yelling about the damn (insert minority here) trying to take away our freedoms and make us all damn communists, you're probably thinking of a more blatant American exceptionalist. While this comedic

sketch is fun and purposefully light hearted, American Exceptionalism has manifested millions of political ideologies across the nation and frankly, it is becoming a dysfunctional element within our society. before you run around town with your American flag cape, pretending you're a bald eagle while screaming the lyrics to God Bless America, take a look at some of these statistics on social problems experienced by developed nations across the world, and where the U.S. falls on these lists and rankings. In this article, we are going to explore two major social problems: relative childhood and family poverty, and carbon emissions and climate change.

One major flaw within American Excep-



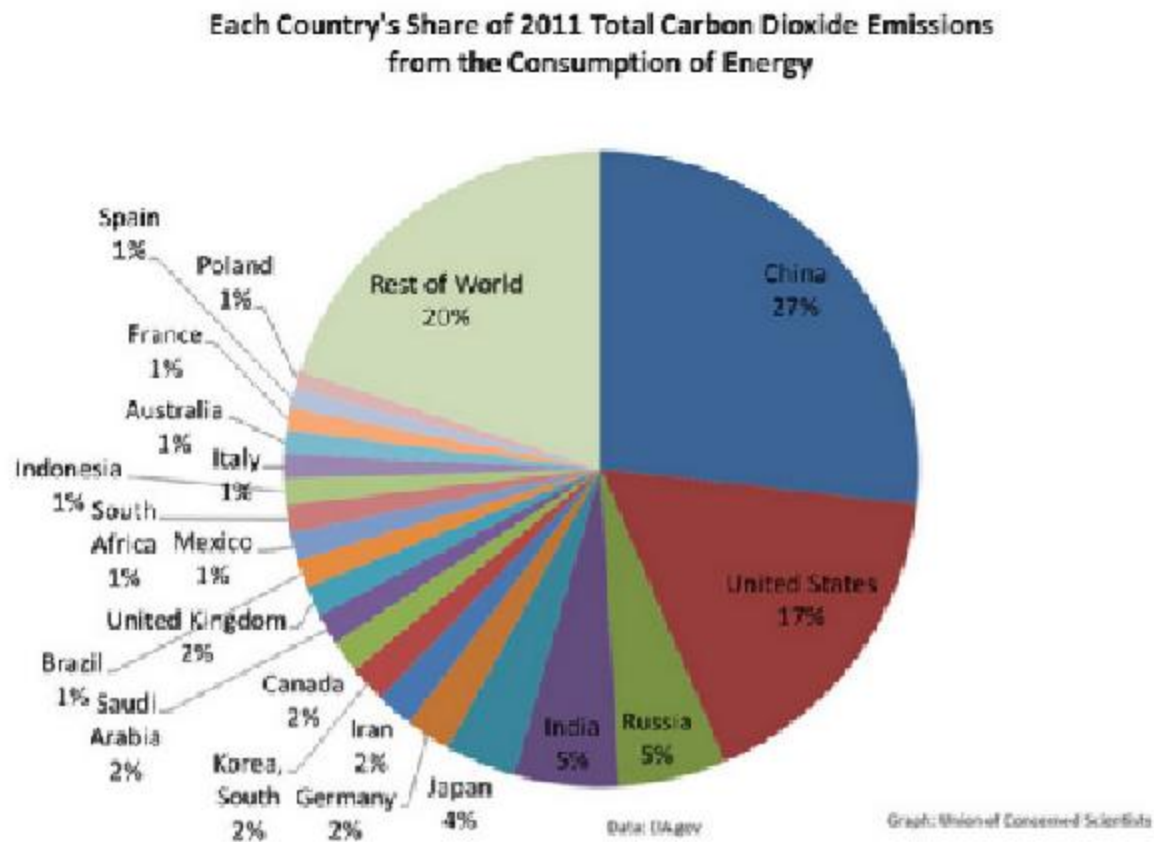
tionalism is its incorporation and manifestation of the individualist, or even meritocratic, emphasis on wealth in the U.S. There is an overwhelming popularity in the ideas that poverty is at the fault of the individual and not the whole system. This is why we find politicians who urge to cut taxes and funding toward social welfare programs on the principle that any person in the U.S. can pull themselves up from the boot straps. Essentially implying that if you work hard enough, you will be able to escape poverty. If this is true, then why are so many individuals, families, and children living in poverty? “More than 16 million children in the United States - 22% of all children - live in families with incomes below the federal poverty level - \$23,550 a year for a family of four” the National Center for Children in Poverty reports. Please refer to the graph above.

The icing on the cake of this shocking statistic is the comparison of these rates to the rates of other developed nations. Out of 35 nations included in this study, published through the Washington Post, the U.S. ranks 34th, just above Romania, with 1st, being the least impoverished. With significantly lower rates of poverty Finland, the Netherlands, and Denmark take place at the top of the ranks.. Please, continue to tell me about

how poverty isn't an issue in our country, and those impoverished are there at the fault of their own.

Next, let us briefly look over the carbon emissions among these countries as well. Climate Change is a topic that is often discussed among the common American, but it is also being brought up in the media and to U.S. Politicians at an alarming rate. As a truly industrialized country, full of innovators and great minds, one would think that the U.S. has found ways to decrease their carbon emissions and ways to adopt cleaner energies and technologies. The Union of Concerned Scientists compiled a list of each country's share of CO2 Emissions. As organized by million metric tons, China sits currently at 8715.31 while the United State follows closely at 5490.63. You may be thinking, the gap between China and the U.S. is too large, but the gap between the United States and Russia, number 3 on the list, is even greater, with Russia at 1788.14 million metric tons of carbon dioxide emissions. Check out this visual below for your viewing pleasure.

Before getting into a rant over Carbon Offsetting, which I urge you all to look into if you are curious as to what American Industrial Businesses are doing to try and combat this problem, let's wrap this up for time



and space's sake.

While the purpose of this article was not to completely shed light and awareness on these individual social problems perpetuating the globe, I hope that all of you readers have a new found piqued interest in challenging the ideas and perceptions of the greatness of the United States of America. The purpose of this article was the share a general overview of the larger problem, American Exceptionalism. With so many resources meant to bring awareness to the American people, and the rights and liberties we have to challenge and contest our politicians and lawmakers, or news anchors and journalists, there is no excuse for us, as informed glob-

al citizens, to accept what we are told about our country to be fact. So I'll leave you with some questions to ponder. How does mass media persuade our patterns of thought and our fundamental ideas of the U.S.? Why aren't more citizens striving for awareness and global citizenship? Why doesn't the U.S. explore and adapt policies of more successful developed nations across the globe?

An Origin Story

by Marisa Gearin

Santa was a man with a short, flat face, and a weak chin. This is what the beard was for. Please be quiet. I'm trying to be serious.

There were times in Santa's life when he didn't know what he was going to do. There were times in his life when he knew exactly what he was going to do, eventually, but it wasn't time for them yet, and he didn't know what to do in the meantime. During these periods, he became quite good at baking cookies, and even more efficient at ingesting them.

One of the things Santa knew he would do when the time came was marry Mrs. Claus. He just didn't know who she was yet. It eventually turned out that she was a human named Annette. The next thing Santa knew he wanted to do was raise some kids. This didn't work out so much. That's where the elves come in. They arrived one day, and presented themselves to Mr. Santa and Mrs. Annette, offering to be parented, so that the parents could be childed. Elves are not exactly like children, but they are small enough and chaotic enough that the couple felt quite satisfied with the arrangement. And so the

happy family dug themselves a hole at the top of the world and built a home.

Santa's life felt full of purpose now, but there was room for more inside it. This was where Annette came in. She was very good at having ideas. Santa had only ever had two really good ideas in his life, and it felt (to Santa) less like he'd thought of them himself and more like he'd found the ideas one day in his pockets. These good ideas were the plan to someday meet Annette, and the idea to grow a beard. The beard made his ill-proportioned face much more comfortable to look at.

Annette suggested that Santa get a job. "A job?" Santa said. They didn't have jobs where he came from.

A job. It's where you- it's something you do, where... you do work, and get paid for it. Some people hate theirs, but it can make you feel purposeful."

Santa didn't want money and he didn't want hate.

"We'll just have to find you the right job," Annette said.

As is sometimes the case, the right job

did not yet exist in the world, so they had to make one up. This was okay by them. They sat down one evening, cocoa in hand, by the friendly fire, and made a list of things Santa liked.

"Children," Santa said. "Real children."

"We have children," Annette said.

Santa looked at her seriously and they both grew silent. Something popped in the fire. Annette wrote down "children," and they moved on.

"Gifts! I like giving gifts. That's how people know you love them."

"There are other ways to show people you love them," Annette said. She was very smart. "Spending time with them, saying kind things..."

"Yes, but I like giving gifts," Santa said. "They're surprising and you can hold them when you miss that person."

Annette nodded at that. A while back Santa had had to leave for a few days, and while he was gone she liked to turn over in her hands a rock he'd given her when they were courting. It was smooth and nearly flat and settled nicely into her palm. She wrote down "gifts." "What else?"

Santa thought very hard. "Cookies."

Annette had nothing to say to that. It was true. "This is a pretty good list," she said. "Let's try and put them together."

First they tried to bake cookies shaped like children. This is where gingerbread men came from. They handed out the cookies to the elves and the polar bears. This was nice, but the cookies were even less like real children than the elves were, so the couple kept thinking.

"The problem," Santa said, "is that cookies shaped like children are not real children at all."

Annette nodded thoughtfully.

"So we need to add some real children to this equation."

So Mr. and Mrs. Claus traveled to the nearest country to the south, grabbed some real live children from the streets, and brought them to the North Pole. The next

batch of cookies incorporated them into the recipe-- bones ground into flour, blood substituted for water. But Santa was still not satisfied. "These cookies don't even taste good!" he said.

Annette agreed. "Okay. Gifts. Cookies. Children. What if you gave cookies to children?"

Santa frowned. "I don't like that. What if the children gave cookies to me?"

Annette considered that. "That could work. But you'll need to give them something in return. Humans don't like to just give stuff away."

And so they hatched a plan wherein Santa would travel the world delivering gifts to children, and in return the children left out plates of cookies: oatmeal raisin cookies, chocolate chip cookies, double chocolate chip cookies, thumbprint cookies, ginger-snap cookies, salted caramel cookies, snowball cookies, toffee cookies, white chocolate macadamia nut cookies, shortbread cookies, candy cane cookies, peanut butter blossom cookies, and gingerbread men.

Marisa's first book of short fiction, Egg Teeth: Realist Fiction for Young Minds, will be available on Amazon just in time for Christmas. Or at least, that's what she keeps saying

The Time For Revoution is Ripe

by Aaron Albrecht

“The time for revolution is ripe.” That is the way attorney David Baugh opened his lecture to a hall filled with law and public policy students at The College of William and Mary on October 27.¹ Mr. Baugh’s remarks on minority voter disenfranchisement coincided with a mass demonstration in Manhattan, New York protesting police brutality and mass incarceration led by civil rights activist Rev. Cornel West and revolutionary communist leader Bob Avaikian on October 24.² David Baugh’s opening statement proved to be more than a mere rhetorical device, although the majority white audience may not have realized it.

Baugh, who grew up during the civil rights movement and who has spent his life protecting individuals’ rights in the courtroom, continued his lecture by reminding us of the other golden rule: “Those with the gold make the rules.” Giving color to this point, he reminded us of our national history of racism, marginalization, exploitation, oppression, and disenfranchisement of black people and other minorities by the white majority power structure, a history that continues to this day. He concluded by recommending that each of us read “*Just Mercy*” written by Bryan Stevenson in 2014.

I heeded Mr. Baugh’s advice and borrowed a copy of the book from the University’s library. The book chronicles the life of the author, and begins with a scene where 21 year old Bryan, a first-year law and public policy student at Harvard, is sent to visit an inmate who had been sentenced to death. The inmate was also 21 year old black boy. Going into the meeting, Bryan was nervous. He was scared to meet a convicted felon and worried about his inability to help. Henry was just relieved that *someone* was compassionate enough to hear his story and take

his case. Bryan gave Henry hope. The juxtaposition of these two individuals painted a powerful image that put into stark relief the truth of our current situation of racial injustice.

Throughout the book and Mr. Baugh’s lecture we learned about the four historical institutional phases of minority suppression in the United States: Slavery, Terrorization, Jim Crow, and, the current phase, Mass Incarceration. Racial injustice never ended in the United States; it just evolved. Minority disenfranchisement, hidden under the cloak of *The Law*, manifests itself today in a presumption of guilt of the minority accused and the disproportionate incarceration of black people and racial minorities. “One in three African Americans males born today can expect to spend time in prison during his lifetime.”³

Looking back only to 2010 until the present, examples of racial injustice inundate the press. With even a cursory glance instances surface such as: A ban on ethnic studies programs in Arizona, a ban on the Pulitzer Prize winning book *Slavery by Another Name* in an Alabama prison, the death of 22 year old Oscar Grant at the hands of police in California, a United States Census Bureau report indicating that 1 in 4 black and Latino people live in poverty, the heinous murder of James Craig Anderson by a group of white men in Mississippi, the murder of 17 year old Trayvon Martin in Florida, the release of a report by The Sentencing Project indicating that 1 in 13 African Americans of voting age are disenfranchised, the Supreme Court’s striking down of Section 4(b) of the Voting Rights Act of 1965 in *Shelby County v. Holder*, and the resurgence of civil rights demonstrations in the form of BlackLives-Matter protests all over the country.⁴

This term the Supreme Court will hear the case of *Harris v. The Arizona Independent Redistricting Commission*, another iteration in a long line of successive instances of racial injustice and minority voter disenfranchisement. This is a case in which the plaintiffs, under the one-person, one-vote principle of the Equal Protection Clause of the 14th amendment, seek to reverse the efforts of the redistricting commission, to maintain minority, “ability-to-elect” electoral districts in Arizona. If the Court were to rule in favor of Harris, we would experience a gross miscarriage of justice and a step backwards in the fight for equal civil and political rights in America.

We live in an age where those with the gold benefit by rules that disenfranchise minority voters. Current practices of mass incarceration and the Prison-Industrial Complex have created an underclass of impoverished and disenfranchised U.S. citizens that are a majority black and Latino. While we have made progress in our efforts for justice, we are at a tenuous moment in history.

Robert Frost wrote that, “[t]wo roads diverged in a yellow wood.... I took the road less traveled by, and that has made all the

difference.” Our society can either continue on its present path, a historical pattern of racial injustice or it can take a new path and remedy its past wrongs. “The arc of history bends towards justice,” spoke Martin Luther King Jr. The time for revolution is ripe. We each have a moral and civil obligation to stand up and fight for the rights of African Americans and minorities in this country. Our conscience demands and our future depends on our so doing.

1. A description of the lecture given by David Baugh’s and biographical information: <https://events.wm.edu/event/view/wm/62192>

2. DemocracyNow! broadcasted a report on the protest: http://www.democracynow.org/2015/10/26/voices_of_rise_up_october_quentin

3. The Equal Justice Initiative’s “Slavery to Mass Incarceration.” <http://www.eji.org/slaveryevolved>. (Retrieved on November 1, 2015).

4. The Equal Justice Initiative’s “A History of Racial Injustice Timeline.” <http://racialinjustice.eji.org/timeline/>. (Retrieved on November 1, 2015).

The Professors who went beyond!

by Larry Iles

Yes, TSU professors are right to “bitch” about poor pay (bottom but, alas, one out of 10 higher education institutions in Missouri). But still how many are still putting out beyond the call of normal duty?! Not many, folks.

Two are: Poyner in communications disorders November 3rd, 2015 a debate (public) one was Truman right to 1945 start A-Bombs. Only 84 22-18 was the proposition upheld and mostly, the dreadful decision seen has been undebated all around America, but has been elsewhere.

Gall of history also did four world war

one commonwealth films, nearly all critical!

These profs have opened up to the public. Give them their due for pushing public community initiatives beyond private ego.

the monitor

now accepting
submissions!



words.
art.
whatever.

trumanmonitor@gmail.com
trumanmonitor.com

