

**oct 2016**



**the monitor**

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# dear reader,

Well here we are! You've just picked yourself up a copy of *the monitor*! That's a big deal! What you hold in your hands right now is something made by the community *for* the community! It is a way to have your voice heard! A way to share your creations, opinions, content, and ideas!

If after reading this issue you feel compelled to share a little part of *your* vision with the world, feel free to submit anything and everything to our email by sending it to trumanmonitor@gmail.com. Can you submit poetry? Yes! Can you submit opinion pieces? Yes! Can you submit visual art? Yes! Can you subm—Yes you can! We here at *the monitor* pride ourselves on our outstanding submission rate so no matter what you might consider submitting do not hesitate to send it our way!

But what happens when you're finished reading this issue? What do you do then? Well don't fret friend, you can give this copy to a friend and/or loved one! You can keep this issue as a part of your personal collection! You can leave it in a crowded place and let the world decide! It's ok it's not weird!

Our mission at *the monitor* is to provide our community with a vessel to have otherwise unheard voices be visible. We strive to create a space for free expression of ideas and love of the arts. We hope you will find whatever you are looking for in these pages and will never feel the pressure to stifle your mind's power!

Love,

the good honorable, *the monitor* staff

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## meet the staff, “if you could, would you?”

trista sullivan : not on my watch

lewie dunham : a woodchuck would chuck all the wood he  
could chuck

natalie welch : will there be food

austin redding : wood

rebecca comas : er...I think I have homework.

blake buthod : Of course

will chaney : May, but not might

ben wallis : yes

jacob saint omer : I would

alex wannerberg : hi

ollie ganim : wow here we are :^)

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# submit

## Words

We encourage submissions of original articles, essays, prose, and opinion. Due to space limitations, please limit pieces to 2,000 words. If you would like to publish something longer, please submit it and we'll try to accommodate your piece. For formatting reasons, please submit all text as an email attachment. Please include a short one or two sentence bio with your submission.

## Poems

Let us know if you have any specific printing or formatting requests. For formatting reasons, please submit all text as an email attachment. Please include your name (real, pseudonym, or anonymous).

## Visuals

We encourage submissions of original art, comics, and photography. Due to publication limitations, our art and photography is printed relatively small and in black-and-white (except in the online version). 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.

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# Dear Mars

Where do babies come from? Is it the same place poop comes from? Because sometimes when I'm pooping, it feels like I'm having a baby.

Please help,

Drummer from All American Rejects

## Dear Drummer from All American Rejects,

Thank you for your question. The answer is probably yes. Babies appear from all sorts of places, and your butt may well be one of them. Babies truly are one of the mysteries of science; like dark matter, nobody is yet sure what they are, where they came from, or what they're made of.

Here's some advice, in case you do find yourself with child: You always need to be ready. Have a stockpile of food and a warm, dry cave prepared in which to store the baby until it learns to fend for itself. Become comfortable with ambiguity. Babies come in many different varieties, but you may not learn which type you have until late in its development. Babies are not Play-Doh™. Thus do not wish for a certain kind of baby, or try to shape it into a certain kind. If you do this, you are sure to get a different kind. For example, if you wish for a gay baby, you might be delivered a Trump baby instead. So practice clearing your mind of expectations, and just love whatever baby slithers its way into your arms. Love is the only real occupation in life.

You're probably wondering how I know so much about babies. It's only because I am one.

Anyway, best of luck with parenthood, drumming, and anything else life throws your way.

**Love,  
Mars**





# Upcycling Tutorial

by Natalie Welch

The dilemma: Sick of your boring jacket? Need to vamp up your backpack? Wanna make a banner for your house?

Solution: Look no further! By the end of this page, you'll know how to attach a basic appliqué.



Buy Wonder-Under. It's sold at Wal-Mart, Joann's, etc. This stuff is **\*\*amazing\*\*** and doesn't cost a lot. Draw or trace the **flip** of the image you want on the **paper** side of the Wonder-Under.



Cut around the shape, leaving some extra space on the outside of the lines you drew. Iron it on to the back side of the fabric of your choice—rough side down. (Some fabric doesn't have a backside. You'll know.) Warning: **DON'T TOUCH THE PLASTIC SIDE WITH THE IRON DIRECTLY.** And don't iron it straight onto your ironing board. Believe me, you won't be happy.



Cut your shape out of the fabric, including any holes that may be in the design. This time, cut exactly along the lines! Then peel off the paper backing like a sticker. Now the side that was under-



Finally, iron your design sticky side down on to the sweatshirt/banner/etc. of your choice. Make sure to place it exactly where you want it to be, and iron slowly from the middle out to avoid wrinkles. Sew the edges down if you plan to wash it, and you're all set! Behold, your appliqué. (To layer, just repeat the process!)

Questions? Suggestions for the next upcycling tutorial?



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# Socialism After Sanders Symposium

by Will Chaney

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*On September 28th, Students for a Democratic Society hosted “socialism after Sanders,” an open forum discussing contemporary forms of socialism. Panelists presented on Bernie-style socialism, Marxian foundations for understanding capitalism, what a socialist society looks like, and the different ways to get there. The following four articles attempt to summarize the information presented. For a video of the actual shindig, check out “socialism after Sanders” on Truman State SDS’s YouTube channel.*

Bernie Sanders-style socialism seeks to address the problems of capitalism through patches carried out by the government, which is seen as the agent of the people. Radical socialists are different — they claim capitalism’s problems cannot be addressed this way, but instead require a fundamental transformation from capitalism to a new system. Many radical socialists argue that even if Bernie or another democratic socialist were elected, they would be unable to effectively fix the problems their policies seek to address. This section looks into the contributions of Karl Marx, whose theories give most radical socialists a clear idea of what “capitalism” is, and what exactly needs to be changed to build the future of our dreams.

Karl Marx studied capitalism all his adult life, and did something few political economists have ever done — he read virtually every writer who studied capitalism before him. In the course of this study, he found something new that these writers had missed, which he thought explained why capitalism failed to deliver the “liberty, equality, and fraternity” its champions promised. To discover this secret, he started by

looking at two different types of trade. In the first trade, a person starts with a commodity, C, and trades it for another commodity. The circuit of this trade is C-C, commodity for commodity. A person may trade a t-shirt for a hamburger, or three tennis rackets for a software program. In any case, the people involved with the trade start with one commodity and end with another. Marx determines there is nothing wrong with this, as long as the trade is voluntary.

Next, Marx adds “money” into the equation, which is a commodity that can be compared to all other commodities. It serves as the “universal equivalent,” and can take the place of any commodity to help facilitate trade. With the introduction of the money commodity, the first type of trade, C-C, can become C-M-C, where the people trading still start with one commodity and end with another, but use money as a middleperson. Marx then found a second type of trade, M-C-M, where a person can start and end with money. However, he found some people on the market who are able to end with more money, M’, than they started with, making a new circuit M-C-M’, with profit as the difference between M’ and M. If all commodities trade at their values, where does this profit come from? Or, which commodity can make more value than it costs to buy?

After scanning the value of all commodities on the market through his Stalin-powered-planned-economy-super-computer, Marx found that one commodity can produce more than it costs to buy — *human labor power*. His reasoning for this is that human beings can make more commodities than the amount of commodities it takes to keep them alive. If a worker can survive off of \$70 worth of food, water, shelter, and Netflix subscriptions per day, he/she can produce \$100,



or \$150, of other commodities. The difference between how much a human produces and how much they get in compensation Marx calls “surplus,” which is BAAsically the source of profit. Human societies, whether they know it or not, have organized the production and spending of surplus throughout history, which divide people into different classes. (Marx’s idea of “class” is different from notions based on wealth, power, or consciousness, and instead is defined by who produces surplus and who gets to spend it). The class structure a society has, how it organizes the production and appropriation of surplus, has profound consequences on every part of their society, from their culture to their politics to their religion.

Marx calls capitalism, like slavery and feudalism, “exploitative.” This has nothing to do with working conditions, discrimination, or international transfers of wealth — although these things are very important parts of the picture. Instead, an exploitative class structure is one where a *different* group of people from *those who produced the surplus* gets to spend it. In capitalism, capitalists give workers a wage that is worth less than the amount of commodities they produce for the capitalist. The capitalist then sells the commodities and immediately owns the surplus, which they spend on all sorts of different things that keep the business alive: lawyers (because the product this firm produces will probably kill a few people, and the lawsuits their families file need to be handled), advertising (gotta convince people to buy

your product), taxes (for the government that protects your position as a capitalist, educates workers to increase their productivity, and then crushes them when they become unruly), managers (to keep the workers from hardly workin’), CEO pay and shareholder dividends (gotta keep some for yourself), and so on. Wow! says Marx. A tiny group of people is able to make all major production decisions while everyone else is left out! Since surplus is a huge part of society’s wealth, capitalists have a lot of power in shaping society.

Besides exploitation, capitalism comes with a plethora of problems. Here are a few: Workers feel alienated from society, because they have little control over their economic life outside trivial decisions between different colored products at Walmart. Second, competition between capitalists forces them to either be mean to workers and make “bad” decisions, or be generous and go out of business. Third, capitalism suffers from periodic crisis that increase in intensity as the rate of profit falls over time (it is currently at levels seen just before the Great Depression). Fourth, capitalists buy out the government, which brings all sorts of problems, including the destruction of real democracy (aren’t the candidates gr9 this year?). Fifth, capitalists divide the working class along arbitrary lines to keep them from unifying, which makes racism, sexism, geographic separation, and other sources of hate even worse. Sixth, capitalism’s international tensions can create war. Seventh, a part of the





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# A Socialist Society

by Makar Golosheykin

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The best way to explain what a socialist society is, is to explain what it is not. Socialism is not state capitalism. Socialism is not authoritarianism or totalitarianism. Socialism is definitely not Big Brother or big government. Socialism is in fact, a democratization of the economy, of the means of production and the distribution of products and wealth. What you might associate socialism with, and what it most commonly has been considered to be, is state capitalism. In state capitalism, the government takes the place of capitalists in running the economy. Instead of privately owned factories for example, the factories are run by government appointed officials. The profit of the factory then goes to the government, who decides what to do with the money made and the products produced. Hence the state becomes the capitalist. This is fundamentally different from what socialism is. In socialism, the workers control what is made in the factory, when it's made, how it's made, and what to do with the products and profits. Socialism is a revolutionary change in how the economy, production and the distribution of wealth is handled. As you can probably imagine, state capitalism and socialism by their nature correlate with differing political and social systems. Where state capitalism has a tendency to drift toward a strong government, socialism by definition must be a democracy. Furthermore, socialism is the only real way to ensure the existence of a democratic society, because only in socialism do the members of society have direct command of all the policies that affect their community and the nation as a whole.

So what does a socialist society look like?

You've probably heard this term before: planned economy. The connotation of this word is almost always negative and associated with state controlled trade, agricultural collectivization and long lines at the grocery store. As we just discussed, most of that association comes from empirical evidence of state capitalist societies and thus does not necessarily reflect the true nature of a socialist planned economy. In a socialist planned economy, we would likely see an expropriation of the major aspects of the economy, such as banks, infrastructure, or land, which would all become democratically controlled by the working class. That being said, we are probably a good distance away from simply jumping into a socialist planned economy and it would make the most sense to transition into state capitalism first. Before you move to object that proposition, consider the fact that planned economies, even under state capitalist implementation, proved to be incredibly efficient. Russia, for example, managed to increase industrial production 52 times in less than 50 years. Productivity during that same time went up by 1310%, life expectancy doubled, child mortality fell by 9 times and the country had more doctors per 100,000 people than any other leading superpower.<sup>1</sup> Remember that these advances were made during a time when Russia had to rebuild from two of history's most destructive wars. Imagine what a planned economy would be able to accomplish in a society that is far more stable and advanced than Russia was at the turn of the 20th century. Because economic policy would be centered

around benefitting the majority and not maximizing profit, the degree of advancement — not just economically, but in many other areas of life — would be unprecedented.

Another common misconception of a socialist society is that everyone has equal pay and therefore no one will have incentive to take on harder jobs that require more education and training. The answer to this is quite simple: income does not have to be equal in a socialist society. Though it is true that in a socialist community, there won't be nearly as wide a range of income between lower and higher end professions, it's important to remember that socialism is about receiving the full benefit of your labors. This is why the economy, and all of its aspects, belongs in the hands of the people rather than an elite minority. Because wages, like the means of production, will be decided democratically among the workers the salaries of varying professions will surely have some kind of range. A socialist society does not mean that a doctor will receive the same payment as a carpet cleaner. Socialist ideology famously proposes a policy of "to each according to his contribution," meaning pay is proportional to what you give to the society. Naturally this doesn't leave the lower-tier workers in an economically dangerous position but rather kills the existence of private owners who received unearned income through interest, rent, or profit through ownership, making the socialist income system vividly different from its capitalist counterpart. Building off of that, one other key criticism of socialism is the alleged lack of incentivization for labor. However, it is the capitalist incentive for work that is inherently flawed in that it relies on the worker's acquisition of money for survival. By contrast, socialism provides an entirely different incentive to work. By

creating collective ownership, work itself will have more a more direct purpose, since people would work to better their own lives and communities. While we struggle to achieve this goal, it's perfectly reasonable and efficacious to make a transition in which wages exist and to some extent vary based on profession, so long as the question of wages is answered democratically.

Because socialism moves from profit based society to collectivized incentives many areas of our daily lives would strongly be impacted by the change in economic policy. Science would no longer be based on grant-research, meaning scientists would stop making inaccurate reports for the sake of putting food on the table. In a capitalist system, the more research a scientist publishes the more money he/she makes. This puts unnecessary and often result-breaking pressure on research leading to stagnation and intentional tweaking of reports and data. Because science is at the forefront of societal development, it would likely receive strong economic backing and would, through democratically agreed-upon policies, receive the aid it needs to flourish. Education would also be brought to the forefront of important areas for development and support since the only way to sustain political and economic democracy is to keep the populace well informed and well educated. Historically, the success rate of socialist education systems leaves a mark on the cultural and geographic makeup of the world. At the turn of the 20th century, Russia was a backwards state, with a mere 28% literacy rate among its people. The Soviet system not only turned around Russian education, it also impacted every other nation where the USSR claimed cultural and political influence. Consequently, by most international organization standards, Russia has the number one highest



tertiary level education rate, that is to say, Russia has the highest percentage of adults who have completed education through the university and graduate school level.<sup>2</sup> Additionally, among the top 25 countries with the highest literacy rate, 18 are either former republics of the Soviet Union or were directly influenced by a Soviet-style education system (i.e. Cuba).<sup>3</sup> This is no coincidence, and empirically proves the potential a socialist system could have if it is implemented correctly. That being said, the Soviet Union had many failures, most of which were a direct result of a divergence from true socialist ideology as well as logistical and external difficulties.

Apart from the scientific and intellectual changes, socialism would bring about a strong change at the social level. There's a reason why so many feminist and civil rights movements often had close ties with socialist movements. Socialism in its very essence mandates absolute equality among the people and most socialist movements, at least on paper, have been strong advocates of gender equality, racial equality and an abolition of socio-economic classes. These principles are of course far too idealistic to expect to see any time in the foreseeable future and often become the subject of criticism due to their lack of feasibility. Socialists themselves understand and contend that we may never achieve an entirely egalitarian society, but it's only through socialism

that we can walk in the right direction. Capitalism and equality share an oxymoronic relationship simply because in capitalism wealth and power cannot have even distribution. As a result, there will always be groups at the bottom of a social structure and groups at the top, with a comparatively smaller quantity of the former. Continuing down "Capitalism Avenue" can only result in increasing amount of inequality, whereas adopting socialist policies and reform will force society to move towards egalitarianism, even if we never end up at the finish line.

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# Differentiating Marxism: How to Achieve Change

by The Communist

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The practice of Marxism is, in short, the belief that the capitalist structure of liberal ideology is inherently flawed because of the exploitation of the worker. This exploitation is measured in surplus profit, that is the difference between the price of the good sold by the capitalist and the amount paid to the worker for the labor to create the good. This, however is a gross oversimplification, and it is advisory to read an actual book pertaining to the subject. The point of this brief article is to address the differences between different Marxist doctrines. Primarily, I will be discussing the divisions between revolutionary and peaceful Marxism, that is the differences between Marxism of the Center (or Orthodox Marxism), Marxism of the Left (or Revolutionary Marxism), and Marxism of the Right (or Revisionism).

We will begin by looking at the principles of Orthodox Marxism. Marxism degenerated from Marx's views after his death in the late 1800's to early 1900's. This field of Marxism developed in the German Social Democratic Party under the leadership of Karl Kautsky, who particularly emphasized the inevitability of socialist society. His beliefs implied that the transition to socialism was inevitable, attempting to tie Marxism into the scientific movements occurring at the same time, arguing that Marxian Logic was not dependent moral questions and that it was objective, spawning the ideology of Scientific socialism. Because of this view, the discussion on how people *should* live is therefore irrelevant; all societies will naturally gravitate to the socialist ideal because it is the only valid one. This is, however, a fallacious belief of Kautsky, partially because he assumes human systems behave rationally, and partially because he

denies the validity of other ideologies. However, in this ideology, the inevitable drift towards socialism also makes the question on how the society arrives at socialism somewhat abstract and to an extent, pointless. If society logically arrives at the socialist system, then what is the point to advocate one method of change over another? This school of Marxism developed out of the optimistic societies which believed in the democratic ways of change and spawned before the First World War began. After the War, the optimistic attitude adopted by Orthodox Marxists fell into ambiguity as the world reeled from the first great international war. The Orthodox Marxist movement as an organized whole collapsed in the interwar period.

The second movement of interest is Revolutionary Marxism, focusing upon the violent revolution. The position of Revolutionary Marxism developed during the years after Marx's death. Rosa Luxemburg and Vladimir Lenin both helped to formulate the doctrine and philosophy of Revolutionary Marxism. This particular ideology holds that the Capitalist society cannot change with mere democratic movements and socialistic concessions. By the Philosophy of Marxism of the Left, the democratic process is inadequate because of its slow and plodding progress — inevitably during the time taken to socialize the society, the Capitalists will have formulated, with their vast resources, a means of destroying the new movement. Either this or culture of the Materialistic and Capitalist society will have created conditions through which only a Revolutionary Coalition of the Left may overthrow the exploitative system of Liberalism. It is born of the pessimism of the postwar period, and arose after the

successful revolution in the Russian Tzardom. The ideology is furthermore influenced by an inherent skepticism of the democratic process, believing it to be a tool of oppression allowing little actual power in order to satisfy some small demands of the exploited workers by only improving the conditions of their servitude, not eliminating their servitude to profit itself. Revolutionary Marxism holds that because of the continually adapting system of oppression, the change to bring about a syndicalized and socialized society would need to be revolutionary, and believes that this cannot happen under a democratic system. However, Capitalists hold that Revolutionary Marxism cannot sustain itself because of the continual need of revolution. Revolution is the means to an end, not the end itself. Revolution is the answer to an unresponsive democratic society that has no interest in change, much less syndicalization. Syndicalization is the redistribution of the ownership of the means of production to the workers equally, lacking private ownership and private property as a business. The Revolutionary Marxist understanding of the world holds that revolutionary change is the only option to destroy the reactionary capitalist society.

Finally, there is the ideology of Revisionism, which sought to reengineer Marxian thought and rejected much of Marx's actual ideology. This began with the rise of Eduard Bernstein, also a member of the German Social Democratic Party, and a believer in the democratic process. Revisionism rejects the Marxist principle of violent revolution outright, and believes that the democratic process has the ability to make significant change, and therefore stops short of the violent revolution. The previous improvements in working conditions and general betterment of society created Marxism of the Right, which was heralded as vastly more democratic, and has since been

ostracized by most Marxists. Revisionism holds an inherent optimism that the democratic means are not a tool of the bourgeois to further oppress the masses with the illusion of freedom and liberty. Unlike the Revolutionary school, this ideology holds that the movements of the capitalist society towards Social Democracy are part of the shift towards socialism and not a populist reform to appease a large segment of the population. Among Marxists, Revisionism is largely regarded as a reaction to the successes of democracy, if indeed these successes were permanent or important. The problem that most Marxists hold against it is the utter lack of regard for traditional Marxian doctrine. The modern Social Democratic movement, as we know it today, grew from the Revisionist doctrine and evolved into limited free market capitalism which would allow moderate government control. However, this last and shortest paragraph is unfortunately small; Revisionism was rejected soon after its formulation by the majority of Marxists, and has become overshadowed by Social Democracy and Gradualistic Marxism, its offspring.

The three Major Marxist movements are a few of a massive spectrum of Leftist thought, and their influence has been paramount over the last century as Communism dominated the East. With the fall of the USSR and the "triumph" of capitalism, the likelihood of a Communist resurgence grows ever larger, especially because of the inevitable crises of any capitalist market. Marxism is returning to the political spectrum as a force to be reckoned with, and with its growth grows the potential for another Communist wave. The peoples of all countries tire of war, want peace, tolerate dissenters, cry out against oppression, and believe in change. Meaningful change, according to socialism, will only occur when capitalism fails.



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# Sanders' Key Points of Socialism

by Garron Daniels

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When looking at Bernie Sanders and his epic political campaign, there are several points that he hits and drives home to all of us. They are not just points, but issues that still matter, even after his political campaign for presidency has ended. Those key issues and points are as follows:

1. Limit corporate and interest spending in campaigns by proposing an amendment that would not let corporate or private business being able to give unlimited money to campaigns. Also if it is nearly \$10,000, the group must give some form of disclosure.
2. Free universal preschool and free tuition for public colleges and universities by taxing the wealthier more and taxing some Wall Street Transactions. Cost: \$70 billion a year
3. Break up the big banks by taking the large banks and turning them into smaller entities and charging a new fee for high-risk investment practices. Also push the federal bank to loan more money to smaller businesses.
4. Launch a universal healthcare system provided by the government. Though Sanders did vote in favor of the Affordable Care act, he believes that it isn't hitting the target completely. He proposes a Medicaid for all system that is a single payer system in which the federal and state government would provide. Cost would be \$13.8 trillion over ten years that would be paid for by individuals and employers and by a new progressive income tax.
5. On the income tax, the income tax would be raised for those making over \$250,000 a year. Their rates would raise would be up to 37%. Those making nearly \$10 million a

year would be paying nearly 57% in income taxes. Other fees and taxes would be increased, such as Social Security taxes for the higher income.

6. Global Warming is a problem and needs attention. So sanders has proposed a bill that would charge companies for carbon emissions and use those funds from it to help boost renewable energy and push to move forward with more greener form of technology.
7. Sanders also calls for a ban assault rifles. Also believes that the states, not the federal government should handle waiting periods for handguns. Also an expansion on federal background checks on guns in general.
8. Sanders supports a pathway to citizenship. He even voted on an immigration bill in 2013 that would have increased border security and make it easier for over 10 million people to gain citizenship. Also waived against the deportation of certain groups of immigrants, especially those that were brought over here as children.
9. Sanders also believes in ending all foreign wars going on and call the withdrawal of troops in Iraq and Afghanistan.

In the words of Bernie Sanders, "Democratic socialism means that we must create an economy that works for all, not just the very wealthy. Democratic socialism means that we must reform a political system in America today which is not only grossly unfair but, in many respects, corrupt." Bernie's path to a political revolution has been the only path to have nearly as much support as it did. Millions of people following with him and getting involved. Millions raised each month for Bernie by small donations of \$27. His path to have change in this



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country is and will be the only reasonable path to turn this country around and embrace the ideas of Democratic Socialism. This path must be continued and must be followed by we the people. These points and issues are not dead. They have not been solved and won't be if we don't do anything about it. We must, as whole, rise up and continue the good	fight to make sure these issues are solved. If we can't solve the issues for our own benefit, then let's solve them for the benefit of the next several generations to come. The path of Bernie's Democratic Socialism is the only path to go. The perfect and most peaceful path to change the nation for the better!
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## View

by Blake Buthod

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They came and they went. As most things do. Rowen watched the kids cross in front of his house. Sunny school day. What was recess like? Rowen missed those days. When you felt like you had lots of friends and nothing was really the matter. Though he hadn't seen any classmates in years. Friends.

The sunshine heated Rowen through the window, but this he neither liked nor disliked. He liked his space mostly. The living room. His mom went about her business in the sun room, coming in to make food and to stretch her legs. Rowen was lucky to have her.

He didn't know any of the kids' names that walked past each day. But he didn't know the names of the birds who pecked at the feeder, the squirrels who lived in the tree, the barking dog at the screen door across the street, or the occasional passerby. None of this bothered him. Rowen felt content with his view.

The passerby once noted how lonely Rowen looked at the window. But he was not alone. He had lots of company which could always be seen.

Rowen didn't like thinking about school anymore. It was only a reminder. If he thought about it too much he cried. It was harder to see out the window when that happened.

The seasons came and went. The leaves changed but slow enough that Rowen couldn't tell. He saw when they fell, though, and felt sad. The birds stopped coming. The dog's bark disappeared behind the closed door. Sometimes it snowed and everything looked different. Rowen didn't know how to feel about this. But it came and went, and he welcomed the return of the leaves.

The years came and went. The kids got older and stopped crossing. The dog's bark disappeared for good. Rowen noticed these changes but felt indifferent.

Rowen's mom also grew gray and didn't come in as much. Eventually she stopped coming at all. Rowen helped himself to what was left of the food and then went back to his spot.

The passerby found him against the window, eyes still open. He seemed content with the view.

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# poetry.

## **I Wrote This Using Predictive Text**

*by Lewie Dunham*

I don't think I could do that to myself  
but I don't know what I would do to  
myself if I could do that it would be a  
nice way to be a good person and I  
would be like a good person and I  
would be like a good person and I  
would be like a good person and I  
would be like a good person and I  
would be like a good person

## **This Sky**

*by Kristin Geiman*

If skies were of water  
To reflect the goings-on  
Of earth below  
They would be scattered  
With my love for you.  
Every time you looked at me  
A fluttering of birds  
Across the sky  
Would echo the ripple  
Of our words.  
A single memory or dream  
A deeper thought would seem  
To cast the sky  
Another blazing hue  
And ride the breeze.  
Our hearts are quickly broken,  
And yet take so long to heal.  
Is this a cloud of doubt  
That dares to cross  
This sky arrayed with love?

*by Jason Yarber*

i looked at the stop sign  
but i can't read

*~~swim~~*

*by Sebastián*

*Maldonado-Vélez*

three stalls  
of rain  
california  
is in a  
drought  
while we  
piss on  
corn fields  
splash in  
a fury seen  
through the  
astrology of  
trees mark  
of good will  
spelled in  
raindrops  
which recite  
lines from  
mars in  
retrograde  
wishing it  
could just  
take a step  
forward and  
breathe

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**Mary Wirl the Fairy Liking Girl**  
*by Lewie Dunham (in 2nd grade)*

There once was a girl. Her last name was Wirl.  
Her first name was Mary. She liked fairys.  
One day she went to the mall and got a new ball.  
On it was a fairy. Who was happy but Mary.  
When she went on vacation, she got a dolmation.  
She named it Fairy. Like her name Mary.  
Once a fairy took her to her world. Her name was the Fairy Lord.  
It was worth while, everyone had a smile.  
Their animals are strange, like how they're arranged.  
Then there was a war with lots of fights, and it happened for many nights.  
Then the secret went on and on. And it keep going until the world is gone.  
THE END!

**The second hand moved.**  
*by Kristin Geiman*

Another moment slipped away  
What did he say?  
Nothing bad  
Nothing good, either  
Nothing.  
I can almost feel  
Silence pulling time away  
Dragging him down the street.  
Still, I wait.  
The moments become days.  
He told me how long  
I shouldn't be waiting  
Hungry for his words.  
I shouldn't be hoping the silence will end  
With an unexpected word  
Yet I am.  
I dare to hope.  
Even though the winds of doubt  
Tear at my heart  
I look for him, although  
I am cold, all the way down to my soul.  
I am alone in a forest of fear,  
Guarding my own little blossom of love  
Feeding it, singing  
We will make it through the winter.  
This is not the end.

**Strange Tails from the  
Campus of Missouri  
Southern**  
*by Jason Yarber*

Written in the dust  
On a window in the gym:  
"Christ is Returning"

**dream poem 2**  
*by o//////////li~*

i really respect every  
thing u've been through  
...ok  
ok...  
...ok  
ok...  
...ok  
ok...  
...ok  
ok...  
...ok  
ok...  
alright



---

## **I lied about being back at midnight**

*by Josh Brumfield*

My niece's dog has a facebook page and he gets more likes and comments than me! Come on, people!

Hey Johnny what was that website where you could watch free family guy episodes?

Cum is a renewable resource

There is no such thing as a cum scarcity

U should listen to sum 41

Not around mom tho lol there are some cuss words

TWO girls like me and I know who one of them is and at first I thought it was a joke because she's very pretty

nice man, I'm dealing with the drunkest person ever

well I have mixed feelings abotu summer, but I'm pumped to see you man

remember when we used to open up wikipedia pictures in class

hahahahahaha yeah dude worms are awful

## **3rd Shift Ending**

*by Jason Yarber*

**gender as a social construct as told through statistics (objectively the worst subject)**

*by o//////////i~*

$P(A^c \text{ or } B^c)$

## **[What If]**

*by Kristin Geiman*

it's so late at night  
i can hear the morning birds  
casting their tentative first calls through the dark  
the sun readying its voice  
to sing light across the dew dotted grass  
animals are stirring  
eyes resting lightly, fading awake  
i dived so deep into death  
that life started again

I don't want to take you everywhere.

What if you leave scars like the last lover?

What if you lie to me and bury a stake in my heart?

What if you can't convince yourself and give up loving me?

I can't have the memory of that following me like a shadow, showing up every day like a discolored sun, haunting me in whispering places and darkening the windows I once loved. I cannot lose myself in you.





by Kirsten Benson





**## by Blake Buthod**



**Megan  
by  
Dennis  
Baker**



Give it a read  
why don't ya?  
!



by Jacob St. Omer





Raymond Huffman by Overend Neun



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# The Fox and the Bear

by Brian Behrens

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The Fox was quite lost.

Rain continued to pour outside as the creature took shelter in the entrance to a large cave. Booming thunder rolled and the ground quaked as the storm intensified with every passing second. The Fox knew this was simply a fact of life, but she couldn't help wishing for it all to be over.

Suddenly, a second rumble could be heard behind the Fox. She turned to see a magnificently large Bear snoring in the corner of the cave. The Fox crept closer, preparing to turn tail and escape should the Bear wake. As she inched forward, she noticed she was doing so unconsciously. There was something about the Bear that interested her. Soon enough, she was nearly face to face with the beast. As she knelt to sniff him, one of the Bear's eyes lazily opened. The Fox froze, unsure of what to do. The Bear's eye closed again, and he let out a huge sigh.

"I'm sorry, did I wake you?" the Fox asked quietly. The Bear's eye opened again slowly, a dull look on his face. "Don't worry about it," he grumbled. "It's about time I had something to eat anyway." To the Bear's surprise, as much as her own, the Fox began to laugh. She laughed and laughed as the Bear's frown deepened in confusion. "Aren't you scared?" he growled, slowly getting to his feet. The Bear was truly massive, the Fox saw, but he was also sluggish. "Not really," she shrugged with a sly smile. "If you want to eat me, you'll have to catch me first."

The Bear yawned, which could've been mistaken for a roar. "Very well," he said. "Hold still, please." The Fox laughed again, before returning to the cave entrance, the Bear slowly following her. "Thank you for letting me stay here," the Fox said, smiling. The Bear watched,

more confused than ever, as the Fox bounded off into the darkness. A little disappointed that his snack didn't stick around, the Bear returned to his corner and promptly fell back asleep.

The Bear slept on for weeks, snoring loudly, until one day the Fox returned. The Fox approached him slowly, still cautious of the Bear. Eventually, the Bear's eye opened again, and he sighed.

"I'm sorry, did I wake you?" the Fox whispered. The Bear yawned. "Don't worry about it, it's about time I had something to eat anyway." When he got to his feet, he noticed the Fox was carrying something. She set it down before him and smiled. "If you want to eat me, you'll have to catch me first." The Fox then darted out of the cave laughing to herself.

The Bear examined what lay before him. It was a basket of nuts and berries, arrayed with care in beautiful patterns. The Bear sniffed at the basket, and hesitantly caught some up with his tongue. To his surprise, they were delicious. The Bear threw his face into the basket, devouring its contents in seconds. Throwing the basket aside, the Bear returned to his corner with a full belly and a smile on his face.

The Fox came back the very next day. This time there was no caution in her approach. She hopped up to him and brushed his face with her tail brazenly. Both of the Bear's eyes opened in surprise.

"I'm sorry, did I wake you?" the Fox laughed. The Bear snorted. "Don't worry about it, it's about time I had something to eat anyway." The Fox smiled, dancing around the lumbering beast. "If you want to eat me, you'll have to catch me first!" The Bear made as if to reach for her, but instead grabbed the basket from the day before. "Thank you for the food," he



muttered. The Fox's smile widened. "I'm glad you liked it! At any rate I couldn't just let you starve. What do you even do besides sleep?"

The Bear yawned. "There isn't much else TO do, so I just sleep all day." The Fox was shocked. "Not much to do? How could you think that! When was the last time you went outside?" The Bear frowned. "The outside is a dangerous place. I much prefer my cave where it's safe and warm." The Fox groaned. "Sure it's dangerous, but it's also beautiful and fun and full of wonder! Come outside with me!" Before he knew it, the Bear was being pushed forward out into the sunlight.

"AHHHHHHH!" he roared. "You've blinded me!" the Fox groaned. "Stop being so dramatic. You just need to get used to it." Before he knew it, the Bear could see just fine. The Fox was right about one thing, he thought. The outside was definitely beautiful. All around him were vibrant flowers, bright colors and magnificent trees much bigger than he was. The Bear couldn't help but stare in wonder at everything.

"Bear, you're drooling. You're not hungry again are you?" the Fox asked, concerned. The Bear wiped his mouth, embarrassed. "I could show you where I found the berries if you'd like!" the Fox offered, hoping to take the Bear's mind off of eating her. The Bear nodded, and the two of them went off in search of berry bushes.

When they'd both had their fill, the sun was already on its way down. Feeling sleepier than ever, the Bear trudged back toward his cave. "Thank you for today," he grumbled. The Fox smiled. "It was fun, wasn't it?" The Bear allowed himself a small smile too. "Yeah."

SNAP

The sound filled the air, scattering the wildlife. The Fox screamed in horror. The Bear looked from the Fox, to the sky, and finally to the ground, unable to under-

stand what was happening. Then he felt something he hadn't felt in a long time: pain. Finally he noticed his paw stuck in a trap. Metal teeth lodged deep past his fur and into his skin. The Bear let out a roar of pure terror and immediately tried to wrench his paw free. The Fox tried her best to calm the Bear but he could not be consoled. Finally, after rampaging about for a while, he ran out of energy and simply whimpered. The Fox, knowledgeable of such traps, quickly worked to free the Bear. The Bear gingerly removed his mangled paw from the trap and licked at the bloody mess.

Eventually the two of them made it back to the cave, the Fox supporting the Bear. The Bear slumped down into his corner and sulked, favoring his paw. The Fox tried to apologize for the trap and hoped he'd feel better. "Leave me alone," he growled. The Fox left, sadder than she'd been in a long time.

The Bear slept for a full month after that, hating the outside and blaming the Fox. His life had been cozy and safe before he'd met her, and she'd been nothing but trouble for him. Still, he couldn't help but feel like something was missing now, a new longing that he hadn't felt in a long time.

The Bear was quite lonely.

He'd always been fine with living alone, because he'd never gotten to know company. Now, the Fox had introduced him to something that had changed his life forever. He lay there in his corner, tired but unable to sleep. He cursed the Fox for all of her attention, but more than anything he missed her.

Then one day, he heard her voice. But it wasn't the usual playful tone. She was pleading with something, scared. The Bear got up without thinking and followed her voice outside the cave. There she was, surrounded by snarling Wolves and completely terrified. The Bear came bounding up behind them and let out the loudest roar he could manage. The Wolves were caught by

surprise and immediately fled before the Bear. The Bear stood protecting the Fox until the Wolves were out of sight.

"I'm sorry, did I wake you?" the Fox sobbed, tears in her eyes. The Bear nuzzled his nose into the Fox's fur, comforting her. "Don't worry about it, it's about time I had something to eat anyway." The Bear picked up the Fox by the scruff of her neck and carried her back to the cave. Instead of eating her, however, he slept with one giant, mangled paw around her. The Fox felt safe and warm, and the Bear wasn't lonely. They were happy.

The Fox awoke the next morning to find the Bear gone. Wondering where he could've gotten to, the Fox got up, stretched, and left the cave. Feeling a little hungry, she stopped by the berry bushes to eat. She found the Bear there.

The Fox cried in misery at the sight. He lay there bleeding from a Hunter's gun, breathing weakly. The Fox's basket

lay next to him, fruits and nuts scattered where it fell. The Bear looked up when he heard her approach, smiling weakly. "I'm sorry, did I wake you?" she whispered, tears streaming down her face. "Don't worry about it," he rasped. "It's about time I had something to eat anyway." The Bear's strength was ebbing, but he still found the power to laugh.

The Fox sat in silent vigil as the Bear's breathing grew weaker. "I'm sorry I made you go outside," she cried. "If I hadn't, this never would've happened." The Bear shook his head, coughing. "I'm glad you did. It's as beautiful as you said. I never would've gotten to experience all of this without you. Now I can die knowing that I got a chance to live." The Fox placed her head on the Bear's side. She felt safe and warm, and the Bear wasn't lonely. Despite everything, they were happy.

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## **A Modest Dissertation Written Under Extraordinary Circumstances**

by Amaz Azrakou

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The real lesson I learned from all of this was-why music videos were always different from the song. Listening to music like that, I had my own nonsensical story projected onto it that "made sense" contrary to the lyrics of the song what the song sounds like. I.e.- the Stones could be telling me to see the footloose man, but it sounds like a flag waving. The ideal music video takes these images formed by the sound, as interpreted differently by his imaginative brain, can be shared in co-image with the band who made it and projected a different meaning. Thus-the point of this title-why doesn't the music video portray what the authors says. Thus. Wandering off topic yet again, we see that the producers of music videos want to slaughter small children. As expounded on by Fukasse, such Nerdassian reductionism serves only to completely delineate the presence of Star Destroyers in the outer rim, which should only increase if only Lord Vader forwards the request to President Obama. Shillary Criminalton is an excellent candidate.

Make America great again

Make America great again

Make America great again

Pazuzu ain't got nothing on trump"



# **An edited, briefer version of a 2013 paper on French Justice then Minister Christiane Taubiras' 2001 Slavery Apology Law**

by TSU Dr. Betty McLane-Iles, modernized and updated by L. Isles

By the time you read this perforce summary paper, a new TSU professional colleague in French, AV, will have wonderfully secured funds and shown our TSU community on Monday, October 10th a website debate with one of France's abidingly powerful, and black to boot, politicians, CHRISTIANE TAUBIRA. Betty's own paper on her was delivered in 2013 as a lead paper to the Nova Scotia French Colonial Historical conference. Its mainly female audience, including French, Canadian/Italian, and British scholars of all ages, so praised it that they firmly insisted to her it be priority published! It never was! This was due to petty blocking actions of a tinier clique of very intellectually empty, 50's something, New Yorker and Torontonians, preferring their own name's instead so exclusively in their consequently dwindling Society's publications, AD NAUSEAM.

However, as Taubira's own contacts with Betty and myself go literally way back to a phone conversation we had with her over a decade ago in Kirksville at TSU when she was travelling "to and fro" from this hemisphere in the Guyanese district to her hemisphere in the Paris National Assembly, and she prefers to this day Dr. Betty and I's well-known contacts in respectively France's governing Socialists and sister GB Labour parties, I offer this updated summary and Taubira appreciation piece. By its end, I think you will easily yourself gauge exactly why a small white male clique of non-entities felt so threatened as to censor it. As it suggests academicism is SOCIAL and therefore at best "Transformative", and "Knowledge" always permeable. THE FULL ORIGINAL '2001 LOI/TAUSINA' 21-PARAGRAPH, 14-PAGE ARTICLE IS AVAILABLE FROM BETTY, AND TAUBIRA HERSELF HAS A COPY AND

WELCOMED IT IN 2013 AND BEYOND IN PURPOSEFULNESS IN MISSOURI INTENT!

THE LAW AND PHILOSOPHIES OF CHANGE OF CHRISTIAN TAUBIRA. BY BETTY MCCLANE-ILES, UPDATED BY LARRY ILES (MEMBER OF BNF MITTER AND GLOBAL ARCHIVES CENTER, PARIS)

C. Taubira became at the beginning of our decade one of France's most controversial, yet extraordinarily powerful Justice Ministers every in French President Hollande and Valls' Socialist government. She was thus the first explicitly progressive BLACK franco-phone woman ever to hold the post. Even when she resigned, just earlier this 2016 year, my husband at the BNF Mitter witnessed her all over often all-white male Paris 24 hour news TV channels for what she passionately considers his betrayals of their once mutual multiculturalist and economically interventionist Socialism by his and Hollande's flirtations with the right wing media's ideas of "stripping" dual nationality of mostly Muslim and mostly non-white French citizens—stripping them of their legal French nationality after the CHARLIE HEBDO magazine office and Paris nightclub terror attacks. To Taubira such flirts in jeer of the racist front national rising parties are needless and contrary to her whole, deeply personal understanding and gauchiste notion of what it means to be a modern progressive French citoyenne! The state already has sufficiently defensive powers, civil libertarians respectfully are the main-tains.

In her autobiography *Une Compagne de Folie*, a one-on-one dialogue with journalist E. Drevillon, and later semi-autobiographical books, *Rendez-Vous avec la Republique* and *Mes Meteores*, she explains very ?????????? the



divisions that shape her from the matriarchal South American homeland of her native ex-French Guyana. She spoke Creole, the majority language of the ex-noir slaves and intermingled sexually with what was called then by white colonising France “the Cayenne Prefecture”, which, by 1946, had legally become part of the French nation as a whole with a deputy election right to Paris, accordingly.

This was a fictitious *égalité* pretence, however, for the non-white majority, which included Taubira, the 6th child of a single parent in a customarily polygamous and thus matriarchal society. And Taubira in these autobiographies recalls bitterly how the French nuns of her own schooling days inculcated their racist stigma of *la malediction de Cham*, or the curse of Canaan. Christians, Jews, and Muslims have rationalized it all too often and “expelled” the black race from their sacred common books, inferiorisingly of all non-white peoples, to our own day!

Taubira was however defiant of all of this stigmatization, prejudice, and anti-republican anti-secular over-Catholicism. “We are all of one race”, the fine human *seulement*, she claims in a *Reines d’Afrique* 1-2 interview she gave. But she paid heavy career-block prices for her principles, despite or *parce que* (because of) her leaving in 1979 her studies Paris, in which she pursued economics, sociology, and ethnology degrees. She went back to Guyana, determined to challenge alike the traditional white male “*outre-mere*” of Right and Centrist social and political strangleholds which were stifling her people. She taught as a teacher of advanced economics in a lycee for 4 years, but got dismissed, as she refused to “hold back” talented indigent children, matching them instead to traditional prestigious white-grade classes in status-raising efforts. Then, following 4 prestigious years of co-operatives work in both fisheries and agricultural sectors, she published a reformist critique book, *La Pêche en*

*Guyane*, and a follow-up work, *Cap sur l’Horizon*. Again she got herself frequently dismissed or demoted. Why? Since in these works she not only exposed white favoritism but also the manifold ways in which profited and exploited of monies and subsidies from ostensibly “fair” French white male governmental agencies were not going to small native peoples’ intensive co-ops for fisheries, but to big companies instead!

Finally, she decided that was enough of all this ineffective books and pedagogy! Henceforward she decided to get political change through organisations, even though it has only been in the very last decade that French “*outre-mere*” or overseas departments have switched politically from the white Center Right to the more populist present Left Centre. How she enacted this process of change was, and is, astonishing! Inside the vast territory geographically of Guyana itself she helped establish a native, creole woman-friendly Walwari party. And she aligned it not with a big Paris party, but the small French Radical Left party (MRG).

When Paris herself at last elected her to the French National Assembly in sunny 1993 she, thus, had “group”, if small-speaking privileges, and yet still had home-base appeal not just to the fishery workers, but to the small-business women and men ethic that the Left French MRG has. It was much bigger once, with inherited from indeed the party’s own PM Pierre Mendès France’s anti-colonialist 1950s days of progressive bourgeois sentiment traditionalism.

With a backbencher power base so entrenched, the formidable Taubira—an elegant speaker with an earthy mother appeal that enrages interruptively Gaullist Right-wingers—soon showed here in the Paris Assembly, and in the Strasbourg Euro parliament assembly she was elected to in 1994, that she was uncontainable. By 1997, she had joined the largest Left party, the more proletari-



an Socialists, and yet by 2002 she had kept enough MRG standing to become their and France's first woman as a major party presidential candidate. So eloquent and dismissive of the male French Right did this contest prove herself that S. Royal, the losing SP presidential candidate in 2008, had the diminutive Taubira as her sole, regular combative TV spokesperson 4 years later. She gives no quarter debate.

She passed into law in May 2001 a law in which France officially "apologises" for its slave trade role, and incurred with her book *Esclavage Raconte a ma Fille*—its justification—the wrath of the centre right as well as Right wing scholars like TV pundit Eric Zemmour. She soon made it abundantly plain: she expected teachers of history at every level in schools with state aid, including universities, to be *peut etre*, perhaps, sued if they engaged in one-sided racist accounts or offensive lingo that was demeaning in mixed-race parents' eyes. By 2012 she was minister of justice in PM Ayrault's first Hollande Socialist movement charge, and in 2013 she approved legalizing gay marriage, despite huge Catholic mobs and Gaullist deputy-arranged counter-demos gathering intimidatingly outside the assembly.

What she could of course not expect was the way that such unhealthy earlier dissent later, over time, felt itself legitimated by the supposed Moslem "terror" bomb/gun attacks. Nor could she expect the cave-in way the Right of the Socialists chose to appease, not resist, such "revanche" hate. We simply, for instance in 2016, still don't know how effective the laws Taubira's laws have been in discouragement of either racist history classes or homophobic slum-banlieu schools' hateful atmospheres. What, concludingly, we can do to change this is in summary say how indeed the May 2001 apology law is probably spelled out in greater anti-discriminatory depth than that of any other nation

Taubira's beliefs that really bad humanities teaching must, attitudinisingly, be fought just as fiercely within academia as in the streets if there is to be in the future any real socio-political change. All of which is obviously anathema to many of the white male liberal "center" as much as it is to hard rightists like former French president Sarkozy with their essentially "assimilationist" and revisionist viewpoint that "colour" and "class" difference are anti-intellectual present-centered constructs out of "tolerant", speakable life in western civilization. The accuse Taubira of wanting social engineering and impositional eradication of dissent!

I, Betty, would argue that yes, the 5 main points of her law are ardently strong and very concretely spelt out, although it can thereby be contended that they are consistent with a French radical liberal tradition going far back to France's attempted abolition of slavery in the first revolutionary 1794 convention and the 1848 second revolutionary convention, which was more successfully, actual colonial slavery abolition in the April of that year!

Yet still, in the 2001 law Taubira's specifics are startlingly precise. Article 1 begins and state that the crime of slavery started in the 15th century and it must be apologised for to all enumerated non-white races in every once French territory, including by implication our own Louisiana Territory of Missouri perhaps! Article 2 wants all of this apology taught in all "mainstream" present French education outlets, not treated as if "marginal"! Article 3 demands that the EU, UN, and all other world bodies recognise, apologetically, the same crimes and commemorative day of apology annually. And this is also stated in article 4, whilst article 5 warns any bodies, like presumably serice regimental honor societies of ex-soldiers, that they can be prosecuted by any citizens if they appear to condone with flags past racist torture acts!

If anyone was in any doubt about

whom Taubira has had in mind as racist historians, her *L'Esclavage Raconte a ma Fille*, work soon disabuses. It is a fiercely didactic progressive history in which a black mother and daughter "trophes-style" lay to rest all past and present prejudice justifications. When I, Betty, did my work on Simone Veil's much earlier attacks on French colonialist history, I had to surmount evidence like it posthumously after her WW2 death publication. And grievously too that her admirer Camus made a cover up by omission of her assault in such publications he edited on white Algerians even like liberals himself. In Taubira's cride couer work there is no such coyness!

Successively in this epic essay Taubira says colonies *intrinsically* caused French slavery, not accidentally. Her book is divided into 8 indictment parts critical of what CT labels *la silence*. And amongst other nuggets, Taubira smashes not only the curse of Cannan, but also charmingly the mother asks for her daughter to "interrogate" such myths, always! In the end, Taubira warns through her mum to her *la fille*, to watch for all emergent contemporary forms of slavery, vigilance eternal.

Her liberal male and right wing critics pounced back fast all over France's newspapers and TVs against what they called "generalisations" that are pedagogical, they assert, untruths or exaggerations. And they were aided by nervous French right and center politicians who passed counter laws suggesting that people such as French veteran soldiers and pro-French natives should be "positively" honoured, not ever "unkindly" slandered by Taubira's laws. They were also especially annoyed by her support of economic reparations payments today in recompense. Some of their more decent points of course have ballast, especially as the Holocaust in WW2 itself was arguably persecution by one white race of another, despite professed Vichy, German, Austrian, and

Polish pre-1939 assimilation success claims and affront of botched WW2 alleged "enemies" within wipe-outs.

In conclusion, the plausibly best answer to her very censorious critics led by TV personalities and Gaullists who advocate "repealing" her law is twofold. One, figured of the moderate right and centre French ministerial and party leadership levels have refused to repeal as they *could* have done either of her famous apology or gay union laws as they clearly, to their voters, do have modernity appeal. And in debates with her critics, she has herself been more than able to further positive law and philosophy and prove the necessity of her laws, enlisting progressive historians and Left wing lawyers to counter-attack for herself in enthusiams that the Right outside here at US/UK and its bastions too often hasn't reckoned on. Above all, Taubira has shot back such rigid anti-black history omittienly become that it took in self-???? her own Paris post-1968 demo education for her to even begin her own Creole herstory research as she had none of it at Guyanese all-white curricula schools herself in total blackness therefore. And finally to say as her antagonists like Zemmer do that French white should complacently actually be "proud" that they abolished slavery in 1948 ignores the fact that French Corsican Napoleon I himself in Haiti and so on actually formulated in the boasted codes the name of such white "civilisation" the world's first modern slave codes *noir* or black that of course from US south to Nazi Germany were precedent-evil "scientifically" formulatory! So Taubira is in my opinion today's best practical theorist and indeed exponent for a real, meaningful social academe we should all aspire for *uncensored* in publication like *THE MONITOR*!



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# A Midwesterner's contribution to *World War Z*: *An Oral History of the Zombie War* by Kristin Geiman

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Kearney, Missouri, United States

**[The bunker is cold and damp, the walls dripping with perspiration. They started building the underground survival units when rumors of China's outbreak started to spread. Surrounded with soldiers, gunshots can still be heard if you're close enough to the surface. We're three levels down, where they keep the children in makeshift classrooms. In the dim, energy-efficient light, she dusts off the table with her hand, brushing off her pants nervously. Her fingers are trembling and she stares at the walls.]**

All of this is very unexpected. **[She shakes her head absently.]** I barely survived. I shouldn't have survived.

*What happened?*

I was at home, seven miles south of Odessa, that tiny pimple of a town. It was so peaceful on the farm, you'd never think that anything would go wrong. I mean, we'd seen the headlines proclaiming the end of the world, disasters overtaking humanity- **[scoffs]** and we went back to barbecuing in the backyard. My younger brother Anthony told me he was going to some refuge up north. He always believed in zombies, though. I don't think I even took it seriously until I saw it in the Bible. Walking corpses, a great panic, neighbors killing each other. **[Her eyes widen, glossing over.]** It's all there. Zechariah 14. That's when I believed it was real.

I thought we could hide out, maybe

let other people come live with us. Surely we didn't need to relocate an hour north. My brother-in-law Nate bought extra guns and even taught my sister to shoot. I thought that was a bit overrated. I've always hated violence. That's why my family thought I would be the first to die. I didn't ever want to hold or fire a gun. Why would I? It just didn't seem like they would come - of course, my plan didn't exactly work out. It wasn't until I was faced with either shooting one **[a zombie]** or facing my nephew's death that I used the gun.

I was babysitting him, you know, since my sister was God-knows-where and Nate was behind the house at his shooting range, practicing. I heard the occasional "pop" through the windows. Our house was not well-insulated. Noah, my nephew, noticed it before I did. We were watching VeggieTales, but obviously not one of his favorites, since he kept jumping up and down on the bed, ignoring the TV. I was enjoying it, though, until I realized Noah was pulling on me and wouldn't stop.

"Aunt Chichin!" he demanded.

"What?" He was pointing outside. "What is it, Noah?" I turned and looked out the window. They were coming out of the woods in a horde. Suddenly, it was like I was in a nightmare. I'm used to having nightmares. For some reason, I'm always very logical in my dreams. But this wasn't a dream. My thoughts were racing. Where was Nate? The pops of his gun had stopped, and I didn't have time to wait for his return. I didn't want to imagine what would happen if they tried to get in the house. "Come with me,

Noah,” I said. **[Her voice is low, her eyes locked on the floor.]** I scanned the room and my eyes landed on Nate’s rifle, mounted above the door. Figured I might as well. I slung it over my shoulder, thankful for a strap, but uncomfortable with the weight of it. Like I said, I’d never held a gun before. I’m strong, though. I took Noah’s hand, telling him, “We gotta go, buddy. We gotta go.” Running to my room, I grabbed my messenger bag and some clothes from a pile in the corner, and I ran for the front door. By this time, adrenaline was starting to kick in. I opened the door and looked out the glass screen. No threats detected. Scooping Noah up, I shut the door and started running. My arms hurt with the weight, distracting me from any pain in my legs. I just ran. Adrenaline is amazing. I didn’t even notice him screaming, crying that he wanted down. At the top of the hill was my prize: a Dodge Ram pickup. I had only driven it once, but that didn’t matter. We never locked the doors on our vehicles. The farm was a safe place. Sure enough, the door opened right away. As fast as I could, I slid into the driver’s seat, told Noah to buckle up, and turned the keys in the ignition. They were coming after us. I could feel it. Realizing the gun was in between me and my nephew, I threw it in the back seat. It’s not like I planned on using it. Noah’s eyes were wide, poor thing. He was upset. I said, “I’m sorry, baby,” and pulled him to the middle bucket seat and secured his seatbelt. Then I hit the gas pedal and flew out of there.

*And his parents? What about them?*

**[She sighs loudly.]** I wouldn’t hear from them for another two hours. I had Noah, which was my responsibility, and

they had guns. I guess that made us even. It’s every parent’s worst nightmare, not knowing where their child is, but zombies on top of that? Sheesh. Leaving the farm was like abandoning an oasis. As soon as we hit the highway, there was carnage everywhere. I was so grateful we were in a big truck. My car would have been terrible, trying to run over bodies in the road **[shudders involuntarily]** and run over them. I swerved to avoid a group of them eating...someone...and I could see some of them turn, like they were still hungry. It was so gross. There were cars on the side of the road, even a semi overturned at one point. I just kept going.

We made it as far as Liberty, and it was obvious we would run out of gas before reaching the bunker, so I pulled off the highway at a 24-hour pump. I pulled out my debit card and grabbed the rifle. Noah was still frozen in shock. I told him to stay put and got out. I felt so silly with a giant gun in my hands next to a gasoline pump. **[She laughs, then her smile fades, her eyes widening again.]** The smell was horrible. Even growing up on a pig farm, I had never smelled anything so horrible. Looking around, I saw the remains of a fight. Someone had shot down some zombies, but there was dried human blood everywhere. I covered my nose with my shirt and filled up the tank. The place seemed deserted. I thought we should probably use the restroom before moving on. I pulled Noah into my arms, locked the truck, and carried the gun. He whimpered softly, and I shushed him.

I should have known entering the store was a bad idea. The door dinged really loud when I went in. It may as well have been an alarm. I panicked instantly. From the left, I saw one start dragging itself down the aisle toward me, and directly ahead, what used to be a cashier



came at us, it's right arm hanging by threads, gray and bloody. I dropped Noah quickly and aimed the gun at the cashier **[shrugs]**. I didn't know how to aim. The fridge behind the zombie exploded with bursting liquid, and I realized the shot had knocked me to the floor. **[Shakes her head]** Stupid. It was closing in on Noah, though, who was screaming bloody murder. In a rage, roaring at this monster, I swung the gun at its head. It hit the floor, and I rammed the rifle into its face, blow after blow, until I remembered the other one. "No!" I yelled and turned back to Noah. He was going out the door. I don't blame him. He stopped and looked at me, just as I smashed a glass bottle over the zombie's head. "Noah, stay here!" I commanded, and finished the monster off with the rifle. I felt strange, as if something had taken over my body. I was shaking uncontrollably. **[Even now, her hands are shaking.]** We used the bathroom, even though it was horrible and the water stopped working. I had hand sanitizer in the truck. We went to leave the store, and sure enough, the gunfire had aroused more of the monsters. Advising myself not to shoot any more, we ran for the Dodge and got in before any of them got too close. I ran

one over on my way out of there.

*Was the bunker hard to find?*

Thankfully, no. My brother Anthony told me to get off the highway, take 6th to Jefferson, then turn left, drive past the water tower and all the way until the Marshall tree farm. The only hard part was weaving my way through abandoned cars, most of which were covered with zombies. Past that, though, I started seeing tanks and groups of soldiers camped out along the road. Some tipped their hats to me and others just ignored us. A tall guy stopped me before the gate and I showed him my license. He asked about Noah. Explaining he was my nephew, I realized Liz and Nate would be looking for him. And me. I texted them quickly, praying they were safe. I asked if Anthony Gomez was inside. He knew us and would identify us. Someone was dispatched to locate him. Minutes later, my brother emerged with two soldiers. His face lit up when he saw me. **[Her eyes are moist. She blinks rapidly.]** That's when I knew this was our new home.

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+ other good  
events !!!  
wow !!!

**the 'dome !!!**

aquadome meetings: sundays

@ 1:30PM @ the dome !!!

open mic nights !!!: nov 2 + 16 !!! @ 7PM

october 28: HALLOWEEN SHOW: Jack Lion /  
Kelly Howerton !!! a night of frights !!! @ 7PM

november 4: Chew Toy / Lesbian Poetry / Seen  
from Space !!! good music good friends @ 7PM

november 11: Upchuckles !!! Stand-up Comedy  
hahahhahaahahahahahah big laughs @ 8PM

november 18: Dana T / Anthony !!! @ 7PM

**@120 S MAIN ST - theaquadome@gmail.com**

**other good events wowie !!!**

october 26: SAB pumpkin carving +  
haloweentown showing !!! 1-5PM @ kirk gym

october 28: 8th annual slasher bash !!! Free all  
ages show ft. Last Dime / Two-headed Cow / The  
Universal Mind @ manhattan events @ 10PM

october 29-31: IPAC escape room !!! @ the  
aquadome !!! v spooky !!!

october 29: rave to the grave 2016: halloween  
bash !!! @ wrong daddies @ 9PM