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dear reader,

Wow! You did a good job by picking up this copy of the monitor! What this issue contains is the tools and ideas of this community we exist in. It is with these tools that we express our desires, dreams, distractions, deterrents, deodorants, dolphins, and much else. By reading this issue of the monitor you are making the choice to become a part of this expression!

Here at the monitor we pride ourselves on our incredibly large acceptance rate. We choose to include nearly everything we are given in order to preserve the natural voice of the community. If you at any point in your journey feel compelled to become a contributor to the monitor, you can send anything and everything to the email trumanmonitor@gmail.com. Opinions, visual art, poetry, short stories, mathematic equations, manifestos, homework doodles, anything is welcome in the monitor!

Once you've finished your exploration of our pages, feel free to share this copy with a friend, keep it as a part of your personal collection, deface it, place it in a tree, feed it to someone hungry, or anything else to spread the expression! It's your issue!

Our mission at the monitor is to allow a voice for the community at large to be heard. If you feel underrepresented or want your work to have an outlet into the world, the monitor is here to meet your need. Please enjoy this issue and never forget that your voice is powerful, important, and world-altering!

Love,

the still classic *the monitor* staff

meet the staff, “what are YOU thankful for?”

blake buthod : YOU

marc becker : That presidential terms are only four years

natalie welch : Hot Tamales®

rebecca comas : Macaroni pizza

taylor sanders : the cyber

scout sale : tamagotchis

lewie dunham : Rotom Pokédex

jacob st. omer : Wifi connection

ben wallis : ego death

sarah connolly : smells

will chaney : Being a human, out of all the lifes

austin redding : semicircles

ollie ganim : i am :^^)

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.

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 If you would like your work not to be published online or would like us to remove previously published material, send us an email.

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ads

As members of the Kirksville community we love to promote local businesses and organizations. If you're interested in having an ad in our next issue please email us!

Rates

Quarter Page \$5

Half Page \$10

Full Page \$20

30% discount for student organizations!

contributors

blake buthod	cover
mars	p. 4
natalie welch	p. 5
taylor sanders	p. 6
larry iles	p. 8
peter gabel	p. 10
will chaney	p. 12
anne morgan	p. 15
thomas sebacher	p. 15
isaiah oakes	p. 16
sebastián maldonado-vélez	p. 16
person from chicago	p. 16
violet x odzinski	p. 17
ella youmans	p. 18
emily hannon	p. 18
anne morgan	p. 18
natalie welch	p. 20
kirsten benson	p. 21
KB + collaborators	p. 23
rowen conry	p. 25
hannah gibbons	p. 26
katie bailey	p. 27
caroline taylor	p. 28
rowen conry	p. 30
marc becker	p. 33

Dear Mars

Why the mcfurry spoon look like that

Signed,

BootsWereMadeForWalking

Dear Boots,

There is in fact a practical reason why the McFlurry spoons look like they should also function as straws but are truly just spoons, but if you wanted to know about that you would have just googled it rather than asking me, no? Therefore allow me to interpret your question in this way: what does the mcfurry spoon, and its misleading shape, mean for us? Those of us who have consumed a mcfurry have no doubt, without fail, tried to use the spoon as a straw. Those of us who have consumed a mcfurry more than once have also made this mistake on more than once. What of this?

It is a reminder, perhaps a daily reminder (if you eat that many mcfurries) that we are mortal, flawed humans, who not only make mistakes but make the same mistake over and over again. Does this seem dark? But the reason we continue making this mistake is that the shape of the mcfurry spoon is exceedingly unimportant. There are no negative repercussions to trying to use the spoon as a straw other than mild frustration/embarrassment. If this mistake were dangerous or important, you'd never make it twice. So, to recap: we, flawed beings, will repeatedly make mistakes, and that is okay. In the long run, it will not hurt you. And maybe, eventually, if you eat enough mcfurries, you will learn. This is the lesson of the mcfurry spoon.

(Alternatively, the parable of the mcfurry spoon can be read as a don't-judge-a-book-by-its-cover-sort-of-thing. Contemplate this if you wish.)

If you're interesting in sending Mars a question, scan this QR code for a link!



Love,
Mars



Upcycling Tutorial

by Natalie Welch

Want an easy way to stitch flowers or anarchy symbols or your grocery list or whatever the hell you want on to your clothing? Here's a simple guide to a basic embroidery stitch, the backstitch.

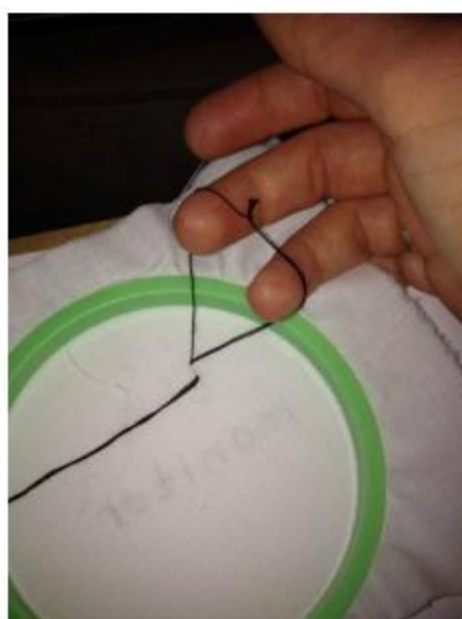
You need an embroidery hoop, a piece of fabric bigger than the hoop, a needle, embroidery floss, a pencil, and scissors. All this costs about \$3, assuming you own a pencil and scissors.



Decide how thick you want your stitch to be. Embroidery floss comes in bundles of 6 strands. I usually use 3, so divide it in half. Thread the needle, knot the threads together at the bottom.



Optional: Lightly draw your design with a pencil. You can just stitch all willy-nilly, but that's not how I roll.



Make your first stitch loop into itself as shown. This is your knot. Keep stitching, starting one stitch length forward and going back to meet the line.



To end it, if you run out of thread or the design is finished, run the needle under one of the past stitches and tie a knot around it. Do that twice. Voilà.



Questions? Suggestions for the next upcycling tutorial?
Email [new6684 @ truman.edu](mailto:new6684@truman.edu).

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY HAS FAILED YOU

by Taylor Sanders

If you're anything like me you pay an unhealthy amount of attention to American politics and as such you've probably noticed a lot of liberal Democratic politicians and journalists and other elites scrambling to find someone to blame for what happened on Election Day: third party voters, non-voters, Bernie Sanders' supporters, Susan Sarandon, and of course millennials—since everything is always our fault somehow. None of that has any basis in reality. This is not your fault. This is their fault. The Democratic Party has failed you.

In fairness sometimes third-party candidates can impact elections. In 1992 Independent nominee Governor Ross Perot took nearly 19 percent of the popular vote—which resulted in exactly zero Electoral votes, but that's an issue for another time.

This year however Libertarian Party nominee Governor Gary Johnson—the best-performing third-party candidate of the election—garnered 3 percent of the popular vote, and Green Party nominee Dr. Jill Stein received 1 percent of the popular vote. But making the relatively safe assumption that most who voted Libertarian would have voted Republican and most who voted Green Party would have voted Democratic the result of the election would remain unchanged.

So yes Perot was the core reason President Bill Clinton was elected for his first term. But the reason he was elected for a second term? Simply put Clinton defeated the Republican Party by pushing the Democratic Party farther right. The Democratic Party—our nation's most 'left' party—isn't really leftist at all and certainly hasn't been in any of our lifetimes. The Democratic Party has sold the working classes a bill of goods for the last 20 years—performing as an ally while their actions have been completely to the contrary.

The left is supposed to support and

protect the underclasses. Yet President Clinton attempted to privatize Social Security which would have left beneficiaries subject to the unpredictable stock market and therefore their entire retirement plans up to chance.

The left is supposed to support and protect the underclasses. Yet President Clinton passed the Violent Crime Control and Law Enforcement Act which amplified the pre-existing trend of incarcerating large numbers of the underprivileged rather than addressing the root causes of their behavior such as near-inescapably deep poverty. Since its inception the population of federal prisons has more than doubled.

The left is supposed to support and protect the underclasses. Yet President Clinton repealed the Glass-Steagall Act—a Great Depression-era law made to prevent commercial banks from gambling away their investors' money on the Stock Market without their investors' consent. The loss of Glass-Steagall allowed for the Great Recession of 2007 and 2008—the largest financial crisis since the Great Depression.

The left is supposed to support and protect the underclasses. Yet President Clinton instituted the North American Free Trade Agreement—previously supported by Presidents Ronald Reagan and George H. W. Bush—which contributed to the significant loss of manufacturing jobs from here in Missouri to the East Coast—the area we now refer to as the "Rust Belt." Since 1994 there has been a combined loss of over 1 million manufacturing jobs in Ohio, Illinois, Missouri, and North Carolina. Free trade is important in the modern era but NAFTA's negative effects on American industrial workers cannot be ignored.

It's not just President Clinton. It's a systemic issue in the party. The left is supposed to support and protect the working class. Yet President Barack

Obama used the Emergency Economic Stabilization Act—passed by President George W. Bush near the end of his second term—to financially bail out the worst actors in the aforementioned economic crisis rather than hold them legally accountable for the fiscal disaster and mass unemployment they caused.

The left is supposed to support and protect the underclasses. Yet President Obama has deported more undocumented immigrants than any previous president rather than usher in an easier path to American citizenship.

The left is supposed to support and protect the underclasses. Yet President Obama passed the Affordable Care Act which has high premiums and high deductibles that are continuing to rise—as well as a decreasing number of providers—making healthcare still prohibitively expensive for many and needlessly complicated for all. Regardless of what politicians may tell you, expanding Medicare to all is very plausible—it would be a much simpler system and a better one for the majority of this country.

I don't want to give the impression that it's been all negative. President Obama's American Recovery and Reinvestment Act helped pull the country out of the Great Recession much faster than other nations were able to and his Affordable Care Act—for all its flaws—has allowed people with preexisting conditions to not be barred from receiving healthcare coverage. But sadly this is precious little in comparison to their most damaging policies.

Had Secretary of State Hillary Clinton been elected she would have undoubtedly continued the worst of the trends set by her Democratic predecessors and none of us should be surprised that she wasn't elected; more than two decades of policies that show nothing but disdain for the majority of Americans isn't a very good strategy to inspire a large coalition of voters.

This year Clinton received about 5 million fewer popular votes than Obama did in 2008 and about 2 million fewer

than he did in 2012. On the other hand, Mr. Donald Trump received about 2 million more popular votes than Senator John McCain did in 2008 and about 1 million more than Governor Mitt Romney did in 2012. Trump's message of white populism rallied voters somewhat more than his predecessors—but the burden lies more on Clinton's message of self-serving centrism failing to rally millions of those who voted for Obama in the previous elections.

Trump did not win the election—Clinton lost it. She lost because her campaign brought nothing to the table for underclass voters. She lost because she and all her strategists and donors live in a bubble of elitism; so uninterested in the suffering of most Americans that she couldn't even pretend like she supported a \$15 an hour minimum wage. She lost because she didn't campaign in swing state Wisconsin even once. She was so uninspiring that in Michigan—one of the key swing states that Clinton lost—about 90 thousand registered Democrats voted on the down-ballot races and left their President selections blank.

A genuinely left coalition can be built in America. Senator Bernie Sanders managed to raise \$26.2 million in small donations averaging \$29 each. He built an impressive left-facing grassroots movement—rallying more 'apathetic' under-30 voters in the primaries than both major party nominees did combined—against Clinton, even as she was actively colluding with the Democratic National Convention and other Democratic elites against him.

Now the Democratic elites' chickens are coming home to roost. Their centrist policies have done little to improve the lives of the underclasses and they're hemorrhaging voters because of it. The Republican Party has control of all three branches of government. I am sick to my stomach about our next president and at this point it's unclear how bad it's actually going to get but if there's ever been a time where we need to talk about what leftist politics should look like in America it's now.

Alan Rickman: An extended Memoriam Piece for a quintessential cognitive European actor, a crafted yet “feminist man,” with universal appeal to our Intellects, foremostly!: Part 2

by Larry Iles

When Hutcheon in her long interview seemed to infer that unlike his long-time friend actress Emma Thompson, he, Alan Rickman, was not given to “left-wing causes,” Rickman bristled back a hurt rebuttal that he had long been not insignificantly committed himself. He later died, in fact, with his long-time girlfriend with him as always, Rima, a well-known London Labour councilor (member of local London Council and Labour Party member) politician with whom he had shared decades of progressive politics and whom he had married in 2012 after they had been living together happily for many years). Rickman exploded that his whole family roots were feminist and radical in effect. His working -class factory father’s death when he was eight years old had meant that he and his siblings were crucially dependent on their mother’s return to a workforce, despite her and her Welsh housewife past. He then asserted that it was she who had taught them all the survival rudiments of life. And his mother encouraged in him the pursuit of fulfillment and personal happiness, a belief in a right to ‘happiness’ by which his mother encouraged him to try for scholarships both at his boys’ private school and at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art (RADA). And in case Hutcheon had failed to get the message sufficiently imbibed, he further retorted that ‘your great actress Cate Blanchett’ is, like himself, an exemplar for progressive causes and women, which Rickman probably knew would work as Cate Blanchett, too, has been often attacked for her Australian Labour Party and ecological causes down under and worldwide in spite of, like himself, a classical roles veneer of outward

respectability.

Away from such necessary autobiographical self-defensiveness by Alan Rickman, though, we can more objectively locate instances where Watson was right. Still, Rickman himself was legitimately upset that both his acting and political craft and self-discipline skills have been undervalued. On “You-Tube” in a rare “Download Haven,” a UK series, a rare brave soul put together after Alan Rickman’s death a rare compendium of the entire lesser-known body of Rickman’s work, including many late-night US TV chat show appearances which Rickman had done as he later became well-known stateside over hereabouts.

Within this rubric of “Download Haven,” I found that they had downloaded a brief one-act play in which Rickman had appeared and which I thought that I alone had had the prescient sense at the time of its broadcast on BBC 2 to make myself a copy of. Rickman plays the French revolutionary “defrocked” or constitutionalist priest Father Jacques Roux in an episode called “The Preacher.” Sadly the film in “Download Haven” indicates it was produced in the early 1980s and just call it “Revolutionary Witness!” In reality, it was broadcast in 1989 as part of BBC 2’s bicentenary of films, documentaries and plays commemorating the two hundredth anniversary or bicentenary of the 1789 French Revolution. As I established in correspondence with the BBC 2 channel, they encountered strong public hatred, anticipating the antipathy and desertions reflected in the BREXIT vote, for even daring to hold such a festival. Lady Thatcher bigotedly maintained that the French Revolution contributed little to

human liberty, not as, she maintained, the English Magna Carta baronial, medieval rebellion of 1215 had done.

Even although there is very little physical or facial resemblance between the angular and nose-chiseled Rickman and extant point of the rotund-faced, fat, real Father Roux, Rickman for twenty minutes approximately had truly been the revolutionary figure of Father Jacques Roux. He notes the way in which his ex-church has distorted the original leveling social gospel of Jesus and he demands bread and the necessities of life for all, regardless of income. A few years later in a UK Labour Party 1992 TV party political broadcast (free air-time guaranteed) Rickman denounced Thatcher's legacy of disrespect for this egalitarian tradition as a terrible social divisive 'inheritance' and he exploded in a 2015 PBS US Tavis Smiley interview about the "f..." legacy of Thatcher's Cameron Tory succession government. In all such broadcasts he arguably was upholding the great tradition of historian AJP Taylor in the late 50s and 60s who said you can use TV for cognition, for wordplay and it doesn't have to be mere mindless action or at most brilliant graphic photography.

And, finally, this is surely the key to comprehending Rickman's legacy, even in his most popular films, for acting. It was and is an intellectual discipline for actors of the highest caliber. At RADA (Royal Academy of Dramatic Art), he had specialized in costume study and props as much as the traditional Racine/Molière production rigors require. In "Die

Hard" with Willis for which he confessed he had no training, he made the terrorist Hans Gruber into a crafty figure well able to easily initially evade Willis' macho nemesis of anything law and order. Aghast at how he was to get "a handle" on the elitist PhD private schoolteacher of the young exceptional marginalized gifted youngsters in the "Harry Potter" series, Rickman confronted author J. Rowling and insisted that she herself give him a "credible" angle. He thus played the character as a semi-compassionate but ultimately fallen Lucifer figure, a chemist and scientifically high moral genius. In "Something the Lord made wonderful," the HBO classic about the inventive team of the 1940s 'blue' babies, Rickman effectively captured in his dramatic portrayal, the white professor as an often irascible bad-tempered insensitive whose very boorishness paradoxically challenged southern racist mores to employ real Afro-American and women scientists who found the cure, despite southern US chauvinism and racism alike. In "Robin Hood," Rickman's portrayal of the Sheriff is equally good because he clearly researched him and portrayed him to be an obscene conqueror of women.

If Rickman is forgotten because he's different, it will be a loss because of the depth, intelligence and progress he brought to his work, to his profession and an enlightened vision of history and the world in vital and unforgettable dramatic films that will still benefit future public entertainment.



Coercive Deference and Double Bind Politics on the Left

by Peter Gabel

Many white working -class communities feel robbed of much of their sense of worth and recognition by the impact of the global economy on the conditions of their life and on their culture. They see elites...millionaires, billionaires, tech wizards, bi-coastal cultural sophisticates...benefiting from an economy that their prior economic communities have been eviscerated by (in the rust-belt states of Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin, for example, all of whom voted in large numbers for Trump). And they feel this marginalization and cast-aside-ness not just because of its material or economic aspect, but also and in some ways more importantly because of its denigration of their own sense of worthiness, recognition, and sense of communal belonging and value. In this latter sense, they feel spiritual suffering and the loss of human solidarity and love.

Instead of responding to this with compassion and concern, the liberal world has communicated to this community that the world is or would be fine if these whites had exercised their "equality of opportunity" to pursue their god-given right to fulfill their dreams through successfully competing in the marketplace... except for minorities, women, the LGBT community, disabled people, and other designated groups who must be given "special benefits" due to past discrimination so that they can gain the same "equality of opportunity" that the so-called "white" community already has. This liberal attitude reflected in the mainstream of the Democratic

Party not only denies the spiritual pain of the white working class...it also blames the white working-class for failing to succeed themselves and for somehow contributing to the oppression of African-Americans, women, and all the other groups whom the liberal world (correctly) wants to extend more rights to and more benefits to.

Thus the liberal world in effect flaunts their own success as elites, blames the working class for their own failures, and then holds them responsible as "whites" for the oppression of other oppressed groups, requiring them to deny their own sense of marginalization and spiritual pain, their own invisibility, and to defer to the orthodoxy that it is the other oppressed groups who are deserving of concern and recognition. And even more, the white working-class communities are not allowed to comment upon this whole process because that would be racist, or sexist, or otherwise not politically correct for them to do. Understandably this makes these white working class communities feel they are simultaneously in pain and silenced from commenting on their pain, an untenable and explosive hurt that Donald Trump perfectly spoke to in his campaign.

What we saw in the election results, furthermore, was that this dynamic was not limited to the white working-class, but also to white college-educated men *and women* who voted for Trump in large numbers, in spite of his derogatory comments about women. While these "whites" don't face the identical socio-economic conditions of the white working

-class, they also suffer the spiritual pain of not being affirmed in a loving and valuing way within our alienated culture, and they also are expected to direct all their concern to designated oppressed others and deny the pain of their own spiritual isolation. And they too are not allowed to comment upon this because they are supposed to be guilty about the pain of others rather than crying out themselves.

This is the coercive deference, the double-bind, that has undermined the Left's appeal for the last forty or so years since the Left abandoned a universalist view of human liberation in favor of an exclusive focus on the extension of liberal rights to previously discriminated-against groups, and on identity politics based on the past and continuing injuries to each victimized identity group for which a designated oppressor group ("whites") are responsible.

The solution to this is a new spiritual politics that sees all of us as suffering from a capitalist social world that fails to affirm all of us as worthy of love, respect, and recognition, and seeks to build an economy and a culture that carries forward that loving affirmation to all human beings. Of course this must include compassion for the historical and

continuing particular suffering inflicted on African-Americans, women, the LGBT community and others who have been harmed, demeaned, and unrecognized, but it must also extend a loving solidarity to the "whites"--that is *to all of us* as universal beings with particular histories and circumstances who long for a world based on love, care and the embrace of truly being supported and valued.

Bernie Sanders did a great job of showing such a politics is possible right now, even though he focused only on economic issues as carriers of spiritual care and concern rather than on a fuller truly spiritual-progressive program that would have addressed a broader array of spiritual and communal needs. Until we move our politics in this universalist healing direction, others like Donald Trump will continue to succeed with messages that speak to "white" people's pain in distorted ways with likely harmful consequences.

Peter Gabel is Editor-at-Large of Tikkun magazine, co-founder of the Project for Integrating Spirituality, Law, and Politics, and the author most recently of Another Way of Seeing: Essays on Transforming Law, Politics, and Culture.

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Kirksville and capitalism battle it out on The Square

by Will Chaney

This article was originally written for the Truman Media Network's digital blog series and was published in September of 2016. However, I made a couple mistakes regarding the cost of the downtown revitalization plan and functions of the Tax Increment Funding program, and the Kirksville community quickly found these errors and reported them within a day or so. The article was quickly taken off the website, and I was asked to fix the mistakes. After revising the article and fact checking with two interviews, I resubmitted it to be published by TMN again, but the leadership decided they did not want to publish it in any form, so here it is in the all-inclusive Monitor. I hold no bad feelings for TMN's student leadership or faculty advisors, and many of them supported me in the face of angry strangers. Instead, I see this episode as evidence of the inability of organizations that are heavily integrated with the capitalist system to ask "the hard hitting questions."

In an effort to save Kirksville's increasingly desperate economy, the city council announced it would "revitalize" the downtown area. Adair County currently has an unemployment rate of 6.7%, a median household income of \$34,976, and a 27% poverty rate. Nationally these figures are 4.9%, \$53,482, and 15%, making Adair County economically worse off than most of the United States. The plan — improving sidewalks, parking lots, and other infrastructure necessary for business — seems on the surface like a generally agreeable action that would improve the entire community. However, the reality is that the council's plan benefits businesses while placing additional expenses on overburdened taxpaying citizens, costing between \$620,000 and \$1.1 million

according to the city's estimates. This type of solution is part of an older tradition that tries to address economic crisis by using government resources to protect businesses' profit margins. History repeatedly shows this strategy imposes unreasonable costs on average people. While our local leaders generally do the best they can, new solutions are necessary to combat the ongoing economic crisis that do not heed to the wishes of large corporations.

The revitalization program is based upon a logic that goes like this: the way to get out of an economic downturn is to restore private businesses' profitability through some plan of action. In this case, infrastructure investment is seen as an action that will restore profitability. The government is expected to carry out the plan, because its costs do not directly affect the bottom lines of the businesses who benefit. When profits are restored through government intervention, businesses will invest more in expanding their production, which will increase the number of jobs in that region. As more people are employed and start spending their money on these businesses, government revenue from sales, property, and other taxes increases and eventually covers the initial investment. The crisis is solved!

But when we dig passed this narrative and look at what actually happens, the picture isn't as bright. The way revitalization efforts are funded and their reliance on the decisions of private capitalist enterprises dampens their chances of restoring the Kirksville economy. Furthermore, this type of plan does not address the underlying causes of poverty, unemployment, low investment, and all the issues that follow.

How does the council plan to pay for this project? They offer two methods—Community Improvement Districts (CID)

and Tax Increment Funding (TIF). These mechanisms set up a zone within the city that agrees to divert part of its revenue — sales taxes for the CID and property taxes/sales tax for the TIF — away from the government's general fund to pay for the program. This means the rest of us, including individuals and businesses not protected by the CID/TIF, must pay more in taxes or lose government services. The sales tax, which can be increased up to 1% within the zone, is regressive, meaning the tax hits lower income people harder by taking a higher percentage of their total income. The only way to avoid paying sales taxes is to not buy products from the sanctioned area, which may not be possible given the limited economic options that Kirksville has anyway.

TIFs and CIDs are justified on the grounds that they help cover part of the cost of improvements, expansion, and other investments that then benefit the entire community. While the community may or may not actually benefit, which depends on many factors, CIDs and TIFs use forgone government revenue to make businesses more profitable.

If we zoom out of Kirksville, another problem with TIFs and CIDs appears. Companies can play different cities off of each other on the suggestion that they may move here or expand there. If Kirksville offers a TIF worth \$5 million, but Quincy, Il. offers a TIF worth \$7 million, then Kirksville will either be forced to raise the value of the TIF and give up more tax revenue (passing the bill on to the rest of us) or forgo all the economic activity that the business would bring in. From my research, it is not clear whether this was the case for the downtown revitalization program, but it is a common feature of these funding mechanisms. Many of these deals are also done without public input or knowledge until after the terms have been written.

The revitalization project's chances of success are also very questionable.

Remember that unless economic activity picks up substantially, the government's tax investment will not be recuperated with increased revenues. There are good reasons to doubt that this will happen, especially as the entire United States economy teeters on the verge of another recession.

First, the revitalization program heavily relies on the decisions of private capitalist enterprises without allowing government control of the situation. Sometimes these businesses make decisions that benefit our community, but ultimately (1) their decisions are made by a tiny group of people within the enterprise — the CEO or board of directors — who may not even live near the business, and (2) profit maximization is the most important factor they consider. For example, a business could utilize a TIF, CID, or other "incentives" (handouts) offered by the government until they expire and then leave altogether. Kraft recently did almost leave Kirksville, but at the last minute decided it would be more profitable to stay here, a decision that was no doubt influenced by the government's giving them more "incentives." Whenever these programs are offered, the government has little to no power over their basic business decisions and is at the mercy of the tiny group of people who really call the shots.

Kirksville's lack of control over the businesses who call it home is revealed in a quote from K-REDI's executive director Carolyn Chrisman. When asked about Kraft's decision to stay, she said, "we're very thankful for [Kraft's deciding to stay] and what it's going to do." While Kraft's capitalists were changing their minds about leaving — at the same time as hundreds of workers were subjected to the stress of imminently losing their jobs — Chrisman said she was able to disclose very little to the public for fear that Kirksville would "lose a project or [a] potential project because we can't keep our mouths shut." These deals are done

behind closed doors without the input of Kirksville workers, and the city's representatives are listened to only if it involves giving tax breaks or other actions that make Kirksville "more business friendly." While things sometimes work out well, we cannot expect businesses to make decisions that benefit us after they've taken our money via taxes, especially if there aren't enough consumers here to buy their products in the long term.

Second, there is reason to doubt that economic activity will pick up after the infrastructure developments are made. The development's designers believe that their plan will "bring additional customers and generate more revenue for downtown businesses." But where do these additional customers come from? Adair County's population is probably not going to increase significantly in the near future, and the chances of getting non-Adair County people to travel long distances to buy Bonzai sushi are low (despite how v good it is). Instead, Adair County residents will have to become these extra customers by somehow increasing their incomes. Paradoxically, the plan decreases the amount of money people have to spend on stuff through its taxes, while failing to increase incomes — unless more customers appear to buy stuff and create new jobs. Therefore, the additional economic activity that will pay for the plan depends on additional economic activity, creating an endless tautology. This is not surprising, because the plan's purpose is not to

"create jobs," but instead to subsidize business investment and maybe create a couple jobs in the process — if we're lucky.

Does Kirksville's downtown need improvements? It probably does, and there are many non-commercial benefits we have to gain, like the pleasure of a Sunday stroll through the square over even sidewalks. But the average citizen, who already faces unfortunate economic circumstances as a resident of Adair County, should not be expected to pay for these improvements, especially when they are justified on the basis of restoring profitability for private enterprises.

In place of the revitalization program and its predecessors, we should imagine a new kind of action that will directly help the people affected by the economic crisis. Instead of relying on private business decisions over which we have little control, we must look at the fundamental operations of the economic system that produces these issues — capitalism. As this post is getting long, I will outline potential alternatives to capitalism in future posts. Our city leaders are probably doing everything they can with the hand capitalism has dealt them. But the revitalization plan, despite its good intentions, only lives out past memories that have lost reality in favor of habit and nostalgia. If we want to fix the economy, "business as usual" must be ended in favor of a better type of business.

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Passive

by Anne Morgan

poetry.

Endless murmuring fills my head.
My classmates speak with velvet tongues.
The voices soothe me, they are my comfort,
dragging me down with their music, into the core.
I am sinking under words and heavy silence.
Trance-bound, I send forth sleepy prayers.
My eyes trace the lines of their faces, the softness in their chins and cheeks.
Paper rustles like stiffened wings of butterflies.
The drone of meaningless sounds.
I'm a bee drowning in honey.
Could there be anything better than silently watching, listening,
becoming peaceful by this pause
before the teacher tells us to turn the page?

Memory:

by Thomas Sebacher

I change, I see the world through eyes
Far greater than before.
Unto those who can't yet see,
I say only what follows:
"Never forget the days when we were lost.
Never forget the times when fear ruled the earth.
Never forget the times when our world lay shattered.
Never forget the times when we asked why.
Never forget the times when words had failed us.
Never forget the hand that comes to spread but hate and fear.
Never forget when we were put in a world insane.
Never forget the pain we felt in our sundering.
Never forget the time when we will be found.
Never forget the time when peace will rule the earth.
Never forget the time when we will put the earth back together.
Never forget the time when we knew why.
Never forget the time when words will drive us onwards.
Never forget the time when our wounds will heal.
Never forget the hand that comes with comfort and restoration.
Never forget when we built a world far greater.
Never forget the joy we felt in our uniting."

These words, and nothing more, would pass my lips.

white

by Blake Buthod

Oh, Apathy

by Isaiah Oakes

Fuck the Negative Connotators
And their Elitist Creators
And their Pandering Leaders
And their Fascist Predecessors
Wait.

Sorry, yes, only Patriotic

And after all, it's only Democratic

And safe under our system of Politik.

Correlation with the failure of the past is only a chance for change in tactic.

Admitted:

Yes, the parallel exists

And therefore, the reality persists-

That there has never been an innocent Nationalist.

So, allow the rule of Fear-Mongering Hypocrites

Justify it with a Dash of Rapists

And forget about those who would bleach your blacklist.

there's a tornado outside my bathroom
and it's taking me away
to a place as white as cotton
where the angels sing and play

don't stay here too long

**three inch aura,
glittery purple**

*by Sebastián
Maldonado-Vélez*

Fading Fast

by Emily Hannon

Look to the stars

As youre falling

Your eyes can catch and hold on for dear life

While your existence seems to slip through your fingers

try to keep this
in mind when we
hit the clouds
another round
on me is help
for the weary
i might as well
stand and wait
for the wind to
take safety pin
suits of armor
for every sibling
since this fire
isn't going to
burn through
my sole itself

by person from chicago

i'm not a very good artist

i cant relate to the need to capture things as they are

i see a beautiful image of the sky with a plane leaving its trail

i cannot describe it to you well because as the moment passes so does my
memory of it

everything is fleeting

and so am i

i resent the want i have to even write this down

this moment will never be present again.

Just be.

by Emily Hannon

High, getting high, being high, im high as a kite already but here give me a hit
Im on a rock but how did I get here again? My knees are scraped but ive never
minded pain
The stars, look at them up there
Theyre winking at me aren't they
Im disappearing into them
Becoming one with their glinting brilliance
That's all ive ever wanted
I don't feel much at all
Just bright

Untitled

by Emily Hannon

If you hold me tightly enough maybe I wont fall apart
But when you touch me I fall apart faster
My body rejects kind words and soft touches
Rejects them like it rejects food
And last night's one too many drinks
im shaking again and lying on the floor
My nights always seem to end this way
Sometimes alone
Sometimes im joined By a friend, a lover, a friend for the night
Not a lover for the night because I don't have those
4 letter words
Like love , I don't hear them.
Unless its slut
I seem to hear that one
Usually affectionately though
People are always affectionate when theyre getting what they
want

PSA: I take Medication for my Anxiety and it's fine because LOTS of people do

by Violet X Odzinski

Twice in a row I forgot my meds. On the eve of the second day, once the drugs had left my system, my heart began to speed. And I remembered my Spanish homework. And my show that *gasp* goes up next week. And how I've been neglecting my health – no vegetables in the last 3 days. It all became too much so that I couldn't even enjoy spending time with my long-absent best friend during a holiday. So I cleaned. My friend was visiting, and I cleaned. Couldn't sit still – had to sweep the kitchen floor to satisfy the shaking clock above my gut. But even that is not enough. For two months I lived a dream. No questioning friends loyalty, no weeping over a misstep in conversation. And then I forgot my meds two days in a row and I returned to the sniveling doubter I've tried so hard to keep down. I will never forget them for that long again. I enjoy my life better with them.

Yes (A Lie)

by Ella Youmans

She said, you can say no.
You can say no you can say no you can say no...
I am always here for you.
here for you always here always here
I am

F-f-f-fucked up.

When talking doesn't help doesn't help doesn't help doesn't.
When I want to lie, want to tell the truth,
the lie is the truth, the truth is the lie
Relapse mode relapse mode relapse wtf is wrong with me,
with me, in me, in me I don't
know what she is looking for,
what she wants

You know you can say no, she said.

Legacy

by Anne Morgan

What was it like? Did the sound of metal crunching under its own weight scare her? Maybe a few drops of blood fell suddenly from her nose where it had hit the steering wheel, staining her pale face and trembling hands. But knowing, as I do, the firm set of her mouth when she looks at me—maybe her hands were steady. Calm.

It must have been smoothness and ease up until that moment, that one point in time: impact. And you can never really prepare yourself for it; your weak mind can't conceive of what it really means. You just press down on the acceleration and drive off the road, keep going until you stop. Until something stops you.

"You don't want to hold on to this anger and bitterness. Believe me. It's best for you to let it go, get over it. Or it will pull you down for the rest of your life."

That's what she said to me, driving, forty years after the nosebleed. I looked at the back of her head as she spoke, at her thick brown hair marked with silver. I sit in the back seat on principle. Tom says it's because I like being chauffeured.

It doesn't end there, with a smashed car and ringing ears. After the initial pain and shock, life goes on. There's a lot of time, unspooling slowly around you, wrapping round like a cocoon. But things keep going wrong, and after a while you get cold and distant. You hurt someone, and they hurt someone else. It's a legacy of hatred. In a way, it's almost genetic; like a delicate chemical imbalance in the brain, passed down from generation to generation. Who knows how far back it goes?

She had some reason to keep going—if nothing else than inertia. I have mine. But I wonder sometimes if I'm strong enough to take her advice.

film.

G(r)(ee)n: A Short Film About Growing

Three minutes and twenty
seconds of my plant growing.



Plants have fascinating internal lives. I have created a machine that translates the thoughts of plants and adds them to the video as captions. Here are the results of the first experiment.



~~welcome to the BIG TIME □□□~~
a good time for good people !!!~~ being alive saved my life

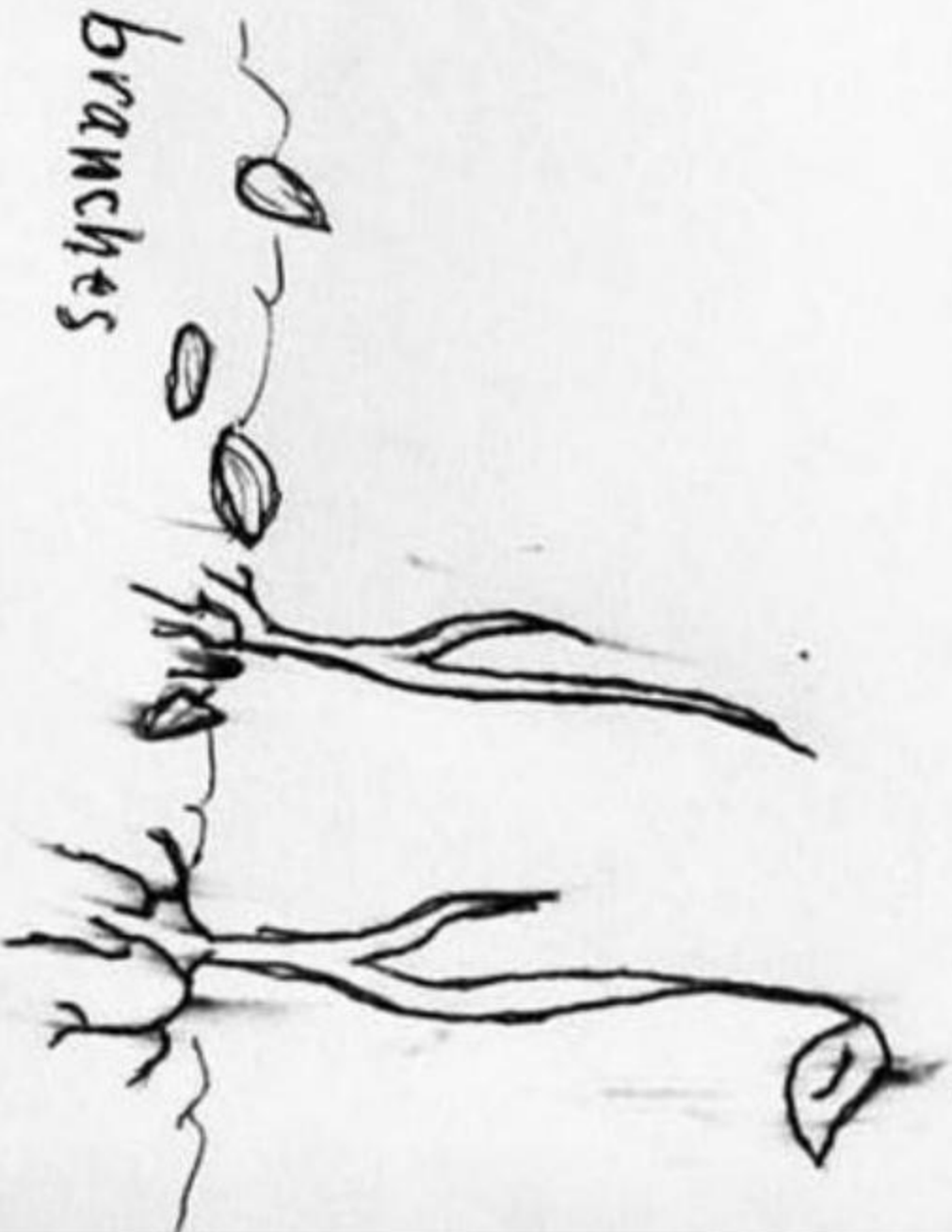


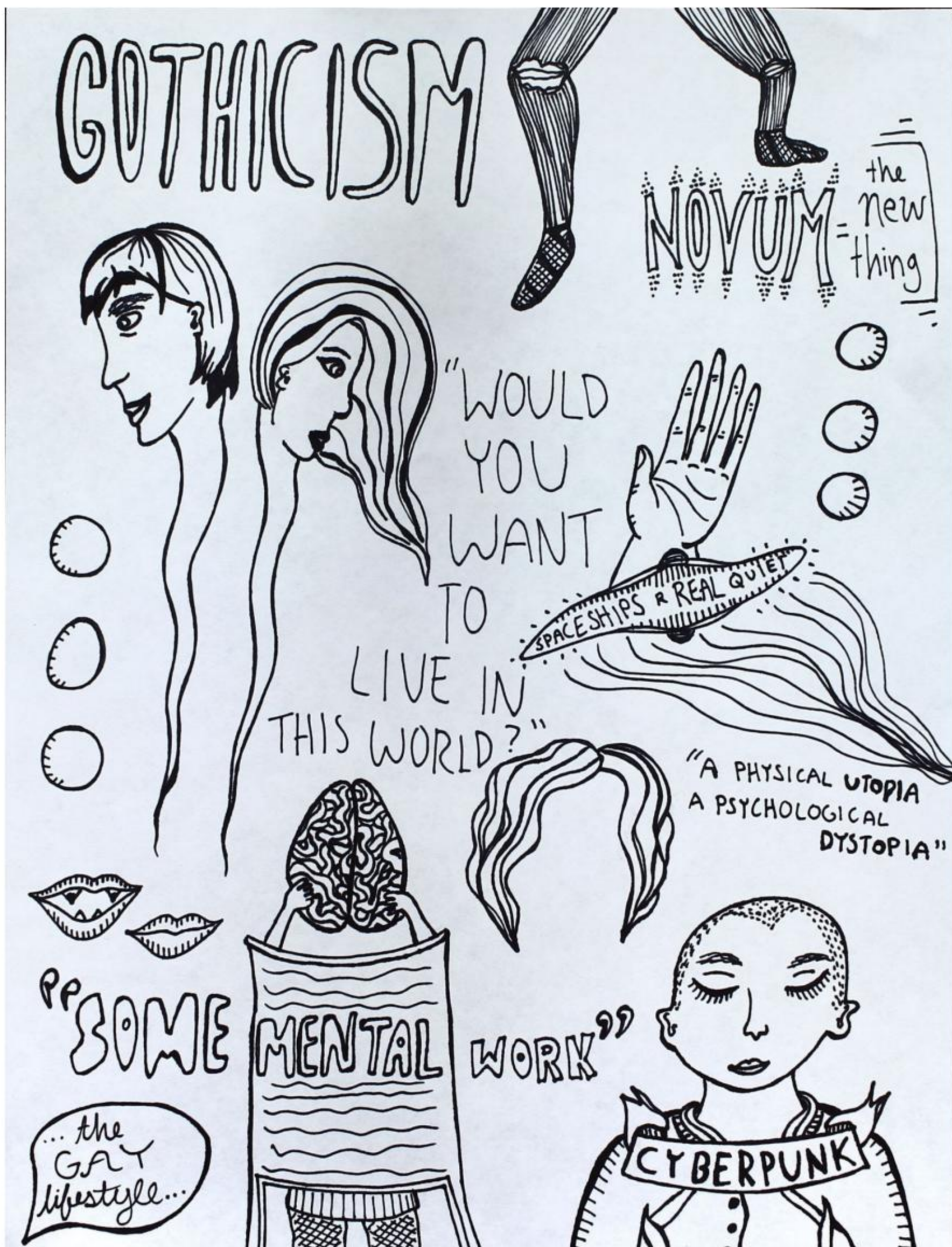
~don't forget whale emoji good times in this movie !!!~watch if u love good time

November 9th, 2016:

A Grocery List

1. rubbing alcohol — for injuries
2. band-aids — most come in "skin color" in aisle 4 next to "default = white"
3. earplugs — for the subway
4. a melting pot
5. pepper spray
6. See ds — to watch growth
7. stamps
8. envelopes
9. fabric in every color
10. work boots — for change
11. sledgehammer — for walls
12. olive oil — if they're out of branches





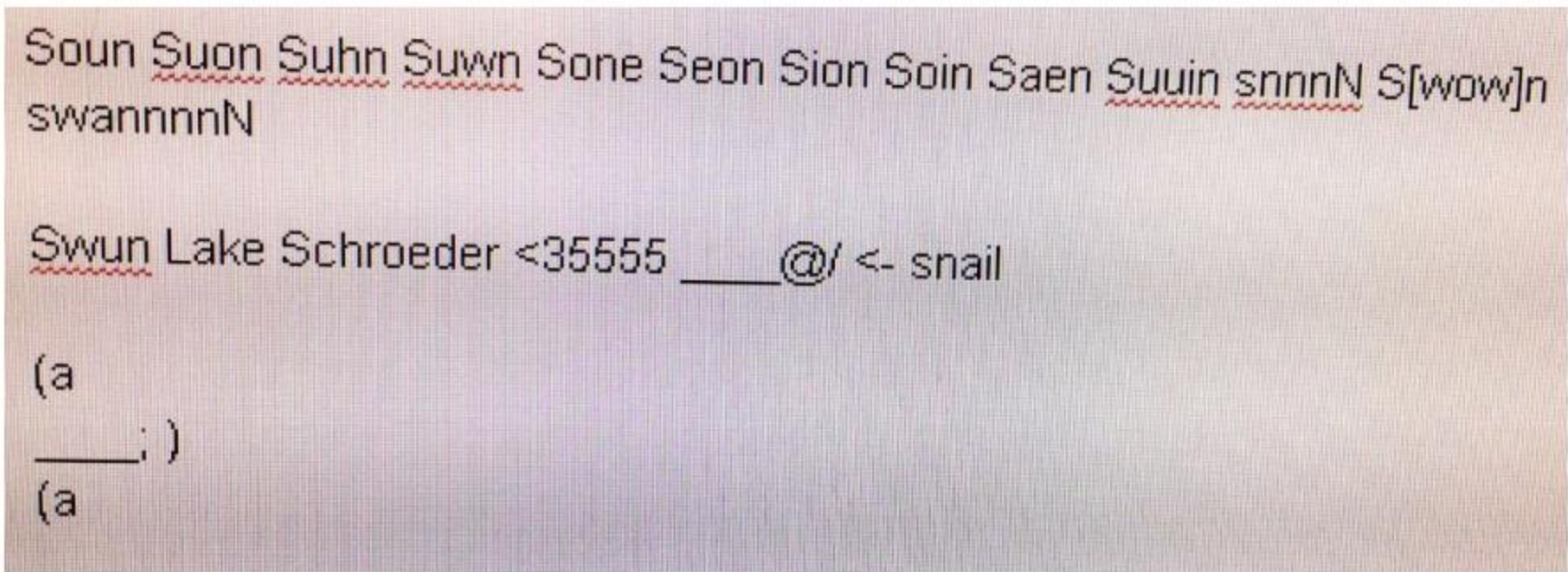
notes from haitian lit the Monday after thanksgiving by Kirsten Benson



rise of this or that **by blake buthod**



not a qr code by **Blake Buthod**



Mitch mama by **KB + collaborators**



rise of this or that by **blake buthod**



add me by **Blakelington**



bowls by Rowen Conry



Self Portrait, September 2016
by Hannah Gibbons

Bigger Than Your Head

by Katie Bailey

Pulling in the driveway after classes one day I saw a tiny flag of yellow gently waving near the wooden fence. I slowed the car down as I approached them, wondering and hoping, but not too much because I didn't want to spill any of my bad luck voodoo onto the work I had done for 2 months. For 2 months I had relentlessly watched them and moved them as if they were born of me. I even spoke to them and took photographs every now and again, so that if the whole thing went sideways, I had proof of potential. It wasn't like this was the first time I had ever tried or even the first time I had ever succeeded, but for some reason this time was different. We called a new place "home" and we had barn cats and a dog and a picture frame on the wall. We lived together in the same house and slept in the same bed. Family was something that I could finally identify with, and growth was something that I wanted to understand. Anticipation put knots in my shoulders just like waiting for mom to say she's sorry. As I pulled forward to where I could just see around the gate, I saw three of them. Three. Was this a mockery or did it mean 3 times the relief, 3 times the success? Their silken grains were the most elegant thing I had ever seen, aside from his eyes. Faint sundry spoons of sunshine and pokey little middles. Bloom, baby.



In Defense of the Millennial

by Caroline Taylor

It's time to come clean, it would appear things are dire

In defense of the millennials, I seek to inspire

A reversal of judgment among our critics and skeptics

To these following pleas, I hope you'll be receptive

I hear your assertions, the whole entire score

That millennials are lazy, our work ethic is poor

Claiming we want the results without the labor,

That in a world of givers, we're merely the takers

But I'd like to shed light on a different story...

I think of my peers with sunken eyes from endless graveyard shifts,

Counting paychecks, and dozing off among textbook pages

Still asking ourselves if it's all worth what we've missed

We're selling souls for diplomas, trading health for success

Wearily venturing towards a future unseen

Because in the millennial age, the American dream is no longer
guaranteed

Towards claims of entitlement, I plead with my critics,

This dream was safeguarded for you, and left endangered to us

Tuition, unemployment, and debt on an unparalleled rise

Surely now you can see, the disillusionment in our eyes?

I acknowledge that my generation was never drafted to war

And will never fully understand what our elders have seen

But the fact that the dream that you made so many sacrifices for

Existed once, but now diminished, stands a great tragedy

To the generations before me, so quick to dismiss,

That we're too idealistic, I ask that you consider this:

Weren't you once too, young like me?

Didn't you also have hope for what the future could be?

We know our goals are hard to attain and rather lofty,

Equality and justice after all, is rather costly

But we want to see it through, fix what has been

Chase that optimism and make the future bright again

A final resolution to the doubters and naysayers,

I advise you not ignore the future players:

We are the millennial generation, who dared to dream

The "social justice warriors" as you so deem

Fighting against the odds, to secure a better future

Not just for ourselves, but for people poorer suited

Elder generations bellow that we're killing tradition

Don't resist the change of this new expedition

To uncharted territory in which we hope to find

Peace, prosperity, and love for all of mankind

We are the millennial generation, the underdogs of today

Don't count us out- please listen to what we say

Please be our allies, not enemies, in this era of change

For we are not the crazy, insane, nor the strange,

We are the millennial generation, the leaders of tomorrow.

Boyfriend from the Windy Dimension

by Rowen Conry

-1-

First, she shows me all the fancy technology stuff that lets her talk to him.

There's the Databit Equalizer, hooked right up to the laptop by a couple of wires. And that leads to the Unidimensional Translator, set up on the nightstand. She opens the closet so I can see the Time-Space Importer/Exporter. That's the thing that actually sends the messages across to the other dimension. It's like a bunch of huge metal boxes, stacked one on top of the other.

We sit on the edge of the bed.

"So what should we say?" she asks me, "Let's talk to him."

"You're asking me? He's your boyfriend."

"But I talk to him all the time. You try. You tell me what to say, and I'll type it in."

I try to think about what I should say. I don't know much about what to say to boyfriends in other dimensions.

"Well, say 'how are you' or something," I tell her.

"How are you," she smirks, "Very creative."

"Well, it's just to start, just type it."

So she types out:

[Hey babe how are ou]
[you*]

We wait a while in front of the laptop screen because it takes time for the message to get sent all the way across the dimensions. And even longer for his message to go through all that stuff to get back to us.

But after four long minutes, the Time-Space Importer/Exporter in the closet starts to rumble and shake, and the Unidimensional Translator starts blipping and beeping, and a light starts blinking quicker and quicker on the Databit Equalizer. On the laptop screen, a message from the boyfriend finally appears:

[IT'S WINDY]
is what he says.

She starts giggling. I'm not sure what she's giggling about. All he said was "IT'S WINDY".

I'm not sure if that's some kind of inside joke between them that I'm not supposed to get, or if it's just a normal joke that I don't get anyway. But she's giggling so hard that I start to giggle, because she's got sort of a contagious giggle.

"He says that a lot," she tells me, grinning. "It's always windy over there."

"Oh," I say.

She asks me what she should type in next. I'm so thrown off by "IT'S WINDY" I can't think of anything. And it's her boyfriend, anyway, so she should be the one talking to him.

So she types out:

[Luv u]

And four minutes later we get:

[VERY WINDY]

She bursts out into guffaws, and her face goes beet red. She's laughing so hard she tumbles over onto the floor.

I'm confused. He's still talking about the wind.

Maybe there's a time delay or something? Maybe he didn't get the "Luv u" message and thought we hadn't moved on from the whole wind thing. But then why is she laughing so hard?

"It's windy!" she manages to squeeze out between two fits of laughter, "It's always – so – so windy!"

All the sudden I don't feel so well. My stomach's knotting. My throat's dry.

I try to smile, but I can't. And while she's still on the ground there catching her breath I glance over at the laptop and we've got another message from the boyfriend:

[VERY, VERY WINDY]

he says.

I can't take it anymore.

"Is that it? That's all he says?" I ask her, flinging my hands wide. My lip quivers. "It's windy? That's it?"

She gives me a look from where she's sitting down on the floor. Pity, or something.

-2-

That night, I fall asleep fast. In my dreams, I see it.

I don't really wanna see it, but I see it anyway – that dry, perfect land where he lives.

It's nothing like how it is over in our dimension. The stars over there come down out of the sky and cover the ground. They cluster up in lumps. You can walk on them, or sit on them, if you want. They're very small.

And everything over there has a sort of caramel color. The rivers and streams are caramel. The clouds are caramel. Even the air itself wafts around as a sort of caramel haze. Everything over there tastes like sugar and no matter how hard the rivers run on the ground nothing ever gets wet.

And it's windy. Super, super windy.

Her boyfriend sits up on the lip of a caramel-coated canyon of stars. I know it's him because right next to him he's got his own Databit Equalizer, and Unidimensional Translator, and looming up behind him is the Time-Space Importer/Exporter. Also I know it's him because he's the only one there – the only one that exists in that entire dimension.

He doesn't see me, because I'm something like a dream ghost, but I can see him. I fly up real close to him, and give him a look over.

He's sort of a short guy, mostly made of metal. You can see all sorts of liquids swishing around inside him, though, through clear glass. And he's got four long, poking arms that dig into the sandy stars on the ground and keep him upright.

He's using his knotted, twisting tongue to type out a message on his laptop:

[IT'S VERY, VERY WINDY HERE]
he types.

Suddenly the wind whirls hard. Out here, nothing's tacked down exactly – all the stars start to move, and flow, and spiral out over the lip of the canyon and into the rivers and into the sky. The boyfriend quivers. All the equipment and stuff around him starts shaking and sliding and threatening to fly right off the side of the cliff. But he stands his ground. He uses his four thin, pointy metal arms to block their path. He steadies all the equipment around himself and then plants his feet among the stars and pushes against the wind.

He's really making an effort out here. He's doing his best, here in the Windy Dimension. His long tongue wraps around the laptop, and he pulls everything close as the wind blows harder and harder. Yes, he's really giving it his all to keep it together.

-3-

That dream is the last one I have in the morning and I wake up feeling sort of cold and sort of sweaty. I lay there for a while, and think about things, and run my hands through my hair and stare up at the fan and the popcorn ceiling.

She wants me to come over because she wants us to talk to her boyfriend again. And I've got a funny flutter in my stomach and I kinda feel like just staying in bed all day but I text back "okay". Then when I get over there to her house and we're sitting on the bed again, I wait until she goes to the bathroom, and I put the laptop on my lap and type out my own message:

[Hey man it's not Rachel typing, it's Rachel's friend.]

I pause for a second. Then:

[We can be friends too, if you want.]

[I saw you in a dream, looks like you're having a tough time over there.]

Four minutes pass. I'm staring at the bathroom door, hoping it doesn't open. Then finally I get one back:

[YES]

so I type:

[Yes to being friends? Or yes, you're having a tough time?]

and he types:

[YES]

[IT'S VERY WINDY OVER HERE]

The Morning After

by Marc Becker

The outpouring of emotion in the post-election Dump Trump rally on the quad on November 9 was one of the most encouraging and inspiring experiences I have had in my more than seventeen years at the Truman of the Midwest. Even though those of us who favor inclusion and oppose discrimination and oppression had been defeated by those who support repressive and exclusionary systems, those who spoke refused to be cowered, even by Trump's supporters who stood across from us.

Waking up that Wednesday morning to the news that a misogynist who catered to racist sentiments would be our next president was discouraging, but for me it was not unfamiliar territory. I understood the speakers' anger, but was encouraged because while we had lost one battle I thought we would live to fight another day.

One of my most exhilarating experiences was participating in Wisconsin's 2011 "Cheddar Uprising" that fought back against Governor Scott Walker's neoliberal policies of curtailing education and healthcare spending and eliminating collective bargaining rights that Trump now wants to extend to a federal level. I have fond memories of rallying in the freezing cold and snow on the capitol in Madison with more than 100,000 of my closest friends, and being let in through a bathroom window to occupy the capitol building to protest Republican anti-democratic maneuvers to squash legislative debate on Walker's war on the workers.

At the time I was sure that our mass

movement on the streets would win. The Democratic Party, however, channeled all that energy into a "Recall Walker" campaign that ultimately failed. One of the most disheartening days of my life was standing on the State Street corner of the Wisconsin capitol in Madison as news reports rolled in that made it apparent that our previous eighteen months of mobilizations had been for naught.

That Don Quixote moment of tilting at windmills was not unique. In the 1980s I worked with Witness for Peace in northern Nicaragua, driving over land-mined roads to document the attacks of the Reagan administration-funded paramilitary organization called the "contras" on the country's civilian population. I, along with many other progressives around the world, was inspired by the 1979 Sandinista Revolution that pledged quite literally to bring the promises of the Kingdom of God to the here-and-now on earth.

After a decade of Reagan's terrorist attacks on the country, Nicaragua's 1990 presidential election promised to bring that all to an end with an internationally legitimized leftist Sandinista government. My small contribution to that process was my work on a graduate thesis that illustrated that the Sandinistas emerged out of a much longer revolutionary tradition of Latin American Marxism. They were not Soviet stooges as Reagan claimed.

After staying up late on the night of February 25, 1990 to work on my thesis, I woke up the next morning, rolled over in

bed to flip on the news only to hear NPR announce that in a surprising and unexpected development the Sandinistas had lost the election by a wide margin. I felt my entire life drain away, and that my decade of solidarity work on behalf of the Sandinista Revolution and two years of toil on my thesis project had been for naught.

So, on the morning of November 9, I felt a sense of being on familiar territory. This was not good news, but I had been here before. We had been defeated, but we would rise to fight another day.

Two weeks later I find myself sinking deeper into despair. As Trump makes his cabinet picks the situation is much worse than what it initially appeared to be. I never feared Trump as much as I did Pence, Cruz, Walker, and others with a clear rightwing ideological agenda. Trump was a loose cannon and a demagogue who appealed to emotion rather than reason—a figure that is not unfamiliar from my study of Latin American caudillos who promise their followers everything but quickly are thrown out of power when they fail to follow through on their promises.

The 2016 United States presidential election was to usher in an implosion of the Republican Party and all that it represents: denying food for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, sanctuary for strangers, care for the sick, and rights for prisoners. Instead, in the Trump White House we are witnessing the rise of a vicious, racist, xenophobic, homophobic reactionary right. It is one thing to debate the proper response to climate change, and it is something else entirely to deny the scientific consensus on environmental issues.

We can blame an ineffective Clinton

candidacy, particularly when we had the option of a more inspiring Bernie Sanders, or the inability of the Democratic Party to organize its way out of a paper bag. But that is missing the point.

Kirksville is located in a deep red county, in a deep red state, in a deep red part of the country. We are in an impoverished region that has nothing to gain from Republican policies of lowering wages, gutting healthcare, and reducing access to higher education. Reducing government regulations benefits people like Trump who are committed to destroying the planet to increase their wealth, but it does nothing to end poverty in northeast Missouri.

We can blame people for voting against their class interests, or we can get to work and reach out to people and build new alternatives that benefit all of us rather than the wealthy moneyed interests that run the Republican (and, yes, the Democratic) Party.

And we can point to encouraging signs. Although Trump won the Electoral College, he lost the popular vote—and won barely a quarter of the eligible vote. He hardly has a mandate to push through a rightwing agenda. Republicans swept most offices not because they have majority support, but because their operatives have gerrymandered voting districts and engaged in vote suppression tactics such as Voter ID bills. Unfortunately, those tactics will ensure their victory for the foreseeable future.

We can make a better world, but it will entail a difficult task of talking to people and coming to a better understanding of our common needs and concerns, and to counter Republican policies of disenfranchising large swaths of the population.

Tom Thumb XXI

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Saturday Apr 8th 4-12

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Presents...

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90s Holiday Classics & Cookies

Friday, Dec. 2nd at 6pm in the SUB Alumni Room

Holiday Lights

Tuesday, Dec. 6th at 7pm at Kirk Memorial

Hairspray Live! Viewing Party

Wednesday, Dec. 7th at 6:45pm in the SUB Hub



+ other good
events !!!
wow !!!

the 'dome !!!

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other good events wowie !!!

december 8-10: Fall 2016 Director's Showcase !!!
plays directed by the 2016 directing class !!!

FREE @ 8PM

december 1: Ha-Ha-Holidays !!! comedy haha night
@Dukum Inn @ 8PM

december 2: Ribbon Cutting Ceremony: take Root
Café // grand opening of take root café !!!

FREE @ 114 w harrison st. @11AM !!!

december 6: SAB presents: Holiday Lights !!!
a capella music and xmas joy !!!
FREE @ kirk memorial @ 6:45