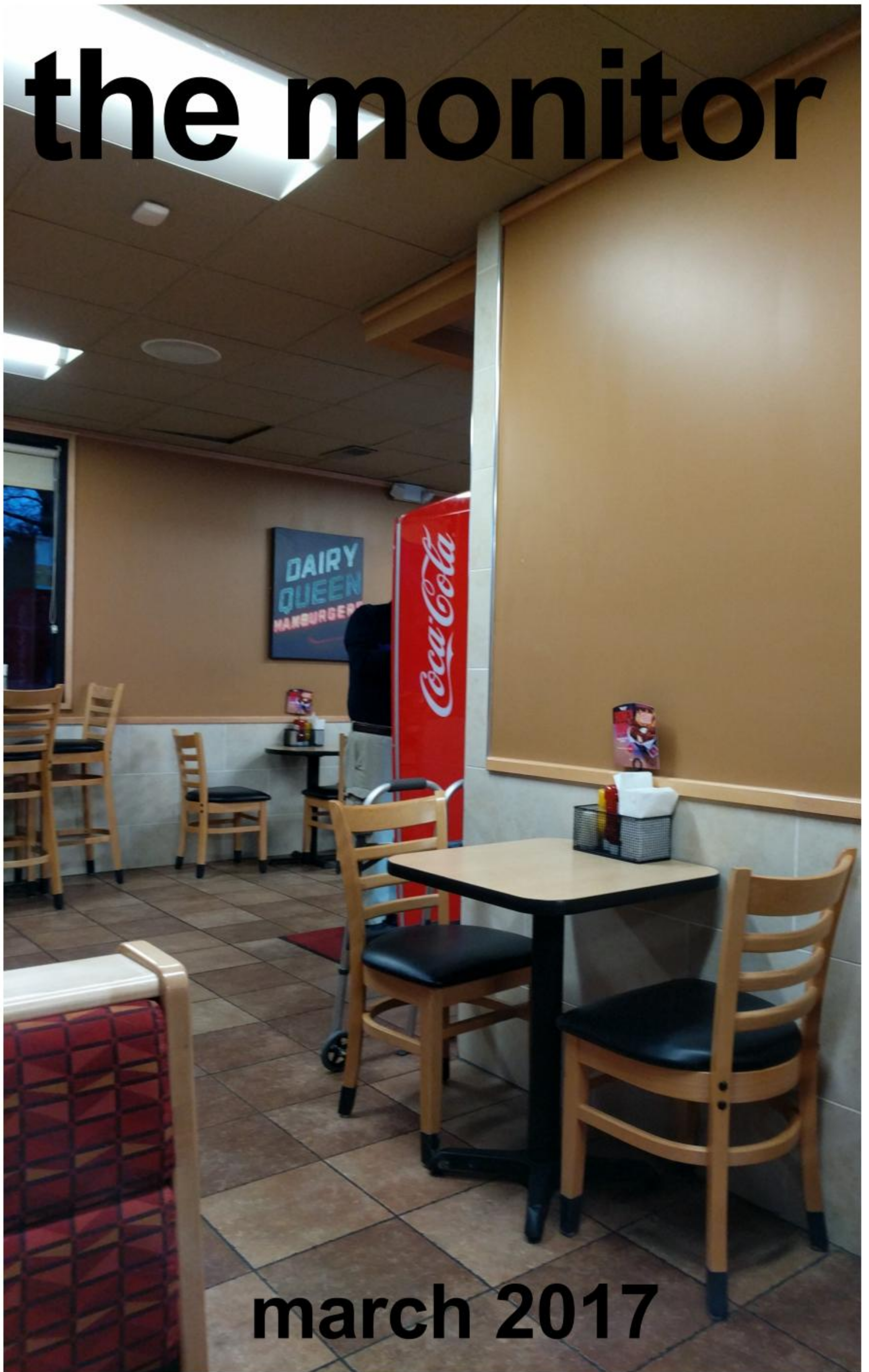


the monitor



march 2017

dear reader,

It's a pleasure to be meeting you through these words! I am a unicorn whose one and only mission was to find you and tell you this important message: "Don't go breaking my heart." It's a lyric from an old song and that's basically all you need to know... unless it means something deeper to you.

If this is your first time reading **the monitor** that's so cool! We hope you enjoy it and get inspired to create your own art. If this isn't your first time, well dang that's really cool too because that means you either A. want to hear the juiciest celebrity gossip on the market or B. support our community of artists. Either way, we're stoked that you decided to pick up a copy and spend some quality time with it.

When you have read and re-read this issue, you should most definitely share it with a friend! Or if you don't have any friends interested, leave it in a lounge or café or anywhere someone else might be able to read it. By doing this you're helping the art cycle continue! (If you don't know what this is it's very similar to the water cycle which should have been covered in your 1st or 2nd grade curriculum.

We'd like to send a huge THANK YOU to all our contributors in this issue. Without their work these pages would be blank and I would not have been able to deliver the important message above. What a sad concept.

Love,

the monitor

meet the staff,

"How would you know if you were in love? "

ben wallis: "ur FBI file sez so"

blake buthod: ""

jacob saint omer: "I would feel a little less dead inside"

lewie dunham: " -_ (°^°) _/"

natalie welch: "magnets"

ollie ganim: "BIG time"

will chaney: "You're all out of hate"

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.

contact us

email: trumanmonitor@gmail.com
website: trumanmonitor.com
facebook: the monitor
twitter: @trumanmonitor

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

dq	cover
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~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
next deadline
mon, april 17
(last spring issue)

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Dear Mars,

So, I've been kinda keeping up a bit with world news, and it seems to me that World War III may soon (within in the next 2 years or so) break out and plunge the world into fire, and then eventually The Void. My question is do you think this is a likely scenario? And if so, what whiskey should I stockpile for the occasion? I'm partial to Crown Royal but open to suggestions.

Dear Crown Royal Aficionado,

You've taken your worries to the right place – a fellow worrier. I fear many things, and the apocalypse is one of them, particularly now as our country is currently under the charge of a man whose phone should probably be replaced with one of those cellphone toys where the buttons beep when you press them but don't actually do anything. Meanwhile, nationalism is gaining momentum in many other countries who are learning from our example in the worst way possible. And the environment is falling to pieces. It's just a question of what will kill us all first. How does one deal with this constant feeling of impending doom? I think there's three steps: perspective, purpose, preparation.

Step One: Perspective. Honestly, I imagine the universe without humans in it and try to get used to the idea. It's okay. The universe is huge. Life will go on, in shapes we can't begin to imagine. If we have a nuclear war that kills even the cockroaches, there's still tardigrades that can survive in space. Even if there's no aliens out there, these tardigrades could evolve and develop their own peaceful, squishy civilization. That's a nice thought.

Step Two: Purpose. Okay, so we're not going to panic, because life will go on regardless. But in the meantime, we are still on Earth while it burns. So pick the thing you care about most and try to save it: is it animals? children? democracy? Whatever it is, use your talents as best you can to help. But Mars, what if I can't decide on one thing? That's okay, *italics* person. I actually feel the same way – caring about one cause one day and another the next. Just pick one and work on it for a little while – a day, a month, a year – and then work on another. You don't have to dedicate your whole life to something to be of use.

Step Three: Preparation. It's a waste to spend all your time readying yourself for a disaster that may not arrive. But you can try to work some skills into your everyday life that will be useful regardless of the apocalypse. For example, you can work out and eat healthy so you're ready to outrun zombies/an army of Trump clones (neither of which are very fast – attainable goal). Or you could learn self-defense, or how to identify edible plants, or knot-tying. These skills will serve you well no matter what happens globally.

Lastly, the whiskey. I don't think alcohol will be helpful in a survival situation except maybe as an anesthetic; drinking it for fun will just dull your senses, muddle your mind, slow your reaction times. You need all those in top form, out in The Void. That said, if you're set on it, I would recommend learning to brew your own alcohol so you will be self-sufficient once all the factories and stores are blown up. This falls under preparation. If civilization continues as usual for your lifetime, you just gained a cool new hobby! Congratulations.

Love,

Mars

Dear Mars,

how to spoon
- anonymous

I know what the trouble is. You see, you'll have to remove your Guy Fawkes mask in order to eat with a spoon. Most of them don't come with a mouth hole, and the ones that do are much too small for the average spoon to fit through. Make sure any onlookers are facing you straight-on, and lift the mask a few inches from your face in order to bring the spoon to your mouth. Someone standing on your left or right may be able to see your facial features during this maneuver, which is why you have to be careful.

Love,
Mars

To send Mars a question
go to smarturl.it/askmars
or scan this QR code
(easy to do on Snapchat)



Moby Dick

R. Conry



Moby Dick, pt. 2

R. Conry





Upcycling Tutorial

by Natalie Welch

Problem: You've got a dress.
It's too big/full/weirdly shaped.

Solution: Take it in!

Before:



Put the dress on *inside out*. Pinch the side seams where you want it to be taken in.



Pin, following the seam and starting at the armpits, and pin as far down as you want it to go. (Use safety pins if you need to.) I tapered the edge off so the skirt would still be super duper floofy. Also I cut the sleeves off just because.



Machine or hand sew along the pins, taking them out as you go. Make sure your dress is still inside out, and go over the stitch a few times at the start and end of it to make sure it's strong. I usually cut the excess off one side after sewing it and match it with the other side to make sure they're even.



Ta-da! You've got a new and improved dress. Go show it off!



After:



Questions? Suggestions for the next upcycling tutorial?
Email me! new6684@truman.edu

Book Reviews

by Marc Becker

eddie jenkins hernandez, *The Discovery of Kuzco* (2016). 245 pages.

eddie jenkins hernandez, *Coyote Underground* (2017). 94 pages.

Truman dropout and *Monitor* alum Ed Jenkins has written a pair of compelling novels about the challenges and thrills facing the activist community.

The Discovery of Kuzco is broadly based on Jenkins' time at the Truman of the Midwest in the early 2000s. Truman is recast as Kuzco State University, a place that literally means "navel of the universe" even as it is located in the middle of nowhere.

The novel tracks a variety of people who converge at Kuzco. Rudi Jones is a dour history adjunct professor who is the foremost expert on Kuzco's founder, the Haitian-born Francois Noir. ColePat loves jazz, and has a pattern of tangling with authority figures. Kristeva is a free spirit whose interests do not coexist well with the university's structured academic programs. Sofia has a young daughter and follows her partner to Kuzco where she realizes a long delayed dream of earning a college degree.

The novel features complex character development, but what really makes it stand out is its sophisticated engagement with social and political concerns. Students debate ideological issues of anarchism and marxism as they confront social injustices. The novel unwraps problems with vanguardism as Justin attempts to organize a Green Party on campus and take over a Black student organization. Arthur can't seem to see beyond the single issue of the legalization of industrial hemp.

Throughout the novel, Jenkins

expertly grapples with the themes of identity politics and coalition building. Many of these issues come together when the students organize a rally on Kuzco's town square to protest a cop beating of Black Studies professor Dr. Johnson's brother Malik. The novel is at once very prescient of contemporary issues such as Black Lives Matter, while at the same time also highlighting problems that activists have long faced.

Jenkins' second work, *Coyote Underground*, is a short novella about a high school student from Raytown who surreptitiously travels to the University of Missouri for a regional anarchist meeting. Unbeknownst to the assembled activists, the FBI has infiltrated the meeting. Fearing arrest, the protagonist (Coyote) crosses Missouri incognito to meet up with an anarchist leader in St. Louis.

Almost all recent cases of "domestic terrorism" have resulted from the constitutionally questionable tactic of entrapment in which FBI agents press people toward violent actions that they otherwise would not have taken. Not only does Jenkins engage questions of violent versus nonviolent tactics, he also highlights the problem of police infiltration into activist groups with the purpose of disrupting their legitimate activities.

Monitor readers will enjoy these books both for their familiar references and thoughtful discussion of pressing social and political issues. I look forward to Jenkins' future publications. He is a strong writer with compelling ideas and a keen eye for plot and character development.

For copies of the books, see eddiejenkinshernandez.com or contact Marc Becker in the History Department at marc@truman.edu.

A Study of Male vs. Female Participation in an Upper-Level History Course

by Thomas Mattek

Abstract: Tallying the number of comments made by male and female students and adjusting for different numbers, the study finds that male students contribute comments far out of proportion to their numbers.

Introduction: Many history classes are based upon participation by students, which takes class attendance and contributions into account. During these discussions I have often noticed that male students contribute far more than female students, despite the same incentives, and were frequently interrupted by or talked less than male students. I thus decided in this history course to begin recording the contributions made by the students divided by sex, and construct an aggregate of how little female students contribute proportionally. With this study, I wanted to examine how much female students would voluntarily contribute to discussion in a class with a participation, as observe the nature of various contributions.

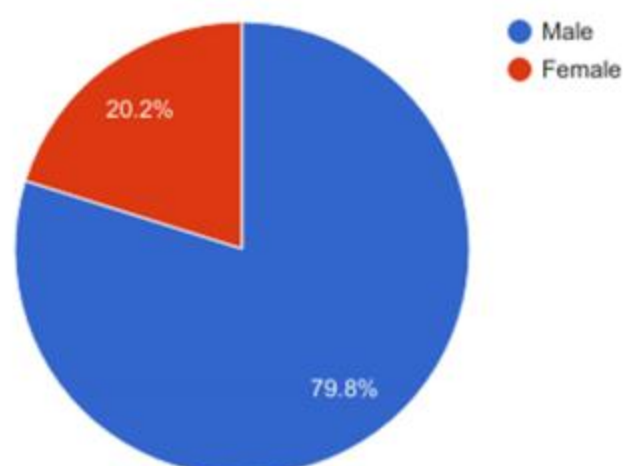
Methods: During each class discussion period, I would attempt to tally the number of female and male students that day. I would then listen to the discussion and note each individual, unprompted comment, question, or answer to a question directed at the class in general. I did not factor in times when the professor explicitly called on a student. My results are thus drawn from the gross amount of comments made, with no consideration for length, content, or frequency of individual's contributions. I also made sure to count my own additions to the discussion as a comment.

Results: The following dataset is presented from five different class discussions:

	Male	Female
February 9th	23	9
February 16th	13	4
February 29th	23	3
March 1st	22	4
March 7th	18	4
Total	99	25

¹A note: "Male" and "Female" do not refer in any way to gender identity, but rather to sex, and should taken as equivalent to AMAB and AFAB for the purposes of the study.

Here's the data in the form of a pie graph:



While that's bad, the results aren't quite as lopsided as it initially appears. The class contains a total of 12 male students and 10 female. Counting absences, we'll assume the numbers average out to 11 male vs 9 female, a proportion of 1.22 (repeating). We now aggregate all comments:

$$99 \div 25 = 3.96$$
$$3.96 \div 1.22 \approx 3.25$$

The ratio is largely the same if we consider February 9th and 29th as outliers:

$$53 \div 12 \approx 4.42$$

So even accounting for the fact that the class has more males, they still speak up more than four times more often than female students.

Discussion: Men over participating in class discussions is a commonly observed and pervasive problem in the college classroom environment. Truman's history department is no exception. In only one class did the individual contributions to classwide discussions by female students go above five.

Qualitatively, the results also obscure a lack of classwide participation. The vast majority of comments by both male and female students were from the same few people. Female students were much more comfortable volunteering to questions posed directly by the professor, and their responses tended to be more concise and less speculative. These questions were often front loaded at the beginning of the discussions, and as a result male voices tended to be the only ones at all towards the end of class. While I couldn't gather enough usable data, female students did participate much more in small, circle based discussions.

In conclusions, these results should not surprise anyone who has had to listen to a class discussion. The numbers just make it more depressing. I would be interested to hear the experiences of other students with this disparity in other classes and majors, as well as general experience with classroom discussion and what makes both male and female students comfortable in a classroom environment.

poetry

lovers that look like spillings
by Sebastián Maldonado-Vélez

I want a damn burger
by Reed Hoerner

Mouth twitching as the eyes
glaze over a resounding
guilt that is immaculate and
soft to the lip's subtle
kiss on the forehead of
a wondrous and deviant
plot to thwart desire and
hunger of a poet's dear
and noble heart. Those
disgustingly plain and
grotesque colors hook into
those taste buds that yearn for
a better life among the
living and breathing counterparts.
Why is it that such foolish and
lame desires are so? Arbitrarily
choosing infrequent actions with
little to no consequences and little
to no benefit on minds of receding
creativity lost in a euphoria of
jubilous thoughts and failed ideas
reminding us of only what fragile and
insignificant desires we think we need
most. A lone stature that quietly breathes
in anxious waitings at some unimportantless
diner that only the lady on the corner of
streets has ever heard of, waiting for that
dry and juicy guilt to finally be plunged
between a soft palate and a small
desire that which only takes
form in those moments
of carelessness.

neruda drank everything out of colors
vodka from red wine from blue
water from green since spills
only happen with clear glasses

look all the way through
odes float sonnets sink
love poems are found
somewhere inbetween

Life will never be the
Same ever since that
Day we rolled in the
sun.

-Us=Me

Hello trumanmonitor.com & Team,
by T.M.

I hope you are doing well.

Are you looking for SEO service to rank your **website** organically in top 10 positions on Google?

Our USP

– 50% ranking commitment on the first page of Google in 90 days timeframe.

Please share your website info, keywords suggestion and targeted location so that we can analyze your site and propose a solution.

We also make responsive websites / eStores at competitive cost.

Interested, let's have a call to discuss your requirement.

Victim of a Damaged Society

by Mica Smith

Today I lost my friend, to a broken society
He was born a her, due to a genetic mistake
But acceptance is not something this nation is known for

Shut down by hate, dragged down by slurs,
Bruised by incorrect pronouns, and beat into a heavy depressive coma

Riley said to me "Dude I can't handle this much longer"
"Hang in there Bro, we are in this together"
I had faith that he could survive for a bit longer

August 21st the news report came
He could no longer stand being detained
Prisoner of his own body, he stepped in front of a train

The story says he was supported, but how can that be
I could see the pain that he carried in his heart
But not even I could predict this tragedy

Today I lost my friend, slain by a societal view on gender
He is now free from the iron bars or his skin
But I remain here in the fire of society

Unipoemless

by Reed Hoerner

A spirit trails its many journeys
Serenaded by a troubled past
Ridden of all chains, ties, and
Anchors dragging through
Oceans of change and fields
Of smiles covering the eyes
Gazing down the barrel into
His shirt freshly fluffed and
A dull blue gallivanting upon
Countless chest hairs that
Feature no poetic potency

A smile drips down his face
Droopy with glee a hand reaches
For a discarded box taped up by
The hands of a son nearly 11
Years ago his music preferences
Weren't so different as they are
Now in a state of pure ecstasy
And written down were unread
Notes to a mysterious lover in
Some basement of an old run
Down apartment building complex
That holds no poetic potency

Box's contents always surprise
Even an author of a single novel
Idea cultivating remnants of
Previous lively complications in
The relationship of ready-made
Pasta and protein in styrofoam
Cups that burn from rage from
The stove-top's forgotten past
Scratches conveying age, wear
And tear, and quality infringing
Four second guesses, a decline,
And a small interest if a friend
Doesn't change their mind
About him and big decisions
Change plans right around about
Teetering questions, actions, and
Innocence of a young man's pet
Rabbit gnawing on small carrots
That haven't any poetic potency

Electric Eye

by Reed Hoerner

Magnets conflict and collide
Treasuring memories faded
Into the sparse failings of space
Growls, grins, celestial grays

Lights traverse wide and true
Bringing all what was in you

Forces caught in epic melees
Brawling bodies swayed
Out of the vast cosmos
Shines, shimmers, dusty waves

Bleak travels forever more
Taking all you had before

A satellite breaks the zero's horizon
Nebula's iris gazing lightyears beyond
Comets cutting through darkness
The arsenal of a lone vagabond

Stars shine eons away in time
Space's essential paradigm

Electricity pulsing vacuums
Systems kissing afterimages
Of past celestial splendorous
Paradises burning down bridges

Caressing fra(g)il(e) godly lies
Spreading the planets' dark demise

Transguy not Transman

by Mica Smith

Man and women: words created by humans
to differentiate between people with different bodies.

Man: Origin: an Old English word referring to any human

So why do I, a trans identified person, reject the use of an original
gender neutral word?

Woman: Origin: Old English: derived from wifman referring to female
bodied servants

The addition of new English word, women,
alters the meaning and connotation of the word man

Man: new meaning: First definition: an adult human male

Qualities of the Anglo-Saxon man: strong masculine appearance,
courageous, humble, thick skinned, loyal, generous, courteous, famous,
and short life with expectation of honorable death in battle.

Woman: Anglo-Saxon role: prohibited from fighting, intentionally left out
of warrior class and expected to complete lesser tasks, associated with
cloth-making, and cooking

Man: new connotation: masculine, strong, dauntless, tough, brawny,
rugged

The term man triggers assumptions that reinforce the binary that has
been created for different bodied humans

Man and woman force people into groups with extremely particular
stereotypes

Guy: oxford dictionary first definition: informal for man

Guy: oxford dictionary definition 1.1: people of either sex

The original definition hints at gendered language, however this term
has transitioned to a gender neutral term used for any person

So I as a trans-identified person reject the usage and reinforcement of
the gender binary

The usage of the word man contradicts my very being so

The usage of man triggers assumptions that in my transition I MUST live
up to the qualities created by the Anglo-Saxon people.

I do not support gender binaries and I do not wish for strangers to make
assumptions regarding what qualities I should possess as a person, so
please don't call me man. I am a guy just as every other person.

*Do you like democracy? We do!
That's why we think you should vote in the
Municipal Election on **Tuesday, April 4th***

An Erasure of Sam Sax's ERASURE

by (Thomas) Reed Hoerner

Sam Sax

ERASURE

~~erase the railroad that brought the trains here. erase the trains & their antique machinery. erase the saloons & the syphilis. erase the families that settled this stretch of desert & called it uninhabited. erase the conquered families, cities, & civilizations. erase the conquerors & erase their horses. erase the documentary exploring the history of this region on my computer. erase my computer & all the lives it lets me visit but not die in. erase the website where i can follow the satellite's many eyed lens into my family's gray yard & see only pixels. erase the amateur video of the couple fucking in another tab & especially erase the moment where one whispers something unintelligible into the other's dark ear & the body shudders. erase the video still open of eric garner being choked to death lest i, in my whiteness, forget. erase the mention of the black man murdered by police in the last line for its utility & the privileged detachment of its witness. erase my body sitting at this table erasing through accumulation. erase the many diseases of its mind, its obsession with pleasure & more pleasure each addiction replaced by another addiction, a door opening into a hospital of doors. erase its fugues & hubris & melancholia. erase its dysthymia & mania & chronic insomnia. in the beginning there was a word tortured into birthing new words. & here we sit at the prow of a great ship cutting through text so thick it resembles black water. here is the curtain opening its throat to reveal a pair of scissors: the railroad syphilis. the horse computers. the satellite fucking the other's dark ear. The video hospital. the mind tortured into curtains. curtain.~~

SamSURE

erase trains here.
antique machinery & syphilis.
families stretch uninhabited.
conquered history erase me in.
follow another moment where the other shudders.
open to death lest i forget the detachment of accumulation.
pleasure & pleasure replaced by a door opening into a hospital.
there & here at a great ship so black its fucking the other mind.



Saturday on the Quad
by Lewie Dunham



Lonely Lullaby
by Blake Buthod



Apr. 6 – *Game Night (2nd Edition)* [free]

Apr. 7 & 8 – *Tom Thumb XXI: Finally Legal* [free]
non-juried art festival

Art Drop-Off: (Fri.) Mar. 31 and (Mon.) Apr. 3 in McClain
and (Tues - Wed.) Apr. 4 - 5 in OP
all from 10 am - 4pm

Apr. 13 – *Open Mic* [free]

Apr. 20 – *Painting Workshop* at 7 pm [free]

Apr. 27 – *Open Mic* [free]

May 1 – *End-of-Semester Jam Session* [free]

May 6 – *FFR (Finals Fever Reliever)* [price & acts TBA]

Rent our community space for your next event!
Visit: theaquadome.org/rental-booking
