



april 2017

the monitor

dear reader,

Well, here we are. You've almost barely but definitely did survive this semester. That is, unless the afterlife has internet in which case you may very well be reading this online posthumously (gravestone reading "Death by Schoolwork"). And yeah, I know saying you survived the semester might not mean much to you right now since finals haven't rolled around and it seems like you get more tired by the day. BUT that doesn't mean you can't have a mini-celebration and treat yourself to a mini cupcake just to say "Hey, me, you've done a good job and I'm proud of you." That being said we'll need to evenly distribute the celebrations so the mini cupcakes don't sell out all at once. More information to come on that front.

This is the last issue of the semester! Now I know what you're thinking: "Dang, I just remembered 5 different things I could have submitted." Well guess what, you still can! Send us your art (trumanmonitor@gmail.com) and we will most definitely not look at it until August and then put it in the September issue. Now I know what 1/4th of you are thinking: "I'm graduating." That's fine, I mean, I'm not bitter or anything but you could have at least said goodbye..... Anyway, did you know that anyone can submit to **the monitor**? Heck yeah. That artsy friend of yours from high school? They can submit. Your dad texted you a bad joke and you want to publicly shame him for it? Submit it for him. Anyone, anywhere, anytime can submit.

That's why it's important for you to share this issue with a friend when you're done—so the love can keep being spread and so more people can share their voice in our pages. In summary: When you leave Kirksville don't forgot this baby!

Love,

the monitor

meet the staff,

"What do you think the best invention is?"

austin stuart: "me"

ben wallis: "wikipedia"

blake buthod: "the internet or adhesives"

lewie dunham: "Juice"

natalie welch: "cell phones"

ollie ganim: "2 words 4 ya vr "

will chaney: "Brass"

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

lisa simms	cover
mars	p. 4
kinda spacey	p. 5
kirsten benson	p. 5
sif fister	p. 6
rat lover	p. 7
eddie jenkins hernandez	p. 8
jason yarber	p. 10
jesse o'freel	p. 11
sam riggs	p. 12
larry isles	p. 16
dennis baker	p. 17
blake buthod	p. 18

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

see you
next fall
:) :D :o

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Dear Mars,

Why is Chad Mad? How can we make him happy?
— Bluegreen Sickle

Dear Bluegreen Sickle,

Well, you haven't given me terribly much to go on, but I'll do my best. First off, why is he mad? Chad is a name stereotypically associated with hypermasculine bro types, so perhaps he is feeling choked by toxic masculinity. In that case, try to make sure that you are not forcing gender norms on him, and let him know that he can feel comfortable acting contrary to these norms around you. If you don't think he should be comfortable acting in ways that are not traditionally masculine, maybe you are making him mad.

Why else might Chad be mad? Maybe Chad is angered by another situation and is taking it out on you or others because he feels powerless to face the real problem. In this case, do your best to respond with kindness when he lashes out, so he knows he can trust you. However, if his anger is really bothering you, it's okay to take a break from the situation, or maybe involve a third party.

How can you make him happy? Well, you can't really make anyone be something. What you can do is let him know you are there for him, in a variety of ways—letting him know he can talk to you, trying to respond to his anger with kindness, or any other little way you can show you care, like buying his favorite candy. Do whatever is natural for your friendship—some people hug, some don't; some are cheered up by gifts, others would feel guilty that you spent money on them. Presumably you know Chad better than I do, so you know better than I what action you should take—my advice is just to take action, and show you're making an effort. If you asked this question despite, like me, having no idea who Chad is, introduce yourself. Maybe a new friend will cheer him up.

Love,

Mars

Why?
— Sal

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



Dear Sal,

And I thought the other question lacked specificity. See, the only way a question like this makes sense is in a conversation that provides a context—so perhaps you are responding to the text you were looking at on the Ask Mars submission page as you typed this? And you mean, “Why should I ask you anything?”

Here's a simple answer: because I'm listening. Because I'll give your question thought no matter where it lands on the ridiculous-serious scale. Hope to hear from you soon, Sal. If only so you can explain
No, that is not what I meant by Why? I meant...

Love,

Mars



WILD WOMEN
DON'T GET THE
BLUES BUT I
FIND THAT
LATELY I'VE
BEEN
CRYING
LIKE A
TALL CHILD

mitski's first love / late
spring
by Kirsten Benson



by kinda spacey



Presents...

The Final Blowout

Free food, games, shirts, and live music on the Quad
Saturday, Apr. 29th | 2:00 - 6:00 pm

Massage on the Go

Free professional shoulder massages on the Quad
Monday, May 1st | 11:00 am - 5:00 pm

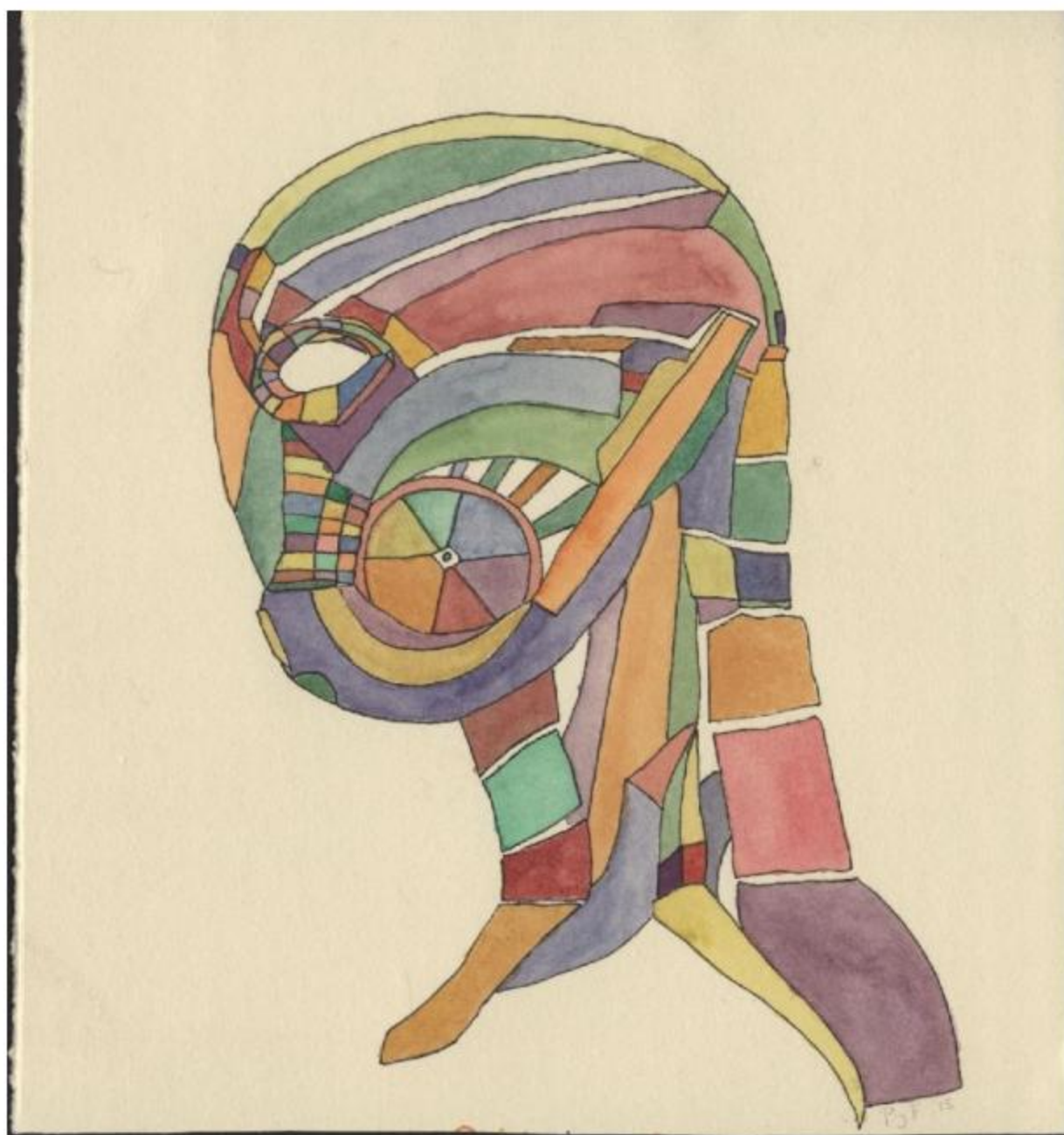
Dog Days

The Secret Life of Pets + Humane Society dogs on the Quad
Thursday, May 4th | 8:30 pm - 10:00 pm

“Debut”
by Sif Fister



“Gaytron”
by Sif Fister



7 Reasons to Love Rats

1. Rats care for others! In studies on rat empathy, rats will try to free a trapped cage-mate even under frightening conditions. In conditions where there is another container with chocolate chips, the free rat will open both and share the chocolate chips with its cage mate.

2. Rats are smart! Rats are easy to train and can learn a variety of tricks, like coming when you call their name, walking a tight rope, or bringing you a tissue when you sneeze.

3. Rats save lives! Rats are currently being trained to detect land mines. Their acute sense of smell and light weight make them capable of finding explosives buried underground. Thanks to these rats known as HeroRats, 105,024 landmines and UXO have been found and destroyed. More recently, these rats are being used to sniff out Tuberculosis (TB). A rat can screen a hundred samples of sputum for TB in less than 20 min.



4. Rats love to be tickled! Young rats love to be tickled and will emit high pitched “giggles” at 50kHz that we are unable to hear. They will even follow your hand for more tickles.



5. Rats’ “gross” tails help them to balance, communicate, and thermo-regulate. A genetic mutation exists which creates tailless rats, however breeding for this trait can create health issues in rats such as rats with back legs that are fused to their pelvis or bladder and bowel problems.

6. Rats are cleaner than you think! Pet rats spend a lot of time grooming themselves and their cage mates. Some can also be trained to use a litter box in their cage.

7. You may know or be a rat... The rat is one of the 12 animals of the Chinese zodiac. People born in a year of that rat are believed to have characteristics associated with rats such as: intelligent, sociable, and hard-working.

Website Review

by eddie jenkins hernandez

“February Hummingbird: An Interactive Story”
<http://februaryhummingbird.com>

When I grew up in the 80s and 90s, Choose Your Own Adventure was a pulp phenomenon in which adolescent readers were empowered to risk their fates as protagonists in some paperback adventure. After they consumed a chapter-worth of words, readers took delight in being able to decide their next move before enjoying or suffering the consequences of their impulse. The options might read something like “enter the cave / turn to page 116” or “take the mountain trail / turn back to page 84.” Sometimes the reader’s eager eyes might spoil an ending as fingers clumsily flipped chunks of pages.

The recent appearance of a website called “February Hummingbird” offers a similar network of narrative possibilities, but in this case the electricity of the online format magnifies the effect of the multi-path story. To a casual browser, this creation, which attributes itself to “Marisa and Blake,” may appear rather basic due to its fresh look and its light, pleasant prose, but behind that simplicity is a crystalline brilliance that emanates from the consummation of form and content.

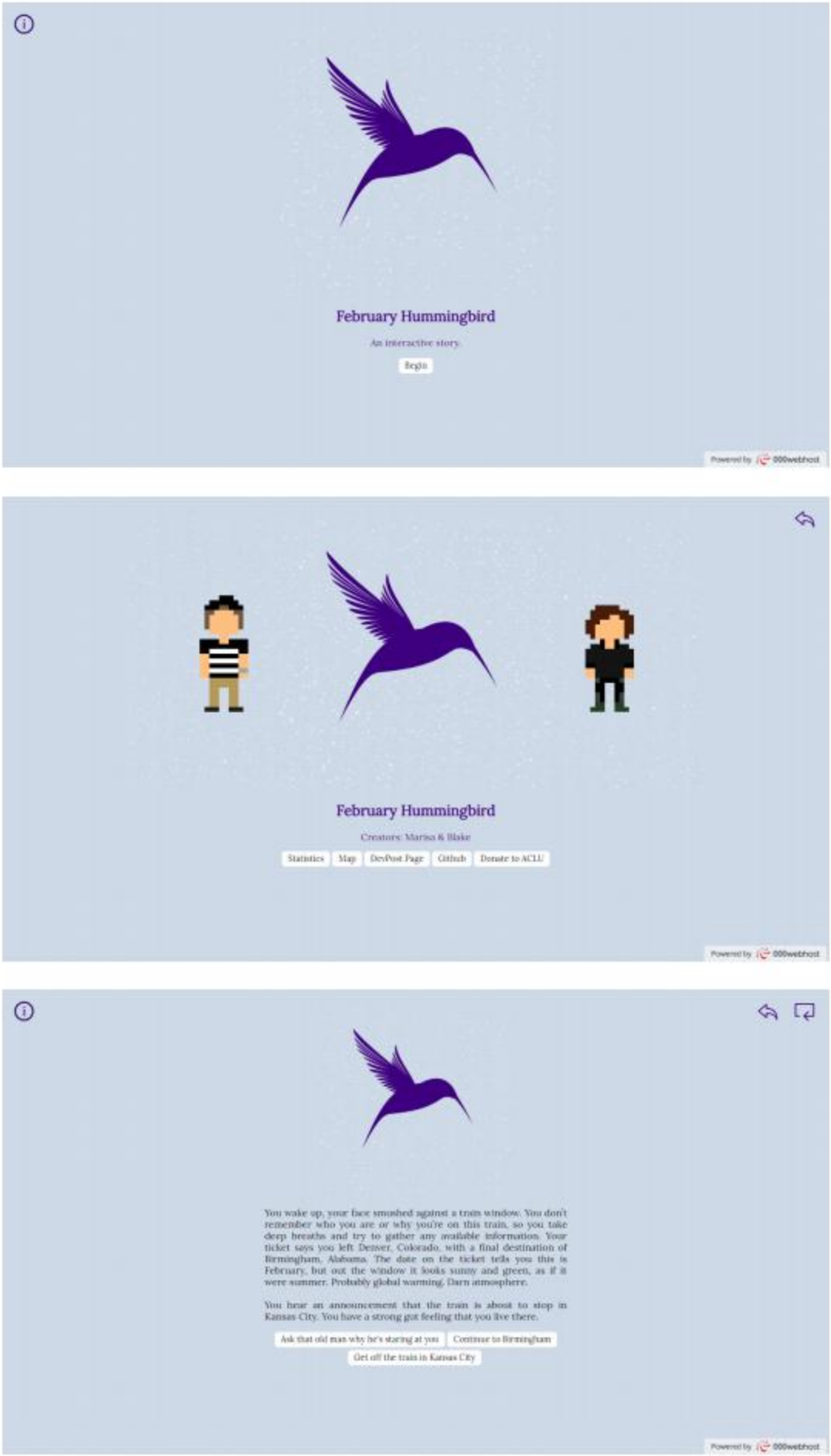
Beginning in the 1960s, Pioneering media ecologist Marshall McLuhan reported how electricity extends the central nervous system beyond our bodies and allows people to experience the world instantaneously as “space and time interpenetrate each other totally in a space-time world.” Internet, cellular, and satellite technologies express this understanding as information and communication traverse the world at light speed. Whether by intention or through the intuition with which organisms inhabit their natural environment, the “February Hummingbird” authors have created a Choose Your Own Adventure-type narrative within a medium that matches its message. The hyperlink ecosystem is a more fluid format for expressing simultaneous, alternate pathways than the clunky method of flipping pages either forward or backward—a print convention which suggests linear time.

The harmony of well-mated form and content is not only an equation for a whole that exceeds the sum of its parts, but it is also the recipe for a kind of medium that allows aesthetic efficacy—and, whether or not the former was incidental, Marisa and Blake can certainly take credit for the latter. The story flows with a casual tone due to its conversational diction and its second-person point-of-view, a unique characteristic of the Choose Your Own Adventure-type model. Suspense moves the reader quickly through short pages, but the narrative is otherwise fun and slightly absurd. Since multiple pathways empower an element of free will, the text has a versatility that allows either a quick, less-than-five-minute read or a longer exploration of the various, simultaneous possibilities.

The web design is also very clean and creative, beginning with the centered blue silhouette of a hovering hummingbird. All of the buttons are very simple and intuitive, such as two unobtrusive arrows that patiently rest in the upper

right corner until the reader is ready to either go back one page or return to the beginning. For those who wish to demystify the aesthetic glimmer of the primary content, a nice circumscribed i on the opposite corner makes transparent much of the authors' process. The map is one of the smartest features, as it represents all of the interconnected possibilities within the story in a single image. Such a picture is more than novel—when applied through comparison to the grand narratives that give meaning to life, the simultaneity of such a story map challenges the linear perception of time.

Perhaps “February Hummingbird” is a casual weekend invention from “a Creative Writing major and a Computer Science major,” as the site claims, but it exemplifies a relationship which great artists understand intuitively—that media are both technological and aesthetic. When information and communication technologies evolve such an equilibrium, they have a tremendous power to enrich and inspire their audience.



"Faces, Windows."

by Jason Yarber

poetry

can drink thoughtless hope of never dying.
can eat and feel at the same time the motions
of waves in veins beating back my calmness.

anger and panic never stray far from each other.

wandering dogs on dark country roads encounter
the pack of coyotes ravenous and starving.
can breathe blood of enemies and living loving luckless meat.

can create the feeling of faces in windows.
footsteps heard under midnight lamp lights
open doors of derelict homes lost to dust.

fear dances with many pirouettes.

"Middling Trees"

by Jason Yarber

middling trees
snuffed out noon on a summer day
could have been so tall
swept from the ground
rendered noiseless in the wind

"The Young Conrad"

by Jason Yarber

here's the real heart of darkness
ants crawling lethargically
on the walls of a room without food
while outside monstrous insectoid beasts
flitter between cold street lights
and inside, lit by lamplight
mind full of cotton and lazy half tunes
the young male decays inside his own body
bruises rise to the surface to show
that behind that flesh he is rotted bare

Hallowed is Cain

by Jesse O'Free!

This is the truth
And in this truth I had a malaise dream:
I cried to a stranger walking downstream
A large spider with fangs in my throat
Stopping me from reaching that Grace note
I cried for humanity and how cruel it is
I cried for God and the mistake that is His
The truth makes my blue tongue bleed
"Please put me down!" I would plead
But the truth is, I cried for her and for me
I am dirt so our story will never be
Stranger said nothing and sat in stillness
(She wore ash) and I awoke from illness.
We come into the world through pain
Caring, killing, hallowed is Cain
This is the truth
Wanting to kill ones' self and wanting to die
Are two separate things entirely, aye
This is the truth, this is the truth

"the girl with the name that starts with an a"

what's going on
and would you admit what i felt
or am i another photograph in your mind

i liked your résumé

tell me the things you think about
or simply anything you don't post

the incommunicable atom in my heart, december 18, 2015

by sam riggs

stillness is the king of the air -
the imprint left after the last
family member of the house but me
has gone.

voices do not float and goad
(as they so usually do,
& as i so often curse);
the waves that shimmer audibly
are only from the hum of the highway,
with every car a passing siren
warning the coming of the future.

there is solitude to be had in here
a release from the togetherness
that brings us all into one, yes
but also fills the in-betweens of existence
& covers life between the lines.

the sheets i am on are very white
(stained to some degree by my
fumblings and mistakes of devouring sustenance,
or in my escapist attempts to pack my "bag"
& leave consciousness)
& so am i, i suppose
but these are only the paints on the surface
& deep underneath it is really gray,
and sometimes black,
that is the color of these sheets and me.

sitting on the sheets
(besides me, but what's to note?)
marked and beloved all over
is a precious book
"good poems
for hard times"
& it is heavy
as so many words fill its ink
trying vainly to communicate life
but losing in wording
that flashing swirl of the electrons of our emotions
as we orbit being and stimulus,
affection and affect,
love and hate;
bereft of control
we are attracted to our spins
simply because we are electricity
(which is always seeking a conduit for itself
& will try, despite futility,
to flow through wood and stone

in the search for water or copper or gold -
its home and things)
& i spin around this nucleus of humanity,
never touching, never approaching,
but always around,
perhaps nearby.

scattered about the room lie its cousins,
stories of genius, troubled minds,
insanity transmuted into transcendence,
love metamorphosed into suffering,
gift resembled as curse,
some of these are by the best
& others, well, by me
but inside of all lie the species
that cannot close its inner-outer door of perception,
& screams forever
when the words
just won't come out.

a flame has begun burning.

the pill seems to be waking up,
& i feel the simulant enliven,
engross,
enfold,
(every light bulb can only run
so long as flashes of
power
come to it;
i am merely doing my job
of turning on):
leg begins to bob,
sleep rises away from face,
teeth grit and scrape,
skin brightens and shouts and
walls of the mind fall in relentless ripples.

it's getting faster now.

what's my charge?

are these electrons configured like fluorine?

i think i am more of a hydrogen,
alive but always around a pair,
proton and neutron,
inseparably in love
& i
inseparably a spectator.

she's texted me again.

it's going very fast now.

could she love me,
or could he ever love her?
& if i could love her
while she loves him
could he love her
while i love she?

sometwo are paired right now
& they are madly in madness
careening down the distant highway
while they scream and shout
& the destination is very far-off
but they will go together,
in rage and faint, waning love
to learn on the whole journey
that being alive and being one aren't enjoyable all the time,
(or really for most of it)
& that attractions and orbits are dragging
& that the glint in their eyes that used to
hold back so many feelings and a heart that cannot stop saying
"for you"
doesn't say much more than
"i am alive" &
"this is me."

they will think that it has been beautiful long after they and it
are gone.

i can see the sun pour into my room,
filling up its empty pores.

the clouds have begun to pass.

at remarkable speed, they have.

nobody questions the flight of our sky, really
(nor do they notice it;
the transience of them on the ground
mirrored by the transience of the above)
but there is a carrying within it,
if you really look,
because these dominations over light
are never yours or his or hers or ours
they are what is just there
& they will go on,
& be somewhere else,
& dissipate to reform as a lake or rainfall or storm or snow,
somewhere distant,
beyond your controls and calls and words,
to cover another slice

no more special than yours.

it's gotten too fast now.

i believe this was worth five dollars and the fear of meeting and his nervous, damp
skin cells on my hand.

it's calling, this window,
do you see it?

it sees me.

a tree has bent because of the wind,
the green grass moans,
& a cluster of leaves has been thrown up
by the passing of a bullet of a car.

in my hermitage,
with the orb spinning inside my chest,
with life coursing through my veins,
with words escaping definitions of sight,
with loneliness and love in contact,
with her so close and so far,
with the moment shining,
with the crest of a hill overcome,
with the clouds passing overhead,
with the breeze blowing,
with time falling alongside the sun,
with the din of movement in my ears,
with the electric eclectic emotions beyond language burning inside of me,
with feeling scalding my soul,
with sensation a blur in the mind, and
with everything between my ears and behind my eyes and in my nostrils and on my skin
tasted on the lips and tongue to blossom inside as the flower of awe,
the book of poetry is open,
& i
am alive.

Letter to the Editor KDE

by Larry Iles

April 13 2017

Dear Jason,

Pressure of family business back in a briefest possible trip to UK, alas prevents me as of meetings tonight from my own attendance at the 2 TSU meetings. That are, already, causing Kirksville so much local debate, the Muslim Association one before the later, college GOP Spencer author invite, in spite of the last's well-known critiques of Muslims!

I am proud to know most of the peaceful student and community protestors who will be, principally, supporting, ALONE, the Muslim Association. Accordingly, here's why I feel I cannot think the college GOP invite was either right, or why, horror of horrors, as a NON-American I do not believe "even in a liberal democracy" TSU authorities were correct. To, advance, call in their Department of Public Safety unit, armed themselves, to search people for alleged weapons in either meeting!

One, the Liberal UK feminist philosopher MP, the great John Stuart Mill pithily put it all best in his classic defenses of "LIBERTY" and "REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT" 2 books in, worst, the age, after all, of his opposed Victorian repression. In an "ABSTRACT" ideal world there should be perfect freedom of full such individual INVITES as Spencers and TSU's armed DPS protection! YES!

But, two, JSM qualifies, if such freedom is deliberately "provocative" to others civil society then, NO!

So, three, TSU DPS how can you expect there to be over-polite acquiescence by we protestors or Muslim fine students if there violative of JSM, is over-invited a speaker for a party, the GOP, whose President Donald Trump has been overturned by US law for, questionably, anti Muslim Us-overseas travel bans. This is provocation GOP! By YOU, not us!

Misty by Dennis Baker (top: B&W optimized, bottom: color - see issue online)



Once Upon a Time I Wanted To Get Into Dogecoin So I Offered To Make Graphics for Tips on Reddit, Vol. 1
by Blake Buthod



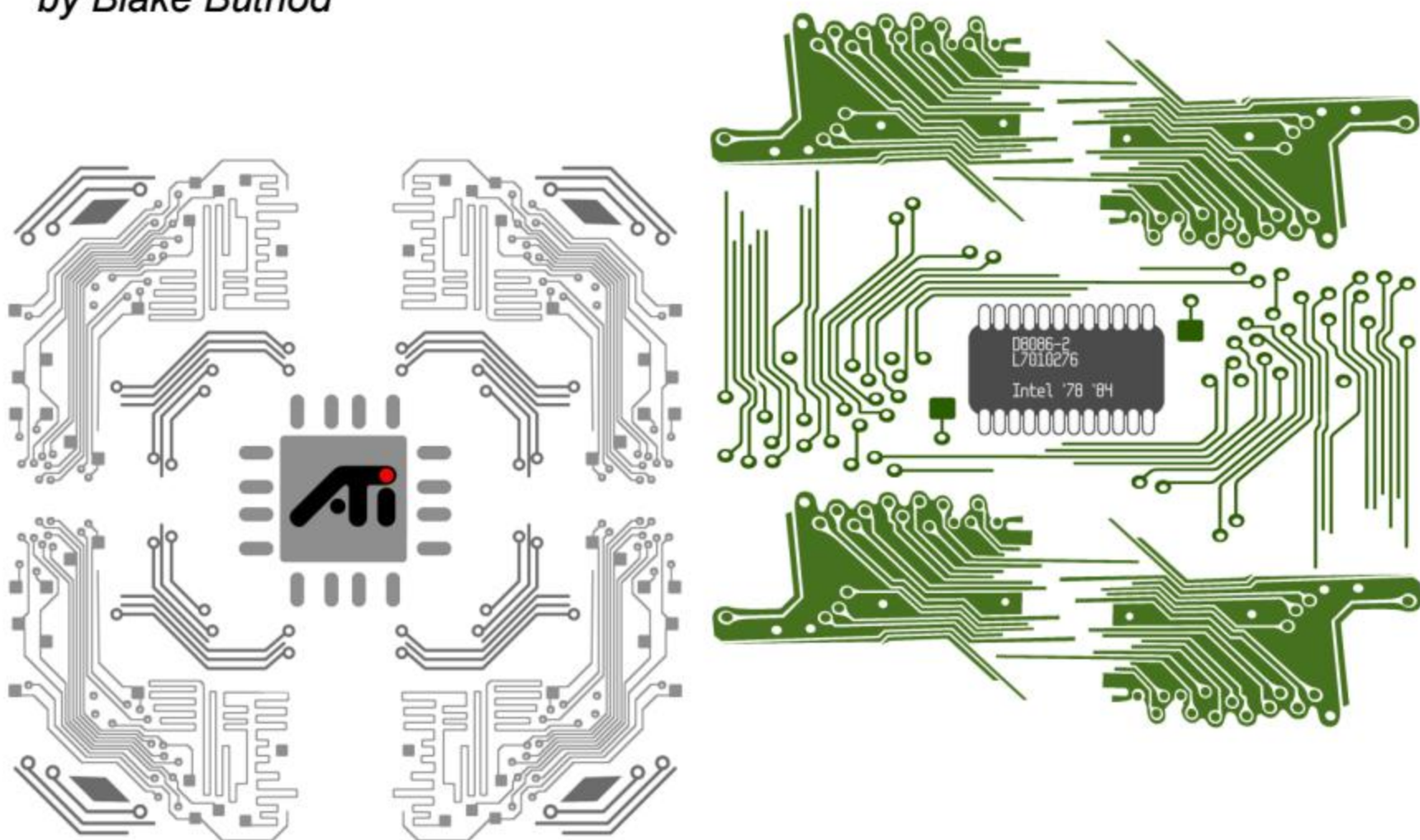
Once Upon a Time I Wanted To Get Into Dogecoin So I Offered To Make Graphics for Tips on Reddit, Vol. 2 Fast
by Blake Buthod



Once Upon a Time I Wanted To Get Into Dogecoin So I Offered To Make Graphics for Tips on Reddit, Vol. 3 Furious
by Blake Buthod



Once Upon a Time I Wanted To Get Into Dogecoin So I Offered To Make Graphics for Tips on Reddit, Vol. 4 & 5
by Blake Buthod





120 S. Main St.

theaquadome.org



Upcoming Events

Apr. 27 – *Open Mic* [free]
7:00 - 9:00 pm

Apr. 28 – *Promptagon 2k17: Heavy Edition*
[\$5 tickets in advance / \$7 at the door]
7:00 - 11:00 pm

May 1 – *End-of-Semester Jam Session* [free]
7:00 - 9:00 pm

May 6 – *NEW! FFR (Finals Fever Reliever)* [\$5]
7:30 - 11:30 pm

May 9 – *Dance Dance Dance Party* [free]
6:00 - ? pm

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