

# the monitor

oct 2017





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# dear reader,

I'll keep this short and sweet. Do you have emotions? Do you like to learn about Do you make art of any kind? Do you want to share it with the world? If you answered yes to any of these questions, you're in luck.

**the monitor** is a student-run publication that's dedicated to publishing any and all submissions we receive without censorship. We believe Truman students are filled with incredible emotions and ideas that deserve to be published. That's why we encourage people (like you) to put themselves out there and make their voice heard by submitting pieces to us. To the left you can find all the information you need to know about submitting! We really hope to see **you** in our next issue :)

Love,

**the monitor**

P.S. Pass this to a friend when you're finished looking through it. They'll appreciate it and Mother Earth will too.

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# meet the staff,

“What's your wifi password?”

allison kufta: “My WiFi password is really boring and a bunch of numbers lol”

austin stuart: “4zm077crc6bi”

ben wallis : “~\\_(\ツ)\\_/~”

blake buthod : “LooksLikeSomeWiggles”

liam connolly: “4zmp77crc6bi”

marc becker: “Sugar Creek Forest”

sarah connolly: “4zmp77crc6bi”

will chaney: “12345”

t.j. mattek: “Every body get in the car let's ride”

~ **We meet on Mondays from 5:00-6:00 pm in Baldwin Hall 303** ~

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# submit

## Deadlines

Friday, November 10  
Friday, February 9  
Friday, March 9  
Friday, April 13

## General Guidelines

Email submissions as attachments (any file type) to [trumanmonitor@gmail.com](mailto:trumanmonitor@gmail.com)!

## 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. Please include a short one or two sentence bio.

## Poems

Let us know if you have any specific printing or formatting requests. Please include your title (real name, pseudonym, or anonymous).

## Visuals

We encourage submissions of original art, comics, videos, and photography. Due to publication limitations, we print in black-and-white (except in the online issue). Keep this in mind when submitting your piece. If we like your piece enough, it may end up on the cover! Let us know if you don't want that.

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# **the index is an ideological tool for the capitalist class**

*by will chaney*

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The following article was originally written for Truman's institutionalized newspaper, the index. Since the article is about the soviet union, a very controversial topic for many readers, I asked the editors that any "major changes" be run past me first, which is a standard procedure anyway. Unfortunately this request was not honored. They cut out about 35% of the content, changed wording to simplify some of the arguments, removed the most radical and important details, and even deleted a citation. Most upsetting was that they changed the framing of the article — the final version sounded like a defense of the USSR instead of the intended purpose, which was to say that black-and-white arguments about the USSR limit discussions about capitalism and what is possible for human society. The significance of the changes are pretty obvious when compared to the original below — underlined portions were deleted, and sentences in italics were altered beyond the original meaning.

When I applied to work at the index I was told my work's content would not be censored and that edits would only serve to make it more readable, which was somewhat surprising after I told them the articles would be from a Marxist perspective. But this pleasant-sounding promise has been continuously broken, and nearly every article required doing battle with the index's rigid hierarchy — a hierarchy based on the failed capitalist media corporations so many index

workers, advisors, and readers criticize. I continued to work for the index believing it could change and challenge society's dominant narratives, regrettably often at the expense of writing material for the monitor. After this article's publication, I understood that my time and effort have been misused for three years and to cut my losses.

I am not mad at the index's student workers, but disappointed with its willingness to fulfill one of capitalism's most disgusting ideological roles. It repeats boring dominant narratives that obscure social realities and turn people off to thinking about or even caring about how society works. Students facing tuition increases and fewer opportunities and surprise \$50 fees probably don't want to pick up a newspaper telling them the administration is beautifully presiding over budget cuts. They would probably rather hear about Sue Thomas's \$30,000 raise, or that our professors are the second lowest paid faculty in Missouri, or how other students are responding in other schools. Powerful people are certainly intimidating, especially during one-on-one interviews, but there is nothing binding you to their opinion, which is almost always based in a perspective that is far removed from most people's experiences. You are allowed to say city council is made up of rich white landowning aristocrats, that Truman holds \$500,000 in fossil fuel investments, that gender neutral housing was blocked by a sexist board of governors against



widespread support. You don't have to shamefully hide your own struggles — tell your readers that index editors are paid as little as \$1.50-2.50 per hour while being expected to stay until 4 am on Wednesday morning. Our conditions won't improve until you — one of the most trusted sources of local news — start talking about how bad the conditions really are.

They will tell you that any controversial argument or fact is “biased,” that it is “not being balanced enough,” or whatever accusation, but what you're doing now is only balanced in favor of those who are already in power. They want us to be ignorant because it is you and your readers who actually have the power.

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While growing up, we learn many truisms about how the world works from society. These truisms — from “stealing is wrong” to “all matter is made of invisibly small atoms” to “say ‘bless you’ after someone sneezes” — are often repeated and come with an explanation that only needs to be heard once or thrice, as well as a punishment if the truism is violated. A child who seriously contends stealing is morally justifiable gets dismissed, perhaps with a laugh or smirk, and an adult who steals is sent to prison. While many truisms are rational and helpful for daily human functions, some are misleading at best and manipulative at worst.

Truisms are powerful because they set the boundaries for which arguments are considered legitimate, and which get

dismissed. As members of a society that strives to be democratic, we must continuously question its accepted truisms and refine those found to be oversimplified, misguided, or wrong. In this article, I hope to elaborate on this idea with a timely example that fundamentally shapes the bounds of our political, economic, and social conversations.

November 7<sup>th</sup> 2017 will mark the hundredth year anniversary of the Russian Revolution, which will likely provoke the repetition of one of the United States ruling classes' most favorite truisms — the Soviet Union's failure proves communism is a tragic utopian fantasy. There are many variations to this narrative which emphasize different evils, such as death, famine, dictatorship, insufficient goods and services, and so on, but they all conclude that the US and capitalism unquestionably won the Best System Contest. Even on campus, these themes are found in our social science textbooks, after-hours lectures, and I suspect there will be a few anti-communist events in early November.

This narrative's purpose is to deter conversation and critical engagement with an entire society, as well as other societies that were and are influenced by anti-capitalist ideas. Instead, discussion of the Soviet Union and self-declared communist societies should include their achievements as well as their failures. When these are taken into account, and compared with other societies that escape similarly intense criticism, extreme conclusions like “communism is evil” become more difficult to defend. Like

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most societies, the Soviet Union's *history offers lessons about what should be repeated and what should never be done again*. But what makes the Soviet Union's experience especially valuable is that it attempted to fundamentally transform basic social, political, and economic relations between its people to end exploitation, poverty, and war, a huge project that necessitates good and bad outcomes. Because the bad is given so much attention in the United States, here is a short list of some of the Soviet Union's achievements.

The Russian Revolution began on International Women's Day, and upon seizing power the Bolshevik Party aimed to involve women in "all spheres of social, economic, and political life," according to Jen Pickard in "Women in the Soviet Union." For the first time Russian women were able to vote, receive equal pay for equal work, decide to get a divorce or an abortion, and enjoy other rights and protections. Free meals and milk for children, communal dining, and pregnancy consultation also materially alleviated many burdens the old society had placed on women. Women were elected to council governments *and attend universities* — in 1927, 28 percent of Soviet college students were women, which rose to 43 percent in 1960 and nearly 50% by 1970, according to the same article. Gendered oppression was not defeated in the Soviet Union, especially the later treatment of homosexuality, but there were significant achievements that should not be forgotten when remembering the USSR.

Before the revolution Russia was a relatively underdeveloped nation, but

after significantly increased its productive powers. In 1896, near the end of the Russian Empire, life expectancy at birth was about 30 years, but jumped to over 42 years in 1927 and 69 years in 1970, according to Russia Beyond on 21 Aug. 2017 and a joint US-USSR "Facts and Figures" report from 1991. The USSR also quickly developed a remarkable space program, launching the first artificial satellite, the first animals, and the first humans — male and female — into orbit, according to an October 2012 History (Chanel?) article. While the specific numbers are disputed, the USSR exponentially increased its material output, completed huge public infrastructure projects, and ensured literacy for nearly all its citizens.

These gains are all the more impressive alongside the continuous military pressure from most other developed nations, which compelled the USSR to spend more of its scarce resources on maintaining a military and less on making useful goods and services. Immediately after the revolution, the US, France, and Britain sent troops to Russia to overthrow the new government, according to an October 2013 BBC article. The US didn't even recognize the USSR until 1933, and lingering hostility restricted trade, cooperation, and other development efforts. Finally, many commentators claim the Soviet government killed about 30 million of its own people, undoubtedly a significant human tragedy and one they claim invalidates communist morality. However, non-communist societies have also killed millions of people — including the US, which is directly responsible for at least 20 million deaths



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since the end of World War II, according to a 2015 study by James Lucas. Criticizing the USSR for mass murder without indicting the US obscures historical reality.

My purpose here is not to unconditionally defend the USSR, or to judge whether it was “good” or “bad,” but to show there is room for many

arguments and lessons. Accepting black and white truisms about previous human societies, especially those as ambitious as the USSR, limits our ability to intelligently discuss humanity’s potential. Cries for an alternative to capitalism are not *going away in the near future*. We must consider all of our options or risk repeating mistakes and stifling our progress.

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## Random Thought

*by Xiao Ning*

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Old joke recall: the golden fish only has 7 seconds memory. What could people do with 7 second's memories?

My primary school textbook had a story, talked about a girl who had the fortune to get a seven-petal flower; every petal she took off would make her one wish come true. The end of the story was that she wasted 6 wishes and finally used the last wish to make a disabled boy become healthy again. I was thinking, well, if I have the chance to have the flower, I'll use the first petal to hope I get another seven magic flowers like this. I know I may have many wishes, but I don't know which comes first, and I don't have that much desire at this point. Just save these wishes for the future.

I asked my sister for what she wanted if she had the flower, she said, I hope everybody can live up to 100 years old, and vanish in the air automatically, so that there was no need to bury them up. I thought it was a really dope idea.

Now when I am daydreaming of this magic flower, I realize there are lots of unconsidered factors in me and my sister's wishes: first, if I have so many wishes, why do I only want 7 flowers? I'd like to have a garden of magic flowers! My sister's idea is even worse: Why people have to live long enough to 100 years? If a person has cancer at age of 25, he has to suffer 75 years. And it is really annoying to see your enemy for a long-lasting time, people keep fighting and they never die like cockroaches, that's a living hell.

The shortcut way is to take off a petal and say, I want to have the power of God. The God hears you, and say, nah, you are cheating, I'll take back the flower. So, you don't have any magic flower to make wishes. Like the story of fisherman and golden fish.

See the connection of these two? First, both of them have number 7; second, both of them have golden fish. Therefore, the conclusions are: 7 is a magical number, and don't try to annoy your golden fish, if you ever have one.



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# poetry

## **The True Vacation**

*by Cecil Morgan*

Do you look out the window when a plane takes off? I do.  
Somehow we're able to enter the domain of the divine without judgment,  
many don't catch it, a small miracle happens every time the wheels separate from the earth.  
Humanity wasn't meant for the sky, but we still dream of flight.  
Never have the waves of blood in my heart felt so close to the moons ancient might.

Some ignore the phenomenon staring straight forward into the howling abyss of the ordinary,  
during the takeoff their body levitates, but their hearts remain unimpressed.  
Fear plagues me that one day I'll be one of them,  
It won't be conscious, but for whatever reason I just won't look like it's no big deal.  
An era of my life ended by indifference, a blow to wonder that may never heal.

As for now I still look with the viewpoint of an angel,  
I urge you yourself to glimpse at the world from this angle.





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## **"At the Public Library"**

*by Jason Yarber*

I'm without my stiff bitters or my lone dim lightbulb,  
Typing in public, in brightness, with people  
Coming and going, passing and passing and passing  
by me, opening doors and closing doors, sit and stand.  
My mutant poetry, warped without structure or function,  
seeps onto this reluctant computer screen, which has never felt  
the touch of a verse,

the bodyheat  
of a couplet,

the breath of the sigh  
of a heaving rhyme

This intimacy is on display for all to see. These  
voyeurs, vultures, vexed victims  
can see my words bare,  
look away.

## **"Roofing Job"**

*by Jason Yarber*

the dust smelled like age  
on a roof older than the oldest person to ever live.  
ripped and torn, crowbar and hammer,  
the saw and the drill, all turned  
downward upon our ground above ground.  
ancient bricks, laid by men who dreamt of the 20th century  
turned to dust and departed on the wind  
at the slightest tap.  
all the while, the sun and tin roof  
baked us from all directions



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# 59 Thoughts

*by anonymous*

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1. Asocial, not antisocial.
2. I'm afraid of heights. I can't swim. I like plums.
3. Self-love is real. I know, I've seen it in the movies.
4. Dislocated myself from the student body
5. Don't blush when I rip you apart.
6. How can one follow their heart when they are surrounded by the voices of others? Be grateful for isolation, physically and mentally, and really in all ways. It is when we are alone can we really hear what our heart is telling us to do and where to go. Everyone else just drowns out this intuitive and so meaningfully necessary voice. Without our voice, we have no identity and our compass is broken. Recalibrate in isolation.
7. "Go to skooks. Maybe you'll lol"
8. She's not dead, just hurting. That actually makes her more alive than most.
9. Laughing maniacally because I can't stop laughing at the thought of laughing maniacally
10. Don't repress the very thing that makes you special. Believe in yourself with self-forgiveness. Then jump back on that horse and ride on. Be strong but not too heavy-handed on the joints of your mind. You'll break something irreplaceable.
11. Your dead grandparents are watching you masturbate.
12. Anyone that makes you feel unlovable should not be loved by you.
13. I forgot how light outside is.
14. Mean mugging squirrels
15. Lets fuck in the backseat while our friends drive off a cliff
16. Don't attempt to fight your demons. Understand them. They disappear with love.
17. He's pretty like a girl.



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18. If all the soldiers stopped fighting, would war end?
  19. The soft moans of talking spirits makes sense to me.
  20. The world will forget about us. Let's have some fun. No creative direction at all
  21. ..'Cause they some non-creative unthinking ass motherfuckers
  22. I'll wipe you up and tuck you in
  23. Another night in a timeless world.
  24. How could you not know that? I don't fit into the box you put me in. Repeat. I don't fit into the box you put me in.
  25. Gas is socializing. I'm a car. I socialize out of necessity, but I'm going electric soon. One day, I'll afford a Tesla. I get from point A to point B through careful mapping to save gas. Some people spend their whole lives driving in circles. Restocking at the same gas stations. Not me. I get to my destination, my dreams. I keep them carefully in mind to not waste time. When I want, with those special someones, I'll drive in circles for hours, laughing too no matter how one-sided it really is. Refill at my favorite gas station and return to the road. Some minor excursions are not always bad.
  26. You have everything you need. I should leave you alone.
  27. You're so sweet and tangy like lo mein.  
I'm so dull and repetitive like white rice.  
We'd make a great fucking combo.  
Or are we too different?
  28. Regrets are found in frozen indecision.
  29. "Don't feel guilty. I guess you're doing what you want to do with your life, even if that doesn't involve me.. I'll do the same without you here. Be happy, write often, feel better. I'm still rooting for you. Goodbye."
  30. Hard to analyze a burning house when you're inside it.
  31. I just try to follow my heart since my brain is half-dead half the time..
  32. Just want a little friend. A big friend. A biggie smalls friend.
  33. Two negatives don't make a positive. They just make you numb. You learn to cry silently. Trembling on the floor, or in your bed, as the tears roll. Your brain falls asleep and you wake up empty and scattered.



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34. Spinning in circles dancing until I cry.  
Covers draped on my shoulders like a hero.  
Life feels better below zero.
  35. I WILL NEVER GIVE UP  
IT'S NOT THE END UNTIL I DIE
  36. We are so unusual.
  37. Why does my brain want to kill me?
  38. A black sheep among black sheep.
  39. I'm glad I didn't tell her everything.
  40. I'm sick of this fucking fairytale fantasyland bullshit. At least they have the balls to  
not take the easy way out. Beautiful. So sincere.
  41. Think before you speak, dumbass.
  42. Black Mirror Mirror on the wall,  
Who's the most evil of them all?
  43. I like the look of death in your eyes  
Makes me want to apologize  
So fragile, so sweet, so wise  
Looking like an angel  
When you're really just  
a demon inside.  
And I like that.
  44. Sometimes I'm psychologist. Sometimes I'm psycho.
  45. Just not the same when they love you.
  46. "Shut the fuck up. I don't want your conversation."
  47. My mind's in the clouds but I'm still down to earth.
  48. Depressing moments cured by green pockets.
  49. Find something to die for or don't live at all.
  50. All carved out like an avocado. No personality, no words, no stress. All those things  
scooped into a bowl and eaten with chips. My body so crisp like a chip. So  
impossibly neutral while foreign fingers caress. Unphased by the hurricane rocking  
my boat. I can survive anything. Just give me the test. Drown or float, it don't

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matter. Time to see the rings of Saturn.

51. That's what you get for breathing.

52. I'm looking for pleasure my hands just can't give me.

53. The heros are so boring.

54. Liars speak plenty.

55. I think there is a different and under spoken beauty to the naked and real body.

56. I want to see your eyes roll back in pure gratification.

57. 7.4 billion people in the world. I feel so unoriginal. The fuck do you want with me?

58. Cry in front of a stranger

What's the danger?

You'll feel better without the anger

59. You make the most sense when I have none.

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# Girl Named Number or Day of the Week

*by Rowen Conry*

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It was a tropical but not so balmy post-summer leaves-still-green little breezy rain-later-and-you-could-smell-it-in-the-air sort of mid-morning. Girl Named Number or Day of the Week rose from her beanbag chair in the vampirish way, on the heels of her feet, hands at her sides, defying gravity, turning upward in an arc, her feet as the pivot point, her eyes flying open the little crusts at the corners shooting off in all directions, her tongue lolling forward out her mouth and striking at a bit of drool hanging there. She collected herself and stretched a little and felt around to see if the fangs were coming into her mouth yet.

It was a somber mid-morning for Girl Named Number or Day of the Week. Her boyfriend, Boy Named Ancient Artisanal Action or Fancy Name for Classical Element, had indicated to her the previous night (it had been a cool-ice, fall-smelling, backyard-pitfire-nearby-and-they-were-grilling-something-overtop-like-steak-or-ribs sort of previous night) via text that she and he would need to meet and discuss something Very Important in a Public Space relatively soon, actually super soon, like, tomorrow (now today) and if she could think of any places she would like to meet she could tell him where otherwise First Street right at the start of downtown was fine. This did not bode well in the mind of Girl Named Number or Day of the Week and the butterfly feeling in the pit of her twisted-a-little stomach had grown overnight into the whole and full vampirism hence the earlier rising-on-the-heels-of-her-feet-from-the-beanbag-chair

and yes, she could feel the fangs in her mouth.

They were to meet in the late-mid-morning, and seeing as it was already mid-mid-morning she was rushed and still groggy and had not-so-much time to prepare. She debated, quickly, in-head, the level of makeup she was willing/socially obligated to apply to her quickly-paling vampire-soon skin before the outing. She was also a little bit mind-occupied with the problem of the umbrella, as she would need it to keep the sun off – she had last used it last time she had become a vampire which was over three months ago and was unsure where it was or in what sort of state it was in or if it was even at home or if maybe it was at Lacy's, and also if the umbrella could even keep her shady enough and keep the sun at bay long enough, as Boy Named Ancient Artisanal Action or Fancy Name for Classical Element could be quite wordy and last time, three months ago, it was Gruff Older Boy Playing Pseudo-Antagonistic Role but Later Revealing Golden Heart who had done the breaking-up, and he had been very gruff and thus broke up in very short words (it was basically "This is over") and so the umbrella had kept her vampire pale skin from burning up for just enough time – but this time was sure to be longer due to the wordiness and so she was unsure the umbrella was sufficient.

The fangs were coming in fast now and stabbing at her lip, and also she could feel the first little baby-pangs of the

Unquenchable Thirst of Impending Vampirism she these days knew so well, but she kept all of this at bay had some coffee did a bit of eyeshadow and lashes and some quick pink for the cheeks found the umbrella found a hoodie which she guessed would help (sports hoodie; go Local Team!) and so just as the bell-tolls from the up-the-road church told her mid-mid-morning was turning to late she hopped over the couple blocks to First Street right at the start of downtown, not feeling too much pain yet (the sun was behind a cloud, too) and met up with Boy Named Ancient Artisanal Action or Fancy Name for Classical Element.

"Hey," he said.

"Hey," she said.

"I just..." he said.

"Right..." she said.

"And we..." he said.

Then Boy Named Ancient Artisanal Action or Fancy Name for Classical Element looked at her and tapped his foot a bit, and then stopped tapping, and then ran his hand through his hair once, and then, fully prepared, said this:

"It's just that you and I – I think – both know that we're not really feeling it anymore and last Saturday at the party it was hard to even TALK to you you were so distant also I don't know WHAT's up with you and Quiet Boy With Secret Past but there's SOMETHING going on there and every time I bring it up you get WEIRD don't even get me started on how you kiss you're like a fucking mortal NO FANG AT ALL, I mean – is that going too far? Because SOMEBODY's got to say

these things I figured after going out with that FREAK Gruff Older Boy Playing Pseudo-Antagonistic Role but Later Revealing Golden Heart you'd at least be a little mature at least mature AT NIGHT – you know – but you're still just a FUCKING KID and really I don't even know how to talk to you at ALL, am I supposed to think you're cute or something you do NOTHING with your makeup you're wearing more makeup to this fucking BREAKUP than you ever did the whole two and a half fucking months we were DATING your hair is a MESS is that a fucking Local Team hoodie what did you pull that out of a box of clothes from MIDDLE SCHOOL I bet they all still fit you not like you've fucking GROWN AN INCH SINCE THEN you're way too short to even be a real fucking actual person and the last straw really for me not really the last straw the last straw was when you totally blew me off at the party but the REAL LAST STRAW was going to your room and we're starting to get into it and then I realize you actually. ACTUALLY. own a fucking BEAN BAG CHAIR IS THIS 1999."

Girl Named Number or Day of the Week, meanwhile, had failed to resist the Unquenchable Thirst of Impending Vampirism. She was already one block down the street mid-fuckboy-rant, sucking the blood out of a passing cat, REALLY feeling it and REALLY getting a kick out of it. When she got it all out she folded the catskin up a couple times and stuck it in the big pocket of her Local Team hoodie, and looked around for witnesses. There were none.

"I'M breaking up with YOU," she muttered to herself in sort of a pump-up, boxing-coach-to-boxer kind of way. "I'M breaking up with YOU."



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# **“I hope I’m slowly turning over a new leash”**

*by anonymous*

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Today was illuminating; I'm not sure if weed, hubris, ego, or megalomania have enraptured me, but I need to somehow release my excitement, zest for life, and genuine enthusiasm for a variety of topics.

I think being high increases creativity, while perhaps lowering executive functioning. For me, this is true, hopefully more on the topic later. It seems weed allows one to think in different ways (and this statement should be read without positive or negative inflection/judgement: I think weed creates an entirely different personal paradigm, for better or worse. Weed seems to lower inhibitions and return us to a more playful state, where we throw caution to the wind in favor of sheer thrill and motion-expressed vibrancy. In this way, I believe weed can rewire the brain in a way which leads down eventually fruitful rabbit holes. Weed, as a substance, has no inherent or metaphysical meaning; it is there to thrive as a biological and change the chemical composition of those humans (and other creatures?) that interact w/ it (perhaps as defense -- more likely as unintended consequence of trying to survive in a darwinian cage fight with so many other equally and even more prolific plants. In short, the weed just wants to live its life, man; these damn humans be harvestin' the happy shit and combusting it to rearrange our wires -- perhaps this rearranging is a randomness (or near-randomness) we have learned to

control over a long period of puff-puff-pass.

Weed is the nearly expository idea because, once again for better or worse, weed was effected, directly through proprioception and alveoli-absorption, but also through self-reflection and trying to define myself clearly and in a very detached, even dull examination of what I can and cannot do and how to change the proportions of columns to maximize my pedagogical, scholarly, and personal efficacy. Weed, as a directly affective substance (and perhaps construct as well, depending on situational views and how individuals conceive of it). For me, weed is fun; however, I'm gradually establishing a grapple of ascertaining through concrete evidence from empirical sources. This cascade of writing stems from the interesting phenomenon of smoking before class today (thrice, resulting in a constant condition of non-sobriety throughout the day). Surprisingly, the results were non-disastrous. I felt free to express my opinion, data, and rationale in classes while maintaining a semblance of socially acceptable control in each situation. I truly feel as though weed, in many regards, has made me a reflective practitioner. First, weed is a habit I practice, if one will permit the direct leap from plant to smoking/psychological/physiological effects. I am currently forced to reflect -- the reality I am coming to find and face is that a lot of weed enters my body. I think this is the

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Robert Frost path in the woods, albeit on a much more trivial scale. Regardless of the magnitude of the situation, what choice will I make? Which path will lend me closer to "the best" (in whatever way, including through \*\*\*\*\*, one cares to define it) person can I be? Although I will lay out potential pros and cons, I will heavily foreshadow the answer by saying we gotta stay tuned folks -- \*\*\*\*\* will continue to live, and let's see the result.

Before moving onto the next point, i must include the caveat: allowing fate to make decisions may not be a horrible idea or problem-solving device. Perception the inevitability of life and allowing the shifting (usually in an extreme manner) of college, personal, and world tectonic plates to remain unabated I feel leads to natural, rather than artificially imposed results, to be observed and harvested.

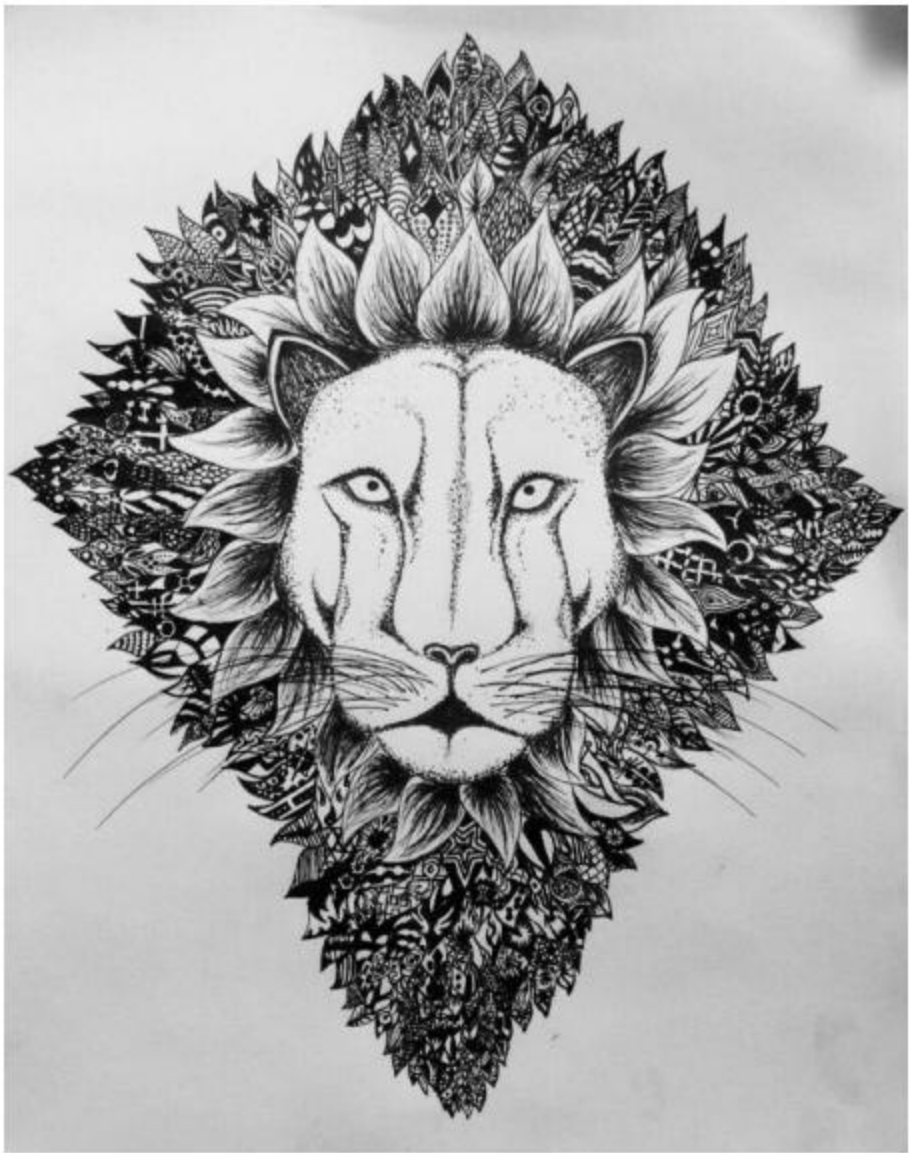
I would say that weed can actually be profoundly impactful — there is a pretty significant body of research pointing to physical traits improvements including (but not limited to) appetite elevation, pain reduction, and often times calming of the nerves and other conduits of electrification magnetic charge which may manifest itself in varying savers in heart, head, or throughout with spasms. I cannot support the claim to explore other stimuli. Weed also introduces a power dynamic if used in a manner inconsistent with the notion of "pure, \*\*\*\*\*, friendship." While this isn't necessarily an issues the monetary component can be a tricky social situation to step through. I suppose the best I can do is exercise pure altruism and hope they take care of

themselves first. One should be able to partake in their purchased product in any way they see fit, and without guilt, shame, or societal pressure.

The subject of addiction has been buying for space in the forefront of things to think about. I'm trying to more consciously and consistently nail down addiction, especially in the already-branched areas of physical vs psychological. For me, addiction is a substance disrupting life in any way. If you don't want to have to do it, but do it, you're likely addicted. This also applies across the board — psychological need is equal or even paramount to physical addiction (for those who subscribe to mind > body). In the case of addicts who have the misfortune to suffer the duality of mind/body, it can be extraordinarily difficult to power out. I may be slightly or more addicted. Should that be circled or given greater significance? Maybe, or maybe not; time will tell :)



# art



*all by Max Copeland*





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# LET'S END THE CONSERVATIVES' RELEGATION IN DELIBERATE FORGETFUL NEGLECT OF C.F.G.MASTERMAN AND H.G.WELLS AS SOCIAL CHANGE SEEKERS, 1903-27, Part 3

by L.I. Iles

*Dedicated to Neville Masterman and Walter Arnstein,  
Incomparable mentors/truth-seekers*

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[Editor's Note: This is the third part of a four part series from an article submitted to **the monitor** in January of 2017. The first part was published in the February 2017 issue and the second part was published in the September 2017 issue, which can read in our online issues at [trumanmonitor.com](http://trumanmonitor.com)]

Thus an early copy of a CFGM COMMONWEALTH monthly article circa 1899 Neville himself sent me is an exuberant review of the worker-guild celebratory ,radical liberal turned radical socialist, William Morris' classic NEWS FROM NOWHERE in which he outlines a classless utopias caring society's future. What is notable is that the admittedly still very single Masterman highlights as correct what he claims was Morris' insistence that the bourgeois capitalist private property "family" should not be a pursuit ideal, due its over-possessiveness of time consumption as much as greed unit. Even when considerably the worst for drink and loneliness intellectually in the early 1920s in the remote Isle of Wight school where he part time sports taught at, he was entirely consistent to such preferred collectivist greater demand on his time. CFGM untypically rails at his wife, if unkindly temporarily so, in letters in the BU campus for being "upper

class" and parasitical, when quite legitimately she was the child career after all. She suggests that he gets out of their family financial crisis by grants or loans from her retired generals father's family. Fortunately, she resisted his further insect state kind of rebuffs that she abandon for the state free communal schools their costly but talented children's fee private schools.

To the fury of his opponents, especially those like the pre-WWI ex-Liberal Imperialist Liverpool University history lecturer Ramsay Muir, 1923-24 Rochdale Liberal MP with him, who conceived of Liberalism as a mildly only "Centrist" if left leaning force, lifelong Masterman persisted in what Muir derided as these Semi-collectivist, semi-socialist ideas. If the Muirites had troubled, as they didn't, and CFGM lazily and over-cautiously did not himself over-publicly himself stress as he also lifelong knew middle class Liberalism has always had a "nineteenth century" reversal such capitalist side, Muir could have found out lots more! CFGM's first speech of major policy intent as a new junior minister in 1908 to the in the final mutual analysis separated from him, working class minister, J.Burns, was to the vast worldwide Pan Anglican Congress in London. In which

over a thousand delegates, many of them US Bishops, tried to terminate idealistically their last century with a future more communal vision for us all. Heavily, Wells influenced CFGM the next year was a proof\author invited reader for HGW's anti-pharmaceutical, capitalist TONGO BUNGAY novelistic satire. CFGM delivered a tirade. Its eloquence was so sharp that the London TIMES made it their longest reported CFGM speech report of his entire life, the full text is actually in today's Lambeth Palace Anglican UK Library which I and my wife examined. Masterman explicitly assails conventional conservative and liberal religion alike as far too status quo, individualistic in false homage to family, "god" and country mindlessly. And his embodiment was the average "American Standard Oil salesman" who foolishly preached these over-pieties but in sordid capitalist commercialism aimed to defraud you for a modern "impersonal" corporation. Even he, let alone the small stockholder had no democratic collectivist control or accountability over the corporation.

More positively, as he was deliberately vague as to how to remedy in new state creation regulatorily such "Standard Oil" inequality, THE WIGAN OBSERVER pre-WWI when Masterman had risen further up the ministerial pole, caught him in a more optimistic vein. Prize-winning presenting to the towns engineering students in a local college, he told them to read Wells. Because, there, they would find a new social engineering vision for last century far in commonweal new creation surpassing past nineteenth century GB's Industrial workshop of the world, by implication an exhausted model. All of this utopia was anathema

to the more vigilant capitalist Conservatives. Such a Welsh vigilante writing under his byline "Muse Without Method" in the Tory literary magazine BLACKWOODS in 1909 thus laid into CFGM's own best seller of that year, his book THE CONDITION OF ENGLAND. This at least four editioned masterpiece gives fullest vent to CFGM's own credo of change or else peril. Within its piercing indictment prose are hommages to Wells and above all their beloved southern English trees, walk paths and seas. Nastily, though, all Machen, Philby and their Conservative muse can locate is CFGM's and HGW's "alien," allegedly continental Germanic social insurance State insectile creation disease, all further poisoned by decadently French sexual literature free love morals undermining of we English people's identity.

Pre-WWI, the biggest collection of private letters between HGW /CFGM is in the Urbana archive, as those in BU are usually just shorter note-style response or view postcards by Wells. They detail summarisingly the intensely political and social change seekers nature of the duets' collaboration. In late 1903, CFGM was the combined Liberal, Radical and Labour would be MP candidate for Dulwich in a special by-election there, caused by the death of its knighted and likely slumlord capitalist Tory long ill absentee MP. Masterman did not win it, although the seat has been Labour occasionally since into this century. Even so, he scored a big increase in the Left center suffrage, and above all, showed enormous appeal skill. Not just to the traditional worker areas but to the more educated intelligentsia section that had arisen in a new century. He got from Wells a public letter of support, arguing



he was both a man amongst and a student of the poor, for which in return he sent his copious election address or platform. So much national and even global acclaim greeted his achievement with CFGM's own self praise in THE DAILY NEWS, getting as far for example as the Canadian young radicals MONTREAL WORLDWIDE REVIEW, that he was able to get into the Commons for two other more artisanate seats in London's more northern and east end areas, 1906-14.

By 1911, he was so much highly ministerial advanced and for the sole lifetime period well salaried, except for his aforementioned DAILY NEWS LITERARY CHIEF EDITOR role, that he was as able to aid Wells almost more than the other way more normally their lifetimes roundabouts! Foremost, CFGM had made himself, so he thought, over-complacently, indispensable to the more famous since likes of ministerially not just J. Burns but in succession parade H. Gladstone, W. Churchill, and the Welsh firebrand, profligate womanizer D. Lloyd George. Yes, authentically he was more adept at Commons ritual than they. But CFGM lacked all of their greater press self promotion, ego push. And to make a teacher analogy, he was being made very much the assistant, untenured, fall guy for the unpopularity of the "social Democracy... experiment reforms" his Liberal governments since 1906 had engaged in. This, too, is a paraphrased quotation from him in evidence, he knew it, too, from his preface introductorily to P. Alden MP US A edition of their 1912 DEMOCRATIC ENGLAND book, itself promotional of such collectivist carousals.

A bad riding MP, due perhaps to his

Tory cynicism in suburbia and harsh over self-reliance west country caning/flogging high schools of upbringing, meant that between elections CFGM lacked attentiveness or the common touch. To deal with either workers or local councilmen elites, whilst the higher up senior ministers mentioned had their own "limelight" presses. Therefore, compensatorily, he was not only desperately in allies need of his intelligentsia friends like Wells. But, as he was surprisingly rather good at election actual campaigns and populist, if savage, oratory between these times, he returned such intelligentsia for the favors they had given him with any patronage he could dispense.

By 1911, there was such a need for help. Wells himself was politically in trouble, too. Yes, he was still one of the 4th Commons Ranked UK /Irish Labour Party's best globally applauded writers and members, whose election appeals were solicited by its candidates with great pride. But his prestige and brands of emotive social/ morals change wholesale collectivism had been publicly defeated inside the Fabian society for their alleged romanticism. His enemies inside this then, as nowadays, powerful think tank and brains trust liked both him and CFGM for their often encountered selves. Personally they were liked and admired for both of their absolutist hate for all Conservatives. But the Fabian's Society's "OLD GUARD," in their own self-flattering veteran words, numbered the CFGM and HGW duets literary and press rival collectivists like G.B. Shaw, and LSE sociologist founders B. and S. Webb. Why it is still difficult to assess fairly HGW's free love open stances, CFGM's but partial social insurance



schema threatened. Not only rival more socially aesthetic upper class actual status quo ethical propriety notions of all three of the old Guard. Heinous most of all was the fact that HGW/CFGM rhetoric, in emotive romanticist collectivism seemed far too potentially democratic for the three old Guard of the Fabian Society! Simply by 1911 the controller three had seen off most of HGW and the three instead made alliances if tense ones with younger socialists and feminists. All intent on at basic more economic change than CFGM/HGW appeared self duet wealthily off-puttingly to offer such youngsters.

Into the brief pre-WWI gap, savingly of Wells, could and did step CFGM, both alike understanding he would not, however, renounce his prime Labour Party preference. So, CFGM obtained from his worker originated friend an introduction for the new YOUNG LIBERAL MAGAZINE in its 1911 start, alongside his own such preface. Wells said he felt "Socialism" and the Labour Party to be the "organisation" vitality, or

by inference, energy dynamo for the future. Rider qualification he added though, "Liberalism" by which he meant individual conscience change valuation, must be all future Progressives "soul." Privately, Wells' Urbana CFGM letters show he was as an "unofficial small 'l'" liberal, deeply unhappy with CFGM's Governmental colleagues creation of what he called publicly in his new book THE NEW MACHIAVELLI what he only half claimed to admire a new expert's elite undemocratically. Lamely, whilst granting HGW his small "l" unofficial rebel right to dissent, CFGM shot back that they needed such an intelligentsia. Since, when Churchill's mines reform minister, he had become convinced of the sheer "stupidity" in ignorance of not just their workers welfare. But ignorance towards new ideas and technology was what most hindered private capitalists, much self vaunted "captains of industry" in mismanagement of Britain's collective future.

To be continued...



## Students for a Democratic Society

--meetings--

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*SDS is a radical, multi-tendency, all-inclusive organization working to build power in our schools and communities.*

***Dare to struggle, dare to win!***

----[trumanstatesds@gmail.com](mailto:trumanstatesds@gmail.com)----





presents

# David Francisco

*Come see the inspiring journey of  
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extraordinary musical career.*

Wed, Nov. 29

7:00 - 8:30 pm

SUB Hub

free food & drink

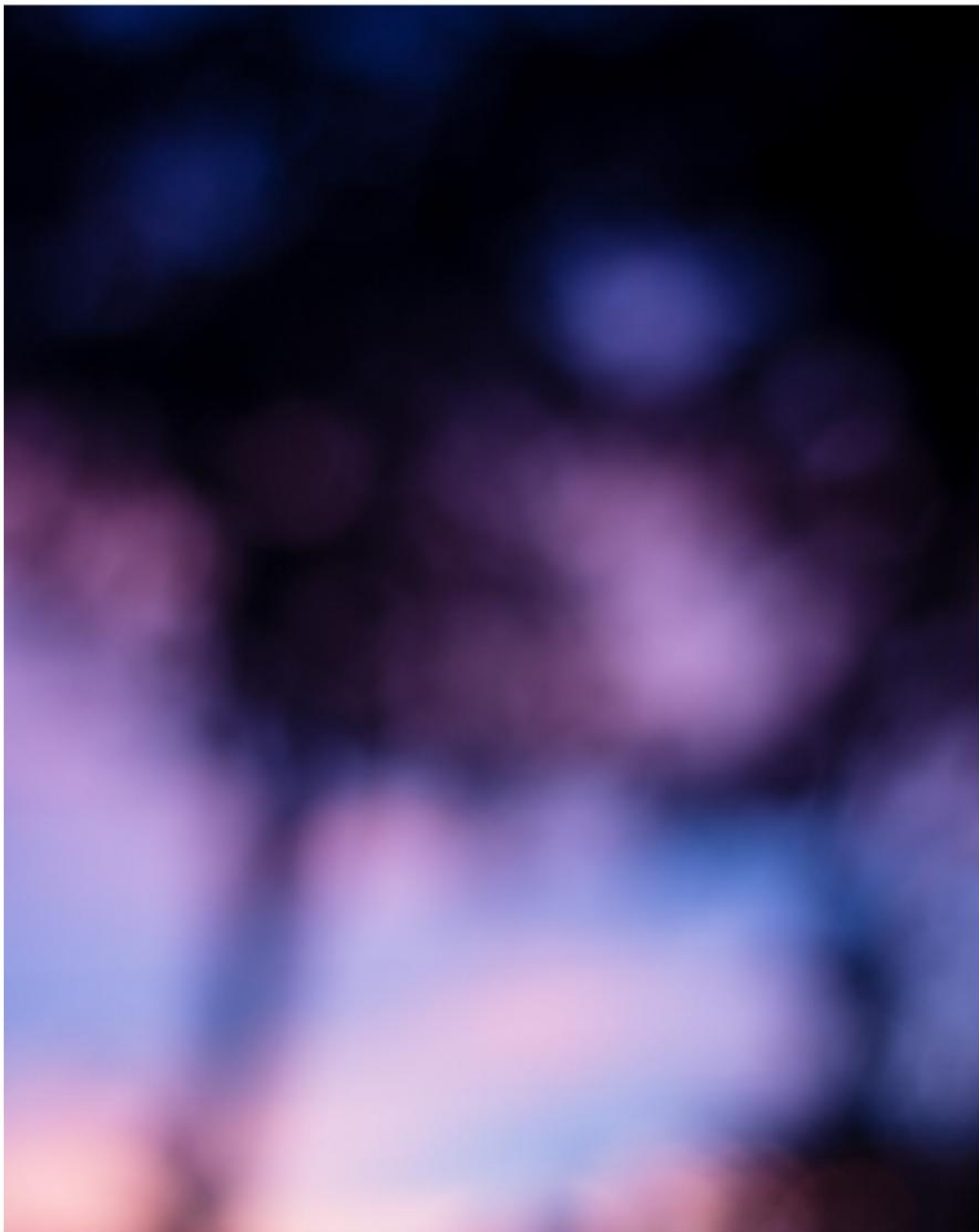
For more information:  
[sab.truman.edu/davidsjourney](http://sab.truman.edu/davidsjourney)



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# photography



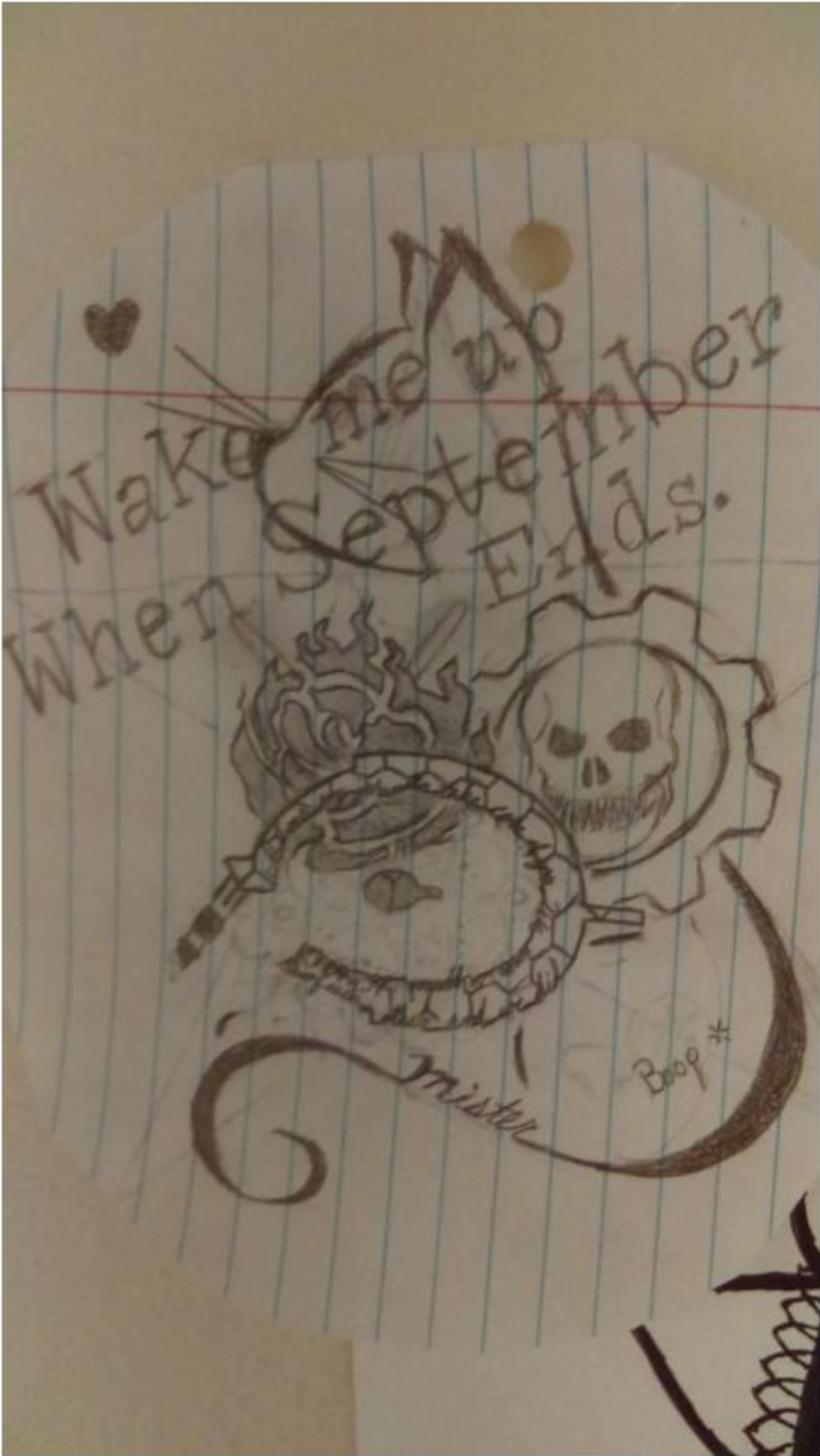
*by Allison Kufta*

View color versions on the online issue at [oct.trumanmonitor.com](http://oct.trumanmonitor.com)





*by Allison Kufra*



*by Bethany Schatz*



*by Bethany Schatz*



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# Cuba Travel Warning

by Marc Becker

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On September 29, the Department of State issued a travel advisory that warned U.S. citizens not to travel to Cuba. For those who know nothing about Cuba, the advisory is scary and has exactly its intended effect: it derails a process toward a normalization of relations that Raúl Castro and Barack Obama launched on December 17, 2014, and portends a return to cold war tensions.

For those with critical thinking skills, however, the travel advisory raises a series of questions that cast significant doubt on the veracity of the State Department claims and the purpose of the warning.

Media outlets such as the *New York Times* and *Wired* magazine have interviewed audiologists, and no expert is able to explain what technology could cause the range of physical symptoms that affected individuals claim to have experienced. These include hearing loss, dizziness, headache, fatigue, cognitive issues, and difficulty sleeping.

Nor is anyone able to explain convincingly who might be behind these incidents.

The State Department justifies the travel warning because “the Government of Cuba is responsible for taking all appropriate steps to prevent attacks on our diplomatic personnel and U.S. citizens in Cuba.” But the Trump administration has not welcomed Cuban government offers to cooperate with the FBI and other U.S.

authorities to discover the source of these occurrences.

Cuban foreign minister Bruno Rodríguez categorically rejects responsibility for the alleged incidents. He declares that Cuba had never perpetrated, nor would it perpetrate, attacks against diplomatic officials, nor would it allow third parties use of its territory for that purpose. Rodríguez cautioned against the adoption of hasty decisions not supported by evidence.

In the absence of any substantiation of Cuban government involvement, other theories for a source of the attacks include rogue elements in either the Cuban or U.S. government who want to disrupt a normalization of relations, or even perhaps an attempt by the Russian government to prevent an expansion of commercial relations between its cold war ally and foe.

Given a lack of known technology that would cause these reported symptoms, it is possible that the CIA was experimenting with equipment to disrupt Cuba’s telecommunication industry and the contraption backfired on its operators. This is not outside the range of possibilities given a long history of U.S. terrorist attacks on the island. Most famously, in the 1960s Operation Mongoose engaged in a series of assassination attempts on leader Fidel Castro. More recently, the U.S. government contractor Alan Gross sought to interfere with the island’s



telecommunication industry.

In contrast, the Cuban government has not engaged in terrorist attacks against the United States, and would have little to gain by doing so now. The country has become reliant on tourist dollars and remittances from Cubans living in the United States. It is not in their interests to interfere with those revenue streams.

Some have also wondered whether the reported illnesses are psychosomatic—exaggerated responses to a fear of the unknown. Some news outlets reported that a “handful” of U.S. citizens claim to have experienced similar symptoms, but even the State Department is not able to verify their statements. Why would someone make a travel decision based on claims that lack credible evidence and cannot be substantiated?

This is a broader problem with the State Department warning. If the attacks are indeed real, they have been narrowly targeted against a small group of diplomats (apparently some of them working undercover for the CIA), and in areas that most tourists are unlikely to visit. Advising against all travel even as the U.S. government openly admits it has not been able to identify a responsible

party and refusing to cooperate with the Cuban government to identify a perpetrator is a classic example of overreaction that should be readily apparent to all.

Cuba remains a very safe travel destination, with some of the lowest criminal and homicide rates in the hemisphere. Even in the face of a crumbling infrastructure, the government assures visitors with access to the most secure accommodations.

What is readily apparent is who wins and who loses with a travel advisory made independent of evidence and clearly motivated by politics rather than concerns for health and wellbeing. In making this move, Trump is throwing red meat to the most reactionary wing of the Republican Party. It is a distraction from more important issues, even as his administration is determined to deprive people of health care, access to education, and clean air.

To accept the State Department warning at face value is to demonstrate a lack of critical thinking skills, and to play into a return to a cold war mentality in which no one wins.





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# Cat Sticker

by Xiao Ning

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In those good old times, science grew like a weed seed, became strong and showed people hope.

I had a cat sticker in my hand, it smelt like the most mysterious perfume, with black and gray fluffy fur in the kitten shape.

“What a surprising artwork, how do you make it? With the real fur catch from the cat?” I said to the old lady who sat in front of her book. That cat sticker was her belongings.

She smiled like a red poppy flower, “Definitely,” she said, it was made with a real kitty.”

“I smashed her when she was one month and a half, flatted it, dried it, put heavy perfume on, and finally made the pieces. I sold those cat stickers, too, and those young girls just loved them. Interestingly enough, you are the first one whoever asked about the process.”

“Why did you do that?”

“No reason, all for fun. Thanks to these cat stickers, I can use the money to set up a family library. Look how nice those cat stickers are!”

The old lady showed me a book. I opened it, about a dozen of cat stickers fell off the carpet; white, orange, gray, dots, tabby... looked like many shades of little flowers grow out of the ground. The book in my hand couldn't hold the weight of life, it flied away, directing to the old lady's face.

She kept her smile still, “I thought you loved art.”

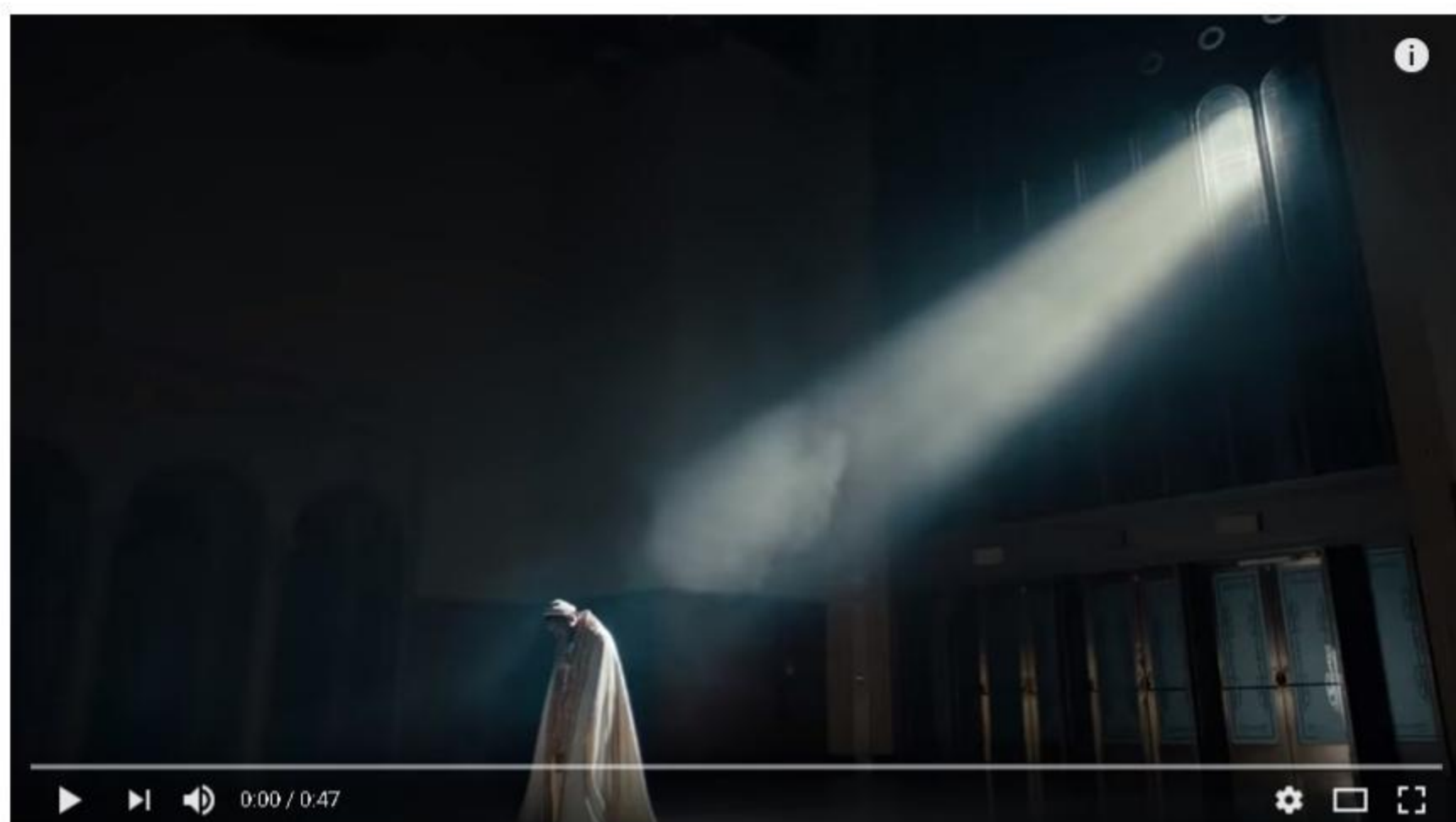
“Are you a witch?” – “No, I am a retired agricultural scientist.”

Okay. I threw her teacup to the photo on the wall, the teacup hit the frame and the tea sprayed on the picture. It was an old man's portrait. The tea was bloody red and it made the old man look like he was weeping his heart out.



# videos

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online issue at [oct.trumanmonitor.com](http://oct.trumanmonitor.com)



**“HUMBLE.”** but almost every lyric is “syrup sandwiches”

*YouTube video by ramyrizzle*

*Submitted by Blake Buthod*



**Take Richard Spencer at Face Value**

*YouTube video by donswayneos*

*Submitted by Isaiah Oakes*





## **Upcoming Events**

Thursday, Nov. 2 – *Art Nite // Collaging [free]*

Thursday, Nov. 9 – *Open Mic [free]*

Friday, Nov. 10 – The Paper Pals Show

Thursday, Nov. 16 – Game Nite

Community Meetings every Sunday at 2:00 pm!

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