

A stylized sun with a large orange circular center and a red serrated border. It has numerous triangular rays in shades of yellow and orange extending outwards. The background is dark brown with small white specks representing stars.

the monitor

nov 2017

dear reader,

Hello cherished reader, I am happy to pronounce you almost finished with this semester. Doesn't it feel kinda nice? I know you're a very busy person, and that's why it's great to see you've decided to take some time to look through our November issue. It's the last one for the fall, but we'll be back in February (see deadlines over here >>>).

If you're unfamiliar with **the monitor**, it's made by a small group of individuals who are passionate about amplifying voices on campus by publishing any and all submissions we receive (because censorship is not cool). That's why it's such a powerful and important platform on campus and in the Kirksville community.

Right now we have a number of members in our organization who will be graduating next May, so if you're looking to get more involved on campus here's your sign from God. We have two open positions, Director of Distribution and Director of Public Relations, that are prime for the taking. Both work closely with the rest of the Executive Board, so do not fear if you think you're not experienced enough! Our meetings are 5:00 - 6:00 pm on Mondays in Baldwin Hall 303. Hope to see you there!

Do us a favor? Give this to a friend or leave it somewhere for someone else to read when you're finished with it. It's a small action but it really helps :)

Love,

the monitor

meet the staff,

"Do you believe in Santa? Why or why not?"

allison kufta: "Yeah I took a picture with him once"

ben wallis : "if you meet the santa in the chimney, kill him."

blake buthod : "The short answer is no"

marc becker: "Does Santa believe in me?"

will chaney: "yeah cuz I saw him one time duh"

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

submit

Deadlines

Friday, February 9
Friday, March 9
Friday, April 13



connect

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General Guidelines

Email submissions as attachments (any file type) to 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.

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 If you would like your work not to be published online or would like us to remove previously published material, send us an email.

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contributors

jackie nobbe	cover
brianne bannon	p. 4
bethany ross	p. 9
alex hinton	p. 10
avery morrison	p. 10
emily o'connor	p. 13
ben wallis	p. 16
a citizen	p. 18
larry isles	p. 19
anonymous	p. 21
l.i. isles	p. 22
thomas sebacher	p. 25
violet x odzinski	p. 26

The Depression Post

by Brianne Bannon

Shameless plug: originally published on briannebannon.com, my at least mediocre blog that you should definitely check out

This is a post I think I've mentally been writing for the past few months, since before this blog was even an idea. All of my writing is personal, and I always try to be candid and honest with whoever reads the things I plaster up on the internet. This sort of honest writing is hard even for me, though, but it's a story I can't not tell. It's not particularly funny or interesting, but I hope it helps someone, and I maybe also hope it helps you learn a little about me.

I was only formally diagnosed with depression last year, but I've dealt with bouts of it since I was around nine years old. I've been quite fortunate that it was of a mild sort for the majority of my adolescence; while I struggled with periods of sadness and hopelessness from grade school through high school, it was nearly always something I could manage on my own. I was lucky to have a busy schedule to distract me, friends to uplift me, and books and silly TV shows to occupy my mind. As I matured, so did my depression, in a way; it became more aggressive toward the end of my high school career. But while it weighed on me, it wasn't until I started college that it became a capital-P Problem.

Change is a big trigger for me. I've known this about myself for years, and

knew going into college—the most condensed firecracker of change that I'd experienced in my life—that I would face a bit of mental backlash. During my first semester of college, I think I was almost in too much shock to fully process the changes occurring in my life. It was during my second semester away from home that the depression settled in and made itself comfortable.

I was lucky that semester—my episode only really lasted about six months or so, and the worst of it was over in four. I didn't seek help; I had never really needed it before, and found it difficult to admit to myself that this time things might be out of my control. I remember sitting in my dorm bed with the student mental health services number punched into my phone. I stared blankly at my screen and was unable to press the little green call button, no matter how many deep breaths I took or how many times I assured myself that it would be okay. I never made that call, and I didn't tell anyone (except perhaps my mom) what I was going through. I kept muddling through and praying that the strange sadness around me would lift, or at least lessen to an acceptable degree.

I spent all of spring break moping around the house and dreading my return to Truman. I drove back to school with my roommate in the passenger seat of my car, wishing the whole time that she weren't there so I could turn around, go home, and stay there. But when we

arrived on campus and my roommate said, “It is nice to be back,” part of miraculously, grudgingly, *impossibly* agreed with her. I think it was a clear day, and warmer than it had been. I remember noticing the sun. In that exact moment, something in me flipped, and with each new day I felt progressively better, more like myself. Summer came, passed, and by the end of it (which I’d spent in Costa Rica, and which I closed out with a hiking trip with some of my favorite people in the world) I could barely remember my depression.

I wish I could find a way to explain it—to convey the fear that grips me each time I feel a new episode coming on, to share the cautious joy I experience when I manage to shake the depression off—but I don’t really know how to do that. If it’s okay with you, I’m just going to keep talking and see where we go.

My sophomore year of college was a busy, happy, exciting one. I was just glad to be alive. I loved the people in my life, I met my then-boyfriend, was voted onto my sorority’s executive board, and joined one of my favorite things in the world, Cardinal Key. But honestly, I think I would have loved life even if none of those things had happened. I was in a Good Place, the sort of mystical land where things feel okay even if they’re mediocre or weird or even sort of bad. I think that’s just called being happy.

It was around April or May of 2016 that I started to feel something bad creeping up on me again. I would have a bad day here and there (“bad day”: a day when, even if nothing bad happens—even if good things happen!—I am overwhelmed

with a sense of deep fear, anxiety, and sadness, whose origin I can’t pinpoint), but I shook them off and told myself I was okay. When I spent one afternoon in bed, crying helplessly without reason, I chalked it up to PMS. (I was not PMSing. But my depression is always worse when I am! Women didn’t invent PMS and their symptoms are legitimate! *insert feminine battle cry*)

It didn’t hit me fully until August. Here’s what it looked like: I would go about my day, driving to the grocery store and vacuuming my room and readying my things for the start of classes, and suddenly be overcome with a wave of exhaustion and emptiness that made it nearly impossible to remain upright. I would often slowly stop whatever I was doing, sink to the ground, cross-legged, and sit for fifteen minutes or so with my head in my hands (provided, of course, that I was alone, and not examining canned goods at HyVee). Then something in me would stir and I’d resume my task, feeling confused and betrayed by myself. I was always lucky to mostly retain a basic level of functionality.

Or I’d be sitting in the living room of my college house, watching something silly on TV, and a gaping, persistent pain would swell in my chest until tears rose to my eyes. I don’t know how many conversations I had with people after just having wiped my eyes with the hem of whatever shirt I was wearing. I think I was fairly good at hiding the fact that I was crying constantly (though I know some bit of my sad energy must have been evident), because what was my alternative? To weep without reason in

every available room in the house?

For me, depression felt like waking up one morning, shuffling to the bathroom, and putting a pair of clouded, gray contacts in my eyes. *Hmm, I'd think. I thought I used to enjoy my walk to class. When did the trees start looking like that? Have my legs always felt this heavy? Don't I like seeing my friends?* And I'd go around in that way, trying to peer through that strange fog, until I forgot that I was wearing contact lenses and thought it was just me, something wrong with *me*. Something wrong with *my* eyes, which had become so bad at seeing. You forget that you ever saw anything but what you see through those stupid, thick, ugly lenses. You think it's just you, and that the world is just a gray, foggy place.

The episode that bloomed last fall seemed eternal. I don't need to tell anyone who suffers from mental illness that even a week in that state of mind can seem endless, and mine dragged on—blessedly interspersed with lighter periods—until at least a few months ago. If I'm being honest, it had me in its grips until probably late July, when things started to improve. One of the worst bits of it occurred about a year ago, when I got strep throat and had to spend a few days in my room, mostly alone except for a few visits from my boyfriend and roommates. I usually *adore* alone time, as I'm a super-introvert who likes to read and watch Netflix and talk to herself in her journal. But that week I felt more desperately alone and hopeless than I can ever remember feeling. None of the things I usually did to lift my spirits had the slightest effect, and I was scared to be alone with myself—scared that the dark

thoughts in my head might manifest into reality, into really hurting myself. This time, I called mental health services.

Guys: make that phone call. I hate phone calls! I prefer emails or texts or owl mail (this third thing I know I love despite having never experienced it outside the realm of Harry Potter)—but in this situation, you need to make that phone call. Or you need to grab a good friend, get them next to you, and have them make the phone call for you. If that phone call is the difference between you being alive or not, you need to find a way to do it. I believe in you.

Student counseling services actually couldn't get me in to their office for another month (hey, Greitens, we need more funding!), and I wasn't thrilled about the prospect of describing my deep, inner darkness to a literal stranger with a clipboard, but I was doing something. I was trying to help myself. I was doing something to feel okay again.

And what a long and winding road to Okayness it has been! I will spare you the gory details of the past year. It was not an easy time. It was hard for stupid reasons, and it was hard for real reasons that had the unexpectedly nice effect of legitimizing my previously pointless sadness. I said goodbye to people I love and wrestled with self-doubt and confusion and the worst feeling of all: that things were never going to get better. (Isn't that the worst of it? I think we can endure anything if we know that it will end, and soon. But what about when you don't know when, or if, the pain will stop? And what if you know that it will be back someday, that resurrection is in

its nature? We must push through anyway.)

I am okay now. In fact, even though I still have a bad day here and there, I am feeling really and truly happy for the first time in a very long time. So happy, in fact, that I felt the need to write this in my journal a few days ago:

Today, I would like to record for future reference, I was very happy. "Smile at the sky in a crowded piazza" happy. "Hope for my future no matter what happens" happy. "Might get a stomach bug but still happy" happy. And it's good to remind myself that I can feel this way. I need to remember that Brianne Bannon has the potential to be, for whatever reason, very happy.*

There have been many more happy days than just that one. But on that particular day, I felt a little bubble of joy somewhere in the center of myself. It seemed to thrum with gladness and sent gratitude and love buzzing into every cell in my body. I wanted to skip down Florence's bumpy, uneven cobbled streets and laugh at the sky. Almost exactly a year ago today, I thought that I didn't want to exist anymore. If a year can bring me from one of my lowest points to one of my highest, with all sorts of good and weird and interesting stuff in between, isn't it worth sticking the bad stuff out?

I think my real road to recovery began when I started telling people that I wasn't okay. And even though I still wasn't okay for a pretty long time after that, I wasn't bearing this secret burden of my depression alone anymore. And yes, things like therapy and medicine help. I did a pretty extensive bit of research and decided

that I didn't want to try antidepressants this time around, but I did talk to my doctor about it and have a Prozac prescription waiting on hold if I ever need it. I know some lovely, joyous people who take antidepressants and have thrived on them. And all of those people are lovely and happy and giving and good despite the pain that they've endured. The human spirit is resilient and determined. I don't quite know the secret to happiness yet—still working on that!—but I can promise that it exists. Much love to all those suffering from mental illness and the ones that love them through it all. I'm rooting for you—and for me.

If this post helped you in any way, then I've accomplished what I meant to do. If you think it would help someone else in your life, please share it. (Is this self-promotion? I don't think so. It's 2:42 AM here. I don't know what I'm saying anymore.)

<3

Spend Spring Break in Cuba!

Travel to Cuba during the midterm break (March 10-18, 2018) to take a close look at issues of global economics, conflict and peace, race, culture, the environment, and U.S. relations.

During this trip, we will:

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Students can earn one (1) credit for this study abroad experience (CUB 310). The course is open to all majors, and has no prerequisites or language requirements. The course runs parallel to Latin American Revolutions (HIST 391), but enrollment in that class is not a requirement.

Applications and a \$350 non-refundable deposit are due by **Friday, January 19, 2018.**

For more information and an application go to:

<http://witnessforpeace.org/event/revolutionary-cuba/>

or contact Marc Becker

MC 227 | marc@truman.edu | x6036



photography

View in color
on the online issue at
nov.trumanmonitor.com



by Bethany Ross

poetry

**“A Coffee Stain’s Lament”
Or
“Mugs”
by Avery Morrison**

Coffee stains in the carpet look up at me;
Sometimes,
I think that when I step on them with bare feet,
That cold liquid will emerge and
Touch me.
But those stains have long since dried,
Their journey from some foreign country
To my carpet already complete.
What kind of stain will I leave
On someone’s carpet?
Will my lingering aroma be detestable
Or delectable to the senses of my drinker?

Will they remember when nervous energy
Coursed through their system?
When those synapses fired and I was spilled and a sense of urgency to save me from the
carpet where I was falling overtook them and they tried to act but failed,
“What kind of stain will I leave?”
Was probably not what we were thinking about.

Coffee doesn’t tend to think of itself as a stain --
It prays and hopes that until the time of its consumption,
Its vessel is where it shall remain.
“Ah, to be drunk instead!” --
A purpose fulfilled is the kind of life I would have liked to have led.
But fate determined that trembling fingers and an uncertain grip
Would be the end of my corporeal citizenship.
Now I lie here to rot in this Tartarean carpet,
To not have been nectar in Olympus my one regret.

**“Sad Facts”
by Alex Hinton**

Dreams die
Ice cream is too cold for winter
Mice faced men lay locked up
And I sleep alone

“Sidewalk Chalk”

by Avery Morrison

There’s a girl outside, kneeling on the concrete sidewalk.
Speckles of light peek through the tree branches above her,
Casting sun in a pattern about her.
But the warmth from that light doesn’t fall on her;
She kneels in the shade.
The bumpiness of the concrete must hurt her knees,
But she dutifully scrawls out a message on it
With thick sticks of chalk.
Bright colors politely request my attention;
The large script that they inhabit flows
Effortlessly from practiced hands.
Even through the window I can hear the gentle scrape of the chalk on concrete.
I realize
This is the first time I have seen one of these messages being written -- I suppose that to
now assume that they generated spontaneously before would be irresponsible.
The girl finishes her work and packs away
Her chalk;
She walks along the same concrete that was her canvas
Until I can no longer see her.
The message remains,
No accreditation to its author present.
I alone am with the knowledge of that image’s authorship,
And I alone I will remain,
Till the day the rain washes it all away.



“Drawn to Darkness”

by Avery Morrison

Sounds of high school are trapped in my head
Memories not too old,
Like pages of a book constantly reread.
I hold something new
Far away from what I have known,
Afraid that what I tell myself might be true.

That I don’t belong here,
don’t belong anywhere;
Captain, where are you at the head of my boat to steer?
What direction shall we set course for,
in this cold wasteland,
You and I selling ourselves as the proverbial whore?

If the glass, which has become too cold,
Shatters,
Who will hoist the mainsail?
The wind bites me on my way home,
pierces my clothes, too light to withstand its fury,
This land’s bitter welcome.

There is warmth, to be sure, at the Father’s side,
but I don’t run to it.
It is so much easier to hide.
Why should I want to humiliate myself,
When I can flee in the cold night,
And find a dark corner where I need no one’s help,
Where no one can hear my pathetic plight?

Yes, I am drawn to that ugly cave,
the place where that other me can come out,
A person in whom there is nothing to save.
He wears a mask -- it looks like my face --
but underneath is a tortured animal,
In desperate need of unwanted grace.

A rebellious character,
he believes he can make it on his own;
With no help from friends, family, and home.
You would almost believe him when you see him
bare his teeth,
but the facade crumbles quickly;
Stare in disbelief:
Watch him weep.
watch him weep.

Sometimes I wish I could run off into the night,
I wish I could don both mask and cloak,
Hide in the darkness.
This fantasy returns often
But I know that no matter how tempting the dark,
It is always better in the Light.



Students for a Democratic Society —meetings—

MC210, Thursdays at 7

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inclusive organization working to build
power in our schools and communities.
Dare to struggle, dare to win!*
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“Homesick”
by Avery Morrison

It used to be
Sleep would come to me,
Under the covers a bed that was easy to make.
Now I tug and pull
The sheets and blankets with a spirit
Ungrateful,
To the corners of the mattress where I only lie awake.
I once had a room that was mine,
A place where solitude existed by my own design,
A respite reserved for me and only me,
A self-appointed right.
Now there is the presence of another,
An unwanted step-brother,
Who just as unwillingly signed away his privacy.
Now I am a stranger in a strange place,
Able but unwilling to endure with grace,
This predicament -- this new thing -- laid before me.

Excuse Note
by Emily O'Connor

I know you're probably gonna hate me and that breaks my heart but I cannot help it.

The neurons in my head are rapid
firing, shooting, causing
an explosion of the synapses creating
a hole, a void black
space
that sends atomic bombs of searing
pain behind my eyes, ripping
a whole in space time continuum of my
brain as my throat self-destructs
with each forced movement of air, expelling
sharply, loudly, wheezing air back in
around the large pills stuck in the back
like a rusted bolt
that cannot be budged. But in the end,
you have a slam poem and I have
my bed.

I think you're the real winner here.

A Wheelbarrow Ride

by Emily O'Connor

The wheelbarrow lays upside down
next to the shed. Like me,
it is always outside, always playing helper;
Daddy prepares to work on the land
where he'll grow his family.
I'm practicing the fire drill they taught us in school.
On the lawn,
stop, drop, and roll and roll and roll..
When Daddy goes by with the wheelbarrow,
I pop up like a daisy.
He plops me in the barrow
as if I belong among his tools.
Bumping down the street,
taking care to not hit a rock and dump us out.
Upon arrival, he pulls me out
and sets me right side up,
or is it wrong side down?
To a six-year-old, the world can be up, down, left or right
and still seem correct.
The wind blows my hair and whips my face
as I squat close to the Earth.
That's when I first notice it,
the perfect dandelion, just swaying in the breeze.
Calling out to me:
 Pick me up!
 Make a wish!
I pull it out and admire its beauty.
A big breath, I fill my lungs
full, fuller, filled.
I hold it as I think of my wish;
I blow as gently as my six-year-old self can,
trying not to ruin the dandelion,
only wanting to release the magic.
Daddy says it is just a weed,
but I know he is wrong.
A wish on a dandelion is just as real
as a wish on a twinkling star
or a ride in a wheelbarrow.

Flying

by Emily O'Connor

Playing in the last dying
light of the day, Abigail gives a shriek
of delight. As she soars through the air:
up, Up, UP.

Cresting above the trees,
the soft pinks and oranges
swirl around her, she
is one with the sky.

Daddy calls her in, time
to get ready for bed.

The bath water is as warm as
a baseball-dirt colored rock,
on a sunny, May day.

Comfortable, easy
to lay on, just
soaking in the warmth.

Abigail thinks about Mommy.
She knows that she'll be laying
in her princess pink bed,
ready to read her a story and
tuck her in. Then leave
again.

Mommy has been leaving more
and more lately. She stays
but only for a short while.
Abigail thinks Daddy and Mommy are
fighting.

Paper skin, sallow
face. Mommy's voice rasps
like a ventilator doing
the talking for her.

They read stories about ponies
and families and princesses
and concertos and circuses.
The acrobats flying through
the air on ponies to save
the viola playing princess
from the fluffy marshmallow family.

She dreams of traveling the world
and the seven seas, searching
for a world of only pink and orange skies.

Daddy kisses his little girl on
the head. He turns off the lights,
stands in the doorway.
Watching his little Abigail,
talk to someone
who is no longer there.

Why celebrate October 1917?

by Ben Wallis

[on november 7th, students for a democratic society distributed bread and propaganda on truman's quad in celebration of the october revolution's 100th anniversary. this was one of the pamphlets that was used.]

- Memory of the Russian Revolution of 1917—in which the despotic, war-hungry Russian monarchy was overthrown by forces that later coalesced under the Bolshevik slogan of “bread, peace, and land”—is repressed in the West by the long shadow of the Cold War and the academics enlisted to its cause. This repression has contributed to the widespread forgetting of the Revolution’s ideals, which have since their articulation so troubled the capitalist world: proclaiming that grotesque inequalities are not natural or inevitable but are the result of the regime of private property. The Russian Revolution proved—decisively—that this regime can be overthrown, *should the people come to will it*.
- The Russian Revolution began on March 8, International Women’s Day. Under the strain of the costly and unpopular war, Tsar Nicholas II had introduced further bread and flour rationing in the capital city of Petrograd. Thousands of women and factory workers went to the streets to demand an end to the war and the removal of the Tsar. The next day, a mass strike swept the city. By the third day, police began firing on striking protesters. On March 12, members of a Petrograd garrison joined the crowds and two new governments were formed: the “Provisional Government” and the Petrograd Soviet of Worker’s Deputies.
- The Provisional Government, made up of landlords, industrialists, and professionals, held power between March and November of 1917. It had not been elected. Despite the Tsar’s abdication, the Provisional Government was hesitant to leave the war—indeed favored carrying out the Tsar’s war aims. By contrast, the Petrograd Soviet was directly elected out of the strike committees in each of the city’s factories. The so-called “soviets” stood for as rapid an end to the war as possible. Two and a half million Russian soldiers had died holding the line against the German Empire for almost two and a half years—thus, the Russian armed forces had become extremely war-weary, evidenced by ever-rising desertion rates. Committed to an indefensible war, the Provisional Government reflected the interests of an unresponsive elite.
- On November 6 (October 25 by the Old Style Calendar), the Bolsheviks—representing the soviets and the working class—began an insurrection against the Provisional Government in Petrograd. After occupying all public utilities and government buildings and repulsing a Cossack detachment the Bolsheviks had gained effective control of the government. On the second day after the October uprising the Bolsheviks decreed the abolition of private ownership of the land. On March 1918, Russia signed the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, ending the war. The Tsarist

state was swept into history, its innumerable injuries—committed in the war abroad and the harsh system of property-ownership at home—were effaced by revolution.

- This narrative comes with its obvious, attendant complications. How representative were the Bolsheviks of “the popular will?” Was the October Revolution merely a coup after all? And what of that which followed: “the Terror,” “totalitarianism,” and *Stalin, a figure around whom all perspective seems to vanish? Let us be clear: these are not settled questions. We can merely note that the Bolsheviks won four-fifths of the votes in the elections to the Second All-Russian Congress of Soviets. And as for the period that followed “the revolution” proper, let us quote Victor Serge: “It is often said that the germ of Stalinism was in Bolshevism at its beginning. Well, I have no objection. Only, Bolshevism also contained many other germs, a mass of other germs, and those who lived through the enthusiasm of the first years of the first victorious socialist revolution ought not to forget it.” History offers many lessons, but few easy truths.*
- In any case: why celebrate October 1917? Why celebrate the masses’ veto of an unjust, brutal war? Why celebrate the abolition of grinding feudalism and the tyranny of private property? To celebrate these things is to *remember them, and to show that they are possible—then and now.*

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The New Planet, 1921
by Konstantin Luon

I Think Dog the Bounty Hunter is Trying to Get Into My House, and Honestly I Feel Pretty Good

by a citizen

Right so everything has been pretty much normal today. I've been mostly loafing about in a typical weekend fashion, and the news has pretty much kept pace. The weather couldn't be more mild. Look: I don't mean to be alarmist, but I think Dog the Bounty Hunter is trying just now to gain entry into my house.

Before you raise the typical objections (e.g. *No one ever sees Dog comin'!* or *Dog is invisible to all criminals until their final living moments*), I want to start off by expressing that I'm just as surprised as you are. I don't live in a seedy motel or even an apartment complex you'd recognize from *The First 48*. This is all suburban ranch, brother. So imagine how puzzled I am to be seeing a camera crew conspicuously huddled in my driveway praying with Dog the Bounty Hunter as he prepares to perform what I can only assume to be a sting operation on my house!

Seeing as Dog has moved on from both his original show on A&E and its spinoff, *Dog and Beth: On the Hunt*, I can't even begin to understand the impetus for this raid. Motive notwithstanding, Dog is absolutely headed up my walkway toward the front door at a spritely jaunt. Would he be so forward?

While the doorbell chimes--patient at first, then insistent as my 3-year-old son--I'm going to attempt to reflect on what series of events could possibly have brought this about. I suppose I've been braking harder than usual as I drive to work--my Progressive Snapshot device reprimands me

with a beep. Dog's now scouting the ground-floor windows--I duck behind the chaise lounge. Prolonging the inevitable, probably!

I am pretty much stumped on this one. He's harnessing to a ladder now. One the one hand, I'm quite verifiably innocent when it comes to criminal activity. On the other--and now he's very slowly negotiating the ledge on top of my sunroom--on the other, I'm not so much afraid as I am captivated. The man is in his sixties now and as far as I'm able to tell he's planning to ambush me through the skylight in my kitchen.

Frankly: I welcome this. My wife has been cold and despondent of late, having not once organized a tactical mission to apprehend me using non-lethal force and accompanying submission techniques. What I'm getting at is that she could take a lesson or two from Dog at least. Spice things up.

I bet Dog's simply responding to God's call to bring all people to justice by yourself using whatever means necessary. Who can blame him? I'm sure I'll be able to address the misunderstanding if I'm not too starstruck right off the bat. Maybe I can join his crew of tough-yet-well-meaning mercenaries? I'll keep y--Whoa! And there goes the skylight. Predictable, maybe, but doesn't lose any of its dramatic punch, especially when it's literally happening to you in your house. Dog's emerging through the opening, hair-first. *Aloha*, Dog.

I should go--

MY TAKE ON THE SCHOLARLY HISTORIANS' DEBATE AS TO WHETHER TRUMP IS ANALOGOUSLY A FASCIST IN RESISTANCE COUNTERING IMPLICATIONS FOR ALL OF US, RIGHT NOW, FORSEEABLY

by Larry Iles

Ben Wallis made recently an admirable attempt in the TSU INDEX letters column to get their jejune, barely junior HS level selves into realization that it is not mere troublemaking for its own sake as to whether or not Trump is accurately labeled a “fascist.” Indeed, it is a global specialist debate now raging in serious intelligentsia circles publicly, largely unprecedentedly for a living US president. This is a discussion waged by scholarly historians usually dreading such labels as far too contemporarily political for them in even at their age, potential damage to travel lecture grants they might more cautiously have gotten from rich men’s campus boards and more right-wing younger careerist rivals, too. But, healthily, these brave souls are debating Trump’s political identity. And even US Republicans who think as daftly as once did their Italian Liberal 1920s counterparts or their equally moderate German Nationalist 1930s DNVP ilk once did, that they could control Trump as once did the last two groups, “Musso” and “Adolf” ought to awaken up and pay these scholars some real knowledge base attention, forewarningly.

Thus, two scholars I most like, whose depth of knowledge is itself respected inside today’s German and Italian universities, are my native UK’s

Emeritus Professor Sir Richard Evans and your US’s Emeritus Professor Christopher Browning. In two book reviews of a 2013 newly translated German Nazi period study, multi-volume itself, both do argue there IS enough analogy with Trump’s risen ascendancy here in the USA to warrant the gravest “fascist” concerns. (Evans *THE US NATION*, February 28 2017; Browning *THE NEW YORK REVIEW OF BOOKS*, April 20, also this very same year). Sure, they both qualify their foreboding overall conclusion by variance period distinctions. Hitler had far more actor intelligence and concealment skills than Trump has possession of, and currently the USA is not in a Wall Street bank-collapse of either its own 2008 selfhood nor is it in a Weimar democratic republican crash crisis of 1930 proportions, causing massive extreme rightwards voter realignment shifts. However, even a US emeritus professor, Robert Paxton, (*HARPERS*, May 2017) a real Vichy French fascist expert who disagrees with both other guys, preferring to call Trump a “plutocrat” instead of a “fascist,” cannot cache or hide enough analogy anxieties of his specialist own, alarmingly. So Paxton concedes in his sheer impulsivity that Trump DOES resemble the Italian IL DUCE and the

greed of he and his subordinates here in the USA and possibly of Russian, NYC Mafia associates, DOES hark of both Mussolini's and Hitler's crassest cronies, looting all over their annexed European conquests.

So to nail my own take to the mast, I do agree more with E and B more than P, especially as my own teaching specialism has included beating the last MAJOR Conservative government's National History Curricula Advisor, Dr. McGOVERN, to teach visitingly at our elite women's Roedean School precisely these FASCIST DICTATORS myself in depth. Paxton's own separation of fascism APART from plutocracy, for instance, falls flat on its face when he fails to mention that the fascists so-called socialism did NOT DISMANTLE AS HE HIDES, CORPORATE CAPITALISM. BUT IN KRUPPS, RENAULT AND SO ON THEY USED THE CAPITALISTS FOR WAR SO CALLED COMRADESHIP. And all *MONITOR/INDEX* readers can rival ourselves with examples galore of how Trump and his cronies have betrayed working class voters of both sexes when it comes to professed egalitarian fairness in AMERICA FIRST, FASCIST MALPRACTICE. Rolling back even NIXON'S pioneer EPA environmental protection legislation, let alone transgender LGBT military access. And now, Trump is trying to erode sexual harassment safeguards in campuses, by manifold fascist policies that Hitler, Mussolini and Pétain all too, had been proud of, too, in their eras "decadence" repeal.

Conclusionarily, H. Clinton is not someone I really value. Give me the newly rising Labour New Zealand premier Jacinda A any day preferably in real socialist change hope. BUT Clinton did deliver us something of merit on this fascist debate concerning Trump, her beater, on this October's TV GRAHAM NORTON SHOW appearance she made. Reluctantly she recounted her earlier this year guest invite to Trump's awful DC inaugural address. ACCORDING TO HER VERSION, SHE EITHER HEARD OR WAS TOLD DIRECTLY THAT GEORGE BUSH JUNIOR HAD MADE THE FOLLOWING DISMISSIVE COMMENT ON TRUMP'S BLATANT NATIONALIST FASCIST ADDRESS CONTENT "WHAT A LOAD OF PECULIAR ODD CRAPSHIT." IN HIS INIMITABLE WAY, EVEN "W" UNDERSTANDS, WE ARE ALL IN DEEP PERIL BY TRUMP'S REPEAT OF OUR OWN ERA OF FASCISM. AND AS BROWNING AND EVANS BOTH WARNED IN THEIR ESSAYS, WE MUST ACT COUNTERINGLY NOW, AS OTHERWISE, ITALIANATE STYLE, THE BOSS WILL GET HIS VAIN RULE FOR ONLY WHITE MALE SELF WAY, PERHAPS ENTIRELY.

The Stoner Handbook

by anonymous

1. Don't drop the nug, this doesn't mean anything otherwise.
2. Don't drop the roach.
3. Don't pass a cashed bowl.
4. Finnish your dinner
5. Your pack, your greens.
6. Don't break rotation.
7. Puff, puff, pass.
8. Glass is one and done.
9. If you think there's another hit, hit it.
10. Smoke it to the burning, stinging, end.
11. Respect house rules.
12. Marco?
13. Polo.
14. New addition, new rotation.
15. Anything is rollable in a pinch.
16. Don't torch the bowl.
17. Wipe salivations.
18. Don't lip it.
19. Don't cough the bowl out.
20. Smoke your own practices, nobody else wants to.
21. Always be friends with your dealer.
22. Best way to stop coughing? Take another hit.
23. Only say no once to be polite.
24. It's not peer pressure, it's just your turn.
25. If you don't want it, say so.
26. Never pocket someone else's lighter.
27. Don't talk out the roach.
28. If all you have is stems, you're gonna smoke stems.
29. Don't drink the bong water.
30. If someone yells "Book It" . . .
BOOK IT!!!
31. Grind if you can.
32. Keep the keef.
33. Finish the grind.
34. If you have it, share it.
35. No cough shaming.
36. If it's not yours, don't bitch.
37. Don't hold the piece.
38. Don't pee on anybody. (ever)
39. Don't be a dick.
40. Seriously, Don't be a dick.
41. Don't get naked. (context)
42. Don't be afraid of adventure.
43. Try new things.
44. Don't mix offenses.
45. Don't carry a felony. (context)
46. Don't go to jail.
47. Push your limit.
48. Don't make fun of people.
49. Seriously, Don't make fun of people.
Not cool.
50. Don't kill someone else's weed.
(ever)
51. Watch out for the cherry. It's
fucking HOT!!!!
52. Watch where you sit.
53. No child left behind.
54. Two Pipes!!! (know what you're
hitting)
55. Don't ash on yourself.
56. Always know where your shit is.
57. Don't lose the papers.
58. Never leave a friend hangin'.
59. Don't let the first time be drunk.
60. If it smokes, it's a good roll.
61. What rule is that? It's in there
somewhere.

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 4

by L.I. Iles

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

[Editor's Note: This is the final 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, the second part in the September 2017 issue, and the third in the October 2017 issue, which can all be read easily online at trumanmonitor.com]

The shock event breaking out in August 1914 of the ruinous WWI destroyed all hopes, though, of not just the CFGM/HGW duet but also of their three Fabian rival change seekers. Anarchically, it also inaugurated a seismic change in how Masterman and Wells interdepended on each other. With even before 1927, already HGW, the stronger placed figure than the war-toppled ex-Cabinet minister whose Liberal Party too went into a third-party nosedive from which it has 2017 still never resiled. Unable, arguably, as it has been, to split into rival left or right more successful parties as in Danish/French history. Or, indeed repudiate its nineteenth-century capitalist "misnomer", as CFGM had only half-trustingly called for in repudiation from Liberals in his first ever book, TENNYSON AS A RELIGIOUS TEACHER.

Wars outset years seemed to harbor a simple continuation of the duos dynamic with CFGM, by now a cabinet Liberal minister, heading in his old National Insurance Commission HQ, UK's first-ever state propaganda bureau, Wellington House, of which he was director. Hereby offering near-irresistible sales overseas and royalty commissions, he cunningly enlisted a flattered UK /Canadian literary intelligentsia to sell novelistic items and tracts supportive of that ghastly war! Wells wrote MR BRITLING SEES IT THROUGH as his own suborned such civilian morale booster piece. For which, later, CFGM publicly thanked him in his own appreciative piece called MR WELLS SEES IT THROUGH in a now-dead literary review. Both, too, may have got tremendous thrill out of seeing the Fabian Three flounder. GBS bravely to his eternal credit could not hide his social economic reformer opposition to what he correctly thought an internal European monetary waste and cultural suicide incestuously. His book sales also dropped, since CFGMS more right-wing Liberal colleagues also correctly feared censoriously in denial of the mail the effects rebelliously in his more anti-war Southern Irishmen's ears of such "Shavian," defeatism.

One WWI critic in a more recent London TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT article, the late Anglican gay critic M. De La Noy perhaps puts it all sadly best when he once opined how now "obscene" it all seems. In that there are even photos extant of both our duo's enactment of toy soldier war games in Wells' WWI house. Heedless of the fact that both men having themselves been medically and agedly judged unfit for until 1916 voluntary enlistment, probably alike could hear from the House the explosive bodies of young men ripping shells going off interminably in the nearby continent's actual war. Or in Lucy's case in her 1939 husband study, she omits at least two war recruitment speeches which he had made in poorer parts where they had lived themselves of London. That go way beyond in ugly jingoism his customary plea for "little Belgium's" violated neutrality plight.

Some retrieval of the duos' original honourable purpose for social change was attained, nonetheless. Wells found himself disgusted by efforts he started to begin as early as 1917, being censored and attacked as "unpatriotic" because he began to contend for a non-imperialistic League of Nations after the war and a real social reconstruction ministry here at home. Although post-war versions of both were achieved, they were so attenuated that he sagely extricated himself in his own Labour Party circles from warmonger altogether. Masterman remained defiant to his own censors, due not only open to such Wellesian Representations. But he found himself demoted despite his Wellington House founder father rank.

Increasingly, even before being thrown out as a Cabinet minister, as both his previous Liberal seniors Asquith and Lloyd George onwards moved from his February 1915 ejection to their stupid May Tory Coalition creation, that he rightly detested. He had become appalled by their moves to a first ever last century war draft. Stupidly himself, he is even on private correspondence end of war record with his old newspaper boss as admitting "Don't you miss the Power?" He left it until the snap 1918 general election called by LG's Tory-corrupted Coalition, to finally "Liberal and Labour" would-be stand against it. Abortively so in defeat, not because as armchair portly E Hopkins 1999 book speculates, due to his Conservative opponents' huge Sugar factory wealth in causation. But far more probable, if you read the STRATFORD EXPRESS election speeches, you find the real explanation. CFGM had become so out of touch that his own workers had to heckle him NOT to at first flirt with keeping LG as some kind of unexplained by him less Tory social reconstructionist post war PM!

Wells, by better fortune contrast, was not only sufficiently Labour rising party restored to be a unified if himself losing later general election candidate in Labour's interest. Yet, too, he was not only pouring out social reconstruction ideas, especially his ideas of international history teaching that CFGM Starmer provincial press approved of as well. But he had credibility to spare. He, Wells, frankly was more believable to Radical audiences than Masterman when they addressed them condemnatorily of the "Coalies" repressive southern Irish

policies or its war stirrings abroad. Why? Because had not Masterman been a collusive minister of the 1914-15 allegedly war-mongering policies Whiggish upper class crews. Certainly via LSE and earlier Harvard USA visitor Politics Labour party professor Harold Lasky's efforts and perhaps Wells', too, CFGM, as ever painfully cognizant, self-critical privately of such realities sought a secretive act, likely early spring 1923. He tried to abortively join Labour. Lucy, in 1939, has barely a page most unconvincingly as to why this failed. But whilst we can say now in THE MONITOR that predictably the Webbs were likely opposed, as Beatrice's published diaries later imply, there may have been more elitist oppositional worries about him. Due to his past pro-WWI record, and his even Lucy unhidden refusal to do the hard work of constituents and local party elite appeasement. All this may not have helped, especially as over-elitistly he appears to have demanded Labour journalism opportunities comparable in income unavailability to that he was given on history topics for the Conservative press nationally, or the Liberals provincial Sir Charles Starmer MP suzerained press outlets on an almost weekly basis in big cities like Birmingham and Sheffield. CFGM's surprise to himself election to the Commons for Manchester Rusholme as a Radical Liberal third-party housing affairs spokesperson against a Thorpe Tory lawyer and a Labour-Communist Paul rival set of candidates insured that it was impossible. For even senior Labour concurrenrs with his brand of statist New Liberalism, such as deputy leader Manchester Platt MP's artisanal

Jimmy Clynes to publicly co-operate with an ongoingly middle class nominally oppositional senior party himself such leader as CFGM still was.

Conclusion assessments ought however to stress that the very fact that CFGM had, much against his temperamentally Conservative-raised lazy grain, to work so hard to make up for all this third party self-relegation fortified he and HGW in yet more advocacy of social change causes post war that they had signed up for pre-war. Sexual artistic freedom saw both men embrace abolition of theater censorship, not achieved till the 1960s Labour Wilson Lord Chamberlain such role abolition, with CFGM still pushing the envelope as far as he could in the liberal Anglican CHURCH GUARDIAN UK, as "Almaric," their identified London arts reviewer. Over half a hundred such article in the 1920s alone in my found own upstairs quarters here in Kirksville. There was, too, free birth control advocacy, a big thing in both their eyes, with CFGM doing HGW back up plugs for such cause, whenever he could in THE AMERICAN CHURCHMAN radical Episcopalian pieces he wrote, another fifty churned-out, more candidly still out. And in economic social change, both he and HGW poured out public works advocacy and educational back to nature, anti-militarist exercise school reform schemes, many of which under FDR's zestfulness were to be fully germinated next decade over here in the USA alone.

Their belief in public intellectualism, with literary, rhetorical emotive expressive vehicles in the press of their day, is urgently requisite in our own

times, our isolated, hidebound ivory tower academic neglecters have failed to give people knowledge CFGM/HGW public knowledge. So denied, people fall prey to Trump and May's right wing irrationality consequently. As the radical Liberal civil liberties lawyer life peer, US-loved, Lord John Foot once wrote me, his old family tutor friend CFGM, has been shockingly to the point of "ridiculously" so been "underestimated." Or, as his alas also late elder brother radical Labour brother Michael puts it in his 1996 BBC 2 TV documentary on HGW more bluntly still. It is timewatch and MONITOR time that such prophets were re-examined, positively not ultra-negatively as I would add rebukingly of academic Conservative over-orthodoxies

Thoughts on Politics

by Thomas Sebacher

There is something happening with the politics of a divided nation. There is something coming, a rift we cannot heal, and it shall bring to an end the state. It is the rift of interpretative reality. It is where one group believes in one reality and another group believes another, and the society is unable to reconcile their differences. If it is true that reality is individual, the amassed interpretations form an ever shifting mass of reality which we cannot define, but which in no way and by no means is objectively real. Society has shifted from the realm of absolutes to postempirical reality, that is reality based not upon what is physically observed, but upon the interpretations of observations. This is the danger of modern society.



"Personal Matters: A Silent Scene"

by Violet X Odzinski

As lights come up, the vibrant, pink room of a teenage girl is seen onstage. It is noticeably evening despite the shades being drawn. The Hello Kitty lamp on the bedside table is the main source of light. The walls are a pale pink and covered in photographs of family, drawings, and posters. A scantily clad Zac Efron is seen smirking on the poster that hangs on the closet door. A twin sized bed is covered in fluffy pillows and blankets that were probably bought at a Bed, Bath, and Beyond clearance sale.

For a moment, everything is still. Then we see a slight stir underneath the blankets. A head pops out to reveal LISA, a 16 year old girl groggy from a nap. She turns her head and looks in the direction of her closet.

LISA stares for a few seconds, then sits up to shake away the sleep. She then slowly steps out of bed, all the while, her eyes are fixed on the Zac Efron poster. With a flip of her hair, she begins sauntering over to the poster.

When she is within touching distance of the poster, LISA stretches out her hand to lightly stroke Zac Efron's cheek. She makes a kissy face and then slowly leans forward for a kiss. She quickly draws back as if to ask, "Are you sure this is ok?" And after confirming with the poster that this is, in fact, ok, she lunges for a more enthused kiss.

Several moments of passion pass.

While in the midst of a deep moan, a quick knock is heard followed by the bedroom door opening to reveal LISA's father, GREG. Lisa quickly jumps back from the poster, mortified, as her father stands there stricken, with his hand on the door, equally mortified. He then nods and rushes to close the door, leaving the situation.

LISA stands frozen, with a look of terror on her face. She then runs back to her bed and hides under the blanket.

The Zac Efron poster continues to smirk.

CURTAIN





~ Upcoming Events ~

Thursday, Nov. 30 – *Open Mic [free]*

Thursday, Dec. 7 – *Open Mic [free]*

Friday, Dec. 8 – Finals Fever Reliever

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