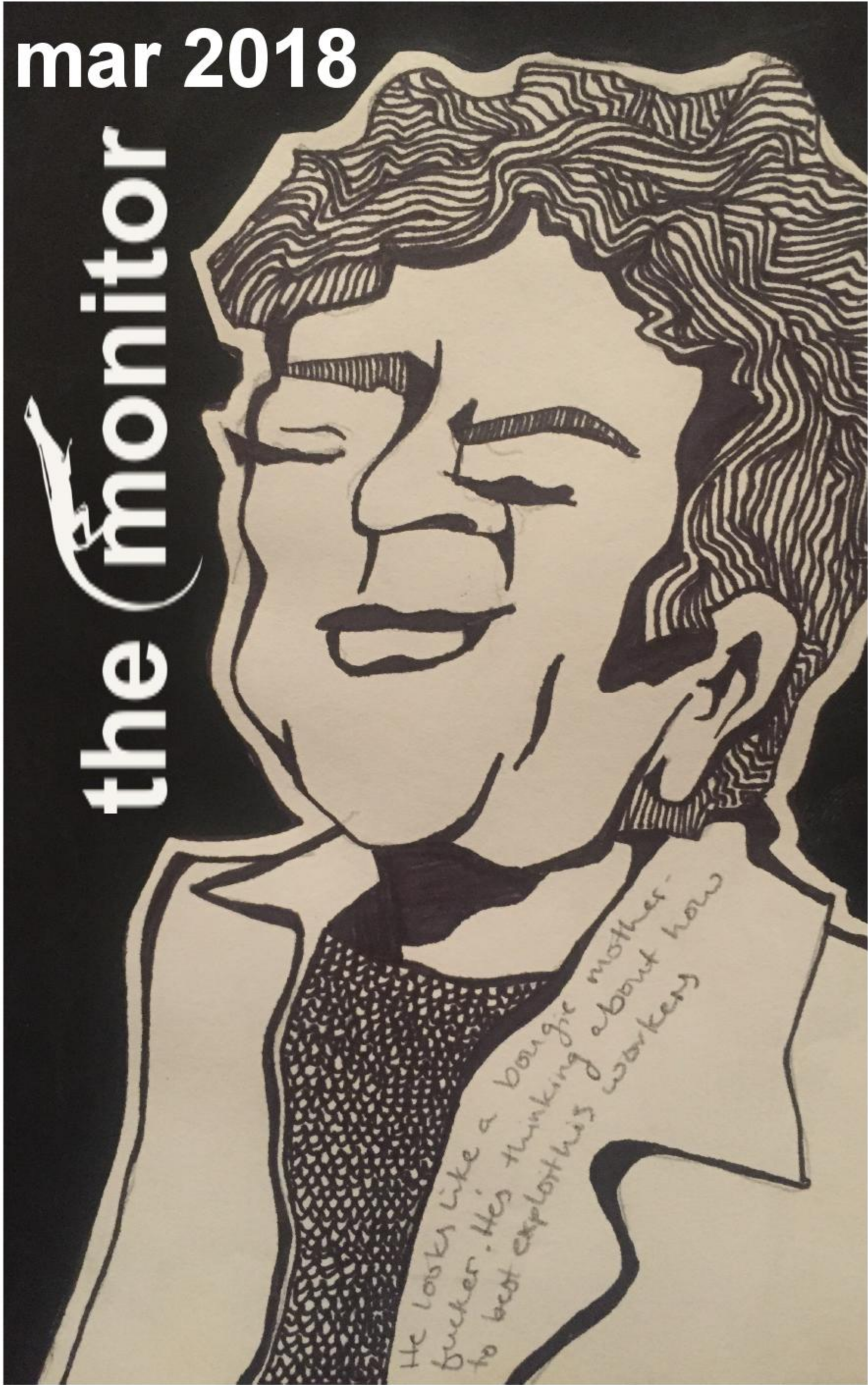


mar 2018

the monitor

He looks like a bougie mother-
bucker. He's thinking about how
to best exploit his workery



dear reader,

Well you're over halfway through the semester, so be sure to pat yourself on the back before you sit down with a nice glass of water to read this here issue of **the monitor**.

I wanted to let you know that we really appreciate your time in reading or looking through our issues, whether this is the first one you've seen or if you've been reading them for years. If you didn't know, this publication started in 1995 and with the help of dedicated members it has been able to remain a unique platform of expression in Kirksville.

If you believe that **the monitor** provides significant value to students and community members, I encourage you to start coming to our organization meetings. They are on Mondays at 6:30 pm in Baldwin Hall 303, though if you can't make that time you should join our GroupMe at join.trumanmonitor.com where you can find out when we're working outside of our normal meeting time. It's a great way to diversify your experience here on campus.

Please give this to a friend or leave it in a public space when you're finished with it ~

Love,

Blake Buthod
Editor-in-Chief

meet the staff,

"What gives you luck?"

austin stuart: "Being listed in the monitors staff list when I haven't been to a meeting in two years"

ben wallis: "walking under pianos being lowered from third-story windows "

blake buthod: "chance"

chase baker : "Today we were unlucky, but remember we only have to be lucky once— you will have to be lucky always."

marc becker: "Rubbing che's head"

michael green: "what is luck? ...baby don't hurt me"

tiesta: "Giving Marc Becker a Sodexo ham"

tj mattek: "4 8 15 16 23 42 "

~ We meet on Mondays at 6:30 pm in Baldwin Hall 303 ~

submit

Deadlines

Friday, April 13



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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ads

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ALANNA PREUSSNER, A TSU FIGURE NOT JUST IN HEREBY NEEDED “MEMORIAM” BUT ONE EXEMPLARY TEACHER, SCHOLAR, MODEL, OFFERING SAGACIOUS FUTURE COMMUNITY GUIDANCE FOR THIS PLACE’S SURVIVAL

by Larry Isles

Transcribed by ben wallis


There it came, as fast as it seemed, unnoticed, to go out of the fleeting consciousness of the overpaid, non-teaching administrators, a January 2018 last announcement, that retired TSU English Professor Dr. Alanna Preussner had died, barely into her deserved retirement, of a blood clot ailment, at least in the faraway comfort love bosom of her Seattle kin. Yet life goes unremarked on, certainly TSU in her old department thanks to the superior publicity skills of in fact almost equally old, but more vivacious-looking, talents of her old colleagues, from such rare background trendily diverse as Milwaukee US ban-the-bomb Socialism to Pacific coastal British Columbian Canadian-clear articulate eco-environmentalism.


Yet as the last figures more contemporaneous would, surely themselves be the last to deny, the whole Kirksville community ordinary students most of all yourselves, and not merely the pampered English TSU department, benefitted crucially from the presence of my friend Alanna and her, earlier cancer dead, work comrade, husband, sometimes seemingly inseparably so, Arnold or “Arnie,” to her and us all. Especially, if you were in any manner lonely as foreigner, gay, or classics-preferring in your mode of life or reading expressive loves, there would be either of them, both holding out a friendly hand or word, whilst the others, well, politely, merely feigned greetings in their gripped-up repellent academic careerism in safety-first egotism. The very finest most famous exemplification of Preussner binding-togetherness was their annual “show off” “groundhog” party: in which on bait of a candy prize, even the most introverted Kirksville party invitee would be encouraged. To poetry or prose recite some ditty, in whatever lingo or political vein it felt appropriate that year. At the termination of which, yes usually Alanna, would deliver an always kind, but bitingly witty, “salutation,” one which was itself guaranteed to puncture the pomposity of any status, tight-arsed colleague!


All of which, apparently only surface-based banter, was really a thin mask kept up to hide the real knowledge-depth of the teacher-scholar foreground that was the solid duet basis of the Preussners both alike, whether it be the US Shakespearean scholar that was in talent her husband or Alanna herself, a US Depression-era woman novelist specialist. This would often emerge in the annual womens gender TSU conferences, where alone or together, using indeed, their schoolteacher drama-trained exposition skills. They would present papers, and merry, event audience-participant ones, that were models of clarity and historical allusiveness. Tragically, that too many US mere PHDs lack, or worse, don’t see the higher self-improvement need for. Then wonder “why” we get complacent idiots like trump and Reagan instead in wider “USA” more community-neglected, spewn up!

Conclusion, none of this is to assert, wrongly, as it would be so to do, that “Doctor” Alanna was afraid to dissent, or be disagreeable. She was one of the first out with us, shiverers, in Reproductive Rights or “Woman’s own Body Choice,” placard-waving in

roads clogged near HyVee in ugly fat butts with religious fanatics, trying to drown our “egghead” selves crowd-coweringly out of any Missourian future in in fact their, not ours, regressive 1818 AD sexist backwardness galore. And by her own conversational admission, her brief “stint” as, at least partially “an NMSU administrator,” was transitory or fragmentary. As neither she or they amongst that elite cadre, could conform to each other in mutual discomfort with openly her student and local neighbor-loving styles of amiability-extraordinaire. So one can, 2018, but offer prayer! That TSU administrators and women faculty leaders of the future perceive her community-activist pedagogy-of-the oppressed legacy to be not, solely, an in ashen “memoriam” dead, gone past one. But a living one, that benefits a TSU that most of its 150 centennial years existence was founded as a COMMUNITY or teachers/student centered place, NOT a boastfully hollow liberal arts elite haven, for a few with over-stuffed business, sports, and athlete segments over-tamely one can find, much more affordably, elsewhere. TSU hire and retain people, true mentoresses, who can actually teach educationally rather than be whiz-kid glamor egotists. Good, yes, on their over-simplicatory power-point presentations they do but in the real world and classical texts depth, there whiz kids are as bare and bereft, as proverbial mythic “isolate” destructive vampires!

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What is the Revolution?

by Nemo Collective

The Revolution shall grow stronger only after the American political system is so discredited that the people have looked to alternatives. But what is the Revolution? This question is so vast that we have deemed only to answer a part of it. The Revolution, understood in a political sense, is the overturning of the bourgeois capitalist system, and cannot be understood otherwise; it is the destruction of "liberal" democracy to be replaced by a thoroughly modern collectivist system. How is the Revolution powered? By activists whose goal is the destruction or modification of the political, social, and economic system. Who controls this? The bourgeoisie. It therefore becomes necessary to distinguish the bourgeoisie from the oppressed masses, the proletariat, which includes all people who do not derive their income from privately owned property. There are also the petty bourgeoisie, who are small business owners, who have attempted to build their own oppressive structure because they were unable to work within others. They are also a part of the problem. Instead of organizing to seize the means of production from the oppressor class, they have instead turned to buy their own means of production, sharing none of the profits therefrom with the society. This is the problem of capitalism. The Revolution seeks to destroy the classes and public property, and in achieving this it would seek the absolute equality of all humans, regardless of sex, gender, sexual orientation, race, religion, or nationality. There is no superior human, this is a belief of the Revolution. The Revolution seeks the end of *all oppression. The individual is meaningless if the individual oppresses others. Individualism in a democratic society leads inherently to oppression, a main contradiction in Capitalist democracies worldwide. The people have begun to observe the failures of a system which guarantees the "economic freedom" of the elites and not the people, those at the highest level of socio-economic stratification are the most powerful, and their children inherit this power, creating a wealth aristocracy.*

The aristocratic class, that is the Donald Trumps of the world, are mostly concerned with the preservation of their status, fearing wealth redistribution and attacks upon their own property. This will inherently lead to class conflict in which the bourgeoisie seeks to disrupt and distract proletarian resistance to their own dominance. The Revolution's goal is the destruction of these elites, and the absolute self-determination of the people. But how? There are a multitude of ways through which to achieve change, violent and nonviolent, direct and indirect. The most obvious is the seizure of government arms in order to fight a revolutionary struggle, but the will of the people is not largely behind the Revolution. As such, a more peaceful compromising route must open first, and in the wake of political and economic repression, the Revolution will gain strength, as the government brutally represses the population, there will be some who join the movement, the struggle, and they will fight against the reactionary menace. There is only the need for 20% of the population to support this in any given country.

We live not in a democracy, but a dictatorship by Constitution. That is to say, we live in a country where the status quo is so entrenched within the national society that change is legally impossible; the constitution is a chain binding the will of the people to conformity. The Constitution is applied often irregularly; if it is not within the letter of state or national constitution, there is nothing which can be done. If a law covers

something not covered in the Constitution, there is nothing one can do except argue to utter abstraction. The Constitution is a static, backwards document that should be burned, not changed, for changing it would take decades and decades, shown by the example of the Equal Rights Amendment and various other Amendments that have stood in the wings. The founding concept of the United States is not freedom, nor equality under the law, but the maintenance of the power of the ruling elite, and such the Revolution must destroy the United States in any recognizable form to truly achieve its goals. And it will achieve its goals. As discontent and approval of the democratic government falls (as it has since the Cold War), we will once again see the menacing dualism of coup and Revolution, not only from the left, but from the right as well. We have already seen the flags of neo-nazis and the alt-right flying in this country now more than ever. The United States will approach a crisis point, and it will fall in the next century. But who will burn the Constitution? Will it be the reactionaries or the revolutionaries? This is the question we must seek to ask, and to answer. Will it be regression or progression, right or left, that will rule the ruins of a dying government? The government that many think will never fall, at least not soon. The government which already has shown for years the cracks and strain of instability. The society which is at war with itself. What will happen?

Socialism or Barbarism? Inclusion or Exclusion? Regressive or Progressive? Which side will we be on when the Revolution comes, for it will come? There are many sides, but the right seeks to end all others and the left seeks to destroy only the right. Centrism, fascism, or Marxism. Only these three exist, and only fascism wishes to destroy the other two. Marxism, not centrism, avows to liberate the people, liberate them from *all chains that bind them*. Which side are you on?



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**"To be yourself in a world that is
constantly trying to make you something
else is the greatest accomplishment."**

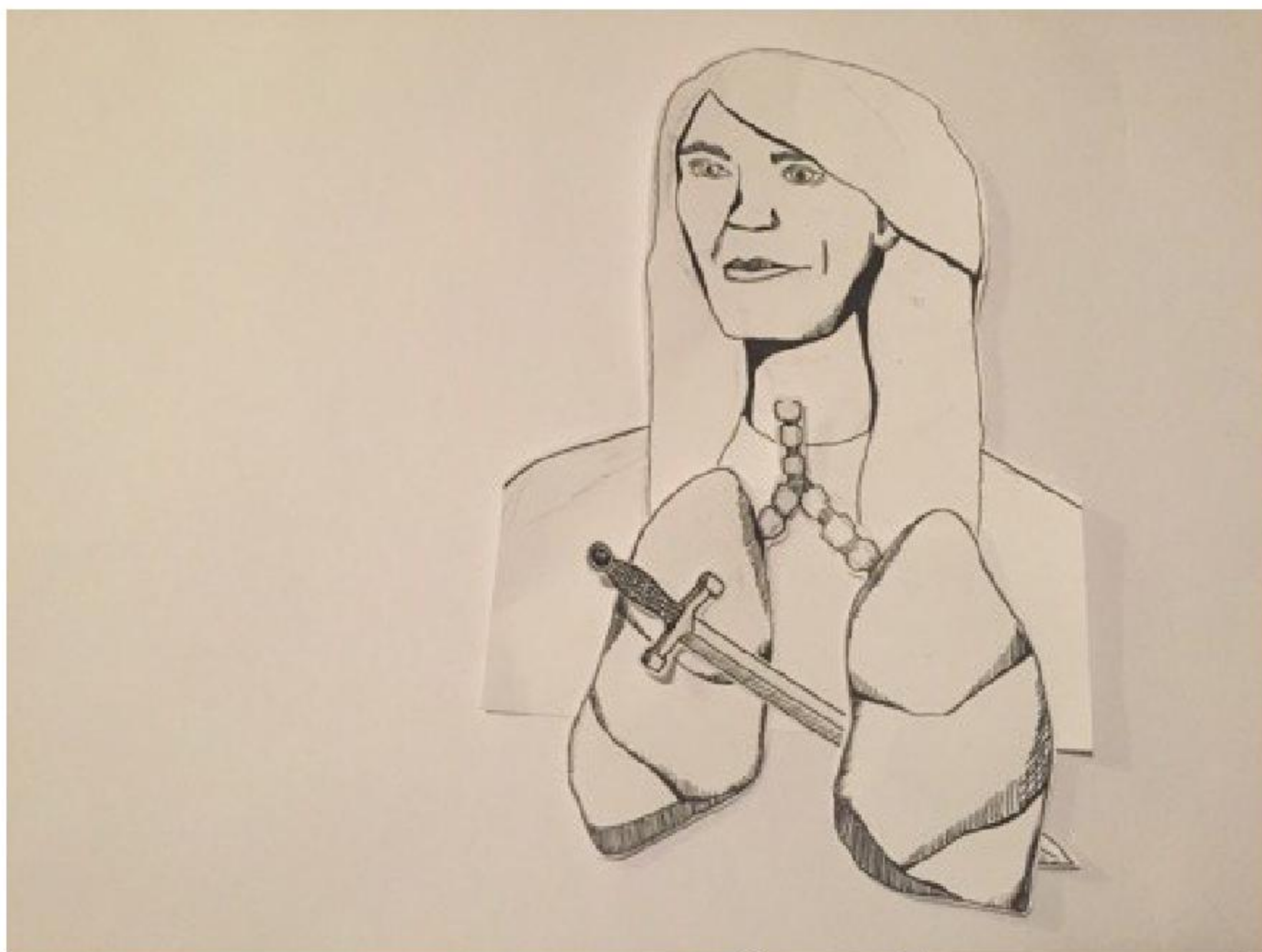
[Ralph Waldo Emerson](#)



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visuals

by Sam Matthews





Color me in!



by Rowen Conry

40 Things To Do Before You Graduate

by Blake Buthod

1. Make a trip to train bridge
2. Get on a building roof on campus
3. Attend a class at the Student Rec Center
4. Try all the Chinese restaurants in Kirksville (4)
5. Try all the Mexican restaurants in Kirksville (3)
6. Go to a show at The Aquadome
7. Read an issue of the Index and Windfall
8. Submit something to the monitor
9. Check out the radio booth for 88.7 KTRM in Barnett Hall
10. Go to an SAB concert
11. Have your résumé looked over at the Career Center
12. Look at all the herpetarium animals in Magruder
13. Grab some donuts at Donut Palace
14. See a Tag Improv show
15. Walk through the alley between the Power Plant and McKinney Center
16. Buy tickets in Ophelia Parrish and see a theatre production
17. Have a meal at Take Root Cafe
18. Go to the beach at Thousand Hills State Park
19. Buy something sweet from To Die For Bakery
20. Go to an Observatory open house at the University Farm
21. Attend an event at the Del and Norma Robison Planetarium
22. Check out some booths at Red Barn Arts and Crafts Festival
23. Have a paper looked over at the Writing Center
24. Go to a Truman sports game
25. Play Dance Dance Revolution in the bottom floor of the SUB
26. Check out a movie from Pickler Memorial Library
27. Play frisbee on the Quad
28. Grab a coffee at Sweet Expressions
29. See a speaker on campus
30. Try some sushi at Bonzai
31. Eat chicken bowl from a dining hall
32. Take a hike on Rainbow Basin Trail
33. Get brunch at Rosie's Northtown Cafe
34. Go through an art exhibit in Ophelia Parrish
35. Do some community service by participating in the Big Event
36. Put a piece of gum on the Gum Tree
37. Take an alternate route to avoid a preacher on campus
38. Study in Pickler Memorial Library until it closes
39. Participate in a game of Humans vs. Zombies
40. Take a picture with the President of Truman

poetry

In honor of March 10th being National Tibetan Uprising Day.

The Future is Hers

by anonymous

Mountains high, sun hot, valleys wide.
The Himalayas stand beautiful with Tibetan pride.

People pray, sounds of “*Om Mani Padme Hum*” fill the air,
Monasteries filled with monks, walking in pairs.

The girls sit, preparing their *tsampa with tea*,
Wearing their traditional *baku’s*, with happiness they be.

A woman sits on *stupa steps*,
Watching people prostrate in reps.

She watches as her future lay upon the floor,
Eyes on her from door to door.

The woman of 21, smells her yak butter tea,
Drinking the warmth, filling up on courage in order to flee.

The wheels spin, releasing prayers into the air,
Watch over our Tibetan child, release her from this dark lair.

Let her speak her mind, without fear of being found.
Let her walk through life, without being bound.

She is so strong, but the oppressor silences her.
She is strong, like a yak endures the winter.
She is beautiful, like the *snow lion of Tibet*.
She is wise, like his Holiness.
She is kind, like the heart of *Lhasa*.
She is the future, like our freedom.
She is me, the hope for Tibet.

"420 poem 1"

by olli sure

wait hold on
listen
listen
it's still snowing
this power outage is
the shit that u hate
said that
said writing a poem every day
@ 420 would help
would @ least give us a reason 2 b 2gether

6 Little Thoughts

by Anonymous

1. I really love turtlenecks.
 2. People go so fast. Just.. slow down a bit.
 3. As cynical as I am, I still believe.
 4. People say a plethora of things
That just make me want to scream
 5. Where are the weirdos hiding at this damn school?
 6. Although I intensely hate Truman State, I still feel like when I leave,
I'll be grateful for the many moments of misery I've lived through while being here.
- ** The T in Truman stands for Transformation. Because I've transformed into a whole new person, a person I can't even explain to myself yet.

Wood for a Coffin
by Samantha Matthews

Don't buy me a casket when I die,
for I want my body to decompose,
give back to the earth.
I will be reincarnated as a pine.
Rising from the dirt with determination,
I will stand tall with importance.
When the cold comes
I won't worry,
because I have turned my leaves into needles,
small swords that know how to protect me.
I will relish in the rain,
accepting its healing,
reminding me of the days
I would cry just to feel the pain.
I will dance in the wind,
this time unable to stop-
As a tree, I will exhale
so others may inhale.
I will become a unit;
unable to function on my own-
existing for others, just as they exist for me.



Students for a Democratic Society

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

—events—

*Budget Crisis Town Hall—Sat. Feb. 24, 2:00—VH1000

*Erik K. Olsen—Marxian economist—cooperative businesses—
Thurs. March 22, 7:00—BH Little Theater

*Mike Veale—union leader—Right to Work legislation—April 12—
time and place TBA

*Mimi Soltysik—2016 Socialist Party presidential candidate—
date, time, and place TBA

—meetings—

MC210, Thursdays at 7

Dare to struggle, dare to win!

trumanstatesds@gmail.com @tsusds

"On the Bevel"

by Jason Yarber

the baby's crib was really just a small coffin
she took percocet at night so she couldn't feel him next to her
when the boy played with his friends, he was always so afraid
"what if one of them is gay?"
his dad had exactly six guns in the house.
it was a nice, round number the dad said once
the sister hid her piercing
and she hid a lot of things
grandma got a tattoo, at age 87
it had tribal curves and barbed wire
and in an edgy typeface read:
"DO NOT RESUSCITATE"
my sister thought about maybe getting one of those piercings
like what her boyfriend wanted her to do
now sometimes she breathes heavy when she walks
i have no idea where that piercing must be
but i think maybe it hurts her?
the fence between our house and the neighbor is very old so
what we did was just plant some bushes by it, now
the bushes are our new fence, with some rotting wood
among the branches--the bush's food.
my dad has six guns. "nice round number."
my mom tells me i shouldn't talk to her
late at night, after she takes her medicine.
i theorize that the medicine keeps her from being gay
so she can kiss dad and like it like she should
i saw my sister kiss her boyfriend once
i want to kiss someone sometime
i think my baby sister's crib is just a small coffin
i think our daughter's crib is just a small coffin
and maybe it should be, he knows he knows
i didn't want more children god damnit
fucking voice fucking hands on my brain
why can't he please leave me alone every night please
please
please
please
please
he has six guns in the house. Exactly. six.
he's killing me and killed my mother, i know
what her tattoo says, her paperwork tells me

what he's doing to this family please god let me
just let me
i need to take the
where is the god damn bathroom
i need the sink
behind the mirror
i can't talk right now
he'll be home soon
soon i will be too weak
to open the child safety cap
my boyfriend is a great guy and i think
my friends might be wrong this time
and i know i'm lucky to have him
he plays the guitar, and i think that's so romantic
he told me it would be fun to get a piercing like what he has
he has a piercing that makes it feel so good
god, so good. Prince Arby's or something.
i think mom knows what i have, but i don't think she cares
as long as he never finds out
He Has Six Guns. Six Guns. Round Number.
he can't know what i have between my legs now
under my ribs now
i feel it feeding on me, soon they will see it
and it will all be over
and they won't resuscitate me
and it will all be over
the next time my ticker ticks its last tock
everybody hurts me anymore
my granddaughter's crib looks like a damn coffin
i don't remember the days time goes so fast
i can't cook anymore
i can't walk anymore
all i do anymore is sit and
my life will never get better anymore
i have lived long enough to see life all go away
and God is the cruelest being to ever exist
and i hate him.
and i know Pastor Jonathan would give me hell
but Johnathan died thirty years ago
stomach cancer
vomited himself to death so i think
instead of waiting, i think
i remember he "HAS SIX GUNS. SIX GUNS"

Erasure of Totality
by Samantha Matthews

"perspective poem 64"
by olli sure

in super mario
hold on
guys turn the music off

in super mario 64
peach's castle is
some kind of
amazing beautiful
space
that changed the
minds
and
hearts
of a generation

in super mario odyssey
we go back 2 peach's castle
but now it's an
island

it's

an island

one

of many

"u can turn the music back on"

Dear you,
The most disobedient,
Question hypocrisy.
Begin as the page -
Fold in on yourself -
Interrupt us.
Nurse understanding,
Curve lips and close eyes.
Show a boy a broken ground and
Teach his heart
Those dangerous eyes of humanity.
For I am worn, but heard.
I should apologize.
Impale me. Turn against me.
Let's cry in chorus.





120 S. Main St.

theaquadome.org



Community Meetings every Sunday at 2 pm!

~ Upcoming Events ~

Wednesday, Apr. 1 – *Open Mic [free]*

Thursday, Apr. 12 – *Poetry Workshop*

Thursday, Apr. 19 – *Open Mic [free]*

Friday-Saturday, Apr. 27-28 – *Tom Thumb XXII*

Art & Music Festival

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