

THE MONITOR

Truman State University's only source for thorough coverage of community issues, student affairs, politics

A Campus Collective

Volume 7, Number 7 / 05 December 2000

University sweatshirts may be made in sweatshops

story by | Derek Spellman

Human rights activists allege that Gear for Sport, a supplier of Truman sweatshirts, has enlisted sweatshop labor in its overseas factory in Honduras.

The charges center on excessive overtime, insufficient on-site medical treatment and retaliation against union organizers at Cheil Honduras, one of Gear's two overseas factories in Honduras and a manufacturer of Truman sweatshirts. Cheil is part of Continental Park, a sprawling complex of clothing manufactories found in the depths of central Honduras.

The allegations are culled from a yearlong study of factory conditions in Honduras by two groups, United Students Against Sweatshops (USAS) and the Honduran Collegiate Apparel Research Initiative, (CARD). The organizations collated interviews with nongovernmental agencies and hundreds of individual factory workers, including employees of Cheil.

"The factories are found in what's called a Free-Trade Zone," Anna Fink, a member of the

USAS/CARI team dispatched to Honduras 12 months ago, said. "A Free-Trade Zone is a transnational company or multinational corporation with a factory in a foreign country. These factories produce goods for export to other countries."

Fink returned from Honduras last September and expressed a growing alarm over the working conditions in factories like Cheil, citing concerns with the length of workdays and the pace set by factory foremen.

"Sometimes they [workers] are forced into fourteen-hour workdays or they lose their jobs," she said. "Sometimes they are forced to produce really high quotas, like one thousand pieces a day for one person."

Fink said the team also cited concerns with on-site medical treatment.

"There is a health clinic within Continental Park," she said. "But the only medicine they prescribe is ibuprofen. Yet very rarely do they grant workers sick leave or allow workers to see an

see SWEATSHOPS, page 5

Student Senate proposes plus/minus pilot program

story by | Matthew Webber

Unlike the protests and speeches that opposed recent Faculty Senate proposals such as the "W," the upcoming discussion of a plus/minus grading system has created little uproar among the student body. Instead, there is much uncertainty.

Faculty Senate will discuss various plus/minus grading systems at its December meeting. They may vote on whether to adopt one of these systems at their January meeting.

"There are so many different types" of plus/minus systems, Tom Marshall, the Division of Science representative to Faculty Senate, said.

Marshall said there currently is no consensus regarding which type to pursue or why. He said there is no consensus among the faculty that the University should even pursue this proposal.

Marshall said one of the "more convincing arguments" regarding a plus/minus system he had heard concerned the University's grade inflation.

"[Faculty] only use a couple of the top grades now and it's sort of rare to give lower grades," he

said. "Then we try to make distinctions between the abilities of the students using a very small scale. So this way it would sort of expand the scale. Some faculty believe they have the ability to determine differences in performance more than just using A, B or C."

However, Marshall said, "some faculty don't want to have anything to do with [a plus/minus system]. They think it's enough of a problem just to assign a grade, much less have to make these finer distinctions."

"There doesn't seem to be a big groundswell of support [for a plus/minus system]," he said.

Matt Brooker, Student Senate's Academic Affairs Committee Chairman, presented to Faculty Senate the committee's research into other universities' grading systems.

According to the report, some universities give weight to pluses, so a grade of B plus carries a more than 3.0 grade point, for example. Conversely, these and other universities give less weight to minuses, so a B minus carries a less

see PLUS/MINUS, page 5

AIDS quilt comes to Kirksville



Sophomore Teri Patterson reads the AIDS quilt.

photo by | Tom Palmier

AIDS Quilt Facts

In June, 1987, Cleve Jones and his friends in San Francisco founded the NAMES Project AIDS Memorial Quilt. The NAMES Project coordinates displays of portions of the Quilt worldwide.

Since 1987, over 13 million people have visited the Quilt.

The NAMES Project has raised \$2.65 million for AIDS service organizations throughout North America.

The Quilt is the largest example of a community art project in the world.

The entire Quilt has 83,279 names, which represents approximately 20 percent of all U.S. AIDS deaths.

In its entirety, the Quilt is 48.82 miles long and weighs over 50 tons.

For more information, visit <http://www.aidsquilt.org>.

HIV/AIDS statistics for the United States

As of June 1999, Centers for Disease Control had reported 711,344 cases of AIDS.

Over 40,000 Americans contracted HIV in 1998.

An average of at least one American under the age of 22 becomes infected with HIV every hour.

It is estimated that at least half of all new HIV infection in the U.S. are among people under 25, and the majority of young people are infected sexually.

African Americans are 10 times as likely to have HIV and AIDS than whites. Latinos are more than four times as likely than whites.

The cost of AIDS combination therapy treatment is as high as \$20,000 a year.

Information taken from the NAMES Project handout

C O N T E N T S

The Kirksville's Hidden Treasures crew crams a semester of fun into one jam-packed page!

Feature, page 8.

This Christmas, give your favorite gangsta, backpacker, diva or professional wrestler the gift of good hip-hop.

Reviews, pages 10-11.



Divisions compromise for a new Asian Studies Minor.

News story, page 7.

**Asian
Studies
Minor**

The Monitor

Campus Collective
Independent Quality Since 1995

Volume 7, Number 7

CAMPUS ADDRESS
CAOC, SUB
Truman State University
Kirksville, MO 63501
Fax (660) 785.7436

OFFICE ADDRESS
Monitor Tower
2107 S. Franklin Apt. A
Kirksville, MO 63501

E-MAIL ADDRESS
monitortrm@hotmail.com

WEB PAGE
<http://www.trumanmonitor.org>

MANAGING EDITORS
Kristen Crenshaw
Matthew Webber

ASSISTANT EDITORS
Tom Palmier
JJ Pionke

STAFF WRITERS
Olivera Bratich - Dave Bush
Jonathan Cannon - Daniel Coate
Peter Hough - Erin Huckle
Ed Jenkins - Lisa Maglerowski
Marie Montano - John Nguyen
Sean O'Brien - Jesse Pasley
Amanda Romine - Joe Rothermich
Ryan Ruffatti - Jon Sanders
Jerry Schirmer - Rachel Schulz
Andrew Smithson - Derek Spellman
Lori Vaughn - Leslee White - Aaron Wilson

PHOTOGRAPHERS
Kristen Crenshaw
Tom Palmier

ART PAGE
Kjell Hanh

MY BACK PAGES EDITOR
Shawn Gilmore

ADVERTISING ROYALTY
Daniel Becker
Tom Palmier

RESIDENT ARTISTS
Andy Dandino - Ed Jenkins
Sean O'Brien - Ryan Ruffatti

DISTRIBUTION
Ed Jenkins

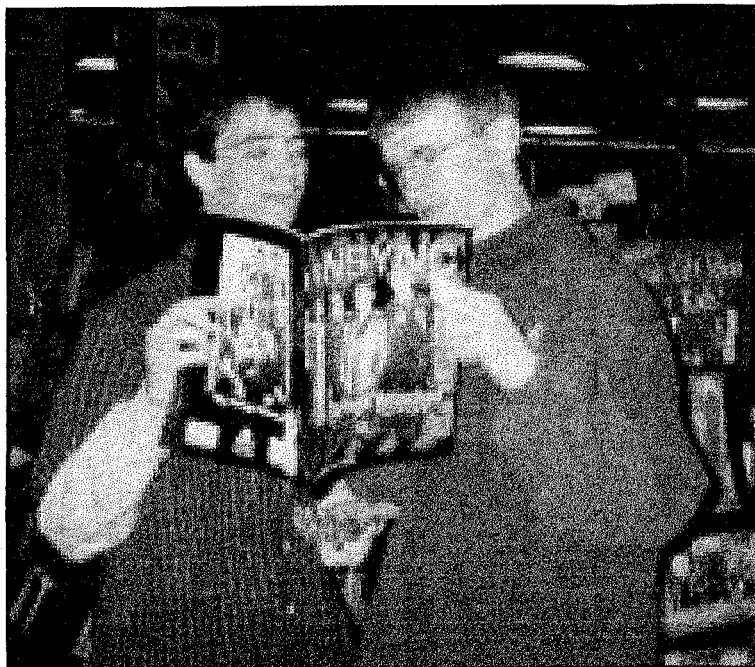
All contents Copyright © 2000
The Monitor Campus Collective unless
otherwise noted.

The Monitor is published every other
Tuesday. Each writer is responsible for his
or her own work.

We meet every Tuesday and Thursday at 9
p.m. in OP 117.

Subscriptions are available to out of
towners -- you just pay for postage. Send a
check or money order for \$10 to the address
above for a semester's worth of Monitors.
That's really cheap, huh?

"Among people who have learned
something from the 18th century (say,
Voltaire) it is a truism, hardly deserving
discussion, that the defense of the right of
free expression is not restricted to ideas
one approves of, and that it is precisely in
the case of ideas found most offensive
that this right must be vigorously
defended. Advocacy of the right to
express ideas that are generally
approved of is, quite obviously, a matter
of no significance."
-- Noam Chomsky



Tom: Whoa, Matt, check this out! Justin Timberlake's turn-ons
include long walks along the beach, cuddling in front of a fireplace,
brunettes and muckraking journalists! I sooo want him!

Matt: Like, bye, bye, bye! I mean, you can have him. I don't even
know who any of these boys are... Ooh! Look at that sexy Lance Bass!
He's tearin' up my heart!

*HAPPY N'SYNC HOLIDAYS
FROM THE MONITOR!*

Blossom Shop

Let us make your
holidays more
colorful!

Come and see our wide
selection of holiday gift
items:

- Party Decorating Services
- Fresh & Silk Arrangements
- Plants - Balloons
- Gift Baskets - Candles

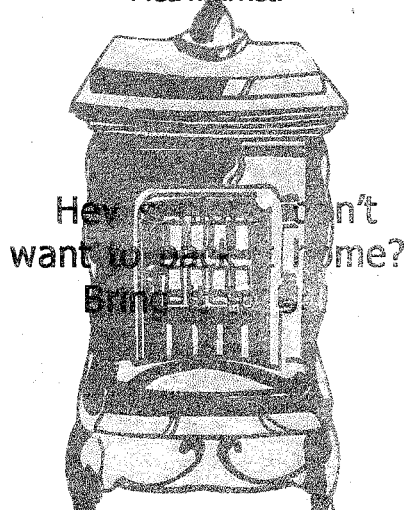
1103 N. Green 665-1505



Just Stuff

The name says it all

New used antiques
Booth rental & consignment
Flea market.



Hey, don't
want to pack home?
Bring it here.

Open 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.
Mon. through Sat.

107 E. Mary
North end of Franklin St.
turn right.

Students receive 10 percent
discount with student ID.

Sound Shoppe

We
want
your
CDs!

Check it out at:
112 South Franklin
10 a.m. - 4 p.m. Mon. - Sat.
665-2565

monitor letters

Got something to say? Write a letter to *The Monitor*. Letters must be typed and signed to be considered for publication. Send complaints or praise to the *Monitor* mailbox in the CAOC, or e-mail us at monitortrm@hotmail.com. Letters may be edited for length.



University group explains "follower" T-shirts

Andy Stevenson's article asked many questions about the "follower" T-shirts worn by students in Christian organizations. One Body of Believers is the group responsible and we would like to answer some of these questions

A Christian's purpose in life is to make and encourage disciples of Jesus Christ. This happens through many ways, such as missionary work, bake sales to raise money to save starving children or trying to emulate What Jesus Would Do in any other area of life or in any certain career path.

All ways of achieving this purpose are part of the body of believers. All are working together to achieve a goal. Sometimes this goal may not even be stated. But the point is, we all have to work together as one body of followers of Christ.

We all hope our actions of devoted following would lead others to Christ. And we need each other to encourage one another to continue following our Lord. Spirituality is very personal and we agree wholeheartedly that every Chris-

tian should devote more time to personal spiritual development.

However, it is also important for those with similar spiritual beliefs to have each other around to discuss issues and personal struggles with.

It is important for us Christians to have each other as part of a community. We knew that the label "follower" had such a stigma attached, and some of us were even a little offended by this idea at first. But as Christians, the fact that we are followers of Christ is central to our lives and our existence.

Society puts a lot of emphasis on leading and being individual. This is important, but there must be balance. The whole reason we are Christians is a belief in Jesus as the Son of God and a commitment to following Him and His commands.

Our intended message from the shirts was an expression of this commitment, an encouragement to other Christians who have made the same decision and inspiration to nonbelievers.

Although there are no huge or hurtful divisions between us on Truman's campus, we feel unity is urgent for Christians. Not only is unity necessary for the spiritual growth of the Christian body

of believers, but it is commanded us in the Bible. This principle is our group's mission and driving force and it was the reasoning behind the "follower" T-shirts.

One Body of Believers

Humans persecute humans

Dearest fellow humans,

It has been awhile since I've spoken up about anything. If ever I had anything worthwhile to say, it was ignored, and my lack of sympathy for the less intelligent elements of society (atheist and theist alike) was the only thing anyone focused on. But now I'd like to make a few comments on the idea of "the human condition." Yes, the context *is* religion, but, in light of the point I intend to make, that should *not* be an issue.

In the Nov. 29 issue of *The Lighthouse*, there appears an article by Katylin Mayhle on the topic of Christians being persecuted in other countries. For those people who are at least sophomores, recall that persecution of Christians long seems to have been an issue among the various Christian organizations on campus. It is an issue which pops up from time to time because it *is*, with good reason, a concern of many Christians... the idea that their fellow Christians are being oppressed, and having their faith suppressed.

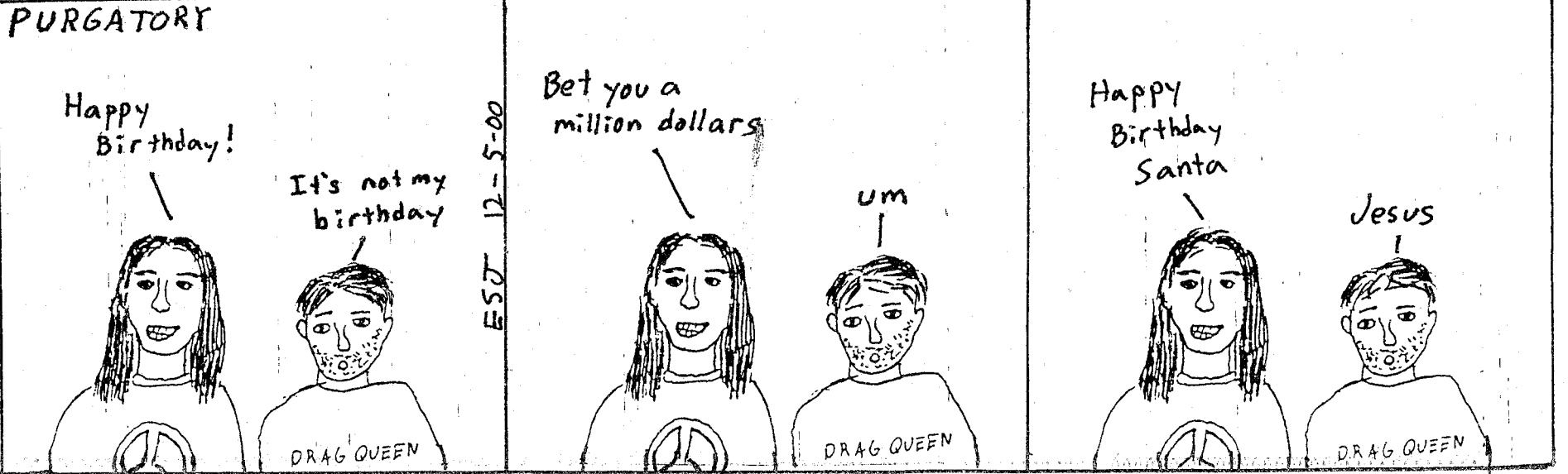
There is an issue here that *is* more important than the persecution of Christians. That issue is religious tolerance. But even THAT issue is belittled by the even more important issue of tolerance IN GENERAL. If you want to stop the persecution of Christians in other nations, there

are things BEYOND PRAYER that need to be done here on Earth, like promoting EDUCATION. It is only by an understanding of other cultures, other religions, other PEOPLE -- all of which come through education -- that we can hope to promote TOLERANCE.

Because of my own personal lack of beliefs, I'm not one to speak of prayer. But I don't recall ever claiming God could not possibly exist, though such words have been shoved into my mouth by others. And I'm going to speak of prayer, anyway. Prayer may accomplish many things, but I doubt very much that God would appreciate us praying for HIM to make a change when we are just as capable of at least ATTEMPTING to make a change. I understand that prayer is important to the Christian faith and to many other faiths as well. But, even if I were a Christian, I would be more concerned with my actions than my words. Why not make an ACTIVE attempt to promote tolerance among ALL people? Making a toast to this thing called "world peace" is very noble, but why not try to bring about world peace, rather than hoping that, by the hands of the gods, it will come about while we sit idly by on our butts? Apply that concept to PRAYER. Praying for the human condition to change is very noble, and it IS a kind gesture, but it means very little when we DO have the means to at least ATTEMPT to change the human condition on our own.

Even the most blind, most clueless individual should have been able to find the point in my

see LETTERS, page 5



monitor opinions

Wanted: unbreakables

opinion by | John Nguyen

Freshman year there was a sexual assault on campus. Miles away from home. New people. New environment. Times of our lives. No curfew. No parents. No rules. New friends. Lovers. Maybe first loves. Maybe wedding plans. Careers. Parties. Late nights watching movies talking to friends. The stink of dorm rooms that felt like freedom. Here. Here where life began.

A man and a woman. Hard hands. No details. Every tragedy is the same. Just more tragedy.

I couldn't sleep at night in those days. I'd spend long hours sitting up, typing stories or poems on my computer. Reading books by lamplight. Listless like a starving child. I missed my girlfriend miles away. I couldn't sleep.

Pink flyers were taped up on the doors of buildings. In the hallways. Campus watch, they all said. Sexual assault.

This is back in the times when I thought education was everything. When I thought I would be a scholar. Get a PhD. Become a philosopher. Back when I loved books like life. When I felt free walking in the streets here. In this place established on the foundations of knowledge. College, I thought. I would learn here. I spent late nights dreaming about my first novel.

But then sexual assault. Then some girl screaming. In the middle of the night. I would wear the same blue sweater every night. Go out on the prowl.

Not on my watch, I said. Not while I'm here.

You might have seen me if you were getting in late. I would get up at midnight. Think about my girlfriend. Think about how much I loved her. Think what I would do if it were her. If it were her voice crying out, breaking the silence of night. I would think about her golden hair stamped into the dirt. I would think about force. Blood. And what some men call power. Abuse. I'd wince. Clench my teeth. Angry.

Then I would walk the campus. Until four in the morning. I would walk back and forth. To Barnett. Ophelia. McClain. Ryle. The Stadium. I'd walk around waiting for the

sound. Waiting for the cry for help. Waiting for a scream.

So that I could run. And stop it. And save a life. And hurt a rapist. I would hurt a rapist. The things they've done. Too many people I know hurt.

No more pink flyers. Not on my watch. It's a true story. I wanted to be a hero. No screams though. Not on those nights. Not while I was walking. While people slept, I waited for a chance. A chance to do some good.

Maybe I'm no better. I could see myself. Making sidewalk art with a rapist. Jackson Pollock. Painting the cement with the bits of his brain that made him do that. To people. To other people for the love of God.

Over the break I saw *Unbreakable*. My brothers, a friend, and I went to watch the show. We got there too late. Spent too much time next door drinking beer and scotch. Sat too close to the screen. But the movie. My brothers didn't like it. My friend thought it was good in idea. I loved it. It was the story of a hero. Of a man who becomes a hero. Who finds that he is gifted.

That he can walk the streets. And he could protect it from screams.

It was a comic book. I read them all when I was a kid. I ran around shooting lasers from my eyes. My bed sheet cape flapping at my back. My brother and I. We would play super hero.

I suspended disbelief. I believed in heroism. Fairy tales too. As a child I read a book of 500 fairy tales from around the world. Lots of stories about heroes. Lots of stories about saviors.

Aesop's fables. A world where everything had a meaning and a moral. I was a sap. I believed.

I saw the movie. It reminded me how great and horrible it would be to be a hero. How great and horrible it would be to save lives, but in turn, having to see the dirt under the fingernails. To see the tragedies every day.

But it made sense. There was a line in the movie that was me. He said that every morning he wakes up with a sadness on him.

I know what he means. Every morning I wake up. My laundry stays unfolded. I close my eyes and I think that it's still going on. People still yelling like stuck pigs. And I do nothing. I go to school while they die. I want to be a hero.

Maybe you can help me. Maybe I can help you. Maybe we can all do something good. Anything. Bring people together. Do you dream also? Do you dream of being a hero? Do you wake up with the sadness of a world on the edge of exploding? Is this world not enough?

Do you sense that there must be more to it than this?

I'm going on a limb. I'm making my true intentions clear. I'm asking for help. I'm admitting a secret. I want more heroes. I want more people who feel the way I do. That something is wrong and terrible in the world. Something just isn't right. Please. It gets too hard believing on my own.

No more pink flyers. Not on my watch.

A few last words

opinion by | JJ Pionke

So, finally I have come to the end of my journey as an undergraduate. Yes, that's right, as long as I pass everything and sacrifice to the graduation goddesses, I should be graduating this month.

I must say my time at Truman has been interesting to say the least. I can honestly say I am not sure what to make of it all.

Sure, I have many opinions. Heck, you all know that, since I share those opinions with you almost every issue! Yet at the same time, I have very strong opinions about some of my experiences here.

For instance, the whole Diversity Resource Center. It's a good idea. It will look good for the University, so why is everyone sitting on their collective butts debating the "issues" to death? It has been an adventure into frustration and a reminder of why I am not administrator material.

The road to that piece of paper has been overly long (six years) and at times ridiculously hard. Not necessarily because the classes were bad, but because life gets in the way of the little things, like education.

It has been a scary semester personally. I still have an ovarian cyst that is now starting to cause some discomfort and while the word is no surgery yet, that may change in the near future.

I admit it is scary. There are days where it hurts and I am afraid and I hide because I am not sure that I could make it through

classes or seeing friends.

However, with the bad comes the good. I love my life. I try and do as much as I can, to soak it all in. As cliché as it sounds, you never know what you have until it is gone. This is so true. Now, as things settle down from various family disasters, I see things I didn't see before -- maybe because I wasn't old enough, or wise enough, or smart enough, but I see them now.

The world can be a very scary place if you don't learn to adapt. That is partially what college is all about. You come here thinking you know a lot and you find out how little you really know. In the end you realize you don't know even half of what you thought you did and that life itself will be a learning experience until the day you die. And afterwards? Who knows?

If you are lucky, you will realize life is about learning, that those things you consider important really aren't. Because everything you hold dear can be gone in an instant, just as your heart's every desire can be granted.

Life is a fragile thing. If we stop learning, stop being active, stop caring, what is the use of going on? That isn't life, it is merely existing.

So enjoy yourselves in college, but not to the point of being completely stupid. Life is as much about hard work as it is about fun. Perhaps most of all, be open to new ideas -- the minute you close off your mind is the minute you become what you hate the most.

Durst, Bizkits go limp

opinion by | Dave Bush

It's just become too easy. I could say they suck but it just wouldn't capture the essence of how bad the music (term used very loosely) really is. Limp Bizkit has become the poster band for "crap-metal" and they're really not helping their case with their new album, *Chocolate Starfish and the Hot Dog-Flaming Piece of Crap... er... Hot Dog-Flavored Water*. My bad.

For Limp Bizkit fans, the excitement can just barely be contained. For those of us who have a respect for quality tunes, the fiery disdain for Fred Durst and his fellow Bizkits can barely be controlled. While I haven't actually given the new disc a spin, I can promise you, hands down, it's just not any good. I could even go out on a limb and tell you it is very, very bad.

Let's start with the title. *Chocolate Starfish... say it with me... slowly... Chocolate Starfish and the Hot Dog Flavored Water*. No, that's really what it's called. It's almost as good as what I came up with for the "band" I was in at about age 12.

Then there's that damned "Rollin' Rollin' Rollin'" song. I don't know its name but I can whack that bad boy off of the radio before it hits .07 seconds on the counter. It's one of those songs that just sticks. It creeps into your mind and takes over. It's the stinky kid phenomenon. He smells so bad he ends up being the only one in the room. Such is Limp Bizkit.

It's not that I expected anything positive from the Limp lads, but I have to say that after two albums it seems they could at least have come up with something solid. All I'm asking is for a creative, innovative, original and guest star-free piece of music (known to some as a good song).

Okay, that may be little bit much to ask. How about just a song? I would like to see the band create a song. Not a masterpiece, just a successful progression of chords. Until that day, I will continue to bash the Durst-monkey and his band of goons with the passion of a true music fan. You're welcome to disagree, but you're also welcoming severe mocking and some choice witty remarks from anyone who feels like putting out the very little effort required to add to the pile of Biz-insults.

Write for The Monitor next semester!

We are looking for all types of crazy, creative people: journalists, humorists, poets, artists, cartoonists, advertising representatives, copy editors, best boys and key grips.

We will meet every Tuesday and Thursday at 9 p.m. in Baldwin 346.

BEARD'S GALLERY

Mattboard
Foam board
& Framing Supplies
and of course, fine art

120 E. Washington

665-4531

one block east of Pagliai's

SWEATSHOPS, from page 1

outside doctor. If they do, they lose their jobs."

Fink said workers thus neglect ailments, permitting the injuries to mount and proliferate until workers are eventually cast into unemployment.

The team also cited abuses of workers' right to organize. STITCH, a sister organization that has also probed factory conditions in Continental Park, has also expressed a growing concern over the workers' right to organize.

Hannah Frisch, director of STITCH said workers at Continental Park have been perennially abused and disenfranchised.

"They [factory foreman] fire anyone who even joins a Union," she said.

Frisch said the movement to establish labor unions at Continental Park reached critical mass in 1997, when workers from the complex began taking to the streets to demand the establishment of a union. The crowd was hurled back, however, after police arrived swinging batons and spraying chemical-laced water at the crowd.

Fink said the prospects for establishing a union remain dim. She said the owner of Continental Park, Jamir Rosenthal, has presidential ambitions and he said "he would not stand for

a union in his park."

Gear for Sport has mounted an aggressive campaign to correct any abuses in its overseas factories, beginning with the establishment of The Office of Global Human Rights Compliance in 1998.

The company has issued a public statement that roundly condemns the use of sweatshops and vows "to eliminate sweatshops and abusive labor practices from the apparel industry."

Terry Collingsworth of the International Labor Rights Fund has showered the program with praise.

"Gear is one of the companies who is without equivocation cooperating with the process [of correcting abuses]," he said. "They have pushed their program in good faith. You won't find their level of commitment from other companies."

Some human rights agencies have actually placed the blame for the abuses on Honduras' ailing national finances.

Barbara Briggs of the Labor Defense Network has said, "The problem with the factories in Honduras is that the local laws are ignored."

She said that after the havoc spread by Hurricane Mitch several years ago, thousands of Hondurans were thrown out of work and the national economy was beleaguered.

"Honduras is probably the poorest country in Central America right now," Briggs said.

She explained said its beleaguered economy cannot allocate money to regulatory agencies, which in turn contracts the power of these agencies and permits many abuses to go uncorrected.

"The Ministry of Labor is terrifically underfunded," she said. "The Inspectors are so badly paid that they have to accept bribes [not to cite factories for abuses]."

Briggs said many factory foremen are also reluctant to ease controls over workers for fear of "scaring away" the overseas companies from Honduras.

Sophomore Wayne Yocum said the situation was "unfortunate, but it's not like I'm going to shun the University or anything."

Junior Ben Garrett said the situation didn't surprise him.

"Big corporations don't seem to care about anyone anyway," he said.

When reports of the conditions were forwarded to President Jack Magruder, the President issued a that said, "Thank you for bringing it to my attention. It is worthy of broader discussion. I'll see what I can do about it."

The University Bookstore thanked *The Monitor* for bringing the situation to its attention.

LETTERS, from page 3

message. I didn't attack Christianity, the existence of God or even the organizations on this campus. However, I do actually have a few words I'd like to say on the issue of the persecution of Christians — especially considering how irrelevant that issue is when compared to more pressing issues that affect ALL of humanity.

When you come to understand yourself, you will be better equipped to understand others. Seems like a good lesson to learn in life, but it is quite unfortunately just another concept that flies over the heads of most people. Before attacking others, we would be wise to FIRST look at ourselves and our OWN actions in this life. On a personal note, tons of people on this campus think they know me. But just how little they actually know becomes evident when I consider how many people have been MISTAKEN FOR ME. It has happened. When people become overconfident, they begin to make assumptions. Unfortunately, in the situation of one of my closest friends, our shared first name and lack of beliefs was enough for someone to mistake my friend for me.

The rambling about people not knowing me is relevant to the purpose of this message. How? Because I've been persecuted quite enough as it is, almost entirely by the people who think they know me and who actually do not know anything about me. The fact that I am not a Christian seems to be reason enough for the most uneducated individuals to think that they are right (since self-righteousness comes naturally to most people) and that I am wrong. I'm not implying that Miss Mayhle is a hypocrite or that she has a double standard. But we ALL need to recognize that persecuting others because of our own ignorance, or our own NARCISSISTIC SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS, is a HUMAN problem. It has nothing to do with religious belief. Talking about persecution and hatred in the contexts of specific religious beliefs, and in the context of certain countries, only serves to hide the reality of the problem: THAT PERSECUTION AND HATRED ARE WIDESPREAD, CARING NOT FOR RELIGIOUS BELIEFS, MORALS, ETHNICITY, NATIONALITY, ETC.

In summary, before anyone else ever writes another article on how Christians are being persecuted — and especially if that article intends to make Christians appear as a worthy pity case for the rest of the world — before anyone else holds another seminar full of propaganda, before anyone else does any more mission work, before anyone else attempts to convert another Australian bushman by merely appealing to his emotions... let's remember that Christians persecute others, too. And it's not because Christians are evil, but because Christians are HUMAN. If anyone would like to contend the issue of Christians being human (only if you can prove they are not, and I am wrong), then by all means speak up!! But if you have anything else to say, just shut up!!

HUMANS persecute HUMANS. Don't cover up the real issues by focusing on the specifics of individual circumstances. I don't deny that ANYONE who has to express their faith behind closed, locked, and bolted doors, needs the help of their fellow man. But these bullshit attempts by Christians to fish for sympathy are pathetic because the only thing I see is not a case for pity, or a cause for concern (in the case of Christians being persecuted in other countries), but an infectious case of a DOUBLE STANDARD. As a general message to others: Fix your own problems before you start pointing fingers at the rest of the world.

Christopher Michael Shanahan

thefallensons@hotmail.com

PLUS/MINUS, from page 1

than 3.0 grade point.

Some universities do not award pluses and minuses to grades of A, all of which carry a 4.0, while awarding pluses and minuses to the other grades. Many universities do not award pluses and minuses at all.

Currently, the University does not award pluses or minuses, so all grades of B carry a 3.0. The University makes no distinctions between higher percentage grades of B and lower percentage grades of B or any other letter grade.

Some students are concerned a plus/minus grading system would negatively affect their GPAs. Student Senate could find no conclusive evidence such a system would punish students. According to the Academic Affairs report, the implementation of a plus/minus system at the University of Minnesota-Morris lowered students' GPAs. However, at North Carolina State University, GPAs "went up a little bit," Brooker said.

Eventually, the Academic Affairs Committee "determined it would be futile to continue to argue because we could pull up examples of 'Well, this university did this; this university did that,'" Brooker said. "We viewed [this argument] to be a never-ending struggle that would never really produce any real outcome."

Because of the uncertainty surrounding GPAs, the Student Senate now advocates a two-year pilot program in which to test a plus/minus system. Under this pro-

gram, professors would report pluses and minuses which would not show up on students' report cards.

After two years, a committee made up of administrators, faculty and students would compare the students' reported grades (with pluses and minuses) to their real grades (without pluses and minuses). The committee would examine any difference in GPAs and then determine how these differences would affect scholarship renewal, retention rates, the budget and other considerations. Then the University would decide if adopting a plus/minus system would be in the best interest of the University.

Brooker said Student Senate advocates the pilot program because he wants the University to have "raw data" regarding a new grading system before it implements one.

"If we run the studies and we have the data and we have good reason to believe the system would better reflect the students' performance and would not substantially affect the budget and would benefit students, then I would be completely in support and Student Senate would too," Brooker said.

"I just want to make sure we support the policy for the right reasons and we know what's going to happen before we do."

Marshall was aware of students' concerns regarding their GPAs. He said there would be "logistical nightmares have to run two [grading systems] concurrently, but it would be interesting to see."

Senior Tommy Estlund also said the pilot program would be "interesting." He said he was in favor of a plus/minus system because it would give "a more fair and accurate representation of the grades we [students] receive."

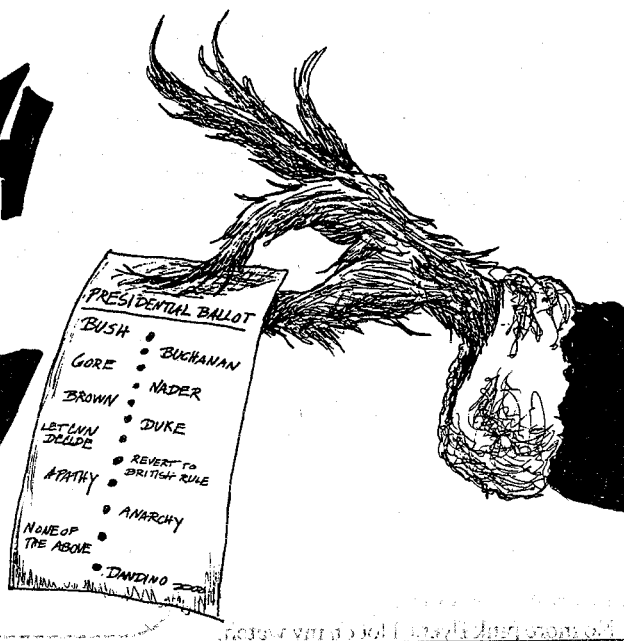
He said he thought the University should implement the plus/minus system regardless, "but the pilot program would be a good way to test it"

Sophomore Jonathan Lukens said he "would definitely be opposed" to a plus/minus system.

"Last semester, [the system] would have been detrimental to me," he said. "Three of my four As were nineties."

He said he thought if the administration chose to pursue a plus/minus system, "they could do the pilot program and see they're wrong."

THE GRINCH WHO STOLE THE ELECTION



Become our ad designer and design ads that look much better than this small, ugly one.

Call Matt at 665-6223 for more information.

Real Hamster
http://www.realhamster.com

review by I Daniel Coate

Can't get a date? Feeling guilty about killing hamsters for sexual pleasure? Then check out Real Hamster, the world's finest bugging hamster, now on-line. Each Real Hamster is hand-crafted from the finest materials to the specifications of the customer. A life-sized body, high quality, easy-to-clean fur, a safe, butane powered vibrator and a fully articulated skeleton make Real Hamsters feel better than the real thing. Unlike a real hamster, a Real Hamster is "undemanding, easy to feed and always around when you need it." Each hamster is fully customizable. Customers can browse the Web site and choose from two body types and a wide range of skin colors and claw types to create the perfect bugging hamster for any man's taste.

Weather.com
http://www.weather.com

review by I JJ Pionke

If you haven't found Weather.com yet, where have you been hiding on the Web? For those of us without television, this is a great site to see whether to bring an umbrella to class or bundle up like an Eskimo before walking out the door. I like this site a lot because I can check out the weather where my family members are: Chicago, Montana and Missouri. It is also a great tool for driving, so I know what kind of weather I am going to drive into when I go home. The Weather Channel powers Weather.com, a good site that lets you see the weather, even if you don't have television.

Dumb recording industry seeks cash from poor college students

feature by I Jon Sanders

I feel like a puppy ripped from its mother's teat, like a plant removed from the nourishing sunlight, like Senator Ted Kennedy with an empty liquor cabinet. I have been deprived of my life force. Now I know how Regis Philbin felt when Kathie Lee basically told him to stuff that morning show; she had more pressing matters to attend to, like expanding her vast Sweatshop Empire into Indonesia, where they have easy access to boundless, inexpensive, disposable materials, and more importantly, boundless, inexpensive, disposable labor, driving Regis to host "Who Wants to be an Idiot on National Television," which propelled him to the upper echelon of stardom, since the majority of the contestants are idiots anyway, so

WARNING: REACHING THE END OF A LONG RUN-ON SENTENCE!

why not be on T.V.? But I digress.

The ranting and raving coincides with the reluctant deletion of Napster from my computer. The program that filled my happy waking hours with fun, music and Carpal Tunnel Syndrome has finally been ordered to discontinue its wonderfully unselfish giving attitude, ironically right around the holidays, and quit providing access to free music, at least on this campus. The current threat is that, all users being on a local interface, the incredibly needy music industry can contact the college and track downloads to their specific users, and sue the pants off the person in question.

It is difficult to understand the logic of the music companies here; college students are notoriously broke. It would serve them better to file a lawsuit against a more well-to-do target group, such as Cuban refugees, or the homeless.

I'm not sure exactly how this tracking system works; I'm not "computer-inclined." All these computer people say, "Oh, it's really such a simple language! It's binary logos incorporating some of the base ideas in Unix!" I say there are only so many words you can make out of ones and zeros.

Anyway, I think it goes something like this: some guys with white lab coats and no families and too much time on their hands trap one of these Napster songs, using, of course, an Ethernet. They sedate it with Barry White music before tagging and putting a tracker on it (called a "modem," or something). The song is then released back into the wild, where it is

shunned by other songs for being different, much like in junior high school.

Eventually, some unwitting consumer downloads this song onto his floppy drive, or his hard disk (that sounds real dirty, but it isn't), which is connected in some way to an interface or intranet or Web or something, which in turn is connected to a Napster server via a secret series of tunnels and pit stops previously used by the Underground Railroad.

After being downloaded, the tracker on the song emits a distress signal of desperate sonar beeps, much like the ones used by songs in the wild to alert the rest of the herd to trouble, such as an imminent remake by Madonna or Cher or, God forbid, Barbara Streisand.

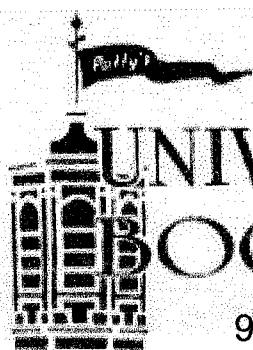
Anyhow, these guys in white coats follow that signal with an altogether different set of technological instruments, until they reach the unsuspecting student and demand, at the least, his firstborn child as compensation for the utter damage he has done to the record companies' fragile psyches and unstable businesses by listening to this song without buying the CD.

As smothering as this may seem, there are ways to defeat the record companies and some of them don't even involve pipe bombs! There are numerous other music download sites from which one can obtain his tunes. Scour.com is the site I am currently employing to do my illegal bidding. There are many others such as Macster and MP3.com that function similarly.

So, with a little organization, we can defeat the evil record empire and make music free for all mankind, including Cuban refugees and the homeless. And yes, that's my final answer.

(Author's Note: This was written before Scour.com went off-line, so now I am forced once again to be a musical nomad. Ah, the humanity! Also, you techno-computer-people out there who are unquestionably shocked by my horrific computer jargon, cut me some freakin' slack! I'm typing this column with my two index fingers, for God's sake!)

Special White
Space presents a list of
what The Monitor
deserves for Christmas:



UNIVERSITY
BOOKSTORE INC.

9 - 5 Mon. - Fri. 10 - 4 Sat.

Sell Your Books Now!

It doesn't matter where you bought your books, sell them at Patty's for the most CASH.

Reserve your books for next semester. Just bring us a copy of your schedule when you sell back your books.

Bring this coupon with you when you come to sell your books and receive 20% off any clothing. (This offer expires December 16, 2000.)

• ONE HOUR FILM & SLIDE PROCESSING
• WALLETS to 11X14
• COLOR COPIES

NORTHEAST CAMERA AND PHOTO LABS

FILMORE PLAZA on S. BALTIMORE

511 S. Baltimore
Suite 6, Fillmore
Kirkville, MO

Local:
660-665-8305
Toll Free:
877-494-4548

FREE TWIN PRINTS! Second set of prints free!
c-41 processing color print.
Good on 110, 35mm, & 24mm APS film
expires: December 31, 2000

The Monitor

Asian Studies Minor to come to a bulletin near you

story by I Rachel Schulz

Truman professors have been trying to create an Asian Studies minor for several years, but previous proposals have not met with success. However, this academic year could mark the end of the proposed minor's turbulent and emotionally-charged creation process.

Dr. Elizabeth Delmonico is trying to reach a compromise between conflicting academic interests of professors and divisions. At the same time, she is seeking to craft a minor that will be a holistic study of Asia and that will allow students to choose a specific area of interest within Asian studies.

Delmonico said that compromise between impassioned professors and between the divisions of Social Science and Language & Literature is a necessity. When asked how she felt about the degree of cooperation between professors and divisions, Delmonico said, "We're trying. I really want it done."

Conflict is rooted in differences of opinion about what courses must be required to have a complete Asian Studies minor. A space as large and culturally diverse as Asia has many areas that need to be addressed under the minor, such as philosophy, language, geography and religion.

The interdisciplinary vision that Truman has for its academic programs asserts that courses from the divisions of both Social Science and Language and Literature be incorporated into the minor.

Delmonico's proposed Asian Studies minor addresses interdisciplinarity by requiring students to take several core classes from both divisions and then choose a cultural emphasis. Potential emphases are East Asian Studies, Pan-Asian or Southern Asian Studies and Asian/Asian-American Studies.

"We want students to be able to get what they need from the minor," Delmonico said. The creation of three emphases will allow students

to pick a specialized area of Asian culture to study which will include course requirements that are most applicable to that emphasis.

For example, the East Asian emphasis has a language proficiency requirement plus three additional courses in other areas within Asian studies. The South Asian emphasis has requirements in both history or culture and literature or philosophy/region but does not have a language requirement. The Asian/Asian-American emphasis has course requirements that address modern concerns of Asian Americans.

The creation of three emphases is impressive because it is comprised of only pre-existing courses.

"The way to build is to assert that you can build without building," Delmonico said. A new minor must require courses that already exist at the university without hiring new professors or creating new classes. The administration cannot afford to give funding to a trial minor without knowing the applicability of the minor.

Delmonico said the minor "will be something that students can be proud to have completed."

Additionally, a minor will help potential employers clearly recognize a student's interest in Asian studies.

Although there has been more compromise and cooperation between divisions and professors for this proposal, it is still uncertain when the minor will be made available to Truman students.

When asked about the likelihood of the Asian Studies minor proposal meeting expectations of both divisions, Delmonico said, "It's going to happen this time."

An Asian Studies minor will not only help students direct their studies, but it will also give their personal interest academic significance.

"It would be nice to have something on paper about my interest in Asian studies," junior Matt Walczewski said.

Vienna Choir Boys have fun

review by I JJ Pionke

I have always wanted to see the Vienna Choir Boys and for that matter so has my Mom, so needless to say she was quite jealous I got to go and she did not. I thoroughly enjoyed their performance and was quite astounded to hear them sing in so many languages. I was surprised they sang in non-western languages more than anything else. The fact that they were able to was pretty cool in and of itself.

While we did get a flavoring of music from around the world, they also sang some English language music including "Amazing Grace" and "New York, New York." The song choices were interesting and beautiful. While it would have been nice to understand every song they sang, it was very cool to hear them sing in languages I didn't understand. I am not a classical music person, but I found myself truly enjoying these songs. I was not surprised they sang pieces that were of a religious nature. After all, some of the best music was made with God in mind!

What got me most of all was not only their dedication. Let's face it, 10-to-14-year-old boys don't tend to want to stay still for

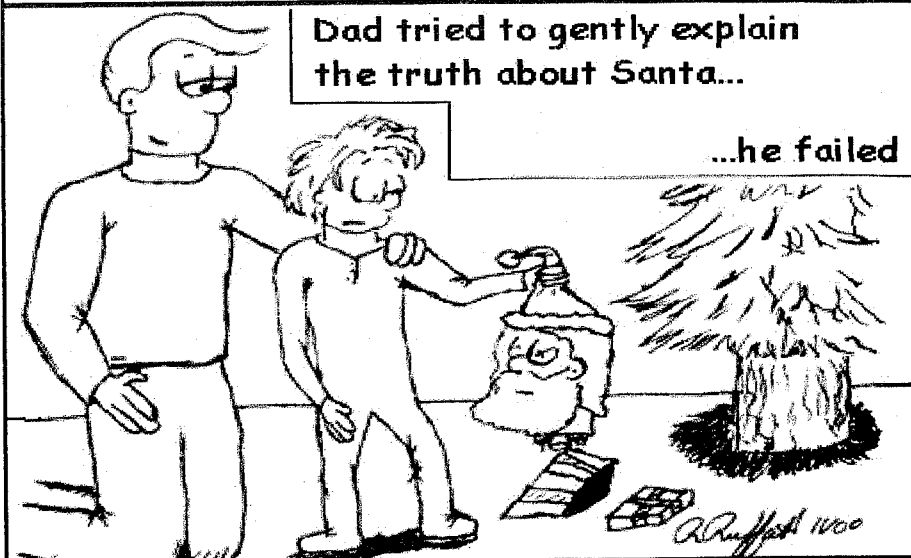
five minutes, much less an hour or so. What also got me was the fact that they sang so beautifully. Having never heard a group of pre-voice change youths sing before I was not sure what to expect. To say I was blown away by the soprano is an understatement. I was impressed by their voices because it was very obvious they had worked hard on them, took pride in them and, perhaps most importantly, enjoyed themselves on stage.

While most of the time they were serious, it was obvious they were having a good time. Further, they had their moments in which they tried to lighten up a little. I enjoyed those moments tremendously, because it said to me they were having a good time and realized music is not always as serious as some people try to make it.

Would I see them again? You bet. I thought they were great. I was impressed by their voices and their control. While there were a few slipups here and there, that is to be expected; after all, they are kids. Their music was mostly optimistic and served to lighten the heart a bit. If you missed them, keep an eye out for when they sing again. You definitely will not want to miss it.

Don't Be Afraid...

Ryan Ruffatti



Wanna make some money?!

(For *The Monitor*, that is.) We are seeking an advertising representative to help us pay for the paper. It's a great experience and a resume booster. If you're interested, call Tom at 665-6438.

BEARD'S GALLERY

Mattboard
Foam board
& Framing Supplies
and of course, fine art

120 E. Washington
665-4531
one block east of Pagliai's

NOW OPEN

Eclectics

Kirksville's Adult Entertainment Center

- Magazines -
- Gifts & Cards -
- Lingerie - Leather
- Video Sales and Rentals -
- Message Board -

Open

Monday-Tuesday

10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Wednesday-Saturday

10 a.m. to Midnight

Closed on Sunday

111 East Harrison

Kirksville

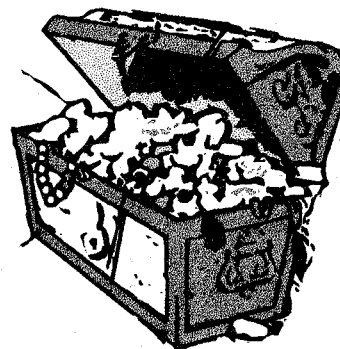
665-9441



**We Buy Used
Magazines & Tapes**

KIRKSVILLE'S HIDDEN TREASURES

an on-going series devoted
to discovering the wealth of Kirksville



feature by I Olivera Bratich,
Marie Montano and Leslee
White

"Knock, knock"

"Who's there?"

"Lazy"

"Lazy who?"

"Lazy B. Us"

That's right. Sorry readers, we've been stricken with a-motivational syndrome this semester. Although we've been neglecting our journalistic duties as "pirates of fun," we're still seeking out booty high and low, but mostly high. And oh the treasures this past semester has yielded! In this last issue of the semester, we have compiled a smorgasbord of our zany adventures.

#1 Kirksville High School Football Rules!

It's Friday. You ain't got shit to do. How about catching the Tiger spirit?! The Kirksville High School football team may have one of the worst records around, but their Friday night games are full of fun. And heart. So they don't "score touchdowns" or "win games," they do have some of the best tight ends in town (wink, wink).

The evening of the Homecoming game, we prepared for battle. Armed with orange and black face paint and costumes, we marched into the stadium ready to cheer our team to victory. Or, as it turned out, to tremendous defeat.

The place was packed and we worried about finding a parking spot. Well, the Homecoming gods were smiling down upon us that fateful night as the light shone on an empty space next to the rival team's bus. We paid our respects accordingly... let's just say us: 1, bus: 0.

Like dedicated fans we hooted and hollered and suffered through the cold -- a cold as biting as the bitter defeat of our Kirksville Tigers. We were kept warm by the fiery hot moves of the KHS cheerleaders. Then the heat was turned up a notch with the appearance of the 40 seven-to-ten-year--old

girls affectionately known as the "Rah, Rah Rookies." Their simulated sexual dance moves made us proud to know today's gender roles are firmly implanted in the next generation.

As members of the elite local press corps, we were treated to perks such as meeting the KHS mascot (he's a kitten, really) and the junior class Homecoming King and Queen (totally down to earth!).

So keep in mind next fall the team plays home or away games almost every Friday night. Kirksville Tigers: They're Grrrrreat!

#2 Breakfast in America

Do you ever find yourself hungry at around, oh, 5:00 in the morning? Well, you're in luck because from 5 a.m. to 9 a.m. you can find a hearty, home-cooked meal and a friendly smile at Rosie's Northtown Cafe.

North of Wal-Mart on Highway 63, Northtown Cafe is located directly in the center of America's heartland. Prices are reasonable and customers are guaranteed a slice of Americana with every meal.

The lunch special is handwritten and features a choice of main dish and three, count them, three, sides for only \$4.20. Now that's American Value. From the portrait of the American Flag to the smiling faces of the youth-impaired patrons to the waitresses' unforgettable TAPS, the hometown charm here is impossible to avoid.

The highlight of our trip was the discovery of a too-good-to-be-true raffle. We were delighted at the chance to win a free 8x10" glamour shot portrait from YOU-nique Studios.

As we scampered to find pens to fill out our entry forms, we noticed a disheartening disclaimer. Winners were required to pay a sitting fee of \$7.95 - big time bummer. Cheers to the Chocolate layer parfait, Jeers to raffles with super-lame-o prizes

Northtown Cafe might not be where Sally Sorority and Freddy Fraternity hang out, but you can do your part to improve town/gown relations while soaking in a little pride for the red, white and blue.

#3 Money from the Man



With the Tigers' mascot

Okay, we're going to divulge a major secret here. The key to finding hidden treasure in Kirksville is Channel 3, the local information station. That's where we first learned of "Coffee with the Council," a rare opportunity for ordinary citizens to see democracy in action.

Though the most recent meeting fell at an inconvenient time, 7 a.m. Halloween morning, the benefits far outweighed the drawbacks. The deal was sealed with the lure of a costume contest featuring a \$50 grand prize. Choosing costumes was easy. Of course we'd be a surgeon and a derby-wearing, cigar-smoking gorilla.

We entered the Hy-Vee cafeteria in especially high spirits that morning. A decent crowd had gathered -- all of them over 65 and *not* in costume. Our chances at \$50 were looking pretty good. First, they offered us free coffee (we were parched) and free doughnuts (we had a serious case of the munchies).

We then sat through an admittedly slow-paced presentation on the status of Kirksville's public transportation. The hot topic of the day was the airport crisis which had recently struck the jugular of the city. The question and answer section of the meeting provided an open forum for one neighborhood tattletale who takes per-

sonal offense at unsightly garbage.

The moment we'd been waiting for: the costume judging. We were still the only two people in costume, so we figured we'd be splitting a \$50 shopping spree. Council member Jo Morasco stepped up to award the winner. In an example of our council's excellent diplomacy skills, the two \$25 gift certificates were both awarded to the "gorilla-person" who was declared the "clear winner."

For our one-hour time commitment, we walked away with \$50 worth of Hy-Vee's finest booze and cigarettes. Thank you Kirksville City Council! See you at the next meeting in January 2001.

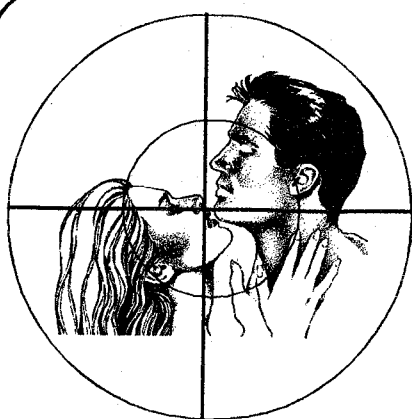
A final note: To our great disappointment, Mayor Bill Murray was unable to attend Coffee with the Council because he was recouping from major surgery. We urge readers to keep Mayor Bill Murray in mind this holiday season and even send him season's greetings at City Hall, 201 S. Franklin St. Be sure to thank him for his dedication to the city of Kirksville and for such hilarious films as Groundhog Day, Scrooged and Caddyshack.



With the Homecoming King and Queen



In costume



Part 6: The Stress Mess: Taking It Up the Ass During Finals

feature by I Lisa Magierowski

So, I was sitting in the quad the other day. The birds were singing, the weather was nice and psychotic squirrels were throwing nut shells at me when, suddenly, a cute guy walked by. And you know what... I didn't fucking care. I'm stressed out and I'm tired and the only thought running through my head is, "IHATE THIS GODDAMN SCHOOL!"

I don't know, maybe this rash of hate lust has something to do with my pathetic bombing of the last Anthropology test I took, or maybe this attitude has emerged because my procrastinating ass has put everything off until the last minute. More than likely, though,

Chutes and Ladders

An on-going look at Truman State relationships

this flu that hit me the minute I arrived in Kirksville after break has knocked my worn-out butt to the ground and is killing my desire to live. After all, it's practically impossible to praise God for giving you life when the Royal Mother of all viruses is shoving it up your ass while screaming, "You like *that* baby? Huh?"

Ah, hello tangent. Sorry about that, folks. I'm a teensy weensy bit bitter this week. Anyway, the point I'm trying to make here is how can anyone have a relationship while being bogged down in all this higher-education bullshit?

Well, the consensus here on campus is stress ain't nobody's daddy. Even the long-term relationship couples are experiencing no heavy breathing behind closed doors. (Let's take a moment to clarify: the *College Student's Dictionary* defines "long-term" as one year or more... a freakin' lifetime if you ask me.)

All this lack of sex doesn't bother me any — it just means I don't have to sing "It's a Small World, After All" 20 times until my roommate's boyfriend gets off. Hey, here's your household tip of the day: Walls are thin, people.

When I questioned a friend of mine about this whole stress-relationship thing, he told me at the worst point in the semester, he equated girlfriend with obligation. At the time, he felt being

together was like going to a class. He also said, of course, he didn't always feel that way or else he wouldn't be with her. Stress simply took over his brain.

After pondering the predicament my friends were in at this time of year, let's call it the Anal-Raping Finals Season, I wondered: are relationships always this hard? After all, if life has a way of beating you over the head with a 4x4 just for kicks... is there any hope for the future?

For the answer, I asked one of my favorite teachers, Don (pseudonym), who has known his wife since they were kids, if relationship stress lasts forever and not just in college. He told me getting his Masters really put pressure on his marriage, especially since he had two kids and was working five jobs. But, "trust and love pulls you through and the next thing you know, bang-bang, it's nineteen years later."

I'm so glad someone's happy this holiday season. My response: Oh yeah... Well, fuck your wonderful relationship and fuck you too, you fuckin' asshole. Have you not seen the icon at the top left corner of every article I write? Shit. Bend over everybody, it's going to be a very merry Finals Season.

Newest Zelda poses problems

The Legend of Zelda: Majora's Mask

review by I JJ Pionke



The Legend of Zelda: Majora's Mask for Nintendo 64 is an experience in the surreal and in time.

Like the last installment of this highly popular series, *The Legend of Zelda: Ocarina of Time*, music, puzzle solving and fighting all have a large part to play. This newest installment focuses more on problem solving and time control than anything else.

The premise of the game is you have been transported to another land where the moon is going to crush the town in three days unless you can stop it. Once you get your ocarina back you can control time and go back in time to the start of the three days.

The really bad thing about going back in time is that everything resets. While you are able to keep masks that you have acquired as well as other items, you lose all of your money and any bombs, etc. you have picked up.

However, the thing that gets me the most is that everything you have done for the people of the town resets as well. So, certain things you have to repeat to do other activities.

Gripes aside, this is a really good game. It is a lot of fun and if you do everything -- every puzzle and activity -- you are in for a lot of hours of Zelda fun. The puzzles are difficult but not so hard you can't solve them on your own. However, if you get stuck and need a little help, there are hint books you can buy or you can visit <http://www.zeldagames.com>. They have a wonderful forum where you can ask questions about where stuff is or what to do next.

The makers of *Zelda* did make some improvements over the last game, because the game requires the expansion pak, which gives the game console more RAM, the creators were able to put more stuff in the game as well as greater details. They added a lot more sounds as well as cleaned up a lot of the graphics.

One of the great things about this game is that many of the characters are throwbacks to *Ocarina of Time*. The game engine is the same as before as well, which means the transition time for the veteran *Zelda* player is nonexistent. For new players it will take a little bit, but it is not nearly as complicated as some other game engines I have experienced.

Finally, there are many elements to the game that simply kick video butt. The acquisition of masks as well as the solving of puzzles makes this game pretty incredible. The game is not as centered on fighting as the last game or the games before it, but rather the solving of puzzles and helping the townspeople take precedence.

This is a great game that will provide many hours of game play and will challenge even the most experienced of game players.

Dining With Sodexho

feature by I W. Aaron Wilson



Since moving to the fair city of Kirksville, I have become a regular at a local eating establishment, the renowned Ryle Hall Cafeteria. During my time here, I have become aware of certain stereotypes that haunt my preferred dining place. One of prominence is that it is difficult to be a vegetarian and eat on a day-to-day basis at the cafeteria. Thus, in the spirit of investigative journalism I renounced meat products for a week, in order to evaluate the cafeteria for its "veggie-tability." Here are excerpts from my journal.

Day One: Dinner was a rice and vegetable chimichaunga that managed not to fall into the trap of bulking up on carrots and celery, instead being filled with cucumbers, corn and rice. Delicious.

Day Two: Lunch was a blasé baked potato and slice of mushroom pizza. Dinner was tortellini in an over creamy pesto sauce.

Day Three: "This burger's a little tough. It must have been made from a Guernsey cow," The Dave, said. "Because most people don't know it, but those suckers are mean."

Day Four: I created my first vegetarian bagel sandwich from cheese, cucumbers, spinach leaves, green peppers and poppy seed dressing. Definitely a good meal.

Day Five: For lunch I had angel hair pasta with a tomato sauce that tastes a little bit too much like tomato soup. The week is over, finally, and I am free to gorge myself at a Chinese buffet.

Overall, my brief experience as a vegetarian surprised me greatly. I had expected the experiment to be extremely difficult to see through all the way to the end, and yet eating vegetarian didn't present too many problems to me. The cafeteria consistently supplied some kind of decent vegetarian entrée, and if they did not, I was able to create something myself.

However, having experienced eating at Ryle Hall Cafeteria, I realize the "rotation" system they use to select a day's entrées may grow tedious over a time period longer than a day. All of the vegetarians I spoke with expressed discontent over the range of vegetarian options. In this I see a need for improvement on the cafeteria's part, but not such a radical one as some people seem to think. After my experience I definitely agree this fine establishment needs to expand its vegetarian options, but in my opinion, as it is, they are doing a more than adequate job to meet the needs and tastes of a diverse body of patrons.

She: Undefined powers women

review by I JJ Pionke

November 18, the play *She: Undefined* was performed for the first time on-stage before a live audience. The play was the brainchild of Rachel Jenkins and was inspired by her enrollment in Linda Seidel's Feminist Criticism course this semester. The play itself was an interesting look into what it means to be a woman and how women define themselves.

Part of what made this play so wonderful was that while Jenkins focused on women's narratives, she also included narratives in which men played the key role. For instance, there was one skit in which a young man talked about making love to his girlfriend simply because he was too afraid to admit to being a homosexual. Further into the play another young man told a story of how he was stalked by a female teacher in high school who wanted to have sex with him. Both of these stories took a view of women as object and predator, views that are not so explicitly expressed in women-identified theater.

This was the kind of play that really made you think about womanhood, what it means to be a woman and how women are perceived and treated by society. It was an excellent and indeed brilliant piece of theater in which the audience, male and female, was able to identify with the topic and enjoyed themselves even though there were serious moments.

Perhaps most symbolically, throughout the play a rather curiously dressed woman stood in the corner and at the end of each skit's performance she would hand over an article that she was wearing or holding. Until finally by the end of the play she was nude on stage stating, "So what's left after it's all stripped away? No more labels to hide behind, no more definitions to explain myself. Just me, undefinable me." A very powerful ending to a very powerful play.

monitor reviews

Mama's Gun shoots competition

Erykah Badu
Mama's Gun
Motown Records

review by I Jonathan Cannon

Since radio stations first gave airplay to her '96 single, "On and On," Erykah Badu has been in a class by herself. With her mellow, Billie Holiday-esque vocals, she brought a relaxed, hypnotic sound of rim shot beats and down-to-earth vocals. There was a definite old school flavor to her music, although it stayed firmly rooted in R & B.

Four years after her Grammy-award winning debut album, Badu returns with *Mama's Gun*, in every way a superior album. The album is so rich that calling it R & B is almost an injustice -- at most, there are three straight R & B songs. The rest is a collage of funk and jazz; and not just jazzy R & B, or funky R & B, but jazz and funk.

The first track, "Penitentiary Philosophy," is a throwback to '70s Chaka Khan, a hard hitting funk/rock jam. In "Booty," she gets even funkier with Herbie Hancock-like keys, cowbells and playfully nonchalant lyrics that sound like the sequel to her earlier hit "Tyrone."

Lyrics are one of her strong points, too. She moves effortlessly from spiritual to glamorous and vulnerable. "I got a little pot in my belly/and nowadays my figure ain't so fly," she sings on the Roy Ayers track "Cleva." "My dress ain't cost nothing but seven dollars/But I made it fly."

There isn't enough to please R & B fans, though. She maintains some of her old sound with the tracks "Didn't Cha Know," "My Life" and the follow-up to "On and On," "... & On."

Likely, the radio friendliness of these tracks will inevitably make them future singles and, if the album was made up of only songs like these, *Mama's Gun* would have still been a decent album.

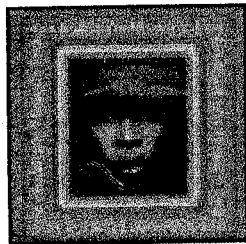
Instead, the rest of the album is almost entirely jazz. "A.D. 2000" is the nearest Badu will ever get to a Sade song, with acoustic guitars and deep, heavy background vocals. Both "Orange Moon" and "Bag Lady" (the latter a different, smoother version than the Dr. Dre-sampled radio single), are perfect examples of how no other R & B artist comes close to Badu's level.

"Green Eyes," the album's final track, is simply amazing. Somehow, the song takes you back to the 1940s; it begins with Badu's voice over piano, pocket trumpet and the crackling of an old record player and ends with flutes and... well, as she writes in the liner notes, "Y'all just listen."

Erykah Badu sings ballads like a true jazz vocalist; and in a time when contemporary jazz vocalists are rare indeed (Natalie Cole? I don't think so), she's much needed.

There's hardly any room for complaint with *Mama's Gun*. Maybe, it will annoy you that she changed the sequencing at the last minute (noted on the CD itself) and removed one of the songs described in the liner notes. Maybe you won't feel the reggae-ballad "In Love With You," a duet with Stephen Marley.

Overall, Ms. Badu's made a stellar album that fights tooth-and-nail against the sophomore jinx and is, in many ways, the best R & B album released in 2000. Up against the likes of D'angelo, Jill Scott and Sade, that's tough competition.



Don't mistake Sad Rockets for computers

Sad Rockets
Transition
Matador

review by I Erin Huckle

One thing Andrew Pekler, the sole member of Sad Rockets, is particularly adamant about is making sure his true-to-form, played-with-real-instruments and analog-recorded music is known as such.

Don't make the mistake of thinking a computer had anything to do with the creation of *Transition*. I'm not even sure it's ethical for me to be composing a review for this album on a computer.

It is in knowing *Transition* is void of digital production that reveals the true musicianship of Andrew Pekler. So many of *Transition*'s beat-heavy instrumental tracks sounds as if they could have easily been spliced and diced together by a digital editor (especially the synthetic chirps of "Senio Junior.")

But Pekler played all the instruments and is proud of it. Even if some of them do have that

mall organ shop vibe to them. It's that slightly sinister, mellow attitude that connects the many, what may seem to be incompatible, musical styles on *Transition*.

Funky electronic beats circle around while cheap, mellow jazz organs lay down their improvisational melodies. Elements of traditional rock, soft acoustic rock and even hip-hop crop up underneath the analog ceiling.

"Heavy Meta" [sic] has a thick overlay of hissing over the top of this double-agent movie theme. It sounds so much like a radio station that's faltering in and out of range, in a moment of subconsciousness I almost reached over to my car stereo to try and tune it to back to a stronger frequency only to realize it wasn't the radio at all.

The last track, "Twenty-seven," is strikingly similar to Pink Floyd and could easily be mistaken for a long-lost unreleased Floyd instrumental.

Pick this one up if you want something a little different than your typical techno. Oh and it might be a wise decision to go with the double LP instead of the CD. I think analog Andrew would want it that way.



Albums walk line between gangsta, backpacker

Dice Raw
Reclaiming the Dead
Motive Records

Jay-Z
Roc-La-Familia: The Dynasty
Rocafella Records

review by I Jonathan Cannon

There's a thin line diving hip-hop right now. On one side, there's gangsta rap, the dominant presence in the mainstream. Herein we'll find all the references to weed, rolling with the bling! bling! (or "wearing flashy jewelry" for the culturally un-hip), driving fast cars, sex with fast women, murder, etc.

On the other side is conscious rap, or backpacker rap as it's being called now. While the inner city life themes often remain in the lyrics, the message is a little more positive. With more of an R & B-influenced sound, backpacker rap usually describes the more introspective, emotional side of life.

Dice Raw carefully straddles this line.

The young artist first raised eyebrows with as a 14-year-old rapper on The Roots' 1995 album *Do You Want More?* Since then, he's become an unofficial member of the group, both touring with them and appearing on all their albums (i.e. "Clones" on *Illadelph Halflife* and the faced-paced "Dice vs. Diedre" on *Things Fall Apart*).

In his first solo LP, *Reclaiming the Dead*, he creates a voice of his own -- and that voice is strong. But be warned, from the introduction you'll realize this is definitely not another Roots album. Dice Raw's lyrics are much harsher than anything ever spit by Black Thought or Malik B, and about 70 percent of the beats are harder and darker than any Roots track recorded.

In the short "5 Stages of Death," Dice Raw rhymes a gritty tale of tragic demise over a haunting track: "Four's remorse, got you feeling sorry for the shit you did/Now you realize what goes around comes back, kid/Like when you shot up the block, and hit three little kids/You live by it, now you die by it, can you dig?" Half the tracks are in this fashion, while the other tracks are more open, lighter explorations of life, love and the struggle within a corrupt music industry.

Even with help from The Roots, who appear on a few tracks, the album scores best when Dice Raw rhymes alone. "Forget What They Say" and "If I Only Had

Words" (featuring Jill Scott) are by far the album's two best tracks. With an upbeat tempo and catchy hooks, they best suit Dice's heavy sound.

Although the album suffers a bit from some uneven production and a couple of unnecessary skits, overall the album is a satisfying happy medium between gangsta rap and conscious rap.

Far on the other side of the line is Jay-Z's new album, *Roc-La-Familia: The Dynasty*. Most of this album goes without saying. You'll find a handful of the usual head-bobbing cuts, including the destined-to-be-a-club-banger track "I Just Wanna Love U (Give it 2 Me)." Produced by The Neptunes, the track has a bouncy bass line and funk guitar sample. Add four or five more tracks of filler ("1-900 Hustler," "Get Your Mind Right Mami," "Holla") and you've got a typical Jay-Z album.

But if that were all, there wouldn't be much else to add about Jigga's new album. Yet within these standard tales of chrysalis-popping and club-hopping are no less than five really on-key songs that set *The Dynasty* apart from its peers.

Tracks like "This Can't Be Life" and the beautiful "Soon You'll Understand" are revealing open letters about Jay-Z's life. He switches the perspective entirely to describe a lifestyle more painful than glamorous: "You're my best friend's sister, grown woman and all/But you see how I am around girls, I ruin 'em all/Plus your mom calls me son, around you since I wasn't small/Shit, I watched you mature..."

In "Daddy," the album's final track, Jay and label mate Beanie Sigel share aggressive, hurt verses about abusive fathers: "Why you wanna leave these memories in the back of my mind, I can see it clear is



day, you smackin' my mom/And 'member the day you showed me that gat, that nine?/Put it in my [face] when I was young and told me that would be mine?/You turned me out, the reason that I hit the block, reason why I hit them cops..." You can almost hear the tears in their words in some of the most emotionally-driven tracks recorded since Tupac's *Me Against the World* album.

Whether you prefer gangsta rap or backpacker rap, *Reclaiming the Dead* and *The Dynasty* are pretty exceptional hip-hop albums. They're not out to change the face of hip-hop; all they're set to do is rock crowds and give honest commentaries on life... but mostly rock crowds.

PJ Harvey seeks acceptance

PJ Harvey
Stories from the City, Stories from the Sea
Island Records

review by | Shawn Gilmore

Louder and more raucous than *Is This Desire?*, *Stories from the City, Stories from the Sea* harkens back to an earlier musical styling for PJ Harvey. *Is This Desire?* was an album full of questions, concerning roles of femininity in society, how we distinguish love and lust, where we stand when we are in relationships. This album is an assertion: these are my wounds and roles, accept me as you will.

Harvey seems to be exposing certain parts of herself quietly, plaintively, a desperate lover looking for acceptance. Half of this album is softer, more begging, pleading for recognition and salvation. The other half is brash, bold, angry. She is saying: "You will take these things because they are part of me, so if you love me don't be a



hypocrite, own up to that love." It's ferocious and tender mixed on one album, without regard to sensibilities.

Stories is an album of mixed emotions, ending with "We Float," a song with the lyrics "We'll float/Take life as it comes," a summation of the entire album concept. Harvey has moved through styles, but *Desire?* and *Stories* seem to have settled on the angry siren with a heart. Outside is a solid exterior, singing songs of rage and power (not only asking for acceptance, but demanding it), inside is a timid Thel, searching for a tender lover with soft hands to hold her as she cries (and finds herself).

Harvey is playing the human experience to the fullest here, *this mess we're in* (from "This Mess We're In," a surprise duet with Thom York, of Radiohead), its consequences, quirks, and awkward moments. The human experience here is all important, all consuming, all there is to life. In that, this is a departure for Harvey in a way.

see HARVEY, page 12

Contender patronizes women

The Contender
starring Joan Allen, Gary Oldman

review by | Maureen Hannon

The Contender, written and directed by Rod Lurie, puts up a front as an empowering movie for women, but the underlying message falls short of any real value. Apparently well known for his controversial political commentaries and irreverent film critiques, Lurie took a step toward illuminating filmmaking with his second movie, *The Contender*. But in the end, the movie did little to advance the industry's or the public's awareness of issues concerning women.

The Contender is about Senator Laine Hanson, played by Joan Allen, who has been chosen by the president to replace the recently deceased vice president. Hanson, first introduced to the audience as she performs oral sex on her husband in her office, is struggling to be considered as an equal among her mostly male peers. In the meantime, however, the audience is given a distracting view of Hanson throughout the film. While she may be fighting for women's equality, she is continuously put back into a sexual position by scenes such as this.

Republican-turned-Democrat Hanson is challenged by a character attack by her conservative colleague Runyon, played by Gary Oldman. Runyon has apparently dug up Hanson's darkest secret, her videotaped role in a ménage à trois at a college party. And Hanson's only response to the accusations, the verbal attacks, the pictures, even the eyewitness testimonies is nothing. She is simply too dignified to respond to such irrelevant claims. Hanson explains that the only real reason for the attack is that she is a woman, that this attack never would have happened if she were a he. She even says that a man would not be criticized or questioned if he'd slept with two women, in fact he'd be praised. Her sex is really the only reason the audience is given for the attack.

From the beginning of the film, Runyon is very obviously patronizing toward Hanson. At one point, Runyon essentially says she should

not be vice president merely because she is a woman. He asks what *will* happen *when* she gets pregnant (as if she has no choice in the matter or that it is some freak event that would be so troublesome). This makes Hanson's silence about her past even more powerful and understandable. She doesn't want to be seen as a sex object, she doesn't want to be reduced to the sex acts she may or may not have performed, she doesn't think it fair to be rejected from the position of vice president for being female.

For a faint second, Hanson has the potential to become a voice for women. Now she'd have a chance to tell Runyon off, show him that being a woman doesn't mean inferiority, it doesn't mean housewife and mother. But she blows it. All she says is, "there's one thing you don't want, and that's a woman with her finger on the button who isn't getting laid." What the hell is that? Is that supposed to be an empowering statement? Am I supposed to cheer for that? Because I can't. She only sets women up as irrational bitches unless we get screwed every once in a while. Yeah, but we all know she's got no problem "getting laid." So there's nothing to worry about. Right?

Wrong. You can worry about this film and what it says about women. The movie is obviously geared to boost the morale of women struggling to be seen by men as equals, not just women, not just female bodies. A very worthy aim, but it doesn't succeed.

Throughout the movie, the audience gets flashes of Hanson's supposed ménage à trois. All we see is a screen full of naked ass, over and over and over again; and these scenes are pointless. Doesn't it defeat the character's motives, her silence and the presumed message of the film to include such demeaning, crude, exploitative scenes?

Hanson, as does the rest of the movie, only puts more emphasis on her sex; instead of diminishing that emphasis, as would be necessary for the equality that Hanson and women, in general, seek. While attempting to portray a heroine for women's future, she and the movie still fall into certain patronizing, sexist ruts.

Angels play stereotypes

Charlie's Angels
starring Drew Barrymore, Cameron Diaz, Lucy Liu

review by | Maureen Hannon

Well, I'm surprised! I'm almost scared to admit this, but I almost liked the new movie *Charlie's Angels*. I went into the theater just knowing that I was going to hate this movie, but sure enough I found myself laughing -- a lot. I laughed because it was a corny, over-the-top movie with outrageous action sequences. I laughed even though it didn't really do anything to better represent women in film. But I couldn't help enjoying it.

First of all, the movie is a remake of the '70s television series *Charlie's Angels*. And for those of us who grew up in a hole, the original show starred three beautiful crime-fighting heroines, financially backed by a mysterious, faceless millionaire named Charlie Townsend. The usually skimpily clad women sought out evildoers, while managing to maintain their gorgeous looks. Director McG, along with writers Ryan Rowe, Ed Solomon and John August, tried to bring the old era of Angels into the new girl-power era, but fell a little short.

Now, I'll admit it was in some way encouraging to see women on-screen doing what is typically reserved for men, action adventure. I understand how one could get caught up in the seemingly empowering roles Drew Barrymore, Cameron Diaz and Lucy Liu play. They all play beautiful, intelligent, brave, confident women. It would be easy to take pride in such strong representations of women. But I would like to question these representations.

I'd like to question the entire movie really. Without a doubt *Charlie's Angels* is intended to be over-the-top, from the overexaggerated chain-smoking bad guy to the crazy Matrix-like fight scenes. Neither the movie nor its characters are intended to be taken seriously.

The fact that the leading characters are women can especially not be taken seriously. Over and over these action figures come off to the audience as a joke. While Diaz breaks Bill Murray, playing the character Bosley, out of captivity, she stops for a phone call from her new boyfriend. While Liu is suspending herself at the ceiling of a trailer to avoid being riddled with bullets, she stops to see if her soufflé has fallen. After Barrymore is conned into sleeping with the bad guy, she spends the rest of the movie trying to get revenge. Don't worry, every stereotype about women gets play time.

OK, so I guess someone might argue that these little quirks in their characters just make them more realistic, but I don't think so. Why add one "realistic" characteristic to an otherwise entirely fictive character? Because that's what makes them funny.

The audience is obviously expected to laugh at these women's antics. We are supposed to laugh at these female action figures. We are expected to laugh, maybe even feel vindicated, when Diaz kicks the shit out of the hired thug that calls her a bitch. We are intended to feel that women are finally being presented as heroes, as real action heroes.

But really, it just seems like the movie makes fun of the very notion of a female action hero. And it is done in such a disguised way it would be easy to think it an empowering film.

For Wyclef, genres don't matter

Wyclef Jean
Eclectic 2 Sides II a Book
Sony/Columbia

review by | Jon Sanders

Wyclef Jean does not think of himself as a just a rapper. He gives voice to his opinion of himself during one of his entertaining between-song skits on his new CD, *Eclectic*. A police officer pulls over his tour bus and is about to search it when his deputy says, "Sir! It's that Wyclef Jean guy! He's one of those versatile rapper/musician types from up north!" in a hilarious hick accent.

It is an apt description of Wyclef, and nowhere is his versatility more evident than in *Eclectic*, the follow-up album to his highly acclaimed *Carnival* album. *Eclectic* takes Wyclef's eclectic sound to new levels. The old member of the Fugees teams up with several unlikely partners to produce a sound all his own. Some of his allies on his new CD are WWF superstar The Rock, country's famous balladeer Kenny Rogers, hot new diva Mary J. Blige, hot old diva Whitney Houston, the famed trio of Earth, Wind & Fire, his sister Melky Sedeck and a new African artist named Youssou N'Dour.

Wyclef integrates seamlessly what used to be considered conflicting styles of music on his third track, "Kenny Rogers-Pharoahe Monch Dub Plate," when he gets country superstar Kenny Rogers to re-record the chorus of Rogers' immortal "The Gambler" but with a slight hip-hop twist. In the second part of the chorus, Rogers croons, "You gotta count your dub plates/Before



you touch the turntable/ 'Cause when you run out of big tunes/It means your sound is done."

Wyclef acknowledges this oddball mixture later in the song, singing, "48 tracks/Country meets rap/Put this on full blast/I'm 'bout to break all formats." The sheer absurdity of the combination, when added to a heavy guitar beat to establish the pace, ends up sounding like either a foolish jest, or a brilliant hybrid. Either way, it is easily enjoyable.

Wyclef plays towards his pure rap fans with songs like "Da Cypha," and "However You Want It," which, oddly enough, are some of the weakest tracks on the album. Wyclef is more successful with his combination songs and offbeat style, like in the songs that carried the album to million-sold status: "It Doesn't Matter," featuring The Rock and "911," featuring Mary J. Blige. The former is a fast-paced techno-rap that consists of Wyclef boasting an accomplishment and The Rock cutting him off with his catch phrase, "It doesn't matter!" It is simple, but entertaining. The latter song is a sad love ballad, where Wyclef and Blige are two lovers who know they cannot be together and Wyclef's ragged yet pleasing vocals indicate an air of frustration.

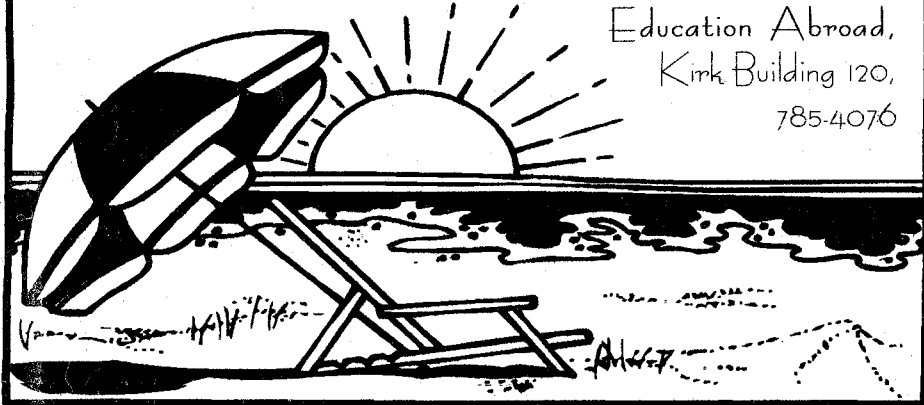
Combined with Wyclef's angry tribute to the murdered New York immigrant in "Diallo," his wonderful guitar work in the Pink Floyd cover

see WYCLEF, page 12

Applications for the International Student Exchange Program (ISEP) are due in the Center for International Education Abroad **NO LATER** than January 18, 2001.

Applications packets must be complete by this date in order to receive consideration for placement in the Fall 2001/Spring 2002 semesters.

This deadline is for ISEP ONLY.
Application packets are available in the
Center for International
Education Abroad,
Kirk Building 120,
785-4076



Tensions boil in Middle East

brief by I Jerry Schirmer

Israeli-Arab tensions have reached their worst point since 1982. In response to the conflict between the Israeli government and the Palestinian people, Egyptian president Hosni Mubarak has recalled the Egyptian ambassador to Israel. Jordan, the other Arab state with diplomatic relations with Israel, has delayed the arrival of its new ambassador in protest to the current conflict.

This action marks a very dangerous point in Israeli-Arab relations, as the recall of the Egyptian ambassador has the potential, if there is a further freeze, of overturning the 1979 Camp David accords, which required that there be full diplomatic relations between the two countries. Furthermore, the various organizations of Arab states have issued resolutions decrying the current conflict in the West Bank. If the current situation is allowed to deteriorate, then it is possible that the current problems could come to head in another Arab-Israeli war, something that has not taken place since the 1970s.

HARVEY, from page 11

On *Rid of Me* and *To Make You Feel My Love*, Harvey was passionate, energetic, and soulful, introspective about herself, but forthrightly making it clear that now was the time that she would be accepted. *Desire?* was an effort in quiet soul, but examining society and others in the process. *Stories* is the refutation of that, approaching only acceptance of self, and appreciation of that acceptance.

Musically speaking, *Stories* is more dramatic than previous attempts, and more eclectic, though there isn't the cohesion that previous albums have. Working with Mick Harvey and Rob Ellis once again, Harvey plays much of the music herself, although the quality of the music here is better than in previous albums. Strikingly enough, the piano melodies here actually shine for once, and bring a lightness to the more plaintive tracks that is much appreciated.

Overall, *Stories* hinges not on the lyrics, or on the music, but on Harvey herself. She is still a dynamic presence on the music scene, and this album is another example of that presence. With *Stories*, Harvey continues her tradition of powerful, introspective rock, doing it her own way. This is an excellent choice to build a PJ Harvey collection, though *Is This Desire?* may be a better start into Harvey's eclectic career.

WYCLEF, from page 11

"Wish You Were Here" and his catchy defense of girls who work in strip clubs in "Perfect Gentlemen," *Eclectic* is a decided success. Wyclef's throaty, melodic vocals and his one-of-a-kind rhythm come together with his penchant for the original and his eclectic tastes to produce a wonderful album that would go well in any collection. It leaves you with the feeling, "What, or who, is next?" Wyclef's progress report would most definitely read, "Works well with others."

Cops beat protesters

story by | Daniel Coate

"T! A! B! D! Does not spell democracy!" echoed through the streets of Cincinnati during the N16 protests. As about 350 protesters, myself included, marched against corporate globalization, the Trans-Atlantic Business Dialogue (TABD), a group of 120 CEOs and U.S. and European government officials working to increase free trade across the Atlantic, held its annual conference, protected by more than 100 heavily armed and armored riot police, in the Omni Netherland Hotel in Cincinnati.

From Nov. 16 to 19, as protestors took to the streets in Cincinnati, it became apparent whom the police are serving and protecting. In only four days, the Cincinnati police arrested 52 people on a variety of charges, including jaywalking, in order to protect some of the world's wealthiest men from a group of non-violent protestors led by Sister Alice Gerdeman, a local nun.

Around 8:45 Thursday evening, while about 100 protestors surrounded by mounted, riot and motorcade police chanted and held signs showing their disapproval of the TABD outside of the Cincinnati Music Hall, where the TABD delegates were watching a performance, two men entered the building, hung a banner reading "End Corporate Rule," and began explaining to the audience why the TABD needs to be stopped. Eighteen police officers quickly swarmed on and arrested the two men.

At about 1:30 p.m. Friday, after a rally at Sawyer Point, an energetic march through downtown, and a 350 strong rally at Fountain Square, all with permits, we prepared to march back to Sawyer Point, but there was a problem: the police said we didn't have a permit to march back. After waiting behind a line of mounted police officers for several minutes, the police, left with no choice, reluctantly agreed to let us march back with police escorts.

At about 2 p.m., the mounted police lead the way, traveling much faster than the march, had distanced themselves from us by almost a block. About 200 of the protestors, led by Black Bloc, decided to take advantage of the situation, splitting from the march and heading south on Vine towards the Omni. In order to protect ourselves from the pursuing riot police, who were armed with batons, tasers, pepper spray, tear-gas and shotguns, we surrounded ourselves with our banners and several police barricades.

At the corner of Fourth and Vine two lines of riot police and a line of charging mounted police intercepted us. After stopping and surrounding us, the police began spraying us with pepper spray. During the ensuing confusion, the police grabbed and arrested two random individuals. One of the two had his jacket ripped off as the police threw him face down on the road. He was quickly cuffed and thrown in a police van.

The second protestor, unarmed, initially tried to protect himself from the police and hide in the crowd. The police jumped on him, slammed his face on the pavement, stepped on his neck, twisted his arms, and pepper sprayed his bloody face. We watched in horror as more police jumped on the defenseless man, stepping on the back of his knee, kneeling his spine, and beating with batons the defenseless man. No medical team was allowed to attend to his injuries.

At this point, we started heading towards the waterfront, the direction of Sawyer Point. The police officers began chasing us and firing beanbags from their shotguns, rubber bullets and at

least one canister of pepper gas. The group was broken up again at this point and I was separated from two of my three companions. With our numbers seriously diminished, the police were able to break up the group I was in and drive us out of the downtown area in about 30 or 40 minutes.

At the union picket that night outside of Union Terminal, where the TABD delegates were dining, things remained peaceful, for the most part. Those in front of the Terminal were extremely cautious, seeing as they were outnumbered nearly four to one by the police. Meanwhile, police officers were patrolling the city in their white vans looking for potential protestors to harass and/or arrest. One of these vans rolled up on two of my companions, who were taking a nap in their car a few blocks from the union picket. Four police officers jumped out, one armed with a shotgun, the other three with pistols, and forced them out of the vehicle at gunpoint. The police accusingly questioned my companions and two other young males who had been in the area, searched them and their vehicles, and threatened to arrest the driver because he had misplaced his driver's license.

As protestors began to assemble at Fountain Square around noon Saturday, they were greeted by about 100 mounted and riot police. The square was barricaded and anyone wishing to enter was stopped and searched by the police. During the rally, several protestors were arrested for crimes such as jaywalking or violating the city's mask ordinance. After the rally, we proceeded to march through the downtown on the sidewalks, surrounded by heavily armed riot cops, making stops at the Kroger, Procter & Gamble, and Chiquita Headquarters.

Unfortunately, before we could finish our first circling of the building, an impressive police force blocked us in on both sides. When several people began stepping into the streets and yelling at the police to let us pass, a line of mounted cops, followed by a group of riot police pushed us against the wall and began spraying CS gas. The riot police began pulling people, those who had been the loudest, off the sidewalks, beating them, and arresting them.

The police eventually allowed people to leave in groups of four, warning that those who stayed would be arrested. As my companions and I were waiting to leave, a couple of people in front of us, also trying to leave, were pepper-sprayed for no apparent reason. Even after leaving the Justice Center, we were harassed by police, who had at that point begun patrolling for groups of more than four protestors to harass and/or arrest.

We left shortly after the incident at the Justice Center, not without being stopped and harassed by police in full riot gear on more than one occasion. Several protestors were arrested or ticketed for jaywalking or wearing masks that evening and a group of fifteen sitting on the sidewalk was arrested. The Cincinnati police arrested 47 people on Saturday, 52 total.

Despite the heavy police resistance and the large number of arrests at N16 in Cincinnati, the voices against corporate globalization were not silenced. The resistance to organizations such as the WTO, the IMF, the World Bank, and the TABD is growing and no police force can stop those determined individuals who have taken to the streets in London, Seattle, Washington, D.C., Prague and Cincinnati to protest globalization and capitalism.

The making of *Dumping Jenny*

story by | Andrew Ashbaugh

The lights dimmed and the movie title flashed on the two overhead screens in large white lettering before an overflowing audience in Violette Hall 1000, marking the birth of a new independent film.

But for the 17 cast and crew members who helped put *Dumping Jenny* together, most of them Truman students, the Nov. 18 screening marked the culmination of a six-month journey into the exciting but exhausting world of feature-length filmmaking.

"After seeing the whole movie play through, after hearing the audience laugh and hearing them gasp and hearing them silent, I felt relief," senior Todd Kuhns, who directed the film, said. "I'm glad it's over. I've put six long, hard months into this, often at the expense of my schoolwork. I'm glad to put it behind me now and move on to another project because I was starting to get sick of it."

Even after spending so much time crafting the finer points of the movie, Kuhns could not contain his excitement at the screening audience's enthusiastic reaction.

"We had a great turnout," Kuhns said as he stood outside the door to the cast party, plastic cup in hand, collecting donations under the dim red light of a neon Budweiser sign for the band that was performing. "People laughed at all the right parts. People even laughed at parts I didn't know they would laugh at."

The concept behind *Dumping Jenny*, a dark comedy that satirizes the nature of college relationships, originated with a conversation Kuhns had with his family during a car ride. Kuhns then organized his ideas for the film's main characters and plot.

In the spring, he decided to approach Dakota Russell, a high school friend with a knack for playwrighting, about turning his raw ideas into a script.

"Dakota and I, for the past six or seven years, have talked about going into filmmaking," Kuhns said. "A window opened up, and I said, 'Dakota, this is the time. The technology's there with digital filmmaking. I have all sorts of resources here at the university, and I have a strong pool of actors I can pull from. Let's make a movie now.'"

In high school, Russell had written a 30-minute play called "Over My Shoulder" that won the International Thespian Society's Playworks Award and was a semifinalist for Stephen Sondheim's Young Playwrights Festival. He was receptive to Kuhns' idea.

"Todd told me what he was thinking about, and we brainstormed about it for a little while. Then he said, 'That's great, Dakota. I'll be down in two weeks to see the final copy,'" Russell said. "I managed to stall him on the last 20 pages because I wanted to get them just right, but it was pretty much just a spur of the moment thing. He asked me, and I spent the next two weeks of my life on it and got it done."

When the script was complete, Kuhns asked various acquaintances who would be staying in Kirksville over the summer to read for the film's different roles. Russell's script made a good impression on them.

"When I first read the script, I thought it was great," senior Dan Tucker, who played the role of Dan, the main character in the film, said. "I think Dakota really captured the college atmosphere, that mindset. I thought it was really funny, [but] I was kind of afraid that I wouldn't be able to pull it off because I really didn't know

if I'd be able to act at all."

The apprehension was contagious.

"I was really impressed with [the script]," graduate student Paula Lampe, who played the role of Catherine, said. "But I also thought, 'How are we going to do this with one camera, a crew that haven't done anything like this before, and some people who have done acting, [others] that haven't? ... How is this going to come together?'"

Nonetheless, the nine-person cast and eight-person crew began filming *Dumping Jenny* in June. Before they shot the first take, however, time pressure became a factor.

"We were on a deadline because Mitchell, played by Matthew Spomer, was getting married and moving off to Japan a week after we finished filming," Kuhns said. "So he would be gone. If we needed to reshoot anything with him [in it], that was just too bad. We couldn't."

As a result, all of the film's raw footage, nearly 10 hours worth, had to be shot during the month of June. With cast and crew members juggling summer classes and jobs, time was not always easy to find.

"I rarely did any homework or any studying over the summer because we were working on this every night," Tucker said with a laugh. "We started off only filming every other day for a couple hours. Then, as we got along and realized that we weren't going to be able to finish it on time, we had a set number of things that we had to get through, and we didn't leave until they got done."

In the final week, eight-hour filming sessions ending at two or three in the morning were not uncommon.

"It was a lot of work, but it was a lot of fun," Aaron McPherson, who played Colby, said. "That was the thing that was great. We got a lot accomplished, but it was almost like a big party for most of the month."

The positive morale of the cast and crew was one of the primary reasons that Kuhns was able to film on such a tight schedule.

"Surprisingly enough, with all those things to work around, the cast was there all the time," Kuhns said. "They never complained. That blew me away as a director, because I was ready to deal with people who would get kind of fidgety and antsy, but none of that happened. Not a single person was anything but positive about this project from the very beginning to the very end."

When time constraints were not the primary concern, special effects were. Although the script for *Dumping Jenny* did not have many difficult scenes to film, one key plot point involved Tucker's character accidentally setting his living room on fire while in a drunken stupor.

Kuhns volunteered his living room for the scene.

"I'm the man who set the couch on fire," Russell said with a proud laugh. "We sort of laid out how we were going to do it, but in the end, all of that fell apart and it was complete chaos. The way we figured it, we had some lighter fluid and we had Todd's furniture. We figured the lighter fluid ought to burn off the furniture without leaving a mark."

The scene required Tucker to run into the room with a fire extinguisher and put the blaze out. Before attempting the stunt, however, Kuhns sought professional advice.

"We went to the fire department to ask their advice as far as what we should use for [an extinguisher]," Kuhns said. "I said, 'I'd like

something that shows up really well on film, that's very dramatic, but I don't want it to make too much of a mess.' They just looked at each other and laughed in my face."

The fire department recommended an extinguisher that sprays a thick, white powder for dramatic effect, but they warned Kuhns that it would leave a mess.

"Let me tell you, they weren't kidding," Kuhns said. "It left a mess and it was a pain to clean up, but it was worth it in the end because I think it really showed up on film pretty well."

Nervously, the crew placed an inconspicuous layer of protection over Kuhns' living room furniture, sprayed lighter fluid on it, and lit a match.

"We started this up, and the fire went OK," Russell said. "[Tucker] ran in and sprayed the fire extinguisher. The thing we didn't think about is that when you spray that stuff into a room, it immediately takes all the oxygen out of the room. So we had to vacate the house and leave all the dust to settle. Then we went in and shot it [again]."

Eventually, the crew captured the fire of film without damage to any members of the cast or any furniture, yet the final result left Kuhns wanting.

"I would've liked to have burned up the whole couch," Kuhns said. "We put a pretty impressive blaze on the screen I thought, but I had envisioned a more impressive blaze. ... If there was anything I would've done more, it would've been that."

The resourcefulness that the cast and crew of *Dumping Jenny* displayed in the fire scene was a recurring theme throughout the filming process. It was necessary with the movie's small budget.

Including the purchase of the digital camera that filmed the entire movie, *Dumping Jenny* cost almost \$2,000 to make. Most of that money came directly from Kuhns and Russell.

"I think it was amazing what we could do with what we had," McPherson said. "We worked with a camera bought from Wal-Mart and Todd used the movie editing software that comes with Macintoshes. I think it's impressive to see what you can do with just a little determination and not a lot of money."

One thing that did not cost anything was the film score. John Thomas Griffith, lead guitarist, singer and songwriter for the Louisiana rock band Cowboy Mouth, agreed to score the film for free.

"[We] asked him about using some music in the film, and he got pretty excited because he wanted to get into film scoring," Kuhns said. "This being a first project for both of us, he just wanted to do it for the experience."

Griffith wrote the entire score for "Dumping Jenny" while on tour with Cowboy Mouth without ever meeting anyone involved in the making of the movie face to face.

"We conversed mainly through e-mail," Kuhns said. "I would mail him VHS tapes of the movie as I had it edited and he, on the road with a laptop, composed the music exactly to the movie. [Then he] burned it onto a CD and that's what I would play into the movie [based] on his time code specific instructions."

The arrangement worked out well for the film makers, providing them not only with a score written by a professional musician free of cost, but attaching a comparatively recognizable name to the movie at the same time.

"It's a great score, I love it," Kuhns said. "I'm tickled pink with a lot of the little things he did with it. It ended up blowing me away when I put it all to the movie and watched it."

Editing was by far the most time-intensive step in the process of putting *Dumping Jenny* together. It took Kuhns and Russell nearly five months to turn the original tapes into a feature-length film.

"It was time-consuming," Kuhns said. "But editing was a little more easygoing [than filming] because I had some time to work with it and I had a lot to choose from. We did it right. We shot a lot of different footage from different angles, so I had a lot to choose from in case there were problems and things didn't work."

When Kuhns finally emerged with the finished product, even members of the cast were surprised with how it turned out.

"I was amazed," Lampe said. "I knew it was going to be good, but I couldn't believe it was that good. There were certain times where I knew we were having trouble with certain lines, but ... he played with it and used it to his advantage. I was like, 'Wow, we did that? Way to go Todd! Thanks for making us look good.'"

The future of *Dumping Jenny* is still largely uncertain. Kuhns and Russell are considering entering it into a Kansas City film festival.

"We're not going in looking to win anything, but we'd definitely like to see the reactions of some audiences outside of Truman, maybe even outside the college student atmosphere," Kuhns said. "We'd like to have that opportunity to get some feedback on the film and to make some connections with people doing other things."

Kuhns and Russell formed a production company called Red Forty Entertainment to release *Dumping Jenny*. Soon they plan to begin work on the company's second project.

"We're making a half-hour short, which we're looking to tour the festival circuit called *Breakups With Guns*," Russell said. "It's going to be a little more stylistic than *Dumping Jenny*, a lot more visually challenging. Todd and I are very interested at this point in developing our own personal Red Forty style of filmmaking that you can identify."

After getting a sample of the filmmaking process, Kuhns and Russell are excited about the future of Red Forty Entertainment and the possibility of careers in filmmaking.

"It's what I want to do with my life," Kuhns said. "It's a challenge, yet very rewarding in the end for a lot of people. I like to be able to share that victory with everybody on the cast and crew who spent so much time and so much energy and even money to really put out a great product that they could be proud of. I hope the everybody's proud of it."



The 12 Days of Finals

On the ____ day of finals, my teachers had given me:

An ulcer in my stomach lining	8 full-fledged guilt trips,
2 take-home essays,	9 attendance quizzes,
3 five-page study guides,	10 dumb presentations,
4 vocab lists,	11 busy work assignments,
5 migraines,	12 nervous breakdowns,
6 class critiques,	
7 missing grades,	

poem by | Lisa Magierowski

UNBELIEVABLY TRUE

actual news from around the world

feature by / Joe Rothermich

Russell Jones, better known as the rapper Ol' Dirty Bastard, was caught last Tuesday in a McDonald's drive-thru. Jones had been wanted by police in New York and Los Angeles since he escaped from a drug-rehabilitation center Oct. 17, in Pasadena, Calif. Jones has been arrested nine times in the past 13 months for various drug and motor vehicle charges.

Sony's U.S. division has decided to pull a series of Christmas ads that may insult Santa Claus according to Reuters. The six series ad campaign tells a story of Santa being kidnapped in a shopping mall by two men. The abductors play many tricks on Santa warning that Christmas will not happen unless people shop at Sonystyle.com. Sony pulled the ads after questions of whether the commercials kept in tune with the holiday spirit.

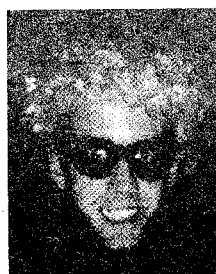
A new study by Forsa, a Berlin-based polling institute, showed some women are looking for more than just a kiss on the cheek at the office holiday party according to Reuters. Seven percent of the women polled said they use office parties as an opportunity to be unfaithful to their partners. However, only one percent of men reported the same.

Your ad here.
(Or anywhere
in the paper.)

Call Tom at 665-6438
for our dirt cheap rates.

If you don't like what you see here, write us a letter. Better yet, come to one of our meetings and write for us on a regular basis. Disagree with us! Instigate controversy! Be read by an audience of thousands!

The Monitor is open to everyone. If you don't believe us, try us. It's your paper, too.



Queen Astra

Let the stars
be your guide!

Aries (March 21- April 20): Next time you have a cough, go ahead and drink the whole bottle of cough syrup. See what happens. (***) Queen Astra takes no responsibility for any harm done to anyone following her advice. Hey, it's just my job to read what's "in your stars.")

Taurus (April 21- May 22): Looking for the secret to your success? It's up your butt and around the corner.

Gemini (May 23-June 21): If there's grass on the field, play ball. I think you know what I mean, Gemini. And it's not about baseball.

Cancer (June 22 - July 24): Don't go to the library. The library fucking sucks.

Leo (July 25-August 23): Run.

Virgo (August 24-September 23): Studies show: 'tis the season for suicide.

Merry Christmas.

Libra (September 24-October 23): Fuck milk, got pot?

Scorpio (October 24-November 22): Naughty? Nice? Naughty.

Sagittarius (November 23-December 21): Sagittarius horoscope deemed too close to call. Capricorn demands recount.

Capricorn (December 22-January 20): Think about how things would be if you were never born. Come on, would it really be that bad? Really.

Aquarius (January 21-February 19): Want to be more accepted by your peers? Buy a yellow coat. And while you're at it get yourself one of those newfangled scooters, Ace.

Pisces (February 20-March 20): See Taurus.

Pancake City



"Carry-outs welcome"
Open 24 hours, 7 days a week



150 menu items -- All your favorite appetizers

HUGE PORTIONS

End of Semester Late Night Specials

Sunday 11 p.m. to 3 a.m.
All-U-Can-Eat Pancakes \$1.99

Monday 11 p.m. to 3 a.m.
All-U-Can-Eat Biscuits & Gravy \$1.99

Tuesday 11 p.m. to 3 a.m.
1/2 price Cheddar Nugs

No limit -- dine-in only

Credit cards accepted 665-6002



ART PAGE

The Aquadome is currently featuring "The Censored Work of James A. Jereb," Associate Professor of Art at Truman State University, 121 N. Main, 7 p.m. to 1 a.m., Mon. through Thurs. All works are monotypes made in 2000. Artist statement summary: "...While the images are recognizable as identifiable objects, they often perform the role of symbol -- substituting for persons, feelings or emotions." "...Objects presented may initially seem disassociated as though placed into an unexpected context. Relationships are then constructed based on differing levels of description. These variations heighten or subdue attention to the elements in each work."



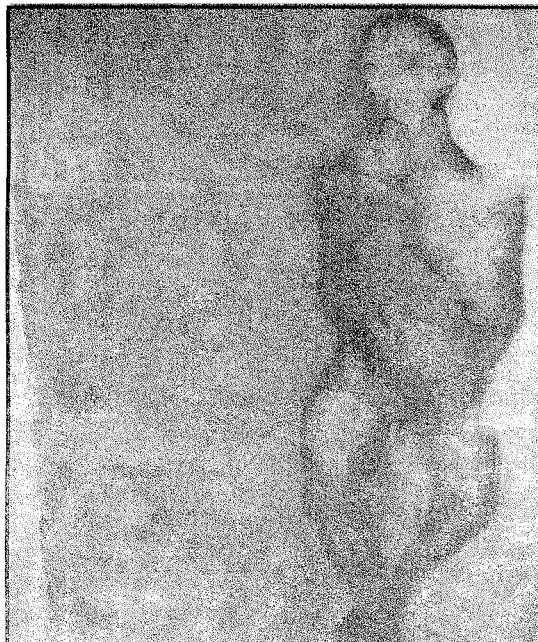
Censorship



Wishing for Something Different



Proximity



Reality Check



Ex Libris



Looks Are Deceiving

Q: Why do you think these works were censored from Truman's campus?



Benjamin Cory Garrett

"Because our campus is afraid to put anything in the Student Union Building that might scare away potential students."

"So they are basically saying the naked body is not accepted? You can only portray perfect people."



Daniel Myers

layers of pigment
in the tired eyes of man
soul excavation

—Annie Christian

shame

shame

for the domination i crave
how i want him to deprave me

guilt

for cowering to the masculine
a self-disrespecting sin

desire

to be churned into butter
that melts on his tongue

—Sheila Witherspoon

Kirksville

Orange skies with splashes of pink —
make me sink —
deeper into the green-brown couch that sits illegally on
my porch.

These mis-matched streets,
and sidewalks that break in two,
somehow remind me of the foreverness of You.

This broken window pane,
with rusty nails —
frames this endless sky,
a sky,
that lays like a blanket over this town,
this small piece of universe,
this frozen moment of time —

I feel lucky to have this vision.

I experience the bittersweetness of this morning —
As I watch the brief moments, of motionless beauty
creep from behind the horizon —

So I close my eyes and pretend,
That I too —
Could drip,
And melt,
down the leaves of grass —
becoming new,
being cleansed by the morning dew.

—Melissa Wood

Sonnet of the Suitor

When life rains down its sorrow on me
And drenches me through to the soul,
All I need do is gaze upon thee,
Your radiant smile warms me dry; makes me whole.
No man can be dismayed when around thee
For to know you is to know God is real -
Such perfection Nature ne'er crafted so beautifully
Yet Nature doth lend you her Natural appeal.
Thou art such that every man must love thee
So you shall break a hundred million hearts;
And in this crowd of courtiers, I stand humbly
And pray that Cupid strikes thee with my dart.
For thy returned love would so amplify this love of mine
As to turn the cup of harshest poison into sweetest wine.

—Jon Sanders

When Little O is Born

Yesterday I decided to
mature and have a child,
make a little boy to beat
instead of pound myself.
I wrote down his name
and the sports he'll play,
then sat back and dreamed
how to hurt him
when he smiles gay—
put a comb in his nose,
watch blood scratch out,
make him lick stains,
tape his tongue to red swipes,
kick his ribs while he squirms.

When he's my age,
burden sent from
me to the world,
I'll smile proud at
how tall he stands
without my concerns to
create his pain.

Yes, I'll be a father and
vent the rage of bliss.

—Orlando L. Williams

I have long since long-ed for
That longing
That I have since long-ed for

When
As is
Is as I manifest all
And
Variably encompass without sunshine

With this
Time erodes...

—Demond Baine

The Thinness

1

The day he was born
he drew milk from her
so fiercely
what should have been teaspoon
spilled out of her by late evening.
Her body opened: mile blood baby
water on the same day.

Those were the days she wondered
what her body could do.

2

It was years before she knew
it could claim her
closing her
one cell at a time.

3

The son can still see her
waiting for him
on the top step
on the front porch
hair pulled back in thin strings.
She sits, a wisp, with her cigarette,
smoke curled round her,
then into the air.

Thumb and forefinger
the width of her wrist
her skin
white in the porch light
doesn't pinch from the bone.
She can feel her own thinness,
paraffin,
leafmark on the back of her hand.

—Jennifer Hatala

Start the new semester
right: submit your poems to
My Back Pages. Submit
them to the *Monitor* mail-
box in the CAOC or e-mail
them to Shawn at
x289@truman.edu