



# THE MONITOR

Truman State University's only source for thorough coverage of community issues, student affairs, politics and culture  
a Campus Collective

Volume 8, Number 1 / 23 August 2001

## University funding reduced

story by | Derek Spellman

The University faces at least a 5% cut in state funding for the 2002 fiscal year after a shortfall between Missouri's actual and projected income forced Governor Bob Holden to slash higher education appropriations.

The cuts amount to a loss of at least \$2.1 million for the University and affect a host of functions, including equipment purchases, real estate acquisitions, future capital improvement projects and the filling of some job vacancies.

While the prospects for deeper cuts seem remote, Jack Magruder, the University President, said, the University will shed 15% of its state budget for the 2002 fiscal year. Four weeks ago the University braced itself for at least a 15% appropriations withholding, and although its financial prospects have brightened recently, the University will still plan for a 15% loss in state funding in case Governor Holden must reissue the original cuts.

Technically, the University faces an 8% cut for 2002, but Magruder said that the state government always withholds 3% of higher education appropriations and the University never expects to receive those appropriations anyway.

"Projections are very difficult," Dave Rector, the University Budget Director, said. "You are trying to predict things about the economy, about taxation and so forth. This year, the economy can't seem to make up its mind, and so there is a bit of uncertainty. So we are planning conservatively [with the budget]."

Academic functions will bear the brunt of the withholdings, Garry Gordon, Vice-President for Academic Affairs, said.

"I tried to prevent a 15% across the board budget withholding," Gordon said of his Academic Affairs budget. "We tried to look at certain areas in the budget for withdrawal [of funds]. Then division heads told me what they could withhold. And in the end, no division incurred a full 15% withholding, except the library."

Gordon said that while funding allotted for salary increases and for construction projects already under contract will not be rescinded, the University will circumscribe appropriations for travel, faculty sabbaticals and research grants, equipment purchases such as new computers, and the filling of some job vacancies. Functions such as the Distinguished Visiting Scholars Program will also be temporarily suspended and opportunities for student employment at the University will also be diminished.

Gordon also said that the University devised its budgetary strategies so as to reduce the impact on students.

"We placed the mission of the University first, which is to help students," he said.

Gordon said that the University will not impose a student surcharge, increase student tuition, or alter its scholarship packages for the spring 2002 semester. He also said that the University did not rescind any of the funding allotted for student research or for campus Diversity. Gordon also said that while the library's acquisition budget has been slashed, MOBIUS, the state's interlibrary loan network, will ensure that students are able to obtain research information and materials.

Magruder said that while the 5% withholding was no cause for jubilation, the effects could have been more devastating.

"It seems odd when you start celebrating a 5% withholding," he said, "but the situation looks a lot better than it did a few weeks ago. It [the 5% withholding] is not going to be a disaster for this university."

Governor Holden was able to reduce the higher education cuts from 15% to 5% after diverting almost \$132 million in higher education construction appropriations from 12 universities back into the state's operational education budget.

"It is a little easier to lose money on capital improvement projects than it is to lose money on operations," Magruder said.

Magruder said he hopes the experience will help to foster a climate of volunteerism at the University. He said that he hoped to enlist the help of students in reducing the impact of the budget changes by asking them to conserve University resources.

Karl Schneider, director of the University physical plant, said that one area in which students could play a vital role is in the maintenance of campus facilities and electricity conservation.

Schneider said that students could ease the pressure on resources by reducing the amount of litter on campus, trying not to trample the grass while walking to class, being less abusive of facilities such as bathrooms, and trying not to leave lights burning in classrooms or in residence halls.

"It's a lot of small things. By themselves, they may not seem like a lot, but together, they can make a difference."

## SPECIAL FRESHMAN WEEK EDITION!

A collection of last year's  
best in news, opinions,  
comics and more!

## We are *The Monitor*, we are here to rock your face

Story by | Cameron Moore

Hey there friend, boy do I have something in store for you. If you like fun stuff, and you look to me like you might like fun stuff, then this paper is just for you. We are *The Monitor* and we are here to rock your face. We are the University's only student-run independent news source.

*The Monitor* is a campus collective. It is a forum for the free exchange of ideas between students, professors or anybody else who feels like they have something to write about. We cover campus events and news, but we also have music reviews, comics, opinions and just about anything under the sun. Because of this, we don't assign stories, and we don't have a regular "staff." We make each issue from whatever we receive by our deadline, if we have enough room.

A lot of people think that *The Monitor* is some secret club that only a few people have access to. This could not be farther from the truth. We are always looking for writers, photographers, copy editors, artists, cartoonists, satirists, or anybody looking for an outlet to wreak havoc on normalcy.

The best part about this paper is that we are free to cover and write whatever we please about campus issues and current events. This is because we currently receive no funding from the University, unlike the *Index*, which is obliged

to be somewhat biased towards the University. In effect, we are our own gatekeepers at *The Monitor*.

It has become apparent, to me at least, that our standard sources of media are now obsolete. Our corporate system of media does not accomplish the media's supposed main objective: to inform the public.

More and more, this role of media has diminished to an embarrassingly childish scare tactic that has no intention outside of being a means that will keep us ignorant of the truth. Real news is overlooked, as it would expose the real culprits of humanity, and in its place is a glossed over version of what they think we should hear.

For this reason, I think *The Monitor* serves an important role for communication in the community. Everybody that contributes has a different reason for participating in this free exchange, and that makes this publication a fairly diverse source for several points of view. I hope that I can encourage at least one person to find their reason for contributing to *The Monitor* this semester.

So please, take some time to flip through our special freshman week edition. This issue in particular is somewhat of a mixed bag of articles from last year. Our first meeting is going to be on Thursday, 30 August at 9 pm in Baldwin Hall 346. Bring a friend if you like; I promise, we don't bite.

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# The Monitor

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Volume 8, Number 1

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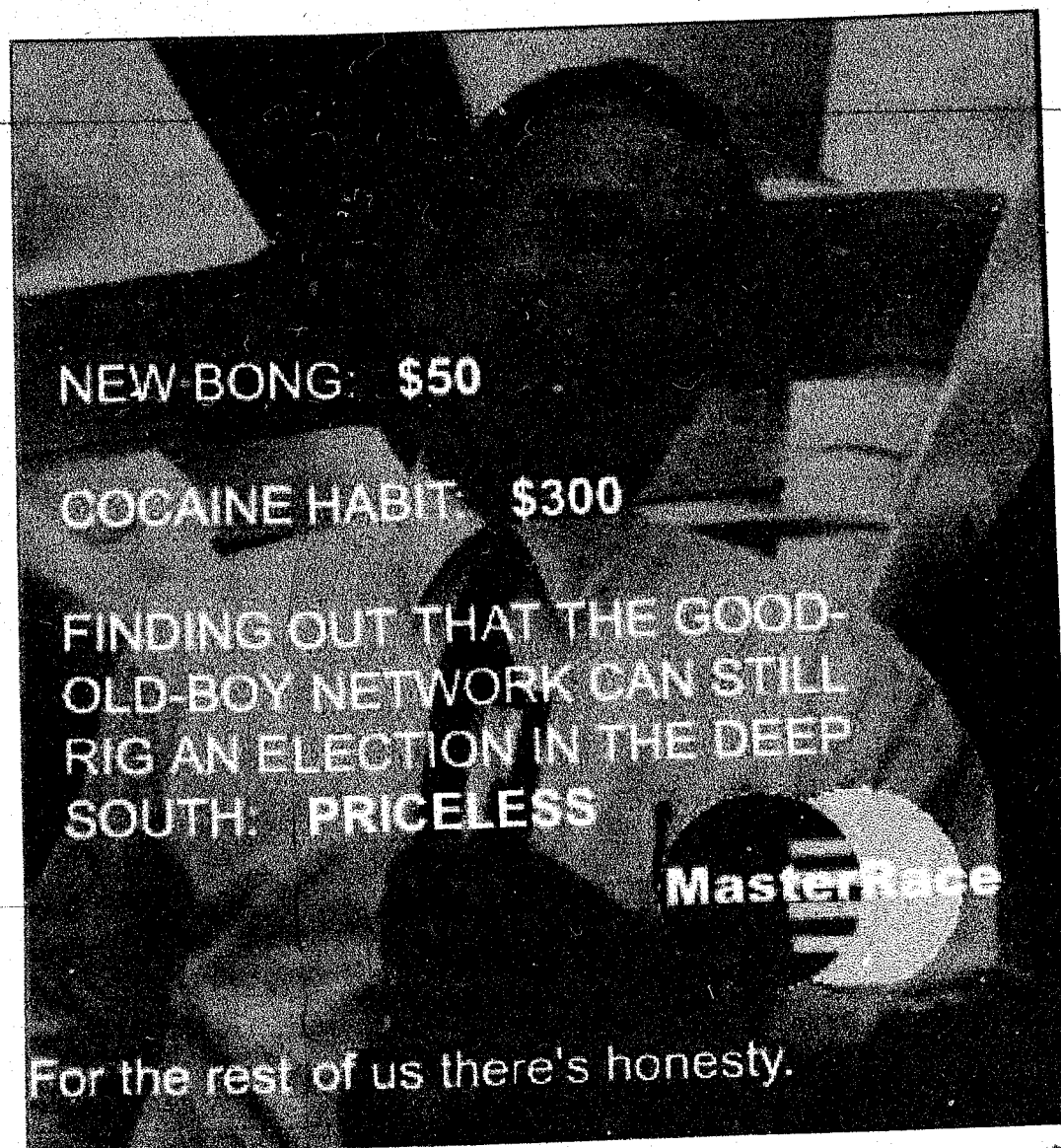
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"Among people who have learned  
something from the 18th century  
(say, Voltaire) it is a truism, hardly  
deserving discussion, that the de-  
fense of the right of free expression  
is not restricted to ideas one ap-  
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the case of ideas found most offen-  
sive that this right must be vigorously  
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express ideas that are generally ap-  
proved of is, quite obviously, a mat-  
ter of no significance."

— Noam Chomsky



HEY THERE COWBOY,  
LOOKIN' FOR A ROOTIN'  
TOOTIN' GOOD TIME?



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# 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](mailto:monitortrm@hotmail.com). Letters may be edited for length.

## Prejudice exists in Kirksville

Hello and welcome to the year 2001 — location, the United States of America, land of people who falsely pride themselves on being individuals, on being true to themselves, on being different. Well, kids, guess what. I am tired of the bullshit. I am embarrassed to be among my generation. I am embarrassed I have not spoken prior. We students at Truman State University, the few thousand among our generation in America, exist not as individuals who think their minds freely, but rather under a safe societal blanket that smiles for conformity and ignorance, encouraging prejudice as a means of control rather than exploiting the beast as is; fear from misunderstanding and stupidity. Prejudice.

Can you even fathom what the world would be like if individuals could truly be individuals? What it would be like if it did not matter if you believed in God, or what denomination you prayed towards? I do not understand the comments I hear towards Mormons, Baptists, Catholics, Jews... the list continues.

What would it be like if one could be openly homosexual, if one could hold the hand of their smitten adoration in public regardless of gender, if one did not have to fear the lashing of societal anger?

Or imagine what it would be like if one did not fear gay men, lesbians, if one did not give a shit how or what someone did in their bedroom, because really, *that is a private matter anyway*.

Can you imagine what it would be like if it was okay to be a woman and want a career, and hmmm... want to be paid as much as males do in regards to peer respect as well as salary?

Or what if a woman wants to be a housewife? There seems to be a new prejudice against that now too. *Wake up!* Equality has not been accomplished. Racism — look over the shoulder, and yes, it still exists. Non-Caucasian Americans are not treated equally, along with the disabled, the not-size-4-non-pretties, the not-in-the-gym-buff-men, those who do not come from wealth... the list continues.

And yet we wake, we breathe, we look at ourselves in the mirror and we ignore. I constantly hear comments that I myself have shrugged. Where is the fire that burned towards social movements in the '60s? Why doesn't our generation give a shit?

Why do we accept the brainwash from television, random conversations, a parent, friend, lover or the horrid disc jockey who said "queer" for a few laughs like it is on-sale candy that we cannot get enough of?

*We are far from allowing ourselves to be the true individuals we all pretend to be.* But, another day will continue; along with the silence, along with the bitter taste of acceptance, because it does not seem "too bad," and baby, we have come a long way since slavery and the 19th Amendment. What will future generations say towards us in disappointment and shame, because it was *easy to remain silent* and to be content with a status quo? Perhaps to-

morrow if you were beaten because you were black, white, gay, pro-life, pro-choice, skinny, fat or different... perhaps then you would give a damn. Or perhaps you would conform a little more, because it is easy.

I heard yesterday that a young man was beaten in Kirksville, Mo., because someone *thought he might be gay*. A beating that required 16 stitches to his head. It makes me sick. It makes me angry. Does anyone care, or should we all turn our heads and nod, because if we can just conform a little more — shove those differences back into the shadows — well, then life would be worth living.

Aimee Robinson

## Greasy Magruder worships A-bombin killer

I see from the usually very reliable, fair-minded Monitor regular local affairs correspondent, Derek Spellman ("Dining with Magruder," April 17), that something in fact done disingenuously, horribly controversial is being perversely peddles in sheer desperation by the majestic (in his own eyes and cronies) by the "presidential" subject in question!

Do not fail to comprehend! The idea of the Magruder's holding a splendid, several-course meal at the free mansion behind the Newman center we taxpayers and you student fee payers provide them so luxuriously with, for elected student senators, is a good notion on several grounds, having even been entertained there myself!

It's the VERY LEAST Magruder, as Spellman notes, "a politician" to his greasy finger tips, can honorably do. Especially as he has, consistently, flouted student opinion votes against guns for campus guards and course late-drop freedoms with ostentations contempt for your intelligences, if evidently not your stomach, in unjustly recent years.

No, it's not that meal I object to: it's, rather, that Spellman reports his Eminence chose to regale his diners with a talk "on the history of the name-change" of NMSU to TSU. This I submit is, in the strongest, vilest terms, a grossly uncouth abuse of what should have been a relatively noncontroversial affair at least formally honoring student leaders' intelligence and possible real memory of what still remains a fiercely contested change for the worst to the A-bomber title, sexistly and racistly. Doubt it? Accept Magruder's propaganda that it is a settled issue? Think, again, and apply these simple, elementary "TRUTH" tests!

Go out and ask a random number of any Northeast MO residents how they name-recognition "know" this place! I can, almost, guarantee that if they "know" it at all, in any group of twelve, you will AS LIKELY find yourselves abidingly called "the teachers' college" or "NMSU" half as many times orally as Magruder's Truman label.

Indeed, Magruder himself began a propaganda offensive which, as usual the proprietors would not allow us print challenge rights to oppose, in this month's KIRKSVILLE DAILY

EXCUSE. In favor of factually THE GREAT-EST MASS-CIVILIAN KILLER instantly in "black rain" from the sky over HIROSHIMA AND NAGASAKI! Supposedly talking about the "five year future growth plan" for the campus, he spent most of the interview dwelling cunningly on the past. He described we "protestors" of the time as representing mere "howls" of protest; lamented only "one" bust of Truman in the Pickler library, and claimed Truman represented the "common man."

Truman was in fact late in condemning the Klan; kept quiet about the KC refusal to employ Afro-Americans in its white "machine" whose votes he needed; all his life repined "egg head intellectuals" and "left wing Democrats" (he endorsed LBJ et al, rather, than either JFK or Stephenson in the 1960 primaries) and, far from being the common man, boasted his junior "officer" rank in WW One!

In conclusion, my good friend, TSU French African Studies Assistant Professor, Sana Camera, has often reminded us: those who "forget the past" inaccurately, in generalization, are apt to repeat the "mistakes" of that supposed past "in the present and foreseeable future"! I thank The Monitor for vital, and, alone, locally granted space to set the record straight. About an issue Magruder is, still, so almost pathologically, insecure, about he has to "prelude" a dinner about it to people; some of whom were not there even Lawrence Irvine Iles

US/ Canada UKL Labour

## Professor questions Truman's United Way Campaign

I am interested in how we might challenge outmoded institutional practices in order to bring about salutary change. A case in point: the United Way campaign now ongoing at Truman. The United Way supports the Boy Scouts of America, an organization now on record as openly anti-gay.

Should the Truman community continue to expend institutional resources in the service of the United Way? Or should we expect that all United Way agencies share our belief in tolerance and the acceptance of diversity, before we (in the words of Jack Magruder) "renew our commitment"?

You might think the local Boy Scouts should not be punished for the sins of the national organization — and if the local troops are willing to disavow the anti-gay stance of the national group, we should support them in doing so.

Or you might say other United Way agencies should not be penalized for the misdeeds of only one of their members. I would agree, and it is a simple matter to write a check to the agency of your choice rather than to United Way.

Institutions like Truman keep other institutions like the Boy Scouts alive — even in the absence of needed reforms — by not expressing dissent, by recruiting faculty and staff to raise funds on their behalf and by pressuring all members of the community to contribute to a "good cause." Nonetheless, as individuals, we *can* express our dissent by withholding our time and our money from organizations that do not share our values — values our own institution claims to endorse.

Sincerely,  
Linda Seidel, Ph. D.  
Professor of English

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## monitor opinions

## Following may be overstated, try thinking for yourself

opinion by | Andy Stevenson

Friday, Oct. 20, a fashion revolution occurred within a significant minority of the Truman population. Hundreds of individuals, all affiliated with student Christian organizations, dressed in bright yellow tee shirts with the word "Follower" emblazoned across the chest in bold black type.

As I walked around campus, I contemplated the purpose of this behavior. Obviously, this activity was fundamentally related to Christianity. But what exactly was the message that these people were trying to convey?

Based on the biblical context of the word, it can be generally assumed that "follower" in this case refers to the spiritual practices of those wearing the shirts. These people, in their religious lives as Christians, labeled themselves as "followers" of Jesus Christ and His teachings and thus, decided to print and wear shirts proclaiming this fact on a particular day.

This, however, is not inherently an overly significant, distinguishing feature for a student on this campus, as such a distinctly bright colored shirt would suggest. A great number of Truman students adhere to the ideals of Christianity and strive to uphold them in their lives, yet refrained from purchasing and wearing a special shirt that day.

I don't mean to downplay the significance of those who chose to self-identify in such a way; in fact, our culture and society commend standing up for what one believes in. Nonetheless, this seems like a relatively meaningless

gesture given the prevalence of Christianity in the student community, at least according to this definition of the word "follower."

In addition to this one, there were other definitions to "follower" that passed through my head when I considered the significance of this activity. As defined in *The American Heritage College Dictionary*, additional meanings of the word include "one that imitates or copies another" and "a machine element moved by another machine element." These are sharply contrasted with the connotations portrayed in a religious context, based in conformity and automatism rather than adherence to the ideals of a belief system.

Although the mass fashion conformity that resulted from everyone donning the shirts was probably not meant to be interpreted this way, to me it conveyed this message just as strongly as the aforementioned religious connotation.

To me, this is slightly disturbing, as it provides a concrete (not to mention colorful) example of how conformity runs rampant on this campus, within all student organizations and all cliques of friends. To a certain extent, following the behavior of others is natural, for it is often easy to find security and companionship in personal identification with widely accepted social practices.

However, this notion does not apply to spirituality. Part of the essence of our spiritual nature is that it is completely separate from our physical self. Even though religious institutions in society provide a social means for individu-

als to demonstrate and confirm their faith in certain religious denominations, religious thought and practice should not be hampered by the limits of social conformity.

Undoubtedly, the network of Christian student groups is one of the largest and strongest of any organizations on campus. However, from an external view in isolated instances like this one, it appears that these groups fulfill just as much a social as a religious function in students' lives, if not more so.

Viewed in this context, religious affiliation is merely another something to have in common with other students, rather than an intimate part of an individual's being.

Further, since all students possess different perspectives according to respective differences in life experiences, if spirituality is to be taken seriously, it must be put in terms of personal thoughts, actions and philosophy. Thus, although many students strive for the same abstract ideals in spiritual practices, the ways in which they may reach them may well be fundamentally different. If anything, this idea discourages conformity in this realm, creating a distinct separation between social circles and spiritual being.

This is not to say that there is no purpose for the external profession of one's personal faith in a social context. In truth, the actualization of faith through action is a necessary element in the life of any Christian. However, if evangelical works are put under a guise of uniformity, harmonious with institutional beliefs

over personal religious experience, the method of this practice is questionable. After all, is the purpose of Christian evangelism to encourage others to pursue a faith of their own, or simply become another "follower?"

All this does not imply that Christian organizations on this campus are any more conformist than other interest groups. However, in all wearing the same brightly colored printed fabric, the "followers" prove how susceptible students are today to the influence of inclusiveness and that conformity in many areas of life to the material world around us is becoming a daily practice. Moreover, the metaphor of hundreds of identical shirts with religious significance is inherently conflicted with the concept of profound personal spiritual development.

To wrap things up: if you sit around a table in Main Street Market and discuss the notions of this article with your friends over a delicious Blimpie sub and a refreshing Pepsi or Coca-Cola soft drink, you may be missing the point. In fact, the words of many such conversations can produce a conglomeration of ideas within a group of people that just leads to further conformity.

In terms of institutionalized religion and subsequent ideals and morals, it is worth questioning to what extent interaction with other people dictates the nature of your spiritual life. So give it some serious thought yourself, and make sure you are taking the steps you need to ensure your personal spiritual development, whether it fits in with your friends or not.

## Damn do I smell like a woman, err... man

opinion by | Dave Bush

Man, do I smell like a man. It's kind of like combining the scent of a forest after a bad rain with that of an asscrack, with a hint of rotten God-knows-what thrown in to make sure we know we stink, and it sucks. It's in the halls; in the bathrooms, in each and every dorm room that houses a male.

Now there's a number of ways you can deal with man-stank. Some members of society, quite a few more than I ever would have imagined, choose not to deal with it. Oh yeah, you know somebody with Pig Pen syndrome. These are people who choose not to bathe, deodorize or even brusha-brusha the teeth. I guess it's their prerogative, but definitely not an effective ridding of the problem.

There are plenty of boys who choose to drown out the smell. They apply deodorant that smells way too much like overactive toilet cleaning products, then cover that up with their choice of \$68 industrially-powered and probably radioactive musk. It seems to work for some of them, but most get busted by the Tryin' Too Hard police.

And that brings us to fellas like myself. We just want to smell good. It's nice to not smell bad, but why can't a guy smell good? Yancy-boy colognes don't smell good, girls do. I'm not sure whether it's inherent to womanhood or whether it's a product of the Bath & Body Works, but I really wouldn't mind smelling like a girl.

By saying this, I am crossing a line in today's society. If I have to fight the modern concept of a man in order to be rid of my man-stank, so be it. As women have for years been fighting the stereotypes and negative associations that have plagued them for generations, men have decided to spend their time celebrating the characteristics that have represented malehood since what could be the beginning of time. This list does not happen to include the item, "smells like a summer rose with peach and a hint amber." It's time for a change.

I will apply lotion to my hands and forearms that smells of fresh fruit and berries. I will use a scented body wash that makes me feel like I'm showering amidst a field of fresh spring wildflowers. I will use deodorant called "Shower Clean" or even "Flower Fresh."

Anyone who wants to challenge my manhood can go right ahead. But make sure to check your shower basket for Herbal Essences before you go making assumptions about me. I know it's there, and you know it's there, and we both know it smells damned good.

Hey sucka, got an opinion on something? The monitor is looking for writers, photographers, artists, etc... anybody is welcome to join the fun

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# Skateboarding is not a crime

opinion by I Cameron Moore

People do a lot of silly things to occupy their time. Some people sit around and lift heavy things and make their bodies bigger. Some people run around for no particular reason at all, other than the fact that it feels good. And others hit balls around with various objects just for competition. But there are still other people, people whose main outlet of physical exertion is something just as seemingly pointless, but at the same time wonderfully beautiful. I'm talking about skateboarding.

There is some sort of intrinsic beauty in making a piece of wood attached to some wheels spin around 360 degrees vertically, 180 degrees horizontally, and still manage to land on it (mid-air, mind you) and grind down a 12-stair hand-rail. Now, granted, this is nothing I can accomplish, but it is something people do in fact do, and with amazing grace and control. It is expression in its truest form, with virtually no limitation.

To dismiss skateboarding as a fad or something for hoodlums is to fail to see it for what it really is. In a society where boxing is accepted as something of a sport and professional wrestling is considered entertainment, the skateboarder is seen as nothing more than a pest.

All this while people are running around bouncing balls and hitting them with sticks for millions of dollars. Sure these guys can catch a fly ball, but can they throw down an ollie hardflip? I doubt it.

It is unfortunate to see this misunderstanding of peoples' interests escalated to this point. The University is planning on "cracking down" on skateboarders. I don't mean to burst the University's bubble or anything, but there isn't really anything worth skating on campus.

But, weather permitting, I find myself skating to class. It's faster than walking. Some people like to ride a bike. Other people like roller blades. I like my skateboard. It gets me to class fast, I can pick it up whenever I want to and it's fun to ride. I don't skate on campus to destroy property or hurt anybody, and I don't think anybody else does either.

But their opponents on campus see skateboards as a "projectile weapon." To say this is anything but discrimination is an understatement.

At a University where "diversity" is something strived for but never really achieved, this is but another brick in the wall between being accepted and having arbitrary divisions between what is acceptable and what is not. I would like to know how many people have really been attacked with these "projectile weapons." None, I would guess.

If the University were so concerned with everybody's safety as to outlaw skateboarding, all bike riders would be required to wear a helmet and pads. Classes would be cancelled for the ice on the ground and all the silverware in the cafeteria would be plastic.

But this isn't the case, as these are all unwarranted concerns. And when safety isn't mentioned as a reason for stopping skateboarding, the only other argument taken is the destruction of public property.

While this is a real problem in, say, downtown St. Louis, this is hardly a problem here. I've seen a few concrete benches with scraped ledges, nothing more than a few renegade... bikers? Yes, unfortunately the very mode of transportation welcomed with open arms is the cause of damage that's blame is unjustly placed on skateboarders, at least on this campus.

If skateboarders were grinding these ledges, they would be covered with wax. It is impossible to overcome the friction of a skateboard on concrete without wax. Stunt bikers can, and do, grind these ledges however.

I guess the point of all this is that this singling out of one group of people is completely against the ideals that this University claims to follow. We don't outlaw cars because people sometimes crash them, but we do in fact punish people for acts of recklessness that might cause one.

In the same light, the University should punish people for destroying property with skateboards, not for utilizing them as a means of transportation. They should stick to the real problems, like people putting dog shit in ovens, and leave us kids looking for some good clean fun alone. To be quite honest, I'm fairly under-terred by most of what is being implemented.

In the mean time, I am going to continue to ride my skateboard to my classes; it cuts my transit time to Barnett into a third of what it normally is.

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# Students blow-off planning day, right to complain

opinion by I Matthew Webber

My favorite student complaint recently is that nobody ever sees President Magruder walking around campus. Sometimes we see him riding his bike to or from a day of hiding in his office, but we never see him in Mainstreet Market, the library, a sporting event or a Wyclef Jean concert.

It's my favorite complaint because it's true and because it summarizes the student body's anti-administration sentiment as tidily as a Cliffs Note.

We never see The Man.

Usually we all pretend the things we can't see don't exist. In this case, the opposite is true. We students believe the things we can't see *don't see us*. We believe we don't exist to them.

And we cry to our buddies instead of to them.

It's impossible to count how many times I've heard students complain (always to me; never to somebody who doesn't agree) the administration doesn't listen to them. After all, the trigger happy Board of Governors packed the Department of Public Safety's heat during the summer when the students who might protest were conveniently in St. Louis.

And Faculty Senators are too busy re-scheduling their make-believe office hours to learn their students' names, pass resolutions that make sense to people other than themselves or allow non-members to speak at their secret society meetings.

And Garry Gordon, the vice president of academic affairs, is the devil. (I've actually heard someone say this.)

On Jan. 24, The Man offered us an entire day to tell him what we thought of him. He gave us eight hours to shout all the curse words we've shouted to our roommates, friends and significant others. We could preach to those who needed conversions, instead of to the usual alleluia-ing chorus.

Students slept.

Any student who didn't attend the University Planning Day hereby rescinds all rights to whine, bitch and moan about disagreeable policies. Quit writing your opinion pieces and letters to the editor, forming your human Ws on the quad and bemoaning the scholarship you lost because you only kept a 3.1 GPA. When you had your day to scream, you snored.

I agree with students like Brooke Sherrard and Sarah Dwiggin who wrote Planning Day wasn't worthwhile (Jan. 25 *Index* "Our View").

The reason it wasn't worthwhile is because less than 100 students attended. Sorry Brooke and Sarah, five days is more than enough time to respond to an invitation, and unregistered students were more than welcome to participate.

We had the chance to discuss the future of the University and we blew it.

We continue to blow it. Most of the complaints I hear about Planning Day come from people who weren't even there. Before, they said it would be a waste of time. After, they laugh (again, I actually heard this) at the suckers who attended.

The *Index* reflects its bias by referring to the conference as a "day off" and by quoting students who say it wasn't a "waste of time" instead of students who say outright it was productive (Feb. 1).

Larry Iles writes we wasted a day of precious class time (pages 3 and 8 of this *Monitor*), but I think talking to faculty and administrators for one session was infinitely more enlightening than another discussion of the Yanomamo tribe.

Some of the students who attended thought it really was worthless and left early. They had good reason to. The morning session was unnecessarily slanted towards administrative con-

cerns (retention, scholarship renewal; the same things they shoved down the interviewers' gullets at the so-called "Junior Interview") instead of student ones.

Some say Lou Ann Gilchrist, interim dean of student affairs, wasted our afternoon by telling her pseudo-charming tale of a band of plucky walruses that might have entertained a kindergarten who had just chugged a vat of red Kool-Aid.

But it was a start. The administration actively sought student feedback for the first time since I've been here. Students spoke. Administrators listened. I'd gladly give up another day of class if it meant they'd ever listen to me again.

I had as good an excuse to skip the Planning Day as anybody else. I was awake until 4 a.m. the night before, an hour of the night/morning that's all too familiar to me this semester. I had hundreds of pages of text to read for the day following the conference.

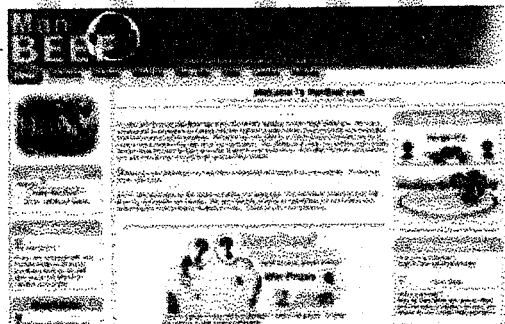
But I woke up. I attended the conference. I've asked for a forum for years and finally had it. If I would have stayed in bed, I would have been a hypocrite. I would have been just like everyone else.

## It's Human-licious!

review by  
Ryan Puffatti

You ever have that uncontrollable urge to eat human flesh? Well, I do too. That's why I visit

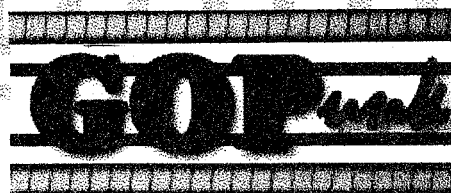
<http://www.manbeef.com>. ManBeef has been the world's leading distributor of human meat for the past 19 years. ManBeef provides information on processing, acquiring the body and quality control I demand as prospective consumer. They also offer unique and creative recipes that are easy to follow.



## GOPunk.com

review by  
Daniel Coates

Are you tired of being controlled by the vile socialist organization, thriving on hate, fear, and class-warfare that is the Democratic Party? Are you a conservative who likes funky hair styles and messed up leather jackets? If so, then check out GOPunk.com, a Web site for conservative punks. The site was created in the fall of 2000 as a grassroots organization dedicated to defending conservative ideals and making sure that conservative voices aren't buried in the liberal media. Complete with a discussion board, links to other conservative Web sites and a page for liberals that explains the errors in their ways, GOPunk.com is the Republican punk Web site on the Internet. Are you tired of being controlled by the vile socialist organization, thriving on hate, fear and class-warfare that is the Democratic Party? Are you a conservative who likes funky hairstyles and messed up leather jackets? If so, then check out GOPunk.com, a Web site for conservative punks. The site was created in the fall of 2000 as a grassroots organization dedicated to defending conservative ideals and making sure that conservative voices aren't buried in the liberal media. Complete with a discussion board, links to other conservative Web sites and a page for liberals that explains the errors in their ways, GOPunk.com is the Republican punk Web site on the Internet.



## So you wanna graduate?

story by Rachel Schulz

Most Truman students know someone who is on the five-year plan and tragically, most often this person is ourselves. This "super senior" plan that so many Truman students are on is caused primarily by Truman's Liberal Studies Program which requires all students to have at least sixty-three semester hours of Liberal Arts and Sciences Courses in addition to major requirements.

Dr. David Christiansen of the Division of Language and Literature was chosen this past summer to be the Director of Interdisciplinary Studies and was given the mission of getting students out of here as soon as possible. His role as Director of Interdisciplinary Studies charges him with making sure that there are ample courses available to students so that they can fulfill all of the LSP in an efficient and timely fashion and give more attention to their major requirements.

The areas of the LSP that have been particularly difficult for students to fulfill in the past and which are now being given special attention are writing enhanced, JINS, intercultural and communicative courses. These areas do not have a home discipline; therefore, it is more difficult to get professors to list their classes within these areas.

Christiansen is facilitating your speedy graduation by supporting faculty in the creation of new courses and adaptation of existing courses to offer more classes in the areas of the LSP that are most difficult to fulfill.

He is also presently overseeing a process to provide faculty members who have experience in the creation of LSP courses to serve as

mentors or as a resource for faculty members who have not yet created LSP courses.

Christiansen said there are many new course proposals coming in and "There are already a lot of courses that are de facto writing enhanced or intercultural, but the faculty hasn't sent them forth yet."

As soon as Christiansen finishes handling new course ideas he has already received from the faculty, he will begin approaching professors about adding their classes to the LSP course list.

Christiansen said he feels there will be many more options for LSP courses for future students.

He promised, "It's going to be easier for students in the future to get their three writing enhanced courses."

Dr. Christiansen advises students that the best way to fulfill the LSP as quickly as possible is to double count courses and take advantage of your academic advisor.

He said, "If you plan ahead and talk to your advisor, you can take care of the LSP in a very efficient manner and free up more time for electives."

Although most of us think that scheduling for our LSP classes is exceedingly annoying, for some reason Dr. Christiansen is very happy in his new appointment. He said he is enjoying working with the faculty across campus, because the vast majority has been very enthusiastic about Truman's goal of creating more interdisciplinary courses. He also said he is having a lot of fun. Hey, whatever gives you your kicks...

## CAMPUS PERSONALITIES

feature and photo by Cameron Moore

After a short hiatus, "Campus Personalities" is back for a much-anticipated second installment. This issue's featured personality is none other than Tim Cason, the usually head-phone clad custodian who can be spotted in Violette Hall cleaning off chalkboards, among other things.

But Tim, a 37-year-old native of Glasgow, Mo., is far from what one usually thinks of when they think of a custodian. A speaker of seven languages and world traveler extraordinaire, Mr. Cason has lived life to its fullest.

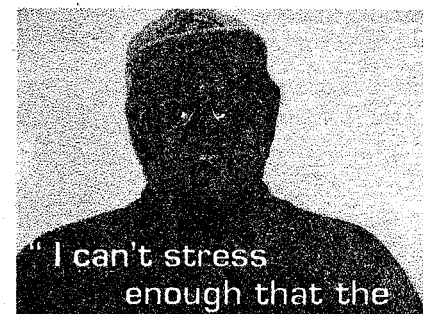
Having resided in places such as France, Switzerland, Japan and Taiwan (just to name a few), Tim has acquired a great deal of life experience.

"I'm a people person. I love people. I feel like that's the most important part of my job or any job," Tim said of his choice to be a custodian, which he sees as an opportunity to learn.

"A lot of people think that learning ends when you get a degree," he said. "A degree means very little in light of the real world; it's only a tool." Tim stressed that this tool can possibly be very important, if applied correctly.

Custodial work isn't the only thing Tim does with his acquired insight. An active member of the community, Tim teaches junior high algebra and music and even coaches boys basketball. He also works with international students on campus.

In his free time, Tim enjoys reading and



"I can't stress enough that the worth of a person and who they are is vital."

writing. He also composes music. Tim has composed music for the University and is currently writing music for his upcoming wedding.

In the few short moments I was able to spend with Mr. Cason, I couldn't help notice a certain spark of charisma the man has. He is particularly personable and has a lot to say about life.

"I can't stress enough that the worth of a person and who they are is vital," Tim said, further expressing his very optimistic attitude on life and people in general.

"Everybody is significant and special," he said.

And with that, another look into the life of a campus personality has been exposed. I hope this and subsequent articles will encourage people to open up a little and talk to the people who make our lives at the University what they are. You never know who you might meet or what you can learn from them.



# Protestors, gas fill St. Louis

feature by | Daniel Coate

Despite the lack of excitement in the last Presidential debate, if it can be called a debate, the streets of St. Louis were filled with energy that night as more than 400 activists gathered to protest the unfair treatment of third party candidates, the two-party system, capitalism and various other injustices in our country. I had the chance to participate in the protests and exercise my First Amendment rights on Oct. 17, a.k.a. O17.

We arrived in St. Louis just after 4 p.m. and made our way towards the sight of the Green Party rally (not an easy task, thanks to the police), where 600 other activists were also headed. As the Missouri Green Party candidate for governor spoke, people flowed into the park. By the time Ralph Nader took the podium, the crowd of 600 had swelled to 1,500.

Around 7:30 p.m., people started to gather at the intersection of Big Bend and Skinker, through which those attending the debates would pass. We didn't make it to the protest site until about 7:45 p.m. on account of my companions' need for food. The party didn't really get started until after we arrived (surprise, surprise), as the protest had started with speakers addressing the crowd of about 400 on issues such as the drug war, prisons, the United States' continuing war against Iraq and, of course, the injustice of the two-party system.

After the speakers had finished, we put gags in our mouths and turned our backs on the debate hall, raising the appropriate finger in the air. After being warned by peacekeepers that those who stay might be subject to police action, a portion of the protestors marched away from the intersection in silence.

After the departure of the marchers, the party started. We began dancing, chanting and yelling to the sounds of bucket-drums in front of several dozen heavily armored riot police: "Two, four, six, eight, smash the police state!" "Let Ralph Debate!" and "I scream! You scream! We all scream for anarchy!" The anarchist cheerleaders, dancing with a red and black Circle A banner, led us in a round of "Revolution is the Solution." A flag was burned near where I was standing and a circle formed around an especially energetic activist as he danced on the burning flags, stomping out the flaming remains to the cheers of the excited protestors.

After about an hour of enthusiastic singing and dancing, word began to spread through the crowd that we were going to move the protest to a site where there would be more traffic. After an affinity group meeting, the rumors were confirmed and we turned and headed toward

our new protest site, Forsyth and Skinker. The march was led by a 10-foot red, white, and blue "Same Fucking Difference" banner, which featured pictures of donkeys and elephants getting friendly with each other. The members of the local Black Bloc, who had been at the front of the protest directly against the barricades, marched backwards with their body shields raised, shielding us from potential police attacks. As we marched down Big Bend, our voices echoed throughout the Wash U. campus and the Wydown neighborhood: "Whose streets? Our streets!" and "Bush! Gore! Same fucking difference!"

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When the police began threatening with arrest, most of us decided to clear the street. Three women remained sitting in the street and were arrested shortly. The police had lined up against a section of the curb where the majority of us had gathered. When several of the protestors began shouting insults at the police, they began pushing us with their shields. Because we were packed so tightly together and because of a six-foot wall behind us, we had nowhere to go and were forced to push back against the police, who responded by spraying us with pepper spray.

I was sprayed in the face, but luckily none got in my eyes. I was able to make it out of the crowd, while wiping madly at my face with the sleeves of my sweatshirt and grabbing for my vinegar-soaked bandana in preparation for the tear gas that I assumed would follow. Fortunately, no tear gas was used. Unfortunately, several people at the front of the group were clubbed, many more were sprayed in the eyes, and two were dragged into the street and arrested. I watched helplessly as the police repeatedly sprayed a girl, who had climbed to the top of the wall in an attempt to escape, despite her hysterical screams and cringed when she fell to the ground. We were outraged that the police had resorted to physical aggression and chemicals and began crying "Shame on you!" and "We're not violent!" Unfortunately, the hopelessness of the situation was apparent to all. We were not going to break our vow of nonviolence and many of us, me and my companions included, decided that the best thing to do was to leave peacefully.

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Giant rabbit stalks small child

## Attack of the killer man-eating rabbits

Dear Monitor Staff,

I have an exclusive story I would like to share with your reputable publication. I could've shared it with the *Index* but they have a tabloid reputation and obvious disdain for the truth. Enclosed you will find a startling, one-of-a-kind, untouched photograph I found on the ground one day.

As you can clearly see, there is a rabbit in the picture that is larger than the child standing next to it. It may not actually be a child in the photograph but rather a shortish-sized adult dressed like a child. But that is irrelevant. What is relevant is the person-sized rabbit in the photo. I think you will agree with me that it looks hostile. I can personally attest to the look of malice in the large rabbit's eye. He looks hungry too. I think we can all conclude this is a photo of a man-eating rabbit. The innocent-

looking littler rabbit is probably a man-eating rabbit baby.

As an amateur detective (my credentials include, but are not limited to, reading the Nancy Drew book *The Mystery of the Old Clock*, owning a pair of binoculars and watching the first season of *The X-Files*), I felt qualified to conduct an investigation into this shocking matter.

I have concluded this picture was taken in Kirksville because there are fields in this picture and there are similar looking fields in Kirksville. I have further concluded the child/small adult is dead (almost certainly eaten by the rabbit) because I have not seen him on campus.

So this photo is unquestionable proof that there are huge man-eating rabbits in the fields surrounding Kirksville. For those of you who want to question this proof, I suggest you wan-

der around in a nearby field for a while. When you come into contact with a person-sized rabbit, try to pet it. When it tries to eat you, then you will know I am right and it is too late to take the advice I am about to give.

For the majority of you who take this photo as unquestionable proof that killer rabbits are out there and want to kill you, and you are prone to walking around the man-eating rabbit's habitat (that would be anywhere there is grass), *do not be alarmed*. I have some valuable advice for you.

If you come into contact with a man-eating rabbit, the Center for Rabbit Studies recommends the "carrot response" in which the intended victim falls to the ground immediately and pretends to be a carrot. Man-eating rabbits eat people. Carrots have nothing to fear.

While man-eating rabbits are usually larger

and more evil looking than the ordinary rabbit, it is possible for some rabbits of regular size to eat people too. The Center for Rabbit Studies recommends the "carrot response" when in contact with any rabbit just to be on the safe side.

You may want to clip this section out of *The Monitor* and carry it with you wherever you go in case you have a scary rabbit encounter and forget what to do.

Monitor staff, I am sure you share my concern for this problem. Any uninformed persons rambling around Kirksville fields are at risk of being attacked by giant man-eating rabbits.

I will be sure to keep you informed of any further discoveries made in the killer bunny area.

Sincerely,

Chrissy Eatherton.

# There's something about Kirksville

story by | Matt Webber

I watched the sun set in Australia today. In less than two weeks, I'll hike through the Outback. I've swum in the ocean. I've petted a kangaroo. I've responded to "g'day." I've been called a "bloke."

And in spite of all these things, there's this old friend I'm missing. I actually miss Kirksville. I want to come home.

There's nothing in Kirksville as vivid as the rainforest. There's nobody in Kirksville as insane as the Crocodile Hunter. There's nothing in Kirksville you could feature on the front of a postcard. There's nothing in Kirksville about which to write on the back. There's nothing to do, many students complain. There's nothing around here; it's the middle of nowhere.

But there's *something*. I've lived it. A feeling. A flavor. A smell. A something so special and unique and proud and wonderful. A something American. A something forgotten. A something that calls me to tell me she misses me. A something that forgives me for leaving. A something.

This thing is undefinable. It's a ghost. A bat. An alley.

This thing changes shapes and colors and forms. It's a Civil War battle. A roadside cross. Leisure World.

It's the lingering cigarette smoke in a booth at Pancake City with spilled water on the table and some townies to your left.

It's 3:14 a.m. when you have class in four hours.

It's a dusk jog through the winding streets without any cars and the smell of cut grass and perpetual barbecue.

It's Dave Matthews from a dorm room. It's Weezer from next door.

It's a farmhouse in a cornfield near a yard sale in a ghetto near a frathouse near a haberdashery near a functioning town square in the year 2000.

It's my home away from home. Select. Delete. Retype. It's my home.

I might as well admit it. I call this place my home. When I'm in St. Louis (my home for 21 years) during a break and I start talking about returning to Kirksville, I often catch myself saying things like: "When I go home..."

It wasn't always like this for me. It took me three years to fall in love with Kirksville. As a freshman, I complained. "The Petite 3 doesn't

show any good movies." "All the good concerts are hours away." "I need a Barnes and Noble/Jack in the Box/Best Buy/mall..." Et cetera. Et cetera. Whine. Bitch. Moan.

I pined for the Big City and ignored the Small Town. I ignored the uniqueness. The quaintness. The charm. I was blinded by the city lights and deafened by the noise. It took me three whole years to clear my citified senses.

But now they're clear. I love this town and miss it. I love the lack of traffic at all hours of the day. I miss every Chinese and Spanish food restaurant. I love how everything (including that monster, Wal-Mart) is within a 30-minute walk or bike ride from the dorms. I miss walking downtown, peering into store windows, wandering around aimlessly in Used Books and Unicorns and Rinehart's, occasionally buying something but more often than not just browsing.

I love the Kirksville lore about which no students seem to know. Did you know there was a Civil War battle here? (I can show you the building where they amputated limbs. I can show you the spot from where the Union fired their cannons.) Have you heard about Joan, the ghost who haunts Centennial Hall?

I miss those Kirksville-only things that no other city can claim. Have you eaten a ronzza? (I can feel my arteries clog.) Have you eaten at Pancake City, a.k.a. Pancake Shitty? (If you haven't yet, you will, I assure you. Its peak hours of operation: 1-4 a.m.) Have you sipped a cappuccino at Washington Street Java Co. at a poetry reading in the middle of the week?

What, you haven't heard? You say you haven't done these things? Then go run and do them. You won't know Kirksville until you do. And if you never know it, of course you'll think it's boring.

So eat at a restaurant. Go jogging at dusk. Drive to Iowa just for the hell of it. Windowshop. Smell the air. Taste it. Feel it. Live it.

There's plenty to do here. Use your imagination. Maybe you'll learn to love it like I did. Maybe you'll come to miss it one day. Whatever else you do, forget the Big City.

And please — I beg you — whatever you do, don't whine. If you complain that there's nothing to do, it's only because you're not looking at all. If you look even a little, I promise you'll find something.

## To the other fuckin' E



"One, and then comes two, and the mothafuckin' three. Then comes the Eazy to the other fuckin' E."

To the other fuckin' E,  
I'm dating an intelligent, beautiful, wonderful woman who makes me feel like the luckiest man in the world for having her. I'm in love with her and I think I want to give her my virginity, but since she's Catholic, I'm not sure she's mentally or spiritually receptive to the idea. She might be though, and my problem is I'm not sure. After all, we have played around in bed and done many other things to each other, but we always stop short of making love.

To complicate the situation, we almost had sex last weekend, but she had had a few drinks and wasn't really sure if she wanted to. Plus, I had a really bad case of diarrhea and didn't want to embarrass myself by shitting in the middle of a delicate situation.

So, Eazy, what should I do? Should I have let my diarrhea stop me? Was she drunk or did she really want me? Should I even stay with her if the relationship will continue to frustrate me? Do you have any other suggestions for ways I can be pleased?

Oswald Gaines

O G gangsta lean,  
Now after I shit your face wipes that ass clean. Time ta get tipsy. And don't want a bitch if she can't rub the balls like a gypsy. Who's all in? Since you put yourself on my dick I put my nutz on ya chin.

Nutz on ya chin. Since you put yourself on my dick I put my nutz on ya chin. Nutz on ya chin. Since you put yourself on my dick I put my nutz on ya chin.

To the other fuckin' E,  
I heard you're really good at giving people advice. Even better than Dear Abby! I am a smart, career-driven woman who has a lot of love to give to a man. Unfortunately, I'm a little on the thick side of things. Even though I'm nice, guys just aren't attracted to me because of my body. Would you ever date an oversized girl? Aren't I just as good (or better than) other, more attractive women who won't treat their men as well?

Delores Johnson

Bitch,  
Muthafuck what ya heard I'm more than that. Real nigga from the hood and I'm all a that. Thick as a hickey! A picky nigga fittin' Dickies fa bitches strictly dickly! Don't ask Eazy shit. Still a hit is a hit and a bitch is a bitch.

To the other fuckin' E:  
I work a boring-ass, nine-to-five data entry job that only pays \$10 an hour. My entire Friday is spent staring at the clock and waiting for my paycheck, because I just can't force myself to concentrate on papers or my computer screen. I'm desperate, Eazy. Give me some suggestions for changing my career!

James K.

P.S. Uh, this is kind of embarrassing, but can you tell me the best way to pleasure myself?

Nigga,  
Fuck waitin' for a pay day; get an AK! Every day is a blast, yeah, blast a nigga fast, mack his ass, yeah all the cash.

Who's all in? Since put yourself on my dick I put my nutz on ya chin.

Nutz on ya chin. Since you put yourself on my dick I put my nutz on ya chin.

## Interview with my uncle, Mel Gibson

feature by | Amanda Romine

Kirksville resident Mel Gibson took some time out of his very busy schedule to allow The Monitor a short interview to find out what it means to be Mel Gibson.

**Monitor:** So, Mr. Gibson... May I call you Mel?

**Mel Gibson:** Sure, Amanda.

**Monitor:** Thanks, Mel. So, I'm sure all the curious students of Truman State University are wondering, what is it like to be Mel Gibson?

**Mel:** Well, y'know. I get up in the morning and go to work to feed my kids, just like everybody else. I put my pants on one leg at a time.

**Monitor:** Speaking of pants, could you wear any under your kilt in Braveheart?

**Mel:** What? Braveheart?

**Monitor:** When you were in Scotland, did you try haggis?

**Mel:** Try what? I've never been to Scotland.

**Monitor:** It's not important. Do you prefer the serious nature of The Patriot or the silliness of Chicken Run?

**Mel:** Chicken Run is one of my favorite movies. I own a copy.

**Monitor:** Okay, then, let's talk about how your life has changed since your screen debut in 1976 with Summer City?

**Mel:** Um... I lived in Iowa in 1976.

**Monitor:** Right, right. So what was it like to work with Helen Hunt? Did she teach you "What Women Want"?

**Mel:** Uh... I work at the high school. I don't think I'm the Mel Gibson you think I am. I'm not an actor.

**Monitor:** So, we hear that you have a new movie in the making. Is there anything juicy you'd like to share with the people of Kirksville?

**Mel:** What? I live in Kirksville.

**Monitor:** Well, there you have it! Thank you very much, Mel. We are all looking forward to seeing you on screen again soon!

Photo by | Amanda Romine



Kirksville resident Mel Gibson



# KIRKSVILLE'S HIDDEN TREASURES

AN ON-GOING SERIES DEVOTED TO  
DISCOVERING THE WEALTH OF KIRKSVILLE



## Cum to Eclectics Feature by Olivera Bratich, Marie Montano, and Leslee White

On our constant search for hidden treasures in Kirksville, we're often asked, "Where can I find bulging, throbbing, pumping, scorching pleasure tools?" After tremendous searching, we have found the answer in the 18 inch double dong (\$24.99) at Eclectics, the brand-**SPANKING** new porn shop in town.

Of course, Eclectics has your standard porn shop fare. In terms of videos, the CREAM of the crop was the "Local Talent" section, featuring Missouri Amateur Male Solos Vol. 1-6 (\$19.99 each). Show me! The highlight of the reading material was definitely the erotic novel section, featuring classics such as Emile Zola's *Lesson in Love*, *Hick Town Hunk* and *On the Make*.

Eclectics also features more "eclectic" products. The wall of "pleasure tools" includes a wide variety of dongs, double dongs and the

classic vibrator. Several products have a "try me" window so customers can get a FEEL for the all too real genitalia. Truly a hands-on experience. And what tasteful soiree would be complete without the Captain Pecker Party Wrecker (\$23.99), a 6-foot-tall punching bag penis? And, of course, Eclectics hasn't forgotten you heterosexual men out there. From tight as a school marm to loose as a porn star, there's pussy for everyone. Imitation pussy that is. And it's a bit on the pricey side, ranging from about \$50-\$100, but that's the price you pay. For pussy.

If you're looking for the real thing, you can post your desires on the message board in back. A STROKE of genius! Current messages are looking for adult models and local swingers. One married couple whose "like [sic] are fish, camping" seek a "clean couple to had fun with [sic]." BUTT seriously folks, there's more to life than sex. There's also an ad posted for R&M Arts homemade WOOD yard ornaments.

From edible panties (\$4.99-\$7.99) to the masturbation kit (\$2.99), there's something for everyone at Eclectics. Even Martha Stewart types can appreciate Bra-pourri (\$7.99); a little lace number stuffed with BALLS. Balls of pot-pourri. Coming soon to Eclectics: later hours and glass pipes. Porn AND tobacco accessories? That's what we call one-stop shopping.

It isn't HARD to find Eclectics. It is located at 111 E. Harrison Street on the northeast end of the square. Even this modest crew didn't leave empty handed. We CAME home with the Party Wrecker. Aye, aye Cap'n!

It isn't HARD to find Eclectics. It is located at 111 E. Harrison Street on the northeast end of the square. Even this modest crew didn't leave empty handed. We CAME home with the Party Wrecker. Aye, aye Cap'n!

# University sweatshirts made in sweatshops

story by I 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, (CARI). 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 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.

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## monitor reviews

Bjork glows in *Dark**Dancer in the Dark*

Written and directed by Lars von Trier

starring Björk

## Review by Ed Jenkins

"You don't need eyes to see," according to the tagline of the film *Dancer in the Dark*, which becomes evident through the transcendental moans of Icelandic pop singer Björk (rhymes with lurk, not fork) and the writing of Lars von Trier.

In *Dancer in the Dark*, Selma (Björk) is a 1960s factory worker from Czechoslovakia working to support herself and her 12-year-old son. Though she is going blind, Selma continues her mundane job with only thoughts of her son and the escapism of American musicals to keep her working. She also finds comfort with an immigrant coworker (Catherine Deneuve), a gentleman caller (Peter Stormare) and her landlord Bill (David Morse). Conflict occurs when one of her friends takes advantage of her trust and places her in a position of devastation so severe it can only be alleviated by bursting into a lovely show tune.

And so they break out into song, Björk style. First the sounds of the factory morph into an enchanting rhythm, then the horns and strings kick in and finally Björk layers her distinct style of drawn-out syllables and pitch bends over the music. She serves the film and makes

vision seem obsolete with her angelic screams at half of the tempo of the danceable music.

But at the same time Björk does not neglect our eyes. It is difficult to say that Björk's acting was good because it did not seem as though she was acting. She became Selma to an extent that viewers who are not Björk experts will forever associate the name Björk with a blind, naïve Czechoslovakian factory worker.

Of course Björk's performance is only the beginning. The film works because of von Trier's script which takes a unique perspective at the concept of musicals. We all know theater majors who are in love with Broadway and dull housewives who have seen *Sound of Music* 34 times, but we film critics and intellectuals typically respond that those are bastardizations of cinema. *Dancer in the Dark* not only nullifies those arguments, but it actually forces us to appreciate the fun and spontaneity of those 1930s Hollywood classics. The plot goes farther and applies the new musical philosophy to very serious social oppression and brilliant scenes I cannot reveal.

Von Trier also directs with an interestingly choppy technique that serves the film well, but gets a little too choppy at points. Basically this film has all the elements to make it good: creative writing and directing, an eccentrically amazing lead and a more than solid supporting cast. This is a musical that will make you cry.

## Sunny Day Real Estate Surprises

*Sunny Day Real Estate*  
*The Rising Tide*

## Review by John Nguyen

At first I was unimpressed. I ran out to Hastings like my butt was on fire and I bought the only copy they had left in the store. I got into my Plymouth Voyager, the great beast of acoustically sound engineering, and I put it in my CD player (which was recently stolen and if you did it, you better hide). Anyway, I put it in my CD player and the first thing I heard was this crescendoing sound of drums and then this mean overdrive oriented guitar lick. This was a surprise. It was a surprise that told my ears to tell my brain to tell my lips to say, "What the hell is this?!"

So I listened to the album all the way through one time and at the end I said to myself, "What the hell is this?!" It didn't sound like the other albums except for Jeremy Enigk's characteristically hypnotic whine. William Goldsmith's drums had their moments but they seemed more tranquil, not like before, not even like on Foo Fighters songs like "Everlong" and "Hero." They used extensive instrumentation on this album, things like violas and violins, electric sitars, piano and lap steel. Which is quite a bit from a three man band which used to be a four man band with much fewer instruments. And the sounds seemed to mesh together too discreetly. I couldn't pull the respective sounds apart and figure out what was going on.

I couldn't tell whether or not I liked it.

Excessive vocal layering. Jeremy's voice stacking upon itself. Sounding almost too processed, losing that raw stretch of breath.

But then I put on my headphones and listened to it in stereophonic quality. And let me tell you, it was an experience in and of itself. All these noises and panning and instrumentation all became apparent through the headphones; it didn't just blend together. Everything was staggered from ear to ear landscapically. The vocal layering became dynamic, rich. The vocal processing came across better when I could hear the piano and the bells chiming in my ears. After a day, I thought to myself "This might be their best work."

I'm listening to it right now, and no it doesn't have a raw garage emo-pop sound anymore. It's evolved. By some means it has evolved. Thank God for that. Acoustic and drum controlled melodies on songs like "Ocean and powerful wordplay on songs like "Snibe." It refilled my belief in this music.

This album is an adventure for the band. They're trying something, trying to do something and I respect that. The rock songs carry a stadium kind of quality with a brash sound on the electric guitar. The mellow songs have become personified with keyboard and orchestral arrangements.

I have yet to tie it together as a concept album although I'm pretty sure it's trying to be that. It's come closer than the last albums at capturing one congruous moment, but I'm still not sure if it's reached what it was looking for. But the tide is rising, who knows where it'll go.

## POP TOP FIVE

## feature by Jonathan Cannon

You see them all the time. In 1999, the top albums of the '90s. In 2000, the top albums of the decade or, dare I say it, millennium. They're everywhere. It's MTV's only excuse to air music videos anymore. It makes up half of VH1's program lineup. It's the penultimate activity of the music fanatic, the Nick Hornsby-esque induction into dorkdom.

And the lists are always wrong. So very wrong you want to take that copy of *Rolling Stone* to the shredder or find some extreme measure of offensiveness to dispose of that "special edition" of *Spin*. Given all that, We at *The Monitor* — or rather I at *The Monitor*, made up my own top albums in hip-hop and R & B. It's going to (hopefully) become a recurring feature for the rest of the year, or as long as my subordinates allow it to go. It'll list five albums each issue, and most of those albums will probably be the ones I've been raving about for ages to anyone close enough to hear. So here goes, the top five of the week:

1. KRS-One: *Return of the Boom Bap*. KRS will always remain one of the greatest rap artists in the game, and this album dropped right in his prime. In every track he delivers hard, rugged lyrics while maintaining the positive messages that made him "the Teacher." His style moves from rap to reggae, and somehow it all

works with an incredible flow. This is where the old school classic "Sound of Da Police" comes from, as well as the trippy weed nightmare "I Can't Wake Up." Produced almost entirely by DJ Premier, this is one of hip-hop's finest moments.

2. The Family Stand: *Connected*. I will praise this album until doomsday. I'm not kidding. The Family Stand had one hit over ten years ago, this catchy jam called Ghetto Heaven (yes, Common remade it on his newest album), and for most people they disappeared soon after. But the trio of Peter Lord, V. Jeffrey Smith and Sandra St. Victor (later replaced by Jacci) kept struggling. They made a very poorly received sophomore album in '93, (the out-of-print *Moon in Scorpio*), a few side projects, then in '98, *Connected*, probably one of the best R & B releases of the 90s. They're a blend of funk, rock and soul unlike any of their time. They go acoustic at times (as with the Tupac-dedicated "What Must I Do?"), then rip with a keyboard swelling, Stevie Wonder-influenced "Butter" to the midnight love jam "You're Mine." If you love that old soul, gospel drumming, "I gotta have it, I got ta got ta got ta" crooning R & B, then kill for this album if you must.

3. De La Soul: *Buhloone Mind State*. The underrated masterpiece. By now everyone

knows about the trio from Long Island, but somehow this, their third album, is always left in the dust in lieu of their first two albums, *3 Feet High and Rising* and *De La Soul is Dead*. In many ways, *Buhloone Mind State* knocks both out of the park. First, they fined tuned the skits (not as many, more integral to the unity of the album), they stay focused on the theme with tracks like "Patty Duke" and "Eye Patch," and just kill tracks like "Ego Trippin' Part Two." The album explores that line between hip-hop and jazz with guest saxophonist Maceo Parker and features the production of legendary Prince Paul and guest appearances by Gang Star's Guru and Shorty No Mas (of vintage Roots fame).

4. Goodie Mob: *Soul Food*. You've probably heard Goodie Mob at some point before, be it from guest spots on Outkast albums or various side projects. (Member Cee-Lo did the duet with Lauryn Hill on Santana's Do You Like the Way.) This, their debut album, has it all. They're not rich. They're not gangstas. They don't roll in Cadillacs. Goodie Mob is four poor guys from the ghettos of Atlanta. They rap about the streets, about being poor, about the corruption in the government, racism, spirituality, the wonders of good food and just struggling in America. The album's produced by Organized Noize, the same produc-

tion team behind the Outkast album — in fact, Big Boi and Dre of Outkast each appear on one track. Raw feeling has very rarely shown through in hip-hop. Tupac did it, Scarface does it and Goodie Mob does it on *Soul Food*.

5. Groove Theory: *Groove Theory*. For all those that loved Amel Larrieux's solo album *Infinite Possibilities*, here's a treat for you. She started off in a duo with songwriter/musician Bryce Wilson in this 1995 album. The album produced three singles, "Tell Me," "Keep Tryin'" and "Baby Luv," that sent progressively smaller ripples on black radio stations. Although R & B artists and critics praised them for bringing a jazzy, lush new flavor into soul music, with each silent year following their debut, One Hit Wonders was implied more and more often. Ultimately, Amel split with Bryce to go solo — and Bryce found a replacement for his forthcoming sophomore album.

Yet *Groove Theory* remains one great album. The sound has the smoothness of a Sade album with the occasional edge of Mary J. Blige. They were the only duo that could take a classic Isley Brothers joint ("Hello It's Me") and make it better. This album, along with Maxwell's *Urban Hang Street*, were practically the footholds of what is now neo-soul

# University plastic, glass go to dump

story by I W. Aaron Wilson

Recycling, once a foreign concept to many people, has now gotten to the point where it is taken for granted by many. Few people pause to think about tossing their empty pop can into one of the specially marked cans rather than the wastebasket.

However, the University has recently lost its ability to recycle plastic and glass, two extensively used and readily recyclable products. Truman's glass has been going to the landfill since the beginning of the year, but plastic recycling was only recently cut in early October.

Richard Barnes, head of Recycling and Surplus for Truman, said the decision came not from within the University, but from the company who takes the recyclables from Truman. He cited market pressures as the main cause behind the decision.

"The market has completely faded away at this point," Barnes said.

Robert Fletcher, head of Heartland Recycling, the local company that handles Truman's recycling, agreed, although he pointed out that his current contract does not involve either glass or plastic.

"Right now it costs more to recycle glass than I can get out of it," he said. "People think that recycling always makes money. If it's done right, it costs money, based on present market conditions."

The market value is not the main cause behind the decision to stop recycling plastic, however.

"The main problem we are seeing on the Truman State campus, is students were putting

in food containers with recyclable plastics," Fletcher said. "If food products go through the recycling process, they can clog machinery and result in a four thousand dollar fine. This can quickly make collecting plastic products from Truman economically unfeasible."

Fletcher also said there is a lack of government funding for recycling programs. While fledgling programs can receive funds for purchasing equipment, existing programs are not subsidized at all.

"All of our product we have to sell based off of market conditions, same as a farmer," Fletcher said. "But farmers get subsidized for droughts, crop shortages, overseas competition, and we don't."

Student environmental groups on campus are not surprised by the change in the recycling policy.

People don't realize that one's duty isn't done by recycling cans and glass; we must also purchase recycled products in order for recycling products to work," Theresa Conley, president of the Environmental Community Organization (E.C.O.) said. "One of the reasons Kirksville's recycling program is failing is because the market is flooded with recyclables, but no one is willing to buy recycled products."

"E.C.O. plans to talk with administration about alternative recycling programs and the necessity of one on campus, as well as about practical ways to increase the use of already recycled paper and other products on campus," she said.

Richard Barnes and the University are also looking to other ways to provide plastic and glass recycling in the future.

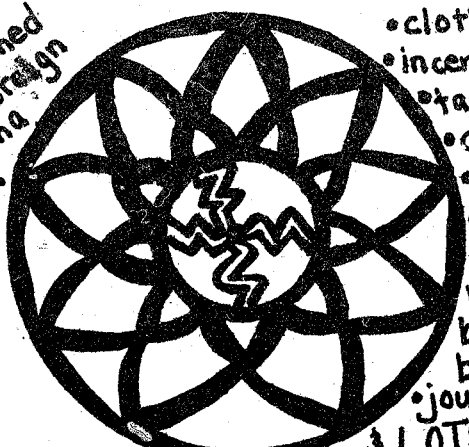
"This is our last year on this contract," Barnes said. "We are going to look into the recycling plant in Milan and the new one that's supposed to be opening in Moberly."

Until then, the thousands of plastic and glass bottles used by Truman students are going to local landfills, turning their respective recycling bins into specially marked wastebaskets.

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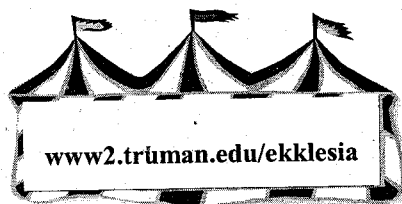
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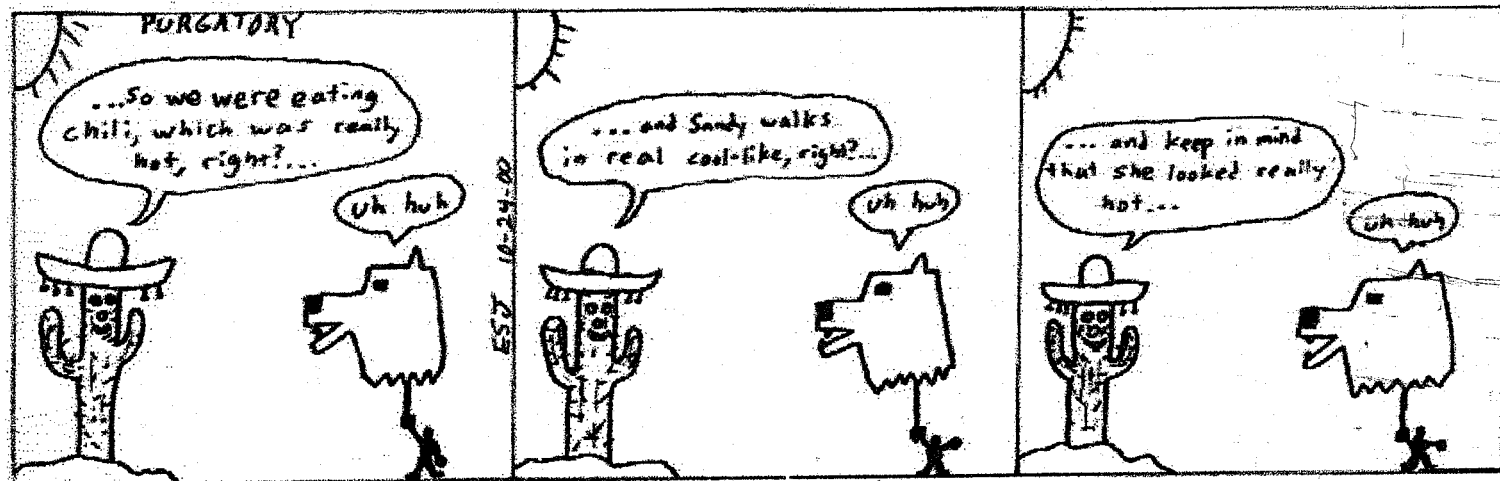
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