



The Monitor

"All the News
That Fits the Budget"

trumanmonitor.com

volume xv - issue seven

a campus collective

wednesday, february 18, 2009

LOCAL NEWSPAPER STAFF FACES TOUGH TIMES

By THE EDITORS

Hello everybody! Heard you missed us, well we're back.

As you noticed, we're skimming on the expenses right now. Instead of the usual twelve pages, we're down to two. For the time being, we're going to have these small issues, but we're going to try to get them out every week. If you submitted something that hasn't been printed yet, stay tuned.

For now, you can come to our meetings at 8 PM in the SUB down under. Also, check us out on the quad. There be a bake sale coming. And be sure to check out our website at trumanmonitor.com for even more great stuff.

TRUMAN STUDENTS EMBARK ON COMMUNAL LIVING EXPERIMENT

By J. MILTON

On August 23, 2008, two Truman students realized that they wanted to get the most out of their Senior Year. Matthew Johns and Luke Gardner realized that the way to live a fulfilling, gratifying, and educational senior year was through one method: cooperative living. With neither of the young men having any experience with communal living in their past, much work was needed to put the proper framework in place for the Communal Living Experience For Two Loving Inexperienced People, or CLEFTLIP, as the project came to be known.

To make sure that there were no holes in CLEFTLIP, Johns and Gardner immediately set about designating responsibilities to make sure that the project would work. One of their first decisions was to split rent 50-50. Johns commented that, "we didn't want to put an unfair burden on each other, so we made sure to split the rent equally, just like Leo Tolstoy would have wanted us to do." Gardner agreed with Matt, and then

pointed out that they use the same principle in other aspects of their humble cooperative living situation. "We try to split food equally," commented Gardner. He added that, "I buy my own groceries, and Matt has a meal plan. Matt mooches off my food until he feels like he's taken too much, and then he swipes me in for a meal at the cafeteria. Matt says it comes out totally equal in the end."

The progressive duo also makes sure that they spend an equal amount of money on beer. Johns will make a beer run to the local Party Mart and buy a twelve-pack of Pabst Blue Ribbon, and once that is gone, Gardner will buy a reciprocal case of Schlitz from Westport. Johns points out that this way, they each spend an equal amount of money on booze and support local businesses at the same time. Johns asserted that by using this method, "every renter gets a share."

Furthermore, the local students have a deft plan for sharing labor within CLEFTLIP. Gardner calls the model the "Yelling at Matt to Get off His Fat Ass and Clean" method. To make this work, Gardner cleans the apartment and does all the dishes, and then watches the apartment recede into a filthy mess. Once this gets to be too much to handle, Gardner yells at Johns to stop playing whatever first-person shooter he is currently salivating over and "do the goddamned dishes." Johns often strives to ignore Gardner's shouts and clamoring, but he calmly asserted that, "yeah man, it might be a little more work for Luke, but trust me, it's the best way to make our communal living situation work."

Johns and Gardner have been met with taunts of "wackos" and "socialists" from detractors of their scheme, but the two refuse to back down from their ideals. Gardner summed up his feelings about why he and Johns stick with the situation. "Some people call us pinko commies, and others say that what were doing could never work in the real world. You know what, they might be right, but at the end of the day, I stick with my CLEFTLIP because it just makes me smile."

THE MONITOR ENVIRONMENT FORUM

by COLIN HUGHES

Pick up your protest sign. I don't care if it's stashed in the back of your FlexFuel Jeep. This article's about activism—specifically, the kind that gets shit done. I'd like to tell a tale about a man I knew several years back. His name's Tim. We worked together at a summer camp. Tim's a student at the University of Utah. Well, at least until his arrest last December. Here's the story:

Before Bush left office, he gave the Bureau of Land Management permission to auction off over 150,000 acres of pristine Utah wilderness to the oil and gas industry. Because the auction was expedited, environmental impact statements were left behind, and thousands of acres surrounding Arches National Park were left at the hands of anxious drilling companies. Several environmental

coalitions attempted to fight the auction, but little progress was made. Hearing this news, Tim headed to the auction at the BLM office planning to join the picketers at the rally outside. Tim discovered that waving his sign, no matter how passionately, would do little to protect backcountry Utah. He went inside. Because the auction was expedited, he signed up as a bidder and grabbed a paddle. Despite not having any money, he bid on nearly every parcel, hoping to drive up the cost of each plot. But the oil companies have money. They don't care. So Tim just bought as much as he could. He didn't care either. Over 22,000 acres, priced at 1.8 million dollars, were suddenly in his hands. Before long, the feds caught on and he was arrested for disrupting a government auction.

Before the inauguration, Obama's office openly opposed the sale of this land. Because the charges had to be processed, the land could not be re-auctioned until Bush was out of office. In a matter of hours, one man had saved thousands of acres from the hands of massive oil conglomerates. He's been featured on national news and Amy Goodman's "Democracy Now!" His name

is Tim DeChristopher. So far, grassroots environmentalists have donated over \$45,000 to help buy the land and pay for his legal defense. You can donate at www.bidder70.org.

Our land is not a commodity. Its worth is not determined by the price of the oil brewing underground. We can hire as many economists as we like, but they won't ever know the true value of the untouched wilderness. I don't really know what should determine its price, if it has one at all. Perhaps it's that electric sensation on your tongue before the first spring rain, or that hawk eyeing you from his circle in the clouds.

Or maybe it's just that unique silence, reassuring you that there's life outside of your cubicle. Don't believe me? Experience it yourself. Find your roots. Figure out where that oil in your car comes from, because it sure as hell doesn't come from BP. Take a hike. Look up at the sun glowing through the trees. Grab a tent. Look up at the stars; listen to the world around you. It's alive.

Land has always been a right, wilderness always an option. Now it's a privilege. So speak up! Don't be afraid, you have the whole planet behind you. Humankind has a bad history of listening to things that don't speak their language. I don't know if global warming will affect you or even your great-grandson. That's the not the point. Our forests, our deserts, and our open plains are disappearing faster than we can count. It may not have buildings or highways or what we tend to consider progress, but there's a whole world of life that everyone needs to see. The environment is in serious jeopardy. You are an environmentalist. Guess what? Recycling isn't enough. Organic clothes look fancy. They don't do much. Make your voice heard. Find a cause. Fight for it. Pave your own path. No one is your boss. Be loud. Break the law. Start a movement. Anyone can do it.

Agree? Disagree? I'd love to hear your comments, responses, questions, or anything else you'd like to discuss. Visit monitoreenvironment.wordpress.com. It's a blog my friend Ryan began and I'll be keeping it alive. You'll find discussions, other articles, and more.

CHIMP GOES APE- SHIT, SHOT DEAD

200-LBS MONKEY MAULS
OWNER'S FRIEND IN
CONN.

MSNBC REPORTS

OWNER BEGS POLICE
SHOOT TO KILL

CONSUMER SPENDING NOT INVINCIBLE

by JAMES GINNS

These days, comparing our economy to the Great Depression is commonplace. If we truly are facing a recession "unprecedented since the Great Depression" then we might want to do what worked for them: rethinking our economic principles. Before the depression laissez faire economics ruled economic thought. The government was supposed to keep their hands off business which would correct itself naturally. This was challenged by John Maynard Keynes who proposed increasing spending and cutting taxes to help struggling businesses (now common practice). After stumbling around through the Hoover years, people figured out that the economy wouldn't just correct itself, and that the government had to step in both in creating social programs to alleviate the effects of poverty and an increasing in spending. (Eventually WWII got things going for us again.) I think the one issue that needs to be rethought is our dependence on consumer spending.

First, consumer spending is not an unending resource. When times are satisfactory people spend, but when times are tough consumers might not want to spend. The economy seems to falter when consumer spending falters. Might I be bold enough to suggest there's something wrong with this picture? People start saving en masse and soon things fall apart? Well, people are saving en masse. What to do?

Consider the conditions facing Detroit automakers. I have had to ask myself how companies with so many assets could be in such serious trouble. Haven't they enough factories, raw materials, cars to sell, etc. that they could tough things out? Perhaps an economically naive question to ask, but revealing none the less. The automakers have spent a great deal producing a large amount of cars and trucks that consumers aren't buying, and the companies can't do anything with them.

Then I ask, what if they could do something with them? (other then store them or offer outrageous discounts) What if the cars and trucks that aren't selling could be dismantled cheaply and reassembled into something the American consumer wants? That's a difficult problem, because once a sophisticated car is made, there's really no gain from taking it apart. But there might be products to sell while the car is being made. Consider the Statoil Refinery in Denmark, as described by Paul Hawken in the Ecology of Commerce: "The Statoil [oil] Refinery produces surplus gas, which was not used prior to 1991 because it contained excessive amounts of sulfur. The refinery installed a process to remove the sulfur... the sulfur that is being retrieved is sold to Kermira, a chemical company."

Here we have an oil refinery that is not only selling its wastes (the excess gas) but also the sulfur it removes from its waste. Now it is selling three products instead of one. This suggests that companies have things to sell other than the end product. Finding markets for wastes might help struggling companies when their final product isn't being sold to consumers. The money made from these sales might also be good for the economy in general, as it could help companies avoid the mass lay offs that are keeping people from spending in the first place. I think it would be better than the system we have currently, where it seems like every time companies are in trouble the government just hands them hundreds of billions of dollars in tax cuts or revenue and then just expects things to get better.

WINTER BREAK AND THE DANGERS OF POP CULTURE

by KARA BOLLINGER

I don't know much about pop culture. I pride myself on this fact. I don't know which celebrities are in rehab, nor do I know what Matthew McConaughey's last film was. I don't read the Twilight books or People magazine. I can't tell you anything about recent celebrity marriages or the lyrics to Beyoncé's new song.

Actually, I can. The song is called "Single Ladies," and the lyrics go something like this: "If you like it then you should have put a ring on it". The video is pretty awesome. She wears a black leotard with one sleeve and high heels. She has two back-up dancers, and between the three of them, they showcase some sweet moves. She also wears a metal thing (think Michael Jackson's glove) on her left hand. She periodically flashes this hand at the camera to show that Jay-Z has, in fact, put a ring on it.

It's not my fault that I know this. I dedicate a good portion of my energy toward not knowing these things. I blame my new-found pop culture knowledge on winter break. I chose not to work over break, concluding that time to relax after a highly stressful semester would be rejuvenating. And it was. I had my daily routine—wake up, run, read, do some domestic-type work around the house, and maybe see an old friend in the evening. This was nice for four or five days.

I turned to the television for help. MTV provided loads of trashy and mindless entertainment with "The Hills," "My Super Sweet Sixteen," and "Bromance," but I expected this from them. After watching a sixteen year old demand that her father pay some rapper 17,000 dollars to perform one song at her birthday party, I turned to VH1. Although it wasn't the best source of entertainment, it was almost always better than MTV. I was sorely disappointed. VH1's current program schedule consists of countdowns or hopeless B-list celebrities looking for love or a career revival or both. It didn't

take long for me to get tired of seeing girls my age take their tops off for Poison-rocker Brett Michaels.

One morning, I heard that Mariah Carey and Nick Cannon were married last April. I had missed this gem of celebrity gossip. Later I used Google and Notable Names Database to find information about both Mariah Carey and Nick Cannon. I learned that she was eleven years his senior, that they had met on the set of one of her music videos, and that they had gotten tattoos of each other's names...always a good idea.

My interest in celebrity gossip and pop culture grew and I remembered that I'd heard something about a Disney-created super group called the Jonas Brothers. I knew that they were brothers, that they had dark hair and that they were cute. My sister and I watched the video for "Burn' Up" and the Jonas Brothers quickly became our main form of entertainment. We recorded their appearances on talk shows, watched the Disney movie Camp Rock, and fervently searched the internet for information about current girlfriends and past break ups. I didn't swoon over 16-year-old Nick, but I was willing to ignore the fact that Joe was only 19. The one that was my age, Kevin, was the least attractive, but what he lacked in looks, he made up for in humor. We saved their television appearances and watched them repeatedly. Our Jonas Brothers obsession peaked on New Year's Eve, when they performed during the Dick Clark/Ryan Seacrest extravaganza. We recorded it, fast-forwarding through pop stars Taylor Swift (Joe Jonas's ex-girlfriend), the Pussycat Dolls, and Jesse McCartney. Although I've yet to spend money on their catchy, yet typical, music, I did spend \$1.92 on a poster for my sister. My roommate bought one for our house in Kirksville.

Now that I'm not completely bored, the Jonas Brothers have lost their luster. While I'm happy to return to my state of complete ignorance of pop culture, the Jonas Brothers will always hold a special place at the top of the stairs in our house.

TEEVEE SPOTLIGHT: PLAYING CATCH UP

by HOWARD CANARD

Everything's been just fine, thanks for asking. I got some new shoes the other day and I am liking them a lot. There are a lot of things to talk about so shut the hell up and read.

Scrubs: Scrubs is, well you know what Scrubs is. It is a single camera sitcom about the medical profession, known for its many daydream sequences and also as the launching point of Zach Braff's career. It began its eighth season on ABC, not NBC as the previous 7 have been. The changeover to ABC has not really damaged the show's already tarnished reputation. I say tarnished because this show should have died years ago. Look we all had some great laughs and yeah I'll probably name my children J.D. and Elliott, but enough is enough. Some shows need to learn to die with some dignity, instead of by some businessman squeezing a few more advertising dollars by putting an entire cast's careers through a slow and painful death like they have with Scrubs. You'd think shooting in a hospital they'd be able to take care of shit like that. The good news is this season may be a little inconsistent so far, but funny parts are there, and they are still funny. So watch it, by now you know what you are getting yourself into.

Also, Scrubs' sixth, seventh, and eighth seasons have all claimed to the last, and even started killing off characters in order to emphasize it, only to show up again next year with a sheepish look on its face. I don't know about you, but I won't believe it til I see it.

Eat: Lemon Basted Chicken with rice. Look after your health.

My Own Worst Enemy: The Monitor's three month hiatus really dates this one, as the show was canceled over two months ago. This was Christian Slater's action spy drama where he has this chip in his head that resets his brain into an alter ego where he doesn't know he's a spy, but it malfunctions and switches him at random times. I missed the pilot and it took me two episodes to figure out that premise; it's that contrived. All it boils down to is another "regular joe becomes secret agent for a

clandestine organization and must do crazy tasks for them" show (I'm looking at you "Chuck" and you "Reaper"). Fortunately we are in luck, this show died shortly after the sweeps period ended. It was really boring, too.

Eat: I dunno, whatever leftovers you have hanging around or your nearest fast food dollar menu. You won't enjoy it and you'll want it to be over fast.

Pushing Daisies: Alright so here's the deal. There's this man that creates these really silly premises, such as "What if the grim reaper was a job like any other?" or "What if inanimate objects started giving ambiguous advice to you?" Then this man goes so far as to create an atmosphere of whimsical morbidity around these premises and writes dialog that contains quick, sharp wit and clever wordplay; better than anything else you've seen on prime time TV. In Pushing Daisies, a man finds he has the ability to wake the dead for short periods of time, and so naturally he goes into business helping a private investigator solve murders. Well you can guess what happens. Nobody watches that shit. I would say that Pushing Daisies was Fuller's masterwork thus far: fantastical, smart, full of alliteration, well acted, and well received by critics. It died because, yet again, no one watched it. All three of Brian Fuller's shows, "Dead Like Me," "Wonderfalls," and now sadly "Pushing Daisies" have been canceled. And you are to blame. The good news is that now that Fuller's third failed attempt at making a hit series has occurred, he can go back to the writing staff at "Heroes" and bring that show back from the edge of complete stupidity.

On a similar note, a direct-to-DVD movie based on "Dead Like Me" comes out in like a few days. Fuller didn't have anything to do with it but you should check it out anyway.

Eat: Well this show is pastry based, as the main character is a pie maker, so let's go with some fresh pie. The secret to good pie crust is keeping the shortening cold until you actually put that sucker in the oven. It results in delicious flaky crust that you will be happy with. Ned would agree with me on this one.

Read more TEEVEE SPOTLIGHT at trumanmonitor.com!

STYLE MONITOR:

THIS WEEK'S IT-BOY, ZACH VON THUN!!!



by CHARLOTTE KEENAN

This month's It-Boy hails from the far-off fashion mecca of Macon, Missouri. When Zach von Thun isn't watching Colbert Report reruns or working as Cairo Baptist Church's music director, he's hotly pursuing an English major at Truman State University. He looks good doing it, too!

His own father and 1940s Hollywood fashions inspire Zach's sartorial choices. Peek into his closet, and you'll find classic pieces – traditional shirts, trousers, and more than fifty sweaters – in daring patterns and eye-catching colors, not to mention the shoes. Zach prizes his black-and-white wingtip spectacles and also parades a pair of tasseled black loafers.

But to the casual observer, Zach's eye glasses really make the look. The frames originated in the early 1960s, and Zach found them almost by accident. "Apparently the previous owner was like, dead, and the family I guess donated them to the eye doctors," he explained. "So I literally took them off a dead guy."

Move over Harry Crane! And keep reading, dear readers, to learn from Zach's personal style.

Crib Zach's look: Stay classic: "I'm just really old fashioned I guess, a little uptight, conservative."

Swipe your specs off a corpse.

Wear graphic sweaters: "A good number of my sweaters survived the eighties. I like the kind of pattern you could see from the moon."

Take pride in your appearance: "I try to dress well, or at least clean, no matter where I go."

Keep your kicks interesting. Hot List:

Stephen Colbert: Zach admits to an "unhealthy obsession" with the faux-pundit. "The man is a genius. He's the greatest satirist of our generation."

Julian Barnes' A History of the World in 10½ Chapters: "The first chapter is written from the perspective of a termite on Noah's Ark."

eBay, but not for shoes: "I sometimes shy away from buying used shoes because God only knows what kind of foot ailment the previous owner had."

Eighties pop: "I guess I'm a closeted WHAM! fan – not even that closeted."

That's it for this edition of Style Monitor! Know any It-Boys or It-Girls that desire or warrant more attention? Send their names my way at cek228@truman.edu.

"MY BACK PAGES" FOUND PHILOSOPHY

How do you respond?

He could remark that his death was a resurrection, an interesting philosopher that should know how to live.

One terms without asking a human mourning affords posthumous gifts.

The work of thinkers taught me significance in their precondition, the predestination of a voice.

October in enslavement, offered to me freely,

not to be a link but strictly moments.

Moments as demands.

"I am," he says,

because he is,

because it is.

Reputation changed, he admitted his rules were art, signs to no particular intentions.

He missed the response of an apartheid opposition, his terror undermined death.

In another life is a thought, "How do you respond to your life and your name?"

The meaningless task of what a life makes on us with enjoyable beginnings.

by MAUREEN FOODY



the monitor
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independent quality
since 1995
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The Monitor is published every other Monday. We meet every Thursday in the SUB Down Under. Each writer is responsible for his or her own work.

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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 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