

Walgreens, nice neighbors, pg. 2

the Monitor

September 20, 1995

Volume 2, Number 1

a campus collective

The Bitchy Frenchman, pg. 5

Frank comes and goes for mayor

by Rich E. Cliffe

When the words mayoral and candidacy come up, one has visions of judges and lawyers. Seldom does one find the average working class citizen in the ring with such bureaucrats, convinced that he has the tools to get the job done better. Frank Nathaniel Tucker believes that he is that citizen.

After living in Kansas City where he worked as a security officer for the school district and as a bartender for 8 years, he is now in a Kum and Go managerial training program which has brought him to Kirksville. He is an assistant manager at the store on Franklin, and now, he is running for mayor.

Before coming here he was involved in the United Metro-Media Association which is responsible for developing businesses and refurbishing neighborhoods in black communities.

As an employee of Kum and Go, Tucker sees himself as "a medium between the town's people and the people at college." He takes the time to know his customers, always an energetic friend, he is late night or early morning.

Tucker believes that people from both sides of our community feel threatened by each other. "Being a young black male, I know what that's all about—knowing that prejudice itself is not a color thing. It's a lack of knowledge—a fear," said Tucker.

Tucker plans to apply this knowledge and energy towards the creation of an open forum in which community issues can be mutually raised and mutually discussed.

He believes that the implementation of such a program will foster improved communication which will lead to communal harmony.

See Mayor, pg. 3



Mayoral hopeful Frank Tucker

Program pushes academic variety

by David Lohr

How many times have you heard people complain, or complained yourself, about the liberal arts and sciences core at NMSU?

Usually people are griping that it is too large and does not offer the academic freedom students desire. Many students say they feel locked into schedules and curricula filled with one mandatory course after another, the student only getting a mild taste for a subject, blandly experiencing it with little depth.

After investing thousands of dollars and hours over four, or in many cases

five or six years, they desire to have the chance to pursue themselves, if they so desire.

There is some talk of revising the core requirements, but it is probably too late for that (last fall of 1997). So what can be done in the meantime? Emphasize the general honors program to its full potential.

What? Yes, we have heard of Noham having an honors program! Don't fret! Ignorant, not wanting to go to class, that it might either. Some description in 1987, only four graduate have graduated.

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See Cars, pg. 3

No cars on street

by Mark Harmon

Have you noticed these stenciled lines on the road proclaiming:

NO BICYCLES

ON SIDEWALK

CITY ORD 15-106

These blocky letters grace every corner within a two block radius of the town square.

Well, I noticed them and they bothered me, enough to do something I would be arrested for, but of that I will talk later.

The words appear as an absurd display of authority—hostile and hypocritical, as police luckily seem to have no real

intentions of enforcing this ordinance. Unfortunately, the sign contributes to an image of the town that neither the city council nor the police desire or deserve.

When I talked with Officer Crossfoot of the Kirksville Police Department I found out that this ordinance was passed by request of the uptown merchants, who felt that bikes, rollerblades, skateboards and rollerblades on the sidewalks discouraged people from shopping on the square.

I was astonished to hear this, because up to that point I felt that cars and the sprawling strip malls and Wal-Mart's that encroached were destroying town squares, draining resources from the downtown lake and pedestrian friendly centralized shopping streets around the Midwest's town squares.

Naturally, cyclists need to be cautious around doorways and generally courteous to pedestrians, and there is no call to banish bikes to the street.

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new

September 20, 1995

Can I be your neighbor?

Proposed Walgreens leads to controversy, confusion

by Katie Riley

"The Pharmacy America, Trust" is considering Kirksville as a site for one of 200 new Walgreens expected to be built around the country this fiscal year.

Walgreens, the nation's largest drug store chain and 16th largest retailer, hopes to operate over 3,000 stores by the year 2000.

They're well on their way after opening their 2,000th Walgreens in November of 1994.

If Walgreens chooses Kirksville from the estimated 700 proposed sites throughout America, where would it be?

One proposed site that seems to be controversial is located at the corner of Baltimore and Illinois Streets, across from Hy-Vee.

The corner borders a neighborhood consisting of members of the Old Towne Neighborhood Association, which is dedicated to preserving the historical significance of their specific area of town.

The association is protesting the proposed site because they claim the district is the original residential area of

Kirksville with houses dating back to the Civil War.

According to association president Shirley McKenna, the land was given "through a deed of patent" by the president James Knox Polk in 1848. The association fears the traffic that a large store, like a typical Walgreens, would bring to the neighborhood because of their children and cars backing out of driveways.

Another association concern is the possibility of alcohol being sold at the store. Although, Walgreens spokesperson Michael Polans said only "about half of our stores nationwide sell alcohol."

Not everyone protests the idea of Walgreens, however. Kirksville Mayor, Robert Funk, says he's for it, along with many Kirksville residents. Comments range from, "Let them have it. Competition is great!" to, "...as long as it doesn't change my surface water."

Funk said the majority of Kirksville residents seem to be behind the new business, which contradicts the 1100 sign-

tures the Old Towne Association presented at the May 15 city council meeting.

While the petition didn't change the proposed building site, it did bring about compromises, such as re-angling the entrance to the store and changing the roof-line.

Plans to be at the corner of Illinois and Baltimore? Mills says his house has been on "contract with Walgreens for a year

and a half."

Association members deny such a contract could exist at this time and Walgreens spokesperson refuse to comment on that particular issue.

Mills, however, holds fast to his claim of a contract.

When asked if it was a good offer he said, "If it wasn't, I wouldn't sell."

Phyllis Mills, Frankie Mills's wife, responds to her neighbors' lack of knowledge concerning the contract with, "It'd be a pretty sorry thing if in this world we'd have to ask our neighbors if we could sell (our house). It'd be like asking to be each other's neighbor."

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Honors, cont. from pg. 1

across the stage with this impressive award. The program is open to any student interested in taking one class from the general honors list does not imply that you have to complete the program, or even take a second course.

The classes are not specific "honors" courses, but rather either upper level or courses dealing with specific topics.

On general honors, an informational reception is being held on Thursday, 21 September 1995 at 4:45 p.m. in the Alumni Room of the SUB. Yummy refreshments will be provided.

If you cannot attend, you can stop by Dr. Patricia Burton's office in McClain Hall and pick up a pamphlet on the general honors program.

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tures the Old Towne Association presented at the May 15 city council meeting.

While the petition didn't change the proposed building site, it did bring about compromises, such as re-angling the entrance to the store and changing the roof-line.

Funk said that in his many years of city planning he has "never seen... a strip of land with as many restrictions as that strip (the proposed location)."

Association members believe that a smaller business, like a medical office, would be more appropriate in the spot. "Something low density that's good for the environment," said Jerry Tritz.

Clifton Kreps, another NMSU professor and Old Towne member said, "There's only so much pharmacy business in this town."

Bill Winslow of Ryder Drug, a pharmacy in Kirksville, isn't worried though. He said that Walgreens is "fair competition. They (other Walgreens) haven't set the world on fire."

One problem that does seem to be on everyone's mind, though, is Walgreens lack of commitment. The only business transactions to be found concerning the Walgreens Company in Kirksville is a contract held by Franklin Mills, whose residence happens

to be at the corner of Illinois and Baltimore. Mills says his house has been on "contract with Walgreens for a year

and a half."

Association members deny such a contract could exist at this time and Walgreens spokespersons refuse to comment on that particular issue.

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"There's only so much pharmacy business in this town."

-Clifton Kreps, NMSU Professor and Old Towne Association member



Cars, cont. from pg. 1

The city ordinance declares that bikes are regular participants in traffic and thus have to follow all traffic rules and regulations. This might sound good in theory, but cars and bikes hardly stand on equal ground. Look at the sheer mass of a Cadillac compared with even the most clunky of bikes. There is no doubt who would be crushed.

If a bike really behaved as a full participant in traffic, riding down the center of the lane, they would be honked at and otherwise abused. This even Officer Goring admitted.

He told me of frequent and, in his opinion, well-founded complaints by cyclists who had their more than equal comrades in traffic swerve at them for sheer enjoyment.

All this and more, namely a can of spray paint and a stencil, motivated me to do a bit of public art. Late on Labor day night I went to work painting in neat letters the same size and type to complete the message:

NO BICYCLES
ON SIDEWALK
CITY ORD 15-106
NO CARS ON STREET

I'm not sure whether this new decree is more or less absurd than the original one. Perhaps this will be cleared up in court. I did mention I had been arrested, didn't I? This is a fact that, at first, ran counter to my wishes but I am now grateful for. Interactions and insights into the varying facets of this issue, that I otherwise would have worked to avoid, re-

sulted from my arrest.

Just before my work was completed, I was on the third side of the square painting, and two cars pulled up with the blinking blue and red. They asked me what I was doing with that spray paint; I told them, "Public art," they smiled but went on calling it vandalism.

I asked for a copy of my fingerprints and mug shot. Though he was sorry, he couldn't comply. He did, however, let me wait for them to develop.

As we watched the photochemical miracle of the Polaroid, his colleague started signing each of "the 8 x 10 color glossies with the circles and arrows and a paragraph on the back of each one telling what it was" and by the "third time 'round on the guitar" he finally got the lyrics right. He also told me that he had been tipped off about my activities by some of the people cruising the square.

Next stop: Judas. His name turned out to be Ron. He and a dozen of his friends were hanging out on the square. Why had he betrayed me?

He talked about some of his problems with the police. He felt that they hassled him frequently. He thought that he and his friends were sure to be blamed for my art (he did not call it art, except in mockery).

I sensed a bit of resentment of the spoiled "college kids" in his voice and understand where he is coming from. I really should have considered who was going to be blamed for my defiance. I'm glad that events unfolded as they have. It

reaffirms my belief that things can only be improved by working communally. Insisting on fulfillment of our personal agenda is bound to pass dissatisfaction around.

We need to work to improve the relationships between cyclists, pedestrians and drivers, to find a solution suitable for all (which most likely will require the establishment of bike paths).

Mayor, cont. from pg. 1

Kirksville is "a good town, a friendly town," but, according to Tucker, "there's a lot of things that still can be done. It could grow, and it could still be friendly. It doesn't have to be a situation where outside influences and big businesses come in and the town gets overwhelmed with gangs and things like that."

Tucker claims that the key to such healthy growth is to "take it one step at a time, and deal with things as they come."

This philosophy is echoed in Tucker's campaign strategy. He is currently evaluating several possible strategies.

So, keep your eyes and ears open as the man from Kum and Go comes out from behind the counter.

Special white space...take notes here.

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The classes are not specific "honors" courses, but rather either upper level or courses dealing with specific topics. These classes which are chosen are determined by the faculty in the disciplines and are substitutable for core classes.

It is important to remember that it is a substitution, a replacement, for another course. In other words, if you take Medieval Philosophy instead of Introduction to Philosophy, one must take a minimum of five courses within four disciplines-

mathematics and computer science, science, humanities, and social science, a cumulative grade point average of 3.5 on a 4.0 scale must be earned in those five classes. A listing of the applicable classes can be found in the NMSU catalogue and also in the pamphlet on the program.

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Upstairs with Luna: a review

by Dave

"Penthouse," the third album by Luna, begins with "Chinatown," a song set "in the tiny tiny hours between the evening and the day." Singer Dean Wareham sings of staying out all night, "rushing around in taxi cabs," enjoying "fancy drinks and lucky toasts." The music is relaxed but beautifully constructed. The guitars and bass fit together to create a concise rhythm. Guitar solos quickly sneak in and out between lines of the song. Wareham's voice is relatively quiet yet clear and distinct. The instruments and vocals combine to evoke and embody an atmosphere of late nights in the city.

This song sets the mood for the entire album, musically and lyrically. "Chinatown," like all

of the songs on "Penthouse," is full of brilliant musicianship, playing that evokes a certain feeling which is comfortable to the ear, yet complex enough to provoke, or even force, the listener to play the songs again and again and again.

Lyrically, the songs work on a number of levels. On the surface, "Chinatown" is about night in the city. Yet it is also about friendship ("why are we hiding from our friends?"). Most of the songs on "Penthouse" combine images with thoughts about people and the ways they interact with each other. On one level the album is about life in the city, but on a deeper level it is about how people fit into this world, how they communicate and what they feel. The music adds to and comments on the lyrics.

The instruments are guitars (Sean Eden, Dean Wareham), bass (Justin Harwood) and drums (Stanley Demski), plus the occasional cello, vibes, theremin and mellotron. The album also includes two guest appearances by guitarist Tom Verlaine of Television. The music sounds like it was constructed effortlessly, yet it is complex. Each listen reveals more layers of guitar, backing vocals.

Some of the songs include "Double Feature," about loneliness and a trip to the zoo, and "Sideshow by the Seashore," where a warped-sounding guitar part is played repeatedly, echoing the confusion the narrator feels about communication and the lack thereof. "Maybe if I yell at you, you'll trust in what I'm saying," he pleads.

Another highlight is "Rhythm King," with lyrics that are more optimistic than most of the songs ("wait for an answer, good things will come") and that show Wareham's sense of humor ("Nixon's in a coma, and I hope it's gonna last"). The album concludes with an unlisted bonus track, "Bonnie and Clyde," a duet with Laetitia Sadier from Stereolab sung in French.

Luna's sound has progressed from each album to the next. One of the few faults, if not the only fault, of their previous work was a tendency to musically imitate the Velvet Underground too closely. On "Penthouse," as on their previous album "Bewitched," Luna have found a unique sound, one hard to describe with mere words.

"Penthouse" is the perfect continuation of Luna's career: a cohesive collection of well-written, wonderfully played songs. It is an album to listen to and obsess over.



Music For Poultry

by Gilbert

"It keeps us from getting cable, because we can just watch Dan all the time." This is how Darren Mohr describes living with bandmate Dan Buffa. Luckily, Buffa takes this energy and channels it into singing and writing lyrics for their band, Mr. Sneeclow.

Beginning just last year, Mr. Sneeclow has etched a place on the small Kirksville music scene. They played last year at the Amnesty Bandfest and Dobson Hall Squirrelfest, as well as a show at Toons.

Their music can be described as funk, with a harder edge; or more simply, "the good kind" according to Buffa. That probably has a lot to do with the energy explosion of Buffa as well as lead guitarist Joe Cable.

The band has three other members. The aforementioned Mohr, rhythm guitarist and vocalist James Wilke, and drummer Brian Klubba. Four of the five members live together, making it easy to have a practice place, as well as finding

practice times.

In asking the members how it was living together, drummer Klubba responded that it was "sexually satisfying." They all seem to have a love/hate relationship with guitarist Cable. They're either screaming about how much they hate him, or they are making up songs declaring their love for him.

I asked the band why people should see them play and was informed by Buffa that "we have too many groupies and need to share them with someone."

Sarcasm is as prevalent in this band as feathers are on a chicken. All sarcasm aside, this is a band worth seeing. One of the hardest things for this, or any band in Kirksville, is finding a place to play their shows. Mr. Sneeclow have put serious thought into just setting up a show on their roof.

I asked them where they saw their band going. "On a yoga retreat" was the answer. Cosmic. I wish them luck.

Men in dresses, cliches, and cars: a review

by Mitsuru Nakamura

To Wong Foo, Thanks for Everything! Julie Newmar is a road comedy about three drag queens which has no surprises in its plot, but makes the cliches look good with its characters and performances.

The story begins with a drag beauty contest in New York. The two winners, Vida (Patrick Swaze) and Noxzema (Wesley Snipes) win a trip to Los Angeles to enter the L.A. drag queen competition. But instead they cash

in the plane tickets and decide to drive to L.A. with contest loser Chi Chi Rodriguez (John Leguizamo).

In a '67 Cadillac convertible and with a framed photo of Julie Newmar (Catwoman in the TV series *Batman*), the trio hits the road to cross the country.

The cliches of road movies start when a shameless midwestern cop (Chris Penn) stops the Caddy and tries to rape Vida.

whom he mistakes for a real woman. Vida knocks the cop out: everyone thinks him dead and takes flight, leaving him behind.

Eventually, the car breaks down, which forces them to stay in a tiny Nebraska town where they face various kinds of soapy characters (battered wives, battering husbands, purposeless teens, bored old ladies, shy lovers and so on). Naturally, the threesome gets involved in these people's lives and brings

poetic justice to the town.

Director Booban Kidron (*Antonia and Jane* and *Used People*) didn't add any details of gay life or preachy messages. She treats them as lovable eccentrics with noble hearts, and she cut educationally stupid sexual issues.

All three actors who play the drag queens, surprise the audience with their excellent performances which make the cliches acceptable. Swaze restores his recently sloppy career by playing a strong, but tender Vida. Snipes, a talented actor who has recently been in tasteless big-money Hollywood action movies and spoiled his ability, proves himself an able actor again.

But the biggest surprise comes from Leguizamo, who has been flying low in "Super Mario Brothers" in 1993, "Pyromaniacs: A Love Story" this year and his very short-lived Fox variety show "House of Buggin'." By his portrait of expository Chi Chi Rodriguez with a fantastic mix of positive annoyance and narcissism, Leguizamo is more likely to find his way to stardom and to take over the spotlight from Jim Carrey. His Chi Chi is the most credible and elaborate characters and he steals the show and improves the film.

To Wong Foo is neither an American version of *The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen of the Desert* nor a typical comedy about gay issues with embarrassing sexual references. This movie is a tale about the triumph of dream over reality. It makes the movie strong and weak at the same time. People can take the movie as either a superb comedy with a good mixture of unique characters and a traditional road comedy modes or a cliché of road comedy with some men in dresses.

The Bitchy Frenchman

Top 5 List
by
David Kunau

Top five damn good reasons why we should be happy to be
a "smoke free" campus

1. We can finally enjoy our Main Street cholesterol without having to worry about cancer.
2. We can continue to be proud of the fact that the words "integration" and "tolerance" are definitely not part of the American vocabulary.
3. At least the Board of Governors can feel like they accomplished something in the last year. (Oh... sorry, I forgot about that great name change.)
4. Won't it be nice to see those evil smokers get frostbite in -10 degree weather?
5. Another excuse to put more signs on things.

Thanks for absolutely nothing

by Amy Ventrella

Recently, our House of Representatives voted 230-194 to phase out all federal funding for the National Endowment for the Arts (NEA) by October 1997. They also hope to completely abolish the agency within the next two years.

The NEA isn't their only target either: The National Endowment for the Humanities (NEH) and the Corporation for Public Broadcasting (CPB) are also following the NEA on the path of eminent ex-

inction. Last month, the Senate voted to cut next year's NEA budget by 40%. The knives have been sharpened and government funding of the arts has been placed on the chopping block for what seems like the final time.

Granted, government involvement in art is somewhat of an oxymoron. However, I think it is a big slap in the face to artists everywhere that our government really thinks that cutting \$620 million

worth of cultural programs will make even a dent in the present budget deficit of \$180 billion. Is it really any surprise that just before they mutilated the NEA's budget, a Senate committee approved spending \$7 BILLION more on the military than the Pentagon had asked for?

It is insulting to think that our elected government officials voted that the arts are not important enough to support. Not only is it insulting, but even more embarrassing. In the U.S., during 1995, we will spend \$167.5 million of federal money on the NEA. This money will go to programs like dance, theater, opera, literature, visual arts, and the like.

Now, contrast our measly figure with the \$200 million that TIME magazine reports the city of Berlin alone will spend on its art and culture this year, and you can just see the white stars and stripes turning bright red. If we gave the NEA even a 1/4 of the cost of one B-2 bomber each year, we would have more than tripled our current contribution. A fraction of the cost of ONE plane. Pathetic.

Certainly, if federal funding disappeared, it would not mean that all art and culture would do the same. However, the NEA gives many artists the opportunity to express themselves to a larger audience than just themselves. From its beginnings, it has encouraged cutting-edge performances and funded many last resort projects that could not get private funding.

When people think of the NEA, they tend to think of names such as Mapplethorpe and works of art such as "Piss Christ." However, in actuality, there have only been perhaps a dozen controversial grants out of the tens of thousands of projects that the Endowment has funded over its 30 year history.

Painter Chuck Close remarked in a January 1995 *Newsweek* article "There have been some grants I didn't agree with—some art is offensive to me. But it is a tribute to a free and open society that we are strong enough that we can take that risk and support that certain percentage of work."

Maybe Capitol Hill isn't secure and strong enough (hard to believe, right?), but a 1992 study entitled "Americans and the Arts IV" proves that taxpayers are. The survey, conducted by the American Council for the Arts, revealed that a 60% majority of Americans feel that federal

funding is important and they support it. In fact, when asked about tax cuts, 69% advocated raising federal taxes by \$5 a year (per person) to support the arts and 56% were in favor of a \$15 increase in arts subsidization. Finally, on overwhelming 90% of those polled felt that the arts are an essential part of a child's education and development and 57% would make cuts in sports before the arts.

Sociologist Arnold Hauser notes that "art and society are like body and soul—indivisible but containing no common aim or meaning."

As a society, we need artists to remind us of emotion and hopes and passion and ideas. We need them to depict historical events and periods. We need art to fuel children's blooming creativity and imagination. From the time we are old enough to hold a crayon to the time we are old enough to drive ourselves to the art museum and spend an afternoon in its halls, we become surrounded by art. It

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—Amy Ventrella

is on billboards, in textbooks, on calendars, and in commercials on television. Art is an inescapable aspect of our lives that oftentimes we take for granted. If we didn't have art...well...stop by OP 300 sometime and you'll get the picture.

Painter George Bellows perhaps put it best when he said, "All civilizations are the result of the creative imagination or artist quality in man. The artist is the man who makes like more interesting a beautiful, more understandable or mysterious, or probably, in the best sense more wonderful. His trade is to deal in illimitable experience. It is therefore only of importance that the artist discover whether he be an artist, and it is for society to discover what return it can make to its artists."

It seems as though the United States has chosen to repay its artists by choosing to ignore them.

The author of this piece
deperately needs a ride to St.
Louis this week-end!! Please call
Amy at 627-1548.

Will pay

BIG BUCKS

Evolution from dorm life

by Doug Daubert, Missouri Hall Director.

A knock on the door is answered by a tired eyed student.

"You have a phone call down at the office, better hurry, lights out in fifteen minutes."

The student quickly walks down the three flights of stairs. He knocks carefully at the door and enters after a voice from inside invites him in. He picks up the receiver.

"Hi, Mom. Yes, pretty good. Classes are difficult and the food isn't good at all. Yes, I did get to walk Katherine back from the dance, but I couldn't go any further than the stairwell, visitation hour was over. No, we can't go to her room, just to the main lounge to talk. How is Dad? And grandpa and grandma, how are they? Good. Good to hear. I should get going now, lights out in a couple of minutes. Thanks, love you too."

He hangs up the receiver and thanks the House Mother. She nods her approval and reminds him to get back to his room. Lights out.

His room is not filled with posters. He has no Nintendo or Sega, or even a computer, just a bed, a desk and a small wardrobe. Not even a television in the lounge. Books stacked on the shelves are his only entertainment.

Where is this mysterious university, this so called place of "higher learning." It is here, in Kirksville, Missouri. It is, or was, Northeast Missouri State University. No, we do not have bed checks and lights out in our Residential Halls and Colleges. There was a time when all universities housed their students in "dorms" or "dormitories." There was a time when our buildings had no visitation, no televisions in the lounges (it was only three short years ago that cable became available in the resident rooms), no telephones in rooms. House mothers did bed checks and turned out the lights for the evening.

Dorms are a thing of the past. No longer must men be confined to the stairwells of female buildings or the main

lounge. No more bed checks, no more trips to the office to get phone calls. Our buildings have changed. They are no longer "dorms" where students sleep and study. They have become Residential Halls or Colleges where students live, learn, and become part of a community.

Residence Halls and Colleges have changed a lot in the years since they were called "dorms." Phones have been placed in every room, residents are now allowed to move furniture and bring posters to hang on walls. Visitation hours have been expanded and students now have more privileges and rights.

In 1991 Northeast had only one coed Residence Hall, Blanton/Nason, housing just over 250 people. Our visitation policy stated that members of the opposite sex had to be out of the building by midnight on weekdays and 1:00 AM on Friday and Saturday. Our buildings needed a bit of a face lift, as did some of the dining halls. What happened? The residents spoke up through organizations like CHANL and the hall senates. And our administration and Residential Living listened.

Today we have only two single sex buildings, one because of sorority by-laws. All of our buildings, except Brewer, have 24 hour visitation. Dobson and Missouri Hall are in the process of room renovations.

Other building are in line for room and lounge renovations in the near future. All of these changes were planned with student input. All of these changes helped to make our building better living/learning environments, better Residential Halls and Colleges.

How do you know I'm right? Just look over any entrance to our buildings. Try to find an entrance that has the words "Ryle dorm" or "Centennial dorm" engraved above the door. You can't do it. The "dorms" are a thing of the past. We live in Halls. We live in Colleges. We have an impact on our living environment. We live here.

the Monitor

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This issue, the Monitor is:

B.C. Christopher, Becci Dale, Doug Daubert, Dan Flynn, Phil French, Jill Goodheart, Bridget Gowen, Mark Harmon, Scott Kreher, David Kuna, Junius Malby, Laughton Messmer, John Morris, Mitsuru Nakamura, Chad Odgers, Robyn Rateliff, Brent Ricci, Katie Riley, Maggie Thurman, Jessica Walters, Les Wight, and Amy Ventrella

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Wal-Mart: The Great Evil Empire

by Phil French

Almost anyone here in America would think of fascism as passe, left only to a few left wingers or four star generals in the U.S. Army. Little would

many of us expect of fascism rising here in Kirksville either.

The kind of fascism I am referring to has gone into the supermarket business, under the non-threatening guise of Regis Philbin, Kathy Lee Gifford, and "Always Low Prices." It's that all-too-familiar fluorescent temple on HWY 63 we know as Wal-Mart, and I was on it's payroll this summer.

As a member of the state, or as we referred to ourselves, as associates, came certain benefits. I got a vest, a discount card, plenty of hours and a generous stockholders program offered to me. But in a few days I felt less and less proud to be an associate.

I was overwhelmed by the propaganda issued out to me through the Wal-Mart TV in the breakroom, Wal-Mart newsletters, and Wal-Mart radio while I was working.

Then there was the dehumanizing feeling I felt as a cashier. I was constantly punching and scanning items, or zoning

my love. I would have dreams of working in fast forward scanning and zoning and scanning and zoning and scanning.

I began to realize my job was reaching too deep into my subconscious. I became paranoid, watching my back during break, trying to ignore all the propaganda. I would start seeing things. Was Heimlich Himmler working in lay-away?!! I could not live like this any longer. So I quit.

Now I work for a quarter less at a small deli. It is a lot messier and harder, but I am beginning to feel human again.

Yet everytime I see that sign, I can not stop thinking to myself that Sam Walton's brain is running the whole thing, slowly gaining in world domination...and I am the only one who knows the truth.

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My Back Pages

Shit

I've got shit piled up on the floor,
Piled so high that I can't reach the door.
Looks like something exploded my place,
And this shit's taking up all of my space.

I've got crayons and pens to spare,
T-shirts I never wear,
Magazines, tape cassettes,
Lamps, jars, and cigarettes.
I've got pictures and postcards
And beer cans and sandles,
Mess kits and canteens
And pans with no handles.
I've got Jesus and Emerson
And Dalton Trumbo
Edgar A. Poe
Henry Thoreau

And though I have plenty to give and to keep,
This shit is all worthless and utterly cheap.

—Beth Slater

The Immoral

The feelings rushing in from every angle
Who is right
Even more frightening is there a right and wrong
18 years of black and white
Then I opened the door to Oz and there were colors
The game is up, bid or fold
But how much do I believe in the cards I'm holding
My last chance
That could be nothing more than the chance to
screw myself
Life flashing before my eyes in pathetic images of
morality
Life lying in my hands
Nothing more than a new toy at Christmas
Will this be one I'll dust off for the grandkids
Or will wrapping paper be more attractive after the
period of novelty
The moral question dropped to the immoral
Debated in houses of law and philosophy
Become a dangerous toy in the hands of young and
foolish
Is there really a question or just a debated stage
direction in the script
Is this life even mine to decide
Do the little elves that work in the city of destiny
already have the blue prints
I'm given the choice
My life or hers
A dangerous toy in the hands of the immoral

—Jessica Walters

My interest, seminal in my head,
spreading quickly, extracting science from history.

As if Napoleon's marching beetles return
could make clear the end of Idealism.

As if Clinton's Garcia-tied regime
so indecisive and commitment faulty
as genes in a pool,
could in some way lead us back to Confucius.

My conquest, a throbbing obstacle obsession,
snowballing, as science wipes out on a sled.

And history plays Dry Dandelion blowing
through the breeze, never once hearing of a sled.

—Junius Maltby, Sr.

Nothing on my mind?

You turn and glance
and catch my trance.
Do you know what's whirling within?
... nothing but nothing;
but nothing sounds tempting.
so nothing continues to spin.

After sharing a smile
and smiling a share
you return to your glorious perch,
where life and Poe dance hand in hand
yet your fate continues to search.

What will be done,
with a body so weak;
or a rumor so creepily worn?
"I really can't say," is
all you reply
"although green is the color of scorn."

Green is the color of scorn?
as mother rebukes with an invincible storm
she argues with bolts
and counters with clashes
eventually leaving,
the whole place in ashes.

So, you try to return
to that perch as a womb;
only to find a bedridden tomb;
with a note attached
to a body still warm,
stating merely:
Death appears,
to be the color of scorn.

—B.C. Christopher

The Artist

He sat on his stool
At the reservation
Third from the left
Midday -drinking fire,
Breathing smoke
Afraid of what might
Or might not be waiting outside.

Once the world was young,
A living dare.
His sketches sold as works by:
The Indidan boy, the prodigal boy
And were received
And returned
With pledges of "education" from
Institution x, conservatory y.

Promise had once grown in their place
But now only the sillouettes
Of drunkenness
Of evacuated memories
The passion days,
The art days,
The somewhat sober days.

They always returned
Like the shadows
With the sun
Regrouped and painfully restored,
Intensified
Until the battle came again.

Bobby Penn
Lived till 24,
Died age 40.
Sentenced by drink,
Executed by memories.

—J. Rust

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My Back Pages

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