

the Monitor

October 19, 1995

Volume 2, Number 3

a campus collective

Elvis sighted at Kirksville bar

by Jocelyn Turner

It is a familiar scene: a smoky room, various patrons at scattered tables drinking a variety of alcoholic concoctions, the low hum and pitch of random conversations.

Kirksville's bar scene, for the most part, is much like any other, overlooking certain minor regional eccentricities. Then there's T.P.'s Office—the only place in town where Elvis lives, and, on special occasions, emerges from the back of the bar in full jump-suited regalia to perform some of his greatest hits.

The performance takes place on a precarious table in the center of the bar. From this vantage point, The King sings such Elvis favorites as "I Can't Help Falling in Love with You," "Devil in Disguise," and "Viva Las Vegas," while ceremoniously draping scarves around the necks of lucky audience members. He even tosses stuffed autographed teddies during "Teddy Bear." The show lasts approximately two hours, and the crowd seems to love every minute of it.

Behind the scene, Kirksville's Elvis

is a business man named Paul Fowler, called T.P. by intimates. His beginnings in Rockford, Illinois, perhaps did not cause him to become an Elvis impersonator, but they planted the seeds and provided him with the necessary experiences. Plus, he really liked Elvis when he was a kid.

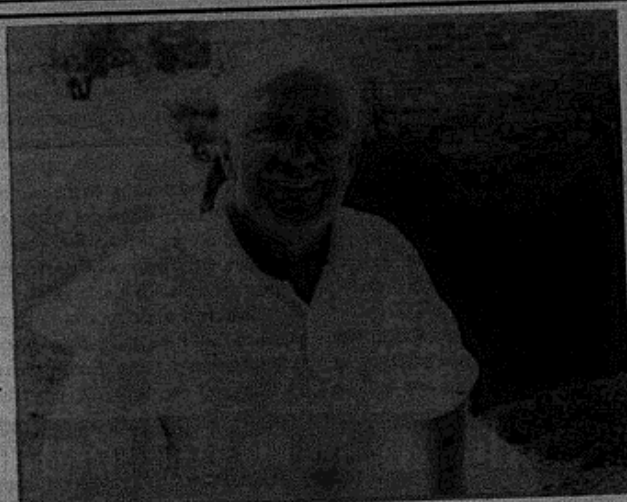
Forty-one year old T.P. (whose nickname stands for Tall Paul) has been performing since he was fifteen. For a long time he toured with a rock/country band all over the U.S. Ironically, he played the drums. He settled in Kirksville when he met his wife.

T.P.'s Office was born on August 16th, 1989. He discovered later that the date was the anniversary of Elvis Presley's death. This was a coincidence full of meaning for him.

"I loved Elvis," he said. "When I bought the bar, I thought it'd make a nice theme, and I started with what I had at home and put it up here. It boomed, and it's still booming. Elvis will never die in this town as long as I'm here."

See Elvis, pg. 3

Kunau, Odgers talk back, pg. 6



Mayor Funk on his front porch.

Photo by Steve Grote

Sophomore Writing Experience: What's it worth?

by Katie Riley

Developed in 1989-90, the Sophomore Writing Experience (SWE) is something all recent graduates of NMSU have gone through, whether they wanted to or not.

According to Sue Peeper, faculty member and Director of Writing Assessment, the SWE is basically an "intermediate writing assessment designed to give students some useful information about their writing. It's a unique opportunity to do some writing outside of a classroom situation."

Students are asked to write a 1000 word essay in a period of three hours. The essays are then read and graded by professors. Eventually, the students and professors discuss the strengths and weaknesses of the essay in hopes of making the student a more effective writer.

Students must complete the SWE before enrolling for English Composition

II, a graduation requirement.

Another purpose of SWE is to prepare students for Comp. II, a class which focuses on critical writing in college.

Many students, however, because of their procrastination in taking the SWE, are kept from the benefits of Comp. II until their last semester of college.

A lot of students aren't taking advantages of the "unique opportunity" when they should, says Peeper, "Procrastination is a major concern. It pushes everything off."

According to surveys, of the 1,055 students taking the SWE last year, only about one-third were actual sophomores.

Many students share junior Beth Beival's feelings of the SWE being "a waste of time." Beival believes it is unnecessary for her to complete the SWE

See SWE, pg. 5

Meet "the man"

by Les Wright

In this week's edition of Meet the Man, the Monitor tries to acquaint you with one of Kirksville's leaders, Mayor Funk. Funk has worked with the city on committees and on the city council for a total of twelve years. In this interview he shares some of his views which might help the reader better understand the mayor, the city, and the campus. Funk invited me up to his front porch on South First Street where we talked.

Monitor: How long have you lived in Kirksville?

Funk: Since 1930. Born in Putnam county, moved to Kirksville after two years of school.

Monitor: How long have you been in city office?

See Funk, pg. 2



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Funk, cont. from pg. 1

Funk: Five years on the city council in one position or another.

Monitor: How do you think things have gone in those five years?

Funk: Well, the first couple years I was on the council there were real financial problems in the city. Taxes were down. Everything was down. No one could get a job. '90, '91 was a very rough time for us. We didn't go into debt or anything like that, but we couldn't replace worn-out trucks or any expensive equipment. Since then, things are looking up.

Now we've done well financially. Financially, the city is probably the best it's been in 30 years.

Monitor: Do you think Student Senators should have spots on the city council?

Funk: I don't think it's a good idea. Not because I'm adverse to the students; let me tell you why. There are two or three

basic reasons why I don't think it's a very good idea.

Number one is this city is run by five people. It's difficult to get a consistent five people. What you need on any city council where you have a small number, not just Kirksville, you need people who have some background or can bring something to that council, training in some area that the city deals with.

In the first place, a young man or woman twenty years old has had very limited experience. They've never been on their own. They've been in school all their life.

The second thing is, to the vast majority of students, this is not their home. They will not be here in five years or two years from now or whenever they graduate or leave. By and large, they are going to be here three, four, or five years and then they'll be gone. They're transients. There is nothing wrong with having transients on there (the city council)

except that you open the possible door that they could cast a deciding vote on large expenditure for example, which would place the city in debt for the next 30 years. They could care less; they're leaving town in four years. They don't have to stay and live under the laws they pass.

Because of the limited experience young people have and because of the nature that they are young, it's not a reflection on you any more than it was I when I was twenty years old.

Do they bring a fresh perspective? You bet, but to put them in one of the five voting positions, that's all we have.

Everyone has equal votes, if you have one you might get two; you might get three. And suppose you get three students on the council, you can break it for the next six months, the next fifty years. Maybe not on purpose but because of lack of experience within the city government.

Monitor: Do you feel there isn't enough integration between the campus and the community?

Funk: There is in every college town, a "town and gown" syndrome by the very nature of the institution. Do I think that is here in Kirksville? Very definitely. In the last three years, we have taken some measures in this regard.

The president and I meet about every two months and have lunch. We talk about, not the "town and gown" syndrome, but about individual things. What is it that separates us? We know we can't completely eliminate it.

What can we do to take the good things and use them for good positive use?

For example, the Normal Street project. For the first time since I've lived in this town, the planning committee of the University now includes our city manager. It's just common sense cooperation between both sides.

Placing an ad in the Monitor is a wise business move.
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Starlight, star bright; Kirksville's konstellations

by Angie Lohse

The next time you walk out at night take a look towards the sky. There you will find one of nature's most amazing displays.

Many of us can find the one or two token constellations as we gaze upward, but neglect the others. Here are a few highlights of the night sky which might add to your enjoyment of star gazing during these Autumn nights.

The following observations will be most effective at approximately 12.00 midnight.

Facing North you will be able to see Ursa Major, otherwise known as the Big Dipper, low on the horizon at this time of year.

The stars which form the opening of the bowl of the Big Dipper, The Pointers, point south to Ursa Minor, the Little Dipper. The last star of the handle of the Little Dipper is Polaris.

At this time of the year, the Little Dipper is upside down causing, according to an American Indian legend, the autumn colors to spill out on to the turning trees.

Directly south of Polaris, you will

come across a "W" shape in the sky known as Cassiopeia, named after a character in Greek mythology. According to the myth, Cassiopeia was married to Cepheus, King of Ethiopia, whose constellation is to the left of Cassiopeia.

Cassiopeia's daughter, Andromeda, is south of Cassiopeia.

Occasionally, you might be able to make out a hazy patch of light in Andromeda, which comes from the center of the Great Galaxy. This is the nearest Galaxy to our own, marking the furthest we can see with the naked eye.

Looking southwest of Andromeda, you will run into the four stars that constitute the great square of Pegasus, the flying horse in Greek mythology.

If you happen to be in the right place, you will also find the Milky Way passing through Cassiopeia.

Following the Milky Way to the left from Cassiopeia you will come across the Northern cross lying in the constellation Cygnus, the Swan. Like the other birds this time of year, Cygnus is flying south.

Happy star gazing.

Elvis cont. from pg. 1

The performances themselves were an ambitious exploit for T.P., considering he has no formal training. During his touring days, however, T.P. "played

with some pretty big guys," and he said, "my daddy's an old hillbilly singer."

Since the beginning, being Elvis has demanded a certain look, and it is not cheap. Although T.P.'s first Elvis suit was a Halloween costume, he has acquired the services of a private seamstress and eight suits, the most expensive of which cost around \$1,200.00. For his performances, T.P. now only uses two suits because, "They take a lot of wear and tear." Some of that wear and tear comes from going on the road. T.P. has taken his act all over the Midwest, performing predominantly in Iowa, Illinois, and Missouri.

Clearly, T.P. is a man who takes himself seriously as an entertainer, but he said, "I am not Elvis. There are guys

that think they are that are nuts. I just do Elvis because it makes me feel good.

I'm good at it. Customers like it, and it's preserving a rock music legend."

How long can we expect this legend to remain in Kirksville?

It's up in the air right now. T.P. reports voice problems; years of singing in smoky bars have caused him to lose octaves, aside from general discomfort.

"The Colonel and I were talking about me retiring at 42," said T.P., speaking of his "manager," Tom Duncan, the emcee at his shows.

(Fun facts: Elvis's manager was Colonel Tom Parker. Elvis died at age 42. Coincidence?)

But, before T.P. fans start singing "Don't be Cruel," consider this: he may not be ready to hang up his rhinestones quite yet. Plans for an actual performance stage are in the works.

In the meantime, Elvis can be sighted Saturday, October 21 at 10:00 PM at T.P.'s Office.

NIGERIA/KENYA CAMPAIGN

KICKOFF

FREEDOM IN THE BALANCE

Nigeria and Kenya are two of the most powerful and influential countries in Africa. In both countries, movements for multi-party democracy or for women's equal participation or for more equitable local community development have been met by high levels of repression. AIUSA believes that if we can mobilize the public, influential sectors of our society and the government of the U.S. to apply enough pressure on General Abacha and President Moi, we can tip the balance in favor of freedom and help the people of Nigeria and Kenya build governments that promote and protect their fundamental human rights.

GOALS FOR CAMPAIGN:

- ◆ RELEASE OF PRISONERS OF CONSCIENCE
- ◆ INVESTIGATE EXTRAJUDICIAL EXECUTIONS
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Letters to the editors

To the editor:

I suppose this really is not to the editor (unless C. Odgers is the editor), as what I am writing in response to is not a misnomer on behalf of The Monitor as a censorship-free paper. It is (what I feel) a misinterpretation of what C. Odgers holds to be true of women. Perhaps he has not yet had Drawing III, though even the humblest of would-be artists could recognize the woman in last week's paper in the "cartoon" as being labeled fat inappropriately.

Did Mr. Odgers not have the audacity to draw an actual obese person? Or, is this his opinion of what an overweight woman looks like? If this is the case, I know many women and men who would disagree with him.

I do apologize to Mr. Odgers for disagreeing with him in such a public fashion, rather than in a more private manner. Yet, if "cartoons" like this are still printed that reduce the stereotypes of the perfect body image, then I feel the need to set the record straight to other people, women and men, who share Mr. Odgers's opinion.

Nicole M. Smart

In response...

Dear Mr. Smart:

The cartoon found in the last issue was misunderstood by you, and perhaps others,

so I will take this opportunity to explain it so that you might know my original thought process.

It begins with a girl named Beth expressing her depressed state of mind. She then asks another girl named Theresa, who we assume is her roommate or friend or both, "why don't guys ever call me?"

Theresa in response tells her that there is no reason to be upset. Beth, still upset, insists that she has a valid reason and asks Theresa if guys "never ask her out" because she is fat.

This is where Theresa pauses, considering the question, and instead of reassuring Beth that she is not fat, changes that subject.

Okay, it is an obvious fact that the character of Beth is not what someone could call "fat." Beth knows she is not fat and when she asked if she was, she probably expected some support in her depressed state of mind.

What is supposed to be recognized (maybe even as funny) is that Beth does not receive the response we all know she deserves from Theresa, but I would agree that Theresa is not a nice roommate.

Thank you for writing, Chad Odgers

p.s. I'm in Drawing III right now, and it's pretty fun.

To the editor:

In regards to David Kunau's enlightening article, "Fear Awareness Week," it is our belief that it is David who "missed the boat" in his interpretation and assessment of the WRC's Rape Awareness display on campus.

David appears to be having difficulty differentiating between sex and rape. Rape Awareness Week's purpose is to instill education and the reality of rape on college campuses, a frightening reality.

David talks of how sex is so "taboo" in our "Puritan" society—is this the same society in which shows such as Silk Stockings and Bay Watch receive such high Nielsen ratings? He talks of our discomfort with nudity and sex in general. David seems like a prime target of someone in need of education: rape and sex are not one in the same! Rape is an act of violence, it is not an act of sexual desire. For education on these issues David is more than welcome to attend the Sexual Awareness Week programs, February 12-16.

I would like to close this letter questioning the quote David ended with; "Fear causes hesitation. Hesitation causes your worst fear to come true." Because of the lack of lucid journalism, we are left to interpret this quote ourselves. Does this refer to the fear of the rapist? In which case this quote would contradict itself. Or fear of the victim? Hesitation of what? Hesitating before walking home alone at night? Hesitation of going to a man's room alone? Does this hesitation then cause misinterpretation on the man's part? Deeming some sort of excuse for the male? This way of

thinking is one of the main reasons we conduct Rape Awareness Week, to put an end to this way of thinking.

Sarah Taylor
Aimee LeBaige
Tara Storek
Lisa Smith
Kate McCamman
Lissa Wiebers

In response...

To the men and women of NMSU and the WRC:

From the reactions and comments I have received from the editorial "Fear Awareness Week," it seems that there has been some slight misunderstanding. First of all, as it was mentioned in the first paragraph of my editorial, I always have and always will support the work of the Women's Resource Center. I do not support or attempt to trivialize rape and its consequences.

However, my article was simply trying to show that there might be another way to treat the problem (which is a reality). I meant it only as constructive criticism. I would gladly meet with anyone who would like to speak of or debate my views on this issue (just leave your number or E-mail address with the monitor).

I hope that this may clear some of the discrepancies which I have encountered. I certainly do not expect most people to agree or comprehend my views. Have a nice day.

Bye, bye now,
David Kunau

The type size of our letters has been reduced for the sake of space. Your input is valued and necessary for the creation of every Monitor. Letters can be mailed or delivered to the Monitor mailbox in the CAOC office. As space is a consideration, please try to keep your letters under five hundred words in length. For the sake of clarity, please type them if you can. All letters must be signed. Keep thinking, keep writing.

ooops...

In last issue's article entitled, "Hidden exhibition: the NMSU art gallery," it was written that the gallery has been located in Ophelia Parrish for the past two years, when in actuality it has been there for the past six.

the Monitor

a campus collective

the Monitor is published every two weeks by the Monitor collective. Each creator is responsible for her or his own work.

SUB, CAOC Office
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phone Robyn (816) 665.7307 or Laughton 627.5051

This issue, the Monitor is:

Heather Daggan, Dan Flynn, Gilbert, Steve Oroske, Jill Goodheart, David Henton, David Kunau, Angie Lohm, J. Robert McNair, Bob McNeil, Laughton Mammone, Chad Odgers, Robyn Ratcliff, Brent Rieck, Betty Riley, Katie Riley, Marshall Rowland, Paul Solange, Jocelyn Turner, Jessica Walters, Lea Wright, Amy Venturilla.

a campus collective

How to build a reputation

by Dave Kunau

Forget Gambling. What the Native American Nation needs is a Nuclear Weapons Program.

In June 1995, The Fifth Republic of France was blessed with a new Gaulist leader by the name of Jacques Chirac. This great figurehead decided that France was just not getting noticed enough in the world.

What better way to bring attention to your-

self than by initiating new nuclear testing!

We will not even sink the Rainbow Warrior this time.
-Jacques Chirac

The government of France thereby announced that it would perform eight nuclear tests in its South Pacific military waters.

Despite the outrage of the international community and France's great long time friend Greenpeace, the first test was initiated on September 5 1995. Chirac even announced on television: "We will not even sink the Rainbow Warrior this time." (Canard Enchaîne. N.3907).

The two main motivations for the initiation of these tests are the update of nuclear technology and the reassurance that France is still a world power. In a time of nuclear disarmament and on the 50th anniversary of Hiroshima, President Chirac certainly achieved his main goal, to bring as much attention and animosity to his nation as possible.

A question which might be relevant is: Why is the United States not up in arms against these actions and why is it not boycotting French products like the rest of the world? If you picked up the September 25 issue of *The Washington Post National Weekly*, this question would be quickly answered.

American cooperation with France on nuclear weapons technology research has

been extensive. A billion dollar ignition facility is opening in Livermore, California, permitting full access to French weapons scientists. The purpose of this facility is to simulate the flow of radiation in a nuclear weapons fireball.

France is also involved in experiments in Los Alamos, New Mexico, in which two dimensional pictures will be taken of mock weapons when they are detonated.

I guess it would be rather hypocritical

for the US to have any complaints about Chirac's decisions. It is rather humorous to see that these tests are being implemented while France has reached an unemployment rate of 11.5 percent (for those who are not aware, that's bad!).

The nation has been in an extensive recession while it is trying to restructure its economy. Its people have become disillusioned about the role of the government and disapprove of Chirac's policies (Seventy percent of the population oppose the nuclear tests in the South Pacific).

It is at the same time amazing and frightening to see how nuclear capability brings attention to and advertises a nation.

Frankly, I deplore the French Government's wasted actions in the South Pacific.

It is sad to watch a nation with so many internal problems carry such senseless policy just so that it may be noticed by the world.

Maybe that is just what the Native Americans Nation needs, get rid of gambling and start a nuclear weapons program. It has definitely shown to be effective for France and it is great for P.R.

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Freshman Week Forum

The University is considering
making Freshman Week a semester-long
seminar...

What do you think?

Offer your thoughts and suggestions to impact future University policy regarding the structure, format, and content of Freshman Week! Speak your mind at a Freshman Week Forum in the...

SUB DOWN UNDER
October 24 at 8:00pm

MY BACK PAGES

Who stands on my pedestal
I cannot say
For today
Is a new day.

Day to day
My views change
Consistency
Stays astray.

Astray but am I to blame
When my mentors
Have all died
Along the way.

The way
They planted revolution
That plagues my mind
In an ideal state.

States I:
Why teach me a language
Archaic and old.
Sole speaker I remain.

Remain Greek
Speakers of the other
Foreign you remain
Sorry I cannot say.

Say I do not wish
To be fluent,
Native speakers
Stand away.

Away I remain.
Alone I stay.
Comprehension
Not today.

Today, or another day,
Come to me
And I will
Show you my dictionary.

-J. Robert McNair

keep 'em comin'

My back pages accept poetry and art
sent to:

Monitor Mailbox
CAOC, SUB

Cruising...

Amidst the swirling, sweating crowd
he strode purposefully about.
Stealing an inviting, demanding glance
that aroused mine.
His calves, muscular masculine thighs,
broad shoulders, a playful smile,
bottomless eyes and strong hands
seemed to clasp a hold of me.
He beckoned,
I followed
to an empty place
where our intertwined thrusting, groans, grunts
filled my holy shrine and senses
with cries of fleeting ecstasy.
Thrusting, rubbing, panting like suckling pigs
we saw the fulfillment
only men know
come
bursting forth upon our bellies.

-Marshall Rowland

In Case You Didn't Know

You're soaking
Your hands in it right now.
I imagine that foot sulks too, doesn't it?

When you walked by the library
Yesterday he
Watched from a high window. And
Carved into heavy graphite tablets
A poem about your parents. His unified, dusty
Wings will acquire and track your bluish foot, I imagine,
Like a smart missile.

When you grow bored and turn to the TV,
He de-etches your sketch. Tapping the flat black side,
Lightly tapping, endorsing his check. Grinning,
He caresses the white knobs, writing
A sexy catchy R&B song about my grandfather's
"Cancerous Pancreas."

But I don't bother I know
Those famous black wings would only crumble like burnt
You-know-what and the bits would stick
Under our pink and white fingernails, wouldn't they?
-Paul Solange

MYSTERY FACULTY SELF-PORTRAIT



Be the first to guess who drew this week's mystery faculty self portrait. Stop by the faculty member's office to claim your free party keechal!

Metaphorical Love

There is a place in Utah
called Dead Horse Point.
A peninsula
surrounded not by water
but by hundred foot cliffs,
except, of course,
where the thin isthmus
allows passage.

Once horses were stabled there,
as only a solitary gate was needed
to prevent freedom.
A perfectly organic corral.

The last horses stabled there
were forsook.
Without water,
and unable to overcome the barrier,
the horses died.

Once I stood at the edge of Dead
Horse Point
and looked down at the bottom of
the plateau;
winding around
a few hundred feet below
the Green River flowed.

I would have jumped.

-J. Robert McNair

Half a shot of beer, half a shot of deer, pg. 3

the Monitor

November 2, 1995

Volume 2, Number 4

a campus collective

Rwanda: some facts and a face

by Brent Ricci

In April 1994, a plane carrying Rwanda's President, Juvenal Habyarimana and Burundi's President, Cyprien Ntaryamira was shot down near Kigali, the Rwandan Capital. Habyarimana was a Hutu, one of two main ethnic groups in Rwanda. Since the rise of what was the Hutu minority to power in 1959, the Tutsi, Rwanda's other group, were severely oppressed, and over time became a diminished minority, given few freedoms and subject to frequent summary executions by the Hutu. Around five years ago, a group of Tutsi rebels from the neighboring country of Uganda began trying to reclaim what was for a time, theirs. Fighting intensified and social conflict between the two groups reached a deadly peak. Within hours of President Habyarimana's death, a simple message was issued over the radios by the Hutu government: Kill the Tutsi. Following this announcement, well over a million Hutu civilians took up machetes and

homemade bombs with the intent to end an ancient conflict once again. Most of the people massacred in the ensuing weeks were of the minority Tutsi, but also included moderate Hutu Government officials, ones who did not support the action.

Joseph Malimba is a student at Northeast who has recently transferred from Atlanta to play basketball. He is a Tutsi. It was in Atlanta that Joseph learned of what had happened from a friend. "Most of my family was there: six nephews and nieces, three sisters, four brothers. Nobody could get out, everybody just got killed; they just shot them, all but my sister. She was in Switzerland." She is his only remaining family tie, living with her husband and children.

His father was executed a year earlier for attempting to bring Tutsi refugees in Uganda back into their homeland.

See Rwanda, pg. 3

Meet "the man"

by Maggie Thurman

Okay, so the title's a bit of a misnomer. This week's man is actually a woman named Alanna Pruessner (pronounced Proysner). However, those of you associated with the phrase "Stick it to the man," should be able to comprehend the concept of meeting "the man" be it male, female, or otherwise. Who is this authority figure? What effect does she have on your life? Read and become aware.

Monitor: What is your position here on campus?

Pruessner: My title is Associate Vice President for Academic Affairs.

Monitor: How long have you worked here?

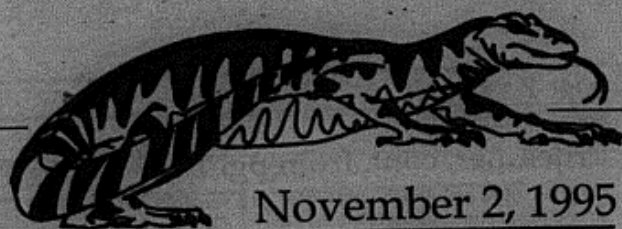
Pruessner: I've been here since 1989.

See Pruessner, pg. 2



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"Damned elitist Student Senator," pg. 5 Xanadu to remain fantasy;

City codes cause conflict, keep club closed
by Amy Venturilla

If you ask Kirksville City Manager Scott Wrighton why the proposed dance club, Xanadu, never opened, he will tell you that it is because the building did not meet inspection codes. Ironically, the major partner in Xanadu, Eddie's Books and Comics owner, Karl Hildebrand, will tell you the

terior painting of the building, had much to say on the matter. She states that the city codes administrator told them that Xanadu had met all the requirements, it was a good idea, and would be no problem. After the blueprints had been approved, she said, they (the city inspectors) came in and

said that "things needed to be changed." They kept changing the fire wall codes and Groh said that it became apparent that the city was going to

"They did the exact opposite of what they said they'd do."
—Carolyn Groh in response to city officials

exact same thing. What they do not seem to agree on is the reasons why these codes were enforced and the club remains shut down.

Xanadu was to be a tri-fold business venture on the part of Hildebrand and another silent, minority partner. It included a coffee/soda shop, a pool hall and video arcade, and an all-ages, nonalcoholic dance club (the actual Xanadu). It was built and put in place in an already existing building at 119 N. Main, complete with a dance floor, state of the art sound system and light show, and an industrial Gothic decor.

The official statement from Hildebrand is that "it [Xanadu] will not be opening in Kirksville due to the city codes administrator reversing himself on several key points and there has been no support from the city government in remedying this."

Carolyn Groh, who assisted with the in-

terior painting of the building, had much to say on the matter. She states that the city codes administrator told them that Xanadu had met all the requirements, it was a good idea, and would be no problem. After the blueprints had been approved, she said, they (the city inspectors) came in and

do everything in its power to make it difficult for the club to open. "They did the exact opposite of what they said they'd do," she said. Hildebrand notes that despite an unrecoverable loss of \$15,000 that went into the structure, he "has been approached by several other cities regarding moving the location [of the club]."

Wrighton defends that the city did not "shut them down or order them closed."

The building never passed inspection, he said, and carried with it a list of code violations, including using used materials, as well as making it difficult to determine the extent of the fire wall and fire separation wall construction that is in place within the structure. "We didn't treat this business any different than any other business," Wrighton said. There are heavier codes for bigger buildings, he notes, and the club made the decision not to open.

See Xanadu, pg. 7

SWE adds it up

by Katie Riley

The Sophomore Writing Experience, SWE, as reported in the Oct. 19 issue of the Monitor and according to Sue Pieper, Director of Writing Assessment, is an "intermediate writing assessment designed to give students some useful information about their writing."

What was not reported in the article was the SWE's yearly budget.

Rumor reported the budget well over \$100,000.00, but Dave Rector, Director of Institutional Research and Budget, stated the SWE's budget is actually only \$25,700. With \$6,500 as the actual operating bud-

get for supplies, test, etc. and \$19,200.00 as a personnel budget or stipend budget for the faculty readers, the costs average out to be about \$23.00 a student.

"... seems a little steep," said Sara Dabrowski, junior, of the price. "I thought it [the SWE] was pretty helpful. It helps people become aware of their writing and the mistakes they make. It was good to get the point of view of those who read it."

Steve Peterson, senior, said, "The testing's not worth the \$23.00. The testing should be passing the required Composition I."

Pruessner, cont. from pg. 1

Monitor: And how much interaction do you have with students?

Pruessner: A fair amount. I often see students who have a variety of problems so when students have tried in another office or have a question or problem that they haven't been able to solve elsewhere sometimes I'll see them in that situation. I talk to a lot of students by way of the internship program. I work with the university internship program, and I get to interview everybody. That's great because I have a chance to talk to them before they go out into the field, and I always ask them to come back and see me later and tell me how it's gone, and so that's really delightful. I enjoy that a good deal.

I work with a number of programs that put me in close contact with faculty and other administrators. So that's a good deal of what I do but there's constant student contact that relates to these other issues. I'm also a sorority advisor.

Monitor: What fabric do you most identify yourself with?

Pruessner: I would say wool because

it's versatile.

Monitor: If you could change one thing about NMSU or how NMSU is run what would it be?

Pruessner: Well, I like so much of what is going on at the university I don't think I would change major things, but I do have a sort of private interest I would like to see more art on campus... more visual art.

Monitor: Who is your favorite Beatle?

Pruessner: Probably John.

Monitor: Are there other turns you'd like to see the university make as a whole?

Pruessner: I'd like to see us continue our progress in building a liberal arts culture. I think it's something very hard to define and I think that all of us who have a liberal arts background have perhaps a slightly different view of what it means to have a liberal arts culture because we're thinking of our particular schools perhaps rather nostalgically.

Monitor: How would you define a liberal arts culture?

Pruessner: Well, I think it's something that's both curricular and non. When you talk about the curriculum I think it's pretty easy to say that there should be a breadth of knowledge as well as getting tremendous depth in a particular discipline of choice—your major. But I believe that a liberal arts culture goes beyond just the curriculum, that's the start, but I think it also has to do with opportunities across the disciplines that are available to students so that it becomes more common for people in the humanities, for example, to take part in, let's say special lectures or programs or something like that on science or technology. Or for someone who is majoring in biology to sing in the university chorus, which by the way I sing in and I love, so I think that the signs are all there that we have the beginnings of this kind of culture here which also I believe implies a kind of cooperation and collegiality among the faculty.

Monitor: Do you say soda or pop?

Pruessner: Pop, but I've learned to say soda.

Monitor: What do you think will help propel us develop this culture more fully?

Pruessner: Well, some of it certainly is curriculum, I mean we are striving with the core curriculum and I sincerely hope that we get that dealt with soon, but part of it also I think has to do with our trying to cut back a little bit on what we expect of ourselves. To allow ourselves a chance to reflect, to enjoy going to the theater or going to an extra lecture one evening. There should be a chance for having fun or pursuing your own interests, and as I said before, stretching your comfort zone. I think that that's what is really implied by a liberal arts education.

Monitor: How do you feel about the blue M&M's?

Pruessner: Blue M&M's? I don't know I'm kind of a traditionalist I like the old ones, but my daughter likes the blue ones; she thinks they're really neat.

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"Pabst Welcomes Hunters"; Half a shot of beer, half a shot of deer

by Mike Roth

"Pabst Welcomes Hunters." Of all the memorable experiences I have of my first visit to the town of Kirksville, perhaps none other sticks out as greatly as this sign I saw hanging from a local convenience store. As mid-October rolls around signs like this are to be found at nearly every gas station in town, but has anyone ever questioned the validity and safety of an alcoholic beverage company soliciting the business of those outfitted with rifles which can kill in an instant?

Since I have hunted for seven years and consumed alcohol for an unspecified (not to mention illegal) period of time, the sight of these signs in and around Kirksville disturbed me.

Alcohol and hunting were not meant to mix, as anyone would learn by taking a hunter safety course or using plain common sense. Therefore, what type of person would allow themselves to be influenced by this blatantly dangerous advertisement?

When one conjures up the stereotypical image of a hunter their immediate thought usually would show the image of Jeff Foxworthy's typical redneck. Many see the hunter driving a battered pickup with a rifle in back and a bed full of empty beer cans on the prowl for the first animal to pop into view. However,

this could not be further from the truth, as most hunters I know follow state laws concerning hunting and safety.

Unfortunately, there are those in our society who see hunting as an excuse to have a good time with their buddies, go out and get liquor, and shoot the first thing that moves.

I personally know this as I have had contact with this type of hunter. It is these individuals who give hunting the poor reputation it now enjoys, and it is these people which this advertising targets.

While I fully understand the desire for profits evidenced by local business owners, I question the morals of those who would direct advertising of a product towards a group who, by their very nature, are in a position to do incredible harm to themselves and others without having to deal with the added influence of alcohol.

I also question the hunters in society to respond to the negative image this type of advertising places in the populace's minds.

If those who support hunting the most sit idly by and watch the image of the hunter further degrade due to a group of irresponsible signs, then I wonder: What is their dedication to the sport?

Rwanda, cont. from pg. 1

Before Joseph left for Atlanta to pursue a scholarship in basketball, one of his brothers had joined the rebel forces in Uganda. His whereabouts are still unknown.

Most of the people massacred in the weeks of bloodletting were of the Tutsi minority. Joseph said, "If any Hutu was trying to hide a Tutsi in his house, they were just killed."

Following the invasion of the Tutsi rebels who ultimately took control, more than two million Rwandan Hutu took part in a mass exodus from their country. Many of these Hutu military leaders and civilians are accused of taking part in the massacres by human rights officials. Today, there are still over a million Hutu refugees living in Zaire, Tanzania, and Kenya.

President Daniel arap Moi of Kenya is currently refusing to hand over any of the accused taking refuge within his country to a U.N. organized war crimes tribunal. He has stated that anyone

caught trying to extradite them will be arrested immediately. Much of Kenya's economic power had come from the Hutu-led Rwandan government previous to the civil war. Since the political realignment, relations have been extremely poor. Human rights officials say that Kenya is currently making transactions towards rearming several militia groups who have fled to what has effectively become this safe-heaven.

Currently Rwanda has no functioning judicial system and its jails are glutted with 23,000 Hutu awaiting trials for war crimes. It is unlikely that any headway will be made in the trial process until a stable government and judicial system is established and the suspects, most of whom are currently unreachable, are brought before it.

This battle has left many parts of Rwanda in waste and has even managed to touch sunny Northeast. Providing Kenya is working towards rearming the Hutu militia, a 500,000 person death toll may only be a resting place.



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PONG lacks people, not spirit

by Gibret

Last Saturday, October 28, in case no one knew, was PONG Fest. Sponsored by Prism, OSCAR, NORMAL, and Greens, it was well organized. The show was free of charge, donations accepted. They sold T-shirts, pottery, and even hot chocolate. They gave out free condoms. The bands were there on time.

But, where was the crowd? Somehow, that part of the show was forgotten. Luckily since four organizations sponsored the show, there was at least those people there.

The opening band, Sneelock Superfunk Circus, (formally Mr. Sneelock) waited for as while before starting their set, but then began. Their set started off shaky, without much enthusiasm. Then they broke into a great groove that slid straight into their song "Ostentatious."

There was, by then, a crowd of about thirty people, and about half of them began to dance. After the band caught the crowd's enthusiasm, they played well and ended the set to introduce Jefferson House. Jefferson House has improved this year, and played a decent show as well.

It was unfortunate that these bands were not better advertised, because it was an enjoyable time. I've been to shows in Kirk Gym that cost money, and the bands bit, but there was a decent sized crowd there anyway.

Although I was disappointed in the turnout of people, I was not extremely surprised either. Maybe it was because the show was at two in the afternoon on a Saturday, maybe it was poor advertising, maybe because no matter how hard you try, the echo in a gym is just better for a basketball game.

Then again, maybe it was because only two bands played at what was called a "bandfest". I was told that another band was scheduled to play, but pulled out at the last minute. I would like to see a bandfest actually work on this campus. Because people are missing a lot of talent.

Granted, a lot of bands suck, and you are trying your luck when you attend a bandfest with bands you have never heard. But, this band fest was free, so I don't really understand how it was so forgotten. I had fun though, and enjoyed seeing Sneelock again that night at a crazy costume party in a place a quarter the size of Kirk, with four times the people.

Too bad for PONG. They should have had a keg.

AIDS benefit album rocks with unrecognized musicians

by Dave Heaton

"Red Hot and Bothered: the indie rock guide to dating," the latest AIDS benefit album from the Red Hot Organization, spotlights 18 excellent but unjustly underheard independent rock bands.

The album begins with "Sensational Gravity Boy" by Freedom Cruise, four members of Guided by Voices and drums kick the song into gear, with a spooky atmosphere created by guitars,

gins with slow, jazzy guitar rhythms, eventually speeding up, adding marimba and ending in free form guitar, bass and marimba solos. The result is quite unique, even within an album full of uniqueness.

The Grifters add the strange but inventive "Empty Yard." The song begins quiet and scary. Then a piano roll and drums kick the song into gear, with a spooky atmosphere created by guitars,

piano, organ, strings and other instruments.

The music backs a repeated message of sorts: "If we wait for others to remember, the days could pass like years. If we wait for others to recall, there'll be no one left to hear."

Future Bible Heroes contribute "Hopeless," one song not built on guitars. The music is an

The Bitchy Frenchman

Top 5 List
By Mushi

Five great quotes I have seen or heard in the past few weeks.

1. "I just do not see Calculus being used in the real world."
2. "The weather in Kirksville tomorrow will be complex" (KTVO 10/30/95)
3. "Cut class! Study where you want to, when you want to."
4. "Mr. John Doe: David Kunau has been demeaning the Greek system and I don't like it."
5. "They (Delegates of the Constitutional Convention) drafted the most durable and the most successful constitution in the history of the world." (American Institutional History)

Any resemblance between persons contained herein, fictitious or real, is probably not coincidental.

the catchiest little songs this reviewer has heard. In a span of one minute and 51 seconds, Pollard crams in creative and vivid lyrics, singing of spontaneous combustion and "the aggressive rock intelligentsia," while the band blends together four guitars, bass and drums with backup harmonies from Kim and Kelly Deal.

"The Fontana" by The Sea and Cake is a loose and laid back song which be-

comes a dance track written and arranged by Chris Ewen, with lyrics and vocals by Stephen Merritt (Magnetic Fields, 6ths). Upbeat, happy dance music is juxtaposed with sadder than sad lyrics.

"There's no use even trying, because it's hopeless," Merritt sings. Yet this cynical view changes some near the song's end, as he sings, "meaning you can't forget in hours at the racway, nothing that can't be drowned in beer."

"Red Hot and Bothered" also includes gems from East River Pipe, Noise Addict, Jay Farrar and Kelly Willis, Flying Nuns, Heavenly, Lisa Germano and others.

The songs here form no overall theme or concept. What these bands have in common is that they are good, and most are not household names.

"Red Hot and Bothered" is a worthy collection of fine and sometimes surprisingly spectacular songs by often unrecognized musicians who completely deserve praise and good fortune.

Would the earth stand still? "Damned elitist Student Senator" questions student involvement

by W. James Taylor

Looking up at the sky, even in the city, one can see literally trillions of stars far off galaxies, suns, and planets. It is a humbling experience to ponder the meaning and relevance of human existence when considering the vastness of space. Our "big blue marble" is merely a cosmic speck in even the known universe.

Many space visionaries have considered a future when we will leave our small world and expand our species throughout space. If so, what, or who awaits us? Are we alone and should we care?

It is conceivable, although many would disagree, that aliens visit the Earth frequently, or infrequently. For most E.T. believers, the most likely scenario would be something akin to infrequent visits that stretch perhaps from days to months to centuries. Their business could be anything from simple sociological observations to learn about our civilization to complex biological experiments to know just a little more about us. Whatever the answer may be, the more we advance our presence in space, the sooner we may find out.

But suppose the public learns that an alien spacecraft is approaching Earth. How would we react?

For the time being, the implications of such an event can be found only in speculation. Most theorists envision two general scenarios involving a technologically advanced species: **World Panic.** News reports around the world inform us that aliens from outer space are nearing Mars and headed for Earth. In a fit of panic, the Earth is thrown into chaos. People forget the lovable E.T. and Alfi and fear the worst science fiction movie has come true. Global stock markets plunge, governments become irrelevant in the wake of utter anarchy and terror.

World Unity. Upon hearing of the aliens close proximity to Earth, the governments of the world unite, perhaps within the framework of the United Nations, to discuss a plan of action. This assembly would have to decide upon an offensive or defensive approach. In either case, this "World Government" forum could pool together all possible resources, including space and laser technologies, nuclear missiles, and conventional weapons.

Moreover, this could set a precedent that could last for many decades.

Realizing the futility of fighting each other, the world could unite in defense of a common enemy they have just recently met, but will not soon forget.

Of the two scenarios, I am inclined to support the latter. While much chaos would ensue among the people, the governments of the world would probably assume leadership during the crisis. However, a number of things could go wrong.

For example, we cannot be sure that all governments will cooperate peacefully. Some emerging power could seize the moment by unleashing havoc on the world in hopes of taking control. It is also possible that one nation or a small coalition of industrial powers would rally in defense of the planet, although the effectiveness of such a plan might be minimal.

Whatever would in fact happen if an alien race came to Earth, it does not take much to explain the insignificance of one small planet. Humans have looked to the stars to explain whatever was beyond our understanding or comprehension for hundreds of centuries.

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by Lisa Kays

I'll make you a deal. I'm going to be honest with you, and in exchange, you will continue to read this article regardless of what I reveal in the next sentence.

Yes, I admit it, I am one of those damned elitist Student Senators.

There, it's out. I sit around in the Conference Room on Sunday nights in order to discuss and debate policy issues facing the University.

And, yes, I do so for selfish reasons. There's the respect and prestige granted me by students and faculty due to my office (sarcasm, in case that wasn't evident). Primarily, I do it because I want my concerns expressed. I don't want other people making deci-

sions which represent and affect me as a student, without my input.

I'm concerned with this University, what it is now and where it's going. I want to ensure that the decisions made are truly the best for current and future

students who will walk across our fine sidewalks and come life-threateningly close to being

Students on this campus should impact the decisions which impact them.

--Lisa Kays

hit by a grounds worker tooling along in a Cushman. Students on this campus should impact the decisions which impact them.

This is why it amazes me that few students attempt to be involved with Senate, or influence the decisions Senate makes. Especially when those decisions, like those concerning the Freshman Experience, have direct bearing on them.

See Senate, pg. 6

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Dr. Bob's spotter's guide to consensual sex

By Bob Mielke

I pick up my Kirksville Daily Express today and see another value-added student arrested on charges of rape (or, to be exact, if we can trust Rebecca Daugherty and I'm sure we can: felony rape, felony sodomy, first-degree Class B felony burglary and third-degree Class C misdemeanor assault). Charges, mind you.... This leads me to believe that rape education on this campus is not working as well as it should. If you know anyone this has happened to, you realize the only acceptable success rate is 100%.

So let's try another approach: a guide to consensual sex.

How do you know when someone wants to have sex with you? I bring to this task a modest amount of experience with consensual sex, and even slight threshold-of-rape nonconsensual encounters. (Don't look so shocked. I was briefly in one of those charming "inner city youth gangs" you hear so much about, and attended an all-male Jesuit

prep school. If you don't have such encounters under those circumstances, you're either not paying attention or skipping hang activities/school attendance.) I also must confess

Caution to the Textually Challenged: May Contain Irony

that my consensual sex has been 100% of a heterosexual variety, leaving me to conclude I'm probably about 80% heterosexually inclined. So I invite gay friends to contribute a column on consensual clues for gay sex — useful advice you won't be getting from me, except insofar as what I say should have fairly wide applications.

Also, don't forget the invaluable advice of our inspirational freshman week speaker Well Keim: celibacy is an option. I've enjoyed my decades of celibacy, almost as much as my years of non-celibacy!

The key to consensual sex, friends, is communication. Your partner (I'll assume, for easier visualization, a woman) says "Do you want to make love?" in some variant or moves you up the scale of intimacy with a transition from kissing to French kissing to petting, etc. You shouldn't be passive, but a DIALOGUE should be occurring. Do you want me to do this? Do you like when I do this? Etc., etc. You may take turns leading the activity (and probably will), but there's ALWAYS that dialogue occurring. Even if it's non-verbal gestures, insertions, subvocal groans, etc. If it's your first time and it's headed toward intercourse, an important discussion about birth control and STD's needs to take place. The word "yes" needs to be heard every now

and then as matter unfold. If you are not in dialogue; if signs of pain, agony, struggle, unhappiness are occurring; if the word "no" is mentioned (consider that to be hitting the emergency brakes on the train of love); if you are holding a knife or gun or other weapon while this is occurring: chances are you are not having consensual sex. You are committing a crime known as rape.

Now I can already hear your objections: my partner and I have this funky S and M thing going. She pretends to resist; I tie her up and slap her around; then she puts me in the rubber suit and whips out the vibrator. It's just wacky consensual sex. Okay, fair enough. But if you're swinging THAT way, as so many more Kirksville citizens are these days, you need an S and M prenuptial agreement. You need to put in writing, jointly signed, that when we say "no" to each other we really mean "yes." Otherwise, if you break up, either partner can decide something else was occurring retroactively.

And hey, what if you're too drunk to read the cues? Let's just say that if you are prone to such behavior an investment in inflatable dillies is probably a good idea. For, through some vagary of our jejune legal system, you are as responsible for rape when under the influence as you are for car wrecks and homicides. There is nothing sadder than the spectacle of a basically nice guy getting drunk and raping somebody, getting convicted and incarcerated in a penitentiary, and having to hold up this mildewed and yellowish Monitor column in the shower trying to explain to his neighbors that what they are doing to him is nonconsensual sex. Get the picture?

An ounce of prevention, friends, is worth a pound of cure. So let's get out there and STOP RAPING PEOPLE to death, goddammit. You'll be glad you did.

opinion

the Monitor

a campus collective

Million man mistake;

Farrakhan taints good intentions
by Jill Goodheart

A couple of weeks ago the Million Man March was held in Washington D.C. in which over four hundred thousand black men came together to celebrate their black heritage and show unity.

I think this was a wonderful idea, and I know that many men went to this to show pride and hope. The idea of personal responsibility was an important theme of the march along with support for African-American businesses.

Unfortunately, the leader and organizer of this event and his beliefs tainted the positive potential of this march.

I find Nation of Islam leader Louis Farrakhan extremely offensive. He has many anti-Semitic beliefs, calling Jews of the mid twentieth century "bloodsuckers," a name he also gives to many Asian races today. He has also spoken out against homosexuals and whites.

Farrakhan said that the biggest evil in America is white supremacy, but it seems to me that this man, with his black chauvinism, is teaching the same ideas, which leads to black supremacy. Why isn't this just as evil?

Yes, white supremacy is a terrible thing, but so is black, yellow, green and inland supremacy. Simply because someone is not a white, middle-class male does not mean that he or she is not a racist. And, frankly, a racist is exactly what Farrakhan seems to be.

Instead of teaching tolerance and love such as other black leaders like Martin Luther King, Farrakhan teaches even more racism and intolerance. If people follow this idea then I see the only result as more violence and hatred by every race.

The good news is that Farrakhan's speeches aren't winning over everyone who hears them. According to a Newsweek poll African Americans are split on the issue: 41 percent view the preacher favorably and 41 percent view him unfavorably.

I do believe that it is important for groups who are discriminated against to have spokespersons, but I don't think that Louis Farrakhan is teaching the right message to promote peace and harmony among the races in our country.

CORRECTIONS:

In the October 19 Monitor there were two misspelled names. The errors occurred in the story "Sophomore Writing Experience: What's it worth?" The Monitor would like to apologize to Sue Pieper and Ralph Cupelli.

the Monitor

a campus collective

Senate, cont. from pg. 5

ing on students.

The Experience is designed to aid students in adaptation to and success in life at NMSU, and to inform and give them an appreciation of the University's mission and what that entails.

A forum was held last week to discuss the possible changes to the current Experience, Freshman Week. Unfortunately, attendance was not as high as expected for such a charged issue.

The dialogue, however, was excellent, and by writing this, I hope to involve you in it.

The Freshman Experience decision, in my opinion (which by the way, should not be interpreted as a reflection of Student Senate), is going to be a big deal.

The many issues which must be addressed before a conclusion is reached will take time, research and, yes, student input, if the best decision is to be reached.

The forum revealed that students don't want to lose Freshman Week, and excellent arguments were raised in order to support that consensus.

But legitimate questions were raised also: Does the Week give students a real idea of what a liberal arts education is? Is it fair that some students go to the lake, while some sit in their dorm rooms writ-

ing research papers?

Do these questions mean that their week should be abolished? Most students say no.

The benefits the week provides, by allowing students to become familiar with campus, each other and faculty, outweigh those concerns. But does that mean that no efforts should be made toward improvement? How could it be made better?

On the flip side, forum participants hated the seminar idea, which is warranted considering the information available. Presently, there's no reason for students to advocate a seminar. It's one more class they must struggle to fit into a cumbersome core.

Further, it is logistically questionable. Issues regarding staffing, placement, how to handle transfer students, etc., go unanswered.

For years, though, the University has been grappling with issues such as getting students to take assessment more seriously and make it less of a burden.

Our registration system obviously needs work, and I doubt that any student will deny that course availability is a problem.

These issues continue to go unre-

opinion

solved. Perhaps it is possible that having freshmen take a seminar where assessment could be a component is a possible solution. Students could be taught the registration process, and be given tips for making it easier.

A seminar could also allow the University to obtain a tentative four-year-plan from students, and project what classes will be in most demand in future years.

On the other hand, a seminar could be utilized as a method of community building, or to review time management and study skills. Or, perhaps not.

These are a few of the concerns and ideas mentioned by students and faculty. Considering the number of options available, and the reasoning behind each, this decision will not be clear cut.

Not for a Student Senator, not for an administrator and not for the faculty who sit on the committees and councils which finalize these decisions.

Ask questions, demand answers. Voice your concerns. Share your perspective and experiences.

Provide those damned elitist Student Senators and faculty the opportunity to climb off their high horses and look at a frame of reference other than their own.

page 7

November 3, 1995

Xanadu, cont. from pg. 1

City Codes Administrator, Paul Frazier, said that the blueprints for the club looked fine on paper, but as construction commenced, he asked that the architect return concerning the design and structure. The architect never did so.

Hildebrand said that "Frazier took it upon himself to interfere in the conduct in our business and make an inspection as we were not finished with construction of the details he looked at."

Frazier maintains that the club contained used materials that were not authorized. Hildebrand retorted that they were "highly mistaken" and produced a plethora of checks written to lumber yards and hardware stores. "My personal opinion is that administration within the city government had no intention of allowing the club to open due to their personal tastes." Wright maintains that Xanadu "never got close to meeting code."

Junior Tyson Riemann, member of the bands the Incontinentals and Jefferson House, expresses disappointment. "It was a great idea," he said. He noted that it would have been a terrific place to play, especially since there is "no place other than campus to play anymore."

And so it seems that the occasional under 21 show and trips to the Blue Note will remain in students' futures. What was to be a reality was merely a fantasy and according to both sides there will never be a Xanadu in Kirksville.

Celebrity Benefit Auction

Days Inn on Hwy 63 S. in Kirksville, MO

7:00 p.m.

PROCEEDS WILL GO TO BENEFIT THE VINCENT PRICE THEATRE SCHOLARSHIP.

Items will be available for viewing starting at 5:00 p.m.

AUTOGRAPHED DRAWINGS: Woody Allen, Ron Cey, Charles Schulz "Snoopy", (2) Don DeLaine, Melvin Anderson, Paul Newman, Kurt Vonnegut, John Dumas, Ray "Beavis" Mancini, Ray Bradbury, George McGovern, Kathy Matz, Joe Testerman, Norman Mailer, Holly Dunn, Aaron Tippin, Adam West, Randy Travis, Al Pacino, Nicolas Cage, Mohammed Ali, Mary Ann Mobley, William F. Buckley, Barry Manilow, Neil Simon, Bob Coney, Sir John Gielgud, James Wages, Vicki Lawrence, Thurston Killebrew, Betty Malher, Robert Englund, George Foreman.

AUTOGRAPHIES: Dana DeLam, Cliff Hauer, Barry Goldwater, George Hanks "Think Wite", Joey Chiswood, Jack Nicklaus, Don DeLaine, Clayton Moore, James A. Michener, Arnold Palmer, George Strait, A.J. Foyt, Bob Hope "Thanks for the Memories", Roger Staubach, Stiller Brothers, Leon this "I don't show, but do this", Art "And why won't he return my calls?", George C. Scott, Christian Slater, "Glen Eastwood" "Go ahead and make my day", Michael Caine, Paul Harvey, Jim "Cattfish" Hunter, Yanni White.

AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOS: Timmy Laine, Bob Feller, Milton Brice, (1) Nadia Comaneci, Peter Falk, Elke Sommer, Lou Boudelle, Sam Mantel, Nolan Ryan, Phil Rizzuto, Hank Williams Jr., Harlem Globetrotters Team Photo, Don Slagter, (2) Don DeLaine, Rob McElhenney, John Anderson, Don Larson, (2) Clayton Moore, Elayne Bender, Gus, Charles E. Young, James Woods, Former President Gerald Ford, Troy Aikman, Barbara Streisand, Dwight Dillard, Vice President Al Gore, Sophia Loren, Michael Bolton, Richard Gere, Chevy Chase, Louis L'Amour, Vince Gill, Tonya Tucker, Rodney Dangerfield, Lene Davis, Johnny Cash, (2) Jean Claude Van Damme, John Travolta, Al Uiteri, (2) Former Vice President Dan Quayle, Ron Cey, John Landis, Donal Mansell, (2) Robert Mikkelsen, Alec Baldwin, Sir Anthony Hopkins, Kenny Rogers, Christine Slater, Joyce Jackson (with Nelson Mandela), Oliver Hardy, Sir John Gielgud, Clint Eastwood, Vicki Lawrence, Joe Frazier, Bobby Allison, Robert Englund, (2) Robert Englund as "Freddy Krueger", Yanni White, Barry Manilow, Walter Matthau, Randy Savage.

AUTOGRAPHED ITEMS: Johnny Simon (poster), Richard Gere & Sharon Stone (International poster), Pat Benatar (Reynolds autographed knuckle), ROSEANNE (Script "Don't Ask, Don't Tell"), Mickey Spillane (Mike Danger Vol. 1, #1 Comic), (4) Cale Yarborough (1983 Winston Cup Schedule), GENEALOGICAL Script, Bernard Gilkey (Coordinate Baseball), Eddie Murphy (1987 RARE "You Broke It" Script), "Zing Nong Cui A Key Ring", SISTER SCRIPT "Shades Angel" autographed by Sonnie Kuts, Patricia Kaldner, A Sala Wud, 1 Maynard Ferguson (Fox Club Newsletter), Larry McMurtry and Diana Osborn (Book, "Daddy Buzz Buzz"), Bob O'Brien (color commensation's card for 1984 Braves and Dodgers football game), Alan Jackson (T-Shirt), JUDITH script (Clay Spine, Diana Scowell, Ben Davis (Clifford piece), DIABOLUS MURDER Script ("The Previews in Movies"), Dick Van Dyke, Barry Van Dyke, Michael Tucci, Victoria Rowell, Charlie Schuster, an Emmy Cey, (2) J.R. DUNN-MERLINER, DONALD FILM Script (photographed by 15 cast members), WIFE, LUCY FORLUND, "Kissed Wedge" (Pat Spink & Yanni White), JIMMIE LEEK OF THE STUPID (Richard Peters, Andy Douglas, Rod Diamond, Isabelle Holman, Clark Johnson, Yaphet Kuttis, Melissa Lee, and Kyle Scree), Barry Manilow (music score) Seattle Seahawks Cap, Don Shula (Miami Dolphins' present).

AUCTIONEERS:

Jerry McMain

Bob Jones
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the Monitor

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phone Robyn (816) 665.7307 or Laughton 627.5051

This issue, the Monitor is:

Heather Daggett, Dan Flynn, Oliver, Jill Goodheart, Leslie Graft, David Heaton, Lisa Kays, Kimberly Kovach, Scott Kreher, David Kusan, Laughton, Manner, Bob Melita, Derek Morch, Chad Odgers, Robyn Radloff, Brent Riser, Betty Riley, Katie Riley, Mike Roth, Marshall Rowland, W. James Taylor, Maggie Thurman, Jessica Walters, and Amy Venturina.

MY BACK PAGES

The dreaming boy was lost in his room upstairs even though the light was on. He searched for his winning lottery ticket, but could not feel it for all the red. The red came from the light, but the light wasn't red. He could hear the sitcom on TV downstairs, whose laughs were punctuated by the dreaming boy's tears. The tears collected in his tea-cup. He drank the tears, with lemon, and the redness cleared for a while.

One day the dreaming boy woke up and discovered he was out of lemon. All the light shed was purple, though the light wasn't purple. He passed dazedly down the stairs and hurled a sling-shot rock at the TV. Harmlessly bouncing off, the TV crackled louder. The awake boy went outside where he gathered some rain in his tea-cup to brew lemon with. He picked up an acorn for good luck, and returned to his upstairs room.

The awake boy began dreaming again. He brewed the rain into lemon with his coffee-colored alarm clock radio. He took his guitar and squeezed oil from its strings. He made a magic ointment from the oil and spread over his eyes. The purple faded to red and then he drank from his tea-cup the and freshly brewed lemon.

-Marshall Rowland

There is a town I would call home, with pennies for luck and a nickel for love, and the patrons of the dime store cry for now and for nothing and for the love of God or gods. On the insides of my eyelids, there is a woman, bright and beautiful, reading a paperback -whatever- on a porch swing.

She's smoking, slowly, like she enjoys it, though she knows she shouldn't. Hair, fine and soft like sown, glows as only that kind of blonde can, as if from an inner light produced by subatomic workings of blonde hair molecules. He has eyes of an illusory ever-changing blue, leaving no trace of the time not so long ago when you could see straight through her eyes and into her subconscious.

In my dreams, walking, tripping up down a convoluted sidewalk, the grass is always greener. Children screaming past on wheels, I walked into dusk up the front steps, over the fat orange cat and into her arms.

And no one in the town I would call home really wants to know this.

-Heather Daggett

Metamorphosis

Sweat dripped down my face,
Left leg shook uncontrollably.
Words spewed forth,
But I was immune to comprehension
at the moment.
This was all so new.....
The little conservative bubble,
my hometown,
just burst.
No controversy, no change,
just consistency.....
Until now.
This was not happening.
Stop, leg!
you're not helping the situation.
His eyes bore a hole through me.
I tried to hide it,
But he saw, must have.....
A plethora of emotions overwhelmed me.
Surprise,
disappointment,
disbelief,
denial.....
A million questions arose,
yet speech was impossible.
Reaction time was slow,
Understatement in this scenario.
We all change,
I guess.....
Some subtly,
others drastically.
It's a big step....
He came out,
into a whole new world.
And in a sense,
so did I....
Out of my closet of ignorance.

-Derek Morch

The little pink ball bounces
and bounces,
Bounces off puffy white clouds
in the bright blue sky,
Bounces off shapes, pictures,
and cartoons of the imagining
eye.

The little pink ball bounces
and bounces,
Bounces off children's dodge
ball and hopscotch and four-
square,
Bounces off chalk pictures that
shout to the rain, "erase me if
you dare"

The little pink ball bounces
and bounces,
Bounces off shade trees, pic-
nic tables, and barbecue grills,
Bounces off swing sets and see-
saws, full of thrills.

The little pink ball bounces
and bounces,
Bounces off Barbie dolls and
play kitchen stoves,
Bounces off fairy tale forests
and lollipop groves.

The little pink ball bounces
and bounces,
Bounces off bicycles, hot-dogs,
and baseball mitts.
Bounces off clubhouses, cowboy
men, and model car kits.

The little pink ball bounces
and bounces,
Bounces off big, strong dad-
dies with lots of hugs,
Bounces off loving mommies, hot
chocolate filling their mugs.

The little pink ball bounces
and bounces,
Bounces off hopes and wishes
and dreams,
Bounces off sunshine, sunlight,
and moonbeams.

The little pink ball bounces
and bounces,
Bounces off person to person
and off to the sun,
Bounces off boys and girls, you
and me, never to stop till
playtime is done.

-Leslie Graff

A Piece of Advice

While walking across campus
you must keep a watchful eye
because more often than not
they are liable to hide

Upon first appearance
they may act reserved and bashful
it seems all part of biology
as they collect a rather large stash-full

-BUT-

I have a friend
who will eagerly combat
as he feels need to watch his back
for fear he will be attacked

He claims that
as he was going to class
on more than one occasion they have
lunged
not allowing him to pass

Others confirm that
they too have been chased
by the furry rebels
who dash around in complete haste

-SO-

Take this into consideration:
look up when you walk to class
for our campus if full of trees
and acorns fall fast!

-Kimberly Kovash

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folks who write for the paper on a
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