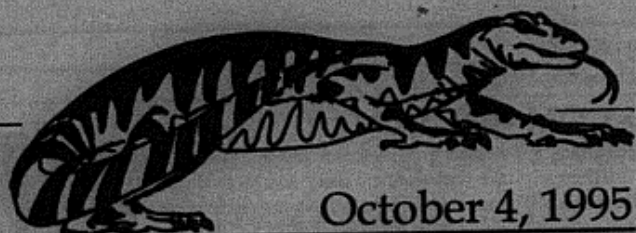


Coming out day, pg. 5

# the Monitor



October 4, 1995

Volume 2, Number 2

a campus collective

## Hidden exhibition: the NMSU art gallery

by Jay Peterson

Next time you are dodging students, racing to your next class in Ophelia Parrish, try to spot the University Art Gallery. You might just miss it altogether.

Despite the sign on the outside of the building, the gallery is overlooked by most. Professor John Bohac, director for the past three years, said, "I like to think of the gallery as one of the best kept secrets on campus."

The gallery, which has been located in Ophelia Parrish for about two years, presents two resources for the campus: the first being an outlet for cultural awareness and the second being a teaching tool that can be used for classroom activities.

The current exhibition displays a series of paintings and photographs by Shan Goshorn, a Native American artist. The exhibition portrays, along with other points, the anger that many Native Americans hold towards the mass media's exploitation of their culture, especially in advertising.

The Native American studies classes toured the exhibit along with various language and literature classes, as well as the occasional art appreciation class.

The gallery doesn't have a permanent collection, though they do acquire pieces for the University's art displays around campus.

The next exhibition at the gallery will be the Winners' Exhibition, which will run from Oct. 23 until Nov. 17.

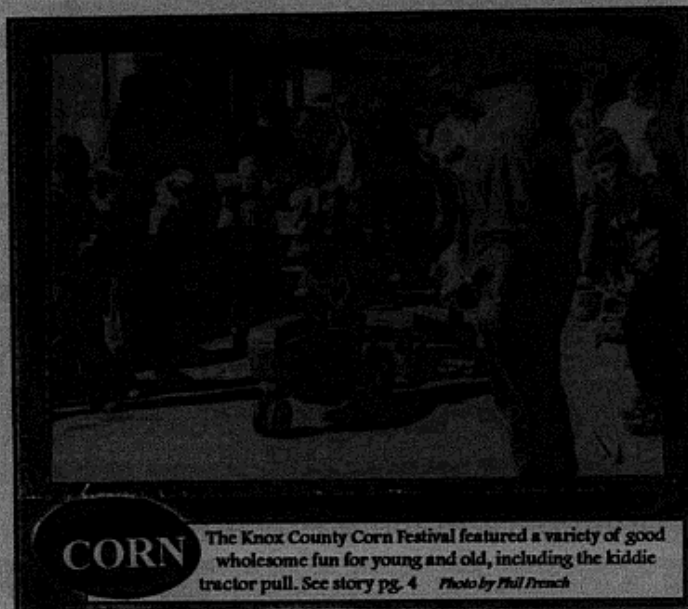
The show will consist of several winning works from the National Art Competition that the gallery holds during the Spring semester. This competition will accept entries from all over the nation and is judged by an internationally recognized art critic.

This is the biggest show of the year, with over fifty different artists represented. One to three entries are selected for the Winner's Exhibition.

During the spring there is also an opportunity for NMSU students to enter works of art in a campus wide contest. The winning works will either be loaned

See Art, pg. 3

Best and worst of Kirksville, pg. 6



CORN

The Knox County Corn Festival featured a variety of good wholesome fun for young and old, including the kiddie tractor pull. See story pg. 4 Photo by Phil French

## Osteopathic tradition continues

by Jocelyn Turner

When he was young, he studied the muscles and nerves of animals he had hunted to better understand the physiology of living things.

Later, he dug up Indian graves to examine bodies for research. Following this, armed with his new theory of medicine, Dr. Andrew Taylor Still founded the American School of Osteopathy at Kirksville in 1892.

Today, the name has changed, but the philosophy remains the same. Students and doctors at the Kirksville College of Osteopathic Medicine (KCOM) are continuing Still's tradition that medicine begins, continues, and ends with the patient.

In theory, the osteopathic philosophy "recognizes... that there is a relationship between body structure and organ functioning, given a broader base for the treatment as a whole," according to literature published by the college. What this means in practice is that, in addition to the conditional allelopathic methods of

treatment administered by M.D.'s, osteopaths use what they refer to as structural diagnosis and manipulative therapy.

Structural diagnosis, as defined by Brad Noble, KCOM second year student, is when doctors examine the body's structure or the structure of just one part and based on the normal state, try to determine if there is a disease present.

Phil Ross, also in his second year, explains osteopathy from a student's point of view: "Osteopathic medicine has its base in a holistic view; you use whatever is available to heal the patient. We want to use as many mechanisms as possible to help the body heal naturally. Drugs can be one of those mechanisms, and surgery, but manipulation can help too."

The classes KCOM students take during their first two years, referred to as their didactic years, cover the basic sciences. These include such classes as histology, biochemistry, pathology,

See KCOM pg. 2

## Meet the man

by Laughlin Messner

So, you say you want to "stick it to the man." How can you "stick it to the man" when you don't even know who he is?

Welcome to the first entry in the "Meet the man" section of the Monitor. Every issue I wholeheartedly promise there will be an interview of a

really cool person on campus, or a famous celebrity (like Frank Zappa) printed in this here paper.

Now, when I use the phrase "Meet the man," this doesn't mean that I'm excluding non-male types. Women, aliens, cats, dogs, fruits or vegetables, whatever, are fair game.

See Jack, pg. 2



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## KCOM cont. from pg. 1

pharmacology, medical jurisprudence, infectious diseases, etc.

They also take Osteopathic Theory and Method (OTM) where Ross says, "We focus more on the patient, not on the physician. Traditionally, osteopaths have the patient more involved in their own treatment. They know more about themselves than anyone else."

Every class at KCOM, averaging approximately 145 students each, will spend at least two years in Kirksville—their didactic, or preclinical years.

After that, they move on to the clinical years, where they apply their knowledge.

They then receive the title of Doctor of Osteopathy but must still complete a fifth year of rotating internships, where Noble says, "We'll learn a little about everything: surgery, family practice, psychiatry, OB-GYN, Osteopathic Manipulative Medicine -- everything."

After their rotations, the DO's pick a specialty and do a residency in that field.

When that is complete, they are on their own to insure the tradition of A.T. Still's osteopathy in the late twentieth century.

Ross has his own philosophy: "You can be a bad M.D. or a good one, a bad D.O. or a good one. It's not about being an M.D. or a D.O. It's about being a doctor."



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—Michael Lightcap, BOX OFFICE MAGAZINE

"SWEETLY ROMANTIC!"

—James Madsen, THE NEW YORK TIMES



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—MIRAGE

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Little Theater  
at 7.30 and 9.45

ALL SEATS \$2.00

## Jack, cont. from pg. 1

Now I'll stop writing crap and get on with the interview.

The first interview was conducted with President Jack Magruder. Here are a few small ditties from our conversation.

**Monitor:** Are there any changes in the curriculum you would like to make?

**Magruder:** I would like to see the undergraduate council become fully informed by the liberal arts and science core study committee, and then I'd like to see us make some decisions about how to improve the core and that will come through the undergraduate council and the faculty senate. I would urge everybody involved with that to really continue to pay close attention and to try to get to some kind of closure.

**Monitor:** What is your favorite color?

**Magruder:** Blue.

**Monitor:** Why do professors have tenure?

**Magruder:** Well, part of it is tradition. There was a good reason for that. There was a time when a professor might be asked to leave an institution because of some kind of philosophical or political view that might not have been popular by those in power and they would certainly be gone. Part of the reason tenure was set up was to insure their freedom of speech and noninterference in the discipline.

Tenure was never meant to protect incompetent people, and it still isn't. It's there to make sure there is a freedom that occurs inside classrooms and the thinking of people that is necessary in a university.

The university is not like a factory and you can't have everybody thinking alike or you're dead in the water.

**Monitor:** What kind of music do you listen to?

**Magruder:** Bach, Beethoven, Wagner, Tchaikovsky—a lot of the classics.

**Monitor:** What's your favorite beverage?

**Magruder:** It would have to be Diet Coke or Diet Pepsi and I alternate the two and I drink too much of it.

**Monitor:** What are your goals for the year?

**Magruder:** My goals would have to fit in with a longer range plan and the faculty senate is developing with the help of everyone else on campus a long range plan to take us through the year 2002. This long range plan has academic goals in it, it has goals concerning the kind of environment that we want to create on the campus to facilitate the achievement of the mission which includes causing students to stay with us and graduate. The university wins, the student wins, and society wins.

**Monitor:** What is your favorite pizza topping?

**Magruder:** I like Canadian bacon, black olives, I even like sour cream.

**Stick it to the man**

## Art cont. from pg. 1

or bought by the University for display around campus.

Many of the winning pieces of artwork from past years can be viewed in the Student Union Building and in McClain Hall. Some are difficult to view as they appear at great heights. Others are difficult to locate or in rooms with closed doors.

So, the next time you are in Ophelia Parrish, take a second and look for the University Art Gallery.

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## Sounds of the front porch

by Phil French and Laughton Messner

Sitting on the front porch in a broken down lawn chair wondering if your grilled cheese sandwiches are burning and not even caring is the type of experience The Incontinentals produce on their self-titled CD.

You may smell the grilled cheese burning, but the longer you see that empty lawn chair, the decision is clear, head straight for the porch.

The combination of Mike Messner and Dwight Douglas has been a staple of the Kirksville music scene for the past three years. In that time period, they have released four tapes on their own label called Red Boots Records.

The new twenty song CD contains material from all four tapes, and also three new recordings.

With a variety of musical influences, it would be impossible to compare The Incontinentals to any one style or sound. But, alas, without any comparisons this wouldn't be much of a music review.

Ranging from pure roots rock about

a "Lawn chair" to an electric guitar distorted song of Christmas, the CD covers all sounds the band delights in.

Acoustic songs like "Little Magnet," which starts with only Messner's voice, his guitar and a snare drum, then ascends to a rockin' guitar solo by Douglas, proves just how versatile the band can be. It takes your ears to a cloudy day with Messner's crooning and the rain begins to pour with the blistering feedback from Douglas.

Following this is a twangy number called "Is There More" sung by Douglas about an unattainable love interest. For anyone in Douglas's shoes, the song is easy to relate to. Lyrics like, "when your folks made you did the oceans part?" are pure poetry written on the front porch.

"Shopping Malls" is a song that has a rare combination of raw electric guitar and a Casio keyboard and, with this odd combination, the band is able to pull off a unique sound that does not disappoint. The CD also has a guest vocalist on

"My Favorite Saint". As Messner awaits for Saint Nick, his last hope for a Merry Christmas, Sara Marchbank rings in with the melody, "All my loved ones are gone. My only hope is you." A guitar and a wish for presents is all that is needed to give a happy ending to what seems to be a sad situation. The distortion in the guitars sends the message home with powerful chunky chords that drive the sound along at an enjoyable pace.

One of the new songs on the CD, "Nary a Call," has the stripped down sound of acoustic Incontinentals. As Messner moans about the trials of filling out job applications and never receiving a call, guest fiddler, Scotty Barnes, lays out a subtle background that brings out Messner's voice.

Messner and Douglas give us the perfect music to forget about classes, jobs and worries, and prompts you to sit on the front porch and ponder, "What is that burning smell?"

## Knox County Corn-Fest

by Philip French

The words "good, clean, wholesome, and fun" rarely come together on a college weekend. They become something less than wholesome when it involves alcohol, loud music, school work and anything else college students do on their weekends.

In fact, "good, clean, wholesome fun" seems quite undesirable for most college students.

Our idea of fun, as far as the things we do to our minds, bodies, and reputations are concerned, is quite warped when you think about it. My point is that one weekend out of every year, I clear my schedule for this single purpose: good, clean, wholesome fun.

I go to the Knox County Corn-Fest.

This year's Corn-Fest was especially good, clean, and wholesome. Just like every Corn-Fest, it begins with a beautiful day, and a beautiful drive to a beautiful little town on Highway 6 called Edina.

Once you arrive in this town, it is not difficult to forget about all the deadlines and obligations you have in Kirksville. For a couple of hours, the only necessary things to think about are bingo and corn.

When you go, be prepared to buy a lot of greasy food that has to do with corn: corn, kettle corn, corn dogs, sweet corn, etc. There are always the more traditional confections like funnel cakes, shaved ice, lemon ices, and caramel apples.

There are also several exciting events

like the kiddie tractor pull, where eight-year-old boys and girls alike test their endurance to see how far they can pedal a load of weights.

As well, there is cow-chip bingo, a fashion show, a parade, and the 4-H scramble (previously the greased pig scramble until it upset some animal rights groups).

I played an hour of bingo trying to win the jackpot so that I could cover the steak dinner they had at 5:30. Needless to say, I did not eat steak that evening.

The most important thing for me to do in Edina is to adsorb as much of the local color as I can.

There may be a little of that small town color in Kirksville remaining, but we college students seemed to have faded it a lot. It is fulfilling just to sit down and watch kids chase each other with cap guns, or watch Gary Fagan sing some gospel.

Eventually, I had to return to Kirksville, and my day was concluded with a beautiful ride back on Highway 6. I returned to spend the remainder of my weekend going to bad parties with bad music and then studying.

The rest of my weekend may not have gone too well, but at least the part that did, was good, clean, wholesome, and didn't give me a hangover.

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## Out of closet, on to campus

by Jessica Walters

Eight years ago on Oct. 11, 1,000 miles away, 600,000 people came together. They marched on Washington D.C. to show the world they had gone through a period of self discovery.

They "came out" on the other side knowing they deserved the same rights as everyone else. Every year on this day people across the country come together to show they have gone through their period of self discovery and have come to the same conclusion.

This day has become National Coming Out Day and is thought of as a day for gay men, lesbians, and bisexuals to let it be known they have found who they are.

All people go through a process of discovering who they are. For gay men, lesbians, and bisexuals this is referred to as "coming out of the closet," or simply "coming out."

For many people this means a great deal of pain and anger in their lives. Others find this possibility easy to face. Each individually handles this decision differently.

Some become part of the gay community and the political fight for equality.

Others will simply find themselves wanting to live their lives with the person they choose to love.

Some of these people are not gay, but they want the right to love and live the same as everyone else.

For everyone who experiences it, the coming out process is a different one. It is a matter of looking in and finding

what is there, which may mean being rejected or misunderstood by those around you.

Clinton McCracken, an undergraduate art major at NMSU, had a unique coming-out experience. McCracken came out a year and a half ago, first to

A different experience was that of a graduate student at NMSU. It was her fourth year at school before she could make even the first step. She came out to one of her roommates who was not only supportive, but extremely concerned about her friend's needs.

The first family member she told was her brother who simply said it was fine. She decided to tell her parents in a letter. They responded that they still loved her. Her father told her in a letter that she should keep all of her options open.

She can take her girlfriend home and her family is very accepting. Her roommates have not been negative and don't try to inhibit her life.

A different perspective on coming out is that of an older generation. John Schmor is a professor at NMSU. He says that things were drastically different when he came out. "There was no radical right opposition, there was no need for it."

He said, "It was simply not a public thing. You lived in society."

He believes that his parents' love and

respect for him after coming out helped them to understand and support the fight against discrimination.

He said that coming to terms with love and all types of relationships made it possible for him to come to terms with his own sexuality.

This experience of coming out is celebrated in cities across the United States. Organizations put together events for the people of their communities. In the college community, National Coming Out Day is celebrated with many events.

Prism, the lesbian, gay, and bisexual organization on campus, is sponsoring a denim day and putting up a door on the mall. Those walking through will symbolize their decision to come out as being homosexual.

These events are open to all people. They are simply meant to educate and not to intimidate.

National Coming Out Day is an experience in honesty. Schmor said, "You need to risk yourself in this way in order to gain spiritual growth and become a useful member of society."

There was no radical  
right opposition. There  
was no need for it.

—John Schmor

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MENTION TV'S?

*The Bitchy Frenchman*

Top 5 List

by  
David Kunau

Five great ways to productively waste your time on campus

1. Go try to type/print a paper in any computer lab.
2. Attempt to communicate on E-mail with another school.
3. Take General Psychology 166 or Game and Fish Management (it's the same class!)
4. Trying to get General Honors (so far only four students have succeeded!)
5. "Pledge" a Greek organization.

# Best and Worst of Kirksville

by Amy Mecklenburg

Kirksville sucks—at least that's what I think every time I'm looking for something to do. But even with all of Kirksville's limitations, there are still better places to go than others. Opinions differ, but here's what I think are the bests and worsts of Kirksville.

**The best place to go bowling:**  
Leisure World

**The worst place to go bowling:**  
Sleazeburg

**The only place to go bowling:**  
Leisure World

**The best place to get gas:**  
the U-Pump on Jefferson and Baltimore. Their gas is relatively inexpensive and they have the cheapest cigarettes you can buy at a gas station.

**The best place to pass gas:**  
The elevator in Missouri hall (that is, if you're the only one in it).

**The best place to take a date:**  
Back to your place.

**The worst place to take a date:**  
The McDonald's in Wal-Mart.

**The best bar:**  
Bogie's. Good drinks and fabulous batter dipped sandwiches.

**The worst bar:**  
The Tap Room. Bible thumpers bought it and now it's closed.

**The best place to have a smoke and a cup of joe:**

Rock 'n Java. It's not the best coffee in the world but it's pretty damn good for Kirksville. Plus, you can't smoke in Gatsby's.

**The worst place to have a smoke and a cup of joe:**

Mainstreet Market. Thanks to the higher learning gods, we are now officially not responsible enough to decide whether or not to smoke. As for the coffee, well...I'm not exactly sure where it's been.

**The best place to steal a street sign:**  
The corner of Normal and High.

**The worst place to steal a street sign:**

In front of the cop shop. And if I have to tell you that, you deserve to go to jail.

**The best place to ride a bike:**  
Thousand Hills.

**The worst place to ride a bike:**

1) Normal street. The public works department has dug a pit so deep that it is now considered an alternate route to Hell.

2) The sidewalks on the square. You know, you can get a ticket for that now. If this is not clear to you, you should've

read the last issue of the Monitor.

**Best place to get medical attention:**  
Out of this town. That is, if you're partial to Doctors of Medicine.

**The worst place to get medical attention:**  
The Student Health Clinic, for reasons too numerous to list here.

So there you are, the best and worst of this town that we call home.

But remember, if you have a car, Columbia's only an hour and a half away.

## Honorable mention

by Jill Goodheart

In the last issue of the Monitor, we featured information on the general honors program here at NMSU. In the nine years of the program's existence only four people have ever graduated having completed it. This lack of participation in such a program is sad, and for once I don't blame the apathy of the students.

The honors program is one of the least advertised aspects of this university. Our food service and new dorm furniture get more attention.

The only time I remember hearing about it in anything official is in the course descriptions where it occasionally states that certain classes are considered honors.

In my college tour as a high school senior, in any literature I had ever read about NMSU and in talks with professors, the honors program was never mentioned. I even took an honors course unknowingly and didn't even find out that it was considered honors until a semester later.

In other schools, the honors program is a regular part of the college

tour and schools try to recruit students specifically for the honors program. They are proud to have exceptional classes and professors. At other schools there are specific honors professors, buildings, and floors in the dorms for honors students (granted, this is a bit elitist and overdone, but it shows just how little NMSU utilizes its honors program, which in turn means that fewer students utilize it).

NMSU students are missing out on a great deal with the lack of an attainable honors program. It's not just about "graduating with honors," but education. There have been many times when I was in class that I wished I could have been taught on another level with students who actually cared about the subject and were not there simply because they needed to fulfill the core requirements.

Perhaps with even just an attempt at advertising, the honors program could be well known and actually taken advantage of. But, as it stands now, our honors program is either a mystery or a rarely heard of concept.

## 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.

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This issue, the Monitor is:

Dan Flynn, Phil French, Jill Goodheart, Jaime Hall, David Henton, Scott Krehner, David Kuman, J. Robert McNaile, Amy Mecklenburg, Laughton Mennert, Doug Moore, Chad Odgers, Jay Peterson, Alicia Pigg, Robyn Ratcliff, Brent Rice, Betsy Riley, Katie Riley, Marshall Rowland, Maggie Thurman, Jocelyn Turner, Jessica Walters, Les Wight, Amy Ventrella, and Anne Zimmerman

# Two worlds fused: a review

by Dave Heaton

In 1993, rapper Guru from Gangstarr released his first solo album, "Jazzmatazz Volume I," a collaboration with jazz musicians in an "experimental fusion of hip-hop and jazz." Guru had help from Roy Ayers, Branford Marsalis, Donald Byrd, and others. The result was a unique album, rap music blended with jazz rhythms.

"Jazzmatazz Volume II: The New Reality," is an ambitious follow-up. Guru expands on the first album's sound by including twice as many songs with twice as many guests, from a wider range of musical genres.

Volume II includes not only talented jazz musicians (Freddie Hubbard, Ronny Jordan, etc.), but also soul singers (Chaka Khan, Baby), dance hall reggae artists (Patra, Ini Kamoze), rappers (Kool Keith, Lucien), and musicians that cross genres (Meshell N'Degeocello, the

Solsonics).

Lyrically, volume two shows much growth from the first album. While volume one opened with a lightweight song about loungin' around the house, volume

It takes a more intelligent man to squash a fight than to set one off / knowledge I let some off...

among others. Yet he has praise for the positive things he witnesses.

On "For You," Guru delivers a tribute to anyone who has stood by his side over the years, including his friends and his parents. "Pops, if I could be half the man you are I'd be a star, Moms thanks for pushing me real far."

"Something in the Past" is his reflection on a past relationship,

a letter of sorts to an ex-love. His sensitive lyrics are a big step forward from his Gangstarr track "Ex Girl to Next Girl," though both deal with the same topic, that of ending one relationship and starting another.

On "Count Your Blessings," Guru displays an introspectiveness not usually seen in rap music, or popular music in general. "Too many times I felt bad," he says, "too many times I couldn't see what I really had."

He also shows his spiritual side ("I've

got no time for envy nor for hate, my inner power's too strong to let such evil penetrate").

Guru's messages are given strong support by the music, an upbeat mix of jazz solos, hip-hop beats and smooth R&B vocals. This album is not straight jazz, despite the title. Yet the jazz musicians still shine. The highlights are many, including Ramsey Lewis' piano solo at the end of "Respect the Architect" and Donald Byrd's trumpet on "The Traveler."

When volume one was released, Guru said it was his attempt to make a rap album that both kids and grandparents could listen to and enjoy.

On "Jazzmatazz Volume II," Guru has not only made an album that people of all ages can listen to, but one that they should listen to, and listen to closely. It is an album where musicians of all sorts come together to have fun and to support Guru's uplifting messages.

In our time, that kind of unity in music is close to revolutionary.

## Fear awareness week

by David Kuman

As most people know, last week was Rape Awareness week. Who could have possibly avoided the signs staked throughout the quad?

I have always supported the work of the Women's Resource Center (WRC). Overall, its educational programs are well structured and effective. However, I am sorry to say that I had some qualms about the way that this year's Rape Awareness week was executed.

As I walked out of Ophelia Parrish last Wednesday I was overwhelmed and distraught by the tactics implemented by the WRC. The first sign which disturbed me, referred to the 80 percent of women who are raped by individuals they know.

As I followed the sidewalk to Baldwin, I was bombarded with more signs reminding me of females I know: "sister, mother, grandmother, girlfriend..." These "slogans" would instill fear into any person with a conscience.

My problem here is whether or not fear is a good way to educate or enlighten people. I am worried that the only thing this will have accomplished is making women on campus paranoid and scared of their male friends.

Quite frankly, I feel that the WRC missed the boat on their approach to a serious problem. Talking about sex, in general, is taboo in America. You certainly do not tell your parents that you are having sex or wanting to.

Nudity is also an enormous problem.

It is banned or made as controversial as possible in this nation, whether it is on television, in ads, or even at home. It is rare that teenagers show themselves to their parents and vice versa. I even heard a professor announce to a class: "If you see your parents or siblings naked, there is something WRONG with you and your family." I think that this is where the fears stems from.

Fears of sex, nudity, and worry of misinterpretation create tension and stress. Americans are thoroughly repressed in terms of sex. You do it, but you certainly never speak of it. Attempting to make individuals aware of it through fear certainly does not help the situation.

I do not offer any quick solution to these problems. There are no quick solutions. However, I would suggest normalizing sex as a possible start. Starting with a simple concept of personal awareness leads to understanding.

Certainly, this will take some time, especially since we are living in a rather puritan society. People need to realize that talking about sex or nudity is okay and actually should be encouraged. This talking should not be delayed. Maybe the WRC should find another way to approach people with the American rape dilemma.

Fear causes hesitation. Hesitation causes your worst fear to come true. Just something to think about.

Prism meetings  
Thursdays, 8:00 pm, OP210  
all are welcome

you have  
**GAY**  
friends

t-shirts with the above slogan are available for purchase

Celebrate with us for  
National Coming Out Day  
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Wear Denim!!

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WHO DIVISION OF FINE ARTS PRESENTS


**PRELUDE TO A KISS**

by  
CRAIG LIVES

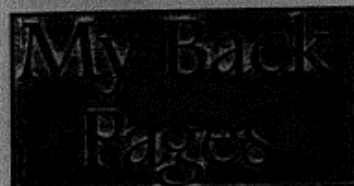
OCTOBER 3-7 8:00 PM  
BALDWIN LITTLE THEATRE

ADMISSION (FREE WITH ID. 4+ THE JOHN  
(5¢ COINS ADVANCE RESERVATION)

OTHER SEATING: \$1 ADULTS: \$2  
TICKETS AVAILABLE AT THE  
LITTLE THEATRE BOX OFFICE







yellow caterpillar standing by,  
saving bottoms of the houses  
proctologist of the soul  
mend my foundation  
dig deep  
and scoop  
a poop

caterpillar standing by  
what hast thou?  
pneumatic pumps  
pedals for manipulation  
love me  
wrap me up  
my heart does palpitation

you scorn  
you condescend  
your evil safety bucket  
rebuking me  
but I say fuck it

you cannot control me  
your evil jaws  
that tear  
were tears need not be

I know my gaps  
my subtle shortcomings  
and you will point nothing out to me  
but your own impotency  
you evil proctologist of the houses

dig foundations deep  
but leave me 'lone to wait  
upon myself  
and to my shortcomings  
self inflicted  
self desired

—some drunk staff member

#### Split-Second

The split-second that changes life  
came to me on Mother's Day.  
Not a joyous, wonderful moment  
that happy Hallmark cards are made for,  
But a horribly tragic one  
of bewildering pain for those it affected.  
The split-second came fast  
with the cocky assuredness of a thief,  
Stealing time from me and my future.  
I wish for clarity and explanation;  
I receive only unintelligible answers.  
I need more time;  
I grasp for fading memories.  
My dreams contradict reality,  
Lasting only a split-second in my mind.

—Betsy Riley

The students learn conditionally,  
But was it not Sir Newton's curiosity?  
The teacher preaches prescriptively,  
No wonder we're all sitting here in misery.  
Whatever happened to relativity,

The muses are an endangered species,  
Yet no one fights or worries.  
Save the whales, save the wolves,  
Save the forests, save the world,  
But what about you and me?  
Who's gonna save you and me?

The children they learn instinctively,  
They know your pitiful philosophy.  
Better to censor than talk freely,  
Better to punish with your foolish authority.  
Your consequences don't aid their morality,  
Given honesty they will choose righteously.

But what about you and me?  
Who's gonna save you and me?

We stagger to change positively,  
When the solution is so very elementary.  
Talk with them and you will see,  
The children must be taught very cautiously.  
Although they know more than previously,  
They still cannot distinguish quite so easily.

The muses are an endangered species,  
Yet no one fights or worries.  
Save the whales, save the wolves,  
Save the forests, save the world.  
But what about you and me?  
Who's gonna save you and me?

—J. Robert McNair

#### Rental

A white Dodge Infiniti  
smeared with old snow  
and salt, just for today.  
The wind hisses through  
creases between doors  
and windows. Stale, crackled  
menthols cut into new leather.

Eating western omelets  
and greasy silence, planning  
responses to back-handed  
questions. Antiques  
and my mother's love  
life are not my idea  
of enthralling conversation,

but I answer. I lie.  
I suddenly can't recall  
what happened to the  
drafting desk, or what  
my mother did last  
Saturday night, while he  
was shooting pool alone.

So every few months  
I sit on rented leather  
and listen to crackling  
menthols, hoping he  
won't ask to come  
inside of the house  
that used to be his.

—Jaime Halla

#### Friday Night Blues

I hate mini-vans when I'm inebriated  
I always fall out the sliding doors  
But somehow I am always persuaded

When I am drunk I am easily intimidated  
They make me go to car dealership stores  
I hate mini-vans when I'm inebriated

I don't like being intoxicated  
By many cans of Coors  
But somehow I am always persuaded

In the back seat I always feel isolated  
Because it's where everyone else scores  
I hate mini-vans when I'm inebriated

Eight track players are really outdated  
All we ever listen to is the Doors  
But somehow I am always persuaded

The cops always choose me to be interrogated  
I wish they would just pick up whores  
But somehow I am always persuaded  
I hate mini-vans when I'm inebriated

—Anne Zimmermann

#### They said, I am an onion, they said

Feeling a strong need for a souls-feasting,  
I attended the class of the long bearded sages.  
Discuss, did we, dreaming picture, and ages  
of family, dear mama and sister, one more day and  
why.

They said, was an onion, they said.

A pause. A questioning look. An empty reply:

They said, was an onion, they said.

"You my son, are many-layered being,  
with parchment skin, yellowed with age  
bits of Earth fall away.  
Succulent, tender flesh beneath,  
peeling away to the depths of the core,  
The pareing will make you cry."

They said, I was an onion, they said.

My eyes open, I begin to see  
what others do not  
the facetious rules of my first mask  
crumble.  
Out falls me, sans social pleasantries.

They said I was an onion, I pared.

I spy the destination of the new exterior  
and peel back my scalp  
skull glittering. I smash that  
plating my crucified upon the altar  
of introspective discussion.

They said I was an onion, I bleed

—Marshall Bowland