

MISSOURI VALLEY COLLEGE



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# *Stitch & Patch*

A MAGAZINE OF LITERARY ♦ ART PATCHES



*Quite a View to Knowledge*  
Baity Hall, MVC Campus

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no.1

VOL. 3 Spring 2003 NO. 1

*The*  
**Purple Patch**

A MAGAZINE OF LITERARY ♦ ART PATCHES

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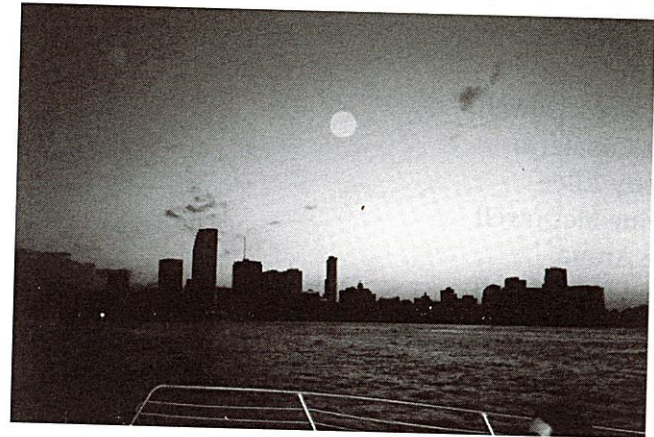
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A SIGMA TAU DELTA PUBLICATION



*Sweet Dreams Fort Lauderdale*

*Keila Echevarria*

Photograph

*The Purple Patch*

A MAGAZINE OF LITERARY ♦ ART PATCHES  
VOL. 3 Spring 2003 NO. 1

EDITOR

Mellody Allee

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At Missouri Valley College, Marshall, MO

*Special Thanks and Appreciation to*

*Loren Gruber*

*Virginia Zank*



Brandi Turley

Untitled photograph

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# Foreword

Open this foreword with not a little regret. This will be the last issue of *The Purple Patch* that I will student edit. As I think back to the first issue, when we had no funds and no precedence, yet we published a great magazine, I am overcome with a desire to just crow out loud, "Yes, we did it!"

A new editor has been elected for the next issue and I'm positive this student will do an outstanding job. Without a doubt the new editor will bring a new perspective to this magazine. Also, the Nu Epsilon Chapter of Sigma Tau Delta is the largest I have seen it in my college career here at Missouri Valley. With so much help and enthusiasm, there is no doubt in my mind that the magazine is perched on new and exciting horizons.

For myself and this issue, once again I have endeavored to publish the most diverse magazine yet. I think that goal has been met with success. We have more photography than ever and the stories range from journals of travels by Sarah Casaletto, to fiction by Mary Maupin that will draw the reader in like a news article. There are essays on subjects ranging from Shakespeare to the economic costs of keeping prisoners. All in all, a most satisfying range of *Patches* to peruse.

From a personal standpoint, Stefani Deines brought tears to my eyes in her essay, *My Journey with the Wizard, Dorothy, and the Cowardly Lion*. Now, I wasn't so sure I appreciated being called the "cowardly lion," but after I read her story I had to laugh out loud even as I wiped away tears. Stefani succeeded in nailing the personalities of the "Jellicle Blah-Blahs."

I, too, graduate this semester. I, too, am going to miss this wonderful group of women. I am sincerely grateful to the young students (especially Sarah and Stefani) of MVC for accepting me, a "mature non-traditional student" into their midst. (Okay, that's my way of saying I'm old enough to be the mother of most of the students on campus.)

Beyond that, I encourage every student to make the most of their college years. Reach up and aspire to be the best you can be—take risks—submit essays, manuscripts, photography, songs, and art work for publication. If not in this magazine, than in some other publication.

Try out for dramas and plays, teams and jobs. Do not accept failure. If you or your work is not accepted the first time, try again, and again. Ask for assistance on how you can improve. Work at it. Then try again. And again. You only fail when you quite trying.

Never accept the "average" as your personal best. Despise the "norm." If you don't like something, work to change it. If you must evaluate something, do so with a possible solution in mind.

A criticism without a suggested alternate path to success is simply negative criticism. Always think beyond the criticism to the critique. A positive critique can be a help up, a criticism is simply a put down.

Strive to be better than you are today and every day. As one saying goes, "Reach for the moon, you may land upon a star."

◆Melody R. Allee



Jasmine McDowell

Photograph

*Mommy's Little Princess*

## Why Not?

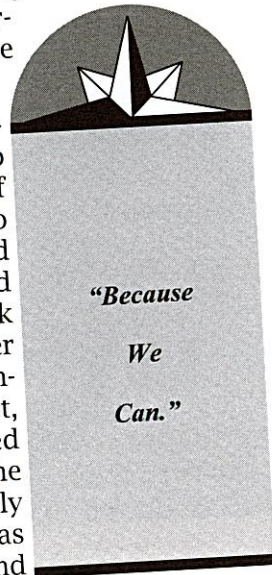
By

Sarah Casaletto

Youthful idealism is the root of all adventure. One evening I was sitting around watching television with a group of friends when a commercial came on advertising an ice cream cake. The advertisers had done a good job of making the ice cream look especially creamy as it rolled into the scoop. The cake icing flowed perfectly to write "Happy Birthday" or some other celebratory wish onto the perfect white sweetness smoothed over the two layers of sugary bliss. My friend, Brian, commented on how the cake looked good, as one generally does after a successful food advertisement.

We sat there for a moment thinking of the cake and dreaming of that special day when we would have something worth celebrating with an ice cream cake. Then Lindsey grabbed Brian and exclaimed that they would return shortly. When they came back they were carrying a fresh ice cream cake, reveling in all of its sugary perfection. Written in careful cursive letters on the white icing were the words "Because we can."

I suppose it was that same attitude which prompted my decision to travel around Europe the summer of 2000. The decision was similar to pointing to a picture of the moon and saying, "Oh, I want to go there." I had always said I wanted to backpack around Europe, but I don't think I ever knew what that meant. It was a romantic dream, an entry found on a life list, not something that could be decided upon in a day. At least that is what the world told me. I didn't intentionally ignore the skepticism and doubt; I was just oblivious to it. I didn't understand



what was so unfathomable about backpacking around Europe without a huge plan. I wanted to have my cake, just because I could.

I don't remember exactly how my parents reacted to my decision to go to Europe. Probably the same way they did when I told them I wanted to be an astronaut in the seventh grade or my freshman year of college when I was going to move to Colorado to be a ski bum. I don't remember anyone believing I was going to follow through on this plan, with perhaps the exception of my cake-eating friends.

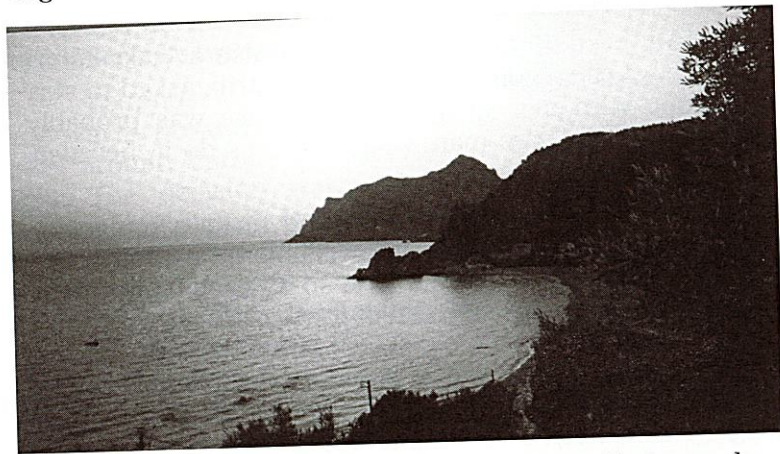
Europe just sort of evolved out of thin air and began to seep into my small Kansas life. The sheltered Christian college I had attended for a while decided to take a group to England for ten days. The price didn't seem too outrageous; I still had a "college fund" to dip into. I signed up to go, and then somehow (probably after seeing a commercial) decided that I was going to extend my plane ticket for 3 months, buy a backpack and a Euro-rail pass, and see what I could see. I decided if I was going to pay for a ticket to get across the Atlantic Ocean, then I was going to stay as long as I liked. It wasn't practical, responsible, or hardly feasible; but it was right. I don't know how or why, but it was the right thing to do, and I knew that I had to go.

My best friend Nate, who was also a "cake-eater" and who was also going on the England trip, asked to stay in Europe with me. My general response was probably something like, "Sure man, whatever, let's do it, because, you know what? We can."

We didn't really sit down and make a budget or even a plan. Train passes were available at a small travel store in downtown Overland Park, so we each bought one. A backpack was the suggested form of luggage, so we thought we should pick up one of those as well. I didn't have much money, being a poor college student and a waitress; however, I decided that having an SUV was no longer a necessity, so selling it would offer the cash necessary to fund the journey.

As a person who loves the window seat, I was

rather disappointed to end up sitting in the middle of the plane during the first leg of the trip. I couldn't watch the world grow insignificant with every mile of altitude. As I fidgeted in restless anticipation, the couple across the aisle started talking to Nate and me about our trip. I told them what we were doing and waited for the usual rejection of our idealistic dream. They didn't turn away, but asked more questions. We painted mental postcards together as I told them about all the places I wanted to visit, only half-way realizing I was actually on my way to live out my words. Their daughter had traveled abroad for a little while, and they shared her experience with us. The plane began to sink back into real world and the people by the window seats watched it grow larger, like those sponge shapes that grow out of capsules when you put them in water. The couple gave us formal hugs in the form of handshakes, then handed us each a \$20 bill. They called it "just in case money." Just moments earlier I couldn't shut up; however, when they placed that money in my hand I couldn't find the correct words. I looked at the green piece of paper and saw wings. As the wheels skidded across the runway of reality I smiled, for the first time in a long time. I no longer felt like a stupid kid with an intangible dream. Someone believed in what I was doing. I was holding the concrete evidence in my hand.



Sarah Casaletto      Corfu, Greece      Photograph



*View from the Windowseat*

Photographs by Mellody Allee

*Looking at a Rainbow from God's Angle*

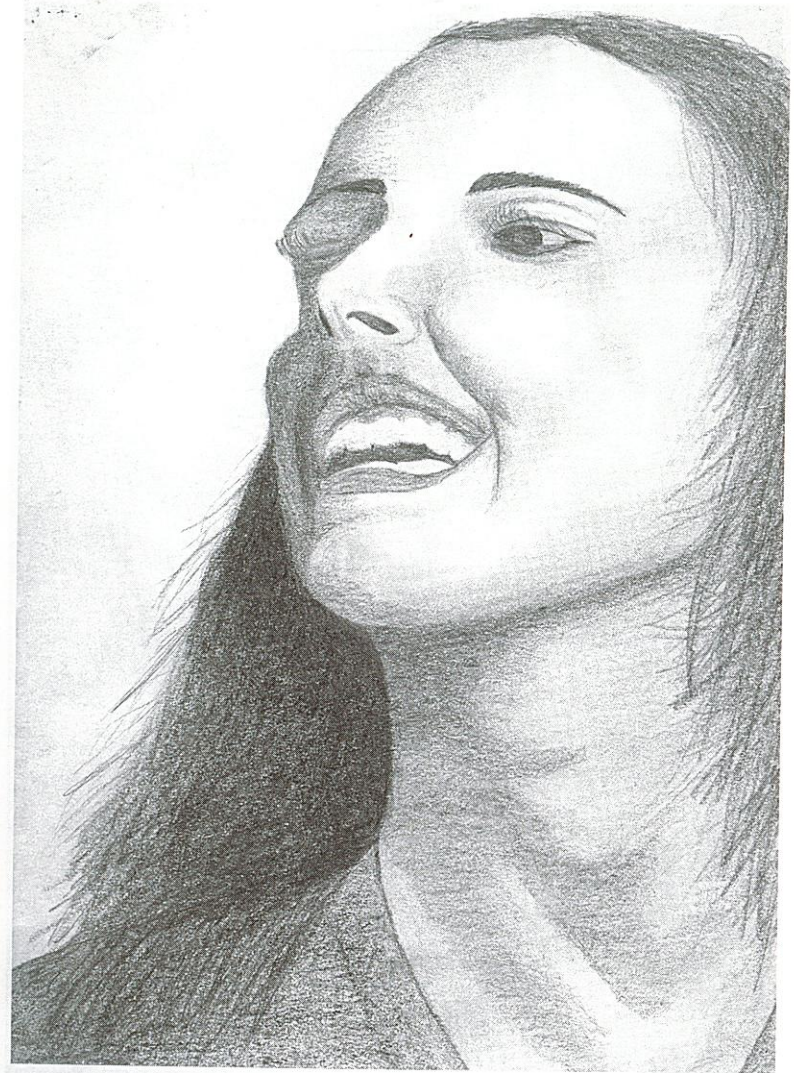


## *Working on Solidifying a Theory*

By

Jasmine McDowell

Adam and Eve. Eve and Adam.  
Creation story. Destruction story.  
Scientifically, should women stay behind men?  
God plus dirt = Adam.  
Adam. Creation.  
God plus Adam minus rib = Eve.  
Eve = Creation.  
Eve plus serpent = temptation.  
Eve plus serpent minus Adam = greater temptation.  
Mathematically, should women stay behind?  
Eve - e = ev  
Eve - e = ev  
Ev + volition = evolution  
    Spell check: Source: Merriam-Webster  
Orthographic error detected.  
Evolution  
Theory: evolution: tasting forbidden fruit  
Linguistically, should women stay behind?  
Empirically, should women stay behind?  
Empirical evidence.  
Eve. Destruction.  
Leads to:  
Adam. Destruction.  
References: The Riverside Milton, by Roy Flannagan



Jorge Arana

Pencil drawing



Jasmine McDowell

Photograph

*A Troubling Dream:  
A Review of Adrian Noble's A Midsummer  
Night's Dream*

By  
Ashley McKay

Violated. Puzzled. Simply freaked out. These were the feelings I felt as I watched *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, presented by the Royal Shakespeare Company. This particular production was filmed in 1996 but released in 1999, and was directed by Adrian Noble, whose previous RSC directorial credits include such plays as *The Comedy of Errors*, *Measure for Measure*, *King Lear*, and *As You Like It* (Mortlock). While Noble may be a renowned Shakespearean director, he fell about ten lines short of a sonnet with this witheringly weird production.

The first of his blunders appears in the opening moments of the movie -- a small boy, lying in his bed, clutching a book entitled *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Throughout the movie, the boy (played by Osheen Jones) can be found observing every action and interaction, only truly becoming part of the fray when mention of Titania's "indian boy" is made. Is he dreaming it? One would think so by the way he at one point awakes screaming for his mother as if he has experienced a nightmare. Noble's superfluous addition of this boy also brings an almost Wonderlandian quality to the film. For example, he falls down a large tunnel (much like a "rabbit hole") when chasing after Helena, who is as frantic as the White Rabbit himself. Also, he makes his entrance into this somewhat alternate world after passing through a series of doors, only to find himself observing the happenings of Theseus and Hippolyta.

Speaking of which, I find it quite curious that Noble chose to double-cast Alex Jennings, Lindsay Duncan, and Barry Lynch as Theseus/Oberon, Hippolyta/Titania,

and Philostrate/Puck, respectively. Perhaps it was an attempt to show character similarities, or contrasts for that matter. Perhaps it was a way to show the flexibility of the actors' talents and abilities to portray different roles, all within the same film. Whatever significance he was trying to achieve, I saw it simply as a way to conserve on the production's budget. Another budget cut must have come when casting Daniel Evans as Lysander and Kevin Doyle as Demetrius, for their performances don't quite make the grade. Their affections towards their counter-parts Hermia (Monica Dolan) and Helena (Emily Raymond) are mechanical, and it is quite unimpressive when male lovers are almost bettered in height by their better halves!

The foul fog that's cast over the film lifts slightly when the Rustics are introduced. The group, portrayed by Desmond Barrit (Bottom), John Kane (Peter Quince), Mark Letheren (Flute), Howard Crossley (Snout), Robert Gillespie (Starveling), and Kevin Sabberton (Snug), are by far the most consistently entertaining, each character bringing forth just the right amount of humor and presence. Most notably, though, is Desmond Barrit's interpretation of Nick Bottom. He injects Bottom with the proper dosage of pomposity, yet adds just enough antidote to keep him quite dim. Recognition should definitely be given to Penny Smith for her contributions as chief make-up artist, for Bottom's donkey make-up was realistically grotesque, making him all the more undesirable.

Undesirable is a word that can also be used to describe Puck in this production, for Barry Lynch's interpretation is quite slimy, making you squirm in discomfort as he breathily delivers his lines in his attempts to be puzzlingly seductive. He presents Puck in an unplayful, self-absorbed manner -- granted, Puck can be arrogant when it comes to his magical abilities, but there is a fine line between the portrayal of arrogance and the feeling that the next sentence to come out of his mouth might be, "Want

some candy little girl?" Also, it seems that he's trying too hard to be Rupert Everett, just by his sly demeanor and over-all disposition. It may also be noted that the Puck in this production is incredibly over-sexed!

This leads me to my observation of the blatant homosexual displays that occur several times throughout the course of the film, such as a mouth-to-mouth kiss shared between not only Puck & Oberon, but also between Helena and Hermia as well. Such behavior in Shakespearean films is apparently not out of the question, however, for there was a film adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* directed by Celestino Coronado in 1984, "in which Demetrius and Lysander and Helena and Hermia end up in gay and lesbian couples" (Boose and Burt 241). No offense to homosexuals, but I like my coffee hot and my Shakespearean productions straight. On a lighter note, the "play within a play" at the end proves to be the highest point of the production. It seems to hold the greatest amount of comedic effort put forth by the actors, and each member of the Rustic crew turns in a satisfying bookend to their performance.

Even though it had its rare moments of true merriment, the production as a whole was, as I said before, witheringly weird. With it's barren set (four doors, side-by-side, on an empty, expansive floor with stringed light bulbs hung from above and the occasional umbrella) and simple costuming (men: Chinese-style button-front "Kung Fu" suits, and women: simple wide-strap sundress-style dresses), the first person I can think of to blame would be the producer -- Paul Arnott. According to Focus on Shakespearean Films, edited by Charles W. Eckert, "This imaginary world, indeed, is one that our public has cried for and demanded, and our only regret may be that the producers, lacking vision, have compromised and in compromising have descended to banalities" (44).

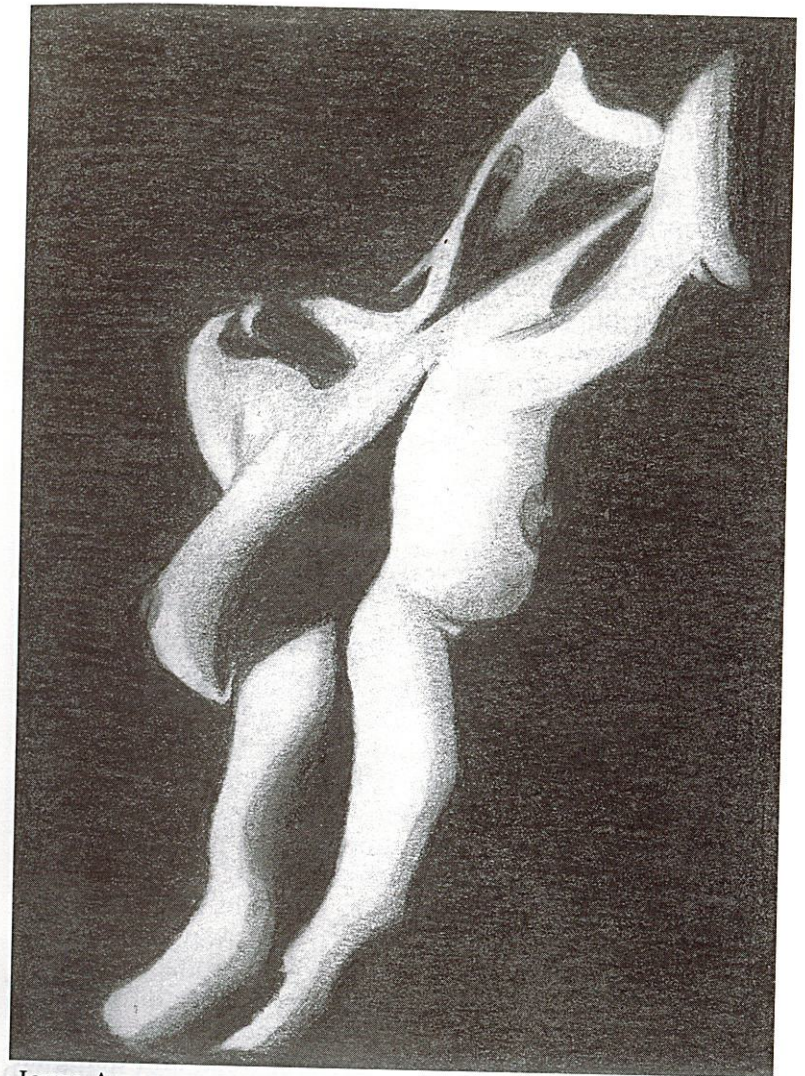
So, in closing:

If this critic has offended,  
Lobotomy is recommended;  
But if you in agreement be,

Then eye to eye we surely see.  
If my advice you do ignore,  
May all your senses be restored;  
Listen not to what I've said,  
May not you be embittered.  
Rest assured, 'tis no bad rap;  
This movie is a piece of crap.

#### Works Cited

- Boose, Lynda E. and Richard Burt, eds. Shakespeare, The Movie. London: Routledge, 1997.
- Eckert, Charles W., ed. Focus on Shakespearean Films. Englewood: Prentice-Hall, 1972.
- Mortlock, Roger. Royal Shakespeare Company. 28 Nov. 2002 <<http://www.rsc.org.uk/information/press/whuicpzok>> .



Jorge Arana

Pencil drawing

## *Thanks to Me.*

By

Eli Connell

In third grade I met a guy named Ben Boardman. I went to a small school where his arrival was a big deal to all of the students. He was the only person we didn't already know everything about, so we all tried to find out everything possible about him that we could. I was one of the popular kids; therefore, I tried to help him fit in. We became fast friends and he did end up fitting in fairly good.

During our eighth grade year I moved from the rural school and into town. All the rural school students would graduate from their rural school at the end of their eighth grade year, and move into town to attend high school. I had a head start on knowing the town kids due to this. Once again I decided to help Ben to fit in.

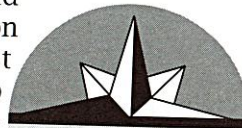
He wanted to know everything about the town kids. He seemed extremely worried about fitting in. He asked who the popular kids were, who the easy girls were, who the stoners were, who the alcoholics were, and every other social question possible. I answered him and tried to lead him in what I thought was the right way to become popular, to become the apple of all of the girls' eyes, and to have as much fun as possible. I tried steering him away from partying too much and away from smoking weed. He did okay for a little while, probably because he didn't know anyone yet. Then he decided not to listen to me. He had too much fun getting messed up. He and I drifted apart. I was not into smoking weed and doing all of the other things that he did. I didn't want it to mess up my life.

Soon he dropped out of high school and was sent off to reform school. He got kicked out of the reform school and disowned by his family. He and I did not speak or see each other for around two years.

Then out of the blue I got a phone call. It was Ben

wanting me to drive five hours to another state and pick him up. He said that he was clean, and that he wanted to see his family. It did happen to be Christmas time so I gave in, really hoping that he had changed. I arrived late at the place that we were supposed to meet, and I didn't even recognize him at first. He had a huge beer belly; his arms were covered with track marks and with tattoos in every place possible, and three different colors of hair. I didn't want to hold his appearance against him, even though I should have known from the track marks on his arms. At that time he had just lost his apartment to fire. In order to hide his meth lab, he set fire to it. He had managed to get two police were about to bust, he set fire to it. He had managed to get two warrants out for Kansas, one for other for fighting.

He had not brought up any of this until we had made it fifteen minutes from home. I could have been arrested for helping a criminal. I had just driven a total of ten hours to pickup this piece of garbage, because he had told me that he had changed. I had a broken leg and a cast on my foot, and I was also driving my new truck, which happened to be a stick. To enrage me even more, the entire ride he had slept and not talked to me until we were that close to home. He then had the nerve to ask me to drop him off at the house of the most well known drug dealer in our town. By this time I was furious, I decided that he definitely owed me some money for gas at least. I knew that he had money, because he had unknowingly showed it to me. He had bought some cigarettes, while I stopped at a gas station to get some Nodoze (which even though it did help to keep me awake, because he wouldn't talk, still made me sicker than a dog). He argued with me that he didn't have any money, then it changed that he did have a little, then he revealed that he was going to use it to buy

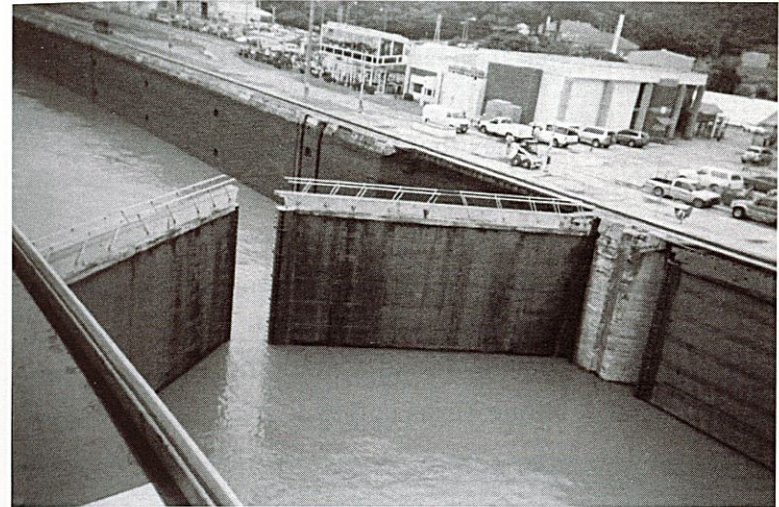


*Then out of  
the blue I  
got a phone  
call.*

some heroin.

I snapped. My sick, broken legged, tired, cramped, empty pocketed, hungry, stupid for believing him, extraordinarily pissed off body took over. I flew into him and proceed to give him the absolute best, and torturing butt-kickin that I have ever given. I reached into his pocket and pulled out two hundred dollars. I kicked him one more time. Then I stuck every bit of that two hundred to the blood on his forehead, and said, " I don't want your money because I don't want to give you an excuse to enter into my eyesight ever again. Don't call me, stay away from me, and you go in there and buy that friggin' crap and you let it help you fit in." I then turned around looked up at the sky and screamed, " God, I tried." I jumped into my truck and left.

As I was driving I felt kind of bad because I vaguely remembered the guy that had done every thing for me that he was capable of. That had told me to go to church, that had played the bass for a Christian band, that he started, sang for, and even wrote the lyrics for back in the eighth, and part of ninth grade. Then I realized that was not the guy that I had just beaten, it was just the shell of that soul that had apparently been consumed by the drugs. That was the last time that I spoke to the shell, the ninth grade was the last time that I spoke to him.



Keila Echevarria

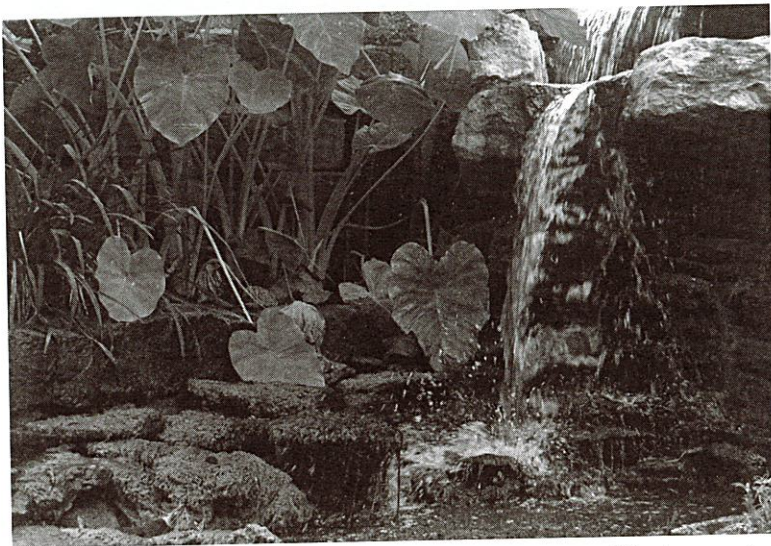
Photograph

*Panama Canal: Opening Bridge to the World*

*I just got back from Texas*

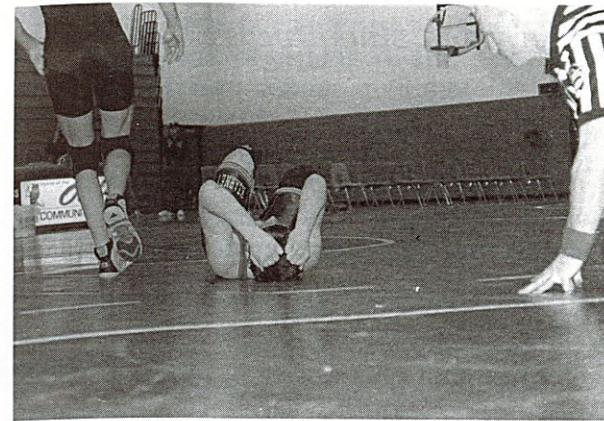
By  
Dustin Brown

Once again  
I just got back from Texas.  
Drove again  
that long ride from Texas.  
A confusion of sorts  
comes that from Texas.  
Ya see  
a lot comes from Texas.  
Beauty, passion, love  
and purple flowers come from Texas.  
Oh, how I wish it would be  
I hope Texas comes to me.



Brandi Turley

Photograph



*Defeat*

Photograph  
By

Jesse Richart

*before the match*

By Donell Bradley

it's been a long time coming, many years of sacrifice,  
just for this moment, the moment i reach my goal.  
late nights and early mornings,  
time all spent with a purpose,  
and now that purpose is realized.  
i've made it this far and cannot stop.  
six minutes will determine a victor,  
and that victor will be me.  
bright lights and many people distract me,  
but never cause me to get unnerved.  
i've trained for this,  
i've sweat, i've bled, i've cried for this.  
across the mat is the one thing stopping me.  
stopping me from reaching my goal.  
she cannot hold me back or take me down.  
no matter how tired I think I am,  
or how much better she thinks she is,  
I will not let her beat me.

## Myth and Shakespeare

By

Carrie Clift

Myth plays a major role in much of literature. Myth's presence is obvious to those who are aware of classic Greek and Roman mythology. William Shakespeare, a clever master of the language, knew the classic myths well and their presence is seen throughout his works. By reading Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, an informed reader will find an abundance of elements derived from Greek and Roman culture and mythology when looking at the main characters, the play of Pyramus and Thisbe, and the fairies.

Even before reading this play, by looking at the names and roles of the characters, an educated reader will begin to find etymological allusions to myth. The most obvious allusions are the characters, Theseus, who plays the Duke of Athens, and Hippolyta, who is Queen of the Amazons and betrothed to Theseus. In addition, Shakespeare makes some loose connections between the names and roles of Hermia, Helena, and Demetrius.

Looking at the works of Ovid, Apollodorus, Plutarch, Euripides, and Sophocles, who were early writers of mythology, reveal the story of Theseus, who was the King of Athens. Theseus's story reveals that he was a "most wise and disinterested King" (Hamilton 216). Being a fair ruler who wants to give his people a say, he designed "a people's government where all would be equal. He resigned his royal power and organized a commonwealth, building a council hall where the citizens should gather and vote," keeping only the office of Commander in Chief (Hamilton 216).

Theseus's character in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is consistent to that of myth. In the play, he is the Duke of Athens, instead of the King, but similar to

the myth, he is fair and just, leaving certain power to his people. In the beginning of the play, Egeus is standing before Theseus, telling him that his daughter, Hermia, will not marry Demetrius like he wants because she is in love with Lysander. He asks Theseus if he will stand by his word to let people rule over their own affairs and do with his daughter as he sees fit, saying,

I beg the ancient privilege of Athens:

As she is mine, I may dispose of her;

Or to her death, according to our law

Immediately provide that case. (l.i.41-5)

He comes to the conclusion that Hermia should marry Demetrius or choose death. Theseus listens to Egeus's request, but also to Hermia's plea for her life, so he offers a third choice for Hermia. He tells her that if she will not marry Demetrius and does not want to die, she can join a convent. In myth, Theseus's character pledged that Athens would be fair and people would govern themselves. Shakespeare makes sure Theseus is honorable to his word, and acts as a mediator between Egeus and Hermia, making sure the action to be taken is based on Hermia's decision, not his own.

Betrothed to Theseus, was Hippolyta, who also has strong mythic ties. In myth, Theseus is fond of danger and adventure. During one trip he kidnaps Hippolyta, the Queen of the Amazons, and has a child, named Hippolytus, with her (Hamilton 217). Shakespeare makes no reference to a kidnapping, but Hippolyta is still the Queen of the Amazons, and is betrothed to Theseus. She seems to be happy about the engagement which would not be true if she had been kidnapped.

In addition to these roles and relationships, Shakespeare also ties in other mythic elements through Hippolyta. In myth, Hippolyta's son, Hippolytus, is loyal to the goddess, Artemis who is also known as Diana who was chaste and pure. Along with being a hunter and lady of the woods, she was the moon, called Phoebe and Selene. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* Hippolyta is chaste and has no son, so she pays tribute to Artemis and says

she will be loyal to Venus, the goddess of love, after she married Theseus (Truax 121). When Theseus gets impatient for their marriage she assures him that they will get married under the new moon (honoring Artemis) in four nights, saying,

Four nights will quickly dream away the time;  
And then the moon, like a silvery bow  
[New] bent in heaven, shall behold the night  
Of our solemnities. (I.i.8-11)

Here, she reassures him that she will be married and participate in married activities in four days. This will be when the moon is full and Hippolyta promises she "will abandon the chaste goddess Diana and devote herself to the rites of Venus" (Truax 121).

There are more etymological links that can be drawn between myth and this work, but they are not as strong. In mythology, Theseus kidnaps Helen of Troy then goes with his friend, Pirithous, to help kidnap Persephone, the goddess Demeter's beloved daughter (Hamilton 219). In *A MidSummer Night's Dream*, Demeter is Demetris and is a mortal man who ends up loving Helena, not Helen. In addition, Hennione is Helen's daughter in myth, but in Shakespeare, Hermia is Helena's friend.

Besides the etymological references to myth which take time to research and tie together, Shakespeare makes a clear tie to myth with the Pyramus and Thisbe play, "which Shakespeare must have know in the original Latin as well as in Golding's popular if rather ponderous translation of 1567" (Barton 251). Although the mechanicals portrayal of this play was quite comical, the basic mythic story remains the same.

In mythology, Pyramus and Thisbe are neighbors and lovers whose parents are feuding. They meet every day at a chink in the wall between their houses. One day they arrange to meet at night under a mulberry tree that has white berries. Thisbe arrives first and drops her cloak and climbs a tree when she is scared by a lioness that has just finished killing her prey. The lioness rips Thisbe's cloak, leaving blood all over it. Pyramus finds the bloody

mess, thinks Thisbe has been killed, and kills himself. Thisbe finds his body and kills herself. The gods took pity on them and made the mulberry tree have red berries from that day forward as a memorial to the lovers (Hamilton 135-8).

Shakespeare's version of this play was meant to mock the original tale. In fact, "some of Bottom's most grotesque speeches as Pyramus are surprisingly close to lines intended to be spoken in all seriousness in Appius and Virginia (1564) or in Preston's *Cambises* (1561) [versions of the Pyramus and Thisbe story] (Barton 252). Shakespeare goes on making fun of this myth by having a man play the wall and chink, the lion, and moon. At the end of the play, there is no reference to the mulberry tree or the gods turning the berries red as a memorial to the lovers.

Besides the people and play within the play, Shakespeare adds mythic elements with his inclusion of the forest, the four lost lovers, and the mischief that takes place. Indeed, "The forest at night, under the influence of Diana [Artemis], is a place where' magic and mystery, the place where Oberon and Titania, King and Queen of the fairies, rule-or misrule" (Truax 119). Carefully studying the main fairies, including Oberon, Titania, and Puck reveal many parallels to classic myth.

Although Shakespeare's fairies are not supposed to be the Greek and Roman gods and goddesses with different names, the "shadow" similar qualities (Truax 127). Oberon and Titania have reverse characteristics of Zeus and Hera. In Shakespeare's play, it is Oberon, Zeus's "shadow" who is a jealous spouse and not Titania, who is Hera's "Shadow." Oberon accuses her of having a relationship with Theseus, saying, "How canst thou thus for shame, Titania, / Glance at my credit with Hippolyta, / Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?" (II.i.74-6). Titania responds, saying, "These are the forgeries of jealousy" (II.i.81). To further aid in reversing their roles, it is Titania who thinks she is in love with Bottom, a mortal; even though it was not her choice (Puck put magic flower dust on her eyes). In myth, it is Zeus who has relations with mortals.

This leads to another mythic element. Oberon talks about how he saw Cupid shoot an arrow that landed on a "little western flower" (II.i.166). He sends Puck to get this flower because when its dust is put on eyelids of people who are sleeping, they will open their eyes and fall in love with the first thing they see. This is the flower that Puck anointed Titania's eyes with.

Four lovers, including Hermia and Lysander, Demetrius and Helena, are in the woods that night. Soon Oberon learns that Helena loves Demetrius, but Demetrius loves Henna. Puck is then sent to anoint Demetrius's eyes. Since Puck is playing the role of Cupid, he accidentally anoints Lysander's eyes instead. Puck was "mis-seeing, like blind Cupid" (Truax) 128. Lysander awakes to see Helena and falls in love with her. Puck tries to correct this and anoints Demetrius's eyes who also awakes to see Helena. Confusion reigns until the four are asleep and Puck, who is now clear sighted like the renaissance version of Cupid, fixes his wrongs and there is harmony and happiness. This is unlike classic myth which frequently ends in tragedy.

Studying myth and Shakespeare will reveal many parallels between the two. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* has an abundance of mythic elements which are obvious when analyzing the main characters' names and roles, the play within the play, and the fairies. Shakespeare was a true master of the language who cleverly wove classic myth into his unforgettable play.

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## *Growing Up*

By

Robyn Robinson

Growing up on the streets of the STL  
Watching my brother hustlin, going right to jail  
Strugglin' each day to make a living  
Having my little brother's in store's stealing  
Working at Schnuck's to help feed the house  
Where was dad at? He was always out!  
Didn't live with us, but always came by  
To put us down, and share another lie  
Mom working hard, thanking God she is able  
To provide for her family and put food on the table

Mom used to cry every night  
Because of our dysfunctional home  
For my father's mistakes  
And not leaving him alone  
But she's a strong black woman  
She recognizes what God can do  
She knows her trials and tribulations  
God will pull her through  
Nineteen years of my life  
Have lived in eight homes  
Cause mom's income was low  
And she had to survive on her own

Mom made it though  
She bought her first home  
Although that life style didn't last very long  
Within three years  
We were kicked back out  
Because I had a sick brother  
Who destroyed half of the house  
Mom was upset, down to her last cry  
She worried why her loved one  
Wanted to see our family die

Again mom is a believer  
She knows God has her back  
And that whenever she falls  
He will put her back on track  
God blessed my mother well  
To show his love for her faithfulness  
He said, "No matter what you're going through,  
Know that I'm in the midst!"

My mother can now rest her tears  
Our family have no reason  
to live on in sadness and in fear  
We just lift our hands high  
And give God the glory  
For He has blessed us well  
In St. Louis, Missouri!

## *Free to Fail*

By

Sarah Casaletto

We were free from the group. We could drink what we wanted, smoke when we wanted, and talk about what we wanted. It was like high school graduation all over again. Nate and I were two kids in a new world with nothing to go on but dreams and a few bucks.

Stonehenge seemed like a good destination at the time. Since we were budget backpackers, we decided to hike there and just pitch our tent along the seventy or more miles of English countryside that lay between London and the big rocks. We were as ambitious as we were ignorant.

It was the first day we had to carry the fifty pound bags on our backs. In typical English fashion, it rained off and on all day. After hiking for four, wet hours we were still in London. Nate was the first to surrender and started spewing death threats at me. Once my shoes started making that soaked squish-squash sound on the city pavement, I realized the English countryside was still many city blocks away. We took our wet, tired and cold selves to the nearest Underground station and boarded a train heading back into the heart of London. In a matter of minutes, we were back at Waterloo Station. How simple it might have been to just take the train to the outskirts of town and start from there. Perhaps our brains were too clouded with our newfound freedom at the time.

We checked on some trains to France, but none were available. It was getting late in the afternoon, and we had no bed for the night. The budget Europe book seemed like a reliable source. It had a nice cover. We got it on sale. It was published five years before we left. Surely we would find our answer there.

The listing said "nature preserve" camping in the outskirts of London. A few days of camping would be a

nice, inexpensive way to relax. We rode the train to the required stop. The windows were barred and scrawled with graffiti. There wasn't even a blade of grass nearby, let alone a nature preserve campground.

We hiked down the road a little bit more, as the sun sank lower in the sky. There was no turning back now; we had to find a place to sleep. After asking a local man for directions, we finally came to a huge swampy field, bordered on each side by trees. There wasn't a visible sign or office, only a small tin shack. We heard voices, so moved closer to inquire about the campground. They told us it was the campground, but that it didn't open for another couple of weeks. We asked if we could just throw our tent down anyway. They told us that we could, but they wouldn't recommend it, pointing out it wasn't the best neighborhood and it was a weekend of a soccer game.

We threw our bags down next to a small picnic table and sat down, exhausted, hungry, and cold. We decided that we should eat something, then decide what to do. Nate pulled out a can of corned beef that he had purchased back at the convenient, graffiti-decorated grocery/mini-mart. Being intelligent college students, we tried to open the turn-key can by poking holes in the top. After lots of stabbing through the tin, Nate tried to pry it back, slicing his finger in the process. I decided I would give it a go and proceeded to do the same thing. We broke open the first aid kit, threw out the corned beef, and opted for some granola.

The only viable option we could come up with was to pitch the tent in the trees and hope no one would see us there. Once we entered the wooded area, we saw there was a small stream running through it, which was most likely some sort of sewer. It didn't really smell, but the water looked as though the famed Loch Ness monster could come out of it at any time.

We followed what seemed to be a small trail next to the Loch Ness stream when Nate slipped on some mud and slid down the embankment into the muck. Still calm at this point, I told him to grab my hand and I would pull

him out. I braced my foot on a tree root and reached down for my friend. Tugging with all my might, I succeeded in giving Nate a good boost up, just as my foot slipped and I fell right back down where Nate was. I managed to claw my way back up the embankment, but couldn't seem to stand back up. The weight on my back made me feel as though I were some sort of insect, not unlike what's-his-name in Kafka's "Metamorphosis." My legs and arms were flailing around until I figured out that I could just unbuckle my waist belt, rollout of my backpack, and slowly make it to my two feet once again.

At this point we couldn't even remember what London looked like. We had been transported into some other universe that was completely foreign. London was not like this. London had tour guide Maureen, free tea and biscuits every morning, and hot baths. Even though we were muddy, wet and bleeding, we could still see the ironic humor in our situation. It was our first night on this grand adventure. We just never dreamed the adventure would be this...adventurous.

There was a small flat area that looked big enough for our tent yet sheltered enough to hide us from any preying gang members. We set up the tent and emptied our chocolate-water shoes. Our once khaki-colored convertible zip pants were slathered with wet mud, so we hung them on a near-by tree to dry somewhat. We changed into some dry clothes, which were still not warm enough for the English May-time weather. Nate looked down and noticed a hole, which resembled some sort of animal's home, right outside of our tent door. He promptly shoved a log down the opening. I started to imagine the creature that lived there coming back from a night out only to discover that we blocked off his front door. I imagined him being so mad that he would attack our tent with his sharp claws and jagged teeth. Casually, I turned to Nate and asked if I could sleep near the inside wall of the tent.

We spread out our fleece blankets that we packed for their light weight and slight warmth -- it was summer after all. The sun was just setting and it was still early, but we didn't care. The sooner we slept, the sooner we

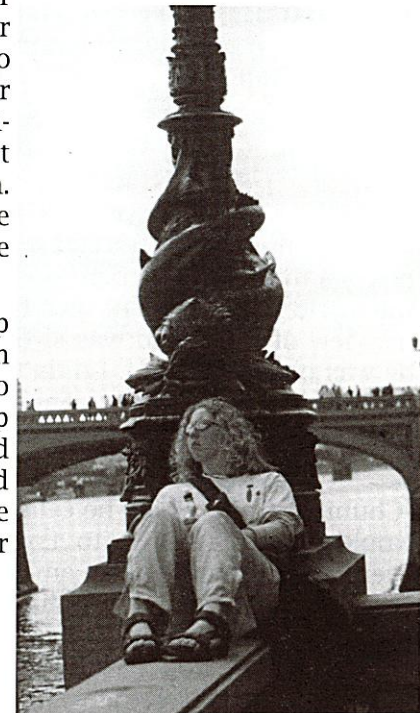
would have a fresh set of daylight hours. Nate found some sleeping pills in his bag, which helped us fall asleep, but didn't prepare us for the cold temperatures that came when the sun disappeared fully and the rain started to fall. Every piece of clothing we had brought with us went on our bodies, our bags were on either side of us, and we clung to each other to try to get some sort of body heat transfer going.

Despite our efforts, nothing could stop our teeth from chattering with a bone-chilling cold I had never experienced before. Finally, through fits of sleep, morning came, and we could emerge, protected by the daylight once again.

Once we got out of the crime preserve campground, we hopped on a couple of trains and even slept on one until we found ourselves under the warm sun of the French Riviera. We threw the misleading book out with the mud and looked in a newer, more reliable source. We landed in Cannes, and for around twelve dollars per night we were able to share a room with four other people, have a bathroom and even take a hot shower. It was heaven. Our four-night stay there was our longest of the trip.

As we ventured up through Spain, we began to get the feel of how to tackle this European trip on a budget. We found one book that contained most of the things we needed to know. Other

*The author in  
Contemplation near  
The River Thames.*



backpackers gave us advice on where to go and what to skip over. We got kicked off a few trains, almost had a bag stolen, and got yelled at in Spanish by disgruntled drug dealers. It wasn't all glitch free; nothing ever is, but it was an adventure.

Nate began to get grouchy and miss everything about home. We spent more time apart so that each of us could experience the places on our own terms. Nate started missing small things at first, such as Dr. Pepper and Taco Bell. Then he moved on to friends, family and the house back in Kansas City. I couldn't figure out why I wasn't more homesick. I tried to reach out and find things real enough to miss, and I didn't even miss the part of myself that I left behind. I didn't even miss having my own room. I didn't even miss my family. My life over the last year had been one large escape anyway. I had quit school, church, and basically had a great time doing nothing. Sure I worked, but my life lacked any sort of overall purpose or direction. I tried to escape thinking about that fact by sleeping, taking meds, or finding some other alternative state of mind. I looked to the Europe trip as a chance to get away from that part of myself and my confusion.

I am not sure what Nate wanted to accomplish by going, but I think he had found what he was looking for by the end of the first week after England. Nate said he finally came to understand a line in a song that he had heard a million times before which said, "Your window to the world might be your own front door." He realized that his view of the world was sitting on his front porch, and he was okay with that. I didn't have a front porch to rest on. I don't think I went to Europe to find one, but more to forget that I didn't have one to come back to.

I said good-bye to Nate in Paris as he boarded the "Chunnel" train, which he called his "Midnight Train," that would take him back to English-speaking London and eventually home. I got an email from him while he was in London the night before his plane left, and he raved about his cable-equipped hotel room and how he feasted on McDonald's and Twix candy bars, his favorite. He felt as though he was letting me down somehow, but as we

had discussed at great length before, he had to follow his own path. When I clicked off his email, I realized how alone I was. I fingered the St. Christopher's medal Nate had draped around my neck before he left. It was my last tangible item linking me to something back home.



Stephanie Hinkle

Photograph

## *A Feminist's Bite*

By

Jasmine McDowell

It might prove interesting to play the devil's advocate. Feminists do it all the time and America is swarming with Feminists. There must be some merit worth extracting from the philosophy. I'm willing to venture that if the Feminist reader skims *Paradise Lost* hell-bent on justifying her male-hating backlash to the patriarchal society, she will find that is Eve is in the right when she causes Adam to fall from God's grace. Eve's actions are warranted because she is portrayed as arm-candy, excluded from conversations with the angels, and is the metaphoric cheese standing alone in the high-ho dairy-oh. If the reader takes an estrogen induced trip through Eve's perspective, she can see that it is Eve who rightfully ought to "justify" her "ways to Man."

Eve has a pretty face. But, through Adam's perspective, it ends there. He doesn't mind "wonder[ing] to find unwak'nd Eve with tresses discompos'd and glowing cheek" (V:119) lying on the ground, sleeping. In fact, when he finds her in such a state his heart beats in "cordial love" (11..11)' with hers. She's a "Beautie, whether waking or asleep" (11: 12) but frankly, he'd prefer if she just laid there and looked pretty. Because when she awakes he feels that she just blathers on incessantly about her dream of "interdicted Knowledge fair" (11:52). Hark! She speaks. Adam is wondering why he should care.

After all, from the moment the Feminist reader encounters Eve the red-lights are flashing screaming that she is "not equal, as thir sex not equal seemed" (IV:296). Why isn't she equal? Eve does not have the intellect that Adam possesses. A man might scoff and ask why she would need to be intelligent when she could just sit there and be "sweet attractive [with] Grace" (IV: 297). A masculinist would advocate that she ought to just be pretty, and not fret over her intuition because in his eyes, "Hee

for God only," (11:296) meaning, he'll deal with the conversations with God and "shee [is] for God in him" (11: 296) meaning that she ought to fill the void that God doesn't fill. Thus, her sole purpose is to be this sexy little piece of arm candy. God is a wonderful conversation piece, but not all that appealing to look at. Hence, a feminist would argue, Adam has one strike against him. And Eve's justified back-lash is just beginning. The woman is on a mission to make the Man fall.

The second point of interest comes from Clayton Delery's argument. He points out that Eve is specifically omitted from conversations with Raphael, thus reinforcing that she's just a pretty face and intellectually inferior to Man. He sums up VIII:530-594 in modernized English and says that within Adam's conversation with Raphael, Eve is "kind of a ditz" (Delery 1). Milton would be a little more politically correct. He would say that:

what she wills to do or say,

Seems wisest, vertuousest, discreetest, best;

All higher knowledge in her presence falls

Degraded" (VIII: 550-553).

The Feminist reader would point out that it is not Eve speaking on her own behalf, but Adam speaking to Raphael about her inferior attributes. Eve never speaks to angels. In fact, she never speaks to God! She never has the opportunity. Adam is always prattling on with God and the angels and the poor girl never has the opportunity to get a word in edge-wise. And the Men don't even bother talking to her, simply about her. Therefore, it is no wonder that when the Serpent approaches her and talks to her that she is easily seduced. She's a woman. She just wanted someone to talk to. Adam isn't communicating with her, and women, by their very nature are communicable creatures. If you don't believe me, ask a woman. She will tell you. So now, that is two strikes against mankind. Eve is telling man about a premonition and she is shot down and silenced. She cannot talk to Adam about it, and she doesn't have the chance to talk to God or the angels, so when the Serpent surreptitiously slithers in and

strikes up a conversation she is going to jump at the opportunity to talk. She's neglected. I'd retaliate, too.

Delery points out a third and final note of interest. Not only is Eve merely a pretty face, and prancing around with no one to talk about, she cannot even find solace in company with other women. Why? Because there are none. Gabriel, Raphael, God, Adam, Lucifer. Are we noticing a trend, here? Eve. The cheese stand alone. The girl is in dire need of some attention and is utterly alone in the world. Delery asks "with men and angels like this all around, who can blame Eve for being discontented?" (Delery 1). If promised the chance of having the Knowledge of Good and Evil from the only creature talking to me, I wouldn't just take a bite; I'd gobble the entire fruit. It epitomizes comfort food. The ending is concrete. Eve takes from the tree and strikes up a conversation with her emotionally neglectful counter-part. Adam says that he was "fondly overcome with Female Charm" (IX:999). Good thing, too. For a moment she was intellectually superior to him. And she was prettier, too. That would be an abomination of God. Adam is the one capable of communicating with God, not Eve. Just sit there and look pretty, "Angelic Eve" (V:74).

The girl was justifiably disgruntled. She was pretty, but was faced with the glass ceiling challenge of never being expected to amount to anything more than arm candy. She wasn't given the opportunity to talk to Men about it, and there were no women running around the Garden for which to vent. Eve, she was onto something. She wholly justified her "ways to Men" and taught them a lesson, too: Hear me roar or feel my wrath.

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Greg Gaumer

Chalk on Black

## *Bored in Biology*

By Angela Butcher

Walk into my soul  
Grasp my inner flame  
Dance across my dreams  
Press your lips to my pain  
Push your palm within my chest  
Feel the beating of my heart  
Take a jog through my mind  
Pry my thoughts apart  
And as I walk beside in your realm of fear  
Remember you are not alone  
I am your savior  
I will always be here.

## *Goodbye*

By Angela Butcher

As I think back I see you there  
waiting and wishing I was there.  
So you could hold me tight and kiss my soft lips  
putting your hands around my hips.  
Now a day later you have to come to say,  
"I have come to take you away."

I will be in your arms tonight.  
so you can hold me tight  
As the dawn comes,  
you will let go  
and never again hold me close.

## *Lover's Nights*

By Stephanie Hinkle

Starry moonlit night  
Music floating softly  
Lightly caressing  
Your hand in mine  
Dancing on air  
Flowing with the flowery breeze  
Gazing intensely  
Deep into your playful eyes  
Love whispers in the wind  
It settles within our hearts  
One rhythmic beat  
Together



Jasmine McDowell

Photograph

*Rock, Scissors, Paper*

## A Cloud Story

By

Mary Maupin

One day a blond-haired man, a red-haired man, a brown-haired man and a gray-haired man found themselves on a cloud. They all stared at each other in astonishment. The blond was the first to speak up, "How long have you all been here?" "Exactly ten seconds according to my premium Rolex watch," the brown haired man replied. "I have been here only a little while," said the man with red hair. "I have been here for eternity," sighed the gray haired man. All eyes turned toward him, he shrugged nonchalantly and lit up a cigarette. "If you have been here for eternity, what is this? Where are we?" the blond ventured. "Heaven, I guess," replied the man with gray hair. "You can smoke in heaven?" the brown haired man asked. "I have been for centuries," the gray haired man snorted. "Were you a smoker on Earth, um, in life?" pressed the man with brown hair. "Ah, life," the gray haired man said, "What did you do when you were alive, on Earth, I mean.

"I was a New York City policeman. I arrested people I didn't like. I framed the guy down the street, boy was he a jerk!" the red head said with a glint of pride in his eye. Not to be outdone in his evil ways the brown haired man spoke up. "Well, I was a lawyer. I helped to steal from the poor and old, I cheated on my wife with the nanny and seduced a seventeen-year-old girl," he said smugly as he polished his Rolex watch. Still seeking a better evil story the gray haired man told his experience to the others, "I bargained with the devil and sold him my soul in exchange for wealth and happiness." Hey, buddy, if you sold the devil your soul, how is it that you are in heaven?" asked the red haired man. "I don't know," the gray haired man shrugged and took four cigarettes out of his pocket. He offered one to the brown haired man, who accepted it and lit up. The gray haired man then offered a cigarette to the red head who also accepted. When he

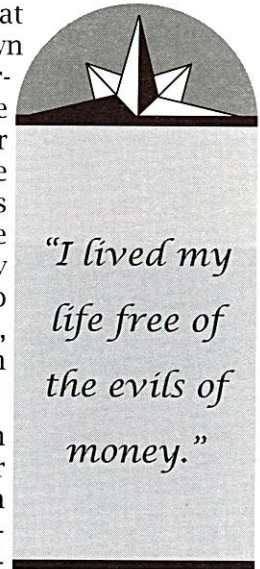
came to the blond, he stopped. "What, don't smoke?" he asked. "No, thank you," the blond said. The gray haired man put the cigarettes in his pocket with a defeated look on his face.

The brown haired man turned to the blond and asked, "So, what did you do on Earth, you have hardly spoken since we found ourselves on the cloud." The blond took a deep breath and looked wistfully overhead, "I took care of my dying mother. I played in the rain, danced in the sunshine, and sang with the birds," he told the other men.

The other three men stared at him and then began to laugh. The brown haired man asked through laughter-induced tears, "Blondie, are you sure you aren't a little fruity?" The other men howled and shrieked at the crude question. "I am sure," he said as his face lit up, "I lived my life free of the evils of money. I didn't need a fancy car with a loud stereo or a Rolex to keep time. No, my legs were my car, the birds my stereos and the golden sun was my Rolex."

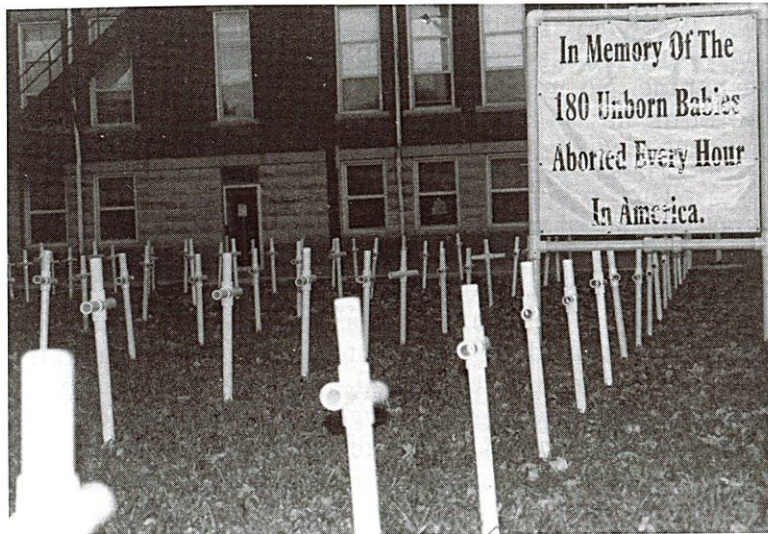
The other men blinked in shock. An air of arrogance swept over them and no one spoke. They sat on the cloud silently, smoking and reminiscing. There was no need for apology, each man had the rest of eternity to forgive the others. They sat in silence for well over a century, at which time the blond could no longer take the silence. He spoke, "I have to say, I am disappointed in heaven. I thought it would be more fun. The only reason I was good in life was to get into heaven."

The gray haired man turned to the blond and grinned. The three other men watched in horror as the grin grew to the size of a cave and the gray haired man became a huge red beast with glowing yellow eyes. The beast spoke, blasting the men with his hot breath, "I am



the devil. See, you are all the same person. Each one of you is a part of a whole man, you represent different aspects of his life experiences and personality. Part of you was evil, but not your whole. I could not condemn you until your 'good' was deemed evil. You have proven to me that you are truly evil and now you will pay! You will spend the rest of eternity in the bowels of hell! What a truly evil price you paid to seem good."

The beast laughed as the three men merged into one. He picked the man up and ate him. Swallowing hard and rubbing his stomach the devil let out a triumphant roar because in his world evil truly did prevail. The beast shrank back down to his original form and sat patiently on the cloud for his next guests to arrive.



Brandi Turley

Photograph

*Gone but Not Forgotten*

## *Sleepless Night*

By

Donell Dorsine Bradley

i lie awake in the darkness.  
wanting to drift off,  
hoping to experience illusions of another  
life: knowing no fear.  
no pain, no confusion.  
no sorrow, no questions.  
needing to be somewhere else.  
desiring to be anyone else.  
anywhere but here, anyone but me.  
fearing the demon that lay beside me,  
dreading the pain that is to come.  
confusion is my motivation,  
despair and weakness my only allies.  
i hesitate-so much to say, so little words.  
wish this train of thought would derail.  
nights like this i wish i could  
cry myself to sleep.  
then i would be at ease.

## *Finding Roots for Wings*

By

Sarah Casaletto

**M**y grandfather had been in contact with his cousins in Italy over the last two years. He, along with my dad, younger sister, and aunt, planned a trip to France and Italy that same summer. I took a train to meet them at the outside-of-Paris airport, where we all piled into the rented mini-van and took off toward their hotel in Paris.

It was strange to see them. It was strange being in an automobile again. I felt as though I was welcoming them to my world. I used my map to guide them to their hotel, feeling proud that I could navigate my way even through foreign streets. We arrived at their hotel to check in but were too early. After dropping off the luggage, we all headed out to see some sights. I was once again in an established group. I had to take four other opinions into consideration before choosing a solution. I rode around in the double-decker bus, seeing all the notable sights in Paris. I was a tourist once again.

The hotel was about four stars above the level I had grown used to staying in. The lobby was huge and could fit at least fifty bunk beds in it. We had our own room, our own bathroom, and our own cable TV, complete with MTV and HBO. I watched the screen and marveled at the busy, loud pictures almost as if I were seeing them for the first time.

My sister Kristin had just graduated from high school and was preparing to study art in college. She is a beautiful artist who seems to understand that art isn't something that has to be created for others but that it can be the expression of one's true self. I knew that if I were to visit Giverney with anyone, Kristin should be the one.

Kristin and I managed to claim a day all to ourselves. I decided to introduce her to the existence I had been living, as we boarded a train to take us to the French countryside that Claude Monet called home. Once we ar-

rived we rented bikes to ride to the gardens as the tourist-filled buses whizzed by.

It often seems as though the world can turn beautiful, historical things into spectacles; however, Giverney was not one of those. It was indeed bustling with tourists, ones who were there only for the ticket stub; yet the expanse of the garden allowed us to escape the cameras and gift-shop crazed maniacs to enjoy the natural beauty that captured the paintbrush of such a talented artist.

We decided to separate so that we could explore without the pressure of accounting for a second person. At one point I sat on the small porch (which wasn't being used as part of the tour) of Monet's house and gazed out upon the colors. I stared so long that my eyes began to see his paintings, and I felt as though I could paint them myself. Kristin was wandering around nearby so I lay my head down on my backpack and took a quiet nap on Monet's porch. When I woke up, I found a note from Kristin telling me that she was down by the lily ponds. I got up, refreshed and renewed in more ways than one. The crowds had thinned some, for they had schedules to keep, but I stretched slowly and breathed in



Photo of 19 Rue Cardinal  
"The Address"

Photo contributed by  
author.

the fragrance of the place before strolling down to the ponds. I wished I could live in such a way forever.

My family stayed in Paris for a couple of nights before continuing the trip down to Italy. As we drove along the European highways and stopped at the gas stations, I almost felt like I was on a road trip back in the States. I suppose our lives are more universal than we think.

Grandpa had also arranged to visit two sisters, Nicole and Andre, whom he had met back at the end of WWII when he was in the Merchant Marines. They lived in Aix-en-Provence in southern France near Marseilles. When he was docked in Marseilles during the war, they invited him over for dinner and spent time with him and his cousin. It was perhaps the one time in his life where he could remember back and it was perfect inside his mind. He had their address written in his little black address book. 19 Rue Cardinal. The address was more than a street number in an old book. It represented his perfect memory and the promise of what could have been.

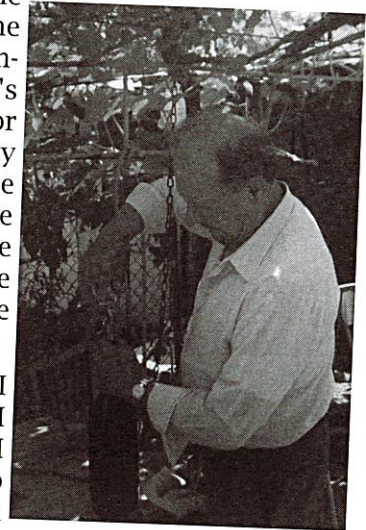
Not long after he first met Nicole and Andre he had to return home to care for his sick mother. He never returned to the sea. He took over the family hardware store, married and raised his family. For fifty-some years that address remained in his book as a representation of his adventure; perfect in time, unspoiled by real life.

On Our second morning in Aix the phone rang at 6:45. My grandfather was at the other end. He said he needed to talk to me, and I replied with a questioning groan. He promised breakfast, which didn't seem worth the early hour; however, when he promised he would love me when I was rich and famous, it just hit me that he was the only reason I was in Europe. I agreed to meet him in fifteen minutes.

The cobblestone streets were quiet. Shop owners were sweeping the steps and section of road in front of their store. I felt as though I had stepped back in time, to a time when life was simpler. I felt as though I had stepped back fifty years, when my grandfather first visited this town.

We found a small cafe with an outdoor terrace where we ordered coffee and croissants. Sitting in the cool morning air, my grandfather looked me straight in the eye and said, "Sarah, some people wouldn't see a pile of shit if they fell in it." My confusion gave way to clarity when he proceeded to tell me that I was sitting in the middle of a story and would be stupid not to take advantage of it. We sat in the fresh hours of the French day, the sun growing brighter with every word. He told me of the days when he first joined the Merchant Marines and how he came to meet Nicole and Andre. I watched my grandfather's eyes fill with tears, probably for the first time in the twenty years I had known him, as he talked about the war and the young soldiers who died in the D-day attacks. "They were the same age as me, as you are right now, Sarah."

After our breakfast I knew that he was right. I knew I was living out a story. I watched him as he talked to these women from his past and as he searched for things to match up with his old pictures. I watched him chase a dream and perhaps realize that some dreams are better left as dreams. He had always talked of his "rut" he fell into when he went back home. I wondered if he had begun to appreciate the rut just as much as the dream. Just as Nate realized that his window to the world was his own front porch, my grandfather had perhaps come to realize that his window to the world was through his grandchildren and the legacy he will leave in them. I realized that sometimes we can't idealize what might have been, but focus on what is real and tangible in our lives. I felt wise beyond my twenty years.



*Giuseppe*

Photo contributed

by author

We left Aix and listened to Italian lessons on tape as we approached the Italian border and Torino, the city where our family lives. The family had arranged a big dinner and expected about thirty Casaletto family members to be present, and only a couple of them spoke any English. For the first time I felt apprehensive about the language barrier. These people were my family. I wanted to ask them as many questions as possible.

We arrived at our hotel and were picked up by two relatives who drove us to the hall where the dinner was to be held. Mariella was about my dad's age. She spoke little but smiled beautifully and kissed our cheeks in welcome.

As we waited for dinner, we compared pictures and stories, trying to share as much of our lives as we could using images on paper and broken English. I chatted around as much as I could before meeting Fabrizio, the grandson of my grandfather's cousin, Giuseppe. We were the same generation, each from a different branch of the Casaletto family. He spoke some English, and we started talking until the dinner bell called us to the table. The language barrier was breached. Perhaps the wine helped with that.

Dinner was one of those experiences in my life that may never be equaled. It stands alone, as a beacon of what is good and real in this world -- family. I met strang-



*Dying Lion of Lucerne*

Photo by author

ers that day who had my grandfather's eyes. It would remain in my mind as an unspoiled moment, one that I can never recapture. It would become my "address." We ate course after course of true Italian cuisine and drank more wine than the Olive Garden goes through in a night. I danced with my father to the Italian band. I watched my grandfather cut a cake they had decorated with an American flag and an Italian flag. I felt as though I were home.

We toured Torino, and visited the grave of my great-great grandfather and the small town of Fiano, where he raised my great-grandfather Joe before



he came to America at the young age of 19. We visited the homes of our relatives, and they welcomed us with open arms. They hugged us and kissed our cheeks as though we had been there forever, and in a way I felt as though I had. After two days of seeing the city and the family, we gathered together once more, in a smaller more intimate group, to say farewell.

They gave us gifts and shared with us more stories of Italy and their family. At one point Giuseppe looked over and told my grandfather, with tears in his eyes, "Our papas are looking down from heaven, and they are smiling."

We kissed cheeks and said "ciao" for what seemed like an hour. I felt as though someone had to literally rip me away or I would never leave. We promised to write. I promised myself to come back someday. I had to.

We piled back into the van and drove away from that place as though we were college students leaving home for the first time. We cried and laughed together as we reviewed the whirlwind of activity that we had just left. These people were no longer faces in pictures or a name on the family tree. They were living pieces of us.



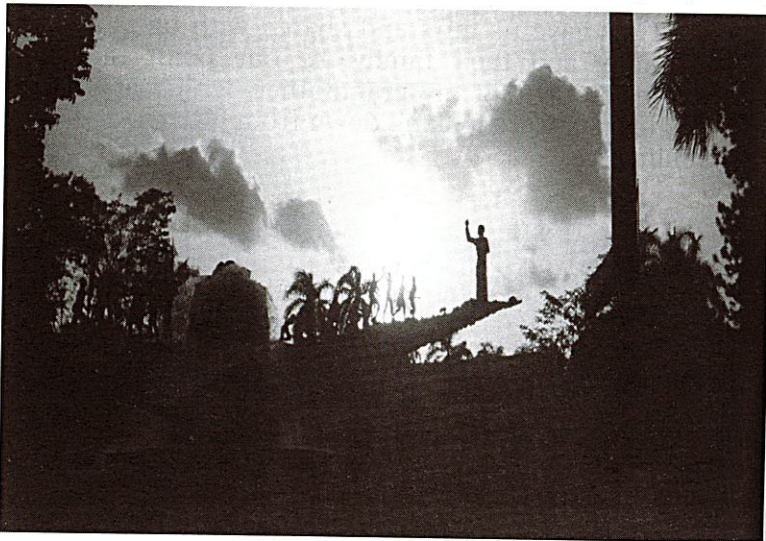
Statue: *Fighting for Justice*

Photos of Panama

By

Keila Echevarria

*I Can Reach the Sky and Touch it With My Fingertips*



## *Bulimia is Not Just for After Eating Anymore*

By

Mary Maupin

There is a new disease that has been striking American colleges students. Sources say that one out of every three college students suffers from Intellectual Bulimia (IB). Intellectual Bulimia (IB) is not to be confused with actual Bulimia wherein the sufferer feels as though it is necessary to regurgitate their food in order to maintain a slim body. No, Intellectual Bulimia (IB) is not the same, but there are many parallels between the two diseases. IB causes its sufferer to spew random information during a class discussion. Often the information the sufferer spews has little or nothing to do with the subject of the original discussion.

A case in North Carolina was brought to light early last year in which a third grade student would randomly answer Geography questions with the times tables or Science questions by spelling out the answers as if in a spelling bee. The teacher worked extensively with the student to correct the sporadic outbursts, but the student was unable to overcome the disease. The teacher then sought the help of professionals.

Clad in NASA-like uniforms (to protect themselves from any chances of contracting the potentially dangerous disease) four men interviewed the North Carolinian and found that she was intellectually bulimic. Throughout the course of her examination the student was polite and seemed to know many things, but was never able to put the information into the right discussion.

Confounded, the professionals then sent the girl to a highly regarded psychologist. After more extensive testing the psychologist determined that the girl's condition was, in part, caused by her kindergarten experience. The psychologist determined that the child had so often been senselessly drilled on her A-B-C's and 1-2-3's that her higher order thinking skills had ceased to function.

The girl was just spewing out random answers to questions without first processing the question.

The psychologist broadened the study from the little girl to several hundred students of all races, ages, backgrounds and IQ's. The research results were staggering. Fully two-thirds of the students studied they had, at some point, experienced IB. The psychologist published the findings and then began extensive research on the causes of IB. The findings of the IB causes study ran along the same lines of the original hypothesis of students being senselessly drilled during kindergarten. While the disease was harbored in kindergarten, it was enforced throughout elementary, middle, and high school where the students were taught to write informed papers by citing other's thoughts within their documents. The study also showed that the symptoms of IB were not as noticeable among younger or less educated Americans. Therefore, the strengths of a sufferer's symptoms of IB became correlated with level of education and how often the students were drilled throughout schooling.

Many states were alerted to the new disease and immediately took steps to ensure that their children would no longer suffer from IB. For example, Missouri threw out its beloved MMAT (Missouri Mastery Achievement Test) in favor of the new higher order thinking test appropriately named HOTT (Higher Order Thinking Test). Officials for the Missouri Educational Disease Department claimed, "[the MMAT] was too much of a drill test. The children were only answering questions that required regurgitation of facts. The new HOTT will force students to explain their regurgitation."

In light of the findings many other states are now requiring that more "higher order thinking skills" be inte-

grated into the curriculum. Maine now requires that eighth graders write an original composition on a subject they choose, but the students are not allowed, at any time, to use research to aid in writing the paper. The composition must be 100 percent the thoughts and creation of the student. California jumped on the bandwagon and had its students do simulations of IB treatment to assure that the students knew the symptoms, causes, and treatments so as to recognize the disease. The federal government has not let this new educational disease go untouched. A government official heard of this new disease and promptly submitted and passed a bill called NCWIB or No Child With Intellectual Bulimia. The bill requires that every state have an IB awareness program in place by 2010.

The future of IB, at this point, is still uncertain. Countless hours of research have been used in finding a cure for this new and intriguing educational disease. There is even talk of an immunization to be tested in early 2006. Until the day the immunization and IB therapy are proven to work classroom teachers will have to push their students to think for themselves and endure times tables as Geography answers.

*"My Child, I'll Set You Free!"*

By

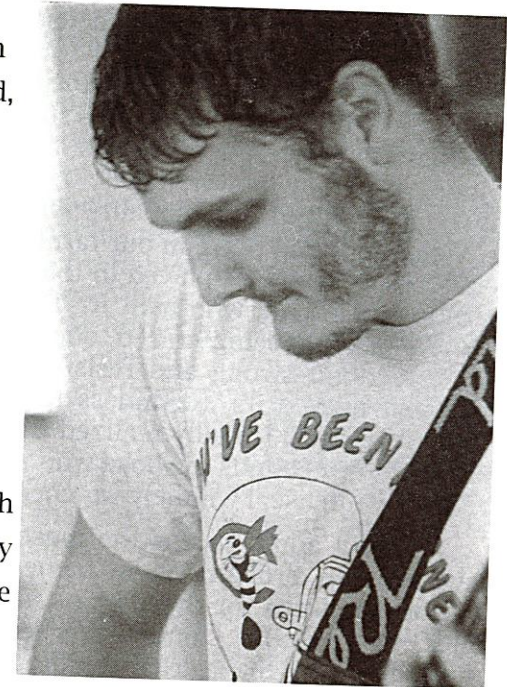
Robyn Robinson

Lord I've trusted your strengths and powers  
To bring me this far  
I've even blessed you in my praying  
Because I know you'll never part  
When I was dead in the mind  
Lord you restored a new heart in me  
When I was lonely and couldn't see  
Lord you gave me fresh air to breathe  
Though the trials may come my way  
I don't worry at all  
Lord you wouldn't send them  
If you knew I would fall  
No weapon formed against me  
Shall prosper and succeed  
Lord you said when they come  
"My child, I'll set you free!"

As a college student  
There's many situations I face  
But I know I'll overcome these battles  
Because of God's mercy and grace  
Luck is what they call it  
But I call it blessed indeed  
Because of my faith  
I know God did it for me  
along the different highways

Accidents are standing by  
And although I've had two  
The Lord brought me out alive  
Being away from home  
I have shed so many tears  
And God said, "No need to cry anymore,  
My child I am here!"

Though sometimes I mess up  
And seem to forget how good God's been  
He continues to love me  
And forgives me when I repent  
To all those lost, lonely, and looking for love  
The Lord is all you need  
And when you are  
stuck in a situation  
God says, "My child,  
I'll set you free!"



Untitled Photograph  
By  
Stephanie Hinkle

## Blazing Memories

By

Cindy Harper

It was eleven years old when our poor old barn began to perish. Its delicate construction had faded over time, and during the summer of 1987, it stood for the last time on the rock foundation beneath its broken, wooden floors. My family and I knew this day would come. The roof was crumbling, and the loft was weary and treacherous. In fact, it was a conglomeration of torn, battered, splintery wood where inclement weather had driven life from it. At last, a paintbrush could no longer repair its dilapidated walls. Hence, my father sadly doused it with diesel fuel, and lit the match that ensured its doom. Sluggishly, the barn began to burn.

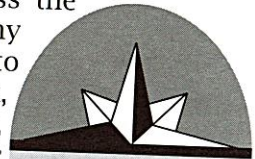
I remembered the character of this monumental arrangement, as I stood sorrowful with my family. My brother and I had played lightheartedly inside its weathered arms. It was our house, our shed, and our fort from enemies. It sheltered our sows from blistering winter winds, our lawn mower, rakes, shovels, and rusty steel posts. It captured a personality that derived from all of us. Because it had been on our farm for decades, I let myself wonder: who else played in that barn, worked in that barn, or better yet, who built it? This landmark on Rural Route Four was being erased, abolished from space and time. It stood strong and resistant during its youthful days and proved its worthiness to the piece of land on which it resided. I finally realized that it would only be a memory in the minds of those who knew of it, and as the heat grew intense, I willingly watched it go.

I will admit it was the most breathtaking sight I have yet seen. Brilliant yellow flames of heat reached onward and upward for the stars as nightfall crept upon it. Thick, hazy, smoke clouded the heavens profusely. The fire had fingers that curled rapidly into every notch and crevice within our families' dying barn. However, gloom

was all at once replaced with pure, unruly excitement. Brilliant flashes of hot orange color raged against the walls of the forbidden structure. The barn crackled and roared in agony. I stepped back further and further. My face was hot as the scorching blaze held my glare in awe. We stood together, my family and I, while our twinkling eyes captured the enormous art of consumption that burned before us. And at last, the tired barn fell into non-existence, and a slow burning returned.

As we gathered various things to return to the house, the barn's death ensured yet another lasting memory all its own. Sirens sounded across the farm. "What on earth?" I remember my mom saying. In disbelief, we all ran to find the commotion when a fire truck, lights flashing and sirens blaring, abruptly parked directly outside our house. We were stunned. Slick yellow reflecting coats leaped from the truck and hurried to meet us in our yard. One fireman pointed to the smoky hilltop and hesitantly proceeded to ask, "Is that your house?" My father's ash-filled brows lowered as he composed a somewhat justifiable explanation in shame, "No... that was just my barn," he said softly. He cleared his throat for the details perhaps no firefighter ever wants to hear, "I'm sorry," he said, "but I *meant* to burn it." My father genuinely apologized to the man for the trouble, and the entire fire department of Carroll County drove away seemingly a bit disappointed, I think. We had a good laugh, though, as the trucks' taillights faded into the blackness of that memorable night, because the barn had burned for hours. Thank goodness the fire wasn't consuming our house!

For the next couple of days the barn remained only as smoldering ash particles flying about aimlessly in the wind. I guess a part of it will always be there in my



*It took a  
lifetime of  
generations  
to fill it  
with so  
many  
memories.*

mind and on that empty hillside in the form of dust and ash. Hints of its life still linger today in the rusty nails and rock foundation that even the fire could not inhale. Perhaps my mother's rock garden holds the secret to its eternal life, where silently it lives among her vibrant daisies and colorful tulips. Perhaps she is attached to it, as we all were, and longs for its restful peace. Indeed, there was a man who built that barn, and for years it served its purpose for the generations who followed him. It only took one man to build it, one man to burn it down, but it took a lifetime of generations and lifestyles to fill it with so many memories.



Stephanie Hinkle

Photograph



Jorge Arana

Charcoal and crayon

## *My Journey with the Wizard, Dorothy, and the Cowardly Lion*

By  
Stefani Deines

My graduation is quickly approaching; the scariest part is not the real world, but leaving the group of women that I have grown so close to. The Jellicle Blah-Blahs, as we so affectionately call ourselves, has been a group of four women for the last two years. Some of us gained our membership earlier than others, but it was not complete until it included the four of us. We call ourselves the Jellicle Blah-Blahs, a cute parody on the musical *Cats*, and *The Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood*, but in many ways we closely resemble the crew from *The Wizard of Oz*; Professor Zank is the Wizard of Oz, Sarah is Dorothy, Mellody the Cowardly Lion, and me the Scarecrow; each of us looking for our place in life. Now I have to leave these three extraordinary women, but I will never forget them.

It was her appearance that first caught my eye. I didn't know quite what to think. There were days when she resembled a hippie that was just slightly out of place, yet often times she appeared to be this powerful, young woman with so many avenues to pursue. Just like Dorothy, she was just looking for a place to call



*Dorothy AKA Sarah*

home, though sometimes it turned out to be closer than she thought. When we first met, I did not know how to handle her. We were reading Thoreau, and contrary to what I kept telling her, she assured me that one day he would change my life. She was right, he did change my life, but not in the respect that she thought.

Henry David Thoreau, the horrible "tree hugger," brought me this woman, this friend. After that semester we were inseparable, she would encourage me when I was down; and she succeeded in getting me to hug my first tree. It has been a beautiful friendship full of encouragement, love, and inspiration. It was so much fun to be around her, she had at least one revelation a day. We have been through several classes together, but things have begun to change. This semester our paths have started to go different directions. We have no classes together, and in turn we do not see each other very often. Sometimes I feel like I am losing my other half. Sarah contains more passion in one finger than I do in my entire body, and I love her for that. When she talks about her wild travels, and her dreams, the logic that controls my actions wishes to participate in these adventures. We are both graduating soon, and our paths will only travel further apart, but hopefully that bond we share will survive the journey.

When I first saw her it was like looking in a mirror twenty years from now. I was a sophomore and some unseen force drove me to start a conversation with her. After that first class we began to grow closer and closer. Soon I could hardly live without Mellody's insight and wisdom.

Mellody exists in this world, but not just to live, she



*The Cowardly Lion  
AKA Mellody*

strives to survive. Just like the lion she is always trying to find the courage to make it through another day. She has a spirit that surrounds her, one, which inspires people to keep trying. She is logical, yet free-spirited; beautiful, but scarred; opinionated, yet tactful. Every personality trait I have ever wanted lies in her heart. She loves all literature, but especially Hemingway and will fight anyone that says different. Her writing is beautiful, poetic, and yet straightforward. She has a cause and reasons to back it up. She is a rock that I have learned to lean on and the day I have to leave her will be especially hard.



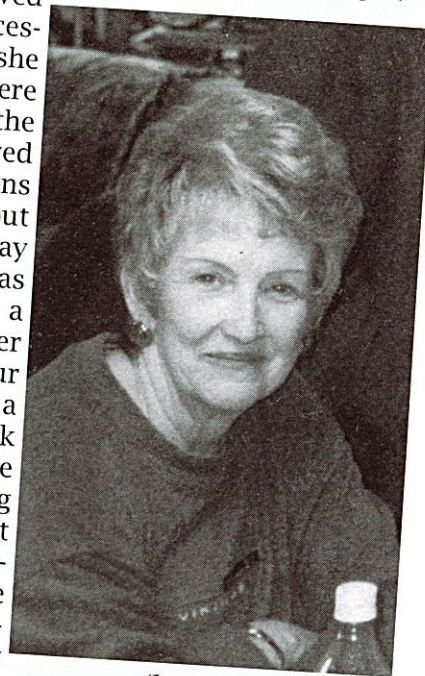
*The Scarecrow AKA Stefani*

Some people say I walk with a purpose, others say that I show a great deal of confidence and intelligence. Boy, do I have them fooled. For most of my life I have either tried to hide the fact that I'm smart, or I've been trying to discover it. In fact, most of the time I have been trying to hide my dysfunctional family, yet love them; cover-up my emotional scars, but attempt to heal; try to fit in, yet be unique. For the last two years these women have taught me to be proud of my dysfunctions, and scars, because that is what makes me beautiful.

The last member of our queer little group of intellectuals is our teacher. For four years I have thrived on her comments, opinions, and suggestions. I remember my first day of class she taught me about Langston Hughes, and she was probably the first person in college to teach me anything. I called my mom that night; I was so excited to finally be challenged by someone. It wasn't an easy road for us, she

probably got sick of my quirks and neurosis, but she stuck by me the whole way. Maybe she saw some morsel of potential, or maybe she just needed a project, but she could never prepare what the three of us would bring her way.

We all had her in class at one point or another, and we refused to let her be right about many things (in the end she usually proved us wrong). It wasn't necessarily the literature that she taught us, although there was a lot of that; it was the wisdom that she bestowed upon us, the life lessons that she taught us without even knowing it. The way she challenged us was amazing, and it wasn't a good day until we had her written comments on our papers, and one of us had a revelation. Professor Zank is our Wizard of Oz; she knew from the beginning where we belonged and that we would succeed no matter what, she was just the tool to get us there. Somewhere deep inside I knew that I wanted to be her in the future; to have that kind of effect on so many students, let alone the effect she had on our lives. Sometimes I don't know what I will do without her advice, comments, and her famous Zankisms; I know I will survive, but I will always miss her challenges, her dedication, loyalty, and her kindness.



*The Wizard*

*AKA*

*Professor Virginia Zank*

We are an odd group of women. From the outside we appear to be the Wizard, Dorothy, the Lion, and the Scarecrow. We seem to have nothing in common, but we all have a passion for literature and life that has bound

us together. The road ahead is long, and sometimes it will be lonely, but I know that when I need these women and their guidance all I have to do is look within, and the wisdom and passion that they have shared with me will carry me through. Thank you Sarah, Mellody, Professor Zank; you have become a part of my soul, and these memories will become a legacy that I will pass on for generations to come. *The road is windy and dusty. Some parts are rocky, some smooth. As I travel along this path, I look beside me and see these women smiling ahead, linked arm in arm, always ready for adventure; just like the Wizard of Oz, Dorothy, and the Cowardly Lion.*



Thomas F. Williams

*Family Portrait*

Photograph



Greg Gaumer

Chalk on Black

## Warrior

By

Chief Warrant Officer Mellody Rhea Allee,  
Missouri Army National Guard

Warrior.

Man and woman  
killing women and men,  
mournfully dreaming of lost peace.

Fighter.

Patriot.

Prisoner of war  
praying to be released soon,  
dreaming of returning to the land  
of freedom.

This war.

Will it soon end?  
When will the world be free  
of murdering, maiming mad men?  
Pray tell?

Soldiers.

Sailors, Airmen.  
Marines, a few good souls.  
Coast Guard - defenders of our shores.  
Bless them.



Mellody Allee

Photograph Collage

*Signs of the Times*

*Bullet with Butterfly Wings*

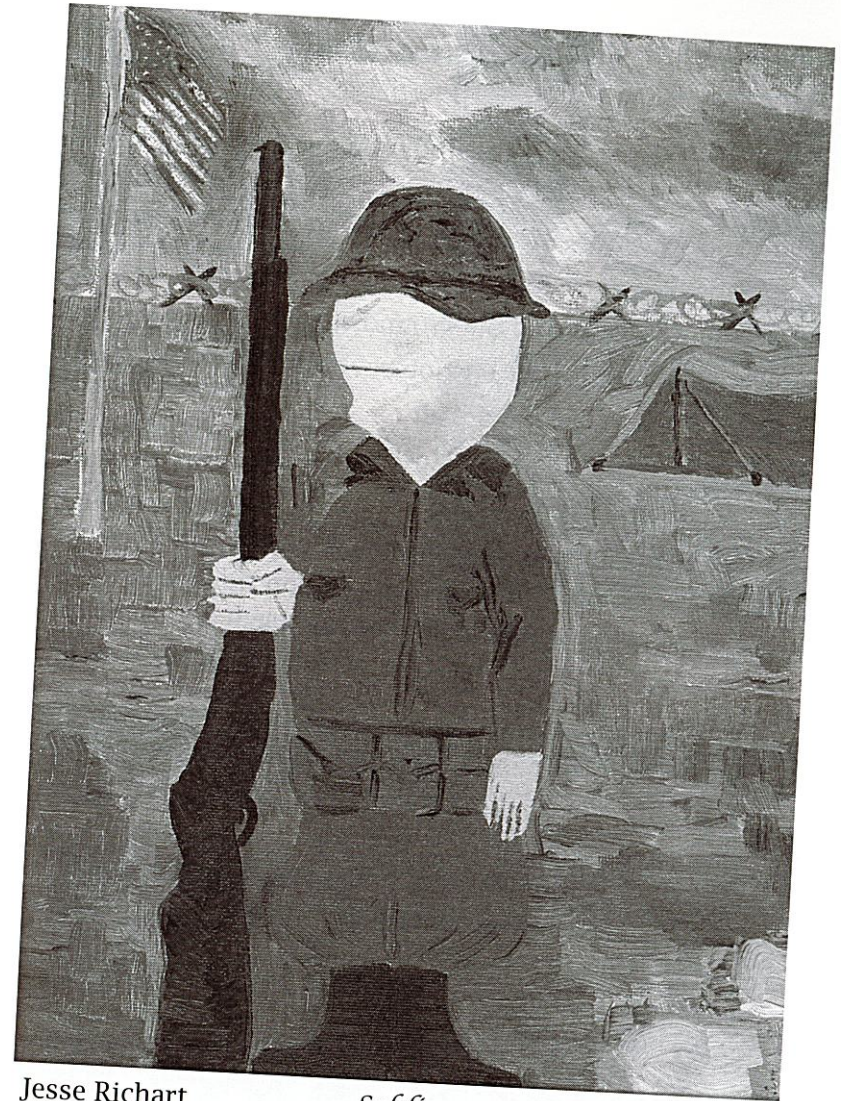
By  
Daniel Clark

The bullet is aimed at a target  
And one mission is known  
Like Jim in need of a hit  
As it leaves its home

Numberless amounts, all were the same  
Loaded, packed, and shipped over seas  
Arriving in trucks the masses they came  
Assisting are they in over all needs

As a distraction to bliss  
The once peaceful chamber breaks loose like hell  
Cleanliness is happiness  
But not for long... there goes a shell

To world: Will we understand each other when older?  
A bullet it is, and maybe the soldier.



Jesse Richart

*Soldier*

Oil Painting

## *The Lady is a Hawk*

By

CW2 Mellody Allee

The chopper hovers overhead  
and gently comes in to land.  
The windows rattle and the ground vibrates.  
Driven by the power of the motor  
the blades slice through the air.  
As the pilots shut the Blackhawk down,  
the whine of the rotor fades  
and the engine's rumble is silent.  
Silently she sits there. A gunship. A troop transport.  
Carrier of life. Carrier of death.



Soon she will pick up new passengers.  
The crew chief will guide them to their seats  
and belt them in.

He will joke with these  
soldiers he's picking up  
in peace.

There is peace when the  
pilot calms the Hawk.

There is peace when the  
pilot can shut the Hawk  
down to pick up troops.

There is peace as the crew  
chief moves to the side of  
his lady hawk.

The pilot turns on his lady  
and her motor revs.

The air wavers in the heat  
from the engine's exhaust.

The crew chief climbs back  
on board. He disappears inside his lady.

Carrier of life.

She tenses her rpms. She settles into a rhythm.

The ground quivers at her power.

She is ready.



Thousands of pounds of steel rise up  
and disappear into the sky.



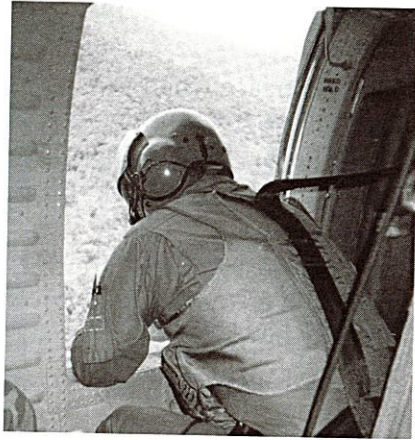
Eventually she circles against the white clouds  
and the blue sky.

She is a Hawk, graceful,  
smooth, and beautiful.

Her guns are easy to see  
in the bright heavens.

She is an Army green  
female killing machine.

Carrier of death.



There are other days she  
flies the skies.

Warring days. Days of desperation. Bloody days.

She comes in fast and hard, not hesitating,  
fearless against the bullets streaking toward her.

Her sights on her target, never wavering.

She is flown by other pilots, another crew chief.

Hell raisers all. Hard soldiers. Easy players. Gentle men.

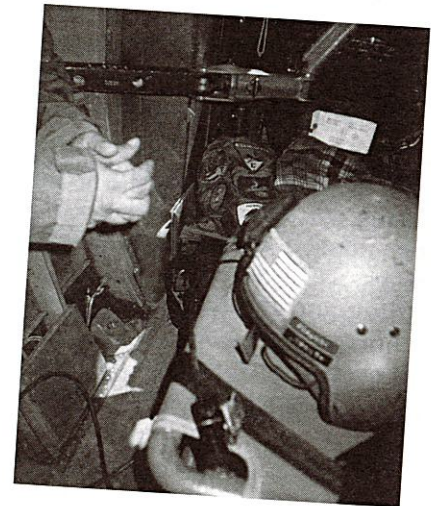
Fathers, brothers, friends, uncles, sons, and lovers.



Soldiers, pilots, crew chiefs, door gunners.

Risking their lives over and over, daily, nightly.  
Hovering a couple of feet above the ground while men  
lunge toward their lady's belly,  
clawing their way to safety,  
dragging and carrying their friends,  
parts of their friends,  
bloody parts smelling like copper.  
And not enough tears to wash away the blood.  
Day in. Day out. She carries her protégé.  
Carrier of life. Carrier of death.

Silently she sits; her pilot clasps his hands in prayer.  
While he prays, she wonders.  
Will she ever get to rest? Will she ever see peace?  
She rejoiced at the end of the war to end all wars.  
She became resigned to the police action.  
She despaired during the conflict.  
Now it is a liberation and she wonders,  
must she always be the  
Carrier of life?  
Carrier of death?



## Are Prisoners Being Punished?

By

Jodi Ahnefeld

Picture this: You are approaching a building with a manicured lawn and well kept landscaping with an athletic field off in the distance. You advance into the front door stepping off of the concrete path onto a climate controlled, partial carpeted and partial tiled floor where you find tasteful furniture, tropical plants, and polished glass. Have you entered a hotel or country club lobby? Some would say yes. Actually you are entering the Bradford, Pennsylvania federal correctional institution (Worth 11). Criminals are "punished" in these living environments! Are prisoners really getting the discipline they deserve? Some criminals have access to more resources in prison than they did before their incarceration. We will look at several areas of the prison system that may astonish you.

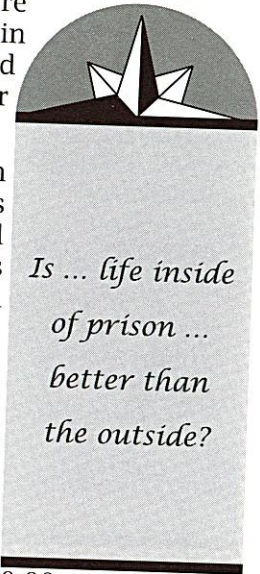
There are 1.4 million people in prison today and each one of those prisoners cost taxpayers \$25,000.00 to \$30,000.00 per year (Duke). They have an unbelievable amount of resources at their fingertips. They have the ability to build their physique through the use of the weight room and gym. They can engage in their favorite sports on the athletic field. They can enjoy their favorite cable television program possibly one from HBO (Tayoun 30).<sup>1</sup> They can use the law library to spend day after day looking for any step that the criminal justice system may have missed resulting in a violation if his right to due process. Classes are offered for everything from basic reading and mathematic skills to hobby like classes such as horticulture, carpentry, masonry, barbering, cooking, and even catering. One may irately believe that this type of , 'punishment' is unacceptable!

1. In fact, each housing unit usually contains at least two tv rooms with one designated to sports and the other to all other cable programs.

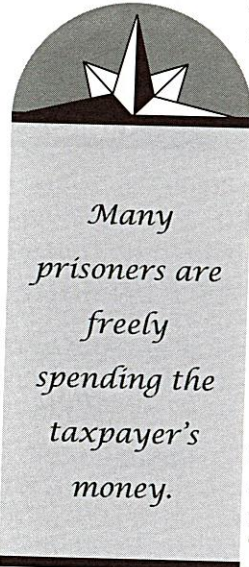
Many prisoners are re-entering the penal system. Is that because the life inside of prison is better than the outside? Is it because they were busy living such a comfortable life inside the bars on the first visit that they did not have time to feel the remorse and shame for the violating act they committed against the law? Before prisons existed wrongdoers were punished in more extreme ways such as "eye for an eye", Blasphemers had their tongues ripped out and pick-pocketing violators had their fingers broken. Other extensive mutilations existed such as blinding and cutting off ears which were imposed by the 11th century Britain government (Schmallegger 482). Should we resort back to those days in order to give true punishment to offenders?

The cost of building the prison before all of the luxuries are added is astounding. The average cost per cell in a minimum security prison is \$25,000.00 per cell and for a maximum security prison the cost is \$85,000.00 per cell (Duke). The operating expenditures, salaries, and employee benefits, exceeded \$20 billion in fiscal year 1996 and have been on the rise since then. Food services estimate nationally at \$1.2 million per year while utilities are \$682,028.00 per year. Transportation of the prisoners cost close to \$200,000.00 per year nationally.

Another way prisoners are absorbing taxpayers' money is through medical attention. Each prisoner has the right to any health care necessary (Schmallegger 553). In 1996, the state prison expenditure for medical care was \$2.5 million (SPE). Prescription costs for inmates are sky rocketing yearly. Many inmates enter the prison system with preexisting illnesses such as diabetes and Crohn' s disease; each condition burdens taxpayers with high cost prescription bills. The demand for anti-psychotic and antidepressant drugs in prison is rapidly increasing. The state spends approximately \$61 million a



year to dispense two drugs alone, Zyprexa and Risperdal<sup>2</sup>. One may question why antidepressants are necessary in prison. Are not the inmate's feelings of sadness and unhappiness a part of the purpose of prison? Should not they feel gloomy and remorseful while being incarcerated? Keeping criminals on uppers seems to defeat the principle the penitentiary is trying to instill of informing them of the pain and sorrow they have inflicted on others through their actions. Another reason for high medical expenditures is due to the spread of disease in prison. HIV and other sexually transmitted diseases are passed rapidly throughout the penal system causing necessary medical attention costing more of the state's money. A drastic change in prison medical care management must be ignited immediately!



*Many  
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freely  
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taxpayer's  
money.*

Many prisoners are freely spending the taxpayer's money on the explosion of frivolous lawsuits such as too little dessert at mealtime, to no access to lottery tickets, voting, clothing, tattooing, pornography, and air quality. One example is that rapist, robber, and kidnapper, Melvin Leroy Tyler, filed suit for \$129 million to have Missouri prisons serve prisoners

with a salad bar and brunches on weekends and holidays. Another example is of a New York City inmate suing for \$8.5 million because he smuggled a gun into prison and accidentally shot himself blaming the penitentiary for not having high security. A Utah prisoner filed a \$1 million lawsuit for deferring a program which would allow hair transplant for prisoners. He argued that he experienced emotional suffering.

One inmate in New York sued because he believed his constitutional right was violated because he had to

2. Zyprexa (olanzapine) and Risperdal (risperidone) are two antipsychotic drugs used for schizophrenia.

use white towels instead of his preferred pink towels. A Missouri inmate filed suit claiming the limit on Kool-Aid refills was cruel and unusual punishment. Richard Loritz filed a lawsuit against South Bay Detention Center in San Diego, California for \$2000.00 claiming he should be allowed dental floss. And lastly, Roy Clendimen, of Syracuse, New York, sued for \$1 million because the guard would not put his ice cream in the freezer therefore it melted (Voiceone). The ridiculous lawsuits go on and on but seriously these suits are costing the taxpayers high amounts of money in lawyer fees and courts.

How far should prisoners rights go? In 1974, the Supreme Court case of Pell vs. Procunier created a balancing test to give a guideline for prison operations (SchmaUeger 551). The prisoners have the right to:

- ◆ Assemble for religious services and receive visits from ministers.
- ◆ To meet with members of the press and communicate with non-prisoners.
- ◆ Have access to the courts, attorneys, paralegal personnel or law students.
- ◆ Have sanitary conditions and medical attention including medications.
- ◆ To food, water, and shelter, protection against sexual abuse, and against suicide.
- ◆ Due process

So, are prisoners getting the punishment they deserve? How are the prisoners hurting us more, through being out of prison or being in it? Is putting a pick-pocketing victim in prison really protecting our money? He will use more of our tax money in prison than he can retrieve from a purse. The prison system can be harsh at times but the surface treatment seems to be catering to the inmate. With the accessible resources, the prisoner can feel more at home in prison than at his own house. The point is not to treat them like animals rather treat them like wrongdoers instead of providing excessive

luxuries. They are in prison not a country club. The government needs to cut down on prison expenses and put money toward a more affordable education. A highly educated person is least likely to commit crime. Get one step ahead of the problem.

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Melody Allee

Photograph Collage

*Four Generations*

*the Box*

By  
Scott Latham

working in a Box  
longing to be free  
the companies' loud message knocks  
do your best for me

so this i did again and again  
i gave every job my best  
looking around at her and him  
i was just one of the rest

the Box grew small, life got large  
i knew it wasn't me  
i looked at life without despair  
this was not the life for me

the office days of a slave  
the days all seemed the same  
every effort that i gave  
they didn't even know my name

to rid myself of the Box  
life indeed needed change  
no more chains, no more locks  
just a life with open plains

if the Box gets in your life  
explode out of the top  
don't let that Box give grief and strife  
your Box just has to stop

so this i did, i can run and run  
my life is what i sought  
now my life is oh so fun  
it is everything i thought

this is the lesson that i pass  
life is just too short  
go after what you want at last  
and seek it with your heart



Jasmine McDowell

Photograph

*Do You Believe in Fairy Winkles?*

## *I Walk Alone*

By

Cameron M. Lowe

I grasp at straws and aim for perfection;  
Whose standards am I to live by?  
Am I supposed to believe a lie?  
You wanted more. I wanted affection.

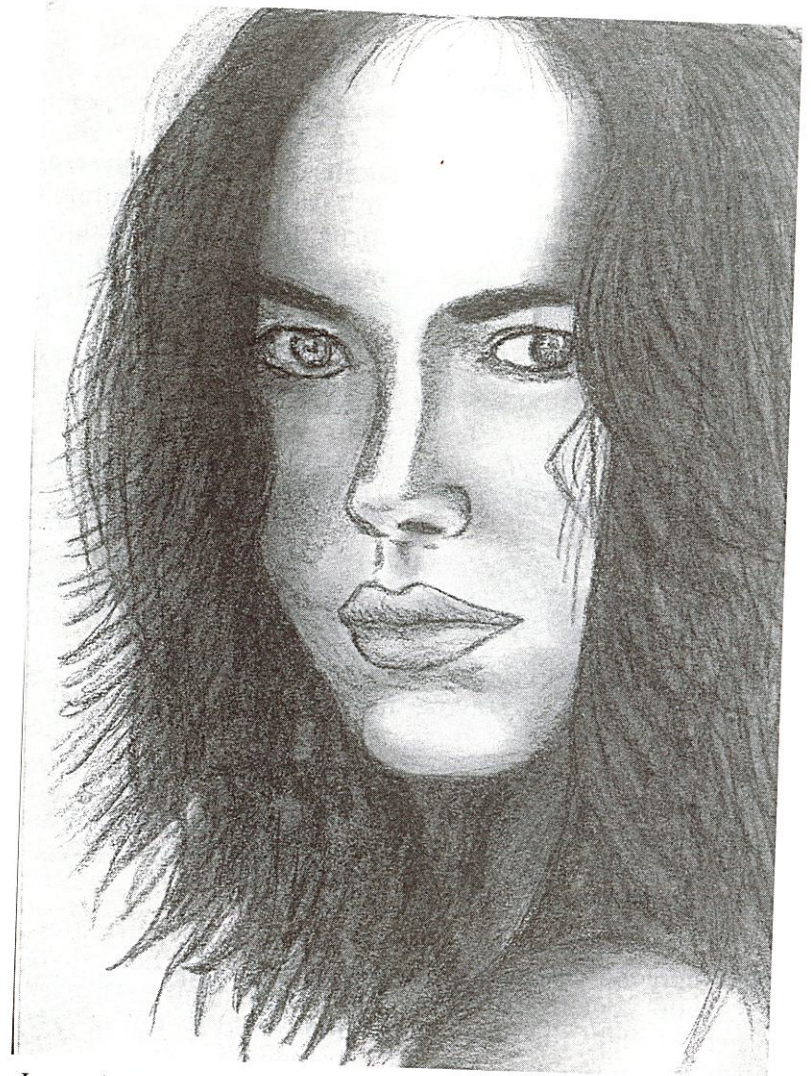
For I asked you respectfully for one single date;  
I discerned exactly what ran through your mind.  
I know without a doubt I heard your teeth grind.  
But to your standards, I guess I did not rate.

The beautiful souls rest in the unsightly.  
And still we think that love is exterior;  
That to be misshapen is to be inferior.  
My soul wept when you told me no politely.

I walk alone, bitter and outside the norm.  
People tell me to love myself, to be pleased.  
They don't walk my road; they're not teased.  
Am I supposed to match their exact form?

To hell and back with being popular and loved,  
If it means having to conform and bend.  
All these standards need an end.  
I'll continue my walk. I will not be moved.

So you find yourself a handsome guy.  
The guys like me, we'll have to make do.  
But when that good looking guy leaves you,  
Remember your excuse—your easy lie.



Jorge Arana

Charcoal

## Reaching the Summit

By

Sarah Casaletto

Traveling is a drug that enters your bloodstream and flows straight to your heart. It is intoxicating, addictive, and, like any drug, it can be abused. It keeps you moving until you forget where you are going, which direction you are running. I was running away, yet running back to where I started. I wondered when the Ferris wheel would stop and where I would be when I got off. Then there were days I wanted to stay at the top, enjoying the view of a perfect existence.

After Greece I started back up through the continent. My final destination was where I began: Gatwick Airport. I imagined the plane waiting for me, the finality of its packaged peanuts and tourists proudly toting their miniature models of Big Ben. Who would understand my new dream or give me "just in case" money for life?

I found myself in the tiny mountain town of Gryon, Switzerland, staying at the "Swiss Alps Retreat." To me it was Paradise. Every morning I would walk to the village bakery and buy a fresh baguette. I would go onto the deck of the hostel with hot tea and the latest book I had pulled from the book exchange shelf, Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury*, sometimes setting it aside for Walden's affirmations of Nature.

The majestic mountain peaks kept the other travelers and me company. The hostel had a kitchen where we could cook warm meals and share them with each other. At night the living room area would be full of people listening to music, reading, working on a puzzle, playing cards, or simply chatting by the fire. Every window was a perfect picture of a mountain peak. My room, where I occupied a cozy bottom bunk, had a balcony, a feature I always wished for in my childhood bedroom.

The weather was perfect most of the time I was there. When I was on the deck I felt the gentle breeze and

listened as it mixed the whirr of crickets with the songs of the birds to create a symphony of nature. I watched the other boarders, each enclosed in their own moments. A guy strummed his guitar lazily while his friend set up a chessboard, two girls read in the shade, while a couple napped on a blanket in the grass. I felt peaceful, yet restless and longing for more. Paradise was starting to become routine.

The mountains and I would flirt on a daily basis. They watched my every move, and I stared back in dumbfounded admiration. After a couple of days, I decided to end the foreplay and explore the beauty I had been lust-ing after since my arrival. One of the guys told me of a trail called "the cross," which sounded eerily serene, romantic, ro-even allegori-cal. I grabbed a trail map, strapped on my daypack and took off in search of this

The paved road gradually gave way to a narrow dirt path until I found myself surrounded by trees, gradually ascending into the clouds. Everything faded away, as though I were traveling the beginning back in time. At the beginning there were pumps that fed me fresh spring water, but as I climbed higher I found my refreshment from actual streams veining the mountainside. Everything became simpler, younger, and more innocent. I wondered if that was how it always was, having to go back in time to discover the pure form so that we can reach the goal and strive higher.

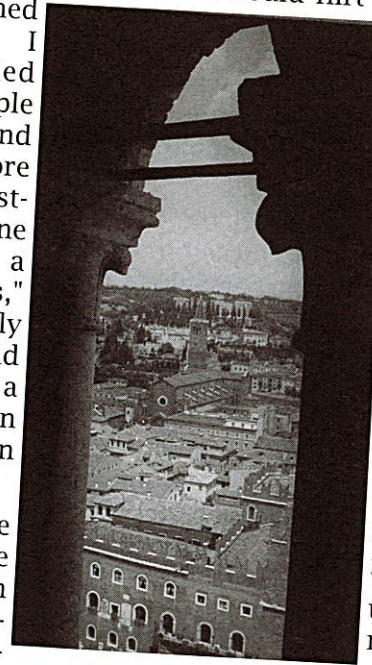


Photo by author

*Ah, Fair Varona*

At the base of the peak I was to ascend, the path opened up to a grassy valley. Cows grazed lazily, unaffected by my presence, their cowbells clanging under their flabby chins. I walked past a grouping of houses, which resembled a sort of village, but without any sort of commerce. It seemed as pure as the flowers in the field -- simple, uncorrupt. I wondered if the people who lived there were happy, and if they dreamed of greener pastures.

The path snaked across the mountain, weaving me into its powerful being. Our fingers had laced together in passionate embrace, and it was pulling me to it. This was my mountain. Others surrounded it, but I knew that this mountain was unique. I wanted to touch every scar and caress every blade of grass.

Somewhere toward the top my fingers slipped; I lost the trail and found myself in what I can only describe as a thicket. I had always imagined thickets being deep in enchanted forests where fairies lived and a brave knight had to slash the thorny mess before reaching his princess. Of course I had to find the hard way; this was my art imitating my life. Ha, ha, very funny, God.

The thicket was not so thick it kept me from reaching my goal. I reached out and we joined hands once again. The mountain was waiting for me, even though the brush had hidden me. I looked up and saw a cross, about five feet high, made out of two simple pieces of wood. It was the symbol the hike was over; I had reached the peak. To either side were cliffs that fell down into valleys. One side was the cow valley, green and lush. The other was gray, deeper, with jagged teeth like rocks, waiting to chew me up if I dared to lean too far over. Surrounding me were the Swiss Alps, some covered with snow, others simply reaching out to the heavens bare. I could see for miles. I faced west and smiled at my family. I was on top of the world and queen of all creation.

I looked out upon the mountain range, breathing in its pure air. The scene was perfect, but clouds were moving in, promising rain. I sat beneath the cross and chewed the soft bread, thinking of Nate and our wet ad-

venture in England. The rain wasn't welcome then, but now I was ready for it. I welcomed it. Life will never be perfect, there will always be rain, but I didn't have to resent it. I untied the sweatshirt from around my waist and pulled it over my head.

I looked down at the small cluster of houses I had passed on my hike to the top. To them this mountain, this scene, was home; it was reality. They had to worry about life here just as much as I did back in America. They worried if their dairy cows would produce enough milk to pay the bills, and wondered how God made the mountains. Life, in any country, is life. More importantly, I realized that in any country my life is still my life.



Photo by author

*The Cross*

Everything around me was singing. The rain started to fall, and it felt like tiny sapphires piercing my skin. Thoreau was right, there were more lives to live.

Just as he left the woods, I would leave the mountains and Europe to live my life. At the beginning of my trip my father emailed me a quote by Ralph Waldo Emerson. I didn't even know my father knew who he was. As the beauty intoxicated me, I realized that quote was the basis for my entire trip:

"Although we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not." I had found beauty, it was a part of me now, but I realized that I had the beauty all along. It was in laughing with my sisters late at night, hugging my mother, and listening to my grandparents' stories. I traveled the world and found its beauty, and in the process discovered my own.

People always say that the downhill trek takes the least amount of effort, but going home is never easy. We have to find what home is, and then choose it. The London group went home. Nate went home. My Grandfather went home. I too would go home. Not because I should, not because I have to, but simply because now I can.

*\*\*\*We shall not cease from exploration, and the end of all our exploring will be to arrive where we started and know the place for the first time.*

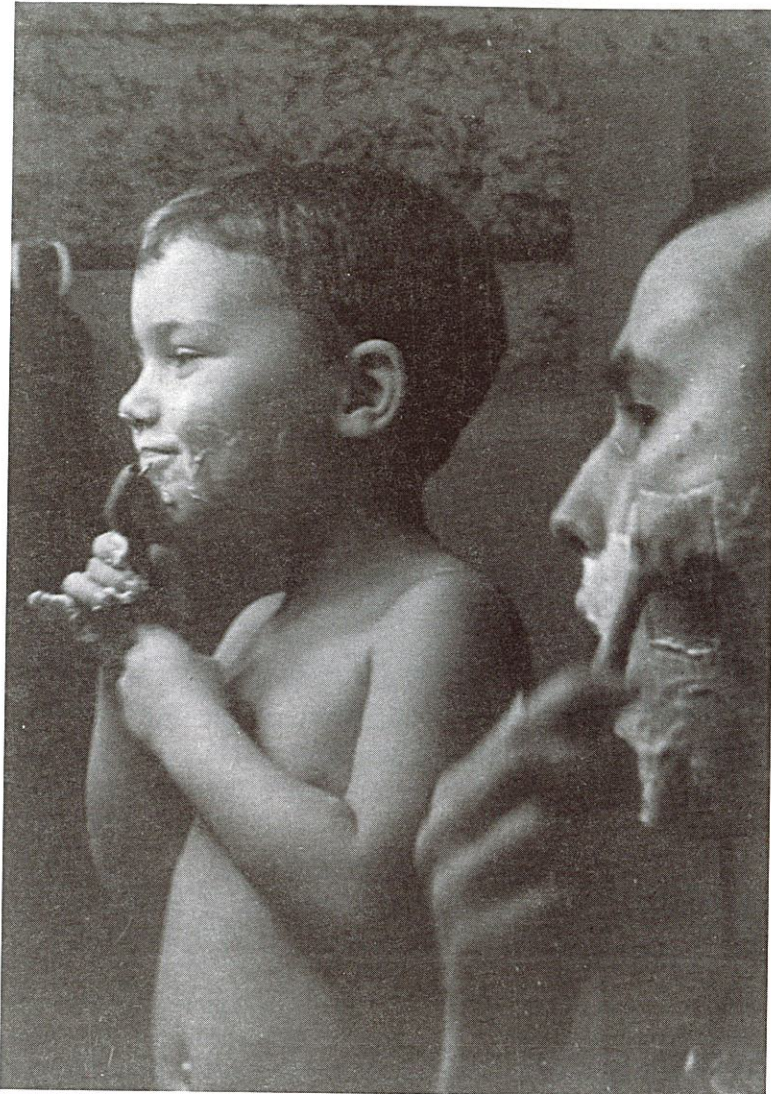
*-T.S. Eliot\*\*\**



Jasmine McDowell

Photo Collage

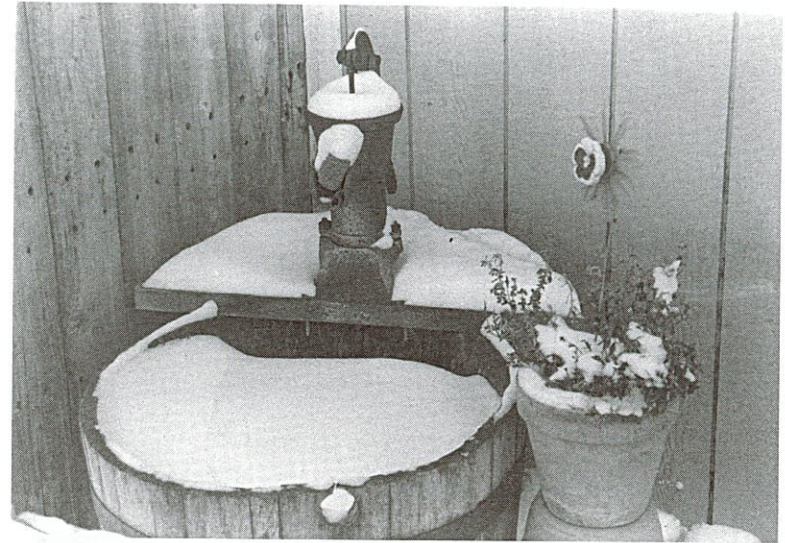
*Matt's Birthday*



Amy D. Neff

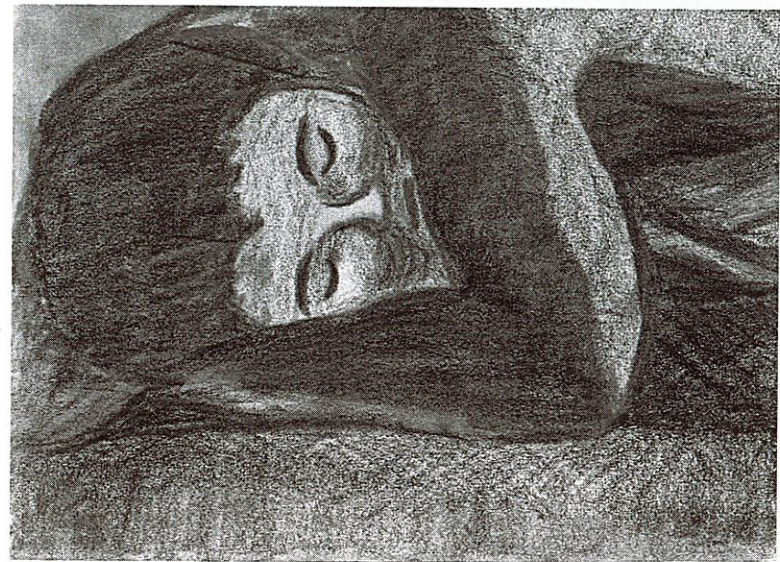
Photograph

*Just Like You*



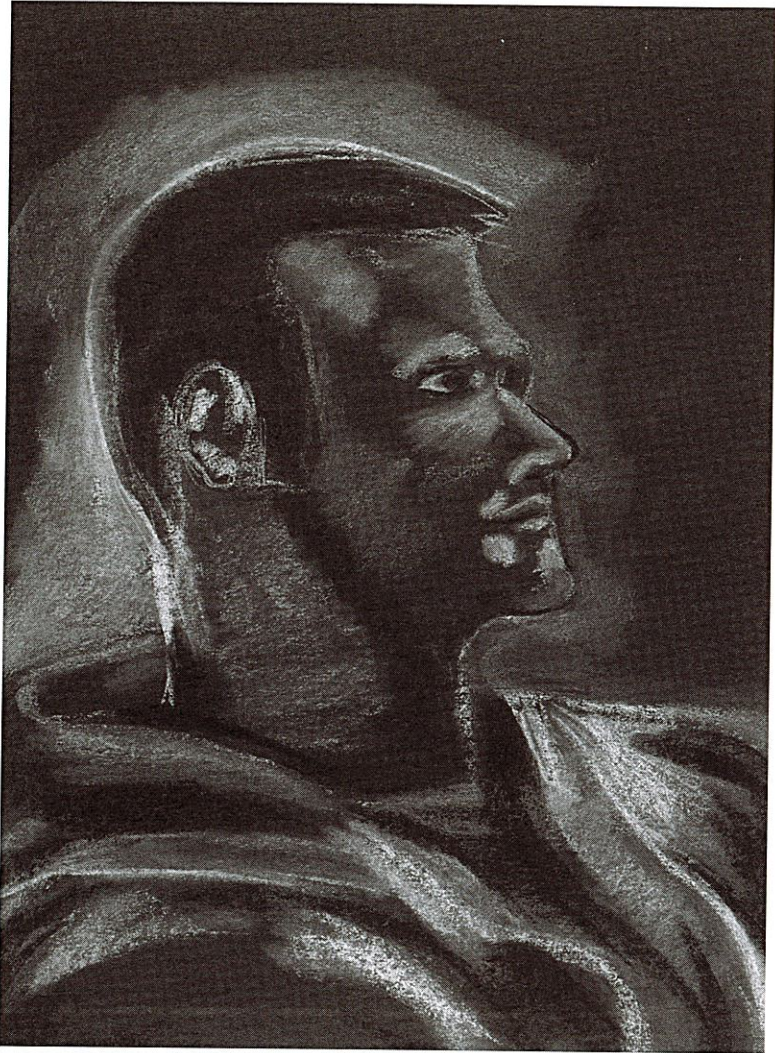
Jesse Richart

Photograph



Jorge Arana

Charcoal and crayon



Greg Gaumer

Chalk and charcoal on black

# The Purple Patch

A MAGAZINE OF LITERARY ♦ ART PATCHES

## *Choosing a Magazine's Name*

By

Sarah Casaletto

**T**he white paper contrasts deeply with the black ink stamped upon it. The words seem uniform, organized in paragraphs and formatted onto the page. A person reads over the words, leaving the page intact, until he or she sees a portion where the black ink seems darker, as if the passage of writing were jumping off the page. The highlighter comes out, and the page is now marked, the significant passage a new color all its own. This is known as a "purple patch." The *Handbook to Literature* by Harmon and Holman defines a purple patch as:

A piece of notably fine writing. Now and then authors in a strongly emotional passage will give free play to most of the stylistic tricks in their bag. They will write intensely colorful and more than usually rhythmic.

When there is an unusual piling up of these devices in such away as to suggest a self-conscious literary effort, the section is spoken of as a purple patch—a colorful passage standing out from the writing around it. (The expression comes from Horace, for whom purple dye was much rarer—hence more conspicuous—than it is for us.) (421)

Generally the purple patches are the "quotable quotes" and the part of the piece which stands out to the reader. Just open any "Zankified" book and one can see purple patches highlighted in many works of literature. A purple patch is often the best writing in the piece of work. The new *Literary Magazine* for Missouri Valley College represents some of the best writing, art, and photography of the students in the school. It shall be our "purple patch" for people to open and immediately recognize as the best.

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