

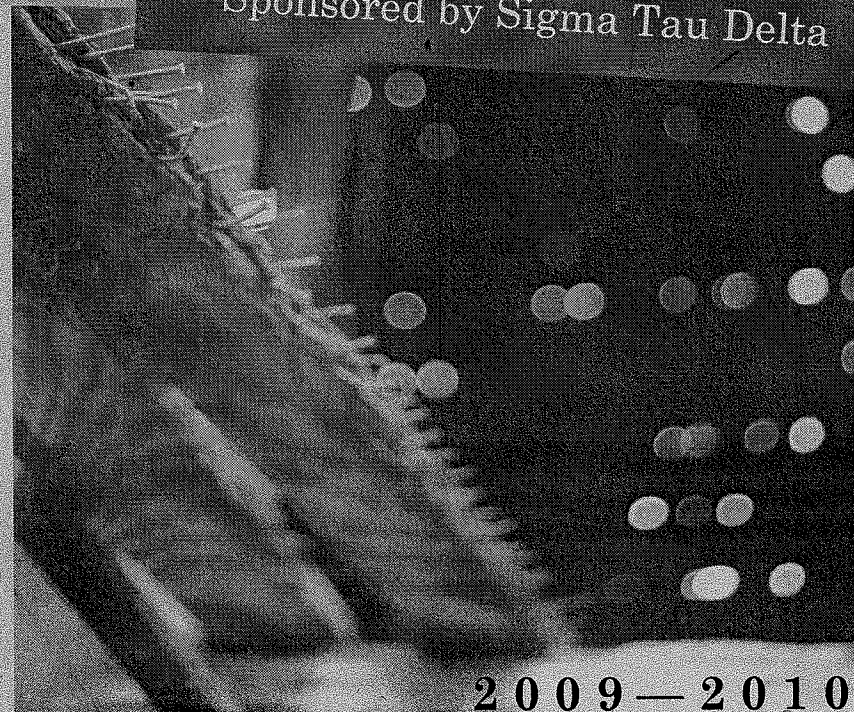
NEW TRICKS 2010

Dakota State University
College of Arts and Sciences
820 North Washington Avenue
Madison, South Dakota 57042

www.dsu.edu/

New Tricks

Sponsored by Sigma Tau Delta

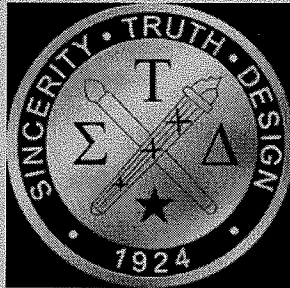


2009—2010

This publication was produced and sponsored by SIGMA TAU DELTA, DSU's English honor society. Submissions enclosed are original poems, prose and artwork created by campus faculty and students with cover photography by Laura Wiken.

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This chapbook of poetry is published by
Dakota State University
College of Arts and Sciences
820 N. Washington Avenue
Madison, South Dakota 57042

<http://www.dsu.edu/arts-sciences/index.aspx>

Copies of this publication may be ordered from the above address for \$5.00 each plus \$2.00 postage.

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Introduction

It's always a surprise when a new edition of *New Tricks* comes out—this on-again, off-again enterprise of the DSU members of Sigma Tau Delta, the national English honor society. It's been a while since the magazine has seen print, and it's high time. It takes a few good people to make it happen, and when they put their heads together, it's a very good thing.

Another surprise is what great artistic work comes out of Dakota State University—a place known for its high-tech, cutting-edge, forward-thinking approach. But what is more ancient than architecture or poetry? Telling a story or playing with language or working with images results from deep impulses, the need to project one person's vision out into the world. We can't help ourselves.

As I write, in the Spring of 2010, there's much ado about a new device that seems to be geared primarily for consuming media—the Apple iPad. While many of us might admire the dazzling display of technology such a device represents, not it or any other cool new tech tool will come close in value to that of the human capacity for wonder, creativity, and passion.

We live in a time of rapid change, always new ways of doing things and staying in touch, constantly consuming new information and material, but the work here often comes from quiet contemplation, isolation and meditation, an act of saying “No” to the continual demand for our attention.

This publication dedicates itself to the display of those very human impulses and the means by which we most display what we are—human beings with an urge to tell stories, make pictures, and make the world over again with words.

John Nelson

To Bryan Kyle

We were in the same boat,
got our timing fouled
in the Cottonwood river at flood stage.
Dug our oars in tandem
and rolled the canoe.
You without your lifejacket,
just an absorbent poncho,
but God you were strong

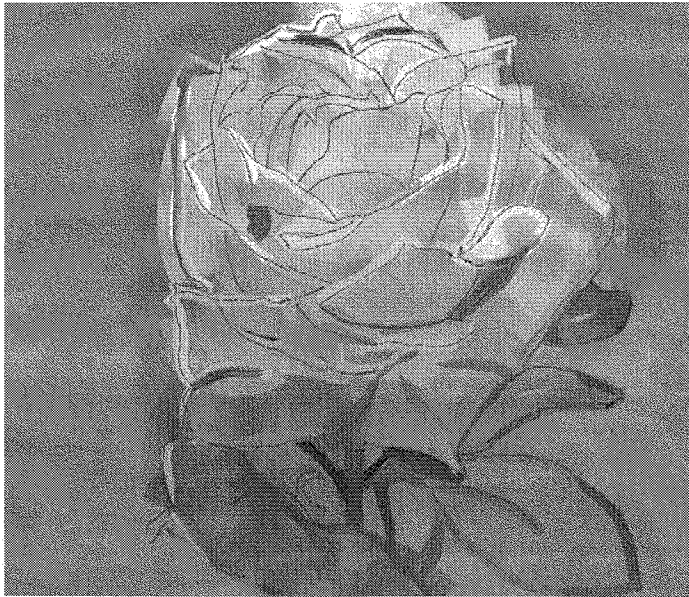
The night before was a jug of red wine
and chubby *puros*;
my Eliot, your Ferlinghetti
microwave refried beans and salsa
on a tortilla
in the morning
they had pranked us good,
hanging the canoe from the top of that cedar
in the middle of campus.
And when I untied it,
it twanged brightly,
dropped like a stone.
You stood still,
caught it by the nose,
And eased it down.
You said, “That would have hurt, if I'd missed.”
You never missed.

In the river you were at the mercy of fate, God
or chaos flung from one eddy to another.
Could have lost you then,
but that was for the flood of white cells
six years down the river, right after your wedding,
and me without a paddle.

In the Cottonwood, you caught hold
of one end of my paddle, then the overturned canoe,
and I caught hold of a branch
in a drowning tree;
the canoe and you pivoted in the current, swinging
you to the bank
Where you pulled me out of the water
Slapped my back
and built a fire.
You said, "Brother, ours ain't no kissproof world !"

By Justin Blessinger

Blue Moon Rose



By Angela Grider

The Thing I Like Most

about being a woman
is being held by a man.

feeling my chest against his
his chin on the top of my head
the smell the taste;
cigarettes, beer and toothpaste.
most important his arms
not small but not too big.
don't wanna get broke, medium.
crushing me
pushing me almost through him
one hand on the small of my back
the other the back of my neck
to hold my head steady
as he kisses me so deep
I think he'll drown.

The thing I like most about being a woman
is being held by a man.

By Kelly Dianna MacLeod

Shell Creek Canyon

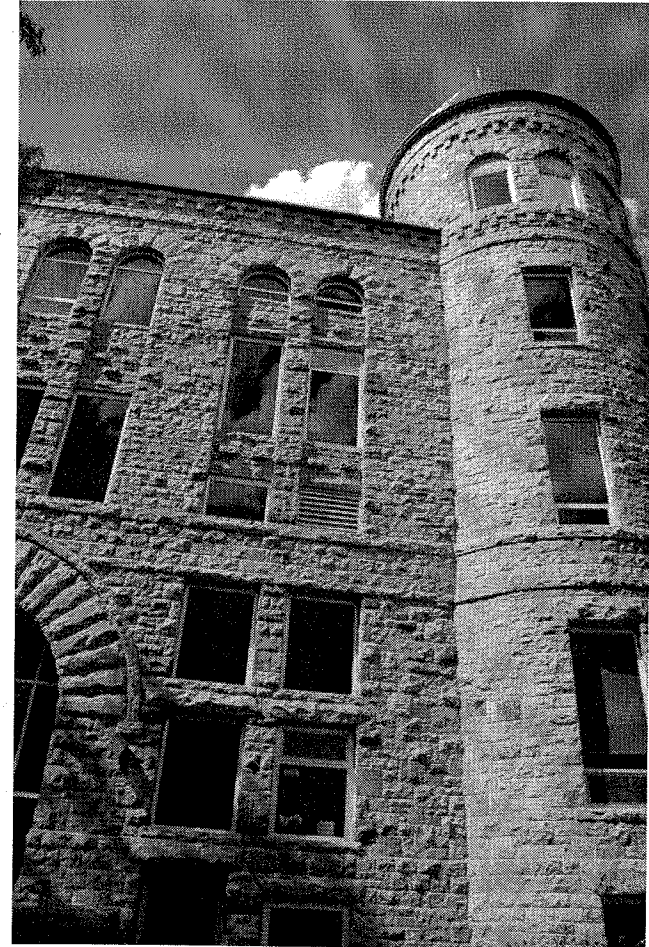
Shell Creek Canyon is located in Southern Montana, close to the Wyoming border. It is nestled in the arms of the Big Horn Range, on the leeward side. On one of many childhood camping trips, my family stumbled upon the breathtaking canyon, which was off the beaten path. The canyon looked painted by the hand of a master artist, and its colors too rich and pure for any human imagination to conceive. The campground was beautiful and serene, quite peaceful and untouched, simple yet functional. There was a playground, a row of campsites, and a small bathroom. It was all our clan needed. The creek itself wound lazily around the campground, and small wood bridges allowed us to cross its water without getting our feet wet, though we preferred to play in it. On one side lay the camping area, the other a wonderland.

Just over the bridges, a narrow island stretched for a mile or more. It was covered in tall grasses, wild flowers, and river birch seedlings. The sound of mountain finches and crickets filled the air, and swarms of butterflies and other winged insects flew over head. The sun would peek through the clearings and dance on our faces as we darted around the island. In the near distance, we could hear the rushing of water, and knew a river was not far. My brother and I ran until we met the sound. At the very tip of our island we met the cool and flowing stream, home to rainbows and browns and other delicious fish. Dad was quick to join us and he climbed atop a giant boulder. There, on his perch, he tied a fly, cast his line and let the current take the bait downstream. At the bottom, in a crystal pool, a rainbow trout struck.

We stayed for a week in the comfort of the canyon. No rain or clouds, but sun to warm us, shade to cool us, and soft ground to lie on. The canyon was peaceful. The canyon was heaven.

By Gretchen Larson

East Hall



By Erica Clements

White Water Rafting

It was a beautiful day for white water rafting, until my trainer, Hal turned back to look at me, and exclaimed, "What are you doing?!"

I was stunned. I thought everything was going smoothly, until he asked me that. I said, "I am doing just what I said we going to do!"

"I thought you meant back there!," Hal replied, pointing 50 yards upstream.

"Let's do it now," I cried.

"It's too late," Hal responded, and as I looked over his shoulder at the quickly approaching churn of water, I saw that he was right.

Time stood still for an instant, and I quickly flashbaced through my memory to see where I had gone wrong. Loaded gear. Check. Introduced customers to safety and paddling instructions. Check. Stopped raft **BEFORE** hitting class 4 rapid, known as the "Rock," to explain to customers how we would approach and maneuver through the rapid. Check. Hal had been there while I explained, as he had shown me on the days before, how to do it.

"Experts take the rock to the left side, because it gives the customers a better ride as they hit the waves alongside the "Staircase,"" Hal explained. "You will take the rock to the right side of the river, because it is your first day leading a raft down the Colorado River, and that is safer."

All this went through my mind in a second, but in that second, we had gotten a lot closer to the "Rock." Rivers speed up as they near rapids. "What do we do now?" I asked.

"Straighten the boat, we will have to punch through it," Hal responded.

I shouted commands to our crew, two men in the front, two children behind them, the two grandmothers of the children behind them, and Hal and I. "Left side forward, right side reverse" then "All forward." Hal and I had time to give two hard strokes, trying to gain enough momentum to push the raft through the rapids.

As Hal had said, beginners take the right side of the rock, experts take the left side. But NOBODY went dead center over the top. Until we did. The Colorado River was taking the raft over a twenty foot waterfall into a churning torrent of raging water. As we went over the top, I could see the raft diving into a swirling whirlpool that roared around us, almost as if we were being flushed down a huge toilet bowl.

Then a strange thing happened. As the front of the rubber raft hit the churning water, the pressure forced the raft to fold up on itself, like a huge sandwich. I could have touched the man in the front of the raft on his shoulder, although normally, he would be sitting eight feet away from me at the front of the raft. For a moment, I could not even see the grandmothers and their grandkids.

But it was only a moment. The raft was forcing itself back out against the pressure of the water, snapping itself flat again... and throwing the raft directly onto the "Staircase."

The "Staircase" was a series of three waterfalls, so far to the left of the river that they usually posed no danger, and provided waves at their edge that the expert rafters used to give customers an exciting ride. We became the first raft in company history to go over the "Staircase."

The raft performed it's "sandwich maneuver" three more times, folding in the churning water, snapping open, only to land directly over the next waterfall, then folding again, and snapping out. Water raced and roared all around us, and at one point, I thought the raft was going to be thrown against the cliff walls the river was driving us through.

Finally, though, it was over. I turned to look at Hal, and although he had started that morning as a bronzed teenager, he was pure white now. He said, "Mark, you and I need to have a long talk," as he signaled the horrified on-looking guides in the other boats that we were okay. I looked at our crew, the tourists that had paid to have a little excitement on the Colorado River. They had miraculously fallen into the center of the boat, instead of out of the boat into the raging rapids. As I watched the tangle of granny legs and children legs and heads and arms start to try to unravel, a young boy popped his head up, looked at me in awe and said, "Wow! You do this every day?"

"Yes I do," I answered, "Yes I do."

By Mark Geary

Roman Whisper



By Alan Montgomery

We live in a gallery ...

Oil paintings in the sky
above the concrete rainbows,
Sculptures on the horizon line
above electric trees,
Watercolors rushing by and through the asphalt beaches,
Classic and modern art as far as vision reaches.

(Denver)

By Kelly Dianna MacLeod

The Mountaineer's View

A scorpion strikes a pose
On the mountaintop far ahead,
waiting.
Its subliminal voice calling,
Calling, CALLING.

A wave of moving pictures flash.
Am I in the place of deserted dreams?
Rocks juxtaposed themselves to form
Faces. Faces of those who ran this far.
And lost.

But my head stood tall and my neck set firm.
Striding up the narrow path,
Gravel stones and open holes,
The foe's stature told of action,
Action yet to come-- but short-lived.

Yet I knew... I knew!
Knowledge had been bestowed,
And tortured vultures driven far,
Far from the place of tossed mantles.
The eagle's nest sat near enough.

By Justin DiRose

Heart at Large

My heart longs to get out and get away.
I feel my soul beginning to float away as I shut my eyes.
I travel through the atmosphere dodging lightening strikes and sliding on the sound waves.
My feet skate upon a staff of music--rising and falling with the notes that pour into my ears.
I am submerged in the sunlight and sometimes I dive and scurry through the warm and clear ocean tides.
I'm swept into the balmy breeze and then my heart twirls into the spinning sun.

As I continue to flow, things begin to make more sense and the world all seems to fit.
It's a delicate, intricate, and interesting connection--one that at times makes me laugh and at others cry.
It's such a balance and yet sometimes it all seems to get turned upside down.
The wealth of emotions and sensations is incredible, but if you're not paying attention, you'll miss out.
Keeping your eyes and heart open is key.
Listen with your whole soul because there's music in everything, and in everything there is meaning...

By Catheryn Vogel

Girl



By Erica Clements

Took a look at you today...

smiled, I did.
Dreams flowed in and out as You looked about
and smiled...
at the one behind me.

Kelly Dianna MacLeod

Flood Lake

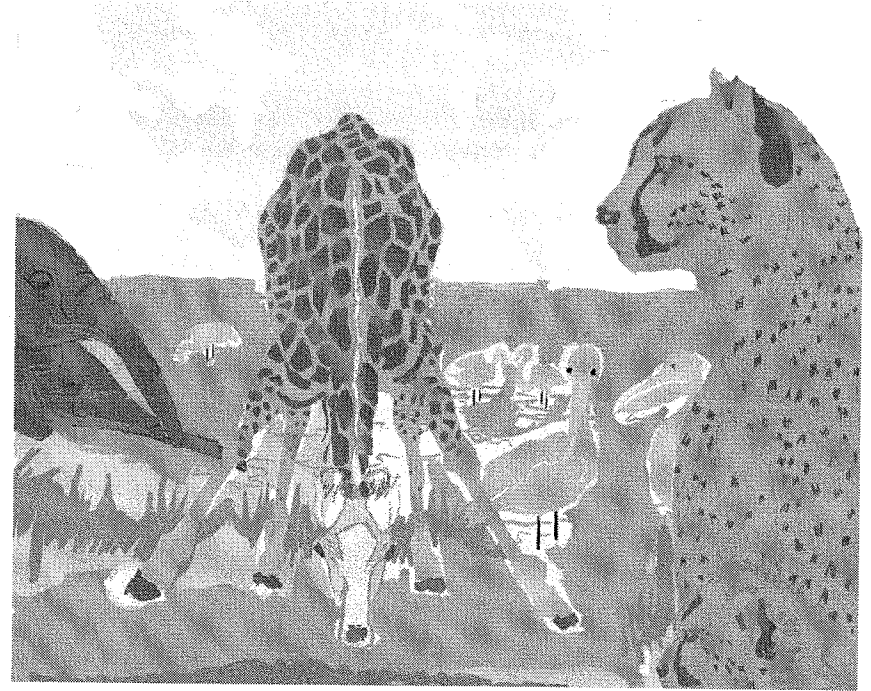
When trapped in hell
There is little to do but fish.
What sin had we committed
To land us in this place?
The paradise of our parents
Was our personal inferno.
Thrust into a pre-digital wasteland,
Mutual boredom bridged our differences
Of past and complexion.
Net on my shoulder, rod over yours,
We traipsed past the forgotten cemetery,
Where youth and elder lay side-by-side,
To the tumultuous lake
That swallowed the park
Man had erected in its honor.
We made our seats amongst the boulders
Set to shore the foamy waters
Against the lonesome road.
We sat silent. All had been said
In the past three weeks
Sitting on those stones,
Catching snags.
We weren't alone. An elderly man
Felt it wise to spend his dwindling moments
Prospecting for silver pike
In the murky depths.
We prospected for mermaids.
We found entertainment
Somehow.

Time plodded. The elderly man readied to leave.
I noted his proud, slimy catch with envy.
He approached you, selecting as
A shard of flint from a bed of limestone.
The break in monotony caught my attention.
You draw closer with a scowl and explain.
"Says I took his tackle. Dowallie; didn't even."
We scoff in unison as the Highlander drives away.
A thief in our midst? How absurd!
The rippling of the waves as they lap at our perches
Speeds the drawl of time. We wish the sun down.
There are fires to make. The rippling tranquility of the water
Can't hold a candle
To a roaring blaze,
Hungry for nourishment,
Insatiable, but never ashamed.
The destruction enraptures us.
The fetid decay of the water,
Stinking of carcasses,
Only captivates us.
The elderly man returns.
With firm absolution, he apologizes
And hands you the fish.
He found his tackle in the back.
Now we are three. It's near supper.
Time to show our guest home.
I clutch the net that holds the fish,
You manage pole and bait.
A smirk sits tauntingly on your lips.
"Probably too heavy for you, anneh?"
I grin in response to mask my strain
And insist I'm more than sufficiently mighty.
With a shrug, you dash off
From the lake,
With its putrid remains,
Past the cemetery,
With its markers,
Beside the bonfire circle,
With its ashes,
To the hunting lodge,
With its trophies.

I watch you crest the hill
 Each step burns in my arms
 And my shoulders decry my pride.
 The trek had never seemed so long.
 As my frustration and shame build,
 The fish, in all its hideousness,
 Seems suddenly pathetic,
 Wound in the net, gills gasping,
 Its mouth gnawing out a silent plea.
 Was it pity, or pride?
 I claimed pity. It upheld my pride.
 I went down by the waters,
 And, with soothing words, let the creature free.
 It lay limply near the shore,
 Unaware of its opportunity.
 Probably soon another carcass,
 Plucked from its habitat
 And torn into the world above
 To stink and fester amongst the stones.
 It would be easy to retrieve it,
 But, unburdened by the gift
 Presented to you, I found new fleetness of step
 And hurried after.
 Easy come easy go.
 "How was the fish?"
 Another elder had asked you.
 I filled with indignance as you conveyed
 That you'd told the truth.
 I'd set it free.
 "He let Ned's fish go? For shame!"
 There was a thief in our midst.
 But I'd never thought it was me.

By Nick Brosz

Angela-Africa-Savannah



By Angela Grider

You were here last night at this table, in this chair
 I look for your finger print in the table top finish
 But I imagine it is on a bus boy's dish cloth in the sink in the back.

By Kelly Dianna MacLeod

For a Father

For a father of loving,
Why did you cheat?

For a father of laughter,
Telling story after story,
Why were you so scary?

For a father of hard work,
Working day and night,
Providing the family money,
Why didn't you work on love?

For a father of kindness,
Kissing a scratch and tending the sick,
Only wearing a mask,
Why send mother away in a cask?

For a father of hope,
Why have you only caused despair?

By Kevin Carda

Feelings

Love and hate coincide. One person will love another and yet again another person will hate the lover. No one ever said that life was easy, yet every young child believes it to be so. They grow and look at life and say that life gets harder, but in reality their veil of easy was proclaimed untruth.

Life may seem to get harder, but more things naturally start to make sense. The one simple truth in life still exists: *to live is to die; to die is to live*. Death is not an ending, but nearly a beginning of a new journey.

A funny thing happens in life. One will lie and wish to tell the truth, while another will tell the truth and wish that they had lied. There is something that I have thought about for a long time now. A man can try to do good, but for an evil cause; while a man can do evil for a good cause. This isn't about what you think in your mind, but what you feel with your heart.

One should never follow their heart for a lost cause. Life is full of adventure, but some fear the wonders of the journey. When walking down a long tunnel, or even walking up a dark staircase, what goes through our minds? I think about what could be on that other side, in the darkness, just letting my imagination run wild. Many people think about their lives; past, present, or future, but some people see their fears, imagining the darkness consuming them. If these fears aren't faced, then we live in fear our whole life.

By Kevin Carda

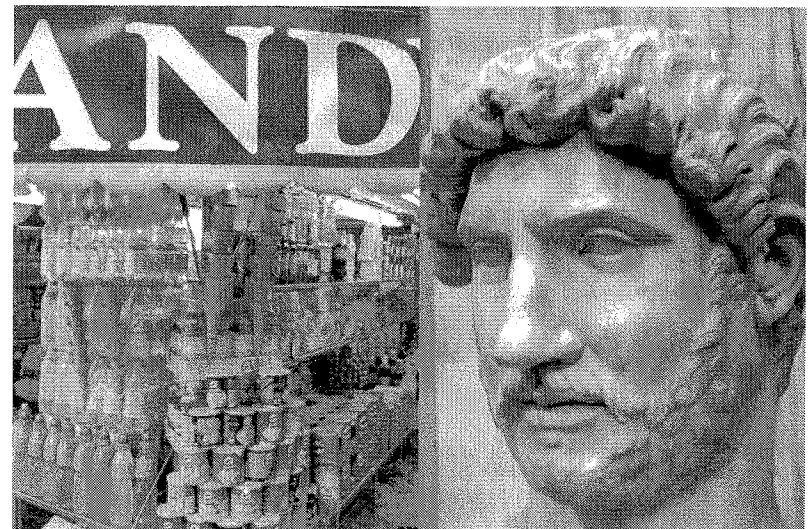
Memories

When you look across that field of memories, what do you see?
Look off in the valley below. Do you see a field of green, full of youth,
laughter, love, and sheer bliss?
Do you see those times when you were as carefree as can be with your
silly grin
When your life consisted of plastic swings carrying you away into an-
other realm;
Or were you playing cowboys and capturing all those bad robbers?
Everything was so real, and now you can see the light.
Look right behind you. Do you see a field of gold?
Do you see those times when you were always aspiring to be better,
taller, stronger?
You wanted to find your own voice, but you also just wanted to blend in
You wanted to be brave, but it was so easy to be afraid of what things
each day would bring.
Everything was so strange, and new, and now you can see the light.
Look where you're standing; do you see a field of red?
You'll maybe see some times where you are searching so hard, trying to
find someone just for you
You might be falling over backward and your heart could be tangled in
knots
You can't remember falling so hard, crying so much, and have never ex-
perienced those strange electric beams searing through your blood
stream
Everything will seem so hard, and yet, if you find the real thing, you may
know just how easy it can sometimes be.

Crane your neck a little; you may be able to spot a field of orange.
Can you see a busy, bustling time, where everything happens so fast?
Can you see little hands grasping up towards yours? Can you see little
faces with eyes so big and dreams even bigger?
Can feel the rhythm of a sometimes chaotic, and yet very rewarding day?
Everything will seem so insignificant, and yet, you know that you're
making such an impact.
If you squint really hard, you might just spot a field of brown. Harvest
will come soon.
It's a time of thanksgiving, a time to live with no regrets.
You will be looking up at that sun, hoping for unity.
Your only dream is for your seeds to be scattered far and wide and you
can't wait to smile down and spread your warmth on all of them
Everything will seem so full of meaning, and you will never forget.
The moon has waxed and waned. The harvest has come and gone. The
sun will rise again, and new fields will replace where your roots once
stood, but you will always be a part of it- you'll be a part of every-
thing.

By Catheryn Vogel

Noble Romans



By Alan Montgomery

Lily of the Valleys

Frost in the night of the soul,
Morning is coming.
Though it hardens the grass,
Light is breaking.

Steps before sunrise--
Swish, swish.
He's looking for a lily to grab,
To hold.

Radiant sundress or jeans,
He doesn't care.
All he asks is,
"Beautiful, are you there?"

Colors of glory fill the sky--
"You are more beautiful than these."
Sunlight glimmers through the arches of lawn--
"Come. And see."

Birds swoop the doorstep
As the Lover waits.
Chirp, chirp--
Man has never held so much weight.

"I wait. I wait."
But you never come.
"I wait. I wait."
Don't you desire to see the sun?

He knows a heartless lover
is no lover at all.
But heart and fear are never equated
Nor is love ever dated.

He left for a time
Knowing you would come.
A heart speaks what it knows.

Soon, oh yes, soon,
She will be undone.

By Justin DiRose

Our World

The world around us,
Bends our will,
Until we fuss,
And have our fill.

From the dark,
We hear the pleas,
Like savage barks ,
Within the trees.

We scamper, run,
Avoid the fight.
They've come for fun,
To give us spite.

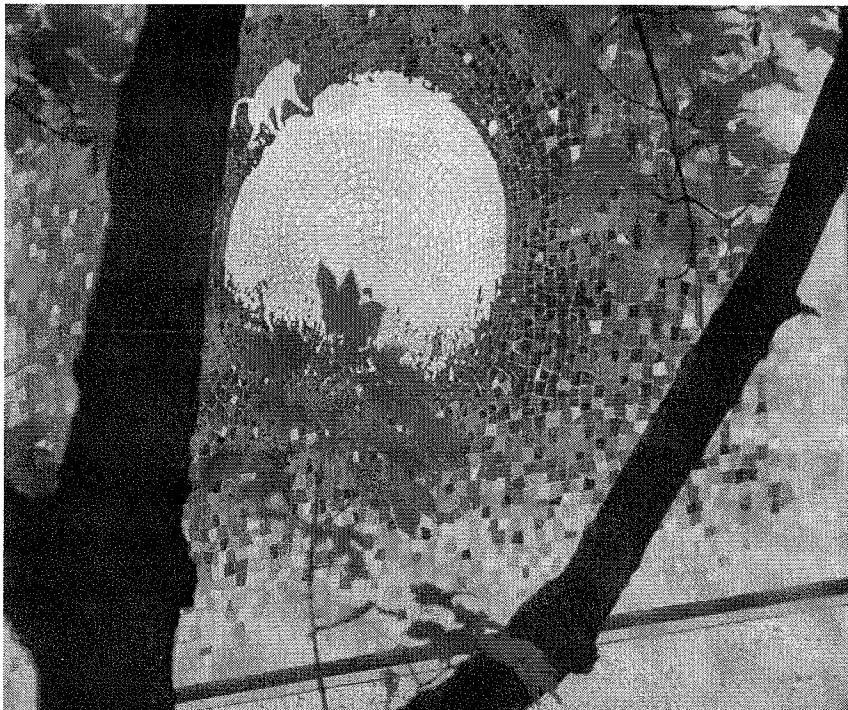
First behind,
Now before.
In this bind,
Here in the core.

This is where,
I stand alone.
The world's prayer,
A silent groan.

Our world crumbles,
Reigning new life.
Our fate he fumbles,
Just for our strife.

By Kevin Carda

Wolf on Moon



By Angela Grider

Mr. Limousine Man

Hey Mr. Limousine man
Won't you take me for a ride?
I see you every day at this time
I'm the one always tryin' to look inside.

Who you got in there anyway?
I bet it's a rock n roll star!

Maybe I'll catch his eye one day
We'll make love in the back of your car.

Or maybe it's a movie director
Who'll recognize the talent I am.
And when it comes time for my Oscar,
I promise to thank you Mr. Limousine man.

I know! It's Mr. and Mrs. Wallstreet
Out climbing socially.
They'll like my "power" colors
And decide to invest in me.

Cinderella at the bus stop
Just waitin' for my life to drive by.
So chauffer me up a fairy god thang
Its startin' to get cold outside.

Your light is green you gotta go
Its o.k. I understand.
Tell whoever's in there I said "Hello" ...
See yah tomorrow Mr. Limousine Man.

by Kelly Dianna MacLeod

Trojan War



By Angela Grider

Tempting Fate

Trying to read the emotions of another can be simple at times, yet hard at others. Many people do things out of love, fear, anger, or pressure. It has been said that if they look you in the eye when talking, they mean what they say or are telling the truth. Some people can lie, well enough to hide it in their eyes. These are the people who have led difficult lives, and who have spent every waking moment of it finding the easy way out.

Many people say; "There is no easy way out." The truth is that there is always an easy way out. But, Keep in mind that the easy way is never the best way. There are many paths that have been paved for us. Some call this "Destiny." Everyone has heard the term destiny (or fate) yet hardly anyone believes in it. Nearly everyone says that things happen because of coincidence.

It is true that coincidences happen. But when something happens many times over, what would you call it then? People like to believe in the things that they can control and nothing else. This includes the stories we have all heard as children. As we grow older we start to control our fear. While doing this we can look down on others and the things we believed in as children. This is why I think that people in this world are so wicked. They prey on those who are weaker than they, striking fear into them. They are weak so they scare easier, which means that they are easy prey for the vicious.

The thing that makes the weaker people afraid will cause them to become stronger. And when they become stronger, they will no longer be preyed upon. But, horridness flows in a cycle. When that weak person becomes strong, they will do as what was done to them. They in turn will prey on a weaker being. Thus, that is why there are so many horrible people in our world.

By Kevin Carda

Figure



By Angela Grider

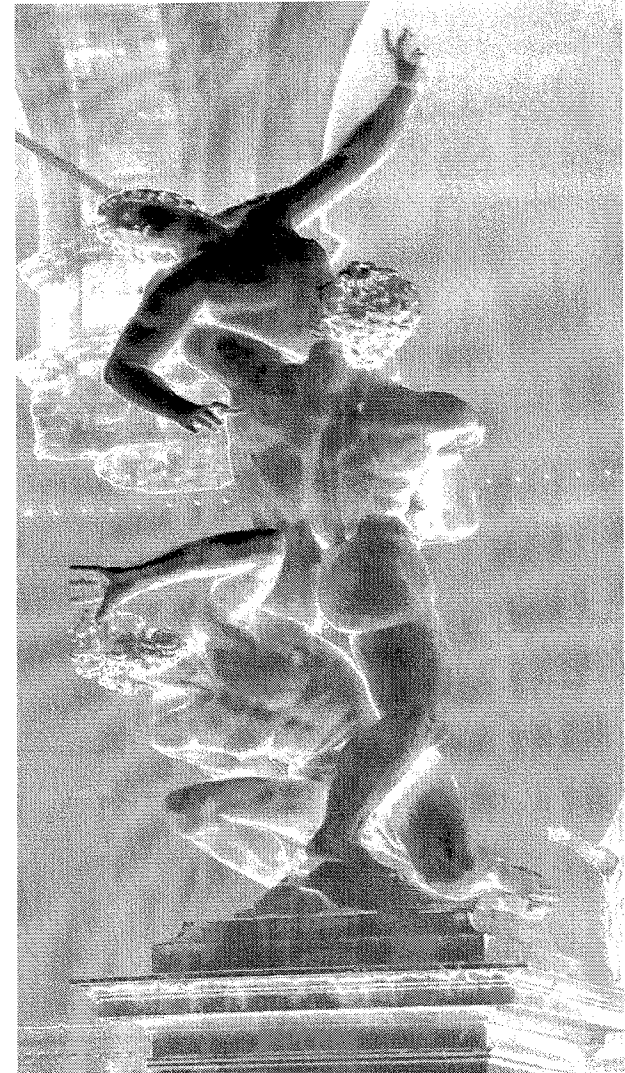
Older, wiser, beautiful

Out of reach
Feelings of inadequacy
Mixed
With flashes of superiority
I AM TOO GOOD not good enough
Out of my league but in my chest
Pounding beating pulsating grieving stopping and starting my
breathe; I am
He is I am He is

See me ... *SOON*
I'm so into you and I'm so afraid I'll find there's nothing there.

By Kelly Dianna MacLeod

Solarized Gods



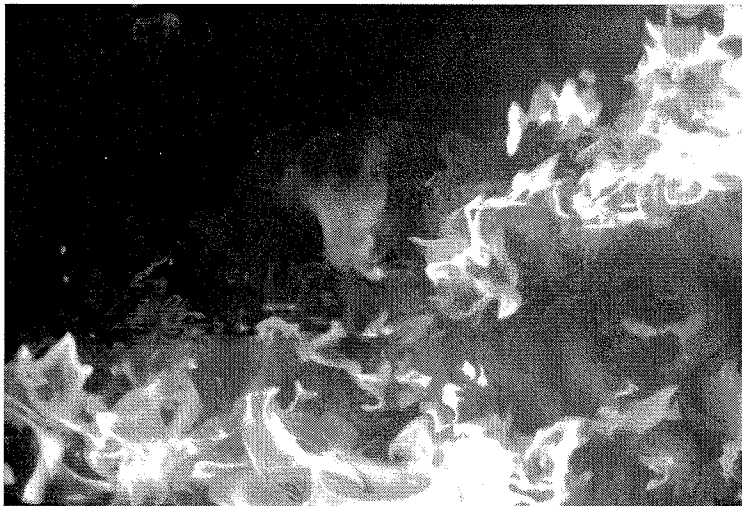
By Angela Grider

Sadness of a Rose

I felt as sad as a rose
Gleaming beautifully as a gem,
When I saw the battered rose,
On the ground lay a bare stem;
Its petals dancing through the air,
As graceful as an experienced mare.
By just a little
The beauty diminished,
The thorns brittle
Its protection finished.
Its petals were now long gone,
But its perfection will live on.

By Kevin Carda

Fire



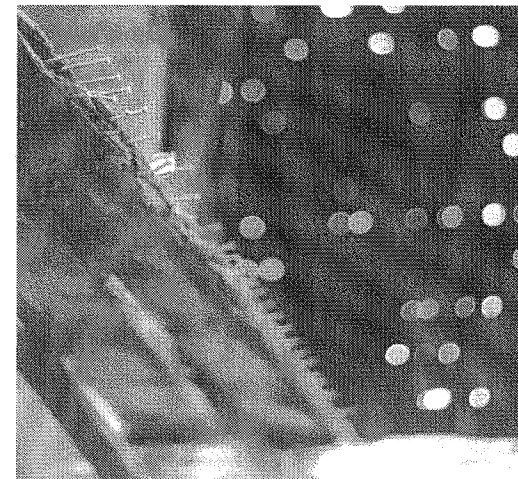
By Angela Grider

Love's Eternal Prison

I see with these eyes; possibilities
Just near the curve in this sorrowful life,
Relations with women have hostilities;
They fill me with trouble, sorrow, and strife.
Emotions may run high in this mere world,
Anger and joy are only but a few.
This life has left nothing unfurled,
My joy's arrival is long overdue.
Many sacrifices must be made, for
Love takes much time and great concentration,
Every laugh and smile from you I adore,
So now sadness can have my vexation.
I would love to gaze upon blazing stars,
But at my window I see only bars.

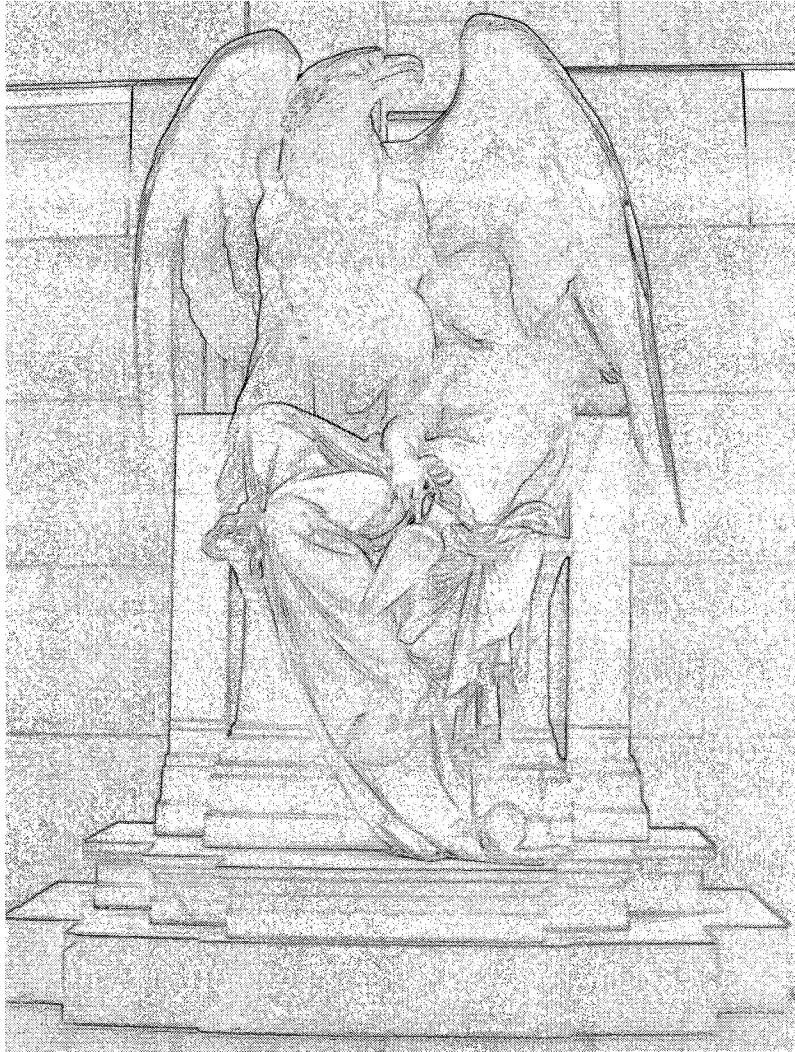
By Kevin Carda

Nails



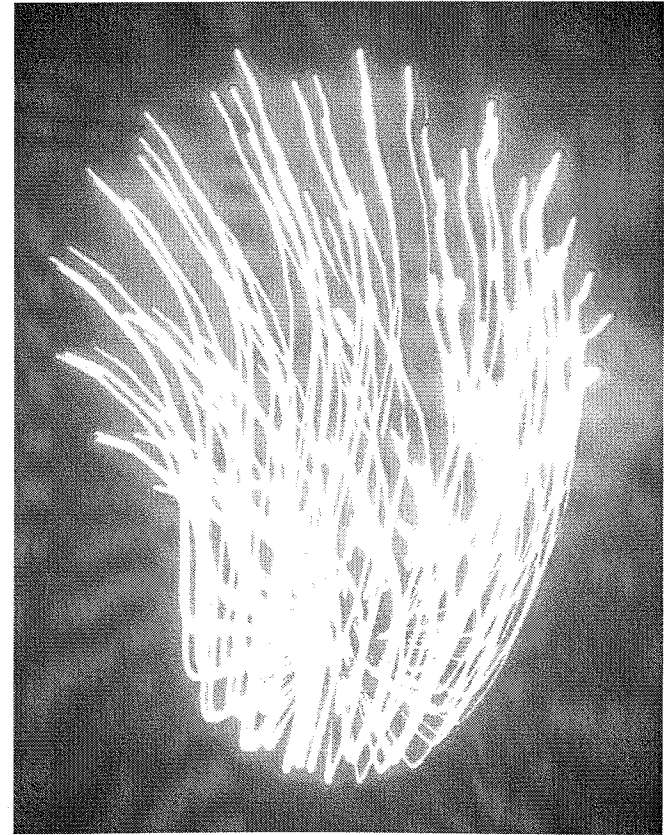
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By Angela Grider

Firework



By Angela Grider

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*Many thanks to
Writers and Artists who
contributed their
wonderful work
for the enjoyment
of many.*

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Alan Montgomery is an Associate Professor of Art at DSU. Born in Belfast, Northern Ireland, Alan is a member of the Cliff Dwellers of Chicago Illinois, the Oak Park Art League, Chicago Illinois, and other numerous art organizations...he also paints.

Catheryn Vogel is a junior English for New Media major. She comes from Madison, South Dakota and enjoys reading and writing poetry as well as participating in Dakota State's choir program and is the student leader of Newman Club.

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Thanks to Donors

This publication is supported by the generous donations from the following:

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- Susan Langner
- Scott Mackenzie
- Lynette Molstad-Gorder
- Alan Montgomery
- Nancy Moose
- Maureen Murphy
- John Nelson and Deana Hueners-Nelson
- Risë Smith
- Dan Weinstein
- Cecelia Wittmayer

Many thanks to our kind supporters!