These just made it into the dictionary

**BARGAINOUS**: adj: Costing less than expected.
**BROMANCE**: n: Close Platonic male friendship.
**BUZZKILL**: n: Person or thing that has a depressing effect.
**CHEESEBALL**: adj: Lacking style or taste.
**CHILLAX**: v: To calm down and relax.
**EGGCORN**: n: Swap of words that sound alike, ie “egg corn” for “acorn.” See **MALAPROPISM**.
**EXIT STRATEGY**: n: Planned way to get out of a tough situation.
**FLYOVER STATE**: n: Anyplace that isn’t New York, Chicago, or California.
**FRENEMY**: n: Friend with whom one has frequent conflict.
**LOCAVORE**: n: One who eats locally grown food.
**SHEEPLE**: n: People who follow without questioning.
**STAYCATION**: n: Vacation spent at home.
**TRUTHINESS**: n: Something that seems true.
**TURDUCKEN**: n: Roasted chicken inside a duck inside a turkey.
**WEBISODE**: n: Episode or short film viewed online.

Words and phrases we unofficially added to the language in 2010

**The Justin Bieber (BEE-ber)**
Eponymous haircut (style?), also known as the flip, the switch, the flow, or the twitch.

**Coffice**
Coffee shop used as an office by customers with laptops.

**Halfalogue**
The overheard half of a cell phone conversation.

**Sofalize** (SO-fuh-lize)
Staying home to communicate electronically.

**Poutrage**
False outrage.

**Refudiate**
A Sarah Palin coinage, a mash-up of “refute” and “repudiate.”

**Cuddle class**
Economy-class airline seats that unfold into bed or couch, proposed by Air New Zealand (which actually called them “Skycouch” seats).

**Porno scanner**
The full-body security scanners that provoked outrage and poutrage at airports. The TSA calls it “advanced imagining technology.” Kind of like “enhanced interrogation techniques”?

Speaking of which...

**Enhanced pat-down**
Frisking in which TSA security workers slide the palms (rather than the backs) of their hands down a person’s body looking for drugs, weapons, neutron bombs, sub sandwiches, who knows?

And from the wonderful world of the bp oil spill...

**containment dome, junk shot, static kill, and bottom kill.**
Meandering with Madonna

Snared By Cupid

Madonna Dries Christensen

Cupid is said to be responsible for enticing folks to fall in love, but for more than a century people have been enamored with the girl who depicted Cupid in these vintage photographs.

B. Parkinson photographed Cupid Awake and Cupid Asleep. He worked in the New York City area during the latter part of the 1800s and early 1900s. His beguiling model, Josephine Anderson, was the daughter of a friend, a single mother who worked and sometimes left her child in Parkinson’s care. Josephine died in the 1970s.

Parkinson copyrighted his prints in 1897; they were distributed by Taber-Prang Art Company of Springfield, Massachusetts. In 1908, The Ohio Art Company began selling metal frames in which the Cupid prints were displayed, some of them hand tinted. The photos were immensely popular, exhibited in homes across the country. In 1938, Ohio Art Company bought the copyright from Taber-Prang after their bankruptcy.

Originally sold for a nickel or dime, the Cupid photos now command high prices.

Let the buyer beware; there are probably more reproductions on the market than originals.

Other vintage Parkinson prints are in circulation and nearly all of them have a child as the subject, including other Cupid prints. Cupid At Rest and Cupid Interested were copyrighted in 1906 by DeWitt. Cupid Waiting and Cupid Watching were copyrighted in 1911 by Hughes and Lyday Company. There’s also a print called Encore in which Cupid is holding a violin, and another called What Will You Have? Not so common are the Black Cupid prints issued by Schlesinger Brothers and by National Art and Frame Company.

In 2008, I published an article in Yesterday's Magazette about the Cupid prints. Although we sometimes receive a comment or two about stories, this one generated 44 letters over the past couple of years. One woman said she always believed the little girl was a relative because her mother hung only family pictures. Most comments came from readers describing their photo and asking its value. I respond that I’m not qualified to appraise antiques; the only information I have is available on any search engine. As we’re all aware, information on the Internet might be true, half-true, or complete fiction.

One response to my story shed light on two of the photos. Josephine Anderson was not the only model. Bob Salerno explained that his grandmother was the girl in Cupid At Rest and Cupid Interested. Her name was Gertrude Scooler (later Nolan). Bob says DeWitt illegally marketed the private photos, but because his great-grandparents had no money for legal action they could do nothing to stop the sale and distribution. Bob and his mother believe that Gertrude posed for only these two photos; they are unaware of any others. Bob owns originals of each of the poses, with the best find being one he came across in a Billings, Montana, antique store.

“When one considers my grandmother grew up in New York, moved with us to Florida in 1968, and then I locate a photo in Billings, with my mother, Gertrude’s daughter, in tow, well, it’s quite the extraordinary find. Even beyond finding a needle in a haystack.”

Perhaps it was Cupid’s serendipitous magic, little Gertrude pulling the string on the bow and sending an arrow that glanced off Bob and turned him in the direction of the antique store.

May you love and be loved in this new year.
In the Projection Booth
with film critic Jacob McLaughlin

Top-Ten Movies of 2010

10. The King's Speech-
A film that is driven by dialogue. Colin Firth and Geoffrey Rush are fantastic and they play off each other so well. Helena Bonham Carter is great as well. It also shows something many of us fear, public speaking. But it also shows that there are ways to get help with it. This film left me happy and satisfied.

9. The Town-
One of the best heist films I've ever seen. Ben Affleck isn't a great actor, but man can he direct. The heist sequences are excellent. The cast is great. The scenes between Affleck and Jeremy Renner are the best parts of the film. Renner nails every scene he's in.

8. Shutter Island-
I always love psychological thrillers. This is one of the best. Directed by Martin Scorsese, his first thriller is fantastic. Leonardo DiCaprio's performance is great, as are the rest of the cast's. This film really messes with you and keeps you guessing to the very end. It's a film that you either love or hate. I for one, love it.

7. The Fighter-
Not just a film about boxing, it's a great character driven film. The performances from Mark Wahlberg and Christian Bale are great. Bale delivers one of his best performances yet. I found myself immersed in the crowd at the matches, rooting for Wahlberg.

6. 127 Hours-
The year's most powerful film. An amazing story of courage, survival and just how important the will to live is. James Franco is phenomenal and carries the film. Don't let the arm cutting scene keep you away from seeing it. That is not even what the film is about. Plus the scenes that follow are so moving. You will leave the theater inspired and so happy to be alive.

5. The Social Network-
David Fincher's best film since Fight Club. This film defines our generation. It's not just about the invention of Facebook. It's about friendship, betrayal, and the way our lives are controlled by technology. The cast is excellent. Jesse Eisenberg will be recognized by the Academy for sure.

4. Toy Story 3-
The first two were such a huge part of my childhood, so it was an honor to have Woody, Buzz and the gang back a third time. This, like last year's Up, is another very emotional film from Pixar. The animation is incredible as always. The ending is a perfect send off for these toys.

3. Scott Pilgrim Vs. The World-
An action, romantic comedy, musical, only the numbers are replaced by fights. Edgar Wright's first Hollywood picture is for geeks like me. The visuals are a feast for the eyes. The pace of the film is insane, but it is easy to keep up. The mixture of genres is superb. One moment it's a romance, the next, an action film. Bravo Mr. Wright, for never ceasing to amaze me.

2. True Grit-
The best Western since Unforgiven. One of the Coen Brothers' best films and the rare remake better than the original. Jeff Bridges is the perfect actor to fill the shoes of the Duke himself. The whole cast is just fantastic, but the film truly belongs to Hailee Steinfeld. She nails every scene she's in with her quick wit and sharp delivery. The cinematography is gorgeous. The wide shots of the Western landscape are amazing. The violence isn't overdone. This a character driven film. And a great, heartfelt Western.

1. Inception-
My favorite film of all time. This masterpiece has it all. Check my review in the previous issue.

Disagree with any of Jake's picks? Write and let us know what should and shouldn't be on the list. As always, mcook@des.wisc.edu.
This spring it's all about writers helping writers discover something new and wonderful in their craft while keeping up-to-date on the publishing industry and current trends in writing. **Join us on April 8-10, 2011** for three days of writing inspiration, education, and networking that will include:

- **Tried & true:** Agent pitches, workshops, speakers, networking.
- **New this year:** Practice pitch sessions, speed coaching, writers’ artistic jam sessions, personal consultations and critiques and more.
- **Get the scoop on the new and good page.**
- **Bonus:** Free Practice Pitch Session on Thursday night to those who sign up to attend the full conference (all three days.)

**Conference extras:** Don't forget to check out all the optional extras that will enhance your Writers' Institute experience.

**About the Writers' Institute**

Beginner or advanced, fiction or nonfiction, you have three days to mingle with other writers and agents and to talk about what matters—your writing and the writing life.

There’s a lot that’s new every year at Writers’ Institute, thanks to you. Each year we take your suggestions and build the next year’s event. And because of you, we’ve continued to build this award-winning program for 22 years now.

This year’s event focuses on writers helping writers whether through seminars, panels, critique feedback, a speed coaching session or being part of one of our artistic jam sessions and many other opportunities during this Springtime event.

This year’s conference also addresses the many changes that are happening in the publishing industry as writers translate their craft and work to web-based scenarios. E-books, marketing and promotion via the Web and an overall look at the state of the publishing industry are examined. Don’t miss this opportunity to explore the latest trends in writing.

Our conference center is on Lake Mendota in the heart of the University of Wisconsin-Madison campus, easy walking distance from great restaurants, shops, bookstores, motels, the State Capitol and the Wisconsin State Historical Society.

Spend time on the University of Wisconsin-Madison’s famed Union Terrace, overlooking Lake Mendota and right next door to your conference center.

**Who is this conference for?**

All writers. The new, aspiring writer as well as the advanced writer. Writers of poetry, novels, nonfiction books, and freelancers aching to mine the Internet for dollars—we have something for each of you. If you have questions about which workshop best fits you, email or call the conference director at anytime.

**How to contact us**

Laurie Scheer, event director and on-site coordinator, 608-265-3972, lscheer@dcs.wisc.edu

Laura Kahl, program assistant and coordinator, 608-262-3982, lkahl@dcs.wisc.edu

For more information, please visit the Writer’s Institute website at: www.dcs.wisc.edu/lsa/writing/awi/
A Hunter on Safari in Africa

By Jim Herod

A neighbor I encountered in the post office in late October greeted me warmly. “Where have you been?” he asked.

“Africa,” was my answer. For me to say that I visited Africa in the short time I was on that continent is like a man from Cuba saying he had visited America when he spent only a little more than two weeks in Miami. More precisely, I should have said that I was in Kenya and Tanzania.

“Were you on safari?”

Two months earlier, I would not have liked that question. It was the word safari that bothered me. In my head, the word safari provoked an image of Gregory Peck and Susan Hayward in the classic movie The Snows of Kilimanjaro. I have a disdain for the wealthy, pampered class they represented in that movie. Be assured that no one has pampered this writer since being carried out of the delivery room more than seventy years ago.

I have learned, however, that safari is the Swahili word for trip. So, yeah. “Safari! That’s right.”

“What were you was hunting?” my friend asked.

I told him I was hunting a story.

“Reckon what caliber weapon he carried,” my neighbor said, laughing, as I was leaving the post office.

People go to Africa for different reasons. No doubt, you and I both know people who have been to Africa to see the Serengeti, the Masai Mara, and the Ngorongoro Crater. They want to see lions, elephants, buffalos, leopards and rhinos. These are called “The Big Five” for good reason: they are the hardest to kill. Not only that, but they could well succeed in killing the hunter, instead of the other way.

None of those five were what I was looking for. I was looking for a story. I wanted to find interesting people to populate the tale. I found them in the Maasai.

The Maasai are a nomadic people who long ago moved into Kenya and Tanzania from the area of the Nile River. Curiously, their spears and knives look like those the Roman soldiers carried centuries back. They live a disciplined life preserving their culture in the midst of African states which are forming democratic constitutions and electing representative governments.

I was impressed with these people because of their strong sense of unity within their communities, their insistence on self-determination, their self respect and desire for economic independence. They had a sense of purpose and a monotheistic faith. The rigor of their life is indicated by the answer I got to one of my questions.

“If a person chose to be Maasai, would he be accepted?” I asked.

The answer was an affirmative nod. And, then the Maasai spokesman smiled. “It is a hard life,” he said. “I don’t think you would want to be Maasai.”

Probably not. I was a successful hunter on safari, though, while I strolled amid the lions and jackals of the Serengeti. What weapon did I carry? Yes, that question. I carried a felt tipped pen, a rumpled yellow pad, and a desire for a little bit of solitude.
Aged Humor

Just before the funeral services, the undertaker came up to the very elderly widow and asked, 'How old was your husband?' '98,' she replied, 'Two years older than me' 'So you're 96,' the undertaker commented. She responded, 'Hardly worth going home, is it?'

Reporter interviewing a 104-year-old woman: 'And what do you think is the best thing about being 104?' the reporter asked. She simply replied, 'No peer pressure.'

I've sure gotten old! I've had two bypass surgeries, a hip replacement, New knees, fought prostate cancer and diabetes. I'm half blind, Can't hear anything quieter than a jet engine, Take 40 different medications that Make me dizzy, winded, and subject to blackouts. Have bouts with dementia. Have poor circulation; Hardly feel my hands and feet anymore. Can't remember if I'm 89 or 98. Have lost all my friends. But, thank God, I still have my driver's license.

My body has gotten totally out of shape, So I got my doctor's permission to Join a fitness club and start exercising. I decided to take an aerobics class for seniors. I bent, twisted, gyrated, jumped up and down, and perspired for an hour. But, by the time I got my leotards on, class was over.

It's scary when you start making the same noises as your coffee maker.

These days about half the stuff in my shopping cart says, "For fast relief"

THE SENILITY PRAYER:
Grant me the senility to forget the people I never liked anyway, The good fortune to run into the ones I do, and the eyesight to tell the difference..

Eventually you will reach a point when you stop lying about your age and start bragging about it.

The older we get, the fewer things seem worth waiting in line for.

Some people try to turn back their odometers. Not me! I want people to know 'why' I look this way. I've traveled a long way

You know you are getting old when everything either dries up or leaks.

First you forget names, then you forget faces. then you forget to pull up your zipper. It's worse when you forget to pull it down.
By Perry Stone
aka Paw Start-Over Joe,
the gallopin’ grammarian

What you don’t need to know first about contractions is English grammar actually starts around 450 AD. Before that the Brits garbled their words (using their own contractions) happily in the Celtic tongue. However nothing lasts forever. During the next 650 years the Angles, Saxons and the Jutes decided it was time for change and invaded Britain from across the North Sea.

The result of this aggression would be Wales, Scotland and Ireland housing the Celtic tongue, while the Germanic tribes, specifically, the Angles, brought English to Britain. Thus England was born and over the centuries Germanic and Celtic languages evolved into the first version of English, called old English, having its own contractions.

The second thing you don’t need to know about would be the fact that around the year 1066 The Duke of Normandy, old William the Conqueror himself, defeated England, and French became the language of the Royal Court and high echelon businessmen.

Of course this tweaked English even more as French words were integrated and adapted into the language. Again everyone spoke using their own contractions.

Nor do you need to know when English regained status as the controlling language in England. And, though everyone knows 1400 AD really upset the preverbal apple cart, it’s not necessary that you realize vowel usage at that time shifted and brought changes in pronunciation while, on toward the 16th century, world travel brought words and phrases from far away lands.

Finally, though interesting, it’s irrelevant whether or not you discover 1604 brought about the publishing of the first English dictionary.

Even though “Modern English” was, at that time, set in stone, ink actually, words kept evolving and changing. Once English speaking people sailed to America yet another version chiseled out its own style of linguistics and grammar by adding and subtracting old, middle and modern English. New words have derived from blending Irish, Polish, French, Spanish, German, Latin and African words, just to mention a few, over the centuries.

It is not a secret that every language has had/ will have its contractions. But it would not be appropriate to quote old William saying, “There’ll be hell for zzee Brits to pay,” when “There’ll” is a contraction spoken only in America English, which was unheard of at the time.

Basically contractions evolve through speaking. Quotation marks make using them legal in writing. However, novel writers have broken away from formal writing habits over the years, and contractions are now accepted, except in formal or business writing.

To be honest I never knew what a grammatical contraction was until recently asked a question about using them. It was like finding out I was using a pail for a bucket—what difference does it make?

My understanding about contractions is that you should use ‘em—if you aren’t writing a letter to the president or for some other important business affair. Don’t use them when it sounds wrong.

Actually, that was something else you did not really need to know, but knowing it won’t hurt anything probably.

Finally, contrary to what you don’t need to know, this article was composed by a fiction writer who until 10 days ago thought grammatical contractions had something to do with your vocal cords. Because of this, consider finding a compatible editor, who understands where you are trying to go and who will help you get there in your own write.

Happy Learn’n
Paw Joe

It’s (its?) always good to hear from my pal Paw Joe. However, I only ran this because I thought he was promising a piece on grandma’s contractions, and that woulda been some kind of tale.
Signs of the times

In a hotel:
TOILET OUT OF ORDER. PLEASE USE FLOOR BELOW

In a Laundromat:
AUTOMATIC WASHING MACHINES: PLEASE REMOVE ALL YOUR CLOTHES WHEN THE LIGHT GOES OUT

In a Memphis department store:
BARGAIN BASEMENT UPSTAIRS

In an office:
WOULD THE PERSON WHO TOOK THE STEP LADDER YESTERDAY PLEASE BRING IT BACK OR FURTHER STEPS WILL BE TAKEN

In an office:
AFTER COFFEE BREAK STAFF SHOULD EMPTY THE COFFEE POT AND STAND UPSIDE DOWN ON THE DRAINING BOARD

Outside a secondhand shop:
WE EXCHANGE ANYTHING - BICYCLES, WASHING MACHINES, ETC. WHY NOT BRING YOUR WIFE ALONG AND GET A WONDERFUL BARGAIN?

Notice in health food shop window:
CLOSED DUE TO ILLNESS

Spotted in a safari park:
ELEPHANTS PLEASE STAY IN YOUR CAR

Seen during a conference:
FOR ANYONE WHO HAS CHILDREN AND DOESN'T KNOW IT, THERE IS A DAY CARE ON THE 1ST FLOOR

Notice in a farmer's field:
THE FARMER ALLOWS WALKERS TO CROSS THE FIELD FOR FREE, BUT THE BULL CHARGES.

Message on a leaflet:
IF YOU CANNOT READ, THIS LEAFLET WILL TELL YOU HOW TO GET LESSONS

On a repair shop door:
WE CAN REPAIR ANYTHING.. (PLEASE KNOCK HARD ON THE DOOR - THE BELL DOESN'T WORK)

Thanks to Sandy Mickelson
Growing Up In Madison

Go-Karting

(second in a series)

By Ron Hevey

We were 1950s kids in constant motion and into machines that moved fast where we lived on Madison’s far-East Side. We raced our bikes on the dead end of Margaret Street until the preacher who lived there got tired of listening to our swearing. Jumping Jehoshaphat. We raced around the frozen hockey pond in Olbrich Park until our cheeks told us it was time for hot chocolate. We watched the Midgets reach breakneck speeds in Sun Prairie wishing we were the ones driving.

As 15 year-olds in 1956 adventure meant racing our own machines. A bunch of us - Rick Steimel, Jack Olson, Dick Koch, Bob Koppenhaver and yours truly - assembled go-karts that we called hot rods from 2x4s, wagon wheels and lawn mower engines. These contraptions looked like they came from Our Gang.

We pushed to start them, got a jolt when we hit the gas and dragged our feet to stop the things. Our speedy, dangerous hot rods were nothing like today’s sophisticated go-karts, starters for wannabe Danicas who dream of driving the Indy 500.

We took to the streets – a bad idea. Not that cops in Madison’s outlying areas were on the lookout for kids on go-karts. No, it was our moms and dads who mightily frowned on the idea. If driving on the street was bad news, racing there was downright insane. We needed a track.

We knew the perfect piece of parkland along Dennett Drive for a track. Why not get the Madison Parks Department to build one? When we arrived at the City/County Building, James Marshall, the boss, walked out from his office, listened to our idea and, a few days later, sent out a street grader. Our plan made so much sense that he went ahead to build us a track without fanfare, one built to our specs and challenging to learn. Our new track was built around a lone tree that shaded us when we pitted to catch our breaths or, more often, to fix broken cars.

Having the City of Madison build us a race track was incredible. Imagine a gang arrives unannounced today at the Madison Parks Department. They are greeted by the distinguished department head who listens while boys tell him they want to drive fast – on public property. Issues mount; committees must meet. Personal injury attorneys lurk, waiting to pounce.

“Sure, kids, I’ll get right on it.” Not.

Our membership grew to 21 during the two years of this teenage phase. We learned to wind out the engine, broad-slide around the dirt turns, and get a run down to the next corner. Hot rod designs improved too - steering wheels and streamlined bodies among them – a good thing not only for track-ability, but also for reliability. Still we spent as much time fixing karts as driving them.

An August 1956 picture shows us on our track:

The parkland where we raced our machines remains to this day vacant. It doesn’t have a name and never did. City lawn mowers keep it neat as they did fifty-some years ago. The more-than-handsome lone tree still stands: mature and spreading considerable shade. You would never know we raced go-karts there; nature has reclaimed the space – ruts our wheels wore are gone. Today’s neighborhood kids might have their own ideas on how to put this place to good use.
ADULT TRUTHS:

Part of a best friend's job should be to clear your computer history if you die. Immediately.

Nothing sucks more than that moment during an argument when you realize you're wrong.

I totally take back all those times I didn't want to nap when I was younger.

There is great need for a sarcasm font.

Obituaries would be a lot more interesting if they told you how the person died.

I can't remember the last time I wasn't at least kind of tired.

Bad decisions make good stories.

Can we all just agree to ignore whatever comes after Blue Ray? I don't want to have to restart my collection...again.

I keep some people's phone numbers in my phone just so I know not to answer when they call.

I would bet on any given Friday or Saturday night more kisses begin with Miller Lite than Kay.

I have a hard time deciphering the fine line between boredom and hunger.

How many times is it appropriate to say "What?" before you just nod and smile because you still didn't hear or understand a word they said?

I love the sense of camaraderie when an entire line of cars team up to prevent a jerk from cutting in at the front. Stay strong, brothers and sisters!

Shirts get dirty. Underwear gets dirty. Pants?

Pants never get dirty, and you can wear them forever.

Sometimes I'll look down at my watch three times and still not know what time it is.

Even under ideal conditions people have trouble locating their car keys in a pocket, finding their cell phone, and Pinning the Tail on the Donkey - but I'd bet everyone can find and push the snooze button from 3 feet away, in about 1.7 seconds, eyes closed, first time, every time.

The first testicular guard, the "Cup," was used in hockey in 1874 and the first helmet was used in 1974. That means it only took 100 years for men to realize that their brain is also important.

Ladies.....Quit Laughing.

--

Thanks to Amy Weymier, via Lisa Krenz
Dotty Jottings from Coach’s Journal

Doting Daddy doesn’t play favorites

We find God in the celestial breakroom, sticking a newspaper column on the refrigerator door. Carol scurries in, wearing the body of her chipmunk costume, the head tucked under one arm.

“Look what my son Clarence wrote this morning, Carol!” God calls out.

“Clarence again! You do dote on him.”

“I love his stuff!”

“But what about all those other writers laboring away? Wouldn’t it make them sad to know you like Mr. Page’s stuff more than theirs? That nice fellow in Madison who keeps getting his novels rejected, for example. He works awfully hard.”

God has a Dixieland jazz CD by the Firehouse Five Plus Two playing, and he pauses a moment to listen to the trombone riff on “Hold That Tiger,” beaming with pleasure.

“Oh, he’s one of my favorites, too. And I think he knows he’s no C.S. Lewis.”

“They can’t all be your favorites!” Carol protests.

“Why not? It isn’t a competition, Carol. Some of them eventually figure that out.”

He frowns. “Madison. Madison. Isn’t that where that woman, what’s her face, says all those awful things about my book?”

“Anne Gaylor.”

That’s the one. Did we ever figure out who’s trying to make her be religious?”

“No. Most folks just wish she’d be quiet.”

Carol begins tidying while God takes his cinnamon bagel from the confection oven and begins slathering it with peanut butter.

“Besides,” he says, pausing in mid slather, “only you angels use this room. How would anyone know whose piece was on the refrigerator?”

“Some angels have loose lips,” Carol says.

God watches her as she bustles around, swiping at countertops with a damp cloth while God takes a huge bite of his bagel.

“I love peanut butter,” he says. “Say, aren’t you supposed to be taking your break?”

“Oh, Mary of Magdala has been baking again, and she always leaves such a mess.”

“Hmmm.” God shakes his head. “Some of my writers do seem to feel diminished by the successes of others, don’t they?” He sighs. “As if it makes them shine any less brightly.”

“A real design flaw,” Carol muses, quickly adding, “I mean, if you ever made anything that wasn’t perfect, of course you don’t.”

There had been that little glitch on the Starship to Uranus Ride the week before, where a whole cart of passengers got dumped in the middle of hyperspace, and God had to dispatch a fleet of angels to catch them all and bring them back.

“All part of the learning, love. It’s how they become perfect, even as I am perfect.”

“But they’re such slow learners. In earth years, I mean.”

“All in my time, Carol. All in my time.”

Carol takes the knife God used to spread his peanut butter and washes it vigorously in the sink.

“What?” she says when she feels God’s eyes on her. “I thought cleanliness was next to Godliness.”

“Martha, Martha,” he says, quoting himself. “I know. One thing only is important.”

“Why don’t you go down to the free-o-lodeon when you get done leading the campfire songs tonight? They’re showing that wonderful Laurel and Hardy where the boys are trying to carry the piano up the stairs. Oh, I love those boys!”

“I think they’re more a guy’s thing, actually. I did want to see the feature again, though.”

“Haven’t you seen the Chronicles of Narnia several times already?”

“Yes,” she admits, catching herself as she starts to clean off the counter again and self-consciously hanging the damp cloth out to dry. “But somehow it’s always new.”

“It is indeed,” God agrees. “I do love that book. Go in peace, Carol. Have a wonderful evening.”

“I will, Daddy. Thank you.”

“Hang on a minute. I’ll come with you and take a stroll around Main Street. It makes them so happy when they see me. Such carrying on. All those hosannas.”

“They love you, Daddy.”

“I know,” he says, smiling. “And some of them are getting the hang of loving each other, too.”

“All in your time,” Carol says.

They leave, arm in arm, humming, “Hold That Tiger.”
An invitation to submit to Universal Rejection

Eliminate all uncertainty, anxiety

issued by Editor-in-Chief: Caleb Emmons
The Journal of Universal Rejection
The founding principle of the Journal of Universal Rejection (JofUR) is rejection. Universal rejection. That is to say, all submissions, regardless of quality, will be rejected. Despite that apparent drawback, here are a number of reasons you may choose to submit to the JofUR:
* You can send your manuscript here without suffering waves of anxiety regarding the eventual fate of your submission. You know with 100% certainty that it will not be accepted for publication.
  * There are no page-fees.
  * You may claim to have submitted to the most prestigious journal (judged by acceptance rate). The JofUR is one-of-a-kind. Merely submitting work to it may be considered a badge of honor.
* You retain complete rights to your work, and are free to resubmit to other journals even before our review process is complete.
  * Decisions are often (though not always) rendered within hours of submission.

Instructions for Authors
The JofUR solicits any and all types of manuscript: poetry, prose, visual art, and research articles. You name it, we take it, and reject it. Your manuscript may be formatted however you wish. Frankly, we don't care.

After submitting your work, the decision process varies. Often the Editor-in-Chief will reject your work out-of-hand, without even reading it! However, he might read it. Probably he'll skim. At other times your manuscript may be sent to anonymous referees. Unless they are the Editor-in-Chief's wife or graduate school buddies, it is unlikely that the referees will even understand what is going on.

Rejection will follow as swiftly as a bird dropping from a great height after being struck by a stone. At other times, rejection may languish like your email buried in the Editor-in-Chief's inbox. But it will come, swift or slow, as surely as death. Rejection.

Submissions should be emailed to JUniversal.Rejection@gmail.com. Small files only, please. Why not just send the first couple pages if it is long?

Subscriptions
An individual subscription may be secured for £120 per year (four issues). Institutional and library subscriptions are also available; prices will be provided upon enquiry. It is unknown whether the subscription will be delivered in print or as electronic content, because no one has yet ordered one.

Archives
March 2009 (Vol 1, No 1) contents: (empty)
June 2009 (Vol 1, No 2) contents: (empty)
September 2009 (Vol 1, No 3) contents: (empty)
December 2009 (Vol 1, No 4) contents: (empty - because we were on holiday)
March 2010 (Vol 2, No 1) contents: (empty)
June 2010 (Vol 2, No 2) contents: (empty)

Thanks to Sue Roupp who, like the rest of us, has been rejected a time or two, but by no means universally!
Coach’s Bullpen Briefs

Taliferro (TALL-uh-ver) has good tips for writers

On the first day of a years-ago class at the School of the Arts in Rhinelander, as I was calling roll, I came upon the name “Janet Taliaferro.” I think I made a friend right then by pronouncing her name correctly (TALL-uh-ver). I was able to do so because of a quarterback by that name in the old American Football League. (Shall I do the Groucho joke? Oh, why not? “What a quarterback named Janet was doing in the American Football League I don’t know.”)

All these years later, we’re still friends, and she’s gone onto to publish several wonderful books. Check out her Facebook page at www.facebook.com/Janet.M.Taliaferro. Lots of good writing about writing and information about Janet’s books. If you’re thinking about creating a writer’s Facebook page or Website on your work, you’d do well to check this out.

Hevey has good contest news

Ron Hevey sends along the good news from his eleventh try at a contest: “It is my pleasure to tell you that your entry, The Man Who Didn’t Marry Christina Frejma, has been awarded 49th place in Genre Short Story category of the 79th Annual Writer’s Digest Writing Competition. “They got some 12,300 entries in 10 categories,” Ron reports, “so I am happy with this outcome.”

Burke touts Dead Poets and Championship Season

Marsh: Just wanted to send my congrats on another great issue.

As a movie buff, I enjoyed the diversity of the top ten movies.

My own would include Dead Poet’s Society and the original That Championship Season made in my hometown of Scranton, PA. I observed that Championship Season up close because Jason Miller attended the same school a few years before me, and I also played for Coach Gallagher who told us to "go out there and cripple ‘em!" Miller changed a few things in his play and movie, but we were state champs for four years in a row.

The original movie was made in 1982 and was directed by Jason Miller. Starring Bruce Dern, Stacy Keach, Robert Mitchum, Paul Sorvino and Martin Sheen.

And here's a news flash I just read about: "The previously announced Broadway revival of Jason Miller’s That Championship Season, starring Kiefer Sutherland, Chris Noth, Brian Cox, Jim Gaffigan and Miller’s son Jason Patrick, has booked the Bernard B. Jacobs Theatre. The play will begin previews on February 9, 2011, and open on March 6, directed by Gregory Mosher. The Jacobs was home to Bloody Bloody Andrew Jackson, which closed January 2." That Championship Season centers on a group of former high school basketball stars who return home for a reunion 20 years after they won the state championship. Cox will play the team’s coach; the four teammates will be played by Sutherland (James Daley), Gaffigan (George Sitkowski), Noth (Phil Romano) and Patri (Tom Daley)."

So what goes around, comes around.

[PPS/ Be sure to check out the "original" 1982 version. Others were not as good.

Thanks, Ned. Let me add a plug here for Ned’s two excellent online magazines. As some of you know, I write a column called “Don’t Keep the Day Job” for TPW and will soon launch a series on “The Top Radio Voices of All-Time for YM. E.I. superstar Madonna Dries Christensen also writes for both zines.

PS: Robin Williams doing John Wayne doing Macbeth (“Is that a dagger I see before me, Pilgrim?”) alone should put Dead Poets on anybody’s top ten list.