
GARY LEE ENTSMINGER

The Fool on the Hill

Wherever you go this spring you'll find people discussing rollercoaster weather. Temperatures fall then rise. Drought becomes snow and rain, then heat and snow again. (*Everyday seems a little longer ... Love like yours will surely come my way. A-hey, a-hey-hey.*) One moment we worry about having enough water for summer gardens, the next—rivers overflow. It's a season of moods and tempos inspiring our third issue of the *Pinyon Review*, where writers and artists use diverse styles and techniques to share coinciding concerns.

Rob Walton's cover photograph of a spring blizzard looks a century older than it is. Julia Walton's fine art, "Storm Clouds Gathering," suggests the artistic complexity of something seemingly as simple as a storm. Richard Cecil's narrator in "Faculty Annual Report" "Trudged through snow / to school in January, through rain in May." In Gary Hotham's haiku "faultless weather / cherry blossoms scatter to places." In Kurt Heinzelman's "Cabbage Hauling" we see "the fractals of frost etched in each pane." Chuck Taylor's "cedars in my neighbor's yard seem to enjoy each other's company on cool October mornings."

Other poets and poems reflect each other. Kurt Heinzelman and Peter Waldor deliver finely honed views of high places, Kurt in his long poem, "Elevations: a Photoessay," and Peter in his poignant meditations in the San Juan Mountains. Andrew Hudgins and Diane Moore describe two men's observations while drinking (Scotch and rocks, mint juleps): one watches men and women flirt in a bar, the other watches his mint grow from a rotting screen porch. Dabney Stuart, Kurt Heinzelman, and Richard Cecil take us to Europe and into the hearts, souls, and imaginations of writers at home.

Dabney Stuart's coracle (a small wickerwork boat) echoes Mary Moran Miller's traditional yet entirely modern baskets, whose inspiration—"the architectural diversity of Manhattan and the rural simplicity of Massachusetts"—punctuates our theme of contrasts. Mary says her baskets "serve as references to the traditions of the past," and that resonates with the mood and setting of the first chapter of *Fall of '33*: "Turtle," where "something happened that changed everything."