

About The Wedding





Copyright © 2025 by dave boles

First printing, October, 2025

All rights reserved.

Printed in the United States of America.

No part of this book may be reproduced
in any manner whatsoever without written
permission except in the case of brief quotations
embodied in critical essays and articles.

Dedicated to

Mrs. America

Cover Art: *Feed The Beast*, by Bodhi

First Page: *HER*, by Bodhi

ISBN: 979-8-9988517-3-5

Library Of Congress Control Number: 2025946156

A LAKE HOUSE PUBLICATION

Cold River Press
15098 Lime Kiln Road
Grass Valley, CA 95949
www.coldriverpress.com

Preface

I wrote this play on May 23rd, 1985, in order to answer my fiancée's question as to why I had cancelled our wedding. Though there were many reasons for canceling the wedding, the primary reason that came to mind at the time was simple: I did not love her.

Her family was ecstatic when they heard of the cancellation. Never liking my presence, much less acknowledging it, they were the first to jump for joy at hearing such wonderful news.

I admit I felt bad about the whole thing, especially when my now ex-fiancée asked for a better reason and there was not a reason to give. Sure, I could have told her that her sleeping with anything that remotely smelled human tended to bother me. Or the fact that a misplaced cup in the cupboard would send her off for hours on end. The endless amounts of chemicals that were inhaled in order to calm her paranoia were certainly a reason too. None, however, struck a true chord with me as to why I decided to cancel the wedding and to move on.

A little after a year since my brother's death, I sat at my table, typewriter in front of me, staring out the window at a beautiful, star filled sky. The words "About The Wedding," appeared on the window and the rest poured onto the typewriter.

For so many years I had experimented with play writing, especially enamored with the works of Harold

Pinter, and Lawrence Ferlinghetti. The thought of condensing such a complex question into such a compact answer greatly appealed to my Buddhist nature and I spent the rest of the night writing the play, and answering the two questions that had bothered me for years: What is love? When do you know you have it?

In the morning, as the sun rose and the day unfolded before me, I set the original of the play on my now “not even close to speaking to me” ex-fiance’s doorstep and mailed the carbon copy to her parents. To this day I still cannot understand why I would have mailed off my carbon copy (this, in the era of pre-computer, was a grievous error).

My ex appeared on my doorstep three days later with a box of my possessions. Little things that you would tend to leave behind. Meaningless things. I opened the door and was met with my play thrown magnificently back to its creator. Screaming she wanted no part of me, especially my silly ass play, she stormed out of my life forever after giving a wonderful performance as a jilted girlfriend in purgatory over the loss of her love. Always the actress. Applauding her performance, I watched her walk down the sidewalk to her car where some guy I had never seen before with was waiting. She flipped me off and gave him a passionate kiss. I never saw her again.

Later that morning her parents called to tell me they were burning the play I had sent them, gleefully shouting into the phone that it was in now in ashes, they allowed me the courtesy of thanking them for the call before they slammed down the phone.

I placed my returned original copy into a leather satchel filled with my writing and pondered what had just happened; the only evidence of my efforts at deciphering love had just been given back to me. This had to be something significant.

* * * * *

Several years passed and it was now 1999. What would have been my 10th anniversary to the woman I did marry, had just passed; May 27th. Ironically, the anniversary of the day the play was returned to me.

Until that moment I had never realized the connection. In going through our divorce, an arduous adventure filled with profound soul searching and angst that I lovingly referred to as “the great unpleasantness,” I was constantly confronted with the question of love.

Did I really love my wife? Did she really love me? Was it a marriage, or was it a convenience that had come to its end? Again, I needed an answer.

Fourteen years after this play was written I attempted once more to find my answer which I believed lay buried deep within my aging leather satchel. It was not to be, I could not find an answer.

Putting the play back into the depths of its leather tomb, I began a series of long, storming relationships filled with screams of passion and desire while searching for a woman whose love could set the heavens on fire. Sweeter music was not to be heard when our bodies, our thoughts, our minds, would combine on

the canvas of life before us. And, yes, there were a few relationships in between that were not near as tawdry. One must maintain a balance, eh?

I spent years searching, listening, attempting to live a loving life, striving to reach the beauty that existed within love. A love not clouded with egos, and good looks. Not a “created” love...but love...real love. A love not complicated by possession, of this there was not doubt, but a love which was an incredible emotion shared of body and mind; the sharing of life, of love.

After many particular ecstatic unions of body and mind with women of profound depth, both spiritually and emotionally, I finally began to understand it was possible to love from the heart, from the soul, from the mind. I discovered other women, then yet another, and, ultimately, many more. The answer was not simple, yet, it was my belief still that it was fundamentally so.

Eventually the question I set out to answer so many years remained to be answered. In a synchronistic moment of fate I was once stumbled across my play once more. Long since packed away in the trusty satchel, the answer had been beside me the whole time. Illuminated by ignorance, I was too consumed with my own egotistical thoughts to understand the essence of what was already there.

After many years of struggling for an answer I reached into the leather satchel, now well worn from years of travel, pensively pulling out the play; an astute and appropriate place to begin my acceptance of the

long sought, but never found, answer.

Finally, ready to believe my thoughts on love as a much younger man would enlighten me, I opened the play and began to read. It is remarkably short and succinct and exact in its simplicity.

I never anticipated the play to be published, let alone performed. I wrote it in one night in an attempt to explain to my former fiancé, and to myself, what it was that I simply could not fathom.

Is any real meaning to be found in the ensuing words? Probably not. It is more than likely the shallow ramblings of a murky soul. But I do know one thing; I have come to the end of my search. I have found my answer. It was in front of me all along, I simply could not see it.

I present the play here, in its original form. Having completed the play in 1985 it is satisfying to see that all these years later not a word needs to be changed.

* * * * *

What happens from here is anyone's guess. In a moment of Jungian glee I discover the date I write this final preface is....May 27, 2010. The circle is complete. The play has reached its end. It is ironic that I end the circle on the same day that it was returned to me so many years ago. I will publish it.

* * * * *

Epilogue

I never did publish the play. I placed it back into the satchel and went traveling, yet again. This time, however, I ended my journeys with an accident that I thought for certain would permanently cripple me. In that it did, physically, for a while, would soon lend itself to becoming payment for the salvation it would bring.

During a long recovery where I had to re-learn basic functions such as walking, and driving, I sought to continue my quest for tattoo, filling my skin with images of an adventurous life well lived. It was during one of these tattoo sessions that an intriguing woman entered into my life. I was lying face down on the tattoo table when a woman with the sweetest voice walked over to me, asking me how long had I been collecting tattoo's? All I could reply was to what I could see; "Nice shoes."

We ended up dating, then moving in together, then married through my church, *The Church Of The Illuminated Monkey*. I call her Mrs. America, and I introduce her that way to this day. I have written several poems about her and our journeying through life together. Life, with Mrs. America, is indeed grand.

But in truth, we are as polar opposite as can be. I like abstract and surreal art. She likes wooden ducks on the wall. I like DaDa and Fluxus. She is still not certain what that is. The polarities are incredible and they remain incredibly diverse. Though one thing I know without a hint of doubt; I finally found my answer about love as

we continue to develop our love on a daily basis in a home we created on a lake that we call, Lake House, and I continue to further understand what I could not grasp all those many years ago.

What is that, you ask? I still cannot tell you in simple terms. But I know it is true. It is within the following pages. It's been there the entire time, right from the start. I simply could not see it. Perhaps it was within the first act. Perhaps the second. Perhaps it is woven through the entire play. You decide.

Is it an answer? A *feeling*? Could be that as well. All I know is that when it is discovered, this answer, this gift of love, you will instantly know. I pray it does not take you as long as it did for me to find it.

And what a great thing it was that I did find it — my satchel finally gave way! Though all things considered, I no longer needed it for storage. There's that Jungian synchronicity again.

dave boles

August 18th, 2025

Grass Valley, California

About The Wedding



Act I

Scene: It is morning. A man and a woman sit at a small kitchen table sipping their morning coffee. They are contemplating the facts of marriage and their love for one another.

(lights on)

Man: I love you.

Woman: I know.

M: Is it enough?

W: I'm not sure.

M: How will you know when you are sure?

W: I won't.

M: Oh. (sips out of cup as he looks down at table)

W: It's not that it has anything to do with you. It's me.

M: (looking up from table) But I'm a part of you. So I'm affected as well. (resumes looking at table)

W: I suppose. (pause) Will you pour me another? (holds out cup to him)

M: (taking cup and moving to stage left. Lifts pot and begins pouring) You know, perhaps it has nothing to do with us at all. (finishes pouring, adds cream and returns to table) Have you considered that?

W: (takes cup from him and looks at table) I'm not sure if I understand.

M: Well, I understand that I love you. That I cannot deny. However, through loving you I believe that I have come to love both myself and the world about me much more. More than I ever thought possible.

W: (giggles) I think you believe yourself a poet.

M: (smiling) Perhaps. But our feelings are real, nonetheless. We love each other, yet, at the same time, we're miserable. There must be an answer. (rises to fill cup, thinks for a moment, then sits back down) What is wrong with being a poet?

W: Nothing. Nothing at all.

M: (indignant) Then why bring it up?

W: (hesitates) It was merely a part of the conversation.

M: Merely? You view this conversation as "merely"? (pause) I suppose this is just another one of our "talks".

W: (irritated, rises from table) Yes, perhaps it is!

M: (shouting now) Well, why don't you find a conversation that offers you more?

W: All right then. (softly) Yes. I will. (moves to stage right) Goodbye.

M: (softly, while staring at table) Goodbye.

(woman leaves and man is left sitting alone. Lights dim, leaving a single, dim, spotlight upon him)

(pause)

M: (still staring at table) The poet! The poet! The poet! (looking up to where woman was sitting). Yes, I do believe myself the poet. (pause) Shall I tell you of my feelings now?

Now, after you have gone? Yes, perhaps I shall....very well, then....you've the poets body, the artist's breasts, the muse's touch and your taste.....yes, then....your taste delivers one from the depths of purgatory, from the very depths of hell itself! (shouting towards door) Now, how do you fancy that?

(lights brighten. With them comes a voice)

Voice: Terrible. But then what would you know of purgatory? What would you know of hell?

M: How's that? What is this? Voices? (looks around room, bewildered).

V: (lights remain dim) A voice, yes. But only one.

M: Whose voice? Satan?

V: If you choose.

M: If I choose?

V: Yes. If you choose, that is my voice.

(pause)

M: God?

V: That too, if you choose.

(pause)

M: (shouting in confusion) But she was just here. It was morning. We were having coffee. (looks towards woman's chair in disbelief)

V: Precisely. Now she is gone and you imagine yourself the poet in hell for her love. (laughing) Quite amusing, wouldn't you agree?

M: (looking first at woman's chair, then the door, then back to chair again) Yes! No! I mean...I don't know what I mean. I'm hopelessly in love. (looks adoringly at her cup)

V: (scoffing) Oh, come now! Have you ever been hopelessly in love before?

M: (indignant) Of course not! I've never been hopeless in anything at all. Not even the slightest. Why...

(all lights back on)

V: (loudly) Enough! You say the woman delivers you from hell? Well, indeed we shall see.

(lights black)

V: You shall have your chance to be delivered from hell.

(lights come on. Man and woman are sitting together at the table. They are holding hands and looking deep into each other's eyes)

W: I love you.

M: Yes. I know.

W: I've always loved you. Before I met you I loved you.

M: I as well.

W: I need you.

M: And I you.

(they embrace across the table)

M: Have you missed me?

W: Yes. Of course.

(pause)

M: I love you.

W: And I you.

(pause)

M: Not much of a conversation.

W: No. Not at all.

M: (brightly) Well, then, why don't you tell me of your day?

W: All right. (excited) Then you can tell me of yours.

M: Fine.

(pause)

W: There's nothing to tell.

M: Nothing?

W: (sighs) No. Nothing. Perhaps you?

M: No. Really quite boring.

W: Oh, you always lead such a fascinating life, surely something has occurred? (strokes his hand)

M: Well, (looking away) not really.

(pause)

W: Perhaps I should leave.

M: Yes, I think that best.

W: (rises to leave) I love you.

M: Yes. I know.

(woman walks out stage right. Again a dim spotlight appears, illuminating man sitting at table)

M: (talking to door) Yes. Then, goodbye.

(lights fade off. Black)

V: Are you beginning to understand?

M: I don't know.

(curtain drops end of Act I)

Act II

Scene: Same as Act I, with exception of mirror replacing woman in chair. Man sits alone at table with solitary spotlight upon him. He is facing the opposite chair, speaking towards the mirror.

(lights off. Single spot on man)

M: Yes I suppose that it is better this way. At least now when I have my coffee there is pleasant conversation to go with it. (raises his cup in a salute to mirror) Ah, this is how it felt in the old days. No problems to discuss. Nor a marriage to consider. Or reconsider. All there is, is time. Lots, and lots, of time. (again salutes mirror) Yes. Well, enough drabble. Tell me, how shall your day go? (changes to a higher voice) Well, I should start out rather slowly, seeing as how it is the middle of the work week and one must never rush the middle of a work week. (makes face at mirror) Really! Scientists have found the more stress

you put towards the middle of the work week the less enjoyable the weekend will be. (changes to lower voice) Oh, really? I wasn't aware of that. Interesting. (changes back to high voice) Yes, and that's not all. Why, just the other day I was reading another article that proved beyond a doubt that smoking in the workplace affects both your work and your health. (low voice) No! (high voice) Yes! Something to do with the layer of film the smoke leaves. Residue, I believe they called it. (low voice) Yes. Residue. (again salutes mirror with cup) Well, it has been simply wonderful spending coffee with you, my dear, but I must be going. Yes, till tonight then? (high voice) Yes, till tonight.

(lights off. Black)

(pause)

(lights on, revealing man sitting at table staring at stage door right)

M: No. Something is amiss. I'm not quite sure that this is any better than the other. No, I'm not quite sure at all.

(pause)

(lights off)

V: Ah, you mean your conversation is not amusing?

(pause)

M: No. Not at all.

(lights remain off)

V: I thought you were entertaining yourself quite well.

M: Well, I wasn't it.

V: Ah.

(lights on)

M: In fact, there is nothing I do by myself that I find entertaining.

V: Oh, come now. You said that life was much simpler without the problems of a relationship. Or, at least love.

M: Well, I lied.

V: To yourself?

M: Indeed.
(pause)

V: How do you suppose she is doing?

M: I don't know and I don't care.

V: Do you think she feels any different than you?

M: Of course she does.

V: Oh? And why would that be?

M: Because love is different for a woman than it is for a man. Everyone knows that.

V: Is that a fact?

M: Indeed it is.

V: Perhaps you would like to know what it is to be a woman and to feel love? A woman's love? Perhaps then you would know for certain if that is true. Have you considered that?
(pause)
(lights dim to a single spotlight upon man)

M: Of course. I've often wondered, longed, to understand what it is a woman feels. Why, I believe if I had the choice, I would prefer to be a woman in love. Not a man.

V: Without knowing what it is like beforehand?

M: It couldn't be worse.

V: I see.
(lights off)

V: Will you never learn?
(lights back on. Man is gone. In his place is a woman)

M: (shouting) What have you done?
(pause)

V: I've given you your wish. Happy?
(pause)

W: No! Change me back. (frightened) Now!

V: Without trying? Come now, give it a try.

(pause)

(looks at reflection in mirror)

W: But you've made me a redhead. A working class redhead.

V: (amused) Well, what is it you wish?

W: A blonde. A model. I want to be an attractive, blonde, model.

V: I see.

W: I want to really experience it, if I am to experience it at all.

V: (laughing) And that is by being a blonde instead of a redhead, or a brunette? Working class or otherwise?

W: Exactly.

V: You really are quite amusing.

(lights black. Pause. When lights return, woman is now an attractive blonde. She is no longer sitting at a kitchen table. Instead, she is seated alone at a bar.

(lights on)

W: (looking at small pocket mirror) Much better.

(man approaches from stage left. He is tall and muscular. His shirt partially opened.)

M: Hi.

W: Hello.

M: You're new here. Care to dance.

W: Not right now.

M: Okay. May I buy you a drink?

W: No. Really, I'm fine. I'm not looking for a pick-up.

M: I wasn't either.

W: Then what's the problem.

M: (shrugs his shoulders) Suit yourself. (walks off stage right)

(pause)

V: What was wrong with him?

W: Not my type.

V: I see.

(another man approaches from stage left.
He is dressed in a suit. Very regimental.)

M: Hello.

W: Hello.

M: May I buy you a drink?

W: (looks at man approvingly) Please. I'll have a gin.

M: Waiter? Two gin's please. (pause) You're very attractive.

W: (smiles) Thank you.

M: In fact, you remind me a little of my ex-wife.

W: (hesitates) Your ex-wife?

M: Yes. A thorough bitch. But beautiful beyond words. What's your name?

W: Um, I think I'd rather not have that drink after all. I think I'd rather be alone.

M: (bewildered) Is it something I said?

W: (reassuringly) No. Not at all. It's just that.....I'd rather be by myself after all.

M: (patting her arm) I understand. Rough day at the office? (rises) Nice meeting you. Perhaps in the future?

W: Sure.

(man walks off stage right)

V: And him?

W: Oh, come now! I remind him of his ex-wife, who was a thorough bitch but beautiful beyond words? No, not hardly.

V: Well, I'm sure there will be more.

W: Let's hope not.

(man approaches from stage left. He is balding and is not muscular. His shirt is open to the waist.)

M: Helloooooo beautiful! How about a drink!

W: Ummmmmm.....

M: (leans towards her) Ah, come on. One drink isn't going to kill you.

W: (leans back) No, I think I'd rather not.

M: (leans closer) Listen. (leans closer still and whispers into her ear)

W: (look of shock comes across her face) How dare you! (slaps man on face) How dare you say that to me.

M: (shouts back indignantly) Look, sister, if you don't want to play you shouldn't go to the playground. Get it?

(man walks off stage right in disgust)

W: (Hysterically) My god.....do you know what he said to me?

V: (laughing) I can harbor an educated guess.

W: He wanted me to go home with him and.....and.....well.....can you believe that?

V: That's all he said to you? That's it?

W: (exasperated) You know what he said. Is there more?

V: How long would you like to stay?

(another man approaches from stage left. He is of average build. His appearance is average as well.)

M: Hello. Listen, I saw the other's trying to pick you up.

W: So? Does this make you one of them?

M: (laughs) I figured you'd might want company to keep the fools away.

W: I suppose you're going to tell me how to do that?

M: I would.

W: (looking away) I see. I suppose you'd like to buy me a drink now. Am I right?

M: (laughing) Actually, I thought you'd buy one for me.

W: (turns and looks directly at him) What!!!!

M: Sure. For sitting with you. (pulls out a small black book) Say, listen, you're kinda cute. Mind if I have your number?

(before woman answers man begins thumbing through his book)

M: Let's see, you look like a Kathleen.....no, no a Lori.....no, I think it might be you're an Elizabeth. Right? Here, would you like to have mine? (holds out a card)

W: (violently stands from table) No! I most certainly would not. (screaming now) Get away from me!

(lights off)

End of Act II

ACT III

Scene: Man and mirror are at table, but have switched chairs. Scene opens with a single spotlight upon man.

M: (staring off) I thought I was destined for something great. Something grand. (pause) I had thought myself an artist. A passionate soul.

(lights off)

(silence)

M: (lights slowly come on as man speaks) Yes, I admit I have made a mistake. But I do not understand the mistake I have made. Do you understand? Do you hear me? I do not understand my mistake? Do you hear?

(silence)

M: I admit my sins. I admit to a dark and sordid mind. I am sorry for my fits of rage.

I truly am sorry. I have made mistakes. Grievous errors. But can I not correct them? (stares towards stage right) I can! I can correct the mistakes! If only I could understand.

(silence)

V: You give in easily. Perhaps you have not made a mistake at all.

M: Then what? Is it all merely in my mind? Is that it?

V: Perhaps. But whatever may be, you do give in easily.

(silence)

M: Go away.

V: By the way, what was wrong with the first man?

M: Mister Greek God? What would I have been to him but yet another conquest.

V: How do you think he viewed a tall, attractive blonde? Perhaps as a Greek Goddess? Perhaps a conquest, yes, but would you, as a

man, have not thought this way too?

M: Perhaps. Yes.

V: You didn't make it past your first episode of dating and you are ready to throw in the proverbial towel? Come now! One more sporting chance. What do you say? Perhaps you would be more comfortable as a "working" girl?

M: No! No! You win! All right? You have won. I was wrong about that as well. You've won, now let me be.

(silence)

V: Have I? Have I won?

(man gets up from chair, moving about room while talking)

M: At first I understood it to be an easy, almost simple, task. I thought it to have its difficult moments, understand. But I thought it to be an easy task nonetheless.

(silence)

M: I was wrong. It is a most complicated task,

this business of love. I had thought myself an intelligent man...yet.....now.....I seem the fool.

(silence)

M: But the feelings of being the fool in love, the poet in love, the broken man fallen from his love....they were all so real.....so possessive. I felt, the primal soul within. I suppose it was this that frightened me most. I had thought myself "civilized". (pause) If only she would return.

V: Do you believe her to be gone?

M: (incredulously) Of course. (waves his hand about the room) She's not here, is she?

V: Was she ever here?

M: What do you mean?

V: Was she with you just now when you were attempting to love like a woman? (laughs)

M: (staring at floor) All right. It was a just lesson. I see your point. Yes, she was with me.

V: You attempted to act as she would have acted?

M: Of course.

V: So, did you experience her love then?

M: No. I believed I could. I could not.

(silence)

V: You don't find this strange, attempting at finding how your partner loves by becoming her?

M: Yes. I suppose. What else am I to do?

V: Listen.

M: How's that?

V: Listen. Listen to your partner. Listen to what she says.

M: But I do.

V: According to you. But perhaps you do not.

M: (pleadingly) Then teach me how.

(lights off. Flashing pictures of woman appear on the back wall. She is mouthing the words....I want you....I need you.....I

love you. There is no sound. Silence. As the pictures continue to flash their speed increases until the pictures become a single blur of motion. Silence. Pictures stop.

(lights on)

(man is standing in silence, staring at wall)

V: Have you ever listened to her without the sound?

M: No. Never.

V: Emotions do not need sound. They are conveyed through understanding. A mutual understanding.

M: Yes. Of course. I have been a fool. I can see it now. When I was sitting in the bar I hung on every word the man would say. I would watch his every move.....a vulture, waiting for the death of a lamb.

(pause)

M: Yes! Of course! How could it possibly be conveyed through words? Through spoken sounds? It far surpasses the boundaries of language....the agony of love.

(picks up woman's cup)

M: When I look at something that belongs to her I can feel her presence. So close. So near. It is as if she is here herself. (lifts cup up) A cup cannot speak. A cup cannot love. But when I know it to be her cup it speaks volumes and loves endlessly. Yes! Yes! Of course!

V: I think you believe yourself an artist. A poet.

M: (looking up) How's that? That is what she would say. Who are you? Are you me? My inner voice?

V: If that is what you choose.

M: Am I that far gone that I can now hear my inner voice out loud?

V: Must there be explanations for everything that occurs? You wished to understand love. Her love. Your love. (pause) Do you understand? Now? Right now?

M: Yes. I believe I do. The pictures. It is all so simple now. There is no understanding at all, is there?

V:	What do you believe?	(man picks up woman's cup)
M:	I believe that it is all feeling. There is no voicing the feeling, there is no audible sound, that can describe love. So, there is nothing to understand at all. All there is, is to believe. Not to understand, but to believe. I do believe. I do. I believe.	M: I think we should have this for our cup.
	(lights off)	W: Really?
V:	And I believe as well.	(pause)
	(voice is that of the woman. Lights come up. Man and woman are sitting at the table, having their morning coffee)	(man leans over table and kisses woman)
W:	So, what do you think?	M: I love you.
		W: I know.
M:	(mouth open, looking about) What?	(pause)
W:	What do you think?	M: (mouths the words...I want you....I need you.....I love you)
M:	About what?	W: (mouths the words...I want you....I need you.....I love you)
W:	About the wedding? (gives man a curious look) Should we have it early or late? Should we have a lot of friends or a simple family gathering? Should we have champagne or a fine wine, for our wedding cup?	(single spotlight upon them as they sit at table holding hands)

- END -

Other works by dave boles:

Do Aluminum Chickens Eat Metal Feed?

Media Dissertation Of A Balding Man

A Small Answer To A Large Question

*ALIVE IN AMERICA: Politics,
Psychedelics & An Illuminated Monkey*

CABO DAYS

Confessions Of A Black Ink Junkie

*15 Days To Slow The Curve -
One Mans Journey Into The
Heartland Of Absurdity*

Paths Of Emptiness

About The Wedding

Coyote Magic

Coyote Vision

OFFERINGS

Homage To A Word

Excursions Along The Way

WAR



dave boles, founder of the alternative literary and visual magazine, Primal Urge, developed Cold River Press in 1990 to promote regional writers and artists. His press and focus eventually grew to international levels of publishing with the anthologies VOICES and QUIET ROOMS. He has published, designed, edited and written numerous books, magazines, articles, ads and periodicals. His publications, graphic design and artwork have won him acclaim in an over forty year career.

A lifelong student of Magic and Spiritualism, he holds degrees in Psychology, and a Doctorate of Divinity in Theosophical Studies, developing The Church Of The Illuminated Monkey, where he holds the position of Gringo Shaman.

Living in Northern California at his beloved Lake House with his wife, Mrs. America, and numerous animals, he chronicles his devotion to the ancestors writing of ancient mysticism through his *Coyote Series*, a series of epic poems that detail the spiritual and mystical wisdom of the ages.

ABOUT THE WEDDING is published in a limited edition of 200 copies.

Text: Body is Adobe Garamond Pro, 10pt leading 13pt, Poem headings are in Iskoola Pota Bold, 10.5pt leading 13pt, stretched 110 percent horizontally, with a horizontal skew of 10°. Page numbers are 8pt Adobe Caslon Pro.

Cover: Cover artwork, *Feed The Beast*, by Bodhi. Book title is based on the typeface Tristan, modified, beveled and air-brushed.

Paper: Interior pages are printed on 60# white 3.7 Caliper, 541 PPI. Soft Cover is printed on 12pt Cover stock 541 PPI and gloss laminated before binding.

Printing: Text was printed on an Océ 6250 digital printer. Cover was printed using a Xerox Versant 3100.

Binding: Book is soft cover perfect bound.



Beautiful honesty, surprising honesty, in the text and in the play. Nothing brutal. It's an easy-to-get-into musing on the kindest answers possible to the hardest questions ever asked—Do you love me? What is love? The preface, epilogue, each scene, each act, provide new ways to search your heart and mind. Bravo!

Benito Vila, poet and journalist

The play explores one young person's search for an explanation of how he experiences Love and what it all means as his impending wedding is suddenly cancelled. This is one of those eternal quests with little or no resolution. The play is - at turns -interesting, amusing, and bewildering. It is always engaging. Also in this book is a seven-page section containing a Preface and an Epilogue. These pages are just as important, and as interesting, as the play. The author brings us some history of the writing of the play, how it rested, then how it was revived over its lifetime. This is a story of an Artist at work, looking at the same questions from different viewpoints offered by age. Buy this for the play, keep it for those seven extra pages.

jim bourey, poet, author of *The Distance Between Us, Out There and Back Again*, co-author of *Season of Harvest*, and our various selves.

COLD RIVER PRESS

\$10.00 US

