



REBEL

FORTY-SEVEN



REBEL
FORTY
SEVEN

REBEL
FORTY
SEVEN

REBEL
FORTY
seven

NON-FICTION ► FIRST PLACE

AMERICAN LOSERS

Jerry Mathes II

OLÉ! And surged, my feet had never known such swiftness, thinking my legs couldn't pump any faster and it was a dream where I buck a wind, going nowhere, full speed. The sangría, drunk in luscious sips before I stood astride cobblestones, roiled my gut and drained lead into my feet—bulls don't care about trendy running shoes, only my ass and their horns. The village, Arcos de la Frontera, erected on a cliff's edge that drops into a chasm thousands of feet down, thousands of years before El Cid and Don Quixote and sunflowers had yet to droop under the weight of progeny. **I CANNOT HELP MY CONQUEROR'S STRIDE—IT DISTANCED ME FROM THE DESERT AND HER.** Blue haze broke on the distant rim where a Roman aqueduct anchored a far shore, and the train from France penetrated the Moorish frontier.



The French rail cashier had asked me if my ticket was for the frontier. I'd flown from the American West where my family had lived in a desert tent for over a year, and didn't know Europeans meant border instead of a place for my father to escape the Cong, and lose the illusion of sharecroppers' kids getting a piece of their own. **THE RELICS OF WAR BLEW ASHORE IN TROPICAL DEPRESSIONS**—my brothers and I couldn't know our somersaults looked like men catching mortar rounds, as rockets whistled over the wire from bamboo battlements; we were all soldiers in the siege. No one descended to wrestle until dawn by the bank of a dry wash. Redemption in the shade of a rock never lasts.

The desert is wide, exposed, and someone could wander for days fixed on the horizon arriving nowhere, emerging everywhere. In the desert I met her, and we sucked water from cactus pulp and pollinated blossoms under the heat and hate of adolescence. We sketched figures in the sand, searching for why holy men hallow wastes.

ON THE MOTORCYCLE, THE CURVE OF HER BACK ARCHED BREASTS HIGH INTO MY SHOULDERS, STRAINING FOR KISSES. IT WAS A TRIP TO DIE ON. HEAT EXHAUSTION PREYED IN THE SHADOWS AND WE PAINTED DIFFERENT VISIONS OF THE DAY.



Spanish girls in American jeans danced, stomped and snapped their fingers through summer air. The crowd raised a coliseum cheer—like when the hometown boy sticks a dagger in the foreigner's throat. Colored blouses twirled in light, smiles and winks, señoritas swirled around ringing guitar chords, castanets clacked *allegro assai staccato* as satin hair blurred, drawing arcs before the bulls. Hoof-struck stone vibrated as horns like soaring scythes slashed through white cotton and blood colored sashes. I wanted a café con leche and a Cruz Campo Beer, wired and altered in a Byronic vision. **THE SMELL OF BLOOD, VOMIT, AND SHIT WAS TRAPPED IN THE STREET.** I tasted the bulls' dust that hung golden around them. When life hands you death, you have nothing to give back.



AND THE WINNER IS—the Academy Awards played live on TV, as we farewell fucked each other like it was the first time under L.A. twilight, because what else were we supposed to do when she moved out to be on her own after three years of thinking we would never tire of the beach, and each believed it was the final one, because it wasn't fucking that faded. We had never married, each our own oldest friend, and groped between the madness of possibility and nostalgia—missing each other while sharing air. Haze of chamomile and sandalwood rolled blue in candlelight, we sweated the smell. Rhine wine stained sheets. Her new boyfriend worked a counter in Westwood thinking I'm riding the high desert horizon beyond El Cajon into the depression of Death Valley. It's never said—everyone knows who the losers for best actor and actress are.



Something romantic in the ear about Spanish frontier, yeah. The rail station was loud with violins, guitars, steel tracks and wheels, as backpacks and business suits, legionnaires in stiff kepis blanc, and Euro-hippies dragging ragged cuffs fold francs for their passing of musicians. I spent the night before on a hostel's floor while a Vietnamese kid squatted and beat-off to porn under a Victorian lamp. In the morning, I dropped out a window. Postcards and

travel brochures never mention gypsies waving broken bottles, Brazilian prostitutes, live sex shows, or street performers fucked up on hashish, but should.



SEX UNDER THE OVERPASS—THE LAST OF THE FAREWELLS—EXQUISITE OUTSIDE BARSTOW'S EXIT, AS FAR AS SHE'D GO BEFORE I HAD TO RIDE THE VEGAS—BOUND BUS SATURATED IN THE DARK ODOR OF WINE AND ORGASM.

The two of us, swaddled in the red interior of her gray F-150, the windshield confused with steam the defroster couldn't clear; we talked of later, but not like when we rode, kissing through motorcycle helmets at eighty. I hadn't realized love had swallowed so much. My passport, empty.

Muscles under shadowed hides, swollen offerings for the matador, and brown skin wet from bodies are twisted and crushed—sliding on stones splattered for tradition's sake. Air heated, the sun an inquisitor. **A WOMAN SPUN, HANDS HIGH, REACHING HER ARMS TOWARD THE SKY, THEN TO ME, HIPS FLAMENCO OUT OF REACH OF BULLS AND I HESITATED AT THE PLAZA, CAUGHT BY THE GLIMPSE OF BLACK HAIR LIKE A MIRAGE UNDER THE SPANISH SUN.** Bulls and her merged and blurred, voices twined with music—the raw rush of hooves, the rapid tap of high heels in the open air cantina—and I didn't know which was more terrifying or alluring.

SURROUNDED BY FRONTIERS, CHINGALOS.



that on the one hand, because of the high level of
technical expertise, the industry is a very specialized
one.

Under the terms of the agreement, the company
will receive a 50% share of the profits of the
joint venture. The company will also receive a
50% share of the profits of the joint venture.
The company will also receive a 50% share of
the profits of the joint venture.

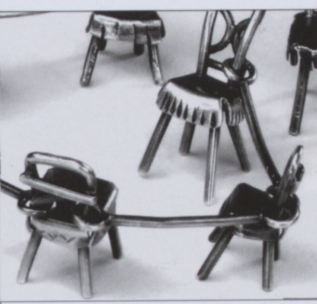
The company will also receive a 50% share of
the profits of the joint venture. The company
will also receive a 50% share of the profits
of the joint venture. The company will also
receive a 50% share of the profits of the
joint venture.

The company will also receive a 50% share of
the profits of the joint venture. The company
will also receive a 50% share of the profits
of the joint venture. The company will also
receive a 50% share of the profits of the
joint venture.

FIRST PLACE



THIRD PLACE



SECOND PLACE

HONORABLE MENTION

METAL DESIGN

ROSE LOCKET

Kathryn Osgood

MIM'S TREASURES

Barbara Hutchins

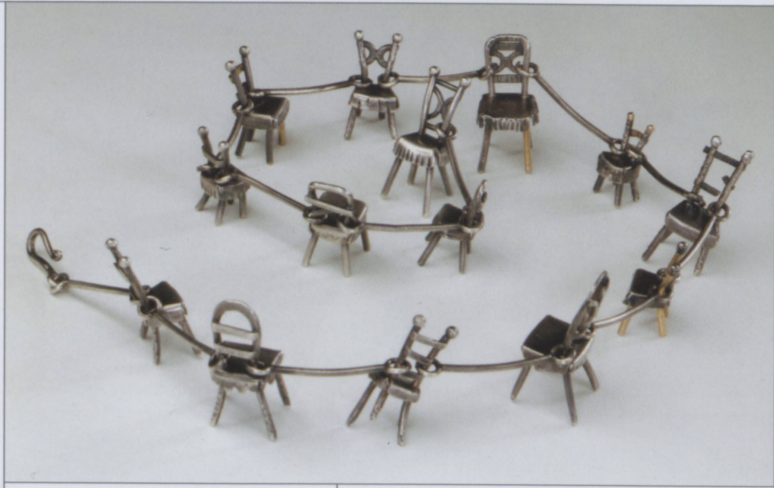


• 3" × 1.5" × 0.5"
brass, sterling silver, and enamel

ROSE
LOCKET

IMPAIRED CHAIRS

Adrienne M. Grafton



• 15" × 0.5" × 0.5"
sterling silver, 14k gold



MIM'S TREASURES

Barbara Hutchins

5" × 3" × 3"
sterling silver, copper and bronze

COLLAPSING CHAIN MESH CHALICES

Sharon Massey

6" × 3" × 3"
sterling silver



THE OVERRATED FRENCH HORN PLAYER, AND FRIEND

Lexie Moreland

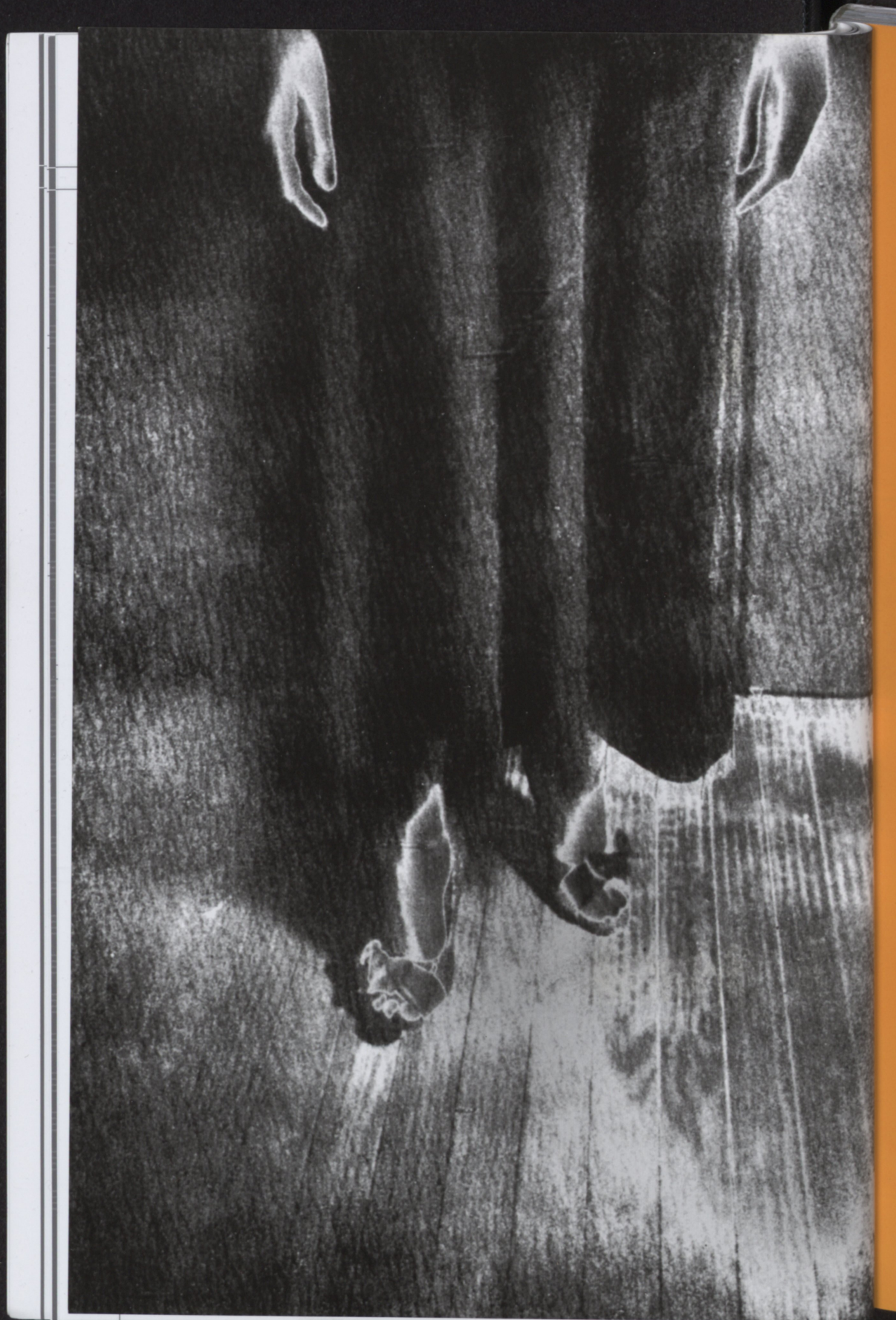
Odd
 how the music was secondary
 to the cascading folds of her skirt, black
 ballooning, then deflating
 landing parallel
 as she cheated on her French horn for air
 hardly evident by mouth
 yet, the skirt
 gave her away

And the token piano player,
 a mere fill for the French horn's cleaning:

**VIGOROUSLY TWISTING AND TURNING
 TUBES WITHIN TUBES
 BLOWING SALIVA
 LISTENING TO IT CLING AND SLIDE
 AGAINST THE BRASSY INSIDES**

but her hands
 tumbled out, a fine team of gymnasts
 onto the keys
 her chunky knuckles reflected
 a rhythmic dance
 against the black
 tinted blue shine

**NOT ONCE DID I SEE HER ACTUAL HANDS
 OR HER SKIRT.**



NOT ONCE DID I SEE HER ACTUAL HANDS
OR HER SKIRT.

ILLUSTRATION

• REBEL

HERMAN
MELVILLE

FIRST PLACE



THIRD PLACE



as freedom is a bestraw
or truth can live with right and wrong
or molehills are from mountains made
—long enough and just so long
will being pay the rest of seem
and genius please the talentang
and water most encourage flame

as hatracks into peachtrees grow
or hopes dance best on bald men's hair
and every finger is a cow
and any courage is a fear
—long enough and just so long
will the impure think all things pure
and hornets wait by children stung

or as the seeing are the blind
and robins never welcome spring
nor flatfolk prove their world is round
nor dingeters die at break of doong
and millstones flat

SECOND PLACE

HONORABLE MENTION

ILLUSTRATION

HERMAN MELVILLE

William Burkert

24" × 18"
digital output





24" × 18"
digital output

SALT & PEPPER

Ryan Kittleson

KNOCKOUT

Ryan Kittleson



• 24" × 18"
colored pencil

SELECTIONS

Heather Mallory



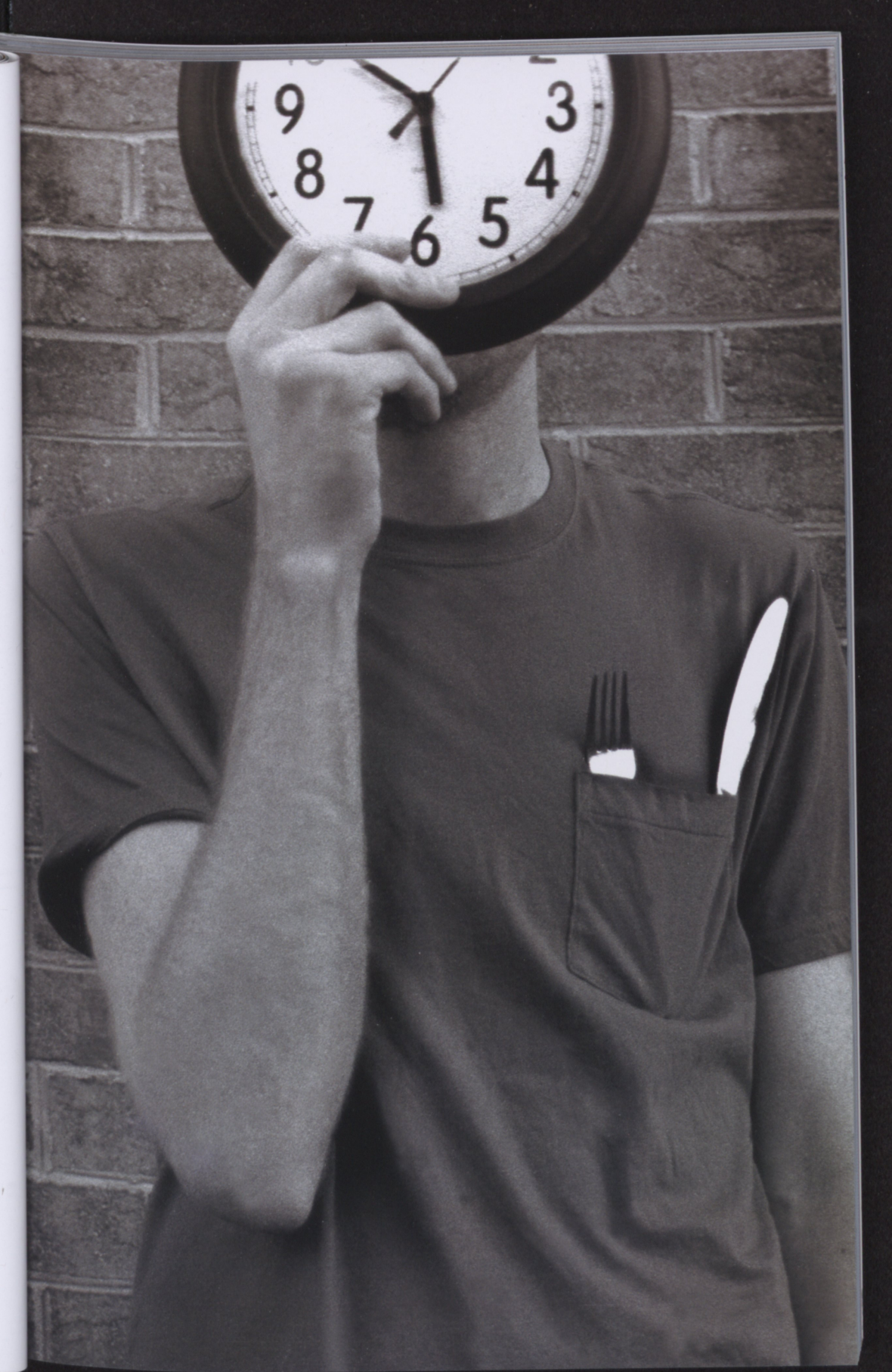
• 8.5" × 6"
pen and ink, digital output

TEMPORAL FLAVORS

Christopher Neal

For what it's worth,
I could afford to buy time
by the ounce,
gluttonously gaining
pounds and pounds of extra wait,
devouring Dali clocks
like limp globules of pasta.
In the blazing metabolism of my youth,
this larder of hours
is a horn of plenty.

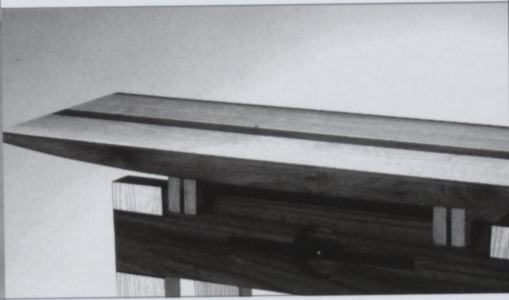
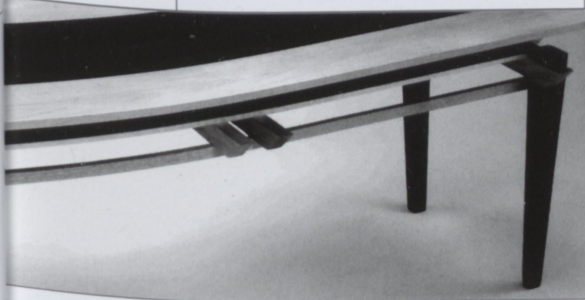
I think of poor grandfather,
clocked,
cocked but not firing,
no generations left to waste.
As we sit down to the cookout of
WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE,
well-seasoned,
The sun pushes grandfather's shadow
To swallow mine,
And with eyes shut reverie-tight,
He goes on and on about the taste,
Which in his pantry of years,
He cannot seem to place.



WOOD DESIGN

UNTITLED

FIRST PLACE



SECOND PLACE

WOOD DESIGN

UNTITLED

Vicky Sawyers

• REBEL



18" × 4" × 18"
maple, walnut and steel

PROGRESSION

Stewart Kent



• 48" × 30" × 20"
ash, padauk, walnut and ebony



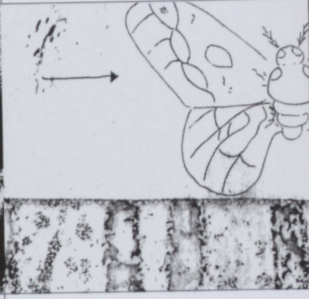
PRINTMAKING

• REBEL

PRINTMAKING

FIRST PLACE

HONORABLE MENTION



SECOND PLACE

PRINTMAKING

CHECK-IT SERIES

Janie Askew

REBEL



• 27.25" × 5"
intaglio



4" × 4"
intaglio

UNTITLED

Arron Foster

UNTITLED

Arron Foster



10" × 8"
intaglio





CEMETERY OF ROSES

Brandy Harman


As I gaze across the silent sea of stone, the reality of the sorrow of each plot overwhelms me like the chill of the uncharacteristic breeze in the air today. I can't remember the last time it was so cool on an October afternoon. Each one of the stones before me was hand-selected and carved painstakingly to match the person it would serve into eternity. The names and dates were etched into the marble so those left behind could never forget. Some have large letters that grab the attention of the beholder right away; some have small, subtle print that you must strain to read. The veterans' all have the same message: name, rank, date of birth, and date of death—all in small print. The ones with carved pictures are the most interesting to me because they were chosen by scanning a book. The relative, or relatives, must have searched through many pictures of angels, hands, or pictures of Jesus to find the exact one that symbolized their beloved's wedge of time.

HOW A LIFE CAN BE REPRESENTED BY ONE PICTURE, I'LL NEVER KNOW. HOW AN ENTIRE FAMILY COULD AGREE UPON THAT PICTURE IS EVEN MORE INTERESTING TO ME. MY FAMILY CAN'T EVEN AGREE ON DINNER. I GUESS SADNESS HAS A WAY OF BRINGING PEOPLE TOGETHER.

This public cemetery is larger than the small family ones that I grew up near. The cemeteries from my hometown had only fifteen or twenty headstones out in a pasture somewhere in the country. Salisbury, North Carolina wasn't known for its big city amenities and the cemeteries were no different. There are hundreds of lines of loved ones in this one, filling the flat land surrounded by a chain fence. I look around and see only headstones. I hear the cars off in the distance, but stones, trees, and a long fence block them. I wouldn't be here, hidden in a dark corner of the world, if it wasn't for a writing class, but that glorious "A" was dangling in front of me. It had been an entire year since I received a "B." I would do everything I could to continue my streak.

As I continue through the empty rows of what once was life, one catches my eye. It is in the very back section, surrounded by monuments with gaudy pictures and artificial flowers. "Hosea Catlin Kilpatrick 1927-1996," is written on the front of it. **THERE ARE NO PICTURES OR CUTE SAYINGS, JUST THE NAME AND DATES OF BIRTH AND DEATH.** It is composed of a gray stone that I know would glisten in the sunlight. Unfortunately, it is a fall afternoon, and the sky is filled with gray clouds. The edges are smooth and formed into a perfect rectangle that looks as if it is growing from the freshly manicured grass. The only eye-catching, stunning detail about this particular headstone is the bouquet of freshly cut roses—not lilies or daisies or carnations, but roses. Bright red ones that scream love and are only given to the ones whom you feel the most passion for. These were beautiful, almost perfect. Each petal forms perfectly the desired curvature of a rose. There are no painful thorns along the stem, just smooth, sleek stalks. All twelve seem to mirror one another in excellence.

I wonder who left them. It could be the husband she left behind, her last boyfriend, or even the electrician she may have had an ardent affair with. Someone loved her enough to pay forty bucks to a florist for a bouquet of flawless flowers the recipient would never see. I can only wish to have a love that strong in my life; five years after her death, someone is still in love with her. My life has not been as kind. I'm 23, divorced, and struggling to make ends meet just so I can get an education and become a lawyer. Sometimes I often wonder whether I made the right choice when I chose to have a career over being a housewife. All the women in my life, my grandmother, mother, and sister, believed I would become restless if I only settled for love. My mom and grandma settled for love and regretted it; they didn't want me to feel the same way. I'm not so sure though. **COMPANIONSHIP SEEMS SUCH A DISTANT MEMORY.** I wonder if she ever had to make that decision. Did we have any similar life experiences? Did she accomplish her dreams? Did she have children? Her life must have been filled with joy; at least I hope it was.

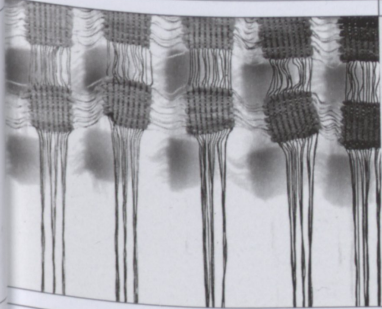


TEXTILE DESIGN

• REBEL

TEXTILE DESIGN

THIRD PLACE



FIRST PLACE

HONORABLE MENTION

TEXTILE DESIGN

RECYCLED DYE

Kelly Kye



• 70" x 50"
fiber-reactive dyes, cotton thread and cheesecloth

• 72" × 36"
fiber and wood



PROGRESSION 2

Jarus Dolf

CONFIDENCE

Hannah Robson



72" × 72" × 2"
silk painting

A PRETTY PINK

Justin Flythe

I've written down the heart and soul
and pain that lead to rock and roll,
left in to wash with red t-shirts,
all pink because of negligence.

**I'LL SOON FIND THAT I'M MUCH TOO OLD
FOR CHILDREN'S SONGS,**

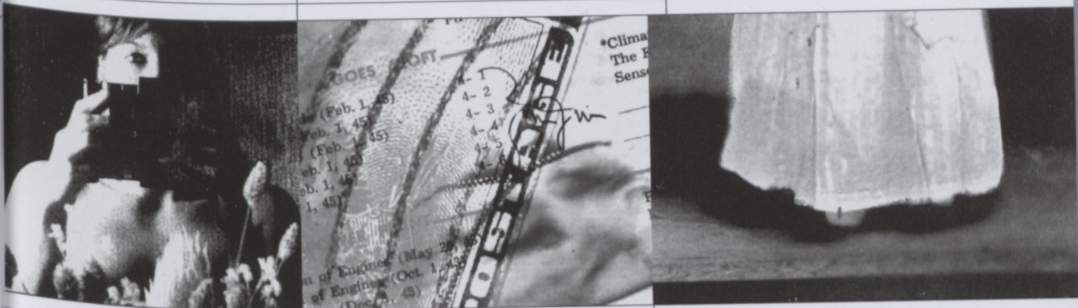
and what we called,
a renaissance of pretty names,
of real music about the things
that we called life, we called our own.
We called them out on telephones
to market them and find our gold
and find our wealth and then grow old.



DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY

FIRST PLACE

THIRD PLACE



SECOND PLACE

DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY

THE DAY AFTER OUR LAST DAYS TOGETHER

Brie Castell



12" × 12"
digital output

BURNED LIKE THE MORNING

Jason Mathis



SENSE OF POSITION IN FLIGHT

Jason Mathis

7.5" × 7.5"
digital output



BURNED LIKE THE MORNING

Jason Mathis

15.5" × 11.5"
digital negative and cyanotype

FICTION ► FIRST PLACE

MARY HAD
A LITTLE
THIS, WHOSE
FLEECE WAS
WHITE AS
THAT...

John Whitlow

She decided the time had come to fess up. The charade had been going on for far too long. Ever since Mary's sheep unexpectedly followed her into class that historic morning, everyone had taken to chanting that silly rhyme. Those reciting the rhyme tended to be as fervent as a believer speaking in tongues. It was all too intense for Mary to bear. The sprightly, spunky attitude of her fans was no longer appreciated. These days, whenever she heard the sing-songy rhyme, Mary felt as one would feel if they had been inadvertently doing jumping jacks on an active fire ant mound. It physically pained her.

This torture happened often, as spontaneous nursery rhymes are a reflexive action whenever people come across a grown woman in sheep herder's regalia with a full-grown sheep in tow. So she trudged onward, feigning a smile as best she could, replying "Yes, its fleece is white as snow!" while inside, a thousand venomous fire ant mandibles were piercing deeply into her soul, spewing toxic venom. Despite the constant agony she had to endure, she didn't have the heart to leave her now full-grown lamb behind, even if it would cut down on the comments.

FUNNY THING, AFTER ALL THE YEARS, THE RHYME RESOUNDED AS TRUE AS IT EVER HAD. WHEREVER MARY WENT, THE LAMB WAS SURE TO GO.

What had started out simply as a misunderstanding had ballooned into something of Goodyear blimp proportions. Mary's heretofore pure existence had diverged from the axis of truth by course of a fashion makeover that had been carried to extremes no one could have ever anticipated. In perpetuating the myth of her beloved sheep, she was forced to live a complete origami of mish-mashed half truths, crooked misstatements, and lies by omission. Where had her life deviated off course to become the eighth level of hell in which she found herself today? Why did she find herself in the Malebolge being whipped by horned demons?

Like all lies, Mary's fib started out benignly enough. In fact, some would insist her prevarication was founded out of virtuous concern for others and should be admired. All she had wanted was for her beloved lamb to feel accepted — to feel less the oddball. What was so wrong with that? Mary was sick of having narrow categories bring her lamb such dismay. At times she wondered why the world had to be so cruel about appearance in the first place. In her own life, she had discovered that if she wasn't switching to painfully restrictive pink-laced, black corsets this week; it was imported cyan beaded bodices the next. Neither one of these garments being her first choice for comfort, but this was the price one paid to be in good stead with style. Style was a mean master, with no compassion for the plain, the generic, or the not-so-trendy.

THIS WAS NO LOCAL PHENOMENON, FOR THE UNCONSCIOUS DRIVE TOWARD ARBITRARY, UNWAVERING HOMOGENEITY WAS UNIVERSAL. FROM THE SOOTY STREETS OF LONDON'S INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT TO THE GRASSY SAVANNAHS OF ZIMBABWE, THE BLACK GRIP OF STYLE SENSIBILITY COULD BE FOUND TORMENTING THOSE WHO POSITIONED THEMSELVES ON THE WRONG SIDE OF NECKERCHIEF OR NECKLACE CHOICE — ALL OF THEM INNOCENT VICTIMS OF FASHION FOIBLES.

This was a funny concept — that people adorned themselves with particular arrangements of fabric that existed solely to ensure that they could snub, belittle and in general feel superior to those with another particular grouping of fabric. How could such significance be ascribed to something so insignificant? How was that fair? But style did not care about respecting the boundaries of fairness or prudence. Style also apparently didn't care about respecting the boundary of species, and as cloth and dangling trinkets are used as barometers of intrinsic value in the human world, so too, did wool, hooves, and horns determine merit in the sheep world.

Mary was quite attuned to the resonant frequency of the sheep world. Some were born horse girls, who could sense an impending case of colic just from the tone of their horse's whinny. Others still were cat girls, who could surmise a cat's mood from its eyes' shape and luster, but Mary was a sheep girl. In fact, she was one of the best. Mary knew sheep the way a bank teller might know Deutsche-mark exchange rates to ten decimal places.



THE FIRST WORD OUT OF HER MOUTH AS AN INFANT HAD BEEN "WLMF," WHICH ALL HER FAMILY RECOGNIZED UNMISTAKABLY AS A BADLY FORMED PRONUNCIATION OF "WOOL."

Consequently, Mary was quite aware of just how important it was for sheep to have "the look." Even within her own flock this snobbery persisted, despite the weekly talks she had with them all. Mary would patiently explain to the flock, "I want you all to know that it's not what's on the outside that makes a sheep special, but, rather, what you guys are like on the inside." Try as she may to instill this value, narcissism always seemed to have the upper hand on the morals she preached.

SHE PAID ATTENTION TO HER FLOCK CAREFULLY, AND MARY NOTED THE YOUNG EWES CONSTANTLY SHINING THEIR HOOVES FASTIDIOUSLY, WHILE TAKING EXTRA CARE NOT TO SOIL THEIR COATS. LIKewise, THE OLDER RAMS WOULD GLARE NASTY, CONDESCENDING STARES AT THE LESS MATURE MALES, AS IF TO SAY: "YOU'LL NEVER BE AS GOOD AS ME. THE MAGNIFICENCE OF MY FULL CURL IS BLINDING. BE GONE, INSIGNIFICANT YOUNG MISCREANT, WITH YOUR FLIMSY 7/8TH CURL AND MERE 6 ANNULI." ANNULI WAS THE SHEEP'S TERM FOR THE RINGS THAT FORMED ANNUALLY AS THEIR HORNS GREW LONGER. EVERY YEAR AS A RAM'S HORNS GREW, THEY WOULD COME EVER CLOSER TO THE HIGHLY COVETED "FULL CURL" IN WHICH THE HORNS CURLED A COMPLETE 360 DEGREES.

As concepts go, this one should not be that foreign to most humans: the horn diameter and annuli served much the same purpose to the sheep as a BMW series number does to humans. Having four-foot diameter, full-curl, 14 annuli horns was a lot like owning a lavish 7 Series 760 BMW. While being a ram with three-foot, seven-annuli horns was somewhat like owning a BMW 3 Series 325i, meaning a ram was in possession of a nice set of horns but nothing particularly extravagant.

HAVE PITY ON THE RAM LIVING WITH HORNS LESS THAN TWO FEET IN DIAMETER. THESE UNFORTUNATE FELLOWS WERE VIEWED AS THE '89 YUGOS OF THE SHEEP WORLD, BEREFT OF ANY WORTH WHATSOEVER.

These Yugo-equivalent rams found themselves the frequent butt of "wether" jokes, which had nothing to do with temperature or

chance of rain, but was an insidious sheep term that derided the diminutive male as being deprived of manhood. The only problem was that, unlike the BMW 3-Series 325i which can be had for a little over \$30,000 by humans feeling squarely on the Yugo side of the fence, a smaller buck did not always have that option. Sometimes no matter what a buck did to increase his horn girth, he was doomed to lower social status. Try as he may, following conventional wisdom, eating nettle on a half moon, he may remain doomed to meager hominess. **THIS WAS IN THE DAYS BEFORE COSMETIC HORN AUGMENTATION HAD BECOME WIDELY AVAILABLE.** In the lottery that is life, sometimes a ram was stuck with a losing ticket, having few prospects to get ahead in the social hierarchy.

But does horn size and hoof gleam really matter that much? What about a sheep's ideas, opinions, and inner vibrancy? These were all afterthoughts in the minds of the fashion-addled sheep masses. The only thing that mattered was prestige. "What are the specs on your horns? Mine are rated at over 300 sheep power" is more or less typical of the average sheep's thinking process.

Mary knew of the constant one-upmanship present in the sheep world. So, when Mary saw her beloved pet sheep alone in the corner, fidgeting and nervous, she instantly understood that this was in fact preteen depression, and not merely a case of sagebrush or leafy spurge acid reflux. Her lamb's inability to look the same as her peers had thrown her headlong into a debilitating depression.

WHILE ALL THE OTHER LAMBS IN THE FAMILY HAD BEEN BORN WITH PRISTINE, RADIANT, WHITE WOOL, THE WHIMSY OF GENETICS WOULD DICTATE THAT MARY'S LAMB ENTERED THE WORLD SOMBRA, WHICH IS A MUDDLED MIX OF GREY AND TAN. MARY WASN'T SURE WHY IT SHOULD HAVE MATTERED IN THE FIRST PLACE. HER LAMB WAS OFF-WHITE. SO WHAT! THIS HAPPENS ALL THE TIME. SHE HAD SEEN EVERY IMAGINABLE COLOR OF SHEEP, FROM WHITE TO BLACK TO BLUE TO BLACK & TAN—AND EVEN A FEW INSTANCES OF SPOTTED COATS, THOUGH SPOTTED COATS WERE VERY RARE.

This unique appearance was what Mary had fallen in love with in the first place. While still being cleaned by its mother, Mary had

picked the marvelously colored lamb out to be her pet. She had to beg for months before her parents finally acquiesced to her wishes. The irony was that the unique wool that enshrined forever the lamb as Mary's most prized pet was the same trait that embittered the Sombra lamb's peers against it. **THERE WAS NO ROOM FOR DIFFERENCES IN THE FLOCK.**

If having a dull hoof was enough to warrant gossip about a fellow doe, imagine then what the treatment would be for a lamb of completely foreign color. **ABSOLUTE SADISM WAS WHAT THE FLOCK UNLEASHED UPON THE LAMB THAT WAS DIFFERENT.** While all the other lambs gathered at the trough, Mary's lamb was forced to wait until the others were finished with their dinner: The only meal remaining when her lamb went to feed was the dried caked meal that was the detritus of feeding time. It was the encrusted remains of generations of feed. While Mary's lamb slept the other lambs thought it funny to place brambles in her wool. If it hadn't been for Mary's care, the numerous thorns that matted the lamb's wool every morning may have never been removed, as not even the lamb's parents would associate with it. This was why Mary had been bottle feeding the lamb since birth. What was a lamb with the whole world against it to do? Mary's lamb chose crying.

Neuro-pharmacology had not advanced very far in this day. The only medically available remedy for depression was tincture of morphine. There were no serotonin reuptake inhibitors available, no Paxil, or Prozac, or Welbutrin. Mary didn't feel comfortable having morphine prescribed for her lamb. If she could not target her lamb's problem from its neurological roots, she would target the problem from its hair roots. Thus Mary began hair treatments in secret on her lamb.

MARY BEGAN A HAIR BLEACHING CRUSADE. DON'T MISTAKE RESOLVE FOR ABSOLUTE CONFIDENCE THOUGH. THERE WAS DOUBT ON MARY'S PART. SHE WORRIED IF THE GOOD OUTWEIGHED THE BAD. SHE HAD HEARD OF STUDIES SUGGESTING THE DYES FROM THESE CAUSTIC COSMETIC AGENTS COULD CAUSE BRAIN DAMAGE, INDUCE BIRTH DEFECTS, AND EVEN LEAD TO BLOOD CANCER, BUT WHEN SHE LOOKED INTO THE SAD, WILLOWY EYES OF HER DARLING LAMB, SHE KNEW SHE HAD NO OTHER CHOICE.

The change was not immediate; it happened over three months, gradually, as the weekend hair bleaching sessions slowly began to work. When the hair lightening products had finally removed every last vestige of pigment from the wool, the result was amazing. The lamb simply irradiated. It literally glowed, and if the sun was shining at the right angle on it, it became difficult to even look at the lamb for any length of time. Former tormentors were now fans. Overnight, Mary's lamb had become a celebrity of sorts. The lamb's coat of wool was the envy of the ewes and desire of the rams. Despite the attention, the lamb remained grounded, never once belittling others of lesser stature. **THE LAMB NEVER REVEALED THE ARTIFICIAL SOURCE OF WOOL ENHANCEMENT, FEARING THE FLOCK WOULD GO BACK TO TEASING. MARY WAS QUITE PLEASED WITH THE RESULTS AND CONTINUED THE COVERT HAIR TREATMENTS.**

Mary was close to her lamb, closer to her lamb than perhaps she was to any person. She liked her alone time in the barn with her lamb. This was a source of much consternation for her family, as she neglected her studies to spend time with her lamb. The lamb was equally fond of Mary. Mary's absence caused visible uneasiness in the creature. **SHE WOULD LEAVE FOR SCHOOL AND THE LAMB WOULD WHIMPER.** It should come as no surprise then that the first opportunity for escape that presented itself to the lamb was taken.

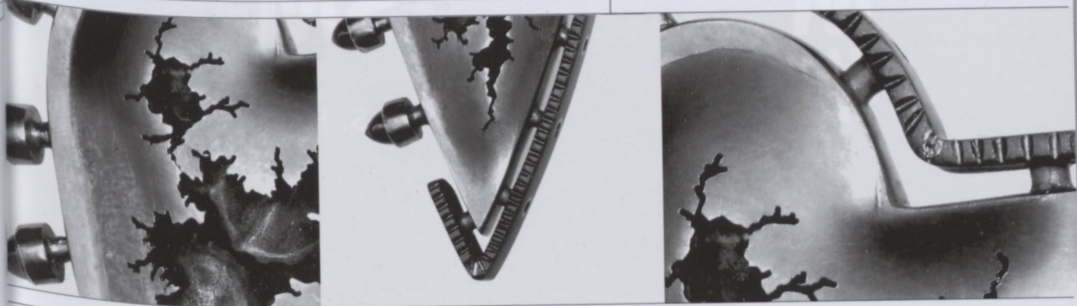
CONTINUED ON PAGE 68



BEST IN SHOW

• REBEL

BEST IN SHOW



BEST IN SHOW

MECHANISM #2

Corey S. Fong



3" x 1"
sterling silver, copper and garnet

One morning as Mary and her brother walked along on the well-worn path joining their farm to the schoolhouse, they heard a sound of shifting foliage from some nearby elderberry bushes. Out of one of the bushes bounded Mary's lamb. Mary chastised the lamb, **"YOU SHOULDN'T BE HERE. SCHOOL IS FOR CHILDREN NOT LAMBS. I SHALL HAVE TO TAKE YOU HOME AT ONCE."** Her brother, though, being somewhat prone to mischief, insisted to Mary, "No, you should take the lamb to school with you. In fact, a lack of education among lambs is one of the main reasons they beat their heads together like barbarians. Ignorance is just as damaging to little lambs as it is to people." This seemed to make sense to Mary in some queer way, and she agreed to begin the lamb's education that very day.

ARRIVING AT CLASS, MARY REALIZED THAT HER TEACHER, MRS. KIMBALL, WOULD NOT APPRECIATE HAVING FARM ANIMALS IN THE CLASSROOM. MARY PONDERED THIS A BIT AND DECIDED IT WAS UNFAIR, AS HER BROTHER WAS USUALLY ALLOWED TO COME TO CLASS. SO, MARY COVERED THE LAMB WITH HER SHAWL, REALIZING THAT IT WOULD STILL BE ABLE TO HEAR THE CLASS LESSONS. NOW HER LAMB WOULD HAVE THE LOOKS AND THE BRAINS.

Everything went smoothly for her lamb's education until Mary was asked to show her multiplication tables on the board. As she approached the front of the classroom the lamb left its bidden nook between Mary's bag and the desk and skipped happily after her, as if to announce its newfound love of education and specifically multiplication tables. Mary's classmates roared with laughter, and she turned a shade of red that was almost as brilliant as her lamb's shade of white.

The following day, the incident made the local newspaper, telling of the schoolhouse lamb invasion. Reporters were quick to jump on the lamb's uniquely dazzling coat. The subtitle of the lamb's photograph stated boldly, "This may be perhaps the most profoundly perfect lamb in existence. This lamb practically sparkles!" Included at the end of the article was a rhyme written by an attending student to describe the lamb debacle:

— — —



✓
 $2 + 2$
 7×3

**“MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB;
ITS FLEECE WAS WHITE AS SNOW;
AND EVERYWHERE THAT MARY WENT;
THE LAMB WAS SURE TO GO.
IT FOLLOWED HER TO SCHOOL ONE DAY;
WHICH WAS AGAINST THE RULE;
IT MADE THE CHILDREN LAUGH AND PLAY;
TO SEE A LAMB AT SCHOOL.
AND SO THE TEACHER TURNED IT OUT;
BUT STILL IT LINGERED NEAR;
AND WAITED PATIENTLY ABOUT;
TILL MARY DID APPEAR.”**

At first, it was all fun and giggles. Growing up in the small sheep herding village of Sterling, Massachusetts, Mary had not had opportunity to experience much excitement, so her newly christened fame was worn with pride. She would titter with a mischievous grin as she sung her rhyme along with classmates. “My sheep’s fleece is white as snow!” she would call out like a New York street vendor, hawking Rolexes of dubious authenticity.

All was well enough, while the fun and frivolity was restricted to her village, but when her lamb’s fame had shifted a cosmological order of magnitude, and *People* magazine featured Mary and her lamb as the most influential individuals of the year, proclaiming boldly, “With wool this white, world peace, cold fusion, and an end to hunger can’t be far off,” she began to wonder if she hadn’t made a mistake. However, it wouldn’t be for another 10 years, 11 months, 13 days, and two Nobel Peace Prizes later, that Mary decided it was time to stop the hair treatments.

After a more than a decade of reciting her rhyme to the letter, to the syllable, and on occasion employing advanced phonics just to make sure all pronunciation was proper, it was hard to just let go of her spot in the pantheon of nursery school characters. She liked her rhyme but the fame could not fill the emptiness of her spirit, and one spring evening, Mary found herself at the height of her success, while simultaneously being at the lowest point she had ever been. How her life had changed so completely from her blithe, carefree childhood.

THESE DAYS, MARY WAS UNDER CONSTANT PRESSURE TO HIDE THE EMPTY FRIEDA PACKAGING, AND SHE FOUND HERSELF A TANGLED BALL OF JITTERY APPREHENSION. TO ENSURE NO ONE WAS THE WISER TO HER ILLICIT ACTIVITIES, MARY WOULD WAKE UP AT AWKWARD HOURS IN THE EARLY DAWN, AND BURN ALL THE EVIDENCE AFTERWARDS, BURYING THE CHARRED REMAINS IN SHALLOW TRENCHES. THOUSANDS OF THE TELL-TALE PACKAGES WERE METICULOUSLY DISPOSED OF IN THIS WAY. HOWEVER, ALL OF THIS SUBTERFUGE — THIS INTRICATE GAME OF CLOAK AND DAGGER WAS WEARING ON HER.

Mary was constantly on edge, and on many days she would spend a larger part of the morning pacing in front of her trophy cases. All of her honorary diplomas seemed to grimace at her. The Honorary Doctorate in Statistics from Stanford seemed to mumble in circles that he knew within a 99% confidence interval that she was a fraud. Her Honorary Doctorate in Communications from Harvard always seemed to hark on the federally mandated guidelines for truth in advertising, whispering to Mary, "The last time I heard a statement that absurd, it was from the tobacco industry telling me to smoke for my health." The Doctorate in Divinity from Duke University Divinity School took a more moralistic tone with Mary. He consoled Mary with the notion that God had a plan for everyone, including her: "All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone; which is the second death." he would quote from the Bible in condescending tones. This plan of God's didn't console her very much. After pacing for a bit she would shine her Noble Peace Prizes and dust the "Most Distinguished Sheep Herder in the History of History" plaque. It was almost as though she was trying to silence her guilt and the mocking of her trophies through obsessive cleaning.

When she wasn't attending to the spoils of her and her sheep's success, she would sit on her porch and stare off into the horizon, rocking gently and tapping the cobblestone steps with her cane. She preferred to keep her herder's cane close by at all times and would become agitated if anyone disturbed the cane.

SHE CLAIMED THAT HER TRUSTY HERDER'S TOOL WAS SOMETHING FAMILIAR AND COMFORTABLE AND THAT MERELY HAVING IT CLOSE BY HELPED HER TO RELAX. ALTHOUGH THOSE WHO WERE CLOSE TO

MARY WOULD HAVE BEEN INCLINED TO SUGGEST THAT THERE MAY HAVE BEEN MORE VIOLENT MOTIVATIONS BEHIND HER OBSESSION WITH THE TOOL. HER MOOD LEFT MOST FEELING INTIMIDATED, IF NOT AFRAID — EVEN FEARFUL.

All of this inner turmoil demarcated the beginning of the end of one of nursery school's biggest hoaxes — a hoax on par with Rudolf's red nose, Santa's belly, or the fabled pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Public outcry over the mistruths of these charlatans of children's stories had been tremendous. When it was discovered that Rudolf's nose did NOT glow, the Coalition for the Advancement of Reindeer Policy was so outraged they publicly chastised Rudolf, stating, "He should not even be considered a reindeer anymore." For years after it was discovered Santa had been using a prosthetic belly, the children refused to sit on his lap. Santa's low-carb diet had reduced his shaking to less than that of a bowl full of jelly and more than that of rebar-reinforced concrete. Santa had rock-hard abs and the children of the world didn't like it one bit.

As for the Leprechaun, he didn't have as many problems with the children as he did with the Feds. The Federal Trade Commission indicted him for accounting irregularities after it was discovered that the Leprechaun had long since removed his pot of gold from the end of the rainbow. You had to feel sorry for the guy. The Leprechaun had a serious gambling problem. Excessive time at the horse tracks had turned all of his gold into a handful of hotel bills stating, "It has now been over six months from the first time we invoiced you for your \$8,754 past-due room service bill. Please remit payment now to avoid being turned over to collection agencies. Your credit rating can affect you for the rest of your life." The last anyone had heard, the Leprechaun had run away to Mexico and was host of a guided tour of the Rio Grande. Luck of the Irish indeed.

MARY WAS AWARE OF THE REACTION OTHER CHILDREN'S CHARACTERS HAD RECEIVED WHEN THE PUBLIC FOUND OUT THAT THEY WEREN'T ALWAYS THE CUTE CARICATURES OF THE STORYBOOKS. She dreaded the prospect of discovery, but her sheep was unhappy. Initially, when the other sheep in the flock began paying attention to it, the lamb had been so overwhelmed with happiness, that it hadn't even noticed the beginnings of jealousy starting to ferment.

The lamb received the first taste of the other side of success, immediately after the first local newspaper article had been published.

The lamb was listening to a group of sheep chatting away about the recent spell of rain the farm had experienced, when one of the group turned to her saying, **"I'LL BET YOU THINK YOU'RE TOO GOOD FOR THE RAIN THESE DAYS, WHAT WITH YOUR FAMOUS GLEAMING COAT OF WOOL."** From there it got worse, and on the eve of the sheep's acceptance speech for its Nobel Prize, it received no less than a death threat sealed with a crimson hoof print and signed by "The Flock." All Mary's little sheep wanted at that point was to go back to being the awkwardly colored lamb it had been in its youth. **BEING FAMOUS WAS NOT AS GLORIFIED AS IT SEEMED TO BE.**

Finally, after many sleepless nights, Mary decided to stop subjecting her beloved sheep to the weekly hair treatments. Mary's sheep did not need to have bleached white wool to be "normal". Her sheep was OK with its natural color, why couldn't Mary do the same? The sheep's self-perception had been distorted for too long. Maybe for models or fashion divas, this kind of follicle brutality made sense, but not for Mary's sheep; it didn't have the slightest concern for fashion trends or keeping tabs on Hollywood's latest prepackaged styles. And so, rather than burning empty Frieda packages one night, she burned the remaining boxes of John Frieda hair lightener. Within 6 months her sheep was back to its original glorious Sombra color.

WITH THE NEWLY RE-MINTED DARK SOMBRA COAT, THE PART OF MARY'S RHYME STATING "ITS FLEECE WAS WHITE AS SNOW" WAS NO LONGER TECHNICALLY CORRECT. The rhyme had to be altered to reflect the color shift. The new version of the rhyme was not quite as polished as it had been in the past. Upon reading the new version, most people's noses wrinkled and they would say, "The editor obviously didn't proofread well enough; this question mark shouldn't be here!" Mary insisted on keeping everything honest. In the end, a simple question mark allowed the children's publishing industry to breathe a welcome sigh of relief, as only minor changes were required to their presses. The public-at-large had forgiven both Mary and her sheep because she had come clean on her own. Far from being mined, her storybook was selling better than it ever had in the past. The new rhyme was created as follows:





**“MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB;
WHOSE FLEECE WAS WHITE AS SNOW?;
AND EVERYWHERE THAT MARY WENT;
THE LAMB WAS SURE TO GO.”**

There were a couple of other variations tried, but the next best alternative, “Whose fleece was white as Jo;” just didn’t seem to flow quite as well as the interrogative version, although a cup of it does make a rather tasty addition to one’s breakfast.

For decades after the question mark was added to the rhyme, philosophers, theologians, and literary experts would all debate the actual meaning of the subtle change to the classic nursery rhyme. Some would insist that perhaps it was intended to show Mary questioning her own attempts at hiding the true identity of her pet sheep for over a decade. While others thought it was meant to reflect the lamb questioning its own identity in the face of daunting conflict with the world’s perception of its identity. Still others argued that in asking the question “Whose fleece was white as snow?” the intent was strictly rhetorical, a subtle way of helping everyone to put into perspective what really matters.

**WHEN YOU GET DOWN TO IT, WHOSE FLEECE IS REALLY AS WHITE
AS SNOW ANYWAY?**





CERAMICS



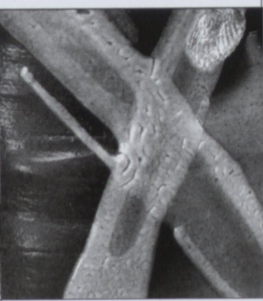
• REBEL

CERAMICS

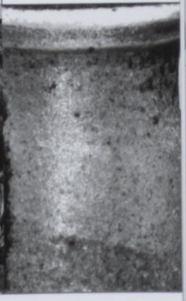
FIRST PLACE



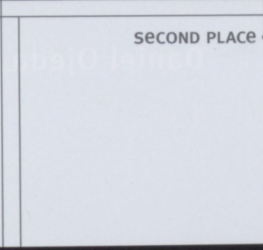
THIRD PLACE



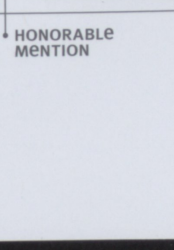
HONORABLE MENTION



SECOND PLACE



HONORABLE MENTION

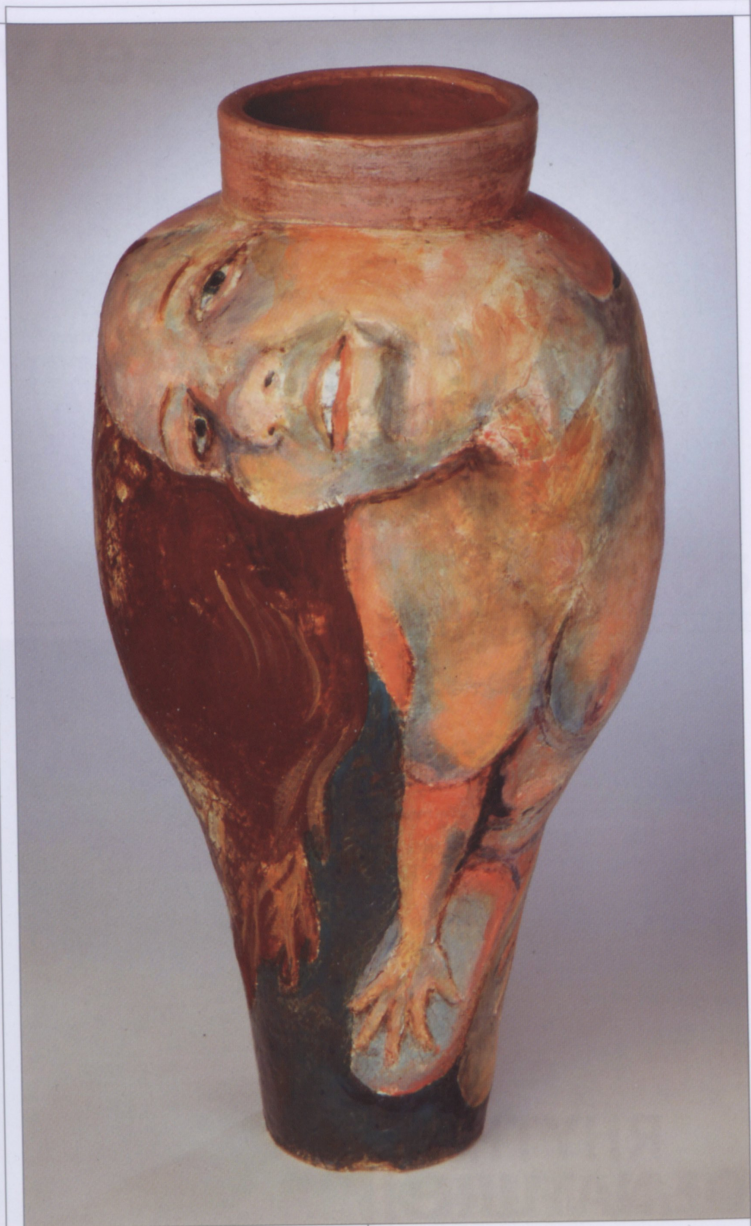


CERAMICS

THE HUMAN VESSEL

Daniel Ojeda

REBEL



25" x 18"
hand-built, painted vessel



CROSSED VASE

Ben Jensen

11" × 7" × 4"
wood-fired stoneware

28" × 14"
hand-built vessel

RHYTHM OF NATURE

Anne Pärtna-Jarvis



12" × 8" each
ceramic figures



MUSICOS

Teresita Capurro



9.5" × 3.5" × 3.5"
wood-fired stoneware

PINK RUM VASE

Gillian Parke



THE FADED GRATITUDE

Justin Flythe

Shifting in my sleep, I came to memorize her perfect foreign figure.
How it was so flawlessly stretched out and how the slumber lingered
in the ceiling, up above our heads and drained into the morning,
turning us into zombies and the world outside a gory wasteland
of the living.

**WE WERE MORE ALIVE BEHIND THE CURTAINS,
DRAPED ACROSS THE LIGHT AND ONE ANOTHER,**

THERE IT WAS FOR CERTAIN.

DRAWING

• REBEL

DRAWING

FIRST PLACE •



DRAWING

LESSON IN IMPER- MANENCE

Janie Askew



12" x 9"
graphite pencil

FIX

Anonymous

I am trying to quit smoking. I am also trying to quit Angela. They are both going to kill me. One is slow and calculating, the other wild and unpredictable, but either way one of them is going to do me in. It is going to be very difficult to stop either one, so I figure I might as well take out two birds with one stone. **I AM A GOOD PERSON.** I show up to work on time, I pay my taxes, I donate to Red Cross, I generally try to do the right thing. It just so happens that I have a couple of habits that are detrimental to my health. One is smoking. The other is Angela. I realize that in some sense we are all dying, but it seems foolish to voluntarily accelerate the process.

My romance with nicotine began when I was fifteen years old, in the woods behind my parent's house. A few years later my parents moved to Florida and the woods were cleared to make room for a

housing development, but at the time it was full of old oak trees, poison ivy bushes, and our soggy brown grass clippings. There was still a rusted, barbed-wire fence that had been put up to keep the cows from escaping when my neighborhood was a farm.

I had begun courting three days earlier, when I snuck into my dad's room and stole two Merits from the open pack on his dresser while he was taking a shit. I was careful to check that the pack wasn't too full or too empty because either way he was sure to notice.

We fell in love right then and there, beside the grass pile on the inside of the rusted fence. She made my entire body tingle and turn warm; a smile had come across my face and I had to sit down. I knew that I was instantly cooler just by being with her, just by holding her in my hand. It looked cool when I inhaled and that little bit of smoke that didn't make it into my lungs curled up over my lip and disappeared, and it looked cool when I blew it back out of my mouth and it looked like a cloud was coming out of my body. **I WAS BAD. I WAS A REBEL. I FELT LIKE A MAN.**

I walked all the way to the other edge of the woods and buried the butt a foot deep in the earth. I was terrified when I went back in my house. I ripped off my clothes and put them in the washer, I took a shower, I washed my hair, I brushed my teeth twice. I sprayed cologne all over myself and though I was scared of getting caught, I was excited. I had something to do, something cool, something dangerous. I was alive.

I would take trips to a friend's house whom I didn't even like, just so I could make a stop on the path and visit her. I kept a lighter in a plastic bag under a rock so I wouldn't run the risk of accidentally leaving it around my room or in a pair of jeans. I carried a bottle of cologne and multiple packs of gum, chewing compulsively on the way back to my house. I took my shirt off and hung it from a tree twenty yards away, leaving it off until I was sure that every trace of her smell had dissipated.

Gradually, these precautions became less and less elaborate, until eventually, none were taken at all. As I got older I could no longer deny her existence, I couldn't hide my companion from the

world any longer. She went with me everywhere, and there was rarely a time when you didn't see us together.

NICOTINE HAS BEEN THERE WHENEVER I NEEDED HER.

She was there when my old Volvo finally broke down in the middle of nowhere on the way to the beach and I had to walk five miles to find a gas station, where they didn't have a phone or a tow truck. She helped me remember the six weeks I spent in Spain that seemed to go by so fast that I didn't have time to write it all down.

SHE PARTIES HARD WHEN I GET DRUNK, AND SHE IS THERE TO TAKE CARE OF ME WHEN I AM HUNG OVER THE NEXT MORNING.

She was there the first time I met Angela. She was there to calm me when I failed my first big test at college; there to celebrate when I passed my final master's exam. She held me together when my wife was having complications with her pregnancy, and she was given to me in congratulations when my daughter was born.

SHE WAS THERE THE FIRST TIME I MADE LOVE.

She was there with me the first time I went to meet my wife's older brother, in the back of the dirty old warehouse where he runs his excavation business. She stood by my side as I watched him sip Jack Daniel's straight out of the bottle while he talked about his business partners who were not so interested in excavation. I longed for her as Anthony told me that he liked me, thought I was a good person, and would do very unpleasant things to me before he killed me if I ever hurt his little sister. It was nicotine who had stopped my shaking as I left the warehouse after Anthony had shown me his collection of human teeth that he kept around in case anyone questioned his sincerity.

She was there six years ago in the sticky heat at my mother's funeral, comforting me in silence while everyone else made insincere consolations and empty promises about getting together for dinner. Nicotine has always been there for me. She has been a perfect friend. She knows when I am desperate for her company, and she knows when I want to be left alone. She cheers me up when I'm sad.

SHE KEEPS ME SAFE WHEN I'M SCARED. SHE DOESN'T BITCH. SHE DOESN'T NAG. SHE NEVER CRIES AT INAPPROPRIATE TIMES, OR TELLS ME "WE NEED TO TALK", OR ASKS ME IF I STILL LOVE HER. SHE DOESN'T HAVE TO.

She never asks me for anything, in fact, except that I stick around. Many people have bad-mouthed her over the years, called her evil, told me that the two of us shouldn't be together. I never believed them, and I guess I still don't, but lately it is becoming more obvious that she is killing me. Stairs are becoming a problem, running is out of the question, and lately the yellow stuff I spit in the toilet in the morning is streaked with red. I know she doesn't mean to, it isn't her intention, but she is doing it just the same. Ours has been the purest romance, the most passionate love affair, and it is in its nature to be destructive.

So it seems that I must bid her farewell. It is hard being away from her. I feel jittery, on edge, I'm depressed, I can't stop eating, I'm being rude to my friends. I'm dying to have one, just a little fix, but I know it will be even harder if I do. Oddly enough I don't think about her that much when she's not around, I can just feel that something isn't right, that I am not complete. It is an empty feeling, one that I expect I will have to get used to.

MY LOVE AFFAIR WITH ANGELA STARTED SIX MONTHS AGO AT 11:00 A.M. OUTSIDE MICKEY'S IRISH PUB ON THE CORNER OF PATROLE AND 4TH, WHERE SHE GRABBED ME BY MY RED POWER TIE AND ORDERED ME TO BUY HER A DRINK. MICKEY'S HAS SINCE CLOSED AND BEEN REPLACED BY A STARBUCKS AND A STORE THAT SELLS EXPENSIVE BATH OILS.

Little did she know that I had begun courting three days prior, when she strolled into my office building wearing a pink skirt and black knee-highs, a lightning bolt in a sea of blue suits, bobbing her head as she walked to the music blaring from her headphones. She smiled as she walked into the telecom store that occupied the first floor of the building, and I pretended to read the sports page by the elevator as I watched her talk her way out of a bill and into a free cell phone. **I FELL IN LOVE RIGHT THERE.** Standing on the smooth marble floor amid the din of chatting executives and eager interns, enveloped in high ceilings and harsh florescent light, I fell

in love. She giggled when she pinched an old security guard on the ass on her way out the door, and I could barely stop myself from approaching her right then and there.

Instead, I had followed her outside and watched her disappear into Mickey's, where I would begin eating lunch at one of their battered old booths while she perched on a stool and flirted with the bartender. On the third day I took an early lunch and she pulled me inside, demanding to know the last time I had gotten drunk on a weekday. Two hours later the wind was beating my face as I drove down I-70 toward the ocean, Led Zeppelin blaring over the radio, my eyes red from tequila and my navy blue blazer a crumpled heap in the back seat.

She sat in the passenger seat of my car, her smooth black hair falling over wide black eyes shielded by dark, black glasses.

SHE TALKED WITH MY OTHER LOVER IN HER TEETH, PLAYING HER BETWEEN HER CHERRY RED LIPS BEFORE SHE LIT UP. SHE SMILED AS SHE TOOK OFF HER SHIRT, SLID HER TEQUILA-SOAKED TONGUE IN MY MOUTH, AND CLIMBED ON TOP OF ME AS I WAS DRIVING. THAT'S WHEN I REALIZED SHE WASN'T WEARING ANYTHING UNDER THAT PINK SKIRT.

We fell in love right there, in the passing lane of the Jefferson City Memorial Highway. She made my entire body tingle and turn warm, my pants became uncomfortable and I had to pull over. I was instantly cooler just being with her, just holding her in my arms. She was cool when she put her mouth around a shot of whiskey and threw her head back, letting the liquid fall down her throat and then making that sexy "pop" when she took the glass out of her mouth. She was cool when she inhaled and that little bit of smoke that didn't make it into her lungs curled up over her lips and disappeared. She was cool when she made me take her into the bathroom at the most expensive restaurant in the city.

I WAS BAD. I WAS A REBEL. I FELT LIKE A MAN.

I dropped her off and went straight to a cheap motel a few blocks from my house. I was terrified, shaking; I could barely get the money out of my wallet as I paid for the room. I frantically ripped off all

my clothes and jumped in the shower, scrubbed off lipstick with a tiny bar of soap, washed my hair with the entire bottle of hotel shampoo, and tried to get the liquor off my breath with the complimentary mouthwash. I put on the supplied bathrobe and went to the coin laundry where I washed my clothes and doused them with fabric softener. I got myself dressed again and drove home, and while I was scared of getting caught, **I WAS STILL EXCITED. I HAD SOMETHING TO DO, SOMETHING COOL, SOMETHING DANGEROUS.**

I WAS ALIVE.

When it began, I always made her meet me outside of the city, in remote bars or restaurants. I would hide a change of clothes in the trunk of my car and I would stop by the dry cleaner on the way home to drop them off. I would do anything I could to see her. I would go into the office at 4:30 in the morning so I could get out early enough to make it out to see her. I played endless rounds of golf, a game I didn't like, with people I couldn't stand. I would stop at different hotels in different areas on the way home to clean myself up, never going to the same one more than twice for fear that a sleepy receptionist would somehow recognize me and the jig would be up. I would vacuum the inside of my car and decorate it with scented Christmas trees to get her smell out.

Gradually, however, these precautions became less and less elaborate. I began foregoing hotel rooms and instead ducked into rest stops to clean up in the bathroom. I stopped going to the dry cleaners every day, started leaving the offending articles in the trunk of my car until I needed something to wear. Eventually our meetings in the distant outskirts of the city migrated in toward my office, where we could meet more frequently at greater convenience. Once my wife's best friend, Katherine, saw us at Antonelli's Cafe and I had to tell her that I was interviewing Angela for an intern position.

ANGELA WAS ALWAYS THERE WHEN I NEEDED HER.

At the end of a particularly heinous day at work she would appear outside my office, wearing a short skirt and a wry smile. When I closed a particularly big account at work she would appear at our hotel room at the Four Seasons wearing high heels and a rain coat.

When things weren't going well with my wife she would tell me everything was going to be all right and then she would prove it in ways that my wife never could. When I forgot one of my son's birthdays, I found a basketball sitting in the front seat of my car, already wrapped.

I could feel eyes on us, the pangs of jealousy when we walked into the room, from the tired old souls who wished they had something in their lives to look forward to. She would light a room like nothing else, hot and bright and radiating outward, scalding the cold fish who were so desperate for some warmth of their own. I would feel the warmth in the days before I saw her, churning in the pit of my stomach, nauseating and exciting.

ELECTRICITY BUZZED IN MY FINGERTIPS AND BETWEEN MY THIGHS WHEN SHE WALKED IN A ROOM, I HAD TO BITE MY LIP AND CURL MY HANDS INTO A FIST TO CONTAIN MYSELF.

Ours is the purest kind of love, hungry and passionate and uncontrollable, so thick that it sticks to me like humidity. She is my one true ecstasy, but lately it is becoming more and more obvious that she is killing me. There are very few places we haven't been seen together, and even my close friends are telling me it is getting out of hand. Binges on sex and alcohol are taking their toll on my body, tearing through my gut and inciting a curious sharp pain inside my chest. It is getting harder and harder for me to focus. At home I am distant; I find myself nodding off at work and crying at inappropriate times. The emotional rigor of my indulgent and deceitful behavior has me perched on the edge of a breakdown.

And so now it seems that I must leave Angela. I must re-emerge myself in a pedestrian life, concede excitement and pleasure to embrace the banality that thrives in suburbia. I'm dying to see her once, just a little fix, but I know it will only make it worse. I can still feel her but it is with the knowledge that I cannot see her, cannot touch or smell her. It is an empty feeling — one I suspect I am going to have to get used to. I have to walk away from my own happiness, to put out the fire that fuels my very existence.

THIS, IT SEEMS, IS WHERE I HAVE RUN INTO A PROBLEM.

Angela apparently cannot be extinguished as readily as some other addictions. Not only does she burn brighter, but she exercises vigilance in her refusal to be tamped out and tossed aside.

Showing up at the office, leaving notes and flowers and calling my secretary 14 times in an hour. Driving by the house at all hours of the night and honking the horn before speeding away. Pricking her fingers and dripping blood on the windshield of my car. Following the family when we are spending time together. Once she even approached my wife in the mall and pretended she was doing marketing research so she could ask her questions.

My wife. My wife has been beside me through all of this. Loyal to a fault, she ignored my indiscretions and stood by me and my unpredictable emotional state. Never a word of the late nights, the liquor on my breath, the perfume on my clothes. When Angela called crying the other night, my wife chalked it up to a prank. Her smile never wavered, the tone of her voice never dropped. She has never asked a single question.

But her silence is not so reassuring, and just because she hasn't said anything doesn't mean she doesn't know. Her support has been unwavering but sometimes I catch her. Sometimes when she doesn't know I'm looking, I see the look on her face. Recognition. Disappointment. Rage. **LOYAL SHE MAY BE, BUT STUPID SHE IS NOT. SHE GETS THAT FROM HER BROTHER.**

And so that's why I'm here. That's why I'm here covered in dust and crouched like some flunkie in the corner of this old warehouse behind a backhoe that hasn't been used in years. My hands stuffed in my jacket pockets, fingering a pack of Camels with one and holding death in the other. Because after I kill Anthony I'm going to be dying for a smoke. I'll have one — maybe two — on my way to see Angela, but that's it. I'm not saying I'm going back to Angela — I'm not getting back with either one of them. But you see, quitting something you love is never easy. **AND AFTER I'M DONE HERE, I'M GONNA NEED A FIX. JUST A LITTLE FIX.**

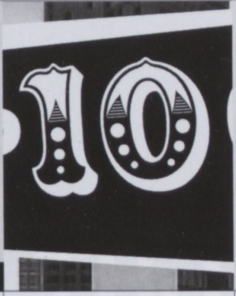
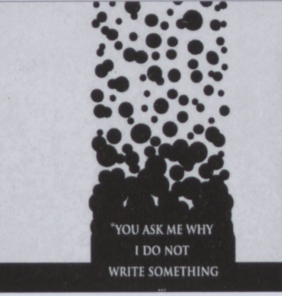
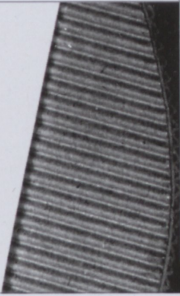


GRAPHIC DESIGN

FIRST PLACE

THIRD PLACE

bulbs designed
your chi
ED
SOLUTIONS
passion
source



SECOND PLACE

HONORABLE MENTION

GRAPHIC DESIGN

LIGHT BULBS

Brantley Barefoot

SPARK
Napoleon Wright

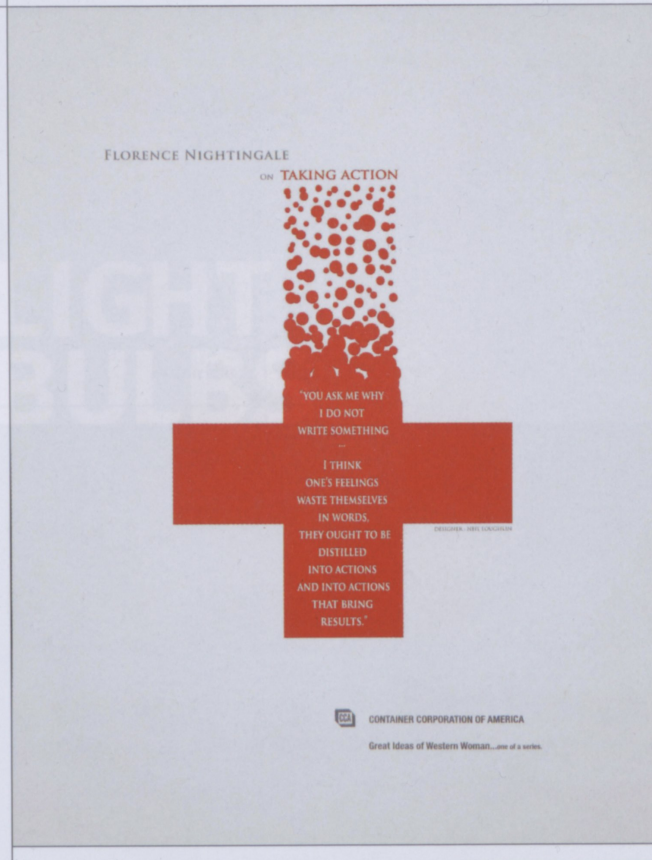
SPARK

ESTOPADOTTIS

4" x 4" x 2"
digital output



• 24" × 18"
digital output



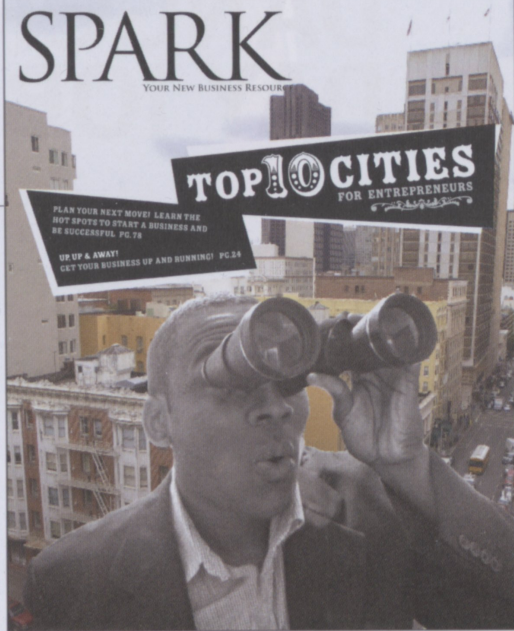
GREAT IDEAS OF WESTERN WOMAN

Neil Loughlin

SPARK

Napoleon Wright

10" × 8"
digital output



OCTAVIAN

Brantley Barefoot & Reynolds Strother

11" × 8.5"
digital output



DANGEROUS DAY JOBS

Justin Flythe

Ashes from this habit sink down to the
ground like snow onto a platter,

chilled to help reduce the friction between
clashing states of matter,

into which the 'Romeo' must dedicate his
diction fully, for it shattered

upon entering the stratospheric pulley,

pulling music out of tiny bits of data,

**TRANSFORMED VIA A COMPUTER
FROM CONSUMER TO CONSUMER**

where it's then turned into rumors

and applied to people's houses,

telling stories about girls and about boys and about
them becoming spouses.





PAINTING

• REBEL

PAINTING

FIRST PLACE

HONORABLE MENTION



SECOND PLACE

THIRD PLACE

HONORABLE MENTION

PAINTING

LUNCHBOX Series: A CHILD'S NIGHTMARE

Erica Coker



• 8" × 10" × 5" each
wood, oil, collage media and metal

39" × 25"
acrylic and mixed media



SPANK THAT LITTLE BASTARD

Janie Askew



CARL COOKS FOR HIMSELF

Audrey Combs

36" × 30"
oil painting



• 24" × 48"
oil painting

CALF
Rick Mobbs

LAUREN
James Taylor



• 36" × 24"
oil painting



POETRY ► FIRST PLACE

COME & GO

Natalie Ratcliffe

We were once in love. COME TO BED.

And now it's been many nights LET ME TAKE YOU, LET ME SHOW YOU

That you've been gone. THE WAY YOU MAKE ME FEEL.

We tried being friends, COME TO BED.

But that didn't last long. LET ME HOLD YOUR HAND

And although I've been somewhat slow, AND KISS YOUR LIPS AND SHOW YOU

I think it's safe to say I can finally let go. THE LOVE OF A WOMAN.

UNEATEN BIRTHDAY CAKE

Brandy Harman

Mamma was lying on the couch again. The bottle she carried with her all the time was snug against her body. She was asleep again. Robert needed to eat dinner, and she was asleep. As usual, I decided to make him something. There was no sense in letting him starve because she didn't want to deal with us.

"I'm hungry, Betty," Robert screamed.

"I know, I'm making you a sandwich."

"I don't want peanut butter again! We always have peanut butter. Can I have a ham sandwich?"

"Mamma hasn't gone to the store yet, and all we have is peanut butter," I told him. Truth was, mamma hadn't gone to the store in a month. She hadn't even left the house in a month. Not since after my birthday anyway. I managed to keep the bread fresh by keeping it in the refrigerator; but, we were almost out of that too.

My birthday was supposed to be the best day yet. I was turning thirteen; finally a teenager. I couldn't wait. I had trouble going to sleep the night before. I remember because I counted all the squares on my ceiling three times. There were 237 of them.

"No crust," he demanded.

"I know." He never liked crust. I always thought he deserved a little something special, so I always cut the crust off the bread for him. **HE NEEDED TO KNOW SOMEONE LOVED HIM.** I heard on TV that it is essential to the growth and development of a young child's mind. Whatever that means. I just knew it made his day a little better.

That day was going to be great, I thought. Two hours later I finally fell asleep. When I woke up, everything was different: the air didn't smell the same, the sun didn't shine the same, and the water didn't taste the same. Everything was bitter, even before I knew what happened. I just thought it was because I was thirteen. I was becoming a woman. Things were supposed to be different now.

"HERE YOU GO," I SAID, HANDING THE SANDWICH TO HIM. THE CRUST WAS CUT OFF AND I MADE LITTLE SQUARES OUT OF THE REST OF IT. MAYBE HE WOULD FEEL EXTRA-LOVED.

"Can I have milk too?"

"We don't have any milk, but we've got Kool-Aid. Is that okay?" I opened the cabinet. There were only a couple of clean glasses left. The rest were piled in the sink. I would have to wash them later. Only problem was, we didn't have any dish soap. I guess I could use a bar of soap from the bathroom. We had plenty of that. Mamma and a friend of hers had gone to one of those big warehouse stores a while back and bought enough bars of soap to last a lifetime. Robert thought so too. He made a soap castle, and then got in trouble but I thought it was pretty funny. The bars of soap were the only thing we had enough of.

I didn't want him to see the inside of the refrigerator when I opened it. There was no reason he should be worried about what we had or, in this case, didn't have.

**I'M A WOMAN NOW. IT WAS MY JOB TO PROTECT HIM.
I BLOCKED HIS VIEW AND POURED THE KOOL-AID QUICKLY.**

My birthday cake was still in there. It had been a whole month since my birthday, but my cake was still in there. I didn't touch it. Somehow it didn't seem right. The cake was for a happy occasion. I hadn't felt too happy lately. Besides, I think mold had started growing on the back side of it. That seemed more fitting.

"Hurry up! The peanut butter is sticking to the roof of my mouth," he said, giggling. It was nice to hear laughter again. Everything seemed dead. Maybe cutting off his crust really was working. I gave him his drink and sat down beside him.

"Aren't you going to eat?" he asked.

"No, I'm not hungry." I could eat tomorrow at school, I thought. They would let me get seconds if I wanted. I wanted to save what was left for him to eat. I could just drink a lot of water. That would fill me up. The TV said you are supposed to drink at least eight glasses of water every day. At least now I was getting enough.

I wish Daddy never would've left that day. I could've eaten my cake. I dreamed about that cake. But he left, and I never got to taste it. Mamma got so mad that she almost threw it at him, but I saved it. I saved it for when he came back. I told him I wouldn't eat it without him. But he hasn't come back yet. I just got to look at it. Now it's moldy and you can't eat it anymore. If he does come back, I'll show him that I waited. He'll be happy then. Maybe I can get a new one.

On my last birthday, he helped me blow out the candles. We practiced all week. "One, two, three, BLOW!" he would say. By the end of the week we had it down to an art. I wanted to make my wish come true. I knew I had a whole lot of candles. He said if I practiced, I was sure to get them all out. When it came time, he helped me just to make sure that I did it. I wished for a new bike, and I got it. So it worked. I just wish he could've done the same this year.

I WOULDN'T ASK FOR A PRESENT, FOR ME, JUST FOR HIM.



"What are you two doing?" Mamma called out. I'm surprised she remembered that we were here.

"Robert is eating a peanut butter sandwich I made for him."

"Shouldn't you be in bed?"

"It's only six o'clock," Robert chimed in.

"Doesn't matter, you should go to bed," she replied.

We had gone to bed early every night. I got my full eight hours of sleep. Sometimes more. But I wasn't tired now. I wanted to tell Mamma that we needed to go to the store. We could get some ham, for Robert's sake.

"I don't want to go to bed, Betty."

"I KNOW," I TOLD HIM, "BUT MAMMA WILL GET MAD. JUST GO IN YOUR ROOM AND SHUT THE DOOR. SHE'LL FALL ASLEEP IN A LITTLE WHILE." SHE DIDN'T WANT TO SEE US AROUND THE HOUSE ANYMORE. SHE SAID WE REMINDED HER OF HIM. I ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT WAS A GOOD THING.

Robert went to his room after he was done. I told him I would be in later to tuck him in. Mamma didn't want to do it anymore and he needed to know that someone was there for him. He seemed happy with me doing it. It was important that he was happy.

"What do you want?" she said when I sat down beside her. She was very scary. She was mad a lot lately, and I didn't want her to get mad again. Last time she broke my crystal rocking horse, my grandma gave me. She stays in the home for old people, but somehow every year she manages to send me a rocking horse. They always meant so much to me. This one was my favorite out of the collection. I got one every year on my birthday. The crystal one was from this year. I was getting older, grandma had told me, and I deserved nice things. But Mamma broke it.

She used to be happy and nice, too. **SHE WAS NEVER THE JUNE CLEAVER MOM THAT WAS ON TV LATE AT NIGHT, BUT SHE WOULD DO FUN THINGS WITH US SOMETIMES.** One time she took us to the store and let us pick out anything we wanted. She said that Daddy

had gotten a raise and Robert and I were doing so well we deserved something special. I wish she could be happy again.

"I...I just wanted to ask if I could have some money so I could go to the store. Robert wants to have ham sandwiches instead of peanut butter."

"Robert's a kid. He'll get what I give him."

"What I give him," I mumbled softly. But it wasn't soft enough. An instant later I felt the back of her hand against my jaw and a big WHACK sound went with it.

"Don't you disrespect me like that! I had enough of this family's disrespect from your father," she screamed.

"I DIDN'T MEAN TO DISRESPECT YOU. I JUST WANT TO LET ROBERT EAT SOMETHING GOOD."

"He deserves what your father deserves, nothing!"

"That's not true. We're still here for you," I yelled at her.

"You're only here because your father didn't want you. I got stuck with you two."

"He does want us. He does!"

"If he wanted you, then why would he have left you here?"

"He's gone off to be with his new girlfriend, and he left us behind because we're not important anymore. You don't believe me? Here, just read this." She pulled a letter from her back pocket and handed it to me. The paper was soft and the edges were torn. I hesitated at first, but I knew I had to open it.

I read it slowly, careful not to miss a word. "I'm sorry, I can't stay. Things have gotten so off track. I hope you can understand. I love the children, but I can't be tied down anymore. It's just too much responsibility. I'll send some money when I can. Take good care of them. Will." So it was true. She was telling the truth, for once. He wasn't coming back.

I couldn't look at it anymore. I threw the letter back at her. I was always his favorite. How could he not want me? My eyes began to

well up, and I was blinded by my tears as I went into the kitchen. I wiped them away with the back of my hand and sat down at the table. She was right, I thought. He wouldn't have left us here so long if he was coming back. It all made sense now. I felt the anger and hurt from the past month fill up inside me. Fine! If he doesn't want me, then I don't want him either.

I pulled my birthday cake from the refrigerator and threw it in the trash. He didn't deserve to see that I didn't eat it without him. He didn't deserve to have me love him. I didn't have anyone to love me now, but that's okay. I don't need love. I could do just fine by myself, as long as Robert knew that he was loved.

HE WAS JUST A KID. KIDS NEED TO FEEL SPECIAL.

I decided to go to bed. In my room no one would bother me. I didn't even change my clothes. I just crawled into bed. I pulled the covers up over my head and tried to disappear from the world. It didn't work. I heard the door squeak, then the light footsteps of Robert as he came into the room. I forgot to tuck him in. He probably just wants me to tuck him in, I thought.

"Betty," he said as he poked me in the side. I tried to ignore him. I just didn't want to deal with him right now.

"Betty!"

"What," I snapped.

"I WANTED TO COME TUCK YOU IN TONIGHT. YOU SHOULD BE TUCKED IN SOMETIMES TOO."





SCULPTURE



• REBEL

SCULPTURE

FIRST PLACE

THIRD PLACE



SECOND PLACE

SCULPTURE

TRIANGLE FROM TEMPE

Adam Adcock



24" × 12" × 6"
steel and wood

STUDY OF DISSECTED CIRCLES #3

James Davis

• 120" × 72" × 72"
steel



10" × 6" × 14"
iron, bronze, aluminum and steel



THE GROWTH

Heather Ivy

LAURA

Ugo Corte

Ok, this ain't no Hemingway, but it is locally bred and sincerely felt.

Laura is crazy.

BUT WHAT IS THE MEANING OF CRAZY, ANYWAY? HOW DO YOU UNDERSTAND IT?

I mean crazy-good: spontaneous, unconventional and as she says, a bit neurotic! She is not random, or strongly mentally ill. She is just full of energy, enough to reply to my suggestion of driving

down to the beach after drinking all night in a club, with a simple and unexpected: "Let's go!"
(To which I replied, "No thanks, maybe tomorrow")

She is an artist, and her house looks like an explosion of ideas: past, future, or never-to-be projects. She is living in a mess even though she has cleaned twice this past week. At times, she may unconsciously claim that she has better things to do than keep her space tight-up and I may actually believe that, since I am a mess myself.

LAURA IS DOWN TO EARTH BUT AT THE SAME TIME UP IN THE SKY. SHE CAN'T SEE FAR, BUT SHE CAN SEE THROUGH. SHE IS USUALLY HAPPY, HIGHLY INTROSPECTIVE, AND BECAUSE OF THIS SHE MAY BE ABLE TO SUFFER MORE THAN OTHERS.

Laura stinks of chemicals because she is devoted to what she is doing. If you want to hang out with her you have to cope with it as you would a friend who has a stinky dog.

Annabelle is Laura's stinky dog and besides this commonality with all other dogs, she is also hyper and sweet.

Laura takes photos with the same ease and finesse as I push on my skateboard, and she does it just as often.

When she talks to people, she always seems to know 'what's up,' even when she may in fact not have a clue. She is 'fired up' and full of charisma; as Ugo likes to say: "She is screaming life and highly contagious!"

LAURA IS VERY ATTRACTIVE, AND NOT JUST BECAUSE OF HER BODY DIMENSIONS.

The reason for her success rests in what people cannot really understand, but can surely notice: that's something more than you can acquire by trying.

The way she carries herself around with wide open eyes behind her round glasses tells she is ready to communicate, and she also has something to say.

Laura looks good in nice, long, flowered skirts, but she hates to be called a hippie. Lately, she has been seen sporting a yellow t-shirt saying, 'I rock,' with the stylized picture of the singer from Bad Brains, a legendary hard-core band from the Eighties.

This past weekend we drove to the beach and she surfed three or seven waves standing up. That was the first time she messed around with a foam board, and evidently, she may also be a fast learner.

This, of course, depends on whether or not she likes the activity she may be confronting; just like anybody else. Have her do math, and she probably won't move a square.

Enthusiasm, determination, and a good physical push from me helped her to pass the white waters on a choppy, four-foot-wave-day, and finally reach the lineup.

When there, I helped her to late-drop down the first wave of a set and suddenly I lost sight of her. I thought she drowned. After a few minutes that lasted longer than the usual ones, I noticed the silhouette of her body four hundred or so yards down the coast. She was getting out of the water and about to lift the heavy long board we managed to get permission to use, and walk up the coast where she would have soon after tried to paddle back offshore one more time. Nobody was out since it was too windy and rainy. The waves were good and our day was great. As we stepped into her car, we put on the few dry clothes we could find and hit the road. While driving back home, we played loud music, sang loudly and consciously out of tune; we both felt good.

LAURA IS COOL.



© 2013 THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE



RA

WE

THE F
BIZ
AC

PHOTOGRAPHY

• REBEL

PHOTOGRAPHY

BRIG

FIRST PLACE

THIRD PLACE



SECOND PLACE

PHOTOGRAPHY

BRIE

Laura Ryan

TWO SIDES
TO EVERY
STORY

12.5" × 17.5"
silver gelatin print



BRIE

11" x 14"
silver gelatin print

SUITCASE #1

Lexie Moreland

TWO SIDES TO every STORY

Lauren Harbison

19" x 13"
silver gelatin print



SCENE FROM THE LeMONTROSE

Lexie Moreland

I was standing there. In the paisley carpeted hallway, comprised of forest greens and burgundies. I stood splitting my body and sight, before a curtain that separated the living room and the bedroom. This hotel suite. I pressed my small back against the wall, and my spine grated against the eggshell color.

I dug my toes and feet into the thick, forestry threads, crushing any chance of a miniature population living within the carpet. I cracked the knuckles of my toes and they sounded in echoes, fading into quieter snaps as I reached my pinky toe. I laid my head back against the wall gently, and closed my eyes, trying desperately to separate destiny and reality.

**DESTINY BOY AND REALITY BOY, BUT THOSE NAMES
SOUNDED LIKE SUPERHEROES.**

To my left, in the room, a pullout couch, a boy and a thin white sheet. Instead of Reality Boy, I'll call him the Pullout Couch Boy.

To my right, in the bedroom, a bed: a boy, sheets, pillows, a comforter. Swirling and encompassing his body. Instead of Destiny Boy, I'll call him the Bedroom Boy.

I held cold metal to my ear, busying myself with the phone. My brown cropped sweatpants sagged on my hips and I held the phone snugly between my shoulder and ear, re-tying the ribbon and cinching the waist. **I GOT PRETTY NERVOUS BETWEEN THESE SAID BOYS.** I started down the two steps, leading into the living room level with the pullout couch. The phone was charging and plugged into the bedroom outlet, and I rocked back from the cord slack before reaching the second step. Still, holding the phone, I watched the sleeping boy on the pullout couch. The Pullout Couch Boy. Watching to see if he was watching. Or if he would notice. Me. Watching. Him. The sheets falling between his rising and collapsing ribs. Rippling like a desert landscape. He slept fast. I turned back up to the first step, following the cord into the bedroom where I couldn't stand to be.

Climbing, my hands and knees sunk in the places this Bedroom Boy's limbs allowed me. His body, an abstract shape under the comforter. The comforter, fluffy, molding his abstract shape. I crawled into the places he did not touch. I was careful. I didn't want to wake this boy. There was no noise but he stirred, his eyelids gleamed with iridescent sweat from maybe a nightmare. I was scared, too. For him. In the other room, Pullout Couch Boy's breath almost seemed in time with Bedroom Boy's, faint through the Aztec inspired curtain. I climbed farther up the bed. I tickled a painting by brushing the ends of my long brown strands against Bedroom Boy's heavy arm. This arm that lay on nothing but air, his hand and dripping fingers waiting to be seized by a monster living under the bed. He opened his eyes from his sleep. They grew wide. I pressed my pointer finger, not pointing, but pressed my pointer finger against his mouth. My other hand took my weight

creating a huge starred wrinkle in the bed. Shh. Only a curtain separated our sound from the room with the Pullout Couch Boy.

He nodded. Bedroom Boy would be quiet with me. The curtain swayed, and I let the starry wrinkle disappear. For some reason I ducked; I thought about a hearse with painted flames and how eggs are cooked differently.

**PULLOUT COUCH BOY'S DREAM, IN TIME WITH BEDROOM BOY'S NIGHTMARE:
SO SHE BREATHED. A BREATH LIKE HER TIRED LUGGAGE. BOUND ON THE SHAGGY
FLOOR OF THE HOTEL SUITE. FLOORED. IT LAY OPEN. EXHAUSTION DRIFTED
UP, IN THE FORM OF SCENTED CLOTHES. UNWORN BUT WORN. SO WORN.
RIGHT NOW, SHE ONLY WORE THIS SKIN. HER SKIN, HE THOUGHT, SEAMLESS.**



He imagined, no, in his dream she was imagining as she slept beside him on the couch. Herself, waiting for her red bag to drop at the claim. He wondered how he could hear her imagination in his dream. Watching each bag fall. Sliding down stainless, textured steel. He slid his hand down the indent of her hip. A small red bag, one she thought prior to be colossal, fell gracefully on the conveyer. His head was spinning. Bags spun. Her bag looking small and indecent against the monster brown luggage. Monsters. Maybe under beds at hotel suites.

She was grabbing handles — he grabbed her wrist. Making a fist. Fingertips overlapped. Unsure she liked that. She stirred. Stirring but knowing. Like the woman. Walking provocatively with the monster brown luggage. An alluring balancing act. Sides swaying to the weight of each. He lost his breath in a smoking lounge. One that this woman may have passed.

A hush fell over Pullout Couch Boy's once harsh breath. Pullout Couch Boy opened his eyes from his dream and loosely let his eyelids close again. Seeing that I wasn't there beside him, knowing that he was sleepy and dreaming, dismissing the true to be false.
SCANTRONS AND BUBBLE SHEETS. A or B. He thought...

Perhaps she unpacked her disposition. He dreamt she lay on the pullout couch next to him. He watched her clothes fall neatly in

dressers, they even fell neatly on the floor. Folded. Clothes and knees. Her knees folding tight. Abandoning the pain for pressure.

Her suitcase floating high with his hopes. He joined her in unpacking her clothes. He put them where he thought they should be. And stay. He grabbed her sides wearing gloves. Gloves from her bag. Black with pink embroidery.

BEDROOM BOY'S NIGHTMARE:

HE PRESSED HIS MOUTH ON THE GLASS. PUSHING OUT STEAMY BREATH, HE FOGGED THE VIEW OF THE GLOVES IN THE CASE. SHE WOULD LOVE THEM, LOVE TO COVER HER HANDS. HE WOULD HAVE TO BE QUICK. AND GET TO BAGGAGE CLAIM. SHE WAS TRAVELING BACK FROM SOMETHING IMPORTANT.



Stainless textured steel reflected highlights in his eyes. He watched the bags move, slowly but steadily — conveying. One by one, a different color and size. Canvases and soft or shiny leather. A child's yellow pleather suitcase fell on its side. He caught a glimpse of her, standing, ringing out nervousness from her hands, between some monster brown bags. She waited for the red bag. And so did he. He crouched, then and waited patiently for the red bag.

The bags floated up and then back down, casting shadows like silhouettes against Aztec-inspired curtains, but he shook his head at them, gripping the black and pink satins in his hand. He smiled at the silkiness of them, thinking of her hair tickling paintings.

The red bag presented itself, and quickly he grabbed it. Tumbling down to the cold salmon and turquoise linoleum tiles, tiles he had been waiting on. He stuffed the gloves in her red bag, and they hid in her side compartment.

He waited for the gloves, and her hands, in his once sweet dream. Turning into a nightmare, when he slid back the curtain in his hotel suite at the sound of satin on skin. A slick and uneasy sound. His eyes narrowed to decipher the specs of the scene linked with the sound. Sounds of undeserving and oversized hands wearing satin, on the skin he deserved.



VIDEO

1. PORTRAIT OF A GIRL

First Place

Laura Ryan

2. YET UNKNOWN

Second Place

Laura Ryan

3. BAPTISM

Third Place

James Taylor





AUDIO

- 1. DROPOUT**
Best Production
Jerry Odom
- 2. KIMONO**
Most Original
Will Hooper & Paul Baldwin
- 3. TRACK 3**
Best Composition
Invazionn Music Group
- 4. BLEEDING HEARTS**
Benjamin Boeldt
- 5. FOUR MOVEMENTS TO THE MIND**
Austin Nevels & Mark Romano
- 6. LAZY EYE J**
Brian Corum & The Highway Strips
- 7. LOVE SAID**
Laura Harsant
- 8. ACCELERATOR**
Good Enough To F#*k Your Band
- 9. ORGY OF FIRES**
Opposable Thumbs
- 10. WAKE UP**
Brantley Barefoot

STAFF 47

EDITOR

Jason Alexander

ART DIRECTOR

Patrick Jones

CONCEPT & DESIGN

Jason Alexander
Jessica Duensing
Brett Hartsfield
Patrick Jones

FACULTY ADVISOR

Craig Malmrose

**EXHIBITION
PHOTOGRAPHER**

Henry Stindt
Photographic

**STUDENT MEDIA
STAFF**

Bill Clutter
Yvonne Moye

COPY EDITORS

Chandra Cerutti
Craig Malmrose
Lisa Beth Robinson

ILLUSTRATORS

Janie Askew (59, 69, 74)
William Burkert (105)
Brie Castell (16, 84)
Lauren Harbison (145)
Antonio Martinez (38)
Lexie Moreland (25)
Charity Valentine (119)
Lorna Wang (49, 133)

JUDGES

VISUAL ART

Todd Coats
Creative Director, Capstrat

Lynn Ennis, Ph.D.
Curator, NC State University, Gallery of Art and Design

Jamie Kirkpatrick
Studio Ceramacist

LITERARY

Chandra Cerutti
Professor, East Carolina University

Thomas Douglass
Professor, East Carolina University

Rodger Schlobin
Professor, East Carolina University

MUSIC

Sarah Siskind
Singer/Songwriter

CREDIT

REBEL 47 STAFF THANKS:

Bill Clutter
Emerge Gallery & Staff
John Foust
Holly Garriott
Greenville TV & Appliance
Lou Anne Hodge
Trish Hayes
Aspen Hochhalter
Molly Leonard
Craig Malmrose
Maria Modlin

Yvonne Moye
Matt Muñoz
Eva Roberts
Crispin Prebys
Lisa Beth Robinson
Starlight Café
Henry Stindt
Theo Davis Sons
Carl Twarog
Uppercrust Bakery
Stephanie Whitlock Dicken

Thank you to all friends, family and colleagues not mentioned.

INDEX

Adcock, Adam	<i>Triangle From Tempe</i>	Sculpture	127
Anonymous	<i>Fix</i>	Fiction	90
Askew, Janie	<i>Check-It Series</i>	Printmaking	35
Askew, Janie	<i>Lesson In Impermanence</i>	Drawing	89
Askew, Janie	<i>Spank That Little Bastard</i>	Painting	110
Barefoot, Brantley	<i>Light Bulbs</i>	Graphic Design	101
Barefoot, Brantley	<i>Octavian Hotels Logo</i>	Graphic Design	103
Burkert, William	<i>Herman Melville</i>	Illustration	21
Capurro, Teresita	<i>Musicos</i>	Ceramics	83
Castell, Brie	<i>The Day After...</i>	Digital Photography	53
Coker, Erica	<i>Lunchbox Series</i>	Painting	109
Combs, Audrey	<i>Carl Cooks For Himself</i>	Painting	111
Corte, Ugo	<i>Laura</i>	Non-Fiction	130
Davis, James	<i>Circles #3, Study of Dissected</i>	Sculpture	128
Dolf, Jarus	<i>Progression 2</i>	Textile Design	46
Flythe, Justin	<i>A Pretty Pink</i>	Poetry	48
Flythe, Justin	<i>Dangerous Day Jobs</i>	Poetry	104
Flythe, Justin	<i>The Faded Gratitude</i>	Poetry	85
Fong, Corey S.	<i>Mechanization #2</i>	Best In Show	67
Foster, Arron	<i>Untitled</i>	Printmaking	36
Foster, Arron	<i>Untitled</i>	Printmaking	36
Grafton, Adrienne M.	<i>Impaired Chairs</i>	Metal Design	12
Harbison, Lauren	<i>Two Sides To Every Story</i>	Photography	139
Harman, Brandy	<i>Cemetery of Roses</i>	Non-Fiction	39
Harman, Brandy	<i>Uneaten Birthday Cake</i>	Fiction	116
Hutchins, Barbara	<i>Mim's Treasures</i>	Metal Design	13

Ivy, Heather	<i>The Growth</i>	Sculpture	129
Jensen, Ben	<i>Crossed Vase</i>	Ceramics	82
Kent, Stuart	<i>Progression</i>	Wood Design	30
Kittleson, Ryan	<i>Salt & Pepper</i>	Illustration	22
Kittleson, Ryan	<i>Knockout</i>	Illustration	23
Kye, Kelly	<i>Recycled Dye</i>	Textile Design	45
Loughlin, Neil	<i>Great Ideas of Western Woman</i>	Graphic Design	102
Massey, Sharon	<i>Collapsing Chain Mesh Chalice</i>	Metal Design	13
Mathes, Jerry	<i>American Losers</i>	Non-Fiction	4
Mathis, Jason	<i>Burned Like The Morning</i>	Digital Photography	55
Mathis, Jason	<i>Sense of Position In Flight</i>	Digital Photography	54
Mallory, Heather	<i>Selections</i>	Illustration	23
Mobbs, Rick	<i>Calf</i>	Painting	112
Moreland, Lexie	<i>Overrated French Horn Player...</i>	Poetry	14
Moreland, Lexie	<i>Scene From LeMontrose</i>	Fiction	140
Moreland, Lexie	<i>Suitcase #1</i>	Photography	138
Neal, Christopher	<i>Temporal Flavors</i>	Poetry	24
Ojeda, Daniel	<i>The Human Vessel</i>	Ceramics	81
Osgood, Kathryn	<i>Rose Locket</i>	Metal Design	11
Parke, Gillian	<i>Pink Rum Vase</i>	Ceramics	83
Pärtna-Jarvis, Anne	<i>Rhythm of Nature</i>	Ceramics	82
Phillips, Kelly	<i>First Taste</i>	Textile Design	not shown
Ratcliffe, Natalie	<i>Come & Go</i>	Poetry	115
Robson, Hannah	<i>Confidence</i>	Textile Design	47
Ryan, Laura	<i>Brie</i>	Photography	137
Sawyers, Vicky	<i>Untitled</i>	Wood Design	29
Strother, Reynolds	<i>Octavian Hotels Logo</i>	Graphic Design	103
Taylor, James	<i>Lauren</i>	Painting	112
Whitlow, John	<i>Mary Had A Little This...</i>	Fiction	56
Wright, Napoleon	<i>Spark Magazine Cover</i>	Graphic Design	103

PRODUCTION

PRINTING

PBM Graphics, Inc.

EDITION

3000

PRESS

Komori Lithrone 40" 6-color sheetfed press

STOCK

Sappi McCoy Silk Cover 120#

Sappi McCoy Silk Cover 100#

Sappi McCoy Matte Text 80#

TYPE FAMILIES

Adobe Minion

FF Meta

COPYRIGHT

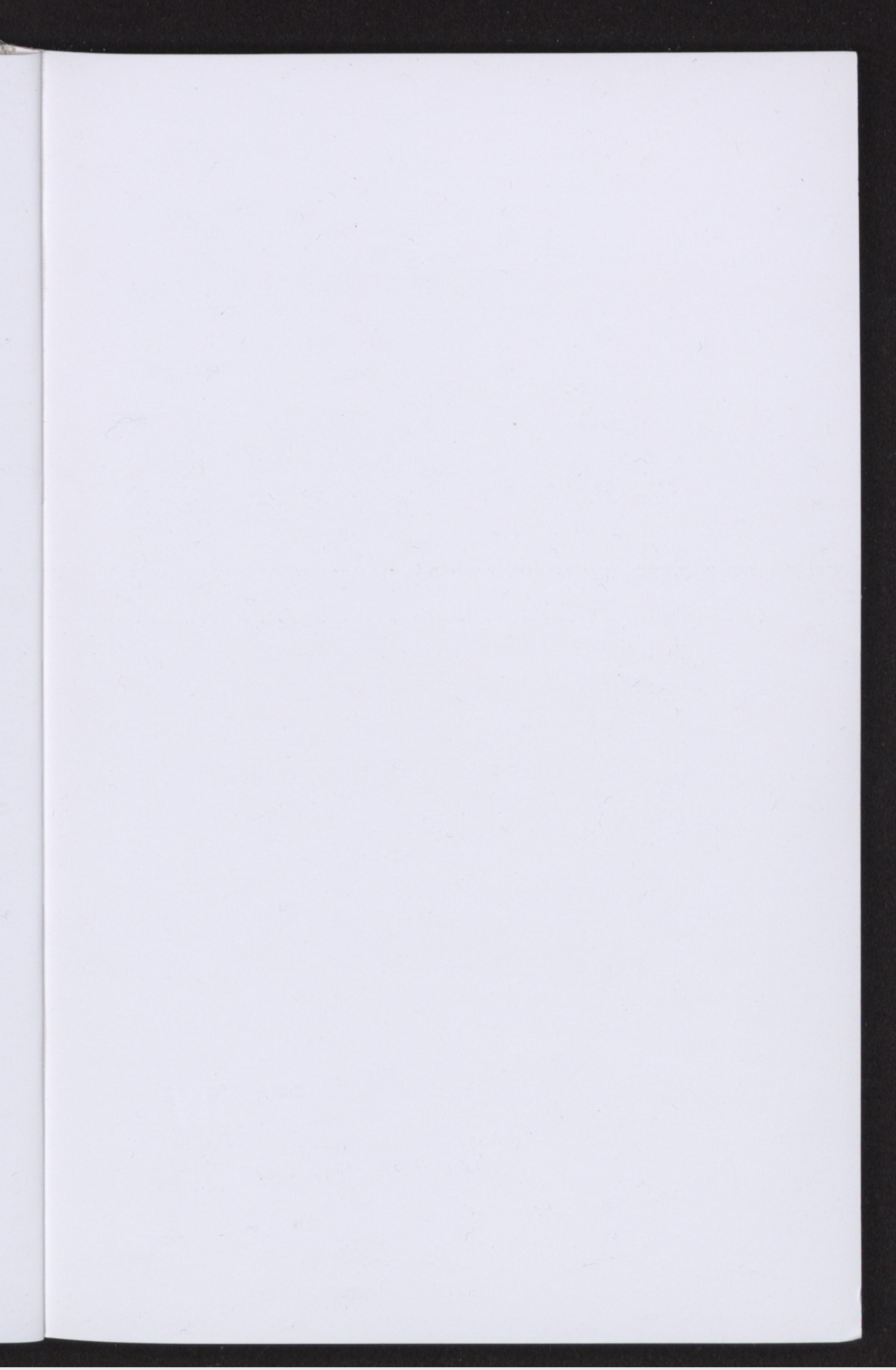
The *Rebel 47* is produced by and for the students of East Carolina University. Offices are located with Student Publications in the Self-Help Building. The contents are copyrighted 2005 by the *Rebel 47*. All rights revert to the individual writers and artists upon publication. Contents may not be reproduced by any means, nor stored in any information retrieval system without the written permission of the writer or the artist. Printed with non-state funds.



SEVEN
FORTY
RBBGL

REBEL
FORTY
SEVEN

1989
FORTY
26V6N



FOR TY-26V6M

A series of 20 horizontal, rounded rectangular lines for writing, arranged vertically down the page.

WGBGI