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The Bridge | Spring 2016 | Volume 13



Volume 13  
a student journal of  
arts and fine arts











# The Bridge

a Student Journal of Literature and Fine Arts

Volume Thirteen

The Bridge, Volume Thirteen was  
designed using the Adobe Creative Suite:  
InDesign, Photoshop, and Illustrator.  
Typefaces used are Josefin Slab and Josefin Sans.



We dedicate Volume Thirteen to

*Frederick W. Clark Jr., Esq.,*

the 12<sup>th</sup> president of Bridgewater State University  
and a lifelong member of the school community.



# TABLEREENTS

Front Matter	i-vi
Memory of Bridgewater, MA • James Holbert	1
Jet Boat • Coleen O’Hanley	3
Remember Me • Nichole Manfredi	4
Self Portrait • Nichole Manfredi	5
Two Kooks • Jeff Smith	6
Valerie’s Letter • Cidalia Pina	7
In Case of Conflict • Timothy Urban	8
Through the Looking Glass • Julia Whalen	10
Vacancy • Amanda Labriola	12
Mornings • Jennifer Wolfgang	13
a study on falling in love with public transportation • Brittney Melvin	14
Autofluorescence of Pollen • James Kutlowski & Brittany Townley	15
The Structure of a Cell • Andrew McGinnis	15
Chinese Celebration • Eric Lopes	16
A Week (Nes)ting* With Grammy • Caitlin Rose Bradley	18
Copper Fire • Cassandra Laslie	19
Drying • Abby Hess	20
Self-Made • Jeff Smith	22
Nesting • Noemia Frietas	23
Unctuous • Jeff Smith	24
Hanging by a Thread • Noemia Frietas	26
Being a Bug is OK • Jeff Smith	27
Home • Jessica Lazarus	28
Fireworks • Coleen O’Hanley	30
How Do You Squash a Cricket? • Kelley Barrett	31
The Most Magical Shoes on Earth • Jessica Kesaris	38
Flower Girl   Quiet Reflection   Dime Store Bride • Laurie Mathews	40
On A Wing and a Prayer • Laurie Mathews	41
Hey...Joe • Jose Gouveia	42
Painting With Light • Kathleen Carroll	43
a study on becoming a honeybee • Brittney Melvin	44
感激 感 佩 • Cidalia Pina	45
the next great invention • James Holbert	46
Boneless • Jose Gouveia	47
Swollen Vase • Nichole Manfredi	48
White Teapot with Cups • Trudy Bryant	49
Fragile Heart • Santiago Chaves	50
Capturing Warmth Through Coldness • Timothy Urban	51
Tantalizing Tiger Lilies • Emily Brady	52
Never Will I Ever • Kaleigh Longe	53
Thoughts After Evil Actions • Josh Savory	56
Nature In Me • Noemia Frietas	57
Reconciliation • James Holbert	58
USA BONDS WWII • Matthew Small	59
Hands of the Universe • Stephanie Janeczek	61
Streamer • Jenna Lopes	62
Cardboard Clown • Damian Bellotti	65
Embrace • Cidalia Pina	66
Moving Arrangements • Timothy Urban	67
Sinking • Coleen O’Hanley	69
Rhymes the Flood Taught Me • Abby Hess	70
Set of Bowls • Nichole Manfredi	71
Incomplete • Nichole Manfredi	72
One Night, Outside • Abby Hess	73
Peach Sky • Eric Lopes	74
4 Minute Mile • Cody M. Marx	75
Dear Compulsively Inclined to Jerk Off Into Crusty Socks • Jenna Lopes	76
Woven • Cidalia Pina	77
Mrs. Red was not Always Human • Kiana M. Govoni	78
The Rose • Sophonie Robert	79
Two Sheep • Trudy Bryant	80
Turquoise Scarf • Devon Forrester	82
Big Red • Cassandra Laslie	82
Work as a Mannequin • James Holbert	83
Lurking Octopus • Troy Knight	87
Jay Block Interview	88
An Intimate Evening with Peanuts • Daniel Marco Martins	102
rastafar-I • Damian Bellotti	103
Four of a Kind • Cassandra Laslie	104
The Ice Cream • James Holbert	105
The Day Dreamer • Nichole Manfredi	107
Shaping Faces • Jeff Smith	108
Untitled • Coleen O’Hanley	109
Crashing on the Rocks •Kelly Thies	110
in the shell of the antilles • Sharrisse Viltus	111
Hades Writes a Welcome Home Letter for Persephome • Katherine Nazzaro	112
Mariposa Seeds • Jessica Lazarus	113
Green Teapot with Tray and Cups • Trudy Bryant	114
I Am Scratch • Erin Gregg	116
Disassembly • Cidalia Pina	119
At the Gallows • James Holbert	120
Back Matter	122-129



# Mission Statement

The Bridge is managed entirely by students in fields of editing and design. Our charge is to serve, as we are dedicated to showcasing the artistic talents of our student body. Our goal is to excel, as we wish to pay a debt to our alumni, keep a promise to ourselves, and set an example for our successors.

## Copyright Statement

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The writers and visual artists have consented to have their work published in this volume of The Bridge; they have reserved all other rights. Works published in The Bridge are the property of the individual writers and visual artists and may not be reprinted or otherwise duplicated without their consent.

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The background of the left page is a solid light gray. Overlaid on this are several geometric elements in a deep red color. A large, hollow triangle is the central focus, with its base at the bottom left and its apex pointing towards the top right. Within this large triangle, the title "Letter from the Editors" is written in a white, sans-serif font, arranged in four lines: "Letter", "from", "the", and "Editors". Surrounding this central triangle are several other red geometric shapes: a solid triangle at the top left, a solid triangle at the bottom left, a hollow triangle at the bottom center, and a solid triangle at the top right. Additionally, there are several horizontal and diagonal red lines of varying lengths scattered across the lower half of the page.

# Letter from the Editors

"Meditations in an Emergency" is the name of a poem by Frank O'Hara. It is also how one of our editors, Hannah Green, described the contents of this journal.

The writing of an introduction for any book is, without a doubt, a difficult task. When you're approaching the 13th iteration of an award-winning journal, however, it can seem unbearably daunting—which, ultimately, is a fitting statement about the creation of the volume in your hands. Welcome to The Bridge; we hope you'll enjoy engaging with it as much as we enjoyed creating it.

We spent the majority of our fall semester huddled over pictures and text, coming up with a way to invite submissions of visual art and literature. If you were on campus, you might have noticed flyers and posters with grayscale hands reaching out, covered by a red command to "SUBMIT." You answered the call. We couldn't help notice that these submissions depict people coping with crisis. We all experience catastrophes in different ways. Frequently within the submissions we noticed a trend of people falling apart both figuratively and in some cases quite literally. It is our pleasure to present the work of writers and artists who have touched us with their poignant explorations of emotional turmoil.



This journal would not exist without the aid and support of our advisors. Professor John Mulrooney returned again to guide us through the campaign and editorial processes. Former Bridge Art Editor-in-Chief and consultant Cheryl Tullis came on at the end of our fall semester as a godsend, aiding us in art selection, InDesign tutorials, graphic design know-how, and general aid (such as "Editor Feeding" duties) wherever and whenever we needed it. It would be remiss not to express our gratitude.


It takes an immense amount of courage to share any kind of creative work, and we thank everyone who took the time to submit their art and literature to us back in December.

Additionally, we extend our never-ending thanks to Lori LeComte, without whom it is likely we would have taken years to complete this project. We are grateful for the help of everyone in the Office of the President for their support of this journal, as well as Dean Paula Krebs and Associate Dean Rita Miller. Ellen Dubinsky, Maxwell Library's Digital Services Librarian, has been an invaluable resource for the journal. We thank Mr. Jay Block, Collections and Exhibition Manager, for providing us the opportunity to interview him. As always, we thank the BSU alumni for their support. Finally, we would like to thank the maintainers of Hunt Hall, who not only made sure we had a clean room, but that when the weather was cold, we were warm.

As we go to press, we keep the family of the recently passed BSU student Kyle Bronstein in our thoughts.

We come together now to  
celebrate the creative community  
of Bridgewater State University.





# Memory of Bridgewater, MA

James Holbert

In the MBTA lot we skated on boots  
across looping tire treads  
superimposed over white glacial concrete  
over white lines over once black tar.  
Yesterday we'd watched as dozers craned the snow  
into beds of trailers—  
birthing peaky pearl mattresses,  
the kind where angels want to sleep,  
imprinted bodies to be found by  
archaeologists.  
Then, we'd witnessed like doleful millionaires,  
in our rooms, hands shoveled into pockets, and framed  
by full-bodied windows. We wore  
basketball shorts.

The tracks were there the next day,  
our own could not erase them.  
It was snowing again.  
In the orange lamplight of too-tall installations  
the overlayer glowed only of dirt.  
We felt around.  
Tony Sponza tickled a pack of Pall Malls  
and reminded us the sticks were bullets  
in a cartridge, and Allan Poe, though  
he hated our country in black squints, cradled  
Sponza after he fell to stomp the box. Later  
we learned Sponza had broken his tailbone  
again. We migrated  
to the banks.

The snow refreshed itself,  
but in hours it would arrive to  
become exhaust-plated and dulled to gray.  
We neglected our gloves and held hands  
with clumps of snow, pulling white  
apples from the frost-laden knolls, held  
them like the pale wrists  
of our lovers. Where were our  
Snow Whites?

The train wouldn't come because it could  
not part still streams of snow. Somewhere  
it got to sleep.

But on the platform its ghost ripped through, the  
gales of wind sweeping snow sheets from the protective  
roof, chasing  
an invisible something. In our herd someone  
coughed cold words, articulating our frosted-in thoughts.  
Experience had scared us into sentimentality. The  
banks of snow cupped our rears, snow sand  
roved over our empty field, and somewhere  
a mutt's howl reached us  
between a million misplaced white dunes.

We had never been numbers before.  
We looked at each other and our cheeks  
were baking and our skin was  
flaky and dusted.  
We knew the train wasn't coming, we  
didn't expect it to.  
There was general worry  
about the dozers returning in floods like Grecian war vessels.  
When we stood it was  
a little harder,  
a little longer, coming out.  
The snow had fenced us in two extra inches  
and our boots swallowed us more as we sunk inside.  
We were only boys.



**Jet Boat**  
Coleen O'Hanley  
Photography  
13.17 in. x 9.87 in.





**Remember Me**  
 Nichole Manfredi  
 Oil  
 12.5 in. x 10 in.



**Self Portrait**  
 Nichole Manfredi  
 Oil  
 24 in. x 30 in.



# Two Kooks

Internet told me  
 Crazy Dave died.  
 He was by himself,  
 wasn't found for two days.  
 The house we lived in had long burned down,  
 of course.

I remember some things.  
 He slept in a green room.  
 The light would finger out through the door cracks.  
 I told him it would fry his brain,  
 he said it stimulated his creativity.

His girlfriend walked out on him.  
 He wanted to chase her down Broad Street,  
 with a linty pellet gun  
 he pulled from his sock drawer.  
 You'll be arrested, I told him.  
 He said, Then she'll really know I love her.  
 Her name was tattooed on his neck,  
 still pimples red.

He shoveled our driveway  
 that winter wearing  
 clear vinyl gloves.  
 Your fingers will fall off, I told him.  
 I was just a boozy skeleton then.  
 We split potatoes we kept under the sink,  
 full of wormy eyes, for meals and  
 I shivered holding myself.  
 He said, I don't know what cold is.  
 Steam chugged out of his mouth.

My room smelled like cat piss.  
 He said, Did you know we could  
 fix this place up, rent it out,  
 be rich baby!  
 if we could just get our heads out of our asses?  
 I asked him if he could smell the urine  
 coming from the dark spot on the floor.

Jeff Smith

The Bridge Award Winner



Valerie's Letter  
 Cidalia Pina  
 Acrylic  
 24 in. x 20 in.



# n Case of

Timothy Urban

Hear: "The Piano Has Been Drinking," snow flickers through streetlights shadows cast on pavement cars all lined to sleep, pedestrians outside bars, shitfaced. Still full of platitudes of wisdom, an empty chest swells. Addys wear down and I chug a Red Bull, beginning again, pop open a beer at the Silhouette, and barely touch the popcorn.

Neon lights from cop cars swirl on Blanchard's Liquors, reflecting in the glass windows. I slip a 10 mg into my mouth. That familiar homeless man sits outside of McDonald's. There's a theater festival.

"Leave the kid alone." He doesn't try to stop the officer from cuffing the kid. "Fucking pig."

A small crowd gathers on the sidewalk.  
An officer tells everyone to walk away.  
The cuffed kid keeps yelling & hits his forehead on the car.  
The cop pushes him down into the back seat.

I see it all from inside McDonald's. I gorge myself with fries dripping sweet n' sour sauce.

10:30 PM: outside Kevin's apartment, stoned brownies, stomach growling. Kevin talks about pattaphysics and bands I've never listened to. "You know the Lounge Lizards? Right?"

"Of course." I don't know them at all.

"You need to see Fishing with John Lurie man." Great, another video I don't want to watch. I crinkle my toes. Maybe I should just leave.

The living room: YouTube videos of mountainside condos, a suburban family smiles outside a ski lodge and into a vintage lens Sufjan Stevens plucks high-pitched guitar notes fingering the chords on the projector the video ends.

Kevin laughs, a loud addictive cackle, impossible to avoid, contagious as always. Passes the joint. Smoke eases down into my pores. When I exhale it tickles the skin. Outside people are yelling.  
I leave.

# C on f l i c t

7:18 AM: alarm goes off. Boston, all snow and ice. I hate neat numbers; it really goads my chest whenever I wake up on one ending with a 0. My temples tick through my skin, pounding and burning. Crush up an Adderall with the back of a pen. I snort it up through a crusty dollar bill, tight from use. Head clears, eyes open, and the salty taste drips in the back of my throat. Rush outside.

"Medium regular please." Jaw clenched looking around with excitement feel a slight but far off dissonance of euphoria creeping down to the point of my spleen. Fingers twitchy.

A news anchor without a soul pontificates on television holding a stack of papers. Needs more notes to help him remember what's going on in the world.

12 PM: the subway. My reflection in the window. The T barrels through a tunnel. My face used to be fuller, but I think my cheekbones make me look handsome even if my eyes look dark and haunted. They burn. Two hours of sleep a night isn't healthy but it feels good with a Red Bull.

The subway clears at Coolidge. I can't walk fast enough.

1. The world is everything that is the case.
- 1.1 The world is the totality of facts, not of things.
- 1.11 The world is determined by the facts, and by these being all the facts.
- 1.12 For the totality of facts determines what is the case, and also all that is not the case.
- 1.13 The facts in logical space are the world.

I want to know as much as I possibly can but I'm not adequate alone.

Do you know what it's like to need something you don't want?

I keep it a secret and hide it in my desk drawer in a tin Altoids case.

4PM: dinner in the school cafeteria. Pizza again. I've got to get out of here. The roar of conversation. The tapping feet. The lights. The television. The laughter. The voices. Conversations. Outside's cold but I light a cigarette in a dark corner near a statue of a saint and listen to cars in the distance.





Through the Looking Glass  
*Julia Whalen*  
Photography  
3200 px. x 1800 px.



# Vacancy

Amanda Labriola

We left those porcelain skies lacquered  
in the lavender of maternal mornings—  
skies never scraped. There, the sun  
would yo-yo on a string tied  
to God's finger.

Here, dust lingers in ribbons of sunlight,  
like constellations  
spilling through hazy windows, fractured  
by the panes  
the city dizzies.

Here, sounds are thinner—  
by 6 every sidewalk is gilded.  
The smell of chaos and coffee floods through  
our apartment walls as you pour  
your own cup and watch the eddying cream,  
the soft undertow of white  
in a blackness.

Here, there is a rhythm—  
the rhapsodic concrete, the monosyllabic  
speech of taxis and brokers,  
the exhaust that seeps  
from everything.

Here, crowds stand in subway lines—  
pickpocketed and porous. We maneuver  
through prisms and live street lights.  
We find our own linearity  
to be finite.

You puzzle over the last  
of Sunday's crossword, you empty  
into boxes—  
Three down, seven letters—  
"an unoccupied space."

Silence answers for us both.

Here, there are more goodbyes—  
and we slink  
like the sun,  
through peaked days  
and harlequin nights.  
We come and go like tides  
on separate shores, contained  
by the same waters.

Here is vacancy.

Mornings

Jennifer Wolfgang

Graphite

18.5 in. x 21 in.



# a study on falling in love with public transportation

*Brittney Melvin*

there was something about your city bus hands,  
dirty but going somewhere,

the constant miscommunication of signals,

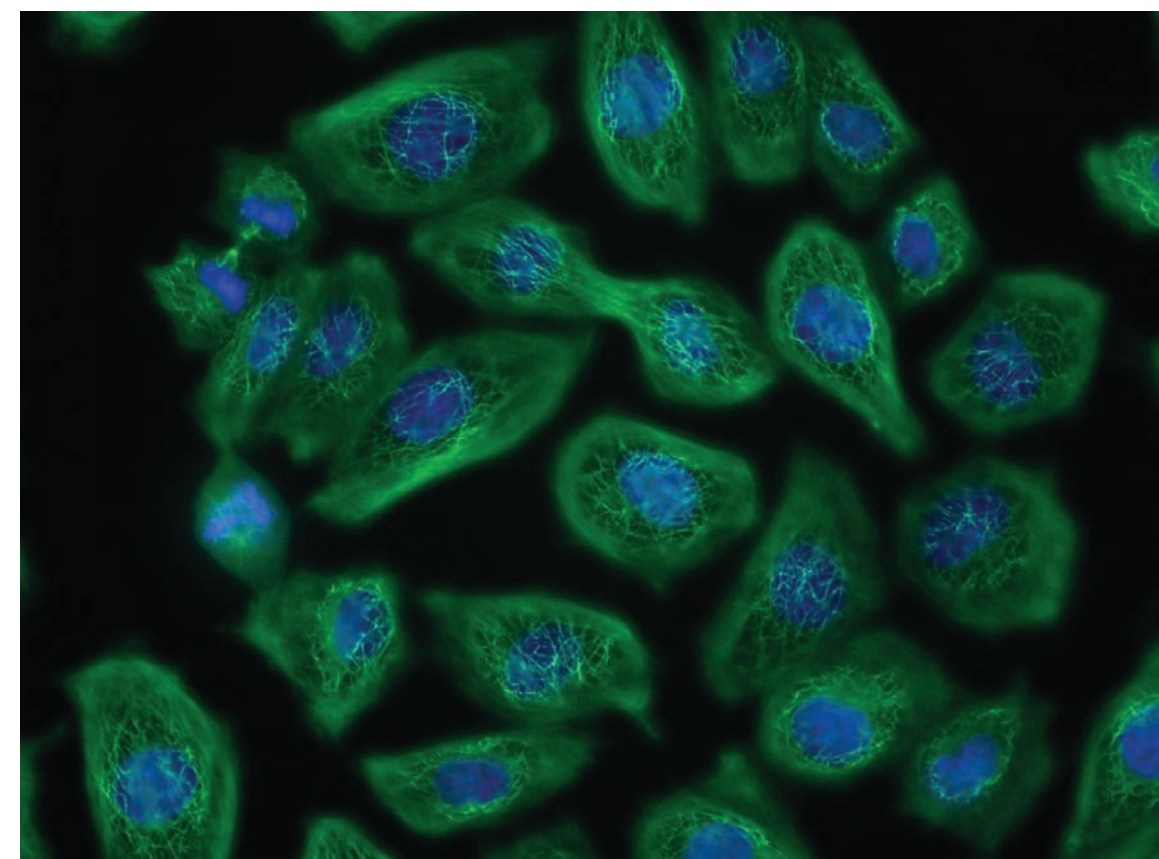
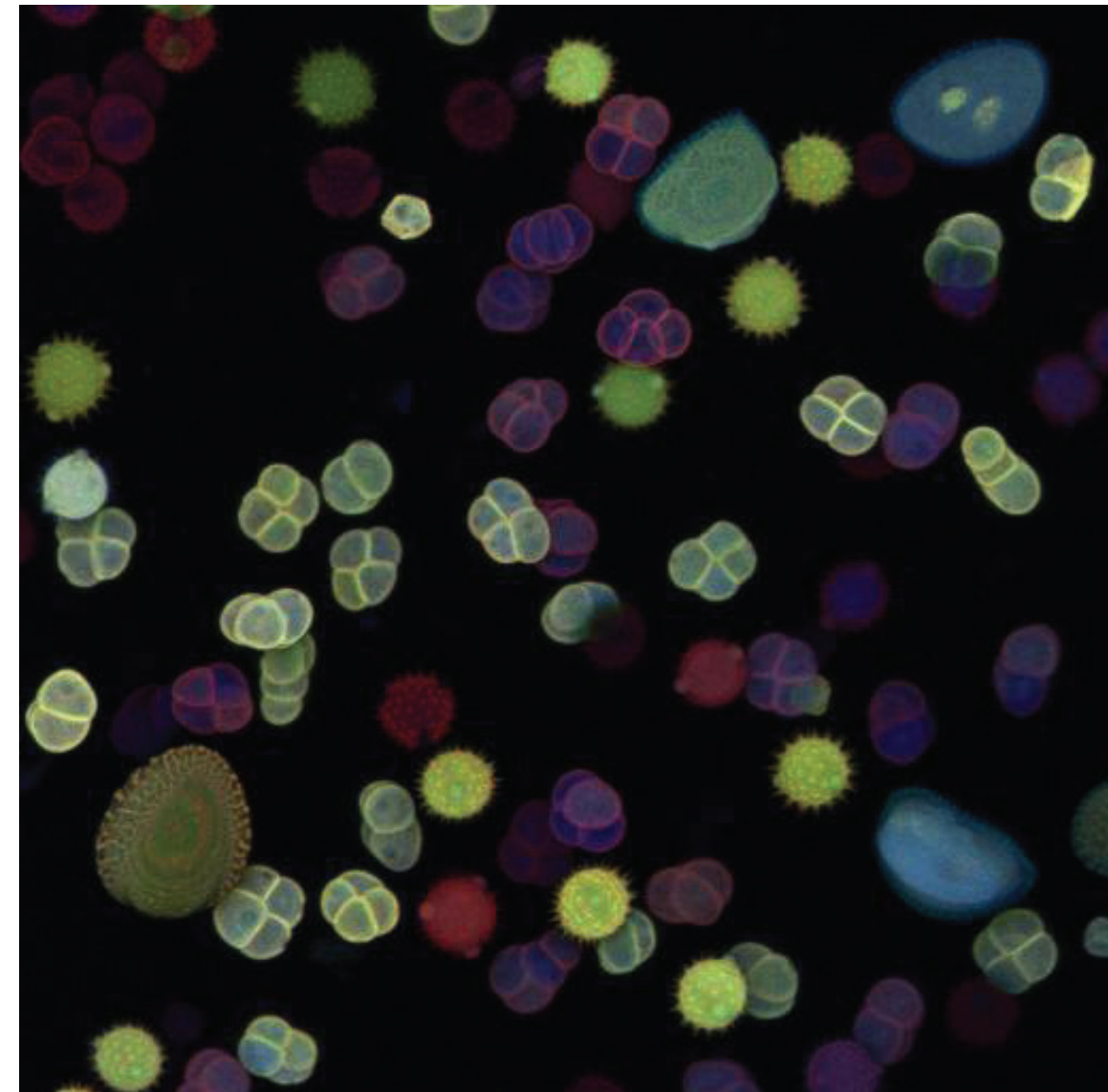
keeping you like  
my favorite winter coat  
buried at  
the back of my wardrobe,  
mistaking you

as a sort of familiar thing  
i could return to

when limbs wanted bone-deep warmth.

The Structure of a Cell  
*Andrew McGinnis*  
Digital Art  
1388 px. x 1040 px.

Autofluorescence of Pollen  
*James Kutlowski and Brittany Townley*  
Fluorescent Micrograph  
512 px. x 512 px.





Chinese Celebration

*Eric Lopes*

Photography

11 in. x 8.5 in.

**The Bridge Award Winner**





# A Week (Nes)ting\* With Grammy

Caitlin Rose Bradley

Bombing, drowning, missing child.  
Bombing, drowning, missing child.  
News on loop, the same reports.  
Bombing, drowning, missing child.

Cell phone, keys, Connect Card, purse.  
Right, left, right, left, right, left, right.

Today's date and date of birth,  
one two/zero four/one five  
oh two/fifteen/ninety-four  
Social Security, cell:  
eight one four-two three six nine.

Cell phone, keys, Connect Card, purse.  
Right, left, right, left, right, left, right.

"What day is it today?"

"And the nurse IS coming today?"

"Oh. And what's today?"

"Oh. I just can't remember things the way I used to."

"Well, you may think so, but my brain doesn't work right anymore."

"Is Jeopardy on today? What day is it?"

"What?"

"Isn't the nurse coming today?"

"Then I should get ready."

"Oh, okay."

Bombing, drowning, missing child.  
Breakfast, lunch, dinner, bed.  
Breakfast, lunch, dinner, bed.  
Breakfast, lunch, dinner, bed.

"It's Thursday, Grammy."

"Not until 3."

"Thursday."

"You do very well for 90."

"You're still very good at Jeopardy."

"Thursday."

"It's THURSDAY."

"Yes."

"It's only 5. She won't be here until this afternoon."

Alarm. six:thirty.

Cell phone, keys, Connect Card, purse.  
Right, left, right, left, right, left, right.

\*Nesting: To settle in or as if in a nest.

Computers: To place a routine inside another routine that is at a higher hierarchical level.



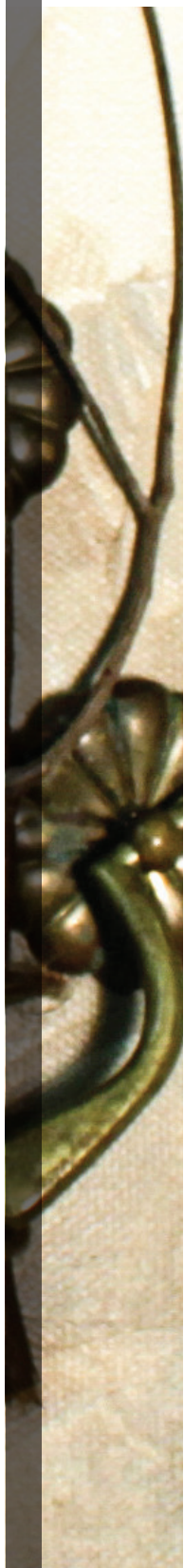
Copper Fire  
Cassandra Laslie  
Ceramic

7 in. x 5.5 in. x 5.5 in.



# D r y i n g

A b b y H e s s



## Week 1.

The water rolls along the street, bulging out the crick's black mouth. And lolls into our cellar, roots, and springs, cajoling raindrops south. My mother picks clothes from the floor, Ben throws chairs onto tables. They toss the pillows from the couch on stairs and unplug cables. But when the lights grow dim and blink and shocking, sickly speed, they run upstairs and close the doors as sparks swim centipede.

## Week 2.

The planes are dizzy in the air, circling us like buzzards. The clouds, still full, squeegee the ground and drizzle one another. The worms are risen and crows are fed, neighbors pop in and out their doors. Carry swollen couches and dripping bags that stain our mud-caked floors. The piles grow, vacuum the earth for gorged board games, blankets, books. A bean-bellied cat chews a grounded bird while brothers circle, crying, *look*.

## Week 3.

There are ten drummers, each missing a foot. Three trumpeters without their horns. The King's guard lost his sword and beard, a fur cape damp and torn. Two Santa Clauses have broken jaws. Red, spiny sticks plucked from their backs. Lined up, gullied, misshapen and bashed, the flood's swept them crumpled axe. Gray molds grow in their throats and hair, painted eyes blue or brown. Once brushed with bleach on the porch outside, teeth melt, colors dripping down.

## Week 4.

A church left us a basket filled with bath soap and deodorant on the step. And bottles full of Clorox, I placed where the cleaning supplies are kept. Our hands all smell of bleach, the house of mold, and grit, and puddles. My fingers wrinkle constantly, my eyes two soapy bubbles. Dad says that we might have to leave if mold's eaten the walls. We rip the paneling to check its guts' soft, pink insulated halls.

## Week 5.

I ride my bike to the storage locker that's been forgotten five weeks in. The mud and waste and oily water pooled atop our storage bins. Below the shelf that holds old blueprints for a new house on a hill, are sopped wet bags of bums and rags—stuffed animals are matted thick roadkill. Their boxy plastic tombs have held the water tight, up to their necks, and sopped them spongy rotten, inside mold-filled cotton wrecks. All I want to do is hug and squeeze boneless cotton to their shapes, but the smell of worm, baked marble eyes breaks sleepy clouds awake.



---

# Self - Made

Jeff Smith

An Artifice of me is in the corner.  
Look, it looks like you,  
You covered in a mealy gunge,  
With greased-white eyes.  
You see there are no teeth as it screams at you and points

Slip your hand into my mouth  
It's quivering and comfortable.  
My voice shivers through your arm,  
It hums your birthday song.  
Look out the window  
Through the not-there pane, there is a tree  
Hewn in your way, stretched out and bark-skinned,  
One limb pulls a clavicle up,  
Another pulls your jaw right, sap bleeding from the splits.  
You look away, and your arm slips further down my throat

Don't you know you are everywhere?  
The floor boards shake,  
Squat you burst through the wood like mushrooms.  
They stamp around us widdershins  
They are small but their feet are heavy

Fall! completely within me,  
Your image slips through straws of narrowing widths,  
Winnowing you to a grain of skin.  
Floating, you realize  
When you are everything, only you are to blame.



Nesting

Noemia Frietas

Oil and mixed media  
10 in. x 12 in.



# U n c t u o u s

Jeff Smith

Our yard burned through the window.  
My wife, behind the beautiful drapes,  
sewn through with hollow beads.  
Her eyes leaked seaweed  
and I hadn't dabbed them clean  
for days.  
Hanging between us is air,  
clean of smoke.  
Between us her leftovers  
had eased into their plates,  
had grizzled over.

Mother said hookworms ran through her.  
She quaked wet, unhot from the outside glow,  
blue from our varnish-stained overalls  
in the fire.  
They stank like onions until the end and after.  
Crust chitined around her fingernails.  
How long had her hair been this yellow?  
She grasped herself, and said  
all I have is myself.

Every place a hair grows,  
I itch.  
She'll glow whatever color she wants.  
I'll wrap her in beads,  
worms or no.







## Hanging by a Thread

Noemia Frietas

Acrylic and mixed media  
16 in. x 16 in.

# Being a Bug is OK

*Jeff Smith*

When your face is under the showerhead  
and you can't breathe and the drown-panic takes—  
(feels like an alligator from your throat through your tracts)  
What should you do?

Put your unclad belly on the tubfloor and crawl out  
water will stream off your back and coagulate in your trail  
Pull yourself against the linoleum  
Notice the channels that simulate grout  
the pockmarks that simulate age  
where the urine waits and blossoms fragrant  
Cross over to the carpeted room  
with your face to the weave  
(that's frosted with ejaculate bedbug and human)  
Look at each nyloned wisp  
the brown to tan to tan-yellow  
the machine-loom that drew it was a nurturer  
left elbow after left knee, articulate yourself outside  
The cement is jagged-jeweled granite  
it pins two crescent cuts on your cheek  
so everyone will know what you are  
You'll like the lawn:  
the hairy blades that caress your lips  
the weed-flowers that are so bright  
cars tumbling by like herring  
Every atom is shaking under you and with you.  
Lay there 'til the snow comes  
Tingles your toes 'til you forget they exist  
And light flows through like a spring





Home  
Jessica Lazarus  
Mixed media and relief  
7 in. x 5 in. x 1 in.





Fireworks  
Coleen O'Hanley  
Photography  
41.78 in. x 21.78 in.

# How Do You Squash a Cricket?

Kelley Barrett

"Hey, I hear the voice of a preacher from the back room  
Calling my name and I follow just to find you  
I trace the faith to a broken down television and put on the weather  
I wanna get better, better, better, be—"   
Thump.

I turn down the radio as my hands clench the wheel, forcing the whites of my fingernails to turn red in my deathgrip. I try in vain to drive forward, but am thrust back. Losing the war with my mind, I am brought back to the site of the thump. It was a pothole. Just a pothole. I know this is true, but a miniscule voice in my head overpowers logic: Turn around. You just hit someone. They're lying there dying and it's all your fault.

I circle back, stretching my neck out to survey the area. I catch a peripheral glimpse of a red flannel shirt lying on a front lawn. The voice in my head screams as it mutates into a full-blown demon, grabbing the wheel and pulling the car to the side of the road. I cautiously approach the scene, taken aback by the display of the figure's insides strewn across the lawn. This victim, a tattered and forgotten scarecrow lay half-buried in snow. It was a pothole and this is a scarecrow and I'm nine minutes late.

It's not because I watch too many horrifying Lifetime movies, and it's not because I'm an incompetent driver. There is something alive inside of me that ignites flames of guilt and paranoia which burn me to my core. Pinocchio got Jiminy Cricket, and I got his hypercritical cousin who doesn't stop chirping, Finicky Cricket. Our daily conversations proceed as follows:

Me: Okay, I had nothing to do with that, no need to worry.

Finicky: But are you sure? Is there any unreasonable doubt? That's what I thought. It's your fault. Fix it.



Me: Why can't you be more like Jiminy and sing me feel-good songs about how I should just whistle when I need you?

After every Finicky Flare Up, I ask myself, "Why am I like this?" I have spent years turning the car around, saying "sorry" for things I haven't done, and swimming in a deep sea of paranoia. I have formulated four plausible theories to explain Finicky's origins and actions.

#### Theory #1: SCIENCE

I have a hyperactive guilt gland that emits paranoia and acts up in situations that induce anxiety. Perhaps some of the gland can be removed surgically. Surgery, however, would induce anxiety and release paranoia of dying on the table. Surgery is no longer an option.

#### Theory #2: REINCARNATION

I once took a "Who Were You in a Past Life?" quiz, a questionable, sleep-deprived decision. Nevertheless, it told me that I was a rebellious princess born in Newcastle in 1578, who liked to joust with knights. The specificity of this answer was both alarming and confusing. I am led to assume that this past version of me must have accidentally killed a knight while jousting, permanently infusing my conscience with guilt.

#### Theory #3: FAMILY CURSE

A medium once told me that my dead grandmother is sorry that I have to worry so much like she did. She might have had Finicky as well, but the medium did not go into specifics. The location of this dead grandmother reading took place in a room made to look and feel like Heaven. I had someone take my pulse to make sure I had not actually died. It's possible that Finicky has haunted and plagued generations of my family and that I am merely his next host.

#### Theory #4: FINICKY ACTS OUT IN RAGE OVER THE TIME I TRIED TO EXTINGUISH HIS POWERS

In April 2006, I was a fourth grader in Catholic school, and the halls were alive with the hums of the High School Musical soundtrack. Religion class was about to begin and I was feverishly completing an Easter Bunny portrait that would make its way to my refrigerator.

"Hello, class. Since it is Lent, we will be going to Confession. Please write the sins you would like to confess on a piece of paper to bring with you tomorrow."

Oh, Lent. Not only would I have to pretend to give something up, but I would have to confess my juicy, ten-year-old indiscretions to a stranger.

"Remember kids, Confession wipes your conscience clean! And be honest—the priest cannot tell anyone what you say to him—no matter what."

Please. I could absolutely see those priests gossiping at lunch about the latest "Confession Closet" stories. "Alison didn't invite Suzie to her party? Sinfully scandalous. How many Hail Marys did you prescribe?"

The whole "purification of the conscience" aspect greatly appealed to me, however. A clean slate would have been a relief. With the ideas of mortal sin and the threats of eternally burning in Hell casually being tossed around in religion class, I walked around thinking: "Was that a sin? Shit. Shit, saying 'shit' is a sin. SHIT!" My guilt glands pounded

rapidly in this environment, staining my slate. At certain points, I wondered how I was able to stand upright with so many sins inside of me.

I reluctantly flipped my Easter Bunny masterpiece over. My hand quivered as I took pen to paper, breathing life into my moral offenses. What if I forgot something? Would only some of my conscience be wiped clean? I dug into the epicenter of my being to unearth every sin.

That night I tossed and turned, struggling to produce a mental film of my sins from the past year. A montage of my scandalous little life panned out to the song, "Bad to the Bone." Scenes of me swearing (B-B-B-B-Bad) faded into scenes of me fighting with my siblings (B-B-B-B-Bad), which turned into a dramatic scene involving the heist of a local candy store that ended in a blaze of fire and a lifetime supply of lollipops (B-B-B-B-Bad to the bone).

I roamed into school the next morning, replaying what I could recall from the montage and feeling guilty that I even dreamed of robbing the candy store. I dug into the pocket of my sweater for my Easter Bunny paper, stained with sin and lint. I went over the game plan: walk into the room, look the priest square in the eyes, and confess. Easy. Breezy. Beautiful. I stood straight up, pushed my shoulders back, and struck a pose that suggested confidence.

"Okay class, time to go! Single file to the chapel. No talking."

The bench creaked as I took my seat in the back of the frigid chapel. I slouched and shifted my right shoulder against the adjacent brick wall. The radio silence of the room intensified my anxiety, causing me to resort to self-distraction. Instead of dealing with my nerves, I employed my favorite defense mechanism: "WWNDD?" (What Would Nancy Drew Do?) I slithered my fingers across the uneven bricks, half-hoping one brick would push inward to reveal some sort of secret luxury Holy Roller Hangout spot. However, my attention shifted as a priest materialized out of nowhere, and I came to the unfortunate realization that I would not crack the code. The priest then delivered an opening prayer that might as well have been in Latin.

He then disappeared into a crevice, which both impressed and frightened me. One by one, my peers began to take turns confessing their preteen debaucheries as I fidgeted in the back, stewing in sweat. My head moved on a swivel as I attempted to count the bricks. 58, 59, 60—

I could not help but to make some seriously heavy eye contact with the larger-than-life crucified Jesus at the front of the chapel. Was he looking at me? I felt like he was definitely looking at me. He looked angry. Did I do something wrong? No, he must have been looking at Tom. Tom never did his homework. Did I do all my homework? His stare multiplied my guilt, as if it were the loaves and fishes. Finicky must have been full for days. The intense gaze was broken by my cheerful classmate.



"You're up, Kell"

My shoulders jumped as the chapel silence was broken. Compared to Dying Jesus, my classmate's eyes were filled with joy and excitement. Must've gone well. I had officially been tagged into the soul-cleansing relay race. The archaic floor groaned as I rose from my pew and travelled past Dying Jesus. I stared at my shoes to avoid eye contact. I'm sorry I'm such a sinner, Dying Jesus. Also, I'm sorry you had to die. You were an incredible person from what I hear. If it's any consolation, your abs look great. Shit. Sorry. I mean—shoot.

I took my seat in the confessional room that reeked of the lingering body odor of the sinners who came before me. Beads of sweat trickled from my forehead in the frigid closet. Oh God, there it was—the early onset of eternal burning. Across from me sat a new priest, different from the one before. Seriously, where was that guy? Another Nancy Drew mystery! Possible titles: "The Mystery of the Disappearing Priest", or, "Father Phantom", or—

"Okay dear, are we ready?"

"Sorry, yes. Um. Forgive me Father for I have sinned. It has been...last time we were here...since my last Confession. These are my sins."

"...What are your sins?"

"Um..."

I froze. I desperately wanted to clean my slate but there was a miniature statue glaring at me from behind the priest's shoulder. This statue was Mary, the Virgin Mother of God. Her tiny, judgmental eyes pierced my soul. Dying Jesus must have sent word to you that I was coming in. Shoot. Listen, about that whole abs comment...

"Are you alright? Why don't you read from your paper?"

No, I was not "alright." This was a lot a pressure. This was the-wedding-has-run-out-of-liquor-and-everyone's-leaving-unless-Jesus-turns-the-water-into-wine kind of pressure. I needed a miracle. I needed Nancy Drew. First of all, where was that other priest and did he have magical powers? Secondly, if he did, we had to get him in there ASAP—I had some guilt that needed to disappear. Thirdly, we could have gone ahead and moved Mary, the Virgin Mother of God. She was looking at me as if I had carved in her hideous wardrobe and double chin myself. It wasn't my fault they made Dying Jesus look like an "after picture" from a P-90X commercial.

"I'm sorry. Okay, ready. I fought with my siblings, I disobeyed my parents, I lied, I swore."

"I'm sorry, you'll need to be louder."

"Sorry. I fought with my siblings, I disobeyed my parents, I lied, I swore."

"Louder!"

"Sorry. I FOUGHT WITH MY SIBLINGS. I DISOBEYED MY PARENTS. I LIED. I SWORE."

Surely, all of my peers outside had heard my screamed indiscretions. Maybe screaming your sins was like saying them twice?

"I see. Is that it?"

I didn't know...WWNDD? I stared down at the Catholic plaid covering my bouncing knees as if interpreting a piece of abstract art. My eyebrows slouched and my eyes squinted, searching for a clue in the yellow and blue intersecting squares. I found nothing besides dog hair.

His question mostly made me feel like I was ordering lunch to go. "Is that it?" I felt an instinct to order a side of fries. Maybe I should have ordered a kiddie exorcism. No, those definitely don't come in a Happy Meal.

In my desperation, I began to contemplate admitting to a higher level sin I did not commit to cover all of the smaller ones I was forgetting. This would undoubtedly give the priest some future lunch gossip material. I'm sure a ten-year-old mafia boss who paid her cohorts in stolen lollipops would rouse the attention of the other Fathers. Unfortunately, my trembling hands and shaking voice disallowed me from channeling my inner Robert De Niro.

I let out a disappointed sigh and muttered, "Yeah, that's it..."

"Okay. I absolve you of your sins, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Amen. Please say five Hail Marys when you return to your seat."

I hurried back to my seat and knelt down to utter what I hoped would be the secret code to detonate the guilt staining my conscience. After my fifth Hail Mary, I expected to feel differently. I was not struck by lightning, there were no fireworks, and I didn't pass out cold. I was exhausted, but still felt like the same sweaty sinner that initially meandered into the chapel's chamber of secrets.

That day I walked around with a heavy chest. I thought that since my soul was not wiped clean, there were still heavy remnants of guilt stuck inside it. I walked around hunched over for hours. I attribute this psychosomatic condition to both the intense symbolism used to describe the process of Confession to fourth-graders and my dramatic tendencies at this age. I was undoubtedly suffering from Post-Confession Depression, the result of a failure to purify a conscience in an unsuccessful confessional attempt.

I imagined the priest looking at an ultrasound of my dirtied conscience in the Holy Roller Hangout with his friends and remarking, "Poor girl, no amount of Hail Marys could clean that hyperactive conscience."

He would be right. Even with magical priests and screamed admittances, my conscience would not be altered. Finicky had nested too deep within my being and had no intentions of moving out.

Finicky acts out in rage due to my attempt to extinguish his powers and evict him from his home. More importantly, however, the attempt provides the realization that my conscience, angry or not, will exist inside of me indefinitely. Therefore, it is up to me to summon the strength to silence his chirps when necessary, because he is here to stay.

As a result of this ten-year-old epiphany, I have learned to live with Finicky. I can't step on and kill him, but I can quiet him down.



If there were an Emmy award for Best Performance in Pretending Not to Be Anxious 24/7, that trophy would have my name on it. I have even written my acceptance speech:

"Wow. What an honor this truly is. I am not nervous at all right now. I believe it was Dr. Dolittle who once said, 'Sometimes it's okay to step on insects.' I am here to say that I have stepped on the cricket that lives inside of my head. His chirps are a lot less piercing now that he has been mildly injured. I want to thank the Academy, my wonderful family, Nancy Drew, and of course, Jesus. Now everyone get out there and step on your own crickets!"

This speech would undoubtedly be met with accusations of drug abuse and a lawsuit filed by PETA. Nevertheless, I don't have to turn the car around after every thump or trespass on people's lawns to look for scarecrows. Maybe I have hyperactive guilt glands, suffer from a family curse, had a murderous past life, or angered my conscience. It's probably all four. I can exhaust myself by attempting to discover its derivative, but while I'm doing so, Finicky is just nesting deeper. Therefore, what really matters is that sometimes you just can't be late for things and you have to fight that little cricket until he quiets down.

"That's me sitting in the bathroom with the lights off  
Nobody knows the kind of stuff I got to fight off  
I wash away my sins but I can't get the white off  
What made you think that you could ever take the night off  
I can't stand to be alone when the—"  
Thump.

I turn down the radio as paranoia flows into my skull and down to my arms, causing my elbows to quake. Ugh, here we go. I slow the car down as I imagine the miniscule cricket who lives permanently in the depths of my being. But I've gotten better. My head jolts back as I speed forward, the tires screeching.

"Not today."

I slow back down to a normal speed, as I am paranoid that there is a cop nearby. I have to compromise with Finicky somewhere. Nevertheless, I chalk this triumphant burning of rubber up as a win.







The Most Magical Shoes on Earth

Jessica Kesaris

Oil

24 in. x 48 in.

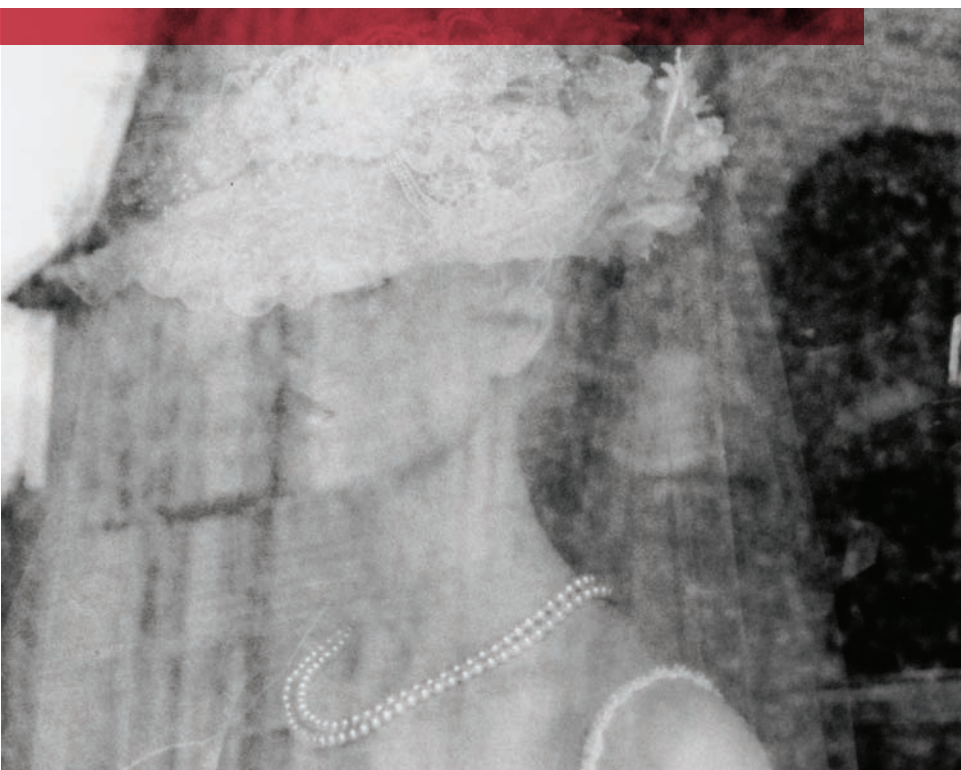




**Flower Girl**  
Laurie Mathews  
Photography  
8 in. x 10 in.



**Quiet Reflection**  
Laurie Mathews  
Photography  
8 in. x 10 in.



**Dime Store Bride**  
Laurie Mathews  
Photography  
8 in. x 10 in.



**On a Wing and a Prayer**  
Laurie Mathews  
Photography  
8 in. x 10 in.





Hey...Joe  
 Jose Gouveia  
 Charcoal and costume  
 24 in. x 34 in.

Painting With Light  
 Kathleen Carroll  
 Digital Photography  
 1280 px. x 853 px.





# a study on becoming a honeybee

Brittney Melvin

i say 'i am not afraid of anything'  
as i run through hell licking gasoline lips,  
stroking fingers through foreign follicles, and  
drudging up decaying bones, curious to see if  
their edges are still sharp enough to slice straight through  
me.

but i am afraid.

i am afraid of all the times i've put your name  
in my mouth,  
swished the nectar soaked syllables  
around my gums  
using my teeth and tongue to turn the tart liquid  
into viscous honey.

i am afraid of how  
my entire being aches to explore  
every inch of that unknown  
promised land  
i call your  
body.

i am afraid of  
all the looks you steal,  
the way you save those punchlines  
like pennies in your pockets, just  
waiting to throw them in my wishing well as i walk by.

'Love' sounds so sweet when you  
attach it to her and you  
and that life you've built  
with the perfect lawn.

i know better than to cross that line,

i know better than to think that  
'Love' would be the four letter word  
assigned to us if we ever let it get that far.  
if we ever let it feel more real  
than that marble mouthed goodbye.  
if i ever let myself taste that name  
for more than ten seconds.  
if i ever let myself listen to  
each unimaginable thing spoken  
between our eyes.



感激感佩

Cidalia Pina

Plaster

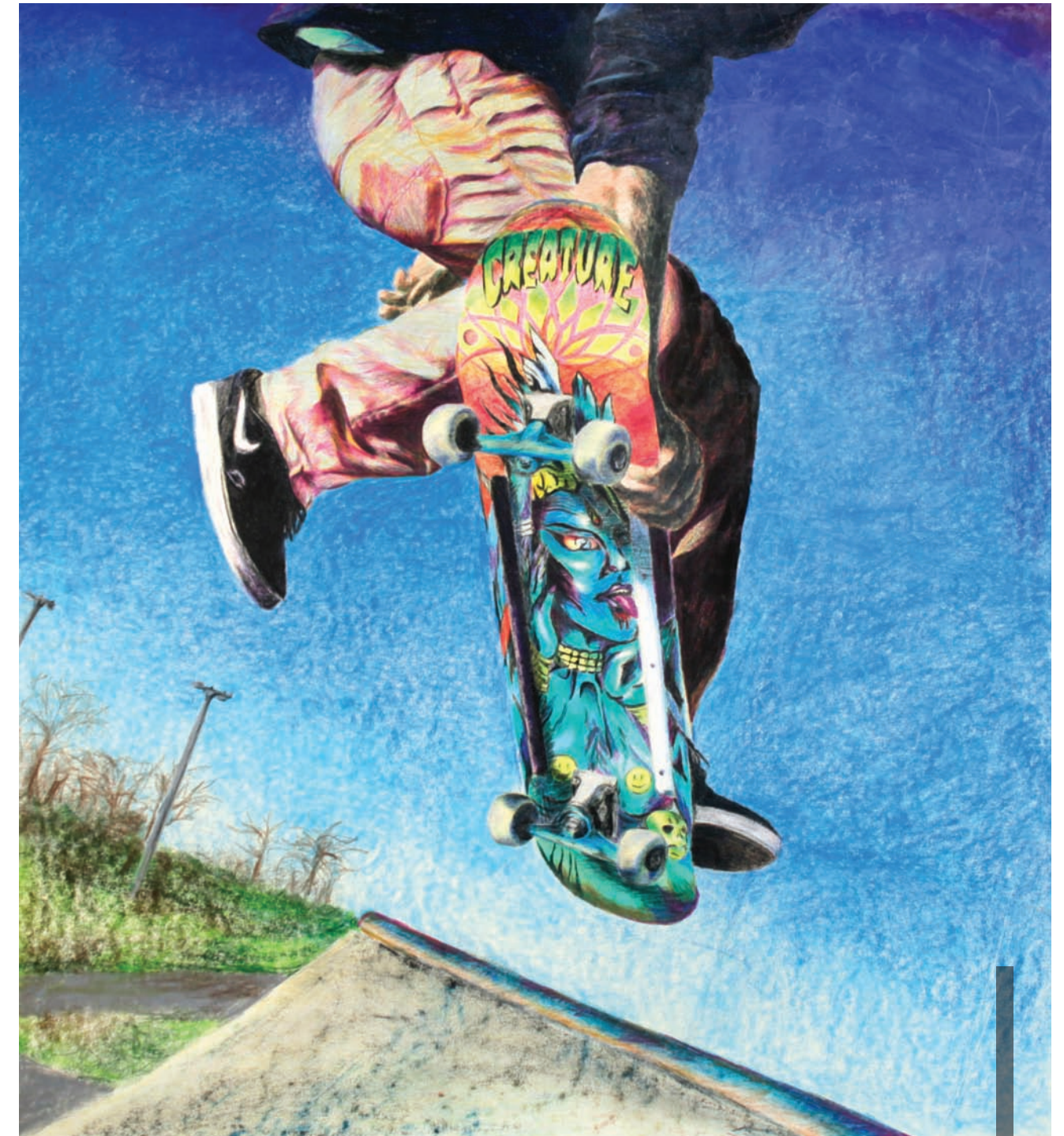
9 in. x 5 in. x 4 in.



# the next great invention

*James Holbert*

ive tossed around the idea of the sad hat  
hats that people wear  
when they are sad so everybody  
knows they are sad and everybody doesnt have to be  
contact sad  
because now they see the sad person coming their way  
so  
they can swerve from the path of the sad hat wearer  
but  
not all hair would be given to the sad hats  
some people are not hat people  
so the sad hat might amplify a particularly sad persons sadness  
by mussing up their hair  
which would be especially awful  
if their hair was  
the source of their sadness  
things to consider  
about the sad hat



**Boneless**

*Jose Gouveia*

Colored pencil  
24 in. x 24 in.



White Teapot with Cups  
Trudy Bryant  
Ceramic  
5 in. x 5 in. x 7 in.



Swollen Vase  
Nichole Manfredi  
Clay  
8 in. x 8 in. x 10 in.





**Fragile Heart**  
*Santiago Chaves*  
 Mixed media and light  
 36 in. x 30 in.

# Capturing Warmth Through Coldness

*Timothy Urban*

I dream of Jeremy full. And of his cracked lips  
 as they survey the world gone wrong draped with  
 starlight. Between his teeth saliva clings and reaches  
 out. It's winter. He sits on an iron bench beneath  
 a nightlight that burns.

I saw the world ooze from Jeremy's mouth with words  
 abandoned. His yellow teeth chattered among dark  
 windows to a regurgitated sermon. When he spoke cold  
 swirled over his tongue, fog rushing through  
 lips with alcohol between us.

I saw his hands conducting an improvised symphony  
 within wool gloves of pigeon-holed cloth. I heard him  
 speak about a war I could never know. I saw love flash  
 within his eyes, never abandoned, a scintillating star  
 eclipsed by a green ocean.

I'm atomized emotions quaking to his life  
 story. Jeremy is a master at accepting people  
 walking away. He watches the world burn and tremble  
 holding a trash bag. Pedestrians stare at ragged  
 clothes and see a stereotype.

My insides can't shake the dust of missing connections  
 scared by appearance. I judged, noticing  
 his eyes looking away as he spoke. He smelled of cigarette  
 butts burning at the bottom of a plastic cup. I gave him  
 a nip of vodka out of charity. And for a moment,  
 we touched.





### Tantalizing Tiger Lilies

Emily Brady

Permanent Marker  
21 in. x 11 in.

# Never Will I Ever

Kaleigh Longe

Hospitals always have that one smell: death and decay, barely masked by cheap air freshener and industrial grade sanitizer. I never dreamed you'd be part of the former.

Unfortunately for me, the effect of the odor is strengthened by the fact that the air in your room has long since grown stale. As usual, I am struck by the urge to open the tiny window overlooking the bare asphalt of the visitor's parking. Maybe I'd jump. But of course, these windows don't open, leaving me as much a prisoner in your room as you are.

It is unfathomable, the fact that something so small could be killing you. That the very thing fighting to see you through to another day is also the thing that ignited the battle. Cell versus cell, atom versus atom, a civil war with yourself.

I watch the clear liquid drip out of the plastic bag hanging over your head. It drops quietly into your IV line, and I imagine puncturing it with a needle, watching it pop like those water balloons on your eighth birthday. Funny how quickly things can change. Just months ago, I surveyed the scene as you weaved your way through a barrage of water-filled grenades, a laugh that I couldn't hear etched onto your face.

Your laugh. Oh God, your laugh. Like a spark that caught swiftly and softly, bathing everything it touched in the most pleasant kind of warmth. I almost smile thinking about it. Almost. The truth is, I only smile for your benefit now. Only when you're watching and it might make you smile back.

The starched blankets rustle, and the cheap plastic bedframe creaks, drawing my gaze away from the dark window to which it had drifted. It lingers on your hair and moves to your cheekbones, which in good health would be the envy of every teenage wannabe runway model.



Ill as you are, however, your sunken face reveals far too much of that bone structure. And finally, it comes to rest on your haunted eyes. Those that once reminded me of pillow fights and ice cream smeared smiles are now reminiscent of something out of a Poe story.

It is killing me to see you like this, and I silently wish that I meant that literally. What desire have I to live when you are receding from this world like a wave from the shore?

But I tuck those thoughts away, because you are awake now, gazing up at me with bleary eyes that are bogged down with the knowledge that their time for remaining open is limited. Eyes that were once stricken with fear and disbelief at the news have since grown fatigued and numb to the cold facts of life.

Most people grapple with this fact until it consumes them. We are all going. It is the one battle we must lose, the one defeat we all share. I can accept this for myself, but not for you. And nothing could have prepared me for watching you accept this so soon.

Although, perhaps you had not fully made peace with it; the first thing you said when you found strength to open your mouth was: "I didn't finish Harry Potter." My mouth hangs open, unsure of how to react. You continue. Quietly. "I didn't finish it. And I never will. Ever."

Your words send me reeling into flashbacks of booze-buzzed nights playing Never Have I Ever. I get up and cradle your head in my arms. You can't finish it, but I have, and I allow the magic of the pages to drift from my mouth like a breeze, guiding you through every plot twist and moment of suspense in an attempt to give you a glimpse, just a glimpse of what you could have seen. I finish and I watch the gears of your heavily medicated mind turn as quickly as they can. The fact that I have lived much longer and seen much more catches on, and soon we have developed a bittersweet game: Never Will I Ever.

"Never will I ever: kiss a boy."

So I brush my lips against your cheek and tell you that it's not always all it's cracked up to be. That sometimes they put their tongue in your mouth and it's so slimy, like a snail. Your face scrunches up, twisted in disgust at the thought.

"Never will I ever: get married."

So I go to the bathroom, and return holding a veil of one-ply toilet paper that I drape over your head, hiding what's left of your hair. I grin back at your weak-lipped smile, hand you the pot of plastic flowers that was lying on the sill, and by the power vested in me by the Divine Right of Those with Dying Loved Ones, I pronounce you the wife of your most dearly beloved teddy bear.

"Never will I ever: get in a fight."

So I lean in and tell you to let me have it.

Pop me right in the kisser. You giggle at my phrasing until it turns to a wheeze. I pretend the strike of your bony knuckles hurts like being hit by a car. I let you kiss it better after, as I assure you it's definitely going to bruise later.

"Never will I ever: slow dance."

For the first time, I hesitate. There's just enough room for me to stand you up by your bed and sway you back and forth, but are you strong enough? I see your eyes beseeching me, begging me for this one experience, and I can't say no.

I take you into my arms and gingerly lower you out of your bed, careful not to tug on the IV line. I feel your arms around my neck, tugging me down as you struggle to hold yourself up. Fifteen seconds, I tell myself. Fifteen seconds and I will put you back in bed.

I wrap my arms around your waist and lead you in tiny steps from side to side. You've lost so much weight, your footfalls make no noise. You are almost a ghost. I close my eyes and count down as we sway, holding onto each other in the silent hospital room.

Silent until I feel you start to slide down my body. Silent until you've collapsed altogether. Silent until I'm heaving you up to get you back into bed. Silent until the machines start wailing.

The high pitched whining crescendos are so loud I can't hear myself screaming for help, for someone, anyone to come save you, because all I can see through my pinhole vision is you fading from me. I can't feel my hands grasping your arms like vices, can't feel my knees hitting the ground. No. All I can feel is the burning in my eyes and the skin of my throat screaming in protest because I can't shout your name loud enough to keep you awake. Your eyes are closed, and God, oh God, do I wish you were just sleeping, but your face doesn't contort like that when you're sleeping. There is no peace here.

I'm being dragged away by unseen hands. I can't stay here, it's okay, just remain calm. That's what they tell me at least. But I rip, battle, claw my way out of their restraining arms. Back to you. I have to get back to you. If I'm there you can't go, you can't go, you can't go. By the time I've drunkenly stumbled my way to the door, clutching at the wooden frame of the window for support, they are pulling the sheet over your head, glancing at the clock, calling the time of death. And I am falling, sobbing, losing everything.

Never will you ever: wake up.

Never will you ever: come back to me.

Never will I ever: recover.



# Thoughts After Evil Actions

*Josh Savory*



Dried red under the nails shows she was tearing,  
trying but the hitch was too tight. The knot  
was a fleeting red rose, a herring,  
to distract from the swelling black clot.  
At the window, her eyes bled into my world,  
a scarlet reminder of a lost lover,  
whose soul rose past the aether and whorled  
out of reach and I fell through a slumber.  
In my infinite sleep, the nightmare grew,  
rotting the chassis of my hollow heart  
and in its place black moss spread anew,  
the dark spores floating with us apart.

The hands under the floor cling tight  
to the affliction that drags through the night.

## Nature in Me

*Noemia Frietas*

Oil and mixed media  
12 in. x 12 in.

**The Bridge Award Winner**





# R e c o n c i l i a t i o n

*James Holbert*

my father's portrait

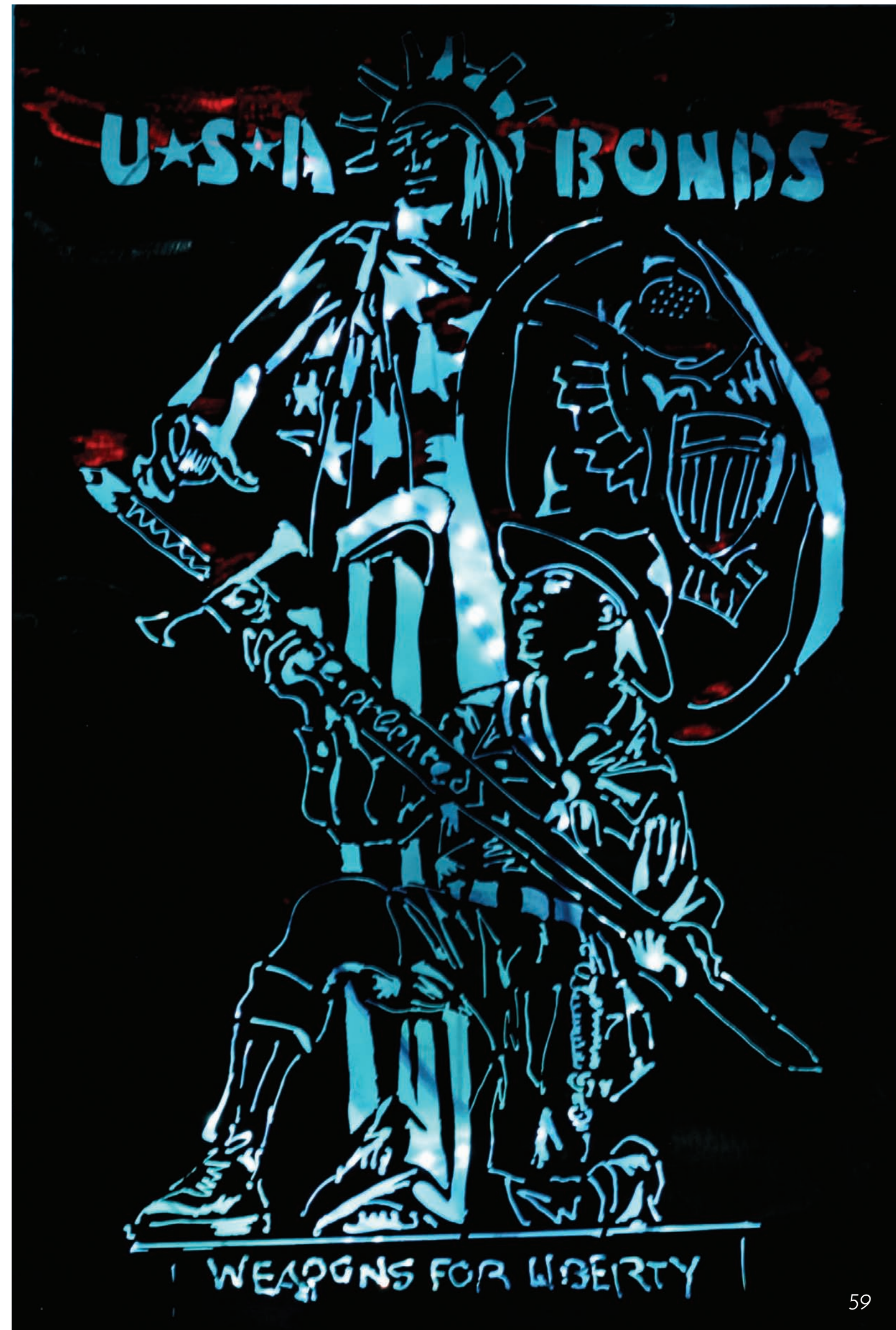
is the most beautiful  
of the things i've seen in my mind

not all of it can be true

USA BONDS WWII

*Matthew Small*

Steel, plastic and star lights  
21 in. x 35 in. x 2 in.







**Hands of the Universe**  
*Stephanie Janeczek*  
 Plaster  
 11.5 in. x 10.25 in. x 10.25 in.



# Streamer

Jenna Lopes

"You bring her back to me in one piece, you understand me?"

Laura looked particularly fierce today, but Tamsin saw right through her. She spent three hours getting ready for her ex-husband to show up.

Rolling her eyes, she brought a finger to her temple, rubbing. "Fuck's sake, give it a rest."

"I want her home in three hours in the same condition I lent her to you in." Her perfume was nauseating, suffocatingly sweet.

"Alright, fuck—"

"Tamsin, your mother is only trying to look after you. Three hours, right. We'll be back then." Even dealing with Laura, Gregory was admirably calm. At least someone in this family could be an adult. Between her mother and her consistent string of pathetic middle-aged men, Tamsin wasn't sure she'd grow up with a proper role model.

Rolling up the window before her mother got another chance to berate them, she looked over at her dad. He was looking at her—really looking at her.

"How have you been?"

"I can't stand her. She's fucking everything up. And she's been fucking around, I've even considered soundproofing the room. She's in no condition to care for me, it's embarrassing. I can't even bring my friends around."

She didn't want to spend the entire time chopping down Laura's parenting method, but she felt he was the only person who understood. Nobody knew Laura the way that they did.

"Well, she isn't perfect, but she's your mother, Tams. You've got to respect her."

"How can you sit here and say that? You know how she is."

"I do" he trailed off leaving the conversation open-ended. She was in no mood to drag anything else out of him, for fear of ruining the day. She slipped further into her seat.

"I assumed you'd want to see the festival in the town center today."

"That's perfect." Giving him her widest grin, she turned to face the window. Actually, it was weak.

The remainder of the car ride was quiet and Tamsin didn't feel like pushing conversation. Every so often he'd ask her questions about her life: if she still talked to Jess, whether she had a boyfriend, did she still collect lipsticks.

As the street edged on, the crowds thickened with bright faces of children excited to get closer to the action. It was a yearly event, one that Tamsin hadn't come to since she was seven or eight, and certainly nothing she was excited about now. The only good thing about the day was that she'd get to spend it with her father.

"I think we'll walk from here then."

Nodding her head, she waited for him to park before stepping out and lingering on the sidewalk. He hesitated before leaving the car, looking at his phone.

"Actually Tams, do you mind if I take a call? The office has rung me three times."

"Go ahead."

Standing by awkwardly, she watched him sit back in the car and ring up his office. He seemed so put together, professional.

After five minutes of waiting in the cold and with no sign of the call ending, Tamsin stepped into one of the bars nearby. She ordered a pint with an ID Jess had given her about a month prior. Drinking it slowly, she waited until her phone vibrated. Finishing off her drink, she met her father outside.

He didn't give an explanation, nor did he question her. In fact, he seemed pleased to continue on with the day, which left Tamsin hopeful.

"Do you remember coming here when you were younger?"

She tried to picture a memory of the festival with him in it, one where he'd brought her here. But, the only time she could think of was when she was seven and Laura had broken her heel on the sidewalk. The day was short-lived, her mother hobbling the cobblestone streets to reach the bus stop in time. They'd missed it. They had had to wait another hour, Tamsin suffering her mother's incoherent mumbling.

"You brought me?"

"I was certain I had."

She smiled, not entirely convinced. "Must've slipped my mind."

His phone rang, drowning her out.

"I told them I was busy today, there must be a problem. Sorry, do you mind?"

"Not at all."

Why did they keep calling? She was beginning to grow annoyed for him. Folding her arms, she leaned back against a building. Gregory certainly didn't seem to mind; checking his watch, he looked up at the sky. She wondered if he had to go, but just as the thought entered her mind, he snapped his phone shut.

"We've got a new temp in, she's quite horrible." He explained, "Her aunt had connections to the company and we felt obliged to hire her. I don't think it's going to work out."

Tamsin laughed, "You should hire me then."

A part of her wished he would.

"That's my girl." He smiled. "Maybe when you're older. We could use someone with your talent."

The compliment made her smile, until his phone rang again and he stepped away to take the call.

---

"Dad—Gregory! Gregory."

Tamsin called out to him, but he hadn't seen her. He never fucking saw her. Waving her hands in an attempt to catch his attention in the most dramatic show of desperation, she'd knocked a woman in the nose.

"Fuck, Christ—sorry." Bringing her hands down to her sides, she caught the last traces of a dirty look as the woman pushed past her, dragging a small child behind, a streamer from the day's festivities stuck to the bottom of his shoe.

Watching them go until they were eaten by the crowd, she shifted all focus back to her father. She could see, even from a distance, that his suit was new. He'd always told her she needed to look her best, always had to look as though she had her shit under control—and she did. She was completely in control.

Cool, collected, calm. Just as he had taught her.

She wasn't sure what stopped her from crossing the road to where he stood. Maybe she needed to know that he cared, that a piece of him was cracking under the idea that someone had taken her. That she wasn't safe. That he hadn't done the best job watching her through the day. In fact, he'd done a considerably shitty job of watching her sneak a shot and a pint all in the short hour he'd taken her on this field trip to showcase that he was the World's Best Dad, and that she hadn't made a mistake.

No, she needed comfort in the idea that his world would crumble without her—like all parents' would, should.

But he didn't. He didn't turn. Not once. Not even slightly.

The echo of his ringtone called out to her, and she watched his back as he answered what she presumed was another business call. Another fucking business call.

He hung up, checked his watch, and sent a text.

She should've crossed the road. Maybe if he saw her, he'd see that she needed him. But they both knew that he didn't want this and that Laura had been right. She couldn't let her win, would not let Laura see her cry. He would continue to walk out, just as he had every time before.

Her pocket vibrated and she lazily pulled it out.

Tams, I've got to go. Business. Wish I'd gotten to say bye, but this is as good as we can get. X Gregory

Looking up from the screen, she watched as her father tucked his phone away and strode up the road. He looked as though he were shitting rainbows from his ass. Totally fucking under control.

His world wasn't crumbling.





**Cardboard Clown**

*Damian Bellotti*

Cardboard, tape, tissue paper

48 in. x 24 in. x 24 in.









**Sinking**  
Coleen O'Hanley  
Photography  
13.17 in. x 9.87 in.



# Rhymes the Flood Taught Me

Abby Hess

The hill across the street is gorged  
like an apple, filled with snakes. Their burrowed songs  
black vibrato tongues, swim in veiny canal lakes. Their teeth etch  
at the aching rock. These tiny dwarves hack at crystals.  
Be careful, she whispers. Don't step on that rock. Jumping  
spiders tease brown thistles.

This little doll has curls like you  
and lips like yours, so small. Her aging scalp  
could not be helped, bent torso swells and falls.  
Remove the socks and her tissue dress, the bonnet, silk slip, too.  
We'll squeeze out water pulsing gray, her head we'll set with glue.

I wash toy soldiers in a pot outside as jets  
loop overhead. Dad carries carcasses of wet rolled rugs  
toward the bulging garbage bed. And trees grow  
bouncing down the hill, branches fling from them like darts. The pine  
once covered in dew-dropped webs screams faintly, filled with larks.

That little dog boarded up under the porch, his bark's gone  
missing for days. The police rowed to take the neighbors ashore,  
but the collie's leash washed away. Sopped photos stick to sidewalks  
hunched with sprawling roots of swollen trees. They've been held up  
in the basement box. Now peeled from concrete on our knees.



## Set of Bowls

Nichole Manfredi

Clay

7 in. x 7 in. x 4 in. each





# One Night, Outside

Abby Hess

The tear stain glint of light that clings to your head  
shrivels then multiplies into freckled spatter as the car door opens.  
Like any pieces of paper stuck.  
You don't look like you. Billowing  
whiplashed cells in your mania—like the rolling cat's eye marbles  
you spent twelve dollars on to place in a jar by the window—shredded  
and lolling in the backseat. The erupted dash dug and piled in your lap.

We might have to clean this up later.  
Not now.

Now, while the distant stars spy with helpless  
limbless agitation winking lonely and I—with sluggish arms and bent knees—  
only want to hold you, I search for something to cut your seatbelt away and pry  
the weight of metal from your flesh.

Some sort of fire left over  
like oil dripping from the brake line, spinal cord open, your hair like soup  
glossed in black, the sweat of stars inking away from the shadowy sky;

but we must end up touching fingers on the way home  
move them for me  
all gasoline and tears and fluid,  
Are you there now?

This outside was not the real black iron, weighted on us, ready to pinken and wake away  
however much we hoped it might be.

Incomplete

Nichole Manfredi

Graphite

16.8 in. x 24 in.





**Peach Sky**  
*Eric Lopes*  
 Photography  
 11 in. x 8.5 in.

# 4 Minute Mile

*Cody M. Marx*

My mother can be quick when she wants to be—  
 Running to me when I've fallen, arms outstretched  
 To console her crying toddler, whipping  
 Up a snack when I sneak into the house after school,  
 Driving to track practices, dodging  
 The lights that flash behind us.

My father can be quick when he wants to be—  
 Challenging one-year-old me to crawl faster, pushing  
 His son to bike with all that he has, a coach  
 Screaming on the sidelines,  
 Teaching me to catch the biggest fish,  
 But only by lying.

My mother is quick when she has to be—  
 Especially with her words, scalding, piercing him,  
 Vicious knives stabbing at his heart.  
*He doesn't have a heart*, she would spit at me  
 In between insults that she says are justified.

My father is quick when he has to be—  
 Especially when he's angry, his boots kicking through doors,  
 His fists swinging, connecting with anything,  
 Everything in between her cries and his expletives,  
 His explanations that she deserves it.

I am quick when I have to be—  
 Locking my bedroom door, a small barrier  
 Between myself and my critics,  
 Shutting my eyes, hiding inside of myself,  
 A useless effort to block  
 The physical, the emotional force of their love.

But I am quicker when I want to be,  
 When I have to be, when I know it's time.



# Dear Compulsively Inclined to Jerk Off Into Crusty Socks

Jenna Lopes

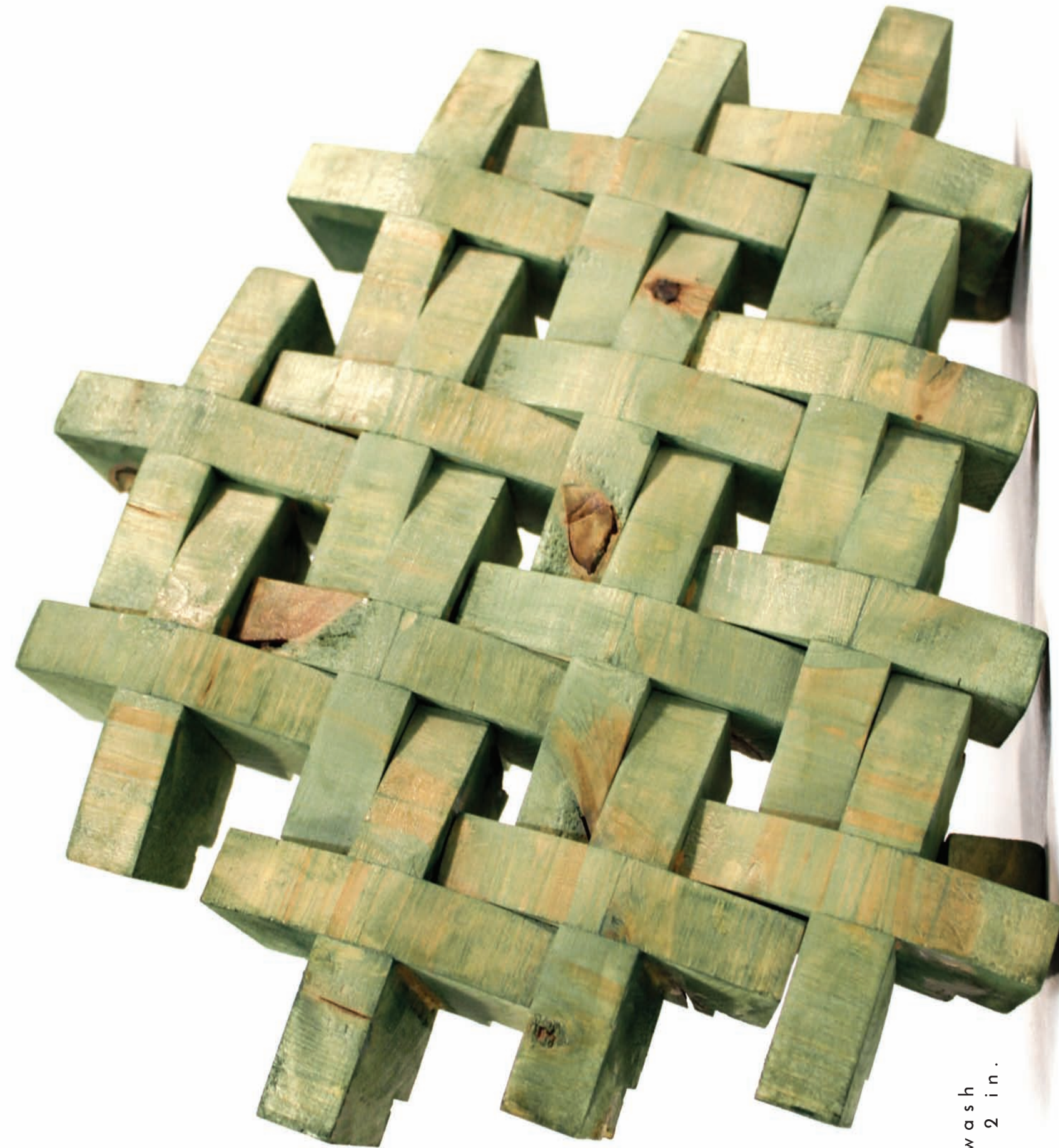
Last night, during the 2 AM Girls' Night Binge Drinking Breakup Ceremony, I thought I'd seen the last of your belongings laying around. Obviously my semi-operating brain had missed one. little. piece. of you. Which, if you get into the nitty gritty, is not such a small piece after all.

Either way, waking up this morning to my toes sinking into a hardened, off-white sock was not the last impression of you I wanted, though I will admit it was better than coming home after a long shift to you making out with that girl you work with on my previously-owned couch like a couple of adolescents.

I know, I should have thrown it out, but then I got to thinking...

1. I hope you didn't do this while I was sleeping next to you in my bed.
2. UNSANITARY.
3. Those were the socks I bought you last Christmas, you ungrateful bastard.
4. This is the closest you and your bodily fluids will ever get to me again.
5. Why a sock?

Of course this was paired with the Crazy Neurotic Ex-Girlfriend Syndrome—that you masturbated and released our what-could-have-been children into a sock. So naturally, being the crazy neurotic person I can be, I held it up by two fingers and cried at what-could-have-been our future.



Woven  
Cidalia Pina  
Wood, acrylic wash  
9 in. x 10 in. x 2 in.



# Mrs. Red was not Always Human

Kiana M. Govoni

Hum, hum, hu-m  
rhyme, rhyme, rhy-me  
they liked it when I screamed for them  
every-single-night.

A song of bloody tears I sang until I was chocolate Ariel,  
and then they didn't want me as much,  
*the damn mute*,  
the little black thang that was supposed to be the loud black bitch,  
not some quiet Oreo,  
but still I found business,  
a spot near a filthy dumpster, where I fought every normal bitch  
who had the nerve to walk by me,  
look at my face,  
pity in her eyes like she was watching a Lifetime movie where the slut  
wouldn't live  
but still refused to die.  
You don't think that I'm a bitch slut, but you think I'm a lying bitch.  
There's no way I could ever know how it feels to live for men and kneel  
at their feet with everything wide open,  
and have no one to care if I lived or died,  
or if I whored myself out when it was cold outside and I wanted  
to get out of the rain and see  
another human who would look at me and think  
*mine*.

Pain or sex—  
both or neither—  
I didn't care,  
I just wanted to be needed,  
but those aren't my thoughts,  
I couldn't possibly understand, right?  
If only I could say this: fuck you!  
The universe is full of animal packs where the alphas and the middles  
eat the world  
and the omegas sit in a pile of shit,  
waiting for the pack to throw them a dirty, half-eaten bone.  
I know it too! I used to tap, tap, tap my acrylics  
against cold, hard doors  
and like a hoe raking backyard leaves,  
I would leave precise  
scratch-es that the men loved to see and feel.  
I used to be just like you until my own Mrs. Red ripped me out of my  
dumpster,  
pulled off my greasy wig in front of the spectators,  
dragged my weak ass to a building where the people didn't want to  
touch me,  
but help me  
and I screamed *fuck you* to them everyday  
until I finally understood—

Whore was not my name.  
I'm Jennifer,  
whore no more, just Jennifer.  
You are still used to being stomped into the dirt  
by any boot that would pay the cash,  
but I'm telling you now that one day you'll wake up, no aches deep  
inside  
and your once-vicious mind will turn your thoughts away from  
the creeps and the alleys and you'll say to yourself  
and mean it just a little bit,  
*I'm more than this*,  
You won't call yourself a whore anymore.  
Your name will be Alison again.



The Rose

Sophonie Robert  
Mixed media

7 in. x 8 in. x 12 in.





Two Sheep  
Trudy Bryant  
Ceramic on wood  
7 in. x 11 in. x 5 in.





Turquoise Scarf  
Devon Forrester  
Weaving  
8 in. x 72 in.



Big Red  
Cassandra Laslie  
Weaving  
15 in. x 72 in.

# Work as a Mannequin

James Holbert

Regina went to the clothing store to work her new job as a mannequin. It was not a hard job but it paid well enough. Regina heard that from people because people often said things, usually the same things that advertisements say, pieces of paper, commercials, billboards. There was always something saying something and if not them there was always someone saying something. Regina had heard from someone that the job was well enough and the pay was well enough. But she went there before she had the job. She knew she would get the job. As a mannequin in the store. She had also heard that getting the job would not be difficult. She had to have the interview though, which would not be a problem.

"Welcome," they said. "Please, have a stand."

There were no seats and Regina knew she was being tested. It was logical; everything was logical. Could she display the necessary qualities of being a mannequin and could she display these necessary qualities for an extended period? Regina had known what she was getting into.

She stood for a time. The windows became dark. There in the office the interviewers watched to make sure she was doing a good job. They assured her that she was doing a fine job.

"Do you have any scars, cuts, bruises, pimples, sores, rashes, bumps, tattoos or any other kind of irregular feature of the skin that would disqualify you from displaying the necessary qualities of being a mannequin?"



She was not allowed to speak. They had been testing her. They allowed her to speak now.

She had a birthmark in the shape of a crescent moon on her left hip. Regina pointed it out. They said it looked more like a half-circle than a crescent moon. They said that it wasn't much of a matter. She could not display the low-rider jeans that the clothing store carried, which was a shame, they said, because the business for low-rider jeans was very hot right now.

She was introduced to her colleague. His name was Dax and he stood by the main entrance with his polo shirt and his cargo shorts and his hands were on his hips and he stared up into the fluorescent lights and did not blink.

"This is our male mannequin," they said.

"Hello," Dax said.

They had allowed him to talk. It was very remarkable to Regina.

Regina would start presently. They fitted her. They gave her some of the store's clothes to wear. She would start with a sundress. It was warm out and people liked to see their mannequins dressing warm so they knew they had to buy warm-type clothing. They explained this. Regina understood. Regina would be the female mannequin. It was all very logical. Appeal to both sexes, that was the idea. So she stood next to Dax the rest of the day and he showed her the ropes. She chose a pose with a hand on one of her hips and a leg out, her other foot turned inward.

"Ambitious," they said.

Dax looked at the lights. The lights were dazzling tonight.

"It's time for the night shift," Dax said when all the customers left and went home. "I've had to work it every day for the past few weeks since the others quit."

Regina mentioned that she wanted to eat some blueberries. And then she said she wondered what blueberries would taste like with whipped cream. She did not want to listen to Dax complain. She wondered if she was already starting to dislike him. It was going to turn out to be a difficult job after all. Despite everything. Despite everything and everyone saying that it would not be a difficult job and that the job would be well enough in every single way.

"They like to keep at least one mannequin in the store overnight," Dax said. And then he started to sob. Regina

watched from the corner of her eye and did not move much else. She watched and he sobbed more until he came undone. "I haven't been able to go home and feed my parrot," he said. "Feed my parrot," he said. "Feed my parrot."

He fell.

Dax fell on the floor. He came undone. His face was on the tile and one of his hands was still on his hip, the one that wasn't pinned on the floor. But he was still sobbing. Regina could see the tears. She remembered that she had actually had blueberries with whipped cream once and that it wasn't anything special. That was probably why she didn't remember it. Dax was still on the floor when she looked again. His face was taut and one of his elbows was quivering and tapping on the tile.

"Will you help me up?" he said.

Regina's hand was on her hip and one leg out, her other foot turned inward. It was starting to become painful. Dax was on the floor. There was a lot of thought about blueberries. Blueberries and whipped cream.

"Will you help me up? Please? Will you help me stand up?"







Lurking Octopus

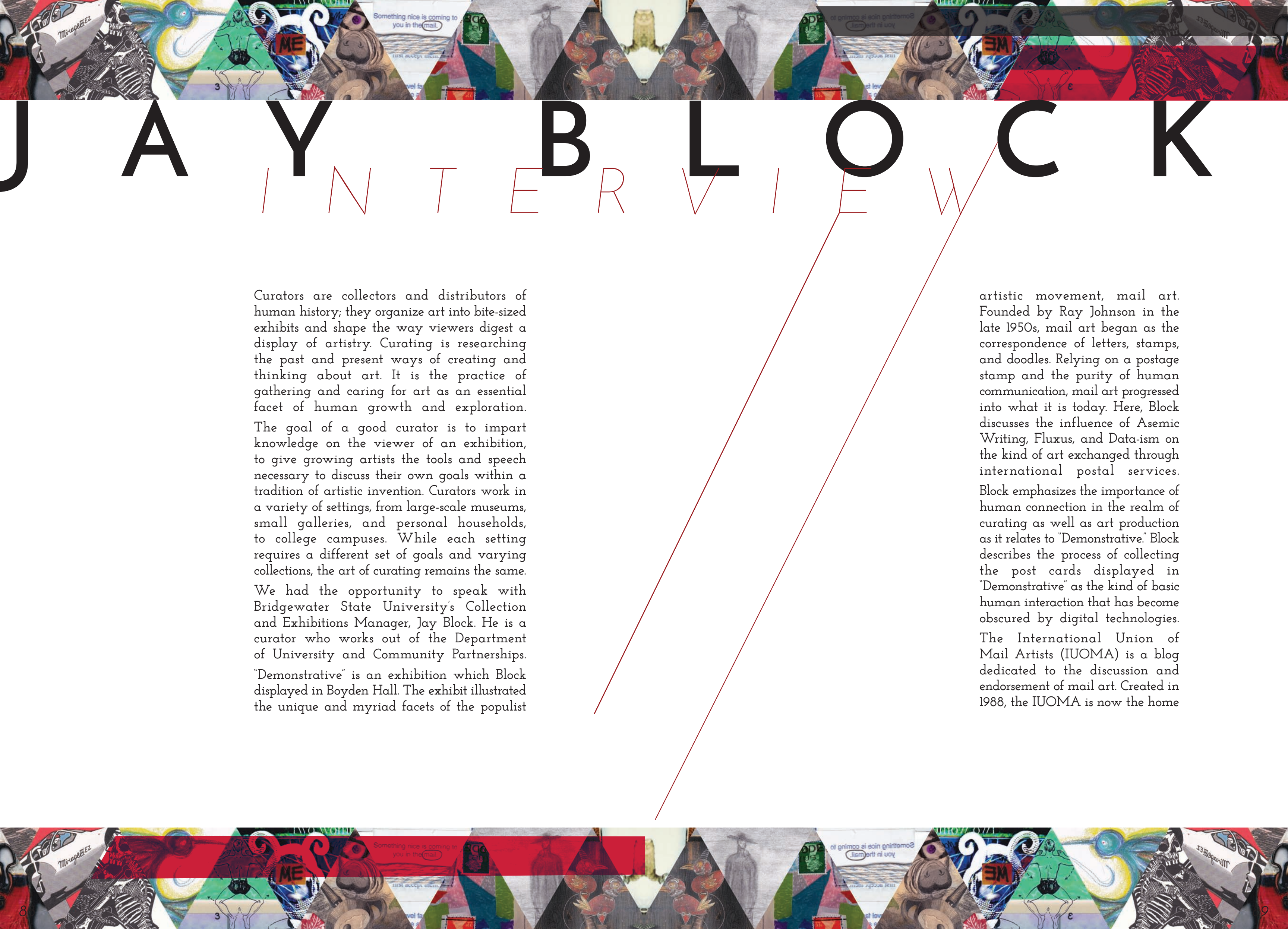
*Troy Knight*

Metal and wood

30 in. x 60 in. x 42 in.

**The Bridge Award Winner**





# JAY BLOCK

## INTERVIEW

Curators are collectors and distributors of human history; they organize art into bite-sized exhibits and shape the way viewers digest a display of artistry. Curating is researching the past and present ways of creating and thinking about art. It is the practice of gathering and caring for art as an essential facet of human growth and exploration.

The goal of a good curator is to impart knowledge on the viewer of an exhibition, to give growing artists the tools and speech necessary to discuss their own goals within a tradition of artistic invention. Curators work in a variety of settings, from large-scale museums, small galleries, and personal households, to college campuses. While each setting requires a different set of goals and varying collections, the art of curating remains the same.

We had the opportunity to speak with Bridgewater State University's Collection and Exhibitions Manager, Jay Block. He is a curator who works out of the Department of University and Community Partnerships. "Demonstrative" is an exhibition which Block displayed in Boyden Hall. The exhibit illustrated the unique and myriad facets of the populist

artistic movement, mail art. Founded by Ray Johnson in the late 1950s, mail art began as the correspondence of letters, stamps, and doodles. Relying on a postage stamp and the purity of human communication, mail art progressed into what it is today. Here, Block discusses the influence of Asemic Writing, Fluxus, and Data-ism on the kind of art exchanged through international postal services.

Block emphasizes the importance of human connection in the realm of curating as well as art production as it relates to "Demonstrative." Block describes the process of collecting the post cards displayed in "Demonstrative" as the kind of basic human interaction that has become obscured by digital technologies.

The International Union of Mail Artists (IUOMA) is a blog dedicated to the discussion and endorsement of mail art. Created in 1988, the IUOMA is now the home







of around 4,000 active members. The IUOMA functions as a blog where users can post images of mail art that has been received or, in Block's case, collected for use in a gallery. The IUOMA at first glance appears to contradict the basic tenets of mail art: the trust, the personal communication; however, the members of IUOMA demonstrate what is redeemable about digital technology: the ease of communication and the spread of knowledge.

Block also speaks to a few of his other exhibitions on campus, such as "Scientific Illustrations & Other Beasties" and "Travis Bedel," which were both displayed in Maxwell Library. He discusses the educational value of the art he chooses to display.

Artists experimenting with nontraditional ideas of craft and execution, like the participants of mail art, find a place for their art at BSU.

*Q: How did you solicit for the post card art?*

A: "Well, there are a number of ... organizations; the International Union of Mail Art, allow[s] postings, so that I could do a general call ... The trick is that in order to receive, you have to send. I have a fine arts background: painter, sculptor, toymaker, that sort of thing. [Those are very different from mail art in that,] for every card that you receive, it's kind of expected that you send something out. What ends up happening is that it kind of snowballs. Of course, things are posted [on the International Union of Mail-Artists blog]. They have a very, very large presence on the web. [Mail artists will] send you, out of the blue, something crazy, and you're kind of obligated to send them art back. At the end of it, I think [there are] almost 40 different countries ... [involved with mail art]. These artists have responded in one form or another. I'm still getting, almost daily, one piece, two pieces."

*Q: How many submissions did you receive?*

A: "Probably 400 or 500."

*Q: How did you decide which ones to display?*

A: "They're all good, so I just started grabbing and mixing and matching. I wanted a variety. Mail art is such a broad interpretation ... some artists are specifically working in the format of stamps, [this includes] a postal stamp or rubber stamps or potato stamps. Some are collage artists; some are painters. Some are Asemic word artists, which is [when] you make up a language. It looks right, whether it's printed or sound poetry or concrete poetry. It's very, very wide.

For one of the works, the artist asks you to send a one-minute sound sample of something, anything. He's in, I want to say, Madrid. Then, he'll send you a packet with a mini disc of your work incorporated into [a larger piece].

[Mail art] is so many different things. There's a 45 [record] in there [covered with] gobs of paint. So, it was kind of, 'What's bright and shiny?' It is Boyden [Hall], so there is the political side of it. You can't go too crazy. Some of the things are obscene. Some of the things would be considered controversial, and you have to avoid that ..."







A: "Absolutely. More often than not I will post the work [on the blog] as received, so they get that gratification that ... it is going into the collection. All of [the] work that I've received goes to the university. It is addressed to me, but I'm giving [the] collection to the university as a document, as a performance piece, as well as for the artists, so that they're recognized. Mail art probably started in the late 50s [or] early 60s as a movement where many artists would go through the phone book (when it would have addresses) and pick random people ... and just mail them something.

A: "I think it's 25 years old now. It started back in the day when a blog was really hand-coded. I think there [are] some 10,000 members, some extraordinary amount, with 4,000-5,000 that are active. It's completely nonprofit [and] run by a gentleman named Ruud Janssen. It's a place where you can go [to] post, talk, scream and shout, just like any blog. But, it's a linchpin in this community of people, and you can see waves of interest [there]. There's a foundation of membership of about 200 or 300 people that are very, very active promoting mail art as art and setting up exhibits. It's a very kind group, which is kind of unusual. Everybody wishes each other 'Happy Birthday.' If you get something stray and have no clue as to who sent it to you, you can post it ... It's a group of like-minded individuals who believe in free speech and free communication and are very personable about it. That's kind of maudlin."

it. That's kind of maudlin."





Q: How were you introduced to the organization?

A: "I was an artist, and I have a large love of ephemera and that type of art, of early 60s and 70s performance pieces, of video/sound/music. I was very much aware of mail art, so it was very easy for me to track it down. I can't tell you exactly when ... As a curator, [the concept behind mail art] is really where my love is: [human] interaction, whether it's [through] sound, dance, [or] poetry. I'm very much about the talking, or the touching, the interaction. I'm not a curator that puts something in a [Plexiglass] box and says, 'Well, there's a vase. I can't do that. To me, it's archaic; it smacks of colonialism. All objects in a museum for some reason have come to us, and in many cases it's [because of] generations of people who have found value in it. Our current established museum format is to remove all of that interaction, all that societal information, all of that history of why something has progressed.

Why do we have Greek statues? Because for some reason generations have found value in [them]. It wasn't just stuck in a box with [Plexiglass] around it, it was in somebody's living room or it was in somebody's temple. Those things are very important. Medieval furniture and paintings still smell of incense. These things are important to talk about: how [the art] fit into that life and how [it has] come forward into our life. The mail art, the ephemera, all of this ideology, for lack of a better word, is very important to me as a curator. Art is not extracted from our art; it's not a vacuum, it's integral. Even magpies like bright and shiny things. It's our nature, it's [a] creature's nature to love beauty, to seek it. And what better way than to get crazy stuff in the mail?"

Q: What is it like curating art on campus and how does it differ compared to other places?

A: "I've worked in museums, I've worked with private individuals, and now I've worked in academia. Each one has a very different mission. Contemporary museums, like the big ones (the MFA or MOMA), have a mission to promote art, but also there's the political side ... they have a Board of Trustees. They have a need [for] people [to] come through the door. [It's] not necessarily [for] revenue, but you have to have that press [coverage] and buzz, and you have to be part of that very small ... society in order to survive. It's a different curatorial point of view, so that you're always hip and cool, you're always looking for the newest thing, you're always going to the cocktail parties.

As a private curator for individuals, a lot of [curating] is about ego and prestige. There is expected art in that type of household. You have to have your Picasso, you have to have your Manet because it's ego-driven in many cases. So, as a curator there you are helping them keep their ego inflated, so that the next dinner party somebody comes in [and says], 'Ah! Where did you get that?' Whether it's a Gerhard Richter painting or it's the best Rembrandt that money can buy, that's really in many ways the function ...







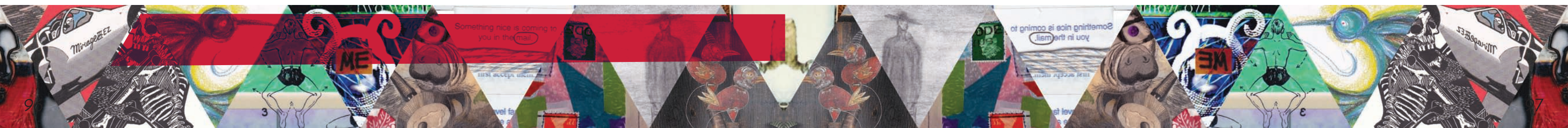
I've worked with both ultraconservatives and ultraliberals, and [art is] really a meaningless thing [to them] ... They're bubble children, and that's okay. You have to understand the critter.

Campus is kind of wonderful in that you don't have those pressures. You don't have to meet the pressure of a Board of Trustees, you don't have to meet the pressure of somebody's ego. It is a place where experimentation can happen. The artists that I try [to] bring in are generally underrepresented, doing something that is not necessarily commercially viable that a regular gallery would have a very, very tough time selling. [Being displayed in a gallery] is how you percolate into the major museums. You get gallery representation, you step up to one of 10 galleries that have the ear of the Board of Trustees, and then you get retrospect and life is great, or not. The university offers, [to] a curator, a tremendous opportunity to bring topics that cannot [typically] be touched unless it's like 20 years later. As a curator, I've dealt with women in animation and illustration and the real grief that they get in what's essentially a male-dominated industry. It's just completely unfair.

I just closed a show [displaying] scientific illustrators against contemporary artists [who] are using scientific illustration but completely wrong. Both of them are artists. The scientific illustrator is just as much an artist, but [he/she is] working under ... constraints of [being] anatomically and biologically correct, so that they can be read and identified. But, it doesn't mean that they stop being an individual. Each and every [scientific illustrator] has this unique hand and this unique vision, and in many cases techniques that are stunning, just way over the

top. Whereas [with] contemporary artists, technique has kind of been [pushed aside] for expression. In many cases, it's a loss. If you have poor technique, then the message you're trying to get across often is garbled ... A standard museum would not be able to touch [something like this]. A gallery wouldn't be able to touch it, and a collector is not interested unless it's been published in *ARTnews* or *Art in America* or *Art+Auction*.

There's the education mission. You have to always be able to lecture in front of it, talk in front it, whether it's the basis of form, function, color, line, the impact of race or society or, how does it work? I really, as a curator, try [to] bring things in that are pretty in some form where you can talk about color or line. Pretty's probably the wrong word, but you can talk about design; you can talk about color theory. The show that I just put up in Maxwell [Library], [exhibits the work of] Travis Bedel. His work tracks back to Dutch Renaissance florals. [The Dutch] do these [works of] Vanitas, [which is a category of symbolic art] ... It's a giant vase of flowers and insects and some are dying. That's all symbolism. Each one of those flowers has a literary meaning because back then you couldn't say what you meant without some king, queen, [or] pope coming down







on you hard ... Those paintings are essentially an anagram, [or] scrimshaw, of meanings. You look at it and [think], 'Ah, it's a nice floral.' Well, [you have to think about] how those flowers were used. Travis Bedel has brought it forward. He's from San Francisco. He's using ... antique, anatomical prints of the bisection of the body, but he's using those as the vase. You have the flowers and insects blooming out of these bodies. It's about body consciousness. It's about how we have in many ways forgotten our body and how wonderful and beautiful it is. But, he also uses symbolism [and] imagery. He's gone back almost 400 years to talk about his life and to bring [the symbolism] forward. They're absolutely stunning and beautiful and slightly macabre. He was very nice to lend [me] both his originals, where he's literally cut them out of old magazines and old books, and you can't tell that they've been cut or clipped. They're very carefully pasted, and they're very large format prints. Again, most places you couldn't do that ... He also does these great store-front installations about 10 feet deep [that] can be up to 20 feet in length, of those images, but you literally can walk into them, and they're just brilliant.

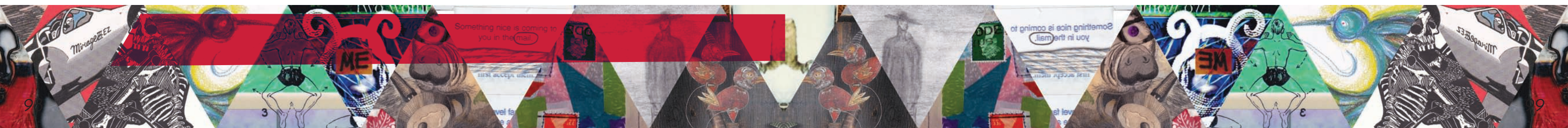
The benefit of being [on campus] is that you can do crazy stuff. You can talk about it. [BSU] for me was a unique opportunity. I think working with the students here is extraordinary. You guys are as smart, as competitive, and as intuitive and gifted as anybody I've ever met. I've seen some very smart kids ... The student body here is gracious, and where they lack in exposure they make up [for] with the thrill of being alive. I like you guys; I really do. I have tremendous respect [for the student body at BSU]. Many of the students I have worked

with have renewed my faith in the future that you guys are going to kick ass. You really are. It'll come from your generation because mine has basically screwed the whole place up, and then walked away. We partied and left, trashed the room, and that's a lousy thing. Your generation has such a future. It's not going to be easy. Where they promised us space ships and flying cars and things like that and didn't deliver, you guys will see that. You're going to be able to 3D print something, and (spaceship noise) off you go. If you choose to control your future where my generation chose not to, I think you're going to do fabulous things. I see that at this student body specifically. There's a very rare mix here, and it's a real privilege to be a part of it."

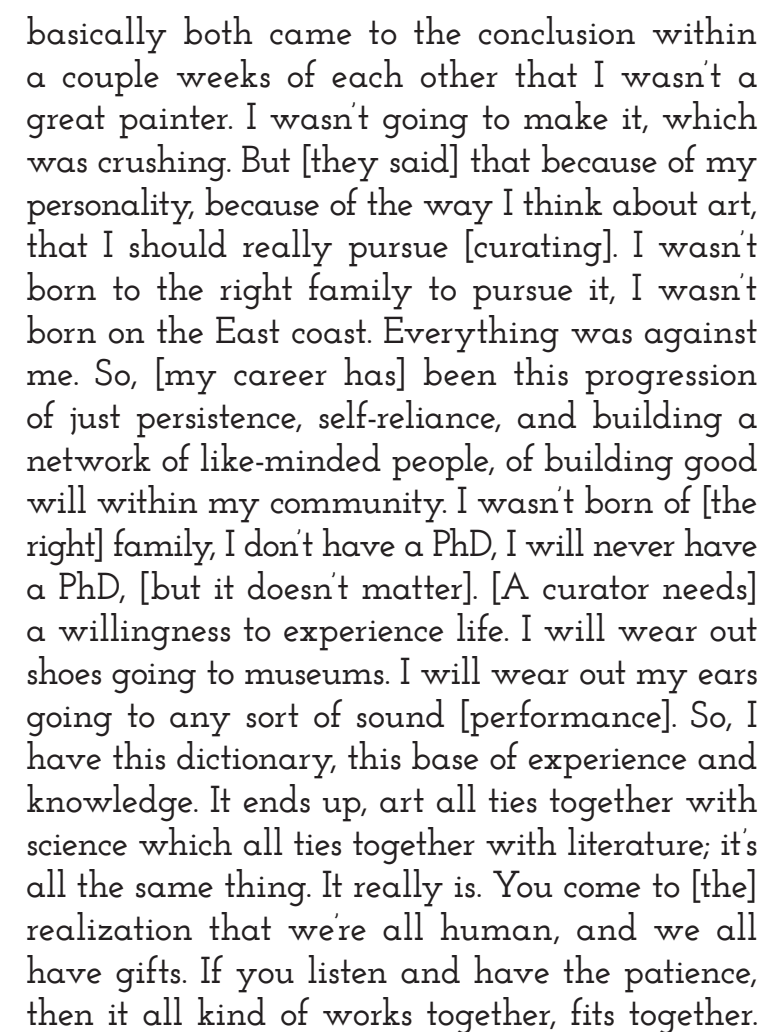
*Q: What advice would you give to someone interested in pursuing a career in curating?*

A: "Oh god, don't do it. To be a good curator, first and foremost, you need luck and then just hard perseverance to have every experience possible. [You have] to be open, to talk to people, to anybody and everybody. I was fortunate in how I fell into this. I was an MFA and a so-so painter [and] sculptor; I amused myself, I really did, but I was going to go nowhere. A number of curators, very, very powerful curators, took an interest [in me] and started talking to me because most anything comes out of my mouth. I'm not an embarassable person. We would talk art, and we would talk theory. We'd talk philosophy, and we'd talk sociology.

I love philosophy. Philosophy is wonderful because it is a concise set of ideas. Now, you don't have to agree with it, but the training of philosophy is lacking in most everything. So these two gentlemen took an interest [in me] because I was working as an art installer at the Whitney Museum, and they said that they







My favorite people to talk to at museums [are] the guards. They stand there day in and day out. They look at the art, but they also hear everybody that walks through, so they're this sponge of [hearing things] like 'Well, this show's a dog.' ... Very few curators go onto the floor after the [gallery] opening. It's done, and they're onto the next thing. That's just poor thinking and irresponsible. Not everything in a museum is art or good; there are reasons for it, though. Understanding the reasons should be the forum, so that you can say 'well, I don't like that because...' rather than 'I don't like that because my child [could] do it.' If you can impart that language, those tools, then as a curator you've succeeded."





# An Intimate Evening With Peanuts

*Daniel Marco Martins*

Peanut butter: how delicious.  
Peanut M&M's are better than the regular M&M's.  
There's nothing like cracking peanut shells at a ball game.

I wouldn't know.  
I smoke cigarettes every day.  
I'll try a peanut at some point.

Kill me instantly,  
Not gradually,  
Like black pack Spirits.

They never did the trick;  
At least, not the way a peanut would.  
Then again, why should they?

Why do such a thing?  
How can a cig save a life  
And a peanut kill the same one?

I think I'll buy a pack of Peanut M&M's,  
Melt the candy coating into the buds of my tongue,

Taste the sweet sugar with  
Chocolate emanating through candy cracks,

Spit it out last second  
Before the killer bean can reach my blood,

And afterwards light a cigarette,  
Smile and say: not bad, for a peanut.



**rastafar-I**  
*Damian Bellotti*  
Graphite  
18 in. x 24 in.

**The Bridge Award Winner**



# The Ice Cream

*James Holbert*



## Four of a Kind

*Cassandra Laslie*

Ceramic and Glaze

5 in. x 5 in. x 3 in. each

The man named Yani Bibaldie stood in the middle of the road looking back where he had come, and he thought for a good deal of time. One of his sandals lay behind him and he looked after it because he was trying to think of a solution. The strap had snapped and the sandal had come loose before Yani Bibaldie knew it was missing. He had walked several hundred feet without feeling the pain in the heel of his unsandaled foot, where pebbles and rocks scraped his skin and the dirt tweezed its way up between his toes. When he had discovered this feeling, he'd stopped.

Now, this was not a well-paved road and not a lot of traffic, vehicular or otherwise, came down this way. But because of the sheer amount of time that Yani Bibaldie stood on this road looking back at his lost sandal, he did have one visitor. There was an ice cream shop at the end of the road where people usually went. It was where Yani Bibaldie had planned on going until he realized he no longer had a sandal under his foot. There was a big cone in the distance, topped with a pinkish-red scoop of ice cream, and this sat on top of the shop and twirled around. Sometimes Yani Bibaldie stopped staring at his lost sandal and stopped trying to think of a solution to his problem so he could look at the rotating dessert on the horizon. But that wasn't very often.

After a time, the visitor came his way and Yani Bibaldie did not recognize him. Yani Bibaldie lived in a small town, small enough to know the children by name and the names of their parents, who Yani Bibaldie sometimes went out and had drinks with if it was the appropriate time of day and if he had the appropriate relationship with them. This man was not from the town. So he was a traveler as well as a visitor, which might very well have been the same thing.

"You've been standing here a long time, I gather," said the traveler.

He looked very much like a traveler to Yani Bibaldie. He had a rucksack and a brimmed hat and he was sweating about as much as you would expect a traveler to sweat, which was a lot.

"Long enough to outlast the vulture," Yani Bibaldie said. There was a vulture on the side of the road and it was stinking and its wings were curled in such a way that it looked demonic. Yani Bibaldie pointed to it. There were flies buzzing around it louder than the peepers would sing during the nights. "He has died of starvation."

The traveler squinted. It was true that he looked like a man of the world to Yani Bibaldie, and he pegged him for a European. Then there was that mustache and men around here never grew proud mustaches like that. It was a strange thing. Yani Bibaldie wanted to say that he felt as if he had known the traveler well, but he could not because it just wasn't true.



"I'll be off," the traveler said, "since there is no way that I can fail you."

Yani Bibaldie already believed the traveler had failed him.

"I think I'd like some ice cream," the traveler said. "How is that?"

"You can get some ice cream," Yani Bibaldie pointed. "Help yourself."

The traveler went away and Yani Bibaldie watched him go. He looked like a big hulking rucksack with legs underneath. It was an absurd image to watch and Yani Bibaldie almost laughed. But his situation was so dire that he could not.

The problem was this. Yani Bibaldie had already made so much progress between the time he lost his sandal and the time he realized he'd lost his sandal. Going back to retrieve it meant unraveling up that progress the way you unravel up a carpet into one big heavy scroll. Plus, there was the loss of time. He would have had to waste some of it regressing, unraveling up his progress. But he could not go on either. His foot hurt. He did not want it to hurt more by walking. Roads were too threatening to the human foot if not properly attired. He did not want the pebbles to become a part of him, because surely they would dig into his foot until they burrowed all the way inside. The next time he went swimming he would likely drown because his foot would be too heavy. There was nothing to do.

Then the traveler came again. He appeared next to Yani Bibaldie because Yani Bibaldie was still looking at his sandal behind him in the middle of the road. He did not see him coming, but he was not surprised when he saw the traveler.

"I brought the rifle," the traveler said.

He was holding a cone of ice cream in each hand and then he forced one all the way into his mouth and sucked in and out because, Yani Bibaldie imagined, it must have been very cold. With his free hand, and with strawberry ice cream pooling out of his mouth, he indicated the butt of a gun that sprouted up from his rucksack.

"For you or the vulture?" he said.

"The vulture is dead," Yani Bibaldie said. "You're too late."

"Am not," the traveler said.

He went to reach for the butt of the gun but it was too awkward. He struggled and whipped his free arm around. Then, he leaned back and dropped the other ice cream cone in his mouth to free up his other hand. Yani Bibaldie watched him fall over, the rucksack pulling him down. He squirmed and flailed as he choked on the ice cream, filling his throat, cold and piercing and strawberry red.



### **The Day Dreamer**

*Nichole Manfredi*

Plaster, wood, fabric, paint

9 in. x 9 in. x 18 in.



# Shaping Faces

*Jeff Smith*

When my mouth was flush  
with dirt, every mote was real as nails.  
Right now,  
in my silent living room,  
I can feel one saddled into my molar's crown.  
The taste is nickel, ceramic, and  
hateful.  
Later,  
When my temple flared  
against my pillow, the noise was a primal flap  
through the fluid in my head. I  
was certain a fly was lodged in my ear canal.  
It flew in while I was playing near the laundry line.  
Later still,  
after I clumped clay together  
from under the roots of a river-ish tree,  
I molested a mouth and eyes into  
the pile with my finger.  
I put the face on a paper plate,  
then into the oven.  
I didn't know how to turn it on.  
Dad said, you idiot.  
That's not a kiln.  
He could be right, sometimes.



Untitled

*Coleen O'Hanley*

Photography

13.17 in. x 9.87 in.



## Crashing on the Rocks

Kelly Thies

Acrylic

11 in. x 14 in.



# in the shell of the antilles

Sharrisse Viltus

The Bridge Award Winner

i. what you have to know about my mother's country is that she's beautiful. the kind of beautiful that takes you by the hand and beckons you to look closer.

ii. you must also know that there's blood in the roots of my mother's country. it fertilizes the farm fields and grows the sugarcane.

iii. my mother's country is the crescent side of a large island, surrounded by ocean shores that reflect the sun's brilliance in broken pieces. she is fondly called the pearl of the antilles by the very hands tainted in rusted red.

iv. my mother's country carries the weight of the sun on her back. she only knows sweltering summer. it is her only season—there is no winter or autumn or spring. but watch out for that time of wind and rain.

v. my mother's country also carries the orphans of the world. she has crafted them into warriors: hard, strong, pride in their veins. she has made them artists too: musicians, painters, graceful dancers. they remember, they honor, they celebrate. they wear white against their black skin and offer their hearts to restless spirits.

vi. the old language of my mother's country is gone, but it has a child. it is mixed of other tongues and when you listen carefully, you can hear the voice of its father.

vii. my mother's country does not know how she feels about her canines—her people love them and hate them in equal measure. clean, obedient dogs live behind gated homes as guardians. boney, matted-fur dogs are kicked away by dust-crust feet and live in the alleys of the capital city. they are all demure and soft-tongued (you can hear them at night).

viii. my mother's country is the hills and mountains and valleys and uncharted forests—her air carts the exhaust of old cars and smoked wood. she is the mounds of earth in the distance, away from the cities. the roads are uneven and, in the countryside; green corners the sides as if waiting to reclaim what is hers.

ix. my mother's country is the only country in the western hemisphere with a majestic citadel. it sits at the crest of a mountain like royalty on a throne. as the people remember, a king desired a massive fortress on a neighboring mountain. in his arrogance, he did not ask permission from the spirits. my mother's country taught him humility in the ruins of his first castle curled with green wildlife grown overnight. he asked for permission once more on another mountain. the spirits said yes and that is where the king now rests.

x. my mother's country is beautiful—she is earthy and cannot be swayed. she is curved and reflects the light of the sky. she lives in the open shell of the world and cradles her children in the open palms of her hands.



# Hades Writes a Welcome Home Letter for Persephone

Katherine Nazzaro

Dear Persephone,  
Welcome back.  
We've missed you.  
I've been counting the days,  
waiting for your return.  
Do you like the banner?

Dear Persephone,  
Cerberus misses you when you're gone.  
He spends all April whining.

Dear Persephone,  
I missed you too.  
Like a phantom limb,  
like a hole in my heart.

Dear Persephone,  
Tell me that's not dirt beneath your nails.  
Tell me you weren't crying yesterday.  
It's been so long, tell me  
the date didn't sneak up on you.  
Tell me you were excited to come home.

Dear Persephone,  
Every day without you my heart breaks.

Dear Persephone,  
I only look at the calendar to see  
when you're coming back.

Dear Persephone,  
I love you.

Dear Persephone,  
I just want to see you smile again.

Dear Persephone,  
I'm sorry.  
I'm so sorry.

Dear Persephone,  
Welcome home.



Mariposa Seeds  
Jessica Lazarus  
Ceramic

3 in. x 2 in. x 2 in.





Green Teapot with Tray and Cups

*Trudy Bryant*

Ceramics

8 in. x 4 in. x 7 in.

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# I Am Scratch

Erin Cregg

The engine of her crappy Sedan wheezes under the pressure of being idle for more than five minutes. It shakes the car with a rattle more severe than her Aunt Hilda's smoker's lung, so much so, that she can practically hear good old Hildy hacking away the black in her throat.

Hwuack, hwuack, hwuack!

She sits in the driver's seat, hands glued on 10-and-2, elbows slightly pinched inwards—a scene straight out of the crappy VHS specials they played in her Driver's Ed. class—as she looks out at the empty parking lot. It's pitch black out, save for the light posts that are scattered around the cracked pavement, almost as if put up as an afterthought—setting up spots of soft yellow light, bright enough to illuminate the potholes in the pavement and outline her silhouette with a smack of gold across the cheekbones.

She turns to Scratch, sitting in his ever-silent nature in the passenger seat of her car. He's been attuned to the flickering of one of the light posts, a seizure of twitching light, with raft curiosity for about 10 minutes now.

Sometimes she likes to think of Scratch as an innocent puppy dog, with the way he watches things play out around him. Never engaging, never fighting back, just taking it in as a third party spectator, with his head cocked slightly to the left. All that's missing is the floppy ears.

Sometimes she likes to think of him as a guardian angel, her friend, her protector.

On scary, dark days, she thinks he's a demon.

She has no proof either way.

Y'know, because he never speaks.

"Alright. New place, new story," she says, if only to dissolve the pressure of night in the car. Prying her hands off the rubber grips of the wheel, she yanks the keys out of the ignition. She hears her dad's nagging voice reminding

her to be gentler to the car, but she shuts it out by pulling her Moleskine journal out of Scratch's long fingers. Old and worn at the edges, she's had this journal since she was eight, and, even though she writes in it practically every day, it never seems to run out of blank pages. A bottomless supply. There are times when she thinks she's finally reached the end, but then she'll find a new empty page.

Scratch likes to hold her journal for her. In fact, these days, he never seems to want to let it go. Sometimes she'll catch him reading it when she comes home from school. It's probably because the words within it are what make up the texture of his skin, her loopy scrawl scratched in his epidermis like shitty home tattoos.

Scratch was born through her words. One day, out of the blue, he just appeared, silent and vigilant. Over time, more and more of what she wrote became essentially just him. She'd call him her walking journal, but sometimes it seems too serious of a situation to simplify it to that.

Sometimes, she isn't even sure he is a he.

He isn't exactly human. Sure, he has two arms, two legs, ten fingers, ten toes, but that's where it ends. If she were to try to draw Scratch, anyone who'd see the drawing would say he looked creepy. With a tall, sturdy build of 6-foot-7, Scratch towers over her with gangly limbs. He has two eyes, of no particular color or shape, and he lacks a nose and a mouth. He never wears clothes, and he doesn't seem to have a need for them. Her written words cover his skin from head to toe. She's positive they're hers; she's spent many hours reading them to be sure.

Definitely eerie, had she not grown up with him.

"What are you feeling tonight?" she asks. Surprise, surprise, he doesn't answer. "Angsty? Soul-searching? Adventure? Romance?" She waggles her eyebrows suggestively at him, as a joke, but he just watches her curiously. Maybe. It's hard to tell these days. It was easier when she was younger, and her imagination put emotions that were never there on his face.

"I'm thinking horror, to fit the setting," she suggests to the empty reply and Scratch turns to look back at the flickering light post. Funny guy and his obsessions.

Flipping through the browned, ripped pages, she yet again finds an empty place to start.

And so it begins.

Who I Be

She We They

Keep kill Light

Peruse Am to see

Join Wonderful need

Words give them

He it New safe

Scratch

Scratch see Light

It Be Wonderful

She purses her lips when she finishes. Her hand cramps from writing so much, and she can't say she likes the outcome of what she wrote. The story is wrong: too forced, too cheesy.

Well, no use fretting over it now. The ink had already dried on the page, and the only thing left to do is turn it and begin anew.

"Not exactly my best work, eh, Scratch?" she says, turning to him as he observes the words etched in his skin. She watches as he runs his eyes over his arms, catching the new sections appear in what she assumes is wonderment.

"Well, not like we won't get a second crack at it later." Reaching over him, she fumbles through the glove compartment, before plucking out a rumpled threefold map. Smoothing it over the dashboard, she uses her pen to mark a small X over their location. It sits near a smattering of other crudely marked places, all testaments to their travels in the pursuit of finding a new writing spot.

They'll probably never return to this decrepit parking lot in the middle of fuck-knows-where. It's how she likes to do it, write and ditch. Cover her eyes, put a finger over the map, and drive there with Scratch to write whatever the place inspires in her.

"I'm feelin' something a bit more upbeat for the next place," she muses, twisting her keys in the ignition and feeling the same routine relief as her car sputters to life, refusing to be just another hunk of scrap metal. "Something a little bit more populated, and a little less drug deal central."

She closes the notebook and hands it to Scratch, who takes it gingerly in his hands as if it was the New Testament, and places it gently on his lap. Stopping at the edge of the parking lot before turning out onto the main road, she glances over and catches him quietly rifling through the pages in the dark cabin of the car.

She watches him with curiosity as his fingers press into the new passages she wrote tonight, pads of his fingers pressing against the ink words as if they were Braille. She wonders, not for the first time in his existence, if he can read them. Maybe he's just trying to decode them.

One of these days, she'll figure him out.

She give

New Words

Scratch keep them safe





Disassembly  
Cidalia Pina  
Acrylic  
10 in. x 20 in.



A t  
t h e  
g a

o w s ,

*J a m e s H o l b e r t*

the executioner looked at me sympathetically,  
told me to hang in there,  
and I died of laughter.



**Kelley E. Barrett**

Kelley Barrett is from Weymouth, Massachusetts, and is a junior at Bridgewater State University. She is an English major with a minor in communication studies. She is passionate about all things related to comedy and hopes to continue writing stories that use humor to illuminate larger, more serious issues.

**Damian J. Bellotti**

Damian Bellotti studies fine art and sculpture at Bridgewater State University.

**Emily A. Brady**

Emily Brady is a fine arts major at Bridgewater State University. She has a concentration in both photography and graphic design. She is currently the owner of EAB Photography, and specializes in portrait photography. Her interest in art began at a very young age, and has always been a very natural and meditative outlet for her. Her skills range from drawing, painting, and photography, to sculpting, and crocheting. Brady hopes to continue the growth of her photography business and would like to get a feel for other career options as she furthers her education at Bridgewater State University.

**Caitlin Rose Bradley**

Caitlin Rose Bradley is a senior with a double major in English and theatre arts. She has always loved reading, writing and storytelling and hopes to continue to write and to eventually become a college professor. She looks forward to graduation in May 2016.

**Trudy L. Bryant**

Trudy Bryant is a crafts major with a concentration in ceramics as well as a fine arts major with a concentration in sculpture. After graduation she hopes to either pursue work in a ceramics studio or further her education to become an art teacher.

**Kathleen Carroll**

Kathleen Carroll is a freshman majoring in art history at Bridgewater State University. She is from Dorchester, Massachusetts. Kathleen hopes to work in a museum in the future, and her ultimate goal is to make the fine arts more accessible to urban youth. When she isn't studying art, she loves to make her own, whether it is through creative writing, photography, or theatre.

**Santiago M. Chaves**

Santiago Chaves is a graphic design major always on the lookout for ways to display his work. In his own words, Chaves uses his art as an outlet to express his feelings.

**Alexzandra Dickey**

Alex Dickey is a freshman at Bridgewater State University majoring in elementary education and art. She loves working with kids and has always loved making art. In her future Dickey hopes to be an art teacher to teach kids to love art and show them the amazing affects it can have on people.

**Devon A. Forrester**

Devon Forrester is a fine arts major, concentrating in graphic design. She has attended Bridgewater State University since the fall of 2013. Forrester loves working with all mediums of art, including fiber arts.

**Noemia Frietas**

Noemia Frietas is a staff member here at Bridgewater State University who loves art. In her own words, she "[takes] art classes to cleanse the soul."

**Jose C. Gouveia**

As an art education major, Jose Gouveia's future plans consist of being an educator, but other than that, everything is all up in the air. Gouveia plans on continuing his life as an artist, musician, and skateboarder, and allowing things to fall into place as a reaction to how he portrays himself through his hobbies and art.

**Kiana R. Govoni**

Kiana Govoni is an English major with a writing concentration who also plans to declare minors in both Asian studies and film studies. She plans to study abroad in Japan in the fall because of her love of languages. She plans to become a translator and an interpreter. In addition to her interest in languages, she also enjoys writing fiction stories. She wants to pursue her dream of becoming a translator and a writer. She continues to work on creative projects, including short stories.

**Erin Cregg**

Erin Cregg is from a tiny town in central Massachusetts called Baldwinville. Currently a first year graphic design major with a passion for art and writing, she hopes to end up following in the field as a graphic designer. Her dream is to one day publish works of fiction.

**James Holbert**

A Bridgewater State University alum, James Holbert now has BA in English with a concentration in writing. He staffed as a literature editor on *The Bridge* Vol. 11. His fiction has appeared in *The Bridge*, *The Offbeat*, *Sliver of Stone Magazine*, and *Driftwood Press*.

**Abby Hess**

Abby Hess is a graduate student in English at Bridgewater State University and works full time at an academic publisher in Boston. She graduated from Susquehanna University for Creative Writing, and has had creative non-fiction published in *Plain China* and creative fiction published by *JuxtaProse* magazine.

**Stephanie Janeczek**

Stephanie Janeczek has portrayed space in her art before, but this piece is her first experiment outside of canvas paintings. She enjoyed this challenge because it encouraged her to think outside of two-dimensional paintings. She navigated the challenge by configuring the sculpture as a wrapped canvas to translate the same message.

**Jessica O. Kesaris**

Jess Kesaris is an elementary and art education major. She is a huge Disney lover, alumni of the Disney College Program at Walt Disney World, and current seasonal cast member at Walt Disney World. During her college program, Kesaris saw Disney-themed shoe Christmas ornaments at her work location and instantly fell in love. Upon returning to school, she chose to create a painting of these shoes to celebrate her love for the company and characters. Kesaris plans to be an elementary teacher, and would love to one day hang the painting in her classroom.

**Troy A. Knight**

Troy A. Knight is a management major with minors in aviation science and studio art. Currently, he is working as a real estate agent as well as a C-5 Crew Chief in the Air Force. Knight uses art as a hobby and a creative outlet during stressful semesters. He hopes to keep practicing it even after his college years.



### **James Kutlowski & Brittany Townley**

James Kutlowski came to Bridgewater State University with the intention of pursuing a career as a high school biology teacher, but in the spring of his sophomore year, he was invited into the Cellular Research Lab by Dr. Jeffery Bowen and Dr. Merideth Krevosky. The experience of doing hands-on cellular research in cancer biology showed him what he could be capable of, and changed his career path. Kutlowski's passion for biology was further intensified by a summer spent as a microscopy facility assistant at the world-renowned Marine Biological Laboratory in Woods Hole, Massachusetts. During this summer internship, he was mentored by Brittany Townley, a BSU graduate and former member of the Bowen/Krevosky lab group. Townley trained Kutlowski in microscopy and assisted him in capturing many images, including the one featured here. At present, Kutlowski is a biology major and biochemistry minor who intends to pursue a PhD in cellular or cancer biology, with the long-term goal of eventually becoming a biology professor at a university. Brittany Townley currently works as a post-baccalaureate research fellow in the lab of Dr. Avinash Bhandoola at the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, Maryland.

### **Amanda Labriola**

Amanda Labriola is a senior English major who plans to attend graduate school following graduation. A lover of words, some form of writing will accompany her in her every endeavor.

### **Cassandra M. Laslie**

Cassandra Laslie is in her third year of college, and is graduating in the Spring of 2016 with the hopes of enrolling for her Masters Degree here at BSU. She loves to travel and wants to adopt all of the senior dogs from animal shelters and cuddle them all up.

### **Jessica Lazarus**

As a teacher, craftsperson, and designer, Jessica pursued her passion through an undergraduate degree at the Massachusetts College of Art and Design, in Boston, MA. Following a dual degree in art education and metalsmithing, she continued exploring a variety of materials and art-making techniques to further her teaching abilities and artistic strengths for her students. She is currently enrolled in the MAT program at Bridgewater State University in Bridgewater, MA. As a Visual Arts Teacher at the Bridgewater-Raynham Regional High School, Jessica aims to share in her views in art and the environment with the community at large.

### **Kaleigh Longe**

Kaleigh Longe is a third year English major. True to stereotypes, she waits tables to support herself until her writing career takes off.

### **Eric Lopes**

Eric Lopes is a new media major at Bridgewater State University. His goal for the future is to work with *Complex Magazine*. He has a great love for fashion, music, and culture.

### **Jenna H. Lopes**

Jenna Lopes is an English major with a writing concentration in her senior year at Bridgewater State University. She plans to make money after graduation preferably through writing.

### **Nichole B. Manfredi**

Nichole is a senior at BSU studying fine arts and marketing. Her fine arts concentration is in painting, but she enjoys working with a variety of mediums. She aspires to find a career that will combine her studies in both fields, allowing her to fully expand on her capabilities.

### **Daniel Marco Martins**

Daniel Marco Martins is a senior English major at Bridgewater State University. He is involved in an independent study of Portuguese writers José Saramago and Fernando Pessoa, and intends to continue his study of Portuguese literature in graduate school. Martins is a first-generation Portuguese American whose parents come from the island of St. Michael, Azores, an archipelago that sits directly east of the Iberian Peninsula.

### **Cody M. Marx**

Cody M. Marx of East Bridgewater, Massachusetts is a freshman at Bridgewater State University. He is a double major in English and political science, and he plans to attend law school and work as a defense attorney in the future. This is his first published poem.

### **Laurie Mathews**

Laurie Mathews will be graduating this spring as a fine arts major, with concentrations in sculpture and art education. She hopes to continue developing her skills as an artist, while pursuing a career as a teacher.

### **Andrew M. McGinnis**

Andrew McGinnis is a fourth year honors student at Bridgewater State University majoring in biology and history. McGinnis plans to teach high school biology after he graduates. He hopes to get the upcoming generations excited to learn about and interact with in the sciences. He has spent three semesters in an on-campus biology research laboratory under Dr. Bowen and Dr. Krevosky and hopes to use the skills he has learned there to help get his future students excited to learn.

### **Brittney Melvin**

Brittney is an English major at BSU who has been jotting down poetry in notebooks for years. She originally planned to become a teacher but is now driven to pursue a career that focuses on her writing. Although she is unsure exactly what that entails yet, she is excited to explore her options while following her passions.

### **Katherine Nazzarro**

Katherine is currently a junior English major. This is her third time submitting to *The Bridge*, and one of her poems, "Three Things to Remind a Mermaid" won 2nd place for open or free form poetry from the Golden Circle awards from Columbia Student Press.

### **Coleen O'Hanley**

Coleen O'Hanley studied English and writing at Bridgewater, and has worked in book publishing for eighteen years.

### **Cidalia Pina**

Cidalia Pina is a senior at Bridgewater State University completing a bachelor of science degree majoring in geography with an environmental focus, and a minor in studio art. Pina hopes to combine her love of mapping, geography, science, and culture with her passion for art, nature, and the environment.



### ***Sophonie Robert***

Sophonie Robert is a communications major with a concentration in film, video and media studies. Her minor is in studio art. Her plan for the future is to attend graduate school and become a television producer for a talk show or television show.

### ***Josh Savory***

Josh Savory is a graduate student at Bridgewater State University. On some mornings, he too can see the infernal plane.

### ***Matthew Joel Small***

Matthew Joel Small is an unconventional art major whose goal is to become a Massachusetts State Trooper. Small uses art as his outlet as a criminal justice major. He is a Specialist in the U.S. ARMY National Guard. Metals was his favorite medium this past fall semester. This is shown in his steel poster depicting J.C. Leyendeckers original art marketing USA Bonds During the second world war. The image shows a Boy Scout giving the "Be Prepared" sword to the Son of Liberty. Small learned about this piece in his U.S. Constitution class this past fall semester, and it made a great impression on him not only as a soldier, but an eagle scout as well.

### ***Jeff Smith***

Jeff is a current graduate student of English at Bridgewater State University who has decided to finally try his hand at poetry. He received his B.A. in English from BSU, is an Army veteran, and plans a triumphant return to fiction writing now that his poetic energies are expended.

### ***Kelly A. Thies***

Kelly Thies has been involved and interested in art for her whole life, especially in high school where she was able to explore multiple mediums and styles. In the future, Thies would like to pursue more art occupations to see where it can bring her.

### ***Timothy Francis Urban***

Timothy Urban is currently enrolled in the Master of Arts Program in English at Bridgewater State University. He is currently working on a thesis which explores how David Foster Wallace uses irony in his short fiction. He has previously published work in the anthology *View from the Bed; View from the Bedside* and in the online magazine *The Smoking Poet*.

### ***Sharrisse Viltus***

Sharrisse Viltus is an English major and public relations minor. She is scheduled to graduate in the spring of 2017, hopefully employed and with a puppy.

### ***Julia Whalen***

Julia Whalen is a first-year biology student who hopes to become a high school teacher in the future. Her favorite things in life are plants, sunsets, and her four cats.

### ***Jennifer M. Wolfgang***

Jennifer Wolfgang is majoring in fine arts at Bridgewater State University and is working on her career as an illustrator. Wolfgang resides in Plymouth, Massachusetts surrounded by supportive friends and family.





# Volume Twelve Honors

Associated College Press  
Pacemaker Award

Columbia Scholastic Press Association  
Staff  
The Bridge  
Third Place Overall Design

Staff  
The Bridge  
Second Place Cover Design

Staff  
The Bridge  
Second Place Table of Contents Page

Staff  
The Bridge  
"The Fairy Tale Character's Book of Proper Etiquette  
& Manual of Politeness"  
Certificate of Merit Use of Typography on  
One Page or Spread

Staff  
The Bridge  
"Countercultural Mainstream"  
Second Place Literary Multi-page Presentation

Staff  
The Bridge  
"Cthulhu/Pity Spread"  
Certificate of Merit Special or General Interest Magazine  
Single Spread

Jessica Melendy  
"I've Already Taken My Medication"  
First Place Open (free) Form Poetry

Taylor Almeida  
"Bones"  
Second Place Open (free) Form Poetry

Ryan Austin  
"Dighton Rock Translate"  
Certificate of Merit Open (free) Form Poetry

Deanna Hass  
"In Between the Pages of a Cocktail Menu"  
Second Place Closed (traditional) Form Poetry

Shane Philips  
"Terminal"  
Second Place Fiction

Gabriella Diniz  
"Graphic Design Thesis"  
Certificate of Merit Use of Typography on One Page or Spread

Nicholas Maskell  
"More Tea, Mr. Cthulu?"  
Second Place Single Illustration: Hand-Drawn

Nichole Manfredi  
"Exposed"  
Third Place Single Illustration: Hand-Drawn

April MacDonald  
"Me in a Polaroid"  
Certificate of Merit Single Illustration: Hand-Drawn

Jillian Monska  
"Stay Away"  
Certificate of Merit Single Illustration: Hand-Drawn

Shannon Collings  
First Place Portfolio Illustration

MaryEllen Cavella  
"Play Ball"  
Certificate of Merit Photography



The Bridge will return again soon.

