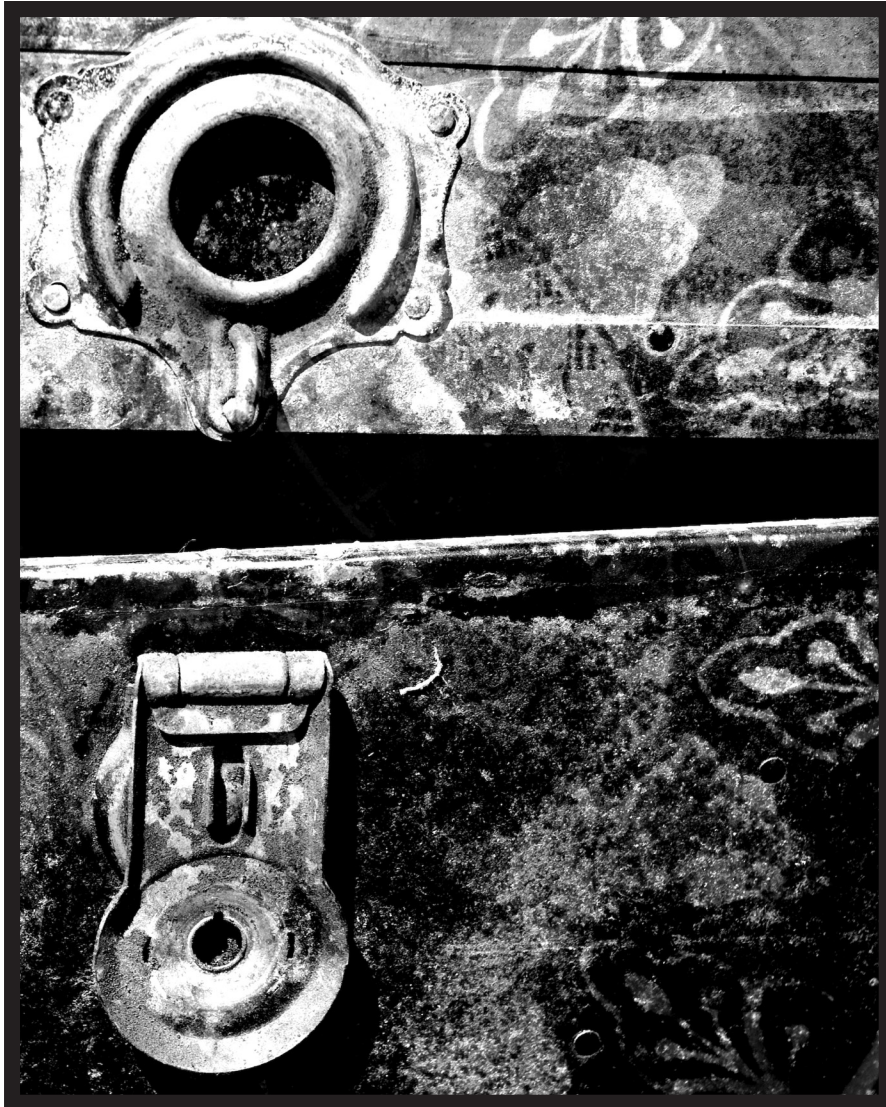


bayou sphere spring & 2010





Bayosphere

The Literary Arts Magazine of University of Houston Clear-Lake

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The photo featured on the front cover, Keepsakes, is by Roxann Grover.





Galveston, born 1864 by Roxann Grover

foreWord

Is it a porthole? (The Portal of Art) Is it a washing machine? (The All-Cleansing Agitator of Time? No, turn the page and it's part of a lock – the platen? No, that's on a typewriter – Better Google it – Hmm, not as easy as I'd thought – Well, I *think* it's a catch plate.) A catch plate on the Trunk of (you name it – Wallace Stevens says that everything resembles everything else to some extent – so there are metaphors enough to go 'round.) *Bayosphere*, too, is a chest and once again it's full of treasures. I'm a Words man myself, but what a joy it is to have all these wonderful photographs – not Roxann's and Ambers's exclusively (Carla) but Roxann's and Amber's for sure. And how splendid, how apt, actually, that, from our bayou-riven suburban fastness, we can reach so confidently to New York and to that Temple in India and say, "Sure, this, too, is ours." For yet more universality, Katie Hart's digital graphic suggests a famed literary title: *A Dance to the Music of Time*.

It would seem uncharacteristic of me not to mention that I'M IN THE BOOK TOO, though my poem actually stars Taleen Washington. She came into one of my classes to announce extended deadlines (a litmag tradition) for *Bayosphere*. Suddenly she leaned forward, spread her arms imploringly, and asked, "Don't any of you have any *happy* poems?" Every group of poets I've told of this moment has laughed in self-approving delight. We know what we're like. And I wish to thank my poetry bro's Nick and Blake and Valdron for illustrating that point (Kenneth Milton is in one of those odd, gratefully *positive* moods that hit us sometimes. Can't be helped.)

Da poetry boys and the satiric Fulton Fry might agree with me that we generally need traction in something negative or ornery to run the poem toward such dawning gratification as it's destined to achieve. Note that our Honored Non-Fictioneer states, "My soul would escape its useless body like a bird from a cage." Be that as may, for the life-giving Prof. Washington, my "Happy Poem" burbles like a very brook.

Great issue. You'll burble too. The painters are happy. The lady in the hat is happy. The little girl, laden with jewels by the dusty truck, is happy. All Bayospherians rejoice. Congratulations to Carla Bradley and Anthony Nguyen and their accomplished crew, to the hitherto apostrophized Taleen Washington, to UHCL for its continuing support, to all who appear in or read or worldwideweb their way into *Bayosphere Spring 2010*. It's filled with wonders. I'm barking at everything I see.

Dr. John Gorman
Professor of Literature
Founder of Bayosphere

editors' note

It's hard to be clever sometimes. What is there to say to a nameless face one has never had the pleasure to meet? How do you impress the person wearing that face, a canvas that is capable of myriad expressions? For me, making someone laugh is the ultimate goal. For many, the human objective in life is to achieve dreams and to be remembered. That is why it is important to capture a moment with words and images so that the next generation can benefit from what we have seen and learned in life.

In regards to the words and imagery used to create this edition of Bayousphere, it is the staff and my intention (hope perhaps?) that once someone looks at it, reads it, the magazine will evoke something from within; whether it is a laugh, a wince or a thought.

It is a real honor to start off this magazine with one of my images. Since ALL submitted work is blind judged, the staff had no idea the piece belonged to me until the scores were tallied. I hope that it inspires readers to continue interpreting a variety of poems and literature written by UHCL students and graduates.

It is an even greater honor to be graced with a poem by the founder of Bayousphere, Dr. John Gorman. Luckily, we had a corresponding photograph of a dog named Jersey to help us close our 2010 edition.

Thank you to everyone who submitted to our publication. Without their submissions, this edition could not have been as incredible as it is. From everyone on staff, thanks for picking up this copy and not tossing it away so fast.

Carla Michelle Bradley

Editor

Bayousphere, Spring 2010 Edition

"Is this it?" – The Strokes

"Bayousphere" is a compound word combining "a low-lying, sluggish wetland" and "a perfectly round geometrical object in three-dimensional shape."

"Facebook" is a compound word combining "controller of the universe" and "student-obsessed social network."

At the time of print, the "Bayousphere Mag" page had 120 Facebook friends – about the same number of total works submitted two weeks prior to submission deadline. Unlike.

However, thanks to a determined staff, extended submission deadline and the utilization of the latest communication technology available in 2010, the number of entries was nearly doubled and a work worthy of 120 million "like's" was born.

Anthony Nguyen

Assistant Editor

Bayousphere, Spring 2010 Edition

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BEST OF SHOW

Poetry

I hope you choke on your birthday cake by Nicolas Prontha

Satire

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Online Digital Media

Steampunk bellydance by Katie Hart

Photography

The bug by Amber Strickler (Shown below)

Art

Washed away by Roxann Grover (shown below)





i hope you choke on your birthday cake

by Nicolas Prontha

It's good to know
I'm still in your phone.
And I wonder why,
since you've left me alone,
I never deleted yours from mine.
It's not as though I haven't had the time.

Mass text message,
impersonal, just your style.
Twelve hundred Facebook friends
invited to go that extra mile
to help you plan your own birthday.
Drinks and darts on a Thursday?

I once told you how I felt and you fled.
In 10 seconds flat – flat like your chest.
It's a damn good thing
I like girls with small breasts.
More than a handful is a waste anyway.
Or I wouldn't have given you the time of day.

You have less than a handful of brains,
It's not as though you have a lot to spare,
Twelve hundred Facebook friends
stay at home because they don't care.
I'd come to see you put in your place.
I'd come to hit you with a shovel in the face.

When my phone rings at three in the morning
Why do I always hope it's you?
Why do I keep your number?
Maybe I hope that –
Yeah I'll say it, what the fuck,
Maybe you'll call when you get hit by a truck.



Driving into nowhere by Carla Bradley

Genuine

by Kenneth Milton

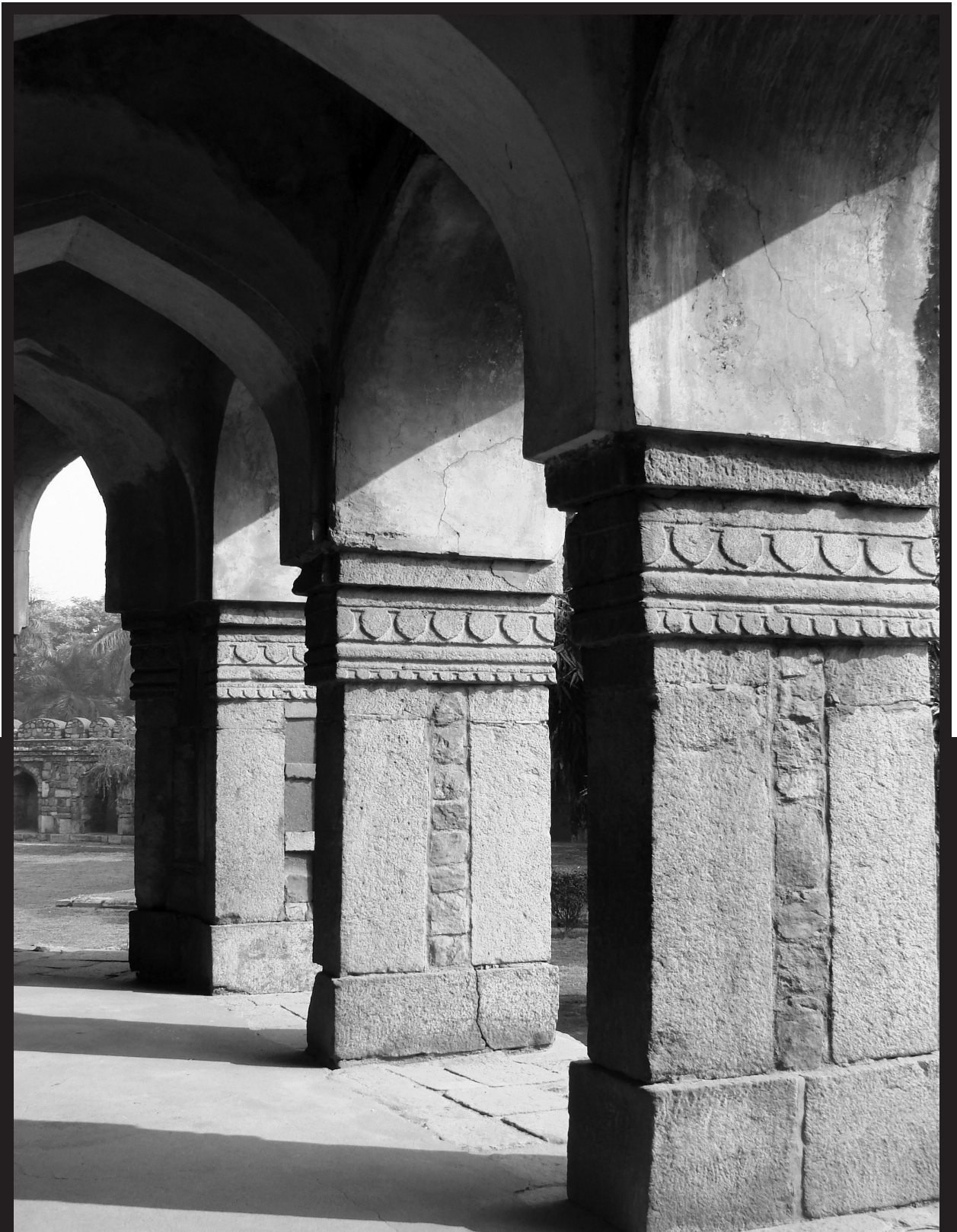
When someone cares enough to listen
Or just to hold your hand
These gestures convey compassion
They say he really understands

When someone looks into your eyes
And your tears begin to dry
This says he's with you always
So there's no need for you to cry

When someone puts his arms around you
And holds you really close
The touch says what mere words do not
That he's feeling you the most

When someone just says "I love you"
And gives you a great big smile
All these should be some reasons
To comfort you awhile...





Temple by Leo Chan



Lifeless

City
City
by Valdon Ross

I step out of the 15-story monument to Babylon where my court-ordered therapist conducts his pseudo business. But he doesn't fool me with his weasel-like eyes and Starbucks stained teeth. He spends his days telling lies to mindless people. He delivers sermons of false hope and declares "there are no bad people" and "everyone is beautiful." More or less, he leads people to believe that this garbage heap metropolis is in perfect shape and built on something other than a crumbling tower.

When I was leaving his office he had said with the most touching Hallmark insincerity he could manage, "Good luck this weekend." According to him, I have a drinking problem. According to me, the world has a sucking problem.

As I walk to the bar the zombies and skeletons are coming home from their nine-to-five routines. Lifeless hands upon the wheel, they buy into the fable of society that you can succeed if you know where you're going in life and do what it takes to get there. And so they shamble on, motionless and unblinking in their cars, knowing where they are going and pressing their feet on the pedals to get there. Maybe some of the fools realize that what they buy provides no nourishment, and it is impossible to sustain meaningful life in such an endless cycle. Perhaps some of them aren't quite dead on the inside yet.

Pushing the grime stained door aside, I say my greetings to the flies that swarm society's rubbish. With a wave of the hand the barman gives me my triple distilled on the rocks, and in the same motion I am advancing on the tall, slender blonde with red heels in the back.

She is refined, obviously someone of importance, yet she somehow maintains the graceful appearance of the living. By her eyes, though, I can see she is lonely and unknown to her soul... a desperate butterfly. Inside her, the warmth still flutters – still untainted by the cold, inevitable realization of how helpless our human situation is.

With no one to dissuade her, it only takes a couple of words before the cab has us in flight through the blank streets and green lights.

Alone in the apartment, the night is dark. She steps to the window to look at the city beneath us. I turn on the stereo and approach her from behind. I wrap one arm around her waist. She purrs and snuggles comfortably into my grasp. In this moment, she is pure and content.

Breathing on her neck, I whisper, "I want you to know, you are beautiful."

I squeeze, the room absorbs the sound; she becomes still in my arms.

And I lay her on the ground; I set the gun beside her.

She was cold to the touch like the lifeless city, but inside she remains as warm as happiness.

**"-still untainted by the cold, inevitable realization of how
helpless our human situation is."**



Sects and the city by Ashley Tobar

Isn't it peculiar," I say, brushing my fingers across her pale skin, "that humans seem to love the dead more than the living?"

I placed my hand on her cheek. I can feel the life leaving the body.

"It is only after you die that anyone begins to reveal how they feel about you. Only after you're dead, do people start to speak about what you've done for everyone around you. But since you're dead, you still don't hear a word about it."

Naturally, she was silent – corpses can't speak.

I grab the gun, "But I let you know."

Spinning the chamber, "I set you free."

I close her vacant eyes, "I immortalized you."





Ink'd by Amber Strickler

About What happened Today

by C.B. Binford

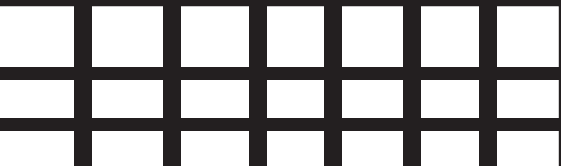
Was that the kind of man you are?
To watch, and want, and stand afar?
To look away and step aside,
and be content to just abide?

If you could travel back to then,
would you restrain your tongue
again?

The best return might lead to bliss
—
and could the worst be worse than
this?

What by your silence did you save,
or wages earn as caution's slave?
What are you that you weren't
before?

A little older — nothing more.
A little closer to the grave.



His Lover

GLOWING

by Nicolas Prontha

He first learned grammar in the spell of his lover's glowing "company."

A neighbor delivered him to the land of King Friday, teaching him happy new days (even though he could care less about *that*). The Sesame Street safety of that neighborhood comforted him so, no garbage-can grouch or counting vampire would scare him away.

Glowing lover became his Saturday morning extended animated commercials.

The soft glow was his father selling pudding a brother with a catch phrase.

The soft glow was his mother – she could solve any problem in thirty minutes or less, while wearing pearls and a dress.

He grew into a teenage denim jacket, and his lover's glow became even brighter. He discovered new worlds – final frontiers, three angels with flowing hair (wearing stylish underwear), brandishing guns and kung-fu smiles. He searched for the truth because it's out there – maybe Daryl or his other brother Daryl found it where J.R. wrestled with a bullet and lost.

He just wanted shelter from the rain, where troubles are all the same, a place where everyone's glad he came, where everyone knows his name.

The reflection in his mirror does not match what his lover wants him to be – the residual image of his television mind – turns him to obsessing over AC Slater-abs while driving down the road to get twoallbeefpattiespecialsaucelettucecheesepicklesonionsonasesameseedbun.

When it comes down to it his lover's glow is right and true because:

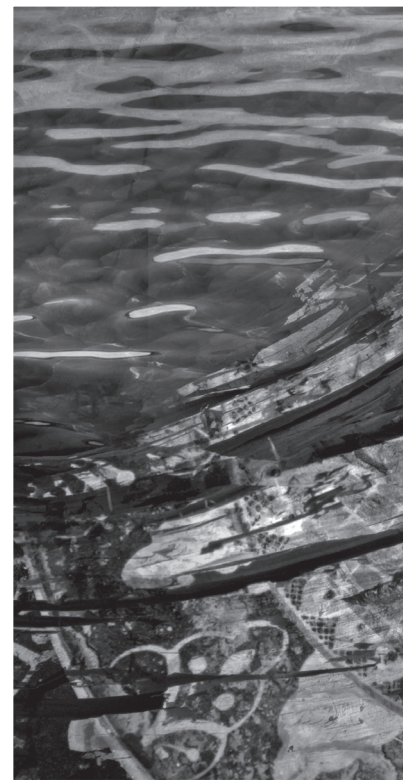
the world don't move
to the beat of just one drum
what might be right for you
may not be right for some
You take the good
You take the bad
You take it all
And there you have
the facts of life the facts of life
Suddenly finding out
the facts of life are all about...You

“...became his Saturday morning extended animated commercials.”



ART DISPLAYED BY ROXANN GROVER

Top Left | Journey
Middle | Washed away
Top Right | Cyclical nature





if i were to die today

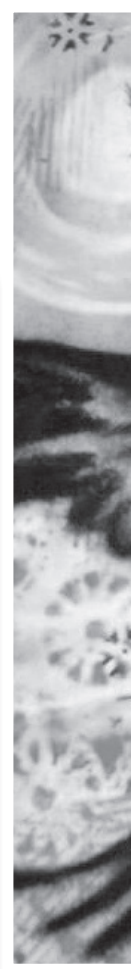
by Carla Bradley

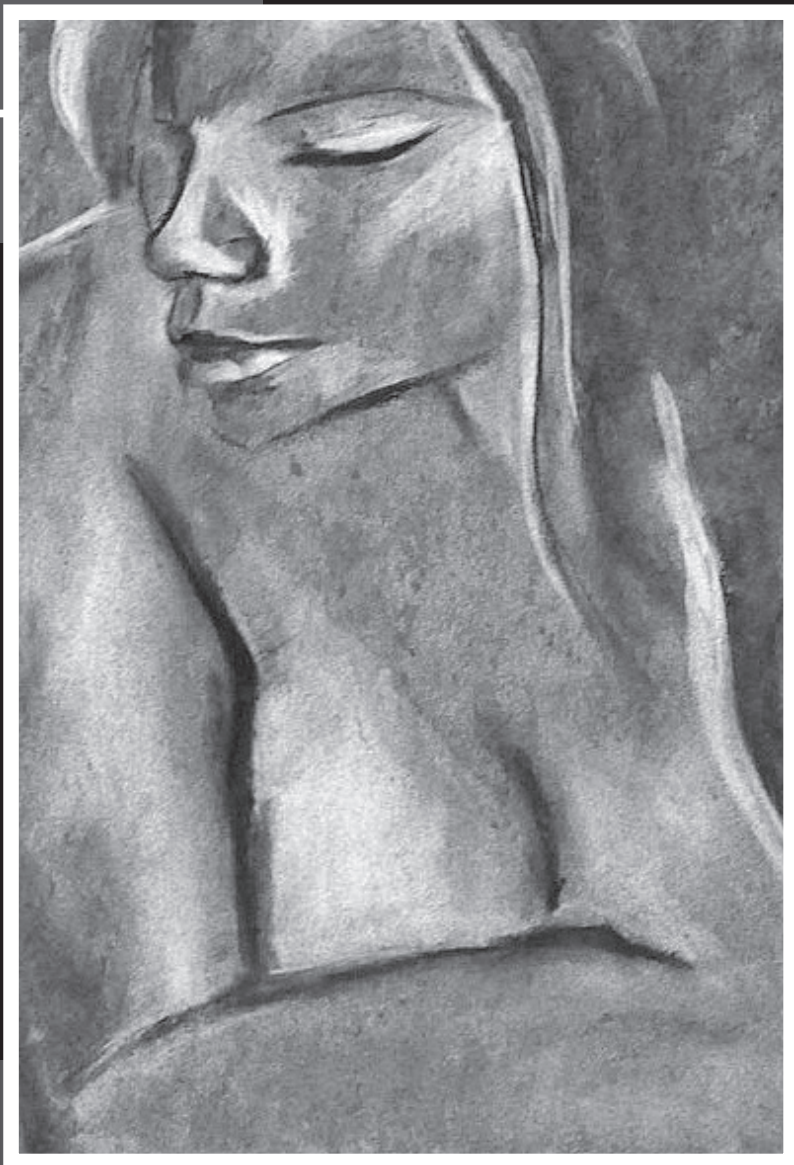
If I were to die today, it would be after I witnessed my last sunset and exhaled my last breath. The second my heart pounds its last buh-bump and every muscle in my body stiffens, the world will stop spinning. Time would slow down to a stop for a brief second and no one would even realize it. As people discover my lifeless body, they will see it as my tragic end. What they don't understand is that, as Julian Casablancas once said,

"THE END HAS NO END."

My soul would escape my useless body like a bird from its cage. Reality would cease to exist and I would experience an out-of-body, out-of-mind moment. Immediately, I would be in a realm of darkness and await the next stage of my being. I would then feel excruciating pain throughout my soul and be tested to see if I have faith. In order to pass the test of pain, I would have to accept my penance for all the sins I have committed in life. Only then would I be able to leave my purgatory. If God is merciful, I would be accepted into heaven with open arms and experience an ethereal bliss that one could only dream about. If God casts his judgments on me as being unworthy to place my shadow onto the pearly gates of heaven then I would affirm my theory that I was a worthless sinner in life and death.







Left | Mary by Eric Morris
Middle | True reward by Cathy Peairs
Right | Gentle, again by Cathy Peairs



the moth

by Valdon Ross



Some believe the moth foolish
For the way it flutters
Insistently toward the light –
Charges headlong into the flame
Often to its death
But I do not see such foolhardiness
In the way the moth rushes impulsively
To the source
For I can see the moth is most wise
Why should we not strive to join the light?
Or charge headlong into the flame?
I can dream of no better life
And no better death
Than union with the eternal



The bug by Amber Strickler

Confined to the womb

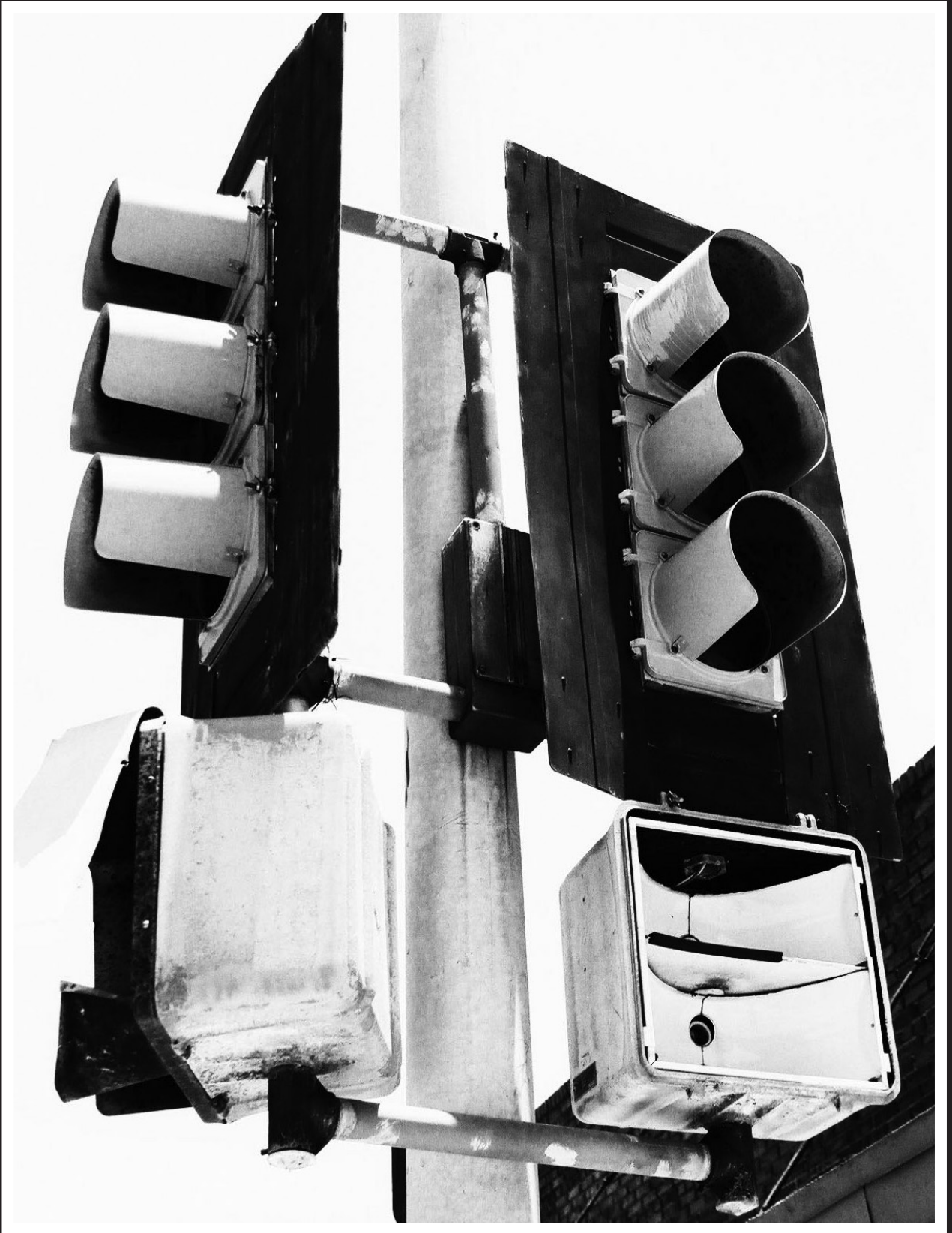
by Valdon Ross

Confined to the womb
Youth speak in tongues
And see symbols in actions
Words and lyrics and flashings screens
Build the bars to the cerebral cage
Subliminally captivated by the grand spectacle
Of distraction and streamlined human interaction
And taught through observation or the lack thereof
They hear “consume”
They see “conquer”
They learn apathy

From their lofty rooms they overlook the city
The streets, the gutters
The alleys, the murders
The whores, the pimps
The trash, the drugs
The bars, the pictures
The red lights and cardboard homes
The abuse, the neglect
The forests cleared
And the rivers polluted
They lose sight of the place
Where flowers dance and willows grow

They learn to label
They are taught to judge
And with that comes fear
Fear of being judged and labeled
And from fear comes hate
Hate which is extended to the other
As children are taught to hate parts of themselves
Just as they are told to shun the queer and outsider
Encouraged to misdirect the hate
To a source that once labeled solves nothing
Yet they’ve been trained to hold tight to this fear

Struggling to make sense of the madness
They learn through angry sad eyes
Everything must fit into its tightly packed cubicle
For efficiency and productivity
To minimize the disturbance
And prevent uprising
Of the human mind
They struggle to dig their own roots
As they grow from the toxic legacy of ancestral
insanity
Placed on the mental rack and crucifix
I pray for stillbirth
While screaming
Abort! Abort! Abort!



harry potter

The Chamber of

Uncomfortable

Sam Mogulpah- C'mon in Mr. Radcliffe; make yourself at home. Can I get you a drink, mineral water, herbal tea, scotch? I'm having a double scotch myself. It's so good of you to see me today.

Daniel Radcliffe- Sure, it's not every day that an actor gets to meet with a studio head directly. I'm not thirsty, what's on your mind?

Sam- The studio is really struggling. People would rather piddle on the Internet than pay 45 bucks to come the theater and have a stale popcorn and a small soda. We need a knockout punch. We don't need to break box office records, we have to shatter them.

Daniel- This is awesome, I thought I might either be typecast as Harry Potter or fade into obscurity. A new blockbuster; I will be the next Harrison Ford.

Sam- Son, you are young; there will be plenty of time for you to make your bones and play some diverse characters. Look at Shatner, is he Kirk, is he T.J. Hooker, is he Denny Crane? No, he's the Priceline guy! Such diversity, and you'll have it too, but for now we need you as Harry Potter.

Daniel- But I am signed on to do the rest of the series already.

Sam- I know son; this is what we would call a...er...parallel project.

Daniel- What did you have in mind?

Sam- I went onto Google yesterday. Harry and Draco slash fiction had 4 trillion hits – more than sex, lesbians, porn, computer help and Taylor Swift combined. The Internet has spoken son, and what they want is you diddling the blonde boy.

Daniel (offended)- That's a TINY minority of our audience. The Harry Potter series is a beloved book series that children, tweens and young teens grow up with, absolutely not wank fodder for a bunch of older women and gay men.

Sam- Actually the research department has done studies on 11- to 14-year-old male fans, 11- to 14-year-old female fans, adults, teachers, librarians...everyone wants to see you make the beast with two backs with Malfoy.

Daniel- That's ridiculous. That's absurd. There can't be that many.

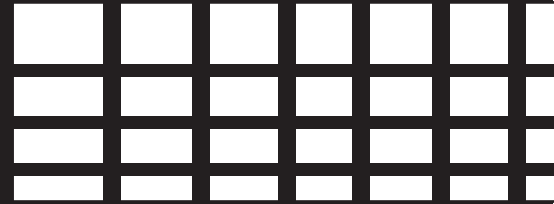
Sam- 4 trillion hits can't be wrong. Look son, do you think Lucas wanted to downgrade Jar Jar Binks to a non-speaking role after the Phantom Menace. Lucas is a furry; he LOVED Jar Jar Binks... in that way. But the Internet gets what it wants.

and

really

secrets

by Fulton Fry



A Parody

Daniel- I won't do it. It will ruin my art.

Sam- Weren't you a horse humper who showed his dingus in Equus?

Daniel- That was ART!

Sam- There is plenty of precedent for butt sex as art, Bertolucci's Last Tango in Paris, for example. When Brando said, "Get the butter," America leaped for joy, their hearts uplifted.

Daniel- But this is Harry Potter, America's most beloved children's book; you can't possibly turn it into gay porn.

Sam- Au contraire, we've got the Harry Potter screen writing team working hard with the very best gay porn auteur. Felton has signed on, of course, only cost us 300,000 Euros and some fish and chips. Emma Watson was more expensive, but she is on board. Sasha Grey is playing Pansy Parkinson, and they have a smoking hot scene. It will draw in the het-set, the way that Kate Winslet showing her boobs kept guys from revolting when their girlfriends dragged them to Titanic. Best of all, Jessie O' Toole has agreed to play Dumbledore or Gargamel or whoever the character is. You may not know this, but Jessie won the 2008 Golden Dickie award for Best Newcomer – Top.

Daniel- Emma and Tom are already on board? No, I won't do it! Besides it's a moot point; the parent groups' will never allow it.

Sam- We'll get some flack from the same ones who hate the series for being "occult," but they won't fight too hard. Who do you think does the MOST wanking over Harry/Draco slash fiction? That's right, it's people in groups like Parents for Decency. Those people haven't been laid in DECADES.

Daniel- Even if all of this is true, Ms. Rowling would never allow it.

Sam- She is on board; we wrote her a very big check, and she wants to buy an island.

Daniel- J.K. Rowling can already buy an island, many times over!

Sam- She wants Australia.

Daniel- I won't do it; I simply can't. It violates everything I believe in as an actor and a man, and it corrupts something pure and innocent, maybe the last pure thing on earth.

Sam (writing on a pad)- This is what it would pay.

Daniel- Tom will be gentle, won't he?

Friend of Friend of

HE

What have we here? A list! Let's see!

Let's read their cursed names.

Ah, royalists and *Girondins!*

I love these little games!

Though not a violent man, you know,
(I wouldn't hurt a fly!)

I promise thee, quite faithfully,
that all of them will die.

SHE

How can this rotting mound of flesh be he
who conquered all my smaller, simpler dreams,
the thought of whom has driven me from home
and like a Siren drawn me to my doom?

The man I've longed to stand before, embrace,
and plunge the knife into, twelve inches deep?

HE

J'adore my Lady Guillotine,
helpmeet without a peer!

Before whom all uncertainties
must perforce turn clear –
as all of these will soon find out
when rounded up and caught –
Hey look at me! I'm Antony!
I damn them with a spot.

SHE

He's lost his mind; there's nothing human left.
He has the leprosy of true belief
that turns a gospel to an inquisition.

But even now I still believe the gods
are good. It's only men who make them monsters.
My opportunity is now, there'll be
no other – why then do I hesitate?



the

by C.B. Binford

PEOPLE

(Paris: July 13, 1793)

HE

There's those who say we go too far,
or that we've lost our way.

I counter with the argument,
"You'll die this Saturday."

Then how they groan and cry and faint!
I say, "Don't be appalled."



"At least today, in France," I say,
"No monarchist grows bald."

SHE

The path is open – there's no question now:
a single thrust would show the world the power
that lies in these, my woman's hands, to cast
a Mountain down, at least, if not to build
the world anew. I'm not afraid of death
at all, no more than any bride can fear
her groom. I've kept myself intact for him.
The consummation would be sweet to me.
But if I take that final, fatal step,
what difference then, between the two of us?
He's helpless here as anyone he's killed.
Go back now, girl, to Normandy and live
a normal life.

HE

Understand me:
Does Revolution justify the Terror?
No.
The Terror *is* the Revolution.

I love, at execution time,
to watch the children play.
When they grow up they'll never ask
if there's another way.
Now's not the time for squeamishness.
We must see more heads fall!
I feel no shame as I proclaim,
Let's kill them, kill them –



Here's One

by John Gorman

"Don't any of you have any happy poems?" - An Inquiry

I'm a dog

I'm riding in the bed of a pick-up truck

It's not going to the Vet, it's going to the Beach

Look at me dogs and people!

I'm captain of a truck, paws on the gunwale

Tongue to the wind

I'm barking, I'm barking, I'm barking

Barking at everything I see!

I'm a lilac, an apple tree full blossom

I'm huge, a hydrangea, a peony

No shy flower that bloometh and fadeth

{ s i l l y a n n u a l s }

I'm perennial-ennial-ennial

Slather yourselves in the wonder of my lavishness

All literature wants me for its metaphors

Woooo, lavish

All life wants to be just like this.

I'm writing a poem

Brand new poem and I wrote it!

I sprouted it!

Brought it to the Reading!

To the microphone!

I'm happy

applaud applaud applaud

applaud applaud applaud

I'm barking at everything I see.

CONTRIBUTORS

C.B. Binford is a graduate student at UHCL pursuing a master's degree in literature. He would like to thank his professors and fellow students for their encouragement and advice. This is his first published work.

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Dr. Leo Chan is an assistant professor of communication and digital media studies at UHCL. He travels extensively and is very passionate about photography and art.

Traci Freeman is a communication major and part-time photographer. She has a passion for contemporary photography and strongly believes in giving back to the community. Her latest photography project is for "Run for the Rose." This nonprofit organization raises funds for brain cancer research.

Fulton Fry is a communication major at UHCL and aspiring playwright.

Irma Garza did not want to be a starving artist, so she pursued a different degree. Certain life changes allowed her to pursue and fulfill her dream of obtaining a bachelor's degree in applied design and visual arts.

Greg Griffith is a graduate student in digital media studies. He joined the program and picked up photography after getting his bachelor's degree from Texas Tech University.

Roxann Grover is working on her third degree from UHCL, and she has published and shown in many venues. She continues to refine her photography skills, both in the dark room and digitally.

Katie Hart is a graphic designer who is currently obtaining her master's degree in digital media studies and working as the business assistant in the Writing Center.

Paul E. Meyers has worked at UHCL in the Office of Sponsored Programs for more than six years. He began taking photographs while in graduate school and has thoroughly enjoyed it for many years.

Kenneth Milton is a 1993 graduate of UHCL. Poetry is an inspirational outlet that evokes his internal thoughts and feelings to the outside world.

Eric Morris will be graduating this spring with a Bachelor's degree in fine arts program. Originally from Chicago, he focuses his work primarily on painting but often crosses media.

Cathy Peairs has a constant, long-lived interest in art. Having received her associate's degree in visual design, she is now pursuing her bachelor's degree. She hopes to continue her education either through art therapy or art education.

Nicolas Prontha has lived in the Gulf Coast of Texas most of his life. He teaches ninth grade language arts, so he enjoys escaping to "clean, well-lit" places to read in his free time.

Valdon Ross is a simple, humble human who dabbles in all forms of artistic expression, musical mysticism, and soul glimpsing. Valdon encourages you to breathe and simply be.

Amber Strickler is a graduate student in the humanities program. She has two children. Photography is her outlet for everything. She loves vampire novels, her Canon, and the Astros.

Ashley Tobar is a communication major at UHCL. She loves traveling and photography.

COLOPHON

Paper:

Cover:

Inside pages:

Fly Sheet:

Binding: Saddle Stich

Software:

Adobe InDesign CS4, Adobe Illustrator CS4 and Adobe Photoshop CS4

Fonts:

Calibri, Estrangelo Edessa, Gill Sans, Myriad Pro, Pass the Chex, Fabianestem and Symbol Medium

Size:

8" x 10"

Editorial Policy And Submission Guidelines

The University of Houston-Clear Lake publishes Bayosphere annually to provide an outlet for creativity in the community. It is produced by students enrolled in the magazine publication class. Each entry is "blind reviewed" by the students, and a certificate is awarded to the highest scoring work in each category. Bayosphere accepts submissions in the areas of fiction, nonfiction, art, photography, poetry and digital media from students, faculty, former students and members of the community.

All material accepted is subject to cropping or editing by the Bayosphere editorial staff as they deem necessary. Materials should be submitted as follows:

- Submit copies of written work, not originals.
- Fiction, nonfiction and poetry must be typed, double-spaced, and no longer than 2,000 words. Include a text-formatted disk with submitted copy.
- Photos must be black and white, no smaller than 5 X 7 inches.
- Original artwork must be suitable for magazine publication. Pastels, water colors and light pencil drawings do not reproduce well. Artwork must not exceed 11 X 16 inches. No framed work. Black and white photographs of sculpture and other three-dimensional artwork can also be included in the category.
- Digital media consists of computer generated works of art. Works can still be animated, i.e. moving images. Still artwork for digital media can include color, but if chosen it will appear solely in the online edition. All animated digital media will appear solely in the online edition. Digital media can include, but is not limited to, any of the following forms: Flash, Macromedia Director, digital video, 3D animation, and Quick Time Virtual Reality. Submissions must be five minutes or less.

Complete submission guidelines are included with entry forms. Bayosphere entry forms may be picked up in the Student Publication Office or downloaded online at www.uhcl.edu/bayosphere.

Submissions for Bayosphere 2011 may be sent to Bayosphere, UH-Clear Lake, 2700 Bay Area Blvd., Box 456, Houston, TX 77058, or delivered to the Student Publications Office, Room 1239 of the Bayou Building. Entries are accepted year round; any work not received by March 1, 2011, will automatically be saved for the following year.

Direct inquiries may be made to the address above or by telephoning 281-283-2571. The Student Publications Office is officially closed in June and July; however, entries may still be mailed during that period.

