

INSIDE!

Free concert.
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Oklahoma style

Look to local art, jewelry for your holiday gifts

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They may sound Italian, look Venetian or remind you of India, but they're all made here.

Cosmetics, accessories, T-shirts, glass art, you name it — the Tulsa area has quite a few locally made products perfect for holiday gift-giving. And this being the centennial year makes it all the more appropriate to stuff someone's stocking with an Oklahoma original.



Photos by TOM GILBERT / Tulsa World

▲ Steel yourself

Although they're currently based in Eureka Springs, Ark., Greg Shelton and Nate McPherson's Spexton Jewelry first took off in Tulsa. Handcrafted rings, bracelets and necklaces are made from stainless steel, as well as gold, silver and copper.

Here, a matching bracelet (\$150) and ring (\$88) set from Dwelling Spaces, 119 S. Detroit Ave.
Online: www.spexton.com



▲ No bones about it

Billed on their Web site as a "full-service design / art / photo / whatever studio," Live 4 This took their original art work and printed it on T-shirts, which can be found at Dwelling Spaces, 119 S. Detroit Ave.

Here, a skull and cross bones with heart-shaped eye sockets (\$25).
Online: www.live4this.com



Courtesy

▲ Bella of the ball

Bella il Fiore was the brainchild of self-professed product junkie Jennifer Maloy, whose flirty-fun lip colors, eye shadows and bath-time treats have found favor with myriad celebrities. They've also been featured in Allure, Cosmopolitan, Marie Claire and Zink magazines.

Here, the Bella Cosmetic Bag with chocolate-flavored lip gloss key chain. You can chicly stow your cosmetic necessities in this stylish travel cosmetic bag made from printed vinyl — that means easy clean-up (\$18, Pavilion at Utica Square).

Online: www.bellabeauty.net



▲ Heart of glass

One of the Brady District's jewels is Sarah Diggdon, whose Tulsa Gathering Place at 19 E. Brady St. fashions glorious art work from glass.

Using a traditional Venetian mold-blown technique, Diggdon has crafted beautiful holiday ornaments (\$15 each) in a variety of colors — gold, green, purple, silver, blue and pink, to name a few hues.

Online: www.tulsagatheringplace.com



▲ Soup's on

At 15, Rachel Zarrow already has a piping-hot business called Purple Soup. Her "really tasty jewelry" includes bracelets, earrings and necklaces, like this clump necklace with glass, coral, turquoise, wood, silver, bone and crystal on a silver chain (\$150, Dwelling Spaces, 119 S. Detroit Ave.).

Online: www.purple-soup.com



jason
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in the wright light

Making a list and checking it twice

Dear Mr. Claus,

Let's ixnay the small talktaly.

All this, "I've been a good boy" and "How's the North Pole?" business is nothing but a saccharin segue to "I want this" and "I want that."

Besides, what kid's going to admit shoplifting a Jelly Belly bean from the candy dispenser at Albertson's? And, barring some cataclysmic heat wave north of Nova Scotia, I'm pretty darn sure it's still cold up your way, right? That's what I thought.

You know I love you more than tooth fairies, Mr. Kringle; otherwise, you wouldn't visit me every year. (But, just in case, I have been a good boy — or at least my frequent attempts have been quite sincere. And I promise to stop saying "Sweet Santa on a cracker!" whenever, I'm upset. Cross my Hart Schaffner & Marx.)

So grab a cookie and light your pipe, Santa, I'm ready to surrender my wish list.

God rest ye merry gentlemen . . .

First off, please update your files on me regarding clothing sizes, as I seem to have stepped in some longterm water weight. Thankfully, shoes are the same, as are shirts. Pants, however ... well ... It's not that I'm fatter, I just prefer more length in the waist these days. I think it's the humidity. Realizing you're magic and stuff, I feel safe in not writing down the preferred sizes, as you no doubt have telepathic powers.

Assuming that's true, what IS Britney Spears thinking? I mean, really. Perhaps a few sneak peeks — make it easy on yourself, just put 'em in a ViewFinder and drop it in my stocking.

While you're in there, how about some handkerchiefs? I'm feeling kinda retro lately. And someone, perhaps a family member, once said something I kinda remember sounding like, "Handkerchiefs are the mark of a gentleman." Handcuffs, not so much. Unless, of course, he's either (1) in law enforcement or (2) courteous enough to open doors for you.

Sorry, I misplaced my point. Oh! Here it is: Your generosity. If it's not asking too much, I'd like a Burberry scarf, two tickets to "Elen" and a partridge in a pear tree — Shirley Jones, specifically. Love her.

... Let nothing you dismay

Aside from this silliness (except the scarf), my remaining list isn't for me so much as it is for people I'm forced to see on a daily basis. I've named them, somewhat collectively, below:

Muffin tops. Granted, my love handles are a bit more amorous than usual, but at least I try to camouflage them behind untucked dress shirts, blazers and, depending on the location, milk crates of books. But I'm covering them, nonetheless, unlike a certain segment of the population that seems proud of its abovethebelt melt. May I suggest long coats, wide belts and/or aprons?

Saggy bottoms. The obvious answer in gift form would be belts. But as the frequent offenders tend to be folks younger than me (if you can fathom someone so fetal), they might appreciate something less pedestrian and more vintage — suspenders. I dare say, I might've overheard a student speak thusly to his or her peer:

Student: "May I entreat thee for a meager yuletide bauble?"

Peer: "Entreat away."

Student: "A matching set of adjustable straps secured to the sagging waistband of mine trousers that defy gravity's immodest, derriere-baring pull."

Peer: "Wha?"

Student: "Suspenders."

Finally, folks with mullets. Yes, Santa, I had one in sixth grade, but that's only because female classmates thought my older, bemulleted brother was cute, and I wanted them to stop comparing me to Skippy from "Family Ties." These otherwise fabulous people really need a gift certificate to a local salon. And, perhaps, the number to Locks of Love. That's all for this year, Santa. I still have faith in you, so look me up next month when you're in the neighborhood. I'll even set out some cookies for ya.

Ho, ho, ho (and I mean that lovingly) ...

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