

rebel 55

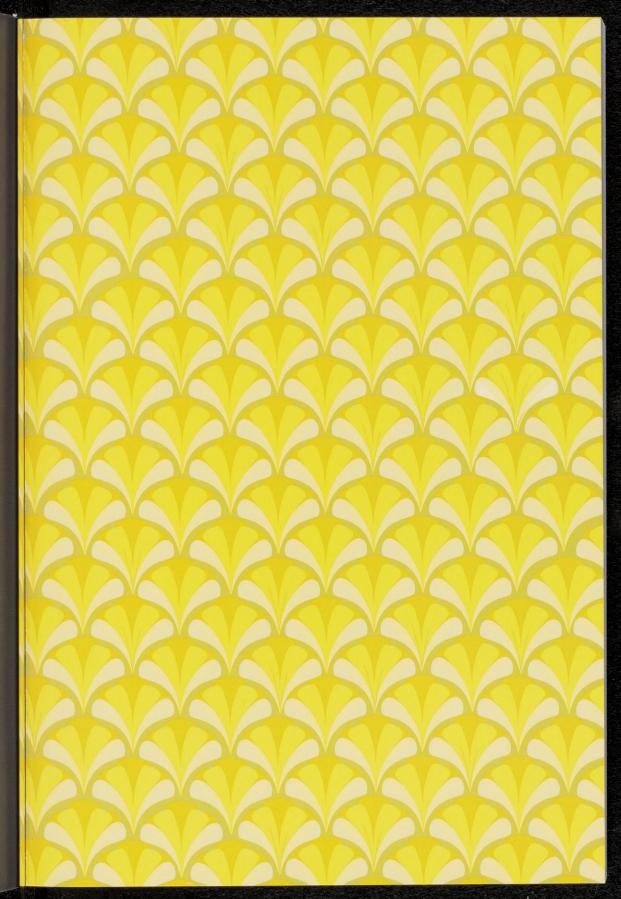


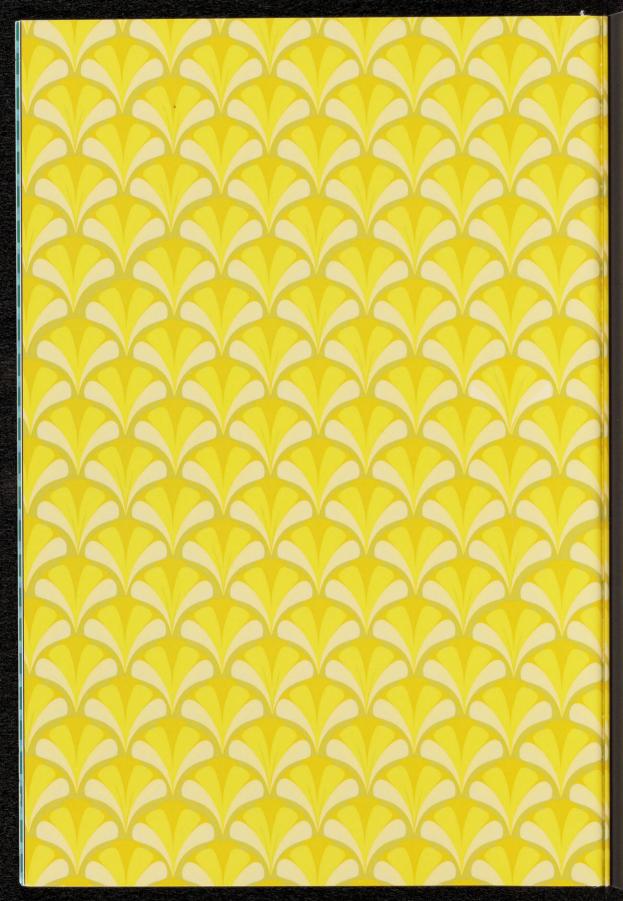
rebel 55 is a modern tribute to the retro, lively past of the seventies—all while highlighting the award-winning work of the student artists and writers of east carolina university.

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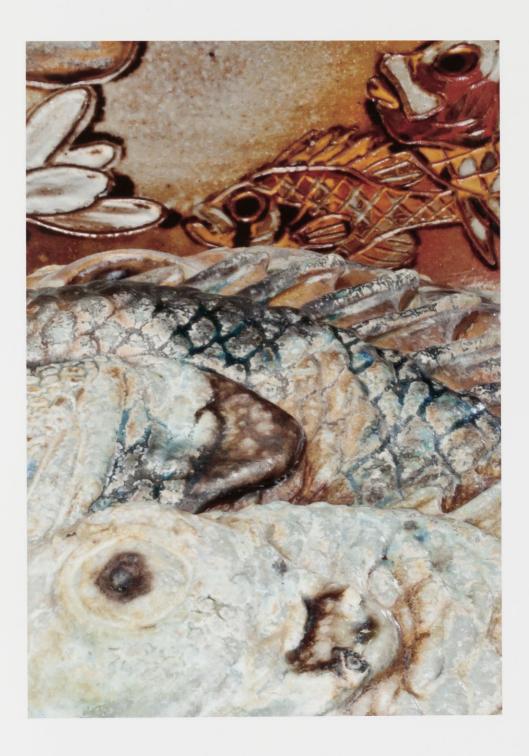
ceramics



pond life series: fine basket of fish catherine stasevich wood-fired ceramics









slip soaker coffee set kyle rees porcelain













shine jug with tumblers allison flegel wood-fired ceramics

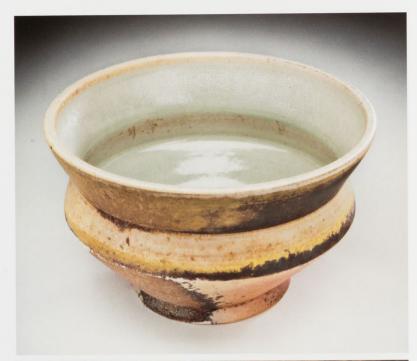






wood-fired bowl daniel kennington cone 10, celadon glaze











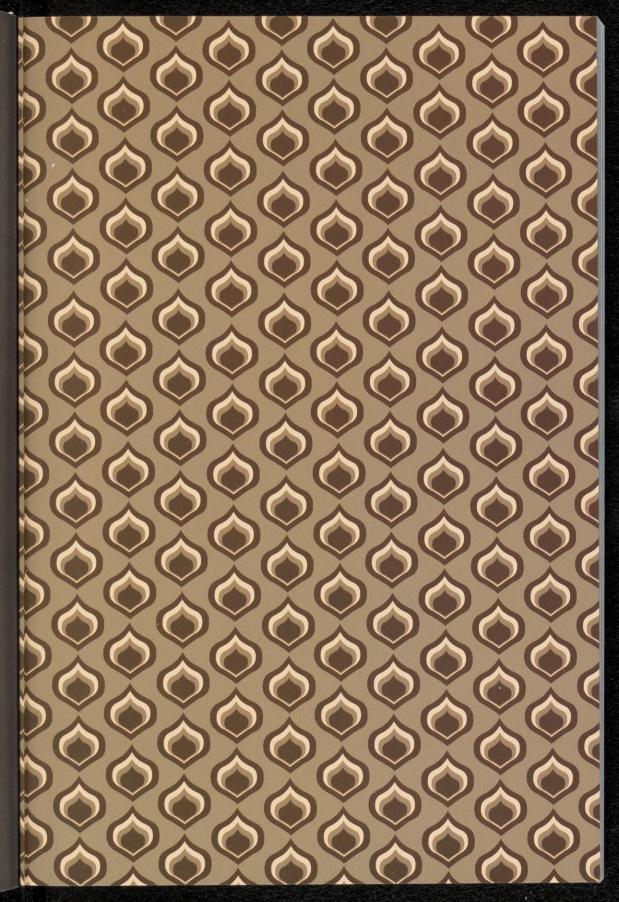


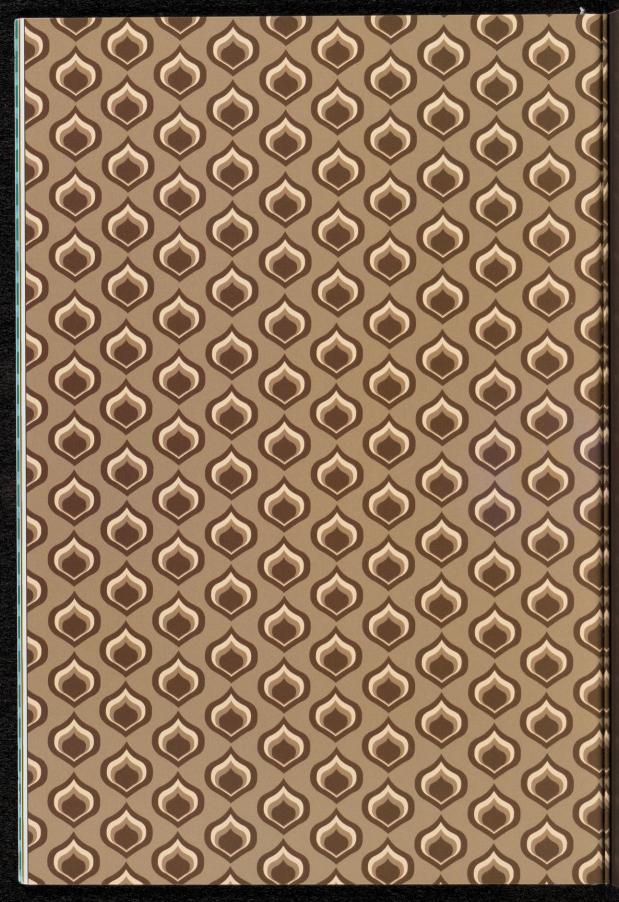


pond life series: carolina wood duck casserole catherine stasevich wood-fired ceramics









cinematic arts



revelation: new world order antwan scott digital film

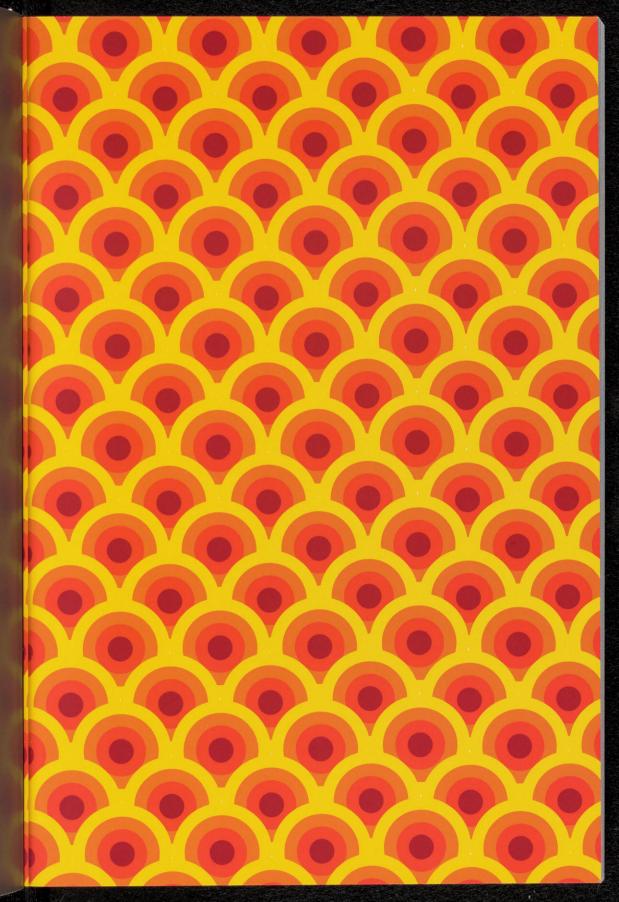


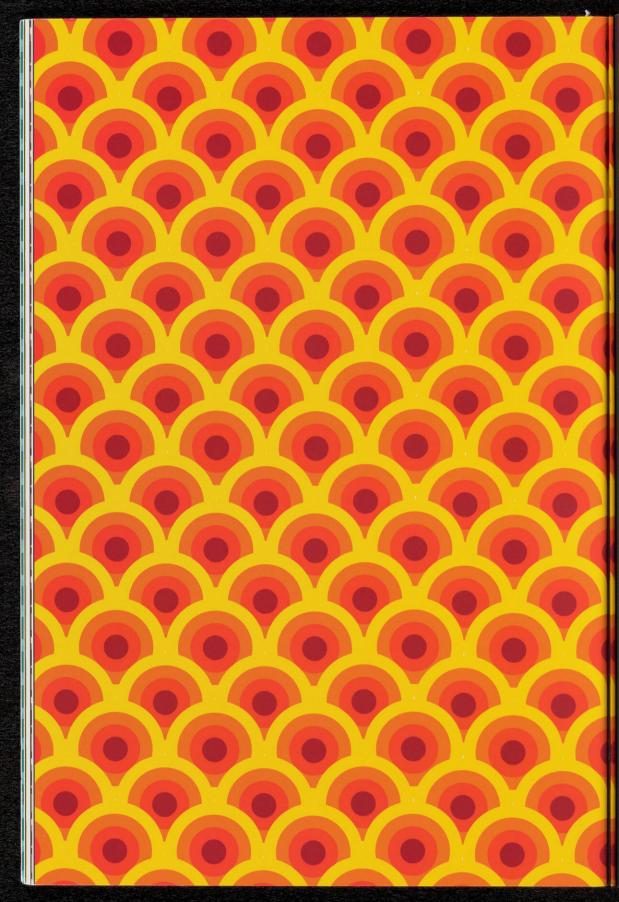


film can be viewed on the DVD in the back of the book







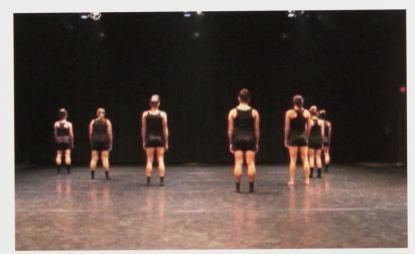


dance



the ordinance marcus hardy dance

st place





dancers: lauren pittman, christa hines, brittni genovese, sarah glover, nancy ormond, ellen sickenberger, sheridan mchenry, gail cannaday



dance can be viewed on the DVD in the back of the book



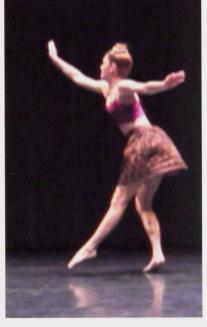
come home megan rhodes dance

and place





dancer: megan rhodes



dance can be viewed on the DVD in the back of the book

dance can be viewed on the DVD in the back of the book

dancers: brittni genovese, gary gatling III, nicole pittman, christen quattlebaum, ellen sickenberger, sarah kleinke, kelsie jayne



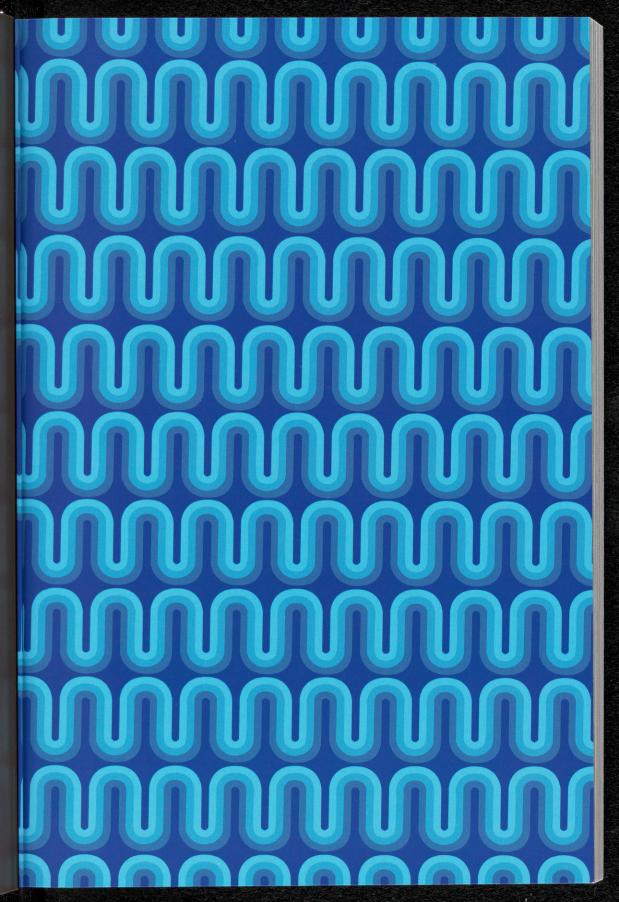


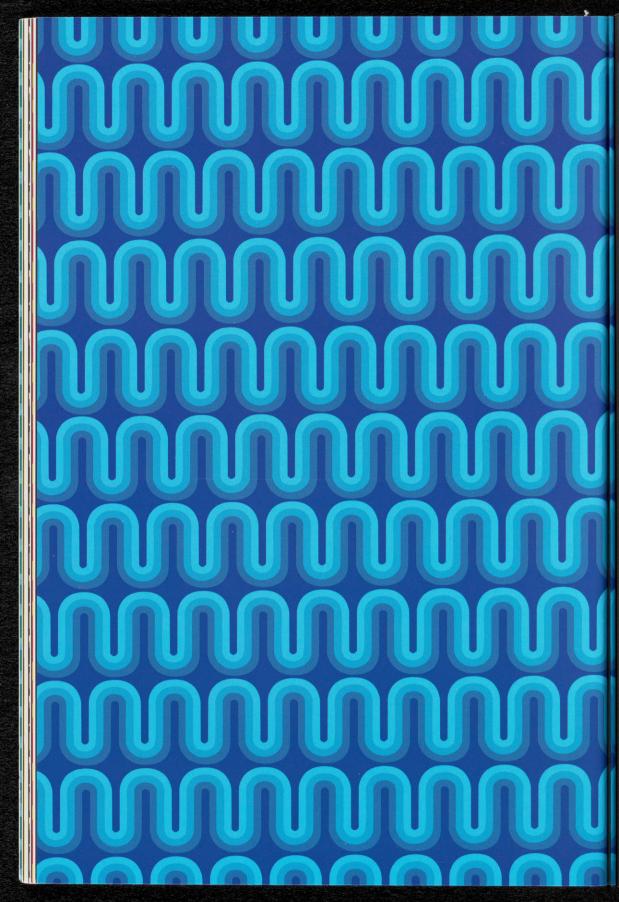
a suitable choice krystal cole dance



3rd place







digital photography



broken anna nickles digital photo book











eva & maine anna nickles digital photo

2nd place





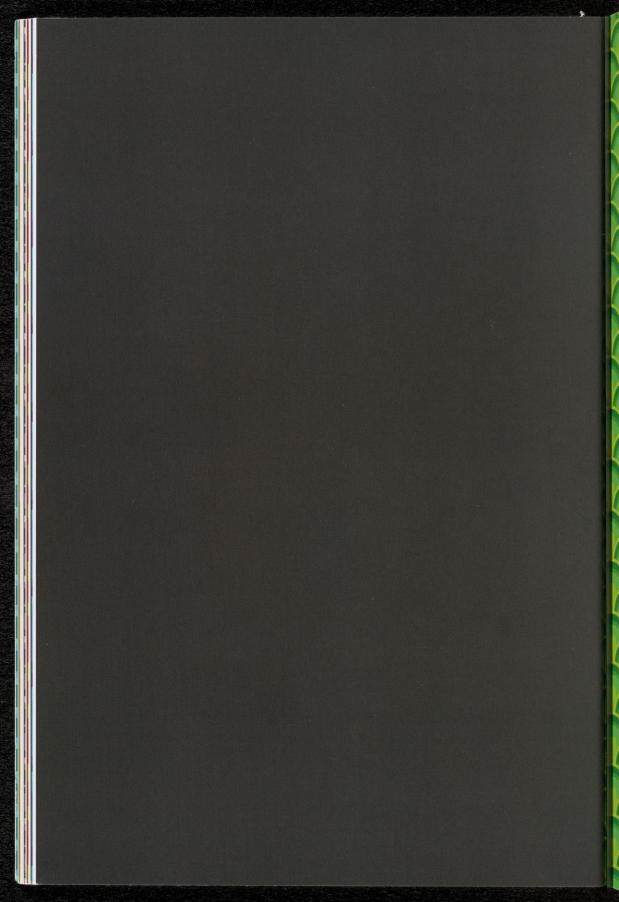


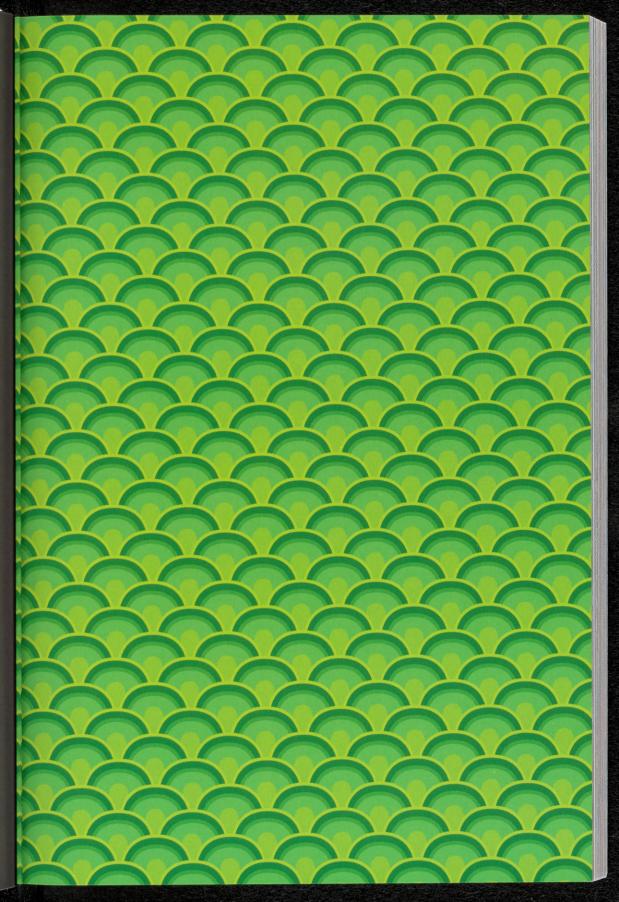


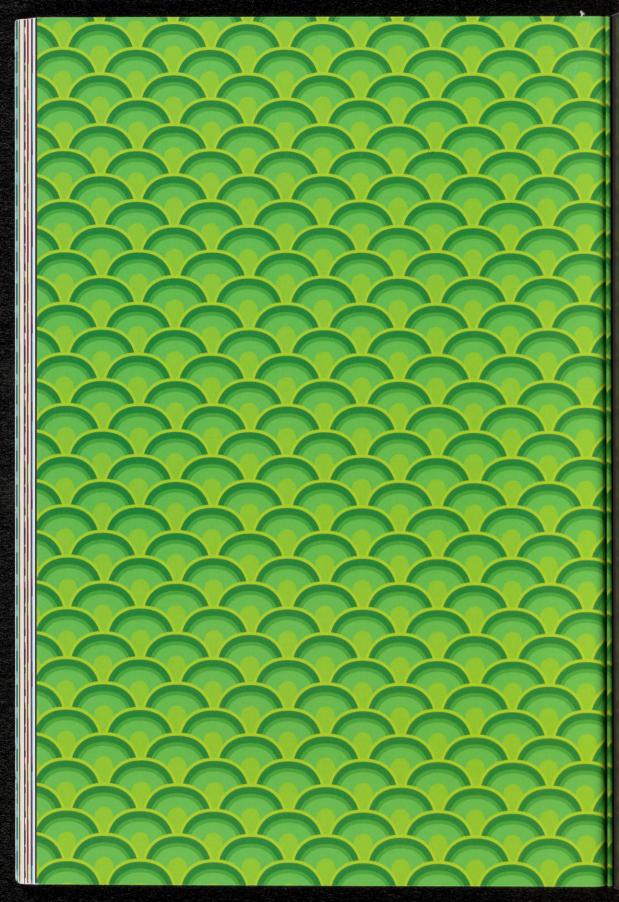












documentary film

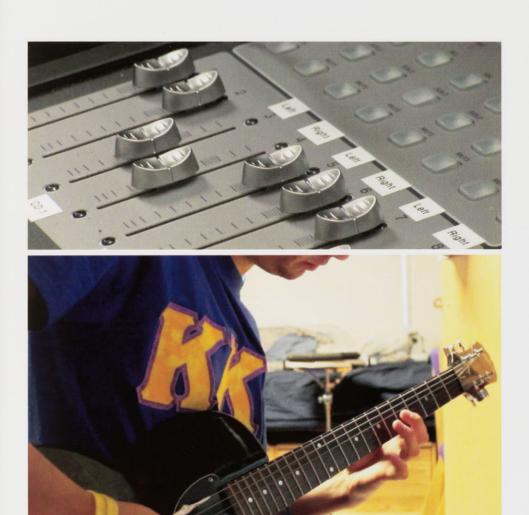


musically bound: a story of local music evan kidd video

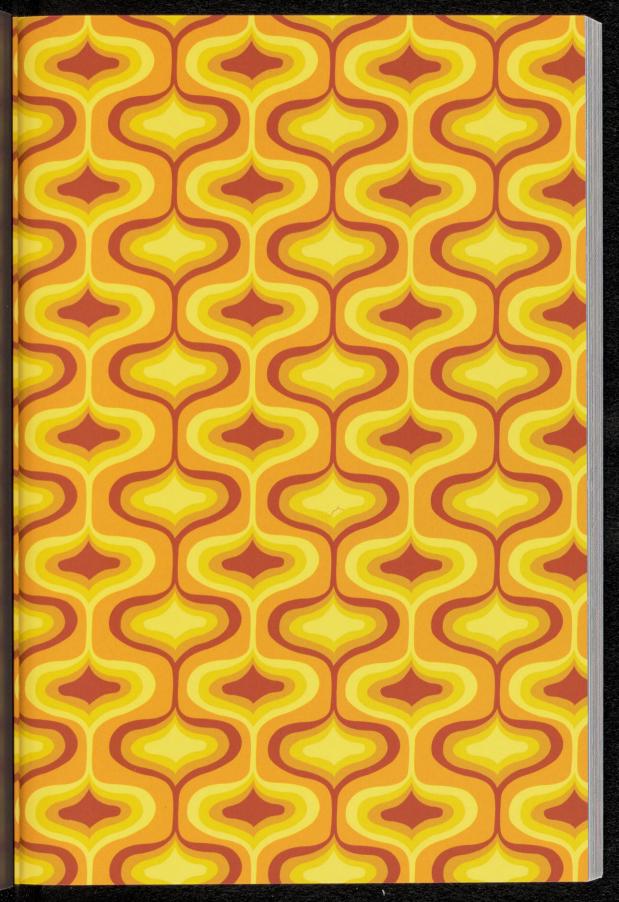


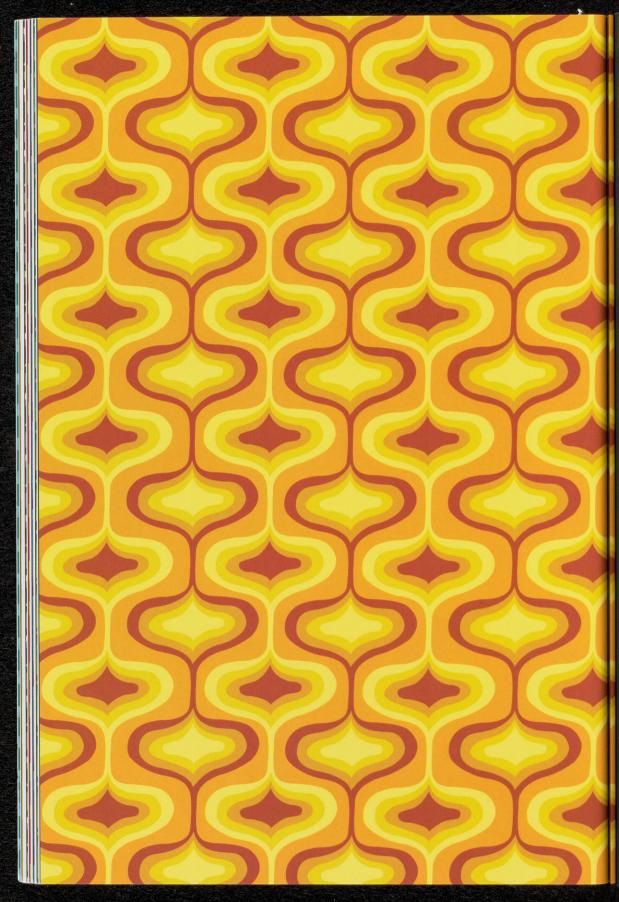


documentary can be viewed on the DVD in the back of the book









drawing



naked in the woods sally sutton charcoal drawing on paper on panel

st place









blair sterling lieske ink marker on wood panel and vellum



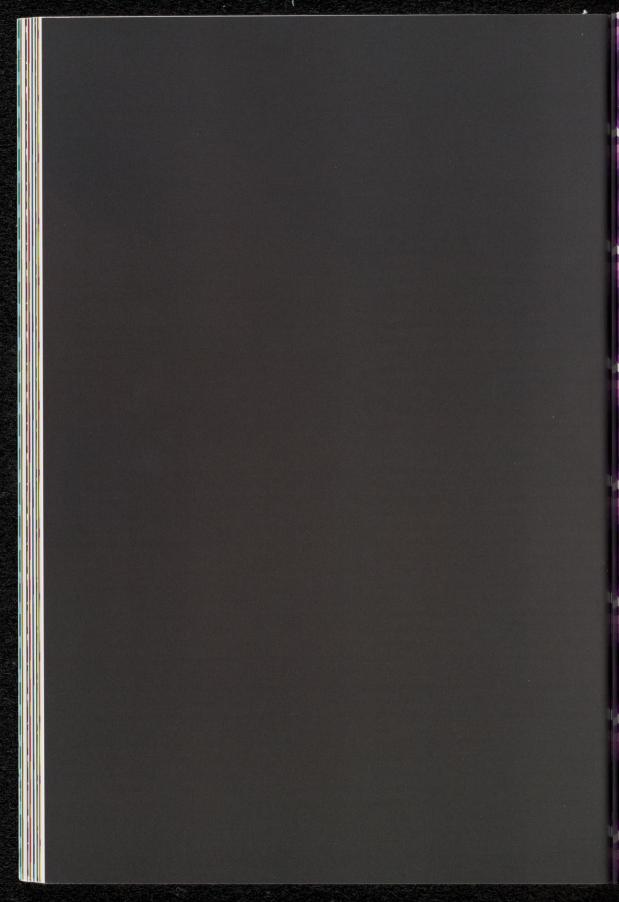


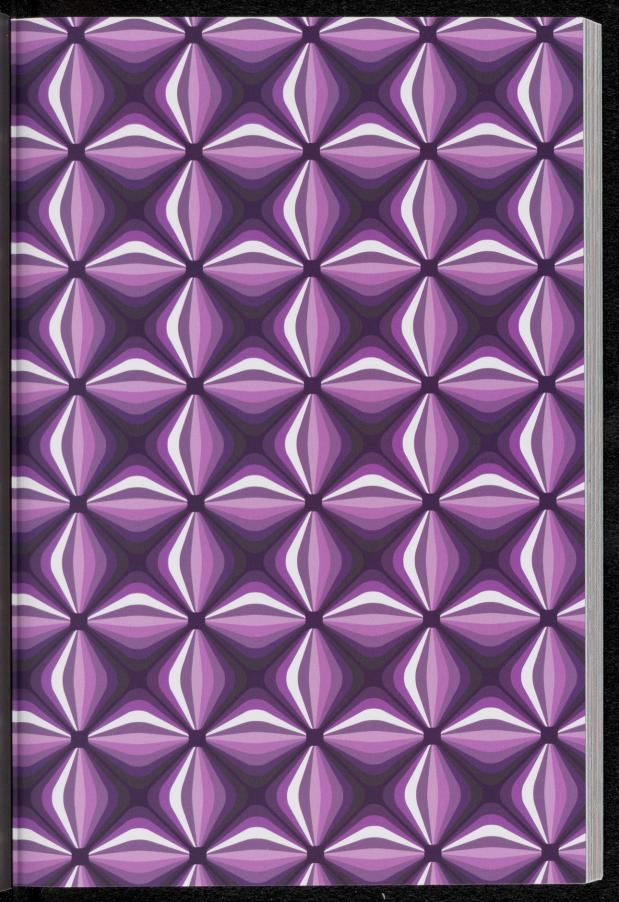


3rd place

two women sally sutton charcoal drawing on paper on panel









fiction



a woman's war with happiness erika dietrick fiction

Sharon Petersen was blessed. She had the ability to coax a smile out of everyone she passed while walking to New Richmond High School every morning. She blushed as she turned the heads of lustful men, walking taller with her head facing straight ahead, expressionless. She breathed a sigh of grateful relief when authority overlooked her as a suspect of delinquency. With a single, personable conversation, Sharon could get exactly what she wanted.

Sharon was born with the bequest of beauty.

Her light brown hair shone with glimpses of gold, the only remnants of her blonde childhood mane. Her eyes were a deep, emerald green that reflected the envy of her female peers. Her long, shapely legs were toned in all of the right places and always free of any body hair that might conceal the perfectly smooth, cream color of her skin. She had two dimples that all of the elderly women crowed over, and she strutted with the womanly curves that all of the men adored.

She was the Breaker of Hearts, the Turner of Heads, the Fallen Angel from Heaven. Sharon was the girl that other girls loved to hate.

However, as seems to be the curse of all beautiful women, Sharon was troubled with insecurity. When her girlfriends came to her house for a sleepover, Sharon would wait until the cloak of night hid her worrisome but wrinkle-free face to fish blindly but subtly for compliments.

"I can't ever find sunglasses that look right on my face because my nose is so big..." she would whine in that way that only teenage girls do.

"You're crazy!" her best friend Mary would exclaim. "You have the perfect-sized nose! At least your nose doesn't point up like mine...you could pull off any type of sunglasses, trust me."

It was true—Sharon could not help but feel sorry for Mary when her eyes met the roll of her stomach or her overly square face. As insecure as Sharon was, she knew she was superior to Mary.



illustration provided by abigail jones

Sharon had the pick of the lot when it came to boys at her school. Stout and muscular, tall and lean, short and tan, black or white. They were all enraptured by the exquisite symmetry of her face, the effortless ease of her loveliness. She was their favorite cheerleader, the one they hooted and hollered about in the locker room, the one they made obscene references to.

She set her eyes on thirteen different boys during her high school years. She hung off their arm as a trophy and went to all of their football and basketball games wearing a homemade t-shirt sporting their last names. She gave them everything they wanted in the hopes that they could offer her the one thing she needed in return: love of herself.

Every late night phone conversation centered around her insecurities. In her small voice, "You haven't really been complimenting me lately... is something wrong?"

"Nothing is wrong," Danny, Mitchell, Corbin, Alex, Juan, Jake, Will, Clark, Ryan, Jason, Jordan, Landon, and Beau would reply, oblivious to the approaching storm.

Sharon would lie on her bed, one arm wrapped in a death grip around her blue pillow, the other smashed between her cell phone and her mattress in an attempt to catch every word. "Do you think I'm beautiful?" she asked in an innocent whimper.

"Of course," the thirteen boys would calmly reply, still oblivious to her fragile state of mind. Then the waterworks. The barely audible, muffled sound of a girl's tears. Sharon's tears washed over her in a vain attempt to cleanse herself.

She ended each relationship for the same reasons: "You don't pay enough attention to me, I'm

always lonely."

"I just feel like you don't pay attention to my feelings."

"Whenever I get upset, you don't seem to care. You don't even try to make me feel better."

"I feel like you're only with me because you think I'm pretty."

The search for the coddling, emotional boy would continue, but she never found someone who understood her woes, who eased her suffering.

"You're blessed," Sharon's great-grandmother would coo in a raspy voice at Christmas. "Look how she's changed, Edgar! Sharon, you just get prettier and prettier every time I see you, dear." In between the egg nog and the pictures, Sharon's relatives seemed to crawl out of the woodwork from across the country every holiday and notice her pleasant figure, her cherubic face, her luscious waterfall of hair.

Sharon would smile. "Thanks," she squeaked in a little girl's voice. All she could ever say to the relatives she barely knew but had to love was a distant "thank you."



The leaves changed colors, and so did Sharon's skin. The leaves fell, and her hair fell out. The wintertime snow hid the flaws of the dead grass and the muddy earth, and Sharon adorned her face with inches of make-up to conceal her growing list of imperfections. Boys of all ages sensed the years under her make-up, so they stopped staring. She lost her ability to sweet talk, "or did I ever have it?" She wondered. She saw the beautiful women in Cosmo, on billboards, on t.v., and wept for her loss.

Sharon battled with her mirror first thing in the morning every morning without fail. She stretched and tugged at her skin to smooth out her wrinkles, and wailed when gravity stretched and tugged at her skin so that it sagged unbearably. She penciled in her eyes, colored her lips onto her face, dyed her hair.

She tossed and turned in sweaty bed sheets at night, unable to banish the thought that she was no longer special, that she no longer had a purpose. One night, she pressed a pillow to her face and sent a bloodcurdling scream into the depths of its feathers:

"I'M NOT BLESSED! I'M NOT BLESSED I'M NOT BLESSED I'M NOT FUCKING BLESSED!!!" Her hopeless sadness transformed into a fit of anger. She flung the covers from her glistening, wrinkled body and stormed to her closet. When she yanked the door open. a beach ball and three pairs of jeans came tumbling down. She knelt down and dug through the bottom of her closet until she found what she was looking for: her yearbook from senior year. Her anger reaching its peak, she thrust open the cover of her yearbook and flipped clumsily through its pages until she found her picture. Although the photo was in black and white, the dark shades of gray in her hair and in her lips painfully reminded her of the color, the pigment, she once had. Her high school eyes shone as they gazed at the camera—no, they seemed to be staring through the camera at something else in the distance. They were beautiful, no doubt, but they were unarguably sad and terrifying.

To the right of her picture, a boy had written the word "hot" and drawn an arrow to her picture in his unsteady chicken scratch. Sharon grabbed an ink pen from her desk drawer and crossed out the all-defining word. Then she drew in her wrinkles—around the eyes, deep in the forehead, around the lips from where she had picked up smoking. A single tear rolled down her cheek and fell onto her destructive artwork, smearing the black ink so that it blackened the right portion of

her face.

Sharon remembered that the same boy had written "not" next to her best friend Mary's picture. She flipped to the "T" section of the yearbook. Mary Tippett. She studied the face of her ugly best friend. Ex-best friend, she thought to herself. Mary had been too dorky and ugly for Sharon to continue being friends with her. Next to her picture, Mary had written her phone number "in case you ever lose it."

She flipped through the senior class pictures and found various boyfriends she had. "You know... these guys aren't really that good-looking," she thought as she peered at the faces of 18-year-old Mitchell, Jake, Clark, Will, Alex, and Corbin. Each boy posed with his own cocky version of a half-smile.

It was painful for Sharon to see their pictures and remember where all of them were now. Over the years, she had caught up with her ex-boyfriends at high school reunions, grocery stores, hospitals, the park. She had befriended all but Ryan on Facebook and was able to watch their transformations as they journeyed through life.

Alex and Will were both orthopedic surgeons with beautiful families. Danny hosted his own radio show, G104, and was a local celebrity. Jason had gone on to law school, and Jake had joined the Navy and earned a Purple Heart for his work in Afghanistan. Clark was a standup comedian and husband to a gorgeous Philippine woman. Corbin did years of mission work in Africa before deciding to become a priest. Mitchell, Landon, and Beau had begun MLB Gaming, a company that focused on creating video games for kids ages 5-12. Juan was the proud owner of the most popular restaurant in Cincinnati, Mi Familia. Ryan was a poor but happy and respected teacher at an inner-city school. Jordan had died of cancer fifteen years ago after publishing several fiction novels.

Unattractive and successful. Unattractive and happy. Unattractive and feeling attractive anyway.

Upset and hopeless, Sharon decided to turn to her old standby. She turned back to the "T" page, pulled out her cell phone, and dialed Mary's number. Sharon had not spoken to Mary in over forty years.

Wrong number. Of course, Mary would have changed her number by now, she thought. After a quick search on Google, Sharon discovered that Mary was the owner of SweetPops Bakery in Columbus, Ohio. A phone number was listed for the bakery, and Sharon quickly dialed it.

It went straight to voicemail, saying that the bakery was closed. I'm losing it, Sharon thought as saw it was 4:12 am.



A week later, Sharon was waiting anxiously at a table at Dunkin' Donuts. She checked her cell phone, worried that Mary had decided not to come, and when she looked up Mary was walking through the doorway, scoping out the restaurant.

Sharon waved at her and flashed her once supermodel smile, showing her new dentures. Mary gave a small smile of recognition and walked to Sharon's table.

"Hi, Sharon. It's nice seeing you again. It's been a really long time," she said stretching out her arms. Sharon embraced Mary, a symbol of long lost friendship reunited.

"It's great seeing you again, too, Mary! I knew I just had to talk to you. I've been so lonely," Sharon said.

"What are you doing these days, Sharon? Where are you living?" she asked.

"Oh, you know, just been teaching home ec. to freshman at New Richmond. I love young people—it's really the only reason I teach. I can assure you it's not for the great pay. I still live in New Richmond—I could never leave it."

"Sharon, Jason told me at least twenty years ago that you had quit your teaching job," Mary replied flatly.

"What? How does he know that?" Sharon asked, annoyed.

"Facebook," Mary said simply.

"Then why did you even ask?" Sharon shot at Mary.

"Look, Sharon, I didn't come here so you could bully me and boss me around like you did in high school. There's no reason for you to lie, and there's no reason to try to make yourself seem better than you are, even though that seems to be an old habit," Mary said. Sharon pouted. "You used to be a lot nicer. That's why I came to see you."

"I still am nice," Mary said calmly, "I just have more self-respect and confidence than I did before. People change."

An awkward silence hovered over the table for a full minute before Mary spoke again.

"Do you remember why we quit speaking?" Mary asked.

"Sort of...it was a long time ago," Sharon mumbled as she looked down at her hands. She wished she had never called Mary. She called Mary to be comforted and consoled, to be told that she was perfect and that everything was okay. She wanted Mary to make her feel better, but Mary didn't care how she felt.

"Well, I remember pretty clearly the day that you told me we couldn't be friends anymore. It was the day we graduated high school. I remember how I came up and hugged you when the ceremony was over and told you how much I was going to miss you when you went to Xavier and how we would have to keep in touch. And you just gave me this...look. And you said, 'Mary, I've been picked on a lot for hanging out with you in high school, and no offense, but I kind of just want to meet new people in college."

Sharon's jaw dropped. "That's NOT what I said! Why

would I say that?!"

"It IS what you said, Sharon, and people don't forget how you made them feel regardless of whether or not I forgot the exact words that came out of your mouth. I remember perfectly how I felt that day—like I had just lost a friend because I wasn't pretty. Like a huge dork. I felt so sad and inadequate—and angry. That's how I felt, and I promise you it wasn't because you hugged me back and wished me luck in my future," she said furiously.

Sharon sat for a moment glaring at her old best friend. Mary was still ugly in Sharon's eyes—still square-faced and pot-bellied. But there was something different about Mary. She didn't look so...old. There was a glow about her that made you happy upon seeing her face, even when she was angry. She looked passionate and lively and...beautiful.

And that ticked Sharon off.

"So what do you want me to do about it, Mary?" Sharon spit out condescendingly. "Do you want me to knit you a friendship sweater and take back everything I did? Will that make you feel better?"

Mary let out a long, deep breath. "I swear, Sharon, you really haven't changed a bit since high school."

"Actually, I've changed a lot," Sharon said.

"How?" Mary asked.

"I've experienced life. I'm a lot older and wiser and I have different interests now," Sharon replied.

"You're still unhappy," Mary said bluntly. She reached across the table and took Sharon's hand in hers. "I still really care about your well-being, Sharon. I don't like to see you like this. You don't do anything, you don't talk to anyone, and to be frank, I have no idea where you get the money to live in a house and eat."

"What, did you just come here to point out that my

whole life is a failure?" Sharon interrupted.

"No," Mary said. "I came here to offer you some friendly advice and bury the hatchet. And here's my nugget of wisdom for you—you can take it however you wish, and you can completely dismiss it if you want. But what I've always wanted to tell you and what you've always needed to hear is that happiness comes from within yourself—it comes from self-fulfillment and meaningful relationships. It comes from love of yourself



and peace with the world and everything that goes on with it. And you never knew that, Sharon. In high school you based your happiness off your looks. I know you were unhappy back then, but not nearly as unhappy as you are now. You were only happy if you felt pretty, if people told you that you were pretty, if some guy was putting his hands all over you."

"That's not true," Sharon said quietly.

"You don't have to get defensive. I only tell you this because I really care about you, and I think you need to know it. You got your way with your looks, and you got attention. That made you happy. It made you happy to feel superior to other girls, and later on, to other women. But a woman's worst tragedy strikes at forty, and fate didn't miss your doorstep. Your looks began to fade, and you got older-which, Sharon, you're still so beautiful for your age. You're just not eighteen anymore. You've come to realize that you had no real relationships with people—only shallow companionship that relied more on catty competition than any real bonds of trust. You didn't practice any hobby and couldn't care less about your education or if you understood the world around you. All you cared about was if the world around you saw you, and when the world turned it's eyes on Sharon Petersen, it saw a shallow, stuck-up beauty queen who was unwilling to contribute to society or offer kindness to another human being. I'm sorry—I don't mean to be so harsh. But you're so much more than your looks, Sharon. I know that you would be great at so many things if you only looked down inside vourself for your real passions, your real self. I know you're not a mean person, and I know that a lot of people are willing to love you if you only show them a little love in return."

Sharon sat silently with tears streaming down her face. Mary pushed back her chair and got up to hug her. Sharon stood up, too, and they both stood locked in each other's embrace until Sharon said the three words she had never told anyone in the whole world:

"I love you."



black schwinn six-speed michael davis fiction

"Another day, another dollar," I tell myself as I pull myself off my sweat-stained, sheetless mattress that I found in the alleyway down the fire escape—home to a homeless crew of former Wall Street brokers and day traitors...traders. The window which looks out upon the city that never sleeps has no glass in the panes. Just an empty window to look out.

Into the shit-stained bathroom, piss dripping from the toilet seat, a shower that spews dirty water, and a broken faucet, I go. One look into the splintered mirror loosely hanging from the crumbling walls, and I'm already ready to call it a day, call my manager and tell him I got hit by a cab or something. Got lost in Neverland.

The city's streets are still alive from last night. You could feel the city rumble as the subway stormed beneath. East Coast earthquakes. Neon "Open" signs quietly begin to buzz back on, radiating bright shades of blue and red. Cars begin to swerve in and out of lanes, trying to squeeze by the half a million yellow taxicabs. Like a group of salmon moving upstream, the reckless escorts battle for position on the crowded concrete. An old newspaper, crumpled and torn, rolls across the road, bouncing from curb to curb like an overused pinball. The street gutters are filled with half-eaten sandwiches, mustard and relish-stained napkins, empty bottles of beer, pieces of paper walked over thousands of times, used condoms hanging out the sides of trashcans. The sidewalk next to my apartment, cracked and crusted over from layers of dirt and filth, leads only to another tarnished street and sidewalk. The walkways are beginning to fill with \$500 dollar suits and leather briefcases; designer skirts and handbags, cell phones an extension of the ear; Mom and Dad clenching their minions close in fear of losing them to the bright lights, the giant faces plastered on every bus and billboard, the dream of rags to riches.

Across the blackened concrete sea, "Silvia's Bagel Deli," known for their honey whole wheat and almond bagels, has begun boarding up their windows. "Big Adam's Apple," the only place on this side of the city to have Sherfield's Ruby Red Apples, Arnold Farm Fresh



illustration provided by alice holleman

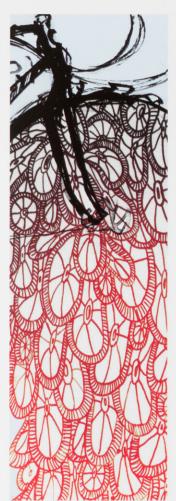
Peaches, and Louisiana Lou's Pink Grapefruits, looks as though the upcoming winter may be its last. The pawn shop two stores down is the only thing on this street that thrives in these conditions. The rat of the animal kingdom, feeding off other's leftovers and broken realities.

As I step outside my graffiti tagged, water-damaged, paint-peeled, window-smashed one-bedroom apartment, the fresh smell of cigarette ashes, garbage leakage and burning fuel wake my zombie-like body for the day ahead. But when you're filling shelves at a used bookstore all day, making eight bucks an hour, who really needs to be more than a zombie? Shelf after shelf, used book after used book, I see my dream of being a writer slowly overcome by dust, lodged thoughtlessly into the bottom shelf where no one looks.

In the constant struggle and cutthroat nature of city life, I've become immune in my five years here to the hopes of a postcard picture life. The magic of New York City has long faded into the smog overcast and overflow pollution. No longer does city-sliced pizza taste like city-sliced pizza. Just pizza. No longer does the towering jungle of building high rises amaze me. Just the feeling of cold shadows and constantly over-looming doom. I barely remember when hailing a cab or buying a hotdog from a street vendor was affordable and new. But now it's just the feeling of pennies sliding around my pocket as my six-speed and I cruise on past, into the stream. I can feel every sidewalk crack and every sewage grate as my black Schwinn rolls over the mini bumps on my way to "Ernie's Used and Abused Shelter for Neglected Books." Like a constant game of cat and mouse, my riding weaves through the streets, avoiding all cars and people crossing. Between the buses filled with kids on their way to P.S. who-knows-what, and the towering double-decker buses with megaphones blaring at New York newcomers about the rich history of what was one of America's most famous cities, I go.

"And to your left we have 'Morrison's Bank and Trust,' the only bank on the block not robbed in the 1920s by the famous New York mobster Joe Marvalli..."
"Now if you look to your right, you'll see the remains of a purple building. The reason it is half burnt down is because it used to be a meth lab for drug kingpin Donald Plum..."

"Straight ahead you'll see a homeless person..."
Red light after red light, I risk my soulless life as I fly through the intersection, not ever daring to tap the brakes. The idea of getting hit by oncoming traffic doesn't faze me. It would almost be a sweet release, a smack to maybe knock me out of this trance the city's inner workings have cast upon me.



I can feel the season is slowly changing. The blistering heat from summer is beginning to tail off, allowing the cool breeze of fall to linger through the city's maze. My jacket, brown and blue with yellow patches, barely blocks the cold and wind from my slender body. There have been times I've been biking to work and my hands and arms became so cold I couldn't brake, forced to crash into a filled trashcan. My jeans are the same ones I wore yesterday, and the day before, and both days before that. Since the laundromat down the street costs a dollar a load, recycling outfits is nothing new. My white vans have become brown. My socks stained pink.

Out of the street and into Louis Park, a shortcut I learned a few years back, which cuts at least five minutes and gives me the only joy of happiness throughout the day. The trees fill the open lot, tall and lush, casting branches over top the wide sidewalks. The grass full, people sprawled out playing Frisbee with their loved ones, having checkered cloth picnics and playing songs from a different time. Just enjoying a morning in the sun. The pond, blocked off by a three-foot high stone wall which surrounds its entirety, is brown, yet cleaner than any other city waterway. There are no dirty diapers floating like buoys, dead bodies securely cemented to its depths, or mutant fish colonies from digesting too many McDonald's wrappers and super-sized Big Mac meals. Just people, everyday people, throwing bread and crackers to the fish and birds. A dad and son casting their Walmart brand fishing rods, pretending to catch fish fifteen times the size of the actual goldfish hanging at the end of their lines. An old man and woman, both with grey hair and worn and wrinkled skin, hold each other's hands as they walk the park's path with youthful love and admiration for one another.

And as I was calmly pedaling, breathing in my surroundings and sunlight, paying more attention to Captain Ahab and his first mate trying to catch Moby Dick than the path in front of me, I hit a rock. My body lodged over the handlebars, slamming flat on my back onto the pavement, eyes glaring directly at the sun. For a few moments, it seemed that nothing in the world mattered, just the pain rushing from my toes to my fingers, all the way to my ears and forehead. For the first time in awhile, I felt more than just the rumbling of the subway or the cool breeze seeping through my handme-down jacket.

Scrapped knees and ripped hands, broken bike and a splitting headache, I rolled my black Schwinn six-speed to a nearby tree and called it a lovely day.



it feeds on naivety sarah jukubowski fiction

I cannot sleep because the government controls that too. The government feeds happy thoughts into my brain, and that cannot be good.

Ignorance is bliss and bliss is ignorance.

Endorphins are government work created by some past senator, I forgot which one.

Dreams are full of endorphins and unbidden imaginings, seeds of some planted mischief. So I do not sleep and this planted mischief cannot grow.

My head is free, but there is contamination elsewhere. The government controls the food. Chemicals in our cereal, fluoride in our water. Every grocery store is a warehouse of FMDs—Foods of Mass Destruction. Every fast food jingle is a landmine and the government controls the media too, the news and the commercials and the superbowl ads.

I do not have a TV and I do not have a radio and I do not have the internet. But still, the government finds me.

Billboards are designed to carry a message and it's straight from the government's hands, no postage necessary.

They say these ads were paid for by individuals, but all you have to do is look at the face on the bill they're paying with to know who's really in charge.

The government is everywhere. It penetrates every aspect of life. There is no individual, we are all playthings of the government.

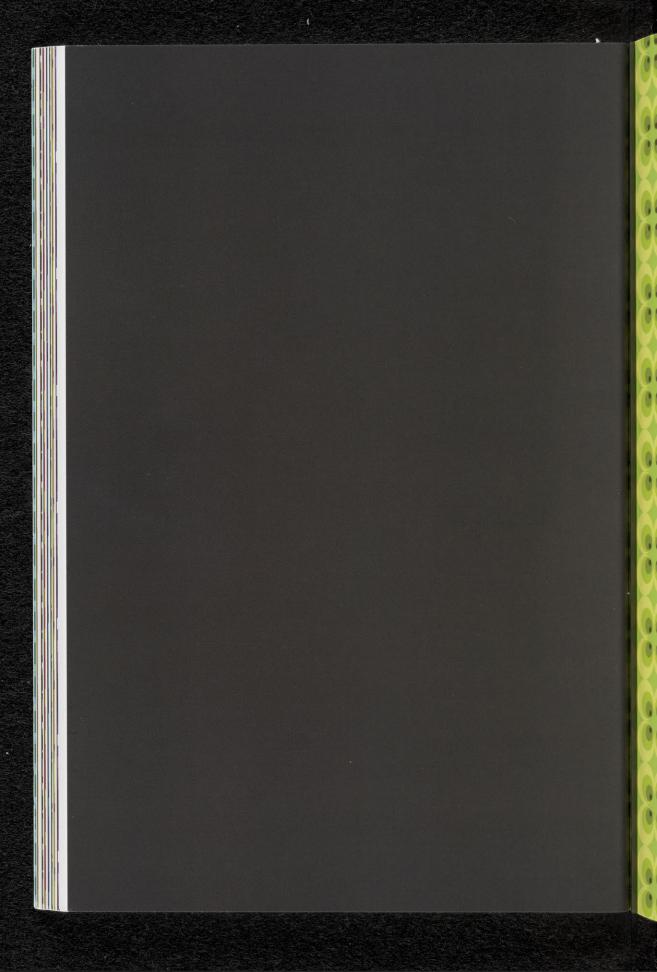
I refuse to be a toy. I am not a chess piece in evil hands. I close my shutters on the government and its media. I clean my fridge of drugged food and do away with poisoned water.

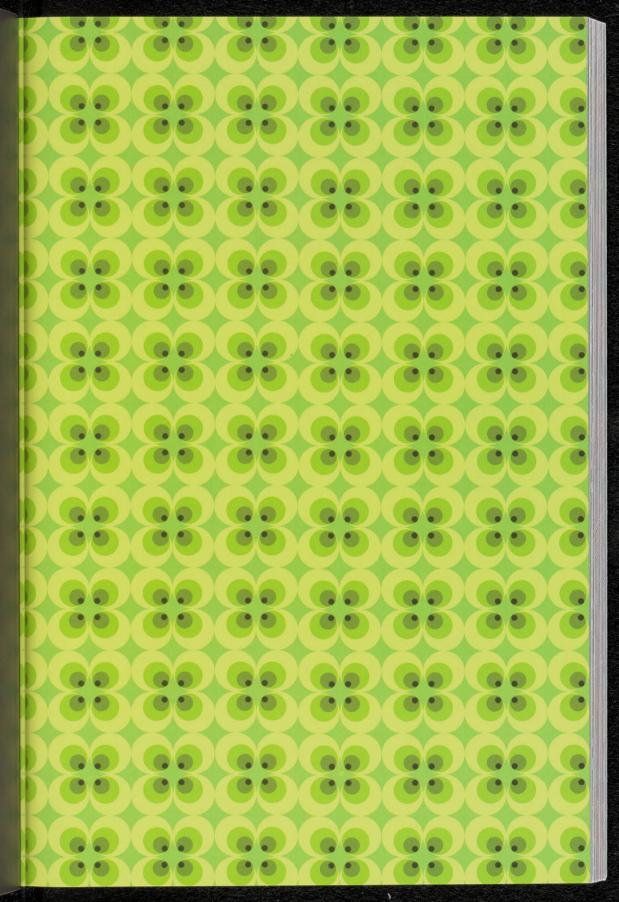
I do not wish to take part of the government's mind control. I will not sleep and I will not eat and I will not drink. I will isolate myself in my non-secular chapel of knowledge. I have no choice but to be a martyr for the facts and for freedom.

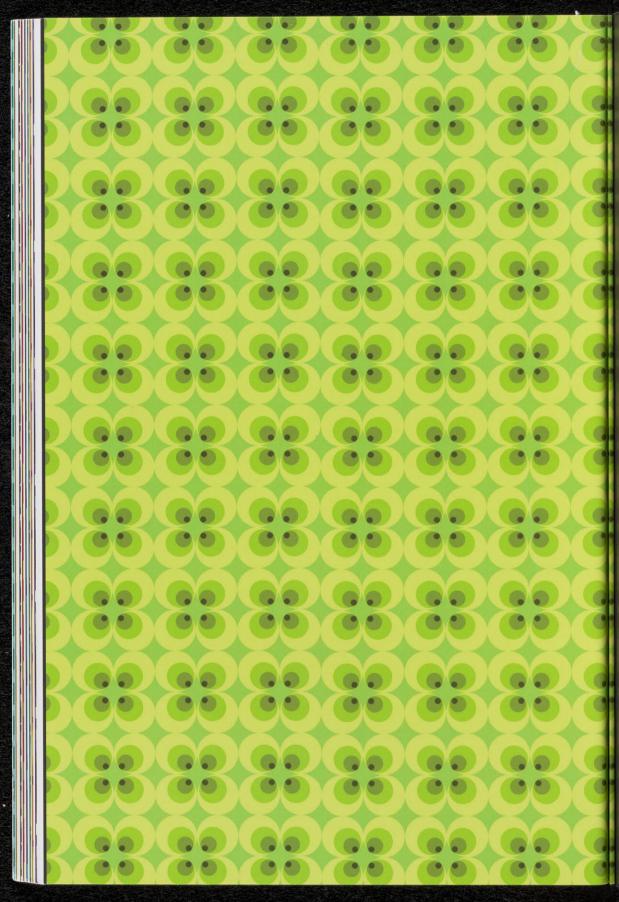
I will fight against. I will hold my vigil. I will wait on my deserted island of the individual in a sea of government corruption. I will wait for death, because in death there is truth.



illustration provided by alexa chumpitaz







graphic design



doubleday draught katie murray package design

ist place









weinstein american lager evan weinstein package design

and place

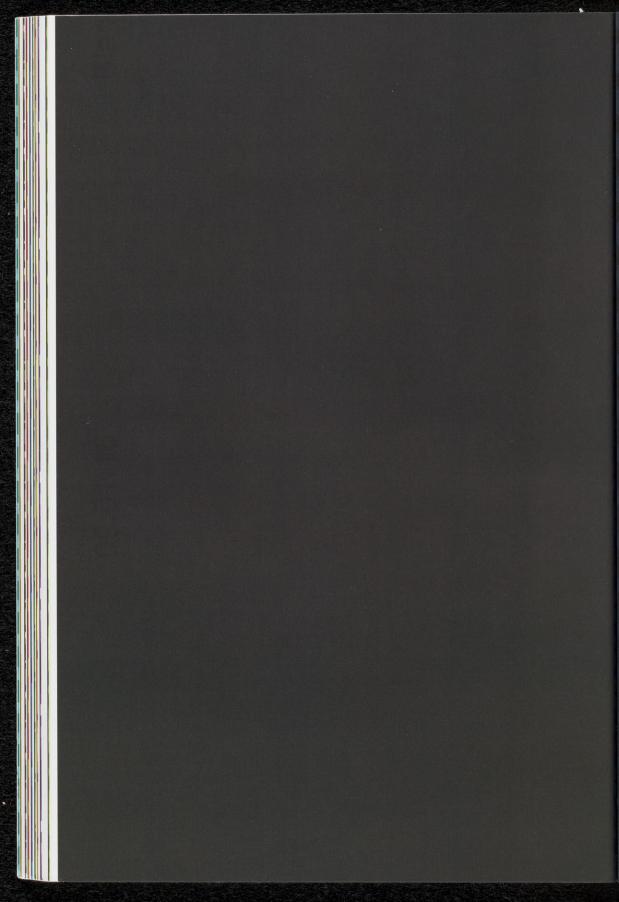


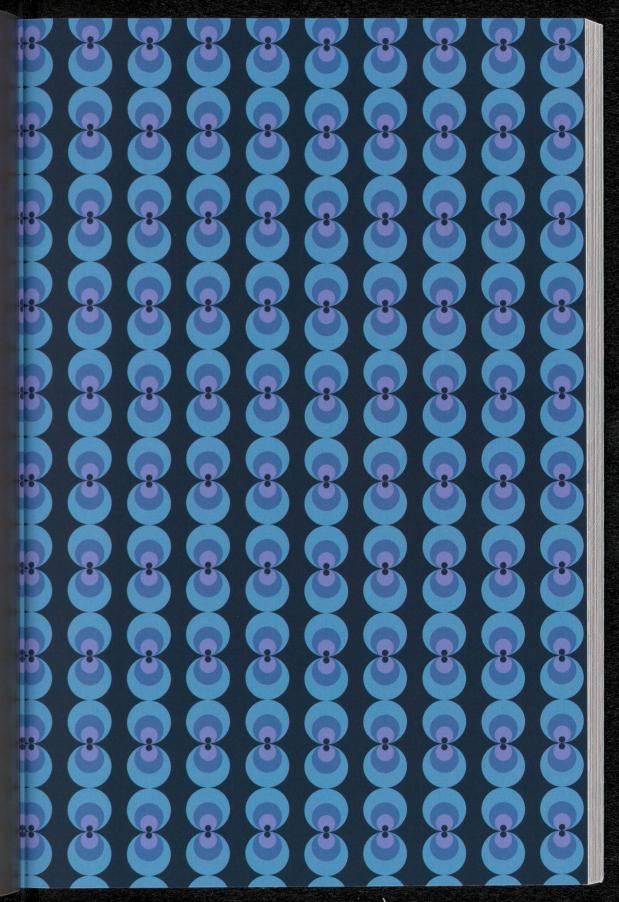




hen house packaging erin meekins package design









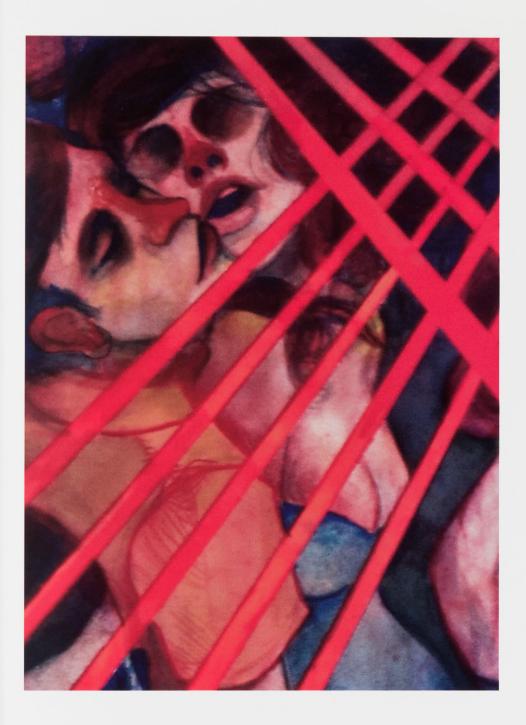
illustration



downtown circus alice holleman watercolor, digital illustration

1st place







fox tea party samantha bruggema mixed, digital illustration

2nd place









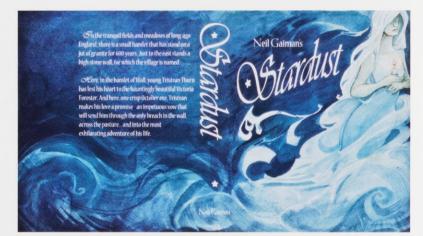






star dust samantha bruggema mixed, digital illustration

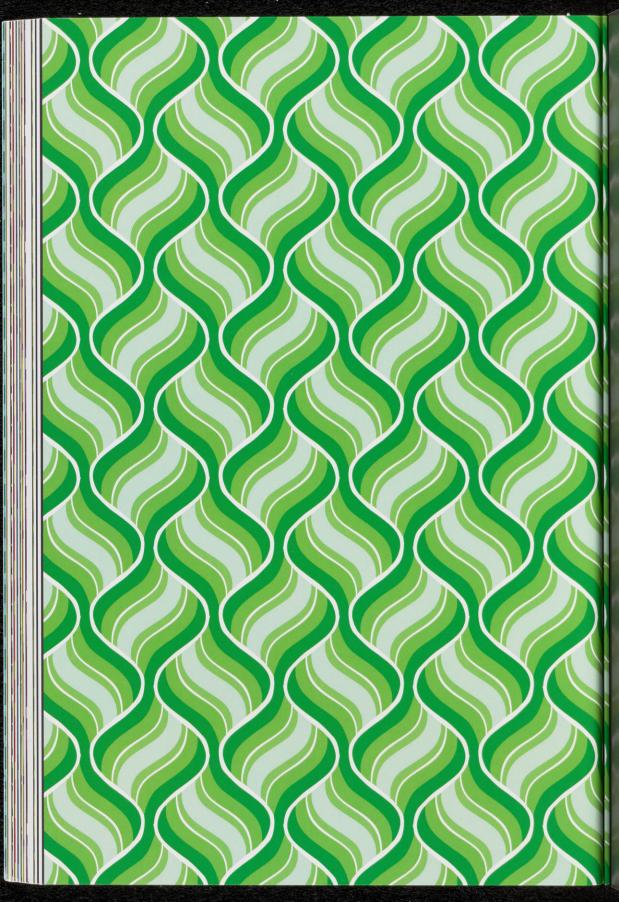
honorable mention











metal design



elemental series: fire earring, water brooch, earth ring christopher clark sterling silver, copper, enamel









growth series nan lopata found object, silver, copper, walnut, cubic zirconia, pearl

and place















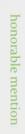
maritimal kendall temotio silver, pearls, diamonds, and peridot



orange peel fungi ashley ray cloisonné enamel, silver foil, sterling silver, 2mm golden topaz





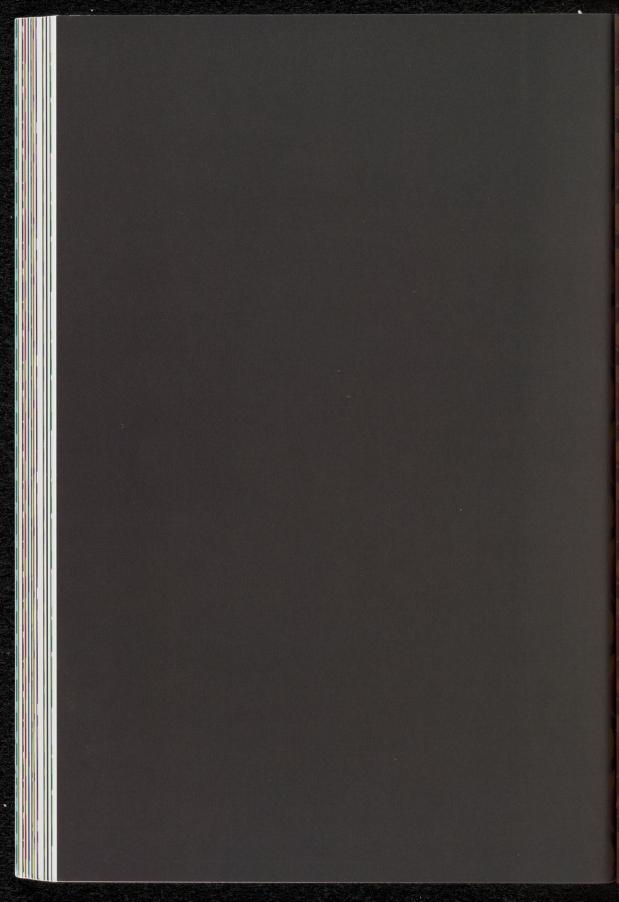


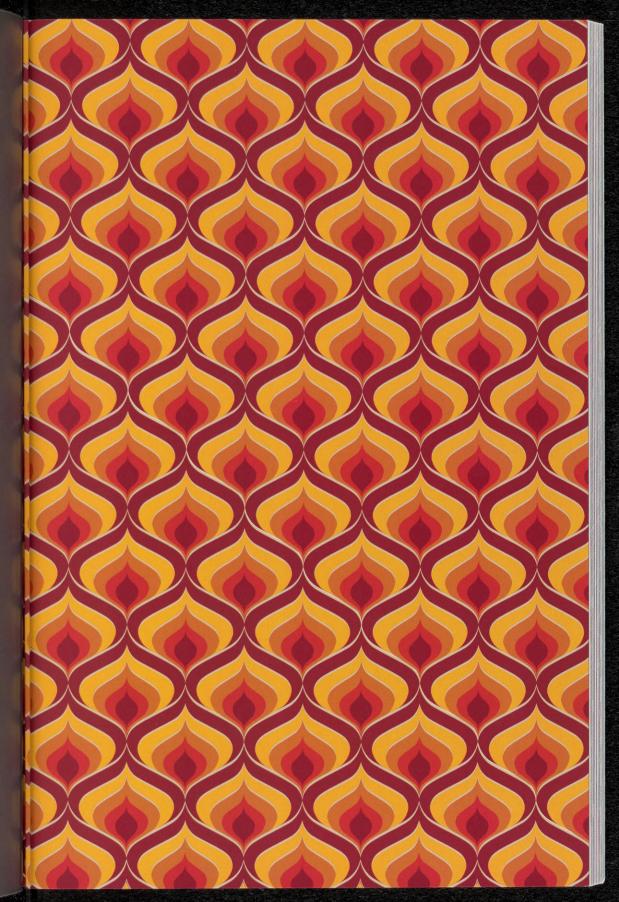


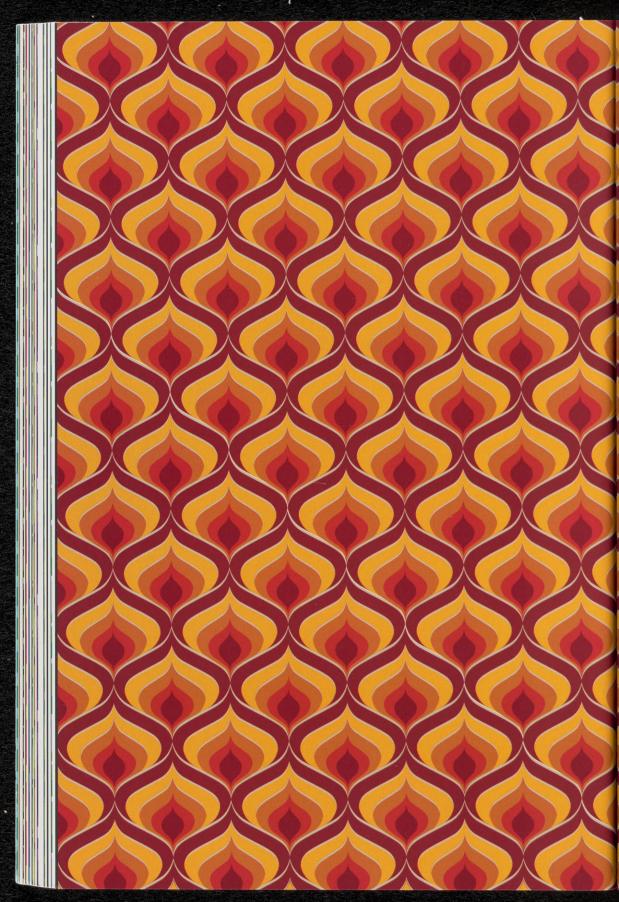


nature vs. nurture kendall temotio silver, copper, pearl, dried sea urchin









mixed media



drift on: series of 3 brooches justin paxton enamel, steel nails, copper, sterling silver, driftwood











rediscovered kendall temotio dried fish scales, copper, antique jewelry, pearls, lace

and place







3rd place



tail and heart of a chicken christopher clark brass, copper, chicken bones



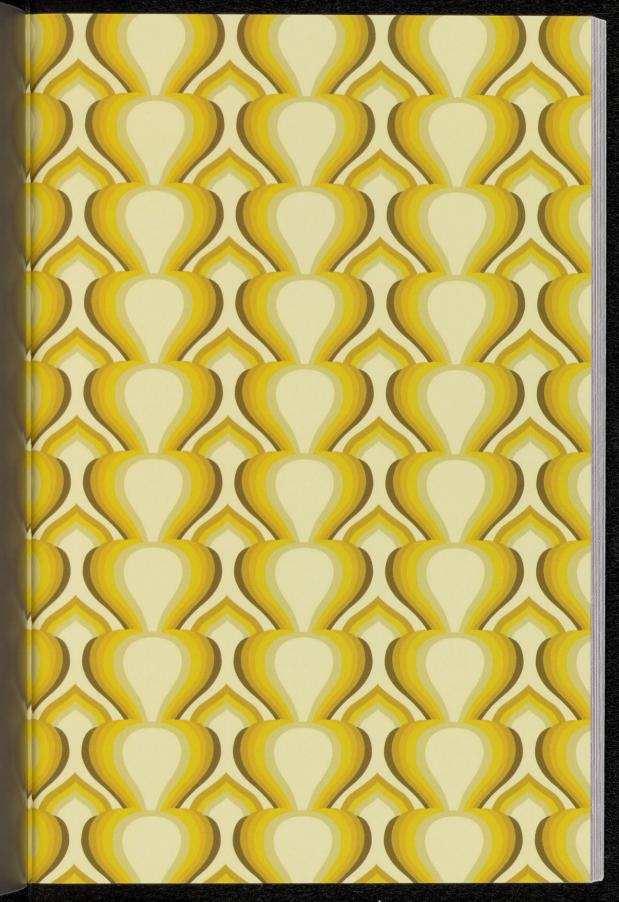
the shield philip ambrose enamel, copper, silver, acrylic, stainless steel

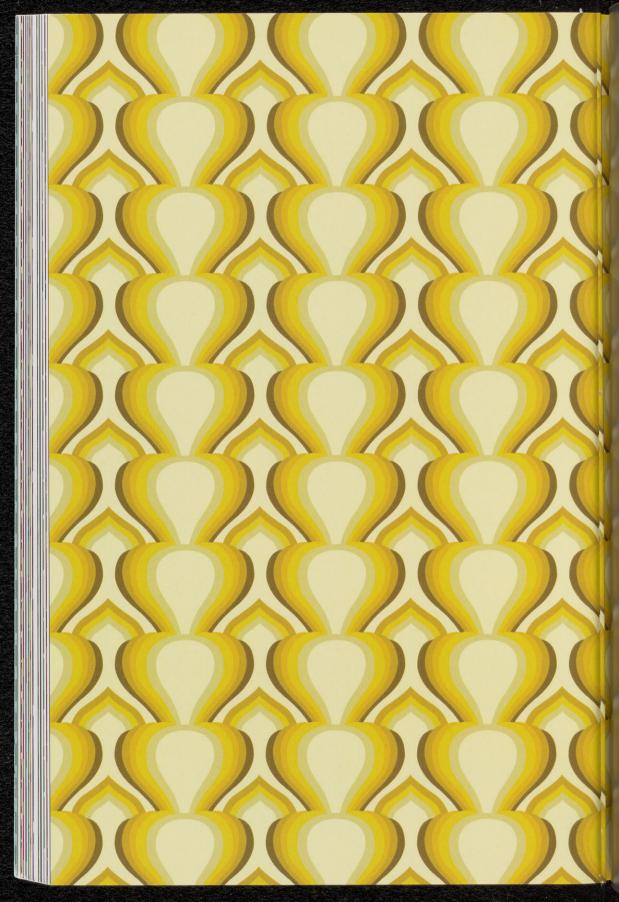
honorable mention











music



the last day chad smith music recording, solo piano

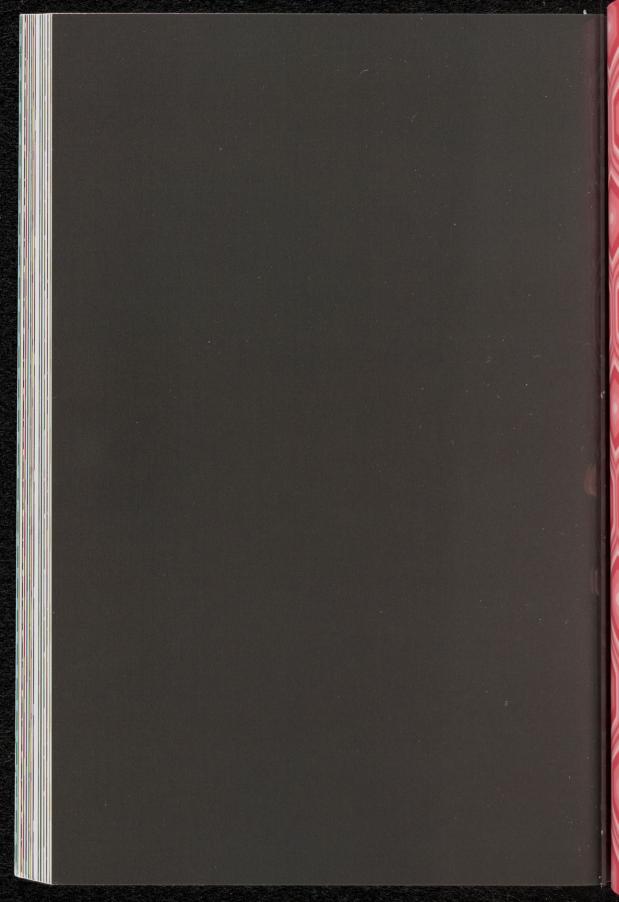
st place







music can be heard on the DVD in the back of the book







non-fiction



how to survive in college sarah jakubowski non-fiction

1. You will need to sleep.

Sleep becomes the most important thing, a commodity rarer than food or money.

You get stupid without sleep. You stay up late studying, partying, or crying and then you're stupid the next day. You learned the technical reason for this in psychology class but now you can't remember because you didn't get much sleep last night.

There are several reasons why you won't get enough sleep, ever. You may have a night job (see point 4). You may have a roommate who has a night job. You may have acquired a pet, which seemed like such a nice idea at the time but you never took into consideration that the damn thing's nocturnal.

There is no place on campus to sleep. If you sleep in a study room, someone will kick you out saying that some people want to use the room for its intended purpose, thank you. The library's too bright, too noisy. If you fall asleep in class then congratulations, you've just taken a very expensive nap.

2. You will need to eat.

It seems so romantic, this idea of poverty, of bravely eating ramen noodles every night. It's so essential college, so struggling artist, so pioneer.

But really, it sucks. A diet of rice and ramen does bad things to you. You wake up shaky and weak. You don't have the energy for friends, or the gym, or to walk to class every day.

You envy those with the freshman 15, though chances are they're having similar problems. If you don't want to go the ramen route, your other cheap food choice is fast food. Ninety-nine cent meat all the way. Traditionalists go with McDonald's or Wendy's, but if you want a cultural experience, there's a Taco Bell not too far away.

At the grocery store a while back, you did see some soup on sale, so you stocked up. You were so optimistic then, but now the cans are just gathering dust and possibly botulism because there's nothing more depressing than eating canned soup alone.

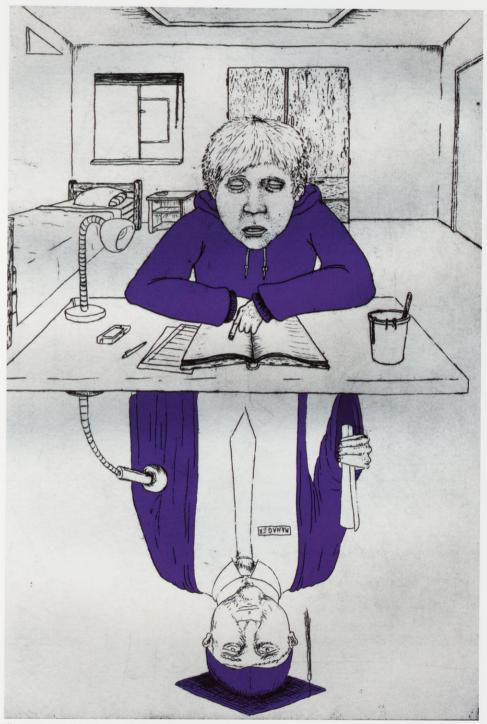


illustration provided by rodrigo pacheco

3. You will need shelter.

There are a couple of options here. You can have a dorm, or an apartment, or a house. Roommates or no roommates. Pets or no pets. Whatever you choose, it's strictly for sleep, cooking, and storage space. Whatever you choose, you will hate it. Maybe not all the time, but often enough.

Most choose to live in an apartment. Houses are too expensive and, even if you're renting, seem too permanent. Dorms give you about 100 square feet of personal space and trap you on campus. Apartments are the lesser of the three evils.

Most of your actual living will happen elsewhere. A month after moving in, the shower drain stops working, no matter how much Drano you pour in. What was meant to be a relaxing shower is now you standing in luke-warm water while you try to wash the shampoo out of your hair before the tap runs cold. You start going to the gym just for the showers, or you stop showering entirely.

You called your landlord about this months ago, but he never came to fix it. Part of you is relieved. You don't want your landlord to see the inside of your apartment, because it's messy, or you're illegally subletting a room, or your boyfriend moved in because his place is even worse than yours, or you never paid the pet deposit for that stray you picked up, or because your roommate turned his space into a grow room and now the whole apartment reeks with the sickly cat-piss smell of marijuana.

4. You will need money.

There are three legal ways to do this. You can get a job, you can live off of financial aid and scholarships, or you can borrow money from your parents.

Financial aid is nice, but you're too tempted to spend what little's left after buying text books on fine dining, and then have to live off of ramen and rice for the rest of the semester (see point 2). There's nothing wrong with borrowing money from your parents, so long as they can afford it, but you have to put up with their bullshit and your friends thinking you're a rich prick dependent on Mommy and Daddy.

The best guilt-free means of a steady income is to get a job. If you're lucky, this means some mundane campus job as someone's secretary's assistant. If you're not lucky, it means food service or maybe a night shift at a gas station.



Night shift tends to pay a little better at least, which will be great consolation when the store gets robbed in a few years. You get to put up with the drunks, the crazies, with the underaged who get mad at you when you call them out on their shitty fake IDs. You tell your boss to work the schedule around your 8 a.m. class and she puts you down from midnight to eight.

Your roommate gets mad at you for slamming the door in the morning and waking her up but doesn't bother keeping it down later in the day when you're

trying to sleep (see point 1).

If you work a restaurant job you get paid less and get to deal with the rude, as opposed to the creepy. You work for tips. If you put up with the extra degradation of being a waitress, your tips are half-decent. If you work in a place that calls out food orders from behind the counter you don't have to kiss as much ass, but you get fewer tips. Your take for the day might be \$3.52 which you have to divide between your ramen noodle fund, money for cat food, and quarters for laundry.

Luckily there's food you can steal. Smuggle out a lone green pepper under your shirt, or swipe a breadstick and eat it in the freezer where no one can see (see point 2). Fountain drinks are free for workers. so you drink Pepsi all shift, figuring empty calories are

better than no calories.

5. You must graduate.

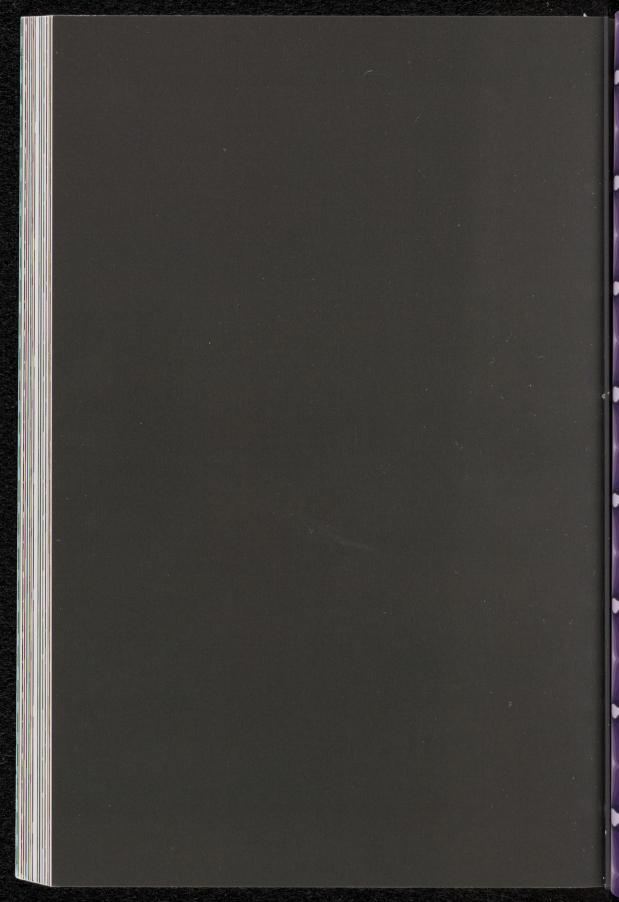
After four years of the shitty sleep schedule, the shitty food, the shitty roommate and landlord, the shitty job, you don the school colors and walk across a stage.

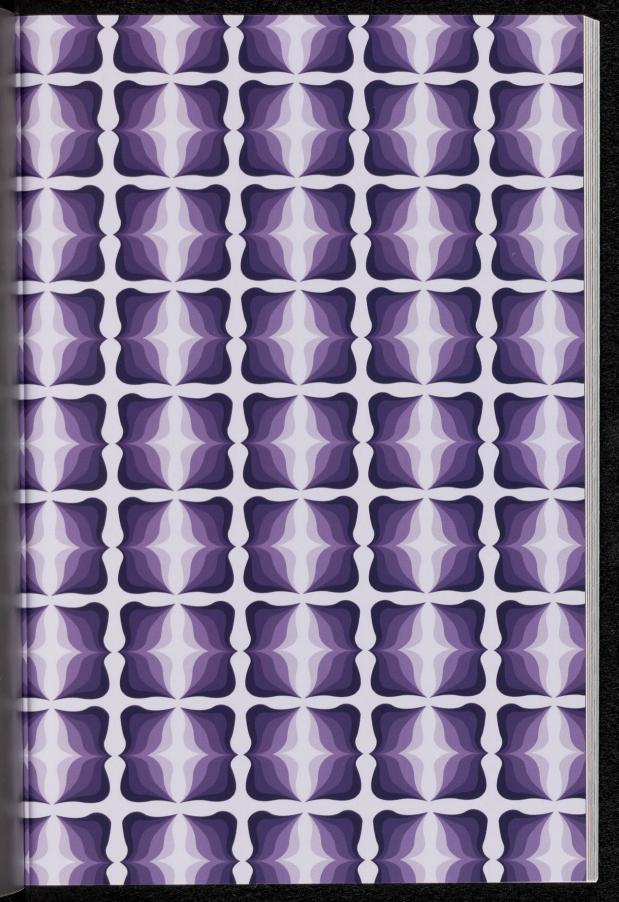
You wonder about all you did (see points 1 - 4) for knowledge and, more importantly, the piece of paper

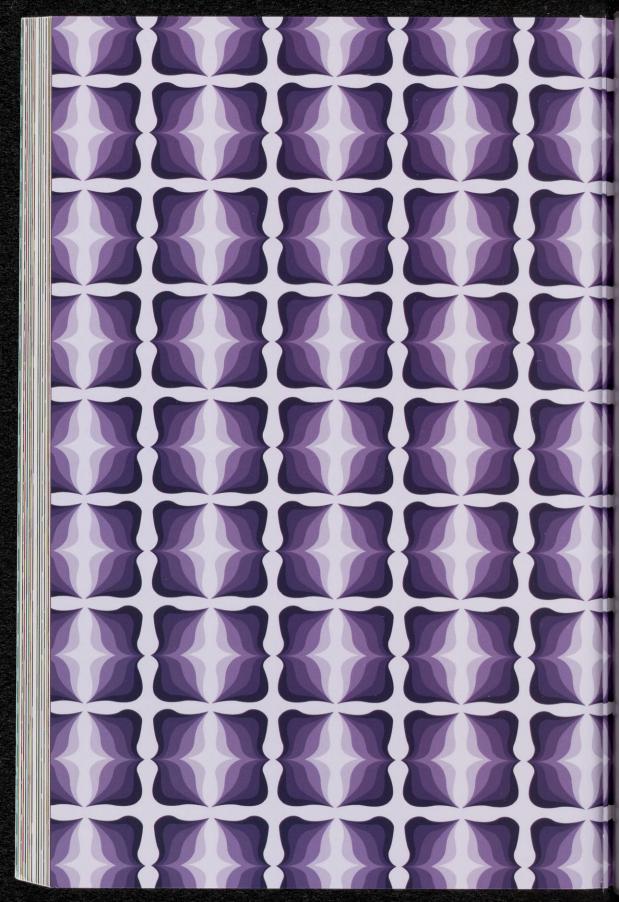
you're given as proof of that knowledge.

The ceremony seems ghastly. A celebration of hunger cramps, of sleepless nights, of degradation and dirty laundry. You're supposed to be proud of all you've done, of all you've endured. You walk across the stage and they applaud you, your family and friends, but they have no idea. You get your diploma and you step out into the world and put college behind you. You smiled when you walked across the stage, but you hated yourself for it.

You graduate and you hang your tassel from your car's rear-view mirror. It hangs there as a talisman, as a reminder of who you were and what you did for four years. But you forget it one day and hear yourself call college the best years of your life.







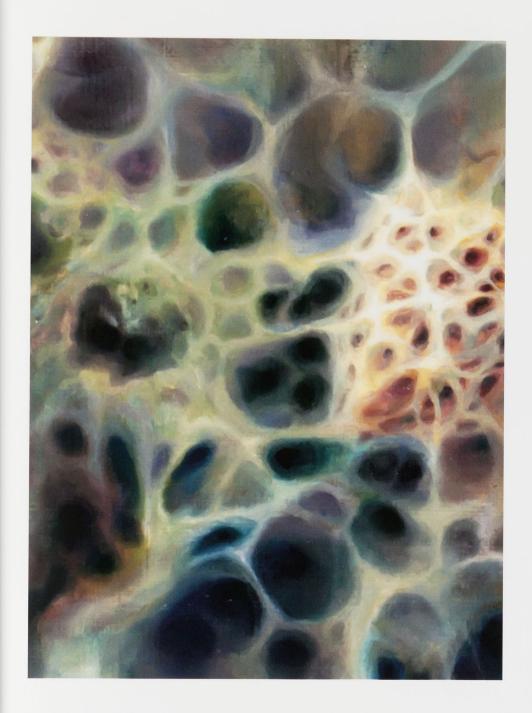
painting



dual nexuses bethany pipkin acrylic and oil on canvas









son of gender zachary agee oil on canvas



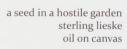








3rd place







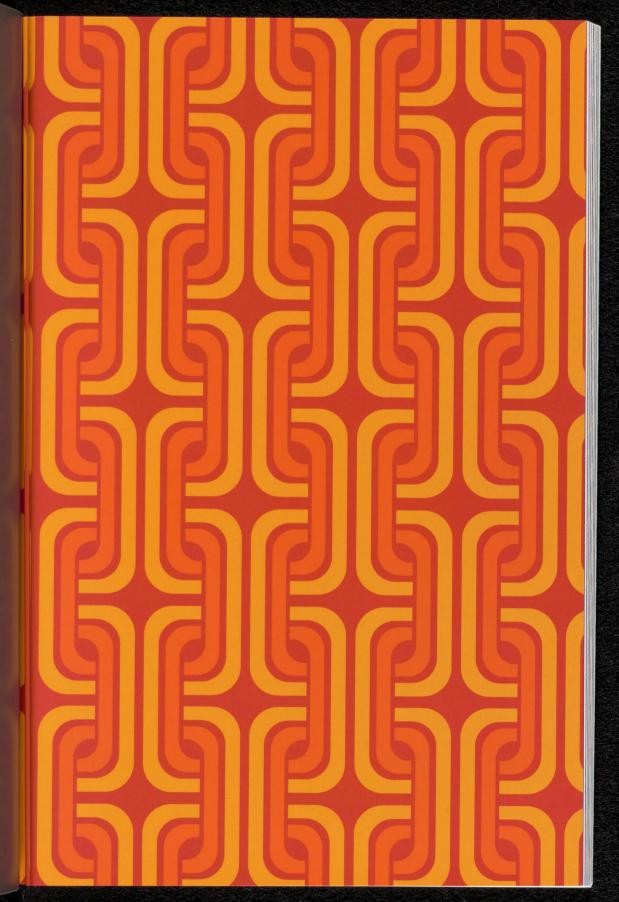
i dream of nature lupita nava oil on canvas

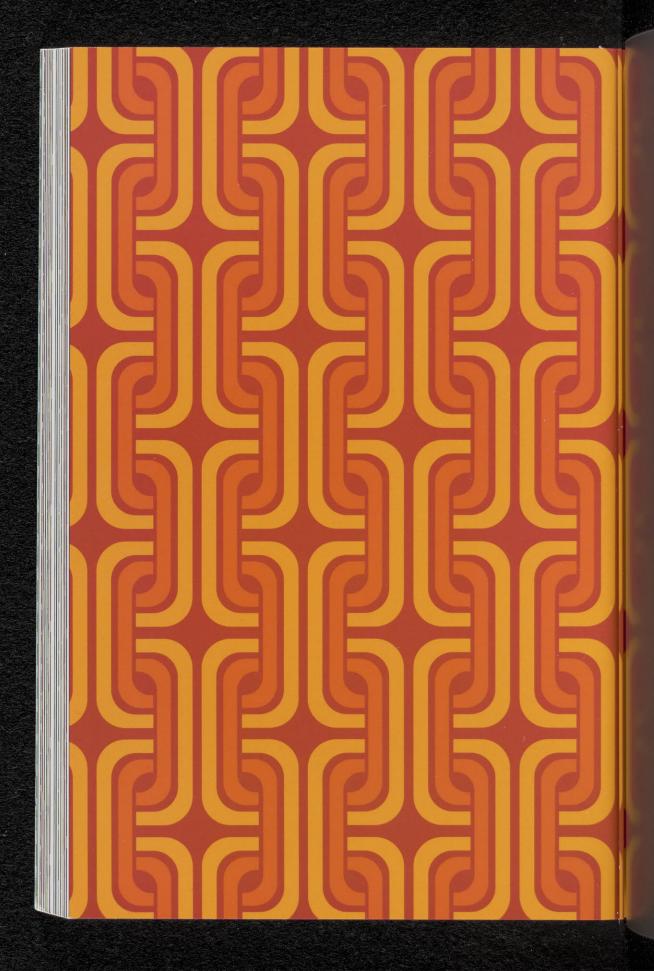
honorable mention











poetry



97 girl garrett souliere poetry

st place

You ruined my perfect attendance

You're an eccentric, icky EKG From your sulfuric geyser spouts of hair Down to your pretty little piggies

The way the heavens hit you You've got an Angel's Angle But a Demon's Demeanor

You're as difficult to remove from my bedsheets As the stench of vomit

You laugh at the faces of guys
Who wear Don't Eat the Yellow Snow t-shirts
You'll mount any flaming gryphon or fraidy-cat caterpillar
But you're bones curl at the thought of ladder heights
You are a 97 Girl
A degree cooler than the rest of us
A decade away from these mere mortals

And if I talk to you again it will be in all capitals

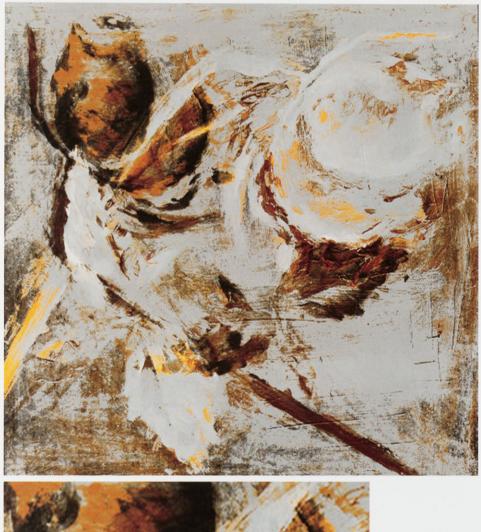
My toes are trenched in this beach and you're the tide that weathers me Whether I try to leave my feet are soaked Wherever I go I'm glued with these grains of sand

When I showed you my favorite songs I didn't even sing along We had the chance to be the Third Rome But we blew it into a gratuitous Vesuvius

We became an abandoned shopping mall That we'd revisit for rushed meals at Moes Go back to the hushed library drives There's a diamond rubber band around us

When you're bored you like to play games but you have a Monopoly on this Operation I'm a washed up gumshoe with no Clue There's a one-way mirror between us And you can't see what I do

They say that seasons change but people do I doubt that we ever will There is one thing I know to be true With her I wither



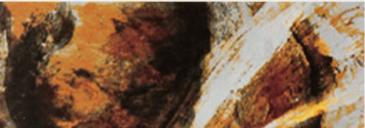


illustration provided by abigail jones

dark jellyfish nathan black poetry

and place

Blurred silhouettes let out pinched tones through waving arms And under legs.

The crowd flaring, as bright lights and brighter sounds Shake the air.

A dark jellyfish swims toward the ceiling.

Grab my arm,

I'll never let you go

Until the song is over.

Ask me what I do for work?

I'll bet I've forgotten.

Something has expired here. Can't put my finger on it. It smells like sweat and shamelessness And I'd like to think it's misery. But if I hold my breath I might just Forget to breathe.

What we wish for most is for our

Feet to jog in place

And they do.

That gel in your shoe bursts on the floor.

That scarf made from the blanket your grandmother gave you

Comes undone.

Smeared diet soda droplets dried on a black jacket

White-washed in organic transitions.

You silly-headed fool.

Dance all you want.

Savor that hope that bubbles and floats

So preciously.

You're not getting off that easy.

Don't dare walk away.

If you're shy that girl will pull you back

No control in her laughter, and

Hopped-up on her umpteenth drink.

No need to wonder if she likes you or not.

3:45 seconds of uninterrupted concern for self-consciousness.

Let the artists cry.

They've been waiting all day for this.

If you're looking for love, let's just say

We'll give you the next best thing:

No questions.

Move the way you've always wanted to.

We're already doing the same.



illustration provided by samantha bruggema

Everyone's eyes sparkle a little more Move a little closer. Imperfections masked, She's all yours. Don't ask if it's real or not. We'll get to that later.

That thing behind your eyes
Yes that's your soul, and behind that
A heart that mends in moments.
Malady waits outside,
So close to the ground.
Pigeons clump in corners high above the street.
We hide like them,
Not in shadows of brick
But on display for window shoppers.

Enough trash lays about the floor Like a hundred hats that fell to earth. Courtships have just begun Now use that lawyer's tongue. Playing kiss and tell me more About what you think of those people Over our shoulders Pushing to put them under thumbs. That last drink is looking like three more. After that, then we can go Somewhere warm Talk it over coma splices And "ummmm's" And "I don't know how to put this," We'll understand it all before you say A word. Every word. And that girl you danced with, Well she went home early. But that was fun, Wasn't it? Yeah. Yeah it was.





the moth sterling lieske poetry

ard place

Your body breathes the tiniest heaves and mingles with the light you bathe in, You dip and shift and still persist, on reaching your glowing haven.

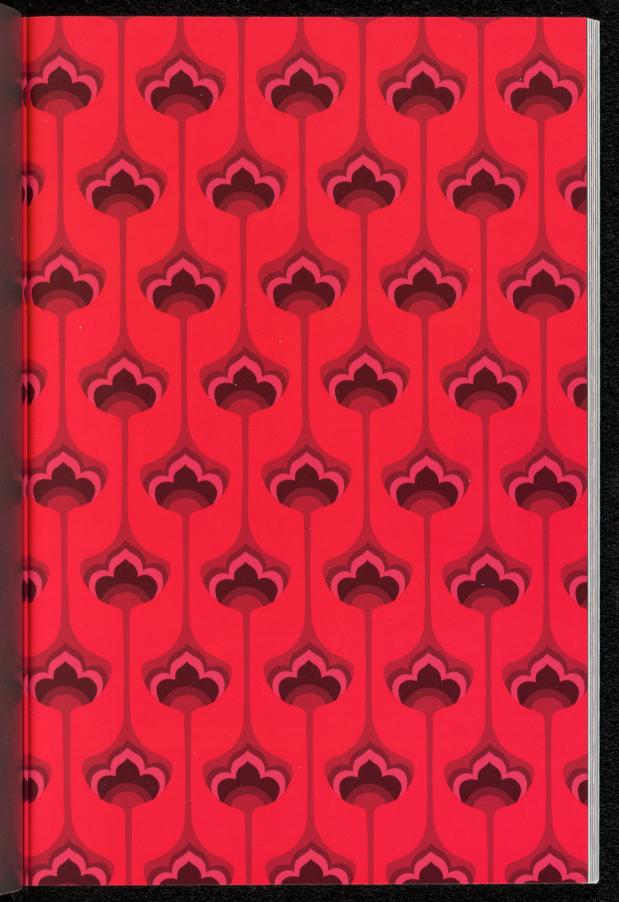
Wooly wings with watching eyes, fresh from your cotton cocoon, an orphan child and often wild is the heart that light consumes.

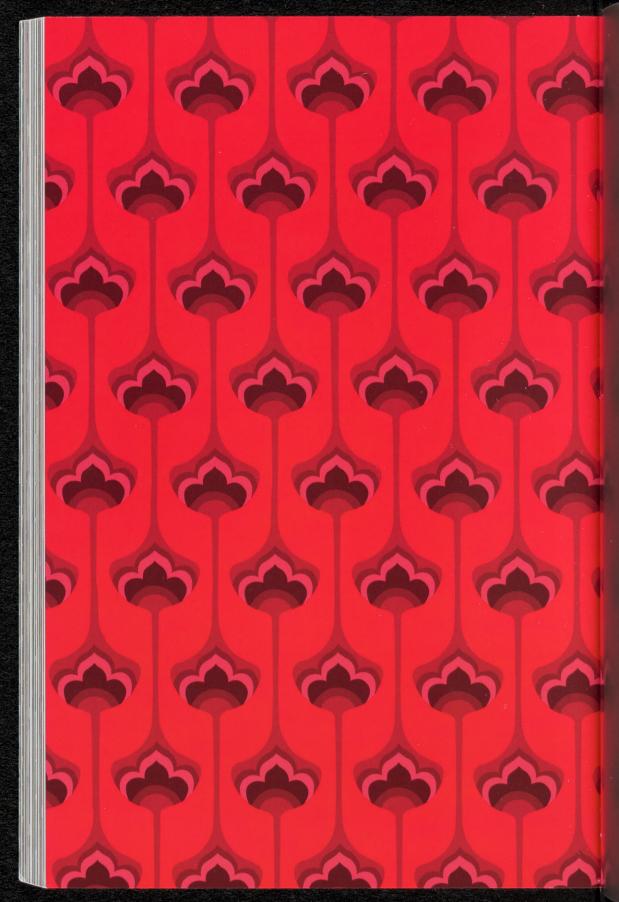
You, a runaway, burnished in night, like a woman with sultry charms, still stumble wings wide towards a diner light, scarcely a surrogate for a mother's arms.



illustration provided by alice holleman







printmaking



man killer audrey peck copper, wood, paper, plexiglass

st place





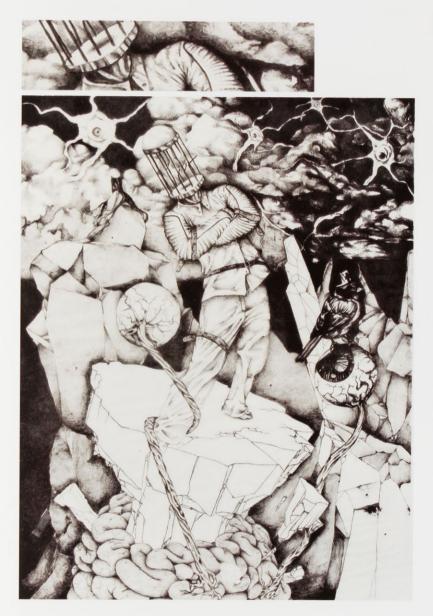


skull evan weinstein screen print

2nd place







mental mind, feeling fine joseph regan lithograph



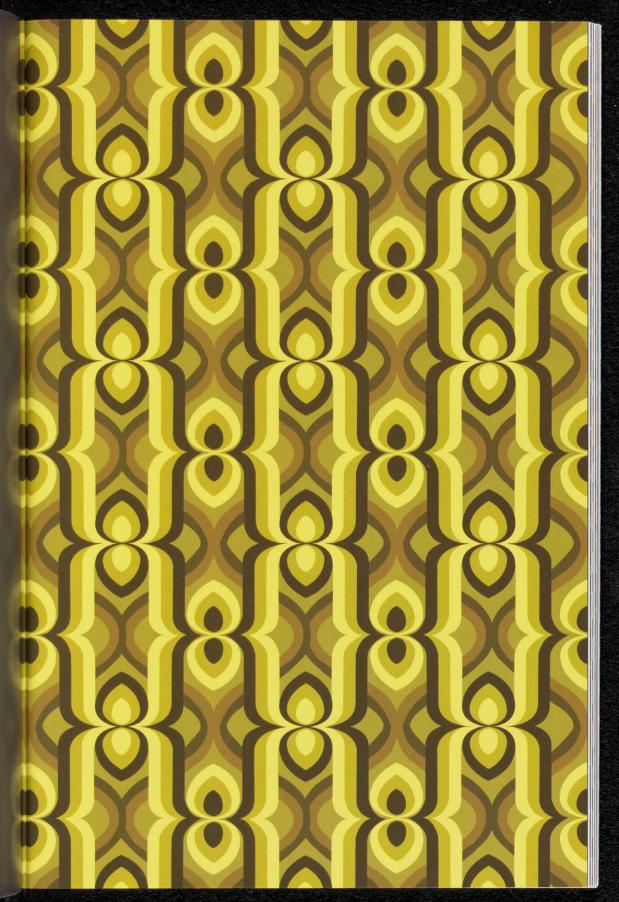


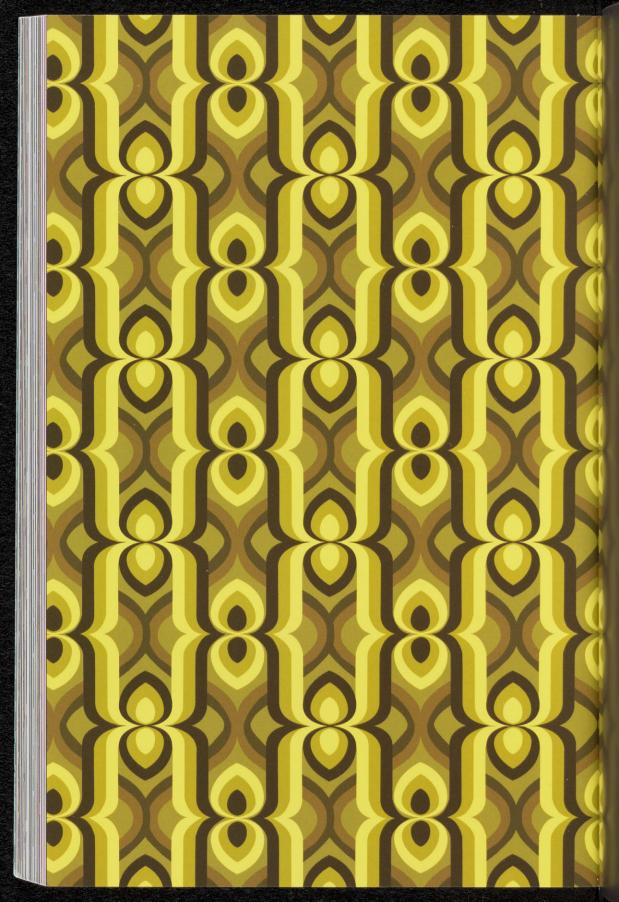
fading memories lori ary acrylic yarn, ink

honorable mention









sculpture



asunder bryce hauser painted steel

st place









burst cathy perry aluminum, polychromed copper

and place





3rd place







coriolis cathy perry carved pine log









textile design

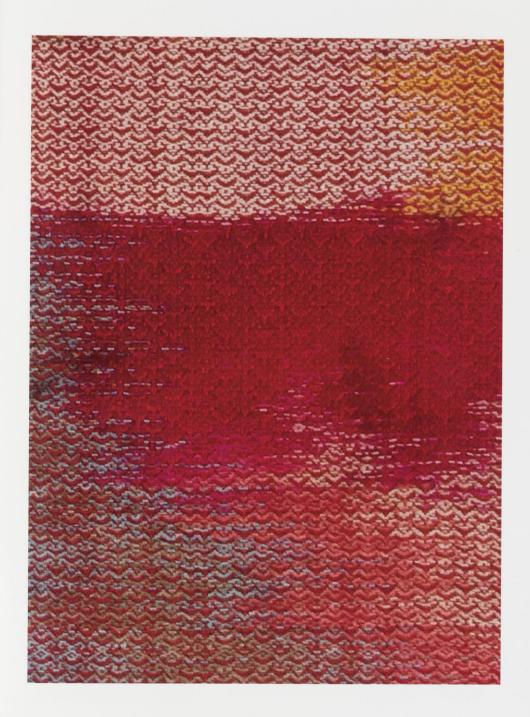


fiery, snow-capped and ruffus sydney sogol hand-painted cotton

st place









art history notes rachel nelson wax on habotai silk

and place











before yale, he wove sashes katherine harris cotton, rayon, hand-dyed yarn





rooted in affection rachel nelson cotton sateen, dye, print paste

honorable mention



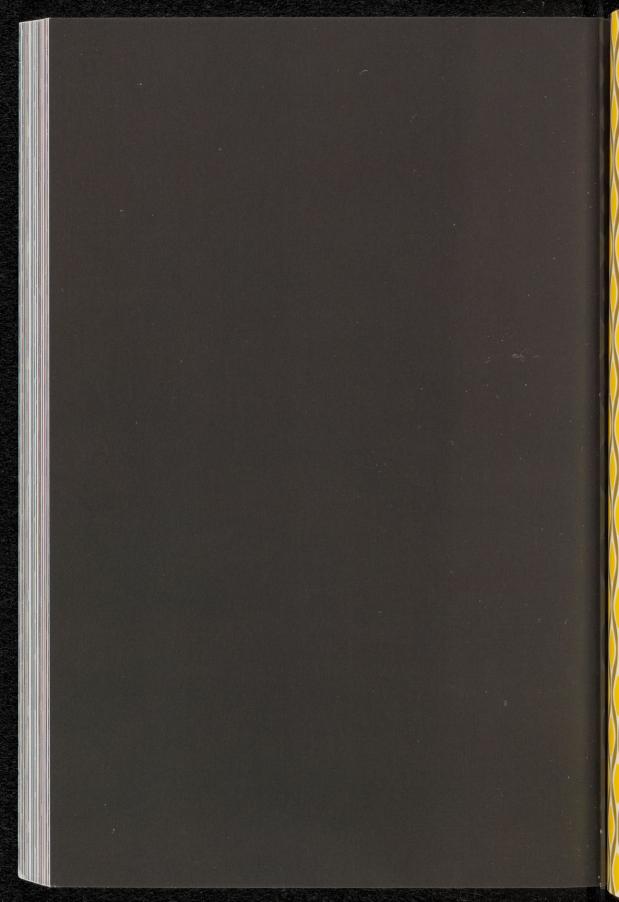


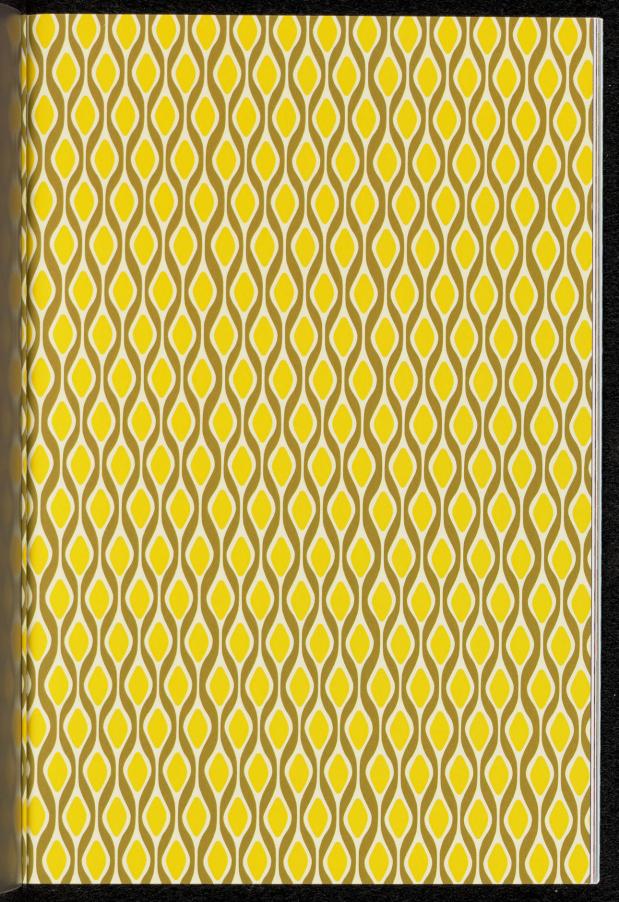


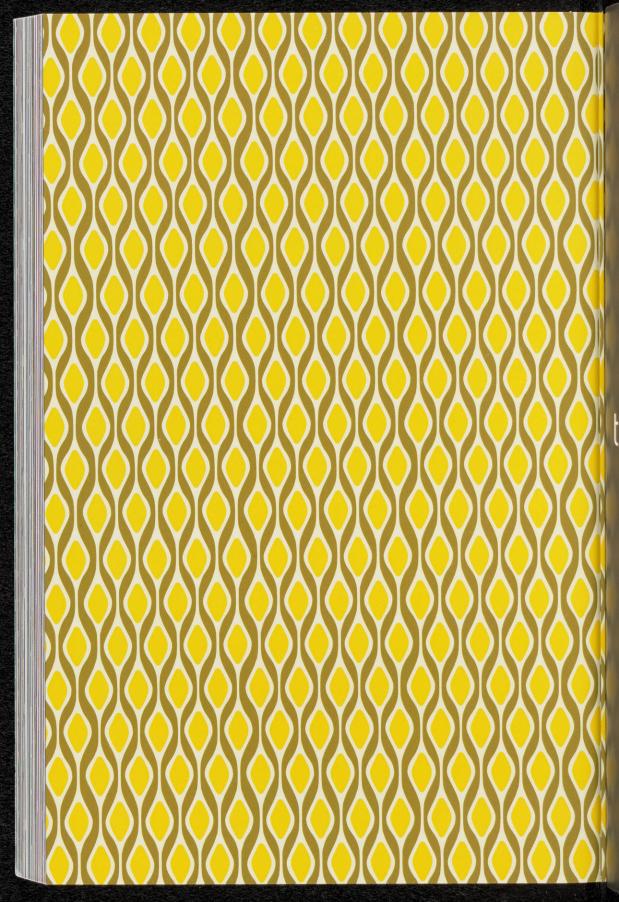


love is...never forgetting embroidery thread, cotton, ink









traditional photography



fringe benefits amy bridgeman photography, gum bichromate, alternative process









8:24 am jessie rose gum bichromate and acrylic transfers

and place



















untitled anna hill traditional, darkroom photography

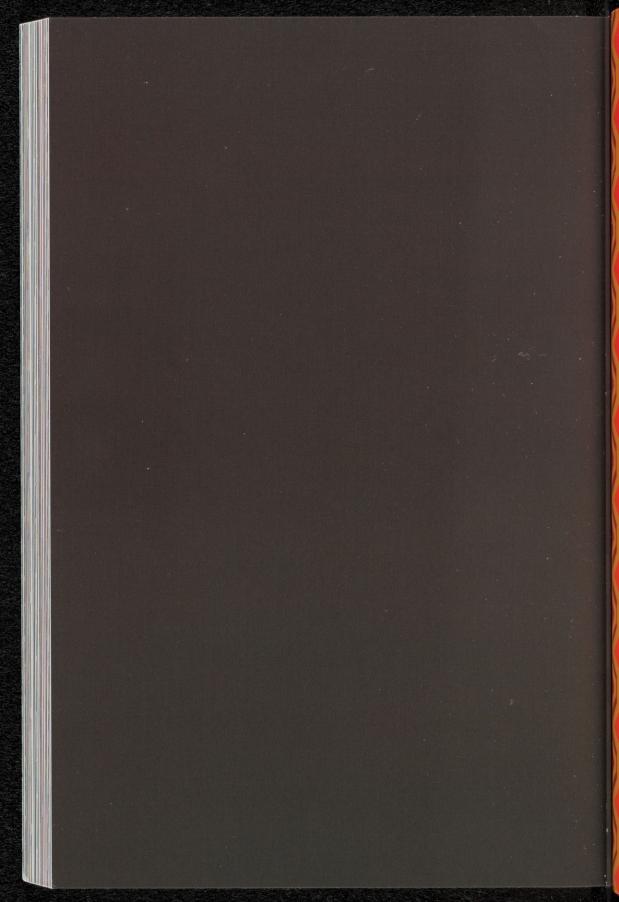




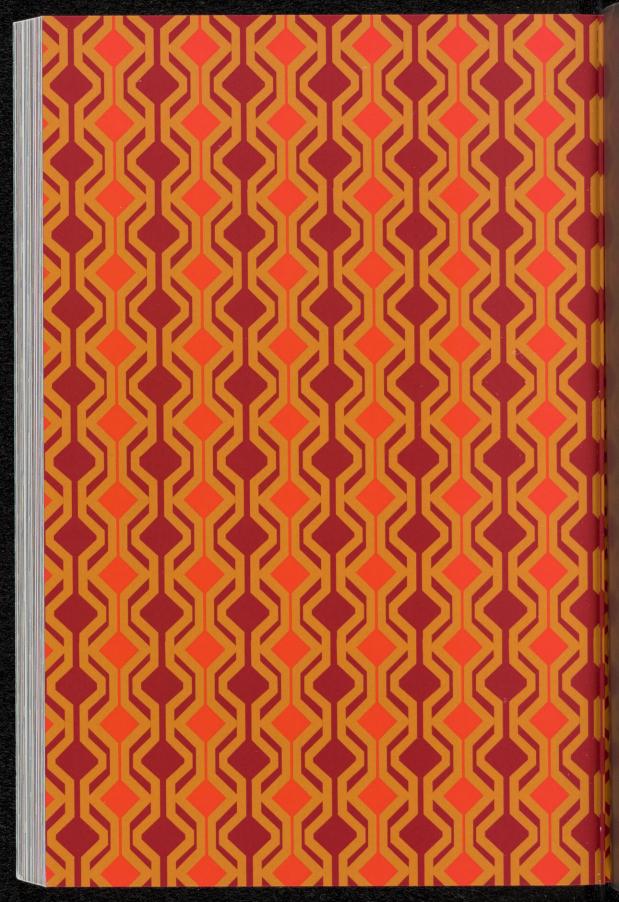
people have aids amy bridgeman photography, gum bichromate, alternative process











wood design



honor christopher clark copper, sterling silver, tiger wood

ıst place









reborn audrey peck wood, steel, found object

2nd place











chippendale two-string diddley bo aaron iaquinto wood molding, found objects, electronics, guitar strings





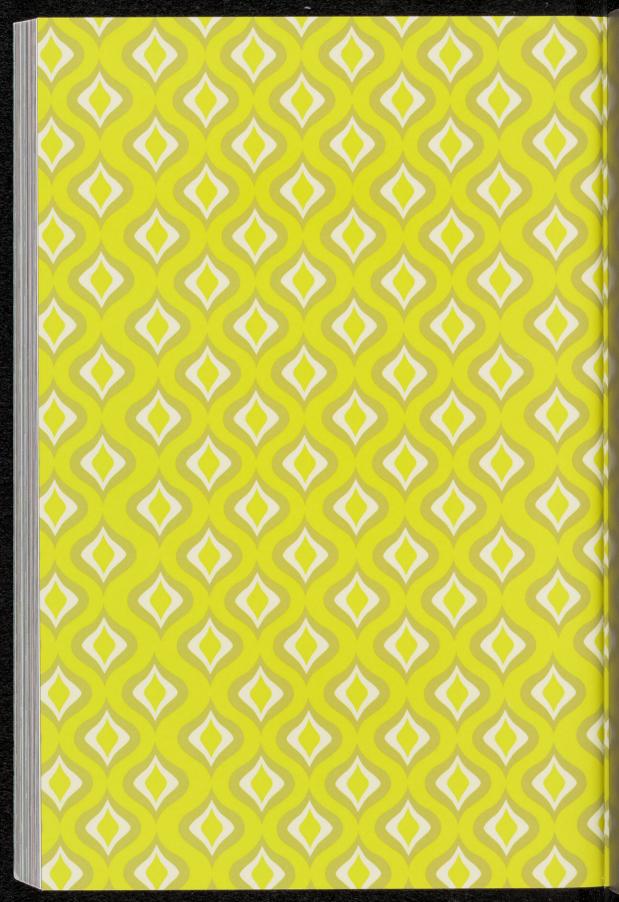
untitled table dustin sims maple, mahogany

honorable mention









best of show



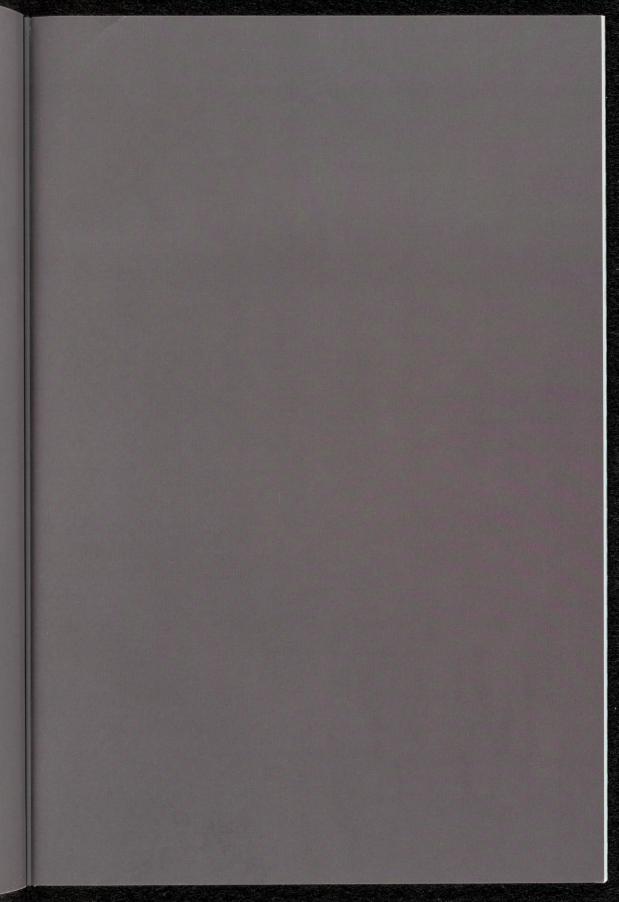
untitled duncan stephenson copper, silver, petrified sequoia, padouk, 5,000 year-old arrowhead from NC Piedmont













judges

visual art

dan black owner and graphic designer strategic marketing and design

gina cox afa instructor pitt community college

patrick leger domestic and international illustrator bfa in painting and drawing east carolina university

literature

liza weiland fiction editor north carolina literary review associate professor of english east carolina university

dance

patricia pertalion retired professor school of theatre and dance east carolina university

music

noah holmes music and sound engineer editor kayleigh schnackel

student staff evan fernandes elizabeth tucker evan weinstein

faculty advisor craig malmrose

photography henry stindt photographic

student media genevia hall yvonne moye student media board

film crew brandon haulk cris muñoz nathan rodan

copy editors kate lamere
craig malmrose
lisa beth robinson







production notes

printer theo davis printing

edition 2,000 books and DVDs

press komori lithrone s40

stock cover: 130lb. french smart white cover

text: 100lb. flo dull text

typography abeatbykai

constantia

special thanks

john dixon the east carolinian holly garriott genevia hall john harvey brandon haulk craig malmrose maria modlin yvonne moye frank pulley pitt county arts council at emerge chris stansbury henry stindt theo davis printing university printing & graphics heather wilkinson phillip winn

our professors, families, friends, and anyone whom we might have left out.



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