



REBEL

Art & Literary Journal *Fall 2019*

Create your wave



Christina Dixon



wave

/wāv/

noun

1. The impact or influence created by an artist when they make art

2. The message perceived by an individual, or by society from a piece of art

Synonyms: impact, influence, message, presence, energy, metaphor, reason, purpose

Letter from the Editor

The first time I stepped on to ECU's campus I could tell there was a vibrant and creative energy to it. Being an art student and a writer myself, I'm glad I attended a school that has allowed me to explore and find out the different ways I can be creative. I've met so many amazingly talented people in my time here, from rappers to designers to photographers and so many more. My goal for this publication was to display the diverse art of ECU and help promote the things students are making here. I believe the artists, designers, and musicians here really are making great works all the time and doing so with intention. The slogan for this year's book "Create your wave" came with the idea that

everything an artist makes has the possibility to impact something else. Whether that's connecting to other's experiences by conveying your own feelings in a piece or trying to make people think differently about the world by, making something with a strong message attached.

With it's depart from being an exhibition catalog, I hope the Rebel can, in the future, be a place for the students to shine and be recognized for their talents and hard work. I hope it can be a place of promotion and help develop a community of creatives that people can find, connect with, and grow through, like the one I found my freshmen year. It's grown me to what I am today. Enjoy REBEL



Katie Church

Katie Church
Editor in Chief

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YOU! THE CAM

Design
campaign
screens by
experiment
your decision
symbol send

CANDIDATE

your own political
button using the
below. While
designing, consider how
elements of color, line and
shape convey a message.

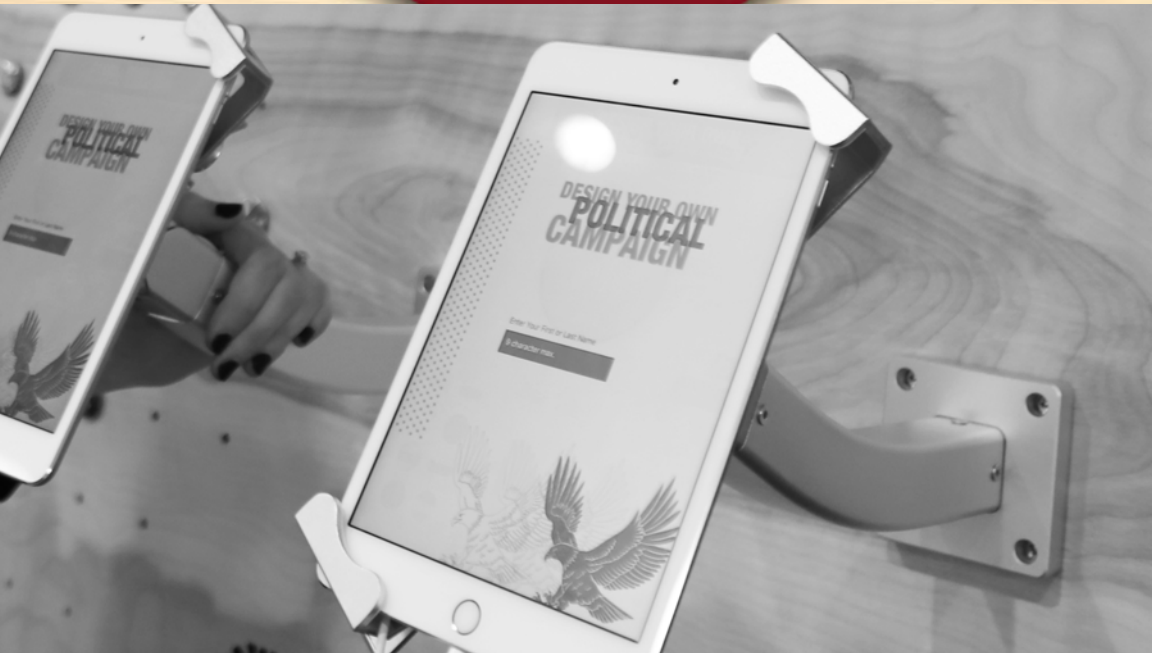
What message would a pink and
green campaign send compared
to red and blue? Or a sleek eagle
versus a gentle dove?

Visit again soon to collect your
custom campaign button.

You, the Candidate Kayla Clark- Graphic Design

“You, the Candidate is an informational and interactive display. The display centers around two iPads that allow participants to design their own political campaign with aesthetic choices including color, personalized type and semiotics. Participants can then return to the display at a later date to retrieve their very own campaign button which is attached to the display via magnet. You, the Candidate prompts participants to consider how aspects of design in political campaigns and how these aspects influence their political preferences. Participants also consciously or subconsciously visualize themselves as candidates when they see their names on a campaign button.”

DESIGN YOUR OWN POLITICAL CAMPAIGN

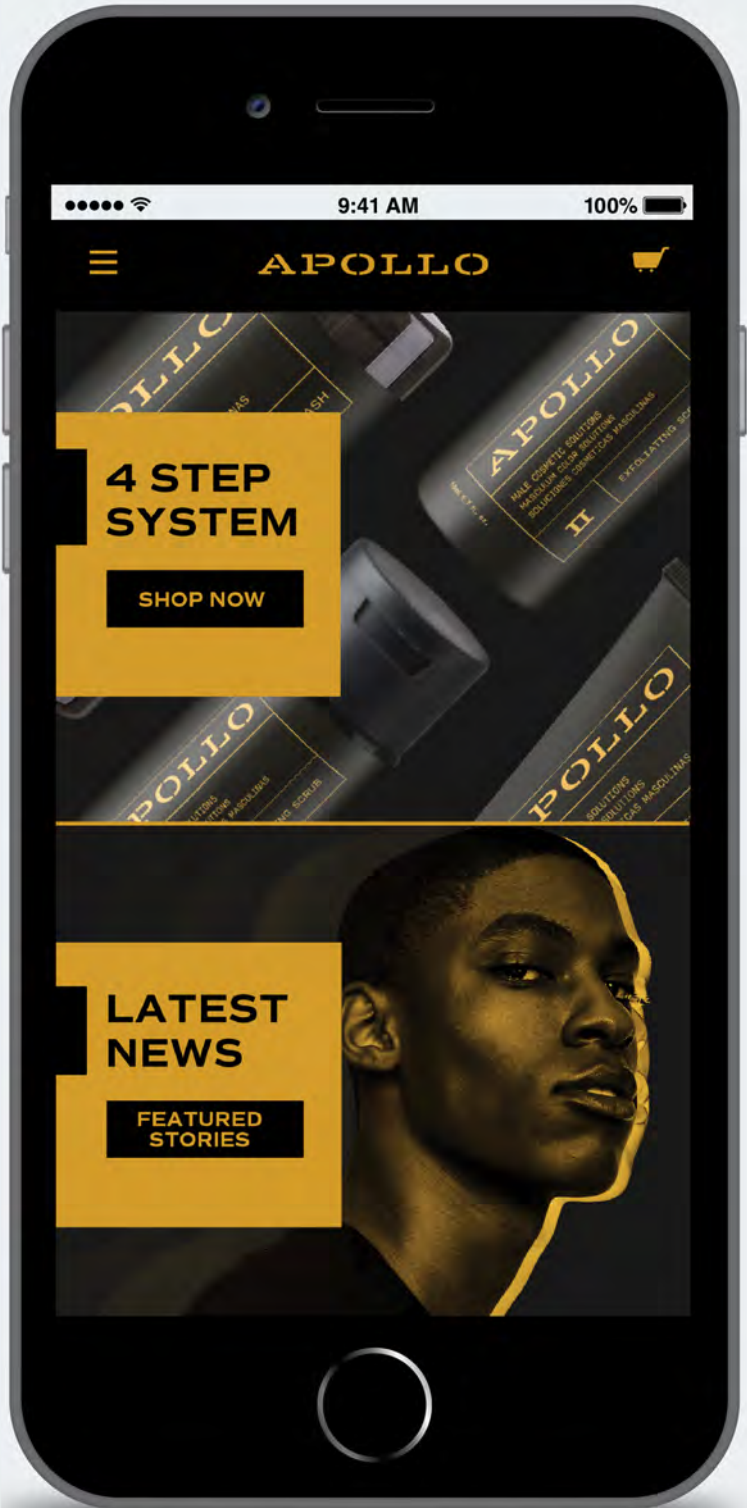




YOU, THE CANDIDATE
Activities of MFA Candidate Kayla Clark

RESEARCH EXHIBITION
March 29, 5-7p.
ECU Student Cntr.
W. Alcove, First Flr.

THESIS
May 24, 10-12p.
ECU Student Cntr.
Room 101



ALL NATURAL
100%
WHOLE GRAINS
33g
PER SERVING







MAKE YOUR MARK

13th ANNUAL
RESEARCH &
CREATIVE
ACHIEVEMENT
WEEK

MAIN
STUDENT
CENTER


APRIL 1-8th

ABSTRACTS
DUE

FEBRUARY 1st

STAY
CONNECTED

 #RCAC2019

 WWW.ECU.EDU/GRADSCHOOL

 [ECUGRADSCHOOL](https://www.facebook.com/ECUGRADSCHOOL)

 ECU



**TRANS
THE IN**




**SCEND
NEVITABLE**

**RESEARCH & CREATIVE
ACHIEVEMENT WEEK**

2019

APRIL 1-8

**ALL SUBMISSIONS DUE:
FEBRUARY 1**

 ecu.edu/gradschool
 #RCAW2019




Berk



Corey Diohep





London Perkins

Porch talk

Ryan Winter

*My father sat me down in the freezing cold,
on seats of concrete and ice,
and asked me if I'd like a coat.
I shrugged, indifferent.*

*A heater buzzed around us,
coaxing a peaceful lull out of the starry sky.
Tonight was steady,
puffy clouds floating seemingly forever.*

*When the coke in my mouth went flat,
I took a languid glance at my father.
Watching as he sucked in smoke,
exhaling puffs through his nostrils,
Demons ready for their assault.*

*Thus began the porch talks.
Lessons of morals and dignities,
Seeping acid into my throat
and drilling migraines into my head.*

His words had rhythm.

*Doted by the beat of the bass above us,
a barrage of curt thoughts,
edging me towards oblivion.*

He asked if I was cold.

*Yet again I was met with that question,
God was speaking down from the heavens,
inciting hellfire.*

*So I spoke to him,
in whispers and crackles,
snapping out replies,
bubbling up failures,
and he listened,
deadlocked into a stalemate.*

In the end we both went inside.

*Ours embers in an ashtray,
and our thoughts rising,
exhaust in the breeze.*





Pro Outdoorsmen

Diana Mungaray- Illustration

"This piece was designed for an article about a couple that had high expectations for a honeymoon in the Amazon jungle. Unfortunately, the husband that had once been called a "pro outdoorsmen" had been relying on a book to guide them through the jungle. As a result, I wanted to convey the helplessness they felt in the jungle before their near-death experience while also mirroring the helplessness newlywed couples face hence their attire. As they look out of place, so do their colors in a sea of cool hues."





Living with Depression

Kenzie Sharp- Illustration

“The story was about this couple where one of them suffered from depression and how the other one bought them a kitten to help deal with it. There was a quote from the story that was “You don’t get rid of Depression, you learn to live with it”, which was the theme of the piece. When I read that I immediately had the idea of Depression being a quiet roommate you can have coffee with.”









Warmth

Reagan Herndon- Painting

"Places you once knew by heart become something you don't recognize. What were desolate streets become alive with multicolored signage. darkness doesn't necessarily hide things, it can also reveal them."



Reagan Herndon



Caroline Waggoner

Deficit

Autum DeMartino

I'm in the red.

Overdrawn on hellos

and an excess of goodbyes,

the balance is all wrong.

Libra is terribly crooked.

The plate for hellos soars skyward,

The plate for goodbyes plunges,

crashes into the marble countertop.

Goodbyes tumble all over,

rolling here and there,

flashing silver like tears shed

in some solitary corner of the night.

These goodbyes are a useless currency,

nothing but dead weight in my purse,

drooping on my shoulder like some

sad little devil who whispers of my fear.

*Fear. If there be one thing
these goodbyes could purchase,
it is fear. The fear of saying hello
for yet again having to say goodbye.*

*In the coin purse of my heart,
yours is my last golden hello,
dazzling the dozens of goodbyes
into meaningless tarnished specks.*

*But is that the debt collector's footsteps
marching towards my home?
Oh no, please let me be wrong.
Because the loss of your hello
would bankrupt me,
send me into a depression,
and never again will I say hello
for fear of saying
goodbye.*





Paths

Dylan Fick- Photography

“After a long week in an unfamiliar city, I had a moment of rest as I walked across the bridge late at night and I was able to take a moment to see the beauty in the roads. Standing above busy commuters we are reminded that there is always someone to see, someplace to be and everyone around us is also on their own path.”









Kofi Sackey





The ocean has betrayed me

Kiara Jenkins

The ocean has betrayed me.

*Here I cower in a broken vessel
drifting over waves of tar
darker than the ocean's being.*

The beginning was a blessing.

*The sun was reflected in every wave
and in my eyes the ocean rose
and rocked my soul so gently.*

Love was in the ocean.

*My feet danced in love
from stars and clouds and rays
drawn to the ocean's vast spread.*

She showed her misery.

*Ink from her trenches stained
and weathered my vessel,
a prequel to the present.*

When did it form?

*Rolling with punches from wind
and rain pooled together,
inseparable from the other.*

A futile message to peace.

*Empty bottles crash around me,
knocked back to the start
by a storm feed by agony.*

Pressure is constant.

*I reach to the heavens, air pressure.
Sink into the ocean, and pressure.
Though crushed, receiving pressure.*

Yet a diamond never formed.

*Ocean, do you wish to destroy?
Separate yourself from the heavens
and remain below and lowly?*

*Your storms have ruined me
constrained and quaking
tossed and drowned and drifting, please
release me.*

The ocean has betrayed me.

*Your storms have ruined me
constrained and quaking
tossed and drowned and drifting, please
release me.*

The ocean has betrayed me.

*Its storms have ceased
and the heavens are bright, yet
it will not grant one wish.*

The pressure below will crush me.

*I watch rays of sun disperse
and fall in with the dark.
My breath a gift, and peace in turn.*

Her depths are familiar.

*I reach out to her,
the ocean's maiden form,
and hold me close.*

I betrayed myself.

*I pull out plastic and sewage
from lands long forgotten
that clung to my skin.
The more removed, the more we cried.
How could I allow this?
Discarded thoughts from strangers
squatted in me, my vessel.
Misguided hate misguided me.*

I am the vessel.

*I'll dance in storms,
bend with their winds
and laugh below the ocean's waves.*

*Before the land's trauma sinks below
I will find its source
and nurture you, Ocean.*

*Until the world decides
we have explored enough this life
I will find the beauty we've hidden
and Ocean, we will thrive.*

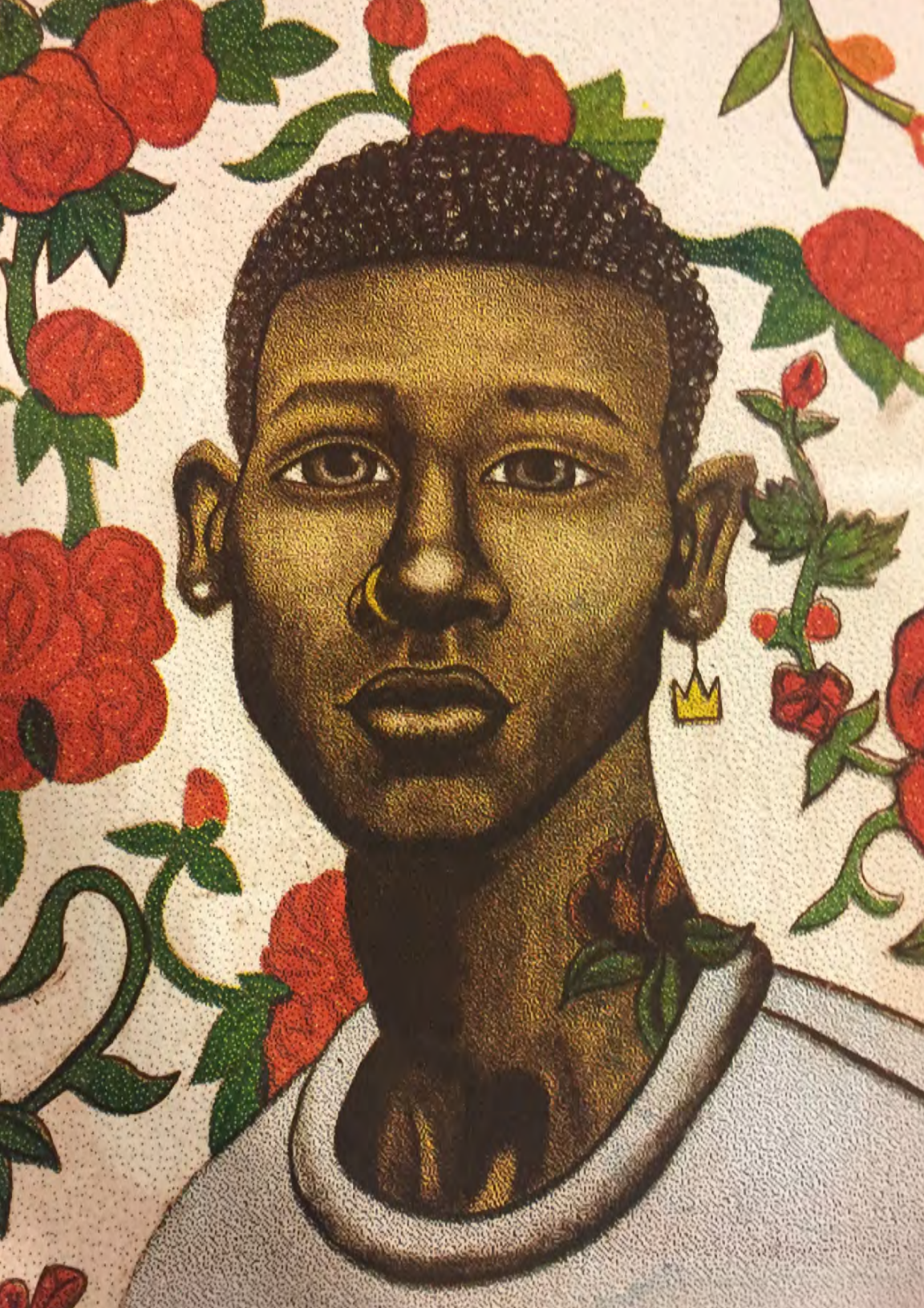




Where's The Party?

Quinn Pagona- Printmaking

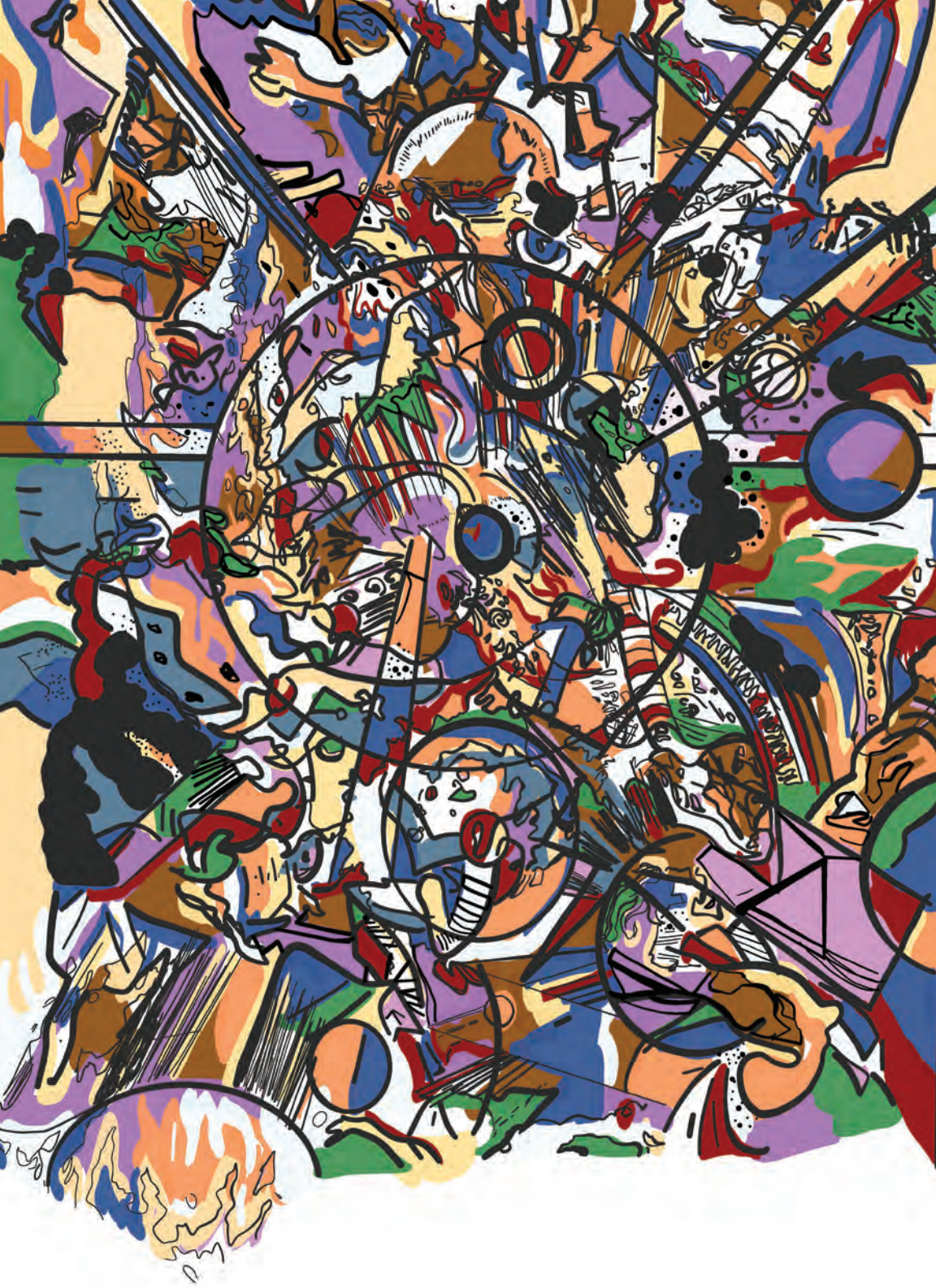
"I truly poured what I liked most about my art-making and printing style into this piece: the graphic quality, the colors, the atmosphere, the figure and emotion. It's not that this piece didn't throw its set of challenges, but that's where the fun came in. The process having its own personality is what makes me so passionate about printmaking."

















Hunter Davis

Presidents with Wings Made of Gasoline

Noah Lee

*God is elected president
America's ground shakes
with thunderous applause as the
White man ascends the throne
Places the crown of thorns upon his head
Calls himself a man of morals
Suddenly loses eyesight
And hearing when queer men begin
To die from a disease they never prayed for
Isn't this the most unholy of miracles?
Gives the straight people and babies
Dying of HIV and AIDS
A seat at the table
While giving the queer men
Dying of the same disease
A push into their caskets.
Were we not the dirtiest of sacrificial lambs?
Spill our blood on the ground
Watch the run off trickle into our neighborhoods
Watch the queer men die in silence while
God sits upon his throne basking in his retribution.*

*Another God is elected president
Proclaims himself a king for those who cannot speak
A vessel of anger and frustration lit ablaze
By a mob of constituents
Calls himself a conservative martyr
The crowd laughs at his rude jokes
Laughs as he crucifies people not of his own
Flesh and faith
Laughs as black and brown folk become the
Ingredients in the melting pot that we
Can't taste anymore
God speaks of walls and borders*

*Wants to rebuild the walls
Of Jericho out of chain link fences
And tear gas and murder
The great flood of racism and xenophobia
Drowns out all the color
Mixes with the muddy waters
Of homophobia and misogyny
Water becomes thicker than blood
Washes out all the laughter and pride with despair*

*Ronald Reagan and Donald Trump
Occupied the same thrown
And watched us all bleed
Casting their gaze upon us
The unholyest ghosts
We scream as we wait
For the second coming
Waiting for the next flood
The next HIV/AIDS outbreak
The next caravan to seek asylum
The next school shooting
The next protest
The next sign of resistance
Ronald Reagan and Donald Trump
Aare the Gods of straight white men
White and blue collars bathe in
The red rivers their Gods create with our blood
Call it patriotism
Call it nationalism
Call it fascism
Call us the martyrs who never asked to die
The saints who you pray to before going to your own gods
We stand above on pillars made of salt
We stand above with holes in our hands
We stand above you all and we are still the ones asking for help*

MAKE AMERICA GREAT AGAIN





Make America Great Again ***Ronson Shultz- Ceramics***

“In 2016, Donald Trump won the presidential election. Since then, hate crimes have risen for three straight years. Murders attributed to right wing terrorism has gone up 36%. Anti-Semitic incidents have grown 57% and in the last two years and more school children were killed within their school than US military on the battlefield. All these statistics are not normal and my work is intended to remind people of that. My work is to remind everyone to do something, to say something, and to be the opposition. This piece aims to remind the viewer to stand against fascism and authoritarianism in today’s current political climate.”









Gluttony

Jonah Wall- Mixed Media

“These shoes are part of a series meant to be a commentary on consumerism and the sins people will commit for name brands, particularly relating to footwear. Each pair is based off of one of the seven deadly sins and has its own character painted on the side to represent that sin. The Jordan brand has been the center of controversy for years over instances of theft and murder for coveted pairs or colorways. This series is a way for me to come to grips with my conflicting views and mixed emotions about high fashion and name brands.”









Mountain is Swallowed Whole by Survivor's Guilt

Noah Lee

*And this time
the waterfall never ran out
The river twisted around
the neck of the mountain
Coiling like a python suffocating its prey
The rain fell from the sky like Valkyries
Each drop another war cry for vengeance
Refilling the river, a bottomless stomach
With the hunger of a thousand lionesses
The river chokes the mountain until it submits
It lets out a groan and the earth shakes like
Thunder between storm clouds*

*Which is to say
That my survivor story is insurmountable
That the only way to drown out the victim
Is to strangle them until they no longer
Want to submit the police report
Which is to say
That the rain is my mother referring to
My rape as the "accident"
Instead of rape
Refills the bottomless river of victim blaming
With the insatiable hunger of 10,000 incels
The river chokes the mountain
The reclamation of this body
Which is to say
That I only refer to myself as rape survivor
When in the presence of other survivors
I have never been able to be a survivor alone*

*My father often tells me I cannot live without my mother
My mother is a survivor too
She probably didn't want me to end up just like her
Did she?*

*I do not call myself a survivor around my mother
Which is to say
I am the water cycle that causes the rain to fill the
Bottomless river
I put myself into the chokehold
Call myself survivor's guilt
Call myself survivor's second guessing
Maybe I did want him
Maybe I'm overthinking the entire situation
My mother, the rain,
Calls my rape "the accident"
And I start to believe her
That I caused this whole thing
Accidents don't happen without the lack of
Conscience or conscious thought*

*I allow the river to choke me until the water
Seeps into my soil like an elixir or guilt
The rain beats down on the earth like horse hooves
Against valleys deep within the mountain range
The hunger never stops biting into me
And I let it happen over and over again.*

Hiding

Noah Lee

*My rapist adds me on Snapchat
I read the notification on my phone
Amidst the German essay
That doesn't want to write itself
The username crawls off my tongue like
A zombie rising from its grave—
I remember his name as soon
As I see his bitmoji.
He looks round and warm,
I almost don't recognize him at first.
When I met him,
I didn't recognize him at all.
The pictures he sent on Grindr
were an apparition
But I had already been caught
Once I stepped into his apartment.
My rapist adds me on Snapchat
And I don't know how he found me.
I blocked him on Twitter,
Facebook and Instagram,
And I surely thought
that was enough to hide in plain sight.
I block him on Snapchat too,
And I think that I'll never have to hide again.*

*My rapist shows up to the
National Coming Out Day celebration on campus
And suddenly I wish that I had never came out at all.
I forgot that even if he can't see me on the internet,
He can still find me in real life—*

*There is no hiding from your rapist when
He attends the same college as you do.
I leave the table as he asks for a t shirt,
I try to block him out of my mind for a few seconds
But I can smell the familiar scent of his cologne*

*And I look at his shit eating grin
As I approach my best friend to tell him who he is.
I am trying to hide in plain sight,
I talk to a few volunteers just to clear my head
He walks away from the celebration with a few t shirts
Some pride bracelets
A pronoun pin,
And my soul.*

*My rapist walks into my life after I thought
I shut all the doors, locked them,
And threw away the key.
My rapist owns a part of me even after the sixth
Reclamation poem.
I've tried to call my trauma a phoenix,
Tried to whirlwind my life to safety
With wings made of fire,
But the only person I manage to burn is myself.
I think about my trauma at least once a day.
What he did to me has left me brittle and cold.
I feel like I am a ghost at my own séance.
Say a prayer for the boy who lost his wings of fire.
My trauma has beaten me for the seventh time.
Its time to write another poem and act like I have
My body in my possession.*













Michael Austin





Sheathed

Adam Atkinson- Wood Design

“Hunting trophies like these lined the walls of my childhood home. In my earliest formative years, I saw my reflection in the taut skin and rigid bones of various species native to the northwest wilderness. My current work investigates gender constructs that were codified through Westward Expansion in the 19th century, and disseminated into a contemporary body politic. Referencing western land surveys which collected animal hides and botanical specimens for institutional use, I recreate taxidermies and floral adornments from a queer perspective. I hope by making this work the viewer might question the material culture that influences our perception of nature and gender.”

State of Mind

Both poems by
Marcus Jennette

*Don't mind,
My state of mind,
Hard to explain,
Even harder to define,
I'm always found at the altar,
Asking the divine,
For forgiveness of transgressions,
And grudges that I can't ever leave behind,
But I never receive peace of mind,
Because God doesn't have the time,
I'm on the borderline,
Of just making it,
But steadily falling behind,
So I close my eyes and pretend as if I were
blind,
Killing hearts,
Ripping them up on the inside,
They say hurt people hurt people,
But I never thought I would become one of
those hurt people.*

Pastel Roses

*I miss me,
I miss caressing butterflies with broken wings,
I knew I couldn't save them but I would hold their
tattered bodies until their soul would leave,
I couldn't communicate with them,
But I understood they were hurting,
Like me,
Just alone laying in the grass trying to reach the
same heights again,
But they just fell and fell again,
And here I am,
Powdered scales blowing in the wind,
I'm alone and hurting,
Trying to reach the same heights again,
But I fall and fall again,
And I crawl and crawl until my knees have bruises,
I just wanted to make it,
I just wanted to be the old me again,
I just want to smile again for no reason,
Lay me down on pastel colored roses,
As I wither from within.*

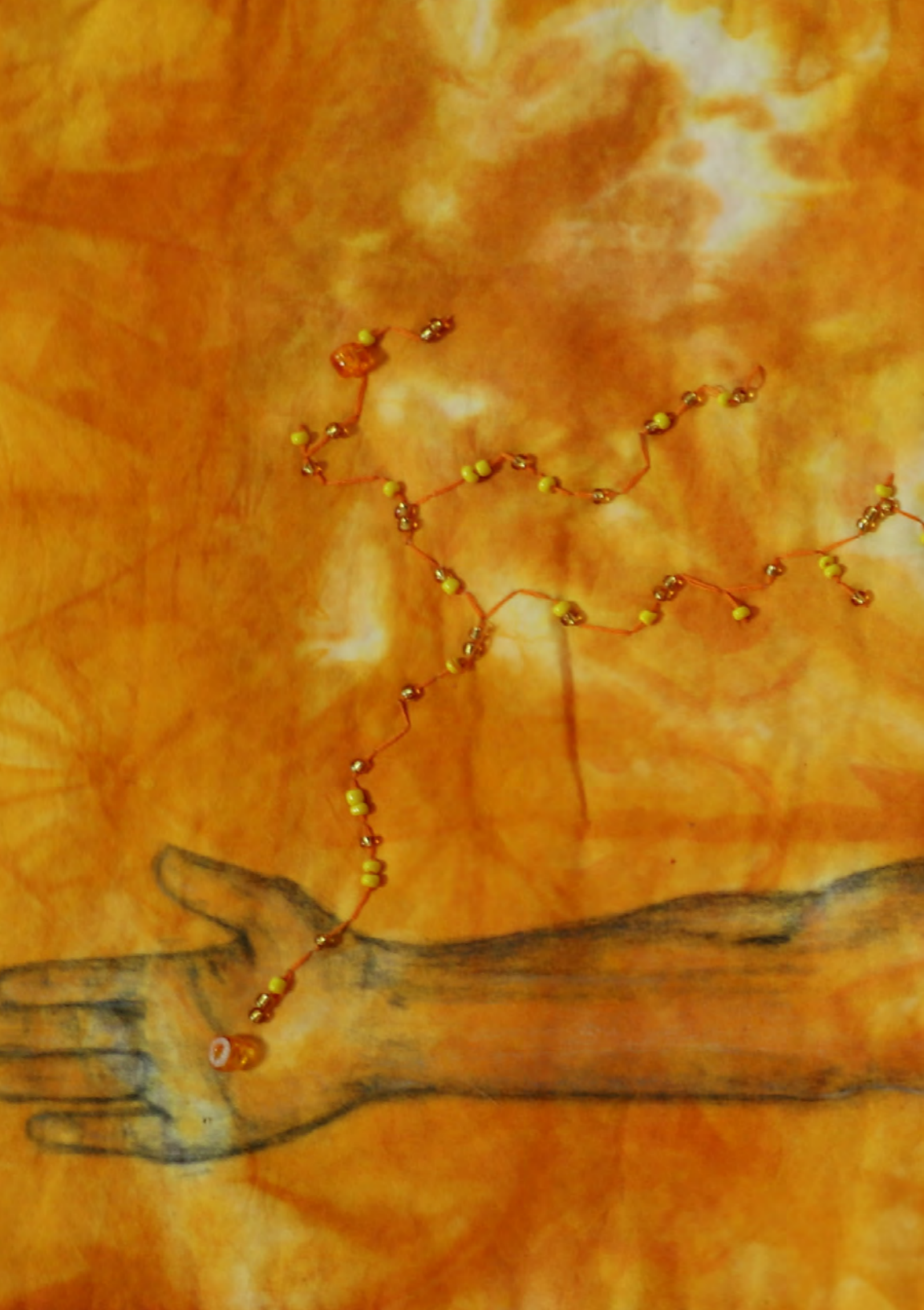


Soft Shield of Love **Christina Dixon- Textile Design**

“I have a sister who had my niece out of wedlock and is soon to be married! My parents love and adore them both, but when she told them, it was not one of their proudest moments. the question of where she will wed was a major topic of discussion for us. Should it rightfully be in a church? Or is another location appropriate given the circumstances? I asked friends and family to answer a few questions about faith and religion. I screen printed the words of the individuals most important to me on the surface of dyed fabric in opaque acrylic paint.”









Heavenly Father

Jahad Chris Carter

Today the Sun Shines

Today it feels that the sun has pierced.

It has made its way through

To me

To my heart

To the love of my soul

I can feel the warmth today

Although it's still a bit chilly

I can feel the warmth like a early spring morning

It's there

I'm here

Ready to accept the warmth

It keeps me going,

The Father keeps me sane

The Son keeps me honest

And the Holly Spirit keeps me humble.

Stop and Smell the Roses of Memory Lane

Autumn DeMartino

Cracking open the plastic lid of a storage bin. Tattered shoe boxes concealing a yearly treasure. Christmas arrives in a dry burst of cold dusty velvet and satin ribbons, the old-book smell of peeling sequins. An oily tinge of paint on ceramic. One stale peppermint candy cane. A faint hint of moisture combined with aged plastics to resemble almost the smell of rain. Soon the tree will be sparkling with these smells. More Christmas-y than cinnamon and spruce could ever be.

A pale green Germ-X bottle in a walk-in clinic. I squirt some in my hand: a sharp bite of alcohol, a slightly sweet artificial-aloe after-smell as if to make up for the harsh chemical. Then, the second-grade classroom right before lunch. My stomach clenches. Anxiety will fill it rather than

food. No friends to sit with. So much noise in the cafeteria. An aching lump in my throat. Tightness in my chest.

A glossy glob of cobalt in a paint tray. The wet, vaguely chemical scent sticks to the back of my nose and throat like the acrylic paint will stick to my fingernails. Next, the dry dust of paper. Then... a tang of cork bulletin board? Ah, yes. Now I am back in the high school art room. Just me and a few friends after school hours. Together we paint a mural to leave our mark on those dank halls where cockroaches scurry like lost freshmen.

A translucent-orange bottle of antibacterial hand soap at the back of my cabinet left over from my first tattoo.

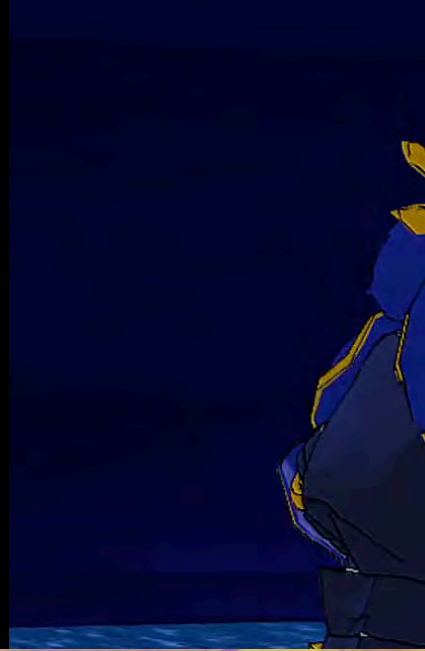
“Wash it with antibac hand soap three times a day for the first week,” my artist advised.

A whiff of that light, clean scent...washing my tattoo with more care than a mother bathing her baby. Washing it in a sink in the art room before lunch. My amused teacher and gawking classmates. Antibac Hand Soap, my perfume of choice for a week.

I squeeze a dollop of whipped body lotion into my hand. A cloud of fluffy lotion then a cloud of sweet, fresh pear then New York City in spring. One breath: I'm standing in the lotion's store in Time Square. Cold, cloudy day but so many sweet florals and fruits in the tiny warm shop. Bright studio lights. Brightness in my heart and mind. Another breath: I'm walking through Central

Park. A sunny day, and each movement of my muscles sends up a cloud of whipped pear. A third breath: I'm recounting my trip to my best friend. Warm days are ahead along with one last beautiful summer.

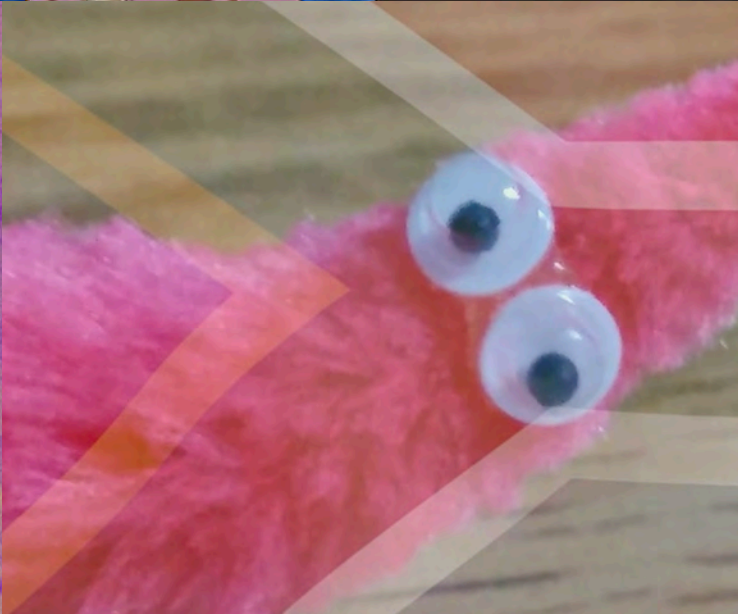
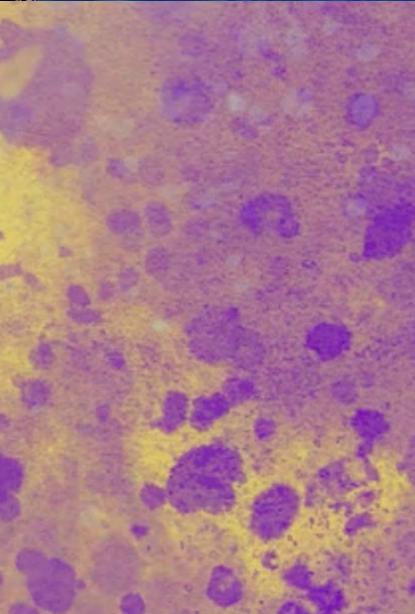
Purple all-purpose cleaner/room freshener. A sweet airy scent for pampered out-of-state guests to enjoy. A compliment to the ocean views, maybe? Don't know, don't care because that falsely sweet chemical embeds itself in my nose for 16 hours every weekend. Falsely sweet...like the "Southern hospitality" smile I get paid to wear. Summer used to be coconut sunscreen, Bath and Body Works, and New York City pear. No more. Now it's all pungent purple that triggers burning, sneezing, coughing. What I wouldn't give to never see another beach mansion's toilet...



Animation

To view all animated films please vist:

<http://www.theeastcarolinian.com/rebell/video/animation/>



Top Left
“The Bigger The Figure”
Emily Bakke

Bottom Left
“Dr Marten’s Air Wair”
Arielle Yang

Top Right
“Kaiju Throwdown”
Kevin Chilton with Emily Bakke,
Rojo Stroher, and Arielle Yang

Bottom Right
“A Normal Day in the Dorm”
Diana Mungaray



Film

To view all films please vist:

<http://www.theeastcarolinian.com/rebell/video/filmmaking>



Top
"Carolina"
JXY TRUE

Bottom
"The Legacy Sessions"
Thomas Weybrecht



Music

PRODIGY
CO.

Jay Coachman



Carolina's Finest
Jay Coachman a.k.a JXY TRUE



Through My EYEZ
Triston Kight a.k.a T. Kight

Streaming available on Spotify,
Apple Music, and our official website:
<http://www.theeastcarolinian.com/rebell/video/music/>

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Submission Guidelines

Rebel is currently accepting submissions for our next issue. Contributions can be any illustrations, poems, short stories, photographs, non-fiction, music, film or other forms of visual arts. All submissions should include your full name, major and classification. Please send all work to rebel@ecu.edu. Those pieces selected may appear in our next edition.

