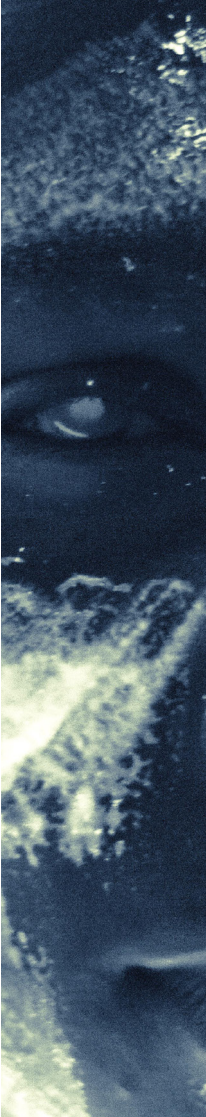


Spring 2021

REBEL

Art & Literary Magazine



Notes on

ESCAPISM

Escapism is the incredible ability to retract from the physical world and indulge in things only the human mind can create. It is escaping from a world we feel unfit for and finding peace in a world where we can be whatever we want. Whether that be through books or writing or music, the ability of our minds is so powerful that we can decide to be wherever we feel whole. When reality becomes overwhelming or overstimulating escapism is a therapeutic sense of blocking it out. Even for just a moment.

- Allison Todd, Magazine Staff

As a child, life could be overwhelming. Girls would snicker as I walked into the room, acting as if I couldn't hear them. I didn't look like them, so they didn't want to be near me.

But when you're young, you just want a friend. Someone to play with or explore the new frontier of your imaginations.

I didn't have that - I only had my books.

I would escape to the worlds of Narnia and Hogwarts; sometimes, I didn't even want to stop reading because I didn't want to go back to reality. I didn't want to go back to the world where I was all alone - a world where I didn't have a partner in crime.

Escapism gave me a chance to have a little magic in my life during a time where everything was gray. Even just for a moment, I was able to feel something. Something real and genuine.

Without escapism, I would never have become who I am today. Allowing myself to escape to other worlds gave me the chance to fight for what I wanted, and deserved, in my real world.

- Reagan Blackburn, Magazine Staff

Letter From the Editor

This edition of REBEL serves as the first magazine put out by Pirate Media 1 in 2021, following the catastrophe that was 2020. In the spirit of the new year, I would like to invite you all to view the work within this publication as a summary of the beauty that can come out of the worst circumstances, as well as a jumping off point for a better future.

I spent most of last year feeling like I was not contributing anything to the world; there's only so much you can do locked inside. But like many people, I found myself turning to art when there was nowhere to go. I watched every show I've ever had my eyes on, spent days mesmerized by video games, purchased stacks of comics - but most importantly - I created. I drew and carved and molded and designed. I walked out of 2020 with a new portfolio, despite feeling sure that I had wasted all of my time. Even in a year that felt like a blur, I can remember every moment I spent with an art piece. That's

because in those moments, I was somewhere else building a world of my own creation. Art was and has always been my greatest escape. I believe many of our contributors would feel the same way.

I hope that as you go through this publication, viewing the exceptional work of ECU students and alumni, you can deeply immerse yourself into the narratives put forth. Take a breath. Then come back refreshed and ready to face what lies ahead.

Sincerely,



Editor-in-Chief, Rose Bogue.

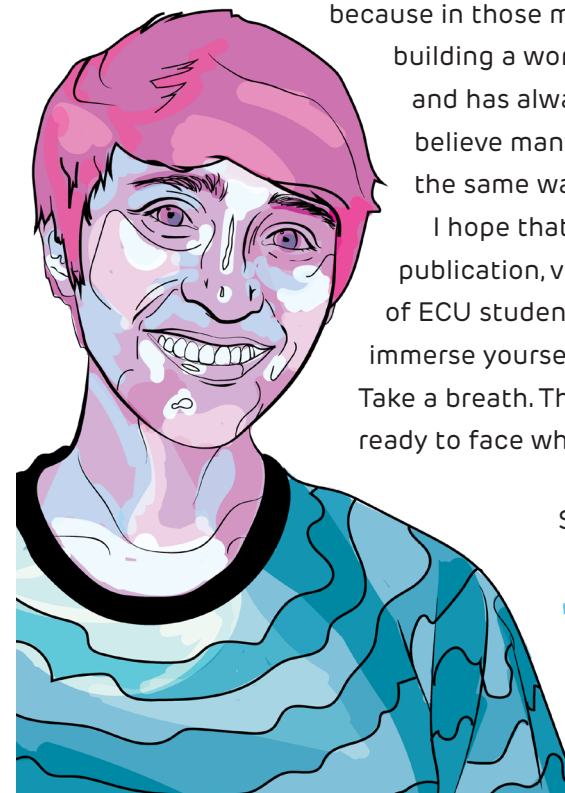


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You Are Not *alone*

You are not alone

You may see happy people around you
But for sure you will see sad people too
Life is where you face a lot of struggles
But with each struggle,
You will learn how to juggle
Stay strong through your pain
Stay strong, I am saying it again
Anyone can easily run away
But they may lose the right way
Facing the problem is what makes you strong
And that's where you really belong
When you feel that your life is behind
You will find good people by your side

You are not alone

Amira Ali

Sweet Angel



Maelamin Mae Illustration

Falling abysmally
As my eyes begin to flutter
Even in my illusions
Your presence
Causes my soul's voice to stutter

It is real
Or just a state of
Fluctuating still
When your aura departs
I count the ticks until...

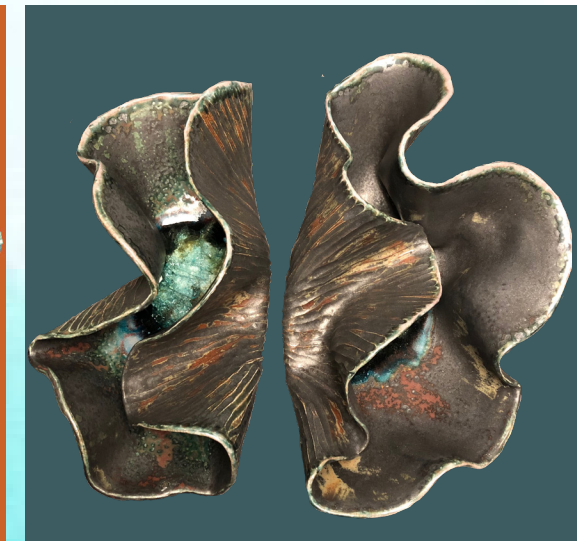
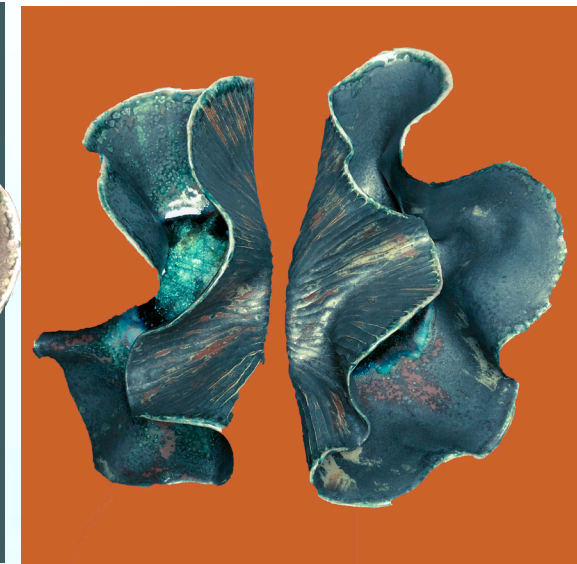
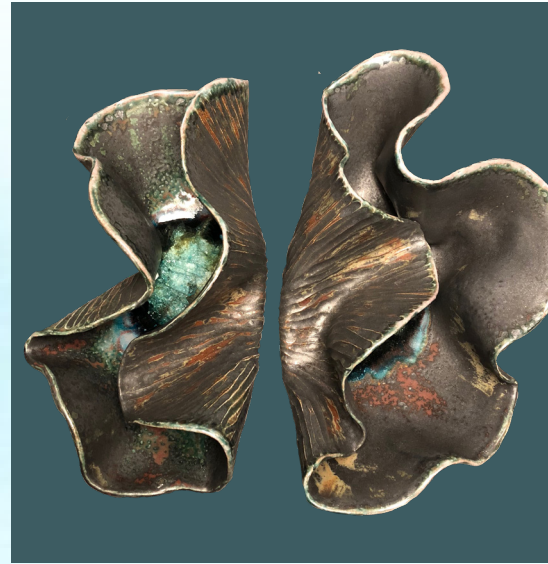
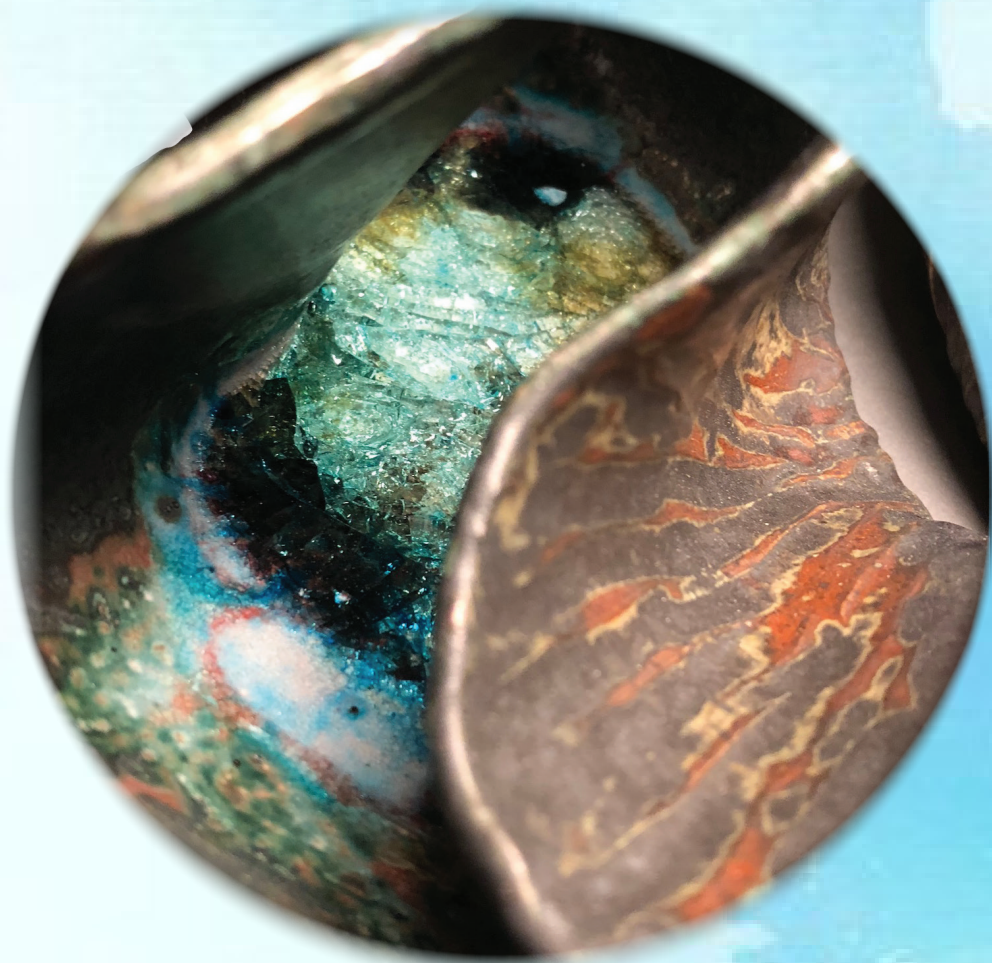
I see you again
In another life, another phase
Time is unkind
As I wait
For you to stay

Ageless love is immortal
At times, it doesn't remain
90 minutes until I discover you
Awaiting restlessly in
My REM Stage

REM

Kaleah Braswell

STEEL TRIDACNA



Julienne Beblo **Ceramic**

Ceramics is the ultimate combination of science and creativity. I relish juxtaposing the precision and interactions found in science with the organic forms and uncertainty associated with ceramics. The natural world, particularly within the ocean, is multidimensional and dynamic. Ceramics lends itself to the replication and portrayal of marine environments, organisms and interactions.



HAVE THEY TAKEN OVER YOU TOO

Aliyah Bonnette Painting



COFFEE

Gracie Medcalfe

Drawing

The White Gate

Jonathan Vick

In the middle of the clearing, where the wood meets the dying grass, there is a gate. A white, picket fence gate that prides its stature amongst the trees. I do not know what lies in the wood that rests behind it, but I have never worked up the courage to peek, as if whatever lay behind it was not meant for my prying eyes. Each day I would wake up and feel the gate calling to me, as if within me it imprinted a curiosity whose thirst was so strong that it could only be satisfied by walking a few steps closer each day, attempting to decipher what I couldn't see behind it. One day, however, curiosity seemed too enticing to withhold.

That morning started the way it always had, with me waking up, imagining the gate at the edge of the clearing, ignoring it to get dressed and light the logs for the fireplace, and relaxing before opening the door to the bitter cold. Once the door had opened and the clearing presented itself to me, vacant and frozen in the same skin it had always been in, I directed my gaze to the start of the wood, where the prideful and gleaming gate was calling to me again, reminding me, as always, of the curiosity that haunted my every moment. The gate seemed closer than ever, yet I was not close enough to open it. But maybe if I was just a little closer to it, I thought.

I walked slowly through the clearing, keeping my eyes focused on the gate as I pressed forward. I wondered what was beyond it, what it would lead me to. Maybe nothing lay beyond the imposing object. Maybe all there will ever be is a house, a clearing, and a line of wood.

Fifty steps later and I had reached the berating gate. I had been in front of it only once before; the first time I ever rested innocent eyes upon it, which was also the first memory I could actively recall, but even then I couldn't force my way through it, as if my instincts scolded the gate, which in turn seemed to mock me for my cowardice. To this day, it still stood pearly white, without a hint of wear from the environment that surrounded it. It remained pure and untouched by human hands, the weather, and whatever lay beyond it. My curiosity reached for the forbidden fruit... and pulled it from its latch.

The gate opened to unveil a pathway of the same size and shape as the object that guarded it, which carved itself into the wood and presented itself as one long corridor made entirely out of devilishly tangling branches and beautifully rooted trunks. The pathway seemed both sinister and entrancing all at once and I had gone too far to turn around.

"One...two...three...," a voice said, counting instead of stating. Seemingly coming from a light at the end of the path.

"Four...five...six...," I walked closer to the voice.

"Seven...eight...," I was close enough to see shapes coming from a white light that looked like it was literally mounted to the wood.

"Nine...ten...ready or not, here I come!"

The light in front of me contorted and a moving picture presented itself to me. Kids, two of them, were hiding behind trees, waiting for their father, who had just removed his hands from his eyes to come find them. I was entranced and confused by the images before me, wondering how and what I could be seeing. There was the wood and a house like I have, but the patch of grass was not big, and there was life to it. It was green and sharp- filled with life, it was beautiful.

"I found you!" the father yelled as he peeped his head around the tree and found his child, a girl, giggling and failing to keep still. It seemed to me that she was not very good at the game, but her dad was not mad. He was laughing.

"Want me to tell you where Veronica is?" the little girl asked. Her dad smiled at her and shook his head no.

"We have to be quiet, so she won't hear us, that way I can surprise her. Now go run up to the porch and wait, that way she doesn't think you spoiled her hiding spot!" The dad immediately crouched down and started walking to the other side of the grass, where his other child remained hidden behind a tree, nervously giggling like her sister. He could tell where she was and slowly walked behind the tree and scared her as well.

"Daddy, I swear if Beth told you where I was!"

"No, no. She didn't. I could just hear you giggling a mile away. We're going to need to work on your hiding skills!"

"Why my hiding skills? I heard you tell Beth to go to the porch. She was the first one you found. I think she needs to work on her hiding skills too!"

"Well baby, if she does that, she'll start winning hide and seek! Don't you want to keep winning?" The father grinned at his daughter and waited to see if she would say anything before he continued. "How about this, I know some great hiding spots beyond the gate. Do you want me to show you a few?"

Veronica thought about it for a moment and smiled at her dad.

"Okay, well let's get to it! Looks like your sister has already gone inside, how about we go ahead and go look at those hiding spots before she comes back out and finds them too?"

"Let's do it!" she replied. Veronica took her dad's hand as he led her to the edge of the grass and through the white gate. I watched as they walked out of my sight and vanished from the moving picture. I wanted them to come back, for me to continue watching them. I had never seen anyone else; it had only ever been me, the clearing, the wood, and the house.

Later that night I continued to think about what I saw beyond the gate and wondered if the picture would be there the next day. Or if I would see something

new. I went to bed wondering if there were many gates, many moving pictures, other people even. Maybe someone, somewhere, is looking at me through the moving pictures?

The next day I woke up, got dressed, made a fire, and took off into the clearing, heading for the gate. I was not scared anymore, and the devilish branches that made up the ceiling of the path did not seem as frightening as before. My pulse quickened when I heard voices coming from the end of the path, so I hurried towards them and felt elated and relieved when the light presented itself before me and turned into a moving picture.

It was the same as before, but the scenery was different. The father and one of his daughters, who I recognized as Beth, were sitting by a fireplace in their house. They were playing with objects on the ground that looked like miniature people. The dad was undressing one of the miniatures and putting on new items of clothing for them as the daughter placed several of her miniatures inside a pink toy that dragged against the carpet and moved with the push of her hand.

A woman walked into the picture carrying Veronica on her hip before she sat her down on the floor beside her sister. I assumed it was Veronica and Beth's mom.

Scan to continue reading



Sugary Sea

Lauren DelBrocco

Metal Design



360



Julienne Beblo
Ceramic



Presence

Kimberly Cusack
Mixed Medium

Often, we find ourselves disassociating from the real world. When we spend time with friends and family it is easy to become wrapped up in our own thoughts instead of living in the moment. While having times of escapism and introspection is healthy, becoming trapped in our minds creates a disconnect between us and the people we love. Presence is a visual representation of this separation. A single face floats alone in the sky illuminated by radiating golden beams resembling the sun. Although the face is the centerpiece of the painting, it is distraught by its isolation. As the face becomes more self-absorbed in its emotions the further it rises into the sky eventually detaching from genuine connection completely.

OBSERVATION CLOCK



Ronan Carver
Painting

WHAT WE DO TO PLEASE OTHERS



Amber Baggette
Printmaking

DECADENT to the Evil Eyes



Lyric Lee
Photography

Veins



Ashton Burgess
Sculpture



An Angel's Judgement

ILLUSTRATION
TIANA ROBINSON



I M A R I
 X DAYDRAEM X X X
 X S M I T H X
 X SIMULATION X X X
 P A I N T I N G

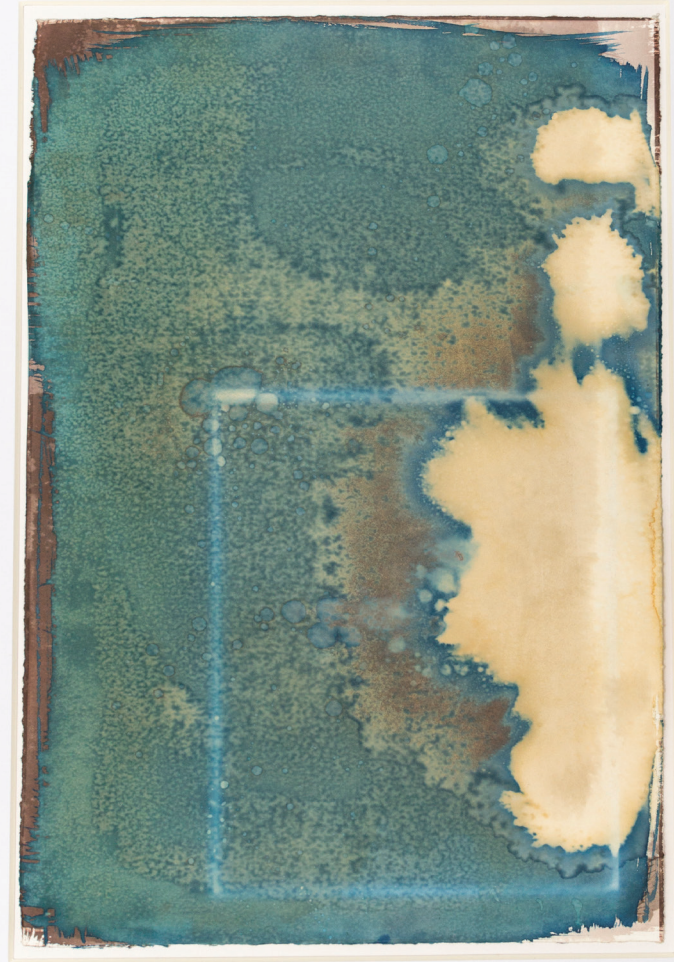
REJUVENATE

L A B A K E R



ILLUSTRATION

VIEW THIS WAY



MORGAN ZICHETTELLA
PHOTOGRAPHY

VIEW THIS WAY

Through the window



ST. IVORY

Kimberly Cusack



G A
R D
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T R E N T O N

GARDEN OF EDEN

J O N E S

P A I N T I N G

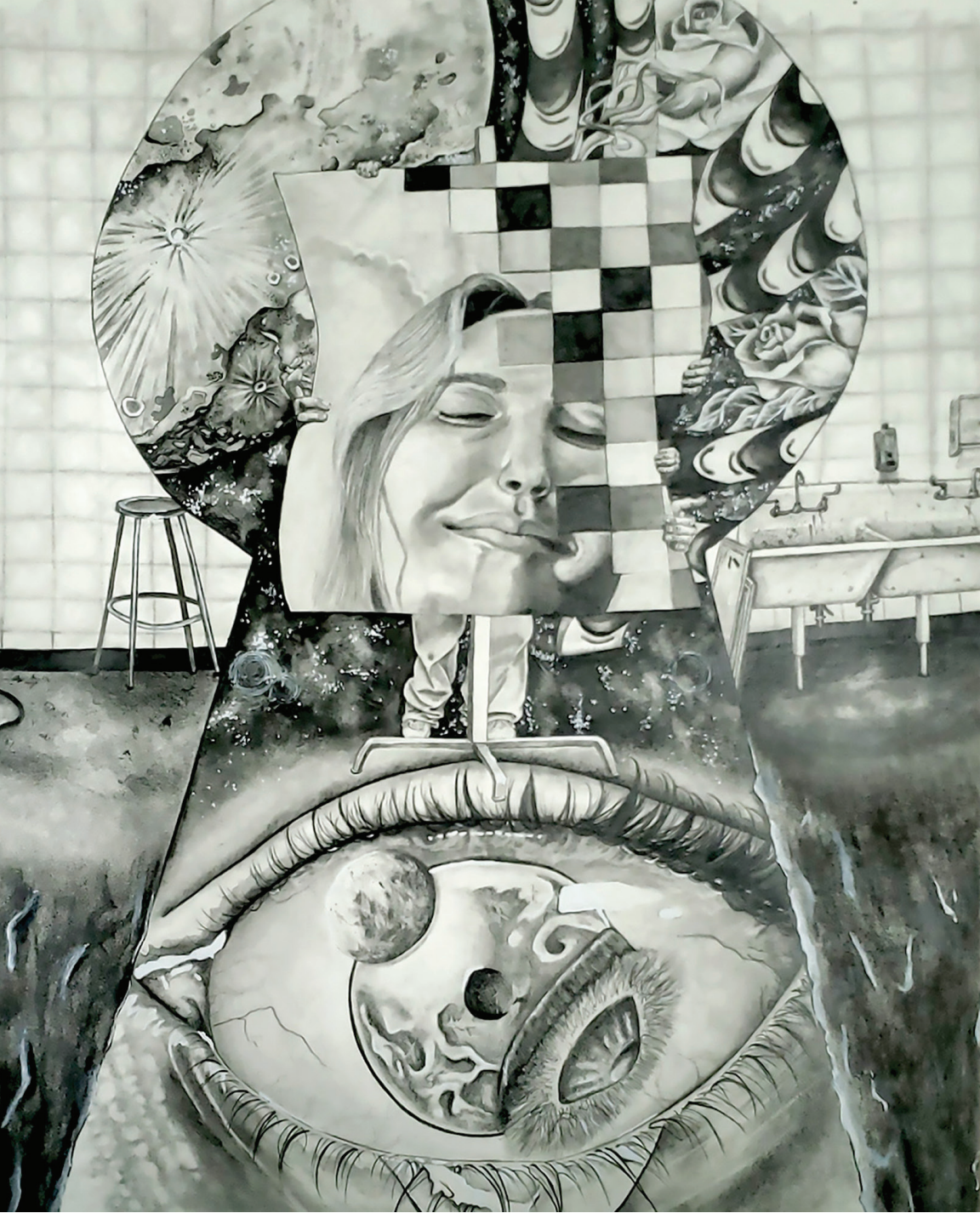


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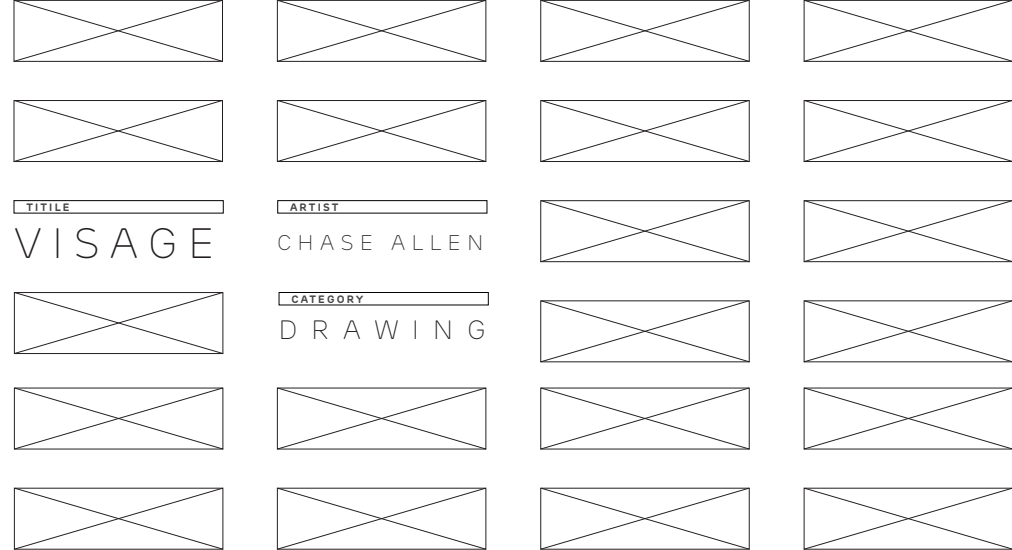
W / Z
A R D

KATIE
L E E



Fried Sunny Side Up

D R A W I N G





“WHEN I’M IN MY STUDIO, MY MIND WORKS IN A WHIRLWIND. MY PROCESS INVOLVES CUTTING AND PASTING PAPER, ORDERING AND DISORDERING;”

it is a process of control and letting go of it. I often begin with a singular found image from the internet or printed material, a piece of music or a clip from a film.

However, my experimental approach allows for the work to develop in multiple different conceptual directions.

I’ve come to realize the value in surprising even myself with the work that I make. If I can envision a work at the beginning, it might not be worth making.

Through my work, I express social issues regarding feminism. By using different mediums, I copy, paste and rewrite history on my own terms. My style of work tends to convey playful and satirical messages on the subject of current feminist issues. I want to raise awareness about the censorship of women throughout history, and by doing this, I’m able to gain a reaction from viewers and make them consider why some images might nowadays still create shock value.

UNTITLED

OLIVIA GRAVENESE

MIXED MEDIA

As a mixed-media artist, I am influenced by a broad and diverse range of sources; from history to pop culture, social media, music and film. My art consists of painting, drawing and collage work that I incorporate into provocative images addressing the female psyche. I subvert taboos on sexuality, the nymph-like qualities of women and turn them into statements on modern feminism.



Adam Berman



36 Chelsea Pritchard - Illustration - **Magical Garden**



Photo-lithographic Print - **Aster Farms** 37



38 Adam Berman - Photo-lithographic Print - Mint Farm



Adam Berman - Photo-lithographic Print - Pea Farm 39

WALKING THE COLD BEACHES OF MARCH
WADING IN KNEEISH DEPTH
WINTER WAVES LAPPING
HEADLONG
ONCE
BLOOD SPRINTING THROUGH THE TRAILS OF MIND
TWICE
SLUGGISHLY NUMB SINEW CONSTRICTING BREATH
FLOATING
FEELING
EVERYTHING THAT WANTED TO BE
SENSING

JEREMIAH TECCA
POEM

Last Year

EVERYTHING THAT WANTED TO FEEL
ALL OF LIFE
DRIFTING FURTHER FROM OBLIVION
DRAUGHTING DEEPLY THE SALT OF YOUTH
SALINITY IN LIFE
SWEAT OF THE EARTH
BLOOD OF THE ANCIENTS
LUNGS

UNWILLING TO COOPERATE
AFTER SEVENTY-FIVE MILES OF HILLS

NEW YEAR'S DAY
AN EKG
TWO WHEELCHAIR RIDES
AN IV
SOME MEDICINE TO COUNTERACT ANOTHER MEDICINE

THE SALINE WASN'T AS SALTY
AS THE ARMS OF THE SEA
BUT LIFE JUST AS WELL

THE SANDS OF THE FUTURE EXIST WITHIN THE BLUFFS OF THE PAST
WHERE THE WAVES BREAK AND RECEDE INTO ETERNAL OSCILLATION
LEAVING FRESH FOAM TO REFLECT THE FULLNESS OF THE MOONLIGHT
THE PERPETUAL EXCHANGE OF TIME
WHERE THE NEW YEAR IS BORN
OMNI AETERNITATE FLUENS



PHOTO BY GIANMARCO CONCEPCIÓN ON UNSPLASH

Blues For 2020

DAVID CICERONE
DRAWING



Is This My Body?

I feel as though this is not my body
I look in the mirror and see a body
I poke my stomach and feel my skin
I pull my lips and show my teeth
I lick my teeth and feel the bone underneath

I feel as though this is not my body
I look in the mirror and stare at my eyes
I stare 100 yards to see a glimpse of life
I never see it, there must be no life

I only have a system that keeps me alive
A heart, lungs, and anything else that resides
I take care of this body until it dies
Since the body has no life





M E M O R I A

The morning rain and summer afternoons,
The endless fields and white night moon,
Chilling nights and cool days,
As time passes I can feel the waning haze,

The truth bares its teeth and growls its
discontent,
Her hairs stand on end as it projects lament,
The jagged marks bare her old memory,
Her red eyes remind me of the old world
so temporary,

Our nostalgia of listening to music and playing
games,
Peoples' old listless thoughts of summers rains,
Close your eyes and see if you recall,
The memories of last summer before it
turned to fall.

Bird of Prey

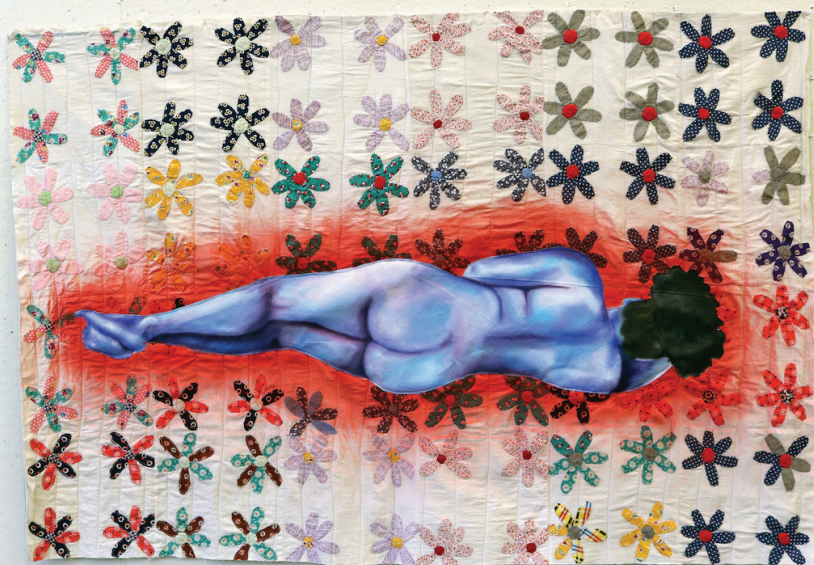


Apollo Decapitating the Cyclops



Aliyah Bonnette

aliyahbonnette.com



I paint people who look like me, Brown and Black people, because we have been erased and silenced in the art world. As a Black woman working and creating in predominantly white institutions, I inescapably contribute to more diversity into said institutions. My art is my activism. Using art as a platform to speak on Black culture, history and the way society treats African Americans as a whole, is a way for me to process my generational trauma and to educate others.

Being a Black woman in America is a complex experience that I am beginning to explore within my work. The intersectionality of my personal experiences (being Black, femininity and sexuality) are inextricable from my work and is always a part of the conversation. The stereotypes and history of Black women in America is of particular interest. The figures within my work are real women living in comfortable environments that allow them to be themselves and reveal their true nature.

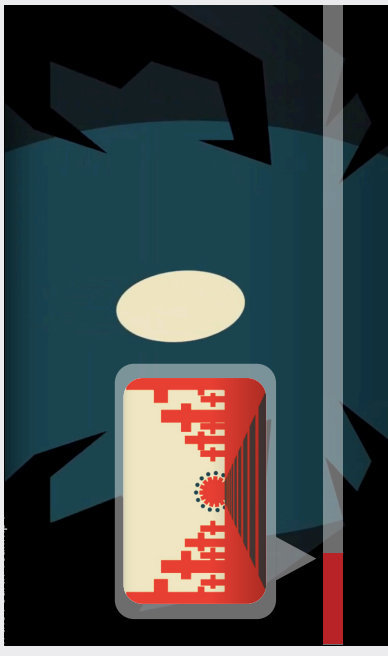
▶ REBEL Theater

Moon River Visual Ishara Alexis



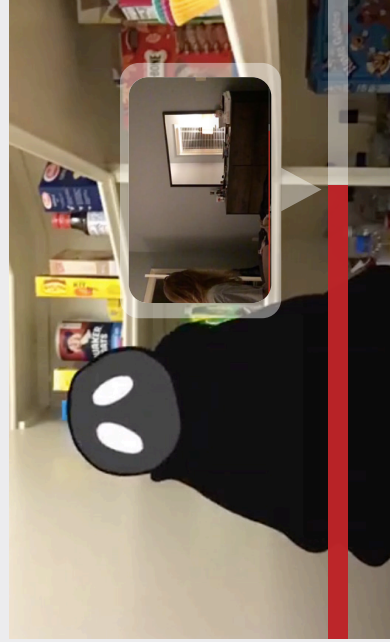
Short Film. A young pianist is haunted by a painful song.

In the Fourth Year Edwin Averette III



Graphic Design.

This House Has Things Hannah Avey



Short Film/Animation. A young woman lives with an overactive imagination.

Vampires Don't Sparkle Steven Taylor



Webseries. Vampires, hunters, and doctors scramble to get the upper hand.



Scan Here

To Watch

Notes on

ESCAPISM p2

This is Amurica

January 6th, 2021 Washington DC was swarmed by privileged escapist as they marched on the Capital, inflamed by the (former) President of the United States and a barrage of lies about election fraud. Individuals proudly carrying racist and hateful symbols appropriated a form of protest often utilized by marginalized, at-risk and oppressed minorities. Like most forms of appropriation, this mob picked and chose information and tactics most beneficial for them to implore out of context. They chanted "Stop the Steal", while waving confederate flags and clapping on the one and three. Yet, instead of a peaceful protest protected by the First Amendment, they felt entitled to break barriers and ransack the very symbol of democracy in America—the United States Capitol—destroying property, threatening leaders and taking lives in the process. (All while taking selfies and boasting about their exploits on social media.)

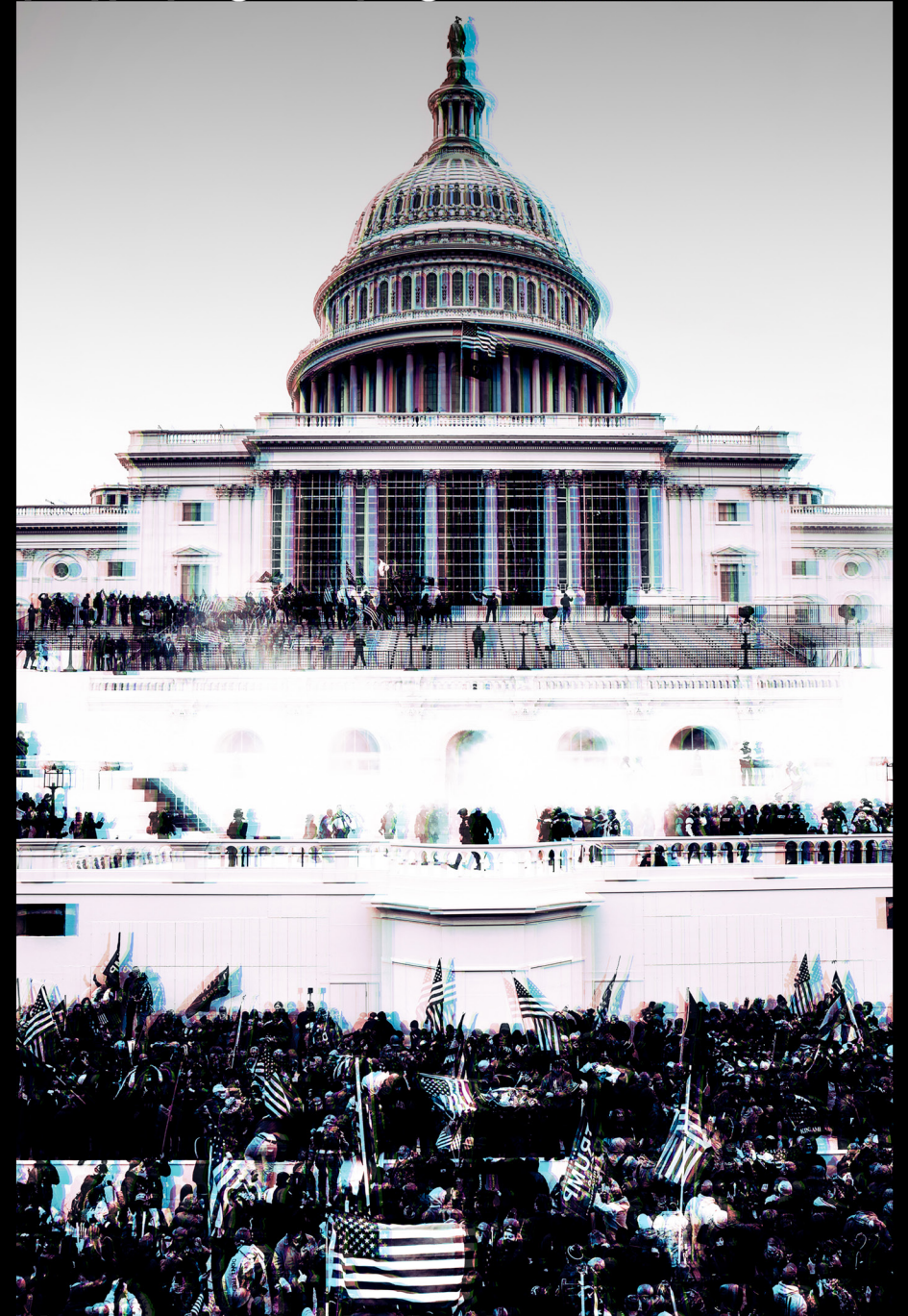
es·cap·ism

~~noun~~ verb

1. the tendency to seek distraction and relief from unpleasant realities, especially by seeking entertainment or engaging in fantasy.

- Imani McCray, Production Staff

THIS IS WASHINGTON D.C.



AMURICA 01.06.2021

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Opinions expressed herein are those of the student contributors and DO NOT reflect those of the faculty, staff, administration of ECU, Student Media Board nor the University of North Carolina System.

Thank You

To our contributors:

Thank you for choosing Rebel to display your work and allowing us all to appreciate the talent you hold. You are the backbone of this publication. During a time of monotony and darkness, your words and your art bring life and beauty into the lives of so many. We urge you to continue to share your work with us and to continue to use your voice for the good of others.

To Terrence Dove:

Thank you for your guidance and wisdom during the production of this magazine. You inspire us to always create meaningful and impactful publications and for that we are immensely thankful.

To Annah Howell:

Thank you for sharing your wisdom in design and urging us to always think outside of the box. Your passion to create is contagious and your words are inspiring.

To Cherie Speller:

Thank you for the gracious direction that you always portray towards Pirate Media 1 staff members. We are extremely grateful for your skill in newswriting and that we get to learn those skills from you.

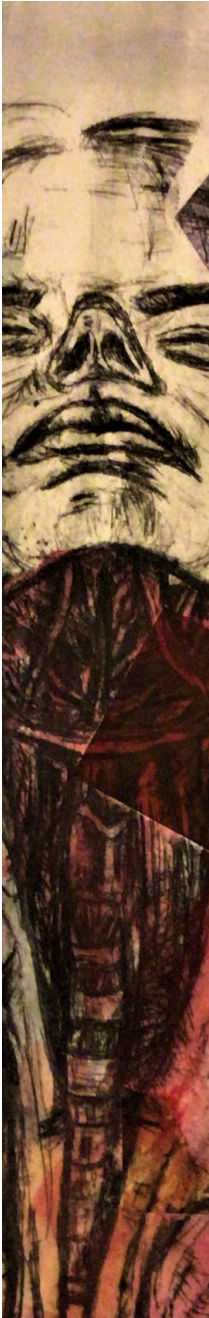
To Staff & Pirate Media 1:

Thank you for giving us a platform to express our passion for all forms of media. As staff members we are extremely thankful for this community and the shared love we all have to create. It is because of Pirate Media 1 that we have that opportunity. Thank you to our writers, designers, managers and editors for your diligent work and great enthusiasm to create powerful publications.

To Our Readers:

Thank you for taking the time to read our publication whether online or by grabbing an issue at one of our stands around campus. We could not do what we love without the support of our readers. To continue supporting us, follow us on our social media accounts and our website. We would love to hear your thoughts! Be on the lookout for our next issue of REBEL and if you were inspired by this publication please consider contributing your work. Your voice matters and we want to hear it.

REBEL



2021



SCAN FOR
ONLINE
CONTENT

