

Rebel

ART & LITERATURE MAGAZINE

“ R E V I V A L ”



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Revival

\ ri- 'vī-vəl \

noun

1. a new presentation or publication of something old
2. renewed attention to or interest in something
3. restoration of force, validity, or effect (as to a contract)

Synonyms: rebirth, renewal, resurrection, revitalization, reanimation, rejuvenation

Rebel

2022 SPRING



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Readers,

As we enter a new phase of a life affected by tragedy and chaos, we continue to change and evolve depending on the circumstances. While some have become entirely new versions of themselves, others have stayed the same but developed old aspects of themselves.

The word revival can mean different things to different people. It means reviving something to some, but it represents a time to be bold and try new things for others. For me, it means welcoming in a new era of creation and discovery. While new styles are great, so is discovering new ways to spice up old techniques!

All of the submissions for this year's edition of Rebel magazine represent not only what revival means to the artists but what they hope revival may mean to others once they read our publication.

I hope that as you go through this magazine, you will find glimpses of a new world: a world where all art from all people is ushered in and accepted, with open minds and no judgment.

What does revival mean to you? Continue reading, and maybe, just maybe, you'll find out.

Best,
Reagan Blackburn

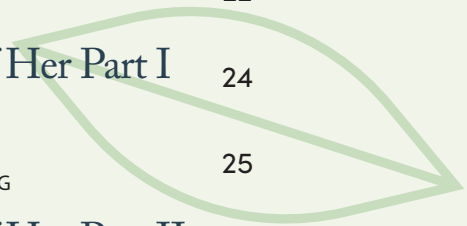
Reagan Blackburn

Letter From The Editor

REAGAN BLACKBURN
REBEL EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



Bladderwort ADAM BERMAN PRINTMAKING	6
Solomon Seal ADAM BERMAN PRINTMAKING	7
Is This a Home? AMBER BAGGETTE PRINTMAKING	8
You Got Better AMBER BAGGETTE PRINTMAKING	9
Forming Connections KIERSTEN JOYNER PRINTMAKING	10
Broken Home OLIVIA MAGISTRO PRINTMAKING	12
Irony of a Woman OLIVIA MAGISTRO PRINTMAKING	13
Untitled ALIA WANG POETRY	15
Shattered MANGO FAUSTINO PRINTMAKING	16
Tough Love BRITTANY YARBROUGH PRINTMAKING	17
Sever KIMBERLY CUSACK PAINTING	18
Dissect KIMBERLY CUSACK PAINTING	19
Fleabane Daisy ADAM BERMAN PRINTMAKING	20
Rattlesnake Master ADAM BERMAN PRINTMAKING	21
Contemplation Signified EMILY HALL PAINTING	22
Obsession: The Story of Her Part I ISHARA MATHEWS POETRY	24
Touch Starved DRAYANA JOHNSON PAINTING	25
Obsession: The Story of Her Part II ISHARA MATHEWS POETRY	26



Do Not Mourn

DRAYANA JOHNSON | PAINTING

27

Obsession: The Story of Her Part III

ISHARA MATHEWS | POETRY

28

Spring Rebirth

DRAYANA JOHNSON | PAINTING

29

Parts Per Billion

LAUREN C. LOVE | PAINTING

30

Stand Up Straight

NICHOLAS HESSON | METAL DESIGN

32

Temporary Fixation

NICHOLAS HESSON | METAL DESIGN

34

Still Beating

NICHOLAS HESSON | METAL DESIGN

36

Untitled Specimen 2,3,4

ANTHONY NAIMO | ILLUSTRATION

38

Seafarer

LORAIN SCALAMONI | MIXED-MEDIUM

40

On Campus

LORAIN SCALAMONI | PAINTING

41

Gilmore's Works

SYDNEY GILMORE | ILLUSTRATION

42

Mee's Works

MARISA MEE | METAL DESIGN

44

DelBrocco's Works

LAUREN DELBROCCO | METAL DESIGN

45

Thawing Heart

DEAN LONG | DIGITAL DRAWING

46

Victrola

KIMBERLY CUSACK | SCULPTURE

48

Temporary

DYMON BLANGO | POETRY

50

Gilded Spring

KIMBERLY CUSACK | PAINTING

51

Table Of Contents

REBEL 2022 | SPRING

Bladderwort

ADAM BERMAN PRINTMAKING





Solomon Seal

ADAM BERMAN

PRINTMAKING

Is This a Home?

AMBER BAGGETTE PRINTMAKING





You Got Better

AMBER BAGGETTE PRINTMAKING






Forming Connections

KIERSTEN JOYNER
PRINTMAKING

A piece about human beings' inherent need to form connections, no matter the odds. A mermaid has found a fallen Greek statue in her swamp, in the statues hand a stone laurel crown. The mermaid, not fully understanding the meaning of it, recognizes it as a form of flower crown, and so the mermaid happily goes about creating a pair of matching flower crowns for herself and her new "friend"- the flowers include daisies, forget me nots and lilies from the swamp.

She shyly places one upon the statues head, in an attempt to form a bond/connection with this "being"- unaware that it is merely a statue. I feel in today's age, we are experiencing a revival of physical connections with each other while we still struggle through the pandemic, and as it becomes safer for us to interact physically with one another, we will experience a revival of meaningful, physical displays of affection and friendship- such as through the gifting of flower crowns.



Broken Home

OLIVIA MAGISTRO PRINTMAKING





Irony of a Woman

OLIVIA MAGISTRO
PRINTMAKING



Deserve the good things,
the love and affection
that the universe has to provide,
the ability to soar,
the ability to not just
survive but THRIVE.

To reach up and brush your fingertips
to the edge of the universe,
to have it just within your grasp
until one day.. it disappears.

It leaves and its gone.

Just like your father,
just like your family,
just like the adults that where
supposed to love you.

It leaves you
without warning
and without reason.

To know that you haven't succeeded
because you are not stupid or broken
but rather

because of the mistakes that
selfish adults make.

The mistakes of the broken,
the hurt and the miserable
become burdens that children carry
for the rest of their lives.

So we rise up to face the sunrise,
only to find that the world is as
unwelcoming and uncaring
as the adults we where betrayed by.

We watch it rise and then finally set
as we stand there,
paralyzed.

I stand there
and reach out into the night,
but nothing comes

UNTITLED

ALIA WANG | POETRY

Shattered

MANGO FAUSTINO PRINTMAKING





Tough Love

BRITTANY YARBROUGH PRINTMAKING

Sever

KIMBERLY CUSACK PAINTING



SCAN FOR ARTIST STATEMENT



Dissect

KIMBERLY CUSACK

PAINTING



Fleabane Daisy

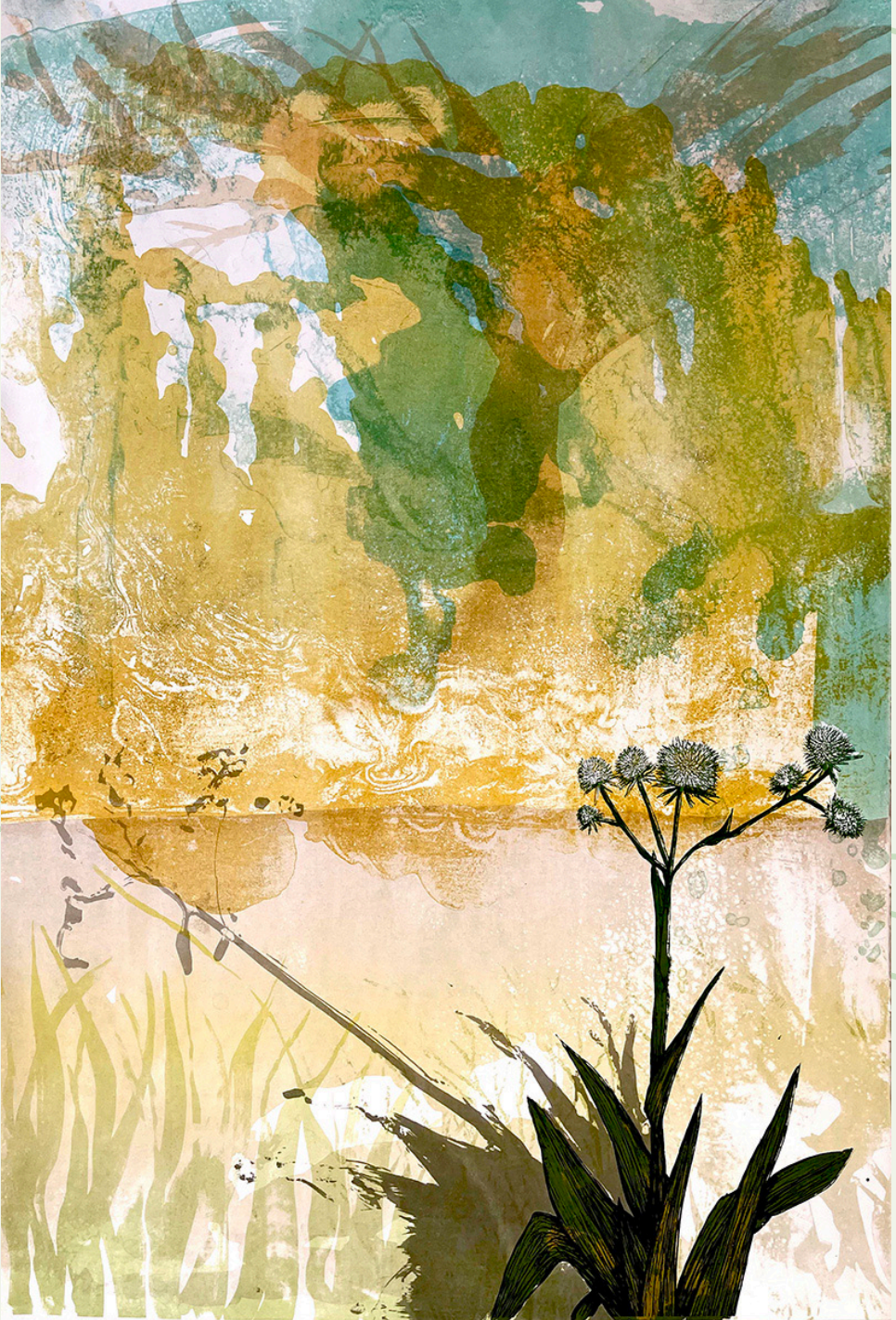
ADAM BERMAN PRINTMAKING



Rattlesnake Master

ADAM BERMAN

PRINTMAKING

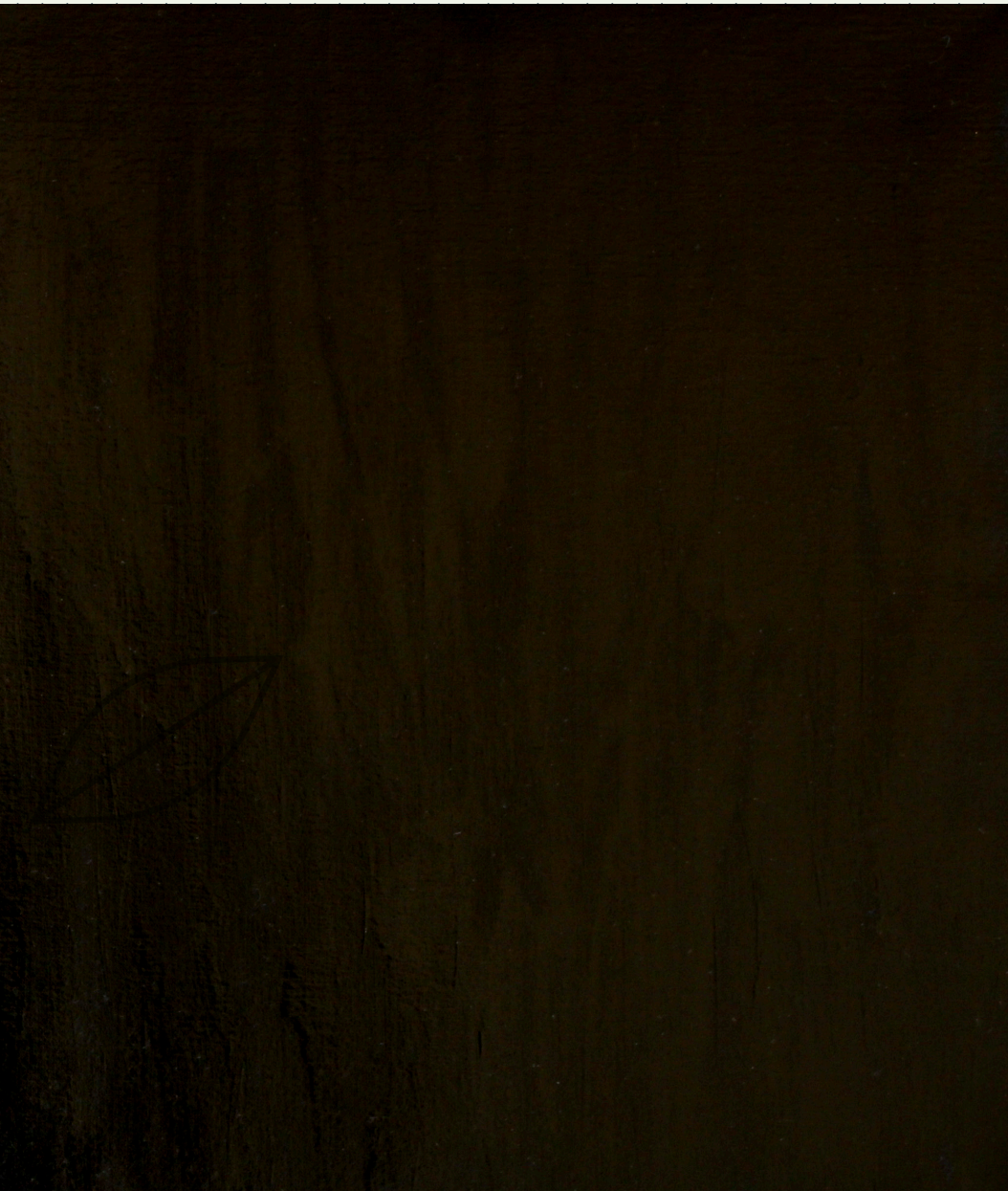


Contemplation Signified

EMILY HALL

PAINTING





Obsession: The Story of Her

ISHARA MATHEWS | POETRY

THE END FOR HER

Part I

When you thought of her it was animalistic,
You ran to her full speed,
Ready to pounce,
And cover her with your body.

When you saw her she gave you purpose,
Like breathe in your lungs,
Like glimmer in your eyes,
She made you feel like more than a person.

When you were with her every touch you laid,
Were like soft petals on skin,
Like a body held hostage,
Inescapable of your love.

But as you deepen your grasp on her skin it feels like acid,
Tearing her apart and ripping her delicate insides,
Her body tortured and skewed,
As you took everything for yourself.

As you fed on her skin and cried to God,
"How lucky you were that a girl like her would choose you!",
She couldn't see past the roses you laid,
On the bed you made to feast on her.

If only she knew that she wouldn't be alive,
To see you well fed on the love she had for you,
But Bones don't have opinions do they,
When you think of her, what comes to mind?



TOUCH STARVED
DRAYANA JOHNSON | PAINTING

Obsession: The Story of Her

ISHARA MATHEWS | POETRY

THE HURT

Part II

When she thought of you she wasn't ready to accept the murder,
She laid there for what felt like years,
As you experienced a life without regret,
One foot in front of the other like you weren't an imposter.

She thought laying there was closure,
Laying there with exposed with the scars and bones,
Would you bring you back,
But, it never did and you continued one foot in front of the other.

She was afraid that you would never come,
That you forgot about her,
That you forgot about what you did,
Until the day.

You came back just to see if she was still laying there.

You came back and smiled,
A smile like the crescent moon on a dark night with no stars,
You weren't smiling at her,
But, at what you had done.

Seconds feel like days and days feel like decades,
You turned around and howled one more time,
Left and never returned,
She wept into the ground and felt herself decay,

She was ready to place blame.



DO NOT MOURN
DRAYANA JOHNSON | PAINTING

Obsession: The Story of Her

ISHARA MATHEWS | POETRY

S H E W A L K S A G A I N

Part III

Did you think she couldn't survive?
From bones to ashes to dust,
She seeped into the ground and started again,
She nurtured herself within a dark place of warmth.

A place with no light that felt like safety,
A place where she couldn't move but felt growth,
She felt flowers beating against her chest,
like how her heart was suppose to,
She bore fruits, sweet as candies and fulfilling like warm rays.

She made trees tower, to remind herself what protection felt like,
She rose out of the ground and dusted off the dirt,
Stretching her limbs and feeling the cracks of her bones,
She opens her eyes and reminds herself,

"I am alive".

So when you thought she died,
You reaped her essence and lived off her love,
Did you ever think that one day,
She would look at you again.

That she could live and be revived.

-I.A.M.



SPRING REBIRTH
DRAYANA JOHNSON | PAINTING

Parts Per Billion

LAUREN C. LOVE

PAINTING





Stand Up Straight

Driven by the fear of our own mortality, the advancement of medical technology comes with a hefty cost. There is an invasive quality unique to medicine in that it penetrates the organic to create new artificial substitutions or replacements. Where is the line between man and machine? Artificial vs Organic.

This piece draws upon a history of medical advancements and scoliosis spinal fixation surgery to show its invasion of the body, as well as its beauty. Worn on the back this piece cannot go unnoticed, to the wearer the weight of it cannot be ignored, and the viewer can't help but stare. We attempt to fix ourselves sometimes out of necessity but sometimes because of social conformity.

I question the social and ethical concerns that arise with the advancements of medical technology. Who has access to these life changing apparatuses? Will we be able to pick and choose what is artificial and what is natural within our own bodies? I wonder where we will be in generations to come.





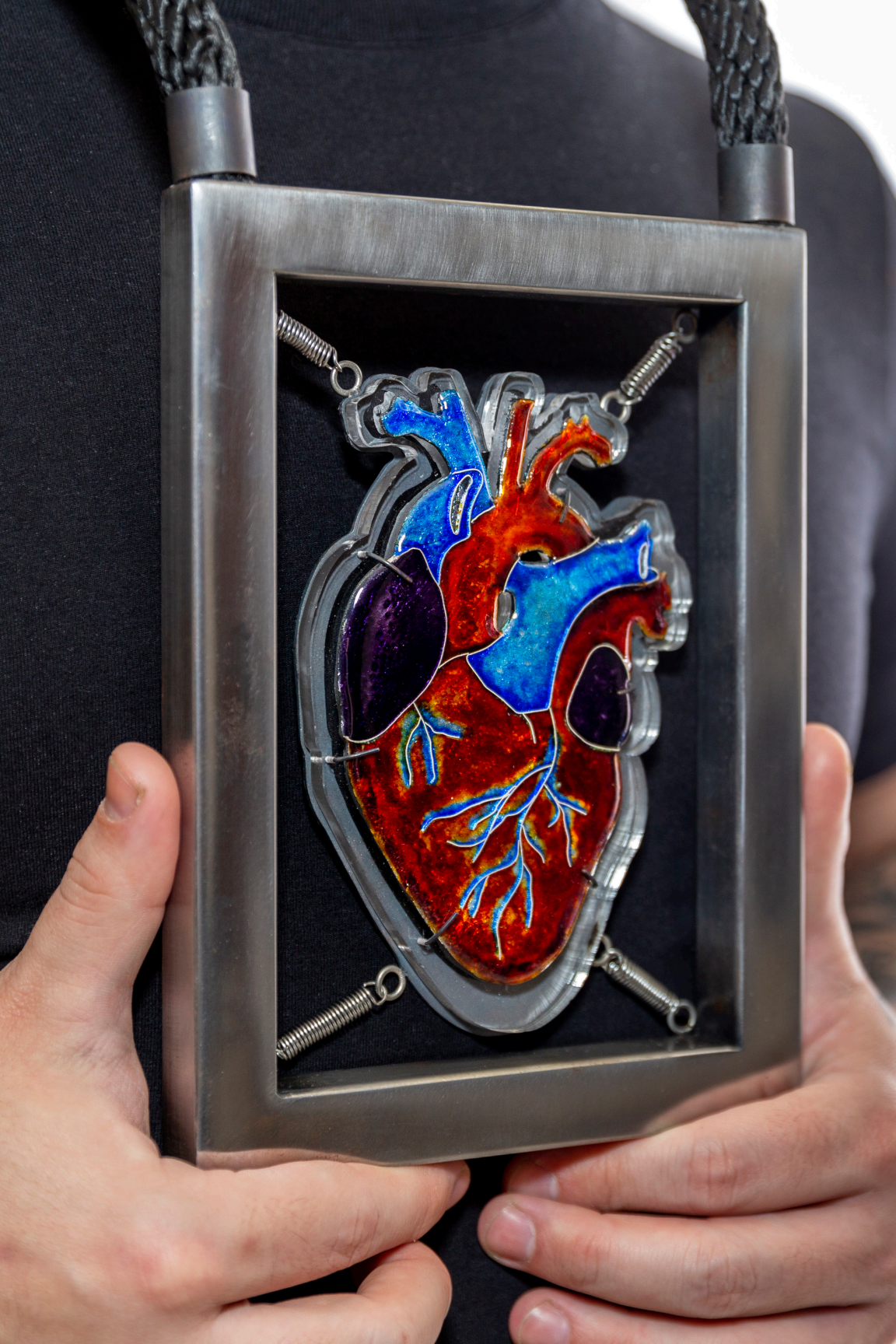




Temporary Fixation

NICHOLAS HESSON | METAL DESIGN

The integration of permanent and temporary artificial components into our bodies is becoming more and more commonplace. One of the most commonly broken bones in the human body is the clavicle (collar bone). We use metal screws and bars to fixate it into the proper position while it heals.



Still Beating

NICHOLAS HESSON | METAL DESIGN

The heart is home to our most critical thoughts and emotions. Current events have shocked the very ground we stand on which caused me to look into my own heart and discover myself. This is a piece of my own heart that I have put up for display in order to show the importance of one's body in physical and cognitive form. Inspiration is drawn from open heart surgery and medical illustrations.

CAD software, cloisonné enamel, laser engraving, welding, and cold connections were all used in the making of this work. Fine silver and copper metals are used as the base for the heart, and various transparent vitreous enamels are fused on top. The heart is suspended by stainless steel springs that allow the heart to move or "beat" while being worn. The steel frame refers to the steel device used during open heart surgery to keep the chest open.



UNTITLED SPECIMEN 2



Untitled Specimen 2, 3, 4

ANTHONY NAIMO | DIGITAL PAINTING

Anthony Naimo is a queer artist working with found objects in digital collage and mixed-media sculpture. His art deals with the perceived value of found materials in an exploration of self-identity and community.



UNTITLED SPECIMEN 3



“A theme throughout my art is that of coalescence: the act of independent units unifying or coming together in one body or mass. This phenomenon of transcendence through togetherness is the essence of my artistic process.”

Seafarer

LORAIN SCALAMONI

MIXED MEDIUM





On Campus

LORAIN SCALAMONI

PAINTING



SYDNEY GILMORE, OWNER OF SYD VICIOUS INK



UNORTHODOX FACES
ILLUSTRATION

Embryo

MARISA MEE
METAL DESIGN



Protected

MARISA MEE
METAL DESIGN





Have A Cup of Tea Screwball

LAUREN DELBROCCO
METAL DESIGN



Xactly Half, Sharing Between Siblings

LAUREN DELBROCCO
METAL DESIGN



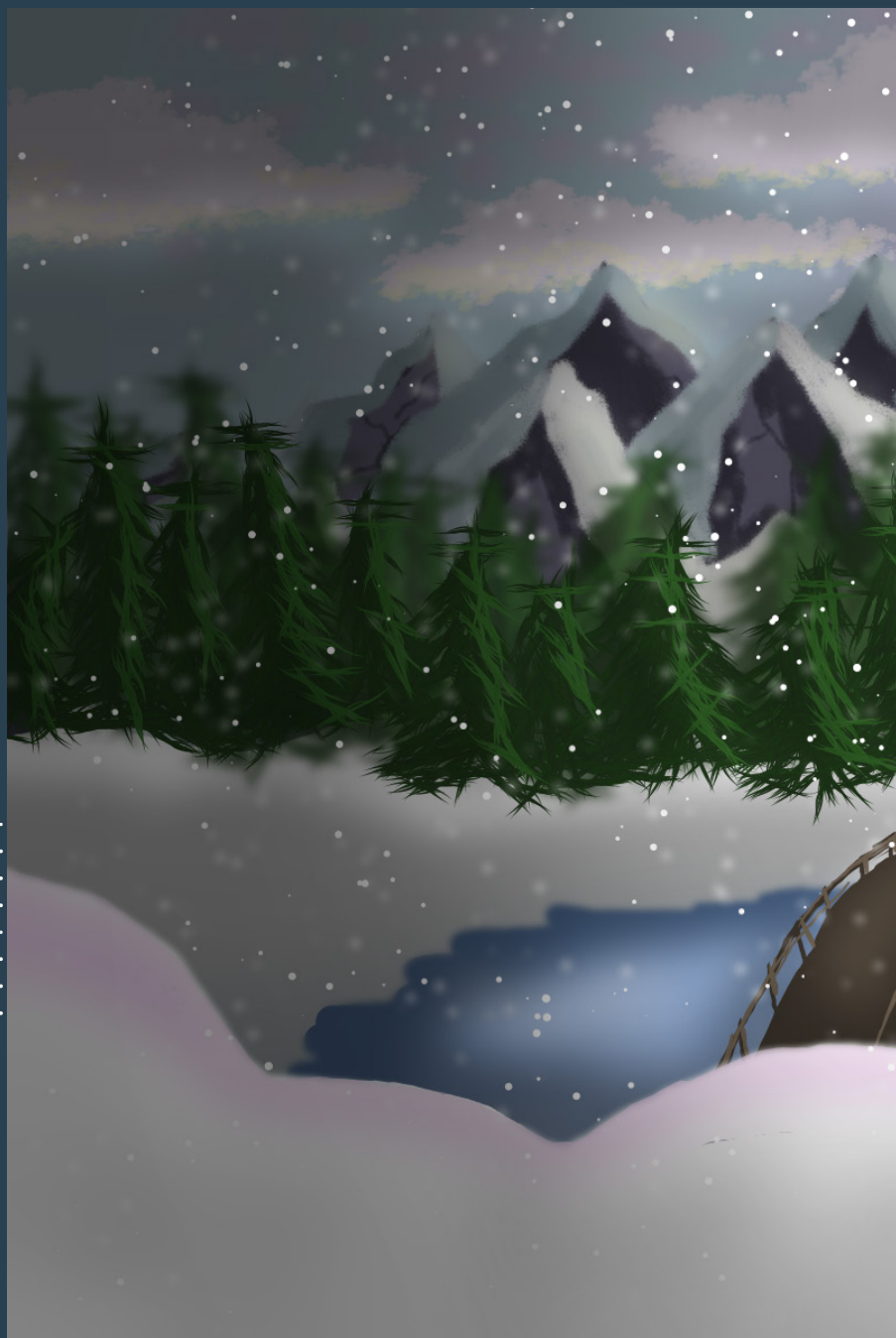
Serving Spoon and Fork

LAUREN DELBROCCO
METAL DESIGN

Thawing Heart

DEAN LONG

DIGITAL DRAWING







V I C



T R

KIMBERLY CUSACK | SCULPTURE

O L A





V I C T R O L A

The cool air reminds me of just how temporary things are.
Even warm weather doesn't stay around for long, so why should you?
Things change, rearrange.
I get it, they're just not the same anymore.

The space that you occupy has no more vacancy, logically, it's time to leave.

On the other side of that door is room for growth, hope, a new vision.
So, when you figure out how to let go, don't waste another second regretting your decision.

Temporary

DYMON BLANGO | POETRY





Gilded Spring

KIMBERLY CUSACK | PAINTING

SPRING 2022

TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS:

Thank you for not only submitting your beautiful and incredible art for our publication but for trusting us to tell your story in the most genuine and authentic ways possible. It is a responsibility that we do not take lightly. Your words and art represent a new era of creation and discovery, not only at East Carolina University or in Greenville but worldwide as well. Without you, Rebel and everything we hope to produce doesn't exist.

TO TERRENCE DOVE:

We dedicate this publication to you. Throughout your time at ECU, you have been a safe space and a soft place to land in a world of chaos and tragedy. You are not only an incredible and thoughtful mentor but a wonderful friend too. There are not enough words to show how much we will miss you. Thank you for everything.

TO ANNAH HOWELL:

Thank you for your extraordinary generosity and patience with all design queries. Your passion for creating and passing on that knowledge to the next generation of students is inspiring.

TO CHERIE SPELLER:

Thank you for your remarkable direction at Pirate Media 1. We would not be able to accomplish what we do without your help, guidance and kind remarks throughout our creative process.

TO STAFF & PIRATE MEDIA 1:

Thank you from the bottom of our hearts. Without your support and collaboration, this publication would be nothing but a collection of ideas and thoughts. Every writer, designer, photographer, manager and editor had a piece in creating Rebel; we hope this collaboration continues for many publications to come.

TO OUR READERS:

As we continue to evolve and adapt into different versions of ourselves after these past couple of transformative years, we hope you can identify with any pieces in this publication. Art can represent many things, but one of the most important feelings it represents is healing. We hope you take that healing and create something transformative — make your own revival.

Thank you !

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Rebel

2022 SPRING

