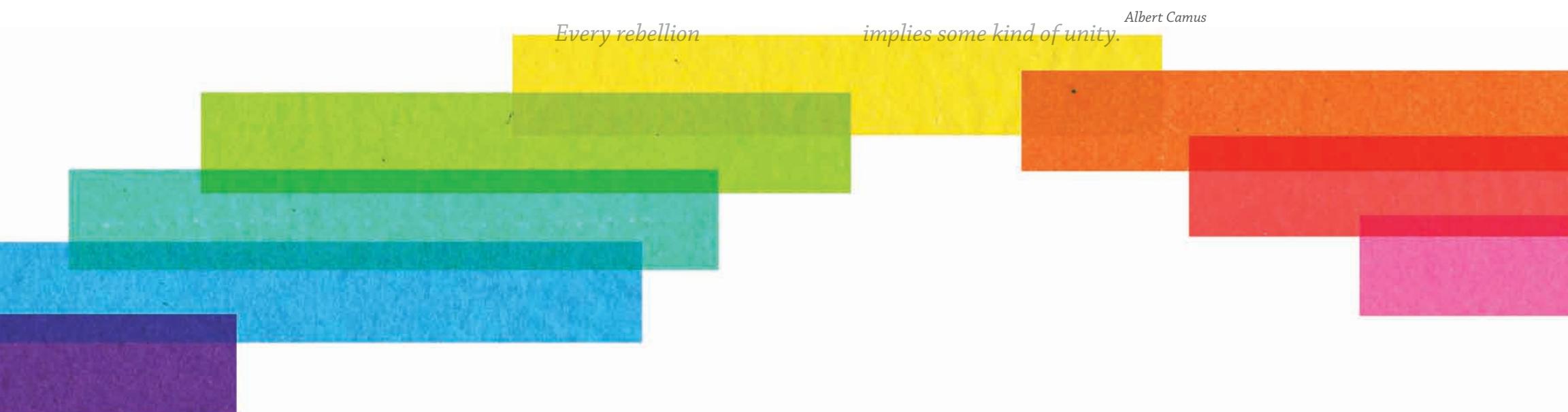




rebel

ARTS + LITERARY MAGAZINE

edition 51



Every rebellion

implies some kind of unity.

Albert Camus



REBEL

rebel

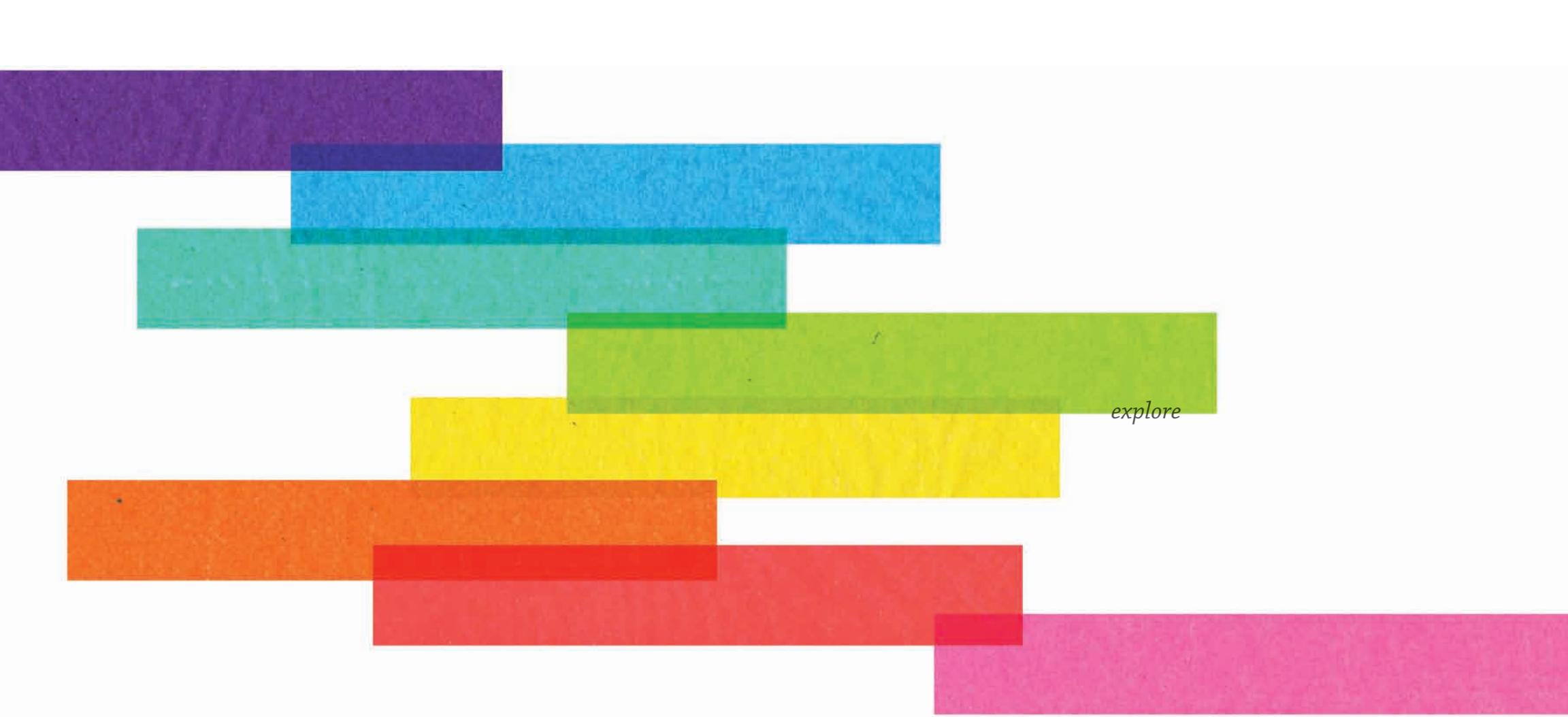
ARTS + LITERARY MAGAZINE

edition 51

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*entries can be found on the dvd located in the back of the book



explore

best in show



Black Rocks in Marquette, Michigan

best in show textiles

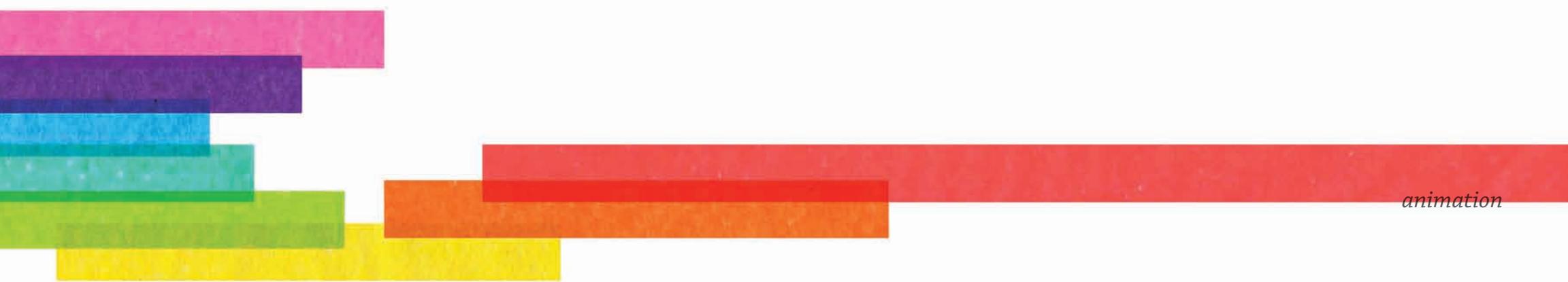
ASHLEY WRENN

Meet me at Black Rocks

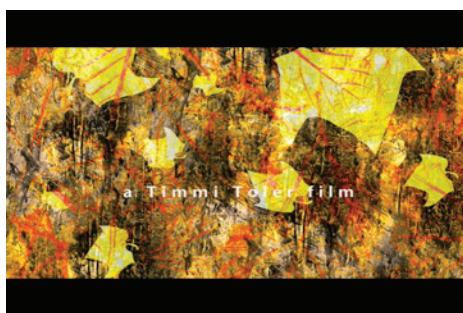
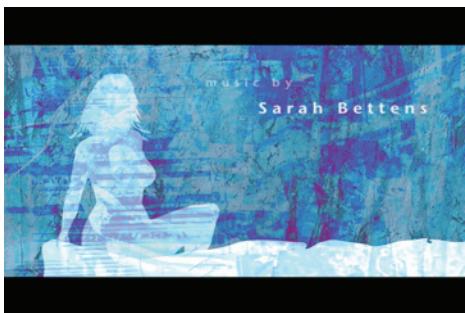
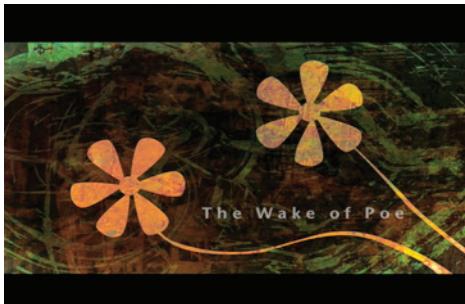
cotton sateen, cording, appliquéd and dye

Meet Me at Black Rocks was inspired by the Black Rocks in Marquette, Michigan. Located in Michigan's upper peninsula, these volcanic rocks overlook Lake Superior. I'm fascinated by the layers and lines of the Black Rocks and the spots of orange sediment scattered over the rocks.

The feeling that you get standing about two stories above Lake Superior on this massive area is incredible—it's gorgeous and easy to feel that you're a part of the place. That feeling is why I chose to make this piece a garment.



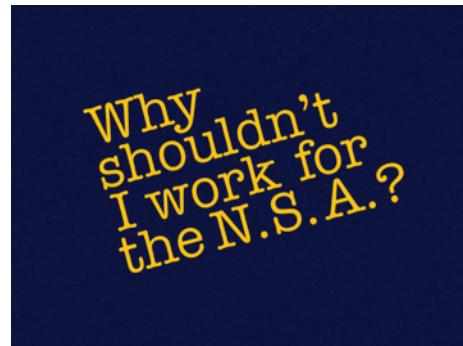
animation



1st animation

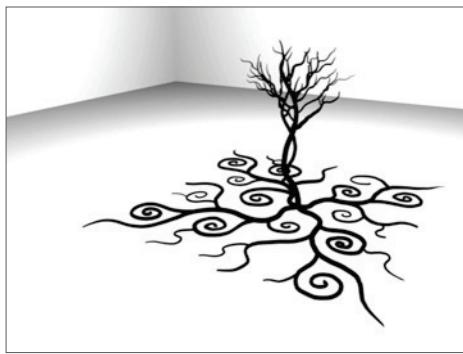
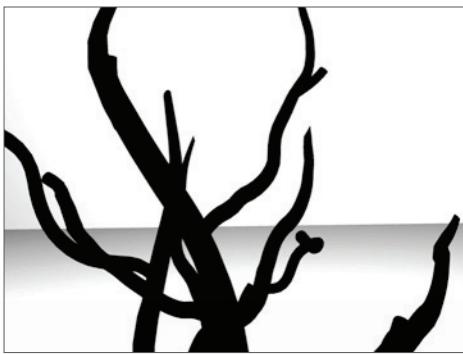
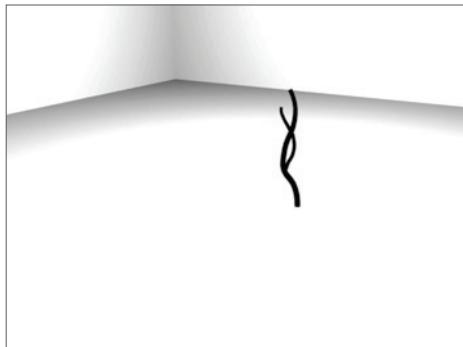
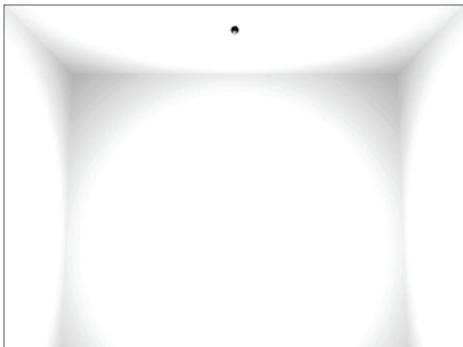
TOBY SIMMONS
Wake of Poe

The project was to create an opening title sequence for a movie. Our criteria were to use a short story, novel, or piece of poetry that had not yet been produced in any other visual media. This way, our class was challenged to be more conceptual with the imagery and music involved in its execution. The short story that I chose was written by Jarvis Slacks who resides in North Carolina. His story is about a married couple that has problems which lead to affairs and, eventually, a homicide.



2nd animation

MATTHEW PARKER
N.S.A.

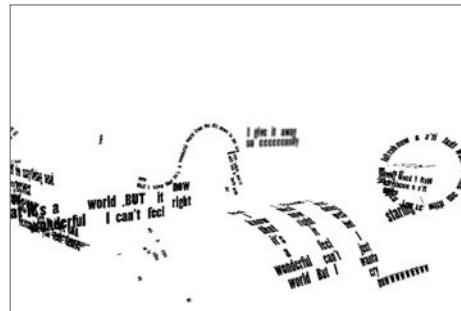
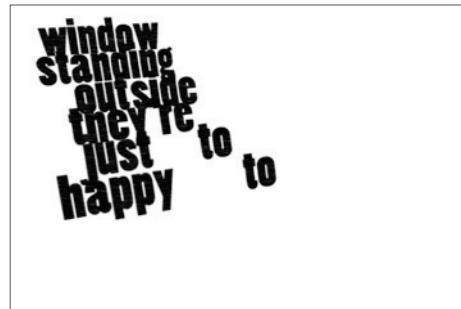


CHRISTOPHER PITTS
Untitled (Tree)

Recently, I have been drawn to flat, high-contrast graphics that are found in stencil work. I wanted to translate that style into a three-dimensional environment as well as convey a very vague sense of sexuality.

I created visual innuendo by using obscure camera angles to draw attention to the masculine shapes of the branch tips and create female, canal-like shapes with the negative space. After establishing the elongated shape of the tree, I paired it with the more feminine shapes of the root structure. I chose the music for its cadence and percussion.

This mood of eroticism wasn't meant to be explicit to the viewer. In fact, I thought the initial shot of the trunk growing would be too obvious, but I kept it in because I thought it would be funny to arouse at least a little suspicion.



3rd animation

MATTHEW PARKER
Wonderful World

hm animation



book arts



1st book arts

KRISTINA MILLER

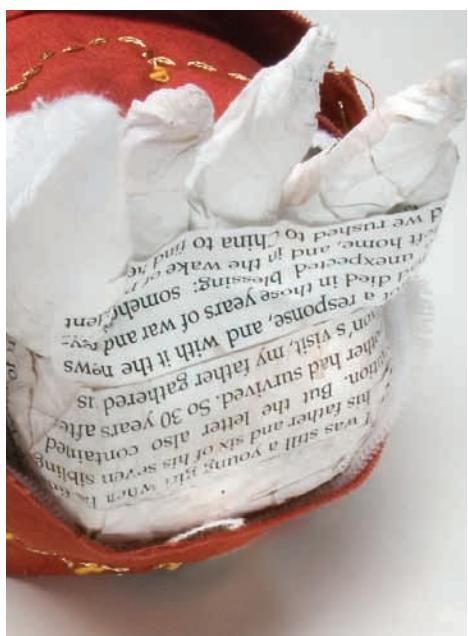
Book with Drop-Spine Box
bookboard, paper, fabric

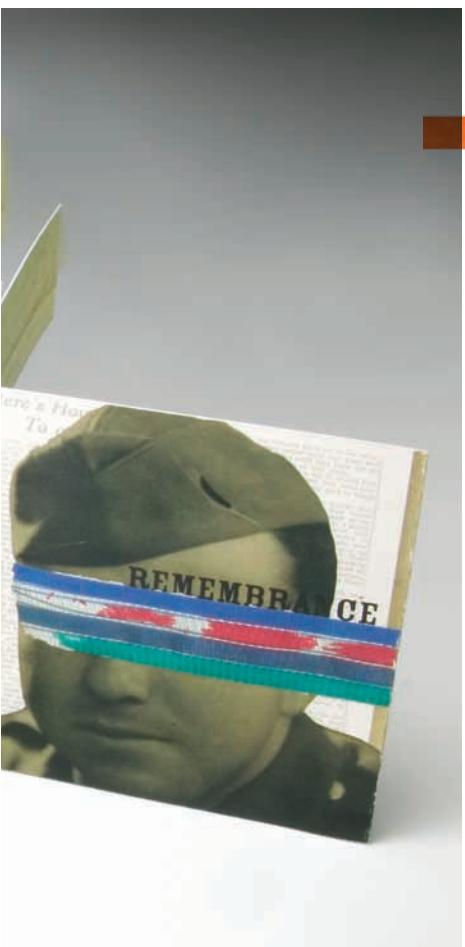


2nd book arts

JESSICA MCNEELY
Foot Binding
paper, fabric

Chinese men considered tiny feet a form of beauty. Women bound their feet to make them smaller. This caused deformity and limited their mobility. They wore beautiful, silk embroidered shoes known as lotus shoes over their deformed feet. This piece represents the physical and inner suffering for the sake of beauty.





3rd book arts

TRAVIS BARTLETT
Remembrance
digital output, bookboard

Remembrance is a reflection of my grandfather's life. I was really close with him growing up and thought I would be devastated when he passed away; it turns out that there is so much now that I see of him. Remembrance touches on many different people including the fellow soldiers he served with in the army and the other members of my family. It starts out at a point in his life when I did not know him and concludes with memories related to our relationship through pictures and thoughts of missing him.



26

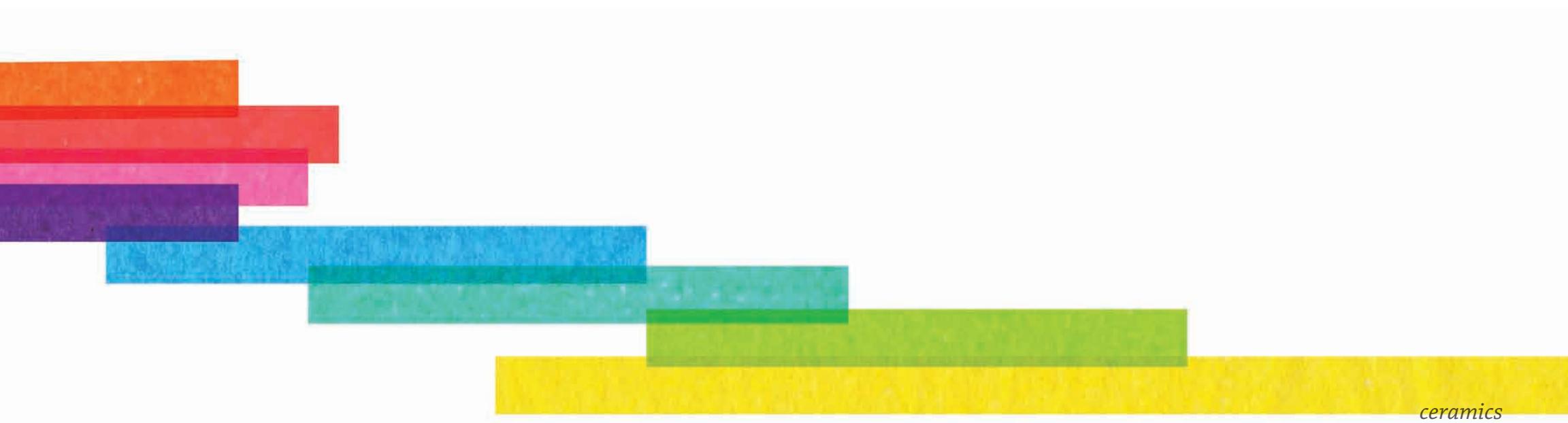


hm *book arts*

KRISTINA MILLER
Wizard of Oz Book
altered book

27





ceramics



1st ceramics

MICHAELÉ ROSE WATSON
Evolution
stoneware

Evolution is about changing, developing, and mutating to avoid extinction. As humans we are aware of this.





32



2nd ceramics

CALEB ZOUHARY
Candy Jar
soda-fired, copper slip

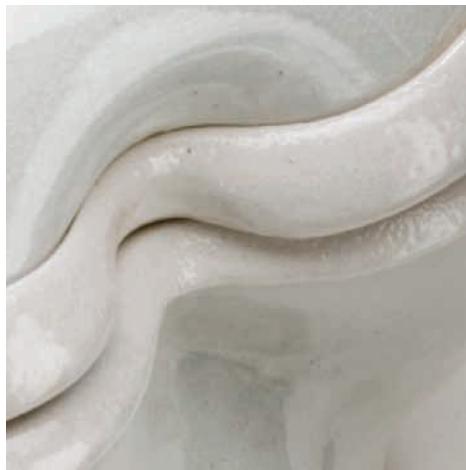
Besides food being a source of nourishment, it is also a means of celebration. It is a symbol of joyous occasions and is used to bring people together. These gatherings can range from an intimate setting of an individual and his/her cuisine to a family joining together around a dinner table, or large feasts, with many variations among them.

With my work, I am addressing the relationship between people and food. The purpose of my work is not only to function properly, but also to aid in the presentation of food during dining. People go to great lengths to present their food in an eloquent manner; with my functional ware I want to give them another level of presentation to address in their composition.

33



34



3rd ceramics

JEREMY FINEMAN
Lidded Vessel
soda-fired porcelain

35



36



hm ceramics

CALEB ZOUEARY
Candy Jar
soda-fired

The main impetus of my work is to emphasize the presentation of food through the form and surface treatment of my ceramic ware. With the use of textures, patterning, and color I hope to accentuate certain characteristics of food with my vessels. For many individuals eating is a joyous occasion and with my functional ware, I aim to compliment the fine experience of dining.

37



digital photography



40

1st digital photography

GREGORY TUOMI

Constructing Fantasy
digital print

41





2nd digital photography

SHAWN ENOJADO
Beachfront Property
digital print

The image was originally created with 35 mm color slide film developed as a Polaroid transfer. I scanned the image and digitally manipulated the houses in order to give them the uniform and symmetrical look. *Beachfront Property* not only represents real estate and physical space, but also a sense of personal identity and virtual possession. In modern living spaces, it is becoming more common to see the same patterns in the way we live and exist.



44

JESSICA BRAXTON
All is Not Lost
scanogram

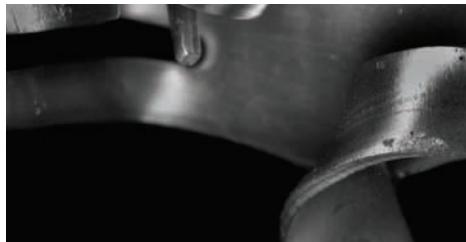
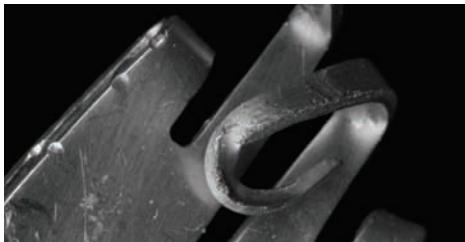
3rd digital photography

All is Not Lost is a visual metaphor reflecting the cycles of life, both experienced and witnessed. Whether it be a metaphor for the cycle of birth, death, and rebirth found in nature or the ever-changing stages of womanhood, it is the viewer who ultimately determines just what that metaphor is as they experience the piece, bringing with them their own individual background, beliefs, and viewpoints.

45



46

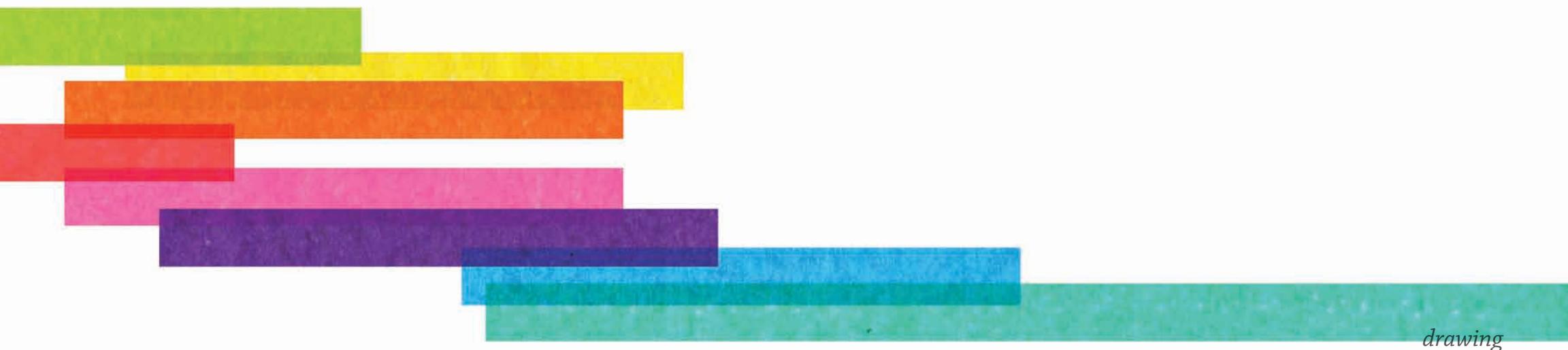


hm digital photography

SHAWN ENOJADO
Stand Still
scanogram

The fork is a universal eating utensil that we use in modern social settings. This image is part of an ongoing series in which forks are personified by their relationships with each other. Each fork was individually distressed by bending, being stomped on asphalt, rubbing against cinderblocks, and scratched with various tools. As people we all have our own scars—whether physical or emotional—I wanted to represent the way we behave, act, treat, and interact with one another through these everyday objects.

47





1st drawing

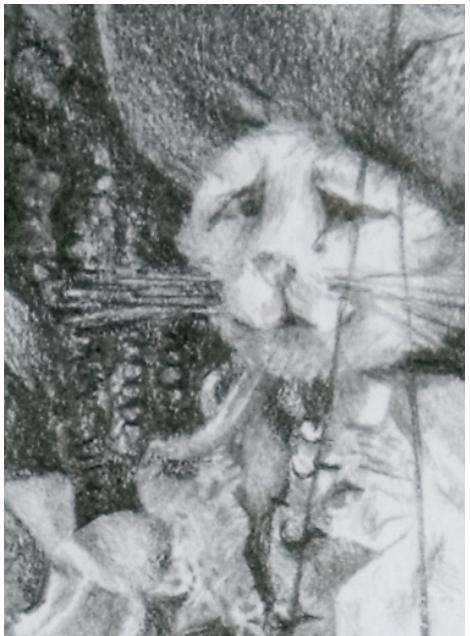
HOLLY ANN SAILORS
Gladys and Edna
charcoal and gold leaf on panel

My work is a constant process of appropriation and change and strongly borrows from tradition. Nothing is original; everything is influenced. Whether I paint a portrait, still life, or landscape, it has been done before. I elaborate on the idea of tradition and explore the idea of contemporary versus classical. I am a product of tradition; whether as a student or an artist, it is impossible for me to escape images engraved into my head. By using imagery from old books, magazines, newspapers, old photos and pop culture, I am exploring what values and traditions each image carries. My work is a constant process of research, experimentation, reproduction and change.





52

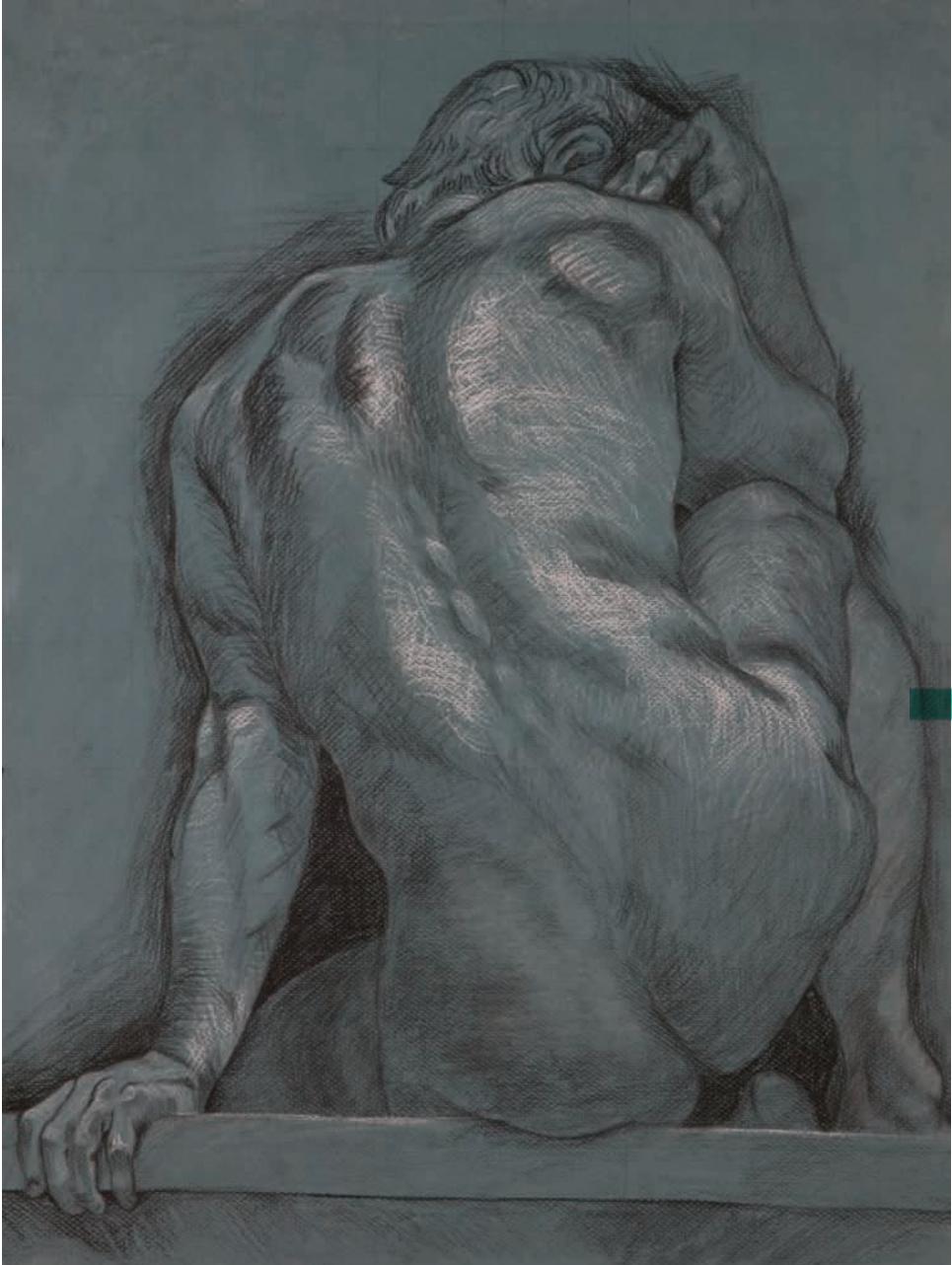


2nd drawing

AMANDA OUTCALT
Untitled
graphite

This drawing is part of a series I did inspired by Carnival puppets in Venice. I took a study-abroad trip to Italy this past summer and was enchanted by the displays of puppets and masks lit up in dark store windows along the cobbled streets at night. With my drawings I tried to capture some of that mystery and mystique.

53



54



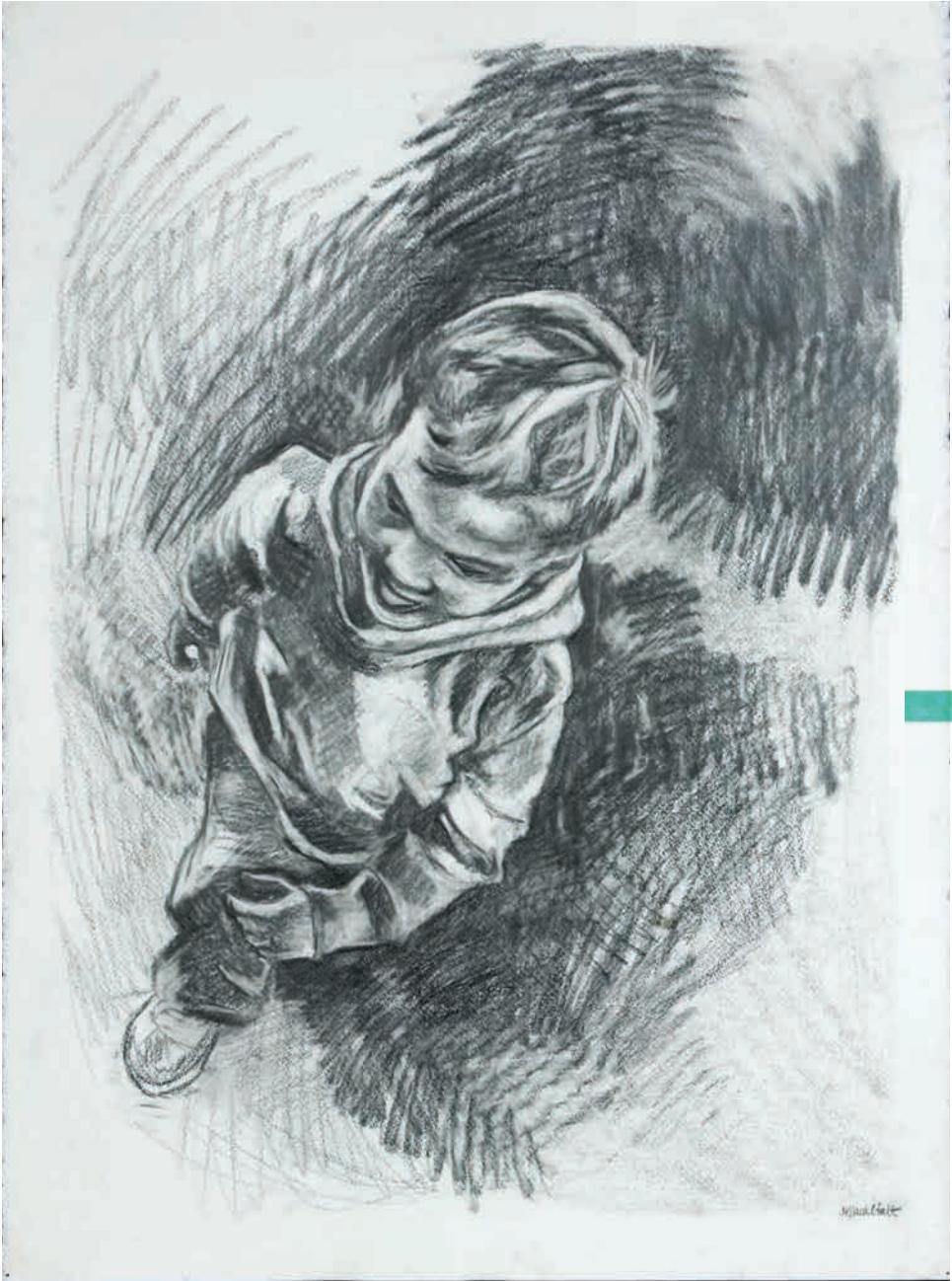
3rd drawing

CORINNA AIKEN
Untitled
conté crayon

Much of my work deals with getting past a cultural disconnect, whether that be between women and men, students and professionals, black and white, etc. I believe the only way we can be unified as a nation and an international community is by breaking down the barricades of judgment between us and reconnecting with each other. My work often attempts to expose stereotypes in the hopes that the audience will take note to dispel them from cultural reference.

In general, my work tends to be interactively conceptual. The images or series of images begin with a basic concept, and then allow the viewer to bring his/her own baggage to the table. The collaboration of the two (my concept and the viewer's personal insight) transcends to a new, more individualized concept. This new concept still holds the same underlying message for everyone; thus we are all unique, yet connected. I believe my work is most successful when this happens.

55



56



hm drawing

JESSICA OFALT
Gabriel
graphite

I am inspired by little moments of honesty and bits of character that make people who they are. My three-year-old nephew Gabriel is what my mom calls a “bulldozer”. It seems only fitting to draw him running through a page... look, there he goes...

57

fiction





1st fiction

MARY BIBB
The Pursuit

It was right after his ninth birthday when he finally realized she was a real person, too. Up until then, she'd just been there. In the way. The obnoxious little sister, always drawing on his addition homework with her magic markers. He'd gotten the rollerblades he'd been begging for the last few months and while he scraped up his knees and face on the driveway, he watched as she did the same with her brand new bicycle. She was five. The training wheels were never put on; she refused. Every day she fell, and she fell, never crying when she hit the cement. Flinching and ignoring the sting of scraped skin, she'd climb back on the bike, the pink streamers of the handlebars matching her pink Osh Kosh B'Gosh overalls. Sandy blonde hair a mess under her helmet, she was more determined than maybe he'd ever been—up until then, at least.

Five years of her around, and she was just a background fixture. But one afternoon she raced past him where he stumbled to keep his balance, pedaling down the driveway and onto the sidewalk, never wavering, never losing her balance again. She'd gotten it right. She did it on her own. She was real.

Now he calls her from the road, every afternoon or dusk or evening—he's never been sure of the distinction, perhaps it's when the sun sets, but it's summer and he's speeding through time zones, faster and faster, and he isn't sure what to believe anymore.

"Are you there yet?" Her voice comes strong over the phone line, despite the crackle of the bad connection. Somewhere in Oklahoma, his phone died or lost reception or both, and in a fury or a panic or something akin to desperation, he threw it out the window. Now he searches for payphones and quarters, or he calls her collect. "Do you even know where there is yet?"

"No," he answers, and she's thousands of miles away, but he can almost see her roll her eyes. Even though they're not kids anymore, even given the circumstances, old habits die hard: big brothers will always annoy their little sisters. "I'm in Flagstaff, Becca," he concedes, fingers tracing the payphone cord, a nervous tic he developed miles and miles ago.

"What's it like?" she asks. He doesn't know it, but an entire wall at home has been dedicated to tracking him on his sardonically-dubbed spirit quest ever since she came home two-and-a-half months ago to find his manic message on the machine, the one he left as an explanation, as an apology. Neon Post-it notes litter the living room wall, composing a makeshift map of his cross-country desperation. She thinks it's not fair. She should have been the one to run first. **But for now, this is enough, just as long as she knows where he is. Just as long as she isn't completely alone.**

"Kind of beautiful. Not as hot as I thought it'd be. Got in last night, and it was fucking cold. Rolled up my windows and everything. Not as hot as Albuquerque, thank God. I just can't get used to the desert."

"That's what I heard, gets really cold in the desert," she answers, slapping a pink note with "Flagstaff, Day 71" on the wall, right where she'd imagine it to be. "Chester, Day 0" is ages away on the other side of the room, and it stings. "What's taking you so long, Sam?"

The line crackles again, and she's about to ask if he's still there when she hears his voice, distant for the first time despite the distance. "I'm not sure."

Three semesters shy of completion, he quit college at twenty-one and moved back home to take care of both of them. At seventeen, Becca was more determined than ever and she was smart. She was so smart it was ridiculous. She loved all the things he'd hated in school like chemistry and biology and would one day have chances he'd never have with his incomplete liberal arts degree. One day she'd save the world and fix people that were broken. He moved home for her to give her those chances. He moved home for her so she could go to school and spend hours studying in the library in the afternoon.

He moved home for her so that he could be the one to take care of their mother, so she wouldn't have to. So Becca wouldn't have to be there for all the heartbreak moments, so she wouldn't have to be the one to try to talk their mother into a mastectomy, to talk her into trying one more medicine, one more treatment, one more, damnit, this could be the one! He moved home so Becca didn't have to be the one to listen to their mother say no.

So close he can almost scream, he gets stuck in Bakersfield (Day 83) over a weekend when his tire blows on a Saturday afternoon not even ten miles from the end of Highway 58. He spends an hour in a laundromat for the first time since Texas, wearing nothing but his boxers while he washes the three changes of clothes he has with him.

He calls home from the motel that night, feeling much too clean on the surely dirty sheets. Their conversations are longer now, but much more awkward. He's been gone too long; she's been far too

careful. She asks him if he'll be back by September and he promises, yes. Promises, he'll be back in time. Promises, he won't let her down.

But it's August already, and even when his car is fixed he lingers a few more days, practically an apparition in a town full of ghosts and history. He strikes up conversations with anyone that meets his gaze and he melts into the city only to realize that between lunch and dinner trips to In-N-Out Burger, he's losing much more than just time. He checks out of his room and gets the hell out of town as soon as possible, and hours down the road, he realizes he can still smell the city in his clothes.

They spent his twenty-third birthday at home; she'd been too tired to go out. "Mommy", he called her at four, when Becca was born, and "Mama", at twelve, when he hugged her the night she told him Daddy wouldn't be coming home. "Mom", he whispered, all he could think to say on the cold January afternoon, tucking the blanket up under her chin as she stared out the window at the snow falling from the sky.

She looked up at him, green eyes bright as ever, and brushed his sandy blonde hair out of his face, her hand shaky but her touch soft. And she smiled and asked him if she'd ever told him what a miracle the snow was, what a miracle he was, and his sister was, and how they were the one thing she'd miss when she was gone, even more than the snow or the sunshine of spring or the gorgeousness of a cloudless summer day. And she asked him if he'd like to hear the story of how her world changed this exact day, twenty-three years ago, and how the sky opened up with snow just as it did now.

She'd told him the story a thousand times before, but had never mentioned it with such finality, so he said "yes", said "of course". And as she covered his strong hands with her frail ones, and Becca brought them hot chocolate from the kitchen, he knew it would be the last birthday they'd spend together.

"I just wanted to see what drove Jack crazy," he admits, his voice tired and small as he claws at the phone cord. It's after midnight on the west coast; it's closer to four where she lays in bed at the other end, confused and ill. It's the second week of August, day 94. For the first time in her life, she's beginning to doubt him. "I didn't even plan to end up here." He spent the day at Big Sur, chasing a dream that was never his to begin with. But Jack had been right: The ocean was everywhere you wouldn't expect it to be, a truly overwhelming sound he hadn't been able to block out. It was beautiful in a way he couldn't completely process just yet.

"You're an idiot," she chastises, her voice sharp and tired and unforgiving. "I can't believe you. You know, I get it. I do." But she doesn't because logic and science are the only things that make sense

to her and there is nothing logical about anything he's done since May. "It's bad enough you're running from the entire world. I can't believe you're trying to recreate something out of *On the Road*."

"It's not. I'm not," he argues, but there's little fight in him. He doesn't even correct her to tell her that she's thinking of the wrong book. It's not like it matters.

"He was crazy before he did any of that, Sam, don't you get it? And you're not, no matter how hard you try. You're just being irresponsible." She knows he's hurting, but so is she and she just wishes he would have taken her with him. She can't stand the apologetic neighbors and has trouble falling asleep in a house that was once so familiar, that now plagues her with a thousand happy memories. Summer hasn't been kind to her either. She isn't sure she's going to be able to head upstate for college at the end of the month, isn't sure about anything.

It's the first real fight they've had, ever. It's bad, so bad because he's traveled across the country and still hasn't found what he was running from or running to and he gives in and breaks down for the first time since it happened. For the first time since he took cinnamon toast to their mother's room and couldn't wake her up no matter how hard he tried. He breaks down and loses it completely, at the payphone in the parking lot at the gas station, tears and snot running down his face as he admits that he's sorry for being such an asshole but he's not okay and never thought he'd be afraid to come home. Never thought Mom wouldn't be there, how could she do this? He gave up everything to take care of her, she stopped trying and she's gone. Doesn't that hurt Becca too? Doesn't it kill her? Isn't she so mad, because that's what he's been running from, how mad he is. It's the last thing he should be feeling.

He wonders why she hasn't said anything for a few minutes, but then he hears the operator say, "please deposit fifty cents for the next three minutes," and he knows it's pointless and doesn't call back. On the other side of the country, she waits all night for him to call again, even tries to call him back, but there's nothing. She's not okay either.

The day of the funeral was a gorgeous May day and he knew she would have been happy, if only for that. The eulogies left him impassive aside from the sickness in his stomach and it was during the procession from the funeral home to the cemetery that he got the urge to flee, the urge to get out of there. He couldn't watch them bury her. It would make it real.

Instead of turning into the cemetery, he kept driving, kept driving and didn't stop, didn't even register what he was doing until he was two counties away. The first gas station out of Virginia, he changed out of his suit from the funeral in the bathroom and put on a t-shirt and pair of jeans that had been in his backseat for God knows how long.

It had been late in the day when he'd finally gotten on I-40. He'd rolled his windows down and turned his music up, going at least 90, too afraid of what would happen if he slowed down for even a moment.

"Where the hell are you?" She asks, frantic, not because it's the end of the third week of August and she's sure at this point that he won't be home when he promised, but because she's afraid he won't be home at all, because he hasn't called since California, and she's terrified. "I'll be home soon," he evades, wanting to keep the conversation short because he's running low on quarters and didn't call collect this time. "Are things good?" He's calm, no longer rushed and desperate. Something has changed.

It's the first time he's asked all summer, because before, she did all the asking and she isn't sure how to respond. "I think so," she says, surprised of her answer, surprised of the truth.

"Good. I want you to be good. I'll see you in a week."

He's gone before she can ask him the same.

Left with a dial tone at the other end of the phone, she doesn't get a chance to apologize for before, and "Day 104", she writes on the post-it, with a big question mark. She isn't sure where to put it on her makeshift map, so she leaves it on the post-it pad and hopes that he'll keep his promises, all of them.

Almost three full months ago he fled town like something out of one of his favorite novels only to find that nothing he'd ever read or seen could have prepared him for what he would or wouldn't find. He spent three months crossing the country, losing himself for weeks in the Midwest, unable to get out of the desert until the rains came, finding bits and pieces of someone he used to be in cities scattered across the country. No destination in mind until he was already on the other side of the country, he'd just known he had to get away, had to chase himself down. And when he was nine and his sister was five, he realized she was just as real as he was. When she was seventeen, he gave up everything he had to make sure she didn't lose sight of everything she wanted. When she was nineteen, he left town on the one day she needed him the most because after years of protecting her, he had to save himself this time.

Day 110, and he's dressed in the suit he left town in, three months' worth of facial hair on his chin and the darkest tan he's ever had on his arms. He made good on his promise. It's barely six a.m. when he walks into the house they grew up in, and she's asleep on the couch in front of the TV. For the first time in a few years, she looks like a kid. Her guard is down and that determination isn't there. She looks small and unsure, clutching the pillow to her chest. It's enough to break his heart but when he sees the map of Post-its



on the wall he realizes the only person's heart he's been breaking is hers.

He's reliving his own trip—St. Louis, Day 11, and Day 44, Abilene, the smells of the cities, the way it felt when he took the exits into towns, windows still down, music still up, alive and rushing into everything at sixty miles an hour—when he hears her voice from behind him, tired with sleep. "It's early," she says. When he turns to look at her, she's rubbing the sleep out of her eyes.

"I know," he answers, "And I'm very, very late."

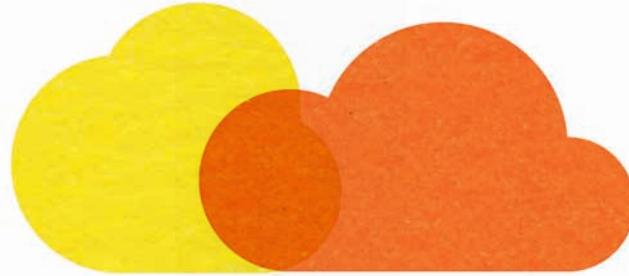
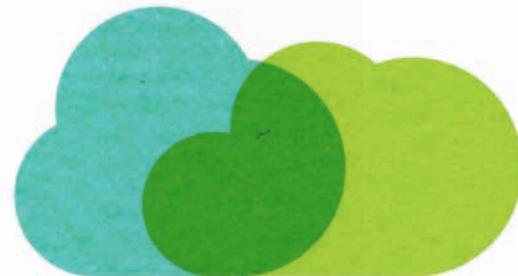
It's the last day of August. "No," she counters, rising from the couch and wrapping her arms around him in the tightest hug she can manage. "You're right on time."

They pull away, and he turns his attention back to the map she's made for him, a tangible creation of a blur of sweat and sun that was his summer. He wants to tell her everything he saw and did, everything he didn't tell her on the phone.

Leaning against him, his younger sister no matter what age she is, her voice is hushed, hesitant. "I didn't think you were coming home."

The faintest trace of a smile on his lips, he ruffles her hair and takes in the country he traveled and the days he didn't lose after all. "For a while there, neither did I."

fin.



2nd fiction

NICHOLAS THIGPEN
Above the Clouds

68

The Sixth Day

What came to mind was the maple Bonnie and I planted when we first moved into our west Texas home. “Don’t dig the hole too deep or too narrow,” they said, “and don’t shake the dirt from the root ball or you’ll be using the trunk for firewood.”

We planted it for the kids we never had. We planted it for them to climb on and explore, for them to play pirates or hot lava or tea party or whatever they could dream up. We planted it for our grandkids, our great grandkids, and their great grandkids. It is a magnificent tree.

69

I switched out the second propane tank for the third. Two to go. I checked the lines and couplings for leaks and found none. The remaining two tanks sat snug in their ropes, bound to the side of the dark wicker basket where I had tied, untied, and retied them almost a week ago. Their flaking red paint exposed the cold metal underneath; it had begun to rust. They looked like a pair of dirty fire hydrants.

I checked the sandbags slung over the side, hanging like dead men at noon. They had not shifted during the night, still positioned like bombs to be dropped on Dresden. The GPS said I had not gone too far so I left the bags where they were.

I took a swig of water from the large plastic jug. My supply was down to the final third. I knew because Bonnie had marked it with a red pen that read, “Time to turn around.”

The thought of returning home was both warm and tragic. My trip has been wonderful no doubt, but everything comes to an end. Besides, I missed the fresh morning biscuits and endless rows of corn. I missed the sweet smell of hay and the baked potatoes dug out of the garden just a few hours before we lather them up with warm butter and wolf them down.

The sun peaked over the horizon. With nothing between it and me, the rays shone with an unmatched intensity. I fished my shades out

of my breast pocket and settled them on my nose. Much better.

After my eyes adjusted I looked down at the warm quilt wadded up by my feet. Ma made it for me before I could tell my hands from my ass. It still smelled like mothballs.

Below, I saw a river snaking through the subdivisions like a trapped copperhead. I thought about what Texas was like a few hundred years ago, barren yet full of life. Now it is full of concrete. As I looked down, I envisioned families dragging teepees behind them in the dirt, others building cabins, now they make the land into golf courses. Golf courses in the middle of the Texas desert. Stretches of land that take hundreds of thousands of gallons of water a day to maintain just so they can cut a four-inch hole in the ground and put a ball in it.

I closed my eyes and inhaled the thin morning air deep into my belly.

Hormel chili for breakfast today. Cold and right out of the can, just the way God intended. I ate slowly. There was no need to rush with food or anything else when you were floating a few thousand feet above the earth in a basket the size of an elevator. When I was done, I licked my spoon clean and put it back where it belonged.

My elevation was rock steady at forty-five hundred feet as it had been all night. I lit the glow plug and purged the new propane tank to make sure everything was in order. The fire raced up the inside of the giant balloon, as it should.

I was never much for knitting so I brought four blocks of poplar up here to carve and help pass the time. The first block became a carrot and a mighty fine carrot at that. I spent the first two days shaping and detailing the long root and was very pleased with the outcome. It was smooth, yet wrinkled, with a great mass of foliage on top that resembled a wooden toupee.

After the carrot came the bear. Sitting on his haunches, the bear was wise and strong, content to just observe and be present. His wooden arms hung by his sides ready for a big hug and his head was slightly cocked with one ear hanging lower than the other, giving the animal a rather comical expression of boyish wonder and curiosity.

Beside the bear sat the goose, "Grandmother Goose" I liked to call her. She was gentle as a lamb as she sat warming her invisible eggs. Her curved beak and long neck stretched high above her round body. The night before I carved her, I dreamt of crawling under masses of soft, warm feathers escaping all sensations, save comfort.

I picked up the fourth and final block, studying the swirl of the grain, looking for what was hidden underneath the surface. I once read

that the Renaissance artist Michelangelo, instead of simply carving marble, used to release the figures trapped inside. I whittled the corners and edges off so I could feel the knife in the wood. It still cut well but could stand to be sharper. Again, no need to rush. I set the block down for further evaluation and picked up the sharpening stone.

Back and forth, back and forth, the blade slid on the stone keeping the angle constant, evenly maintaining the edge. I peered over my left shoulder and was greeted by a formation of flying ducks heading south for winter. They honked "hello" and I honked back, glad to have some company, even if only for a brief moment. After they had sailed by, I returned my attention to the task at hand. Back and forth, to and fro, constant angle, even edge.

I thought of the rocking horse sitting in my woodshop at home. It rocked as evenly as a grandfather clock ticking away the seconds. I was damned proud of that rocking horse. I made it a few years ago from the most beautiful cherry I had ever come across: wood so pretty it would be a sin to paint. I looked at my creation and saw happiness and art. When I showed it to Bonnie she grew sad and said she did not want it in the house. After that, I tucked it away in the rafters to be forgotten by everyone but me.

I looked at the poplar block with no corners and edges and thought of carving a horse. I whittled away the rounded corners until I had a nice cylinder.

I thought of the well at home, the well I had tried to build myself with some rented equipment. After a day in the library I thought I could build a well in a Sahara sand dune. I imagined the short stone wall, the cute little roof and the bucket going down light and coming up heavy and full. My attempt at digging lasted about an hour; by that time I had gotten dirtier than a pig's armpit and successfully severed our underground power lines. Bonnie gave me hell since she had just been to the market and stocked the fridge. We laugh about it now.

I checked the elevation, no change. I checked the GPS, I had hardly budged. I felt the block of wood in my hand, the smooth surface broken up by the ripple of knife marks. It felt solid as I tossed it back and forth, one hand then the next. I brought it up to my nose and took a sniff. I stuck out my tongue and gave it a taste. Bringing it back to my lap, I took out the knife and notched it three times down the side. The stability of a triangle, the strength of three, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. I ran my thumb over the fresh marks expecting a spiritual awakening, but instead I was stuck with a splinter. I picked it out with my teeth and stared into the vast landscape of billowing clouds.

I had a job as a waiter when I was in college, when I met Bonnie. She was pregnant three months later and lost it three months after that. We never knew if it was a boy or a girl.

I looked at the wood with the fresh notches. I slowly cut three horizontal rings deep into the surface. It reminded me of a totem pole. I rolled the work between my palms and stretched fingers. It felt nice and even.

Bonnie never got pregnant again. We tried all the natural and scientific methods to no avail. The doctors studied her inside and out. Her diet, her family history, they even made her collect stool samples; they really did a number on her and could not find anything wrong. I jerked off in a cup and they said I was cherry. That was that. No babies for us and no explanation known to man. In the middle of all the madness we planted a maple tree.

I touched the knife to the block. It felt good. It was right. It was sharp. I carved the word "Nate" under one of the rings. I cradled the wood and studied the letters. My gaze moved lazily around the basket. The carrot, the bear, grandmother goose, and Nate. I set the statue beside the other three and drew them in as one.

I checked the GPS and the altimeter. I checked the sandbags and the propane tanks. I checked the blanket, the spoon, the wood carvings, and the clouds. I scratched my head and sighed. Untying the release cable, I opened the top of the envelope and began descending.

fin.



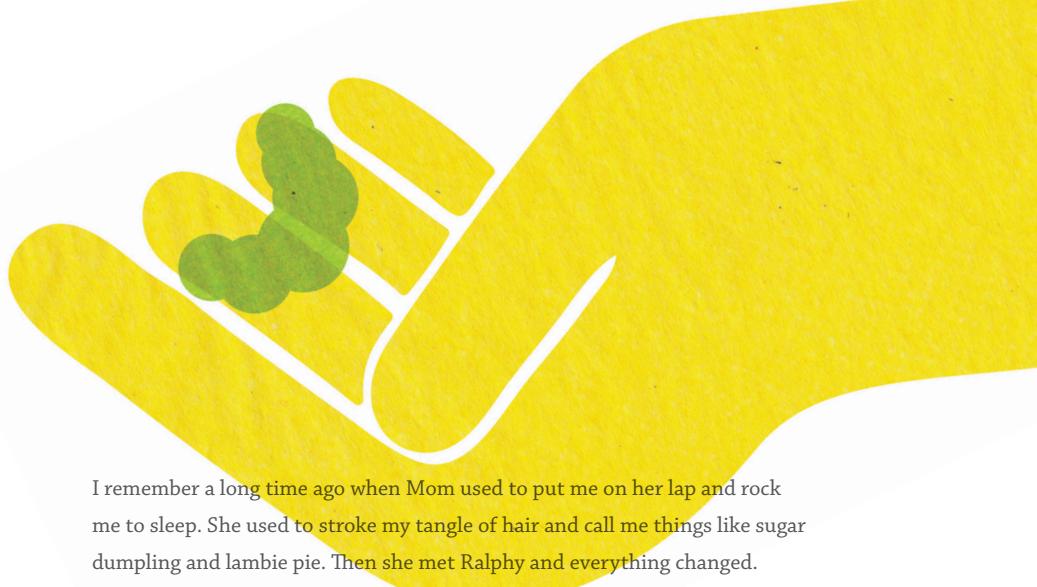


3rd fiction

NICHOLAS THIGPEN

Charity

74



I remember a long time ago when Mom used to put me on her lap and rock me to sleep. She used to stroke my tangle of hair and call me things like sugar dumpling and lambie pie. Then she met Ralphy and everything changed. Some hot shit he turned out to be. He left her three months ago with empty pockets, a face full of bruises, and two ratty kids. What a son of a bitch. He said it would be better this way. A month later Mom took off after him.

I sat fidgeting on my wooden chair, watching Bobby's crusty scalp move side to side as he aimed the squirting ketchup onto the last of the stale bread. Two minutes ago I was scraping off mold before Bobby could come into the kitchen and complain. Even without the green fuzz, he probably won't eat it.

While my mind was busy with thoughts of mold, mildew, and my brother, my idle hands found their way into my nose, scrounging for a worthy prize. Now that we had no electricity for the fans, the arid smell of fresh dust was everywhere, and there was a never-ending supply of dry prickly boogers always ripe for harvest. My finger dug deep to get behind a big one. I frowned when I saw the bloody thing that came out. As I wiped it under the table I thought of the school librarian lecturing us about the hairs that come out when we pick our noses and all the germs we'll breathe in without them. At least I don't eat my boogers like Bobby does.

As my brother played with his food, I thought about what to do with myself today. The first few weeks, we were on our own I would wake up with this motherly instinct to clean things, then I would plop down in front of the TV and never start cleaning. Now the house was beyond salvaging. With the well water acting up, no electricity, and no one to pick up after us, we lived in a stink of shit and dirty dishes.

With the open windows and piles of filthy plates, cups and silverware, came the South Carolina bugs. The kitchen was infested with buzzing, black houseflies. Flies upon flies upon flies in our food, tickling our eyes, trying to crawl down our ears, plus we slept in a bed of roaches and mice. At least the crickets could break the silence; it's funny what I have to be thankful for.

75

We had stopped going to school since Mom wasn't there to drive us, and had yet to find anything to occupy the vast amounts of time we suddenly had on our hands. For a while we giggled and screamed and ran through the house naked, we ate all the fudge in Mom's hidden stash, we used to think it was fun—that part of the vacation was over.

I got up from the table searching for something with any entertainment value. My eyes rested on the broom in the corner that hadn't been touched in eons. I shuffled across the wooden floor and wrapped my grungy fingers around my new weapon. **Dreaming of knights and castles, I turned to Bobby, and with a cavity-filled grin, charged at full speed.** Sensing my shenanigans, Bobby jumped from his perch, knocking bread and ketchup off the table, and bolted out the back door. Without a dragon to slay, I twirled the lance above my head and targeted the nearest stack of dirty plates.

WAAOOOMP!

Plates, dirt, food, and a colony of flies smashed on the floor with a tremendous crash. Before I could assess the damage, I abandoned my weapon and darted toward the back door, my only refuge from the pissed-off flies and the putrid stench of rotting food.

Bobby greeted me outside with an I-didn't-do-it look on his face which made me giggle a bit considering it didn't matter if we burned the place down. I couldn't remember the last time I had let out a good laugh.

"What'd you do that for?" Bobby whined.

I shrugged and kicked a dandelion with my bare foot. The sun blazed as I waited for my eyes to adjust. "I guess we can't go in the kitchen for a bit," I said thinking of the plague of flies and moldy stench.

"Well, what are we going to eat?" Bobby was always whining, "why's it so hot? Where's Mom?" As if I had the answer to any of his stupid questions.

"I'll go catch us a big ol' coon and we'll fry it up with some corn and maple syrup." I'd never cooked a day in my life.

Bobby harrumphed, put on his pouty face, and started walking around the house looking for a safe way in. The seriousness of my brother's question slowly entered my brain. We had been able to live off Ramen, canned goods, and well water for a while but our resources were running pretty slim, plus we were sick of eating the same shit, day in and day out. My dreams were haunted by food, real food, stacks of sweet strawberry pancakes oozing with melted butter and sticky syrupy bliss, a dozen fried eggs, plates full of greasy bacon and a gallon of cold orange juice.

Later in the day, after longing for fried flounder and peppered catfish, I decided I should test my luck in the fishing hole. Though it sounds nice, I actually hated that place because it's where Ralph would go to get drunk.

He would come stumbling out of the woods with a quarter bottle of whiskey, a few crappie and fiery bloodshot eyes searching for either someone to love or something to yell at. In either case, Bobby and I made it a point to be invisible, leaving Mom to the mercy of whatever wrath he felt like dealing out.

After digging around the tool shed for a bit, I'd managed to find the old bamboo pole Ralph liked to use. He said it had good whipping action, I never knew if it was a threat or just a comment. Lucky for me, there was a few feet of line and a rusty hook rigged up and ready to go. Thanks, Ralph. Since I'd never done much fishing, my stepdad liked to be alone when he went. I couldn't think of anything else I needed to bring, so with the old pole, two bare feet, and Mama's straw hat, I headed off to the watering hole.

The thick, summer air hung still while mosquitoes feasted on my body, like kids at a Viking smorgasbord. I could tell by the look of the sun, that it was past midday and should be cooling off soon. As the birds chirped and the leaves crackled under my feet, I thought of nothing; it was nice to have an empty head. When I arrived at the little pond it was clear why Ralph liked to come here. It was surrounded by birch and whispering pines so thick I couldn't see twenty yards past the edge of the water, plus I was far enough from the house that even a shrill yell couldn't travel the distance. **After surveying my surroundings, I spied a rotting log and ambled over with the hopes of finding a fat grub.** I discovered the wood was soft and full of little red centipedes and grey roly-polies, neither of which would fit well on the hook. After digging for a bit and thinking about going back to the house for some roaches, I found what I was looking for. An earthworm that could have easily been mistaken for a small snake appeared near the bottom of the log. Just waiting for me to come along and pluck it up. I broke it in four pieces, speared one on the hook, and wrapped the rest in a big green leaf for later.

I was feeling pretty confident as I dropped the line in the water. A fish was sure to bite, this worm was so big and juicy, I'd bring home a bass we could eat on for a week. I imagined wrestling a catfish so big we wouldn't even cook it. I'd call the newspaper, and they'd write a long story about a pretty little girl catching such a big fish and give us tons of money, and Bobby and I would buy a beautiful house in a big city and live happily ever after eating fudge and laughing about the fish Ralph could never catch. I grinned as I watched the line for the first tug.

Sure as the sun is bright, as soon as that hook hit the bottom, the line went taut, the pole jerked forward and I yanked with all my might. Unfortunately, my excitement got the better of me and my big tug left me with an empty hook and no fish. With my heart pounding, I dug in the leaf and pulled out another piece of worm. After spearing the wiggling creature and wiping the guts and blood on my shirt, I tossed the loaded trap into the water and waited for the next hit.

Minutes felt like hours. The sun had hardly moved since I got here so I figured my lack of patience was getting the better of me, but I'll be damned if it doesn't seem like every fish in the pond suddenly lost its appetite for worm. With my frustration building, I lifted the hook out of the water only to find it gleaming in the sunlight and bare as my own two feet. I haphazardly snatched another worm chunk, loaded it up, and sent it out into the depths of the warm water.

There it sat, just long enough for me to think about checking my bait again, and before I could draw up the line, the hook was sucked up by an unfortunate creature. I pulled it out of the water, slung it onto a pile of dirt, and I found myself one crappie richer than I was before. This fish really lived up to its name. It was no bigger than the palm of my hand and was ugly as a beaten baby, but hell, I'd caught one. I stood and watched as the fish flopped helplessly in the dirt, its mouth opening and closing like it was struggling for air. I watched as the creature's life disappeared, the eyes glazed over, and the limp body stiffened. I walked over, picked up the slimy fish, and said a short prayer to a God I didn't know.

"What are we gonna do with that?" Bobby and his damned questions again.

"It's supper," I said as I dropped the fish on the filthy table. The stench in the kitchen was worse than ever, but at least the flies had died back down and resumed their normal routine of buzzing near the sink. The plates remained untouched, strewn about on the dusty wooden floor. I searched around the rubble and found the cleaver I had been playing with the other day. I didn't really know where to begin or what I was doing, but I didn't want to hear any more complaints from my brother.

Without turning from the fish, I told Bobby to find some oil and flour. He just stood there squirming like he was going to pee his pants with anticipation. I didn't even notice. I was too busy gathering my strength and taking aim at my target. Before I was satisfied, I breathed in a lung full of air and took a mighty chop at the tail. My aim was a little off, and I was left with two even halves of a crappie and a big mark in the kitchen table. I exhaled and quickly shot Bobby a look before he could say anything, then returned my attention to the mess I was making. Guts, blood and more guts trickled out of the decaying corpse onto the tabletop. I never would have imagined so much liquid could fit in such a small body. Mom would have shit herself; Ralph would have turned the cleaver on me. Bobby and I watched in silence, no doubt sharing the same miserable thoughts.

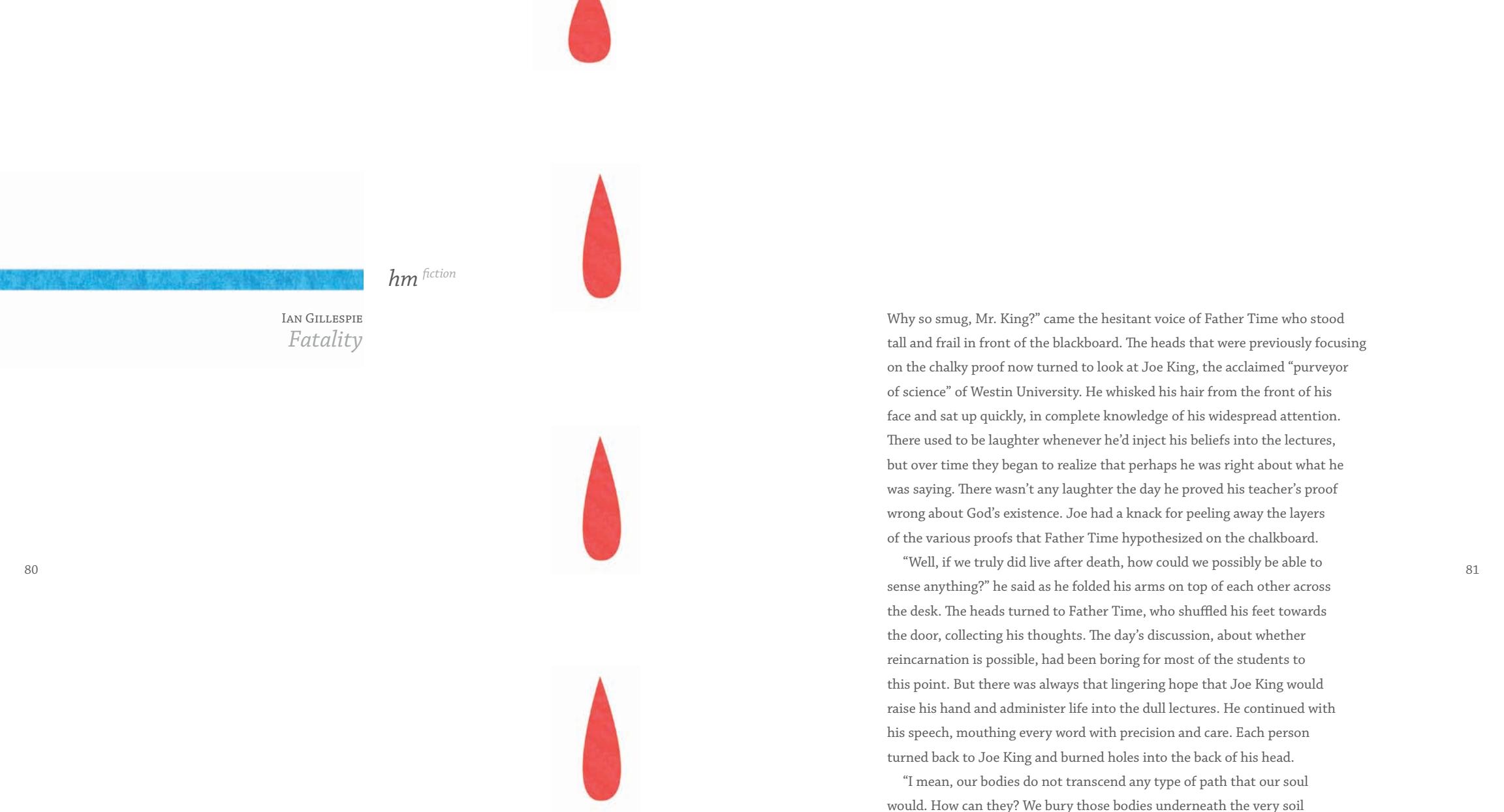
The more I looked at it, the more depressed I felt. The blow had angled the fish so I could see the grisly look of death and sin deep in its eyes. Those lifeless eyes, black as smoke at midnight. They never blinked or

faltered their gaze. They churned my stomach and filled my lungs with all the hatred and disgust this life had taught me. Acid pumped through my veins. I saw my knotted fingers wrapped around the cold metal and thought about how the blade would feel buried in solid flesh. How easily the edge could end life. I turned and eyed Bobby with his pencil neck and his soft ribs. His stupid mouth flapped open and closed like a broken toy. I swung the knife again. With a sickening thunk of cracking bones and spewing entrails, the blade smashed into the fish head.

Later that night, I sent my brother outside with a bag of clothes. When I was sure he was out, I dragged our mattress into the middle of the house and set it on fire.

fin.





hm ^{fiction}

IAN GILLESPIE
Fatality

80

81

“Why so smug, Mr. King?” came the hesitant voice of Father Time who stood tall and frail in front of the blackboard. The heads that were previously focusing on the chalky proof now turned to look at Joe King, the acclaimed “purveyor of science” of Westin University. He whisked his hair from the front of his face and sat up quickly, in complete knowledge of his widespread attention. There used to be laughter whenever he’d inject his beliefs into the lectures, but over time they began to realize that perhaps he was right about what he was saying. There wasn’t any laughter the day he proved his teacher’s proof wrong about God’s existence. Joe had a knack for peeling away the layers of the various proofs that Father Time hypothesized on the chalkboard.

“Well, if we truly did live after death, how could we possibly be able to sense anything?” he said as he folded his arms on top of each other across the desk. The heads turned to Father Time, who shuffled his feet towards the door, collecting his thoughts. The day’s discussion, about whether reincarnation is possible, had been boring for most of the students to this point. But there was always that lingering hope that Joe King would raise his hand and administer life into the dull lectures. He continued with his speech, mouthing every word with precision and care. Each person turned back to Joe King and burned holes into the back of his head.

“I mean, our bodies do not transcend any type of path that our soul would. How can they? We bury those bodies underneath the very soil that we walk over. Unless you’re telling me that we gain another body after death, then there’s no way that we’d be able to sense our surroundings. Without eyes, we cannot see where we are going or who is with us. Without our ears we cannot hear anything, whether it be the voice of God or the voice of our deceased grandparents. And to say that we communicate using some sort of electric impulses—well, how do those impulses travel? We do not have a body, no brain to sense any rhythm with. And if we could send electric impulses, then what prohibits that ability right now?”

Father Time’s eyebrows dropped with fatigue. “Won’t this kid ever shut up?” His mind built up an argument, taking information from the different

filling cabinets of his brain. Joe King quickly sat back in his chair, satisfied with his dispute. His hands shot behind his head, where he held his short curled hair in his palms. His eyes flickered quickly to the corner of the room, and his attention was stolen temporarily from Father Time.

Some sort of stain had built up in the corner, a brownish blemish that took over almost four of the ceiling panels. Each panel was almost a foot in size, so the spill was quite large. The thought of water flashed through his head quickly, the visual image of a loose pipe. After class he'd tell Father Time, who'd notify a janitor or someone. It wasn't any of Joe's business. Father Time drew in a long breath and expelled his attack on Joe King's philosophy.

"The religious view of death is resurrection, of both the mind and the body. But to say that the same matter that makes up your body now would live on after death is false. The matter of your body is constantly changing, throwing away the filth and birthing new matter. Perhaps the soul can resurrect itself in a new place, such as your souls starting here, on Earth. Maybe your soul continued its journey on Earth. Maybe your soul will conclude in Heaven, or perhaps your soul cycles itself and lives again in this world."

Joe shot up from his arched frame, erecting his body in the seat. His eyes lit with fire as he began to anticipate the victory. With his knife and fork in each hand, he began his tirade. Father Time could only sit down in his chair, content with his own dispel of information. He'd had enough of this little shit, this kid who always felt that it was his duty to question every single remark that he'd sound off. Even the slightest unbelievable statement would spark an onslaught of intellectual performance. Father Time had once loved his craft, his art of lecturing these bits and pieces of intellectual education. But this kid took all that he'd ever once loved and kicked it into the sun.

"Let's put this into perspective: the human's mind cannot grasp certain amounts of information. When our body's computer is processing too much data, we tend to feel faint and heated. This is a headache. Some people find that their ability to sponge information wears them down, leading to death. So tell me, how can we possibly live forever when we are not able to even grasp one lifetime's worth of memories? How are we able to go for infinity without a migraine if we cannot go one month without one?"

As if in an art gallery, the heads shifted from one piece of art to another. Like a courtroom, the silence was overbearing on the two debaters. It was worse for Father Time, who felt like he was in a cage being whipped. Father Time, the nickname for the aging professor of philosophy. Ever since five years ago, when he suffered his second stroke, he'd joke around calling himself "Father Time". To his dismay, the name picked up and now every student in his classes would call him the name. Father Time drew in his breath once more and looked to young Joe King, who sat in his desk with the presence of a god.

"You are appealing to the idea that the brain transcends the connection between this world and the next, but I never said that the brain lives. We're not sure about how the soul exists. Or where it is. Still, your mind is able to intelligently construct ideas and beliefs about flowers, mothers, and colors. When you see a pink flower, the statement of "a pink flower" comes to your mind, right?"

Joe bit his lip in bliss, acknowledging the fact that Father Time was spewing out bullshit now. He had no idea how to back up these ideas, he only knew how to profess them to the uneducated mass that sat in the classroom. Well Joe King, the "purveyor of science" at Westin University, would shine a light into this darkness. He began his banter in accord with Father Time, and then quickly shot into a different direction.

"We do not know where the soul is. Or what it is. Or how it works! To say that it can live on after death is completely immature and stubborn. You know nothing about this concept of the soul yet you are so completely able to define what it will do in the future. Thousands of years ago, the concept of stars worked in the same way. But they weren't stars back then. They were the eyes of gods. They were watching us. Protecting us. But oh, suddenly we look at one and wow! It's a planet! It's a body of rock just like our own! The point is, it's daft to make conclusions on things we know nothing about. My evidence is our own history, our own decisions on ideas that we know nothing about."

The students held their breath in awe; Father Time sat wide-eyed in his chair. The sound of footsteps passing outside the classroom was the only sound wave to break the silent barrier. One kid at the back of the room let out a loud "whoa", which sat thickly on the air above the pupils. Joe King felt the silence and loved every moment of it. His eyes shifted from Father Time to the corner of the room once more. He sat up straight, his eyes fiercely held not in awe, but in concern.

The blemish had grown! Joe's eyes followed the stain, which had spread from the corner to the center of the room! It was only six feet from where he was sitting, on the right side of the classroom. It was strange though as the substance didn't look wet. Nothing was dripping and nothing was too bizarre, other than the fact of how fast it'd spread.

Something strange... the rate it had spread meant that it should be spreading a foot every minute! It wasn't moving right now, it had stopped its pace. Joe had strained all his thoughts on this spot that he didn't notice Father Time go into his refute. The growing monstrous blot on the ceiling was all that Joe King could concentrate on.

"... Man was built far superior to any living thing that has ever preceded it. We are able to make logical decisions. We have built a language that is brilliantly designed to accustom every single concept of the universe."

Father Time looked over to Joe, who was away in his own thoughts. He took this chance to continue his lecture and free himself from this horrible dispute. Maybe a few drinks tonight would help heal his wounds. Only ten more classes until Winter Break, which meant a new class of manipulative little minions.

"But, we must move on." Joe King frowned deeply upon hearing this, acknowledging his inability to control how they structured the lecture. If it was the teacher's command to continue the lecture, it was the students' response to listen. Perhaps Joe someday would teach a few classes, just to spite the manipulative spirit of Father Time.

The lecturer rambled on for a few more minutes until King remembered the lively stain on the ceiling. His eyes swept the classroom, realizing the whole ceiling was sick with this disease. He shot out of his desk, knocking over his books and pencil. Father Time abruptly stopped the lecture and turned around to scream at whoever had interrupted him. The other students looked with equal wonder at who and why someone had screamed. They saw young Joe King, standing against the wall, pointing above them to the roof.

"What the fuck is that?" he screamed, allowing every single person in the room to look above at the unhealthy brown ceiling. It had not only taken up a different color, but it had taken up a life form. The roof sagged with weight, bouncing up and down. Everyone immediately rose from the seats, screaming with anxiety and fear. Father Time only sat with thoughtful eyes, his mind running across fields.

"What is it?"

"Get out! Everyone get out!"

"Is it going to fall?"

"Oh my God! Oh my God!"

The sound of screeching desks and shoving bodies was all they heard. Then came a large cracking noise, followed by a strange blip blip blip. Without warning, the brown monster came shattering to the floor, crushing bodies against the floor. Grunts administered as heads cracked. Dust flew in all directions as the ceiling imploded under the weight.

Doors in other classes began opening instantly, teachers erupting from their rooms with concern. The noise had shaken the whole building! They ran to each other, counting heads and asking questions. Within a few seconds, it was apparent that Father Time wasn't in attendance. They bolted down the hallway, three doors down, where dust was filtering out from underneath the door. A red liquid also slowly poured from underneath, telling the story of what had happened.

The first teacher grabbed for the door handle and turned the handle. He tried to open it, but too many bodies were massed at the door. They began to slam their shoulders into the door, but to

no avail. Students and teachers huddled around the door, looking through the tiny rectangular window. The dust was still flying about, attempting to rest on the mass of bodies and plaster on the floor.

"There's someone!" shouted one of the teachers, who instinctively began to bang on the door. They shouted, calling out for one student who stood alone on the other side of the classroom.

"That's Joe King!" shouted out one of the kids behind the teachers. They began calling his name, but he only stood like a gargoyle, looking upon the death and destruction that had just happened inside the classroom.

No one saw any brown monster or liquid on the plaster. The only color, other than the white dust and ceiling plaster, was red liquid seeping between the ceiling tiles. That catalyst of the destruction had left as quickly as it had come.

But they did see young Joe King, the "purveyor of science" of Westin University.

They saw Joe King crying.

fin.





film art



1st film art

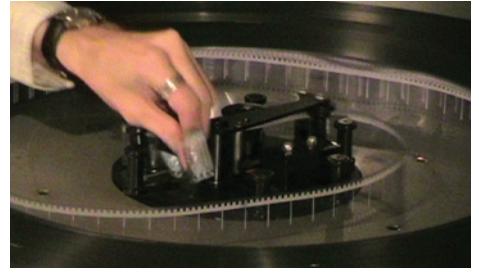
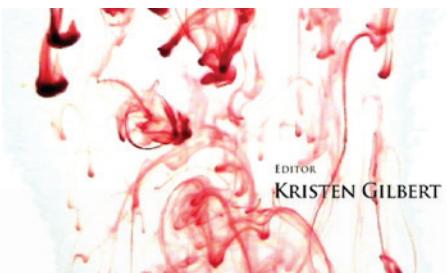
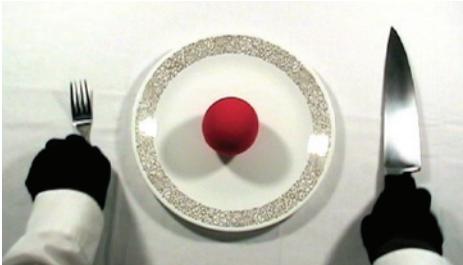
SARAH HEGLER
3000°

This documentary was made as an assignment for my first video art class. I had taken sculpture survey the semester before, where I participated in the iron pour by making a low relief self-portrait. I thought it was a really amazing process so I decided that I wanted to give others the experience of seeing what goes into the creation of iron sculptures. I filmed the different techniques used in mold making, the actual event where the iron was melted, as well as interviewed teachers and students. I learned a great deal and I hope to continue to learn about subjects through their exploration with film.

2nd film art

TOBY SIMMONS
SOAD

Most art assignments in college have specific parameters, however, this one was open to the student. A proposal had to be submitted to the professor for approval first. I honestly didn't think that I would get the green light for this. It seemed like it was pandering to my contemporaries and tempting an easy video, but nothing could be further from the truth. Nothing could have prepared me for what I was about to get myself into.



3rd film art

CHRISTOPHER PITTS *Alphabet Man*

90

The purpose of this assignment was to create a title sequence for a movie based on an existing work of literature that has not yet been made into a film. I chose Richard Grossman's novel The Alphabet Man, about a mass-murdering poet with a clown living in his psyche who occasionally takes over the narrative.

The story is steeped in duality, with the main character being self-loathing and brooding, while the clown is crass and comedic. To reflect this, I wanted to do a piece that was psychologically dark while being aesthetically bright. I wanted bright, wide-open space in the composition to provide contrast to obviously ominous subject matter.

For the narrative, I created a scenario in which blood, as a collective and sentient entity, follows the character as if he can't escape it. The character is going through his normal routines in the beginning of his day but wherever he goes, this blood is consciously following him despite his meticulous and careful nature.

hm film art

CHRISTOPHER PITTS *Routine*

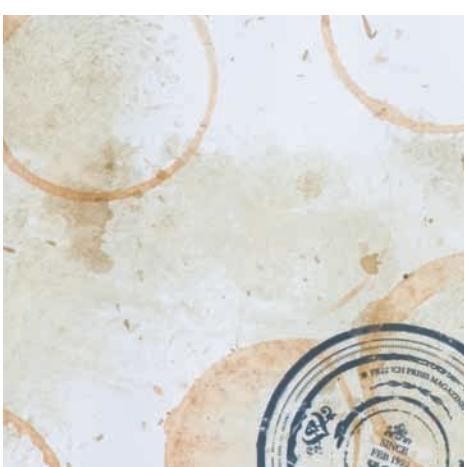
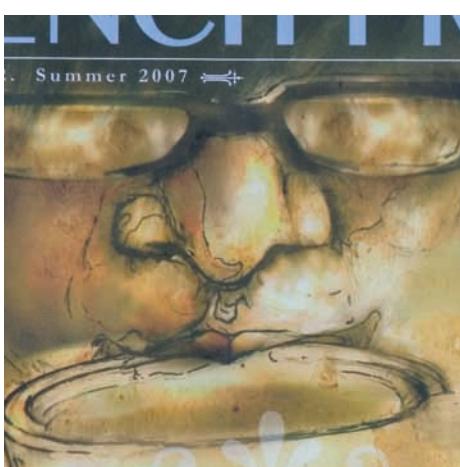
91

This was my first video project so there were some assignment constraints such as length and the structure of a montage based on one word, with the reveal at the end. I used the word "routine", and wanted to convey my own dissatisfaction of being trapped in one. I decided to use visual elements from my job as a movie theater projectionist because the activities are physically mechanical and hopefully obscure to anyone who isn't familiar with them.

I included the doors opening by themselves to aid with creating a light air of surrealism and convey that the character is living in some sort of hell, the mood I associate with being trapped in a routine. They were also helpful to show the passing of days and nights as I wanted to be clear that this repetitive hell is persistent, if not infinite. The biggest difficulty was portraying great lengths of time within sixty seconds.

graphic design





1st graphic design

KAREENA DETWILER
French Press Magazine
mixed media, digital output

Various spreads from a collaboration with student Katelyn Crook. *French Press* is a specialty coffee magazine created for cultured and experienced coffee consumers.



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2nd graphic design

KAREENA DETWILER
Eco Design 2008
digital output

A campaign for an event called Eco Design 2008 which focused primarily on lighting within office spaces. The campaign consisted of multiple promotional pieces that urged designers to create more eco-friendly interior layouts using daylighting instead of fluorescent lighting.

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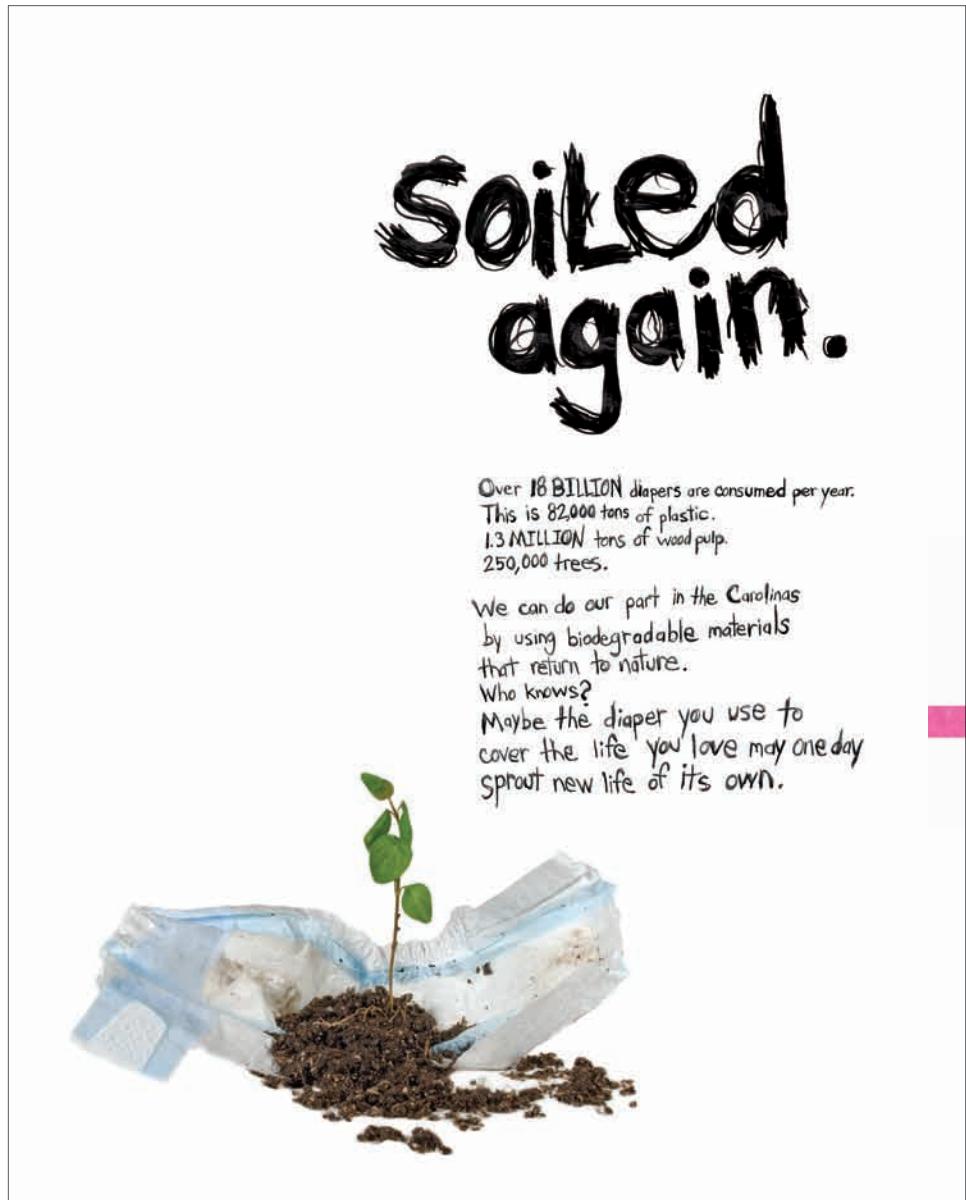




WHITNEY HOLLAND
Austin City Limits Festival
 letterpress

3rd graphic design

This poster was printed as an assignment for the introduction to letterpress class. The project was to design and print a showcard for a real event. Earlier in the semester, I had been to the Austin City Limits Festival and decided to design a poster for the next year. One of the things I distinctly remembered from the event was all the dragon flies hovering around, and that was my main inspiration for the design. Austin is also known as the "Live Music Capitol of the World" so a reference to music was also necessary, thus the guitar, which had been a key visual element of the festival I attended.

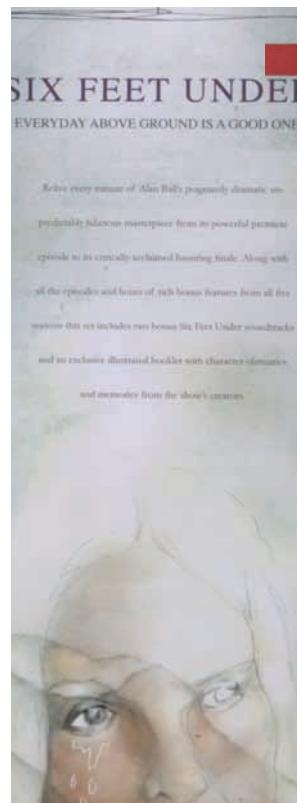
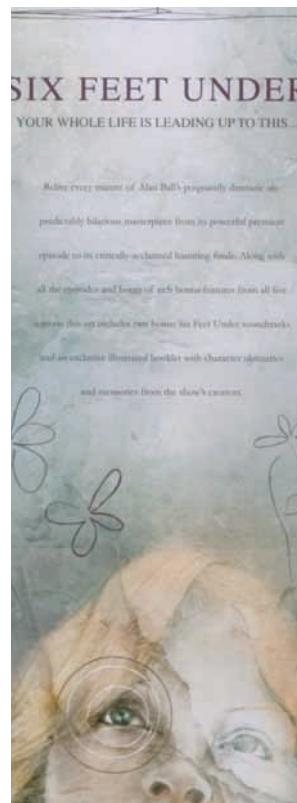
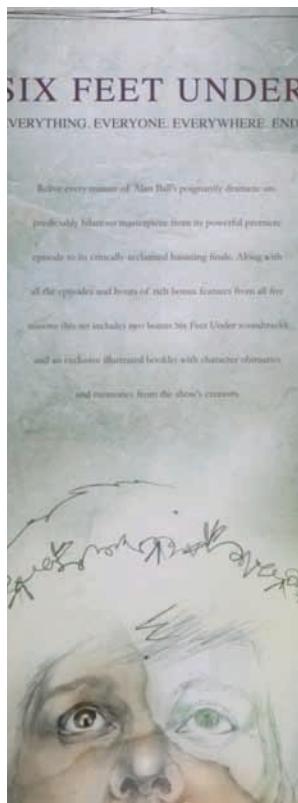
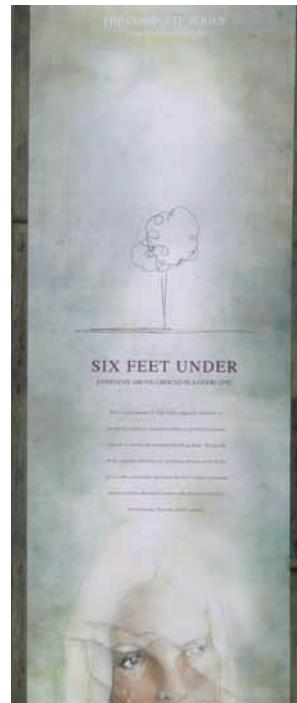
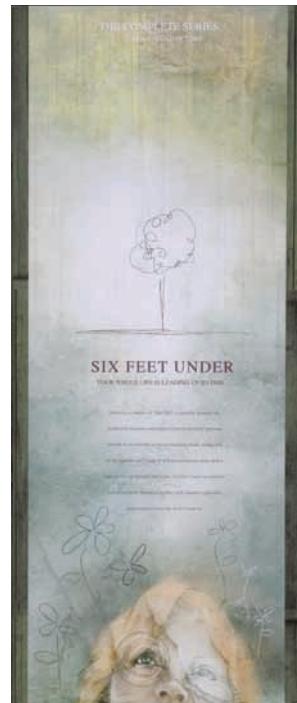
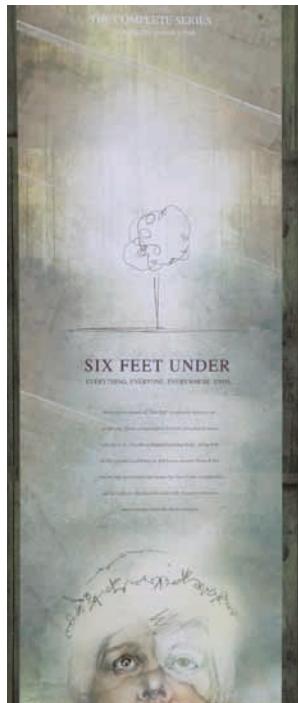


SHAWN ENOJADO
Soiled Again
digital output

The poster was designed for Raleigh AIGA's ReThink Poster competition. Disposable diapers are a growing problem among landfills. I wanted to raise awareness by offering alternative ways to where we can help conserve our environment and minimize pollution. The title refers to the messy issue of diapers as well as being an exclamation about the growing problems of our planet.



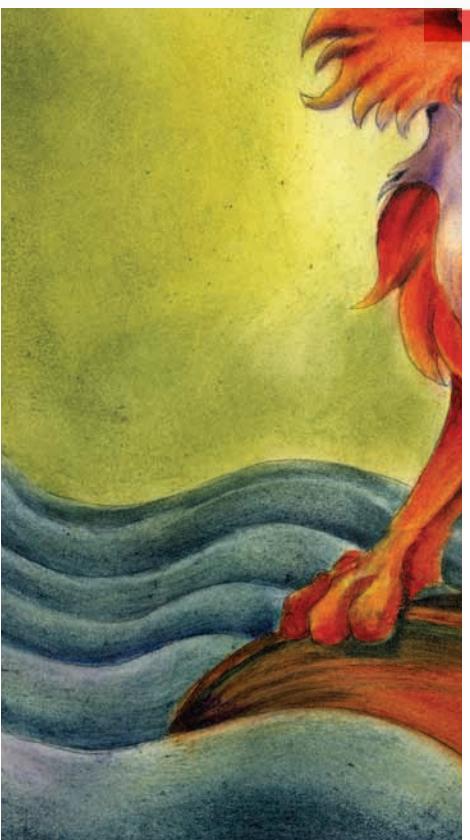
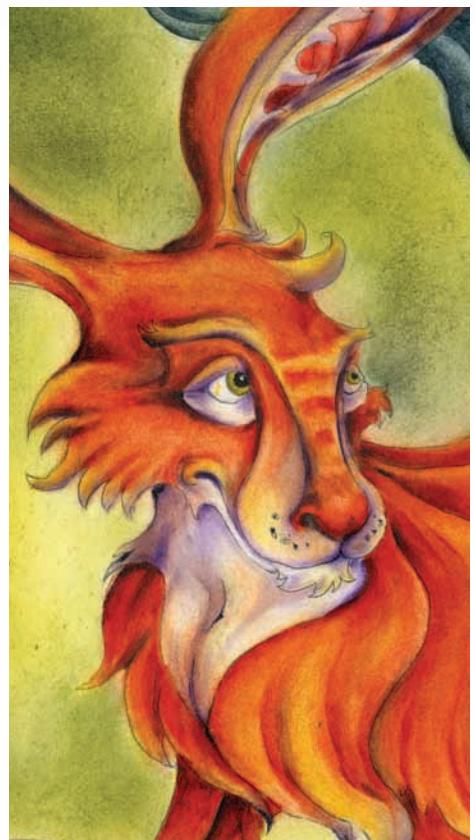
illustration



1st illustration

KAREENA DETWILER
Six Feet Under Posters
mixed media, digital output

A series of posters created for the HBO series Six Feet Under, about a family that owns a funeral home. Each poster portrays a major character from the series with elements relevant to his/her personality as well as individual roles within the family. The posters mimic the shape of a coffin, relating to the themes of life and death.



2nd illustration

BETHANY SALISBURY
Year of the Rabbit
oil glazing

This piece is one in a set of illustrations depicting animals of the Chinese zodiac; the Rabbit.

Each element of this illustration relates to the Rabbit and depicts the story of his part in the legend of how the animals got their places in the zodiac. A race was called by the Jade Emperor to determine each animal's placement in the yearly cycle. Rabbit jumped from rock to rock across the river but fell in. From there he jumped on a log and was blown across to the finish. The shape of the background is the shape of the Rabbit's gem, the aquamarine, as is the green color. His element is wood.

The technique used was oil glazing, layers and layers of thin oil paint applied and wiped away with towel and q-tip, then covered with crystal clear glaze and repeated.



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3rd illustration

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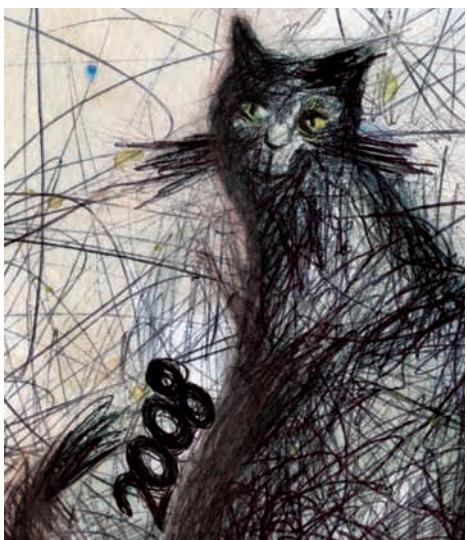
KAREENA DETWILER

*Italia**mixed media, digital output*

Series based on a study-abroad trip to Italy that captured my personal perception of that country. Various aspects of the trip are identified in the illustration, such as architecture I found intriguing and textures that were reminiscent of Italy.



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SHAWN ENOJADO
October 2008
digital output

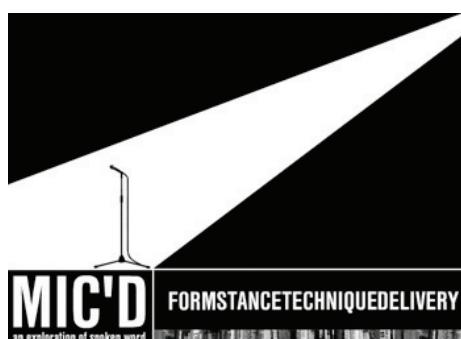
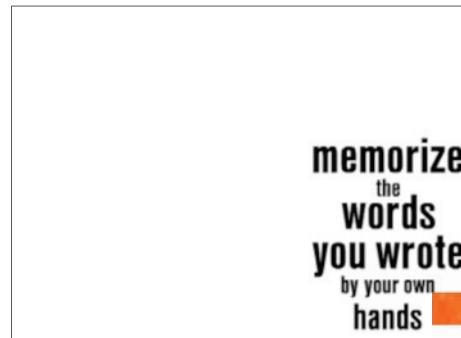
hm illustration

As part of a collaborative calendar, I designed the 2008 month of October. I chose to illustrate the month by adapting themes of the season to minimal imagery which also had an impact. The model is my family's black cat named Lucky. My mother named her so because of an unforgettable experience one morning: A family friend's cat had kittens, and one day when the friend drove her car from her garage to work, she noticed that one of the kittens was hiding underneath the car in the engine compartment. The car was driven for a few miles and, fortunately, the kitten was not hurt. Lucky was given to my family, and she was named so because "she's Lucky to be alive." The illustration is a mixed media piece using colored pencils, graphite, pen and ink, and watercolor.

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interactive design



PEERAPON SUJJAVANICH

MIC'D: An Exploration of Spoken Word

flash animation

1st interactive design

I had the wonderful opportunity to collaborate with spoken word artist Nitche Ward : The Original Woman. Elements of the design process included on-site research of poetry slams in Raleigh and Chapel Hill, North Carolina, interviews with several spoken word artists, and data collection via the internet and local bookstores. The interactive Flash project features a sixty-second intro of kinetic typography that is synchronized to the audio of The Original Woman's powerful performance of "Mic Check".

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interactive design intro can be viewed on the dvd located in the back of the book



metal design



1st metal design

AMANDA OUTCALT
Leaving Brooch
copper, silver, enamel

My jewelry references my changing ideas about womanhood as I go through my life and encounter milestones that millions of other women also relate to—family, body image, health issues, love, building a career and a life for oneself, and uncertainty about the future. Juggling these responsibilities while also trying to bring beauty into my life and environment inspire me to create my work.



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2nd metal design

OWEN SULLIVAN
From the Bottom Up
copper, fine silver, teeth

I made this piece with the intention of creating an odd or interesting situation when an otherwise ordinary-looking box can be opened to reveal something unexpected.

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122



3rd metal design

MEGAN CLARK
Untitled Necklace
copper, enamel, fine silver

123



124



hm *metal design*

ASHLEY GILREATH
Lena
silver, photo, glass

125



music

***1st music***

AARON BROOKS
Conduits

Conduits is a progressive rock suite in three movements. The first section, "Stumbling Through," uses asymmetrical rhythms and meter changes to present a series of chords in such a way that the music sounds as if it is tripping over its own feet, while constantly getting up and moving forward with great purpose. "Liquid," the second section, morphs these chords into a restrained but intense piano chorale that eventually accompanies an expressive synthesizer melody and predicts a screaming guitar climax. The last section is a fugue. Its subject, initially presented by the solo piano, is metrically chopped up and added to. This theme is often layered on top of itself in such a way as to create extreme dissonance and rhythmic disorder. The end of the work comes to a screeching halt with a quick piano arpeggio, ending the piece as forcefully as it began.

Conduits was created with a combination of electric guitar and midi programming. It was mastered by Weasel Walter. Hear more music at www.myspace.com/aaronbrooks

2nd music

ARIELLE BRYANT
I Am the Lemon

A personal statement, an alter ego, a hopeful plea for love.

COUNTERTOP HERO
Space-Age Funk

3rd music

COUNTERTOP HERO
Victimless Crime

hm music

music can be heard to on the dvd located in the back of the book

non-fiction

ELIZABETH WALKER
Memoir

"I FEARED THAT I WAS GOING TO FAIL"

I sat, cramped in a small trailer next to my three older male cousins at a pop-up table in the corner. There was not enough space for my entire family in the trailer so the extended relatives sat outside. I looked around at the small home and thought to myself, "I must make more of myself than this." My three cousins were your stereotypical good ol' southern boys, who just made it out of high school.

One of my cousins turned to me and asked, "So what grade are you in again?"
"Fourth."

"How're your grades?"
"They are good."

"I bet they're all A's." My three cousins laughed and commented on how they had never seen an A in their lives. They did what they could to get by, like watching a movie instead of reading a book. They were not jealous but proud of their only girl cousin, who happened to be smart.

"Yeah, but it's more than that. I am considered academically gifted now, and get to take special classes." My enthusiasm for school bubbled over, and I launched into a detailed explanation of projects that I was doing and books that I was reading. Around my country relatives, my accent was not noticed or commented upon. Only around non-Southerners did I find myself questioning my pronunciation of words.

My three cousins allowed me to go on for a few minutes. A shared blank expression that denoted their lack of understanding was found on all three faces. One of my cousins, Kel, finally spoke.

"We're proud of you, but I'm afraid we just aren't following your schoolin'. I mean we had one type of class for everybody at our school. Charlotte must have some fancy classes or somethin'. Out here in the cun-tree, we just don't have stuff like that." My cousins grew up in Holly Ridge, about an hour away from Wilmington. They are part of my dad's side of the family, which originates from Rocky Mount, North Carolina.

They quickly changed the topic while I sat there in silence. How could they not be interested in school? I prided myself on achieving

good grades in school and already planned to attend college one day. Why did they want to remain ignorant country yokels?

The shock of this discovery should have worn off by now, but it hasn't.

Every time my family makes the four-and-a-half hour drive down to the eastern part of North Carolina I experience similar ignorance from both my mom and dad's side of the family. My parents always make sure to point out my relatives as examples of what can happen to someone who does not have a college education. They explain to me that they were first-generation college graduates, and that I must continue the tradition.

I was an innocent middle school, sixth grade girl. I stood in my classroom on a warm summer day conversing with a boy from my class. For whatever reason, I decided to talk to this boy named Stephen. I was not overly fond of him as a person because he was often loud, causing classroom disruption over something unimportant. Plus his name wasn't pronounced phonetically; the e's in his name were short and said with an "if." However, I was known to be quiet, friendly, and nice. I obviously could not break this established expectation, so I talked to him.

We were discussing something unimportant, when he stopped in the middle of the conversation. Stephen exclaimed in a voice loud enough for the entire class to hear, "You have the biggest Southern accent that I have ever heard." Everyone turned around in the class to stare at me, and I was suddenly embarrassed by something that I had never noticed before. I had always thought that my Southern accent was normal or mild compared to a lot of people I knew. I guess I forgot that I was in Charlotte where many people were not from the South. I was comparing my accent to my Southern relatives from the country, many of whom spoke with more of this trait.

I assumed the issue of my "big" Southern accent was over. The next day as I was standing in the lunch line, I noticed Stephen talking to two or three girls. I overheard the conversation and realized that he was telling them about my accent! I could not believe it. No one had ever had a problem with my Southern accent in the past. Stephen proceeded to say, "In all the years that I have lived in Charlotte, I have never met anyone with an accent like Ashley's." Well, in all the years I had lived in Charlotte, no one had ever commented on my accent. I assumed that he was from the North and clearly had never heard someone with a strong Southern accent. He was an outsider to the community of the Southern dialect. I felt that since he was not familiar with the dialect, he really should not have commented on my accent. Everyone else agreed with him in the lunch line. They all turned to me and encouraged me to pronounce certain words that they knew would probably demonstrate my accent. I wanted to clam up. Why was I the only Southerner around when I was in a

region of the South? I caved in to the peer pressure and pronounced the words.

"Say several."

"Serve-al."

"Say tobacco."

"Tobacca."

"Say library."

"Lie-berry."

Everyone said, "Again. Again." After about the third time saying the same word, I was done with this game. I felt humiliated.

Everyone giggled, as though I was a circus anomaly.

This event propelled me towards correcting my Southern dialect. I was suddenly aware of how many words in my vocabulary had an accent attached to their pronunciation. I mentally documented anytime I discovered that a word I thought was pronounced a certain way, was in fact pronounced another. I kept a mental inventory of those words and practiced saying them correctly on my own. I wanted to sound intelligent and be able to converse in "standardized" English. I refused to sound like a country bumpkin.

Debate was an organization that helped me hone my speaking skills to a more "standardized" form. Debate was the one setting where my Southern dialect did not affect the way that others interacted with me. As one of the few females in a predominantly male division of the Debate tournaments, I found myself respected after I gave one speech in my Chamber. I had chosen the Congressional event at the Debate tournament because it was a more professional and realistic mode of public speaking. In the rooms where we competed, called Chambers, everyone was expected to dress in formal business attire and refer to one another as Senator or Representative. Before we arrived at the tournament, we all received packets that detailed the resolutions or bills that we would debate in the Chamber. Other male teammates from my school respected my ability to speak on an award-winning level that equaled or bettered their performances. Every tournament I put on my professional identity, assuming the role of the well-prepared and well-spoken Congresswoman. I prided myself on my ability to present speeches in a clear, and to my knowledge, accent-free voice. In the past year and a half, I had trained myself to adopt a voice that could pronounce words with little to no accent. My voice was deeper and carried with it an air of authority. I was not to be trifled with.

And it was with this confident attitude that I presented my speeches in my Chamber at Harvard. Yes, the best high school debaters were allowed to enter the halls of the famed institution that represented the societal standard

of high-quality education. After a time where each person struggled to gain the right to present his/her speeches, the session of Congress was over and we all took a break. I usually took control of a chamber quickly, and was disheartened to discover that no one really appeared to be a leader in our chamber. We were the best debaters in the country, all holed up in one room, vying for the right to proceed to the next level of debate. A girl from my chamber came over to me after the session and peered at me with a look that definitely did not convey the normal competitor's air of perusal. She looked at me as though I were just the cutest stuffed teddy bear she had ever seen.

She remarked in a clearly Northern accent, "You just have the cutest Southern accent. Where are you from?"

I was horrified. My voice had sounded Southern when I had given my speeches? I thought that while I maybe had not articulated my point as well as possible, my voice had at least been unaccented.

She stood there waiting for my response while I struggled to recover from my dumbfounded shock. I mumbled, "North Carolina. Where are you from?"

"New York City." She looked satisfied that her assumption that I was from the South had been confirmed. She walked off with her friend while I was left to figure out how my speech had been Southern.

She had meant the comment as a compliment, actually liking my accent. If the comment had occurred on the streets of Boston, then I probably would not have minded, but the fact that my Southern accent had managed to creep into my speeches disrupted her good intentions. My Southern identity and my professional identity were supposed to remain separate. I asked other people from my school about this comment and soon found myself angry over the supposed compliment. She must have thought my speeches were Southern just because she was from New York. She clearly had an accent too. Her accent influenced her speech as well. She had probably never been to the South and heard a real Southern accent. I chalked the comment up to ignorance and grew angry over the idea that Northern speech was superior to Southern. Who were Northerners to dictate the correct pronunciation of words, when many of them had accents as well? Shouldn't they strive to rid their accents from their voices? No, only the Southerners had to worry about being viewed as incompetent.

I did not proceed to the second round of debate. I thought that I had presented strong arguments in my speeches, but it was so very hard to tell. Could the judges understand what I was trying to say? I hoped so.

The next day, I received my feedback sheets from the judges. I had excellent scores on my speeches. Most of them were near perfect. The deciding factor for winners most likely dealt with the judges' memories and personal preferences on participation in the chamber. I guess my accent had not hindered my

speeches at all. No written comments were made about my accent. I just lived with that inevitable fear. I must have failed to make myself noticeable enough in a chamber where every word counted and everyone fought to be heard.

It was a bright, sunny day. I walked hand-in-hand with my boyfriend of two years, Brandon. Brandon's family was from Ohio. Brandon always said, "I was born in the South, but am Ohio raised." He did not have much of an accent, but if there ever was one, it was Northern. We walked into the mall past a family. The people in the family were carrying on in loud Southern accents, laughing and yelling.

"Jimmy-Anne, where's your mama?" yelled one man.

"Talkin' to that lady from her work." Jimmy-Anne pointed in the direction of her mother.

"Well, you had better go and tell her to come along. We ain't waitin' much longer. Everybody's gettin' impatient." Jimmy-Anne ran over to her mother to deliver the message.

Brandon shook his head, cringing as he did so.

"What's wrong?" I asked him.

"I can't stand their accents. It's grating to the ears." Brandon replied.

"Well, what about my accent. It's Southern. Does it bother you?" I was concerned. I had always tried my best to eliminate this problem, and here it was again. Just when I thought that it could not get worse. My boyfriend, of all people, must only tolerate my accent.

Brandon stopped walking and turned my face up to look into his eyes.

Sweetheart, I love your voice. Your accent does not bother me. You should know that. There is a difference between someone with an educated Southern accent, and someone with a redneck accent. And yours is clearly not redneck."

I smiled brilliantly. Finally, there was someone who understood the difference in Southern accents! I felt that all my hard work had paid off. I realized that I never really had a problem with being from the South; I just did not want to be viewed as unintelligent.

I turned to Brandon. "Want to go to the theater later on?"

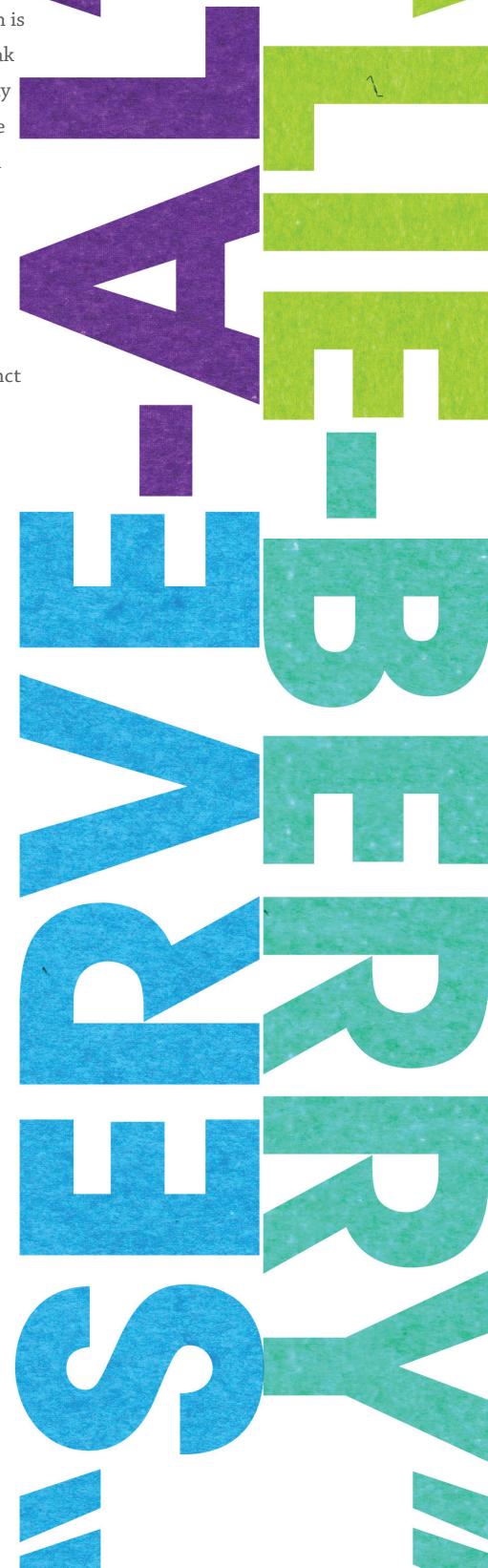
Brandon smiled and shook his head over my obvious mispronunciation of the word theater. "Whatever you want."

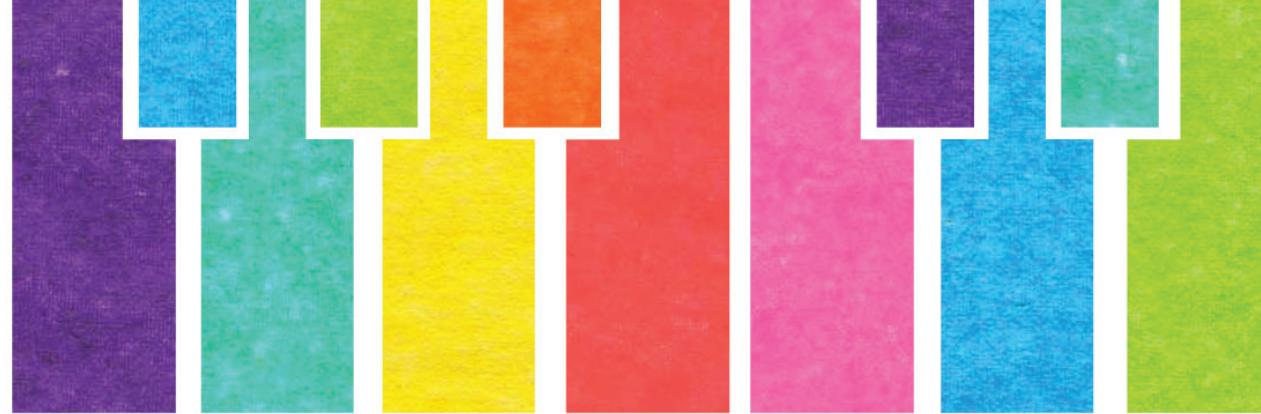
I still speak with a Southern accent in my day-to-day life. I no longer feel as though the world is against my speech. However, I am able to recognize the appropriate situations where my formal speaking voice is needed so that others can better understand me. Everyone is not from the South and may struggle to understand certain words. I do not think that all Northerners view Southerners as illiterate. Instead, the Northern



dialect is faster moving with more emphasis on vowels. Southern speech is slower and more drawn out. To a Northerner, anyone who does not speak quickly must have some sort of learning deficiency. Yet, Southern society does not feel the need for the imminent rush in speaking because we are more concerned about people's feelings and emotions. This difference in dialect extends into a difference in regional ways of life. I have learned to understand these differences in society and incorporate these ideas into how I view my accent. Speech-giving always requires a degree of professionalism which includes speaking in a "standardized" way that everyone can understand. It does not mean that anyone who does not speak this way all the time is any less educated. I have realized the distinct difference between my professional identity and my Southern identity.

fin.





2nd non-fiction

AMANDA SCOTT
Memories of Jane

I wrote this piece to reflect upon my grandmother's life and death. Remembering my family's grief during her death allowed me to fully comprehend the importance of the great times we shared with her. She was a strong, beautiful, and amazing woman who will always be missed.

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As I stare at the light brown maple piano that rests against the blank wall in my house, my eye jumps back and forth in reaction to the sun's random reflections off its wooden surface. Everything is silent while I sit on the piano's matching bench. The smooth feeling of the black and white keys on the tips of my fingers causes my mind to wander to a time almost eight years earlier when I did not sit on this bench alone.

My grandma used to sit next to me and play the harder portion of "Heart and Soul" while I played the easy part. This tradition was repeated multiple times during my visits to Virginia, which helped seize my persistent begging. I loved watching my grandma play music. It had always amazed me how such complex and ear-appetizing melodies filled the room every time her fingers touched those keys. I thought of her talent being somewhat related to speaking a different language and beyond my skill level. She lived in an apartment by herself because my grandpa, Bill, had passed away a decade before my birth. The apartment air was filled with the smell of cigarette smoke and perfume permanently lodged in my memory. Jane, my grandma, was a short woman, a trait most of the Scotts owned. She was in her sixties with a body composition that had become less thin over the years. Her head was covered with short gray hair, the kind of gray hair that is soft, shiny, and reflective of more than one value. Most days, she wore dressy shirts with knee length skirts, hose, and short heels that matched her outfit. She never left the apartment without her complementary earrings and necklace, most frequently pearls. I had concluded that her favoritism towards formal attire was a product of the life she had presenting herself as a teacher. Being her granddaughter, I knew the other side of her closet. When she did dress casually, it was in stretch cotton pants, flat slip-on shoes, and a t-shirt. She must have had every color because her apparel always coordinated. The accessories stayed with her regardless of her outfit genre. The final touch that completed her look was red lipstick. Unlike a lot of people, she looked classy and elegant when her lips were colored. She had other appealing traits that were placed beneath the surface but easy to find.

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She was blessed with characteristics that were apparent in her mannerisms. Her strength and wisdom were admirable in themselves. She handled problems alone without concerning others. The love she displayed for her family was inspiring and made me proud to be a part of it. She could be intimidating or timid depending on situations. Her ability to portray opposite attitudes so appropriately was an aspect I grew to admire.

The last day our family sat with my grandma in her apartment was not an ordinary visit. We had come to return the unfailing support all of us had repeatedly received from her. Sometime in the previous years, a stomach aneurysm had unfortunately afflicted my grandma, leaving removal as the only option. After one more "Heart and Soul" duet, it was time for her to make her appearance at the hospital for surgery.

When it was my turn to say goodbye, I stood beside the white hospital bed trying to imitate the strength I saw in her. My eyes seemed as though I was looking through a camera lens where all the surroundings, except Maw Maw, were out of focus. I told her everything would be fine, knowing the outcome was out of my hands. The unspoken possibility of complications made it undesirable to leave her side. No matter how many times I was driven to repeatedly say, "I love you Maw Maw," she appeared calm. I'm sure her unworried exterior expressions were more like a charade intended to ease my doubts. What turned into my last conversation with my grandma also became the beginning of a month blurred with tears. Every day of that month was painful, but they had no comparison to the terrible day we lost her.

Unlike many of the days prior, I remember everything about May 7, 1997 vividly. The portion of the hospital that had practically become our home for a month was in the shape of a hollow square. The opening in the middle was filled with a beautiful garden area which purposely contradicted the dreary mood that never seemed to leave the inside of the brick building. I sat in the garden that day as I had many times before, on a handcrafted wooden chair waiting and soaking my thoughts with sadness. Before my retreat, the family had been told that all hope for my grandmother's survival was diminished. Shortly after the heartbreak news, I was instructed, "You, your brother, and your cousins wait outside." Their words had been a guide, which led me back to the garden that day. I gazed inside the window as my parents, aunt, and uncles set off through the electric double doors that I hated. I knew what they were doing once the doors closed, making the left at the corner and going to room three to be with her during her last moments. I was only twelve at the time and had firmly decided that I detested this part of life I was being introduced to. Although I sat in the garden with my brother and cousins, we were each alone, speechless from grief and confusion. I wanted so badly to cry, but it seemed the previous

month had already drained all the tears my eyes could produce. I stared at the diverse colored flowers and clean-cut bushes for what seemed to be an eternity. Patches of fresh green grass were divided by a brick path with an outer layer constructed to match the building. I was upset and the scenery around me seemed to mock my situation. Regardless, I allowed my eyes to follow the pathway until I realized it led nowhere. The warm air was filled with nothing, except the occasional chirp of a bird to break up the heavy silence that overwhelmed the compacted area with no intention of vacating any time soon. I tried not to focus on reality by letting my mind take me to a happier time.

I willingly let my thoughts wander to the day my grandma received her seventieth birthday present. I was ten at the time, and somewhat unaware of how much my dad's surprise would mean to her. For about a year, my mom had been driving a white Mercedes with a tan leather interior. My dad's determination to make that birthday one to remember brought him to his decision. We were scheduled to meet my grandma at the halfway point between Mooresville and Newport News. My parents were meeting her in order to drop off my brother, Clay, and me. Every summer we repeated the ritual of spending one week in Newport News with my grandma. Unlike usual, this time we drove two cars because one wasn't making the return trip home. My dad had decided to give the Mercedes to his mother. My uncle rode along with her, but she thought it was simply for the company. After three and-a-half hours, we arrived at the McDonalds' meeting point. Since she had beaten us there, my dad didn't have to wait any longer. When she stepped out of her old red Toyota, a look of confusion claimed her facial expression. "Why did you drive two cars?" It took her a minute, but after observing the smiles on her family members' faces; she knew. Tears of happiness and gratitude began to stream down her wrinkled cheeks. She must have hugged my dad twenty times. She directed jokes towards her other son for being an accomplice. As I smiled and looked at the mascara that had come loose from her lashes, I knew how grateful she was. I had instantly become proud of what my dad had done. His purpose was becoming clearer with each hug she gave him. She had given him so much when he was younger, even though she didn't have much money. The thought of repayment, which was the car's concept, meant more than the actual car did. Until that moment I never understood, the concept of happy tears. I didn't want to stop thinking about that time, but reality insisted on interrupting my memory.

Suddenly, the shroud of quietness that had covered us was lifted by a grief-stricken scream. The deep and distressed voice was unmistakably familiar; it was my dad. His reaction meant only one thing; life support was cut off.

Ten hours later we were forced to say goodbye. While I sit at the piano, it is hard for me to believe it has been eight years since she left us. The details that have been stored in my memory sometimes give

the illusion of the event being more recent. Even though the month leading to her death was consumed with bad memories, it cannot overcome the good birthday times and "Heart and Soul" moments.

fin.



ARIELLE BRYANT

Praying at Gas Pumps

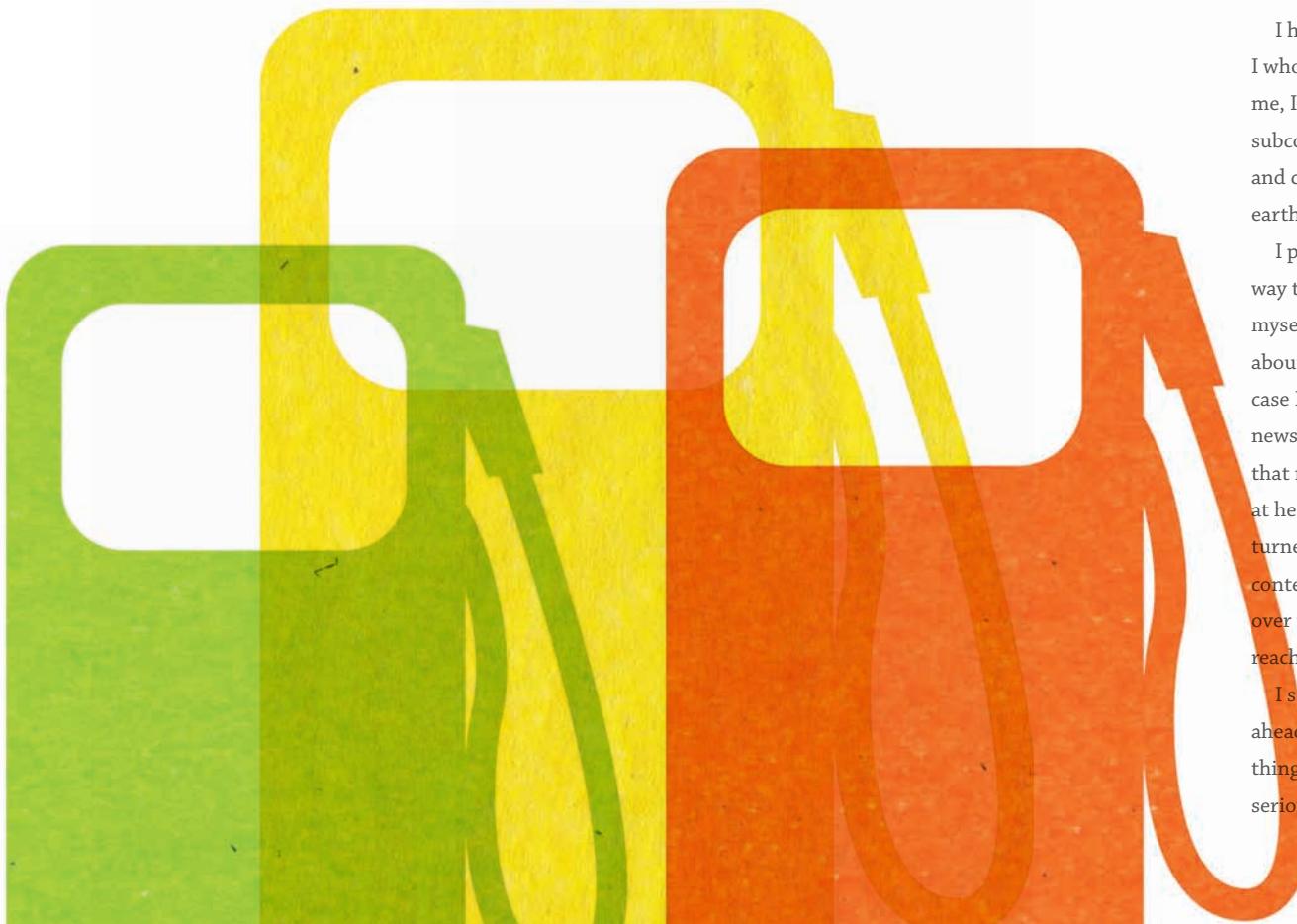
This is an installment from a memoir I have been writing for the past few years which is currently untitled. *Praying at Gas Pumps* is an entry focusing on self-esteem and paranoia, prevalent problems that plagued me as a young woman.

I was self-absorbed, staring at the little strings of fuzz that rebelled against my hair in the reflection of the black window. I always supposed they made them tinted just so you could look at yourself when pumping gas. The strands sprang out as if to say they would refuse to lay like the rest of their peers that were well-mannered, or at least as much as they could be, and shaped into my curls. They flew out at the grey humidity as depressing leftovers from that day's relentless rain slid off the sides of the gas station roof, and onto the cheap gravel parking lot. It was the kind that never felt nice under my feet and made me shudder when the arches of them went unevenly into the damp rocks.

I had come to terms with the stubbornness of my hair, in fact, sometimes I whole-heartedly agreed with its flashy red disagreement; in a way it suited me, I suppose. Disgusted, I glared into that black, tinted window when my subconscious hit me (and now is when I make that dive, until my brain shifts and catches with a click into that one hundred percent, morbid beneath-the-earth feeling).

I pray at gas pumps. I run my hands deep into the cold current that chugs its way through the hose into the metal handle, tapping into my veins. I poison myself with thoughts of unaccomplished things; and those truths I always knew about myself, but never really wanted to think about. Just to be honest, just in case I was stupid with the gasoline and got myself killed in some horrific and newspaper-making way. "Teenager dies in beautiful gas station explosion!" "All that remained were her shoes, glued to the same spot she always stood, looking at herself in the window." I screwed the lid to the valve until the raspy click turned with an ugly growl. I placed the hose back in its rightful destination and contemplating my own, marched to the front of the car while sliding my fingers over the damp, freckled windows making a bell toll trail in the dew. My hand reached the door handle.

I sat down in the driver's seat, glancing over at him for a second, apologizing ahead of time if my carelessness killed him in a blast of stupidity. The funny thing is, he didn't seem to mind, or maybe it was that he didn't take me seriously, or maybe he was happy with himself in a way I wasn't.



He smiled, I smiled, and with a sarcastic laugh, I thought maybe it would be better to explode with a grin, a flash of pearls, than to implode with a frown. I flipped up the sun visor and fixed the unfixable fate of my hair. I couldn't quite get it the way I wanted, those frays of static red dancing around my skull in a mournful sway. Then for a moment, I closed my eyes and prayed. If that is what you'd like to call it. If praying means the same thing to everyone I suppose the world joined me in this exact instant. Shutting our senses for a second, still dug deep into our subconscious voice. Letting go of everything, to free ourselves of guilt while we turned the keys and readied for that confetti of body parts that I had convinced myself would inevitably come some day.

The ignition clipped my eardrums, and I gasped at the silence—as if surprised that God would sound this way.

With a full tank of appreciation and relief, I turned the gears, the wheels, and my brain back to reality, back to the highway.

fin.



hm *non-fiction*

Another installment of the untitled memoir. A few hot, nervous days spent in New York City end with a burst of intimacy and comfort.

The early afternoon light comes through diffused; it's bouncing off the brick and barely fitting into the room as it inches past the fire escape. His fifth-floor perch receives all of the aromas that the building can squeeze out. Someone else's breakfast burrows in our lungs, the coffees clink and rattle with the black chatter in the street, we are barely stirring; quietly spooning and sneaking skittish kisses between the sheets.

As I am closer to the wall, he's the first to lift himself from the cot. I follow the living religion with a curvy obedience and finger the tattoo of a burning cross, nailed to his back as he sits there rubbing his face and flipping open a phone. He tells me the time and groans, taking a moment to reach back and stroke the fire sprawling out from my head in a mess of morning curls. I kiss the ink and it sizzles on my lips. The flames are perfect and permanent on his spine. I imagine him a romantic arsonist, the same who struck the match on my tongue, the one I set my life aflame for and the reason I go to ashes at his feet. I've got this curse you see, loving so pure and whole-heartedly that I barely have the blood to keep the rest of my body functioning.

He asks me, "What do you wanna' do?" Then, with my mind still fascinated on re-tracing the black heat on his back, I speak without thought (an ability I most have smoked away). "Be with you", I say. He pauses and turns for a moment to reveal that grin, the smile I've never seen him give. It's sick and sweet, twisted at the edges and in the corners of his lips I sense a long-awaited happiness even he was surprise to know still existed. Oh my ellipses, my Cheshire, my lonely jester; it is in your thinness that you evade my grip. As we kiss, I feel Harlem wheeze its last karmic moan from the ashtray on his windowsill. It crawls out from itself, budding clover green until I leave the city ill, and with a fire burning away at me on the inside.

fin.



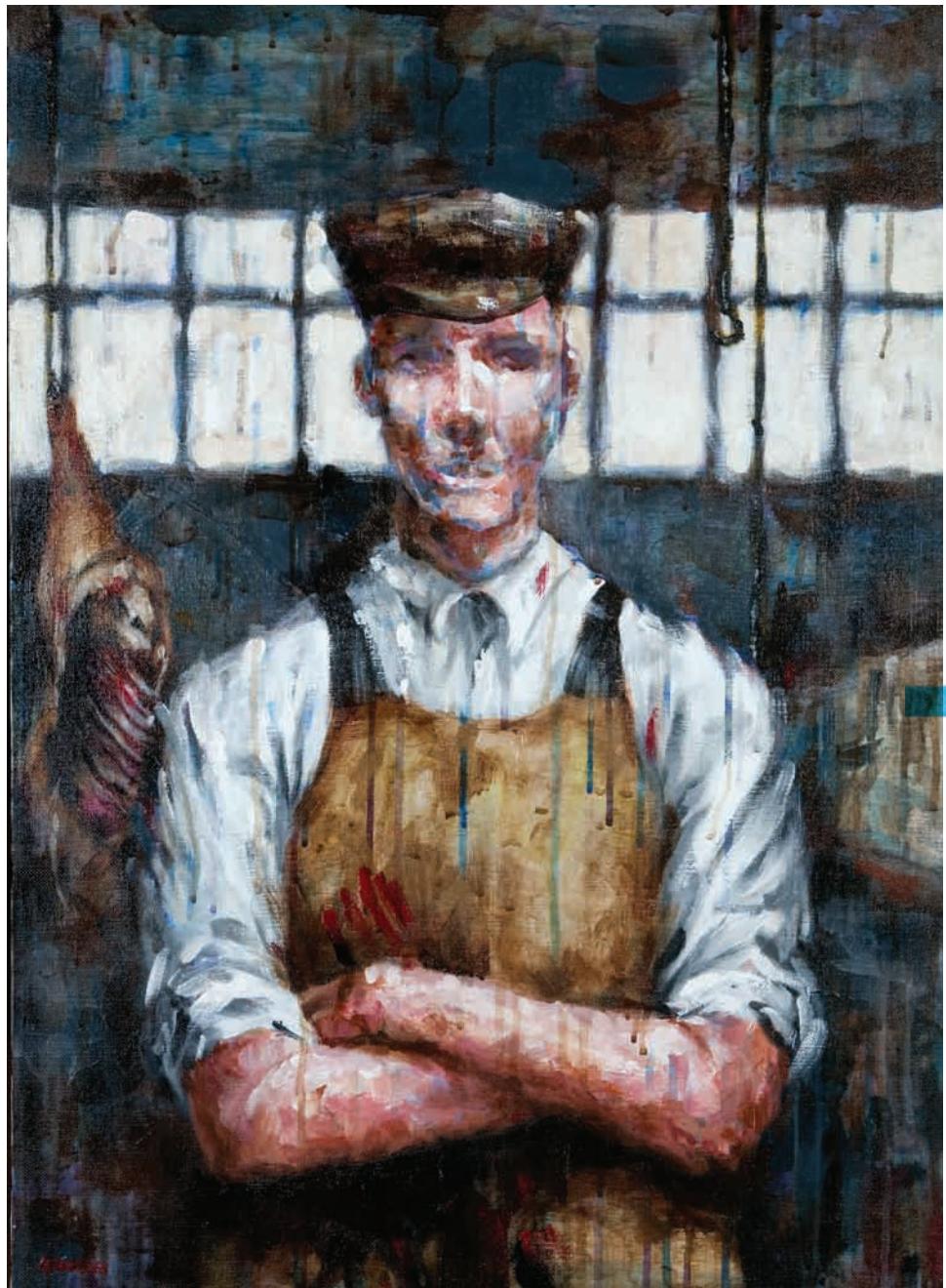


1st painting

ISAAC TALLEY
Avian Objectivity
oil on linen

My paintings represent my need to increase the awareness between the viewer and subject. Through the use of symbolism, I address issues that I feel need to be recognized, using animals as a way to project different viewpoints on a subject. By doing this, I bring up opposing ideas and try to mediate the best possible solution for my understanding and decision making. My goal is to create a perplexing image that reoccurs in the thoughts of the viewer. The viewer may have a different attitude about the animals or subject matter I depict, but the painting is meant to stir emotion and lead the viewer to explore his/her beliefs.

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2nd painting

MICHAEL WEBSTER
Conflict
acrylic on canvas

Conflict describes a factory butcher from the 1930s covered in blood. The worker is based partially on my great grandfather who was a butcher during the depression. The blood on his smock is a metaphor for his own blood, resultant from symbolic class violence and conflict.

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3rd painting

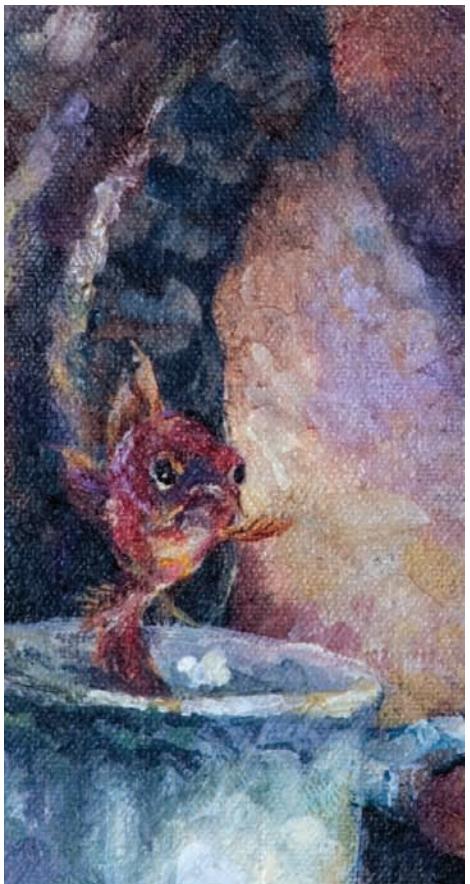
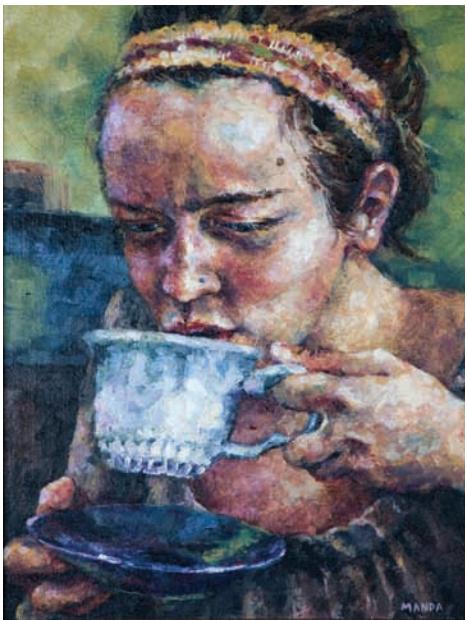
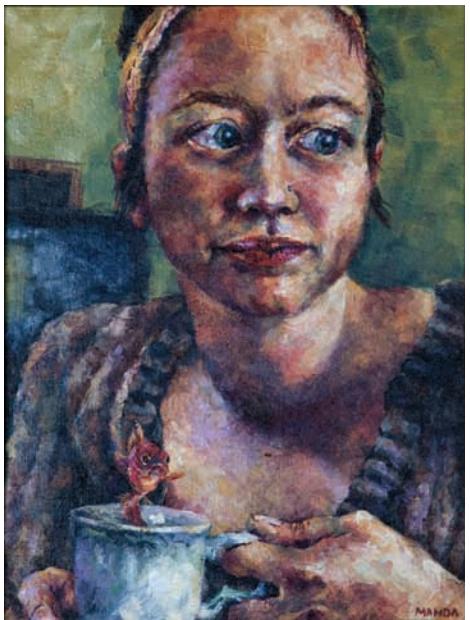
AMANDA OUTCALT

*Morgan Remains Dry
After the Rain*

acrylic on canvas



My artwork examines and embraces the changing roles of women today. My paintings reveal the conflict I feel about fulfilling traditional feminine roles while seeking my own independence. Sometimes I see my paintings as a celebration of finding magic within the mundane, of being happy with the ordinary. At other times, my work reads to me as a commentary on the roles a female has occupied in recent western history. The reappearing goldfish in my paintings symbolize this duality. A goldfish traditionally represents abundance, happiness, and good fortune; it can also be a symbol of entrapment. In domestication it can only grow to the size of its bowl.



hm painting

AMANDA OUTCALT
Ashley's Tea Party
acrylic on canvas

My artwork examines and embraces the changing roles of women today. My paintings reveal the conflict I feel about fulfilling traditional feminine roles while seeking my own independence. Sometimes I see my paintings as a celebration of finding magic within the mundane, of being happy with the ordinary. At other times, my work reads to me as a commentary on the roles a female has occupied in recent western history. The reappearing goldfish in my paintings symbolize this duality. A goldfish traditionally represents abundance, happiness, and good fortune; it can also be a symbol of entrapment. In domestication it can only grow to the size of its bowl.



poetry

1st poetry

ARIELLE BRYANT
I Was Never Good at Fishing

Coming to the realization that a person
can be in two places at once.

Remember that day we were under water?

You wore your sunglasses in the car
so that the light made streaks on them;
gold and citric.

(They made me think you wanted to be home)

Now I know where you belong,
or sometimes I catch you ripping the peels from
oranges, wishing it would bring you closer
to the sun.



MELANIE GNAU
Spring Cleaning



2nd poetry

You declared, "I am no longer in love"
the way you declared, "you have too much white clothing,"
matter-of-factly throwing Easter dresses
and worn-winter-white sweaters into the bathtub
with steaming hot water and three packets
of Kelly Green Rit dye.

Sunday I scrubbed the queasy, green ring around the bathtub
drain with your toothbrush (and Ajax).
But nothing stilled the sound of
I hate green! and
I still love you!
resonating from the tile.

Simply, this piece was the written outcome of me second-guessing my decision to grow out my relaxed hair. For me, the choice was bigger than how I wore my hair; it was a matter of accepting erasure and forced assimilation. I need black women to understand that they have a choice in the matter and the decision is theirs alone to make. This piece exemplifies that while hair is indeed just hair, it is also a representation of so much more. "When you give up the ability to decide for yourself, you give up what makes you you."

I am not sure what it means
But it's hard you see
To wear the lye and live a lie
My hair, you see
It is not straight
Rather, it's coiled tightly
Stubborn at times
More often than not
Standing fluffy
Astute
I run away from it
Afraid, I guess
It is mine, yes
But, I do not know it
And it does not know me
I turned it down
Way back in my single digit days
Back when, I told myself I wanted to be white
Back then, I needed it to be
Straight, long hair was beautiful to me
The epitome of it all
And I would've settled for wavy and short
Just to get away from my tight stubbons
Living with the lye
I lived with my lie
That one day
My mane would be long
Luscious
Like hers
She was white
I was not

But back then
I could not discern the difference
I could have her long locks, I thought
If I tried hard enough
They would be mine
And then, my head could shine
Be proud to be long and fine
Not tight and stubborn
How's it I hated my coils so much?
Still, afraid
Not ready
To take on the extra baggage that comes
With wearing natural tresses
Men today
Then tend to stray
Away from the beauty of
Stubborn coils
Maybe they think
She will be as stubborn as her name
But anyway, is it true?
That "I am not my hair"
Yes, maybe.
No, even more so.
I am it
It is me
Living with the lye
I am, still, in a lie
I guess that I still hope
Deep down inside
That I too, will have those long tresses
Luscious & thick
But even if my mane does reach that point
What does it mean?
Does it really matter?
It would not be mine
The lye did it
And it would still be a lie
Today, I still live within the boundaries of the lye
And the lie that it's created
Ashamed that I wear it
Afraid to let it go

I am a brown-hued goddess
And I am running
From the most distinguishing attribute that I own
Stubborn coils
They are mine
They are hiding behind the lye
Reaching out for attention
Being burned away & damaged
A means to assimilate me into the masses
Not as a neo-soul love or a wannabe naturalists ethnocentric
But, an appeased Negro
Trying to fit in
One day, I guess
I will let it go
Tomorrow
Maybe today
I do not know
Afraid
I suppose
That some asinine man won't look at me twice
Assuming I am stubborn like my coils
I am, maybe
But my hair, sorry Arie, it is me
I am it
An extension of my personality
Sorry Arie
We are one
And right now
It is struggling to be free
To breathe the truth and not the lye
But.
I.
Am.
Not.
Ready.
Afraid, I guess, of what they will think
Will I still be beautiful underneath?
All I know is nt I'm kind of incomplete
Running from my stubborn roots
Afraid of what you'll think
Yes, I am pro-black

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But I am pro-be-myself as well
I am not sure who that is anymore
I guess that is why
I still live with the lye
In this lie
Afraid to be
They say it doesn't matter
What your hair is like
That it's who you are
That determines who you are
That is a lie
And that is why
Black women today
Are afraid
To be judged by their hair
So we rush
And schedule
Time to hide our roots
They say that nappy
Is not negative
That it's about how you use it
But its inception was not positive
So its use will not be either
And it's just like saying "nigga"
You can't say it unless you are it
You can't say it unless you have it
Dictionary.com even thinks so
"Used in derogatory reference"
"To the hair of black people"
"Often"
"Offensive"
Damn right.
So I ask "Why?"
Why are these coils
Offensive to you?
It is, after all, just hair
And it is hated so much
Anda Madam Walker
Capitalized on that odium
And became who she was
Because stubborn coils

173

Were not white
They were black
The tighter
The blacker
She was born free
And freed black women
From their stubborn coils
(Or so she thought)
But it is not her fault
But then again, it is
Tight coils burned straight
Original state altered
Black women were not freed
They became captives of their hair
Simple, it seems
But we are our hair
It is we
Tight coils are offensive
Aggressive, even
They suggest more than you know
And mean less than you'd think
Your hair is an extension of you
And the lye is just an extension of
Cultural erasure



NATHAN T SNEAD
Siestina

hm poetry

The word “sestina” rolled around in my head for a few days before I wrote this poem. At some point “siesta” made its way in there as well. Eventually they collided and became this dreamscape. It seems like a place I’d like to visit.



When the sun begins, to descend
I find it is the right time
to stretch my yawn and say siesta.
The couch calling, my pen falling
from my fingers. They sleep in Spain
every day from 2 to 4. Oh God

thank you for the pillow. Proof God
exists and loves us to descend
to fuzzy dreams, of coastal Spain.
Where we sit on terraces and time
sags as we drink to the sun falling.
Cool wine takes us to Siesta.

The dark-haired serving girl says si-esta
bien. We say, oh yes God
wants to watch our glasses falling.
We leave the terrace to descend
the long stair to the sea in time
so my friend can ease his pain,

in the azure sea that laps at Spain
on sandy shores where we siesta.
Afternoon becomes a land of forgotten time,
and conversations with God.
Another skin of wine has descended
in the arms of the falling



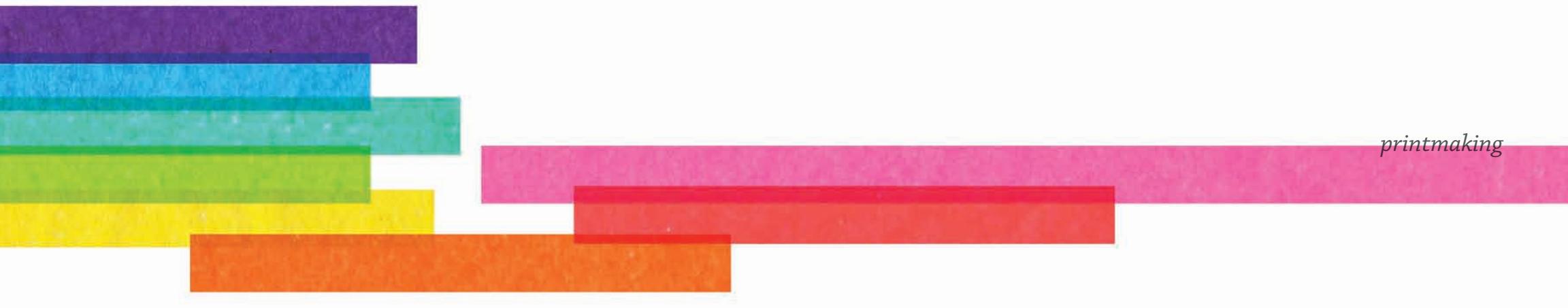
wind. What a way to spend fall
warm water relaxing at a spa in
heaven. Who is Isabella to make mercury
descend?

Did I invent her in my siesta
dream. Isabella, is she the God-
dess of propelling time,

or just pouring wine in a dream of time?

I smell reality and the sun has fallen.
Awake again face licked by my Dog
I stare at my wall poster of coastal Spain
Remembering the world of my siesta
Home again sad descent

Maybe next time I'll stay in Spain
Never falling out of my siesta
Thank you God for my sleepy descent.



printmaking



1st printmaking

ANDREW F DALY
Family Series (Plate 3)
etchline aquatint





2nd printmaking

ANDREW F DALY
Family Series (Plate 4)
etchline aquatint





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3rd printmaking

ANDREW F DALY
Family Series (Plate 2)
etchline aquatint

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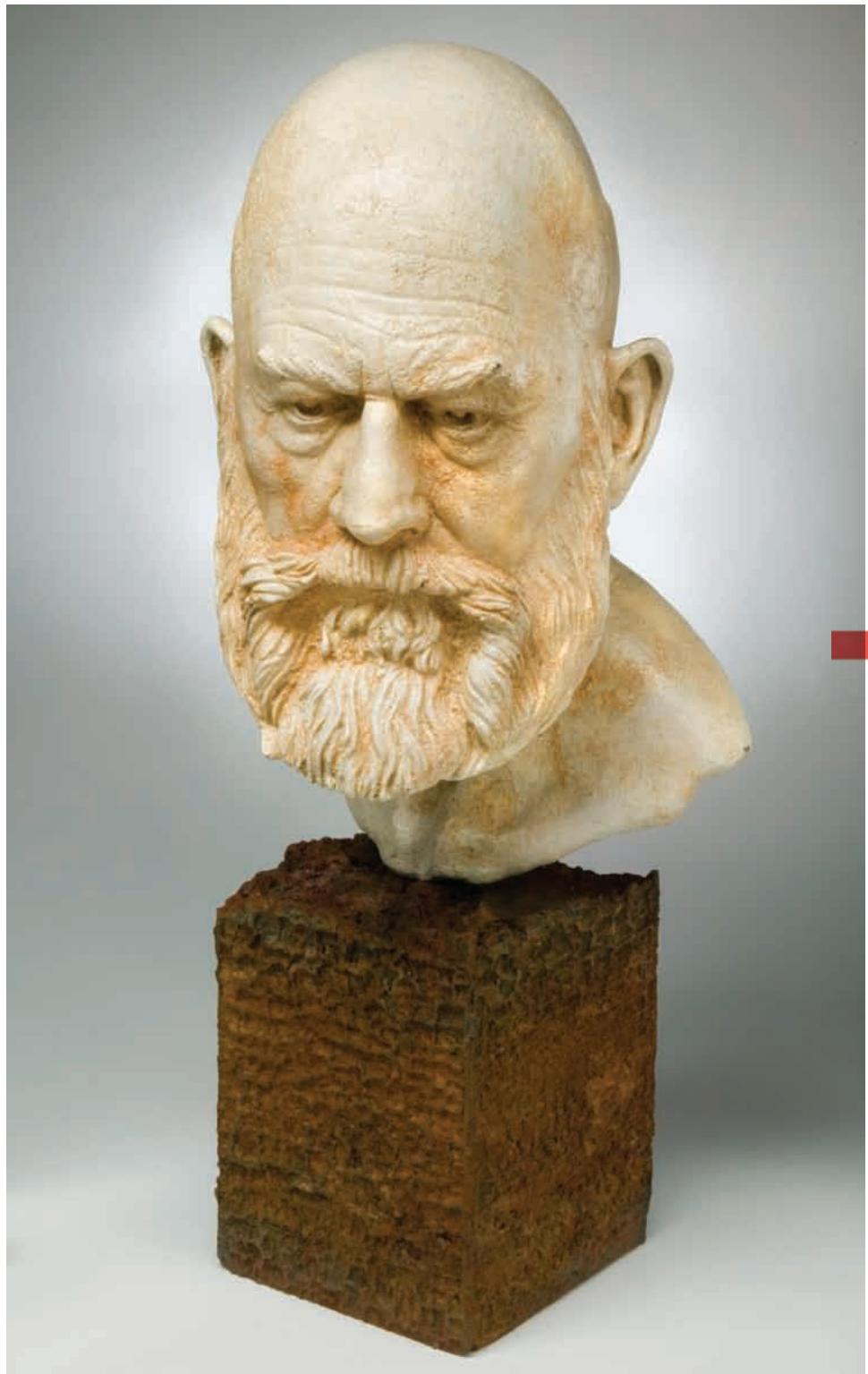
hm *printmaking*

BENJAMIN BRIGGS
Thanatopsis
mezzotint





sculpture



190

1st sculpture

CHRIS WOOTEN
The Iron Caster
iron

As a portrait sculptor, I strive to not only create an accurate representation of the subject being modeled but I also try to portray a sense of character and personality in the work. The use of gesture, movement, and expression all play key roles in conveying the subject's personality. In this particular portrait, the goal was to capture a moment in time as the subject's expression revealed a questioning thought.

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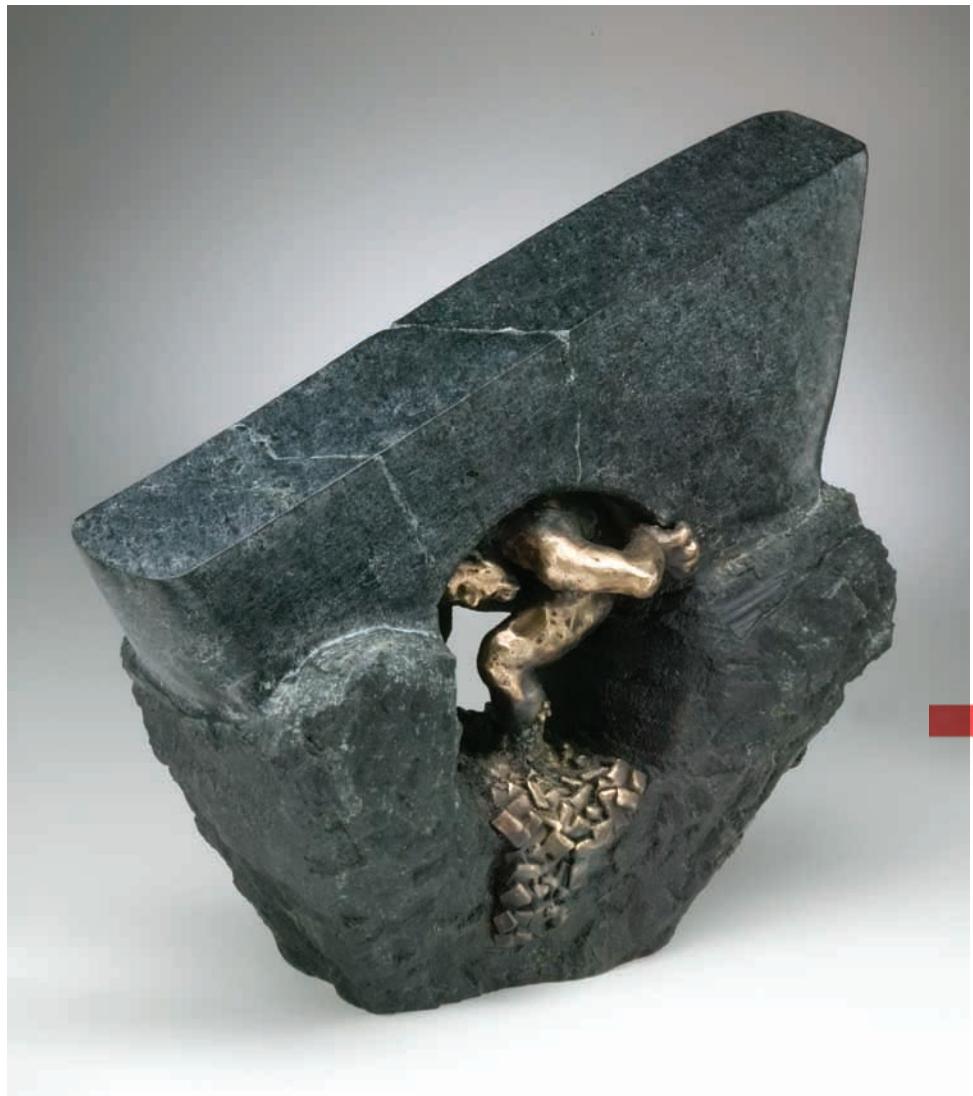


2nd sculpture

AUSTIN SHEPPARD
Sound Modulator
steel, fiberglass, aluminum

Amplify.

193



194



3rd sculpture

JAMES RICHARD DUDLEY
Fractured Burden
bronze, soapstone

rebel 51 ARTS + LITERARY MAGAZINE

This piece is a study of the human condition. It highlights the idea that, regardless of our attempts to escape burdens, we must shoulder them in hopes of overcoming them. The figure is grounded in the stone and therefore unable to run from his weight which he must inevitably face. He is quite literally "stuck between a rock and a hard place". The stone works as a visually immovable object that acts as a symbol of his load and the patina on the bronze blends the figure into his surroundings as if he were a part of the stone. Together, these elements bind him to his burden which he alone, can conquer. The break in the stone is simply hope. Regardless of how small or seemingly insignificant an issue may seem, it can sometimes mean the difference between victory and failure.

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hm *sculpture*

AUSTIN SHEPPARD
Prototype
plaster, steel, found object

Construct to deconstruct.

197



textile design



1st textile design

SYDNEY NETTLES-COATES
Barnacles

cotton, polyfil (coffee-dyed and rusted cotton,
manipulated tucks, reverse appliquéd)

This piece marked the beginning in my exploration of the ocean with my textile pieces and was the basis for a body of work I created including the works "Return" and "Hull". Here I began touching on the idea of an object dissolving into the ocean and becoming something new. I used manipulated tucks to create the main form and loosely based its shape on the silhouette of a person. It is meant to represent fossilized life being consumed by the ocean. With this piece, I really started exploring not only my interest in the ocean, but also how to manipulate fabric to make it appear to be something else. In this case, my goal was to make this forgiving fabric appear to be rigid, hard, and within the barnacles, hollow. For me this piece marks the beginning of the development of my concept as well as my understanding of the possibilities of fabric.



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2nd textile design

SYDNEY NETTLES-COATES
Return
cotton, lace (MX dyed, rusted cotton, gathered, photo
emulsion screenprint w/thiox)

Much of my work is heavily influenced by my belief in evolution. Being an atheist, I have been on a search for answers and comforts especially in regard to death. What I have personally found comforting is the idea that our bodies and our energy are transferred to other life forms after we pass, so in our death we are bringing new life. This piece is a response to that idea. Because I believe that life began in the ocean, what I attempted to do with "Return" was to actualize the completion of a cycle, where a woman's life ends in the same place where all life began. Her body becomes the energy for which new life can start. In this case, the new life is that of crabs, the scavengers of the ocean, who let nothing go to waste. In this way, she becomes the bearer of life in a completely new way, paralleling Mother Nature and bringing hope to such a despondent subject.

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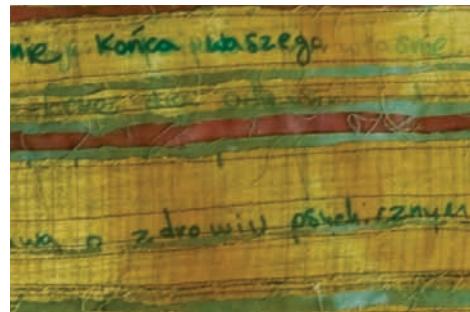
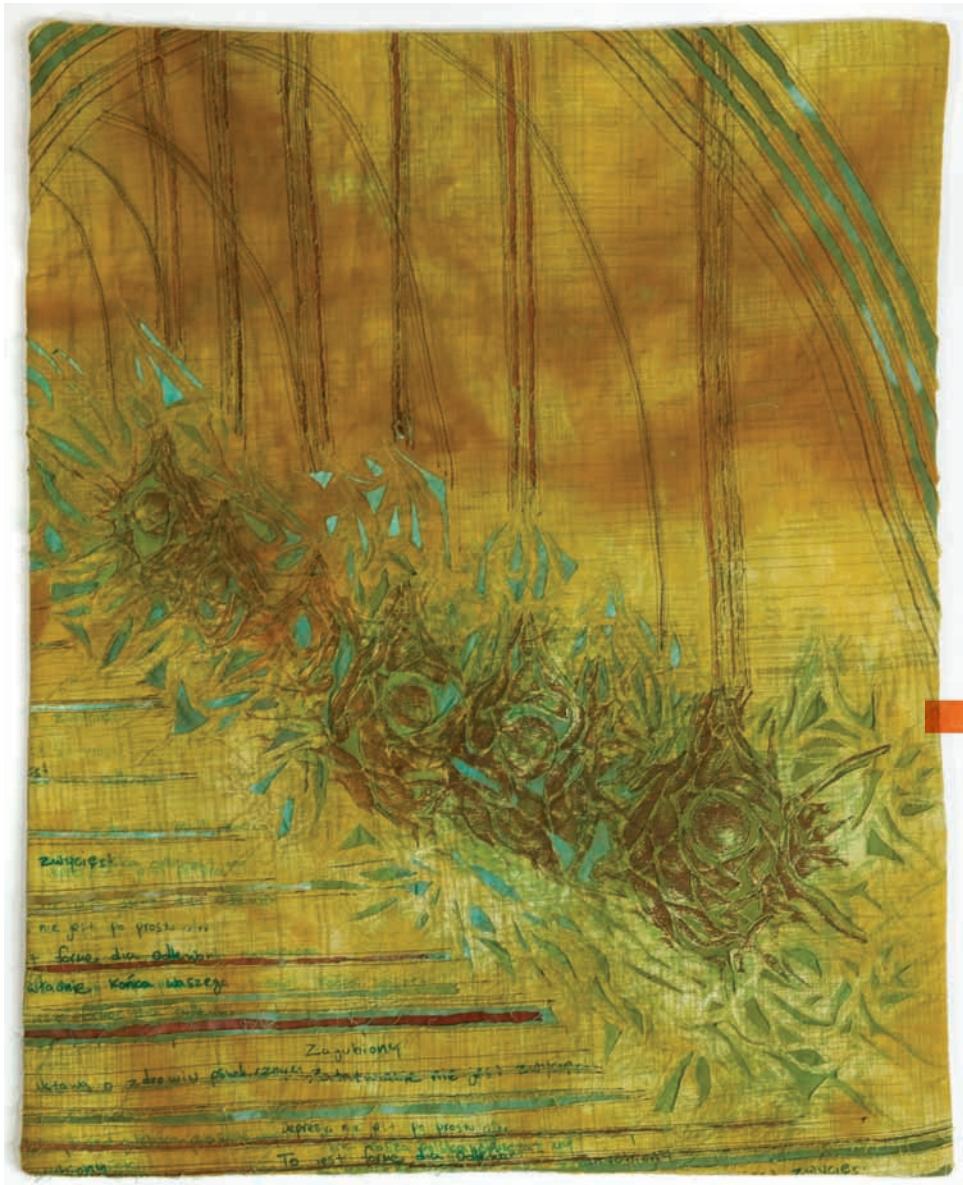
3rd textile design

SYDNEY NETTLES-COATES
Hull

*wire, cotton, thread, acrylic(reverse appliqué,
free-motion embroidery, crocheted thread)*

A photo of an old, beached ship originally inspired this piece. It looked disturbingly like a carcass that had washed up on shore and I found it fascinating. I took that image and translated it into a textile piece in which I was inspired by the shape of the hulls of ships and the similarity to the shape of our own spines. This piece is representative of the relationship between our bodies and the man-made forms that are brought back to life in a new way by the ocean. In this piece, I attempted to find a balance between the two. I hope the audience questions whether it is mechanical or organic, dead and stationary, or alive and moving.

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hm textile design

SARAH BALDWIN

Zycowksi Inheritance
screenprinting with reverse appliqu 

While working, I tend to have a sense of creating that is reactive. This means that as I am working, I begin with a shape, a line, or a problem and then react to what has been placed in front of me. By working this way I am not completely aware of what the outcome will be, but through the manipulation of found objects and fabrics in multiple, I am left with individual creations. The end result resembles the interactions and memories that we hold onto. These memories may blur together, but certain moments tend to stand out in our minds, just as the individual pieces that take priority in my work.



traditional photography



1st traditional photography

JANA K. TYLER
Broken Memory

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2nd traditional photography

GREGORY TUOMI
Long
gum print



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3rd traditional photography

JAYMEE MASON
Jade
silver gelatin

215





hm traditional photography

JAYMEE MASON
Untitled
cyanotype, watercolor



wood design





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1st wood design

THOMAS JAMES WALKER
Ambrosia Maple Horn
ambrosia maple

221



2nd wood design

STEFAN KELISCHEK
Jewelry Box
tiger maple and walnut



224



3rd wood design

THOMAS JAMES WALKER
Palette Horn
red oak

225



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hm *wood design*

JAMEE VASIL
Work Area
walnut and pine



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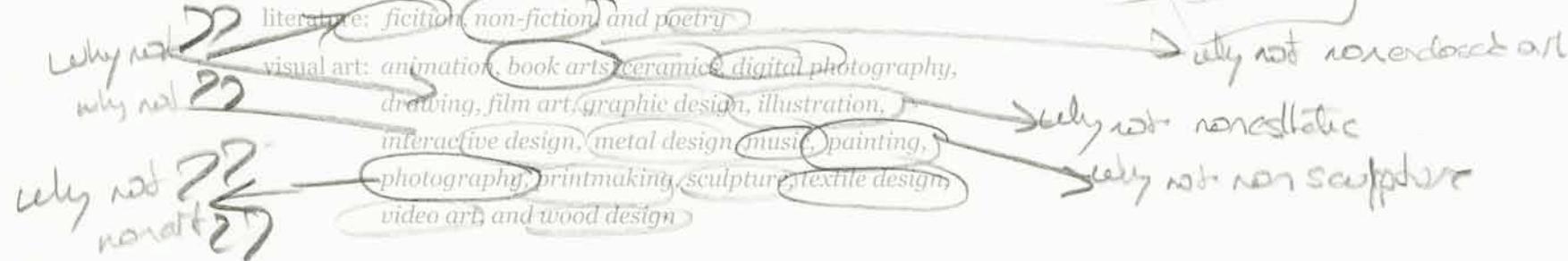
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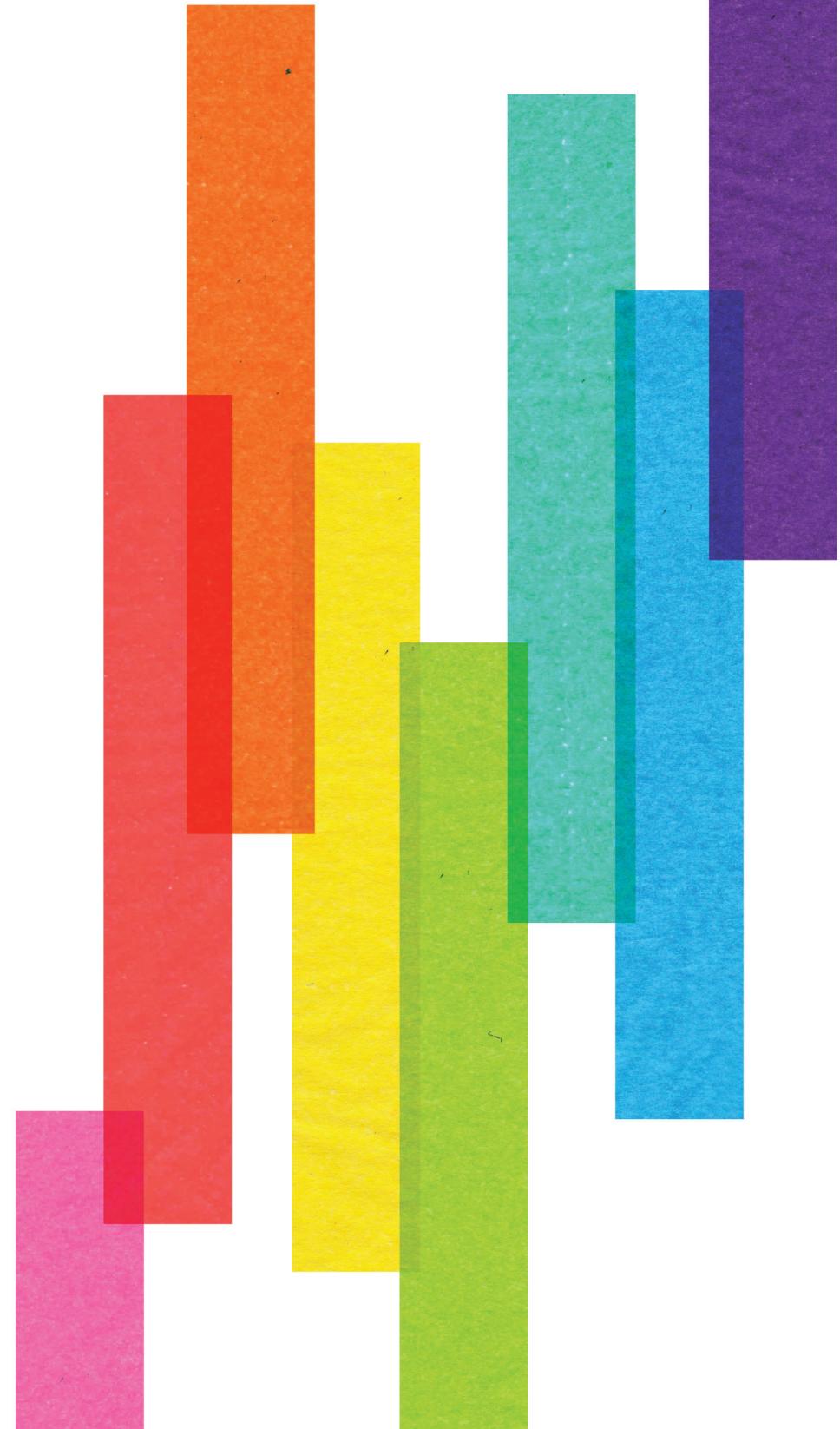
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