THE DIFFERENCE
A LOOK INSIDE THE LIVES OF MINORITIES ON CAMPUS
expressions is ECU’s minority publication that strives to provide an alternative voice to address the experiences, concerns and perspectives of minorities. This year’s theme is “The Difference” between minorities and majorities in eastern NC.
Heading into this position I did not know what to expect. I did not know the history behind *expressions*, I only knew what I had witnessed from the last two issues. I prayed and asked God to give me direction and took the time to research *expressions*. Going down to the office and reading issues from March of 1985, to the great years during the conscious 90s provided great insight on the history of *expressions* and a look inside the lives of minorities on campus during that time.

After reading the publication during the conscious 90s, and finding the awards and plaques that were in boxes throughout the office, my passion for this publication arose. Naturally, I was nervous, questioning myself. Who knows about *expressions*? What is our audience? How do we go back to the hayday of *expressions*? We had to rebrand *expressions* because I knew this issue would make or break the publication. We needed to find a theme that would be fitting. Using the inspiration from hip hop mogul Rich Homie Quan, “The Difference,” was created. A look inside the lives of minorities on campus... It provided us a broad enough theme for anyone to truly speak their mind freely through, poetry, short stories, essays, and illustrations.

As the editor I set out three goals from the beginning: ensure that *expressions* would be an impressive publication, create a withstanding publication on campus and win student medium of the year. With the help of my dedicated staff, Summer Falgiano, General Manager, Justin Groger, Design Chief, Paige Beebe, Designer, Katie West, Photo Editor, and Puja Patel, Assistant Editor, we were able to accomplish the first two goals.
I am highly grateful for the opportunity to be the first Editor on the, expressions is Back This Time its Different, campaign. Our goal is to bring a publication on campus that touches on controversial issues but also provides minority students an opportunity to showcase their talents.

Being a submission based publication there were times of struggle but we prevailed nonetheless and yielded great results. I hope you enjoy the Fall 2014 issue of expressions. I would like to thank each and every person who submitted to the magazine. Without the support of the student body this would not have been possible. Remember anytime you have some creative pieces you would like to submit, email them to expressions@ecu.edu.

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Every single day, someone else dies
The problems of the world can make one cry
Things I thought as a youngin’ have since turned into lies
All I can do is ask for guidance and look to the sky
Pray for the woman who just lost her job
And for the Muslim girl who gets flak for wearing a hijab
Pray for every black kid who has a family member in prison
And for every Trayvon or Mike Brown that didn’t make television
Pray for the mamas who stay chasing the commas
Every day they awake and head straight for the parmesan
And stray away from the drama, can barely pay for a Honda
But still do all they can ‘cuz they’re replacing the fathers
Pray for the Hispanic kid who just got arrested
Nothing he can do to alter his reflection
Pray for the families who weren’t born into wealth
Pray for those who get in trouble for being themselves...
Pray for the white kid who’s covered in tats
But gets flak for being himself; he ain’t tryna be black
This is for anyone who’s had an unlawful pat down
When we’re all united, there’s no reason to back down
Shout out to all the black men who left the streets
Watched over their sons and didn’t become a dead beat
These people don’t get enough credit
They’re unsung heroes, somebody should’ve said it
Pray for the American Indians who were here before us
Got put on reservations and had their land tore up...
For the Asians, Jews and other groups I forgot
This is for everyone who’s a part of the Melting Pot
Size or color wise, we may not be congruent
We might be minorities, but we have major influence
Love
A DAY AS A MUSLIM WOMAN

Jasmin Balcazar-Romero

It is barely past dawn, the sun has yet to rise
While most of the Earth sleeps, 1.6 million Muslims open their eyes
I perform wudu and begin to pray
because Jannah (heaven) is my main focus and I refuse to go astray

I wear the hijab (scarf) that fits the season
As I walk to campus I know many students wonder the reason
If you went to the store to buy some candy
I’m sure the one that is covered will come more in handy

Every inch of my beauty is covered loosely from head to toe
As a minority, I think I’m being judged but, as a person, it helps me grow
I constantly have to remind myself that what I’m doing is not for the creation
I do it to obey Allah (God), the creator, the one who made the entire nation

As the sun declines from its highest point at noon
I walk to Ledonia to perform my second prayer very soon
I check the menu of every fast food in Mendenhall
Making sure nothing contains pork or any sort of alcohol

I go to Joyner Library for a couple hours to study
And play the Qur’an to block the music playing by Kid Cudi
The Athan (“call to prayer”) on my phone goes off for preceding sunset prayer
I go to an empty study room to pray because,
Missing it is something I wouldn’t even dare

I am walking and someone accidentally runs into me
Now before, I would have let my anger free
But Islam taught me to let that emotion retire
“Anger is the effect of shaytaan (devil) and shaytaan was created from fire”

As the sun begins to set, I prepare at home to pray
Trust me, all this worshipping is what gets me through the day
Some may wonder, is this your purpose in life?
Yes, it is, to worship Allah and to be a good wife

I pray one last time before I go to bed
Imagine waking up without praying and you are dead
Why go to sleep like we will see tomorrow?
This is a reminder that life isn’t something you can just borrow

I have found my purpose
I have reevaluated my focus
I have found my Identity
I am wearing my reality
Dear Charlie,

I didn’t like riding in the car with our Moms today. There were empty conversations, awkward hand holding and failed attempts of looking straight ahead to avoid anger or sadness. Rural green pastures near lovely houses and churches in Greensboro are fluff when gaudy dark blue signs ruined it all. In white and red letters they state, “For the Protection of Families, Vote for Amendment One NC!” I didn’t think that patriotism would become so wrong. I think our family is just fine.

When you were back home, it never bugged you how people looked at us. Whenever we were out, you were always the one ready to introduce our moms, because that’s who they were. Not abominations, not irresponsible people who “chose the lifestyle,” and not people who made an illegitimate family. You let people know that our family was not illegitimate. “With an extra mom comes the extra amount of nurturing,” you had said.

I wish that you were here to continually remind them of that whenever we came across a sign. I’m too quiet to do it. Besides, Moms listen to you more. Piercing eyes toward either parent saying “this is my partner,” and their shocked gasps when moms held hands are good days compared to seeing the stake of a new dark blue picket sign penetrating the ground.

College must be great, but now would be a really good time to come home for a day. Don’t you see the signs too? I could have called you about this to make you come sooner, but I know how much you prefer letters. Why did you say you get more from me when I write letters?

Take care,

Henry

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Dear Charlie,

Okay. I don’t mean to sound pushy, but why haven’t you sent me letters? You’re usually on time when you send me letters.

Today, I’m happy Moms found us a new church to go to. It is, literally, the ONLY church I’ve seen that doesn’t have those confederate-like signs that make us uncomfortable. College Park Baptist Church, along with a few other places, actually, has a sweeter sign. Their sign is less of a puncture wound with its calmer, lighter blue color. It says “Vote Against Amendment One NC.” Exemplifies patriotism for us right on the spot.

In the full spectrum of the universe, there are always opposing forces. That’s what Mom said remember? I guess this opposing force finally came through for us. It was always there, but now it’s visible. Clearly, there is a God on our side.

Are you going to church again where you are? I know you stopped going when Alana said that we were redeemed while our moms weren’t. She was always a b**** jerk. I’m sorry, but I don’t know why you dated her. Luckily, when you come home, you won’t
have to see her anymore since we’re at a better church. Never thought Baptists would be the cool ones, huh? Their constant energy isn’t annoying or too much here.

God’s not the bad guy here.

Not only did we see more families like us, we saw a lot of different people. Not just a lot of different people who were okay with us, but, seriously, A LOT of DIFFERENT people. It’s not just black and white here, everyone’s here. Rainbows aren’t only relevant for flags and pins from the Guilford Green Foundation. They are right in front of our faces each time we shake hands with a new person. I wish you would come to see it!

Before we leave, we’ll be able to get a sign for our house too. Just reply soon so that I know you’re not someone who’d rather party than write to his brother.

Take care,
Henry

Dear Henry,

I really have been busy. It’s not as if parties became a thing for me now. And I’m so sorry I haven’t been on top of my replies like I have been for a while. It’s not bulls***. I’ve been seeing the signs in Greenville, too. “NC” is part of the sign for a reason, dude.

I’ve been busy because I’ve been working in the LGBTQ resource office here at ECU more than ever with voting coming soon. No, I don’t get paid working there, it’s volunteering, but it’s still worth it. There are so many “calmer, light blue” stickers, flyers and signs to put around.

Instead of voting down here, I’m coming home so I can vote with Moms. It sucks you’re a couple of years shy from voting, because you should be voting with us. Your vote should count too. We already know they can’t get married, why should they disregard our parents as partners? Did you know that if people vote for this, they’re going against straight unions just as much as gay ones?

You want to know why I know I get more out of you when you write? You’re more of yourself when you’re on paper. You’re more vocal. It’s official; I’ve pegged you as a poet.

You ought to read to Moms some time.

You don’t have to apologize for not liking Alana either. I never knew you didn’t like Alana until I read your last letter. I thought she was sweet until she said that about the parents. She wasn’t the only reason why I stopped going to church though. Obviously, the Bible can be interpreted in various ways, it amazes me how our moms saw it that way too. I’m glad you guys found an accepting church.

I don’t want you to hate me for this, but I don’t want to believe in a god that allows bad things to happen in this world. I especially don’t want to believe in a god that promotes bad people like Alana, the negative “force” Mom warned us about.

I am not an Atheist...at least I don’t think so. I don’t know
what to call myself yet. There’s a nondenominational church in Fayetteville my friend wants me to try that has a gay pastor. There’s also one in Raleigh that’s similar to your church, but I don’t know. There are other faiths I could try around my university. There’s even a secular service on campus held on Wednesdays. I didn’t know those type of services existed. Apparently not every church is “holier than thou.”

When a god lets our parents at least be the partners they deserve to be in the eyes of the law, I might have a change of heart. It will prove even more that we’re not illegitimate.

Keep your nose clean,
Charlie

Dear Charlie,
I can never hate you.
I just think you should blame the bad things on Satan more so than God. But you might not believe in God, so you might not believe in Satan either. I don’t know. Am I being harsh? I’m sorry.
I don’t believe God promotes people like Alana. I believe He tries to stop people like her. Why do you think light blue signs are trying to become more relevant than dark blue ones? There is always light and dark in this world for a reason, but there’s a better chance of not being lost when there’s brightness in front of you. It’s a better thing to push for. Why not believe that God promotes a light? You should try the churches your friends talked about.

...I guess I am more of myself when I write.
You’ve always been the important, dominant, big brother to me. You’re pretty intimidating. Not gorilla intimidating, but pretty intimidating.
Well, who isn’t intimidating to me?
I am kind of pathetic.

You know what? I can’t wait for you to come home soon. Moms can’t wait for you to come home either. They’re nervous about voting day, but no matter what happens, they say that they’ll still be our moms and they’ll still love us, and one another, very much. Why do you always have to end your letters with “keep your nose clean?” And how can a non-party person attend East Carolina University?

Take care,
Henry

Dear Henry,
Me intimidating? Who’s the one with the authorial diction in their letters? It’s as if you’re telling me a story every time I hear from you. Your last letter was a little dry, but it was just as honest as the past letters. When are you harsh?
Stop apologizing so much.
You’re not pathetic!
Maybe when I come home tomorrow you can just communicate with me by dry erase board. That would be fun, right? Just so we’re clear, ECU has a great public health program, and every university is a party school. I’ll be seeing you soon, so no need for a long letter. I guess that’s why we’re both pretty dry. Sincerely (is that less kooky for you?), Charlie

Dear Henry,
(Don’t show this to Moms)
  I need a little space.
  It’s official. There is no good god out there.
  Tell Moms I say bye. I’ll see you guys when school is out.
Keep your nose clean,
Charlie

Dear Charlie,
  Hey. I hope...so how have you been?
  You’re still staying in Greensboro for the summer, right?
  Are you?
  ...I love you.
  I’m praying for you.
  Wow, it’s a little harder to write than usual. ...None of my calls were returned. Moms’ weren’t either. Just because I’m better at writing than speaking, it doesn’t mean that you’re not easier to reach with writing. You couldn’t call us back?
  ....
  I know you’re upset. I am too.
  Something good was supposed to come out of all of this.
  ....
  Mom cried when the tallies came in, you know. Was it hard for you listening to her cry? Was it as hard for you as it was for me?
  ....
  I wrote that whole first part yesterday. Moms and I are at church and we haven’t left yet.
  ....
  I don’t want to write anymore.
  ....
  How do I put this?
  ....
  You left earlier than you should have.
  There. I said it.
  You were supposed to stay the whole weekend and pack up your dorm later. You made both of our moms cry when you left. They needed you.
  ...You shattered their hearts’ as if you didn’t care about breaking anything, or anyone. Fragility runs through your veins too, so why did you hurt them as if you were this harsh, solid rock?
No. F*** that! Why did you hurt any of us? Why did you have to do that? You suck you’re a coward you SUCK for that!! YES! You SUCK! You better be reading this.

There was no way you needed to drive two and a half hours away for SPACE!!

Blaming GOD for your anger? Please!

Politics hasn’t always been on our sides, a lot of things aren’t always on our sides, but Moms told us to always be on each other’s sides! You didn’t have to be cooped up in your dorm to be pissy; you could have done that with all of us! We just wanted you to be here!

And you’ll be listening to the same woes when you’re back in the office you’re not even paid to work in. Couldn’t you have put it off by being with your family?

I’m right here. Moms are right here. None of us are going anywhere. Amendment One isn’t splitting us up, so why did you think it was your cue to cut yourself out?

Yes! It’s bad that Moms aren’t even partners in the eyes of the state, I know. But they’re still here, so why aren’t you?

You better reply. I should be calm during service right now, but I do not care. You know what? I don’t give a f*** Reply.

…I still want you to take care.

Henry

Dear Henry,

Wow... I didn’t call you back because I still prefer your letters. It was because I was being a dick, and I’m sorry.

You finally didn't cross out any swears or say sorry, so that's good.

...You haven’t said sorry at all in your last letter...

Thank you.

I’m really proud of you.

When I got your letter, I called Moms back and apologized. They should have been the ones angry, not me. I hope you’re able to forgive me too.

However, you were wrong about one thing. It wasn’t the same “woes” returning to the office. It was shittier. Everyone started to perk up after a couple of days, but it was still shitty.

I’m still coming home for the summer, I promise. I’ll even dress up for the Guilford Green Gala this time so I won’t leave you hanging like a stiff. Moms look forward to it more than we do every year. They always want to find a way to get us somewhere in the program too.

So, I was thinking:

I definitely won’t be pissy coming home if you write something for the gala to read. You can be more of yourself underneath that tight suit and tie you’re going to wear.
I may be up and down in my belief in God, but I’m sure as hell that I believe in you.

Think about it.

Keep you nose clean,
Charlie

Dear Charlie,

...Is a poem okay? Read it and see:

Sitting alongside my mother, Carrie,
My mother Lisa told us that in the full spectrum of this infinite universe,
There are always opposing forces.
Seeing two different shades of blue forces impale the grounds of many homes like holy and unholy crosses
Helped me fully hear what Mom was saying.
It’s as if the darker ones crying for “protection” were ready to burn in fire
Regardless of who the fire was directed towards.
The South once loved the burning of crosses.
Even when history is rewritten,
It can still repeat itself.
Combatting ignorance with the burning passion for brighter days
And brighter signs
Has tried to make room for its rhythmic repetition
Only to fall flat in its tune.
My mother also warned us of good forces not always being able to win
Because those forces don’t win battles, they win wars.
This law promoted by an evil cross was only a minute battle,
Not a whole war!
There will be light blue skies to highlight our revolutionary rainbow!
It will even stretch wide enough to see my moms
Be more than soldiering partners!
Wider than the eye can see for why my brother and I still refuse to raise the White flag against our purpose in this world!

Moms, Charlie, we will be a great force together,

I promise you!

No.

I swear to you.
Take care,

Henry
“Be the ocean. Cry, rage, be calm. But god, oh God, do not become desolate.”

Tyree Barnes
HE MADE YOU

Virginia Brooks

He made you feel special, like you were the one
He told you he loved you and showed you some fun.

Now...

Feeling so alone and far away from home,
You wish you knew someone to pick up the phone.

Listen, follow, do as he says
Or he will hit your bones and feed you meds.

You feel as though you are nothing now
Stuck in the lifestyle, why me, How?

Your story is kept silent and not understood
The chances of escape are not looking good.

To him you’re gold but nothing to yourself,
He sold you to others and harmed your health.

He took away your freedom your ability to trust,
He tore your heart to pieces for the game of lust.

I hope you know there is someone out there,
But you may not know them and are unaware.

I Hope You Know...

There is someone who cares and wants to help you
And all the others like you too.

I pray that we get to you sooner than late,
Safe and sound, set free from the hate.
WOMEN IN POWER

Overcoming the Social Stigma
By: Puja Patel

Mastering Powerful Communications
By: Holland B. Nance
OVERCOMING THE SOCIAL STIGMA

By: Puja Patel

Women in America today still find themselves at a loss amongst men. We have come a long way since the days of not being able to vote, not being allowed to attend college, and getting paid half of what our male counterparts earn.

We gained the right to vote after the 19th amendment was passed in 1920, thanks to Susan B. Anthony. Until the mid 19th century, women were not even allowed to attend universities and colleges.

In the 2012 Presidential Election, women were the majority of voters with over 53 percent of votes being cast by a woman, and today, more women attend and finish college than men. For the graduating classes of 2013, statistics showed 140 women graduated with a college degree to every 100 men.

Even after the Lily Ledbetter Fair Pay Act in 2009, women are still being paid only 77 cents to every dollar a man is paid. Since then, after overcoming most of these barriers, we still encounter something that deems us unequal amongst men: sexual discrimination in the workplace.

The sexual discrimination and prejudice that women encounter in their corporate and leadership jobs can be attributed to being underestimated and underrepresented.

Garrett Ingram, Vice President of Market Access Strategy at Bristol-Myers Squibb, recalls being underestimated in her value numerous times, both before and after accepting her newly appointed position.

“I definitely believe women have to work twice as hard as men to achieve a leadership position,” said Ingram.

She recalls when being appointed to her latest title, most of her team, which consisted mainly of men, were unbelieving of her abilities simply because she is a woman.

How did she overcome this? “I’ve learned you have to be transparent, you have to be powerful and help them achieve the task at hand,” said Ingram. “You have to go through things together—the good, the bad, and the ugly, in order to grow together.”

Not only are women being underestimated once they acquire their position in the workforce, but also before getting hired. In a recent study done at the University of Chicago, researchers found that “the gender gap in hiring decisions is due to a systematic underestimation of the performance of women compared to men.”

So why are women being treated this way? Why are we underestimated and discriminated against?

Underrepresentation.

Women are still underrepresented in corporate committees and organizations. In 2013, McKinsey Company’s annual publication of Women Matter, highlighted that within the United States, there are only 14 to 16 percent of women who hold positions in corporate boards and executive committees.

How can this be possible in a country where women make up 51.5 percent of management, professional and related positions?

Many men even prefer women as leaders and managers. Throughout Ingram’s career, she has experienced that.

“Men love to work for women,” said Ingram. “We’re hard and driven but also compassionate and helpful. Women are much more effective because we manage so much.”

Christy Angle, Assistant Director for Alumni Programs at the Taylor-Slaughter Alumni Center at ECU, deems herself fortunate enough to have not experienced sexual discrimination at her current job.
“IF YOU WANT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY...YOU NEED TO THINK IN THAT MANNER AS WELL.”

Christy Angle

However, she recalls having unfortunate experiences at previous jobs. She noted that in her past, women had to dress a certain way or they were viewed as unprofessional. She even experienced the discrimination firsthand, when asked by two male supervisors not to file a complaint, and that if she did, her own salary would be at risk.

“There’s an added responsibility to prove yourself early on,” said Angle, “that you’re not a pushover because you’re a female.”

As much as this sounds like a man-hating feminist article, it is recognized that sexual discrimination is not entirely one-sided.

“If you want to be taken seriously, and seen as a professional, you need to think in that manner as well,” said Angle.

Ingram agrees. “If you can’t accept the changes then either do something about it or get out of the situation. Most women wait until they are ready for a job, but men just go for it without hesitation, which is my mentality. I’ve learned that you have to just jump in there and expose yourself.”

As mentioned in Holland Nance’s essay, being passionate and having feelings about your job is important, but conveying those feelings in a professional way is even more important. She states, “Passion for the role or project is a powerful and necessary source of energy for career success.” Her article also highlights the LOTUS method of communication for difficult discussions.

Angle, Ingram and Nance are all ECU alumni, and Ingram is also a Forever Pirate as well as a lifetime member of ECU Women’s Roundtable.

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Imagine this: You are working your first corporate job. You and your colleagues have spent weeks working on a project to develop a process improvement solution. It is now time to present your findings to the director and your colleagues have appointed you to lead the presentation. You have developed your presentation slides and rehearsed your discussion points to perfection. You stand confidently and assured that the director will be pleased with what you have to present. To your dismay, the director quickly dispels your suggestion and tells the team to go back to the drawing board and find another solution. The only issue is, you believe in the solution you have suggested and...
the research you and the team have completed supports that solution. You want to talk with the director about this more. How do you handle this potentially difficult discussion?

The key to handling potentially difficult discussions is mastering powerful communications. Yes, there is a thin line between assertive communication and “ratchet” communication. Assertive communication is critical to any workplace environment where ideas are exchanged and innovative thought is not only appreciated, but expected. The ability to share ideas, give and receive feedback and hold fast to a position, while respecting the ideas and thoughts of others is essential in mastering interpersonal communications in the workplace (and other settings, as well).

On the other hand, “ratchet” communication is typically exhibited when emotions become the central focus of the communication rather than the topic of discussion. In the workplace, passion for the role or project is a powerful and necessary source of energy for career success. The ability to have that passion and control the emotions that may be attached is pivotal to successful communications and the exchange of ideas.

The process of mastering powerful communication takes practice and development. One approach is to consider the LOTUS® method when preparing for potentially difficult discussions. You may have heard the word “lotus” in relation to a sitting position in meditation. The lotus position is used to provide stability in the meditation process.

The LOTUS® method is a communication tool that will provide stability to the discussion and reduce the potential for volatile exchange.

Well-planned and thoughtful communication is key to any successful interpersonal relationship, especially those in the workplace. Typically, it is better to wait to make sure what should be conveyed in an assertive way, is not delivered in a “ratchet” way. As you continue your journey on the road to mastering powerful communications, be willing to allow yourself the time needed to gather your thoughts and prepare yourself before engaging in potentially difficult discussion.
The photos above were taken by Bronson Williams, ECU alumnus, showing the community’s support during the events that surrounded the unwarranted murder of Mike Brown in Ferguson, MI.
ON FERGUSON
Seabastian Jones

The death of any living creature is a terrible loss; however, it seems that an unlawful, untimely or ‘innocent’ death provokes far more emotion. In the case of young Michael Brown, the death of the 18-year-old African American prompted much action during the city of Ferguson’s swell of emotions.

On Saturday August 9, 2014 at 2:15 p.m., Brown, an unarmed, upcoming college freshman, was fatally shot by a St. Louis police officer. There were dozens of witnesses in the suburban neighborhood, and thanks to social media and speedy press, the news of Brown’s death spread rapidly.

The following Sunday night there was a vigil held for Brown in Ferguson, it was an emotional and peaceful protest. However, hours later after the vigil, rioters began vandalizing cars and local businesses. Chaos ran rampant in the streets and it was all televised.

The struggle for justice and equality has been fought for millennia, and people have chosen to utilize both violence and peace to oppose injustice throughout history. Therefore, the morality of the rioters is not in question. The question is: why isn’t there such action and emotion when every innocent black teen is murdered?

Yes, admittedly police brutality has been an issue in the black community for decades, and this is by no means the first wrongful death of a young black male at the hands of a law enforcement officer. But where are the peaceful protests, violent riots, and mass media coverage, when an innocent young black male is gunned down by another black male. It seems the nation, and more importantly the black community, is swift to commercialize the death of a black youth if the assailant is not African American, and that seems unjust.

Are not all innocent victims of gun violence important? Or is it just easier to create villains, rather than address the real problems in our own community? That does not imply that the black community does nothing in response to the copious amount of black on black crime; rather, the response to black on black crime is not equal to that of violence against blacks committed by other ethnicities.

In closing, I wish to express my condolences to the Brown family; I too know the pain that follows the death of a loved one. This was a devastating loss but so is all losses, and it would serve the nation well to remember that fact. In the future, I hope that the black community treats every unjust death with immense amounts of action and emotion, and I hope that in doing so the black community may address and correct its many problems.
Incisions glided across my arm, as a bow to a violin, creating sweet sounds of pain. Red pigments decorated my artistic limb, making it an abstract site for open interpretation. The circulation of life that flowed swiftly through my body escaped and left me spiritually dead.

No oxygen to pump life back within me, only a small pocketknife to wake up to and remember that I was lucky this time.

The dark clouds engulf me within its realm, taking me to a land where I see nothing but myself in another form.

I reach the climax as I carve beneath flesh and enter into the insides that no one can see, tampering with innocent, pure white meat that isn’t exposed to the airborne illness of torment.

Memories seem to walk the vertical lines that are imprinted. The anger seems to dance around the faceless figures that are outlined; this limb is an art gallery.

My thighs are a ward for sick crossed figures that refuse to get off the skin I wear, because I made them there.

My bosom connects blown up trails that lead to nowhere. These marks are lost, and every day I stare at them, I’m reminded of who discovered them, who made them, who created them.

Small cuts conceived turn into countless marks received; my body being an artistic disgrace is what saved me.

Now I put away the key to this safe house, which houses my 32 fugitives, They whisper for freedom.

What they don’t know is that they will be forever locked up in this prison cell made of flesh, they come alive at the darkest nights, when the violin plays again.

The sweet sounds begin to ooze out, then they fall asleep as the music begins to end, tucked in tight with bandaged coverings, and cotton disguises where no one will recognize them until the cell is open again.

Death will come to bail them out, and the warden yell, “you are now free.”

But until then they come alive when the violin plays again.
MEMBERSHIP HAS ITS PRIVILEGES

Craig Barnes Jr.

Memberships, memberships, memberships. Often the overly abused phrase for those who are disadvantaged lower-status peons venturing to the entertainment establishments in downtown Greenville. Membership definitely has its privileges and while most establishments provide clear and concise stipulations, the entertainment establishments residing between the streets of Contanche and 5th, have more areas of shady grey than political campaigns. “Membership” rules change as much as the name of the clubs themselves. At any given time, the rules and stipulations are subject to change without a moments notice. With the gatekeepers of these establishments being the judge, jury and executioner.

Has it occurred to anyone, negatively affected or not, that investigation into this abnormality should be a subject of poignant interest?

Before July 28th 2014, I had the advantage of inclusion and often times petitioned from the labyrinth-esque atmosphere for a more efficacious way of implementing regulations that would help solve the problem of my comrades being denied entrance.

On July 28th, 2014, I became a member of the streetside access only, club. This happen to be a deviation from the norm for me. As I wrecked my brain to provide justification to my denial of entrance by the reprobated gatekeeper who had just granted entrance to several individuals, dressed in the same attire as myself, I came to the conclusion that my denial into this entertainment establishment went beyond my dress.

I began to replay my approach to the gateway. Did I stagger? Who was behind me? Where there too many people in my entourage? Did I yell at the bouncer? All of these questions were answered with a no, so why was it that I was not accepted... I ventured off to the other packed establishment and tried my luck there. I had been there plenty of times before and I assumed the gatekeepers knew my face. Greeted with the same message, it became strange to me to see these infrastructures become redundant in their message. “Do you have a membership? If not, we cannot let you in.”

Since when was it a requirement to have a membership to have a beer? Since when was it a requirement to have a membership to dance with the same people you go to school with? Since when was it a requirement to have a membership to laugh with the person you sit next to in every class on Monday, Wednesday and Friday?
It seems that having a membership is contingent on who you associate with when headed to the door, it seems that having a membership is contingent on making sure you are the only one in your entourage that share the same color.

The interesting thing is the fact that there is never an application readily available to be completed and turned in. Certain social groups being permitted into clubs while others are left to only imagine is a situation that is unacceptable. I challenge everyone who has experienced the denial to these establishments to encourage their friends, family and organizations to discontinue to patronize these establishments. These unspoken but blatant acts of racial and cultural favoritism has been in place for twenty years and counting. When will it stop...if ever?
COMFORTABLE AS I AM

Sierra Brown

My favorite cartoons growing up were Hey! Arnold and Recess. The characters were of all different shapes, sizes and colors, which I loved. Some of the kids came from rich backgrounds and some from poor, but none of it mattered because I wasn’t raised to exclude people based on the color of their skin.

Skin tone, hair texture and ethnicity weren’t even a passing thought for a child my age. My school was predominately Hispanic and I fit in just fine.

That was until I was around 11 years old.

I am multi-racial.

My mother is Irish, Italian and Puerto Rican and my father, African American, Native American and Dutch but to keep it simple let’s say I’m white, black, Hispanic and Native American.

My mother never denied me knowledge of my heritage. I never picked a side of who I was. What was I supposed to say? I’m black? I’m white? I’m Hispanic? – I would ask myself “why does any of this matter?” It didn’t affect or change my personality.

Moving to North Carolina, at age 8, I became friends with pretty much everyone. Middle school was the first time I noticed my ethnicity mattered. Not to me, but to just about everyone else. Students were segregated by choice. Almost all the white girls were cheerleaders, and the black girls were on the step team. Even the lunchroom was segregated. White girls ate together and black girls ate together, it was as if interacting was a sin, a taboo, or wrong in some sense. In class we were allowed to choose where we sat. Ironically, clusters of people separated themselves based on ethnicity.

Well…where did that leave me? I couldn’t split into four and have a piece of me join each group.

Being the subject of snarky comments such as: She is not black enough to do this or she is not white enough to do that or being asked if my hair was real and being called a liar when I said it was, didn’t break me, nor affect my self-esteem. I found it to be more annoying than anything else and I was okay with those people distancing themselves from me. Soon I found my place in a group of ‘misfits’ and I was happy there. My best friend at the time was a pixie sized white girl with bright pink hair and after a night at her house listening to and becoming a fan of Linkin Park, people really began to wonder about me.

This trend didn’t end in middle school and has continued throughout my life. I’ve always dealt with black vs. white and felt as if I was supposed to choose. I can’t do that and I won’t.

I remember filling out a scantron sheet for a test once and it asked my race. It had ‘African-American,’ ‘Caucasian non-Hispanic,’ ‘Hispanic,’ ‘Pacific Islander,’ ‘Asian.’ There was no bi-racial, multi-racial or even other. I asked the teacher “Which one do I pick?” And the reply was “Whichever one you’re more of.” Well… that was helpful.
I often wonder today why job applications and tests even have that question. Again – does it matter? This isn’t every relationship or experience I’ve had in my life. I’ve met plenty of people that don’t care one way or the other and I call them friends, but even they don’t realize how certain things they say come across.

For example, I signed up for a glow in the dark 5k run and one of my best friends said, “Only white people do stuff like that,” and while it doesn’t offend me, it definitely irritates me. It comes across like you’re supposed to live a certain kind of life, listen to a specific type of music and eat only certain kind of foods otherwise you’re not “really white” or “really Hispanic.” What you do, how you dress, your likes and dislikes don’t dictate your ethnicity. Nothing can change the blood that flows through your veins.

I love being multi-racial. I can stake claim to many wonderful cultures. I can cook amazing Italian food. I can (now) speak Spanish. I can listen to Eminem. I can appreciate the beauty of everything I am and appreciate the different cultures that make me the person I am. I will never disown one particular bloodline and I will never pretend to like something because it is expected. The fact that I can head-bang and listen to Guns n’ Roses doesn’t make me less black. It means I am comfortable with who I am. I am comfortable in my own skin and I wish someday everyone else could feel the same.
As the new ECU Class of 2018 begin their journey of career exploration and self-discovery, fellow Pirate, Dan P. Lee finds himself walking down a path heavily traveled by women and high heels.

For years, the fashion industry has been a female-dominate one. This is a fact that stylist Dan P. Lee is all too aware of, yet with being a black male, finds a sense of confidence in these odds.

“I’ve beat statistics already: I was supposed to be dead or in jail by 18,” said Lee, “I graduated high school. Another statistics: I was supposed to party and flunk out my freshmen year, and here we are four years later, achieving and growing,” said Lee.

Dan P. Lee is a merchandising major graduating in Fall of 2015. After graduation he hopes to pursue his dreams ranging from becoming a celebrity fashion stylist to doing creative direction work with luxury fashion brands.

His inclination towards fashion began at a young age. Before we all wore clothes to fit in or to impress that special someone, Lee’s found his love for fashion through family.

“My mom, aunts and cousins always had me in the latest gear. I believe that was something instilled in me early. I just developed a love for fashion at an early age,” said Lee.

But everything has not always been dope kicks and clean wrist pieces. Lee has had his share of bad styles in life with the passing of his mother when he was just 7 years old. After her passing, Lee’s father saw no need to feed his yearning for fashion and this emotionally impacted Lee’s personal life.

“All the kids in school had all these things I wanted,” said Lee.

Fortunate enough Lee’s godmother stepped in and began to bring positivity back into his life by purchasing whatever clothes and shoes deemed necessary.

“I’m thankful to have met three good friends of mine my freshmen year at ECU: Trey, Leon, and Greg. We all really embrace each other, sit down and talk, we ask each other, ‘What’s our 5 year plan? What’s our 10 year plan,’” said Lee. This support system of family and friends has helped guide Lee to where he is today.

“It really fascinates me how when you really find out what you really want to do, the drive that you have to get there,” said Lee.

And in a culture where countless news reports and online uprisings seem to focus on racism and police brutality against the black man, even in the midst of having a black president, Lee is very much aware of the lush history he is apart of, and his role within it.

“Being a black male, its very hard, being honest,” said Lee, “I’m not one to complain about what we still don’t have. I’m one to look at the bright side and look at all that we do have in comparison to what those in our past had. The odds are still stacked against us, but some things you just can’t control in life. You do with what you have,” said Lee, “I know what the odds are. All I can do is determine in my mind that I’m going to beat the odds.”

His focus and drive are immovable, and maybe that will be the difference between achieving his dreams and falling short.

“Dan P. Lee is a young artist who is trying to find himself creatively and trying to find opportunities that lead to me reaching my ultimate dream,” said Lee, “I’m just a small town guy seeking that big city dream.”
ARTISTIC SUBMISSIONS

Bianca Butler

“Bloom”

“Soar”

“Infinite Inferno”
“Diamonds mastered time. As so time set it free. We are not obsessed with diamonds. We are obsessed with what they accomplished.”

Tyree Barnes
Expressions played a major role in my life as both an undergraduate and as a graduate student. Along with national and international presentations, tenure track positions at both a Predominantly White Institution as well as at an Historically Black University, expressions continues to mark my developing self.

As an expressions staff writer and later managing editor, I met many giants who made an impression on my developing worldview: Shirley Chisholm, Yolanda King, even Eva Clayton. Though my head was edited out of the expressions shot, I was able to take a picture with Shirley Chisholm and witness determination despite the odds. When I had questions concerning my story featuring Yolanda King, I witnessed humble graciousness when Sister King shared her contact information and actually responded when I did contact her. Eva Clayton, though her presence had to compete with the presence of Dr. Ruth that week and no one came to hear Clayton speak about student financial aid, since she had not been advertised as heartily, I witnessed unperturbed decorum as Clayton gracefully refused to speak to empty chairs. Along with triumphs and laudable moments, I learned, as Alice Walker wrote poetically, how to “tame wild disappointment with caress unmoved.” I will forever be grateful for the confidence and experience that expressions helped develop in me.

In my development and since expressions, I have experienced a paradigm shift. Before I left the south to migrate to Washington D.C. to earn my Ph.D., I viewed life in a dichotomy of black or white. Like Martin Delaney of the mid nineteenth century, I judged white as innately ignoble and worthy of wariness, and I viewed black as representing unity and righteousness uncontested. I did acknowledge that exceptions to the rule could occur but, according to my limited perspective, the general essence remained. After years of further growth, through triumphs and through disappointments, I have since realized that beauty and ugly come in all shapes, sizes, and colors. As Langston Hughes wrote in The Negro Artist and the Racial Mountain, “We know we are beautiful. And ugly too.” America, and even the world at large, has joined me in this paradigm shift, though in a somewhat different way.

The current trend has been to espouse the development of a post-racial America. Kenneth Warren writes a book about how African-American literature no longer needs to be taught separately. He writes the following in his book, What Was African-American Literature: “It will be my argument here that with the legal demise of Jim Crow, the coherence of African American literature has been correspondingly, if sometimes imperceptibly eroded as well.”

I experienced the repercussions of this viewpoint when I searched for jobs in my area of African-American literature. African-American had lost its duality and was usually considered 100 percent American, and diversity-seeking jobs singled out Native-American, Asian-American, Chicano-American, fill in the blank but not black American. Shelby Steel had argued similarly this need to progress past the mess in his earlier work, The Content of Our Character. Steele published similar texts with more provocative titles, such as White Guilt: How Blacks and Whites Together Destroyed the Promise of the Civil Rights Era and A Dream Deferred: The Second Betrayal of Black Freedom in America. Without yet reading the other two texts, I can only emit a heavy sigh.

Around the same time, Keith Richburg published Out of American: A Black Man Confronts Africa and was dismissed as “a self-serving Uncle Tom looking to make good with his white bosses.” Such discourse has divided Black America into separate camps, especially with the leadership of President Barack Obama, where those of his “other” race constantly accuse him of not prioritizing the interests of black Americans. I cannot say that I have entirely dismissed the reality of inequality, but I observe that the fight is not as overt, and I wonder if it needs to be and, if it were, would it really matter. Yes, ugliness still exists, but so does beauty, and no group of people owns the monopoly over either. My paradigm shift has taught me to conserve my energy for the beautiful, to work with what I have and resign myself to realizing that it is what it is.
I do converse on a personal level every now and then about the injustice in it all, but I have learned that injustice rests as the one entity that refuses to discriminate. Power plays the starring role in living crucial moments, and I just rely on the power from on high, where the only privilege rests in faith, because all flesh, in every color, will die one day and decay. No science, no power, no special privilege can ever change this truth.

Therefore, I returned south, deep south, almost as if God used his sense of humor in ordering my footsteps. Laughter does good like a medicine, because years ago, before my paradigm shift, I never would have thunk it. After spending a third of my life up North, I moved to Montgomery, AL; a place known for past injustices. As one resident, Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. asserted, “injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere.” Thus, I learned that wherever I go, I take myself, and the surroundings matter little. Good and evil exist in every shape, size and color. Therefore, I focus on those who do good, who risked their lives so others could be free, and those others include black as well as white. Whites often risked their lives at even greater losses, because peer pressure progresses past puberty, and adults, young and old, pressure their peers to conform to the status quo. Fortunately, not everyone succumbed to often life-threatening pressure. With that, I walk the streets of Montgomery Alabama with Louis Armstrong’s song echoing in my head, what a wonderful world.

I have learned that life is much too short to allow the ugly to cloud all of the beauty that life and the world has to offer. I just want to represent so I am not part of the ugly. I echo W. E. B. Du Bois, who wrote in his essay, “The Criteria of Negro Art,” the following sentiment:

I do not doubt that the ultimate art coming from black folk is going to be just as beautiful, and beautiful largely in the same ways, as the art that comes from white folk, or yellow, or red; but the point today is that until the art of the black folk compells [sic] recognition they will not be rated as human. And when through art they compell [sic] recognition then let the world discover if it will that their art is as new as it is old and as old as new.

“INJUSTICE ANYWHERE IS A THREAT TO JUSTICE EVERYWHERE”

Martin Luther King Jr.

I echo poets like Langston Hughes, who, along with all of his poems of injustice, also coined a poem of possibility, of peace and harmony even in Alabama, and I’ll end my thought with this poem by Hughes. I could not have said it better:

When I get to be a composer
I’m gonna write me some music about
Daybreak in Alabama
And I’m gonna put the purtiest songs in it
Rising out of the ground like a swamp mist
And falling out of heaven like soft dew.
I’m gonna put some tall tall trees in it
And the scent of pine needles
And the smell of red clay after rain
And long red necks
And poppy colored faces
And big brown arms
And the field daisy eyes
Of black and white black white black people
And I’m gonna put white hands
And black hands and brown and yellow hands
And red clay earth hands in it
Touching everybody with kind fingers
And touching each other natural as dew
In that dawn of music when I
Get to be a composer
And write about daybreak
In Alabama.
Often I’ve heard people say, “I’m the same person I was [insert random number] years ago.” As I’ve gotten older, I’ve realized that any person foolish enough to say something like that is someone I don’t want or need to be around. I realize that if I were the same person today that what I was, say, twenty years ago, then, obviously I haven’t learned anything. If I haven’t learned anything, then I haven’t grown...and if I haven’t learned anything or grown, then I’m of little to no use to the people around me. This last statement is doubly-true in my case as I’ve carved out a career for myself in the world of higher education. I’ve made the above assertion because I believe that I am in a constant state of evolution, constantly reading, accumulating new information, growing.

In much the same way, I would like to believe that expressions has evolved. When I was contacted about contributing to the re-launch of expressions, I was a bit caught off guard. I must be officially “old” now, I thought. The second thought was: “re-launch?”

Evidently, expressions had de-volved into something irrelevant. I wondered why the publication once touted as ECU’s minority student publication – rightly or wrongly – had drifted away. Perhaps the minority students at ECU had run out of things to talk about. Maybe they don’t feel like they have anymore “issues,” or maybe they didn’t want to “dwell in the past.” Perhaps the powers-that-be no longer wanted to hear any more of their “gripping, complaints, and accusations” [those were some of the characterizations I heard during my time as a writer for this magazine]; maybe they didn’t feel like the minority students have any more “issues” either.

The truth is, though, ECU is a different a place now than when I was a student. It’s a microcosm of the evolution that has occurred in eastern North Carolina and throughout the state. There’s still plenty to talk about: the student population is much larger; changes that have or have not taken place since my mid-1990s heyday; race, culture, gender and identity in the new millennium; the presence of students who are not descendants of several generations of North Carolinians but rather whose parents came here from other countries or other parts of this country. Hence, there’s no shortage of material for the “minorities” on campus to talk about, and expressions should be even more relevant today than it was during my “Conscious Nineties” heyday. None of this is to say that ECU is a better or worse place than it was twenty or so years ago; rather, it’s simply different.
So, *expressions* will need to become relevant in these different times, to confront the readers again, to be the voice that challenges whatever the prevailing hegemony happens to be. At the same time, *expressions*’ writers and artists should challenge themselves, the things they believe, and the things they feel strongly about. I could go on and on, but there’s no need to preach. Instead...learn and grow. Evolve.
CONTRIBUTORS’ BIOGRAPHIES

Jasmin Balcazar-Romero
Jasmin is a transfer student at ECU since fall 2014. She is pursuing her bachelor’s degree in child development and plans to apply for grad school and become an occupational therapist. Originally from Manhattan, New York, her family decided it was time for a change of scenery (and weather) and moved to Raleigh, North Carolina where they opened their family-owned business, Balcazar Bakery. Both of her parents are Colombian and raised Jasmin as Catholic, but she converted to Islam in April 2013. When she isn’t doing schoolwork, she is busy searching for opportunities to help out the community at the homeless shelter or Eastern N.C. food bank.

Tyree’ Barnes
Tyree is an aspiring artist from Weldon, NC with a goal of being the greatest artist of all time. He is currently finishing his final semester at ECU with a double major in religious studies and psychology. He believes that self-expression is the most important gift given to us and that, if not used, the world will suffer from its absence.

Virginia Brooks
Virginia is a senior communications major, with a focus on interpersonal organizations. She spent her summer interning with ENC Stop Human Trafficking Now, where she got the inspiration to write her poem, which serves as a reflection of what she learned during her internship. She wants to raise awareness for trafficking victims and let them know that there are many people out there who want to help them find safety and guidance to live normal lives again. After graduation, she hopes to gain more experience working in the field of communications before continuing to gain her master’s in counseling or public relations.

Sierra Brown
Sierra is a multi-racial junior at ECU, plans to graduate in fall of 2015 or spring of 2016. Originally from New York, she lived a few years in Arizona before settling in North Carolina. Upon graduation she hopes to return to New York and find work as a journalist and one day write a book inspired by events in her life. In her free time she enjoys volunteering at the Wake County SPCA, reading, writing, cooking and Pilates.
Adriana Gomez-Weston
Adriana is a senior fashion-merchandising student at ECU. She plans to be a bridal consultant after graduation, and aspires to open her own boutique. She recently transferred from Kent State University to be closer to her hometown of Jacksonville, North Carolina. When she's not helping brides, working, or studying, she enjoys updating her Tumblr, eating fries and chips, watching old movies and hanging out with friends.

Glory Iluyomade
Glory is a junior at ECU, studying public relations. Her passion is to pass down courage and inspiration to the ones without. She believes that one's nurture can overcome one's nature and if you take the time to find someone's weaknesses you can definitely find their strengths. She uses poetry and other depictions of art to tell what can't be told in words. She also believes that everyone has a story and stories are the different colors of life.

Antonio Jackson
Antonio is a senior textile design major and Business minor from the small town of Waco, N.C. Currently planning to transition to New York after graduation, he finds his greatest peace in full moons, creating music, writing, youth mentoring and concert nights at Peasants Pub.

Sebastian Jones
Sebastian is a sophomore at ECU. Originally born in New Orleans, Louisiana, he ended up in North Carolina by way of Hurricane Katrina. He currently majors in Biology and has aspirations to become an astrobiologist. He has also taken four years of French, and is continuing his mastery of the language. Aside from academia, his interests include running, reading and writing. He hopes to become a part of the boxing club on campus and recently accepted a nomination into the National Society of Leadership and Success. One of his goals this year is to become a writer for one of East Carolina's Student Media publications.
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Holland B. Nance is the owner of AllThings Creative & Technical Services, Inc. and PROPel Coaching & Training, Inc. Holland is passionate about helping people find their purpose, reach their potential and seeing people develop into their most authentic self. For more information, please visit www.allthingsinc.net

Olayta Rigsby
Olayta was originally a contributor to expressions beginning in 1994, but advanced to senior staff writer by the time he graduated in 1996 with a Bachelor of Arts in Communication. Since graduation he has worked in the news media and has done freelance writing with works appearing in Wax Poetics Magazine. Concurrently, he has led a full-time career in higher education and is currently an analyst for the Maryland Higher Education Commission.

Sandra Staton-Taiwo
Sandra is an assistant professor of English at Alabama State University and is a 2001 graduate of Howard University with a Ph.D. in African American literature, completing her dissertation on the novels of W.E.B. Du Bois. She holds a BS in secondary education and an MA in professional writing from East Carolina University. She placed top ten in the Writer’s Digest Annual Writing Competition from 2007-2010, and publishes articles in scholarly magazines as directed and expected. She served expressions magazine as a staff writer from 1989-92 and as managing editor from 1994-96.

Zach Timmons
Zach, better known as ZT, is a freshman at ECU. As an English major, ZT has a true love for spoken word and poetry, and also has an ear for music. He is an avid artist and draws portraits and abstract pieces in his spare time, and he also makes beats as a hobby. He hopes that his voice and his art will one day reach the masses.

Maya Williams
Maya Williams is a sophomore double majoring in Social Work and English. Maya hopes to pursue a career in expressive therapy, specifically in creative writing. Originally from Ft. Washington, Maryland, she is currently residing out of Greensboro, North Carolina. She is the head of Community Outreach in Word of Mouth, and co-coordinator of Community Outreach in Intervarsity Christian Fellowship. She tries not to label herself so much, because she feels that labels are only good to a certain extent. She stated that she is “whatever my pen, pencil, or keys want to call me that day.”

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THANK YOU

To Our Contributors: Thank you for choosing expressions as the medium to display your creative works. Without you, the magazine would be nothing but empty pages.

To Terrence Dove: Thank you for being our advisor, and always pushing us to think outside the box. Thank you for challenging us to go above and beyond to make this the best issue yet.

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To University Printing & Graphics: Thank you for turning our vision for expressions into a reality.

To Students, Staff, Faculty of ECU and Readers: Thank you for all the continuous support and interest in our work. We appreciate it!
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President: Raven Hill / hillr10@students.ecu.edu
Advisor: Adeea Rogers / rogersa@ecu.edu

Indian Student Association (ISA)
President: Sonia Kaur / kaurg10@students.ecu.edu
Advisor: Dr. Subodh Dutta / duttas@ecu.edu

Iota Nu Delta Fraternity, Inc.
President: Sam LaFosse / lafosses10@students.ecu.edu
Advisor: Dorothea Mack / mackd@ecu.edu

Kappa Alpha Psi
President: Jonathan Peralta / peraltaj11@students.ecu.edu
Advisor: Dorothea Mack / mackd@ecu.edu

Lambda Theta Alpha Latin Sorority, Inc.
President: Kimbriery Waterman / watermank11@students.ecu.edu
Advisor: Dorothea Mack / mackd@ecu.edu

Muslim Student Association (MSA)
President: Jasmin Balcazar-Romero / balcazarromeroj14@students.ecu.edu
Advisor: Dr. Saeed M. Dar / darm@ecu.edu

ECU National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP)
President: Ivan Dawson-Long / dawsonlongi11@students.ecu.edu
Advisor: Dr. Lathan Turner / turnerla@ecu.edu

National Association of Black Accountants
President: Johvone Smith / smithjohv12@students.ecu.edu
Advisor: Douglas Schneider / schneiderd@ecu.edu

National Society of Minorities in Hospitality
President: Samantha Embrees / embrees12@students.ecu.edu
Advisor: David Rivera / riverad@ecu.ecu

Omega Psi Phi
President: Avery Johnson / johnsonav11@students.ecu.edu
Advisor: Dr. Lathan Turner / turnerla@ecu.edu

Phi Beta Sigma
President: Jarrett Sloan / sloanj11@ecu.edu
Advisor: Courtney Rosemond / rosemondc@ecu.edu
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Sigma Omicron Epsilon
President: Agueda Pacheco / pacheca12@students.ecu.edu
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Student Association of Latino Spanish Affairs (SALSA)
President: Jay Garcia / garciaj12@students.ecu.edu
Advisor: Luci Fernades / fernandesl@ecu.edu

Thrift Me Pretty
President: Laquyia Henderson / hendersonl10@students.ecu.edu
Advisor: Tywanna Purkett / purkett@ecu.edu

Women Organizing Minorities Achieving Now (WOMAN)
President: Glory Iluyomade / iluyomadeg12@students.ecu.edu
Advisor: Adeea Rogers / rogersa@ecu.edu

Word of Mouth
President: Mariah Barber / barberm12@students.ecu.edu
Advisor: Andrea Savage / savagea@ecu.edu

Zeta Phi Beta
President: Danielle Curly / curlyd10@students.ecu.edu
Advisor: LaTonya Gaskins / gaskinsl@ecu.edu

If your multicultural organization isn’t listed, please contact expressions, and we will feature your group in the next issue.
Be Impeccable With Your Word.
Speak with integrity.
Say only what you mean...
Use the power of your word in the direction of truth and love.

Miguel Angel Ruiz

Ledonia Wright Cultural Center salutes the 2014 Expressions Magazine's editors, contributors and staff.
CALENDAR
OF EVENTS

OCTOBER

16 Walking Shades of Blue
   7-9pm Hendrix Theatre

17 T.E.A.M Showcase
   6-9pm Wright Auditorium

22 Luncheon with Miss America 2014
   12-1:30pm Mendenhall Student Center Room 224
   SAB DiversiFIY Workshop
   5:30-8pm Mendenhall Student Center Room 224
   Nina Davuluri: The Beauty of Service, Scholarship & Global Citizenship
   6-7pm Hendrix Theatre
   Diwali: Festival of Lights
   6-9pm Mendenhall Brickyard

29 Freedom Riders Film and Discussion with Dr. and Mrs. Singleton
   6:30-10pm Hendrix Theatre

NOVEMBER

01 ICON Modeling Troupe Fine Arts Conference
   9:45-1pm & 2-8pm MSC Great Rooms & Wright Auditorium

02 Cultural Explosion: Rehearsals
   2-7pm Hendrix Theatre

03 American Indian Heritage Month Opening Celebration
   7-8pm Mendenhall Student Center Room 244

04 Premiere Casino Night
   4pm-12am Mendenhall Student Center Social Room

05 Ja’Net Adams Workshop
   2-5pm Mendenhall Student Center Room 244
12  SAB DiversiFYI Workshop  
    5:30-8pm Mendenhall Student Center Room 244  
    Laverne Cox: Ain't I A Woman? My Journal to Womanhood  
    7-8pm Wright Auditorium  

14  Pirate Night Fall 2014  
    4pm-12am Mendenhall Student Center  

17  SRAPAS Talent Show Tryouts  
    5-11pm Wright Auditorium  

18  Lunch with Vice Chancellor Hardy  
    11-2pm Mendenhall Student Center Room 244  
    NAACP Activist Julian Bond Lecture  
    6-9pm Wright Auditorium  

19  SAB DiversiFYI Workshop  
    5:30-8pm Mendenhall Student Center Room 244  

20  Transgender Day of Remembrance Speaker  
    5:30-8pm Mendenhall Student Center Great Rooms 1 & 2  

24  Student Treasure Chest  
    7-8:30pm Mendenhall Student Center Room 212  

DECEMBER  

03  Leo W. Jenkins Holiday Brunch  
    11:30am-1:30pm Mendenhall Student Center Great Room 2-3  
    World Aids Day Speaker Phil Wilson  
    6-8pm Mendenhall Student Center Great Rooms  

05  Kwanzaa 2014: Celebrating the Past, Present and Future  
    6-9pm Mendenhall Student Center Great Rooms  

08  Day of Relaxation  
    11-5pm Mendenhall Student Center Cynthia Lounge & Great Rooms
Summer Falgiano  General Manager
Summer is a senior communication major with a focus in public relations. She started working with Student Media her freshman year as a sports layout designer where she was promoted to Production Manager, slowly working her way up to General Manager of Magazines. She has played a part in the production of *expressions*, Rebel and ECU’s new general interest magazine, The Hook. After graduation, she hopes to pursue a career in public relations or magazine work.

Craig Barnes  Editor
Craig is a senior communication major concentrating in public relations. Beginning with an internship with PURPLE! Magazine he found journalism to be captivating. With experience in magazines as well as experience with The East Carolinian he worked his way into the editorial position with *expressions*. When not working, Craig enjoys spending time with his son, writing for his blog and studying the art of photography. Graduating in December, Craig is excited to embark on the new endeavors that await him in the real world.

Puja Patel  Assistant Editor
Puja is a junior recreational therapy major with a minor in business administration, with the goal of being an Occupational Therapist one day. She has had a passion for writing and reading from a young age. She was in the first graduating class of The East Carolinian’s Candidate Program. She soon after became a writer for the News section at The East Carolinian.
Justin Groeger  
*Design Chief*

Justin is a senior graphic design major and a business minor. He has a passion for typography and layout design. This is his first year at Student Media, where he serves as the Design Chief, in charge of the layout and overall design of *expressions* as well as ECU’s new general interest magazine, The Hook.

Paige Beebe  
*Designer*

Paige is a senior graphic design major with a minor in business. This is her first time working with Student Media, but has worked with a campus group called VCM (Victory Campus Ministries). She designed advertisements for them such as banners, flyers, doorhangers and t-shirts to reach students. Besides her graphic design work, she also has a passion for photography. After graduation, Paige hopes to travel as much as possible while in pursuit of a career where she is able to use her skills in both design and photography.

Katie West  
*Photo Editor*

Katie West is a senior at ECU where she is working to obtain a Bachelor’s of Fine Arts in metals design. She started with Student Media two years ago at The East Carolinian where she was promoted from photographer to Photo Chief. Now she serves the Photo Editor for Student Media Magazines. Besides her photography work, she also works as a jewelry artist and currently holds position as President for ECU Metals Guild.
SUBMISSION GUIDELINES
expressions is currently accepting submissions for our next issue. Contributions can be any illustrations, poems, short stories, photographs or non-fiction works. All submissions should be your own work, unpublished in other medium. Any submissions should include your full name, major and classification. Please send all work to expressions@ecu.edu. Those pieces selected will appear in our next edition.