

**Three Rivers Community College
Art and Literary Magazine**

Quill

Brush

Fall 2015

STUDENT SPOTLIGHT: DIANNA MASON

My Artists Statement

I am an artist because it is part of my life, I communicate with art effectively, and art helps me think outside. I love art because it lets you escape reality and look through the eyes of others. It's a really comforting form of self-expression and the things you can learn through art are fascinating!

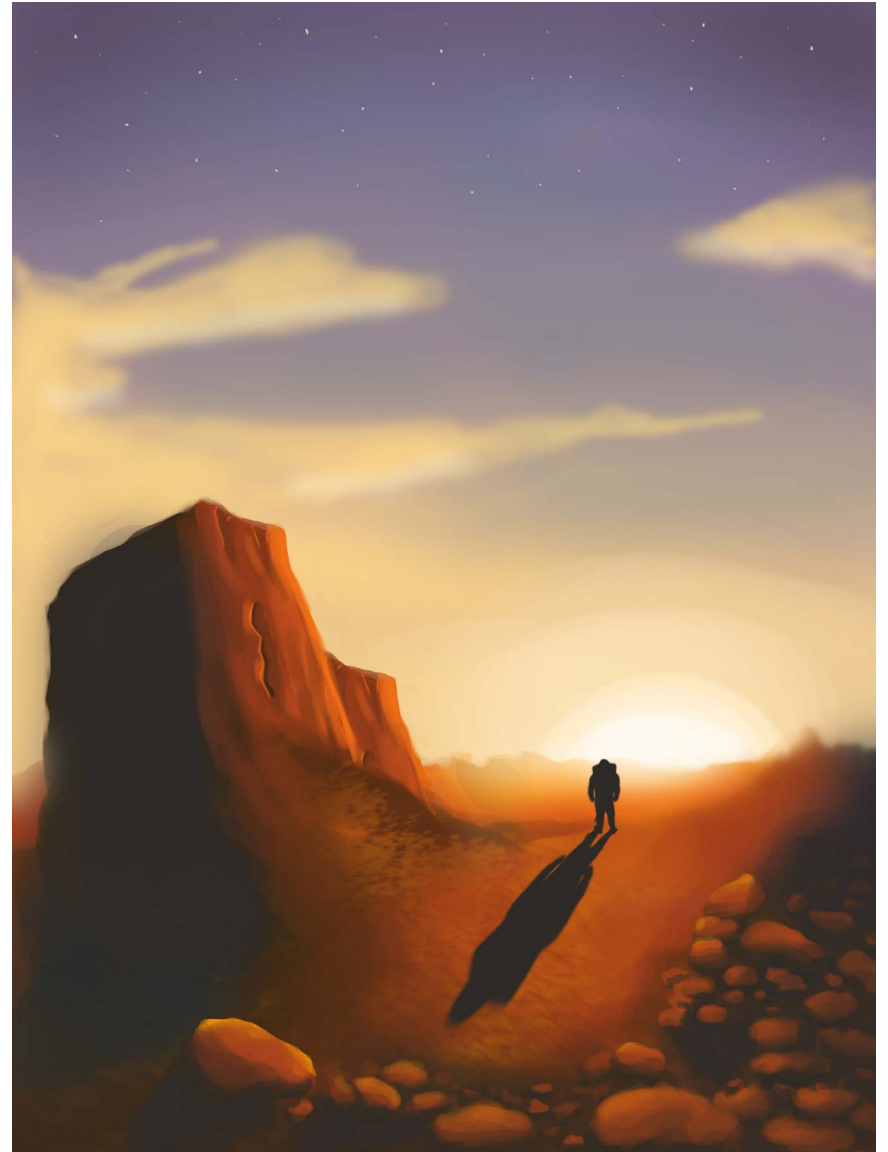
For me as an artist I have a purpose to create art because art is a form of expression and it all the things that I have been through and experiencing as of right now. When people look at my art they can recognize it quickly because they are familiar with my style, I believe my art style is very unique it shows the progressions of my art work throughout my years of being an art student, when people look at my art they know that it was done by me because it has a vibrant abstract style.

I take art seriously because it is one of the main things that keeps me positive, before I came to America I didn't have freedom, with that being said I didn't have enough art materials to make a picture. So what I would do in Russia I would draw with anything that I could find because art meant so much to me and I wanted to keep drawing since that was the only thing that I had for myself. Being in Russia for nine years has made me realize that art is part of who I am- art kept my mind of negative thoughts, it was very therapeutic to me and still is. In Russia art was the only thing that I held on too and refused to share with other kids because it was a treasure for me.

What I want people to see is how my body of work has changed from being too simple to more complex and well thought out. I want them to relate to the pieces and make their own stories up from what they see on the canvases. Because everybody thinks differently so if students are looking at my work they all would have a slightly different stories and I think that is neat because it's like putting a puzzle together but visually. Art is a celebration of my achievements it lets me know that I am a true artist that is not afraid to come out of their comfort zone that is why I like trying out different type of art because it helps me grow as an artist. This is one of the main reasons why I love art so much because you can learn so much about yourself through art.



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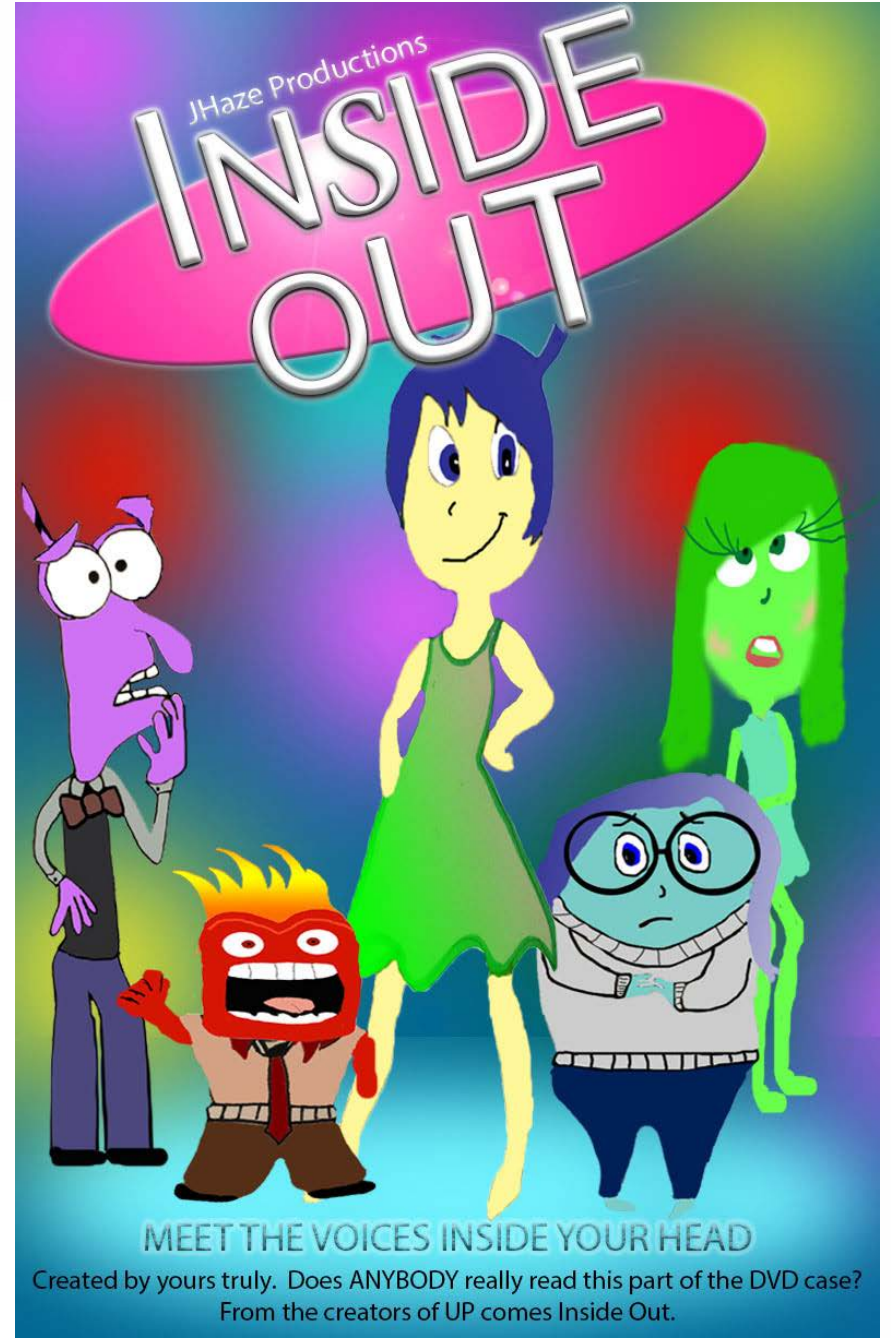
Cormac Buchman



Chelsea Ahmed



Giraffamel



MEET THE VOICES INSIDE YOUR HEAD
Created by yours truly. Does ANYBODY really read this part of the DVD case?
From the creators of UP comes Inside Out.

Jenna Hazelton

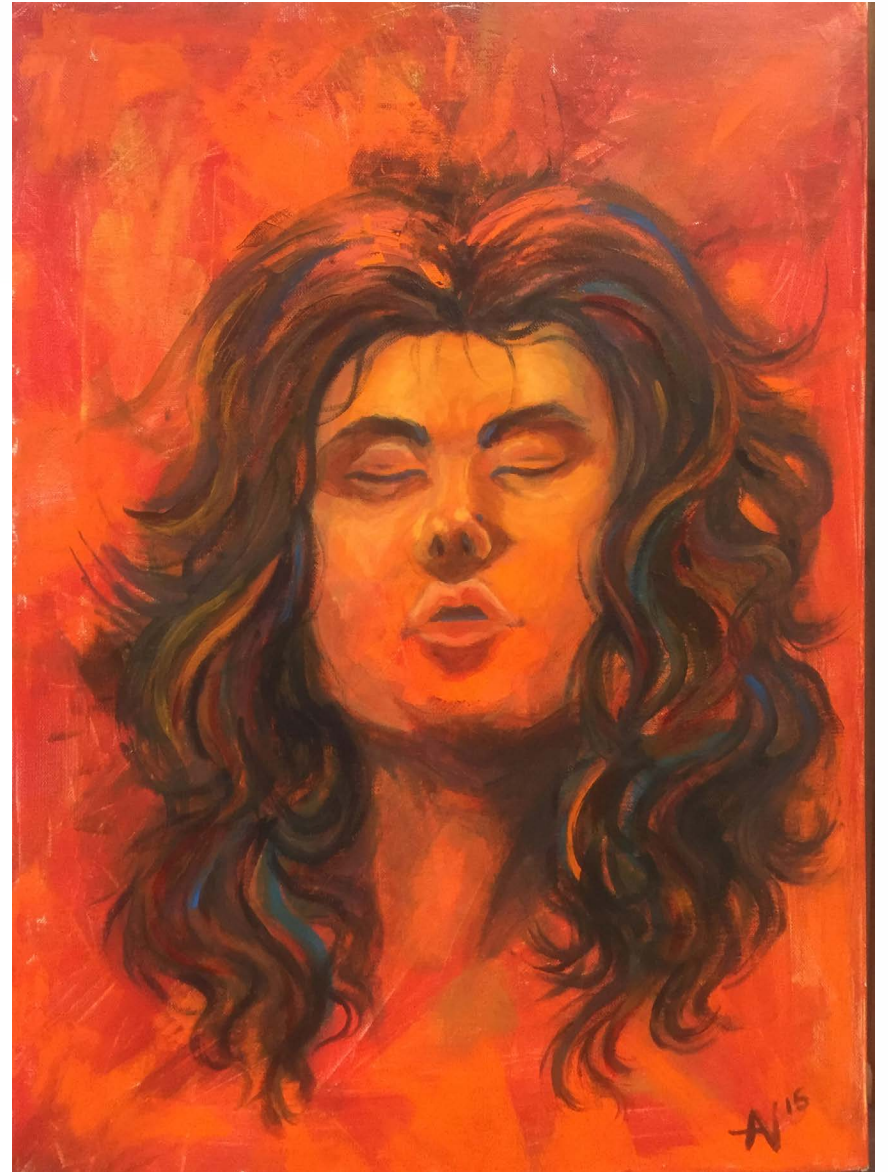


Jenna Hazelton

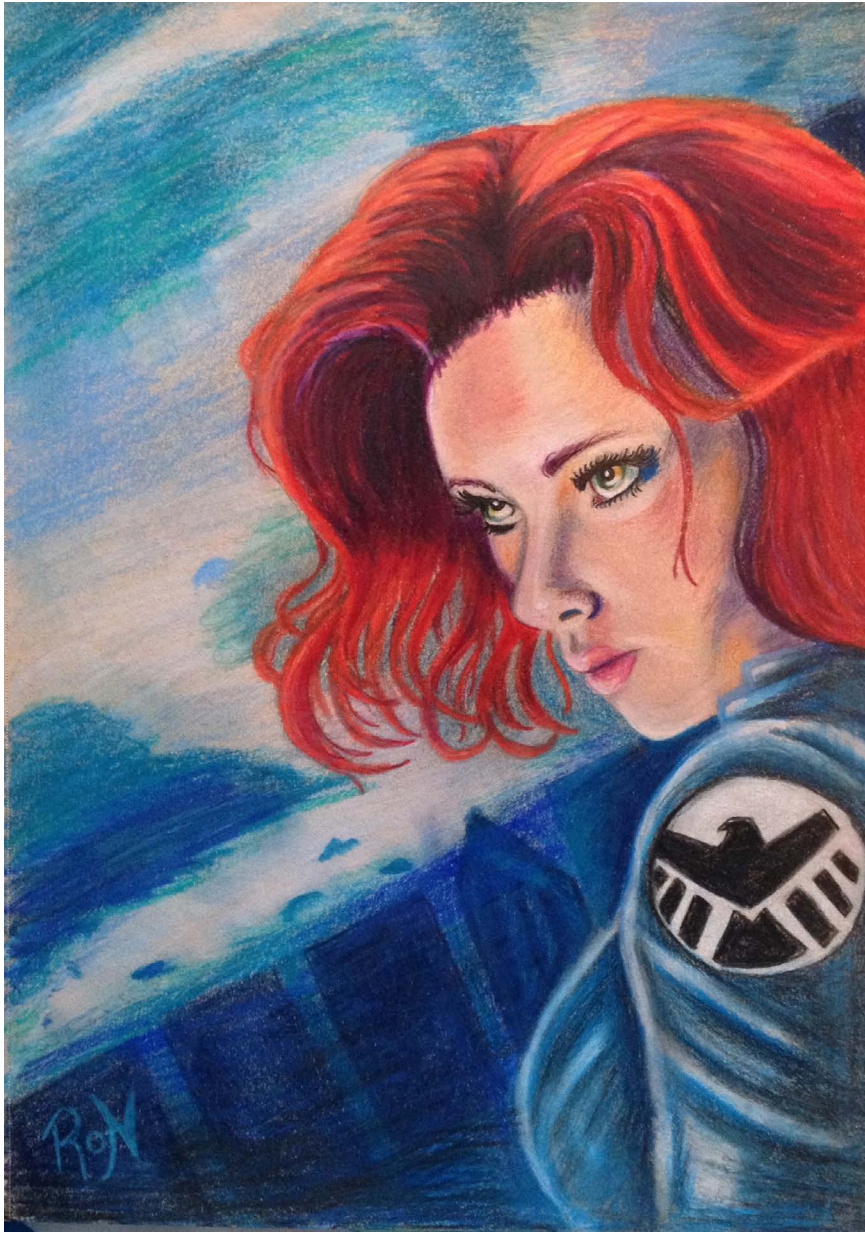


Brissett Cuadros

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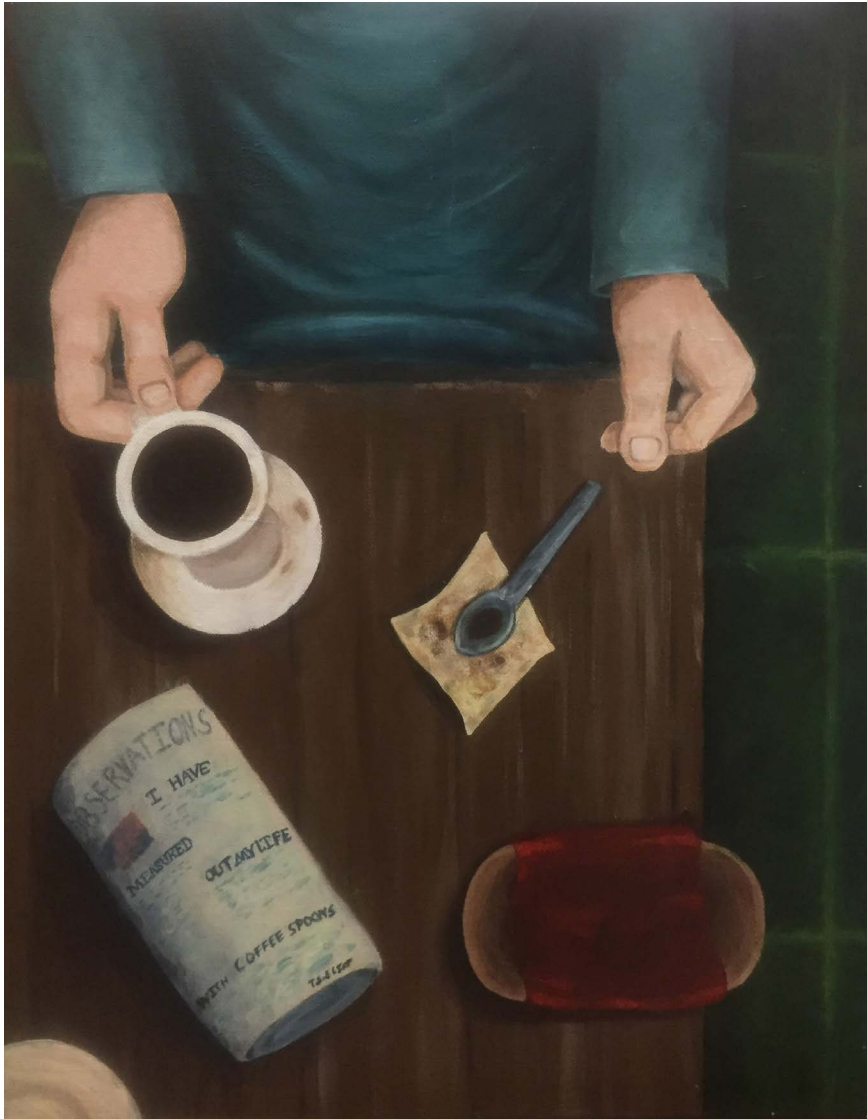
Andros Gillis



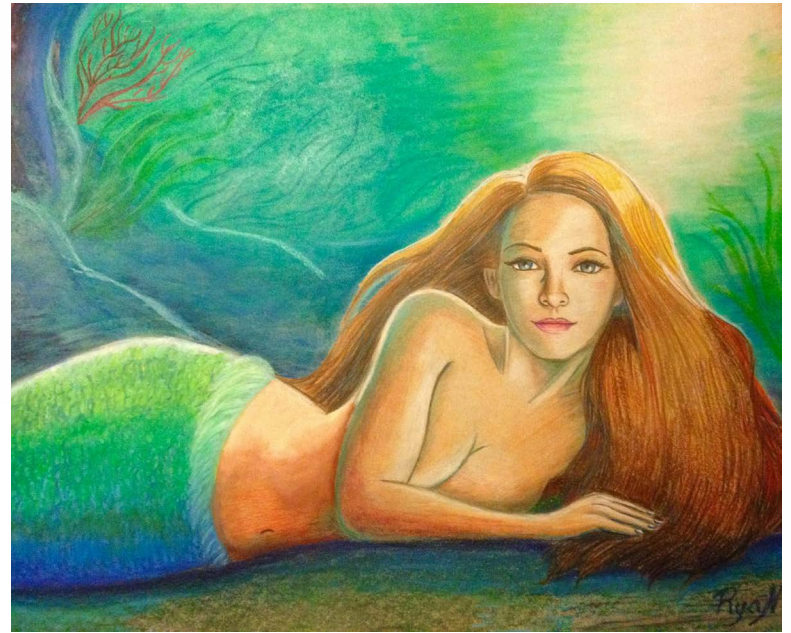
Ronald Newberry



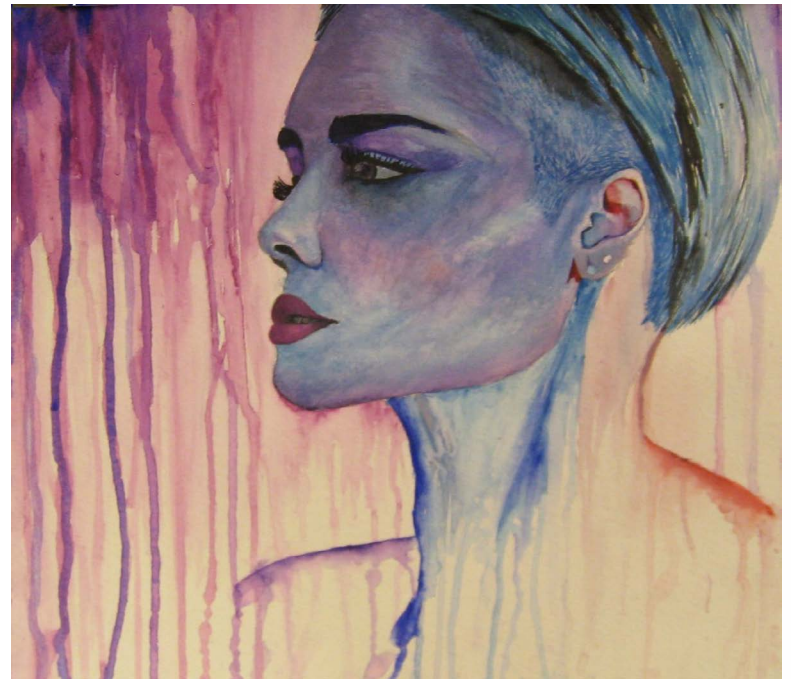
Caity Vittucci



Liz Crippin



Ryan Newberry

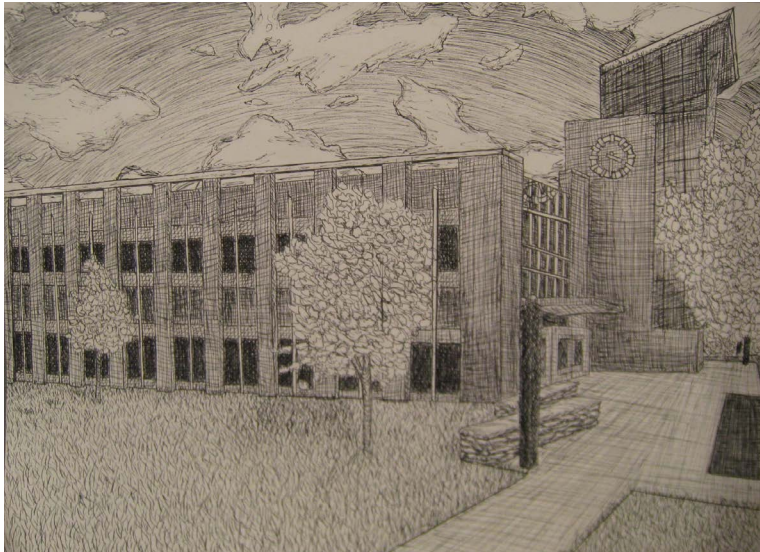


Nicole Kuhn

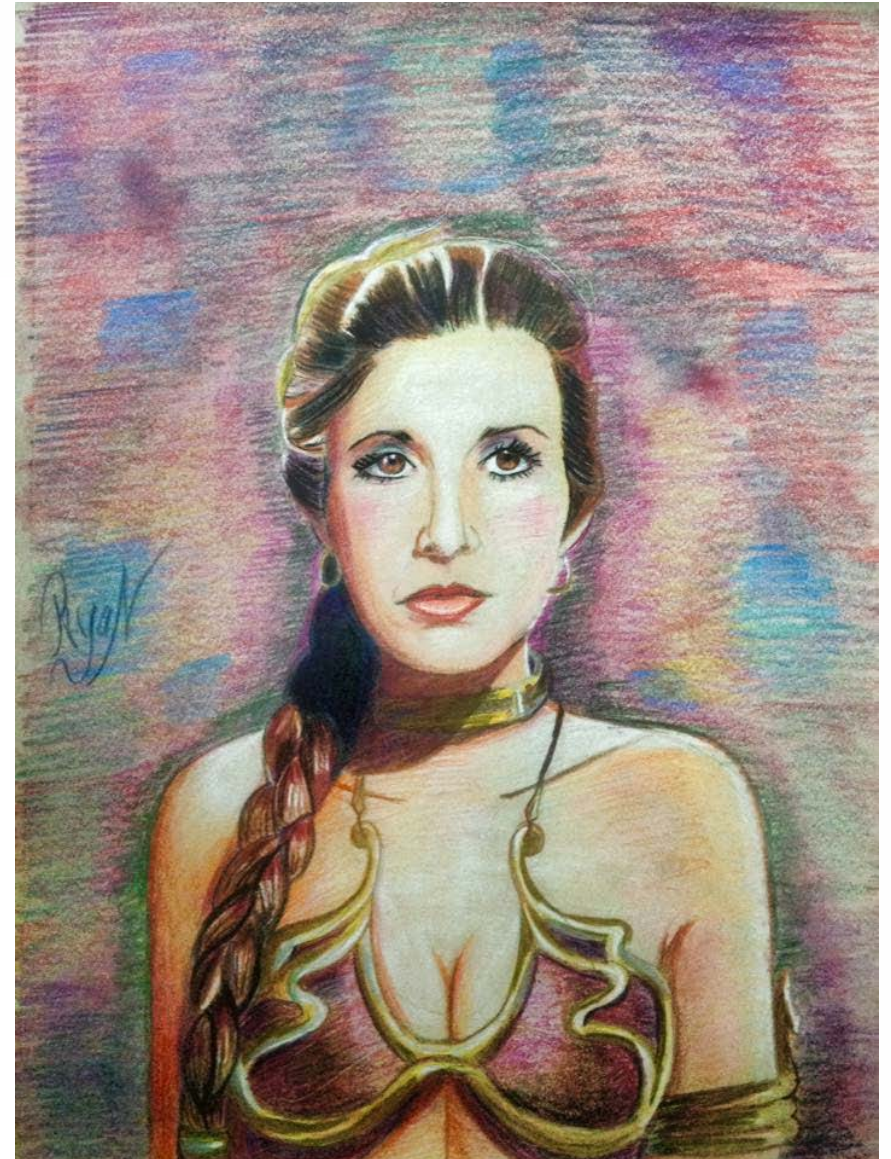
PAINTINGS



Brianna Weaver



Melissa Herrick



Ryan Newberry

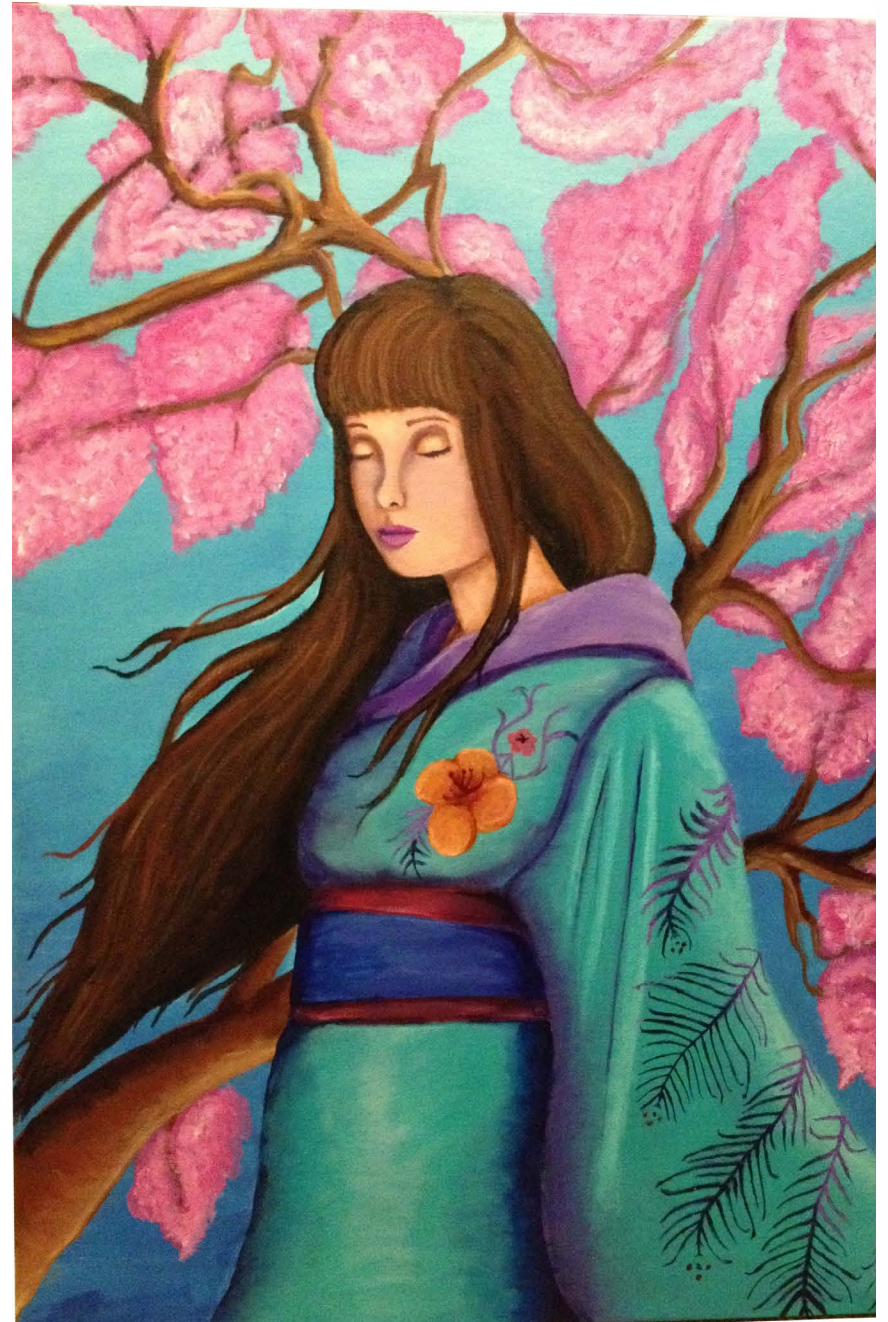
PAINTINGS



Amy Austin



Nicole Kuhn



Ronald Newberry



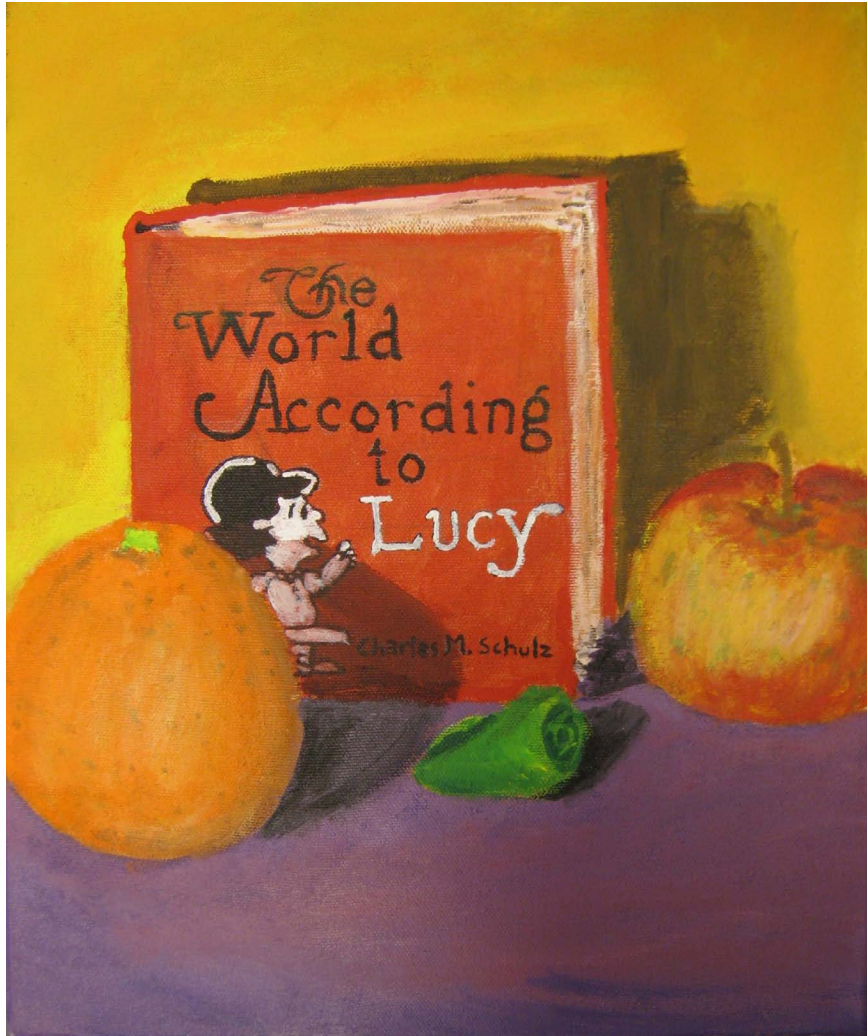
Cormac Buchman



Liz Crippin



Brissett Cuadros



Nick Granell

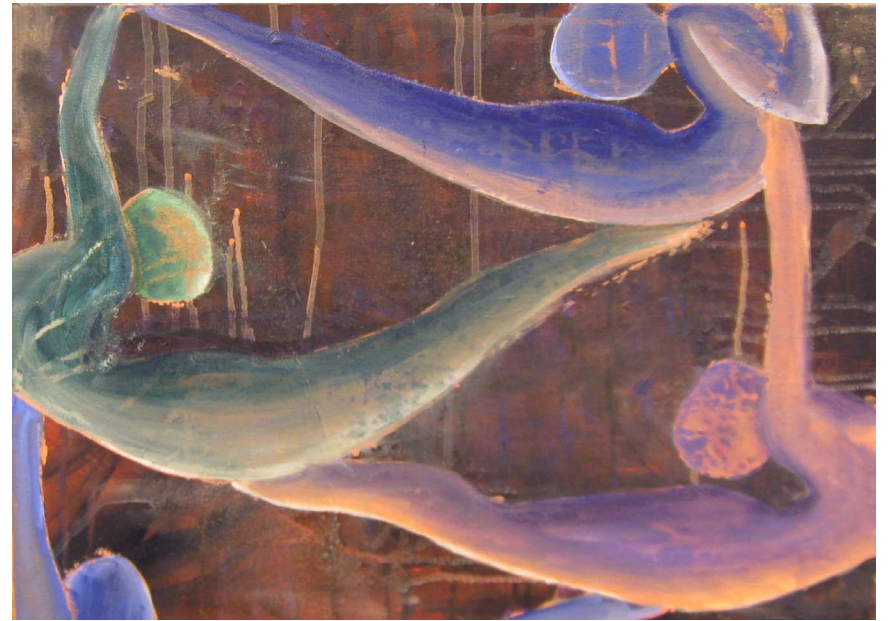


Andros Gillis

PAINTINGS



Caity Vittucci



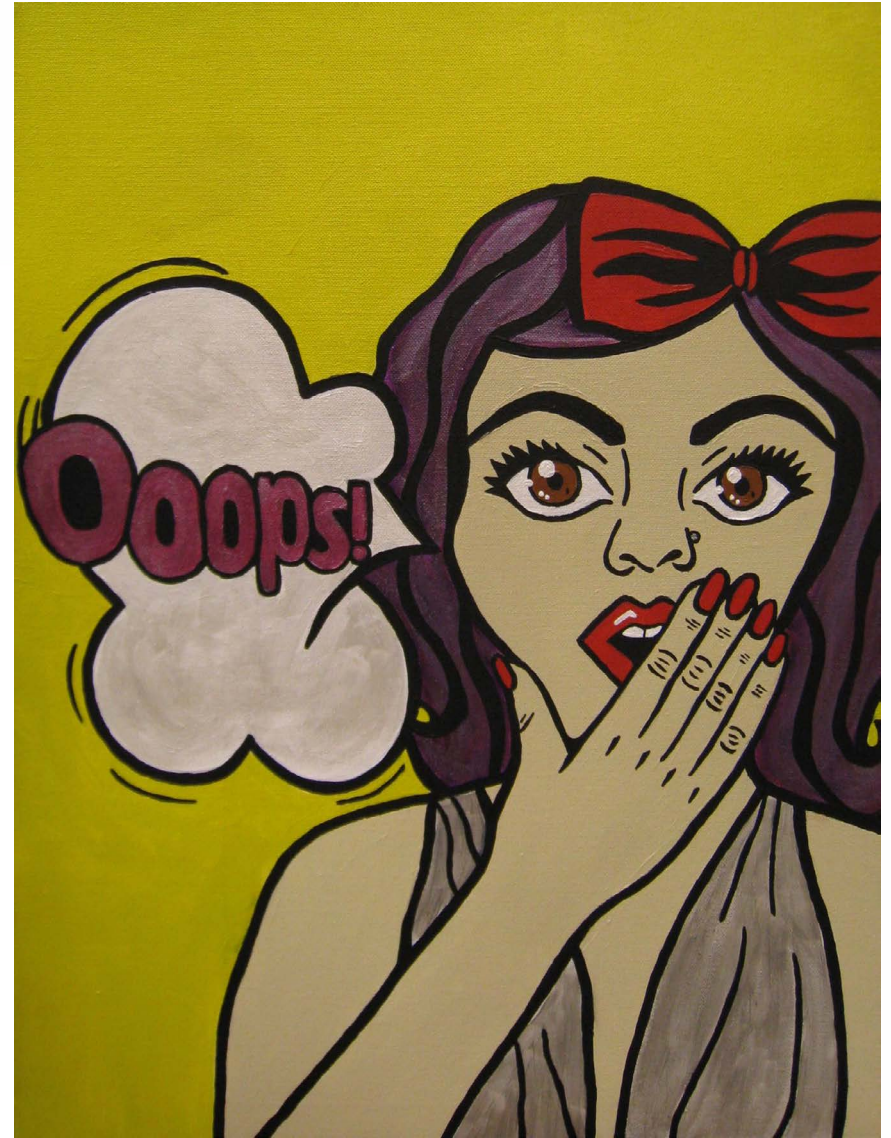
Liz French



David Pefferman



Melissa Herrick



Katelyn Macrino

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Taylor Gray



©Shuttermind Shot-tography

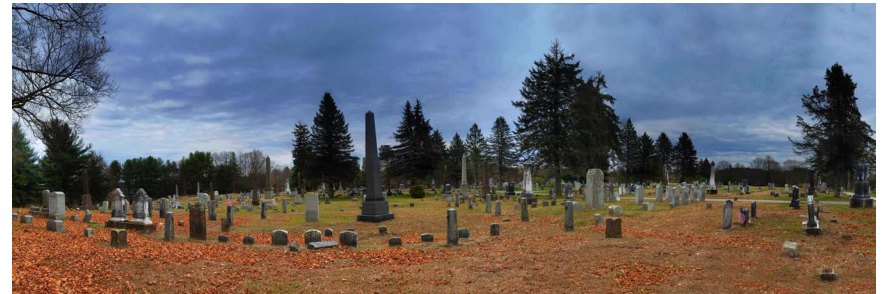
Chelsea Ahmed



Phoebe Michaud



Chelsea Ahmed





Phoebe Michaud



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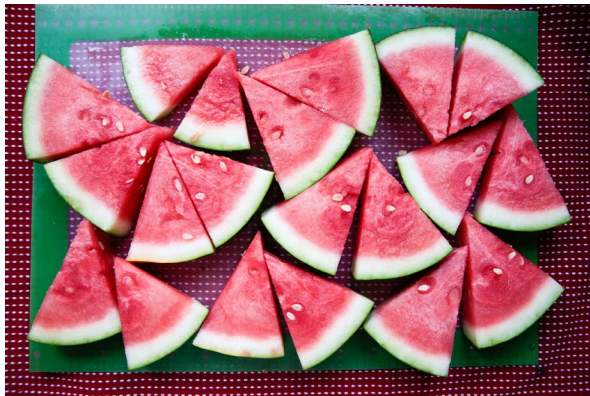
Chelsea Ahmed



#1: Adam Burrows



#2: Kevin Markley



#3: Maria French



#4: Michael Delameter



#5: Oleksandra Edwards

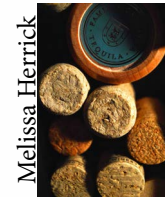
HONORABLE MENTIONS



Kellie Dougherty



Stallone Sylvestre



Melissa Herrick



Hailey Andrus



Dianna Mason



Heather Mars-Martins

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WINE DINE OR FINE FEELIN FINE OR DRINKIN WINE

by Jet Goodman

Some days I am feeling fine,
Other days I want to drink that whole box of wine,
Then I sit and try to define,
What in the world is going on in this crazy life of mine?
When I say I am fine, are there lies intertwined?
With all the lies since birth my name is now hotline.
So maybe today I am not feeling fine but I DO know there is a time I shall shine.
I woke up to smell the pine and realized now those things that I have signed.
Now am I in a bind?
Do I jump or should I climb?
Family says bump the blood line,
Who cares cause this aint no date line.
We are all made with our our design,
There are so many times I label my design as a sever to moderate crime.
I try to vent when I rhyme,
No one really listens or understands me majority of the time,
And here I am again trying to fiddle with my waiste line,
I can control that and tell all I am ok cause I look fine!?
Hmmmmm now here comes those thoughts of that wine again,
I am choosing to lift my chin and not to sin,
However, its funny how long it took you to look beyond my skin and above my shin,
Is it him? or me? maybe a twin!
Neither one of us is going to win,
this struggle is real like the rhymes I choose to pin,
I even adapted to your fake ass grin!
NO more will I fake a grin or drop my chin or be uncomfortable in my skin.
Attempting to throw every ounce of negativity in my own trash bin,
be accountable for your own chin and where you choose to pin your grin,
regardless if it is a sin, then you can begin to see not only me, but yourself above and beyond your skin.
so what when we met we was different and now that life does not win,
now is the time to move forward and adapt to our new skin.
will you get it or understand ,
NO! cause you are still stuck in the world of lies and pretending that you dont own a trash bin.
But trash comes in all shapes and sizes it is what you do with it that claims unique surprises.
Either way hun, In Jet's life... guess what???? she always rises.

INSOMNIA NO FUN

by Jet Goodman

Back in the Day, it was wake bake,
Years have passed and I still lay here wide awake,
The things on my mind are wanting me to break,
Is it really the insomnia that I need to shake,
No more bake
and theres never an option to break,
My next multi thought is how or what do I attempt to create?
I dont wanna hate so I wont mistranslate, However, As the weather gets
colder, the bolder I know how I need out this State!
IS THIS LIFE REALLY MY FATE?!!
Great !- IT is as if I am stuck in another prison gate.
But I am no longer addressed as York inmate.
Yet every single day is feeling much like those traits, when I was an
inmate,
Except for one thing,
I dont got no more court dates.!
If there is no more court then your in for life,
The analogy is much like being a wife!
Back then I lived trife and I think cause of karma, the ones close to me
keep on diggin that knife!
Except The knife cuts deep with every ounce of compassionate blood
having no choice but to seep.
When a wound so deep and obviously no more sleep, I see how the
Laundry gets done by the heap. Or do I jump in a jeep to exit this physi-
cal and emotional critique. Not because I am weak but only for the leap,
I cant take insomnia any longer, please let me get some sleep!

A SAD GIRL

by Jet Goodman

I SEEM TO BE ALWAYS SAD,
THEN SAD TURNS INTO, MAD,
BUT NOT ALL PLACES AM I SAD,
ITS STARTING TO BECOME A REAL DRAG,
WHEN I THINK ABOUT GOD,
THERE IS NO MORE FOG,
I FEEL LIKE WRITING A BLOG,
WHEN I THINK OF JESUS
I NOW KNOW MY THESIS,
I REALLY PRAY THINGS CAN CHANGE, BUT AT THIS POUNT
I THINK CHANGE IS PLAIN OUT OF RANGE,
NO ONE KNOWS THINGS THNGS THAT DWELL,
FOR I HIDE THEM VERY WELL,
ONE DAY I FEEL I SHALL SELF DISTRUCT BUT I KEEEP MY FAITH
BECAUSE I DONT BELIVE IN LUCK!

Despair

by anonymous

I hear a crash in the airship, interrupting my thoughts. It sounds like it
came from the kitchen.
"What was that?" I look around to see Fisk and Komodo's reaction. I
raise my eyebrows at them
and wonder why they haven't moved or reacted from the noise.
I get a strange feeling in my chest. I quickly get up and glance back at
my 'brothers' and run up
the ramp.
As I walk in the lights seem dimmer and it feels colder. I notice a figure
moving in the corner of
my eye. My mom is in the kitchen, cleaning up broken glass. One of the
plates must have
broken. "Mom, are you alright?"
She looks up slowly and smiles at me. The way she bares her teeth make
me shiver and my
eyes widen. "...Mom?" I look around and notice a dark red spot on the
floor. It looks like blood. I
look back to her. Something isn't right.
My mom picks up a shard of glass and stares at it. Then she squeezes
her hand around the
shard as hard as she could, making her hand ooze blood. She chuckles
eerily and raises her
arm to show me her damaged hand.
All I can do is stare. I have no idea what is going on or why my mother
was acting so strange.
She slowly gets up and starts to speak. "You see this, Zak? Oh, how
weak the human body is.
The tiniest of things can hurt it. What a pity."
I narrow my eyes. This isn't the voice of my mother. The voice that I just
heard was deeper and
sinister.
"Who are you? Where's my mom and dad?" I start to panic. Why weren't
Fisk and Komodo
coming in? Surely they would've sensed the threat.
"I am your mother, baby boy. Your father is going through the effect
now, so he won't be able to
join us. We have discovered something great, Zak. We can create a
superior race!"
I step away from her slowly, in shock. I don't believe this person is my
mother, but for now all I
am thinking about is finding my parents.
"Zak, where are you going? It's rude to walk away when someone is
talking to you." She started
to walk over to me. I knew this person was a threat. I backed away and
ran towards the hallway

to the rooms. Strangely the intruder did not seem to be following. I look around, opening each door and yelling for my father and mother. I finally come across a trail of blood leading to the bathroom. I cautiously approach the door, praying to myself that they are okay. I take a deep breath and open the door. I nearly puke at the sight. The stench is strong and overwhelming. I can feel the tears fall from eyes. Why is this happening? I don't understand. My father is lying on his back, his jumpsuit covered in blood. His body shakes violently, making guttural noises as he spits out some kind of black substance. I stumble to his side and raise his head gently. He is covered in sweat and the smell is choking me.

"Ddad?
Calm down, I'm here. Try to cough it up. What's going on? Who did this to you?" I sob.

The emotional stress I feel is overpowering, and I am close to fainting, but I need to stay strong for my father. I find a washcloth nearby and begin to rub the black goo off his face.

I see something in the corner of my eye. I look up to see the face of my mother, although I am unsure, as it is distorted. The flesh on her face seems to be melting right off her body, her eyes glowing wildly.

"Leave him there, honey. He just needs his rest. His body rejected the virus so I had to use an injection. He'll be fine once it's taken over, though."

I hold my father closer. "What are you talking about?! What did you do?" She pulls out a strange vile that glows a beautiful green color. "We will be stronger, Zak. With this new discovery we can live better lives. We will adapt to our new bodies and we won't have all these little things to worry about." She walks towards me and grabs my arm.

"Look, your father is already accepting it." We both look down at him. His shivering stops and he starts to breath normally. His eyes roll back and his mouth starts to open. Suddenly his bottom jaw pops and his tongue lay lifelessly still. His face starts to shift. I turn away, no longer able to watch.

I break down sobbing, wishing this weren't real. He feel a clawed hand touch my shoulder. I look up to see my mother smiling savagely, pulling me into her.

"Don't cry," She hisses. "Mommy's here. You don't have to be afraid anymore." I am too stunned to move. She tilts my head back and opens the vile. I stare at it, mesmerized by its' green glow. I then realize what she is about to do.

"Fisk!" I yell hopelessly. "Komodo! Somebody!" I struggle, trying to free myself from her grasp.

All she does is laugh at my attempt. She grabs my mouth and forces it open, pouring the substance into my mouth. I choke and gasp for air, as it burns my throat making its way down. I feel my insides burn and my body shake in pain.

As I continue to shake my mother pulls me in close. "There, there. You're all better." She rocks me slowly, humming a tune I don't recognize. My vision starts to blur, but I see my father get up slowly, his body deformed in a way I have never seen before. Fiskerton walks into the bathroom and sits on the floor near us. His eyes are a deeper red color, unrecognizable.

DEAR FRIEND

by Jessica Goodman

To be a blacksheep,
It is truly unique,
Although, it is not obsolete.
It is and can be such a treat.
Almost like that delicious cake we eat.
Envision this.... "a black sheep as oh so sweet!!"
Or think about your favorite Birdie when it goes tweet, tweet, tweet.
Maybe that fat juicy piece of scrumptious meat,
And for those around you that may think differently,
Tell them to beat feet and remember..... they have issues too,
Not just you, so hun don't get stomped with a cleat!
A black sheep is not oblique,
We are all God's creation, very much loved and yup.. critiqued.
By being unique, the negative ones around you defeat.
Don't be consumed by those who maltreat.
ONLY YOU CAN MAKE YOURSELF FEEL AND BE COMPLETE.
SOMETIMES WHAT WE GOTTA DO (AND IT IS OK TO DO LOL)
JUST HIT DELETE!!

My Beautiful Trans Woman

a poem dedicated to trans women of color murdered (2015)
by Maegan Parrot

When you were born you were not aware that life would be so cruel

that society would force you into a box and punish you for refusing to stay in- even as they attempted to secure it with chains-

you could not stay in

and in turn they chose to kill you- for not following the rules that sex and gender " are the same "- that there is not criss crossing or a spectrum - and enforcing this burden on you would mean to the death.

Fear and anger is what they chose because you challenged the status quo- their ignorance -

a danger to your lively-hood.

Society is a herd and their behavior is guided by inclusion and exclusion- unaware that life has preconstructed what you must look like- think like- act like-

life- is a social construct- race and gender is a social construct- thoughts that have manifested and evolved into a convoluted structure of norms based of the predatory notions that there needed to be hierarchy and you were to be at the bottom.

Your skin - once brown- a target among the crowd- gave way to black and blue bruises- your bodies filled with stab wounds, bullets, crushed bones- your bodies - some even missing limbs- your bodies gave way to hate and desperation- at the hands of fear and anger because they wanted so bad to put you in your place.

This is no excuse to rationalize your death with a conceptualized analysis of why it was that violence was their answer

and why that answer meant your death-

as if death was actually the appropriate outcome of their fear because you see you

challenged them.

Their definition of normalcy did not include you-

were bold.

But when did being bold mean being you-

were woman.

And they could not take that away- even after they took your life- despite their urgency to do so.

To be true to you is the message that lingers- in the gut of our stomachs- in the breath of our lungs, in the flame of our hearts-

we will not be forced to be bent, twisted, and crammed into a box that someone else has defined for us.

Fear should not be met with anger and violence- will be met with justice and peace- will be the tool used to keep us free to be you

are loved-

Although you rest in peace- please know that liberation will come to those who are being crammed into the suffocating box of conformity. That true justice will be served to those who challenged your existence and that being bold will no longer mean to be you-

are beautiful brown woman- my beautiful Trans Woman- live in peace, rest in power

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David Pefferman



Mary Pollard

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Quill & Brush

Quill & Brush is Three Rivers Community College's Art and Literature Magazine. Submissions to the 2016 Spring Edition of Q&B must be sent to QuillAndBrush@gmail.com.

Quill & Brush meets in E121 once a week. Students interested in joining should send an email to QuillAndBrush@gmail.com or stop by **E121!** New members are always welcome!

Fall 2015