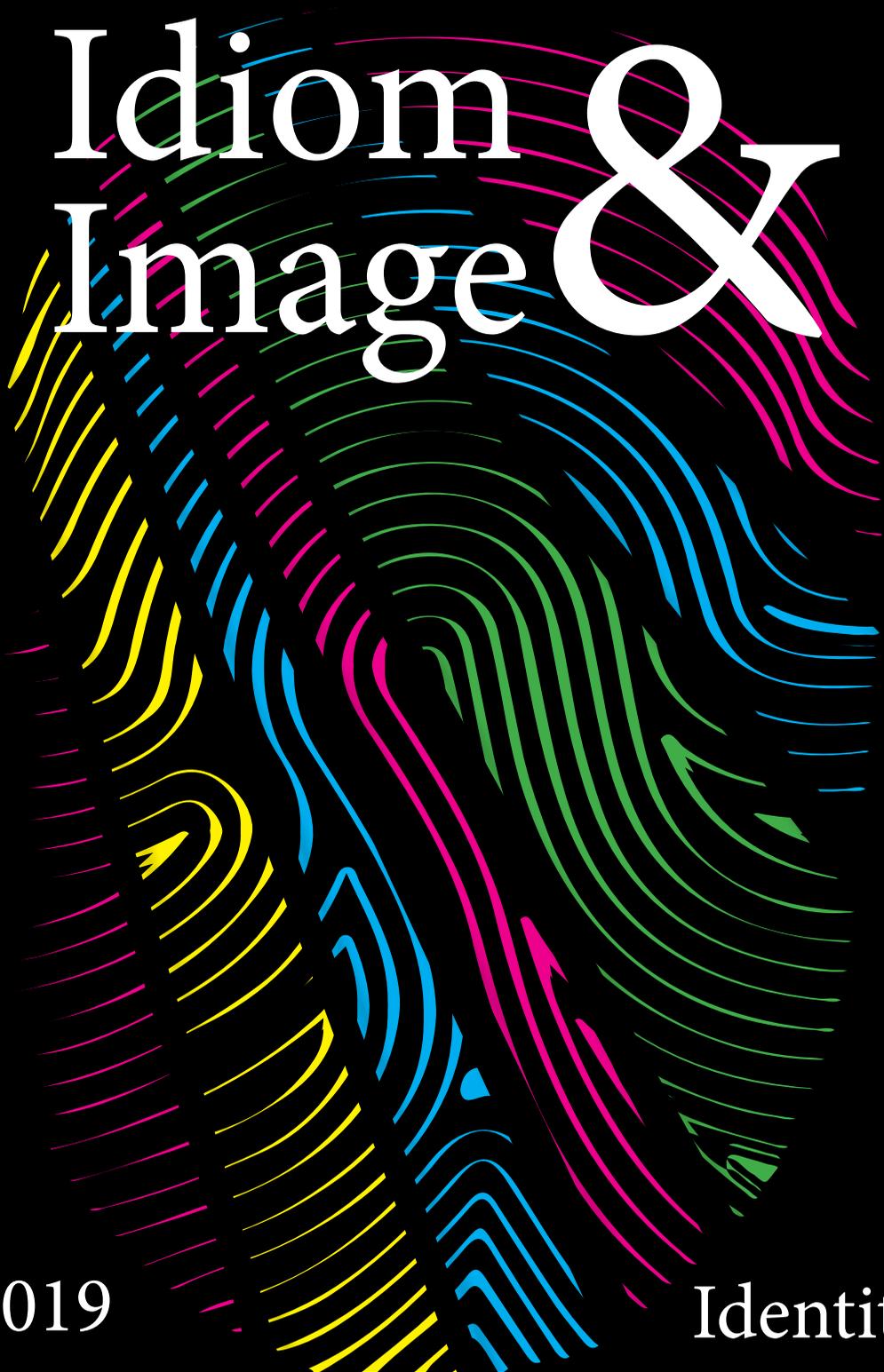


Idiom & Image



2019

Identity

Welcome to Idiom & Image



The theme of the 2019 issue is “Identity: Who I am, Who I was, and Who I am becoming.” The selected works of art, photography, poetry, and prose reflect the journey of each student as they explore themselves and remember who they really are, where they’ve been, what they love, and what they desire in life. For the first time in the magazine’s history, all artists were invited to write an artist statement describing the inspiration or process in creating their work. In addition to pieces selected from the Sussex County Community College student body, this is the second issue that features artwork created by high school students who exhibited in the 2019 Sussex County Teen Arts Festival. Welcome to the issue.

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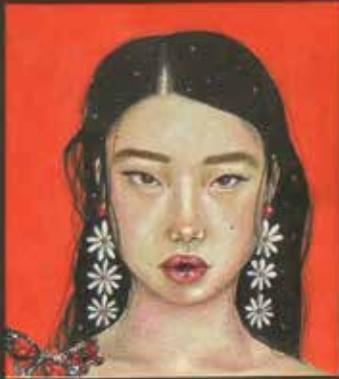


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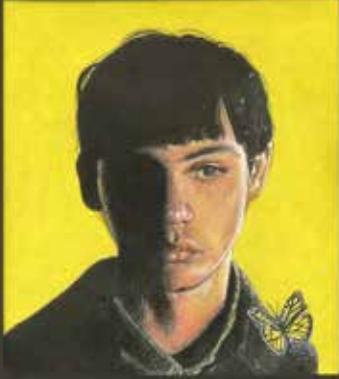
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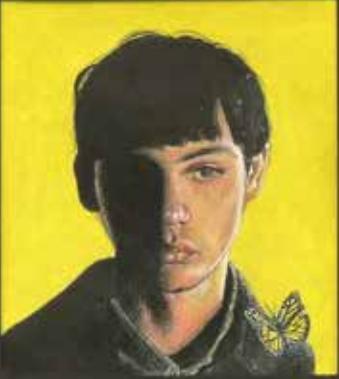
I've always been attracted to the primary color combination, and I normally coordinate my outfits around them so I decided to do so with my artwork. I like having patterns or common features hidden in my drawings. For example, butterflies, my favorite thing, slowly changing positions through the three portraits, the freckles on each face, and the key black hair. It's not necessarily color-blocking, but that's really what inspired the solid color backgrounds. It's important for me that they all tied together in a visually pleasing way. It's all in the details.



1.

PRIMARY

Victoria Perez
Pope John XXIII
Regional High School



SEE ME

2.

Alliana Bronstein
Walkill Valley
Regional High School

I chose to use ballpoint pens because they are an uncommon art medium. Many teenagers struggle with self image issues, but working on a portrait of myself gave me the opportunity to explore how I look and allowed me to gain a level of comfortability with myself.

EMERGENT

Rhiannon Bender
SCCC A.A. Liberal Arts Major

I am a writer
I've got the universe at my hands
But how do you paint a portrait
For an audience that'll always misunderstand

I am a creator
I build cathedrals
Out of sentences
And when I stand in front of you I am left defenseless

I am sacrificial
Here I go again
Pouring out my heart
Spilling my darkest secrets until reprimand

Emergent is
a look into my
soul at its core.
I go from being
misunderstood
and fragile in front
of a crowd, to finally
becoming the kind
of person who plants
my feet and persists
no matter what.

I am a child
My existence is potential
But elders can't comprehend
They think just because I'm younger
That I don't know how to stand

But I can
On my own
Sword out of the stone
I am King Arthur and beyond this world I will roam.

3.

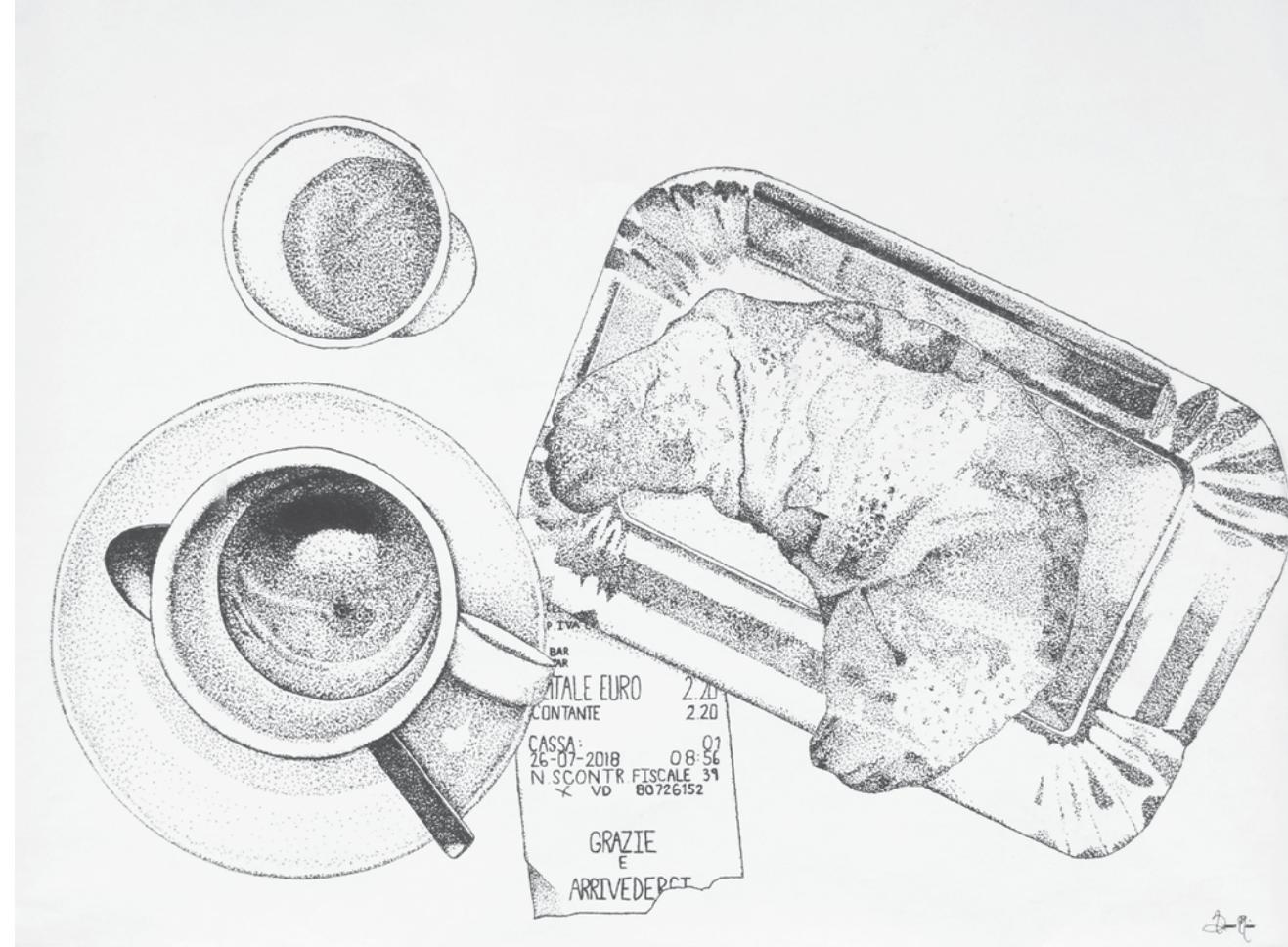


PHOTOGRAPHY

Raymond Roggero
SCCC A.F.A. Photography major

4.

The tires express life going around and round, like a daily pattern. The tunnel represents the road to life, the choices you make and the next chapters ahead. The train tracks signify to stay on track, work hard, and to remain focused.



ITALIAN BREAKFAST

Doreen Riso
Pope John XXIII Regional High School

5.

Since I was little, I have been completely immersed in an Italian environment — speaking Italian with my parents and going to Italy every year to visit relatives. The tradition of sharing an espresso and cornetto in the morning with friends is one of my favorite things about Italy. Delizioso!

ALL FEELINGS CONVERGE



THE STAGES OF GRIEF

Elizabeth DeHaas
SCCC A.F.A Studio Arts

6.

Grief can change a person's outlook on life. I recently lost someone very close to me and my artwork suffered greatly. As a result of this experience, I wanted to create something that represented someone lashing out at the canvas. Something representing the emotions and thoughts of a person going through the stages of loss.

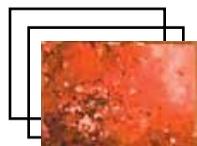
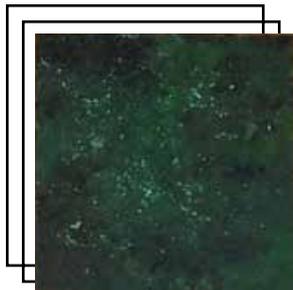
I used different colors to represent the different emotions for each stage of grief. Across each piece is a shining light, giving it the symbol of hope.

SADNESS

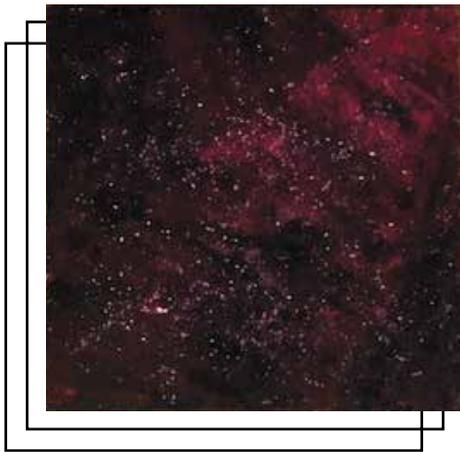


DENIAL

ACCEPTANCE



ANGER



PAIN

WORD PORTRAIT

7.

Dona Lewis-Pearce
A.A.S. Graphic Design
& 3D Computer Arts Major

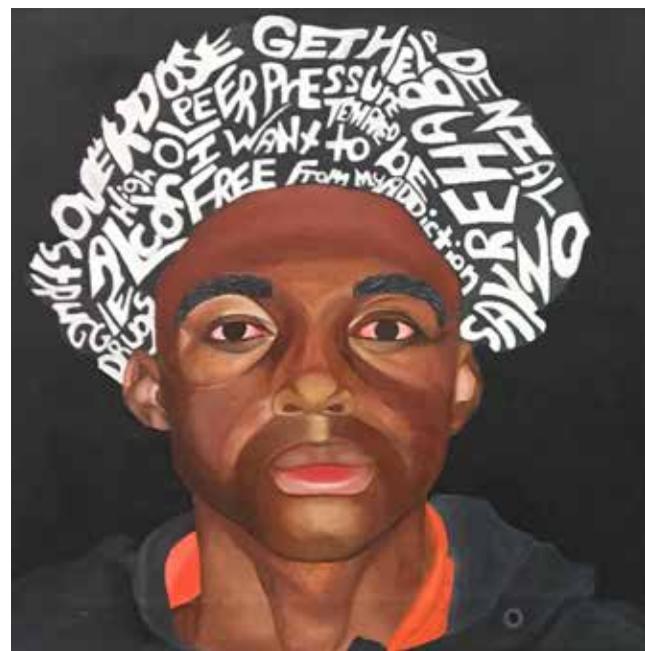


GIVE ME MY FREEDOM

8.

Jada Hill
Give Me My Freedom
Walkill Valley Regional
High School

On the left, is my self-portrait which represents sexual assault; how someone that has gone through this can feel, and wanting to move on with life. On the right is a portrait of my relative which represents addiction; he wants to be free from it, and getting the help needed to get his life in order.





FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

FEAR POSTER

Andrea Calderon Roa
SCCC ESOL Program

9.

The fact that sometimes I've let depression and fear take over has inspired me to create both posters. I find that reading quotes and proverbs can summarize, in a couple of words, really good advice to inspire us to improve our lives. Quotes, proverbs, and inspirational phrases are a part of my identity because every time I read one that speaks to me, I transform it into a design for more impact. My goal is to share it with others so that they, too, can interpret it in a way that motivates them.



GLANCE OF DESPAIR

Nathanael Nunez
SCCC A.F.A. Studio Arts Major

10.

This oil painting depicts fear and frustration with who I was, embracing negative feelings and accepting disappointments about myself, that mainly generated from my head. It was through my academic journey at college that I began to understand who I am, accepting mistakes to improve as I strive forward and grow.

ROCKET SHIP POSTER



Oscar Wilde.

11.

NO H8!

Jamie Titka
Walkill Valley
Regional High School

The intention of "No H8!" is to be open for interpretation so the viewer can decide the meaning behind the piece. By not having a set-in-stone message, anyone can connect to the piece in their own unique way. I plan on moving forward in life by rejecting hate and refusing to be hateful to others.



12.

NATURE'S DESIGN (CHANGE)

Theresa Haberle
SCCC A.A. Liberal Arts Major

But then it came for things to change,
You cannot forge a home of wood and stone, and expect it to remain.

Because what you built can be undone,
You've taken from the earth and had your fun.

But then it came for things to change,
Your home deteriorates, and nature reclaims.

In the end so many homes are the same,
Beauteous exterior but inside naked and afraid.

Just like the earth from whence their prized materials came,

It is hard to build, and time will strain.

So, when it comes for things to change,

A home can leave faster than it came.

From their bones down deep in their soul,
Every living being does not need to be told;

The cracking, callous, calling of things unknown,
In the dark, dreary, degrading perceptions of home.

When every thought leaves you alone,
When every thought is anything other than your own.

Damage done will always remain,

Regardless of wounds the universe demands –

change.

And then it comes time,
Because then it came time.

My poem is about the evolution of identity and how our identity will grow and change over time. I was inspired by the idea that humanity shows who they are by what they create.



FATSOBANANAHAND- SAUSAGEFINGERS

Sienna Klotz
Pope John XXIII
Regional High School

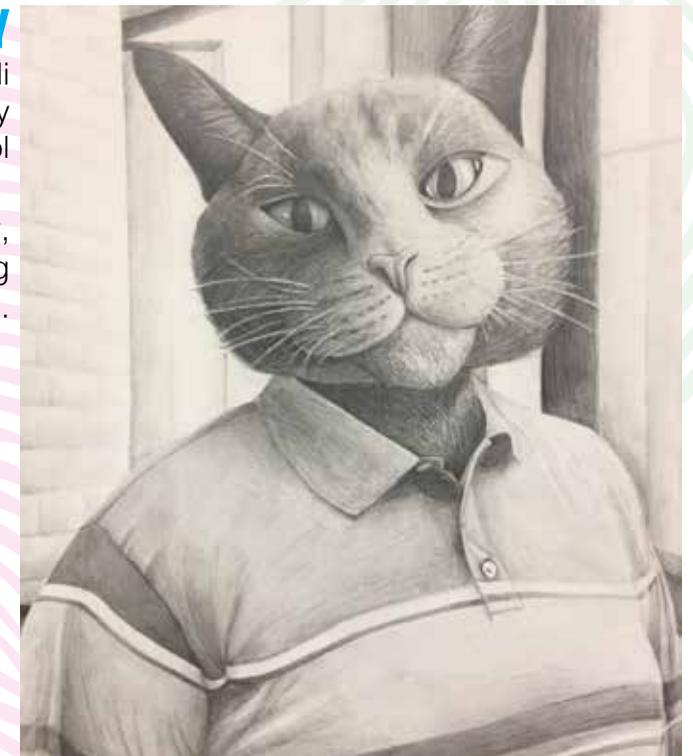
13.

14.

TOBY

Gianna Rimli
Walkkill Valley
Regional High School

I was inspired by my beloved cat, Toby,
and many interesting pieces depicting
cat heads on average people bodies.



15. CREATIVE SPACE

Chester Pouliot
SCCC A.A.S.
Graphic Design
& Illustration Major

I wanted to depict the meditative mindset I drift into when I'm "in the zone" drawing. There's no other feeling like it, and nothing else exists except for what I'm making here and now in the endless imaginative space. When I go into this state of mind, I draw and draw and draw until literally I can't think of anything else. The circle of art mediums represents all of the tools I've gone through to get to where I am now. My identity is to create and I hope to entertain people as I continue to do so.



OIL PAINTINGS 16.

Olga Maali

SCCC Continuing Education Student



PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG WOMAN

I wanted to portray my cousin's soft, pretty face, and the contrast between her confidence and her vulnerability.

ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA

I grew up in St. Petersburg, one of the most beautiful cities in the world. During a visit, my friend and I visited an art gallery on the Moika River and I decided that is the place I would like to paint and to have with me in the U.S.



My life is divided into two parts: before and after, Russia and the U.S. I love learning about oil painting. I have never taken any formal art classes until Spring, when I took Oil Painting II with Julie McWilliams.

I loved learning about the different painting styles and art movements. The class helped me to better understand my feelings about painting: it is Freedom. I do not need to ask permission to paint a painting. I can just do it. And that is what I am going to do: continue learning and painting without any fear or prejudice.

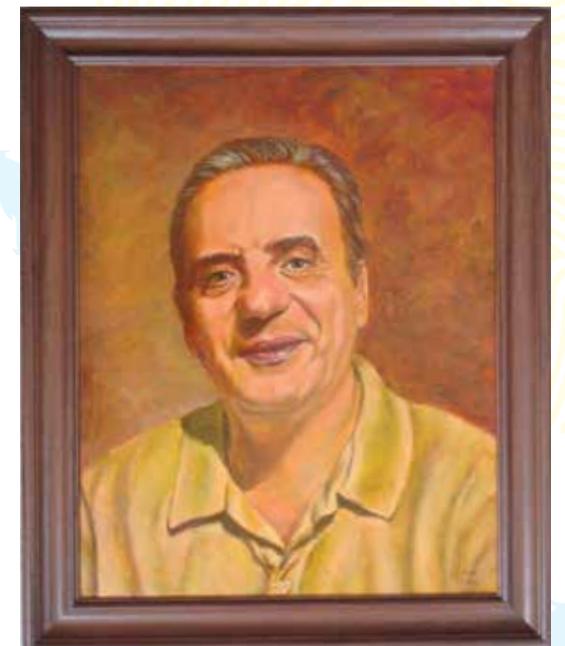


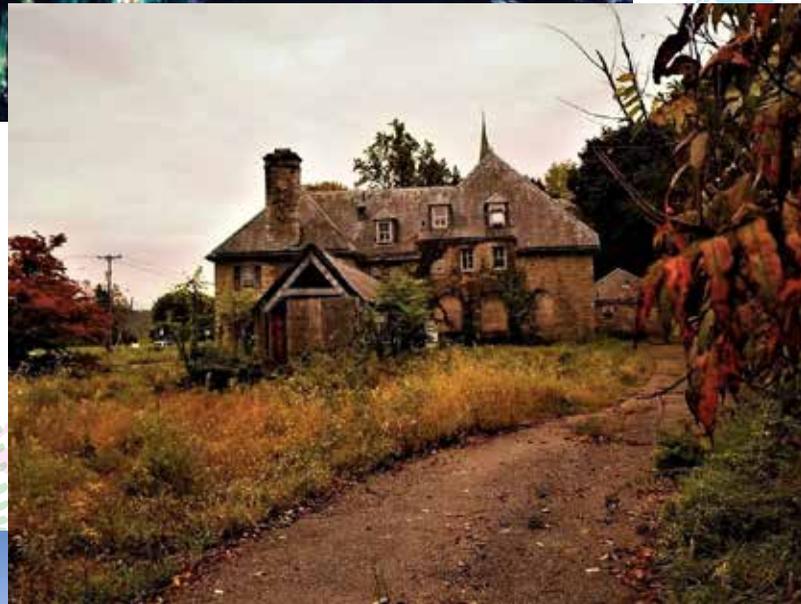
SEASCAPE

The idea for this work was born out of the challenge of painting a wave. During my extensive travels in Italy, I fell in love with its sun, sea, bright colors, and clear air.

PORTRAIT OF A MAN

I love painting portraits. I always want my portraits to closely resemble the model's facial expression, smile, and character. This is why I paint only people I know. The man in this painting is my friend, a Greek businessman. He is tough in business, but kind with people. He has a beautiful, warm smile.





MY IDENTITY

Antonio Herrera
Sussex County Landscape Photography
SCCC ESOL Program

17.

A photograph allows me to show the way my eyes see the world: a different reality, a fantastic world, the fantasy of seeing the sky re-focused on a puddle of water, or seeing the contrast of colors in a valley. I was a dreamer. Today I am a dream that is built to walk. I am that child who refuses to grow up, who marvels at the little things.

MY IDENTITY

Antonio Herrera

I am a foreigner
I am an emigrant
I am a Mexican
I'm a stranger
I am a passionate
I'm a lot of ideas
I am a face that smiles
I am a dream suspended in time
I am what they told me I could not be
I am one of the millions of people
looking for an opportunity,
I am the anguish of a mother, the pride
of a few and the envy of others,
I am the black grain of rice that stands
out and is lost in the immensity.
This is me, a book half-read.

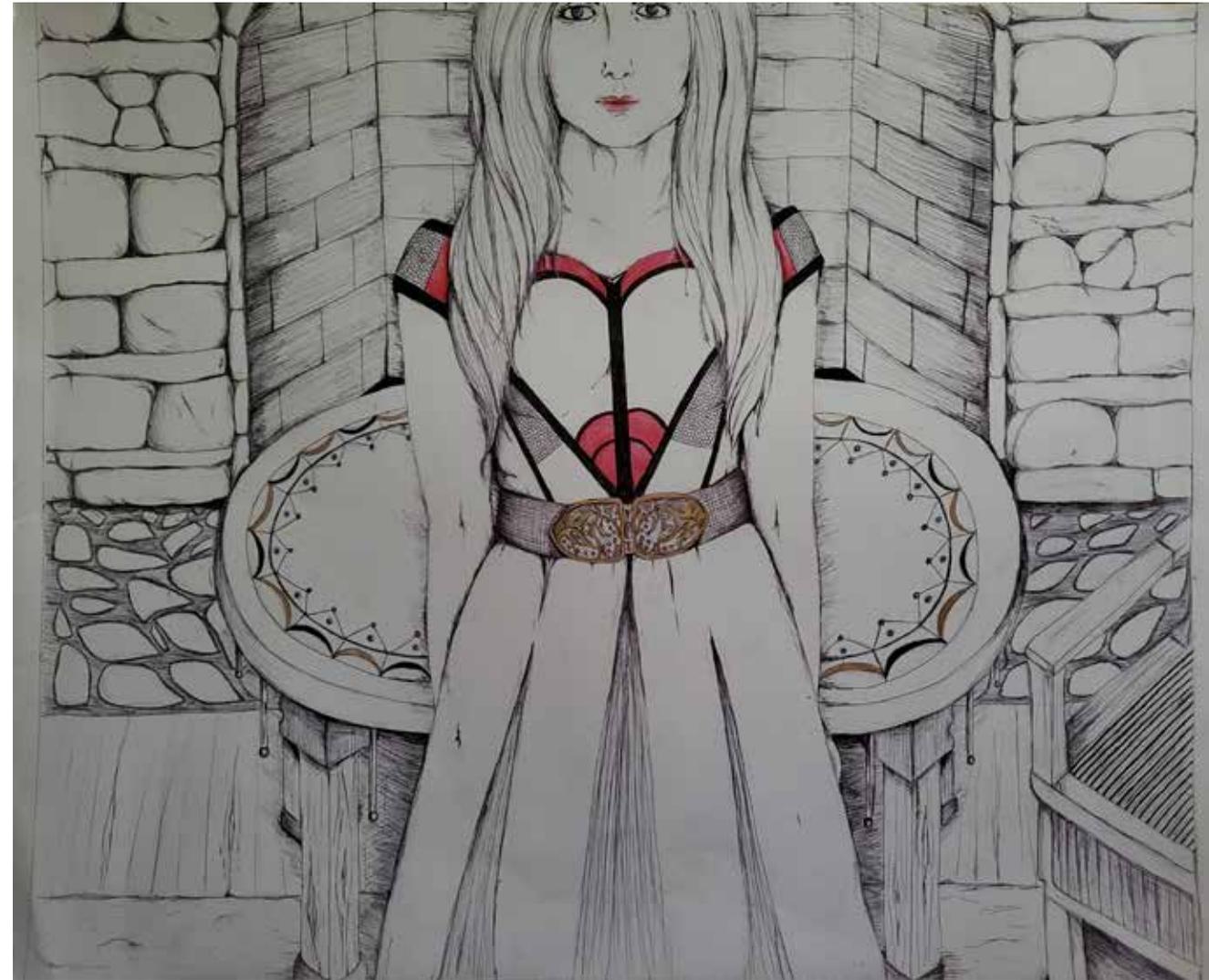
18.

LA VIE EN ROSE

Elizabeth Verge
SCCC A.A.S.
Graphic Design

“La Vie en Rose”
was inspired by
my love of French
music. I wanted to
encompass the
true feeling of
human emotion.

The piece
transports the
feeling of love
through
characteristic
landmarks, and
soft pastels.



LONELY GIRL IN A CASTLE

Aimee Oliver
SCCC A.S. Human Services Major

This 19 x 24 inch bristol paper piece was
created using felt tip pens and colored
pencils. The piece features a lonely girl
standing in a room of a castle.
The inspiration for this piece came from a
castle that I once visited.

19.



BRIGHT SKIES AND BUTTERFLIES

Erica Schaberg
SCCC A.A. Elementary Education Major

20.

I drew this picture because I have always loved butterflies. I remember being a little kid and seeing the butterflies at Hershey Park Gardens. They were so amazing. Butterflies to me symbolize growth and new beginnings, for example, earning my degree at SCCC and eventually starting my dream job.

BOTH

Molly Sullivan
SCCC A.A. Psychology Major

21.

She is creating a symphony of sweetness.
She bangs, clatters, whirls- replaces stillness with sound.
She hiccups instructions,
murmurs methods, and begins to build her hungry harmony.
With a recital of rhythm the music of her making swells,
crescendoing out into an explosion of
flour dusted counters, sugar sticky fingers, and eggshell covered stage.
The conductor's final bow signals the beginning of the end.
With her audience's appetite whet –
Dessert is ready.

Because creation is a noisy thing.
He is creating the echo of a whisper.
He is stillness, the silence of a smile, the tap of a twisted line.
He slinks in shadows, drapes himself in darkness –
ebony dripping from his eyelashes,
and gathering in the gulch of his palm to carefully grace
His page, the only light within his creation –
His salvation from
his darkness.
His poem.

Because creation is born in silence.
The silence of crashing pans,
The cacophony of written thought,
Harmony in
both.

Creation, however a person chooses to express themselves creatively, is intimately tied to who that person is. You can, I believe, change your self-identity by opening up to different ways to express yourself.

OVER THE YEARS

Adam Sterling
SCCC A.F.A. Fashion Design Major

22.

Over the Years
Muted child with
With so many
Words to speak
Happy boy
With so much
Sadness to keep
An outraged teen
With the
World to seek
A selfish man
With goals
To reach
A vigorous father
With a child
To teach

I believe in personal growth living and learning.
Forgiving yourself and growing from the experience.



GATO

Dennis Portillo-Velasquez
Hopatcong Middle School

23.



24.

THE WRITER

Debra Barone
SCCC A.A. English Major

I've always been a writer. My notebooks are stained with the melancholy ink that fills my pen. The poems that leave my heart often reflect my inner demons. If they called me a "closet poet," they'd be right. I write in the shadows. I'm the anonymous poet whose breaking heart is the most powerful source of material.

I woke up on November 14th, 2011 and got ready for school. The day went on as normal as it could be for any twelve-year-old. I went to school and hung out with my friends on the playground of our loud and busy town. The day had been great until my mother picked me up from school. As I approached the car, I could sense something was wrong. Her face was pale; her eyes were puffy and red. She said, "Sweetheart, your grandfather passed away today." That was the day I wrote my first poem. The only sense of relief I could fathom was writing. I picked up a pen and wrote my emotions down on paper. My feelings became distraught sentences. On the day of my grandfather's funeral, I placed my first poem in his casket as he slowly faded away into the ground. There are five stages of grief, and they all hit me with one punch.

Stage 1: Denial

I sat in the car with my mother, hands shaking. "You're not telling the truth mom; Grandpa can't die," I confidently said. She looked at me with the most comforting eyes. She knew I was rattled to my core. My grandfather was the man who taught me about creativity. He was an amazing artist and writer, and he taught me to use my pen to show my story. Before his death, my only means of expressing my feelings was through art. I ran in the bathroom as soon as we arrived home. I sat on the floor. I heard echoes of crying and disbelief as I asked myself if this was real.

Stage 2: Anger

"Grandpa, Grandpa!! Show me how to draw houses like you!" I was sitting in the bathroom, furious. "Okay, honey, I'll show you," he said with the biggest smile on his face. I've never met a man who smiled with his eyes when he looked at me. The memories kept replaying in my head, over and over again. I fell to the ground in tears. "Please, just stop." I ran to my room, and dove onto the bed to grab my sketchbook, carefully placed underneath my pillows. I grabbed my favorite pen and I tried to draw. But, I couldn't. "What is wrong with me? Now I can't even draw!" I grabbed the pen, with tears streaming down my face. The sound of the pouring rain and the echoes of my faint cries were ringing in my head. I somehow was able to zone out for a few minutes and started writing words." Sad... angry... I miss you... why did you go... crying...fear..." Those words became sentences. "I lay here with my pen... I know I'll never see you again... where do I go from here... The frigid air filling the room... as I am no longer close to you... I feel your presence in the strangest way. Grandpa, why can't you stay... Ti voglio bene.

Stage 3: Bargaining

"The funeral starts at 11:00, everyone," my father said, as a crack ran through his voice." We drove to the church and sat down next to the rest of the family. I had the poem I had written for my grandfather, neatly folded in my pocket. As I looked around the church, I saw tears streaming down faces, from swollen eyes. I heard a priest talking, but zoned the whole thing out. My grandfather was 87 at the time of his death; he had stage IV lung cancer. I'd be lying if I said I wasn't just a little angry at him for being a chain smoker half his life. Hugs and kisses filled the room. "Oh honey, I'm so sorry about your grandfather; he's at peace now," my aunt said as she pulled me in close. Was he though? I prayed every night in hopes that he was.



Stage 4: Depression

“Rise and shine!! It’s time for school, honey. Go get ready,” my mother said as she carefully opened my door, then forcefully opened the blinds. It was a beautiful day. I could hear the birds chirping and the sunlight was blinding me. I squinted, covering my eyes from the harsh rays to glance at my phone to check the time.

“6:30 a.m., November 14, 2012.” It had been a year since my grandfather’s death. As I got up from bed, I knocked my pillows on the floor, my sketchbook falling over as well. My sketchbook opened to a page of failed drawings and half-written poems. The book was weathered and stained from tears. I got ready for school and went on with my day as normal. “What is normal?” I thought to myself. Is it appearing happy when I feel nothing? If that’s the case, then I guess I’m just being normal today. Camouflaging with the crowd was easy for me. I felt no emotion, and faking coolness to fit in was easy enough. In school as I walked the empty corridors at lunch, I found a notebook on the ground. There wasn’t a name in it at all, just poems. They were beautifully melancholic. I noticed one poem was unfinished, and I took over and finished it.” “Love is rare” it said, leaving me compelled to write, “Love is rare, and not always kind; love is hard, and sometimes blind; love is once and never enough.”



Stage 5: Acceptance

“Class get ready to share your poems,” my teacher said excitedly. I loved English class and I couldn’t wait to share my poem. My notebook was a little old and rough, but it had every poem I’ve ever written. I was so excited that I knocked my notebook on the ground. I then began to recite my poem, “His eyes were blue like the sky...” My teacher picked up my notebook and started reading my poems. I hadn’t noticed at all. I finished reading and there was a sea of clapping hands in the classroom. I blushed and sat down, feeling a sense of happiness. The bell rang and the students piled out the door. As I did the same, I felt a grasp around my arm. It was my teacher. I was nervous, thinking I had got in trouble. She pulled me aside and said, “Debra you have a talent for writing. What you wrote is beautiful. You’re a writer.” A writer. I never thought of that. Artist, or something more practical is what my family had planned for me. Writing had always been just something natural I did.

“But when people say, did you always want to be a writer?
I say no! I always was a writer.”

Ursula Le Guin.



Idiom & Image 2020

Call for Writers, Artists & Creators:

ADVENTURE

Accepting

- poetry •fiction •non-fiction •essays
- visual art •graphic art •photography

Explore the theme of Adventure through the known or unknown, including travel, journey, risk taking, courage, and beyond.

Open to the SCCC student community.

Contact: ACollins@sussex.edu

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Deadline: February 21, 2020