

Fall 2022



Quill & Brush



THREERIVERS

Art & Literary Magazine

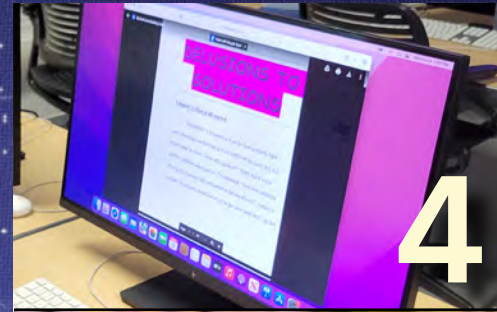


Quill & Brush is a student-operated club that creates and publishes art, photography and literature for Three Rivers Community College. If you are interested in contributing to future issues of Quill & Brush or have any questions, please contact us at: trccquillandbrush@gmail.com

Thank you to all of our talented artists for submitting!

Cover & Back Photo Provided By: Bernard Moore
All Background Images Provided By: Bernard Moore
Quill and Brush Editor: Bernard Moore
Advisor: Kevin Amenta

Contents



Literature

Literature is defined as books and other written works, especially those considered to have creative or artistic merit or lasting value.



Photography

Photography is the process of recording an image – a photograph – digitally using an electronic device.



Digital Art

Digital art, once called computer art or new media art, refers to art made using software, computers, or other electronic devices.

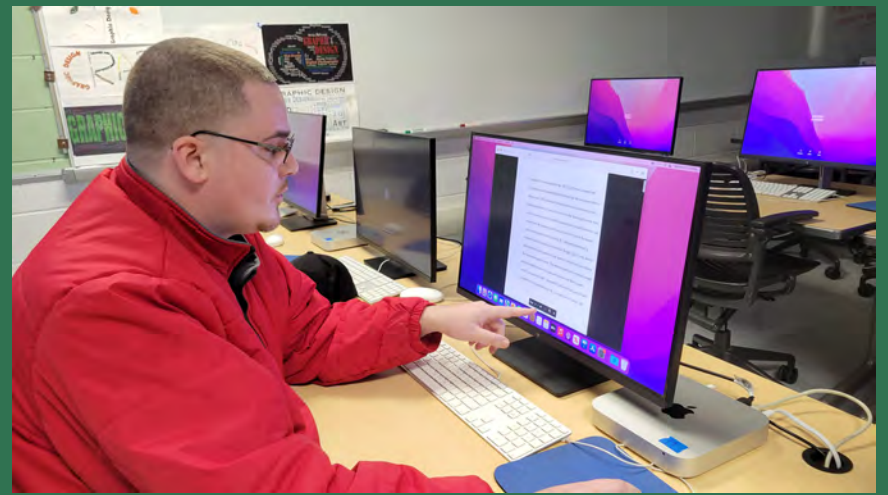


Video Production

Video production is basically the entire process of creating a video. These medias include short films, music videos and more.

Literature

Artist Spotlight Brian Barber



Brian Barber is a graphic design student who enjoys writing in his freetime. His submission for this issue of Quill & Brush is called *Delusions to Solutions*, which is a story about his life, where he struggles with and learns about his illness. This book was inspired by himself rationalizing what his illness was and how to live and accept it. While getting help, a counselor suggested he should start writing a diary. "I don't really like doing a diary, but maybe if I started writing my story, that would help" said Barber. He hopes that some people will resonate with his story or find some enjoyment. On the next page is a chapter from *Delusions to Solutions*.

Delusions to Solutions

I tried calling my prescriber and getting the medicine that I was supposed to be on but got no answer and no reply. I think it was because of the covid but at the time I thought that it was because the doctor was conspiring against me by depriving me of my much-needed medicine. I started to go nuts. Totally bananas and getting worse every day. I thought that my mom and dad were adopted parents and that I was an alien. At one point I even thought I was god. I thought I could hear people that were not in the room with me and started getting paranoid with my roommate. One day he got fed up with the bullshit and left. Right before he left though him and I went out to home depot and he bought a sheet of plywood and some spray paint for me to do some graffiti on. It was June 19th and I started thinking that was my actual birthday. I thought I was born with this rare birth defect and that I was the most famous person in the world. I thought everyone knew me. I was thinking that a bunch of movies and songs were made about me or because of me. I thought that I was a safe haven baby and that If anyone laid their hands on me, they would get the death sentence for it. I started to think that the president was out to get me, and that Hope was selling my birth certificate to the president who was then going to sell it to the president of Mexico. I thought that they were going to enslave me. I thought they were going to throw me into area 51 or kill me. I thought I was the most powerful human being on earth and the walls were caving in on me. I thought that I could read minds and that people could hear what I was thinking and that I was always under surveillance by other people. I thought that I could communicate with people through my mind. My dad came over my house on June 2nd and looked around my room. He started to take pictures and told me he was going to have me committed if I did not clean up my act. There were dirty dishes filling the sink with a layer of puke on top of them and dirty laundry a month old

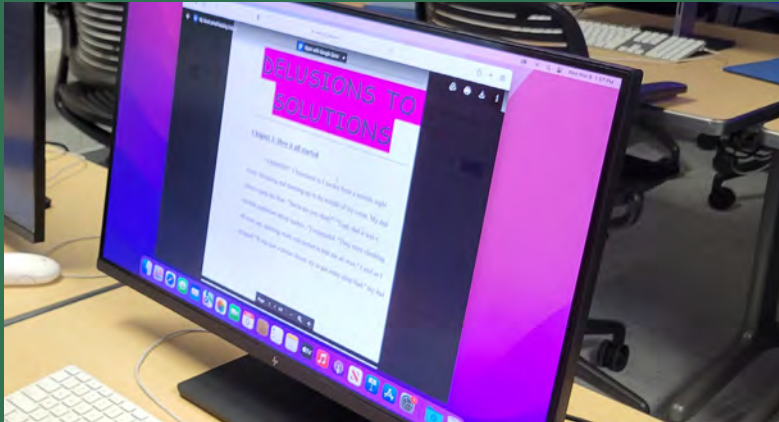
thrown all over the room. There were also moldy dishes all over the place and my bathroom was atrocious. It really was horrible. I was living in hell on earth. Natasha left me and found herself another guy that was probably more fit to be in a relationship than I was. I was going nuts trying to find my birth records to find out the truth. I stumbled upon a news article that was all jumbled like in the harry potter movies when Tom Riddle unravels what his name truly means. I was scared to death. One day I put up a post on Facebook and it had my social security number on it. I thought that it was the only way I could remain free was if my social were worthless. I threw on Facebook live and started walking down the street to the police station. I was filming the whole time and started to tell the officers some of my delusions about the president. They assured me that I was wrong and told me I had to go home. I eventually did after pestering them for a while. When I got home, I had a bunch of missed calls from my mom and dad who were both worried. My mom called 211 again and this time they showed up without an invitation shortly after my mom got there. I was freaked out beyond belief. They told me I needed to go to the hospital, and I would not go so they called the police to come down. I was screaming and yelling at them telling them to go away and that they were not welcome. The police showed up and the cop I rode to the hospital with tried to reason with me and tell me I needed to go to the hospital, but I was too far gone. He approached me with another cop up on my deck and told me he was going to give me to the count of 10 to turn off the live video and come with them. I thought the video was the only thing that was keeping me alive, so I did not do as he said but I did put the phone down. Then he grabbed me by the arm, and I panicked and punched him in the face. The two officers tackled me to the ground and put me in cuffs and carried me out onto the stretcher as I yelled profanities at everyone. At one point they started putting the blanket over my face because I was spitting as I yelled, and I could not breathe. I thought they were going to try to kill me. I screamed as loud as I could, and

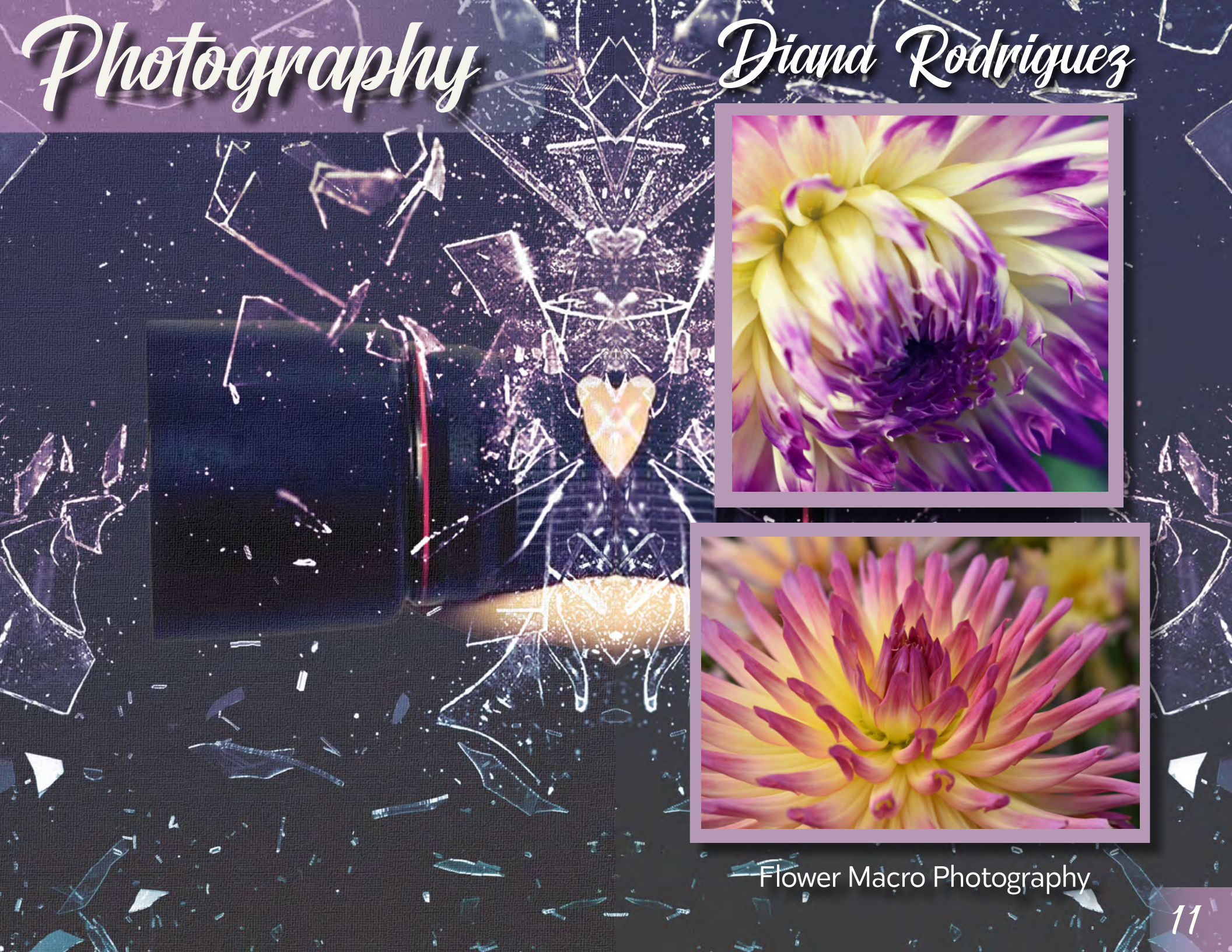
they stopped applying pressure to the blanket so I could breathe again. They put me onto the ambulance and the old woman that was working in the ambulance tried to put a mask over my mouth and I squirmed thinking they were going to put poison gas into my lungs through the mask. Finally, the lady gave up and put a regular face mask on me. I was so angry and scared and agitated that I yelled at her for most of the ride. I got to the hospital and they did a covid test on me with the cotton swab. I tried to prevent it thinking they were going to put me in the covid ward regardless of whether I had the covid or not. I really thought my life was in danger and really, I was in the safest place I could have been. If not for the paranoid schizophrenia which made me feel a thousand needles all over my body during an episode and spiders crawling all over my body as well as moving patterns in rugs or on walls that were actually still all this wouldn't have happened.

Jodie Lattanzi

“Spring Haiku” by Jodie Lattanzi, 2021

Forest trail curving
Sunlit green prisms soothe mind—
Flash! A speckled snake.





Photography

Diana Rodriguez



Flower Macro Photography



Rocky Neck State Park

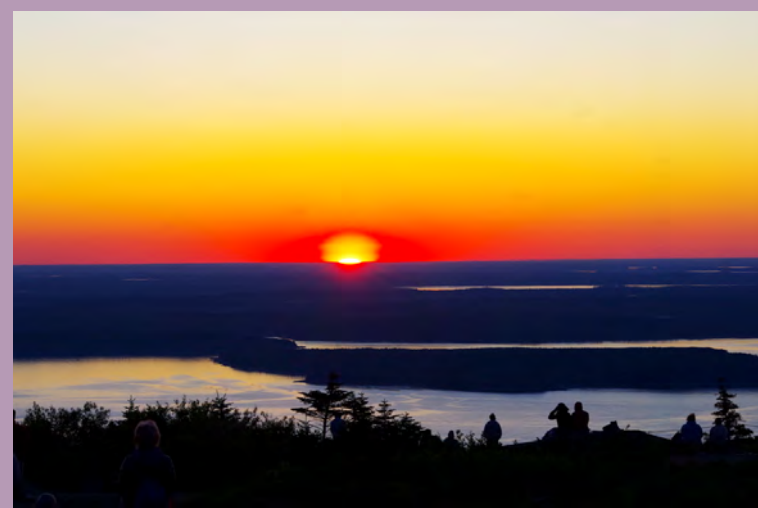


Yantic Fall Bridge

Kevin Amenta



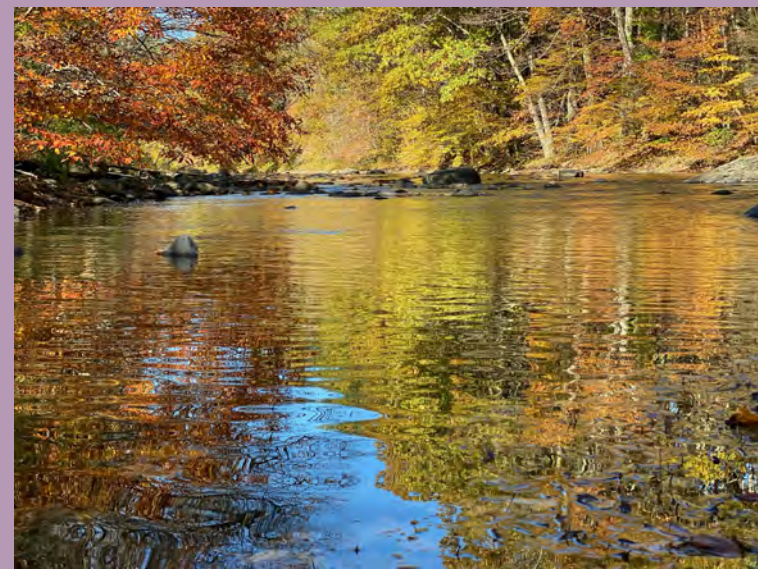
Starburst



First Light
Cadillac Mountain Acadia National Park, ME



The Watcher



First Light
Cadillac Mountain Acadia National Park, ME



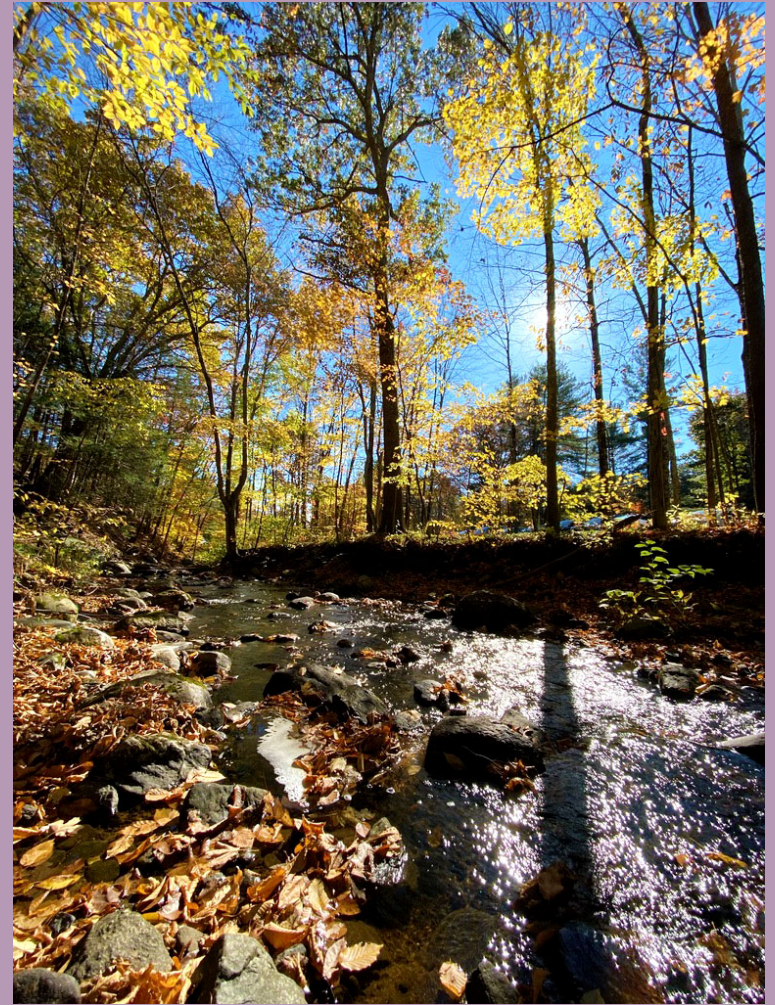
Cat in a Box



Hidden Valley Preserve
Washington Depot CT
Quote



Hidden Valley Preserve
Washington Depot CT
Suspension Bridge



Hidden Valley Preserve
Washington Depot CT

Digital Arts

Diana Rodriguez



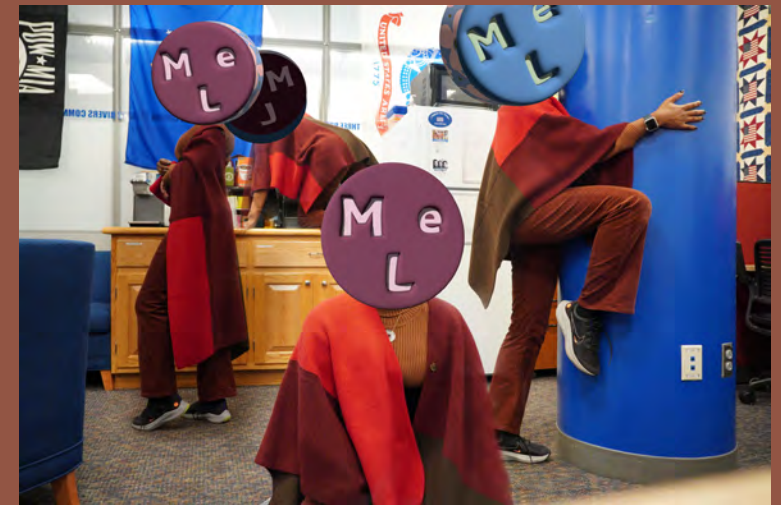
Inside the Lightbulb
2022

3024px x 4032px
Resolution: 72

Melanie Stanley



Lost in the Corn Field



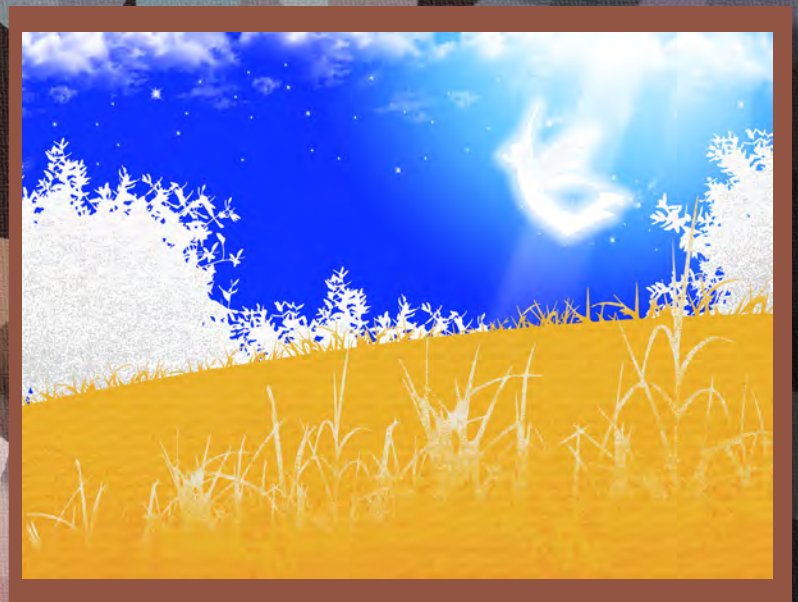
The Brain Cells

Bernard Moore



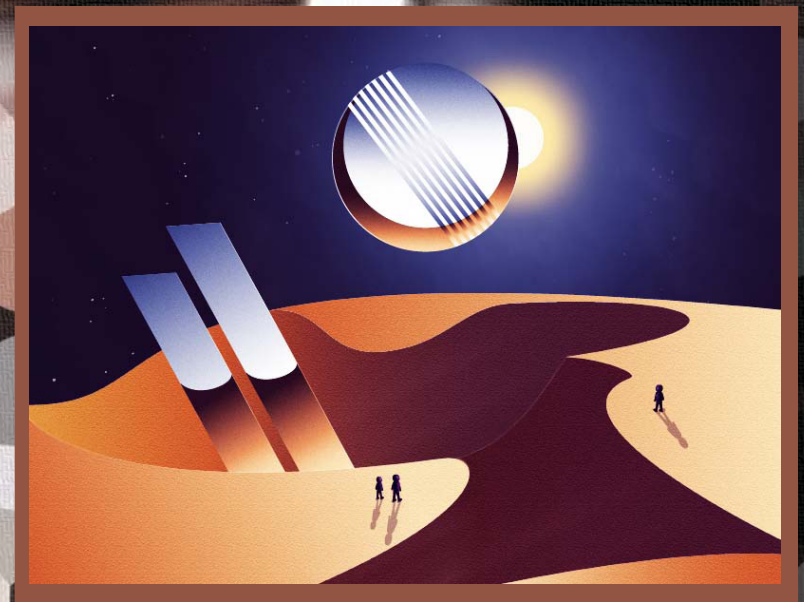
CT Travel Brochure

2021



Golden Hour

2022



Legend - Inspired by James White

2021

Mikhail Armentia



Tranquil Big World
2022

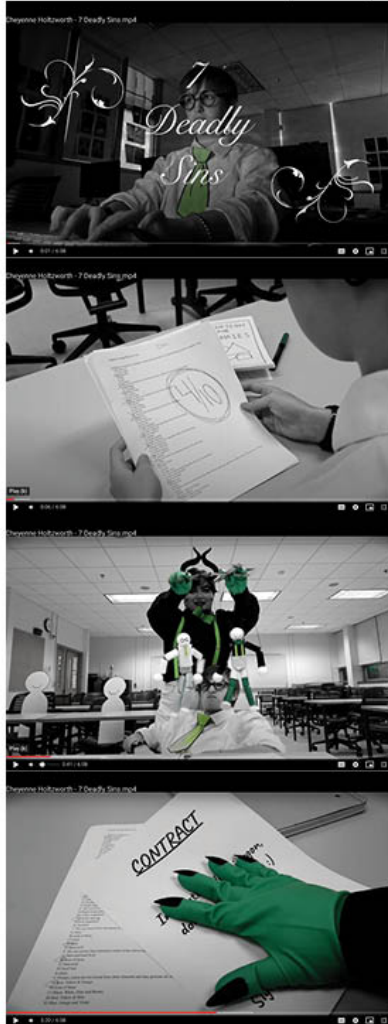
41.667in x 62.444in Resolution 72

Video Production



Cheyenne Holtzworth

Seven Deadly Sins by Cheyenne Holtzworth



One of the videos I had the pleasure of filming for the Video and Film course was Seven Deadly Sins.

In this video we see a student who is dedicated to his school work but ultimately keeps failing. He begins to grow envious of his classmate who never puts effort into his work.

Envy, the sin and in this case, a demon, then tries to convince our protagonist to take his classmates talent.

No longer able to run from this sin, he signs the contract and takes his classmates talent of slacking.

I had a lot of fun filming this short video, but it was rather time consuming considering I tend to go overboard.

I spent about 5 hours on making the props, and costumes, about 10-12 hours of filming, and 36 hours editing. This was way more work than I needed to do considering some of the things/effect I did weren't taught to do in class.

Doing this assignment really fueled my new found passion for creating film.

Timmy Lau



Stop Motion: Robot Rampage:
Astra Vs. Nova: Behind the Scenes
2021

Lee Metzger

Lee Metzger
"Unblemished"
2022
16x9, 720p

In Video Filmmaking with Professor Kevin Amenta, we have created myriad types of video projects. From stop motion to music videos, they run the gamut. One of my favorite projects was the 7 Deadly Sins project which tasked us to use what we had learned thus far to show a "sin" as it relates to our experience in college. I chose "sloth" and the way I depicted this was through the experience of a pencil. This piece shows the hesitant excitement a new pencil might feel after it has been chosen to be the tool of a student in their pursuit of knowledge. The pencil ruminates about being a conduit for the transference of information from the page, to the user's brain, back onto the page and through this transference the student gains new understanding of the world and the concepts that make up life and existence. That timid but optimistic apprehension ultimately turns sour as the pencil also relates how the other pencils have been picked before, and have returned "shamefully unblemished," never actually being used as the student spends their time on trivialities rather than the pursuit of knowledge. It is a story of lost potential, and disappointment, but was an excellent project to display what skill in filming techniques and proficiency in visual storytelling we had gleaned from Professor Amenta.



Jesse Bisunia

Jesse Bisunia
Quill & Brush Submission
Year Completed: 2022

My Seven Deadly Sins project was inspired by a younger version of myself who was a heavy procrastinator and always gave up hope easily. The idea of this piece was to never undermine your own talent and inspiration and keep fixing what you deem to be broken until it is fixed. Some analogy I thought of was a depleted tire. The car won't move effectively until it is inflated to its rated capacity. Why would being successful in school be any different? The first character in this project was inspired by who I was and the second character is who I became to me and my vision was a conversation with myself back in time.





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