

The Fiorello

Volume 1 Issue #6

August 2017



Photo by Billy Huynh on Unsplash

**FROM CITY PHOTOGRAPHY TO THE FIRST
SOLAR ECLIPSE OVER AMERICA IN 99
YEARS, HSAC AND THE HONORS PROGRAM**



HSAC

HONORS STUDENT ADVISORY COMMITTEE

**TAKE A MINUTE TO APPRECIATE SOME OF
LAGUARDIA'S OWN CREATIVE WORKS AND
SUMMER 2017 IN REVIEW**

A black and white photograph of the Chicago skyline, featuring several prominent skyscrapers and a Ferris wheel in the foreground. The sky is filled with heavy, grey clouds. A single power line stretches diagonally across the upper portion of the image. The overall mood is dramatic and urban.

LaGuardia

JOIN US AS WE SHOWCASE LAGUAR

A black and white photograph of the Chicago skyline, featuring the Willis Tower as the central focus. The sky is filled with dramatic, heavy clouds. A single power line stretches horizontally across the upper third of the image. The title 'Indian Art' is overlaid in a large, bold, yellow sans-serif font.

Indian Art

INDIANA STUDENT CREATIVE WORKS

A solid yellow horizontal bar.

Chicago Skyline/Sarah Seron

It's Just a Tram



It's a bird! It's a plane! Nope - it's just a tram.

As night closes in on New York City traffic, **Patrick Lavilla** captures the outgoing Roosevelt Island Tram.

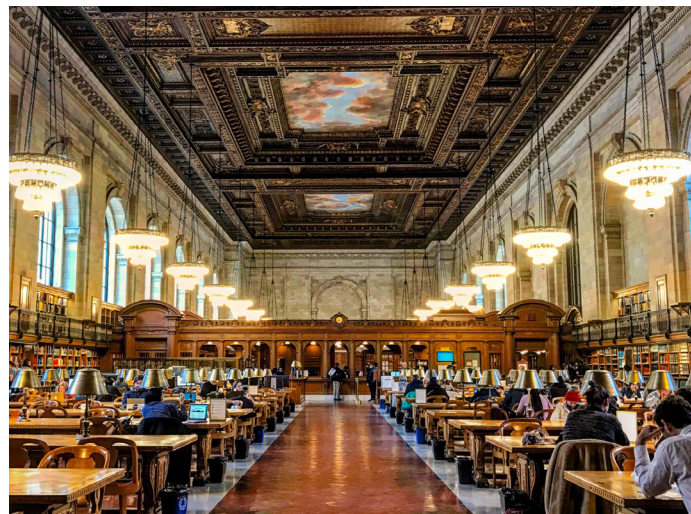
ography



A LaGuardia Twilight

The vibrant colors of a New York sunset light up the sky as students make their way home from the 33rd Street subway station.

Patrick Lavilla (top and bottom photos)



Inside a Magical Castle Called The New York Public Library

...and it's a great place to study or have a quiet space.

LaGuardia Motivation

What drives you to get out of bed every morning and make the trip to LaGuardia? Is it the “what if” question that so many of us tend to ask in conversation with ourselves? What if I get ninety percent on my exam today? What if I get accepted to the college of my dreams? What if I can make a change in my community?

In the image below, **Jessica Joseph** portrays a new perspective on these questions with LaGuardia supporting the what if's.





St. Louis Skies

From New York to Chicago, and Chicago to St. Louis, it was as if the sun knew the train would be pulling in, and so decided to set. The sky bursting with color, a photo cannot possibly fully represent the beauty that was displayed upon arrival in Missouri.



Tokyo Night

“Tokyo Night” is a photo I took during my trip to Tokyo, Japan, this Winter break. I took this photo from my hotel window. I was shocked to see how beautiful the view was when I turned off the lights before bed. I took a few photos before this photo. However, I did not think that those photos described the Tokyo night perfectly. During night time in Tokyo, the streets are still full with life and packed with people. When I took the first few photos, the photos did not show any life, but it was shown boring instead. I had the idea of making the light come to life. I took this photo with long exposure, and while I was taking the photo I zoomed in on my lens. That’s how the lines were created while still showing the Tokyo skyline. It represents how during the night time in Tokyo there is still life in the sky.

- Alan Li



The Essence of Art



Twin Hands
Sarah Seron

Drawn first from a hand-tracing activity with kids, this sketch was created to emphasize the bond between twin siblings



Oil Blends
Sarah Seron

"I paint as I feel like painting..."
- Edouard Manet



Forest Growth
Sarah Seron

"The importance of shadows can be among the greatest of all values in sketching" - Sarah Seron

Poetry and Art

DOLLS

BY MESSIAH BROWN

I come from a dollhouse, where it's gorgeous to look at from the outside,

But when you look through the curtains you see imperfection and broken joints with tainted souls. And yet I toil through these broken emotions and drink the dirty wine of my family sins, to bleed it blue. I tell myself to doubt that I'll ever be like you in order to challenge my character as a monster from this tree we burn from.

I come from a selfish kind of love, filled with manipulation, deception, and loneliness. I was loved by a mother genuinely and psychologically enslaved by hers. I was the heart of the family, making it so easy to rip me apart. Others couldn't see me for what I was but for who they wanted me to be. I became numb to what I yearn for the most as human being: love. I come from endless violence and emotional abuse. I've witnessed more arguments than I've witnessed hugs.

Hug me, and I tense up. Love me, and I freeze. Kiss me, and I'll be gone before your eyes open. So I ask, what do you see when you look at me? Am I your doll? Am I fun for the mean time and when the next best thing comes along I'm easily disposed of? Can you replace my grueling memories, where I shine like the sun in your hearts again? I ask because I come from an emotionally expendable family, that I chose to seek out in search of true love within the quest of re-creating my own family morals and values. So if my love comes across as plastic, or distant, it's not; don't misconstrue what you shouldn't experience as a human spirit. It'll only create the monster that'll forever remind you of the dollhouse with the family burning tree.



**VISION IS THE
ABILITY TO SEE
POTENTIAL
IN WHAT
OTHERS OVERLOOK.**

- RICK WARREN

Beyond The Darkest Shadows



Photo by Annie Spratt on Unsplash

The memory of you stains the day black, I tried to remember when you were once pink but I couldn't color an image before me. Your love is like deadly nightshade, that goes beyond the darkest shadows I never wished to swim into again. So to color you pink would be an insult, it wouldn't be your image it'd be an illusion because your love goes beyond the darkest shadows which I wish to never breathe again. Love me like yellow and I'll shine on you like the sun. Love me like gold and you'll truly see my soul. Love me like air and I promise, I'll always be there. But your love goes beyond the darkest shadows I wish to never walk in again. Finding love in your world was impossible it'd just be a dream I wish upon over and over again, I can't imagine your love being pink anymore it only brings nostalgia

of the pain you created in me. I don't mind bleeding anymore, the wound will always remain open to remind me of how love can get lost beyond the darkest parts in the shadows. I'll use the tragic memory to create the art of a grandson with a broken heart.

In loving memory of a cruel grandmother.

BY MESSIAH BROWN



Photo by chuttersnap on Unsplash



One of the most important techniques remembered while painting this image was used for the individual hairs. To fill spaces between each giraffe hair, Sarah flicked the hairs of the brush to get small specks of paint.

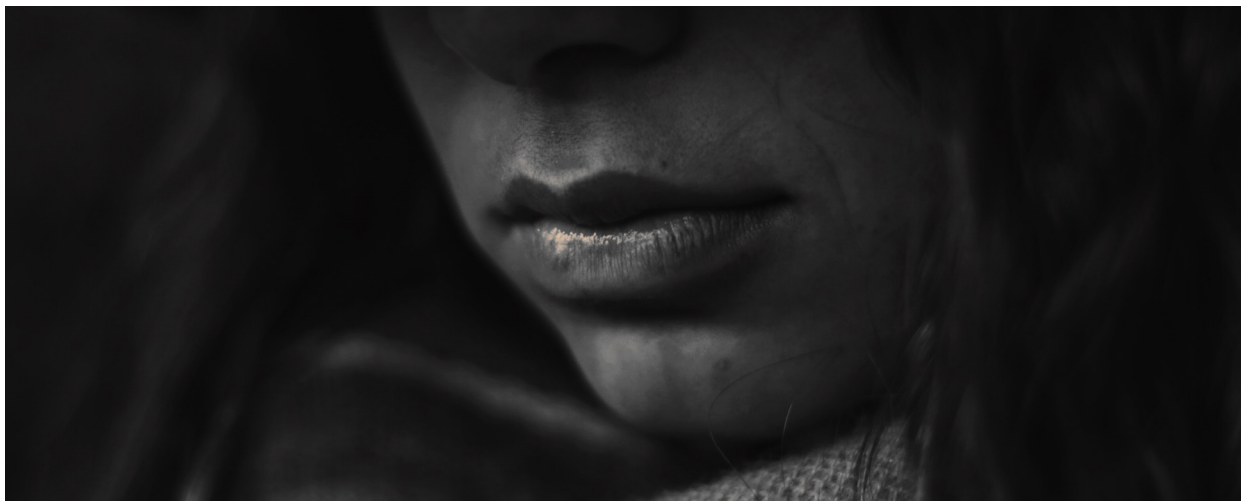


Photo by Zach Guinta on Unsplash

The airplane slowly descends and lands on the runway. She meets people she is familiar with but they are not her family. She is unsure if she's permanently residing with them. A couple of days pass; her aunt comes to pick her up. She lives with her relatives, but all is still not well. A girl who just graduated high school with communications as her strength and her major suddenly is not able to speak. She's not able to speak up for herself. The only good thing happening during her first semester is her grades. She questions herself, unsure whether the path she took was the right one. Still afraid, she can't speak up for herself. Progress is a slow game so she still isn't fine. She tells the running thoughts in her mind to end the race, because they are taking her nowhere. Better things happen to her during her second semester. She joins a class where she feels at home and allowed to speak. But with her endless journey of job searching she becomes weak. She needs the money to stay afloat because in the turbulent sea all she has is a boat. She unintentionally gets into an angry mess with her parents on the phone. Because she can't say a thing when she's at her physical home. Home. She's at home, but her home is far away. Because home isn't a place, it's where her loved ones allow her to say.



Denell Timothy

Photo by Ryan Holloway on Unsplash

Love in Its Form

By: DeNell Timothy

Love, could it be more simple of a task.
Still how difficult it is to love when it wears
many of masks.

The faces of who knows, and tales of how
they've come to be.

It is love after all – steadily clinging onto
me.

I can feel love, in its array of facets.

When it be former, held on with force or
without strength.

That – after all, is the best kind, a love that
endures all scars,

But hides in the shadows until light flickers
its roaring torch.

The intrusion – of a love, from a source of
false intent,

This love – this kind, concocted of trickery
design,

Used only – for another, and one's only
pleasure in mind.

Ruffling thy emotial feathers like leaves of
flailing fall.

Drifting – to sea, like vessels in midst of
treasured seeking war.

The many kinds, the many forms, the many
games and

Illusions of a love that lives not pure.

This defeat, though, unknowing for however
long,

Just clings and plays and uses for selfish
wants.

These wants – or – want nots, they are too
love in its form.

Yes, we've been wronged. But, what
wronged us was the choice we made.

What wronged us – with lies, with deceit,
with passion that left us weak,

At a point in time, was right in flesh – and
right in mind.

Love Lost Now Distant Fray

By: DeNell Timothy

It is 12:30, and my iPhone alarms

It's black up here, and down below lights flicker

Some hours before on a runway from New York,

Now just minutes away from a beach not closed
this time of year,

I settle in quite nice I chuckle often, thank God,
humorous people to share a room with

I walk a bit, no sun in sight the streets not like
an NYC night,

But vibrant in similar flavor, the women with
huge smiles here,

I think I can get used to that my charm may
work here

A few smooth lines and to top it off a witty crack

Let's see what's open

Who shall take my money tonight, I love that
lively restaurant we saw coming in

Just a few streets more, remember, with its view
of the seashore

Oh! The times, I haven't read the times this en-
tire time,

Miami is a breath of fresh air, and is a distrac-
tion

Where can I get the times, oh right it's Miami
and not NYC

There aren't deli's open at this hour, my iPhone
is faithful,

Must I stay so connected I'm only here for the
day,

Then back to my day job where my boss annoys
And there's no desire in me to stay,

I wonder if she called, I wonder if she sent a text
Just do it just check, I hope she has,

Of course, why would she

A bottle of that forget how you feel, please,

Why does this haunt me

no matter how far I've gone, forget it, forget her,
everyone seems to be enjoying themselves, why
can't I

Summer in





Photo by Pineapple Supply Co. on Unsplash

Reflection On E.T.

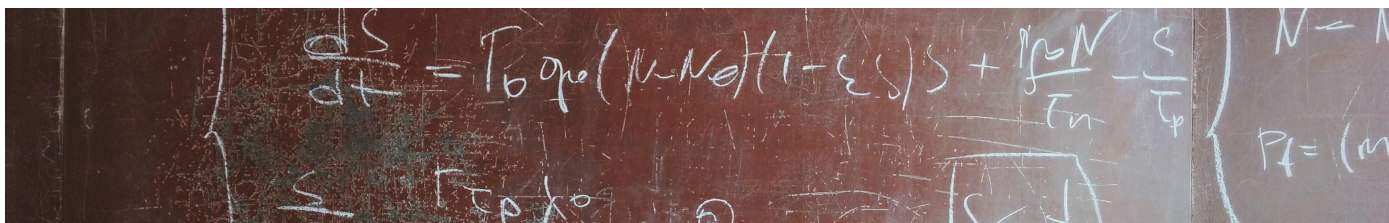


Photo by Roman Mager on Unsplash

From Gender neutral bathrooms to gender pronouns, Exploring Transfer (E.T.) was a very adventurous ride full of growth. There were 31 of us. Our community brought people from as far as Arizona and California, and as close as Dutchess and Poughkeepsie. For all of you who do not know E.T., it is a summer study program where community college students from all across the country come together to share not only their ideas but also a common roof. Here a semester worth of work load is condensed in a five week capsule. All the participants live together in a dormitory. Each participant is required to take two courses. Vassar, a liberal campus which hosts the E.T. every summer helped me to catch my first mainframe experience of Socratic method. For each class we were assigned extensive readings and had professors who would always force the class discussions. We debated on issues which occupied our minds not only in the classroom but followed us back to the dormitory. I remember when we went through the idea of “designer babies” in class, my peers and I debated for and against it all through that following week-end. Never can one find an environment this diverse, nor intellects with their minds stretched like the horizon. One totem that helped us to thrive was the weekly workshops where we were instructed on how to agree to disagree and still have a meaningful conversation. This helped me and most of my E.T. peers learn much about ourselves and the other side of the debate. Further, all of the E.T. courses were interdisciplinary, modeled after the image of a liberal arts form of learning, and though it is important to take a side when you write papers, a liberal reasoning helped me

to see the middle path between two extremes. After all, it is the middle dividing line that helps us distinguish between the act of light and dark to the very event of birth and death.

Next, over the 5 weeks period, we made friends that I am sure will last till the end of time. Relationships happened because of the sharing of ideas and beliefs people hold dear, because these “abstract” words are solely the means by which a being defines oneself, and when you identify another being in your light you incorporate that one into the whole of your existence. Also, it was important that the reasoning faculty, of all the participants, be put to trial so that our true selves could manifest themselves. We also know that pressure plays the most important role in the process of making diamonds, and the diamond that was forged in E.T. was that of friendship. We bonded over our common habits of stress-eating when there were papers due while an immense amount of reading had still to be done. These small midnight encounters in the community kitchen would soon transform into debates between good and evil and what-not. However, these words only describe some of my experiences at Vassar. Most of them are ineffable, but I think I have made my case, and these words will come to life should one of you decide to apply for the 2018 Exploring Transfer program.

BY PRABHAT LABH

Summer Reading

Something I noticed on becoming a full-time student was the cyclical nature of college, each semester comprising a self-contained and comprehensive experience. If completing college is a feat of endurance akin to running a marathon then finishing a semester is like running a sprint, the intensity of the challenge in no way diminished by its brevity. Everyone works really hard for three months, and then it is over and we spend the next couple of months resting, developing skills, preparing for the next sequence of the cycle.

There is a tension in human societies between rest and exertion and between activities requiring sporadic as opposed to continuous exertions. In this connection, many are under the impression that the summer school break is related to the historic agricultural requirements of the country. The summer vacation actually developed largely as an urban phenomenon, a result of the fact that wealthy and middle class families would leave the city during the summer taking their children with them. Many families with the means to do so still leave New York City during the summer, though perhaps these are not overrepresented at LaGuardia.

The question of whether summer vacation adds to or detracts from the learning experience is one with advocates on each side. The current design of the school year makes the summer break a necessary respite following two successive and often grueling semesters, and it is unlikely that this design will change much any time soon. If we have worked hard during the school year then we have earned a break, though many LaGuardia students are just as busy over the summer as they are during the school year with work and other obligations and responsibilities, including the classes many of us also take over the summer.

It is important for our emotional and mental health that we spend time with people we care about and also with ourselves, and space for this is often hard to find. One way to spend time sitting with yourself, and preparing for the semester ahead at the same time, is in reading. Much of the work that we are required to do as students consists in reading and reading is, like working out, playing video games or sports, or kissing, something we improve at, and so enjoy more, the more time we spend doing it.

Everything we read has the capacity to teach us something about ourselves and about the world. Perhaps there was a book that was assigned to you in a class during the semester that you didn't really get to spend as much time with as you wanted to, or something you've always wanted to read but have never gotten around to. This summer I read Charles Dickens A Tale of Two Cities, which opens: "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness ...". A sentiment surely as apt today as it was when it was written over 150 years ago.

ROBERT CLEARY



“During my participation in the program, I was given the opportunity to visit the State Department, the CIA, Congress, and the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, among other institutions.”

International Affairs Summer Enrichment Program

This summer, I had the honor of participating in the Charles B Rangel International Affairs Summer Enrichment Program. This program exposes undergraduate students of diverse backgrounds and experiences to the various career options within the field of international affairs. During my participation in the program, I was given the opportunity to visit the State Department, the CIA, Congress, and the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, among other institutions. I also took classes at Howard University on political economy, the history of U.S foreign policy, and a writing course taught by former American ambassador Charles Ray.

At first, I suffered from what the program coordinators called Imposter Syndrome or the idea that I didn't deserve to be in the same room as the rest of

my fellow Rangel Scholars. Some scholars had backpacked Europe, interned at the state department, won prestigious study abroad scholarships and lived a whole host of experiences that I've yet had the privilege to undertake. In addition, I was the first community college student selected for this program in a number of years. Despite initially feeling out of place, I knew that I had to make the most out of this opportunity.

Within the first couple of weeks, the program organized a mixer between the undergraduate scholars and the graduate fellows. The Rangel graduate fellowship provides fellows with \$37,000 towards their master's degree and helps them gain placement as Foreign Service officers in the state department. During this mixer, I met a fellow by the name of Cyprian. Cyprian had attended community college, transferred

to a four-year university, and eventually won the Rangel fellowship. After graduating community college, he was able to participate in most of the programs my fellow scholars had participated in, including living a year in Dubai. Upon meeting him, I asked him if he ever suffered from the imposter syndrome and with confidence he told me that being a community college student was his greatest asset because it provided him with the maturity and diversity in experience necessary to analyze situations from a different vantage point. When I heard Cyprian's story, I knew that I no longer had to feel like an imposter. My community college experience was now my strength.

With this confidence, I visited the State Department where I met a diplomat named Mr. Salaiz. Mr. Salaiz had a storied career as a Foreign Service

Officer. He served tours in Haiti, Afghanistan, Nigeria, Costa Rica and a couple of other countries. Most notably, he spoke about his experience being part of the team of 25 individuals that worked on the Obama administration's effort to open relations with Cuba. Considering the little progress that had been made in U.S-Cuban relations over the past fifty years, Mr. Salaiz did not have much hope for these negotiations, but then he said that the beauty of diplomacy was the opportunity to help formulate agreements and deals that will change history and affect the lives of millions.

In order to accomplish what Mr. Salaiz and Cyprian had been able to accomplish, the Rangel program introduced me to countless study abroad and internship opportunities for undergraduate students, including community college students, that will make you more competitive for a career in public policy and international affairs. Programs such as: The Boren Scholarship, The Critical Language Scholarship, Cultural Vistas Program, Truman Scholarship and others. Finally, this experience reaffirmed that I had nothing to fear coming into these programs as a community college student. Therefore, I urge those discouraged in applying to selective programs to bypass the imposter syndrome and apply to every program that will help advance your career goal. My time as a Rangel Scholar was truly the greatest six weeks of my life and I hope to see more Laguardia students also participating in these types of programs.

If you'd like to learn more about

my experience, feel free to contact the honors program and they will help you get in touch with me.

- JOEY FERNANDEZ



You Have the Potential to Be Successful!

I didn't know what to expect when I first enrolled here at LaGuardia Community College. This was my second attempt at achieving a degree in higher education and I would be starting out fresh in the fall of 2016. I had promised myself this time around that I would turn my life around and be successful at whatever I started. In my case it would be college, however I didn't know exactly how to be a successful student in college. To combat this issue, when the semester started I asked professors, peer advisors, and fellow students for tips and techniques on how to be a successful student. As a result of the knowledge I gained from the LaGuardian community along with my sheer will and passion to succeed, I had a successful first semester. But even after achieving a grade point average of 3.6 my hunger for success wasn't filled, but instead left me with a craving for more. So in the beginning of my second semester I sought out to satisfy this craving by attending a gathering of students known as the Honors Student Advisory Committee, or HSAC. When I got there I had the pleasure of meeting some of the most amazing students I've met so far. The best part was that we all had one thing in common: a huge craving for success, and we were going to satisfy that craving together. All throughout my second semester HSAC helped me with applying to scholarships and encouraged me



Photo by Ian Schneider on Unsplash

to transfer to prestigious four year institutions. As a result, at the end of my second semester my GPA had risen to a 3.7, I had gained some of the most amazing friends with the drive to succeed, and the Kaplan Educational Foundation scholarship. Before I started at LaGuardia Community college I was going through adversity in my personal life, and I was convinced that I had no shot at achieving a higher education, but now as I write this article I'm extremely confident in myself and know that I have the potential to succeed at whatever I do. And although my journey at LaGuardia Community College is not finished yet I'm ready to give it my all because I have faith within myself and I truly have amazing friends who have faith in me. So to whoever is reading this right now: I implore you to believe in yourself because regardless of your circumstances, you have the potential to succeed and be legendary at whatever you do. Seek out HSAC because they will help you and push you to succeed. Lastly, have faith; things may look bad now or they may be ok but know that if you keep fighting for your dreams you'll reach success. Get to the point where you always crave more success. I hope to see you at the next HSAC meeting....

BY KYLE PANETO

Great American Eclipse

America waited a great 99 years for what was the summer of a lifetime in many people's lives. Seen in its totality in only a few select states, the summer 2017 eclipse was one of the most attended events in a long, long time. One of the states that viewed the eclipse in its totality was Idaho, and had I known sooner, I would have planned to be a part of the fiasco when I visited home not far from it just one week prior. Although, apparently the trip to Idaho would have required large amounts of planning and patience.

Planning for an estimated 300,000 people, the state of Idaho turned their highways into one-way roads leading into Idaho before the eclipse, and the same leading out after. Porta potties were placed on the sides of the freeways. Cell service was expected to be lost. Residents rented out lawn space for camping, and many suggested to bring enough food for an entire week's stay.

Unfortunately, I was unable to attend. Bummer. I would have liked to camp on someone's lawn for a week. For those of you who did not reach the path of totality, there is still good news: pack your bags in 2024 for the next total solar eclipse.

BY SARAH SERON

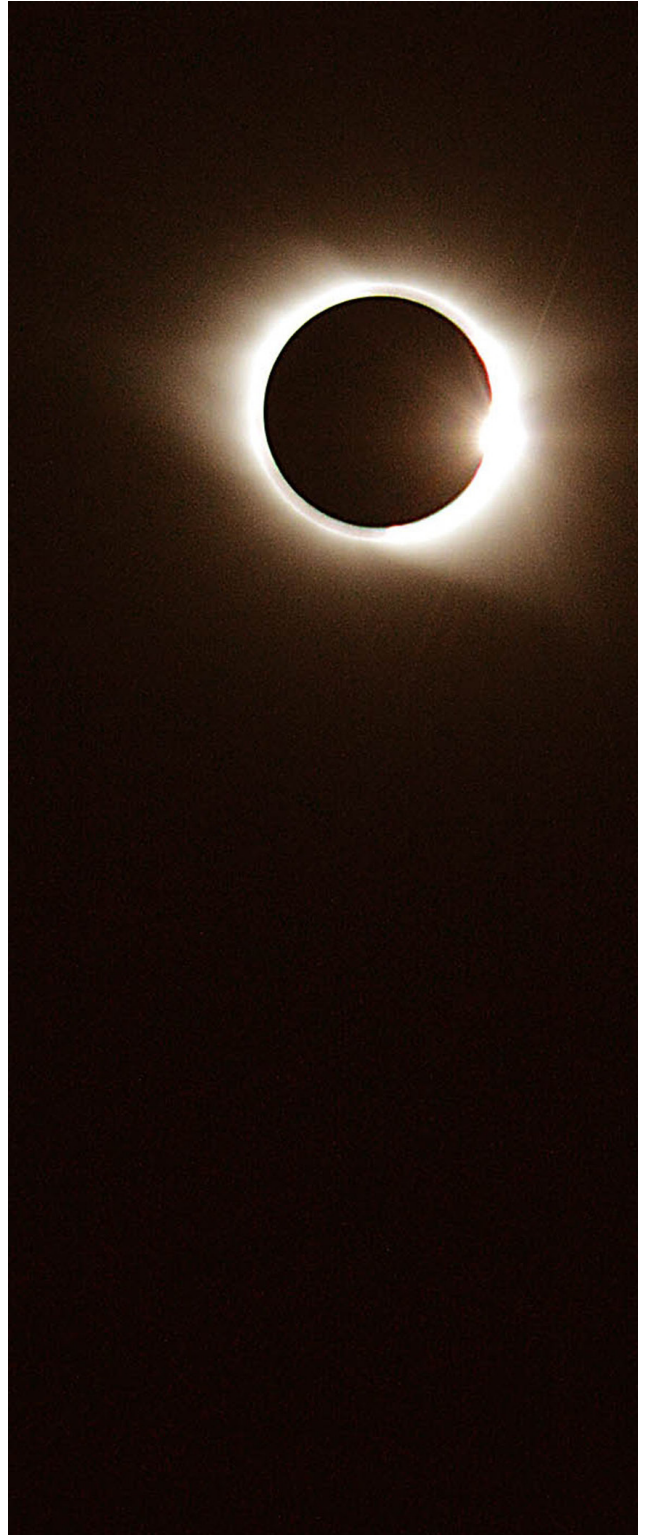


Photo by Russ Ward on Unsplash

A photograph of a person's legs and feet sitting on a tall stack of books. The person is wearing dark blue jeans with the cuffs rolled up. They are holding a magazine or book in their hands. The stack of books is composed of many thin, light-colored volumes. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

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