Hawk Media Club is Hillsborough Community College’s journalism club, producing two award-winning annual magazines, the *Triad* and the *Galeria*. It also supports the production of a student newspaper, *The Hawkeye*. For more information about Hawk Media Club or any of its publications, please contact hccpublishing@gmail.com or visit room 225 of the Ybor City Campus Faculty building.
Editor’s Note

Galeria is a wonderful magazine brimming with talent from the amazing and gifted students of Hillsborough Community College. As a diverse community college, students are given the opportunity to shine in their abilities in the arts as well as in literature. The culmination of work in this publication is a gift to all who embrace it, as we have the privilege of being witnesses of these brilliant and creative minds. This venue is an honor for those students whose work is chosen to be published and a gift to the reader. I challenge you to let your mind wander to the many new and unique places you will travel as you view this spectacular variety of talent.

I would like to acknowledge all the hard work and dedication of those involved in this project, including the Editorial staff and Faculty Advisers. Without you, this publication would not be possible.

It is because of you, the reader, that we have the privilege of bringing this magazine to pass. Thank you for taking time out of your life to enjoy the beauty of this magazine. My hope is that you, the reader, will somehow be changed by something you have read, or art that has inspired you.

I proudly present to you the 2011 edition of Galeria.

Lorianne DeLoreto

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Nick Cruz
Ink on paper
Pocket Change
by Nancy J. Barbara

Two pockets –
One stashes cash
    for bums and beggars.
Not a large sum:
    a few crinkled bills
and jangly change
is all.

The other carries two kinds of currency:
    a wad of uncounted
dough in disarray
to spend like Monopoly money,
    and
carefully counted crisp bills
money-clipped in chronological
order.
Famous faces facing
left.
Fistfuls of ones,
a few fives
ten
twenties by the dozens.
One thousand dollars
in all.

Always silver-clipped with a
capital cursive “F”
Not a dollar more.

Not a dollar less.
Not just on Sunday
to pad the passing tithing basket.
Not just Monday to Friday
to pay the bills.
Not just Saturday night
to spend on the boardwalk –
Not at all.

Late at night
my father,
    caught by a spotlight of
moon
left on the dinning room table
like an empty
yellow plate,
would sit and sort his money in
solitaire rows.
    Winner
takes all.
Sequence Poem
by Tiffany Thomas

Body
You have a you that can be seen
One that can hurt and hug
A vehicle in transport
A bag of sand falling from the clouds
That will surely splatter and cease

Mind
You have a you that drives the vehicle
One that can think and fear
A tool to navigate a temporary life
A door floating in space
Opening to the unknown

Spirit
You have a you that has always been
One that knows and sees entirely
The life residing within
A wind that carries all
That will cascade across the universe...forever.

Swamp Box Collage #3
Justin Myers
Mixed Media
Angel
Anthony Rollins
Photography
An Ideology
by Reena Lama

Nazism roams the streets
stark naked except for the crown on his head.
Waving his hands in the air yelling, “Victory is mine!”
He searches every crack in the darkest corner
leaving a trail of bloody footprints,
But a single drop of his own blood he has not shed.
There is no light; even the moon
and the stars fear this tyrant, but Humanity
weeps, and Her tears shine in every footprint,
as a reminder of the massacre that takes place.

The pain and suffering of the innocent travels with the wind
as it moves across the Earth to find an ear that will listen.
While some ears want to listen, but are forbidden, others are simply
indifferent.

The ideology does not make sense, yet it is a powerful force.
It succeeds because humans are a greedy ignorant breed.
A parasite (more like it)... 
that will drain the life of its host to fill
its endless hunger for power.
A Shocking Find
by Tiffany Thomas

It is only when you look at something, 
Dear, 
That it will disappear,

And like a light so bright and white, 
Your insight will become quite clear.

Look at a cloud cascading 
Across a crisp blue sky. 
No, no.......look 
With more than just your eye.

Can you see the dancing dewdrops? 
   Synchronized in song, 
Swirling like a school of salmon, 
   Together all along?

Is it still a cloud 
When the space between is seen? 
Is it still recognizable 
When your vision is clean?

Or take, perhaps, your body, 
Limbs, lips and all. 
Examine every crack, wrinkle, and small 
Freckle and veins. 
What is this skin we’re in? 
99 percent empty space 
And we look like aliens.

Perhaps this is all too soon for you. 
Don’t shed a tear of fear. 
For nothing in your universe 
Is really present here.

Indeed, like a fallen tree, 
With no one to see or hear. 
If you weren’t able to make it up, 
   It would all disappear.
Untitled
Stephanie Swadman
Print
Within Dreams (detail)
Austin England
Mixed Media
The Year my Son was Born
by Dr. Richard F. Gaspar

The year my son was born,

the White House became a home of color,
as the Saints came marching in.

The month my son was born,

the Terra satellite mapped the world,
as the last color photos of Hitler
appeared in Life.

The day my son was born,

tornados ravaged Kansas and Colorado,
as Penguins celebrated Lord Stanley’s cup.

The moment my son was born,

the solar system froze,
as I held the universe
in the palm of my hand,

and announced to the world:

Mi hijo está aquí.
Recognition
Olivia Mustain
Print
It is hard to believe that someone who was once voted “Most Athletic” in high school would one day become the creator of a fashion magazine, but that is just the case with Paul Medrano of BOSS Magazine. It was Medrano’s brother who was the fashionable one growing up, but that all changed when Medrano got a college job at a shoe store that would later change his life forever. This was the key moment that really put his life in the fashion industry into action.

At the shoe store, Medrano worked with inventory coming in the store, but he was soon promoted to buyer when the owner realized he had a sense for trends and knew how to price them accordingly. Medrano traveled to Miami, New York, and Vegas to fashion expos custom ordering merchandise. This is where he realized he had an eye for the market.

Money took the place of fashion during the next 15 years where Medrano became very successful in the stock market working for Barron Chase Securities. Medrano says of his time in the stock market, “This time took me to a whole new level in fashion. I had the money to travel to places like Miami, Paris, and New York, and see trends before they started.” With the stock market crash, Barron Chase went out of business, and Medrano found himself in South Beach looking forward to starting a new future.

This is where the idea for BOSS Magazine had its beginnings. While in Miami, Medrano came across a magazine called Ego Trip. Ego Trip was everything Miami. Everything from local fashion trends, designers, artist, and photographers were within its covers. Medrano brought the magazine to Tampa starting an Ego Trip Tampa edition. This evolved over time, and Medrano changed the name to BOSS Magazine, which has been in publication for the last ten years.

BOSS is more than just a magazine. It is a platform for the amazing art scene that Tampa has to offer. Every issue highlights local designers, models, photographers, artists, and musicians. Medrano brings each of these elements together through BOSS Magazine fashion shows and events.
Medrano host many of his events in Ybor because it is one of his favorite places in Tampa. He talks of all the talented and creative people that give Ybor an underground art scene that most are completely unaware of.

Medrano is currently working with General Davis Scott to paint artistic murals around the city, and “Cigars for the Arts,” where local artists will hand paint cigar holders and boxes. These upcoming ideas really join the heart and drive of the city into one interchangeable beat that highlights the passion, past, and future for the Tampa community.

Medrano describes the best part of what he does and what he loves about Tampa by saying: “All the friends and creative people I have met inspire me. It is not about the glamor; it is about the art and ideas, and that is what intrigues me.” Medrano’s advice for anyone wanting to get into the magazine or fashion industry: “Start getting involved with as many projects as you can to get your name out there. Your reputation proceeds you, and if you have no reputation you are nobody in this industry.”

To find more information about BOSS Magazine and upcoming events or to contact Paul Medrano, you can go to BOSSTampaBay.com.
Figure
Nick Cruz
Pastel
Renacimiento
David Diaz
Mixed media
A Photographic Memory
by Nancy J. Barbara

The picture window faced the sound of the surf. When the wind was west, the whistle of the lifeguard blew off the ocean and breezed through the jalousies bending my mother’s ear while falling deaf on my father’s.

If I was near, she’d say, “Please, never go past your knees in the Atlantic. It’s as unpredictable as your father’s hearing.”

We’d listen to the whine of the whistle bay at the ocean, and then she’d crack the jalousies full-tilt, letting the spray of the sea bathe her African Violets with salt spots perching upon the fuzzy leaves.

The picture window was our theater to the world.
When thunder rumbled and the sky looked like a grape jelly finger-painting on blue Fiesta Ware, she’d pull up a chair and the Venetian blinds.

Lightning snaked through the stars playing connect the dots while thunder kept the beat to nature’s symphony.

Our dark living room would flash white with a crack like photographs taken with an old Kodak and outline our silhouettes creating a sepia daguerreotype. This was our picture show on muggy summer nights when the sweat poured down our foreheads like hot caramel on a scoop of vanilla ice cream.

After the storms, we’d listen to the ocean’s calm by cupping our ears with the conch shells we had collected and lined-up on our windowsills. My mother called them binoculars for the ears.

At night, after the storms, we’d go to sleep between white sheets soft as sea oats, which by day, waved like flags in the salt-scented air. I had not a care but to stay wading only up to my knees.
Martillos
David Diaz
Porcelain
Untitled
Ashley Niven
Mixed Media
Morning
by Kelley Silverman

Beep..Beeeep...
Beep..Beeeep...
My Alarm Clock goes
Yawn and stretches
It is time to get up and go
I start my coffee brewing
As I sit and wait,
I notice the glorious beginnings
To the new day
Birds chirping happily-
Singing their morning song
Rising from the East,
The sky shows me its true colors
Blue, yellow, orange and even pink!
Thinking and contemplating
What will this day bring?
My solitude is broken by someone
Screaming “Mommy!”
The day has started without me
saying so
There is no more time to wonder
how it will go...
Today
by Tiffany Sotelo

Today, I needed you more than ever...

Your voice to calm, your ear to hear my cries, your hands caressing, comforting, calming. I took that ragged, oversized, t-shirt from the bottom drawer. I bet I’ve washed it 100 times yet I swear it still holds your scent. I curled into a ball, my knees tucked under, as if it were you holding me. Closing my eyes I could see you next to me, my head on your lap as you ran your fingers through my red curls and wiped the tear from my cheek. As I press against your body, I listen to the beats of our hearts together as one and for this one moment, I forget...
Forget the loneliness, forget the sadness, forget that just a moment earlier I didn’t want to be in this world, not one more minute.

Today, I needed you more than ever... and there you were.
Untitled
Jerad Owens
Mixed Media
Untitled (detail)
Mariela Estrada
Artist tape
Untitled
Nick Cruz
Wood
Moonlight Tango
by Jesome A. Nicolas

She dances in the still of the night.
The way her hair flows with the wind feels so right.
Sexual, yet sensual, is what the moon calls her.

Moonlight trickling down caressing her skin.
One glance will have your soul dancing with merriment.
Should this queen bring her dance to an end?

The breeze is an eternal symphony.
The ocean, her infinite stage.
What an epiphany! She can even stop a lion’s rage.

Majestically swirling until the height of ecstasy
Poetically sooths the beast within the man. Behold!
A beautiful dancing goddess made immortal by the still of the night.
Secure Your Future
Olivia Mustain
Print
Actress Kaki Hunter Instills Virtues and Philosophies
by Kenneth Kelly

High school graduates have a variety of plans when starting college. Some go to school for civil engineering or accounting while others join the police academy to become police officers. However, people can decide too early what profession to enter, and many begin to regret their choice of major.

In these kinds of situations, many people decide to make career changes. Students making changes in the beginning stages of their courses have room for flexibility. However, people too deep into a major won’t always be able to carry over what they’ve learned. Furthermore, all the money and time invested by students will be lost. Therefore, college should be used as a way to explore a multitude of one’s interests.

According to Dr. Randall S. Hansen of Walden University, students in all colleges and universities change their majors at least once and others twice, or three times. However, those who weren’t focused on any one goal and decided their major later were found more likely to graduate. One woman who knows well of this desire to change her career is Kaki Hunter.

Hunter is known to some for her acting roles as Wendy Williams in the “Porky’s” trilogy and for starring alongside Meatloaf as Lola in “Roadie.” Acting from a young age, Hunter earned roles in various shows and films and was quickly on her way to major stardom. However, this knock out actress chose to leave her career on film behind her to partake in a journey finding her own inner calling.

Now living in Moab, Utah, Hunter runs her own construction company, “OKOKOK Productions,” alongside her husband Doni Kiffmeyer. Together, they specialize in a style
of building that is eco-friendly and cost efficient, which uses far less energy and money than traditional construction using wood. However, she hasn’t forgotten about her career as an actress.

Recently, Hunter has directed a performance of her very first musical “Vipassana,” which she wrote after taking part in a 10-day silent meditation course. She plans to create more local theater and film productions and hopes to stay active in the community. Combining the physical nature of her work with theater and film is something Hunter loves and will continue.

When attending college, students must keep their options open and prevent themselves from making hasty career choices. Doing so can cause many to miss out on their true calling. Hunter says that a fulfilling career should not be relied upon as a profession alone; there should be a love behind anything someone does. “Let your heart be your guide.” Hunter said, “If your heart isn’t in it, it will destroy you. If you try to force something, it eats away at your spirit and health.”
Wolves, Bears, Cubs, Otters, Oh My!
Cor Fehringer
Mixed Media
Corazon
Roger Chamieh
Steel
Galeria Staff

Editor-in-Chief
Lorianne DeLoreto

Creative/Art Director
David Díaz

Copy Editor
Sarah Bunch

Galeria Awards

Columbia Scholastic Press Association
Medalist

Associated Collegiate Press
All American

Florida Community College Press Association
General Excellence