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The Quill and Brush is a student operated club that creates and publishes art and literature for the Three Rivers Community. Open to students, faculty and staff, this bi-annual magazine is publishe free of charge and made available each semester.



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Student Spotlight

Mary Pollard



Mary Pollard Artist Statement

I don't create anything to please others.

My application of paint to canvas nor my fingertips onto a sculpture are made by a need to be accepted by anyone.

I create for me.

I paint for me.

I sculpt for me.

My designs are created from my mind for my enjoyment first, then others.

Not to please anyone else.

Or message any egos.

They have a purpose though.

They are for me to deliver a message from my soul.

A message so true and heart wrenching at times that it is hard to fathom.

It is my message to the world that I deliver

because it brings me inner peace to do so.

Not to appease a crowd,

but to touch a single heart at a time.

I go into making these creations without much planning. Feeling raw emotion flow through me onto my work happens often,

if not all of the time.

Paper Maché, Acrylic, Pastels, Charcoal, Super Sculpey.

My materials vary,

but not my intentions to speak to the soul first,

everything else and

everyone else

later.









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Fine Art



Ronald Newberry



Harrison Cruz





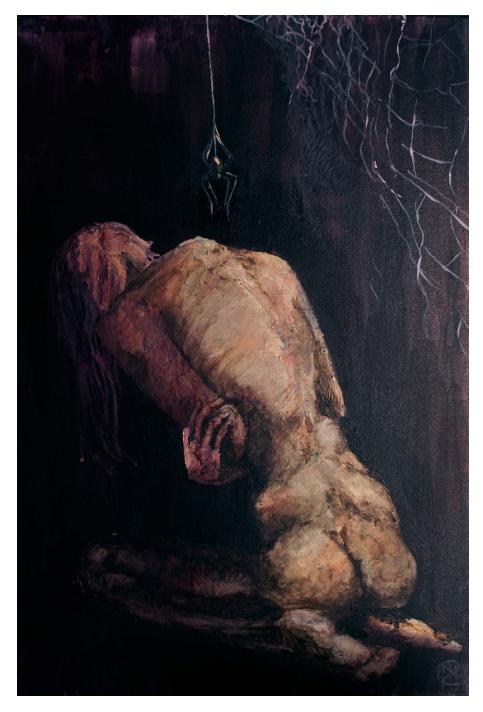
Nicolas Granell



Stephanie Lussier

Ronald Newberry





Kelly Dougherty

Cheryl Gibson





Ryan Newberry

Mary Pollard



Brissett Cuadros





Cheryl Gibson

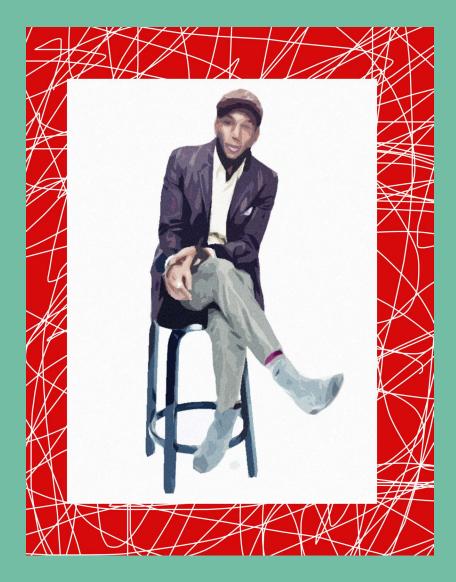


Ryan Newberry

Mary Pollard



Digital Arts



Mark Dunning



Samantha Bartosiak

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Brissett Cuadros

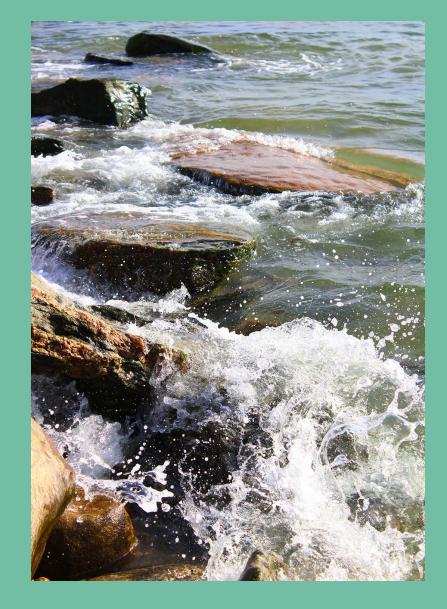




Mark Dunning

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Photography



Brissett Cuadros



Kevin Amenta



Mark Dunning





Kevin Amenta



Alexander Fritz



Alexander Fritz



Anna Estrada

Monet Bedard

Meghan Tripp



Kevin Amenta



Literature

For the Love of Food by Mary Pollard

I love food. I love everything about it. I love walking into a grocery store and seeing the fresh produce spread before me. The smell of the fresh cinnamon rolls baking in the tempting section I try to avoid because I know my budget will be eviscerated if I see the bear claws or fresh French bread. The smooth cool textures of the glass at the lobster tank that tempt me to try another recipe that I can ill afford to make for my size family. A free sample cart hocking the wares of a company's newest product that must be tasted before I pick up a coupon and a package complete the full assault on my senses. And this is only the beginning of the process that has become my favorite obsession.

My love for food stems from a long heritage of eating good food. Good food being not just dishes that taste good, although they usually did, but that were made with love. Picking up a bowl of lamb pot pie that my Grandmother made could be a cathartic experience because of the time and emotion she put into every dish she made for her family.

This tradition of pouring a bit of your heart into every dish that comes out of my kitchen has gushed from even before her down to my mom who has tried for decades to get me to eat Liver and onions with bacon gravy that to this day I cannot stomach more than a few bites. But I try, because although I know deep within me that there is no way I am going to eat that revolting dish, she has put her caring and love filled heart into it. So it

is worth every moment of repulsion to see the look of pride on her face from getting me to try it "just one more time". Although at my age she should just give up.

My dad is just as much to blame for my obsession with good food. His pound cake has been a borderline religious experience since I was little. His addition of sliced strawberries that he macerated the night before with sugar and stored in the refrigerator the only made the halo of delight that surrounded it all the better. Between both of my parents I knew from an early age that food wasn't just meant to fill your stomach, but to fill a part of your soul as well.

Every time that I bake a batch of brownies adding part of my emotions are just as important as the eggs and sugar. When I make my famous pasta sauce a bit of my soul escapes into the pot. I add these ingredients willingly and without a second thought. I do this to feel the joy, and not just see it, on the faces of people who enjoy my wares. I have come to cherish the look on my kid's faces as they light up when I bake fresh chocolate chip cookies, my dad's stomach making very loud sound of longing for my lobster alfredo, my mom's sigh of delight from my shephard's pie, my cousin's tears of joy over my bacon wrapped meatloaf and my friends shouts of delight when I show up with any baked goods.

These are the emotional responses that touch me deep in my soul, and that I try desperately to bring forth in all of my creative pursuits. When I put paint to a canvas or an impression in my clay or mark a piece of paper with my pencil my goal is an emotional response similar to that I see when a person bites into my cookies. That of joy and elation as it becomes a part of their lives or tears of sadness as they realize that there is no more to be had.

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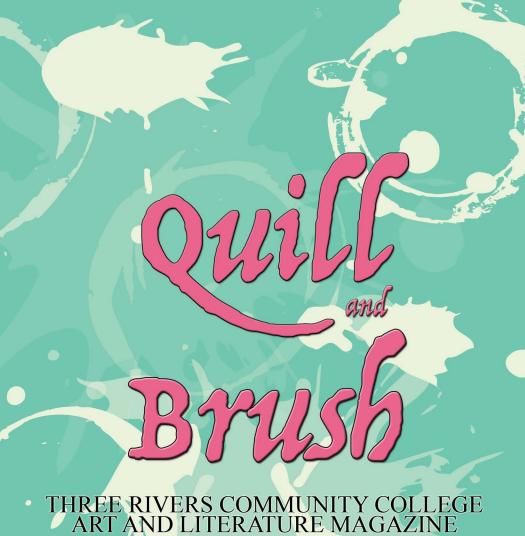
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