

Ellie Tri

A ROUND BRICK ROOM

Wonder of brick castle, pile after pile of bricks. Little grains of sand and clay stacked together to build a structure so strong. This is the first thing I notice walking into the gallery. My mind wanders. There are so many of my class mates around me, all chatting and discussing the art and structures. But nobody sees the bricks; they see but don't appreciate them. The white walls contrasting with the bum brown red. The silence is so quiet, no music, people almost afraid of talking. I hate it. It is the most uncomfortable surrounding for me. I need noise, music or even chatter would be better then this deathly silence. I am so frustrated, I want to leave. I can't appreciate these immaculate sculptures, pottery and paintings in this surrounding.

My brain scatters, searching for an alternative. I scan the art again, walking from display to display. Nothing, I feel and imagine nothing but the want to leave. I am so ungodly uncomfortable. My steps echo in my head waiting for something, anything to at least seem interesting. Suddenly a smile breaks, my mood lightens. Some one painted a stump from a tree. I love it. I want to take it home and put it on display. Now that is

great. It was probably once a home to who knows how many creatures; in a living breathing world. Now it sits on a box like stand, being admired by one with a twisted taste of art, or rather deception. My mind flip flops. Why, why take a thing of nature and beauty and cover it with our man made paints and chemicals. What was so bad with this art from nature? Why is it we think we always have to change everything? Is nothing beautiful with out us changing it? Yet this stump covered in stain and paint is appealing. Like a walk in the woods in the middle of the winter, so revitalizing, yet so objective. I meander round this room. This room has no comers; it is a mostly, round room. So many displays of this thing we call art; water color paintings of flowers. The flowers trigger a feeling. Walking by the river picking flowers, they look so real. Like you could reach out and pick one. The smell of the sweet smelling flowers is tugging at my nose. I close my eyes and it floats me to my imagination; the sound of the rumbling river in the close distance, the trees blowing and talking in the wind so gently, the sweet smell of the pictures in the painting.

It's funny how some one else's interpretation of this art can be so different. I see some brown things glued to tooth pick looking things. Some one else might see old Indian outfits. To them it might trigger an old memory about Indians or a story some one had told them once upon a time.

I have almost made a full circle around this gallery. Still as uncomfortable as when I first stepped inside. I come to what is the last display of interest; a very large painting of a black and white mural. It draws me in with shapes and texture and a tiny tiny frame of color. Like the world we live in, so black and white with that colored border that brings all the , values of the black and white to our attention. Instead of focusing on the black and white of the display my eyes are drawn to that peculiar border. Like the wrapper of a chocolate bar. The outside draws you into enjoy the middle, the not so eye catching black and white. The shards of brilliant colors crammed together to form this border, seemingly holding the crunched black and white drawing together. It is a river leading to the ocean with a log blocking its path. The weeds all around it dancing and playing in the wind. The creatures living in the weeds and the lives it supports. All held together by this tiny frame of diversity, color. I saunter back to the door to the fresh crisp air outside, and walk back to my dorm. Once again enjoying every day I have been given, and all the beautiful art; the beauty of the world around me.