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Brushing

1975
Fall

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photo by Adrian Vallz

Fog On The Lake

The morning fog is thick upon the lake,
Which milky sun tries faintly to illumine.
The cypress trees wade in but half awake.
And all the world is one of ghostly fume.
The filmy masses form a spacial crowd
Of apparitions clearing in my view.
The sky and lake merge into one great cloud
Without a marking line between the two.
Not only do I wondrous visions see
Of things from many worlds beyond my own,
But lack of line has set me strangely free
From water, land, and from my flesh and bone.
 The more the thick of blinding fog conceals,
 The more unearthly regions it reveals.

Wilbur Dorsett

Ascendant

Crack! I wanna up go!
Dust takes up again,
Till stirred by others,
They loom long that day.

Get down from there! So?
Three! I'm sure I can
Get up the others.
Keep going this way!

Two up with each low
Bound, only to land
Surely without fears.
Conquered he will say.

Fourteen of them know
Well the soles of an
Old boarder and his
Trip made once each day.

Movement now comes slow;
Each step is again
The coming of rests.
They loom long that day.

Brad Perkins

Distance

The old man shuffles his feet
as his son speaks,
His veiled discomfort is a
painfully physical thing.
His eyes, disguised, measure
the improbable distance
Through which cautious,
caustic voices strain.
Each figure is rigid,
angled in awkward grace,
One with his back
against yesterday,
The other pressing full
against tomorrow.
Another form stands
at the edge of the room,
Smoothing a wisp of hair
against her arched neck.
Singed with the fire
of pride and compassion,
She fades, forgotten,
from the room.

Fateful charges from
 their primitive past
Stretch the scene into a
 taut, shuddering line
Of hilltop dawn, where
 the lonely, ancient stag
Stands motionless, staring
 across the timeless gulf
At the young buck whose
 new mounted antlers
Sweep the morning sky
 with his promise.
Challenging his sire in
 nature's certainty.
At the tree line, a
 grey, hobbled doe
Stiffens slightly in
 the shifting breeze.
Trembling and bewildered
 in awe and pain.
She turns and blends into
 the morning mist.

Diane Gay

Grey Boat

On a grey boat
She sailed away
Into the dark
And fading dreams hung
Like perfect tapestries
Retreating in the mist.
Beyond her prow.
By the cold shore we waited
Under the dark cliffs
Straining our eyes seaward
The icy waters broke before us
While she sailed away.

And in the village
The old ones remember
How she came out of the dark
With the mists around her
And dark clouds—
Ill gotten dreams
Hung brooding and massive
In the night about her.
Where are the fair things
And bright visions?
The tears precious as jewels?
The gilt partitions
Of private palaces
And Minerva's kiss?

And with a sigh
She pushed away
On a grey boat
Into the dark . . .

Barbara Wavell

Fourteen

When mounting arms in winter's clime
Amidst the sound of ancient chimes
And master's bright perpetual stare
From vantage points encased in air,
We often ran onto the pond,
Its frozen top an opaque bond
Which in the season would reform
Two distant shores by nature torn.
What times we had in that brave age
When life was free of inward rage
And minds too fresh sang youth's sweet song
Without regard to right or wrong.
We've come so far since fourteen years,
The single growth our new found fears.

Jens Fog

Reflections On Another World

Giants dancing in a solemn rite, trapped in stone by a human enchanter. An ancient observatory, constructed by near-super-human intellects desiring to chain the heavens within a predictable pattern. A tribal temple of stones dragged wearily by a fragile pre-Celtic hunter-people bent on unity and strength for themselves.

As I wander in and out of the shadows of the boulders looming darkly over me, I am unsure of where my next step will lead. Somewhere behind the next arch stands a cloaked figure; and I try desperately to reach it, to see the face and costume under the cloak. Unreasonably, I hope to find myself face to face with history literally in the flesh, be it a venerable, hoary Druid preparing a sacrifice or a young ambitious Merlin freezing the unsuspecting Irish giants in their dance. And yet. . .perhaps I am not being unreasonable, for the concrete tunnel running under the M-1 to the sprawling parking lot and the garish souvenir stands are beginning to stifle me in spite of the vast airiness of Salisbury Plain. On a summer's day, even when the famous British rain is pouring down relentlessly and unceasingly, the ants emerge from the anthills-on-wheels to swarm and gawk. On such a day, the majesty dissipates like a much-respected and beloved monarch under the influence of one frivolous amusement too many. On such a day. . .I avoid the circle, like the old, faithful retainer unable to watch his master's disintegration.

The clouds arrive ponderously as the evening prepares itself for the spread of night: the stones grow purple-black, lengthening their shadows over the plain. Somewhere a lone bird, skimming home, cries out the sound of the wild and it echoes through the ancient doorways before bouncing out to the waiting wind. When the sun sets squarely in one of the arches, I walk slowly through the same doorway into the circle. The cloaked figure turns--and as both the exuberant magician and the wise elder await me in its eyes, I take both hands and leave Stonehenge for the last time.

Gerry Wolfson

someday,
when we find ourselves
by the sea,
would you come sit
in the sand with me
and show me the shells of life you've found
that the sand and waves had hidden away
when i went looking.
and, if you trust me,
let me hold your soul
up to my ear,
so that i may hear
the secrets of the ocean
deep inside of you . . .

Kathleen Walsh

The Tranquil Mind

Some sing of Sominex to sleep off ills;
And some of Soma, too, for rest therein;
While there are those who pick the Miltown pills,
And those who opt for plain old aspirin.
Some like the liquid lull of alcohol,
Or liquid warmth of waters in a spa.
Some turn to music for hypnotic lull.
Or view the sinful, soothing cinema.
Some seek the tranquil mind with mental strength,
Or transcendental meditation pure.
But why so much ado at such a length?
The answer to the search is simple, sure:
 The tranquilizer that works best of all
 Is money in the bank (from wall to wall)!

Wilbur Dorsett

Answer to Jack

Your smooth as satin redness is seductive
as it pulses quickly flowing on its keen
search journey into an unseen abyss of
Life,
Granted man forces it in order to live
but there exists in this odd world men who team
with life unknowing of the benefits of
It
Taken away requires the gods' fine sieve
to keep things seperated for some men lean
and others blessed with poundage creak with the love
Still
Pages are torn off crumpled friends come and live
and go and Jack passes rapidly between
them but existing in this so-odd world there
Is . . .

Brad Perkins



Bob Escher

Dappled red of Georgia clay
 I thrived in the sway of pines and oaks
 in a Georgia uncluttered;
 and up against the bulging dams
 reveled in defying the steaming heat
Rubber tubing me down the Chattahoochee.

The rambling house knelt to land,
 a mottled blanket of berries and brush and
 tangled with clay a (pipe rust) red
As cordial and lukewarm as the river.

Finger digging, I fancied myself
 in cradled sweet warmth full down
 to the core.
Out of rich mud and pebbles
 I sculptured me.

So breathe if you will icy bites
 down my back; bathe me in
 wretched slush of the north.

I am made of the stubborn stuff.

Leaves weep burn to crimson
 and thaw the ice
 about my feet blue ashes.

And who among you can reckon with the wind
 that answers the clay-red grit of my marrow;
 that sings to me throaty through thistle and
 clover
 A song to stir the earth by! Oh
 tunnel me down to salty damp.

Stroked by warm bundles of roots and roots,
 I will sprout stretching
 clay-streaked to the sun.

Nancye Ausbon



Constance Stuart Peters

Quarter Horse

The deep muscles; patterns of shadow and light,
molded beneath the polished bronze coat.

The great quarter horse body — spurred on by slim,
brown boots.

Hard, shod hoofs which churned the earth,
leaving only half-moon traces.

Chestnut hair and sorrel mane, wings together —
sailing.

Faster, ever faster; nostrils flaring —
as though we might catch time at this crazy pace,
for there'd be no other race.

Tearing desperately downward — thinking, somehow
frightened that we could never travel this
ground again.

And, indeed — we never can.

Cheryl Stone

Convergence

Apple the world down
to four letters,
call them levels
of the mind, give
them the names of directions
or the colors of skies,
emblem them with
zoomorphs and cage
them in the four corners
of the contradictory globe,
snake out all your feelings, then,
and to your simple
pattern there can be but
one response — — AMEN.

Well, you can
Take your four letters
and cram them like hot
radishes up the
firmaments of your
multiform universe.
You did it wrong,
The first sin was
yours, not man's.

Steve Phelan

The Wreath

The wreath is the first to go up,
so it must be
the first to come down.
Now the crumbling can begin.

I am alone, as I have so often been.

Alone to disintegrate with
the trembling tree,
dropping slivers of myself into
the crooked spaces
where the shiny baubles go and
sliding with the tinsel
into little heaps
on the cold floor.

How is it that memories
came to be buried
in a prickly twisted bush
and nailed to the crossbeams
on my front door?

How is it that tears
came to be trapped inside
globes of glass and
tied with ribbons to
my dead tree?

How do I find myself again,
year after year, having packed
so much of hope away, with only
the chipped madonna fro,
the crumpled creche peeping out?

Diane Gay

Halloween Sonnet

I've met a witch! At last, I know a witch!
Bewitchment such as this I've never known.
O yes, I've felt the spell of eyes, the itch
Delicious vibes light in the likercous bone,
The touch that turns a soft heart into stone;
But that is natural magic, known to all:
This witch I know is known to me alone,
Her magic soft, her spirit fine, white, tall.
The touch of her vibrations is a call
To new capacities — new joy, new verse,
To elevation of the soul in fall,
To spring in winter; though that seem perverse.
No curse, but blessing, her enchantment brings
Who witches so my soul that my pen sings.

Alan Nordstrom

Love—Buggers

Insects in sex
Eye to eye, I to I
Aye aye;
Innocence in a sense.

Jens Fog

Lines From: "A Florida Tape"

About half way in April
the alarming tabuia petals
come out: empty
except for occasional gusts
of gold, the tree
looks like a devastation:
grey hair netted moss
tentacles grip
the juiciest nodes Bare
arms jangle
these few buttery
rings: startled, the eye rushes
in to awkwardness. What can
a woman wood
all these years (reads the feminist
news) do: break
out in yellow grotesque brief
as a breath then
fall
golden tigertailed pool
ring a round
to liberation
the tree

Jean West MacKenzie



Diane Spalding

*Pen and Ink of a tapestry from the Banks
Collection of Ancient Artifacts.*

A City

and the young man
he is running from a
past
he wants to hide
prisms crystalline in memory
while a lady mourns in black
can't you see
 the wrinkles form creases
 for the jeweled droplets
to swim down her face
 keep walking past
the Salvation Army Band-man
 whose face cries out in
 soft despair
to the sunny side
 of water —
fountains dance
 in streaks of reflected glaze

and the gray-coated businessmen
are now rushing home
marching forward
with dazed pale faces
 they don't smile
read the paper, catch the train
as the children play
 their street games
soon to become nightmares
 of glittering steel
in the cold shiver
gray snow
flaking white and black
monsters with windows for eyes
smiles and frowns flash past
 Coca-Cola signs
to the confused mind's eye
patterned in thoughtful medley
Joe with no leg
shines shoes/
ground into the pavement
you can feel
 the helpless monotony
of endless feet
 with nowhere to go.

Pat Forte

Lines From "Azalea Season"

Oct. 7

Had she ever really been at home
in the current place?

Was security of
place just a romantic
afterplace, the light result
of an old heaviness?

Oh,
I'd like to move right in,
shove the atmos
phere over an
inch, jostle the
hostilities eyebrow-end
over end, sign a
guaranteed perfect place
lease or my money back
leave the lemon twist
the nostalgic ricochet
secrets to the racoons:

A secret is a
nut to crack
is
A heavy silence, a
taut beauty between
bodies at bed, a
lonesomeness: a
sweet worry something is a
secret.

The new has a bevy of secrets,
promises release
swift as the bobolinks burst,
the new withholds its
age, knows the pure joy
of surprise, rides
on the wrist, a hidden
time piece:

Jean West MacKenzie

To My Brother Who Has Recovered from Brain Surgery

TRIPTYCH I

Barbara—

I feel “different” than I did one year ago
I have taken many pictures- some are very fine
I eat better
I ride my bicycle to my job- I like my job
I listen to a lot of music
I still smoke a lot; I do not drink.
Our sister has a garden, a dog, three fish, a raccoon.
God is everywhere, even in church.
The time is 3:25 a.m.
I am tired
I love you,
Tom.

Tom—

When this letter came
I held it carefully
And held my breath too.
I can now admit your past letters scared me
They were so full of mindless fury
I wanted to help- but how?
My husband said, “I am praying for you, Tom”
And I wanted to say, “So am I”
But prayer seemed so simple, so cheap,
So finally ineffectual
Like throwing a beggar some change.
... I thought you crazy.
So many people walk around crazy today
We forget that the dark crowding mass
Pressing on the brain
Can be a physical Thing.
Forgive me for
The psychological Ladies Home Journal approach with you:
“Do you REALLY love your parents, feel inadequate— check here”.

So I read your letter and cried
Remembering a younger brother who had to
Run shamefacedly, wrapped in a towel
From your bath
Past the staring gossiping relatives in the parlor
To get upstairs.

Christ died at 33
You are reborn at the same age.
My words on paper are so small
Compared to the rush of love within me
Continue to grow, my loved brother.
Barbara

Tom— Thanksgiving, 1974

TRIPTYCH II

He wears his hat in the house.
It rests unnoticed on his wig
Which fashionably hides the scars
Of his tumor.

My brother, at 34
My mother's favorite of all of us
Is an anachronism-
A peaceful Scorpio.

He strains for words, but they elude him
AS the enveloping of the brain continues.
I speak louder, as to a deaf man
Forgetting in my need to help that
He still thinks, hears, feels.

When I knock on his door to waken him
(He sleeps deeply, as if in preparation)
His wig plumps on the chair beside him
And with his beard and no hair
He looks like a gentle sleeping elf.

His throat hurts (from the drugs or disease, I know not)
On Thanksgiving with us he ate pumpkin pie
And was ecstatic in his praise of it
Because it slid soothing down.

What salmon-like drive brought him here?
He could not read signs to change planes.
He says simply "I asked."
But I have seen him with strangers
. . . he looks drunk or on drugs
I have seen them look suspiciously at him
While he fumbled with his wallet
Unable even to read the numbers on the bills.

His humility and acceptance overwhelm me.

Tom- time has a newness for me
Since your visit.
I do the dishes, and this mean task turns fresh.
I will remember you
Sitting across from me at Thanksgiving
Beaming, exclaiming over the pumpkin pie,
Wearing your hat in the house
And thank the Lord
Yes!
For this sight.

Tom-January, 1975

TRIPTYCH III

They say hearing is the last sense to go.
My sister took a little phonograph
To the hospital
To play his favorite Brubeck records.
She said he liked that.

Lord! if hearing is the last to go
Then is the last thing one hears on earth
The doctor's voice:
"This man is dead,"
Forcing the cringing soul to accept
Its own mortality?

Oh I hope the sound of people weeping
By the bedside
Is drowned out by heaven's beauty!
I MUST believe that
Or flounder forever in grief.

I pray the nurses played the records
For Tom, alone and blind.
For then they would have been his angels
And Brubeck his Gabriel to God.

Barbara Willey

Someone took a piece of white something
and cut my sky in half
boogies
Then they gathered together the clouds in their hands
and rubbed them together
and left my clouds looking like baby powder
that had nowhere to go but up
boogies

Ane gla Lloyd



Adrian Valls

The Rush

Life breaks away
Not stopping here
To touch my throbbing grief—
It passes with a sigh
Rushing onwards with consummate haste—
Towards oblivion.

I scream!
Bracing myself against the sides
Too soon! Too soon!
Darkness is drawing near,
Raising its black and ugly head,
And staring with its burning eyes.

And I must go—
Untimely cast
Into the ceaseless quiet.
I haven't finished
No! I've not begun
And yet — to wit
My time is done.

Barbara Wavell

Moths

I've seen moths lately,
Gone to a dusty death,
Their powder melting in your hands
As life dissolves into sweaty streams.

I've seen moths lately,
One yesterday in a pool of beer,
In the dark corner where he chose to go,
The empty can his hanger, he an airplane
Who crashed in the swamp.

I've seen moths lately,
Last night trapped between the window
And the screen, wings and heart beating
Like one until the light went out.

I've seen moths lately,
They love the light and heat.
They come to feed and die.
I picture all the moths in an
Elephant's graveyard, their dust
Collecting like Ivory.
They melt (Hot in your hands),
They die (they make no sounds),
They feed (on light and air),
Their dust (collecting like Ivory).

Hot in your hands
They make no sounds,
Collecting like Ivory
On light and air.

Jens Fog

Unsuitable

A grave with no name
nothing
protecting it
from obscurity save the
cold stone sentry.
posted at its prow
impersonating peace
while the dust below
lies lost
forever.

Skip Masland

Unproductive

Apple cored and bleeding
from aborted life
while the seed of
it's growth awaits
the grinding ignition of a
middle-class dream
from the bowels
of a stainless-steel sink.

Skip Masland

Unjustified

Within it's wynds
a parting
and the one becomes two
stretching searching for the sea;
all right
waters roll build up strength
and it cuts a path of beauteous ambition/
what's left
bogs down
is swamped and
stagnant
wondering where it went wrong.

Skip Masland

Tonight

Tonight I could talk a boxcar
Or like a train that came rolling
Down from snow screwed hills onto
The Badlands plain of South Dakota

Wind howling as a single man
Stands in the caboose, cordwood frozen . . .

Tonight I could talk a whale
Who came so far to die, hard and ugly,
A low tide death on the smelly beach,
Only yards from the telephone.
Oh all those plankton and organisms,
Travel companions, how he deceived them!
Burned one night by the low slung natives,
Bottles of rum in their hands in an attempt to
Erase death, but no he too big to purify,
So he's all black and his skin soft and wormy,
Half buried in the white-light sand . . .

O I could talk a talk tonight,
Some jazz about dis and dat, a man
With no eyes but he seeing just the same.

Jens Fog

Contributors

NANCYE AUSBON is a senior English major. She devotes her working energy to newspaper and broadcasting media. In addition, she writes and illustrates children's stories.

WILBUR DORSETT is a Professor in the Department of English. He has written several plays (the last one being *Muse of Fire*, a musical about the young William Shakespeare) and a number of sonnets which have been published in various magazines.

BOB ESCHER is a sophomore Business major from Vermont. His pen and ink drawings have appeared in *Brushing* before.

PAT FORTE is a junior English major.

JENS FOG is a senior English major who transferred to Rollins from the University of Rochester. His home is at St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands.

DIANE GAY is Rollins' oldest undergraduate. Originally slated for the class of '56, she took time out for four independent studies in home and child care. An English major, she will graduate this Spring.

ANGELA LLOYD is a senior Theatre major.

JEAN WEST MacKENZIES' poems appear regularly in the quarterlies. A member of the English Department and editor of *Epos*, her poems were recently taped by the University of Florida Library.

SKIP MASLAND is a senior English major. His poems have appeared in *Brushing* before.

ALANNORDSTROM, though a professor of English and teacher of Shakespeare at Rollins, believes himself essentially the reincarnation of a very minor Elizabethan sonneteer, Barnaby Googe.

BRAD PERKINS, a newcomer to Rollins via LeMoyne College and the state of Maine, is a sophomore English major.

CONSTANCE STUART PETERS is a senior with a double major in Philosophy and Studio Art. A Holt House Fellow, she spends her winter terms studying at The Art Students League of New York City.

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CHERYL STONE is a junior majoring in French.

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KATHLEEN WALSH a freshman Area Studies major in music, Theatre and Psychology. She comes from West Palm Beach, Florida.

BARBARA WAVELL is a senior Anthropology major. Having been at Rollins during her freshman and sophomore years, she has returned from the University of Florida to finish her studies here.

BARBARA WILLEY is a senior at the Patrick Air Force Branch of Rollins. She is majoring in Psychology and after 18 years and five children will receive her degree this Spring.

GERRY WOLFSON is a senior History and Political Science major. Her work has appeared in *Brushing* before.

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