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1977  
Fall

# BRUSHING

FALL 1977



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*Brushing*  
*Fall 1977*



# Table of Contents

|                                                                |    |
|----------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| Jon Thompson, <i>Once More Forever</i> (photograph)            | 1  |
| Nancye Ausbon, <i>Who Scattered You Cocky</i>                  | 2  |
| Karen Lippold, <i>The Mind</i>                                 | 3  |
| Roberta Reed, <i>Wisps of Cloud</i> (pencil drawing)           | 4  |
| Wilbur Dorsett, <i>Because I am Your Friend</i>                | 5  |
| Marvin Giddings, <i>Medusa at the Wheel</i> (etching)          | 6  |
| Michelle Patnode, <i>Limbo</i>                                 | 7  |
| John Hill, <i>St. Jerome and the Lion</i> (etching)            | 8  |
| Shawne K. Wickham, <i>The Judas</i>                            | 9  |
| Pam Clemmons, <i>untitled</i>                                  | 10 |
| Carla Pepperman, <i>Spirit</i>                                 | 10 |
| Debra Ann Marie, <i>The Chosen Few</i>                         | 11 |
| Mark Bramblett, (watercolor and ink)                           | 12 |
| Barbara J. Hart, <i>The Dream She Dreamed</i>                  | 13 |
| Robert N. Robinson, <i>Birds in Contemplation</i> (photograph) | 14 |
| Rebecca Eagan, <i>Individualism</i>                            | 15 |
| Alan Nordstrom, <i>Parade</i>                                  | 16 |
| Alan Nordstrom, <i>No Parade</i>                               | 17 |
| Wilbur Dorsett, <i>The Highway Not Taken</i>                   | 18 |
| Roberta Reed, <i>Silent Still Woods</i> (pen and ink drawing)  | 19 |
| Shawne K. Wickham, <i>The Cry</i>                              | 20 |
| Diane Spalding, <i>Cathedral</i> (etching)                     | 21 |
| Karen Lippold, <i>The Dreaded</i>                              | 22 |
| Sloan Kelly, <i>Temptation</i> (pen drawing)                   | 23 |
| Nancy Notman, <i>Shakespearean Sonnet</i>                      | 24 |
| Barbara J. Hart, <i>Thoughts on Immortality</i>                | 25 |
| Gaye Bounty, (pen and ink drawing)                             | 26 |
| Chuck Donelson, <i>Emergence</i>                               | 27 |
| Tina Pritchard, <i>Departure</i>                               | 28 |
| Virginia Cawley, <i>Boston</i>                                 | 29 |
| Rebecca Eagan, <i>Leah's Affair</i>                            | 30 |
| Roberta Reed, <i>Dusk</i> (watercolor and ink)                 | 31 |
| Charles Bryz-Gornia, <i>untitled</i>                           | 32 |
| John Hill, <i>Fawn</i>                                         | 32 |
| Kyle Rollins, <i>Pens</i> (graphics)                           | 33 |
| Contributors' Notes                                            | 33 |
| Staff (artwork by John Hill)                                   | 34 |

Cover by: John Hill, "Supreme Anaea" (woodcut)

Frontispiece by: Gaye Bounty (pencil drawing)





*Once More Forever*

*Jon Thompson*

# *Who Scattered You Cocky*

Who scattered you cocky to rubble my path --  
Oh, how would our garden grow?  
With shotgun shells and rusty nails,  
And pretty maids, all in a row.

For I can be ivy,  
Can uncrook my leaves  
And lie stark into evening,  
While you --

Seem to be wrung of color --  
A pale, granite smug  
Quite smooth, quite cool,  
Yet untrue---of my nature

My flower, I am pineneedle keen,  
As reckless as dandelion blows.  
And I can be willow, or cling like moss --  
While you're a traditional rose.

You should prefer lily  
Not dandelion weed.  
A more graceful species,  
Less full-seasoned breed.

A sweet-worn companion,  
Not I,  
Heaven knows!  
How freely my garden grows.

*Nancye Ausbon*

# *The Mind*

The mind is complex — — Ideas  
Colliding and contradicting.  
Confused ideas assembled to resemble  
Puzzles . . .

The mind is mediocre — — Ideas  
Meeting and questioning.  
Abstract ideas which assemble to resemble  
Squares and Triangles . . .

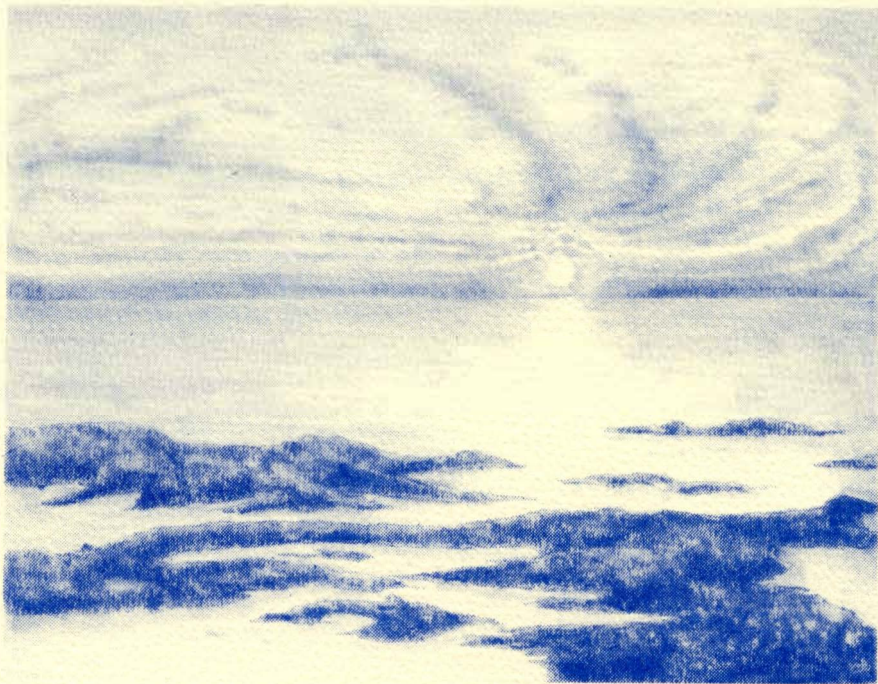
The mind is simple — — Ideas  
Refraining from each other — Affirmative and sure.  
Concrete ideas which assemble to resemble  
Points and Lines.

*Karen Lippold*



# *Wisps of Cloud*

Oh how cold paths of stone  
    yearn for seasons of  
        soft earth and silent still woods  
And man-made beacons  
    dream of a place in the sky  
        where their halo would be wisps of cloud.



*Wisps of Cloud*

*Roberta REED*

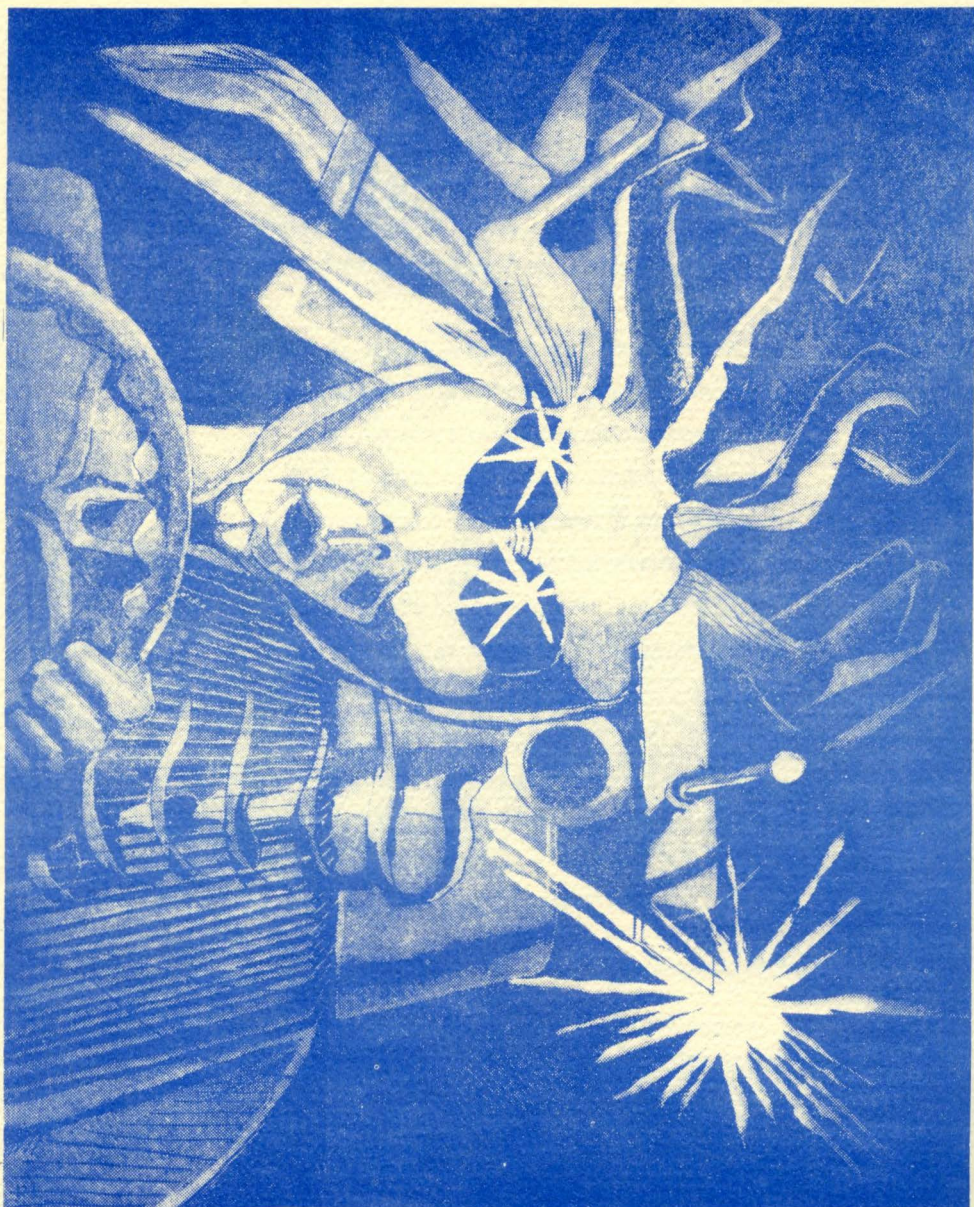
## *Because I am Your Friend*

Because I am your friend and know you well  
(For years your wayward ways I've understood)  
I speak to you in truth and give you hell,  
For apt advice can do you worlds of good.  
Although it pains my heart when I incur  
Your wrath or cause your petty pride to burn,  
It pains me even more to see you err,  
To see your faulty choice at ev'ry turn.  
Your pride may hunger for a crumb of praise  
When some small victory has come your way;  
To praise you without cause would merely raise  
Your hopes and lead to sorrowful dismay.  
My candid criticism must not bend:  
I must be frank because — — I am your friend.

*Wilbur Dorsett*



*Medusa at the Wheel*



*Marvin Giddings*



# Limbo

My mind is confusion today  
as yesterday  
and before.

Conflicting interests, desires  
plague me, I am trapped  
Enclosed I am in a semi-nightmare consciousness of  
a battle  
of

moments of peace  
and self esteem -  
brief

clouds  
vanishing before  
I realize their  
existence

and  
hope -

that I can  
capture and preserve  
those fleeting convictions  
wondering

is it possible  
to preserve a  
cloud?

all those emotions and  
disturbing thoughts  
that I cannot express and  
even those that  
aren't there -  
nevertheless I feel them  
intangible but too real  
invisible but with weight

all Growing  
d is prOpOr t ion ately  
because I've added  
Too Much

Yeast

to the dough.

All warring  
spilling blood  
My blood.

As my body  
appalled and helpless  
feels itself being  
destroyed by my mind.

*Michelle Patnode*



*Jerome and the Lion*

*John Hill*

# *The Judas*

I am he, the Judas.  
Hunted mercilessly down through the ages,  
I am taunted by the callous historian,  
Haunted by the memories I harbor inside forever.

The infinite capacity for suffering in that ageless face  
Magnifies the agony of despair in my soul, and  
I am drowning in the sadness of those all-knowing eyes.

He counsels mercy, forgiveness, and yet  
I know only insufferable guilt and despair.  
Thus, I run, striving to escape the inescapable from which  
Death's harsh reality was only a brief respite.

For until they understand that all have shared my guilt,  
And all must surely share my fate,  
I alone live on forever as the Cursed One of Ages,  
Condemned Satan-seed,  
Heir to Cain,  
Spiller of purest Lamb's-blood,  
He who has slain his brother for love.

All these am I and more, for  
I am he, the Judas.

*Shawne K. Wickham*



# *Spirit*

Walking barefoot on a sunny day  
I see your smile in the sky.  
Playing hopscotch with the little kids  
I hear your voice in the breeze.  
Throwing pebbles in the passing stream  
I feel your closeness next to me.  
    Everyplace I go  
    Everything I do  
Your spirit is with me . . .  
                                forever near me.

*Carla Pepperman*

Like  
    rain  
        falling  
on a summer's day,  
my  
    tears  
        fall  
on a winter's eve.  
I learned my feelings,  
They're deep and unforgettable  
    in reflecting my emotions.  
These particular tears are special;  
    They reflect  
        Happiness,  
The thought of  
    You.

*Pam Clemmons*

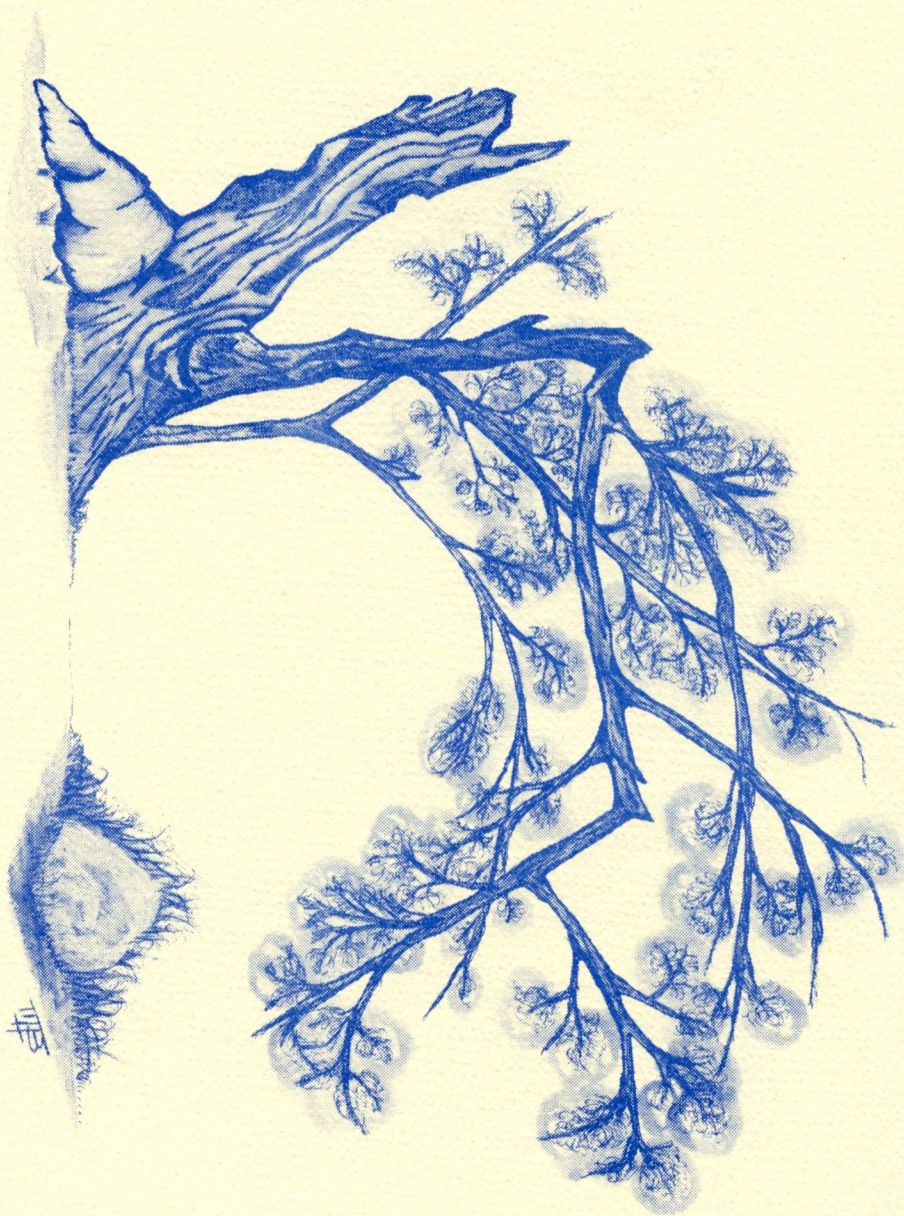
## *The Chosen Few*

We go to crowded halls and bars,  
Thinking like we're movie stars.  
We pair off to the dance floor  
two by two  
Thinking we are the chosen few.

We give them our special names  
for the night  
Playing our little games if we might  
And the lines we've given and the lines we've got,  
Are a little white, if not a lot.  
Being in a stranger's arms can make you feel good;  
You give him your number if you think you should.  
You know that phone won't ring but maybe your luck has changed.  
Dreaming that a date can be arranged  
But the heat can cause one to get burnt  
When you fall the chances are you'll get hurt.  
I've gotten my share of bruises and scars that won't heal  
So you stop the time to see what is real.  
We miss those days we thought were over and through  
And start thinking there's nothing else to do.

So we go to crowded halls and bars  
Acting like we're movie stars  
And we pair off to the dance floor  
two by two  
Thinking we are the chosen few . . .

*Debra Ann Marie*



Mark Bramblett



# *The Dream She Dreamed*

The dream she dreamed  
did not blink and wince  
on waking as most dreams do,  
crawling decently  
like lazy lizards  
back into the eggshell  
of the mind

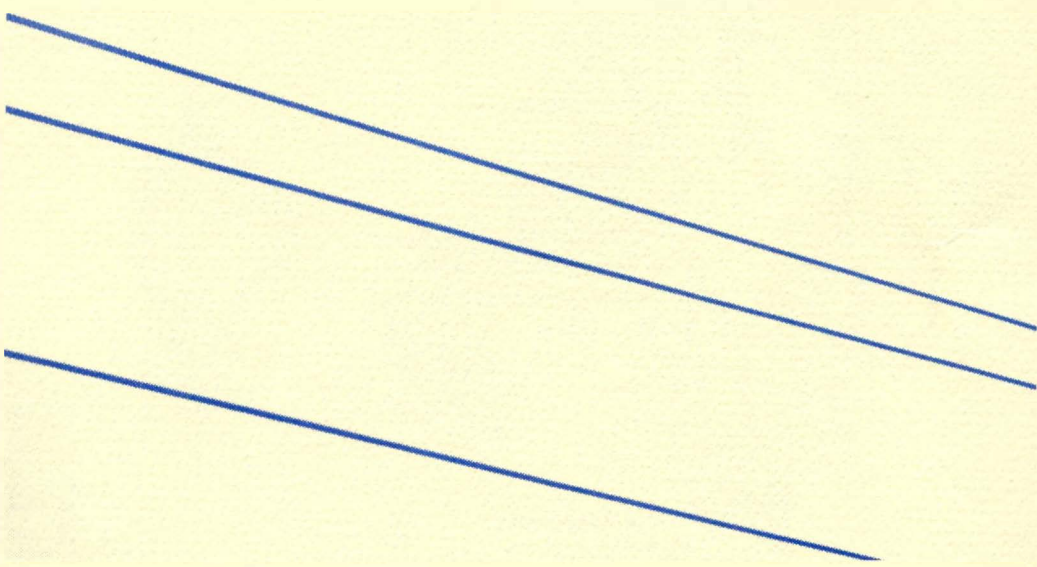
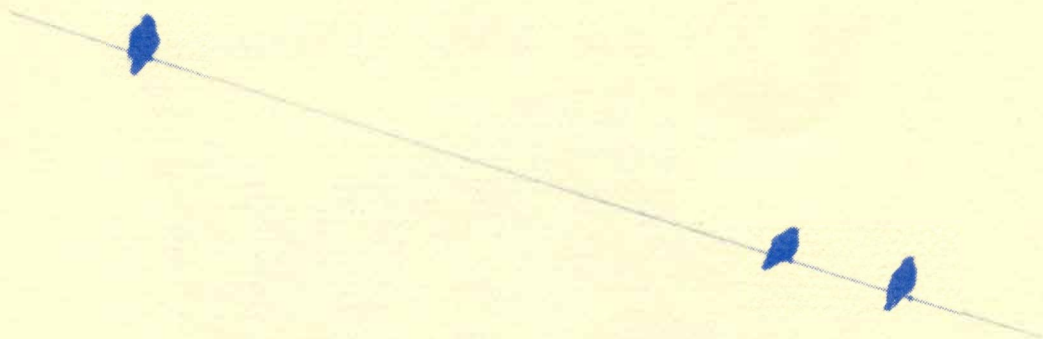
but paced like a dragon,  
postured and mimed  
and worse than any nightmare  
cracked in seven places,  
a humpty dumpty mirror  
hung on the wall of waking.

The dream she dreamed  
showing no reflections,  
pulled itself together  
with a red flannel robe  
ate the sole egg  
poached for breakfast  
rode the ell  
to a job in the mill

and worse than any nightmare  
rode back again,  
and while she watched  
in slow motion,  
usurped her T.V.  
her chair  
her hats  
her head.

It only disappeared  
When she died.

*Barbara J. Hart*



*Birds in Contemplation*

*Robert N. Robinson*

# *Individualism*

The bee-child, testing his mettle,  
whirs from the hive  
on damp propellers,  
fixing his airway southbound  
for a terminus  
swathed in orange;

His last vision of home  
is a cluster of huzz-buzz  
bazzzooooombaazzzooomming into the distance  
and re-alighting, drawing a  
complex of parabolas - - -  
each a mission in loyalty  
to the idle monarch;

Motor-bees  
with racing stripes  
hum-hum themselves into a  
clot of noise  
for her, and the drones  
recline on the honey-court;

Seen through a wax shield  
she is benefactress and lamp,  
her foibles misted,  
while laborers arc  
into a common delusion — — a grave  
littered black and yellow

The rebel thirsts  
after star-blooms,  
pistil and another exotica, his  
legs crusted with the pitch  
of regeneration;

She starts from her dream,  
awed at potent life, and  
numbers her attendants.

*Rebecca Eagan*



## *I. Parade*

Ti-tum, ti-tum,  
The rhythms come,  
The meter grows intense,  
But will it find  
The beat of mind:  
Can music muster sense?

The drumbeat soars  
To metaphors,  
As rhyme aligns the march  
And calls up steps  
Of smart concepts  
Decked out with style and starch.

A rhetoric  
Subtle and quick  
Reticulates the moods,  
Regrouping squads  
Of rude roughshods  
In patterned attitudes.

The column moves  
As form behooves  
With regimented ease.  
While art deploys  
Its marshalled joys  
Paraded forth to please.

*Alan Nordstrom*

## *II. No Parade*

But poetry (he said) is no parade.  
Your ricky-ticky meter's quite all right  
For marching bands or a crude cavalcade  
Of hackneys hoofing through the streets at night.

True verse disguises meter under masks  
Craftily contrived for subtler  
Expression than your metronome, which tasks  
The ear with ticks too sharp and regular.

The rhythm of real poetry pulses  
To the beats of speech, whose measures vary  
With its moods. A sudden lull sometimes says  
More than an insistent sound can carry.

True verse will throb accordingly with hearts;  
This drum-beat stuff belongs to baser parts.

*Alan Nordstrom*

## *The Highway Not Taken*

The hectic highways all diverged at that  
Enormous intersection I approached:  
An octopus of arms, a tangled mat  
Of lanes upon the landscape there encroached,  
A hundred lights then blinded me in blurs;  
A hundred signs all burst upon my brain;  
A dozen vocal aids from passengers;  
A second's time for seeking out my lane.  
Of course, I took the one most travelled by,  
And that made all the difference: I crept  
For extra hours on till night was nigh,  
With extra miles to go before I slept.

Dear Robert Frost, your job was sweet, no sweat:  
To choose in lovely woods where *two* roads met.

*Wilbur Dorsett*





*Silent Still Woods*

*Roberta Reed*

## *The Cry*

Like angry color hastily splashed on a hostile canvas,  
The childscrawl sprawled abruptly on the stonecold wall  
In the icy solitude of the long-unused death camp.

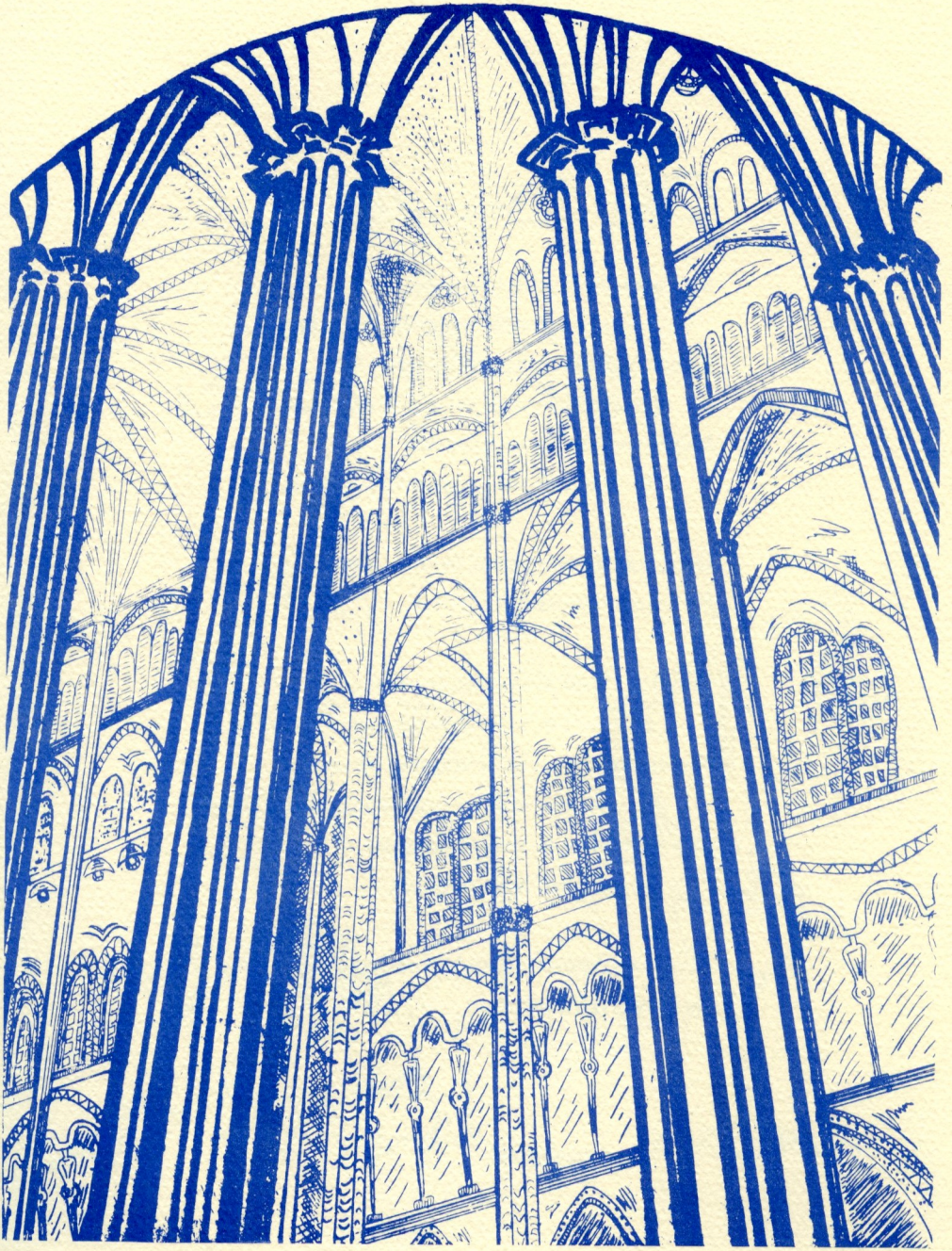
Silent today,  
The echo of those once-constant cries has diminished now,  
Slipping silently into the Lethe-deep river of relaxed conscience.

And yet,  
For the unvoiced screams behind those silently watching words,  
It might just as well have been bloodstains  
There  
On the wall.

(written after seeing the remains of a Nazi prison camp in Oslo, Norway)

*Shawne K. Wickham*





*Cathedral*

*Diane Spalding*



## *The Dreaded*

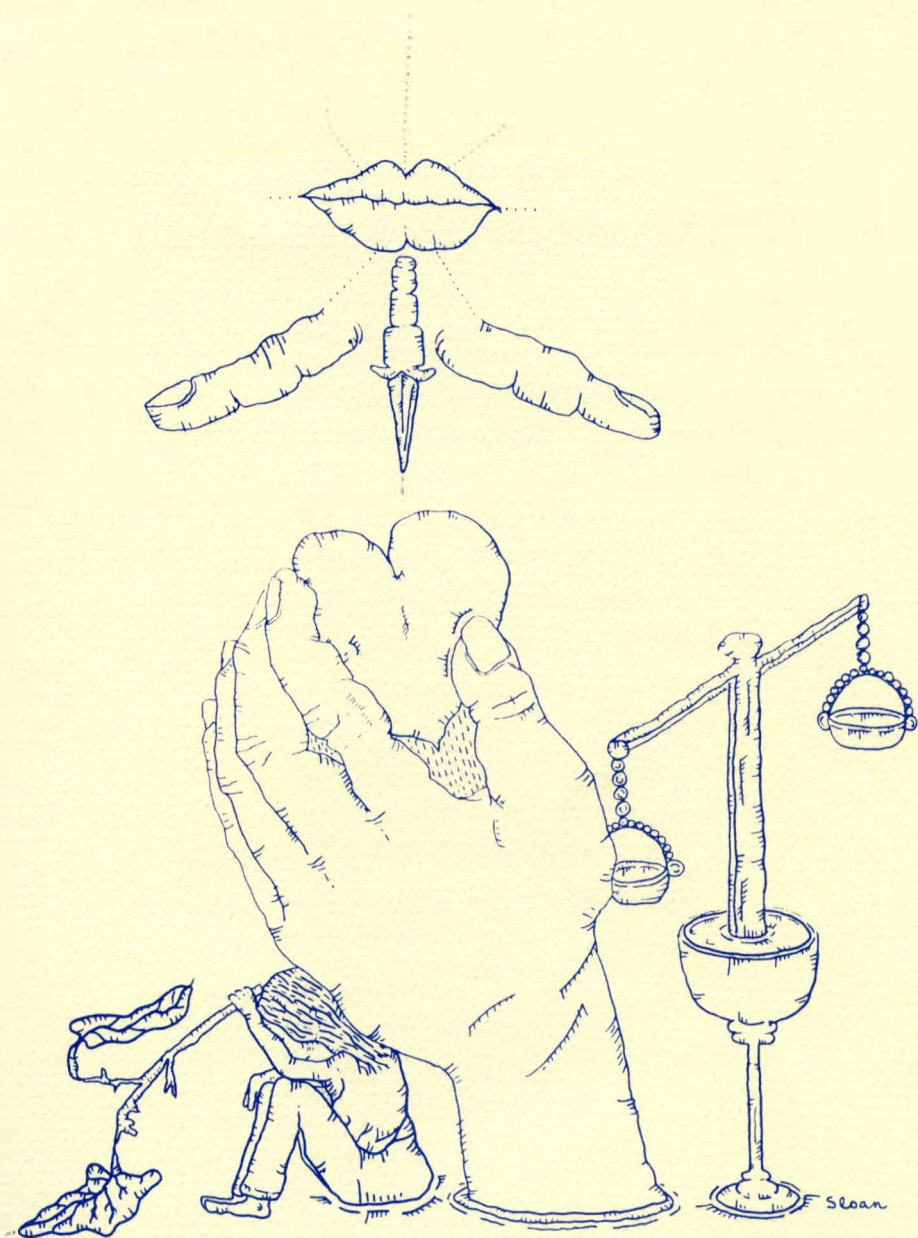
Man is inclined to eat because  
    he does not wish to experience starvation;  
Man is inclined to breath because  
    he does not wish to experience death;  
Man is inclined to love because  
    he does not wish to experience hate;

Does man do everything he does, because  
He dreads the contrary . . . ?

Man is inclined to succeed because  
    he does not wish to experience failure;  
Man is inclined to be courageous because  
    he does not wish to experience cowardliness;  
Man is inclined to ramble because  
    he does not wish to cease;

Does man do everything he does, because  
He dreads the contrary?

*Karen Lippold*



*Temptation Sloan Kelly*

## *Shakespearean Sonnet*

When I'm alone and there's not much to do;  
I sometimes close my eyes and let my mind  
Drift off to dream of people I once knew  
When I was young, the friends I left behind.  
They seem so real it almost makes me cry;  
Where are they now? I meant to keep in touch,  
I did not want a permanent "good-bye;"  
Back then, I didn't think about it much.  
But now they're gone; time seems to go so fast.  
My days are filled with new friends and ideas.  
Old dreams dissolve, I can't relive the past;  
I only have the memory of those years.  
And yet, I wish that somehow they could know  
That though I'm gone, my love has not let go.

*Nancy Notman*



# *Thoughts on Immortality*

Thoughts on Immortality at  
the President's Last Party.

This weak jaw bone would slay  
nothing.

It bobs and wags  
lags at mastication  
induces indigestion  
and whinnies whole flute  
slides of phony laughter.

But think of it flayed,  
mystical, white,  
flanked by snake fangs  
strung on a gut string — —  
adornment fit for priestesses,  
real witches,  
or queens;  
at rest for five —  
thousand years  
elegant in a barrow  
pierced by jade  
set with lapis lazuli.

It takes olives,  
cucumbers with chives  
works with a sideward  
slide  
on dip slathered chips,  
emits cocktail quips  
through bourbon and rocks.

At home it aches  
in the night,  
Nefertiti unaware.

*Barbara J. Hart*



*Gaye Bountly*

## *Emergence*

Emergence,  
Convergence,  
Coming down all around them as the foaming slowly subsides,  
converge,  
emerge,  
changing all the in to the outside.

Born as one unto the sphere,  
waiting on assurance that all is not to fear,  
think fast, think fast!  
Permission has been granted at last.  
Supply the world with promise, ye who have no past.

Formulated from within,  
by varying degrees of kin,  
your origin — — everyone alike,  
annointment through the golden spike.

So sally forth young kings and queens,  
to your preformed realms of undone dreams,  
emerge, diverge,  
leave behind  
the wings of time.

*Chuck Donelson*



## *The Departure*

The waiting room is large with windows on three sides so everyone can see out, and I stood by the window and listened to the wealthy Americans discussing the French Riviera and the dog who travels so well and I board the plane and find my seat and pray that no one will sit in the two seats next to me and no one does and I have lots of room . . .

and the engines whir and we start to move very slowly at first but we pick up speed and I think of Europe and of how much I love it and I wonder when I'll get back and the people across the aisle say hello and I can tell that they are from down south and we talk and we are friends and the pilot says hello over the loudspeaker in French, English, and German and the stewardess gives me a coke and spills a beer and I hold a napkin under the dripping and she is very grateful and we fly over the English Channel and I know that it will be a long flight and I'm not nervous anymore.

*Tina Pritchard*

## *Boston*

We met once more  
in Boston  
on a clear and cloudless day.  
it never should have happened  
on a trip, far away  
from things familiar.  
all by Chance, or Fate?  
wherever lies the reason,  
we were there  
together . . . again  
hand in hand.  
so easy — so natural  
A strange way to begin —  
even odder to be ending  
when everything was  
perfect.  
I miss you now  
I still shed tears  
for times gone by — for futures lost.  
but remembering's a funny thing  
it helps us keep  
what once was ours,  
and even then  
let go.  
And so, you are not gone  
for in my memory  
Always will we stand  
hand in hand.

*Virginia Cawley*

# *Leah's Affair*

Leah envisions a neat breakage  
of albumen by the small  
yellow sculptor,  
His bondage frazzled, his wings  
humid as he undulates  
and covets delivery;

Her psyche has beckoned the face of a lover;  
The apparition leads her  
to mount gilt stairs  
while decorum vacations  
She scuttles like a bantam  
into a wedlock of fountains;  
Lace on lace  
of sprayed fields  
mold her into something half-embodied, sinking;  
Scored by latent knives  
Leah, poor dear, cries lowly and stares  
at the raw afternoon, bathed in ashes;  
The odor of incineration leaks into this and  
succeeding years.

Rupturing disgust  
showers her flesh edifice;  
She has born a dawn  
but fears the inanimate crib.  
Mercy, mercy mercy mercy  
Leah, my child  
There is a confusion of origins  
Furious cylinder beats beneath the lull;

She mistakes for a cradle the back of an enormous bird  
which wallows, slumbers, and rises  
out of all eons  
and into their disparate mirrors.

The bird pulses, then crumples,  
fading as an apprentice to the sun  
Her ritual-sister.

Leah sighs  
and remarks to her husband  
across the centerpiece.

*Rebecca Eagan*



# Dusk

Time revealed its orb'd flower  
And summoned its blooming  
As the sky closed and rested  
Silently into darkness

And its petals  
Drifted through the thick air  
And settled  
Before my feet.

*Roberta Reed*



*Dusk*

June  
Marked minutes  
of long awaited sunbeams  
Spent like pockets full of loose change

July  
Inpromptu nights  
preoccupied  
no moon,  
orange moon,  
yellow moon,  
white.

August's escape  
around the corner  
runaways,  
just the 5 p.m. dives

September Hello  
drowned in good-byes,  
and the rumble  
of steeled feathers

Winter's in the wings

*Charles Bryz-Gornia*



*John Hill*

# Contributors' Notes

NANCYE AUSBON is a Rollins alumna. She resides in Jacksonville, Florida and is the editor of a national magazine for her employer, Seyforth Laboratories, Inc. GAYE BOUNTY is a senior art major and hopes to work in the field of advertising after graduation.

MARK R. BRAMBLETT is a recent pre-med graduate of Rollins (Class of '77) whose hobbies include growing orchids and watercolor painting.

CHARLES BRYZ-GORNIA is a resident of the Bush Science Center majoring in Pre-Medicine. This amateur poet is interested in competitive rowing, smiles, and autumn leaves.

VIRGINIA CAWLEY is a freshman here at Rollins. She hopes to major in one of the helping fields - possibly Special Education. She enjoys expressing herself creatively through both art and poetry.

PAM CLEMMONS is a freshman from South Daytona, Florida, who writes poetry only when inspired. She is majoring in Spanish and German, attempting a career as an interpreter.

CHUCK DONELSON is a Rollins alumnus who worked on the **Brushing** staff while at the College. His poetry has appeared in **Brushing** before.

WILBUR DORSETT is an English professor at Rollins College, whose hobby is writing: writing sonnets and writing in red on students' test papers.

REBECCA E. EAGAN is a writer/illustrator whose physical roots are in Florida but whose spiritual ones lie elsewhere. (Cue: where it is wide and arid!) She is presently residing in Winter Park to procure her Master's Degree in English, and eventually hopes to publish children's books.

MARVIN GIDDINGS is a senior art major with little or nothing to say about himself.

BARBARA J. HART is a freelance writer whose work has appeared in several Florida publications. A nine-year Winter Park resident, she received a P.F. (Post-Family) degree in Creative Writing from F.T.U. in 1975.

JOHN EDWARD HILL is a junior art major with special interests in Philosophy and Religion. Born and raised in Orlando, he attended V.C.C. prior to transferring to Rollins.

SLOAN KELLY is a sophomore triple-majoring in English, Art and Education. She plans to teach after graduation.

KAREN LIPPOLD is a freshman who entered the Rollins scene as a Theatre major but who is thinking of tripping off the stage and becoming an English major. Through her poetry, short stories, articles and novels, she hopes to become a professional writer someday...SOON.

DEBRA ANN MARIE is a freshman at Rollins who has enjoyed writing poetry since she was young. She would someday like to write a book on the poems she has composed.

NANCY NOTMAN is a senior English major whose specific interests are creative writing and journalism.

ALAN NORDSTROM's one vice is writing verse as a diversion from reading verse, which diverts him from writing verse, and vice versa. His one virtue (some say) is teaching English at Rollins.

MICHELLE PATNODE is a sophomore French major and a member of the Fine Arts House. She will be studying at the Sorbonne this spring.

CARLA PEPPERMAN, a freshman at Rollins, is a pre-law major. She was an editor of her high school's literary magazine and she likes nothing better than reading and writing creative verse and prose.

TINA PRITCHARD is a junior whose major is area communications with a business concentration. She lives in Princeton, N.J., and writes "just for fun."

ROBERTA G. REED is a senior Physics major who retains her sanity by dabbling in the arts in her free time (between 3 and 6 a.m.).

BOB ROBINSON is a Renaissance man in the truest sense of the word. A man with noble visions and desires. A man to whom the college owes a great deal: a great deal of praise, admiration and money!

KYLE KRISTI ROLLINS is a sophomore member of the Holt House Program, combining Communications with Art as a major and with future goals in advertising and/or commercial art. She is from the central Florida area and is currently working with a commercial artist in Winter Park.

DIANE SPALDING's art has appeared in **Brushing** before.

JON THOMPSON is a junior communications major who is planning to work in the field of advertising. His photography has previously appeared in **Brushing**.

SHAWNE K. WICKHAM is a senior English major with the career goal of newspaper journalism. She loves Steinbeck novels, New York City, Paul Simon music, and a neurotic eighty-pound collie named Tawny.



# Staff

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MARJORIE A. MARTIN  
MICHELLE A. PATNODE  
ROBERTA REED, *Art Editor*  
KAREN THOMPSON  
SHAWNE K. WICKHAM, *Editor*



John Hill - etching

*Volume 7 No. 1*

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