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1978

# BRUSHING

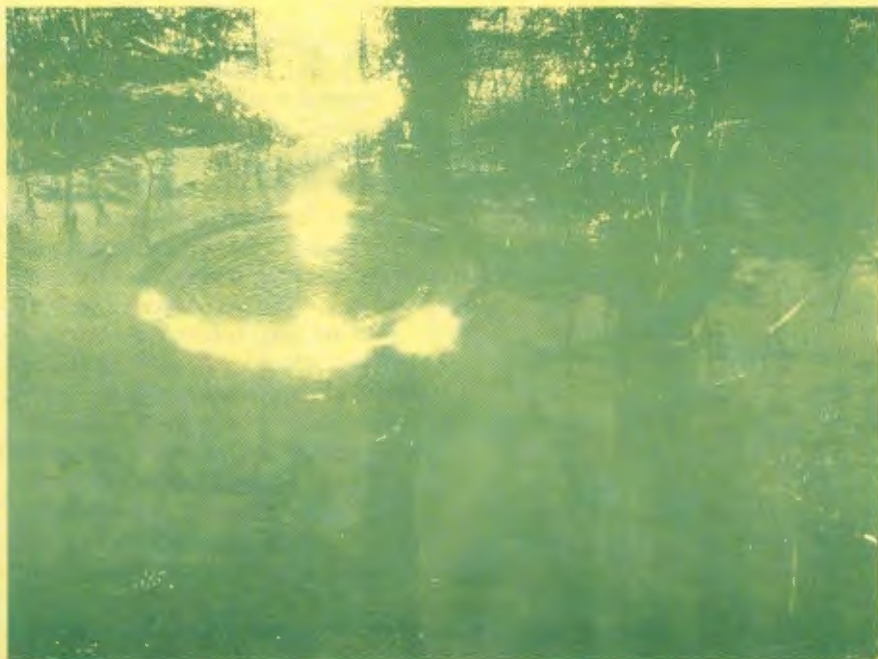




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# BRUSHING

SPRING, 1978



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Cover by: Roberta G. Reed (pen and ink wash in the style of  
Chang Tach'ien)

Frontispiece by Stephen Reydel, *Reflections* (photograph)



# Once Again



When the sun fades behind dark clouds  
as a sense of storm thickens before it,  
Few raindrops seek union in the rippling of a pond.

But when the rain ceases and excitement is absorbed  
by the somber earth,  
Would one dare waken out into rain again?

*Roberta G. Reed*

## *The Party*

I am sorry my eyes  
Shatter when I see you.  
When I bow  
    my head,  
the pieces fall to  
    my lap  
like decorations from  
your birthday cake.

## *On Buying Green Gravel at the Pet Store*

You are lucky  
little kitten. You  
can see what  
separates you  
from love. It's  
just  
a pane of glass.

*Brad Perkins*

# Street Dreams: II

- 1     In a morning bright with bleached bones,  
      or in a dream dealing with fatalities,  
      I go along speaking my old languages,  
      where reserve is saved for love  
      and other foreign places,  
  
      and where my fingers can wrap themselves  
      around syllables once thought lost  
      to the winter, and breath,  
      lots of breath to shout and turn my stories  
      towards the sun;  
      to make the new words alive within my breath,  
      and within the dreams created by my breath.
- 2     In the noise of the street  
      I search for a touch that will become an end,  
      but there is no search,  
      and no end that I am satisfied with.  
      This is Florida, far from the heart  
      of the country, a flat land that plays  
      a good joke on someone everyday;  
      a land where I walk under arbors of grey moss,  
      around alligators and their gaping jaws,  
      through the sword palms  
      stabbing their leaves into my flesh;  
      Singing, searching,  
      searching with my hands  
      under stagnant water,  
      I place my feet on this flat land,  
      and with them exercise every night  
      through my dreams;  
      on my streets.
- 3     I hear my song because I have found  
      my breath,  
      my insistent way of saying that every day  
      gets shorter and older now,  
      that the only placid parts left  
      are street dreams;  
      Fearful, hesitant,  
      singing high from the palm trees.

*Madeleine Deiningen*





*The Three Probes*

*Sandra Smith*

*Life*

Life is a voyage,  
A cycle of seemingly never ending hours  
or  
days.  
There are detours and throughways,  
Places of peace  
and  
places of complete disorder,  
But everywhere one goes,  
There are and side roads  
ruts  
Leading on for an indefinite distance.  
One may find his way into a catacomb of tunnels  
Never finding his  
way out.  
Others may find some haven  
or  
place of solitude,  
And stay until it is time to journey forward again.  
Some  
may even  
find a throughway which they will travel on  
forever,  
Stopping  
on a side road  
now and then,  
But never going far from that  
seemingly  
endless throughway,  
Which they will follow until the end;  
However,  
no matter where one  
travels  
The end of their journey will come,  
Whether it may be short  
or  
long,  
The end is inevitable. . . . .

Karen Thompson

# *Strophe/Antistrophe/Epode*

## *Time and Tide*

I read of genius and the early fame  
Of bards immortalized in histories,  
Their titles clear, secure in time's acclaim,  
Deft masters of their artful mysteries.  
Yet I wade on and every slipping year  
Leaves little in its wake to trace my way;  
At twenty, thirty, forty soon, I fear,  
No markers on the flood may tell my stay.  
Some neat iambics or a trick of verse  
Might then amuse a grandson glancing back,  
But one more generation must submerge  
My lines, and memory of me go black.  
Should afterwards this sonnet seize your eyes,  
Know now I live and gulping time despise.

## *Life and Art*

Old theme, old theme; we've heard that all before:  
How verse preserves from ravages of age  
The glory of a bard, past waste, past war,  
Past all posterity of mortal rage.  
Yet who was Homer, Aeschylus, or Pope?  
Tut, mortal men and nothing now but dust.  
Alive in verse? That's wish beyond wild hope.  
They're dead and cold as any marble bust.  
What glory lives lies not in men but art,  
In mind transforming language into life,  
In sound recounted on the pulsing heart,  
In images remembered through all strife.  
Protest no more that in your verse you'll live,  
But to immortal art your whole life give.

## *Fame and Air*

Ah, now remember Shakespeare, and despair:  
He too conversed of time and fame, yet then,  
At last, he let it all pass into air,  
Thin air, and drowned his book of shadowed men.  
He took no thought of fair posterity  
And made his plays for but his teeming age;  
That age allowing due prosperity,  
"Content," he said: "The stage and not the page."  
His art was air, mere words upon the winds,  
Just gestures of impassioned souls as swift  
And clear as sight, which soon black night rescinds;  
His only honor air, and air his gift.

Stop. Ponder that with awe: the greatest mind  
Unmindful of all time, to glory blind.

*Alan Nordstrom*



*Cherub*

*John Hill*



# *She Feels Life*

She Feels  
and is felt;

She is the essence  
of the earth and  
Knows no fear.

She hears  
and is heard;

Her words  
defy the very vibrations  
of sound.

She sees  
and is seen;

For no-body  
knows  
these troubles

She tastes  
and has tasted  
the bitter-sweetness  
of life.

*Donna Seals*

# *Still Life Composition at 3:00 A.M.*

(Copyright 1978 by B. J. Hart)

From the kitchen couch  
I watch a big  
palmetto roach  
notch along  
on patent pending legs.  
He gains footholds in my house  
on the still life  
set up on the counter:

The twelve cup tea pot  
white, with mended spout;  
a basket of bananas,  
beginning to turn black;  
a dozen prints of Dale's  
first born, in kodacolor

This yeasty stillness  
set to rise by the wee hours  
in my closed up kitchen  
where the outdoors  
sees in through tight glass,  
sans treetoad croon  
sans even the tick  
of the moon's hitch,  
weighs like the innards  
of a bomb;

or,

except for this bug's  
quick food finds,  
the hope his feelers  
wave, except for the skitch  
of his thorny feet,  
this room is a vacuum  
sans movement  
sans sound  
sans emotion  
the kind of stillness  
that bodes ill,  
might well implode.

What has he saved me from?  
The event of a blast,  
or life in the earth?  
That would be welcome loud  
with grubs clicking  
roots sipping  
rain trickling.

Life could be nowhere more still  
than this arranged around me,  
once the ground  
for teeming portrait poses  
(Say cheese everybody.  
Now clink your glasses of pinot  
noir as if it's our last  
communion: SNAP!)  
The camera tongues them out  
they bloom, dry,  
petals for the family album  
pressed against this  
same still life:

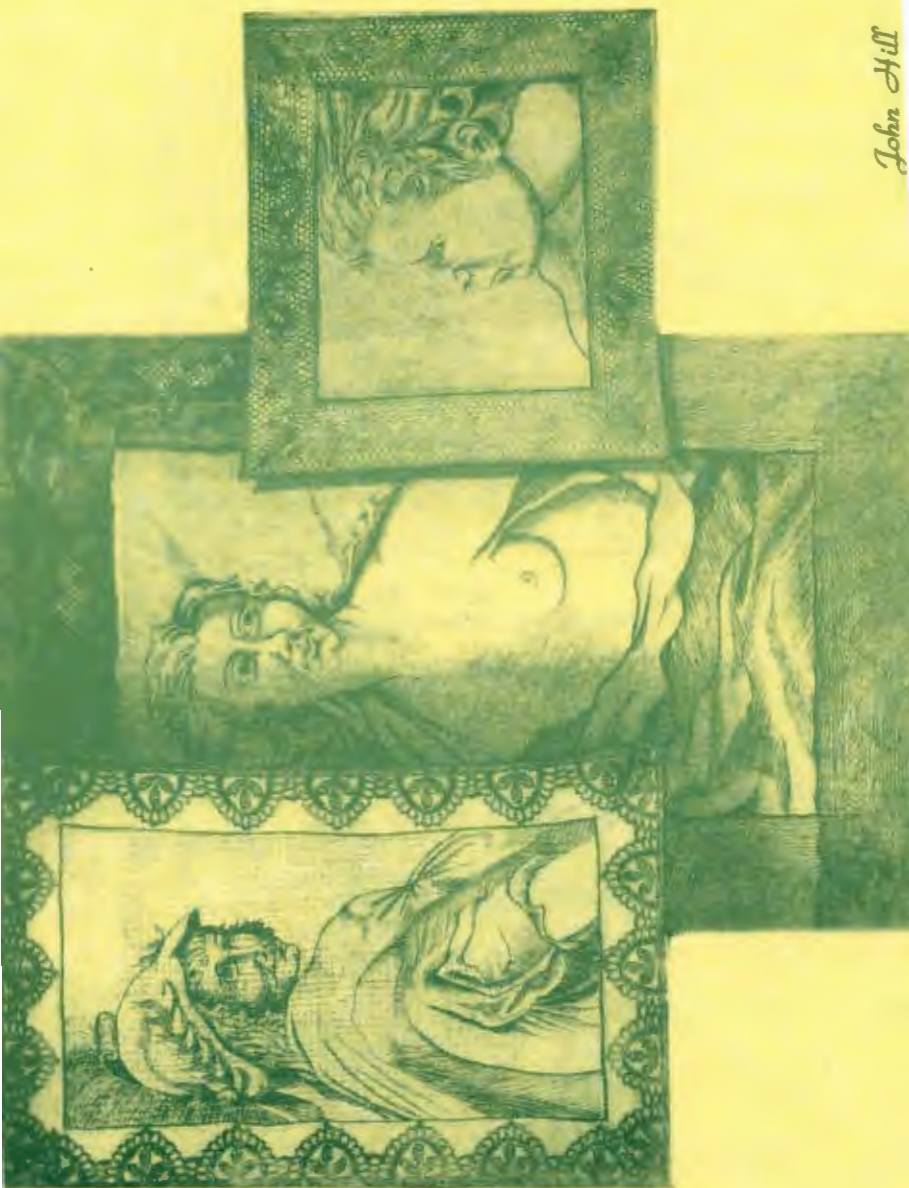
cowhide couch, mute tables  
silent magazines and books,  
salt shaker, sugar bowl  
napkins creased  
like good kids  
who wait in church  
with folded hands  
for Sunday afternoon  
to start.

If my cockroach should  
eat his fill,  
if he should depart,  
if this stillness  
by his absence  
should detonate,

why,

mold, I guess  
would sprout on the debris  
quick on the bright red lips  
of those striped cups  
hung on the mug tree;  
tender ivy tendrils reach  
through splintered doors  
and close the vacant  
eyes of the windows;  
moss recover  
this still  
sturdy stuff  
like new skin.

Then even a cockroach  
if he strayed here  
would think to tip-toe  
through quiet nests  
of skillets and pans  
of bowls and spoons  
that the family used,  
aware of the absolute ash  
in the bone-white stove.





Our minds are now filled with broken  
Memories . . .  
Memories of our youth -- drifting throughout  
Our minds -- constantly being faded by the  
Wings of Time . . .  
But there are more than the memories of  
Youth. . . There are youth's symbols of eternal  
Truth. . . and the symbols of dream.  
These are a few enchantments of our heart's  
Rememberings . . .  
One must think of one's life as an  
Unfolding Bud . . .  
Unfolding with each passing morning;  
Taking on a deeper colour and  
New dimensions each day.  
Our spirit moves  
Yet stays;  
Stirs as a blossom stirs  
Slowly unfolding . . .  
Playing with the light of life.  
Within these new dimensions, one encounters  
Time . . .  
From this . . . things blossom.  
The beauty of developed flowers grows with  
Time . . .  
Just as the beauty of your life will grow with  
Time . . .  
But life is not so sweet and passionate as this poem.  
For man was born both  
Possessive and Skeptical.  
Skeptical of compliments and criticism.  
Yes . . . this is man.  
You are made to yield to life's realities . . .  
But you must also adhere to your dreams.  
For without dreams life is an empty stream.  
When dreams go, Life is not a  
Friend . . . But a  
Foe!

*Karen Lippold*

# *Death on Semoran*

He lies, light fading from open eyes,  
While the crowd herds, cowlike,  
To see him die.

He no longer hears their lowing,  
Nor the throaty roar of the motorcycle.  
It lies on its side in the weeds,  
Panting, exhausted after bucking him.  
Someone puts it out of its misery.

He's gone. The helmet left behind  
Rolls back and forth, blown by gusts from cars  
Passing on oil-stained pavement.

*B. H. Hutter*



*Evening*

*Robert Cole*

# Strawberries

from *To Speak of Oneself*

Writing about raspberries in *The New Republic* Charles Fenyesi claims that this light-as-a-kiss fruit, beloved by bears, is a child's fruit. This he supports by detailing the romances of discovery and the corresponding associations of childhood, and earth in bloom, that lodge in the memories of all who were foragers of fruit in their youths.

My earliest recollections of fruit are located in the fields and orchards behind the Homeplace. These fields picked up where the rose garden and truck patch left off, and ran all the way to the woods. In Delaware, strawberries ripened in May and the excitement began when my Father carted several pieces of lumber to the edge of the field where he erected a makeshift ticket station.

I remember kneeling in the soft dirt between strawberry rows, a small wooden tray of berry baskets beside me. I had been taught how to lay the leaves gently aside in order to expose the fruit as it nestled there in every stage of ripeness. One must never pick the green and white berries, not even if they had a blush of deep red. It was tempting to do so, for a five-year-old wanted to fill up a basket fast in order to collect a ticket for pay just like the pickers who had come from town to help harvest the crop.

When my Delaware relatives learned I was moving to Florida, they launched into Florida strawberry stories. One cousin had, as a child, made annual treks to Plant City (Berry Kingdom of the South) where his father was a distributor. Since those days as a youngster in the strawberry patch, my own life had been strawberry poor. The fruit we bought in our Upstate New York supermarkets did not even resemble the berries I remembered. Therein, Florida might have redeemed herself.

But one devastating strawberry season followed the next. The berries were often beautiful - enormous and very red; I couldn't wait to "sugar down" the first basket I bought. But their flavor had been sacrificed to size and the juicy Blakemore variety we grew on the Homeplace soon became the focus of my ever-expanding strawberry mythology. Every year Steve listened to my tirades of loss - his own indignation tempered by lack of comparison. "The strawberry of a poet's childhood tastes better than just about anything in the whole world," he observed at dinner one evening. In the delicacy and astuteness of his comment I nearly rested my case.



In the work of the great Symbolists we can find an illumination of that difficult struggle towards the interior. "Natural things," Baudelaire thought "exist only a little." But what did exist, was in excess, then transformed in a symbollic exchange of landscape: outer for inner.

Although it is true - this inferiority of the present-day strawberry — my passion is aroused not so much by the loss of taste as by the recollection of abundance. The world of those berries that for a short space of time was "real" has vanished. I know in my yearly bother at the produce market that I am actually reciting a rosary of riches: a small black cash box chock full of worn claim tickets, the peopled fields and the strain of berry juice on front and behind; that **smell** - a faint musk of over ripe fruit, and two parents about. It was the World before worry began.

*Jean West*



Go into church and stand and sit and stand and sit and stand and

and kneel and repent and stand and rejoice and go out of church and kick and bite and push and

kneel and repent and stand and drink and eat my body and kneel and repent and stand

and rejoice and stand and sit and stand and sit and stand and sit

“ . . . and the kingdom and

the power and  
the glory shall live

forever and  
ever

Amen.”

*Alison Lee*



*The Egyptian*

*Diane Spalding*

# To Equus

Dance bastard  
Dance until you cry then  
Dance until you can't cry  
but keep Dancing Dancing  
    until he looks like everyone  
    until everyone looks like no one  
    until no one is there  
    watching you

Dance until you cry then  
Dance until you can't cry  
but keep Dancing Dancing  
    until you can sleep  
    until sleep is everything  
    until everything is nothing  
    letting you

Dance until you cry then  
Dance until you can't cry  
but keep Dancing Dancing  
    until you can laugh  
    until laughter brings tears  
    until tears wash away pain  
    making you

Dance until you cry then  
Dance until you can't cry  
but keep Dancing Dancing  
    until you can ride  
    until riding kills the horse  
    until the horse falls  
    watching you

Dance until you cry then  
Dance until you can't cry  
but keep Dancing Dancing  
Bastard  
Until you die.

*Brad Perkins*

## *For Anne Sexton*

Detroit monster, warm your engine,  
Welcome me.  
Buckle, belt and swallow me.  
I know my eyes don't shine like yours  
Nor does my shrill squeal frighten passers by.  
No man has laid me  
Miles of roads on which to run or lights  
To tell me when to stop.  
I have no bells or buzzers, blinkers guiding me.  
There is no one.  
I do not come  
Equipped like you with shock absorbers,  
Four speeds, reverse or guarantees.  
When it is cold in me there is no  
Antifreeze  
    or  
If too hot, a top that will come down.  
Oh how I envy  
The ease with which you come and go,  
    Swerve and speed, whiz by with no hello  
Then stop.  
    And sit.  
They let you be alone.  
Mechanical God, absorb me.  
**Let's** show them how alike we are —  
We can travel time together  
    Scream and sing and carry on  
Then suddenly, we'll crash,  
    And tiny bits of broken glass  
    Will shatter their illusion  
    And they will come to this conclusion—  
    Alike indeed:  
        Both driven and both gone.

*Nancy Notman*



# *A Springtime Serenade*



This spring I'm going to  
slip out of this hole,  
unravel my stem,  
let loose with my leaves,  
blossom with radiance,  
and stimulate my roots  
with *sweet, sweet wine*.

*Sloan Kelly*





*Jenny*

*Roberta G. Reed*

Inspire me  
but cast no shadows  
for me to fill,  
for as I traverse  
the corridors of time,  
I journey on my own  
in my own way  
and not in the darkness  
of others.

*Janet Williams*

Hang it all Sordello! there must be some way  
non-polyglots can find vocation.  
Your friend can pound his way to the top  
by thirty anos  
And because of him I have to add at least ten.  
So he churned the sea!?  
Simple math counts the waves  
And in four weeks,  
Maybe no longer than thirty days,  
Each pattern learned—  
But because of him I have to add at least ten.

*John Sines*





*Jerry Young*

# Flight

A nest:

lodged in the crevice of a steep cliff,  
a lee of the wind,  
sheltered in a rock-walled cove.

A nest:

Where I grew in mind, body and soul,  
Gaining valuable instruction of how to fly,  
to cope with the winds of life.  
But not really understanding,  
being sheltered in the cove.

First flutterings:

first feeble attempts to stretch  
my minute wingspan fully,  
To launch from the warm, protected nest,  
to fly, all by myself,  
to learn the basics,  
the fundamentals of flying in the elements of nature.  
To encounter danger,  
but still protected by the watchful eye of the mother bird.  
One who has encountered the dangers  
and takes the brunt of windy days —  
flying before me, letting me fly  
in the draft of her mighty wingspread.  
One who is observant,  
ever-ready to sweep down and catch me,  
save me from being dashed to pieces  
on the jagged rocks of the base of the cliff.

A bird,

nearing maturity  
hearkening to the call of nature.  
Realizing that the time has come when,  
putting aside all fears,  
I must leave the sheltered cove;  
the cove that has given many growing experiences,  
a cove that I have outgrown physically and mentally.  
The time has come for me to arch my full wingspread  
and fly from the environment of safe security  
into the wind-tossed world —  
besieged with dangers,  
alone.

Yet not alone:  
for as my Father's eye is on the sparrow,  
I'm sure He is watching, guiding, protecting me.  
Letting me encounter dangers,  
but ensuring that I am not over-whelmed;  
Lovingly observing my growth,  
Always there when I'll need Him

*Sharlene Tompkins*



*Terry Young*



# Child of the Universe

## I. We are the frisbee generation:

Soaring carelessly over all

Until struck down by some unavoidable law,

And landing breathlessly on the surprisingly hard earth —

Only to be tossed up again on the next breeze:

Weightless, and ever soaring.

## II. Bruise-colored clouds on November death-day

As slaughtered people-guide makes for broken hope-thoughts.

And there will likely be taunting red scars on her widow's black forever;

While sun-blond salt-tanned sandlovers chant sea and summer joysongs,

And weren't we all just misplaced California dreamers?

## III. Millions watched gleaming black-and-white picture boxes

As that one giant step for us all leapt into our homes,

Awing us with the suddenly opening door of potentiality.

Simultaneously, millions took many much-smaller steps,

Crusading for other causes in an airless land:

Black and white pictures, unspectacular, often unremarked,

Yet in their own way just as daring, just as shining,

As that one much-heralded tread.

## IV. I remember well angry songs, seawater tears and pleading cries

Against the unjust, unjustifiable waste of so such so-needed life-potential.

My sister and I, too young to understand it all—yet understanding it all  
the more for our kleenex-white ignorance.

And still I remember the songs — we shall overcome.

And then, a steel-cold Massachusetts night in mid-January:

A burning candle shedding hopeful light onto a ravaged people.

Awe-filled voices and muted peace-songs spilled restrainedly from a  
walnut radio, hardly daring to believe.

Alone with quiet tears that it was finally over.



- V. Gary Gilmore decides on today's market price for a lifetime  
While the ebony-vestured mothers and widows weep over the slain  
And the grim-faced fathers uselessly strive to console and to  
comprehend.

And they killed Ethel Rosenberg, while the greatest traitor of  
them all greedily drains yet more blood-money from the  
mindless betrayed, and sits

Laughing at all the clowns in the great circus.

Ah, let there be a hell just for such creatures!

- VI. Today, in the west side of New York City, a young woman gave  
birth to quintuplets

As the sun groped its already-weary way through the dust ---

Dust born of scrawny alleycats, desperate Sterno-quaffers and  
lonely old men who use the daily *Times* only as a cold  
fender.

The infants are small, but still determinedly idealistic as they win  
their own quiet struggle for self;

The young mother slumbers peacefully.

And so may we all:

the ever-dreamers,

the yet-idealistic,

the still-remembering.

We *are* the frisbee generation.

*Shawne K. Wickham*

# *Revelation of a Slaying*

I, the mad epicure, taste of your final poison  
a certain vigor, a lapping of your trail-spots;  
And ha! Your paste-face will blue itself  
into an isolate crysalis  
beyond this choir.

But don't wed yourself to the wall's nakedness  
for your face is half-shadowed  
and I can't quite kiss the lids of your death.

If I focus on the springs of forsythia  
opposing the light-darts,  
I will cherish, en absentia  
your flowery demise.

And if once you were for me a symbol,  
that premise has diminished into a laugh which  
nudges me into a vat of pearls.

*Rebecca Eagan*



*Roberta G. Reed*

# *In All Fairness*

Curious.

As the showers  
shyly  
gently  
carefully  
bathe the world,

Those magnanimous trees  
offer refuge for those who prefer  
dryness.

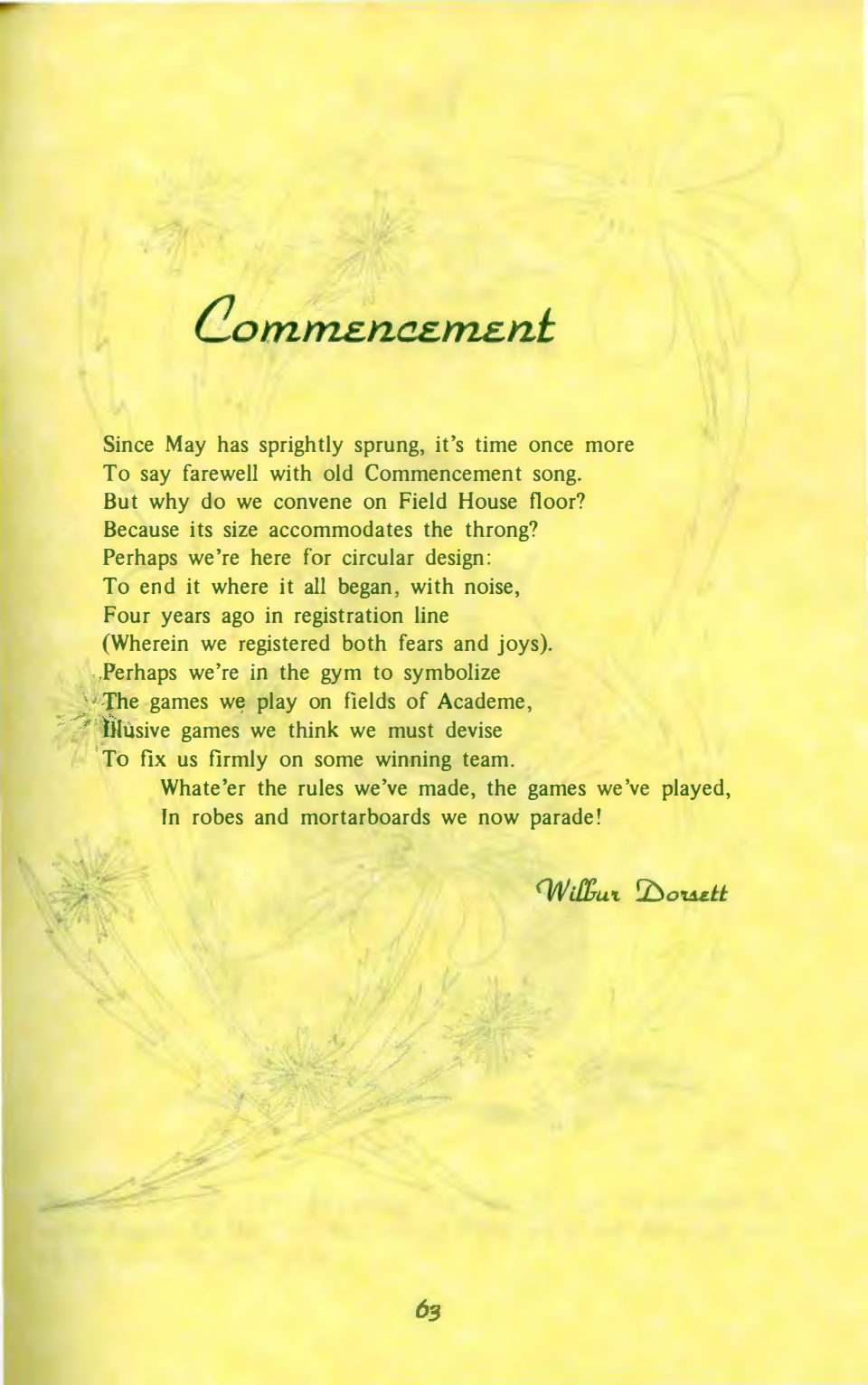
Yet,  
when the showers  
cease  
due to the persistence  
of the wind and the sun,

Those ever generous trees  
offer another soft shower  
in all fairness to those who prefer  
rainfall,

As they release  
the rain so carefully caught  
in their young leaves.

*Michelle A. Patnode*





## *Commencement*

Since May has sprightly sprung, it's time once more  
To say farewell with old Commencement song.  
But why do we convene on Field House floor?  
Because its size accommodates the throng?  
Perhaps we're here for circular design:  
To end it where it all began, with noise,  
Four years ago in registration line  
(Wherein we registered both fears and joys).  
Perhaps we're in the gym to symbolize  
The games we play on fields of Academe,  
Illusive games we think we must devise  
To fix us firmly on some winning team.

Whate'er the rules we've made, the games we've played,  
In robes and mortarboards we now parade!

*Wilbur Dorsett*

# *Staff*

Clyde Clark  
Alison Lee  
Karen Lippold  
Marjorie A. Martin  
Roberta G. Reed, Art Editor  
Karen Thompson  
Ric Waldman  
Shawne K. Wickham, Editor



*John Hill*

**Thanks:** The 1977-1978 **Brushing** staff would like to express its warm thanks to the Rollins College Print Shop for its help and advice over the past year.

## Contributors' Notes

WILBUR DORSETT is an English professor at Rollins, who has recently published a book of poetry entitled **Shards: A Scatter of Sonnets**.

REBECCA EAGAN is a Winter Park resident who expects to be "answering the 'call of the wild' soon in either Havasupai, or L.A., or Dead Swede, Wyoming, where I will continue to write and write until I write right."

BARBARA J. HART is a Winter Park writer. Her work has appeared in **Brushing** before.

JOHN EDWARD HILL is a senior art major with special interests in philosophy and religion. Born and raised in Winter Park, he attended V.C.C. prior to transferring to Rollins.

BETTIE HUTTER received a B.A. degree in English from F.T.U. in 1972. Since December 1973, she has worked at the Mills Library at Rollins as the Reference Assistant in charge of Floridiana and Government Documents.

SLOAN KELLY is a sophomore who is triple-majoring in English, Art and Education.

ROSLYN LAWSON is a senior music/voice major at Rollins. Her major goals are to obtain her Master's and Doctorate Degrees in Music, and to go into opera and concert appearances on the professional level.

ALISON LEE (1956--?) is a student of accidentalism.

KAREN LIPPOLD is a freshman who is majoring in English and Anthropology. Through her poetry, short stories, articles and novels, she hopes to become a professional writer.

ALAN NORDSTROM, who teaches English at Rollins, believes one-half of what he sees, one-fourth of what he reads, and nothing of what he writes, including this.

NANCY NOTMAN is a senior English major who hopes to graduate in May and someday be a renowned poet.

MICHELLE PATNODE is an Honors Degree French major who is studying at the Sorbonne this term. She has been appointed **Brushing** editor for 1978-1979, and is wished much luck from this year's staff.

BRAD PERKINS is a senior English major (...who has been known to exhibit astounding bursts of creativity -- except on the occasion of writing **Brushing** Contributors' Notes ... Ed.)

ROBERTA REED is an artist any time she's not eating, sleeping and thinking physics.

DONNA SEALS is presently enrolled in the graduate program in education. She performs as an actress/dancer in her spare time, and would like to work at FTU on a communications and performing arts summer project.

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DIANE E. SPALDING is wrapped up in her work, but finds time to unwind by studying Egyptology. She has her mummy to thank for it all.

SHARLENE TOMPKINS is a freshman pre-med major who is currently residing in the Bush Science Center. She enjoys a variety of outside activities - among them biking and reading.

JEAN WEST. During a fall term sabbatical, Jean was able to bring near completion to **Speak of Oneself**. She has been working on the book of autobiographical reflections since 1975.

SHAWNE K. WICKHAM is a senior English major, and a member of the Fine Arts House. She will be studying journalism at New York University next year, and would like to take this opportunity to dedicate her work on **Brushing** to all of those who have made her college years beautiful.

JANET WILLIAMS, a freshman pre-med major who enjoys sports and writing, believes that even Bush Babies can have a tan.

TERRY YOUNG is a freshman History major who likes to dabble in aesthetic creativiyy through pen and ink.

## *Volume 7 No. 2*

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