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Brushing
Fall, 1978

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Cover by: John Hill (pen and ink)

Frontispiece by: Preston Willingham (woodblock)



Richard Colvin

I Do Not

I do not believe in insanity,
Only the madness of imagination,
The fire of passion. . .
I am sane.

I do not believe in God,
Only the being of mortals;
The existence of our minds. . .
I am me.

I do not believe in darkness,
Only the absence of light;
The darkness of understanding. . .
I see light.

I do not believe in sound,
Only the language of silence;
The mirror of the mouth. . .
I am silent.

But as I sit here alone,
I wonder
About that which I do not believe in . . .
About fallacy.

Karen Lippold

Look Again

When the sky
tired of its pure blue
takes on cantelope's orange and rosebud's pink,
adds heaven's own intensity,
blends these and
the dusk weighs heavy above,

the tree stands bravely,
its fragile soul bare
with no protection from the wind
and human insensitivities.

Black ink sketch against a watercolor sky
cries,

“Take care my friends,
or the delicacy of the design
will be lost
to you who decry wintertime trees.”

Michelle Patnode



Parker Dulany

The Price

*"Lessons learned are like bridges burned;
You only need to cross them but once.
Is the knowledge gained worth the price of the pain?
Are the spoils worth the cost of the hunt?"*
--Dan Fogelberg

David Baker sat in the small French restaurant, sipping his drink, and shifting impatiently in his seat. He was boyishly, irrepressibly happy.

It had been a tedious day at the office supply company for which David was the assistant manager, and his mood all afternoon had been restless and out-of-sorts. And then he had received Mandy's unexpected call at work, suggesting that they meet for dinner at St. Jacques', a favorite spot. She had said that there was something important she wanted to talk about with him. At that moment he had known - as surely as if he had known it for weeks and had only now had the opportunity to express it - that he had something important to discuss with her also. He had decided right then that he would ask her to marry him.

David's thoughts played joyously, fondly, over the events of the three months for which he had known Amanda Farber - events which had wrought a near-miraculous change in his previously dull and unpromising life. He had first met Mandy at his favorite Sunday afternoon haunt: the old city zoo. He had been standing alone, gazing into the cage of the splendidly tragic lions. Lost in wistful reflection, he had been startled by a quiet voice beside him giving substance to his own unnamed feelings of the moment: "The greatest tragedy is that they don't know that they shouldn't be caged. They were born in this place, and they'll die here, never being able to understand their feelings that something is inexplicably wrong with the only world they know."

He had turned to look into a childlike face with beautiful doe-brown eyes and a frame of curling dark hair. She had smiled the knowing smile of a compatriot, and had introduced herself as Mandy Farber. With unspoken mutual consent, they had left the Large Cat House together, and walked on through the zoological park. Over a shared pizza for lunch, he had asked her to dinner for that evening, and she had accepted the invitation easily, making their meeting and their instant feeling of comfortability with each other seem as the most natural progression in the world.

They had dined at the St. Jacques' that evening, a restaurant neither had visited before, and both had been enchanted by the quaint, lost-world atmosphere of the place. It was not until after he had returned to his apartment late that night, after an evening of wine and laughter and a long walk through the city, that David realized with surprise that he had neither thought to kiss Mandy goodnight, nor asked if he would see her again. The first had seemed unimportant, the second unnecessary.

David was equally surprised by the amount of pleasure he had taken in the evening. For the first time in his life, he had experienced sheer joy in spending time with just one other person - a person who understood so much and seemed to worry about so little.

The two had been together ever since, and the time had flowed into the golden warmth discovered in an honest enjoyment of life. They never visited the popular "hotspots" of the city, and at Mandy's insistence, they stayed away from the most frequented lounges and restaurants. Both preferred to spend quiet evenings at David's apartment or in small out-of-the-way places hidden in the nooks and crannies of the city.

Their first night together had been as a continuation of the easy warmth which suffused all of their shared time. When Mandy had fallen asleep, David had lain awake for a time, feeling something akin to awe as he held her encircled in his arms. Gazing down at her child's sleep-smoothed face, he had experienced the tenderest emotion he had ever known: a desire, a need even, to shelter this somehow fragile gift with his stronger, harder self. She had awakened for a moment, received his gentle kiss with her uncanny, ever-understanding smile, and then had replaced her head on his shoulder and fallen back asleep.

The only rule for their time spent together had been set in the very beginning of their relationship: no "shop talk." Mandy had demurred from discussing her job; indeed, David knew nothing of the nature of her work. He cared only that she seemed to be always available to meet him at whatever time he decided to leave the office each day. He had formulated a vague and somewhat romantic picture of her working in some local restaurant, and guessed that she was a bit ashamed to admit this to him.

David had felt a wave of tenderness at this apparent show of pride, and had gladly respected her wish for privacy on the subject.

He himself hated his own job; he had inherited it reluctantly from his well-meaning father who, as the president of the company, had established his only son in "a good solid position with great opportunity for advancement." Not long after, David's father had died, leaving the young man to dutifully, if not particularly proudly, "carry on the family name." David had been with the company for ten years, and although he had realized the advancement promised by his father, he had never gained any feeling of enjoyment for his work. When he was with Mandy, he deliberately cut himself off from any thoughts of the office, closing his mind as firmly as he pulled the door shut behind him each night.

David's musings were interrupted as he glimpsed Mandy in the doorway of the restaurant. He rose eagerly to meet her as she came towards him. Her face was paler than usual and when he embraced her, she clung to him for a moment, holding him close. But when he helped her sit down and then sat across from her, she was smiling her wonderful smile and asking him to order her some wine.

Neither had spoken until after the wine had come, and then they sat sipping it silently for a time. Then both began to speak at once and stopped, laughing. Mandy's dark eyes were solemn as she began again, "David, there's something you have to know, about me, about my job--" David suddenly felt an urgent necessity to stop her needless admission and spare her any embarrassment, as he knew his words would.

"Mandy--dearest--please don't. I know you feel like it's important to tell me, but--Oh, love, it doesn't matter what you do or where you work--as a chamber maid in a cheap hotel, for all I care. You won't have to work there--*anywhere*--anymore. Oh God, I know I've made a horrible mess of this, but--Mandy, I'm asking you to marry me. . . ." David simultaneously ran out of breath, words and courage, and he stopped to look intently at Mandy's face. He was astonished to see tears shining brightly in her eyes, and he immediately reached out a hand to touch, to reassure her.

At that moment, they were both startled by a loud coarse voice which careened into their seclusion and crashed there. "So, this is where you've been hiding, huh, doll?" The man appeared to be in his early forties and was very drunk. "I haven't seen you around for months - nobody has. Whaddaya doing, changing your beat? Looks like you're living in style: candlelight, wine. . . "

Mandy threw an agonized, beseeching look at David and was answered by his shocked, outraged stare of initial incredulity which, as she watched, turned to painful belief. Even as she was rising to push past the leering newcomer, David was at her side, grasping her arm hard and half-steering, half-pulling her outside into the street. He turned her to face him and spoke, his eyes glinting with all the cold, harsh steel of his voice.

"Your work?" was all he could utter at first. And then, with the suddenness of comprehending a previously unimportant mystery, "I see why you wouldn't go to the chic spots of the city, afraid your--clients--would recognize you. Your *other* clients. . ." His voice choked, and he struggled to regain his composure.

Mandy stood straight, her back agonizingly stiff under the rope of knotted words with which David had lashed her. It was only when he had vented some of his outrage and stood silent, panting, that she spoke, and her voice was low and calm.

"David, I know that you feel you have every right--and somehow, crazily, even a moral duty--to hate me. And I'm not going to try and persuade you otherwise. But there is one thing I want you to know.

"You were never a 'client,' not from the first. You seemed so far away from that other reality of mine, and I wanted to keep you there, to always keep you safe and separate from it all. But it turned out that I couldn't live in both worlds. For two months--since we've slept together--I've worked in a department store uptown. And I thought I had buried the past, and was left only with the present, with you.

"I realized this past week, though, that I cared too much for you not to let you know the truth about what I have been. Even if it meant a risk of losing you, I decided you deserved the truth, and I had hoped that with nothing standing between us we could go on to bury the past together. But tonight, I guess I've learned that you can never really bury a part of your life while you're still living it.

"There's one more thing I want you to know, David. Although I didn't choose the path I walked and was never proud of it, I did continue on it, with full awareness of the hard, dirty reality of it. But you," and here her voice trembled for the first time, "You were the first clean, honest feeling I'd ever known in my life. I know that, and I'll always be proud of knowing that. And if you were honest, you might allow yourself to know the same. . ."

David closed his eyes, his head pounding with the intensity of the battle going on within him. His terribly injured pride contested briefly with a greater need to be able to understand, to accept what he had learned. He opened his eyes and reached for her, and his

hand closed on space as empty as his awareness that he had lost her.

For two frantic weeks, David scoured the city for Mandy, searching first in all of their favorite places. He didn't know what he would do if he found her; nor had he any idea of what he would say to her. He only felt that he would know everything for sure as soon as they were together again.

Finally, reluctantly, he turned his search to the popular bars downtown in the city, and in the seventh one he entered, Mandy was sitting at the bar. He approached silently and stood watching her, looking for the face of the child he knew in the woman who sat there laughing with the bartender.

After a few minutes, Mandy turned and saw David, and her laughter stopped abruptly. She spoke to the bartender, and then rose and came toward David, her eyes dark with uncertainty. In silence, they left the bar together and walked a block before she stopped and faced him.

They regarded each other without words for several minutes. David was aware only of a tremendous sense of sweeping motion in his mind and of Mandy's sharply perceptive eyes intent upon his face, and he felt a strong, inexplicable fear of both. Mandy nodded then, as if discovering a sought-after answer.

"Do you still want to marry me, David?" she asked quietly, and the unbearable pity in her eyes evinced that she fully realized the cruelty of the question and of its answer.

"I-can't," David stammered, painfully surprised at his sudden comprehension of this new, evil, but inescapable truth about himself.

Mandy's smile was loving and warm, her mouth simultaneously pained and sympathetic, as she took his hand and pressed it. "Goodbye, David; take care," she said, and she walked away into the enfolding mother-arms of the night.

The next evening, after the zoo's parksweepers had cleaned up after the last popcorn-toting second graders of Public School #96, a lost and very wrong man sat in the Large Cat House and wept, with the first faint awareness of his cage.

Shawne K. Wickham

Wings of Man — (Dickinsonian)

Steely condor perched aground,
In fog - sunshine - night
Sonic chirp and warbling -
Contemplating flight.

Prodigious pinions frozen fast,
Scapulars soldered on -
Revving heart stirs her breast,
Magic ascension won.

Timid clouds and atmosphere
Oblige in subjugation
Silver crown aviates her course -
Unnatural migration.

Contrails of vaporious sighs unpent
The heaven's heavy guest
Makes free her rounded feet - descends
To her metallic nest.

Wings of Man — (Whitmanesque)

To share with birds a sheer delight in air;
To soar and glide and cruise atop the clouds;
To wind a ribbon of distant cities,
On one short spool;
Blessed privilege to live in such an age!
Avian technology!
Wings of steel, wings of progress, wings of man.
Bays to the Wrighteous brothers
Audubons of flight.

Nancy Hoffman

Sonnet 155

(This is a “new” sonnet by William Shakespeare, every line being written by him; but each line is from a different sonnet, as arranged by Wilbur Dorsett.)

- (18:1) Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
(97:11) For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
(73:7) Which by and by black night doth take away
(122:4) Beyond all date, even to eternity.
(35:1) No more be grieved by that which thou hast done,
(16:3) And fortify yourself in your decay,
(5:5) For never-resting time leads summer on
(13:11) Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,
(14:6) Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind.
(22:3) But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
(30:14) All losses are restored and sorrows end;
(104:1) To me, dear friend, you never can be old.
(78:5) Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing,
(98:3) Hath put a spirit of youth in everything.

-- William Shakespeare



John Hill

Irony

Ah, words, how dry and crisp.
The picture paints,
The form is full,
While words just curl on nothing.

Thought, full fleshed with passion,
Is torn away, sucked dry as old dead skin.
A wisp of was
Now thrown from me to you.

Conceptual crap, dry white dung,
Is hurled and caught.
Crumbling through fingers, is lost
'Mid idiot grins of understanding.

So toss me not mere empty talk
Pale colorless as watered wine.
Touch me, show me, as words cannot,
To laugh and cry your world as mine.

Enchantment

Disillusion, reillusion.
Illumination, blinding bright.
The past, ever was,
Is ever not, nor here, nor now.
Hold we instead to desperate lies
That are and sweetly smile.
“Yes,” they say, “Yes, but . . .”
And “but” remains while “yes” does fade.
To nothing in light of nothing.
To be again remade in shade
Behind our fear of nothing.

John Addison



Black Hole

Unknown

Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Black Hole

I

A black hole in space
Is a galactic place
Where something once stellar
Collapsed in its cellar.

II

A black hole in space
Is a star whose mad pace
Of constant inflation
Induced distellation.

III

A black hole in space
Contracts to efface
All volume from mass
And lightness from gas.

IV

A black hole in space
Bolts down matter space
And faster than countin'
Makes molehill of mountain

V

A black hole in space
Is a heavenly place
to compact and mash
All the galaxy's trash.

VI

A black hole in space
Is one star of a brace:
The one quite respectable,
This other neglectable.

VII

A black hole in space
Would all matter erase
To the uttermost coast,
Were it not self-engrossed.

VIII

A black hole in space
Is an obvious case
Of cosmic intention
Consumed by pretension.

IX

A black hole in space
Is a star with no trace
Of brightness of joy
And with will to destroy.

X

A black hole in space
Is a star in disgrace,
So greedy for night
It has swallowed its light.

XI

A black hole in space
Is one hellish place
Where God's "Fiat Lux"
Was banned from the books.

XII

A black hole in space
Ended Lucifer's race
Who was cast into hell
Down just such a well.

XIII

A black hole in space
Is now Satan's home base,
A demonic Ritz:
The ultimate pits.

Alan Nordstrom

On the Interstate Going South

they were lying on the shoulder
of the road
or walking slowly in the median
between life and death.
When I saw them I thought
that I could be any passing object.
That my wheels could be seen
as death.
That clinging to the quickness of death
we would both see it is the only way.

When they died
I did not want them
to sink into the swamps
of the south.
I wanted to remember
the fight I had with my wheels,
my shock as their blood splattered
onto the windshield.
On this highway
that drives itself
I wanted something
to hold on to.

Now I cross myself
with blood
on my hands.
If you tell me
that their carcasses
are underfoot,
I will ask the young animals
to come away
from eating their parents.
I will hold them tightly
as a catalyst for my nightmares.

Madeleine Deininger

An Appraisal

What you say
you are
what you are
you do
what you do
need not be said
famous or not
things will be written
'bout ya
when you're dead.
Santa Claus
knows when you've been bad
the ancestral spirits know when you've been good
but only you know what you can do.
Give up bitch
or
keep fighting
after being knocked down
runt
hero
dick
fag
macho
lover
A-OK
cause what you believe
you are
you will become.
Ah,
the mirror of life
funny how you find out
when you're dead
cause they'll tell you
and you'll keep telling yourself
"I didn't have the time to do what I said I would be."

Kurt Knoble



Betsy Peacock

The Price of a Dream

"Frank if you don't come down here, I'm going to throw this God-damned cake in the garbage!" He heard her voice, but as usual the words meant absolutely nothing to him. They had been married for over 20 years and he had long since learned to turn off her nagging. Besides, he was busy. He was reliving the time that he and cindy had swum out to the island in the middle of the reservoir. The thrill of anticipation made it almost impossible for him to swim, but he knew that this was going to be an easy one. She reached land first and was lying on the grass waiting for him. He came ashore and walked toward where she was lying. . . "Frank, the kids are tearing your present open! Will ya get th' hell down here!"

"Alright, damn it, I'm coming." cindy would have to wait until his stupid birthday party was over. He ran downstairs and hurriedly opened the presents: a tie from the kids and a flowered knit shirt from his wife. He hated flowered knit shirts. They made him sweat, and he always felt rather self-conscious behind all those bright colors, but his wife always bought them for him anyway.

"Daddy, make a wish and blow out the candles."

"A wish, yea." He was thinking about cindy on the island. After blowing out the candles and cutting the cake for the kids (which was all they were there for, anyway) he quietly snuck back up to his study, back to the only thing that was real to him anymore - that one year, his senior year in high school. He was 38 now and it had been 20 years since he had graduated, but he still thrived on the memories of that one year. The action, the girls, the sex. . . If only he hadn't gotten married right after graduation. Who knows, he might still be getting some action today, instead of just dreaming about it while selling electric razors in the hardware department of Jordan Marsh.

If only he could go back and relive that one year. He'd give up the rest of his life just to spend one year of *real* living. If only. . .

cindy and the island were lost. The birthday party kind of ruined that one. Besides, he preferred dreaming about charlene anyway. She was the one who was always trying to make Frank see her as a person, someone to be respected, someone to communicate with. It was always a test of his calculated charm, but of course he never failed to get her into bed. His methods *never* failed, no matter how tough the challenge.

He was dreaming about the time when charlene called and told him that her parents were out for the night and that she wanted him to come over to watch T.V., when he noticed something weird near the window. It was kind of like a whirlwind, but he couldn't decide whether it was outside, inside, or part of the window. As he stared at it he noticed it getting larger, swirling and swirling until it was as large as the window. Then the window began to swirl, also, and the curtains, and the walls, and the ceiling, and the floor and soon the whole room was swirling. He tried to get to the door, but he found that he couldn't see the door through all that swirl. He tried looking at his hand, but he found that his whole body was swirling, too. Then his mind began to swirl and he knew nothing but fear. He tried to scream, but he couldn't find his voice. Just then he noticed an intense light emerging from the center of the swirl. It began growing larger and larger, encompassing the swirl, until Frank found that the swirl was all gone and the only things that remained were his own mind and the light. He saw and felt nothing, but somehow he knew that someone, or something, was searching his mind. He felt naked and wanted to hide but there was nowhere to run to and no legs to run on, so he waited. Suddenly a tremendously overwhelming voice spoke out at Frank from within the light, "I HAVE COME TO GRANT YOU THE ONE THING THAT YOU DESIRE." Frank thought that he was hearing the voice of insanity, but at the same time he felt a kind of knowing excitement and he got up the courage to respond meekly,

"Y-you mean y-your going to let me relive my senior year?"

"PRECISELY, BUT ONLY UNDER TWO CONDITIONS. FIRST, THAT YOU SEEK OUT, AND ACT IN ACCORDANCE WITH, THE TRUE NATURE OF HUMAN RELATIONSHIPS. . ."

"Y-you mean that I have to respect them and communicate with them?"

"THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I MEAN. . .AND SECOND, THAT YOU NEVER MENTION TO ANYONE WHY OR HOW YOU GOT THERE."

"I'll remember all this?"

"YES, YOU'LL REMEMBER EVERYTHING - THE WAY YOU ACTED THE FIRST TIME, YOUR MARRIED LIFE, YOUR DREAMS, AND THIS DEAL."

"What's in it for you?"

"THAT, MY FRIEND, IS NOT FOR YOU TO KNOW." Somehow, that answer frightened Frank. "JUST REMEMBER THAT IF YOU SATISFACTORALLY OBEY THE CONDITIONS YOU SHALL BE ALLOWED TO LIVE YOUR LIVE ANEW

FROM THAT POINT ON, BUT SHOULD YOU BREAK EITHER OF THE TWO CONDITIONS NOT ONLY SHALL YOU BE IMMEDIATELY RETURNED TO THE PRESENT, BUT YOU SHALL ALSO BE DEPRIVED OF ALL MEMORY OF YOUR 'PRECIOUS' YEAR. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?"

"Yes."

"GOOD. NOW CLOSE YOUR EYES AND DO NOT OPEN THEM UNTIL YOU FEEL INCLINED TO DO SO."

Then Frank felt the swirl returning to his mind. The light disappeared and he became frightened again, but just as quickly as it came on, the swirl and his fear ebbed, and when his eyes popped open he found himself on a small island walking towards a beautiful girl. It took him a second, but he remembered - everything.

"cindy!," he yelled out, more to himself than to her.

"What?"

"Oh, nothing," he said, catching himself, "I'm just glad we could be here...alone." Frank felt like laughing, he was so thrilled, but as he went to lie down next to her he felt the swirl coming back on, and for a moment he thought he heard a deep laugh coming from somewhere very far away. He jumped to his feet, and without looking at her, ran straight for the water.

"Where are you going?," she called out after him.

"Oh, ah...I...I just remembered...my family is having a...a birthday party for me."

"But your birthday was three months ago."

"Yes, well...I might not be here for my next one.," he said in desperation, knowing that he wasn't all together wrong. "So we're celebrating now." With that he dove into the water and swam toward the shore without looking back.

When he had reached dry land he found himself running toward the house that had been his when he was 18. (You see, he still had not totally accepted the idea of really reliving the past, being so wrapped up in his dreams and all). The first thing that he did upon arriving home was to lock himself in the bathroom. There he spent ten minutes staring into the mirror, convincing himself that he really was reliving that wonderful year. When he was sufficiently calmed down he emerged from the bathroom to casually (ever so casually) greet his parents and to consider a plan for the appropriate course of action.

As it happens, he was due at rehearsal that night for the school play, so he decided to take things as they were. It was torture, seeing all his old friends after 20 years and having to greet them as

if he had just seen them that afternoon in school, but he managed to control himself.

Then he saw charlene. He went up to greet her, but just before it was to late he realized that they had not yet met. He cautiously introduced himself to her and in doing so came to the realization that this was it - this was the test. Everything he did with charlene would decide the outcome of the rest of his life.

Somehow it was not at all difficult for him to talk with her. They talked about school and the play, and after rehearsal they walked home together in peaceful silence. Very quickly charlene the object had become Charlene the person and Frank felt wonderful about it.

As the months went by Frank and Charlene became closer and closer. Sometimes they went to a movie or out for dinner but most of the time they just sat around and talked and got to know each other. One night in early spring Frank got up the courage to tell Charlene that he loved her. She cried, and he cried, because he now knew what he had missed out on the last time around. Twenty-one years of marriage and he had never known what it meant to be in love.

But none of that mattered now because the future would be all different. He could marry Charlene, and together they could experience life as he now knew it was meant to be lived. Everything was truly wonderful for Frank...except for one thing. He was developing a nagging urge to tell Charlene about how really happy he was. Not about being in love and all that, because she knew how happy he was about being in love, but about his old life and how he was leaving it behind - what Charlene used to mean to him and what she meant now. He tried avoiding her for a while but that was useless. One night she called and said that her parents were going out for the night and that he could come over to watch T.V. He really had no good excuse not to, so he reluctantly accepted.

All during the evening Frank said little, for he was terribly afraid that the words he was so desperately trying to hold back would slip out. Finally he could resist the urge no longer. Experiencing a sensation that must have been something like vomitting, he expelled a few garbled syllables that sounded vaguely like, "Charlene, I must tell you about where I...," but before he could get the whole sentence out he was suddenly jerked back into the swirl. He was being pulled forward through a void and the only thing that he could see was a rather ugly middle-aged woman who was yelling something that he couldn't quite make out. He tried to look back,

but when he did so he couldn't see a thing and couldn't even remember what had been back there. As the swirl began to settle he recognized the woman as his wife of 21 years. She was yelling something about the kids having a fight with the cake and that he should come down and clean up the God-damned mess. Somehow he knew that there was a way of escaping this voice, somewhere much better than this where he could hide, but he couldn't remember. The voice persisted and, not being able to shut it off any other way, he decided to go downstairs and obey it, which he did for the next ten years until he finally figured out how to escape it. And that was by having a heart attack and dying.

In a way, though, Frank's real life - the only life that could ever have been worth living - had ended exactly thirty years to the day before his heart attack, for on that day something took place that no one will ever even know about. In one short minute reality and unreality - the life and the dream - converged on each other, and as will always be the case, fate ran its course...

He had been sitting on the couch with charlene watching T.V. when she heard him mumble some rather strange syllables.

"What did you say ?," she asked.

"Huh? Oh, nothing.," he replied, quickly changing his sick looking expression to one of calculated charm as he ever so masterfully slipped his arm around her shoulder, nimbly edging his hand closer and closer toward her left breast.....

Ric Waldman



Richard Colvin

Sculpture Park: Oslo

We are one, Christiania -

a thought your artist's soul does now to me
impart.

He bids me touch and feel these stone-cold faces . . .
to warm them with my heart.

I have seen his message too:
the tender look of worn affection;
the violent twists of blissless love;
the human bond of family tree - each with special gaze that
touches me.

And one may hear this artist's words in native tongue or
the children's speech . . .
His message told to every sense and found within a loving
reach.

Carol Graham

Craziness

What is it to see
Twisted features, foggy eyes
Peering out a hollow face . . .

And to hear hideous calling -
For no reason?

To touch skin that burns
With fever and doesn't feel the touch . . .

What is it to smell
The smell of burning cells . . .

And what is it to know
That one night he might
Think of you as his enemy
And turn on you, eyes glinting,
Without seeing at all?

Fluttering Wings

You sit on a bush.
Your wings fluttering,
Your feelers shivering.
And your colorful wings!
Brilliant yellow —
Compared to bottomless black!

But as I step forward,
I see
That your wings are
Only fluttering from the wind.
Your colors, faded and dry
Butterfly, even death could not stop your spirit
From soaring on the wind.

Kara Provost

The Dark

When I was little I thought
Something ugly was in the dark
And I'd stretch out big
So if he ate me
He'd only get my feet.

I say I'm not afraid of dark, but
When I go into my mom's room
I reach in and turn the light on first.

Kara Provost



Self Portrait

Kara Provost



Neptune's At Neptune's Watch

Linda Maughan

One Tear

Walking toward our tiring sun,
setting in an awful array of
 ambers and golds,
I meditate on my Life, wondering
what the future holds for this
 Solitary Soul
 For this one

The storming waves have been transformed
into a serene, rhythmic lapping
 of the sands,
Gently smoothing away all ingenious structures
created by carefree souls
Who not long left for more familiar lands

Twilight advances (and too soon retreats)
 Until Sea and Sky
Merge into a smoothing Blackness
which brushes the horizon away
 I turn full face toward
 The Sea

A salty drop is misted upon my face
When the night winds
Let me know surely the Day
 is well beyond done,
I greet this drop with
 one of my own.

Patricia Garner

A Cigar is Still a Good Smoke

Usually it was a nickel Swisher-Sweet, but tonight was different. By washing windows, mowing lawns, carrying groceries, and sweeping driveways all summer long, Bart Bennet had saved fifty dollars to buy a real Cuban cigar.

We were sitting in silence, as though we were in church, alone and together. Bart methodically licked the cigar from end to end, lit a match to a dollar bill (unprecedented as far as I knew) and raised Washington's burning wig to the tip of that fifty dollar cigar. Bart's already lean cheeks caved in and I held my breath. Looking like a 15 year old beardless Castro, he gently blew the smoke from his mouth, looked with reverence at that fifty dollar cigar and sighed. He smiled, took another puff, turned to me and said, "You know, a woman is just a woman, but a cigar is a good smoke." Understanding and not understanding at the same time I smiled back at him. He leaned back in his throne-like blue cushioned chair and stuck that fifty dollar cigar between his cheek and teeth. I watched him in silence for what seemed to be a long while, but the length of the cigar told time and Bart's heaven had just begun.

The door flew open. It was Bowen. He was drunk and came rushing toward us. I don't think Bart even knew there was anyone else in the room; he just sat there in a regal pose worthy of a Rodin rendering. Bowen stopped in front of Bart, tore that fifty dollar cigar from Bart's mouth, ripped it in half, and laughed. I froze. Bart stood up and walked out the door. Bowen didn't understand and said je was just kidding. I told him it was not a nickel Swisher-Sweet but a fifty dollar Cuban cigar instead. Bowen sat down and cried. Bart never said a word about that night.

Well, many years have passed since that night. Swisher-Sweets are now 15 cents, women are no longer just women, and Bart died last year, but I'm sure a cigar is still a good smoke.

David N. Bales

Cockroach

Gasping graspers
clutching a fuzz ball
in a carpet of sprayed
Baygon Raid.
The hard shelled body
and bad little head
rocked slowly to the beat
of antennae and leg
cough
spin
shit
it was dead.



Kurt Knoble





Night Scene

John Hill

I Have Seen the City

I have seen the city sparkling with light
Here alone to see the sight
In the darkest part of night

Wishing you were here to see
All the wondrous sights with me
For now it's not, someday may be

My soul is like an open door
I sit inside upon the floor
Waiting like Poe for his Leanoire

There are paths leading out but never in
Where they lead I have been
wishing not to go again

But reality hangs heavy all around
And the floor becomes just ground
The air is tears in which to drown

I'm waiting for some unknown thing
To enter through my mellow ring
And to me, my loved one bring

John Hill



Erin Fitzpatrick

On Waking From a Dream-Laden Sleep

Sometimes,
When waking from a dream-laden sleep,
The body wakes before the mind;
And for just an instant
thoughts waiver

between

The		Conscious
dream	/and/	reality.
image		

But like the wanderer at a fork in the road
Who always chooses the tried and proven path,
We forsake the unfathomed depths of the sea
For the safety of the meandering, late summer stream.

Sometimes,
As I wake from a dream-laden sleep,
I shake the cobwebs from my befuddled mind,
only to wonder:

What if

The		Illumination
morning		lies
light	and	at
is	/in /	the
the	truth,	depth
real		of
dream,		that
		dark,
		forbidding
		sea?

Ric Waldman



Erin Fitzpatrick

Pink-skinned and soft
cool and clean-smelling
the cuddly newborn coos.

d

r

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n

g

innocence

smiling at newness
bundled in love and blue flannel.
pudgy and dimpled
content and well-fed
small life- so pure and new-
irresistible love-child

Virginia J. Cawley

Without A Moment Within

Introduction

Deep within an alcove, in the library, from high above I drew a history book. Reading the table of contents, I noticed that all the poems were of a dated subject matter. I thought; what could I write about that would never become dated? Something infinite; I choose: the moment.

Without a moment within
I have nothing;
Within a moment without
I am empty.
A moment without
is often within;
a moment within
is never without.

Kurt Schumann

Haiku

From his farewell rose
Dying on the white table
Petals drop like blood.

Bettie Hutter

Inspiration

Depression falls in torrents
Pounding . . .
Branding . . .
Drenching
My thoughts till they run together -
A sea of imagination.
A raging, roaring, restless sea of
Smothered, searching, stranded
Words and
Verbs
Trying desperately to float free
And
Become part of my Poetry . . .

Karen Lippold



Chapel on the Edge

Parker Dulany

Night Visions

If night be but the shadow of our day
So darkness is then quite a brighter light,
Then pranks and thoughts are not just tucked away
But lead us to attain a greater sight.
Yes, moons are not so quickly praised as sun
But lovers find their glare a welcome treat
Without the black, the job would not be done
Nor could our day be ever called complete.
While morning wants to make us run full gear
And afternoon tries hard to hesitate,
It is when sunset's dimming light draws near
That only can we now appreciate.
Thus, evening does not really serve to blind
But helps to see, to gain, and yes, remind!

Anne Woodward



Gargoyle

Robert N. Robinson

Gargoyles: Satan's Playmates, the Pets of Hell

Looming over the city, their maliciously petrifying eyes glare down on those who walk beneath. Objects of beautifully artful gore, they impress upon hearts the terror of things unknown. Imagination driven to a frenzy, onlookers are bewildered as to the thoughts of the creators.

In what minds could there be such horror as expressed in the stone beings whose faces depict such powers and possibilities incomprehensible to man? What evil wonders do they think as they stand immobile, fearless against time, defiant to destruction?

Atop the towers, on all corners they watch, waiting to leap, to crush, to kill-annihilate. Partakers in the glory of Hell, these goblins rest with hunger insatiate. When Death and Satan reign, these beasts shall breathe.

Norma Davis (Baumeister)

A Vignette

Johnnie Sager was a moody sort of guy, and constantly perplexed by what he considered to be his own paradox. He was always very horny, but he was far too shy to ever even figure out how to introduce himself to a girl, and also but sex was not nearly as important in his thoughts as having a companion of fondness. She was and would have to be quietly attractive, not a knockout or a sex bomb, and yet almost unbelievably lovely if you took the time to look at her. She would be quiet often, and be able to experience the joys of being alone together, not speaking or both being occupied in the same preoccupation, but yet gaining from the loveliness of their just being together as they were occupied apart. Yet she would have to have a tremendous joy for life, a bubbling vivacity, an ability to enjoy moments, alone, in public, without embarrassment, to an almost hysterical degree of happiness, to bring out from him the gaeity he knew was latent in his soul. She would have an intense fascination in him and be drawn into his interests almost as deeply as he himself was, and would be absorbed and fascinated in interests of her own which he could become drawn into himself as deeply as she into his. It was this that was important to him, he realized, and there the empty chasm which must be filled. Indeed, it seemed to him when he reflected on it, that sex, in an ordinary relationship with an ordinary girl, in satisfaction of his continual and growing sexual drive, would not in truth satisfy him but only make him feel the chasm of all that was missing more deeply. Not that he was likely to find even that much out, he was so shy. And it often seemed to him when he reflected on it that it was virtually hopeless for him to ever find that woman that was necessary before he could experience true peace of mind.

He felt sure he had in fact found those qualities in one woman, an actress whose name was Genevieve Bujold. Of course he couldn't be absolutely certain, as he had never met her, but whenever he gazed at her exquisite face upon a motion picture screen he felt as sure as he had ever been about anything that there was a woman who embodied his dreams: the introversion and the extroversion, the quiet warmth and the great joy, all there and calling to him irresistibly. Of course he knew that it was a hopeless fascination, as he would almost certainly never meet her, and even if by some chance he did, nothing could come of it. For Johnnie Sager had no special talents; he was not eloquent, or particularly creative, and had no way to express these things that were in his soul or to

demonstrate that he was worthy of any particular attention. So Genevive Bujold, if ever by some chance they did meet, would have no way of knowing he was aught but another starstruck fan (out of how many others Johnnie Sager was unsure: most of the people to whom he had mentioned Genevieve Bujold had not recognized her name and did not remember her from *Earthquake*, her worst but most widely known picture), and he had no wish to annoy a woman he so admired by attempting to communicate to her abstract feelings which only intimate acquaintance could truly reveal.

In the course of his daily life he often saw in passing a few women who his imagination told him might well supply some or all of these same joys, if not perhaps with the same intensity. He thought of them often also, and saw them not infrequently, but to his own eternal frustration he never took any action, hoping instead that they would take some notice of him, or that some happy accident would propel them into a chance meeting. He constantly reviled himself for being so weak-kneed, but his actions remained mired in a large fear of rejection.

The time came when Johnnie Sager suddenly noticed that a few females were beginning to take an active and aggressive interest in him. At first this was hard to come to grips with and he did not accept it. He had never considered himself in any way handsome — although it was true that in more recent times he had felt upon occasion that there was a certain unconventional attractiveness in his face — and thus could see no reason for a woman to begin to become interested in him until she began to glean something of his personality, which, he being so shy as he was, took a long time to emerge in any new acquaintance.

Nevertheless, after a time it became impossible to deny any longer that these women were showing a definite interest in him, and Johnnie Sager came to realize that his time had come. There were three of them; none of them were among the women he had picked to project his own interests upon, but he reminded himself these simple beginnings to a relationship did not mean that a lifelong bond must be formed, and he was very lonely and hungry for a female friend.

Foremost among them was an attractive girl named Judy Massengay, who aspired to be an actress. She was the most openly aggressive toward Johnnie, and he found it intimidated him only a little. And soon he warmed to her due to her keen appreciation of his quiet sense of humor. Time passed and they spent a night together — Johnnie felt certain Judy had wished to do so much

earlier in their relationship, but he didn't pick up on hints too easily, and in the end he felt the delay served to increase Judy's interest in him anyway. More nights followed, and soon they were together often enough that Johnnie's sexual drives had found a satisfactory level of release. It took more of the load off his spirit than he had thought it would.

As more time passed their relationship began to deepen. Judy did not find her way into Johnnie's dreams, but they always enjoyed the time they spent together. Finally one day Johnnie proposed. He had not really given it much thought, and he could never quite say why he had done it, but he never felt he shouldn't have. Judy accepted; that same night she landed a small part in a medium-sized movie, one of the rare few made thereabouts.

They had a pleasant wedding and a pleasant marriage; Judy continued to pursue her career and Johnnie began to develop a hobby of sketching. He started with a drawing of Genevieve Bujold, and as he developed his respectable amateur talent he even began to display a certain amount of flair for it. Time passed and their fondness for one another grew. Johnnie was always supportive of Judy's acting aspirations, and Judy seemed to really like Johnnie's sketches.

Three years from now Johnnie Sager will meet Genevieve Bujold, at a dinner to which he and his now-famous actress wife will be invited. He will find he has somehow wound up in a conversation with her, despite his long-standing suspicion that he would never be able to do anything in her presence but stare in awe, and she will be revealed to him as everything he had ever thought she would be; even more, if that's possible. He will mention his drawings in passing and she will ask him further about them, and express an interest in perhaps seeing them sometime.

Not long after this, Johnnie Sager will gather up what he considers to be the best of his sketches, though he will not include any of his drawings of Genevieve Bujold, and send them to the location of the picture she will currently be shooting. Two weeks later he will receive a handwritten letter of thanks, part of which will say that the drawing of the owl in the moonlight is her favorite, and that she has hung it in her dressing room. When she returns home from the shooting she plans to put it on display.

Johnnie will set to work on a large painting. He will cherish the letter and the memory of their meeting, and maybe they will meet again sometime. And most of the time he will be happy.

Scott Campbell

Contributors' Notes

JOHN ADDISON "I'm overworked and underpaid, oversexed and underlaid. I have virgin ears, and elbows too. And I wonder Why the hell am I telling you?"

DAVID N. BALES is a 1966 Rollins graduate and a resident of Winter Park for 20 years. He is currently engaged in several works of non-fiction.

NORMA DAVIS BAUMEISTER is a freshman considering journalism as the route to law. One of her poems, "La Vue," will be featured in the first issue of **The Charleston Poetic Review**, a new literary magazine.

SCOTT CAMPBELL is an Ohio-born aspiring writer and filmmaker who has been trapped in Florida for twelve years. His ambitions have since come to include marrying Judy Kahan, an actress he has never met, and making movies happily ever after.

VIRGINIA CAWLEY is a sophomore this year at Rollins majoring in Special Education and English. She likes poetry, art, literature, music, needlepoint and sunshine, but she **loves** babies.

RICHARD COLVIN is an art major who crapped out up north and landed at Rollins.

MEDELEINE DEININGER is a liberally educated Senior at Stockton State College and resident oceanophile of Margate, New Jersey. Her avocation is managing the Lancaster Cafe and Animal Shelter.

WILBUR DORSETT is a professor in the English Department of Rollins. Earlier this year a collection of his poetry was published with the title of **Shards: A Scatter of Sonnets**.

ERIN FITZPATRICK is a double major in English and Art with interests in arts and crafts. If she survives two jobs and two difficult courses this term, she plans to write and illustrate childrens' books someday.

PATRICIA GARNER is a sophomore English major. She composes the pen song for her personal satisfaction but hopes to be a professional (or just a great) poet one day. . .like tomorrow.

CAROL ANNE GRAHAM, an Art History major and Senior at Rollins, dedicates her first published poem to the very special, inspirational people she met while attending the University of Oslo International Summer School this past summer.

JOHN EDWARD HILL is a senior art major who has abandoned his search for truth and is now looking for a good fantasy, and that's the truth!

NANCY HOFFMAN is the secretary and “mother confessor” to the English Department. She received her MAT from Rollins and taught Freshman English here last year.

BETTIE HUTTER received her 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. Her work has appeared in **Brushing** before.

KURT KNOBLE is a truck driver from Cleveland, Ohio.

KAREN LIPPOLD “I’m speechless...I have nothing to say...but my mind shall tell you what I know and think if you are born willing and able to listen.”

ALAN NORDSTROM’s extensive knowledge of black holes in space derives entirely from his study of English literature (which he teaches at Rollins), proving the extraordinary practicality of such study.

MICHELLE PATNODE is a French major and a member of the Fine Arts House who loves **Le Petit Prince**, the “Nutcracker Suite” and the flute. Although dedicated to French literature, she will admit that English literature is also worthy of study and admiration.

BETSY PEACOCK is a senior at Rollins from Lincoln, Illinois with a combined major in Psychology and Studio Art. She hopes to graduate.

KARA PROVOST is eleven years old and has won first place in a poetry contest and second place in an essay contest. She has been writing poems and stories since she was about five.

ROBERT N. ROBINSON is a senior Studio Art major from the Central Florida area. His work has appeared in **Brushing** before.

RIC WALDMAN is waiting still for the spirit and inspiration of Urania, the muse of poetry; and waiting still for “The Day.”

SHAWNE K. WICKHAM - “Learning still, in a crimson-ochre tapestry that falls from my window and lies, draped as a carpet as I remain Still learning, hoping, waiting, Waiting.”



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Connect The Dots



(For Aspiring Poets)

FILL IN THE BLANKS

LIMMERICK

There once was a _____ from _____

Who occasionally _____ with a _____,

Then one fateful day

Her _____ ran away

And she had to _____ with a _____.

