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Brushing

Spring 1979



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B r u s h i n g

Spring
1979



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“Sonnet for Seretta”

Beauty smiles and Nature’s labors cease,
When you my love, in the quiet shadows move.
And such a gentle voice, your song does prove,
That blushing a cardinal hides, in the laughter of the trees.
The rippling pond-water, winking welcomes you,
For in its silver face, is your lovely image shining.
And all around, creatures can be heard sighing,
Wishing only, that those like you, were not so few.
While in your presence, I like Nature, find happiness
And in my thoughts you are always near;
Yet love’s mischievous crusader, has brought one fear,
That without you, life holds only emptiness.
 The whispering wind, for you, its love song brings;
 I give but a poem, a smile; foolish, precious things.

Rick Livernoise



SUE McMILLAN

'An Eye for an Eye . . . '

I walk in evening's gentle twilight
To rid myself of the day's cares,
To nowhere in particular.
Strolling along, ever so slowly,
Hands in my worn denim pockets,
Precious freedom that much nearer
With each aimless, easy stride,
Beginning to unload myself
Of my cumbersome baggage.

I toss my anxiety in the sky.
Let hues of fading blue
And ever-growing rose
Play with it awhile.
Let ~~them~~ roll it
In and out
Of white, precocious clouds,
Careful not to let it
Fall to earth again,
For I won't stay to catch it.

I hang my aching weariness
On the branches of trees - - -
Trees stronger than I.
It's they who bear the weight
Of life's handiwork:
Hundreds of birds
And their nests,
Acorns, flowers, and fruits,
Dauntless, scrambling children
And their ageless tree forts.

My needless fear I give to the moon,
The nightlight of the world
For those who hate the dark.
Its brightness will conceal it,
Melt it, dazzle
It and blind it.
Nighttime instills fear
We think, but we fill it
With fear that we've carried
Throughout each trying day.

How much lighter I seem,
Now that I've left those things,
Never looking back,
Even if they follow me.
The moon, trees, and sky indulge
In fun with human-shunned toys.
What the world gave me today
I have returned tonight.

Tamie Smith

After the Birth-Death

Teetering, wet and immaculate
the foal is swarmed by life
but not yet stung;
his mother's soul leaks out through a crack
in this earthenware bowl
inexplicably, like night,
as some newer punch sparkles down;
he whickers in the false dawn
too fresh to fear
his mother's evacuated shell,
the stall too dim to match the blood-bay coats:
the elder sheathing silence,'
the younger,
rippling, half-emerged from shadow. He is curious - - -
the lump seems emotionless here, a
horse in clay,
but in the otherworld, playing and snorting;
one decisive "whop" of bristle, and
his unconscious brown whisks him to slit the curtain
and topple into his first light - - - the floodlight
which cues the cock and chorus into drama;
once barn-born, he dries quickly
and soon harvests his first bur;
defining "nuisance" before "noon"
he learns to curse the deerfly, a blood-siphoner,
and to measure felicity behind drawn lids; already
he dreams of his mother in her final sleep
while still in his primal one, and shimmers
under the great Oz;
then, like thumbprint on lens,
a horse smudges himself into the foal's
visual scope: an incarnate focus;
he nays softly
in toast to an undead bloodline.

Rebecca Eagan

Drilling for Indians

Spotting my work shirt
with leaked oil,
the auger wails its
chain-saw head, kicks
the long iron leg.
I punch a hundred
eye-holes into St. Augustine,
lancing the time machine through
the humus, past the useless
(found any old place) and
into the sterile soil.

An Indian midden,
a pre-history garbage pit,
clogs the auger with oyster
shells. Seven potsherds
- St. John's period - black,
crusted with stamped grid markings
and a hint of orange, are
all I come up with

hand-sifting.
Two Spanish periods and a
brief English occupation
all pile into nothing. No
megellica, bones or duballoons,
no outer-defense wall.

Tom Bacchus

“thanks”

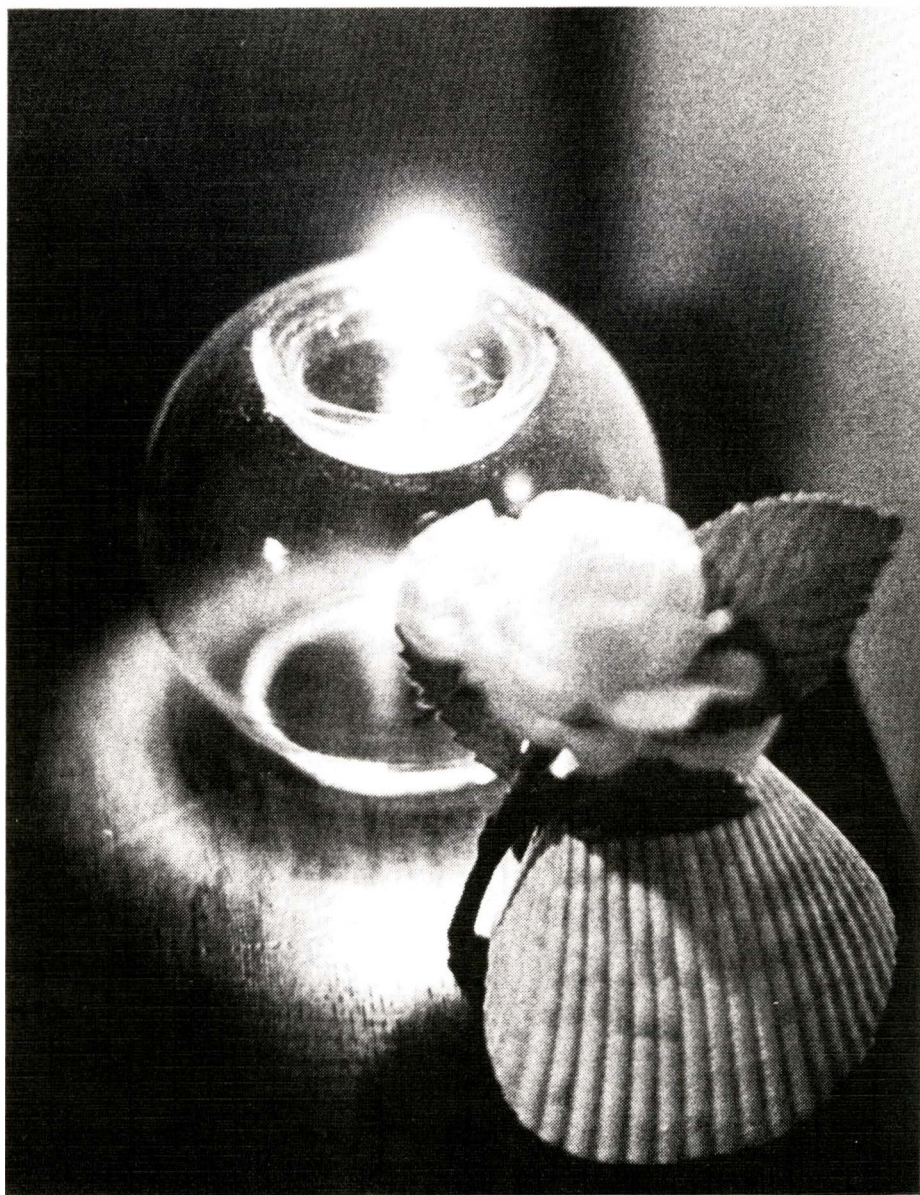
why me?
it wasn't my fault.
it was you who started it all . . .
your actions . . . your decisions.
and yet, i'm paying.
well, okay.
but you know, don't you,
that i'm a part of you now,
and what you do can't change that.
although you let me go -
give me up -
i'll always remain with you,
like it or not.
you see, you're afraid of the future,
of me!
and so you're taking the coward's way.
i don't need to worry about my future -
i won't have one.
you're killing me -
a mere child without breath -
and all i really wanted
was love . . .
thanks, mom -
for nothing . . .

Virginia J. Cawley

It's Mine

It' nothing great - but it's mine
And when I think that someday soon
I'll be expected to give it up
The idea makes me angry.
Sure, everyone does it
But is that any reason?
Somehow the knowledge that
We love and respect each other
Is not enough for you
You want to take my identity too.
Perhaps, I ask, you would like
To change yours instead of mine?
It's not that simple, you see
Because it's a real part of me.
And then we debate
Maybe we could combine both of ours
Or make a totally new one.
But there's always the problem
Of the children - what about them?
I trust that we'll resolve our quest
And with a minimum of hurt,
But I don't want to lose it
My name - it's nothing great
But it's mine.

Carla R. Pepperman



STILL LIFE / ROSE

BARBARA BODDEN

That last week, it seemed that they were more intimate than they had ever been - - gently, wistfully so, as if reaching out with one hand to cradle their precious remaining days together, while staving off with the other the relentlessly encroaching proximity of graduation. With graduation would come the dreaded inevitability of change. They knew this in their hearts, although they tried to ignore that knowledge and bury it in the depths of their newly-discovered tenderness. Gone were the moments of petty anger, the recent undercurrents of jealousy. More than ever before, they realized the importance of "carpe diem" -- and seize it they did. Those last days were filled with sailing, bowling, dancing -- anything they could think of that they had ever wanted to do together. They were saving up memories, they knew, for those long days ahead, when all they would have would be those same memories to keep them warm, and protected from the cold of alone.

"They'll hide you away," he once chided her gently. "They'll cage my little bird and throw away the key, and I'll never know whether you wanted to fly away or not."

"Oh, you'll know," she answered him, her grey eyes large and solemn in the candlelight of the restaurant where they were dining. "Because I'll never stop my singing. No matter where you are, you'll be able to hear my singing inside you, and know that every note is for you, because you helped to create the melody. And when you hear your little bird, you'll know that she's safe, and you won't be afraid of the dark, knowing there's always a small singing bird in your heart."

He had loved her so much then that he could not even put words to the intensity of the feelings that welled up inside him and stung the dark eyes that she loved so much. Instead, he reached out and gently touched her hand, and they sat that way, gazing at each other silently, until the waiter came with their food.

Graduation weekend arrived all too soon, and with it came the Miller family: Rob Miller, a tall, silent man with kind eyes and a reserved but friendly manner; Elaine Miller, a strong, intelligent woman fiercely devoted to her family; and Marian Miller, the elder daughter, an attractive, strong-willed young woman who, Greg thought, looked a lot like Claire and didn't resemble her at all.

The family was cordial with Greg, if somewhat strained, and he found himself invited, indeed expected, to sit with them at the graduation ceremony -- a proffered "honor" which Greg viewed with mixed feelings. Anxiety combined with a strange sort of restless anticipation, as if he sensed that something important, unexpected even, would occur. He shrugged off his doubts and settled himself to the task of fitting in with the Millers.

Graduation Sunday dawned hot and sunny, and they all went out for a pleasant-enough breakfast. Rob Miller talked with Greg about auto mechanics, asking him about the new van, and the three women chatted easily about the heat and the latest summer fashions.

And then it was time for Claire to go to the appointed rendez-vous place for all graduates, and the Miller family and Greg decided to head over to the audi-

torium early to get good seats for the ceremony. Claire kissed her family and then, coming to Greg last, she hugged him suddenly close and whispered, "Listen for the bird," and, turning, hurried away.

The ceremony was as all other graduations: long, tedious and familiar. The speaker was a portly older man who had graduated from R_____ College forty years previously, and had returned to tell them all how he had "made something" of his life, founded upon the solid educational base he had received at R_____. "Each of you," he was saying, "will now go out into the real world, the tough world, and you'll need everything that you have learned here to help you get ahead."

Greg was restless, moving uncomfortably in his warm suit (he had worn it for Claire, knowing she would be touched; his reward had been the sparkle of childlike pleasure in her eyes when she had seen him). He peered ahead, trying to glimpse her in the last row of the graduates, and as he looked, a head moved aside and he was able to see her clearly. Studying her intently, he was surprised at the look of acute interest with which she was listening to the speaker's words, a speech which he himself had found boring and all-too-bourgeois. He smiled at her indulgently, touched by this latest evidence of what he laughingly referred to as her "sentimental streak." She was obviously enjoying the graduation ceremony. Far be it from me to mock that, he thought with tenderness, and he settled back to attempt to pay attention to the speech.

"When you're out there in your own businesses and professions," the man was saying, "You're going to have to be ever alert in order to advance or even to keep your own position. There are always new guys waiting to take your place, and that's when your training, your savior-faire, that you have hopefully gained at R_____ College, will most have to serve you."

Greg was uneasy. Ceremony was ceremony, but was Claire really interested in what that stilted old buzzard was saying: Look out for Number One, and if the other guy's better, stomp on him? He'd heard it all before all too often from his own parents. It was what they -- Claire and he -- hoped one day to escape forever.

The speaker's voice droned on, words now melding indistinguishably to Greg's surfeited senses. But suddenly, above that drone another sound could be heard, first softly, but growing steadily in intensity and finally flowing unrestrainedly, melodically, over the entire auditorium. As the speaker first hesitated, in confusion, and finally ceased talking, Greg suddenly smiled brilliantly, triumphantly. He knew that sound, and loved it -- Claire's laugh.

The Millers recognized the laugh not long after Greg, for Rob suddenly started violently, Elaine gasped audibly, outraged, and Marian looked as if she would burst into humiliated tears. "She's crazy," Rob whispered, in obviously extreme emotion, and his aghast judgement echoed the sentiments of the entire family, indeed, of the entire shocked crowd. Who would dare violate the solemnity of the age-old ceremony by laughter unless it were the unwitting, non-culpable laughter of the insane?

Of the audience, only Greg understood, and his heart filled confidently, rejoicingly, with his understanding. He alone knew that never in her entire life had Claire been more sane. And, with his newly-gained insight, he listened to her laughter, and it did sound to him as the song of a bird set free, singing for all she was worth with the utter joy of her new-found liberty.

Greg felt that joy surround him, raising him out of himself as it were, and then he felt it within him and flowing outward, as if the joy had found its source inside him and radiated out from that center. And in fact, so it was. The Millers were staring at him in utter stupefaction, staring as he sat, laughing joyfully, exultantly. From the looks on their faces, he knew they did not understand at all. Someday perhaps they would, or again perhaps they would not. At that moment, it didn't seem very important. He only knew that he did not belong here, and that knowledge caused him to get up, still laughing unrestrainedly, and move down the aisle, past the shocked faces of the graduation guests, many of them professors whom he recognized, towards the back of the auditorium.

At the doorway he paused, waiting with calm assurance. She was coming, laughing angelically in her flowing robes, as if floating above the rest of the room. He held out his hand and she took it lightly, and together they stepped out into the glorious sunlight from the darkness of the building.

Moving lightly, steadily, in unison, they headed joyfully toward the van and toward the Immortality which they knew waited patiently for them at the distant end of the road.

**To all graduating people:
AND JOBS . . .**

such a realism
i pity it all
cause it could be
such a nice
planet
if we only understood the
small and simple
smiles full of dimples
cause we don't need
this sentence of
toiling anymore
just cause we heard the
words and we
adapted to them and
acted upon such
philosophy
doesn't mean we must
believe such
rot
I do realize that
Every living thing
On this plan nut
Decays
But why must we
Speed up the time
Between birth and
Death by moving so
Fast that we
Can't see ourselves
oh yeah
we are still competitive
smidgins who must
individually battle
for everything
like pride
and a wife
or whatever
and it is all so tiring
I prefer the delta waves
And alpha spikes
Of dreaming.

Kurt Knoble

All-Night Light

A campground for walkers,
a meeting place for unmet people
to use their hands with coffee,
deep into the end of evening.
Three-o-eight a.m. and doors
not locked against me

and those waiting on the morning
paper,
those with over-worked odometers,
with unwanted apartments
or unused hotel
keys. For those with eyes slammed
open with insomnia.

My head nods like a bell
over the counter,
spoon tolling in a bottomless-cup.
The room burns with cigarettes.

My red-striped eyes
read: Breakfast anytime.
Even a time
for those wanting booths
to be into,
and white air
while the street sleeps.

Tom Bacchus

I WENT UP NORTH SEEKING PERFECTION

I went up north seeking intelligence and command of the language.
I went up to harden my flabby brow -
out of shape from so many mindless days
for the south is Buddhistic and anti-Jesuit.

I went up north to the New York Times and to a Christmas party
where they talked about absenteeism in America compared to Turkey.

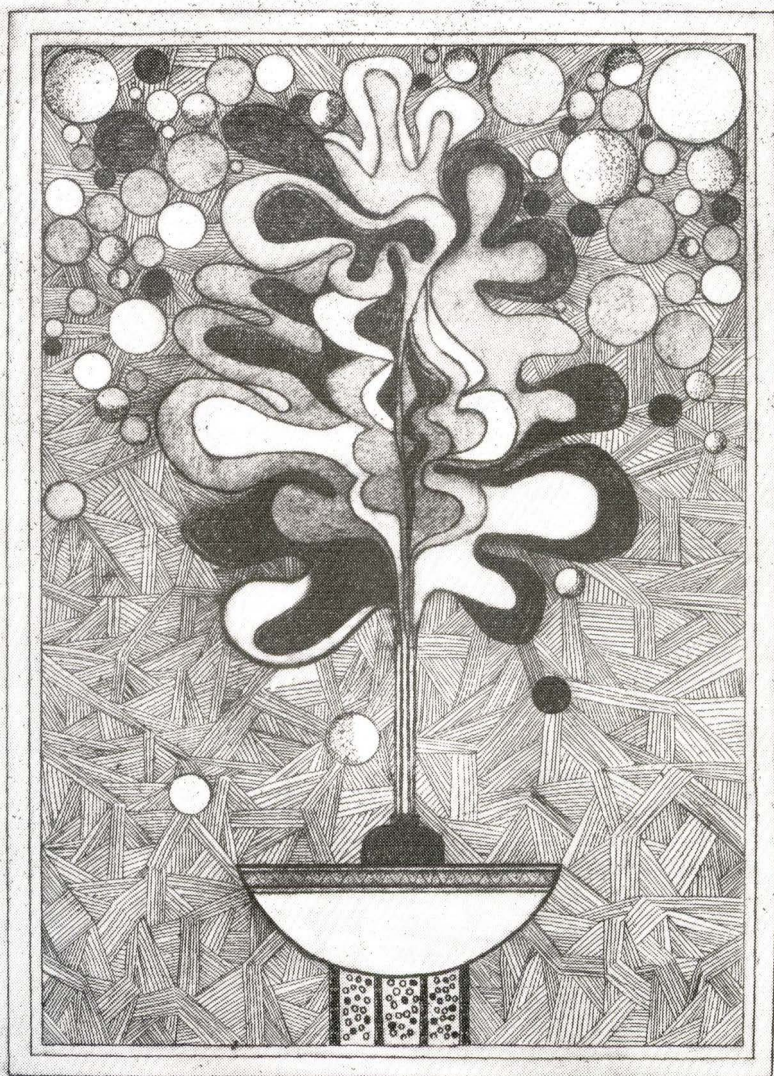
I went to Boston to talk to my renaissance friend, Eggs.
Eggs: the magician/conversationalist who turned snowbanks
into Lion facades.

And Eggs: the carpenter/astronomer who builds tables and joint
boxes so perfect you can see the stars.

Eggs was entertaining, twistful, and delicate with the language.
But when he lifted Eggs Jr. to the make-believe moon and then
down again to earth (his lap) I knew people would say Eggs was spaced out.
Eggs said jr. would live most of his life in space.

The world has no dearth of magician/carpenters who read
Scientific American or philosophers who get plastered as hell in dive bars.
Poetry is not for idle schemers.
Poetry is not pottery.
But even poetry is not being there.
Futures will say "what we needed was an artist to sculpt space
who wasn't spaced out."

All Hulme



DEBBIE HAASE

PEACEFUL SLEEPER

Peaceful sleeper, (too peaceful)
Your dreams (I'd guess) are sweet.
Perhaps you dream of your mother's arms,
Pitiful sleeper
If you only knew, my friend,
What awaits your awakening.

Sleep on my peaceful sleeper,
For it will be many hours before you sleep peacefully again.
It pains me to see that
Furry little instrument of cruelty,
Death's gift to revenge,
That (I'll be blunt)
Dead rat on your chest.
Poor, wonderful, little rat.
The work of some sadistic prankster no doubt.

I can't help but shudder
As you move both hands toward your chest.
Still Sleeping yet waking,
Still sane yet. . .
When you realize
You'll never forget.
You see,
I haven't forgotten.
I'll never ever forget.
Oh, by the way,
That sadistic prankster.
You've guessed I see.
Too bad about your phobia.

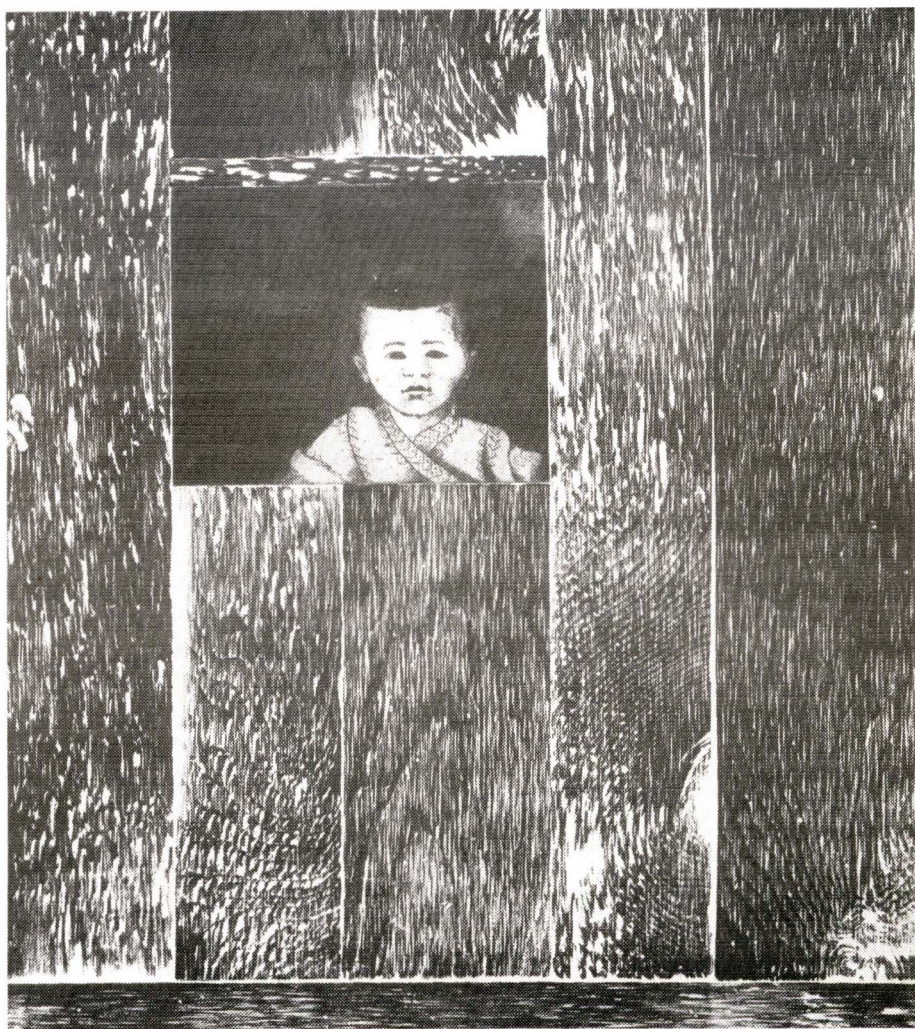
Jason Southwick

DECOMPOSITION

A stiff dead cat
leans on its nose
in the trashcan at the curb.
What days ago was
lithe and quick
hightailing up the lawn
rots now, breeds worms
draws greenbacked flies
and stares on nothing
with its marble eye.
What made it soft
warm, breathing
supple to the day's alerts
has left it
to the elements alone.

The notes remain,
the melody is gone.

Alan Nordstrom



JOHN HILL

SOJOURN OF INNOCENCE

In the womb
We never
Really needed to know
But once born
Life taught us
To cry
So that we could
Sense the joy
And power
Of getting the nipple
Time passes
Life unravels
The secrets
To the mind
Amazing
As long as we know
The master
Of our thoughts
We can control
The strings that
Give life
To the Puppet of our desires.

CARBUNCLE MISERY

The grundgy grimey gooeey dirt of
Uneducated drunks living in
Their ramshackle homes while
Lice and roaches are crawling
Inside the walls of rooms
Filled with the gray smoke of
Cigars from whitehouse decision
Makers who are planning to drop
Bombs on hungry people begging in
The streets of bleakness and
Suddenly a joke
"A simple platform speech for the masses"
Pierces the air and
Glues the congressmen to their common
Cause of furthuring their interests
Amidst all the shortys and screwballs
Who can not perceive the fact that
They are stuck in a mindless environment
As a result of easily confused emotional
Souls who are fed a diet of mutated drugs
That are developed in the plethora of
Twinkling matter in the uncaring universe.

Kurt Knoble

Eleven/Seventy-eight Eve: The Color of My Present World

What do I know of psychosis?
A silver lined snow is not
flaking up
My world - - as it did Paul's - -
But Purple is.

The Purple of evil psyched me out!
"At no cost" to another,
intentionally burbled
intense Purple

Words
accomplished Eternal Sorrow in
My Purple Heart
(Dali Purples when he paints
testicles, ya know.)

A Purple fluorescent aura is
Omnipresent - -
Surrounding all except my friend
and Mom
and Mom is
Eleven Ultra-Violet light years
Away.
(My
potted palm is dying slowly, but purply)

But I am not psychotic!
When I emerge from this
Purple Pit,
I Know I shan't forget it.
I sitteth three seats down
from the Right Hand of
The Father
(have mercy upon me)
I liveth three feet away
from the Left Bank
The Purple Pit
(Grant me Thy peace, Amen.)

patricia garner

Walking into technology.
Life support systems,
Kidney machines, plasma,
All knitted in a web of life
And spun around she who gave me birth.
White walls, ever so bright,
Blind my eyes to the presence of death.
I was young and
Didn't understand that this
Was to be my last visit.
I just stood beside her
White bed
Holding her cooling hands
And smiled at the shiney machines.

Pat Johnson

MEANWHILE

(or What Are You Doing While Waiting For Godot?)

Oh, Estragon and Vladimir, I know
Full well that in your existential fate
You're doomed to wait for answers from Godot,
To wait for wond'rous words to vindicate.
Although you fear he'll never show his face
Or speak explicitly the words you seek,
You ever stay displaced in this same place
And fret in fumbles barren, base, and bleak.
Oh yes, I understand and sympathize.
But why, oh why, not use your empty time
Somehow in some creative enterprise
To make a mousetrap or a tripping rhyme?
And lo - - who knows? - - it might lead to a real
Solution that Godot will not reveal!

THE DELIGHTS OF FICTION

Enhance your life: come dance, romance with me
In books of fiction written for escape.
There're pastorals of fabled fantasy
And bawdy bacchanals with juice of grape.
There're science fiction tales, and tales of browned,
Bare pagans by a South Sea Isle lagoon.
But, hark, the best of fiction can be found
In college yearbooks blooming ev'ry June.
Therein you'll see a life that's little more
Than one long, loose-clad party primed with beer.
No teachers, classes, tests, or books to bore;
No work or care throughout the happy year.
The college annuals enhance our poor,
Drab lives with great escapists lit-ra-choor!

Wilbur Dorsett

(In response to John Donne's "Song")

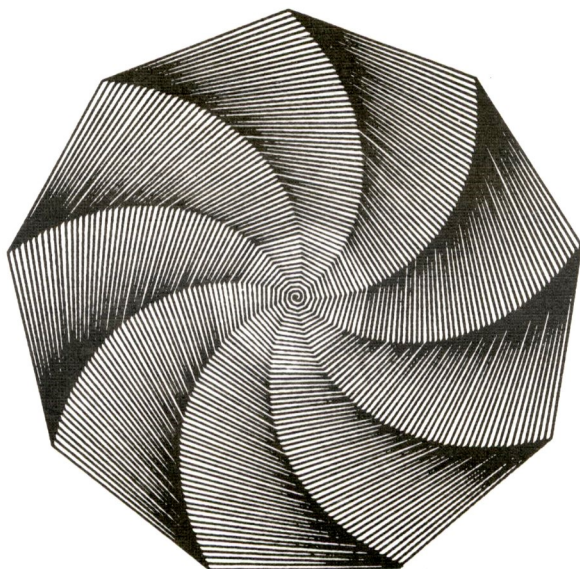
Song Unsung

Measure the universe, change its size
 Turn liquid into fiery flame,
Seek a flower that never dies,
 Make the Devil blush with shame,
Flood all deserts, drain each ocean,
Cause the earth to cease its motion,
 Create,
 Twist Fate,
The arc of Iris' bow make straight.

If you should live a thousand years,
 Count each second, first to last,
Ne'er rest 'til you reverse time's gears,
 So what will be becomes the past.
Your wand 'ring days will soon diminish,
And when you spy me at their finish
 Don't fail
 To wail
"There's no man true to the female!

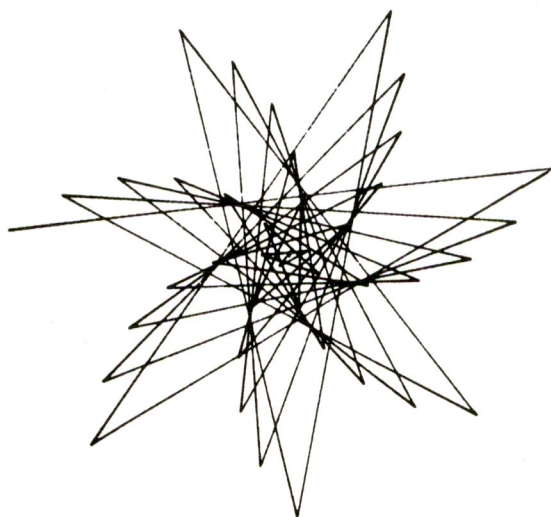
Yet, if you know one, I must see
 This vision, this wondrous thing;
Nay it cannot truly be,
 Since pauper often claims he's king.
Man denies the he's lecher
Whose love for woman is to catch her.
 Net him,
 Get him;
He wants to suffer; she shall let him.

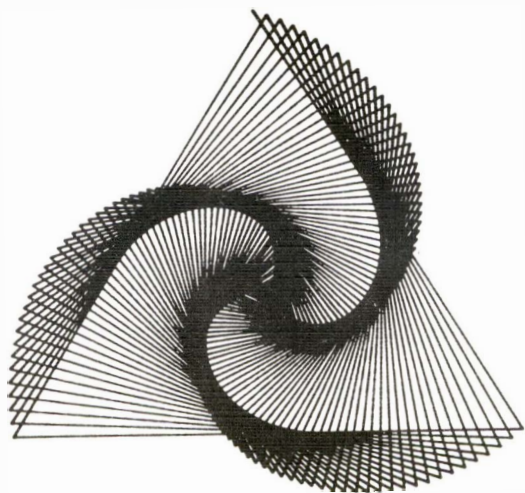
Tamie Smith



Haiku

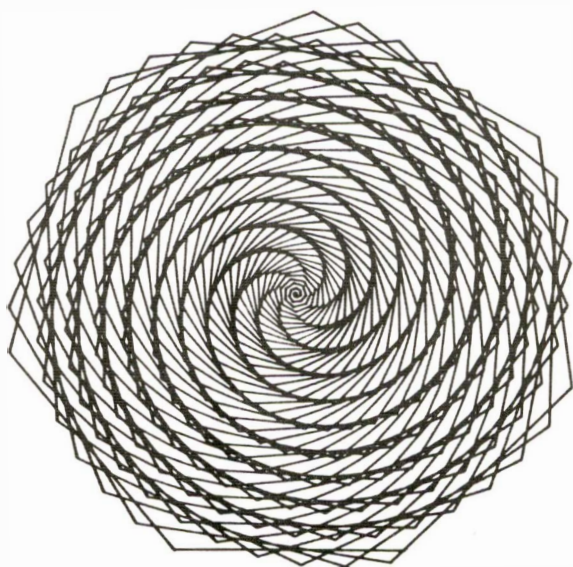
Dragonfly circling
Silently by my reed gate.
Now! You saw the moon?





Haiku

Butterfly sleeping
Warily in cherry groves
Wait! Will you return?



Bruthie

You fool, you blithering fool!
I am! You may not disregard me.
Of course you may try, but
Deep down inside, you know. For
The pure you is merely a pure denial of me.

A fear is upon you, the terror of
Looking into the abyss of existence.
Yes, my comrade, an abyss! My
How you tremble, your eyes snap
Shut, the vision's memory ostracized.

So you build your palaces in the air,
Your sugar castles inhabited by Gods.
Perfection's reflection is your chosen abode.
You look at your ideal, there in the clouds,
And then, through self-reflection find
The gap between you and it lessen.
But it is all mere optics, for I am a
Part of you, I am the roots that
Bind you to earth.

And even then, what if I were to let you be,
Unchecked? What if you could exorcise me?
Do you not see that in the very act
Of rejecting me your own shortcomings
Come to light, your illusions of
Perfections shown to be only delusions
Of grandeur? For without me logic
Reigns supreme. And, squeezed through the
Presses of logic, when you finally come to
Rest in the taster's bowl, you are found lacking.

Hah! For the questions you run from
Smack you in the face, and still no
Answers are forth coming. Not good enough!
The terror must be dealt with, so you
Must be rejected. Reason is a heady
Wine, appealing to the tastes. It gives
A permeating sense of insight. Logic takes
The place of your Gods, and all can be proud.

To Socrates: 'The unexamined life is
Not worth living! I must counter; But
Does this mean the thoroughly rationalized
Life is worth living? For in rejecting
Me a void is created, a tangible lack
Is observed; illogical but true. For
Rejecting me is a lifetime's effort.

But you fear me. I am the animal,
Repulsive and earthy. I am pure
Unadulterated feeling, a vortex of being.
I am the roaring daemon, because I
Have seen and understood, and a shrug
Of the shoulders was my response.
'Barbaric, to be human is to Do!'
Ah, but to be human is to Be!!

So, it seems a compromise must be struck.
I need you and you need me, and
Together we can subjugate reason to our
Will. Where man fits, not where he should
Fit shall be our inquiry. For
Between us lies man.

And, the farther man stretches forth
His branches toward your Gods, the
More sharply he will feel the pull
Of his roots, me, nourishing him.
And hence, the birth of tragedy, the
Awareness of perfection coupled with the
Awareness of its inattainability.
Man's existence is the reconciliation
Of these awarenesses, a coping, nothing more.

Alison Erde

The Door

The door stands, mid silent masquerade,
And beckons in somber tones.
In quiet desperation I approach the portal
With confident stride hiding
The fearful tread within.
But mute and masked, I cannot enter.
For the masquerade ends here,
At the threshold of reality.

So turning to face the mad, masked dancers,
Back against the door and lowered gaze,
Reveals absurdity seldom seen
Though never lacking.
Numbered steps, with arrows yet,
Brass curb-feelers on the slippered feet
Of staggering statues, lifelessly animated,
As yet unpracticed at the ancient dance.

My own slippered feet, lacking feelers
Have traced these steps more times
Than can be remembered.
Isolated years, surrounded by
Frozen smiles over hidden scowls
Voicing silken notes of inane insanity.
And all for naught, but to lose my self
Among the dancing losers.

If lost it is, then time to find,
Behind the door to look
For me and all the other souls
Who shun the dance and silence.
Damn you teachers of the sacred dance.
Damn myself for learning.
This pretty mask, with trailing chains,
Must go!

The door now, unmasked and growling
I face again.
Open you bastard
My time has come
And I will not be denied.
Tis me myself you deal with now,
Naked, ready for the pain and joy
Of unformed dance, uncertain end.

But the door stands open and bars me not.
As indeed it never has.
And I cannot but laugh, as my last act
In the land of the silent masquerade.
Finally stepping over the phantom threshold
Irony turns to wonder.
How many do I follow?
How many more will follow me?

John Addison



PUFF

RAMONA WHITWORTH



KRIS GRODZ

Drafted

In a year a child will be eighteen.
And they will say, "Ah, what a fine, young man."
And he will be drafted.
And they will say, "Ah, what a brave, young man."
And he will go through military training and
be the best man on the field.
And they will say, "Ah, what a good leader he will be."
And they will send him off to fight and
kill and see more appalling, inane sights
in one day than he would have seen in a
lifetime at his home.
And he will be so astonished at the wreckless
slaughter of mankind for such ridiculous
reasons.
And he will come home emotionally disturbed.
And they will say, "Put him away."

Norma D. Baumeister



PARKER DULANY

The Winded Flower

As if by chance
or perhaps first glance
the winded flower is no more.
It is only your eyes that deceive
for beauty has always been;
it settles in hearts that allow it.

The wind doesn't cry because it must move on.
It is blessed for it stirs all those to whom it whispers
and it touches many.

It takes very little to unearth shallow seeds,
a little rain will do.
But the earth gives to those that find the right depth
and take hold . . . and they will grow
to prosper in the new morning
in scent . . . to be spent.

And the winded flower
that was and will always be,
will live each and every day through you.

Norman Thomas

Hurt!

Explain to me your reason . . .
your presence in
separation,
frustration,
impatience.

Explain to me no —
for I shall be rid of you.
Just watch me:
joined,
encouraged,
understood.

Carol A. Graham

the winter buries landscapes —
ice castles
frozen places
crystal porticos

silent sentries sleep,
armed with spring

Janet Williams



CHERYL MARTIN

Across Campus

They all smile here —
Stranger to stranger,
Friend to friend.
All feel the need to express a studied sense of belonging.

On a smooth, nut-studded cement plate
We pass at ten.
You smile — I say hello.
It seldom varies.
But some mornings I lower my eyes
When you approach.
Some mornings your false friendliness is just added pain
To a day I do not want.
Then you pass by,
A jigsaw puzzle in your eyes
And I refuse to supply the missing piece.
I'm sorry (or I want to be).
You're so smooth,
So polished,
You belong so well.
Lower your eyes,
Pass,
Become a stranger.
You know you never see anyway.
And I'll bleed on my shoes,
And vomit out the morning.
I have taken off my glitter.
I'm going naked today.

Maryann T. Lester

**She would run to Carvel's for her Daily Fix
of
Heavenly Hash and Stanley Glass**

For some odd reason,
Reasons always played when
she was there:

Reasons!

and Stanley would scoop
the conglomeration
into a
sugar cone

The Reasons
that
we're here

and Stanley would
set the scoop
Back into a glass of
milky water

the Reasons
that we fear
our feelings won't
disappear

and Stanley would
ask if she wanted
sprinkles

And after the
Love game
had been played

She would always say
yes

All our illusions
was just a
charade

Then Stanley would ask,
"What kind?"

And all the
Reasons
start to fade

She would always choose
chocolate.

And in the morning
when
I rise

She always paid for her
 cone with two
 quarters
 No longer feeling
 Hypnotized
 Stanley always gave
 her two cents
 change
 I find the
 Reason . . .
 He would then
 smile
 and say,
 "Have a nice day."
 The Reason
 had no
 Pride.
 "Come again."
 After all the
 Reasons
 why . . .
 And she would flash a
 Painstakingly Rehearsed
 smile . . .
 All the
 Reasons
 were
 a lie!
 and softly say,
 "G'bye."

Heavenly Hash - - Chapter Last

She had no Reason
 when last they met.
 Both quite grown,
 Yet still unable to
 communicate.
 She knew him well - -
 through a fantastic love.
 He knew her only
 through Carvel.

There was no reason
 'cause there was no matter
 When he asked;
 Why are you crying? What is the matter?
 UnReasonable Reality
 slapped her down and made her
 whimper,
 "Nothing is the matter. I have
 no reason.

patricia garner
the year of unreason 1979

In A Room With Windows

The animals brush against
the windows of the room
we are sleeping in.
They leave etchings
on each pane.
In the morning
I place my hands
on the inside
of the windows
and tell you they have tried
to make their claim again.

As we sleep in a room
with no light
many pairs of eyes
breathe into our sleep.
Before dawn I stand up
and unlatch the windows.
I speak to the waiting animals.

— Let us all be clean and new,
simplified —

The bed is bare.
You have curled up
on the floor
and fallen asleep.
The world is white
in the ache of my mind.
The animals are inside now.
They wait for me.
Here we will create a dark continent.

Madeleine Deininger

when i was seven i made my firts mythological beast
out of an abandoned tortoise shell,
the skull of a chipmunk,
and a squirrel's tail.
i remember it lived within the depths of the woods,
protected by the mighty pines.
and now this mythical creature climbs through my memory
on the legs i never gave it.

Georgia Fultz



CAPTIVE

JOHN HILL

ANTELOPES LEAPING
A dead poem

Antelopes leaping into the moon,
Daisies fresh as baboon's breath,
Walnuts looking like death warmed over,
Five old men in a clover patch,
A wishing well with cat scratch fever,
Venezualian beaver cheese,
And apple saying "Please" and "Thank you,"
A purple crank to change a tire,
A troupe of termites fire a gun,
I've never seen a one of these.

Scott Campbell

BILL BAKER DIED

A one act play

CHARACTERS

MIKE: Young man, 17. Average looking, brown hair, somewhat scrawny.
TED: Young man, 17. Average looking, but larger and a bit overweight.
Brown hair.
LOU: Young man, 18. Short with a moustache. Brunette hair, sharp looking.

SETTING: Today, anywhere in America.

A nice sandwich shop. MIKE and TED have finished eating -- their plates gone, but napkins still lie crumpled on the table. They are conversing and changing the subject with MIKE'S first line.

MIKE: Bill Baker died.
TED: What's that?
MIKE: I say Bill Baker's dead.
TED: Our friend Bill Baker?
MIKE: Yeah.
TED: Really? (Pause) How'd that happen?
MIKE: You remember in the paper last week, that story that said, "Two killed, one injured in fiery crash?" Well, he was the "one injured." only he died the next day. But I didn't read the story then, 'cause I didn't know it was him. I saw his name in the obituary column.
TED: Did you?
MIKE: Yes. Well, of course when I read that Bill was dead I was concerned about him so I called the newspaper.
TED: Well, of course.
MIKE: And sure enough, Ted, Bill was the "one injured" in that story.
TED: Did you cry?
MIKE: (Pause) Well, no, not really, but I heard his family did.
TED: But did you cry?
MIKE: Well, I kind of . . . no, I guess not. I would have if I had read it first thing in the news story, but when you read someone died in the obituaries, it's not as . . . well . . . it's not really as big. You know?
TED: Yeah.
MIKE: I mean, if I had read "Two killed, one injured" and had immediately read it was my friend Bill, of course I would have cried.
TED: Of course.
MIKE: But with it just being in tiny print in the obituaries . . .
TED: Yeah, I know. (Pause) I remember crying when Frank Mizeck died.
MIKE: Well, sure. He jumped off that high rise, that's pretty big stuff.

TED: Yeah, it sure is. Who were the "two killed?"

MIKE: Bill was driving in his car alone. It was no one we know.

TED: Maybe I know them.

MIKE: No, I'm sure you don't.

TED: I might.

MIKE: I doubt it.

TED: Just tell me!

MIKE: If it was someone you knew well enough to care about, you would have heard about it by now.

TED: Would you tell me?

MIKE: Some husband and wife, Bixby or Baxter, something like that.

TED: You're right, I guess I don't know them.

MIKE: (Pause) Were you really a friend of Bill's?

TED: I think he thought I was.

MIKE: But you weren't?

TED: Well, yeah, I guess I was.

MIKE: Well, I know I was his friend. Boy, he was funny, wasn't he?

TED: He sure thought he was.

MIKE: C'mon, Ted! He's dead, I really thought he was funny.

TED: You're right, he was.

MIKE: Of course, he was. Everything he did was funny, don't you think?

TED: He didn't die funny.

MIKE: No, you're right, he didn't. (Pause) Funny, how he didn't die funny.

TED: It is. Boy, he died kinda young, though, huh?

MIKE: Not really. Well . . . I guess he died kinda young for just dying, but you're never too young to die in a car crash.

TED: That's true. (Pause) He thought he was gonna be a big shot, didn't he?

MIKE: Thought, nothing. Of course he was gonna be big. I betcha he would have been famous, or a millionaire, or something.

TED: Well, I don't know . . .

MIKE: I do; he would have been great -- he was great!

TED: What, were you his best friend or something?

MIKE: Of course not; I certainly would have cried if I were his best friend.

TED: Yeah, me too. (Pause) He didn't think you were so great or funny.

MIKE: (pausing, somewhat stunned) So what?

TED: I don't know . . .

MIKE: It doesn't bother me.

TED: No, it shouldn't. You know, my mom always liked him a lot.

MIKE: I wonder what Bill had to do to get her to like him.

TED: Watch it! Stupid!

MIKE: I'm sorry, I was only joking.

TED: It didn't sound like you said it jokingly.

MIKE: But I meant it jokingly.

TED: Well, it wasn't funny. It's only funny if you say it jokingly.

MIKE: (Apologetically) Sure, Ted, I'm sorry.
TED: Yeah, I'm sorry, too.
MIKE: So Bill didn't think I was too great, huh?
TED: Is that eating you?
MIKE: No, I'm just wondering why you never told me.
TED: Because Bill was my friend. He told me not to tell you. I figured as long as he's dead . . .
MIKE: Okay, okay.
TED: (Pause) Bill really did get around, though. Remember that story he told us about that girl he met during the summer in Miami?
MIKE: Yeah, the way he used her! That was really a low, rotten as hell thing to do.
TED: Way-to-go.
MIKE: Huh?
TED: I could have sworn that when he told us that story, you said, "Way-to-go."
MIKE: No, I didn't.
TED: I'm almost positive you did.
MIKE: (indignant) I did not!
TED: Are you sure?
MIKE: God, yes, I'm sure.
TED: Yeah, yeah, you're right; I guess you didn't.
MIKE: Well, maybe I did, but I didn't say "Way-to-go" like "Wow! Way-to-go, whoopie! Great job, Bill! Way-to-go!"
TED: No, of course you didn't.
MIKE: I just said "way-to-go."
TED: That's right, I remember.
MIKE: What else do you say? If someone comes up to you with a story he thinks is something special, you gotta say "way-to-go." You can't say "I think that stinks, you stupid jerk!"
TED: Yea, but I think you should say what you think.
MIKE: (Pause) You're right.
TED: But who cares. I didn't believe the story anyway.
MIKE: No, neither did I.
TED: (Pause) Would you cry if I died?
MIKE: Hell, yes! What kind of a question is that?
TED: I don't know. Anyway, I want to be humble and unselfish about it. When I die I don't want people to cry and have breakdowns and things.
MIKE: Ted, you know I'm your friend. If you don't want me to cry, I won't.
TED: Thanks, Mike. But I wouldn't have cried for Bill. Even if I had read it in the news story first thing, I wouldn't have cried.
MIKE: Yeah, me neither.

TED: He bugged the hell out of me sometimes.
MIKE: Yeah but he was pretty popular.
TED: Sure he was. (Jealously) He thought he was so great.
MIKE: You know it. Sure, he was good, but he wasn't great. (Pause) Y'know, Ted, I don't think he liked me.
TED: Who? Bill?
MIKE: Yeah, the way he used to insult me.
TED: He insulted everybody.
MIKE: Yeah, but with other people, they were funny insults, mine were insult-insults.
TED: What do you mean?
MIKE: Well, you know, like "You have an ugly face" insults.
TED: Ah, your face isn't that ugly.
MIKE: Well . . . yeah . . . thanks.
TED: But I know what you mean. He used to always make jokes about me being fat. (He pauses, waiting for Mike to disagree)
MIKE: Yeah, I remember.
TED: But I wasn't that fat.
MIKE: Huh? No, of course you weren't . . . aren't. No, of course not. You know, he was pretty cruel.
TED: Yeah.
MIKE: He had no reason. I never said one word against him!
TED: Neither did I. To tell you the truth, I didn't really like him.
MIKE: Well, I don't know. He was . . . well, I don't know. I guess you're right, I didn't really like him either. (Lou enters)
TED: Hey, Lou!
LOU: Hey, guys. What's happening?
TED: Oh, nothing. Are you alone?
LOU: No, I'm meeting someone here.
MIKE: Hey, Lou, did you hear about Bill Baker dying?
LOU: Who?
MIKE: Bill Baker.
LOU: Oh, yeah. I think someone told me.
TED: Did they?
LOU: I think . . . no. I guess this is the first time I heard it. Boy, that's terrible . . . dead, huh? Poor Bill.
TED: I thought you didn't like him.
LOU: Who, me? No, no of course I liked him, sure.
MIKE: Yeah, we did too. (Ted nods "yes") Well, we're finished, go ahead and take our table.
LOU: Oh, no. I don't want to rush you.
MIKE: Hey, no problem. What are friends for?
LOU: I don't know. I guess for giving up their tables. (All laugh lightly) Thanks, fellas.

MIKE: See you around, Lou.
TED: Yeah, so long, Lou.
LOU: Bye . . . take it easy.

(Lou unfolds his paper and begins reading. Suddenly a screeching of brakes is heard, followed by a loud crash. Lou looks up, momentarily, then goes back to reading his paper.)

William S. Leavengood

The Discarded Lover Comes Back

I have come late.
Traveling through the ill seasons
of each dark night
I have tried to rehearse
every step.
But this is the place,
and I am here
in another part
of an old scene.
I have gone away
and come back
in the shape of a woman.
I stand waiting for you.
I am trying to imagine
how it feels
to be the shadow
of a woman.

You know that my cry
lasted longer than the wind.
That I am still beautiful
and you desire me.
It is easy to forget
what I am here for.
The wreck and the salvage
of the wreckage
are separating themselves,
drowned by your silence.

Now I will speak.
I will hold onto you
and say so softly —

since our storm many nights ago
our bodies have been swinging
in the wind, as they are
alone —

Madeleine Deininger



THE WIND

JOHN HILL

CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

JOHN ADDISON "Yeah? I don't know."

NORMA DAVIS BAUMEISTER is a freshman in search of "sanitas" and an escape route to Ultima Thule where the sky is illuminated with the brilliance of love.

BARB BODDEN, infamous world traveler and international celebrity, foresees fortune and success in the future. A senior Art major with a minor in psychology, Barbara is planning to seek a management position in fashion merchandising.

BRUTHIE is the Rollins academic computer and resides in the basement of the Bush Science Center. His hobbies are drawing, writing and playing Star Trek, football and basketball.

SCOTT CAMPBELL has not met Judy Kahan yet, but he is working on it. He has written a screenplay for her, and now it is primarily a matter of finding out where the hell she is.

VIRGINIA CAWLEY, in attempting and failing to survive Spring term, has recently lost her mind and would like to know if anyone has found it Excluding the occasion of personal disaster (such as the return of sanity) she will continue her "mind search" next fall in Ireland.

RICHARD COLVIN has exhibited his work in **Brushing** before and is surprised to be asked again.

WILBUR DORSETT has recently retired from teaching English at Rollins and has been a faithful contributor to **Brushing**. This year's staff extends to Mr. Dorsett many thanks and best wishes for the future.

PARKER DULANY hopes to graduate soon and continue his studies in graduate school, but will probably just end up becoming a bartender or a gardener.

REBECCA EAGAN is a graduate of F.S.U., former Rollins Continuing Education student, artist and resident of Wyoming.

GEORGIA FULTZ is an anonymous person who is disgusted with the primitiveness of the South.

PATRICIA GARNER is a sophomore majoring in English. She has been appointed **Brushing** Editor for 1979-1980 and is wished much luck from this year's staff.

JEAN LEECH GLEASON was a sophomore Studio Art major at Rollins who planned on getting married in July 1977 and moving to Atlanta at the end of the school year. She did.

CAROL GRAHAM leaves Rollins with a special note of gratitude for a lifetime's worth of warm, touching, living memories!

JOHN E. HILL "Thanks to all the individuals I have come to know and love while at Rollins, those staying and those going; I wish success to each."

ALL HULME says, "On the way to Sea World stop off at Burger World, Hotel World and Disney World."

PATRICIA JOHNSON is a freshman majoring in Chemistry and English. Her hobbies are singing, dancing, sewing and of course, writing poems.

KURT KNOBLE proclaims, "Al Hulme is obviously out to lunch at Burger World. If I had the money, I'd o' joined 'im."

WILLIAM S. LEAVENGOOD is a freshman transfer from F.S.U. and a theatre major. He is very interested in writing and started writing short plays in 12th grade.

MARYANN LESTER is a freshman at Rollins. She is an English major who hopes to become a famous poet but will settle for marrying rich.

RICK LIVERNOISE is an elementary education teacher, teaching Adult Basic Education at the Orange County Jail. He is working towards a Master's Degree in Guidance and Counseling at Rollins.

CHERYL MARTIN is a 1977 graduate of the Rollins Art Department.

SUE MCMILLAN is a freshman this year. She graduated from Holton-Arms, Bethesda, Maryland. Her main interests are graphic art and photography.

ALAN NORDSTROM, besides teaching literature and composition at Rollins, is fascinated by wildlife and tame death, as his poem in this issue shows.

CARLA PEPPERMAN is a sophomore Business Administration major at Rollins with plans to go to law school. She enjoys writing poetry in her spare (!?) time and is an incurable feminist.

HENRY SINN wandered down from Seminole and never went back.

TAMIE SMITH is an English major at Rollins. She has abandoned her previous ambition of becoming a sky diver for a more dangerous profession: teaching.

NORMAN THOMAS spent the most significant part of his life in the contry-side of Maryland, between Baltimore and Washington, which played a strong part in forming his creative interests such as writing. He hopes that through his studies and relations at Rollins he will improve his expressive ability.

SHAWNE WICKHAM is a graduate student in Journalism at N.Y.U.

JANET WILLIAMS, a sophomore Pre-Med. major, may be a rare species - - she is seen outside the walls of Bush quite often.

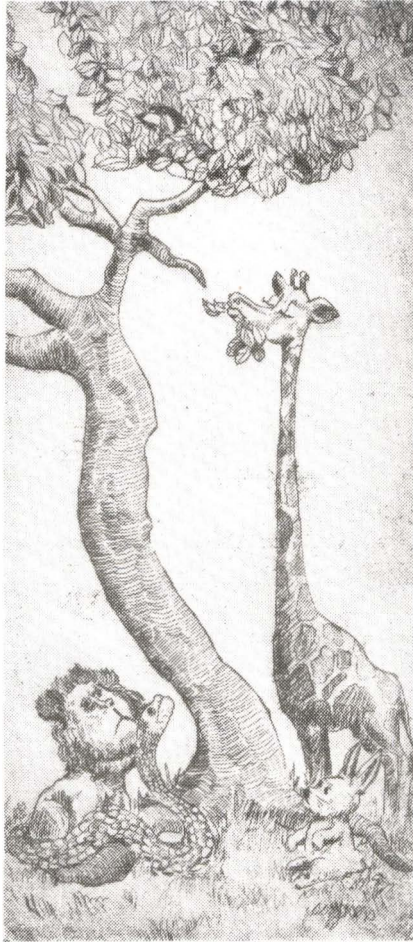
VOLUME 8 NO. 1

Brushing is published in the Fall and Spring by the Student Association and printed by Rollins College. Literary submissions and correspondence, etc. should be directed to: Brushing Editor, Box 2680, Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida 32789. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed envelope. Submission deadlines are mid-October and mid-March.

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LINDA MAUGHAN

THANKS

The **Brushing** staff of 1978-1979 would like to express its sincere gratitude to the Rollins College Print Shop for its advice and assistance over the past year.

DEDICATED TO ALL GRADUATING SENIORS



RICHARD COLVIN

RESULTS OF POETRY CONTEST

Brushing, the Fine Arts House and the English department of Rollins College jointly sponsored a student poetry contest which was judged by Van K. Brock. Mr. Brock, a poet from Tallahassee, Florida, announced the results during the poetry conference held on January 29, 1979 at Rollins College. Due to its success this year, we hope to make the contest an annual event.

-- -- Ed.

FIRST PLACE

Maryann T. Lester

for "Across Campus,"* "Crippling Choices" and "To Ellyne"

RUNNER-UP

Kurt Knoble

for "Incredible" and "An Appraisal"***

HONORABLE MENTIONS

Michelle Patnode

for "Look Again"*** and "Limbo"****

Al Hulme

for "I Went Up North Seeking Perfection"* and
"I Want to Be Born Again"

Patricia Garner

for "She Would Run to Carvel's for her Daily Fix of Heavenly Hash and Stanley Glass"* and "Heavenly Hash — Chapter Last"*

Georgia Fultz

for "Three Poems," especially No. 1 and No. 2 — untitled*

Melissa Carter

for "Helvetia"

*published in this issue

**published in Brushing, Fall 1978

***published in Brushing, Fall 1977

