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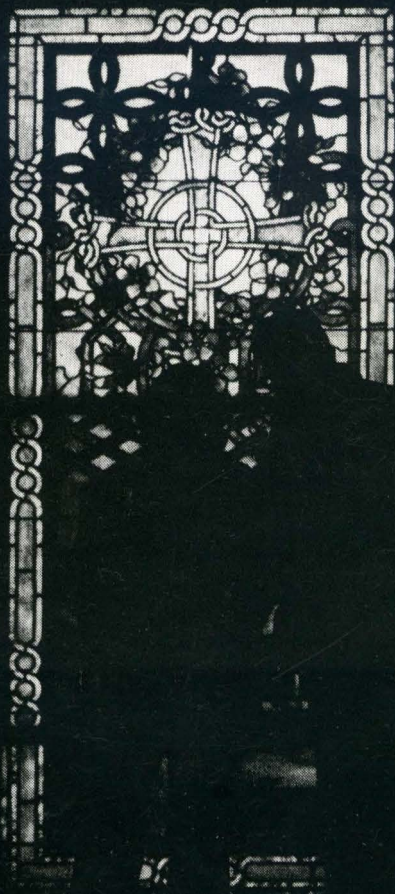
160 BRUSHING

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Spring, 1981

Vol 10, No. 2

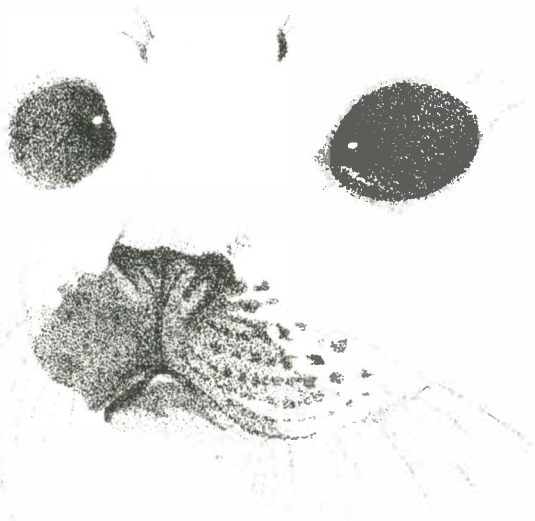
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BRUSHING

ROLLINS COLLEGE

Spring 1981



ABOUT THE COVER

The cover photo portrays the Tiffany glass of Hugh McKean, whose Morse Gallery enhances the ambience of Winter Park. The photo was taken by Scott Roth on Ilford Hp-5 Film, 1/60th sec. at f/8.

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Frontispiece by Caro Walker

Cover by Scott Roth

FOREWARD

Art is the attempt to express the subtle nuances of life. Whatever the vehicle, the challenge of the artist is to capture the tension without distortion. In some ways it is an abstract quest for perfection, heightened by the futility of the quest. For the artist is never completely satisfied with the work of the moment, but feels compelled to move on, driven by the desire to give voice to the silence and form to the shapeless void.

This issue is more than poetry and prose, photography and artwork. It is the culmination of weeks of frustration and fulfillment. I would like to extend my deepest thanks to my staff for their patience and devotion. In addition, special thanks are extended to the Student Association, the English Department, the Art Department, and the Admissions Office for their financial assistance with this issue.

Maryann T. Lester, Editor

A String of Pearls (A series of Haikus)

Our youth mummified
Within a live tapestry
Melted from your love.

Colorful seas, still,
Clothed, mothered the ocean floor;
We rose from her, draped.

And we crossed the seas,
And held hands with bags of bones,
And inhaled black cries.

Rice paddies swaying;
Scarecrows of rage, sticks, conduct
And shed their tears, why . . . ?

Of Chrysanthemums,
Petals tumble aimlessly —
Blackly scorched fragrance.

Of seagulls passing
Ashes did fall from the sky —
Ravens they became.

And we became black,
And we became brown, yellow;
But our prints are white.

'Pon a wooden board,
Four pearls are split to eight halves
And part - white silence.

Half to open palms
Of Lotus - oriental
Fine scented fingers.

Half climb fine stalks of
Red Carnations - White Ora
Of Blue rhythm blues.

Your words, green as mint
Brand our hearts with yellow heat
Snow flakes fall and melt.

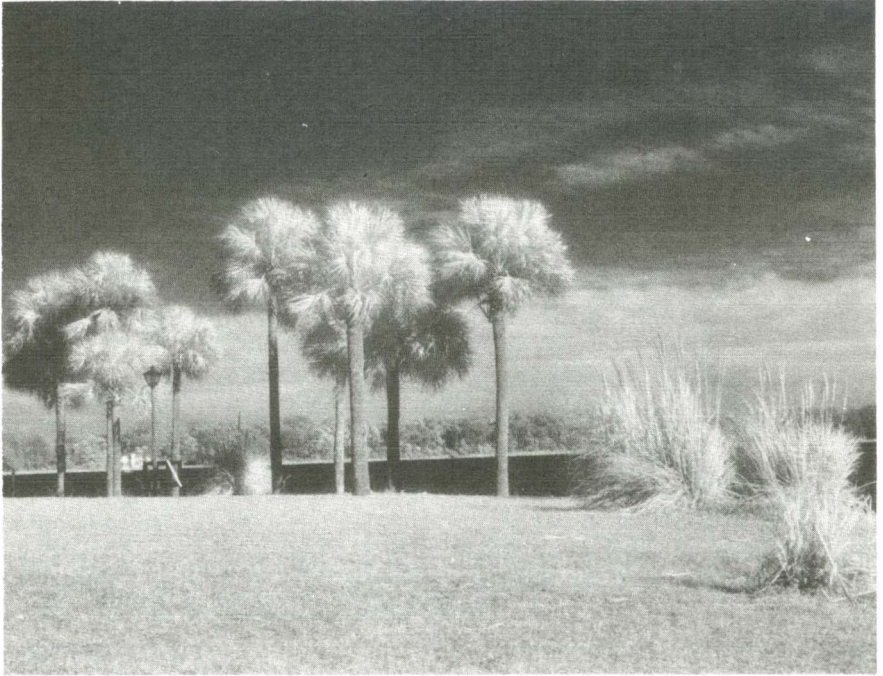
Tears climb from our eyes;
Six pearls together - a string
Of eternal life.

Karen Lippold



Pencil

Nancy Roth



Photograph

Scott Roth

The midnight moon peers dimly
through aimlessly drifting clouds
hoping to illuminate the mystical movements
of night enshrouded by the fog.

The palm beside the wall is still
above the lake of its shadow.
Quietly it stood all day
expending no effort as it
supported the sunlight.

Tonight the palm branches are bent,
weighted down by the gloom of evening
in beautiful arches like the strong feet
which balance the body weight
of a scampering squirrel.

I retire to bed
hoping the palm withstands
the pressures of the night.
As I awake, the palm retires
expecting me to cope with
the heaviness the day brings.

It's a question of balance.

John Balden

The Archer

Releasing his bow
let syllogism fly
straight to her heart.
So painfully lodged:
"It's all or nothing.
You can't be it all
so you must be nothing."

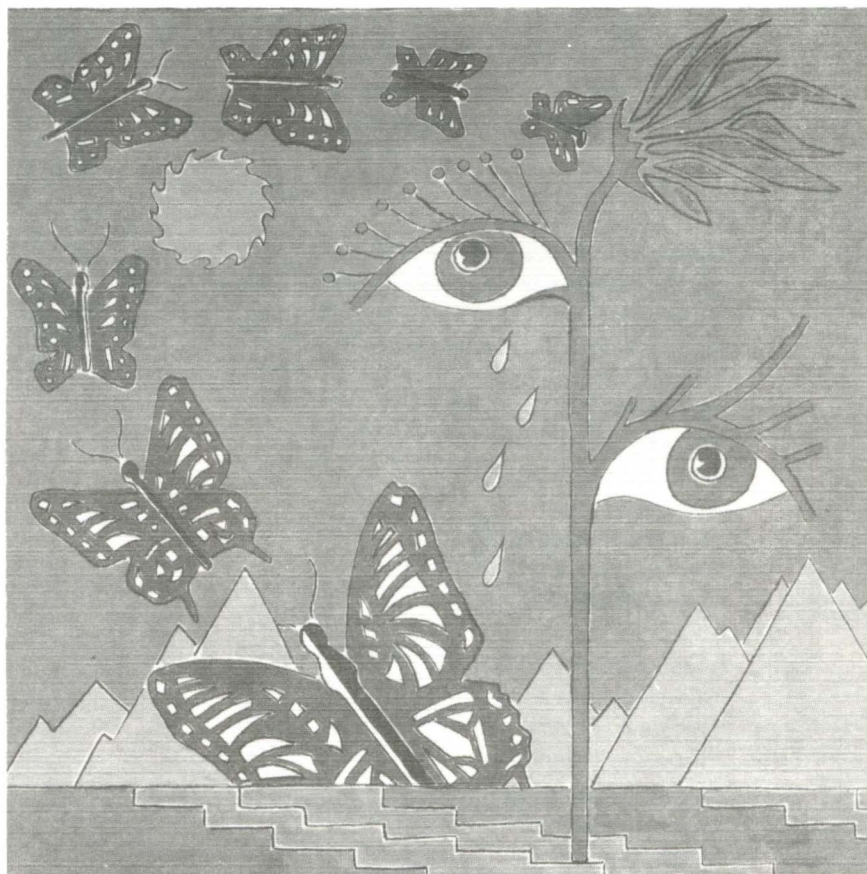
Shadow Love

Soul casts her shadow
on the couple lying there.
Their motions without meaning
their touching without contact.
A slide out-of-focus
in absent-minded love.

Make-Believe Adult

Held together
by a coat and tie.
Sold out
to a leather monogram
that reminds him of
who he is.
His toys put away neatly
like the laughter set
aside.

Lili Paloma



Gouche

Abby Ober

March Retrospect

Sweet-toothed orgy
Lyric-lovers on high
volume and their drums
hungry and reaching
to find the silent place beyond
They did.

Lili Paloma

"Rowing in Eden —
Ah, the Sea!
Might I but moor — Tonight —
In Thee!"

Emily Dickinson

Gatsby's glow beckoned me toward the vague expanse:
Surely, easily my prow pushed off —
'Rowing in Eden,' the delicious decade began.
Its emerald magic chartered no course,
Promised no safe harbor.
Yet neither Fear nor Regret
Shared my bark —
Hope, dauntless yeoman,
Veered my vessel
From despair and doubt,
Steered my heart-helm through
Guilt and urgency.

Verduous days and precious nights
Buoyed dreams and wafted us
Toward possibility —
Til we were blind to all
Save the alluring Light
Which enraptured
Vessel, dream, soul
All

The kingfisher hovered over our
Halcyon Days,
Charming our courseless voyage with
Golden grains of an eastern sea,
Christmas wine, and
Honeyed Hampstead paths.
One sweet year
Held the door for another,
And another . . .

Shot with vertigris
(Rude vector)
The sea urged my craft
From its heart's home
Toward memory's bank.

My constant companion
Clung to our "wand'ring bark,"
Casting her sweet shadow on my soul
Her cool coyness
Still plays about the
Brilliant beacon —
Steadfast, she lingers,
Basking in its Light.

From my hateful mooring
I see the two
Hope caressing the armor of her
Gallant green knight.

Nancy Hoffman



Lithograph

Richard Colvin

The Choice (1961)

Were strong hands ever so frail
When a decision was to be made?
Were proud hearts ever so humble
When a decision was to be made?
Yes.

Were vibrant thoughts ever so stagnant
When a decision was to be made?
Were man's loves ever so evil
When a decision was to be made?
Yes.

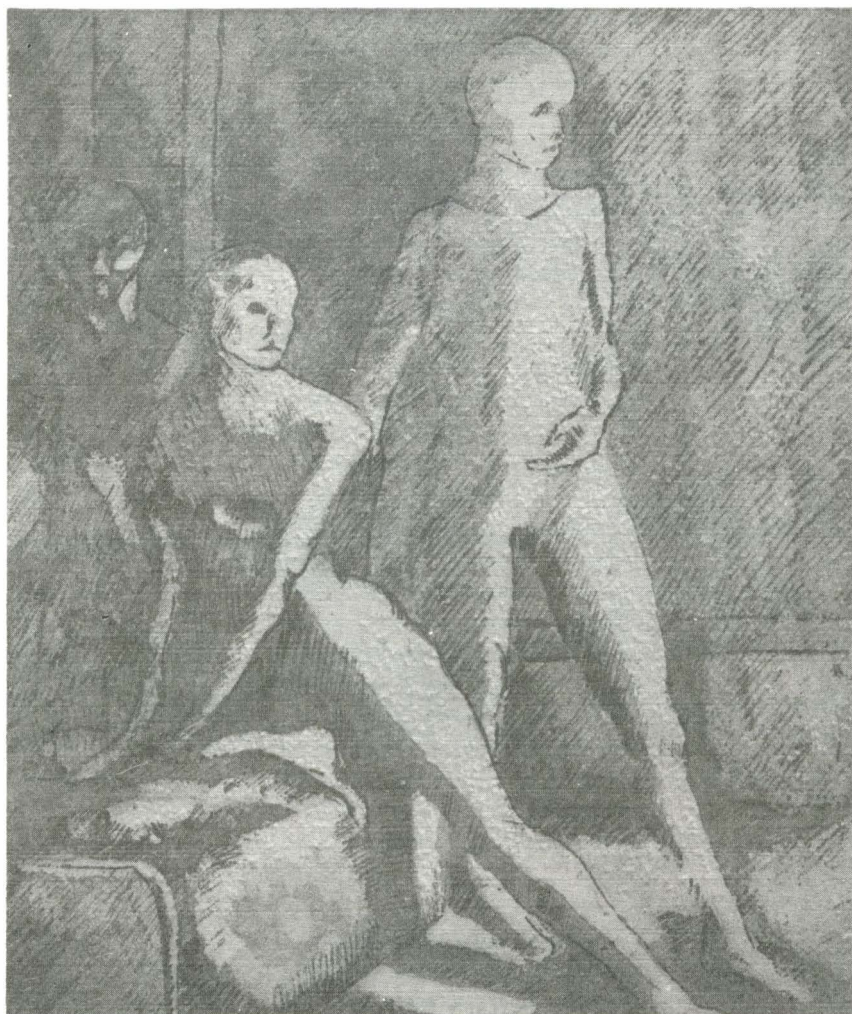
Were complex formulae ever so minute
When a decision was to be made?
Were glittering machines ever so dirty
When a decision was to be made?
Yes.

Were man's creations ever so nil
When a decision was to be made?
Were his sciences ever so ill-devised
When a decision was to be made?
Yes.

Man's hands, hearts, thoughts, and loves,
His formulae, machines, and creations
All were vile, all were worthless,
All were now scattered over God's land.
Yes.

For with that nefarious decision,
Man chose between love and hate.
Ultimate weapons were his choice;
Thus the button he pressed.
Yes, the end.

Robert Carson



Etching

Tracey Dorfmann

Shape/Shifter

For mornings
Earth dripped its icicles. Each
One colder and long into the afternoon,
Growing through the spectrum
Of a covenant, I changed shape with
Each recognition. First
Scholar, then
Woman, chasing words that were
Colors that were words.
Poet
Painter
Promise-maker.
Two circles beneath an arc.
I thought to compare our frozen swords.
No craftsman could match that delicate,
Deadly touch. I consider myself
Lucky to be alive, here where the icicles
Melted into an arc reflected.
Poet
Painter
Promise-breaker.

Maryann T. Lester

Broken Boy Marty

It was just a plaster dish
that Marty washed
with his thoughts on Christmas toys.
The olive-grip-fumble
sent the plate to the floor
and stopped all thoughts of the white north pole.

A plaster cast replaced the dish
for that wasn't all that broke:
Big Daddy brain nerves and little boy bones
and screams that cracked
the quiet town tones.

Marty was glued
back into one piece
but there was one place where healing ceased.

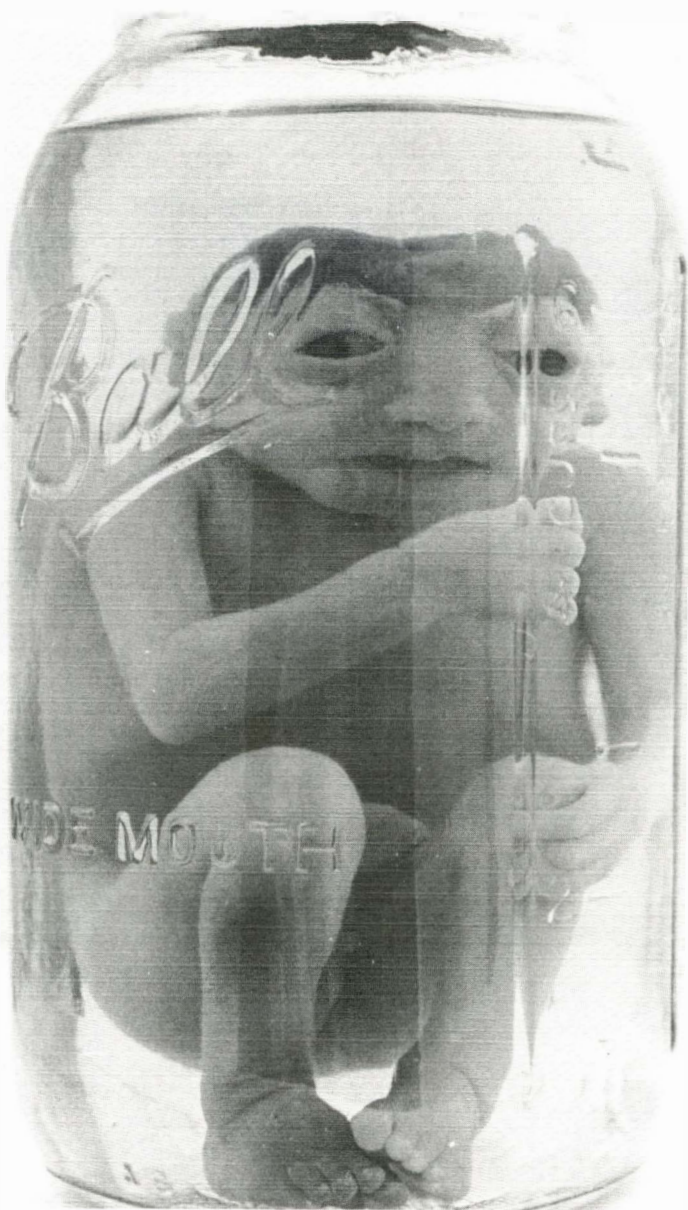
X-rays never know
where fear and rage grow
but maybe . . . on some Christmas to come
His son will be shown.

Joey Adams



Pencil

Erin Fitzpatrick



Photograph

Nancy Dolan

Reply to the Time Surgeon

I clench my disbelief,
antidote to the void
and turn my back
before he does.

I'd rather have not
than hold with guilt.
Go to bed hungry, dream hungry,
and wake with my own soul.

Keep the wound open
til I can heal clean
from the inside out;
instead of tough scar tissue
covering a festering place.

Lili Paloma

A Bike Ride

Strange, I think, that someone would throw a big pile of garbage on the road there; maybe it's just an empty sack, blown onto the pavement. With each turn of the pedals the shapeless mass takes on form and substance. Even stranger now, I can almost make out the figure of a man in the crumpled vision. No, couldn't be. Not lying in the road and no one giving aid or comfort.

"What's that thing up there?" asks Laura from behind me.

"Can't really tell." I hope I'm not lying.

The four of us keep riding, and I don't understand my growing unease as we near the. . . My God. He's staring right into my eyes as I roll past. A man. Lying on the road. Maybe dead; probably drunk. I see those eyes: wide, with nothing behind them; and nothing before them, I'm sure. I'm sure. His blackness melts into the asphalt's, as if, somehow, they are one. The eyes, so stark and unreal, like two ovals cut out of a paper mache shadow.

"Shouldn't we stop?" Jason speaks up before we are several yards past. If only it were miles.

"No."

Four people stood looking up at, the bomb falling, falling from nowhere. Somewhere above us was . . . emptiness. It kept coming, kept getting closer, kept growing. Death was screaming on a most fantastic roller coaster ride: no triple loops, just straight down to hell. And the bomb bites the wind with furious glee. Oh please blow away. That oval, it grew out of nothing; and when it has gone, nothing will mark its passing. Four people ran; no, crawled. Knowing if the killer did not hit them on the head and splatter their life on the newly laid sidewalk, its very existence would eat at their brain from the inside out and, just as assuredly, would annul their being. Nevertheless, they crawled; no, ran. Maybe it will never notice us . . .

"If he was white, would you have stopped?"

"Nope." Damn Jason, why ask me that question; you know my answer; you know I must believe it.

This is such a lovely night; so cool, so many stars. All those suns shining on us; this afternoon we knew but one, now heading for the other side of the world. I can still feel its burning flames licking at my bare back, and the heat radiating from the blacktop onto my chest. Just another day in between the nights.

Jason and Laura are gathering kindling and small dead branches for our fire; Mary is cleaning up around the campsite; I'm just now putting away the stove,

digesting an excellent dinner. Life is so uncomplicated I think to myself, especially on the road. Ride all day; stop at dusk and eat; sit around the campfire and talk or think, or both if we're lucky.

"Isn't that log too big, Jason? I don't think you should put it on the fire."

He drags it over and plops it down on the small blaze. "It won't hurt anything."

"Yeah, but once it gets going, we'll never be able to put it out. And there's a hell of a lot of dry grass and wood around here that could catch if it got out of hand."

We argue for several minutes, and I realize he won't take the log off, even if he can see my reasoning. Jason and I have a long-standing habit of not doing what the other says to do — at least not in any way which would be obviously capitulating to him. I walk out of sight of the camp, to the roadside; maybe if I'm not acting like a father, standing over his back, he will act on his own and remove the fulcrum of our dispute. Then again, maybe he won't.

Away from the light of the fire, I lose the heat of my anger as quickly as I lose the heat of my body to the night breeze. How easy to be so alone when friends are just an easy holler away. I stand, hands in pockets, watching the darkness and the passing of time. Only stars fill the sky; disembodied eyes are but another curious memory. A quick rustle in the brush nearby makes me start; I tell myself I have nothing to be afraid of. As the low rumble of a car and the telltale flickering of its headlights catch my attention, I turn and head back to answer my question.

Rounding the corner of trees, entering my home for the night, I notice the first log lying off to the side of the clearing, and second, the three faces glowing orange in the light of the fire. I smile quietly, in simple pleasure; life is simple. Nobody says anything — Laura and Mary, because that is their way; Jason and I, because our actions have rendered the words superfluous.

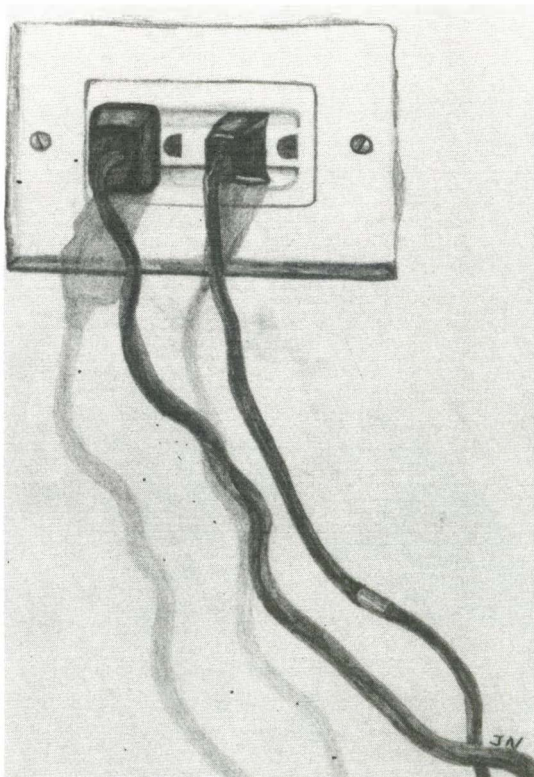
We all speak intermittently about random subjects, and we roast marshmallows over the crackling flames. Soon, Jason rolls a joint, and he and I share it; the twins, as usual, decline our offer to smoke. Such a clear sky; one of the girls points out the North Star, and we look for the Dippers. Then we stretch out on our sleeping bags and begin thinking of today's ride, and dreaming about tomorrow's. Boy, that fire sure feels good.

Michael Healy



Pencil

Erin Fitzpatrick



Pencil

John Naretta

perfect
starched world
I cope
days
I breathe exhaustion
crowds fall
through
holes in concrete
frantic ants
rebuild
their broadway

Dan Richards



Pencil

John Nareta

You
Show your teeth
To the unknown

Meanwhile. . .
I play
The cool one
And wait.

The language of
Vulnerability
Is foreign

Yet I wear
It like a bargain box suit.

Betsy Benson

Confessions of a Teen-age Fantasizer

We needed the women. . . . for our purpose. I can't tell you any more, just that; if I said anything else. . . .

There they were, lined up. Pretty maidens all in a row. I chuckled, remembering the rhyme. I had the system down pat and occasionally would outline it to myself. As I walked up and down the file, they'd wait. Expectantly — wondering whether to be anxious or . . . It's the same either way.

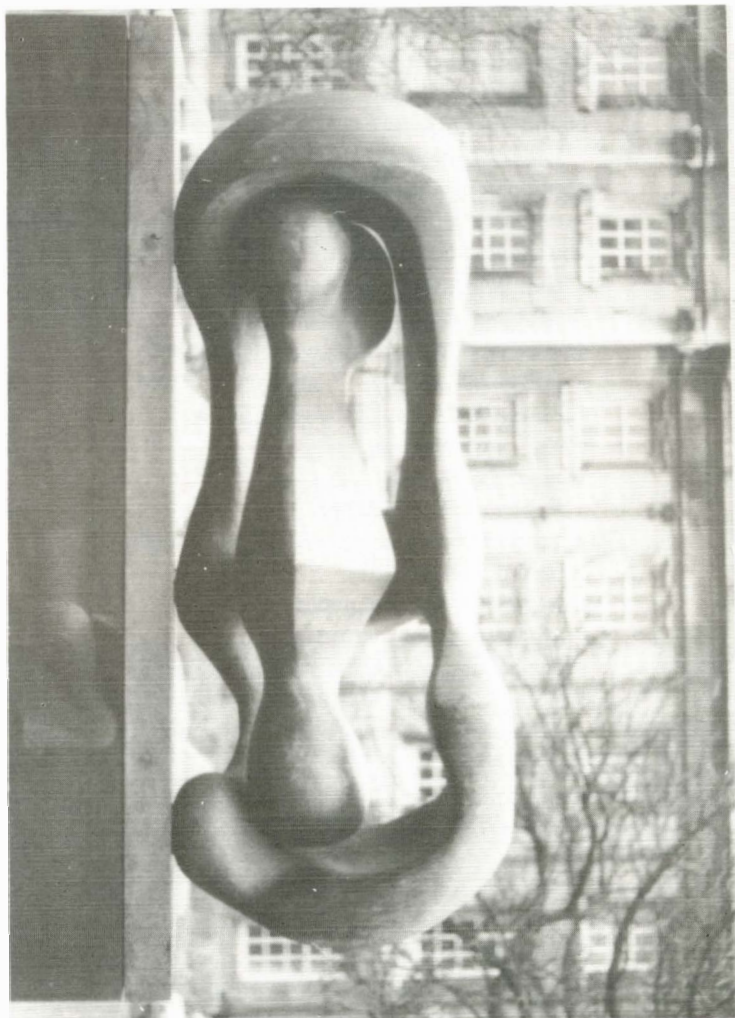
I'd be wearing a cloak, of course: very nondescript, unremarkable. But as I walked, I settled fates. Right, I'd say; or left. And there was a reason for that: those going right were just that; those going left would be. Sometimes I'd wonder who figured it out.

The good looking ones all went in the same direction. I knew beforehand some of those I'd pick; others just caught my eye. Never could decide what it was, but there was something. And so the process went on; slowly, but very surely it went on.

In my mind there were more fantasies. . . . Once they were there; what did I do, then? Some I knew: sex. Never defined or delimited, but always unbelievable, like in the books. Others . . . well no one knew.

That was really all that happened; the need was in itself the purpose. I suppose. But in case you were wondering, there it is.

Michael Healy



Photograph

Corey O'Gorman

First Flotsam: On Forty

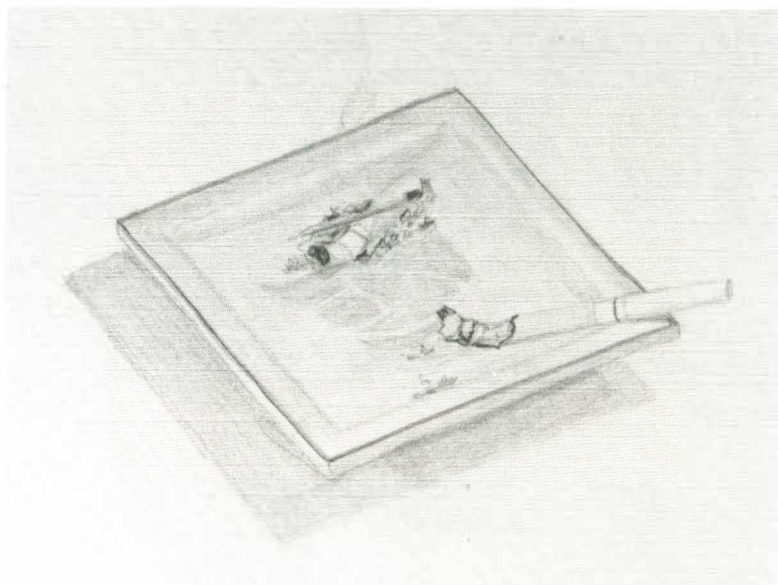
the form of forty carries a basket
and kicks stones along roads
abandoned where old houses have been
left to the peonies
that push up there in a bargello of
weeds and grass; imagines
the great ragged splash
that will open under a
dustglazed flashing, and absence
of human intervention: (who pumped
water who plumped the pillow); then
falls morosely, emptily away from a
walk into self's sea
that tossed so much up
to be lost: exiled here
among the precious stones and rubbish,
parents, those old
wishbones we broke and
buried (the sapphire ring of
mother's she gave too early that we
traded, the child we refused
to name for father) the anguish of such
small peace
we sought to keep clatters in the teeth
of forty, rattles in its basket
and this
is just the beginning:
for forty is just beginning to stand
at the gorge of mind no
bridge over seeing at bottom the
child it was still crying and the
child it begot crying; all this
is fringed by great display

of beauty the sound of falls trees
with their feet in rock, bacchants
bathing:

and always that monkey, memory,
chattering of towns and aunts and
uncles, of trout wrapped in
The Morning News and the vivid roe
like an orange river flowing: circum-
ference, guilt, forsythia

But every image is eroded by
repetition by trying to get back
to start (bring up the child from
bottom) to get back the bite
and brick of life to wipe
from its eyes this tragic
excuse for vision.

Jean West



Pencil

Alicia Leatherbury

Lies scream up
out of the steam
shattering
on the wet sidewalk
rain builds the vitality
with shallow vinegar
fantasize
it never happened
drops collect
I wipe them off the glass
they only smear
I lose control
over long ago
it comes back
late at night,
sitting in the day,
walking.
I am with someone else,
you still come back
bring me through the wind
smashing into a thousand
years
No
not me
this time is the last
tomorrows are mine
the hand is steady
moving slowly
it wraps around the
door knob
twisting
precisely uncertain
it will not be
locked.

Dan Richards



Etching

Nancy Roth



Etching

Chris Barendseld

Betsy Benson

**For the People Who Shared
the Vino Van Experience.**

chilly steam
rose
clouded mist
grew thick
it
stunk
I realize
the time is
closer
for all of us
we will pretend
for a while
stroll
slow
sipping vino
forget the car
just dance
these ludicrous
states
we fall into
the night
envelopes all
there we sit
watching ourselves
slip across the table
it's getting closer
just step to the
left
slide your hand
over
and under . . .
please
stay

Dan Richards



Photograph

Nancy Donlan

Bringing Sex To the Ignorant

The afternoon that ended by kicking off the melodramatic chaos of my early teens had begun so peacefully that, if my best and older friend, Cliff Manning, hadn't called to suggest a bike ride, I might have slept through my adolescence. But I struggled up from the sunny laziness of my parents' poolside, met Cliff at his parents' house about five o'clock and we rode around the lake to the college.

We liked to cycle by the college because pretty girls were always strolling down the sidewalks. I knew we went by to look at the girls because, afterwards, we always made remarks about ones we noticed. But I would never have told anyone that we rode there to look at girls. I would have said that the layout of the campus was particularly conducive to cycling or that the design of the buildings offered a study of the Spanish influence on Florida architecture.

Cliff, on the other hand, would say, "There's always a good-looking ass along here, Phil. You know, I'm never disappointed."

Cliff always had a much better grip on reality than I. Because I'd try to paint over the facts and make them look respectable, Cliff would let me tell the stories whenever we got in trouble.

From the college, we rode to a small sinkhole lake encircled by a narrow brick street. The sun had almost set below the trees and the frogs were starting to croak in ragged rhythm.

We lay on the warm grass, both lazy, and Cliff smoked a cigarette. He had picked up the habit from his girlfriend, a pretty little blonde he'd met when he sneaked into a bar the month before. She was really nice, and friendly too, I thought. When I'd met her, she had squeezed my hand timidly with tiny white fingers and smiled with huge brown eyes.

Following my series of thoughts, I asked, "Where's Sandy? I haven't seen her around you for awhile."

Looking at me after breathing out smoke, Cliff replied, "We broke up Tuesday."

"You did? Why? What happened?"

"Ah — oh, last week we were at home, you know, in our living room. The folks were out to dinner or something and we were watching T.V. Just a weird night, I don't know. I was kissing her and rubbing my hands around — you know. She **was** still watching T.V. over my head — I could tell — so I worked a little harder. Anyway, I had my hand on her . . . breasts and she started speaking in tongues — just all of a sudden."

"What? You had your hand on her breasts?" The drama of this moment overwhelmed me. Cliff and I had never seriously discussed sex; we just used the usual

jokes to avoid talking about it. Now Cliff was telling me he actually had touched a girl's breasts. This was incredible.

"Anyway, it was strange," Cliff said.

"Yeah, but did you like it?"

"Like it? Why would I like somebody speaking in tongues when I'm trying to get serious? What are you talking about?"

"Speaking in tongues? What are you talking about?" I asked.

"Sandy! Where have you been? I just said she started speaking in tongues."

"Why?"

"How the hell do I know? I thought she was having some kind of seizure like my grandfather. You remember, when he had that attack during dinner?"

"Oh, yeah. God, tongues. That's nuts. Did you ask her why?"

"She said it was a gift of the Holy Spirit and she had suddenly felt moved. I could tell she was moved, but it had more to do with my fingers than with the Holy Spirit."

"Why? What was with your fingers?"

"You know, Phil." Cliff made a gesture with his right hand. "One hand on top and the other one down there."

"Down there? No. I don't believe you. You're just trying to impress me. It's that game of male dominance like those apes I told you about who mount each other to show their sexual supremacy."

"Don't analyze me, goddamnit. When are you going to stop reading psychology books? I'm telling you the truth. Haven't you ever had sex before?"

"Sex? Hey, I just found out how to masturbate last month! Sex doesn't happen for . . . well, years and years. If ever. You? You have not. No way. What? It isn't possible. You don't even have a beard yet."

"You don't need a beard, Phil. It doesn't really play a big part in doing it, you know."

"Well. Besides, who with? Not a prostitute. Oh, you didn't really . . . with one of those, did you?" I would have probably never spoken to Cliff again had that been the case. At that time, I believed prostitution was a social ill that would only be cured by my growing up and telling everybody it was wrong.

"Who do you think it was with? With Sandy. Why do you think I spent so much time with her?"

"With Sandy?" Shock after shock, I was thinking. How could that delicate, innocent, timid creature . . . ?

"Oh, Cliff, how could you have done that to her? The poor girl. She'll probably have a baby now and you will have to marry her and live in poverty, alienated

from family and friends, for the rest of your natural life. Which serves you right."

"Poor girl? She wanted to first. I did too. We were both drunk that night at the Lindo and she said she'd like to go out to my car and since I can't drive yet, I took her out to Bill's car. He had taken us there and got us inside. Anyway, I forgot to get the key from Bill, so I told Sandy I lost them and we just . . . um . . . laid on the hood."

"What? On the hood of Bill's car? Oh, my God!"

"I hope this isn't too big a shock for you, Phil."

"Oh, no, not at all. Now I know why your grandfather had that heart attack. You were probably telling him about your sex life. You are just disgusting."

"Come back to the ground, Phil. Are you the Pope? You're just jealous. I do it and you read about it."

"Shut up. Just shut up. What do you mean? I thought we were friends."

"Oh, God. Don't do that to me. 'I thought we were friends.' " Cliff mimicked me. "Go ahead. Be dramatic. You sound like my mom. She collapses every time I say "damn" within two miles of her. 'Oh, Martin. He's in the gutter again. We've failed, Martin. Hit him or something.'"

"Oh, she isn't that bad."

"Well, maybe not, but you are. You can't let things like this bother you, Phil. You'll understand sometime. You can't let all those rules get in the way of your life."

Then I exploded into a ten-minute lecture on the value of law to maintain society, the evil of decadence, declining morals, etc., etc., ; all of which I knew nothing about.

When I had exhausted the subject to my satisfaction, Cliff said nothing in reply except, "Let's ride home."

The most comforting memory of this time is that Cliff remained my friend. He had the patience to wait out my discovery of an imperfect, but livable, world. (Though I never gave up analyzing and lecturing, as you can tell from that last sentence).

Phil Pyster

Photo

Children
Run through painted
Trees . . . excitement matched speed.
The news spills from them of a bird
Wounded.

The Falling

Orange leaves
Hear the seasoned
Flute, and cling in fear of
The dance, that last waltz before
Ground killed.

Joey Adams



Painting

Alicia Leatherbury



Photograph

Nancy Donlan

Behind that safeguard door
I heard my mother

move through the water
of the bath
I felt the warmth
on the shoulder
goose the cool skin
I tasted the water
where soaked the body
bare, covered
in sheaths of rocking water

Still child
sleeping
her embodied core
open only in moments immersed

Behind that safeguard door
I am my mother

Sandy Bird

within
the keeper battles
to destroy the Harlot(?)
within
the Harlot(?) cries
in vain over her given title
within
the Woman cries.

Dawn Marie Rappa



Photograph

Corey O'Gorman



Woodcut

Chris Barendsfeld

The Plot

The grass grows as grass will!

- selfish
- shade-spoiled
- green neon yarn
- like a clean crocheted quilt
blanketing dirty sheets
- like well-mannered vultures
waiting for desert

Grow grass grow
Your pretty disguise!

Joey Adams

Daisy's Sunset

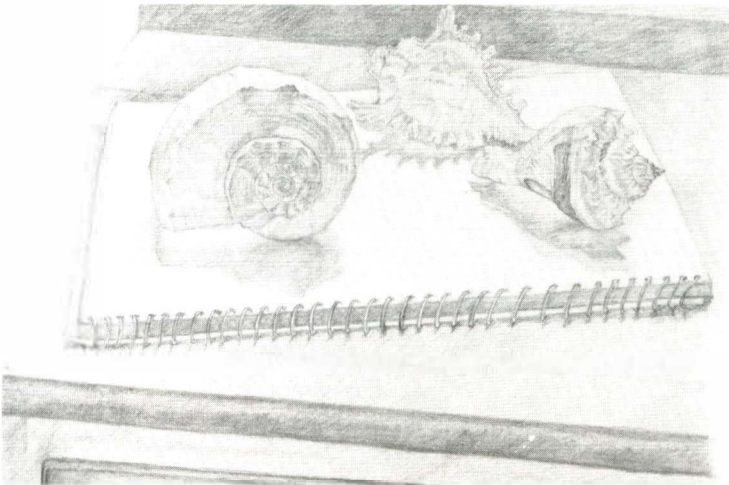
Delineation of the sky —
I take my brush to follow in God's creation.

But imperfect,
my wash cannot color
with the honesty
that has been opened to me.

Still,
I believe in its light.
The picture is alive.
To capture would be an injustice.

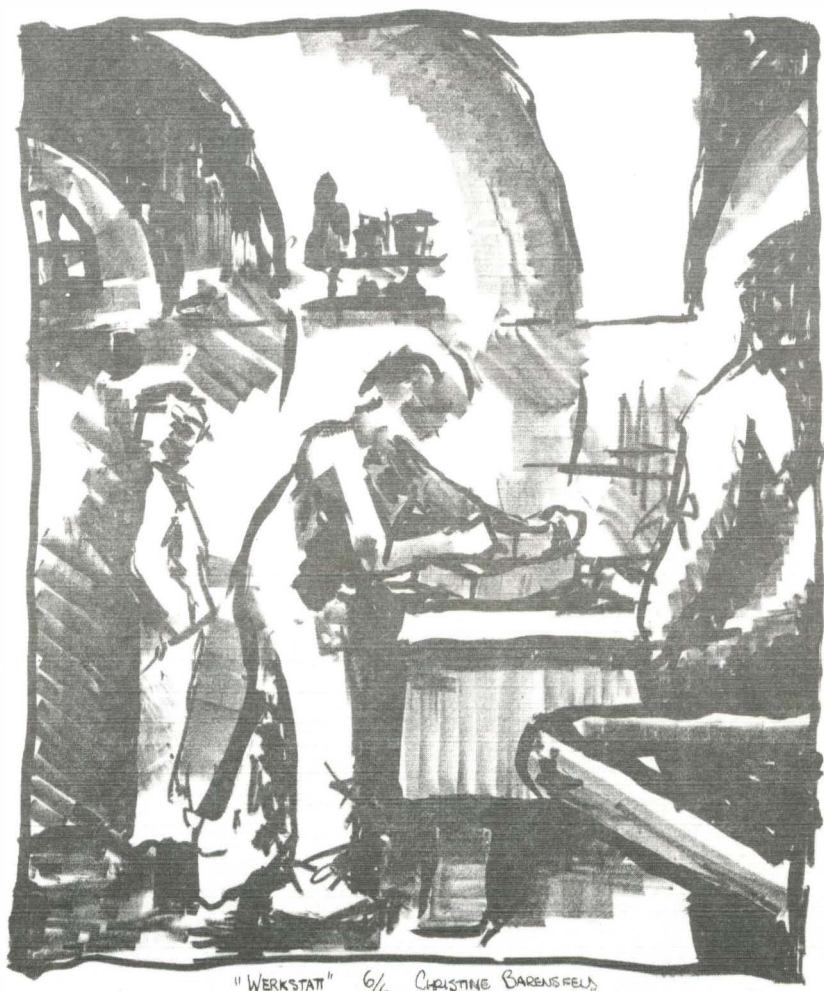
But imperfect,
I can learn
and with my brush
create a memory.

Sandy Bird



Pencil

Erin Fitzpatrick



Lithograph

Chris Barendsfeld

sometimes I look
mirrors with
magnets
cling fast
constant noise
always heard
among silence
yes
I hear music
inside
I am alone
my body
aches
without privacy
I hate your
tensed anger
billowing
almost ready
bubbles
acid
spring up
over the edge
dirty coffee cup
I see
stains.

encircling around
above hair
to the ceiling
smoke fills
rooms
hovering
they never
reach
the ground
those funny ashes.

Dan Richards

Playing
Hop-sotch
In the driveway

Shouting:

"Last one to the swings
is a rotten egg"

Baking
mud pies
with Julie

Skipping
down
the
street;
sucker in the mouth

Three going on fifty

Dawn Marie Rappa



Pencil

Erin Fitzpatrick



Photograph

Corey O'Gorman

Halfway to Bedlam

The sky leaked its secrets
All night
Like a woman gone
Hysterical or mad. Come in
From the ranting and close
The door. Why
Do we do this? Stand on
The horizon of someone's
Nightmare, morbidly curious?
Is there no pity
For the minds that leak life
Like dripping faucets, leaving
A residue of guilty rust?
Outside the sky screams
Of distant setting stars.
One day we, too, will be
Undone
And join that Bedlam chorus.

Maryann T. Lester

**Legacy
(for my mother)**

Barely catching her breath between each gulp.
My mother gave birth to six children.
They crowded her twenties into nine months.
Somewhere in those years the young, dark-haired girl
Put away her youth. I have it now.
I wear it casually beneath my dress.

Maryann T. Lester



Lithograph

Tom Peterson

CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

LILI PALOMA shows her vulnerability through laughter and her strength through tears. She also loves asparagus, but ah — such a short season.

PHIL PYSTER, a typical Senior English major, is obsessed with writing about sex but never has time to actually experience it because he's always forced to read boring tomes like Scott's **Heart of Mid-Lothian**.

DAWN MARIE RAPPA is a firm believer in insanity. L.S. & L.

ROBERT CARSON says, "As a Physics professor, I profess love not only for my field and that of microcomputers, but also how these fields interact with humans. I am reasonably optimistic about human survival though my poetry may not show it!"

MICHAEL HEALY is a pre-Med/Math major who is trying not to be a Bush Baby. He is also trying to prove that you (!) can do or be everything — and discovering why so many people give up.

JOHN NARETTA describes himself as "a relatively mild-mannered, yet extremely cynical artiste. I enjoy drawing and laziness. And I declare that ragged jeans with holey knees will soon be High Fashion items!"

NANCY DONLAN, formerly the Rollins Sandspur Art Director, has moved up to the position of Photo Editor. She is interested in photography as well as drawing and is particularly facinated by the field of Medical Illustrating and Photography. Her aspiration is to someday establish a career in that field sometime within the near future.

JEAN WEST is the Irving Bachelor Professor of Creative Writing at Rollins.

BETSY BENSON resides in Miami and lives in Winter Park. She desperately wants to marry Dean Darrah, but as of yet, he will not have her.

DAN RICHARDS is a Rollins Freshman, still undecided about his major (he thinks it may be English), who thrives on humor to sustain life here on campus.

JOHN BALDEN says, "After graduation this Peace Frog is going on a moonlight drive in search of the LA Woman. P.S. — Jim Morrison is alive and stronger than dirt."

COREY O'GORMAN is an Environmental Studies major who became interested in photography when he went to Ireland during Fall term.

KAREN LIPPOLD. . . has found her niche.

RICHARD COLVIN is a former graduate of Rollins who is now on the staff of the Cornell Art Museum.

TOM PETERSON, Professor of Art, says of himself, "I teach drawing, painting, and printmaking. The print that appears in this issue is a four color lithograph and is part of a limited edition portfolio which includes the work of five area artists printed recently at the Maitland Art Center lithographic shop."

JOEY ADAMS writes:

I come from an old shoebox
that's filled w/ old photos
of faces and places from the past.

I crawl in for courage
climb out and continue
with support that I wear like a cast.

CARO WALKER is an Art major who believes in life, love, and nature — because "Beauty is the body in motion."

TRACEY DORFMANN is a senior at Rollins who spent last year in France. She is interested in Art, but doesn't like to paint.

ERIN FITZPATRICK, an English/Art major, will be graduating this year.

CHRIS BARENSFELD is an Art major at Rollins. Her lithograph in this issue was done while she was studying in Germany.

SANDY BIRD is interested in Costume Design and has done some outstanding work for the productions of the Theatre Department here at Rollins. Caro Walker says, "Sandy is a truly beautiful person."

NANCY ROTH, an Art/Math major, has some difficulty adding $2 + 2$ because her mind naturally gravitates towards the creative side of the brain.

ALICIA LEATHERBURY is a Sophomore majoring in Studio Art.

NANCY HOFFMAN is a rare combination of beauty and creative talent.

SCOTT ROTH writes of himself:

An Adventurer into the world of Photography,
A Dreamer in the world of Reality,
A Searcher for the world of Transcendancy.

MARYANN T. LESTER. . . is in the midst of a METAMORPHOSIS.

BRUSHING STAFF

ALDEBARAN COX

KAREN LIPPOLD

PHIL PYSTER

DAN RICHARDS

NANCY ROTH, Art Editor

CARO WALKER, Art Editor

MARYANN T. LESTER, Editor

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