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BRUSHING



Spring Edition 1988

**Featuring the
Photography of A.M.
Fernandez, and also
demonstrating the
artistry of many at
Rollins College.**

BRUSHING

Spring Edition 1988
Vol. XVII issue 2
Featured Artist:
A.M. FERNANDEZ

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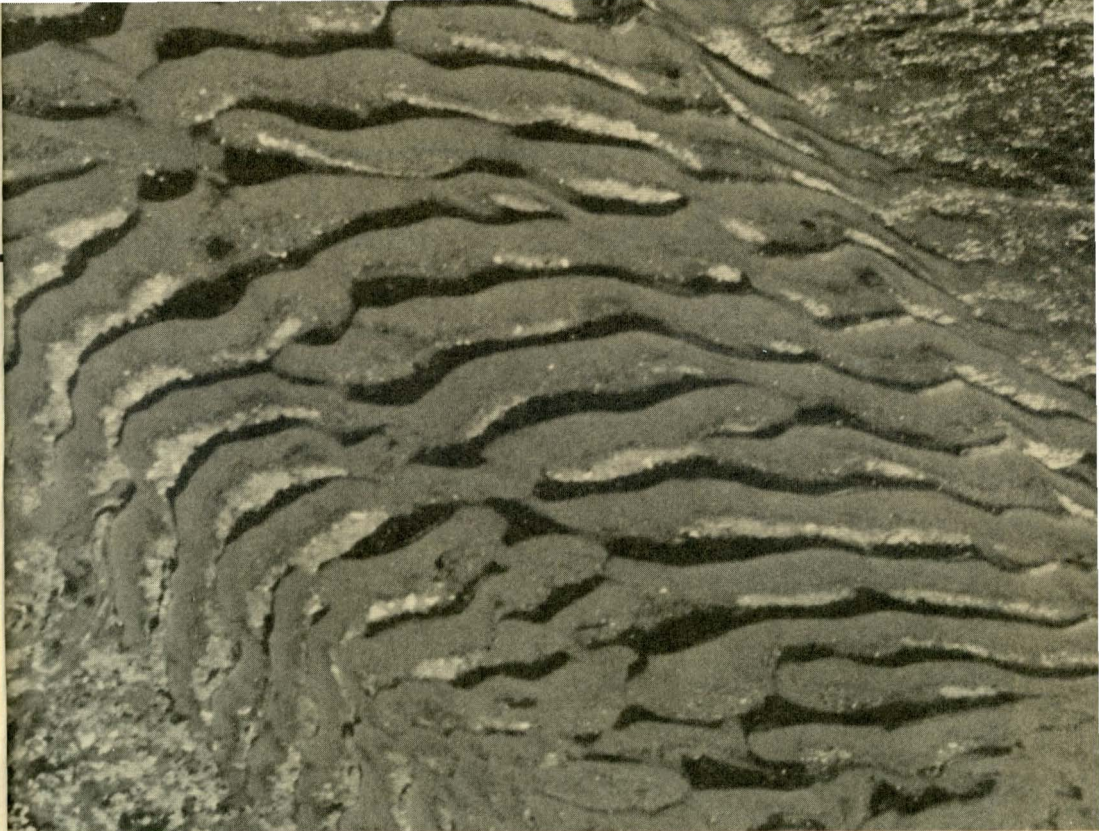
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"Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they? Think not of them, thou hast thy music too."

— *John Keats*

Here are those songs of Spring. I would like to caution you, however, against taking the honorable Mr. Keats' advice too seriously. Instead, take the songs of life enclosed within and *think* on them; ponder over them! While thou probably hast thine own music, the visions in this small book may spur you on to greater heights and depths of perception. It is my hope that such a sense of vitality, of rebirth, and of clear understanding will always be present at the very heart of this school.

— Pam Kincheloe



Love A Porcupine

Deprivation
is an intimate word,
for a porcupine
All those quills
each representing
lifelong imprisonment.
A neverescaping charade.
An entombment of possibilities.
An end with no beginning.
His yearning becomes
the effortless reach
of an irritated hope.
He cannot escape.
No jailbreak potential.
Dispossess
all you own,
and you can become
intimate too.

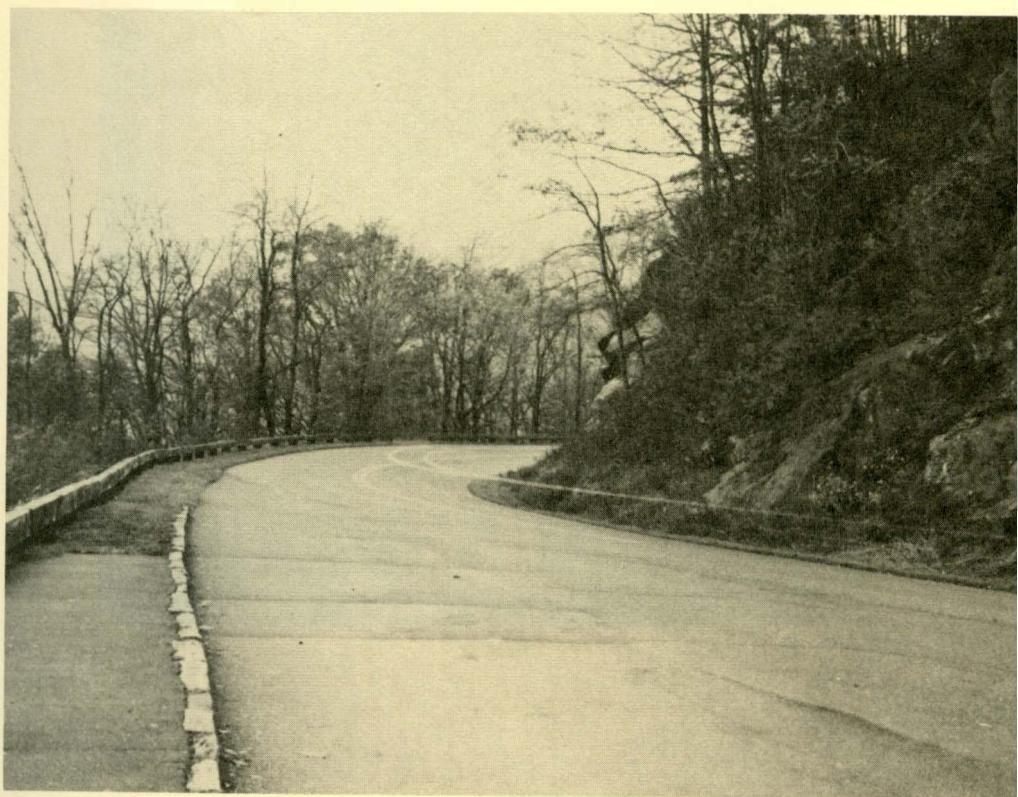


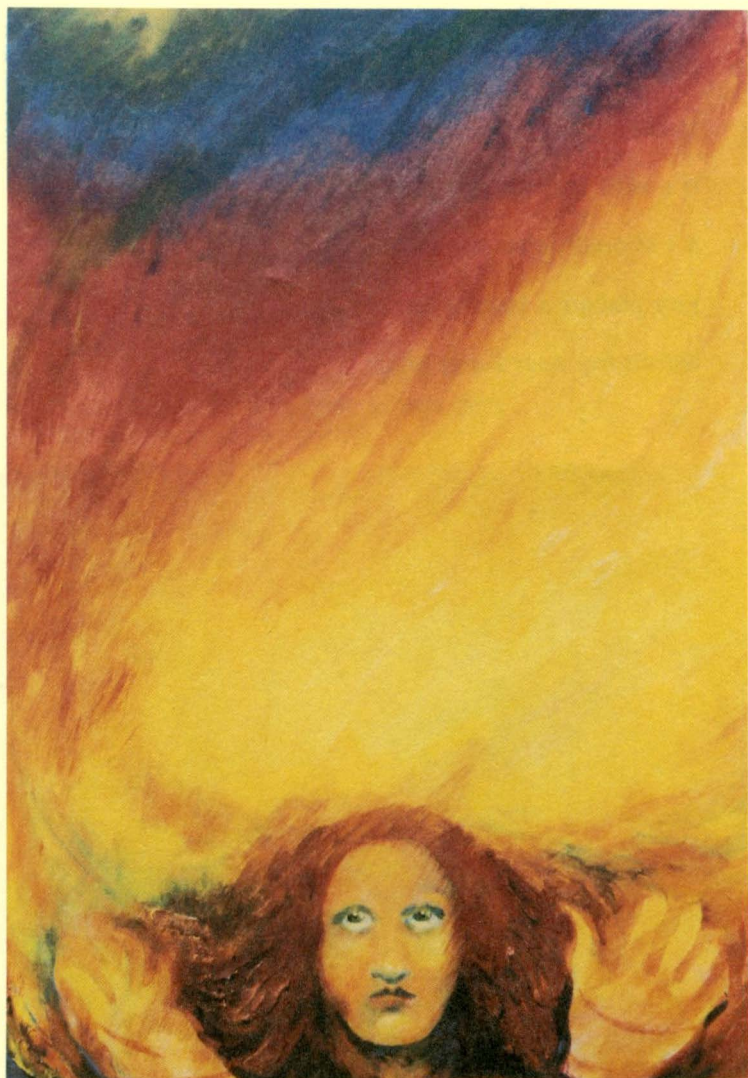
Homeward

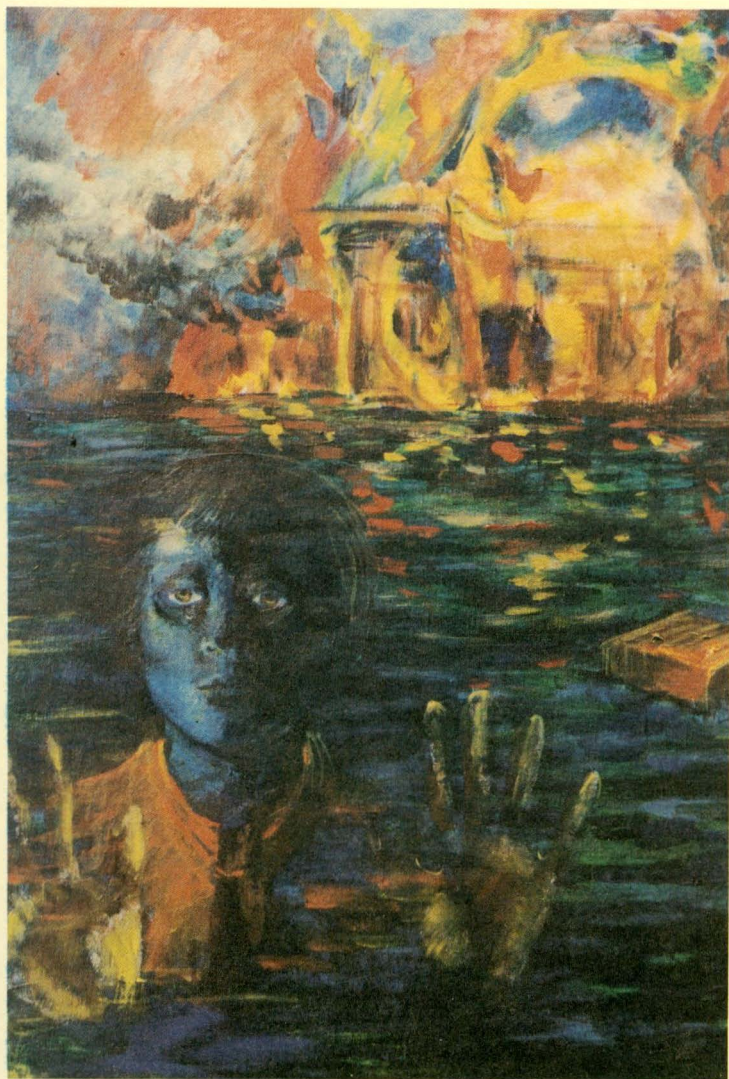
A day in the country, at the club,
Closes homeward late at night,
Traveling smooth and steady.
Lying on my back, I gaze,
Wedge on the loft,
Beneath the rear window.
The moon illuminates,
the blue-black sky,
As a warm breeze gently,
brushes my face.
The sweet scents of blossoms,
Grow thick in the heated air.
To the sound of my parent's
Hushed singing, My gaze grows dim.
The old man in the moon,
Follows me homeward,
Secure, safe, I fall asleep.

Lasting Star

Oh my little shining star,
shining brightly, there you are,
guiding people here below,
shedding hope to worlds, and so
it's with truth that I proclaim,
if I should ne'er see you again,
you placed a lasting fervent spark
within my ever-living heart.







Drifting In Darkness

The cresting waves
Loom blacker than the night sky

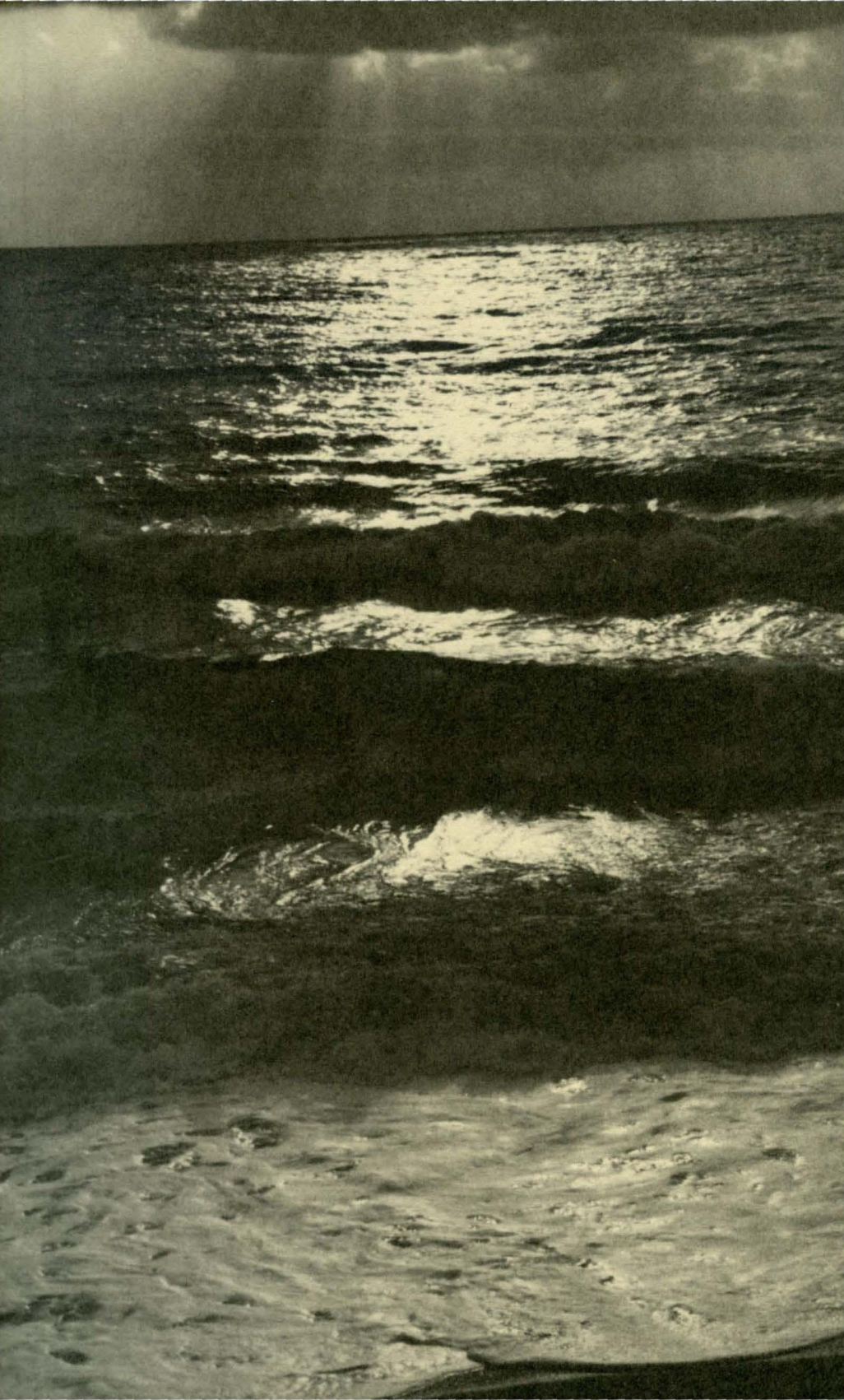
I am plunged into
Salty silence
And spat back to the surface

Slices of the full moon
Rippling
 Like a school of minnows
 Darting golden through the sun

Swept out in
The undertow
My bare feet
Plow channels
In the sandy bottom

Eventually I emerge
Exhausted from the surf
 A white wave breaking
 Away from his brothers
To crawl up on the sand
And lick the salt from my lips.

The ancient sea
Crashes against the shore
Tendrils of bursting bubbles
Licking the sand
 A bittersweet symphony
 Of black roars
 And white whispers
Lingering in the night air
Long after my crude echoes have ceased.

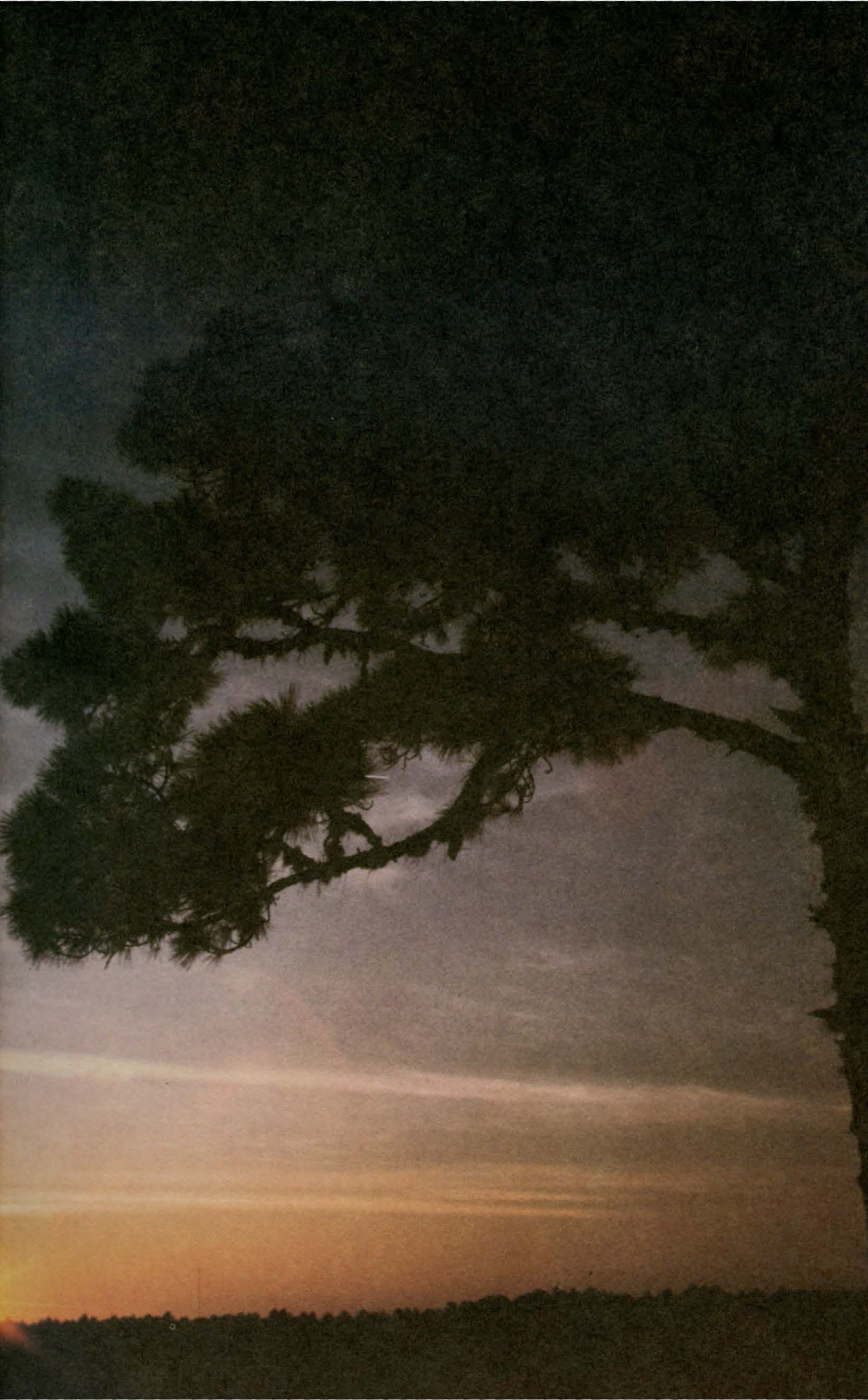


Our Topic

I stare at the question of man and in man
I wonder if I, truly human,
Am a life-force within God's mind
And life-moment in human-kind.
I am the fateful mortal
In the light I will find
And pass at the portal
To heaven's shining
And I won't ever pine
Anymore. A companion,
companionless, will smell
The rose sweeter
Than its own imagination
As the companion imagines
a friend indeed, in mind,
in spirit, not unkind . . .

I conclude that I, because I am immortal,
am pain itself. Therefore I have no need
of suffering, because I suffer through
the morality of suffering.

And here is our topic tonight:
Suffering, and why we have it:
Suffering, we shall see the light.



The World Loves A Carpenter

I awake on the heels of a new and misty sun, sure of
what the day will bring.

I must hurry for

I am the newest carpenter of this town

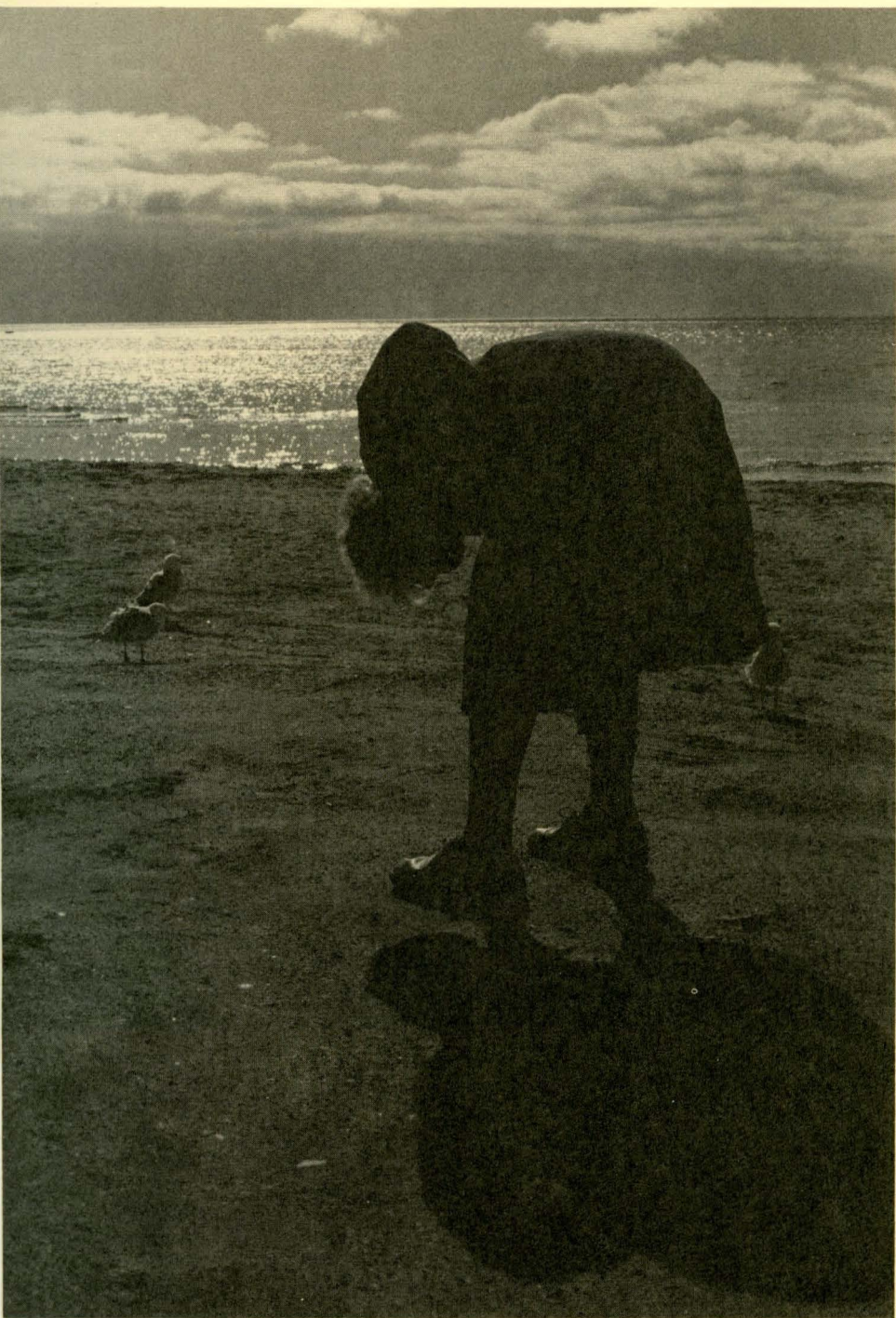
And must prove my worth.

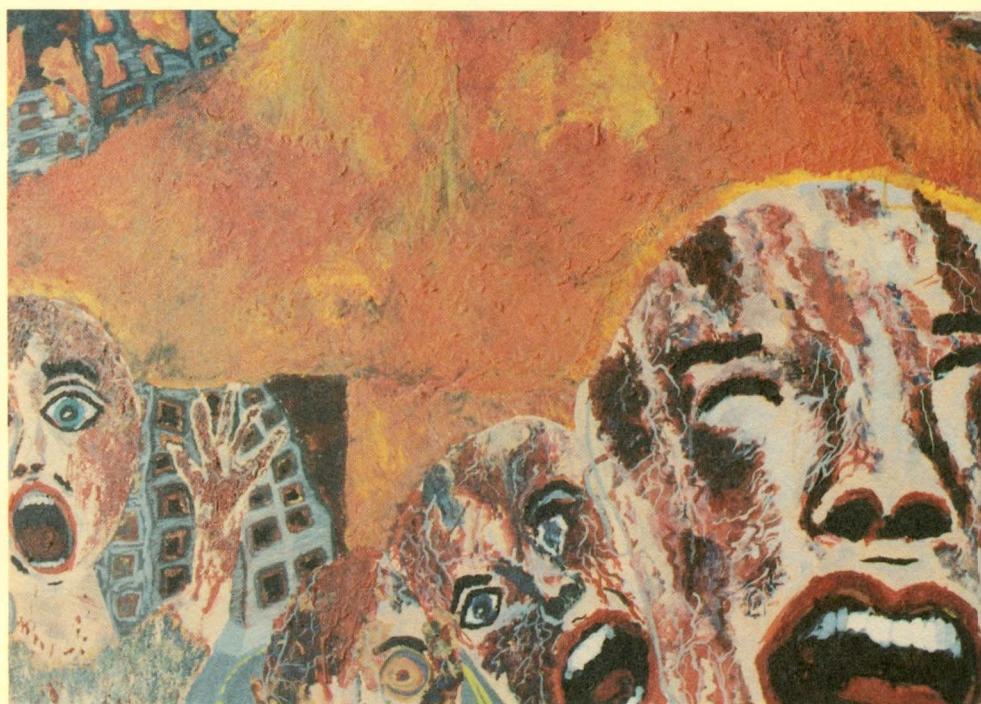
I work diligently in the cool embrace of a wet and
tender morning,

Sawing and nailing and constructing my bridge.

Friends help erect my creation when I'm done

And I want to thank them but am bleeding from
my hands.





Zenith

You arrive,
the morning chill of November
blushing your cheeks
in brushstrokes
of burgundy.
I drift to drown
in the warm innocence
of your brown eyes,
dark almond pools
flecked with amber.
Our gazes greet and
your lips melt softly
into a sleepy smile,
the splendid sunrise
which dawns upon
my anxious awaiting.
You slip into the chair
beside me,
sensuously enveloping me
in your presence.
Languid in the length
of this moment suspended,
I am silent,
stilled in the awe
of want and wonder.

Desires Of The Night

Something so seemingly perfect,
So flawless, so unreachable,

yet so true,

Has fallen to the desires of the night,
Leaving only memories of laughter and sadness,

laughter for the joy, sadness that the joy has gone,

How easy it is to want to relive, to rethink,
Everything that caused this unreachable truth,

to become a falsehood,

Yet these wants only make the pain more real,
You see, the eyes that once made me smile,

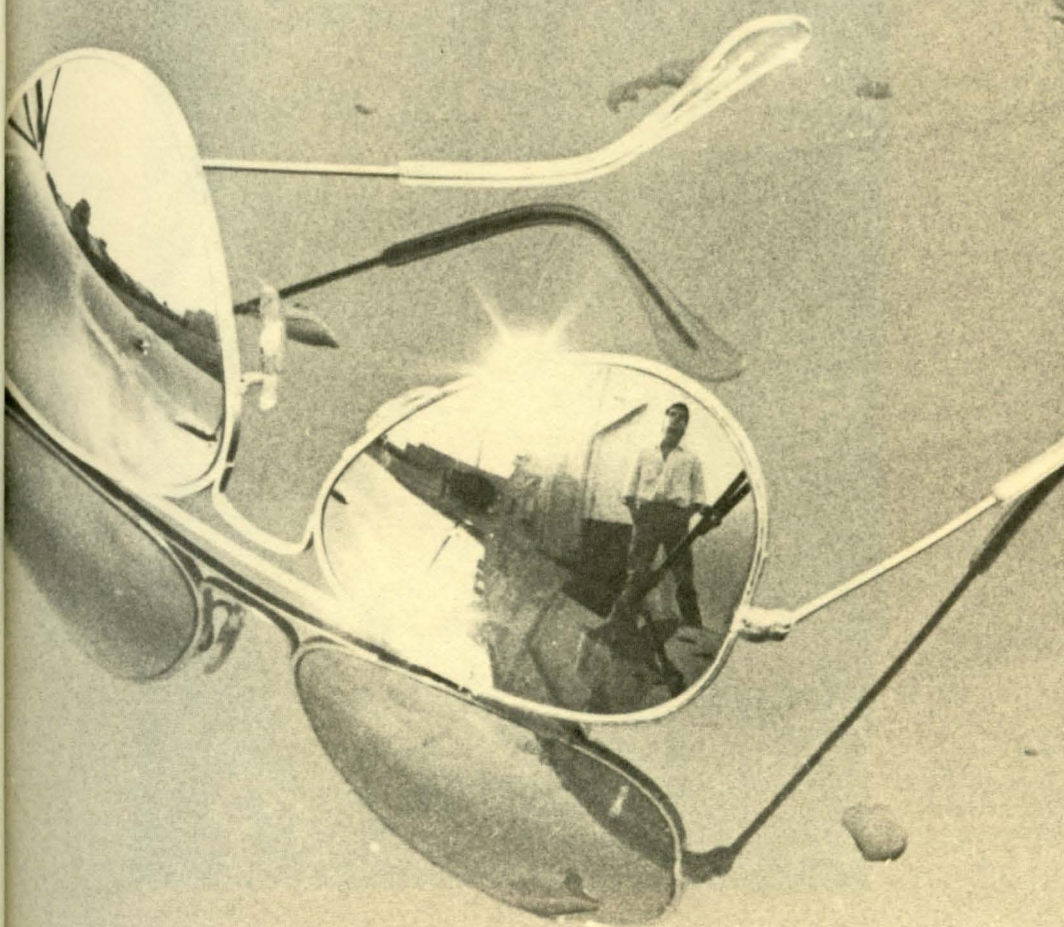
now make me cry,

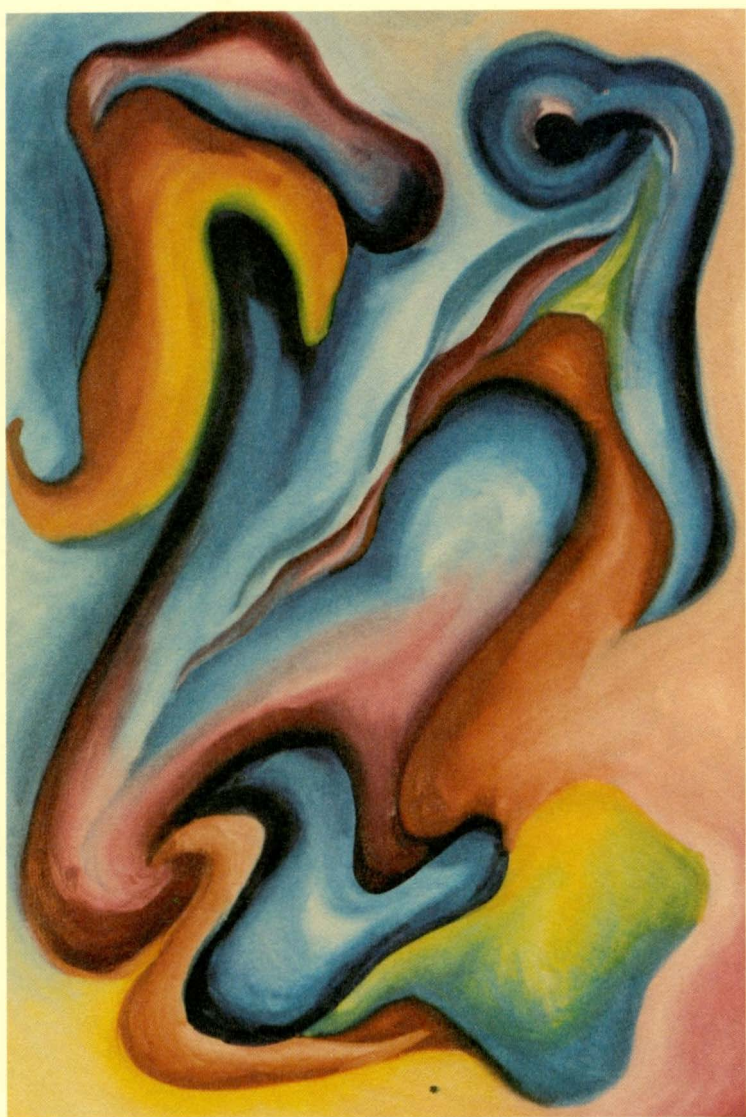
For I know that she is gone,
In my mind, I think only for a moment,

but in my heart, I know forever,

For where there is no truth, there is no love,
And where there is no love,

there is nothing but pain.







Silent Propagation

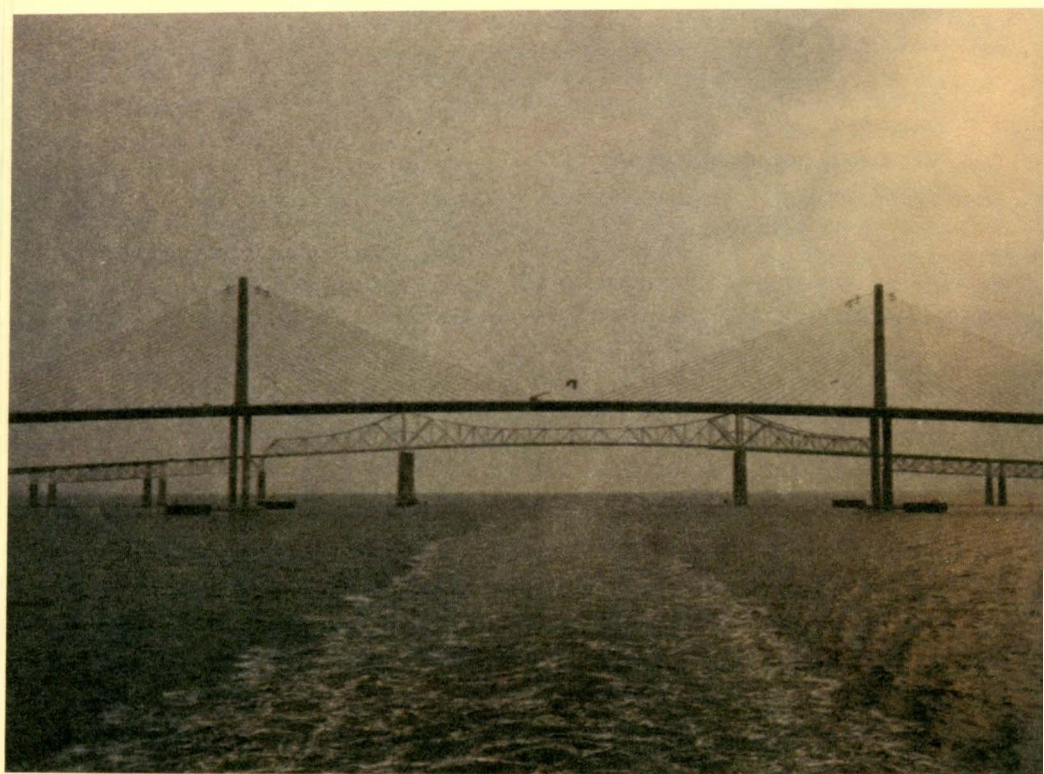
It is incomprehensible to me why I am about to make this proclamation. No one can nor ever will be able to hear it. Still, I find myself compelled to voice my thoughts. Perhaps they will carry beyond my isolation, and land on the ears of a race in a different dimension . . . perhaps not. Nevertheless, I must now make my silent propagation.

I am a prisoner. Though no bars surround me, I have been denied my inalienable equity of freedom. My crime was committed unknowingly, but as I all too quickly discovered, ignorance is not considered by the court as just cause. In a single heartbeat, I was tried, found guilty and ordered to serve the full duration of an eternal sentence; never to be permitted appeal, never to escape. I am given far less subsistence than I require to live, but I am refused death. I must be tortured with survival in an environment that cannot support life. Still, though I am under constant observation, I share my cell with no one. I am damned to bear an eternity of solitude. A constant wind blows through an opening, far too high to reach, but close enough to force the witnessing of a life that could have been, but never shall be mine.

Yet, even in my wretched status, I do not deserve, nor do I accept pity, for I have fallen without outside inducement. I have been damned by my own free will. I was the judge who sentenced me. I was the jailer who imprisoned me. I hold the key to my liberation in the palm of my hand. In the time it takes for a tear to fall, I could set myself free . . . but I never will . . . for, you see . . . I am a prisoner of my own heart.

Grandma's House

A brick dust settles on
the empty steps of my inheritance.
Windmill brown shutters
are drawn tight like patches
over the dark eyes of this house.
Inside, how queer
that only now do I see
the wear of the oriental carpet
and the drips of glue on the rungs
of her wicker rocking chair.
The spirit of these things
seems to have slipped away.
Stiff piano keys ring flat and long
through the room which is a dusty throat.
A static blue powder eye shadow
coats the dresser
instead of her soft closed lids.
I stand here living a second kind of death.
An old mirror, cracked and splotchy grey,
reflects a place
she could not have meant
to leave for me.





father
he pulls me close
and I hear the character of his
breath — short gasps of
infinite love
it is this instant
alone that I know him
know his love
as if it flowed from me
his warm body pressed to mine
a mold that strikes endless

(Shadows On) The Dark Side Of The Moon

Beneath the neon lights two silhouettes clad in black leather,
Exchange unspoken vows and silently pledge love forever —
Primal instincts take control, precious moments pass too soon.
And innocence is left behind, forgotten on the darkside of the
moon.

A thousand streetlights pass above two hearts that haunt
tomorrow.
Glaring headlights blind their eyes from the approaching sorrow.
Never fearing unknown dangers, leather falls upon the dunes.
A million stars dance circles round the shadows on the darkside of
the moon.

Dislocated hearts sing out a somber melancholy tune.
Watching others try to coexist beneath the darkside of the moon.

The time has come for one to finally discard the other.
Eager eyes pursue the symptoms of a brand new lover.
It's hard to disregard the memories forever in the month of June.
But now it's past December, and its lonely on the darkside of the
moon.

But I'm dancing with you always, in the shadows on the darkside of
the moon.

The Art Of Impulse

Writing is a curious art, as a night creature bred upon impulse
coming at you when least expected.

Arousing senses, images create paintings on paper.

Yet the Muse disappears.

Writing becomes a dark and foreboding night spent among
gothic castles.

Withdrawing in weakness,
we fill the void heaped upon us.

Strange intuition ceases.

The senses sleep, and we write a poem that's not a poem at all.

Darkness in poetry lies where impulse disappears,
finding itself replaced by an empty nightmare.





A Needless Introduction

Innocent giggles from young boys
Dressed in white robes
Drown in the loud ring of the bells.

The house trembles
As the pipes blow melodious tones
Which echo through the small town.

The harmony mysteriously
Results in monotony.

In the small room
Near the vestibule
A ritual of cleansing begins.

Is John aware of his tradition?
As words are read,
The child sleeps.

Songs of praise and remembrance sound.
The sponsors smile.
The child continues to sleep.

I too am elsewhere
Sleeping at my mother's breast
At peace with everything and every One.

The sudden feeling of water . . .
My eyes also water,
And my cries overpower their prayers.

My sister nudges me, and I look up.
The baby silently sleeps.
Her smile intimates content.

Tiger Lilies Are So Nice —

Tiger lily
vision of lovely life
creeping frog crawls
up the throat that
frightens . . .
how much longer will
there be a throat to speak of
a time to speak at all
tiger lilies and laughter
and language spoken in eyes
are too good
flutes and pianos lifting
a tired body
is all so nice
no time to say another word
nice will do and
tiger lilies may fade too fast
before expressed at all
and remind too
that living is real
and not to be
blocked by a doubting
blinking eyelid closed
in a fearful blind.

Run

away

I am

Not with speed

but

silence

Return

I may

The answer

is no

I know

My home . . .

my heart

After Hours

The darkness pours into my room
like stale coffee poured in my cup
The monotony of silence is occasionally broken
by distant music and faraway laughter,
of which I have no part
Sympathetic breezes drift through my open window
gently rattling my blinds, teasing me
out of a desolation filled soul of insomnia
For, it seems that daylight leaves an emptiness
that night must fill



A Moment In The Sun

At one hundred four degrees a disembodied vapor rose inches from the ground, languidly leaving mirages of silver lakes a mile down the road. He could see the waves lapping onto the blacktop with each passing semblance of a breeze. But there was no breeze, and there was no sound, there was only heat displacing air. It was difficult to breathe.

"No problem," he says.

Was picking his ass on some nameless washed out backroad, watching the juice from the doublebugs slip from between his fingers as he pulled them off his sweat douched belly and rubbed them peacefully into nothing, nonage. The very distinct air of bumper bitten armadillo perfumed perfectly with other vapors already present. Smelt like home should smell, he thought. Very honest.

He was suffering a torturous rain awaital. The rumble was close enough. He couldn't here it, but he could feel it. The massive darkness, which seemed to assimilate and yet contrast with the vaporous heat, was omnipresent. Hanging within inches of reach, the greyiness rolled above him. He would look up if he had the strength. But he knew he would only suffer. Acquiescence to suffering was easier than the pain of expectation.

The clouds were passing, and with their passing would go another portion of stamina, hope and resistance. The thought of an afternoon shower was the only thing he held on to each morning. It was the only thing that would carry him forward; the only thing he knew besides the heat.

And now, that was all he had. The heat. The sticky sweetness that clung to everything.

He looked around in glazed astonishment. Nothing escaped it's reach ... not even his thoughts ... not even his mind.

He looked down the empty road, pass the silkweed with their white and pink feathers buffing and swaying slowly. He tried to think of something, anything. He only choked. He tried to catch a breath of air but only sucked down fumes. He was becoming engulfed.

The background music began to form in his head without cognition. Low and slow. Mellow chords touched off, warm and surrounding, innocuously numbing in it's penetration of his being. This was assimilation, he thought finally; absorption of masses, unity of energy. He was loosing his identity.

Before he vanished he thought of survival. It was the last question that he confronted. Then he knew he would survive, because he was now heat and the power of touching everything was his because heat was him.

The Plains Of My Soul

On the plains of my soul
a horde of grey vultures descends
in dark waves from a foul sky
angry with the rage of clouds,
while within the stagnant waters
of a black forgotten pond an icy serpent
coils its greedy length around
the last green twig of spring,
its hue a silent cry
amidst the oppressing grimness.

Its cry does not go unanswered.

Ringed with flashes of piercing lightning
the clouds burst with crisp thunder,
pouring forth cool, clear rain.
The black pond lusters into gold,
and a fresh breeze of summer blows
the evil flock from the brightening sky,
while against torrents of purifying raindrops
the serpent's coils lose their strength
as it sinks into its sparkling tomb.

The twig joyously drifts to the shore,
takes root in the newly damp earth,
and grows once again,
and green returns to the plains of my soul
even as clouds once again form above.

The Artist

I threw all my thoughts onto a canvas
they were in an inkwell —
 I propelled them through a straw,
hoping they all would stick
 smattered thoughts —
some that adhered by circumstance
to the canvas
 and some
that didn't —
 instead they slipped down the edges
and the texture
down the face of the canvas and smearing the image
I had hoped to create
and on
to the infinite
void of the floor.



Life

Around every corner

lies

pain

The sun

only casts

shadows

Illusions

of happy souls

shatter

The mirrors

too honest

I am filled

often with anger

to hide

from pain

I cannot end with hate

The world

can be lovely

I believe

and continue

to search

White Trout On Ice

We sit in Angelo's again
over dinner, the candles flicker.
Of course, you have the brook trout;
I order something new.

I try to catch your gaze.
Darting through the slow water,
a scorpionfish invites you.
She receives your hypnotic stares.

The vegetables lose their flavor.
Intentionally, I drop my silverware.
"They can be replaced," you gloat and resume
your fascination with the innocent scorpionfish.

The trout on your plate remains
picked over and full of bones.
You signal the waiter
to take it away.

You wish you could plunge into
the aquarium brushing against
exotic fish. You enjoy her life;
free of commitment.





Peach Blossoms

Flowery buds fall,
cotton feathers of creamy peach hues.
Stand, amidst forest trees
greeting the calm seasonal wind.

Blending branches with blossoms,
create patterns; a lifesize bouquet.
Each petal covered by a silky sheen
preens in the spring air.

Reluctantly, the cold air grasps
summer's frolicsome manner,
peach changes to dingy brown
just as life becomes death.

In The Days Of Great Thunder

I remember the days of the great thunder, and the days of fear in the valley of my childhood. We lived in the hill country, where the hills are tall and grey and rocky, with rough, sharp edges. There were trees everywhere in the valley, and some pebbled brooks and waterfalls where the melted mountain snows fell to the earth.

Our house was in a shaded cluster of trees, deep in the green of the narrow valley. It was cool and damp in the midst of the trees, and the grass grew long and fragrant beneath our roaming feet. My mother and my brothers and sisters and I lived in a small, stucco house with a mud floor and four bare, peeling walls where no paint would stay long. It was spare of furniture, and when we looked up at night from four pallets on the floor, we could see the twinkling stars peeking in through the roof.

Our toys were corn-cob dolls draped with bits and scraps of colorful cloth which my mother had cut from her own torn garments. We sat, my brothers two and my sisters three, on the hard clay floor in the cool of the morning, before the flies swarmed, and played with our sad little dolls, chattering mindlessly with childish exuberance. I remember then hearing the strange noises of flying machines overhead and distant rifle fire. I had heard such noises all of my life, yet they still made me afraid, though I didn't know why.

My mother often sat in a corner of our house, under a solid part of the roof, making the corn tortillas which we seemed to eat every day of our lives. She would grind the kernels for eternities until she had a chalky flour, to which she added water, to create a paste. She kneaded the paste and sometimes we children would help to push and shove at the rough mixture, until it was ready to be baked in little flat patties over the fire.

It was on days such as these, sometimes, when we would hear the familiar sound of airplanes overhead, the great birds, we called them; and our mother would gather us all up and lead us into the little cave dug to the side of the house, next to a big solid tree. We thought that it was a kind of game, and so we resigned ourselves to sitting in the cramped airspace of that little cave, squatting on the dusty, earthen floor and letting the reddish sand run through our fingers. It was musty and dark in the cave, and sometimes I got scared of the monsters I was sure lurked there, and I would try to run from there, but my mother's hand always held me back from the outside. Sometimes the dark and dust and fluttering moths would grow tiresome, and often I longed to run out into the fresh air, my feet dancing in the long grass which grew so tantalizingly close to the cave's entrance. Mother's stern hand always held me back. She spoke of the evil ones who tramped outside, and told us that we had to stay inside until the roaring of the great birds died away. We grew to fear the great claps of thunder that came with the evil ones and the great birds, as our mother seemed to fear them, and so we decided that it was not wise to leave our safe, dark cave.

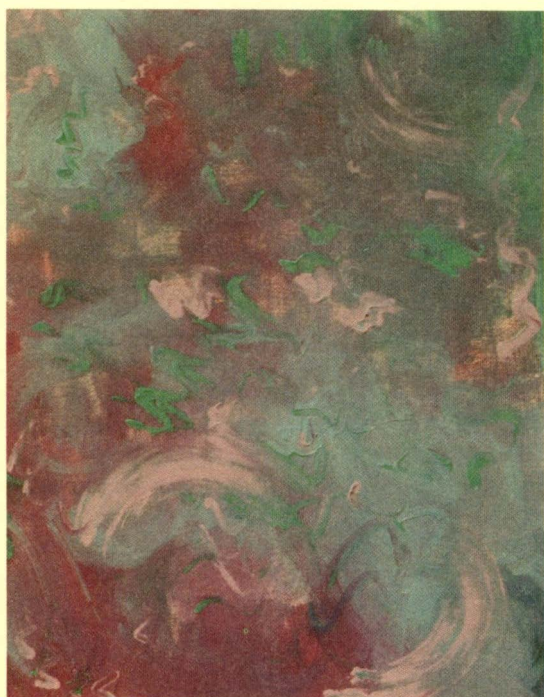
Sometimes, after we had stayed in the cave for a very long time, and the thunder had been gone for a very long time, our mother would take us down to the church in the village. It was much like our own house, with bare brick walls and a dirt floor; but it had many, many chairs inside and a large table up in the front. There we would greet a tall, tired looking man, our clerigo, and sometimes we sang songs. They were the most beautiful sounds I ever heard, and I rejoiced in the singing of these songs. Many times when we went to the church, my mother would cry, and I never truly understood why. I think she was afraid of the great thunder, afraid that it would return, but her cries were like my little brother's, the way he wailed when he thought he was lost, and couldn't find us. She cried in the same way sometimes in the cool little cave; she cried and begged el Señor to preserve the lives of her children.

After many, many weeks of days of running to the cave, the thunder stopped, and our mother said she would allow us to play down in the meadow beyond the trees, in a lower part of the valley. She was going to take my sisters to the clinica which was in another torn building in our village. She told my brothers and me that we could indeed play in the meadow if we were big boys and if we would be very careful. She told me that if I heard any of the thunder from the skies, or any of the pittering of rifles in the hills, that we should go and play down inside the cave instead. She looked at me for a long time with her piercing black eyes after she said that, and so I said, yes, mother, and I promised her that we would be careful. Then she left, slowly walking down the yellowish, sandy road which wound down to the village, clutching my sisters in both of her strong, browned hands. My brothers and I stared after her dwindling form until we could no longer see her bright red dress in the clear sunshine.

We ran, merrily, to the meadow, and played among the brown dead stalks of corn and the tufts of tangy grass. We chased the butterflies which flew so stupidly into the sun, and we ran and chased one another for a while. Then, above our loud shouts, I heard the faint sound of one of the great birds. We stopped our yelling and capering, and stood frozen, still. I heard the thunder. Ice ran in my veins, and I screamed for my brothers to follow me and we ran into the cover of the trees, scrambling for the cave. We crawled inside, breathing heavily, and cowered in the innermost space. My youngest brother whimpered in fear like a dog as the noise of the thunder grew greater and greater around us, as it seemed to come closer and closer. It sounded as if a great wind had stirred up the world and was going to blow away our house. The sound shook the very earth, and our cave rattled with stones showering among our feet. One of my brothers huddled next to me and cried shakingly in silence. My youngest brother, who had been sitting with his small head in his hands, suddenly gave a great shout, and darted out of the cave. My other brother started after him, but I held him back. I heard our brother at the road, screaming for mother. I shouted after him with all my might, but he never heard me. The two of us in the cave cried, now, as the storm descended. All at once, in a

great flash, and with a roar of gross belligerence and deep ignorance, the thunder tore out of the sky, down upon our heads, engulfing us in screaming flame and bellowing earthquake.

Hours? Minutes? Later, I heard my mother sobbing and crying, I saw her crouching down over the small shattered body of my little brother, her bright dress flapping in the sudden silence. She moaned, and touched him with weak, fluttering hands. I knew then that I did not fear the great thunder any longer. I hated it. I hated the short barks of rifle fire in the hills, and I hated all of the evil ones, those men, those trolls, dressed up in green. I hated each one of their faces, their dirty, sweating beards covering foul, yellowed teeth. I hated them and their big, shiny black guns. I hated their strong and stubby hands, hands that would never reach up to catch a butterfly spinning toward the sun, but hands which could only kill and tear and mutilate and make filthy. I hated the great birds, the airplanes that flew on ugly sharp wings over our little valley. I hated their great thunder. I hated all.



"Person"

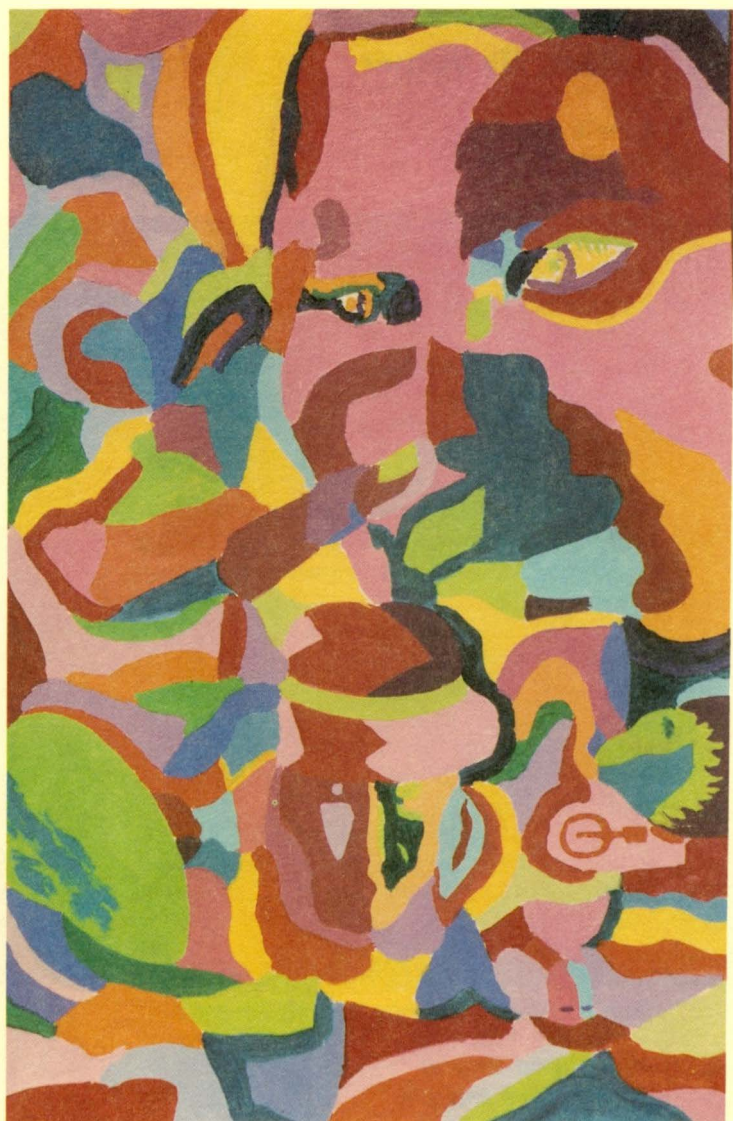
You are a photograph waiting to be taken
but already framed.
a glass of wine not yet fermented.
I dream wildly of the rhythm of your heartbeat
imagine the sound of your voice
you are not yet a memory
only a ghost of a promise once made to me
an image waiting to be formed.
a boy I am chasing
a messiah I have not yet seen
a thought
a moment
a laugh
a breath
a dream.
I am looking for a stray daisy in a world of arranged red roses.

Bather

Struggling,
water encompasses his body.
No one around to hear his
death chant.
External forces felt upon him.
Frustration and hostility
aimed at those who don't respond
as he plummets downward,
into a foreign eternal world.
Eyes exemplify horror
though no one receives
his powerful, desperate glances.

Greens and blues
wrap around his body like a ribbon.
Life is lost as the bather
transforms to a ghost-shaped transparency.
Without movement, his figure
moves gracefully to the ocean's surface.
The lithe back breaks through as
dwindling limbs gently dangle
like a jellyfish's tentacles.
The bather — now a piece
of the ocean's salty objects gets
shifted by each year's ebb.





Valium, My Valium

Take a pill
to cure the ill.

*You don't need to think
Take this, just drink
And it will all wash away,
We can keep the pain of life at bay.*

Who needs to know what's going on
When we can see it all on television?
Or find it in the Sunday Papers?
I'm not scared, but I'll feel a lot safer
From the things I can't understand
When I can hear the band
When I feel that voodoo beat
That puts that shuffle in my feet.
It's so much easier to so their dance
Without it, I'll have no chance
With what I want to be
And what is good for me.
They'll cut me down —
call me a clown
Because I'm a threat
And you can bet
That things could be much better
If we just didn't have these fetters
That chain us into this society.
With the rulers and the sovereignty
Striking down our dignity
And telling what is to be must be.
Don't I have a chance just to be me?

*You sound very ill
Listen, take this pill
And just wait until
You feel better, you know it's only stress
This will help you feel your best.*







Silent Partners

Nothing written, nothing said.
And intentions flow
between vague and non-existent.
All is gray before it is nothing at all
And expectations are sins
as demands are felonies.
And when it is over, it is over.

And there lies, within this zone of ambiguity,
a scar.
Where shackles once controlled motion.
And the product of this corporation;
only the shared passion of the unchained,
blows silent and invisible
To be appreciated only by those who
stand unmovable
on nothing at all.

Biography: A.M. Fernandez

I was born Antonio Fernandez Jr. in Miami Beach, December 18, 1960. My parents were Cuban immigrants who had been living in the U.S. for about a year prior to my birth. My father, who had recently served in the U.S. army, decided to take my mother and older sister, who were living in Havana, out of Cuba when it seemed apparent that Fidel Castro would topple the Batista Government. Even though this all occurred before my actual birth, it stands as the single most influential event in my life. Without the occurrence of it, I would be a completely different person today. As it stands, I ended up being the first of my extended family to be born American.

I lived in South Florida until 1968, at which point my father transplanted his family, which now contained seven members, to the

"South". This is to say, we moved north. All my memories of childhood start here, in Central Florida.

The Florida I grew up in was Southern for a while before it became ... "THE NUMBER ONE TOURIST DESTINATION IN THE WORLD". The transformation of the State was also a major event in the shaping of my life. Growing up in a state of constant and turbulent change became a way of life for the people who lived in Florida during that time. As I remember, there was always something going on. In the early 60's we used to go to Cape Kennedy to watch the Apollo launches. In those days we used to think that by the time we grew up we would all be living on Mars. As it turned out, things didn't develop quite as fast as we all expected.

I became involved in writing in high school but didn't think much about it until I got to college. It was at the local Community College, Valencia, that I found I had a talent for expressing my thoughts as written words. I became involved in the college newspaper and eventually became the editor. The experience was invaluable. I was forced to write in volume and this I feel, was the best way I could have gone to develop my style. Journalism also became my meal ticket in the form of scholarships that paid for nearly my entire college education.

Most of the creative work I do is done at a sitting. Because of the experience I received through journalism, I learned to write fast. This allows me to get down my thoughts very quickly. I feel that writers have most impact when they don't force themselves to write. When the words come naturally. The trick is to be able to translate thoughts and emotions into words. This can only be done through experience. When a particular event focuses a certain way, or when new perception hits me I try to write it down as quickly as I can find a pen. I do this often. It doesn't always come out the way I thought about it, but the more I try, the better I get at it.

The major themes in my writings deal with abstract concepts that I try to relate to real life situations. Empathy, despair, alienation, trust are all concepts that I try to understand by putting them into fictional settings. This serves as a form of therapy for me when I feel uneasy about the events that shape our lives. Much of the writing I have been doing recently, mixes these concepts within the setting of relationships. This is my attempt to understand how living in these times might affect people who have responsibilities other than to themselves. I've never had these responsibilities so I try to imagine what it would be like.

My desire to learn about these factors and events that shape people's lives has led me to the study of sociology and philosophy. It has helped broaden my perspectives in a great way. My desire is to learn as much as I can in these two fields of study and to be able to use the knowledge in some beneficial way. I view my writing and my photography as the medium in which I can communicate the source of my inspiration, which is sociology and philosophy in a general sense, and the relationship of humanity to life in a specific sense.

A Passion For Food

As the commotion and uproar increased the noise of the frenzied activity penetrated into the office of the tribe leader. The meeting in progress had been discussing the serious problem of the inadequate food supplies at hand when the noise became evident. Annoyed at the intrusion and lack of progress they were having with the meeting the tribe leader called an end to the discussion. He left the room headed in the direction of the disturbance. The tribe leader stepped outside, followed by the members of the counsel. All around they saw pandemonium and commotion. As the leader was noticed order was brought to the village and the commotion gradually died down. He was then approached by a small group of warriors.

Lately the tribe had fallen on extremely hard times. A long drought had reduced the food supply by about two-thirds. With low food supplies and the game and animals gone for more plentiful areas where the drought was not severe, the tribe was on the verge of extinction, something had to be done soon. One of the efforts made once the food supply had started to get low was to send groups of workers in search for food. Once the drought had become severe the groups were increased till virtually every able man in the tribe was sent in search of food. The amount of territory covered by the searchers was steadily increased and new, unexplored areas were being entered into for the first time.

Gathered in front of the tribe leader was one of those groups of workers. The workers explained to the leader that a terrific discovery had been made. In one of the newly explored areas the workers had found an extremely large amount of food. It was explained that the food found was so large that it would take hundreds of trips for all the men to transport it back to the village. If the food could be transported and properly stored there would be no worry of food or need to hunt for a long time.

Needless to say, the tribe leader was ecstatic. This put to rest, at least temporarily, the concern that the tribe would starve. One could easily tell the food shortage had adversely affected the condition of the tribe. Not only were members fighting each other for food, but they were openly showing their hostility toward the senior tribe members and the tribe leader. The news was exciting but it almost seemed too good to be true.

The leader selected a group of his finest warriors and decided to send them to retrieve some of the food for samples to verify its existence. The group was led toward the area by the original workers that had stumbled upon their present good fortune. Everyone was happy. For too long now there had been empty bellies and bad tempers to go along with them. It seemed like the entire group would be happy to have harmony once again.

The path they set out on was well worn. The increased traffic it had seen recently with continuous search parties of workers passing through on their search for food had marked it clearly. As they trav-

eled, the trail slowly became smaller and less defined. The trip was a very long one and after a time there was no trail left to follow. It became increasingly more difficult to find the way. The group traveled in single file one leading and all others following. Occasionally a few of the lead group would break off and scout the area slightly ahead or to the sides of the traveling group. Without a doubt they were on the right path toward the food.

The terrain became increasingly more hostile, the land was flatter but there were a few large obstacles in their path. A few of the original workers who had previously traveled this route remarked on the strange sudden appearance of the objects for they were not present on their earlier journey. This did not seem to bother them too much for theirs was a land of change. It was not common but happened occasionally that strange objects fell from the sky or just appeared without warning.

After some time they came to a clearing. There they saw open grassy plains reaching for quite some distance. On the other side of the grass was a strange uncharacteristically flat area of land stretching as far as they could see in every direction. Some way out on the strange surface was a large chunk of meat, skin and bones. It looked like it was the remains of a large animal. It was so big that if half the members of the group stood on top of each other they would just reach the top.

The group started toward the food in an orderly fashion. The line from the group was long and stretched for quite a while. After some time a portion of the group had reached the food and the line stretched back to the grassy area.

Suddenly they all heard and felt a tremendously low vibration and sound then a violent tremor that shook what seemed like the very Earth itself. Without warning there appeared on the horizon an extremely large object moving fast in their direction. Before there was much chance to move, it was upon them, and in less than a second it was all over. A large portion of the line leading to the food had been crushed underneath some monstrous force.

The car that had been traveling down the road slowed, pulled over on the trash littered shoulder, and stopped. The child in the back seat of the car was crying; "Daddy, I think that's Tiger." They got out of the car and went to look. It was their cat. The child was screaming, "Look at the ants crawling on Tiger. I hate them, I hate them, I hate them!".

Word Perfect But That's About It

It seems like one day its page up and the next it is page down with me. She asked me, "How many bits make up a byte?". But that does not seem nearly as important as the shell I'm in, or the room on my hard drive. I mean if we are going to get technical then why don't we ask how many characters are in this passage or in me for that matter? I'm really serious, how many characters are in me, and is there a button I can push somewhere? I'd sure like to erase a few things. You see, through the years I've learned how to reveal codes. And by golly there are a number of those codes that need to be canceled, switched or centered before they replace all that I've searched. I know this does not seem like a macro issue to many out there who are more hung up on if I footnote my list of files, but you can just flush right and go to . . . Because there is a move I'm going to insert before my next break with you. However for those of you who have gone through this and have been saved on the wrong drive, you'll understand the need to totally escape and reboot. There is just that time in life when you have to act bold and go off line or shift things around. Oh I tried going home, but that just left me in a dead end drinking a tab and eating soft hyphens until I thought I would burst! It didn't really justify because I had cursor words with my father over special characters when I ASCIId him for advice. He didn't really understand my format if you know what I mean, and we ended up having to suppress much of the text. I can only follow his margins so far before the display of commands gets to me. So I deleted back here, but life is no easy function. For instance, last week at this bar some number asked if he could indent with his heading. He was so graphic that I said, "Sir if you try to enter my screen one more time with that same old line I'll put you in a caps lock". There's just no telling what kind of characters he's merged with. You sure would need a surge protector if you selected his printer! So how many alternates my psyche needs now, not to mention a control F1 or two, is beyond me and my analyst. But we've got to get control somewhere, since it is certainly not on the menu and needs to be spelled out. I believe the answer includes a back space or num lock. God knows I'm numb and need to retrieve some sort of sanity. Before long I may require professional help to edit hidden files and remove the block in this major mental search. And the more I con-temple whether I can restore my operating system among the wildcard characters of this world, I finally see something. It isn't about bits, bytes or even that because I wasn't created as a man can't get a system request, but really it's just difficult being a processing woman.

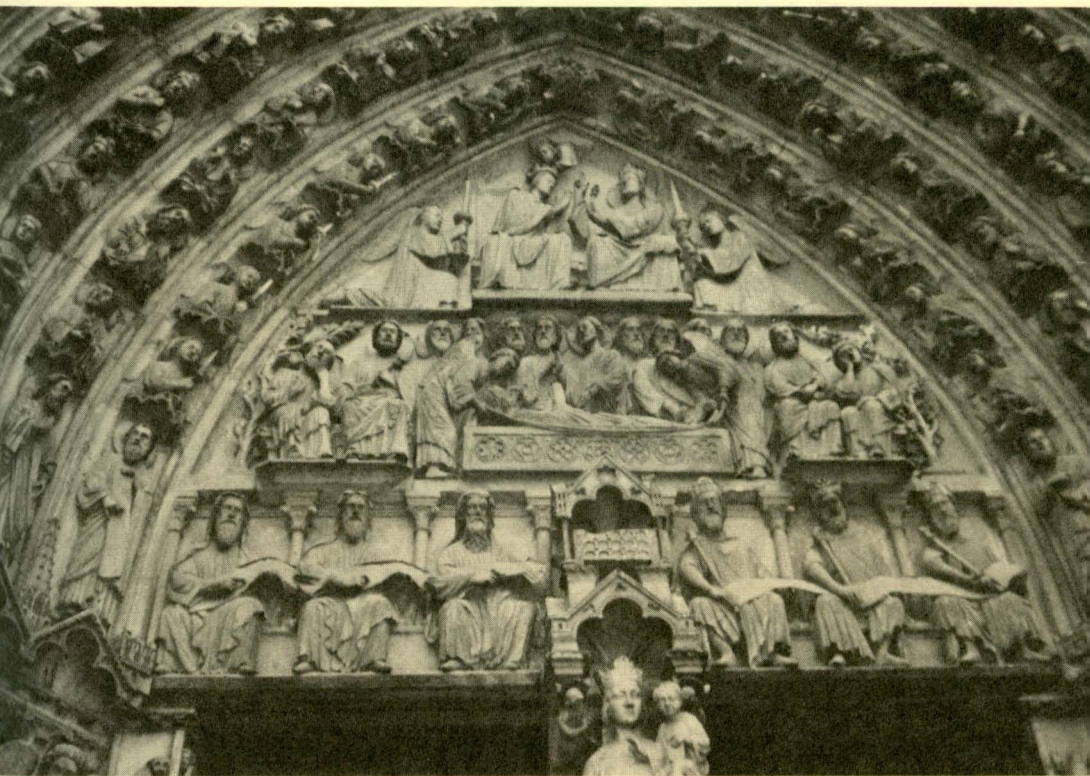
We work with **new lines**
forming fine shapes, creating
the circle, again.

*

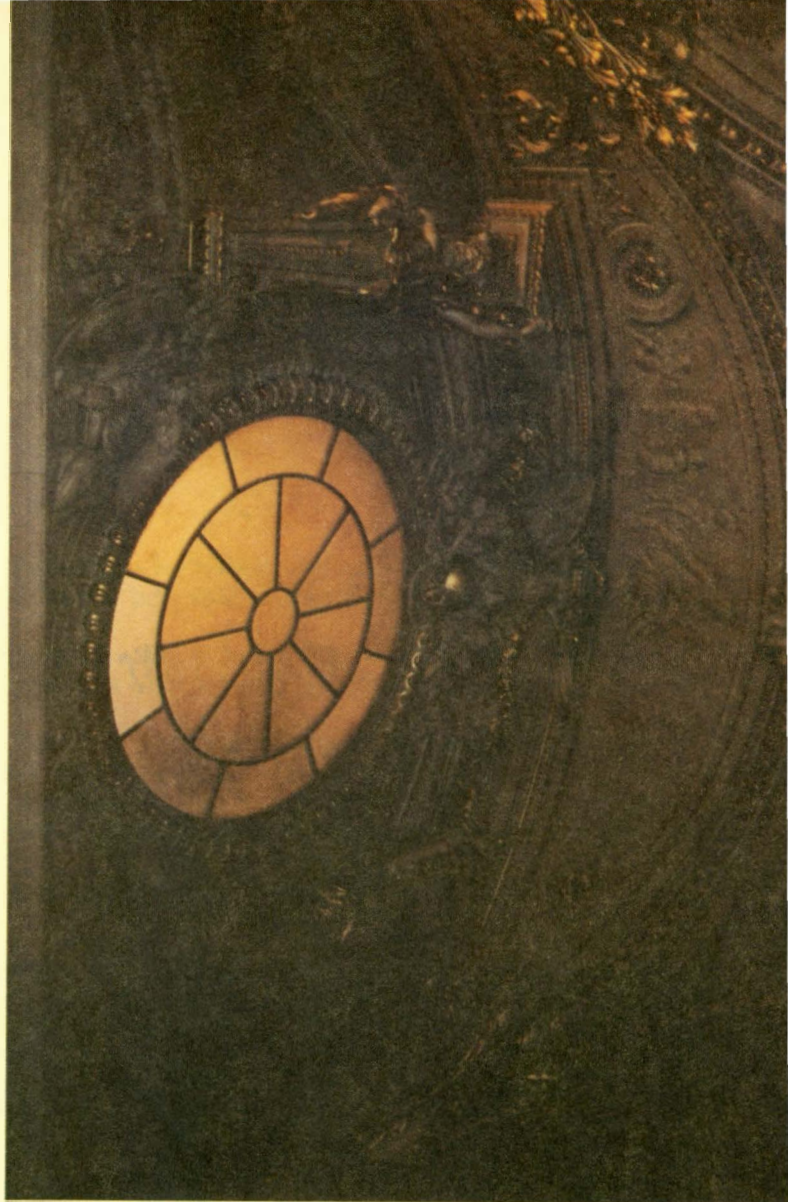
This breeze stirs shadows.
Light recedes into itself;
Memory is exposed.

*

Green and encaged.
For the **love of** each other
There was distance.







Loving you altered me:
the evolution of a species,
exact and very slow.
Only now do I know
the necessary aching
which precedes adaptation,
as functional capabilities
no longer meet current conditions
and one must change
in order to survive.
I emerge,
a splendid mutant.

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