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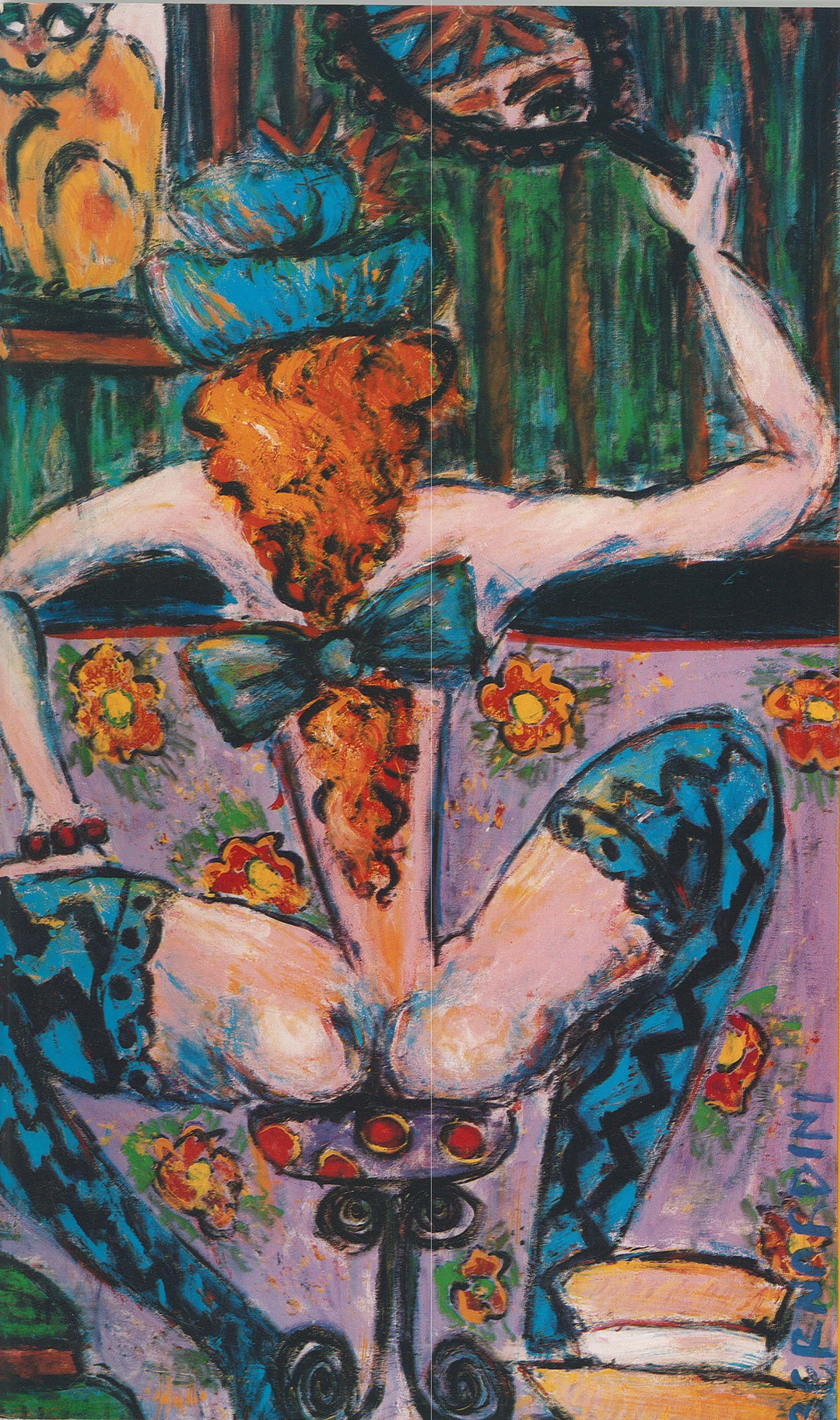
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B R U S H I N G

Spring
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Volume XX
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Brushing

Rollins College
Literary and Fine Arts
Magazine

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Spring 1992

Scarlett Rooney

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Brushing is breaking the tradition with a new and dramatic 9x12 format. This edition contains a broad range of poetry and short stories; from environmental issues to shocking truths. The visual arts continue this diversity with vivid outdoor photography and haunting social messages.

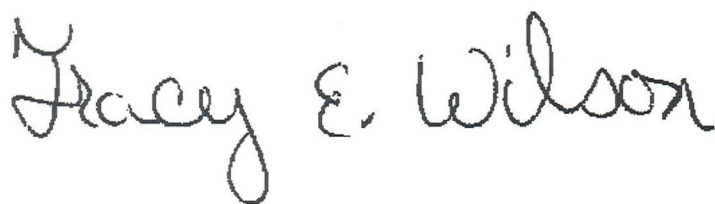
We are proud to include some of the recent experimental poetry of our 1992 writer-in-residence, John Tranter. John Tranter has published over eight volumes of poetry, and is the recipient of many prestigious awards, including the Australian Artists Creative Fellowship. He is currently the poetry editor for The Bulletin, a business/arts weekly in Sydney, Australia. We are extremely grateful for his contributions.

This past April, we participated in the Orlando Sentinel Book Fair. It was a great chance for us to open up the magazine to the community and we hope to make this event an annual tradition for Brushing. Special thanks to Heather Sielicki for her effort in making this happen, along with Johanna Weiss and Shannon McNally.

We'd like to thank Charlie Roller and Mac MacDonald from media services for their continued efforts in insuring the quality of the photography and art reproductions. We'd also like to thank Charlie Roller and Jean West for judging the student submissions for our Spring contest.

We have enjoyed being editors this past year and will miss the creative individuals who have helped make the magazine a continued success. Brushing is an integral force on the campus, and we hope to see it realize its potential over the next decade. We wish the new editor, David Nall, all the best next year.

Sincerely,
The Editors

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "James J. Casella". The signature is fluid and cursive, with the first name "James" and last name "Casella" clearly legible.A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Tracey E. Wilson". The signature is written in a cursive style, with "Tracey" and "Wilson" being the most prominent parts.

In The Beginning...

This was the day the people of Mother Planet had been waiting for. Its five billion inhabitants were glued to some form of news gathering device. The fate of ten million hung in the balance. That was, ten million lives, ten million souls, ten million criminals.

"We will now be hearing from the defense," said chief justice Parson.

"Members of the court, your honor, and people of our world," the defense attorney said as he stood up from his chair and approached the three court justices.

The walls of the circular court room were lined with news droids. Their electronic eyes followed the tall thin attorney while simultaneously transmitting the image around the planet.

"What we have before us today is a very delicate situation, and its outcome could affect our society in ways that are unimaginable. Here are the options which we are dealing with." He paused and paced around the crowded room.

At least it seemed crowded to him. Fixed on him were over a hundred pairs of robot eyes. The prosecuting attorney shared the same table as the defense attorney and calmly sat there. The three judges listened carefully at what the defense had to say, although popular support would influence their vote at the end as it always had.

"Mass execution," he continued, "rehabilitation, or the mother of all deportations. Of course we can rule out rehabilitation, it has been tried in the past and never with much success. So what we really have to deal with is either ten million corpses or ten million less mouths to feed and lives to maintain. A little over a hundred years ago, five million lives were lost by the end of the Great War. If there is one thing that massive loss of life taught us, it is to hold life itself in high regard. If we were to kill the ten million criminals in our penitentiaries and prisons all around the world, we would have learned nothing from that war. An outcome like that would simply pave the way for more bloodshed of that sort. That is to say that those five million people that died, would have died for nothing."

The attorney paced around the room, loosened his tie and continued, "Even criminals have families. Families that love them, and they, in turn, love their families. Is that not a characteristic of our race? The fact that we are capable of love and feeling for someone is what separates us from animals. It is not our brilliant minds that set us apart, but maybe that's just it. Maybe we've become so advanced with our technology and gadgets that we've forgotten what it means to be human."

He took his seat next to the prosecuting attorney with a look of despair.

Still addressing the court he continued, "There is nothing I could say to the members of the court which will change their minds. The outcome of this case has already been decided, and so has the fate of ten million people. I find it difficult to

argue a case when the only defense I have centers around morality. And morals is something we have slowly forgotten about. It used to be immoral to take a life, but suddenly it isn't. Why?" he paused and picked up a laser pen. "Because we have a supposedly valid reason to kill or torture someone. Even those who commit crimes against society are human, and feel love, pain and all those feeling you and I feel. I will not give into popular opinion which seems to project the image of criminals as monsters. Unfortunately, I stand alone on this issue. That is, I stand with ten million others who agree, but their input doesn't really matter. Their lives don't matter." He placed the pen back on the table.

The court justices moved around in their chairs, making themselves comfortable. They had been motionless for the duration of the monologue.

"We will now be hearing from the prosecution. Counselor Kunze," the Chief Justice called.

The attorney stood from his chair beside the defense attorney. The attention was now focused on the large fat man who would fight to rid the planet of criminals. He had become a folk hero in the months before the trial. This case would definitely make him a household name, and a lot of money. On the other hand, every lawyer which was offered to take the opposition refused to — their reputation would be shattered.

He stepped around the table and, facing the judges, sat on the desk with his back to his opposition. The wood creaked under his enormous weight.

"That surely was a beautiful speech." He glanced at the opposing attorney and looked back at the judges. "Morals. My friend here wants to talk about morals. Then why don't you just go preach your morals to the victims of the animals you're defending. You'll find it hard. You wanna know why?" He turned back to the attorney. Their eyes were locked. "Because most of the victims are dead." He focused back on the justices. "I'm sure these THINGS weren't thinking about morals when they spilled someone's blood all over the ground or stole money from some old lady after clubbing her over the head. We must undo with these people. They are a dead weight on our society — every year we make progress as a race, and every year we gather more and more garbage to sit and rot in our prisons. Let this be progress. Let this be our way of telling our society that behavior like this will not be tolerated. I assure you all that our prisons will become empty and a thing of the past."

The counselor stood up and heard the table creak a sigh of relief.

"These savages are bleeding us dry. They drain our money and test our patience. I say the test is over. They sit on their fat bottoms in air-conditioned rooms with all the comforts of home while hard working people, sometimes their victims, have a hard time paying for a cup of coffee. This is ridiculous. Meanwhile, our economy is tied up trying to comfort them. It will be expensive to execute them or even deport them, but in the long run, it will be worth it. Instead, prisons could be used to serve the public. We have our fair share of homeless and hungry people.

Let something good come of this and lets feed and cloth those people who need it and deserve it!"

The counselor walked back to his seat and continued, "Let us remember how we rid ourselves of the drug epidemic. The planet as a whole went out there and burned every field used to grow the drugs. And now, the streets are free of drugs. The public did the right thing in that case. The public supports the stand that I'm taking in this case. Therefore, the public is right. Let us please them and ease their troubles." He reached for his chair and sat. "I have nothing more to add."

And so they voted. They voted to free the prisoners into space. It would take many ships to transport the ten million passengers, and they were not coming back. The people of the planet gave generously their time and money for the cause. In the matter of a few months, the prisoners were sent off to their final destination. Inside the ships they were locked in shuttles which would thrust them into their new home. Traveling over the speed of light, the trip took only five months.

All ten million were thrust into the atmosphere. Some landed in the oceans and were lost, but many survived. The planet was named Earth and the "criminals" continued the human race.

From time to time, the Mother Planet sends agents to monitor the criminals they left thousands of years ago. The following generations of the initial criminal population developed as they had expected.

Roy S. Russo

No One Left

Against a background blue and bright
an eagle soared aloft
and floating past were clouds of white
peaceful, calm and soft
and stood the tattered remnants there
of blue and white and red
beneath the staff the ground lay bare
and all around were dead.

A tattered piece of cloth that flew
for freedom, peace and might
now stands alone in skies of blue
there is no one left to fight.

Dianne Walton



Amy Price

ANNA

She lives in a fortress.
The walls are towering and dense.
The masses attempt to break down the walls.
They are forced to retreat over and over.
She will not let them in.
The safety of isolation rules over
The vulnerability of penetration.

She lives in a shell.
It looks cold and emotionless.
But within there is warmth and life.
Her beauty blinds the naked eye,
and her generosity is boundless.
Once you are inside you cannot escape,
Yet there is no desire to leave.

The passive mask she wears hides
The amazing intensity of her emotions.
When she loves, it is an infernal heat;
Her hatred is an arctic chill.
Once you have won her loyalty,
She will suffer anything to protect you.
She would gladly die for you.

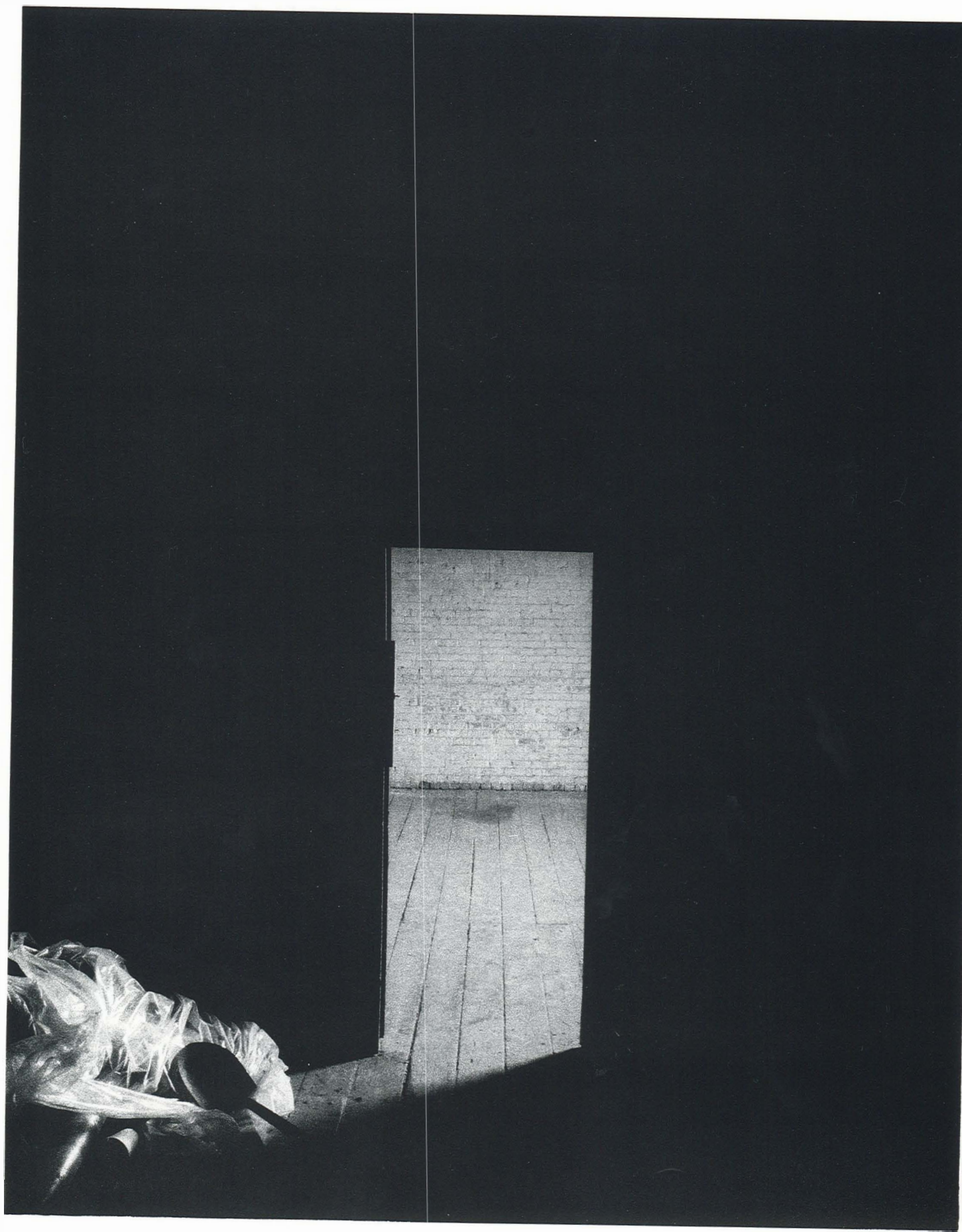
Her cold exterior deceives the strangers,
Offering no glimpse of her soul.
Showing her fear to them would be
Giving them the power to thrust
A dagger into her battered spirit.
She would rather they were impressed
By her counterfeit indifference.

But the revelers inside the fortress
Know that they are the lucky chosen few.
They bask in the warmth of her love
And in the inspiration of her courage.
Perhaps one day she will lower the drawbridge
And open the doors, so that the world
May know the golden heart of Anna.

Sally Caton



Amy Price





Gina Bernardini
Contest Winner-Art

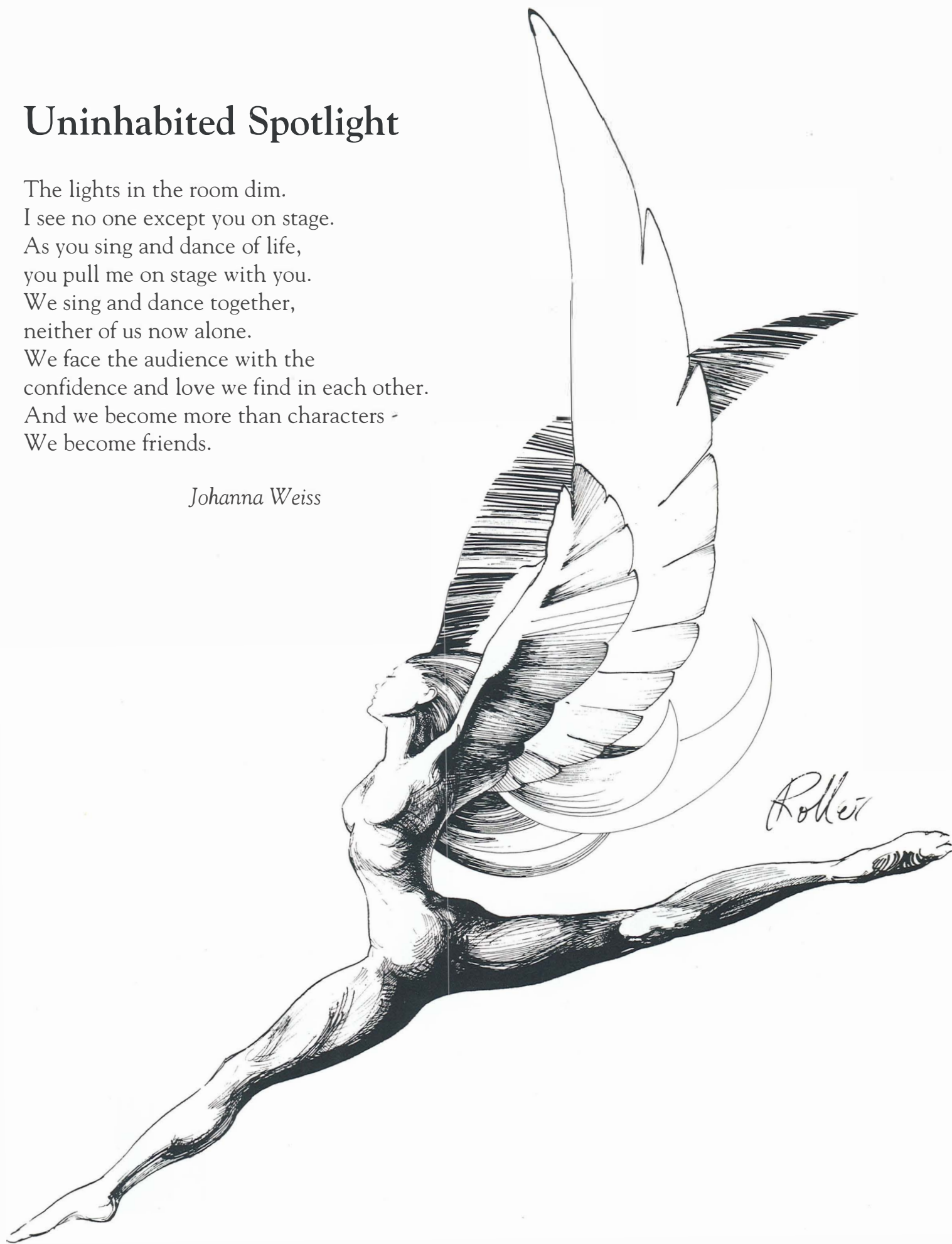


Charley Roller

Uninhabited Spotlight

The lights in the room dim.
I see no one except you on stage.
As you sing and dance of life,
you pull me on stage with you.
We sing and dance together,
neither of us now alone.
We face the audience with the
confidence and love we find in each other.
And we become more than characters -
We become friends.

Johanna Weiss



Charley Roller



Lena and the Swan

Gina Bernardini

Virtue

I reach out.
You cling.
I do not fear
how you may hurt me,
but the power of my
trembling hands.

Heather Sielicki

The Descent of Mine

Laugh.

Silence it away.

Shriek

silently to

the distant desolate fear,

picking away

this pitiful, paltry person

towards some lesser known

distress or disaster.

Come inside

to my own private...

rock me in my own arms

In need no one,

only necessary.

Rid me of my dis(ease).

I never asked to belong

to your fucking club anyway

only wanted directions

to somewhere down the road.

The Road

No way to tell what the future will hold;
one looks for landmarks, for signposts, but who
knows his own fate, who can make it unfold,
who can make Time reveal its hidden view?
I sometimes think my life's a road, but I
am wondering now if it's really there...
and if it's unrolling as I walk by.
I'm moving along as fast as I dare —
not that there's really a reason to hurry
(telling myself this as day succeeds day);
so much goes by, I can't help but worry.
There should be a nova, pointing the way...
He who fears hell lives behind a stone wall;
he who fears heaven has no life at all.

Anonymous

The Prize

The soil of a lover's heart
is ripped with the bloody tears
of battles young and ancient.

Dreams,
like skeletons
lie disconnected in the blistering
desert dust.

Seemingly wasted figures
shrouded in cloaks of decayed hope,
their hands are groping for
but never quite grasping
the Prize.

Memories,
like fragmented jewels
broken from the hilts of slashing swords,
now lie gleaming in the sun.
Their magic is fading with the descending sky.

The soil of a lover's heart
seems lavished with despair
and decay;
but, at last,
a wind stirs
like a dragon's snoring breath stirs
just before he wakes.

The skeletons jangle
like misshapen wind chimes
in the breeze.

Their eyes wake first,
then their hands begin
to seek and find
the Prize.

The Prize
that makes their flesh regenerate
from dust and
pulse with life!

Alive!

The Prize makes dreams alive!
It covers them with new, satin cloaks
of hope.

The Prize heals the soil of a lover's heart,
turning bloody tears
to rain.

Rain that steams and
sighs as it softens
the desert's crackling dust.

Rain that quenches
the thirsty dreams
no longer lying as disconnected skeletons
in the dust.

Sarah Eiland

I.V.

It seems like Liz,
Is locked in a murky basement,
With scraps of food,
That would not feed an ant.
“Help me, there is no way out,”
Her gentle eyes cry through a pile of bones.
Nobody will ever know,
What monstrosity she sees in a mirror.
Her natural beauty,
Will never smile back at her,
She will never see,
Her weakness bringing pain to others.
She will never know,
Death walks close.
With every calorie skipped,
He catches up with his sickle cocked.
There is some hope,
Because there is a goal to live.

Forced to mature rapidly,
By her crumbling surroundings.
Crying out lakes full of liquid,
But not drinking enough to avoid hospitalization,
Reaching out,
With her skeletal forearm.
Trying to let her compassion for others,
Wash out a selfishness of caring for herself.
I look up to her,
Because she is teaching me the values of life.
However, I feel that I,
Am becoming trapped in a spider web in her basement.
Rice cakes, Diet Coke, and salad,
Are not all I see when I look at her.
I see her lonely ivory,
Trying to control something not yet destroyed,
I see my instructor,
Striving to help me understand,
But I also see an I.V.,
Pumping her ailing body with a few months of life.

Drew Stepek

Over and under the edge of sanity
Obsession and addiction haunt my generation.
I've seen bleeding minds
Oozing prose and poetry.
Holding firm to airy aesthetics
Almost everyone cries for change, it's inevitable.
Let it free not fade.
Revolution creates a high,
but nothing good ever lasts.

William Nelson Taylor

Relevance in Ritual

We were both going to turn forty together.
Three children each and ages the same,
No coincidence this countercultural sacrifice bonded
Us in the offering. Home:
The nurture of budding thought unlocking
A whole world that needs mothering.

Elizabeth was a Polish immigrant.
She was 13 then.

I love her broken English
clipped; concise.
I know where I stand.

She must have had snow boots as a little girl.
She misses fenceless walks
On rolls of European hills, yet—
“I love freedoms’ newer homeland more,” she brightens.

Two summers ago our children sought seashells.
Our conversation lapped and lapped with the waves.
“Isn’t this Glasnost thing great?” I queried.
“Not yet,” rebuked she.
“First, they give you bits of freedom.
They watch to see who enjoyed it.
Those who enjoyed will disappear.
They give you a little,
Then they take it away.”

Her foot, to be partially absconded by surgery,
Burrowed in sand, so you’d never notice
If you hadn’t been through it with her.
Her families’ meals were measured and served by my children then.
The giving skills opening their hearts.
My station wagon harbored all six budding thoughts.
Car-pooled. Secure. I was mother to them all.

Melanoma is no one’s friend.
“They give you a little
then they take it away.”

One triumphs in gathering time, though terminal.
The more health cupped in the clock's hand,
The longer this mother will be.
And the whole world needs mothering.

But the hour overtakes.
"Light the candles before Mary!
Blessed Mother hear my prayer," cried Elizabeth.

"Ritual," I mutter and strike the match.

Pain grabs strength. Cancer plucks hope.
Rosary beads drop to the floor.
I falter at the disjunction.

Monica in my college class shares how she prays to Mary.
It isn't my way,
Yet soothing, uninhibited, her voice sweetens my resistance.

With the I V changes that nourish her veins,
I light the candle in front of Mary
To feed my frightened friend.

I cup my hands. I give joy and soldiering.

Her husband cries at my shoulder,
"Thank you for your loving heart- you are our guardian angel."
I hold him a minute. I am here. The whole world needs mothering.

My husband wraps me in his fathering.
Tears discover me.
I hide them at home because now I know
I will turn forty, alone.

Light dims from her face.
"They give you a little and
then they take it away."

Restlessness blankets her.
Acquainted with this rival,
I anger at Mary.
I glance at Her shining ceramic face. Defeated, I soften.
In the room's corner I impart the ritual,
and light the candle day after day for my friend.
Though it isn't my way.

Today I say, "GodSpeed," to Elizabeth.
The candle wisps as I wince.
She journeys for the National Institutes of Health.
A human chainlink in the cancer experiment.
Her churning yields to listless serenity. I feel odd.
I fold my friend in my arms and say, "Good-bye."
Her 4 year old comes back twice.
Mother and child embrace, "Goodbye my sunshine," this mother
says.
Elizabeth's husband fathers her as their tears blend.

I bite my lip. But tears drip from my chin.
I drop the schoolgirls before I drop my head
In prayer and peals of despair that lap lap lap against
 "They — who give you a little freedom,
 and then take it away."

I drive to my college class. I calm myself with a mothering
Breath.
I watch the girl who prays to Mary. She enters as song.
Notes dance in her hair. Perhaps I only hear it?
I want to thank her for being in my poem.
I cannot speak.
The professor's eyes brush of sadness but kindness is her face.
She serves ritual on the academic plate.
I find the right utensil. My intolerance for ritual
Fades in the new place setting.

Sunday impels me to befriend my husband in his church.
Dear Mother Mary will be in the church down the street.
I will think of Her and look for God's mothering as the
 sunlight
 sifts
 softly
Through colored panes onto all the bowed heads.

I hold you by the Light Elizabeth, my friend.
And know you find, "Freedom's newer homeland more."

Kathryn Ann Kimbro
Contest Winner - Poetry

Meandering in America

Most people like to fly;
It gets them to their destination
As fast as possible.

My father likes to take the train;
It's a little slower but
At least it stays right on track.

Me? I'll take the automobile.
I'm in no hurry, am in control,
And I can wander along the way.

Moreover, I haven't picked a destination yet;
I believe the journey is more important than
Arriving.

Jonathan Chisdes

Mead Gardens

Today we spoke of ourselves...
The trees were listening with me
 I felt the sounds of my peers,
The images and motions of their journeys
 moved across my mind, a slight
Breeze distracting a stray hair which
 ventured over my face, tingling
My nose. Closed my eyes, and songs around
 me danced in the fallen leaves...
Our stories are our expressions, the leaves
 are the trees stories which had been
Told and were waiting to be bound in Earth's book
 This place; a meeting place for us to
Delve deeper into our being, it seems we are not the
 only ones who used, This Place. A tree
Reminded me of this with a freshly fallen leaf which
 landed softly on my lap, humming its story.

Robbianne Mackin

Asparagus

It was a familiar taste,
bitter.

Like the first time I ate asparagus.

It was a similar feeling,
painful.

Like the time I stubbed my toe on the door.

To many it was a new life,
and for others merely painful.

Many crawled underground,
dying slowly.

While others turned to dust shadows,
dying instantly.

The fortunate,
were the first to go,
while the living
became hermits, eating asparagus from a can.

Drew Stepek



Andres Abril



Dennis Moore

Standing in Line

Tourists,

Standing in line:

for the rental car,
the hotel key,
Sea World,
Universal,
the Magic Kingdom...

They rush here

to get there,

so there's nothing they've missed
during their fabulous vacation
in fun-tastic Orlando.

It's off to bright, neon restaurants
with cute, little theme names
for breakfast, for lunch, and for dinner.

It's time to spend that money

they spent all year saving

to buy t-shirts,
canned Florida sun,
fresh orange juice,
and mouse ears;
to relax, and make memories.

Although really, it all seems to blend in after a while, doesn't it?

“Honey, where’d we see that one stuffed buffalo, wasn’t that at Disney?”

"Nah....wasn't that at International drive?"

“Nope... Oh! Hey, I think it was down on Church street, don’t you remember ?”

“Oh yeah, you’re right! It was Church street! That’s the night we saw that jazz musician playing right outside, on the street.”

"God, that was beautiful. He was great."

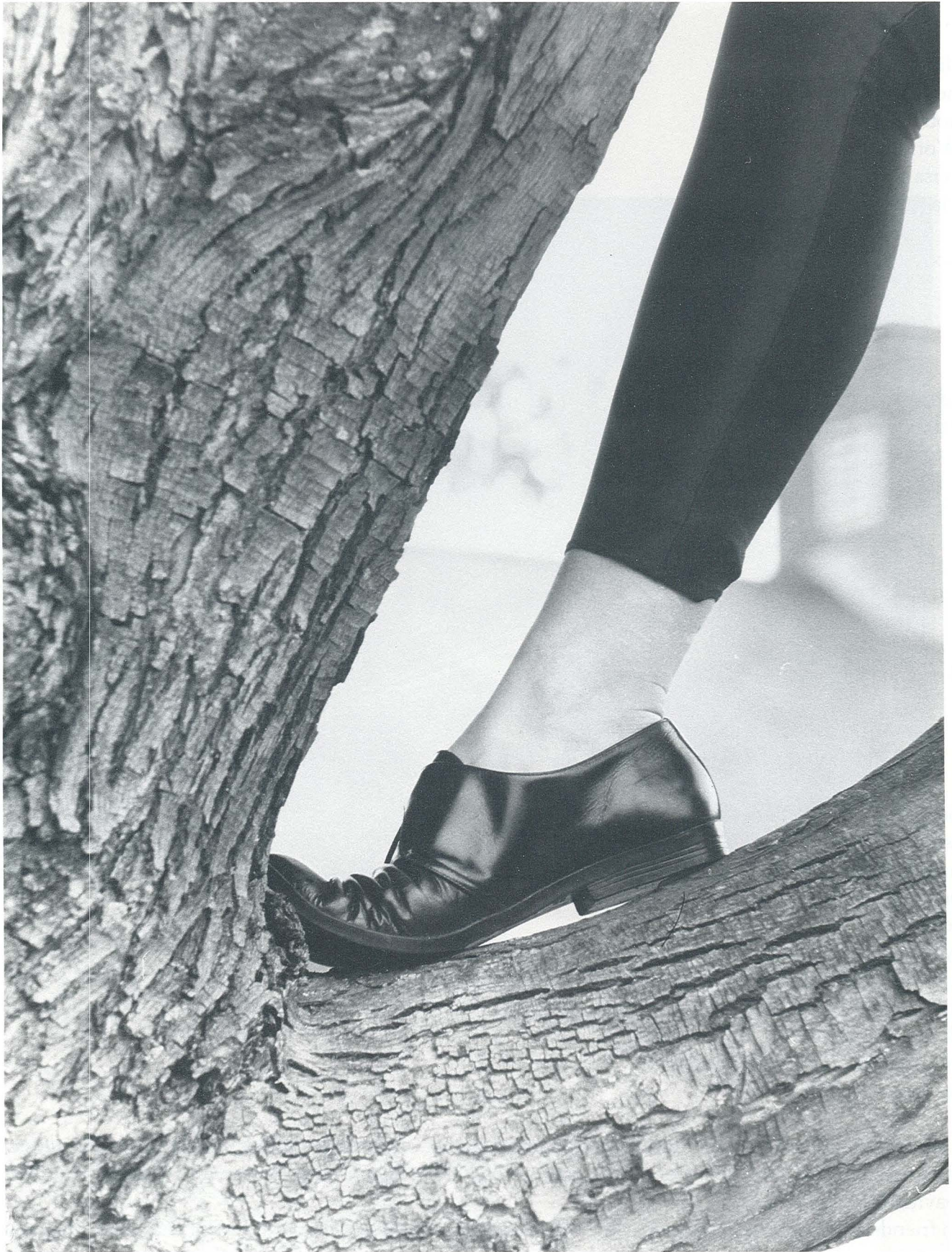
"Better than the band in the restaurant."

"Yeah, that was great."

They spent sixty dollars on their dinner bill that night, and another thirty on drinks after that. The musician had a hat. He asked no admission fees, no cover charge, only a donation. They listened to him for a half an hour before they walked on, leaving his hat empty.

When friends ask about their vacation, they will remember it jumbled - hurried; except that night they watched the street musician, and he played like he knew something special. And they gave him nothing.

Heather Sielicki



Heidi Morton



MOUNT DORA! Oh, my God, Mount Dora...
a sleepy little Florida town, so picturesque
that movies were made there.
Every year at the art festival
artists' booths lined the streets
with creations of the soul,
sharing the beauty and splendor
of human life in all its glory, while gory
undertones lay underneath the ground
burying hope for humanity.
There, under the bright sunshine,
lay the dark side of mankind,
the haunting horror of an ugly idea
bred out of fear and faithlessness
and human frailty.

Mt. Dora, you looked so lovely on the surface
with your quaint facade,
hiding the hideous secret
of your finest one hundred.

A bomb shelter was built in the 60's
("we were scared then")
with room for only a select few
("how were we to know?")
of the town's most upstanding citizens
("that the holocaust wouldn't happen")
ready to step down into the depths
("it was a noble cause")
to preserve themselves
("to preserve humanity")
with a sealed door
("by starting a new civilization")
and a weapons arsenal
("it seemed like a good idea at the time")
to keep out the non-survivors
("there wasn't room for everyone").

Mount Dora, your banker financed your future;
your mayor made your plans.
And yes, Mount Dora,
your minister taught you the faith.
These bastions of your society

planned and planted a secret shelter
beneath your midst;
but what a lovely croquet court
came about above the catacombs.

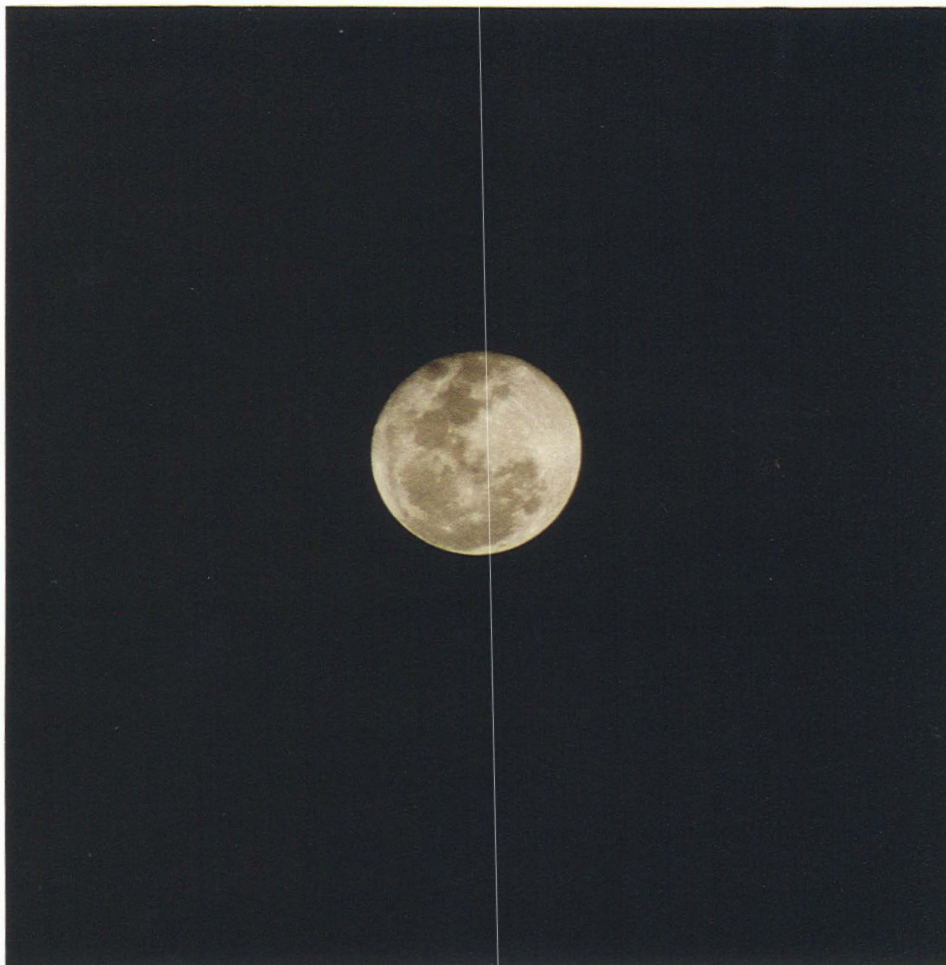
Mount Dora, you looked like
such a nice place to live.
If the holocaust had come,
can you picture the banker
telling his neighbors
“you can’t count on me?”
Can you see the mayor
make his constituents understand
his right to six extra months of life
while they die?
Can you feel the shock of the congregation
when their spiritual leader
leaves them to save himself
in the final hour?

Mount Dora, you were not a victim
of the power of a moment’s weakness.
This was your covert conception of your salvation,
well-planned for countless days and years.

Mount Dora, you are frightening
because you are Anytown, Anywhere;
you are Anyone, Everyone.
You are a somber reminder
of the incessant struggle
inside ourselves between
Beauty and Beast,
Kindness and Killing,
Living and Dying.

MOUNT DORA! Oh, my god, Mount Dora,
your story was pasted on page one
with a slightly lesser headline
than the feature story:
“Soviet Union Does Not Exist...”
So now that this threat is gone,
What is your latest fear?

*John
Dukes*



Jamaican Moon



Kristin Lightner



Paul Viau

Resurgam

Don't you mind these tears —
it's just the icecap melting
thawing glacial years
dripping, gently pelting
rain from a warming heart

Don't you fear this rage —
it's just a cleansing fire
purifying an evil age
Lay the past on the pyre
Ashes and water, a new start

Kathy Aziz

I've always been told;
The mind always thinks,
The ears always hear,
And the eyes always see.
Right now I do none of these.

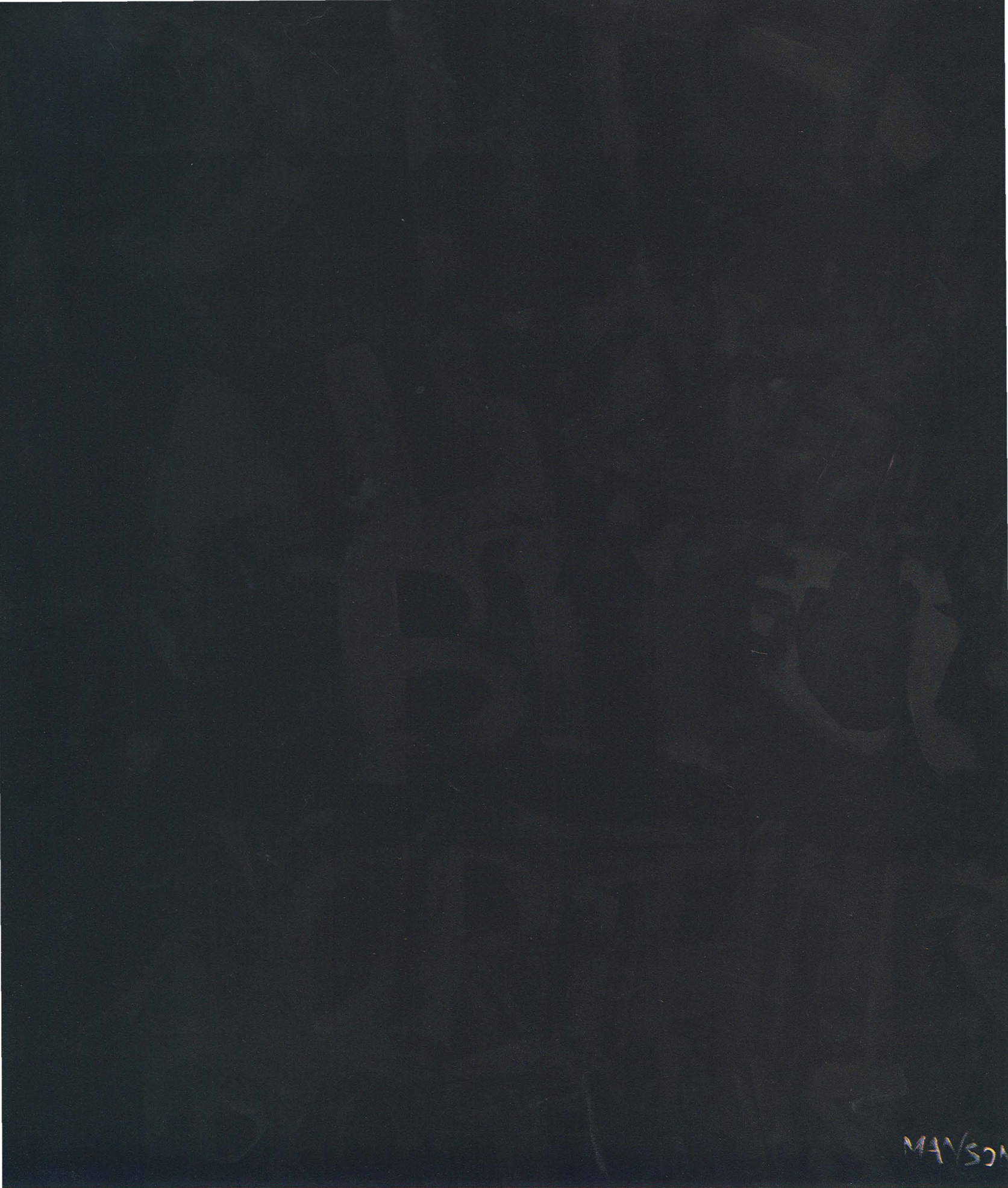
Oftentimes my mind stands frozen
In a plateau of intellect
A sea that I cannot cross
No flowering ideas,
No mellifluous sounds,
No colouring images.

Contrary to Plato-
My mind creates a vacuum
Between the opposing states of the soul

I remain here;
No fear,
No joy,
A mindless ethereal non-entity.

William Nelson Taylor





The Narcolept

First up over the horizon
the crowd of priest impersonators —
this one lacks charity and plots ruin,
that one's just fled the seminary,
tempting the entrails to speak up —
and a blue moon lights up the Rorschach Test
that seems to be a plot of my muddled life
emerging through the middle-class —
there's a kid riding a bike
in a slow-motion home movie,
then the light changes
and we discover him sticking out his tongue
and squinting at his workbook. He looks up
and grins at us — that's the boy! We can see
him, but he can't — he can't —
Just outside the suburbs of Alexandria
he desert begins. Who taught you
to notice that? That's 'culture' — here
in the beer garden at the back of the bar
tucked away behind the shopping mall.

I'm scrambling the future by muddling the pattern in a puddle of spilt gin swilled around in a tortoise shell and tossed to the planets, and sprinkling back into your lap the drops form an enigmatic motif that would break your heart, if you only knew what it meant. As the fog clears from the night sky the stars appear, looking like dandruff on an old man's dinner jacket. Now on the black-and-white TV the weather man fails his Aptitude Test, the digital clock a wishbone in his pants, his crystal ball chipped and cracked with steam fracture structures — vapour from a hot rock. The lines of my hand provide a workable translation of the dialect I need and I request the next dance, then during a pause in the music — a gap I planned and paid for, aren't I cute? — we float out onto the jasmine-scented dark.

John Tranter

Debbie & Co.

The Council Pool's chockablock
with Greek kids shouting in Italian
Isn't it Sunday afternoon?
Half the school's there, screaming,
skylarking, and bombing the deep end.
Nicky picks up her Nikon
and takes it all in, the racket
and the glare. Debbie strikes a pose.

In a patch of shade a grubby brat
dabbles ice-cream into the cement.
Tracey and Chris are missing,
mucking about behind the dressing sheds,
Nicky guesses. Who cares?
Debbie takes a dive. Emerging like a
porpoise at the edge of the pool
she finds a ledge, a covered gutter,
awash with bubbles and chlorine's
chemical gossip. Debbie yells there,
and the rude words echo.
The piss-tinted water slaps the tiles.

Debbie dries off, lights a smoke,
and gazes at her friends fading out
around the corner of a dull relationship
and disappearing.

Under the democratic sun
her future drifts in and out of focus —
Tracey, Nicky, Chris, the whole arena
sinking into silence. Yet this is almost
Paradise: the Coke, the takeaway pizza,
a packet of Camels, Nicky's dark glasses
reflecting the way the light glitters on
anything wet. Debbie's tan needs
touching up. She lies back and dozes
on a terry-towelling print of Donald Duck.
She remembers how Brett was such a
dreamboat, until he turned into
somebody's boring husband. Tracey
reappears, looking radiant. Nicky
browses through an Adult Magazine.
Debbie goes to sleep.

John Tranter





John Dukes

Louisiana Sunset



John Dukes

Maori Totems

Footprints Left Behind

I walked the beach one moonlit night
and footprints in the sand did show
that in this space I once had been
and all who saw would know.

But if one day this Earth I leave
and walk no longer on the shore
would footprints I had left behind
stand fast, or be no more?

Dianne Walton

A Night to Remember

It was night.

It was a cold night.

It was a cold night in December.

It was a cold night in December, that I last remember,

It was a cold night in December, that I last remember, the pain
and frustration.

It was a cold night in December, that I last remember, the pain
and frustration, loneliness and lack of attention.

It was a cold night in December.

It was a cold night.

It was night

When I died.

Natasha McGrath

The subtle insinuations
of two bodies

gently touching

lightly pressing

give way to

something closer

And for this moment

the two are lost

in something sweetly sinister

and desperate

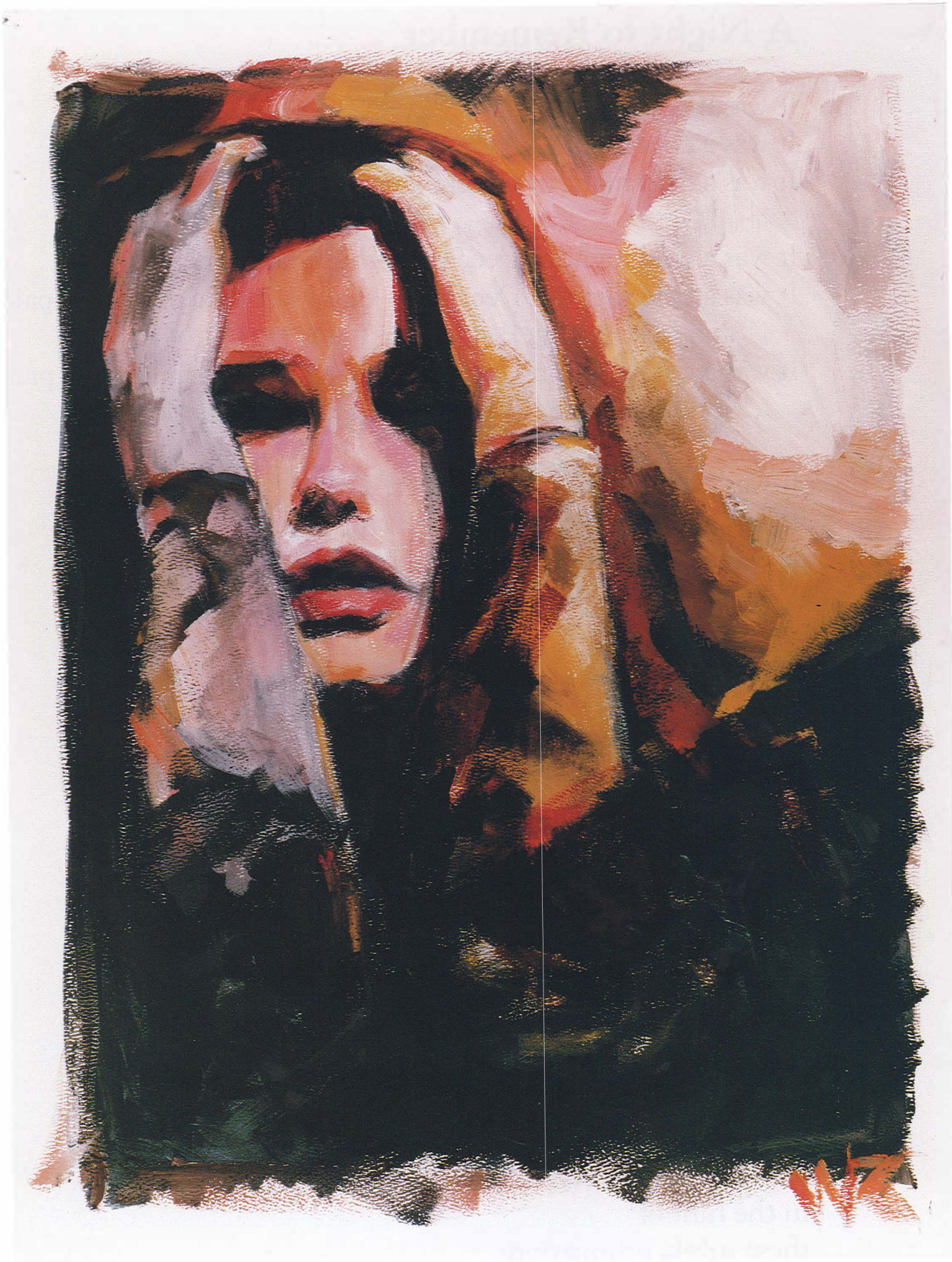
And though it may never happen again

it will go on forever

in the hint of

these subtle insinuations.

Dawn E. Morris



Wendy Richard

The door opens. I enter the tavern. The room is dimly lit, and a smokey haze dims what is left of the light. I look to the far corner of the bar. Sitting there is a man, his face in the shadows. He wears the usual trenchcoat, collar up, and on his head is a battered fedora. The figure looks up at me and nods his head. I nod mine in silent acknowledgement and begin to traverse the distance to the table. On the way, someone spills their drink on my shoes. I stop and look down at the offender. He looks up at me and apologizes. I mumble something incoherent and proceed to make my way across the smokey room. Arriving at the table, I sit down.

“Why don’t you try using a chair, “ says the young man.

“Good idea,” I respond.

Picking myself up off the floor, I grab a chair from the nearest table and set myself down in it. I look at the man before me. His large nose sticks out like the front end of a jet from beneath his hat. It’s nothing I haven’t seen before. We sit in silence for a few minutes, each sizing the other up. He begins to speak.

“You haven’t changed,” he says, his voice barely above a whisper.

“Neither have you,” I reply, “ How’s Kristen?”

“The same. She disgusts me,” he sneers.

We lapse into silence again.

A couple of minutes later, a waitress approaches our table. She asks if there’s anything we’d like to drink. I order my usual vanilla coke. my friend orders cyanide. the waitress leaves to get the order. A few minutes later she returns with two large glasses.

We’re all out of cyanide,” she says, “so I brought you a prune juice.”

“Same thing,” says my friend. The waitress leaves.

“Let’s get down to business,” he says. “Do you have the goods?”

In reply, I pull a folder out from under my shirt and hold it up.

“Good. Give it to me.”

I do. He takes it, opens it, and pulls out the contents. He stares at them for a minute, his eyes flashing as he turns the pages of the documents. Returning the contents to the folder, he looks at me in approval.

“It’s well orchestrated...without the violins,” he states.

“Will you do it?” I query.

Does a a bear shit in the woods?” he replies.

He picks up his glass of prune juice. He chugs it. He stands up and says, “I’ll meet you there at midnight tomorrow.” He leaves.

I sit for a few minutes and sip my drink. My thoughts turn to the man who just left. This is a delicate mission. Should I have trusted him with it? I’ve known him for years, ever since the Smith Incident. Together we both uncovered the favoritism in the Montville Baseball League. We’ve been working together ever since. But can he

be trusted? Killing your parents isn't like walking a dog...

No. He's too reckless, his methods are unorthodox, and his sense of humor gets worse every day. I begin to think I made a mistake.

Then I remember the Mozak Incident. For the months I had been taken with this broad named Kathy. She treated me like dirt, used me, drove my car, then dumped me. I was hit hard. a knife through the heart would have been kinder. I took to the bottle.

I drank more Snapple iced tea in two weeks than there were gallons of water in my pool. I never thought I could survive.

My friend found me in my basement. He helped me get back on my feet. He showed Kathy up for the skanky hoe she was. There was true concern there. He didn't charge his usual cut.

No, I made the right choice. HE may be stranger than a left handed flea, but he had proved himself to me. i finished my drink.

Just as I was starting to stand up, the waitress appeared and handed me a slip of paper. The bastard had left me with the bill.

James Dolan



Cristina Krause

election day— past, present, and future

words cannot remove the tarnish on the earth
the pall that hangs over the green-blue facade
earth sea sky

laurel branches twist through bureaucratic tresses
but shroud nothing

our words fill the vast reaches
linking together across continents
but the phrases that emanate from wide gaping mouths
are never enough
to fill the holes
to recreate culture
to assuage the pain

they can stand on the high platforms
that wobble on unsteady foundation
and
surrounded by a sea of outstretched palms
the masses
the throng—
the writhing crowd grasping for the empty deflating words
as they fall
silently
into the chasm

politicos spewing sewage
promises that will go unfulfilled
once they are safely seated
behind their mahogany desks
secure in their newly-won positions

words will not remove the tarnish on the earth
but they just might win the election.

Jennifer L. Hilley

Ocean Floor

Ocean Floor shivers
Water
Covers my body
The
Waves roll by
Drifting
Bubbles caress toes
Anemone
Reaching for my
Soul
A dark shadow
Above
Releases the bilge
Oil
In my eyes
Sludge
In my lungs
Children of the Sea
Come
Sleep with me
Forever.

Robbianne Mackin

Quaking Angel

The children go to the Butterfly Museum.
“They were eliminated,” so the sign reads,
“by the products of the Age of Technology.”
Now they exist only in captivity, in
an artificial environment of scientific
curiosity:

they, and the elephant, and the Great American
Eagle.

I wonder, as I watch these creatures tremble, these
great quaking angels in their glass cages,
how they feel
if they pray for us
or themselves

and whether we will quaintly deck
their graves with stones when they pass

(in a smoky dream, a large, pocked foot thrusts
through the dusty soil on the African savannah, tossing
away the huge stone pillar. Thousands more follow
in a stream of misty grey bodies)

or make the red mark with rigid hand in
our steely black books

David Nall

Will She Know Me

Footprints

all she's left behind,
the white, speckled doe
with her moist, black nose
wrinkling the snow.

Soft crushing noises

rise above the trees
as she leaves.

She has seen me,
I've made my presence known.

With longing eyes

I plead with her to stay.
She listens to my heart
in her silent way.
She pauses and remains.

Will she know me?

I crouch in the snow.

clumsily, I fall.
She flutters as if to bolt away
but her eyes stay
and seem to make play
of my graceless display.

She sighs
and steps majestically my way.

Will she know me?

Closer still she steps,

the trees bend to hear,
even the wind ceases to prance
watching now the approaching deer.

Nothing breathes

as she accepts me.
Her muzzle pushes
in the palm of my outstretched hand.

She knows me
and I am tamed.

Sarah Eiland

You walked my way
And left
Your footprints
Here in
The sands of
My soul.
Unknowing,
You walked
On.

Sarah Eiland

Welcome to Sunny Florida

I lived in a land of snow, and stars
that I knew well, that I could see
through branches sharp and bare as bars
when I stood beneath the trees
that stood and changed in the changeless way
of turning earth and cycling clime.
The trees and stars and I would say:
We'll be here 'til the end of time.

Then someone cast a hook for me
and pierced me in my weakest part
and someone reeled me skillfully
across the miles; to save my heart
I flew along the curving dome
of heaven to these tropic skies.
And here I set to build a home
on sandy soil and someone's lies.

It didn't stand. But still I stayed
among the other once-burnt folk.
How hard we worked; how hard we played;
how hard we cried whenever we woke.
So now I sit on the shifting beach
(my shorts are damp and full of sand)
my gaze goes far beyond my reach
back to that snowy starry land.

I'm waiting for a change of clime
I'm waiting for a spring rebirth
I'm waiting for my heart to heal
I'm waiting for a turn of earth

Kathy Aziz

Her Hand Drops

She lies
on the
sweet, softened
petal
sheets

Her hand drops.

The hand surrounds her
Its quickness escapes
the blooming eyes
until she turns.

It fades.

Tracy Wilson

Blank

I'm sorry
She's dead
said lapping turning
in a white room
She's there.
The coffin lay
whitehaunting and hold my hand
I lay.
The coffin in the white room
Eyes closed
while the midnight harp
clangs on
Crashing
words never said
and the midnight harp plays on.
the coffin in the white room
Her lips were blue.
Don't you remember?
The water was caving in to the top
I held her hand
while she cried
Before the long shot.
Come hear me
Crashing
C-r-a-s-h-i-n-g
Clanging
harp
The garb is no longer white.
She said it once.
The queen was there.

The coffin in the white room
dwells like spilt coffee
until it drifts
away
into
the
night.

Tracy Wilson



Amy Price

Emerging From the Fog

A sharp glint of sunlight strikes my eyes and makes me pause. The shiny brass winch choked by coils of thick boat line stops turning momentarily as I regain my breath and squint once more to the top of the mast. With the boat pitching only slightly in a relatively calm sea, the sun appears infrequently from the back side of the partially-raised sail. I grunt and continue to crank the great winch, which is now beginning to creak with the increasing tension of the line. The breeze feels cool against the sweat of my bare back.

“Almost there, just a little more, Joel,” my father bellows from his self-delegated perch behind the wheel. He so enjoys the control of a vessel and its crew, it becomes contagious after only a short time at sea. I pause again to look back; I see the same smile on his face that I heard in his voice. Although his eyes hide behind sunglasses, I know they have as much gleam in them as the mirrors that now cover them. He is in his element and he knows it. But perhaps his level of confidence is half the lure for him. For me it is different. I hoist the remainder of the sail and fasten down the block, leaving the sun-bleached line around the neck of the winch to go limp, like a snake who has felt the last twitch of its strangled prey. The sails are up and the silence of motion mixes only with the regular lapping of the bow wave. The sun now falls directly on my face; its warmth relaxes me and pulls my mind to more intangible thoughts: emotions, concepts and ideals. Usually focused upon more concrete matters inherent to the schedule of daily life, I welcome the release; indeed, encourage it.

Once the boat is set on its course and the compass no longer wavers, my favorite spot to sit is on the high-side rail just beside my father at the helm. From there, I have an almost unobstructed view of the entire deck; of course, I also must look down to see the **captain** (we call him this in his sternest of moods). If on a long passage that takes several days, I often take out a pad of paper on which to record my thoughts. Although these usually consist of incoherent ramblings and child-like stories, they amuse me and allow for my most free expression. It is here on the rail in a steady breeze that I find the purest definition between good and bad, desires and dislikes. As the famed eight-hundred year old Jedi Master Yoda once told young Luke Skywalker, “you will know the good side from the bad when you are calm and at peace.” I think the force **did** flow strong within him and he was right. Sometimes, with hot coffee in hand and the sunrise over the water before me, I can peer out from behind the sleepy seeds stuck to my eyelids and see my future. If I look hard enough, I can see it with more realism than fantasy; daydreaming used to be a hobby. To combine all my inner desires into one possible future is a challenge. It is not until these moments that I fully realize the true opportunities before me and the number of interests I have.

I look to my father; the wheel turns itself under the guidance of the autohelm

while he busily fiddles with his charts and navigational toys on the bench seat beside him. He seems almost excited as he plots and rechecks time and again. He even plots courses he will never take, simply to make-believe. I can tell when he has double-checked himself and come up correct, as he always does; his top lip curls over the lower with a slight grin. He also taps his pencil three times on the chart for emphasis. He thrives upon the confidence he has in his own sailing abilities; it even gives him a rush. I receive my confidence from times like these, when I am almost passive and observing. It rejuvenates my soul. It seems funny that we are alike in so many other ways, but he gets his confidence from his abilities, whereas I gain my confidence through contemplation. Only once there do I begin to expand my abilities to match the confidence I have collected in times of peace. Lost yet?

So, here I am, perched upon the high-side rail listening to the sound of a boat cutting through water and thinking such deep thoughts as to confuse even myself. I think, what have I done in my life so far that it has had great meaning to the lives of others? I suppose in times like these, it is not unusual to wish one had done more, so I am not alone. However, I think what I have done has not manifested itself into a solitary concrete act yet. Rather, my good intentions have stowed themselves away deep within myself, only waiting for the chance to shine. I do not mean to sound unambitious or regretful, for neither is the case. I sincerely feel my future holds fulfillment and that my present course will steadily move me along toward it. It may not be an attainable goal, that I realize. But simply in the pursuing of high aspirations, I hope to improve myself in the direction of the ideal.

We lost sight of land two days ago and in this dense fog, we have seen only the tiny blips on the radar screen that indicate marker buoys in our path. We have traveled at a constant speed but it seems as though we have gone nowhere; nothing around us has changed. I feel small. Such insignificant particles in the giant scheme of the Earth, how could I possibly make an impact? This envelope of fog conceals my father, myself, this boat, and everything we have recently known from the rest of the world. Were we to disappear, who would take notice? No one. And yet this void of placelessness simulates this point in my life. I have almost finished my formal education and I stand at an impasse, unable to go on and unable to stay. I cannot see where I am headed, but only where I **plan** to go on a chart. These two may or may not intersect at some undetermined point. I wonder, when will the fog lift? When will I be able to really see where I am? Do I have to wait until we leave the fog behind before I see light?

Where will I be by then? How old will I be? I cannot answer these questions, but only quench them with various theories that are interlaced with fantasy. Maybe therein lies the truth; only in unbridled fantasy can we identify true desires and thus satisfy them. Nothing does injustice like the smothering of dreams. In our society, there exist too many agents that perform this very function. Discrimination breeds hatred, which in turn leads to cruelty. Worse yet, it would be such oppression as to

inhibit even the forming of dreams, a crime above all. These, too, live here in the fog. Although they have not manifested themselves upon this trip, I know there is potential; until we sail into the sunlight and expose all the problems among people, they will only fester beneath concealment.

My dreams are so many. These consist of so few. I refuse to allow a single one of them to drown in the sea of contempt that follows this vessel everywhere, awaiting its chance to pounce. I shall continue to scan the horizon for ships that pass through our barrier of fog, but I can not stand watch alone. The silent communication and love shared by captain and crew aboard this boat only reinforces the optimism with which I see the future. Sail on. Sail on.

“We shall harness for God the energies of love. And then, for the second time in the history of the world, man will have discovered fire.”

-Sargent Shriver

Joel Rifkin

Roy G. Biv (Red, Orange, Yellow, Green, Blue, Indigo, Violet)

When Roy G. Biv stands on his head
we all had better stay in bed
I don't want the irritation
of his radiodiation
to be blinded by a microwave
or a radio station
lighting all the cosmic rays
and showing insects' landing ways
on every brightened flower.

When Roy G. Biv does somersaults
I'll close my eyes against my faults
The color of my neighbor's skin
will be ultraviolet then
the light a cancer to the eyes
nature blinding all my sin
How will we tell the false from true
with all our colors shifted blue
in that enlightened hour?

David Nall

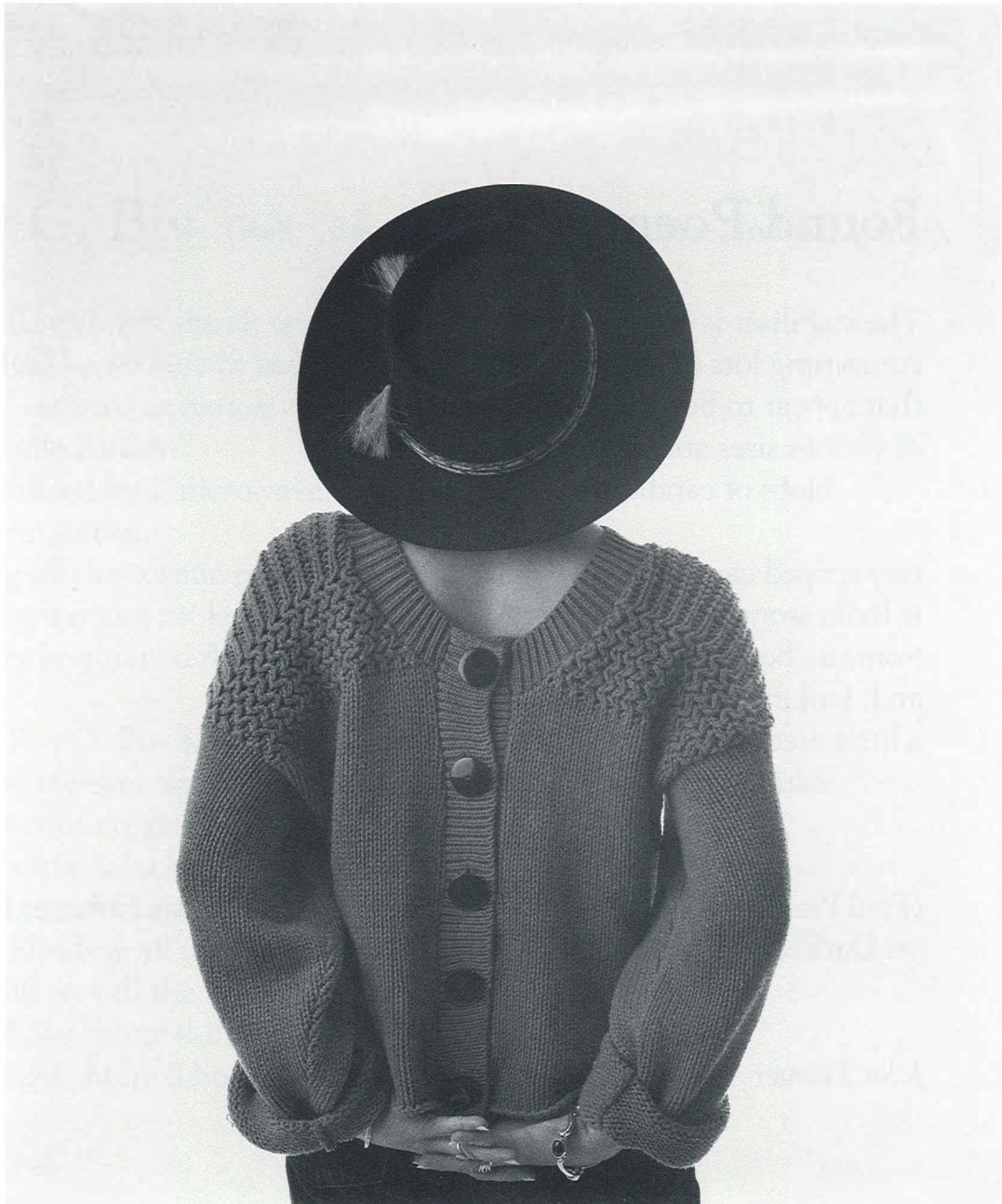
Found Poem

The stabiliser is a small neat box
containing lots of gleaming wires,
that appear to be miniature cuff links
of various sizes and colours, delicate
blobs of candle wax,

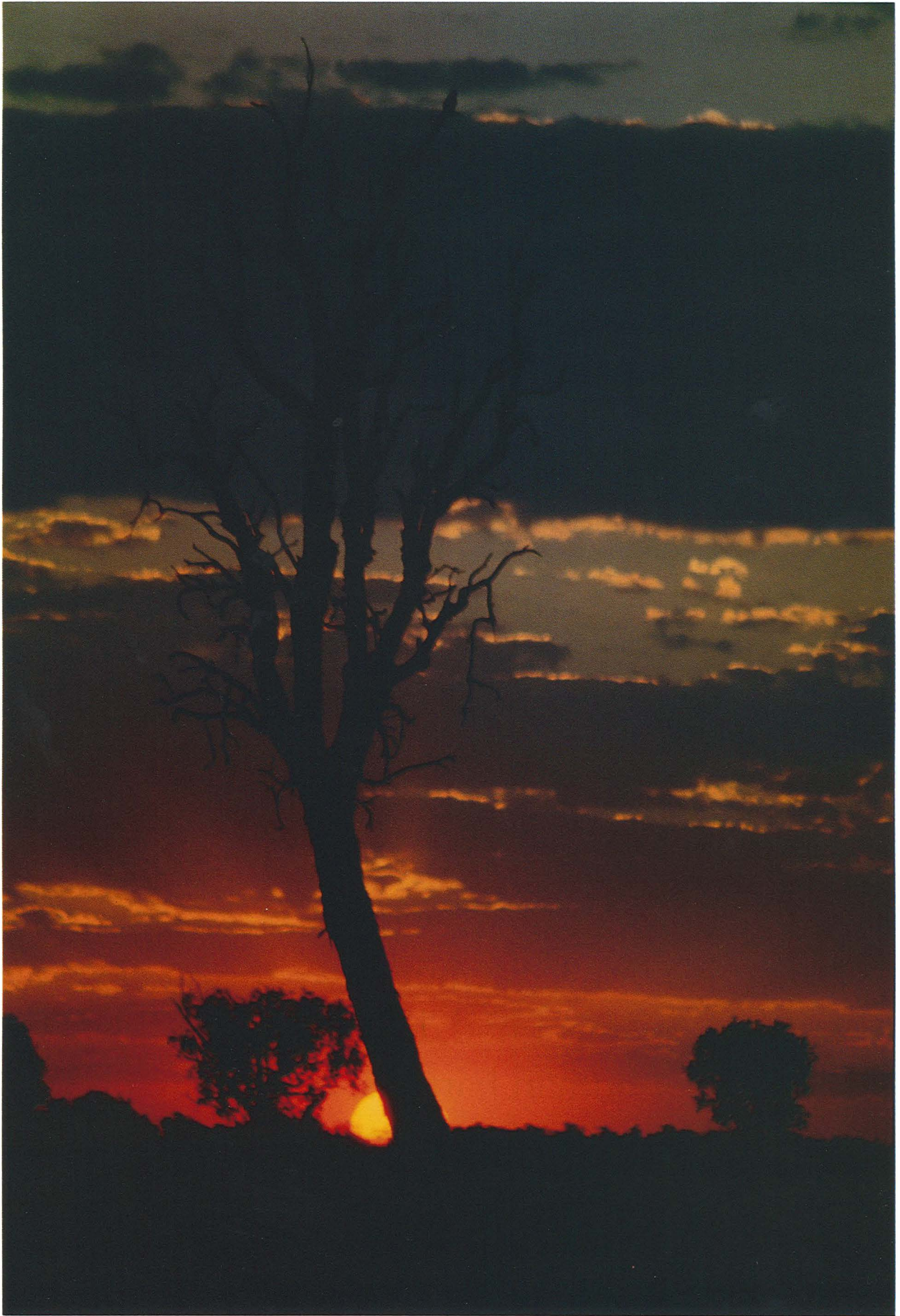
tiny striped candy canes, worm trails, et cetera.
It looks wonderful. There is a wire that goes
from the box to the enlarger light source,
and, looking in at the light, there is an eye,
a little electric eye. It
watches the light.

(Fred Picker, from an article on Stabilised Photographic Enlarger Light Sources,
in **Darkroom Techniques** Vol 5, No 2, p. 24)

John Tranter



Heidi Morton



John Dukes

Kakou Plains

At first I was blown toward the sun.
As I got closer and closer,
And I could almost see the rays illuminating from it,
Touch its blazing surface, feel its fiery glow.
But it got hotter and hotter.
As the sweat dripped off my sun-burned body
My dreams melted away,
leaving only pain.

I blew toward the center of the earth,
But I couldn't get past the ground.
I lay with my hands clenched in the dirt
With only the presence of worms and my own
tormented screams comforting me -
not my dreams.

Then I blew toward you
And the dreams I had deemed impossible to achieve,
Blocked by human barriers, maybe myself,
came true when I found you -
When I found love.

Johanna Weiss

At last, the brilliant summer sun has
disappeared from the horizon,
And a new sun has emerged.
A sun full of life, full of death.
The leaves now change, changes the
new sun has brought.
The people are angry, angry at the
false promises of fantasy -
from Dorothy and her ruby slippers to
Santa Claus, who, like an embarrassed friend
deserts you when his secret is known.
But now they feel the pain of the real world.
And, at last, the fiery sun has disappeared
from the horizon.
And yet another sun has emerged to replace
the red one.
It is black.

Johanna Weiss



Symmetry

John Dukes



John Dukes

Fractal

All This and More

Colour can be transformed through my optical image
This flare burns on the water of the reflections in my mind.
I can see the blue-green fade through the lakes deep shadows.

A small child laughs at idiosyncrasies of writers, painters,
and fools.

Intellectual agelessness of an eleven year old adult
Living crazily sane, luxuriating in both heaven and hell.
The embers of my imagination glow as in a high wind.
All this and more to life's unrecognized simplicities.

.....the nature of the world in tying my shoelace,
And the ultimate education of a flying crow.

William Nelson Taylor

Spring

Spring heralded its arrival
In my corner of the world today
By enveloping me in its warm breath

Whispering sweetly in my ears,
Teasing me like the lover
Who has been away too long

Then realizing she was only dreaming,
Spring awoke to the evening chill
To which she had,
Along with me,
Become Accustomed

Brett Freeman



Sarah Eiland

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STAFF

Editors

Jaime Casellas

Tracy Wilson

Layout Manager

David Nall

Marketing Manager

Heather Sielicki

Business Manager

Shelley Queeley

Projects Manager

Shannon McNally

Advertising Manager

Johanna Weiss

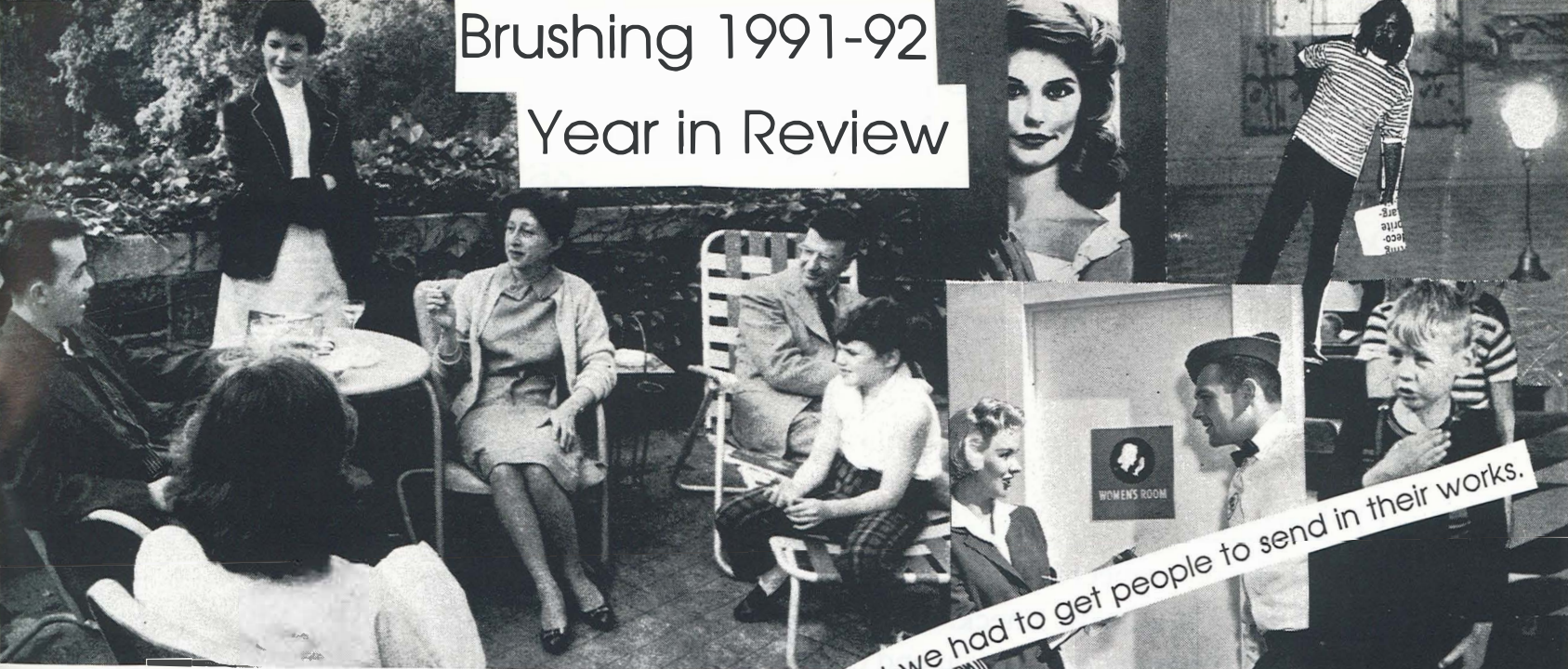
Dan Barden
Michelle Boswell
Sarah Eiland
Beth Janke
Kriya Lenzion
Keri Sengbusch

Adviser

Paul Viau

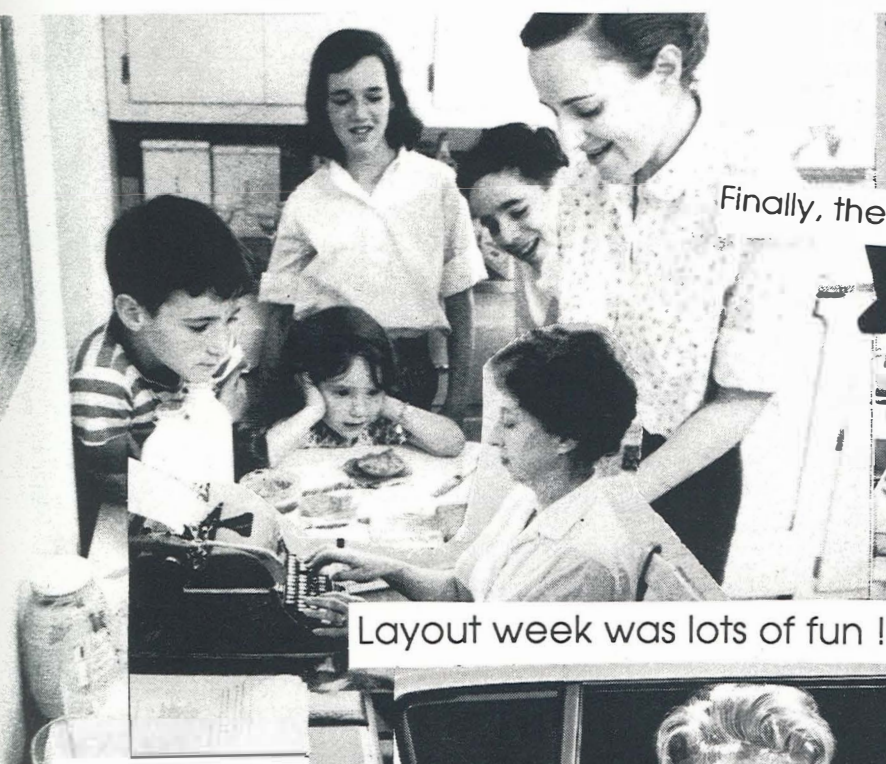
One more small thank you goes to Bill Gridley for helping lift boxes for us, Jeff Roberts for helping clean up after the opening party, and Bill Jacobs for manning the booth at the Book Fair.

Brushing 1991-92 Year in Review



The first meeting that we had was a real success.

Next we had to get people to send in their works.



Finally, the magazines were in !



We had a big celebration.

Layout week was lots of fun !



These quitters



did not stay



with Brushing.



The Book Fair was great !



Bye-bye, Brushing !

Fun Pages

Do you ever feel like you are in a creative slump ?

Here are some ideas to ease you out of it:

Art Ideas:

1) Fun Art

Take out a sheet of paper.

Draw a head with a neck.

Fold the paper so that you end off at the neck.

Hand the paper to a friend.

(Don't let your friend see what you've drawn.)

Have your friend draw a torso stopping at the hips.

Fold the paper so that you end off at the hips.

Hand the paper to another friend.

(Don't let that friend see what you've both drawn)

Have your other friend draw the rest of the body down from the hips.

Unfold it to see what it looks like.

[This can be done with as many people as you want. You can draw other things too. Be creative.]

2) Sidewalk Silliness

Go to the store and buy some colored chalk.

Have a friend lie down on the sidewalk.

Draw an outline around his or her body.

Color it in together.

Switch places.

"Insanity - perfectly rationale adjustment to an insane world." - R.D. Laing

Writing Ideas:

"Somebody's boring me, I think it's me !" - Dylan Thomas

1) Fun Poetry

Take out a sheet of paper.
Write a line of poetry.
Fold it over.
Hand the paper to a friend.
(Don't let your friend see what you've written.)
Have your friend write a line.
Pass it on like that until you run out of room.
Read it.

[This can be done with as many people as you want. You can write other things too. Be creative.]

2) Chain Story Silliness

Write a letter to a friend.
Begin a story.
Have her add on to it.
Have her mail it to another friend.
Have him add to it.
Pass it on.
Keep adding to it until it's finished.
Read it.

[Try this with other forms of writing. Be creative. You can do anything that you want to.]

"Stop making sense !" - David Byrne

These fun pages are brought to you by Heather Sielicki and Daniel Barden who want to remind you to be silly every once in a while. Run in the sprinklers, yodel, dip your toes in a bowl of jello - who cares who's watching you ? Make the most of your memories...and don't be afraid to create.

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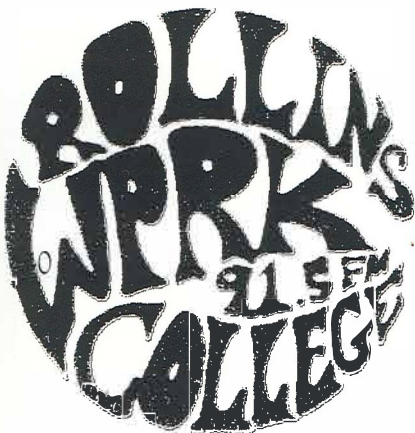
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Brushing
the Rollins College Fine Arts Magazine
is now accepting submissions
in art, photography, and writing
for the Fall 1992 issue

Guidelines for submissions:

1. Submissions must be accompanied by a sheet listing the titles of the works, the artist's name, address, and phone number, and short bio. The artist's name should not appear on any written work. If you are not a Rollins student, please include a SASE for the return of your work. Deadline for submissions is October 31, 1992.
2. Photographs and artwork of all sizes may be submitted; negatives will be required for accepted color photographs.
3. Written works may include short stories, poetry, essays, or other short creative pieces. Written submissions must be typed. There is no set size limit, but size limitations on the magazine prevent inclusion of very large works. A 1500 word limit on prose submissions is suggested as a guideline.
4. Works will be judged by the appropriate **Brushing** staff and editor. Works that are accepted will be retained until publication of the magazine. Payment is 1 copy.

Brushing is a non-profit creative forum intended for both beginning and accomplished artists in written and visual arts. While a large portion of the magazine is reserved for student publication, we welcome submissions from other universities and the artistic community at large. Simultaneous submissions and previously published works are accepted. Experimental poetry is accepted, though not the focus of the magazine.

Brushing is an open, liberal magazine; however, our goal is to present the most creative, artful work possible. Submissions of an extreme or pointlessly offensive or dogmatic nature are discouraged.

Send submissions to: **Brushing**
1000 Holt Avenue - 2536
Winter Park, FL 32789-4499

Any comments or questions please address to the attention of David Nall, editor, at the same address, or call at 407-646-2171.

Deadline: October 31, 1992



