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B R U S H I N G



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ROLLINS COLLEGE
LITERARY AND FINE ARTS MAGAZINE
VOL. XXLL, 1995

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EDITOR'S NOTE:

I am honored to have been able to work with an excellent staff and group of submissions. This year I made a concerted effort to highlight the quality of the art and literature by taking a consistent and minamalistic angle on design.

Brushing received a large number of submissions from throughout the central Florida area, which allowed us to be very selective. This issue maintained a high level of quality, while including greater diversity than ever. For example, the literature includes poetry, short stories, and for the first time, drama. As for the art work, you will find the expected paintings, drawings, photographs, and prints; however, you will also find never before featured book art, metal sculpture, and earth installations.

I hope you are pleased with what *Brushing* presents to you here.

Randal Gilmore

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organ

reaction to Jolmathan Borofsky's sculpture, heart light

in the saline caverns of the chest
a pulse rushes, beats—
musical.

arrogant, the most
important organ,
displayed high above the crowd,
a trophy, an out-of-reach neon beacon.

the moths can't resist it.

-Kathy Eaton

my bubble gum heart

Squish! goes my heart under your foot.
"Oops . . . sorry. Didn't mean to do that."
grinding your shoe back and forth further into the pulsating
goo
as if you were crushing out a cigarette half-inhaled.
"Oh, no. That's all right."
"No, really. I feel just terrible."
scraping your foot on the edge of a nearby step
as if it's just some strawberry flavored Bubble Yum.
"Don't give it another thought. Please.
I shouldn't have left it lying around in the first place."
(and I had.)
you pick off the last few gobs with the lead point of your pencil
pulling out long, spaghetti-like heartstrings and then,
snapping them loudly for all to hear.

Try helping you get it off
but some just tangled in my hair.
"I hear peanut butter gets that out,"
you toss over your shoulder as you walk away.
"Thanks!" I call after,
but you don't hear me
because your shoe tears up
from the ground like rubber velcro
with each step you take . . .

-Sheila Scoville



Mary Fournier
Scapegoat
Monotype
14" x 22"

Prosthetic Goddess

Across the room
I raise my waxed eyebrow at you.
I am sure you can't resist
my highlighted hair
extensions.

Confident
your eyes will trot after my lithe,
slender, liposuctioned thighs
as I slowly flow
to the bar

flashing my
perfect (acrylic) nails in your
general direction. Dazzling
you with my tan-
ning bed tan,

pressing my
breadfruit breasts — surgically augmented —
against the bar for more
cleavage to
entice you.

Will it be
just the way Vogue promised? You — gazing
at colored contacts and capped teeth —
seeing
the real me.

-Debbie Mikuta



Shawn Simon
Local Global
Etching
8" x 10"



Zotia Nowicki
City Scape 1
Monotype
12" x 18"



Zotia Nowicki
City Scape 2
Monotype
12" x 18"

Weight Control Group Project
Monologue from the Perspective of Someone with an
Eating Disorder (a mild form of bulimia)

Mirrors loom before me, treacherous mocking panes that pain me. I can see myself inflating with each glance in the glass, see every morsel of the food I ate for the day puffing my form until my image takes over, a shapeless blob of nothing, an object of ridicule, and everyone will laugh behind their hands. They did once before, when, in the chubby awkward body of adolescence I changed in a locker room. Nine girls snickered cruelly at my behind as I bent over, and promptly told me I needed to lose weight. I wanted to remove the extra layers of skin with my dirty sweaty clothes and be as petite as everyone else, normal, blend in, and never inspire hands to hide mouths again.

I hide my own mouth now, behind the facade of a diet and gag myself in proportion to the distortions (which may be accurate — what is my true reflection?) I see in shop windows — maybe my stomach sticks out a bit too far, maybe a little cellulite has formed on the thighs. I WILL diet, they WON'T laugh, and I can be free of the locker room forever . . . no food makes me feel weak, but I've only passed out once and I sleep better than I have for a long time, so it must be sort of good for me . . . now I'm so hungry, it can't hurt to have just a few oreos, but THE WHOLE JAR WOULD MUTE SO MUCH OF THE PAIN AND I WOULDN'T BE HUNGRY ANY MORE AND WILL BLOCK OUT EVERYTHING, THE HUMILIATION, AND I can go on another diet tomorrow and digest nothing . . .

I metamorphosize every day, from cocoon to cocoon, and if he doesn't like me the cookies look awfully good and I'm an elephant and if he does I don't glance at the food cabinets and I'm beautiful. He loves me, he loves me not tears me apart like a flower, until only my body-stem remains, always my body. Eat, don't eat, hunger, binge, stop, binge, stop, the cycle rolls along a stretch of highway with no speed limit. Food will always be there, peeking around my problems, my hopes, my fears, whispering subliminal messages and massages to my nerves, and if I eat one piece I'll get fat one piece can't hurt yes it can it can hurt a lot . . .

Mirrors loom before me, treacherous mocking panes that pain me. Girls from the past haunt my reflection, as does the supermodel on the cover of a magazine. I touch the surface and feel the icy finger of my monstrous form who gazes back, and I realize its cold imprint will chill me until I turn its face to the wall, open my ears to the growl of my stomach, and separate food from feelings. I know this, I know it, I know it, but I can't digest it, and the beckoning smirking girl in the cold glass is extremely edible.

-Sara Feldman

Now

I hunked off a piece of my soul for you,
quickly shoved it into your hand.
But you just rolled it around in your cupped palm,
smiling in embarrassment.
Looking to make sure no one was watching,
you shrugged; then popped it into your mouth.
But "loathsome!" Your eyes were choking
As you spat it onto the sidewalk
with a comic book "Squish."

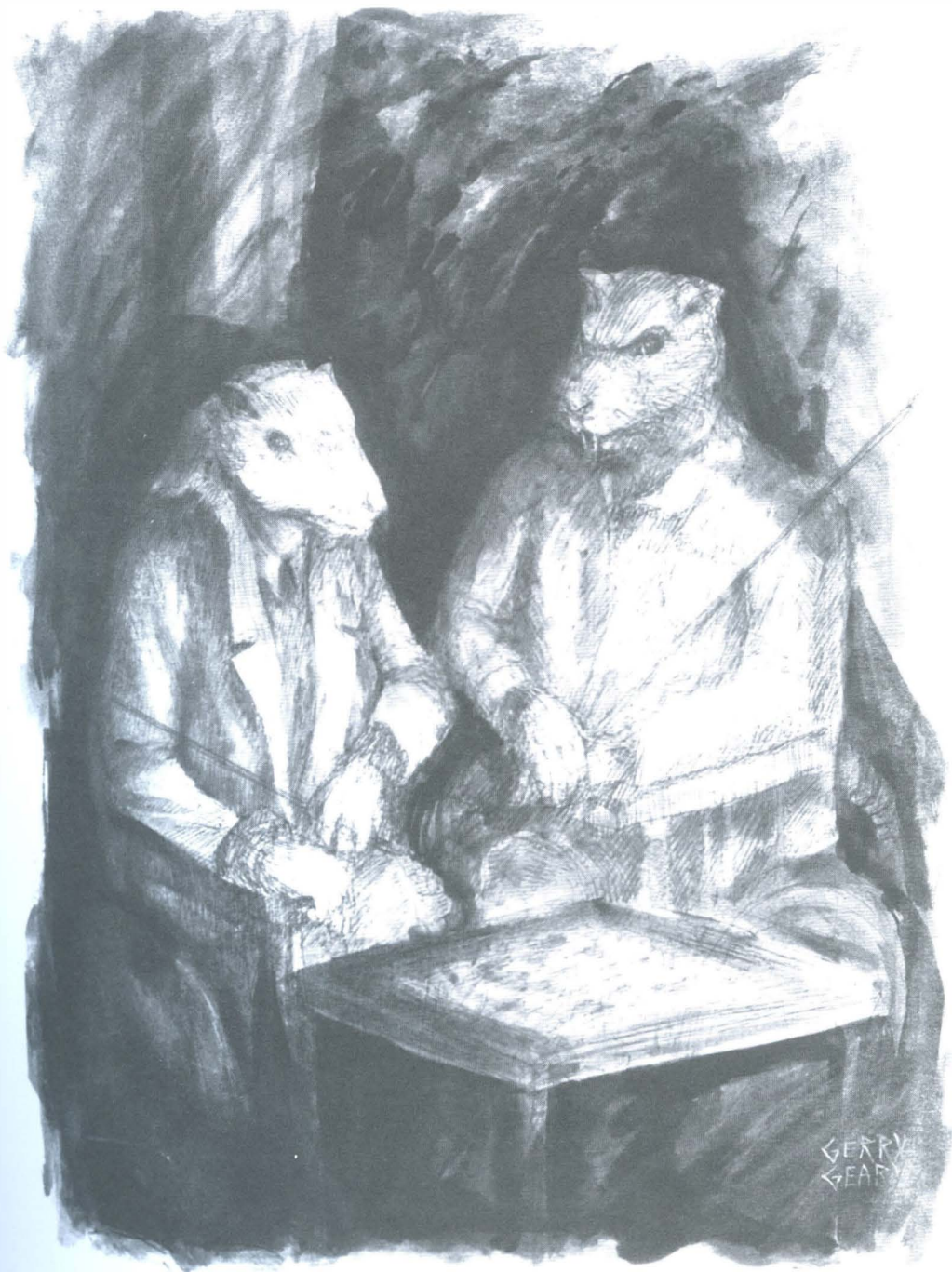
Now I sit quietly on a bench, knuckling my chin
as I watch passing passersby into the concrete crushing it.

I frosted myself with chocolate for you,
covered every inch with thick folds of creamy brown.
But you just smiled and said your birthday wasn't until April.
pity in your eyes for me:
"But it's the shame that counts, right?"
to them, a sly glance sideways:
"I prefer vanilla, anyways."
oh . . . I said as the frosting began melting.

Now I sit and frantically wipe away the chocolate
as I search for the wandering white of my skin underneath.

Now you act as if nothing has changed
cutting me with your string of nothing words and the plastic
shine of your smile fleeting.

-Sheila Scoville



Gerry Geary
Rats in Retirement
ink drawing with wash
18" x 24"

Sylviafish

by the shore she
agonized with the mermaids,
let the watered down
ancestral blood
that flowed so thin
turn into coffee and valiums.

those Massachusetts winds
stuck in her lungs. She
licks the foamy ocean off the
palms of her hands.

did the mermaids ever
mistake her for one of them?
make her gills open and close,
cause a fish tail to grow,
then send her back to
tap on typewriter keys
with gaudy fins.

-Kathy Eaton



Jessica McCollum
Untitled
Watercolor
18" x 24"

WINTER PARK

Spring settles in for a rest as
Business executives and computer experts,
home early from Martin Marietta,
and their families sit at the dinner table
while kids bring their school projects
and new pets, awaiting accolades or
approval — husbands and wives talk about
the new PC rules their companies enforce,
children of single parents
outside for an extra hour, waiting for their
mothers to finish cooking.

A black pedestrian passes near their homes.
Ten thousand white visages
stand face to face, cheek to cheek,
watching through large bay windows
and oval-shaped paned areas on
the sides of their houses.
Mothers hastily call their kids to eat.

Red, circular impressions form on
their foreheads as they press
hard against the glass to
watch the negro walk by,
wondering if everyone saw what they saw.

The sun watched too, though leering behind
still tree leaves; phosphorescent oranges
and yellow tattle its presence.
A grandfather began stammering on
how he won his congressional medal of
honor at the glimpse of the fellow
strolling along — soon standing,
as if called to duty,
leaving his grandson wondering what the
ex-Marine's next actions were.

Taking the first initiative, the elderly,
rheumatic finger touches the dial
before turning it feverishly.
Each tip of the red and purple spotted-
hand quakes with anger,

as the rotor repositions itself after each turn.
Soon an operator answers, asking for the
pedestrian's description.

Several minutes later an officer follows
slowly and then fast; finally,
stopping the walker to find out
his destination. A large oak shades
their conversation. After advising
the man on a better route — only
doing his job — the officer pulls away.

Callous cruelty covers the tree's trunk
as decades kneel before it.
A gust of wind comes sweeping by,
taunting the tree's leaves.
The fellow turns and walks
out the way he came.

Kids file back outside, wondering about
their mothers' fickle nature.
Girls in summer dresses
screech as boys place
compositions of moss and wood chips on
the tops of their heads.

The grandfather walks back to his
chair to finish the story. His son then
realizes why he won the medal.

Whispers pass between girls
standing under the evergreen's shade.
The tree's plumage heaves back and forth
slowly and mechanically above
their heads in deep breaths.

-Mims Rouse



Shawn Simon
Anguish and Ecstasy
 Welded steel
 41/2' x 2' x 21/2'



Shawn Simon
Rupture
 Steel, bone
 28" x 21" x 14"

Tampa Skyline from I-75

at first I thought it was the windshield—
perhaps, a streak across the glass
from the lengthy absence of soap and water.
But it wasn't as easy as that
because the window was rolled down on your side,
and it stretched past there as well.
then perhaps, just the glare of the sun or
the travel worn edges of my brain tricking;
so I rubbed my eyes to see if it would disappear
but again, no.
finally, already knowing your answer
I asked if you saw it too.
but it seemed too absurdly perfect to be true
a perfect band of rust just there
above the horizon
just above the sparsely scattered crowds of trees
sagging underneath the weight of its infinite length.
thin, yes, but never wavered once
as I followed its path of corrosion
until it reached the phosphate factory
where it kissed the sky once more with its acid drip lips
and disappeared into the weary arms of the natural landscape.

-Sheila Scoville

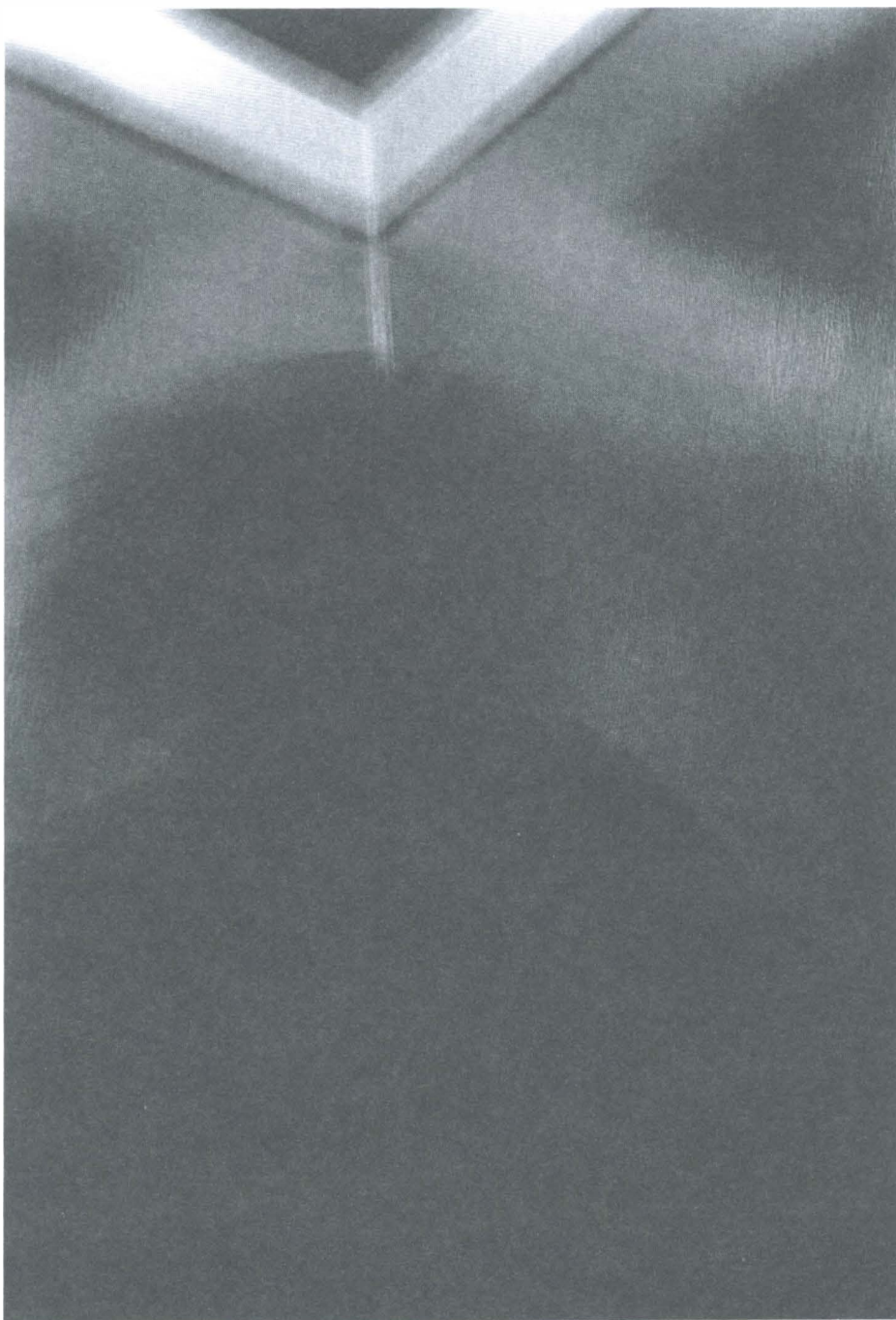


David Nall
Church Spiral
White ground, sugar lift, aquatint,
etching, drypoint, electric tools
5" x 7"

The Grass is Always Greener

Get the hell off me
you fat tub of flesh with the size 12 Nikes
I get stomped on, stood on, pissed on, and mowed
And why, I'm an organism just like you
I take in carbon dioxide and give off O_2
It's a hell of a lot more than any damn human can do
You cut me down every time you mow
And why, because of the sole fact that I grow
Well excuse me for being alive
I don't see you chopping off your kid's legs
everytime he grows out of a pair of jeans
I may lack a complex nerve system and a brain of considerable size
but I make my own food as I photosynthesize
So get your Homo sapien bipedal butt out of my way
I'm a pissed off plant and I'm not gonna stay
My chlorophyll is boiling as I spout these words
I'm tired of this field
I'm gonna blow this scene
No one respects me because I'm green
What
I can't move an inch from where I'm at
Damn you roots
Damn you to hell

-Matt Schmidt



Gar
Self-Portrait
Photograph
8" x 10"

Ballad XII

As we circulated around the steep rocks
we took care that our hems were clasped firmly
on high so that nothing could damage our frocks.

Sappho, my guide, pointed out the bloody psyches
howling around us as we trod the path of small pebbles,
certain damage to our feet had we not worn our Nikes.

On this the fourth level of our circular tour down
into the Great Abyss, we had taken a short detour
into a small room whose lintel was surmounted by a crown.

A bewhiskered shade in chaps with an equally invisible hoss
was introduced by the Poet of Love as Doc Holliday, the overseer
of all those who, though told to, had neglected to floss.

The odor of bad breath hung around like a fog
and we were glad to end the detour and return to the path
which wound around and through the misty, mysterious bog.

Of course there would have been many more in that room of depression
who neglected to care for a part of their sacred frame
had not most people in the world been ignorant of the dental profession.

The Poet of Love, the wondrous, wise Sappho the Seer,
carefully guided me back onto the path for our wonderous tour,
the third made by mortals, each with a spectral peer.

"Here is the revenge of our Sisterhood, on those upstarts.
This special rocky fastness entraps the dim blighters
who thought they could be careless with our hearts."

The path led through rows of sharp and towering boulders
each one of which, sharpened to a point, tapered to a speck,
was balanced by the fiends dwelling here on their shoulders.

Their bloody scars were never quite healed through
when a vast sirocco swept through the columned rocks
causing the stones to shift, and shoulders to bleed anew.

Each solid body felt anguish, but not any stout heart,
for they were the heroes so self-consumed with ego
that they could swear endless love, and then casually depart.

I recognize the peasant head of the New York \$ man
whose Ralph Lauren shirt of last year's vogue is now in bloody tatters
fluttering around his gashed skin, the color of a Palm Beach tan.

Ivana, the Fair, hands us perfumed roses
as the boulder descends on his shoulder with a thump.
We hold the flowers up to wave before our noses

So that we miss the aroma of the trump of judgment.
"Thank you, dear child," says the graceful writer, Sappho
As she continues to lead me along the pebbled pavement.

In the mist I spy a scrawny, unrecognizable face and the limbs
of an androgynous creature dressed in shreds of sequins and silks
which my guide tells me is the Preacher Jim's,

Ever-loving helpmeet in greed and religion, Tammy Faye,
who haunted rag shops in a lust for possessions
while all the airwave followers continued to pay

For the mansions, the doghouse, the travel, the charms
of nonexistent lodgings. Better or worse in this case meant
away from an imprisoned felon into the next pair of arms

Of a money man of property, a veritable Soames,
who was able to supply the necessary makeup
so that the Queen of Tacky still had beautiful homes.

From Fragment No. 565 (b) (ii) of Daphne Andiamo's "Plummet to the Abyss" preserved in the Egyptian Library of Antiquities. Translation by H.R. Mamfredi, 6/8/34. From the Collection Updated Works of Great Authors by Leecie Doyle

birthday poem

The midnight rain washes
pavement to shiny coal—
We drive home, windshield wipers
squeaking, listening to the blues on
National Public Radio.

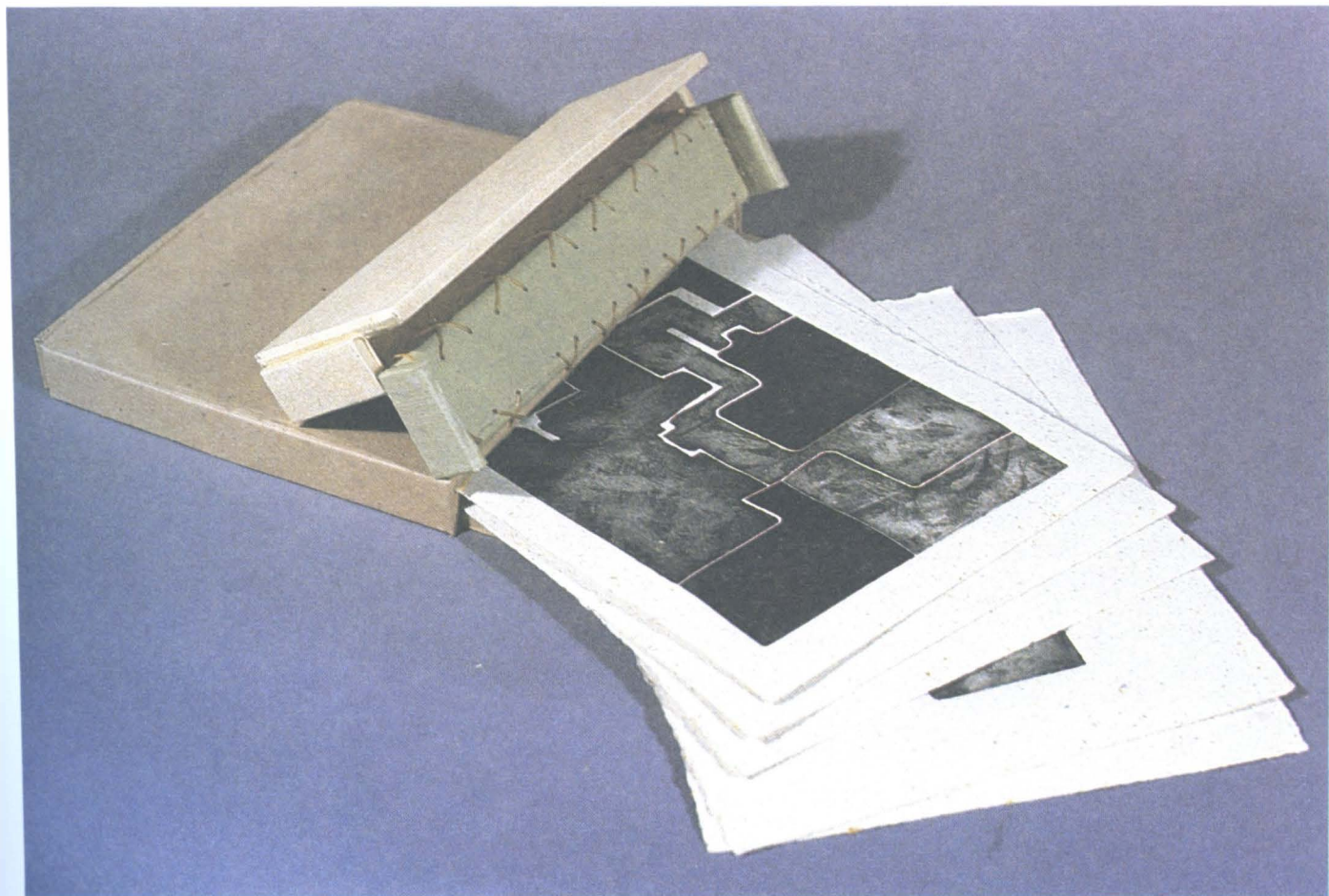
At every stoplight my
mind fades to how much of
this novel has already been written.
When will the plot change?
At twenty-one these coffeehouses aren't
the same anymore—too familiar with the
cracks in the mugs.

My bones ache.

Pages whither with every
turn of the car,
the rain the ink my desires.
You unlock another volume
of deeds left unaccomplished,
and before the light turns green
ask why I stopped smoking,
touch my hair.

I smear the ink over my eyes.
I see no blank pages.

-Kathy Eaton



Gar
Self-Portrait
Book, mixed media
8.5" x 12"

The Immigration of Mathew Shee

The Irish immigrant Mathew Shee arrived in Virginia in approximately 1683 and is the progenitor of the Seay family in America. Shee, pronounced "Shay" in Ireland, has been anglicized to Seay.

Once in Ireland many years ago
Before the English left, before the sea,
Young Mathew walked along the Irish moor
In somber thought and pensive reverie.

His rough and ruddy features ploughed the wind,
His hands plunged dark and deeply in his cloak,
His unthought steps propelled him through the night;
Harsh, undetermined force that fate awoke.

The hard decision's made, the jaw is set,
The fierce determination's in his eye,
The steel is in his soul, the deep regret
But simmers 'neath the surface of a sigh.

Wild Geese for long have left in emerald pain,
Today, another son will fly away.
But Erin's loss will be Virginia's gain
Through Irish children born to Mathew Shee.

Fierce Celts by England's law so long oppressed,
Knew hunger, outrage, hatred, felt betrayed,
and Mathew, loathe to leave his native land,
Held Erin dear and gladly would have stayed.

But faced with naked truth both stark and bare,
He sailed for Virgin shores to stake his claim.
His headright was his harsh indentured fare,
His cost, the Gaelic spelling of his name.

So, thanks to Mathew— strong, courageous, brave—
From awful fortune, he would not digress,
When cruel nature forged within his soul,
That force which helped define my Irishness.

Now, other suns have set on emerald days
And other colors blend and stir the scene,
Virginia, once the young, impetuous child,
Is older now—distinguished, proud, serene.

But somewhere in the essence of my soul
'Cross many passing years, and still today
Through countless generations, long removed,
Still beats the Gaelic heart of Matt O'Shee.

For I am Irish. Never mind the venue.
From other noble stock I make no claim,
For I am Irish—blood and bone and sinew,
And Celtic is the color of my name.

-Raleigh 'Sandy' Seay



Gar
Self-Portrait
Oil paint on board
38" x 32"

Extra Scene for "Macbeth" -The First Time Lady Macbeth Sleepwalks

(Lady MacBeth sits in her room. The sun is going down.)

Lady Macbeth: O burning embers of the sun
Pray fade these sea-ring doubts filling my soul
And send them to the darkest sewer
Where I hath not a chance to heed their call.
T'was simple once to scoff and air my shame
As thou might freshen thy face
To a breezy dusk; but now
Cruel voice mocking my false hour
Doth haunt me in the dark; I must have light!
Light blinds mine eyes; I see its golden dew
Replacing bloodied limbs or that life which I
Slew with stealthy words, words to put murder in
Unwilling hands, reddened many times,
As these before me, with the gore of kin.

(holds up her hands as she says this.- Suddenly she reprimands herself)

What say I? Have I not a throne?
T'is but a matter of small worth
These petty lives moved for another's,
Whose ill and somewhat wiser thoughts
Allowed ascents to greater times.
Costs are placed on those lacking wits
And the collector's mere fee is sleep . . .
Back, back, ye thoughts of remorse and nay,
Do not return; I'll not lose what I gained
From numbed emotions; Thou shalt reside
Deep beneath the surface, and never find
Thy way to light.

(reprimanding herself again)

If thou possess will, wilt thou not strengthen
The fortress of thy brain against
Intrusion of disgrace? 'Til now,
Success hath reigned within my being
Against that battle in my soul, and I'll win yet.
Strength comes from light, and I'll not let
A little flame stray from my side.

(turns to the candle she has lit)

My flaming sheath, thou forms a final barrier
Dividing me from guilt; You are my strength.
Together we shall bind, and I'll
Withstand the test.

Will conquers all, and conscience with the rest.

(lies down in bed with candle beside her. Womanservant enters, and speaks in an aside to audience)

Gentlewoman: My lady hath seemed restless these nights;
Footsteps assail mine ears when only dust
Should settle on those boards in dark hours.
Where soft night once lay, harsh candles
Doth glow beneath her door.

(Lady Macbeth tosses restlessly)

Lady Macbeth: Oh! T'is still warm!

Gentlewoman: What, my lady speaketh! (Lady Macbeth turns over)
She murmurs in sleep. Strange, t'was not
An action e'er I witnessed
In her Majesty's chambers.

(Lady Macbeth suddenly starts up, eyes wide. She is still asleep. The servant watches as Lady Macbeth paces the room and paints the air with her fingers)

Lady Macbeth: T'is done, and now I daub
The final brand of murder
Upon their honored brows.
The old man's blood is thin
And still warm to touch.
It coats the grooms as a soothing blanket.
Ah, they smile in their sleep of dreams
Perhaps likening the warmth to mother's touch
From long ago. The piteous clouts
Wallow, innocent, in death.

Gentlewoman (in horror): This tale she spins, be it no dream,
Invokes a sickness in my bosom.
Another, wiser in council, should be alerted
And hear alike what evil words were spoken here.

(Gentlewoman leaves the room. Lady Macbeth returns to bed)

Lady Macbeth: Duncan, thy tell-tale blood
Hath paved my way
Yet shades the whiteness of my skin
The dead indeed avenge my sin. (Exit)

-Sara Feldman

Shakespeare, On Greatness

Would'st thou be great? Then howso would'st thou be:

Like Falstaff great in girth, engorged with wind,
Or like King Lear, grand in pomposity,
Or like Macbeth, who greatly dreamt and sinned?
Should greatness come by birth or be achieved
Or thrust upon one unawares, unearned,
Or should the pride of grandeur be believed,
Not seen as lust, ambition, greed—and spurned?
If greatness means nobility of soul,
An eminence in lowliness and love,
Such as Miranda and Cordelia dole,
Then may all souls aspire to things above.
But know that as above, so here below:
True glory is divine; all else false show.

- Alan Nordstrom

The Missing Part

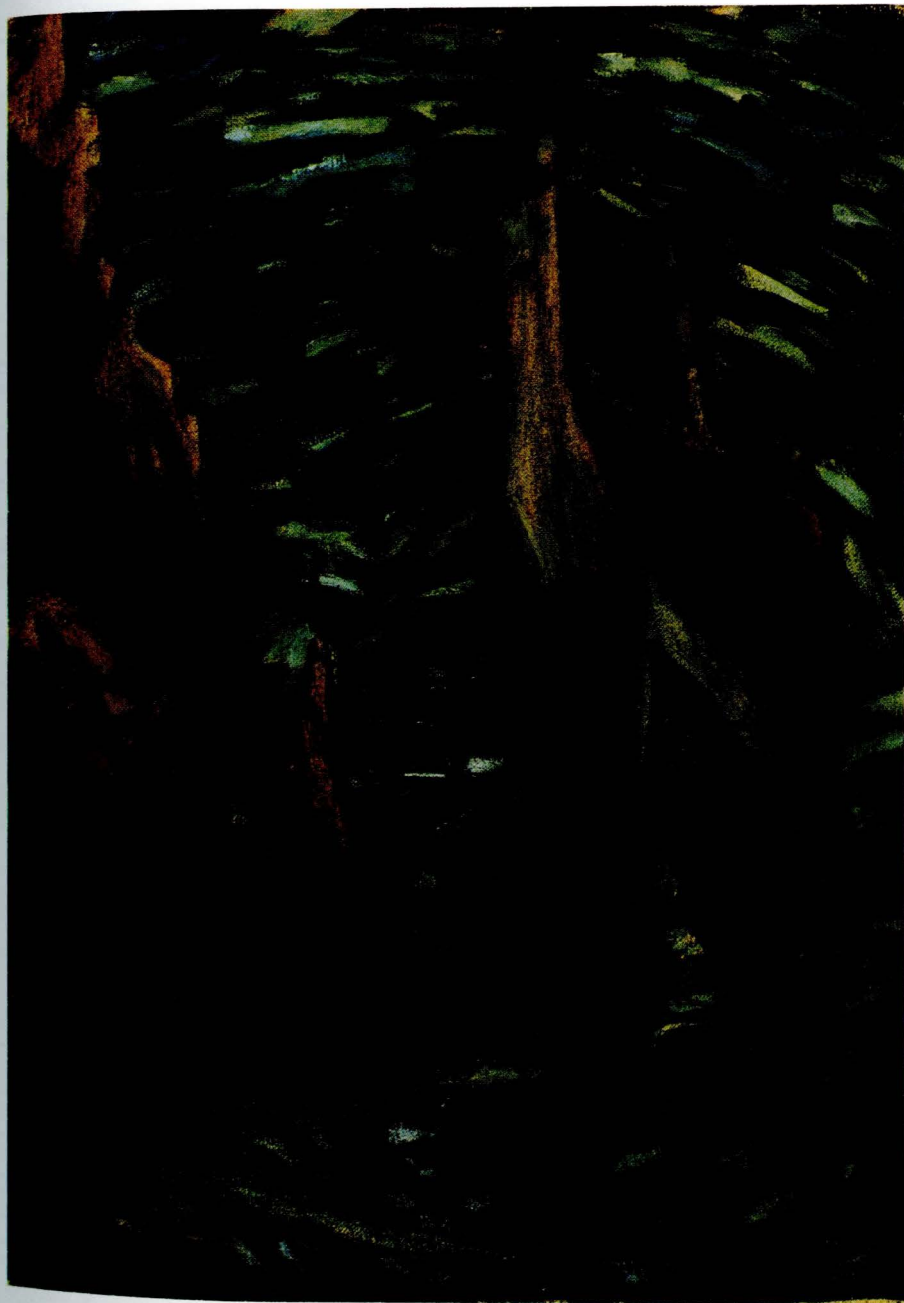
Old Oxford rose, mid-nighted, from his bed,
Uncertain, slow, each move a measured pace.
And, groping, found the lantern at his head,
Apollo's imitation, set in place.

A sheaf of plays lay gathered 'neath the light,
Some not yet named, some polished to a sheen,
Old Oxford read each one — his hair was white,
His eyes, like cursed Othello's monster, green.

"What light through yonder window breaks!" the Sage
Had written. Oxford flinched from where he sat.
And as he traced the line across the page,
He whispered soft, "I wish that I'd said that."

The centuries that pass are made on days
That mock the men who try to steal his plays.

-Raleigh Seay



Randal Gilmore
Water Roots
Oil paint on canvas
12" x 17"

Perspective

Lines intersect
at one small spot in the middle
A focus, a pinpoint, a speck
but I center on the minute dot, and its darkness
for more than a minute
and can't see the soft beckoning white
around it
empty space
waiting to be filled.

-Sara Feldman

Fiat Tempestas

We do time in the doldrums.
A placid tropic haze
drips off the oaks
like moss on summer days,
arresting us in nonconductive amber glaze.

We'd lie still forever,
static, sleep-learning—
if not for random winds
that blow up to strip and burn
and scour. They make us yearn

for the shrouds they shred away;
they drive into our shuttered eyes.
Unmasked and stung
we run from the skies
to cower in corners and long for old lies.

I've learned I'll survive, so
I walk from here to there,
warily watching
the campus' surface swirl in the air,
my tugging clothes and whipping hair

no longer part of me.
Someone's frantic lost notes
wrap round my ankle and
beg for sanctuary, dust motes
of thoughts that someone thought she wrote.

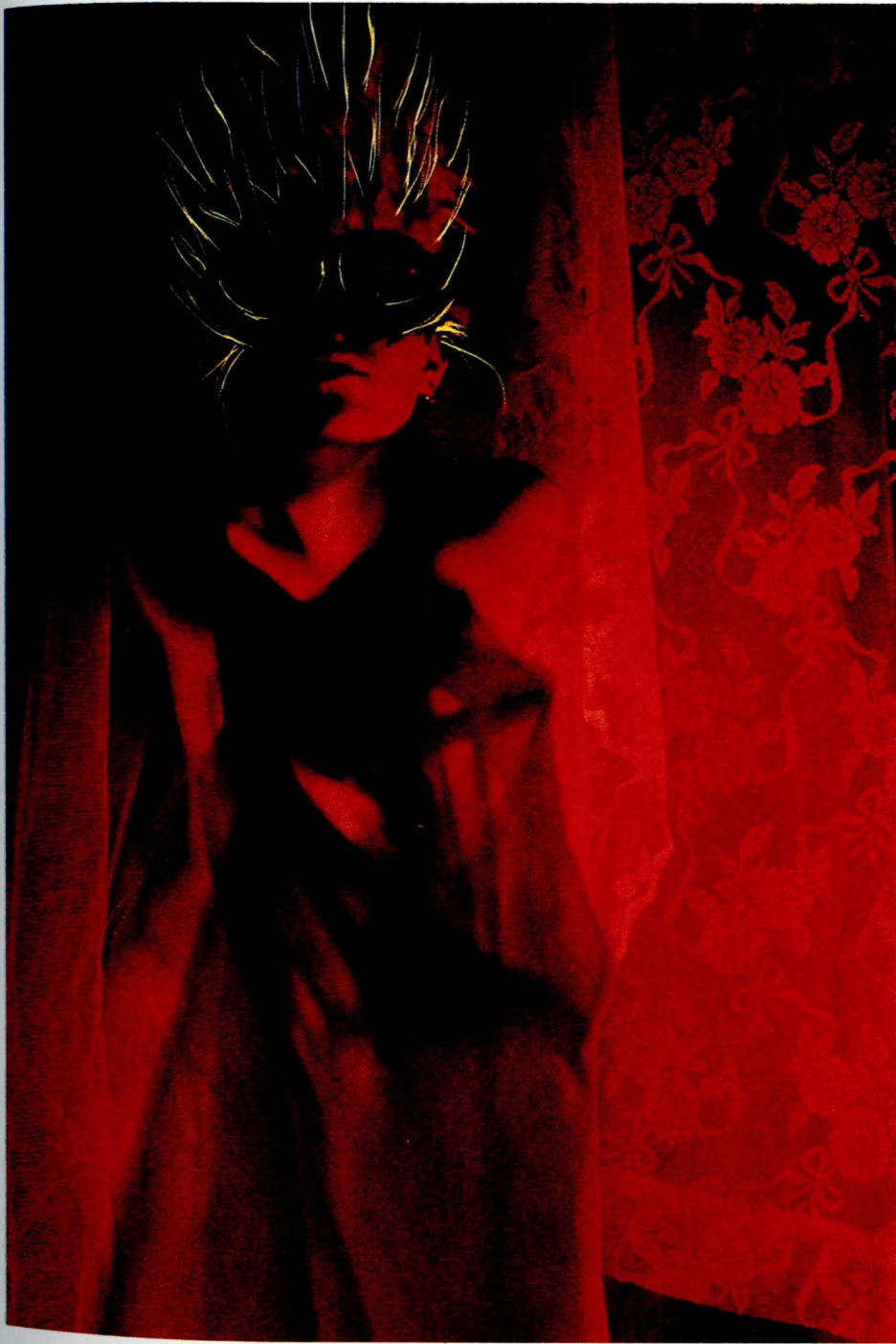
Here comes a student fresh from class;
the plastic bag dangling
from her hand vibrates
in the wind, like a strangling
snake giving warning. Nerves jangling,

I start a fearful smile
to answer hers, but it takes flight
in the gale. God, what awful things I've
carried out of classrooms, things that *bite*—
and what a perilous place this is
when the weather's right.

-Kathy Aziz



John Drum and Shawn Simon
Turning of the Garden
Earthwork, mixed media
13' x 3'



Patricia Prann
Untitled
Photograph
11"x 14"

Back Seat

Her hot breath on my neck
Faster, Faster, Faster
she screams in the back seat
fist pounding on my back
Right here, Yes, Oh right here, Yes there it is
she whispers near my ear
Don't stop, Don't stop
fingernails dig into flesh
Words said in the back seat of a Chevy
Faster, Faster, Faster
she screams in the back seat
Shut up I scream as I turn around
God I hate back seat drivers

-Matt Schmidt

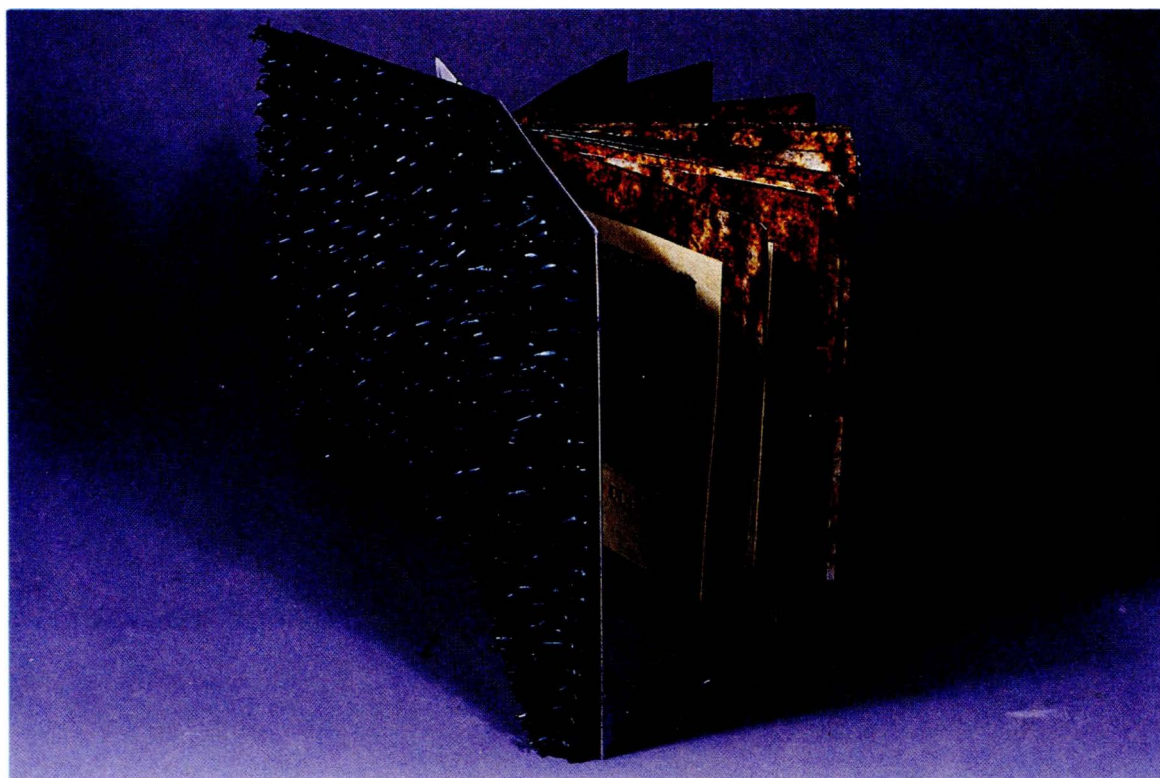
Suburban Rebel

I am a suburban rebel
I am neither depressed, repressed, or distressed in my surroundings
Like a Ken doll with sideburns
No one understands me so I turn
up my Nirvana to hear Kurt sing about his hurt
And I can relate because my parents didn't buy me a car
So I jump on my Jay Leno Harley and drive far, far
away to pick up my alternachick Barbie doll girlfriend
Gap flannel blowing in the breeze
Personality so numb I use anti-freeze
I'm so Alternasheik today
Carbon copy brain from Dylan McKay
Rebel without a clue
Rebel without a name
My friends are so damn trendy because we look all the same
Rebels drinking cheap beer on a Saturday night
As our plastic, perfect, suburb sleeps all right
We're suburban rebels and we're so cool
Grunge rock wannabes walking around school
And will stay this way forever
Because it's who we are
Until the next issue of GQ comes out
And my parents buy me a car.

-Matt Schmidt



Shawn Simon
Misrecognition
 Book, mixed media
 2.5' x 3.5' x 1.5'



James Converse
Roots
 Book, mixed media
 7" x 9"

Genesis Travesty

In a room where all is created
I am destroyed.
In the time when God made a man
Out of earth, I ignore the clay
And write of woman.
In a place where shapes take form
I become nothing.
He creates, He confuses
Molds with His hands
Hurts with His eyes
Says nothing, gives all.
Presses and shapes, shivering all.
Bitter and cold and a genius.
So hard to hate someone
That has beauty at His fingertips.
So hard to despise someone
That creates emotion.
So, I love
And am stabbed in the back
By God.

-Haley Hoekstra

On the Question of Guilt: Three Parties Speak Out

To me, something sensual about innocence
waits provocatively, begging to be perverted.
Setting the scene: a lovely wide-eyed girl
Fooling her was soooo easy . . .
slowly I urge her to
see for yourself . . . try it—you'll like it
I silently suggest it to her—plant the idea
Then seductively
slowly
point out seemingly plausible reasons
Trust me, I tell her
each day a bit (should I say bite?) closer
further
She resists slightly, but I slide it toward her
Into her hand—justtouchittouchit
(Oh—I am a charmer
a snake charmer! Ha ha ha)
she begins to expect it, accept it
she relaxes
Here, here, take it
Take it in your mouth
She doesn't even suspect
(Oh, delight! DELIGHT!)
It's in...that's it...that's so good.
It's so smooth and so hard
Sexy
Yesyesyesyesyesyes
Later I sneak stealthily away, slithering back to the place
Knowing I have firmly implanted the hunger
Knowing she now wants it
She doesn't even know what a fool she is.

Enlightening
I learn new things everyday
A butterfly on my finger bats wings as delicate as eyelashes
It seemed okay to try it
It seemed all right
Everything so new
You can see I'm learning
(OnceI saw a rainbow and I named every color)

Names of things

I want to know the names of the things as He had named them
What's this and what's that? I wondered
ibis tiger muskrat salamander oleander mushroom blood-red rose
I just get a little bit confused sometimes,
but that's okay
I'm a smart girl
I wasn't born yesterday—and I laugh at the joke I have made.
You may think I'm just silly
You may even treat me that way

but I want to learn
I have to learn. Why just the other day I met a
friend
And he wanted to help me
So he said I should try this and I finally did
He said it would be okay . . .
but then . . .
well . . .
I felt different
I didn't feel any smarter, though
ibis tiger muskrat salamander oleander mushroom blood-red rose
I didn't feel any smarter.
Was something wrong?
It was wrong, wasn't it?
Did I do something bad?
I did, didn't I?
I'm so sorry . . .
I'm so sorry.

Of course she was wrong
I knew it.
She obviously knew it, did it purposely.
And if she did it and didn't get punished, why shouldn't I try?
Red and luscious and wet on the inside part . . .
I wanted to bite into it
I wanted the white tenderness she showed me,
she offered me.
I wanted badly to try it
(I wanted her)
I wanted to gnaw the skin
(I wanted to bite her skin; besides she was mine anyway)
I've always been the strong one, sensible one, smart one

I hate to toot my own horn, but I am the smartest guy here.
I thought about it for a long time.
I weighed the pros and cons
but she persuaded me shamelessly—not as innocent as she seems.
She led me astray.
She said here let's . . . try this . . .
Okay . . . I admit it.
I made the choice
It was only one bite anyway
Don't you see it was really her fault?
She did it first. She started it.
I could never
would never
ever
have done it on my own.
Never trust a woman,
What?
Sure, I made the choice.
So what?

-Debbie Mikuta



Racheal Simmons
Untitled
Chalk Pastel
12" x 18"

spontaneous combustion

Flash of headlight against the darkened walls
slow motion creep across my tomb
sleepy invader peeps into my castle in the air
but then lumbers past to finish its rounds.

frown and turn around
then toss another pink limb onto the fire
embers soar heavenward but lose their wings too soon
and fall back to earth as ash.

the flames warm me but with a quaking fever heat
on my brow a cold drop of sweat contemplates
Within, fire and ice play poker using my pores as chips
while moonbeams burn my skin a dark, cherry red.

I waited in my self-constructed waiting room
(I waited for you)
I waited for the sound of a singular motor
a motor of a two-wheeled vehicle that never came
I waited.
filled with self-loathing
as I fumbled with the blinds
and pathetically searched for your familiar shadow
I waited for one in a world of pairs.

and in the morning you peeled back the white sheets of my bed
only to find a long, shallow pile of ash.

-Sheila Scoville

Attic Woman

Angry at me
Angry at you
In the attic
above the world
alone

picking your nails until they bleed
feeding your enclosed spirit
painting the wall with broad flowing musical strokes
in the style of the ancient Minoans

hanging caged rodents from the ceiling
with rusted chains and hooks
smelling their mammalian scents
hearing their squeaky voices
watching them die slowly

dancing in a forest of trestles and planks
kissing the window
massaging the wooden floor with your bare toes
splinters and rusty nails marking your pale skin

exposing your frail body to the insects in the woodwork
you a wild animal in a box, always moving
hating the responsibility of the existence of others
loving yourself

i loving you
your head leaping off at the neck in escape
a snail hand oozing out from it on a shiny trail
and flying into the blinding blue sky on a gentle breeze

Attic woman
in the sky
an autumn memory

-Randal Gilmore



Mary Fournier
Foot Fascination
Oil paint on paper
6" x 8.5"

Night Tremors

the rats are on my roof again.
in the darkness I hear their claws
stealthily clicking against the tile.
their fat, sleek bodies rumble over my head
reverberating in my mind.
the rats are on my roof again.
their razor teeth gnaw at the wooden structure
with bestial hunger these rabid gremlins ravage my rooftop
producing a wide, black, gaping hole
where I see . . .
the rats are in my roof again.
their beady eyes peer down at me
reflecting a starved intelligence.
staring at my helpless, huddled form they plan
demonic chattering caresses my ears.
I dive deeper into the sheets, seeking shelter
eyes creep out from safety, searching—
and saliva from a decrepit, voracious rodent
drooling in anticipation
slides down my cheek
nauseated, I choke back a scream
and whimper as I retreat into the sheets.
I feel a heavy weight on my thigh, and realize . . .
The rats are in my room again.
the talons of their emissary dig into my flesh.
shuddering, my mind races
unaware of the fearful tears that stain my face
he crawls closer, his gruesome bulk pressed against my breasts
I hear thumps, festive squealing surrounds me
with revulsion and terror, I know
The rats are in my bed again
'nightmare,' I rationalize, gasping
slowly I emerge from sanctuary
and am bombarded with the infested
vile forms of vermin screeching with glee

as they rip and shred my body
devouring, feasting
I scream and scream
a rat hops into my mouth
his filthy fur fills my throat
I shriek and shriek
people rush in and beat them off of me
but it's too late.
the rats are on my roof again
perched on the precipice of my consciousness
these rats scamper inside my head
romping in my ruined sanity
breeding in the divine debris
that once was innocence

-Sabrina Isabelle Anico

The Last Traveler

whirl winds of rubbish pirouette;
a kerosene lamp staggers, scribbling drunken shadows
on paint-peeled walls, swaying sleepily under
the glass window lettered
"TICKETS";
my own clenched in my fist.
the depot, depression green decomposing
on weathered wooden planks, groans as i pace his
rheumatic limbs.
i am the last traveler keeping him from rest;
i listen,
the lonely whine of a cur, a distant whistle
whipping around a bend, through a tunnel, along steel
snakes straddling split trees . . .
i strain my ears until they buzz with silence.

-Rachel Simmons

On First Arriving in Kilkenny

I stood atop the softly curving bridge
That quickly crossed the gentle river Nore,
Whose peaceful waters flowed beneath the ridge
Of moor and memory, lived long before.

The river now's a silent, sleeping sage,
And long I stood, its secrets to entice.
But, unlike Merlin, my times tend to age,
And step not in the changing river twice.

What strange conflicting currents have I trod,
While forty seasons roared across the Sea?
What cousins, living here on em'rald sod
Gave birth to those whose lives gave birth to me?

To those who came before I honor give.
Without their lives, I'd have no life to live.

April 18, 1989

-Raleigh Seay

Girl

A small girl walked to her bathroom mirror and smiled at her reflection. It grinned back, reciprocating her action. A red polka dotted ribbon dangled from her head. The bow's loops peeked at her as she moved her head. Water ran from the tub's chrome spout.

Her smile dwindled to a horizontal line as she heard voices loud with excitement, playground noise from earlier that afternoon. Girls screeched as boys placed compositions of moss and wood chips on the tops of their heads. She heard Robert cry out with a loud voice.

"King of the mountain," he declared as he placed his knees firmly against the metal bar at the top of the jungle-jim before Berckley, a freckled ten-year-old, pushed him down and stood erect. Berckley's hands raised in a V. Robert landed with a thump, passing several boys aspiring his position; "Not anymore," he growled.

Spring had settled in for a rest. A whisper passed between two girls standing under an evergreen shading a spot a few yards swept slowly and mechanically above the girls' heads. "The one with the ribbon?" one girl asked the other as she pointed to the sandbox occupying the play area's center. A group of kids jumped rope adjacent to the box. A girl touched the ground with one hand, displaying her expertise as she landed and the rope arched above her head.

Her sister image moved back as she bent her upper torso away from the mirror, seeming to repel part of her body by some unknown force.

It was not until she heard the replier's voice reverberating in her ears that she noticed her body had recoiled to its natural position. She watched her hands

parallel with the ones in the mirror as she placed them in front of her.

"Lice."

Slowly, a distorted face appeared in her reflection.

Crusted, layered, and crusted with callous cruelty covered the tree's trunk as the decades knelt before it.

"What a mean thing to say. Did your teacher hear them? Snotty little girls."

A gust of wind came sweeping by, taunting the tree's leaves. A nymph in a black dress with pink sandals picked up a small stone.

"What if you did? That's no reason to toss things at you. Remind me to write your teacher a note after dinner." Her mother closed the car door and started for the house. She walked behind her mother slowly, careful not to remember anything. "I need for you to take a shower and get dressed before your father comes home with the guests."

She pulled on one of the string's loops, making its double appear elongated, wide-eyed, until a tear fell and its double appeared.

-Mims Rouse



Shawn Simon
Glimpsing Motion From Then To Now
Etching
8" x 10"

Wife and Mother

You're all too much for me.
I hold all the threads in my hand;
sometimes they tangle and take off a finger.
I spend my life driving you on,
driving you around;
you're driving me nuts,
but I'm scared to get out of the driver's seat.
I know you'll all drive off, laughing,
leaving me stranded at the
No Life Lost Youth Hostel.

My t-shirt says A WOMAN'S PLACE
IS IN CONTROL but my mouth says
What time should I come for you?

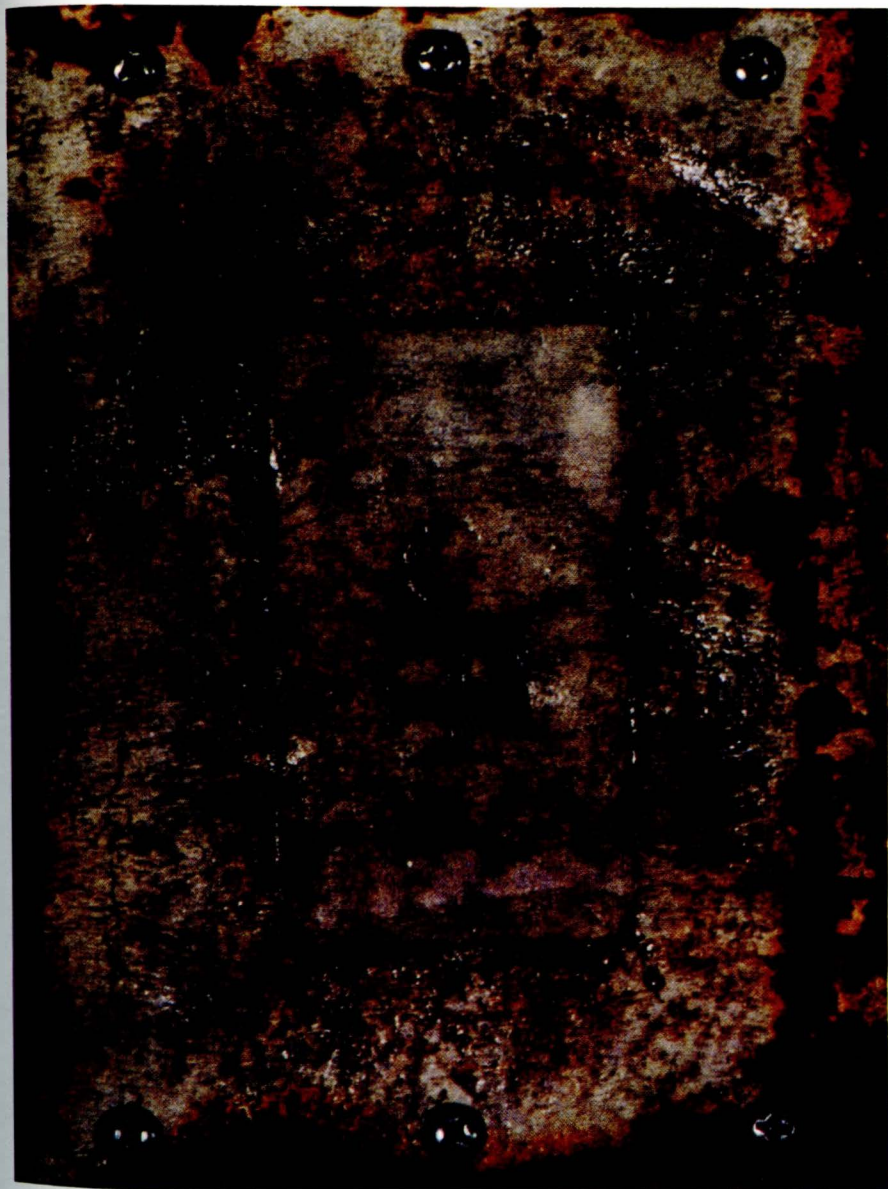
It's not that I'm not proud to help you
to your destinations.
It's just that I no longer remember
where it was I wanted to go.

-Kathy Aziz

Statue-maker

On this pedestal he begins in haste
possessing as he creates
shaping as he desires
he chips away with frenzied care
until his strength expires.
He slaves until the form exposed
cries out, "Masterpiece!" and, in quivering release,
he slips into silent repose.
The master is satiated—a lifetime he has waited-
and with shaking hand of flesh and bone,
lovingly caresses cold grey stone;
worships artful alignment of each limb;
and eyes his prize, this seraphim;
and trusts in the compliance to every whim;
and in the knowledge that she will never leave him.

-Angela Sucich



Shawn Simon
Steel: compression
Mixed media
6" x 9"

the lack

the pregnant lady's belly
bumped into me at the movie theatre,
knocked the popcorn out of my hand.

I watched it hit the floor
and knew I'd never be
like that, never have anything
shivering inside my abdomen.

-Kathy Eaton

julie

Though insecure, i look demure, unsure
of fingers brushing hair,
longing stares,
and he hangs head, he smiled and said
i look like julie andrews,
he said, i sing nice, am nice,
it's nice to be like julie,
just pardon while i lean, fall, miss the wall,
crawl away, hopeless day,
wished you'd stay,
down i lay and prayed he would,
he wished he could,
but this time, he said, and hung his head,
ain't long enough to hold our love,
won't rise above.
what's that you thought?
that i was caught?
those inches bought through tangled legs?
i gulped the dregs of looks we shared,
the scent you wared,
it wouldn't matter that you cared.
too far, you said, i'd been misled,
of honor fed, brought to your bed,
you stroked my head
and hair.
her hair
is there,
the shirt he wears,
her golden hairs,
shows you must care
for her.
warmth from hands fit round waist,
want that taste,
turned and faced, your touch to waist,
and for my haste, i'm left to waste,
perhaps if i had golden hair,
your fingers might have lingered there,
i might have got to taste your wares,
and not blank stares,
her fucking hairs,
not like he cares.

- Teresa Greenlees



Patricia Prann
Catherine
photograph
11" x 14"

Couch Potato

Please forgive me If I'm stupid
For I'm a disciple of the electric box known as t.v.
Parents set me on the floor
Fred Rogers and Big Bird baby sat me from age two to four
Reruns of the Brady Bunch on TBS tonight
I think Marsha's cute but Jan seems really nice
I don't get out much, I don't play in the streets
cause my eyes are glazed over from the electron heat
Read a book you say, I don't have the time
Gilligan's Island is on channel nine
I have no life, I have no friends
but, hey, who needs them when the shows don't end
24 hours a day, 7 days a week, 45 channels on cable t.v.
So was it Socrates or Beavis who said:
The unexamined life sucks.
I don't need to examine when I got a remote
So if you ever need to find me
you know where I am
Same time
Same bat channel

-Matt Schmidt

Cheesy Love Poem

You are as beautiful as a sunset
Your eyes are liquid pools of radiance
Your smile like a flash of heaven

What the hell am I saying
I'm standing in the cold night
throwing pebbles at your window
spouting out cliched words on love, beauty, and all that crap
Freezing my ass off in the winter chill
as you look down upon me with your pathetic, confused expression

Excuse me as I make a fool of myself
hacking up old words like Shakespeare on crack
or a drunken Cyrano de Berjerac
Blinded by lust, love, and passion
I wrote these words with no functional brain activity

do the words really matter
they're just matter on a page
letters strung together in a certain way

I'm out here like an idiot
that should prove my love for you
Take my cheesy love poem for what it's worth
A sad attempt to woo you
A courtship ritual gone awry

So your puzzled face isn't much of a blow to my ego
Hey, wait a second, I'm at the wrong damn window

-Matt Schmidt

poetic overkill

You look up from the pages of my poetry
do you see?

yes, I do.

But refusing to believe I ask again,
do you really see it?

yes, really.

see what I mean?

yes.

(snake sssss)

but how could you?

christ! I see it once and for all!

(impatience in your voice)

okay! you see.

(begrudging resignation in mine)

But my faith weakens

here, look closer.

I tightly grip the back of your head
and push your face down towards it.

your knees give in and kiss the ground

now, do you see?

let go of my head!

you're strong

but my poetic ambition crushes mere mortals like you.

your arms flounder around like penguin wings

my fingernails dig deeper into your scalp

force your face into it

rub your face in it

shouting do you see? do you see?

but you just scream and struggle

struggle and scream.

pressing my knee to the small of your back,

jerk your head up by the hair

and cram a few of the pages down your throat

know what I mean? know what I mean?

you gag and gasp for air

spewing bits of gray pulp all over the floor

but I just force-feed you more and more metaphor

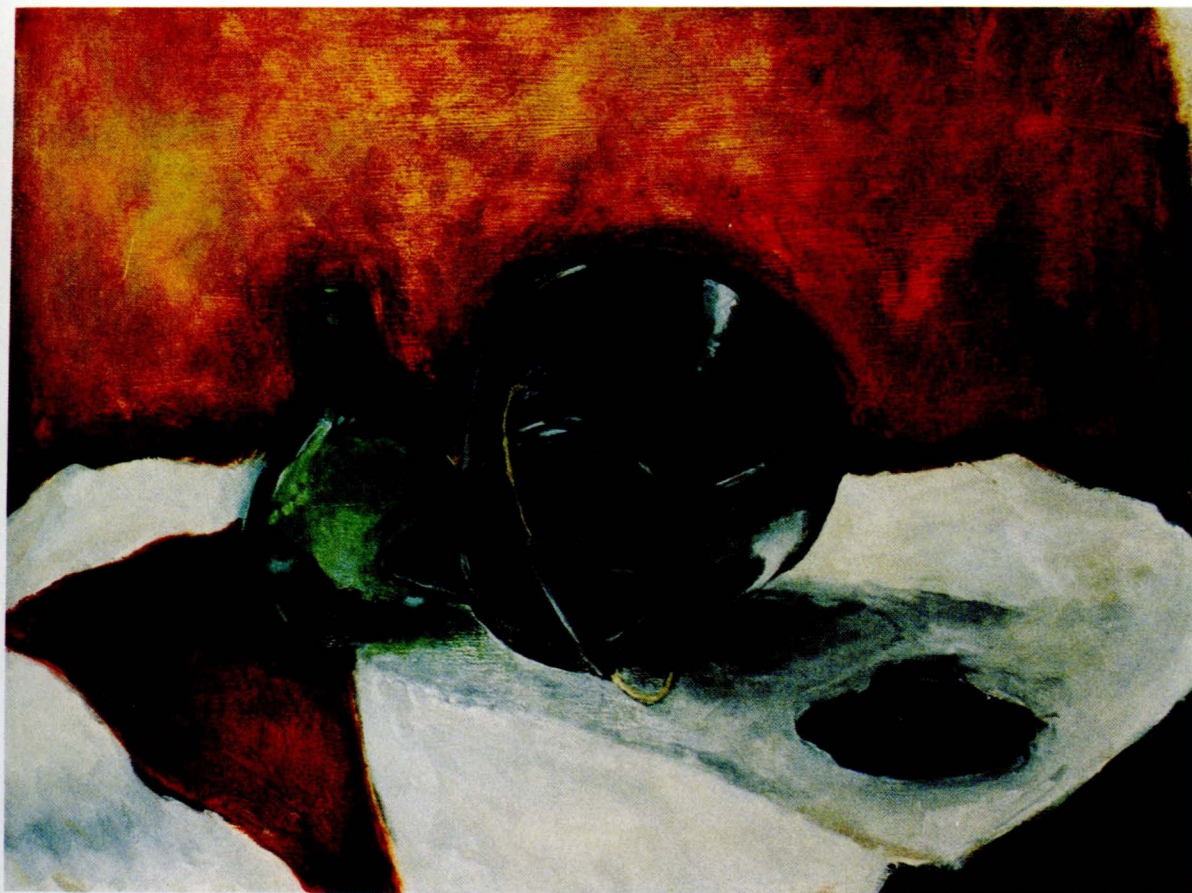
until you choke to death.

but you never saw and you never knew, did you?

-Sheila Scoville



David Nall
Fertile Ground
Etching, aquatint, drypoint,
white ground, roulette
7" x 5"



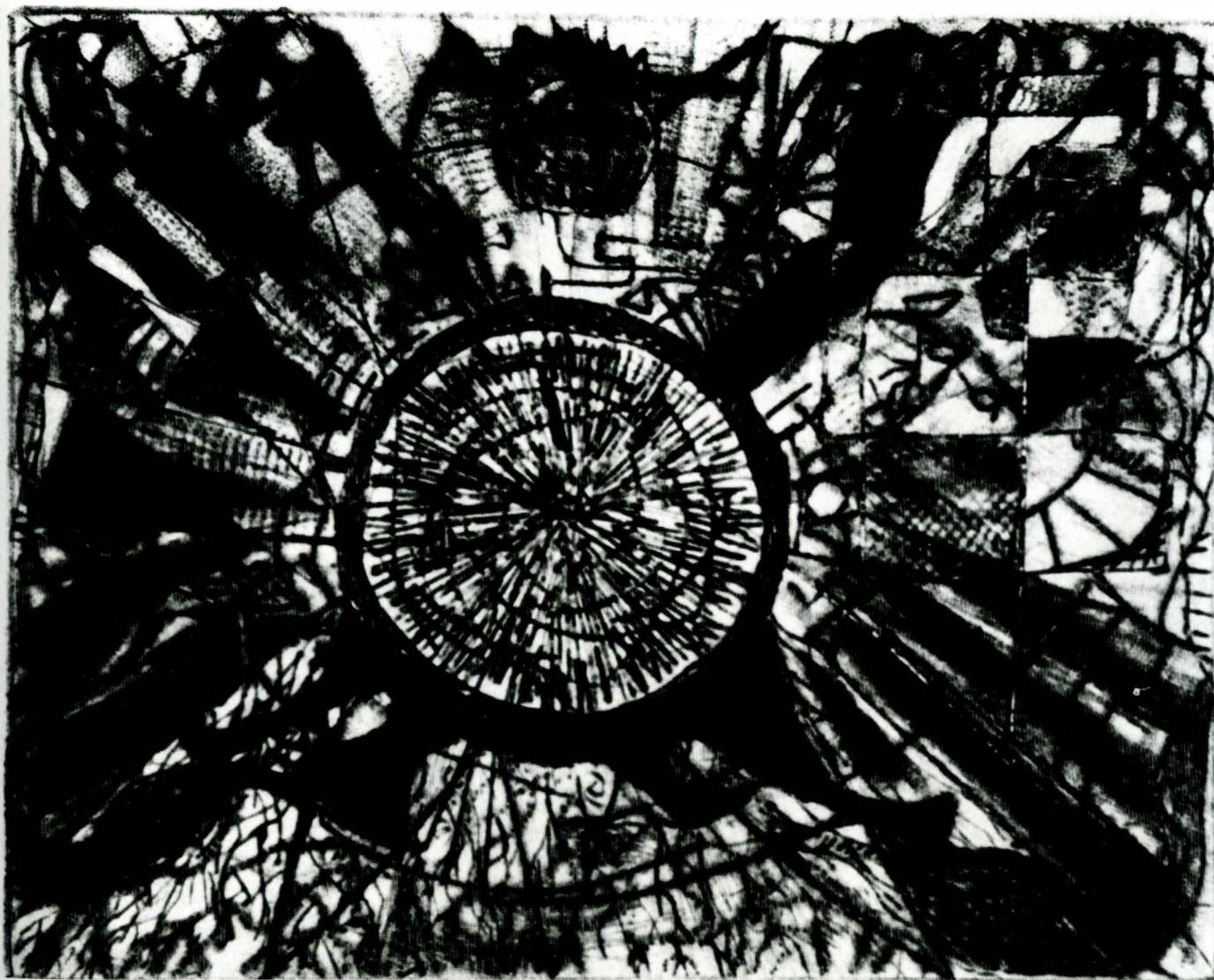
Mary Fournier
Still Life Study
Oilpaint on paper
30" x 22"

Mr. Sensitivo

Geese gack in joy
Brooks gurgle happily
A bird chirps a happy tune
And I lie in the grass

Mr. Sensitivo says in his poetry.
Maybe he would rhyme cause he that autistic
Mr. Sensitivo doesn't put his hat on
Backwards like an out of season jock,
Or wear pants a few sizes too big for crotch room.
Mr. Sensitivo gets all the women to love
Him only as a friend because he prefers
It that way, which is easier for him.
I could be Mr. Sensitivo, if I wished
To degrade myself and fawn over useless girls,
But instead I stand up, like an irritating ass
That I have worked so hard to become.
An ass so irritating that to just hear
A word uttered from that deathly orifice
Is nightmare not worth dreaming about.
MR SENSITIVO IS A JOKE . . . He isn't that cool.
So why the hell do girls want guys to be
A sensitive, caring, well-groomed & spineless
Mr. Sensitivo, because they don't have to sacrifice
their bodies to control him.
I'd rather be Mr. Sensitivo, but
I like the Sex too much to give it up.

-Shawn Hastings



David Nall
Destroying Angel
Etching, drypoint, mezzotint,
roulette, de pouche
5" x 6"



John Drum
Birth
Mixed media
33" x 10" x 8"

Rejects

So . . . what did Dean Moriarty find so magnetic about Mexico?
what ecstasy did he find in the image of a brown people their eyes speaking
innocence widened by the sight of American "progress"; their oiled
skin, so much life sweating out of pores in humid Paradise?
did he see them as nature-people superior in their freedom to us, we the
material-bound contained constrained, constricted by the expansive
expensive house—white-picketed—and sleek shiny consumer car—
well cared for—

bound and beaten down

do we then envy their freedom, or do we their difference—from our static
ten- year planned health cared Republican-housed liberal-lead value
in stilled politically corrected generation Xed spiritually lost
individually wrapped yet factory produced society bent on the total
mechanization of a people our people
we people?

given the choice I'd find my Paradise in Mexico or anywhere beyond the fear
beyond the two-story Sears home security protected investment that
seals you away from life in a lovely white-picketed grave with freshly
--mowed grass—made in the U.S.A.

- Angela Sucich



Randal Gilmore
Sorrow
 Etching, aquatint
 3.5" x 5"



Randal Gilmore
In the Sky
 Etching, aquatint
 2.5" x 4"

There Was Wisdom In the Things Read

There was wisdom in the things read
Alone they were nothing
But then . . .
Put together at the appropriate time
They meant the world.

At Sandcastle, I should have known
After the first death, there is no other.
When I held beauty on the sand, no one said
Nothing gold can stay.
I was never told there, that my soul
Shall be lifted—nevermore.
No one whispered when I was dozing
Gather ye rosebuds while ye may.

So many lines of sweet, sweet knowledge
All for me, and all
Falling out of step. I thought
That they would be useful someday
But that day was always Tomorrow.

-Haley Hoekstra

Glance

And if no one reads my words,
Perhaps it's a good thing.
It's not as if
They would like them,
I tell myself
As I carelessly leave my
Poem, open, on the desk.
Well, I reason,
Others can leave themselves
Open, through speech and song.
Others can let themselves be read
In the clothes they wear,
The music they listen to.
I must do it
Not by speaking
Not by song
Not by clothing
Not by the music I hear,
But by words
Written painstakingly
By a hurried hand
Sad, afraid.
This is me.
Read me.

-Haley Hoekstra



John Drum, Shawn Simon & Adam Trowbridge
We Speak
Environmental Installation
20' in diameter

Acknowledgements

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Brushing
the Literary and Fine Arts Magazine
of Rollins College
in now accepting submissions
in art, photography, and writing
for the Spring 1996 issue.

Guidelines and conditions for contribution:

1. Submissions must be accompanied by a sheet listing the titles of the works, the artist's name, address, phone number, and a short bio. If you are not a Rollins student, please enclose a SASE for the return of your work. The deadline for non-Rollins submissions is December 10, 1995. The deadline for Rollins submissions is January 15, 1996. Please limit your submissions in one medium to 10 items. Publication is scheduled for mid-April 1996.
2. Photographs and artwork of all sizes may be submitted.
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 the inclusion of very large works. A 1500-word limit on prose submissions is suggested as a guideline.
4. Works will be judged by literary and art editorial boards. Works that are accepted will be retained until the publication of the magazine. Copyright is retained by the contributor. *Brushing* reserves the right to reproduce visual and written contributions in appropriate productions. Payment is 1 copy.

Brushing is a non-profit creative forum intended for both beginning and accomplished artists in the written and visual fields. While a large portion of the magazine is intended for student publication, we welcome submissions from other universities and the artistic community at large. Simultaneous submissions and previously published works are acceptable.

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

Send submissions to: *Brushing*
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Winter Park, FL 32789-4499

Any comments or concerns may be addressed to the attention of the Editors, or call 407- 646-2171. Your call will be returned as promptly as possible.

General Deadline: December 10, 1995
Rollins Deadline: January 15, 1996

