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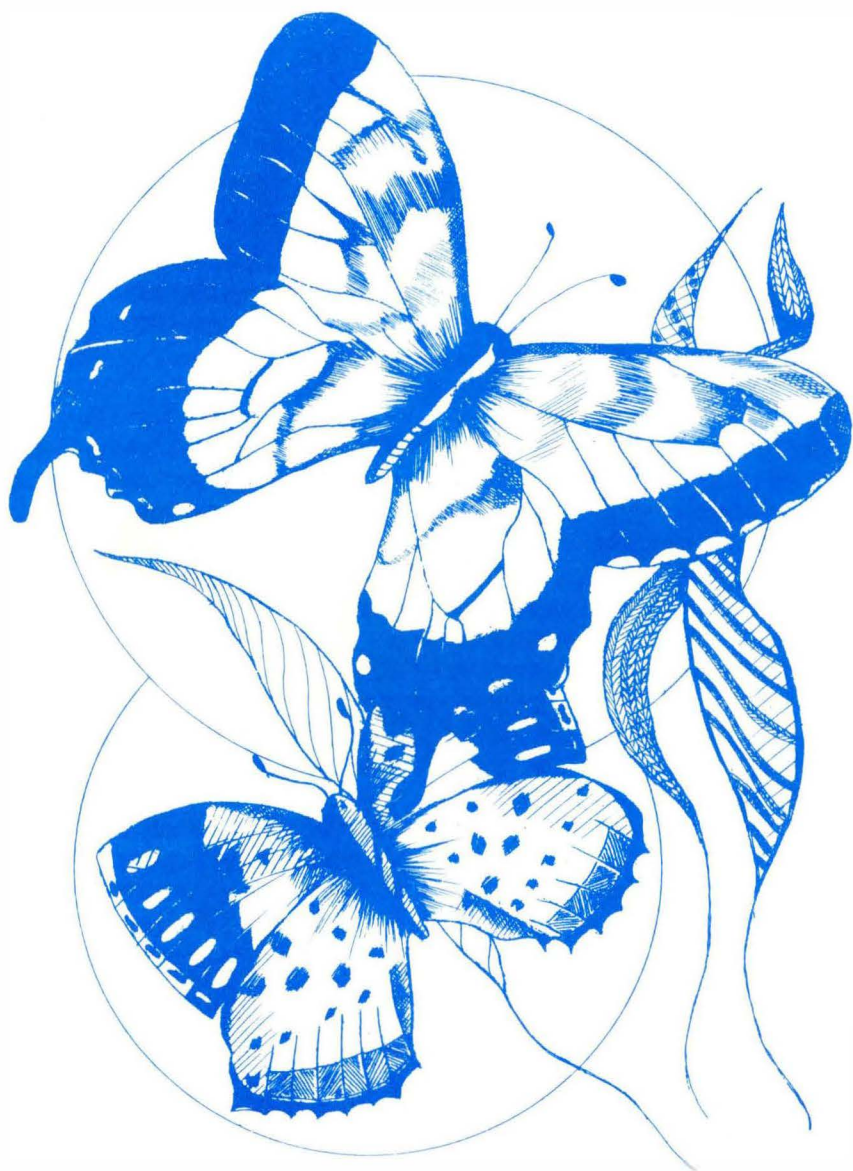
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BRAD PERKINS

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Jean Reynolds Leech

A Grammatical Relationship

I wouldn't change you from yourself —

But if you were a noun,
I might correct your case
to make you less possessive
or more objective
and maybe modify your tenor
with an adjective or two.

And if you were a verb,
I might shift your voice or mood
to make you passive or imperative,
or change your present
tense expression
to future perfect — —

This would I do
to keep our conjugation
from suffering a declension.

Alan Nordstrom

Hunger

Into the palace of dim light they go,
Escaping from the world of arid blight;
And as they rivet on the moving show,
They satisfy a two-fold appetite.
In hunger for a life beyond their own,
They feed upon the romance on the screen;
And thirsty for adventure never known,
They ride and fight with god-men good and mean.
And thus in this dementia praecox,
With stony stares as from the lonely Sphinx,
They feed the maw from mammoth pop-corn box
And slurp the throat with quarts of cola drinks.
O, Cinema, you nourish full and well
Both soul and alimentary canal.

Wilbur Dorsett

Jaws

On I-95 the wheels caressed the celuoid - tar in a rapid cartoon—
the Detroit semis challenging the mouse-like volkses, like
coyote against roadrunner oh man I was scheming.
caressing like shiny-perfumed gals from gatsby-land or glamor/
elaborated girl-on-the-streets hyped by sea-n-ski--seducing us
on the silver screen. I hated 'em all but you.
they flashed their headlights but I wouldn't keep a stare—what
a bashful backpacker-traveling-salesman to Edgartown Massachusetts.
I had no flair, no sleazy magnetism—the road a famine, the
town my longing nourishment.
hitch-hiking, my dear, for you.
and you were somewhere in the takes, among the scooners and skindivers
waiting with shoulder spread arms screaming for love by the dock
as I pulled in on the ferry—"Here's looking at *you* kid."
ah, it was artful.
and now such dread, such trauma: you rupturing torso-eating . . .
oh, you think you're the director — you're a ravishing
and voluptuous summer-shattering shark
here listen again—eat it up:
miles and miles of film reeling eastward at one speed—no
replays, no distortions—I tugged on it and finally thought I
found THE END until on the phone—my acting superb—you
added a twist that blew the plot and panned the flick to the archives.
"Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn," you mused—so shocked and
excited with your deathless line.
ah, you're just another car.

Al Hulme

An Enigma

The Void contracts
Squeezing out its own
Anonymous guts;

Unknowing,
Preying upon itself –
Sheer egoistic
Nothingness.

A bit of glitter
Vomits on an
Undefined sheen,
Resting murkily amidst a
Pandemonium of
Intermingling sparkles.

Momentary Visions
Once again become
Bleary in the
Maze of self-induced
Hallucinations,
Unconscious of its own
Inevitable, incalculable misery;
Only to be shrouded by still more
Unattainable Definitions.

Grappling, groping, crawling,
It wanders through the hours
Existing in this
Void;
Searching for the
Exhaustion of warmth
Colored with reality
and more,
Pain.

Laurie Paine

Still More

Blotted pain
 Dissembled
Transcends the
 Flavor of Springtime.
Rancid oblivion
 Rotting indifferently
Emits perfumed
 Revelations.
Calmly, the essence of
 Orange blossoms
Reassures me as I am
 Engulfed unconsciously.
Peppered allusions
 Excite waning naïveté.
Mutely, the future
 Confronts me with all its
Naked, wearying warnings.
 Flashes of unfulfilled
Dreams implode impotently.
 And I am drawn
Sporadically, spontaneously
 Into the rigid
Awareness of my own
 Interloping ignorance.
I glance haphazardly,
 Trembling with the insecurity
Decisions brandish.
 Perplexed and fumbling
I enter the familiar.
 Loneliness pervades simplicity.

Laurie Paine

Stabs and Truth

Is the difference
between death
and life
so small
as to
be

Or
am I so
blind that I
cannot see the
trees and seas, forests
and waters of my mind ?

Haven't I seen enough
grown enough, cried enough.

I

Have learned more in two passes
than most will learn in eighty.
And yet I keep moving, backwards
it's beginning to seem— a rather self-
Defeating

Stab,

Don't you think?

And while I do not know for sure, I think

The power is not my energy but yours.

So, where can I find the reason

I have not gone again?

Still I clutch at life as if I know not better,

Hoping for release or reason to go on,

Expecting each encounter to be a new lesson,

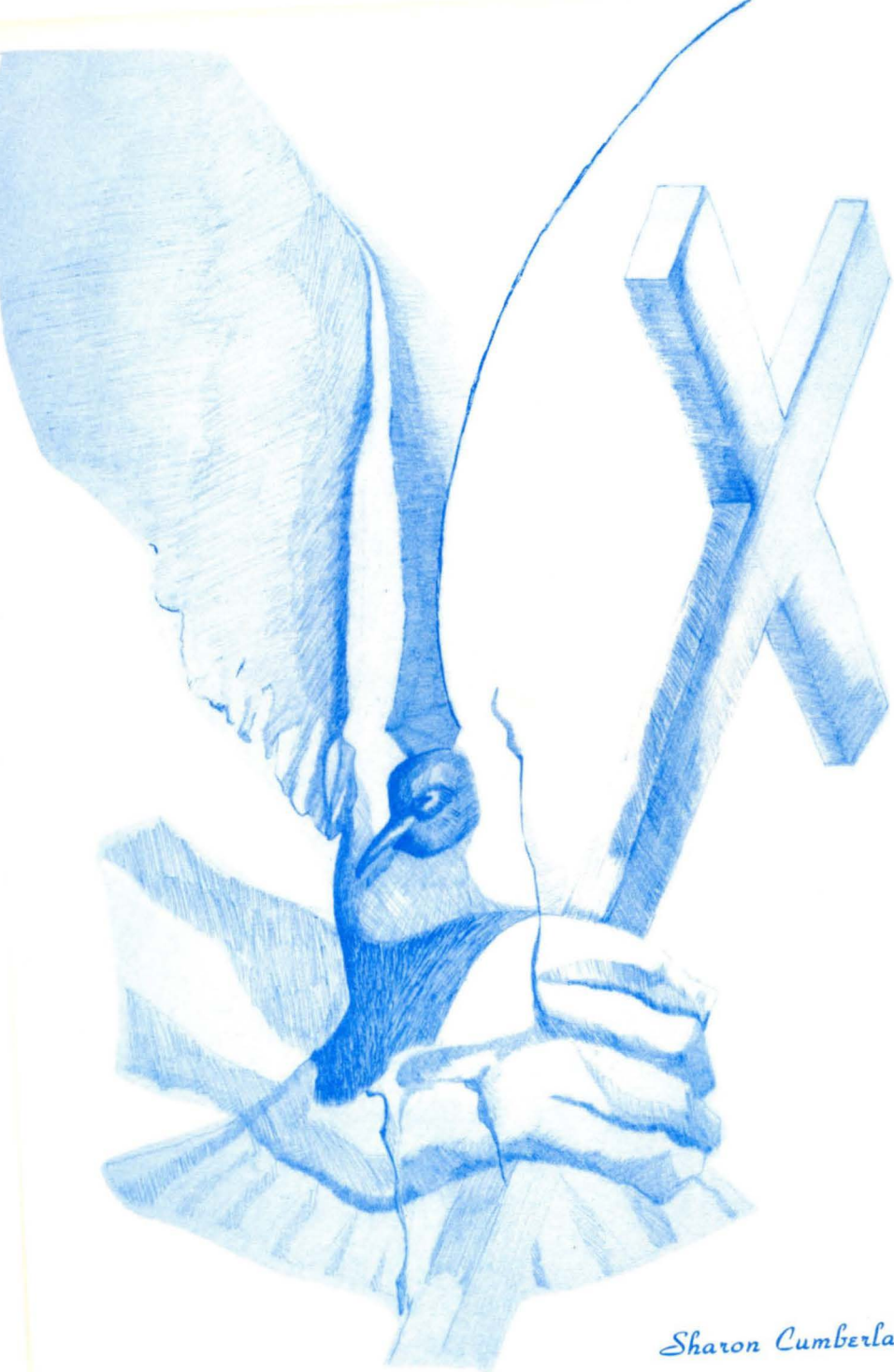
Only to find it a

Rehash

Of old and tiresome pain.

The answer is known and I wait.

Brad Perkins



Sharon Cumberland

Selections from TO SPEAK OF ONESELF: A Work in Progress

JEAN WEST MACKENZIE

It is interesting to me that a series of images--seemingly insignificant when one considers the heft half a decade carries--freeze in their original position and come to serve as metaphor for whole periods of a life.

Every September, just as the sugar maple leaves begin to turn, the people of Ellis Hollow hold a fair. A small community near Ithaca, N. Y., Ellis Hollow spills off several rising and falling roads inbetween hills, with modern homes and blocks of farm land resting side by side. The fair is held on a large corner lot beside the old schoolhouse. The ware is typical of country fairs: assortments of plants, homemade arts and crafts, canned goods and polished gourds.

In 1965 after making the rounds with the children, I bought a small potted trumpet vine. Visions of the coral-colored petals spreading profusely across the back wall of the house accompanied me as I set the plant in the ground late that day. The feel of the late afternoon, cooling in rushes of colored leaves toward night, dozens of past falls adrift in the air, settled around me as I finished the ritual of planting. Aware that I was in the midst of a privileged moment, I sat back on my heels to consider the surroundings.

On Hanshaw Road, cars slipped unhurriedly past. If one of the drivers should turn a head toward 1103 for a leisurely passing by glance, her view of the two story frame house would be partially obstructed by foliage. Two varieties of oak, two walnut and several maple shaded the house and the deep back yard. Evergreen, a dogwood and a plum filled in most of the front. In late September, beguiled by a comet of color, the passerby was apt to snatch a second glance.

Several years before, my Father had wished us in a home along this very road. Close to the university, to markets, he felt it was also nearer civilization than the rural but beautiful Sapsucker woods where we lived from 1958 through 1963. Though only four miles beyond Cayuga Heights Village, Sapsucker Woods seemed like wilderness during a hard, driving Ithaca winter. Wind swept through the open fields between the woods, drifting the snow against window and hedgerow. And the walls the snow ploughs left sat like mountain ranges, finally wearing away in late spring.

I don't know that I realized, on my heels, in the fall of '65, that I had wanted the house on Hanshaw road partly for my Father's peace of mind. Although the property was charming in its own right, something deeper drove me to insist to my former husband that we buy it, and something deep was satisfied when we did. For one thing, it helped to erase the brusqueness with which I had rejected other well-intended family wishes: when Thor had been born, for example, and my Father had wondered in his quiet, utterly non-violent way whether we didn't want to give the baby a West name. If only in the middle.

NO I replied too firmly, perhaps crossly. It would cause hard feelings. Coward that I was! Never wanting to rock the boat, tearing at heaven and earth to keep peace with a man whose selfishness and jealousy knew no bounds, a man I was learning to reject in that new autumn of 1965.

Children are such monsters! I think as I write this--still my parent's child. Always growing up too late. Too late. I taste the bitterness Robert Lewis Stevenson tasted when he named regret the most damning emotion.

Although I nursed the trumpet vine and felt that it was special and therefore would surely feel compelled to grow, it barely survived the seasons. Each spring I examined the few dry twigs, giving up, and each summer it got itself together and filled out green. But it had as much difficulty actually growing as I; still, it did not die.

In 1965 Kim was eight and Thor was six. Although I was afraid for them, sick with my predicament as I walked from tree to tree, I felt, with the ego of a maniac, that my love would keep them. I did not yet see the inevitabilities of what Edmund Wilson has referred to as "our blindness in sexual selection," or realize the extent of the trouble it makes for the children we breed.* The marriage had been a mistake—I could see that. But I had not yet perceived it as a **tragic** mistake.

In 1965 the children were healthy and spring-young and I was finding the energy to struggle against the mistakes of the past and to yearn toward a fuller meaning for my life. The Ellis Hollow Fair and the smell of a neighbor's leaves burning, combined with my anxiety and produced a force that was largely creative. I did not see this, exactly, then. As I put my tools away the sun dropped, huge and red over the Gunkel's fence, behind distant trees. In the midst of turmoil I felt some strength.

Gumption was one of my Father's words. Gutsier than get-up-and-go, it rises straight from the diaphragm to assail the weak spirit. The times my Father used it are collective now—he would twinkle and come down hard on the first syllable: GUMPtion, and it was a polite command to get off your ass.

That's what I did at last; finally driving the long miles through New York, Pennsylvania and the ramrod route 13 of Delaware to tell them there that I'd decided to leave ten years behind me. Though how one does that has not been revealed to me, today.

Yet, the images of that fall afternoon are still exciting to me. They embrace the conglomeration of human passions that were loose in my life in the mid to late sixties. There is both twinkle and sinew in their texture. It is encouraging to think that such subtleties grow into strength, and that they are passed along to us in moments that are not trying toward example and for that very reason, emerge so.

APRIL 13, 1975: Shut off the alarm this morning thinking how close I live to the sounds and locomations of other living things. One shrill clear bird's call filled the space after the alarm. And before that, the mourning doves' ooha ooha drifted in from the telephone wires and the orange groves. The song of the dove is disconcerting at first, for its pathos seems nearly human. But like other sounds that move in on our lives with regularity, it soon becomes reassuring. I think of Rilke's "A dog barks. What a relief: a dog. Toward morning a cock even crows, and that is boundless comfort."

Of course there are dogs everywhere. And barkings. But the quality of a sound has its composition in the landscape of association. In Delaware, the nights were filled with barking dogs and the farm got to its feet after the rooster's imperious crowing. The barking, though I romanticize it now, was often a nuisance and my father would climb out of bed to kneel at the North window. "Git!" he'd shout to the darkened barn yard. "G'wain! Git!" And a fierce slapping of his hands against the sash, or his thighs, accompanied the address.

*Edmund Wilson in **Upstate**

On other occasions, I would roll over in sleep to the faraway barking of dogs from another farm. Tumbling toward the semiconscious, such noises are assurances of neighborhood. The dog was broadcaster of events—who could tell which ?—outside the world of my sleeping. Maybe a stealthy rat had found his way into someone's hen house to plunder eggs, or pasturing cows had walked through a weakness in barbed wire fencing to wander lowing along the highway. Whatever, the dog knew and in the night his knowledge was comfort.

"Wonder what got into the White's dog?" my mother would muse of a morning.

"Most likely couldn't sleep," my father might reply, sweetening his coffee, winking at me, hoping I would laugh. His unconcern and the dim memory of the night rolled together in an impression of security.

When I attempt to construct the sounds that survive to haunt my own children's spirits I realize the impoverishment of the suburban child right away. Visitors to the country—and that refined—their animal kingdom consisted of a single cat. Athene, as we inappropriately named her, lived with us in the Hanshaw Road house for six years and was pretty much queen cat.

As a kid I adored kittens and was the greatest nuisance a mother cat ever met. Soon as a new litter of kittens made the barnyard scene the contest was on to see who kept them. Tirelessly, I made the trip from haymow or horse stall until every mueeling one had been transferred to a bed more convenient to my watchful eye. Just as tirelessly, the mother cat walked each babe back to a new nest, kitten hanging securely from her mouth, grim persistence in her eye.

By the time the children and I picked Athene from a bin at the nearby SPCA, my enthusiasm had matured. But Kim and Thor were thrilled and the new cat adjusted without incidence. In 1966 I was anxious to try anything that would render our household of three less rent. Athene was a happy addition for us all until she turned huntress several years later.

At first I scarcely noticed her night-time safaris. We might happen upon an inert mouse at the back door, or behind the breakfast room table. Athene, who had gotten up innocently with the rest of us, would walk indifferently past the mouse to her breakfast of 9-lives tuna. I was happy enough that she was keeping the rodent population under control and picked the dead mice up by their tails and deposited them in the garbage can.

But one night I was roused in the middle of my sleeping by a terrible commotion. Staggering down the steps, I was greeted in the living room by a new Athene. Feathers were scattered all over the floor and a half naked bird flapped in terror from the fireplace mantle. As I approached, it made a weak effort to reach the top of the curtain rods, landing in a heap on the floor. Athene and I both headed for it in a flurry of fur and feathers and confusion. Here, the details blend into a series of other similar, equally nightmarish escapades.

As the months wore on, so did my patience. I am sure that the children's dreaming was interrupted by the sound of my swearing as I descended the stairs vowing anew to banish the "cat" from our household with the coming of the morning sun. Of course this never happened. Kim and Thor stood up for Athene in spite of the parade of defeathered, but never quite dead, birds. "Athene, you mustn't hurt the birds," Thor would croon to the benign-faced creature. "She doesn't **know** any better," Kim advised wisely, and the subject would close.

What am I reaching for? The memory of my father kneeling in front of the window, his voice drifting across the sleeping farmland, is among a few dozen of the best realities of my childhood. But the memory has another side which demands equal time. That is, that same voice as it rose from the den, up through the heating register to my bedroom. Driven by his fear of dying before I was properly grown up, my father worried aloud night after night to my mother, who listened quietly from the sofa. In those hours after the news broadcasters had signed off—"So long until tomorrow"—the two of them solemnly examined the precarious future. Upstairs, terrified but curious, I strained up from the comforters to hear . . .

In days and nights later in my life, after and perhaps during attentions to children, work and study, I sometimes leaned against a wall or threw myself down on the bed to cry. I cried from accumulated lonelinesses, disappointments, the terror of single parenthood, perhaps the simple terror of being human in a bad moment. Sometimes the will to exercise control collapsed altogether and the tears became sobs. Other times I walked from room to room, ending upstairs by the edge of the bed. And the children, if they heard, tiptoeing, shushing each other, would come occasionally to stand seriously at my door.

In Thor's room in Ithaca, a stairway leads to the attic through his closet. Both children's imaginations fastened upon an array of noises they heard from above and no doubt their memories are peopled with the presences that chased them headlong, one behind the other, down the stairs and shrieking through the house. If they do remember these and my own three a.m. sallies with cat and bird, I am glad. Ghosts and disgruntled parents are the most believable of figures. Worried, pensive, weeping, ill, the parent becomes child to her own children. Elderly at eleven, my vocabulary tipped with the questions: "What did the doctor say?" and "Do you feel any better?" while my heart clung like an animal to my chest.

Probably my children's recollections of parent are a blend of ogre—in many stages of acceptability—and vulnerable mom, just as mine are a salad of utter security and certain loss. "I move on, we move on, some scraps of us together."* There are mornings when those scraps seem fewer than on others. My gratefulness today is for the "memory of old emotions"** that combines with immediate experience: barking dogs that reach back in years to establish a victory of barkings, if only because I've survived to recreate them.

* A. R. Ammons

**W. B. Yeats



Fruit of the Quercus

Diane Spalding

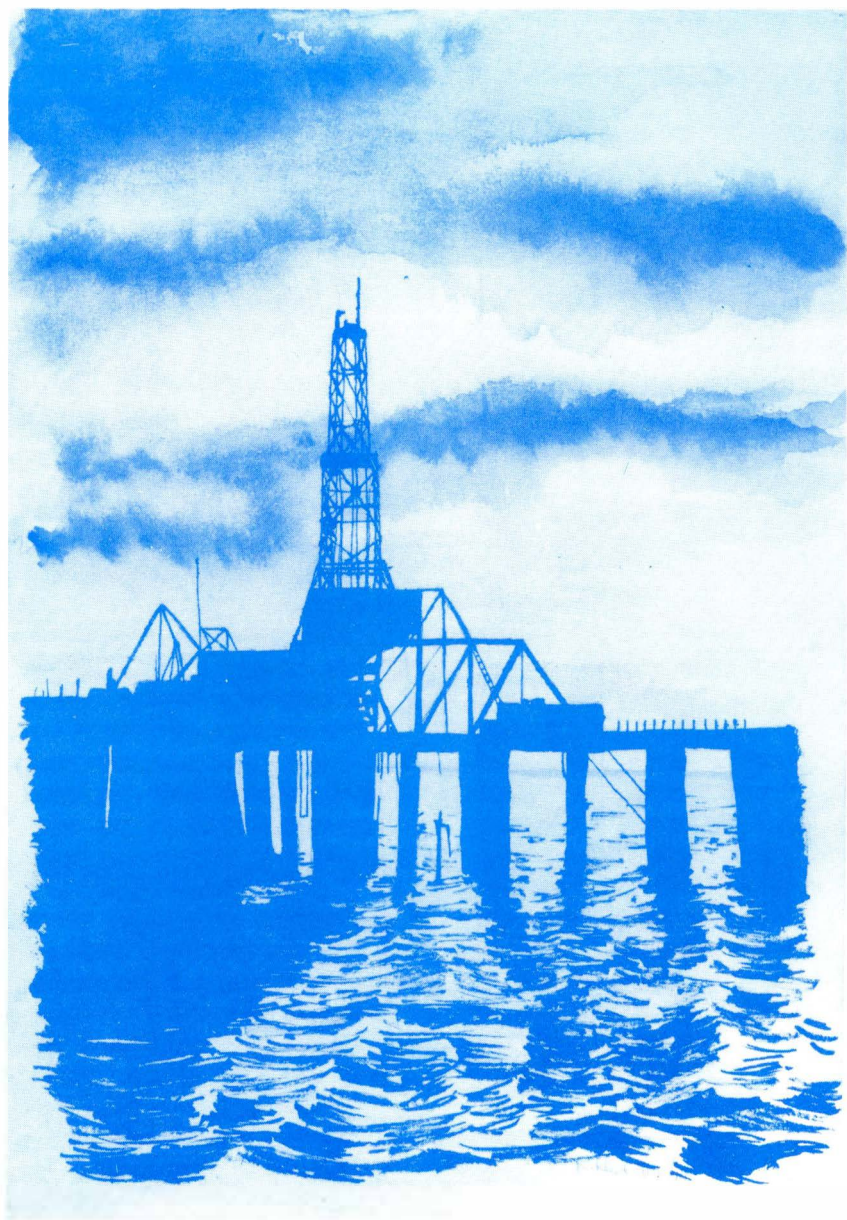
God of Whirring Wheels

Let us cry out against that scarlet idleness
That velvet and insidious influence
That permeates the heat
Sits in the breathing air
Consuming dying roots in broken wastefulness.

A god of whirring wheels
& juggled accounts
Is strangling us in its vast complexities.
This globe, dying with a rasping sigh
And the perfection that is nature's art
By our own monstrous contrivances,
An art undone.

The breath we tendered so sweetly
Between the sunset
And the waning dusk,
The rustle of the trees
That marked the dying hours . . .
All shall be still.
A barren furnace
On the once green hill.

Barbara Wavell



Roberta G. Reed

A Sickly Dream-Perception of a Future Counter-Culture

I felt on a chevy convertable the other day
while in bed sick with some delirium sticky kleenexes

I was tail-gating thru an I-91 or some east coast
route—mouth—shooting, me and my gal, at a moving target.

thinking about it brings me:
peanut-colored rock banks surrounding
deep green-spotted rivers with endless
trees above it all

and bunting hitch-hikers
trying to get to first base

and unhealthy trpk gas stations
glittering like icicles in January Maine
with inevitable dirt fastened all over

and some truck comes flying
beside like a momentous—meteor
and some bearded buckety-checked
heavy man sticks his head out of the passenger side
and he screams at me with really dead
eyes as if he's forever on this road, never subbing
at an exit, always shouting some captivating verse like
the Ancient Mariner

and my gal just smiles my thigh
and the guy's truck leans us over
to the side

and he halts right next to me
and grabs me by the hair sucking me
thru his window like a little flower into a portable
terrarium

and he jams my mouth with a Beatles disc
and stuffs my shirt with "California Dreamin"
tour maps

and he yells at me now, without a pause,
about his home and how he wants to take a returning exit
but he doesn't know which one because he's got no
cause to fight for . . .

and he shows me his arm all
covered with detour tracks and he jams his arm
up my nose

and I'm looking inside the tracks
looking for something euphorically reddish brown, something
powerful, "The Great Northern Outta Sheyenne"
some homeward soothing locomotive
and then he sighs because he realizes
his tracks are rusted
and I tell him about the desolation, the
inertness—the garden of California Underground has been
harvested and the new seedlings haven't even sprouted
and he stiffens pointing nowhere like
a Pompeian remnant frozen by life's lava transitions.

Al Hulme



Constance Stuart Peters

Flowerder

I know a place where fragrant wild thyme grows,
The daisy, gillyvor, and columbine;
Where blooms the daffodil and white musk rose;
Sweet lavender, oxlip, and eglantine.

I know a place where all such flowers fare:
In Shakespeare's rich iambic imagery.

But yet his fertile verse is quietly bare
Of what we have in wild abundance:

It lacks the red hibiscus, hyacinth,
Magnolia white and pink azalea.

It knows no poinsettia's scarlet strength,
No subtle orchid or camellia.

Oh, what would be the bard's beflowered rhyme
Could he but live in Florida's new clime?

Wilbur Dorsett

Palenque

The sun was hot upon the ruins
And the jungle sprawled undone
Upon the fertile earth.
Its vines reaching out with casual persistence—
Like an eager cape,
Covering the wounds the ruins left.

All that remained lay broken in the light
Naked to the inquiring eye.
A tale of exultation and despair,
Meandering through the frescoes
And the base reliefs.

While all about the jungle steamed,
Extending inquiring tendrils
Up the broken steps
And musing on the curious trceries of stone;
Till turning inward with its eternal eye—
It went to sleep.

Barbara Wavell

Green, Green Fields

Open up those green fields,
I know there's something more;
To speak of only daffodils
That venture near the door
Is like a tree in springtime
Without a stroke of green.
Let me pass the mathematics
Let me pass the silver gate
Oh, now I see the memory
How sweet it is to know
But let me walk until it's late,
Until I know to know.
And here I've come upon it,
The sweetest goal of yet
Of crevices and water drains
The only flow I've met.
And like a mind may wander
And like a dream may dream,
There is this distant field
Where the spine is straight and lean
Here is where I find myself,
Upon the hermit's hill
With lantern in my left hand,
Below, the farmers till.
Atop this mighty mountain
The mind is soft and still.

Dane Joseph Neller

Frozen Blades of Warmth

My homeland was once covered by glaciers.
Huge slabs of impenetrable ice,
Rising miles above the scarred earth.
Something, or perhaps someone, deemed them gone,
Leaving the soil flexible to those who walked and lived
upon it.
Yet, we were not always free to dig and surround ourselves
in the ground as we pleased.
A recurrent reminder of the past returned us to a stiff
and rock-hard stability
Where raging storms covered our doorsteps and blocked our
cars.
Life became at times a six-sided box with frosted peepholes.

I left to search for a place where the soil was always loose,
Where doors opened unblocked, and windows connected
the breath and the lung.

I found the place or so I thought.
The land was smooth and fit the contours of my body well.
Doors opened with ease and the air ripened me.
Yet, I am sliced with memories of my homeland
Each time my tender foot slips on a sparkling piece of ice.

Brad Perkins

Dawn

*"I had an affair with the moon in
which there was neither sin nor shame."*

-Laurence Sterne

No longer content
to only look at half,
I sat there
on the edge
of the dock
posing as food
for an unseen enemy
waiting in the distant shadows.
Soon the tongue from
a rising orange mouth
fluttered through dark water
and tried to
touch my bare feet.

Barry Billets

"Regrets"

I cannot love you, you know—
It is no longer in me to do so.
For my heart has hardened a great deal
Since the day I first thrilled to the silvery bright newness of
the world's glory,
And the tarnish is heavy and dull.
Yet—
Sometimes when I see you gaze at me that way,
My heart aches, and I am sorry.

You cannot touch me, you know—
I could never allow you to do so.
For at a touch, your hand would burn
Like warmth touching ice and being harshly ripped away,
Leaving an ugly jagged wound.
And—
I must admit
I would be sorry at your pain.

Still,
There was one once under whose gaze I was almost whole:
A great and wise magician who could make me sing and dance
By the slightest smile, or a look from deep watercolor eyes.
His commands could be deadly if he chose—
He chose to set me free.

I am alone now:
Most of the time almost happy,
And sometimes—like now—even wistfully
Wishing I could allow myself to be caught up again in that
sweet bondage.
I remind myself: I cannot.
I can never again be loved.
I can never again be touched:
I can never again be caught under a magician's spell.
I am free.
I am sorry.

Shawne K. Wickham

Night

Clouds play with the moon;
The northern lights are shining;
Make me come and gaze.

Molly Tryloff

"Dream Wave"

The wave of your gentleness engulfs me,
Bathing me in a watery softness of sleep
And capsizing the little resistance that remains in me.
The fragility of my well-battered boat
Cannot withstand the continuous massage of the sea
And my senses are swamped with a caressing rush of enlightenment.
The resounding murmur of the wave echoes on my mind,
And I awaken to the solid reality that is you.

Shawne K. Wickham



Roberta G. Reed

Waiting for Summer

Here there used to be a winding dirt road:
I remember the bumping rattling sound of cars on it,
And the soft hot dust between my toes.
It led to the boatyard, that in early spring
Would smell rank of tar and boatpaint,
And of mellow sticky varnish.
The boatyard, a sea in itself of shiny aluminum masts,
And of long sleek hulls that dormant through the winter lay:
Now nurtured and tended for
By their masters in preparation for the summer seas.
I remember walking among their trailers then in spring,
And how their polished bodies loomed above me waiting.
I remember the sounds of husky laughter and discussion,
As their masters, also waiting, talked of currents and wind over beer.
And standing on the docks,
The wood sun-roasted and salt-dried
From the weathering of summers before,
I too, would anxiously wait
(with the first splinters in my soft not yet calloused feet),
For the boats' first glide through the harbor waters,
Finally to be set free,
In the summer winds and sea.

Nancy Mann

Contributors

BARRY BILLETS is a senior Biology Major. His poetry has appeared in *Brushing* before.

SHARON CUMBERLAND plans to enter Nursing next fall at Florida Hospital.

WILBUR DORSETT teaches Shakespeare at Rollins. His sonnets have appeared in *Brushing* before.

AL HULME is a freshman, majoring in Behavioral Science. A New Englander, he enjoys Cape Cod.

JEAN REYNOLDS LEECH is a freshman majoring in Studio Art.

JEAN WEST MacKENZIE's poetry has appeared in a number of nationally known publications. At Rollins, she teaches Creative Writing and edits *Epos* a Florida quarterly. Her poems have appeared in *Brushing* before.

NANCY MANN is a freshman. She would like to major in Sociology.

DANE JOSEPH NELLER is a sophomore majoring in English and Philosophy.

ALAN NORDSTROM teaches English at Rollins. His poems have appeared in *Brushing* before.

LAURIE PAINE graduates in May. She would like to go into the field of Communications.

BRAD PERKINS a hard working enthusiastic member of our staff is a sophomore English Major. He will assume editorial duties for the 1976-77 school year. His poems have appeared in *Brushing* before.

CONSTANCE STUART PETERS graduates in May. She would like to continue her studies in Art.

ROBERTA G. REED is a sophomore Physics major.

DIANE SPALDING is a graduate student in Education at Rollins. Her art has appeared in *Brushing* before.

MOLLY TRYLOFF is a freshman who would like to major in Eastern Cultures.

BARBARA WAVELL graduates in May. She has been accepted for graduate work in Anthropology. Her poems have appeared in *Brushing* before.

SHAWNE K. WICKHAM a sophomore English Major is another dedicated member of our staff. Her poetry has appeared in *Brushing* before.

A Message to the Literary Community....

This being the last issue of *Brushing* for which I will be responsible, I would like to announce that Brad Perkins has been selected and confirmed by the Rollins College Publications Union as Editor of *Brushing* for the 1976-1977 academic year. Brad has, in my opinion, the interest, enthusiasm and the literary skills which are necessary qualities for the betterment of our magazine.

We sincerely hope that those of you who read our magazine will consider helping in a small way. There is always something to be done, especially in all areas of staff assistance. Your suggestions, comments and criticism are also important ways in which each issue becomes a little better than the preceding one. Editing and publishing is not always an easy task, however, even though I have been associated with six issues of *Brushing*, I still maintain that the real work is done by all of you — whether it be writing or reading or perhaps using hands to capture a bit of the world on paper.

I hope that all of you will continue to support our magazine in whatever way you can. Thank you very much for your help in making the past four editions possible.

Yours sincerely,
Barry Billets, Editor

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