

Rollins College

Rollins Scholarship Online

Brushing - Historical

Brushing

Fall 1976

Brushing, Fall, 1976, Vol. 6, No. 1

Rollins College Students

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarship.rollins.edu/historical_brushing



Part of the [Arts and Humanities Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Rollins College Students, "Brushing, Fall, 1976, Vol. 6, No. 1" (1976). *Brushing - Historical*. 10.
https://scholarship.rollins.edu/historical_brushing/10

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Brushing at Rollins Scholarship Online. It has been accepted for inclusion in Brushing - Historical by an authorized administrator of Rollins Scholarship Online. For more information, please contact rwalton@rollins.edu.



BRUSHING
FALL
1976



ROLLINS COLLEGE
LIBRARY

Brushing
Fall 1976



Table of Contents

Peggy Mahaffy, <i>To Whom it Concerns</i>	1
Shawne Wickham, <i>"When we were young"</i>	2
Roberta Reed, <i>Pen and ink drawing</i>	3
Thomas Sackville, <i>House of Many Rooms</i>	4
Chuck Donelson, <i>Company Dropping In</i>	5
Roberta Reed, <i>Pencil sketch</i>	6
Kathryn Freeman, <i>Autumn Promise</i>	7
Diane Spalding, <i>Pencil sketch</i>	8
David Sachs, <i>The Usurpers</i>	9
Debi Green, <i>Bird of Life (Realization)</i>	10
Diane Spalding, <i>Pencil sketch</i>	11
Jonathan Thompson, <i>Photograph</i>	12
Craig Dittrich, <i>Our Tree</i>	13
Nancy Hoffman, <i>A Rondeau for Keats</i>	15
Alan Nordstrom, <i>Imagine Well</i>	16
Parker Dulany, <i>Nadia Comaneci in Motion (pencil sketch)</i>	17
David N. Bales, <i>Celestial Ground</i>	18
Donna Hamblen, <i>Pen and ink wash</i>	19
Shawne Wickham, <i>And in the end</i>	20
Peggy Mahaffy, <i>Untitled</i>	21
Cathy Skove, <i>Untitled</i>	21
Mary Machat, <i>Untitled</i>	22
Robert N. Robinson, <i>Pen and ink drawing</i>	23
Dane Joseph Neller, <i>A Poem About Time</i>	24
Contributors	25
Staff	26

Cover by: Robert N. Robinson

Frontspiece by: Michael Coolbroth

To Whom it Concerns

for every life
there is a hurt
not mere pain,
but an agony.

it is this agony
we have realized.

i sense an urgency
of endings

the lingering above
moments
better left
unrecalled.

i see the bleeding
apart of colors
of once blended
beauty

to harsh distinctness

i hear the way
a heart ecoes
in empty chambers

yet relief
floods through me
as an awareness of
i
blankets my breathing
for you

Peggy Mahaffy

When we were young,
that one simple phrase explained all:
"Because God made it that way"
 kittens died,
 cousin was blind,
 other people were poor.

Now, when we're older and wiser,
we know better than to put our faith in such childhood fantasies.
And so we'll routinely blame
 the weather,
 the President,
 the welfare system,
And try to ignore the cries of the kittens and the kids,
And look the other way when we pass the churches full of the
 fools who refuse to grow old.

Shawne Wickham



Roberta Reed

House of Many Rooms

My house of memory is made of rooms
Of many colors, shapes, and sizes all.
One, large and washed with sunlight which illumines
With dancing yellow glow upon the wall.
Another, small with cold, deep blues and gray,
And brown upon the ceiling low and dark,
Where sun can hardly ooze a ray
Into the broken angles, sharp and stark.
Some hallways turn and twist into dead ends;
Some narrow niches wander off to hide;
Another hall is high and far extends
With rows of doors ajar to sights inside.
My house of memory is made of rooms
That can't be painted new or swept with brooms.

Thomas Sackville

Company Dropping In

Oh my God!
I thought the world had ended,
been suspended,
through lack of attendance.

No more, said I,
could it actually be that we should see,
 a blessing —
 an ending —
disguised as a painful demise.

Come quickly! It shouldn't hurt so much,
rather be a light touch —
Now get on with the finalized plans,
forget the details and yank the entrails,
from all of our lands.

And I wouldn't even mind going first —
Knowing company would be dropping in any minute.

Chuck Donelson



Roberta Reed

Autumn Promise

I wanted to take you through nature with me,
To show you its beauties
In the fall of the year. . .
But you wouldn't come.

I wanted you to see, and enjoy
All the things that make my world,
But you shut your eyes
And you wouldn't come. . .
You hurt me.

How can you blind yourself
To the beauties of the autumn
When the leaves fill the air
With their spicy fragrance;
When they flame their goodbye
To a dying year
And promise new life as they fall?

How can you walk through
A clear autumn day
And not feel elation from the crisp,
cool air?
Don't you ever feel a stirring in your heart
From it all. . .
Doesn't it touch you, move you at all?

My love, taste the cleanness
Feel the color. . .
Warm to the greatness
Of Mother Earth's display.
Let your heart surge
With the beauty of it all. . .
And feel no sadness at her death,
For all seasons must come to an end
And Summer comes swiftly again.

Kathryn Freeman

Diane E. Spalding
8/23/76



Diane Spalding

The Usurpers

A little soldier charges headlong at the setting sun,
his queen commands the sun to set, and so it does.
The little soldier solemnly declares: "I have won!"
The sun, in deference to the victor, descends to where the
sunshine never was,
and bows its head.
The sky, embarrassed for its vanquished ruler, blushes red.
The clouds, fearful for their own existence, thunder cheers
and shouts of joy:
"Long live the Queen! The King is dead! Defeated by a little
girl and little boy!"
The stars pointedly examine their young regents,
and one by one declare their allegiance.
The moon, without a ray of comprehension
contemplates the facts and then decides;
he grudgingly gives nod to the ascension,
and as a coronation gift, he moves the tides.
And though the wind celebrates by blowing out a joyous note,
the rain flatly refuses to cast its vote.
The little soldier leaves the park and slams the gate;
the growing coldness shows the hour growing late.
The little queen endures the dark and tries to wait,
but, left alone, she finally rushes home to abdicate.
The clouds, free from their oppression, start to sing:
"The Queen is Dead! Long Live the King!"
The sky, with pride renewed, takes up the call,
"The Queen is Dead! Long Live the King!"
The rain, smug in the strength of its convictions,
begins to fall.

David Sachs

Bird of Life (Realization)

Near the ocean you flew,
I by the shore relaxed and mellow.
I felt the panting of your heart,
The melodic serenade of your wings.

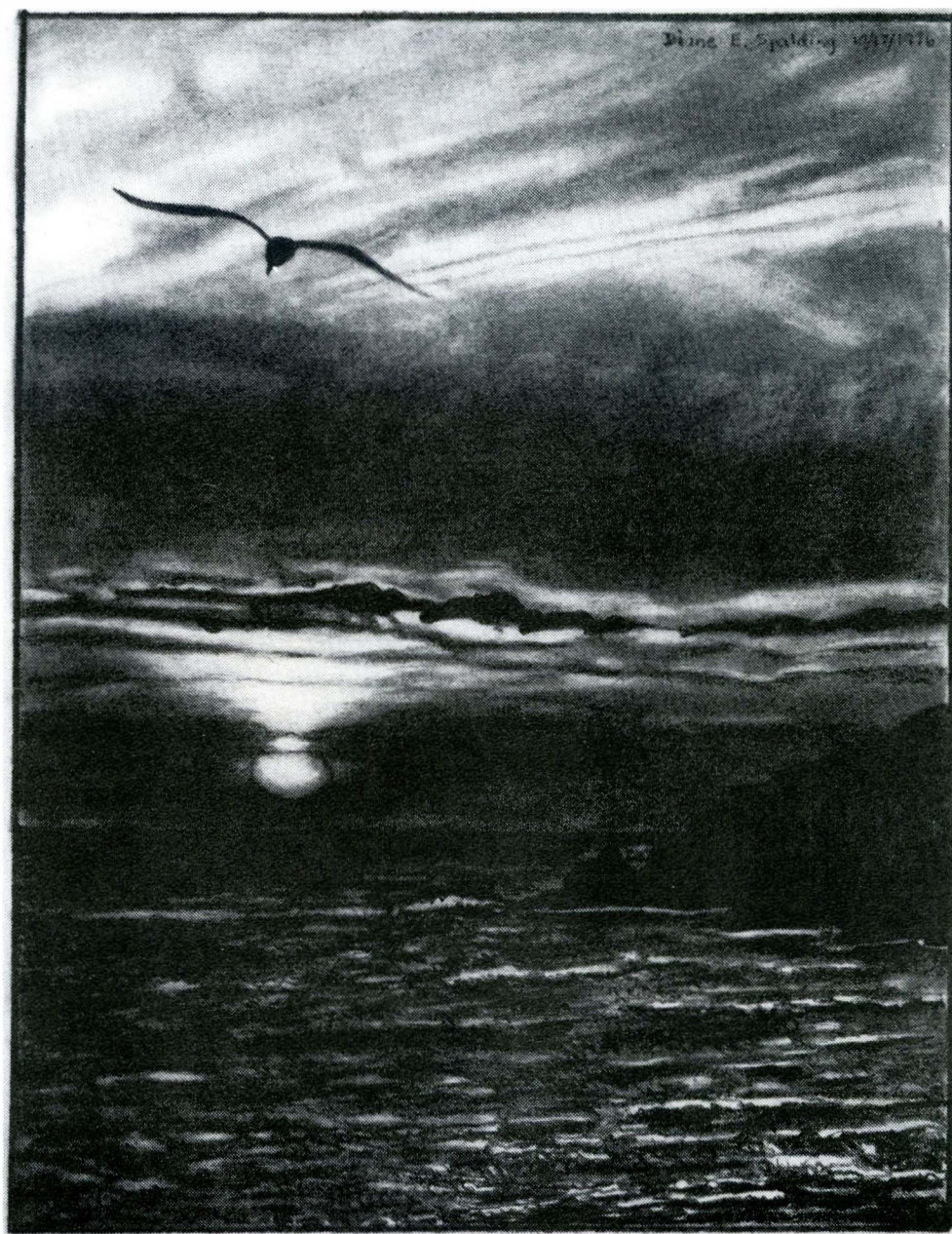
No sooner
You flew off. . .

Heading farther and farther
towards the sun.

The more miles you endured,
The stronger I sensed our common ties.
You becoming a speck in the blue sky,
I a part of thought, closer to a realization
of the beauty of life.

Sea bird fly.

Debi Green



Diane Spalding



Jonathan Thompson

Our Tree

Craig Dittrich

Long, silky brown hair, wide, green eyes, a tender smile, and an embrace that could both waft me to the highest pinnacles of pleasure and float me to the calm peacefullness of security. She was my morning light and evening sunset. She dimmed my sorrow and intensified my joy. Linda was the first girl I ever truly loved.

What she really was is hard for me to say. My mind has created its own image of her from what she allowed to be seen. And this has been glorified by her absence.

Yet, I know she wasn't perfect as the image I now cherish. She was human. She had her faults, too. (If only I could have accepted this when she was mine.) Our relationship had some bad times, but they don't seem important now. Only the good times illustrate her chapters in my book, while the bad fill only a few dusty pages.

The most meaningful moment of my life was shared with her. It was two summers ago on a warm July afternoon. We were at the shore, sitting alone on the last of a string of rocks connecting the land with the womb of the ocean. The forever pulsating sea surrounded us and appeared to extend into infinity. The scent of seaweed was in the air. A cool ocean breeze caressed our bodies, and we could taste the salt on our tongues. The sound of the white gulls laughing above us blended with the crashing of the waves below. We held each other closely and spoke not a word, for words would have been futile.

When I'm asked why we're no longer together, I really don't know how to respond. Whether it was my wish, or hers, or Chance; (though probably a combination of all three) I just can't recall. There must have been good reasons at the time, but . . . my mind is cloudy. What's important to me now isn't the where or the why or the how, but the what: the fact that she is no longer mine.

I dated other girls, but most only once. I expected to immediately reharvest the precious fruits of a relationship as special and seasoned as the one I had had with Linda. This was fallacy. Thoughts of our lost love continued to torture my mind. Little things in my daily routine began to remind me of her. What I knew was too painful to remember I simply could not forget.

The months passed like years. Then I met Cindy. Physically her resemblance to Linda was remarkable. She was innocent and fun-loving, but lacked the maturity and awareness Linda possessed. She came to love me deeply, though; and as I grew fonder of her, my flashbacks to Linda occurred less frequently.

However, as time passed and our relationship progressed, I became aware of the similarity between it and the one I had had with Linda. I talked about the same things, brought her to the same places, even called her by the same pet name. Sometimes when we kissed, I could even close my eyes and, for one brief shining moment, be back in Linda's arms.

Remembrances of Linda now occurred more than ever. All the good times that had been floating above my consciousness now condensed and flowed back again; singing while she played the piano, her mother's cooking, the mutual opening of our hearts and minds, the times we made love . . . and the tree. "Our Tree," she had called it.

I used to work during the summer as a park supervisor for the recreation department. The park wasn't far from Linda's house and she visited me often. We usually ate a small lunch she had prepared and then took long, refreshing walks in the woods adjacent to the park.

It was on one of these walks that she had stopped by a small, young tree and sheepishly asked me to carve our initials in it. I thought it was silly at the time, but did so to please her. From that time on we made frequent pilgrimages to "Our Tree." And it was to this spot that I suddenly felt compelled to return, just one more time.

It was a bleak, January morning; a day so vividly etched in my memory that it seems as if it were only yesterday. Frost dusted the ground and the wind was cold and biting. I got into my car, the same car in which we had laughed, cried, questioned, and made love. The car that had taken us everywhere now took me to my last concrete remembrance of her.

Driving . . . driving . . . driving . . . driving. The seconds crawled like snails. At last I reached the playground parking lot.

Slowly, I got out of the car. There was no one around. The once active playground was covered with a shroud of snow. I stood for a moment questioning why I had come, but my compulsion to see the tree was as compelling as the need of a salmon returning to its birthplace.

I entered the woods. The icy fingers of the trees reached out as if to stop me. As I walked along the path the image of "Our Tree" hovered in front of me. My ears were extremely sensitive to the crackling of twigs beneath my feet. The closer I got, the faster I walked. As I reached the hill, beyond which stood the tree, my heart began to pound with anticipation. I scaled the summit and looked out over an expanse of leveled ground.

It has been said that time heals all wounds. This may be true of those of the body, but not the deep scars of the mind. There may be an empty strip of land out in the middle of those woods, but "Our Tree" is forever firmly rooted in a lonely corner of my mind.

A Rondeau For Keats

In Hampstead Heath he dreamed a play,
Encouraged by his faithful fay,
In a season when his heart
Ached with melancholy's dart.

Leander, did you court delay?
Hero, lend your eager sway.
Byron! beckon me to start-
In Hampstead Heath.

The Hellespont loomed far away;
The nightingale became a jay;
The poet lost the poet's art;
The dreamer quit his favorite part
In Hampstead Heath.

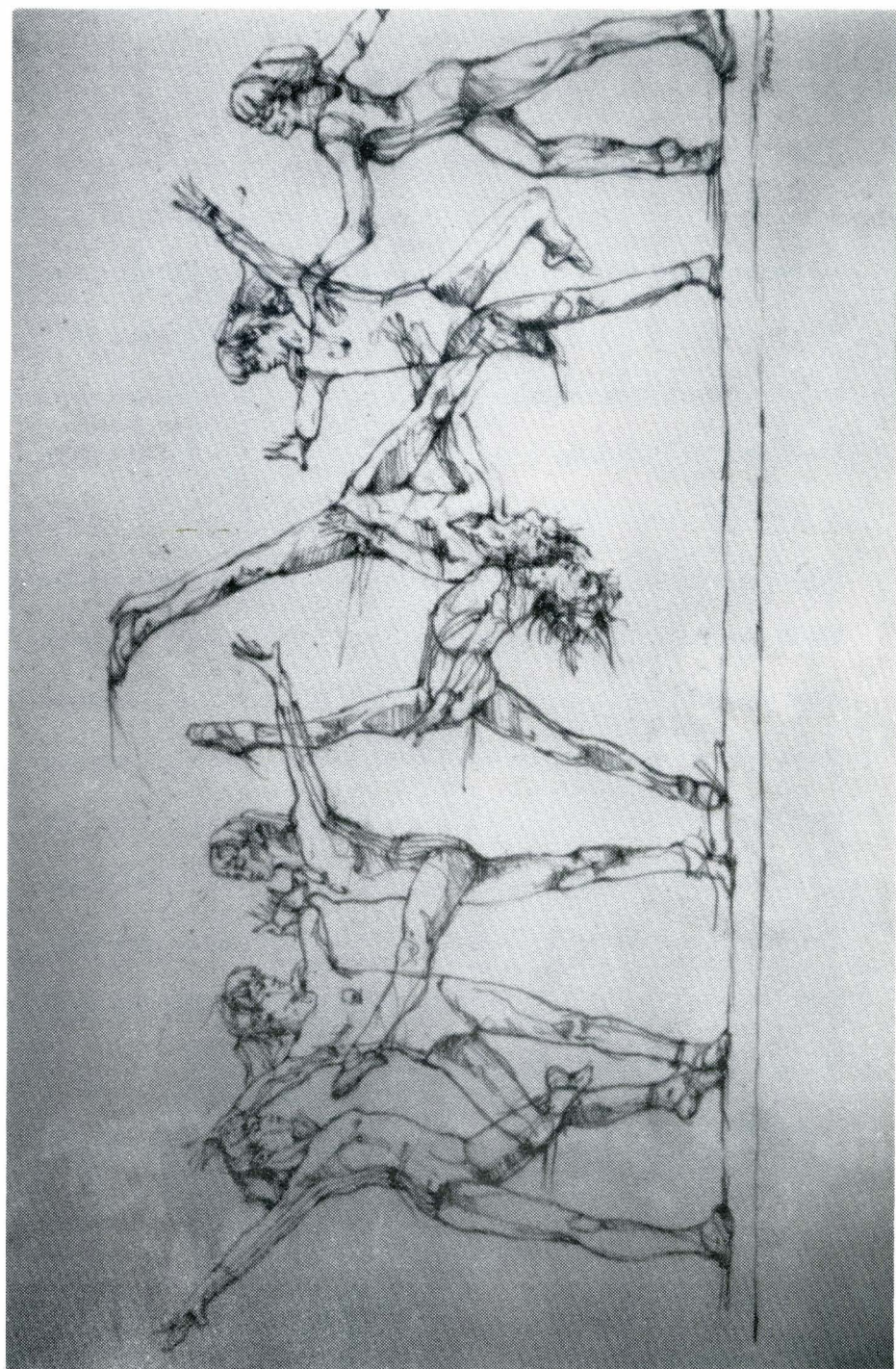
Nancy Hoffman

“Men may dien of imaginacioun” – Chaucer

Imagine Well

In whose imagination do you live?
What images set shapes on what you see?
Don't think your naked eyes naively give
You vision of the world as it must be.
Your world reflects your sensibility,
And sensibility's a personal code
Of images that make the world agree
With your internal needs and mental mode.
And your imagination's not your own,
Alone. It's borrowed from your folks and friends
And books you've read, from poems and pictures known
In youth, from ancient legends and new trends.
So, since the world you see's the world you make,
Imagine well; your very life's at stake.

Alan Nordstrom



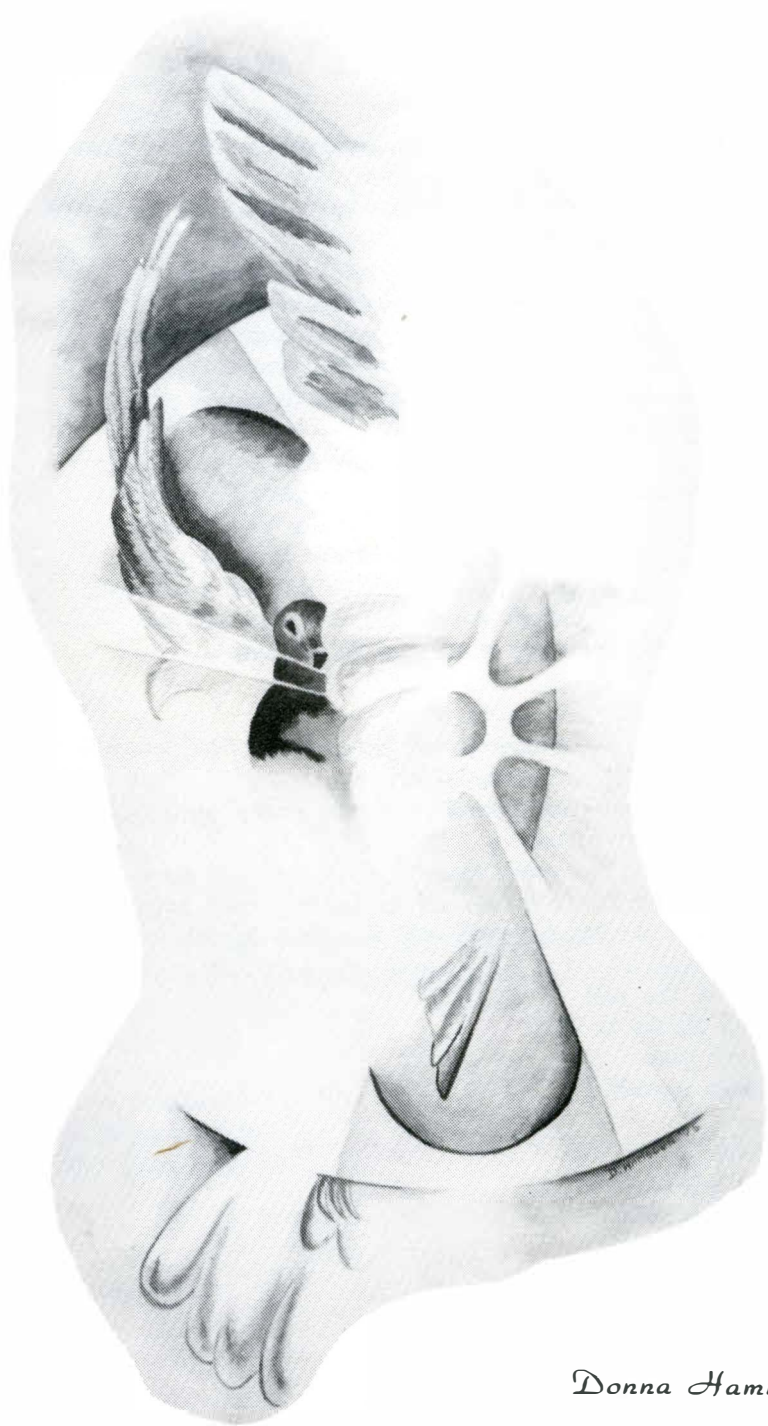
Nadia Comaneci in Motion

Parker Dulany

Celestial Ground

I hated him for what he said, so I plodded into the dark night, and with a shallow stare, questioned the dirt laden earth. And after awhile I looked up at the stars and thought about the different ways I had perceived the stars in my life. As a child, they were the sparks of potential wish fulfillment. As a youngster, I, like the stars belonged to God. As an adolescent, I lay with my love, naked in the night, and the stars were ours. In college I learned that the stars were a part of a scientifically structured universe. And I thought about how my wishes never came true, and my God died, and my lover left me, and tonight I left my astronomy class when the professor said that some of the stars we see are not really there: That they are so far away that we see their light after they have died. Now realizing that it was true, I walked onward into the night and the grass felt good beneath my feet.

David N. Bales



Donna Hamblen

And in the end . . .

All my resolution crumbles into dust as you turn to leave this time.
A hopeless pretense, mine:
Seeking to hide beneath ice-hard stability and protective harshness,
There to safely possess and cherish your love.
But you are different from the others:
You feel no masochistic want or need or obligation
To endure the thrusts of my selfish cruelty.
You foresee only self-pain, and turn away,
Abandonning any attempts to

Understand: You think you can't, I know.
Understand: I want so much to make you do so.
Understand: It was never my intent to hurt you.
 I only wished to have you all to myself.
 I cannot seem to share you, and yet —
 You say you must be shared. . .

So once again, the same scene:
 You leaving — noncomprehending, silently pained, weary of it all.
 Me fighting — cuttingly, cruelly
 (wounding myself twice for every blow to you, love—).
Why can't you see?
Is your pain the more real because it is the more silent?
Is not mine still pain for all its harshly cold exterior?
Does not the tender rose still brandish treacherous thorns?

And in the end
It all comes to this:
I love you.
I hate myself.
Love.
Hate.
Too late?
No — please

Shawne Wickham

Myself,
at nineteen.
Somewhat like
a pinball machine.
 As words, phrases,
 touches,
 bounce off me,
 scoring
 sometimes not.
Eyes lighting, stars,
if the correct hand
pulls back the spring.
 TILT,
 when what could have been
 a point,
 isn't.

Peggy Mahaffy

It's a Moody Blues day
Of grey and rain
Of uneasy thoughts about what lies ahead
Of distant friends
Of an old summer romance - gone, settled, married.
The music we shared that always brought spooky, tingly memories
 when alone —
It's all mine now.
Being home alone.
A quiet warm kitchen
Lonely cigarettes outside—
It's a Moody Blues day.

Cathy Skove



Robert N. Robinson

A Poem About Time

The summer's breeze blows into fall
And then along the winters wait
For spring alone, then that is all.
The times goes in, the time goes out,
The cursed time, the time devout.
How long the monk shall lock his gate?

We spin and spin as does a ball
And watch the tick turn into tock:
The empty rooms, the chants, the echoed halls
Where nothing enters, nothing leaves,
The children laugh, the silent grieve.
Alone, the friar cleans his frock.

And those who have left to contemplate
Beneath the halo of the moon
Have known the seasons and their fate.
But if the dice should draw its lance
Then shall we whimper from its glance
Or dance until the day is noon?

Before man lit the darkest night
And warmed a winter's deathly frost,
But who declared the time to fight?
The day was here, the song was sung,
No way to turn, the ringings rung,
The victors won, the victors lost.

DANE JOSEPH NELLER

Contributors

MICHAEL COOLBROTH is a sophomore Business major who hopes his hobby in photography will develop into a career.

CRAIG DITTRICH is a senior Economics major. His stories have appeared in other literary magazines, most recently in the New York fiction monthly, *One*.

CHUCK DONELSON is a senior Chemistry major with a minor in Business Administration.

PARKER DULANY is a sophomore Art major here at Rollins. He hopes someday to make illustration his profession.

KATHRYN FREEMAN is a native of Edison, New Jersey. She is currently in the process of completing her first book of poetry.

DEBI GREEN is a transfer student from St. Pete Jr. College. She is a sophomore English and Advertising major.

DONNA HAMBLIN is a sophomore Art Studio major from Miami.

NANCY HOFFMAN is a native of North Carolina and attended the University of North Carolina at Greensboro. She has a Bachelor of Arts degree in English from Florida Technological University and is presently engaged in the MAT program at Rollins College. She is employed part time as Secretary in the Rollins College English Department.

MARY MACHAT is a freshman at Rollins. She hopes to major in Theatre.

PEGGY MAHAFFY is a sophomore English/Political Science major from Flushing, New York. She plans to reside in the White House.

DANE JOSEPH NELLER will be transferring to Yale in January, 1977 as a junior English and Philosophy major. His poetry has appeared in *Brushing* before.

ALAN NORDSTROM, now in his sixth year of teaching in the Rollins English Department, produces occasional verse at reasonable fees and on short order for all occasions, womb to tomb.

ROBERTA REED is a junior physics major. Her artwork appeared in the previous issue of *Brushing*.

ROBERT N. ROBINSON is a sophomore art major from the Central Florida area.

DAVID SACHS is a senior at Rollins and has been writing since the age of seven. His 3-act lyric play, *Bippus, a, um* opens at Rollins' Fred Stone Theatre on February 15, 1977. He plans on law school after graduation.

THOMAS SACKVILLE is not a regularly enrolled student at Rollins; however, since he visits the college regularly and engages in some of the activities here, he calls himself an "interested on-looker" upon the fascinating panorama of life on campus.

CATHY SKOVE is a sophomore from Connecticut with a combined major in Sociology and Education.

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

JONATHAN THOMPSON is a sophomore who has been interested in photography for several years. As a member of the Fine Arts House, Jon will be having an exhibit of some of his work later in the year.

SHAWNE WICKHAM is a junior English major interested in journalism. Her poetry has appeared in *Brushing* before.

Staff

CHUCK DONELSON
DEBI GREEN
MARY MACHAT
BRAD PERKINS, *Editor*
ROBERTA REED, *Art Editor*
CATHY SKOVE
KAREN THOMPSON
SHAWNE WICKHAM

Volume 6 No. 1

Brushing is published in the Fall and Spring by the Student Association and printed by Rollins College. Literary Submissions and correspondence, etc., should be directed to: *Brushing* Editor, Box 1070, Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida 32789. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a self addressed envelope. Submission deadlines are October and February.

R.Coll.

811.08

B912

Brushing

1976

Fall

R.Coll.

811.08

B912

1976

Fall

